

LOVELY DOVEY

by FERD JOHNSON

WHAT A PRETTY PLACE TO PICNIC, LOVEY-IF IT WASN'T FOR THE BULL.

AW BULLS WON'T HURT YOU UNLESS YOU BOTHER THEM OR THEY SEE RED, AND THE ONLY RED THING I GOT ON IS MY UNDERWEAR.

BEWARE THE BULL!

AH THE SPRING! IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A LITTLE BIRD.

WELL WHY DON'T YOU GO LAY AN EGG THEN.

GOL DING! IF IT AINT A NEW KIND OF A PLANT FOR MY BOTANY COLLECTION!

UPL!

PHOOIE!

LOVEY! WHERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES?

I BURIED THEM.

GIT AWAY FROM ME, LOVELY DOVEY- YOU SMELL LIKE A WHOLE FAMILY OF SKUNKS!

POP!

EKK THE BULL!

MOOO!

HIGHER, LOVEY, I CAN'T REACH IT.

STOP! THAT'S TOO MUCH!

UGH!

POW!

DO SOMETHING! I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR HOURS.

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE I CAN'T SIT.

TEXAS SLIM

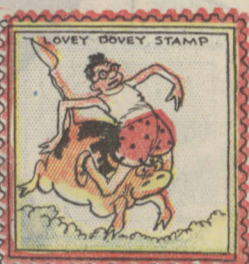
HAHAHA-TH' POOR SAP IS SO DUMB HE HASN'T EVEN FOUND OUT WE PLAYED A JOKE ON HIM YET.

HAHA! WHO WAS TH' SAP DIRTY?

TH' SAP WAS YOU, TEXAS.

SINK!

IT'S A LOTTA "BULL" SAYS LOVELY DOVEY.



DICK TRACY

WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE THERE, PAT?

IT LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF A LAUNDRY TICKET - IT WAS AMONG THE EFFECTS OF 'TIGER' JEGGS WHEN HE WAS SEARCHED YESTERDAY. - WHY?

PAT, DOESN'T THE COLOR AND LOOKS OF THAT PIECE OF PAPER REMIND YOU OF ANYTHING OR ANYBODY?

NAW! WHY?

LISTEN, GOOFY - WHERE'D YOU GET THIS LAUNDRY TICKET?

IN A DRUG STORE - FLATFOOT, WHERE'D YOU SUPPOSE?

THAT AFTERNOON

GEE WHIZ, TRACY! WE'VE VISITED A DOZEN HAND LAUNDRIES ALREADY AND WE HAVEN'T FOUND OUT ANYTHING - LET'S QUIT.

NOTHING DOING! THIS MAY BE THE ONE WE'RE LOOKING FOR RIGHT HERE.

LOO SUNG LAUNDRY

HELLO - ARE YOU LOO SUNG?

YES, SIR, WHAT IS IT PLEASE?

IS THIS YOUR LAUNDRY TICKET?

IT IS - AND DID YOU COME FOR YOUR LAUNDRY?

YEAH! AND SOMETHING ELSE - "LOO SUNG" -

SO YOU'RE A LAUNDRY MAN NOW, EH? THAT CHINAMAN'S DISGUISE ISN'T FOOLIN' ANYBODY.

YOU'RE A LAUNDRYMAN IN THE FRONT OF THE STORE - AND A COUNTERFEITER IN THE BACK, EH? YOU'RE WORKING THE SAME GAG YOU TRIED TWO YEARS AGO, EH?

ONLY THIS TIME YOU WON'T ESCAPE, ME SWIGG. WE PICKED UP ONE OF YOUR MEN LAST NIGHT WITH THIS LAUNDRY TICKET ON HIM, WHICH IS THE SECRET SIGN OF YOUR GANG. IT WAS THE SAME KIND OF LAUNDRY TICKET FOUND ON ONE OF YOUR MEN WE CAPTURED TWO YEARS AGO. CALL THE WAGON, PAT.

LATER

WELL, WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU?

GEE, THIS IS AN AGE OF DISILLUSIONMENT! - NOW MY FAITH IN HAND LAUNDRIES IS BUSTED!