

LI'L ABNER

Of Ice and Men — by **AL CAPP**



AN AVERAGE FAMILY IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

FOR 2 CENTS, I'D MOVE MY BUSINESS TO FLORIDA!!

THE SNOW'S ALL COMING FROM THIS CLOUD, THAT SEEMS TO HAVE HOOKED ITSELF ONTO THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT!!



MEANWHILE — AT PEACE CORPS HEADQUARTERS —

HERE IT IS — OUR FIRST GOLD MEDAL! — TO BE AWARDED TO PEACE CORPSMAN YOKUM...



FOR SINGLE-HANDEDLY SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF AN ENTIRE COUNTRY, LOWER SLOBOVIA!! ITS ETERNAL SNOW IS NEARLY GONE!!

RIGHT!!



IT'S THE AMBASSADOR FROM LOWER SLOBOVIA!!

YOU FOOLS!! WHEN THE SNOW IS GONE FROM LOWER SLOBOVIA, LOWER SLOBOVIA WILL BE GONE, TOO!! — IT'S ALL SNOW!!



—AND SO WHERE ARE US SLOBOVIANS GUNG LIVE? HERE IS WHERE!! IS ONLY FAIR!!

THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN TO SOLVE THIS PROBLEM — THE STUPID GENIUS WHO CAUSED IT!!



LATER! IN LOWER SLOBOVIA —

IS YO' GONNA BE ALL RIGHT, FELLAS?

OH, WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT —



—UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT!! — THEN ALL THE — SOB! — SNOW WILL BE GONE —

AN' WE'LL — GROAN! — SINK IN THE OCEAN!!

WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU, WE DUN'T NEED ENEMIES!!



ONE WEEK LATER.

THIS LITTLE MEDAL IS FOR SAVING SLOBOVIA, FROM THE ICY CLOUD, BY SENDING IT HERE —

—AND THIS BIG MEDAL IS FOR SAVING WASHINGTON — BY SENDING IT BACK!!

BUT, WHAT'S THIS PINK SLIP FOR?

IT'S YOUR DISCHARGE FROM THE PEACE CORPS — YOU MENACE!!



King Arthur
IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER

Our Story: THE RABBIT WARREN IS JUST WHERE RUDDAH HAD TOLD THEM. CIRCLING DOWN WIND THEY APPROACH CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH DENSE BRUSH.



RUDDAH LEAVES HIS LOOKOUT AND STALKS HIS PREY. THAT HE IS ABOUT TO MURDER HIS NEPHEW, WHO IS ALSO HIS KING, DOES NOT BOTHER HIM IN THE LEAST, SO GREAT IS HIS DESIRE FOR POWER.



ARN NOCKS AN ARROW IN READINESS AND MOTIONS CUDDOCK TO SILENCE. A SILENCE BROKEN BY THE SNAPPING OF A TWIG BEHIND THEM.



ARN TURNS SLOWLY BUT STILL IN TIME TO SEE A HAND HOLDING A BOW AND AN ARROW BEING DRAWN TO THE FULL.



HE LEAPS BACK AND AT THE SAME TIME DELIVERS A SWIFT KICK TO THE YOUNG KING. AN ARROW THUDS INTO A TREE WHERE CUDDOCK WAS STANDING JUST A MOMENT BEFORE!



THERE COMES THE SOUND OF THEIR ASSAULT — ANT CRASHING AWAY THROUGH THE BRUSH, AND ARN SENDS AN ARROW WHISTLING TOWARD THE SOUND.



"LOOK, ARN, ISN'T THAT ONE OF YOUR ARROWS?" AND CUDDOCK POINTS TO THE SHAFT STILL QUVERING IN THE TREE TRUNK. ARN COUNTS HIS ARROWS.



"SOMEONE HAS STOLEN MY ARROWS. THREE ARE STILL MISSING. FIND WHO HAS THOSE ARROWS, AND WE WILL FIND THE ASSASSIN!"

NEXT WEEK — The Accusing Arrows