

# BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Rosco Sweeney by Roy Crane

YOU SAW IT WITH YOUR OWN EYES, SARGE. THERE'S 2 MEN IN CELL 3, AND A LITTLE GIRL WHO CALLS HERSELF ANGEL.

LOOK, WE'D BETTER REPORT THIS TO THE CHIEF.

YOU AND ANGEL BETTER SKIP OUT, ROSCO. THEY'RE BEGINNING TO GET SUSPICIOUS.

IT'S DOWNRIGHT SPOOKY, CHIEF. FIRST IZZARD IS IN CELL 3. THEN HE ISN'T. THEN THERE'S A LITTLE GIRL IN THERE WHO SAYS SHE'S AN ANGEL.

AND NOW IZZARD AND THE LITTLE GIRL AND ANOTHER MAN'S IN THERE!

NONSENSE!

HONEST, CHIEF, WE THINK IZZARD'S BREAKING IN AND OUT OF JAIL.

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! NOBODY EVER BROKE OUT OF MY JAIL, AND MOST CERTAINLY NOBODY EVER BROKE IN! I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT CELL 3, SERGEANT.

AND HOW MANY INMATES DO YOU COUNT IN CELL 3 THIS TIME, SERGEANT?

THERE'S ONLY IZZARD!

PERHAPS YOU'RE CRACKING UP, SERGEANT. DO YOU HAVE THESE HALLUCINATIONS OFTEN?

ER, NO, SIR.

BETTER WATCH YOURSELF, SERGEANT.

YES, SIR.

BAH! IMAGINE RECEIVING MY FRIENDS IN THIS DISMAL DUMP OF A CELL.

WHAT IN BLANKETY-BLANK BLAZES HAS HAPPENED TO MY CHAIR, SERGEANT, AND MY CURTAINS AND MY BEARSKIN RUG?

WELL, ER, I WANTED TO MENTION IT, CHIEF, SINCE YOU THINK I'VE BEEN SEEING THINGS....

BUT LOOK IN THERE-- CELL 3.

MY RUG! MY CHAIR! MY CURTAINS!

THINK MAYBE YOU MIGHT BE CRACKING UP, TOO, CHIEF?

DOCTOR! QUICK, GET ME A DOCTOR!!

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## BARNEY GOOGLE and

by FRED LASSWELL

TONIGHT'S MY QUILTIN' CLUB NIGHT, PAW-- SO IF YE DON'T NEED ME FER ENNYTHING, I'LL MOSEY ALONG

QUILTIN' CLUB? "GOSSIPY OL' HEN'S CLUB" IS MORE LIKE IT

SHORE-- WE-UNS CHIT-CHAT A LEETLE, BUT MAINLY WE-UNS QUILT, PAW

HA!! DON'T MAKE ME SWALLER MY STORE-BOUGHTEN TEETH

I BET IF YOU FEMALES TOOK A STITCH EVER' TIME YE SAID A WORD YE COULD QUILT TH' WHOLE NEWNITED STATES AN' CANADY AT ONE SETTIN'

RAVE ON, PAW

I'LL HAVE YE KNOW WE-UNS SOLD ONE HUNNERT AN' THUTTY-EIGHT DOLLERS WUTH O' QUILTS TO TH' FLATLAND TOURISTERS ALREADY AN' TH' SEASON AIN'T EVEN BEGUN GOOD

YE DON'T SAY!!

AN' TONIGHT WE-UNS SPLIT UP TH' PROFITS-- TWENTY-THREE DOLLERS A HEAD, MISTER SMART ALECK

LOWEEZY-- DID YE SEE TH' SCANDALOUS OSTRITCH PLUME HAT SAMANTHY JANE HAD ON YESTIDDY?

LANDS, YES!! I SEEN IT, ELVINEY-- IT WUZ ENUFF TO MAKE A DOG LAFF

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## BY JIMMY HATLO

THE CRUDNEYS WENT FOR A BIG CHECK FOR THE BUILDING FUND WHERE JUNIOR GOES TO COLLEGE--

EVERY PARENT IS ASKED TO GIVE TILL IT HURTS--

SO ABOUT TWO WEEKS AFTER THE CHECK IS CASHED--

JUNIOR! WHA'P?

THEY THREW ME OUT!! I FLUNKED!

THEN THE FUN BEGAN

YA DON'T HAFTA ANNOUNCE ME-- THE MAYOR TOLD ME BEFORE ELECTION TO DROP IN ANY TIME!

OH, YEAH?

POOR DEAR BROTHER-- OF COURSE WE'LL LEND YOU THE MONEY--

GEE, THANKS-- I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU, SIS--

THE DOCTOR SAYS I NEED A GOOD LONG REST-- BUT WHERE DO I GET THE MONEY?

WHY, FROM US, DEAR-- YOU'RE MY OWN SISTER-- MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD!

UH-- SUSPICIA-- I INVITED MY SISTER OVER FOR DINNER SUNDAY-- IT'S OKAY, ISN'T IT?

SURE, WE'LL CO-SIGN YOUR NOTE, MAMA-- OF COURSE-- THANKS FOR CALLING-- 'BYE, MAMA--

I SHOULD SLAVE IN THE KITCHEN AND WAIT ON THAT STUCK-UP SISTER OF YOURS? WHAT DID SHE EVER DO FOR ME?!

WOOF!! \* DOG TALK FOR "BLOOD IS THICKER THAN SOUP!"

YEAH-- I GOT FOLKS, ROVER-- MAYBE SOMEDAY YOU'LL MEET 'EM-- YOU'RE NOT SO OLD--

THE CLEAN-UP LADY IN THE VACUUM-CLEANER STORE... WHAT DO THEY GIVE HER TO USE P A 1912 CARPET SWEEPER...

THANK TO E. IRENE BAKER, 305 SPRINGDALE, JAMES TOWN, N.J.