

# LI'L ABNER *A foreigner's life is not an 'appy one!!* by AL CAPP

**FELLA-DOGPATCHERS!!**—AH GOT SOME CONFOOZIN' BUT NOT AMOOZIN' NEWS FO' YO'!! **DOGPATCH HAIN'T PART O' TH' YEW-NITED STATES NO MORE!!**—ON ACCOUNT TH' ORIGINAL YOKUM NEVAH SOLD IT!!

THEY—GULP!—DISCOVERED THET IN WASHIN'TON!!—SO DOGPATCH IS A INDY-PENDENT NATION NOW—LIKE MONACO—

—AN' IT BELONGS TO TH' YOKUM FAMBLY—SAME AS MONACO BELONGS TO PRINCE RAINIER'S FAMBLY!!

BUT, PANSY!!

HARRY HAWGFAT, YO' WILL ADDRESS ME AS "YORE MAJESTY"—OR AH'LL BLUST YORE COMMON FACE, WIF MAH ROYAL FIST!!

Y-YASSUH, YORE MAJESTY, MA'M!!

NOW THET WE HAIN'T PART O' TH' U.S.A. NO MORE—WE'LL LOSE ALL TH' ADVANTAGES O' BEIN' AMERICANS!!

LOOK!!

WHUT'S THET?

A 5-MILLION-DOLLAR, PRE-FABRICATED UNIVERSITY!! COMPLIMENTS OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!!

MAH GOODNESS!! WHEN WE WAS MERELY PORE LI'L BROKE-DOWN DOGPATCH, WE COULDN'T GIT TH' GOVAMINT TO GIVE US A SEED CATALOG!!

BUT NOW THET WE IS A FURRIN COUNTRY—THEY'S BULDIN' US A WHOLE COLLEGE!!

NATCHERLY!! THEY NEEDS OUR GOOD WILL!!

SPECIAL DELIVERY, FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.!!

GULP!!—WE AXED 'EM FO' A 20-DOLLAR LOAN, TO KEEP DOGPATCH ALIVE—BUT THET WAS A WEEK AGO—WHEN WE WAS AMERICANS!!

D-DID THEY TURN US DOWN?

RIGHT, MAMMY!!—NO 20 DOLLAHS!! BUT—THEY HAS SENT US A CHECK FO' 80 MILLYUN DOLLAHS, TO IMPROVE OUR RIVERS AN' HARBORS—NOW THET WE IS FURRINERS!!

THASS OUR RIVER AN' HARBOR!!—HOW IS WE GONNA SPEND 80 MILLYUN DOLLAHS ON THET?

AL CAPP  
TO BE CONTINUED

## Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R FOSTER

**Our Story:** JOAN CLINGS DESPERATELY TO HER SWEETHEART, FOR ON THE MORROW SHE MUST WED HUME OF AMESBRIDGE; AND MANY A PROMISE THEY MAKE CONTAINING THE WORDS 'ALWAYS' AND 'FOREVER', FOR THEY ARE VERY YOUNG AND VERY UNHAPPY.

IT IS LONG PAST MIDNIGHT WHEN JOAN RISES AND PACKS A FEW BELONGINGS, AND CREEPS FROM THE CASTLE.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE IS ALSO PACKING WHEN THE DOOR OPENS AND JOAN SAYS QUIETLY: "WE WILL LEAVE TOGETHER, NOW, BEFORE HUME AND HIS RETINUE ARRIVE."

"I CANNOT TAKE YOU WITH ME! I AM HOMELESS, PENNILESS, A WANDERER. YOU HAVE WEALTH, TITLE AND A DUTY TO THAT TITLE!"

"THESE THINGS ARE TRIFLES BESIDE MY LOVE FOR YOU," SHE ANSWERS. "TO SHARE YOUR FUTURE, NO MATTER HOW HARD, IS ALL I ASK."

FOR A LONG MOMENT HE GAZES INTO HER RESOLUTE SMALL FACE. "YOU LOVE ME THAT MUCH!" HE MUSES WONDERINGLY, "EVEN THOUGH IT MIGHT MEAN DEATH TO US BOTH IF WE ARE CAUGHT?"

A SMALL CRUCIFIX HANGS ON THE WALL, AND BENEATH THIS THEY KNEEL, EXCHANGE RINGS, AND TAKE OATH THAT EACH TO THE OTHER IS WED.

"NOW HURRY, HUSBAND DEAR, FOR I HAVE THE KEY TO THE POSTERN GATE AND TWO HORSES ARE WAITING."

BUT WHEN THEY OPEN THE DOOR DAWN HAS COME. TOO LATE! THE CASTLE IS ASTIR, HORNS ARE SOUNDING AS THE GATES SWING WIDE TO WELCOME SIR HUME!

NEXT WEEK—The Masquerader.