



**Sleep easy tonight. Your next door neighbor is awake.**

Old Marv Finley—what a guy.

Always up in arms about something or other.

"You watch. Someday there'll be a luxury tax on baby food."

"Those dogs are going to kill my shrubs!"

"Better get a gun! There's bound to be trouble here this summer."

Now everybody knows he keeps an arsenal in his bedroom.

Ready for anything, he says.

Ah, well. He's got a right.

Come on.

Nobody—not even Marv—knows what's going to happen in the city this summer.

But what if, some night, he *thinks* something is happening?

Some time in June, maybe.

While you're asleep.

Rattle-clatter. Rattle-clatter.

Coming from your side door.

Could be a prowler!

But Marv's awake, gun loaded.

Rattle-clatter again.

Marv takes aim.

At your daughter.

Coming home from a date.

Ah, well—sleep easy.

He's got a right.

**MUST**

men united for sane thought