

LIL' ABNER

Up in Mabel's Room!! — by **AL CAPP**

WE GOT-UM ALL INGREDIENTS FOR KICKAPOO JOY-JUICE!! — ONE MOOSE — 50 GALLONS PAINT, ASSORTED COLORS —

— AN' 50 GALLONS O' PAINT REMOVER!! — THIS HALF-MILE O' RUSTY RAILROAD TRACK'LL GIVE IT IRON —

— AN' THIS CHICKEN COOP WILL GIVE IT AROMA AN' BODY!!

TH' MUSHROOM CLOUD IS GONE!! — NOW, IT'S SAFE TO TEST UM!!

ME, FIRST!!

OOPS!! I TRIP!!

IT DONE TURNED MARILYN TO STONE!!

NATCHERLY!! — OH, WAL — LE'S DRAG HER CARCASS OUTA HERE!! — SHE'S DEPRESSIN' IN THET SHAPE!! —

DADDY! — LOOK!! — A PERFECT STATUE OF THE PREHISTORIC TRICERATOPS!!

FLAWLESS IN EVERY DETAIL!!

GENTLEMEN!! — YOU ARE THE GREATEST MONSTER SCULPTORS OF ALL TIME!! — AS HEAD OF THE PREHISTORIC MUSEUM, I'D LIKE TO BUY ALL YOUR WORK!!

I'LL PAY YOU \$10,000 FOR THIS ONE!!

— AND COULD YOU FIX UP ONE LIKE THIS?

PSST!! — (-IS MABEL!!-)

(— WE KIN GIT ALONG WIFOUT HER!!-)

SHORE, MISTER!! COME BACK NEXT WEEK!!

HOPE YOU WILL, TOO — THIS GETS WORSE —

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR
by Harold R. Foster

Our Story: SICK WITH HORROR AT THE AWFUL HAVOC HE HAS REAPED WITH THE 'SINGING SWORD', PRINCE VALIANT FLINGS THE GLEAMING BLADE FAR OUT INTO THE SEA!

THE MADNESS THAT HAD SUSTAINED HIM THROUGH THE FIGHT LEAVES HIM, AND HE TURNS BACK WEARILY. FAR BELOW, FLAMES AND BILLOWING SMOKE SHOW THAT HIS TROOPS HAVE CAUGHT THE INVADERS ERE THEY HAD BOARDED THEIR SHIPS.

VAL STAGGERS DOWN TO THE BEACH TO WASH AWAY THE BLOOD AND SWEAT OF BATTLE AND CLEANSE HIS WOUNDS.

THEN COME THE GHOULS! YESTER-DAY THEY WERE PLAIN FARMERS OR FISHERMEN; TODAY GREED HAS BROUGHT THEM DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF VULTURES, PLUNDERING THE DEAD OR WOUNDED.

THUS THEY FIND VAL, NAKED, UNARMED. THE JEWELLED SCABBARD OF THE 'SINGING SWORD' AND HIS GOLDEN NECKLACE ARE WORTH MURDERING HIM FOR!

IN HELPLESS RAGE VAL SWIMS OUT TO SEA, DIVING TO AVOID THE ARROWS. ONE MORE DIVE AND HE WILL BE FAR OUT OF RANGE BUT INTO THE FULL FORCE OF THE TIDE.

THERE IS A BRIGHT GLEAMING IN THE GREEN DEPTHS, AND AS VAL SWIMS ON, THE 'SINGING SWORD' SEEMS TO BAR HIS WAY... AS IF SOME FATE HAD RETURNED THE BLADE WHEN MOST NEEDED!

Hal Foster