

LI'L ABNER

What this Country
Needs is a Good
Twenty-dollar Car!!

by **AL CAPP**

??-SO YO' WAS KNOCKIN'!! MY!!-WHUT A CUTE LI'L FURRINER YO' IS!!

THANK YOU SO MUCH!!-YOU ARE A MIGHTY CUTE LITTLE FOREIGNER, YOURSELF!!

I AM MR. NOMOTO- INVENTOR OF THE "NOMOTOCAR"!!

S'GH!!-YO' IS WASTIN' YORE TIME, HERE!!-WE-GULP!-CAIN'T AFFORD NO CAR!!

WE IS PORE AS CHURCH RATS!!

IT IS PRECISELY THE CHURCH RAT MARKET WE HAD IN MIND, WHEN WE DESIGNED THIS CAR, IN TOKYO!!

THE PRICE IS \$19.95, COMPLETE!!-50 CENTS A MONTH, FOR 3 YEARS, AND IT'S YOURS!!

WHY, EVEN WE COULD SWING THAT!!- BUT-??-HEY!!-IT HAIN'T GOT NO MOTOR!!

NATURALLY!! WHY ELSE IS IT CALLED THE "NOMOTOCAR"? THE DRIVER, YOU SEE, BRINGS HIS MOTOR WITH HIM-

-NAMELY, HIS RESPIRATORY SYSTEM!! WE ATTACH THIS BELT AROUND HIS CHEST. BY SIMPLY BREATHING, HE PROPELS THE CAR-AS IN THIS DIAGRAM!!

NO MOTOR, HUH, MR. NOMOTO?-AN' NO GAS, OIL, OR EXPENSE!! AH'LL BUY ONE!!

YOU CAN HAVE ONE FREE-IF YOU WILL SERVE AS OUR OFFICIAL AMERICAN DEMONSTRATOR!!

AH'LL BE PROUD TO!!-THIS LI'L WONDER WILL MAKE EV'RY ONE O' MAH FELLA-AMERICANS HAPPY!!

YES!!-EVERY SINGLE, SOLITARY ONE, EXCEPT ALL THE GAS AND OIL COMPANIES, AND ALL THE AUTO-MOBILE COMPANIES, AND ALL THEIR EMPLOYEES, AND ALL THEIR STOCK-HOLDERS, AND THE ENTIRE CITY OF DETROIT-

BUT, UNHAPPIEST OF ALL, WILL BE GENERAL BULL-MOOSE, HEAD OF GENERAL BULL-MOOSE MOTORS!!

WHAT'S BAD FOR GENERAL BULL-MOOSE IS BAD FOR THE U.S.A. -

TO BE CONTINUED:

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER

Our Story: PRINCE VALIANT AND BOLTAR MAKE PLANS HOW BEST THE OARED DRAGON SHIP CAN ESCORT THE SAILING VESSEL UP THE PIRATE-INFESTED MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

ALETA HELPS ARN PACK HIS BELONGINGS. HER ONLY SON IS TO SAIL WITH BOLTAR, AND SHE IS WORRIED, FOR IF THERE IS ANY FIGHTING, THE DRAGON SHIP WILL BEAR THE BRUNT OF IT.

VAL IS PROUD THAT HIS SON HAS CHOSEN THE ADVENTUROUS WAY, BUT ALETA SEES ONLY THAT HER FIRST-BORN LOOKS SO VERY SMALL AND HELPLESS AMONG THE ROUGH VIKINGS.

OFF THE ALGERIAN COAST THE WIND FAILS. UNDER A FLAMING SUN THE TWO SHIPS FLOAT MOTIONLESS AS IN A PAINTING. THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THE BURNING HEAT.

WHEN AT LAST A BREEZE FILLS THE SAILS IT IS THE SIROCCO, THE WIND THAT BLOWS ACROSS THE DESERT, PICKING UP HEAT, DUST AND SAND. PARCHED-THROATS CALL FOR WATER UNTIL THE CASKS ARE EMPTIED.

THE VOICE OF BOLTAR COMES BOOMING OVER THE WAVES: "WE MUST ENTER THE NEXT PORT FOR WATER!"

WITH THE DRAGON FIGUREHEAD LOWERED AND BOLTAR'S SHIELD HOISTED TO THE MASTHEAD AS A SIGN THEY COME IN PEACE, THEY GUIDE INTO A HARBOR.

VIKING SHIPS ARE BELIEVED TO CARRY RICH PLUNDER, AND TWO PIRATE CAPTAINS WATCH THE DRAGON SHIP WITH HUNGRY EYES AS IT DOCKS.

NEXT WEEK-First Blood.