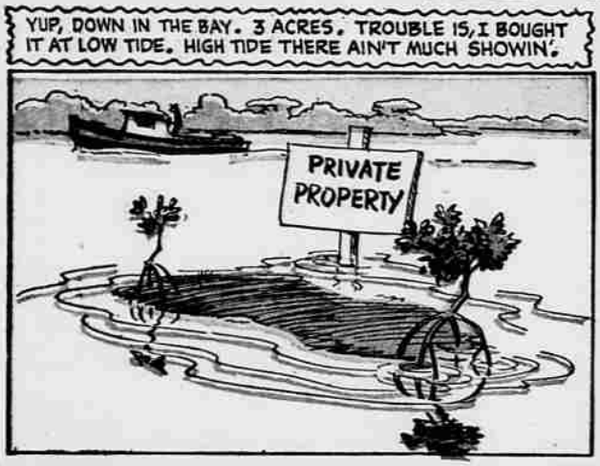
BUZ SAWYER
FEATURING HIS PAL
ROSCO SWEENEY
By ROY CRANE

WELL... FOUND MY MONEY. GUESS I BETTER LEAVE BEFORE SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENS.
BUT AREN'T YOU STAYING FOR DINNER, UNCLE LUCKY? I'VE BAKED A LIME PIE.

LAND SAKES! I AIN'T IN SUCH A HURRY THAT I CAN'T EAT. BUT I DO HAFTA GET DOWN TO MY ISLAND.
YOUR ISLAND?


YUP, DOWN IN THE BAY. 3 ACRES. TROUBLE IS, I BOUGHT IT AT LOW TIDE. HIGH TIDE THERE AIN'T MUCH SHOWIN'.
PRIVATE PROPERTY

DUNNO HOW I'M EVER GONNA BUILD A HOUSE ON IT.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUILD A HOUSE ON IT, UNCLE LUCKY. I HAVE AN IDEA.

NOW, LOOKA HERE, NEPHEW. YOUR IDEAS HAVE BEEN CAUSIN' ME NOTHIN' BUT TROUBLE.
BUT WAIT'LL YOU SEE THIS ONE.

LOOK! THIS HOUSEBOAT OF MINE! AT HIGH TIDE, SIMPLY FLOAT IT ONTO YOUR ISLAND, FILL THE HULL FULL OF SAND, AND THERE SHE'LL BE.
FOR SALE $500

HMM! THAT IS A SMART IDEA, NEPHEW. BUT HOW'LL I GET IT THERE?
NO TROUBLE AT ALL— THE CURRENT WILL CARRY IT.

SOLD!
WE'LL SPEND THE NIGHT ABOARD, AND BY MORNING WE'LL BE IN THE BAY.

MORNING:
NEPHEW, WAKE UP! I THINK SUMPIN'S WRONG! WE'RE A-PITCHIN'!
Roy Crane 1-6