

# BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Rosco Sweeney  
by Roy Crane

I'M SURE THERE'S A WAY TO HELP THAT POOR SPRUNK FAMILY, ROSCO.

BUT HOW? BAREFOOT'S TOO LAZY TO WORK, AND THE FAMILY'S TOO PROUD TO ACCEPT CHARITY.

IF MR. SPRUNK CAN PROVIDE HIS FAMILY WITH MEAT BY SIMPLY CHUNKING ROCKS AT RABBITS AND SQUIRRELS, HE OUGHT TO BE A NATURAL BASEBALL PITCHER. DON'T YOU SEE?

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, BABY SISTER.

IF YOU'D JUST TRY HIM OUT, YOU'RE A GOOD JUDGE OF PITCHING.

WELL... AHEM!... I OUGHT TO BE. I WAS THE CATCHER FOR THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS THAT WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PACIFIC FLEET... HERE WE ARE! -- MY OLD MITT AND A COUPLA BALLS.

DID YOU EVER PLAY MUCH BASEBALL, BAREFOOT?

NO, SIR. NEVER COULD GET UP A TEAM. THE KIDS WAS ALWAYS AFRAID OF MY CHUNKIN'.

BASEBALL PITCHERS MAKE BIG MONEY.

WHY NOT THROW A FEW WITH ROSCO... JUST FOR FUN? I BELIEVE YOU HAVE POSSIBILITIES.

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE YOU, MISS LUCILLE... IF IT'S A-TALL LIKE CHUNKIN' RABBITS AND SQUIRRELS, I RECKON I MIGHT LIKE IT.

NOW, HERE'S THE PLATE, BAREFOOT. WARM UP BY JUST TOSSING ME A FEW EASY ONES AT FIRST.

WHAR YOU WANT ME TO CHUNK IT, MR. SWEENEY?

PUT IT RIGHT IN MY MITT, BAREFOOT.

!!!

SWAP!

YOWTCH! MY HAND! IT'S BROKEN!

HIT WERE JUST A SCRAWNY LITTLE CHUNK, MR. SWEENEY.

S'HELP ME, BABY SISTER, I DIDN'T EVEN SEE IT COMING. IF HE HADN'T THROWN IT RIGHT INTO MY MITT, HE'D HAVE KILLED ME.

THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN TELLIN' YOU, BROTHER. ANYONE WITH BAREFOOT'S CONTROL AND SPEED IS A NATURAL-BORN BASEBALL PITCHER... AND WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

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# BARNEY GOOGLE

and

by FRED LASSWELL

AUNT LOWEEZY-- OUR SCHOOL-MA'RM IS TAKIN' A BUNCH OF YOUNG-UNS ON A SIGHT-SEEN' TRIP TO TH' CITY AN'--UH-- CAN I GO? JAMEY'S GOIN'--

YE BETTER AST YORE UNK SNUFFY, JUGHAID

NO, SIREEE!! I AIN'T SENDIN' YE OFF TO NO RAMBLE-SCRAMBLE CITY TO GIT RUN OVER AN' KILT DEADER'N A DOORKNOB

WE LARNT ABOUT JAYWALKIN' ALREADY

AN' EVER'WHAR YE TARN THAR'S PICKYOREPOCKETS AN' GAMBLIN' DEN'S AN' ALL SORTS OF MEANNESS GOIN' ON!!!

NARY A SOUL GOT IN ENNY TROUBLE LAST YEAR

AN' BESIDES ALL THAT-- IT'LL COST TOO DADBURN MUCH MONEY!!

SHUX-- IT WON'T COST YE A RED CENT, UNK SNUFFY-- I ALREADY EARN'T MY EXPENSES MONEY. DOIN' ODD JOBS IN TH' HOLLER

HAVE A GOOD TIME, FELLERS

I WUZ ABOUT READY TO BACK OUT

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# IT EVERY

BY JIMMY HATLO

IN THE OFFICE SHE'S THE NEATEST--

HERE! STRAIGHTEN UP THOSE LETTERS! AND PICK UP THAT PAPER CLIP!!

BUT AT HOME-- OH, MY!

HOW COME DEPT.

MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?

NO, THANKEW!

BIG-HEARTED ARSON PASSED UP THE CUTE CHICKS AND ASKED THE HOMELY GAL TO DANCE-- THANK TO IVAN BUNNY, 4950 MARINE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILL.

HATLO'S HISTORY

GLUB! WHAT ARE YOU BELLY-ACHIN' ABOUT NOW?!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

IF YOU DON'T KEEP THAT KID QUIET, I WILL! HOW CAN ANYBODY GET ANY SLEEP AROUND HERE?!

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE CAN UP AND MOVE TO NEW DIGGIN'S! THIS JOINT SURE IS RUNNING DOWN!

I CAN REMEMBER WHEN THIS WAS A REAL NICE ADDRESS. THEY DIDN'T ALLOW KIDS IN HERE THEN--

LISTEN TO WHO'S TALKIN'! THAT APE UP-STAIRS ROLLED IN ROARIN' JUST BEFORE SUN-UP!!

WHO SAID TIMES CHANGE? IT JUST AIN'T SO-- AS TAKE F'RINSTANCE AN EVENING AT THE NEANDERTHAL ARMS--

LOVELY DINNER-- YAS, INDEED!

EVERYTHING WAS JUST PERFECT!

THE SALAD! I FORGOT TO SERVE THE SALAD!!

A HALF HOUR SHE SPENT SCULPTING THE FANCY SALAD-- THEY'LL OVERLOOK IT EVERY TIME--

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