

SUNDAY, AUGUST 5, 1962

LIL ABNER

Talent Scout —

by **AL CAPP**

THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF WASTELAND T.V.

BUSHEL OF WIRES, DEMANDING MORE DEBBIE FINK MOVIES!!

GET DAVID O. SELZNICK ON THE PHONE!!

THE PRESIDENT OF GLAMOUR MOUNT PICTURES

HAVE I GOT DEBBIE FINK UNDER EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT? YOU BET I HAVE!!

PSST!!—SEE IF THERE'S ANY SCRAP OF PAPER IN THE FILES, WITH DEBBIE FINK'S NAME ON IT!!

HERE'S ONE, SIGNED BY HER MOTHER, IN 1940!! DEBBIE FINK WAS ONLY 12 AT THE TIME!!

BUT THAT AVARICIOUS OLD HAG, BLESS HER, SOLD THE CHILD TO US FOR HER NEXT 10 PICTURES—WITH NO TIME LIMIT!!

DEBBIE FINK CAN'T MAKE PICTURES FOR ANYONE BUT ME!!—BUT SHE ISN'T A LITTLE GIRL ANY MORE, SHE'S 22 YEARS OLDER!!

SO, USE DIM LIGHTS!!

JUST START MAKING 'EM!! WE'LL PAY YOU FIVE MILLION A PIECE!!

ER—MAKE IT TEN MILLION?

OKAY—OKAY!! LET'S NOT HAGGLE OVER TRIFLES!! JUST GET HER!!

AND NOW TO FIND DEBBIE FINK WHEREVER SHE IS!!

THE SEARCH FOR DEBBIE FINK IS WORLD-WIDE!!

ARE YOU DEBBIE FINK, THE CHILD ACTRESS?

I'LL "CHILD ACTRESS" YOU, YOU MASHER!!

ANYBODY IN THERE NAMED DEBBIE FINK?

YOU NAME DEBBIE FINK?

NYET!! I NOT DEBBIE FINK!! HOW YOU GAT THIS NUMBER?

MEANWHILE, IN DOGPATCH!!

IT'S AMAZIN'!!—WE TURNED 10 DIFF'ERENT PHOTOGRAPHS FACE DOWN—AN' EV'RY TIME TINY COMES TO DEBBIE FINK'S, HE TURNS GREEN!!

TO BE CONTINUED!

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

Our Story: TOO LONG HAS PRINCE VALIANT BEEN AWAY. HIS GREAT WAR HORSE, ARVAK, HAS AGAIN BECOME A MAN-KILLER. HE RULES THE PASTURE AS A MONARCH, AND EVEN THE BOLDEST KNIGHTS COMPLAIN THAT THEY CANNOT GET THEIR RIDING HORSES AWAY FROM HIM.

ARVAK'S LEGS ARE SCARRED FROM KICKING STALLS AND FENCES; HIS NECK AND SHOULDERS BEAR THE MARKS OF BATTLE WITH OTHER STALLIONS, BUT HE RAISES HIS HEAD AT VAL'S WHISTLE.

OF ALL ANIMALS THE HORSE AND THE DOG TAKE PRIDE IN SERVING MAN, BUT EACH HAS A MEMORY AND ARVAK REMEMBERS THE BRUTALITY OF HIS FIRST MAN.....

....AND HOW THAT MAN HAD TRIED TO MAKE HIS WILL SUPREME BY BREAKING THE SPIRIT OF HIS HORSE, AND ON THAT AWFUL DAY HE HAD BROKEN LOOSE AND BECOME A MAN-KILLER.

ARVAK ALSO REMEMBERS HAPPIER DAYS UNDER A NEW MASTER WHEN, IN THE CRASH OF BATTLE, HE HAD GLORIED IN HIS STRENGTH. THERE WAS TRUST AND COMPANIONSHIP TOO IN THE JOUST AS MASTER AND MOUNT BECAME AS ONE.

ARVAK APPROACHES AND LOOKS AT ALETA EXPECTANTLY. IN A FLASH VAL REMEMBERS THE DRUID PRIESTESS. IT WAS A WOMAN WHO HAD FIRST SHOWN THE PROUD HORSE ANY KINDNESS, AND SHE HAD FED HIM OATCAKES!

IF A DRUID PRIESTESS COULD WIN HIS TRUST, WHY NOT ALETA? MEMORIES OF A BITTER PAST MUST BE ERASED, AND TRUST IN HIS MASTER RESTORED.

VAL IS SO INTENT ON REGAINING HIS GREAT WAR HORSE THAT HE DOES NOT NOTICE THAT NOW THE RINGING VOICE OF WOJAN HAS EMPTIED THE KITCHENS, THE STABLES AND THE ARMORY. EVEN THE KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES THROUGH THE GALLERIES.

NEXT WEEK—Pride