

# BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Rosco Sweeney by Roy Crane

BUT I NEED THE CAR TO SHOP WITH, BROTHER! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT PESKY OSTRICH OUT OF THERE!

BUT NOW SHE'S TRYING TO HATCH CROQUET BALLS ON THE BACK SEAT!

I KNOW HOW, UNCLE ROSCO.

NOW, YOU RUN ALONG AND PLAY, HONEY. THIS IS A PROBLEM FOR GROWNUPS... FIRST, WE'LL TRY TO LURE BIRDIE OUT OF THE CAR WITH FOOD.

COME, BIRDIE! NICE BIRDIE!

HOT DINGIES! NOW'S MY CHANCE!

NOW DRIVE AWAY! FAST!

I CAN'T! THE BATTERY'S DEAD! LURE HER AWAY WITH SOME MORE FOOD SO I CAN GET OUT! IT'S NOT IN HERE!

IF IT'S TOO HOT, THEN GET OUT AND LET HER GET IN!

OUCH! SHE PECKS!

HELP! DO SOMETHING! I'M ROASTING ALIVE!

BUT WHAT CAN I DO? YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO BE PATIENT!

HOURS PASS.

HELP! WATER! GET ME OUT!

HELP! WATER!

OH, DEAR! WHAT WILL WE DO?

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU! ALL BIRDIE WANTS ARE HER EGGS. WHY DOESN'T UNCLE ROSCO JUST THROW THEM OUT THE WINDOW ON THE OTHER SIDE?

SEE! I TOLD YOU SO!

LAND SAKES! HOW SIMPLE! WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF IT HOURS AGO?

WATER! WATER!

# SNUFFY SMITH

I GOT SOMETHIN' YE NEVER SEEN BEFORE, JUGHAID-- I GOT ME A FROG THAT CAN JUMP BACKARDS!!

YO'RE PLUMB TETCHED IN TH' HAID, JAMEY BARLOW-- FROGS AIN'T BUILT THATAWAY--

I BET A BLUE-NOSE MULE HE CAN

TH' FUST TIME I SEE THAT BUG-EYED VARMINT JUMP BACKWARDS, YE GOT YORESELF A BLUE-NOSE MULE

PAW--YE'D DIE LAFFIN' AT THESE TWO YOUNG-UNS OUT HERE

BALLS O' FIRE!! DON'T YE EVER GIT TIRED OF EAVESDRAPPIN', WOMAN?

JAMEY'S BROTHER JUGHAID! A BLUE-NOSE MULE HE'S GOT A FROG THAT CAN JUMP BACKARDS

NEVER MIND THAT FOOLISHMENT-- GIT MY VITLES ON TH' TABLE

SEE THAR!!

GREAT LAND O'GOSHEN!!

WHY DIDN'T YE AST LEETLE JAMEY TO STAY FER SUPPER, JUGHAID?

HE HAD TWO-THREE MORE PLACES HE WANTED TO GO AFORE SUNDOWN

# THE TOLL

BY JIMMY HATLO

FIFE ALWAYS PULLS INTO THE TOLL GATE SO DRUMM IS IN THE PAY SEAT...

STOP

TOLL 50¢

BUT IT SEEMS DRUMM IS NOT TO BE CAUGHT NAPPING OR PAYING...

SORRY, OL' BOY-- SMALLEST I'VE GOT IS A TWENTY...

POST OFFICE

THE MIDGET TOTES HIS LOAD ON FOOT, AND GARGANTUA DELIVERS SPECIALS IN A TRUCK... SEZ Jimmy Hatlo, AZE DISTRICT, P.O. BOX 127, P.O. GA.

ME EATING ALONE AND HIM PROBABLY AT SOME NICE RESTAURANT WITH A LOT OF THOSE HUSSY STENOGRAPHERS AND WOMEN BUYERS...

ME STANDING OVER A HOT STOVE AND HIM OUT MEETING PEOPLE, LOLLY-GAGGING AROUND AND PRETENDING IT'S WORK...

JAMES!! YOU GET RIGHT HOME THIS INSTANT! SLAM!!

WOW! SOMETHING MUSTA HAPPENED!

YOU GET A JOB YOU CAN DO AT HOME SO I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!!

I'LL FIX THAT WAITER FOR THE GRUMMY SERVICE HE GAVE US! THERE! THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM!! C'MON, KIDS--LET'S GO!!

POP ALWAYS TALKS HIMSELF INTO A RAGE WHEN IT COMES TO TIPPING TIME...

THAT'S WHY WE NEVER GO TO THE SAME PLACE TWICE!

WATCHING TIGHT-WALLET TRYING TO JUSTIFY A PICAYUNE TIP--HE LEAVES A DIME EVERY TIME...