

# LIL' ABNER *Never the Twain Shall Speak* — by **AL CAPP**



ALL AH WANTS IS HAMFAT'S NUMBER, OPPY-RATER!! HE LIVES RIGHT THAR, IN WEST MISERY — SEE?

YOU DIALED ONE OF THE 11 NUMBERS WRONG, SIR!! YOU REACHED LOS ANGELES INFORMATION!!



TO GET WEST MISERY INFORMATION, SIMPLY DIAL 1-390-555-1212!!

CAIN'T KEEP ALL THET IN MAH HAID!! AN'-GULP, AH HAIN'T GOT A SHEET O' PAPER, BIG 'NUFF T' WRITE IT ALL DOWN!! P-PLEASE WAIT, MA'M!!



HEY, HAMFAT!! — GIMME A SHEET O' PAPER, BIG 'NUFF TO WRITE DOWN TH' NUMBER O' YORE INFO' MAY-SHUN OPPY-RATER!!



EF AH IS MATHY-MATICAL GEE-NEE-YUSS 'NUFF TO GIT HER, SHE'LL GIMME YORE NUMBER....

BUT, THEN, YO'LL NEED A EVEN BIGGER PIECE O' PAPER, TO WRITE THET MESS DOWN!! — HERE!! — AN' GOOD LUCK!! AH SHORE IS PININ' TO TALK TO YO'!!



AS DAY TURNS TO NIGHT, AND NIGHT INTO DAWN, THIS NORMAL AMERICAN PHONE SUBSCRIBER STRUGGLES WITH THE DIRECT DIALING SYSTEM. HE REACHES -----

-A TALKATIVE KID, IN NOME, ALASKA —

-A DEAF PEASANT, IN POLAND —

-A GIRLS' DORMITORY, AT SMITH —

-AND A BOOKIE JOINT, IN BOSTON!!



ANSWER TH' PHONE!! IT'S ME, CALLIN'!!

HELLO? HELLO?



HELLO? HELLO!! ?? — SHECKS!! — THAR'S NO ONE THAR!!



HELLO? HELLO? HELLO!! OH — SOB, — AH LOST TH' CONNECK-SHUN!!



AH CAIN'T GO THROUGH IT ALL, AGIN!! RECKON AH'LL NEVER SPEAK TO MAH OLE BUDDY, AGIN!!

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

Our Story: THE LEADER OF THE SAXON SCOUTING PARTY FINDS ARN'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE COUNTRY USEFUL. "OUR FOOD SUPPLY IS RUNNING LOW. IS THERE ANY VILLAGE NEARBY WE CAN RAID?" ASKS THE CHIEFTAIN.



"RUMORS OF A SAXON RAID WOULD SURELY REACH KING ARTHUR, AND HE WOULD BE ALERT TO GUARD AGAINST A SURPRISE ATTACK FROM THIS DIRECTION," ANSWERS ARN. "BUT CALL UP YOUR BEST HUNTERS, AND I WILL LEAD THEM TO A HERD OF DEER."



ARN LEADS THE WAY TO THE TOP OF THE DOWNS, KNOWING THAT EVERY MOVE IS BEING WATCHED BY THE THREE KNIGHTS SENT TO SPY ON THE SAXONS.



"IF THE HUNTERS WILL TAKE THEIR STAND ON EITHER SIDE OF THAT DRAW, WE THREE WILL CIRCLE THE COPSE AND DRIVE THE DEER THIS WAY."



ARN AND HIS EVER-PRESENT GUARDS ARE JUST READY TO BEGIN THEIR DRIVE WHEN A MOUNTED KNIGHT IS SEEN AGAINST THE SKYLINE. THERE IS NO MISTAKING THAT RED STALLION; PRINCE VALIANT HAS COME TO RESCUE HIS SON. "RUN! RUN FOR THE WOODS!" SCREAMS ARN.



URGED ON BY THE THUNDERING HOOFEATS THEY SPEED FOR THE SAFETY OF THE TANGLED WOOD. THEN ARN TRIPS IN THE HEATHER AND GOES DOWN.



THE GUARDS WILL PAY WITH THEIR LIVES IF BOLTARSON ESCAPES. IT WOULD BE DEATH ALSO TO FACE AN ARMED AND MOUNTED KNIGHT. THEY WATCH THE KNIGHT SEARCH THE HEATHER.



THEY ARE TOO FAR AWAY TO HEAR ARN WHISPER: "DO NOT NOTICE ME, FATHER, FOR I MUST RETURN TO THE SAXONS. SOON I WILL KNOW THEIR BATTLE PLANS..." THEN HE EXPLAINS HIS FUTURE SCHEME.  
NEXT WEEK — The Digging of Arn's Grave