

LIL' ABNER *Not as a Stranger -* by **AL CAPP**

LOOK WHO'S STOPPED BY A RED LIGHT - MR. ROCKET!!

WHY DON'T YOU FLY TO THE STUDIO, MR. ROCKET? BLAST OFF!!

THOSE LOYAL FANS OF MINE!! I HATE THEM!!

BUT THEY REALLY BELIEVE IN YOU, MR. ROCKET!!

GUARD!! - WHY DON'T YOU OPEN THE GATE? - DO YOU EXPECT ME TO FLY OVER?

BLESS ME IF I DON'T, MR. ROCKET!!

WATCHIN' YOU FLY FROM PLANET TO PLANET EVERY WEEK ON TV---

-MAKES A FELLA KINDA FORGET YOU'RE JUST AN ACTOR!!

YES!! - I WAS AN ACTOR ONCE - A FINE ACTOR - BEFORE I BECAME A TV FREAK!!

YOUR NEXT SERIES WILL BE A KIND OF WESTERN, MR. ROCKET!! YOU'RE THE NEW MARSHAL OF WEST VENUS!!

DON'T CALL ME "MR. ROCKET" ANY MORE!!

I'M RICH ENOUGH TO QUIT!! - I'M GOING TO RESUME MY TRUE IDENTITY - CEDRIC SOFTWICK, STAR OF "KING LEAR," "MACBETH" -

YOU POOR, FOOL!! NOBODY REMEMBERS CEDRIC SOFTWICK!!

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT, FOR TEN YEARS, YOU'VE BEEN "MR. ROCKET" TO ALL AMERICA!! - YOU'LL ALWAYS BE "MR. ROCKET"!!

TRUE-

-BUT THERE MUST BE SOME PLACE ON EARTH WHERE THERE'S NO TV - WHERE THEY DON'T KNOW ME AS "MR. ROCKET" -

JUST DRIVE - ANYWHERE!! WHERE I CAN FORGET I'M "MR. ROCKET"!!

YES, MR. ROCKET, SIR!!

ONE WEEK LATER.

KIN-AH HAVE YOU'RE AUTY-GRAFT, MR. ROCKET?

DON'T STOP HERE!! GO ON!! ON!!

Prince Valiant
IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER

Our Story: PRINCE VALIANT'S LONG VIGIL AT STONEHENGE ENDS WHEN A GREEN-ROBED PRIESTESS STEPS FROM BEHIND A PILLAR AND ASKS, "WHAT DO YOU SEEK HERE?"

"I SEEK KNOWLEDGE OF THE FIRST CHRISTIANS WHO CAME TO BRITAIN AND OF A CHALICE THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM. I WAS INFORMED THAT I MIGHT GET INFORMATION AT THIS DRUID TEMPLE."

"DRUID TEMPLE!" ECHOES THE GIRL SCORNFULLY. "MY PEOPLE RAISED THIS TEMPLE A THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE EVER A DRUID CAME TO THIS ISLAND. WE ARE THE BEAKER FOLK, AND BECAUSE WE WORSHIPPED OTHER GODS THE DRUIDS HUNTED US DOWN EVEN AS THE ROMANS LATER EXTERMINATED THE DRUIDS."

"NOW THERE ARE BUT HALF A HUNDRED IN OUR CLAN, LIVING IN A SECRET PLACE. OURS IS A DYING RACE! COME BACK AT DAWN AND I WILL SEE IF 'THE OLD ONE' WILL MEET YOU THEN."

AT DAWN THE GIRL COMES GUIDING THE FALTERING STEPS OF AN AGED MAN DRESSED IN THE YELLOW ROBES OF A HIGH PRIEST. HE SEEMS INCREDIBLY OLD AND FRAIL, BUT HIS EYES ARE SHARP, HIS VOICE STRONG.

FOR LONG MOMENTS THE OLD MAN SEARCHES THE FACE OF THE YOUNG KNIGHT WHO STANDS, UNARMED, BEFORE HIM.

AS IF TALKING OF EVENTS THAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY HE TELLS OF HOW, IN THE COURSE OF TIME, HIS PEOPLE WANDERED FROM EAST OF THE MEDITERRANEAN, TO COME MANY CENTURIES LATER TO BRITAIN. "BUT THE OLD GODS HAVE FORSAKEN US, AND FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO THERE CAME THE CHRISTIANS BRINGING YET A NEW GOD. WHAT DO YOU WISH TO KNOW OF THEIR COMING?"

NEXT WEEK - Avalon.