

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Rosco Sweeney by Roy Crane

MORNING, THE STRANGER WITH A SUITCASE CONTAINING A HALF MILLION DOLLARS STILL DOESN'T REMEMBER WHO HE IS OR WHERE HE LIVES.

IT'S A DREADFUL FEELING, I ASSURE YOU.

WE HAVE A SUGGESTION, SR.

WHY NOT NOTIFY THE POLICE?

OH, NO, NO! PLEASE! I'M AFRAID, FOR ALL I KNOW THE MONEY'S NOT MINE! IT MAY HAVE BEEN STOLEN!

NOT A CHANCE, BROTHER COMBED THE NEWSPAPERS, THERE'S NO MENTION OF A HALF-MILLION DOLLAR ROBBERY.

OR IT MAY BE COUNTERFEIT!

PLEASE DON'T WORRY.

YOU DROPPED THIS BILL LAST NIGHT. I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF HAVING THE BANK EXAMINE IT, IT'S GENUINE.

PLEASE, NO POLICE! NO PUBLICITY! JUST LET ME STAY WITH YOU...TIL I FIND OUT WHO I AM.

WAY OF COURSE.

STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE.

BUT WHAT'LL WE CALL YOU, SIR?

I GOT IT! WE'LL CALL HIM MR. RICH... **IZZY RICH!**

CALL ME WHAT YOU PLEASE, KIND PEOPLE, AND IF THIS MONEY PROVES TO BE MINE, I INTEND TO **SHARE** IT WITH YOU.

I'LL BUY YOU A NEW CAR... THE MOST EXPENSIVE CAR ON THE MARKET, IN FACT, I'LL BUY **EACH** OF YOU A NEW CAR.!

AW... FORGET IT, IZZY.

I MEAN IT, I'LL BUY YOU A NEW TRACTOR TOO... AND A NEW TRUCK... AND A THIRTY-TWO FOOT CABIN CRUISER.

BUT, IZZY—

AND A BEAUTIFUL NEW HOME **AIR-CONDITIONED.**

TRUCK, TRACTOR, CABIN CRUISER, CARS, AIR-CONDITIONED HOME... HOT DINGIES!

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BARNEY GOOGLE and SNUFFY

by FRED LASSWELL

PAW--IF YOU AN' LEETLE JUGHAID WILL SHELL THIS SACK OF PECANS, I'LL BAKE US A PECAN FLIP CAKE

SHORE!! WE'LL BE PLUMB TICKLED TO SHELL 'EM FER YE, MAW--WON'T WE, JUGHAID?

I'LL CRACK TH' SHELLS AN' YE PICK OUT TH' MEAT, JUGHAID

THAT'S A PLUMB GOOD IDEA, UNK SNUFFY!! YOU CRACK AN' I'LL PICK

WHAR YE GOIN' WIF TH' PECANS, UNK SNUFFY?

JEST FOLLER ME, JUGHAID-- YE'LL FIND OUT

UNK SNUFFY!! WHAT IN THUNDERATION ARE YE FIXIN' TO DO?

DON'T YE SET FOOT ON THIS HIGHWAY, YE LEETLE VARMINT!!

GRAB TH' PECANS, UNK SNUFFY!!

WATCH OUT!! YONDER COMES A TRUCK

THAR!! I CRACKED 'EM!! YE PICK OUT TH' MEAT

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THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

by JIMMY HATLO

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY NEIGHBORHOOD

OKAY... DUMP IT HERE...

WHEN BUNION WAS JUST A WORKING STIFF HE WAS THE SOUREST GUY IN TOWN...

WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT? WELL! HOW CRABBY CAN YOU GET?!

WELL, HE'S GOT A STORE OF HIS OWN NOW... MY, HOW SWEET HE CAN BE... THANK TO L.B.T., TACOMA, WASH.

HORTENSE--OTTO, OL PAL--LONG TIME NO SEE--COME ON IN--LOOK AROUND--

THE GUY WHO WAITS TILL YOU'RE PAINTING YOUR HOUSE TO GET A LOAD OF TOPSOIL...

LOOK WHO'S TALKING DEPT.

I'M MISS POPGIROLE, THE DIETICIAN-- DOCTOR PROBER WANTS ME TO GO OVER THE DIET HE PRESCRIBED FOR YOU...

ALL DAY YOGURT WAS TRYING TO FLY HIS KITE...BUT NO WIND...

SO MAMA CALLS HIM FOR SUPPER... YEAH...YOU GUESSED IT...

THANK TO NICKY AND HATCH AND STEVEN ALLEN, NORTON HOSE CAMP, LEWIS, N.C.

JIMMY HATLO

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