

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal
Rosco Sweeney
by Roy Crane

WELL, I'LL BE DANGED, NEPHEW! WE STARTED OUT FOR SOMEPLACE, BUT I PLUMB FORGOT WHERE.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER, UNCLE LUCKY, YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE ME A GOLD MINE?

OH, YES, A GOLD MINE! I WOULDN'T GIVE 2 CENTS TO ANYBODY BUT YOU, FRANK, REST OF MY KINFOLKS ARE A PACK OF LAZY, TRIFLING DEADBEATS.

BUT MY NAME'S NOT FRANK, UNCLE LUCKY, IT'S ROSCO.

AHEM! HADN'T WE BETTER GET ON THE RADIO BEAM, UNCLE LUCKY?

NOT ME! I JUST STRIKE OUT CROSS-COUNTRY. CAN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF THAT RADIO STUFF.

WELL, UM, MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU NAVIGATE, UNCLE LUCKY. DURING THE WAR I WAS A NAVY AIR CREWMAN.

HUMPH! ONE OF THOSE BACK-SEAT DRIVERS, EH?

BUT I'VE HAD 7,000 HOURS IN THE AIR, UNCLE LUCKY.

BRAGGING! ALWAYS BRAGGING! NOW, LET'S SEE, WHERE ARE WE?

HEY! WATCH OUT! POWER LINE!

WHAT POWER LINE? I DIDN'T SEE ANY POWER LINE... STOP YAPPING!

LATER

THE GAS, UNCLE LUCKY! WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF GAS!

DANG IT, NEPHEW! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M ABOUT TO LAND IN NEW ORLEANS TO REFUEL?

NEW ORLEANS?... BUT THE MOUNTAINS, UNCLE LUCKY!

STOP YAPPING, I TELL YOU!

SEE! WE'RE IN DENVER! NOT NEW ORLEANS!

WELL, DAGGONIT, FRANK, THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAID... DENVER! RIGHT ON COURSE!

LOOK, UNCLE LUCKY, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL FORGET THE GOLD MINE AND TAKE A BUS BACK HOME!

WELL, OF ALL THE INGRATITUDE! I GIVE YOU A GOLD MINE, AND I CAN'T GET YOU EVEN TO GO LOOK AT IT!

SNUFFY SMITH

BALLS O' FIRE!! THAT LOW-DOWN THURLOW TOLLIVER!! I WARNED TH' SHIF'LESS SKONK NOT TO SET FOOT ON MY PROPITY!!

HAND ME DOWN MY SHOOTIN' AR'N, MAW!! THURLOW'S TRESPASSIN' AG'IN!!

NO, PAW!! NO!! NO!! NO!! YE PROMISED ME FAITHFUL YORE FEUDIN' DAYS WUZ OVER!!

KEEP YORE WAGGIN' FEMALE TONGUE ATWIXT YORE TEETH, WOMAN!!

I CAN'T DO IT!! DURN MY WUTHLESS HIDE!! I JEST AIN'T GOT TH' HEART TO PULL TH' TRIGGER!!

BLESS YORE BONES!! YORE SWEETER'N ARY ANGEL, PAW!! I KNEWED YE HAD A GOOD STREAK IN YE SOMEWHAR--I JEST KNEWED IT!!

WAAL-- I COULDN'T TAKE TH' CHANCE O' HITTIN' THAT OL' 'POSSUM HOUND OF HIS'N

BY JIMMY HATLO

WHEN YOU WANT 'EM TO, THE ENVELOPES WON'T STICK....

THANK TO MISS JEAN DORN, 520 W. ROOSEVELT, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

BUT TRY TO OPEN ONE WHEN YOU WANT TO PUT IN ANOTHER ENCLOSURE....

CLUNG-CLANG!

NEW HUBCAPS AND JOE GARAGE USES 'EM FOR A GARBAGE DUMP-- THANK TO LIEUT. CLEM PATRICK, POLICE DEPT., MT. CARMEL, PENNA.

NATLO'S HISTORY

NO WONDER IT TOOK SO LONG TO BUILD THE PYRAMIDS MES CHEOPS WAS ALWAYS CHANGING THE PLANS...

WE'VE DECIDED TO HAVE MY QUARTERS ON THE OTHER SIDE--AND CAN YOU MAKE THE TUNNEL RUN NORTH AND SOUTH INSTEAD OF EAST AND WEST--AND WE'D LIKE SANDSTONE ON THE TOP LEVEL...

OH, DOCTOR, WHILE YOU'RE HERE--MY BACK IS ACTING UP AGAIN--IT'S LIKE NUMB SHOOTING PAINS...

MY ARMS--THEY HURT WHEN I DO ANY HOUSEWORK--IS THAT BURSTIS, DOCTOR?

WHAT'S GOOD FOR SPOTS BEFORE YOUR STOMACH?

HOW CAN WE KEEP THE CAT AWAY FROM THE GOLD-FISH?

OH, DOC--FIDO WON'T EAT HIS DOG BISCUITS!

POOR DOC-- ONE VISIT, BUT EVERYBODY FREELOADS INTO THE ACT... THANK TO A.J. HERRMANN, M.D., 702 LIGHTHOUSE AVE., PACIFIC GROVE, CALIF.