

# BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Rosco Sweeney  
by Roy Crane

WHAT ARE WE DO, BROTHER? WE THOUGHT SUZZY WED GET RID OF THE PENS BY TELLING THEM WE WERE GOING TO VISIT UNCLE HIRAM. BUT THEY'RE STILL IN OUR HOUSE.

I'LL BE HANGED IF I'LL STAY IN A HOTEL AND TURN OVER HOME TO THOSE DEAD BEATS ANOTHER NIGHT.

OH, HELLO. I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO BE GONE TWO WEEKS.

WELL, UM, YOU SEE, WE COULDN'T STAY. UNCLE HIRAM'S HOUSE BURNED DOWN.

HOW TERRIBLE.

WELL, WELL! IT'S AN IL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD. OLD BUDDY-BUDDY. IN THAT CASE, WE'LL HAVE A NICE LONG VISIT TOGETHER.

I'M SORRY, BUT WE'VE INVITED UNCLE HIRAM TO LIVE WITH US UNTIL HE CAN BUILD A NEW HOUSE, AND WE NEED THE SPARE BEDROOM.

FINE, FINE. WE'LL JUST STAY UNTIL HE GETS HERE, O' PAL.

THOSE HORROR PEOPLE! THAT'S HOW WOULD WE GET RID OF THEM?

WHAT? I'M WONDERING.

CHEER UP CHUM. HERE, HAVE A CIGAR.

WHY THANKS, MARVIN.

BANG!

HAW, HAW, HAW! WHAT DID I TELL YOU, BABY? ISN'T OLD SWEENEY A CARD?

FUNNY! VER-EE FUNNY, HA, HA!

NO HARD FEELINGS, OLD PAL WITH THE HEART OF GOLD. LOOK, WE BROUGHT YOU FOLKS SOME CHOCOLATES.

EKK!

QUININE!

YEE, NEE, NEE! LOOK AT THAT SILLY EXPRESSION! BOY, IS HE A PANIC!

PLEASE, MARVIN, ROSCO DOESN'T LIKE PRACTICAL JOKES.

NOW LOOK, BABY, I'VE GOT A MILLION OF 'EM. WHAT'S THE USE OF LIVING IF YOU CAN'T HAVE 'EM?

FROM?

# BARNEY GOOGLE and SNUFFY

BY FRED LASSWELL

HOWDY THAR, LOWEEZY-- WHAT CAN I DO FER YE TODAY?

TH' WOOD KNOB ON MY COFFEE GRINDER BROKE, SILAS, AN' I'D LIKE TO GIT ME A NEW ONE

YES, MA'AM-- NOW, WHAT ELSE?

GIVE ME A SET OF DULCIMER STRINGS AN' A TUNIN' WRENCH

WHAT KIND OF DULCIMER TUNIN' WRENCH DO YE WANT-- TH' REG'LAR OR TH' CHROME PLATED?

I'LL SPLURGE AN' TAKE TH' CHROME PLATED

AN' GIVE ME A SIX-HOLE CANDLE MOLD AN'-- OH, YES!! I NEED A COMBINATION SNUFFER AN' WICK TRIMMER

IN A JIFFY!!

AN' ELVINEY HAWKINS WANTS ME TO FETCH HER A BONE-HANDLE BUTTONHOOK

BONE HANDLE?

UH-- I'M AFERED I'M ALL OUT OF BONE-HANDLE ONES. LOWEEZY-- HOW ABOUT THIS HERE PLAIN OL' BUTTONHOOK?

THAT'S TH' TROUBLE WIF A COUNTRY STORE!! A BODY NEVER CAN GIT WHAT THEY WANT!!

# THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

by JIMMY HATLO

I COULDA BOUGHT ALL THE LAND WHERE THE SHOPPING CENTER IS NOW FOR \$900 IN 1937...

I SHOULD'VE BOUGHT THAT TRACT OVER NEAR THE CEMETERY-- MY WIFE TALKED ME OUT OF IT-- TODAY IT'S WORTH TEN TIMES AS MUCH--

THAT'S THE "COULDA AND SHOULD'VE CLUB". THEY DROP IN EVERY SUNDAY MORNING TO MOAN AND KEEP WARM--

I HEARD 'EM WHEN I WENT IN TO USE THE PHONE-- THEY TALK MILLIONS, BUT IT'S ALL "IF" MONEY--

THEY HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH DOUGH TO BUY A BUCKET OF TOPSOIL, AND THEY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A BUCKET IN 1937--

LISTENING TO THE WHAT-MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN BOYS CRY ABOUT THE DEALS THAT GOT AWAY-- THANK TO FRANK CONNOLLY, HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, WORCESTER, MASS.

BUSHWICK GOES FOR MONTHS WITHOUT A HAIR-CUT--

HE'S GROWIN' HIS OWN MATTRESS STUFFING--

BUT WHEN HE FINALLY DECIDES TO GET IT CUT HE WANTS IT PRONTO--

SORRY-- VERY BUSY--

BUT I GOT TO GET A TRIM TODAY!

MR. GRIPER COULDN'T WAIT TO GET OUT OF THE ARMY--

FIVE MORE WEEKS AND MY HITCH IS UP! OH, BOY! ME FOR THE SWEET CIVILIAN LIFE--

SO HIS TIME WAS UP-- DID HE SCRAM? DUMBE-SILLAH!

WELL-- SO LONG, MAC--

AW! I SIGNED UP FOR ANOTHER FOUR YEARS! WHO WANTS TO BE A CIVILIAN?

THANK TO MRS. J.D. ICKES, BOX 524, ALBANY, N.Y.

UNKINDEST CUT DEPT.

YOO-HOO! TAXI! OH, TAXI!

HAVING YOUR LOVELY TWO-TONE JOB MISTAKEN FOR A HACK-- THANK TO MRS. JOBB, PASADENA, CALIF.