

IZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Roscoe Sweeney by Roy Crane

AMNESIA IS AWFUL, SWEENEY. I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM, OR WHAT I CAN DO, BUT I'D LIKE TO HELP WITH THE CHORES.

WELL, I RATHER DOUBT IF I CAN, BUT— WHY, BY GEORGE! I CAN!

OKAY, IZ. WANTA TRY MILKING?

SAY, MAYBE YOU'RE A FARMER.

MAYBE SO, AND I'M GOING TO HELP PICK YOUR TOMATO CROP.

DON'T BE SILLY, IZZY. THAT'S NO JOB FOR A GUY WITH A HALF-MILLION BUCKS.

BUT YOU FOLKS 'AVE BEEN SO WONDERFUL TO ME, I WANT TO HELP. BESIDES, WORKING IS FUN.

FUN?

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LATER

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG

DINNER BELL— HOT DINGIES.

MAN, DO I HAVE AN APPETITE.

WHAT BISCUITS, LUCILLE! WHAT A SUPERB COOK YOU ARE!

AND I MENDED YOUR SHIRT, IZZY.

WHAT A JEWEL SHE IS! IF I MAY ASK, SWEENEY, WHY IS IT THAT A WONDERFUL GIRL LIKE LUCILLE NEVER MARRIED?

WELL, I, UH— I'VE OFTEN WONDERED, MYSELF.

AMAZING! ARE MEN SO BLIND THEY CAN'T SEE WHAT A WONDERFUL WIFE SHE'D MAKE?

BLIND— MAYBE THAT'S IT.

WELL, I'M NOT BLIND! IF I RECOVER FROM THIS AMNESIA AND FIND I'M NOT MARRIED, BELIEVE ME, SWEENEY, I'M GOING TO BE CAMPING ON HER DOORSTEP.

WELL, GEE! THAT'D BE FINE, IZZY.

SNUFFY

BARNEY GOOGLE and SMITH by Fred Lasswell

SHERIFF TAIT IS TARNIN' THIS TOWN UPSIDE-DOWN LOOKIN' FER YOU, SNUFFY-- HE CLAIMS YE GOT IN HIS HEN-HOUSE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

THAT'S A BALD-FACE LIE, SUT!! UH--BRESH THEM FEATHERS OFF'N MY BACK

IF YE INVITED ME OVER FER CHICKEN AN' DUMPLIN'S, I COULDN'T TARN YE IN, SNUFFY

YO'RE INVITED, YE SHIF'LESS SKONK!!

WAIT'LL I GIT MY PAWS ON THAT RHODE-ISLAND-RED-RUSTLIN' SNUFFY SMIF!!

I BETTER CRAWL UNDER TH' FEED STORE

LANDS, NO!! RUN FER TH' BARBER SHOP!! YE'LL BE SAFE THAR--

TIME'S A-WASTIN'!!

4-21 FRED LASSWELL

WAAL, I SWOW!! SHERIFF TAIT RUN RIGHT PAST TH' BARBERSHOP-- HOW IN TH' NAME O' CREATION DID SUT KNOW HE WOULDN'T LOOK FER ME IN HERE?

LOOK IN TH' LOOKIN' GLASS AN' IT MIGHT DAWN ON YE

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THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

by JIMMY HATLO

IT'S QUINSY SMITH'S FRATERNITY PIN-- WHY? ALL THE GIRLS WEAR THE BOYS' FRATERNITY PINS....

QUINSY SMITH? WHAT DOES HIS FATHER DO? ISN'T HIS MOTHER THE BIG SOCIETY WOMAN? WHERE DO THEY LIVE?

IF IT'S THE SMITH I THINK IT IS-- THEY'RE LOADED! THE OLD MAN'S IN STEEL OR SOMETHING! I'LL GET A LINE ON HIM TOMORRA--

I'LL BET AUNT ROTUNDA KNOWS THEM-- I'LL GIVE HER A CALL-- HOW DOES HE SPELL HIS LAST NAME?

I KNOW HIM-- JERKY SMITH, THE GUYS CALL HIM! HIS FATHER WORKS DOWN ON THE DOCKS!

ORDER A SINGLE CAN OF PAINT AND THEY DELIVER IT IN A FREIGHT CAR....

BUT ORDER SIX TONS OF STUFF-- THEY BRING IT IN A LITTLE GOCART--

THANK MARGE JUNGEMACK, 1002 S.E. 8TH AVE., FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA., CALIF.

A BOY TIPS HIS HAT AND THE FAMILY THINKS IT'S A WEDDING NEXT JUNE-- THANK TO HARVEY HABER, 104 RIDGE HILL DRIVE, TORONTO 10, ONT., CAN.

LITTLE CUBEB'S FAVORITE SPOT IS UP ON THE HIGHEST SHELF IN THE KITCHEN--

CUBEB! YOU'LL BE KILLED!

BUT ASK HIM TO STAND ON A CHAIR-- WOW!!

THANK TO MRS. WM. SCHUBERT, BUFFALO, MINN.

TOO HIGH! I'LL FALL!

JUST TILL I COMB YOUR HAIR!

WHYZZIT? THE STAND-UP GALS ALWAYS STAND IN FRONT OF THE TIRED-OUT WORKING MAN-- THANK TO BOB GODFREY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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