

# BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal  
**Rosco Sweeney**  
by *Ray Clune*



THIS WAY, IZZARD!

OBOY! AT LAST YOU'RE LETTING ME OUT OF JAIL, EH?



QUITE THE CONTRARY! YOU WERE ARRESTED AT THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY. WE'VE FOUND YOUR FINGERPRINTS ON THE SAFE. DO YOU DENY TAKING THE MONEY?

OF COURSE NOT!



BUT THOSE YEGGS HAD GUNS ON ME. THEY FORCED ME TO OPEN THE SAFE. FORTUNATELY I USED MY WITS TO DISTRACT THEIR ATTENTION AND HID THE MONEY IN A WASTEBASKET TO PREVENT IT FROM BEING STOLEN.



BALONEY, IZZARD! WE SEARCHED THE WASTEBASKETS AND THEY'RE EMPTY! THE CONTENTS WERE ALL BURNED.

BURNED? B-B-BUT SURELY THERE'RE SOME CHARRED PIECES LEFT!



OH, YES! BUT I'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT. YOU WERE GOING TO DOUBLCROSS YOUR PALS AND KEEP ALL THE MONEY YOUR-SELF.

NO, NO, NO! I TELL YOU I'M INNOCENT!



THEY FORCED ME TO OPEN THAT SAFE!

JONES, BRING IN THE OTHER SUSPECTS!



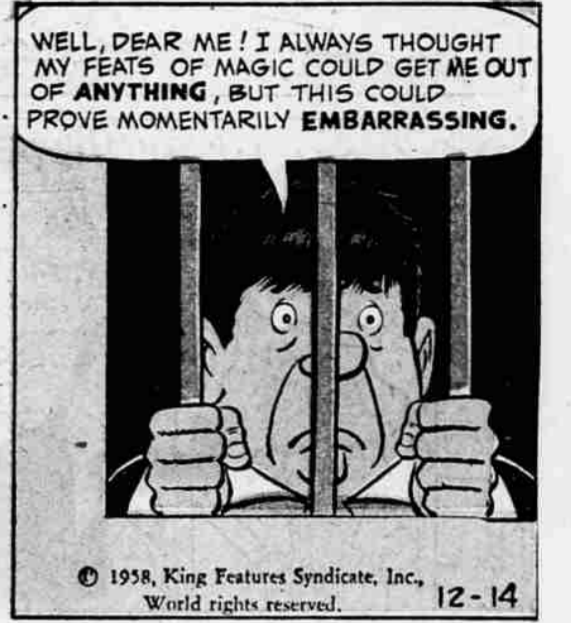
IS IT TRUE YOU FORCED IZZARD TO AID YOU IN ROBBING THE SAFE?

NUTS! IT WAS HIM! HE THOUGHT UP THE WHOLE THING.



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL THE TRUTH?

YOU CRAZY? HAVE 'EM HANG A KIDNAPPIN' RAP ON ME AND LEFTY AND SEND US UP FOR LIFE?



WELL, DEAR ME! I ALWAYS THOUGHT MY FEATS OF MAGIC COULD GET ME OUT OF ANYTHING, BUT THIS COULD PROVE MOMENTARILY EMBARRASSING.

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# BARNEY GOODEL and SNUFFY SMITH

by *Fred Lasswell*



WE BETTER SHAKE A LAIG, PAW, IF WE AIM TO GIT OVER TO TH' LEDBETTERS' BY SUPPERTIME

LET'S GO, WOMAN!! ALL I GOT TO DO IS WHISLE UP 'OL BULLET' AN' I'M READY.



THUNDERATION!! I HOPE YE DON'T AIM TO DRAG THAT 'OL DOG ALONG WIF US, PAW

I SHORE DO!! HE'S PART OF TH' FAMBLY



LAND O' GOSHEN!! HAVE YE FERGOT WHAT HE DONE TO MIZ LEBETTERS' FLOWERS TH' LAST TIME WE TOOK HIM OVER THAR?

SHUX-- HE CAN'T HURT 'EM NONE THIS TIME-- THEY'RE ALL DUG UP



AN' 'OL BULLET' SCAIRT HER HENS SO BAD THEY NEVER LAID ARY AIG FER THREE SOLID WEEKS

HE'S STILL GOIN'!!



AN' BESIDES ALL THAT-- IT'S TEN MILE OR BETTER, OVER TO TH' LEDBETTERS' AN' HE'S SO OLD AN' CREAKY AN'--UH--

YO'RE RIGHT AS RAIN, MAW!! IT'S TOO LONG A WALK FER PORE 'OL BULLET'



ONE DAY I'LL L'ARN TO KEEP MY TONGUE ATWIXT MY TEETH

DODGE THEM BIG ROCKS, MAW-- 'OL BULLET' DON'T LIKE JOGGLIN'--

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# THEY DO IT EVERY TIME

BY **JIMMY HATLO**



ALL SUMMER MOM SAID--

DON'T STAY IN HERE READING ALL DAY LONG-- GET OUT IN THE FRESH AIR--



BUT NOW--

GET INTO THE HOUSE AND STUDY YOUR LESSONS! YOU'RE ALWAYS OUT-- NEVER OPEN A BOOK--



THEN THE FUN BEGAN

YOU WENT TO STATE U, TOO-- SAY, MAYBE WE'RE FRATERNITY BROTHERS-- I'M PHOO WHA NU--

I NEVER JOINED A FRATERNITY-- NEVER BELIEVED IN THEM--



UNKA JIMMY'S DOGHOUSE

THAT WAS YOUR BROTHER DECANter-- HE'S COMING OVER-- WANTS TO SEE ME--

YOU COULD LEARN A LOT FROM DECANter-- THE FINEST, MOST CONSIDERATE--



HE'S PROBABLY COMING OVER TO SEE IF HE CAN HELP PUT UP THOSE SHELVES I'VE BEEN ASKING YOU ALL YEAR TO PUT UP! I WISH YOU WERE MORE LIKE HIM!

THAT MUST BE HIM NOW-- HE DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME--

RING A LING



LO, JIM-- I'VE LEFT CROWBINA! I'M GOING TO GET OUT OF TOWN-- I'LL NEED AT LEAST A HUNDRED BUCKS--

OH! YOU POOR BOY!



THEN I SAID, "LEAVING YOUR WIFE, EH? I WISH I WAS MORE LIKE YOU!"

ARF-ARF-ARF

\*DOG TALK FOR "THEN WAR WAS DECLARED!"



OH, GIRLIE-- MORE COFFEE, PLEASE-- AND YOU BETTER BRING US CLEAN CUPS--

D.S.C.

THE CRUMBUMS WHO SAUCER THEIR ASHES AND LEAVE THE ASH-TRAYS STRICTLY ALONE-- THANK TO MRS. BOB PETRIE, #3, CALEDONIA, ONTARIO, CANADA

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