

LI'L ABNER

Back in the Saddle Again — by **AL CAPP**

IT'S 5 A.M.!! UP YOKUMS!! TIME TO SARVE US OUR BREAKFAST!!

B-BUT—SEEMS LIKE AH JEST FINISHED SARVIN' YO' YORE 2 A.M. SNACK!!

PSST!!—DON'T GIT 'EM ANGRY, OR THEY'LL TAKE IT OUT ON THAR LI'L SON!!

FORMERLY OUR—SOB!!—LI'L SON!!

ONLY WAY WE KIN GUARANTEE OUR FORMER CHILE A HAPPY LIFE IS TO MAKE HIS—UGH!—NEW PARENTS HAPPY!!

HEY!!—MAH BEST PARTY DRESS!!

YO' HAS WENT TOO FAR, SAIRY AN' CARY GRUNT!! YO' GIT HER OUTA THET DRESS, OR—

SO SLUG ME!!—AN' WHUT'LE HAPPEN?—AH'LL BE IRRITABLE, THASS WHUT!!—AN' WHUT DO A IRRITABLE PAPPY DO?

HE TAKES IT OUT ON HIS FAMBLY!!—HER?—SHE'S TOO BIG!!

HIM?—YES!! HE'S SMALLER—WEAKER—

AH C-CAIN'T SLUG YO'!! AH IS H-HELPLESS!!

FOLKS, AH IS FUM TH' STATE CAPITAL!!

ONCE AGIN, TH' PARENTS O' THIS LI'L NIPPER DONE WON TH' \$100.00 PRIZE FO' RAISIN' TH' HEALTHIEST KID IN TH' STATE!!

WE'LL TAKE THET!!

WE IS HIS NEW PARENTS!! HERE'S TH' ADOPP-SHUN PAPERS—

NAME OF GRUNT!!

GRUNT?—OH, YES!!—AH GOT A PRIZE FO' YO, TOO!! FREE BOARD AT TH' STATE WORK HOUSE!! YO' IS LEGAL PAUPERS!!

AN' NO LEGAL PAUPERS CAIN'T ADOPT NO CHILLUN!!

YO' IS A YOKUM, AGIN!!

AH ALLUS WAS, PAPPY, DEAR—WAY DOWN DEEP INSIDE!!

8-2

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

Our Story: AT DAY'S END THE SPIRES AND TURRETS OF CAMELOT APPEAR IN THE GATHERING GLOOM, AND THE WEARY TRAVELERS REJOICE.

LEAVING HOME TO TEND TO THE HORSES, GAWAIN AND PRINCE VALIANT ENTER THE GREAT HALL AND ARE GREETED NOISILY.

WHILE JOAN WAITS FOR HER HUSBAND SHE BECOMES CONVINCED THAT BEING THE WIFE OF SIR GAWAIN'S SQUIRE IS NOT AS ROMANTIC AS SHE HOPED. SHE PLANNED ALL THIS... NOW HOW CAN SHE END IT?

ALL HER LIFE SHE HAS DREAMED OF SEEING CAMELOT. WELL, HERE SHE IS, BUT AS THE WIFE OF A HUMBLE SQUIRE SHE WILL SEE LITTLE MORE THAN THE BAILEY, STABLES AND COURTYARD!

IN THE MORNING VAL AND GAWAIN GO TO THE STABLES TO SEE THEIR HORSES. AND GAWAIN'S SQUIRE IS WORKING NOBLY, ASSISTED BY HIS BRIDE. ALETA, STARTLED BY THIS ODD SIGHT, LOOKS KEENLY AT THE MAID.....

.... AND SEES JUST EXACTLY WHAT SHE IS; A YOUNG LADY OF NOBLE BIRTH WHO HAS RIDDEN TWO DAYS IN THE RAIN AND HAS SLEPT IN HER WET CLOTHES!

"SINCE WHEN HAS THE GALLANT SIR GAWAIN BECOME SO DAUNTY THAT HE MUST EMPLOY A MAID AS A SQUIRE? NOW WHAT DEVILMENT ARE YOU UP TO?"

A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY IS AROUSED, WITH THE PROMISE OF A HOT BATH AND THE LOAN OF A HAIRBRUSH, ALETA LURES JOAN TO HER ROOM TO PRY OUT HER STORY.

Hal Foster

NEXT WEEK—Complications