

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Rosco Sweeney by Roy Crane

I DECLARE, MARY, YOU'RE THE BEST PERN COOK ON EARTH.

WELL, UH, THANK YOU, UNCLE LUCKY!

HER NAME'S LUCILLE.

ANYWAY, YOU'RE MY FAVORITE KINFOLKS, FRANK. I COULD STAY HERE FOREVER.

YOU'RE CERTAINLY WELCOME!

AND MY NAME'S ROSCO, UNCLE LUCKY.

HEY, HOW LONG DOES THAT OLD GOAT EXPECT ME TO KEEP MY TAXI WAITING OUT HERE?

WELL, DAGGONE, I PLUMB FORGOT!

NOW I REMEMBER, FRANK! I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU AND MARY A GOLD MINE. QUICK, PACK YOUR THINGS AND WE'LL FLY OUT THERE.

HOT PINGIES! A GOLD MINE!

HURRY, I TELL YOU!

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKS BEFORE THEY HATCH, BROTHER. YOU KNOW HOW FORGETFUL UNCLE LUCKY IS.

NOW, WHAT IN TARNATION AM I DOIN' TOTIN' ALL THIS MONEY! HERE, FRANK, YOU TAKE A HANDFUL. TAKE TWO.

WHY, THANKS, UNCLE LUCKY.

WAIT, UNCLE LUCKY. I'LL GET OUR TICKETS!

TICKETS, MY EYE! COME ON, NEPHEW. I'VE GOT MY OWN PLANE.

COME ON, GET IN!

OBOY, A PRIVATE PLANE! THIS IS SWELL, UNCLE LUCKY. BUT WHERE'S YOUR PILOT?

YOU DON'T THINK I'D TRUST SOME YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER WITH MY PLANE, DO YOU? I'M THE PILOT!

WELL, HERE WE GO! I GOT MY MAPS, GAS, CIGARS. DIDN'T FORGET A DANGED THING!... HEY, BY THE WAY, FRANK, WHERE ARE WE GOING?

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME, UNCLE LUCKY.

BARNEY GOODE and SNUFFY SMITH

by FRED LASSWELL

JUGHAID SMIF!! I BET YO'RE A SCARITY CAT TO HANG BY YO'RE TOES FROM THAT CREAKY OL' CHINABERRY TREE.

NOBODY CALLS ME A SCARITY CAT, SAMANTHY BARLOW!!

I BET YO'RE A SCARITY CAT TO DO CARTWHEELS ACROST TH' FOOT-LOG

'YE MUST BE TRYIN' TO GIT ME KILT OFF!!

I'D SOONER KISS A GAL IN BROAD-OPEN DAYLIGHT THAN RISK MY NECK TEN THOUSANT MILES UP IN TH' AIR ON THAT WOBBLY OL' LOG

YE DON'T SAY?

PROVE IT!!

SCARITY CAT!!

THEY DO IT EVERY TIME

BY JIMMY HATLO

IN THE WINTER SHE SAYS--

I CAN'T STAND THE COLD--I'LL BE SO-O GLAD WHEN SUMMER COMES--IT CAN'T BE TOO WARM FOR ME...

AND WITH THE FIRST HOT SPELL--

GIVE ME THE WINTER ANY TIME! AT LEAST YOU DON'T SUFFOCATE! I JUST HATE THE HOT WEATHER!

THEN THE FUN BEGAN

P'SST, KILLER, WHO'S SUPPOSED TO WIN THIS ONE?

CHEE--I DUNNO, CRUSHER--I FORGOT! I WASN'T LISTENIN' VERY GOOD TO THE PROMOTER--MAYBE THE REF KNOWS...

HATLO'S HISTORY

WHAT PAPER WILL THESE BE IN? BE SURE AND SEND ME PRINTS OF ALL YOU TOOK--OKAY?

HOLD IT! JUST ONE MORE!

ME TOO--HEY! GET ONE OF ME SHAKIN' HANDS WITH THE GENERAL, WILLYA, BRADY?

HEH-HEH--YOO-HOO!

TWO HOURS WE HANG AROUND SO THE BRASS CAN GET THEIR PICTURE TOOK!

EVERY TIME WE'RE CATCHIN' UP TO THE REBS, THAT GUY BRADY AND HIS BIRDBOX SHOW UP...

FILL 'EM UP AGAIN, ETCETERA--AN' HOW ABOUT RUSTLIN' UP A FEW SANDWICHES--AND DUMP THE ASH TRAYS, HUH?

OH, GALS--GET MORE POPCORN AND PEANUTS--AND THE CHAIRS ARE IN THE ATTIC--YUP--THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE OUR LITTLE BRIDGE GAME TO RELAX ONE, EH, CHEDDAR?

RELAXING FOR WHOM, PRAY TELL?

THANK TO MRS. WILLIAM SOROKES, 506 WEST GREEN ST., OLEAN, NEW YORK