

# LIL ABNER *Third Grade Confidential—* by AL CAPP

**GASP!!**—LOOKIT TINY'S REPORT CARD!!—SUDDENLY HE'S GITTIN' "Z'S" STEAD O' "A'S"!!

M-MAYBE AH GOT PROMOTED TOO FAST!!

MEBBE AH OUGHTA GIT PUT BACK IN TH' THIRD GRADE.

BUT, CHILE—YO' WAS IN TH' THIRD GRADE—FO' Y'ARS!!

YO' IS 15 1/2 Y'ARS OLE!!—ALL INTELLY—JUNT 15 1/2-YAR-OLE DOGPATCH BOYS IS IN TH' FOURTH GRADE!!

MEBBE AH'M JES' A NATCHERAL-BORN THIRD-GRADER!!

WE'RE GONNA TALK TO YORE TEACHER!!

EF YO' IS GONNA DRAG ME ALL TH' WAY, BY TH' EAR, MAMMY---

—COULD AH CARRY YO'? AH GIT A CRICK IN TH' BACK, A-WALKIN' THET-GROAN!-WAY!!

AH WON'T PUT HIM BACK IN THE THIRD GRADE, IF HE'LL TELL ME WHY HE'S SUDDENLY FAILIN' IN ALL SUBJECTS!!

BECUZ AH IS LAZY AN' SHIF'LESS IS WHY—

AN' AH DON'T PLAN TO CHANGE NONE NOHOW!!

BACK TO THE THIRD GRADE!!

YIPPAY!!

IT'S ONUSUAL FO' A CHILE T' BEHAVE THET WAY, WHEN HE'S BIN DEMOTED!!

!!—(SO THASS WHY?)

HE HAIN'T STOOPID!! HE MERELY PERTENDED TO BE— BECUZ HE'S IN LOVE!!

AH'LL BREAK TH' HAPPY NEWS SHE DONE WON TH' LOVE OF A YOKUM—SOON AS SCHOOL IS OVER!!

AH WANTS TO HAVE A MAN-TO-MAN TALK WIF YO', DEARIE!!

HE DOES?

MAH SON LOVES YO'!!

—AN' IT'S 'BOUT TIME FO' HIM TO GIT MARRIED!! HE'S 15 1/2 Y'ARS OLE!!

HE IS?

WELL, I'M 31!!

Do MAY AND DECEMBER ROMANCES MAKE YOU CRY? THEN DON'T GO ON WITH THIS—

## Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER

**Our Story:** PRINCE ARN ARRIVES HOME IN A STATE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT, FOR HE IS TO BEGIN A JOURNEY TO THE DISTANT MISTY ISLES WITH HIS PARENTS.

KING AGUAR WELCOMES HIS GRANDSON. NO LONGER IS HE THE ROUND-FACED CHILD WHO LEFT FOR A YEAR OF TRAINING IN THE COURT OF KING HAP ATLA, BUT A STRAIGHT, STRONG BOY.

SOON NOW A QUESTION MUST BE ANSWERED, WOULD ARN SUCCEED PRINCE VALIANT TO THE THRONE OF THULE, OR WOULD HE ONE DAY BE KING OF THE MISTY ISLES?

AS GUNJAR HARL SAILS UP THE TRONDHEIMFJORD, A BLACK DRAGON-SHIP OF THIRTY OARS GLIDES OUT TO MEET HIM. BOLTAR IS ON HIS WAY TO TEST HIS SKILL AND THE COURAGE OF HIS CREW AGAINST THE SULLEN MENACE OF THE WINTER STORMS.

SOON THEY ARE OUT OF THE SHELTER OF THE LAST ISLANDS AND THE SHIPS COME ALIVE AS THEY MEET THE HEAVE OF THE OPEN SEA. BOLTAR SETS HIS HUGE LEATHERN SAIL AND BELLOWS: "AS LONG AS THIS WIND HOLDS, I'LL SAIL IT. MEET YOU ON THE SOUTHERN TIP OF IRELAND!"

THE TWO VESSELS PART, THE DRAGONSHIP HEADS TOWARD THE SHETLANDS, THE SAILING SHIP ENTERS THE NORTH SEA, AND PRINCE ARN WATCHES WITH A TOLERANT SMILE AS SOME OF THE CREW STAGGER TO THE LEE RAIL . . . .

.....BUT SHORTLY THEREAFTER HE TURNS A NICE SHADE OF GREEN AND SEEKS HIS CABIN.

NEXT WEEK—The Arrival.

SCHULZ