

LIL' ABNER

Who Was That Hydrant I Saw You With?

by AL CAPP



GULP!!—OH, CUZZIN SMELVIN!!—TH' FUST THING YO DONE WHEN YORE UNCLE PIERRE YOKUMME GIVE YO HIS DRESS-MAKING BUSINESS, WAS—**BURN ALL TH' BOOTIFUL DRESSES!!**

CHUCKLE!!—IT'S MAH OPENIN' ATTACK IN MAH **WAR AGAINST WIMMEN!!**



AND YOU, TINY, ARE GOING TO HELP ME!!—

NO, SUH!!—AH **RESPECKS AN' ADMIRESS WIMMEN**, MAINLY BECUZ MAH MAMMY IS ONE!!



YO HAIN'T GONNA GIT NO HELP FUM ME!!

WANNA BET? **CHUCKLE!!—ER—AH—WHAT'S TH' LOVELIEST OF ALL SHAPES?**



TH' SHAPE OF A WOMAN—RIGHT?

NATCHERLY!!

—AND NOW, TINY—NAME SOME **UGLY SHAPES!!**

WAL—HMM—A **HYDRANT** GOT A UGLY SHAPE, SPITE O' WHUT DAWGS THINK—



TURNIPS IS ONATTRACTIVE, AS IS LIKEWISE **KETCHUP BOTTLES, TOADSTOOLS, AN' STRINGS O' SAUSSIDGES!!**

THANK YOU, TINY!! YOU'VE **INSPIRED** ME IN MAH **WAR AGAINST WIMMEN!!**

AH HAS?

RIGHT!!—I'M GOING TO MAKE ALL WIMMEN LOOK LIKE HYDRANTS, KETCHUP BOTTLES, TOADSTOOLS, AN' STRINGS O' SAUSSAGES!!



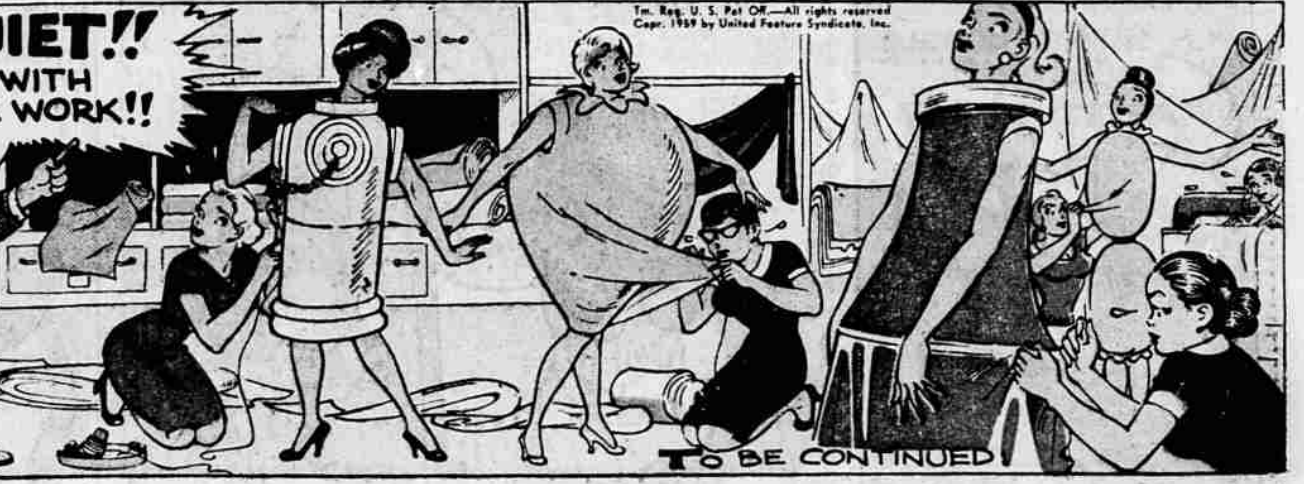
JUST AS **HA! HA!!** YOU SUGGESTED!!

M-ME?



OH, PLEASE, CUZZIN SMELVIN, **STOP!!—AH DIDN'T MEAN TO—**

QUIET!! ON WITH THE WORK!!



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TO BE CONTINUED



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

Our Story: THERE COMES THE NIGHT PRINCE VALIANT HAS BEEN WAITING FOR, A NIGHT OF WIND AND RAIN, EVEN THE SENTINELS HAVE LEFT THE WALLS AND SOUGHT SHELTER IN THE WATCHTOWER.



HEARING HIS NAME CALLED, GAWAIN PEERS FROM HIS WINDOW, HE HAS OFTEN SEEN THE ARM OF THE BUILDER'S CRANE, BUT THIS TIME IT HAS A PLEASING ORNAMENT ON ITS END!



FROM HIS LOFTY SWAYING PERCH VAL INSTRUCTS GAWAIN AS TO WHAT HE MUST DO TO FURTHER HIS ESCAPE.



"MAKE LOVE TO THE PRINCESS WYNN WHEN SHE COMES, PERSUADE HER TO GET THE KEYS TO YOUR CELL THAT YOU MAY EXERCISE ON THE BALCONY. THEN GET AN IMPRESSION OF THE KEY ON THIS PIECE OF WET CLAY..... HERE, CATCH!"



GAWAIN OBEYS INSTRUCTIONS WITH THE EASY GRACE THAT COMES FROM LONG PRACTICE. THEN, "AS A CAGED EAGLE LOSES THE POWER OF FLIGHT SO DO I LANGUISH IN THIS CELL. FIND A WAY THAT I MIGHT WALK WITH YOU ON THE BALCONY. I CANNOT ESCAPE, FOR THAT OTHER DOOR IS LOCKED!"



SHE WOULD LIKE TO WALK THE BALCONY WITH THIS HANDSOME KNIGHT. HE WOULD NOT ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE, FOR DID HE NOT SAY THAT HERS WAS THE BEAUTY HE HAD SOUGHT FOR ALL HIS LIFE?



"I CANNOT GIVE YOU THE KEY, HIGHNESS," STAMMERS THE TURNKEY. "THE KING WOULD HAVE MY HEAD!" BUT WYNN IS USED TO HAVING HER OWN WAY, NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS OTHERS.....



"GIVE ME THE KEY!" SHE SHRILLS, RIPPING HER GOWN. "OR I'LL SCREAM FOR HELP! AND THAT WILL MEAN THE TORTURE CHAMBER FOR YOU!"

NEXT WEEK—Another Step Forward