

BUZ SAWYER

Featuring His Pal Rosco Sweeney by Roy Crane

IF ANY MORE INSURANCE SALESMEN COME TO THE DOOR, TELL 'EM "NO!" I'VE GOT ALL THE INSURANCE I'M GOING TO BUY.

OKAY.

WAKE UP, BROTHER. THERE'S A MAN WHO WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU WANT TO BUY A HIPPOPOTAMUS!

WHAT?

A HIPPOPOTAMUS! COME QUICK. THEY'RE IN THE LIVING ROOM!

YOU STAY HERE. I'LL HANDLE THAT GUY!

GOOD MORNING, SIR. I'M MAKING A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SURVEY TO SEE WHO'D LIKE TO BUY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

NOT ME!

FRANKLY, I DON'T BLAME YOU. THEN HOW ABOUT AN ANTEATER?

ABSOLUTELY NOT!

AH, SIR, I CAN SEE YOU ARE A MAN OF RARE DISCRIMINATION. ONE WHO INVESTS HIS MONEY WISELY.

YOU BET YOUR LIFE I DO!

THEN HERE IS THE THING FOR YOU, MR. SWEENEY. SOMETHING THAT WILL SAFEGUARD YOUR HOME, WARM YOUR HEART, AND BRING SECURITY AND CONTENTMENT.

REALLY? WHAT IS IT?

NOT AN ANIMAL, MR. SWEENEY. LIFE INSURANCE! JUST SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE, SIR, AND I'LL ACCEPT YOUR CHECK.

BROTHER, DO YOU THINK THAT MAN SELLS MANY HIPPOPOTAMUSES?

NO... BUT I'LL BET HE SELLS A WORLD OF INSURANCE!

BARNEY GOOGLE and SNUFFY SMITH

by FRED LASSWELL

*MEALY-MOUTH MONROE!! I SHORE AM TICKLED TO SEE YOU--I AIN'T HAD A SOUL TO CHIT-CHAT WIF TH' LIVELONG DAY

HOWDY, LOWEEZY

COME ON IN TH' HOUSE AN' SET A SPELL, *MEALY-MOUTH--I GOT JEST OODLES OF GOSSIP TALK FER YE TO TAKE BACK TO YORE WIFE-MATE

FUST OFF--TELL HER TH' WIDDER HAWKINS FINALLY SNAGGED HERSELF A HUSBAND-- WIDDIWER BIG'LOW OVER IN CLABBER FALLS WIF TH' NINE YOUNG' UNS

AN' BE SHORE AN' TELL HER MY BACK'S FEELIN' A HEAP BETTER SINCE I STARTED USIN' THAT HOME REMEDY SHE GIVE ME

AN' LAND SAKES!! DON'T FERGIT TO TELL HER TH' KNITTIN' AN' QUILTIN' SOCIETY IS MEETIN' OVER AT SAIRY'S TOMORRY

WAAL, *MEALY-MOUTH!! DID YE TELL LOWEEZY TO COME BAIL ME OUT?

NOT YET, SNUFFY-- BUT, AFTER I EAT MY SUPPER, I'LL GO BACK AN' MAKE ANOTHER STAB AT IT

Jail House

GENERAL STORE

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

by JIMMY HATLO

HATLO'S HISTORY
KING DIONYSIUS LIVES UP THE SAINTS AND SINNERS' LUNCHEON (ANCIENT GREECE CHAPTER)

CHEER UP, DAMOCLES, OL' BOY... NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT--HEH-HEH-- THE GUEST OF HONOR IS ALWAYS THE "FALL GUY" AT OUR LUNCHEONS...

SPEAKING OF SPLIT PERSONALITIES... IF HE AIN'T GOT ONE NOW, HE WILL HAVE-- HAR-HAR!

DAMMY MADE A CRACK ABOUT THE KING'S BALD HEAD--WONDER WHOSE HAIR THAT IS HOLDING THE SWORD UP...

I THINK THAT'S A HAIR FROM THE QUEEN'S NOGIN... KING DION FOUND IT ON DAMMY'S TUNIC...

THE KING SAID THESE LUNCHEONS THAT DAMOCLES RUNS WERE TOO DULL...

AW... IT'S SOME NEW GAG THE KING PICKED UP AT THAT TRICK STORE!

BUT ANYTHING ELSE LEFT LYING AROUND LOOSE-- THAT'S DIFFERENT!!

A PILL THE SIZE OF A B-B IS TOO BIG FOR JUNIOR...

I CAN'T SWALLOW IT! IT'S TOO BIG!

ZIPPER LIP

I WAS BITIN' IT TO SEE IF IT WAS REAL GOLD--AND--

POP BUYS THE MEAT, AND WHEN IT TURNS OUT GOOD HE TAKES THE BOWS...

CAN I PICK OUT GOOD MEAT? WELL, CAN I? YES, I CAN!!

YOU COOKED IT TOO LONG! YOU DIDN'T SEASON IT RIGHT! YOUR FIRE WASN'T HOT ENOUGH!!

THANKS TO MRS. ROY RABINOWITZ, LONDON, ONTARIO, CANADA