

# LI'L ABNER

Anything Goes — by AL CAPP

WERE YOU TWO HERE, 12 HOURS AGO, WHEN THE ATOMIC BOMB WENT OFF?

SO THET'S WHUT IT WERE!!

WE THOUGHT IT WERE TH KICKAPOO JOY JUICE!!

WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S A SOFT DRINK WE WHOMPS UP BY SOFTENIN' ANVILS, RAILROAD TRACKS, HERDS O' OXEN, AN' OTHER SECH TIDBITS IN IT!!

SAY-Y!! IS YO' REVEN-OOERS?

NO!!—I'M IN CHARGE OF THE U.S. ATOM BOMB PROJECT—AND I NOW DECLARE YOU TOP SECRET!!

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A CHEMICAL LABORATORY. THEY CAN MAKE A RESISTANT TO AN ATOMIC BLAST?

YES, SIR!! I'VE SEEN IT WORK!! JUST ONE SNORT, AND YOU'RE IMMUNE!!

WE'LL SUPPLY EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN WITH A BOTTLE OF IT!!

WHAT ARE THE EXACT INGREDIENTS?

SUH!!—WE JEST TOSSES WHATEVER'S HANDY, INTO THE POT!!

WE GO BY INSTINK!!—FOR INSTANCE, THIS HOSS—HIM RIPE!!—HIM WILL ADD BODY TO KICKAPOO JOY JUICE!!

—AN' THIS TYPE WRITER WILL GIVE IT VITAMINS "A" TO "Z"?

YORE, FALSE TEETH'LL GIVE IT BITE!!

THIS STEAM ROLLER WILL GIVE IT SMOOTH-NESS!!

—AN' THIS'LL GIVE UM CARBO-HYDRANTS!!

WHAT A MESS!!—THE ONLY RESISTANT TO ATOMIC BLAST—IN THE HANDS OF THESE MUDDLE-HEADED MANIACS!!

BUT, THE U.S.A. NEEDS KICKAPOO JOY JUICE TO SURVIVE!! TURN THEM LOOSE TO GATHER THE INGREDIENTS IN THEIR OWN WAY!!—AND, CALL OUT THE ARMY TO PROTECT THEM!!

TO BE CONTINUED!!

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

Our Story: WITH THE DAWN COMES PRINCE VALIANT BORN ON WINGS OF ANXIETY, STRAIGHT FOR THE DUKE'S CHAMBER OF HORRORS HE PAGES. WILL HE FIND HIS SON ALREADY SUFFERING UPON THE RACK?

BUT THE CHAMBER IS EMPTY SAVE FOR THE DUKE'S ASSISTANT TORMENTORS, WHO COWER IN A CORNER.

"WE COULD NOT FIND YOUR SON. WE DID NOT CARRY OUT OUR MASTER'S ORDERS. SAVE US, SIR, OR WE MUST FACE THE DUKE'S ANGER!"

HE BIDS A TRUMPETER SOUND THE CALL AND WHEN ALL HAVE GATHERED IN THE HALL: "FIND MY SON, PRINCE ARN!" HE COMMANDS. "SEARCH EVERY CORNER OF THE CASTLE AND TOWN!" THEN, WHEN THEY HESITATE, ANNOUNCES: "SADONICK NO LONGER RULES HERE, HE IS IN THE HANDS OF STEPHAN, THE REAL DUKE."

VAL REMEMBERS THE MOUNT THAT HAD CARRIED HIM SO NOBLY THROUGH THE NIGHT. THE DIRTY-FACED STABLE BOY IS CARING FOR IT YENDERLY. "NOW, WHO WOULD RIDE A HORSE INTO THIS CONDITION?" HE ASKS THE ANIMAL. "I'D LIKE TO GIVE HIM RIDING LESSONS."

THE FAMILIAR VOICE, THE IMPUDENCE! VAL FIGHTS TO CONTROL HIS EMOTIONS. AT LAST HE TURNS SLOWLY.....

... "YOUR FACE IS DIRTIER THAN USUAL," HE SAYS STERNLY, "GO GET READY FOR BREAKFAST. WASH YOUR NECK AND DON'T FORGET YOUR EARS!"

ARN GOES OFF WHISTLING, AND WITH THE WEIGHT OF DESPAIR LIFTED, VAL LAUGHS AND WEEPS UNASHAMEDLY.

NEXT WEEK: A Wall Decoration