

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Rosco Sweeney by Roy Crane

WOW! ARE THOSE GUYS RICH! ONE OF THEM GAVE A FARMER NAMED ROSCO SWEENEY \$380,000!

MY STARS! FIND OUT IF THE FARMER'S MARRIED WANDA. I'M TIRED OF WORKING, TOO.

NOW LET'S SEE. HE'S COST YOU A \$50,000 PAINTING, \$80,000 IN BURIED TREASURE, A \$100,000 RACE HORSE, AND PROPERTY WORTH \$150,000. TOTAL, \$380,000.

I DON'T REGRET A PENNY OF IT.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, DEARIE. BUT JUST TRY TO LATCH ON TO ONE.

SEE HERE, SPEARMINT. I THINK YOU'VE BEEN GENEROUS ENOUGH WITH THAT FARMER ROSCO SWEENEY. SO FAR YOU'VE "REWARDED" HIM WITH \$380,000.

IS IT THAT MUCH? !!

I'M TIRED OF SLINGING HAMB! TIRED OF YAPPING! WHERE'S ALL THOSE FLORIDA MILLIONAIRES YOU READ ABOUT?

YOU SEE, RODNEY, I'VE BEEN THE MEANS OF MAKING THAT HONEST, SIMPLE FELLOW RICH.

BUT THAT'S JUST IT, YOU HAVEN'T MADE HIM RICH.

EXCEPT FOR THE FEW THOUSAND HE SOLD THE PROPERTY FOR, ALL THE DUMB CLUCK HAS TO SHOW FOR YOUR \$380,000 IS A TRACTOR, A COW AND A FRAME FOR GRANDPA'S PICTURE.

BUT THOSE THINGS ARE RICHES TO HIM. THEY'RE THE THINGS THAT MAKE HIM HAPPY.

WELL, IF IT'S HAPPY YOU WANTED TO MAKE HIM, YOU SUCCEEDED. THE DEAR, DUMB SOUL IS THE HAPPIEST BACHELOR IN INDIANTOWN.

\$380,000!... A BACHELOR!... DUMB!... INDIANTOWN!

SAV, BOSS, WHERE IS INDIANTOWN?

OH, WEST OF HERE ABOUT 30 MILES. WHY?

THEN I QUIT! I THINK I'M GETTING MARRIED!

SNUFFY

BARNEY GOOGLE and SMITH

by FRED LASSWELL

DURN YORE WUTHLESS HIDE, LOWEEZY !! WHY AIN'T MY SUPPER SETTIN' ON TH' TABLE ?

I'M DRETFUL SORRY, PAW--BUT TODAY'S BEEN JEST ONE NIGHTMARE AFTER T'OTHER

IT ALL STARTED THIS MORNIN' WHEN I WUZ FIXIN' TO WASH MY COLLARD GREENS--TH' SMOKEHOUSE CAUGHT AFIRE, OF ALL THINGS--

I WUZ STIRRIN' AROUND LIKE A SIX-MULE TEAM IN A MUDHOLE FER TWO-THREE HOURS AFORE I GOT TH' FOOL THING PUT OUT--

JEST WHEN I SET DOWN TO RECOVERATE, JUGHAID COME A-RUNNIN' AN' A-HOLLERIN' THAT JAMEY'S SLINGSHOT BACKFIRED AN' HE'D HIT HIMSELF IN TH' EYE WIF A CHINABERRY

THEN ON TH' WAY BACK FROM DOC PRITCHART'S TH' WAGON THROWE A WHEEL ON SATAN'S CURVE--LAND O' GOSHEN!! IT'S A WONDER WE WUZNT ALL KILT DAID, SO YE SEE WHY SUPPER AINT READY YET, PAW

BALLS O' FIRE!!

I'VE HEERED FLIMSY EXCUSES IN MY DAY, BUT THAT PUTS TH' LID ON TH' JAR !!

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

by JIMMY HATLO

YOU WIN!

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

GOLD SILVER 99.9% PURE

IT'S ANCHORED HERE...

AND NOW ANOTHER COMMERCIAL

KEEP IT HOT!

THE HATLO INFERNO

THEY'RE THE PESTS WHO ARE ALWAYS SELLING CHANCES--DOWN HERE THEY TAKE CHANCES AND EVERYBODY WINS--HEH-HEH--LOVELY PRIZES THEY GET, NO?

OH, DRUGGIST! EMERGENCY! MY LITTLE BOY! SICK! MUST HAVE THIS PRESCRIPTION RIGHT AWAY!!

MRS. DIZMUL GANGWAYS EIGHT WAITING CUSTOMERS. SHE'S IN SUCH A RUSH...

SO DOC FILLS IT RIGHT AWAY...

MY!

YES--HE'S VERY SICK! I ALMOST WENT TO PIECES! LET ME TELL YOU WHAT THE SPECIALIST SAID...

THANK TO FRANK W. SCHMELING, ITASCA, TEXAS

THE COUPLE WHO GRAB THE BIG TABLE FOR FIVE, THEN CUDDLE UP CLOSER THAN SIAMESE TWINS...

URGE TO KILL

THANKS TO L. POULSON, 235 BUCKINGHAM BLVD., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

AUNT MEDEA SPENT THREE HUNDRED WOMAN-HOURS ON NEEDLE POINT...

WHAT A BEE-HOOT-FUL DESIGN...

BUT WHO EVER SEES THE DESIGN? SHE'S GOT IT UNDER A LAMP!!

THANK TO MRS. JOHN REED, 1477 ALLEGHENY ST., JERSEY SHORE, PENNA.