

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Roscoe Sweeney by Roy Crane

OH, GOLLY, I'M STUCK ON MY NOVEL AGAIN. LUCILLE! LILLY LOU, MY HEROINE, HAS GOT APPENDICITIS. JUST HOW WOULD MY HERO, CEDRIC, WHO LOVES HER MADLY, REACT? DO YOU THINK I DARE USE ROSCOE AS A GUINEA PIG AGAIN?

OH, SURE, DREAMY. BROTHER WON'T MIND.

OH, HO! A GUINEA PIG, AM I? BY DINGIES, I'M GOING TO SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL!

HI, WHERE'S BABY SISTER?

GONE TO TOWN... OH!...MY SIDE!...OW! I THINK I HAVE APPENDICITIS!

CALL THE DOCTOR! QUICK!

PHONE'S OUT OF ORDER.

THEN GET THE CAR! TAKE ME TO THE HOSPITAL!

WELL, UH, LET ME SEE. LUCILLE TOOK THE CAR, THE TRUCK HAS A FLAT TIRE, THE TRACTOR'S BROKEN DOWN... COULD YOU RIDE TO TOWN IN A WHEELBARROW?

OH, ROSCOE, I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! SAVE ME, PLEASE! OH, SAVE ME!

OKAY, SUPPOSE YOU CLIMB UP ON THE KITCHEN TABLE AND I'LL DO MY BEST!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GETTING THINGS READY. YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO USE A DULL KNIFE, WOULD YOU?

HELP!

WHOA! COME BACK! THERE'S NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE!

LATER:

WHERE'S DREAMY, BROTHER?

WELL, UH, I WAS AWFULLY SORRY TO SEE HER GO. SHE DECIDED TO GIVE UP HER NOVEL AND GO BACK TO TEACHING SCHOOL.

SNUFFY SMITH

LOWEEZY--I'M GOIN' OFF FLOAT-BOAT FISHERY FER TWO WEEKS AN' I WUZ WONDERIN' IF--UH-- HACK!! HACK!! IF SNUFFY HAD A JUG OF "COFF REMEDY" FER SALE

SHERIFF TAIT!! YE KNOW GOOD AN' WELL MY MAN SNUFFY DON'T PEDdle "COFF REMEDY"

SHUX--I COULDN'T LEGAL-WISE ARREST HIM NOHOW--OFFICIAL, I'M ON VACATION RIGHT NOW

HE STILL DON'T PEDdle "COFF REMEDY"

HOWSOMEVER--YE MIGHT TRY THE OL' HOLLER TREE UP ON 'POSSUM RIDGE, SHERIFF

THANKY, MA'AM

BALLS O' FIRE!! I SHORE HOPE NOBODY SPOTS ME UP HERE WIF ELECTION TIME JEST AROUND TH' CORNER

THUTTY, THUTTY-FIVE, FORTY, AN' TEN, MAKES FIFTY CENTS-- I'M PURTY SHORE THAT'S TH' GOIN' RATE

HEY, SHERIFF!! YE FERGOT YORE TRADIN' STAMPS!!

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

by JIMMY HATLO

HATLO'S HISTORY

THEY DON'T HAVE FIGHTERS LIKE WE HAD IN THE OLD DAYS-- TOM FIGG COULDA LICKED BOTH OF 'EM WITH ONE HAND!

I TELL YA BOXERS TODAY ARE A LOT OF SISSIES--THEY'LL BE SPOUTING SHAKESPEARE NEXT--

I HEAR THERE'S A BANK CLERK IN SAN FRANCISCO WHO ACTUALLY EATS PEAS WITH A FORK--"GENTLEMAN SOMETHING" THEY CALL HIM--

THAT MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY GUY IS MAKING SO MANY RULES--FIGHTIN' WILL BE LEGAL--HEH-HEH!

PUTTING GLOVES ON 'EM WILL KILL THE GAME--THEY'LL BE BOXING IN OVERCOATS NEXT--

NOW THEY WANT TO PUT PILLOWS ON THEIR HANDS--

FRIEND WIFEY IS VERY SELF-CONSCIOUS ABOUT HER ANOIRDOUIS--

NOBODY'S AROUND--GOOD! DON'T LOOK, NOW--

WEIGHT

NOW A PRIZE FOR THE FATTEST LADY HERE--

I'LL BET I AM!

THANK TO CHARLOTTE D.M.E. CONAGHY, 2105 PINE ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I LOST AT LEAST TEN!

I'M OUT SIX BUCKS!

I DIDN'T HAVE A GOOD HAND ALL NIGHT-- I MUSTA DROPPED TWELVE BUCKS--

I'M CLEANED-- NEVER HAD SUCH A RUN OF TOUGH LUCK--

I DIDN'T WIN A SINGLE POT!

HOWCUM--SOMEBODY MUST'VE WON--BUT NOBODY EVER ADMITS IT-- THANK TO JERRY CLYMER, R.D. 2, EASTON, PENNA.