

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal
Rosco Sweeney
by Roy Crane



GUESS WHAT, UNCLE ROSCO. OUR ROOSTER, FLUFF, THINKS I LOOK CUTE IN OVERALLS.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?



HE SAID SO.

NOW, ANGEL, WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT MAKING UP FIBS?



BUT HE DID, UNCLE ROSCO, AND SO DID QUEENIE, OUR CALF.

THAT'S ENOUGH, ANGEL. ANIMALS DON'T TALK. AND FOR TELLING FIBS, YOU WON'T GET ANY ICE CREAM FOR SUPPER.



YOU DID SAY I WAS CUTE IN OVERALLS; DIDN'T YOU, FLUFF?

ME TOO.

SURE I DID, HONEY.



YEAH! WHAT DOES THAT TWO-LEGGED LUMMOX KNOW ABOUT ANIMAL TALK?



TEN TO ONE THE GLUTTON WANTS HER ICE CREAM FOR HIMSELF.

THAT'S IT! OLD FATTY WANTS IT FOR HIMSELF!

HOW COME WE NEVER GET ICE CREAM FOR SUPPER?



BOY, AM I FED UP ON THAT SLOP YOU DISH OUT!

AND THAT MOLDY HAY... UGH!

THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY STRANGE GOING ON AROUND HERE.

WE WANT ICE CREAM!



MAN! JUST AS I THOUGHT!... **IZZARD THE WIZARD!** THE VENTRILOQUIST!

HI, SWEENEY, OLD PAL! AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE ME?

GOOD OLD IZZY! IS HE A CARD!

SNUFFY SMITH



JUGHAID--TELL YORE UNK SNUFFY I'M ALL SOT TO GIT MARRIED--HE PROMISED TO BE MY GOODEST MAN

I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YO'RE SAYIN', JAMEY LEE, FER ALL THAT SCREECHIN'

BALLS O' FIRE !! YE GOT THESE BLACK-EYED PEAS TOO ALL-FIRED SALTY, WOMAN !!



SNUFFY--I'M GITTIN' MARRIED TODAY AN'--UH

THEY AIN'T FIT SLOPS FER TH' HAWGS!!

HOW DAST YE RUN DOWN MY COOKIN'?



DADBURN BRINY VITTLES !!

DURN YORE HIDE !! I JEST SCRUBBED THAT THAR FLOOR



HA!! YE MISSED ME COMPLETE !!



I GORRONTTEE I WON'T MISS YE TH' NEXT TIME !!



WHY ON AIRTH DON'T JAMEY LEE SHOW UP, PARSON?

IT'S BEYAND ME, BIRDIE-- I SEEN HIM THIS MORNIN' AN' HE WUZ DEAD-SET ON GITTIN' HITCHED TODAY

BY JIMMY HATLO



ELMO HASN'T HAD A GOOD SUNDAY DINNER AT HOME IN MONTHS...

THERE! I'M GOING TO LIE DOWN!



BUT TODAY MRS. ELMO INVITED HER MOTHER AND FATHER TO DINNER--WOW! THANK TO BUCK EUGHANAN, NEWARK, N.J.

NOTHING REALLY!



ANOTHER FIRST

HA-HA-HA! NOT ONLY IN THE TRAP, BUT WITH THE GOLF CART! HA-HA--



THAT COUPLE OVER THERE... WHEN YOU TAKE THEIR ORDER CALL HIM JIMMY...

ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR GAGS, MR. HOTFOOT?



MAY I TAKE YOUR ORDER?

OH, HELLO, JIMMY...



HI, FOLKS--HA-HA--IT WAS ME PUT THE WAITRESS UP TO MAKING BELIEVE SHE KNEW YOU...HA-HA...

OH, HELLO, HOTFOOT--WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN...



WELL--WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S FIRE!

A-GR-UFF-GR-R-UFF *DOG TALK FOR *AND SHE'S THE DAME WHO CAN PUT THE FIRE OUT!



WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN BE SO KIND AS TO GIVE BLOOD FOR YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD BLOOD BANK?

UH--GOSH--I'M--UH--JUST RECOVERING FROM A RARE TROPICAL DISEASE...

ER--MY DOCTOR SAID I'M ANEMIC--SORRY!

MY CORPUSCLES ARE CORRODED!

SEE YOU LATER, GUYS...

THANK TO EUGENE MANNES, 505 CRAWFORD RD. RIDLEY PARK, PA.