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A DELL COMIC  
AUG. SEPT.  
10¢

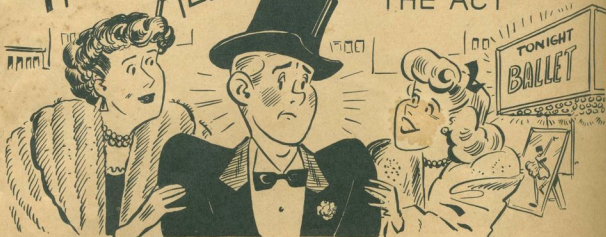
# HENRY ALDRICH



Bill Williams

# HENRY ALDRICH

## GETS INTO THE ACT



Mrs. Aldrich replaced the receiver back on the telephone and returned to the living room.

"Well," she said, picking up her sewing, "isn't that nice."

Henry looked up from the sport magazine he was reading, "Who was it, Mother?"

"Your Aunt Harriet, Henry, and I have good news for you . . ."

"For me, Mother? I don't understand . . ."

"Aunt Harriet has presented us with her tickets to the ballet tomorrow night at the Opera House, Henry," answered Mrs. Aldrich, "and inasmuch as your father will be away on business and Mary still has that cold, I think that you . . ."

"What? M-m-me?" interrupted Henry. "Mother, you don't mean . . ."

"Why, yes, Henry, you can borrow your father's tuxedo, and invite your friend, Geraldine. After all, you shouldn't neglect your cultural education, you know."

"But, Mother, what'll the fellows at school say? Ballet . . . that's for girls . . . gee, whiz!"

However, Mrs. Aldrich insisted and Henry sadly went to call Geraldine—

"Maybe she's got another date," Henry thought hopefully. But she hadn't. Then Henry explained that it wasn't his idea and that he was just making use of the tickets for Aunt Harriet's sake. Still, Geraldine was enthusiastic, and so, as Henry put it, he "was trapped!"

The following evening on his arrival at the Opera House, Henry tried to be as inconspicuous as possible. In spite of the fact that Geraldine wanted to stop and chat with friends, Henry hurried her through the crowd in the foyer. But, once inside, Henry found to his dismay that Aunt Harriet's seats were right out in front in a box overlooking the stage.

Impatiently, Henry awaited the beginning of the performance. He was nervous and ill at ease. Finally, the house lights were dimmed, the orchestra took its place and the ballet began.

As the evening progressed, Henry's attitude slowly began to change.

"Say, Geraldine," he whispered in about the middle of the first number, "this isn't boring at all, is it? Why, I never saw anything like it before!"

Henry leaned forward in his seat and put his elbows up on the edge of the box. But, in doing so, he knocked off his program, which fluttered out into space.

"Oh!" he gasped, and made a lunge to grab it. But his sudden wild swing caught Geraldine's purse and sent it flying! It landed with a CRASH on the stage and coins, keys, lipstick, comb, compact, mirror, and everything a girl's purse contains scattered in all directions.

The dancers stopped, the music stopped,

(Continued on inside back cover)

# HENRY ALDRICH

RIN-NG!

THERE'S  
THE PHONE,  
HENRY!

IT COULD  
BE FOR YOU,  
MARY!

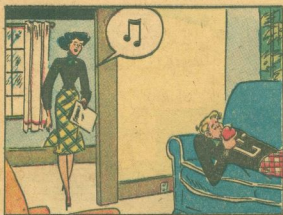
YOU'RE CLOSER  
TO IT THAN I AM!

BUT I'M LYING  
DOWN, MARY!  
THAT MAKES UP  
THE DIFFERENCE!

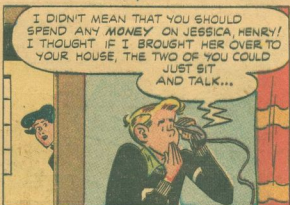
OH, ALL RIGHT !!

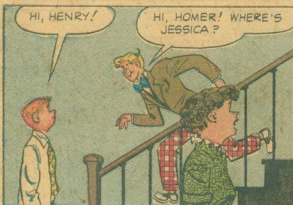
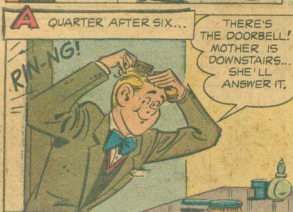
SOMEDAY THEY'RE  
GOING TO INVENT A PHONE  
THAT HOLLERS A PERSON'S  
**NAME** INSTEAD OF JUST  
RINGING...

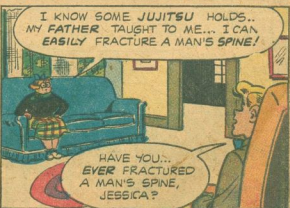
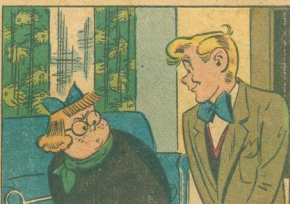
HELLO?  
YES...



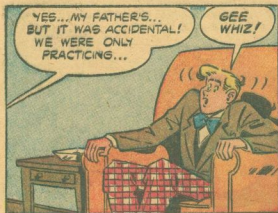




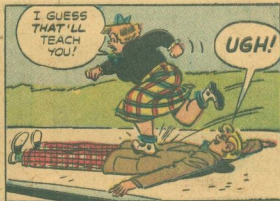
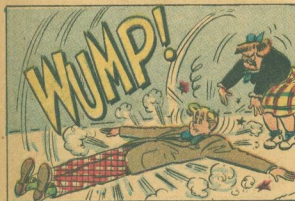


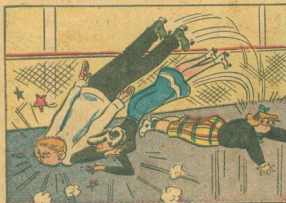
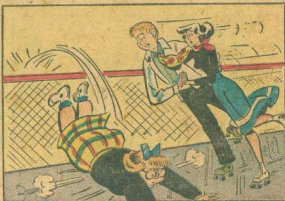
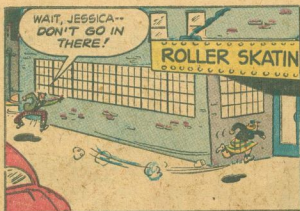


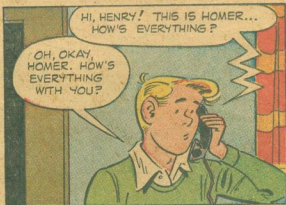






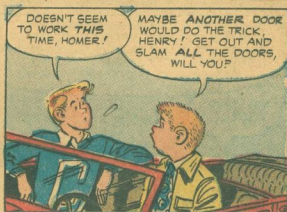
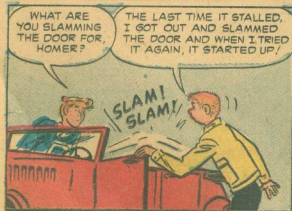
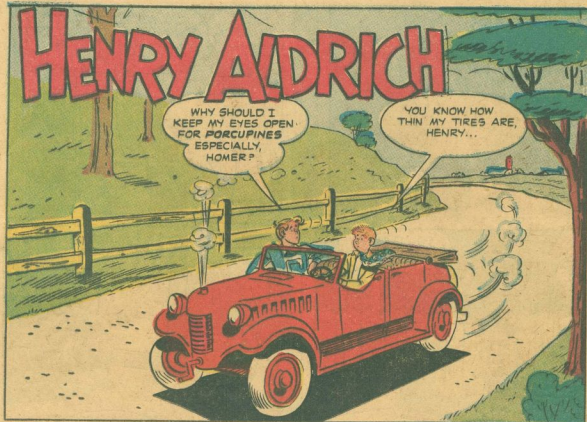




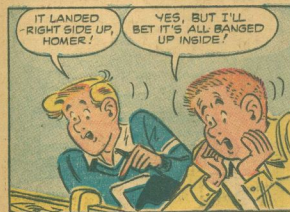
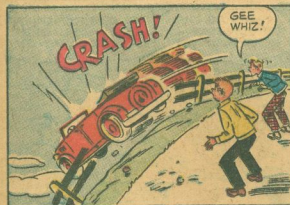
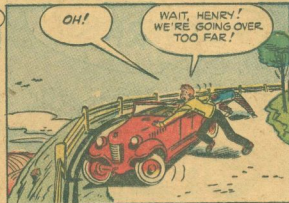
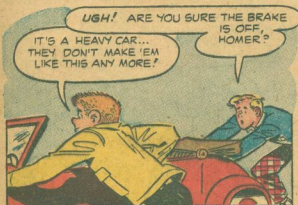
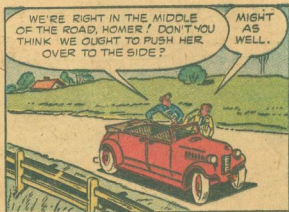
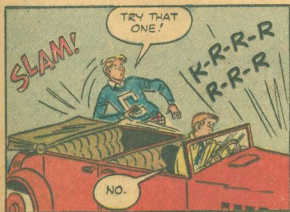


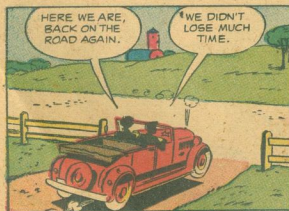
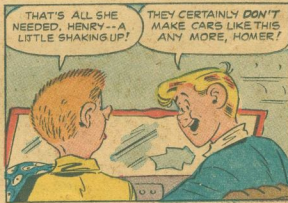
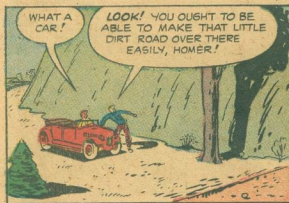
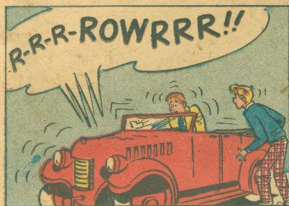
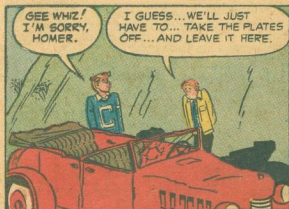


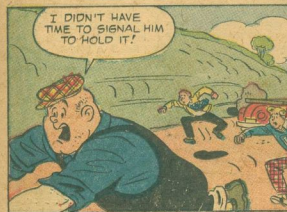
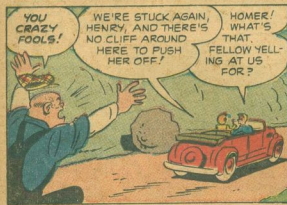
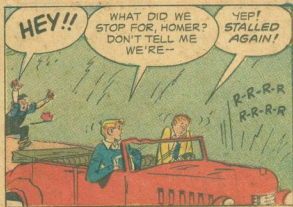
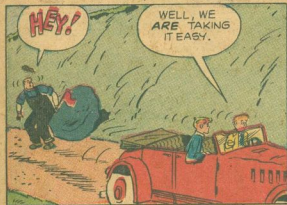
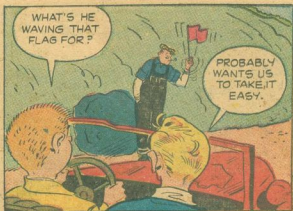
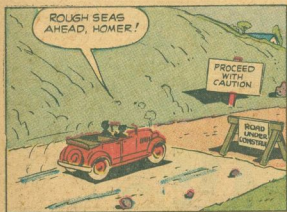
# HENRY ALDRICH



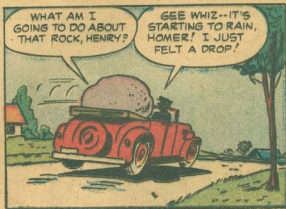
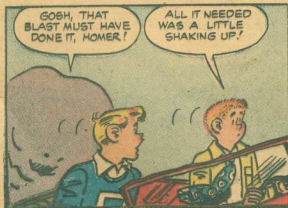
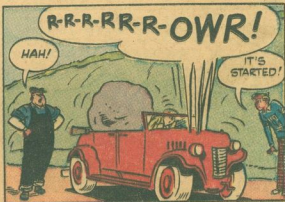
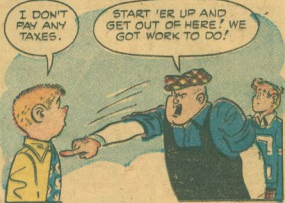
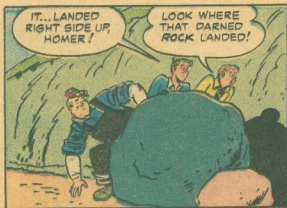




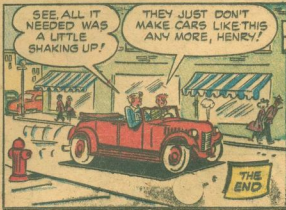
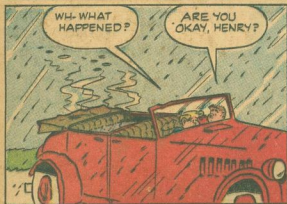
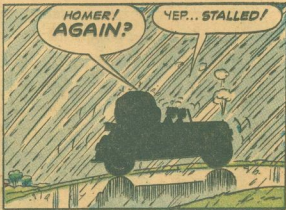
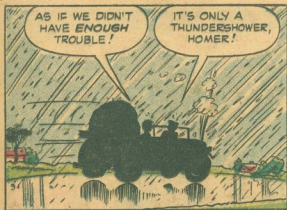


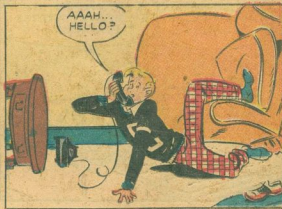
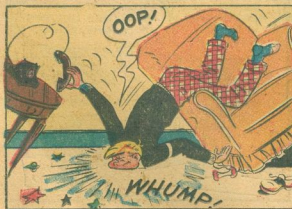
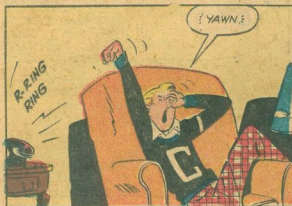
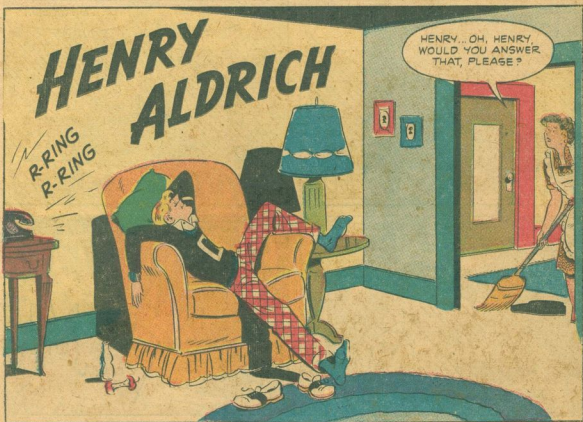


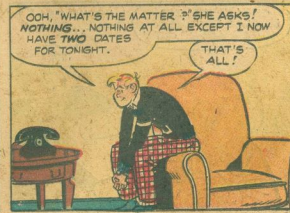




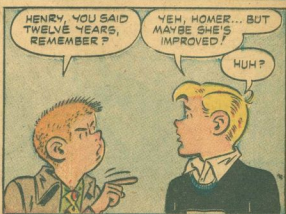
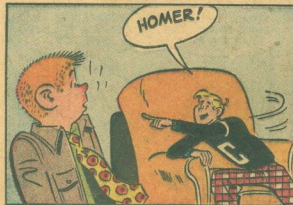




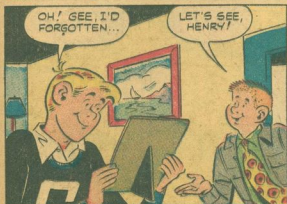


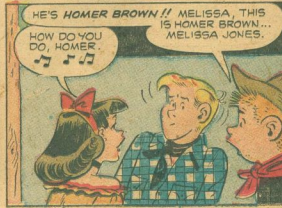
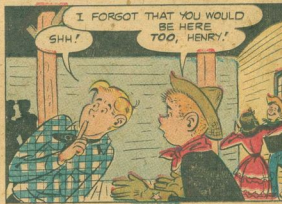
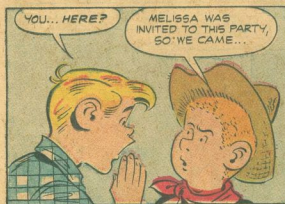
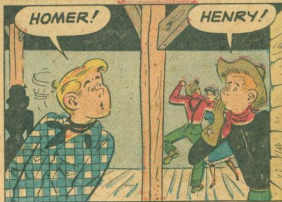
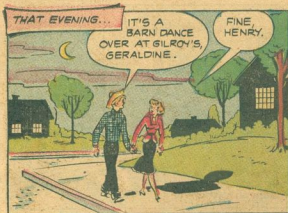


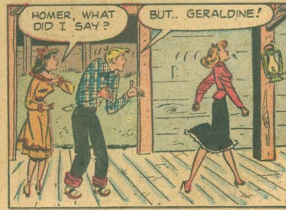
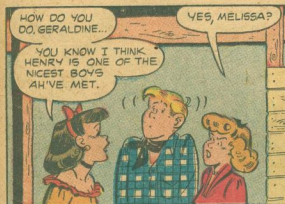




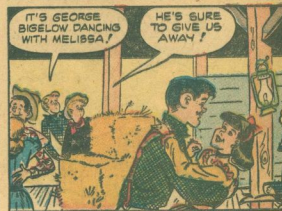
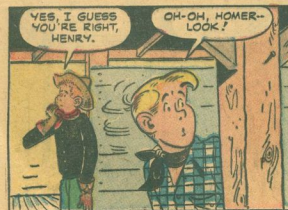
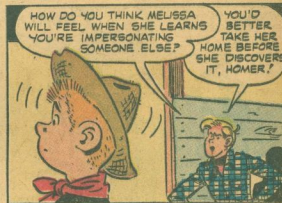
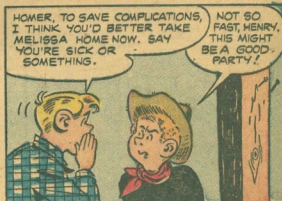
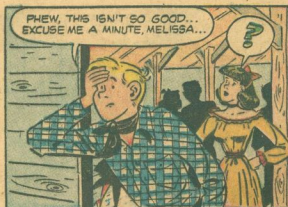


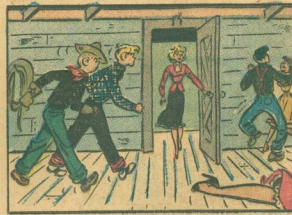
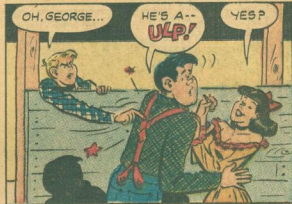
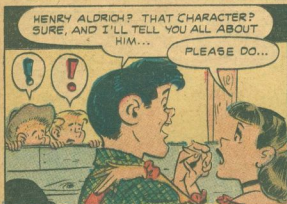
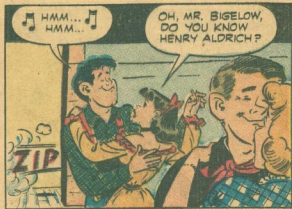


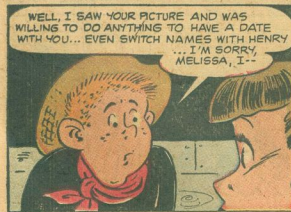
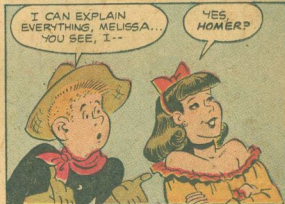
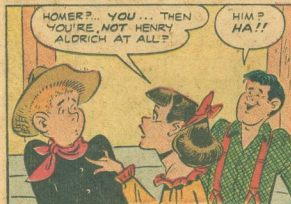
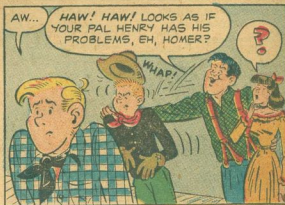
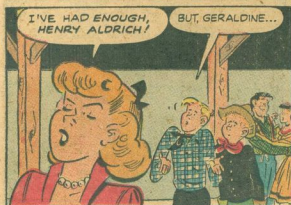
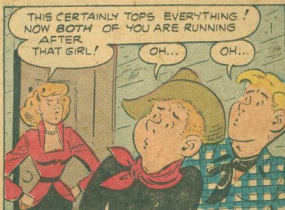
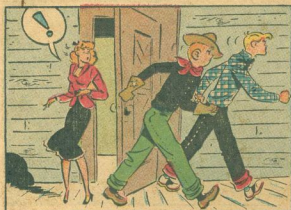




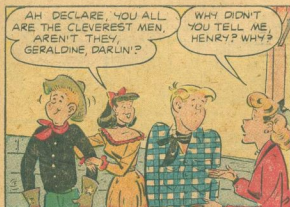


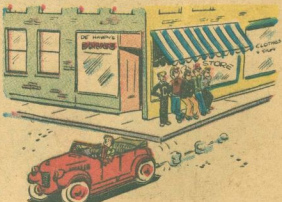
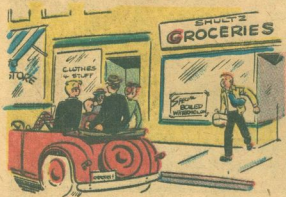
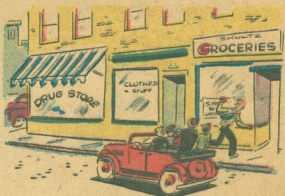
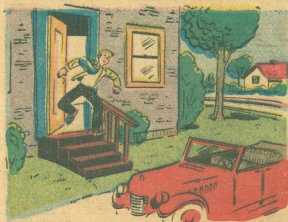








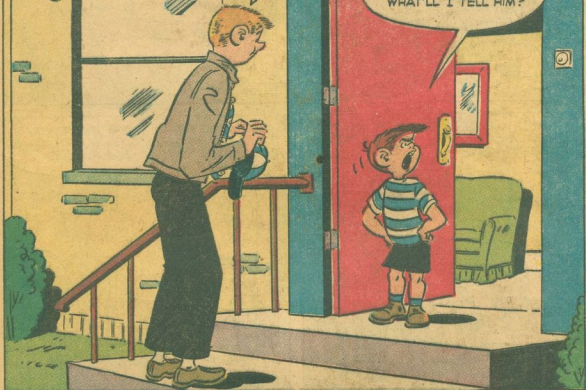




# Homer

HELLO,  
EDGAR...IS AGNES  
HERE?

HEY, AGNES!  
IT'S HOMER!  
WHAT'LL I TELL HIM?



WELL, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE--  
TELL HIM TO COME IN !!

FER GOODNESS'  
SAKE, COME IN!

THANKS.

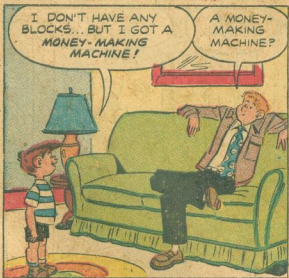
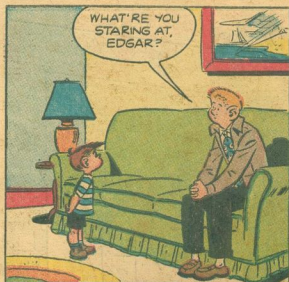


SHE'S  
UPSTAIRS.

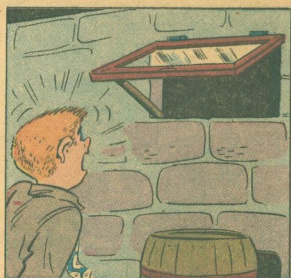
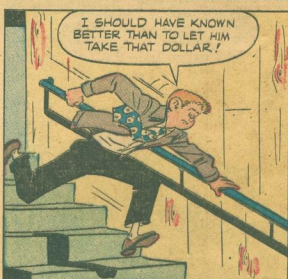
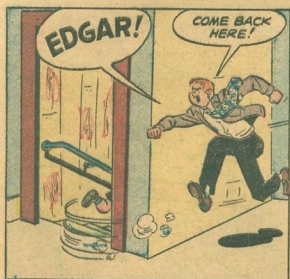
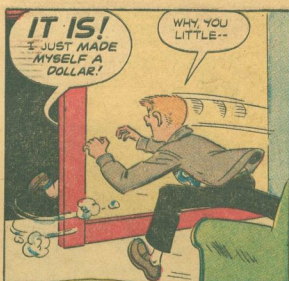
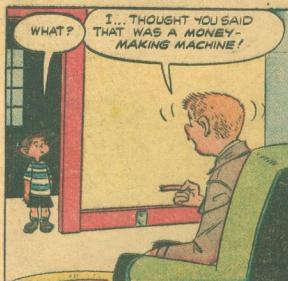
I'LL WAIT IN THE  
LIVING ROOM.



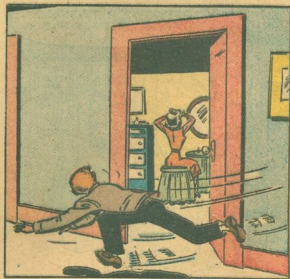
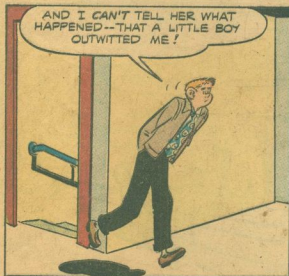
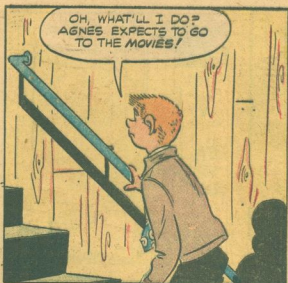


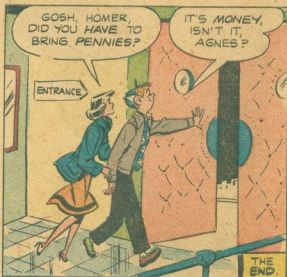
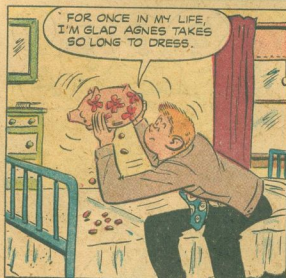












## HENRY ALDRICH GETS INTO THE ACT

(Continued from inside front cover)

everything stopped. The audience, shocked, buzzed with excitement. Geraldine was nearly in tears and Henry was speechless with embarrassment.

An attendant hastily gathered the purse and its contents, swept up the broken mirror, and motioned Henry down to the door backstage. There the purse was returned along with several strong observations and somewhat disparaging remarks.

When Henry had brought the purse back to Geraldine, she discovered that the keys were missing.

"Henry," she whispered, "my keys, they're not here!" And she insisted Henry go back down right away and pick them up during the intermission.

"What, you again?" said the stage manager when Henry appeared at the backstage door. "Haven't you caused enough trouble?"

"The keys . . . my friend's keys—they're still out there on the stage . . ." began Henry.

"After the performance! Now get out!" the stage manager shouted in what Henry considered a very impolite fashion, and slammed the door.

Henry stood for a minute, frowned, and gently tried the knob. The door wasn't locked. He opened it slowly and slipped backstage.

A short intermission between acts had be-

gun, and the curtain was closed, so in the confusion of hurrying performers and stage hands, Henry was unnoticed. He moved toward the spot where the keys should be.

Suddenly there was a call, "Places! Curtain!"

The music began and the curtain swept open. Henry was caught on the stage! Suddenly he saw the keys, pounced on them, turned and leapt for the wings. But he tripped on his trousers, which were just a bit too long, stumbled and sprawled headlong into a group of ballerinas right in the middle of the stage!

The theater was in an uproar. There were cheers and laughter, angry shouts and calls for the police. Loudest was the cry, "Throw him out!" This latter suggestion was promptly followed by the manager, and Henry found himself in the street!

Next morning, the Centerville Times-Herald carried a full description of the whole episode under the headline, "Local Boy Gets Into the Act; Stars!"

Mrs. Aldrich was somewhat upset but strangely Henry seemed rather pleased, even gay.

"Now, we'll see what the fellows say," he chuckled proudly to himself. "This certainly tops George Bigelow's performance when his pet badger got away from him in assembly last week!"

And Henry Aldrich left for school whistling. His cultural education was off to a good start.





