

LIL ABNER *Trunk and Disorderly-* by AL CAPP

SKUNKAPHANT STILL AT LARGE!!
REPORTED HEADED FOR DOGPATCH!!
MARINES IN HOT PURSUIT!!

THIS IS TH' MOST PROFITABLE TIME O' TH' YAR IN DOGPATCH!!—OUR ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW—

THOUSANDS O' WELL-HEELED TOURISTS COME INTO OUR LIL TOWN, TO SMELL OUR FAMOUS SWEET PATOOTIE BLOSSOMS!!

IT'S TH' PRETTIEST SMELL IN ALL CREATION!!

—AN' ONLY DOGPATCH SMELLS LIKE THET—

LET'S GO UP AN' SNIFF AROUND—AN' SEE EF EV'RYTHING IS RIPE FO' TH' TOURISTS—

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MEANWHILE—NOT FAR AWAY—THE U.S. MARINES—

IT'S THE SKUNKAPHANT!!
GO GET IT, MEN!!
GUNG HO!!

GASP!!
RATTLE!!
KOFF!!

CHOKE!!
STRANGE!!

T-TAKE ME BACK TO THE HALLS OF—SOB!—MONTEZUMA!!

THE LONELY LITTLE 5-TON SKUNKAPHANT IS ATTRACTED BY THE LOVELY FLOWERS—

THAT—SNIFF!—UGH!—GASP!!—ONEARTHLY CRITTER DONE **ROONED** OUR FLOWER SHOW!!

ALL YO' KIN SMELL IS—UGH!—**HIM!!**

WHO AMONG US GOT TH'—GASP!!—RATTLE!—KOFF!!—GUTS TO LEAD HIM OUTA THAR?—

JEST **ONE!!**—BIG BARNSMELL—INSIDE MAN AT TH' SKONK WORKS!!—HE LIVES IN THIS KINDA—CHOKE!—GASP!!—ATMOSPHERE!!

LOVELY BIG BARNSMELL CAN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES!!

??—SOMEONE'S COMIN' TO VISIT—SOB!—**ME!!**

SKONK WORKS

TO BE CONTINUED!

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

Our Story: *IT WAS NOT NECESSARY TO MAKE A SIMPERING IDIOT OF YOURSELF OVER THAT OILY RASCAL, THRASOS,* GRUMBLES VAL.
 WHY, DARLING! YOU DID NOT COMPLAIN WHEN I USED THE SAME BAIT TO DECOY YOU INTO MARRIAGE!

THRASOS IS DELIGHTED. HE WILL FILL THE REQUEST OF THE SILLY QUEEN ALETA AND SEND HER A HUNDRED OF HIS BEST BUILDERS WITH THEIR TOOLS AND THREE HUNDRED OF HIS BEST SOLDIERS DRESSED AS WORKERS.

BUILD DEFENSES STRONG AND HIGH, HE TELLS HIS SUPERINTENDENT, *FOR SOON THEY WILL BE OURS.*

VAL AND BOLTAR WATCH TWELVE SHIPS TIE UP AT THE QUAY. MASONS, LABORERS AND A DOZEN OR MORE SPIES UNLOAD THEIR EQUIPMENT. FIFTY WELL-ARMED VIKINGS WATCH THEM SILENTLY.

THEN THE SHIPS ARE EXAMINED AND IT IS NO SURPRISE TO FIND, BENEATH THE FLOOR BOARDS, SWORDS, SHIELDS, SPEARS, AND ARMOR NEATLY STORED.

THE 'LABORERS' ARE COMFORTABLY HOUSED IN A WAREHOUSE. BUT IT IS NO COMFORT THAT THE WINDOWS ARE BARRED, WHILE OUTSIDE THE CITIZENS DRILL WITH THE WEAPONS THEY BROUGHT.

SPIES TELL OF THESE UNPLEASANT THINGS, AND THRASOS IS ANGERED. HE HAD PLANNED AN EASY CONQUEST OF THE MISTY ISLES, AND NOW HIS OWN MEN ARE STRENGTHENING THEIR DEFENSES.

THEN A MASTER SPY POINTS OUT A FLAW IN THOSE DEFENSES!
 NEXT WEEK—**The Loophole**