

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Rosco Sweeney by Roy Crane

I TELL YOU OUR BABY'S A GENIUS!

AT SIX WEEKS?! LOOK, LADY, NO SIX-WEEKS KID CAN TALK!

HE CAN TALK!

BUT HE OVERHEARD SOME MEN SAY THEY WERE GOING TO ROB THE BALMY BEACH NIGHT CLUB.

TELL THE NICE POLICE-MAN WHAT YOU HEARD, MORTIMER.

BALONEY! COME ON, TIM.

THE IDEA! THEY MUST BE COO-COO!

OH, WELL! IT WON'T HURT TO DRIVE BY THE BALMY BEACH AND LOOK IT OVER.

POLICE

GREAT SCOTT! SOME GUYS ARE INSIDE! AND THE SAFE IS OPEN!!

WELL, I'LL BE! MAYBE THAT KID IS A GENIUS!

CAUGHT 'EM RED-HANDED, SARGE. THEY WERE RANSACKING THE SAFE.

I TELL YOU THERE WAS NOTHING IN THE SAFE! IT WAS EMPTY!

LOCK 'EM UP!

PLEASE, MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, SERGEANT? I'M NO ROBBER. THESE GUYS FORCED ME TO OPEN THE SAFE. I'M NONE OTHER THAN THE RENOWNED IZZARD THE WIZARD, A MAGICIAN.

NONSENSE! RIDICULOUS!

NOW, LOOK, OFFICER! I PREVENTED A ROBBERY. I DISTRACTED THEIR ATTENTION WITH A NEAT BIT OF VENTRILOQUISM, TOOK THE MONEY FROM THE SAFE AND HID IT IN THE WASTEBASKET SO THEY WOULDN'T GET IT.

LOCK HIM UP, I SAY!

OH, WELL! I'M NOT WORRIED. WHEN THEY FIND THE MONEY IN THE WASTEBASKET, THEY'LL KNOW I'M TELLING THE TRUTH.

MORNING.

SEEMS THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' TO THIS JOB BUT EMPTYING WASTEBASKETS AND BURNING TRASH... EVERLASTING TRASH! WHERE DOES IT ALL COME FROM?

SNUFFY SMITH

YE BETTER SHAKE A LAIG, LEETLE JUGHAID, IF YE AIM TO GO TO SAMANTHY'S BIRFDAY PARTY

AW, SHUX!! DO I HAVE TO GO, AUNT LOWEEZY?

NOBODY'S GOT A GUN IN YORE RIBS

BUT, PAW-- HE ALREADY PROMISED, AN' SHE'S COUNTIN' ON HIM TO BE THAR

BALLS O' FIRE!! WHO WANTS TO SQUANDER A DAY PLAYIN' THEM TOM-FOOL GIRLY GAMES?

MIZ BARLOW WENT TO A HEAP O' TROUBLE GITTIN' FUN HATS AN' HORNS AN' PRIZES, JUGHAID

I'D RUTHER GO FISHIN' DOWN AT TH' CREEK

AN' SHE'S GOT A CHAWKLET CAKE, SUGAR COOKIES, HOMEMADE PEACH ICE CREAM, LICKWISH STICKS, HOT DOGS, JAWBREAKERS AN' MUSHMELLERS AN'---

WAAL-- I RECKON I'LL MOSEY ON OVER

SPEAKIN' OF VITTLES--WHAT ARE ME AN' YOU EATIN' FER SUPPER, MAW?

LEFTOVER COLLARD GREENS, COLD GRITS AN' GRAVY

RING AROUND TH' ROSEY--A POCKET PLUMB FULL O' POSIES

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THE EVERETT

BY JIMMY HATLO

MILO WAS JUST BARELY BIG ENOUGH TO GET ON THE FORGE-- HE'S GOT THE TOUGHEST BEAT IN TOWN...

WHILE JOE BICEP, EX-HEAVYWEIGHT PRIZE-FIGHTER--HE RUNS THE SWITCHBOARD...

THANK TO JIM MALONEY, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

THEN THE FUN BEGAN

ART EDITOR, PLEASE--HELLO, CHIEF--CRUDNEY SPEAKING--I STAYED UP ALL NIGHT--I JUST FINISHED THAT RUSH JOB--I'LL BRING IT RIGHT DOWN...

GOO!

KNOW WHAT TODAY IS, SUSPICIA? IT'S ONE YEAR I'VE BEEN ON THE WAGON!

AREN'T YOU A LITTLE PROUD OF ME? I DID IT FOR YOU, DEAR--A WHOLE YEAR I'VE BEEN ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW...

PROUD? WHAT'S ONE YEAR? WHEN I THINK OF THOSE OTHER YEARS...

THE THINGS I PUT UP WITH ALL THOSE YEARS! THE WAY YOU USED TO STAGGER HOME! THE WAY YOU HUMILIATED ME!!

THE YEARS I SPENT NEVER KNOWING HOW YOU'D COME HOME--

URF-URF* *PUP TALK FOR 'GIVE 'EM SOMETHING TO HARP ON AND THEY NEVER UNHAPPY!

SERVES ME RIGHT, ROVER! WHY CAN'T I SHUT UP?

WHAT A DAY! THANK HEAVENS IT'S OVER--NOW, WHERE'S THAT ASPIRIN?

OH, MISS RULER--I KNOW YOU WON'T MIND HELPING THE SIXTH GRADE REHEARSE THEIR PLAY THIS AFTER-NOON...

IT NEVER RAINS BUT--ASK ANY TEACHER--

THANK TO ELLIOT FOREMAN, STUDEBAKER THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.