

ALLEY OOP
BY V.T. HAMEN

HOW'S HIS HIGHNESS GETTING ALONG WITH HIS FOOT?

I DUNNO ABOUT HIS FOOT, BUT HE'S SURE NOT GETTING ALONG WITH HIS WIFE TOO WELL!

THE OLD BOY'S REALLY OUT OF SORTS, EH?

RIGHT! NUTHIN SATISFIES THE OL' GROUCH!

...BUT HERE'S SLIMPIN THAT'LL BE GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU

I'M SICK OF DINOSAUR! WHY CAN'T I HAVE BEAR MEAT FOR A CHANGE?

'CAUSE WE HAVEN'T ANY BEAR MEAT, THAT'S WHY!

WELL, DANG IT ALL, GET SOME!

GET SOME? HOW, FOR PITY SAKES? D'YA EXPECT ME T'GO OUT AN' GET IT MYSELF?

HAW! I GOT A LIFE SIZE PITCHER OF YOU BRINGIN' IN A BEAR!

YEH? WELL, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, YOU ORNERY OL' COYOTE...

...IF I WENT AFTER A BEAR, YOU CAN JUST BET YOUR UNCLE'S TOENAILS A BEAR'S WHAT I'D COME BACK WITH!

HMPH

WHERE'N HECK IS EVERYBODY? I AIN'T LAID EYES ON A SOUL FOR HOURS! WHERE'S LUMPA!

I DUNNO, SIR... SHE LEFT TH' PALACE SOME TIME AGO

* LIBERAL TRANSLATION

...I THINK SHE SAID SHE WAS GOIN' HUNTIN'

YEH?

YEZZIR, THA'S RIGHT, SIR... HERE SHE COMES NOW!

HOLYCOW, LUMPA! WHAT'S THIS, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD?

'SA BEAR, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! THAT'S WHATCHA SAID Y'WANTED, WASN'T IT, BEAR MEAT?

WHY, YES, MY LOVE, BUT FOR CATSAKE, WHATCHA 'SPECT ME T'DO, EAT IT ALIVE?

I'M SURE I COULDN'T SAY! AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THAT'S ENTIRELY UP TO TH' BEAR!

LI'L ABNER

Space Cadet
—
 by

AL CAPP

CHUCKLE!!—LOOKIT THEM CITY FOLKS HANGIN' ROUN' HONEST ABE—AN' ADMIRIN' HIM!!

NATCHERLY!!

TH' LUCKY LI'L NIPPER DONE INHERITED MAH STRENGTH, BRAINS, AN' GOOD LOOKS!! HE'S TH' FINEST TYPE O' YOUNG AMERICAN—

—AN' YO' IS TH' FINEST TYPE O' MIDDLE-AGED AMERICAN—

S'GH!!—YES—IT'S TRUE!!—THIS POOR UNFORTUNATE CHILD IS THE FINEST TYPE OF YOUNG AMERICAN!!

WE MUSTN'T LET PITY FOR THE CHILD INTERFERE WITH PROGRESS!!

MR. YOKUM, I WANT TO COMPLIMENT YOU ON YOUR SON!! MARK MY WORDS—HE'LL GO FAR!!

YO' THINK SO?

I'M POSITIVE!!—I PREDICT THAT BOY WILL RISE TO GREATER HEIGHTS THAN ANY MAN HAS EVER RISEN BEFORE!!

THASS MIGHTY NICE TO HEAR!!—AH'M GOIN' HOME AN' TELL DAISY MAE!!

GUESS WHUT A LADY SAID 'BOUT OUR LI'L SON, HERE—

OUR LI'L SON, WHERE?

YO' WAS 'SPOSED T' LOOK AFTER HIM, AN' BRING HIM HOME!!

GULP!!—AH WAS SO EXCITED 'BOUT HIS FUTURE, AH FOGOT HE WAS PRESENT!!

MEANWHILE—THE CAR WITH HONEST ABE ENTERS A HEAVILY GUARDED ENCLOSURE WHICH HAS BEEN A MYSTERY IN THE HILLS FOR MANY YEARS—

THE J. BLUDDEN GUTZ FOUNDATION FOR INTER-STARRELLAR RESEARCH

MR. BLUDDEN GUTZ, SIR—HERE HE IS—THE PERFECT CHILD!!—AND AT THE PERFECT AGE—FOUR!!

HMP!!—IT'LL TAKE THE ROCKET 36 YEARS, TRAVELLING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, TO REACH ITS DESTINATION AND RETURN—

HE'LL BE FORTY, WHEN WE SEE HIM AGIN'!!

OH, I ENVY YOU, YOU LITTLE RASCAL—GOING OFF ON MAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE!!

(—SOMETIMES, I WONDER IF THE CHIEF ISN'T A NUT!!—)

TO BE CONTINUED