

# LIL' ABNER Winter Wonderland - by AL CAPP



I'M FROM THE PEACE CORPS!! - WE SEND AMERICANS TO UNDER-DEVELOPED COUNTRIES TO TEACH THEM OUR ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY!!

RECKON IT'S MAH PATRIOTIC DUTY T' JOIN!!



AH HATES TO THINK THAR'S COUNTRIES MORE UNDERDEVELOPED THAN DOGPATCH!!



IT'D BE JEST PLAIN SELFISH O' YO! NOT TO TEACH OTHER FOLKS OUR ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY!!



WHAR'LL YO' SEND ME?

THAT'S DECIDED IN THE USUAL GOVERNMENT MANNER. SINCE YOU'RE ACCLUSTOMED TO WARM WEATHER, WE'LL SEND YOU TO LOWER SLOBBOVIA, COLDEST SPOT ON EARTH!!



LATER

WAIT!! THERE'S NOBODY HERE!!



LISTEN TO THE WICE GUY!! EVERYBODY'S HERE!!

THIS IS THE MIAMI OF SLOBBOVIA!! IT GOT THE WARMEST BLIZZARDS!!

IT'S A WACATION WONDERLAND!!

AH IS HERE TO SOLVE YORE PROBLEMS!!



SLOBBOVIA ONLY GOT ONE TEENSY-WEENSY LI'L PROBLEM - IT AIN'T FIT TO LIVE IN!!

WAL, TH' REASON IS YORE WEATHER IS SO ROTTEN!! - HMM!! - HOW KIN WE CHANGE THET?



UMPOSSIBLE!! SEE THAT CLOUD? (IT SHOULD ONLY DROP DAD!!) FROM IT COMES SNOW, SNOW, ALWAYS SNOW - YIRR IN, YIRR OUT!! AND DO YOU KNOW WHY IT DUNT GUNG AWAY?



BECAUSE IT'S SOB-HOOKED ON MOUNT HUNTLEY AND MOUNT BRINKLEY!!



## Prince Valiant IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER

Our Story: PRINCE VALIANT WATCHES HIS ADVERSARY CRASH TO THE COURTYARD BELOW WITHOUT ANY FEELING OF JOY AT HIS VICTORY. HE IS NUMB WITH FATIGUE.



CIDWIC IS WILDLY SURPRISED AS HE LIES THERE GAZING AT THE BRIGHT SKY. HE FEELS NO PAIN, ONLY A GREAT WEARINESS. THEN HE CLOSES HIS EYES AND PEACE COMES AT LAST TO THE TURBULENT SPIRIT OF CIDWIC, YOUNG KING OF NORTH WALES.



THE MOMENTARY STILLNESS IS SHATTERED BY A YOUNG VOICE SHOUTING THE BATTLE CRY, "ONWARD! VICTORY! ARTHUR! ARTHUR! ARTHUR!"



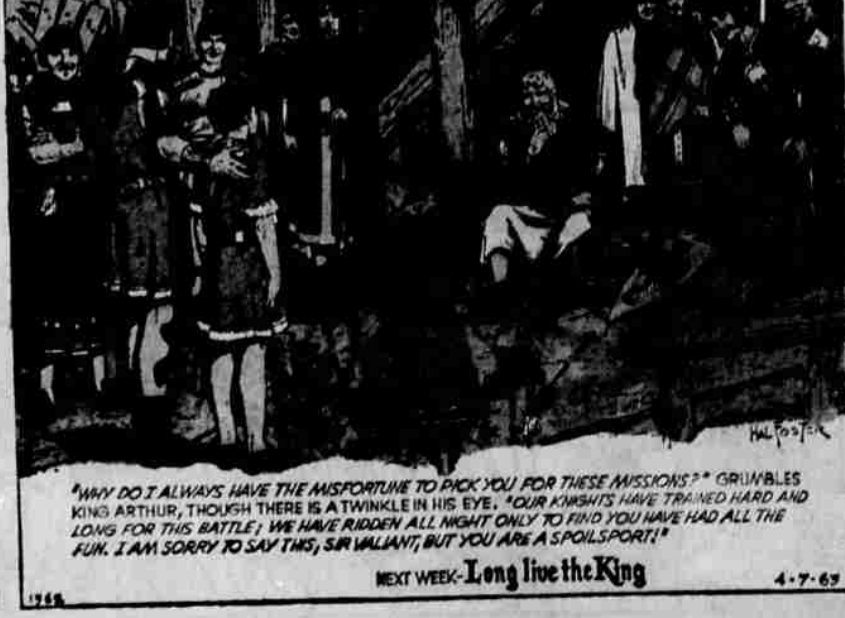
THE ENEMY HAD VICTORY WITHIN THEIR GRASP, BUT NOW, WITH THEIR LEADER GONE, THEY HAVE NOTHING TO FIGHT FOR AND ARE DRIVEN FROM THE OUTPOST.



A CLOUD OF DUST AND THE THUNDER OF HOOPS HERALDS THE ARRIVAL OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS. THEY HAVE RIDDEN ALL NIGHT TO SURPRISE CIDWIC'S ARMY, BUT THAT ARMY IS SCATTERING IN ALL DIRECTIONS, INTENT ONLY ON REACHING THEIR HOMES.



A VERY YOUNG ARCHER MAY BE FORGIVEN A MOMENT OF PRIDE! "THE GREATEST OF WARRIORS, NONE MAY EQUAL HIM IN SKILL OR HARDHOOD, AND HE IS MY SIRE! AND I, PRINCE ARN, HAVE FOUGHT BY HIS SIDE!"



"WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE THE MISFORTUNE TO PICK YOU FOR THESE MISSIONS?" GRUMBLES KING ARTHUR, THOUGH THERE IS A TWINKLE IN HIS EYE. "OUR KNIGHTS HAVE TRAINED HARD AND LONG FOR THIS BATTLE; WE HAVE RIDDEN ALL NIGHT ONLY TO FIND YOU HAVE HAD ALL THE FUN. I AM SORRY TO SAY THIS, SIR VALIANT, BUT YOU ARE A SPOILSPORT!"

NEXT WEEK - Long live the King