

LIL' ABNER

The Son Also Rises — by **AL CAPP**

ME "ROTTED OAK" INJUN MARRYIN' MAN!! I SEE THAT YOU, JOAN CROWFOOT, WANT UM TO MARRY LI'L INJUN IN YOUR ARMS. BETTER MARRY HIM QUICK, THE WAY HIM ACTIN'!!

NO!!

SHE COME HERE TO MARRY UP WIF ME!!

THET RED RAT IS OUR LOVIN' LI'L ADOPTED SON — ONLY HE'S TOO @*%!! LOVIN' TO SUIT ME!!

LET'S GIT ON WIF TH' WEDDIN'!!

BUT, FIRST, MY BELOVED, WE MUST OBSERVE ANCIENT INJUN CUSTOM. GROOM MUST FIGHT ONE WARRIOR FROM BRIDE'S TRIBE!!

NO TROUBLE AT ALL. AH'LL FIGHT YO'!!

HOLD IT, MOON OF MY DELIGHT!! IS CUSTOM FOR BRIDE TO PICK WARRIOR!!

I PICK HIM!!

HIM??

YES—ME!!

WHAR IS AH?— IS AH ON MAH HONEYMOON?

NOT EXACTLY!!—THAT BIG WARRIOR ON YOUR HONEYMOON!! IS OLD INJUN CUSTOM. IF BEST MAN WIN HIM GET BRIDE!!

OH, PORE JOAN CROWFOOT, MY LI'L RED EYE!! YOU NO UNDERSTAND INJUN MIND. SHE LOVE BIG WARRIOR ALL THE TIME!! THIS WEDDING RIGGED!!

BUT ADOPTION NOT RIGGED!! I STILL YOUR LOVIN' LI'L SON!!

NO, YO' HAIN'T!! YO' IS FIRED!!

3-13

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

Our Story: "TIMMERA THE TERRIBLE AND HIS EVIL BAND HAVE BEEN DESTROYED, BUT, SIR VALIANT, HIS STRONGHOLD STILL STANDS," SAYS OCH. "THE LOOT OF HIS RAIDS IS THERE, AND ONLY A FEW LEFT TO GUARD IT!"

VAL DOES NOT WAIT TO DRESS; HE IS REMEMBERING THE BRAVE LITTLE PRIOR WHO DIED DEFENDING THE ABBEY AGAINST THE RAIDERS. TO THE TOWN HALL HE STRIDES.

"WE HAVE THE WEAPONS AND MOUNTS OF TIMMERA'S RAIDERS; WITH A WELL-ARMED TROOP OF YOUNG MEN I CAN TAKE THIS STRONGHOLD AND TREASURE ENOUGH TO REBUILD THE ABBEY!"

SEVERAL DAYS LATER OCH LEADS VAL AND HIS EAGER TROOP PAST THE STONE LION THAT GUARDS THE MOUTH OF CHEDDAR GORGE ON THEIR WAY TO THE SHORES OF BRISTOL CHANNEL.

AT LAST THEY LOOK DOWN ON THE LATE TIMMERA'S STRONGHOLD. 'AND STRONG IT IS, PERCHED UPON A ROCK. THE THIRTY-FOOT TIDES OF THE CHANNEL BREAK UPON ITS SIDES OR LEAVE IT SURROUNDED BY A SEA OF RED MUD. A FEW COULD HOLD IT AGAINST AN ARMY.

VAL TURNS TO HIS ARMY. THEY ARE EQUIPPED WITH THE ARMS, SHIELDS AND HORSES TAKEN FROM TIMMERA'S DEFEATED RAIDERS. AN IDEA IS BORN!

"OCH, WILL THE GUARDS YONDER RECOGNIZE YOU?" "YES, SIR VALIANT; WHO COULD FORGET SUCH A MISSHAPEN THING AS I?"

"THEN WE WILL ENTER THE FORTRESS, I AS A FRIEND OF TIMMERA'S, RETURNING YOU, HIS ESCAPED SLAVE!"

NEXT WEEK—Open House.