

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Rosco Sweeney by Roy Crane

OF ALL THE KNUCKLE HEADS! SWEENEY FORGOT THE LUNCH, LOST OUR STRING OF FISH, POKED LIMBADE INTO THE GAS TANK.

DUSK.

THAT DOPE WENT FOR HELP THREE HOURS AGO. HE MUST BE LOST. OUCH! DAMN THESE MOSQUITOES.

AND LISTEN TO THOSE ALLIGATORS. I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE.

GEE, IT'S FARTHER THAN I THOUGHT.

INDIAN TOWN 18 MILES

CROAK!

INDIAN TOWN 18 MILES

WOO-OO WOO-OO PANTHERS!

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INDIAN TOWN 18 MILES

WALKED 18 MILES. NO FOOD.

OKAY, WISE GUNS, WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

OH, HA, HA! HAVEN'T YOU CAUGHT ON YET, PEW?

SWEENEY TOOK A SHORT CUT AND GOT HOME YESTERDAY... IN TIME FOR SUPPER.

NO, NO! DID HE GET EVEN?

OH, IZZAT SO!

THAT COUNTRY BUMPKIN! COME, BABY, WE'RE GOING HOME!

DON'T BE A SOREHEAD. OL' BUDDY-BUDDY, WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR?

DEAR ME, I THOUGHT HE LIKED PRACTICAL JOKES.

SPENT ALL NIGHT IN THE SWAMP.

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BARNEY GOOGLE and SNUFFY

by FRED LASSWELL

WHAR'S 'OL' BULLET' MAW? I GOT SOME BONES FER HIM

SAKES ALIVE!! I CAN'T KEEP TRACK OF THAT OL' HOUND DOG, PAW

WHAR'S 'OL' BULLET' JUGHAID?

HE WUZ OVER AT LEDBETTER'S TH' LAST TIME I SEEN HIM, UNK SNUFFY

DURN HIS HIDE!! WHY DON'T HE COME HOME AT MEALTIMES?

MANY A NIGHT I WONDERED TH' SAME THING ABOUT SOMEBODY ELSE

HEY, LEDBETTER!! POKE YORE NOSE OUT TH' DOOR

HOLD YORE HOSSES, SNUFFY!!

HAVE YE SEEN 'OL' BULLET?

YEP-- HE WUZ PLAYIN' WIF MY YOUNG-UNS OUT HERE IN TH' YARD, SNUFFY

BUT HE DISAPPEAR'T SOON AS WE SET DOWN TO SUPPER

FREE -3-3 LASSWELL

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

by JIMMY HATLO

CHUCKLETON BRINGS HOME A LOT OF JOKES TO THE FRAU... BUT SHE NEVER CRACKS A GRIN AT 'EM...

SO THE OLD MAID SAYS-- "A FEATHER IN YOUR CAP-- STICK AROUND-- I'LL MAKE YOU AN INDIAN CHIEF!"

WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?

SO... HA-HA... THIS OLD MAID-- SEE? SHE FLUTTERS HER EYES AT THE TRAVELING SALESMAN AND SAYS-- "HA-HA-- A FEATHER IN YOUR CAP? I'LL MAKE YOU YOU CHIEF OF THE TRIBE!" HA-HA

WHERE DO YOU GET THEM, NUTRIA?

HA-HA!

HO-HO!

THANK TO MRS. JAS. A. O'BRIEN, 8550 N. E. MULTNOMAH, PORTLAND 16, ORE.

THEN COMES HER BRIDGE DAY... AND OH, BOY! HOW SHE LAUGHS IT UP WHEN SHE REPEATS THE SAME GAGS...

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HOWCUM DEPT. I'M AFRAID I'M THE WORLD'S WORST DICTATOR-- HOPE YOU CAN TRANSLATE MY MUMBLES...

SO YOU TRANSCRIBE THE LETTERS AND THERE'S ONE LITTLE MISTAKE...

THANK TO EILEEN CARROLL, 157 EUGENIE ST., WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.

WHAT'S THIS?? I SAID "RELIEVED"... YOU GOT "RECEIVED"... WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

WHEN GALENA WANTS ONLY ONE OR TWO ITEMS FROM THE STORE SHE GIVES HUBBY THE WHERE-WITHAL...

WHILE YOU'RE DOWN-TOWN-- GET A CAN OF BAKING POWDER-- HERE...

UN-O-KAY!

THANK TO ARTIE CAVALIERE, 40 W. GLENN AVE., STATEN IS., N.Y.

BUT WHEN SHE MAKES OUT A LIST A MILE LONG...

YOU PAY-- I'LL PAY YOU LATER-- HE'S HEARD OF THAT ONE BEFORE.

THANK TO ARTIE CAVALIERE, 40 W. GLENN AVE., STATEN IS., N.Y.

TOO MANY COOKS DEPT.

BE SHAKIN' HANDS!

NO... PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER--

LOOK OFF TO THE LEFT...

NO! LOOK AT THE PLAQUE!

TURN A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT!

WHY FOLKS IN THE PUBLIC EYE GO TWITCHY... THANK TO LT. CLEM PATRICK, POLICE DEPT., MT. CARMEL, PENNA.