

SNUFFY SMITH



HOWDY THAR, LOWEEZY-- WHAR'S THAT WUTHLESS HUSBAND OF YOR'N?

PAW TOOK HIS CANE POLE AND SAID HE WUZ GOIN' DOWN TO MUD-DOBBER'S POND TO DO A LEEETLE FISHIN', CALEB



MUD-DOBBER'S POND! BALLS O' FIRE! WHAT'S AILIN' SNUFFY? HE KNOWS GOOD AN' WELL THAR AIN'T NO FISH IN THAT DURR PUDDLE



AS A MATTER O' FACT-- I MISDOUBT IF ENNY SELF-RESPECTABLE HAWG WOULD LET HISSELF BE SEEN WALLERIN' AROUND IN THAT OL' MUDHOLE



THAR HE IS!! FISHIN' AWAY LIKE SOME TOM-FOOL IDJIT-- UH-- I BETTER HUMOR TH' PORE SOUL TILL I CAN GIT DOC TO EXAMINATE HIS PUNKIN HAID--



UH-- HOWDY, SNUFFY-- YE KETCHIN' ENNY BIG-UNS TODAY?

CALEB HAWKINS!! YE KNOW THAR AIN'T NO FISH IN THIS MUDHOLE



I'D HAVE MY HOOK AN' SINKER ON IF THAR WUZ--

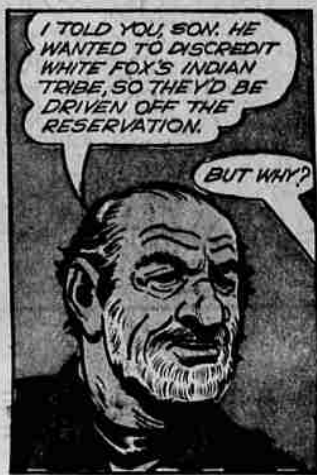
WHEW!! I SHORE AM TICKLED TO FIND OUT THAR AIN'T NOTHIN' WRONG WIF YE, SNUFFY--

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MARTIN, DO YOU ADMIT HIRING THESE CROOKS TO POSE AS RENEGADE INDIANS?

I SEE NO REASON TO DENY IT!



I TOLD YOU, SON. HE WANTED TO DISCREDIT WHITE FOX'S INDIAN TRIBE, SO THEY'D BE DRIVEN OFF THE RESERVATION.

BUT WHY?



HE KNOWS WHERE THERE'S GOLD ON THE RESERVATION AN' WANTS TO LAY CLAIM TO THE LAND

DISARM AND TIE THESE MEN.



THEY KNOW TOO MUCH, MR. MARTIN. WE GOTTA GET RID O' THEM!

WE SHALL! BUT IN A WAY THAT'LL LOOK LIKE INDIANS DID IT!



YOU PLANNED WELL, MARTIN, BUT YOU OVERLOOKED ONE THING!

WHAT DID I OVERLOOK?



SILVER!

HUH?



AT 'EM, SILVER!

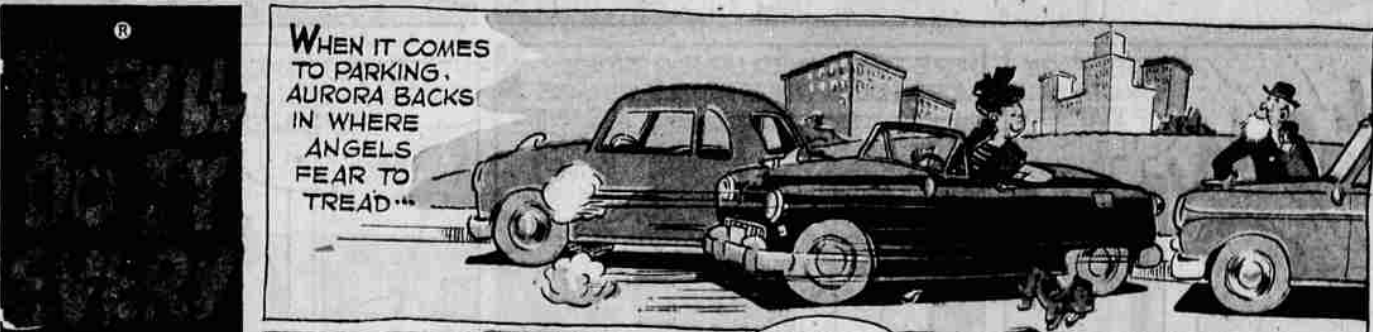
CHARLES FAWCETT'S 10-30



I'LL GET YOU!

CONTINUED

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WHEN IT COMES TO PARKING, AURORA BACKS IN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD...



THEY LOOK... AND KEEP GOING FOR A CHEAPER, BETTER PLACE...

WE CAN DO BETTER THAN THIS-- TELL HIM NEVER MIND...

WE'VE DECIDED TO DRIVE RIGHT THROUGH TO HOME!

OKAY-- GOOD NIGHT.

THEN THEY TURN AROUND AND COME BACK-- TOO LATE!

S-BUT... YOU'VE GOT TO PUT US UP...

PUL-EEZE! WE'RE DEAD FROM DRIVING--

NO VACANCY

THANK TO ROBT. LIND, HIBBING, MINN.

SORRY-- BUT WE'RE ALL FILLED UP...



BUT GET A LOAD OF HER STEERING A GO-CART IN THE SUPER MARKET...

OOOPS! SORRY! PARM ME... OOOOPS!

by JIMMY HATLO

Thanks to MRS. ELLIOTT POWERS, 300 JESSAMINE ST., NEW SMYRNA, FLA.



WHY, WHEN I WAS A KID I WALKED FOURTEEN MILES TO SCHOOL-- YOU KIDS ARE TOO SOFT...

HE'S HEARD IT BEFORE



BUT LET HIM HAVE TO GO TO THE POST OFFICE A BLOCK AWAY...

ANYBODY GOIN' OUT? I'D MAIL THIS LETTER MYSELF BUT THE CAR AIN'T WORKIN', AND MY FEET ARE KILLING ME!

JIMMY HATLO



URGE TO KILL DEPT.

AND GET 'EM RIGHT OUT, WILL YA, GERT? HOW'S YOUR BOY FRIEND? WHAT'S HE DOING NOW? IS YOUR BROTHER PLAYING FOOTBALL THIS YEAR? ETC., ETC....

THE URGE TO KILL

LAST-MINUTE-RUSH WORK-- THEN HE STANDS THERE GABBING SO MUCH YOU CAN'T DO IT... THANKS TO MYRTLE L. GEELEY, 1843 1/2 S. SYCAMORE AVE., LOS ANGELES 19, CALIF.