

# LI'L ABNER Son Came Running - by AL CAPP



YES, SOB!! WE LOOKS LIKE MILLYUNAIRES!! - BUT OUR PLUTONIUM STOCK JEST COLLAPSED!! - WE IS PAUPERS!!



SOON - OUR CREDITORS WILL TAKE EV'RYTHING AWAY!! AN' OH - SOB!! - AH GOT SO USED TO HAVIN' MAH OWN HOME, MAH OWN SERVANTS!! -

STOP BLUBBERIN', DEAR!! YO'LL STILL HAVE 'EM!! - AN' THAR THEY IS!!



- JEST PLAY ALONG WIF ME!! - WAL - EF TAIN'T OUR UNDERPRIVILEGED PALS, TH' YOKUMS!!



GASP!! - YO' IS RICH, SA'RY AN' CARY GRUNT!!

RICH AS HAWGS!!

YEP!! WE GOT EV'RY-THING!!



EV'RYTHING BUT AN HEIR!!

OH, YO' GOT A AIR, ALL RIGHT!! A MIGHTY STRONG ONE!!

MEBBE TH' WIND'LL CHANGE!!



EF WE HAD A CHILE LIKE THIS, WE COULD GIVE IT A FINE LIFE - STEAD OF A MIZZIBLE ONE!!

HE WOULDN'T HAFTA GROW UP IN NO BROKE-DOWN SHACK, EAT SCRAPS, WIFOUT EDDICKAY-SHUN - WIFOUT A CHANCE IN LIFE!!

L-LIKE HONEST ABE!! GULP!! - AH NEVAH THUNK OF IT, THET WAY!! -



NOW, EF HE WAS OUR CHILE -

BUT WHY GO ON? YO'D NEVAH GIVE HIM UP!!



YO' DON'T LOVE HIM ENUFF!!

WE DO, TOO!!

NO, LI'L ABNER!! NO!!



LET TH' CHILE CHOOSE!! WHICH O' US DOES YO' WISH TO LIVE WIF?

HE'S COMIN' OUR WAY!!

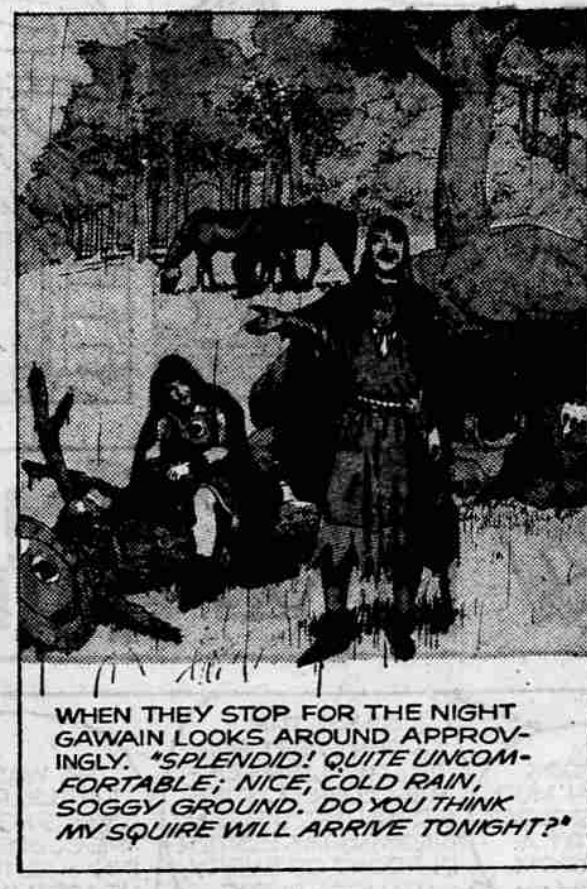
NATCHERLY!! - AH KNEW TH' LI'L SAP COULDN'T RESIST THIS SHINY CAR!!

TO BE CONTINUED

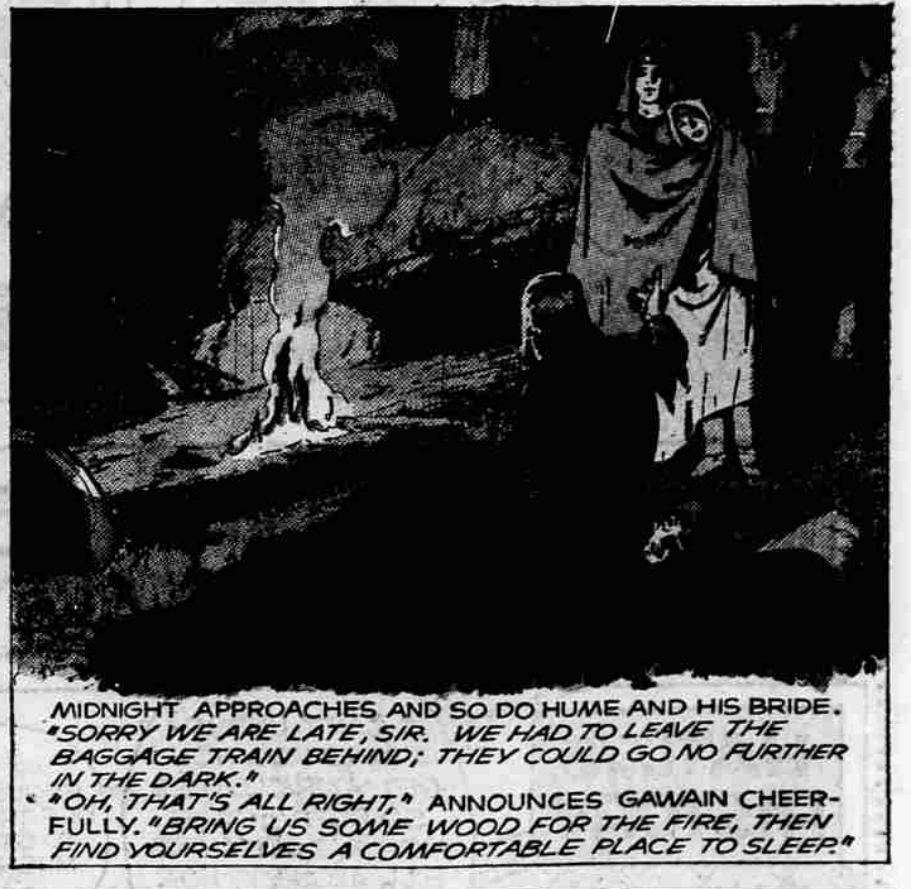


**Prince Valiant**  
IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR  
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R FOSTER

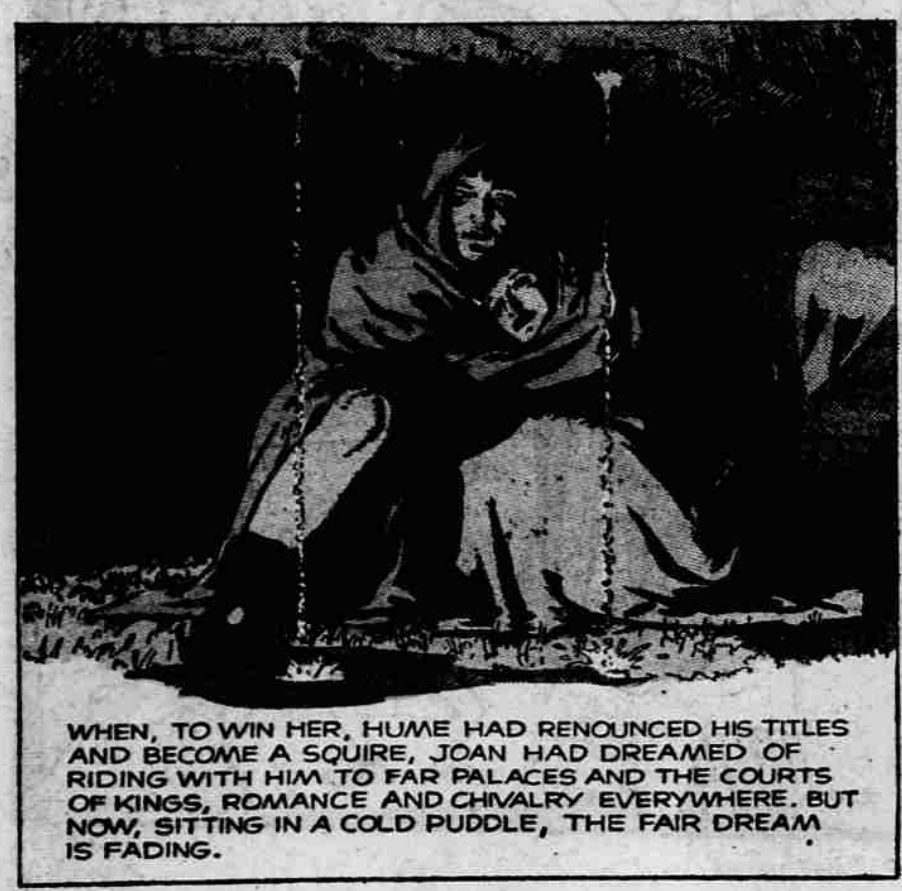
Our Story: AT MIDDAY PRINCE VALIANT AND SIR GAWAIN REACH THE TOP OF THE DOWNS. FAR BELOW THEY SEE GAWAIN'S SQUIRE, HAND IN HAND WITH HIS BRIDE, AND STRUNG OUT BEHIND THEM THE BAGGAGE TRAIN THAT CARRIES A FEW NECESSITIES FOR HER COMFORT. "AND THAT," SAYS GAWAIN, MOUNTING, "IS WHY I NEVER MARRIED!"



WHEN THEY STOP FOR THE NIGHT GAWAIN LOOKS AROUND APPROVINGLY. "SPLENDID! QUITE UNCOMFORTABLE; NICE, COLD RAIN, SOGGY GROUND. DO YOU THINK MY SQUIRE WILL ARRIVE TONIGHT?"



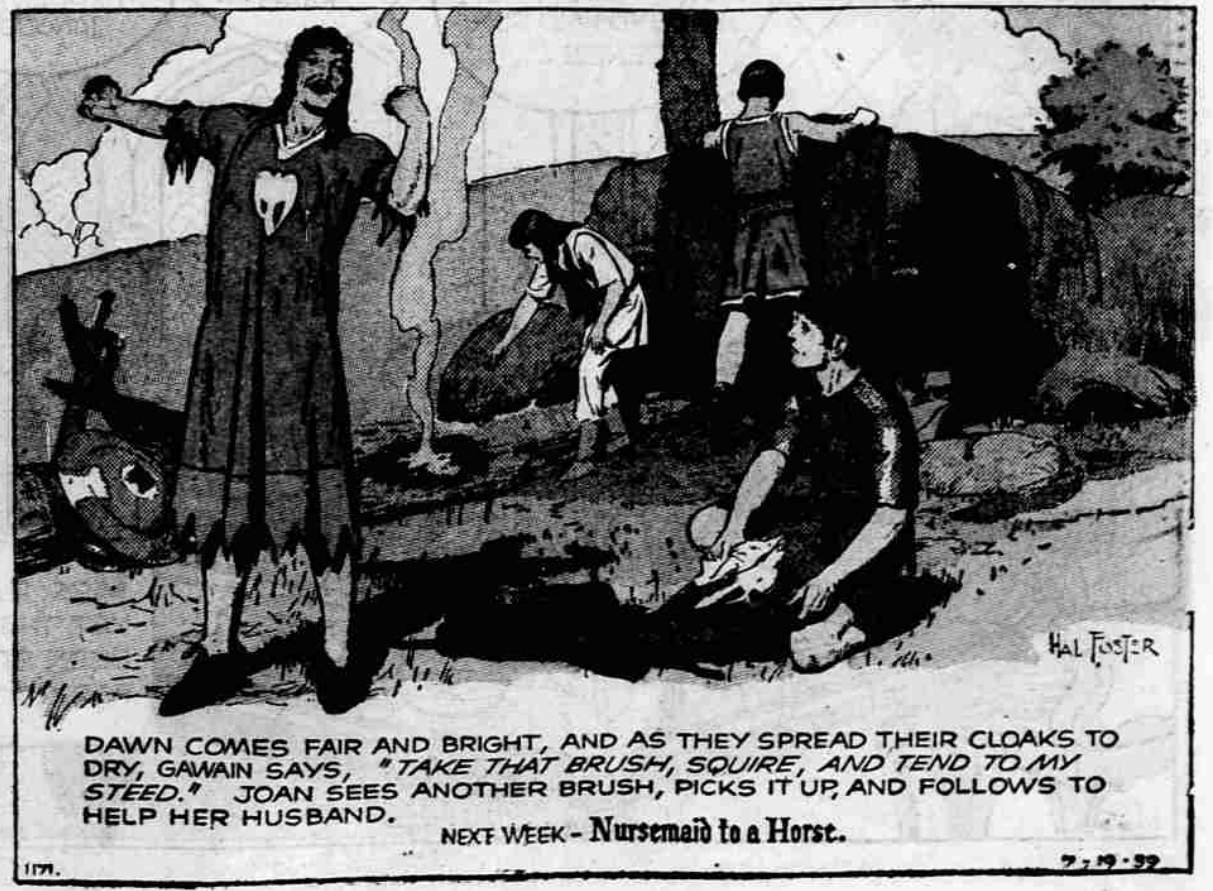
MIDNIGHT APPROACHES AND SO DO HUME AND HIS BRIDE. "SORRY WE ARE LATE, SIR. WE HAD TO LEAVE THE BAGGAGE TRAIN BEHIND; THEY COULD GO NO FURTHER IN THE DARK." "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT," ANNOUNCES GAWAIN CHEERFULLY. "BRING US SOME WOOD FOR THE FIRE, THEN FIND YOURSELVES A COMFORTABLE PLACE TO SLEEP."



WHEN, TO WIN HER, HUME HAD RENOUNCED HIS TITLES AND BECOME A SQUIRE, JOAN HAD DREAMED OF RIDING WITH HIM TO FAR PALACES AND THE COURTS OF KINGS, ROMANCE AND CHIVALRY EVERYWHERE. BUT NOW, SITTING IN A COLD PUDDLE, THE FAIR DREAM IS FADING.



A FEW MILES AWAY IN THE BAGGAGE TRAIN IS A WARM PAVILION WITH CUSHIONS AND RUGS, HER MAIDS, DRY CLOTHES AND ALL THE THINGS SHE IS USED TO. ALL SHE HAS NOW IS HUME AND COLD FEET.



DAWN COMES FAIR AND BRIGHT, AND AS THEY SPREAD THEIR CLOAKS TO DRY, GAWAIN SAYS, "TAKE THAT BRUSH, SQUIRE, AND TEND TO MY STEED." JOAN SEES ANOTHER BRUSH, PICKS IT UP, AND FOLLOWS TO HELP HER HUSBAND.

NEXT WEEK - Nursemaid to a Horse.