

Dennis Menace

by Hank Ketcham

Boy, this is a swell place to picnic!

I'll get the basket, Alice. You bring the blanket.

Come on, Joey! Get out!

NO!

WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S SPOOKY!

THIS IS WHERE WE'RE GONNA PICNIC, JOEY! COME ON!

WHO LIVES HERE?

Nobody. Just animals an' things like that!

ANIMALS!

BEARS?

Naw! Just rabbits an' little animals!

OH.

NO SIDEWALKS?

SIDEWALKS? THIS IS THE COUNTRY, JOEY! YOU KNOW, LIKE IN THE WESTERNS!

NO HOUSES?

I TOLD YA—THIS IS COUNTRY!

I DON'T LIKE IT!

Well, gee whiz! I'm sorry we brought ya on our picnic!

YOU TOL' ME IT WAS GONNA BE NICE!

IT IS NICE! LOOK AT THE TREES! LOOK AT THE LAKE! WHAT MORE DO YA WANT?

I WANNA BE HOME!

NOW WHAT'S WRONG, JOEY?

THAT ISN'T A REAL PLATE. IT'S PAPER!

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!! ONLY MARRY TH' ONE...

—HAZEL HOMEWRECKER TELLS ME TO— IN HER MAGAZINE TO-MORRY!

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

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 ~~monster~~ 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

AH-HEM!!

—HE'S MATURE—HIS STUMMICK IS SUBSTANTIAL—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!