



LIL ABNER

by AL CAPP



The Ladies' Brotherhood

has failed to solve the mystery of how the Wrecker wrecks such wreckage.

And so —
(although they hate to do it)
They have decided to call in
C.C. Yokum!!

WAIT, PANSY!!— AH GOT A DELLY-CUT STUMMICK!!— AH C-CAIN'T FACE HIM!! AH RESIGNS FUM TH' "INVITATION" COMMITTEE!!

ER—AH JEST REMEMBERED— AH LEFT SOME TURNIP PIES A-BAKIN'!!— AH BETTER RESIGN, TOO!!

PLEASE, LADIES—



YO' DON'T HAFTA LIE TO ME!! AH KNOWS HOW FRIGHTENIN' IT IS TO FACE C.C. YOKUM—



THEY DAID-FISH LOOK IN HIS EYE --- TH' ONEARTHLY GREEN O' HIS FACE --- TH' COLD, LIFELESS TONE O' HIS VOICE ---



IT TAKES SOMEONE SOOPER-HOOMIN TO FACE SOMEONE SO INHOOMIN-SO NATCHERLY, AH'LL FACE HIM!!



(—NOthin' RUFFLES HIM!! NOthin' INTERESTS HIM!! HE'S AS COOL AS A CORPSE. HE GOT COMPLETE CONTROL. THASS WHY THEY CALLS HIM "C.C."—)



HOWDY, "C.C."

IS YO' STILL AS COMPLETELY CONTROLLED AS EVAH?

TRY ME.



AWRIGHT. HERE'S TH' LATEST MARILYN MONROE CALENDAR.



YORE FOREHEAD IS STILL ICY COLD — YORE PULSE IS STILL NORMAL — YO' PASSED TEST NUMBER ONE!!

IS YO' READY FO' TEST NUMBER TWO?

FIRE AWAY.



AH WILL NOW RECITE TH' MEASUREMENTS O' RITA HAYWORTH!!

SUIT YORESELF. AH IS IN COMPLETE CONTROL, AS ALWAYS.



IS THIS MAN HUMAN? — TO BE CONTINUED —