

LI'L ABNER To Each His Own — by AL CAPP



SOME GALS HAS ALL TH' LUCK!! LI'L ABNER'S BARELY DAID — AN' EV'RY YOUNG BACHELOR IN DOGPATCH IS BEGGIN' T'MARRY HER!!

YO' GOTTA CHOOSE ONE O' US!!

AH'LL ONLY MARRY TH' ONE...



—HAZEL HOMEWRECKER TELLS ME TO— IN HER MAGAZINE TO— MARRY!



MEANWHILE: AT THE MAGAZINE

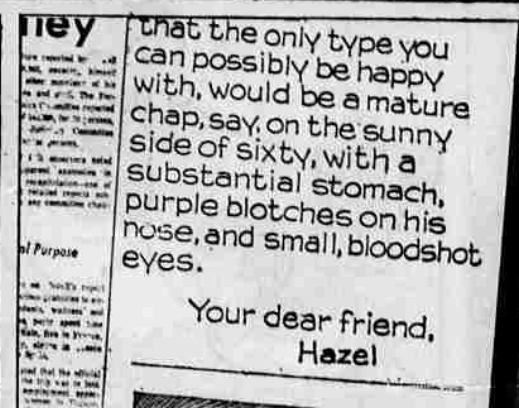
WE'LL LEAD OFF THE COLUMN WITH A REPLY TO WIDOW YOKUM'S LETTER—



THE NEXT DAY—

Hazel Homewrecker's Column

Dear Widow Y. None of the young men you describe is the right type for you, in my unbiased judgment. After much thought I feel



hey that the only type you can possibly be happy with, would be a mature chap, say, on the sunny side of sixty, with a substantial stomach, purple blotches on his nose, and small, bloodshot eyes.

Your dear friend,
Hazel



Dear Hazel: Wal, ef yo' says ah gotta marry a ~~mature~~ chap like that, ah will. But—



—what in creation will ah ever find him?—



THE DAY AFTER THAT—

DID YO' GIT A ANSWER?

YES!! HERE 'TIS—

Dear Widow: I'm sure he will come along soon. Just keep your eyes open.

Hazel!



—HE'S MATURE—HIS STUMMICK IS SUBSTANSHUL—HE GOT PURPLE BLOTCHES ON HIS NOSE—AN' THOSE EYES!! THEY'S POW'FUL LI'L AN' BLOODSHOT!!

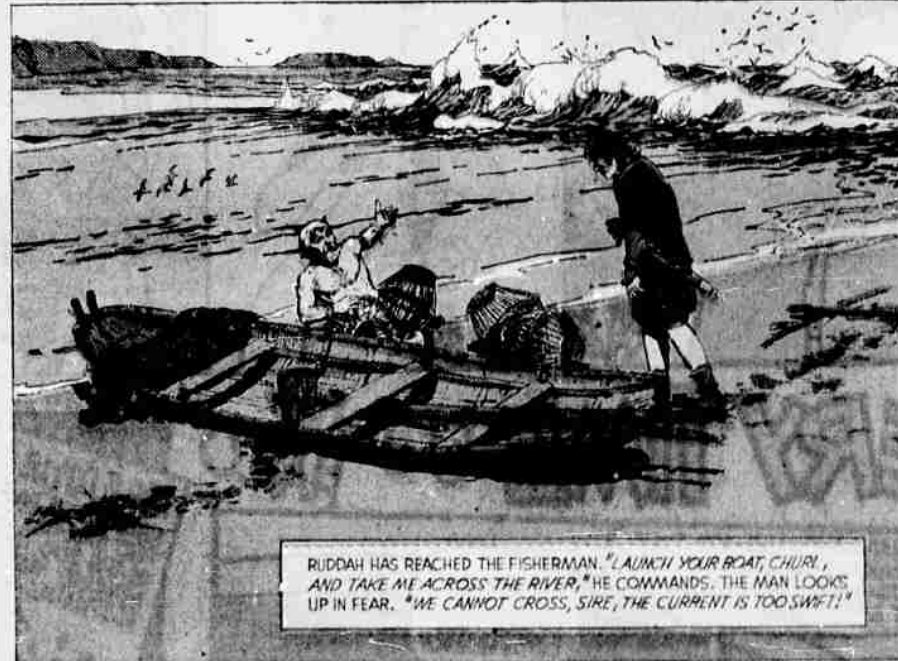
—IS HE MAH-SOB?— FUTURE HUSBIN?—

TO BE CONTINUED!



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

Our Story: WHEN PRINCE ARN SEES HIS QUARRY ESCAPING HE SPURS HIS HORSE DOWN THE SLOPE WITH RECKLESS DISREGARD FOR BROKEN BONES, LEAVING THE TWO MEN-AT-ARMS FAR BEHIND.



RUDDAH HAS REACHED THE FISHERMAN. "LAUNCH YOUR BOAT, CHURL, AND TAKE ME ACROSS THE RIVER," HE COMMANDS. THE MAN LOOKS UP IN FEAR. "WE CANNOT CROSS, SIRE, THE CURRENT IS TOO SWIFT!"



BUT RUDDAH, HIS FACE WHITE WITH PAIN AND PANIC, WILL BROOK NO DENIAL. HE DRAWS HIS SWORD. "BUT LOOK, SIRE," SCREAMS THE MAN, "WHERE THE OUTFLOWING RIVER MEETS THE INCOMING TIDE THERE IS CERTAIN DEATH!"



IN BLIND RAGE HE CUTS THE MAN DOWN, ENTERS THE CORACLE, AND WITH HIS ONE GOOD ARM PUSHES OFF INTO THE CURRENT. NO LONGER CAN RUDDAH HAVE HIS COMMANDS OBEYED. LIKE ANY OTHER PIECE OF FLOTSAM HE IS SWEEPED TOWARD THE AWFUL TURMOIL WHERE RIVER AND SEA CONTENT.



AS THE RAGING WATERS TEAR THE FRAIL BOAT APART HE LOOKS BACK FOR A GLIMPSE OF HIS DETERMINED PURSUERS. AND RUDDAH, WHO WAS BUT ONE STEP FROM BECOMING KING, SEES A SMALL BOY STANDING AT THE WATER'S EDGE.



WHEN THE LAST BIT OF WRECKAGE HAS DISAPPEARED ARN TURNS BACK TO HIS HORSE AND THE WATCHER ON THE HILL ALSO TURNS HOMEWARD.

NEXT WEEK—The Watcher