

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal
Rosco Sweeney
by *Ray Clune*



MY NOVEL'S GOING TO BE AN EPIC OF THE SOIL. MY HERO IS A CHILD OF MOTHER EARTH, HIS DREAMS IN THE CLOUDS AND HIS FEET IN THE RICH, SWEET LOAM. SO YOU MUST TEACH ME ALL ABOUT FARMING, MR. SWEENEY.

SORRY, I GOTTA GO MILK.



DIVINE! WONDERFUL! MAY I GO WITH YOU? WILL YOU SHOW ME HOW TO MILK?

NO!



WHY, BROTHER! SHAME ON YOU!

OKAY, OKAY!... COME ON!

OH, GOODY, GOODY!



SHE'S SIMPLY TOO DARLING FOR WORDS! AND I SUPPOSE SHE'S GENTLE?

GENTLE AS A KITTEN.



NOW LET'S SEE! HOW DO I BEGIN?

SIT DOWN ON THE STOOL, PUT THE BUCKET ON THE GROUND, AND START IN.



LIKE THIS?

WELL--THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA.



OH, DEAR ME!

CRASH! CLATTER!



BESSIE KICKED YOU? BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND... WHICH SIDE WERE YOU MILKING ON?

ON THE LEFT!



ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, BROTHER? YOU KNOW GOOD AND WELL THAT BESSIE ALWAYS KICKS IF YOU TRY TO MILK HER FROM THE LEFT SIDE.

WELL, DANG MY DINGIES! NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I SEEM TO REMEMBER.

SNUFFY SMITH



SNUFFY SMIF!! AS YORE GOOD FAIRY, I'M WARNIN' YE TO STAY AWAY FROM THAT INFUNNEL CARD GAME TONIGHT

WHAT'S WRONG WIF A LEEETLE FRIENDLY GAME?



IN TH' FUST PLACE--YE GOT NO BIZNESS TAKIN' YORE WIFE-MATE'S HARD-EARN'T BUTTER-AN'-AIG MONEY AN' GAMBLIN' IT AWAY!!



WHEN YE LOSE A HAND OR TWO YE'LL START CHEATIN'--AN' WHEN YE START CHEATIN' SOME VARMINT WILL WHIP OUT A SWITCH-BLADE CUTTIN' KNIFE



WHEN TH' KNIVES START FLASHIN' SOMEBODY WILL GRAB A SHOOTIN' AR'N AN' THEN YO'RE APT TO GIT KILT DEADER'N A DOORKNOB

YO'RE RIGHT AS RAIN



GOODY!! THEN YE'LL STAY HOME TONIGHT AN' BEHAVE YORESELF?

I'M WILLIN' TO DO TH' RIGHT THING



YOU FELLERS, PUT IT TO A VOTE

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME



HATLO'S HISTORY

MISS MULLINS--MY FRIEND CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH, HERE, HAS SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU--SPEAK UP, MILES...

HI, TOOTS! WILLYA MARRY ME? ULP!

YOU'RE CUTE, MILES-- BUT WHY DOESN'T JOHN SPEAK FOR HIMSELF, FORSOOTH?

THAT JOHN ALDEN IS A LITTLE TETCHED-- A MAN OF HIS AGE WHITTILING DOLLS AND TALKING TO THEM...

WHOEVER SHE MARRIES WON'T BE THROWING HIS VOICE AROUND MUCH AFTER THE CEREMONY!

I HEAR TELL YON JOHN MAKES A BUSINESS OF BEING A SORT OF MARRIAGE BROKER...

HE'S POSSESSED IF YOU ASK ME-- HE'S TONGUE-TIED EXCEPT WHEN HE'S TALKING THROUGH THAT DOLL...

JOHN ALDEN, THE FIRST VENTRILOQUIST IN AMERICA. P.S. HE MARRIED THE FAIR PRISCILLA AND COULDN'T GET A WORD IN EVER AFTER...



HOLD STILL NOW--

CAN YOU LOOK UP THE PRESCRIPTION I HAD ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO?

HEY, DOC! QUICK!! GIMME CHANGE FOR THE PARKING METER, WILLYA?

I WANNA CASH IN THESE BOTTLES

THE POOR DRUGGIST HASN'T ENOUGH TROUBLES. THE PARKING METERS HAD TO BE PUT OUTSIDE HIS STORE...



THE TRICK THAT TOOK YEARS TO PERFECT--NO APPLAUSE...

BUT THE SIMPLE LITTLE EVERY-DAY STUNT--WOW! BRAVO!

YEA! CLAP CLAP HOORAY! GREAT!

GRAMPA QUILLIGAN, 83 BORN IN BOSTON & MASS.