

LIL ABNER

Swing Low, Sweet Incineralligator!!

by AL CAPP

NEW! EDUCATIONAL! EARTH-DOLLS FOR SALE!! — 5 SPUTNICKELS APIECE!!

EVERY LIL PINCUSION ON PLANET PINCUS NO. 7 BUYS ONE!!

WE'LL BE MILLIONAIRES IF WE PLAY THIS RIGHT, BENNY — WE'VE MADE 100,000 COPIES!! — TO KEEP THE PRICE UP — LET'S DESTROY THE ORIGINALS!!

I'LL LEAVE 'EM ON THE TOWN DUMP!! — THE INCINERALLIGATOR COMES WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS!!

MEANWHILE: 73 TRILLION MILES AWAY, ON THE PLANET EARTH —

AFTER EXHAUSTIVE TESTS, YOU, LIL ABNER, HAVE BEEN SELECTED AS THE ONLY AMERICAN RUGGED ENOUGH —

— TO MAKE THE GRUELLING ROCKET TRIP TO PLANET PINCUS NUMBER SEVEN!!

THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!! PINCUS NUMBER SEVEN COMES INTO SIGHT ONLY ONCE EVERY HUNDRED YEARS!!

— AND YOU CAN STAY ON PINCUS ONLY TEN MINUTES!!

SO IT'S UP TO YOU TO BRING BACK THE MOST VALUABLE OBJECTS YOU CAN FIND!! — ALL AMERICA AWAITS YOUR RETURN!!

MEANWHILE: BACK ON PINCUS —

L-LOOK WHUT'S COMIN'!! — IT'S A COMBY-NAY-SHUN INCINERATOR AN' ALLY-GATOR!!

THASS IMPOSSIBLE!!

YES, MOONBEAM, IT SHORE IS — S-SO, AH WISH IT WOULD G-GO AWAY!!

INCINERATOR REUNITED BY CAPP

TO BE CONTINUED:

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

by HAROLD R. FOSTER

Our Story: THE PRINCESS FRYTHA HAS THE INNOCENT LOOK OF ANGELS ON HER PRETTY FACE. THIS IS A SURE SIGN THAT SHE HAS BEEN UP TO SOME DEVILMENT, AND ARN MOVES CAUTIOUSLY. HOURS PASS AND, AS NOTHING HAPPENS, HE SUSPECTS IT IS HIS BEDROOM THAT IS BOOBY-TRAPPED.

"MADAM QUEEN, MAY I SLEEP IN THE TOWER ROOM TONIGHT?"

"WHY, YES, ARN," SAYS QUEEN JAN. THEN SHE WONDERS WHY HER FOSTER SON WANTS THE CHANGE. SHE GOES TO FIND OUT.

THE QUEEN OF THE INNER LANDS OPENS THE DOOR TO ARN'S BEDROOM AND IS GREETED BY A FISH THAT HAS LONG SINCE GIVEN UP AN ACTIVE LIFE.

THERE IS SAND IN HIS BED AND A FIENDISHLY CLEVER BOOBY-TRAP. ALTHOUGH THE WATER IS COLD THE QUEEN IS FAIRLY SIZZLING!

THE SWEET AND EVEN TEMPER FOR WHICH QUEEN JAN IS NOTED GOES DOWN TO COMPLETE RUIN IN THAT INSTANT, WHEN SHE DISCOVERS THAT THE FLOOR HAS BEEN GREASED!

FAIRLY HUGGING HERSELF WITH GLEE FRYTHA CREEPS CLOSER TO ARN'S ROOM TO ENJOY THE SUCCESS OF HER TRICKS. THEN THE DOOR OPENS AND WHAT IS LEFT OF HER MOTHER STAGGERS OUT..... TRAPPED!

WITH ADMIRABLE EFFICIENCY THE QUEEN SELECTS HER FLATTEST HAIRBRUSH AND LEADS HER DAUGHTER TO HER ROOM.

ARN LISTENS AT THE DOOR OF THE TOWER AND THE SOUNDS THAT COME UP TO HIM, THOUGH FAR FROM MUSICAL, ARE SATISFYING TO THE SOUL.

NEXT WEEK- Revenge!