

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Roscoe Sweeney by Roy Crane

HEY, ELMO, LET'S GO DUCK HUNTING. COVIE KNOWS WHERE WE CAN GET SOME DUCK BLINDS CHEAP.

NOT ME, BOYS. DUCK HUNTING IS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

MILLIONAIRES? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

JUST WHAT I SAID—DUCK HUNTING IS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

"AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY. LAST YEAR I RENTED A DUCK BLIND FOR THE SEASON... ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS... USED IT ONCE."

BOB? I COULD HAVE HAD MORE FUN AT HOME IN MY FREEZER.

"SOME OF THE BOYS ASKED ME TO DO THEM A FAVOR."

WE'LL BE LATE FOR WORK, ELMO.

JUST DROP OUR THINGS OFF AT THE HOUSE. WILL YOU, PAL?

SURE.

"ON MY WAY HOME..."

CRASH!

ALL MY FAULT. DAMAGES COST ME \$50.00.

ANYFULLY SORRY.

BEEN DUCK HUNTING, EH? HOW MANY YOU GOT?

TEN!

WELL, WELL... IT SO HAPPENS I'M THE GAME WARDEN, MISTER. THE LEGAL LIMIT IN THIS STATE IS FOUR, AND THERE IS A FINE OF \$50.00 FOR EACH DUCK OVER THE LIMIT.

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YOW-ICH!

"THAT WAS BAD ENOUGH, BUT ON MY FIRST BITE OF DUCK I BUSTED A PIVOT TOOTH ON SOME BIRD SHOT. MY DENTAL BILL CAME TO \$85.00."

"BY THIS TIME MY WIFE WAS PRETTY MAD."

IF YOU CAN SPEND \$735.00 ON ONE DUCK HUNT, YOU CAN AFFORD ME A FUR COAT.

SORRY I CAN'T GO WITH YOU, BOYS, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS.

WELL, UM... NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, ELMO, I DON'T THINK I'LL GO, EITHER.

THAT MAKES IT UNANIMOUS.

BARNEY GOOGLE and SNUFFY

SMITH

BY RED LASSWELL

HONEST INJUN, PAW!! I CAN'T BUDGE OUT OF TH' BEDS'ID TODAY-- TELL JUGHAID TO RUN OVER AN' GIT MIZ LEDBETTER TO DO MY CHORES

MIZ LEDBETTER, MY EYE!! I CAN DO TH' CHORES

WAAL--GO MILK TH' COW--FEED TH' CHICKENS--SLOP TH' HOGS AN'--

BALLS O' FIRE!! ONE THING AT A TIME!!

AN' AFORE YE FIX BREAKFAST YE BETTER CHOP UP A MESS O' WOOD AN' GIT A FIRE GOIN' UNDER TH' WASH KITTLE

AFORE BREAKFAST?

WHEN YE GIT YORE DISHES WASHED AN' TH' FLOOR SWEPT IT'LL BE TIME TO START FIXIN' DINNER

I KNOW PERZACTLY WHAT TO DO NOW, MAW

JUGHAID-- GO AN' PICK ME TH' PURTIEST BOKAY YE CAN FIND

PAW!! I'D RUTHER HAVE BREAKFAST THAN FLOWERS

THEY HAPPERT TO BE FER MIZ LEDBETTER!!

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THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

BY JIMMY HATLO

YOU KNOW WHO I MEAN-- THE GUY WHO ALWAYS ORDERS GARLIC BREAD AND PUTS CHILI SAUCE ON IT-- YOU KNOW THE GUY...

I THINK I KNOW WHO YOU MEAN-- HE LIKES THE END CUTS OF LONDON BROIL, NO FAT-- THAT HIM?

THAT'S HOW WAITERS REMEMBER A CUSTOMER-- HE MUST BE A FAIR TIPPER OR THEY'D KNOW HIM RIGHT OFF!

ALWAYS KICKIN' AN' SENDIN' THE STUFF BACK AT LEAST ONCE-- HAS TWO HUNKS OF RUM CAKE FOR DESSERT-- I KNOW THE GUY Y'MEAN...

THEY'D BE A BIG HELP IF THE COPS WERE LOOKING FOR THAT ODD EATER....

LIKE BASEBALL PITCHERS REMEMBER PLAYER BY WHAT HE NO LIKE TO HIT...

ON THE EARY AS THE WAITERS PAINT A WORD PICTURE OF ONE OF THE REGULARS....

HYFE AND DRUMM WORK ALONGSIDE EACH OTHER AND NEVER SAY A WORD...

NOT A PEEEP O

SAME HERE

THEN THEY PARK OUTSIDE DRUMM'S HOUSE AND GAB TILL THE COWS COME HOME...

THANK TO ROCHELLE SEGAL, 1600 MC PHERSON ST., PHILA. 19, PENNA.

YOU'RE IN A HURRY... THEY GIVE YOU TOO MUCH SERVICE....

BUT WHEN THE WINDSHIELD CAN REALLY STAND A MANICURE...

OKAY, PAL... THREE BUCKS IT IS...

THANK TO EDITH KURNIK, 2 VALLEY COURT, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

TALE OF WOE DEPT.

THE GUY WHOSE JOB IS TO ANSWER THE LETTER ALWAYS GETS THE 15TH OR ILLEGIBLE CARBON COPY...

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THANK TO TED BUOON, 841 C. ST., MICHIGAN