

LIL' ABNER

The Letter Edged in Brrrack!!— by **AL CAPP**

PLEASE, ERROL SKIN!! LET'S LEAVE THIS SQUALID SLUM!!—MY RELATIVES ARE WAITING FOR US IN THE MANSION ON THE HILL!!

BETTER DO LIKE SHE SAYS, BOY!! SHE ALLUS HAS A HORRIBLE TEMPER—NOT THAT WE EVER SEEN HER BEFO' IN ALL OUR LIVES—

NO SENSE, WASTIN' TIME WIF US!!— WE HAIN'T NO RELATIVES O' HERN. WE HAIN'T GOOD 'NUFF!!

BEFORE I GO, MAY I KISS YOUR SWEET SCRAWNY OLD CHEEK!!

FEEL FREE, STRANGER!!

KEERFUL O' THET PIPE, SON!! ALLUS SETS FIRE T' MAH WHISKERS!!

AT LAST!! MY ANCESTRAL HOME!!

THESE ARISTOCRATS!!—THEY'RE YOUR FAMILY?

I'M DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU, COLONEL YOKUM!!—

EN-CHANTED!!

??— ("SO THASS ME!!")

MAY I PRESENT MY WIFE, MRS. PANSY YOKUM!!—

S'GH!!—EFAH WERE REALLY HIM, AN' YO' WERE REALLY HER—WE WOULDN'T BE TH' MIZZIBLE LIL' SLOBS WE IS, WOULD WE?!!

SHOOOSH!!

—AND THAT'S WHAT I SAID TO WINSTON CHURCHILL!!—A BIT FRANK, PERHAPS, BUT HE TOOK IT LIKE A MAN!!—

IT'S ONLY BECAUSE HE RESPECTS YOU SO, DEAR!!—AS JOHN FOSTER DULLES SAID ABOUT YOU, ONLY THE OTHER DAY—

I'M EXHAUSTED!! I THINK I'LL RETIRE—

DID WE LAY IT ON TOO HEAVILY, MA'M?

HE LAPPED IT UP!!—I'M 'AS GOOD AS MARRIED TO HIM!!

THE NEXT MORNING—

EEK!!

*Dear Bessie:
I truly love you—
but your family is so far above me that I cannot drag you down, by marrying you.
I come from people as humble as those flea-bitten hill-billies we first met.*

*Oh, if only they had been your family, we could have made such beautiful music together.
Goodbye, forever—
Errol Skin*

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR
by Harold R. Foster

Our Story: PRINCE VALIANT, ALIAS SIR QUINTUS, RISES AND ANSWERS THE KING'S QUERY. "YES, SIRE, I HAVE A PLAN TO OFFER, BUT FOR YOUR EARS ONLY." AND AS HE SAYS THIS HE GLANCES AROUND THE COUNCIL SUSPICIOUSLY.

WITH A WAVE OF HIS HAND THE KING DISMISSES HIS NOBLES, AND VAL HAS SOWN THE FIRST SEEDS OF JEALOUSY AND DISTRUST.

"AS I RODE HITHER I NOTICED THAT YOUR ARMY HAD LAID WASTE FARM AND PASTURE. HERDS AND FLOCKS MUST BE RESTORED, FIELDS TILLED, THE ARMY FORBIDDEN TO FORAGE."

"WHEN I ADVANCE TO CONQUEST I WILL HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR CORNWALL!" SAYS THE KING COLDLY. "SO THOUGHT ATILA THE HUN," WARNS VAL. "BUT WHEN HIS HORDES WERE HALTED, THEY STARVED IN A WILDERNESS OF THEIR OWN MAKING!"

"AND YOUR ARMY WILL PAY THE BILL!" SUGGESTS VAL WITH A SLY WINK. "LOOK, SIRE, YOUR SEA RAIDERS PLUNDER THE COASTAL TOWNS AND RETURN TO REST IN THE SAFETY OF YOUR HARBORS WITH RICH LOOT.... LET THEM PAY A TAX FOR THE PRIVILEGE!"

"THEY WILL PAY WILLINGLY, FOR HAVE YOU NOT PROMISED THEM THAT IF THEY MARCH TO VICTORY WITH YOU THEY WILL HAVE ALL BRITAIN TO LOOT?"

KING OCH SLYWYN SITS LOST IN THOUGHT. HE TRUSTS NO ONE, BUT GREED FILLS HIS TWISTED MIND. HOW MUCH CAN HE SQUEEZE FROM HIS WILD FOLLOWERS?

WHEN VAL REACHES HIS CELL-LIKE ROOM THE DOOR HAS BEEN REMOVED. HIS EVERY WORD AND MOVE WILL BE SPIED UPON!

NEXT WEEK—Counterspy.