

LIL ABNER

Separate Stables— by **AL CAPP**



GULP!!—MAMMY DON'T LOOK TOO GOOD LATELY!!—WHUT'S AILIN' HER?

CHUCKLE!! COORIOSITY—THASS ALL!!



WE HAD A ARGY-MINT!!—AH CLAIMED 'WIMMEN WAS TH' NOSIEST CRITTERS ON EARTH!!—SHE DENIED IT!!



SO AH IS—CHUCKLE!—TESTIN' HER!!—SHE SEEN ME BURY A BOX HERE!!



—AN' SHE'S DYIN' O' COORIOSITY TO KNOW WHUT'S IN IT!!—CHUCKLE!!—BETWEEN YO' AN' ME, SON—IT'S EMPTY!!

S-SHE L-LOOKS AWFUL!!



THIS HAS WENT TOO FAR!!



OH, MAH WRINKLED, SCRAWNY LIL' MAMMY, IS YO' DYIN' O' COORIOSITY TO KNOW WHUT'S IN TH' BOX PAPPY BURIED?



ME?—HA!!—GASP!!—HA!! WHY, THAR HAIN'T A NOSY BONE IN MAH BODY!!—AH DON'T GIVE A HOOT WHUT'S IN TH' BOX—



—AN' AH FEELS FINE!! GASP!! RATTLE!!

CALL TH' DOCTOR!!



YES, SHE'S A-DYIN', ALL RIGHT!!—SHE'S SO ET UP BY COORIOSITY, SHE WON'T EAT, SLEEP NOR HARDLY BREATHE!! IT'S A COMMON FEMMY-NINE AILMENT!!

DIG UP TH' BOX, PAPPY!!



OPEN YORE DYIN' EYES, MAMMY!!—



SEE?—THAR'S NOTHIN' IN IT!!—IT WERE MERELY PAPPY'S WAY O' TESTIN' YORE COORIOSITY!!



BAP!!

OH, HAPPY DAY!!—HER STRENGTH DONE RETURNED!



ADMIT AH HAIN'T COORIOUS!!—ADMIT IT!!

—AH-SOB!!—OUCH!!—DO ADMIT IT!!

—ADMIT IT IN A SINCERER TONE O' VOICE!!

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R FOSTER

Our Story: PRINCE VALIANT SHOWS KERWIN MANY TRICKS WITH LANCE AND SWORD, BUT IT IS QUITE EVIDENT THAT THE LAD NEEDS YEARS OF PRACTICE TO BECOME A WARRIOR. AND TOMORROW HE MUST CONTEND WITH FIERCE COTH FOR THE HAND OF FAIR ALICE!

SIR GAWAIN IS A MOST ROMANTIC FIGURE. FOR IT IS VERY OBVIOUS THAT HE IS A NOBLE KNIGHT DISGUISED AS A WANDERING MINSTREL IN ORDER TO FORGET A HOPELESS LOVE. THERE IS A CALF-LIKE SADNESS IN HIS EYES, A TWISTED SMILE ON HIS LIPS, A HOLLOW LAUGH; AND MANY A TENDER HEART WOULD LIKE TO EASE HIS SORROW.

SUCH IS THE GENEROSITY OF HIS HEART THAT HE GIVES ONE AND ALL A CHANCE, AND IN DOING SO ACCUMULATES SEVERAL DUELS FOR THE MORROW.

BEFORE DAWN GAWAIN IS BACK AT THE INN, ARMING HIMSELF FOR A DAY OF FUN, INCognito. HE BORROWS VAL'S NIGHTSHIRT, A BED SHEET, AND WHITEWASHES HIS SHIELD. "I AM THE WHITE KNIGHT UNCONQUERABLE!" HE ANNOUNCES.

"YOU HATE AND FEAR ME, DO YOU NOT, LADY ALICE?" SNEERS COTH. "YET AT THIS DAY'S END YOU WILL BE MINE! THE ROSE IS SWEETER WHEN CRUSHED."

TRUMPETS SOUND AND AMID FLUTTERING PENNANTS AND COLORED SCARVES THE GLITTERING PROCESSION OF KNIGHTS RIDES TOWARD THE LISTS. THE TOURNAMENT HAS BEGUN.

NEXT WEEK—The Victor.