

LI'L ABNER *Birds of a Feather —* by AL CAPP

A POIFECT IMITATION O' BILLIONAIRE JOSEPH P. KIDNEY'S VOICE!!

HARUMPH!!—THIS IS YOUR HUSBAND, DEAR!!—BRING ALL YOUR JEWELS TO 23rd STREET AND SKID ROW!!

DON'T ASK WHY!! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER—

NO, BASSETT!!—NO!! DON'T LURE THAT POOR, RICH OLD LADY—

I HAD TO, DEAR!!—THOSE HEARTLESS BRUTES WOULD HAVE—SOB,—TAKEN THEIR FURY OUT ON YOU AND LITTLE EGGBERT!!

MY DECENT, HONEST BASSETT—DRIVEN TO A LIFE OF CRIME, BECAUSE OF LOVE FOR US!!

ONE HOUR LATER—

OH, BOY—WASN'T SHE SURPRISED!!

SHE PUT UP A ROUSIN' FIGHT FOR A 80-YEAR-OLD DOLL!!

—AND NOW WE GOT ANUDDER VOICE FOR YOU TO IMITATE, BASSETT!!

HEY—LOOK!!

COME BACK!!

NEVER!! NOW, YOU HAVE NO MORE POWER OVER BASSETT!!

SHE'S RIGHT, BOID!! WE GOT NO MORE HOLD OVER YOUSE!!

SO, NOW, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL WING IT HOME TO YOUR LITTLE FAMBLY, AND THE QUIET LIFE—

WHO?—ME?

I LIKE THIS EXCITEMENT!! I'M STICKING WITH YOU!!—BUT ON ONE CONDITION!!

I'M THE BOSS!!

AL CAPP

CONTINUED



Prince Valiant
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER



OTHER OLD-COMRADES JOIN THE GROUP AND GREAT IS THE REJOICING. FOR IN THESE PERILOUS TIMES, IT IS ONLY BY GOOD FORTUNE AND A STRONG SWORD ARM THAT OLD FRIENDS MEET ONCE MORE.



ALETA HEARS VAL'S ARRIVAL AND KNOWS THAT AS SOON AS HE REPORTS HE WILL COME TO HER SWIFTLY ON THE WINGS OF LOVE. SHE DRESSES IN HER MOST BECOMING FASHION THAT HE MAY NOT BE DISAPPOINTED.



HER HEART BEATS WILDLY AS SHE LISTENS FOR HIS QUICK FOOTSTEPS, WAITING TO SEE ONCE AGAIN THE LOVE LIGHT IN HIS DARK EYES. AND SHE WAITS. HOURS PASS AND SHE WAITS SOME MORE.



WHEN VAL AT LAST BREAKS AWAY FROM THE ROLLICKING GROUP THE DAY IS WELL SPENT. HE IS SURPRISED TO FIND THE CORRIDOR VERY UNSTEADY; THE WALLS BUMP HIM OR MOVE AWAY. "ONE OF MERLIN'S TRICKS, NO DOUBT," HE MUTTERS.



ONE LOOK AT HIS WIFE'S FLASHING EYES TELLS HIM THAT HE HAS DONE SOMETHING WRONG. HER TONGUE CONFIRMS IT.



(THIS MONOLOGUE IS TOO LONG TO PRINT, BUT ANY MARRIED MAN CAN GIVE YOU A ROUGH IDEA OF HOW IT GOES AND FOR HOW LONG.)



THEN, WITH A SWISH OF A SKIRT SHE IS GONE, AND VAL IS LEFT TO THINK ON THE FLAWS IN HIS CHARACTER SHE HAS JUST ENUMERATED.

NEXT WEEK—The Grail