

LI'L ABNER

Space
Cadet —

by

AL CAPP

CHUCKLE!!—LOOKIT THEM CITY FOLKS HANGIN' ROUN' HONEST ABE—AN' ADMIRIN' HIM!!

NATCHERLY!!

—TH' LUCKY LI'L NIPPER DONE INHERITED MAH STRENGTH, BRAINS, AN' GOOD LOOKS!! HE'S TH' FINEST TYPE O' YOUNG AMERICAN—

—AN' YO' IS TH' FINEST TYPE O' MIDDLE-AGED AMERICAN—

S'GH!!—YES—IT'S TRUE!!—THIS POOR UNFORTUNATE CHILD IS THE FINEST TYPE OF YOUNG AMERICAN!!

WE MUSTN'T LET PITY FOR THE CHILD INTERFERE WITH PROGRESS!!

MR. YOKUM, I WANT TO COMPLIMENT YOU ON YOUR SON!! MARK MY WORDS—HE'LL GO FAR!!

YO' THINK SO?

I'M POSITIVE!!—I PREDICT THAT BOY WILL RISE TO GREATER HEIGHTS THAN ANY MAN HAS EVER RISEN BEFORE!!

THASS MIGHTY NICE TO HEAR!!—AH'M GOIN' HOME AN' TELL DAISY MAE!!

GUESS WHUT A LADY SAID 'BOUT OUR LI'L SON, HERE—

OUR LI'L SON, WHERE?

YO' WAS 'SPOSED T' LOOK AFTER HIM, AN' BRING HIM HOME!!

GULP!!—AH WAS SO EXCITED 'BOUT HIS FUTURE, AH FOGOT HE WAS PRESENT!!

MEANWHILE—THE CAR WITH HONEST ABE ENTERS A HEAVILY GUARDED ENCLOSURE WHICH HAS BEEN A MYSTERY IN THE HILLS FOR MANY YEARS—

THE J. BLUDDEN GUTZ FOUNDATION FOR INTER-STARRELLAR RESEARCH

MR. BLUDDEN GUTZ, SIR—HERE HE IS—THE PERFECT CHILD!!—AND AT THE PERFECT AGE—FOUR!!

HMM!!—IT'LL TAKE THE ROCKET 36 YEARS, TRAVELLING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, TO REACH ITS DESTINATION AND RETURN—

HE'LL BE FORTY, WHEN WE SEE HIM AGIN'!!

OH, I ENVY YOU, YOU LITTLE RASCAL—GOING OFF ON MAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE!!

(—SOMETIMES, I WONDER IF THE CHIEF ISN'T A NUT!!—)

TO BE CONTINUED!!

Prince Valiant

INTRODUCING KING ARTHUR
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER

Our Story: NEVER IN HER WHOLE LIFE HAS QUEEN GUINEVERE BEEN SO CLOSE TO CHILDREN. SHE SUPPOSED THEY WERE FRAIL LITTLE THINGS REQUIRING THE CONSTANT ATTENTION OF NURSEMAIDS. BUT THESE TWO FIRM BUNDLES OF ENERGY SOON TEACH HER DIFFERENT AS THEY LAUGH, SQUEAL AND SQUIRM THEIR WAY INTO HER CHILDLESS HEART.

TO HER SURPRISE ALETA HAS DISROBED DOWN TO HER SHIFT, BOUND HER HAIR IN A TOWEL, AND KICKED OFF HER SHOES, MUCH AS IF SHE WERE PREPARING FOR AN ATHLETIC CONTEST.

AND GUINEVERE SCREAMS IN ALARM AS ALETA LAUGHINGLY TOSSES HER CHILDREN INTO THE DEEPEST PART OF THE BATH! LIKE TWO BUTTERBALLS THEY POP TO THE SURFACE AND START RADDLING FURIOUSLY.

I COME FROM THE MISTY ISLES WHERE CHILDREN LEARN TO SWIM AS SOON AS THEY CAN WALK TO THE WATER. ALETA EXPLAINS. THE QUEEN WATCHES FASCINATED, UNMINDFUL OF THE SPLASHING THAT SOAKS HER GARMENTS.

THEN WITH A LAUGH GUINEVERE LAYS ASIDE HER CROWN AND HER QUEENLY DIGNITY AND JOINS THE FUN!

PRINCE VALIANT AND KING ARTHUR ARE STARTLED AS A STRANGE PROCESSION DRIPS BY. "IT IS THE QUEEN," GASPS ARTHUR, "AND SHE IS LAUGHING. I HAVE NOT HEARD SO MERRY A LAUGH IN A LONG TIME!"

NEXT WEEK—Sir Gawain Missing.