

LIL ABNER

How You Gonna Keep Him Down on the Farm? by **AL CAPP**

THE GREAT DEBATE BETWEEN DOGPATCH'S TWO CANDIDATES FOR SENATOR IS OVER—

FELLA CITIZENS!!—AS YORE NON-PARTISAN, FAIR-AN-SQUARE MODERATOR, IT'S MAH DOOTY TO SUM UP TH' CASE!!

EF YO'RE ELECT'S THIS CROOKED OLE WINDBAG, HE'LL GO GALLY-VANTIN' AROUND MIAMI, PARIS, ROME, AN'TH' RIVIERA ASIN ON YORE MONEY!!

BUT, ON T'OTHER HAND, EF YO' VOTES FO' THIS FINE, UPSTANDIN' YOUNG LADY—AS AH INTENDS TO—

—SHE'LL LOWER YORE TAXES AN' RAISE YORE STANDARD O' LIVIN'!!— AN' SO, FOLKS, WIFOUT GIVIN' YO' NO HINTS, NOR PUTTIN' NO PRESSURE ON YO'—AH LEAVES YO' TO MAKE UP YORE OWN MINDS, IN TH' OLE-FASHIONED AMERICAN WAY!!

THE NEXT DAY— THE ELECTION!!

AH CAN'T STAND TH' SUSPENSE!!—TELL ME!! WHO IS YO' ALL AIMIN' TO VOTE FO'?

LOUELLA PARSNIP, THASS WHO— YO' OLE HAS-BEEN!!

HAIN'T N-NOBODY GONNA VOTE FO' GOOD OLE JACK S.?

NOPE!! NOBODY!!

AWRIGHT, FOLKS—BUT REMEMBER THIS—EF YO' ELECT'S HER, SHE'LL TAKE THET BOOTIFUL FACE AN' FIGGER OFF TO WASHIN'TON!!

—BUT—EF YO' DEFEATS ME, AH'LL HAFTA COME BACK HERE TO LIVE!!

YO' W-WILL? —GULP!!—

PHOGBOUND RE-ELECTED

VACATION LINES

ETERAN SENATOR LEAVES TO CHECK LATELY, IN RIO—

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER

Our Story: GARM CROSSES OVER THE PASS, THE STARK GRANDEUR OF THULE IS LEFT BEHIND AND HE DESCENDS THROUGH THE DUSKY SPRUCE FORESTS OF THE INNER LAND.

HE COMES TO THE GATES OF KING HAP ATLA'S STRONGHOLD AND PAUSES. A YOUNG LAD IS TRAINING IN THE COURTYARD. "BY SUCH HORSEMANSHIP I RECOGNIZE THE TRUE SON OF PRINCE VALIANT," HE MUSES.

"GARM!" SHOUTS PRINCE ARN, LAUNCHING HIMSELF FROM THE SADDLE. "IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU. DO YOU BRING TIDINGS FROM MY PARENTS?"

"I HAVE COME FOR PRINCE ARN, SIRE. QUEEN ALETA JOURNEYS TO HER KINGDOM IN THE MISTY ISLES AND WISHES HIM TO ACCOMPANY HER. BY YOUR LEAVE WE MUST START AT ONCE BEFORE THE WINTER STORMS MAKE THE WAY DANGEROUS."

SO ARN LEAVES HIS FOSTER HOME AND FOLLOWS GARM ON THE LONG TRAIL BACK TO THULE. AND AS THEY GO GARM EXPLAINS THE SUBTLE MYSTERIES OF THE FOREST.

"TELL ME, GARM, ARE NOT THE FOREST SMELLS STRONGER, THE AIR THINNER, HARDER TO BREATHE?" ASKS ARN. "GOOD BOY, YOU HAVE THE NOSE OF A HUNTING DOG," LAUGHS GARM. "YES, A GREAT STORM IS COMING."

FRESH SNOW MANTLES THE SIDES OF DISTANT KLUKEN. THE SKY BECOMES GREY AND A COLD WIND MOANS AMONG THE TREES. THEY SET ABOUT MAKING A SHELTER.

NEXT WEEK—The Storm.