

# BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Rosco Sweeney  
by Roy Crane

COULD YOU SPARE A SANDWICH AND A CUP OF COFFEE, MA'AM?

ARE YOU WILLING TO DO A LITTLE WORK FOR IT?

WORK? WHAT KIND OF WORK?

YOU CAN CLEAN OUT THE CHICKEN YARD WHILE I'M FIXING IT!

YOU'LL FIND A RAKE IN THE TOOL SHED!

YES, MA'AM.

HMMM... WHAT NICE, FAT CHICKENS!

THAT POOR MAN! I EXPECT HE'S VERY HUNGRY!

YOO-HOO! YOUR LUNCH IS READY!

...AND, STRANGE TO SAY, WHEN I WENT OUT TO LOOK FOR HIM HE WAS GONE!

YES... AND SO ARE MY PRIZE CHICKENS!

EIGHTEEN CHICKENS!! HOW WAS YOU ABLE TO GET SO MANY, SPIKE?

SIMPLE!... DIS DAME SAYS TO CLEAN OUT HER CHICKEN YARD, AND DAT'S JUST WHAT I DONE!

BOY, WOTTA FEAST!

# SNUFFY SMITH

ZEB-- DID YE HEAR THAT OL' ALFY HANKS NEVER WENT DOWN AN' VOTED YESTIDDY?

HE NEVER? WHAT AILS HIM, SNUFFY? HAS HE GOT A BROKE LAIG-OR SOMETHIN'?

NOTHIN' AILS TH' SHIF'LESS SKONK!! HE JEST NEVER VOTED

SHAKIN' SHADROCK!! I THOUGHT EVER'BODY HAD GUMPTION ENUFF TO VOTE

A FELLER THAT DON'T VOTE OUGHT TO HAVE HIS CITIZEN PAPERS TOOKEN AWAY

YO'RE RIGHT AS RAIN, SNUFFY--WHAT DOES HE THINK WE-FIT TH' INJUNS FER?

S'POSE EVER'BODY IN TH' NEWNITED STATES STAYED HOME ON VOTIN' DAY LIKE OL' WUTHLESS ALFY?

SHUX--OUR DEMOCRATICAL CONSTITUTION WOULDN'T BE WORTH A HOOT IN NO TIME

BLAM

IF THAR'S ONE THING I DESPISE ON THIS AIRTH IT'S A VARMINT THAT AIN'T CIVIC MINDFUL

SHORE... WE GOT TO VOTE IN TH' RIGHT FELLERS OR FUST THING YE KNOW TH' KENTRY WOULD BE SWARMIN' WIF UNLAWFUL HOODLIGUMS

# THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

by JIMMY HATLO

THE DRESSIN' ROOM IS COLD...

KIND OF A CHILLY AUDIENCE WE GOT TODAY...

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON THE WAY TO CAMP--A FELLOW CAME UP TO ME AND HE SAYS, "I HAVENT HAD A BITE IN THREE DAYS--SO I BIT HIM--HA-HA--AN' SPEAKING OF FOOD--MY WIFE CAN BURN A STOVE--HA-HA-HA..."

IT'S SUPPOSED TO KEEP OUR MORALE UP! HE WAS TELLING THOSE SAME JOKES IN THE FRENCH AN' INDIAN WAR...

DON'T CLAP YOUR HANDS TO KEEP WARM--THEY'LL DO AN ENCORE...

IF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS WANTS TO REALLY DO SOMETHING THEY OUGHTA SEND THAT ACT TO THE BRITISH...

WHAT--NO DAMES?

I'M WAITING FOR THE MAGICIAN WHO PULLS A RABBIT OUT OF A HAT--PRESTO! HASENPFEFFER!

1777-- THE FIRST U.S.O. TROUPE--WARMING UP THE G.I. AUDIENCE AT VALLEY FORGE--

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE HIND READING TEAM NEVER MISSES A SIGNAL...

A FOUNTAIN PEN--INITIALS, I.P.--AN OLD-FASHIONED WATCH...

BUT OUTSIDE THE ACT THEY JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET IN TUNE...

AWRIGHT! QUIT KICKIN' ME UNDER THE TABLE, WILLYA?!

Jimmy to JIM RENEAU, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

BUT, GEE, MAMA--YOU HAVEN'T DRIVEN US TO SCHOOL IN A WEEK--

IT'S YOUR TURN TO PICK UP THE KIDS AFTER BASKETBALL TODAY, MOM...

GO OVER EARLY AND STAND IN FUNGO'S DRIVEWAY--THEY'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT--I'M GOING BACK TO BED TO GET READY FOR BRIDGE LATER--GET THE COACH TO DRIVE YOU HOME, JUNIOR...

ONE IN EVERY CAR POOL--WONT PULL HER WEIGHT-- Jimmy to BILL TRACKMAN, RALEIGH, N.C.