

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Roscoe Sweeney by Ray Clune

LOOK! A HAM!

ROAST CHICKEN!

CHOCLET CAKE!

YES, SIRE, FOLKS! WE'RE SHORE 'LIVIN' HIGH ON TH' HAWG!

OUT OF MY KITCHEN! OUT, YOU VULTURES!

AND AT THE FIRST CRACK OF DAWN, YOU'LL GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

TO THINK AFTER ALL OUR YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP... (SNIFF) WE AIN'T WELCOME!

HIT SHORE SADDENS US, NEIGHBOR!

WHAT'LL WE DO, PAW?

AIN'T THERE SOME WAY WE KIN STAY... AT LEAST TILL THEY RUN OUTA FOOD?

AH SHORE AIM TO TRY!... HERE, STOP UP YORE NOSES WITH SOME OF THIS COTTON. PRETEND YOU ALL GOT COLDS.

DAWN:

OKAY, YOU SQUATLEYS, IT'S DAYLIGHT! GET MOVING! CLEAR OUT!

ACHOO! ACHOO! ACHOO!

BUT IT'S STILL RAININ'!

WE DOD OUR DEATH OF COLDS!

ACHOO!

I'M WISE TO YOU DEADBEATS! GET OUT!

PORE L'L STILL MO IS BURNIN' UP WITH FEVER!

HE'LL DIE OF PNEUMONY!

BALONEY! HERE, PUT THIS THERMOMETER IN YOUR MOUTH!

SHH! WATCH YORE CHANCE AN! SLIP IT UNDER TH' HOT WATER FAUCET.

OH, MY STARS!

HIS TEMPERATURE'S 108! WE JUST PUT THEM OUT WHEN THEY'RE SICK, BROTHER!

HMPH! THEY DON'T EAT LIKE THEY'RE SICK!

FEED A COLD AN' STARVE A FEVER, AH ALLUS SAY.

EAT UP, YOUNGUNS, SO'S YOU'LL GIT WELL!

MORE! GIMME SOME MORE!

SLOP! SLOP!

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SNUFFY SMITH

(SNIFF-SNIFF) PORE OL' WIDDER GADDY!! SHE SHOT HERSELF ACCIDENTAL-LIKE IN TH' LAIG, MAW, AN' DOC PRITCHART SAYS SHE'LL BE LAID UP FER TWO SOLID WEEKS

HOW ON AIRTH DID SHE DO THAT, PAW?

TH' WAY IT ALL HAPPENT WUZ SORTA COMICAL, MAW

I DON'T SEE NOTHIN' COMICAL ABOUT SHOOTIN' YORESELF!!

SHE COME IN HER HOUSE WIF A ARMLOAD OF KINDLIN' WOOD AN' THAT OL' NEAR-SIGHTED DOG OF HER'N TOOK HER FER A TRESPASSER AN'--

HE'S ETARNALLY NIPPIN' AT HER HEELS

SHE THREW WOOD ALL OVER CREATION AN' HER OL' TOMCAT BOLTED OFF TH' MANTEL AN' KNOCKED TH' SHOOTIN' AR'N A-FLYIN'

I CAN JEST HEAR HER SCREECHIN'

IT TUMBLED DOWN, HIT TH' STEW POT, WENT OFF, AN' TH' RIFLE-BALL BOUNCED OFF'N HER ANKLE

HEE-HEE-- I BET THAT WUZ A SIGHT!!

WHAT'S ALL TH' LAFFIN' AN' HOLLERIN' ABOUT, AUNT LOWEEZY?

OL' WIDDER GADDY SHOT HERSELF, JUGHAID!!

HAW HAW HAW

HEE HEE HO HO HAW

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THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME by JIMMY HATLO

GOTTA LOOSEN MY BELT! COULDN'T EAT ANOTHER THING IF YOU PAID ME!

I COOK THE STUFFING SEPARATELY-- PUT IT IN AFTER THE TURKEY'S DONE--

ANY MORE CIDER, MILES?

NEXT YEAR WE'LL HAVE THE DINNER AT OUR HOUSE--

WELL--IF YOU INSIST--JUST A TEENY SLICE OF WHITE MEAT--

YOU SIT DOWN NOW, PATIENCE-- WE'LL DO THE DISHES!

JUST PASSIN' BY-- THOUGHT WED DROP IN--

TODAY GOOD DAY TO KICK PIGSKIN-- MY TEEPEE AGAINST YOUR TEEPEE--

THEY TREAT US LIKE POOR RELATIVES!

GET YER ELBOWS OFF'N THE TABLE

ME THANKFUL, TOO-- THAT MY SQUAW DON'T COOK LIKE THIS!

THINK I'LL TAKE A LITTLE NAP--

FIRST THANKSGIVING--THE PEOPLE AND THE MAIN COURSE ARE PRETTY MUCH THE SAME TODAY----

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AGE FOUR-- YOU CAN'T KEEP 'EM OUT OF THE KITCHEN--

WHY?

PUL-EEZE, MOMMY! LET ME WASH THE DISHES!

AGE FOURTEEN-- AND UPWARDS-- YOU CAN'T GET 'EM NEAR THE SINK--

I GOTTA GO OVER TO CHEER-LEADER PRACTICE!

B-BUT--

NEVER CUTS THE GRASS!

NEVER RAKES THE LEAVES--

AN' NEVER SHOVELS SNOW!

MAYBE IT ONLY SEEMS THAT WAY, BUT THE LAZIEST GUY ALWAYS HAS THE CORNER PLOT--

THANKS TO EMIL J. WALZ, JR., 6800 DOVER, ARVADA, COLO.

11-22