

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Roscoe Sweeney & Roy Crane

LOOK AT THOSE POOR SPRUNK CHILDREN, ROSCO... NOTHING BUT SKIN AND BONE.

IT'S ALL SPRUNK'S FAULT, BABY SISTER. HE WON'T WORK.

WELL, ANYWAY, I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE LITTLE GIRLS.

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL, POOR AS THEY ARE, THE SPRUNKS ARE PROUD.

GOOD MORNING, MRS. SPRUNK. HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

WHY, HOWDY, MISS LUCILLE. IFFEN I'D KNOW'D YOU WAS COMIN' A-CALLIN', I'D A-FRESHED MYSELF UP A BIT.

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT... I JUST DROPPED BY TO ASK IF YOU COULD USE SOME MILK. WE'RE GETTING MORE THAN WE NEED.

WELL, IFFEN YOU'RE SURE IT'S MORE 'N YOU NEED, I RECKON WE COULD USE A LITTLE.

LATER... WE'UNS SHORE THANK YOU FOR THE MILK, MISS LUCILLE.

AND HERE'S A HAM TOO, WE DON'T NEED, MR. SPRUNK.

THANK YOU, MA'AM, BUT WE COULDN'T BE ACCEPTIN' MEAT OFFEN YOU. ANYWAYS, I AIM TO KILL A COUPLE O' SQUIRRELS ON THE WAY HOME.

BUT YOU DON'T HAVE A GUN!

DON'T NEED A GUN... THERE'S A SQUIRREL NOW, IFFEN YOU DON'T MIND MY CHUNKIN' ONE OF YOUR ORANGES AT HIM.

GO RIGHT AHEAD.

MY STAFF, MR. SPRUNK! YOU GOT HIM RIGHT IN THE HEAD!

YES'M. ON POSSUMS, COONS AND SQUIRRELS I ALWAYS AIMS AT THE HEAD. WITH QUAILS AND DOVES, THO, I AIN'T SO PARTICULAR.... WELL, THANK YOU, MA'AM. I BETTER BE GOIN'.

I KNOW YOU WANT TO HELP THE SPRUNKS, BABY SISTER, BUT IF OLD BAREFOOT SPRUNK CAN CHUNK AN ORANGE AS GOOD AS YOU SAY, WHY ISN'T HE A BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL PITCHER?

MERCY SAKES! WHAT AN IDEA! YES, WHY ISN'T HE?

TO BE CONTINUED...

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SNUFFY SMITH

I GOT ALL MY SUPPER DISHES PUT UP, PAW-NOW WE-UNS CAN LIGHT OUT FER TH' COUNTY FAIR !!

TIME'S A-WASTIN', MAW!! I'M DYIN' TO SEE THAT CHAMPEEN BLUE-RIBBON CHINEY HAWG

I AIM TO SEE ALL THEM BODACIOUS SIDE SHOWS

MIZ BARLOW SAYS THEY GOT A HEAP OF NEWFANGLED GADGETS AN' DOO-DABS THIS YEAR

SHORE-SHORE--STOP CHAWIN', AN' LET'S GIT !!

AUTOMATICAL WASHIN' MACHINES, IRONIN' CONTRAPTIONS, SUCTION SWEEPERS, HIGHFALOOTIN' CHROME-PLATED COOK STOVES AN'--

AN' ALL YE GOT TO DO IS PUT A DOLLER DOWN AN' PAY A LEETLE DAB EVER' MONTH, AN' THEN IN TWO YEARS OR SO--IT'S ALL YOR'N !!

ALL OF A SUDDEN I FEEL CHILLY AN' FEVERISH, MAW

OUGH!! I GOT STOBBIN' PAINS IN MY STUMMICK !! YOW! MY FORRID'S ON FIRE !! OW!! MY BACK'S KINKIN' UP !!

D-DON'T LEAVE ME, MAW !! I-I THINK I'M FIXIN' TO CROAK !!

YE MIGHT-AS WELL GO ALONG BY YORESELF JUGHAID--IT LOOKS LIKE I'M STUCK HERE WIF YORE UNK SNUFFY

YE COULDN'T RUN ME OFF, AUNT LOWEEZY--THAR AIN'T A SIDE SHOW DOWN YONDER GOODER'N THIS

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COMING HOME FROM WORK THE BIG CARS HAVE ONLY ONE LONE OCCUPANT PER EACH...

THANK TO CLINT PALMER, JOHN BOYNTON DR., LANSING, MICH.

BUT GET A LOAD OF THE MIDGET JOBS-- SIX TO A HEAP...

ME TOO!

URGE TO KILL DEPT.

WHY, GAZELLA, DEAR--YOU'RE GRAY! MY! HOW YOU'VE AGED SINCE LAST WE MET!

BAD DYE JOB

STORE CHOPPERS

JUST A SWISH OF GRAY

THANK TO MRS. MARY SAYERS, DRESDEN, ONTARIO, CANADA

METHINKS YOUR GOOD WIFE PRIED A CIDER CORK WITH THAT PEN, EH, BEN?

DARN QUILL WON'T WRITE!

TRY MINE--THE PARCHMENT IS GLAZED--YOUR POINT SKIPS OVER IT, THOMAS--

I ROUGHEN MY PEN POINTS--I CAN WRITE ON A SURFACE THAT'S EVEN BEEN SMEARED WITH POT CHEESE--

SOME VARMINT BORROWED MY QUILL AND DIDN'T GIVE IT BACK!

WONDER IF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE HAD PEN TROUBLE....

PARDON ME--WOULD YOU MIND REMOVING YOUR HAT, PLEASE?

THANK TO JOHN W. GUERIN, COL. U.S.A.F. MC, FRANCIS E. WARREN AIR FORCE BASE, WYD.

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