

LI'L ABNER

Plagued by a
Real Hill-Billy
Gland —

by **AL CAPP**



YAWN!!—??—AH REELIZES OUR SOLE MEANS O' SUPPORT IS YO' DOIN' EV'RYBODY IN DOGPATCH'S LAUNDRY—



—BUT, CAINT YO' SCRUB A LI'L QUIETER?— IT DISTURBS MAH SLEEP!!

AH'M SORRY, LI'L ABNER, DEAR!! AH'LL LET TH' SCRUBBIN' GO TILL LATER, WHEN YO' IS OFF, FISHIN'—



—BUT, AH WON'T WASTE MAH TIME, DEAR— AH'LL CHOP SOME FIREWOOD—

CHOP QUIETLY!!



DAISY MAE!!— THET LAST NOISE DONE IT!! HAIN'T YO' GOT NO CORN-SIDER-AY-SHUN?

SHUT UP!!



PICK UP THET AX, AN' START A-CHOPPIN'!!



OUCH!! GASP!! WHAR IS YO' TAKIN' ME?

TO SEE TH' DOCTOR!!



WHEN TH' MEEKEST LI'L WIFE, THIS SIDE O' HEVVIN, TALKS THET WAY TO TH' FINEST HUSBIN NAY-CHUR EVER CREATED— SHE'S SICK!!



SHE IS SICK, YOKUM!! IN A NORMAL WIFE'S HAID, TH' "UPRIGHT GLAND" IS UPRIGHT!!—



—BUT, IN HER HAID SUMPHTHIN' KNOCKED IT FLAT ON ITS BACK—



UNTIL HER "UPRIGHT GLAND" IS ON ITS FEET AGIN, SHE HAIN'T GONNA ACT UPRIGHT!!— SHE'S GONNA ACT MEAN AN' ORNERY!!

(—A SMART, BOOTIFUL GAL LIKE ME— TIED DOWN TO A STOOPID LOU' LIKE HIM!!— THAR MUS BE SOME WAY AH KIN GIT OUTA THIS!!—)

Prince Valiant

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER

Our Story: MERLIN AMBROSIOUS, CALLED WIZARD BY SOME, A DEMON BY OTHERS, BUT LEGEND HAS IT THAT HIS FATHER WAS A SAINTLY WOMAN, HIS POWERS CAME FROM HIS SIRE BUT FROM HIS MOTHER CAME VIRTUE THAT WOULD NOT LET HIM USE THOSE POWERS FOR EVIL, SO IT WAS SAID IN THE OLD DAYS BEFORE EVER CAMELOT WAS BUILT.



"MERLIN, MERLIN, MY OLD FRIEND AND TEACHER, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MAKE YOU SO OLD AND HAGGARD?" "I KNOW THE NUMBER OF MY DAYS, ANSWERS MERLIN, "AND THEY ARE FEW. WHAT MAY I DO FOR YOU, MY SON, ERE I PASS?"



"SHOW ME HOW TO FIND AND RESCUE MY FRIEND, SIR GAWAIN!!" ANSWERS VAL READILY. "WE WHO HAVE SECOND SIGHT MAY NOT REVEAL WHAT WE SEE TO MORTALS, BUT HEED THESE WORDS....."



"YOUR LIFE IS IN DREAD DANGER WHERE SWORD AND SHIELD WILL AVAIL YOU NAUGHT! A LUTE IS BETTER THAN A KEY! A LONG ARM WILL POINT THE WAY TO RESCUE!" THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWS THE ENDING OF THE RUNE IS BROKEN BY A GIRL'S VOICE CALLING.



"I MUST GO NOW," SAYS MERLIN WEARILY. OVER HIS SHOULDER VAL CAN SEE, IN THE GRAY DAWN'S LIGHT, A SMALL FIGURE. THIS MUST BE NIMUE, THE WATER-MAIDEN, IN WHOSE SMALL WAYWARD HANDS RESTS THE FATE OF MERLIN, THE GREATEST OF WIZARDS.



WHEN RUY AND SIR WALDOC AWAKE, VAL IS STILL WHERE MERLIN SAT, RACKING HIS BRAIN TO FIND THE ANSWER TO THE RUNE.



"SWORD AND SHIELD ARE USELESS, SO I CANNOT ENTER BY FORCE OR EVEN AS AN ARMED KNIGHT! A KEY? AH! A LUTE IS BETTER THAN A KEY!"



"SIR VALLIANT IS NO MORE. I AM CID, JONGLEUR, MINSTREL, CLOWN! FETCH ME A LUTE, A RAGGED CLOAK, I GO TO AMUSE KING OSWICK AND FIND A 'LONG ARM'!"

NEXT WEEK— Val enters Castle Oswick.