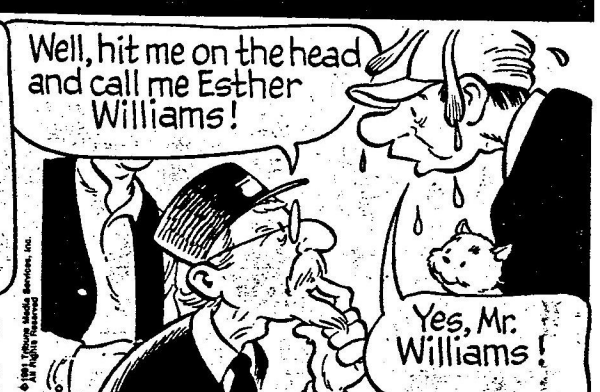
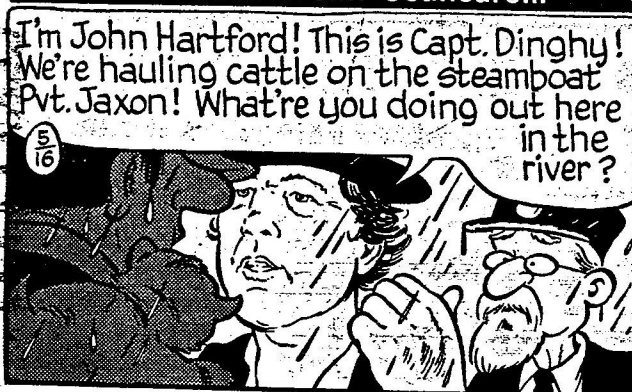
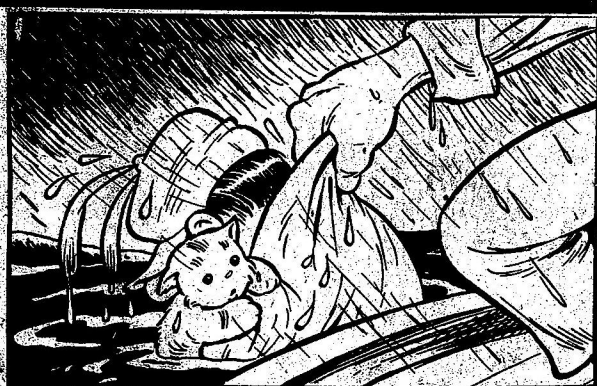
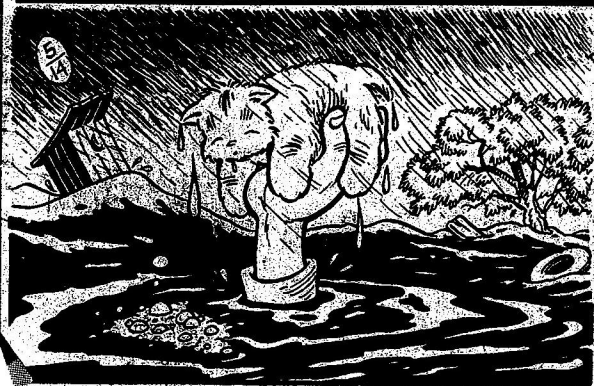




GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

5/18

Mr. Hartford! Aye, Cap'n Dinghy!



How in the name of Mark Twain did we stray off course?



Well, I was practicing a bit on my banjo an...



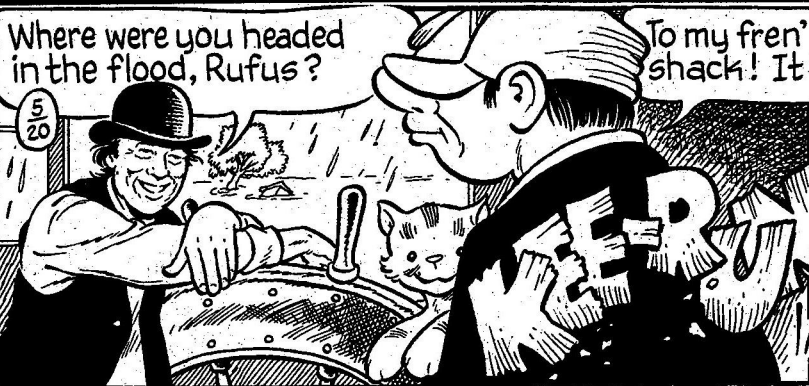
Banjer? I shoulda' made a plank outta' the thing an' make you walk it!



GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

5/20

Where were you headed in the flood, Rufus?



To my fren' Joel's shack! It be on...

..high ground!



GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

5/21

Land sakes! It's Joel's place! This is my stop!



Blast! We've run aground!



Don't suppose your friend would have any... uh... ..liquid refreshment?

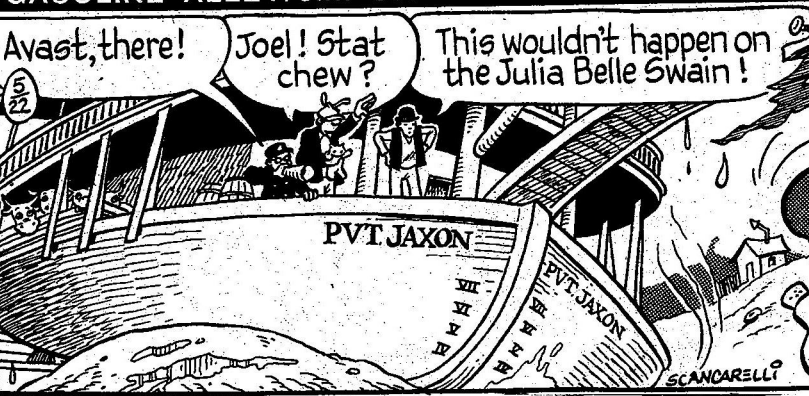
No, Mista' Hartford! But he got a jug!



GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

5/22

Avast, there! Joel! Stat chew?



This wouldn't happen on the Julia Belle Swain!

I declare! Don't know whether I've had too much or not enough!



GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

5/23

We'd better shove off, Cap'n Dinghy!

Can't, Mr. Hartford!

The waterline's gone the way o' my hairline - it's receded!

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GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

5/24

Hoel! I was drownin' an' John Hartford an' Cap'n Dinghy saved me an' Kitty!

Y'all lost?

We seem to be a mite off course!

How far's a mite in sea lingo?

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GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

5/25

Hartford! This ain't time to play the consarn banjer!

Cap'n Dinghy! A banjo will get you through times of no money-but money won't get you through times of no banjo!

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GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

5/27

All my 57 years on the river and now I'm grounded!

Confound the con-found luck, anyway!

Cap'n Dinghy! With your per-mission - she's tipping the other way - Sir!

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GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli



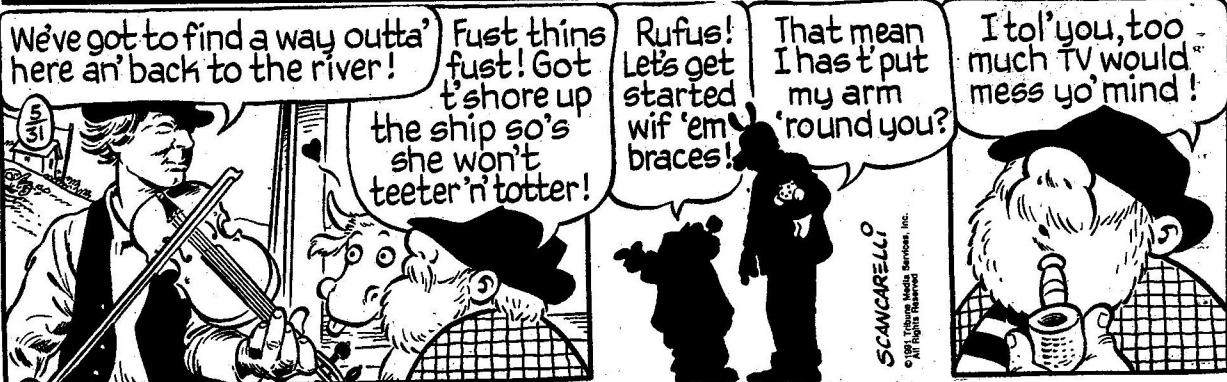
GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli



GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli



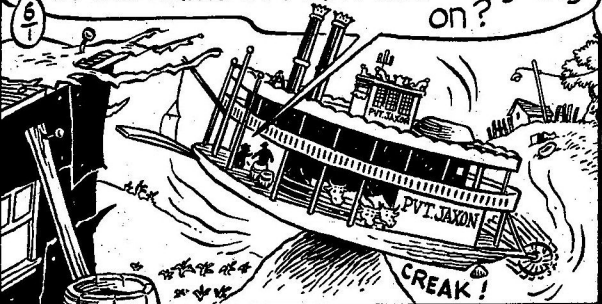
GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli



6
She's shiftin' again, Hartford! What in the name of Mark Twain is going on?

Just some of the beef strollin' off! Stroganoff, get it? It's a joke, Cap'n!

I'd like to joke you!



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6
Mr. Hartford!
Cut out that
infernal
banjer
pickin'!



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I'm helping Rufus
an' Joel
with the
scaffolding!

The music helps us to
hammer in time!



6
Have you done this sort
of thing before, Joel?

Shore! It's in
my blood!



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Great-great-Gran'pappy built the
London Bridge years ago! Built
it to last, he did!



6
I didn't know you dealt in naval junk, Joel!

I'll thank you not to call my
vessel "junk", Sir!



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GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

A steamboat in Gasoline Alley!
Folks won't believe it!

I'll
say
they
won't!

You don't suppose people'd be willing
to **pay** for what they won't believe,
do you?



GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

Listen up, good people! In my possession, and soon
to be in yours, are bottles of Mama Dinghy's dynamic,
multipurpose, dual flavored, anise scented,
reptillian lubricant! It contains one of the world's
most natural **antisuppressants** known to the entire
Homo sapien species!

Sounds like snake
oil to me!



GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

Step right up - don't push - don't crowd!
The bottles are fra-gile! Each flagon
of Mama Dinghy's portion of potion is
protected and kept potent by a pure
Peruvian plug! If you suffer from the
national ailment, a drop used in the
sauce of a calamari saute' is
guaranteed to grease your squids!



GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

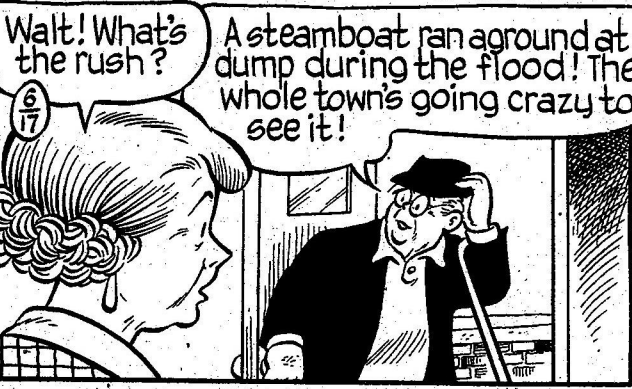
It cures colds, coughs, consumption and can
be used for removing paint, varnish and wall-
paper! Gentle to your esophagus and other
inwards, yet strong enough to give new
life to old shoe leather!



6
17

Walt! What's the rush?

A steamboat ran aground at the dump during the flood! The whole town's going crazy to see it!



Skeezix! Better go up to Joel's! It's your Uncle Walt! Someone's got an oar out of the water there!



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6
18

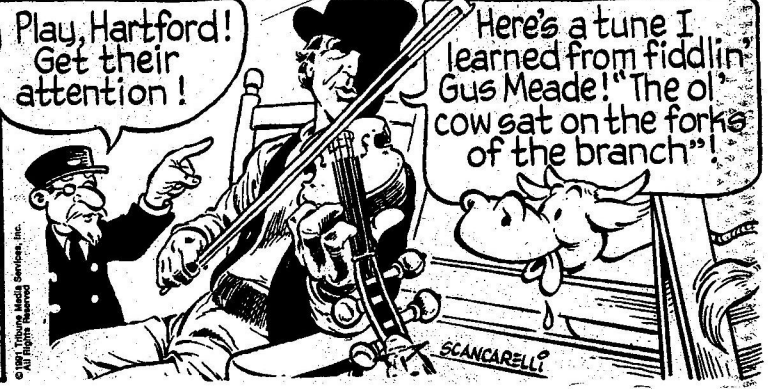
Crowd's gatherin', Cap'n Dingy!

That's Dinghy!

Play, Hartford! Get their attention!



Here's a tune I learned from fiddlin' Gus Meade! "The ol' cow sat on the forks of the branch"!

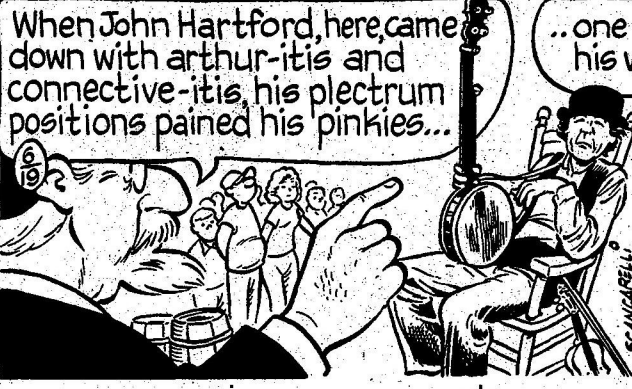


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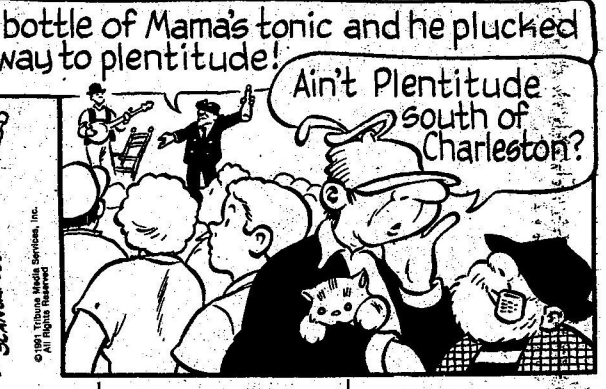
6
19

When John Hartford, here, came down with arthur-itis and connective-itis his plectrum positions pained his pinkies...



..one bottle of Mama's tonic and he plucked his way to plentitude!

Ain't Plentitude south of Charleston?



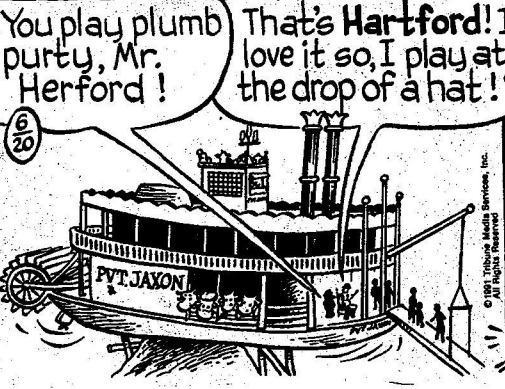
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6
20

You play plumb perty, Mr. Herford!

That's Hartford! I love it so, I play at the drop of a hat!



Time to play, again!



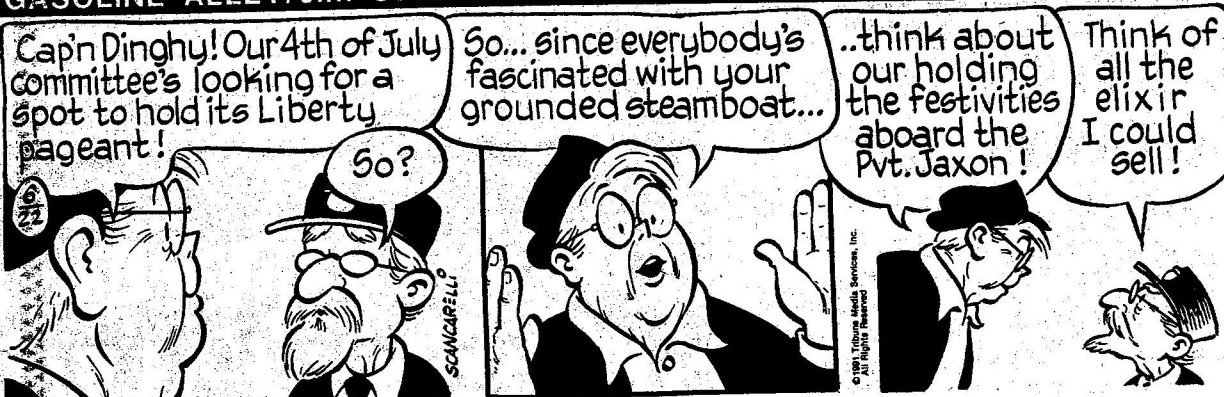
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