

LIL' ABNER

Why Men Leave Home— by AL CAPP

ALL NEW YORK SOCIETY HAS GATHERED AT "MAISON YOKUMME" TO SEE THE NEW COLLECTION

THIS IS THE ONLY FASHION SHOW I'LL COME TO, WITH MY WIFE!!—OLD YOKUMME KNOWS HOW TO EXPRESS THE REAL BEAUTY OF A WOMAN!!

—AND I UNDERSTAND THAT YOUNG YOKUMME, WHO HAS TAKEN OVER THE BUSINESS, WILL CONTINUE IN THE SAME TRADITION—

HURRY, MODELS!!—(—I CAN'T WAIT TO FIRE MY OPENING GUNS IN MY WAR AGAINST WOMEN!!—)

BUT NO SENSIBLE, LEVEL-HEADED, AMERICAN WOMAN WILL BUY DRESSES WHICH MAKES 'EM LOOK LIKE HYDRANTS, KETCHUP BOTTLES, TOADSTOOLS, AN' STRINGS O' SAUSAGES!!

THAT SHOWS HOW MUCH YOU KNOW ABOUT AMERICAN WOMEN!!

ADORABLE!! PRICELESS!! TRES CHIC!!

NO!! NO!!

BUT, LADIES—US MEN LIKES LADIES TO LOOK LIKE LADIES—NOT HYDRANTS!!

WE DON'T LIKE TO LOOK LIKE HYDRANTS, EITHER—DEAR—BUT IT'S THE FASHION!!

I MARRIED A WOMAN—NOT A TOADSTOOL!! IF YOU DON'T TAKE THAT DRESS OFF—I'LL LEAVE YOU!!

SO LEAVE!!—I'D RATHER BE OUT OF A HUSBAND THAN OUT OF STYLE!!

LOOK!! AFTER SIX MONTHS AT SEA—DAMES!!

IF THOSE ARE DAMES, LET'S GO BACK TO SEA!!

To BE CONTINUED:

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

Our Story: NOW THAT THE PRINCESS WYNN HAS THE KEY TO HIS CELL, SHE CAN WALK THE BALCONY WITH SIR GAWAIN WHENEVER SHE WISHES. SHE WILL MAKE SURE HE WILL NOT ESCAPE, FOR WHEN HE BECOMES KING OF ORKNEY SHE INTENDS TO BE RIGHT THERE, HIS QUEEN!

THE TIME HAS COME TO USE THE CLAY VAL HAD THROWN HIM. HE PRETENDS TO PICK IT UP. "LOOK," HE CRIES, "THE WORKMEN HAVE LEFT THIS. LET US MAKE A TALISMAN!"

"SOMETHING PRECIOUS TO REMIND ME FOR EVERMORE OF THIS GOLDEN MOMENT! AH! I HAVE IT! THE IMPRESSION OF YOUR TINY HAND AND THE KEY THAT BROUGHT US TOGETHER!"

WHEN THE IMPRESSION IS LOWERED TO HIM, VAL TAKES IT TO THE ARMORY, AND UNDER THE PRETEXT OF MAKING A HELMET, FASHIONS A KEY.

GETTING THE KEY TO GAWAIN IS SIMPLE. WHEN HIS DINNER IS BEING CARRIED UP, VAL AMAZES THE WAITER WITH THE DISAPPEARING COIN TRICK, SLIPPING THE KEY INTO THE ALE JUG.

ONE MORE PROBLEM ARISES. THE WORKMEN'S DERRICK WILL HAVE TO BE USED ON THE NIGHT OF GAWAIN'S ESCAPE. AND IT SQUEAKS LOUDLY.

"THE KING IS INCREASINGLY ANNOYED BY THE SQUEALS OF YOUR DERRICK AND PULLEYS. I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU THIS FRIENDLY WARNING THAT YOU MIGHT GREASE IT AND ESCAPE HIS WRATH!"

CID, THE JONGLEUR, IS MAGNIFICENT THAT NIGHT. NEVER HAS HE BEEN IN BETTER FORM.

NEXT WEEK—The Long Arm.