

A DELL COMIC •
DELL • A DELL COMIC •
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NO. 3

10¢

OCT.-DEC.

HENRY ALDRICH

52 pages —
ALL COMICS!



Henry Aldrich • STAR REPORTER.



"No, not that. That's one of my most prized possessions," cried Henry, as he and his mother were cleaning out the Aldrich attic. "Don't throw that out!"

"But, Henry, you haven't used this printing press since your Aunt Emma gave it to you five years ago!"

"Mother, I was just ABOUT to. Why I'm starting a newspaper . . . weren't we, Homer?" he added, as Homer appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Weren't we WHAT, Henry?"

"Starting a newspaper, Homer," explained Henry. "I was just telling Mother."

"A newspaper? . . . oh, oh yes, a newspaper, Mrs. Aldrich."

So, when the cleaning in the attic was completed, the two boys carried the printing press down to the cellar.

"Well, it's going to be a newspaper now, eh, Henry?" asked Homer.

"Yes, we'll call it 'The Elm Street Clarion, The Greatest Little Newspaper In The World,'" announced Henry, "and I'll be editor."

Homer frowned.

"You can be head of distribution," Henry continued. "Well, after all, SOMEBODY'S got to deliver the papers. We'll sell subscriptions to everybody! Why, we'll make a million!"

Homer sat down wearily on the workbench. "Don't we have to have some NEWS to print in this paper, Henry?"

"Oh, yes, news . . . hmm."

So Henry became Star Reporter and, although the paper would carry no pictures, Homer was appointed Staff Photographer since he owned an old portrait camera that had belonged to his grandfather.

Henry stuck a card lettered "Press" in his hatband and with Homer carrying his ancient camera, they set off for Bingham's drugstore on the corner of Second and Main to ferret out some news.

"Look, Henry," said Homer when they saw a noisy crowd gathered on the corner, "we sure picked the right place . . . something's going on here!"

"Make way for the press," Henry cried, elbowing his way through the crowd and into the store. "All right, now," he continued in his most authoritative voice, "what's going on here? Who is . . .?"

He stopped suddenly and his eyes bulged and his jaw dropped.

"Gee whiz!"

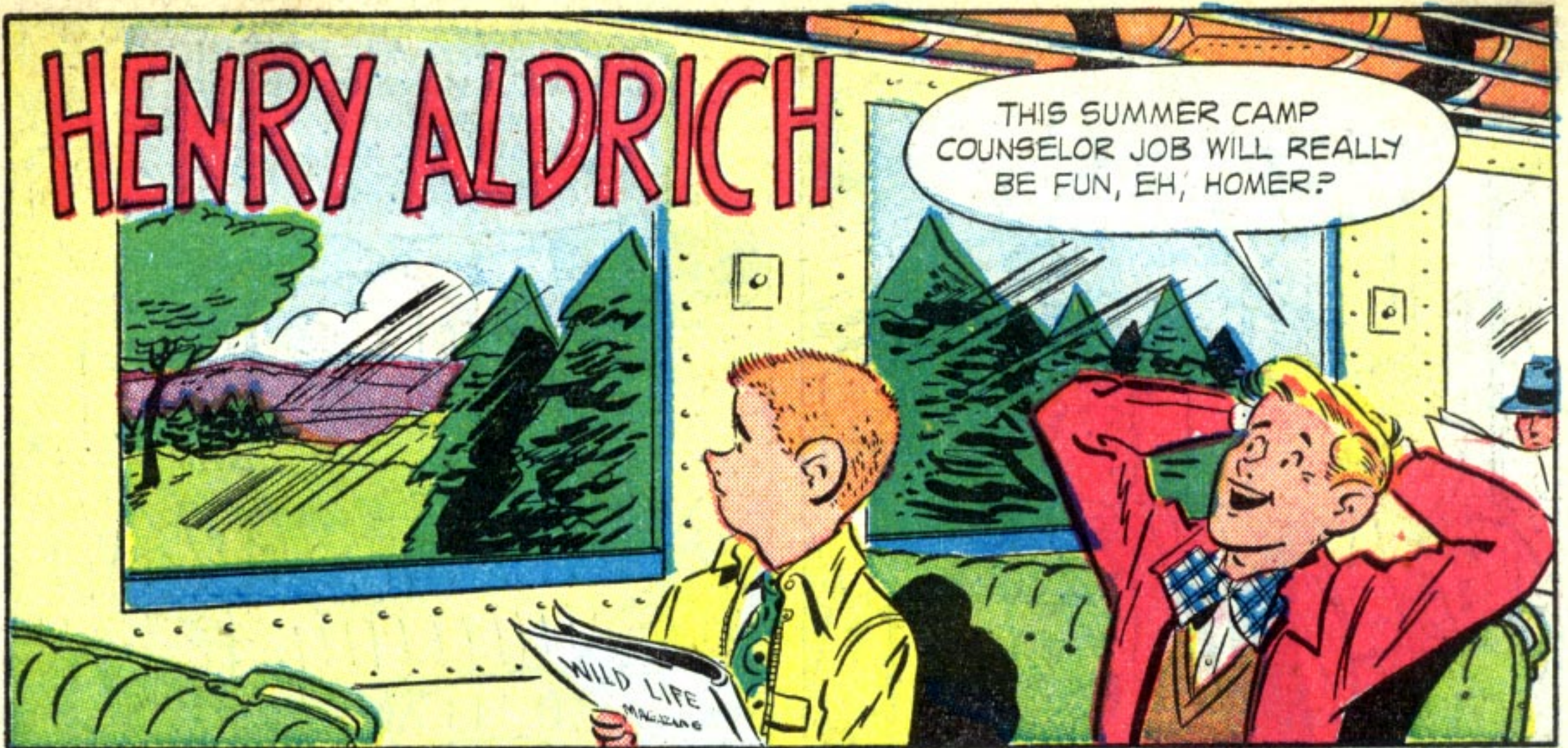
Homer gasped, "Gosh, it's Elizabeth Craig, the movie star!"

Sure enough, it was lovely Miss Craig, the young star of Monarch Pictures, sitting alone in the second booth from the front, having a chocolate frosted.

Henry recovered his voice. "Ah . . . er, Miss Craig, I wonder if I could in-

(Continued on inside back cover)

HENRY ALDRICH



THIS SUMMER CAMP COUNSELOR JOB WILL REALLY BE FUN, EH, HOMER?



WELL, HENRY, I'M NOT TOO SURE. I DON'T KNOW BEANS ABOUT WOODCRAFT!

DON'T WORRY, PAL, I'LL HELP YOU OUT!



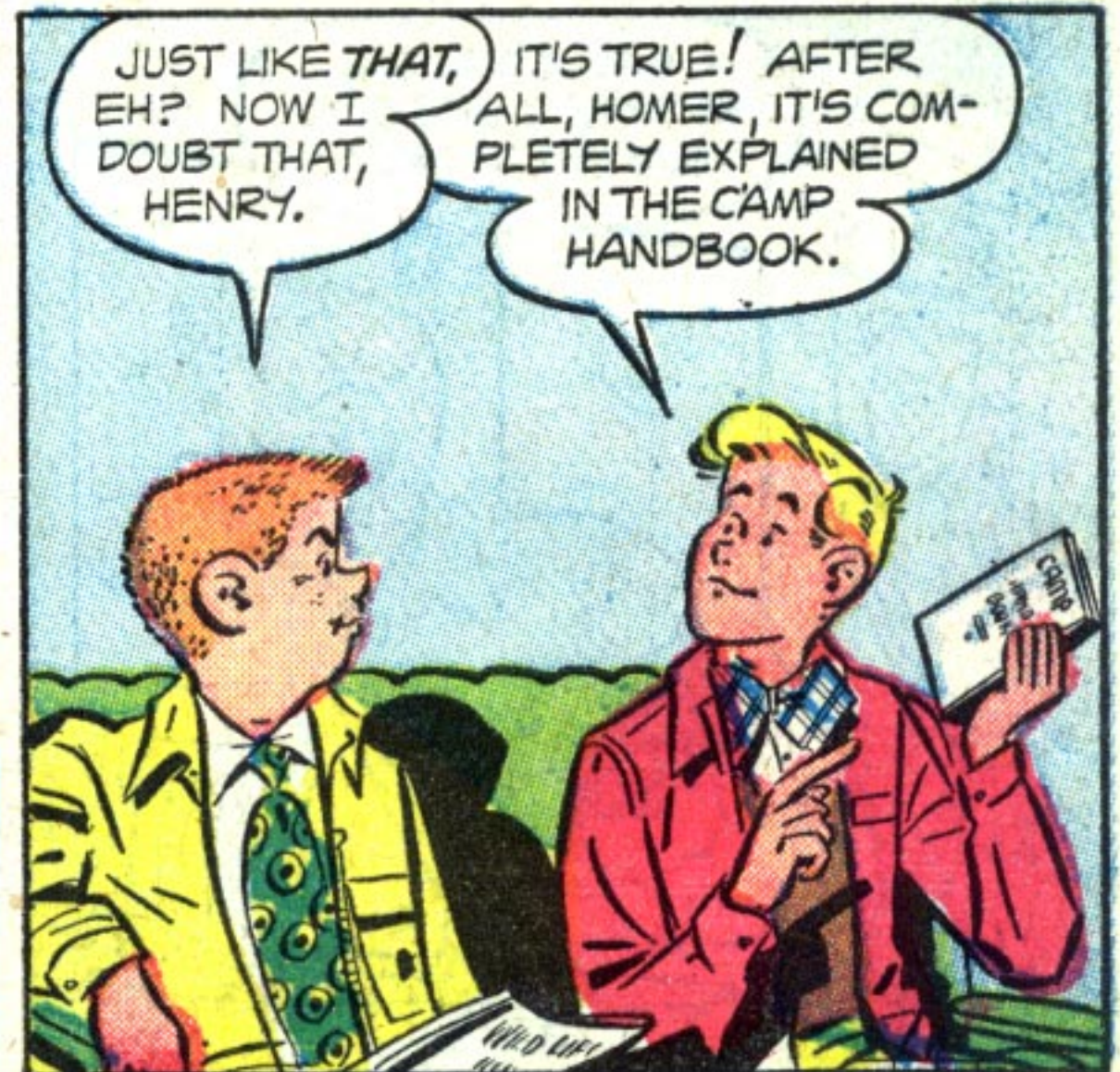
YOU MEAN YOU CAN BUILD A FIRE WITHOUT MATCHES, HENRY?

SURE, HOMER. YOU JUST RUB A COUPLE OF STICKS TOGETHER. IT'S SIMPLE.



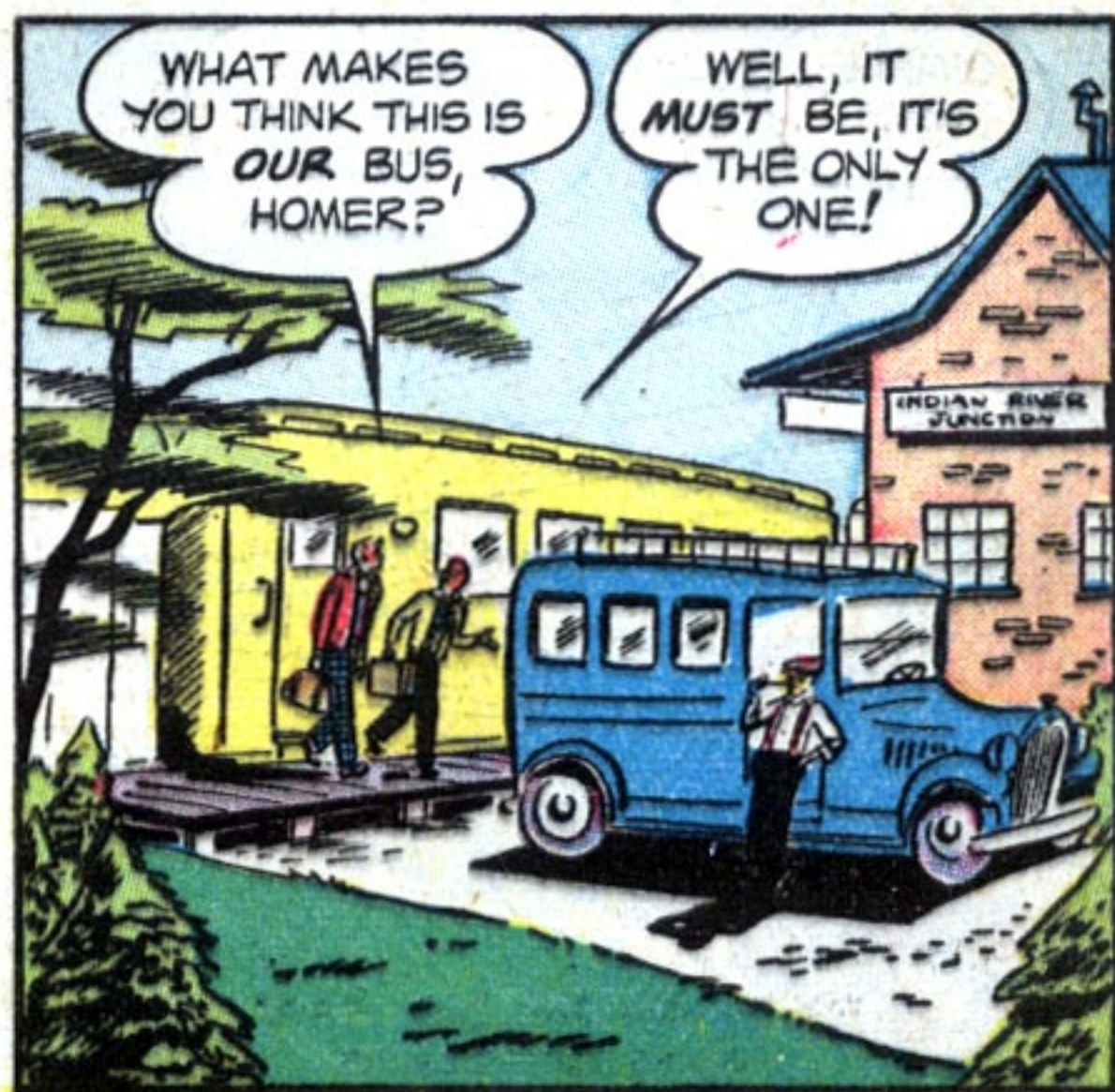
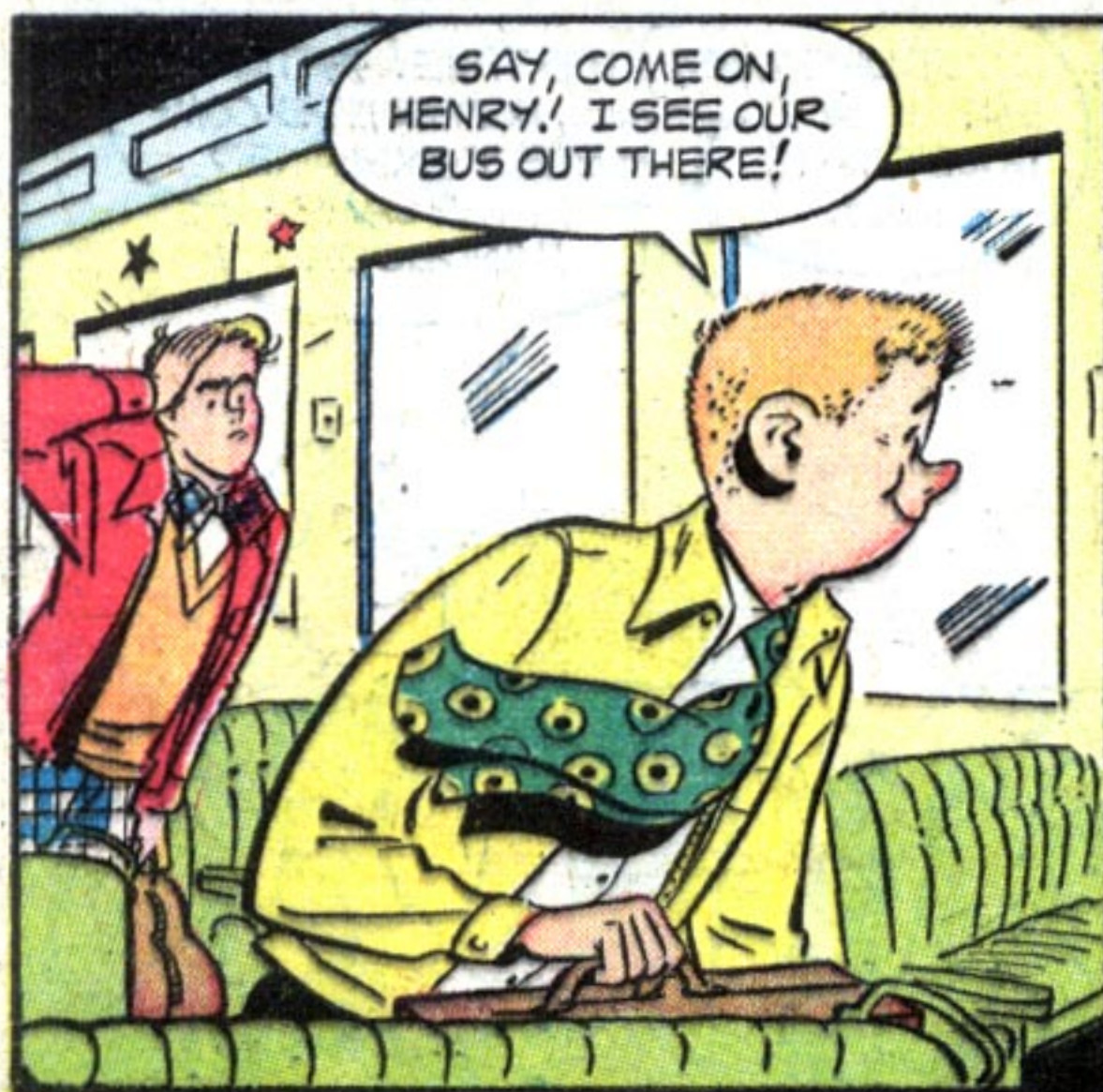
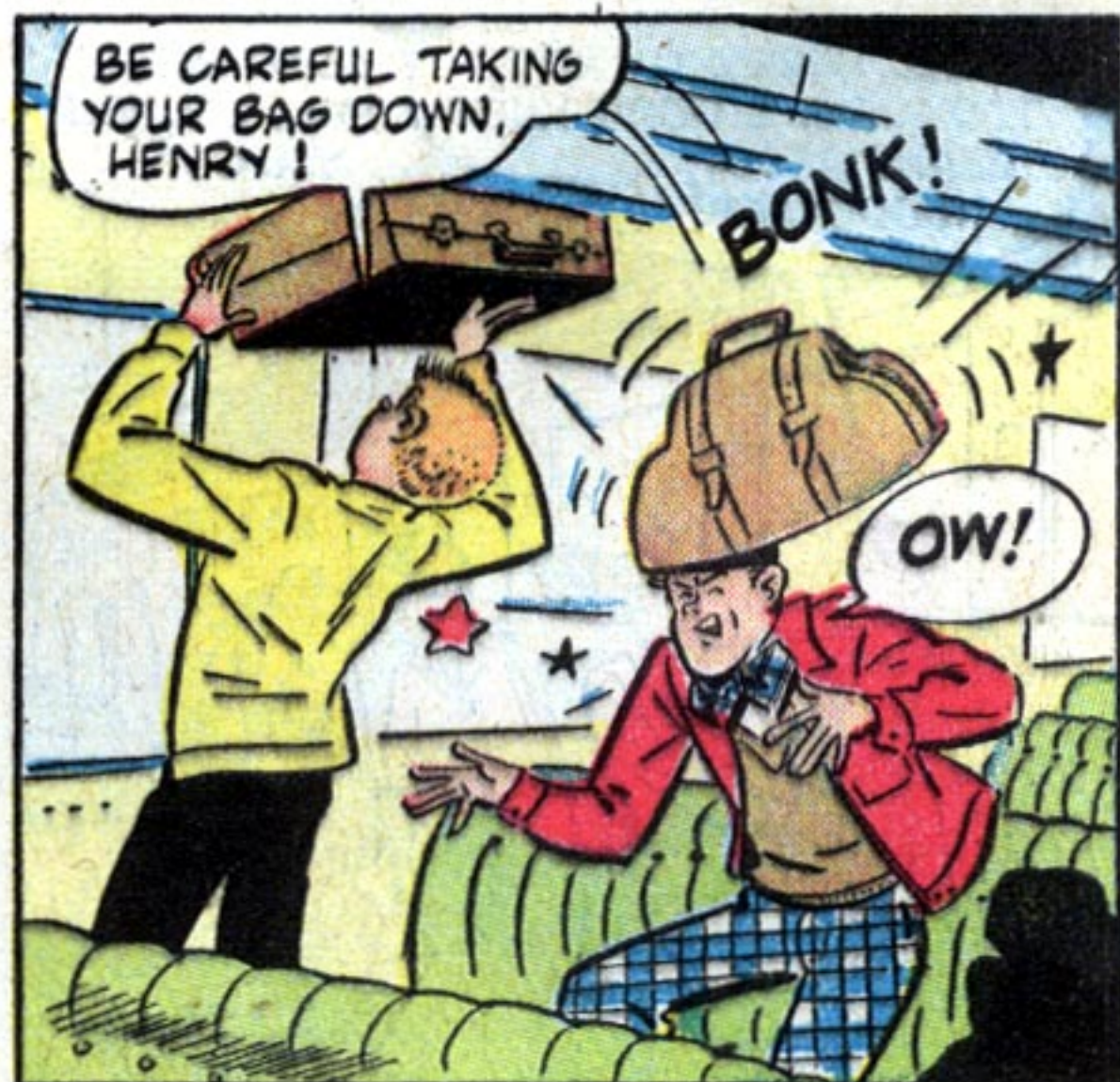
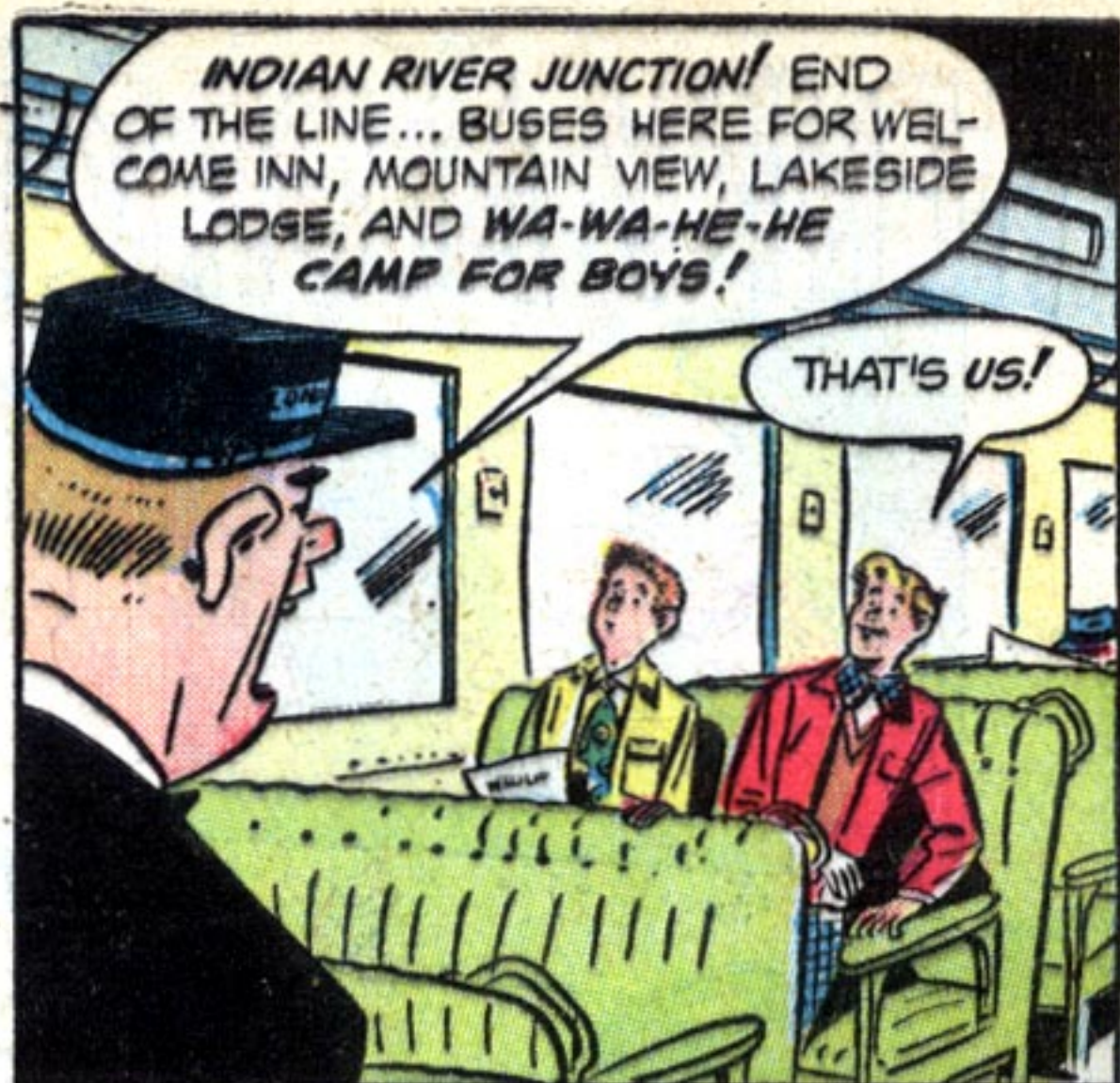
SIMPLE, EH?

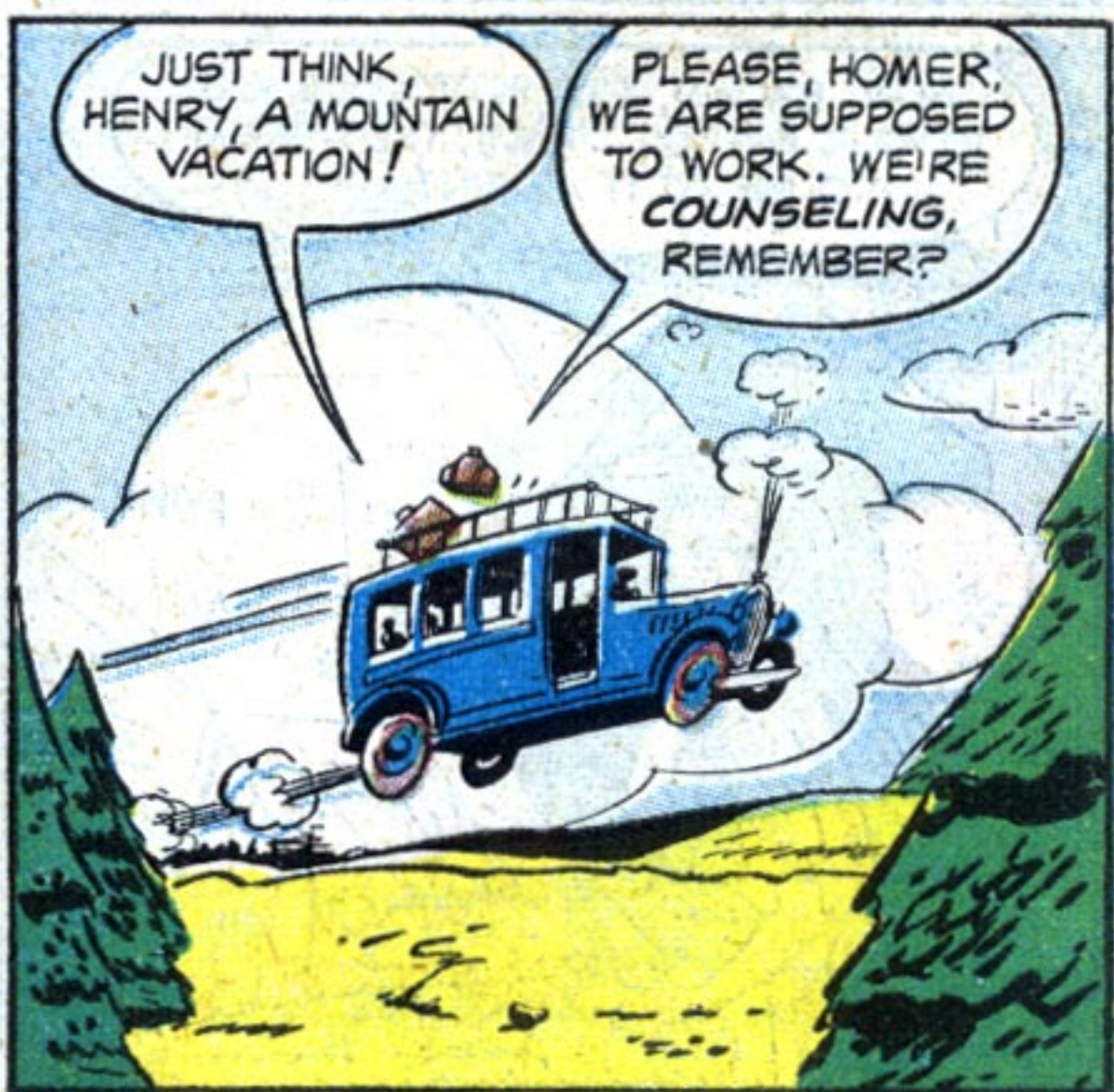
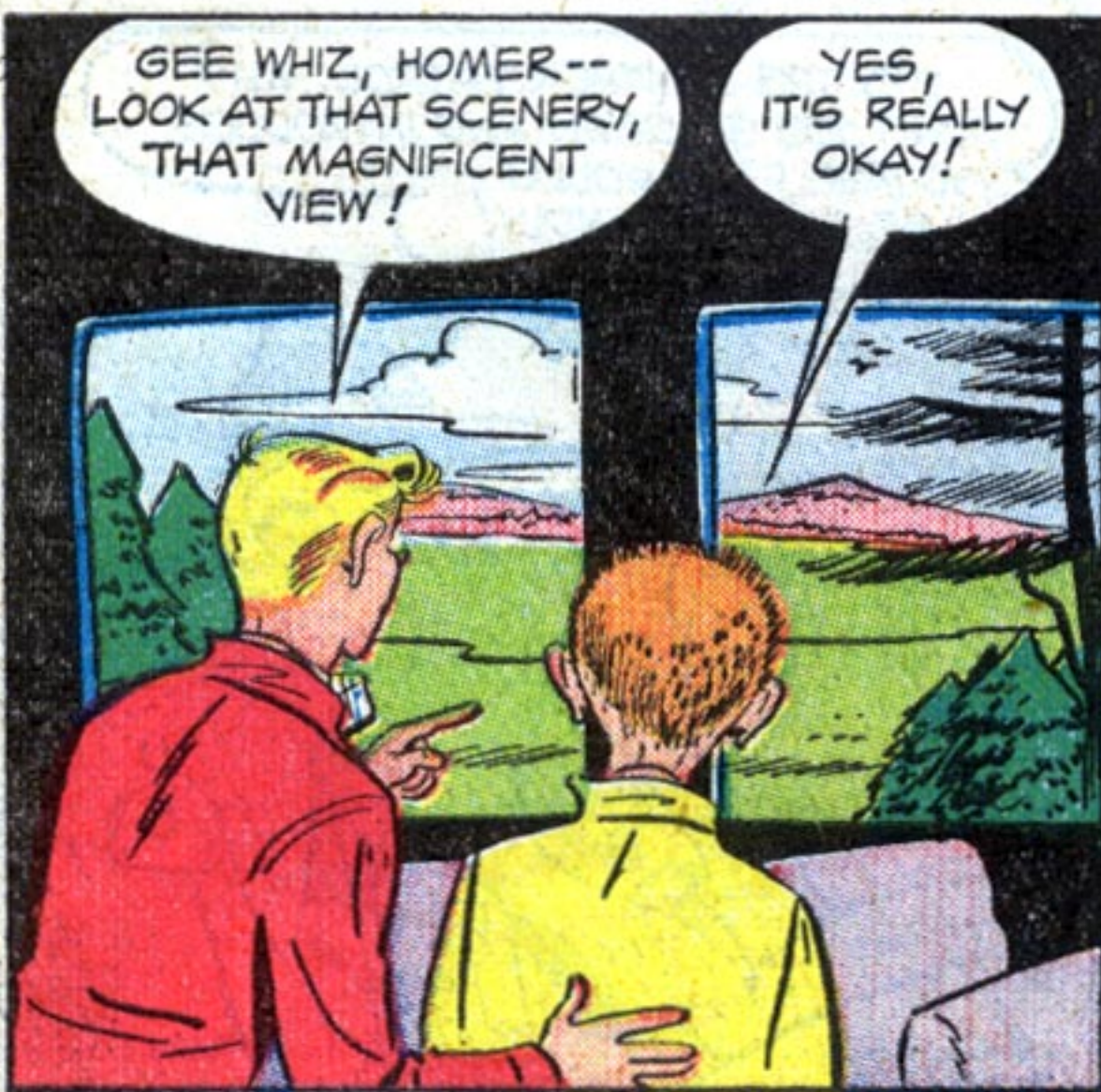
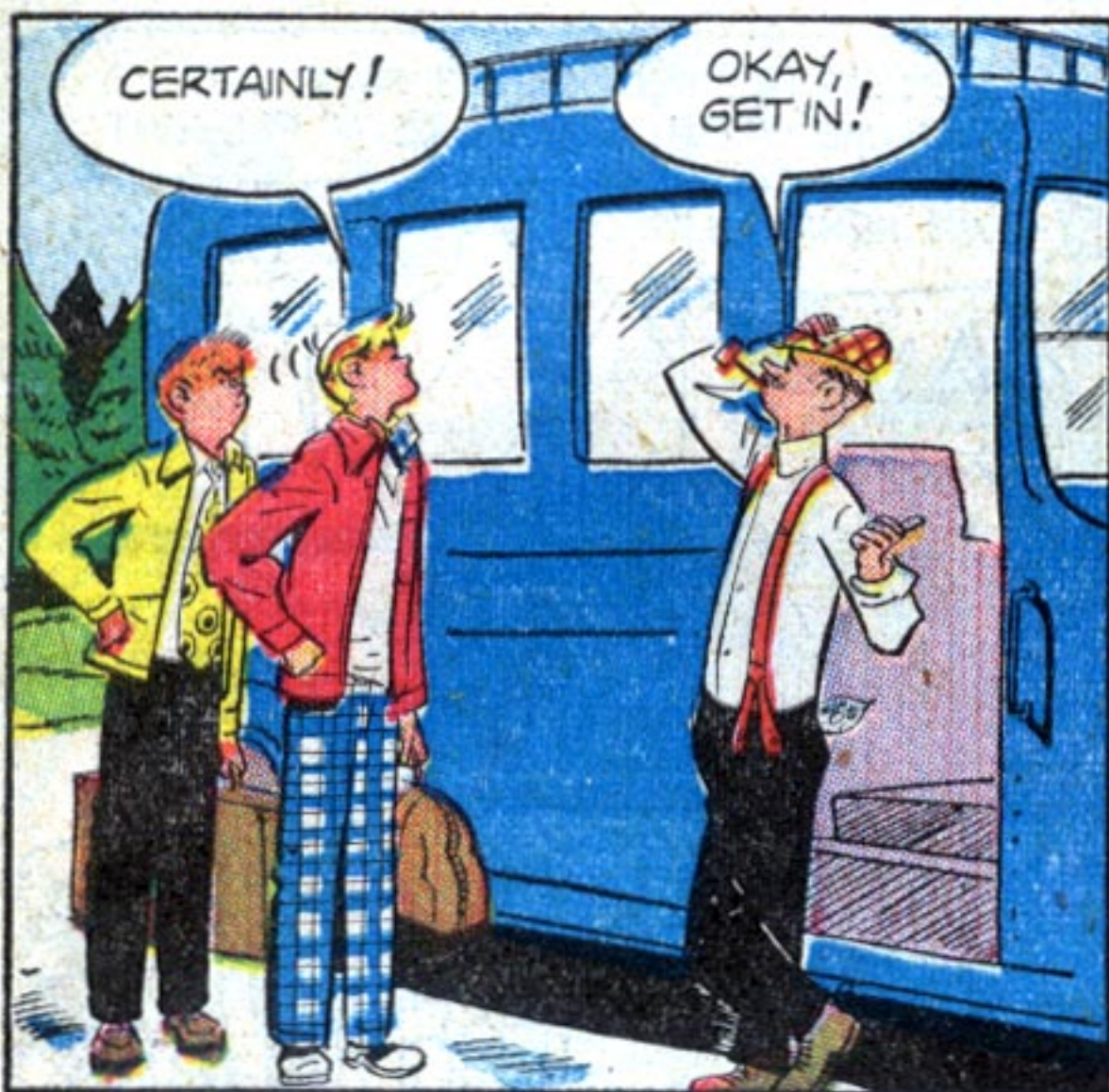
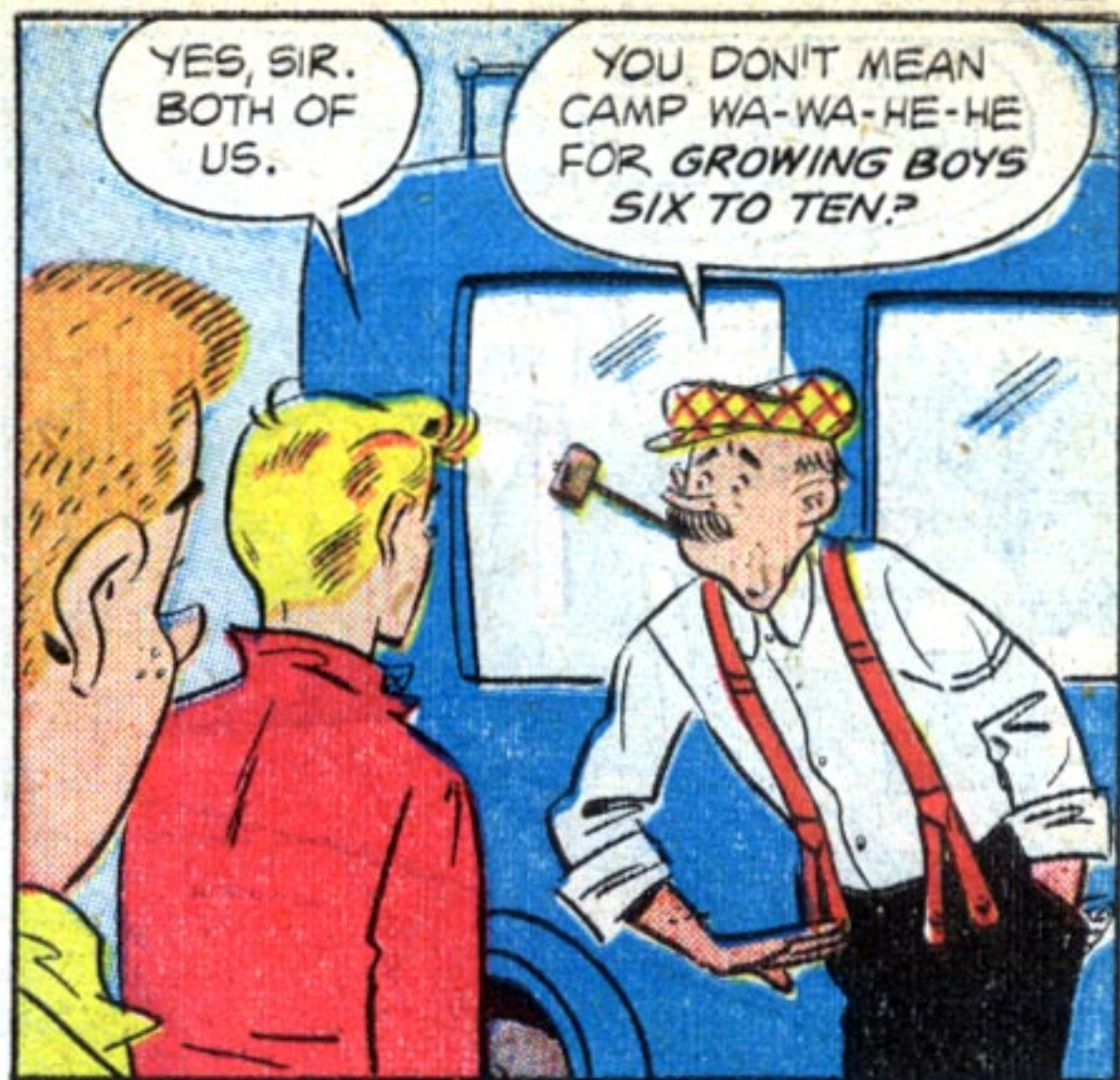
CERTAINLY! THE FRICTION IGNITES THEM.

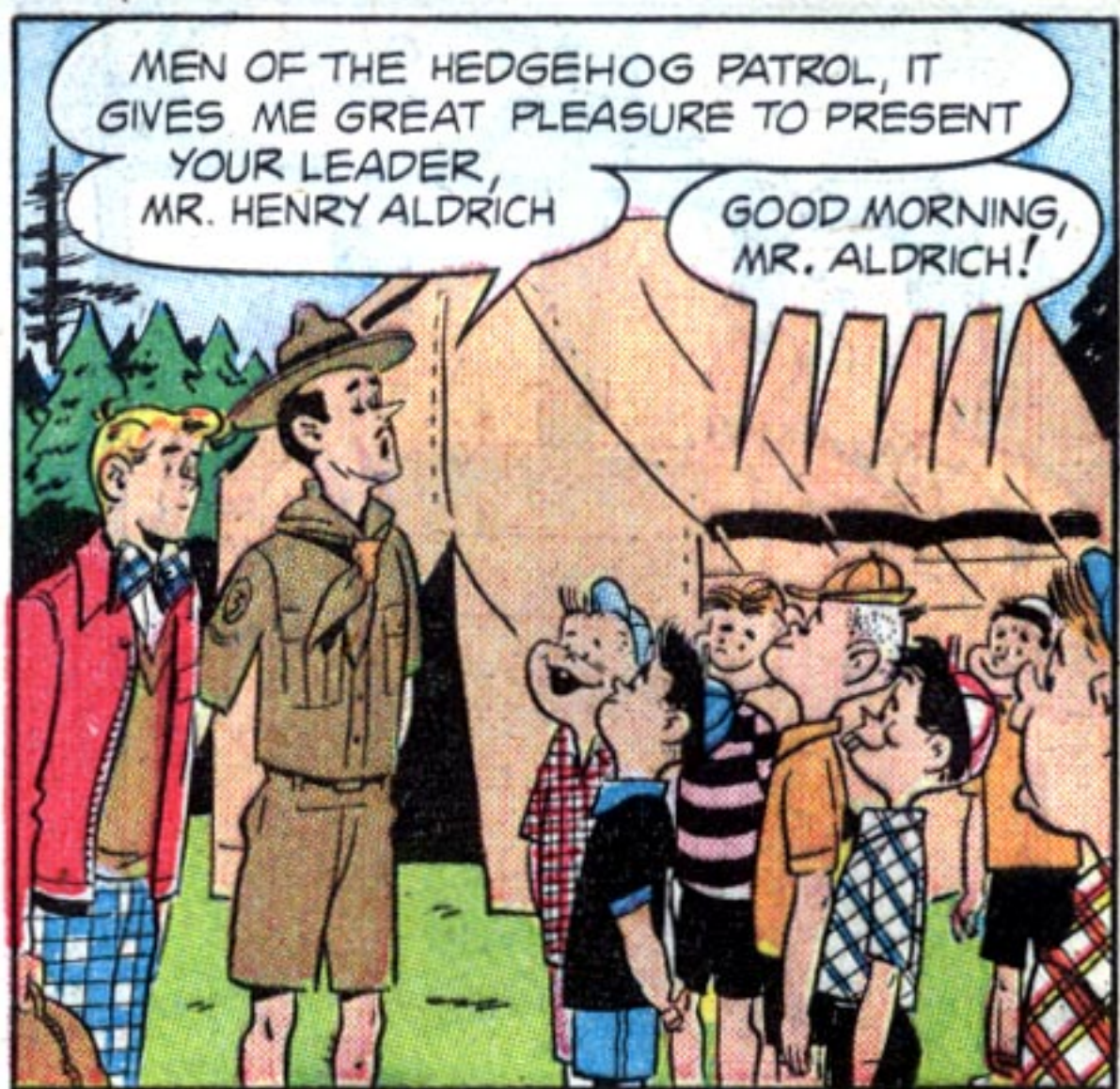
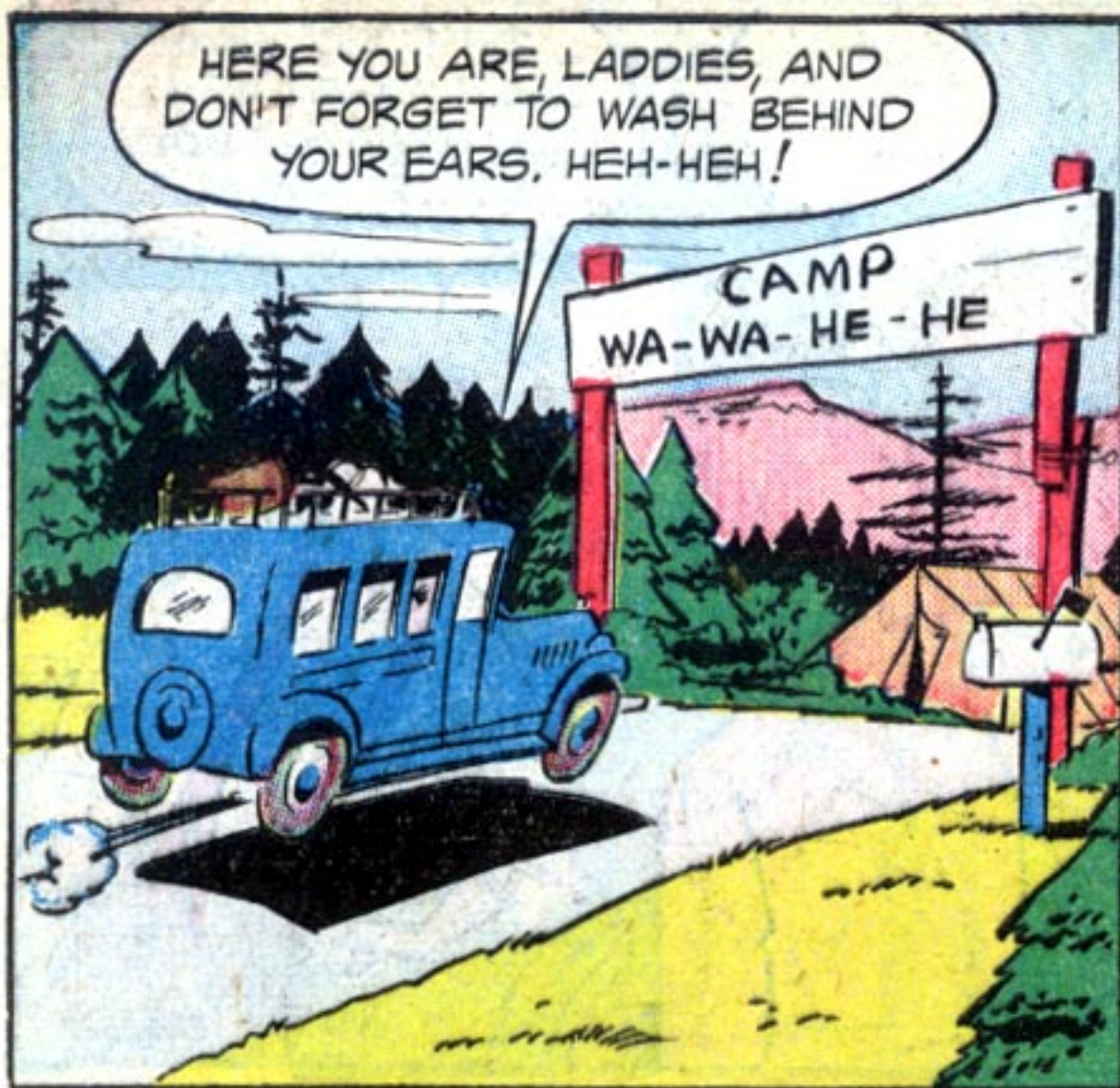


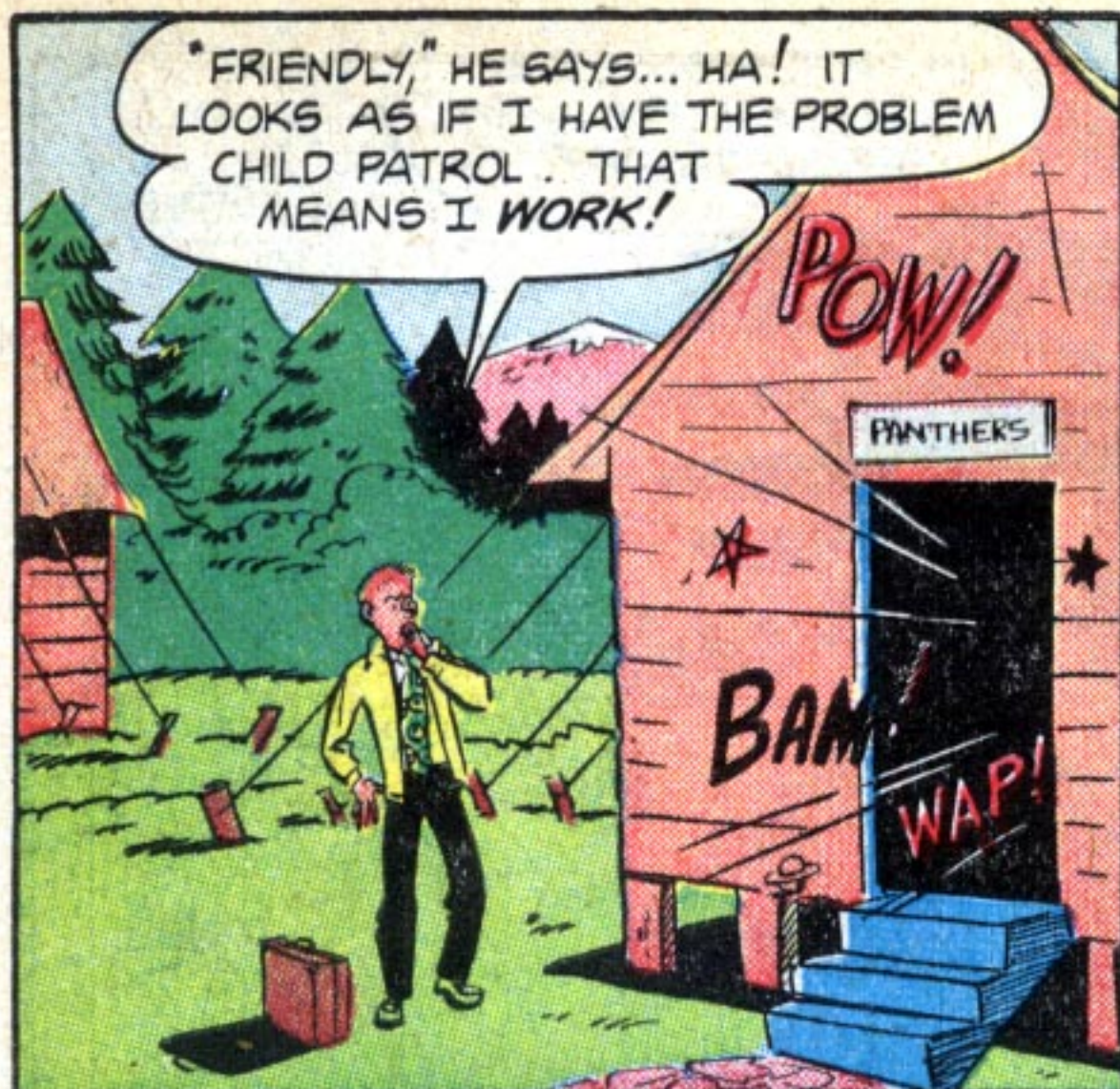
JUST LIKE THAT, EH? NOW I DOUBT THAT, HENRY.

IT'S TRUE! AFTER ALL, HOMER, IT'S COMPLETELY EXPLAINED IN THE CAMP HANDBOOK.

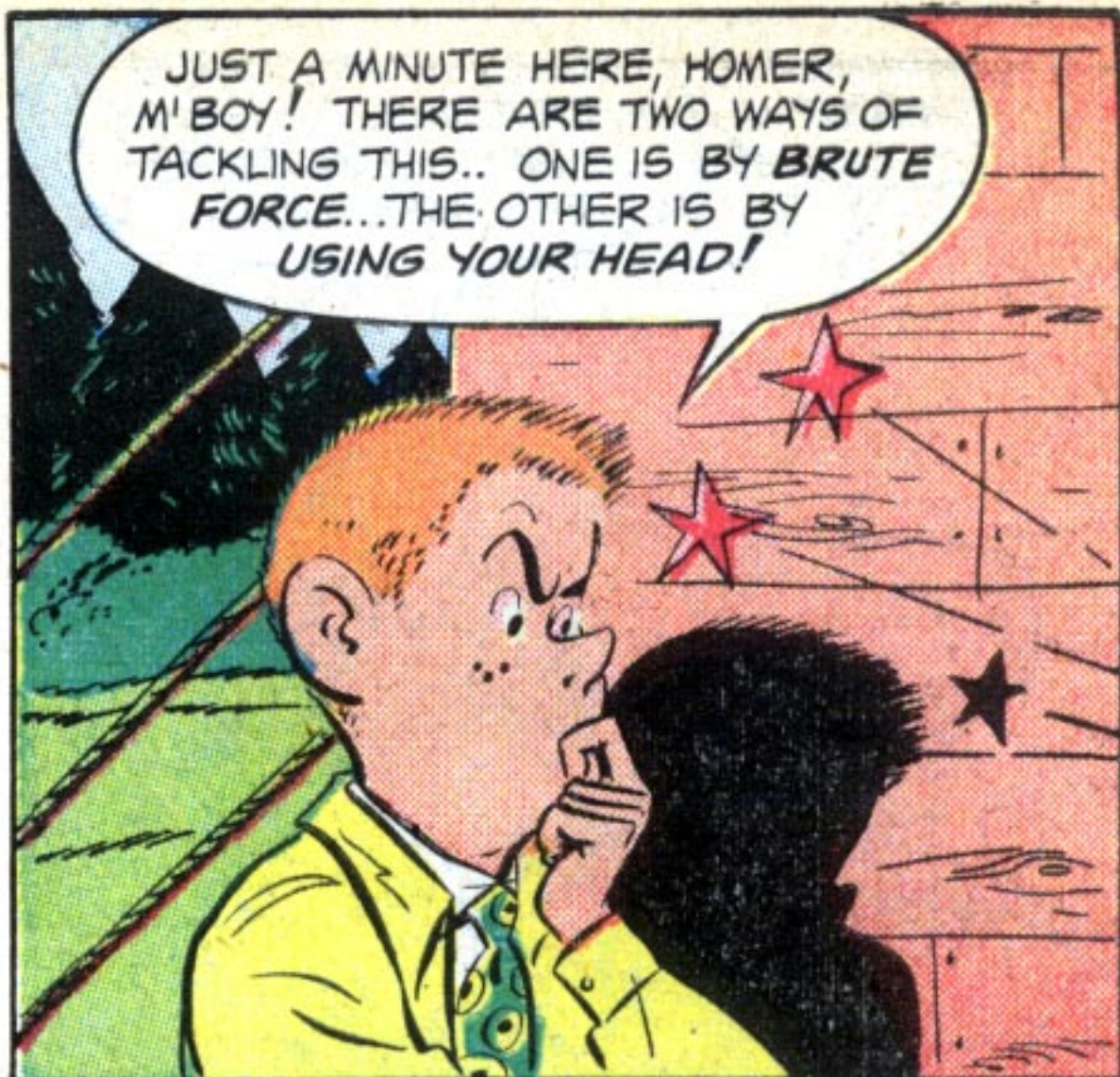








"FRIENDLY," HE SAYS... HA! IT LOOKS AS IF I HAVE THE PROBLEM CHILD PATROL. THAT MEANS I **WORK!**



JUST A MINUTE HERE, HOMER, M'BOY! THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF TACKLING THIS.. ONE IS BY **BRUTE FORCE**...THE OTHER IS BY **USING YOUR HEAD!**



QUIET!



... AND THUS BEGAN THE TRAINING IN WOODCRAFT, CAMPCRAFT, AND ANIMAL LORE AT CAMP WA-WA-HE-HE...



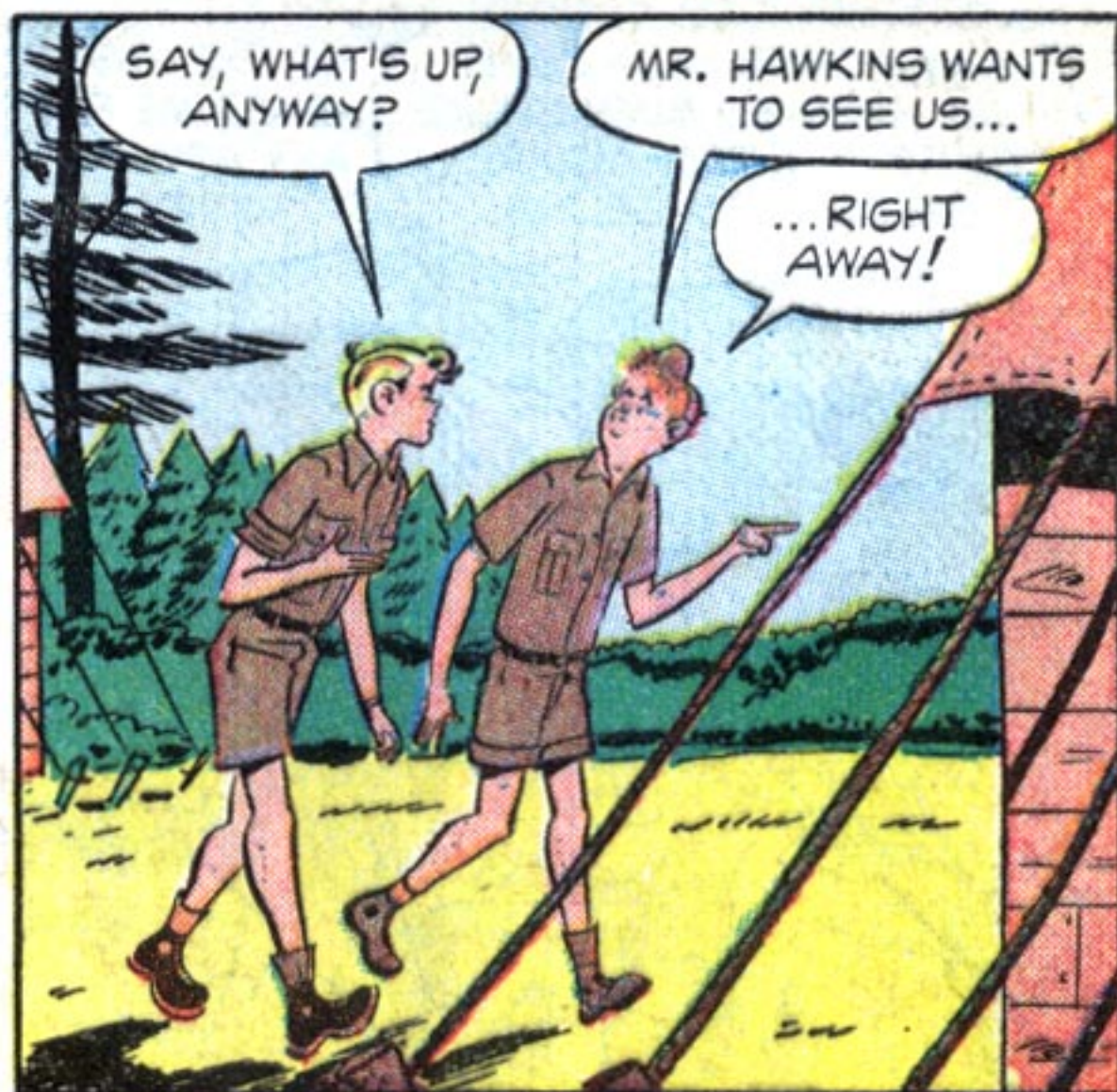
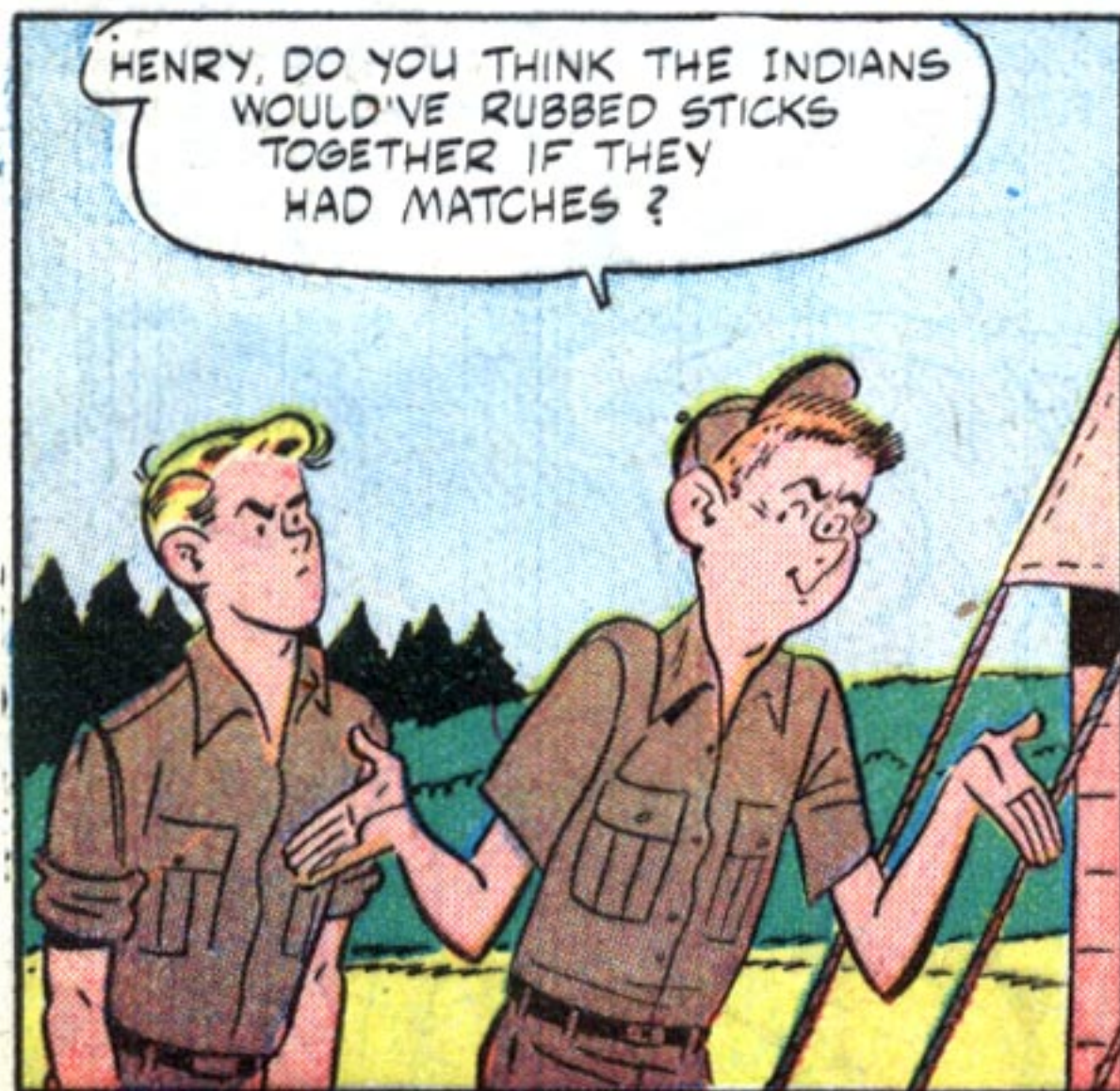
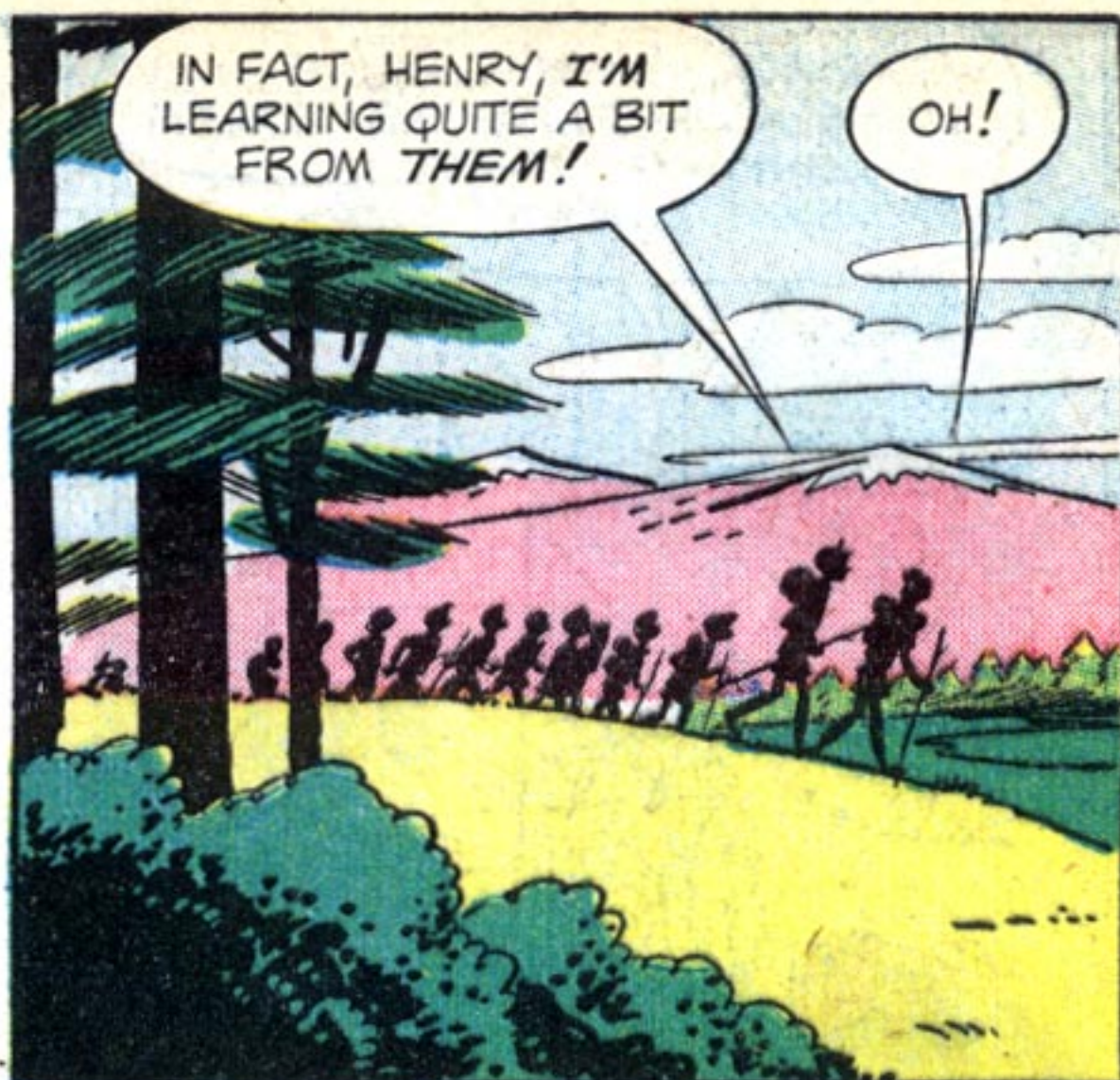
SAY, HOMER, HOW COME YOU HAVE SO MUCH SPARE TIME? I NOTICE YOU'RE SELDOM COUNSELING.

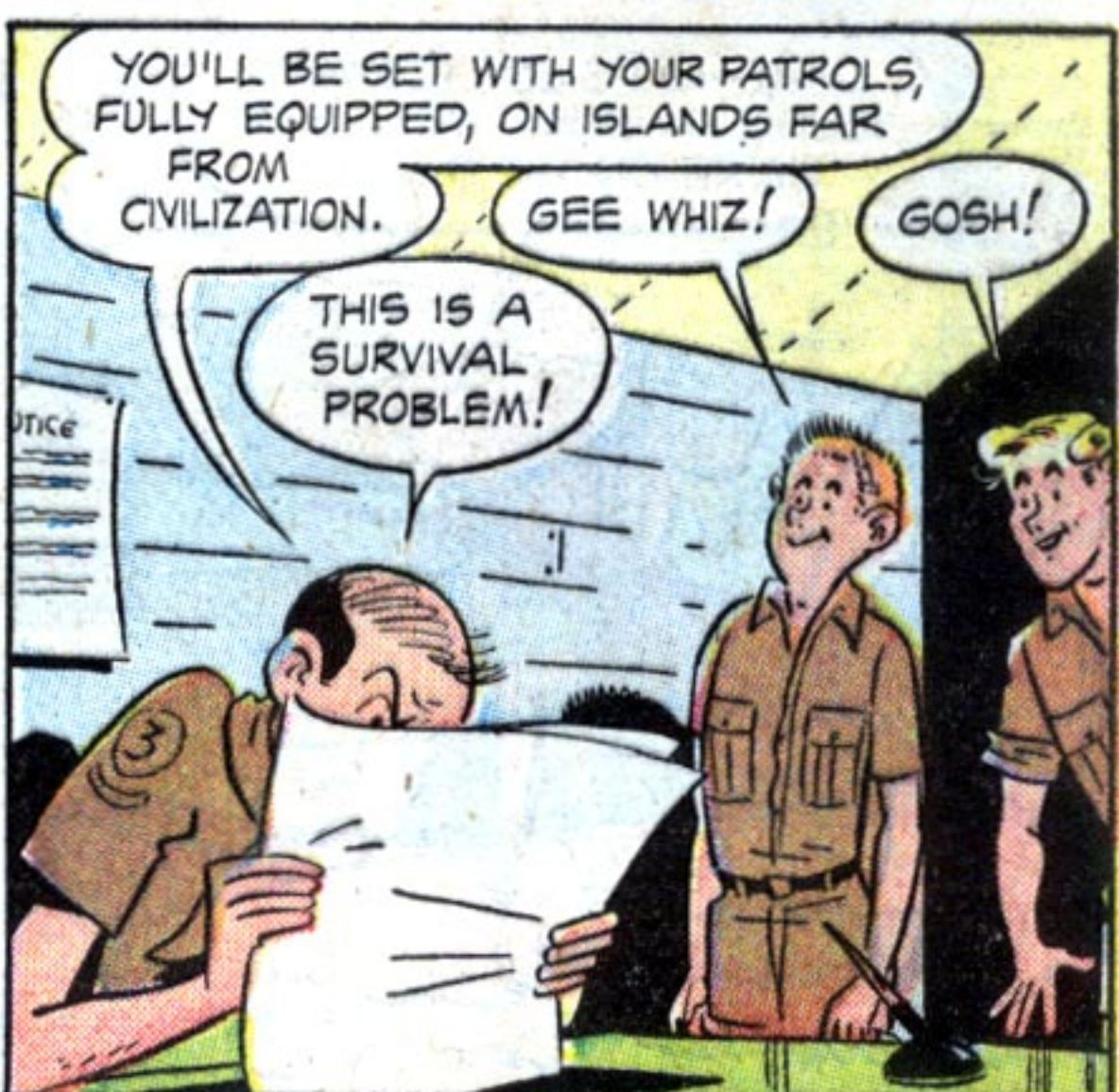
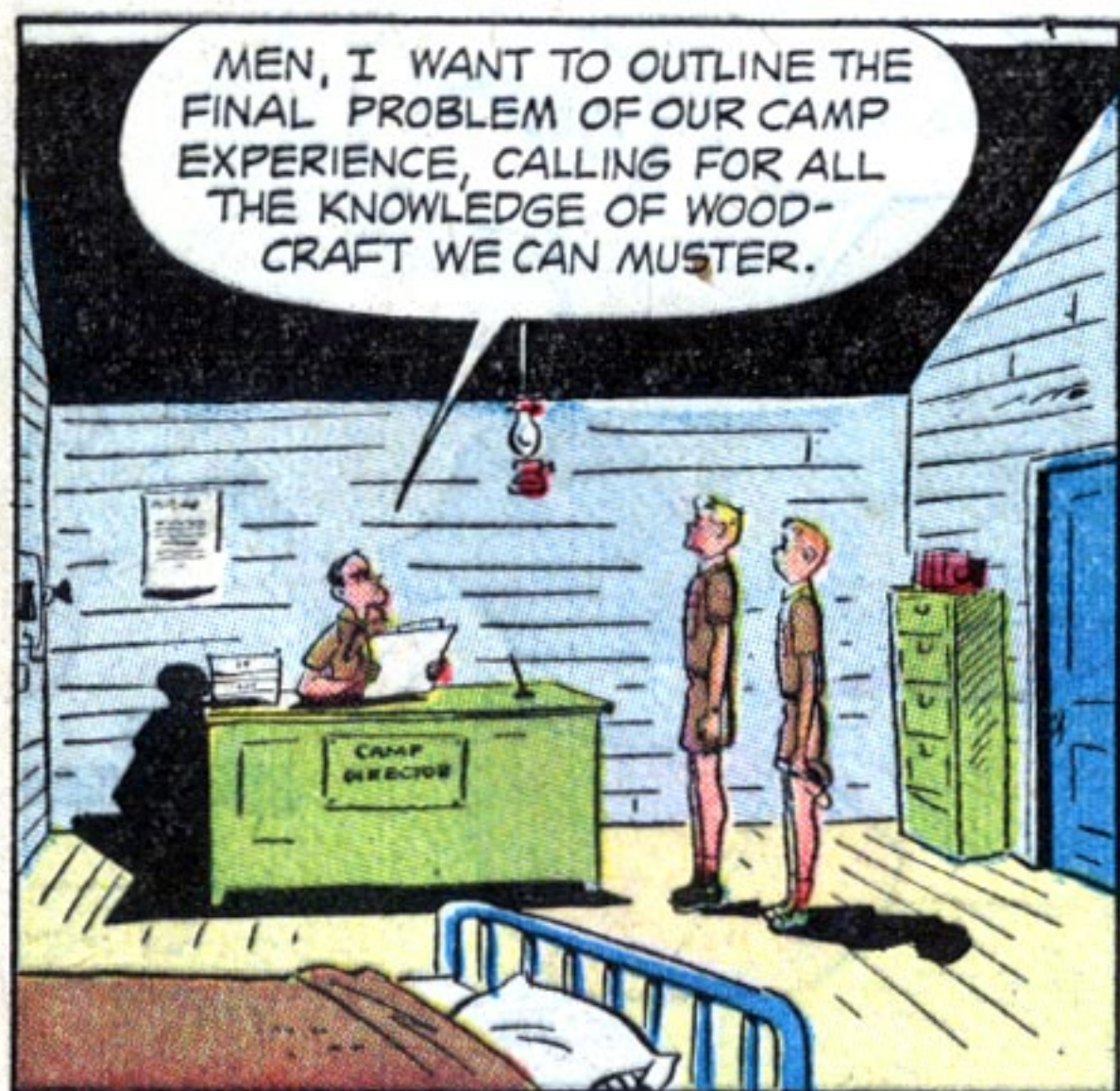
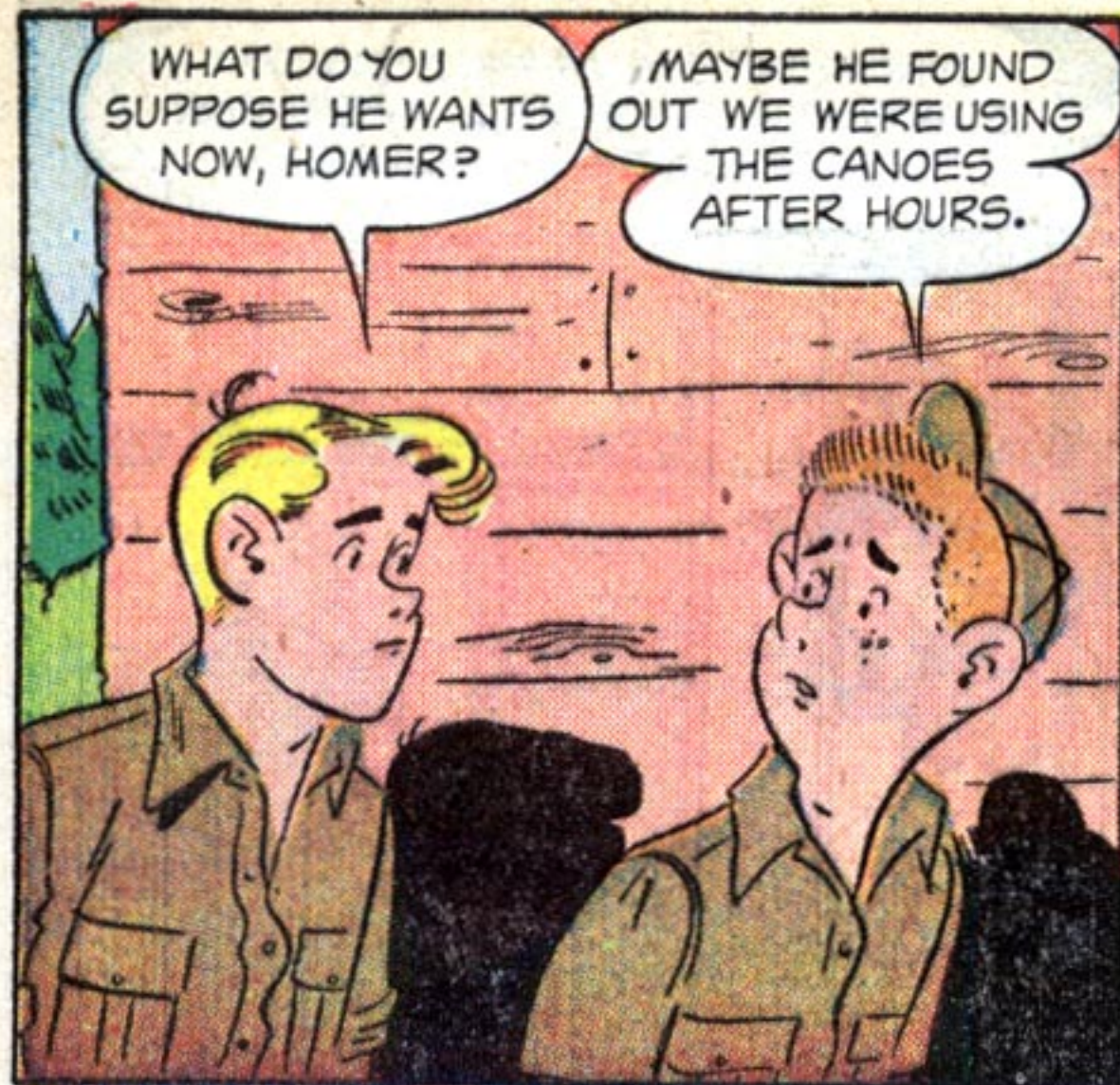
NO ONE HAS ASKED ME FOR ANY ADVICE, HENRY!

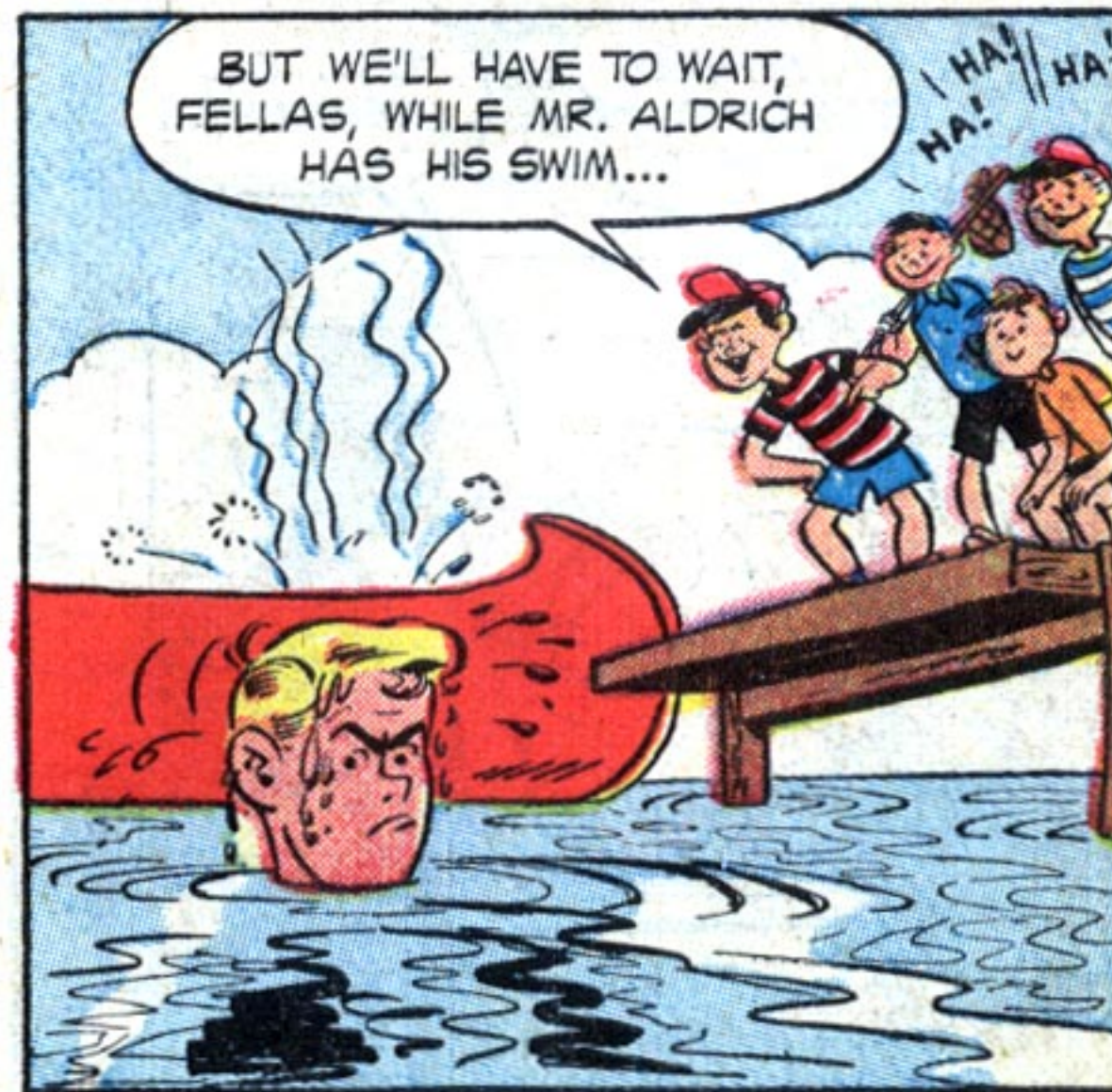
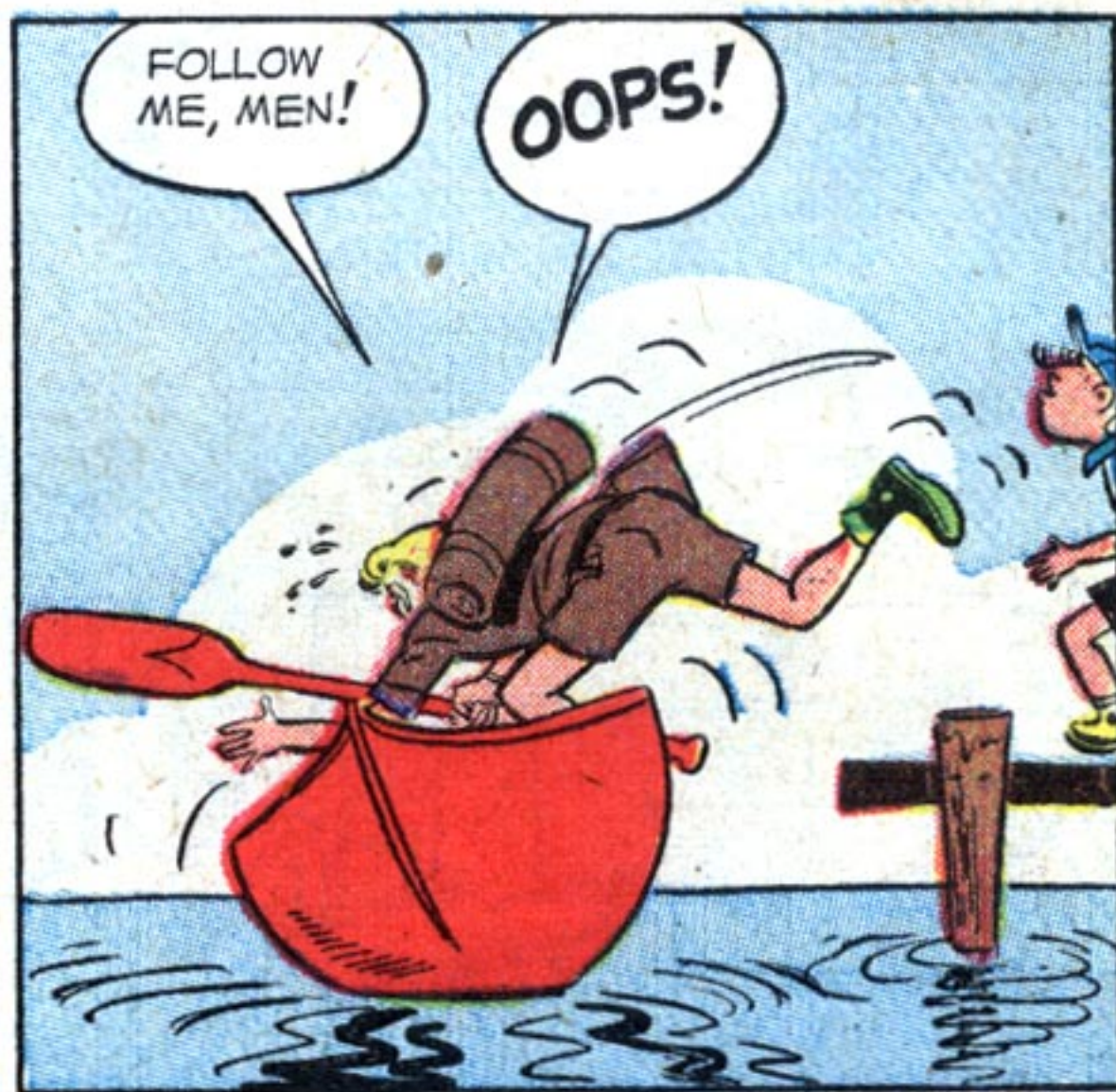
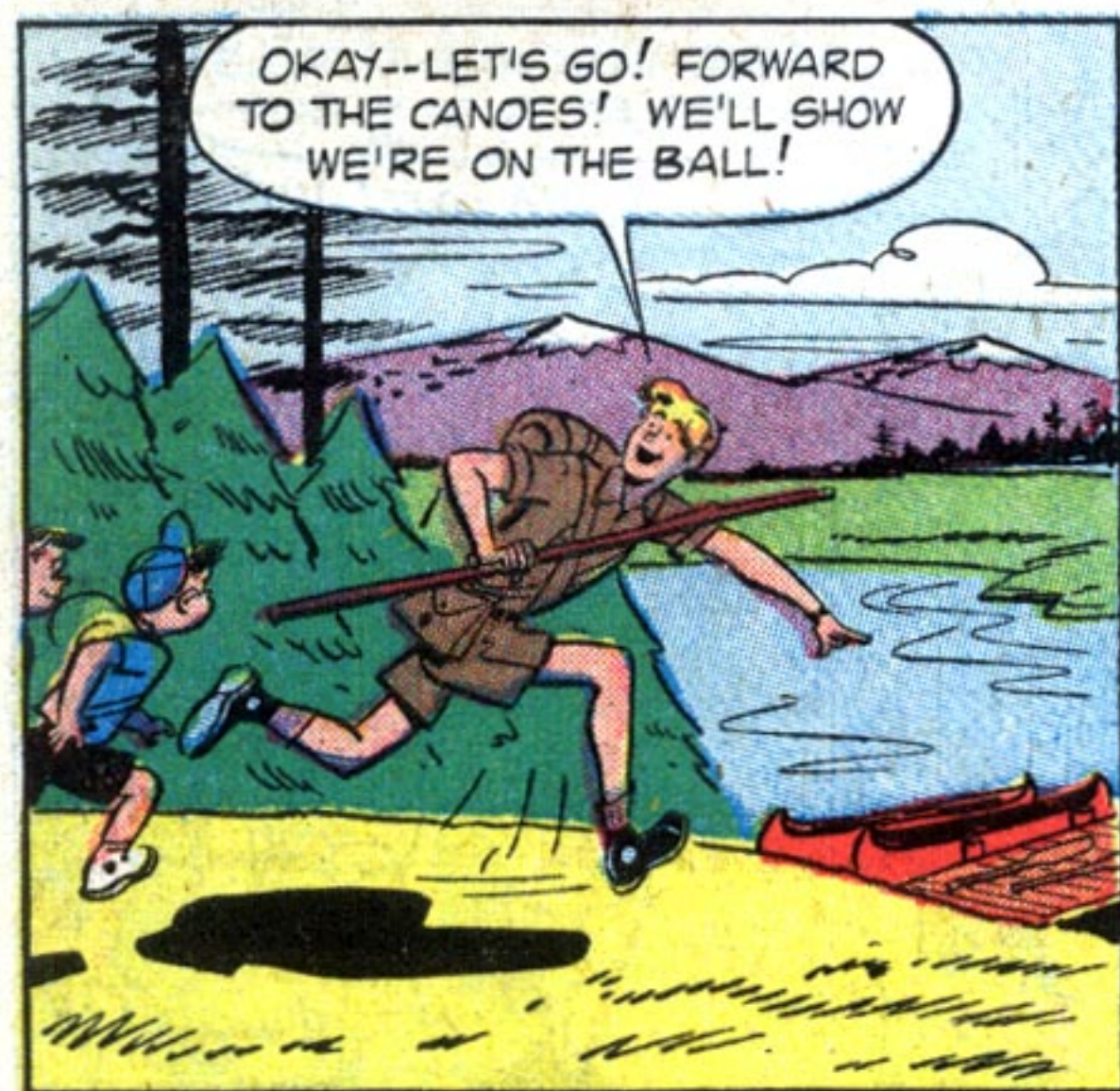
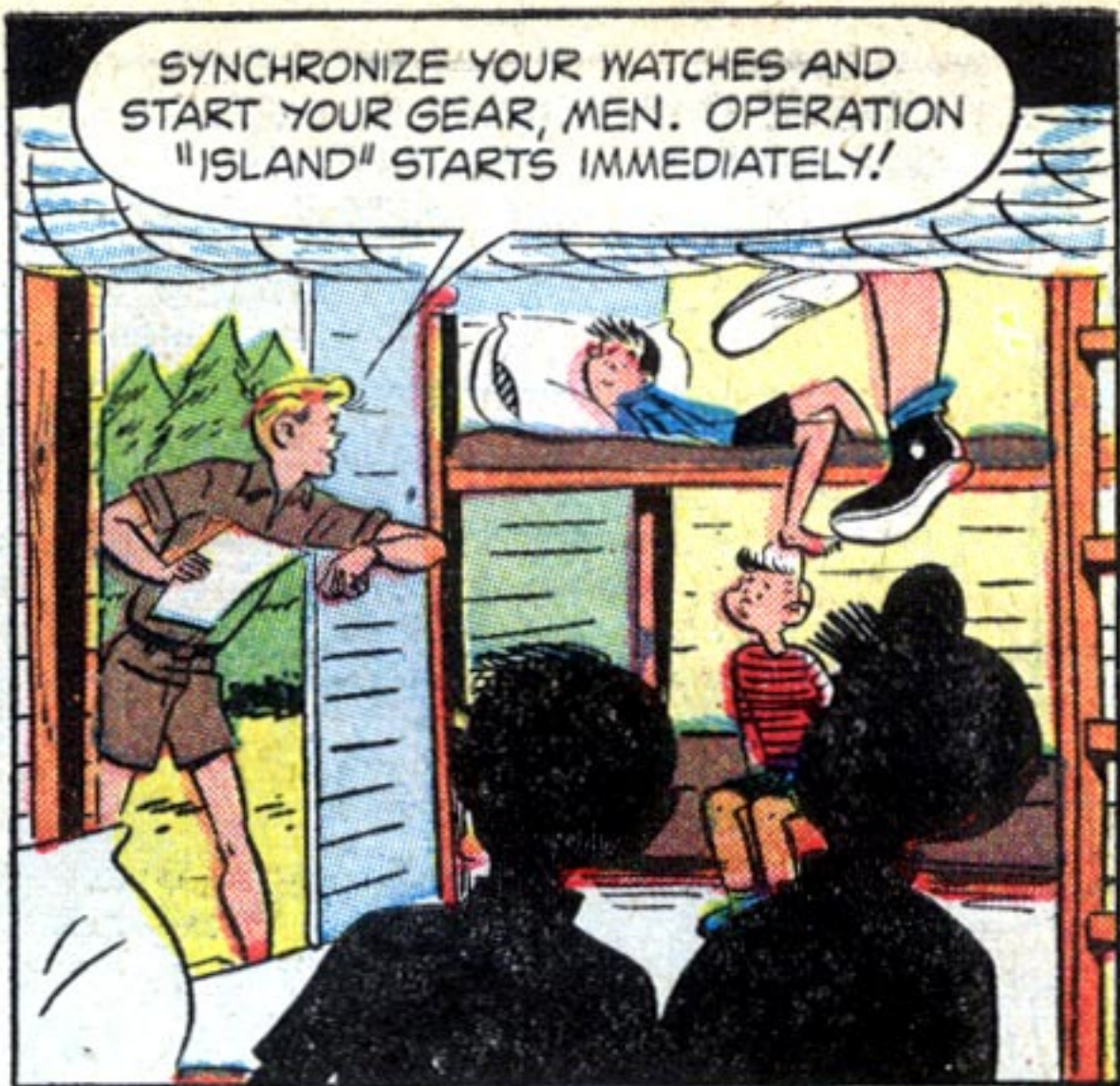


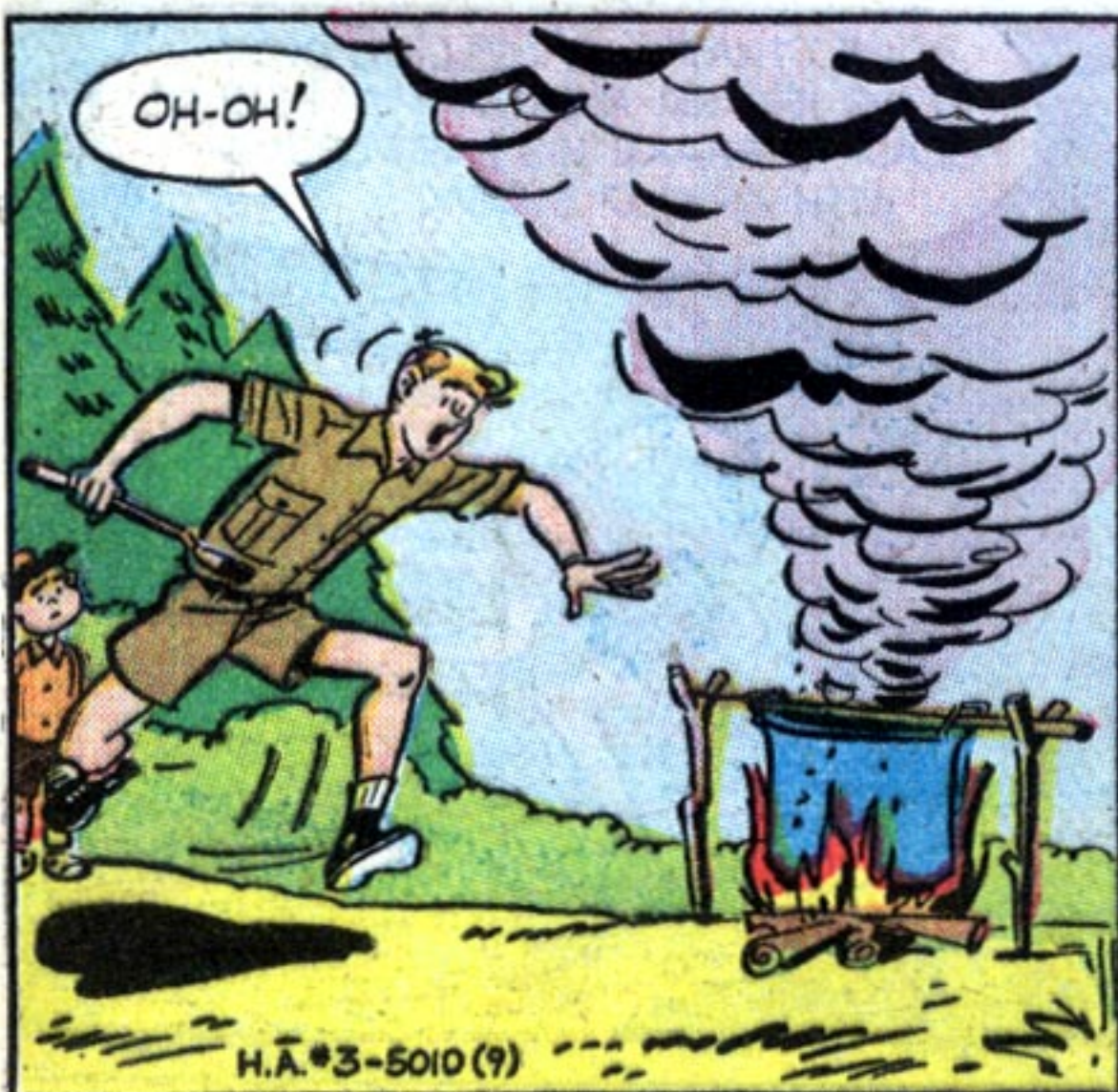
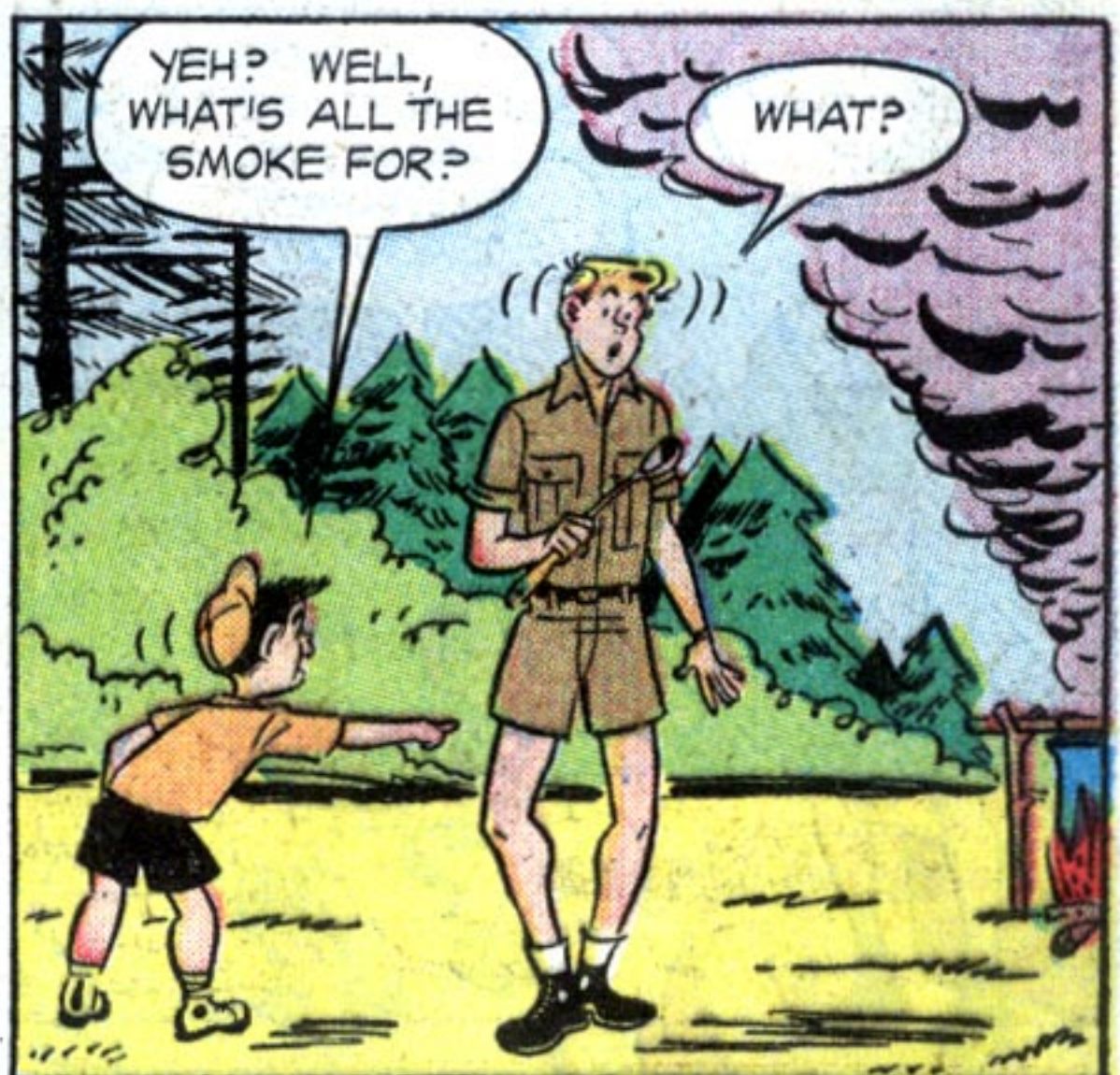
YOU'RE **WAITING** FOR THE KIDS TO **ASK** YOU?

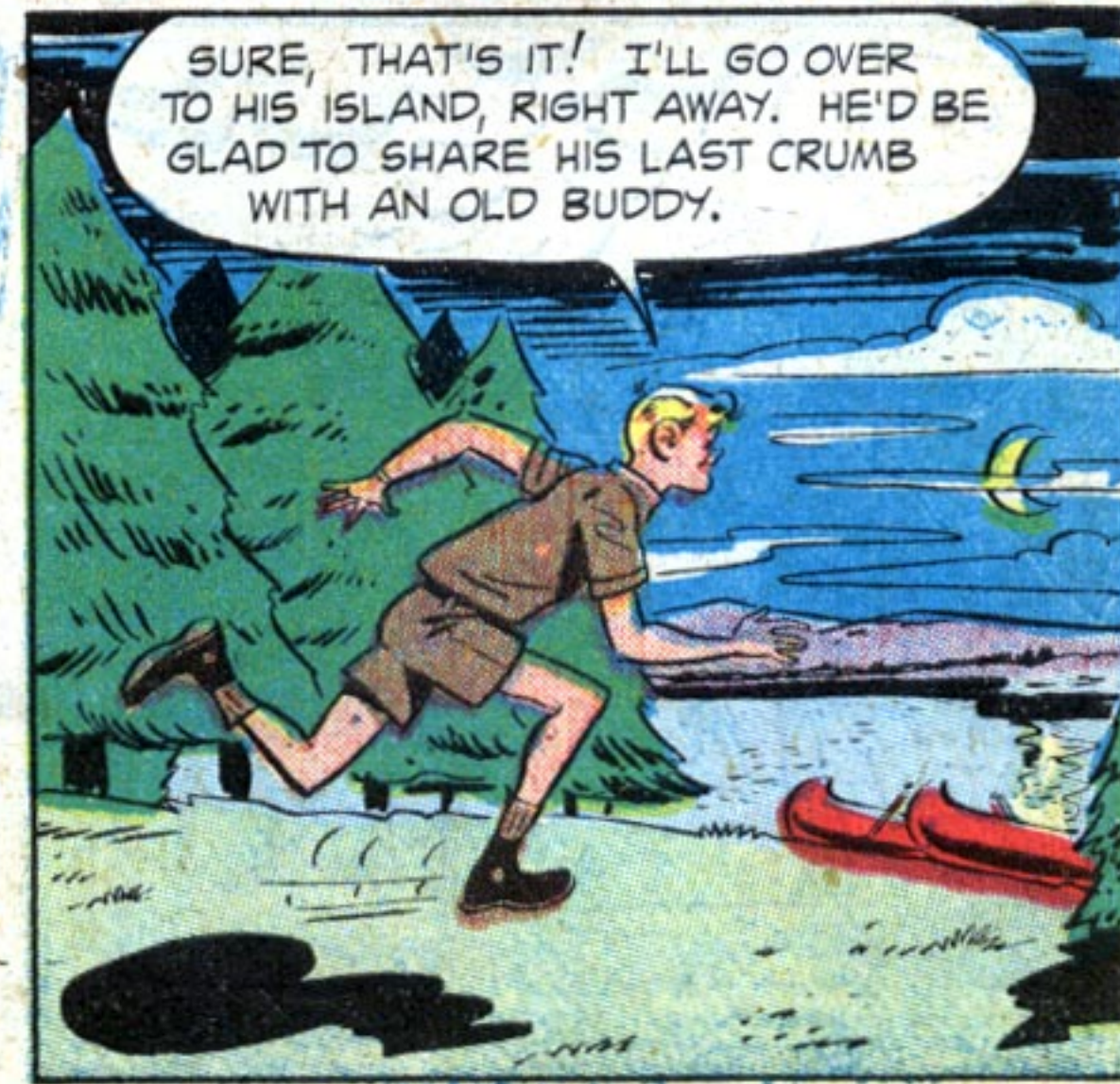
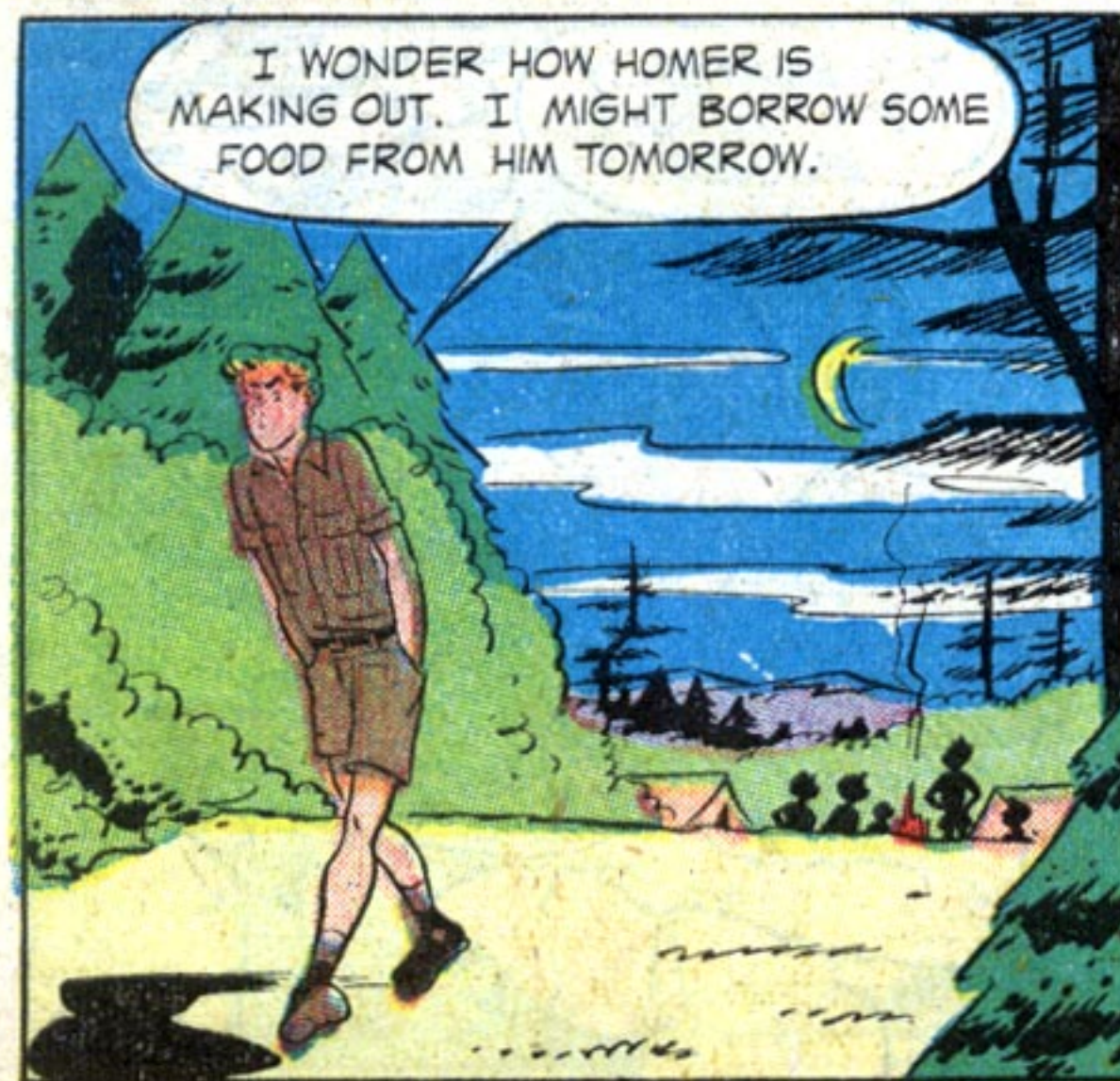
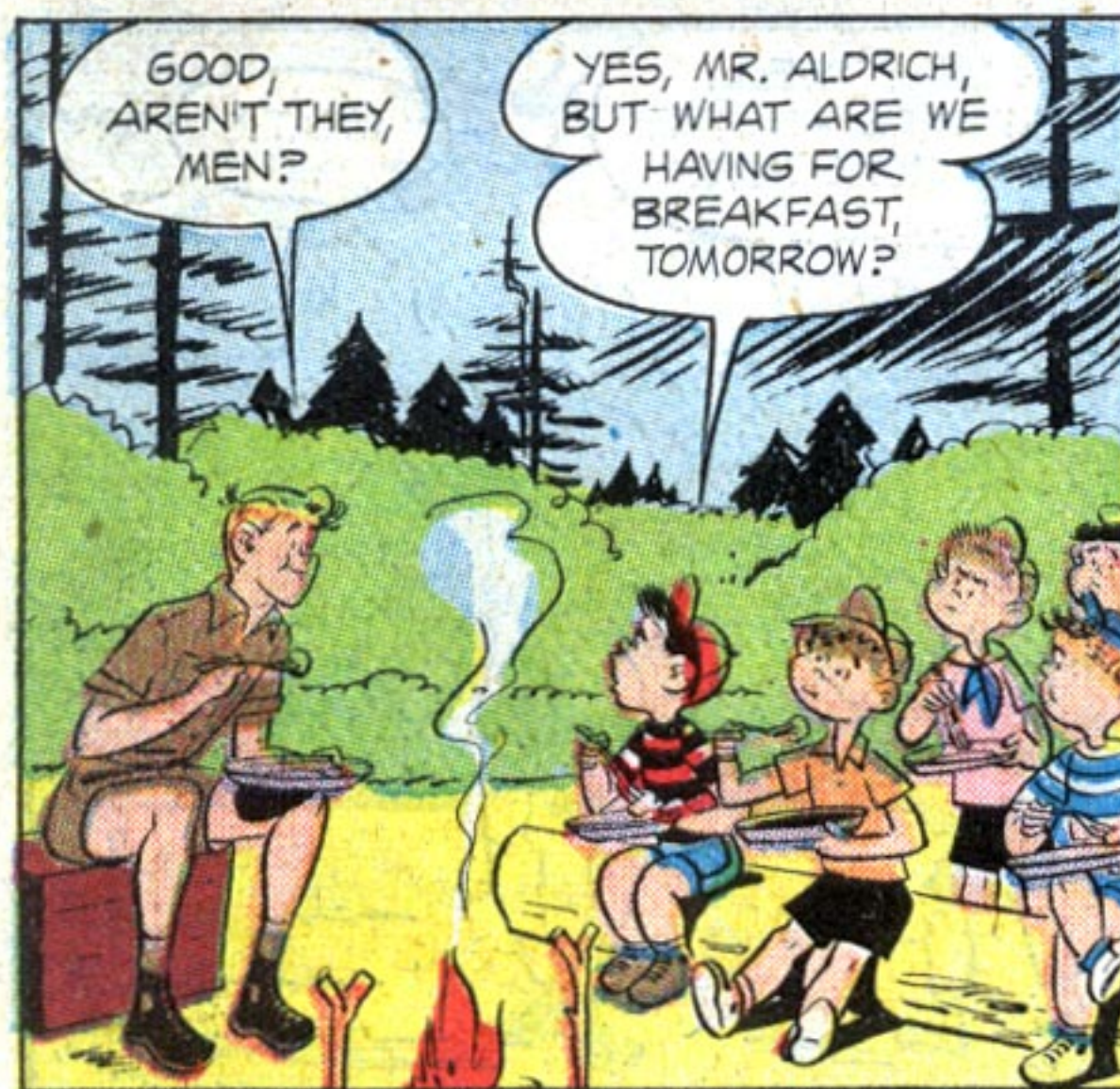
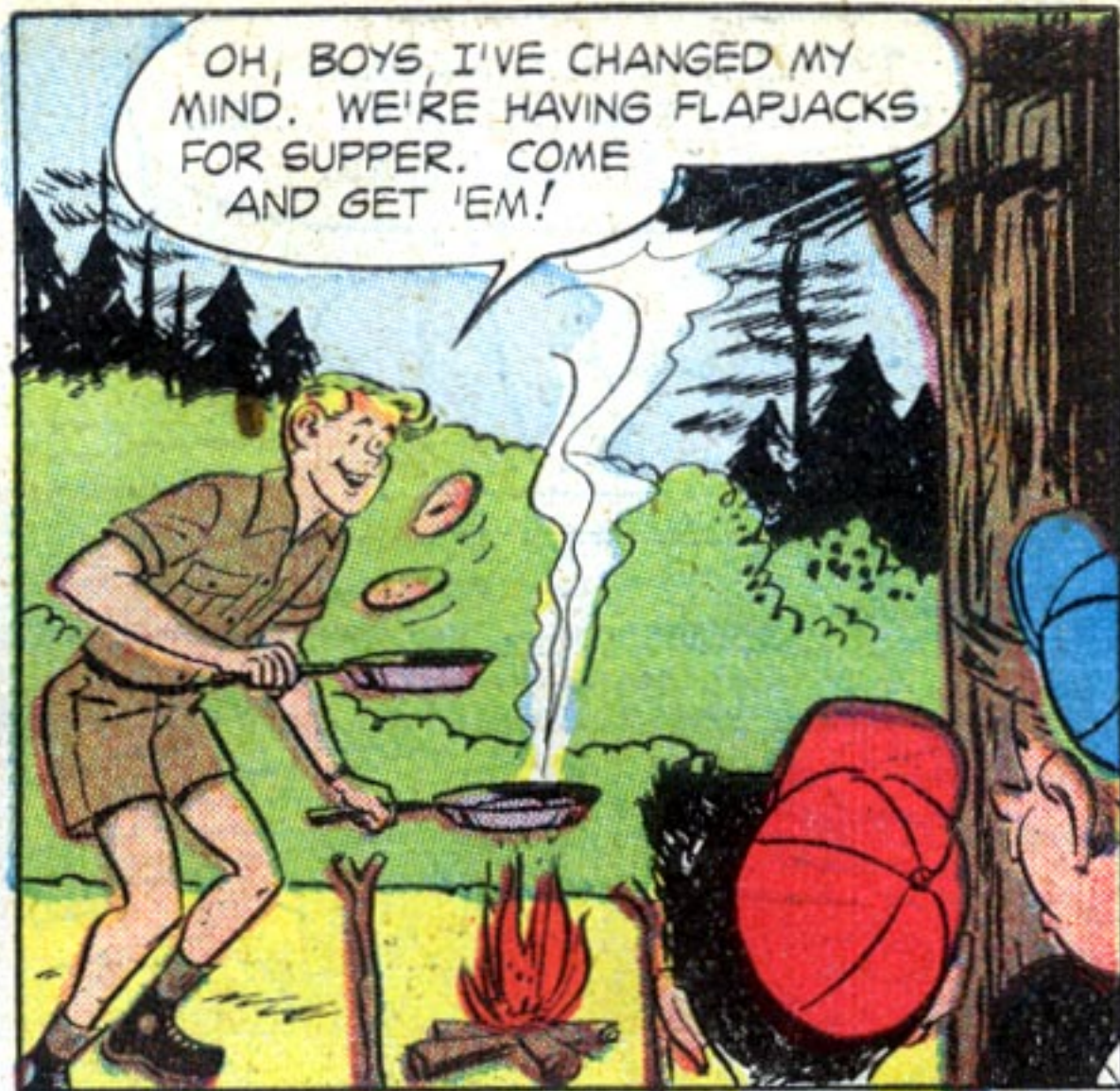
LOOK, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BUILD SELF-RELIANCE AND RESOURCEFULNESS, AREN'T WE?

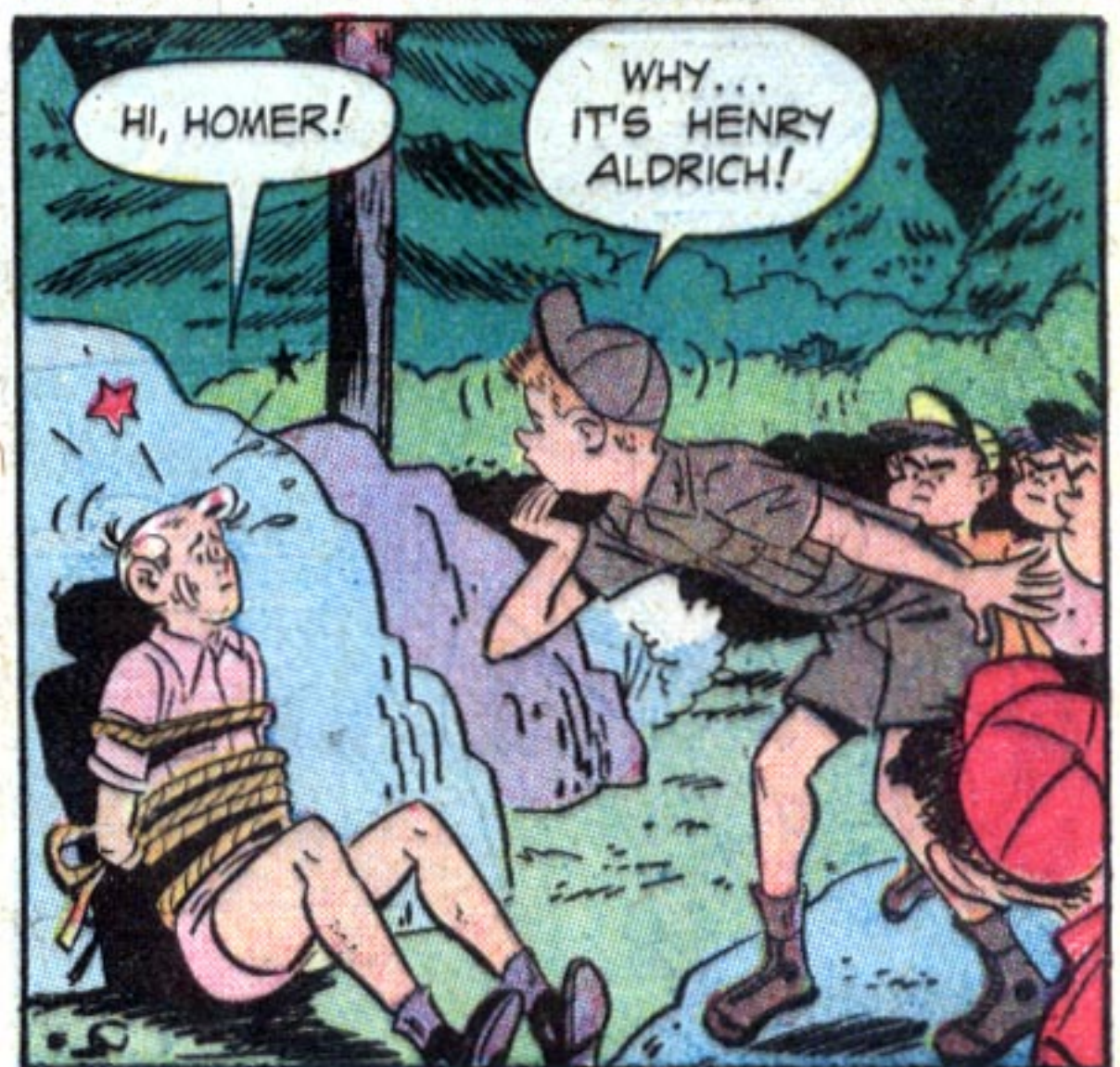


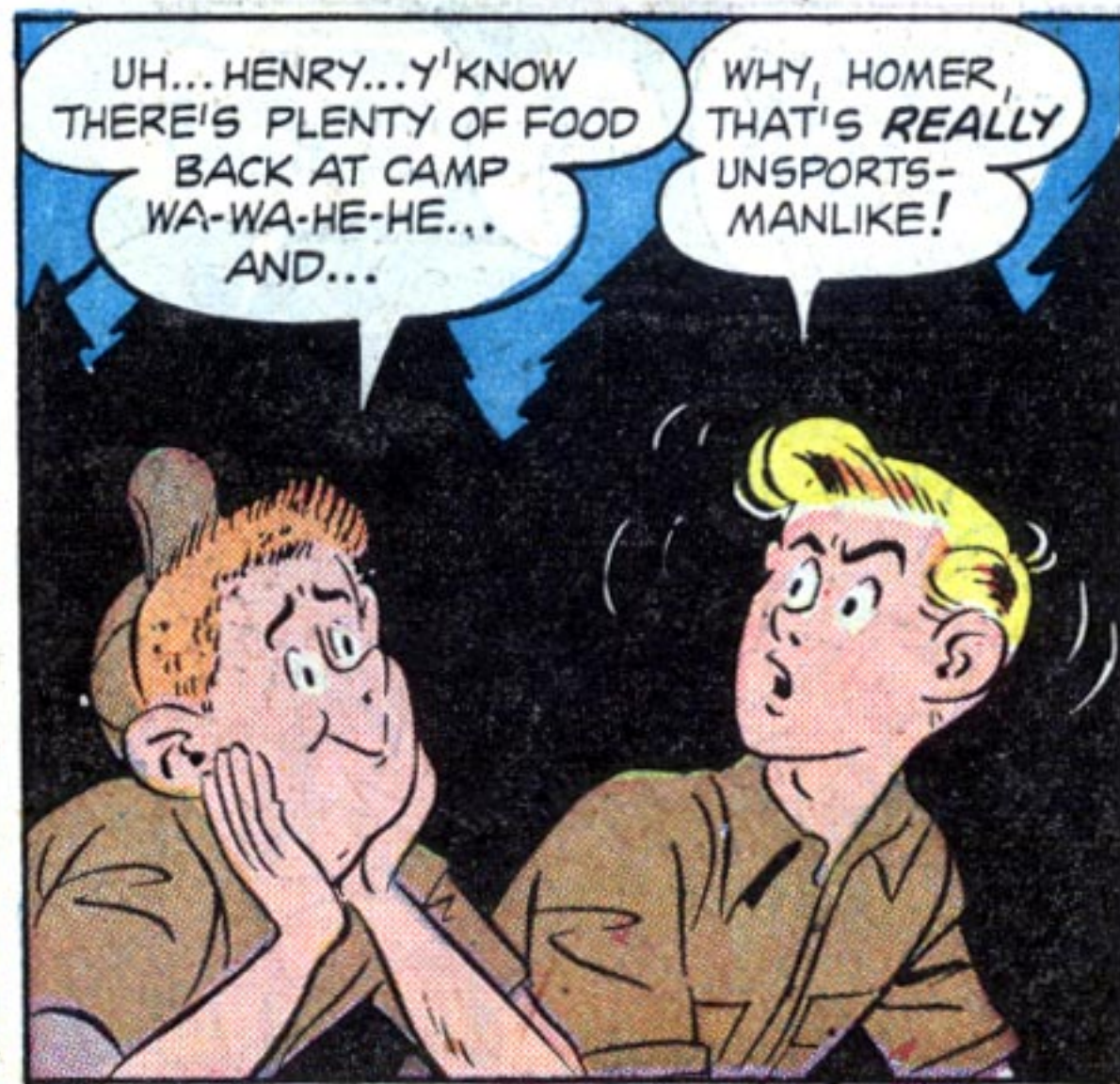
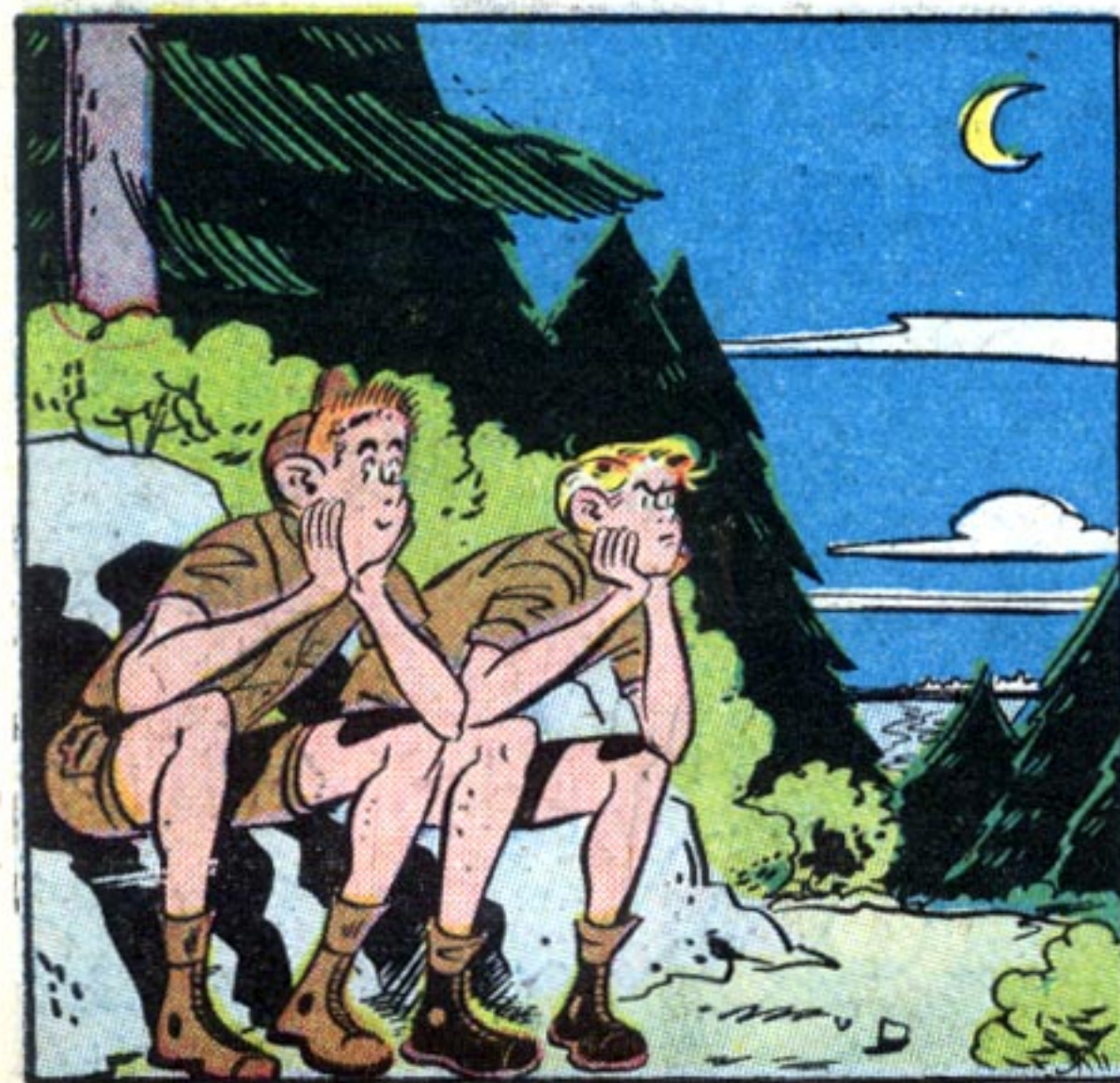
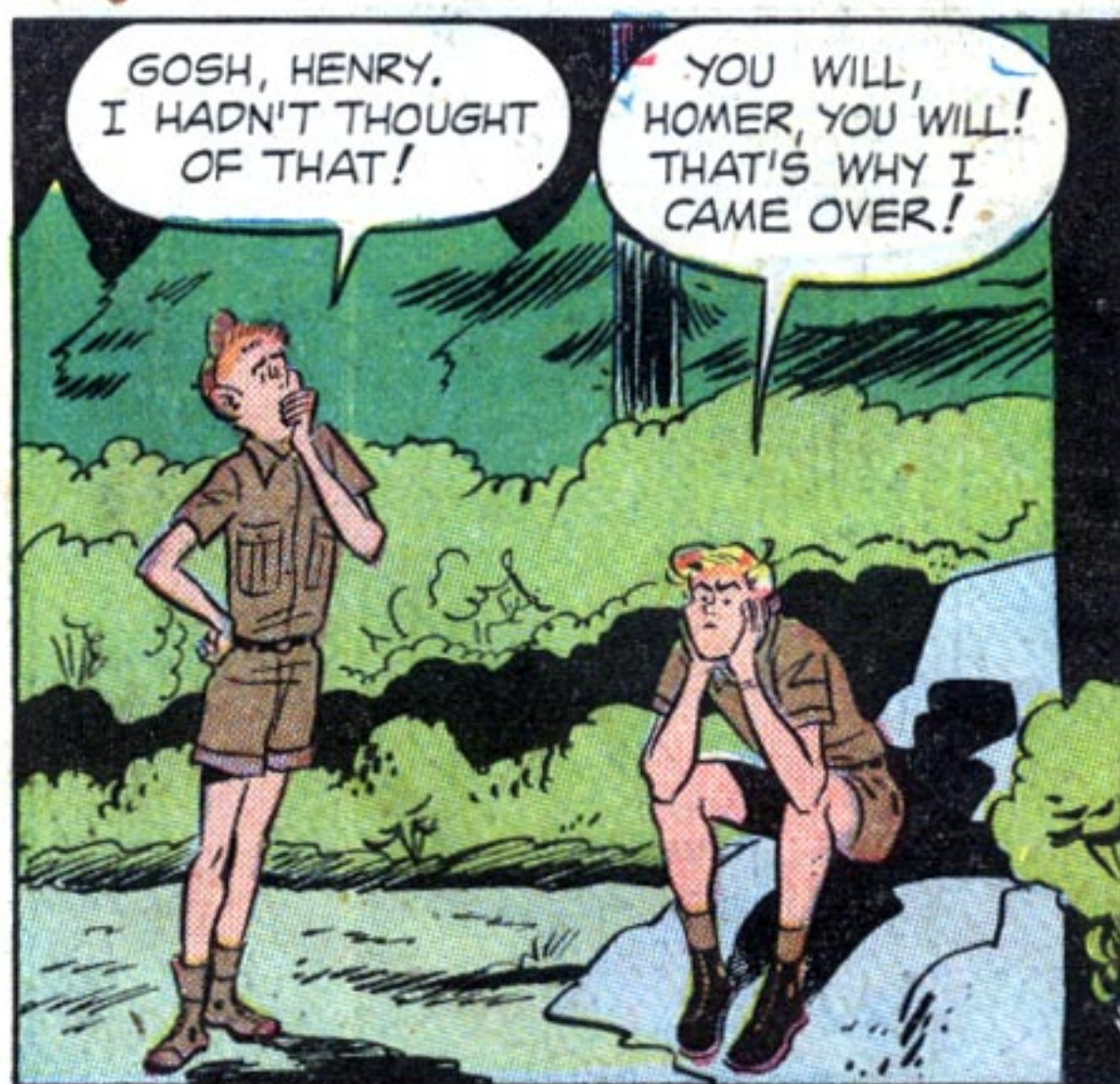
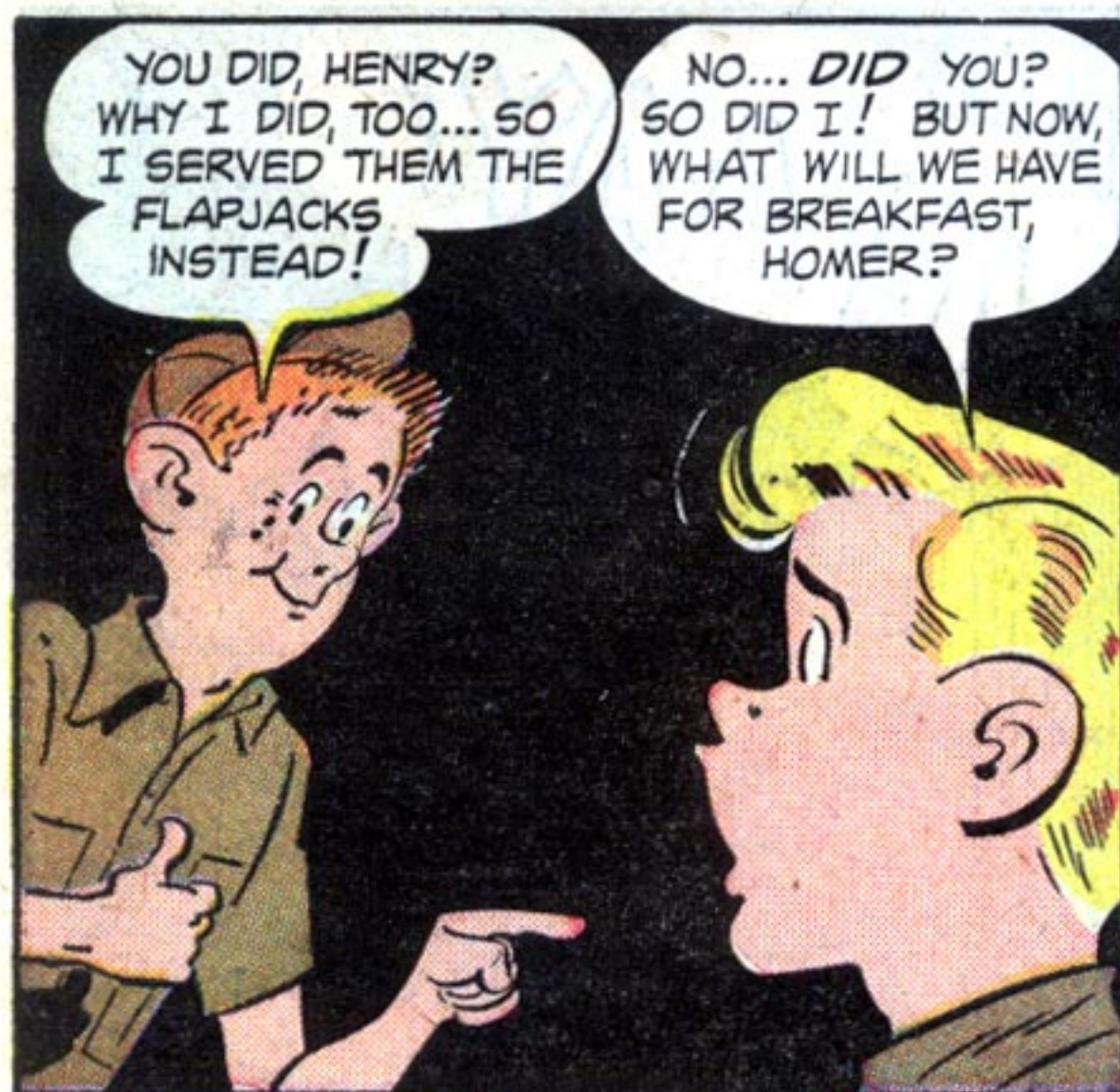








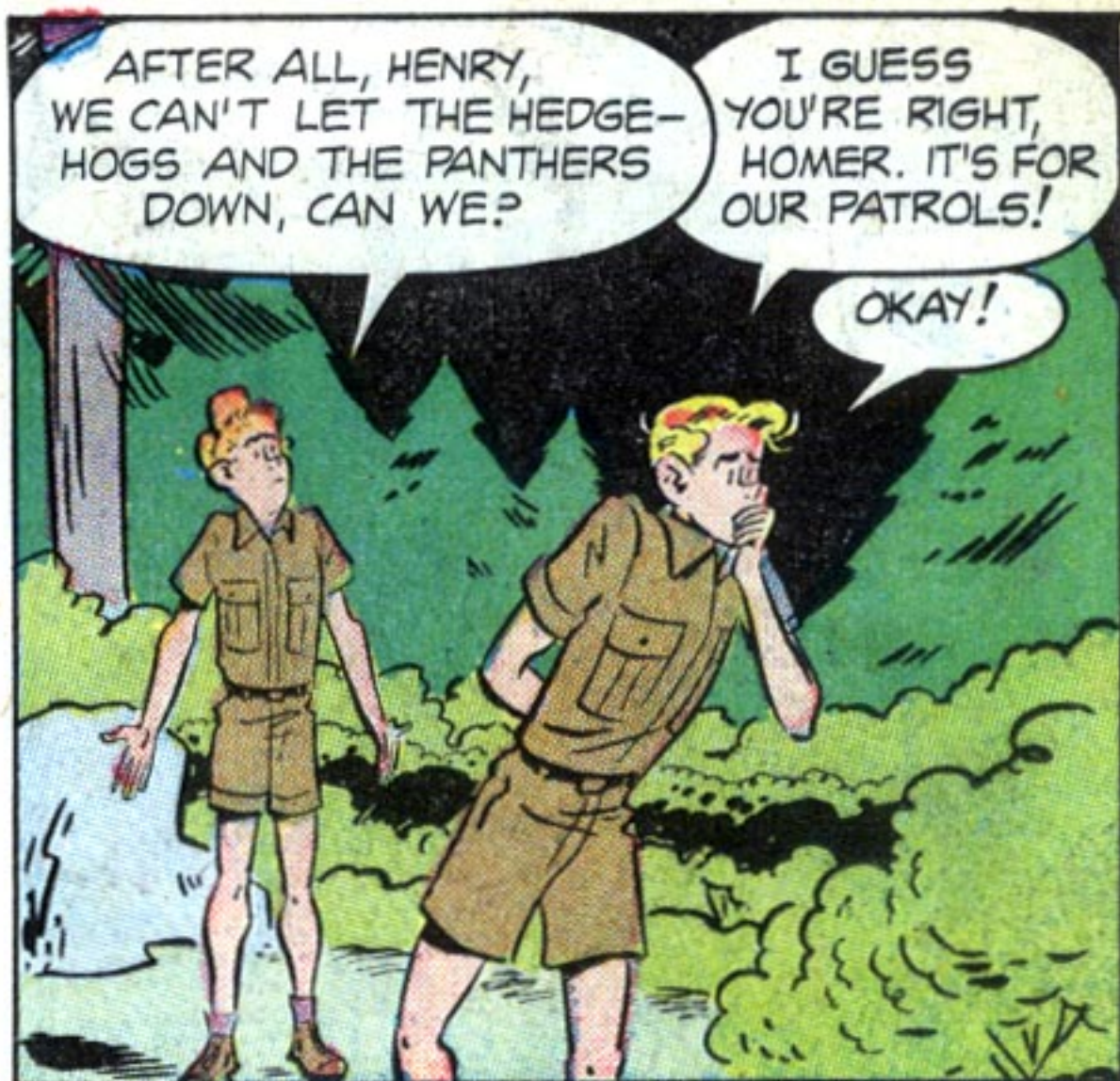






AND BESIDES,
WHAT IF WE'RE
SEEN?

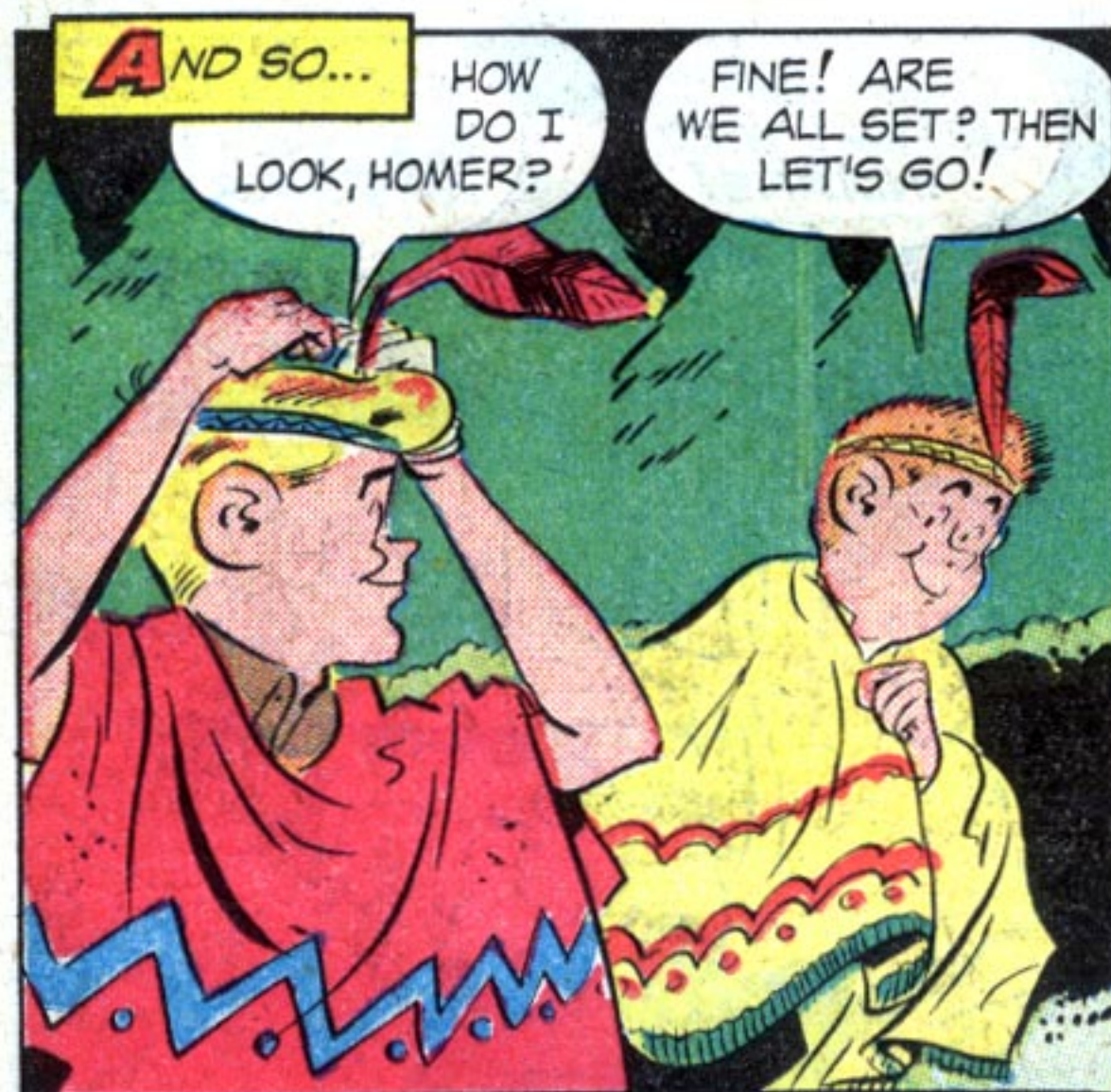
THAT'S SIMPLE,
HENRY. WE DISGUISE
OURSELVES!



AFTER ALL, HENRY,
WE CAN'T LET THE HEDGE-
HOGS AND THE PANTHERS
DOWN, CAN WE?

I GUESS
YOU'RE RIGHT,
HOMER. IT'S FOR
OUR PATROLS!

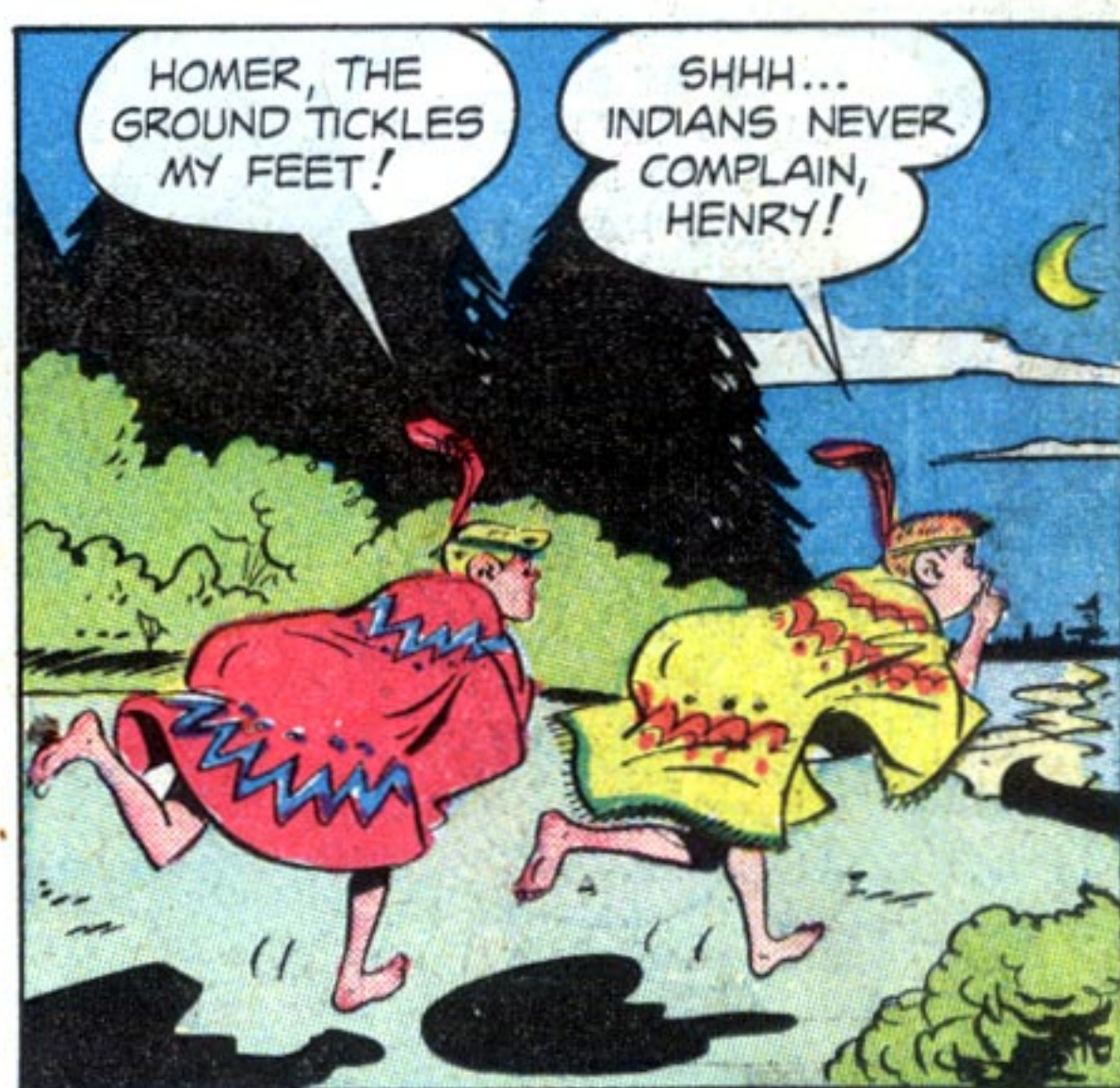
OKAY!



AND SO...

HOW
DO I
LOOK, HOMER?

FINE! ARE
WE ALL SET? THEN
LET'S GO!



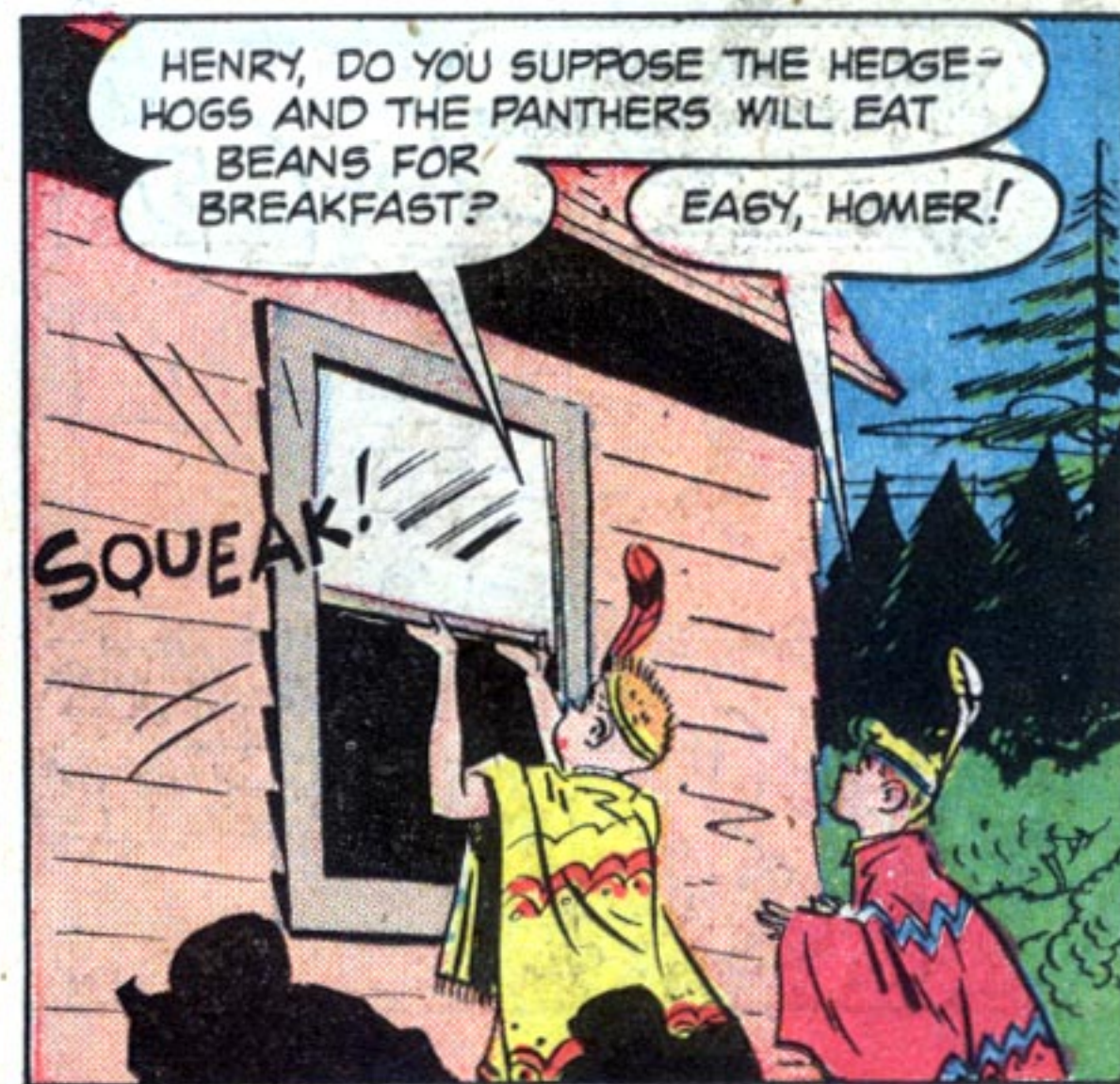
HOMER, THE
GROUND TICKLES
MY FEET!

SHHH...
INDIANS NEVER
COMPLAIN,
HENRY!



AS SOON AS WE GET ASHORE AT
THE MAIN CAMP, HEAD FOR THE
MESS HALL!

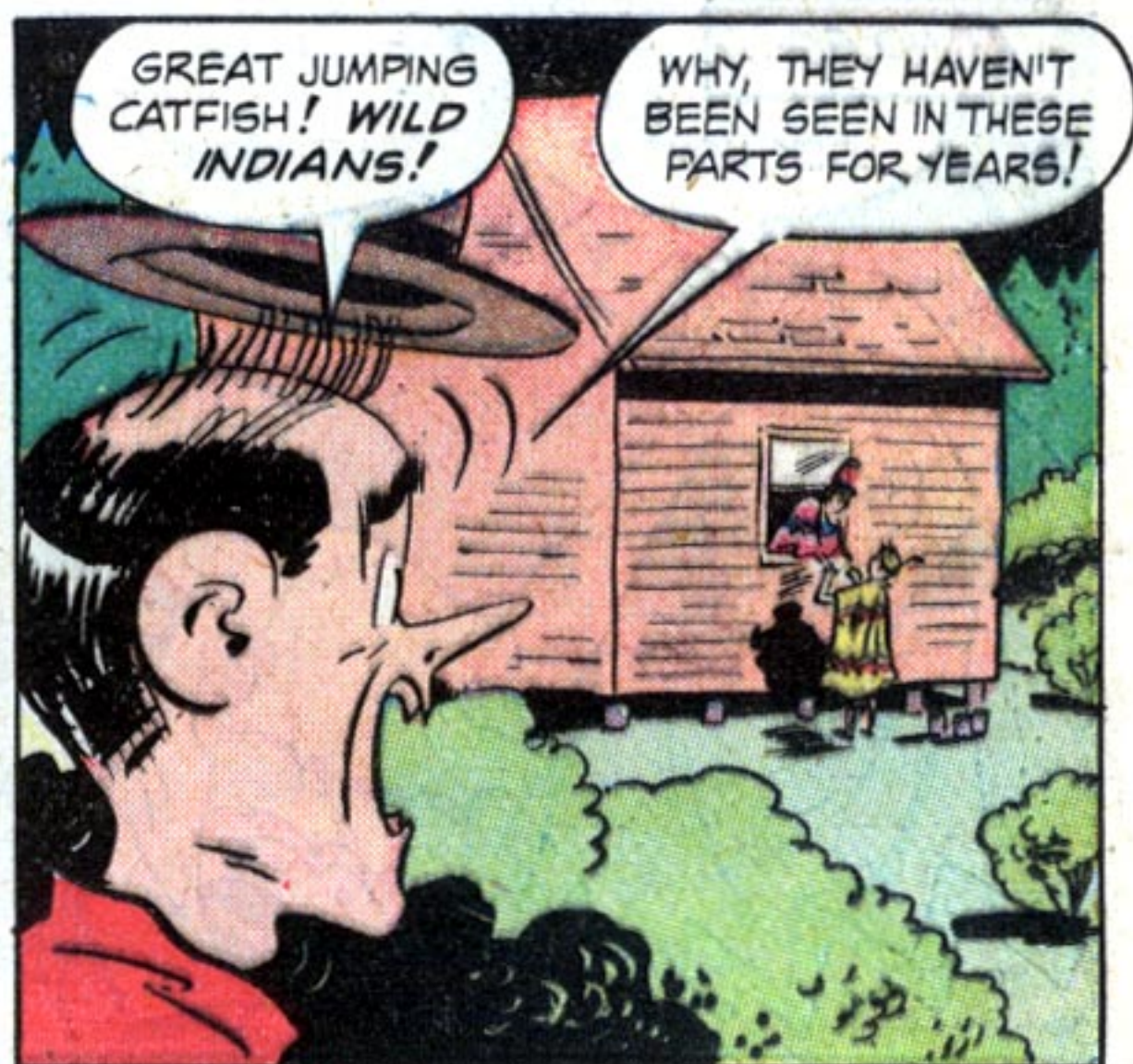
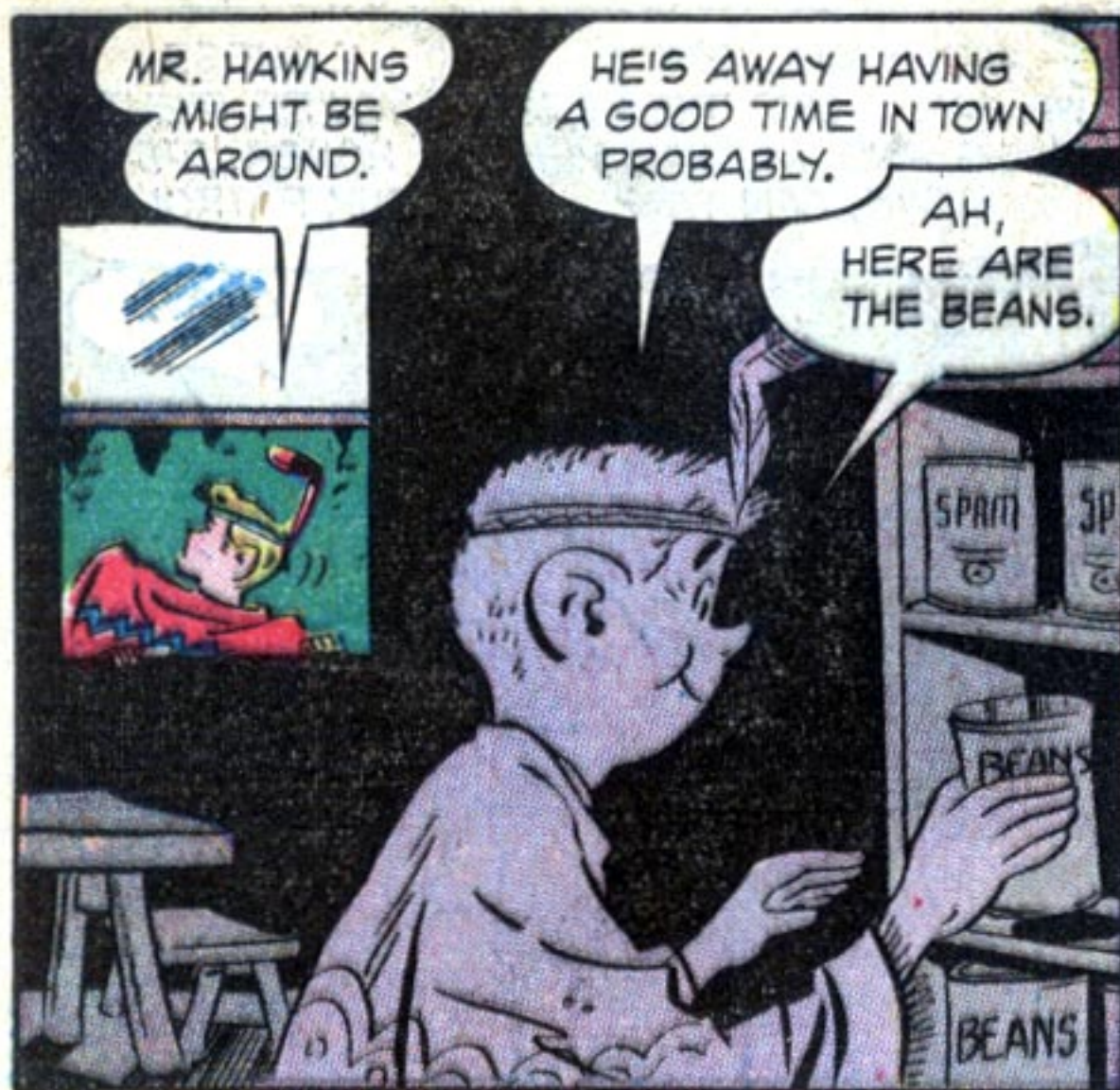
RIGHT, HOMER!



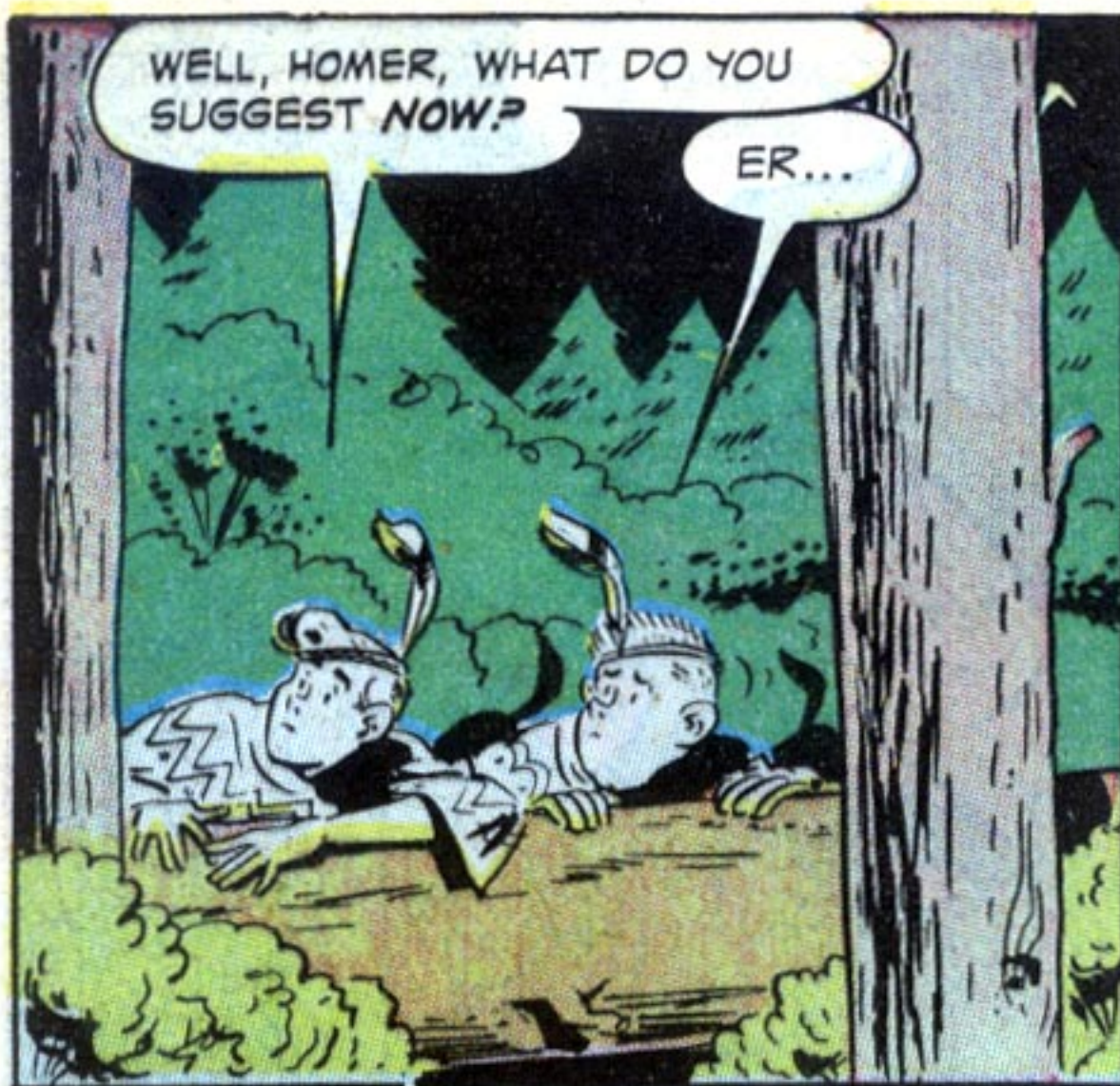
HENRY, DO YOU SUPPOSE THE HEDGE-
HOGS AND THE PANTHERS WILL EAT
BEANS FOR
BREAKFAST?

EAGY, HOMER!

SQUEAK!







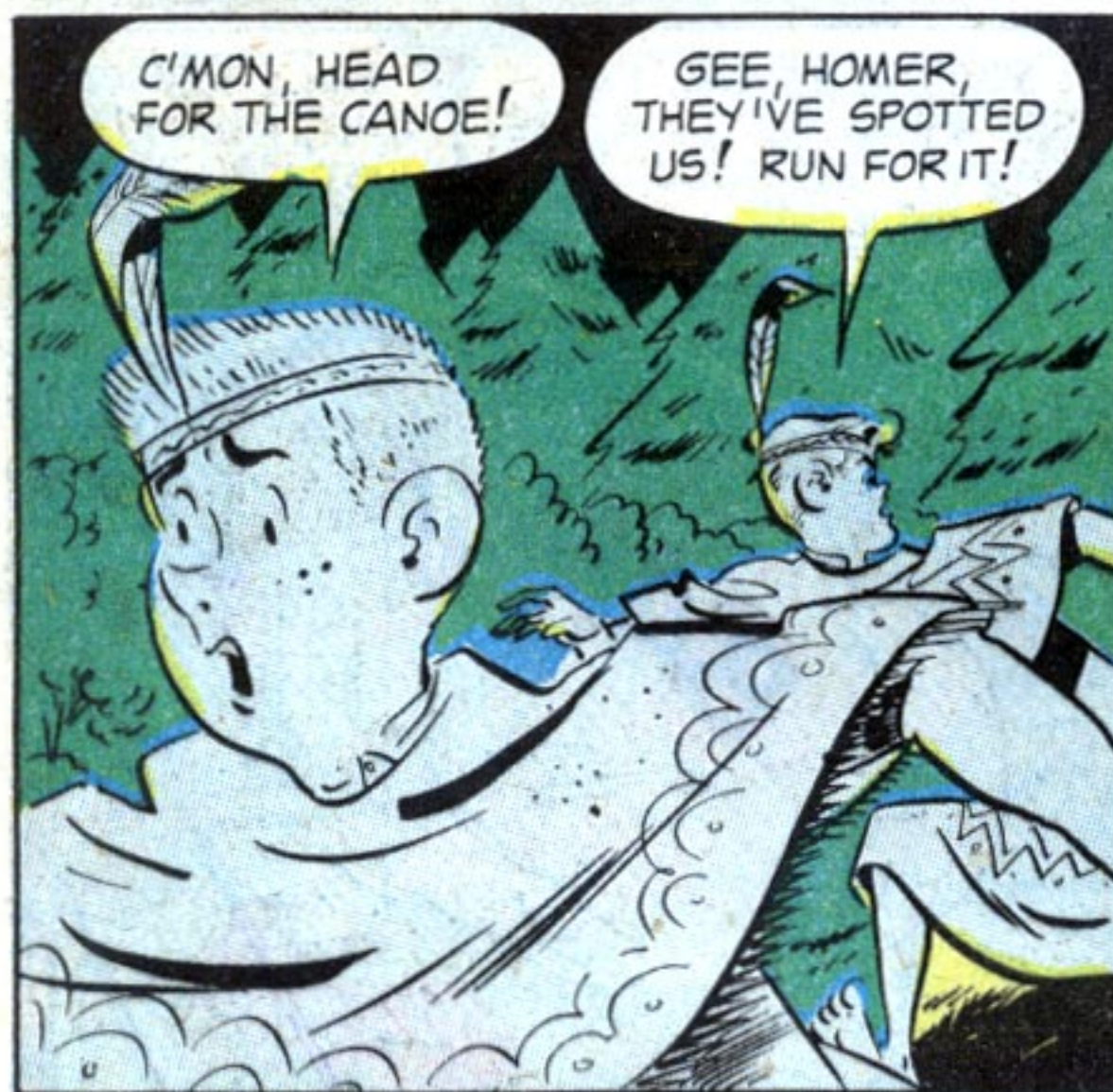
WELL, HOMER, WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST NOW?

ER...



YOU MEAN THAT YOU PICK A TIME LIKE THIS TO RUN OUT OF SUGGESTIONS, HOMER?

WELL, OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET BACK TO OUR ISLANDS!



C'MON, HEAD FOR THE CANOE!

GEE, HOMER, THEY'VE SPOTTED US! RUN FOR IT!

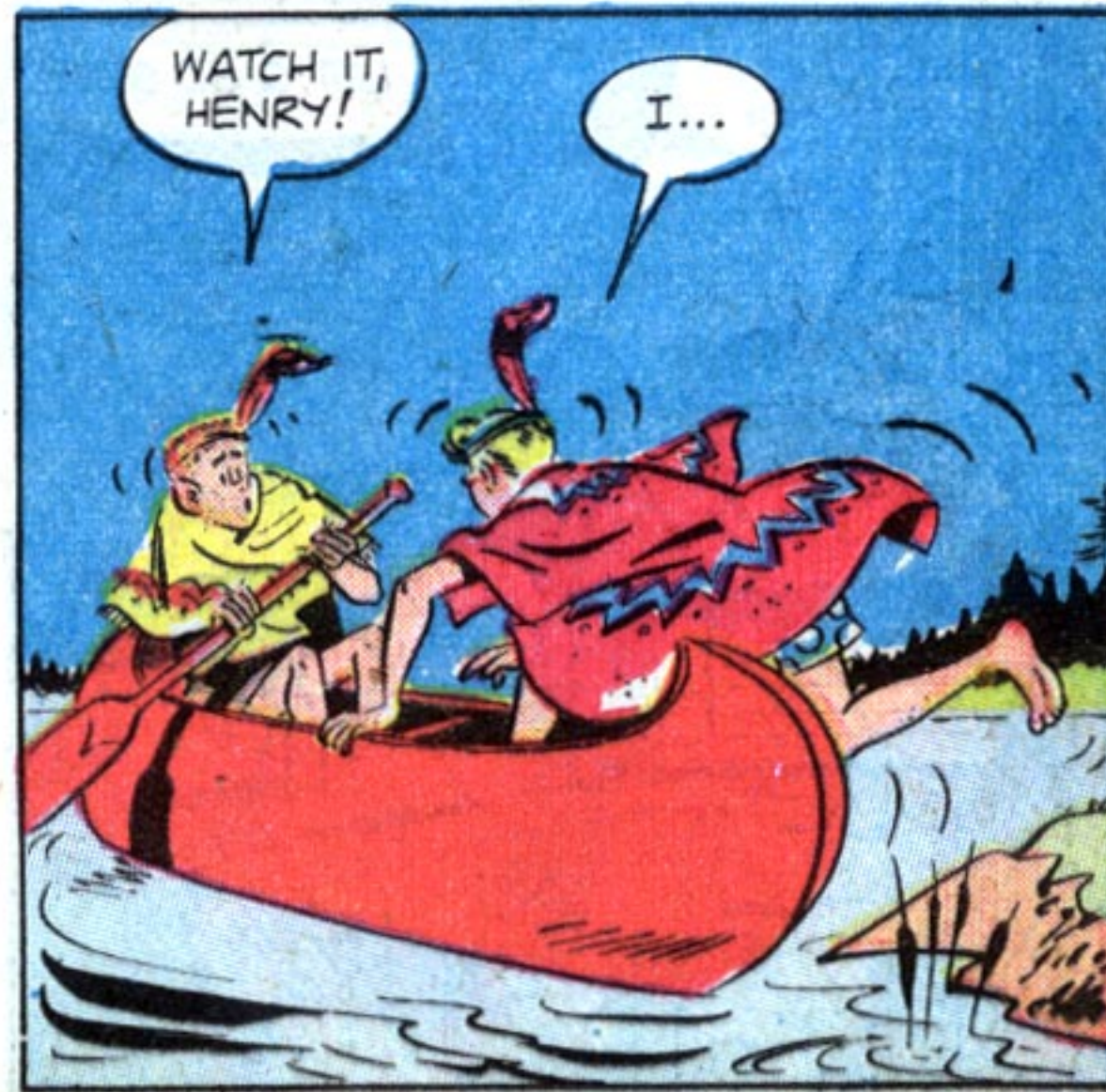


THERE THEY GO, MR. HAWKINS!

THEY'RE INDIANS, ALL RIGHT!

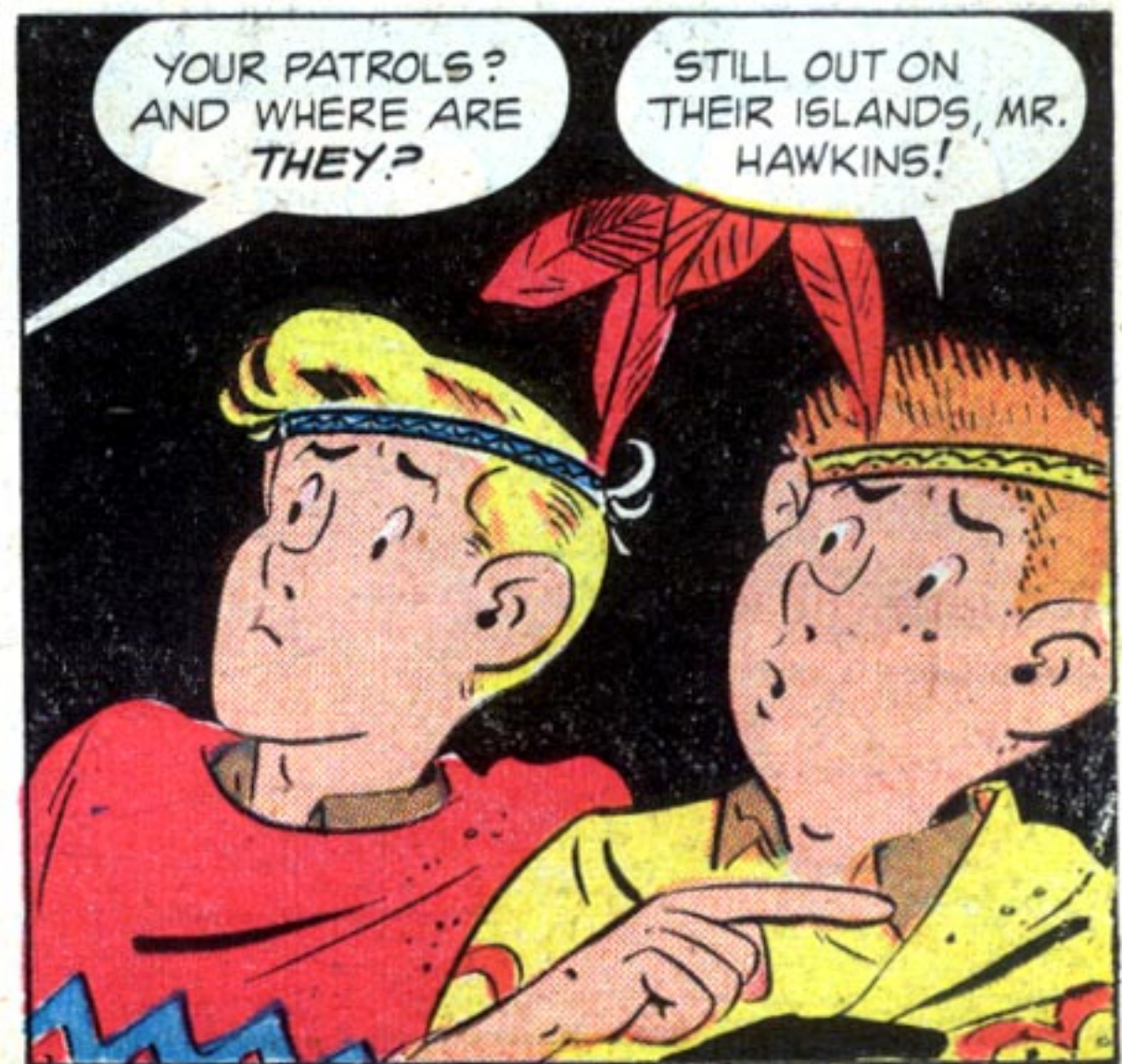
... AND HEADING FOR THE LAKE!

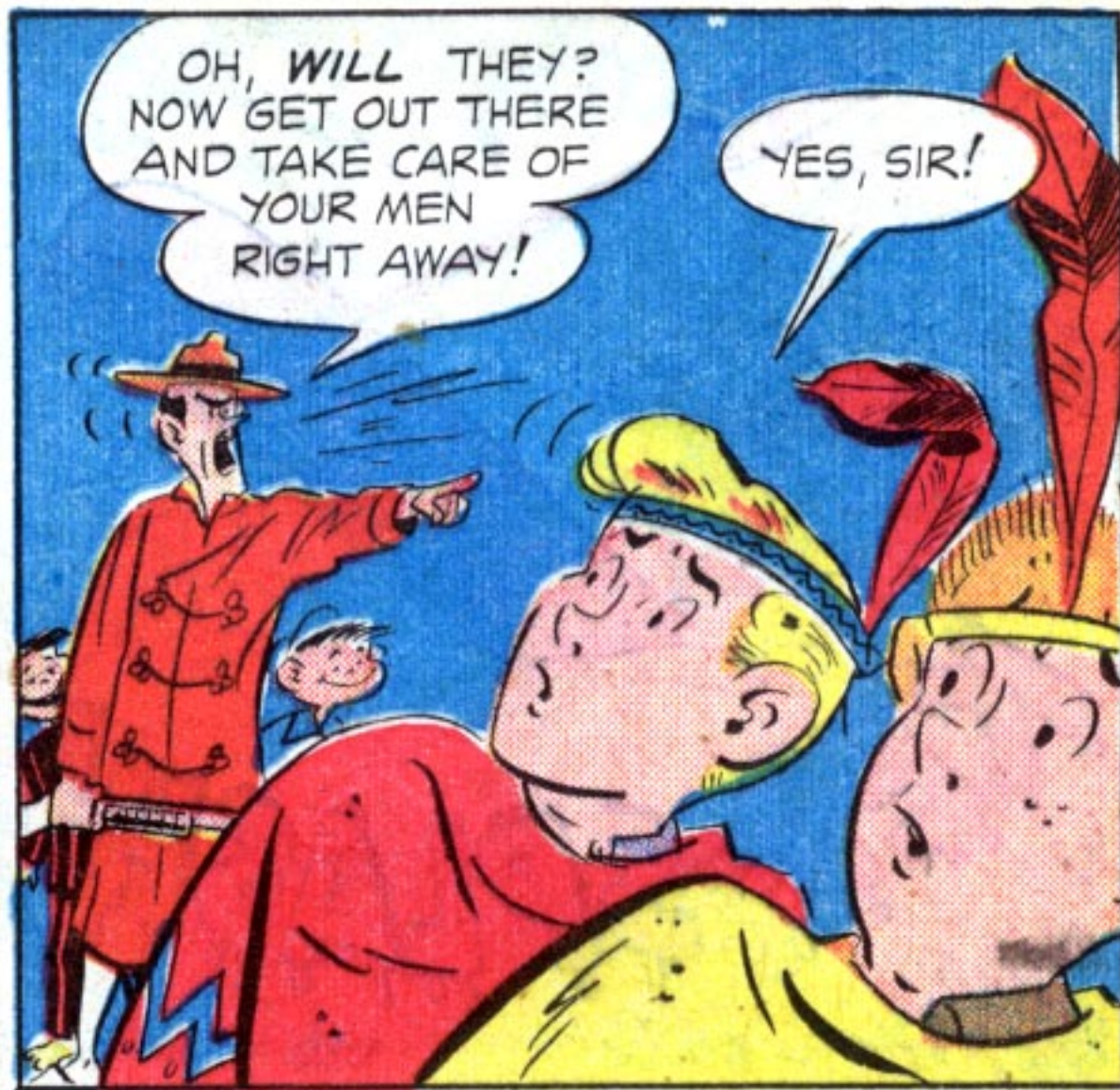
AFTER THEM, MEN!

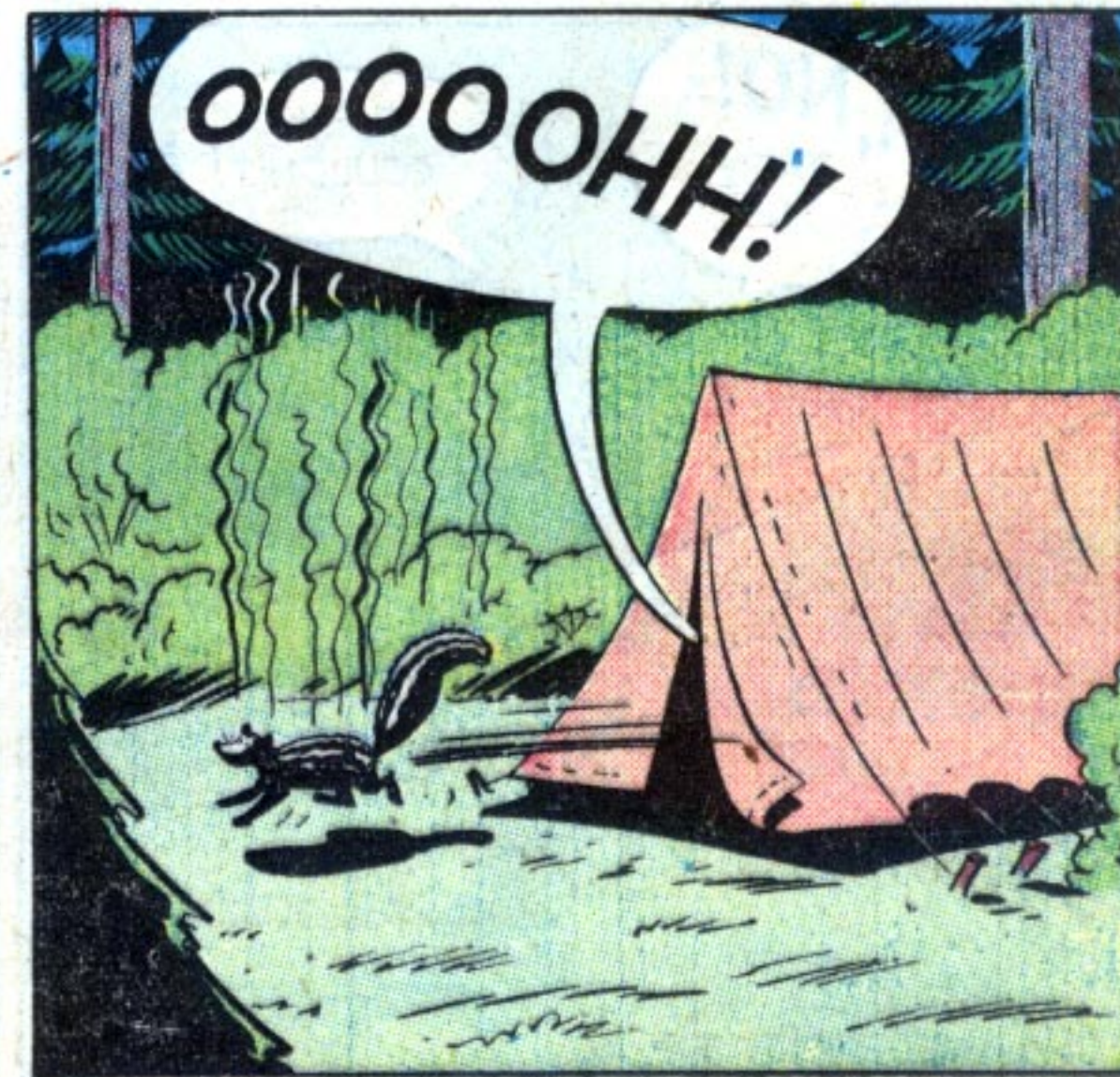


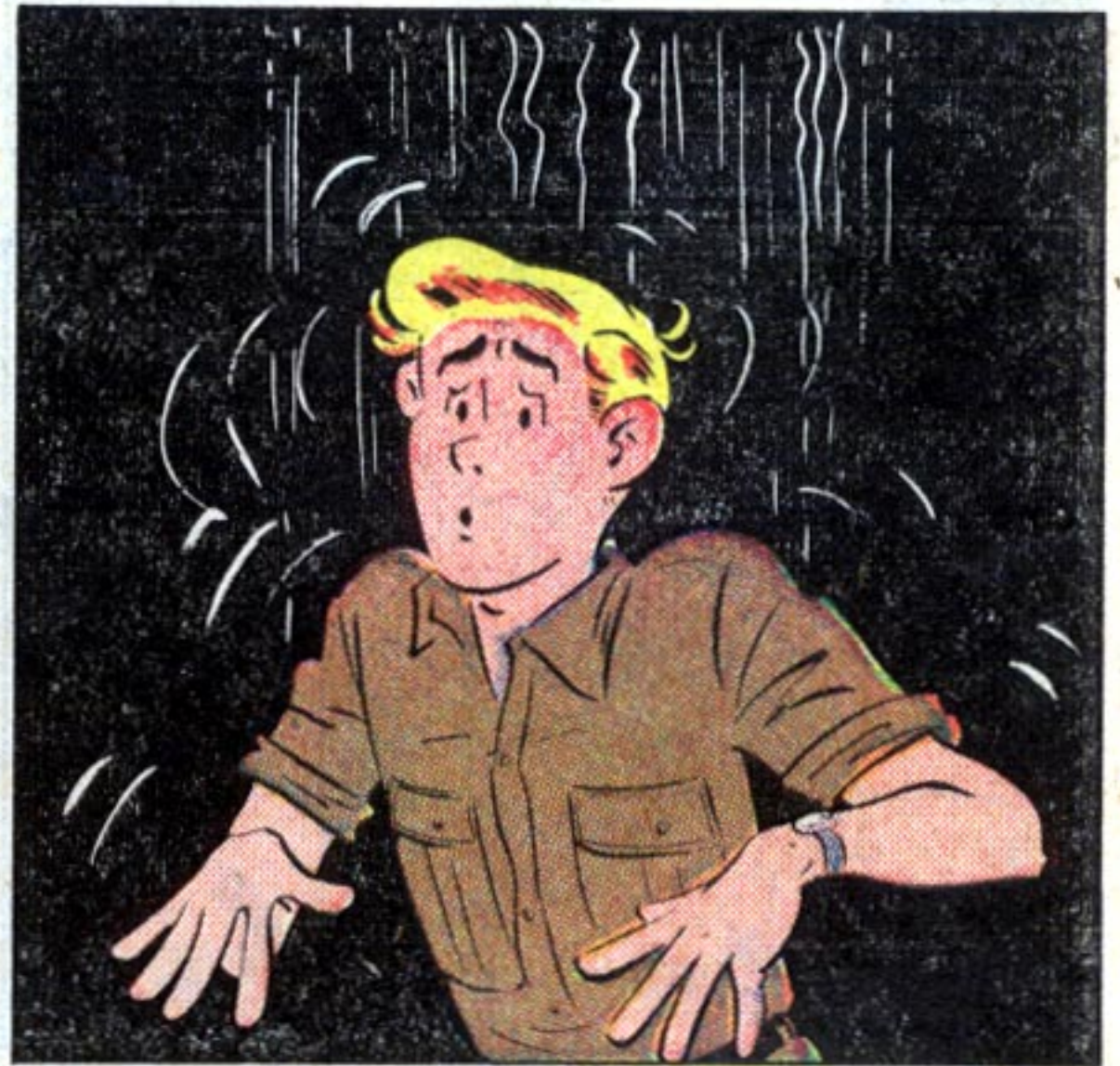
WATCH IT, HENRY!

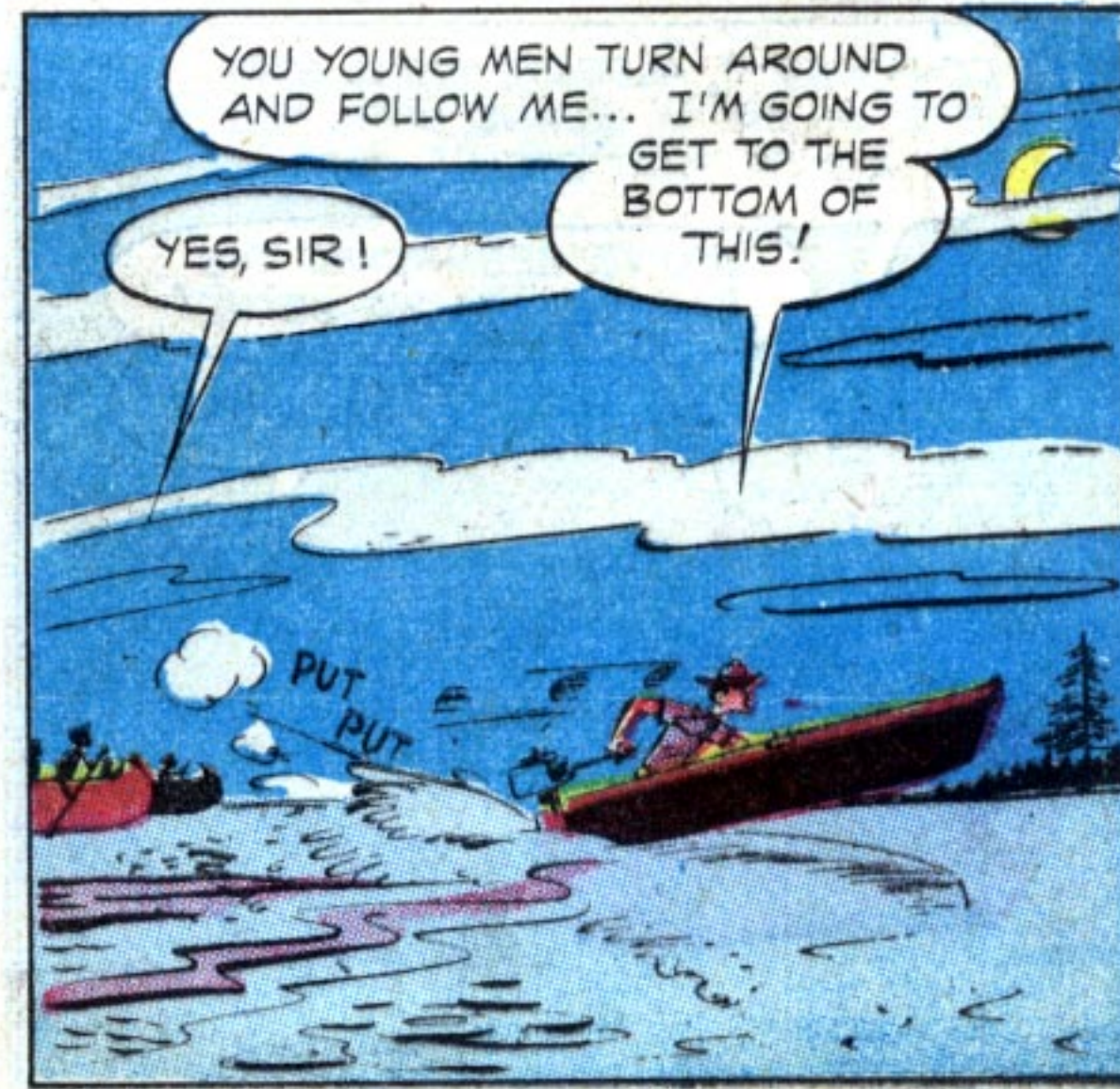
I...

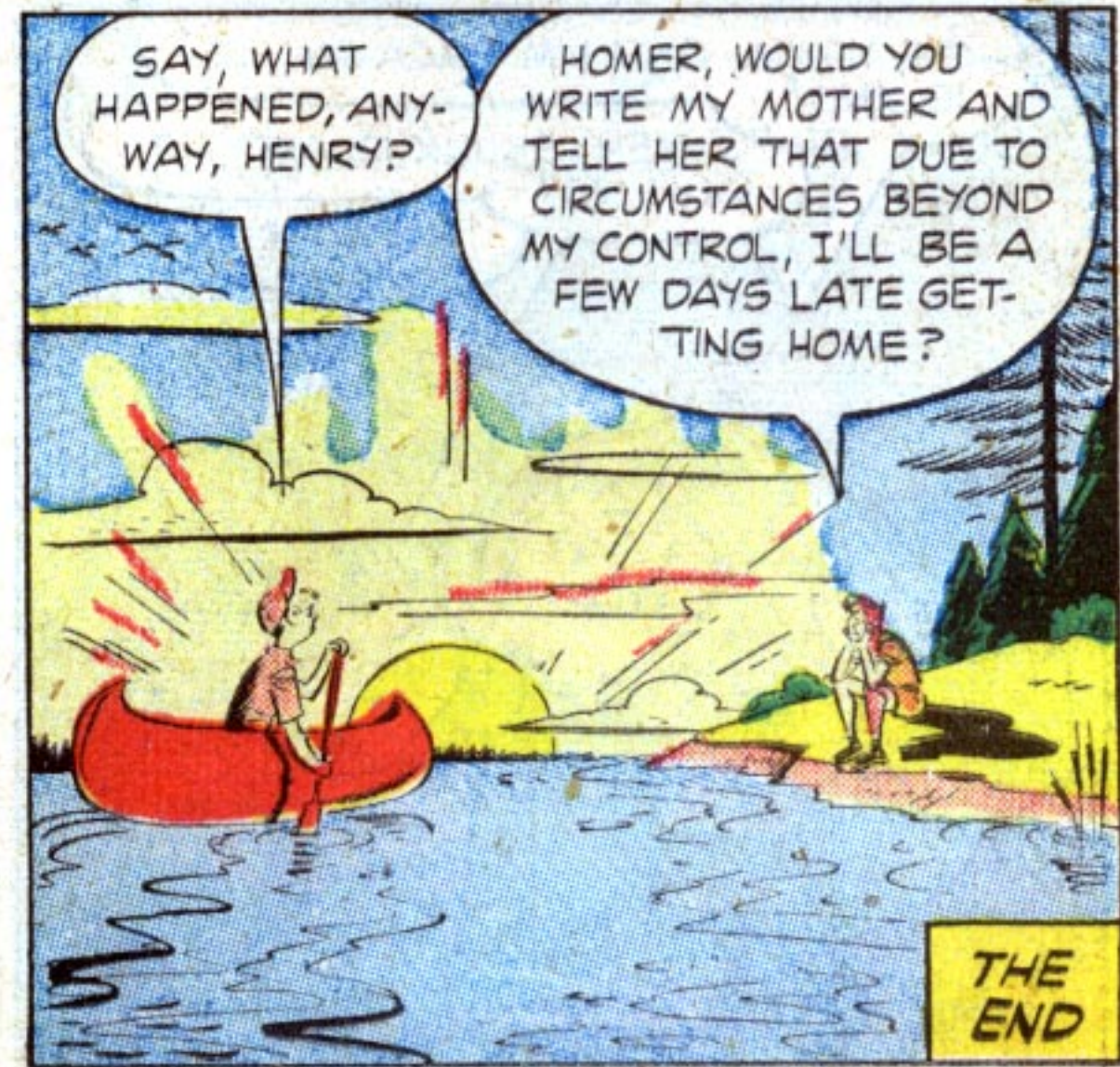
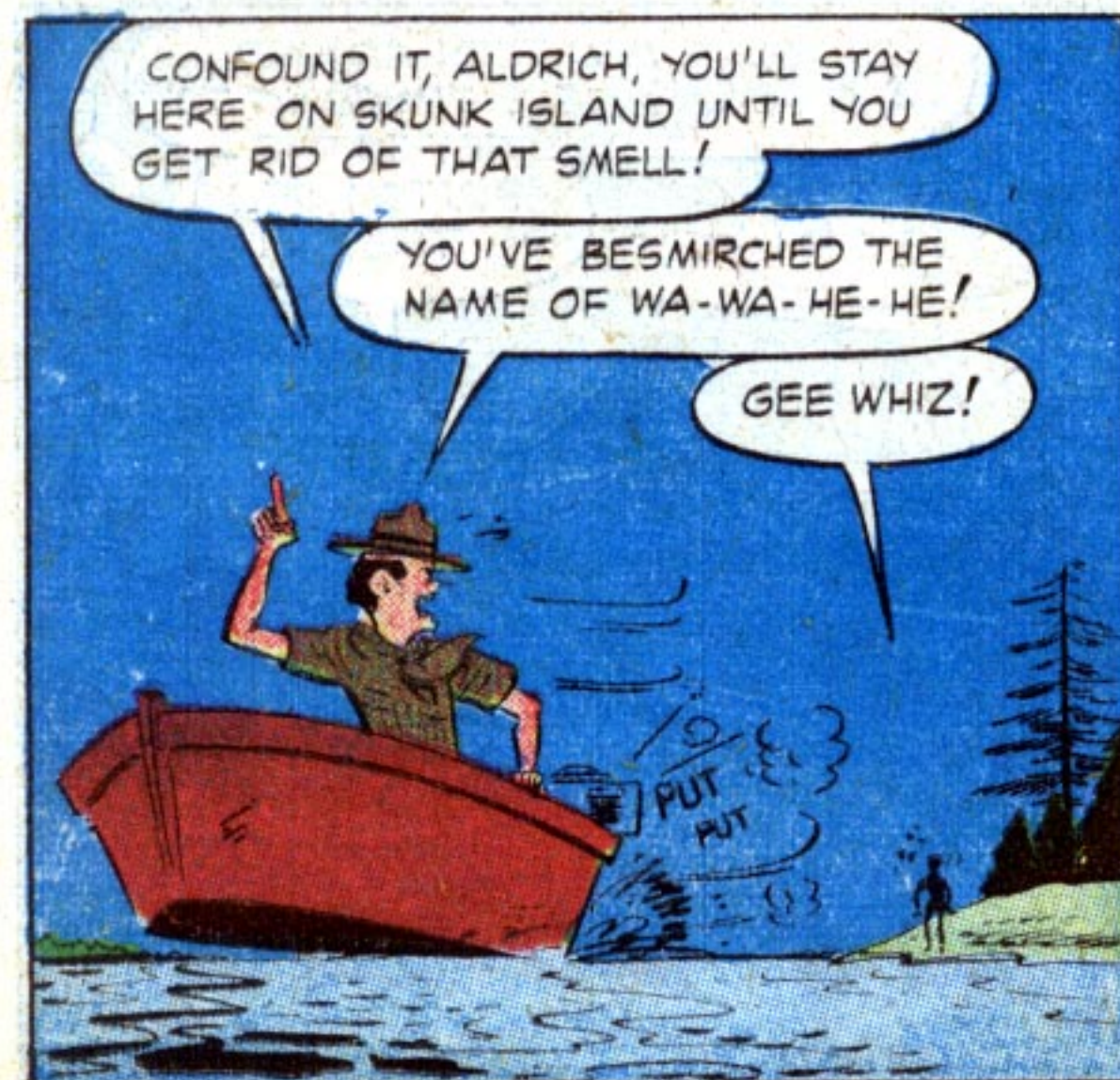
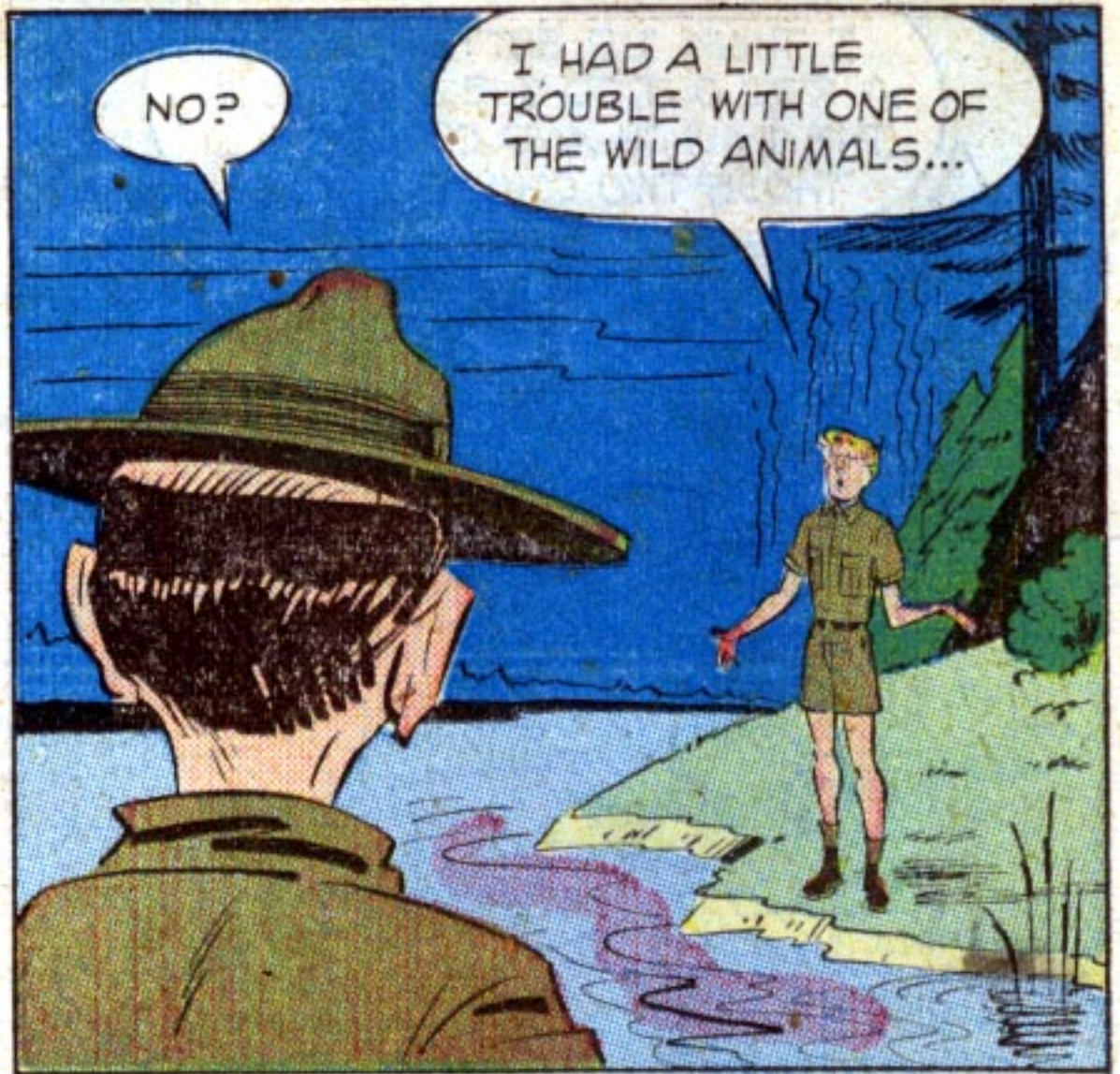
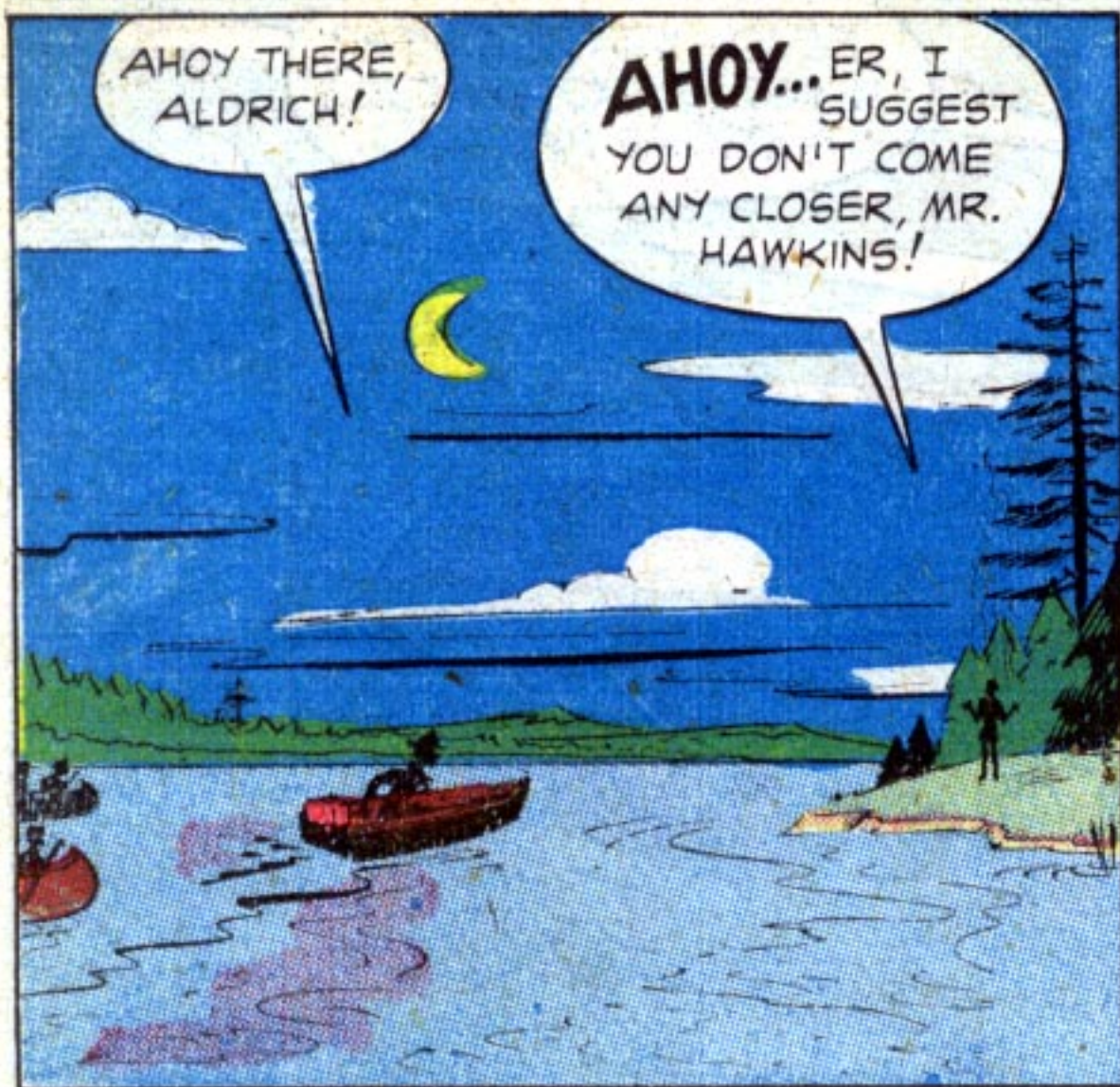












HOMER BROWN'S nightmare

GOSH, IT ISN'T
LIKE HOMER TO BE
THIS LATE!

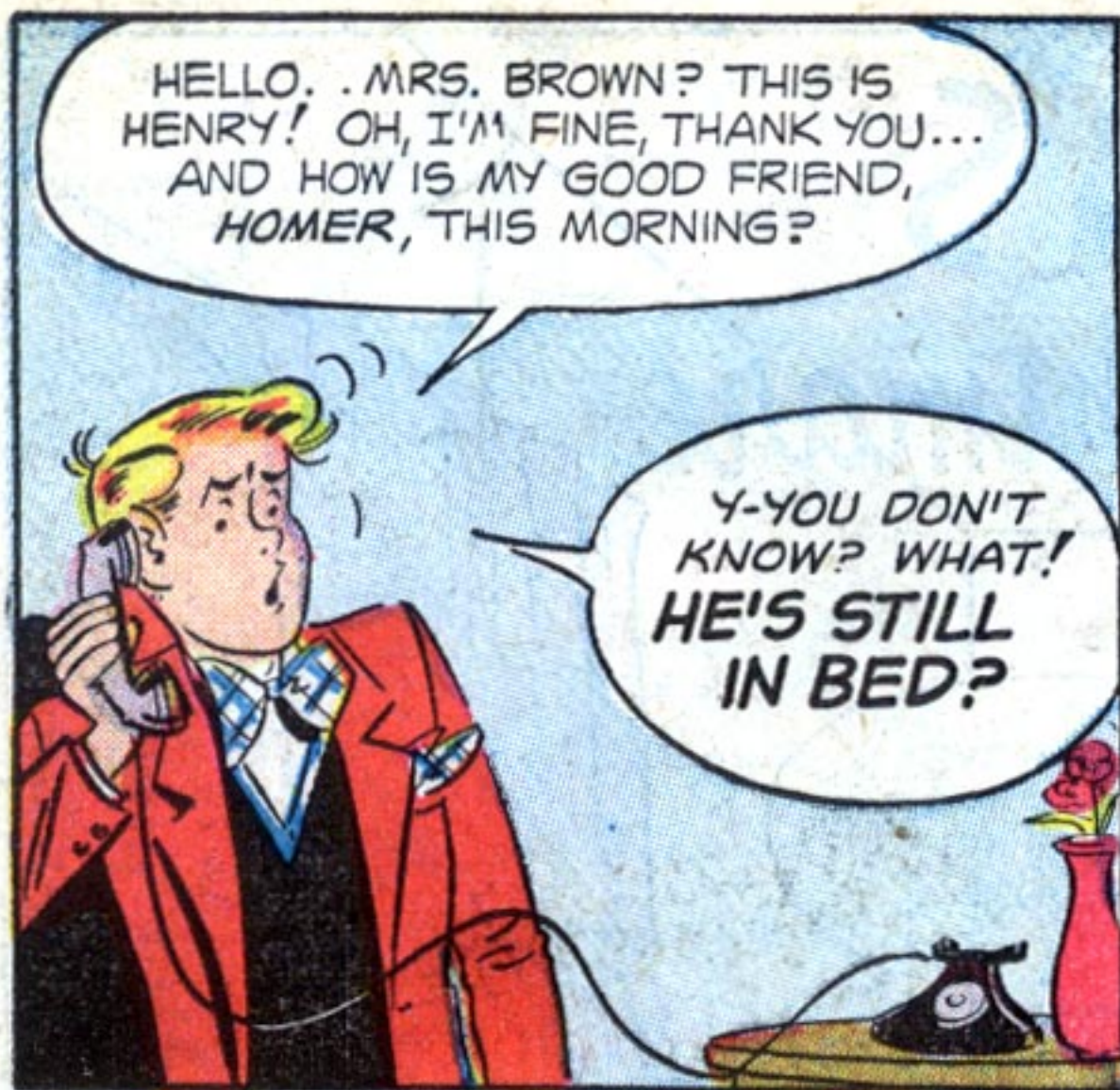
DID YOU BOYS
HAVE SOMETHING
IMPORTANT TO
DO, HENRY?

Bill
Willing

WELL, I THINK SO... AND
I'M SURE **GERALDINE** AND
AGNES THINK SO--BUT
APPARENTLY
HOMER DOESN'T!

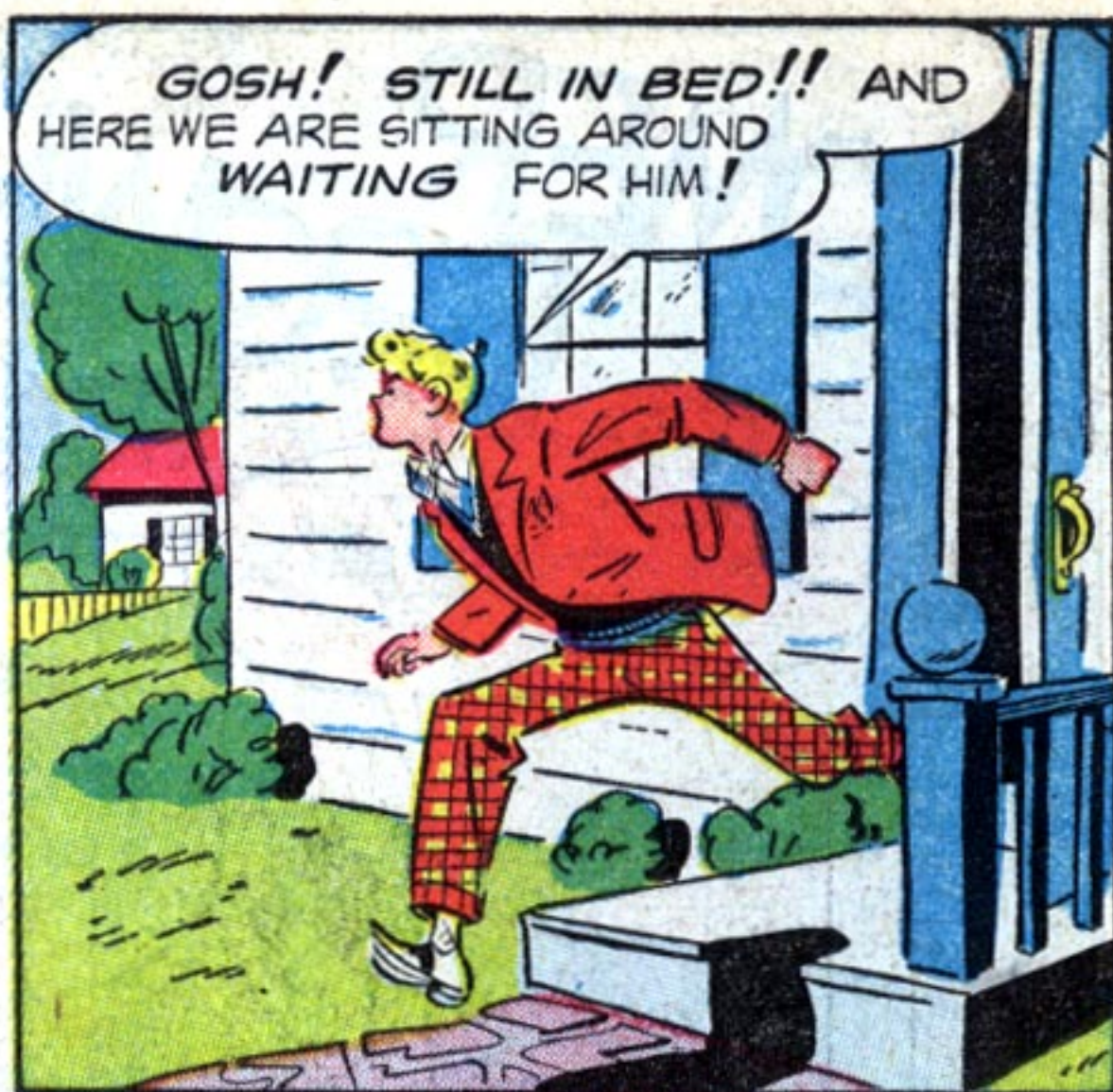
HE COULDN'T
HAVE **FORGOTTEN**
ABOUT
THE DATE!

YOU'D THINK THE LEAST HE'D
DO IS GIVE ME A RING! WELL,
I'LL CALL HIM!



HELLO. . MRS. BROWN? THIS IS HENRY! OH, I'M FINE, THANK YOU... AND HOW IS MY GOOD FRIEND, HOMER, THIS MORNING?

Y-YOU DON'T KNOW? WHAT! HE'S STILL IN BED?



GOSH! STILL IN BED!! AND HERE WE ARE SITTING AROUND WAITING FOR HIM!



GERALDINE AND AGNES WILL NEVER SPEAK TO US AGAIN!



I DON'T MIND ABOUT AGNES! SHE'S HOMER'S GIRL-- BUT GERALDINE--

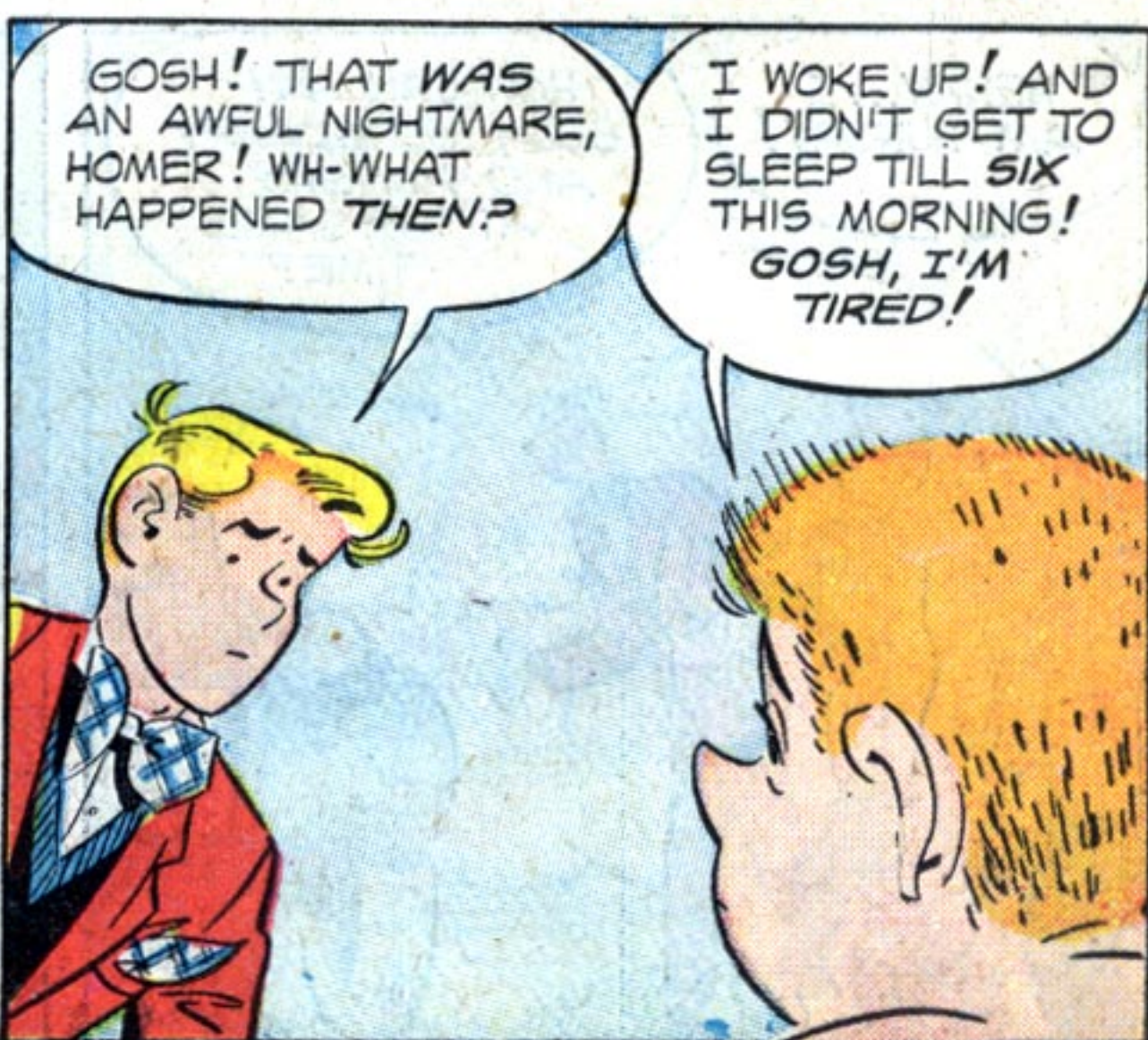
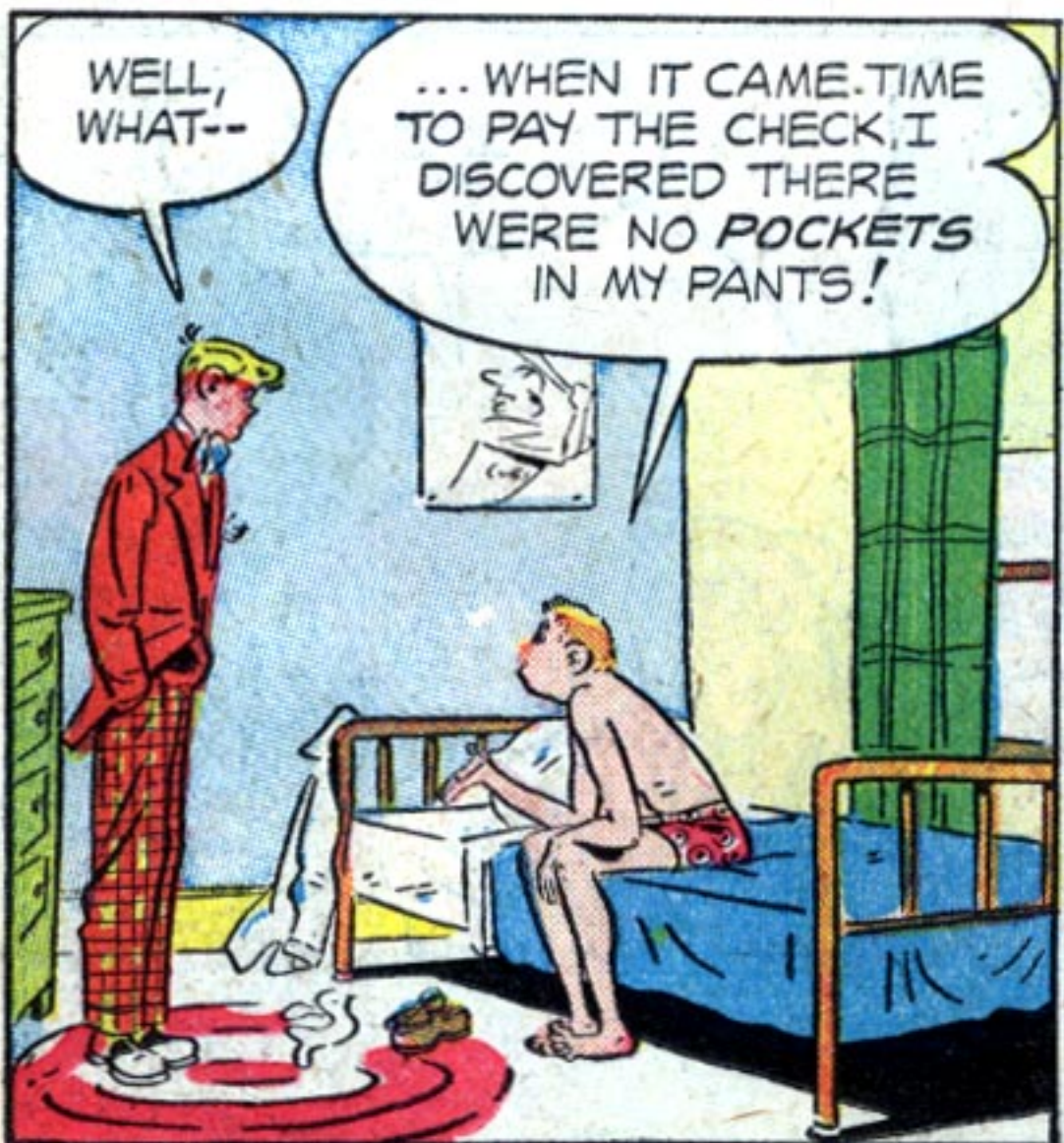
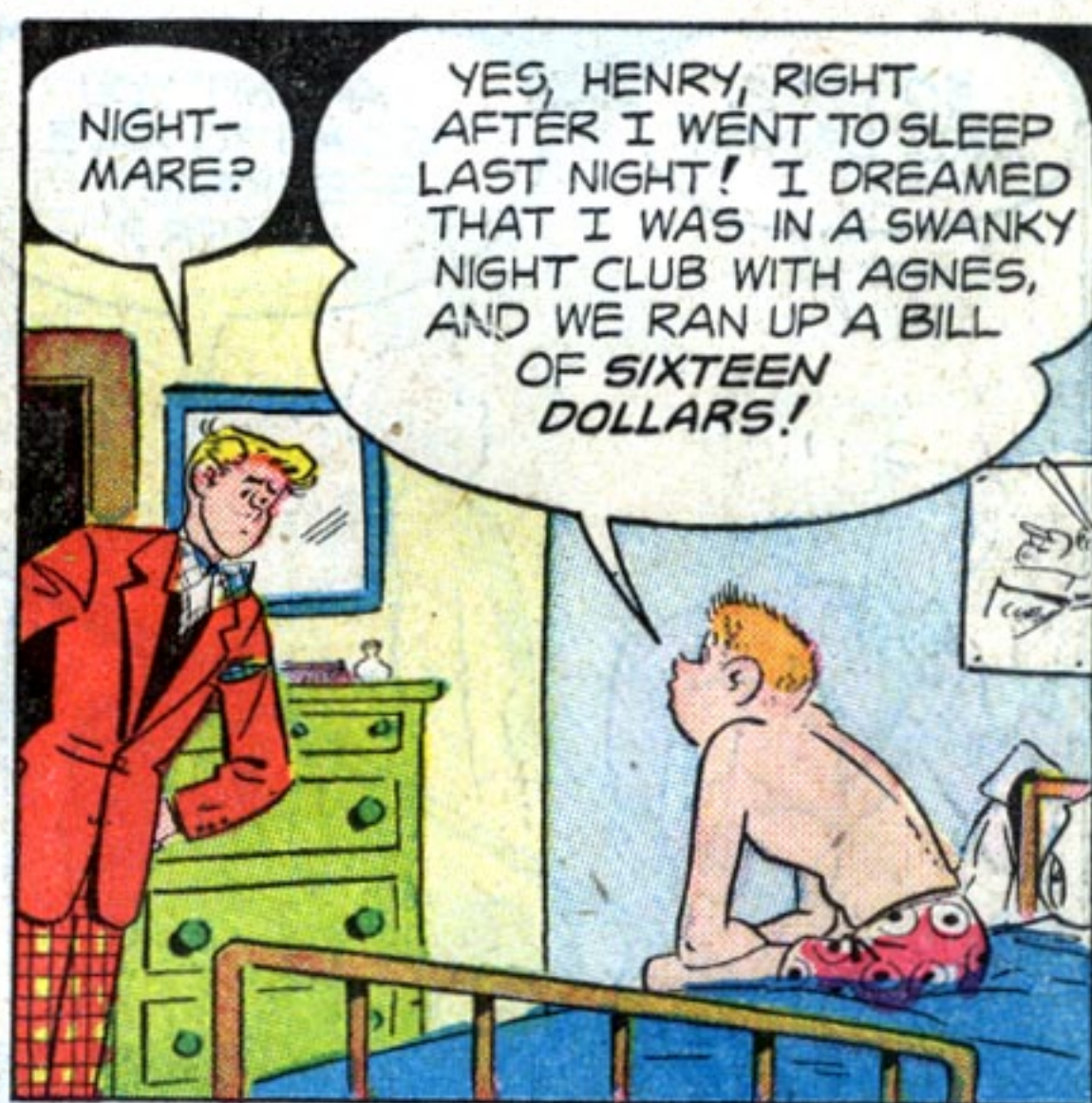
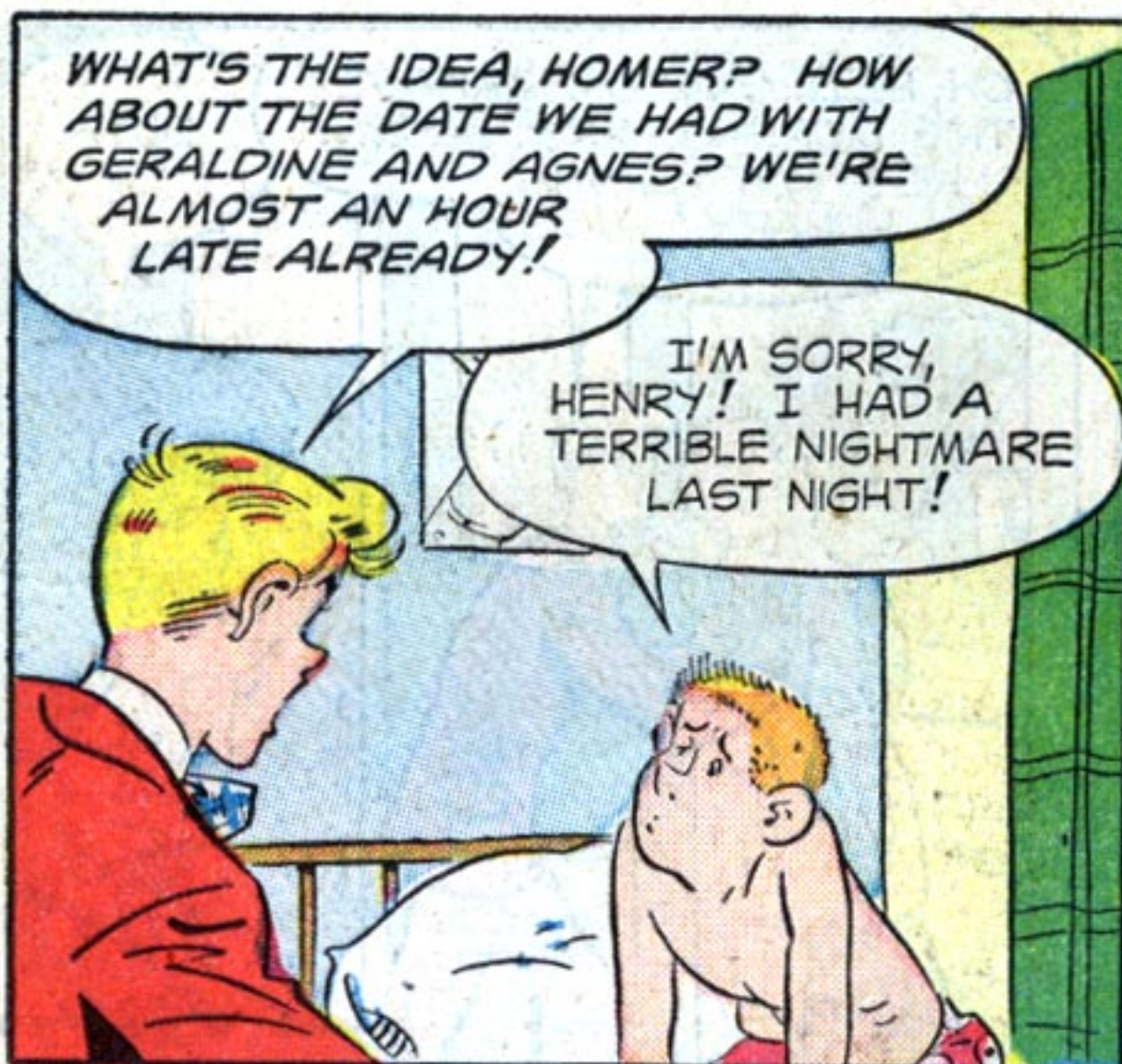
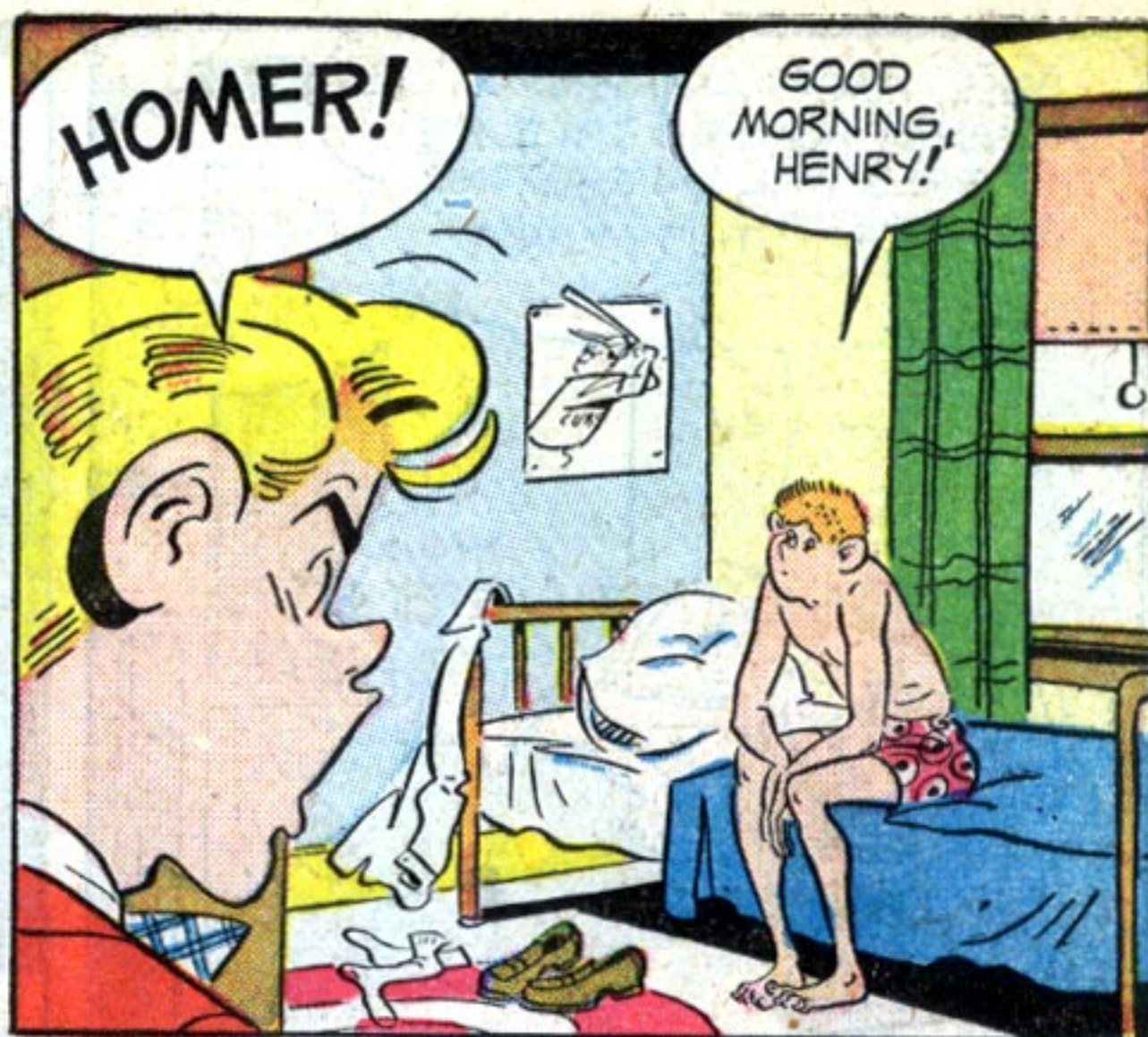


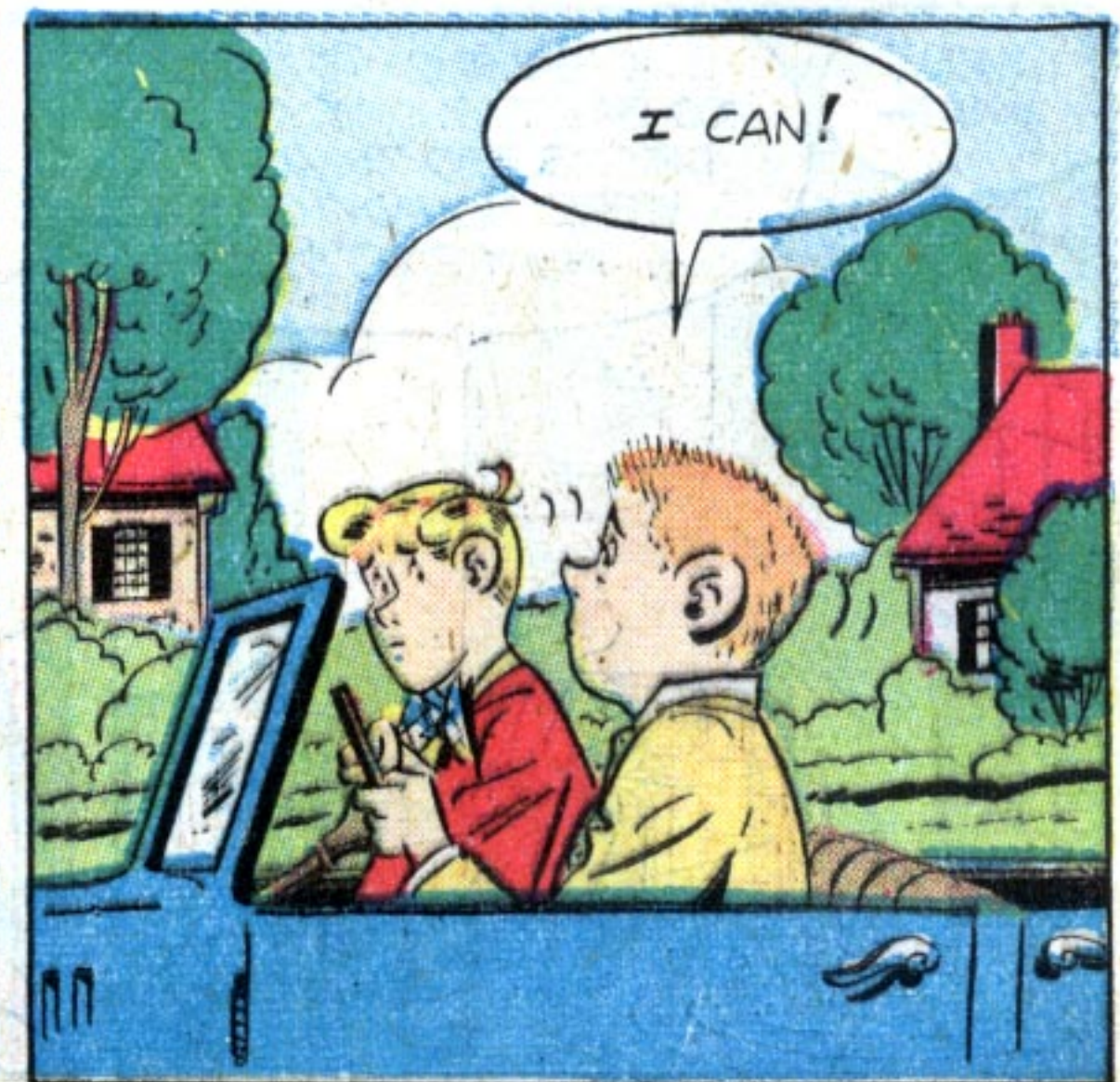
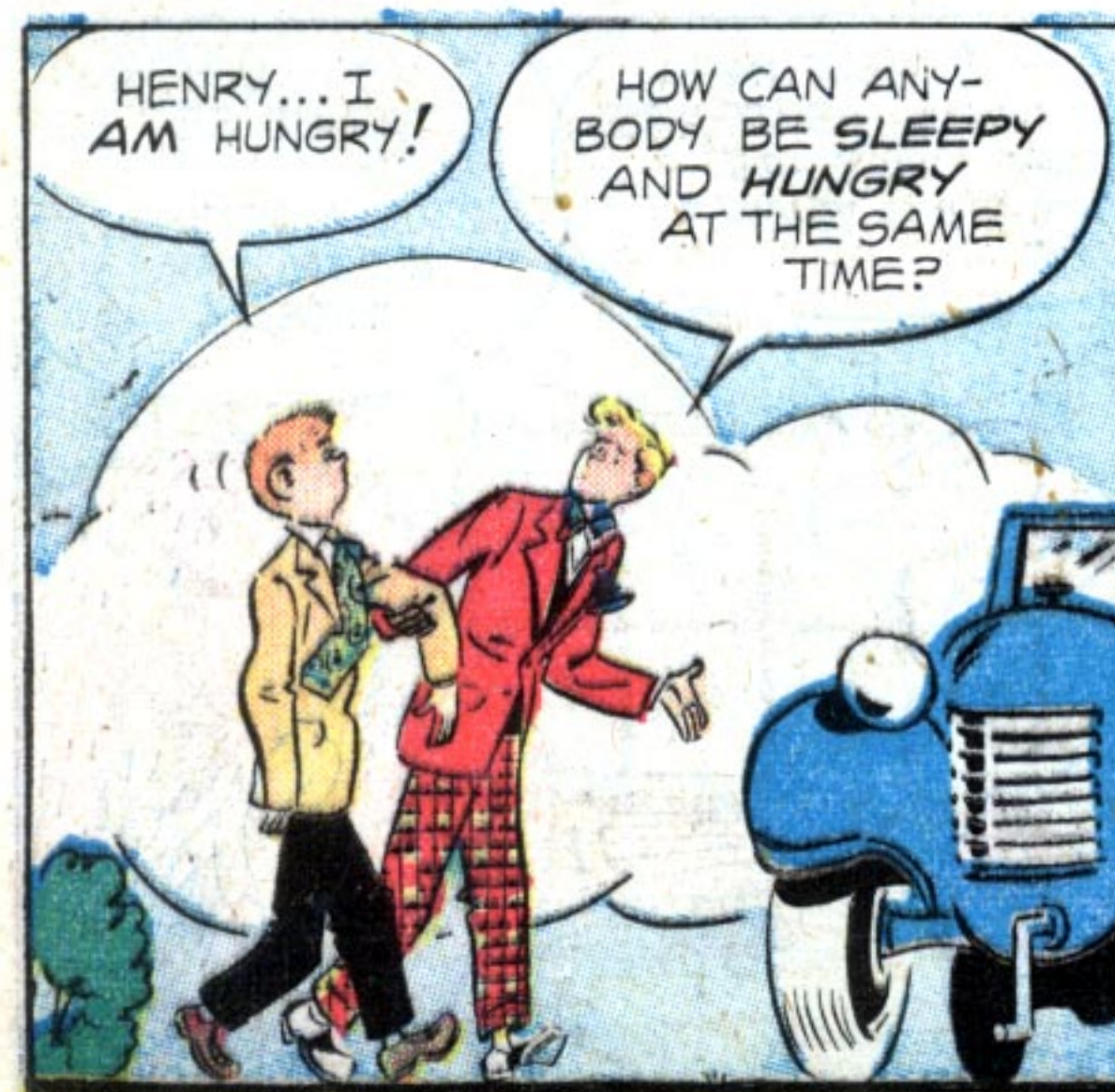
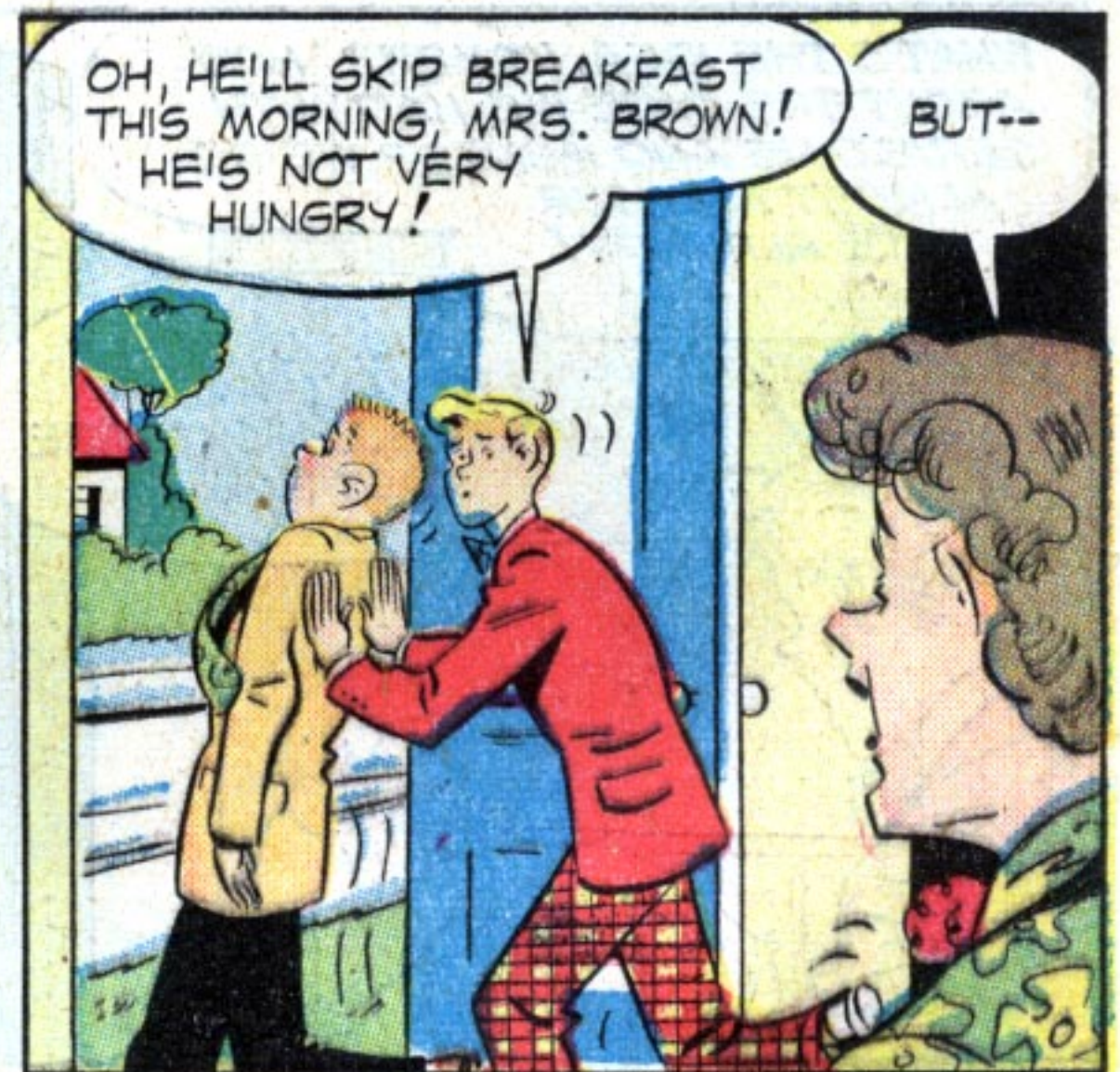
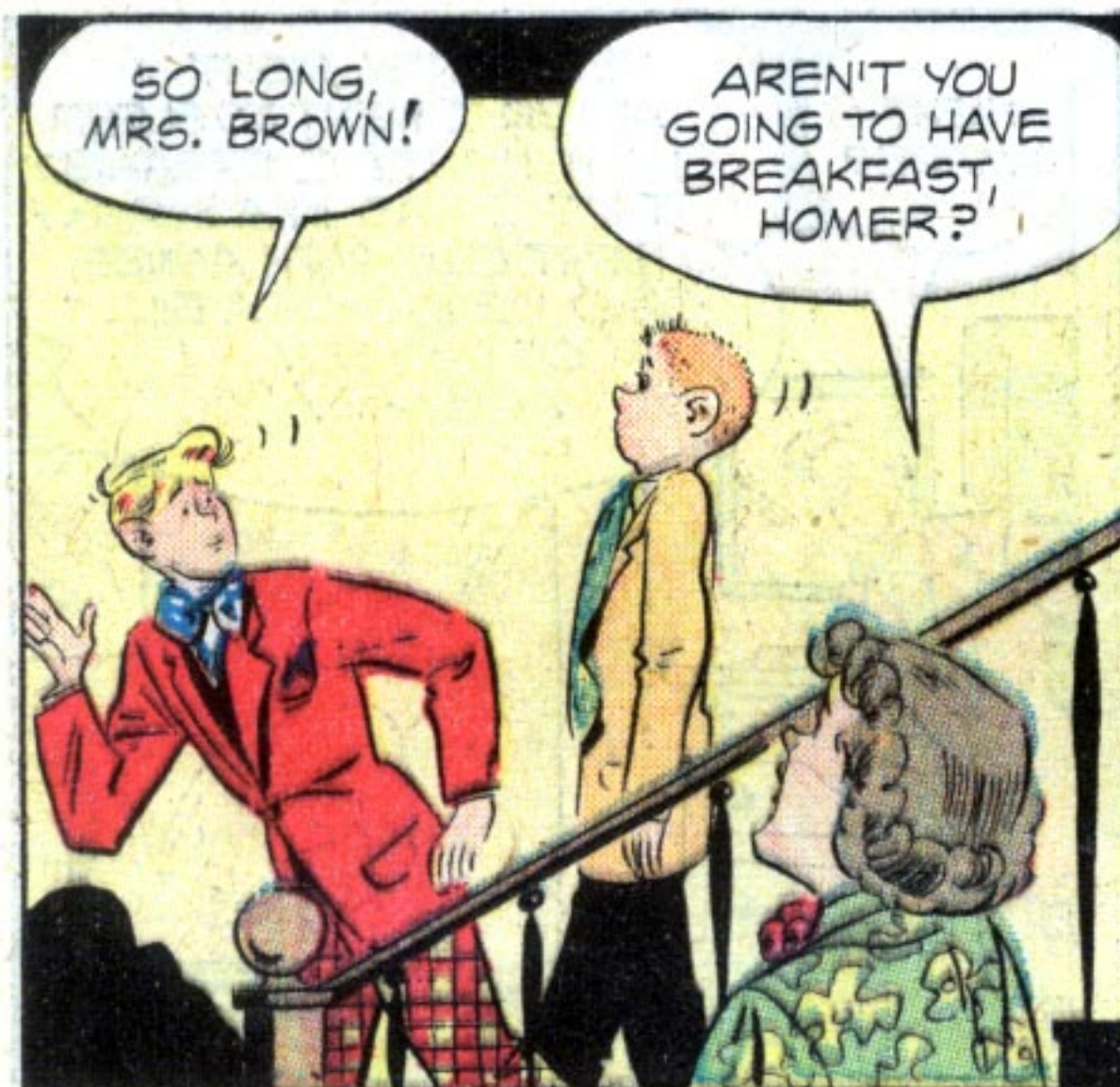
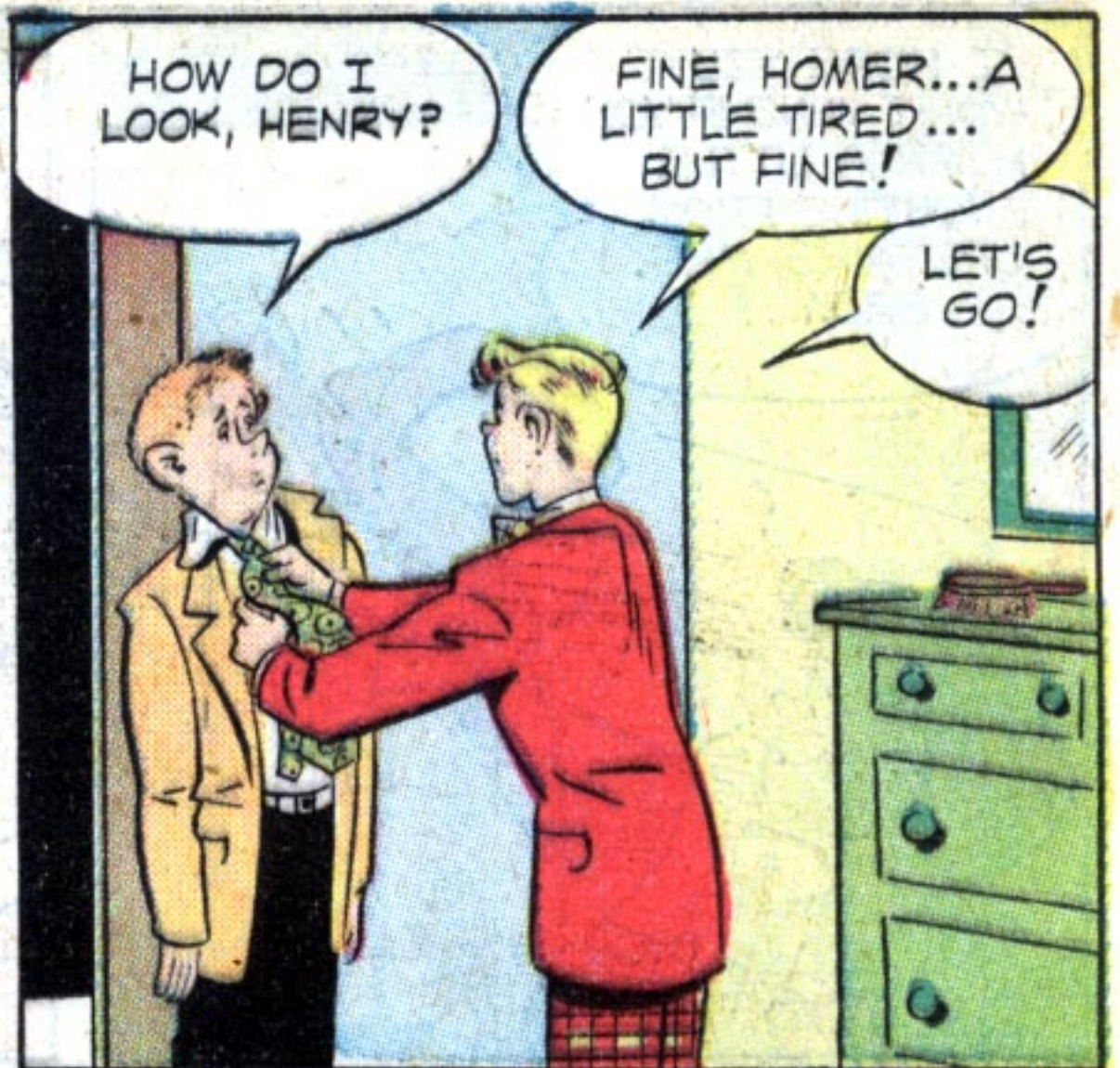
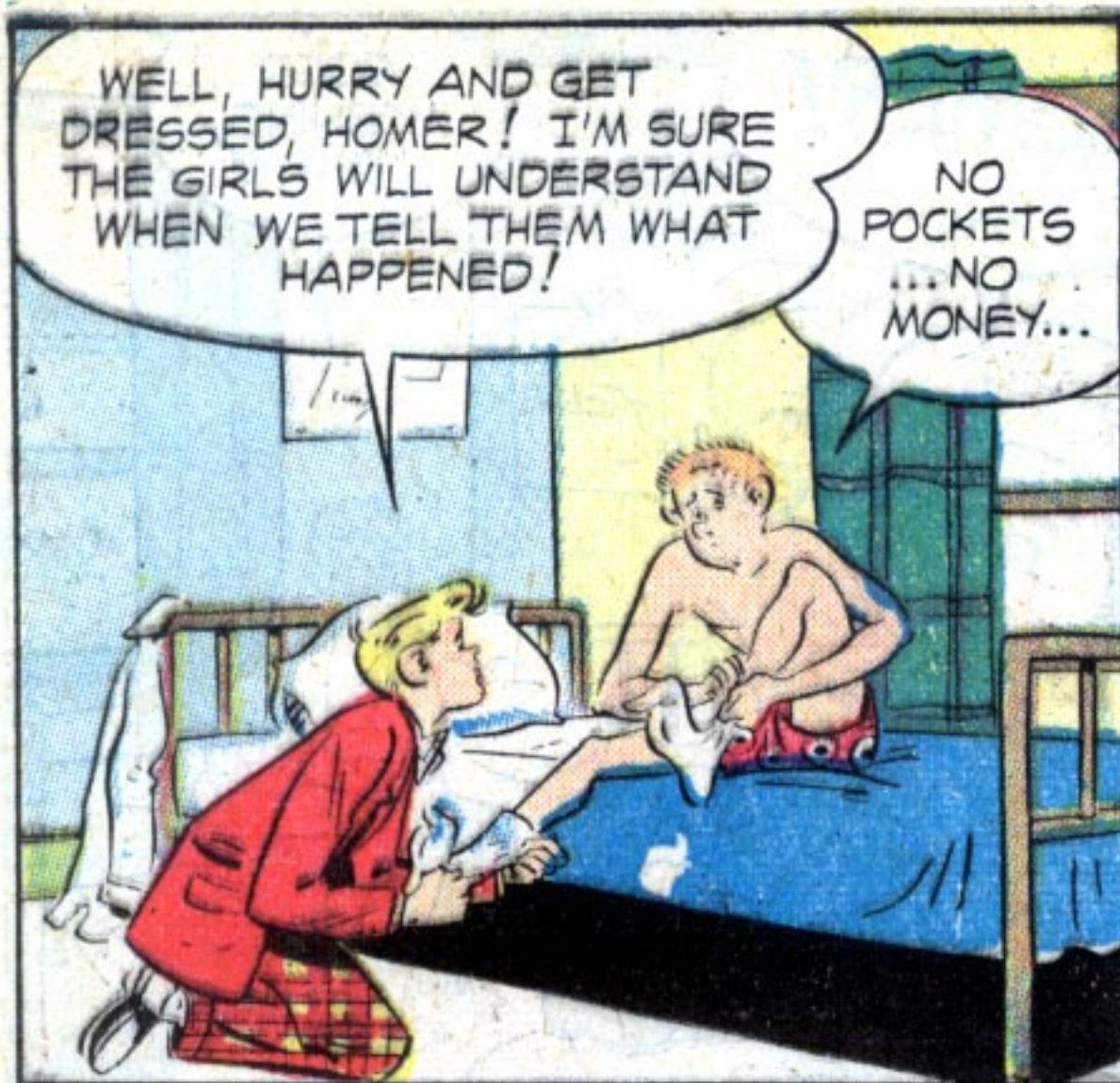
... SHE CAN BE AWFULLY UNREASONABLE! SHE'LL BLAME ME, TOO, JUST BECAUSE HOMER'S MY FRIEND!

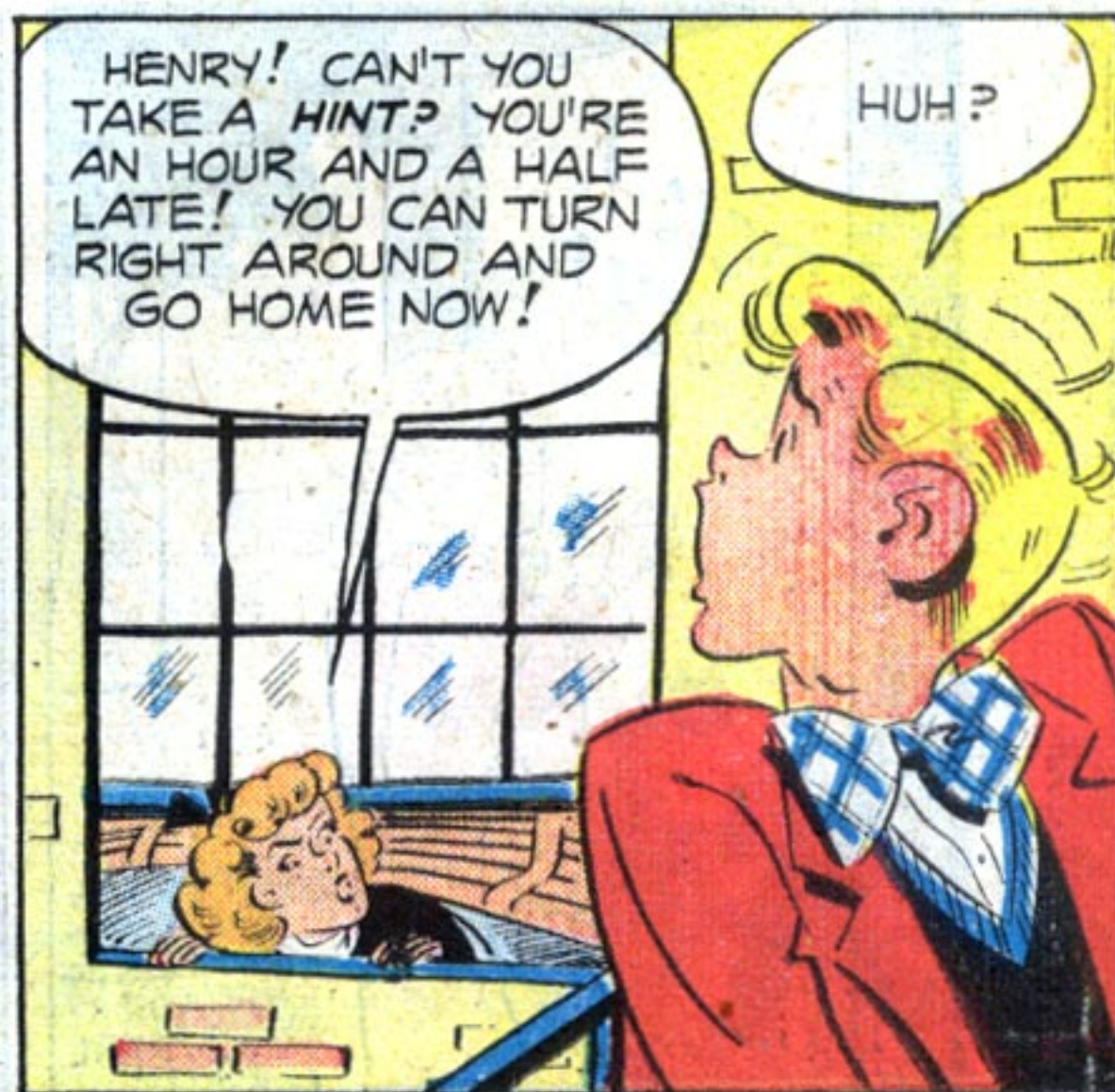
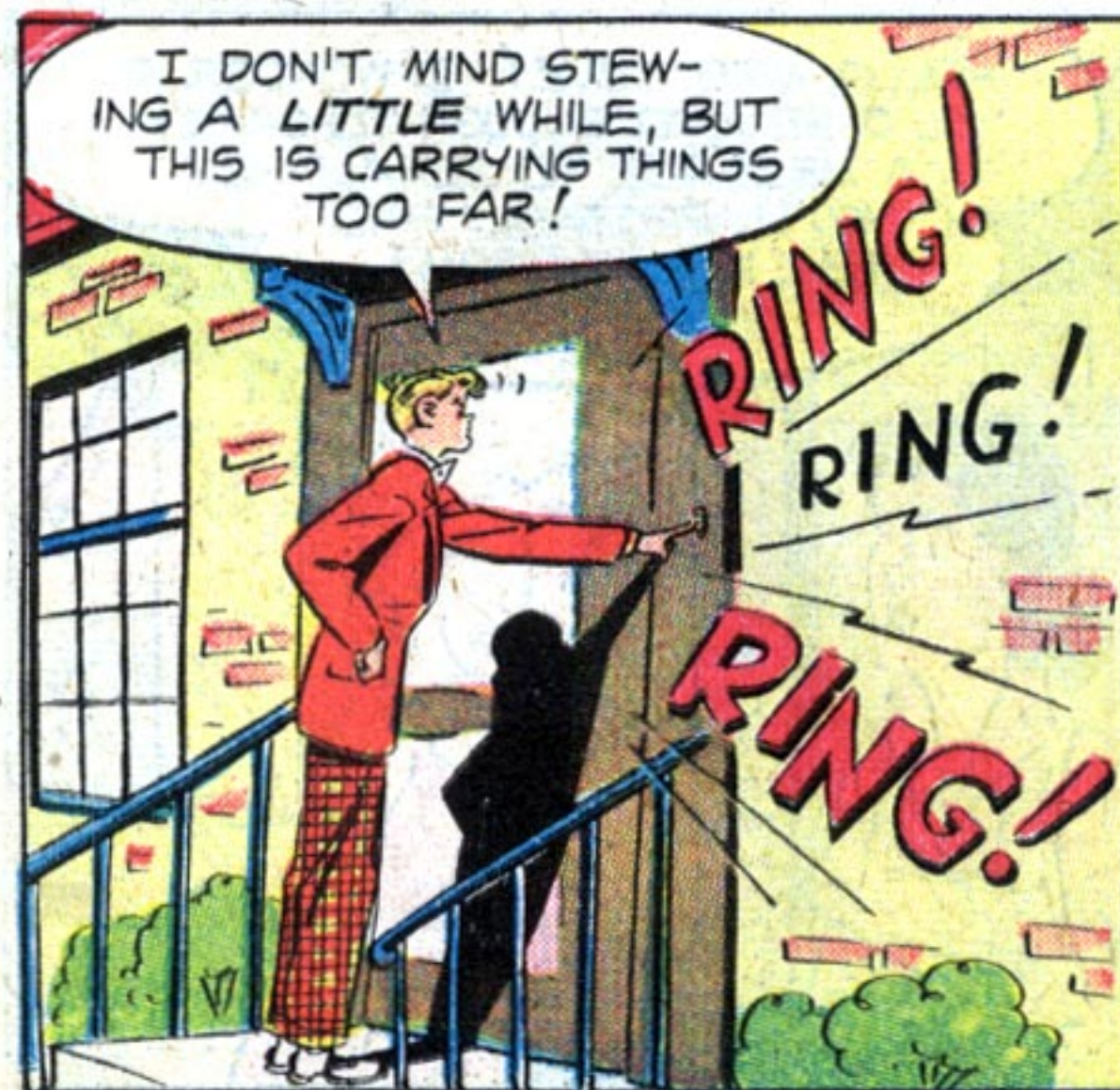
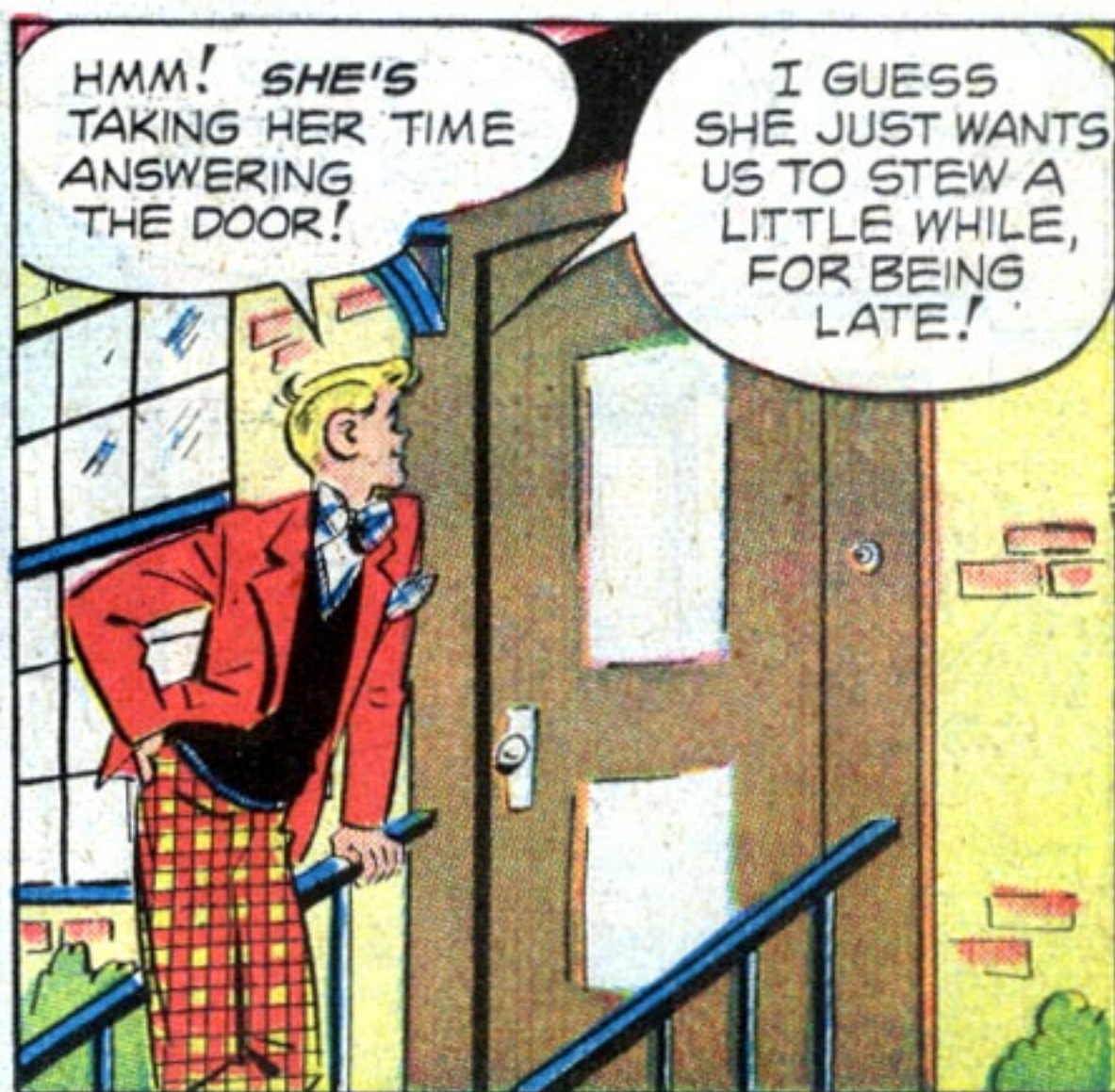
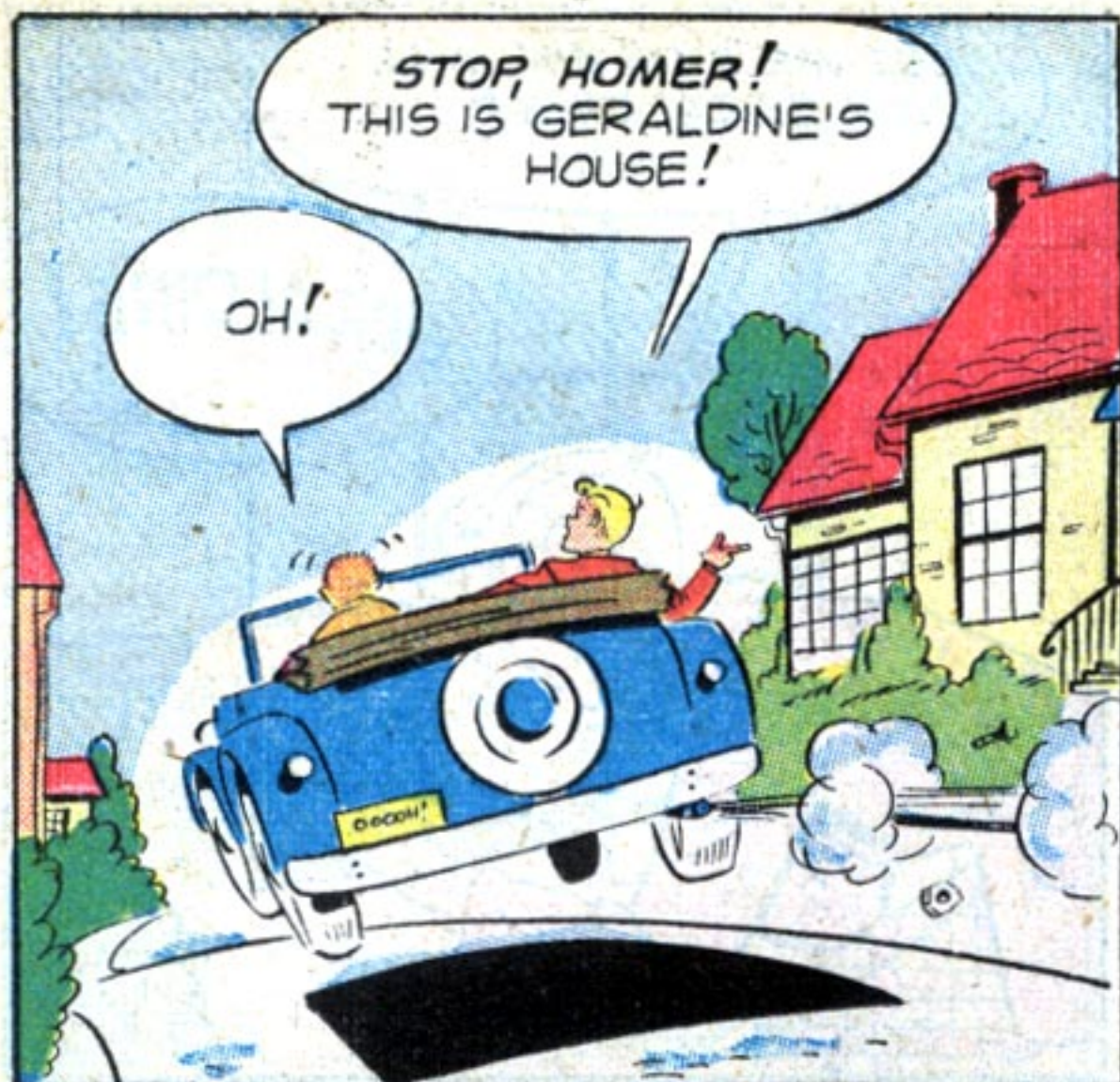


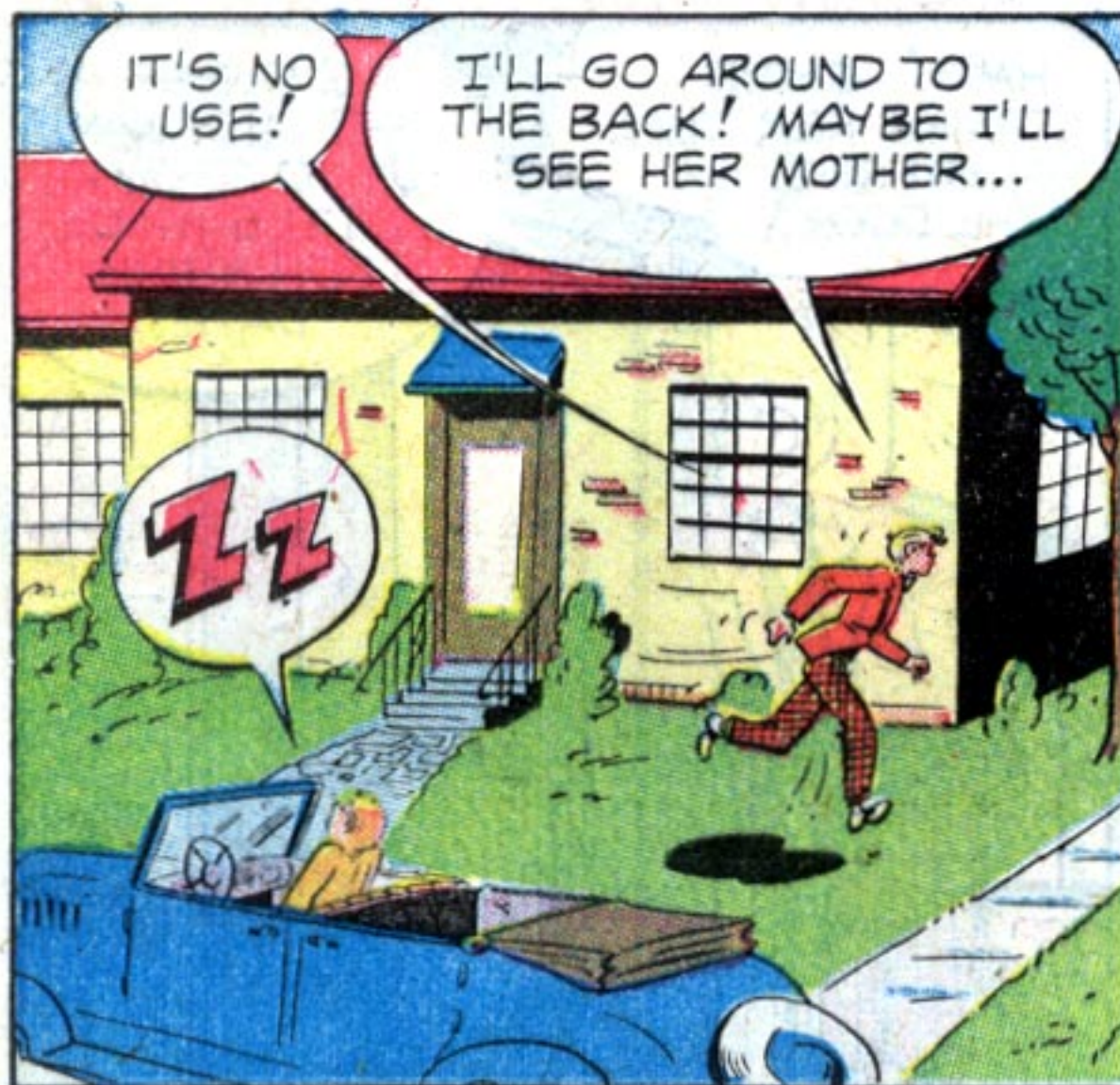
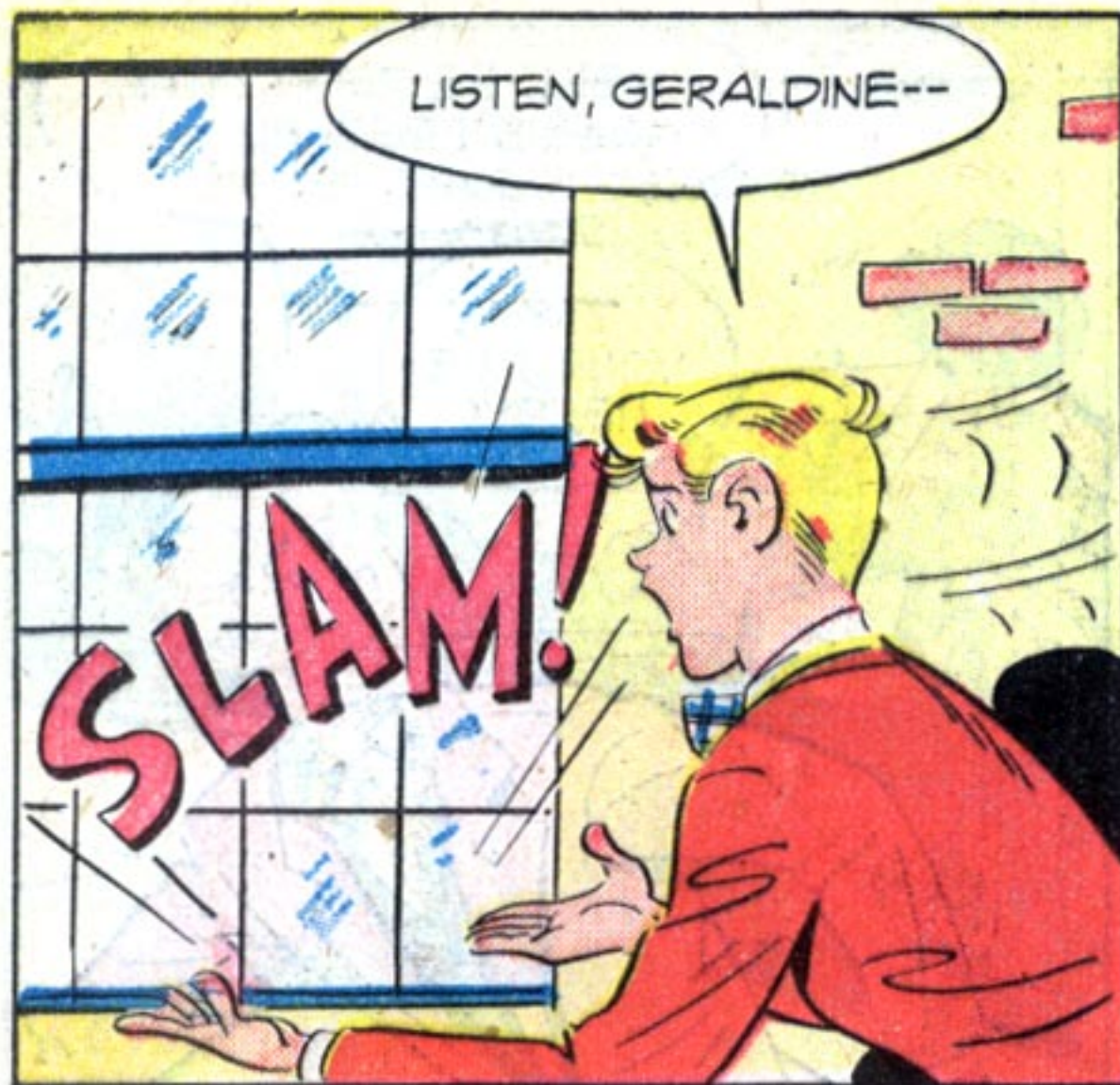
MRS. BROWN, IS HOMER UP YET?

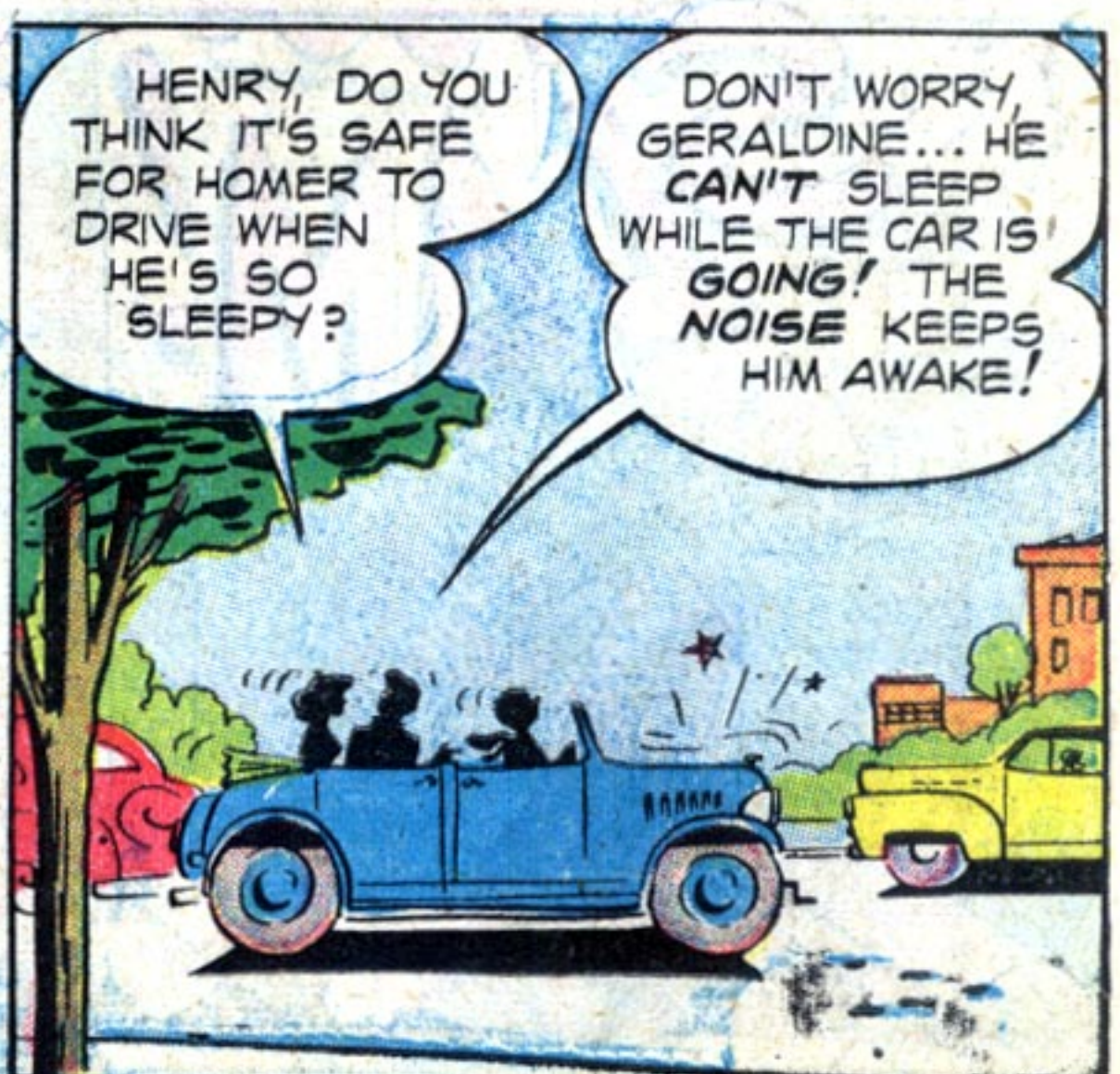
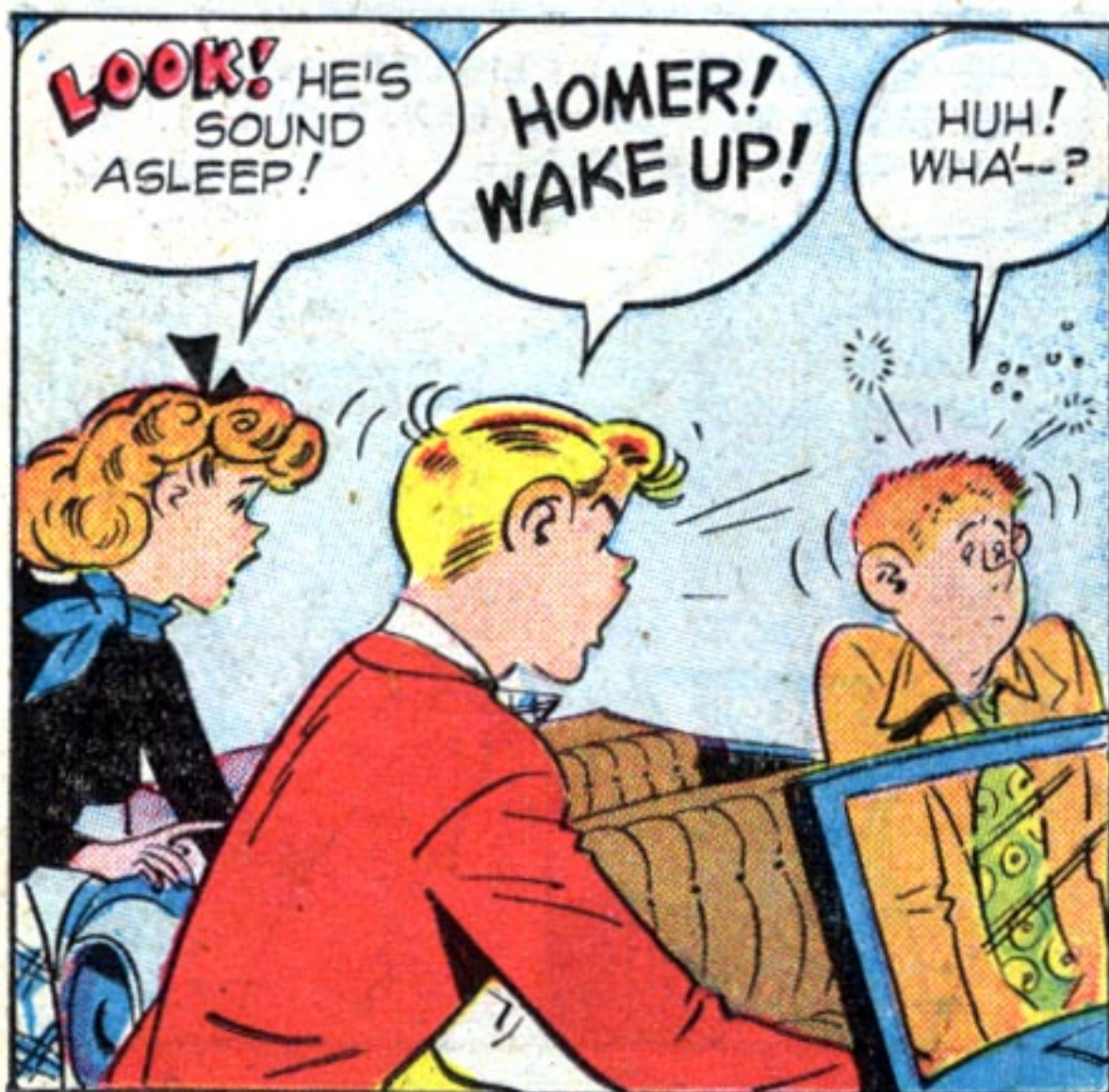
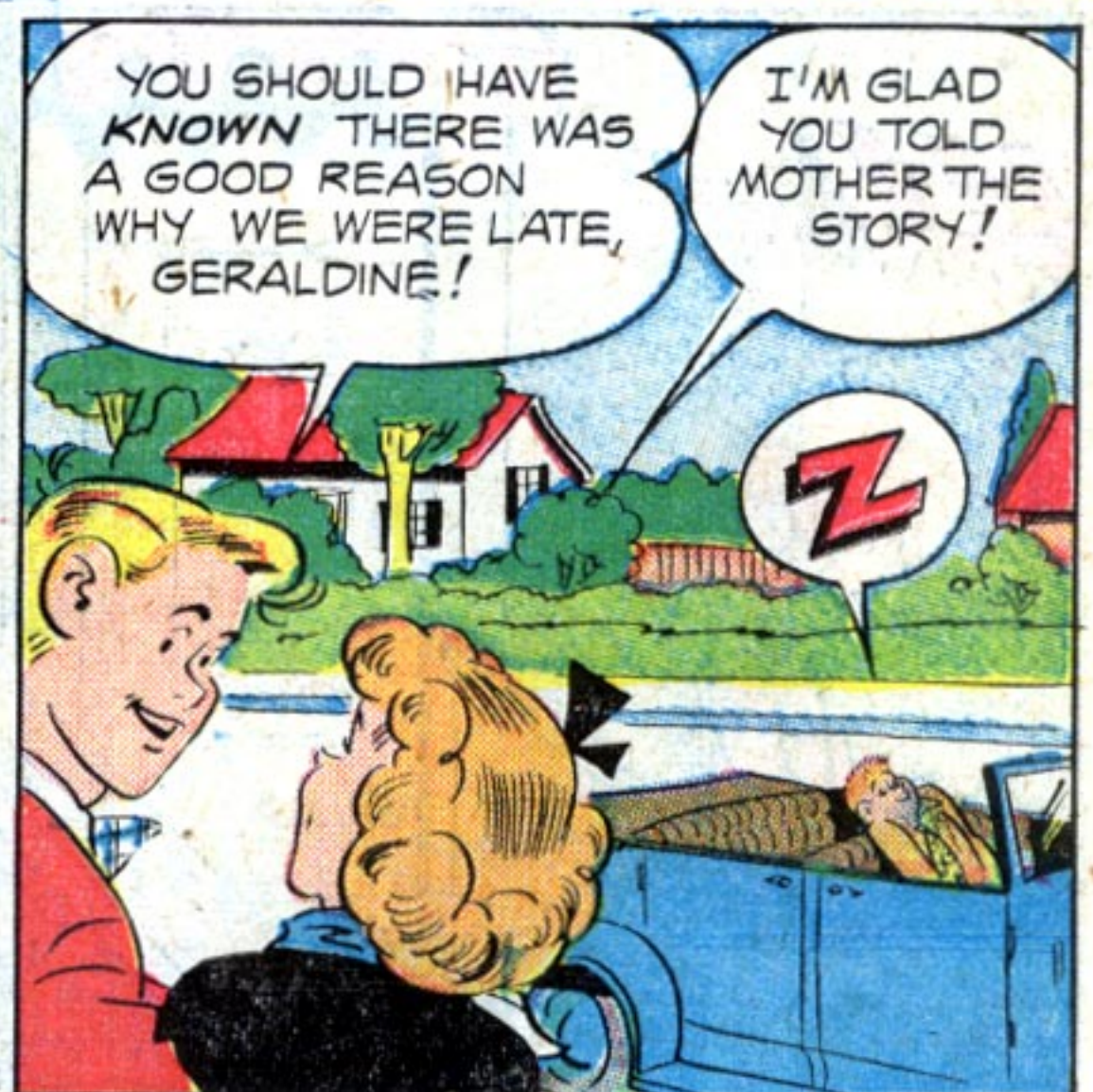
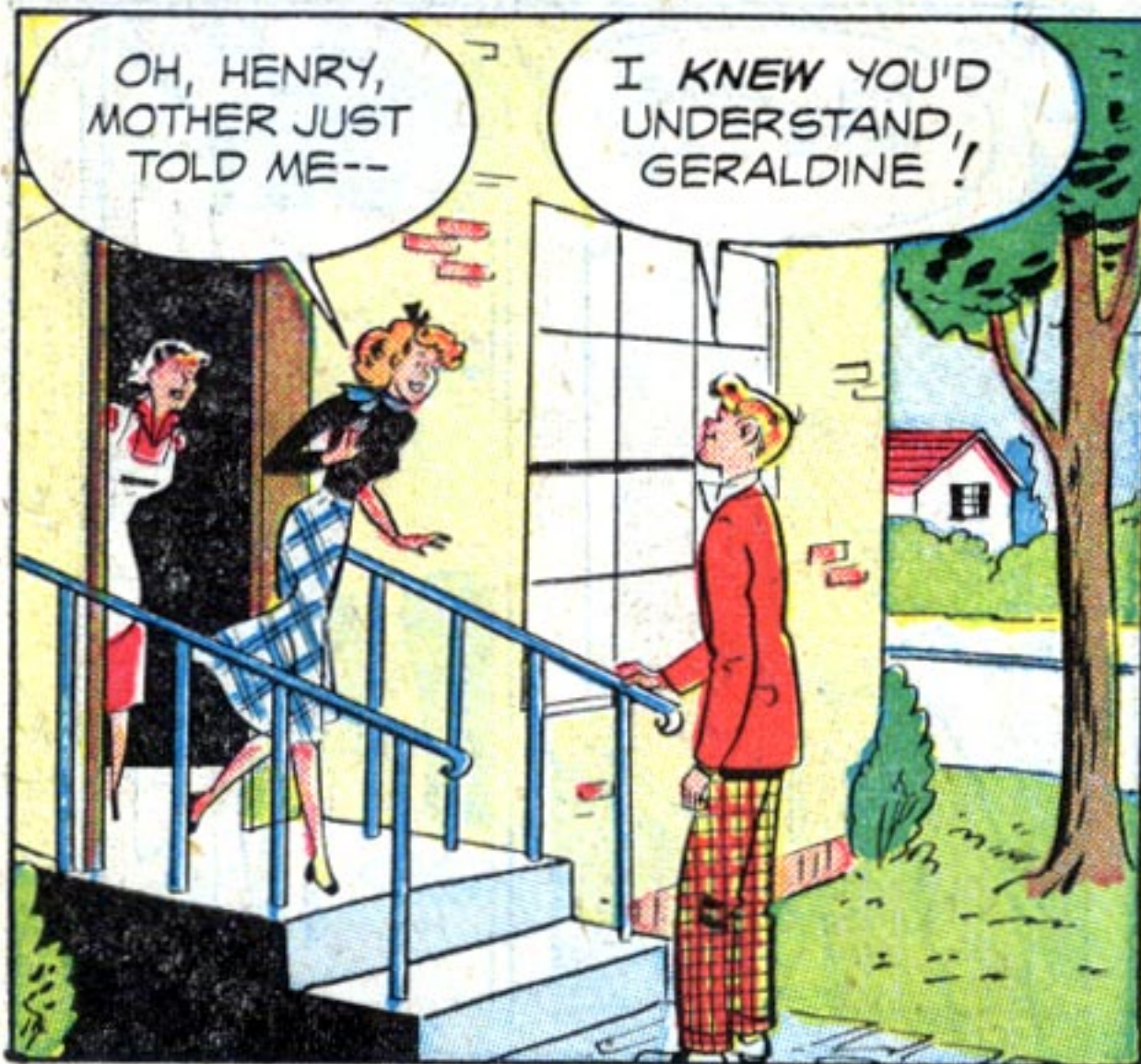
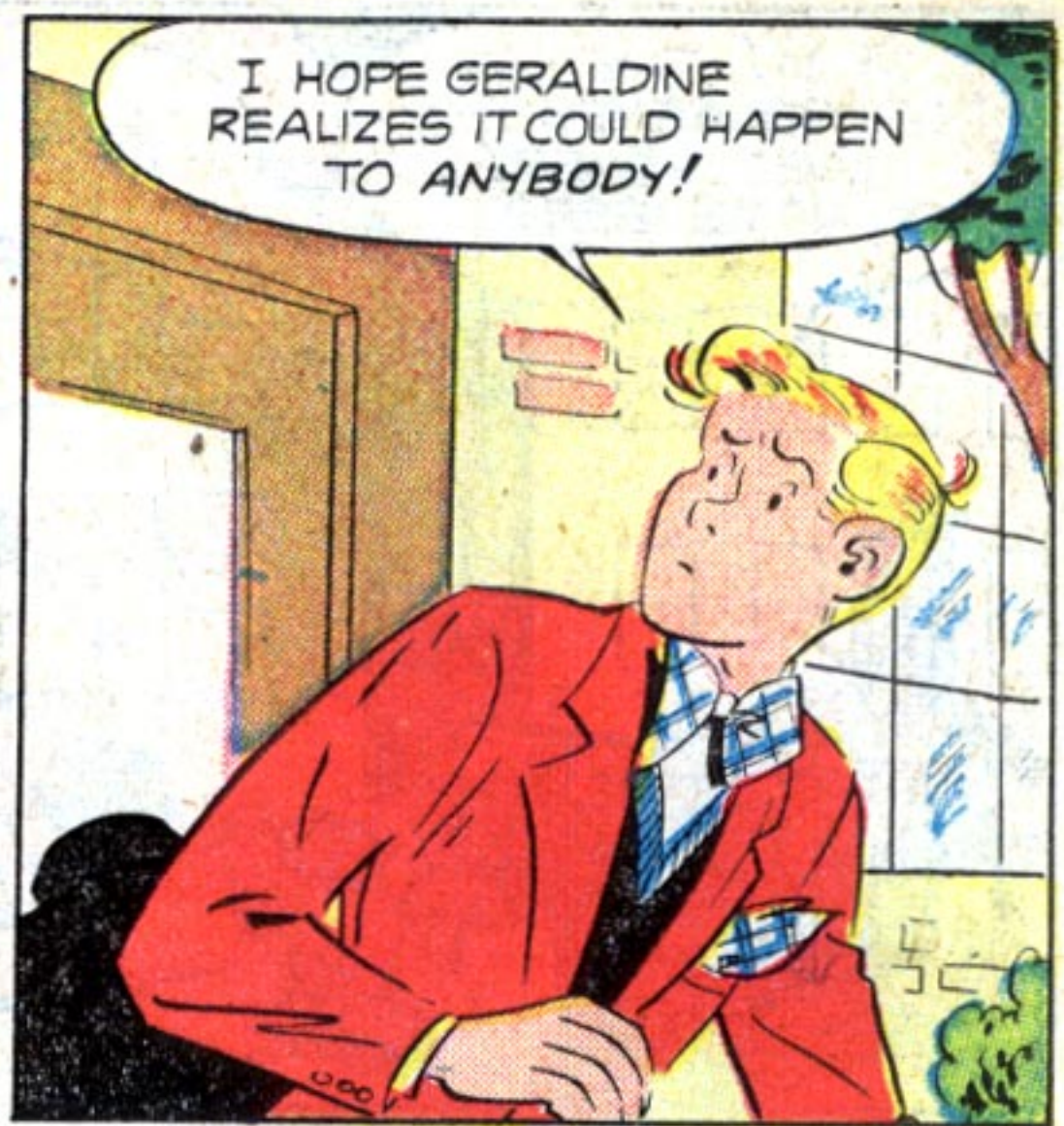
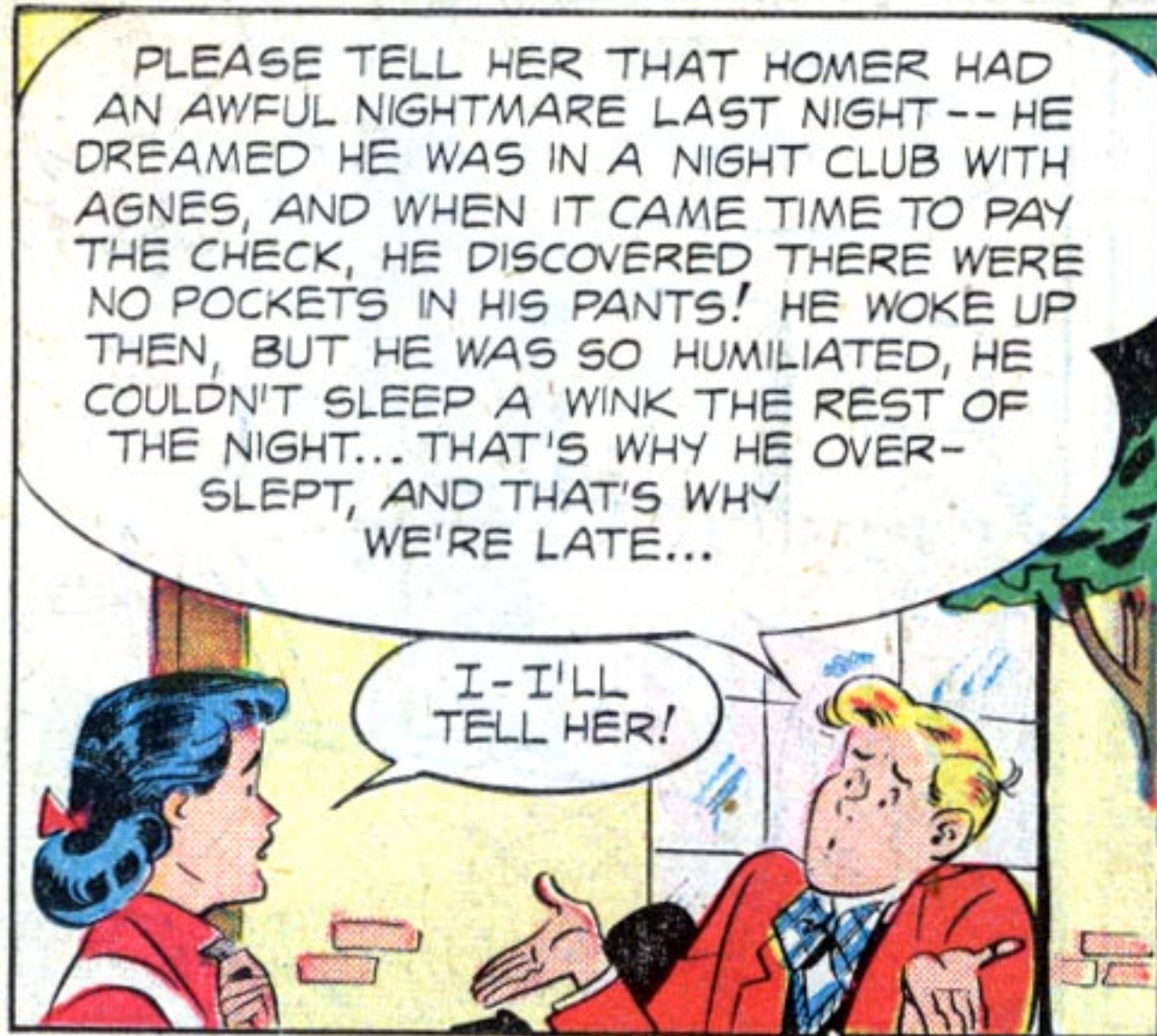
I--I THINK HE IS, HENRY! HE ANSWERED ME THE LAST TIME I CALLED HIM! I GUESS YOU CAN GO UP!

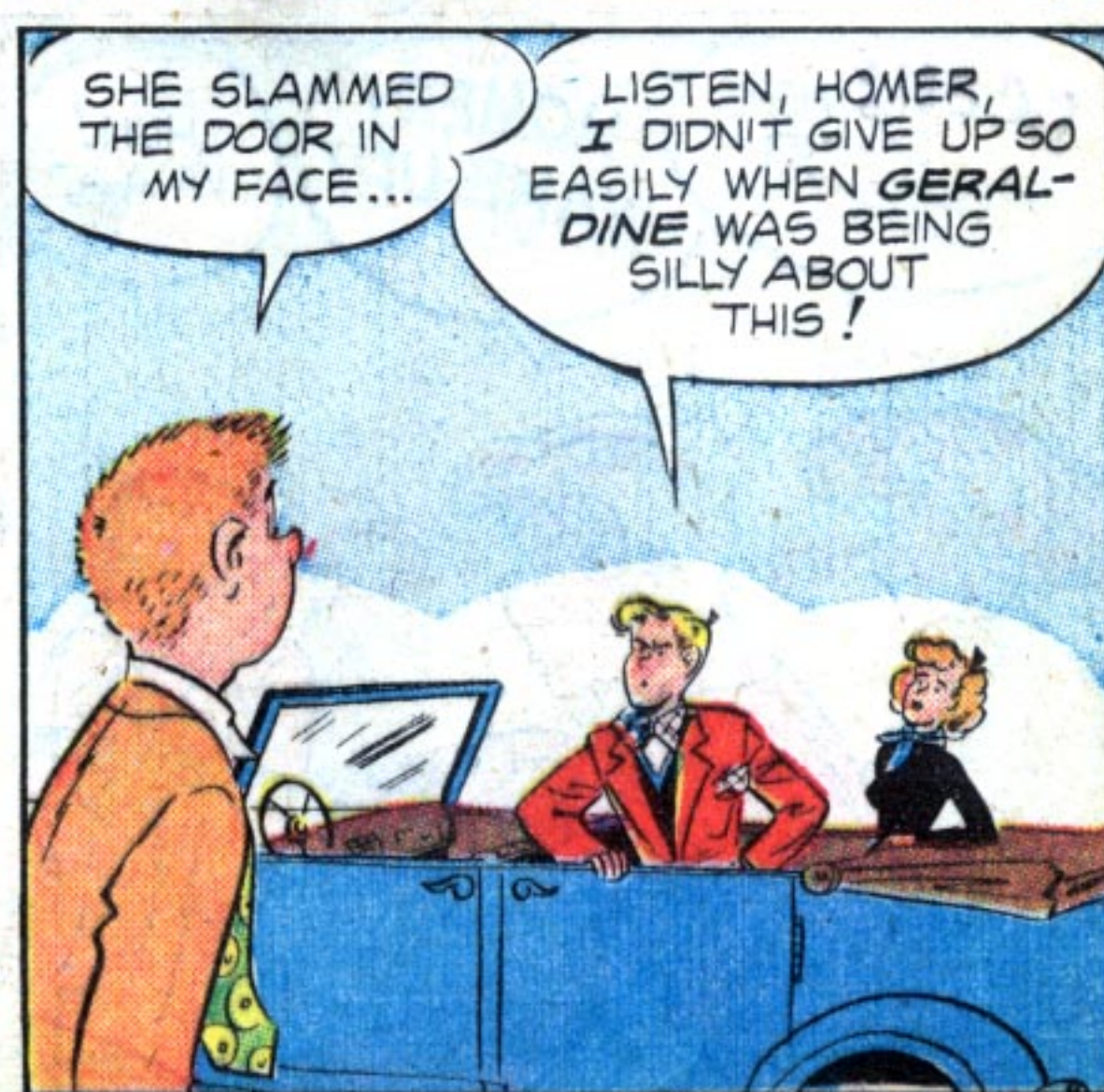
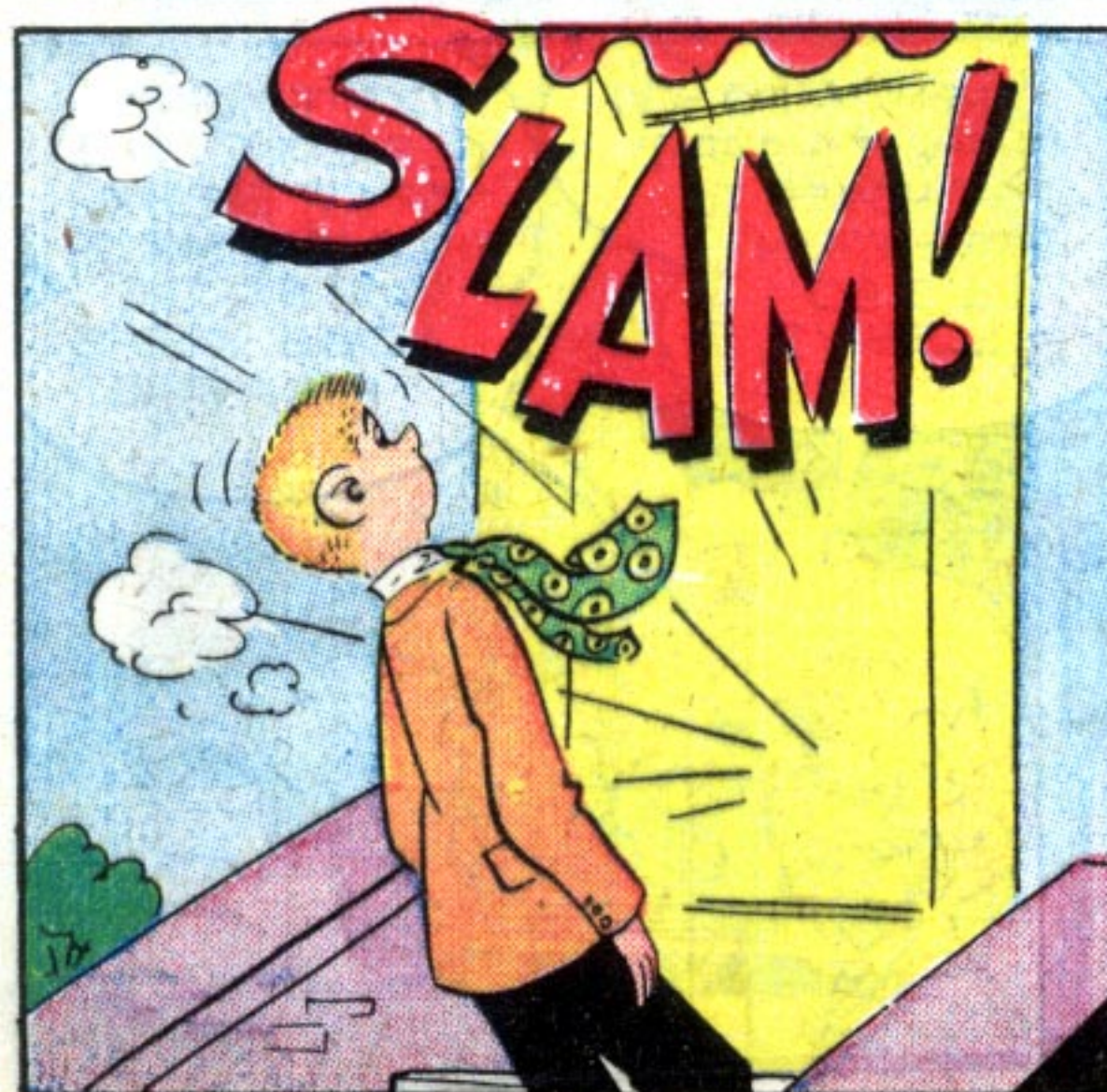
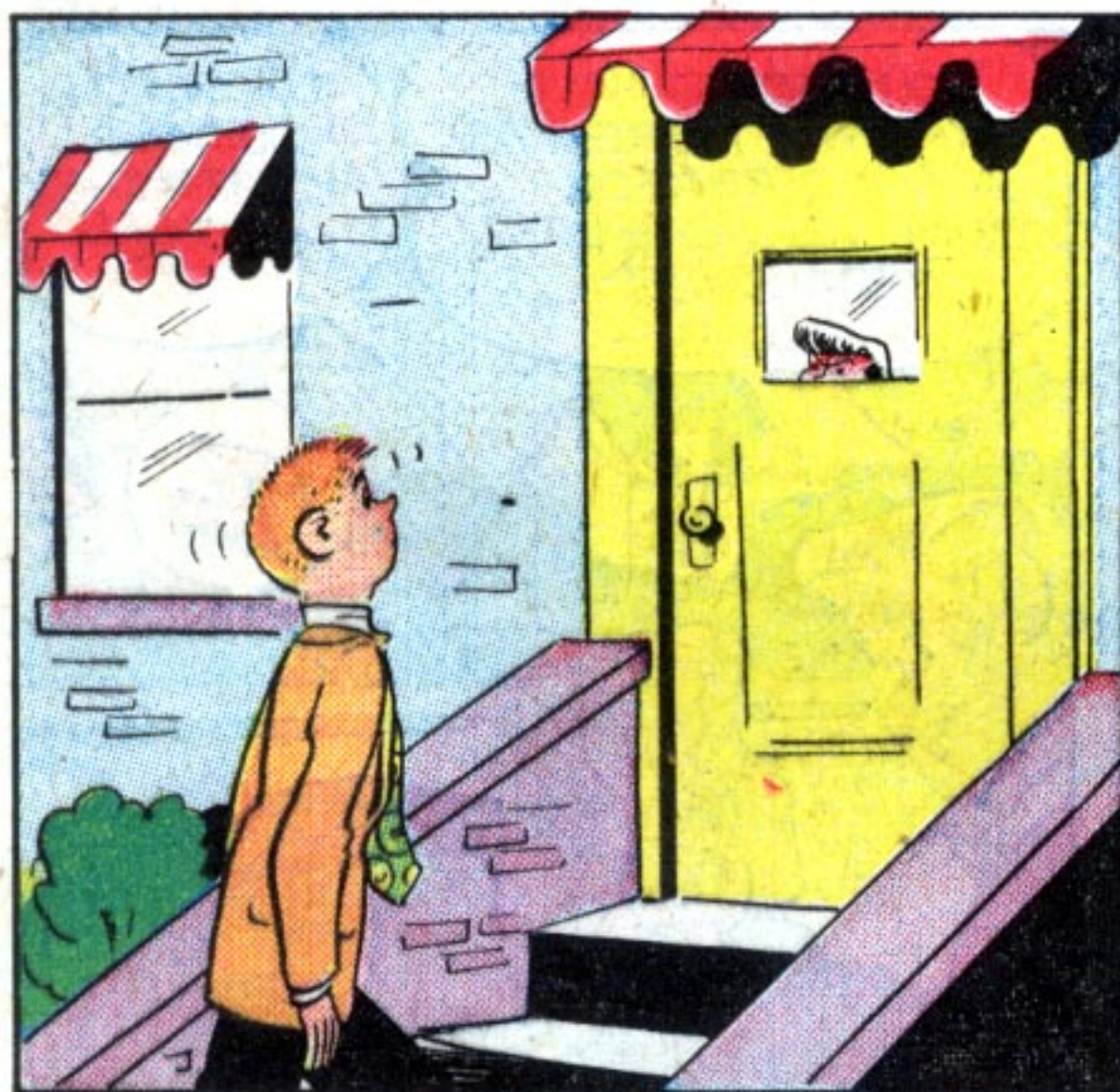
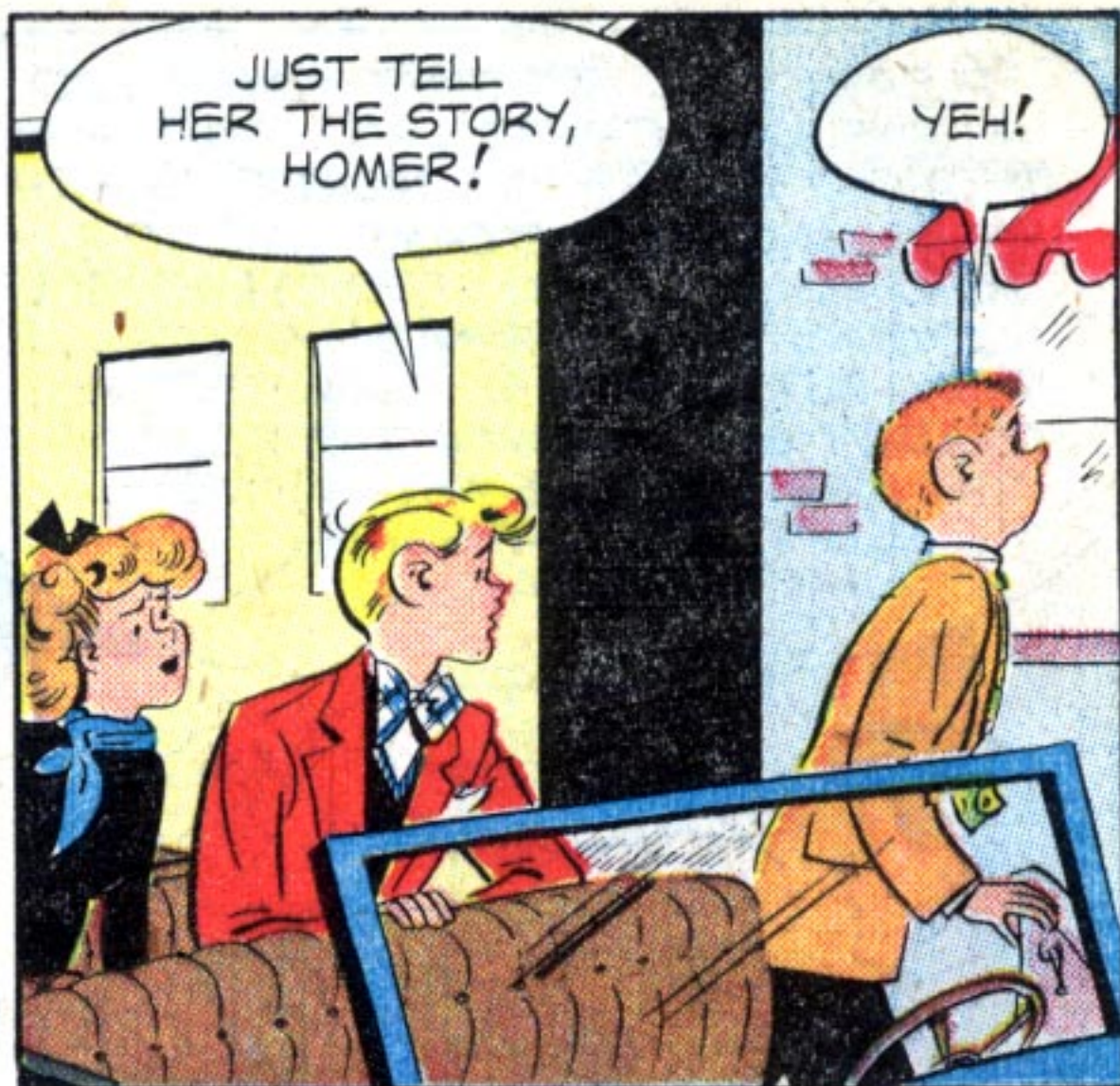
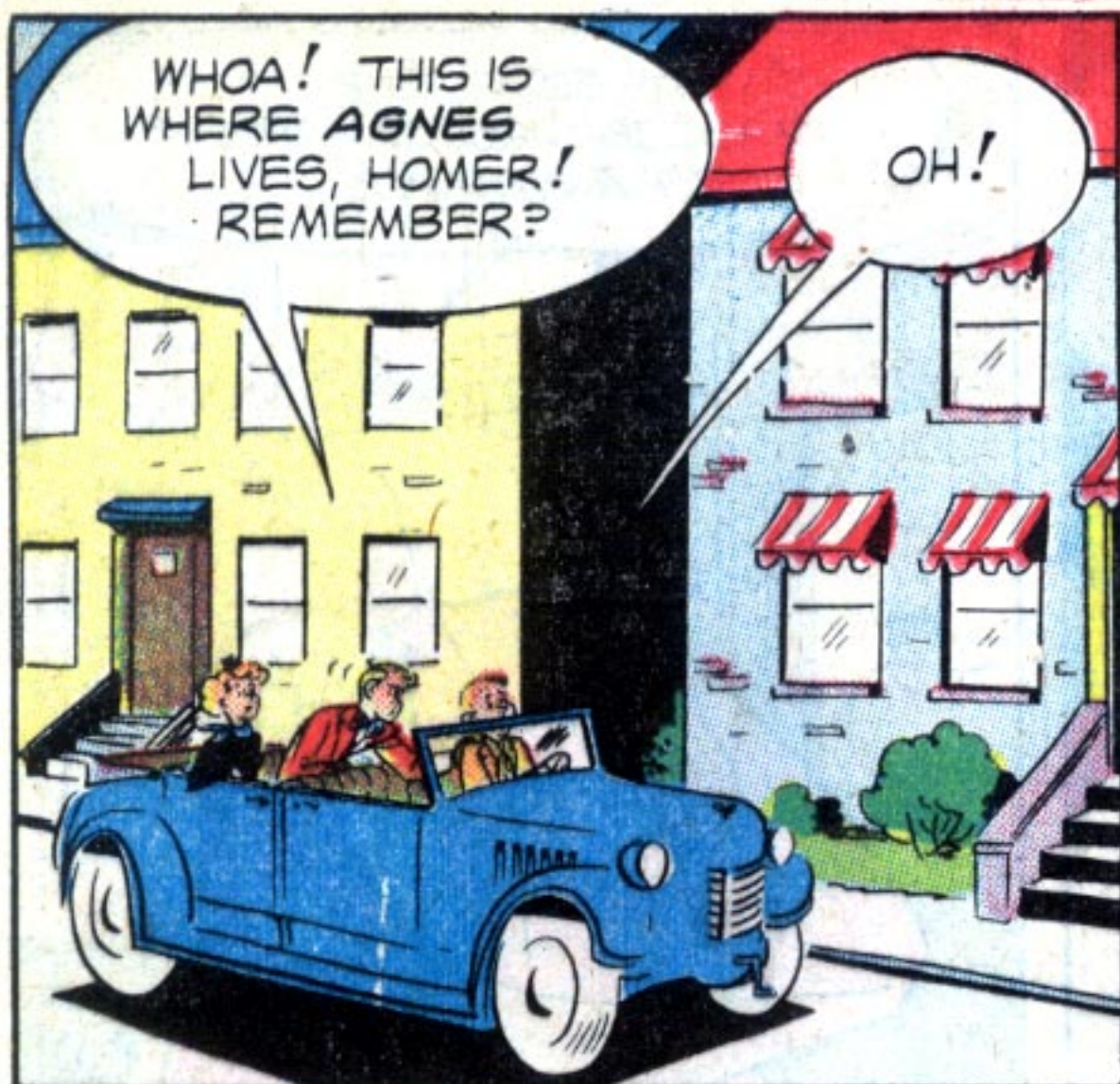


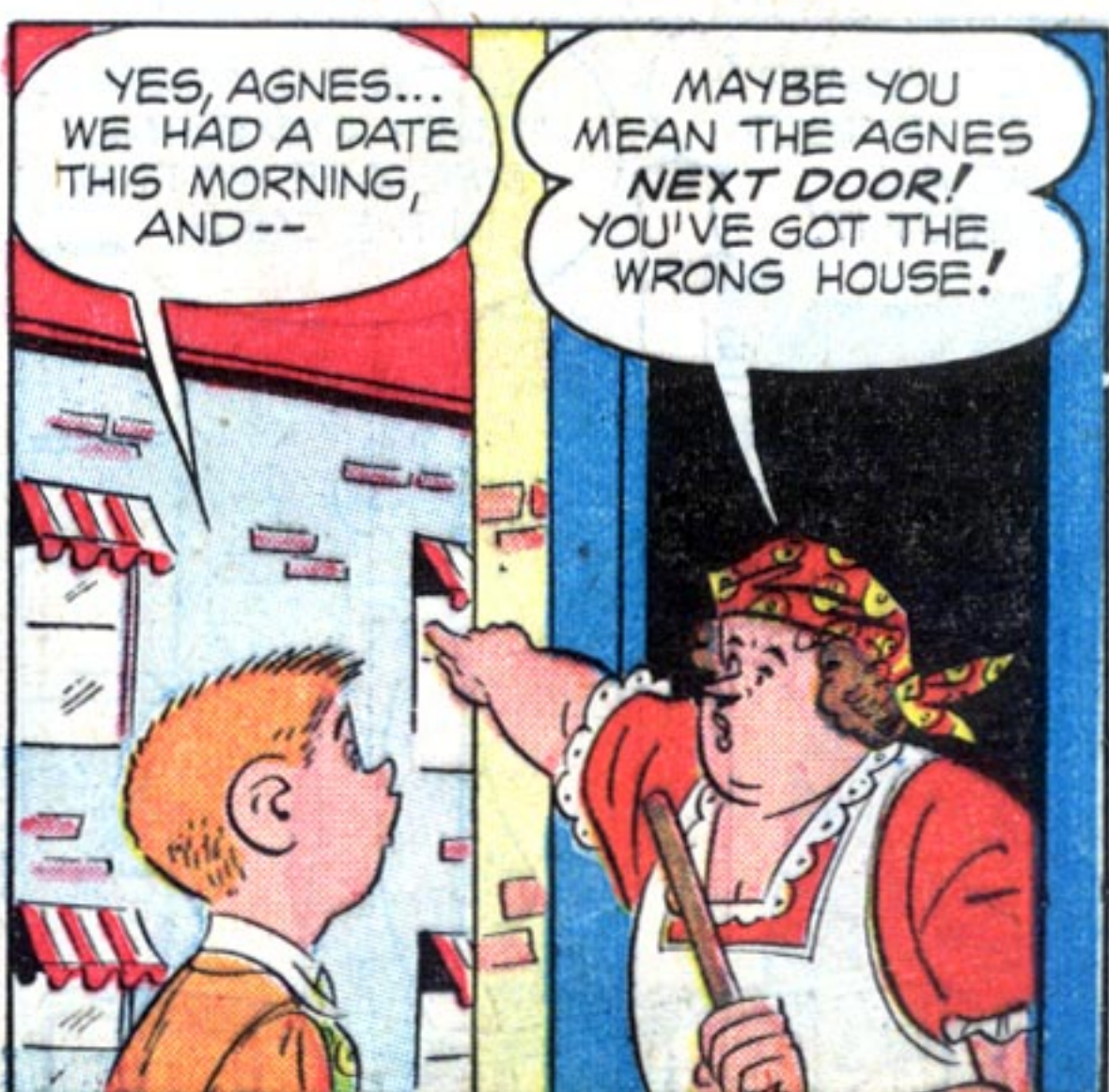
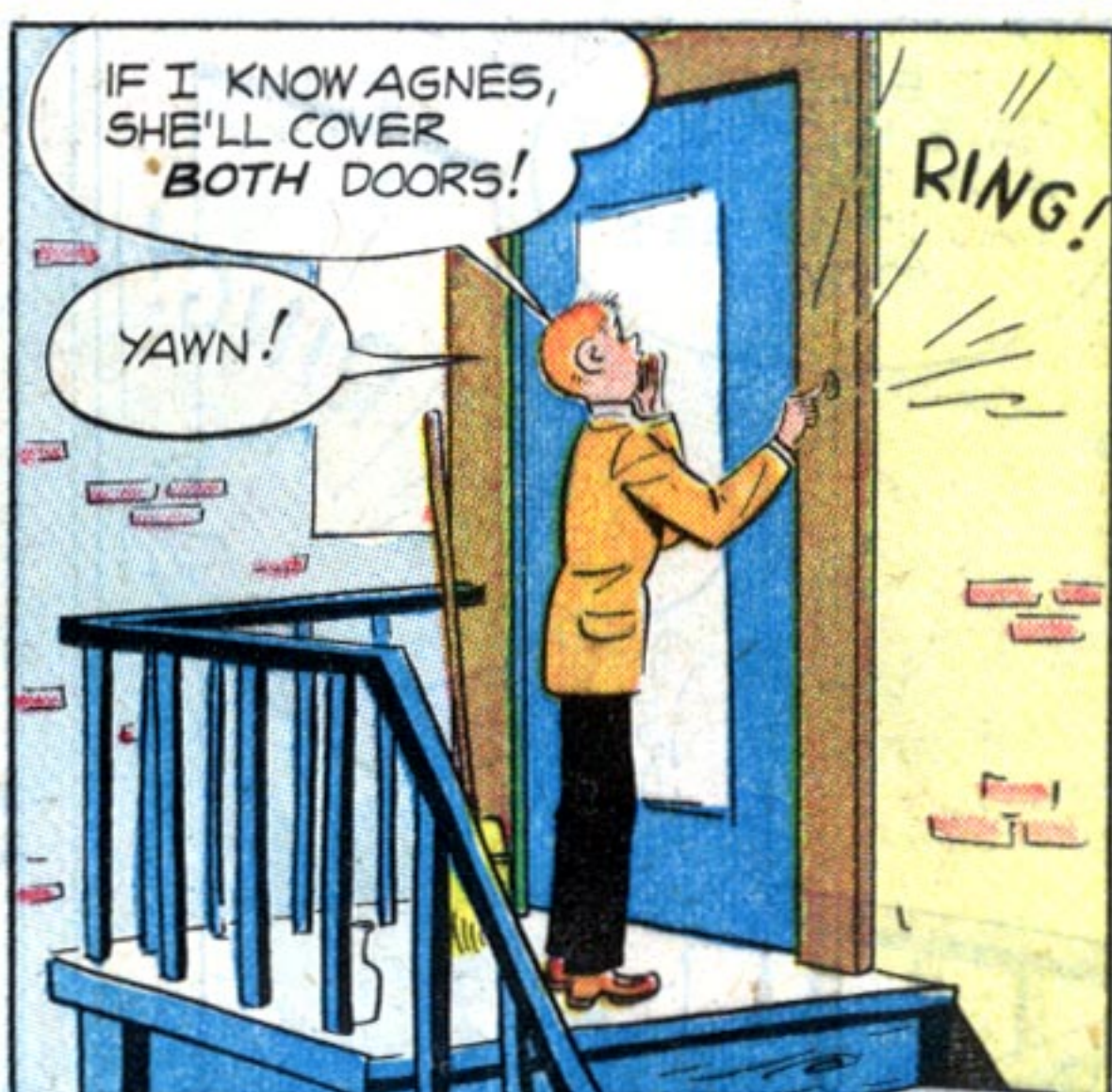
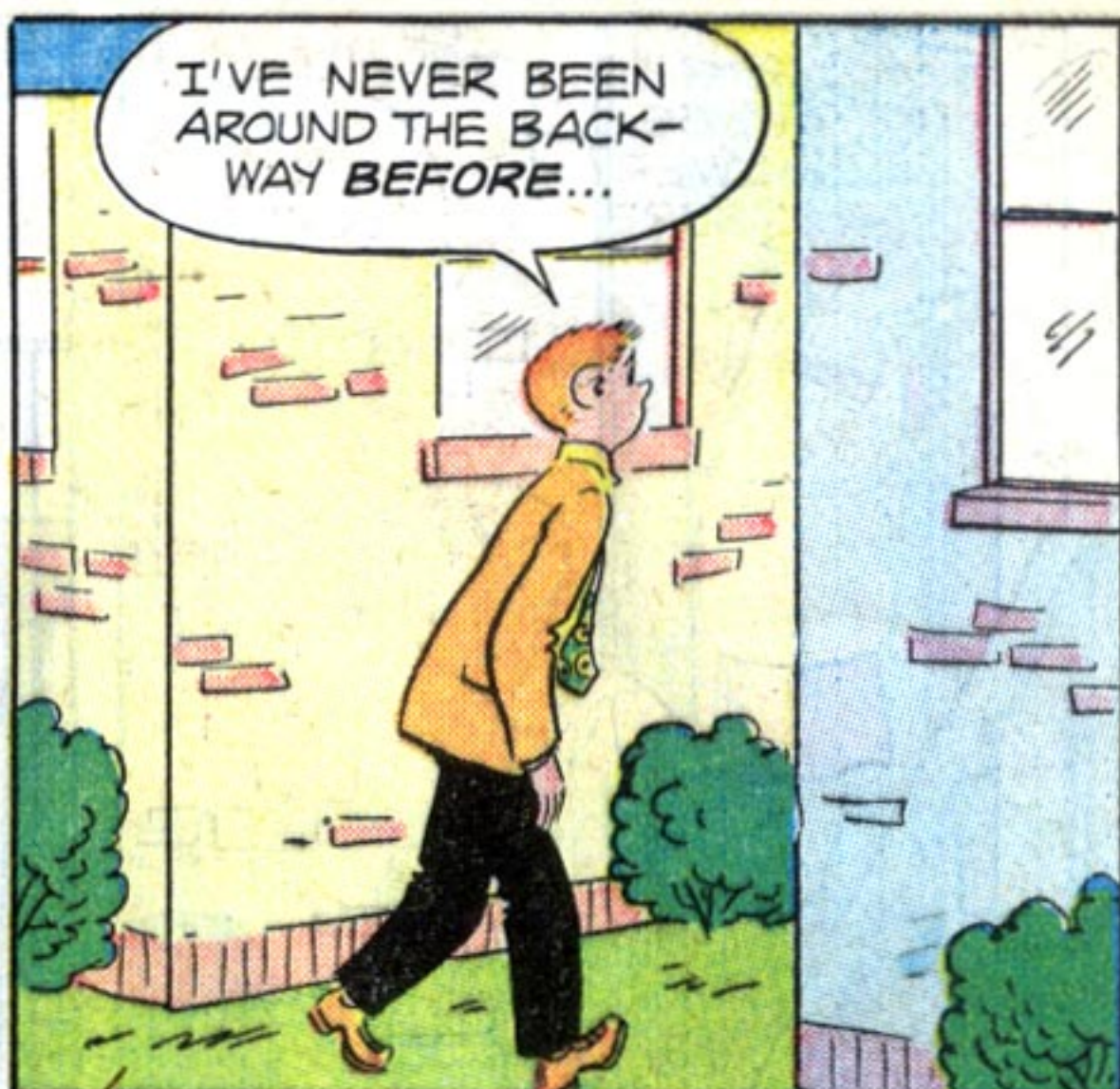
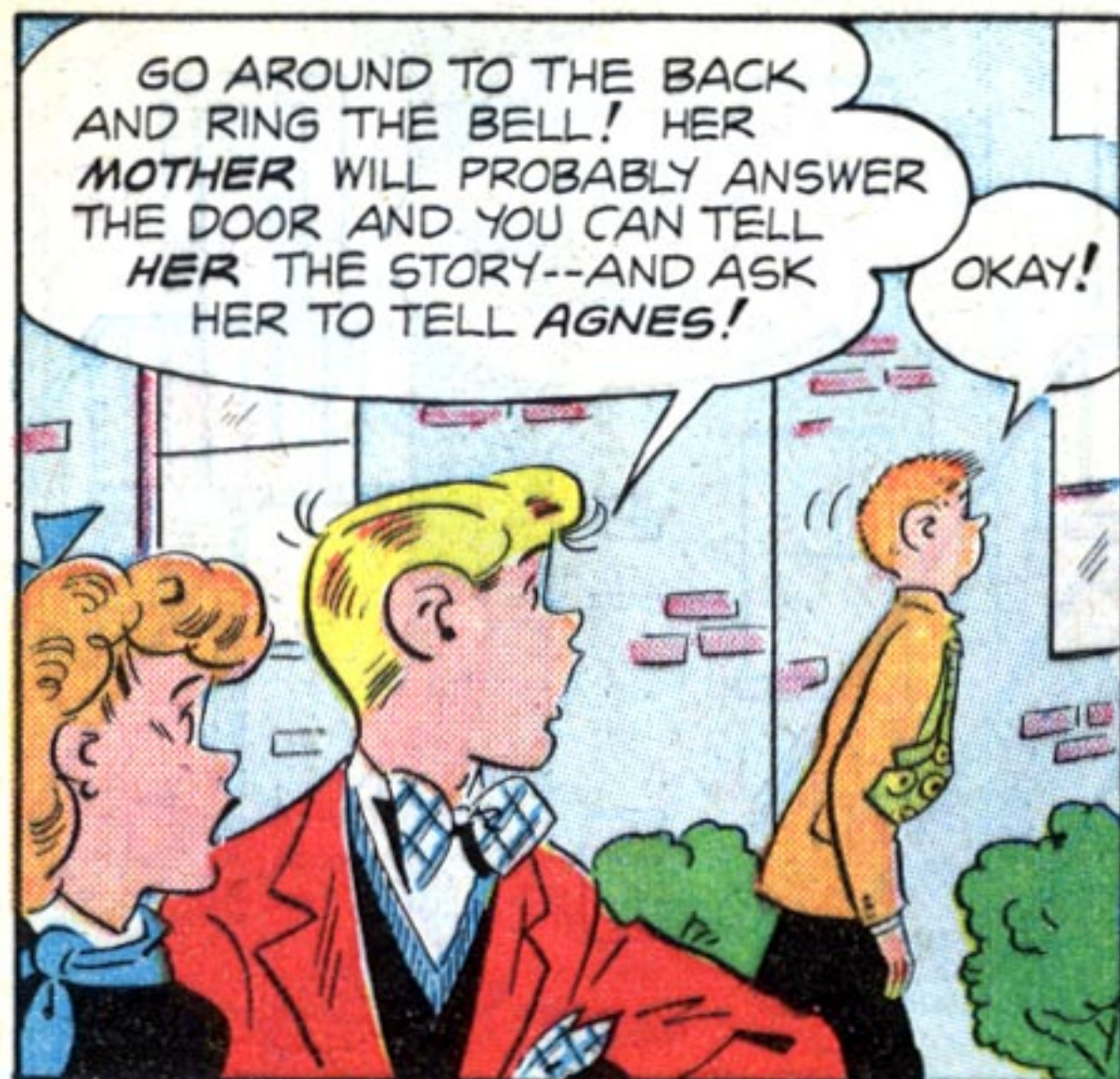


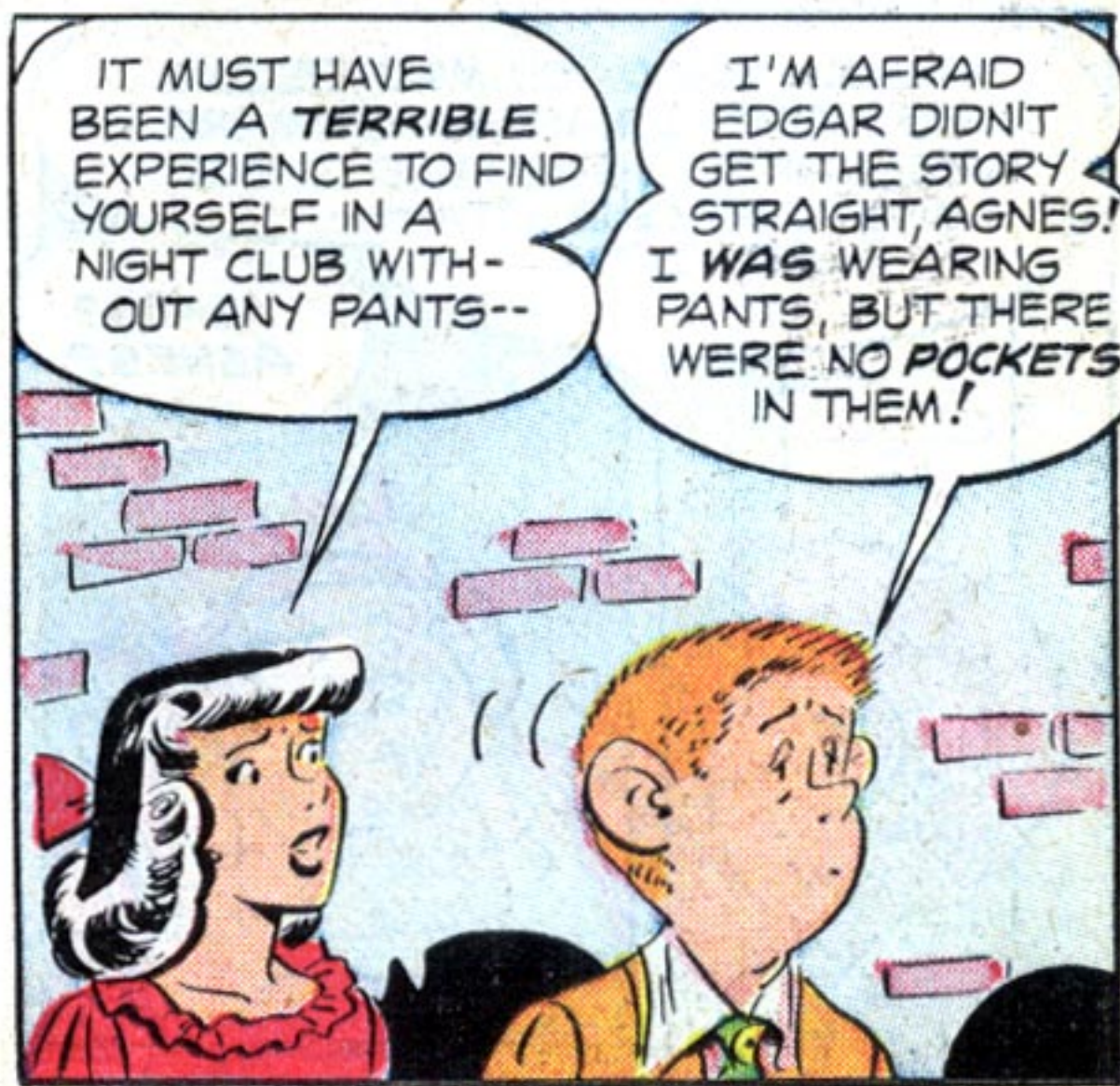
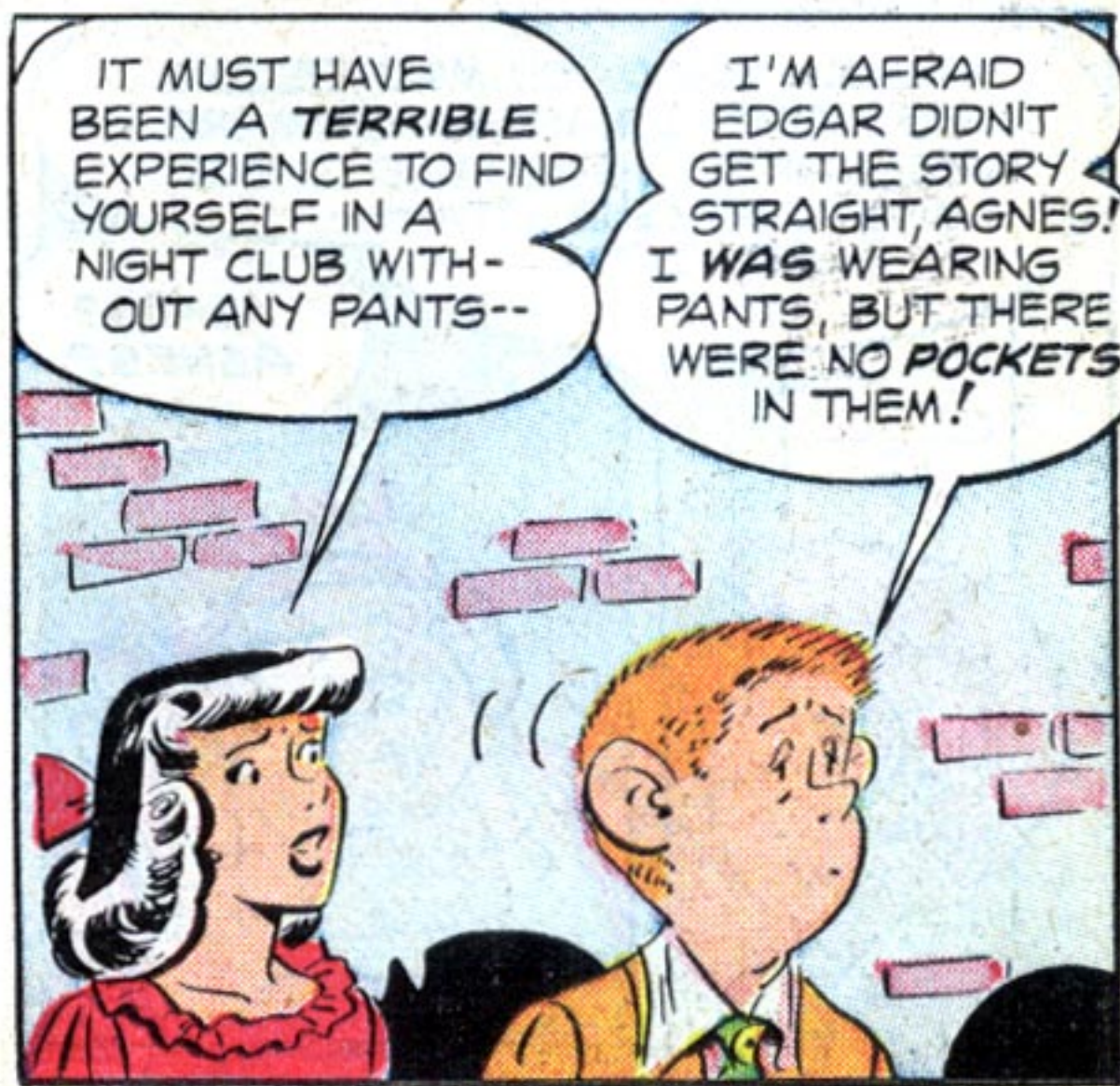
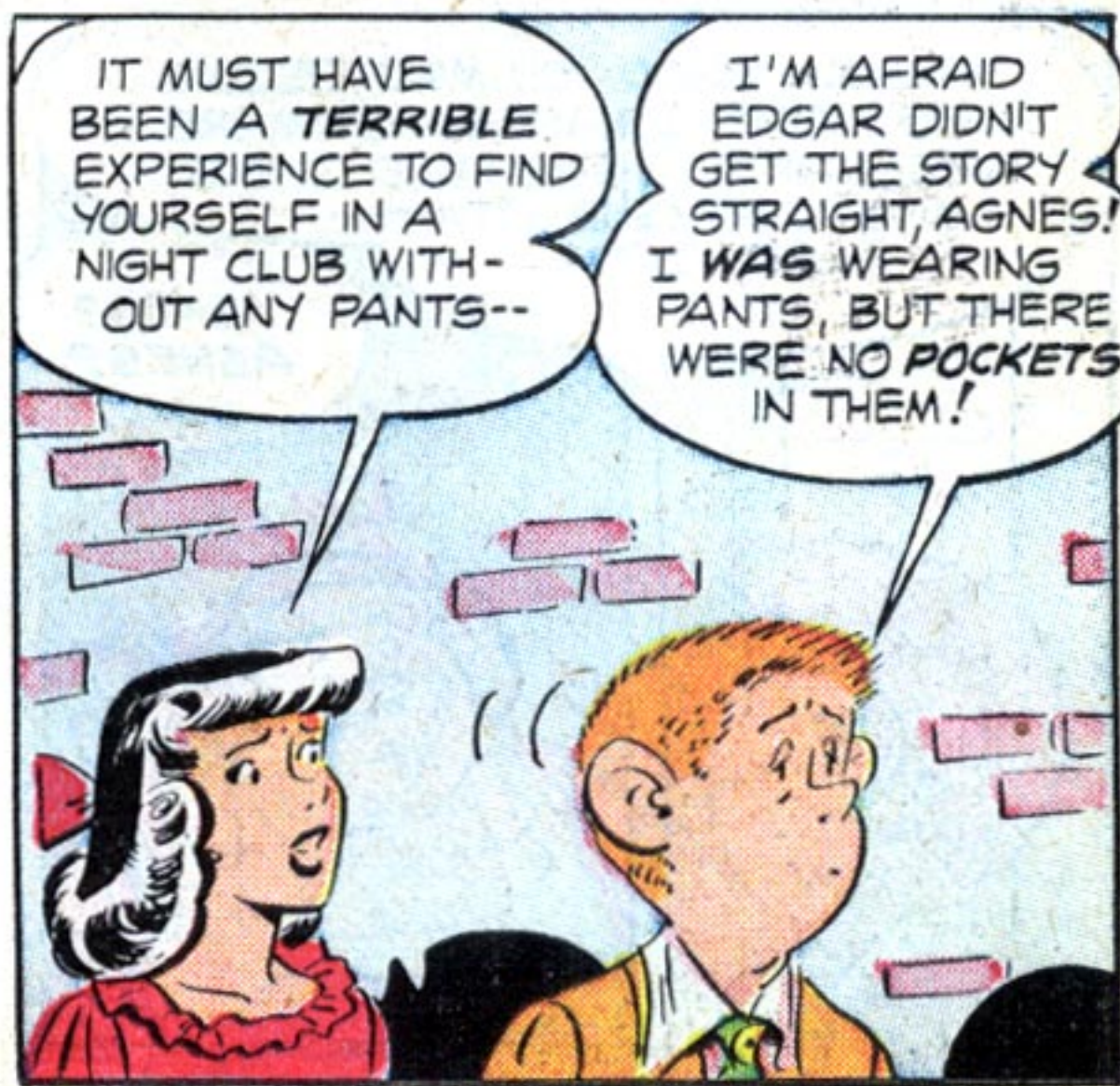
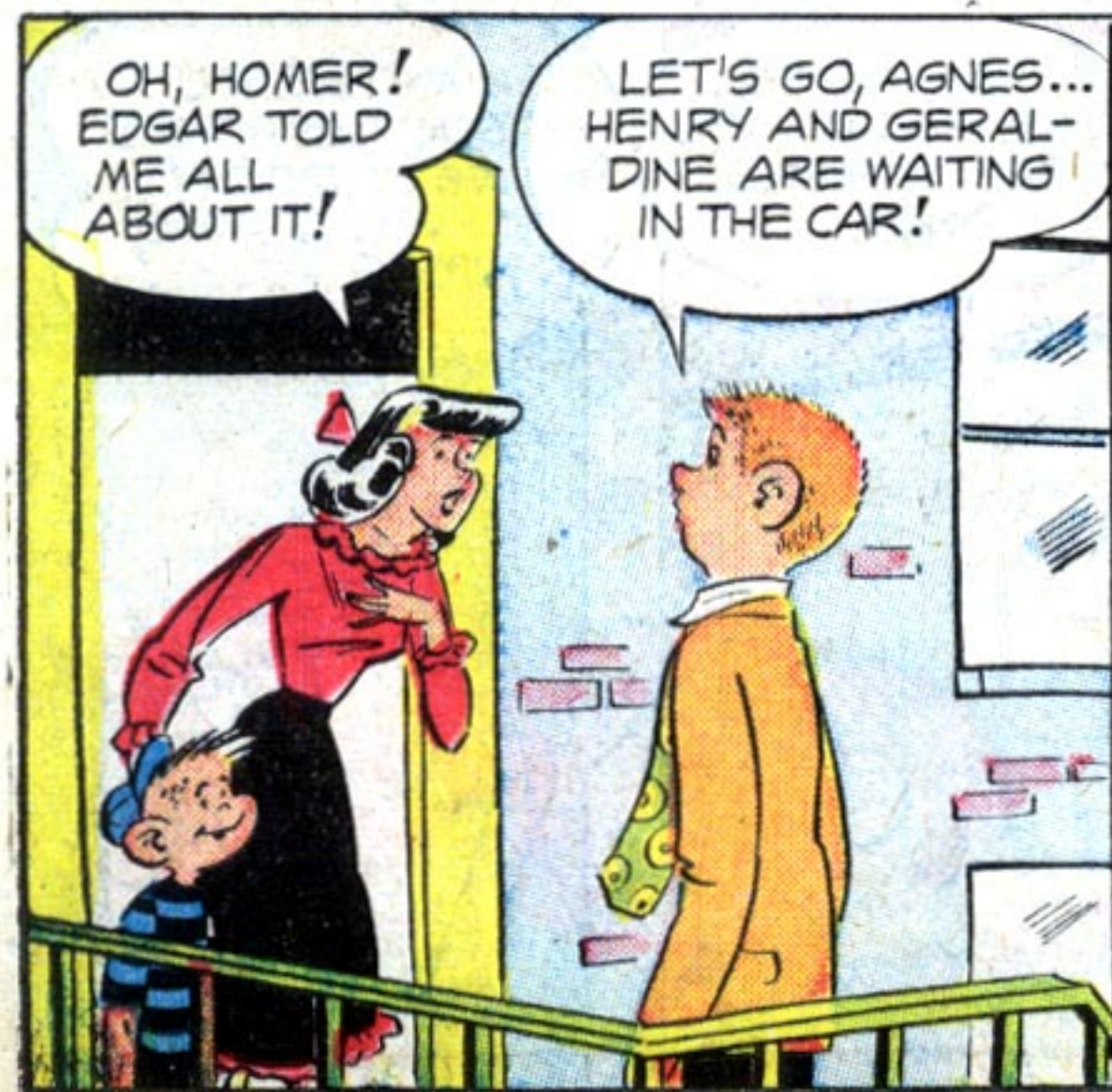
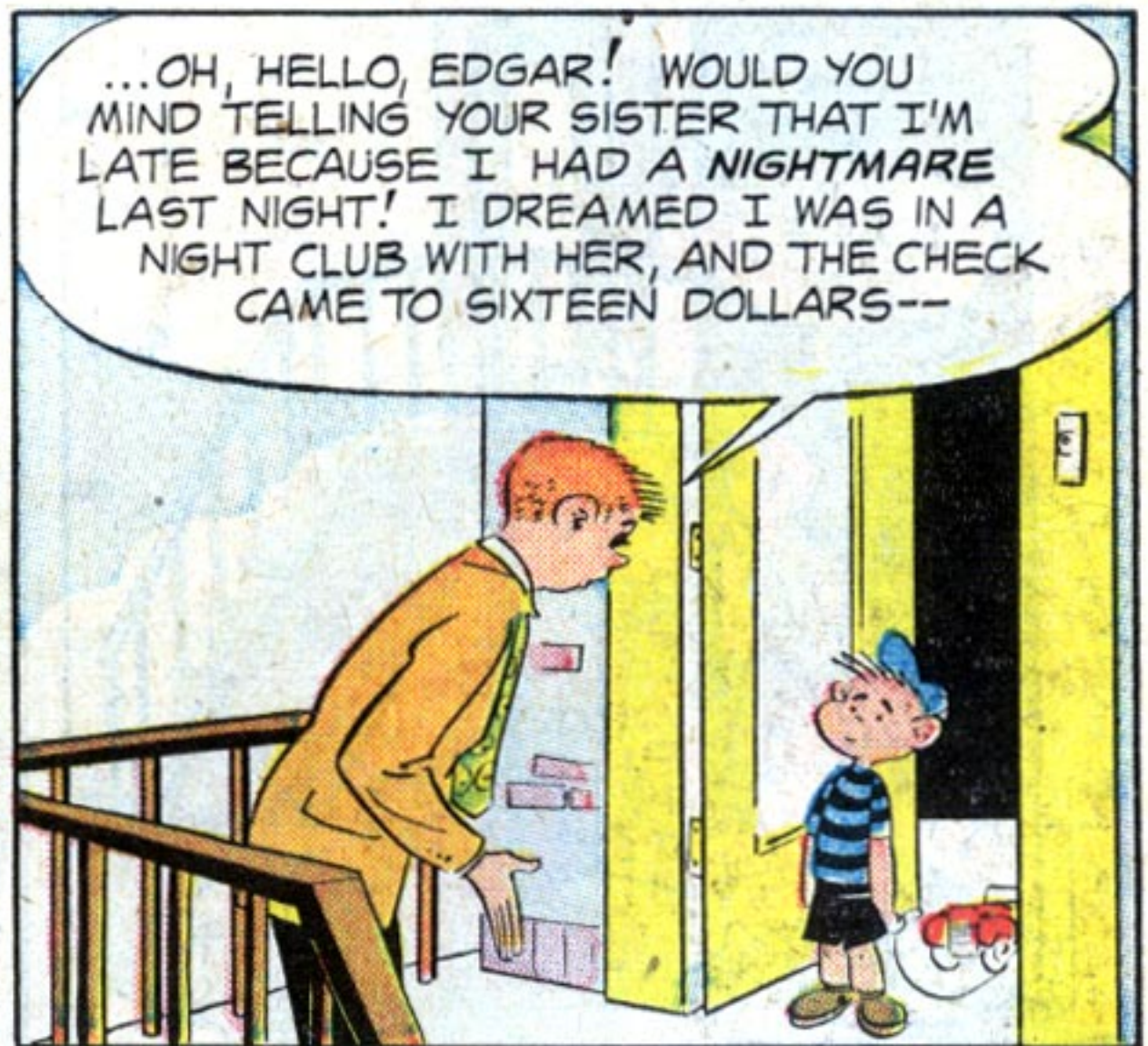
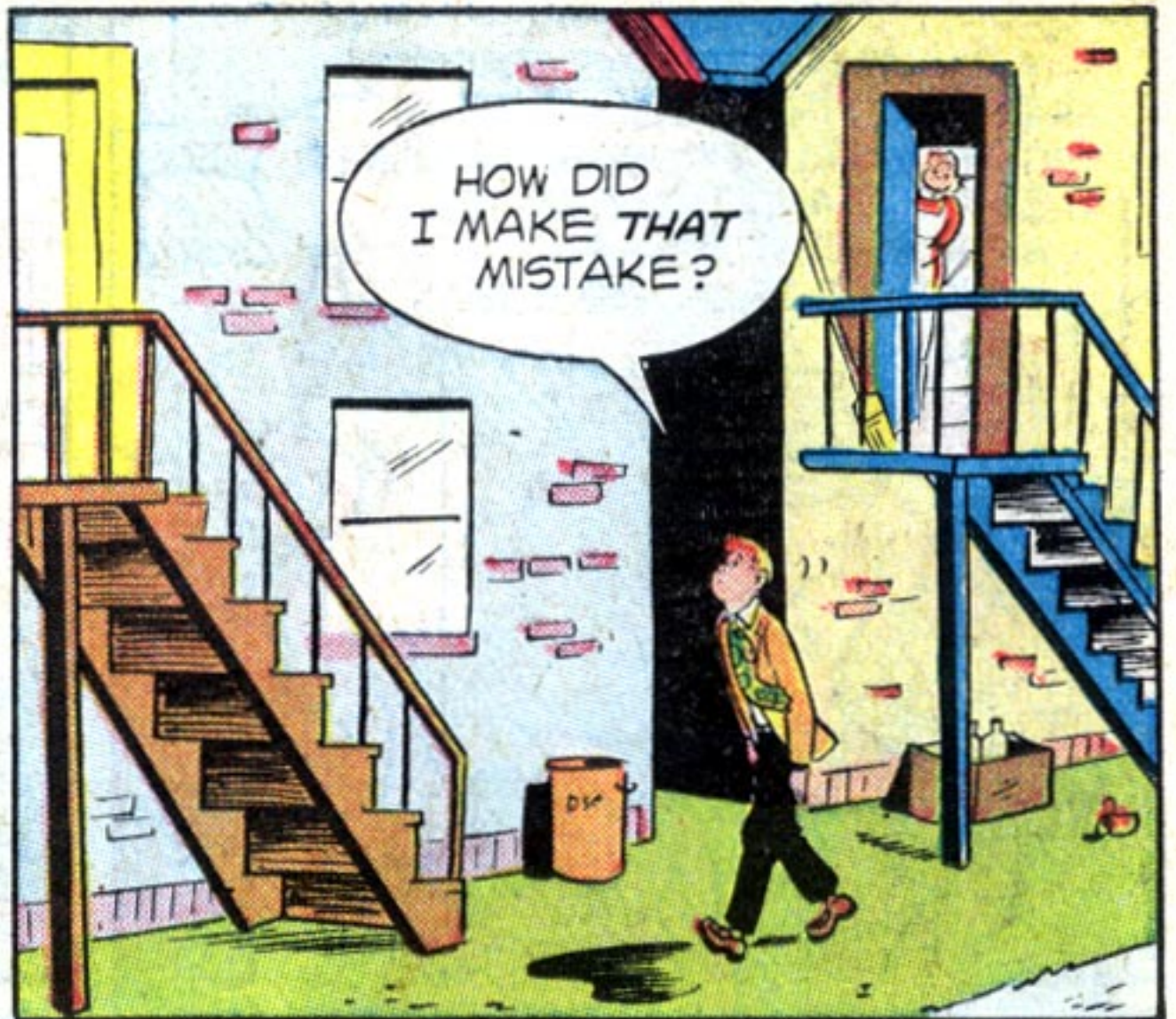
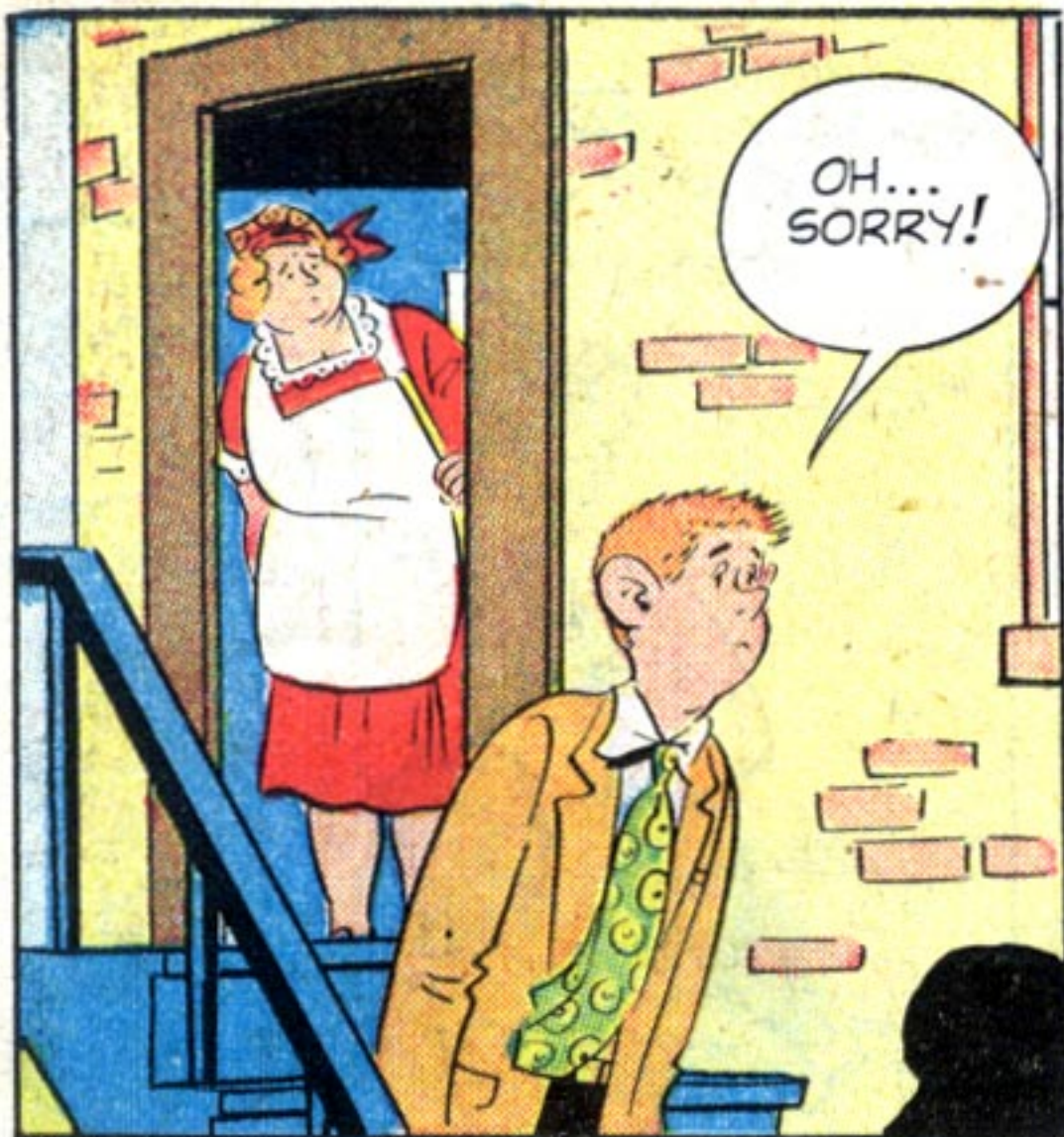


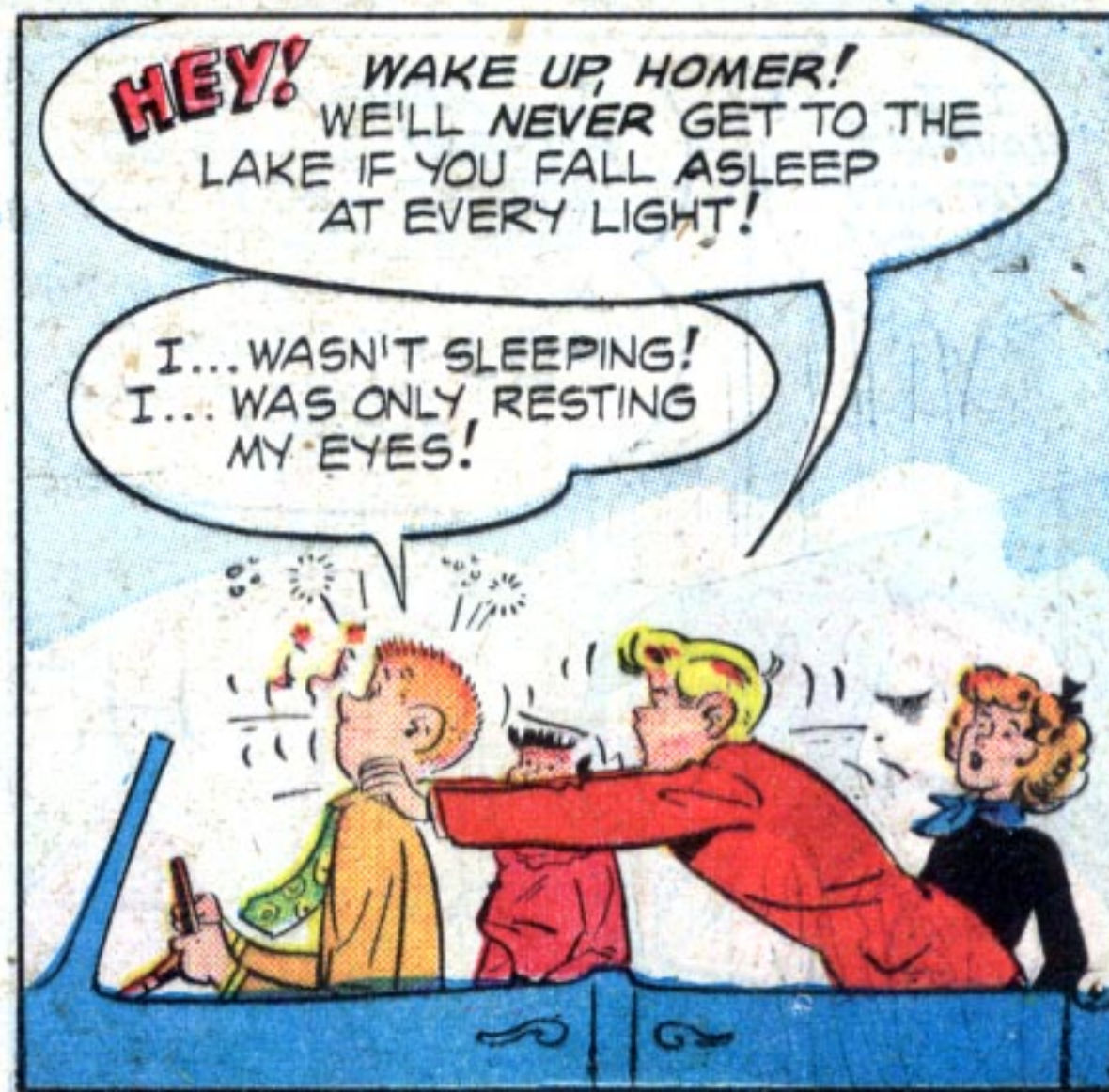
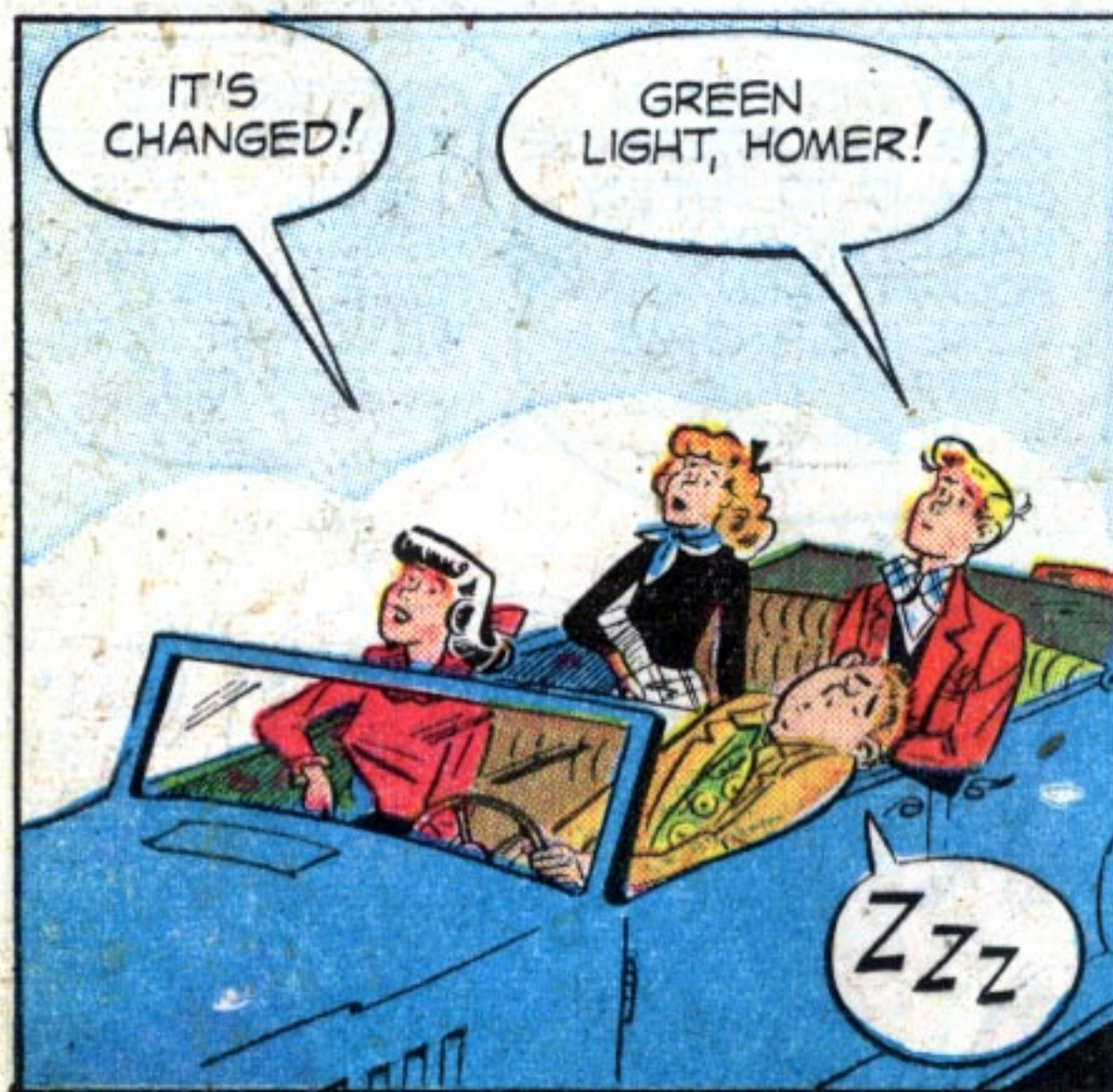
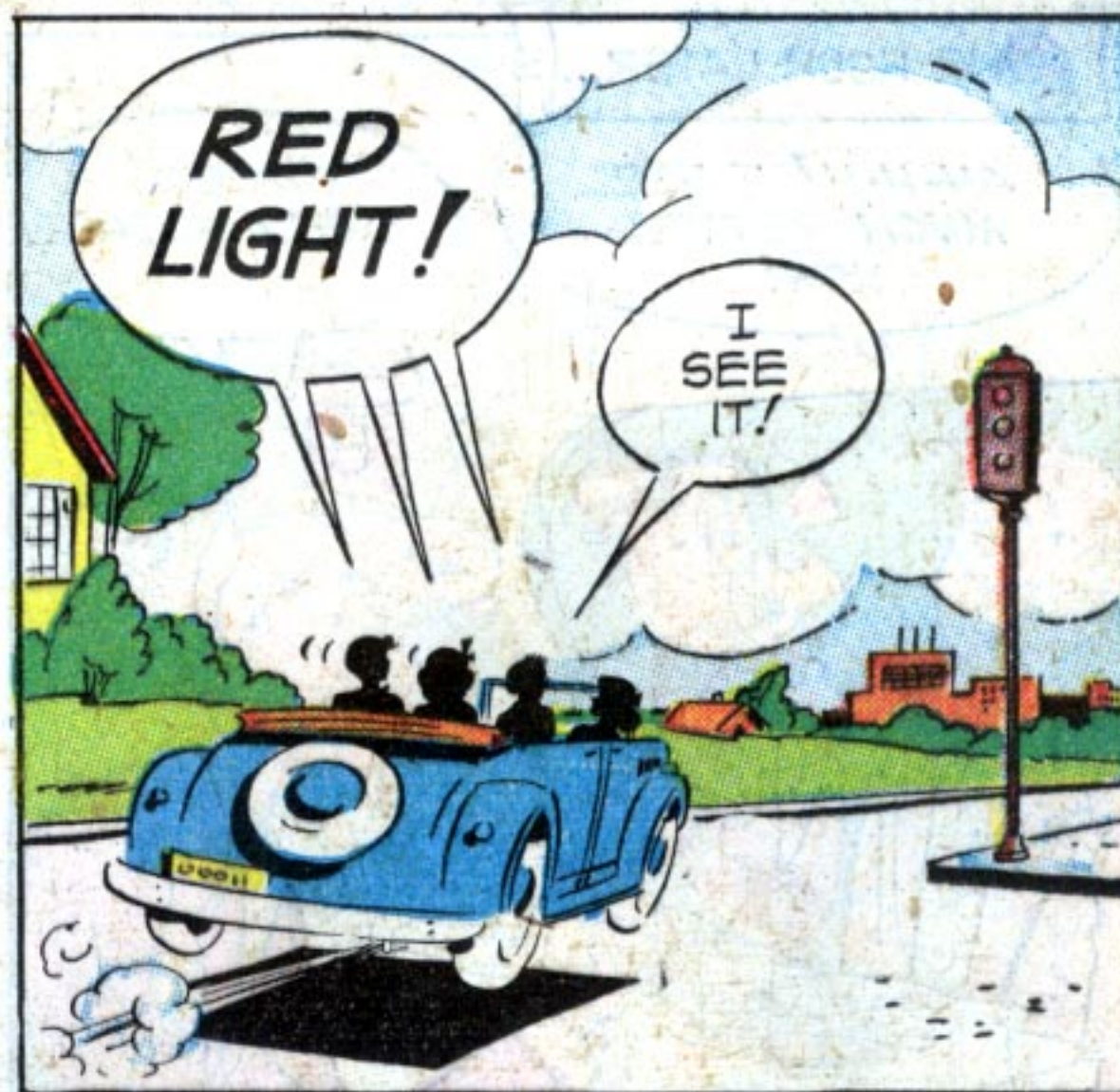
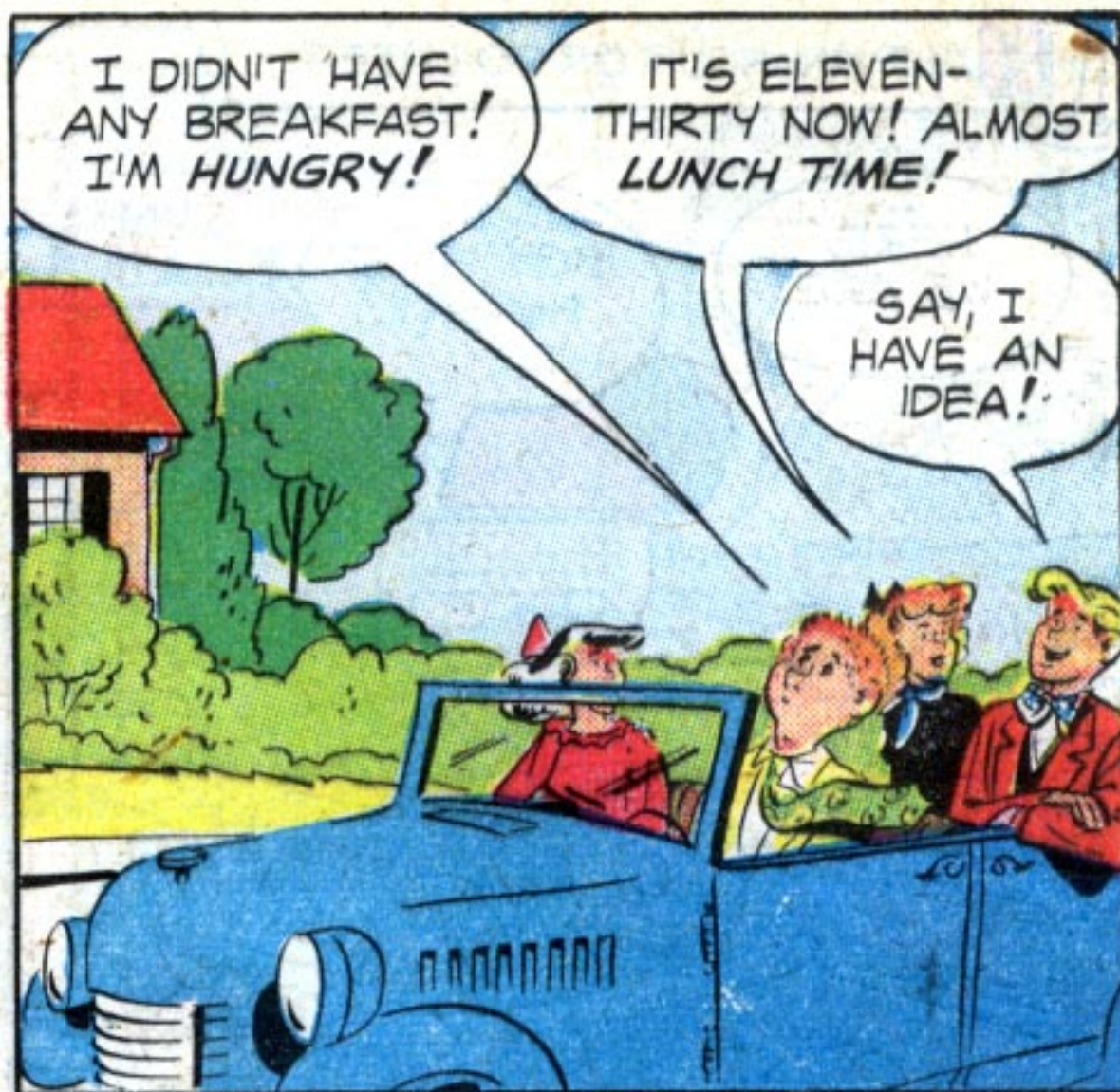
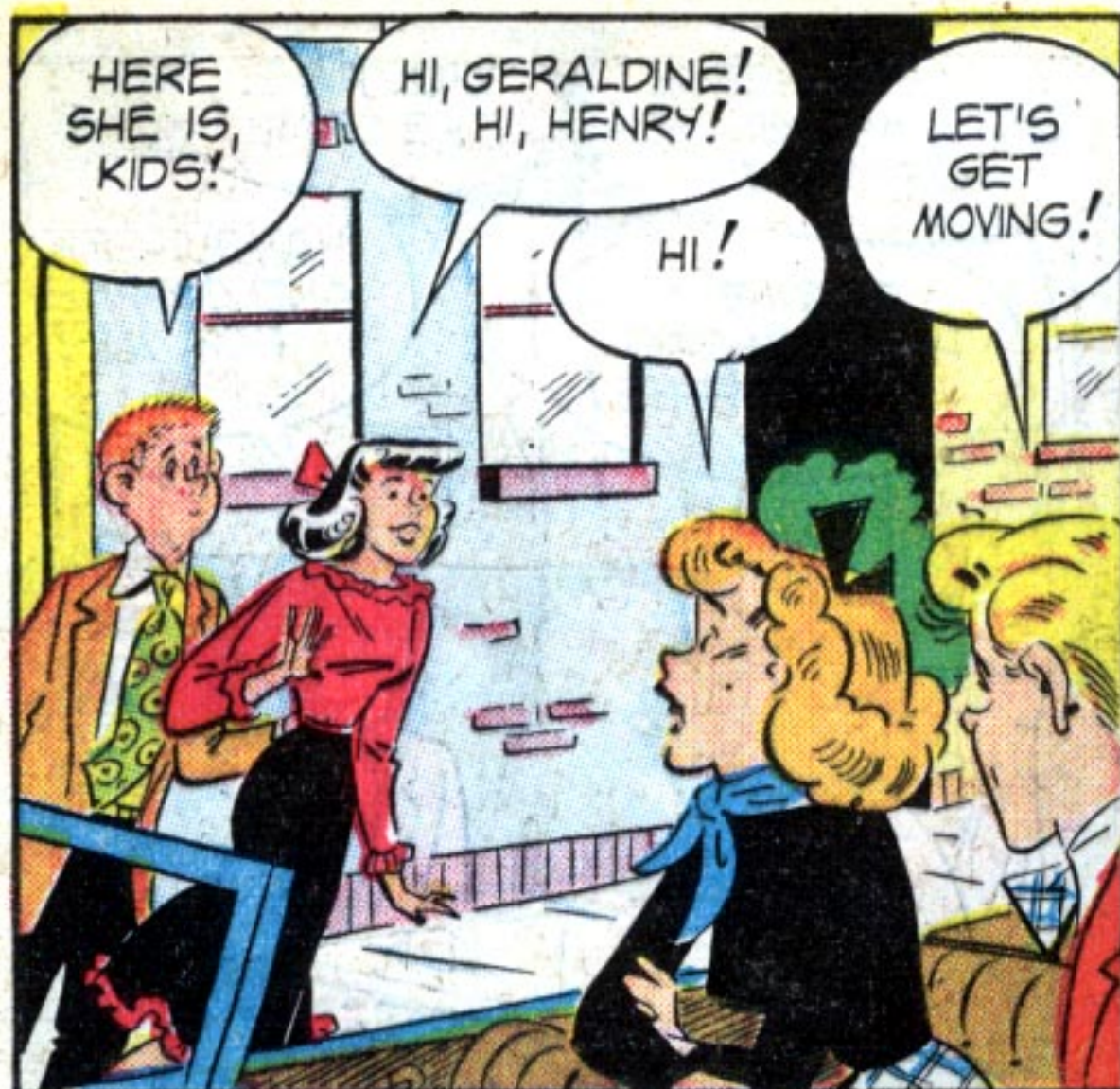


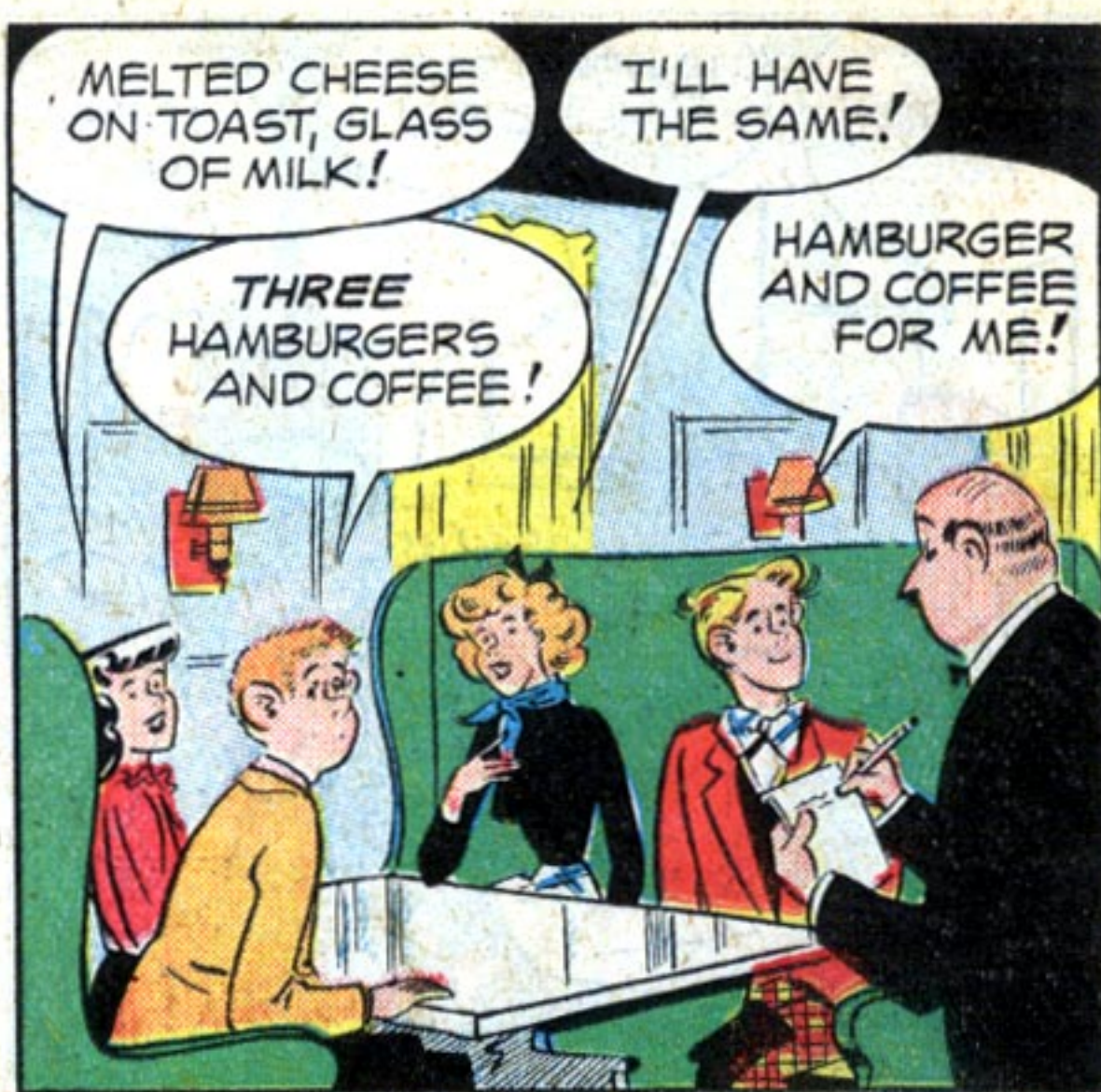


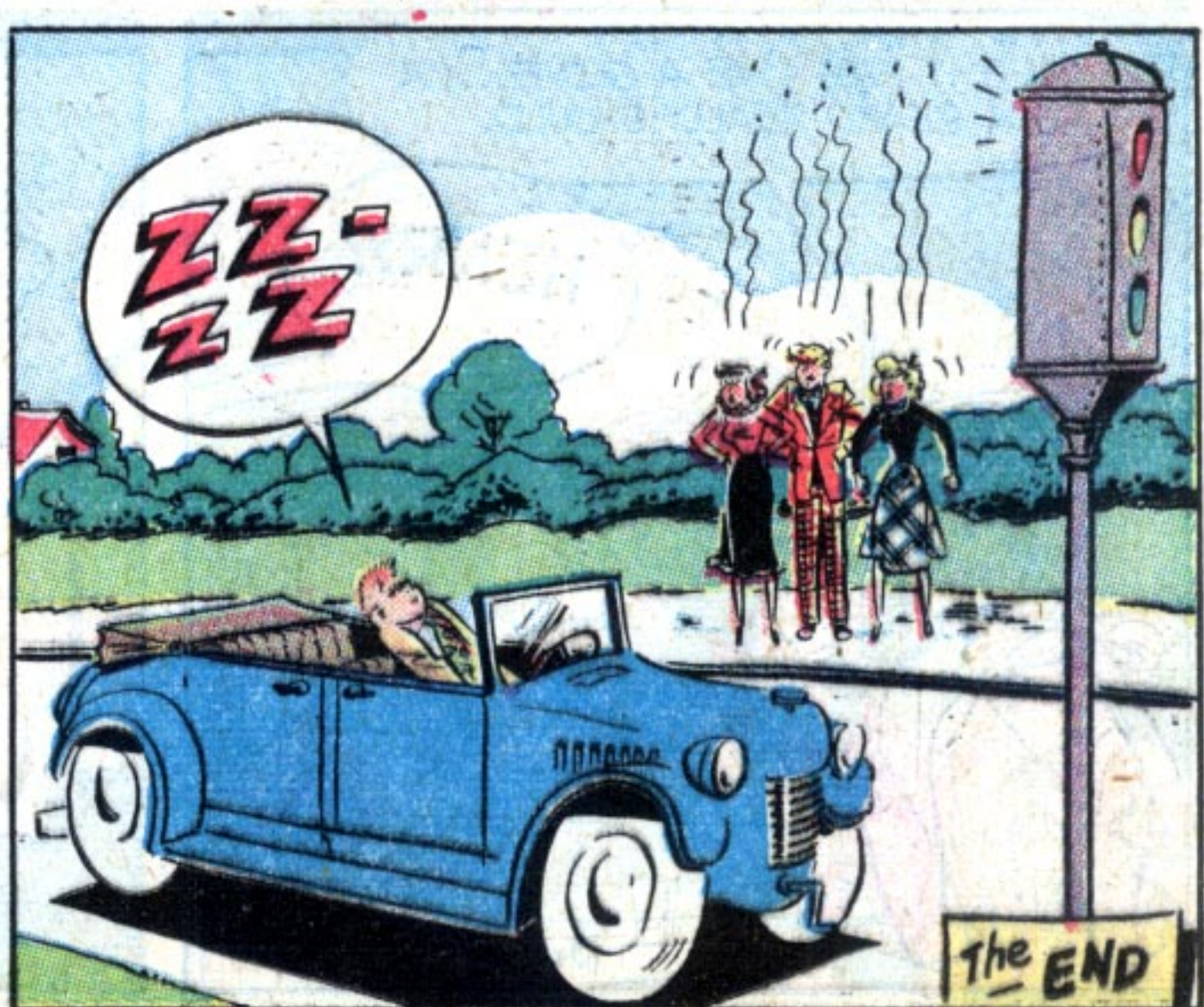
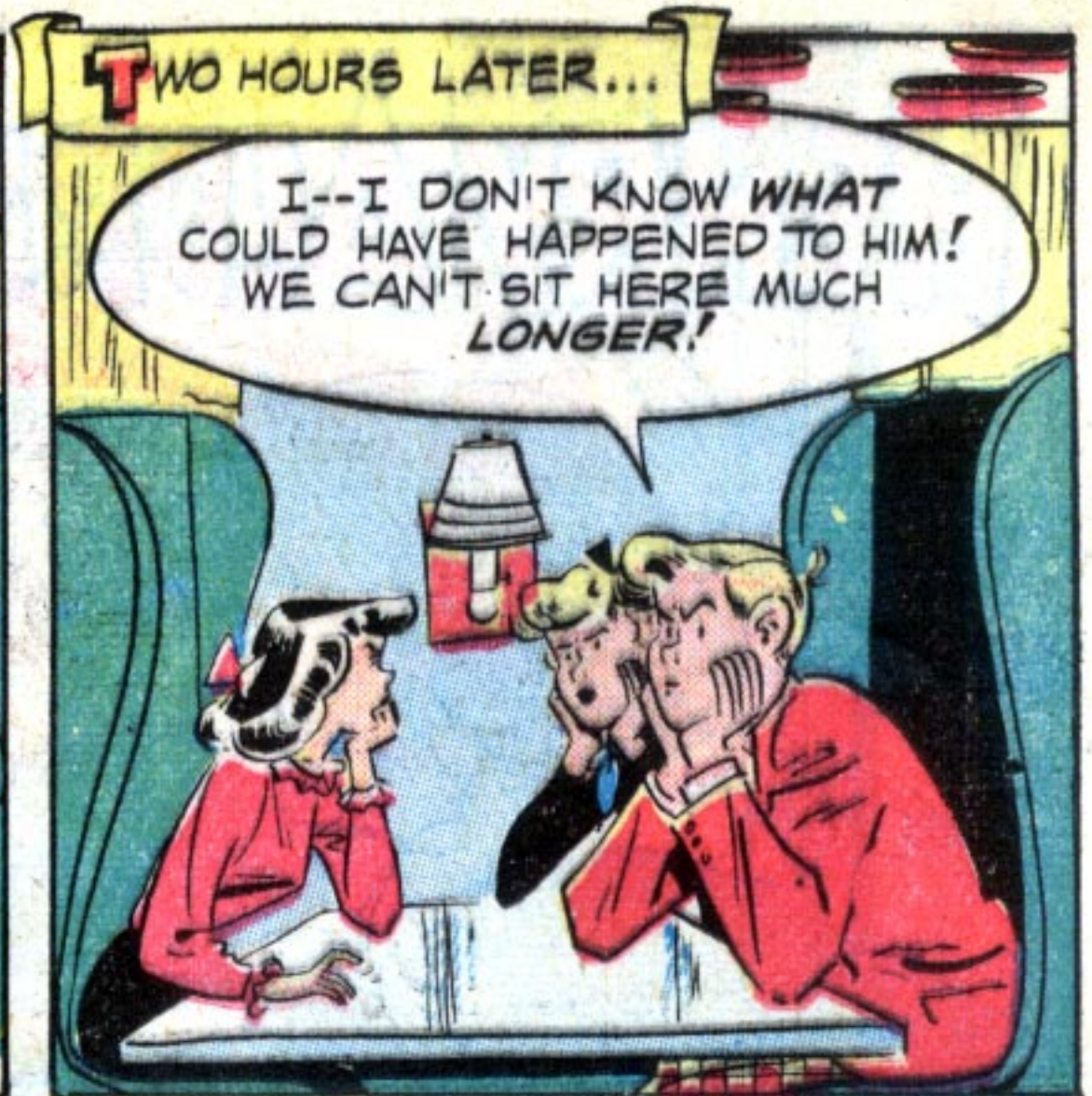
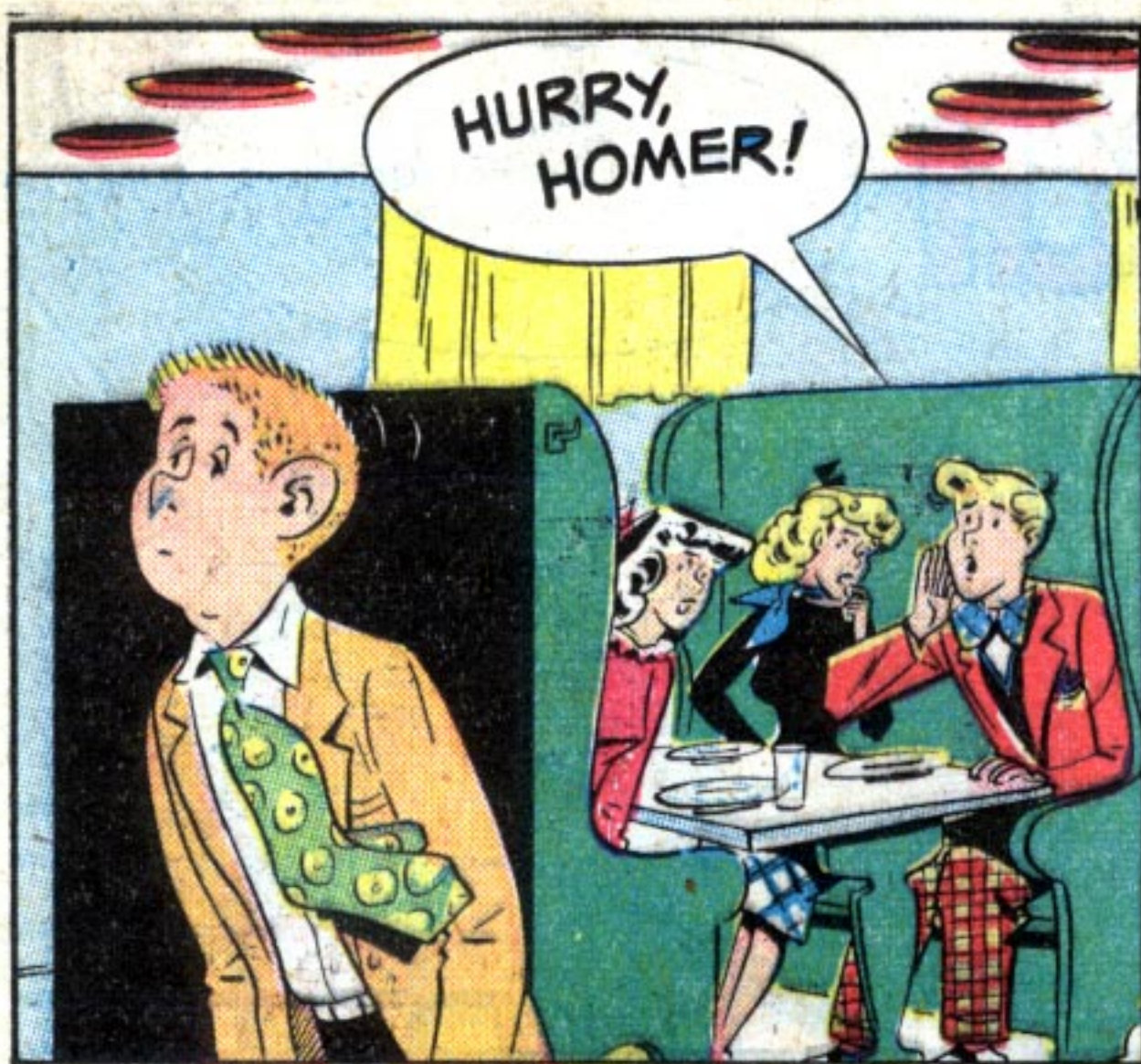












HENRY ALDRICH

HENRY, WILL YOU PLEASE HURRY. EVERYTHING IS GETTING COLD.

I'M COMING AS FAST AS I CAN, MOTHER. I'M HAVING TROUBLE BRUSHING MY TEETH.

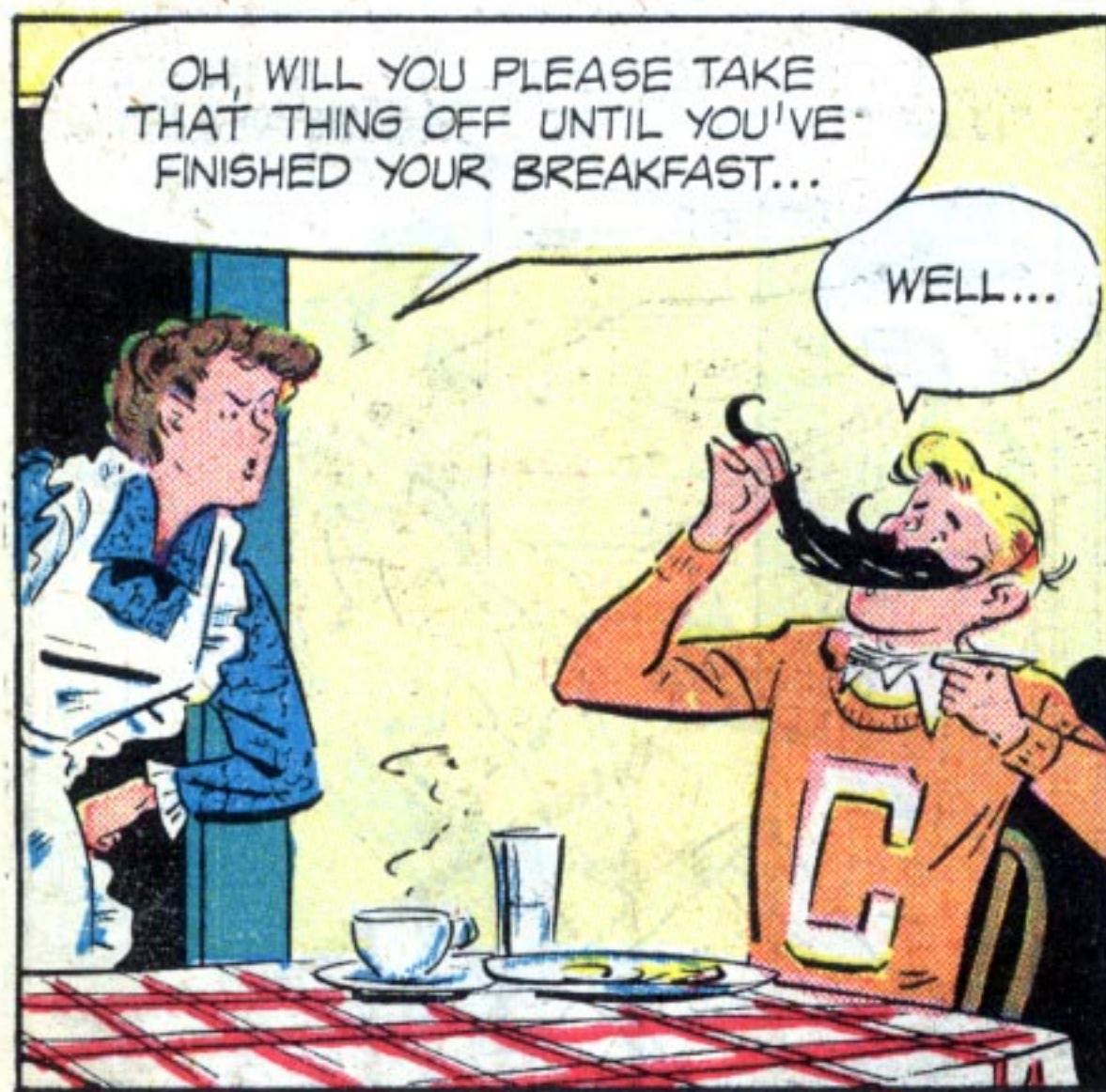
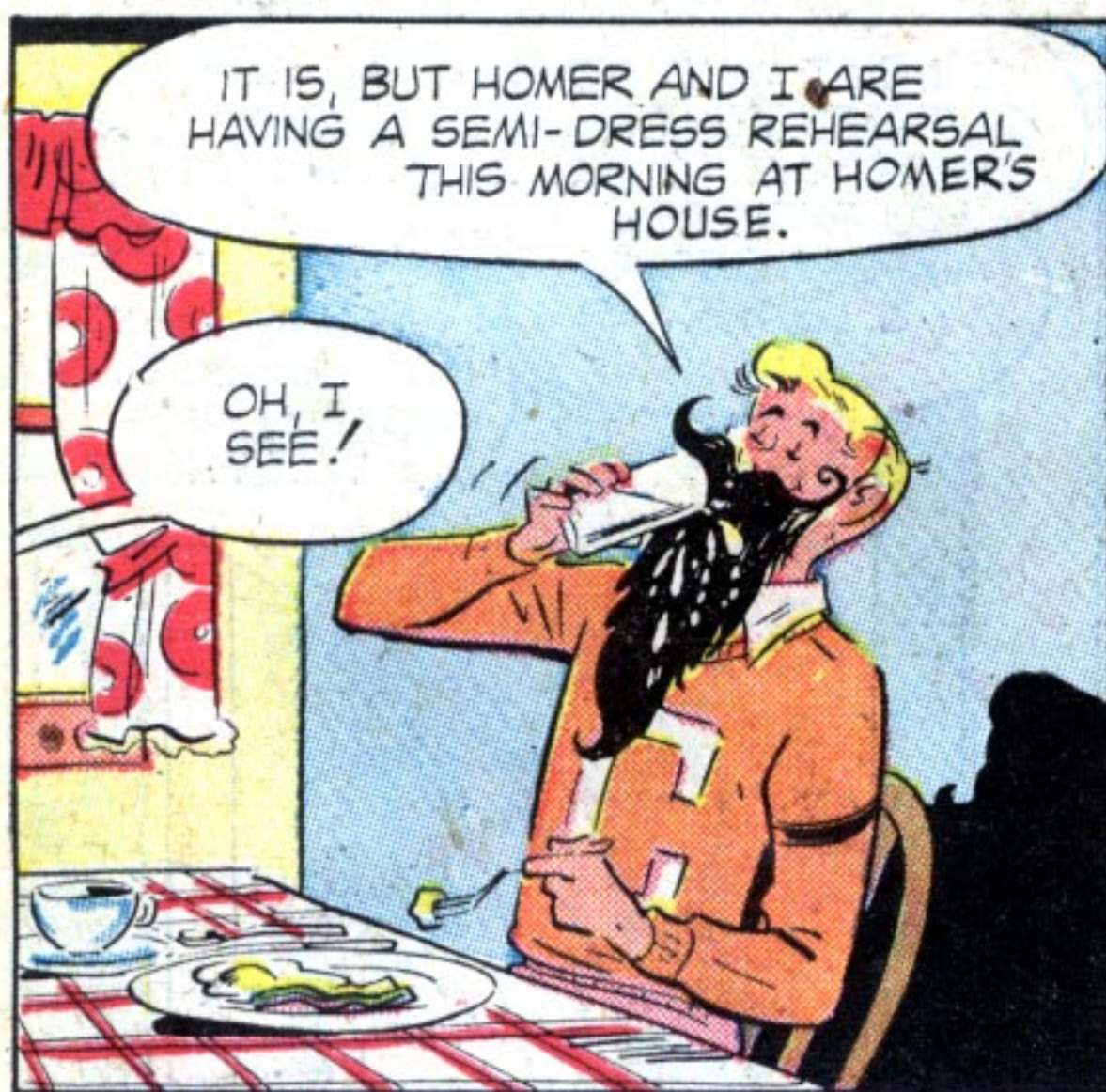
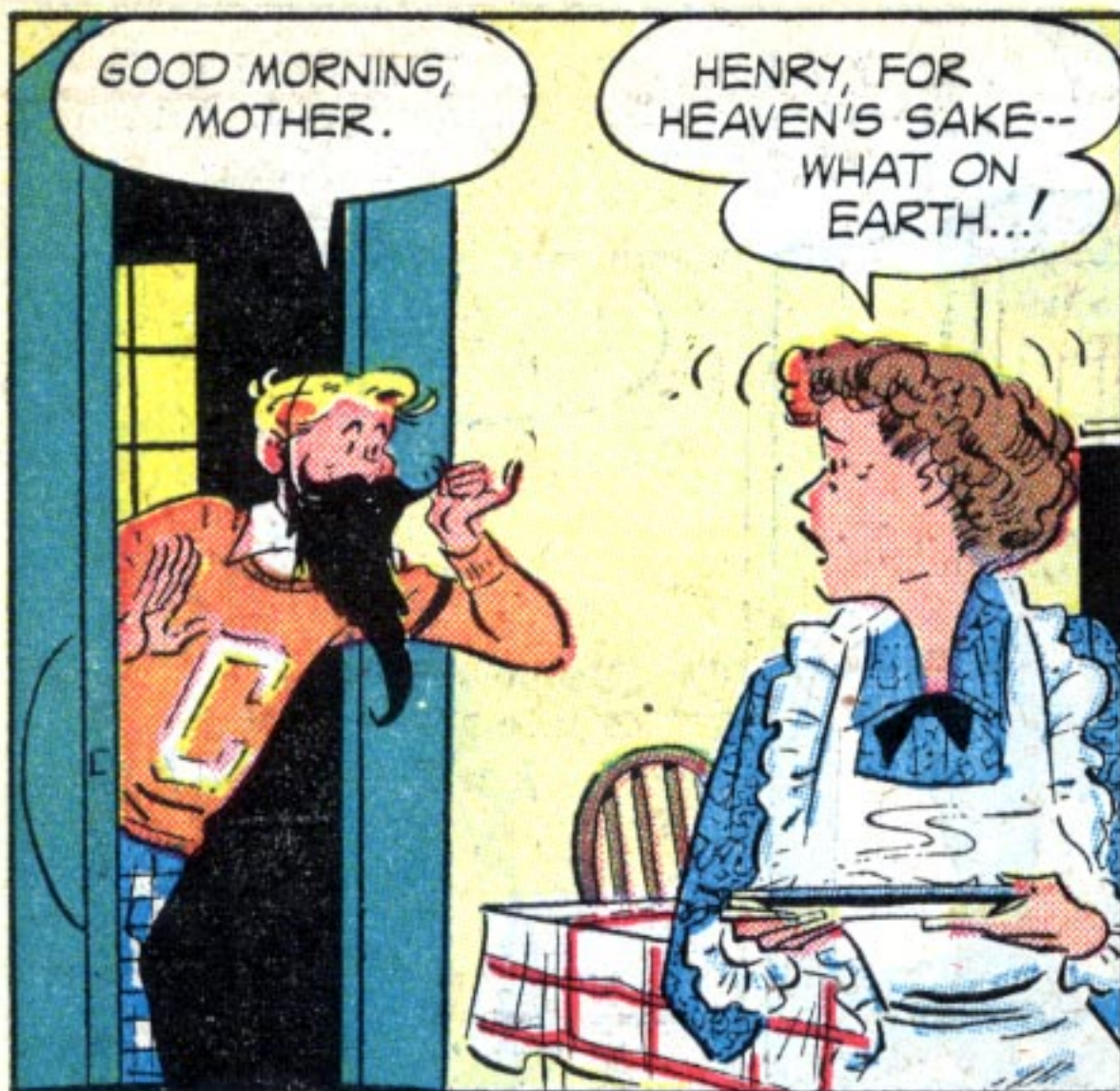
OH, HONESTLY, OF ALL THE NONSENSE, HAVING TROUBLE BRUSHING HIS TEETH--

I'M NOT GOING TO STAND OVER THIS HOT STOVE ALL DAY KEEPING YOUR BREAKFAST WARM...

GEE, IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE... OR AS A BEARD REALLY SHOULD.

HENRY!

C-COMING, MOTHER!



SAM, ARE YOU
READY?

YES, ALICE,
I'LL BE DOWN IN
A SECOND.



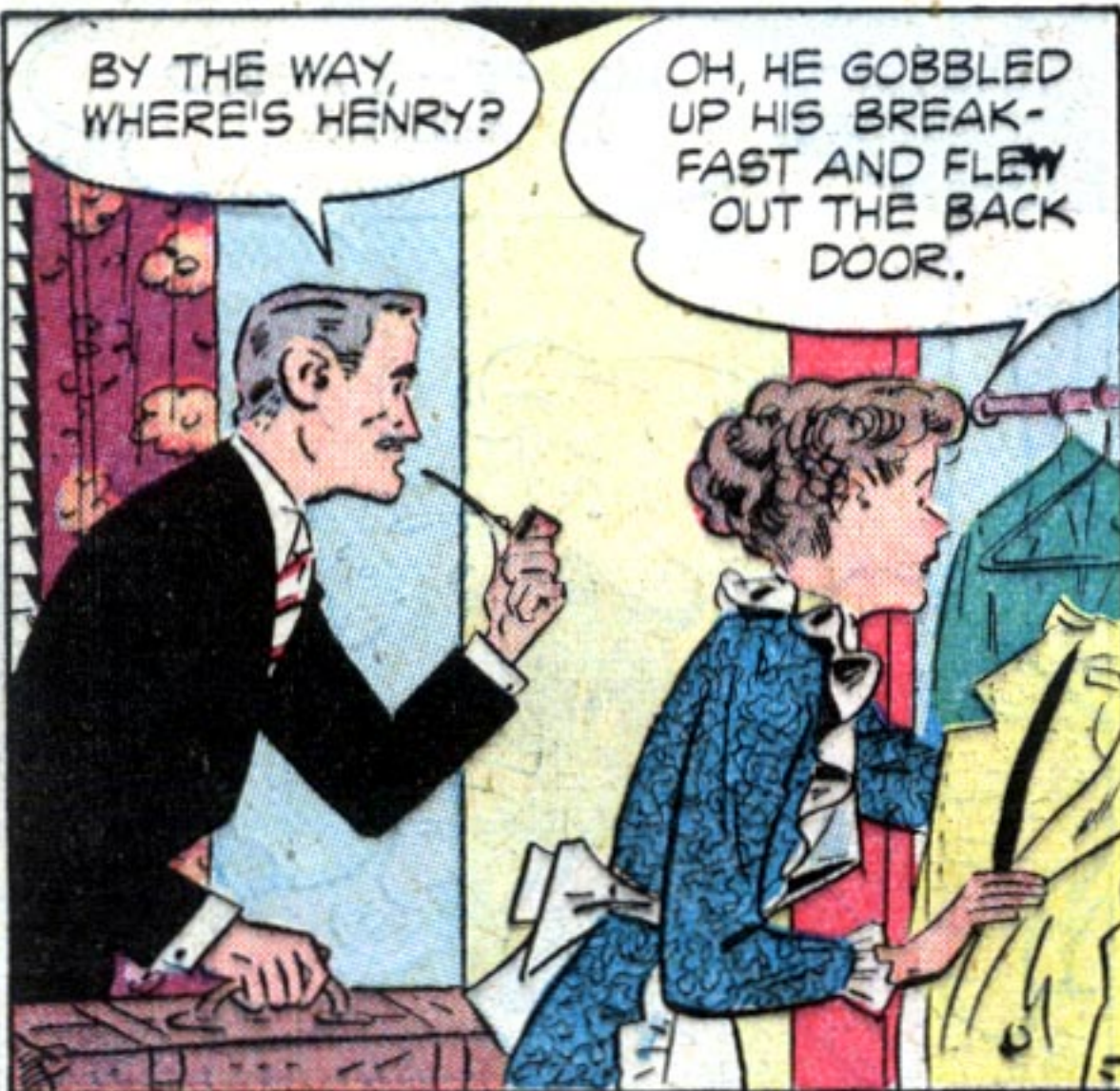
ALICE, I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE TIME
FOR BREAKFAST. I CAN GRAB A
CUP OF COFFEE DOWNTOWN.

OH, DEAR
ME.



BY THE WAY,
WHERE'S HENRY?

OH, HE GOBBLED
UP HIS BREAK-
FAST AND FLEW
OUT THE BACK
DOOR.



I DON'T WANT TO MISS THE CLOSING
OF THESE CONTRACTS. IT'S VERY
IMPORTANT TO ME... I'LL PHONE
YOU FROM THE
AIRPORT BEFORE
I LEAVE..

YOU'RE SURE
YOU HAVEN'T FOR-
GOTTEN ANY-
THING NOW?



NO, I HAVE EVERYTHING.
I'M ALL SET--

...PIPE?
TICKETS?

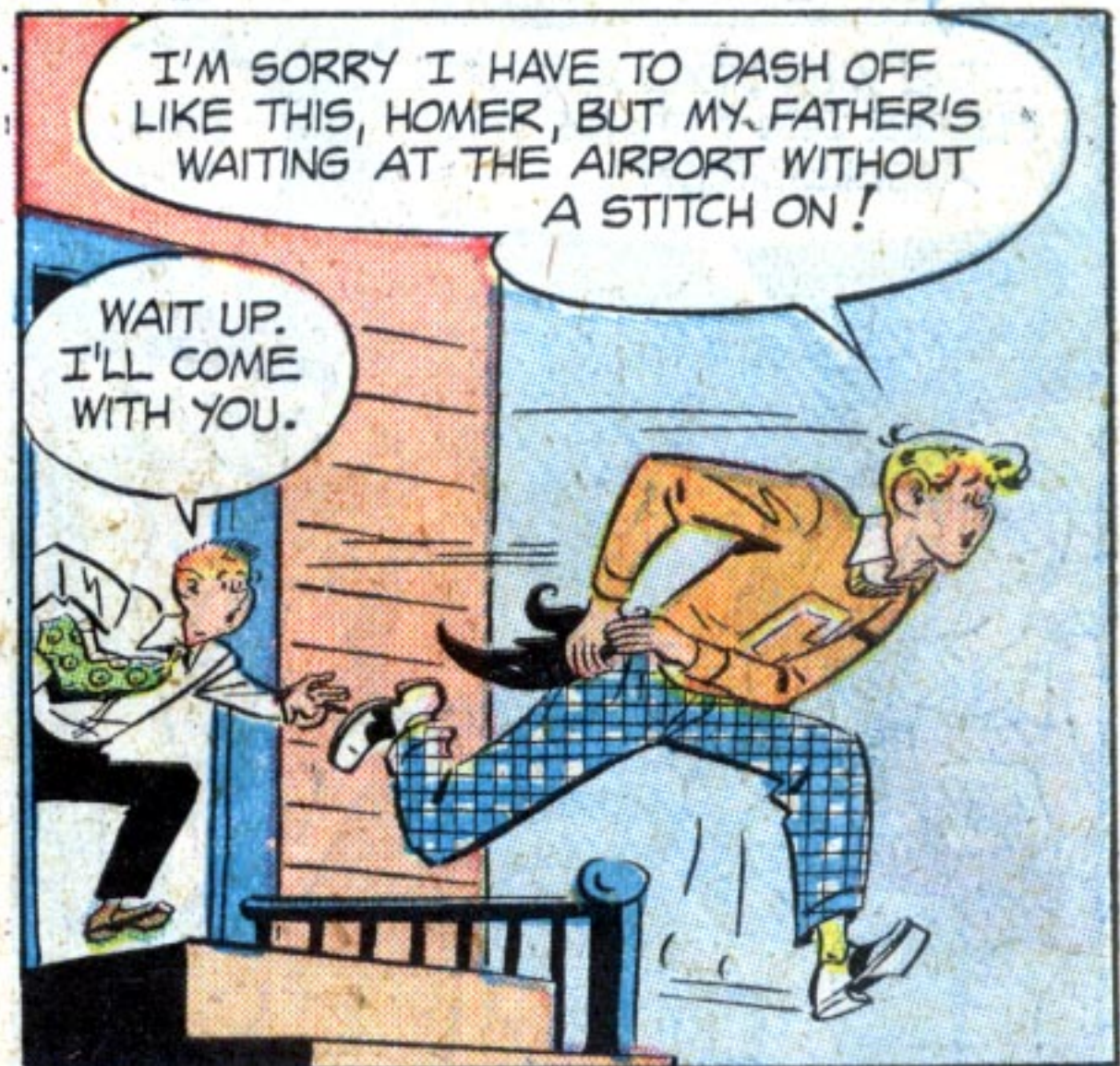
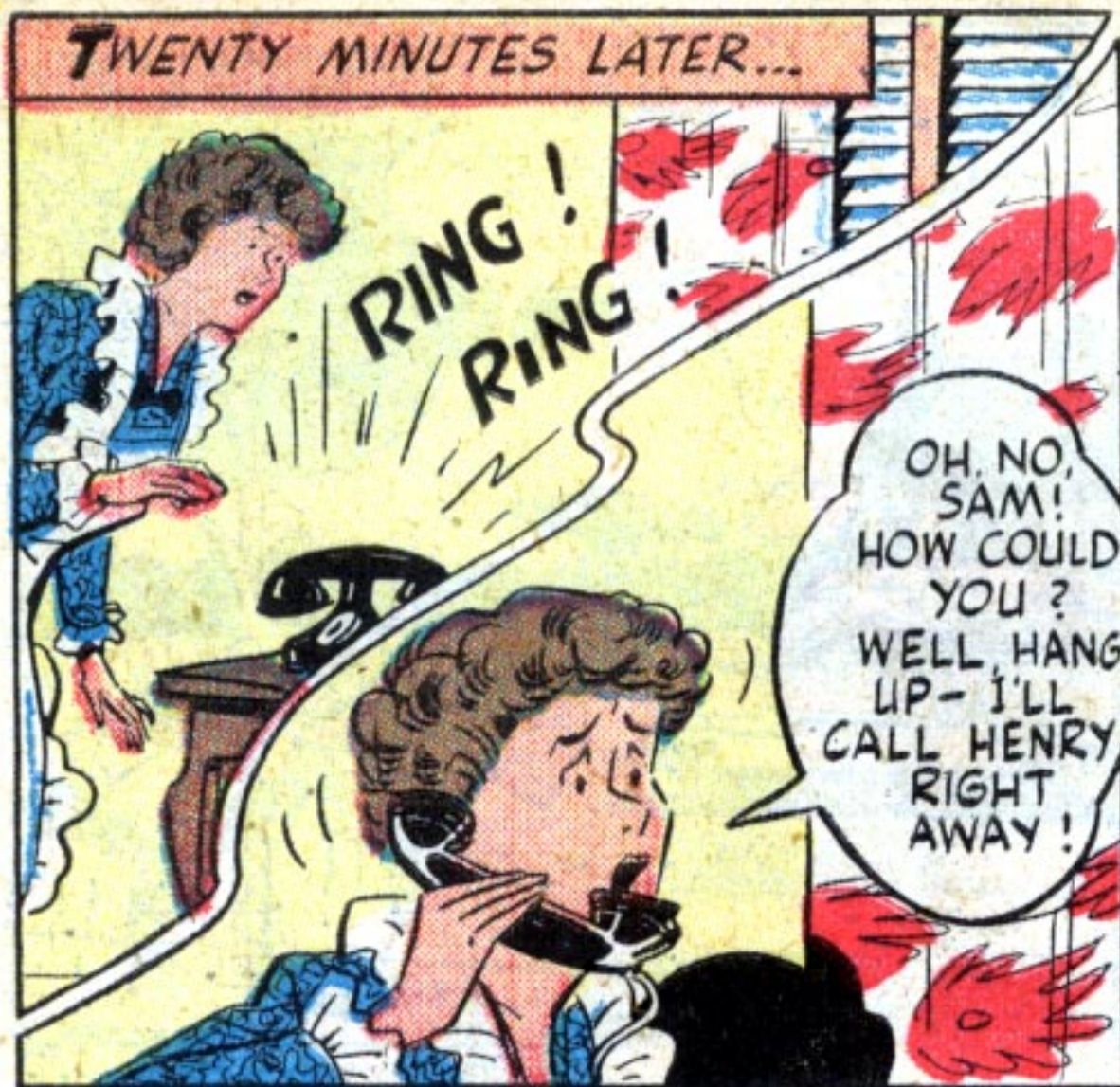
YES, ALL
HERE!

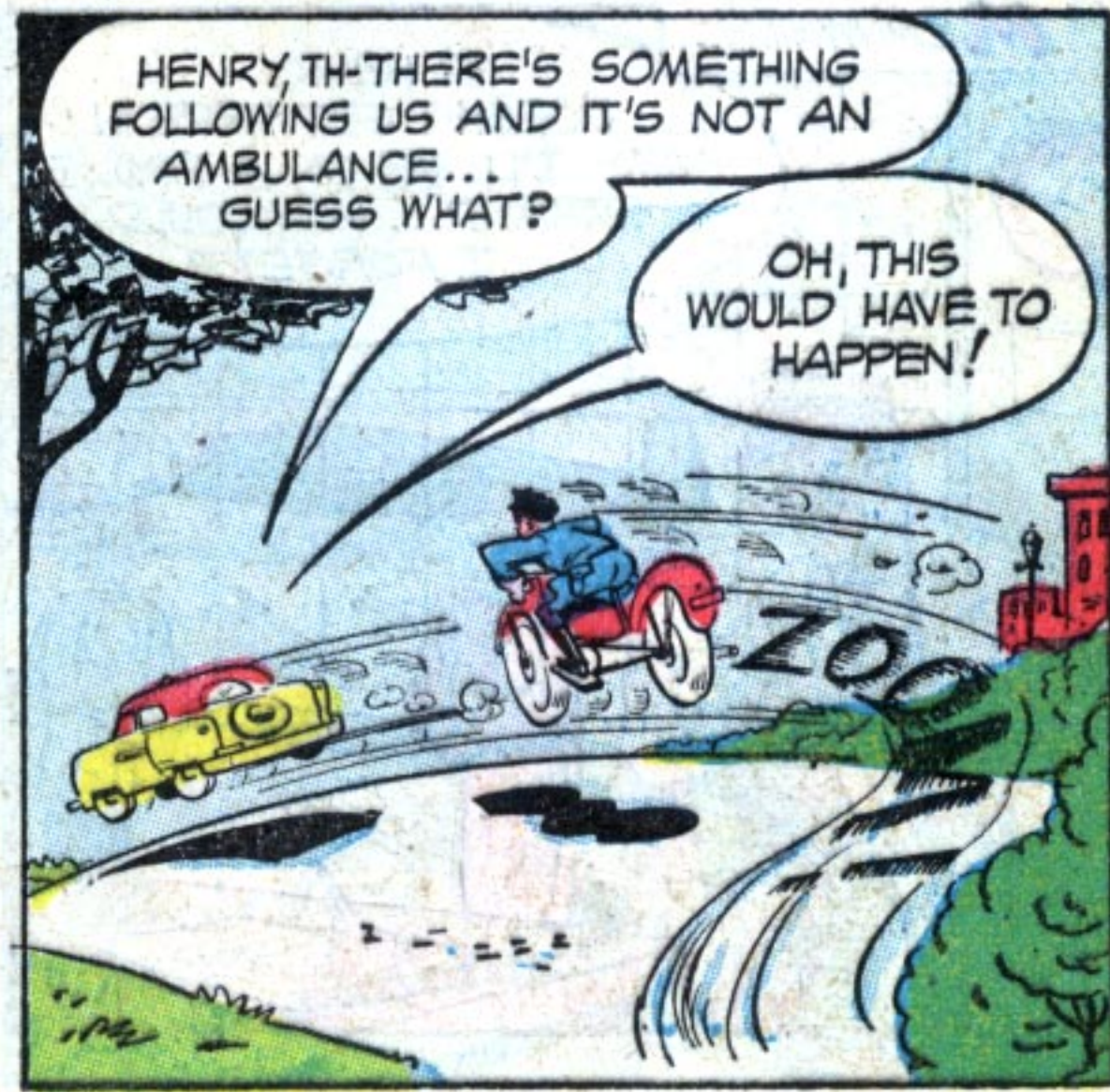
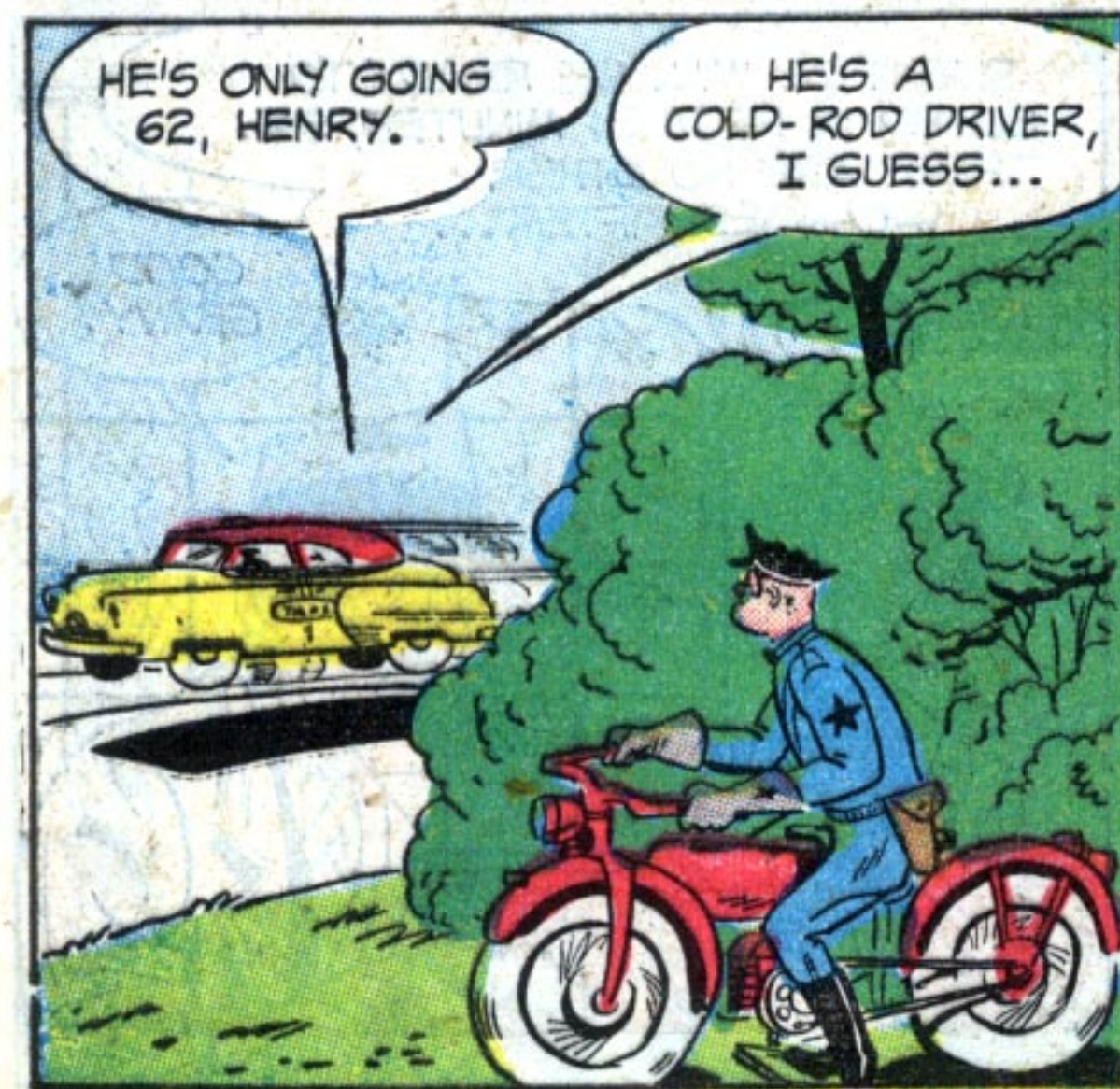


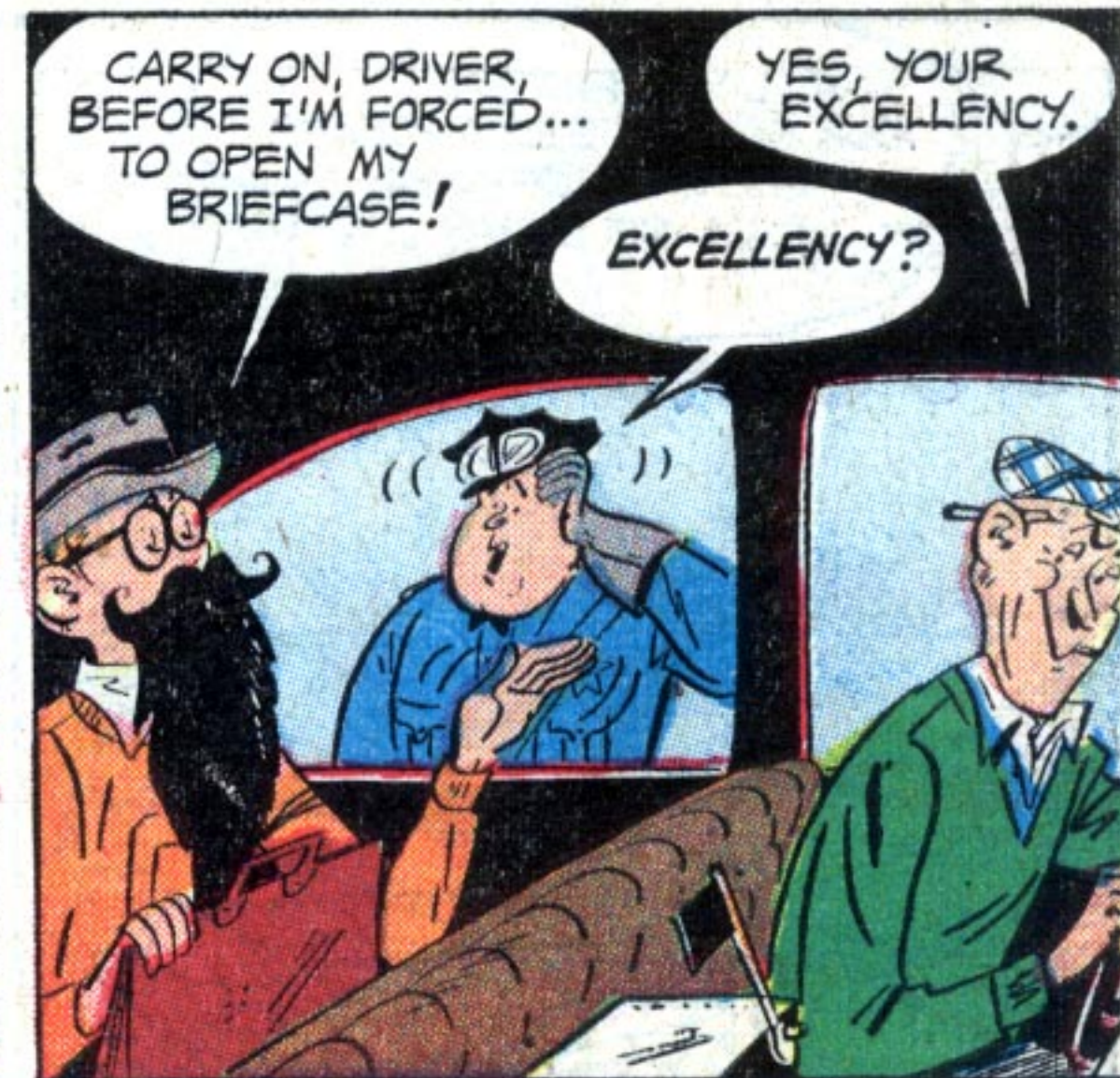
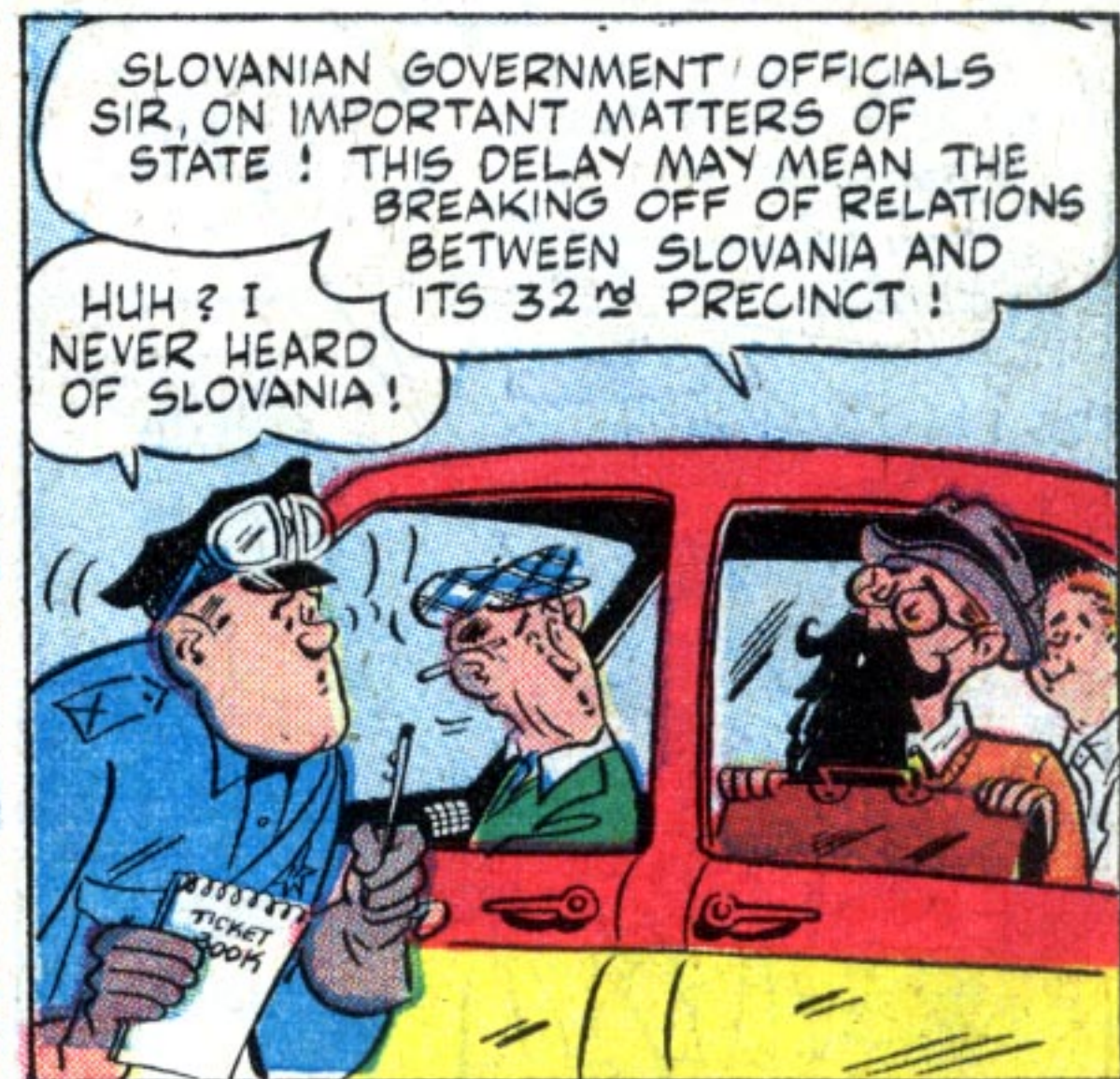
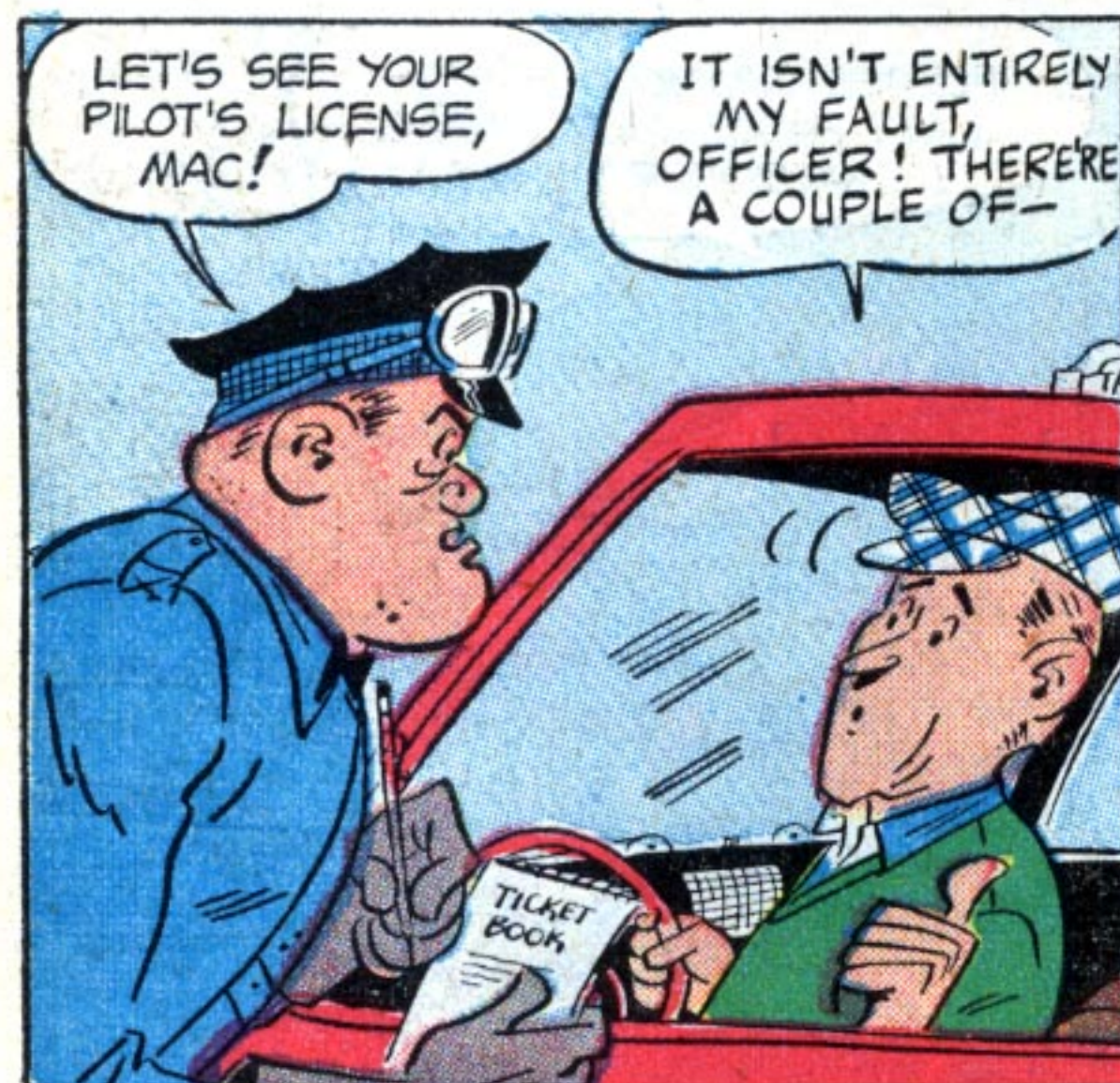
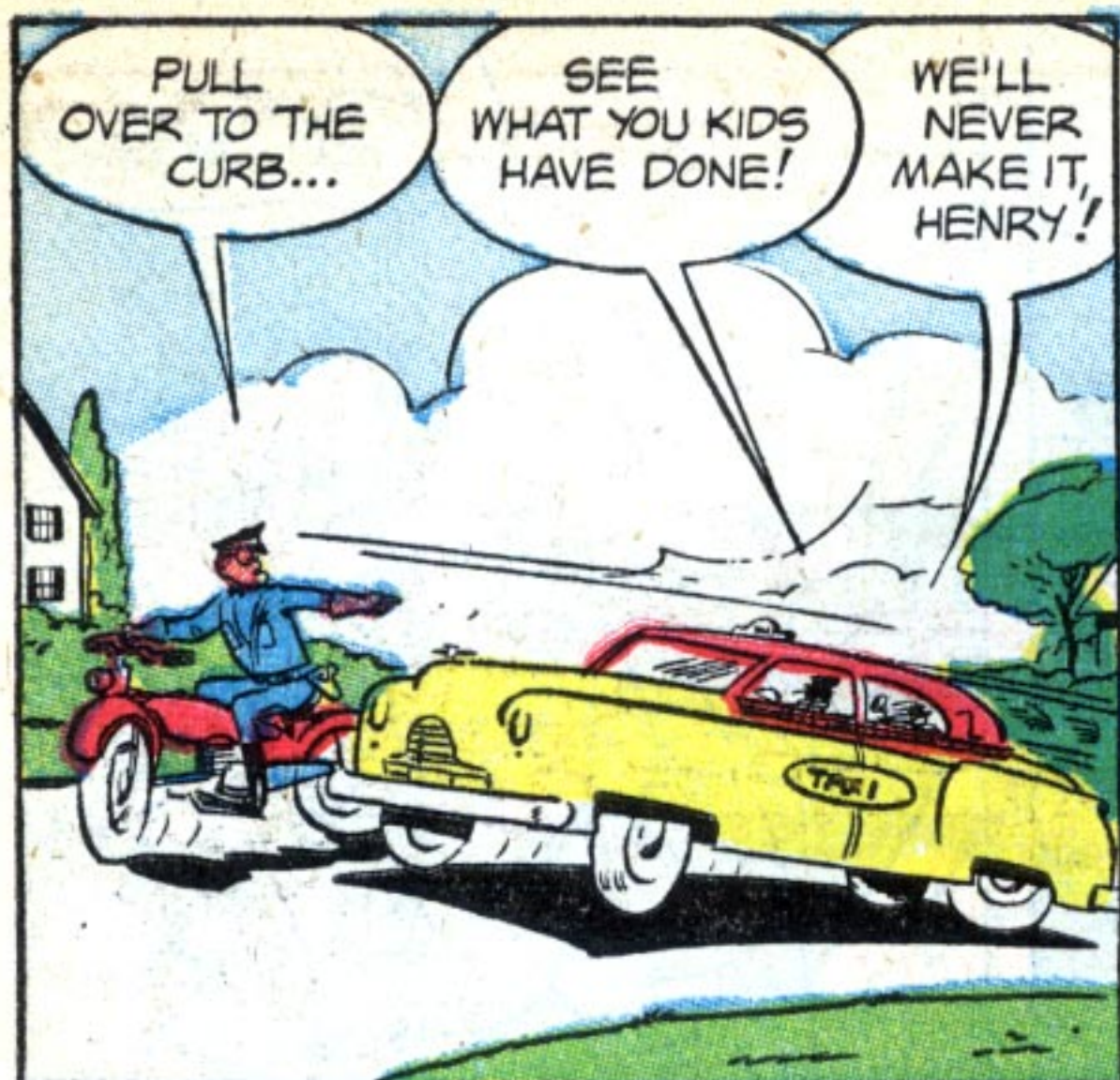
...NOW DON'T FORGET
TO HAVE BREAKFAST.

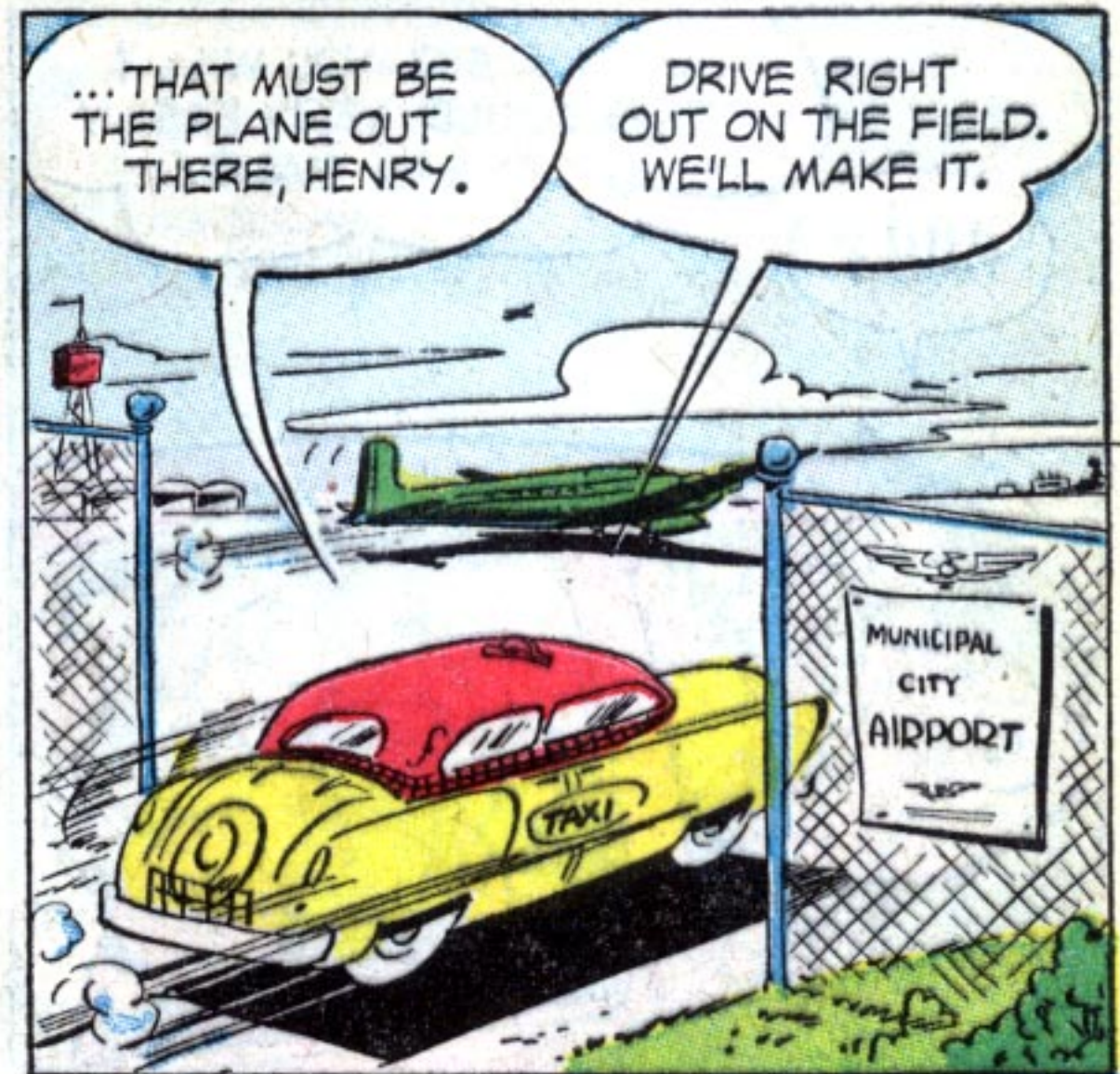
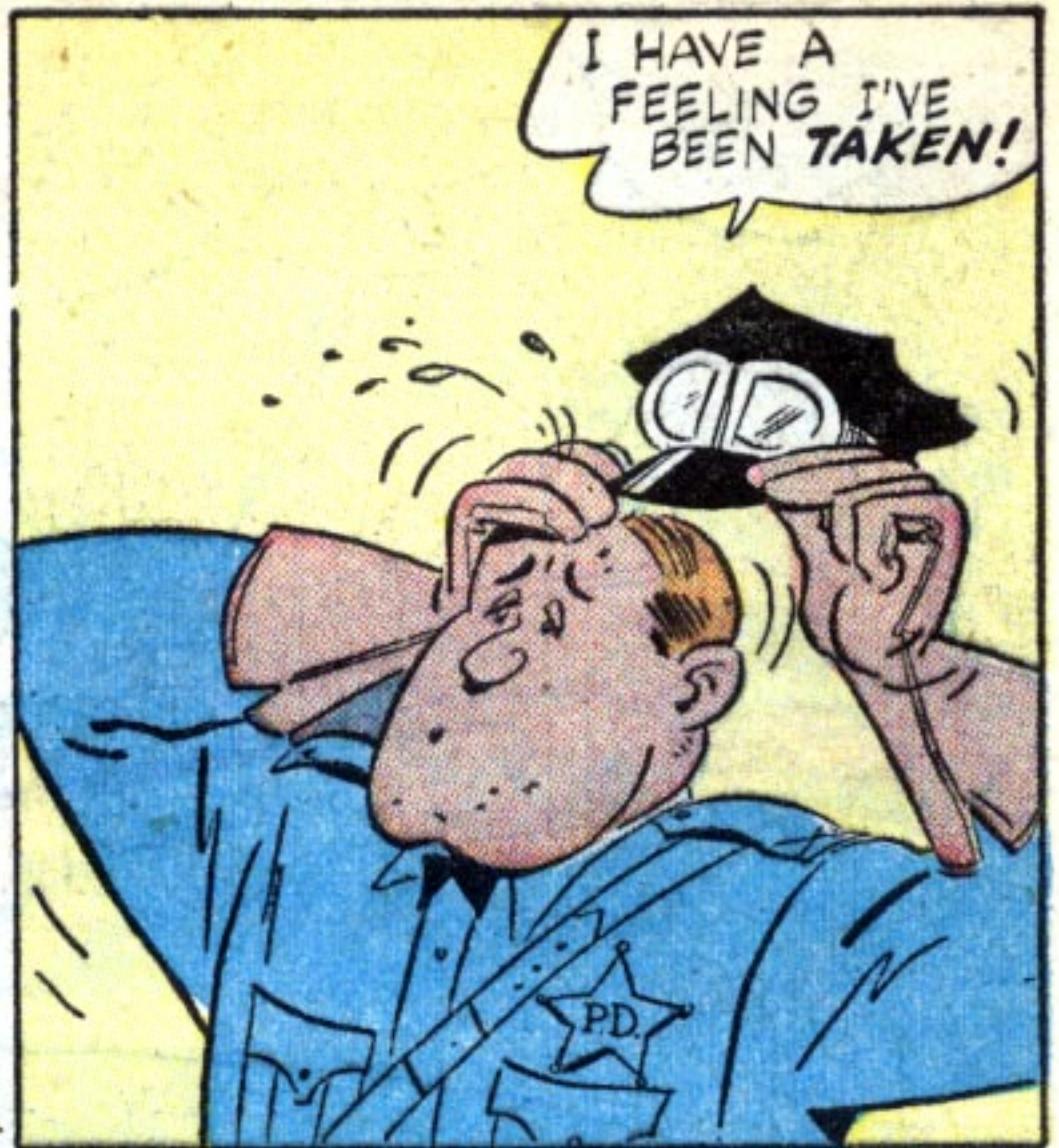
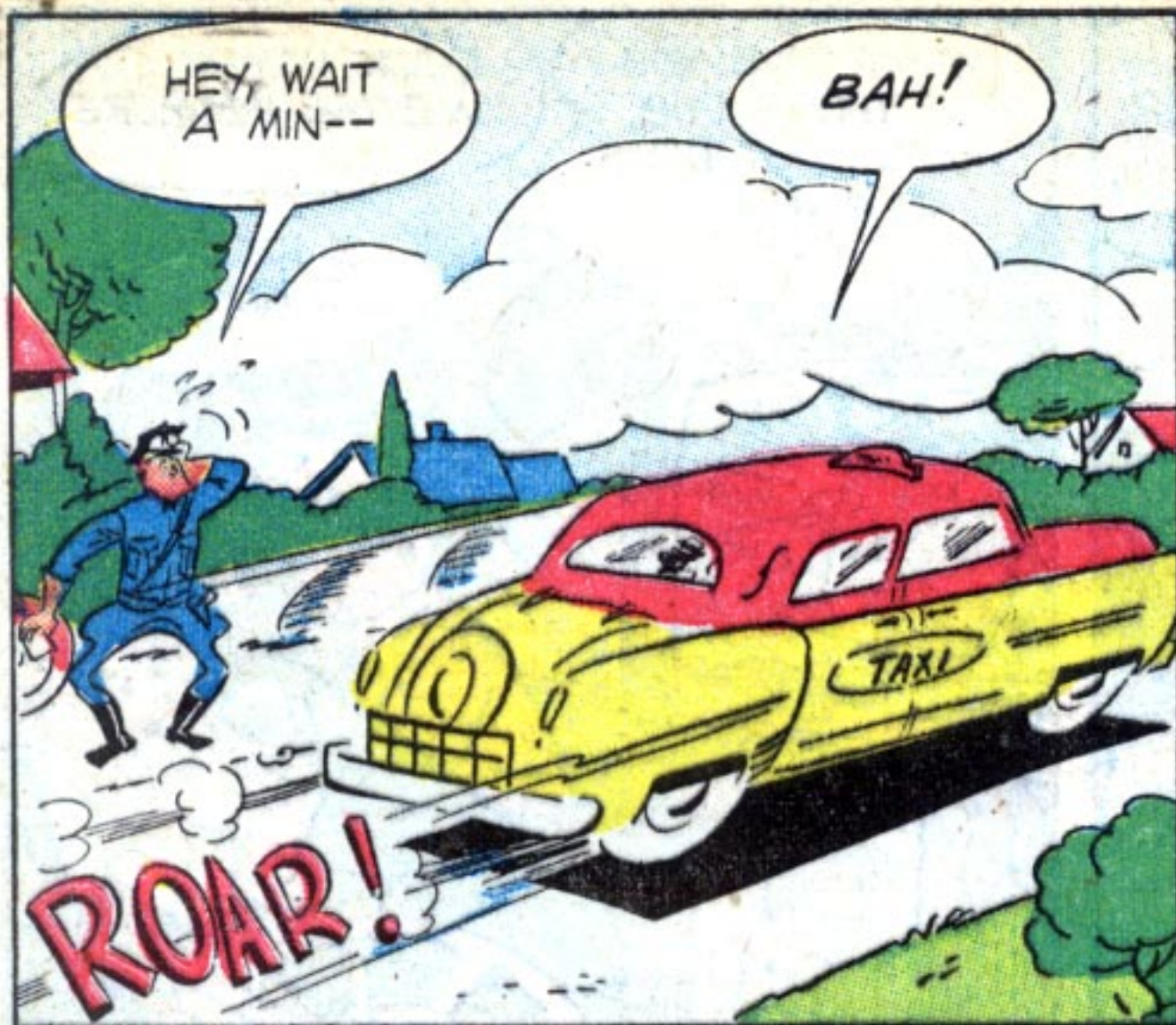
I WON'T,
DEAR. SAY
GOOD-BYE TO
HENRY FOR
ME--

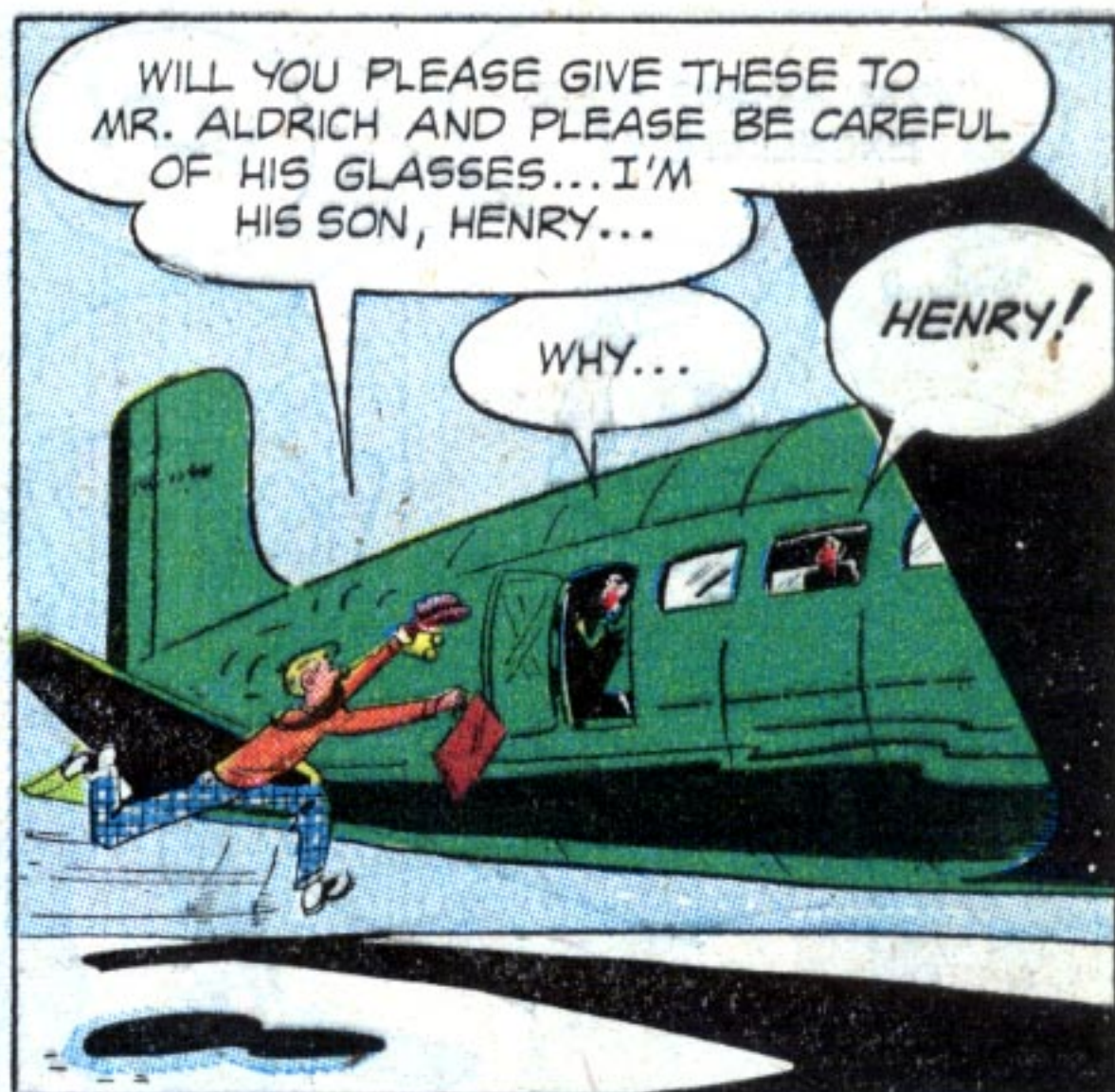
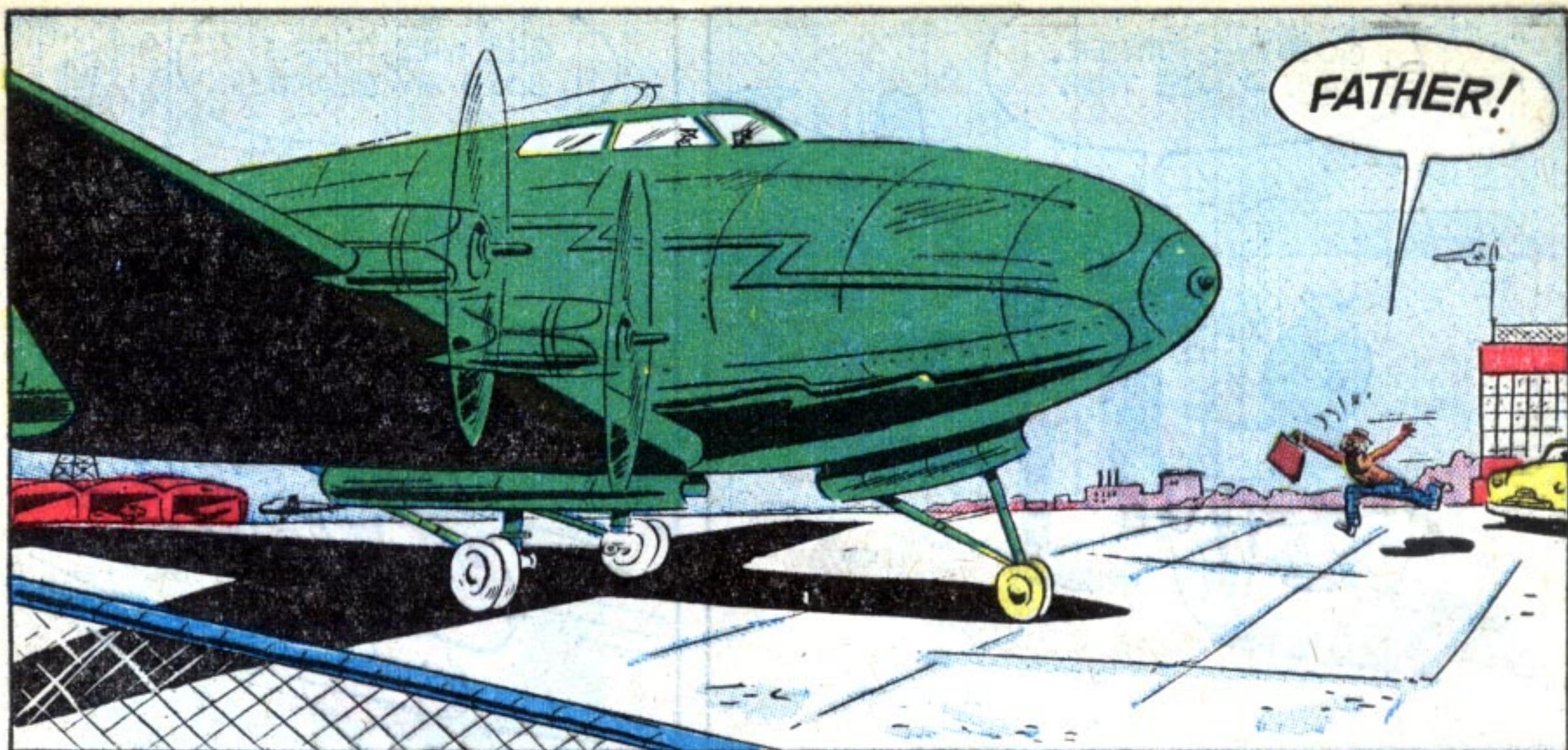


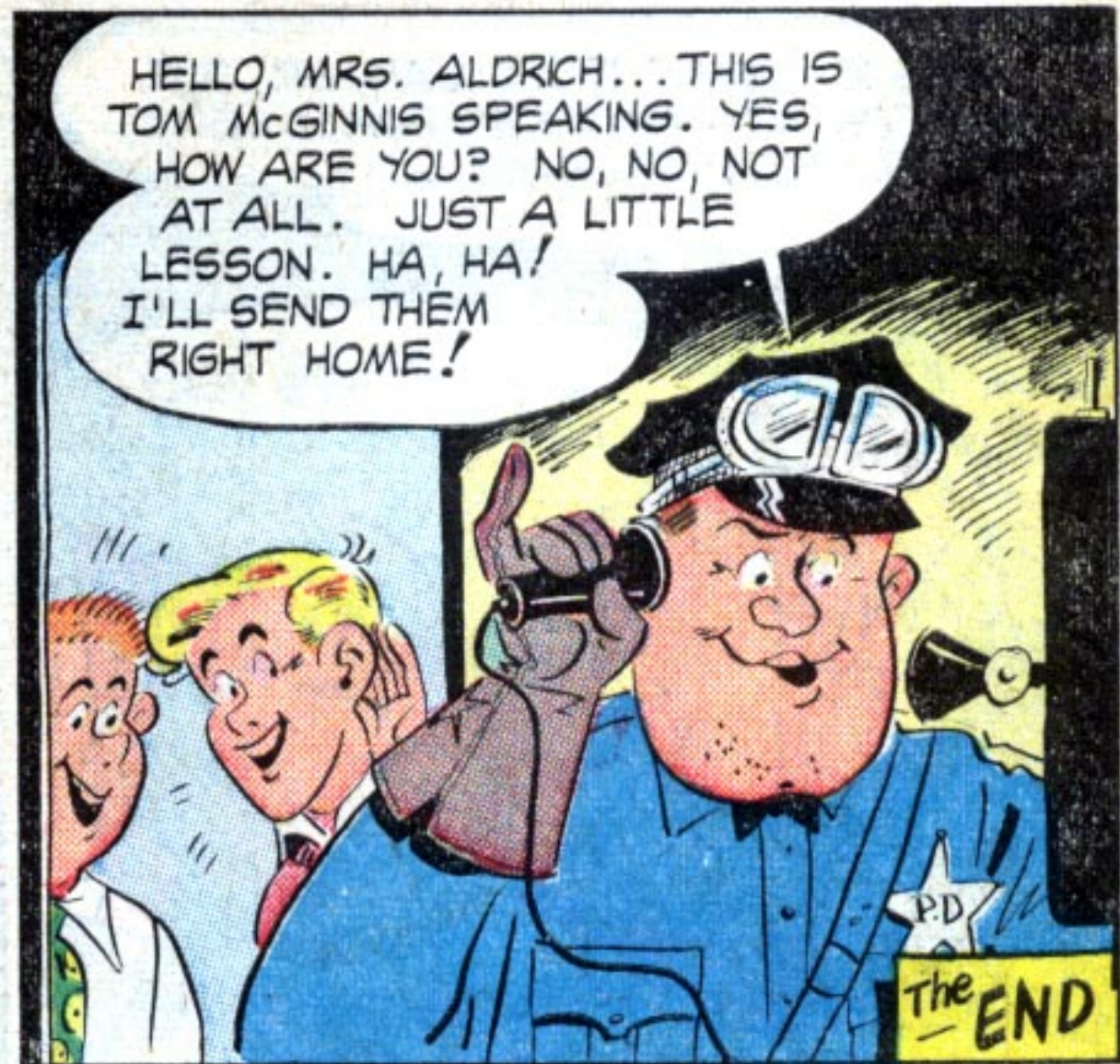
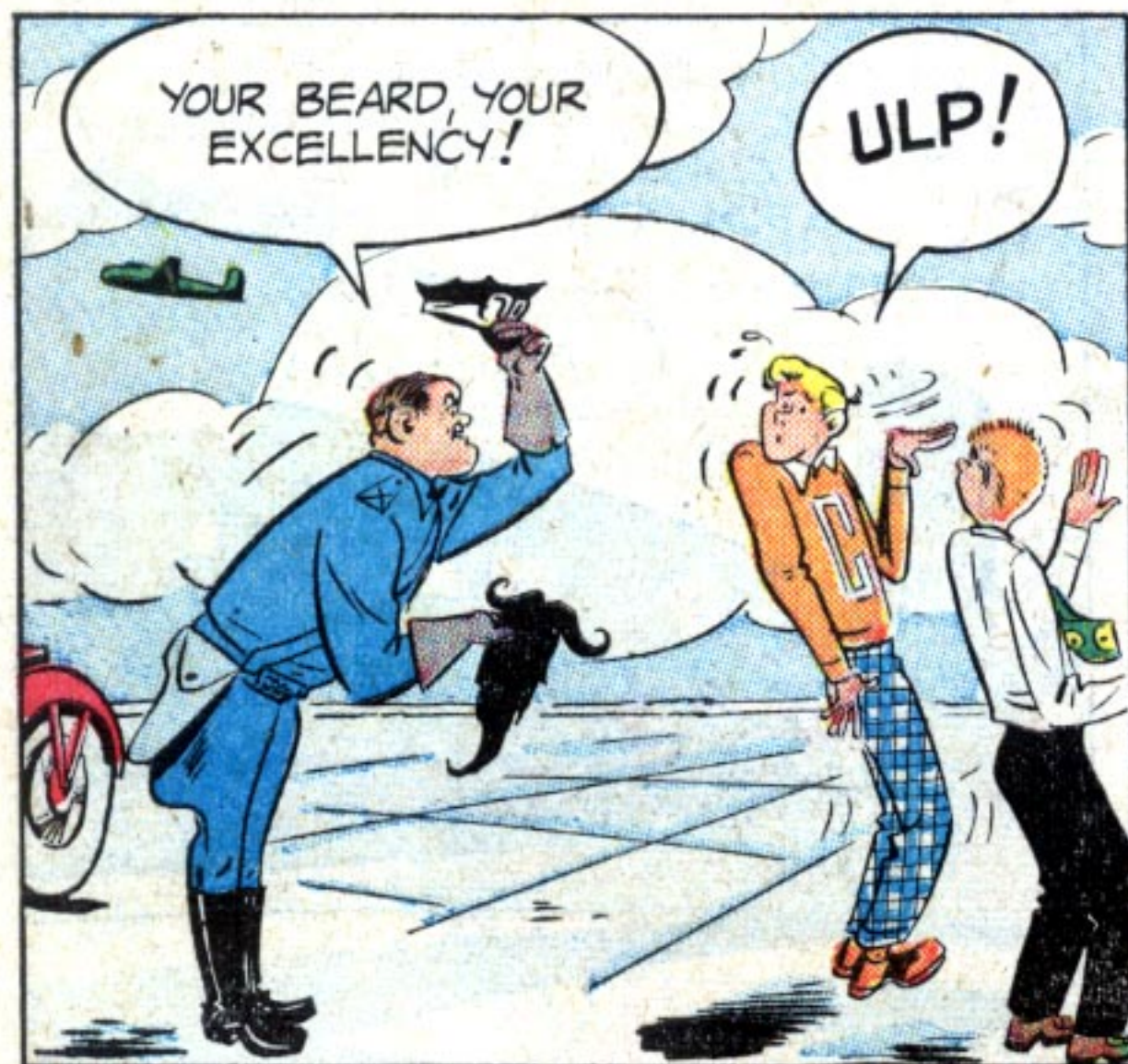
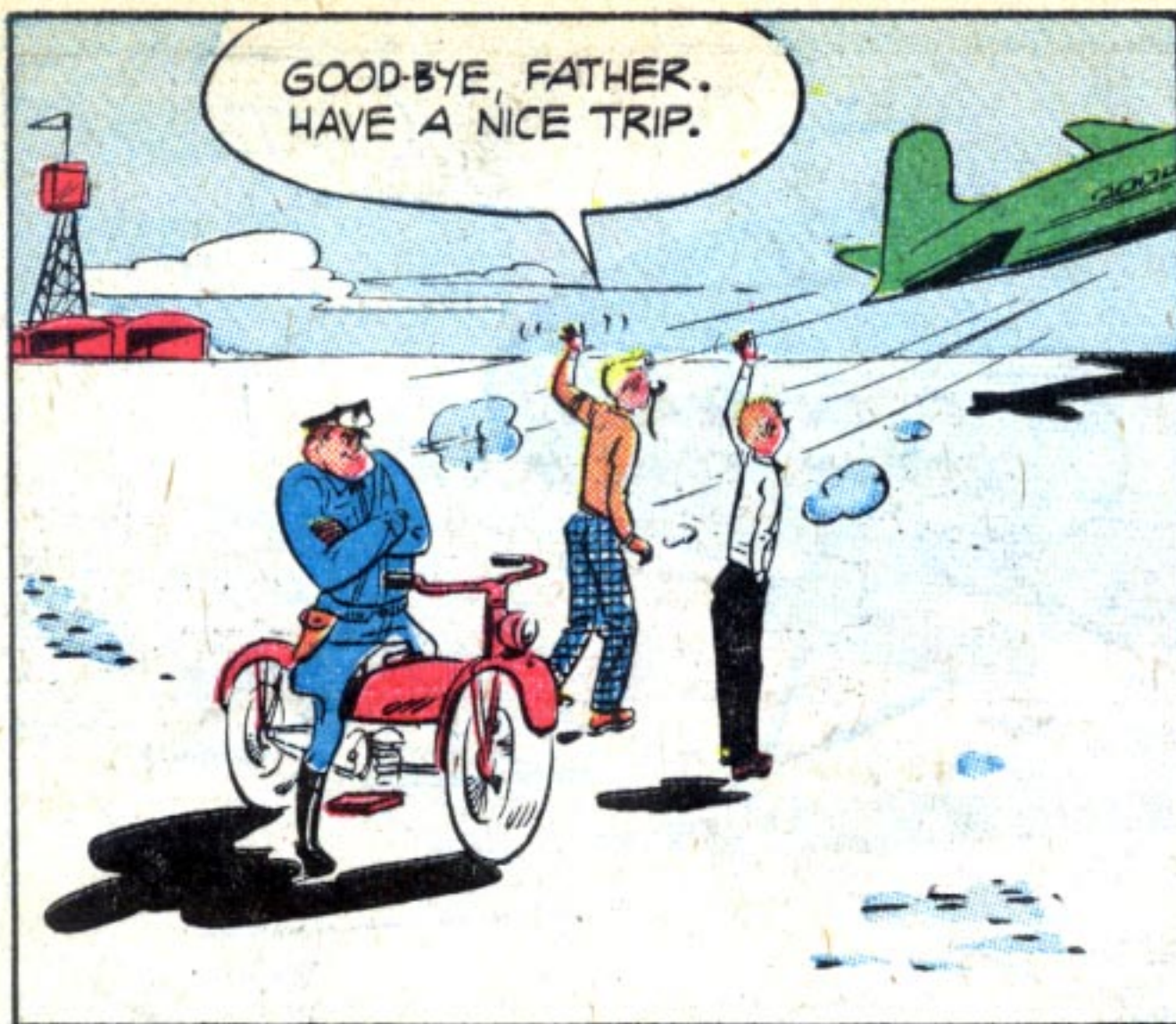




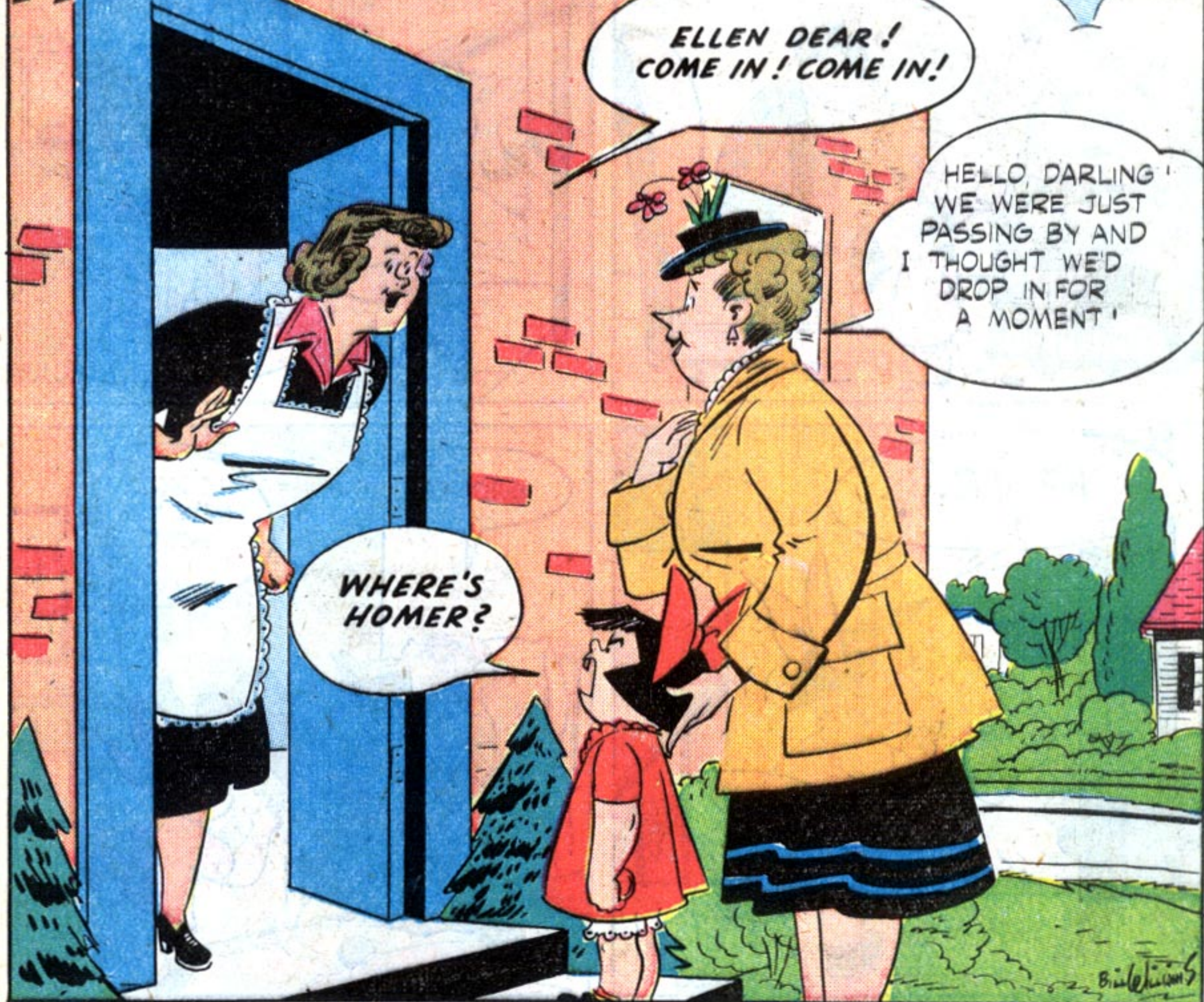


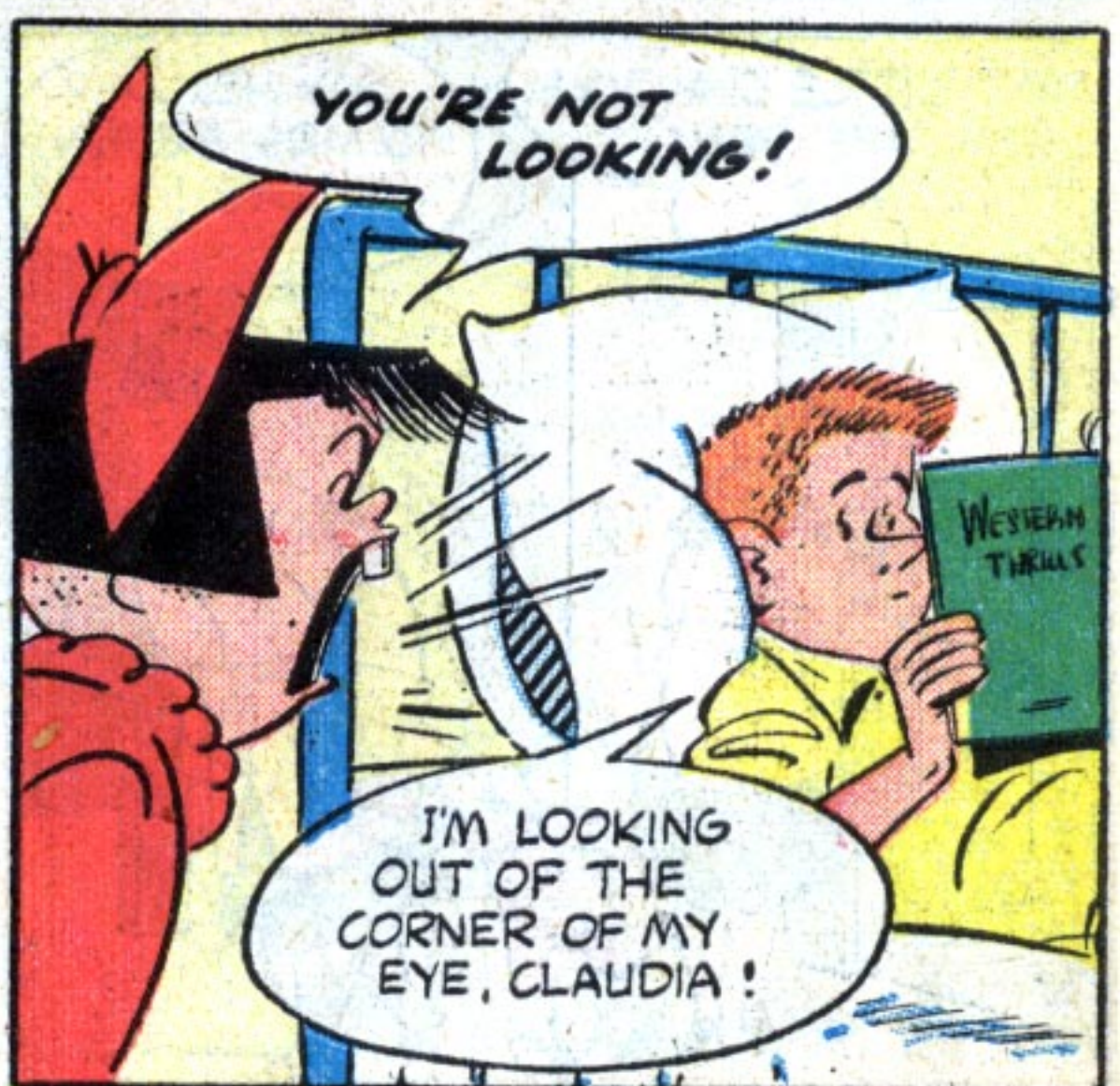
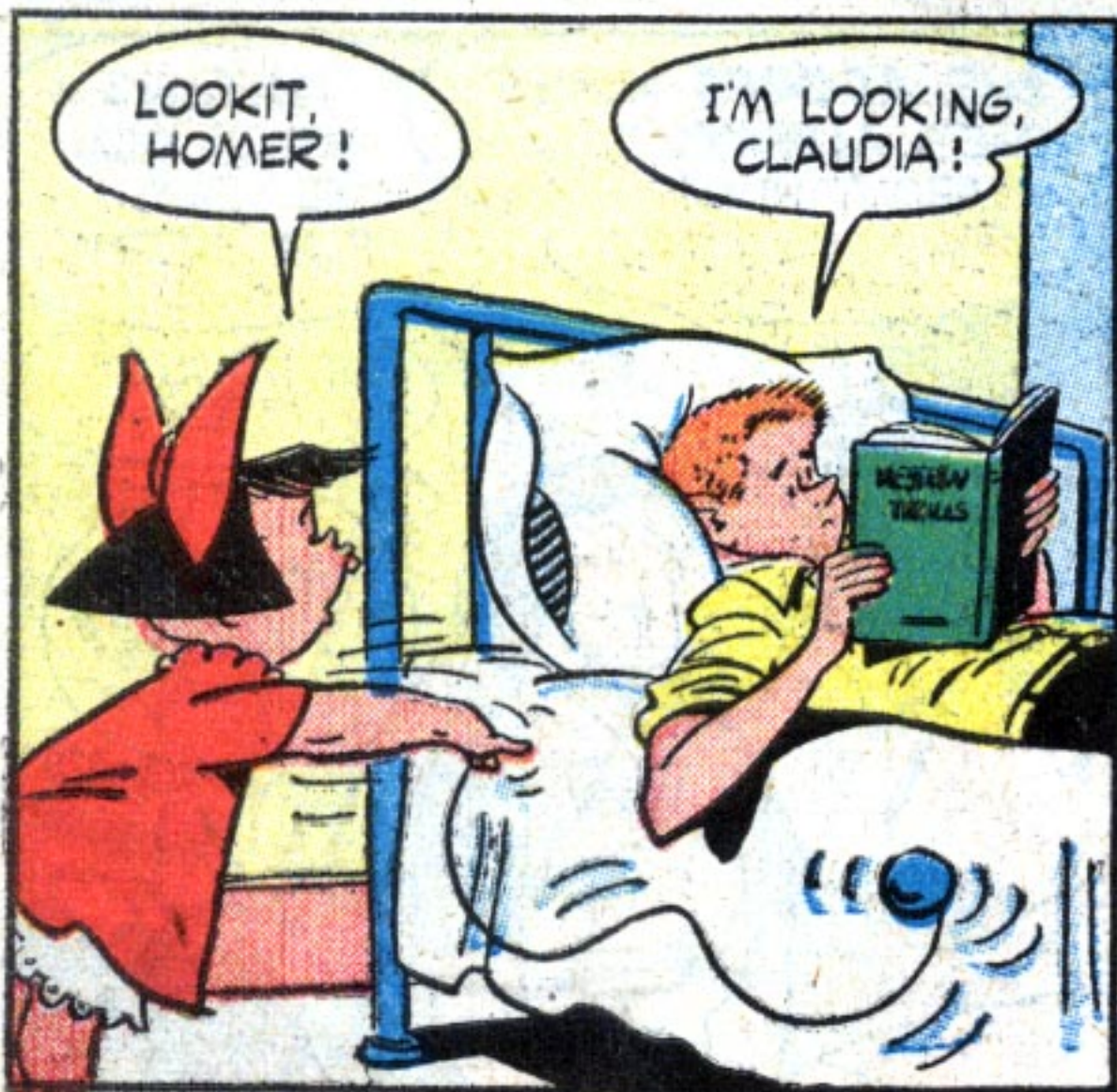
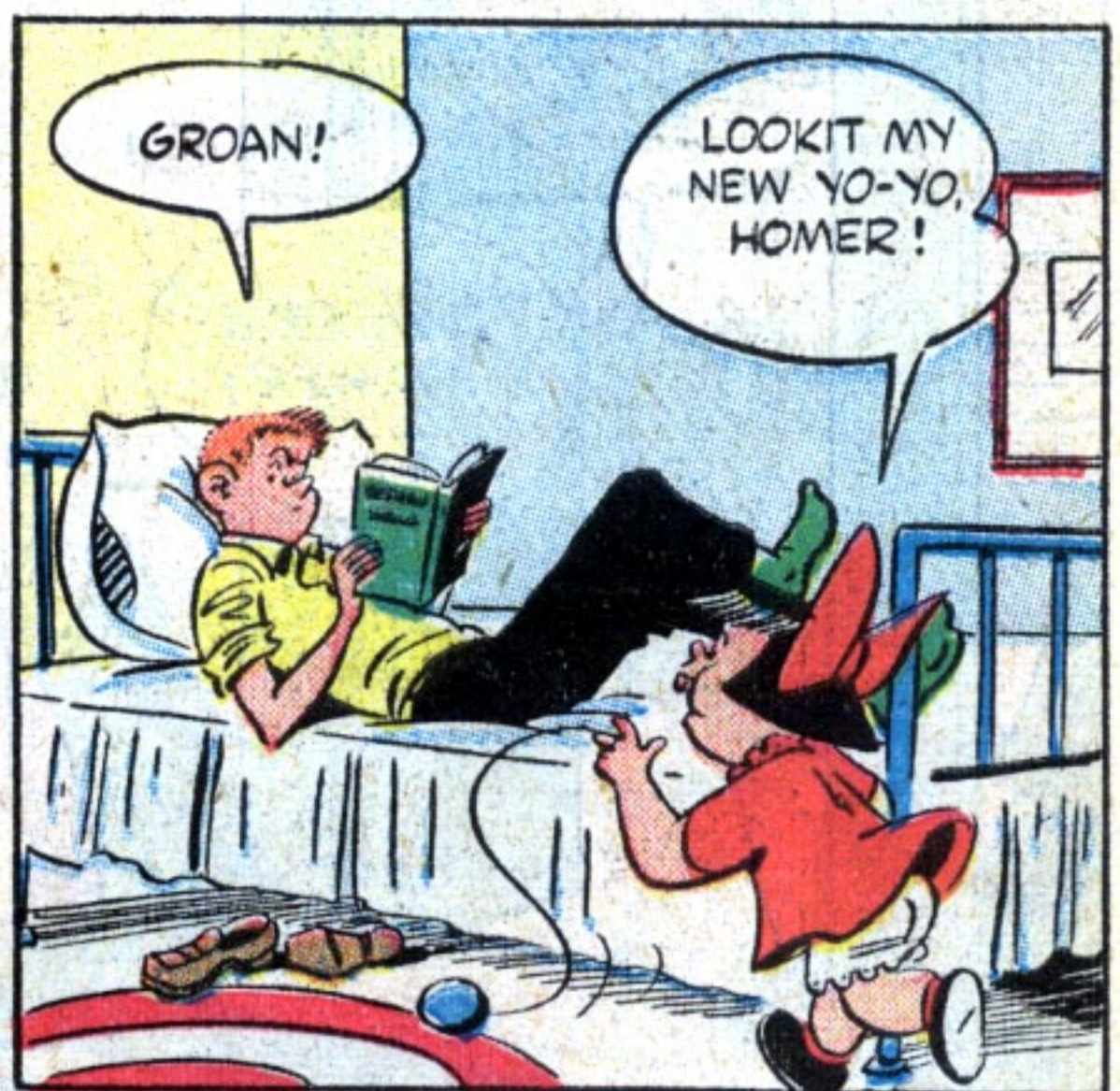
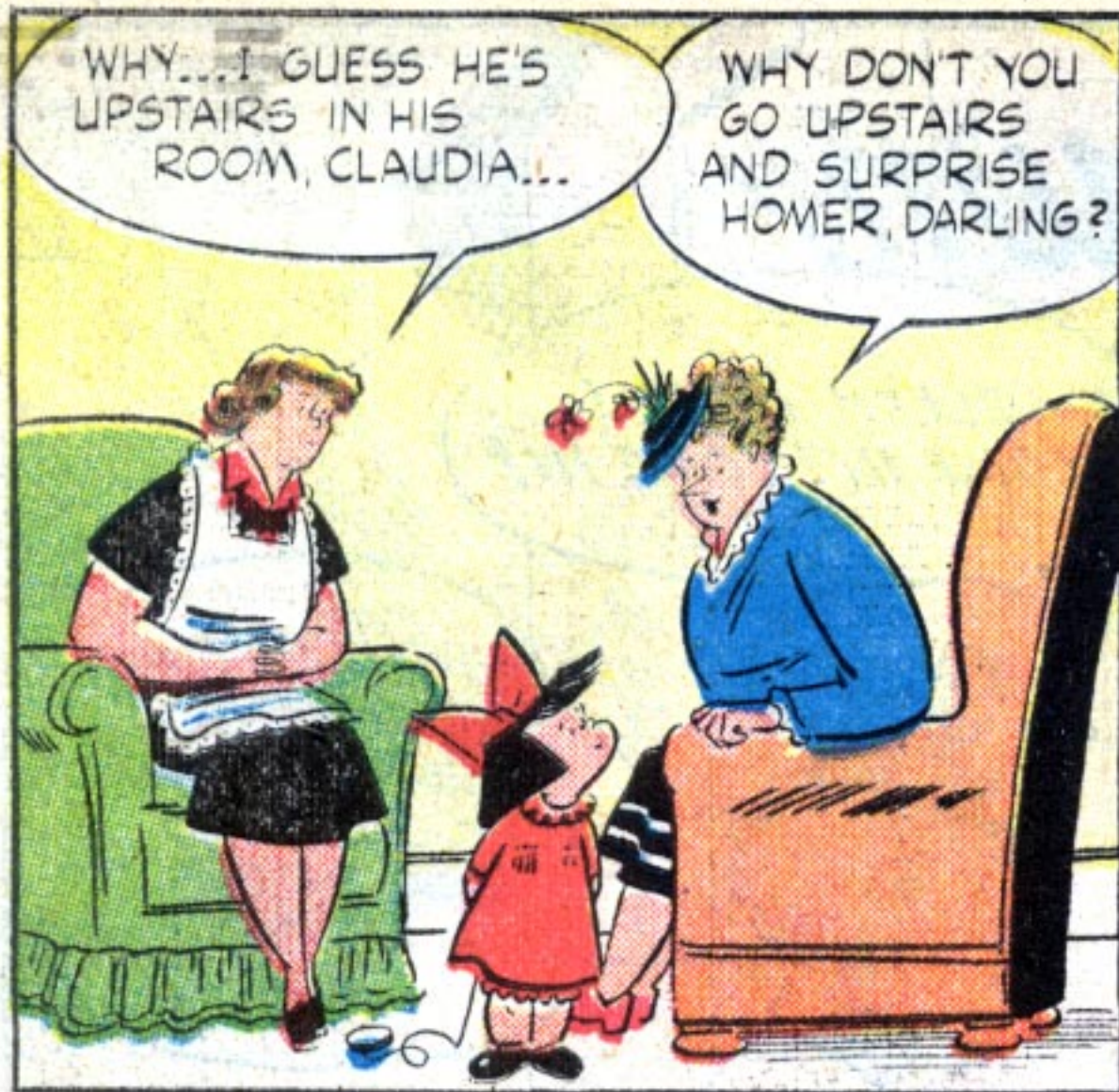


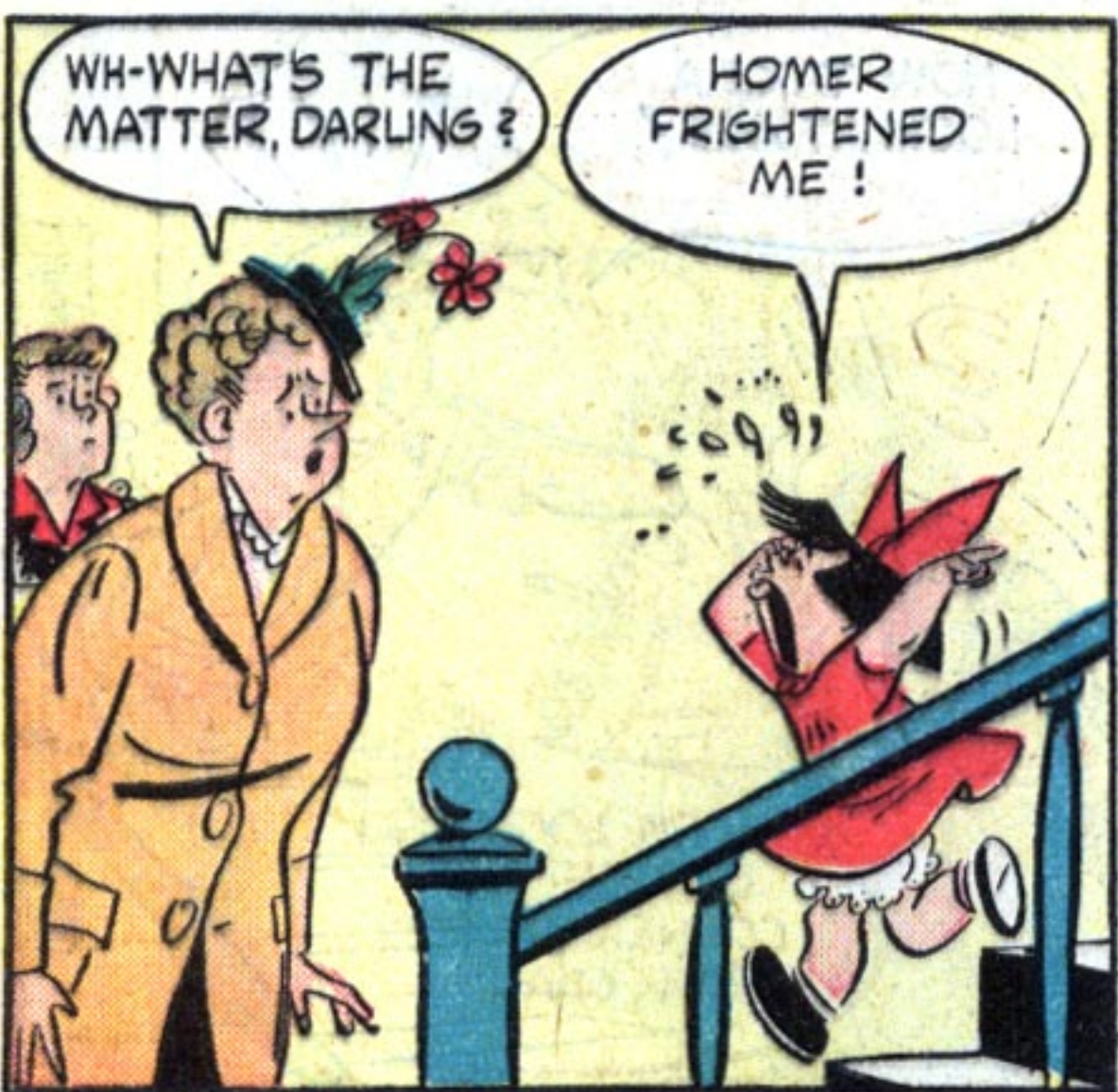
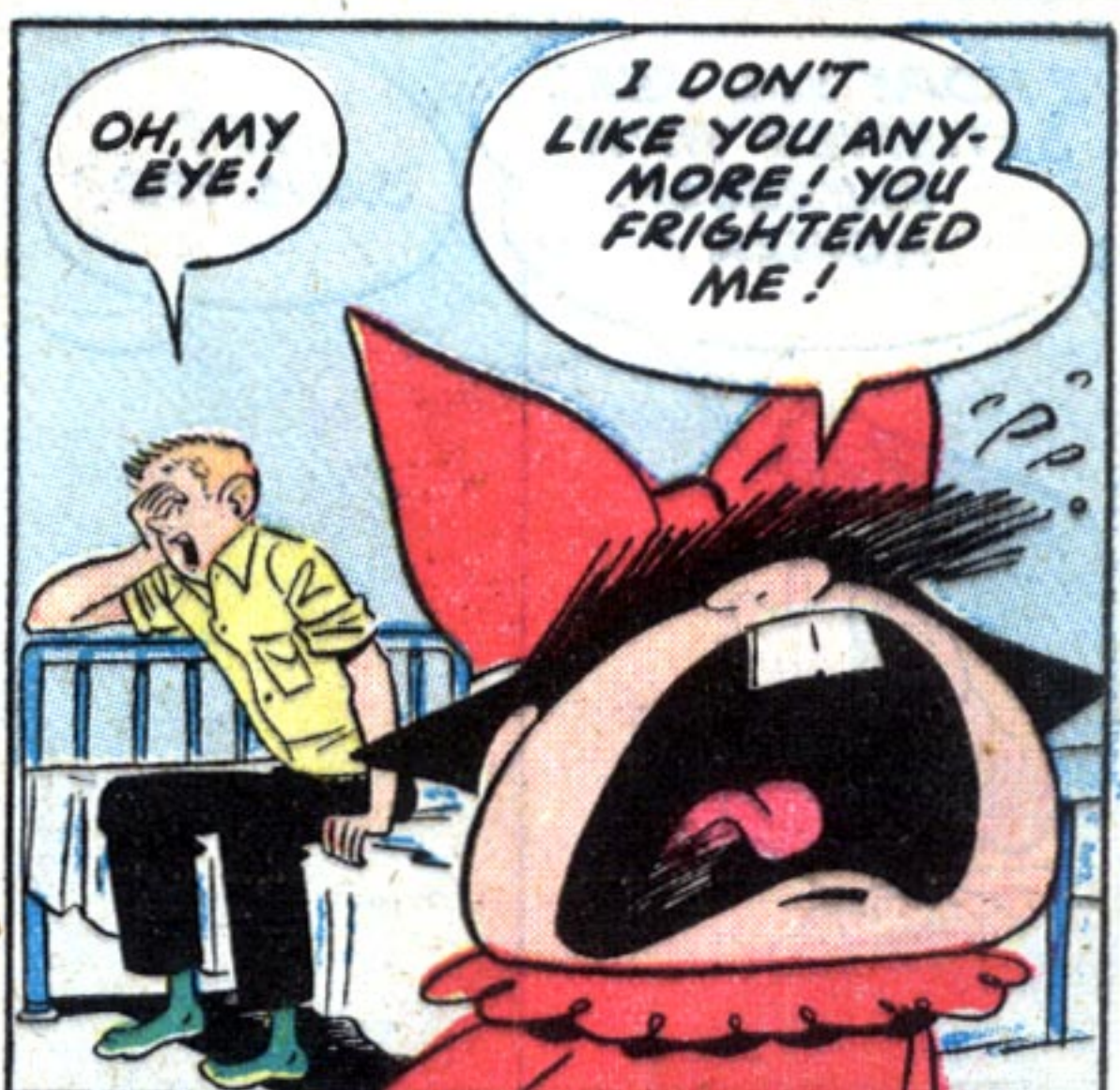
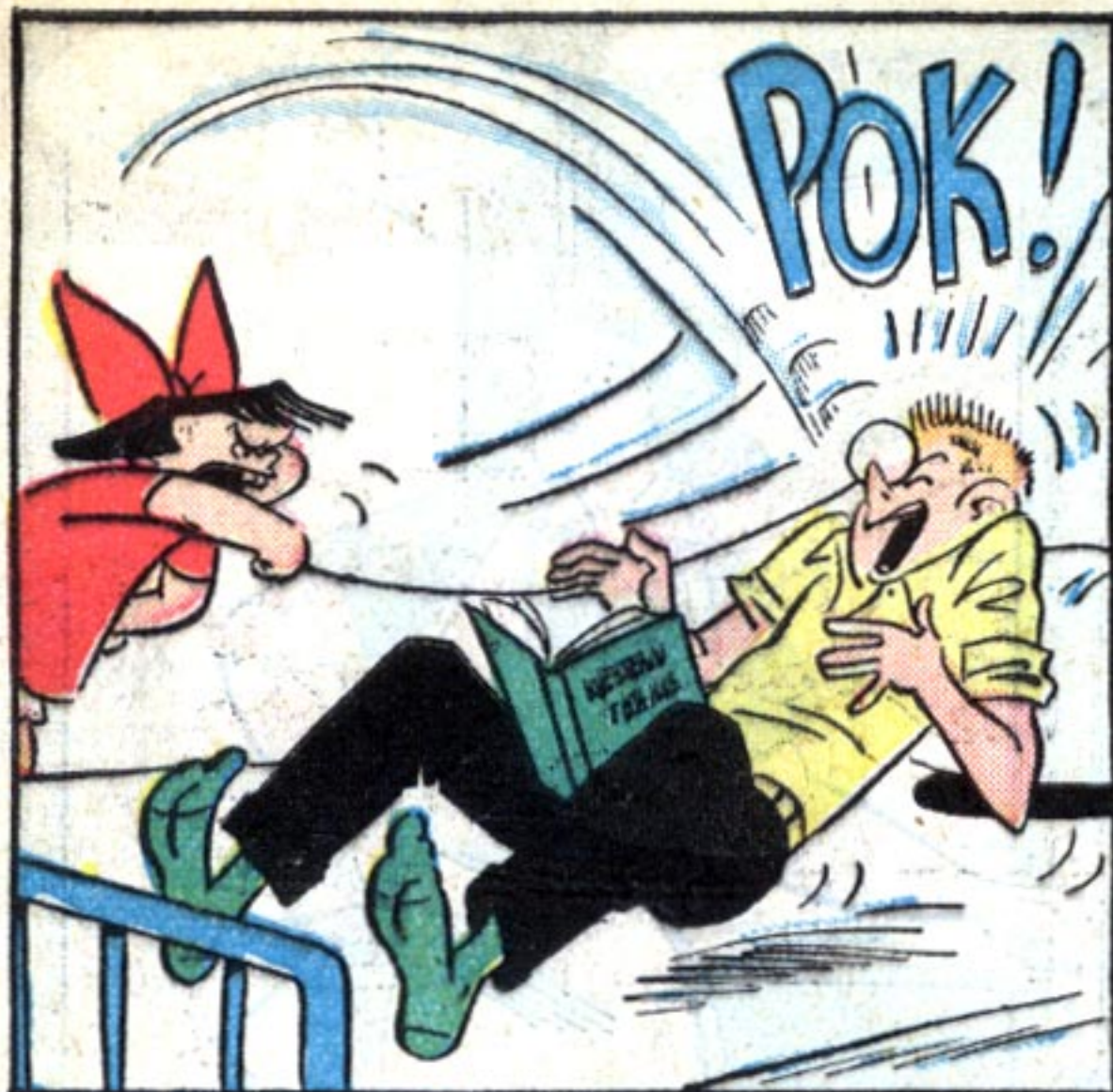


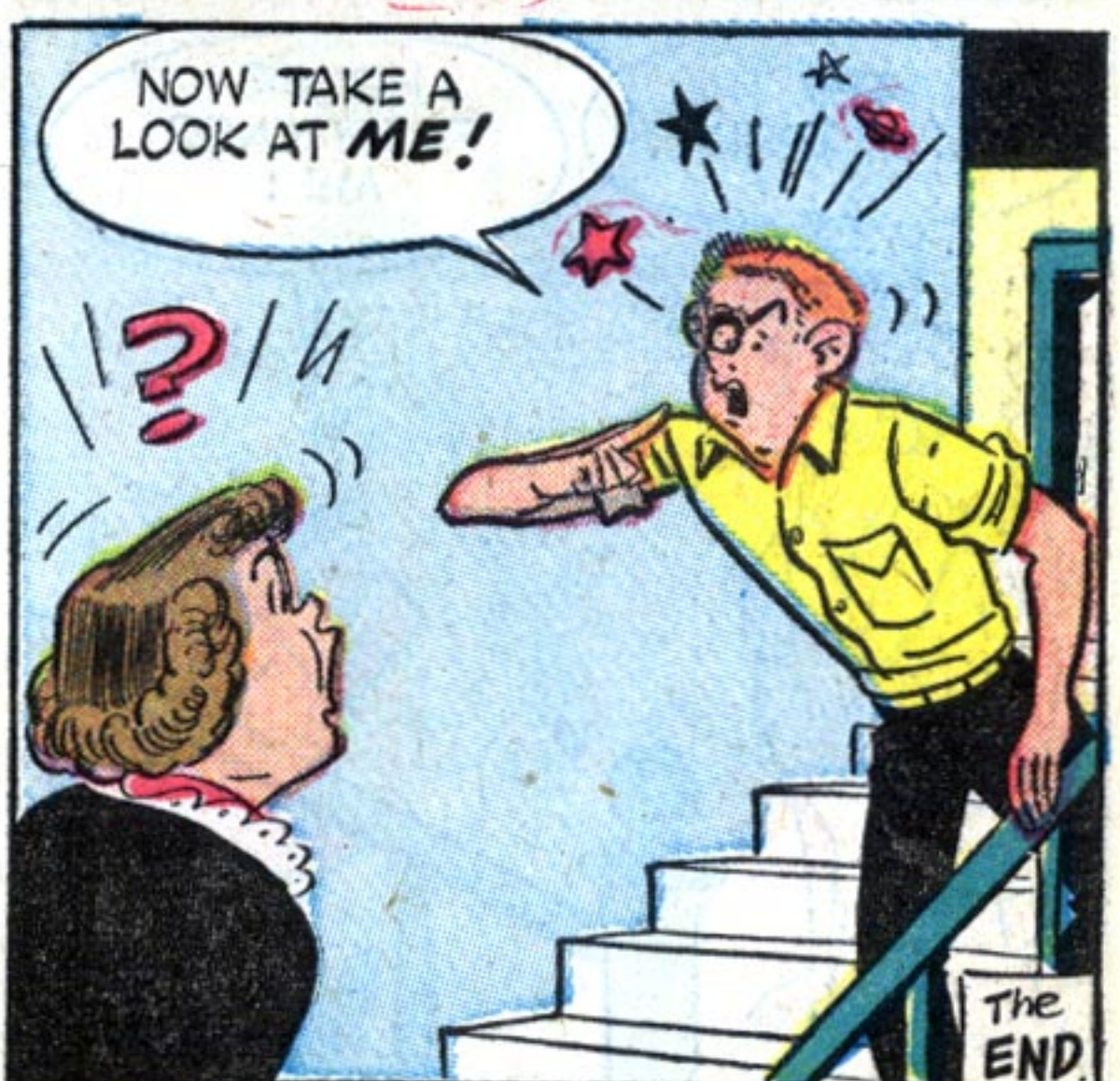


Homer Brown









HENRY ALDRICH, STAR REPORTER

(Continued from inside front cover)

interview you for my paper. You see, I—"

"Our paper," corrected Homer.

"Why, certainly," said Miss Craig, sweetly. "Do sit down, I was expecting you."

Henry gulped, "Uh, you were? Gee . . ."

Just then the crowd parted and two men came up.

"Ah, Miss Craig," said the short, fat one, "I'm afraid we're a little late but we'll go right ahead with the interview and pictures anyway. I'm John Smedly from the paper and this is . . ." he stopped when he saw the "Press" card in Henry's hat.

"Who's this?" he asked, pointing to Henry.

Miss Craig smiled, "Why, he's a reporter too!"

"Sure, that's right," said Henry. "The Elm Street Clarion!"

"The Greatest Little Paper In The World," Homer added.

"Ha, don't let them fool you with that 'member of the press' technique," said Mr. Smedly. "There's no such paper in this town. Now, run along, Sonny."

"No, wait," interrupted Miss Craig. "I think he's cute. Why couldn't he be my date in the publicity photographs?"

Henry blushed and swallowed twice.

Mr. Smedly brightened up, "Say, that IS an idea . . . not bad . . . I can see it now, 'Miss Craig visits small town . . . has date with local boy . . . sodas for one, with two straws,' and all that sort of thing. That's a great idea!"

Henry gasped, "Oh, no, no," he cried. "What would Geraldine say?"

"Please stay," said Miss Craig, patting Henry's hand.

"But . . . my girl . . . she'll . . ."

"Don't worry," cried Mr. Smedly, "take her hand, boy, look into her eyes. We want this to be good!"

Miss Craig moved closer. This was too much for Henry.

"Homer . . . help," he cried weakly, but the flash bulbs popped and the directing voices of Mr. Smedly and his

friend, the publicity agent, drowned out all protests. Henry was photographed ordering from the menu, eating banana splits, helping Miss Craig with her coat, and even holding her hand.

Meanwhile Homer was assuming his duties as staff photographer for "The Elm Street Clarion." He finally got his camera set up and was preparing his primitive flash powder when "POOF!" there was a blinding flash of light and a cloud of acrid, white smoke filled the drugstore.

The crowd fought its way in much confusion out onto the street, shouting and coughing. Mr. Bingham was very much upset, but Homer managed to get away unnoticed with Henry closely behind.

"Phew, Homer," gasped Henry when they'd reached the quiet of the Aldrich cellar, "you did it, all right, with that darned flash powder!"

"Well, Henry, you wanted me to get you out of that lovely predicament, didn't you?"

They were interrupted by Mrs. Aldrich, "Oh, Henry, telephone for you!"

"Oh, they've come after me," he moaned as he climbed the cellar steps.

Henry wasn't gone long and when he returned, he was sadder than before.

"Who was it, Henry?" asked Homer. He paused, "Er . . . not Geraldine?"

Henry sighed. "Yes, Homer, Geraldine. She called to say she was in the crowd and had seen everything. She says she's through!"

Needless to say, that was the end of "The Greatest Little Paper In The World." Next day, the trash man hauled the press away.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



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10.



11.

