

THIRTY YEARS, BALDWIN!
YOU USED TO BE A GOOD
COPY READER--ALERT,
DEPENDABLE, PRECISE!
BUT SINCE YOU GOT THIS
CRAZY TRAVEL NOTION,
OUR NEWS HAS BEEN
ONE BIG JUMBLE--WHAT
WITH ALL YOUR ERRORS!



LISTEN TO THIS--"MY JOURNEYS
TOOK ME TO A TROPICAL LAND,
FRAGRANT AND LUSH WITH
VIOLET GRASS AND GIANT
PINK FOLIAGE!" BALDWIN, I'VE
WARNED YOU FOR THE LAST
TIME--I'VE HAD IT!



YOU MEAN
I'M FIRED, MR.
DUGAN? AFTER
ALL THESE
YEARS?

YOU
BROUGHT
IT ON
YOUR-
SELF,
BALDWIN!



WHAT DOES A
MAN DO? WHERE
DOES HE GO--
AFTER THIRTY
YEARS AT
A JOB?

YOU CAN ALWAYS TAKE
A TRIP, BALDWIN! WHY
NOT SETTLE DOWN
IN THAT CRAZY LAND
YOU'RE ALWAYS
WRITING ABOUT--HA!
HA! HA!



WHAT MADE YOU DO
IT, ANYWAY? WHAT
POSSESSED YOU TO
KEEP WRITING
THAT DRIVEL?

IT'S NOT DRIVEL!
I'VE SEEN THESE
PLACES, I TELL YOU--
AS CLEARLY AS I SEE
YOU NOW! I SEE IT
IN MY DREAMS--IN MY
SUBCONSCIOUS--AND
SOMEHOW, I KNOW
IT EXISTS!



HA HA HA
HA HA HA



IT WAS A BAD TIME TO BE UNEMPLOYED. WINTER
WAS IN ITS FULL FURY--AND A MAN OF HARRY'S
AGE HAD TO CONSERVE HIS MEAGER SAVINGS.
HARRY HAD TO FIND A NEW ROOMING HOUSE,
WHERE THE RENT WOULD BE CHEAP--VERY CHEAP!

