

LIL' ABNER

Mammy knows best —

by AL CAPP



NOW TH' YO' IS 15 1/2 YARS OLE, YO' B'IN INVITED TO TH' ANNOOAL MOONLIGHT HAYRIDE!!

OH, BOY!!—RIDIN' THROUGH PINEY WOODS, A-SINGIN' AN' A-JOKIN', AN' HORSIN' ROUND WIF TH' OTHER FELLAS!!

WHUFFO?

SON—THIS MIGHT COME AS A SHOCK TO YO', BUT NOT ONLY FELLAS GOES ON MOONLIGHT HAYRIDES—GALS DO, TOO!!

HOP IN, TINY!! AH IS WAITIN'!!

BOYLESS BAILEY!!

AH HAIN'T GONNA BE BOYLESS TONIGHT!!

STRIKE UP TH' MANDOLIN, ELVIS!!

AH'LL PLAY TH' MANDOLIN!!

NO-YO'-DONT!! YO' NEEDS YORE ARMS FO' EUMPTHIN' ELSE!!

BUT, BOYLESS—

DONT YO' *BUT BOYLESS* ME!! TH' MOONLIGHT HAYRIDE COMES JEST ONCE A Y'AR!!

ACCORDIN' TO TH' TRADISHUN, TH' HAY WAGON STOPS AT "KISSIN' ROCK"!!

YO' KNOWS WHUT MOONLIGHT HAYRIDES STOP AT "KISSIN' ROCK" FO', DONT YO', TINY?

NATCHERLY!!—FO' MOONLIGHT SNACKS!! MAMMY WRAPPED A COUPLE O' DOZEN PO'K CHOP SANGWIDGES!! HAVE A FEW—

TH' MOON'S GONE BEHIND TH' MOUNT'IN!!

G'G'G'G'! WHUT A BREAK!!

DONT WORRY, FOLKS!!—AH SAVED TH' PARTY BY BRINGIN' THIS!!—

AWRIGHT!!—SO NOW YO' KNOW TH' ONE O' TH' LEAST ESSENTIAL THINGS ON A MOONLIGHT HAYRIDE IS A MOON!!—THASS ONE O' TH' FACKS O' LIFE, SON!!—



Our Story: ON KING OCH SYNWYN'S ORDER THE DOOR TO PRINCE VALIANT'S ROOM IS REMOVED SO HIS EVERY WORD AND MOVE CAN BE SPIED UPON. WELL, VAL CAN USE THESE SAME SPIES FOR HIS OWN PURPOSE.



"FORTUNE SMILES, ALFRED," HE YAWNS. "SOON WE WILL ALL HAVE RICHES! FOR THE KING IS GOING TO PUT A TAX ON THE LOOT OF HIS RAIDERS!"



THE RUTHLESS KING WAS EVER CARELESS! ABOUT PAYING HIS YEOMEN, SO THIS NEWS IS TOO GOOD TO KEEP. IT SPREADS THROUGH THE CASTLE AND EVEN BEYOND.



BY THE TIME THIS RUMOR REACHES THE CAMP BELOW, IT IS GREATLY EXAGGERATED. THERE ARE ANGRY MUTTERINGS.



BECAUSE THE TAX IS VAL'S SUGGESTION, HE IS MADE COLLECTOR. WITH FIFTY YEOMEN OF THE KING'S GUARD HE GOES THROUGH THE CAMP, ARROGANT AND SNEERING, COLLECTING TAXES AND ENMITY.



THE CART GROANS UNDER THE WEIGHT OF GOLD ARMLETS, SACRED CHURCH ORNAMENTS, JEWELRY AND COINS.



THEN THEY COME TO THE BEACH WHERE HARDY VIKINGS STAND GUARD WITH READY WEAPONS BESIDE THEIR DRAGON SHIPS. NOT ONE COIN OF THEIR HARD-EARNED PLUNDER WILL THEY YIELD. "I WISH NO TROUBLE; KEEP YOUR TAX MONEY," SAYS VAL WITH A GRIN AND A SLY WINK. "I WILL MAKE THE REST PAY DOUBLE TO MAKE IT UP!"

NEXT WEEK—The Open Door.