

BUZ SAWYER Featuring His Pal **Rosco Sweeney** by **Roy Crane**

EXHIBITION GAME, CINCINNATI BEARS VS. BALTO. BLUE SOX. LAST OF THE NINTH! SCORE TIED! NO OUTS... AND THE BLUE SOX LOAD THE BASES...

BALL FOUR! TAKE YOUR BASE.

MAYBE YOU CAN SAVE THE PAY, BAREFOOT. GO IN THERE, JUST LIKE YOU WERE CHUNKING SQUIRRELS, AND MOW 'EM DOWN!

YES'IR, MR. DING.

YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! BAREFOOT SPRUNK PITCHING FOR SIMPLETON.

OH, GOODY! DING BELFREY'S GOING TO GIVE BAREFOOT A CHANCE!

WHO THE HECKS IS THIS BAREFOOT?

NEVER HEARD OF HIM. SOME ROOKIE, I GUESS.

HA! HA! HA! LOOK AT THE HICK ROOKIE!

WHERE'S YOUR MULE AN' PLOW, HAYSEED?

HO, HO! AND ALL WE NEED IS ONE!

DING BELFREY IS SURE SCRAPING THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL!

I DON'T WANT NO WARM-UP PITCHES. LET'S GO!

STRIKE ONE!

STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT!

WOW! THAT BUMPKIN'S GOT A FAST BALL! CAREFUL, BOYS, HE'LL BE WILDER'N A GOAT!

IN NINE PITCHES, BAREFOOT STRIKES OUT THE BLUE SOX AND ENDS THE INNING.

THE BEARS ARE JUBILANT!

YIPPEE! YIPPEE!

ATTABOY, BAREFOOT!

YOU'RE A NATURAL, KID!

WITH OLD BAREFOOT'S SPEED AND CONTROL, WE GOT THE PENNANT IN THE BAG!

THE BLUE SOX ARE GLUM!

HUMPH! I'LL FIX THAT BAREFOOT CLOWN! ONE OF YOU BENCH-WARMERS GO PICK A CAPFUL OF SAND-SPURS... TO SCATTER OVER THE PITCHER'S MOUND.

BARNEY GOOGLE and SNURFY SMITH by **FRED LASSWELL**

SIR!! ONE OF OUR HIGHLY CLASSIFIED MISSILES HAS LANDED ON YOUR PROPERTY, AND I HEREBY COMMANDEER YOUR MECHANIZED FARM EQUIPMENT TO REMOVE SAID MISSILE TO A MORE ACCESSIBLE LOCATION

AT YORE SARVICE, COUSIN-- FOLLER ME

THAR SHE BE--

THAT OL' BAG OF BONES!!? MAN!! YOU'RE LIVING IN THE DARK AGES!! HOW BACKWARD CAN YOU GET!!

THAT BROKEN-DOWN OLD RELIC OUGHT TO BE STUFFED AND PUT ON DISPLAY IN SOME MUSEUM

HOWEVER-- I MUST GET THE MISSILE BACK TO THE BASE FOR ELECTRONIC ANALYSIS--UH-- A COMMAND DECISION IS IMPERATIVE

I'M ALL EARS

HEE HAW HEE HAW

WELL!! DON'T JUST STAND THERE!! ORDER THE BEAST TO MOVE!!

SHE WILL, COUSIN-- SOON AS SHE GITS HER TICKLES OUT

FRED 3-22 LASSWELL

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME BY **JIMMY HATLO**

BUT WHAT DOES SHE GIVE POP FOR HIS LUNCH? LOOKY...

WANNA HUNKA MINE, SHOE? YOU'LL STARVE--

BALONEY!

FOR HER SKILL IN COOKERY MRS. SHOEHORN WAS NAMED...

MRS. MODERN MIRACLE KITCHEN QUEEN, 1959!

OFFICE PESTS NO. 1,347

A-AH-AHH-- GOSH! I'M ALL OUT OF HANDKERCHIEFS--KA-KA-KA-CHOO!

THE GERM CARRIER WHO SHOWS HOW CONSCIENTIOUS HE IS BY BRINGING A VIRUS IN WITH HIM...

HATLO'S HISTORY NO WONDER MRS. FRANKLIN COULD NEVER FIND THE KEY TO THE FRONT DOOR...

A GROWN MAN HIS AGE FLYING A KITE! STAY AWAY FROM HIM! HE'S TETCHED, IF YOU ASK ME!

THAT'S MY BOSS--I SELL HIS NEW MAGAZINE EVERY WEEK...

HE SAID I COULD FLY IT-- HE CALLS ME HIS LITTLE 'LECTRIC SHAVER...

IT'S PROBABLY AN AD FOR HIS NEW LOCKSMITH BUSINESS--KEYS MADE WHILE-U-WAIT...

LOOK AT HIM RUN! A REGULAR PHILADELPHIA ATHLETIC... HEH-HEH...

HERE'S A COASTER AND AN ASH TRAY... I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO BURN YOUR SUIT...

THANKS--BUT YOU PASSED 'EM OUT TO ME BEFORE--I COULD USE ANOTHER REFILL THOUGH...

HE'S SURROUNDED BY 'EM-- BUT HE'D RATHER DUMP HIS DRINK AND ASHES ON THE PIANO...

HE WANTS TO GIVE THAT NEW BABY GRAND AN ANTIQUE FINISH...

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY LIVING ROOM-- THE ERKJAY WHO PUTS RINGS AND BURNS ON THE MAHOGANY FINISH...

JIMMY HATLO

3-22