

LI'L ABNER

Are You a Man
Or Are You A Spouse?

by AL CAPP

OH, MAMMY YOKUM!!—YO' IS—~~GO!~~—MESSIN' UP EVERYTHIN'!!—LI'L ABNER'S NEVER BIN SO AFFECK-SHUN-NUT TO ME AS SINCE HE COME BACK FUM TH' CITY!!

NATCHERLY!!
BUT, THASS ONLY ON ACCOUNT THIS HAIN'T HIM!!

WARDEN!!—THIS IS TH' CRIM'NUL **GAT GARSON**—AN' THET PORE INNERCENT LAD IN TH' DEATH HOUSE—

—IS LI'L ABNER!!
MAH CHILE, AN' HER HUSBIN!!

HMM—WE'LL SEE—
BRING IN THE CONDEMNED MAN!!

??—**AMAZING!!**—NOT THE SLIGHTEST DIFFERENCE!!—THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE THIS!! TAKE THEM OUT!!—DRESS THEM BOTH ALIKE!!

—AND NOW, YOUNG LADY—YOU WILL KISS EACH ONE.

A WIFE CAN TELL!!

SMACK!!

—AND NOW, YOU!!

NOPE!!

AH HAIN'T GONNA KISS MAH WIFE IN PUBLIC!!—IT'S UNGENNULMANLY, UNAMERICAN, AN' UNYOKUMLIKE!!

DRUTHER GO TO TH' CHAIR!! BUT, BEFO' AH **DO—THIS** IS WHUT **ANYBODY** GITs—

—WHO KISSES A YOKUM'S WIFE, IN PUBLIC—OR PRIVATE!!

YO' IS TH' GENOOOWINE HUSBIN, AWRIGHT!!—YO' HAS ALL TH' QUALITIES THEY ALL HAS!!—YO' IS UNINTERESTED, UNATTENTIVE, AN' UNROMANTIC!!

WHUT'S FO' SUPPER?

Al Capp

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER



Our Story: PRINCE VALIANT AWAITS THE DAWN AT ALEA'S BEDSIDE. THE TERROR OF HER CLOSE BRUSH WITH DEATH TROUBLES HER FITFUL SLUMBER.



THRASOS REMOVES HIS SHOES, AN OLD HORSE BLANKET COVERS HIS RICH ARMOR. HE IS SICK WITH HUMILIATION; FOR A WOMAN HAS DEFEATED HIM. HE HAS EVEN FAILED IN HIS ATTEMPT TO MURDER HER.



THE CITY IS STILL SHROUDED IN THE SMOKE OF HIS BURNING FLEET. HIS SCATTERED ARMY IS BEING ROUNDED UP AND DISARMED. HE LEAVES BY THE WAY HE CAME.



THROUGH OLIVE GROVE AND VINEYARD HE SKULKS, DRIVEN EVER ONWARD WITHOUT REST BY THE SIGHT OF VAL'S DISTANT FIGURE, AS HE SEARCHES RELENTLESSLY FOR HIS HATED ENEMY.



WHEN HE REACHES THE BARREN END OF THE ISLAND, THUNDER IS RUMBLING FROM AN OMINOUS CLOUD. THRASOS PRAYS FOR A GREAT STORM TO HIDE HIM, AS HE CROSSES THE WIDE OPEN SPACE BEFORE HIM.



AS IF IN ANSWER TO HIS PRAYER THE STORM BURSTS IN ALL ITS FURY. RAIN, WIND AND DARKNESS OBSCURE HIS STUMBLING ASCENT.



HE REACHES THE CREST AND LOOKS BACK. THEN HE ALMOST SCREAMS IN TERROR AS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING REVEALS THE FIGURE OF PRINCE VALIANT STEADILY MOUNTING THE HILL.

Hal Foster

NEXT WEEK: The Hiding Place