

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal
Rosco Sweeney
by Roy Crane



WHAT? YOU REFUSE TO EVICT THOSE DEAD-BEAT SQUATLEYS FROM MY HOUSE?

BUT WE'D HAVE TO ARREST THEM, MR. SWEENEY.



WELL, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ARRESTING THEM?

BUT WE'D HAVE TO THROW THEM IN JAIL... AND TH' COUNTY'S GETTIN' PLUMB TIRED OF GVIN' THEM FREE ROOM AN' BOARD EVERY WINTER.



OKAY, THEN WE'LL LEAVE 'EM WITHOUT FOOD. WE'LL CUT OFF THE ELECTRICITY. WE'LL MOVE TO AN APARTMENT FOR A MONTH!



BUT STILL THE SQUATLEYS STAY... WE KIN ALWAYS COOK CATFISH AN' POSSUM IN TH' YARD.



LATER: HEY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON, NEIGHBOR? TERMITES!... I'M TAKING OFF THE ROOF!



WAL, AH BE DOGGONE! NO FOOD, NO BEDS, NO ROOF!

CHEER UP, PAW! WE'VE LIVED IN A HEAP WORSE PLACES!



I'LL SELL MY HOUSE... I'LL TEAR IT DOWN!... I'LL GIVE IT AWAY!

WELL, NOW, IF IT'S FREE, I MIGHT MOVE IT OVER TO MY PLACE... BEEN NEEDING A NEW CHICKEN HOUSE!



THEY GONNA TURN IT INTO A CHICKEN HOUSE.

WHAT'LL WE DO, PAW?



OF COURSE, YOU WON, BROTHER, BUT WASN'T IT RATHER AN EXPENSIVE VICTORY?

WELL, UH, WE'VE BEEN WANTING A NEW HOUSE, HAVEN'T WE?



THE WOOD BOX IS ALL FILLED UP, AUNT LOWEEZY-- I'LL GIT RIGHT ON WIF MY SWEEPIN' NEXT

JUGHAID SMIF!! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YE TO FINISH ONE JOB AFORE YE TACKLE ANOTHER?



THE HOUSE IS ALL SWEEPED OUT, AUNT LOWEEZY--- ALL I GOT TO DO NOW IS WASH AN' DRY TH' DISHES

YE CALL THAT "SWEEPIN' OUT"?



HALFWAY!! HALFWAY!! EVERY BLESSED THING YE DO IS HALFWAY!!



JEST FER ONCE-- SEE, IF YE CAN'T DO A REAL, SHORE-ENUFF JOB ON THEM THAR DISHES

CRASH



I L'ARNT HIM TOO GOOD



THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

by JIMMY HATLO



HATLO'S HISTORY NERO NOT ONLY PLAYED THE FIDDLE... HE CALLED THE DANCE FOR THE BRAVE FIRE LADDIES...

THE ONE NIGHT WE HAVE FOR OUR DANCE A FIRE HAS TO BREAK OUT!

I'D DRUTHER PLAY CHECKERS!

THE GREATER GAUL DISTRICT-- WE WONT ROLL UNLESS IT'S A THREE-ALARM...

HEY, MAX-- WANNNA PLAY PINOCHLE?

WHAT A BEAT!

IT'S INSURED!! GO ON WITH THE DANCE--AND DOSE-DO--TO AND FRO AN' SWING YOUR PARTNER 'ROUND...

THE EMP IS A COOL CAT!

I SOLD THE MOST TICKETS-- HEH HEH-- STRONG-ARMED ALL THE MERCHANTS!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THERE'D BE A LOT OF EXTRA MEN!



7:50 A.M. NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT-- A GOOD TIME TO SWEEP IN FRONT OF THE STORE...

SO START THE BROOM AND THEN THE BIG PARADE BEGINS...

Thank to W. RUSSELL SHAW, 720 MYRTLE AVE., E. NASHVILLE, TENN.



BUT COMES IT TO PLAYING AS WRITTEN-- STRICTLY CLINKERS...

BRA-ACK! PLEE-E-E!

IN EVERY BAND-- THE AD-LIB GENIUS WHO REALLY TAKES OFF--

TAKES OFF--

JOS. F. PIZZITOLA, 572 KINGS HIGHWAY, W. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.