

# LIL' ABNER

Stormy Feathers — by AL CAPP

**Panel 1:** BUT AH DONE WHUT YO' TOLE ME TO!! —AH AXED YORE GAL IF SHE WANTED T'GIT MARRIED—

**Panel 2:** —AN' SHE DOES— TO ME!!

**Panel 3:** WELL—S'GHT— THASS TH' WAY TH' WIGWAM CRUMBLES!! BUT, WHUT I GONNA DO NOW, JOE?

**Panel 4:** YOU AN' HER GONNA MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC IN OUR FORMER BACHELOR CAVE!! NO ROOM FOR ME!!

**Panel 5:** DON'T BE BLUE, MAH LI'L RED PAL!! THINGS HAIN'T AS BLACK AS THEY SEEMS—

**Panel 6:** AH FIGGERED OUT HOW YO' KIN LIVE WIF TH' PAL YO' LOVES, AN' TH' GAL YO' LOVES—EVEN THOUGH THEY IS MARRIED!!

**Panel 7:** —AND AH HEREBY DECLARES THIS LONESOME LI'L SAVAGE LEGALLY YORE SON, HAIRLESS JOE!!

**Panel 8:** DAD!!

**Panel 9:** HERE HE IS, JOAN CROWFOOT!!—YORE FULL-GROWNED, 100% READY-MADE LI'L AMERICAN SON!!

**Panel 10:** MY LI'L SON? BUT HIM 43 WINTERS OLD!!

**Panel 11:** THASS TH' BEAUTY PART OF IT, DEAR!! WE WONT HAFTA GO THROUGH NO MESSY CHILHOOD WIF HIM!!

**Panel 12:** —AN' WE WONT HAVE NO PROBLEM WIF TH' LI'L RAT IN HIS TEENS!! WE IS A PERFECK FAMBLY—SO LE'S SEND FO' TH' MARRYIN' MAN!!

**Panel 13:** IM-POSSIBLE.

**Panel 14:** ANCIENT INJUN MARRYIN' MAN, "ROTTEN OAK," HAS SEEN 109 WINTERS. WE MUST GO TO HIM!!

**Panel 15:** CARRY ME, MOM!! YOUR CUTE LI'L SON, HIM TIRED!!

**Panel 16:** QUIT A-KISSIN' AN' A-HUGGIN' MAH BRIDE-TO-BE, YO' ROTTEN LI'L CHILE O' MINE!!

**Panel 17:** HIM 4-3 WINTERS OLD—BUT HE GOT SPRING IN HEART!!

**Panel 18:** THIS GREAT IDEA OF YOURS, TO ADOPT ME!! OUR HAPPY LI'L HOME WILL NOT BE BROKEN UP!!

**Panel 19:** IT'S GITTIN' A LI'L TOO HAPPY TO SUIT ME, YO' AFPECK-SHUN-NUT LI'L SAVAGE!!

**Panel 20:** To Be Continued.

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

**Our Story:** PRINCE VALIANT AND THE SLAVE OCH RETURN TO GLASTONBURY AND GO STRAIGHT TO THE CROWDED MARKET-PLACE. VAL MOUNTS THE FOUNTAIN AND ADDRESSES THE CITIZENS: "NEVERMORE WILL TIMMERA THE TERRIBLE RAVISH THE LAND, AND I HAVE BROUGHT BACK THE MOUNTS OF HIS MEN AND THE LOOT OF HIS LAST RAID."

"THESE I FREELY GIVE TO YOU TO REPAY THE DAMAGE OF HIS ATTACK. FOR MYSELF I ASK ONLY THE SLAVE OCH."

THEN HE CALLS FORTH THE BLACKSMITH: "STRIKE OFF THE SLAVE COLLAR SO ALL MEN WILL KNOW THAT OCH IS FREE FOREVERMORE!" AFTER THIS NOBLE GESTURE VAL SHOULD STEP DOWN. BUT HE IS STILL QUITE YOUNG.

HE VERY CONSCIOUSLY AWAITS THE APPLAUSE AND MAKES THE MISTAKE OF TAKING A BOW WHILE STANDING ON THE MOSSY FOUNTAIN.

ALTHOUGH EAGER TO RETURN TO HIS BELOVED MARSHES, OCH LINGERS TO HELP HIS SOGGY FRIEND. NOT ONLY SOGGY BUT VERY, VERY HUMBLE.

"THE TOWNSPEOPLE WILL FORGET ALL TOO SOON MY GIFT TO THEM, BUT THEY WILL NEVER FORGET THE POSTURING IDIOT WHO FELL IN THE TROUGH!"

"I WAS ONCE A SLAVE IN TIMMERA'S HOUSE AND SAW GREAT TREASURE STORED THERE," SAYS OCH. "IT SHOULD FALL TO ANYONE BOLD ENOUGH TO TAKE IT."

NEXT WEEK - Looting the Looter.