

CLASSIFIED

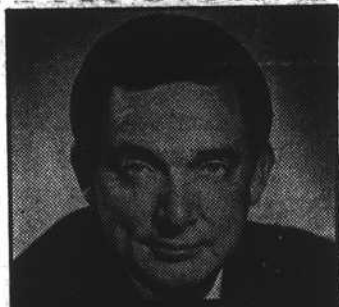
SINGER MACHINE: In like new cabinet. ZIG-ZAGS, makes buttonholes, fancy stitches, and darns, etc. Local party may assume payments of \$11.14 monthly or pay complete balance of \$58.60. Full details and where seen write: National's Credit Dept., Box 1612, Rocky Mount, N. C. 11-26;12-3,10,17,24

NURSERY STOCK
FRUIT TREES, Nut Trees, Berry Plants, Grape Vines, Landscape Plant Material — offered by Virginia's largest growers. Write for Free Copy 56-pg. Planting Guide Catalog in color. Salespeople wanted. **WAYNESBORO NURSERIES** — Waynesboro, Virginia. 12-3,10

SALESMAN WANTED
WANTED AT ONCE — RAWLEIGH DEALER in Southeast Jones County. See or write R. S. Hines, P. O. Box 831, Kinston, N. C. Phone: JA 7-1378. 12-3,10,17

Subscribe to the Journal Now

SHOW & DANCE
December 4th
WSM
GRAND OLE OPRY STAR



IN PERSON
Columbia records
RAY PRICE
HEAR RAY SING
Crazy Arms
CITY LIGHTS
Heartaches by the number

AND Cherokee Cowboys

DOORS OPEN 7 P.M.

Show 8-10
Dance 10-12

ADMISSION:
Adults — \$1.50
Children — 75c

WONDERLAND
Highway 70 West
Kinston
Benefit Grifton Jaycees

Buz Sawyer

By Roy Crane



GUNBOAT BEHIND THEM, SOLDIERS FROM THE GOLD BOAT IN FRONT, THE GUERRILLAS ARE TRAPPED IN A BEND OF THE RIVER.

THE FIGHT TURNS INTO A ROUT.

YEE-HAW!
GET GOING!
HURRY!

THE GUERRILLA CAPTAINS ARE INTENT ONLY ON REACHING THEIR HIDEOUT WITH THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO OF GOLD.



DOG! CHEAT!
SNAP!
CRACK!

OUCH!... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, BABY? STOP IT!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO MAKE PASSES AT MY LUCITA!

POW!
WHAP!

AND THIS FOR MURDERING HER RAMON!
OW! OUCH! THE TROOPS ARE AFTER US, BABY! WAIT, I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL LATER!
YOW!



INGRATE! A BEAST! DECEIVER!

HELP! PIRANHAS!

MADRE MIA! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

AND ISABEL'S RAGE MELTS AS SHE SEES HER LOVER ATTACKED BY THE BLOODTHIRSTY SOUTH AMERICAN FISH.

WASHING HIM WITH HER BULLWHIP, ISABEL DRIVES PANHARD SCREAMING INTO THE RIVER WITH THE OTHER FLEEING GUERRILLAS.




THE FIGHT IS SOON OVER. THE TROOPS ROUND UP MOST OF THE GUERRILLAS.

BUT THEY GOT AWAY WITH THE GOLD, MI CORONEL!

DOESN'T MATTER. THEY MAY HAVE A SURPRISE COMING.

WOE! WOE! WRETCH THAT I AM! KILLED MY LOVER, BETRAYED THE REVOLUTION, LET LOVE COME BEFORE DUTY TO THE PARTY!




OH, HO, HO! HOW I'D LIKE TO SEE THOSE GUERRILLA CAPTAINS WHO ESCAPED WHEN THEY OPEN THE "GOLD" SACKS AND FIND ONLY SAND!

BY THE WAY, SAWYER, WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE GOLD?

GIVE ME A MINUTE WITH THIS PICKAXE AND I'LL SHOW YOU.

FROM BOATS, BEARING THE GUERRILLA PRISONERS, HEAD UP RIVER FOR THE GOLD CAMP.



WELL, SAWYER, THANKS TO C.I.A. AND YOU, THE GUERRILLAS GOT NO GOLD. NO GOLD, NO REVOLUTION. AND ALL IS WELL IN PANAZUELA!

BUZ, WHEN I THOT I HAD KILLED RAMON, I HID OUT WITH THE GUERRILLAS. AM I GOING TO BE PUT IN PRISON, TOO?

NOT ON YOUR LIFE, ESTABEN.

YOU KNOW, I REALLY LIKE THAT LITTLE LUCITA. NOW THAT SHE KNOWS I DIDN'T MURDER HER BOY FRIEND, MAYBE SHE'LL BE MORE FRIENDLY.

ATTABOY, ESTABEN! GOOD LUCK!