

# LIL' ABNER

We Who Are About to Dial—

by **AL CAPP**



HEY, HAMFAT!!—WANNA GO FISHIN', SATIDY?

STOP YELLIN' LIKE A WILE ANIMAL!!

THIS IS TH' TWENTIETH CENTURY!!—CIVILIZED FOLKS COMMUNICATES BY TELLYPHONE!!—NOT YELLIN'!!



GIT ONE PUT IN—AN THEN AH'LL TALK TO YO'!!

RECKON AH'LL—GULF!!—HAFTA!!—TO KEEP IN TOUCH WIF MAH OLE BUDDY!!



HEY, HAMFAT!!—AH GOT ONE!! NOW, AH KIN CALL YO' UP!!—WHUT'S YO'RE NUMBER?

AX 'INFORMATION' FO' IT!!—YO' IS PAYIN' FO' INFORMATION—SO GIT SOME!!



IT SAYS T' DIAL '41' FO' INFO'MAYSHUN!!

THIS IS YOUR INFORMATION OPERATOR—

GIMME TH' NUMBER O' MAH NEX-DOOR NAY-BOR, HAMFAT GOOCH, O' WEST MISERY...

WEST MISERY IS IN A DIFFERENT ZONE!!—TO OBTAIN THAT INFORMATION—



DIAL 1-301-555-1212!!

CAIN'T KEEP ALL THET IN MAH HAID!!—WAIT'LL AH GIT A PENCIL!!



HEY, HAMFAT!!—LEND ME A PENCIL, TO WRITE DOWN TH' NUMBER O' TH' INFO'MAYSHUN OPPY-RATOR, WHO'LL GIVE ME YO'RE NUMBER, SO AH KIN TALK TO YO'!!

NOW, WHUT WERE THET AGIN? 301-551-2121?

NO!! IT'S 1-301-555-1212!!

103-155-1212?

NO!!—IT'S—



AH THINK AH GOT YO'RE INFO'MAYSHUN OPERATOR, NOW, HAMFAT!!—AH'LL BE TALKIN' TO YO' IN A MINUTE!!

THIS IS LOS ANGELES INFORMATION!! WHAT NUMBER DO YOU WISH?

THIS TRUE-LIFE HORROR STORY TO BE CONTINUED: **Al Capp**



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

One Story: THE SAXON CHIEFTAIN INTENDS TO KILL HIS PRISONER WHEN HE HAS GOTTEN ALL THE INFORMATION ARN POSSESSES. HOW BEST CAN WE PASS THE WANDSDIKE? HE ASKS.



"YOU NEED NOT PASS IT," ANSWERS ARN. "THE BEST WAY INTO THE HEARTLAND OF BRITAIN IS UP THE THAMES VALLEY, THEN TURN SOUTHWARD BEFORE ENCOUNTERING THE DYKE. ONLY ONE STRONG POINT WILL YOU PASS, A FORT ON BADON HILL, BUT IT HAS LONG SINCE FALLEN INTO RUIN."



"WHY DOES THE SON OF BOLTAR, A VIKING, GIVE ALL THIS INFORMATION TO A SAXON?" THE CHIEFTAIN DEMANDS. BEFORE ANSWERING, ARN MAKES A SILENT PRAYER (MAY THE SHADE OF ANANIAS GUIDE MY TONGUE THAT I MAY LIE CONVINCINGLY!)



"AS A HOSTAGE IN CAMELOT I STUDIED ITS WEAK POINTS, FOR MY FATHER BOLTAR LONGS FOR ITS RICHES. BUT BOLTAR, INVINCIBLE AT SEA, HAS NOT THE SKILL FOR A LAND SIEGE. I GIVE YOU THIS INFORMATION FOR A SHARE IN THE PLUNDER AND SAFE RETURN TO MY FATHER'S SHIP."



PRINCE VALIANT WATCHES AS THE SAXONS' SCOUTING PARTY TURNS BACK, UNAWARE THAT HIS COMPANIONS LOOK AT HIM WITH PITY, FOR IT SEEMS CLEAR TO THEM THAT HIS SON HAS TURNED TRAITOR TO SAVE HIS OWN SKIN. WHAT A DISGRACE!



THEY ARE RIGHT IN A WAY, ARN IS PLANNING TO SAVE HIS SKIN.  
NEXT WEEK—The Hunt