

# LIL' ABNER

The Children's Hour is Up — by **AL CAPP**

**FEARLESS FOSDICK** by Al Capp

IN THE "BULLTOWN" SECTION OF THE CITY, THE SIMPLE, HONEST BULLGRAVIANS ARE READY TO CELEBRATE THEIR GREATEST (and only) HOLIDAY — "BULLGRAVIAN NEW YEAR!!"

WE WORK LIKE DUCKS, HALL YIRR, FOR THIS ONE BIG NIGHT!!

WE GONNA DANCE AND SINK!!

IS NICE OUR FRANT, DETECTIFF FOSDICK, IS TAKING POTT IN OUR SARAH-MONIES!!

"BOY-MAYOR-FOR-A-DAY" RICKY SMELGOOD SENT A GREETING, FOR ME TO READ TO YOU —

HAPPY NEW YEAR, BULLGRAVIANS!! — I ORDER YOUR NEW YEAR CELEBRATION CANCELLED!! —

—AND DETECTIVE FOSDICK IS TO ENFORCE THE ORDER. SIGNED, YOUR MAYOR.

S'GH!—GULP!—AN ORDER!! GO HOME, LIKE GOOD CITIZENS!!

**NOBODY GUNG STOP BULLGRAVIAN NEW YEAR!!**

TOO BAD WE GOT TO KILL AN UNARMED MAN!!

UNARMED?— I WOULDN'T SAY THAT!!— AT POLICE COLLEGE, I MAJORED IN BALLET-DANCING!!

I CAN KEEP THIS UP FOREVER — BUT — CHUCKLE! — WILL YOUR AMMUNITION LAST THAT LONG?

NO MORE BULLETS!!

NOW, BOYS, WILL YOU GO HOME?

GLADLY!!— IS BAST NEW YIRR'S CELEBRATION WE EVER HAD!!

HOPE MAYOR CANCELS CELEBRATION NAXT YIRR, AGAIN, SO WE CAN HAVE MORE DANCINK, MORE SHOOTINK!!

IT'S MIDNIGHT!! FOSDICK IS STILL ALIVE AND YOUR DAY AS A MAYOR HAS ENDED!!

HOW CAN I GO BACK TO BEING A SIMPLE HIGH SCHOOL KID? I'VE HAD TOO MUCH, TOO SOON!!

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

**Our Story:** ALTHOUGH THE SUN HAS LONG SINCE RISEN, PRINCE VALIANT LIES ABEID. AFTER DAYS OF SLEEPING IN THE SHELTER OF SOME TREE OR CAVE WITH ONLY HIS CRIMSON CLOAK TO WARD OFF THE RAIN AND COLD, THIS SOFT, WARM, DRY BED IS THE HEIGHT OF LUXURY.

THEN HE GOES TO THE STABLE WHERE LIES HIS ENEMY OF YESTERDAY. THE 'GINGING SWORD' HAD DONE ITS WORK WELL. AP DUNFEL MAY RECOVER, BUT HE WILL NEVER WIELD HIS CRUEL SWORD AGAIN.

THE BLARE OF A TRUMPET GIVES NOTICE THAT SOMEONE APPROACHES. LADY LOWRY AND HER TWO LOVELY DAUGHTERS ARE RETURNING WITH A CHAMPION TO DEFEND HER RIGHTS ..... AND THE CHAMPION'S FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR!

"AWAUNT, AP DUNFEL, RECREANT KNIGHT! COME FORTH TO YOUR DOOM, FOR IT IS I, SIR GAWAIN, WHO CHAMPIONS THE CAUSE OF LADY LOWRY AND HER FAIR DAUGHTERS!" THERE NEVER WAS SEEN A MORE MAGNIFICENT SIGHT!

GAWAIN SETS LANCE AND SHIELD AS THE GATES SLOWLY OPEN. BUT NOTHING DANGEROUS ISSUES FORTH. ONLY A VOICE COMPLAINS: "HOW IS IT YOU ALWAYS MANAGE TO ARRIVE AT MEALTIME?"

"THERE WILL NOT BE MUCH LEFT TO EAT WITH YOU HERE," SNAPS GAWAIN, ANGRY THAT HE CANNOT NOW PERFORM GALLANTLY BEFORE THE LADIES. "WHERE IS AP DUNFEL?"

"OH, HIM," ANSWERS VAL, "HE WAS A TRIFLE IMPOLITE WHEN I ARRIVED YESTERDAY, AND I HAD TO ADMONISH HIM. YOU'LL FIND HIM IN THE STABLE."

© NEXT WEEK — Enter the Clowns.