

LIL' ABNER

No Shmoos is Good Shmoos — by **AL CAPP**

THE PENTAGON. AN ENLARGED PHOTO OF CRUMBUMBO'S ULTIMATE WEAPON IS REVEALED.

GASP!!—IT'S WORSE THAN I THOUGHT!! IT'S SHMOOS!!

THEY LOOK CUTE AND CUDDLY!! WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT 'EM?

YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER THE SHUDDER!—SHMOO RIOTS!!

TWO OF THEM ONCE BROKE LOOSE FROM THE VALLEY OF THE SHMOON—

WITHIN 24 HOURS, THE COUNTRY WAS COVERED BY 'EM. THE WAY SHMOOS HAVE CHILDREN IS SIMPLY BEWILDENING!! AND THEY'RE SO ACCOMMODATING!! SHMOOS NOT ONLY LAY EGGS, NEATLY PACKAGED, BUT GIVE MILK, ALL BOTTLED AND LABELLED "GRADE A"!!

WHEN YOU LOOK AT A SHMOO HUNGRILY, HE DIES OF SHEER HAPPINESS, AND FLINGS HIMSELF INTO A SKILLET.

BOILED, THEY COME OUT CHICKEN. BROILED, THEY TASTE LIKE STEAK, AND THERE'S NO WASTE.

THEIR EYES MAKE THE FINEST SUSPENDER BUTTONS, AND THEIR WHISKERS MAKE FIRST-CLASS TOOTH PICKS.

SHMOOS ARE ALSO VERY ENTERTAINING!! SHMOOSICAL COMEDIES BEAT ANYTHING ON BROADWAY!!

AND THERE'S NO UPKEEP!! SHMOOS DON'T EAT!!

??—THEN, WHY ARE SHMOOS BAD? BECUZ THEY'S SO GOOD!! THEY GIVES HOUMANITY EVERYTHING IT WANTS!!

WITH SHMOOS, THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO WORK FOR—TO FIGHT, GOUGE, CHISEL, AND CHEAT FOR!!

—AND WITHOUT THOSE AMUSEMENTS, CIVILIZED SOCIETY WILL COLLAPSE!!

THOSE LOVABLE LITTLE SHMOOS MUST BE DESTROYED!!

To Be Continued!

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

Our Story: NIGHT HAS FALLEN AND THE TORCHES LIT, WHEN THE MISSING TWINS TURN UP. NOW ONLY ALETA IS UNACCOUNTED FOR. VAL IS ANXIOUS, FOR HE REMEMBERS SIR GAWAIN'S WARNING: "BE ALERT FOR TROUBLES OF YOUR OWN."

ARN TAKES HIS SISTERS HOME ON THE OFF CHANCE THAT THEIR MOTHER MIGHT HAVE RETURNED THERE. HE IS DISAPPOINTED AND RUNS BACK TO THE PALACE.....

.....IN TIME TO HEAR MODRED SAYING: "THIS KEY WILL REVEAL THAT THERE ARE MORE THAN STATUES IN THE QUEEN'S GARDEN. BE HERE AT DAWN AND BRING ALL WHO WILL COME TO WITNESS THE COMEDY."

MEANWHILE LAUNCELOT AND ALETA ARE HELPLESS PRISONERS IN THE GARDEN. FOR THE GARDEN WAS DESIGNED SO THE QUEEN WOULD HAVE PRIVACY. THE WALLS ARE HIGH, NO WINDOWS OVERLOOK IT, AND THE TALL TREES DROWN THEIR CALLS FOR HELP.

ARN REPORTS THE WORDS HE OVERHEARD MODRED SAY TO HIS HALF-BROTHERS: "I CANNOT SEE WHAT THAT HAS TO DO WITH YOUR MOTHER'S ABSENCE," SAYS VAL. "BUT IT IS WISE TO INVESTIGATE ANY OF MODRED'S SLY SCHEMES."

AT THE GATE TO THE QUEEN'S GARDEN STANDS A PUZZLED GUARD. "I CANNOT LET YOU INTO THE GARDEN, SIR VALIANT. THE DOOR IS LOCKED AND THE KEY REMOVED."

"COME, ARN, WE WILL GET A LADDER. EVEN IF WE DO NOT FIND YOUR MOTHER WE WILL DO A GOOD DEED IF WE DISCOVER WHAT MODRED IS UP TO."

NEXT WEEK—A Chilly Picnic