

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Rosco Sweeney
by Roy Crane

IN THERE! ANY LUCKY SNEEVEYS THE NAME, ROSCO SWEENEY, IT YEARS WITH THE U.S. NAVY. WELL DO I REMEMBER A DAY SUCH AS THIS IN THE SUD SEA WHEN, TO MY AMAZEMENT, I CAUGHT 17 FISH WITHOUT BAITING A HOOK.

GROAN.

YES, SURE! THEY WERE FLYING FISH... AND BITING SO FAST MY HOOK NEVER HAD TIME TO HIT THE WATER.

I'M PULLING OUT. I FEEL A DRAFT OF HOT AIR.

CRANKY OLD GOAT. AM... A FISH!

AND ANOTHER ONE!

AND ANOTHER! AND ANOTHER!

YEP! HEY, GRAMMA! COME BACK, BUBBY! YOU'D BELIEVE IT!

OH, MY STARS!

HEY!

WAKE NO LUCK. WHO'D I THOUGHT BY THIS TIME YOU'D HAVE A BOATLOAD.

MIND YOUR OWN DING BUSINESS!

SNUFFY SMITH

WAAL, MAW-- HOW DID THINGS GO OFF WHILE I WUZ OVER IN TWIN FORKS?

JUGHAID FELL OUT OF TH' CHINABERRY TREE, PAW, AN' WRENCHED HIS ANKLE, AN' (SNIF-SNIF) I BURNT MY HAND TRYIN' TO PUT OUT TH' FIRE

HO-HUM!! LAWSY!! I'M WORE TO A FRAZZLE--

TH' BARN BURNT SMACK-DAB TO TH' GROUND

AN' THEN TO CAP TH' CLIMAX, OUR WELL WENT BONE DRY

WHAT ARE WE-UNS HAVIN' FER SUPPER, MAW?

THAT'S WHAR A BOLT OF LIGHTNIN' STRUCK TH' ROOF TOP, PAW

SHORE DO MAKE IT NICE AN' AIRISH IN HERE, DON'T IT?

HOW'S 'OL BULLET, MAW?

FINE AS DOLLER COTTON, PAW-- HOMSOMEVER-- I THINK HE'S TRYIN' TO KETCH TH' SNIFLES

WALDO!! GIT UP FROM THAR!! I GOT A EMERGENCY CASE FER TH' DOC!!

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THE DO-EVERY-TING

by JIMMY HATLO

NOW, GAZELLA, DEAR-- IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU-- JUST LET ME KNOW--

YES-- IF THERE'S ANY WAY I CAN BE OF ANY HELP, I'D BE ONLY TOO HAPPY--

ANYTHING AT ALL-- YOU HAVE BUT TO TELL ME-- ON-ON-FIVE O'CLOCK-- I HAVE TO MEET OTIS FOR DINNER--

MAYBE THEY MEAN WELL-- BUT THEY JUST CAN'T SEE GOOD--

THANK TO ANON, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

BULLISTER OWNS A STORE, AND THE CASH REGISTERS BELLS ARE MUSIC TO HIS EARS--

BUT AT HOME-- THAT'S DIFFO!!

GOT A NEW BICYCLE BELL, DADDY!

STOP THAT NOISE! YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY!!

STOP IT!! HEAR!

THANK TO CHAS. WINTER, 1914 LAMBERT ST. PHILA., PA.

DON'T HANG AROUND THE HOUSE-- GO OUT AND PLAY--

YES-- GET TO KNOW THE OTHER KIDS--

SO HE DOES GO OUT AND HE'S GONE FIFTEEN MINUTES--

THANK TO DON WILLIAMS, 2121 DOUGLASS ST. CHICAGO, ILL. 304A

PETEY! OUR PETEY! HE MUST BE LOST--

OH, PETEY! I KNOW! IT! CALL THE COPS!

WELL-- IT IS NICE TO BE BY OURSELVES, WITH JUNIOR AT THAT NICE CAMP FOR THE REST OF THE SUMMER--

AWRIGHT!! YOU GOT HOMESICK!! WELL, I SAID YOU COULD GO HOME, AND HERE YOU ARE!

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