

# LI'L ABNER

Goof, Through the Roof - by AL CAPP

Some boys fall in love with girls' faces—But Tiny is a knee-man!! He fell in love with this—torn from a Pennsylvania newspaper. He is on his way there—to find and marry the kneecap he loves!!



HMM!!—MY MOTHER TOLD ME NEVER TO PICK UP STRANGERS—



-BUT, YOU LOOK LIKE A NICE BOY!!

NONE NICER, IN TH' 15 1/2-YEAR-OLD CLASS. MAH MAMMY TAUGHT ME TO RESPECT FOLKS O' TH' OPPOSITE SEX--



-SPESH'LY IF THEY IS GALS!!

SOME BOYS ARE APT TO GET FRESH, WHEN THEY'RE ALONE IN A CAR WITH A WEAK-WILLED GIRL---

LOVERS LANE



-ON A NIGHT DRIPPING WITH ROMANCE!!

NOT ME!!



ER—COULD AH SEE YORE KNEES?

WELL—L—YOU TALKED ME INTO IT!!



WOULD YO' KINELY GIT OUT O' TH' CAR, SO AH KIN GIT A GOOD VIEW?



WOW!




CRASH!



THANK YO—BUT YORE KNEES JEST HAIN'T TH' TYPE AH GOES OVERBOARD FO'!!



HATES TO DRAP IN ON FOLKS, UNEXPECTED-LIKE!!



??—IS YO' FOLKS FOLKS, OR HAS AH BUSTED IN ON A MESS O' APES?



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



Our Story: WINTER IS ON THE WANE, STEADY RAINS MAKE THE GROUND SOFT AND EACH BROOK A TORRENT. THE SCOUTING PARTY IS THOROUGHLY MISERABLE, ALL EXCEPT PRINCE ARN, WHO IS IMPATIENT FOR ADVENTURES TO BEGIN.



AT LAST THE LITTLE GROUP OF SCOUTS ARRIVES AT WHITE HORSE VALE, WHERE THE SAXON WAR BAND WAS LAST SEEN, BUT THE VALE IS EMPTY.



ARN VOLUNTEERS TO INVESTIGATE WHILE THE OTHERS KEEP WATCH. THE COOKING FIRES ARE COLD, THE SOFT GROUND SHOWS MANY FOOTPRINTS, BUT AT LAST HE FINDS WHERE ALL THE PRINTS POINT IN ONE DIRECTION.



BY FOLLOWING THE DIRECTION OF THE FOOTPRINTS THEY COME AT LAST UPON THE SAXON CAMP.



THE THREE YOUNG KNIGHTS RECORD THEIR NUMBER, EQUIPMENT AND APPARENT ERRAND, AND ONE OF THE MESSENGERS IS SENT BACK TO CAMELOT WITH THE INFORMATION.



"THEY CARRY NO BANNERS, SO THEY ARE SCOUTING, AND THEY HAVE FOUND THE EASY ROUTE INTO THE HEART OF BRITAIN. NOW WE MUST FIND OUT WHETHER THEY ARE HENGIST'S MEN FROM KENT OR BETHWALD'S MEN FROM ESSEX."



"SIRS, OWEN AND I ARE SMALL. WE CAN CREEP THROUGH THE HEATHER AND GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO MAKE OUT THE INSIGNIA OF THEIR CHIEF."



THE BOYS RIDE SWIFTLY AHEAD FOR WHAT THEY THINK WILL BE A DAY'S MARCH. THERE THEY TETHER THEIR HORSES AND AWAIT THE COMING OF THE SAXONS.

NEXT WEEK—Capture