

LIL ABNER

A Star is Born — and Gone — by **AL CAPP**

Panel 1 (Top Left): WHO'S THAT? MUST BE AN UNDER-STUDY!! **7SK!!**—AH ALLUS TOLD DAISY MAE NOT TO—**BUSH!**—KISS ME LIKE THAT IN PUBLIC—

Panel 2 (Top Middle): BUT-??—THET CAIN'T BE ME SHE'S KISSIN'!!— **AH IS ME!!** **STOP!!** A \$100,000 SCENE, RUINED!!

Panel 3 (Top Right): WHO ARE YOU? **AH IS TH' GENOOWINE LI'L ABNER— AN' AH OBJECKS TO MAH 'WIFE—**

Panel 4 (Middle Left): I'M NOT YOUR WIFE— I'M AN ACTRESS! **WAL, YO' IS ACTIN' IT ALL WRONG. AH NEVAH ALLOWS DAISY MAE TO KISS ME LIKE THET, IN PUBLIC— OR IN PRIVATE, NEITHER!! AH IS NO SISSY!!—** I FILMED THE LIFE OF 'ALEXANDER THE GREAT,' AND I DIDN'T ASK HIM FOR ADVICE—

Panel 5 (Middle Middle): I MADE THE LIFE OF 'AL CAPONE' AND HE DIDN'T BUTT IN!!— SO 'LI'L ABNER' I'LL MAKE— WITHOUT YOU!!

Panel 6 (Middle Right): AN'—**OUCH!**— THAR'S PLENTY MORE THASS WRONG!!— DOGPATCH GALS HAIN'T PRETTY— THEY'S MONSTERS!!— AN' DOGPATCH SCENERY HAIN'T BOOTIFUL TECHNICOLOR!!— IT'S MIZZIBLE BLACK AN' WHITE!!

Panel 7 (Bottom Left): AH'LL BORRY A CAMERA, AN' MAKE TH' REAL LIFE O' LI'L ABNER— WIF TH' ORIGINAL BROKE-DOWN CAST!!

Panel 8 (Bottom Middle): NATCHERLY, AH BEGINS TH' PITCHER WIF YORE HONEYMOON, MAMMY AN' PAPPY!! **AH WOULDN'T GO THROUGH THET AGIN, FO' A MILLYUN DOLLAHS!!** WHY DON'T YO' BEGIN WIF YORE OWN HONEYMOON, SON? **LE'S GO!!— WE'LL HUG— AN' SNUGGLE— AN' KISS— ALL OVER AGIN— JEST LIKE 'WE DONE THEN!!**

Panel 9 (Bottom Right): **SKIP IT!!— AH COULDN'T GO THROUGH THET, AGIN!!**

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Cap

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

Our Story: PRINCE VALIANT COULD FIND RELIEF FROM HIS SORROW ONLY IN VIOLENT ACTION, AND THE PLAN HE LAYS BEFORE THE KING WILL ASSURE A FULL MEASURE OF THAT. RETURNING SCOUTS CONFIRM WHAT VAL HAS SAID.

A GREAT FLEET OF SHIPS IS DRAWN UP ON THE BEACH BELOW PEVENSEY; AND ANGLES, JUTES AND SAXONS MAKE MERRY AS THEY PREPARE THEIR BOATS FOR THE JOURNEY HOME. THEY ARE LAX AS THEY AWAIT A FAVORABLE WIND.

THE ATTACK IS AS SUDDEN AS A WHIRLWIND, AND THOUGH OUTNUMBERED, THE DISCIPLINED KNIGHTS ARE MOUNTED AND SWEEP THROUGH THE DISORGANIZED RAIDERS LIKE A TERRIBLE SCYTHE. SIR VALIANT RAGES DOWN THE BEACH LIKE A MADMAN, RECKLESS OF DANGER UNTIL EVEN THE AWFUL THIRST OF THE 'SINGING SWORD' IS SLAKED.

NEXT WEEK— On and On

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