

LI'L ABNER *The Baths of Glory* — by AL CAPP

Panel 1 (Top Left): WHUT'LL WE DO 'BOUT THIS STRANGER, PAPPY? YO' KNOWS MAH GOLDEN RULE 'BOUT STRANGERS, CHILLUN!! 'TH' ONLY GOOD STRANGER IS A DAID STRANGER!! KIN AH KILL HIM?—HAMFAT, HERE, KILT TH' LAST STRANGER!! THASS A LIE!! UNCLE SHADRACK WARN'T NO STRANGER!!

Panel 2 (Top Middle): WAIT!! BEFO' YO' KILLS ME—KIN AH MARRY THET BOOTIFUL GAL, THAR?

Panel 3 (Top Right): WHAR? HEY, SWINEY BELLE!!—YO' SEEN ANY BOOTIFUL GALS AROUND? NAW!!

Panel 4 (Middle Left): ??—WHUFFO' IS YO' LOOKIN' AT MAH KNEES? WAL-B'USH!—SOME BOYS FALLS IN LOVE WIF A GAL'S EYES. SOME, WIF THAR LIPS. AH IS A KNEE MAN !!

Panel 5 (Middle Middle): AH BIN LOOKIN FO' A GAL WHOSE KNEES GOT THIS EXPRESHUN !! ???—SWINEY-BELLE'S KNEES HAS GOT TH' SAME EXPRESHUN !!

Panel 6 (Middle Right): RIGHT!!—AN' SO, DISREGARDIN' TH'—UGH!—REST O' SWINEY-BELLE, AH IS AXIN' FO' YORE DOTTER'S KNEE, IN MARRIAGE!!

Panel 7 (Bottom Left): WOULDN'T YO' DRUTHER AH BLAST YORE HAID OFF, STRANGER? EF AH HAS MAH DRUTHERS, AH DRUTHER MARRY SWINEY-BELLE!! SWINEY-BELLE!! TAKE A BATH!! WHUT'S A BATH, PAPPY, DEAR?

Panel 8 (Bottom Middle): YO' DUNKS YORESELF, IN W-WATER!!

Panel 9 (Bottom Right): BATHS IS A TRADISHUN IN OUR FAMBLY!! ALL OUR GALS FINALLY TAKES ONE, ON THAR WEDDIN' DAY!! YORE MAMMY TOOK A BATH, ON HER WEDDIN' DAY—AN' HER MAMMY, BEFO' HER!!

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

Our Story: PRINCE ARN AND OWEN CONCEAL THEMSELVES AMID THE HEATHER ON THE HILLSIDE ABOVE THE PLACE WHERE THE SAXON WAR BAND IS EXPECTED TO CAMP. THEIR MISSION: TO FIND OUT WHETHER THEY ARE OF THE WEST SAXONS OR THE EAST SAXONS.

"LOOK, SEVERAL OF THEM ARE COMING OUR WAY," EXCLAIMS OWEN, "TO GATHER FIREWOOD, I GUESS."
"NO, THEY ARE FULLY ARMED," WHISPERS ARN. "THEY MUST BE SENTRIES. IF THEY TAKE THEIR PLACES ABOVE US, WE WILL BE SURROUNDED."

"WE CAN CREEP UP THROUGH THE HEATHER AND GET BEHIND THAT SENTRY, THEN MY VIRGIN SWORD CAN BE BLOODED AND I BECOME A MAN!" BUT ARN REFUSES, "WE HAVE A MISSION TO COMPLETE FIRST."

ARN IS LEADING THE WAY TOWARD THE CAMP WHEN A SHOUT OF WARNING, FOLLOWED BY A SCREAM OF PAIN, MAKES HIM TURN. OWEN HAS TURNED BACK TO WIN PERSONAL GLORY. "THE HOT-HEADED FOOL!" EXCLAIMS ARN, "HE HAS BETRAYED US!"

OWEN REALIZES TOO LATE THAT HIS ONLY AVENUE OF ESCAPE IS THE HORSES, AND HE MUST TAKE BOTH TO AVOID PURSUIT. SEEING TWO HORSES, THE SAXONS WILL KNOW THAT THERE IS ONE MORE SPY NEAR BY.

ARN HAS A FEW MINUTES TO MAKE PLANS BEFORE THE SEARCH STARTS. HE MUST SURELY BE DISCOVERED, AND THE SAXONS DO NOT TAKE PRISONERS.

SPEAR POINTS ARE PRODDING THE HEATHER, NEARER AND NEARER THEY COME.

PRINCE ARN STANDS ERECT AND WALKS BOLDLY TOWARD THE ENEMY CAMP.

NEXT WEEK—Boltarson