

# LI'L ABNER *Why Parrots Leave Home —* by AL CAPP

OH, BASSETT!!—DON'T LET TH' MERE FACT THET YO' IS TH' ONLY BOY BIRD IN THET HAREM **ROON YO'RE CHARACTER!!**

THINK O' YO'RE SWEET LI'L SPLIT-LEVEL CAGE IN TH' SUBURBS!!

THINK O' YO'RE TRUSTIN' LI'L WIFE, PURITA—A-WAITIN' FO' YO' THAR!!

I AM THINKING ABOUT ALL THAT, YOKUM—

AND FRANKLY IT WAS DULL—**DEADLY DULL!!**

I'M A **RED-BLOODED, FUN-LOVING BIRD!!—THIS IS THE LIFE FOR ME!!**

BUT, BASSETT—YO' IS SPOSED TO TEACH THE MAHARAJAH'S PARROTS HOW TO **SPEAK!!—**

NOT NO OTHER SUBJECTS!!

**HOO-HA!!— I CAN'T EVEN TRUST A BIRD IN MY BIRD-HAREM!!— OFF WITH HIS HEAD!!**

YO' CAIN'T DO THET!! BASSETT IS A **AMERICAN CITIZEN—** ALTHOUGH WE HAIN'T PROUD O' HIM!!

**THEN GET HIM OUT OF HERE!!**

I'VE LEARNED A **BITTER LESSON!!** I WAS WEAK, YOKUM—**WEAK!!—** BUT I'LL **NEVER STRAY AGAIN!!** I'M GOING BACK TO MY PURITA!!

OH, NO YOU'RE NOT, YOU **LITTLE BUM!!**

**PURITA!!**

I CAME TO BRING YOU SOME HOME-COOKED BIRDSEED!! I WAS AFRAID THOSE ORIENTAL DISHES MIGHT BE TOO SPICY FOR YOU—

**—AND I WAS RIGHT!!—** IF YOU'RE SO FOND OF THE GUTTER, **STAY IN IT!!—I'M THROUGH!!**

**BASSETT'S HOME AND LIFE ARE WRECKED—** WHAT NEXT?

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5-10

## Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER

**Our Story:** KERWIN LIES WOUNDED IN HIS TENT, AND IT IS PRINCE VALIANT, DRESSED IN KERWIN'S ARMOR, WHO STEPS FORTH TO MEET COTH, AND THE PRIZE? THE HAND OF LADY ALICE!

COTH SEES THE BLOODSTAIN ON KERWIN'S TUNIC, AND A CRUEL SMILE TWISTS HIS BITTER MOUTH. HE STANDS BY HIS SHIELD, DARING HIS RIVAL TO MAKE THE CHALLENGE. VAL RIDES OVER AND TOUCHES LANCE TO SHIELD.

**"YOU HAVE CHALLENGED. IT IS MY PRIVILEGE TO MAKE THE TERMS. THREE COURSES WITH THE LANCE, THEN ON FOOT WITH SHARPENED SWORDS..... TO THE DEATH!"**

IF HIS OPPONENT OFTEN GRIPS HIS BLOODSTAINED TUNIC AND SEEMS TO SWAY IN HIS SADDLE, IT DOES NOT AFFECT HIS CHARGE, AND THREE TIMES COTH IS HURLED TO THE GROUND!

BRUISED AND SHAKEN, COTH STAGGERS TO HIS FEET AND DRAWS HIS SWORD. HIS ADVERSARY DISMOUNTS SLOWLY, LEANS WEARILY AGAINST HIS SADDLE FOR A FLEETING MOMENT, THEN DRAWS AND STANDS FORTH.

COTH REGAINS HIS STRENGTH AS HE FORCES HIS FOE EVER BACK. THEN COMES DOUBT. HIS MOST SHREWD OR POWERFUL STROKES ARE TURNED ASIDE WITH EASE. IS HE LOSING HIS SKILL?

NOW FEAR IS ADDED TO DOUBT. A FLASHING SWORD RAINS MIGHTY BLOWS FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, NUMBING HIS SHIELD ARM, DENTING HIS HELM. THE WEAKLING HE HOPED TO KILL IS A MAN OF IRON!

VAL DOES NOT KILL COTH, BUT LEAVES HIM SOBING WITH EXHAUSTION ON THE TRAMPLED SWORD; THEN, HOLDING HIS SIDE, HE WALKS SLOWLY TO THE TENT OF KERWIN.

Hal Foster

**NEXT WEEK— The Muscle-Bound Cupid.**

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