

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1954

LIL ABNER

BY AL CAPP

ERNEST HUMMINGBIRD HAS BEEN KICKED OUT OF THE HARVARD FINANCE SCHOOL BECAUSE HIS SCHEMES FOR MAKING MONEY WERE TOO BRILLIANT AND TOO INHUMAN!

EVERY BUSINESSMAN KNOWS THE ~~TRUTH~~ TRUTH ABOUT ME!

BUT, MAYBE, HERE, IN THE INNOCENT HILLS, WHERE THEY MAY NOT KNOW ABOUT ME, I CAN FIND A BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY THAT WILL GIVE ME FINANCIAL CONTROL OF THE WORLD.!!

WE GOT POK CHOPS TONIGHT, DEAR.!!

NO, THANK YOU, DEAR—AH DRUTHER, EAT DRUTHERS.

COME TO THINK OF IT, SO WOULD ANY—AH!! GIVE THESE TO TH' CAT—

WHY, BLESS ITS 9 LIL LIVES—IT'S COMIN' WIF US!! IT DRUTHER EAT DRUTHERS, TOO!!

NATCHERLY!!

?? (—MAN, WOMAN, AND BEAST—THEY'D ALL DRUTHER EAT DRUTHERS THAN ANYTHING!!—??—WHAT ARE DRUTHERS??)

DRUTHERING HEIGHTS

HOWDY, MCGOONS!!— PICK YORESELF A COMFY SPOT—LIGHT UP A DRUTHERS BUSH—FLOP DOWN—AN' EAT LIKE HAWGS!!

WHY, THANK YOU, PANSY, RECKON WE WILL!!

HOWDY, HAMFAT!! HOWDY, CORNPONE!! WHY, EV'RY BODY IN DOGPATCH IS HERE!!

NATCHERLY!! WE DRUTHER BE HERE THAN ANY PLACE!!

SWAD! SWACKLE!!

CHOMP!!—CHOMP!!—?? YUM!!—DELICIOUS!! TANTALIZING!!

WHY, I'D DRUTHER EAT THESE THAN DO ANYTHING!!

EXCEPT—MAKE MONEY!!— NO!!—I WON'T EAT ANOTHER!! I WON'T BECOME A SLAVE TO THEM!!—BUT—~~CHUCKLE~~—IF EVERYBODY ELSE, IN THE WORLD GOES DRUTHERS—CRAZY—AND I CONTROL DRUTHERS—THE WORLD IS MINE.!!

WHO OWNS THIS HILL?

AH DO, FAT BOY—BUT, DON'T LET THAT BOTHER YOU!! JEST FLOP DOWN, AN' EAT TILL YOU BUSTS!!—NO CHARGE!!—

TO BE CONTINUED

**Prince Valiant**  
WITH THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR  
by Harold R. Foster

Our Story: NEVER WAS ALETA MORE QUEENLY AS SHE SETS ABOUT MAKING THE SPRING FESTIVAL THE GREATEST THE MISTY ISLES HAVE EVER SEEN.

THEN ALETA PUTS AWAY HER CROWN AND HER AUTHORITY AND, PLACING HER HAND IN VAL'S, SAYS MEEKLY, "TAKE ME BACK SAFELY ONCE MORE TO YOUR HOME."

NEXT WEEK: The Strange Route.

AT DAWN ALL THE BELLS RING OUT, THERE IS MUSIC AND DANCING IN THE STREETS. THEN GAILY DECORATED SHIPS SAIL OUT UPON THE SEA AND OFFERINGS ARE MADE TO ALL THE GODS WHO CONTROL THE WIND AND WAVES AND THE COOL GREEN DEPTHS. FOR THE MISTY ISLES LIE LOW IN THE SEA AND THE SEA IS MOTHER TO THEM ALL.

# RUSTY RILEY

I HAVEN'T EATEN IN TWO DAYS, SO IF I COULD JUST HAVE A COUPLE OF CRACKERS, I'D...

SAY... AREN'T YOU OLD NICK, WHO USED TO WORK IN THE STABLES AT THE BIG TRACK?

I'M OLD NICK, MUM... BUT I HAD A BIT OF HARD LUCK... THEY RULED ME OFF THE TRACK.

I REMEMBER NOW... YOU WERE THROWN OUT FOR FIXING A RACE... COME IN - COME IN! THIS IS COOK'S DAY OFF BUT I'LL RUSTLE UP A MEAL FOR YOU.

THANK YOU KINDLY, MUM.

SO YOU KNOW HOW TO FIX A RACE DO YOU, NICK F?

WELL, I KNOW SOME WAYS IT'S BEEN DON', MUM... COURSE I WOULDN'T DO IT AGAIN, MYSELF... 'TAINT HONEST... AN' BEGIDES, YOU CAN GET CAUGHT!

YOU COULD USE SOME MONEY, COULDN'T YOU, NICK F?

I SURE COULD, MUM, I'M STONY.

THIS CAN BE YOURS, NICK, IF YOU WANT TO EARN IT.

WELL, MUM, I CAN'T DO ANY HARD LABOR... I GOT A TERRIBLE LAME BACK.

THIS WON'T BE HARD LABOR... I WANT YOU TO FIX A RACE... SLOW DOWN A CERTAIN HORSE... AND, MIND YOU, I DON'T WANT ANYBODY... HORSE OR RIDER... TO GET HURT!

THE DAY OF THE BIG GOLD CUP STAKE RACE ARRIVES--

RUSTY, YOU'RE LUCKY, DRAWING NUMBER 7

TEX, WITH SABRE J. UNDER ME, I'D BE LUCKY NO MATTER WHAT NUMBER.

AND... LURKING BEHIND A SHED, I'M SPOSED TO SLOW UP THE NUMBER 7 HORSE... THAT'LL BE EASY... I'LL JUST WAIT FOR MY CHANCE.

12-26 TO BE CONTINUED

# DONALD DUCK

R-R-RING... R-R-RING!

SO, I AIN'T ET IN TWO DAYS... Y' GOT SOMETHING I COULD EAT?

SURE, PAL... JUST A MINUTE!

TANKS, SO

THAT'LL HOLD Y'UH, PAL!

R-R-RING!

GOOD DAY, SIR! A SPECIAL OFFER OF THIS FINE VOLUME OF BOOKS... BLAH-BLAH...

R-R-RING... R-R-RING!

HEAR THAT TONE, SIR? AND WITH IT TEN EASY LESSONS... BE A MUSICIAN...

YOU NO-COUNT WATCHDOG!

GRRR... ARF... ARF...

12-26

# Joe PALOOKA

Milkyway Studios, Inc. by HAM FISHER. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RUSBY HE WANTS T' SLEEP IN TH' COLLAR. MESSIE HE'S GOT HIGH BLOOD PRESHOOR AN' NEEDS A LOW PLACE.

HE DID SEEM T'BE VERY EXCITED... GUESS THAT'S IT.

WHEW! IT'S FABULOUS... THERE'S BILLIONS IN URANIUM UNDER HERE... THEY OUGHTA BE ASLEEP NOW.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

CLANK! CLANK! CLOPP!

PORE FELLER... SHORE A RESTLESS SLEEPER.

WOW... THIS IS PURE PITCHBLLENDE. SURE SIGN OF URANIUM? BILLIONS!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

GOOD MORNIN', MR. MORSE... YA SHORE WAS RESTLESS HOPE YA...

LOOK... I... AHEN... I'D LIKE TO BUY THIS PROPERTY. I'LL GIVE YOU A HANDSOME PRICE

OH, NO, THAN' NYA. THIS HERE OLE PLACE BEN IN OUR FAMILY SIN' EVER. I WOULDN'T SELL 'ER FOR NO PRICE.

BILLY LIO

I MUST GET IT?

WHEN PRUNEY GITS MARRID... SHE GITS TH' OLE PLACE... I'LL GO FIX YORE CAR. ONLY TAKE A HOUR.

PPONG! THAT'S IT!

MORNIN', MR. MORSE... COME IN FER BREAKFAST... HOPE YA SLEPT WELL...

PRUNEY... DEAR MISS PENNYNORTH... I... (GEM... WHAT A RACE!) YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL... LIKE A FRESH SPRING FLOWER.

YOO-HOO!! HEY, MR. MORSE... GOT YORE CAR ALL FIXED UP?

BUT... I KNEW IT WAS LOVE... IT HIT ME SUDDENLY LIKE A TON OF... OF URANIUM... KOFF!! BRICKS.

WHY, MR. MORSE... WHY, MR. MORSE?

12-26

# GRIN And BEAR IT

Mo Cuten



"Like I said, that Mrs. Figby is nothing but a show-off... making a show window out of their picture window..."



"... And don't forget, dear! ... A girl's best friend is her mother ... Threaten him with THAT!!!"

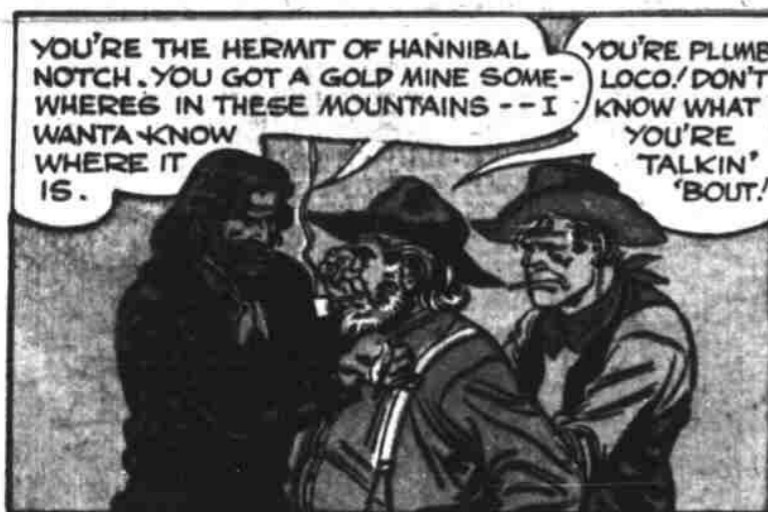


"Comrade lost kiddie is refusing to tell us his name or where he lives... Is saying that's OUR business!..."



"What's the difference, Boss... as long as we get results?..."

## CASEY RUGGLES



YOU'RE THE HERMIT OF HANNIBAL NOTCH. YOU GOT A GOLD MINE SOMEWHERE IN THESE MOUNTAINS -- I WANTA KNOW WHERE IT IS.

YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO! DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' 'BOUT!



DON'T LIE! WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR MINE.

YEAH? IF YOU KNOW SO DURNED MUCH THEN YOU GO FIND IT!



THAT'S JUST A TASTE, O'WHAT WE CAN HAND OUT. YOU READY TO TALK NOW?

I'LL NEVER TELL! THAT GOLD'S FOR MY DAUGHTER!



MEBBE HE THINKS WE AIN'T SERIOUS, IRA. HOLD HIS ARMS STILL. WE'LL SHOW HIM WE'RE DEAD SERIOUS.



I SMELL SMOKE FROM A CAMP-FIRE. MIGHT JOIN UP FOR A MEAL.

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR DISTANT -----

## TARZAN

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



QUICKLY NOW, TARZAN RACED TOWARD THE CAVERNOUS OPENING OF THE MINE WHERE LEON HAD ALREADY DISAPPEARED



INSIDE, HE FOUND PAT OGDEN IN A SWOON, APPARENTLY ABANDONED BY HER CAPTOR--



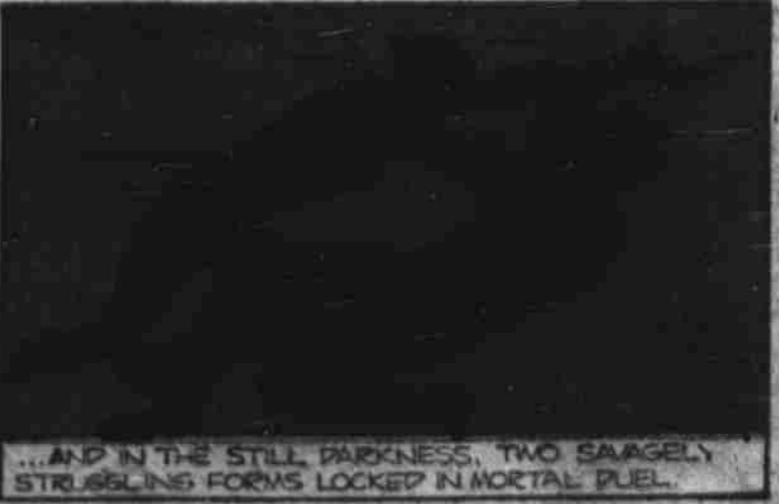
WHEN SUDDENLY THERE WAS A BLINDING SPOTLIGHT AND EXPLOSIVE GUNFIRE!



LAUGHTER ECHOED THROUGH THE MINE NOW, AS LEON STOOD BEFORE THE LIMP FORM OF THE APE-MAN--



BUT HIS LAUGHTER CHANGED TO PANIC WHEN THE 'VICTIM' SPRANG BACK TO LIFE!



... AND IN THE STILL DARKNESS, TWO SAVAGELY STRUGGLING FORMS LOCKED IN MORTAL PUEL.

# Captain EASY

by *Leslie Klinger*



## ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Hamlin



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople





THE NEAREST WE COME TO ANYTHING AT ALL THAT EVEN RESEMBLES CHRISTMAS, AS WE KNOW IT, IS THIS REINDEER MEAT!

NO TIME TO JOKE—BAD STORM—LAST LONG TIME SNOW GET PLENTY DEEP—

SO WHAT? LOOK—PLENTY SHOVELS!

WHAT GOOD WILL THEY DO US IF WE CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS PLANE?

YOU MEAN WE MIGHT BE BURIED?

HA! THEN LOTS OF SWEET DOE MEAT WELL FROZEN!

NOW LOOK WHO'S JOKING!

OH, BURT, I'M SCARED!

SUDDENLY, BEFORE BRENDA AND CERELUS CAN DECIDE ON GOING BY DOG SLEDGE, THE PREDICTED BLIZZARD STRIKES



BACK IN THE PLANE, BRENDA PULLS OFF HER WIG AND OPENS THE BLACK CASE THAT WAS NOT LEFT HER SIDE.

IT'S A GOOD THING I BROUGHT ALONG THESE BATTERIES.



IF I'M GOING TO GET A STORY TO TAKE BACK TO THE FLASH—IT'LL HAVE TO BE NOW OR NEVER!



PUSHING UP HER FLATTENED CURLS, BRENDA CONFRONTS CERELUS.

BRENDA STARR! NO WONDER I KEPT THINKING I KNEW YOU! WHY DID YOU FOLLOW BURT AND ME?

FIRST TIME I LAID EYES ON BURT— I—WANTED HIM—



AND IT'S NOT GOING TO BE AS SIMPLE TO ELIMINATE ME AS IT WAS YOUR GENTLE SWEET SISTER!

YOU CALL WHAT I DID TO HER SIMPLE?—OH, WHAT HAVE I SAID?

THEN YOU ADMIT YOU POISONED LIL?



BUT A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE TRIED TO BUILD MACHINES TO CONTROL THE WEATHER BEFORE, GOOPY!

NONE OF THEM WUZ ME, Y'JA NOTICE!



THUH IDEAR FER THIS COME TO ME IN A DREAM!

I CAN BELIEVE THAT!



DROP OVER TOMORROW! I'M GONNA PREMIER IT!

I'LL BE HERE!



I'LL EXPERIMENT A LITTLE BEFORE MICKEY GITS HERE.



SO FAR... SO GOOD?

SPUTTER



BAM



WELL... IF THET OLD SAYIN' ABOUT RAINBOWS IS TRUE...



NOT EXACTLY! BUT I MADE EXPENSES! FOURTEEN DOLLARS AND EIGHTY-TWO CENTS!

POT OF GOLD?

PENNY

By Harry Hoenigsen



ETIQUETTE IS NOT A PART TIME THING, WE MUST OBSERVE THE LAWS OF ETIQUETTE ALL THE TIME, EVERYWHERE.



ETIQUETTE IS SIMPLY A CODE OF CONDUCT BASED UPON CONSIDERATION FOR OUR FELLOW MAN.



IT DISTINGUISHES THE CIVILIZED, POISED, INTELLIGENT HUMAN BEING FROM THE SAVAGE.



THE PROPER CLOTHES FOR THE OCCASION ARE A DUTY, ALWAYS, AT HOME OR AWAY, EVENING CLOTHES FOR EVENING, SPORT CLOTHES FOR SPORT--



ASSUME YOUR PLACE ON A HIGH INTELLECTUAL AND CULTURAL PLANE THROUGH CORRECT CONDUCT.



WHEN IS THIS FAMILY GOING TO STOP BEING SAVAGES?



WHEN WILL WE ASSUME OUR PLACES ON A HIGH INTELLECTUAL AND CULTURAL PLANE?



IT'S PROBABLY ONLY A PASSING PHASE!

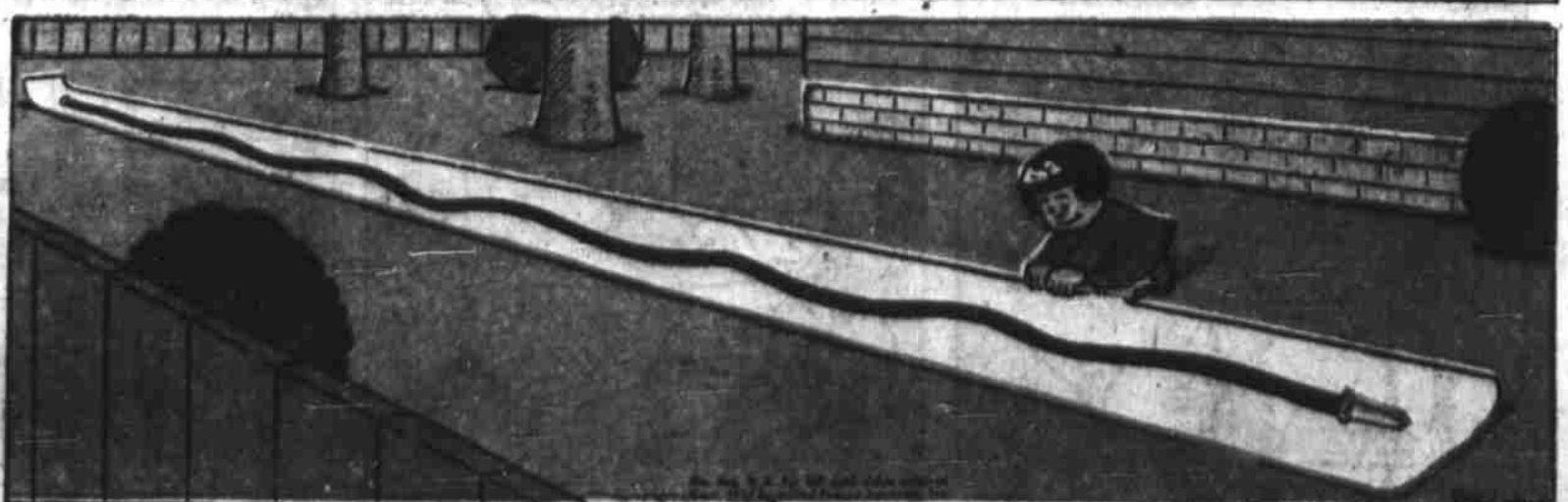
ONE OF THE OLD FAMILIAR PHASES!

# TOOTS CASPER

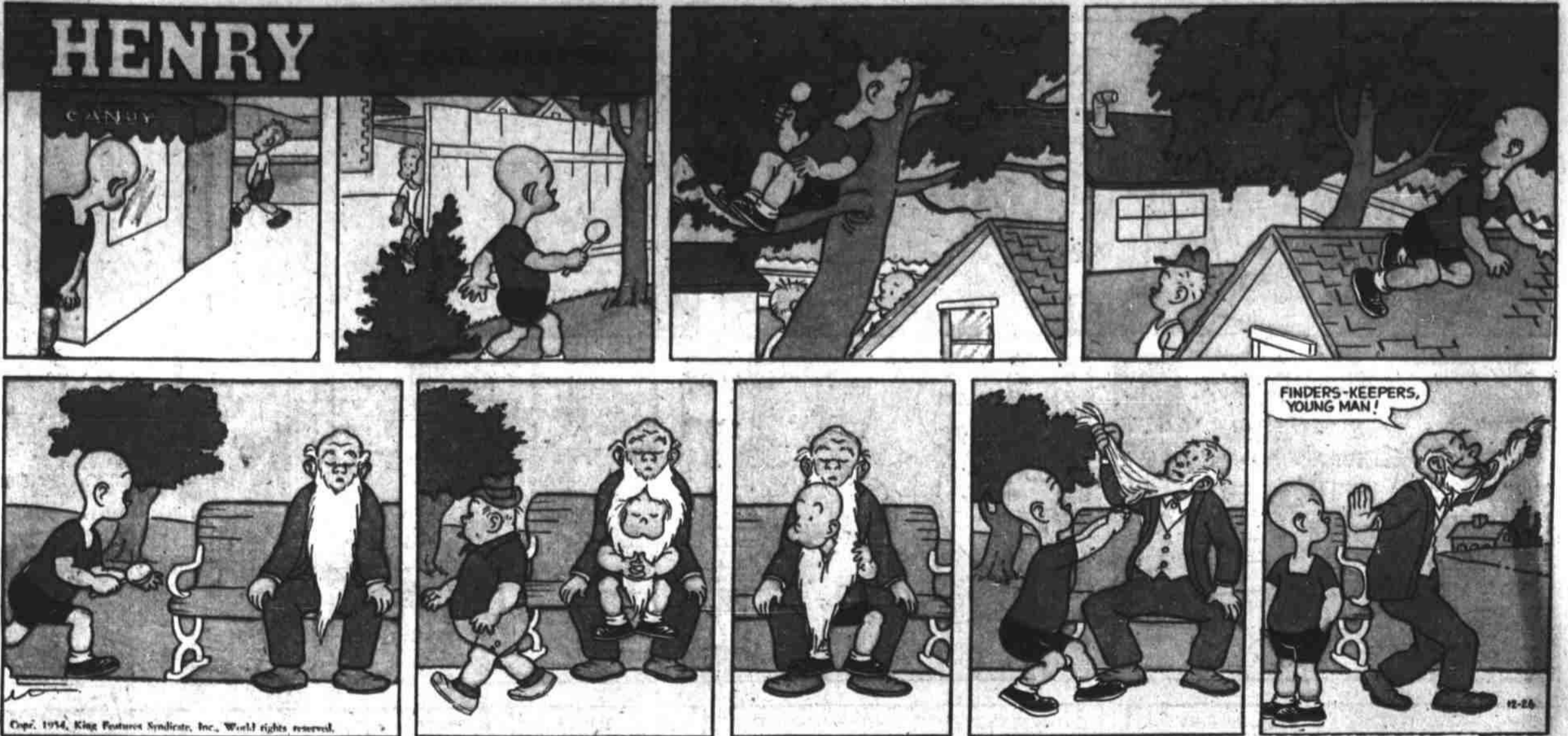


# NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller

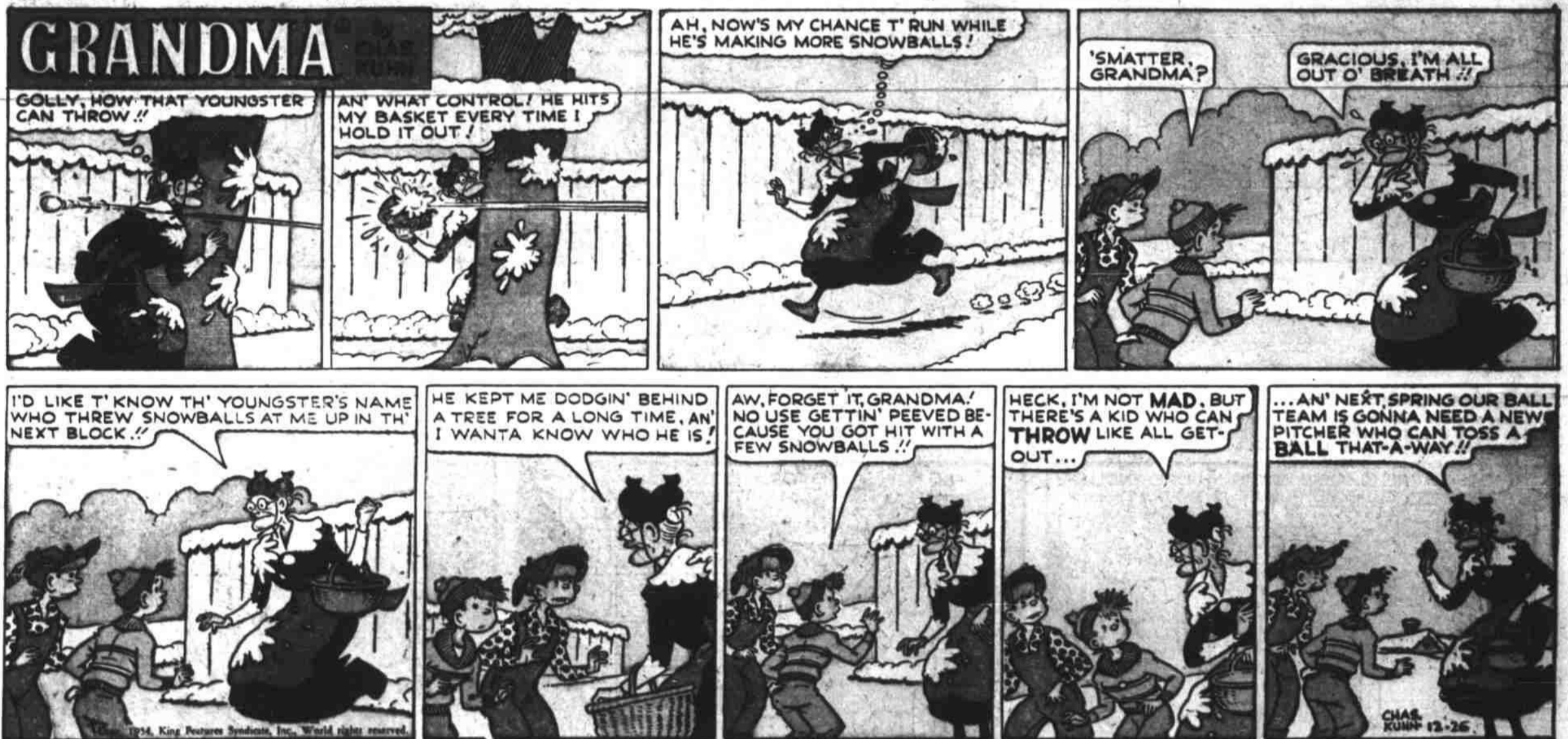


# HENRY



Copyright 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

# GRANDMA



Copyright 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

CHAS. KUHN 12-26

# ANNIE ROONEY



Copyright 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.



## OUT OUR WAY

## The Willers

By J. R. Williams

