

18 ABNER—By Al Capp

1. MAH WINDING? FEELS LIKE IT'S BEIN' SAWED THROUGH?
DOCTOR?—CANT YOU MENTALLY CONTACT SOMEBODY WHO CAN STOP IT?
I DID?—IT'S AN OLD LADY WITH THE PROPER MYSTIC MENTAL FACULTIES! I CAN DRAW HER IMAGE FOR YOU—

2. THAT'S HER, AS MY THOUGHT WAVES INFORM ME—GASP! WHAT A HIDEOUS MASK SHE'S WEARING!
THASS NO MASK?—THASS MAH MAMMY'S OWN, DEAR. NATCH: ERAL BORN FACER! GASP!—MORE!

3. WOORRY?—GASP?—NOW THET MAMMY'S TOOK OVER, THIS AGONY'LL STOP IN A SECOND—N-NO DOUBT?
BUT-AT THAT INSTANT, IN DOG-PATCH, MAMMY IS STOPPED IN HER TRACKS—BY JACQUELINE DEMPSEY, THE MANASSA HOLLER!

4. JACQUELINE DEMPSEY IS TH' NAME, AN MANSLAUGHTER IS MAH GAME? AH TRAINED AT YARS, I CHALLENGE YOU FO TH' BARE-KNUCKLE CHAMPENSHIP O' TH' HILLS?—AH HAS NOW REACHED MAH PEAK!
—IF AH DONT GIT T' NIGHTMARE ALICES—FAST—LIZ ABNER'S DEAR HAND WILL BE SAWED OFF, BY VOODOO?—

5. ER-AH'LL BE CHARMED I LUG IT OUT WIE YOU, DEARIE. WAH HERE. AH'LL BE BACK IN TEN MINUTES!
NO?—IN TEN MINUTES, AH'LL BE RASH MAH PEAK. TH' CODE O' TH' HILLS SAYS TH' CHAMP MUST TANGLE WIF TH' CHALLENGER—

6. —TH' INSTANT SHE'S CHALLENGED?—AH CHALLENGES YOU—HERE, AN' NOW!!
—WHIKIN AH FORGITS HER AFORE TH' CUIL'S HAIR GOES—A-BOLLIN' OFF!!

DICK TRACY

1. FAR AS THE BUS GOES, TRANSFER FOR POINTS WEST.
IT'S AN HOUR BEFORE THE NEXT BUS, HOW ABOUT A SANDWICH?
MUMMINS!

2. TO HECK WITH THE NEWS, CHARLIE, GET SOME MORE MUSIC.
OKAY, KID.
AND IN A RADIO STATION STUDIO.
IT'S THE LATEST POLICE BULLETIN ON THAT PARKING METER KILLING. WANT IT? GIVE.

3. NEWS NOTHING BUT NEWS.
GOSH, MODEL WHAT ARE YOU THINKING HONEY?
JUNIOR, AFTER WE'RE MARRIED, WILL YOU ALWAYS LOVE ME—NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS?
WILL I? FOREVER AND EVER, HONEY!

4. AND NOW, FOR THE LATEST POLICE BULLETIN ON THE MURDER OF POLICEMAN MURPHY BY YOUNG PARKING METER BANDITS.
AN EYEWITNESS HAS BEEN FOUND, AN EMPLOYEE OF A LOCAL DAIRY COMPANY WHO SAW THE SHOOTING. IN JUST A MOMENT, A DESCRIPTION OF THE KILLER.

NANCY—By Ernie Bushmiller

1. I'LL BET I CAN BEAT YOU AT TABLE-TENNIS.
PROVIDING WE PLAY ON MY TABLE.
I'LL BEAT YOU ON ANY TABLE.
OKAY—YOU SERVE

2. THIS IS HEALTH WEEK. AVOID CROWDS.
I WON'T KNOW.
WELL, I SAY BOYS SHOULD BE BOYS AND GIRLS SHOULD BE GIRLS. DON'T YOU THINK SO, DAGWOOD?
DADDY, IT'S MAMA—SHE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU FORGOT TO TAKE THE PIE OUT OF THE OVEN.
BLONDIE, I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU HAVE SO LITTLE CONFIDENCE IN ME.

BLONDIE—By Chic Young

1. GUNS! WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE I WAS PLAYING WITH BULLS.
YUH GOT ME.
THINGS HAVE CHANGED NOW—JUST TODAY A BOY IN MY CLASS WON A CAKE-BAKING CONTEST.
WELL, I SAY BOYS SHOULD BE BOYS AND GIRLS SHOULD BE GIRLS. DON'T YOU THINK SO, DAGWOOD?
I WON'T KNOW.

2. RING OH OH RING
DADDY, IT'S MAMA—SHE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU FORGOT TO TAKE THE PIE OUT OF THE OVEN.
BLONDIE, I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU HAVE SO LITTLE CONFIDENCE IN ME.

HOPALONG CASSIDY

1. TH' DOORS LOCKED!
STAND CLEAR!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
LOOKS OBVIOUS, DOESN'T IT?

2. YOU DON'T REALLY THINK I SHOT THIS MAN?
OF COURSE NOT, SOMEBODY ELSE DID AND TOSSED THAT SMOKING GUN IN THROUGH THE WINDOW FOR YOU TO PICK UP.
THAT'S THE TRUTH, BUT I CAN SEE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT!
AND I CAN SEE THAT CAPTAIN REED IS DEAD!
CAPTAIN REED?
OF THE TEXAS RANGERS, THE ONE YOU'RE IN A REAL JAM, CASSIDY!

MICKEY MOUSE

1. BUT I DON'T THINK YOU OUGHT TO GIVE ME AN OIL WELL... JUST BECAUSE I ONCE LOANED YOU FIVE DOLLARS!
FERGIT IT, LITTLE POONER... LET'S MOSSEY DOWN TO MY CORRAL!
PARK YOUR CAR, MR. TEX?
NAW... KEEP IT! I GOT ME A NEW ONE ARRIVIN' TODAY!
YOU MEAN... GIVING HIM THAT CAR?
WHY NOT? IT WAS STARTIN' TO GIT DUSTY.

2. SEE MUH CITY OFFICE... LITTLE POONER!
KINDA LIKE TO HAVE YUH OKAY!
BOY... WHAT A LAYOUT!
JUST FOLKSY!
KEEPS ME FROM GITTIN' HONESICK WHILE I'M UP HERE IN THUH CITY!

BRINGING UP EATHER

1. MY UNCLE IS GOING TO CALL ON YOU TO GIVE GOOD-BYES BEFORE HE GOES HOME—YOU'VE TREATED HIM HORRIBLY SINCE HE'S BEEN VISITING US—AND I WANT YOU TO BE NICE TO HIM ON HIS LAST DAY IN TOWN—
THAT I WILL!
WELL—MAGGIE—YOUR UNCLE WUZ HERE—AN' I GOT HIM IN A GOOD MOOD—I MADE A HIT WITH HIM—I KNOW HE LUKES ME NOW.
I'LL GO HOME AN' TAKE THAT LOAFER TO BE SURE HE GETS OUT OF TOWN.
NO!

2. YES—MRS. WATTIE ANN KRUNPETER—PRECIOUS LITTLE DOG FIJI IS LOST—I PUT A REWARD OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN THE NEWSPAPER FOR HIS RETURN!
DON'T WORRY SO MUCH, MOTHER—I'M SURE FIJI WILL BE FOUND.
BUT I SHOULD BE HEARING FROM SOMEONE—SUCH A BIG REWARD IS AN INCENTIVE TO GET HIM BACK.
WELL—HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING FROM THE NEWSPAPER?
NO—YOU MAKE A BIG MISTAKE OFFERIN' SUCH A LARGE REWARD FOR FIJI.
THERE'S NO ONE AT THE OFFICE—THE EDITORS—REPORTERS AND MEN—HE HANGS OUT ALL OUT LOOKIN' FOR THE DOG!

SNUFFY SMITH

1. AIN'T OUR LEETLE EBENEZER TH' PURTIEST YOUNG-UN YE EVER LAID YORE TWO LOOKIN' EYES ON, RIDDLES?
HE SHORE IS, CRICKET.
I SNOW! WOULDN'T YE JES' DO ENNYTHING IN THIS WIDE WORLD FER TH' LEETLE OL' CUDDLY CRITTER?
LAWSY, YES!! I SHORE WOULD!!
WAAL, YE LOOK AFTER HIM, THEN, WHILST I TAKE A NAP.

2. I WUZ THINKIN' I MIGHT WHITTLE OUT A LEETLE PLAY-TOY FER YORE YOUNG-UN RIDDLES—UH—
ON, LAWSY!! WISH YE WOULDN'T JES' NOW, SNUFFY.
HE'S GONE GOT A SPOON, A BEAN—AN' TWO CLOTHES.