

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Roscoe Sweeney by Roy Crane

GOSH, ELMO! I SURE WISH I HAD A PRIZE COW. WHAT'LL YOU TAKE FOR BESSY?

NOTHING DOING. SHE'S NOT FOR SALE.

WELL, OF ALL THINGS, LISTEN TO THIS LETTER THAT JUST CAME IN THE MAIL: "KNOWING YOUR INTEREST IN BURIED TREASURE, I THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THIS OLD MAP FOUND IN MY ATTIC... A FRIEND!"

HOW SILLY.

OF ALL THE NINNIES, ROSCO! IF THERE WAS BURIED TREASURE, THE MAN WOULD HAVE DUG IT UP, HIMSELF.

LATER.

ACCORDING TO THE WAY I FIGURE THE MAP, SWEENEY, YOU OUGHT TO BE DIGGING 150 FEET SOUTH.

FOOEY!

OKAY, JOKER. IF YOU'RE SO SMART, FIND IT YOURSELF! IT'S YOURS!

LOOK! \$80,000! I'LL JUST HAVE TO SPLIT IT WITH SWEENEY!

DON'T BE A DUNCE, ELMO! HE SAID ANYTHING YOU FOUND WAS YOURS. BESIDES, HE'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH YOU FOUND.

NO FOOLING, SWEENEY, I DID--ER-- FIND A LITTLE BURIED TREASURE... MORE THAN \$900. TO SHOW YOU I'M A SQUARE GUY, I'M GONNA SPLIT IT WITH YOU.

NO, ELMO, YOU FOUND IT, SO IT'S YOURS. I'M NO INDIAN GIVER.

THEN TELL YOU WHAT, OLD PAL. I'M GONNA GIVE YOU BESSY.

HOT DINGIES! A PRIZE COW! I OWN A PRIZE COW!

YOU'VE BEEN DETERMINED TO REWARD THAT MR. SWEENEY, SPEARMINT. WELL, I DID WHAT YOU SAID-- BURIED \$80,000 AND MAILED HIM A TREASURE MAP. GOOD! HAS HE FOUND THE MONEY?

IT'S BEEN FOUND ALL RIGHT-- BUT NOT BY HIM. THE DUMB CLUCK TRADED THE MAP FOR A COW!

OH, MY STARS! \$80,000 FOR A COW!

BARNEY GOOGLE and SNUFFY

HEY, MAW-- SET DOWN AN' PLAY ME SOME CHECKERS WHILE I'M WAITIN' FER SUT

LAND SAKES!! I'D BE PLUMB TICKLED TO, PAW

YE START TH' GAME OFF, PAW, AN' SORTA REFRASH MY MEMORY

THAR-- NOW IT'S YORE MOVE WIF TH' BLACKS

I'LL SHOVE OVER YONDER

THAT WUZ A IDJIT MOVE IF I EVER SEEN ONE! HAW-HAW-HAW!! YE BETTER STICK TO YORE POTS AN' PANS, MAW

I'LL JEST TAKE MY KING AN' JUMP HERE AN' THAR AN' THIS-A-WAY AN' THAT-A-WAY AN'--

DO THAT MAKE ME WINNER, PAW?

HOWDY, LEETLE JUGHAID

UNK SNUFFY'S WAITIN' FER YE, SUT

WE AIN'T PLAYIN' CHECKERS TODAY, SUT--HOWSOMEVER-- I'LL PITCH YE A GAME OF HOSS-SHOES FER A QUARTER

NO, THANKY!! I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE AN' I'D BE SCAIRT TO WIN

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

by JIMMY HATLO

THE PATIENTS IN THE THREE-BED HOSPITAL ROOM ARE SO WELL THEY ACT LIKE THREE-YEAR-OLDS...

UP UNTIL VISITING TIME, THAT IS... THEN SOMEHOW YOU'D THINK THEY HAD ABOUT SIX HOURS TO LIVE...

DON'T TRY TO TALK, DEAR...

OH-OH--

WE'LL GET ALONG SOMEHOW...

DO-IT-YOURSELF JOE MADE A SET OF FURNITURE FOR HIS FRAU AT HER URGING--

DARLING! IT'S BEE-YOOT-I-FUL!

I'M COVERING IT WITH CHINTZ!

URGE TO HARK!

SO WHAT DOES SHE DO WITH IT??

THANK TO LOUISE McDUGALL, P.O. BOX 312, CARDIFF-BY-SEA, CALIF.

THIS IS WHAT WE CALL OUR PIN-ROSE PATH DOWN HERE, FELLAS...

10,000 MILES OF THIS FOR ALL THE VARMINTS WHO SHORT-CUT ACROSS YOUR NICE NEW LAWN...

PAL--I'LL WRITE EVERY DAY...

I'LL MISS YOU SO--I HATE TO GO--

SO THEY'VE BEEN AWAY A MONTH, AND THEY ONLY MISSED YOU ONE POSTAL CARD'S WORTH...

Hi! Having wonderful time--

THANK TO MARTY ADELMAN, 2567 SW 27TH ST., MIAMI, FLORIDA

THE HATLO INFERNO