

A DELL COMIC
DELL
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NO. 5

HENRY ALDRICH

APRIL-MAY 10¢

Carol Kasari



HENRY ALDRICH

plans the picnic



Henry Aldrich came into the front room, peeled off his sweater, and flopped down on the sofa. "Gee whiz, Father, why do I always get hooked?" he groaned.

"Get hooked?" Mr. Aldrich replied. "What do you mean, Henry? Have you been fishing again....?"

Henry sat up and scowled. "No, Father, it's just that I'm ALWAYS the fellow who has to do the work!"

Mrs. Aldrich, in the next room, setting the table for dinner, smiled.

"You see, Father," Henry continued, "I was appointed chairman of the food committee for the class picnic."

Henry's mother set down the sugar bowl firmly. "Now, Henry," she exclaimed, "remember what happened the LAST time you had anything to do with food for class activities. I won't have you using up a week's supply of groceries and messing up my kitchen again!"

There was a knock on the front door.

"That's Homer," Henry announced,

getting up wearily. "He's chairman of the transportation committee."

"Hello, Homer, come on in."

"Whatever you're having for dinner certainly smells good, Henry," sighed Homer, and sniffed loudly.

"Homer, you'll join us for dinner, won't you?" Henry's mother asked. "After all, we CAN furnish something for a friend of the chairman of the food committee!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Aldrich," Homer laughed, "I would like to very much!"

Then in an undertone to Henry, he continued, "Uh, Henry, have you asked your father yet?"

Mr. Aldrich looked up, "Did he ask me what, Homer?"

"Er — ask him now, Henry," Homer whispered.

"Well, Father," Henry began, "could I borrow the car tomorrow?"

"I'm afraid not, Henry. I'm driving Mr. Wilkinson to Centerville tomorrow."

"Couldn't you take the bus, Mr. Aldrich?" asked Homer.

Mrs. Aldrich came into the room. "Dinner's ready, boys," she announced.

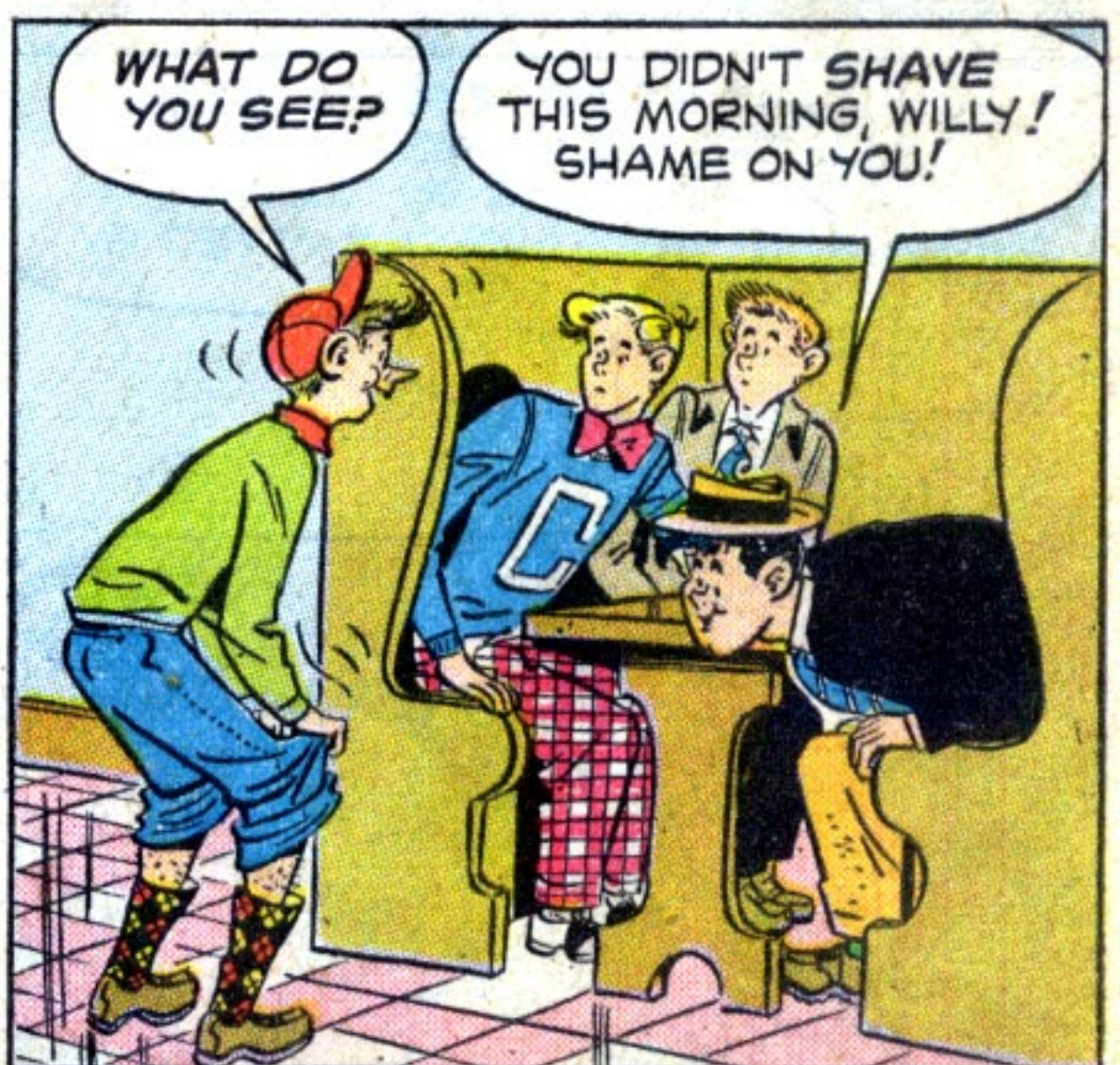
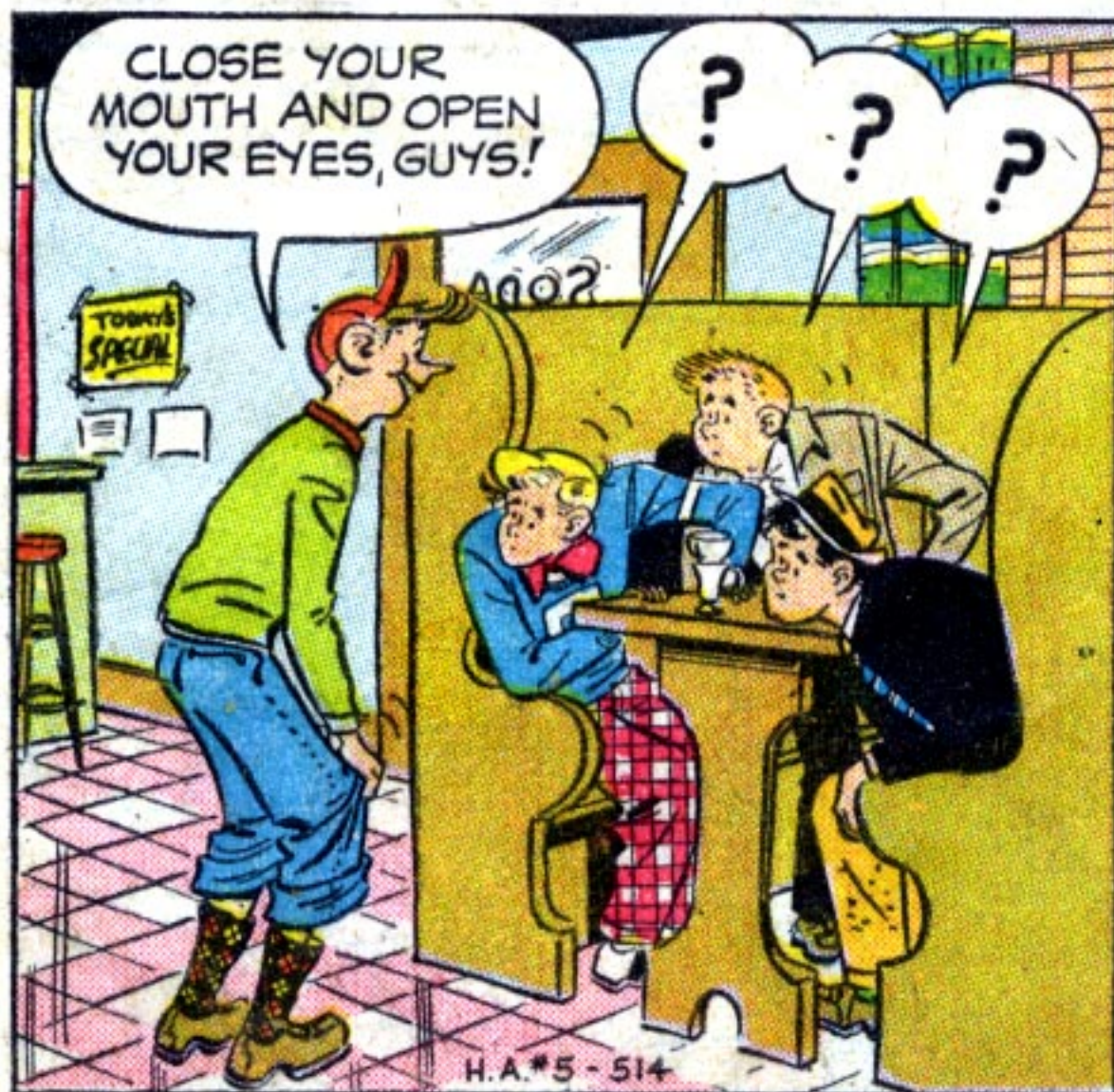
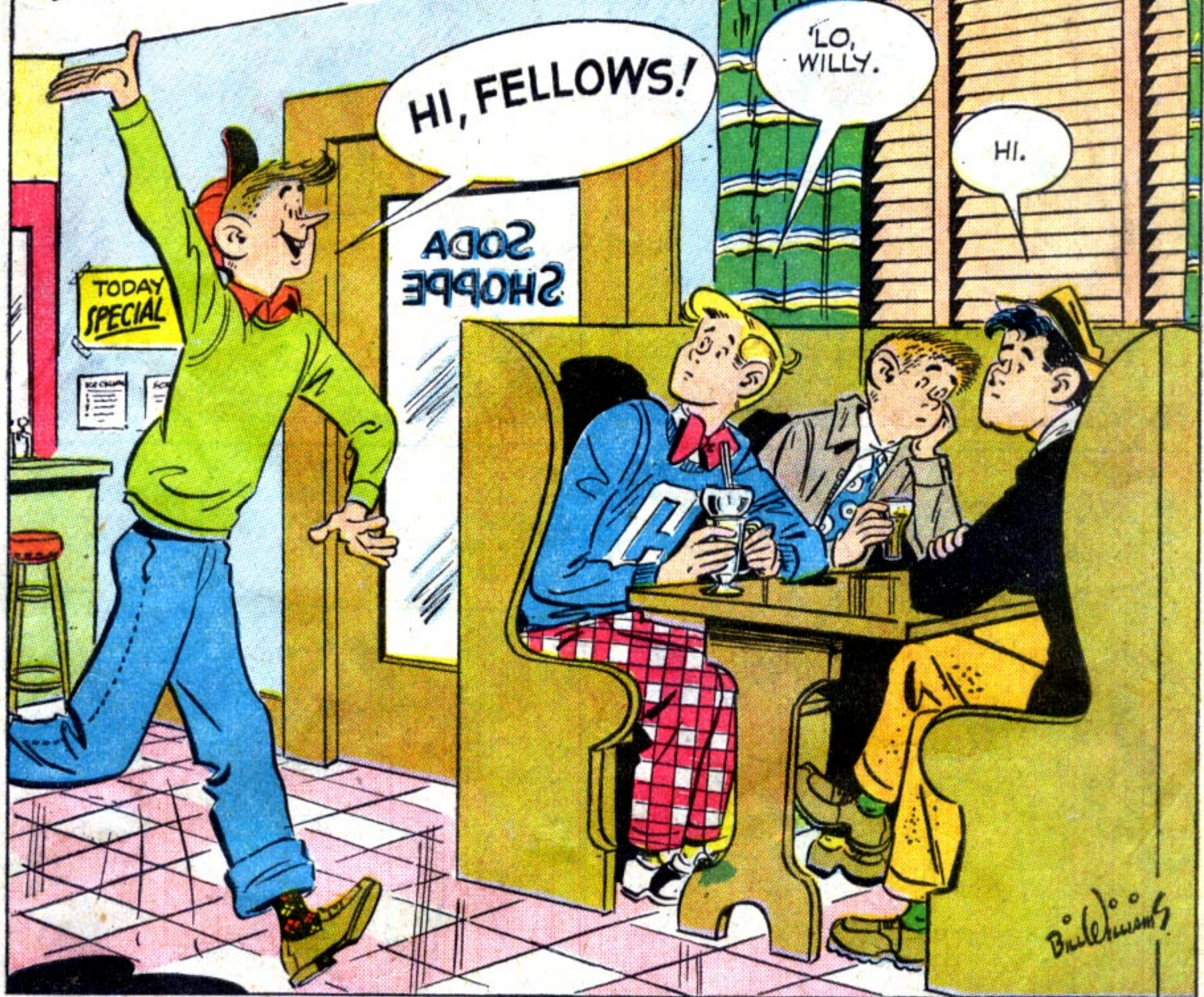
"Look, Henry," muttered Homer, "you said that I could COUNT on it. Now what'll I do for transportation?"

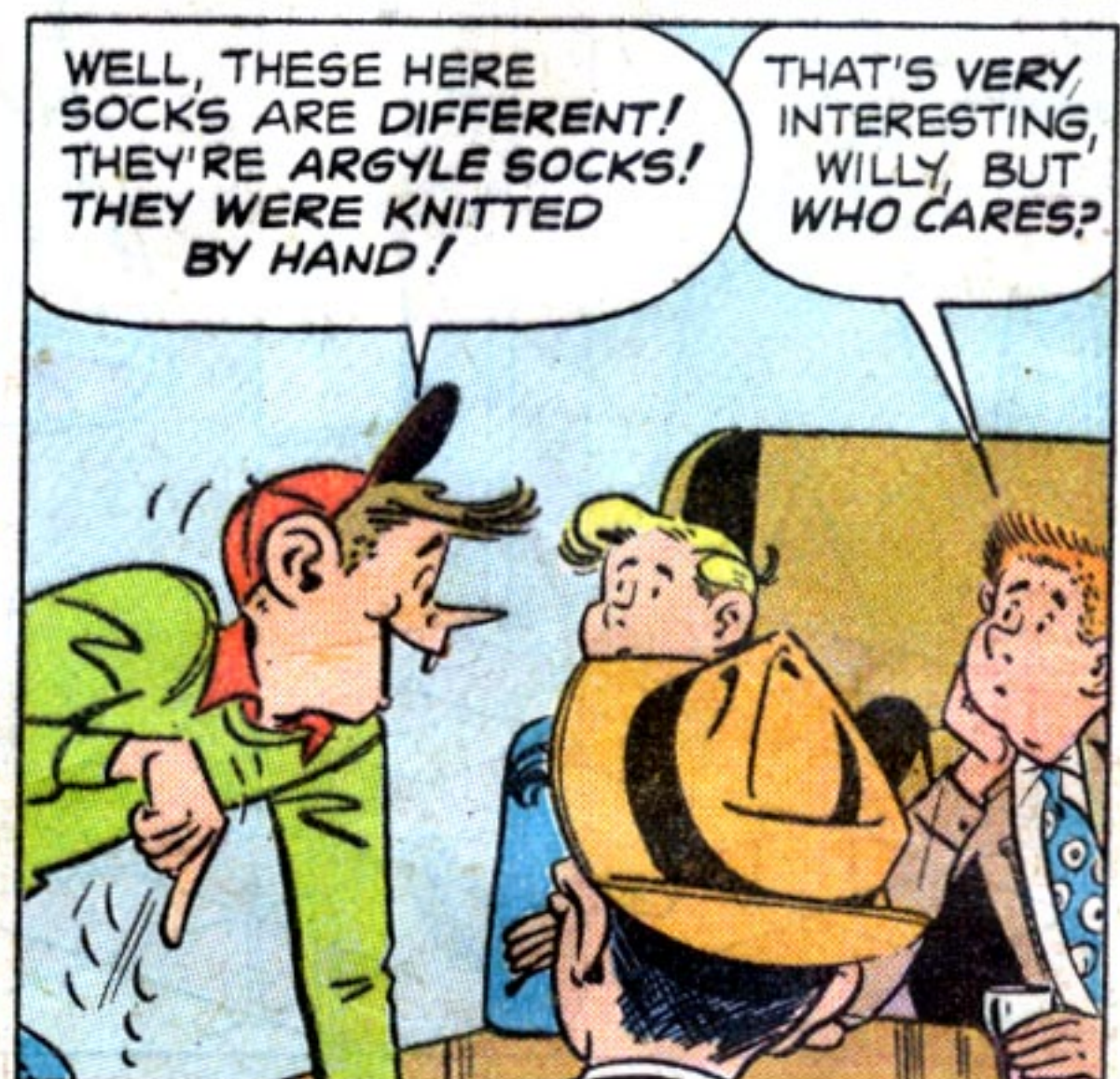
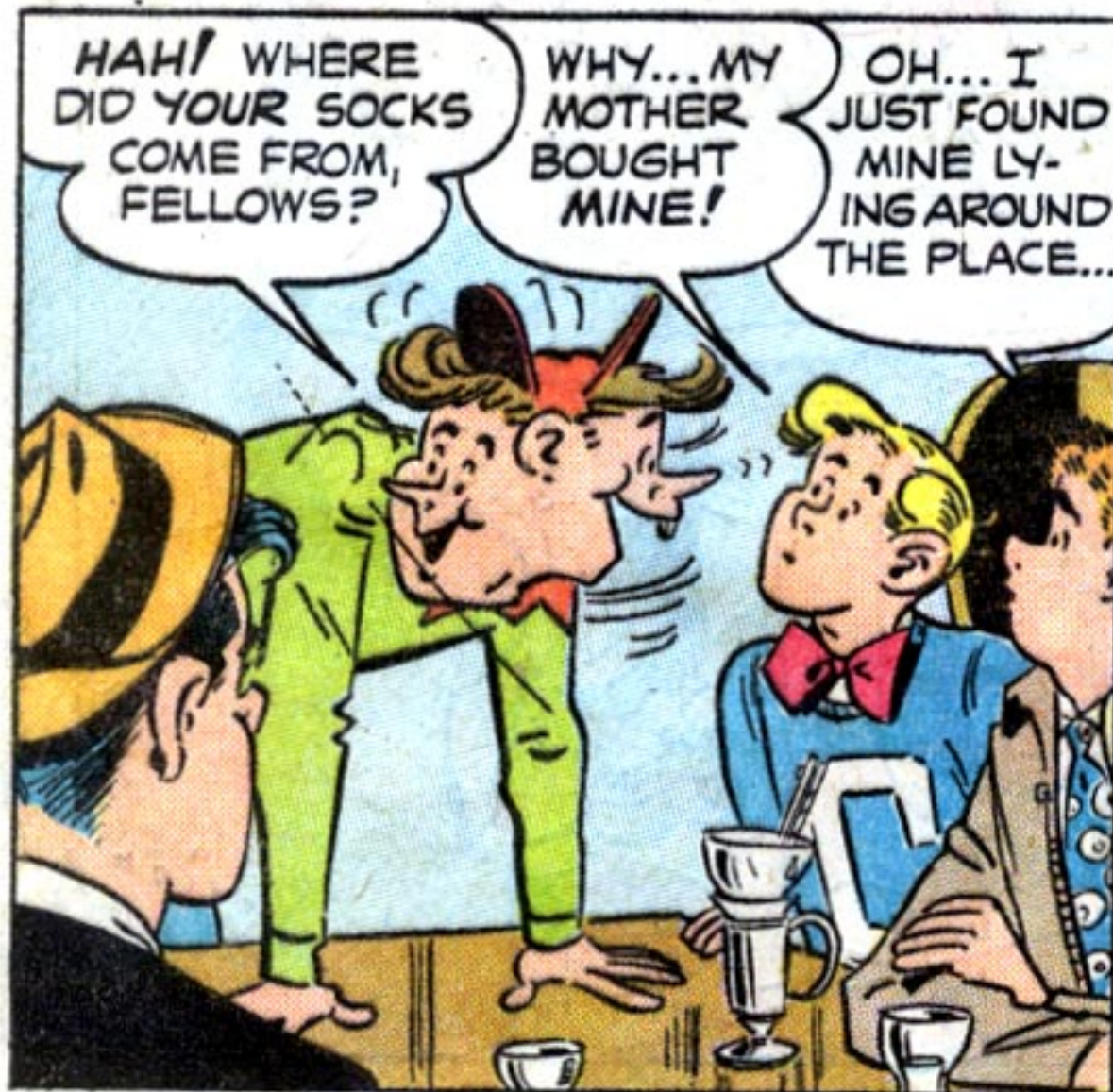
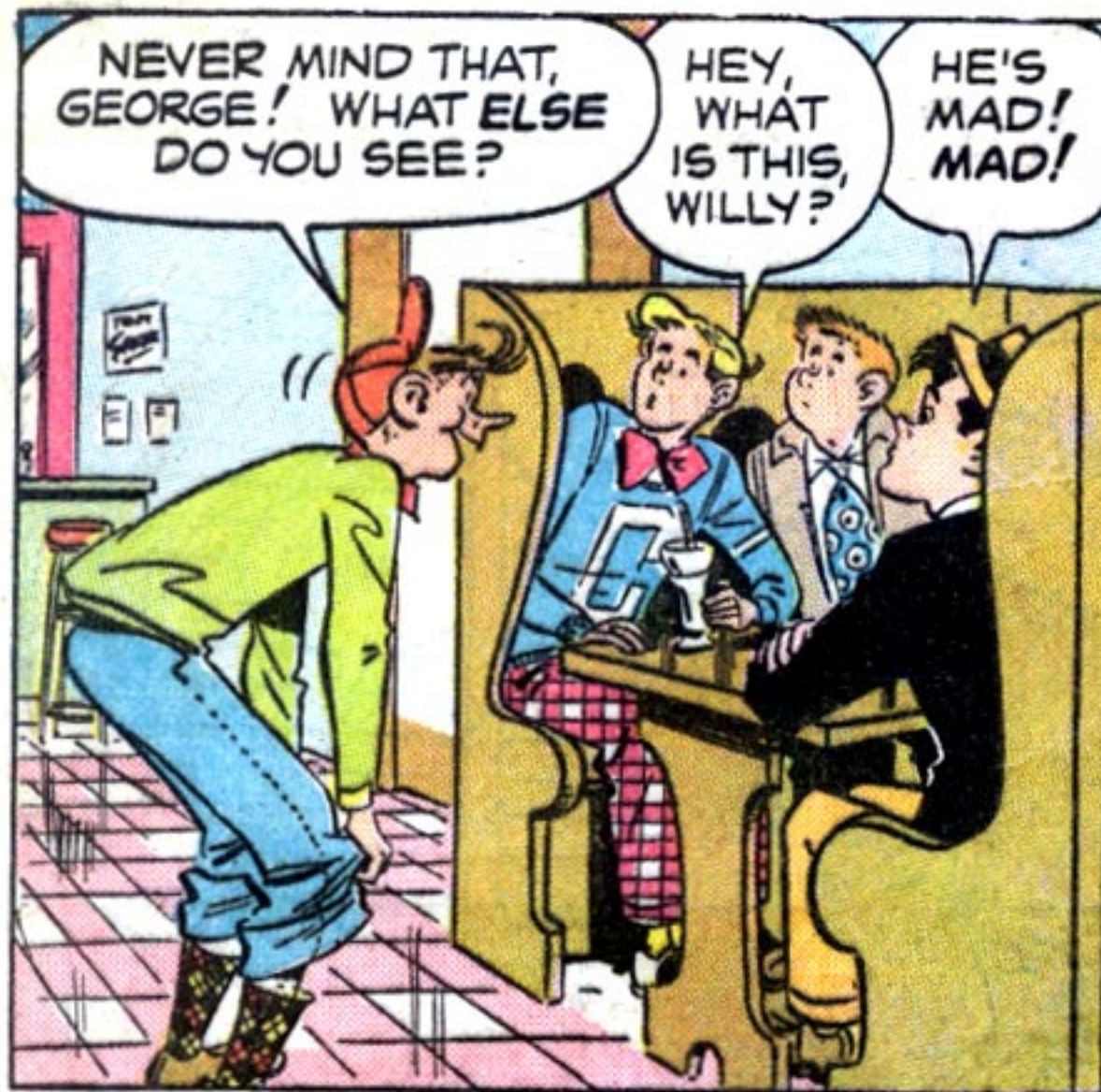
"Gee whiz, Homer, I thought—" began Henry, but dinner was on the table and there were more immediate things to consider.

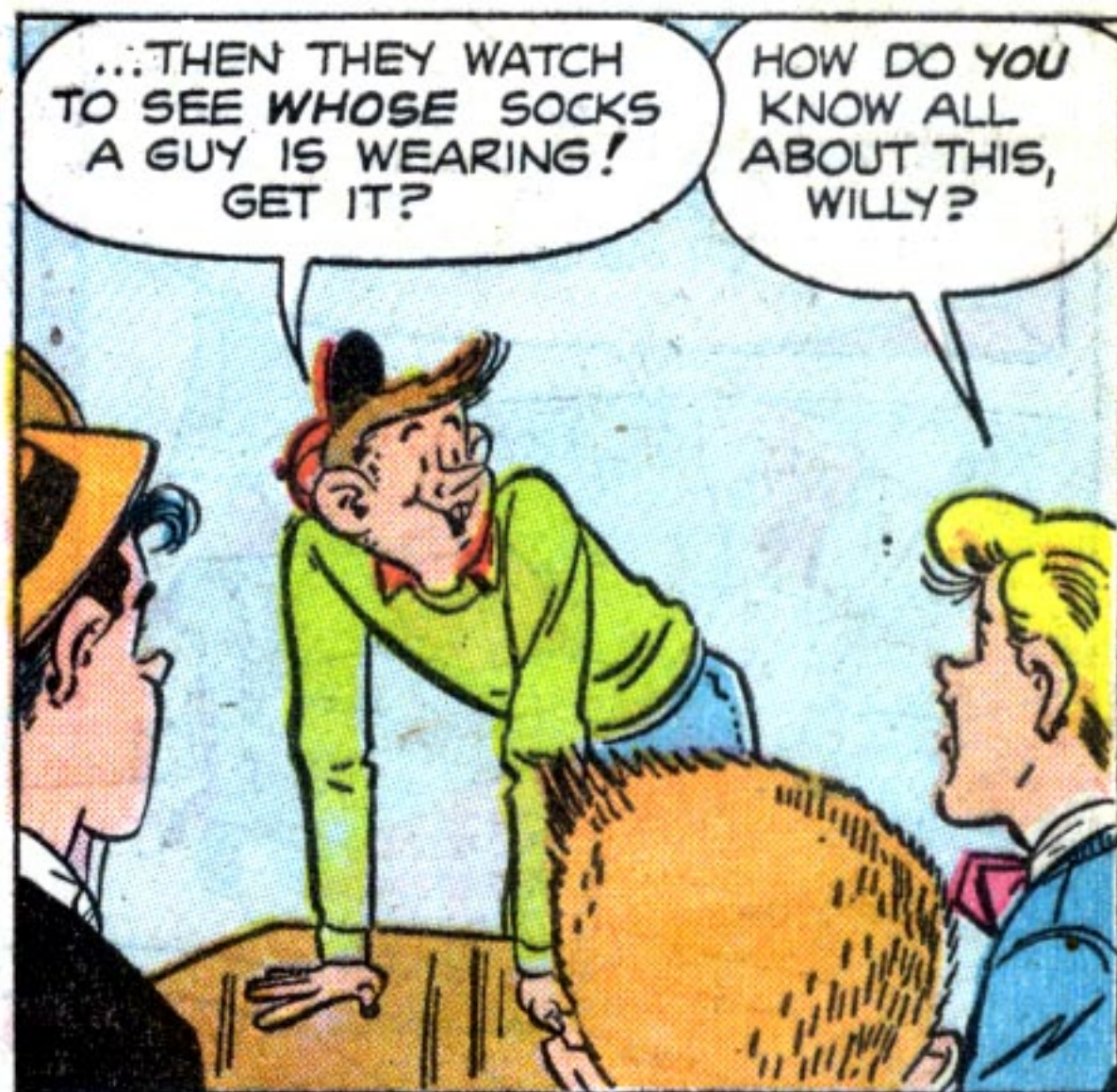
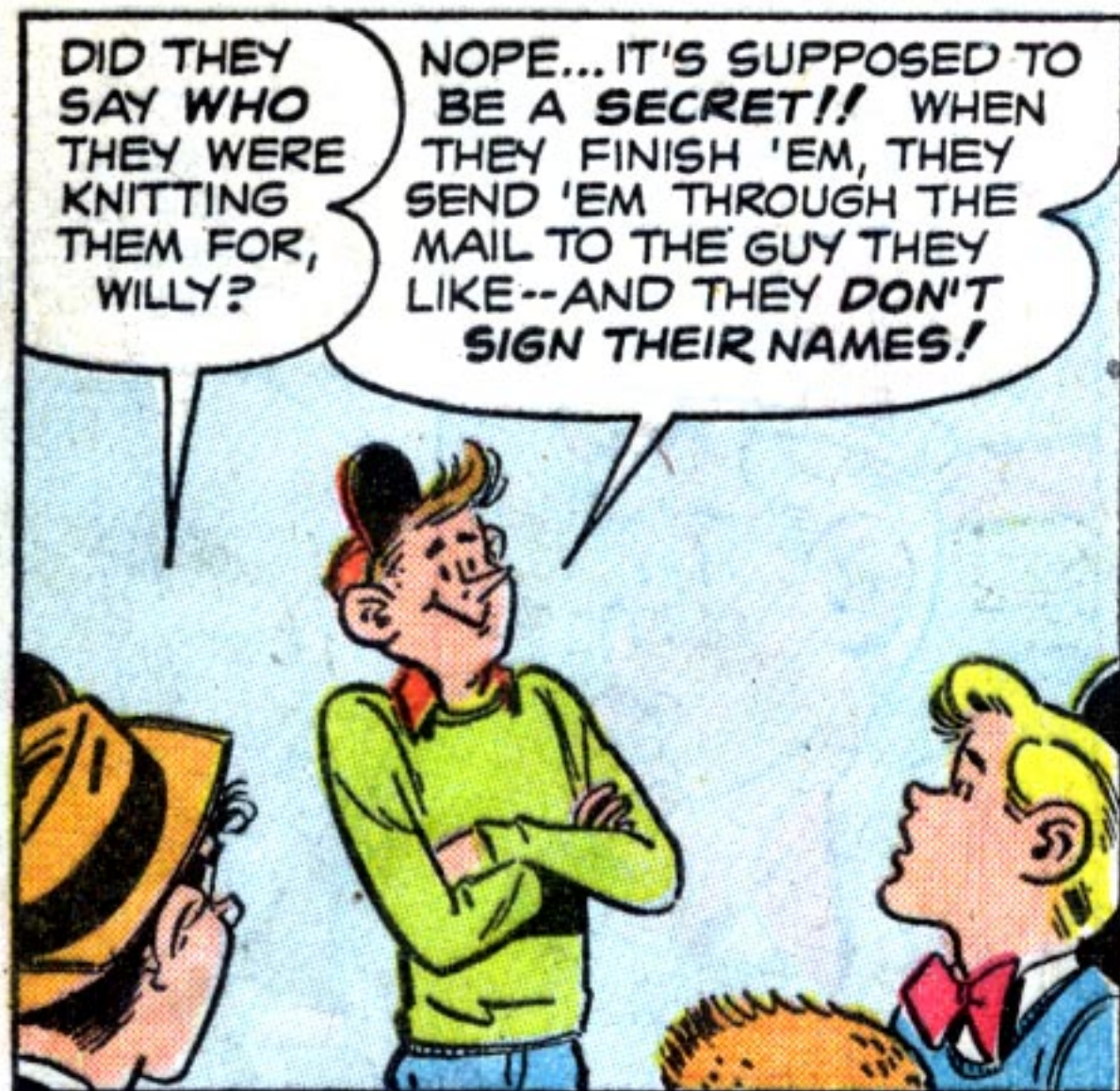
After dinner, the chairmen of the food committee and of the transportation committee immediately retired to the living room with pencil and paper and began work.

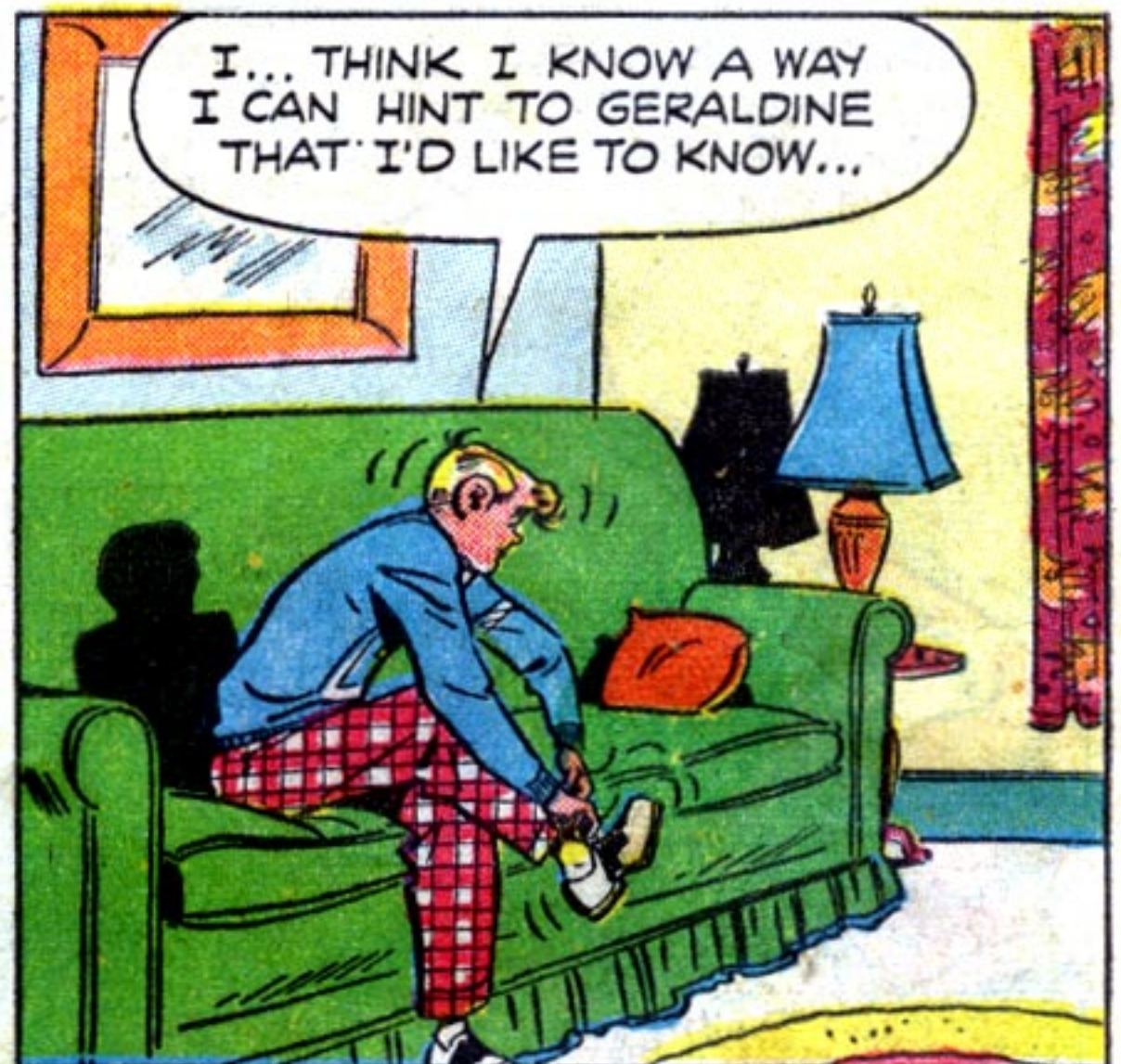
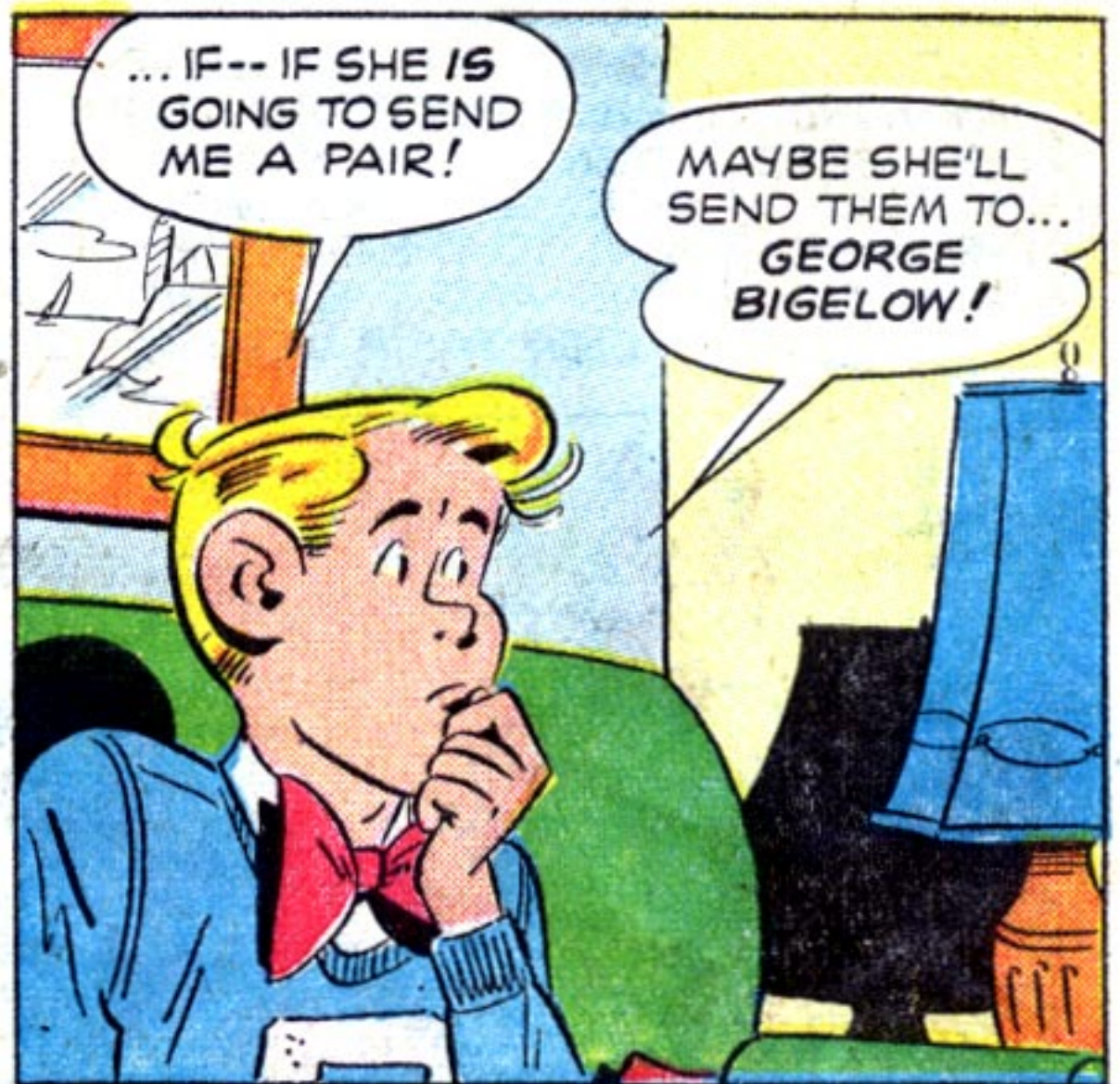
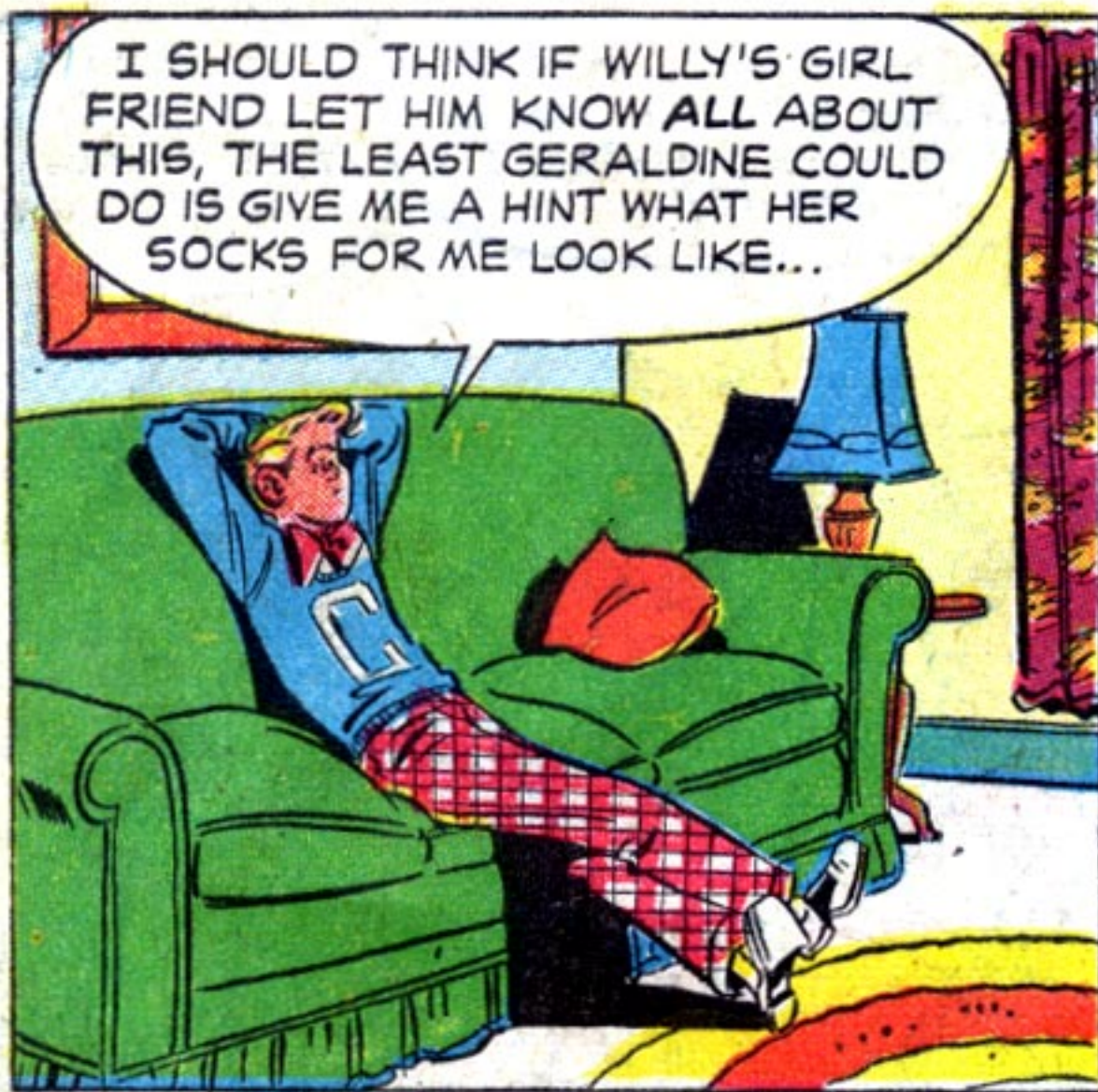
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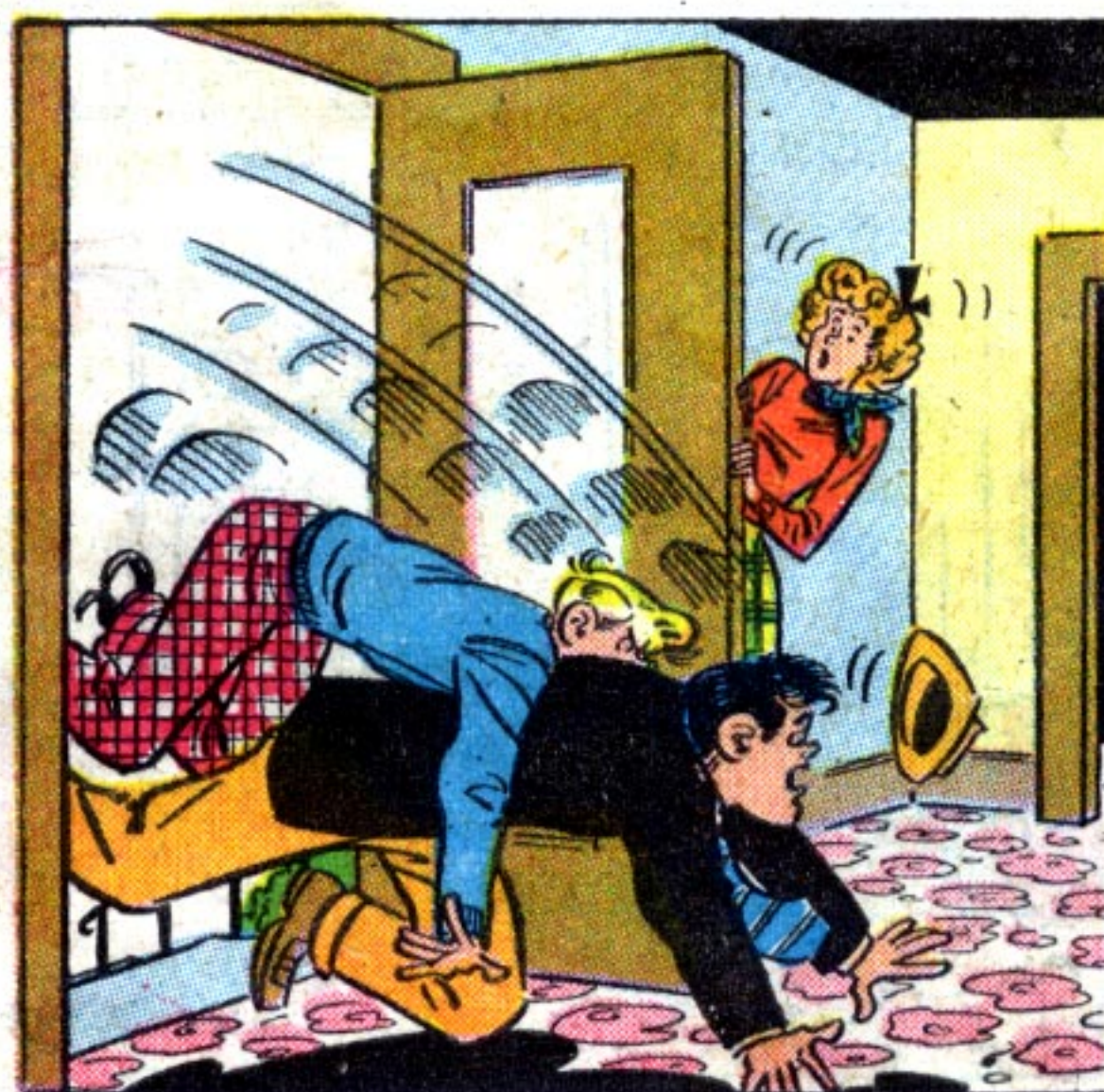
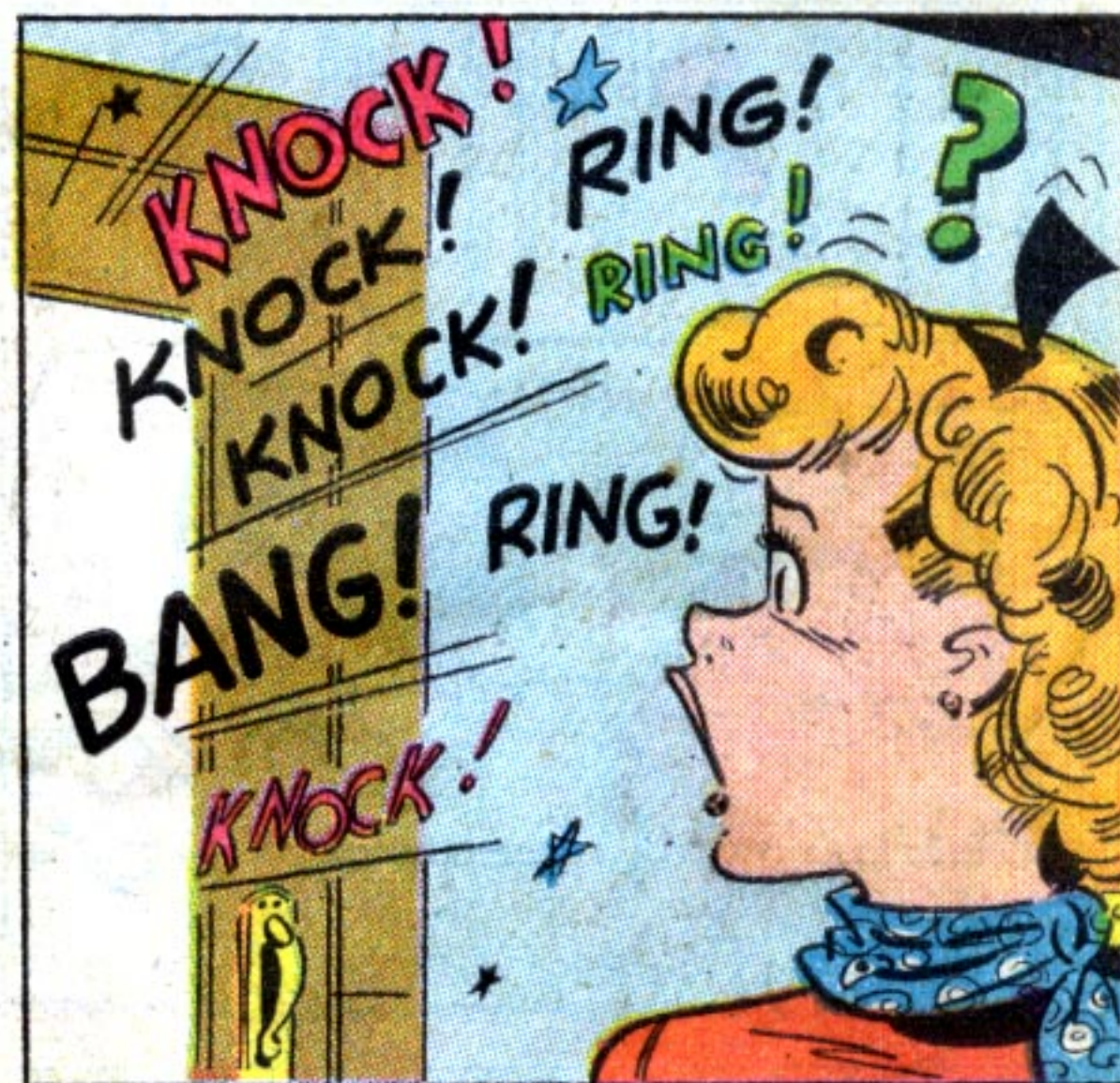
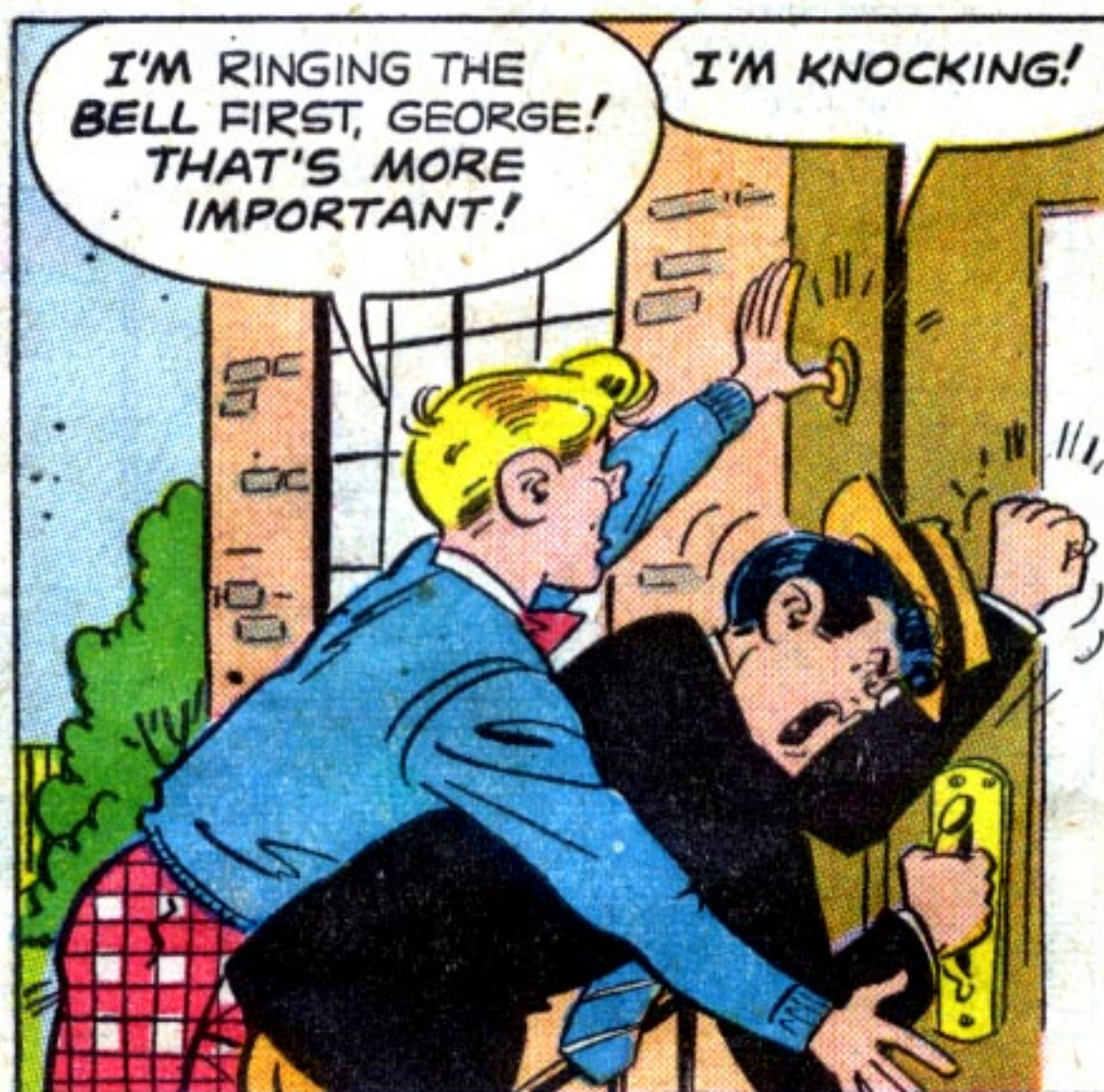
HENRY ALDRICH



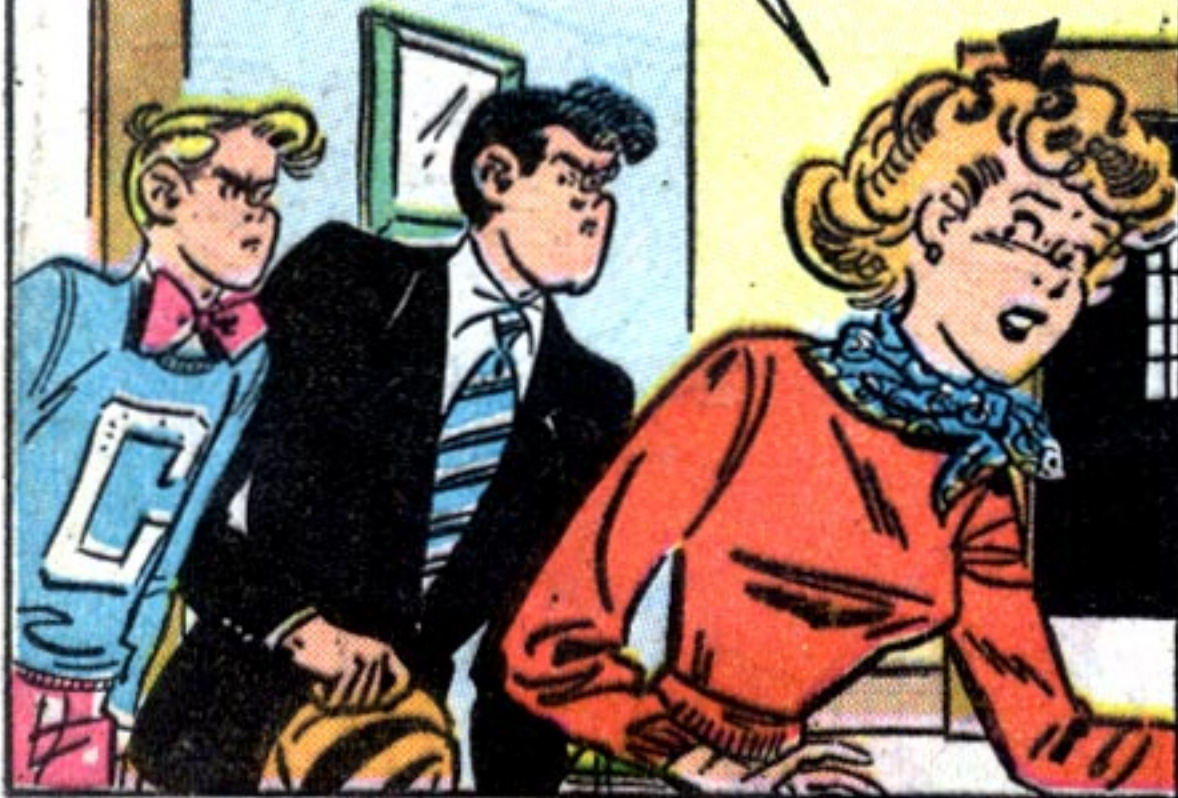




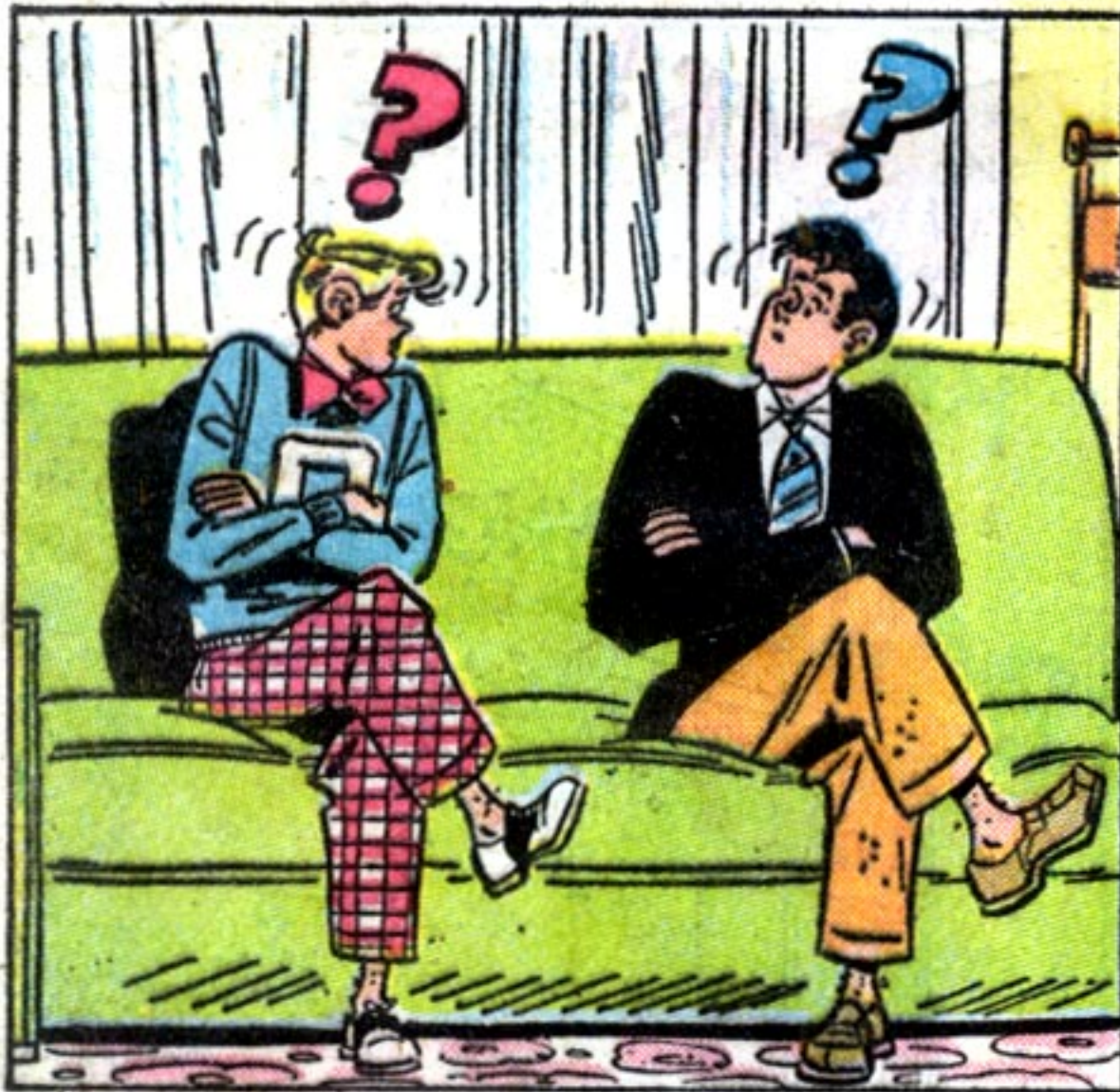
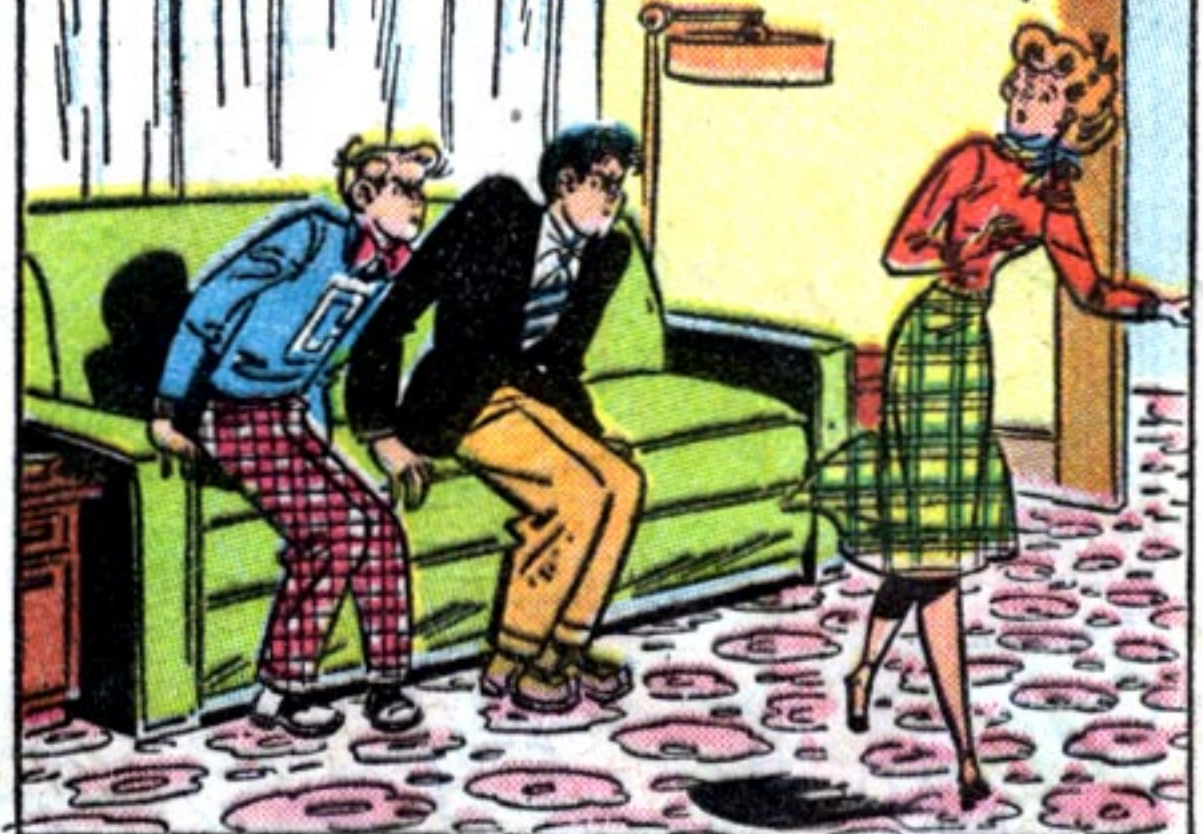




WELL... I GUESS THERE'S NO REASON WHY **BOTH** OF YOU CAN'T VISIT ME AT THE SAME TIME.



SIT DOWN, BOYS... I HAVE SOME CUPCAKES IN THE OVEN... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.



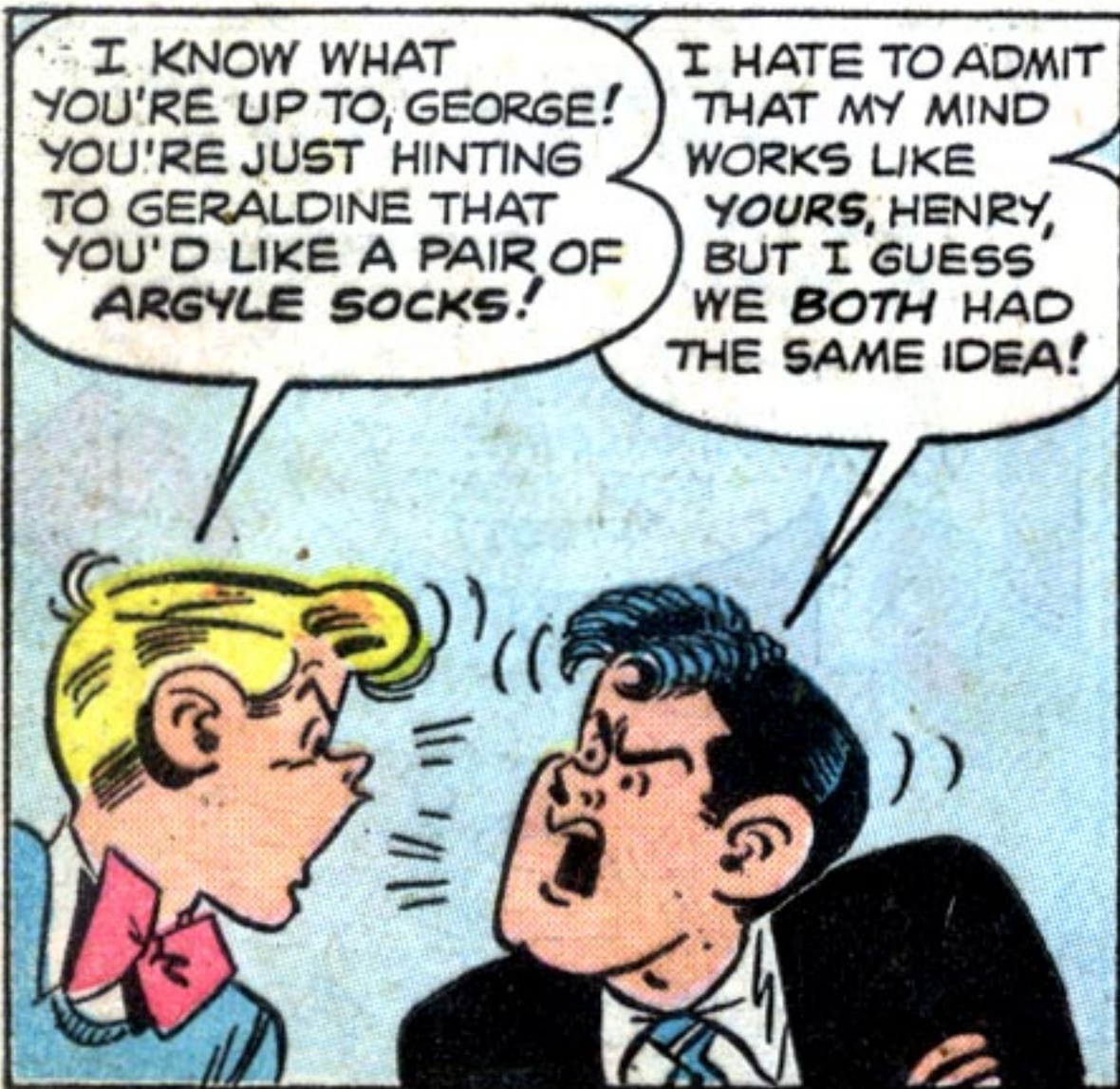
YOU'RE NOT WEARING ANY SOCKS, GEORGE!

NEITHER ARE YOU!



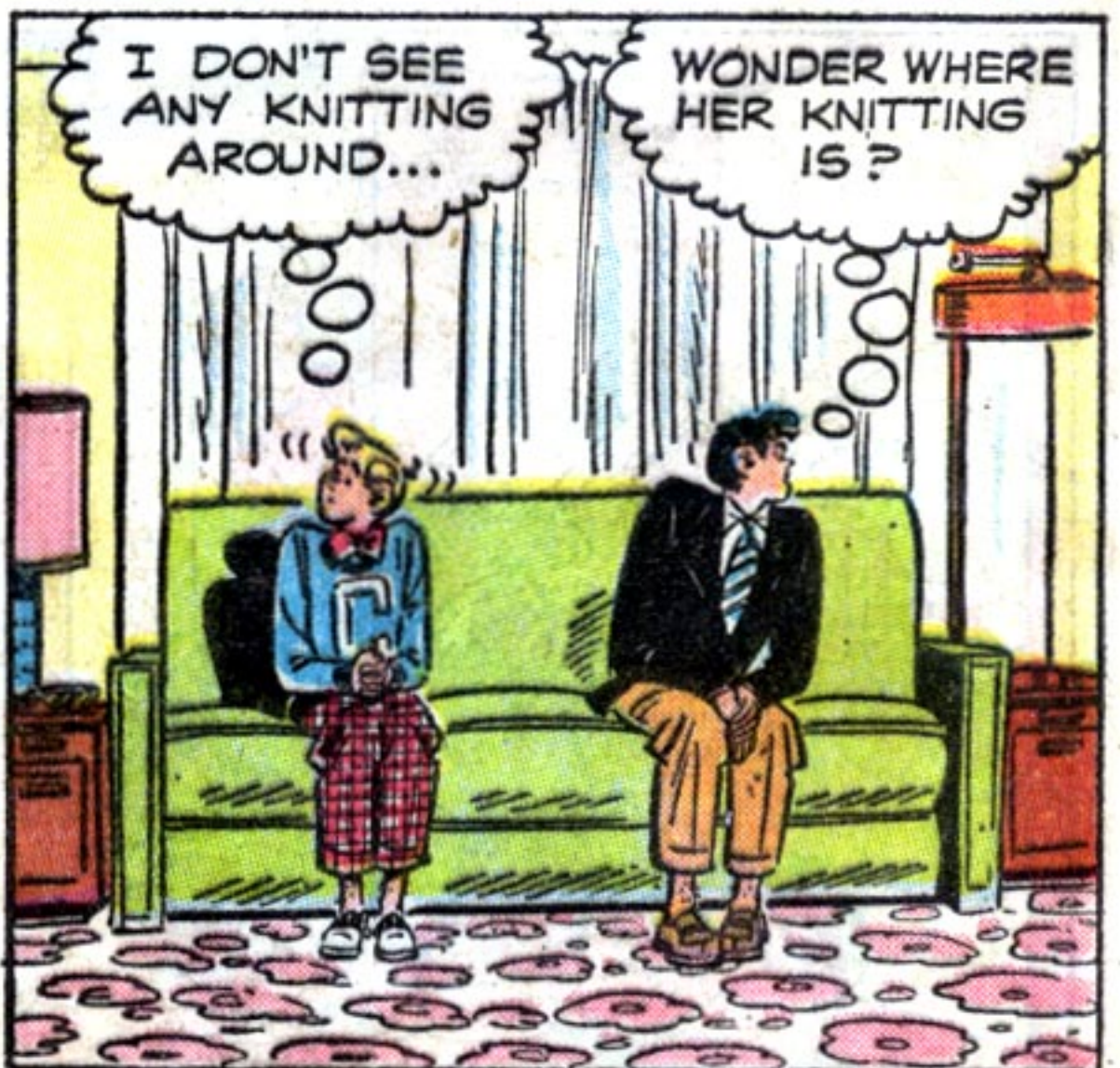
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, GEORGE! YOU'RE JUST HINTING TO GERALDINE THAT YOU'D LIKE A PAIR OF **ARGYLE SOCKS!**

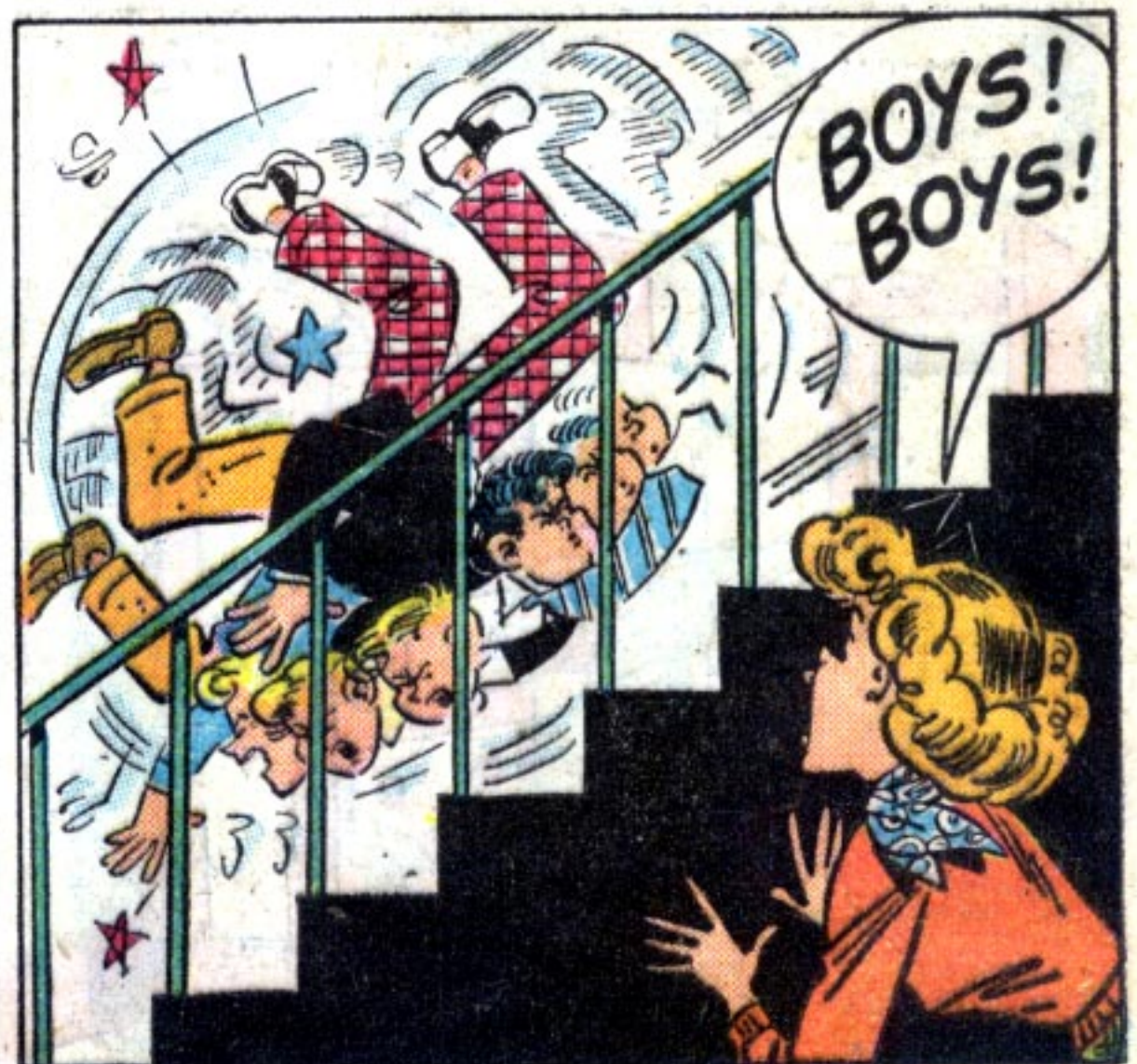
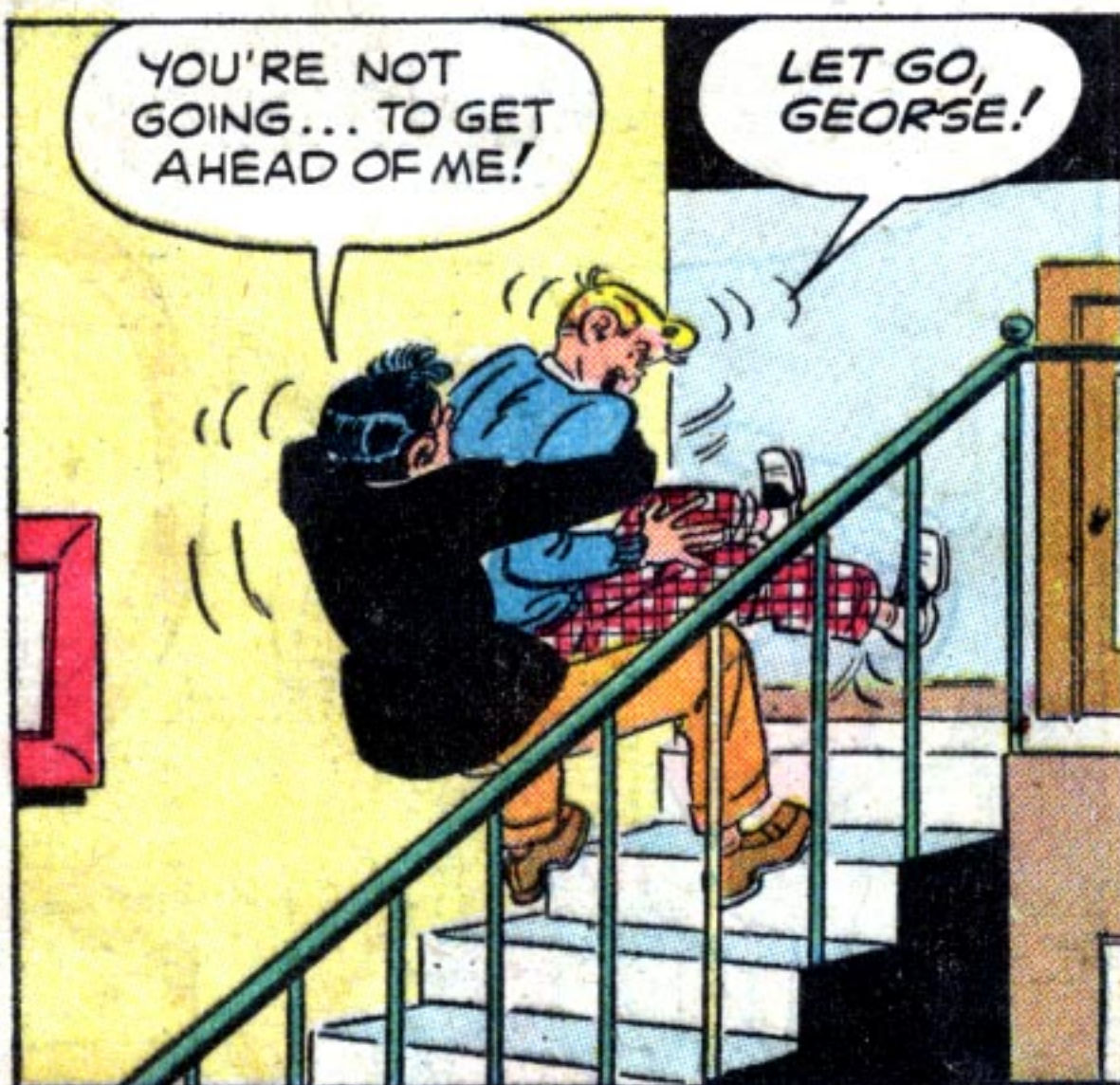
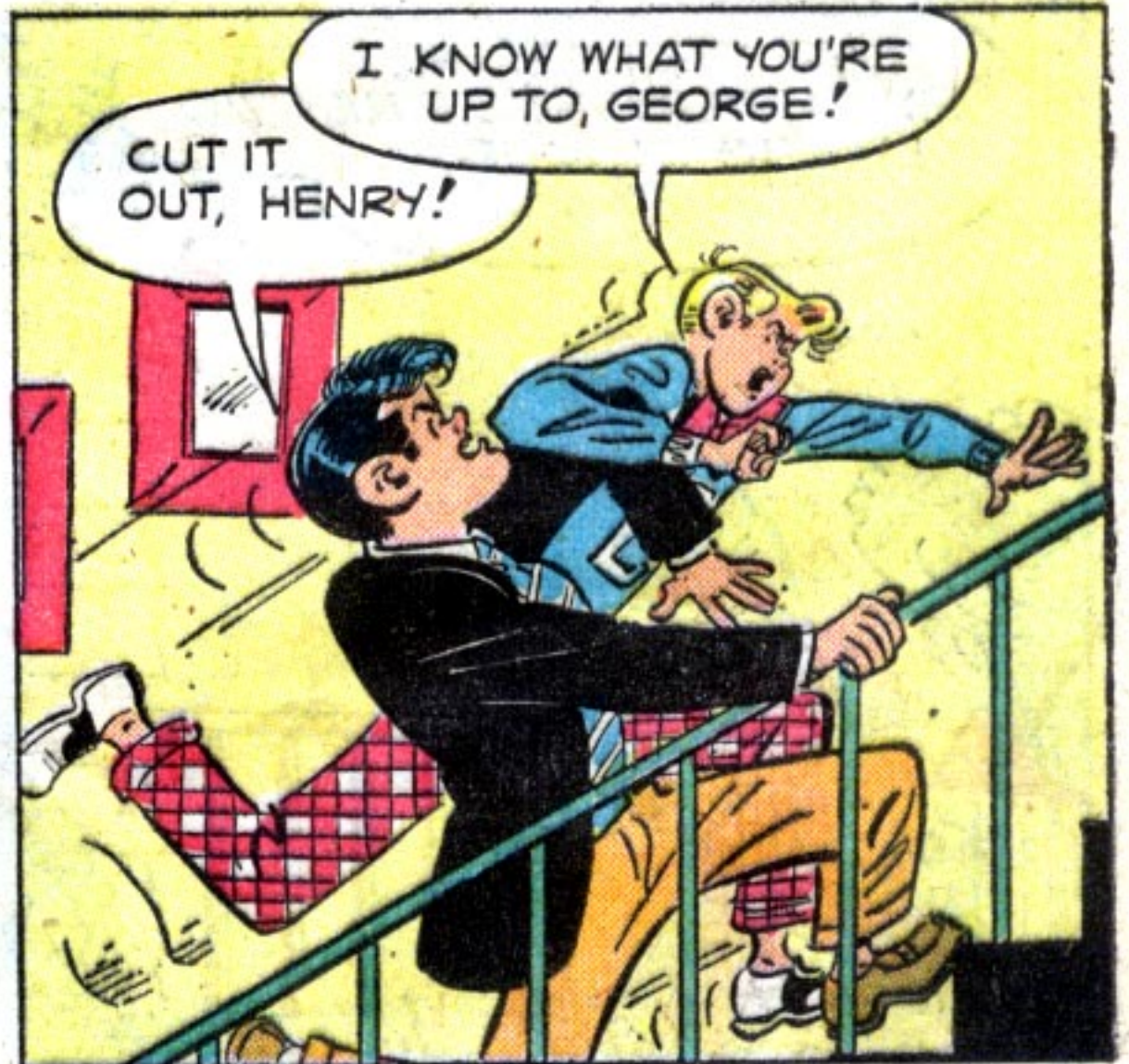
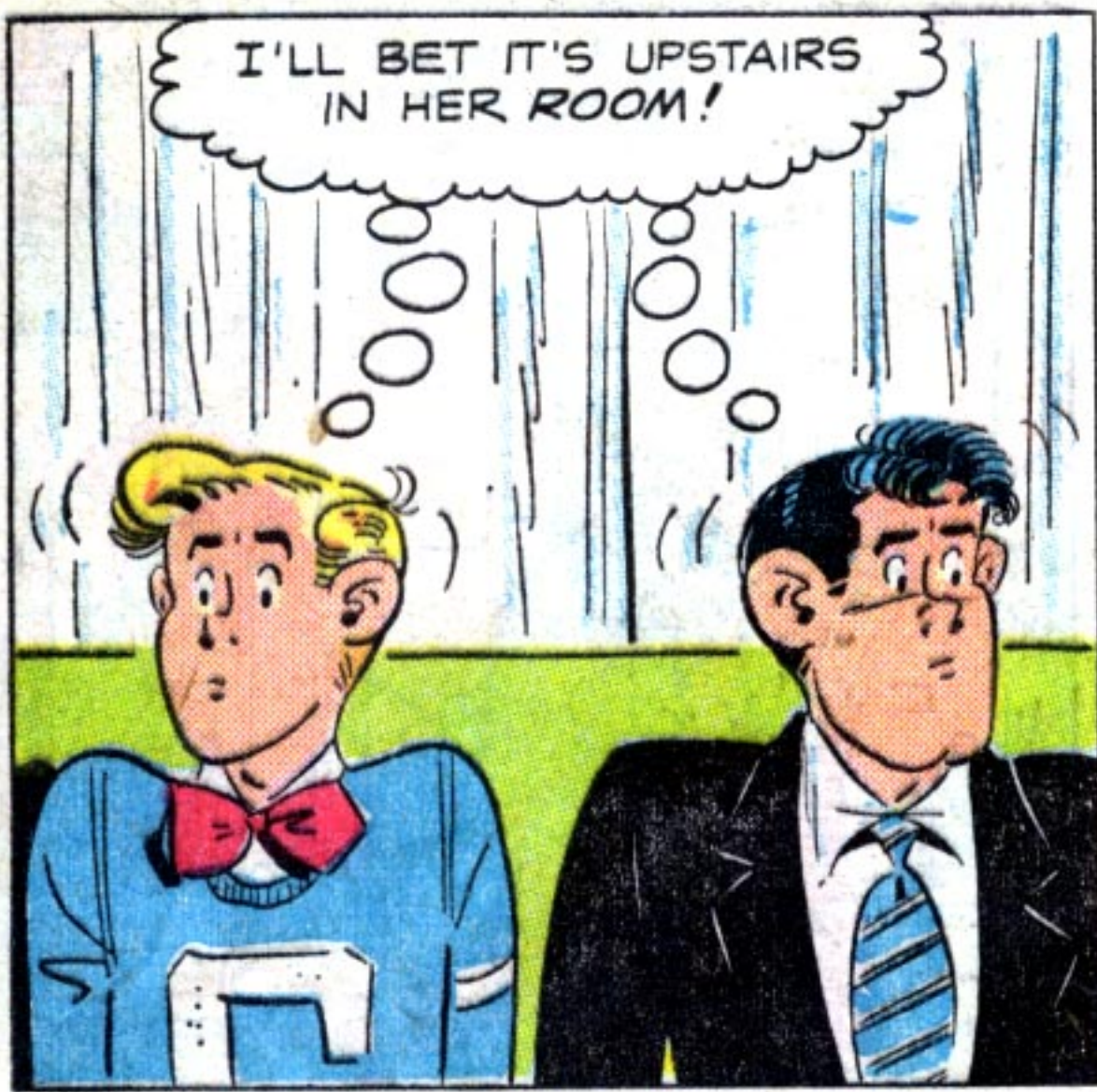
I HATE TO ADMIT THAT MY MIND WORKS LIKE **YOURS, HENRY,** BUT I GUESS WE **BOTH** HAD THE SAME IDEA!

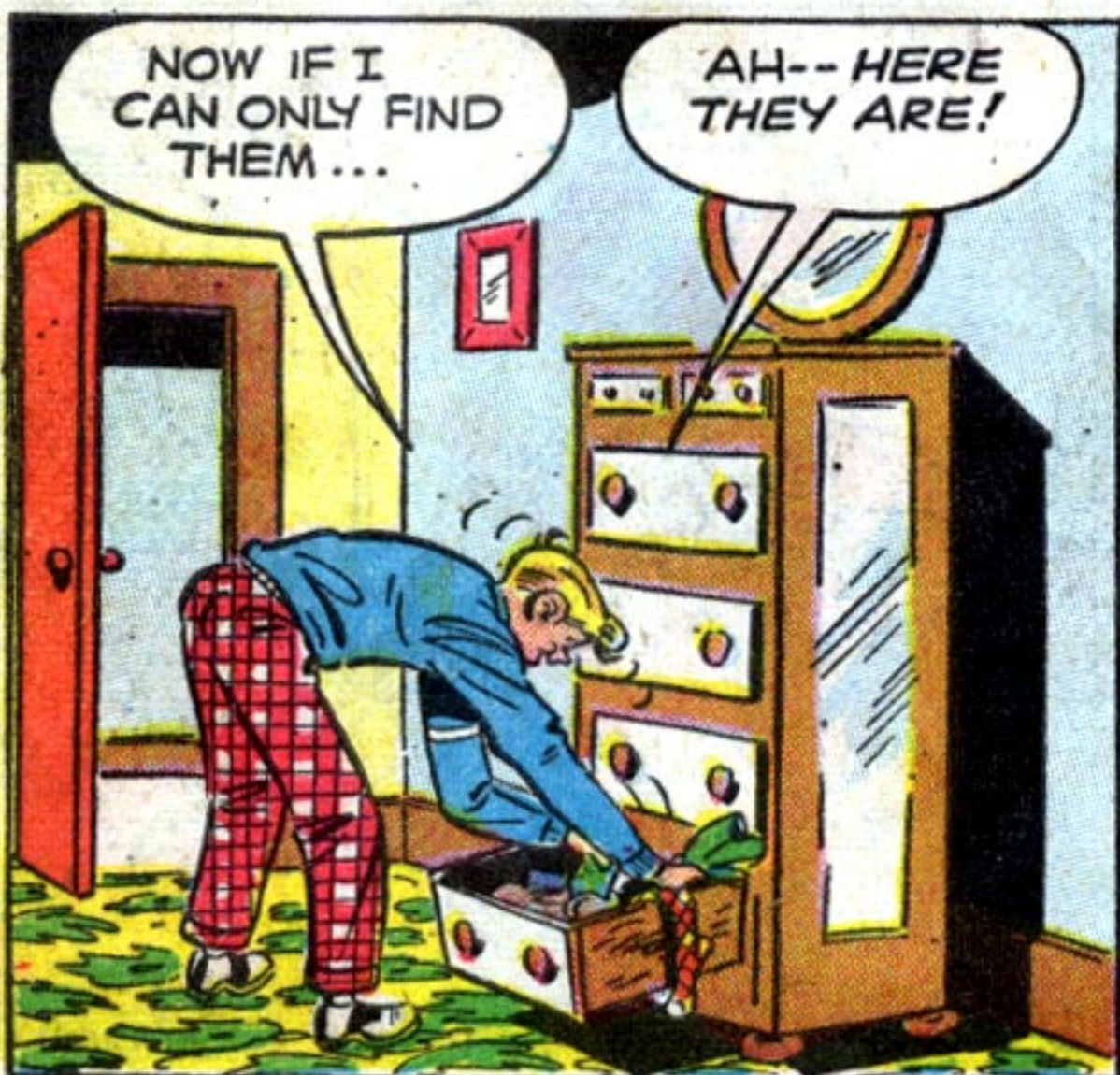


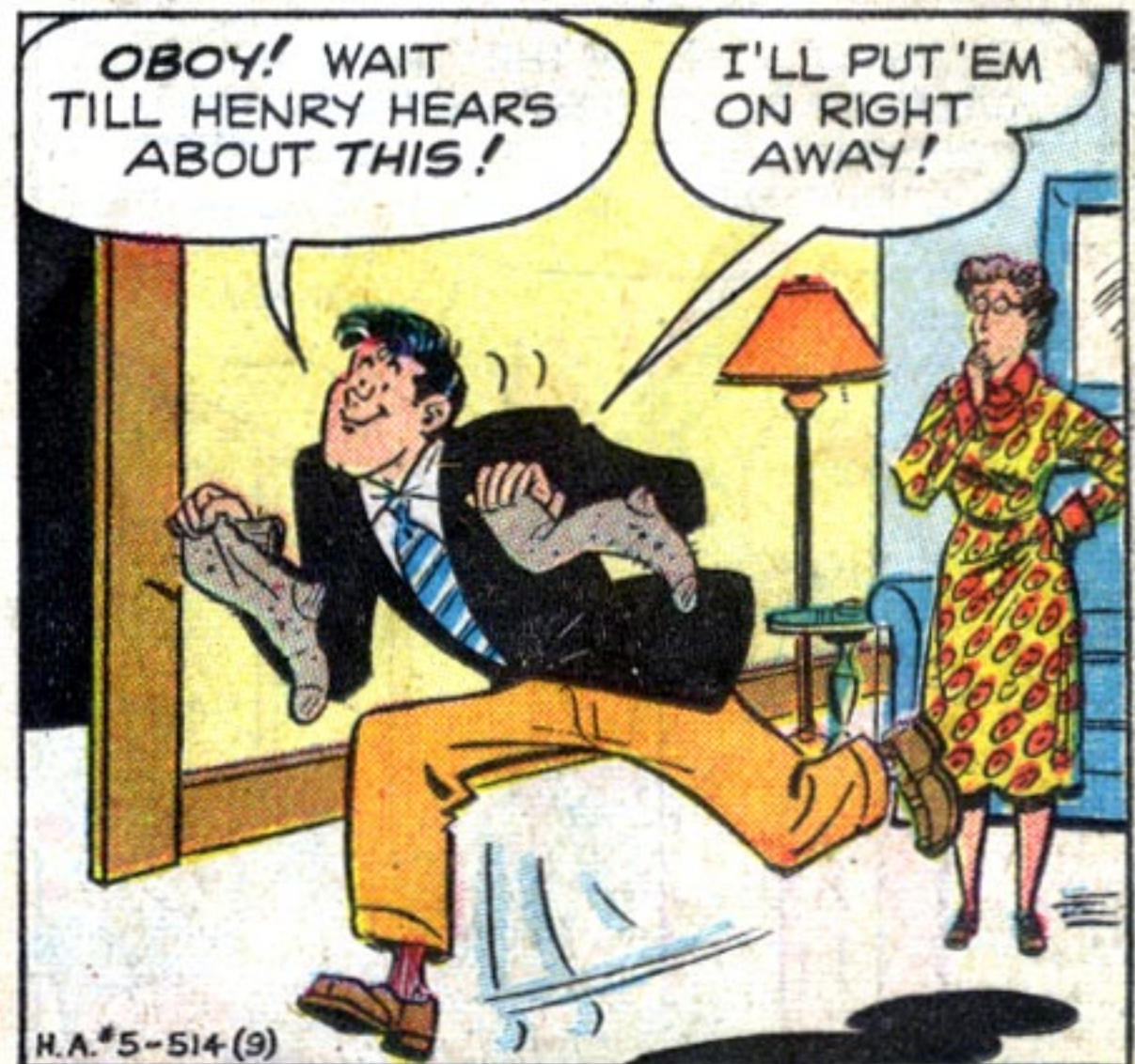
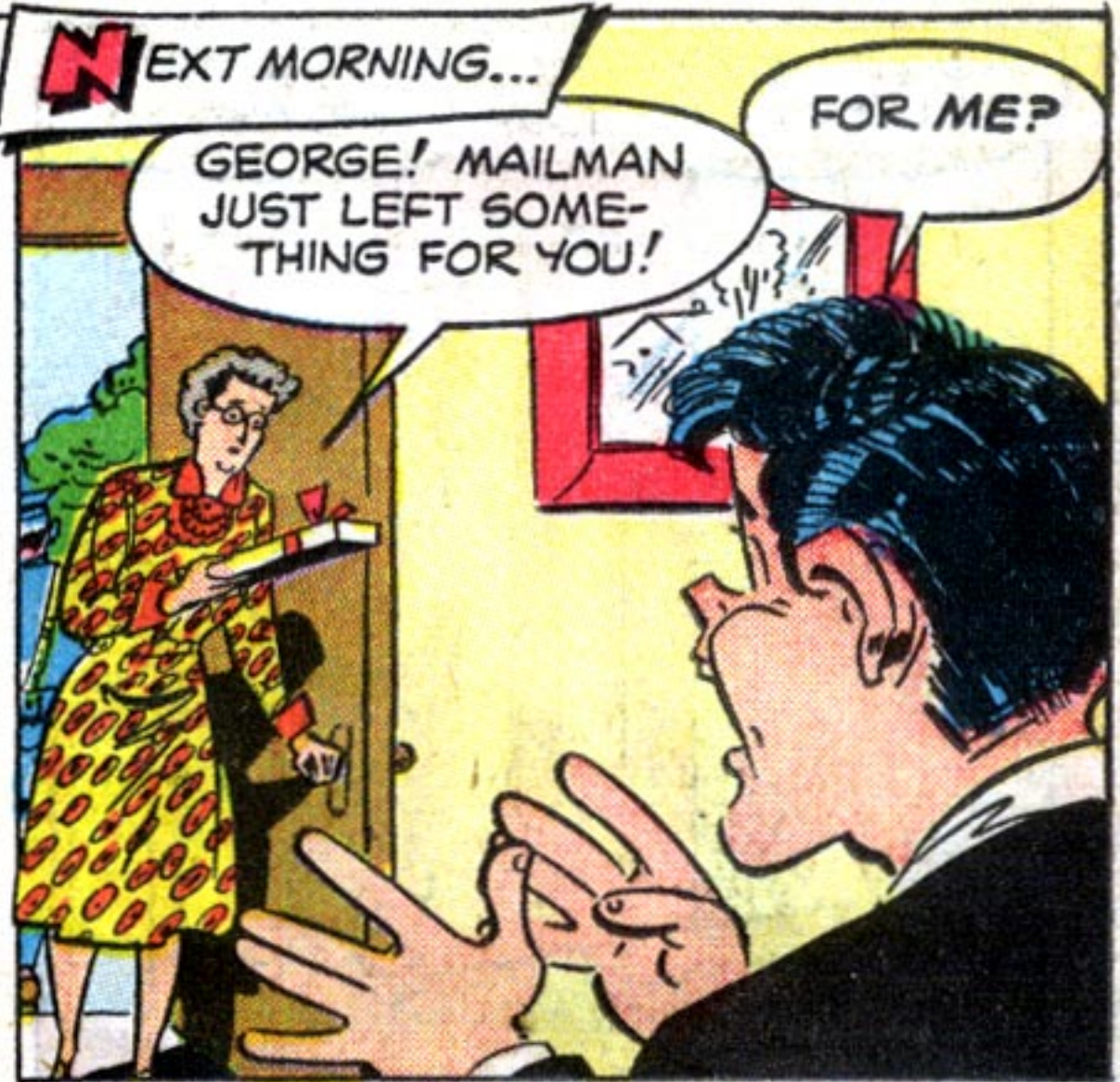
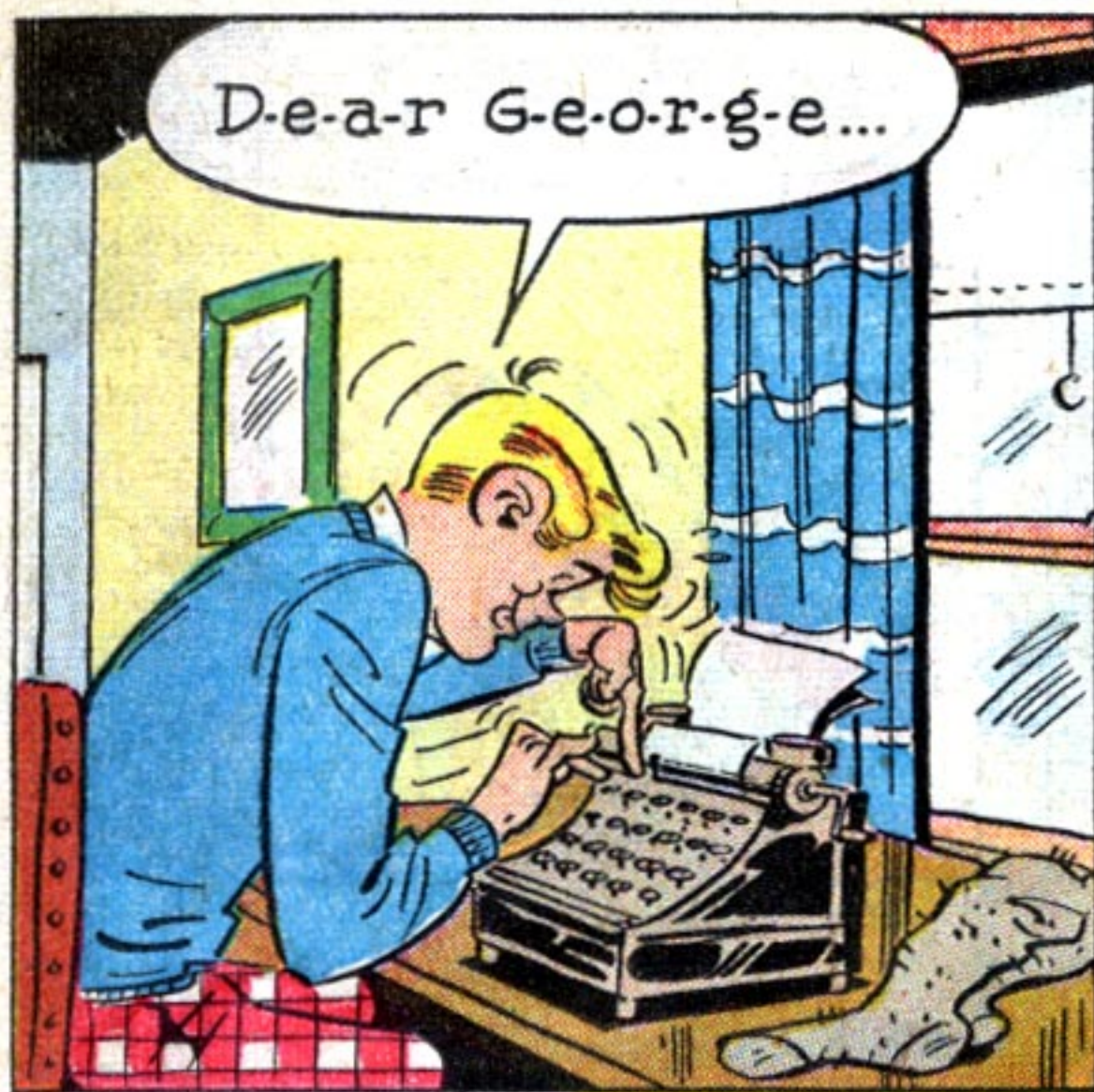
I DON'T SEE ANY KNITTING AROUND...

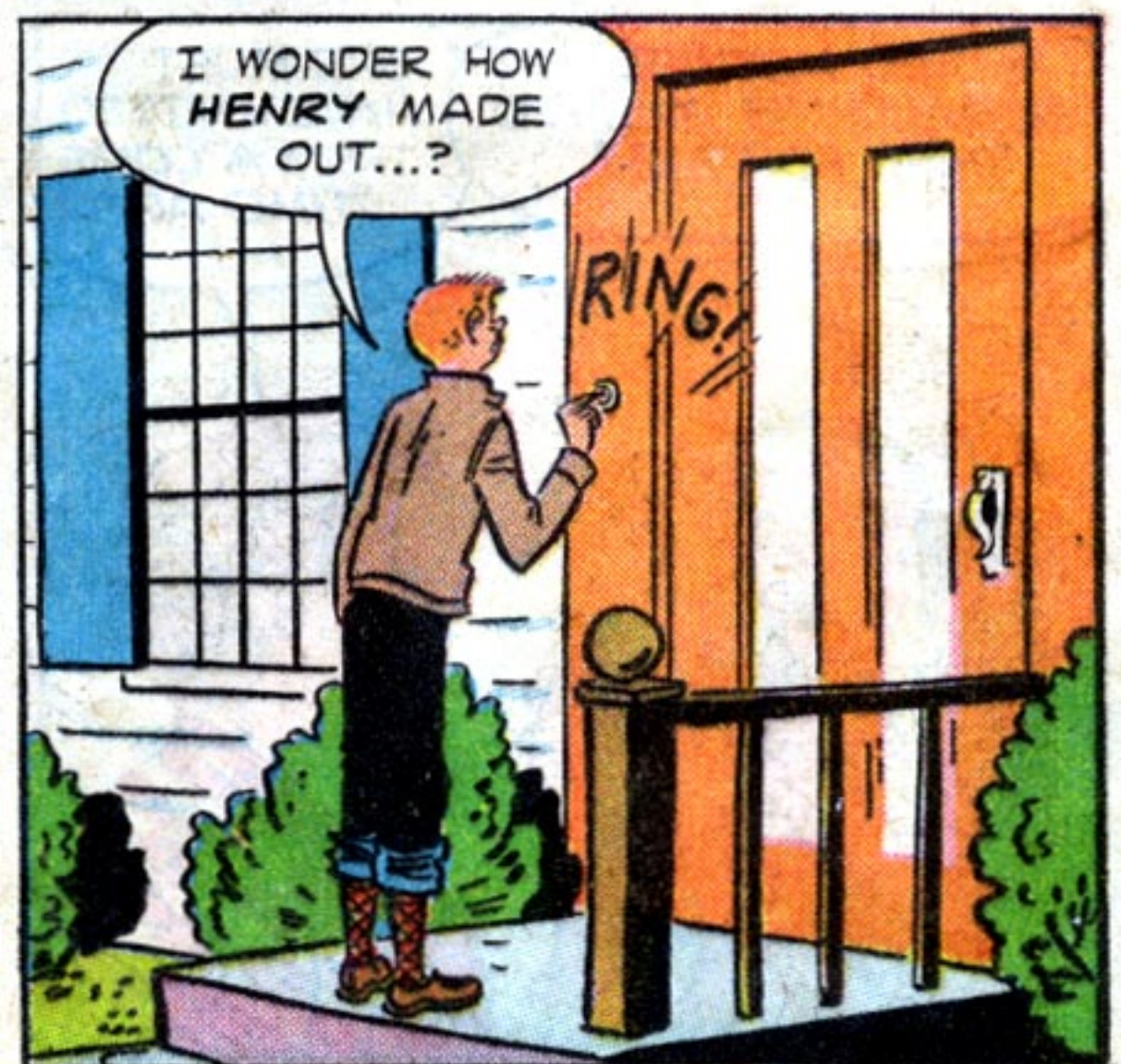
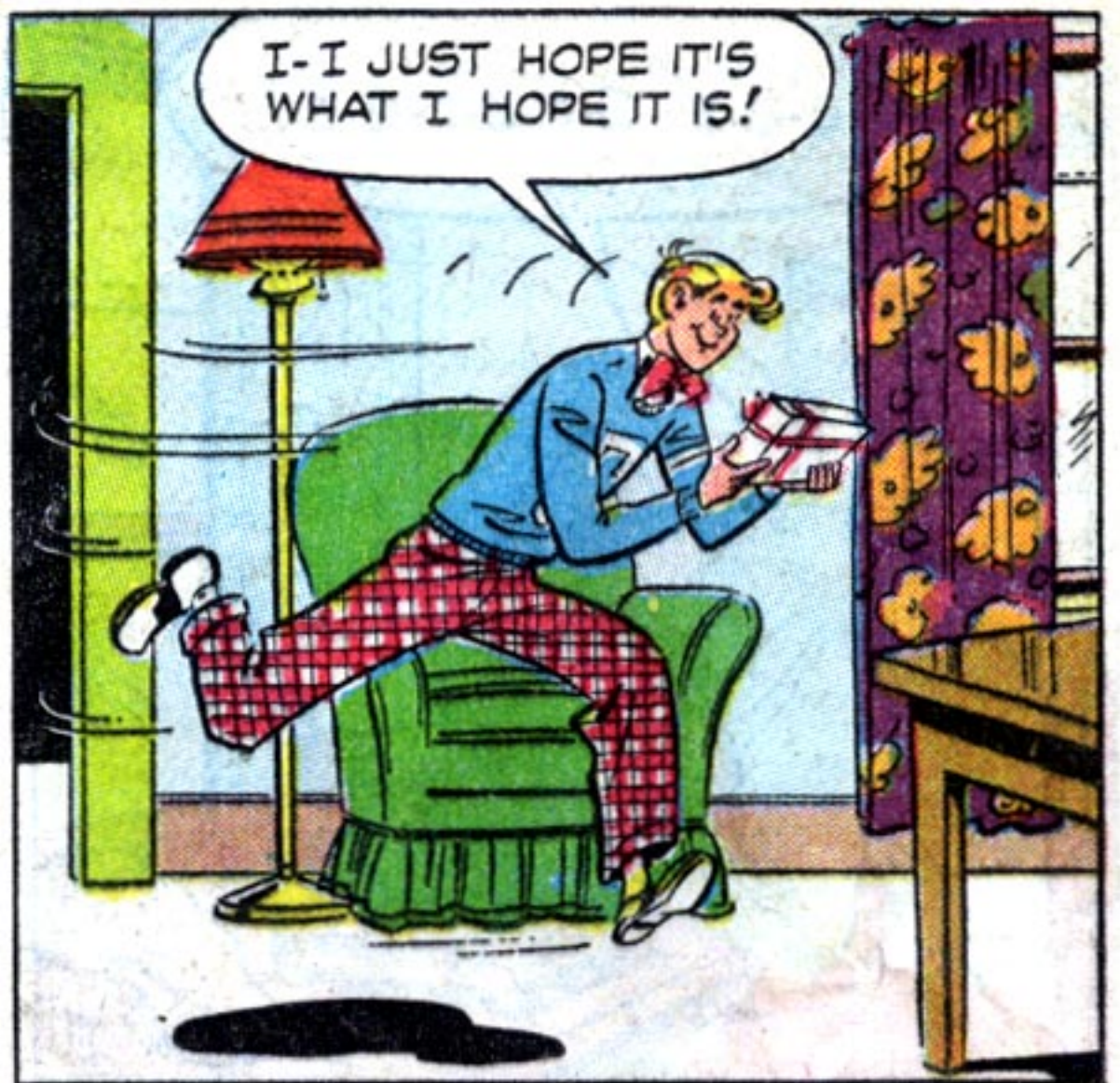
WONDER WHERE HER KNITTING IS?

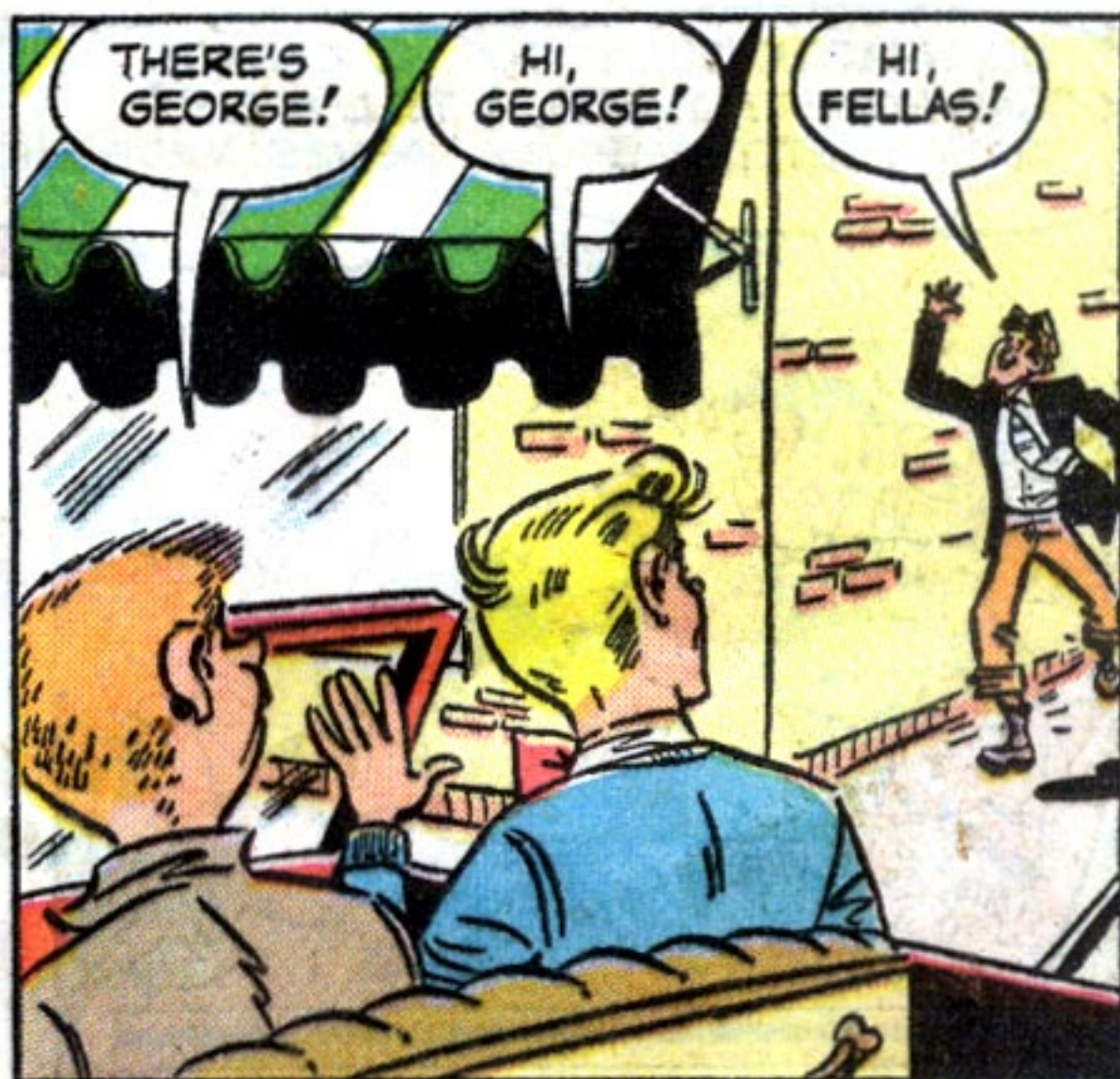
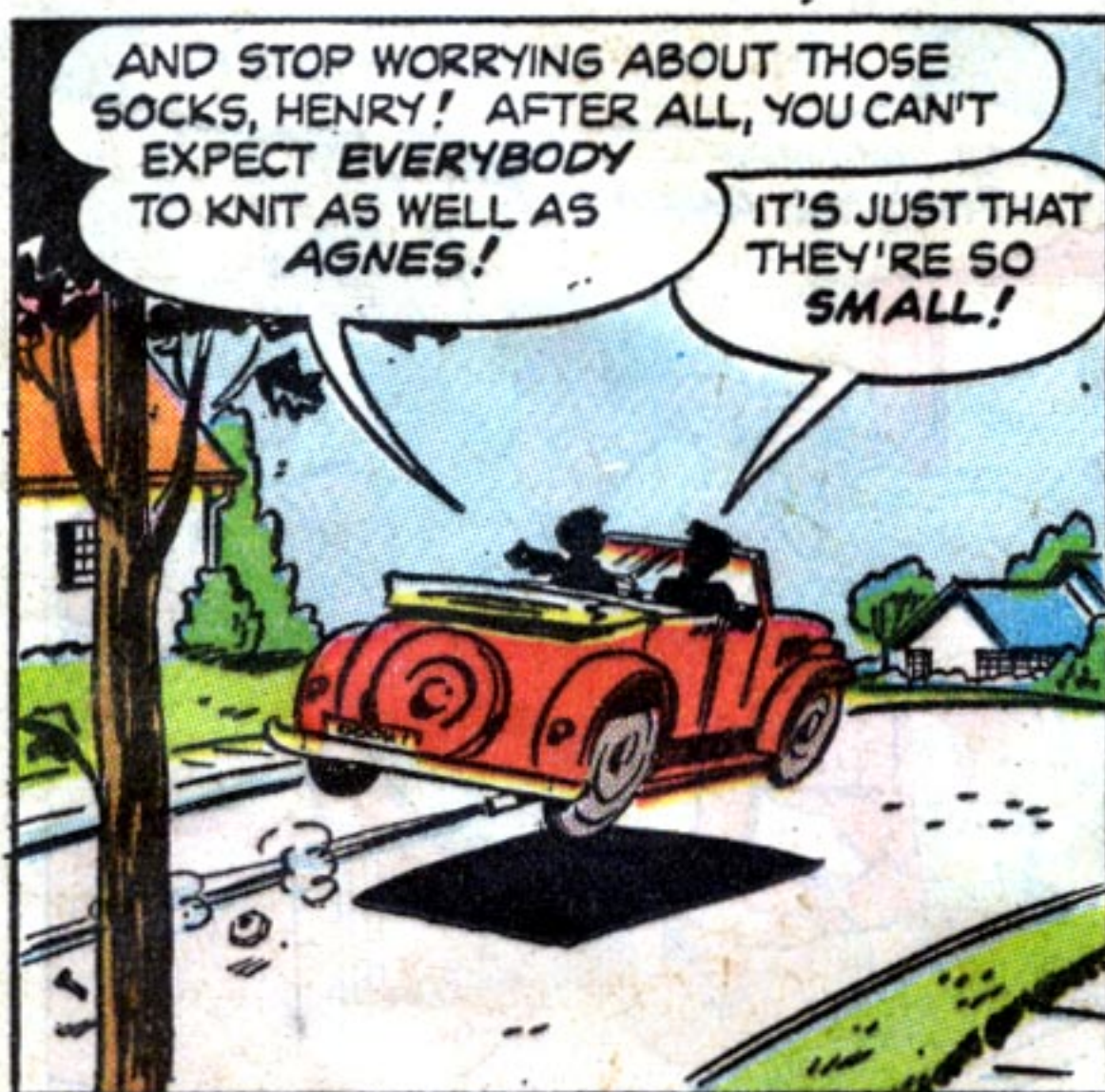


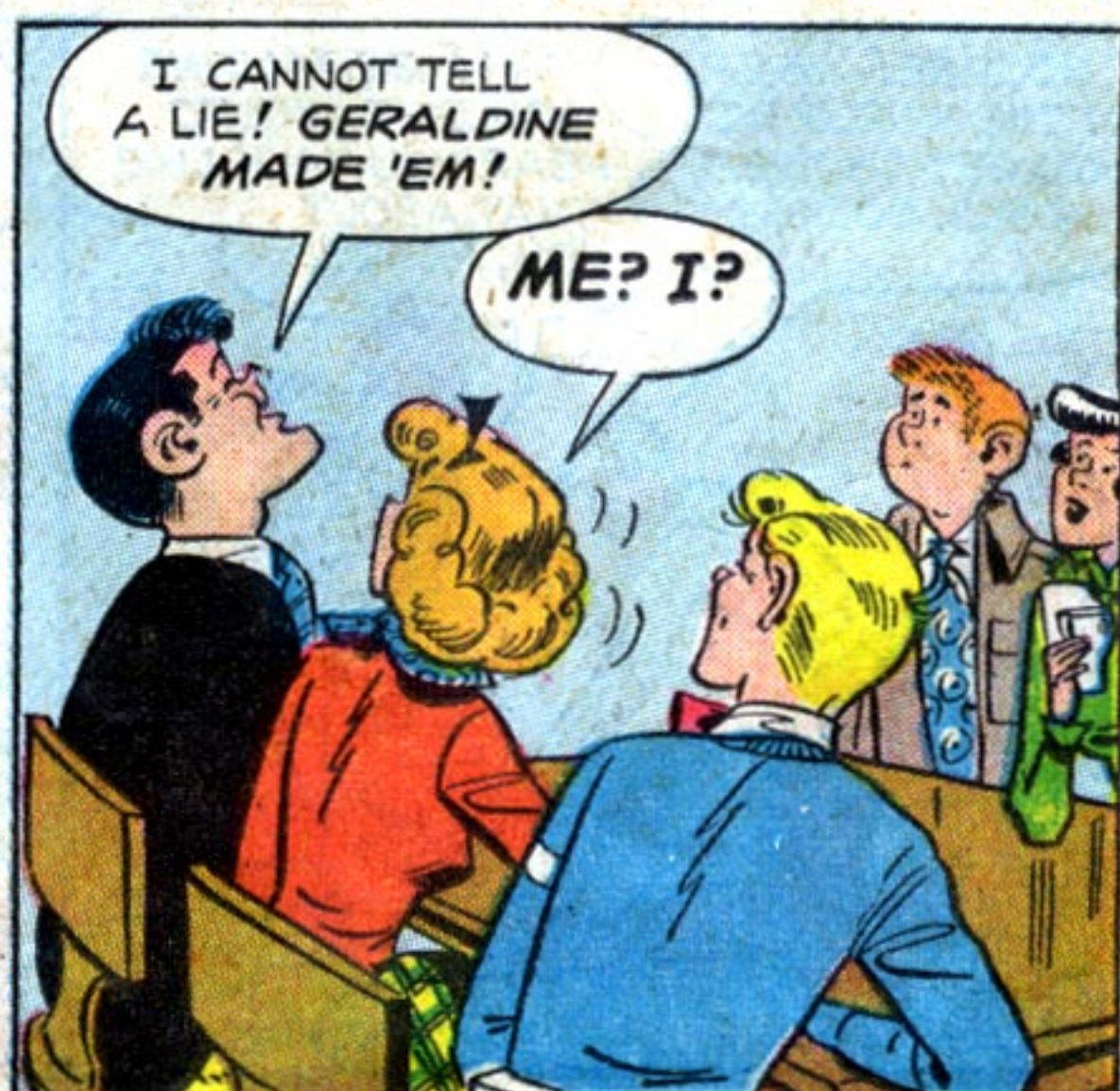
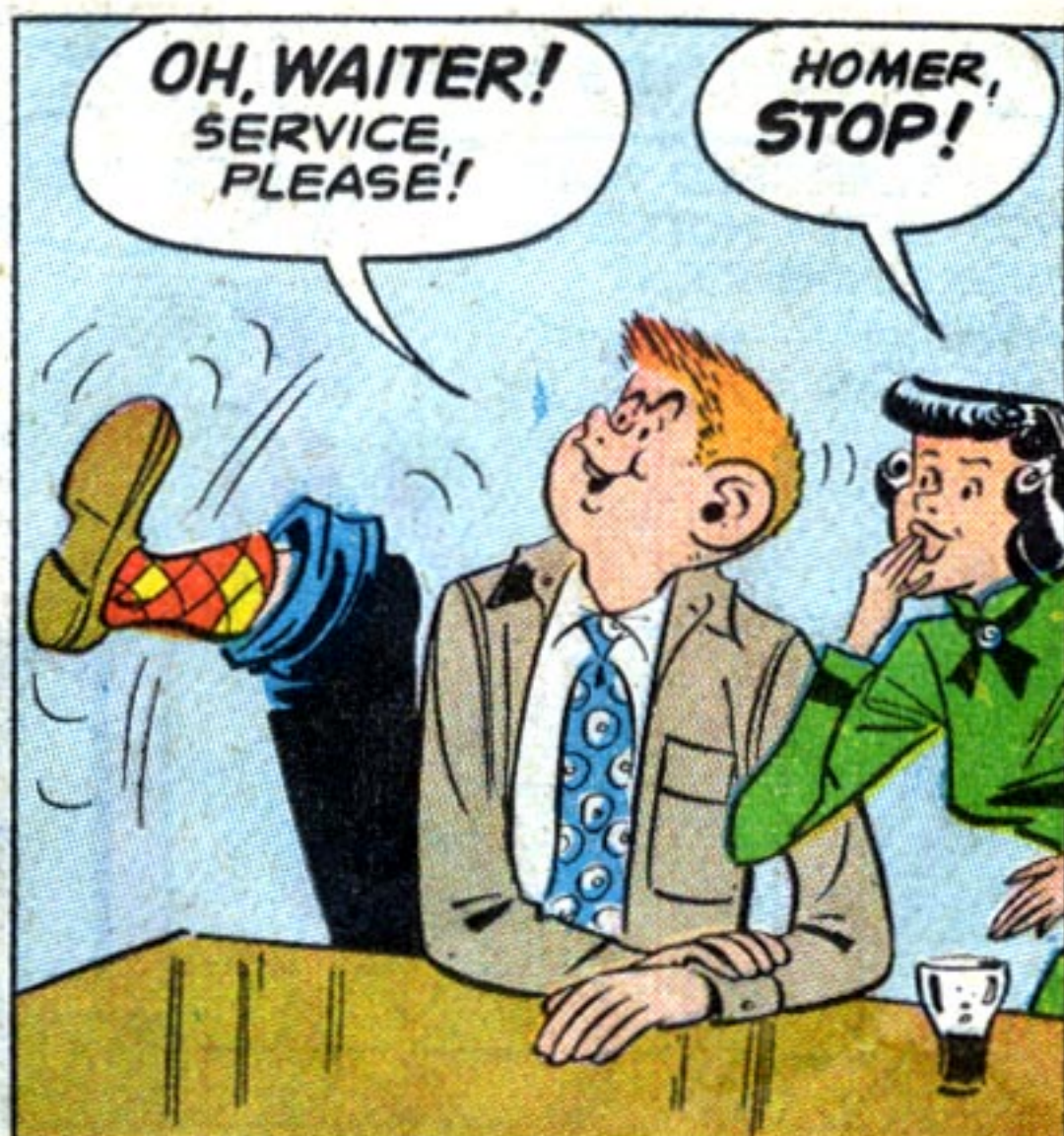
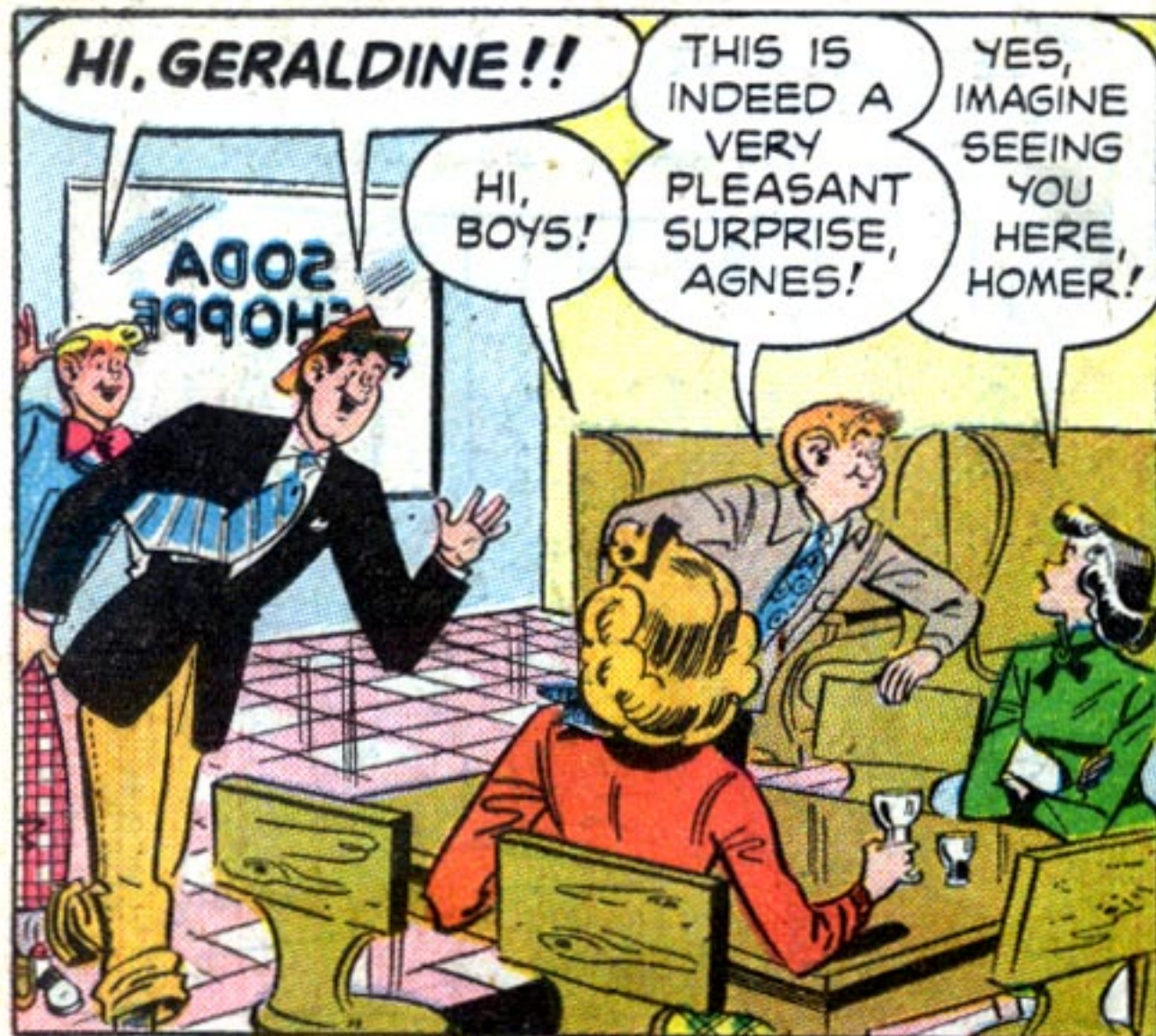


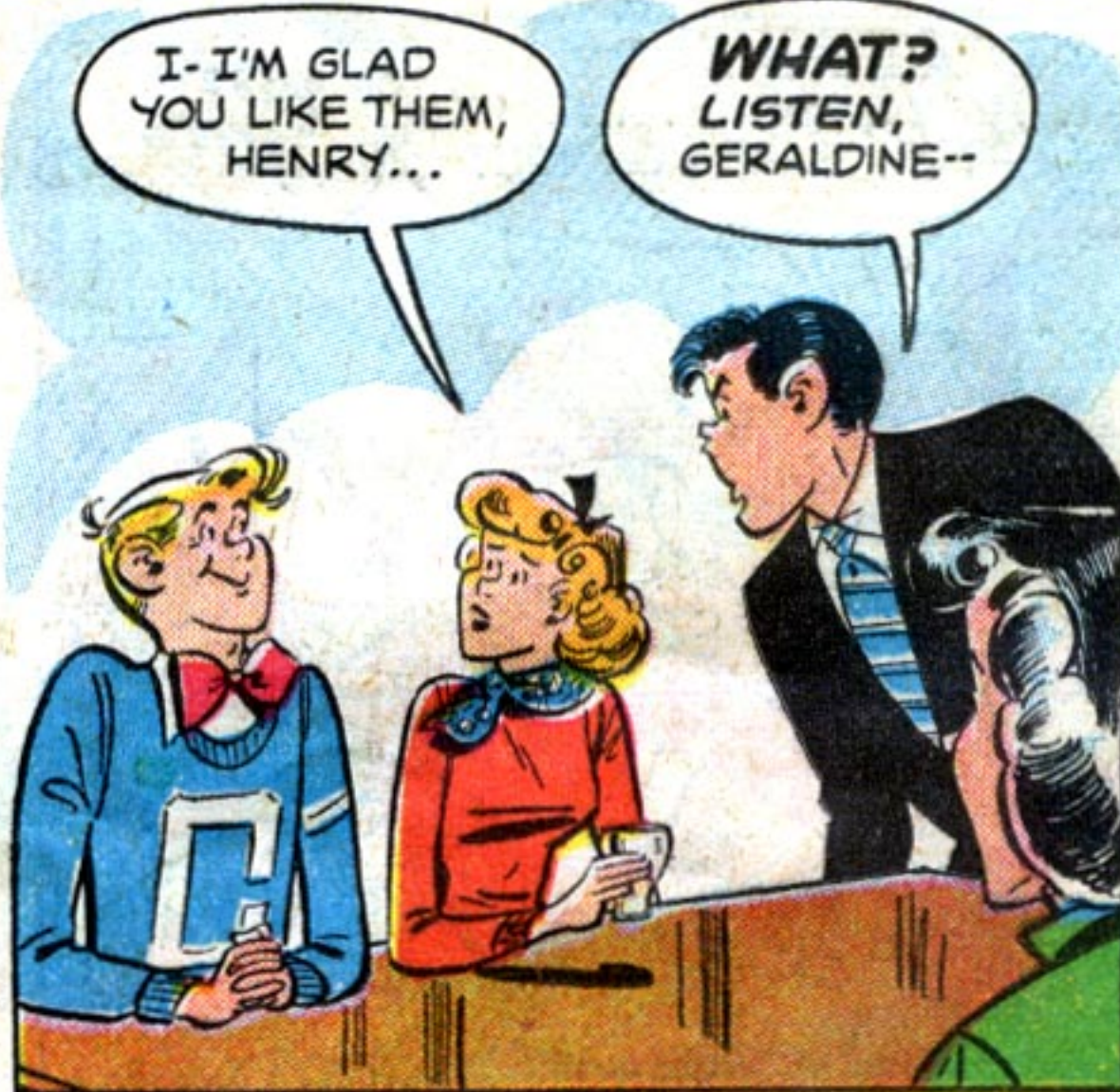
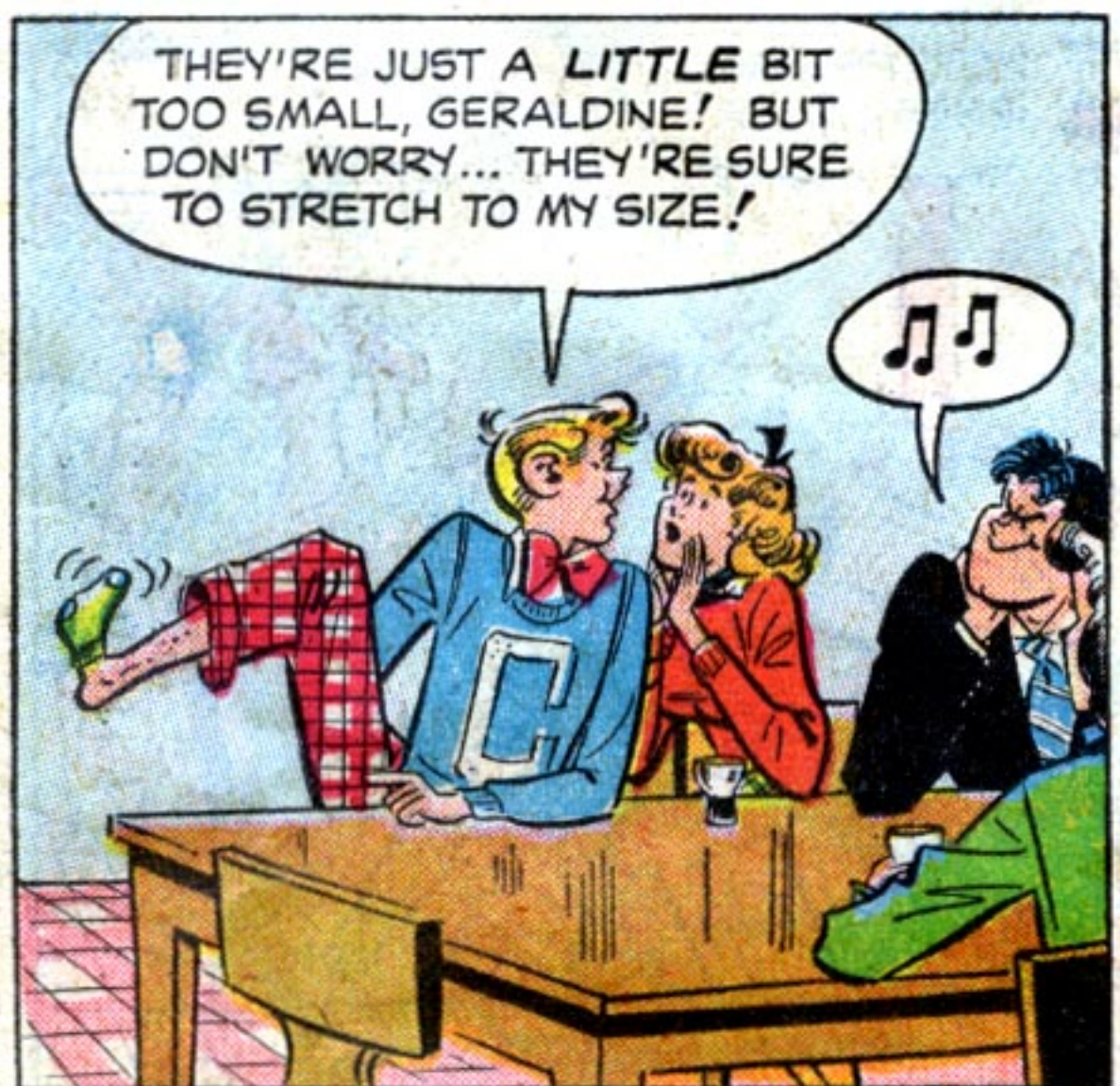


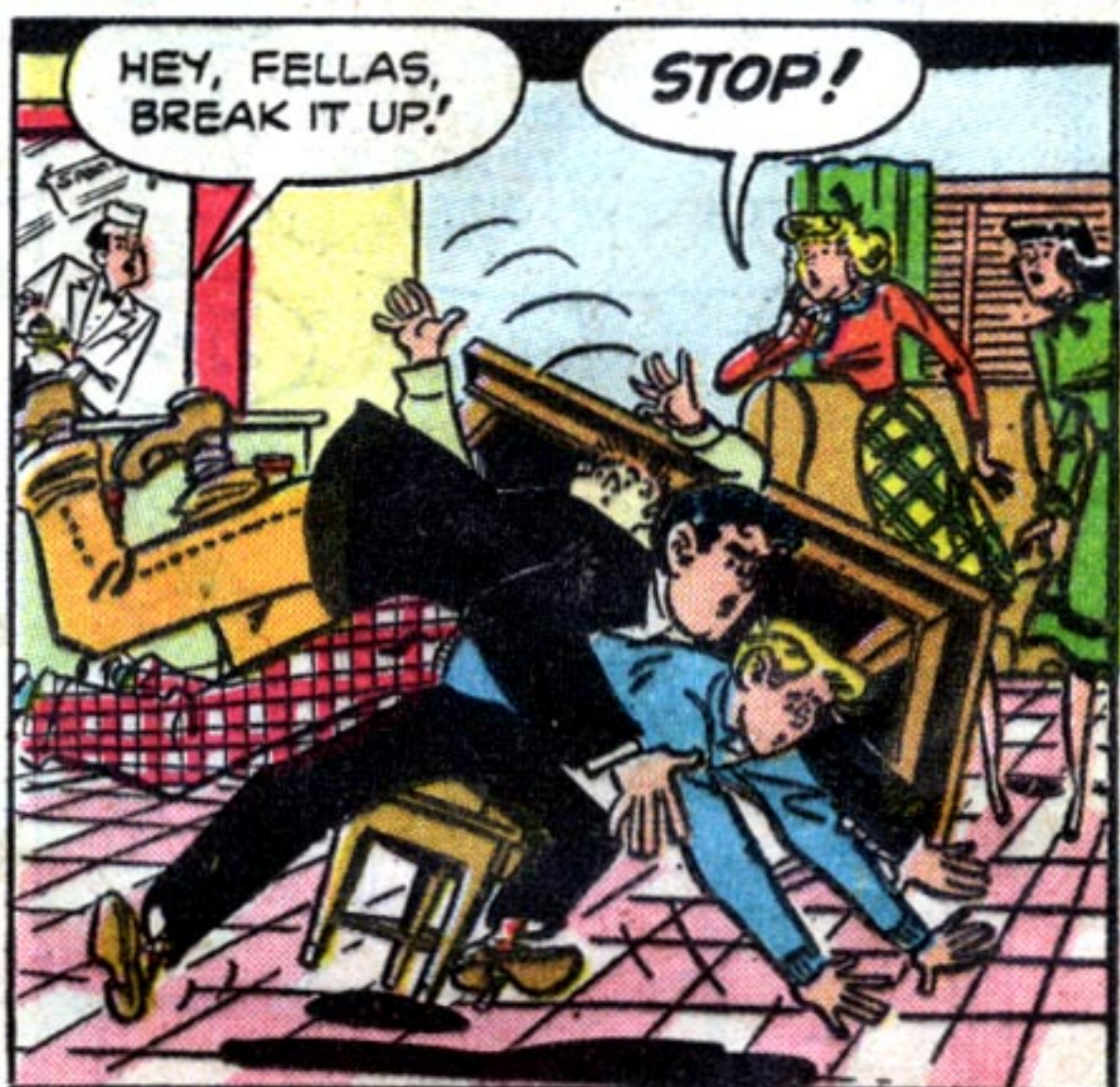
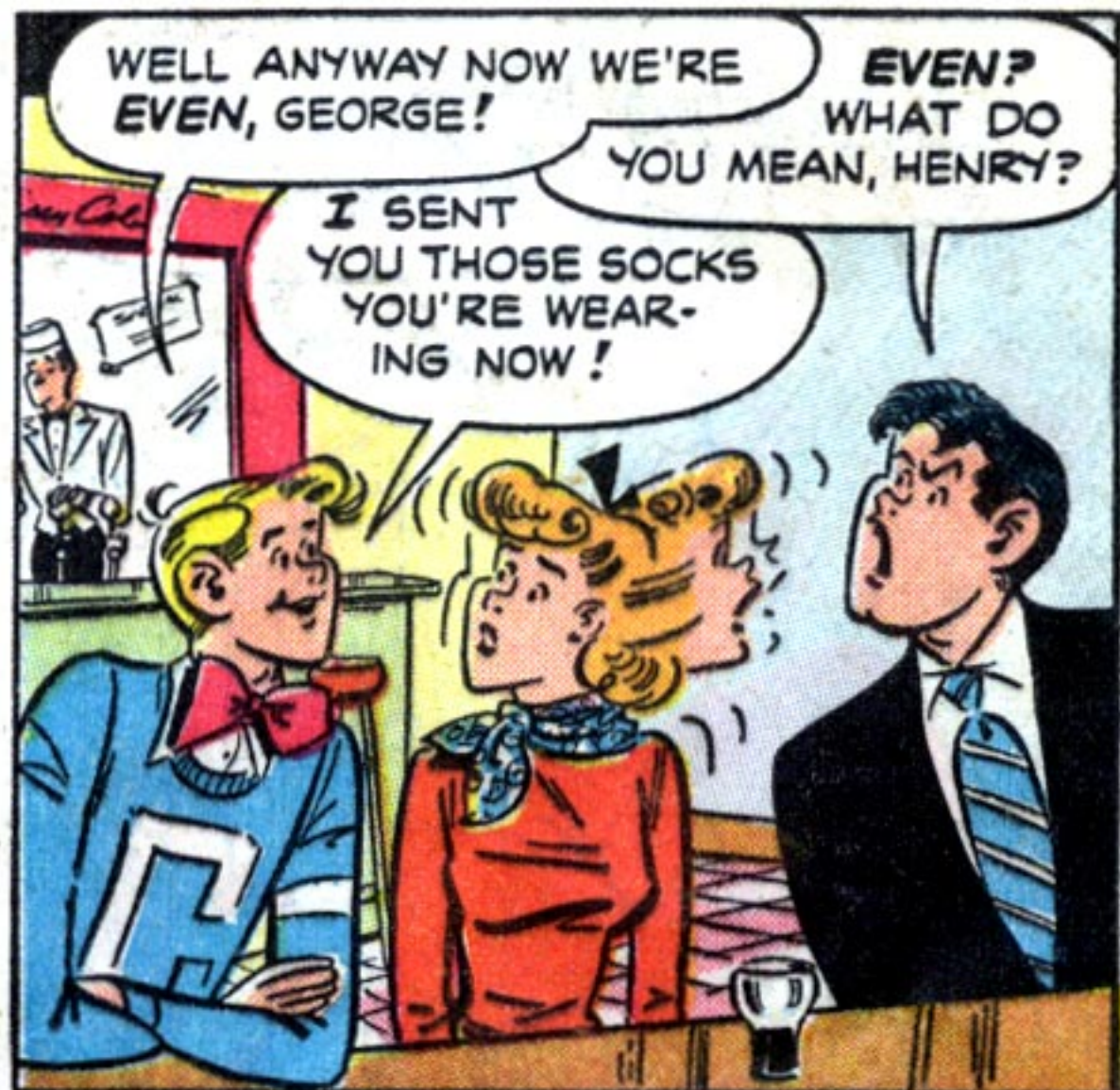




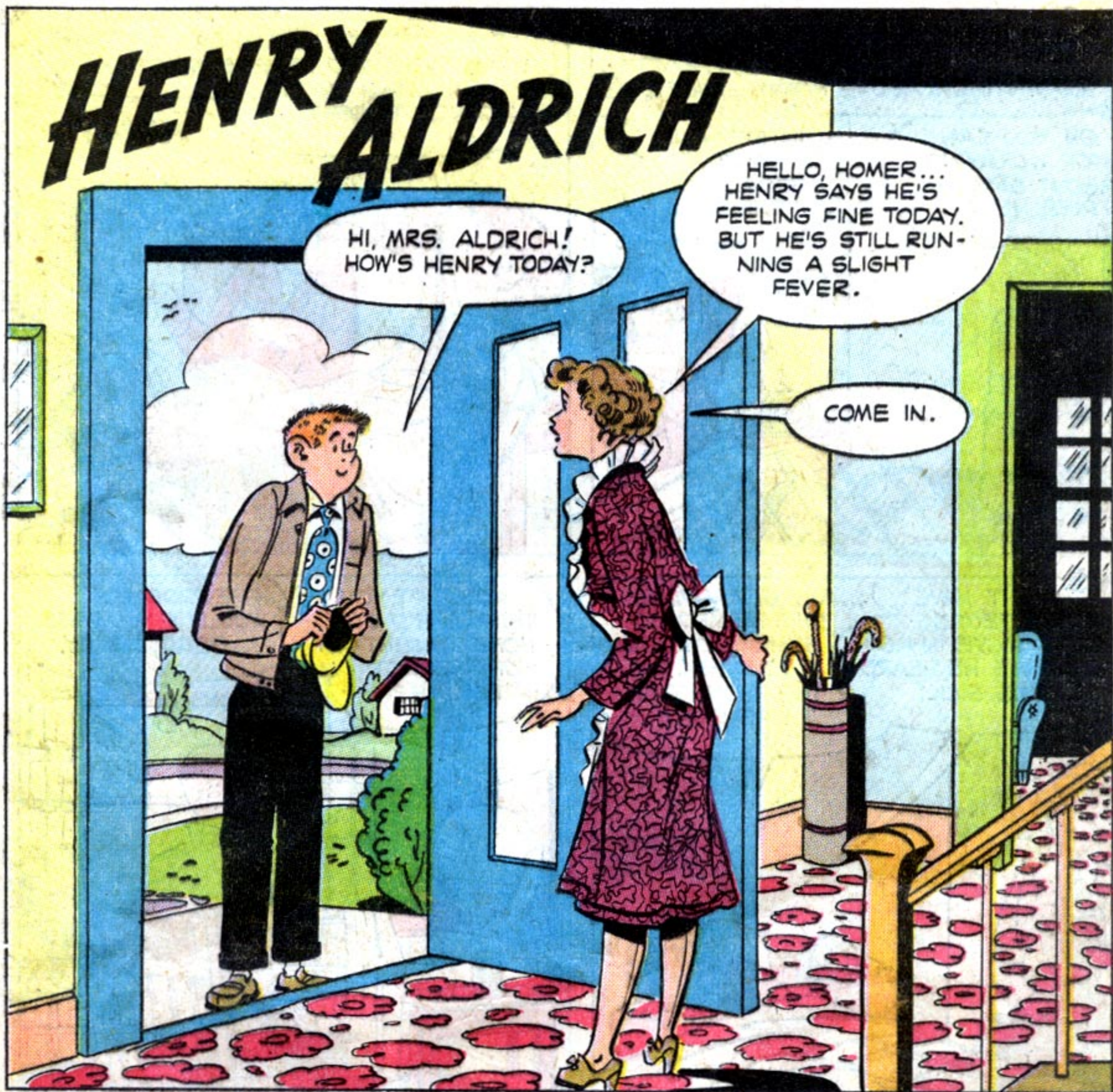


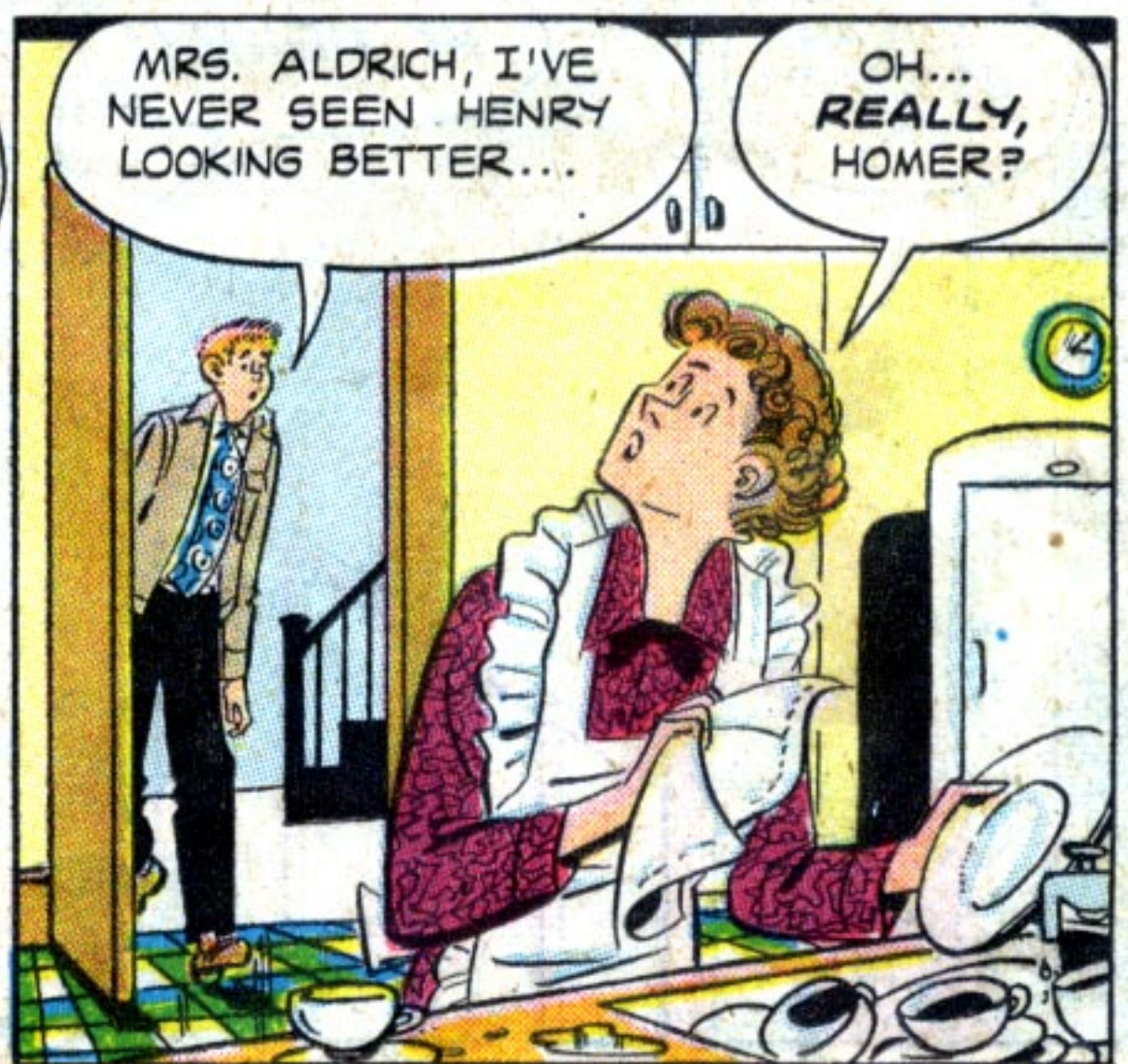
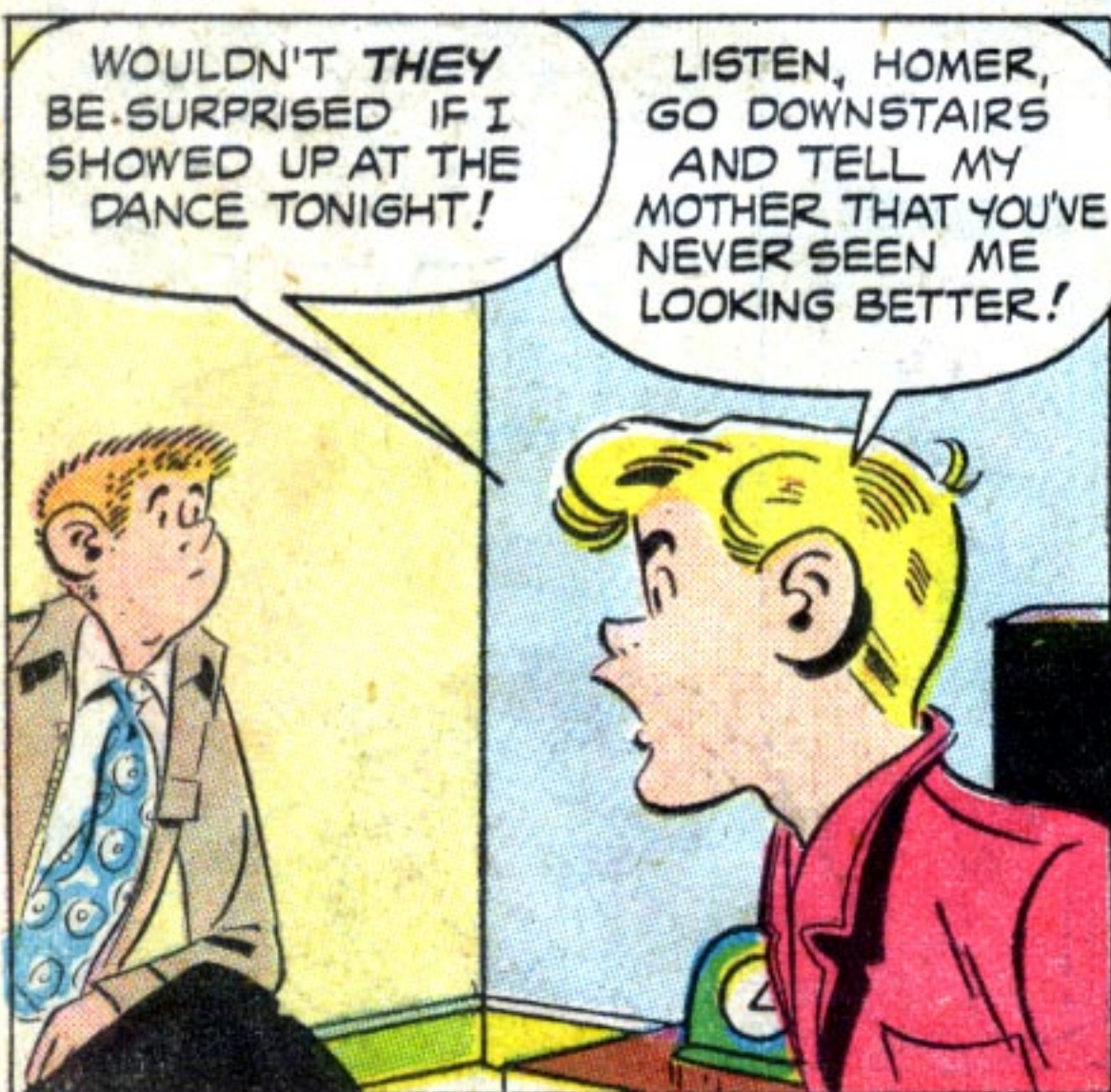
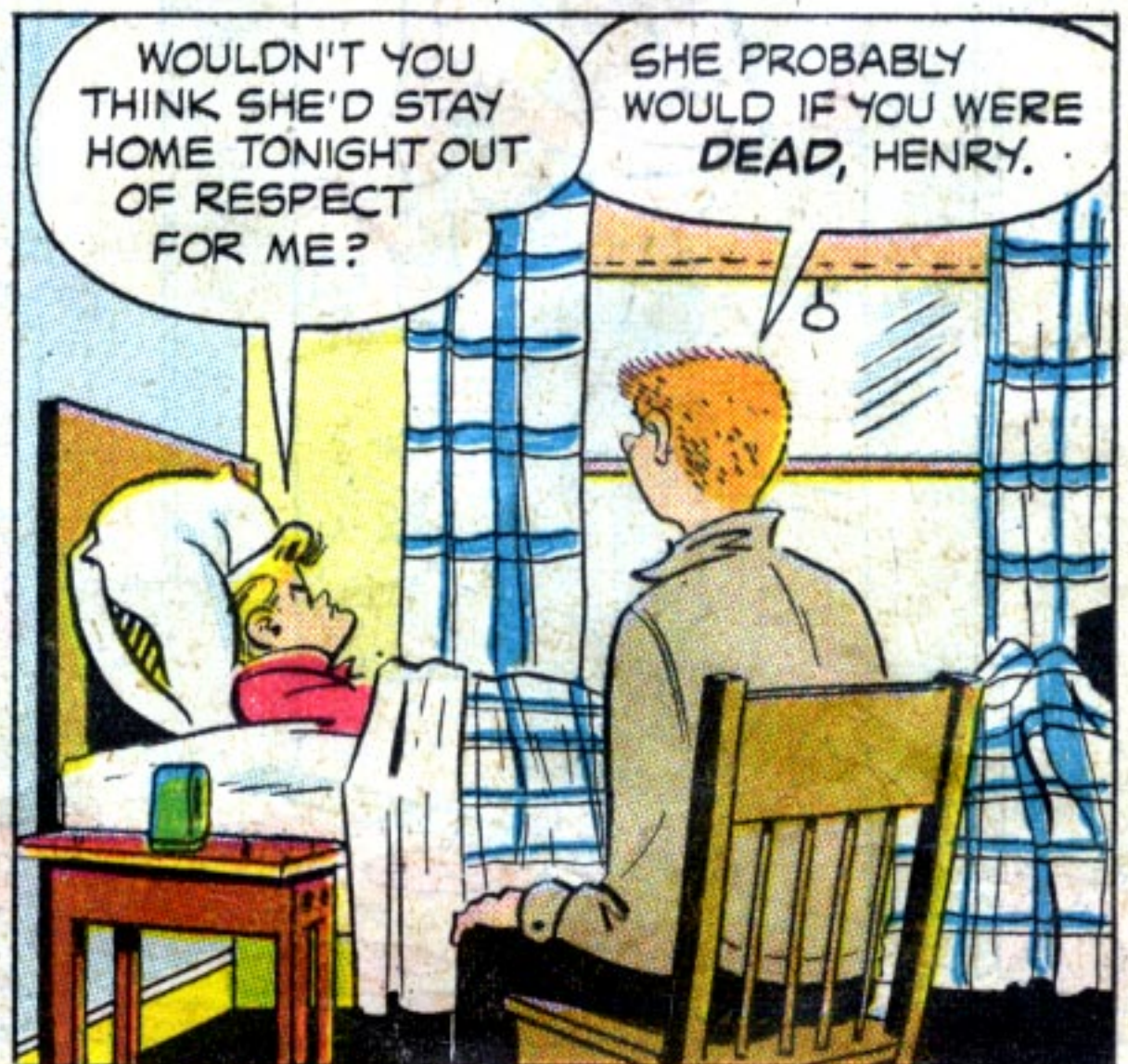
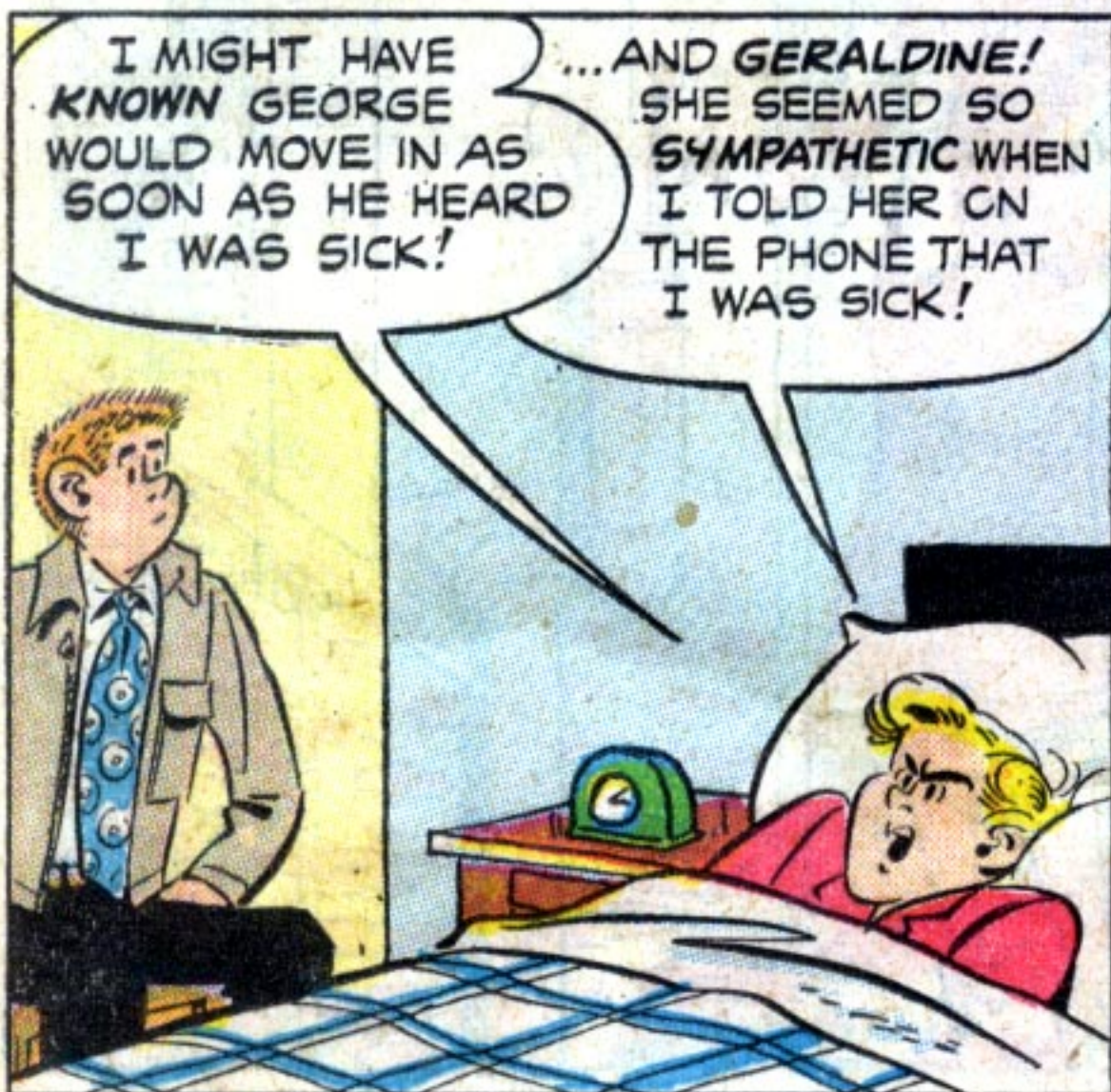
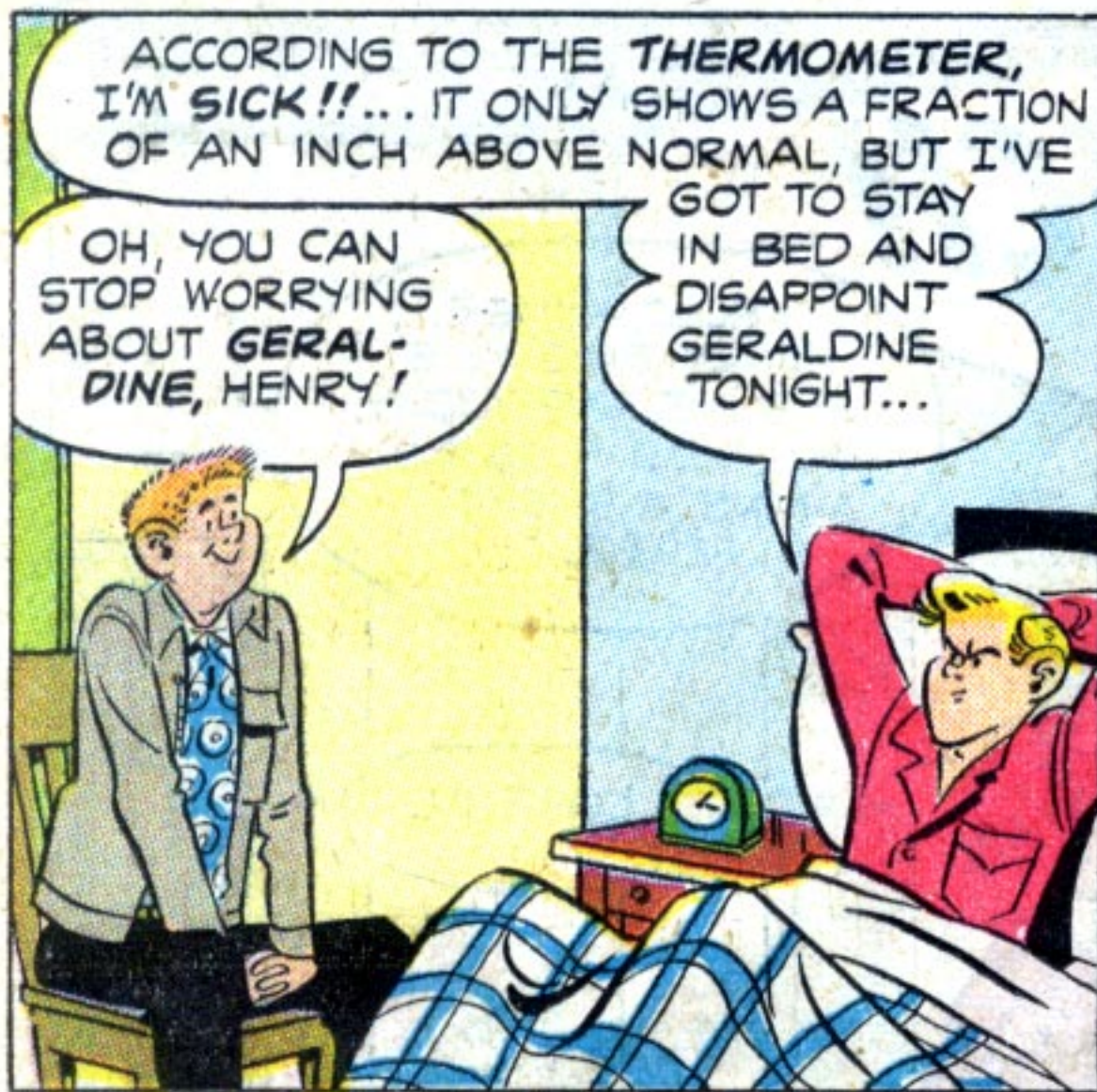


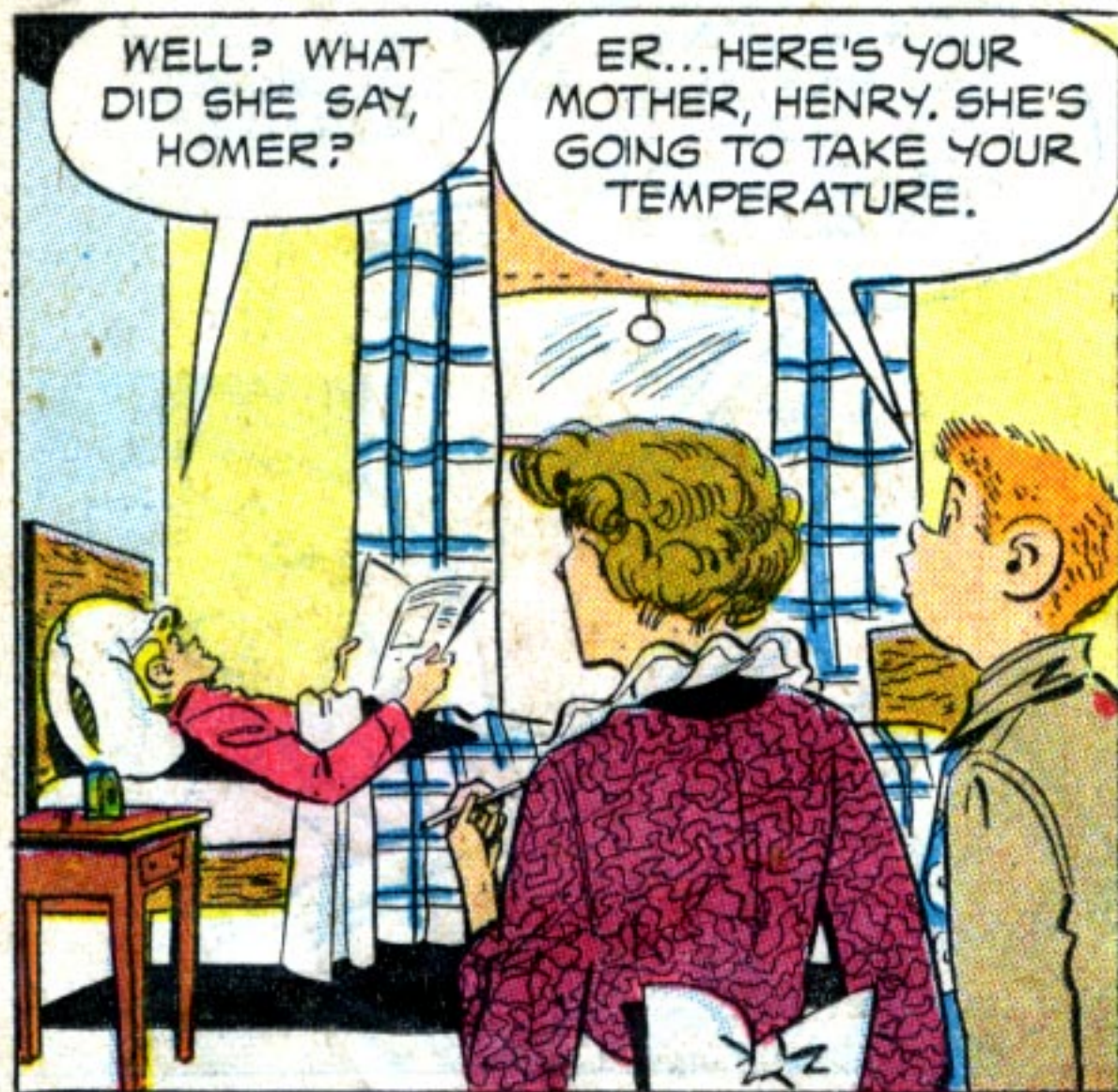




HENRY ALDRICH

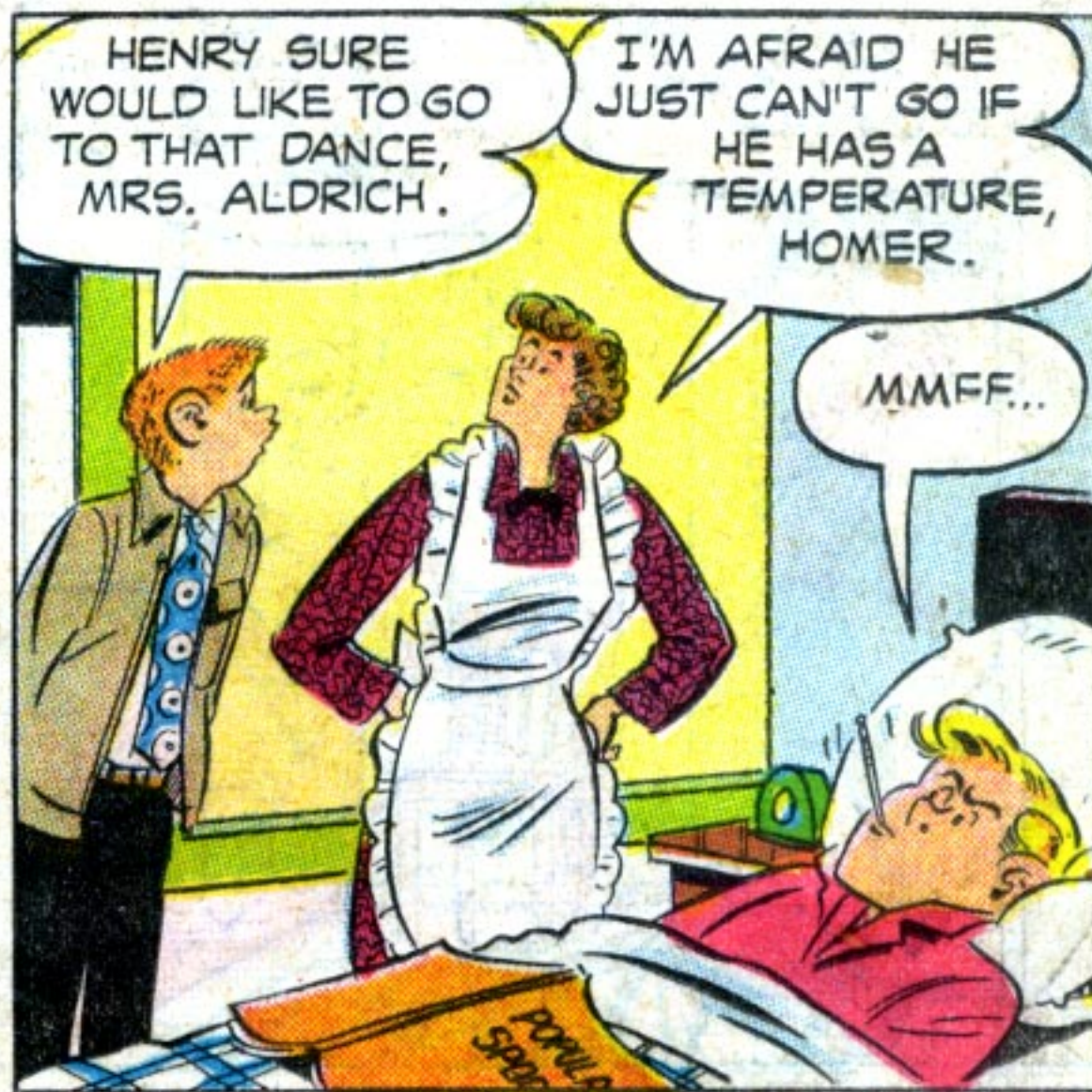






WELL? WHAT DID SHE SAY, HOMER?

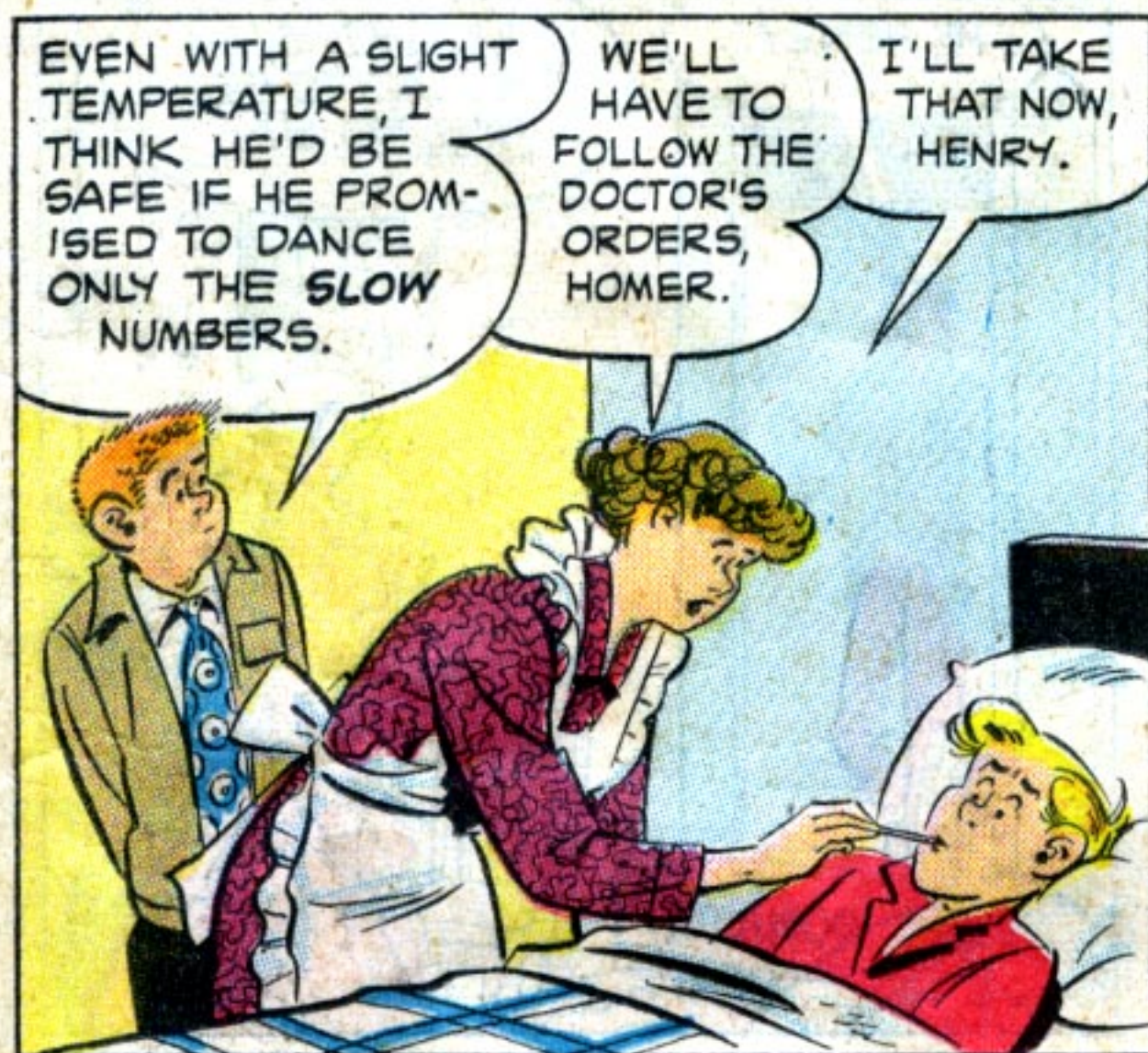
ER... HERE'S YOUR MOTHER, HENRY. SHE'S GOING TO TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE.



HENRY SURE WOULD LIKE TO GO TO THAT DANCE, MRS. ALDRICH.

I'M AFRAID HE JUST CAN'T GO IF HE HAS A TEMPERATURE, HOMER.

MMFF...



EVEN WITH A SLIGHT TEMPERATURE, I THINK HE'D BE SAFE IF HE PROMISED TO DANCE ONLY THE SLOW NUMBERS.

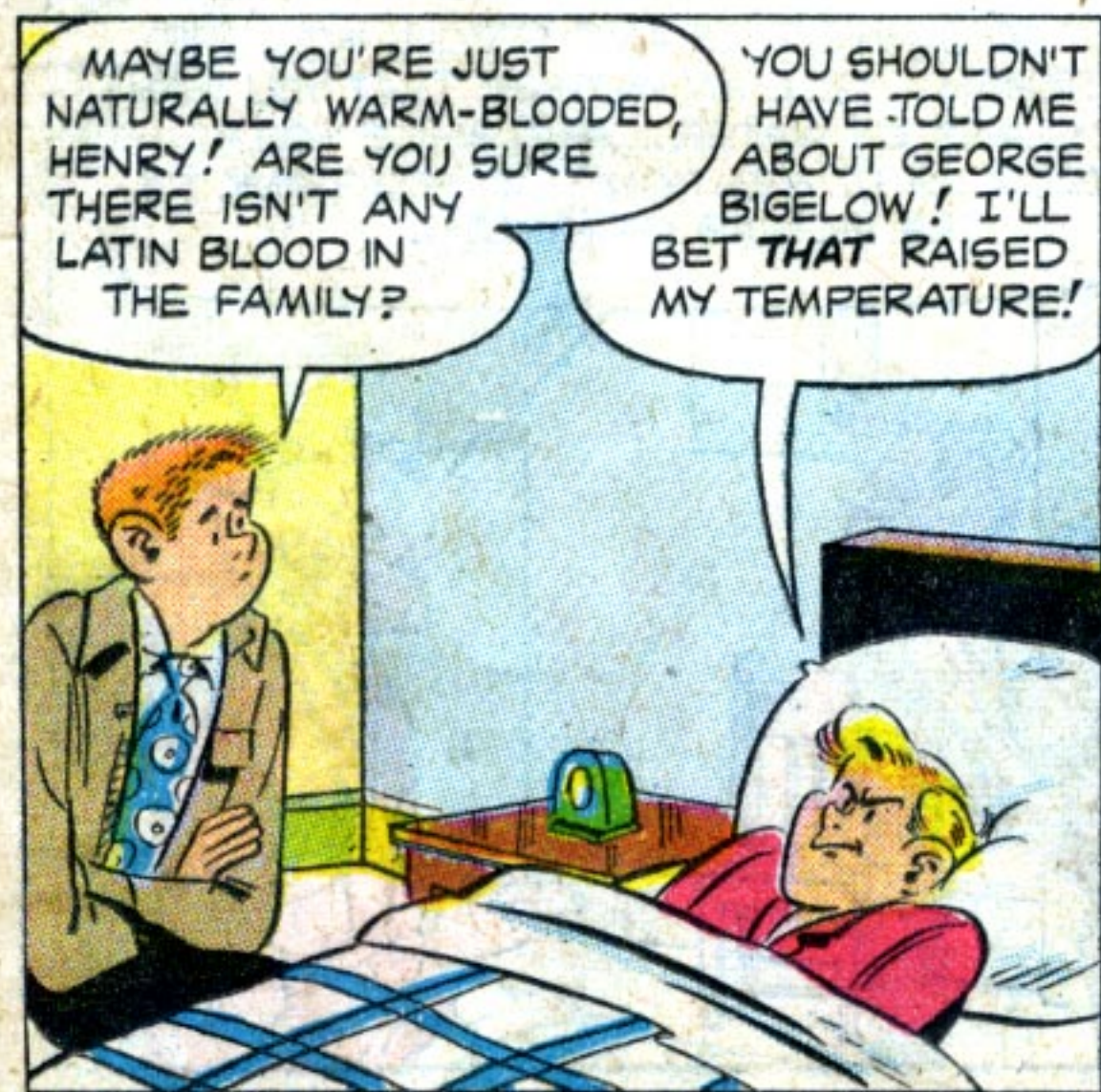
WE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS, HOMER.

I'LL TAKE THAT NOW, HENRY.



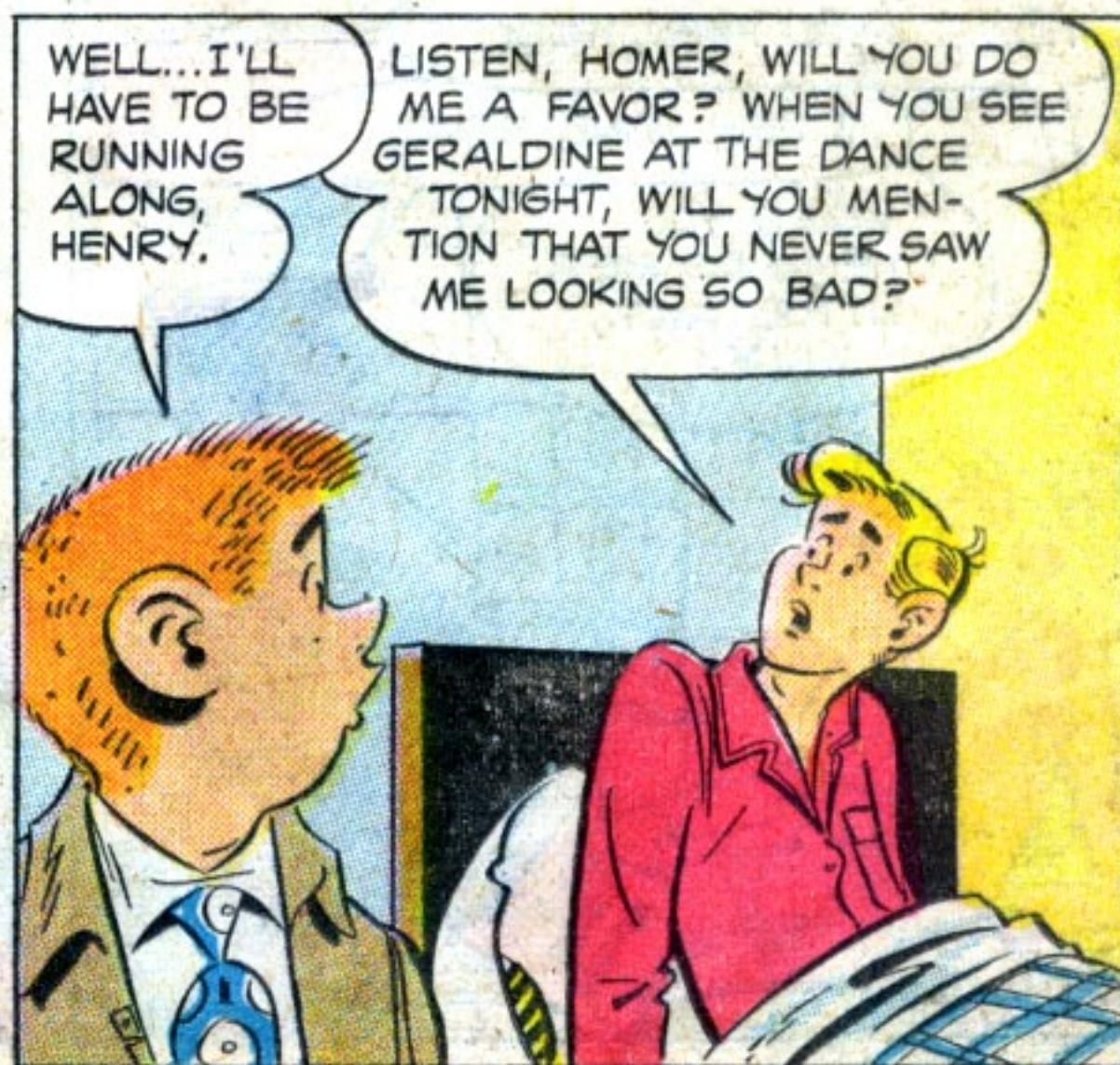
I HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU, HENRY, BUT IT'S STILL ABOVE NORMAL.

GEE WHIZ!



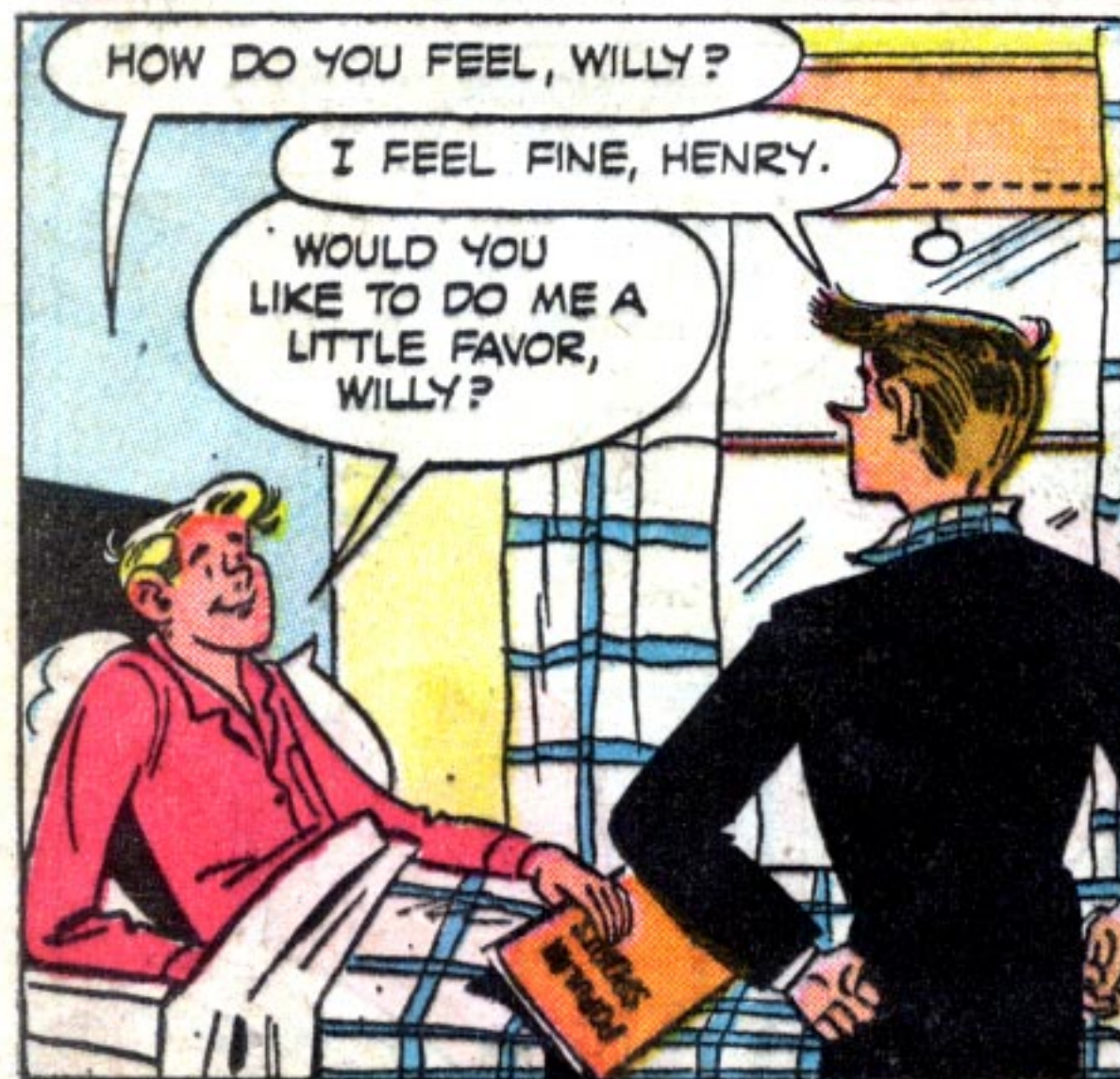
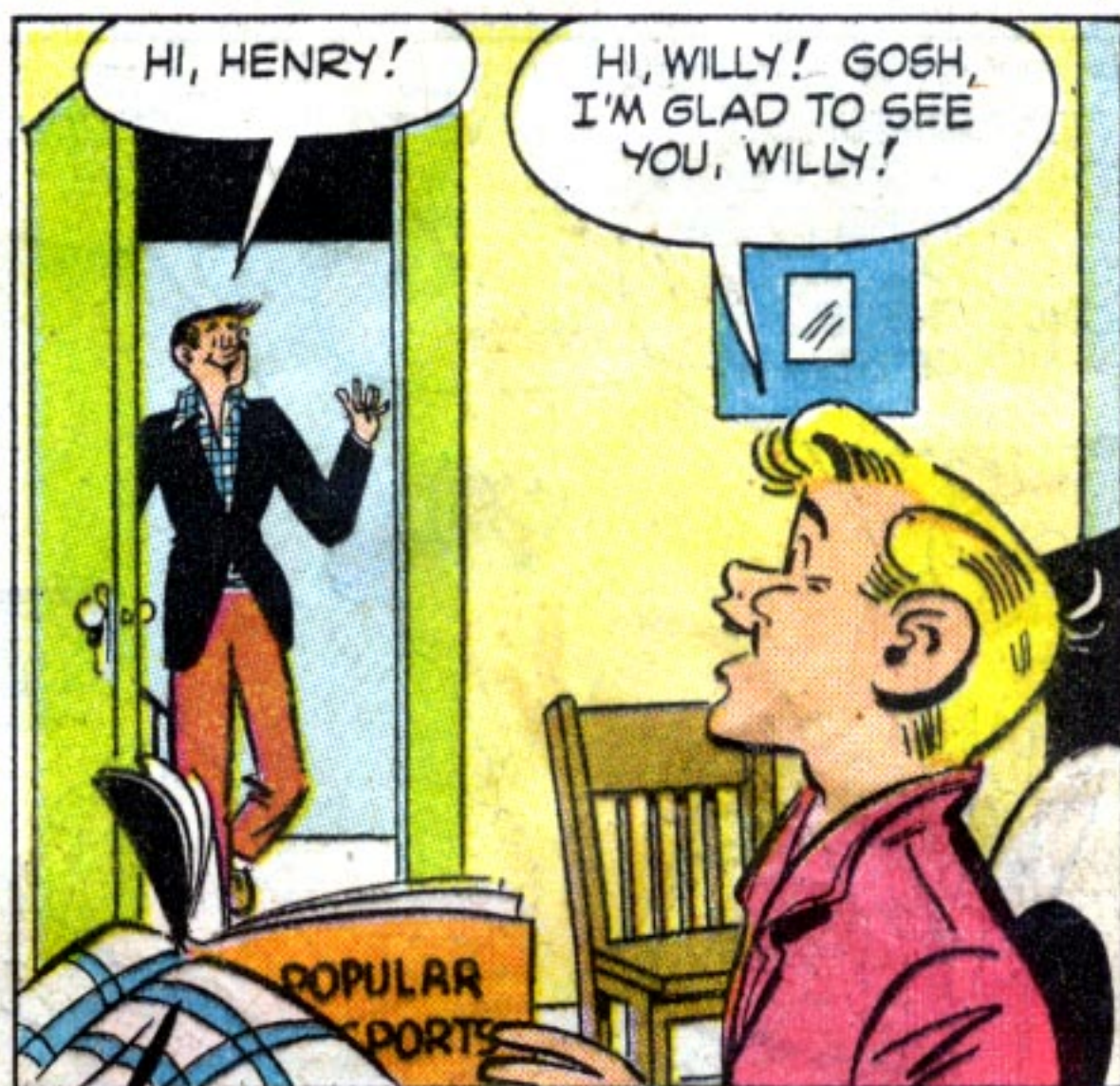
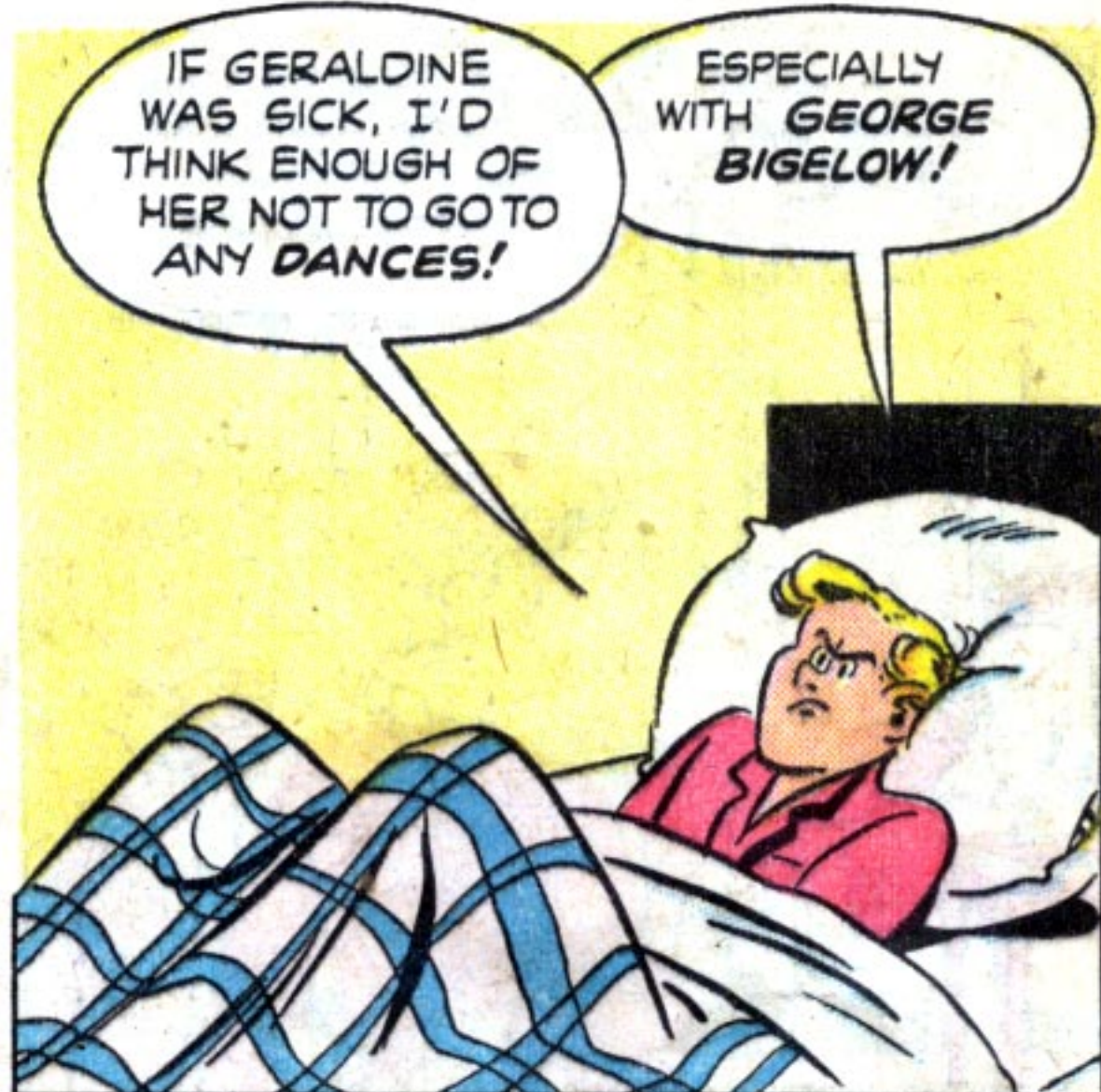
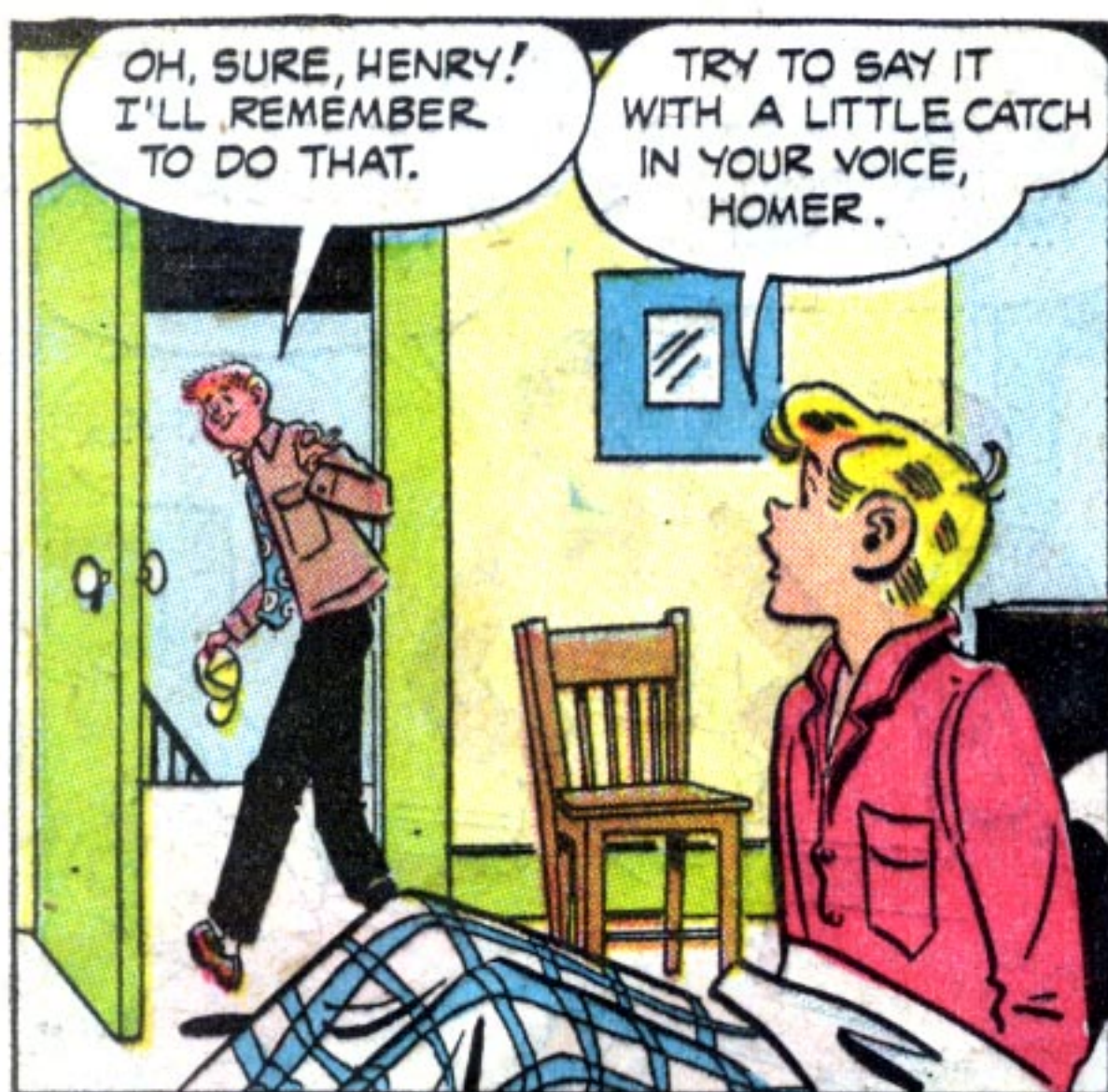
MAYBE YOU'RE JUST NATURALLY WARM-BLOODED, HENRY! ARE YOU SURE THERE ISN'T ANY LATIN BLOOD IN THE FAMILY?

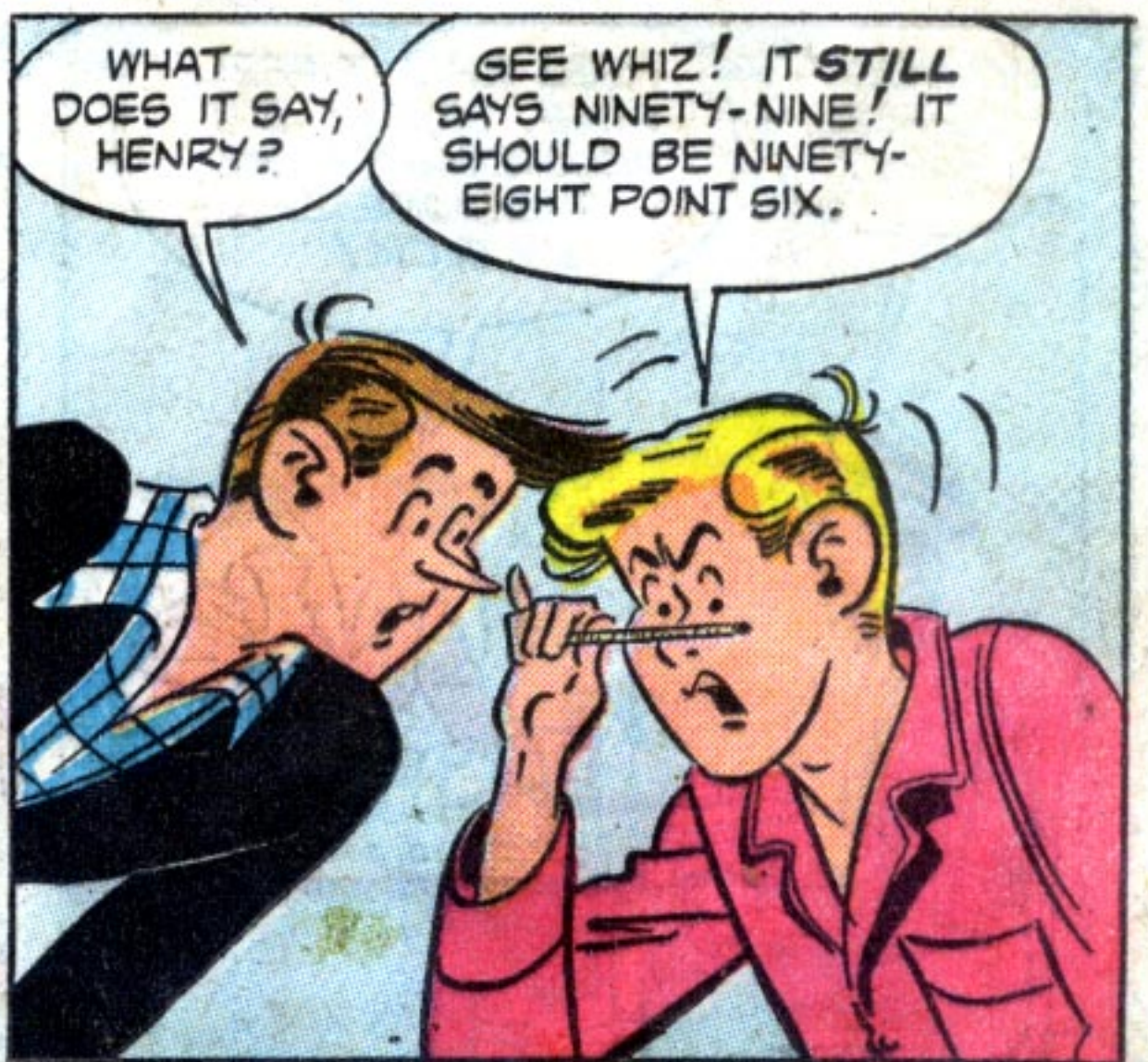
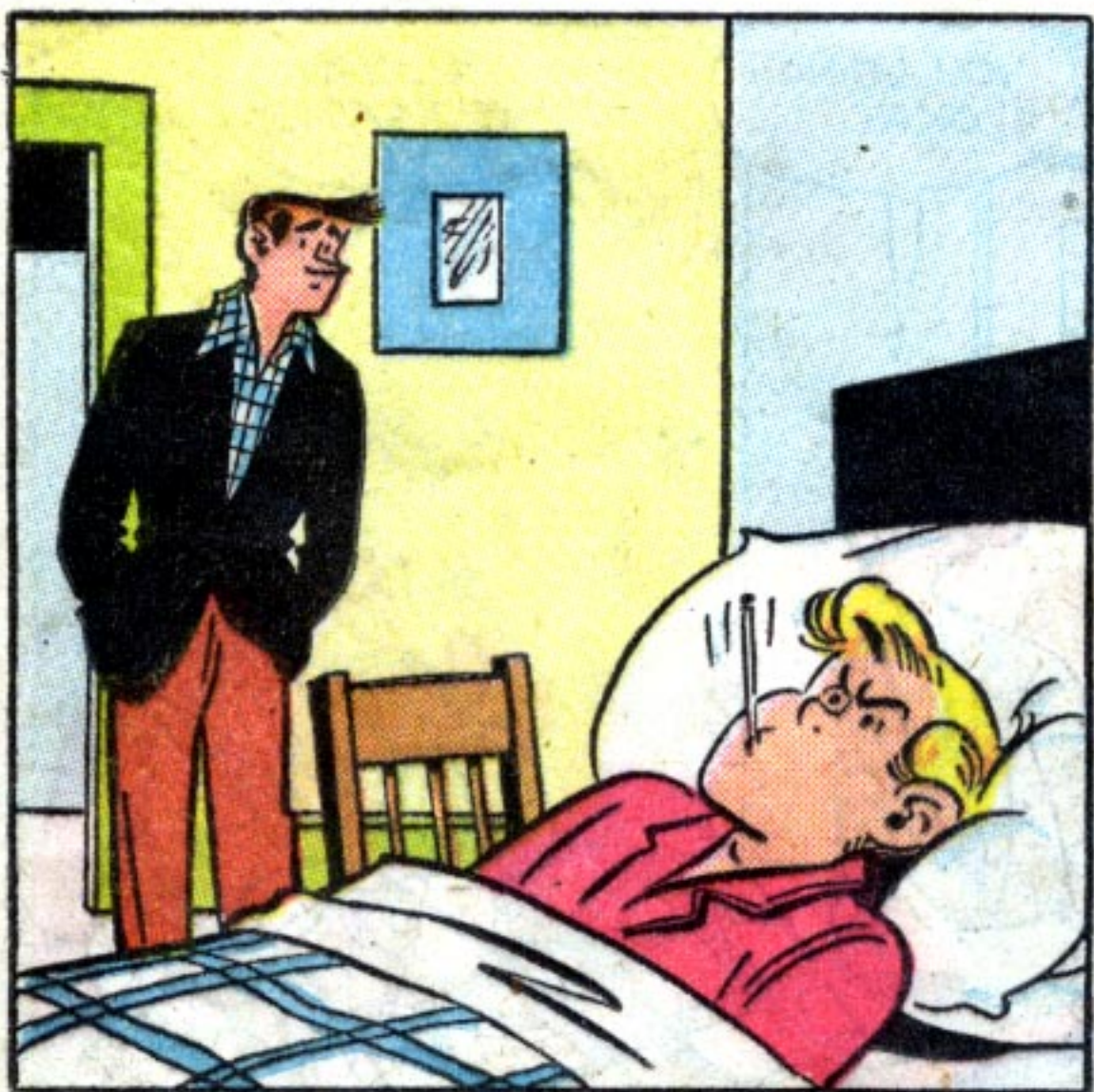
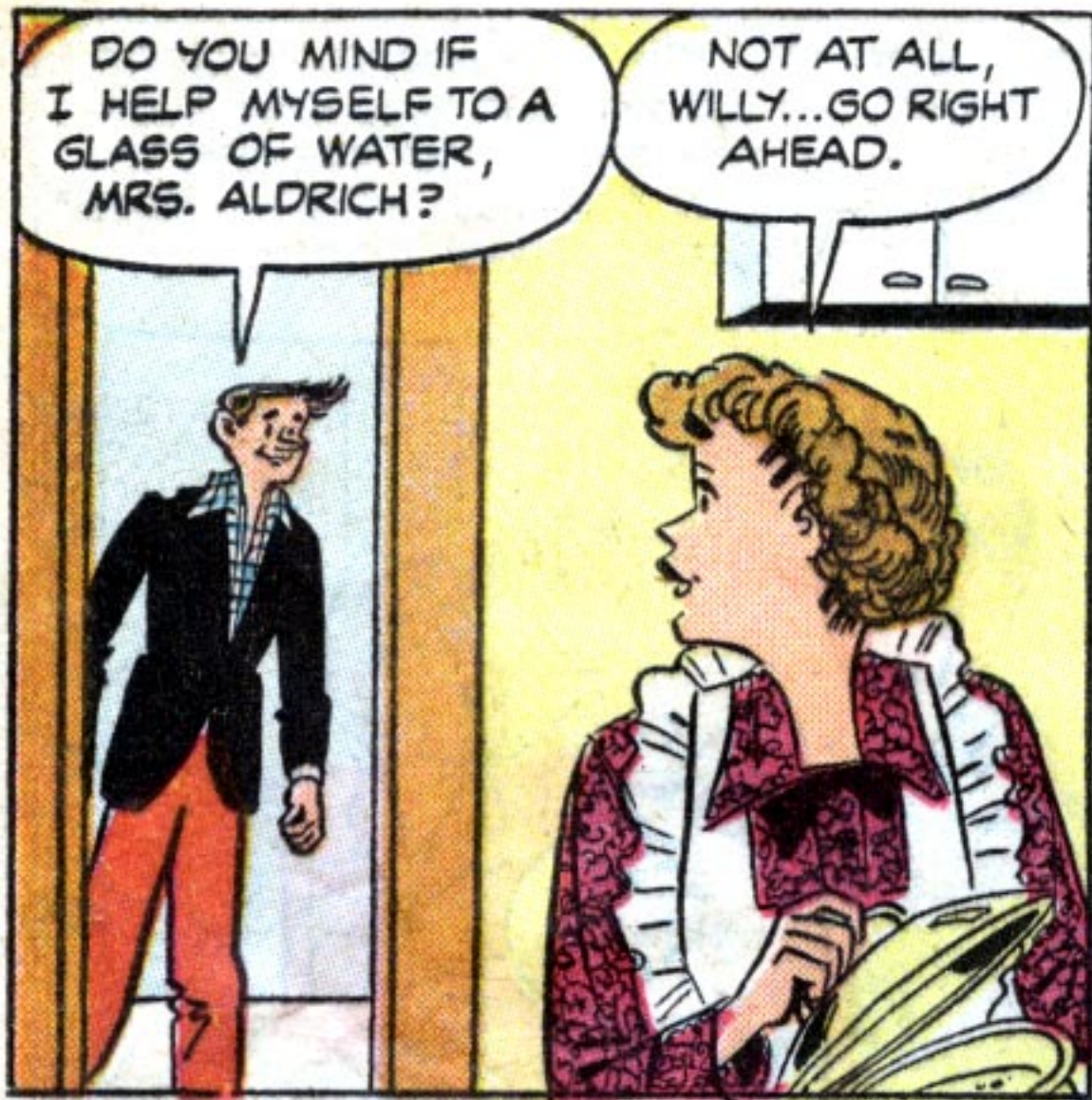
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT GEORGE BIGELOW! I'LL BET **THAT** RAISED MY TEMPERATURE!

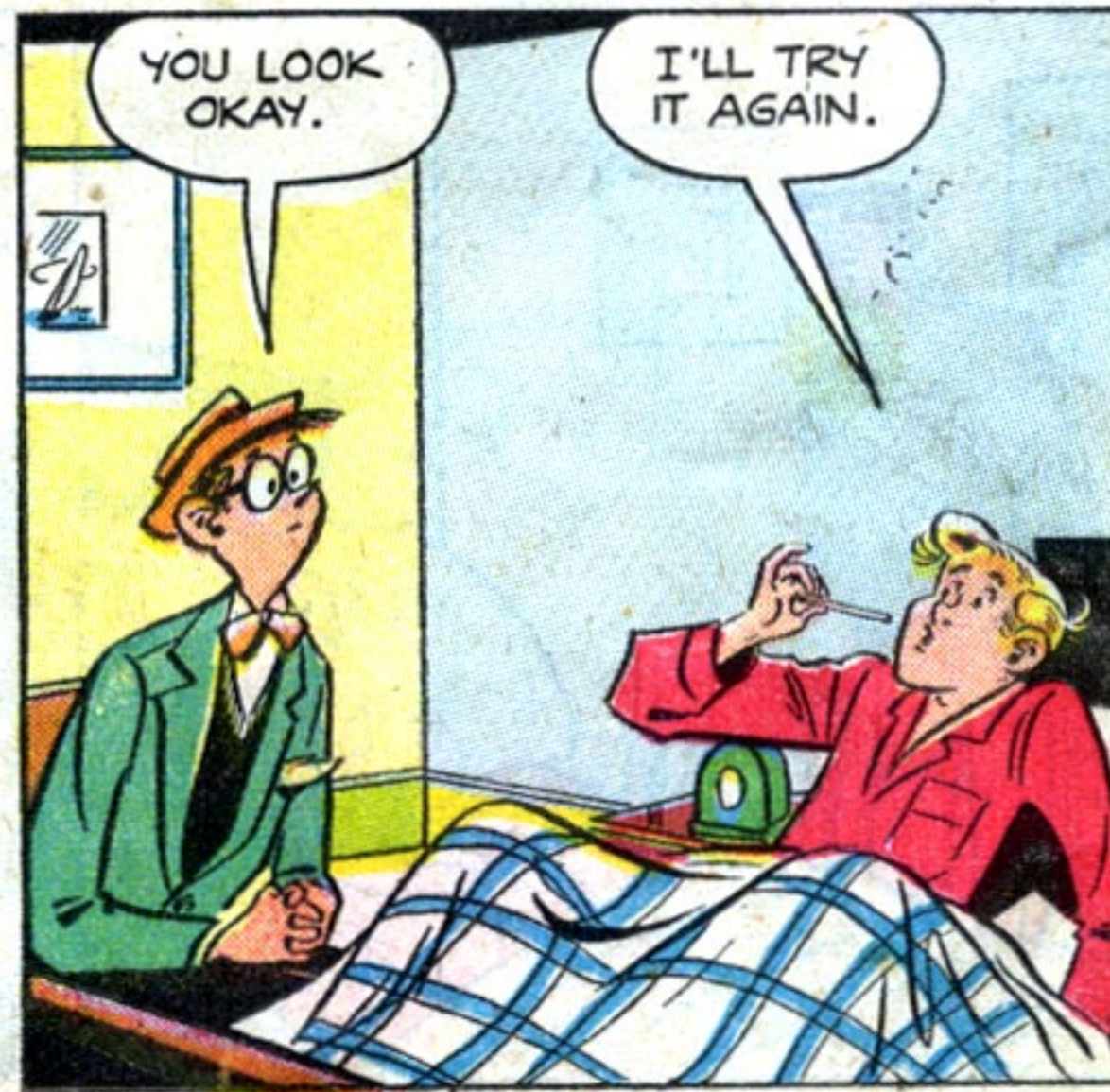
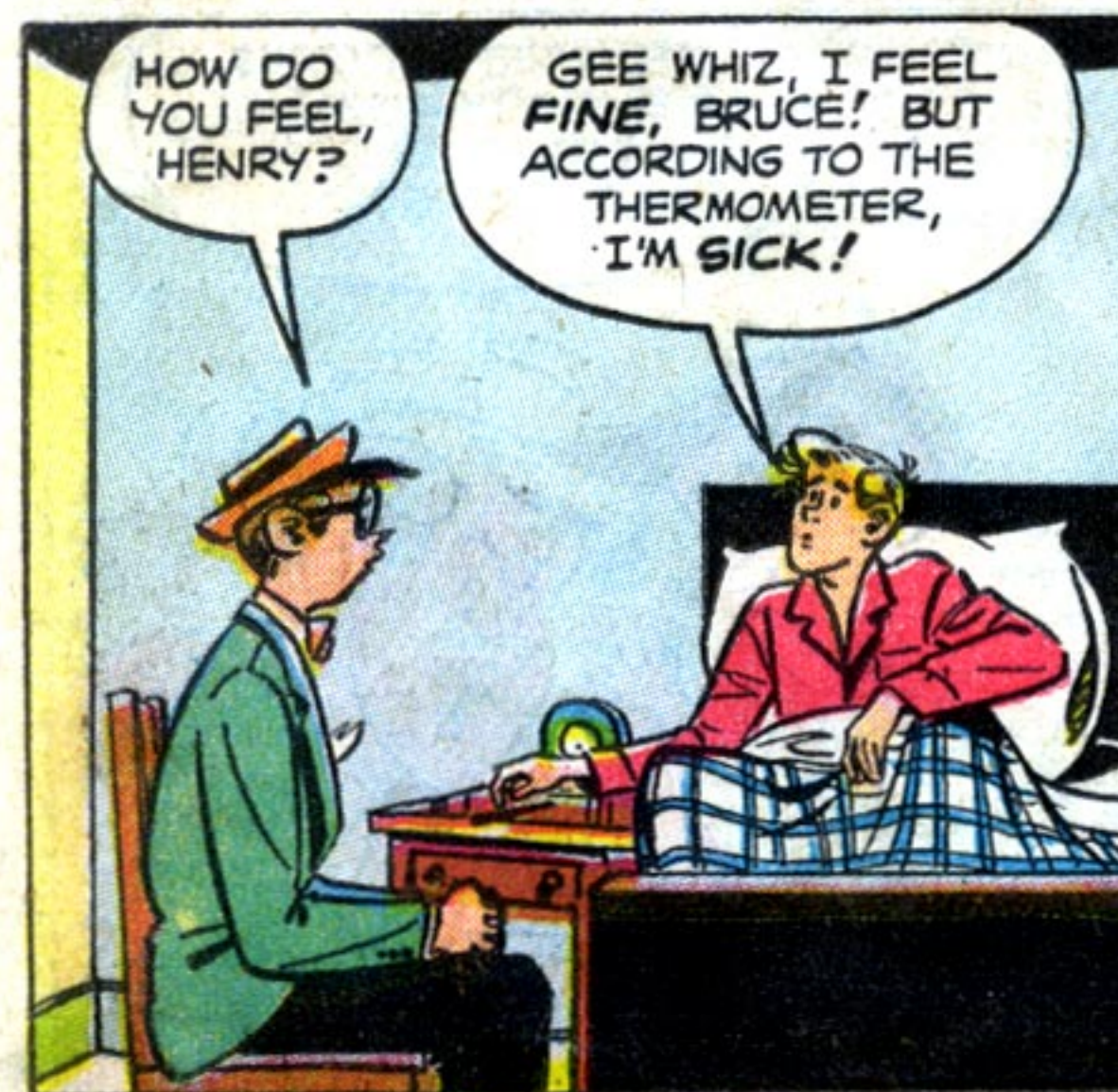
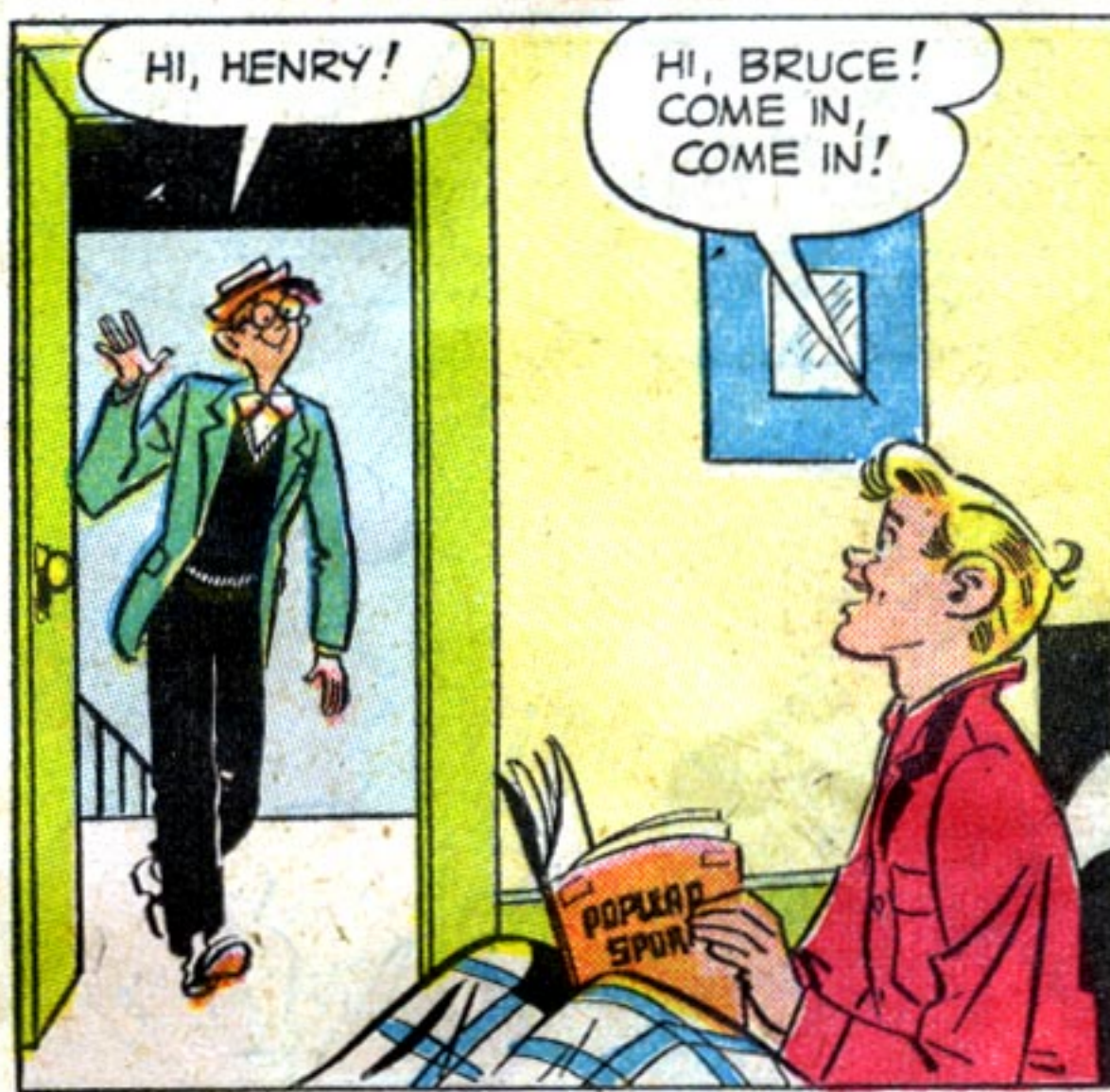
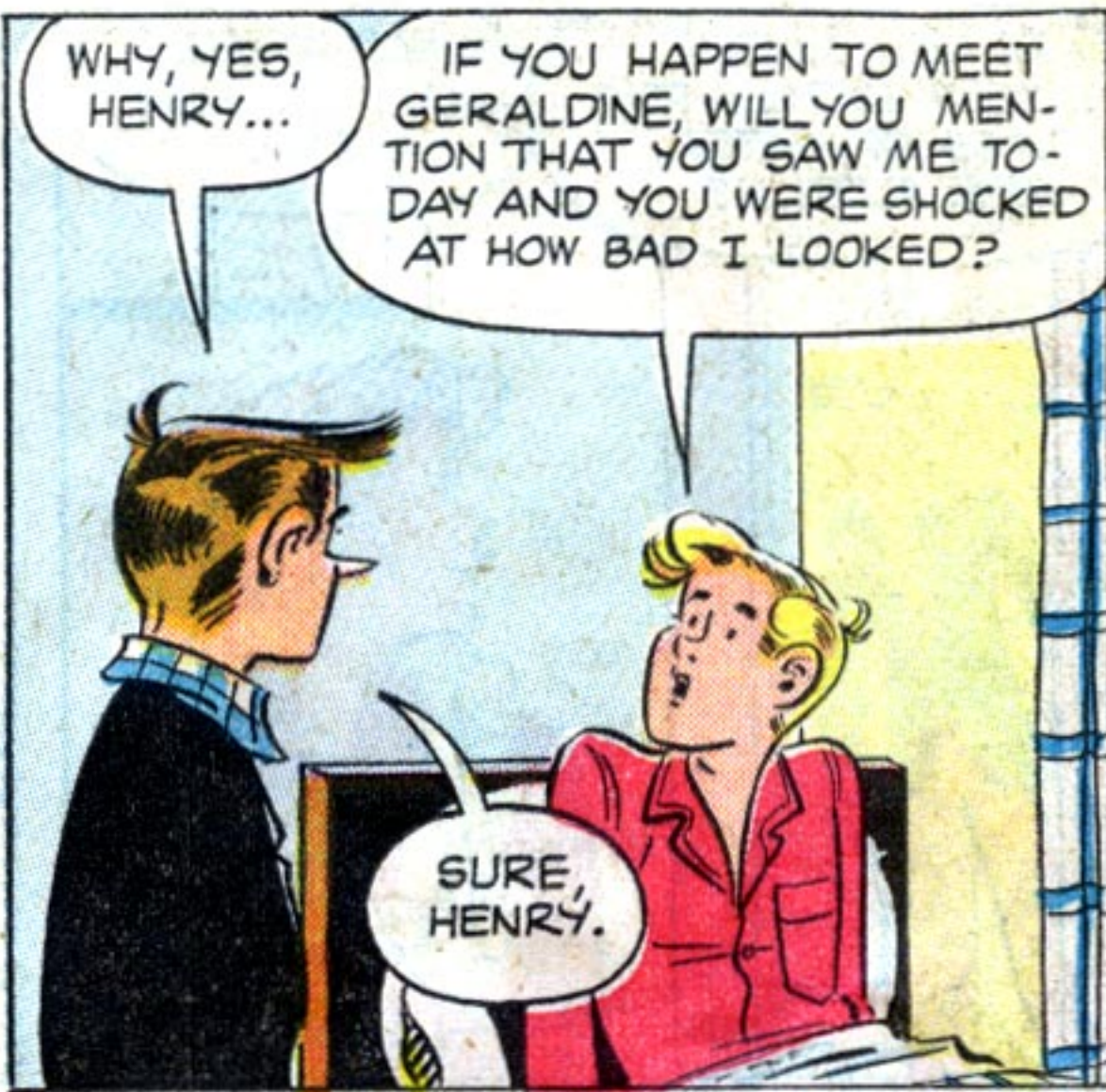


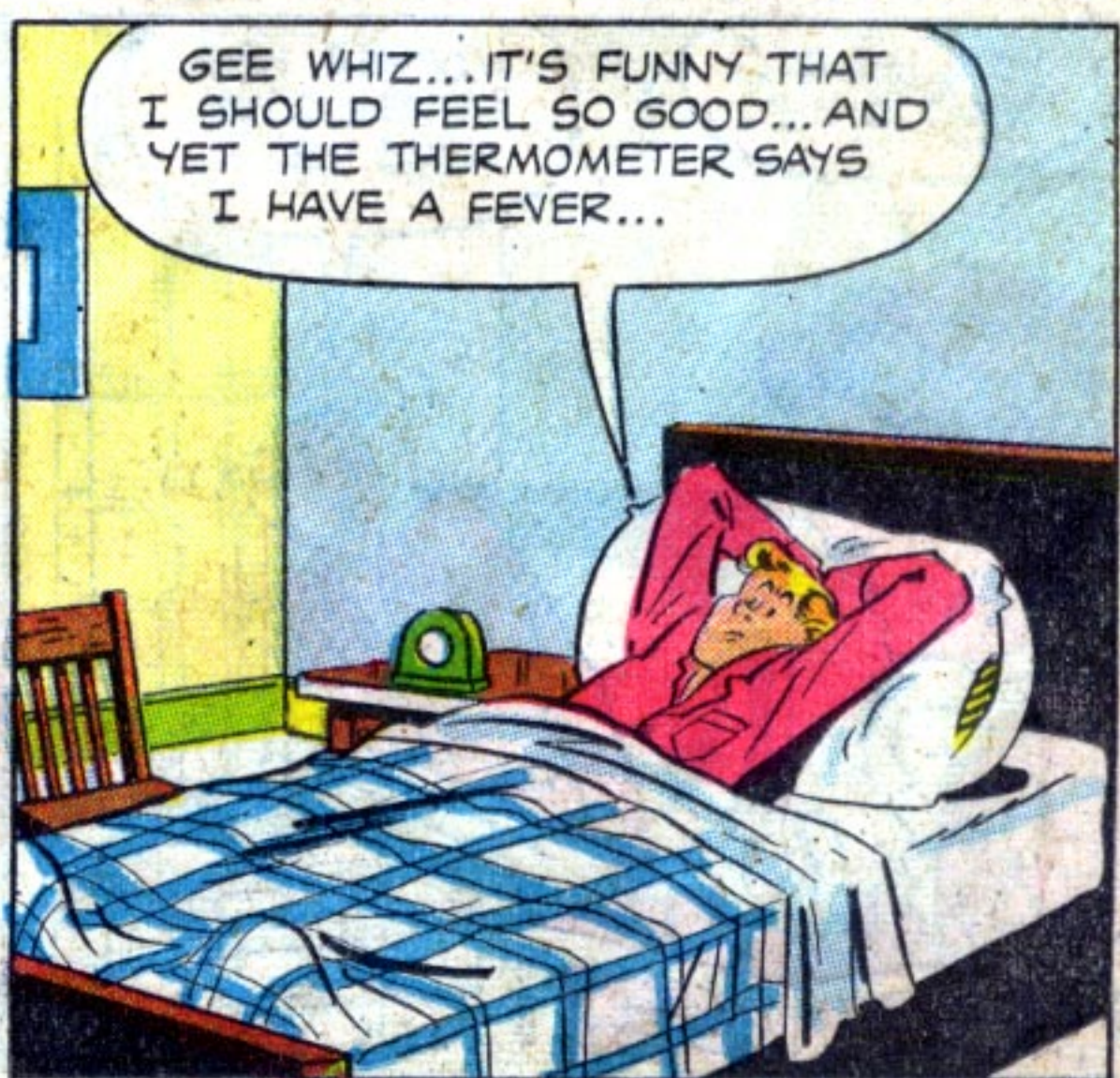
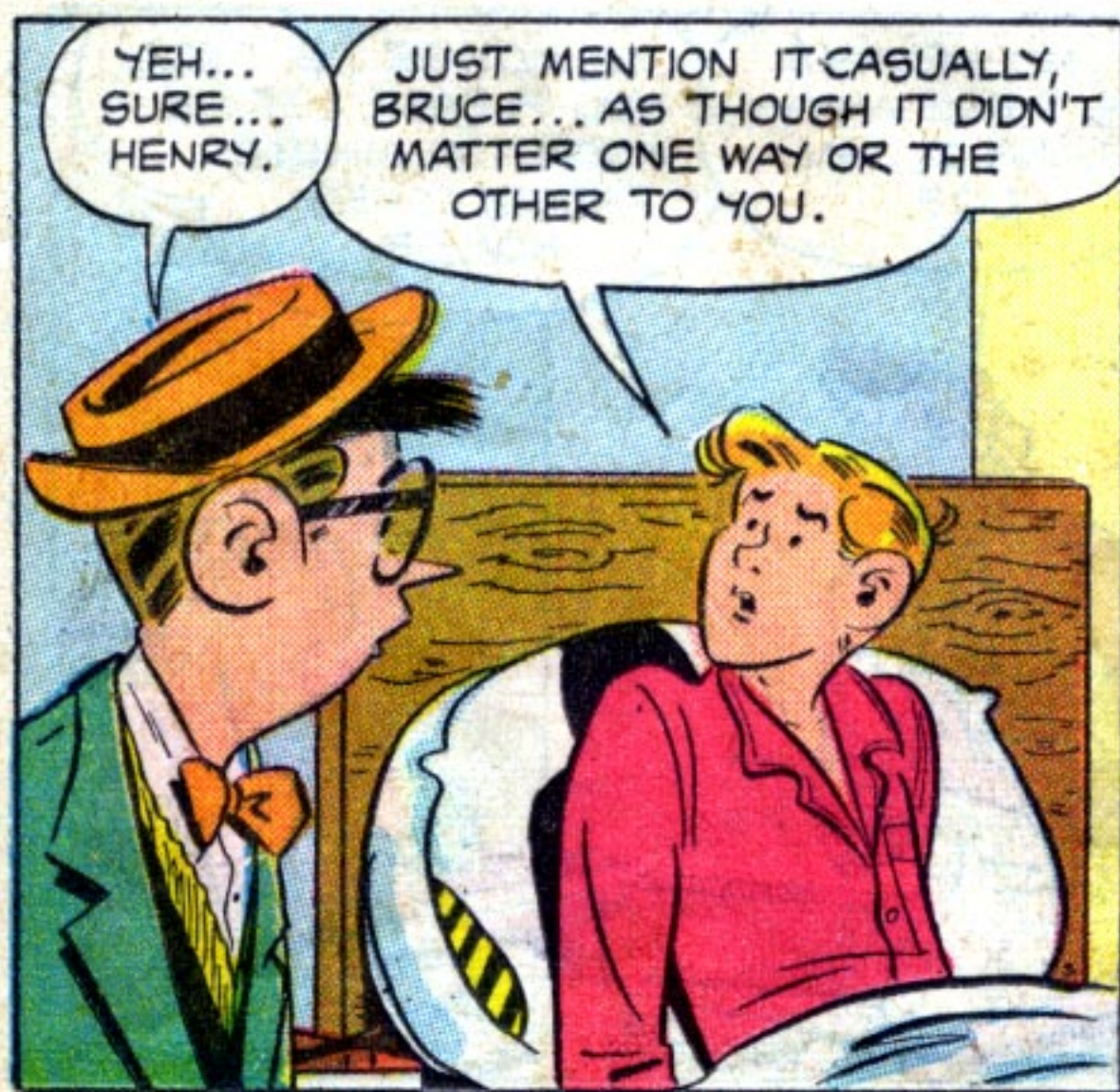
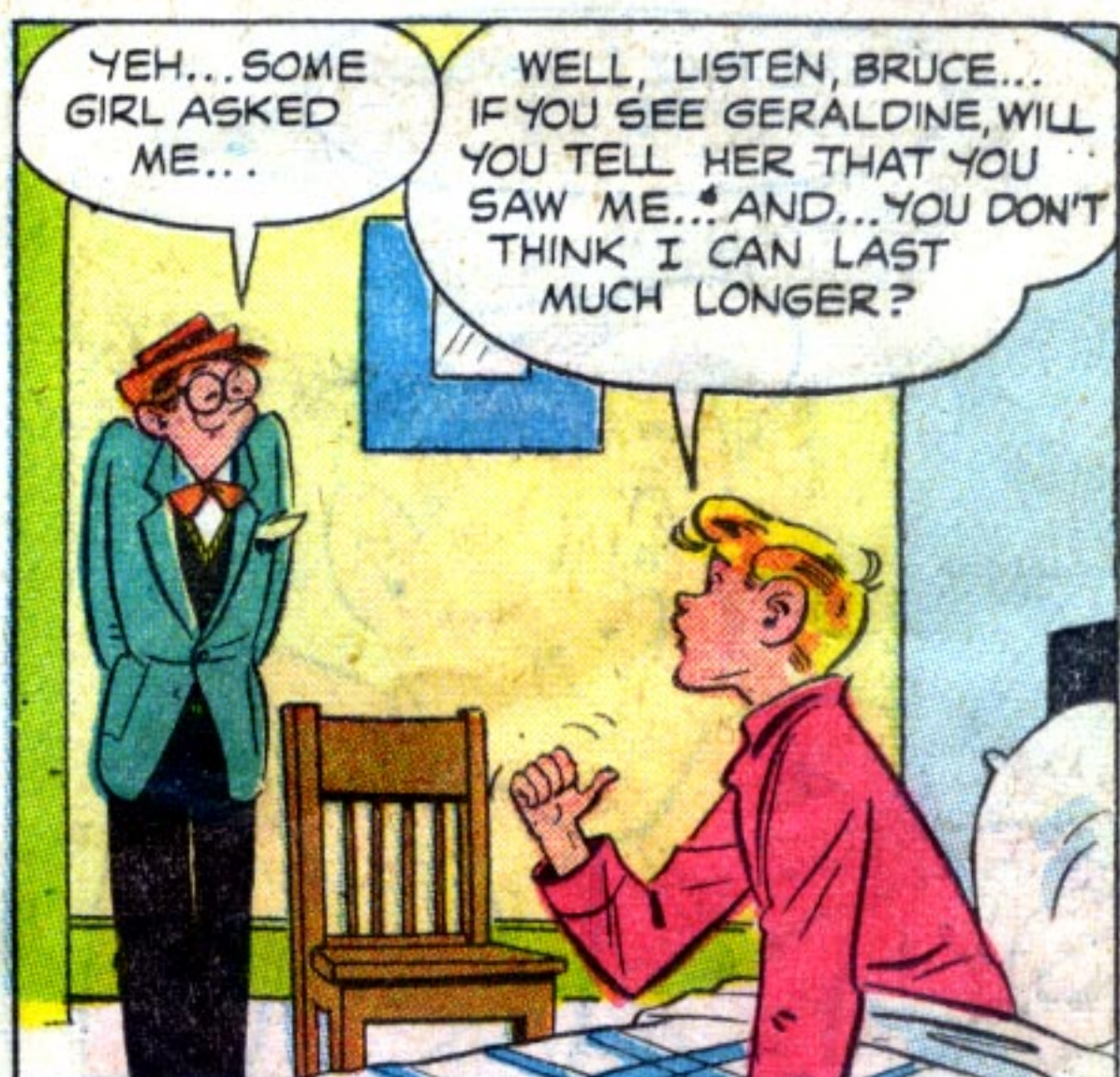
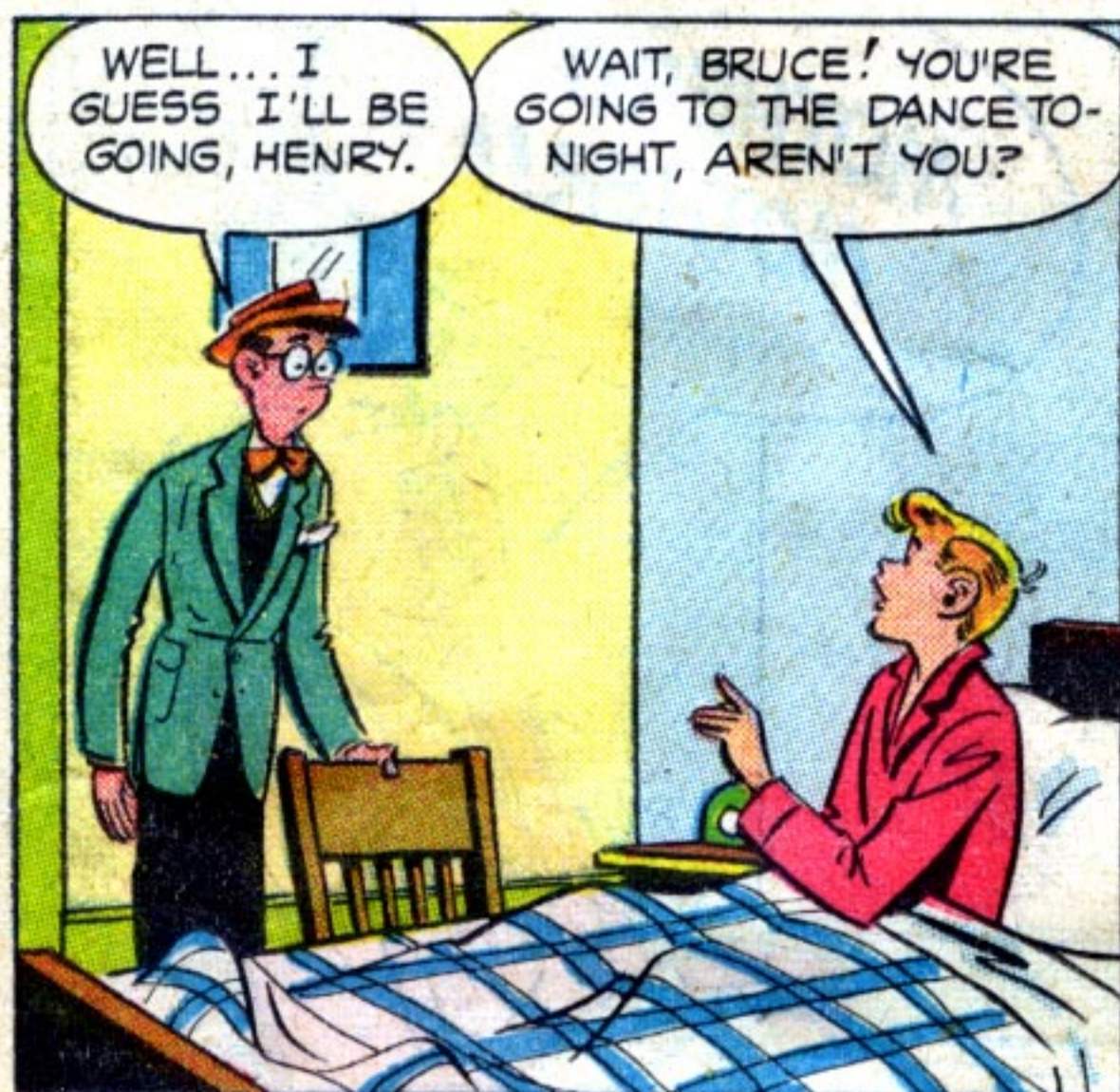
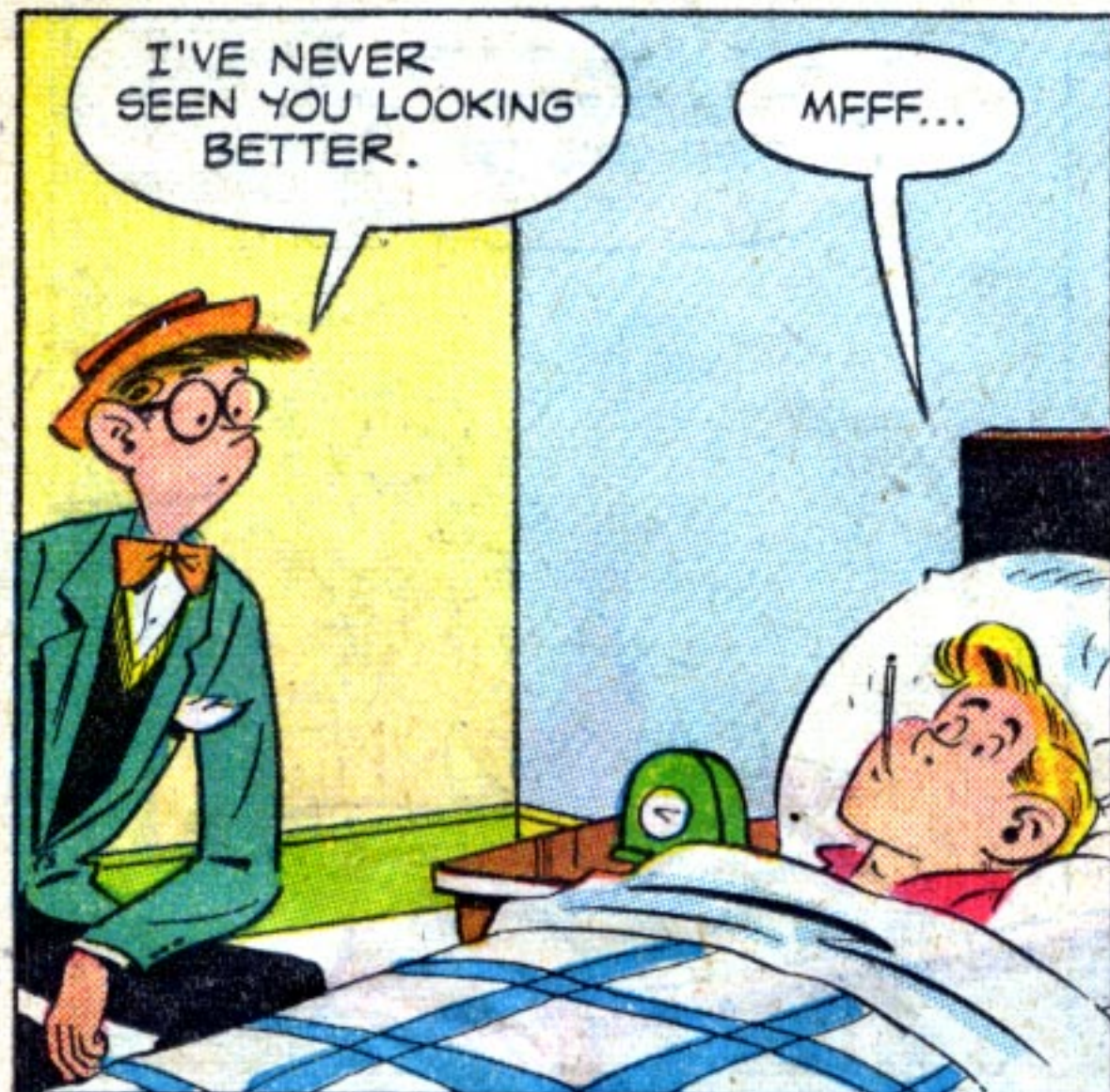
WELL... I'LL HAVE TO BE RUNNING ALONG, HENRY.

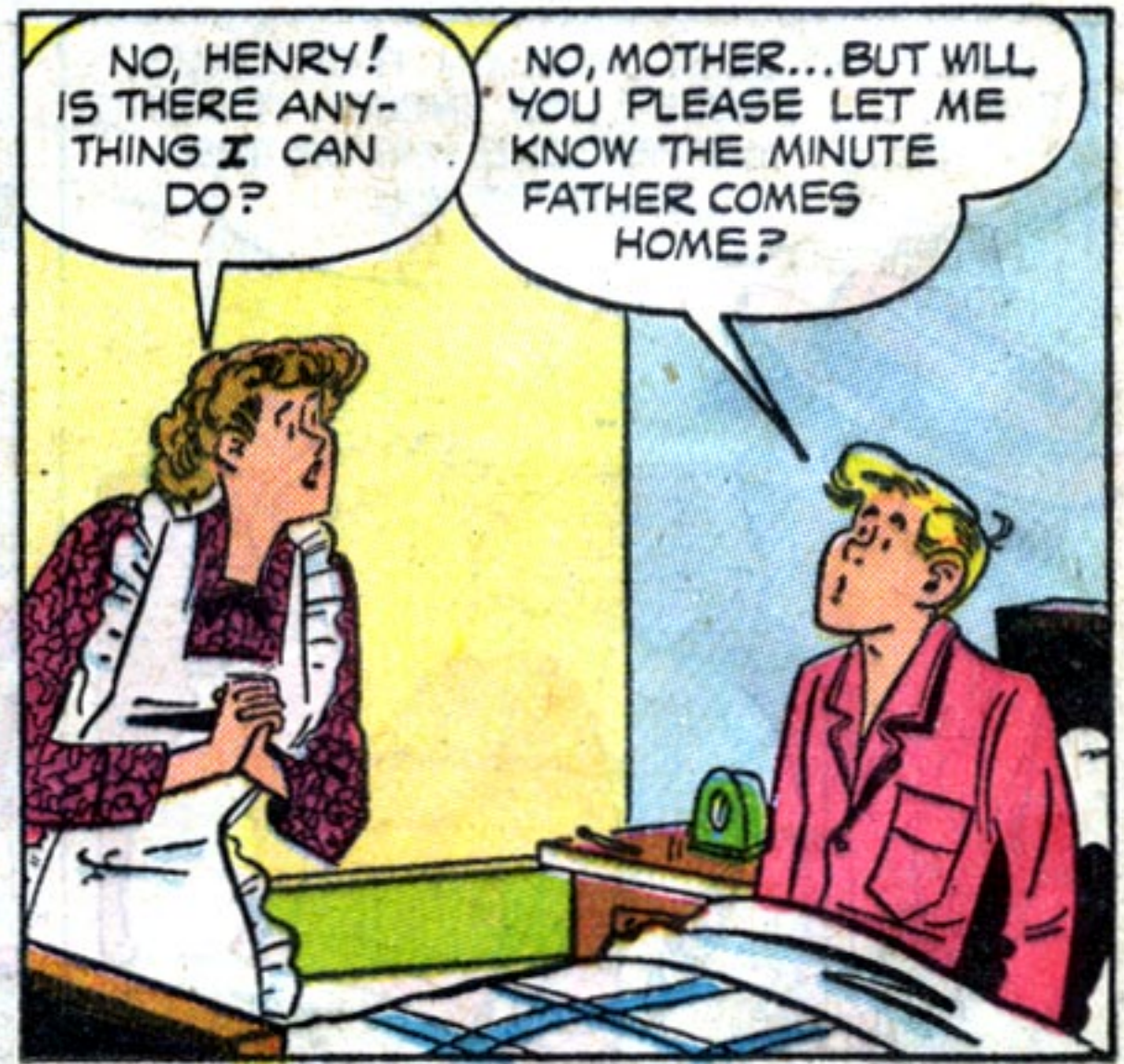
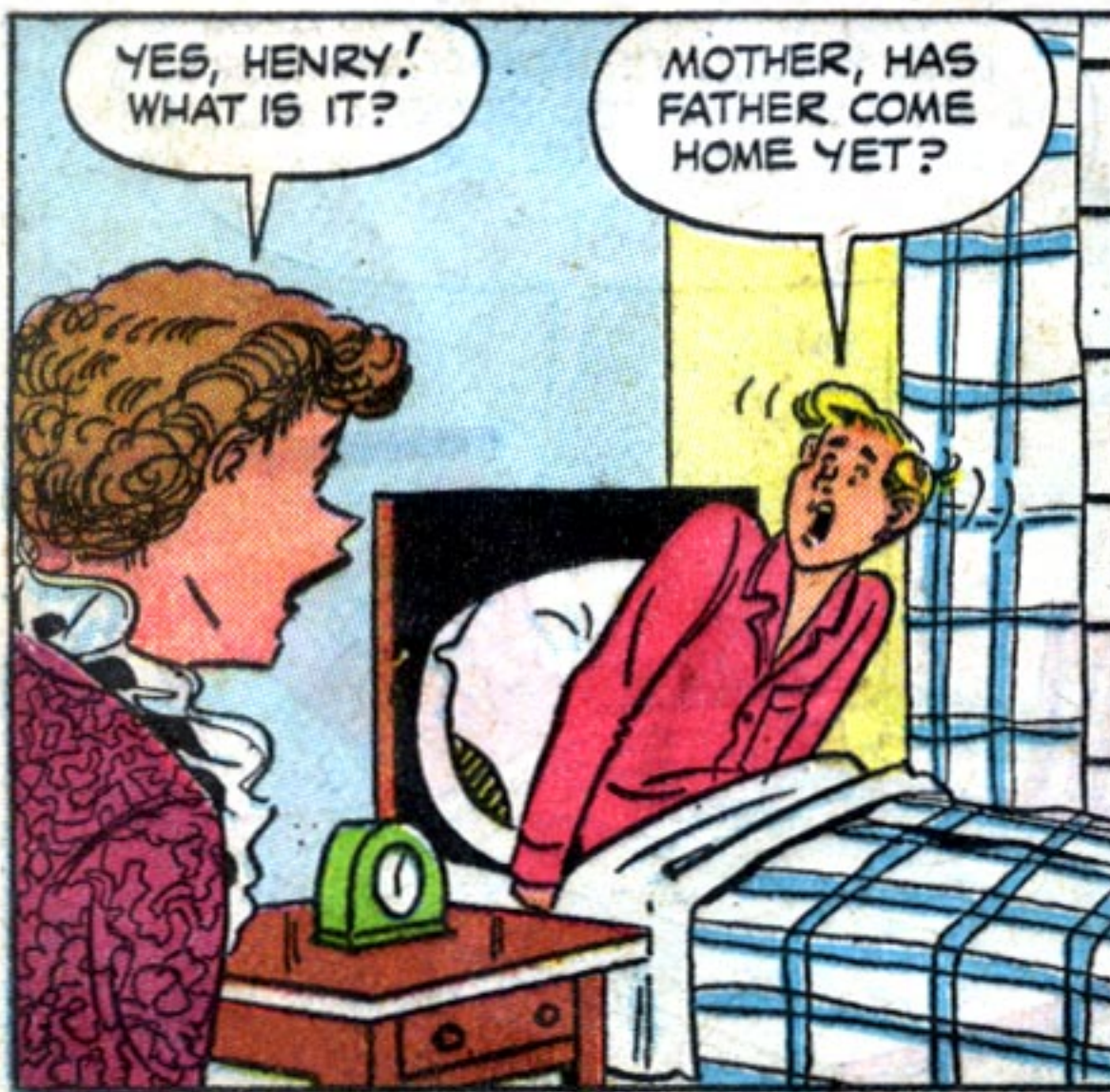
LISTEN, HOMER, WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR? WHEN YOU SEE GERALDINE AT THE DANCE TONIGHT, WILL YOU MENTION THAT YOU NEVER SAW ME LOOKING SO BAD?

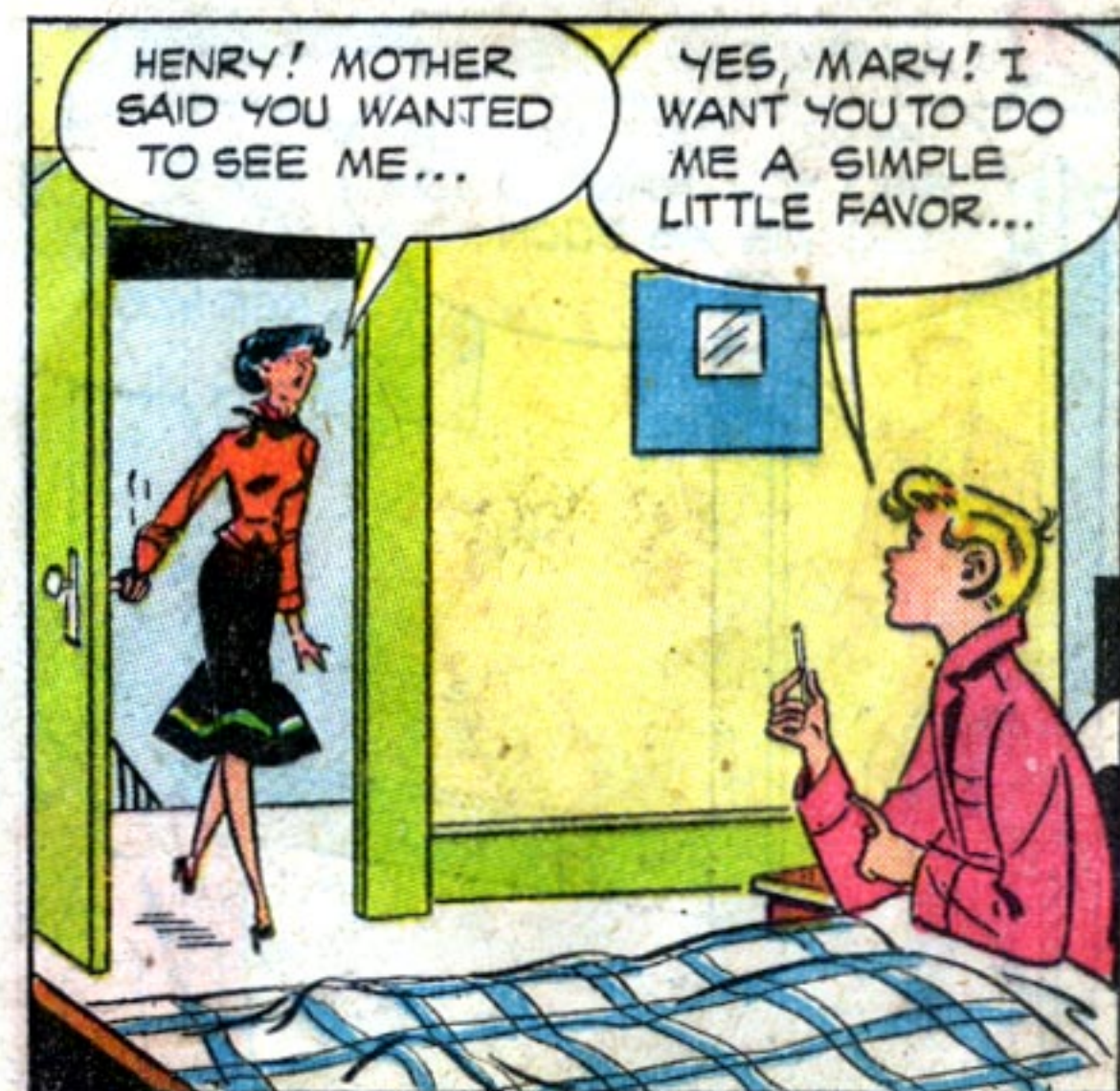
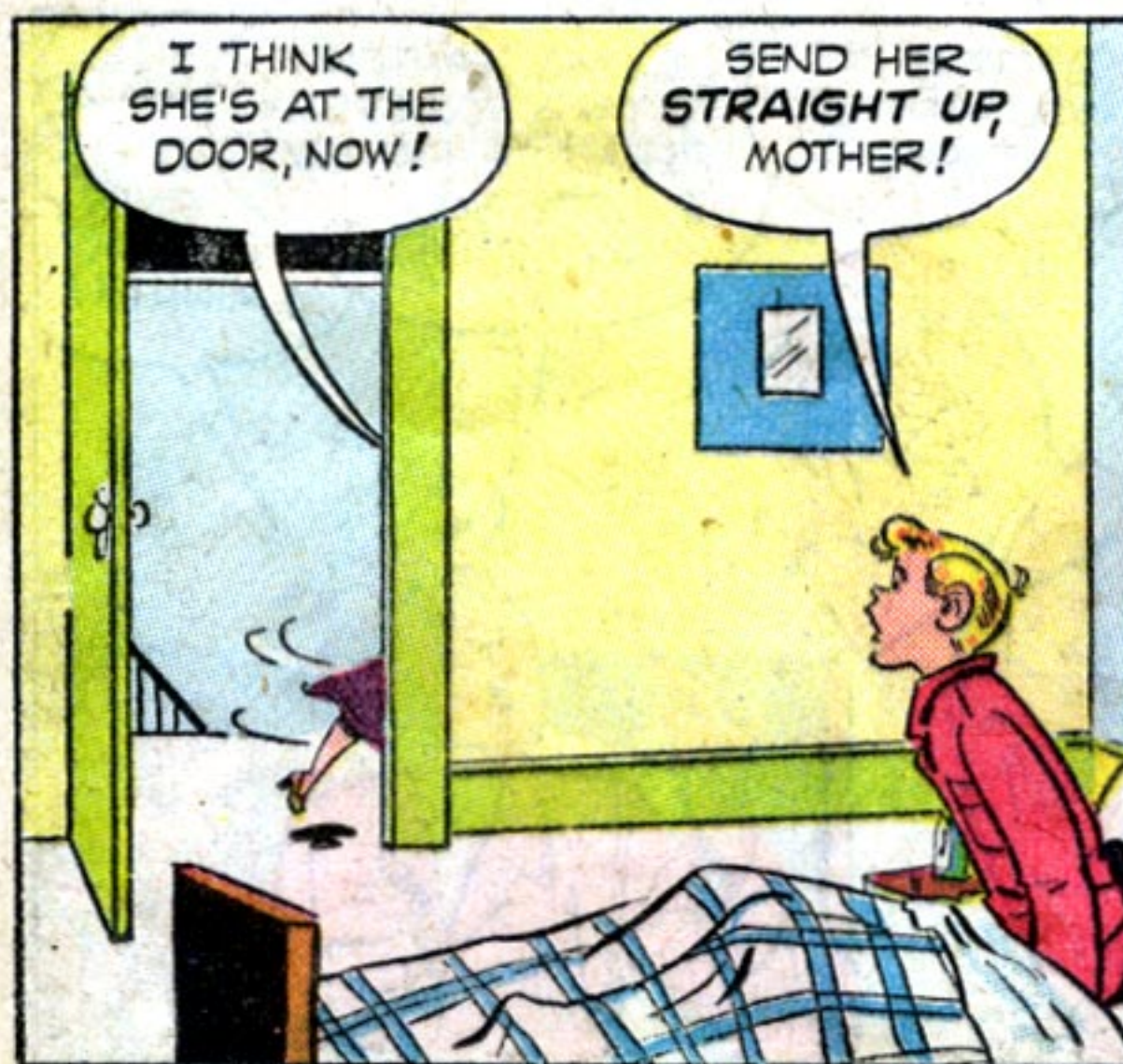
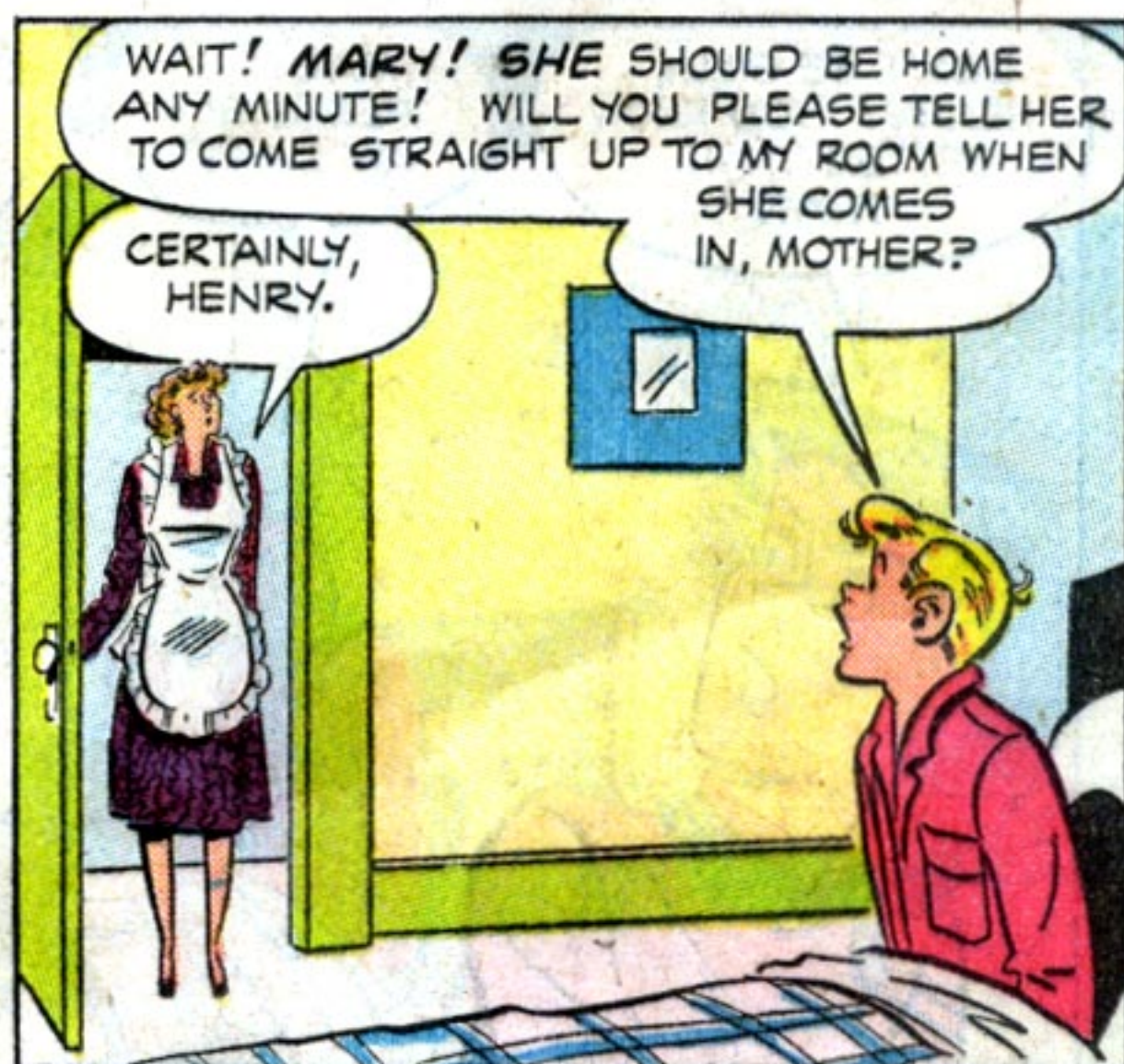
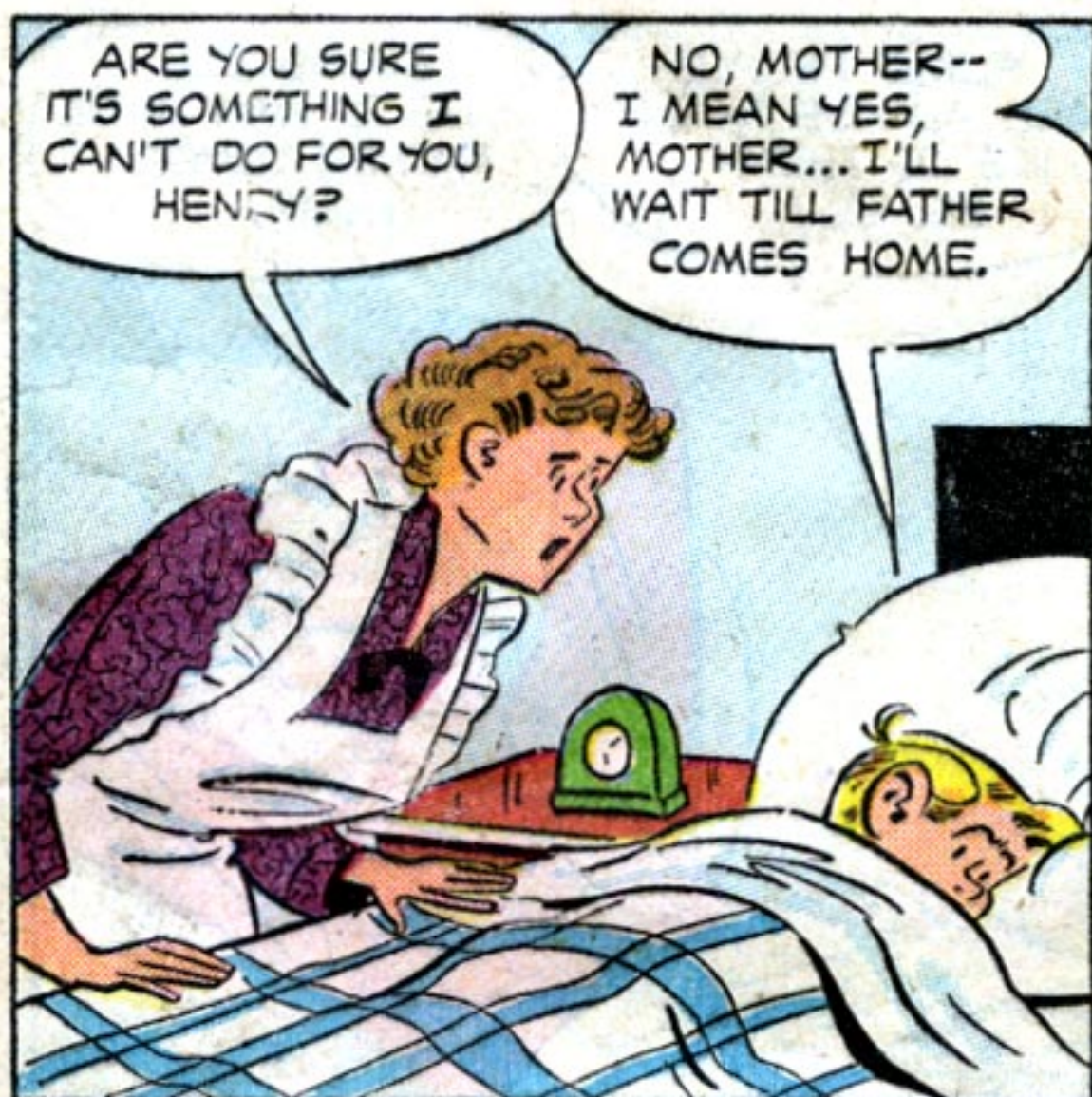
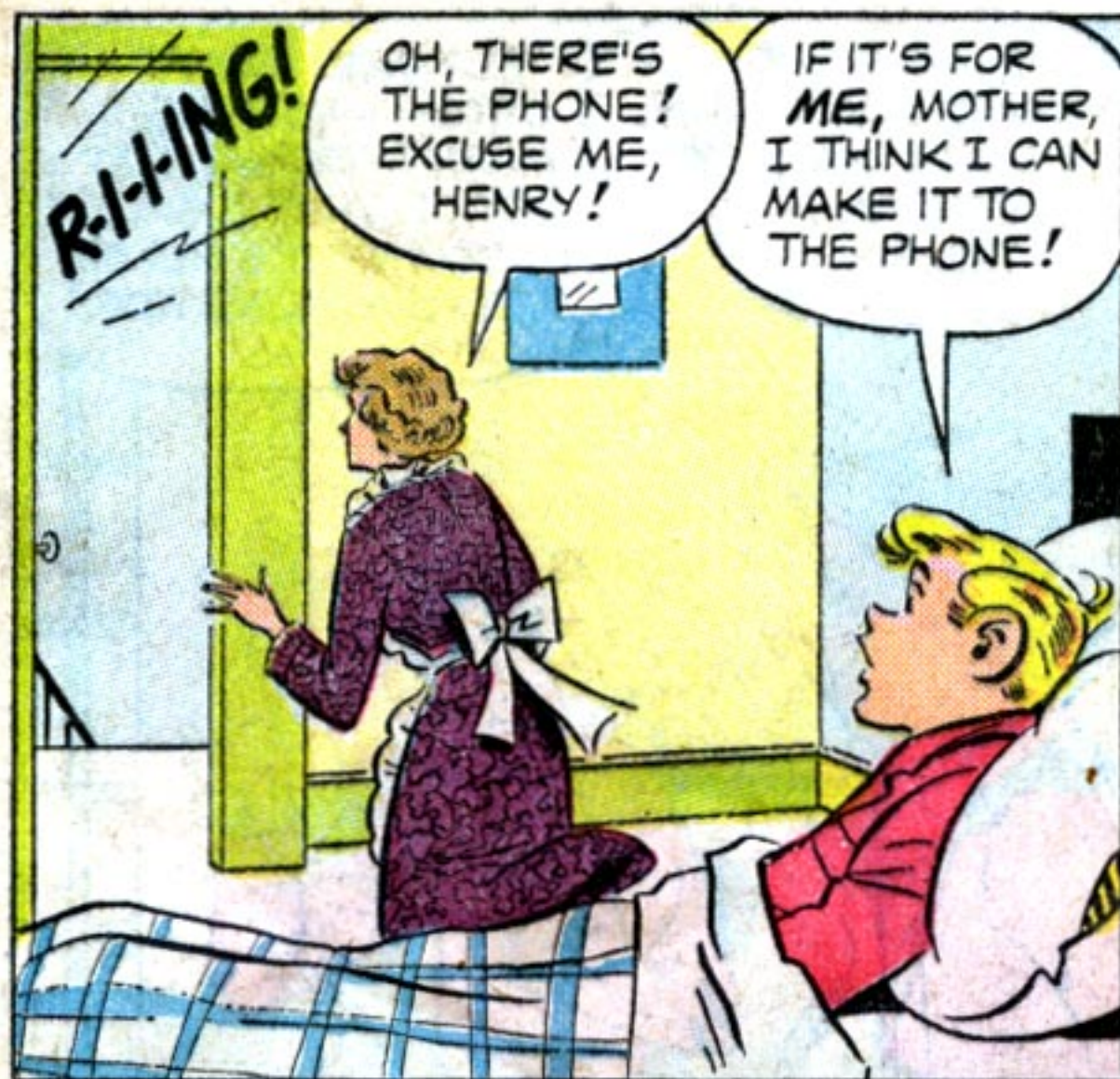


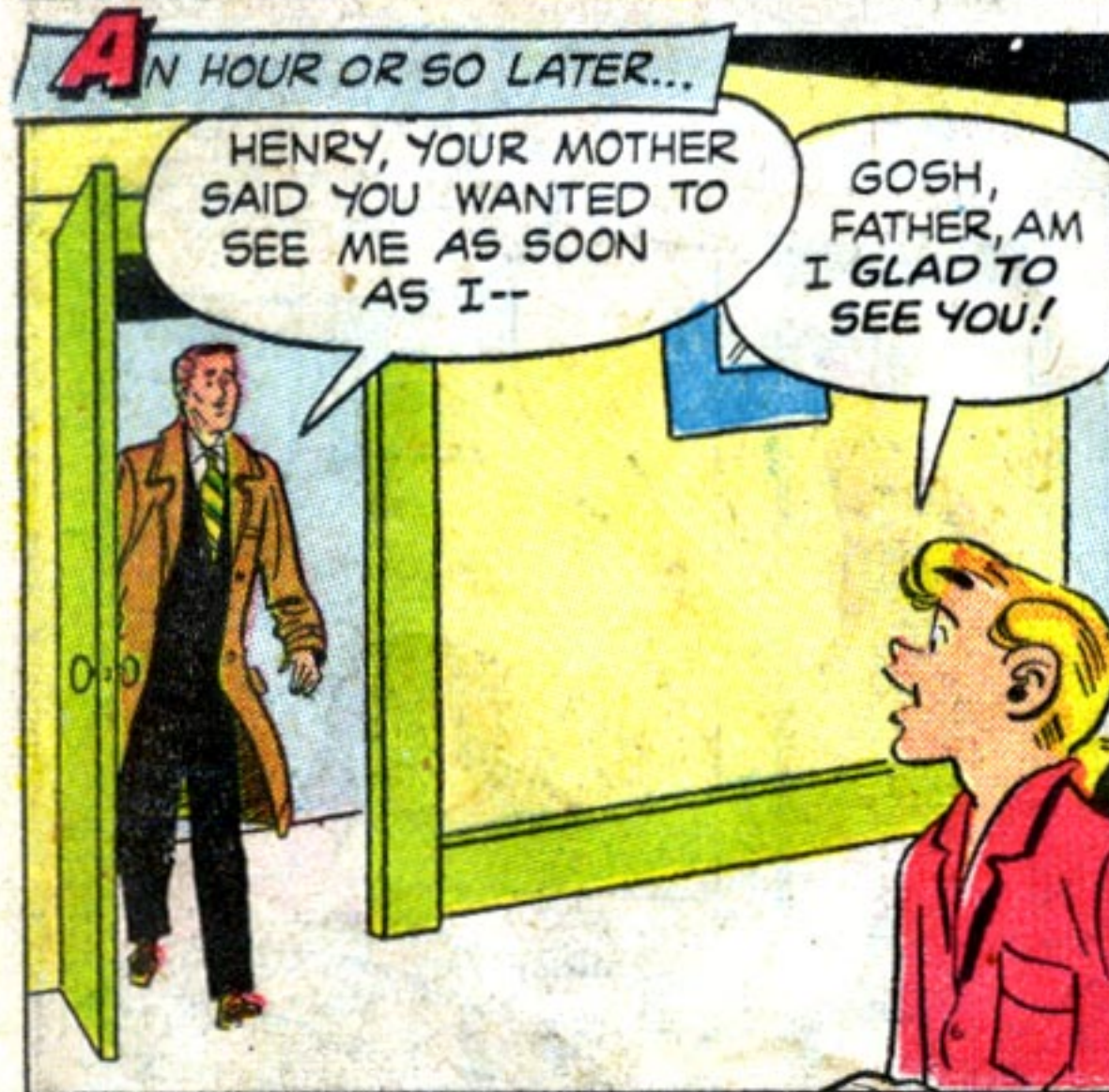
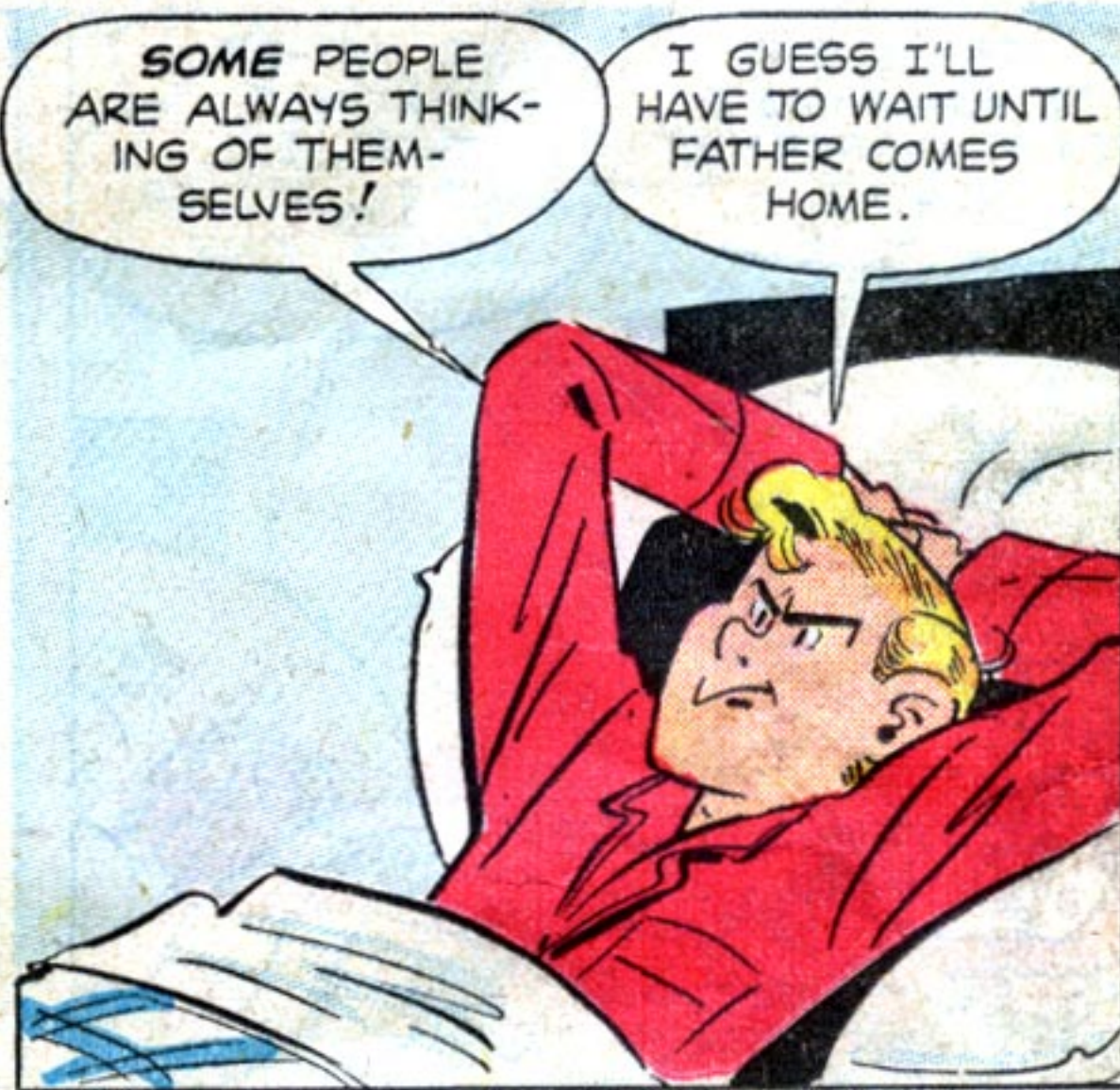


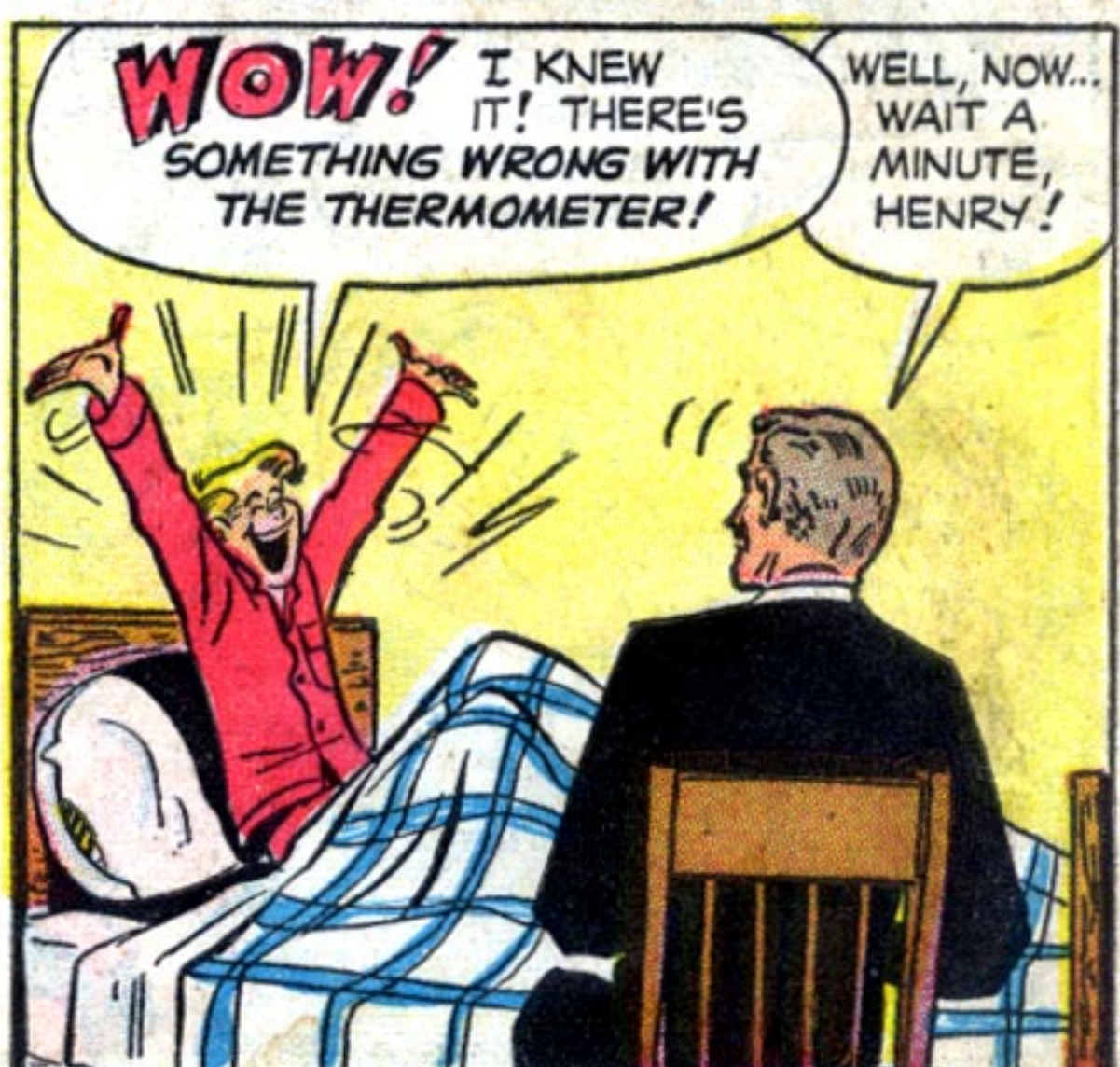
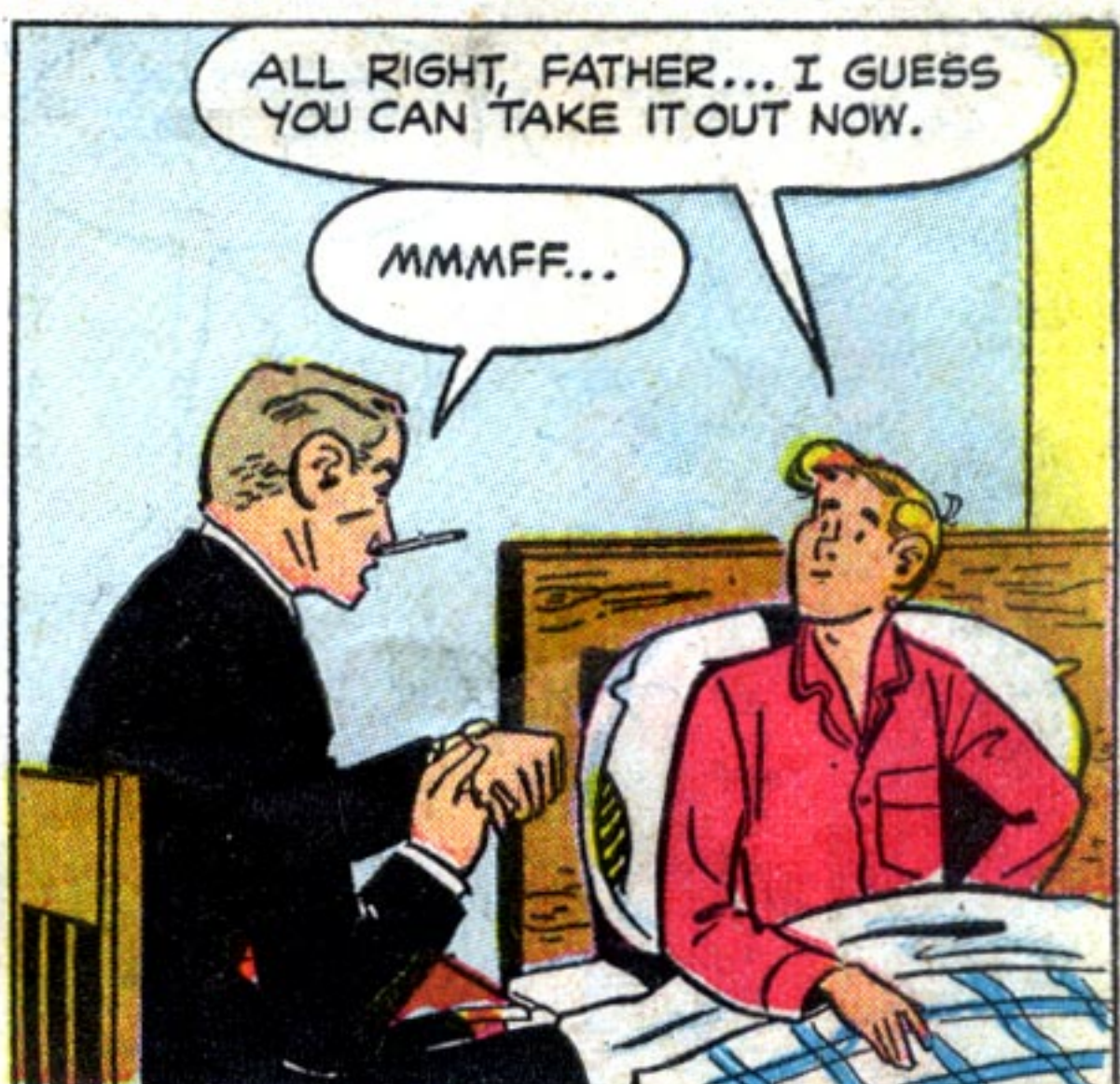
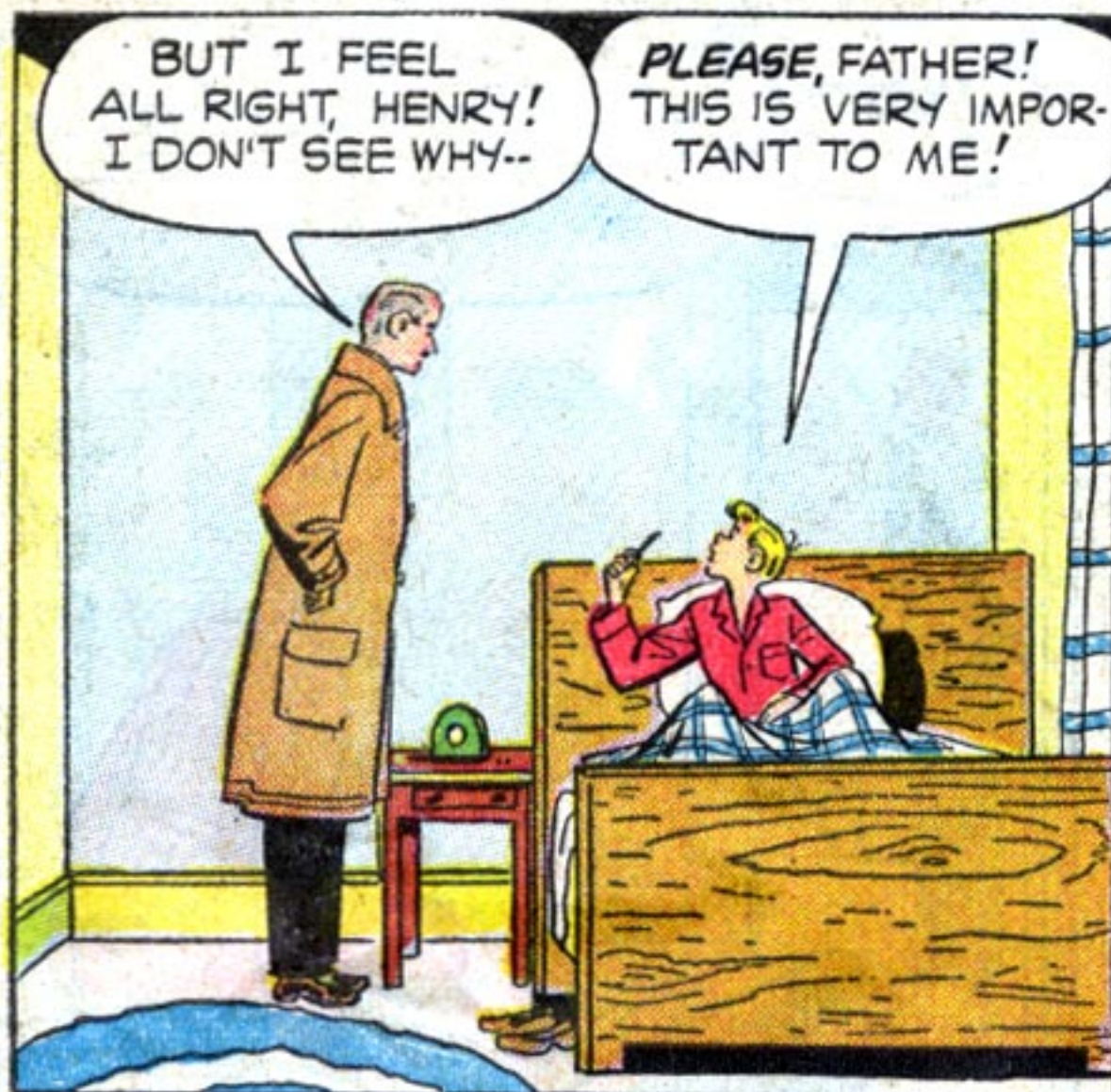


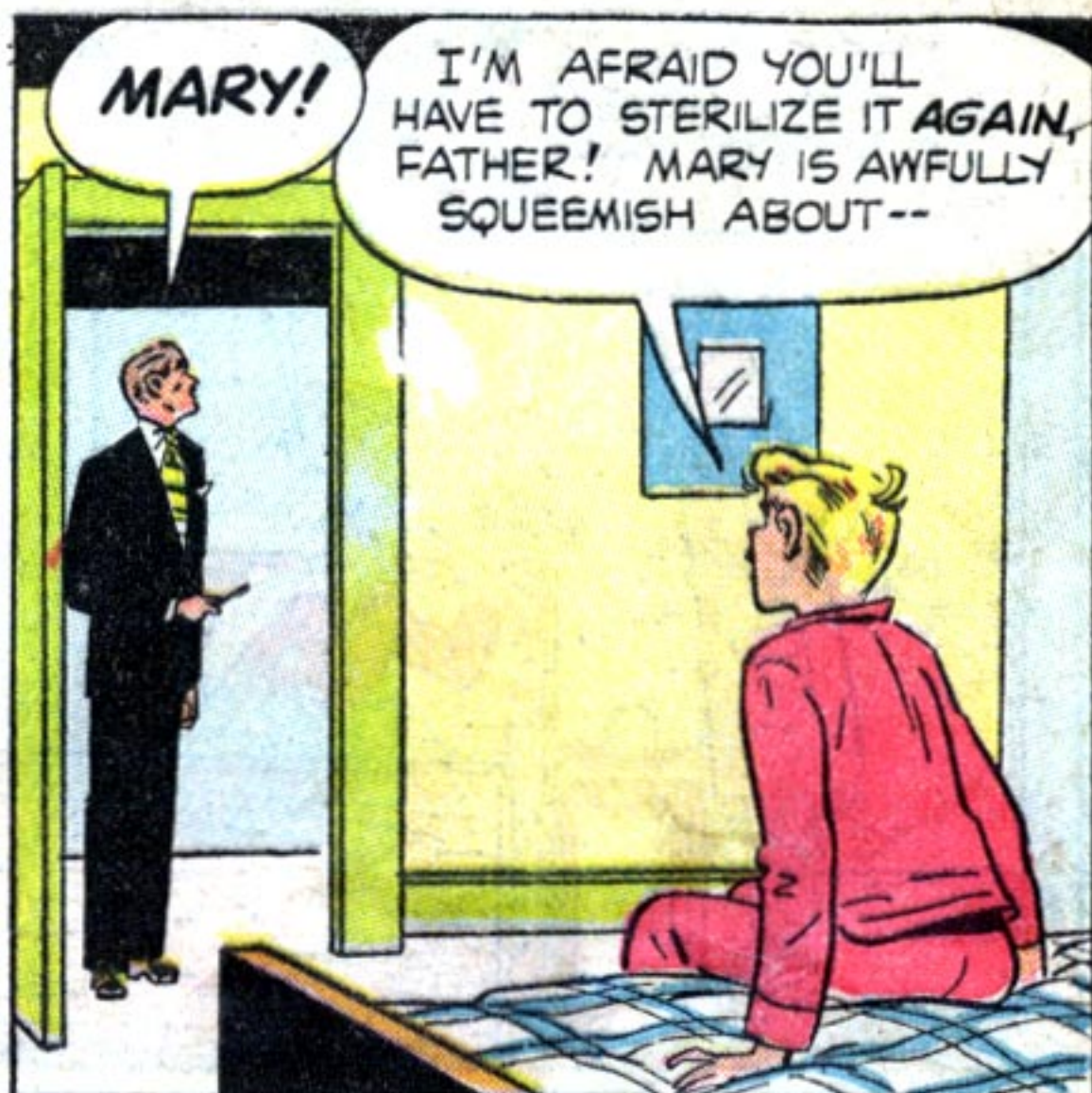




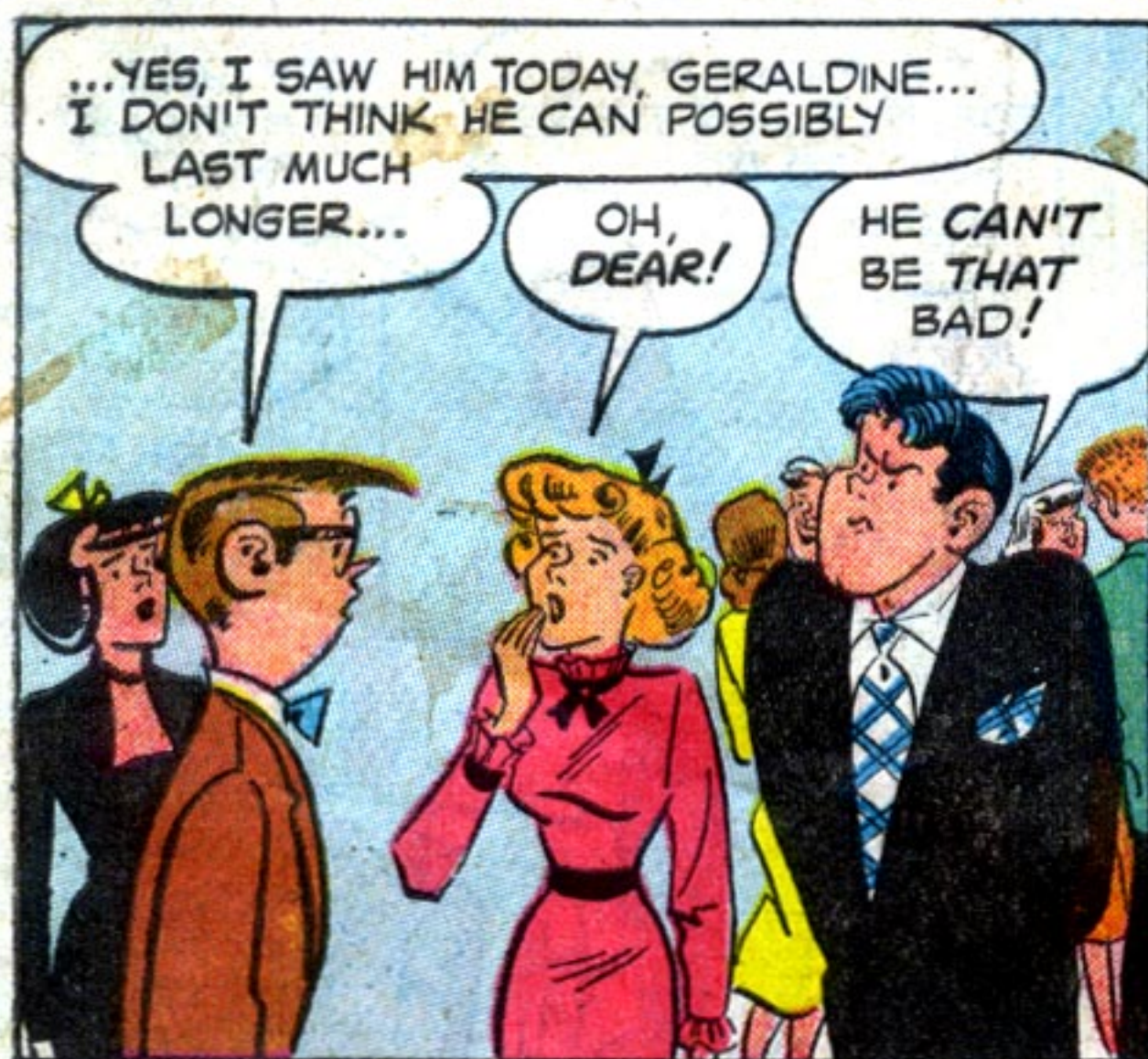
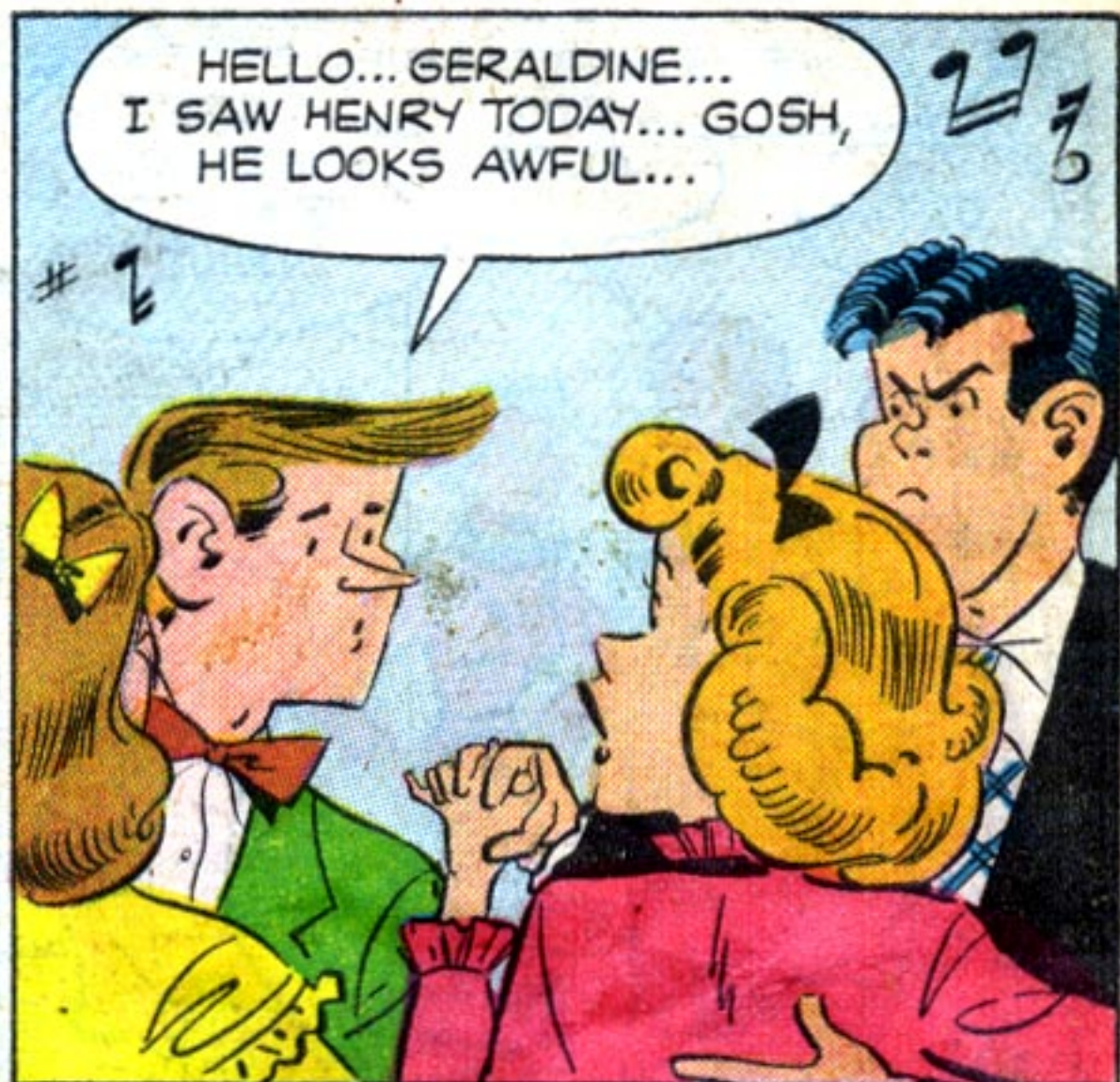


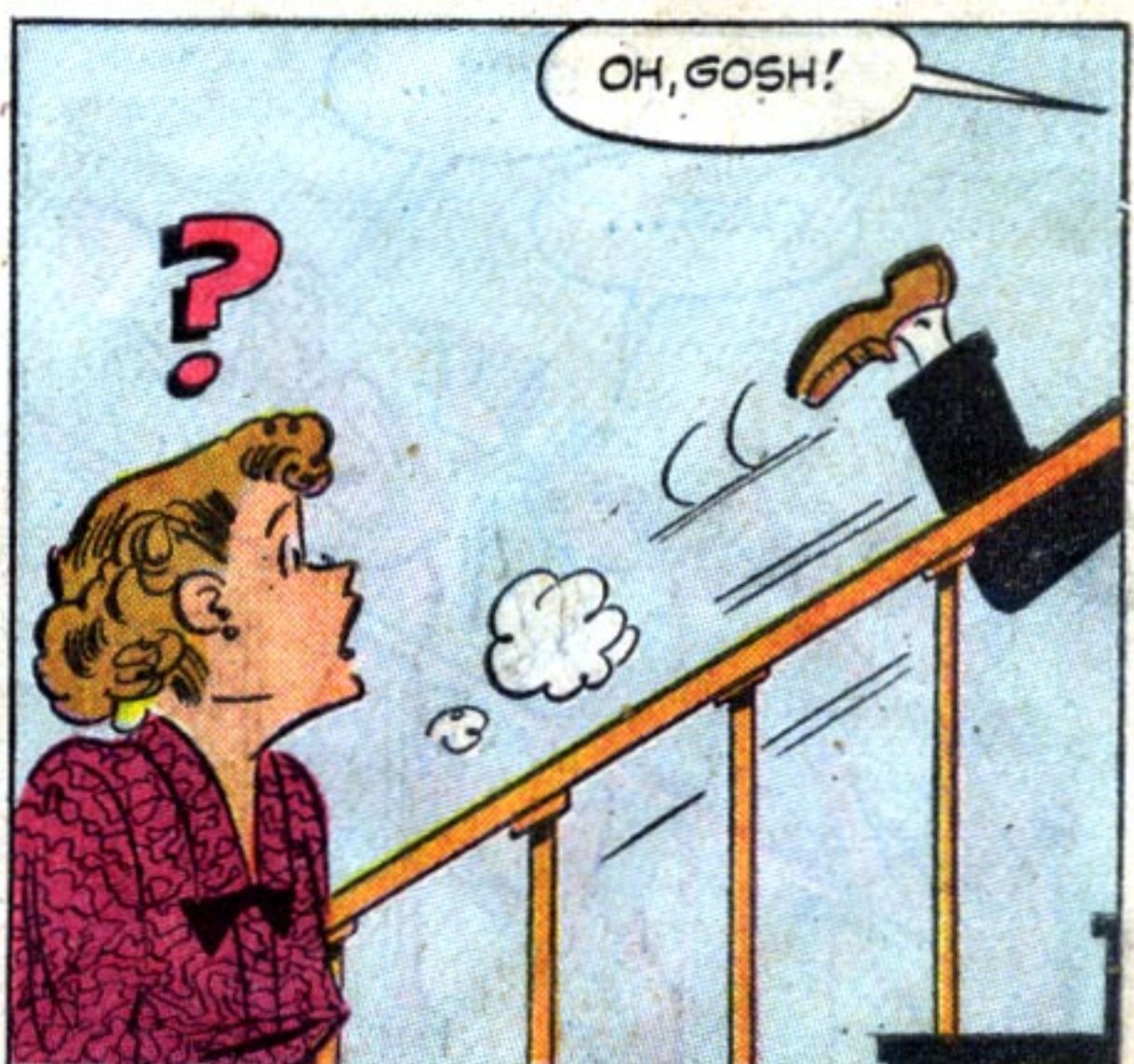
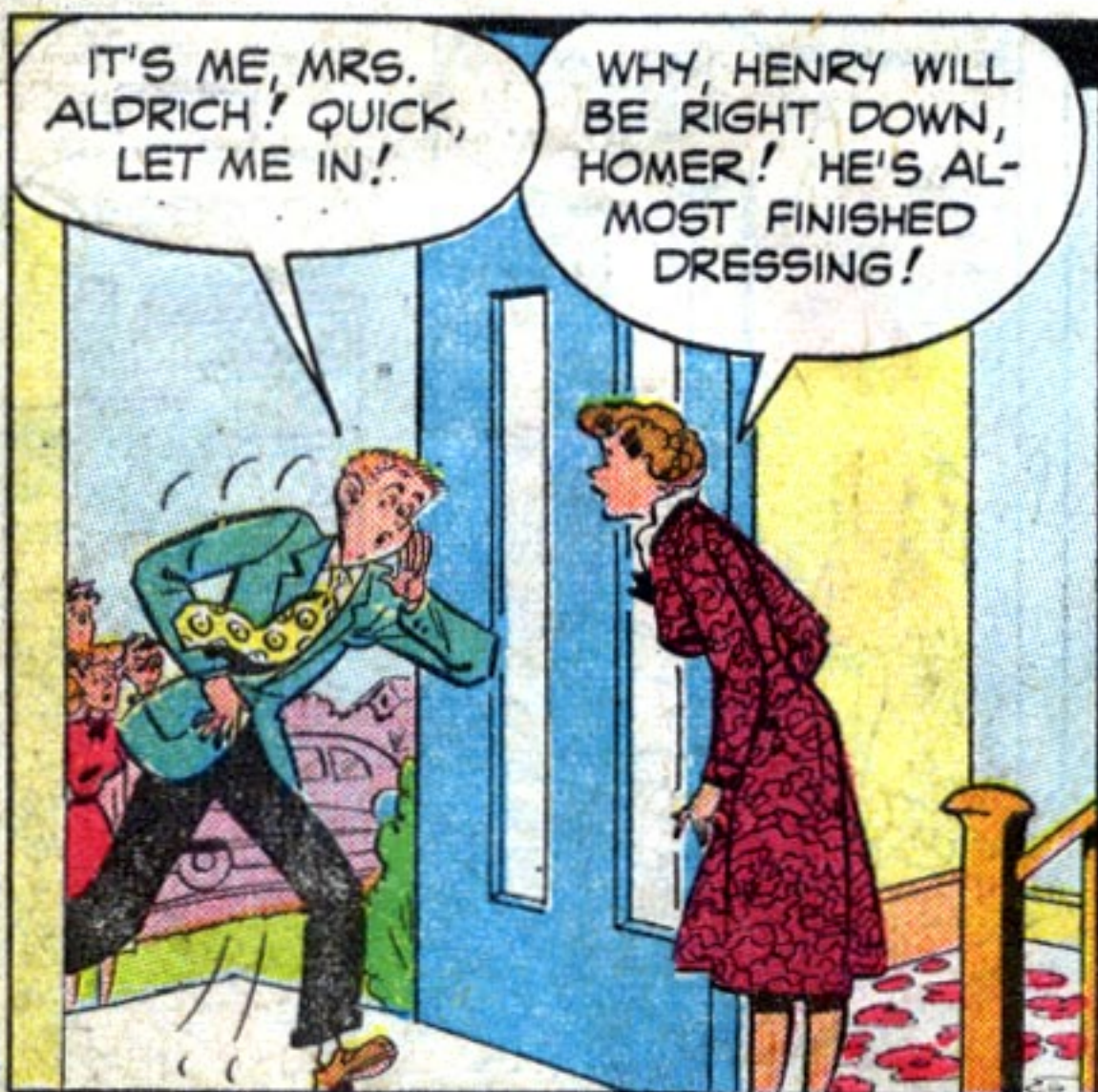
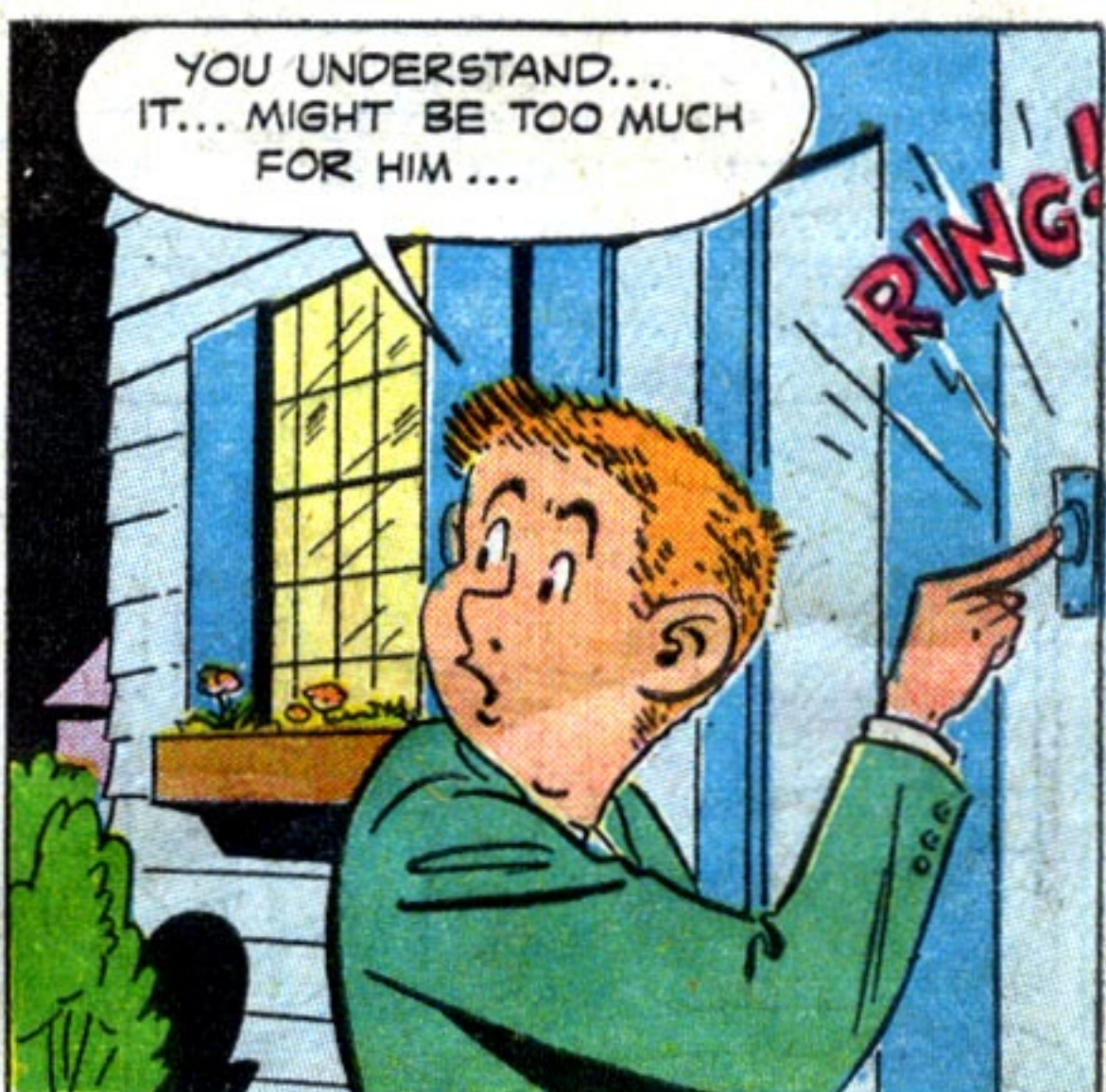
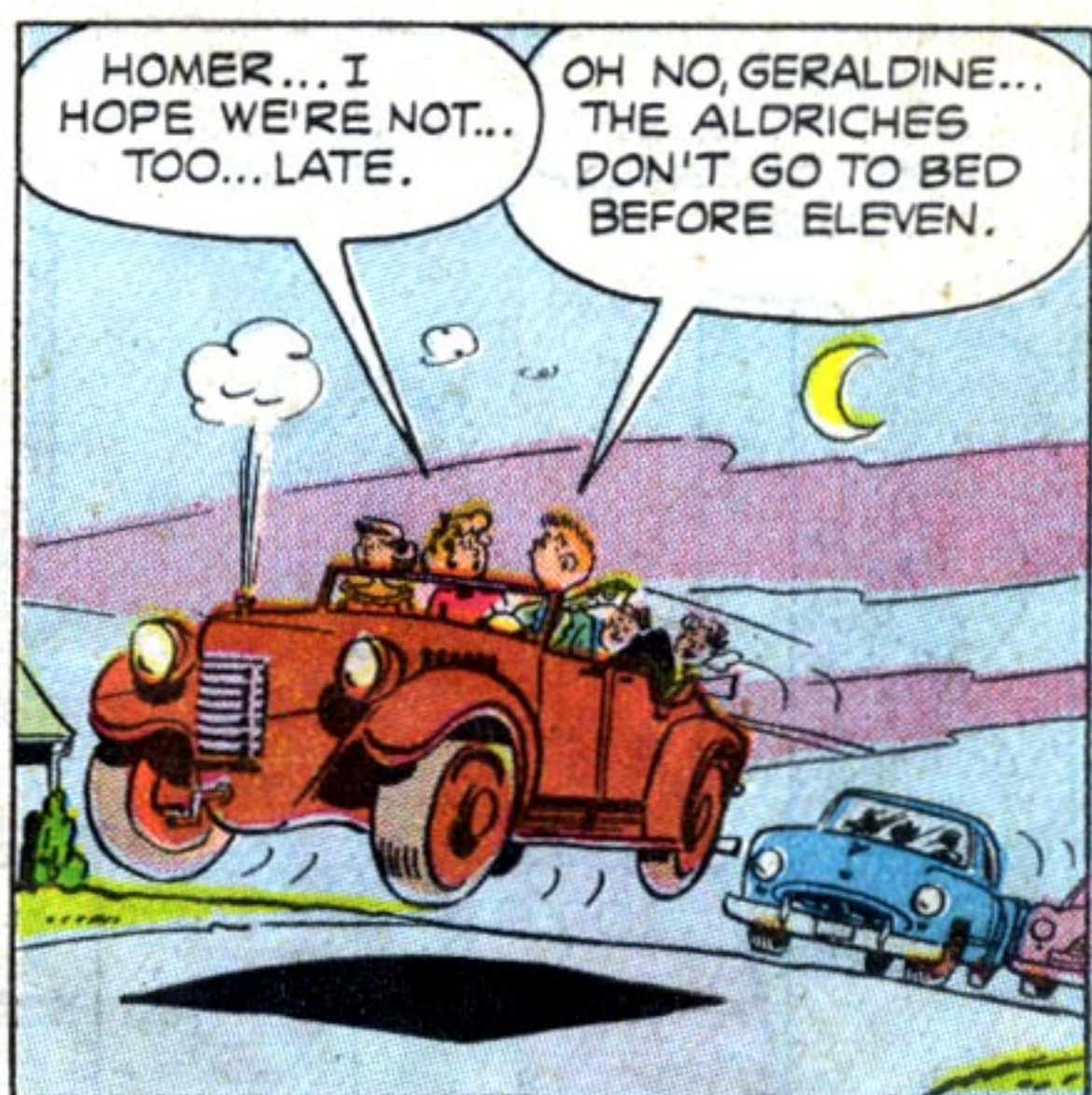


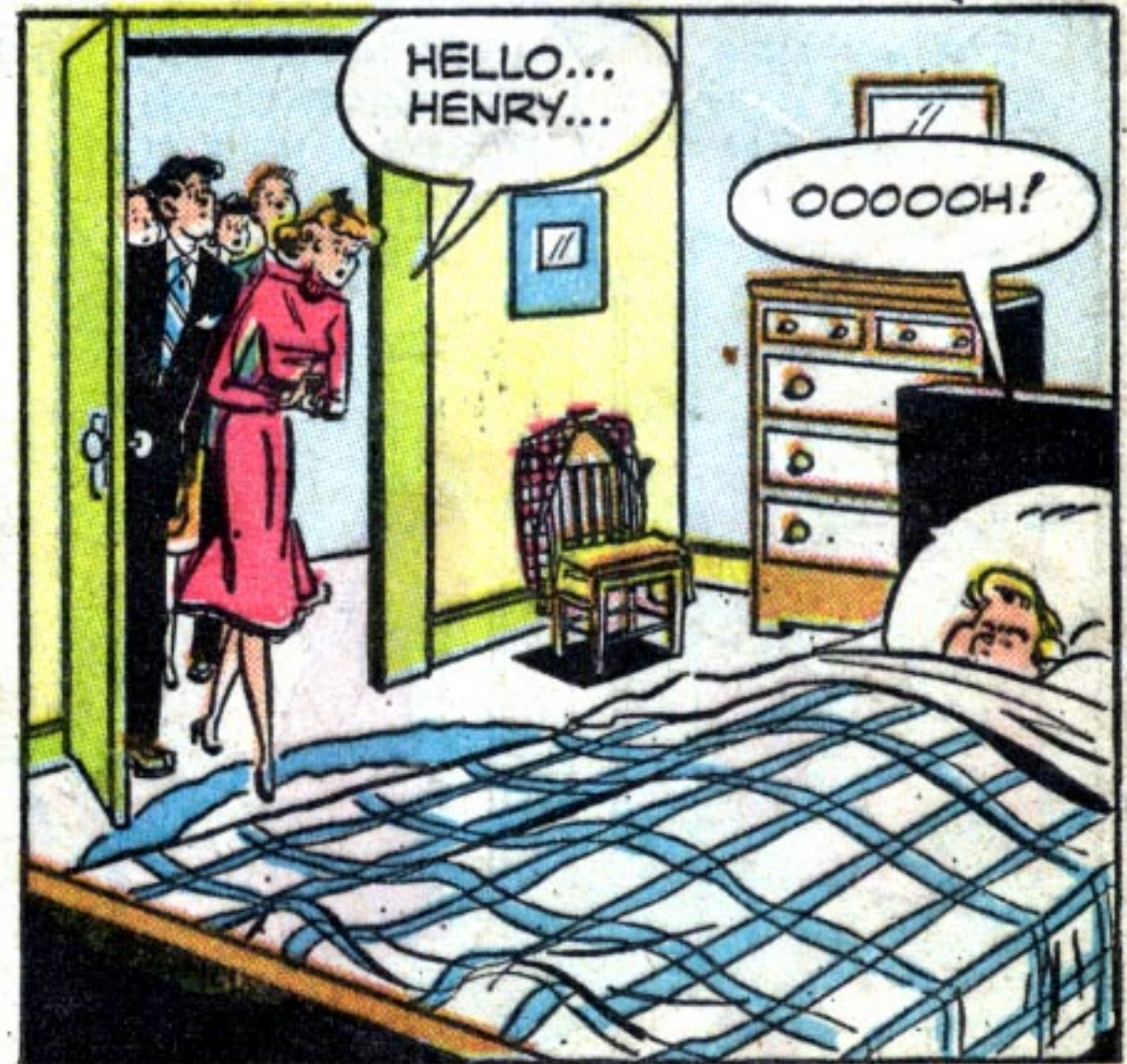
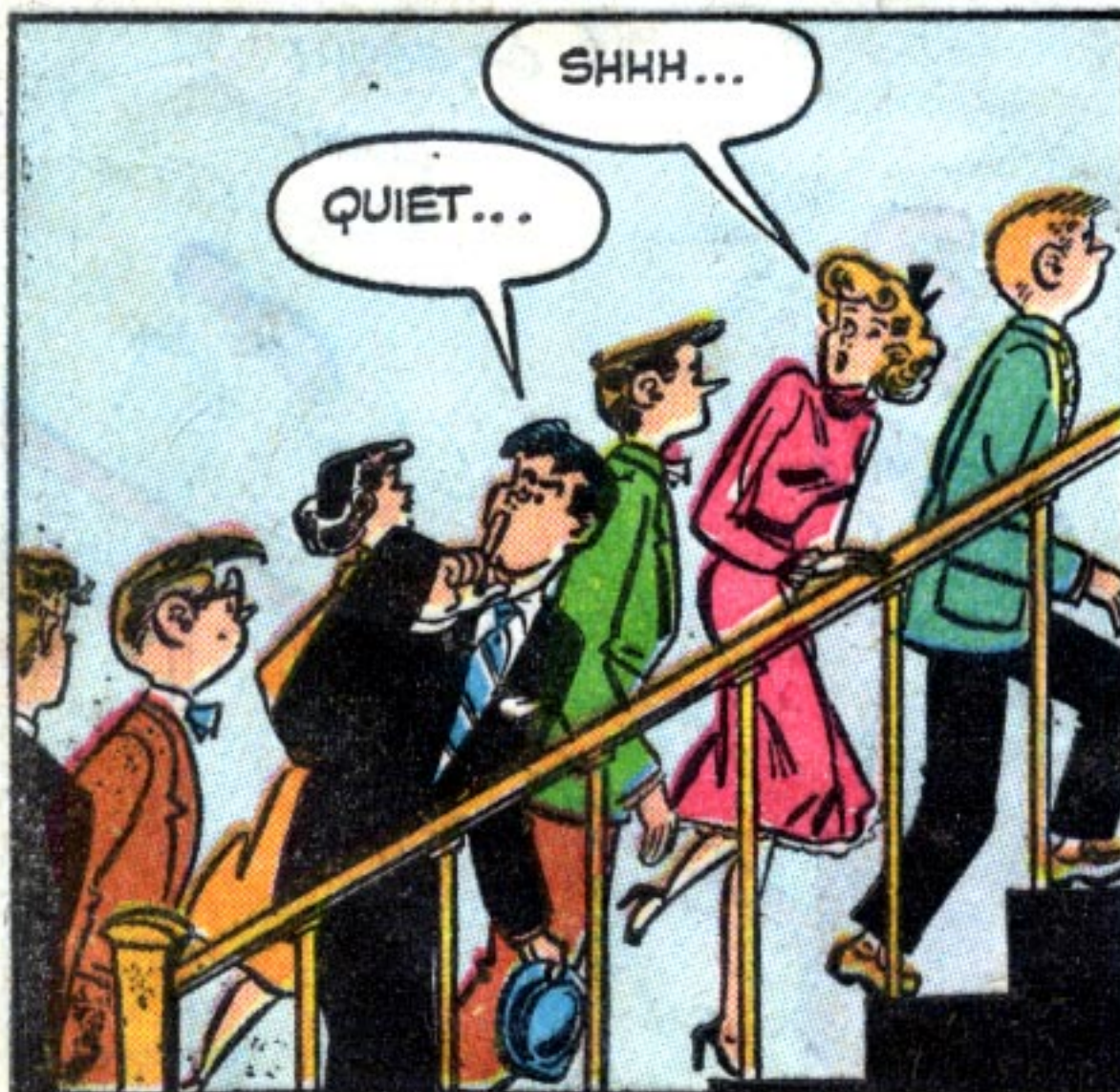
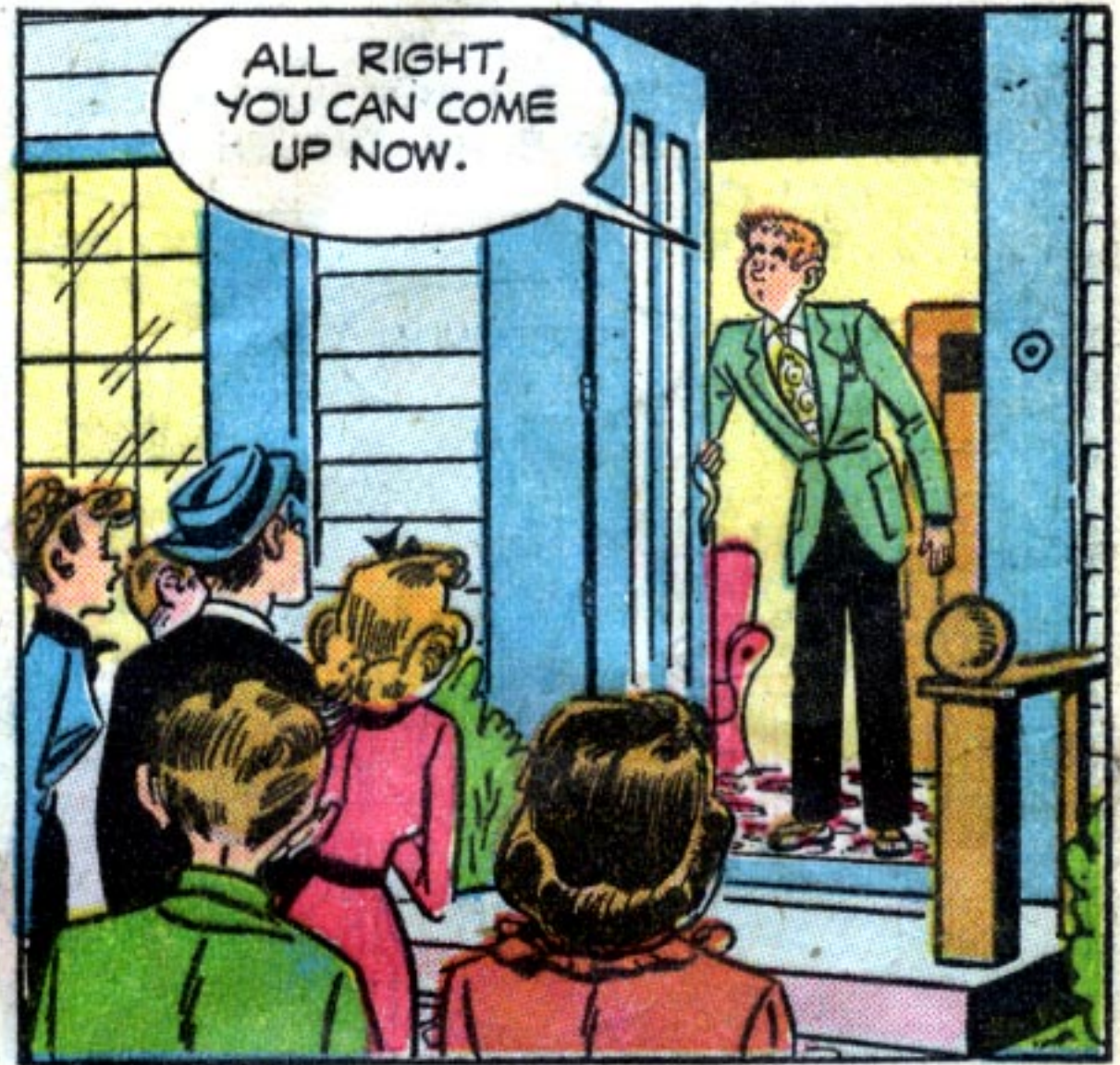
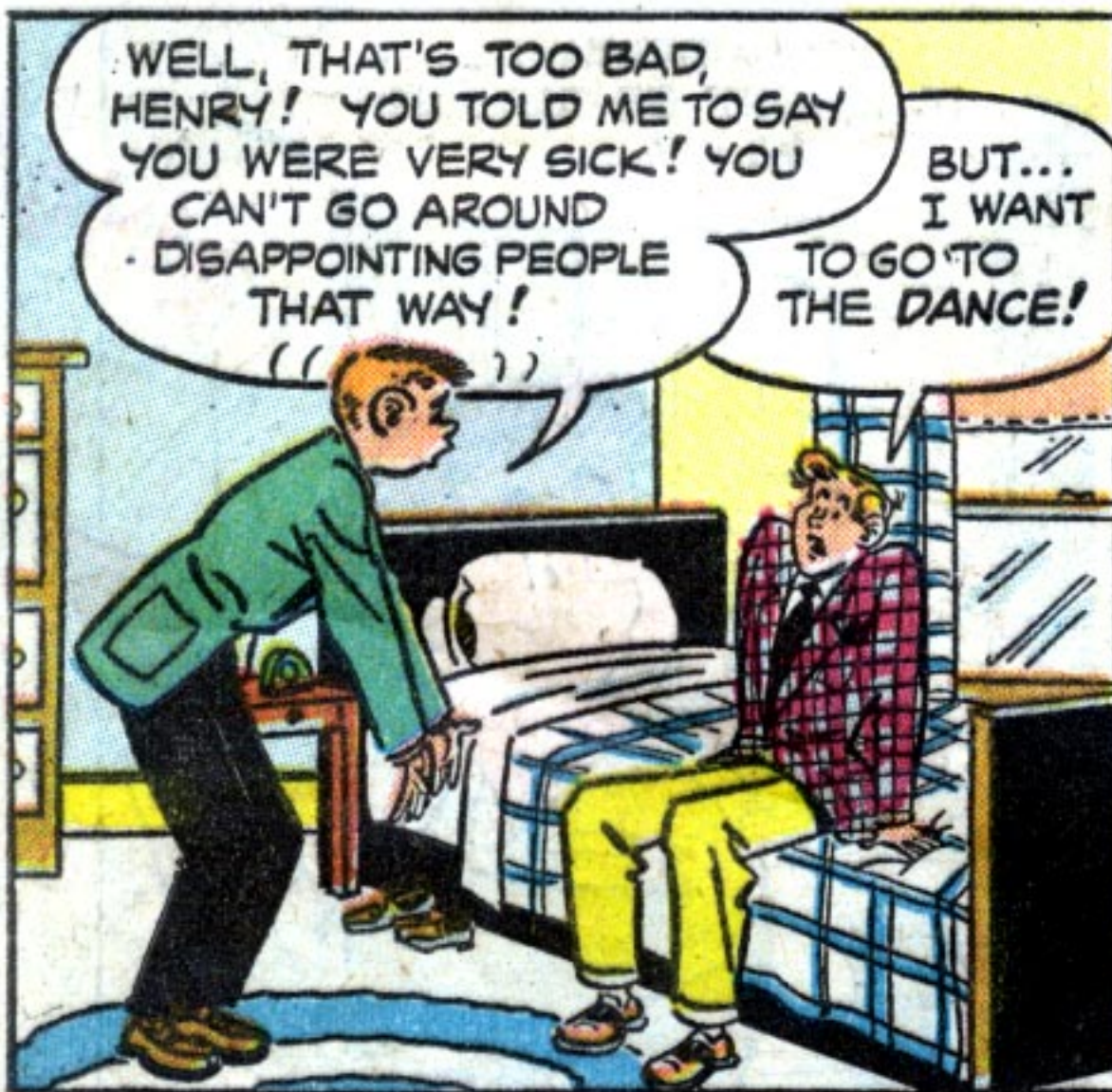
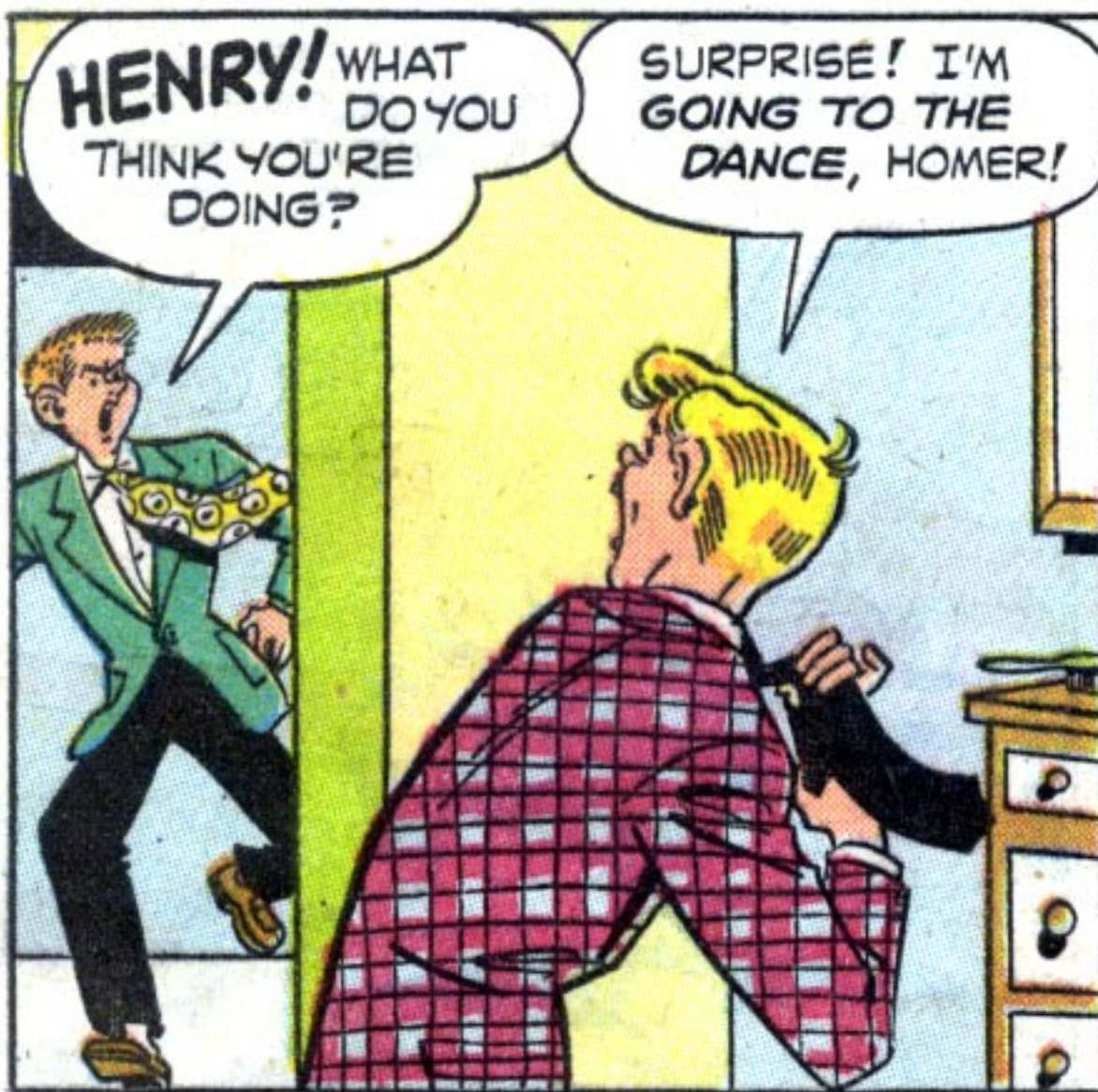


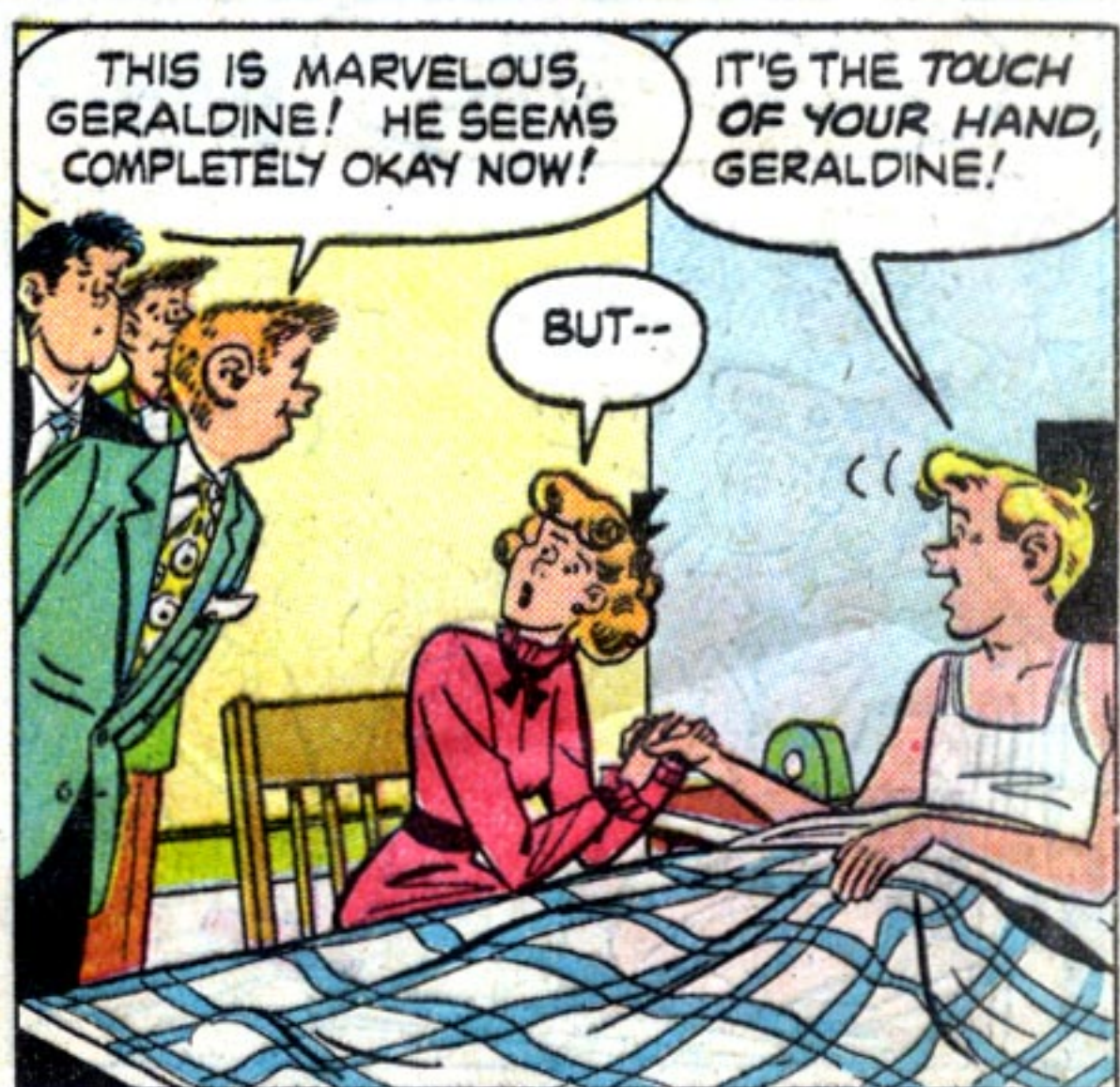
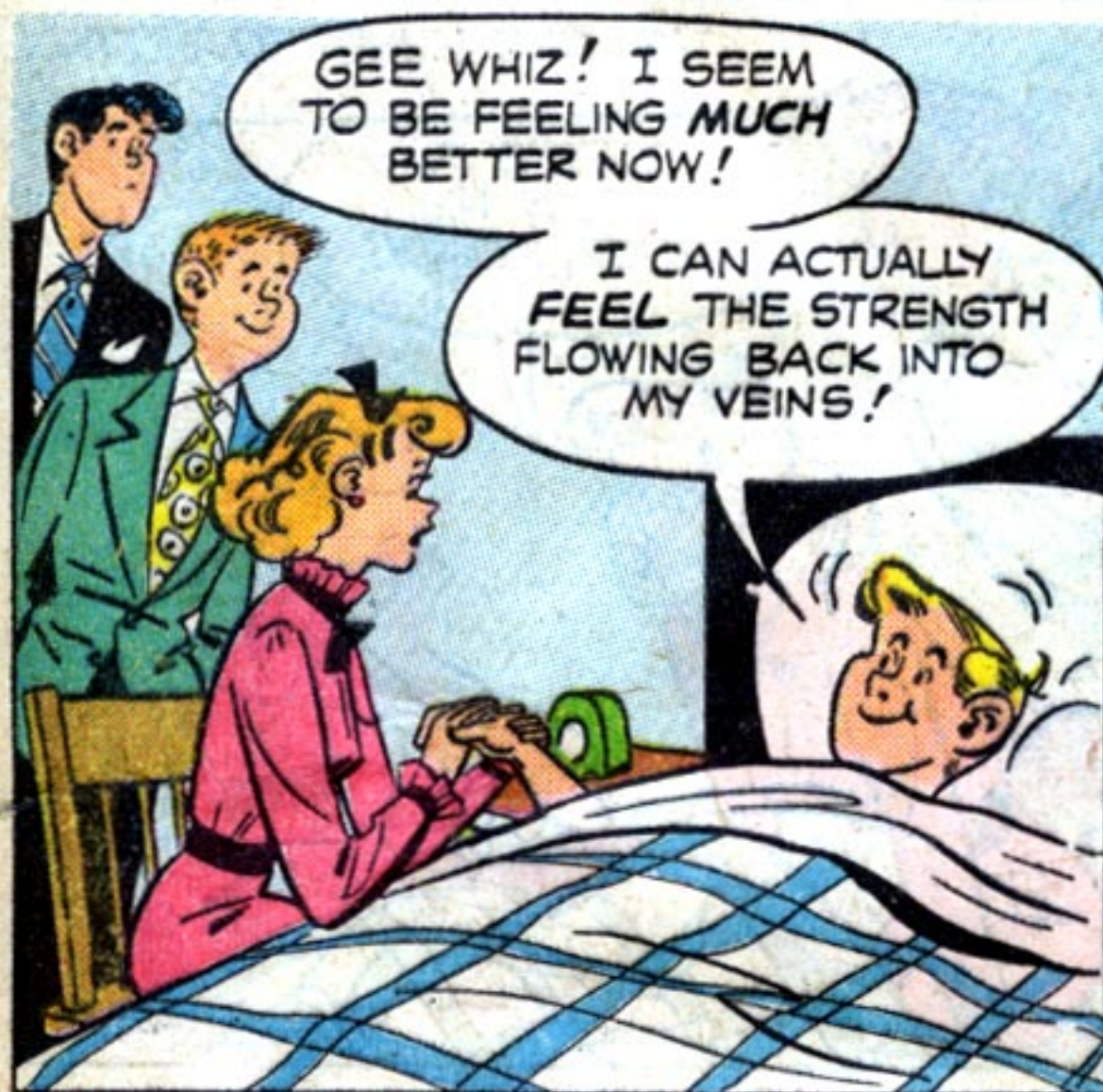
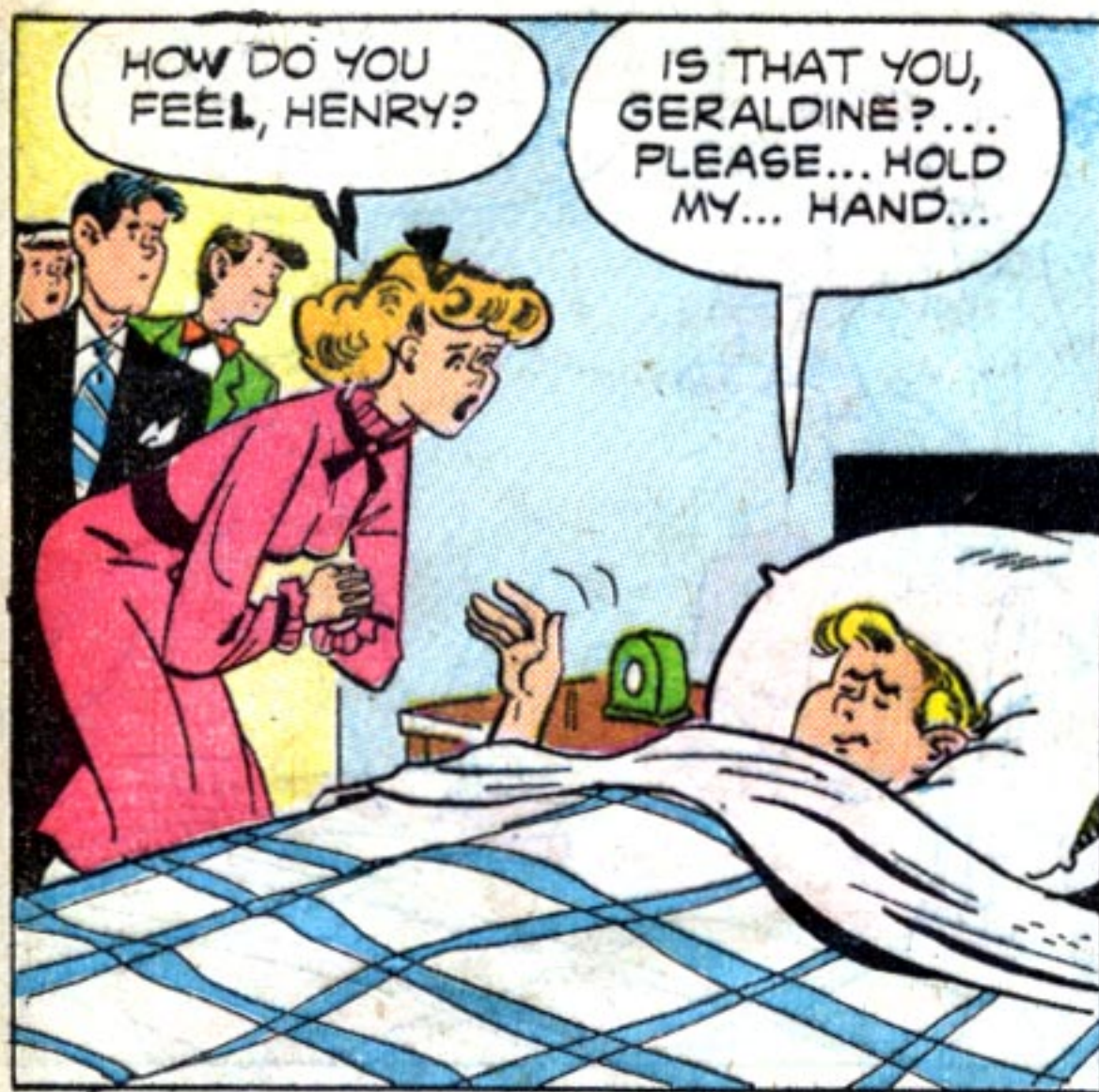


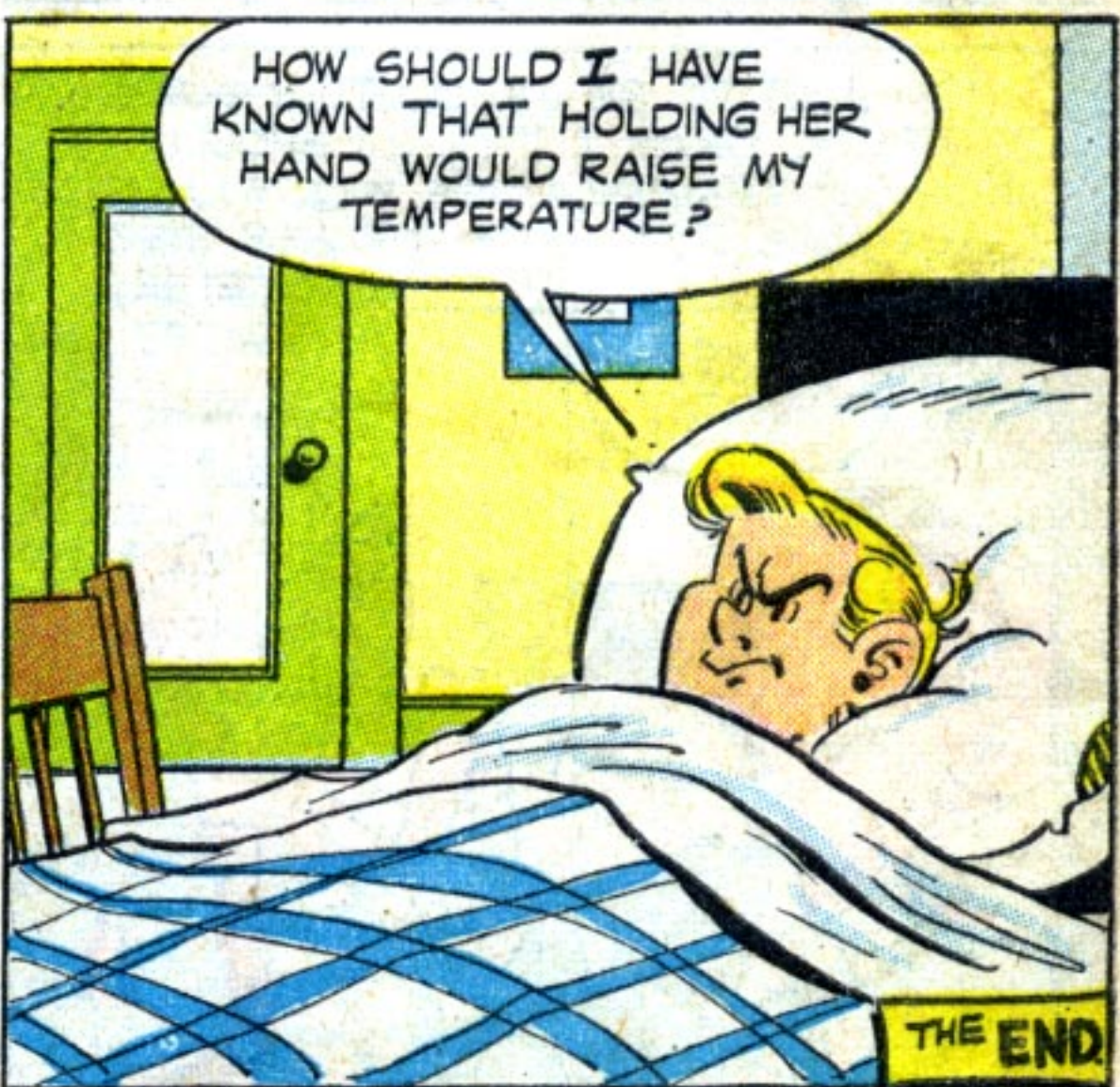
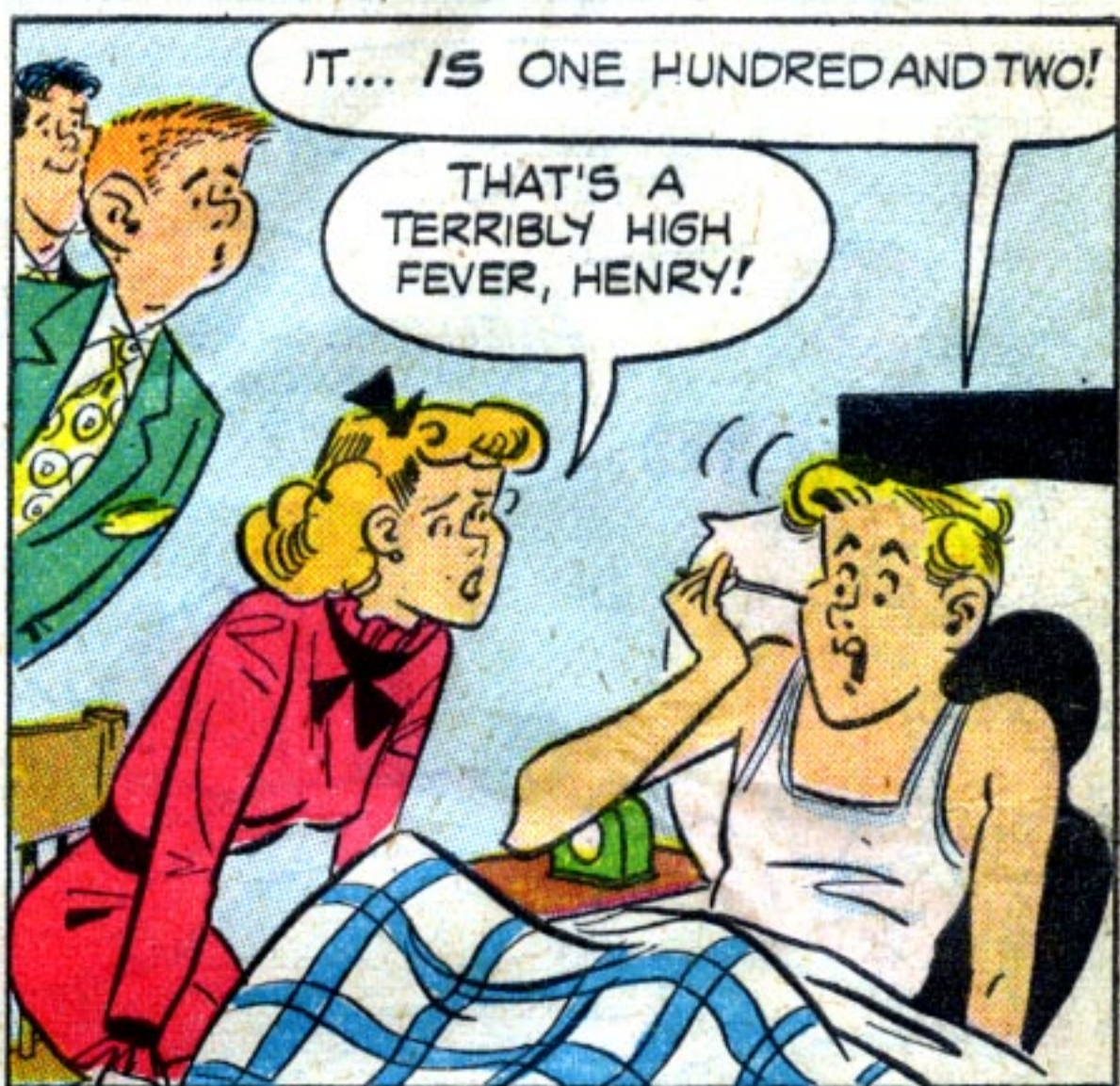
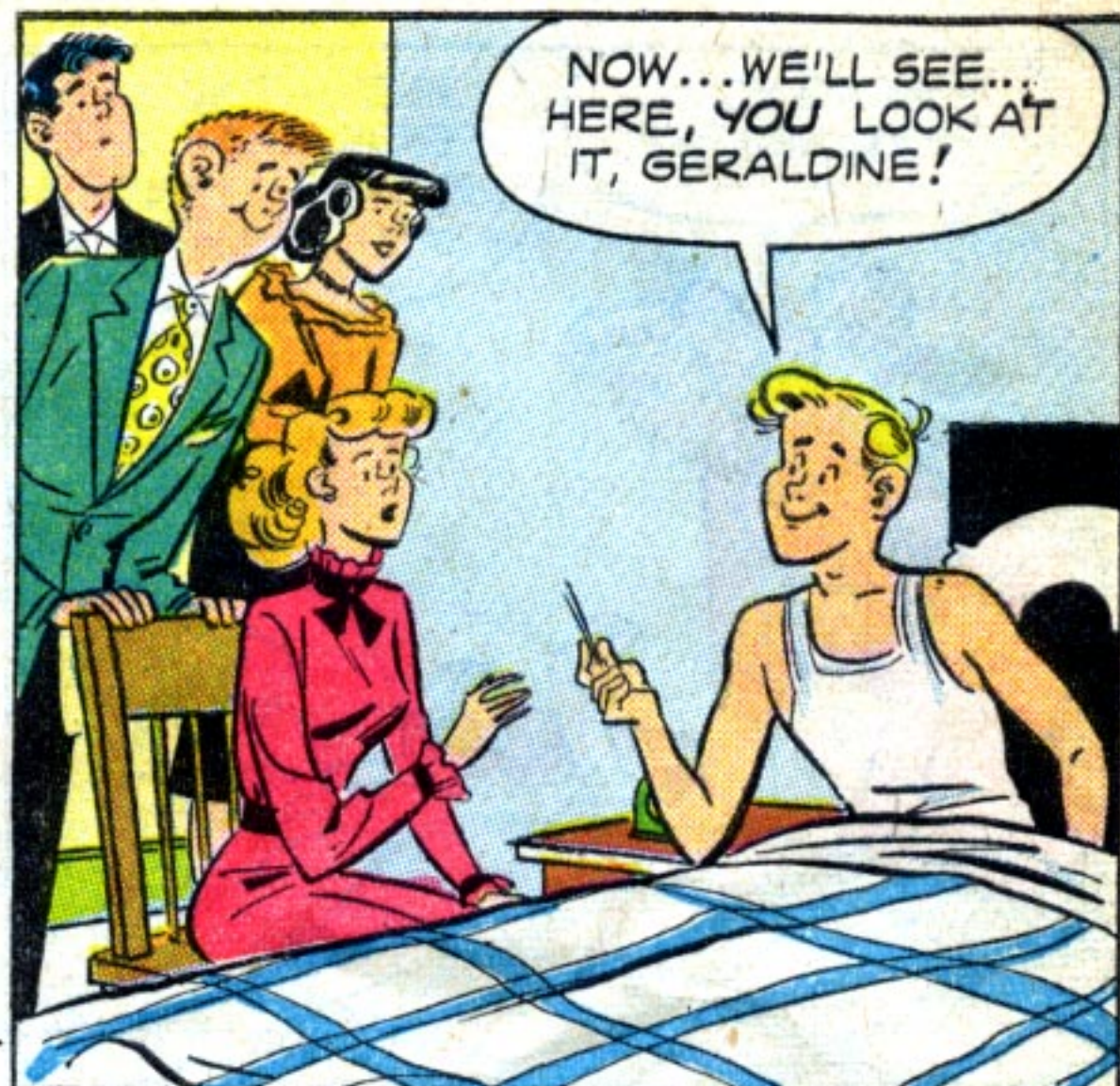
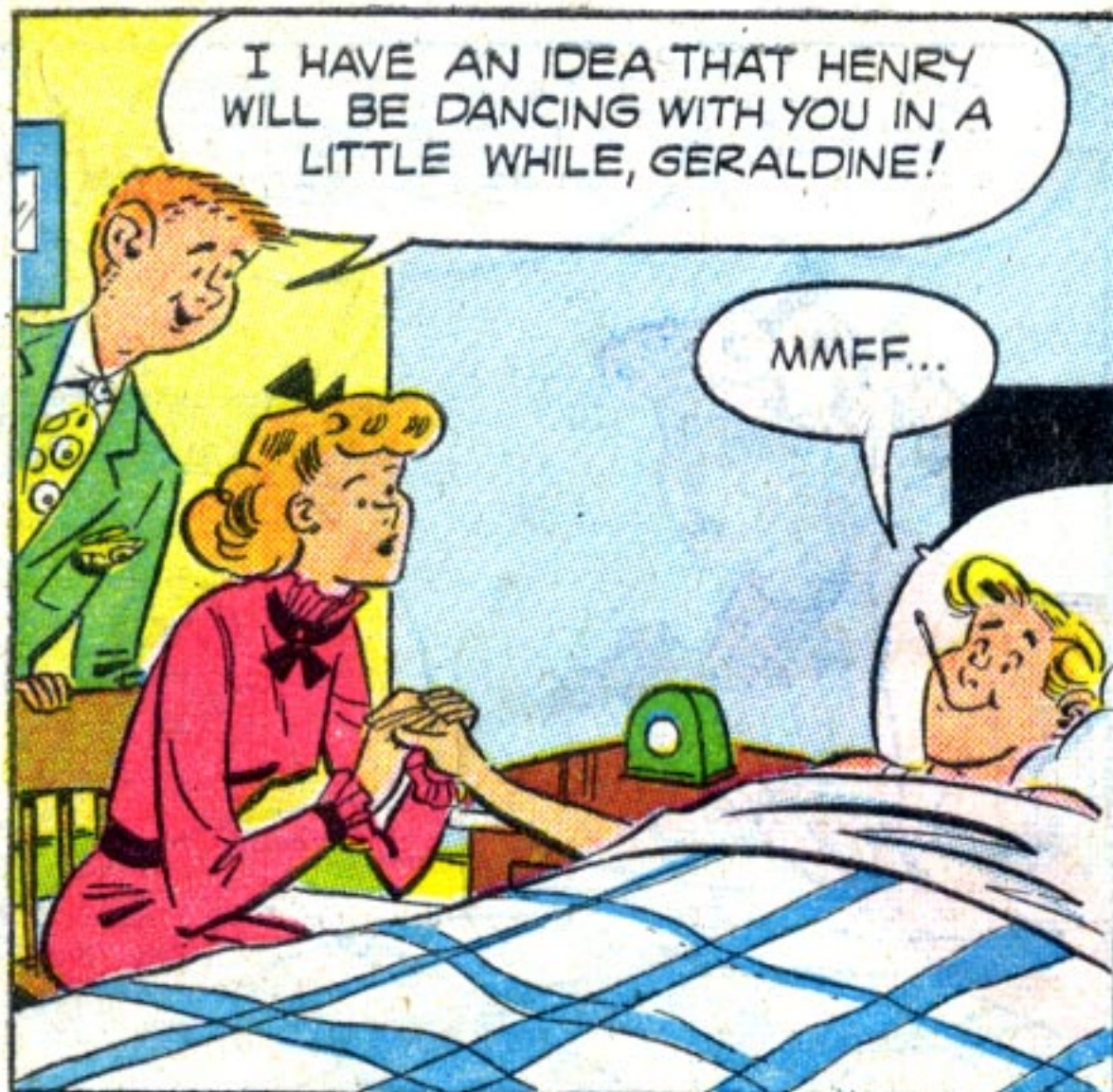












HENRY ALDRICH PLANS THE PICNIC

(Continued from inside front cover)

Mr. Aldrich came in, lit his pipe and picked up his paper. "You're helping your mother with the dishes, aren't you, Henry?" he asked.

"Gee whiz, Father, I'd like to, but Homer and I have just GOT to get our plans worked out tonight!"

"Yes, Mr. Aldrich," agreed Homer, "after all, the picnic is tomorrow!"

"What?" cried Mr. Aldrich. "Do you mean to say you've waited until NOW to plan food and transportation for a picnic TOMORROW?"

"Sure, Father!" Henry began.

"And never considered that I might be using the car?" thundered Mr. Aldrich.

"No, Mr. Aldrich," quavered Homer.

"Or that tomorrow is a holiday and the stores are closed," Mr. Aldrich continued, "so you can't possibly shop for food anyway!"

Henry's mouth dropped open, "A—A—holiday?"

"What'll we do for food, Homer?" Henry moaned.

"And transportation too, Henry."

"We could call everybody and have them bring their own food, Homer."

Homer scratched his head. "Yeh... and furnish their own transportation, I suppose."

They tried still more ideas and made several telephone calls but nothing seemed to work. There just didn't seem to be any solution. In desperation, Homer went home—and Henry went up to bed.

Mrs. Aldrich had just picked up her sewing when Mr. Aldrich laid down his newspaper and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Alice," he said, "I suppose I was rather unreasonable. I COULD get Mr. Wilkinson to drive us over in his car and let Henry have ours tomorrow, couldn't I?"

"Yes, Sam, and I was thinking that I COULD make some sandwiches with that ham that Aunt Bess sent us."

"Certainly, I'll call Wilkinson right

now," exclaimed Mr. Aldrich and rushed to the telephone, while Mrs. Aldrich disappeared into the kitchen to tackle the sandwiches.

Early next morning, Homer arrived at the Aldrich home with a live chicken, which he had "borrowed", tucked under his arm.

"Look, Henry," he said proudly, "chicken sandwiches!"

"No, ham, Homer," Henry corrected and explained what his parents had done.

The boys finally got under way in the car, having thanked Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich profusely. They took along the chicken as Homer felt he would like to "return" it before they picked up anyone else.

On the way, they spotted Geraldine at a bus stop and Henry drew up to the curb.

"Hop in, Geraldine!" cried Homer, swinging open the door. But before Geraldine could answer, there was a loud SQUAWK, and out flew the chicken right into her face.

"Catch him, Henry," shouted Homer, and the two boys jumped out in pursuit. But they returned empty-handed; the chicken had "flown the coop."

Geraldine was indignant until the boys explained. Then she laughed.

"But, Henry," she chuckled, "your picnic isn't until NEXT week, silly!"

There was a pause—

"Oh, no, no!" both boys cried, "now what'll we do? We can't possibly go back home now!"

"Listen," suggested Geraldine, "pick up Agnes and we'll have a picnic anyway!"

Henry and Homer agreed enthusiastically and as it turned out, this picnic was a resounding success. Geraldine was made chairman of the entertainment committee. Agnes was given the task of explaining later to her father what had happened to one of his prize chickens, and the chairmen of the transportation and food committees stuffed themselves with ham sandwiches, of which needless to say, there was an ample supply!

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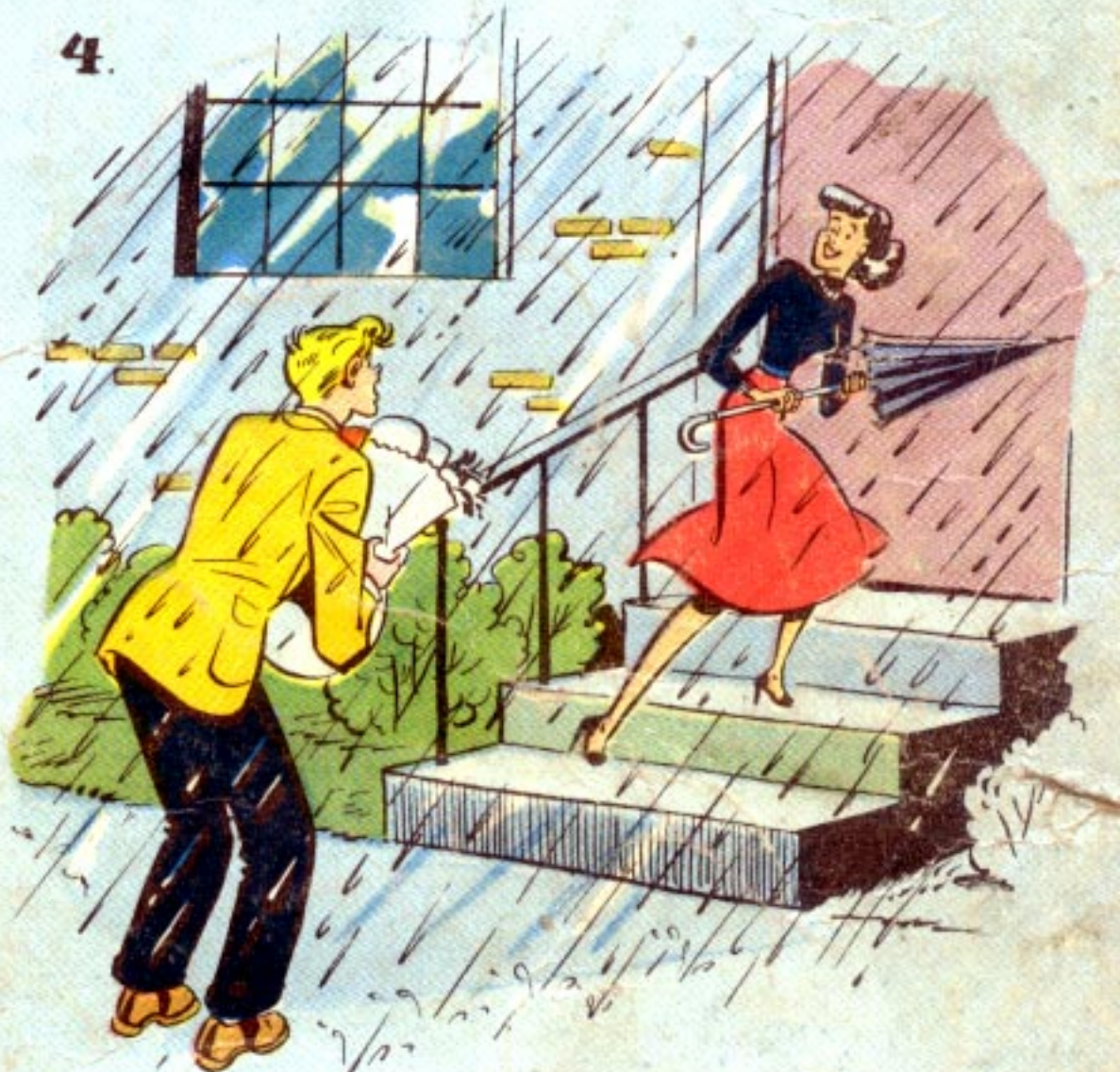
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