

LIL' ABNER

When a Felon Needs a Friend— by **AL CAPP**



PREVIEW AT THE NATIONAL PREHISTORIC MUSEUM—

GASP!!—THOSE STATUES FRIGHTEN ME, THEY'RE SO REAL!!

WHO CREATED THEM?

A COUPLE OF ODD GENIUSES, IN A CAVE IN DOGPATCH—AND THEY WORK INCREDIBLY FAST!!



WE'RE FLYING BACK THERE TONIGHT, TO ORDER SEVERAL MORE!!



THE MUSEUM WOULD LIKE THREE—AT \$10,000 APIECE—

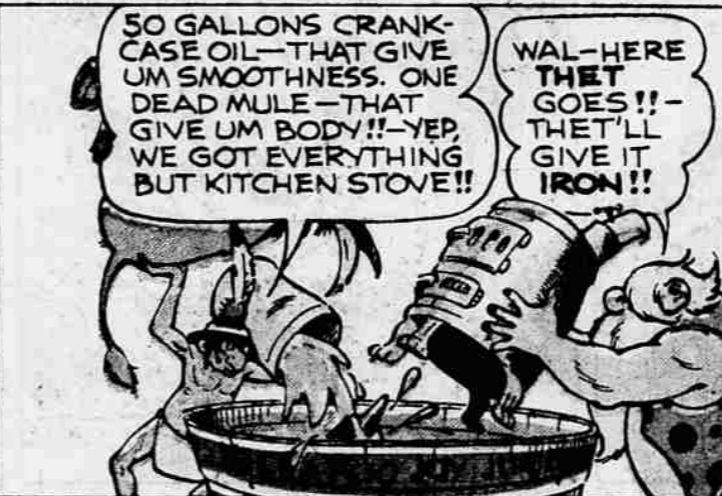
HMM!! THAT'D BE RUTHIE, LOIS, AND HERB!!

GONNA BE PLENTY LONESOME IN CAVE, BUT MONEY IS MONEY—



HOW SOON CAN YOU HAVE THIS MONUMENTAL TASK COMPLETED?

COME BACK TOMORRY MORNIN'—



SO GALLONS CRANK-CASE OIL—THAT GIVE UM SMOOTHNESS. ONE DEAD MULE—THAT GIVE UM BODY!!—YEP, WE GOT EVERYTHING BUT KITCHEN STOVE!!

WAL—HERE THE GOES!!—THEY'LL GIVE IT IRON!!



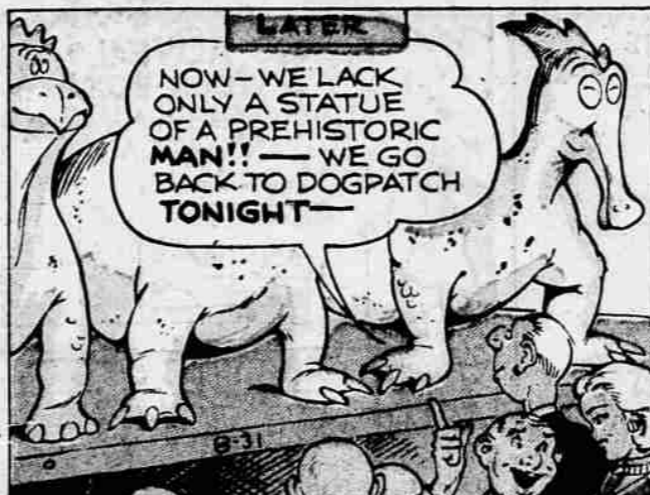
RUTHIE!! LOIS!! HERBIE!!

WE GOT SUMPTIN' FO' YO' KIDS!!



LOOKIT 'EM STIFFEN!!

ME FEEL LIKE MURDERER—BUT ME MURDER ANYTHING FOR MONEY!!



LATER

NOW—WE LACK ONLY A STATUE OF A PREHISTORIC MAN!!—WE GO BACK TO DOGPATCH TONIGHT—



HERE'S YOUR MOST DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT!! A PREHISTORIC MAN!!

HOW MUCH YOU PAY?



TWENTY THOUSAND!!—WHEN CAN YOU GET IT DONE?

SHOOSH!!—DON'T YELL!! PSST!!—COME BACK TOMORRY MORNIN'!!

TO BE CONTINUED...

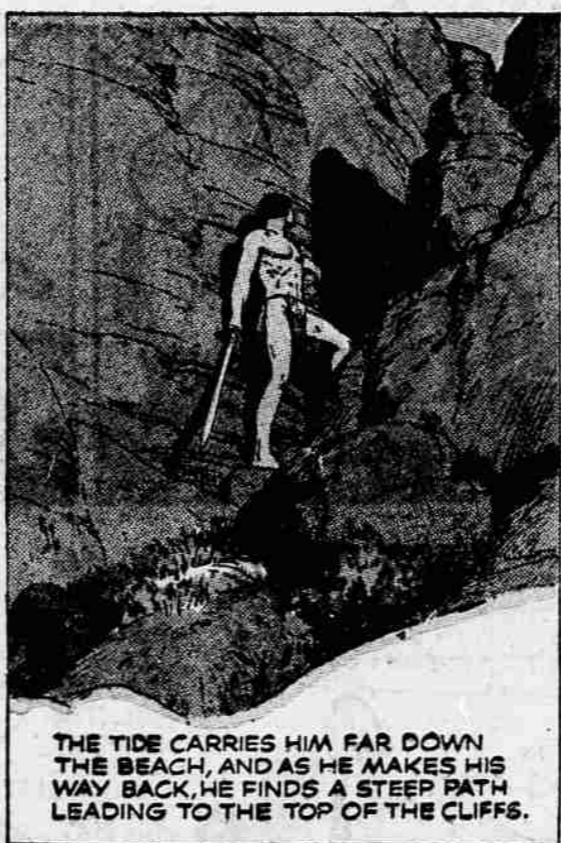


Prince Valiant IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR by Harold R. Foster

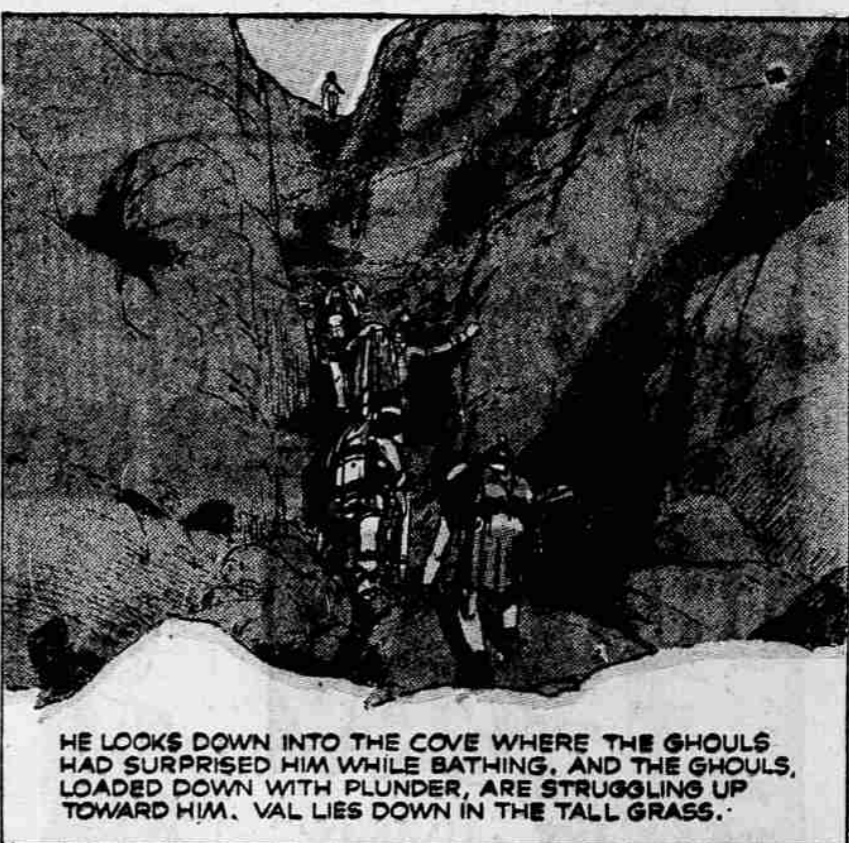
Our Story: IN HELPLESS RAGE PRINCE VALIANT DIVES AGAIN AND AGAIN TO AVOID THE WHISTLING ARROWS. THEN HE SEES A BRIGHT GLEAMING AHEAD, AND THE 'SINGING SWORD' SEEMS TO BAR HIS WAY.



HE HAD CAST THE BLADE INTO THE SEA, BUT IT SEEMS AS IF FATE HAS CHOSEN HIM TO BE THE SWORD'S MASTER AND RETURNED IT IN HIS HOUR OF NEED.



THE TIDE CARRIES HIM FAR DOWN THE BEACH, AND AS HE MAKES HIS WAY BACK, HE FINDS A STEEP PATH LEADING TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFFS.



HE LOOKS DOWN INTO THE COVE WHERE THE GHOULS HAD SURPRISED HIM WHILE BATHING. AND THE GHOULS, LOADED DOWN WITH PLUNDER, ARE STRUGGLING UP TOWARD HIM. VAL LIES DOWN IN THE TALL GRASS.



AS THEY REACH THE TOP, PANTING, AND THROW THEMSELVES DOWN TO REST, A TALL FIGURE ARISES FROM THE GRASS. THEY ARE GREATLY DISTURBED BY HIS LACK OF FRIENDLINESS.



THEREAFTER VAL DONS THE ARMOR THEY HAVE BROUGHT UP TO HIM WITH SO MUCH TOIL. THEN, HIS OWN PERSONAL PART OF THE WAR CONCLUDED, HE GOES IN SEARCH OF HIS TROOPS.



HIS MOUNTED KNIGHTS HAD CAUGHT THE RETREATING SAXONS BEFORE THEY COULD REACH THE SAFETY OF THEIR SHIPS OR THE WALLED TOWN. THE END IS IN SIGHT.

NEXT WEEK—The Clean-up.