

DELL

A DELL COMIC

DEC.-JAN.

10¢

HENRY ALDRICH



Henry Aldrich and the Christmas Party



"I'll get it, Mother," said Henry, going to the telephone. "It's probably for me, anyway."

Henry Aldrich carefully laid the apple he was eating down on its end, and picked up the telephone.

"Hello . . . yes, . . . hi, Geraldine," he began, "uh . . . oh, Eloise Johnson! Hi, Eloise! How are you?"

Eloise explained that she was entertainment chairman for the Christmas party the Center-ville High Girls' Club was having Friday night. The party was for the underprivileged children of the neighborhood.

"And Henry," she continued, "we need a Santa Claus. Could you be one for the children?"

"Gee whiz, I'd like to help out," Henry answered, thinking fast, "I'm sorry, but I have a date Friday night. I'm sure you can get someone else . . ."

"Can you suggest someone, Henry?"

"Why, yes, Eloise, what about George Bigelow?" said Henry. "He'd make a good Santa."

"Thanks, Henry, I'll call him right away."

"Ah, Eloise, one thing . . ."

"Yes, Henry?"

"Er, don't mention I suggested him, will you, Eloise?"

"No, Henry."

"Bye, Eloise."

"Bye, Henry."

"It's not that I don't want to help," muttered Henry to himself, picking up his apple, "but being a Santa Claus, that's too much."

"But, hold on here, I'd better get my date, just to keep things straight."

"I'm sorry, Henry," answered Geraldine, when Henry called, "but I'm busy Friday night. You see, I'm refreshment chairman at the

Girls' Club Christmas party for underprivileged . . ."

"What?" broke in Henry. "Geraldine, you're going too?"

"Certainly, Henry, it'll be fun. All the girls will be there and several boys whom Eloise is getting to help out."

Henry gulped. He began to visualize a different picture of George Bigelow's Santa. He quickly said good-bye and called Eloise.

"Yes, Henry," she said, "I got George to do it, but thanks for being so interested. 'Bye!'"

"I'm too late," muttered Henry. "Now, I've got to get hold of George."

But, when Henry called, Mrs. Bigelow said that George had just left for the super-market.

Henry was desperate. He called Homer Brown and got him to drive downtown in his car.

"What's all this about, Henry?" Homer asked, as they went into the market together.

"I'll explain later, Homer," answered Henry. "Now, I've got to find George Bigelow."

George was in the canned foods section, trying to decide between canned peaches or canned pears when Henry approached.

"Well, well, if it isn't George Bigelow!" Henry exclaimed.

George said hello, and the two boys spoke briefly.

"Y'know, George," Henry said casually, "Christmas spirit is a great thing. I wish I could do something more for the community."

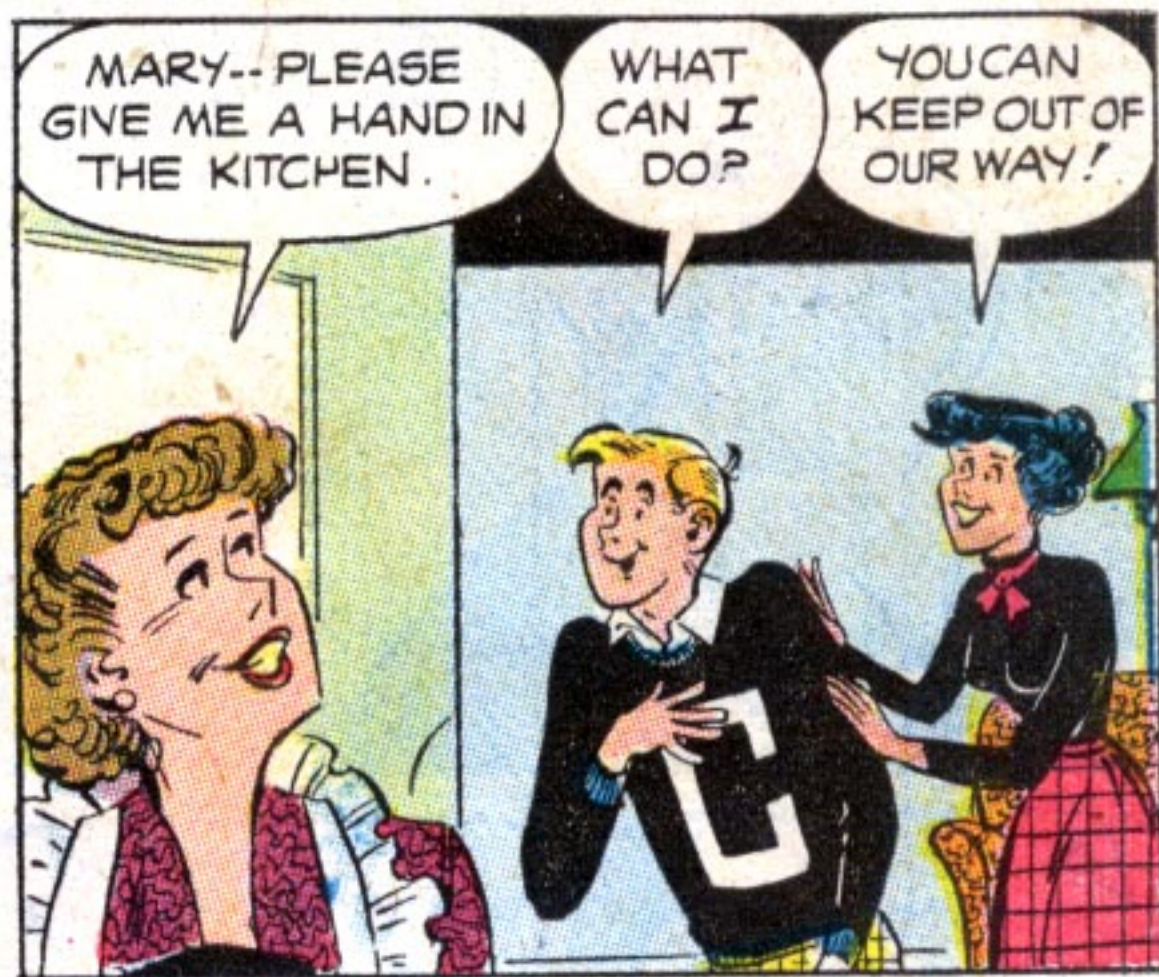
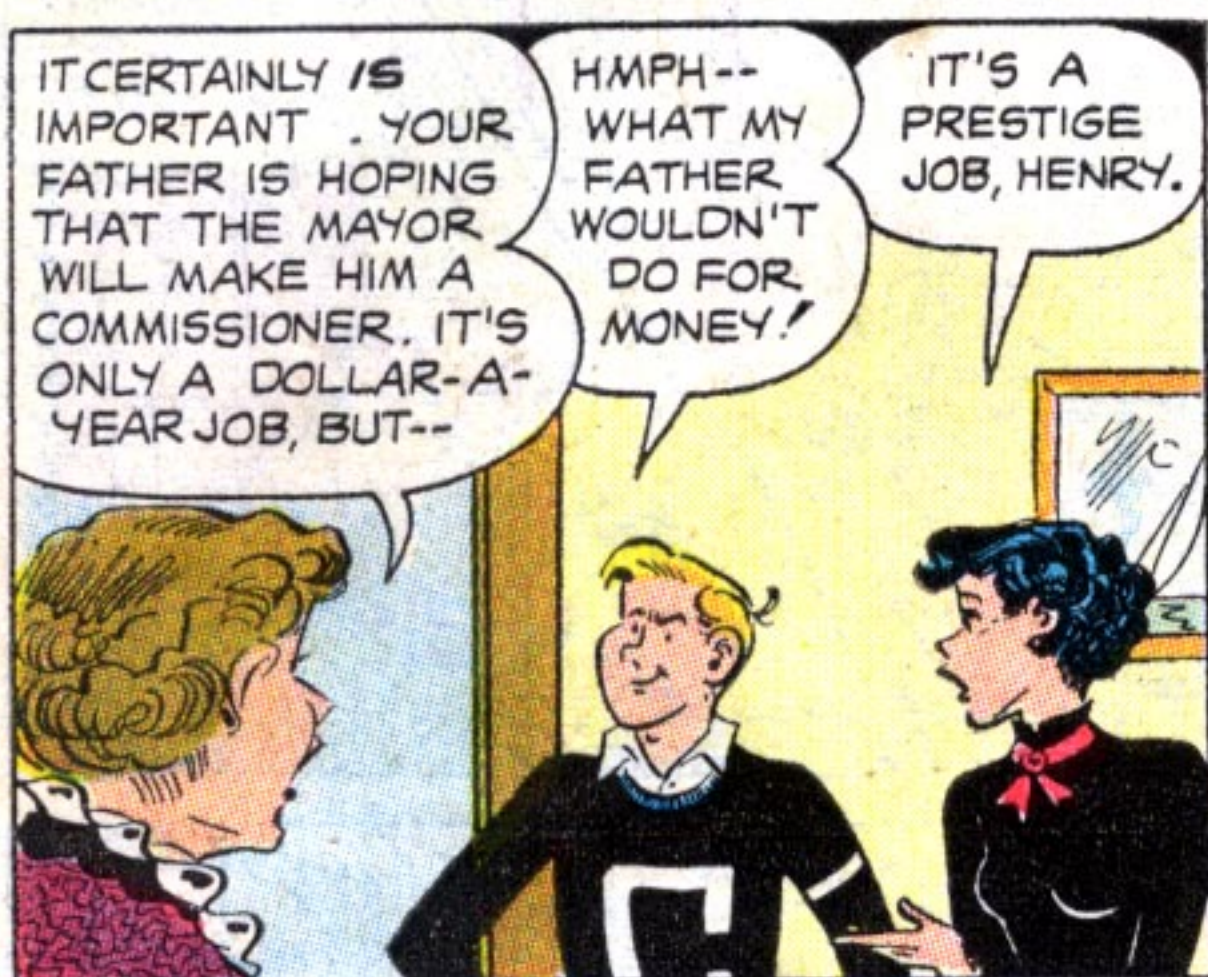
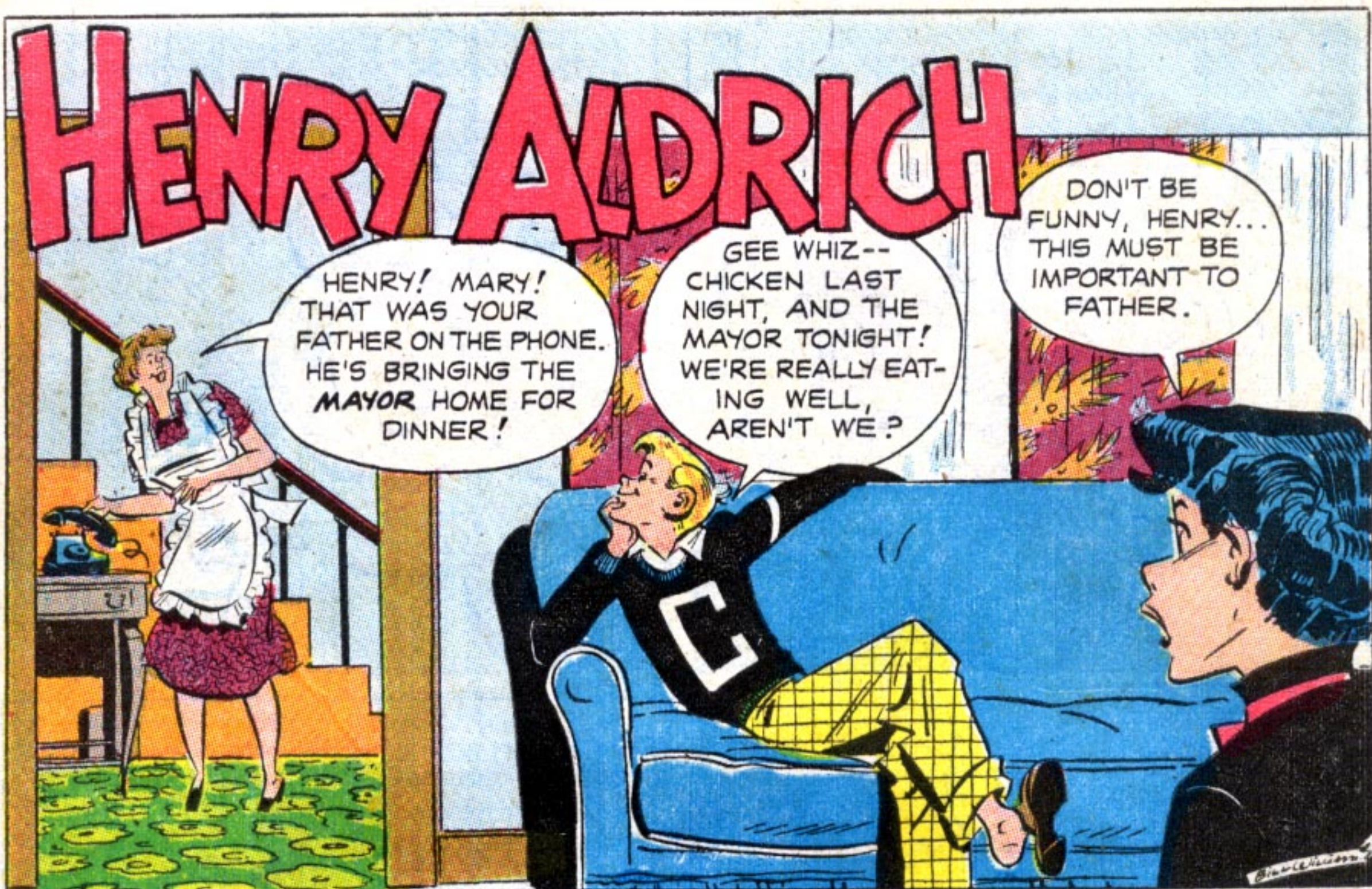
George's eyes narrowed suspiciously, "Yeah?"

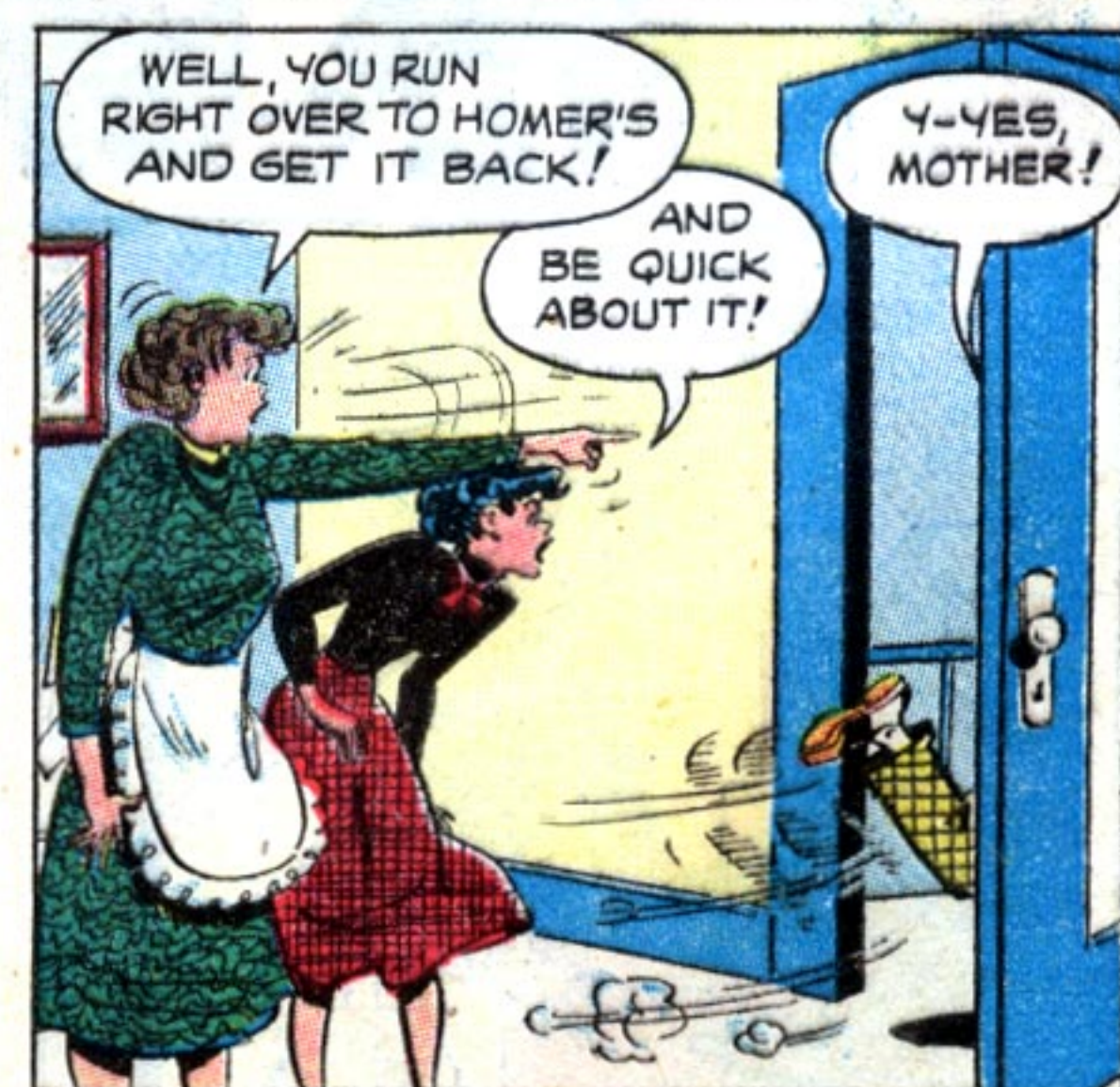
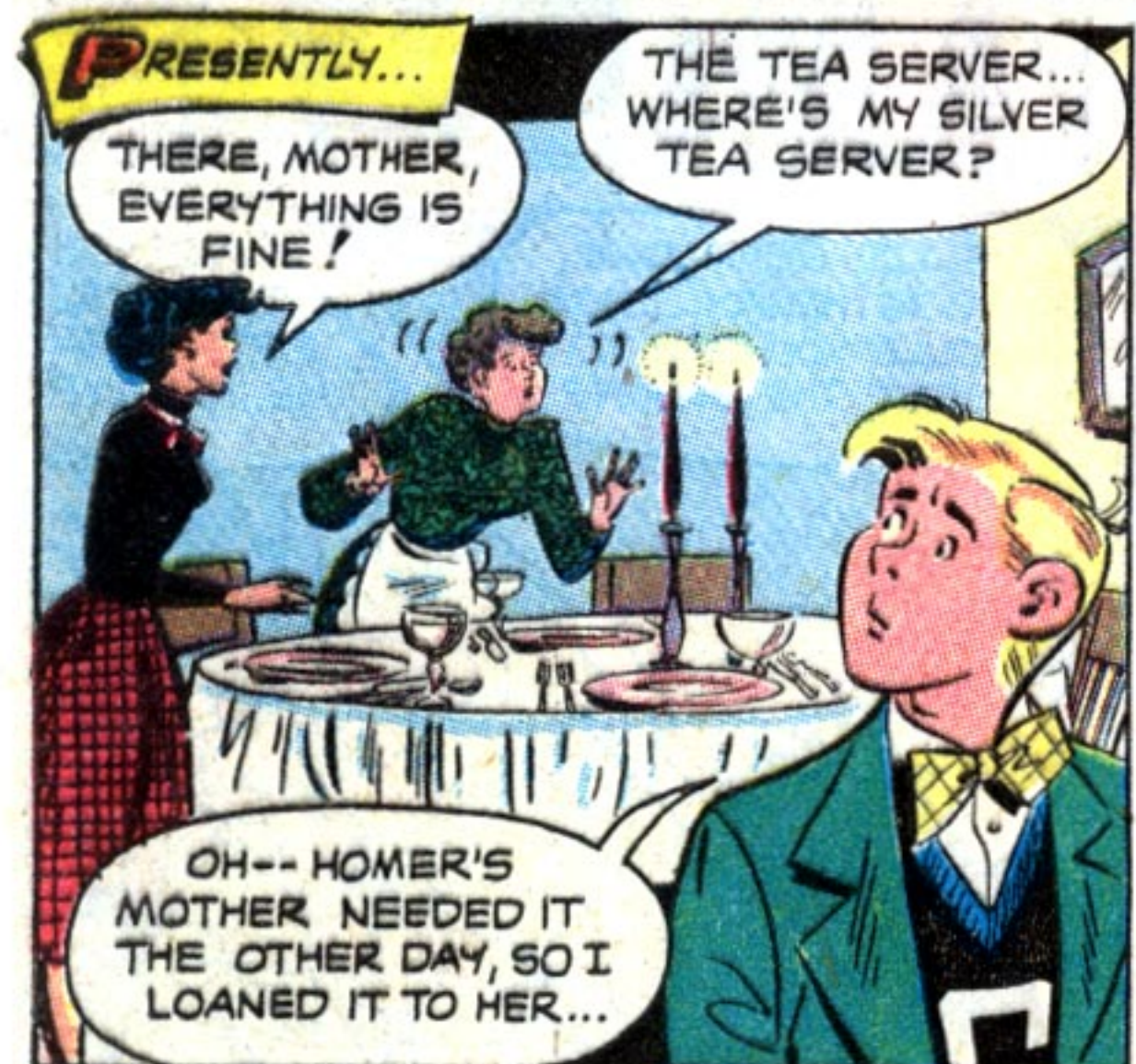
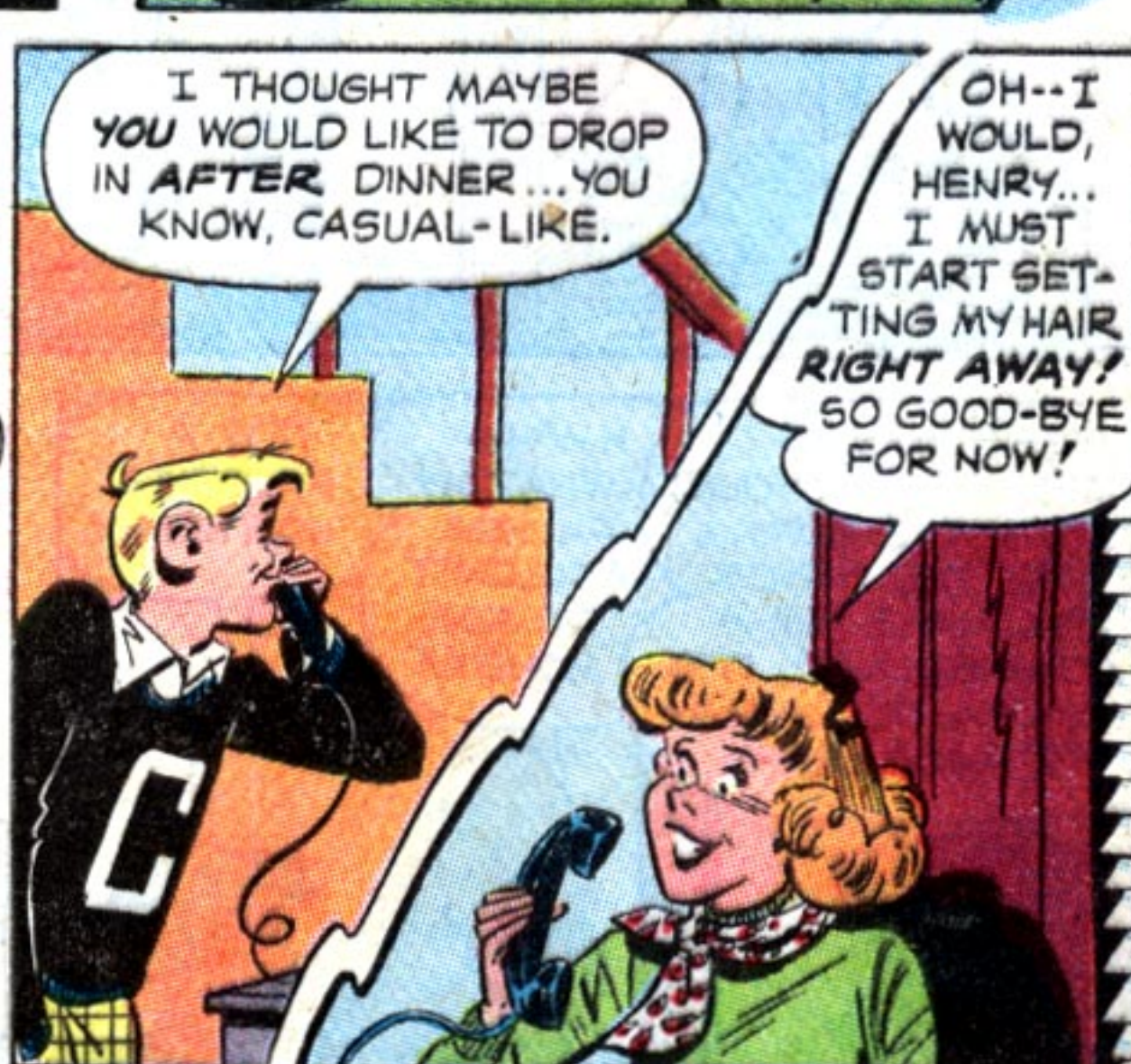
When Henry began to elaborate on his ideas, George stopped him. "Okay, then," he said, "how would you like to play SANTA CLAUS?"

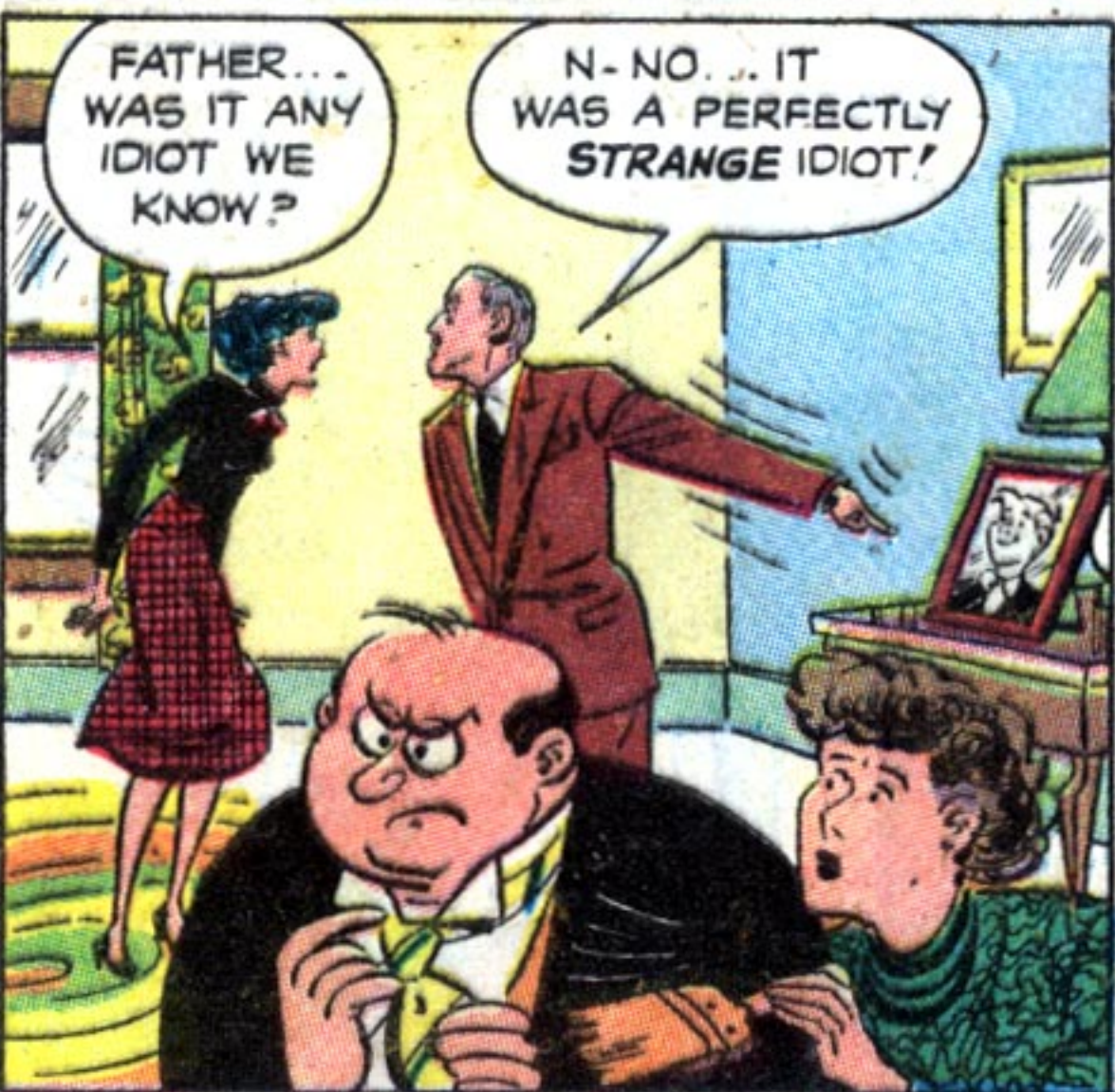
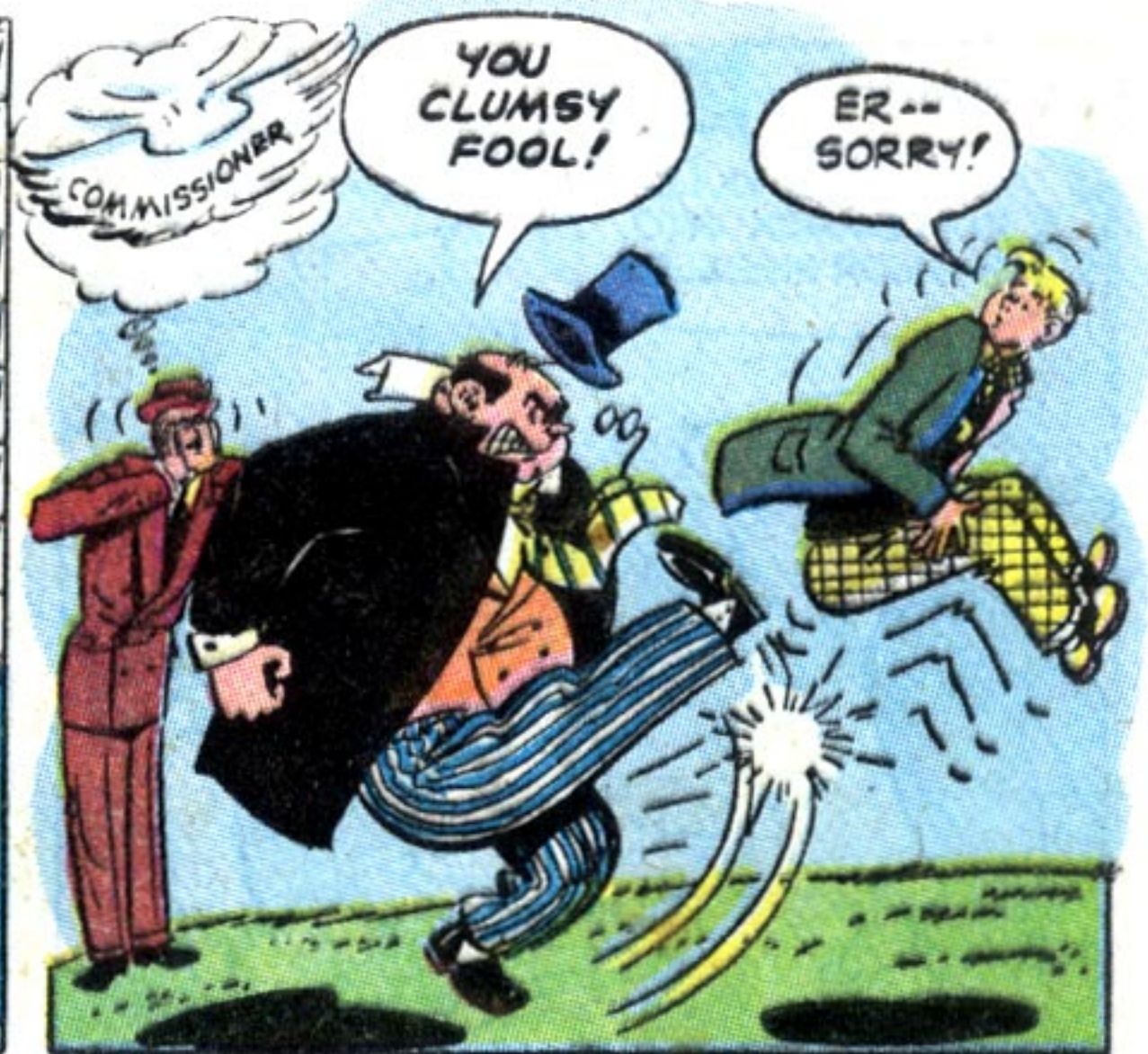
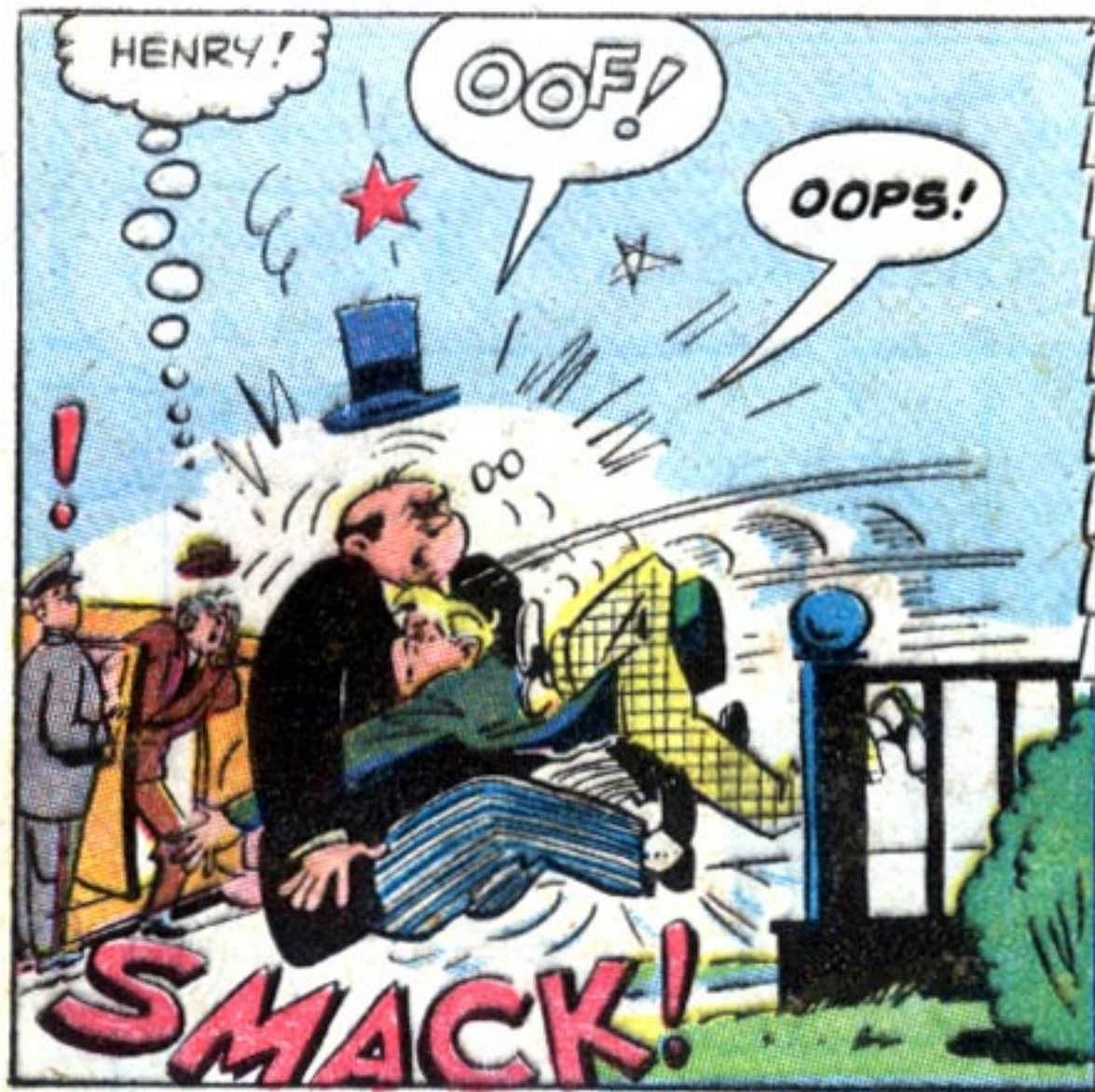
"I could think of nothing better, George!"

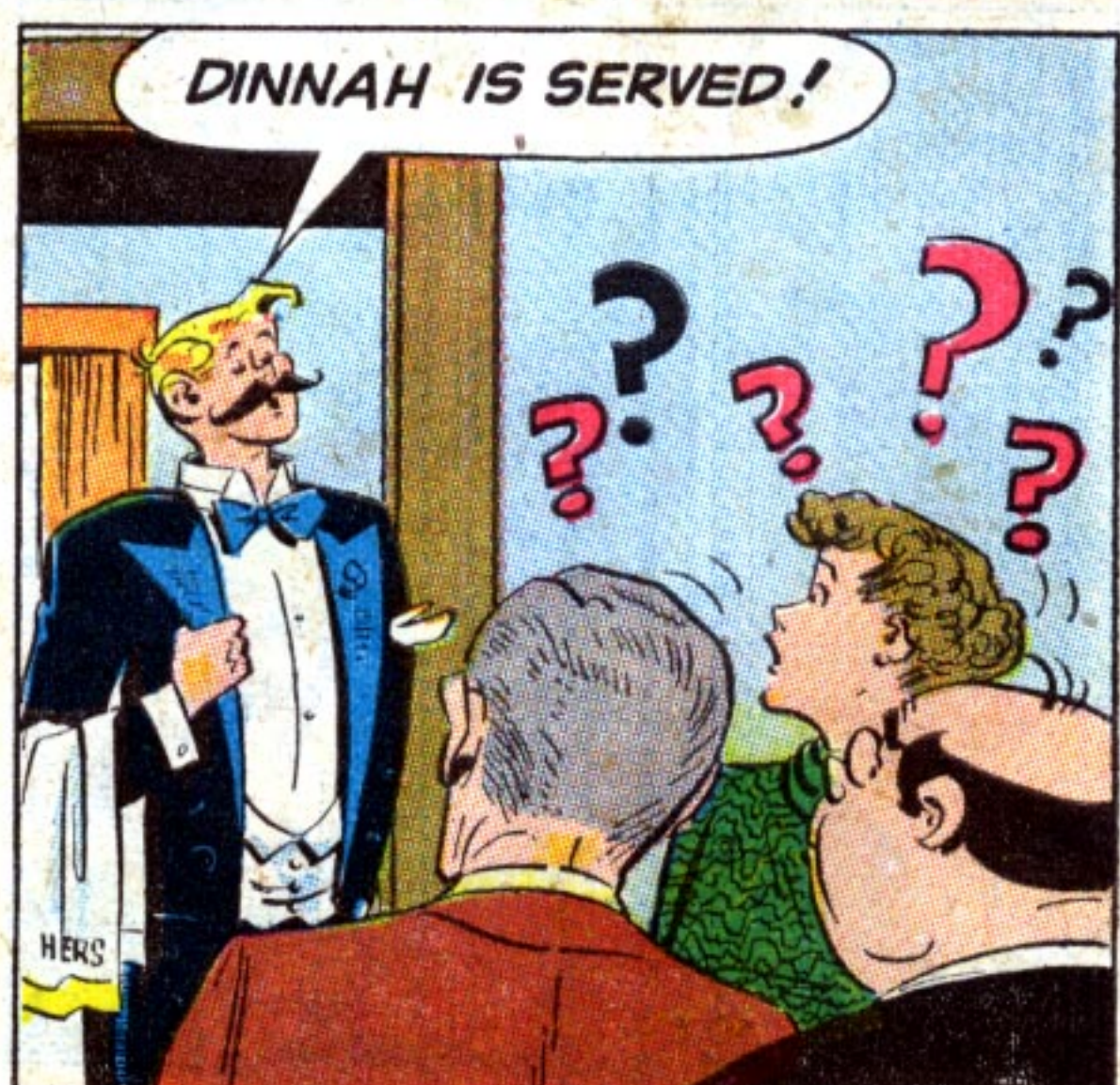
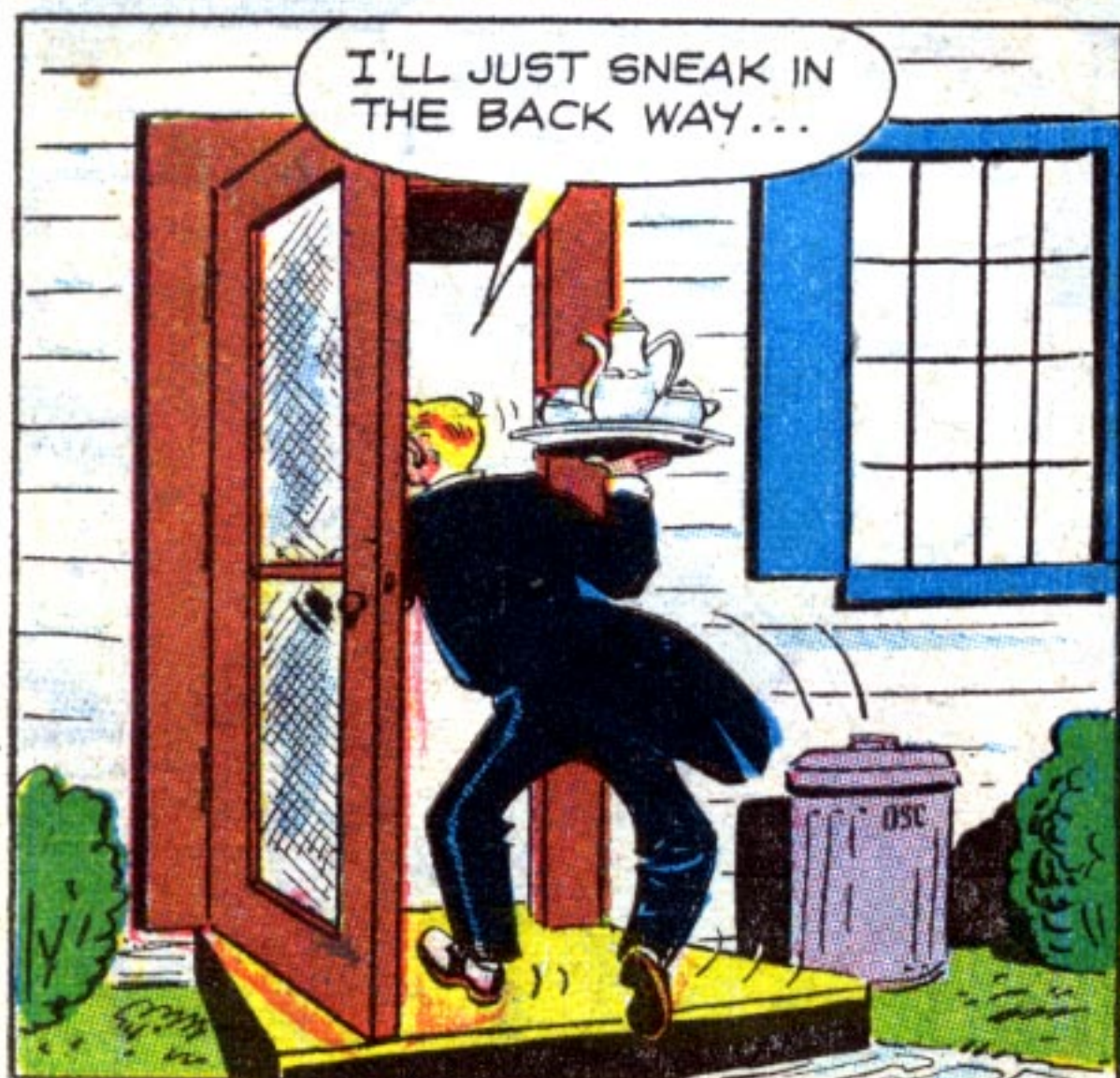
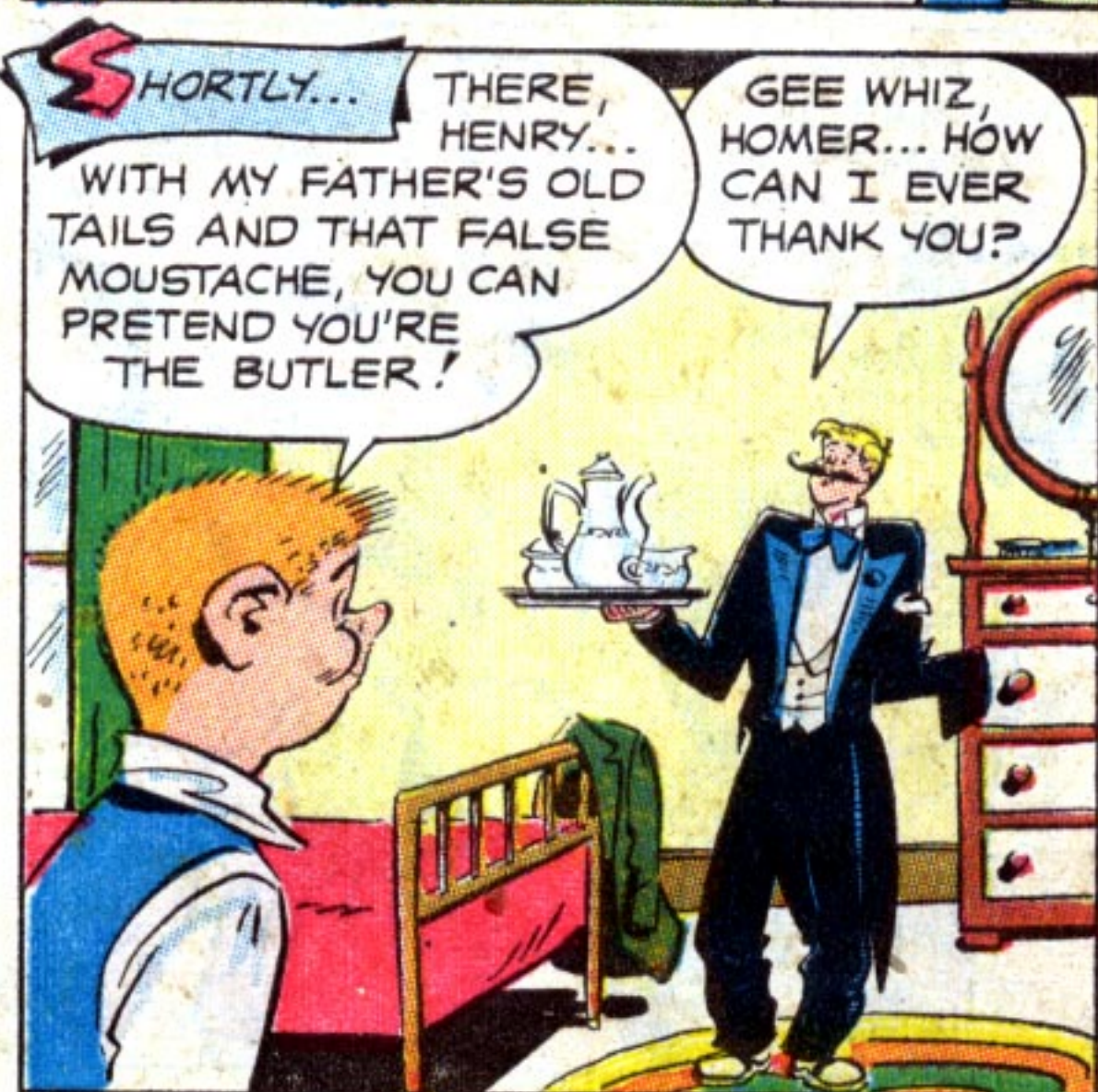
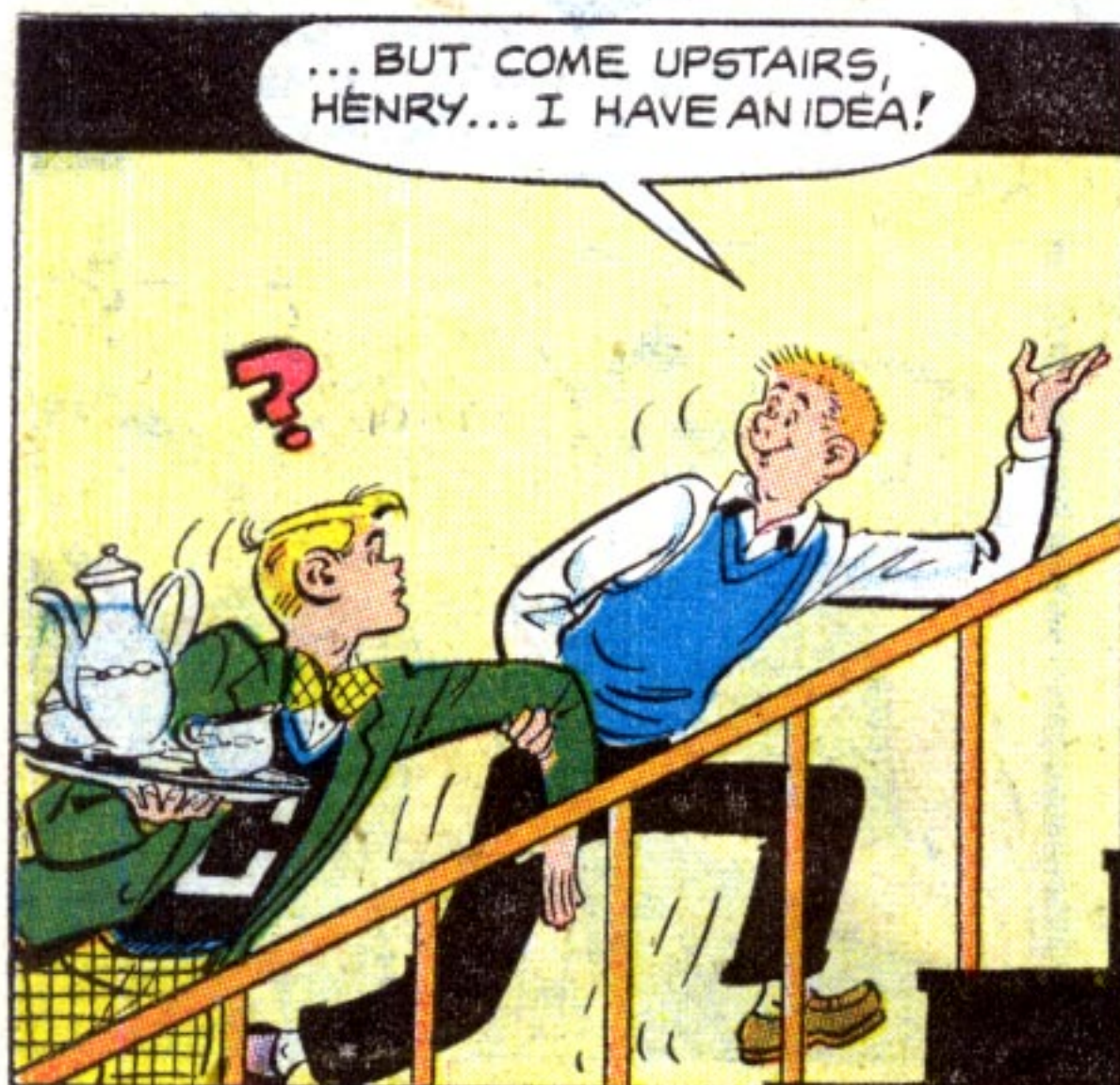
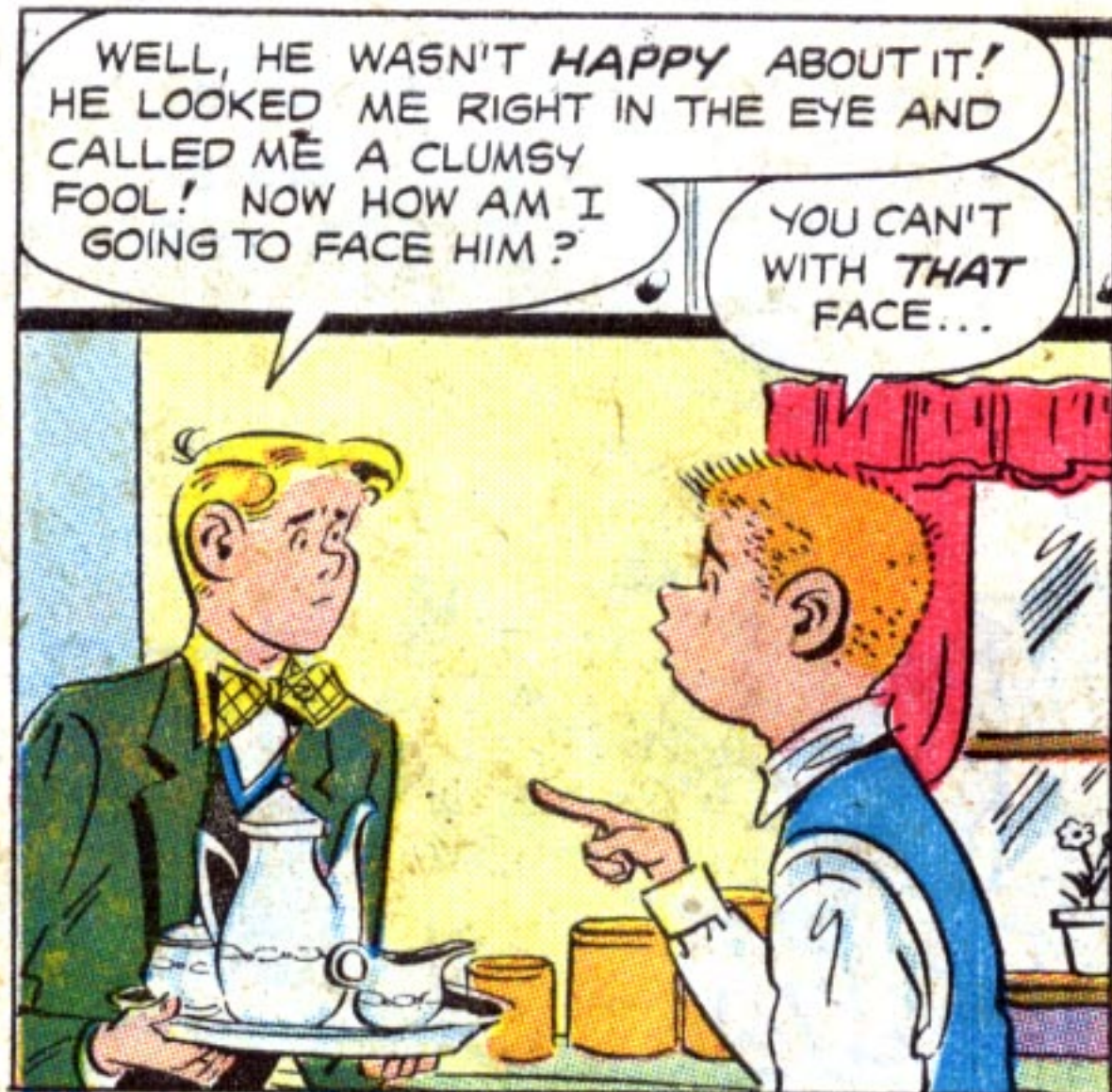
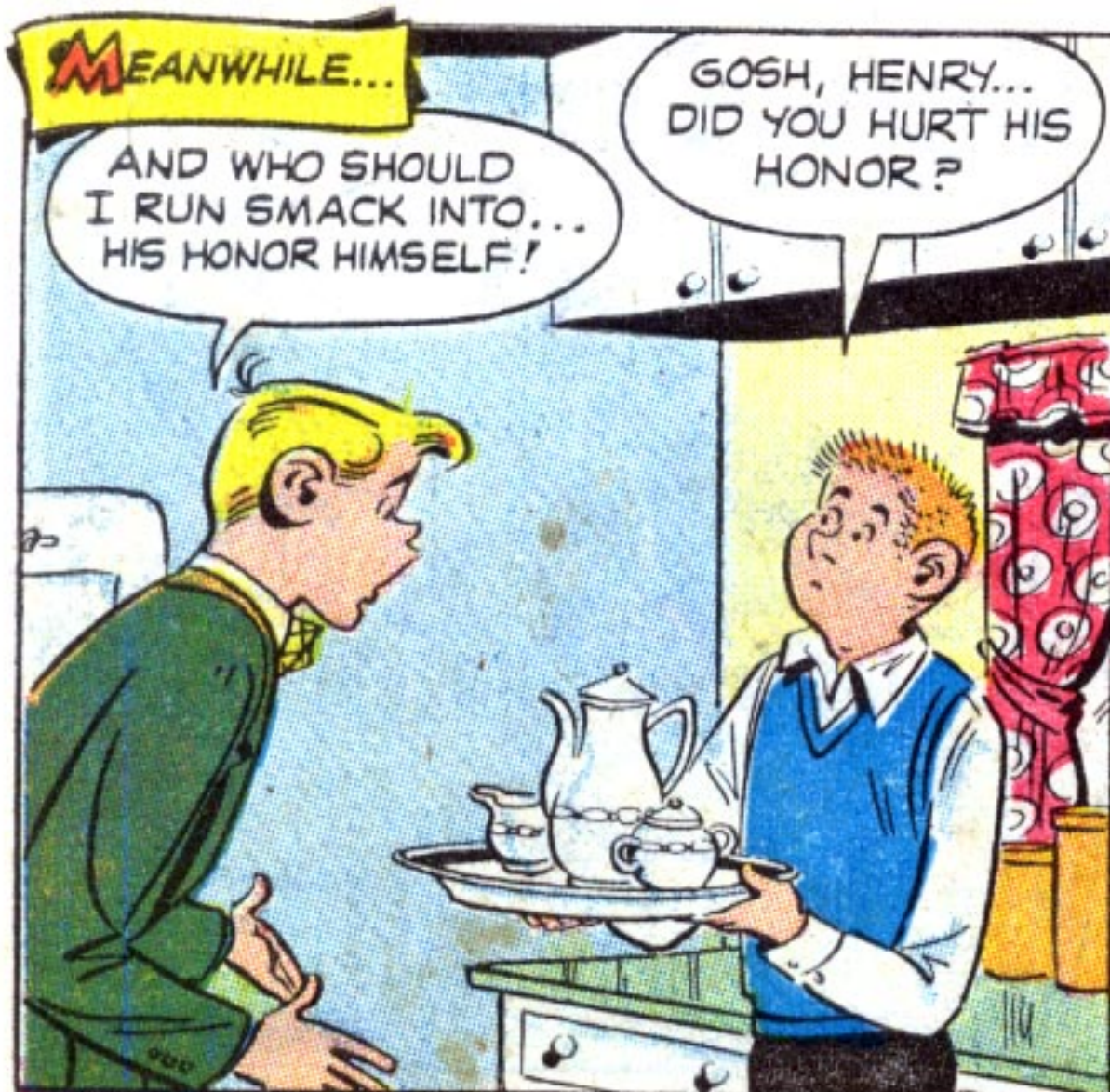
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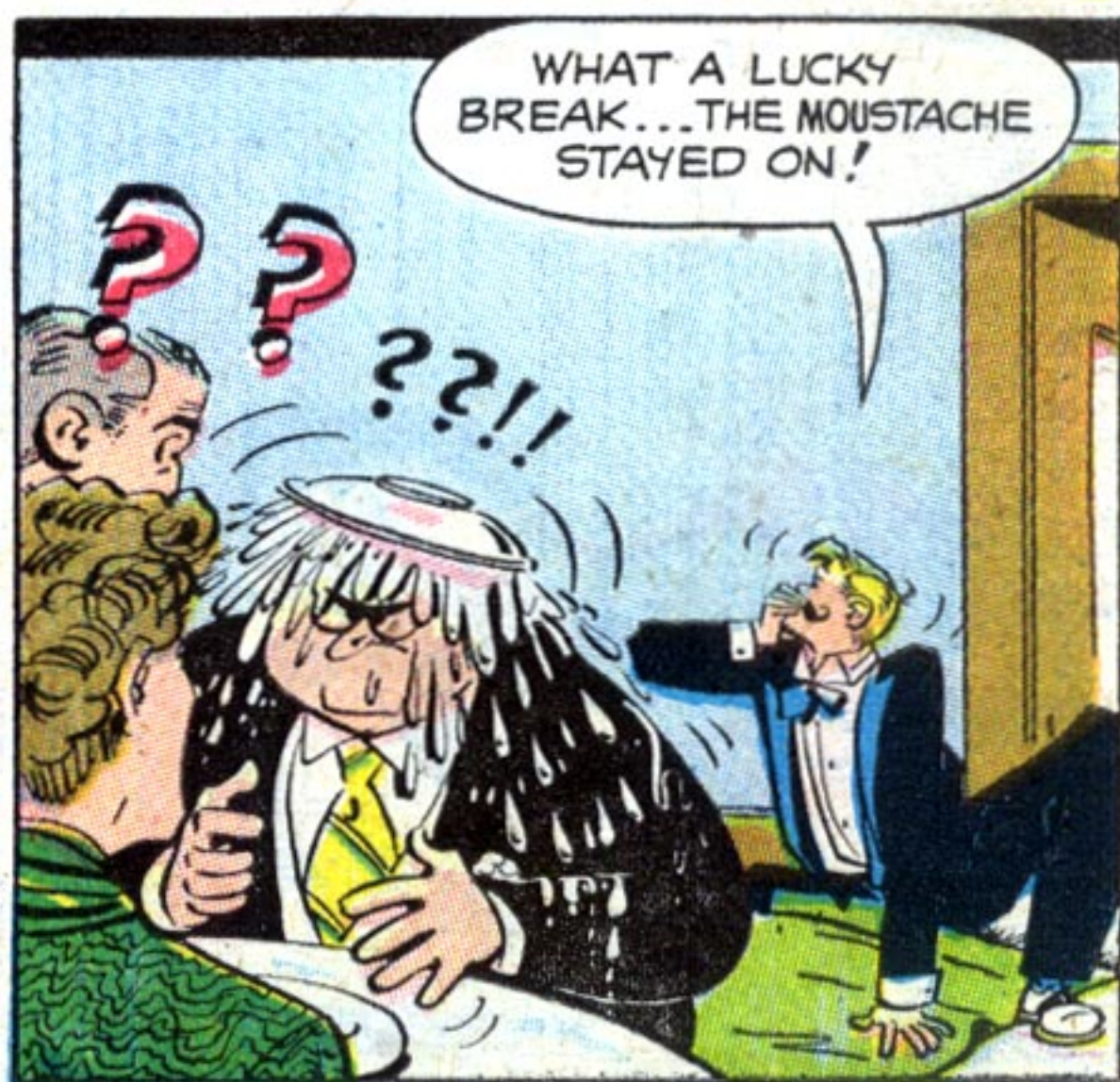
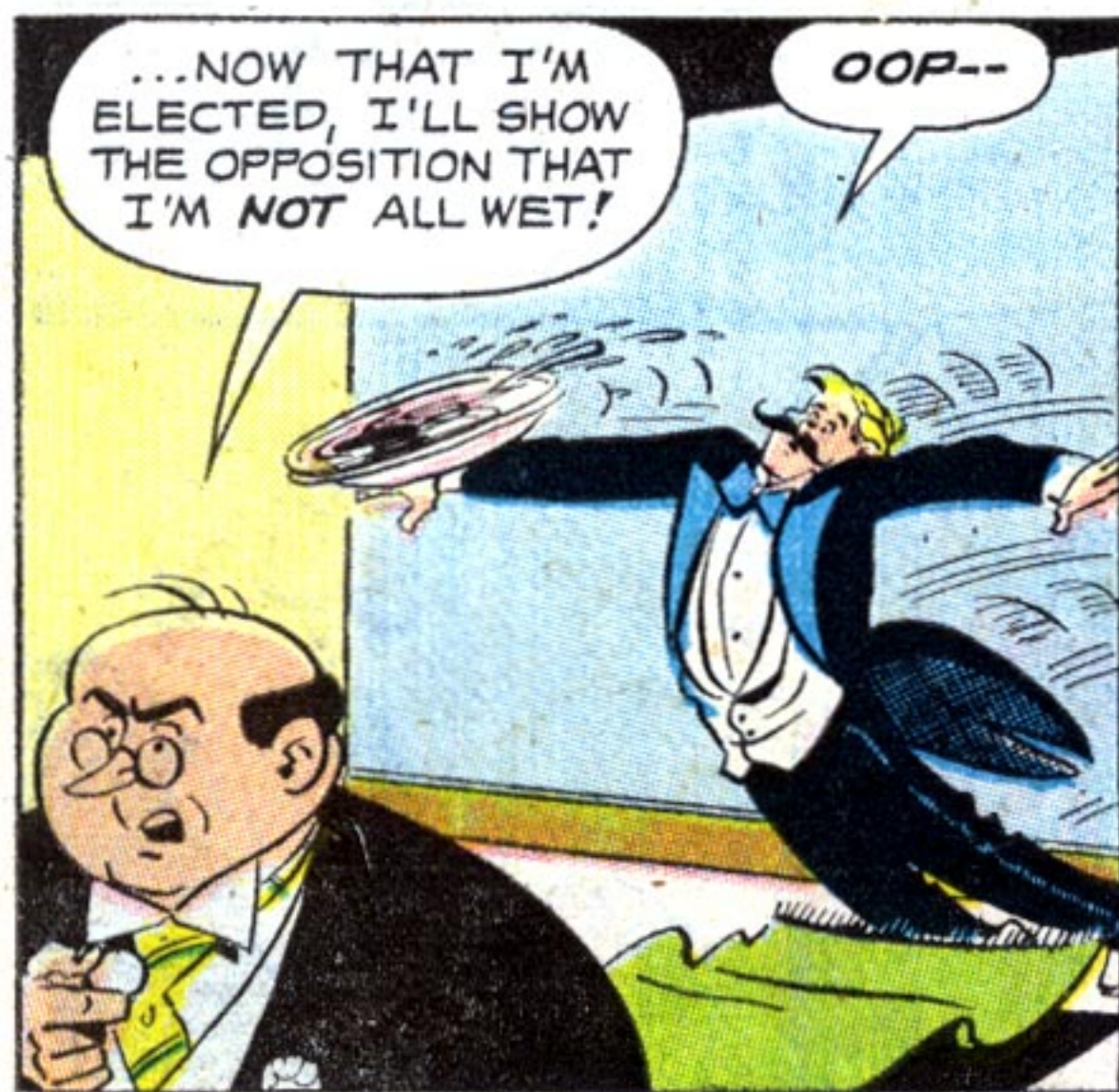
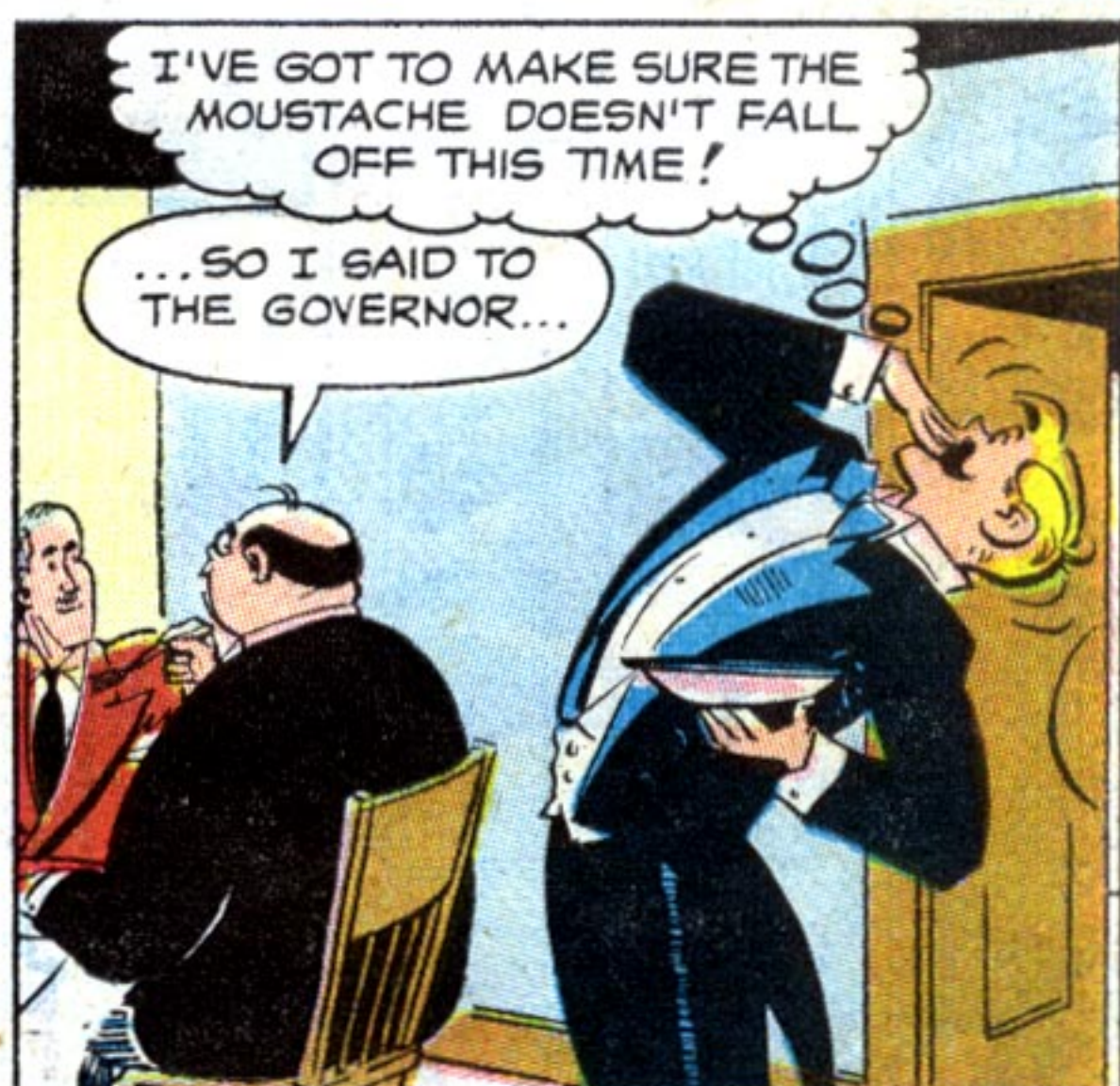
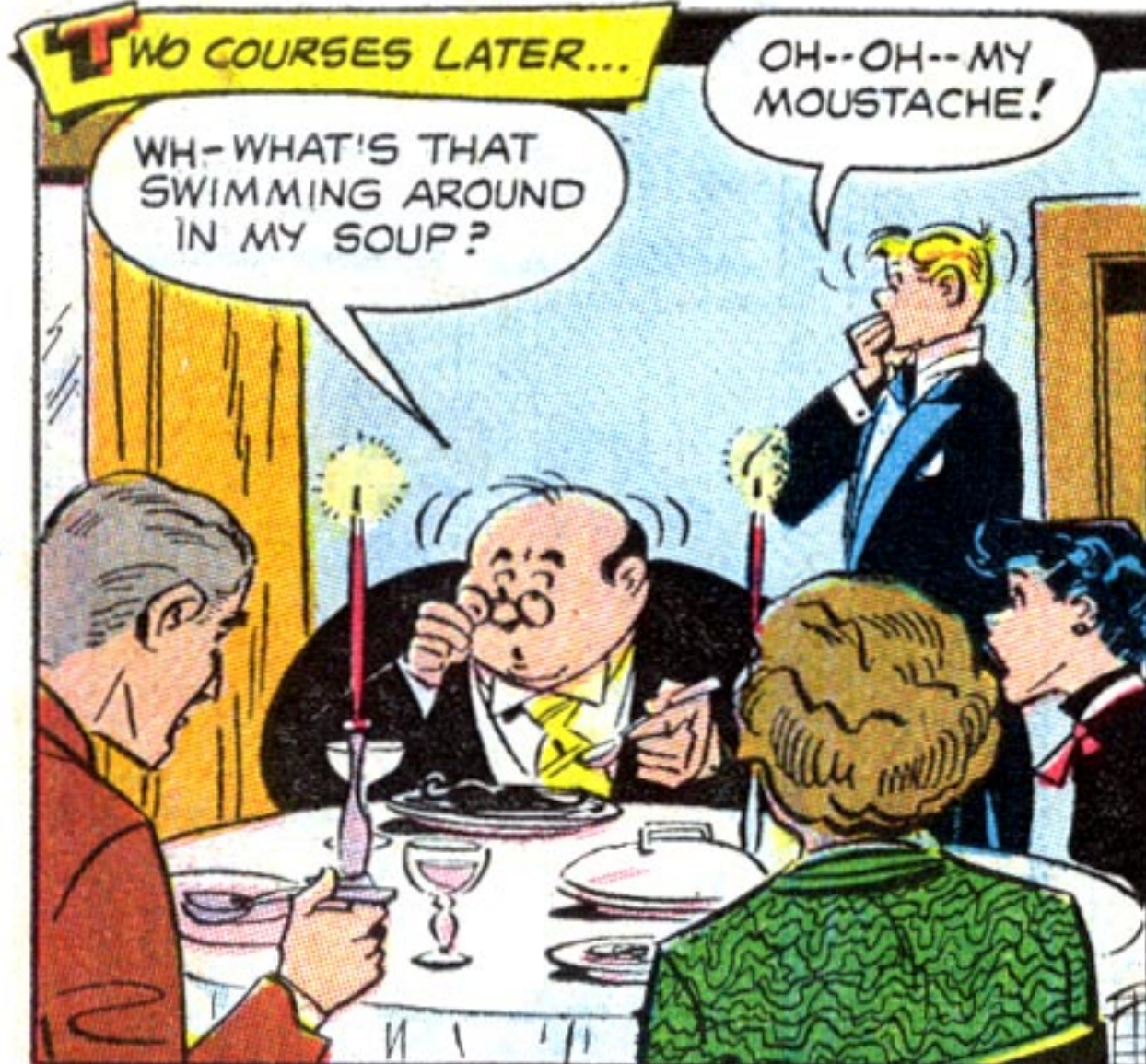
HENRY AIDRICH

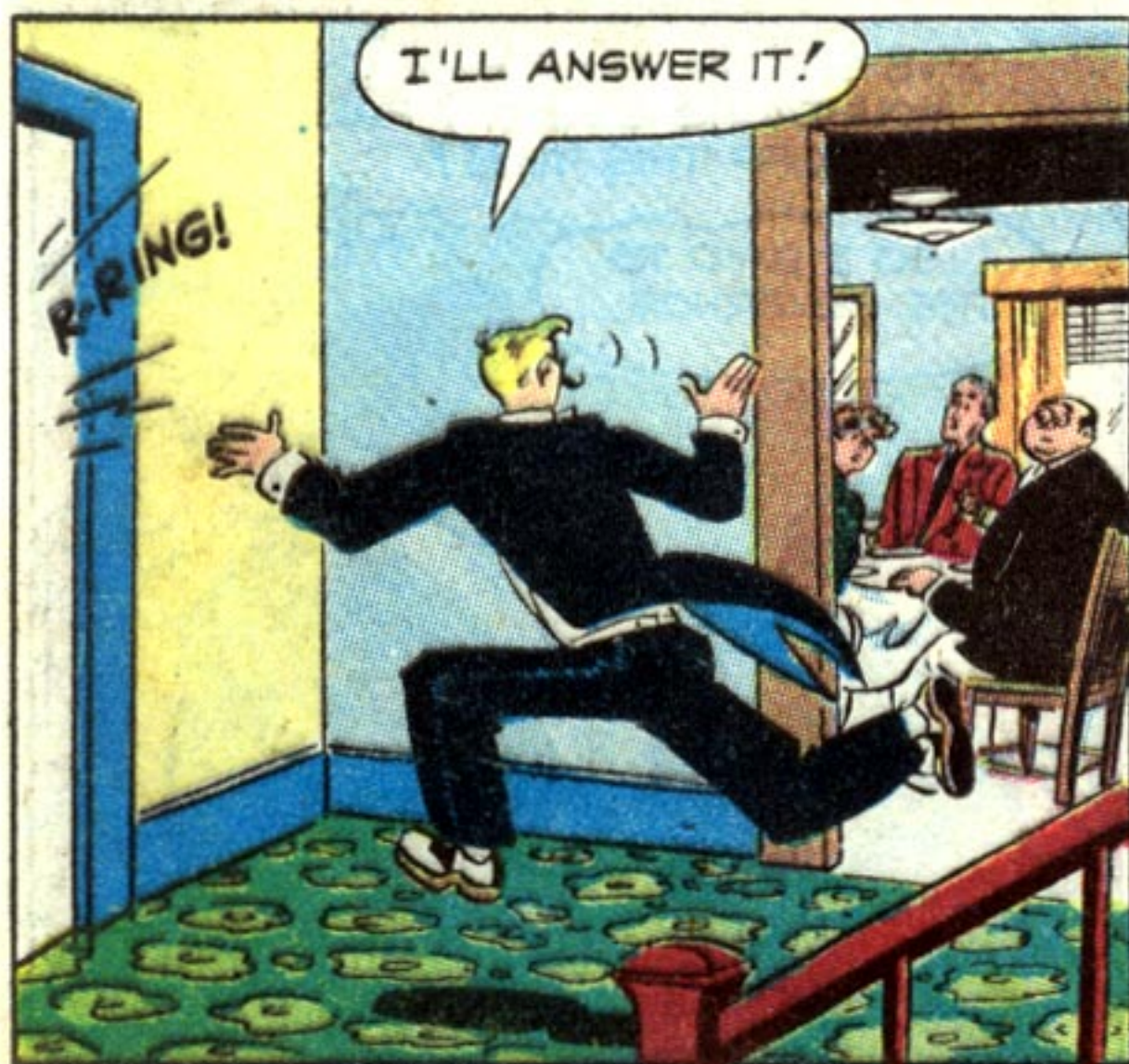


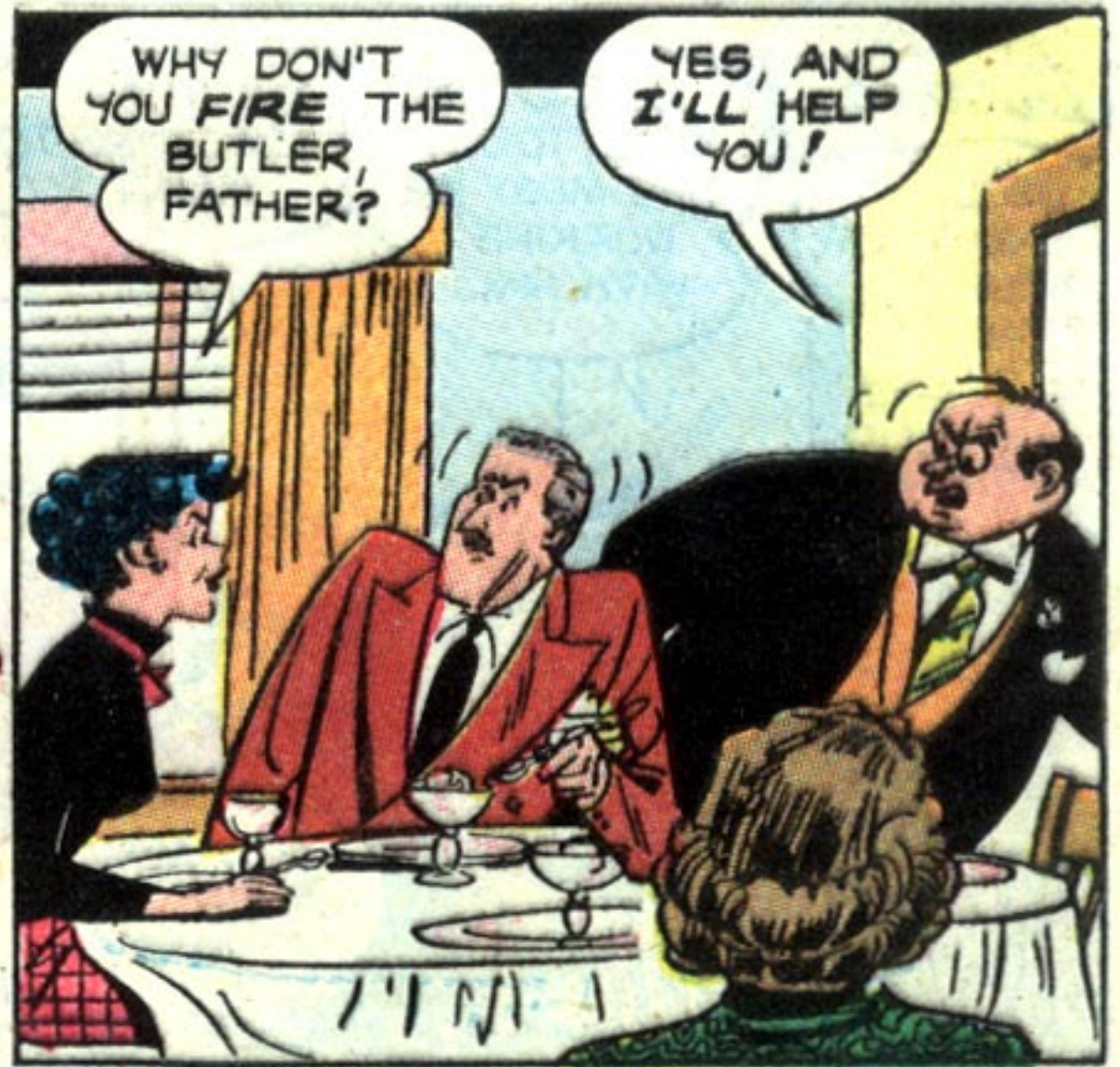
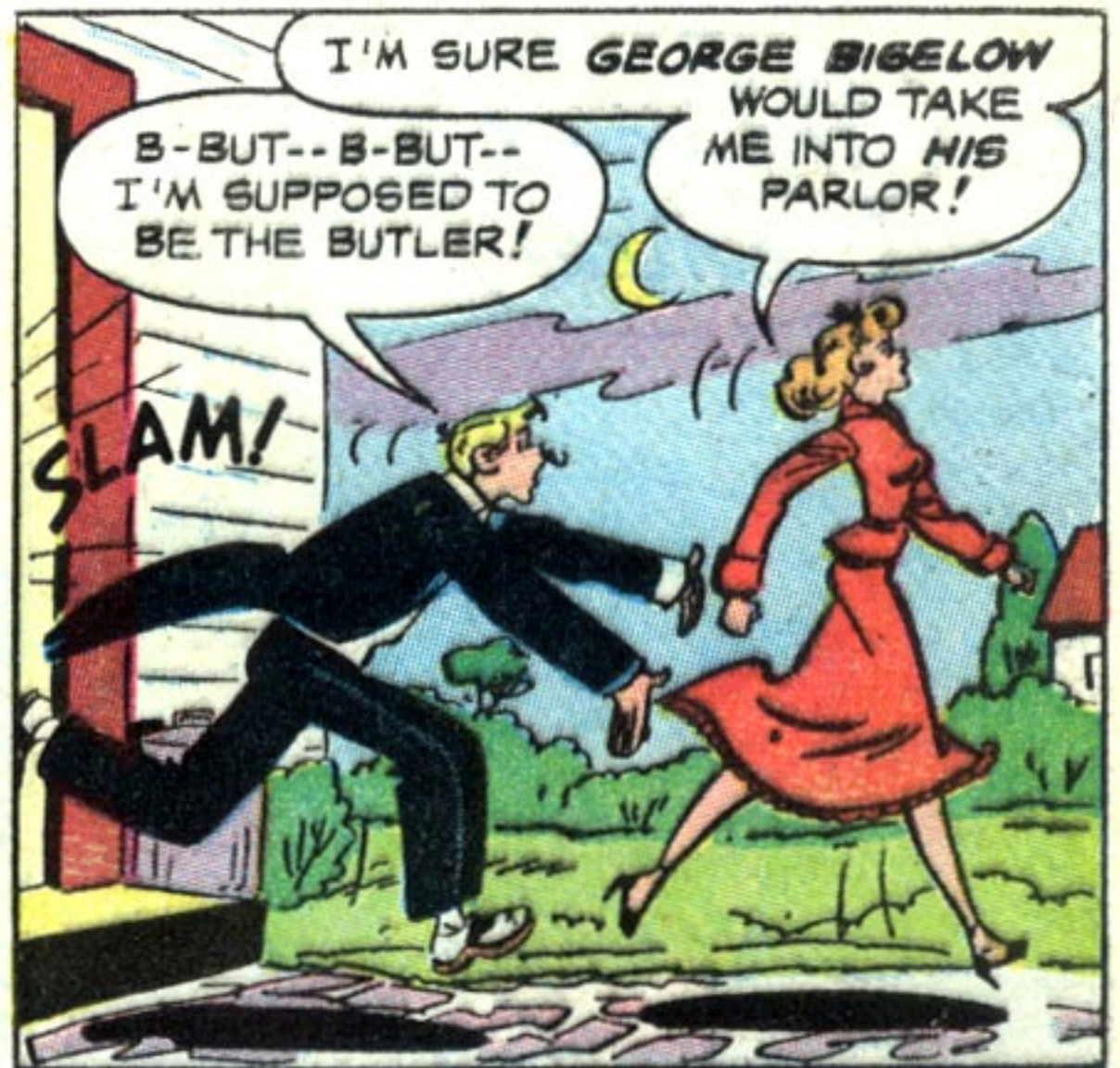


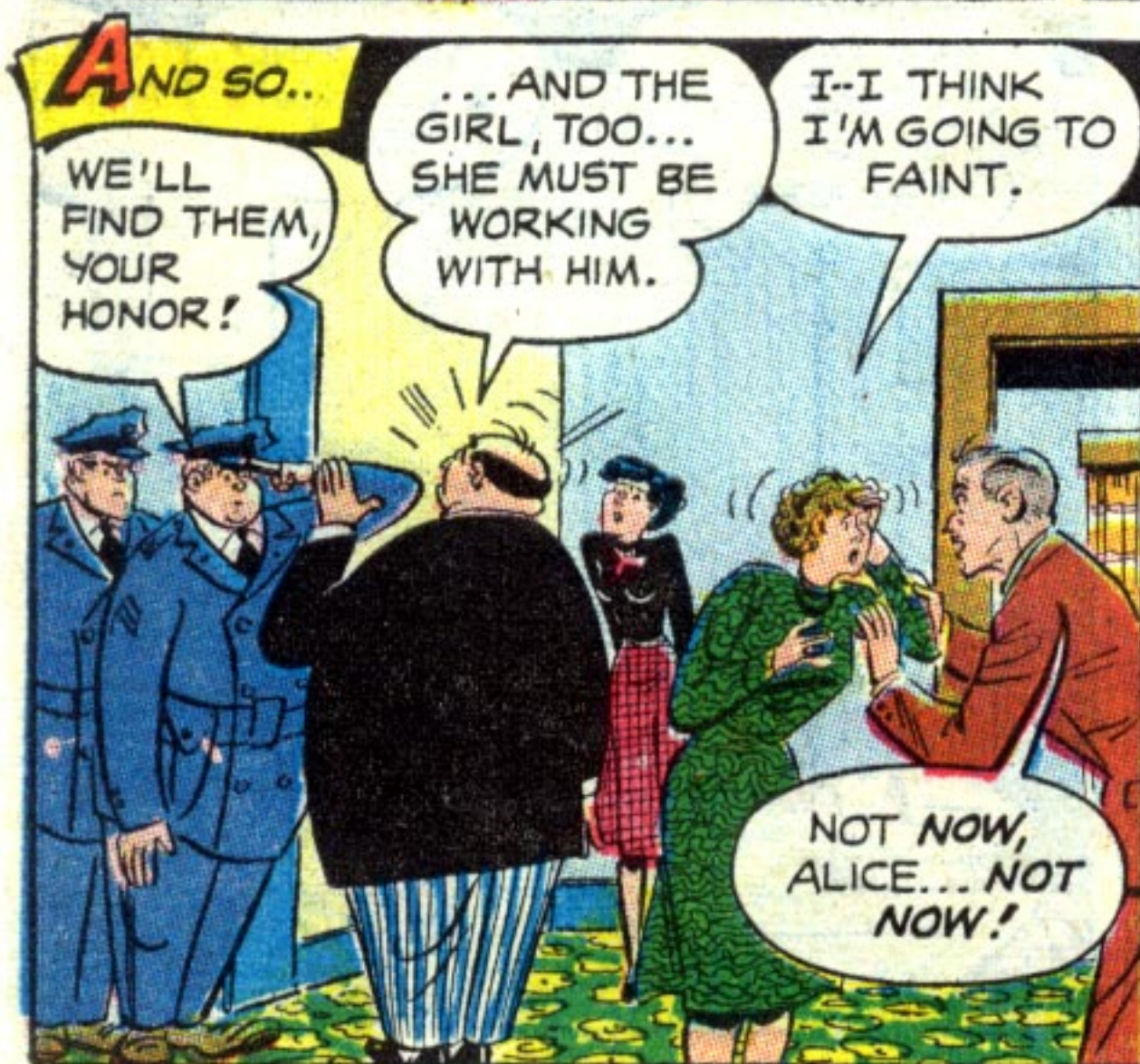






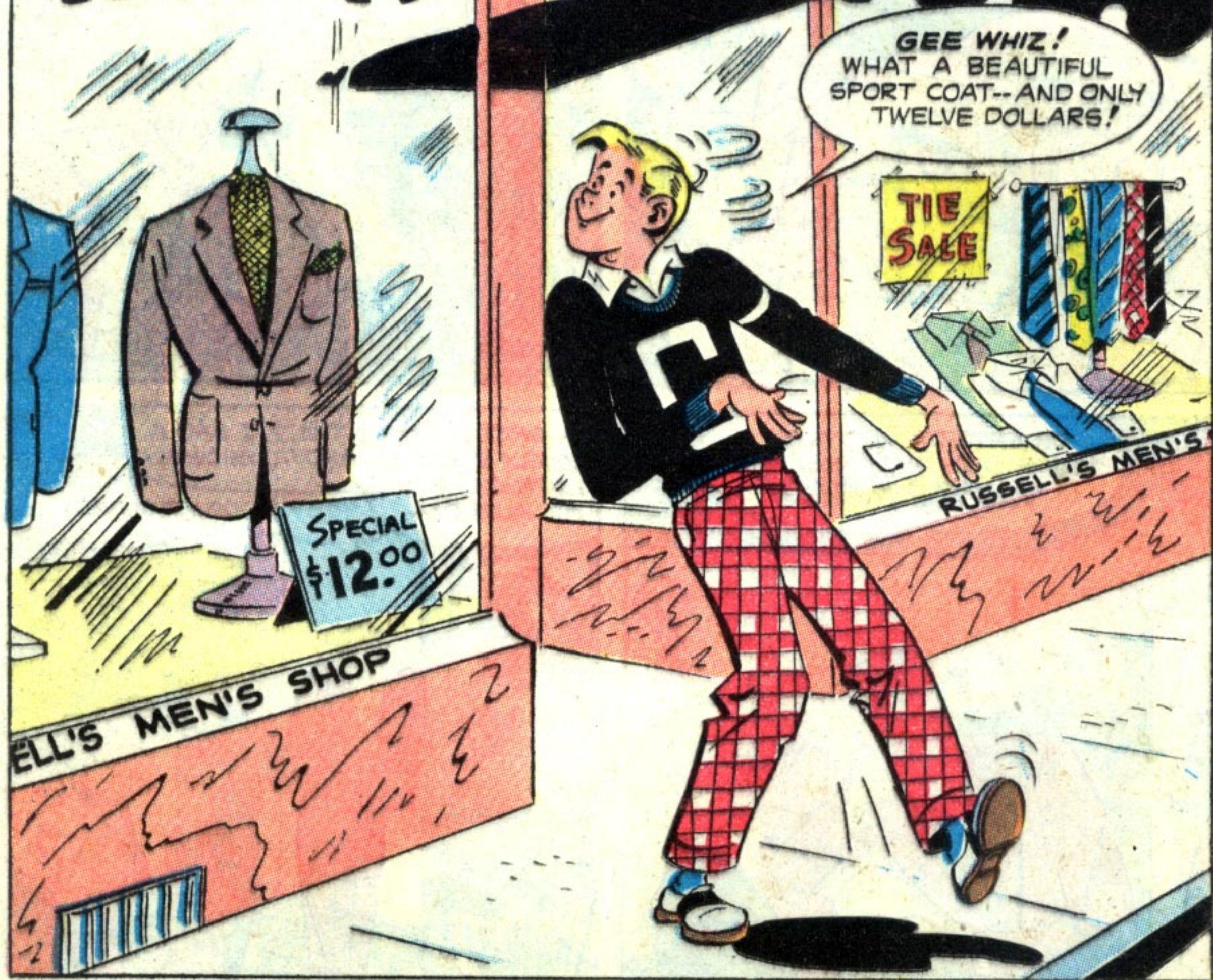


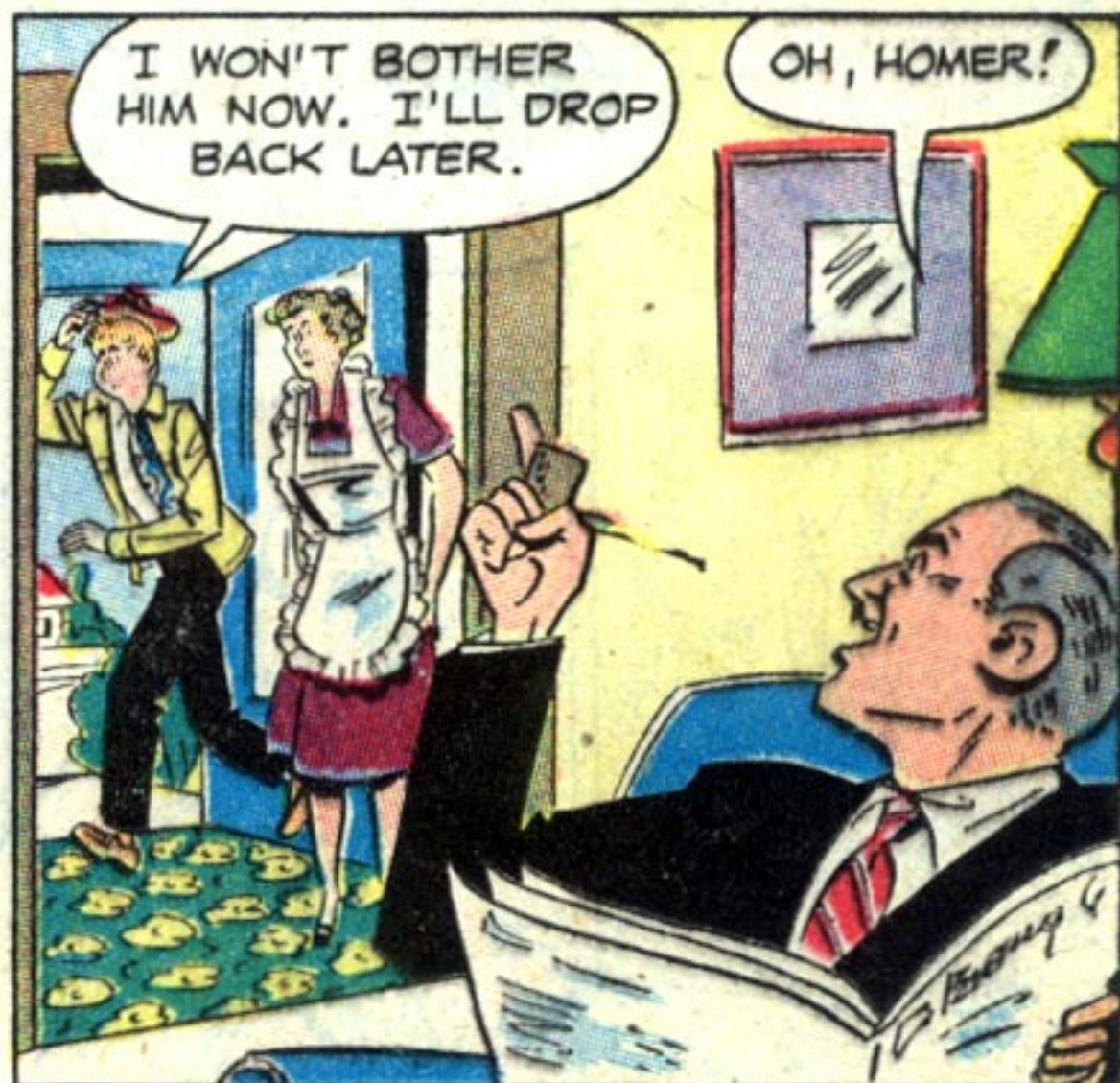
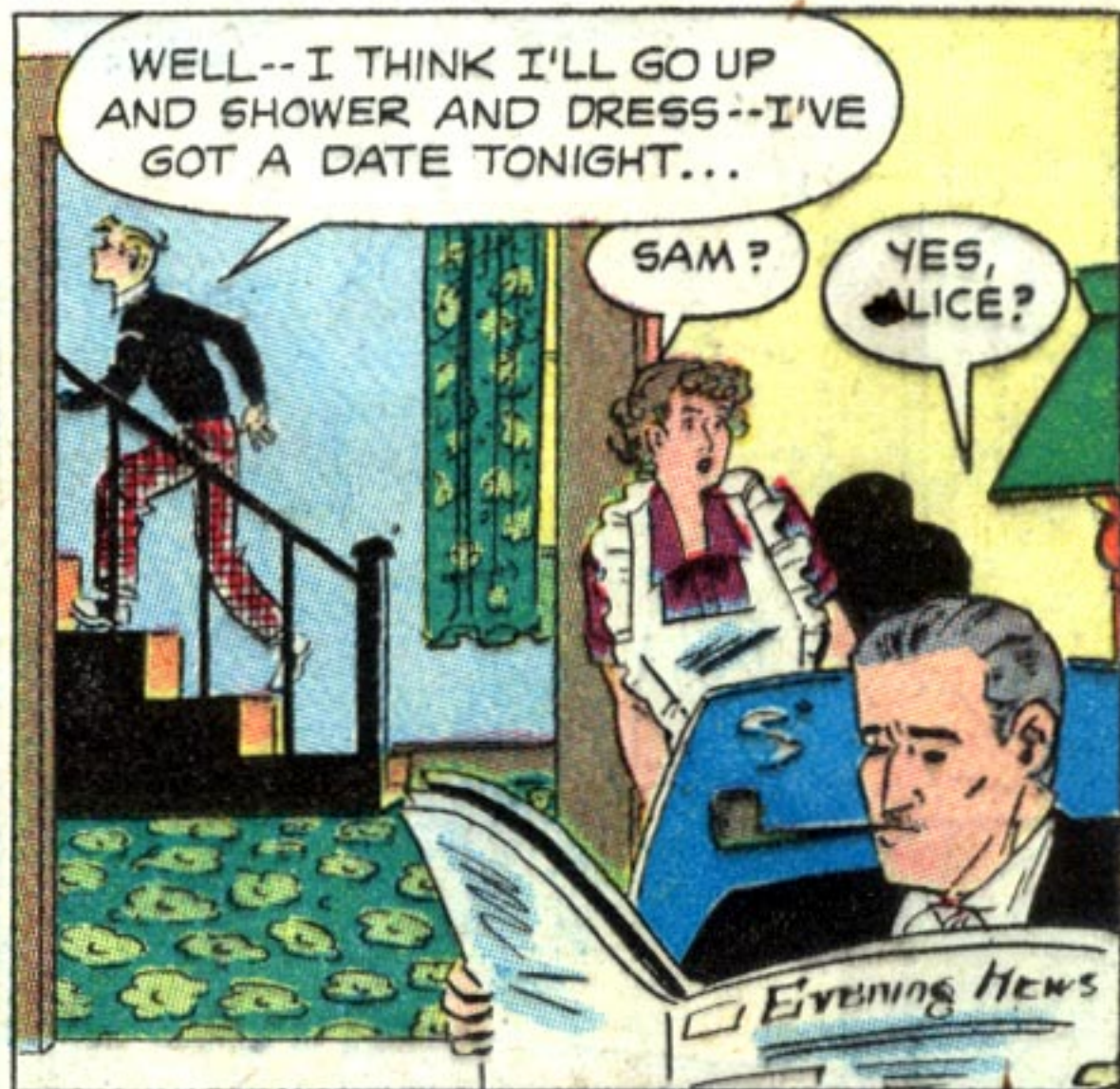


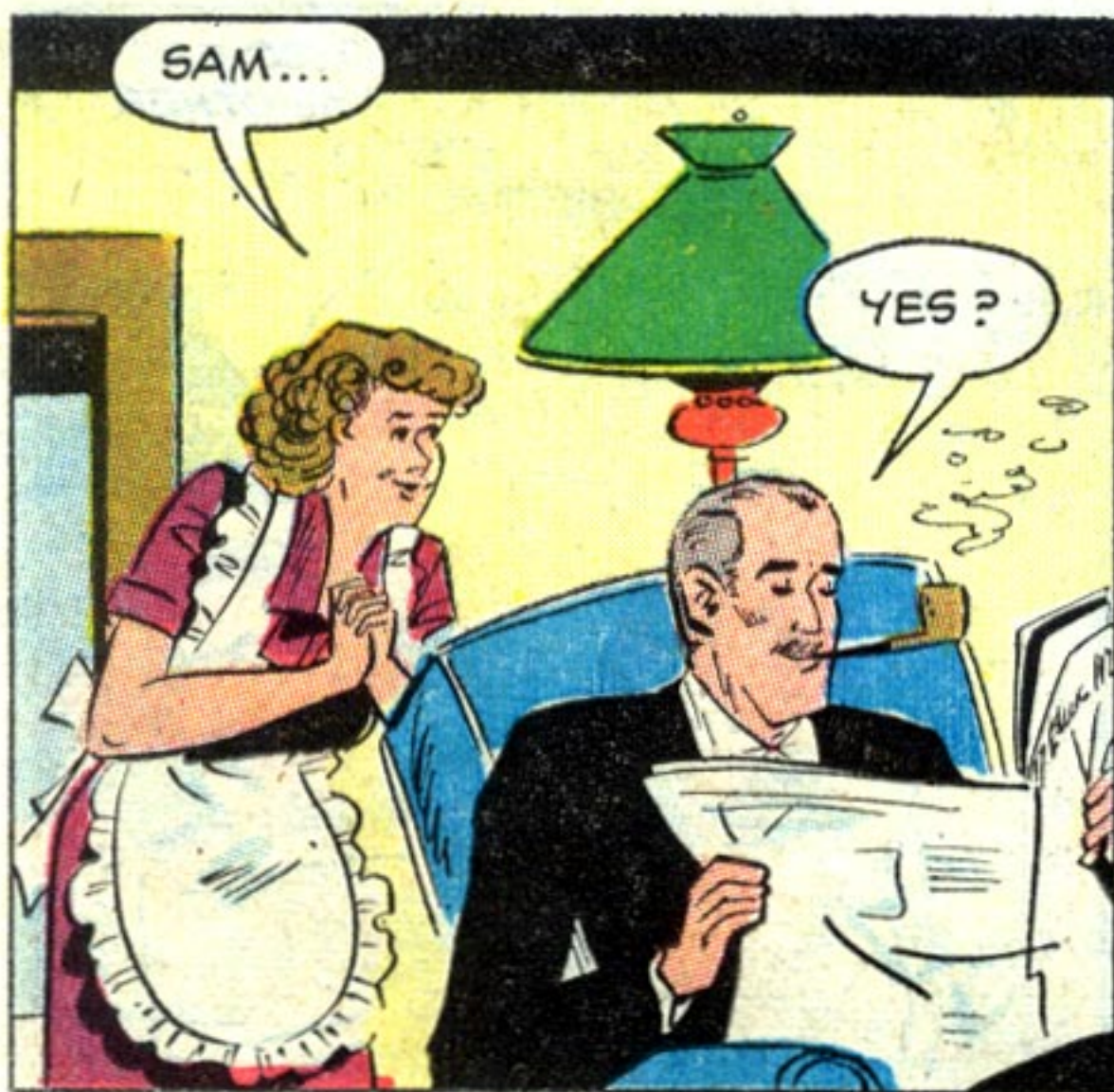
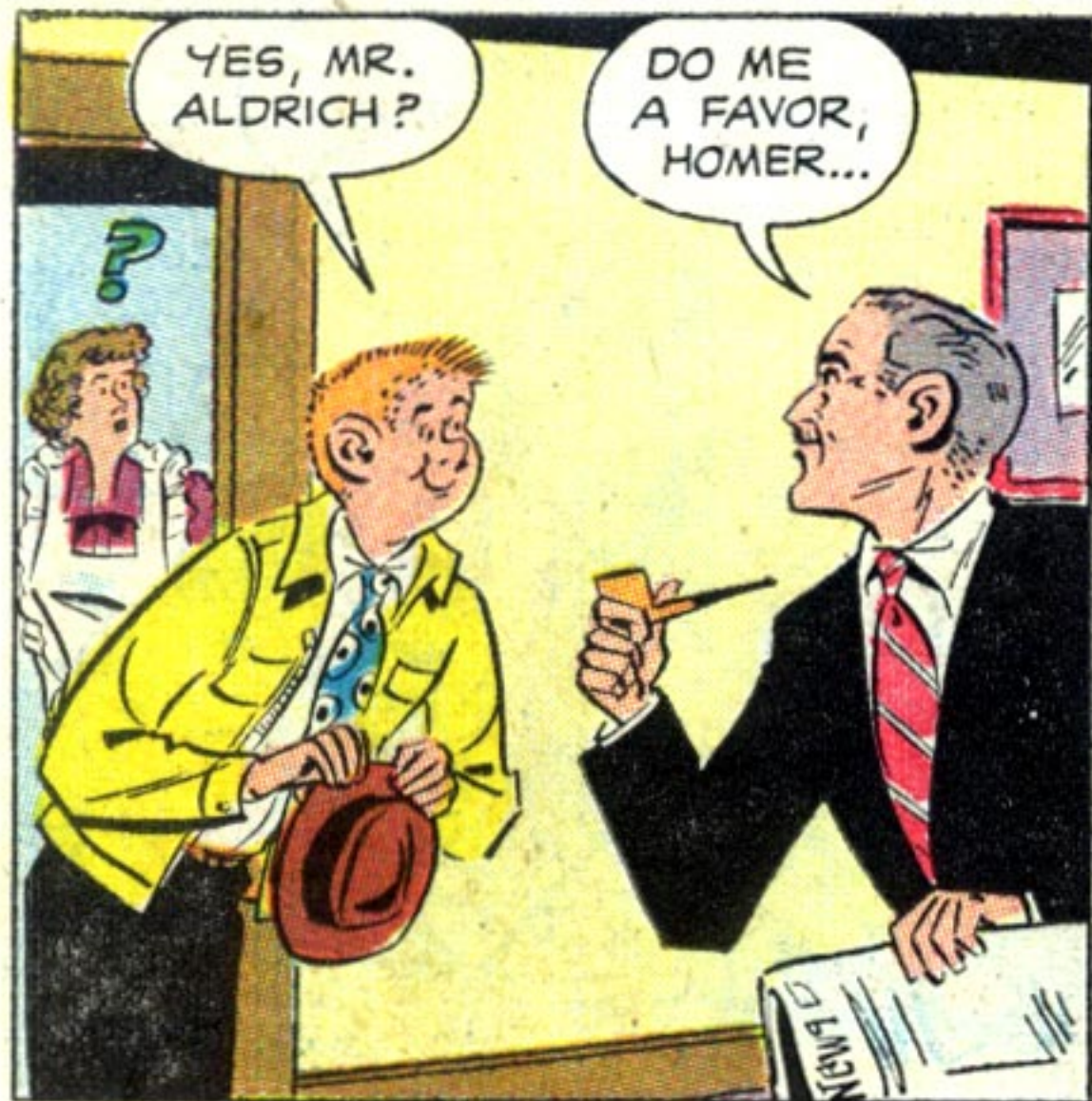


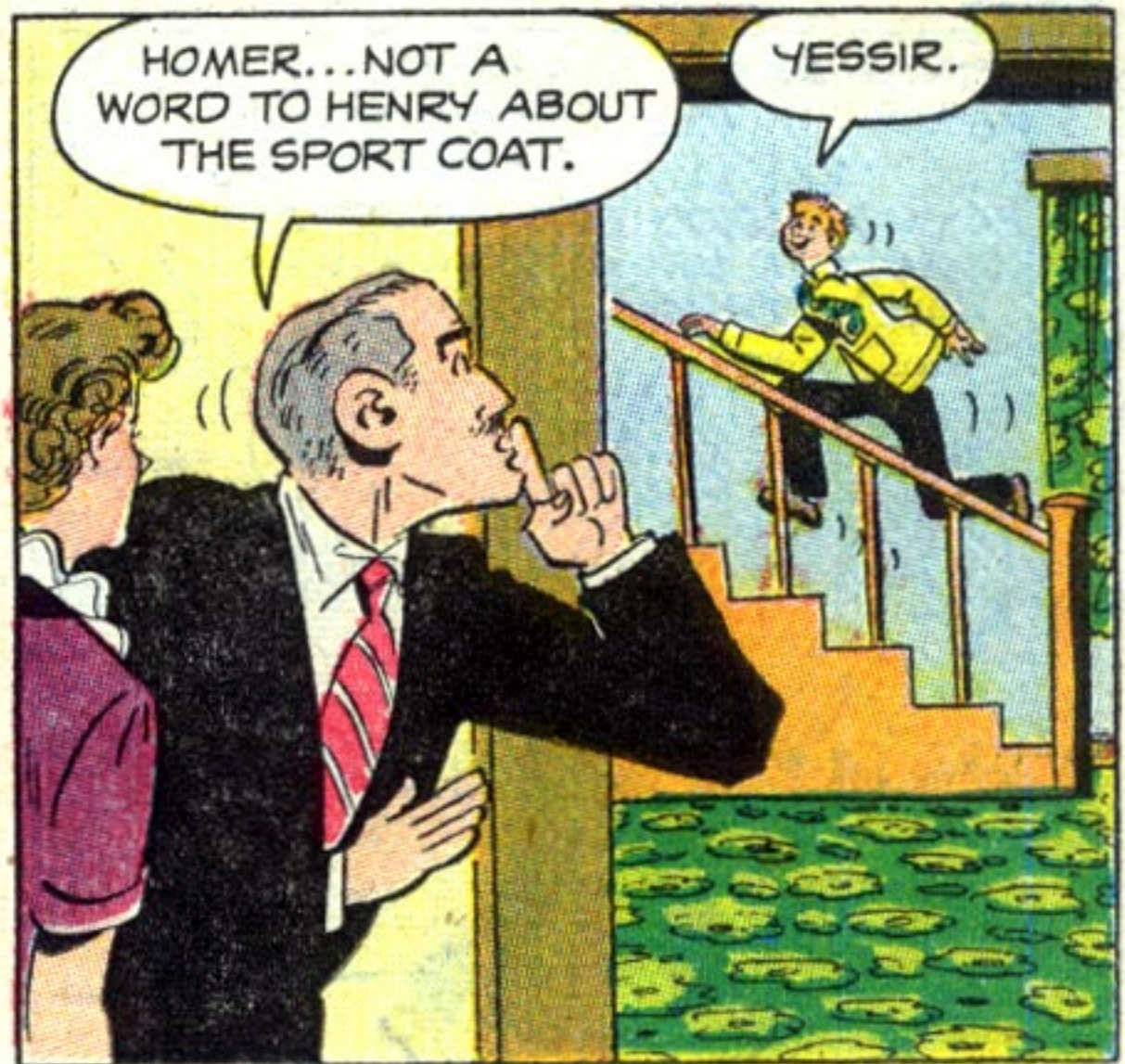
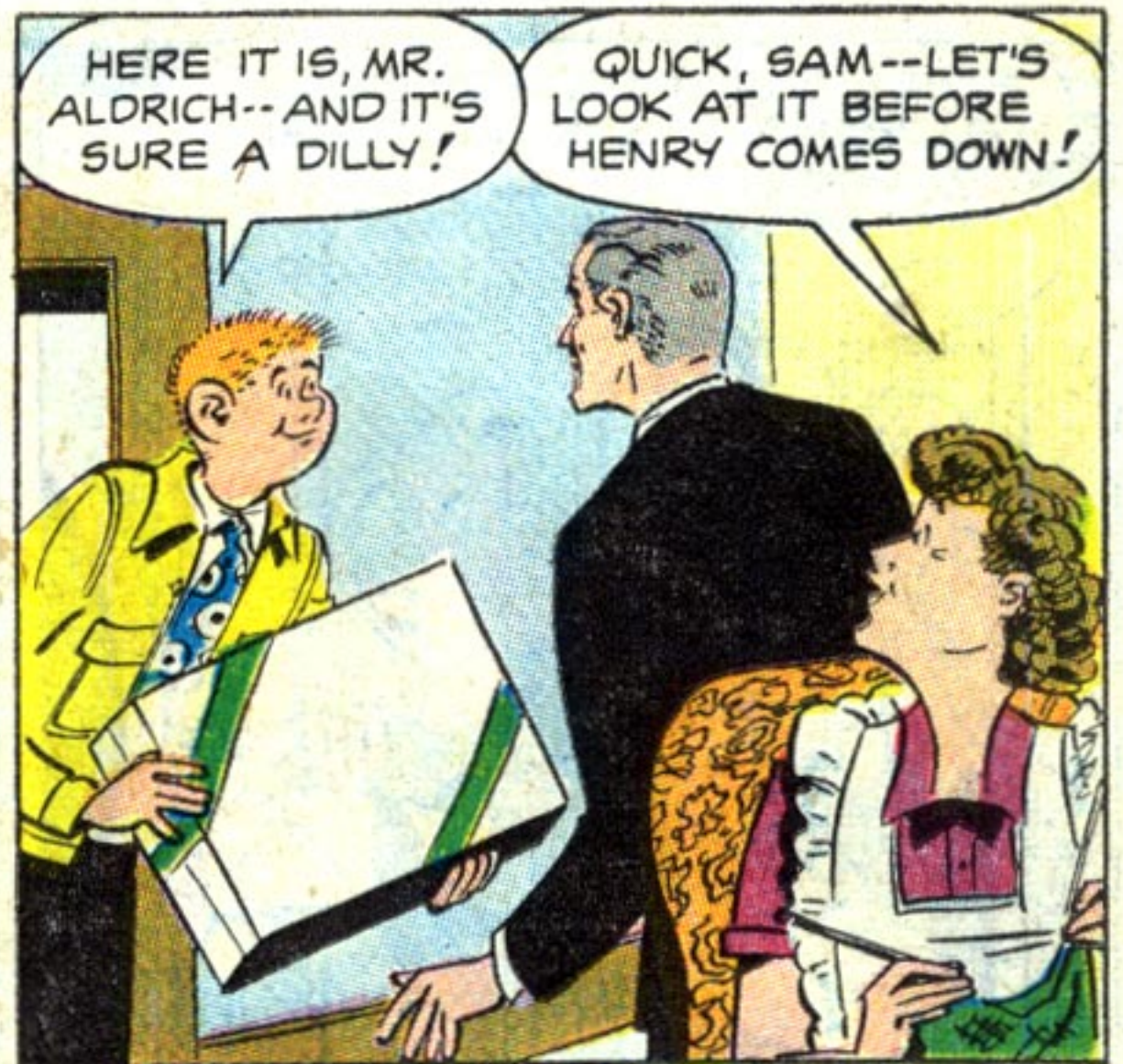


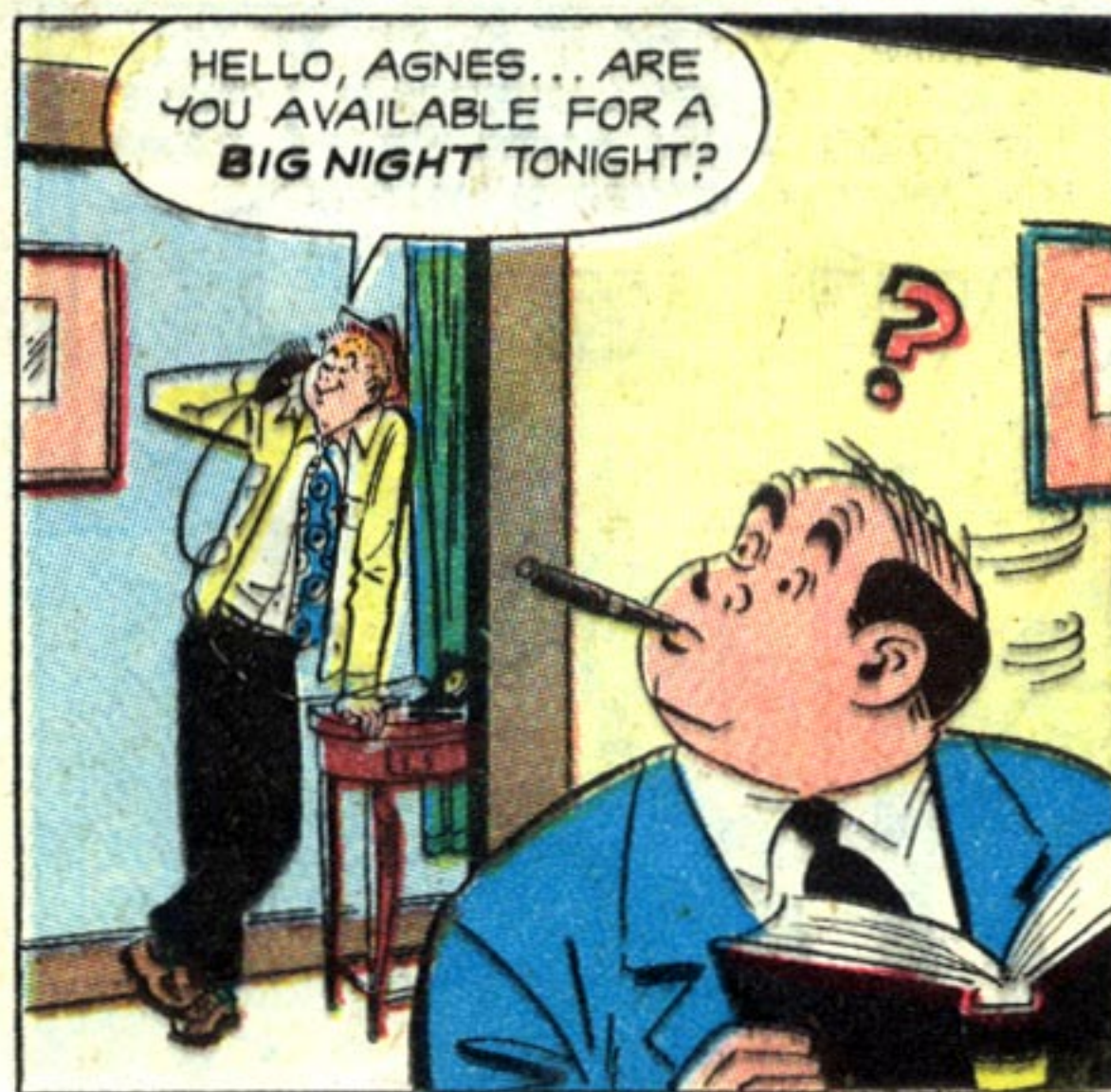
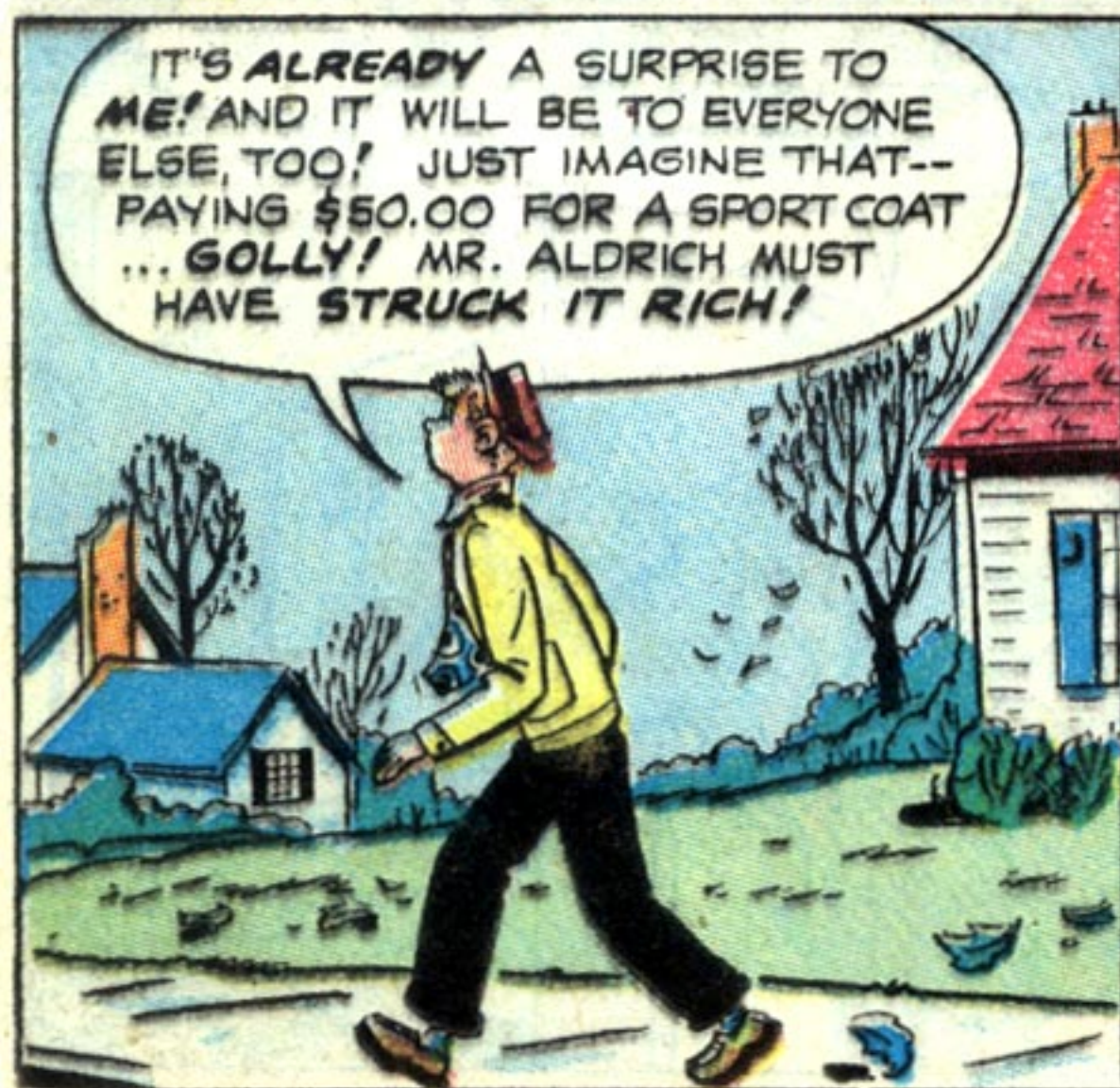
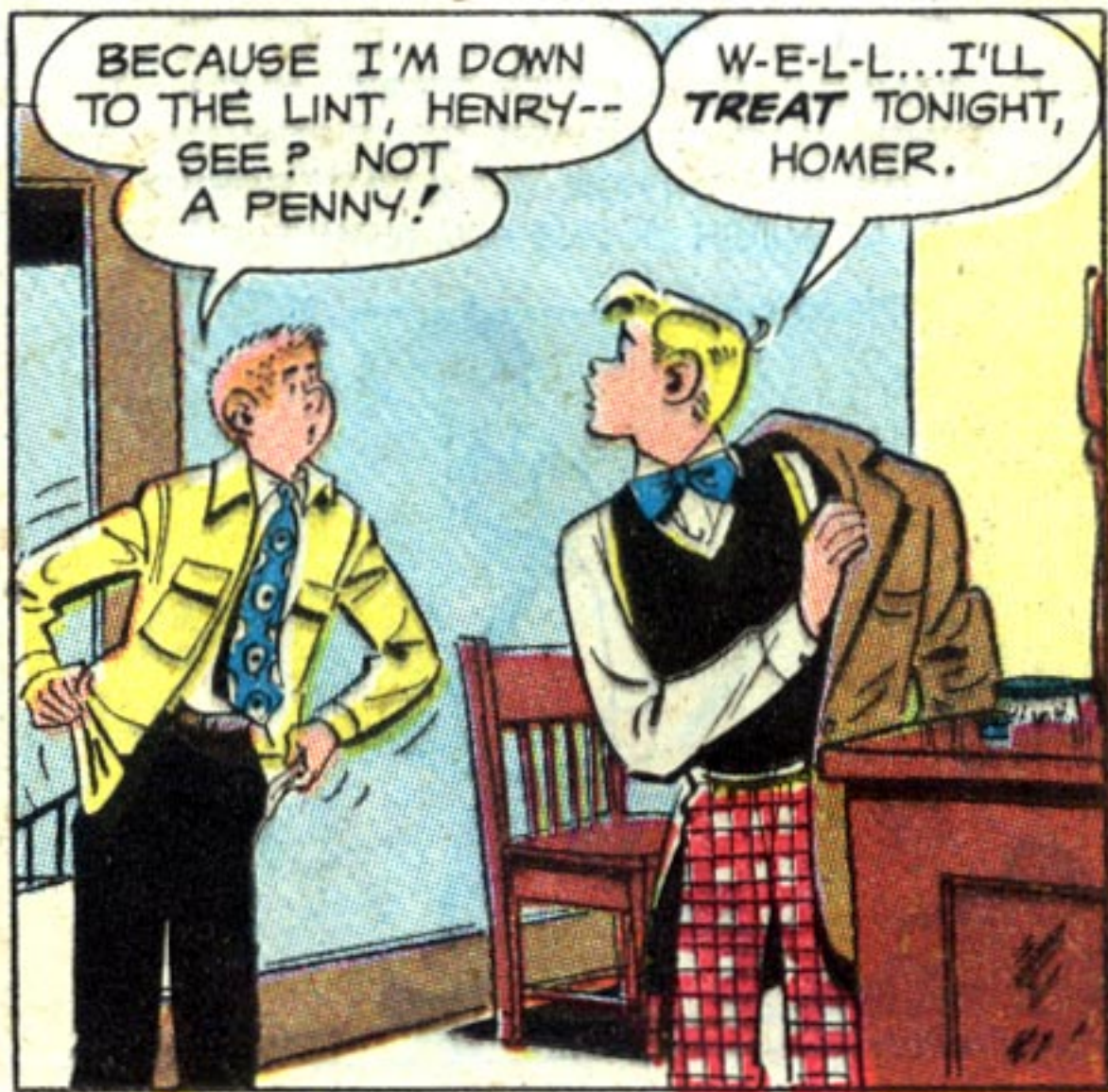
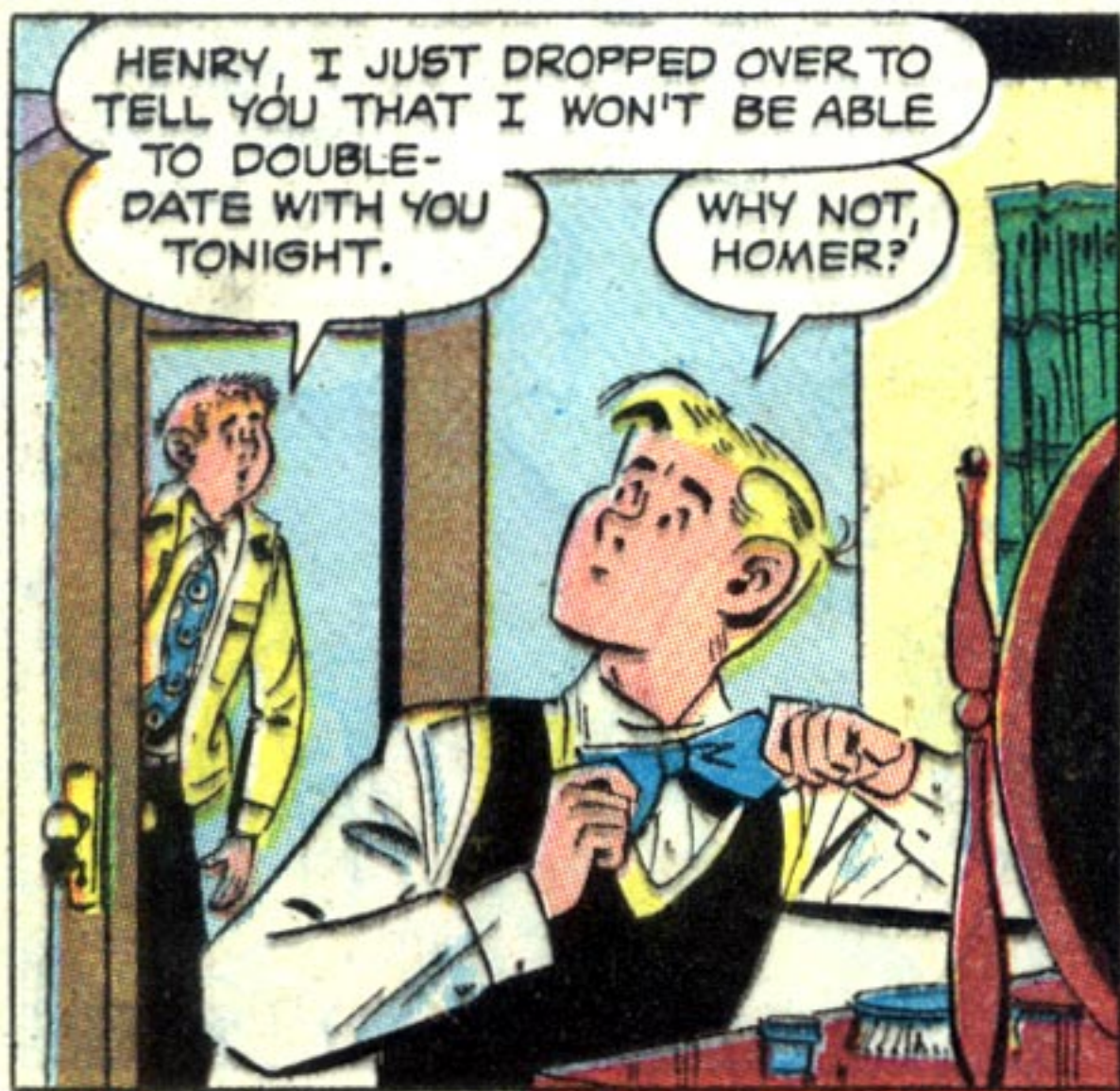
HENRY ALDRICH

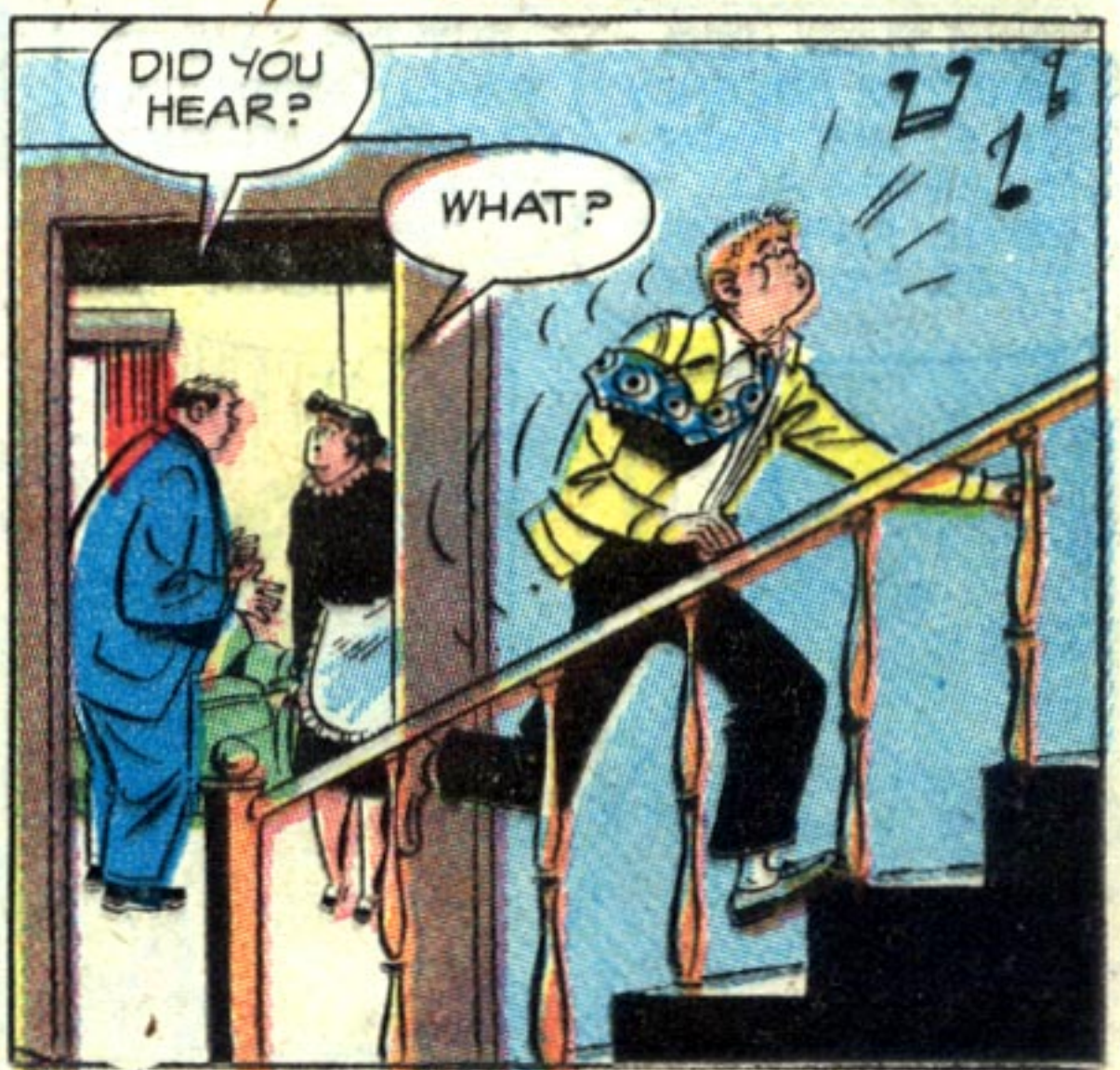
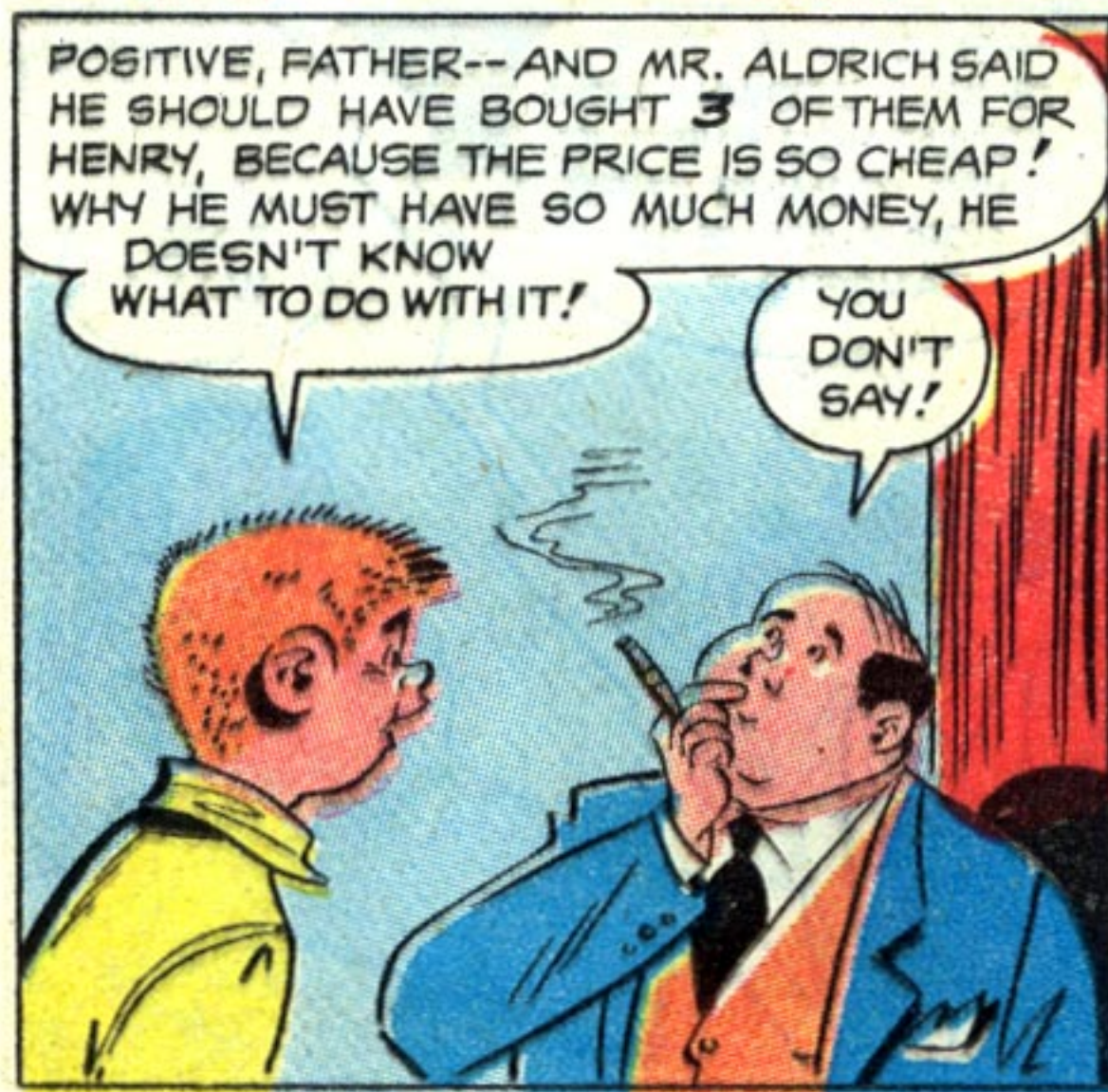
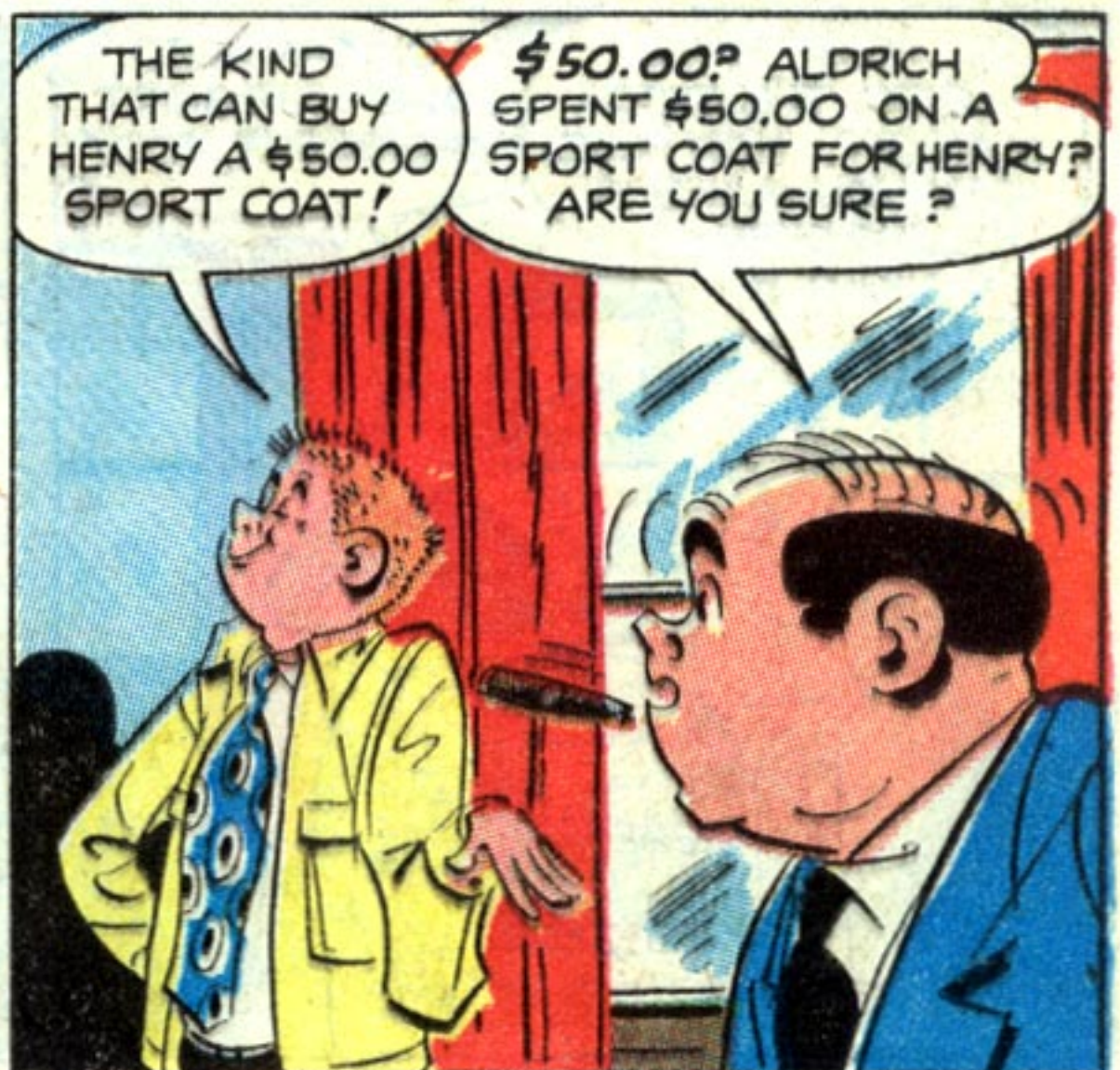
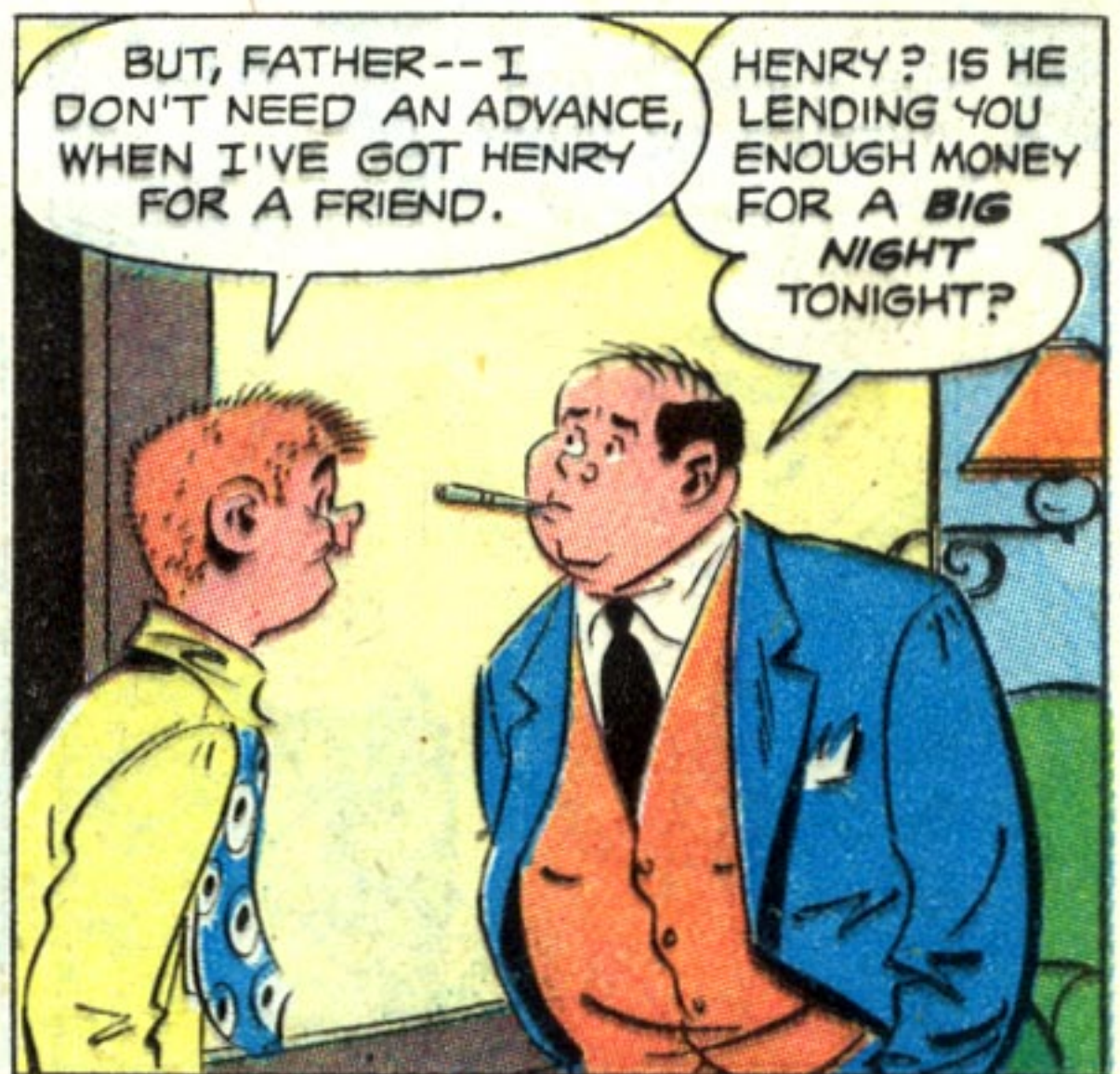
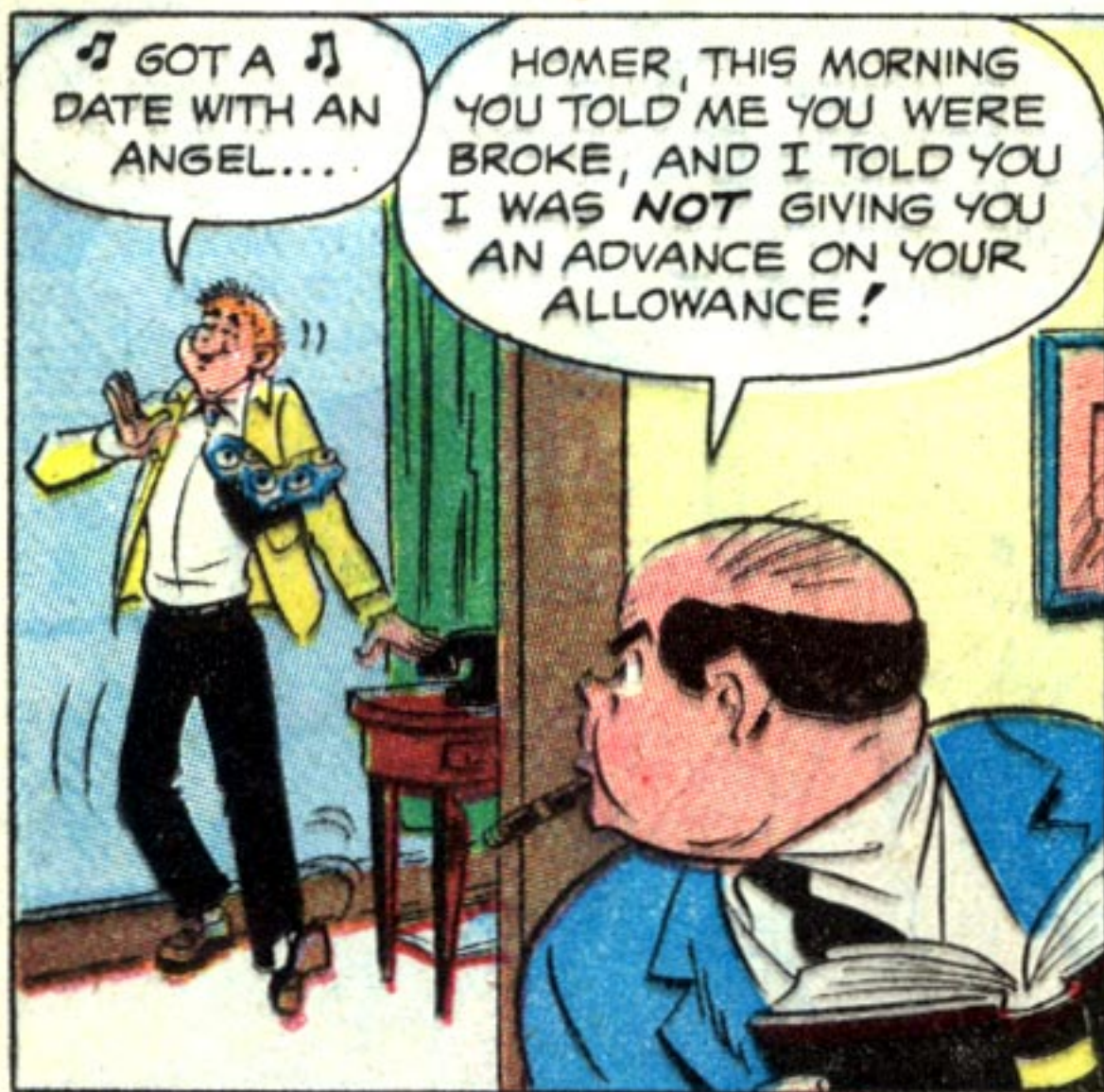




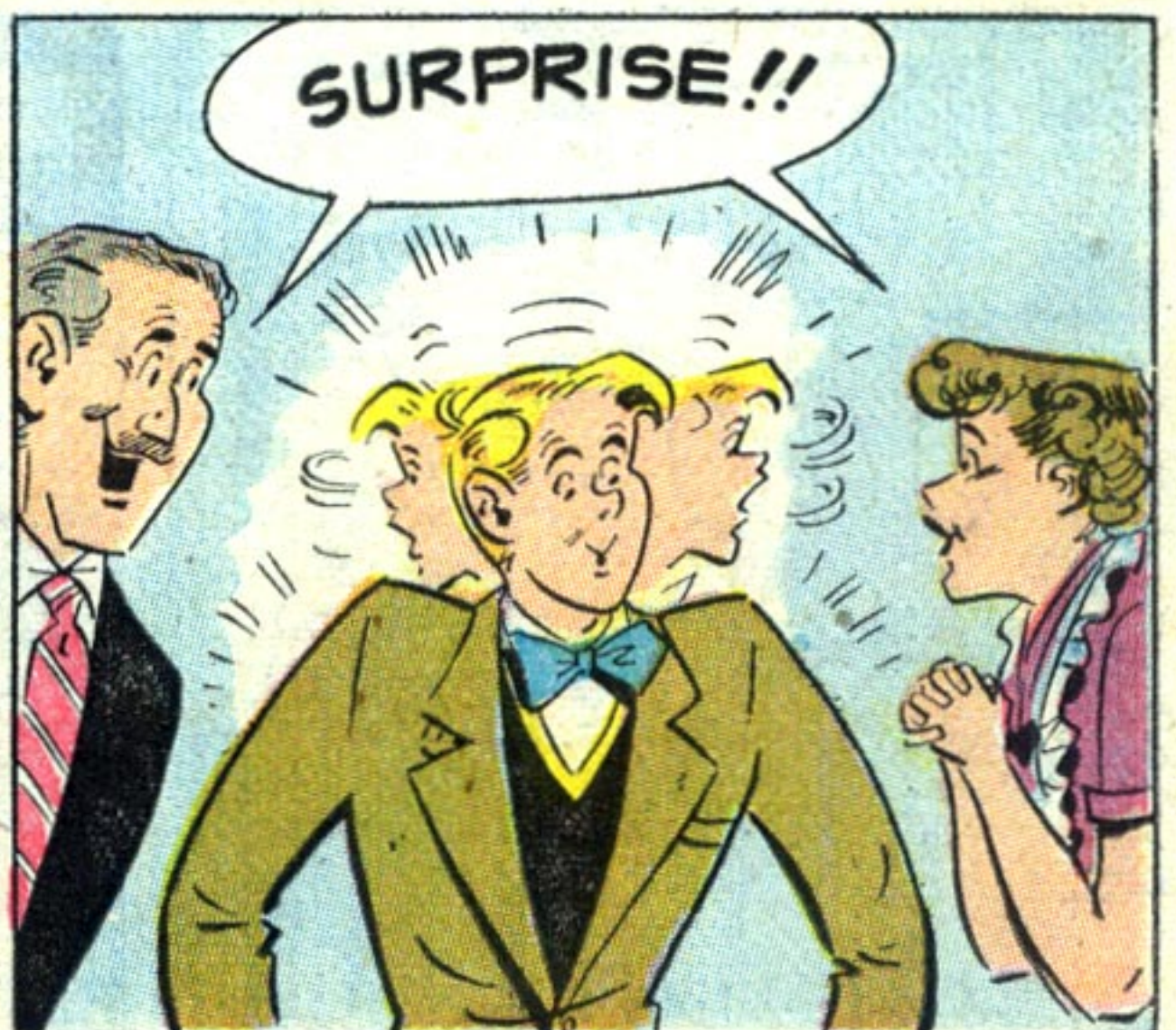
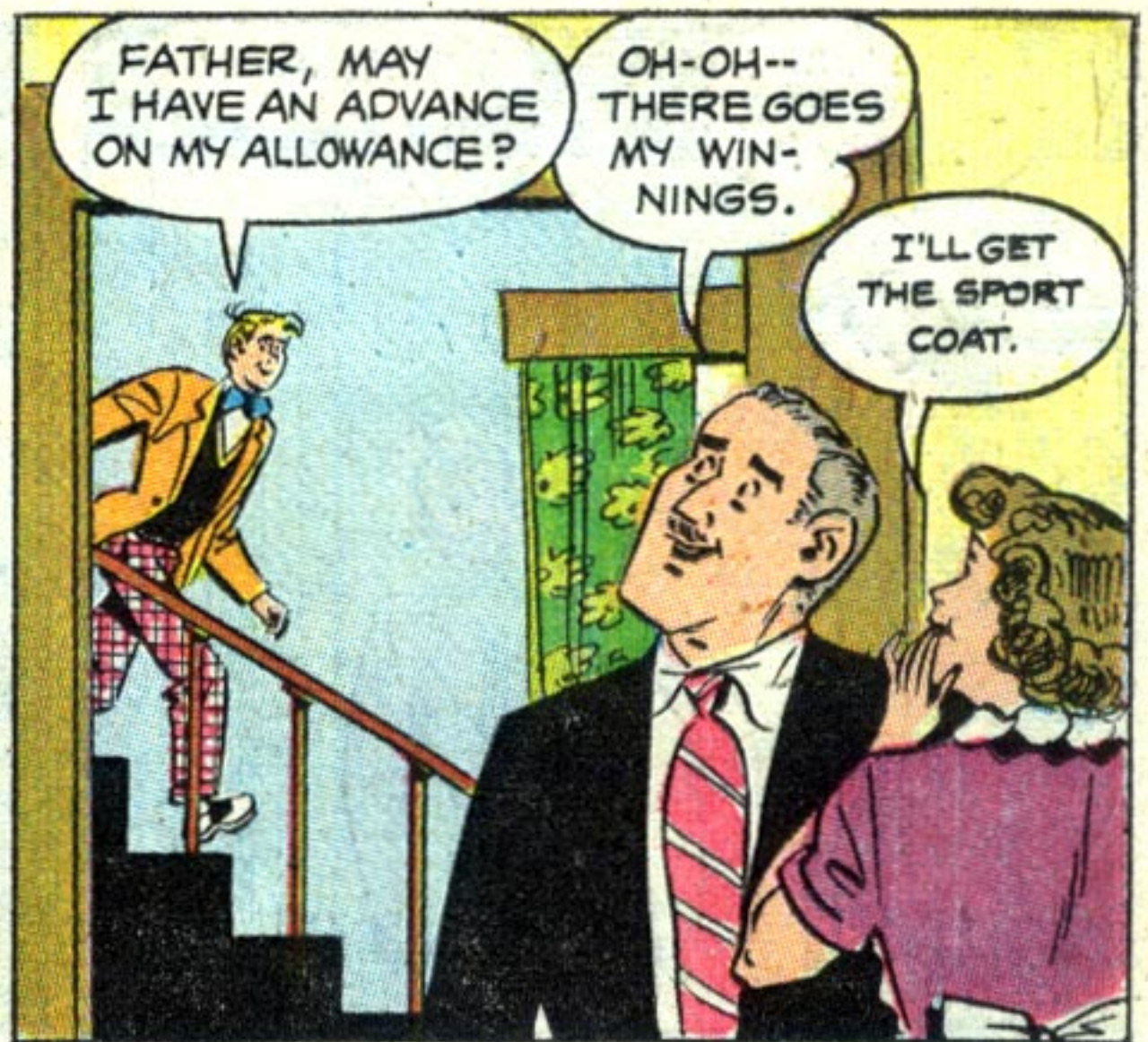


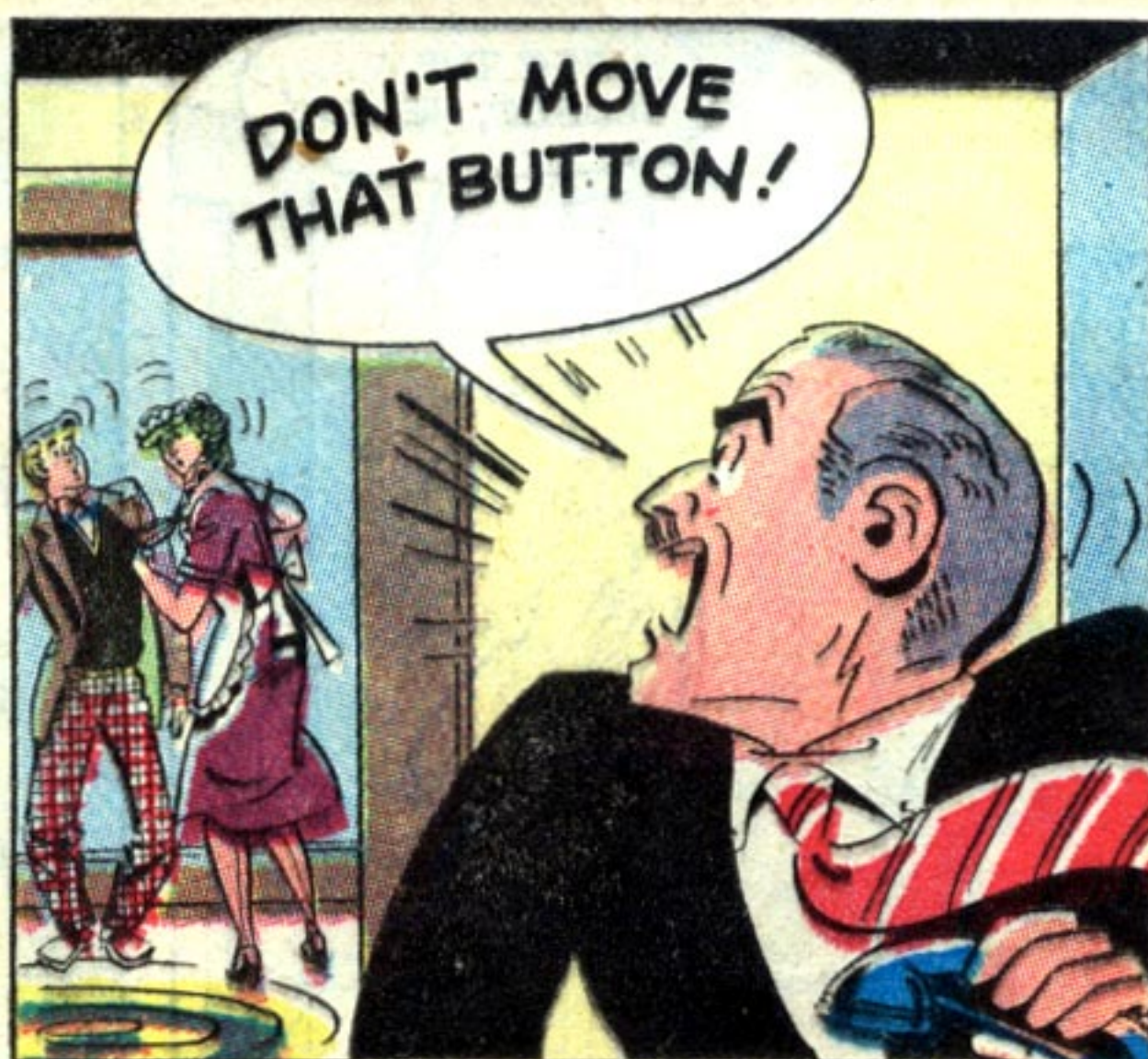
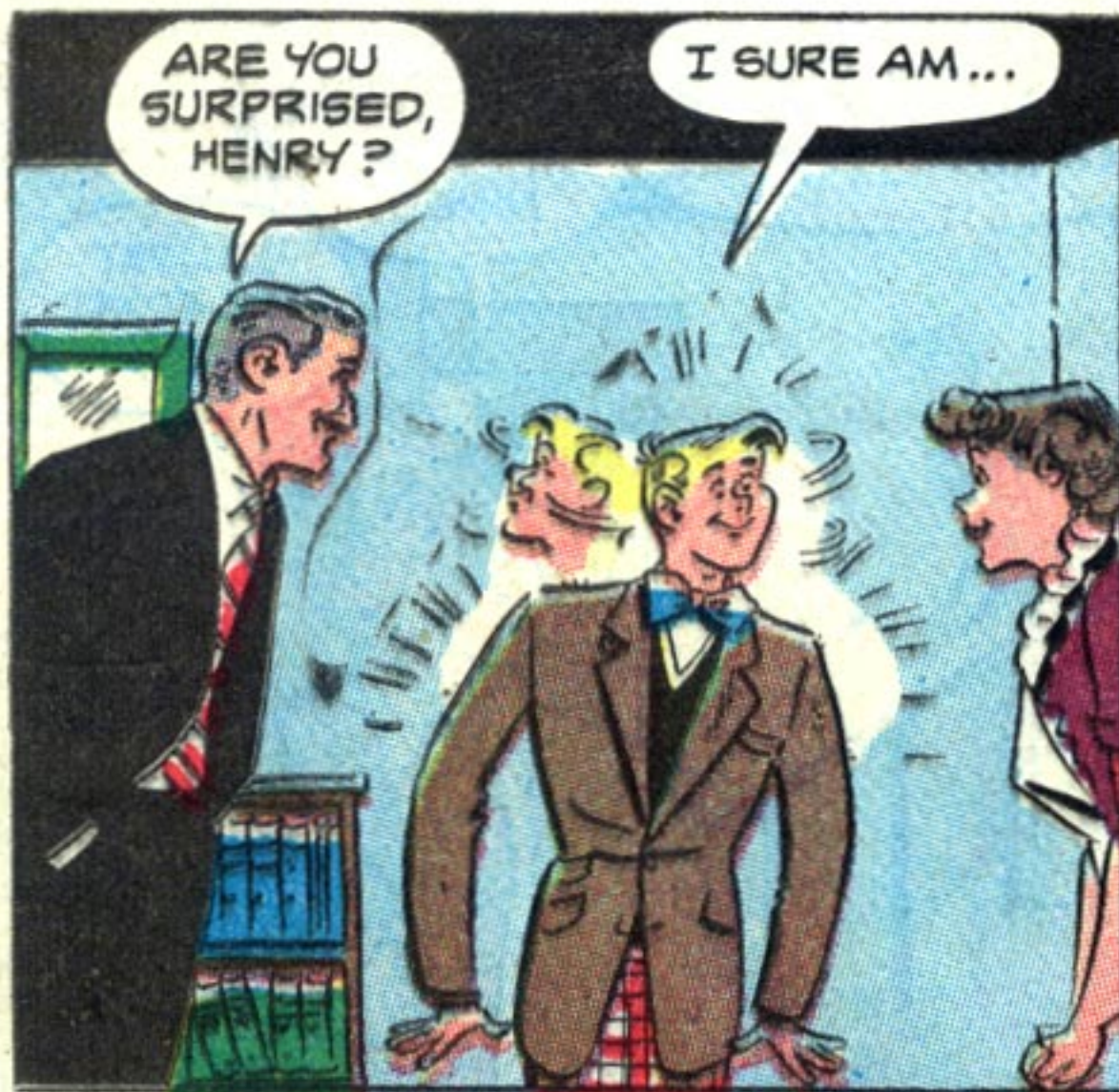


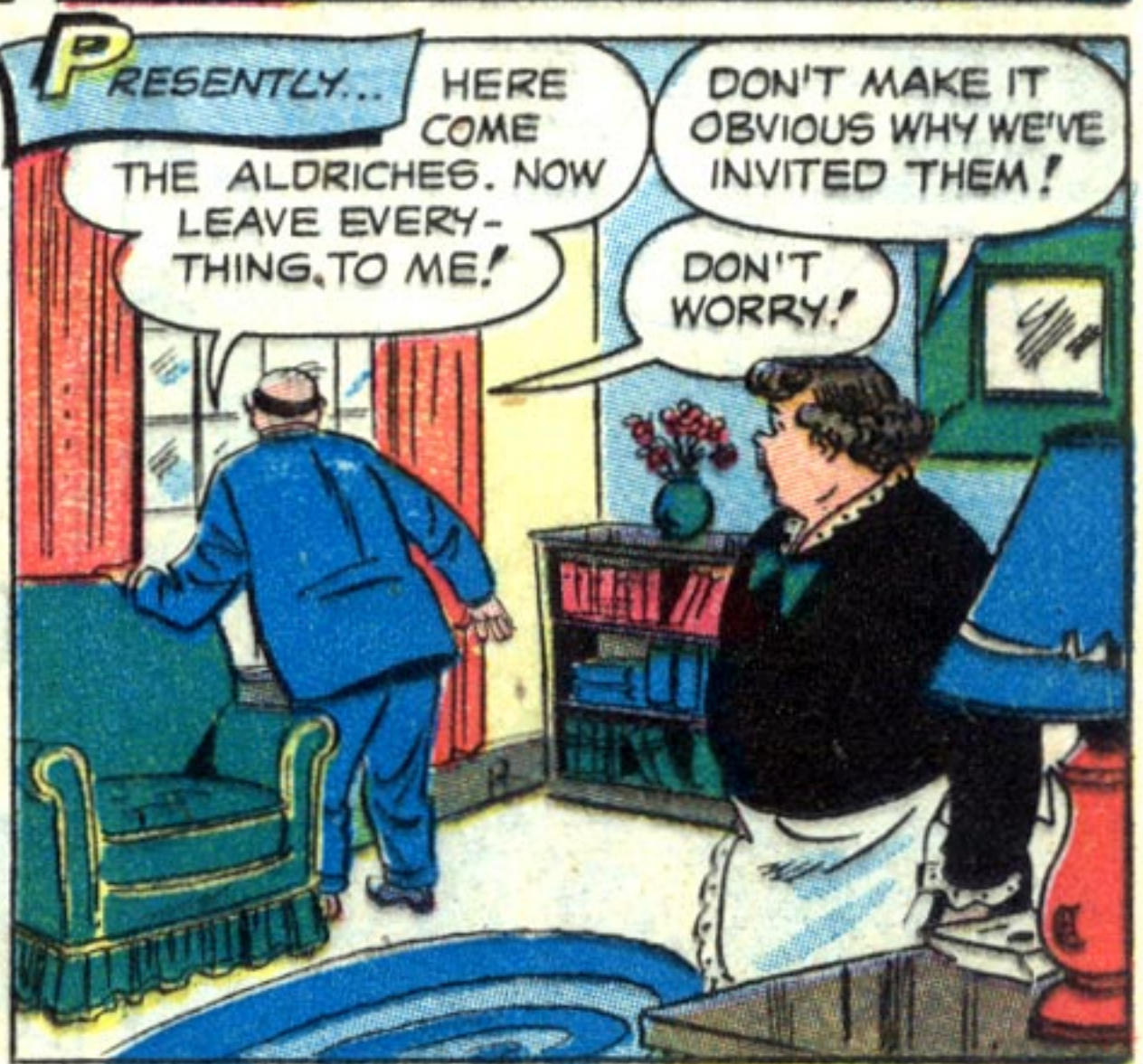
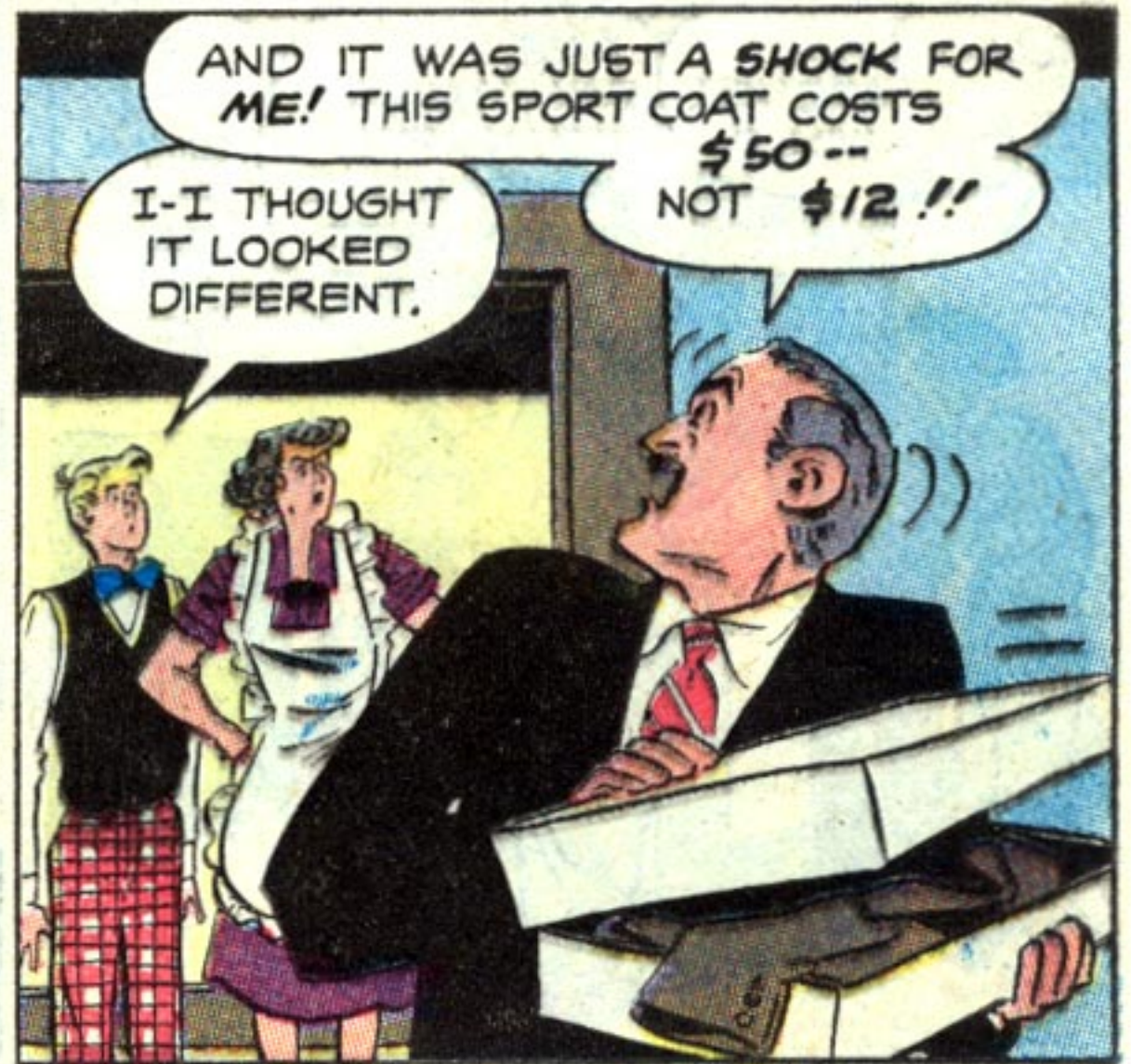


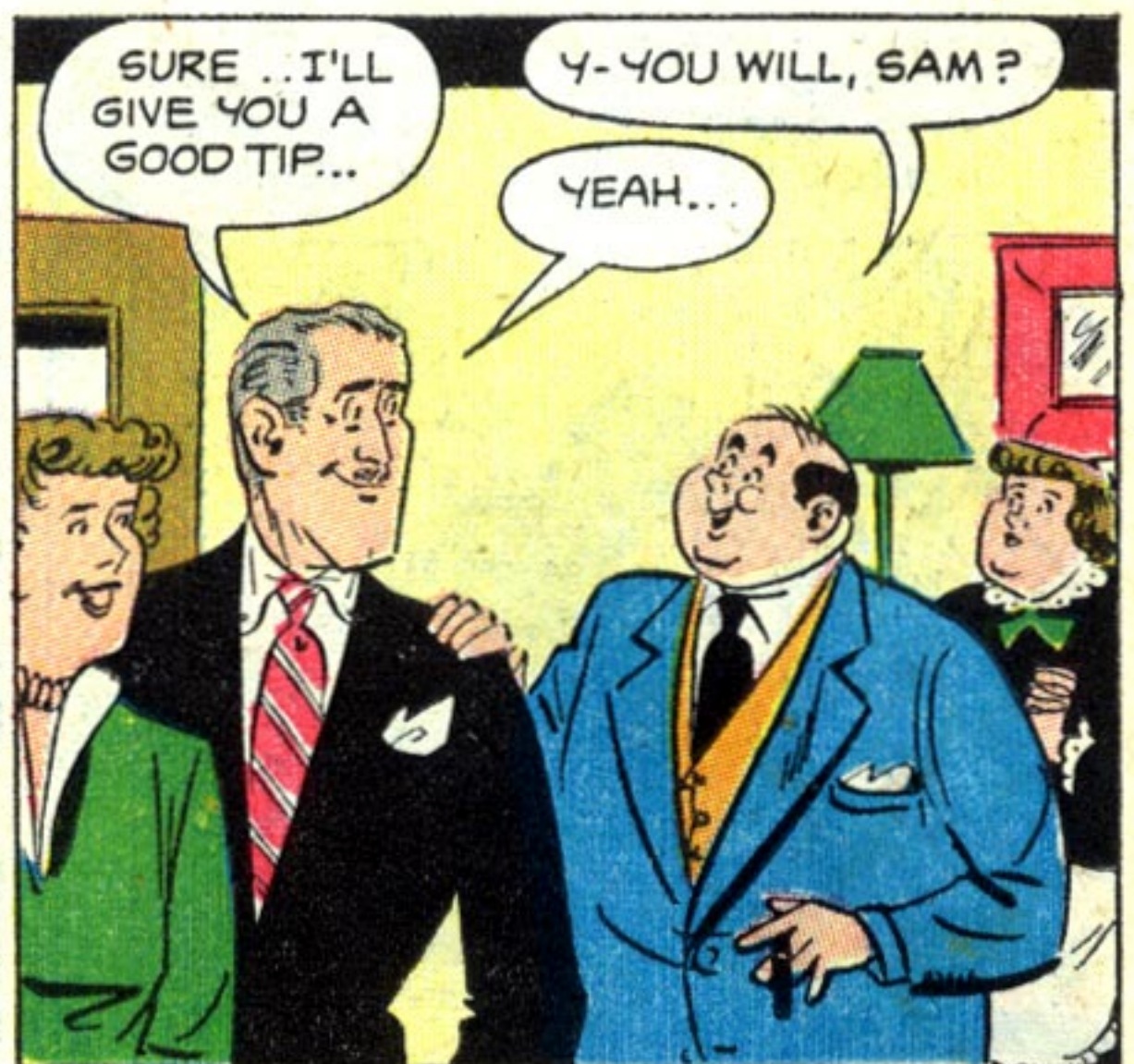


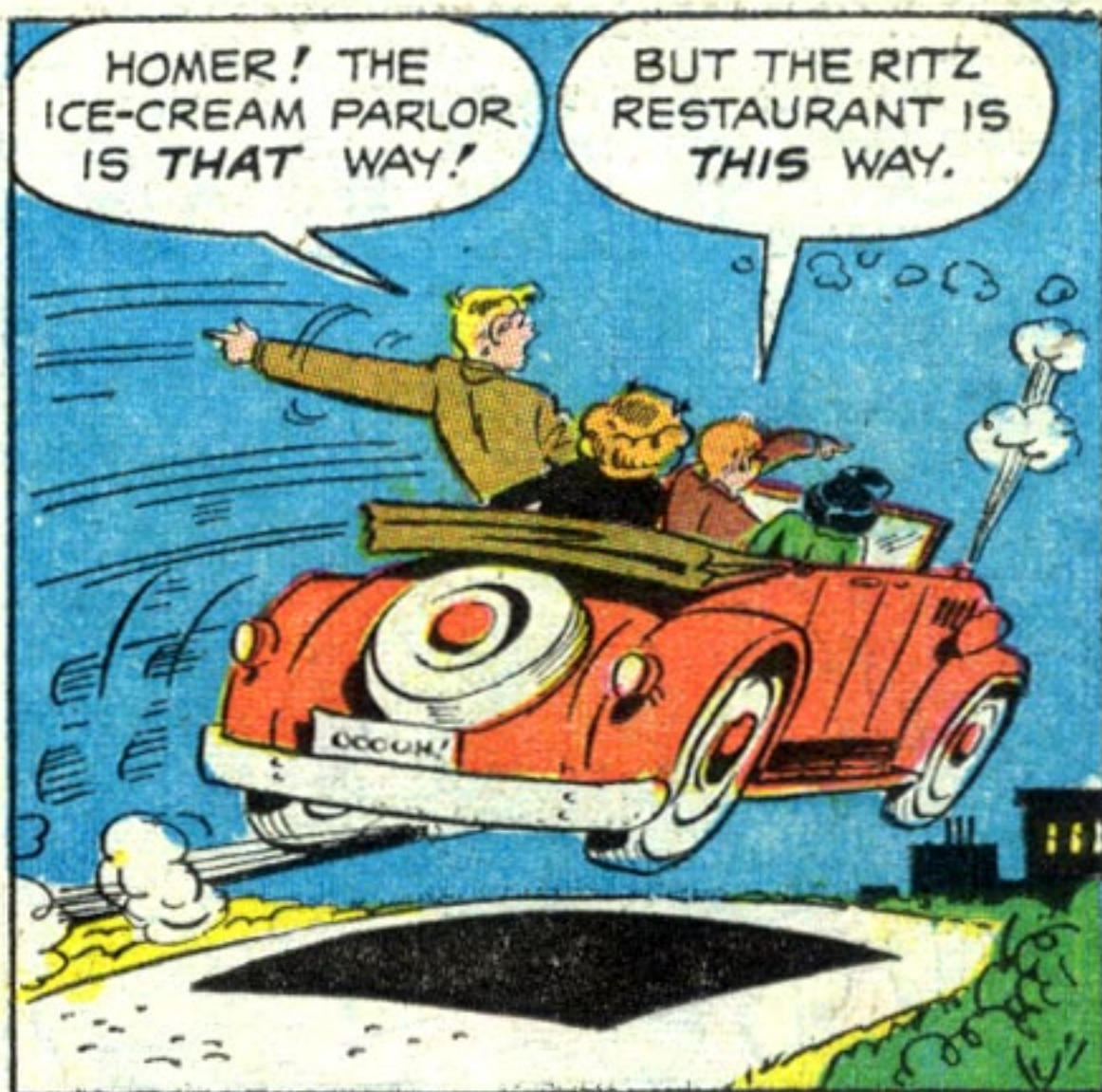


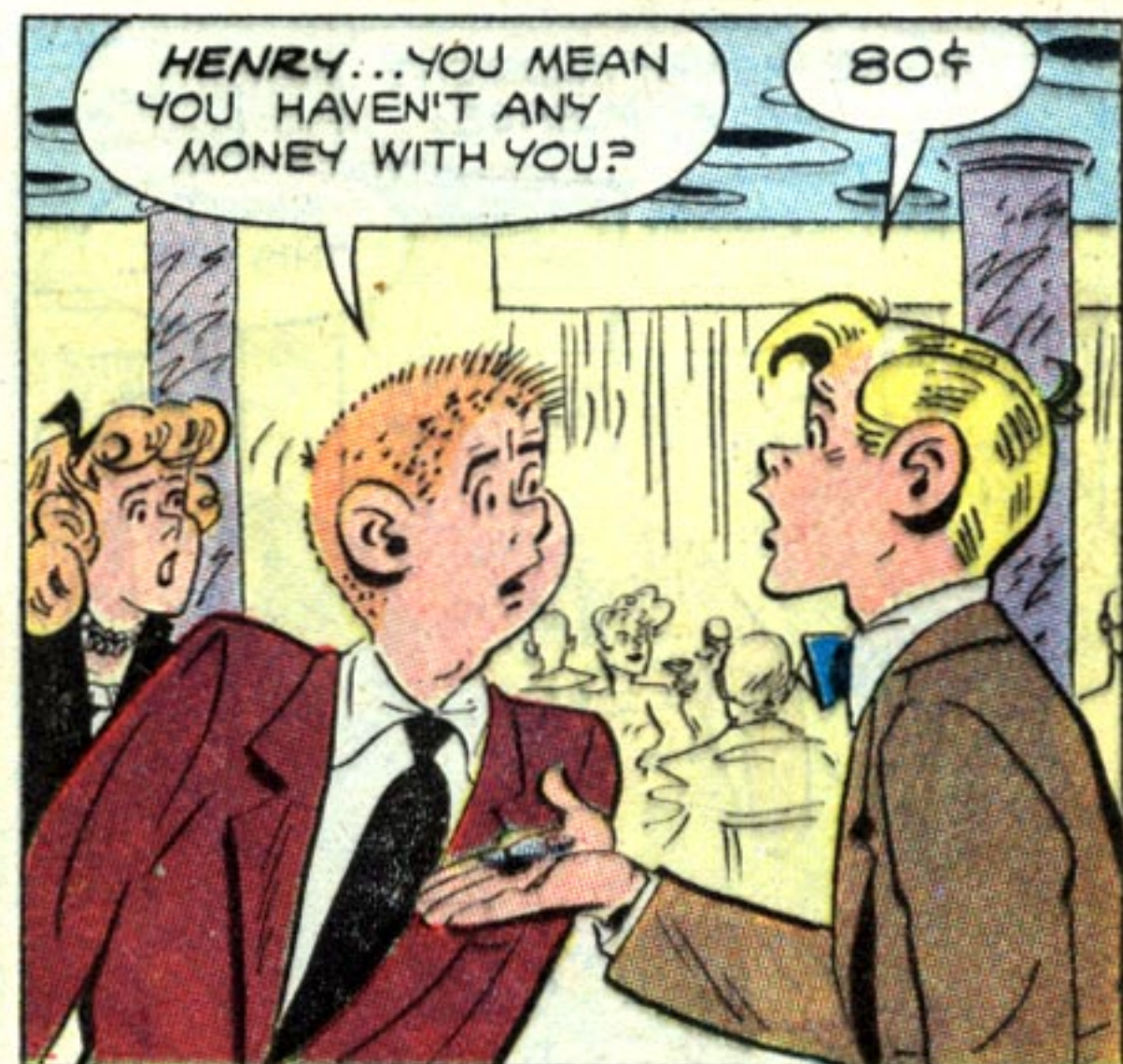


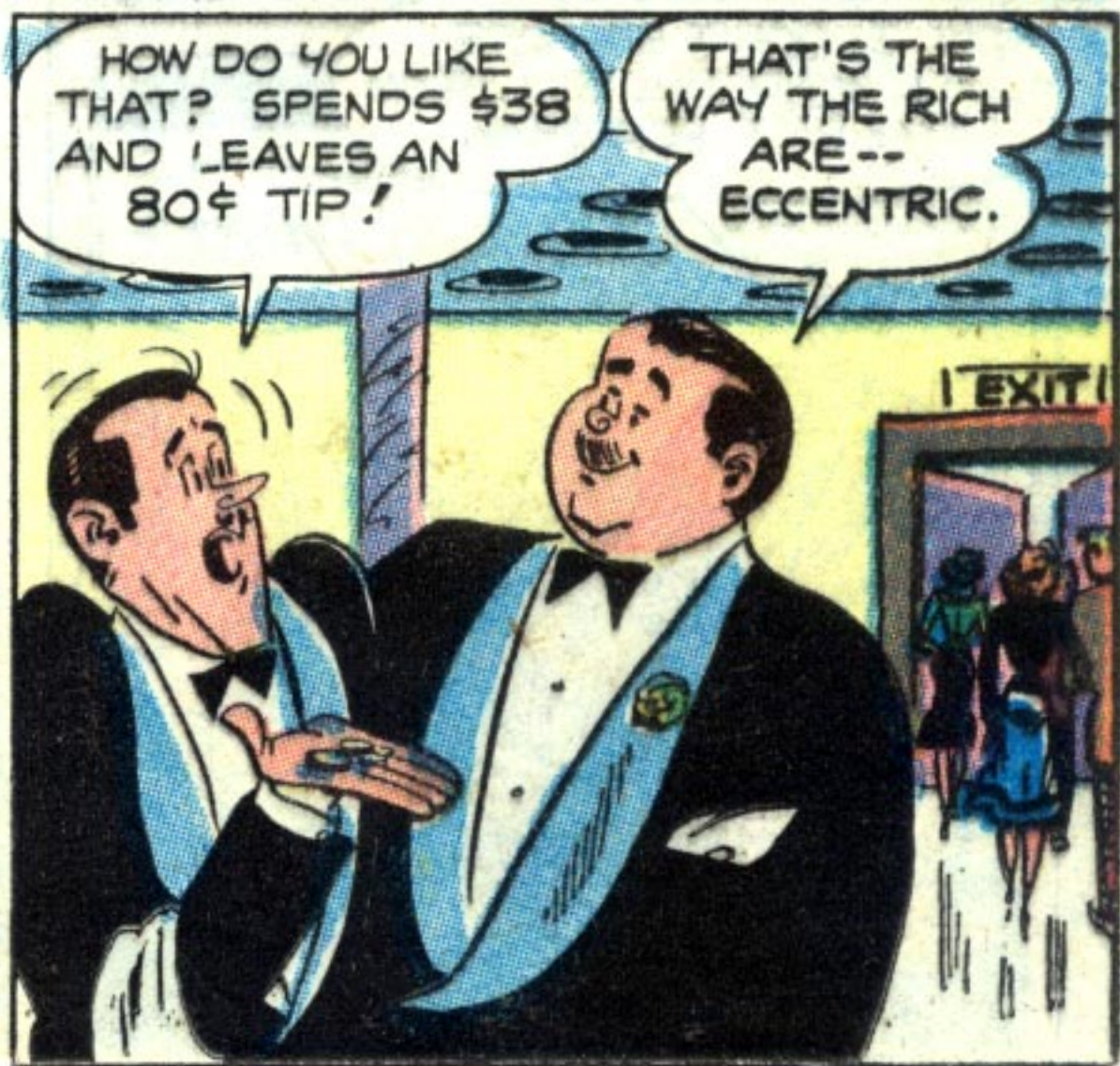




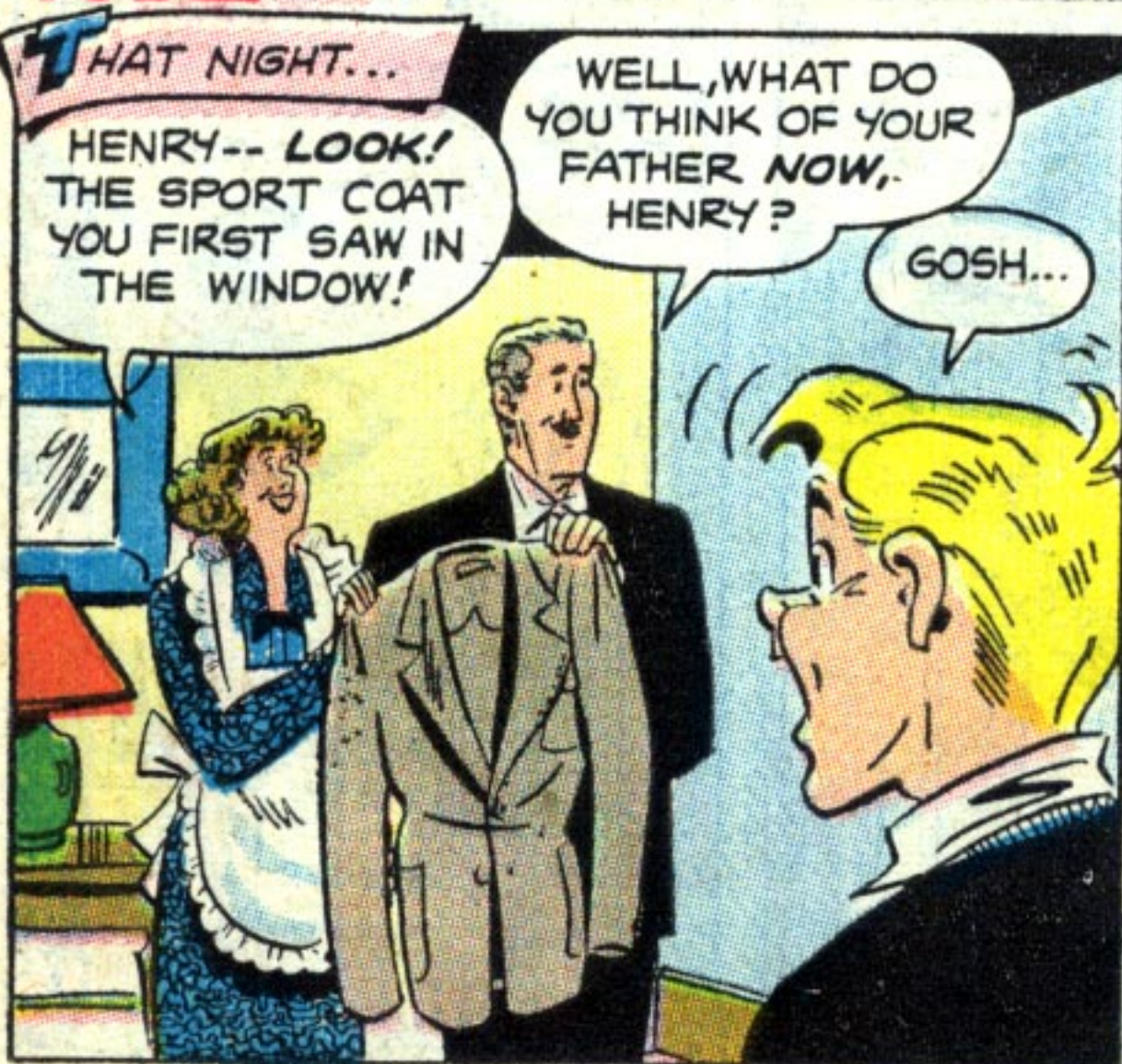
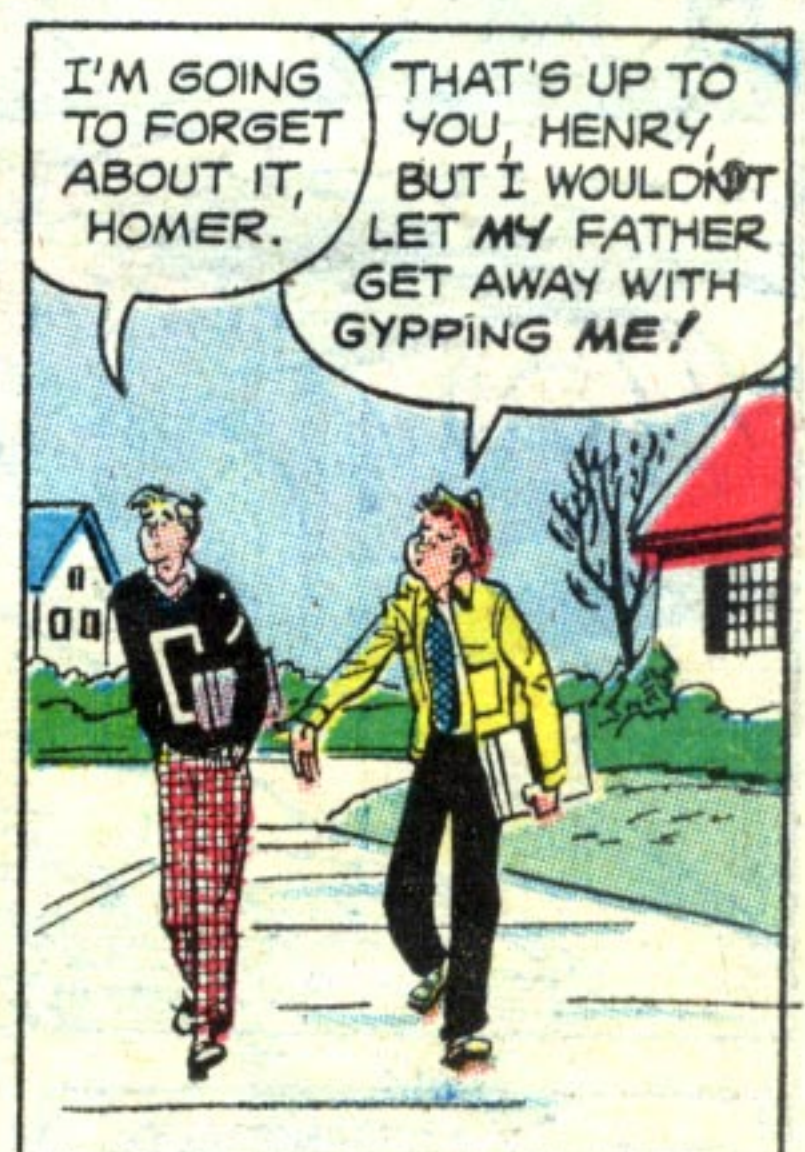
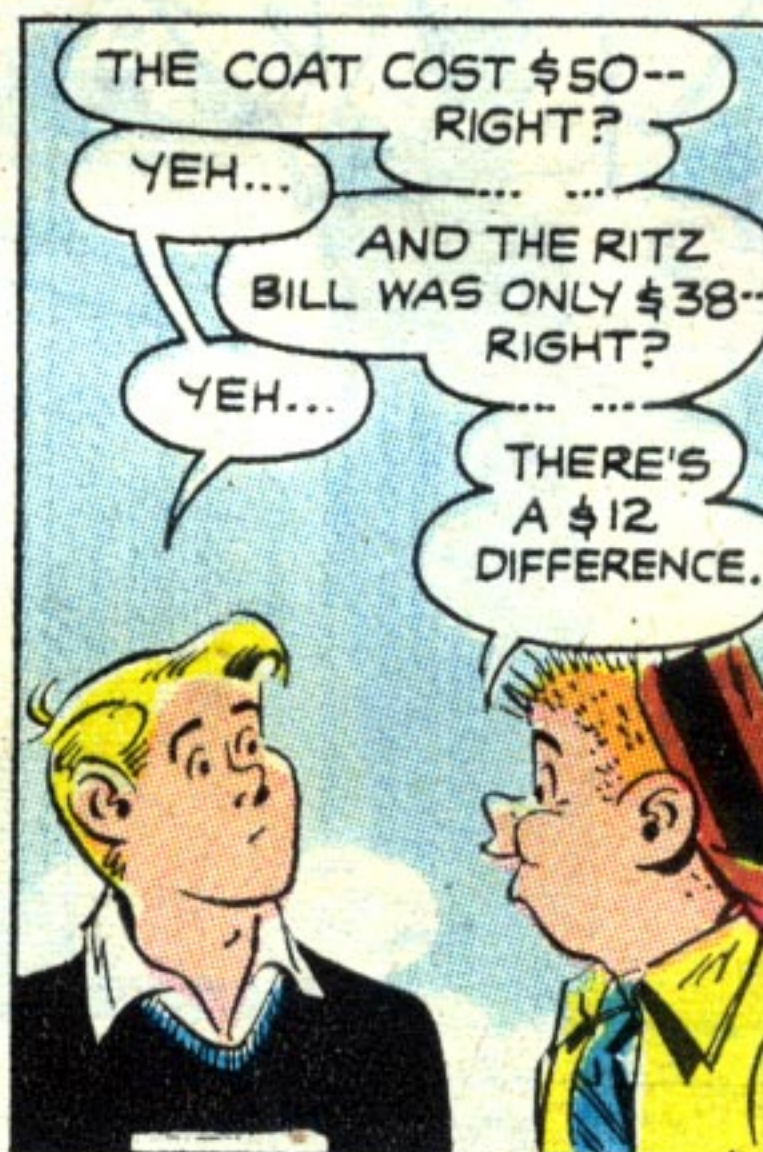
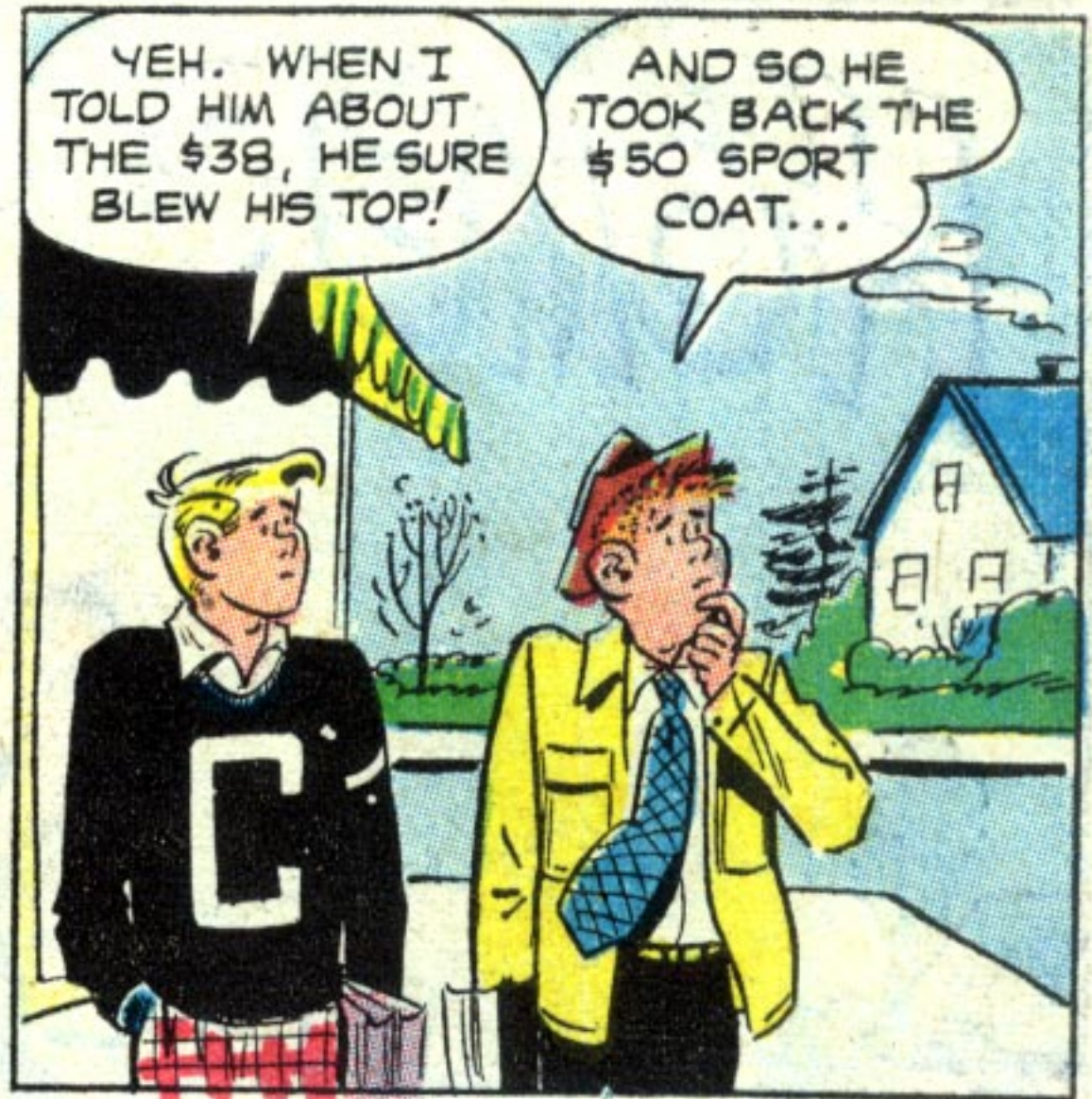
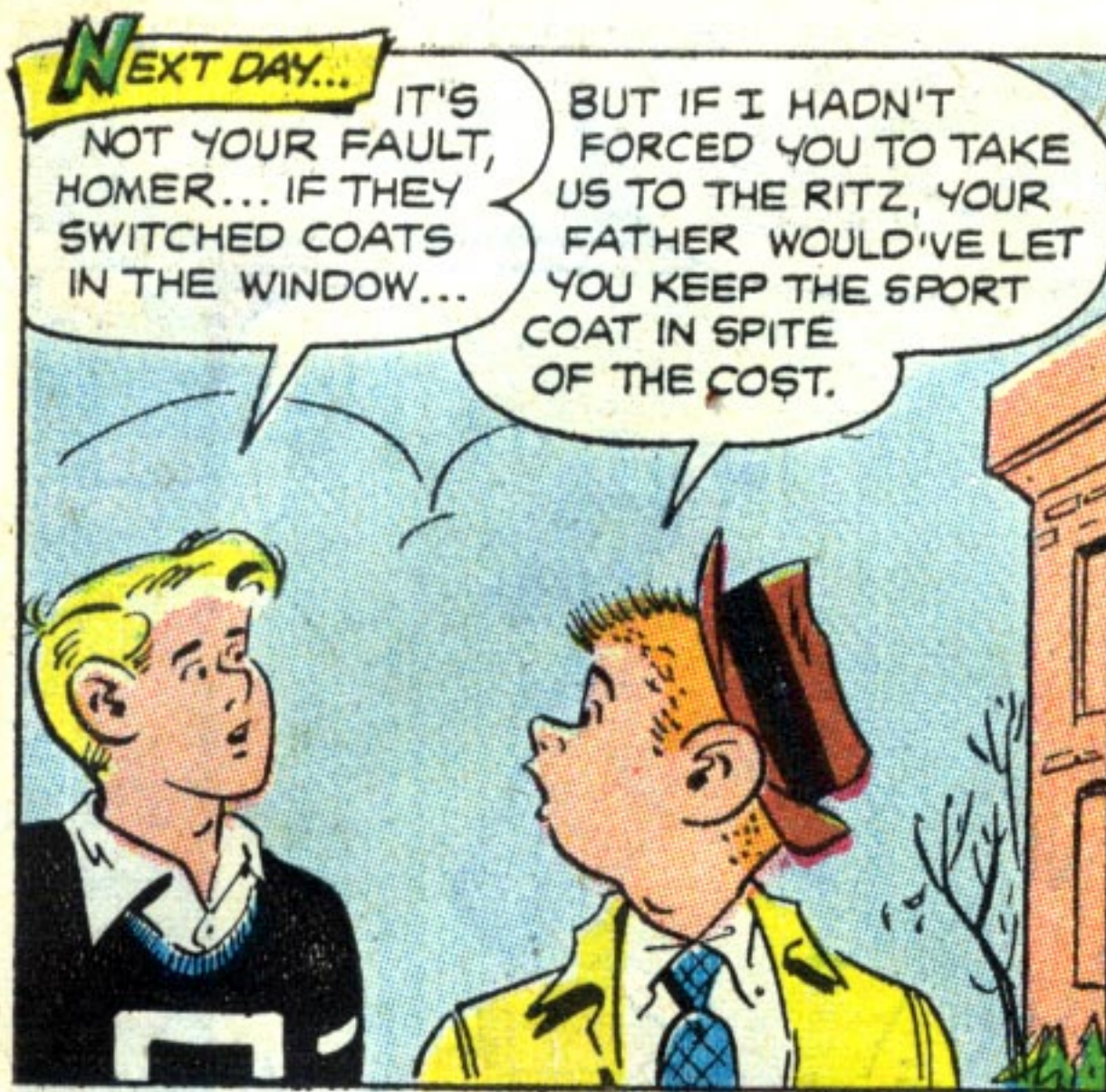








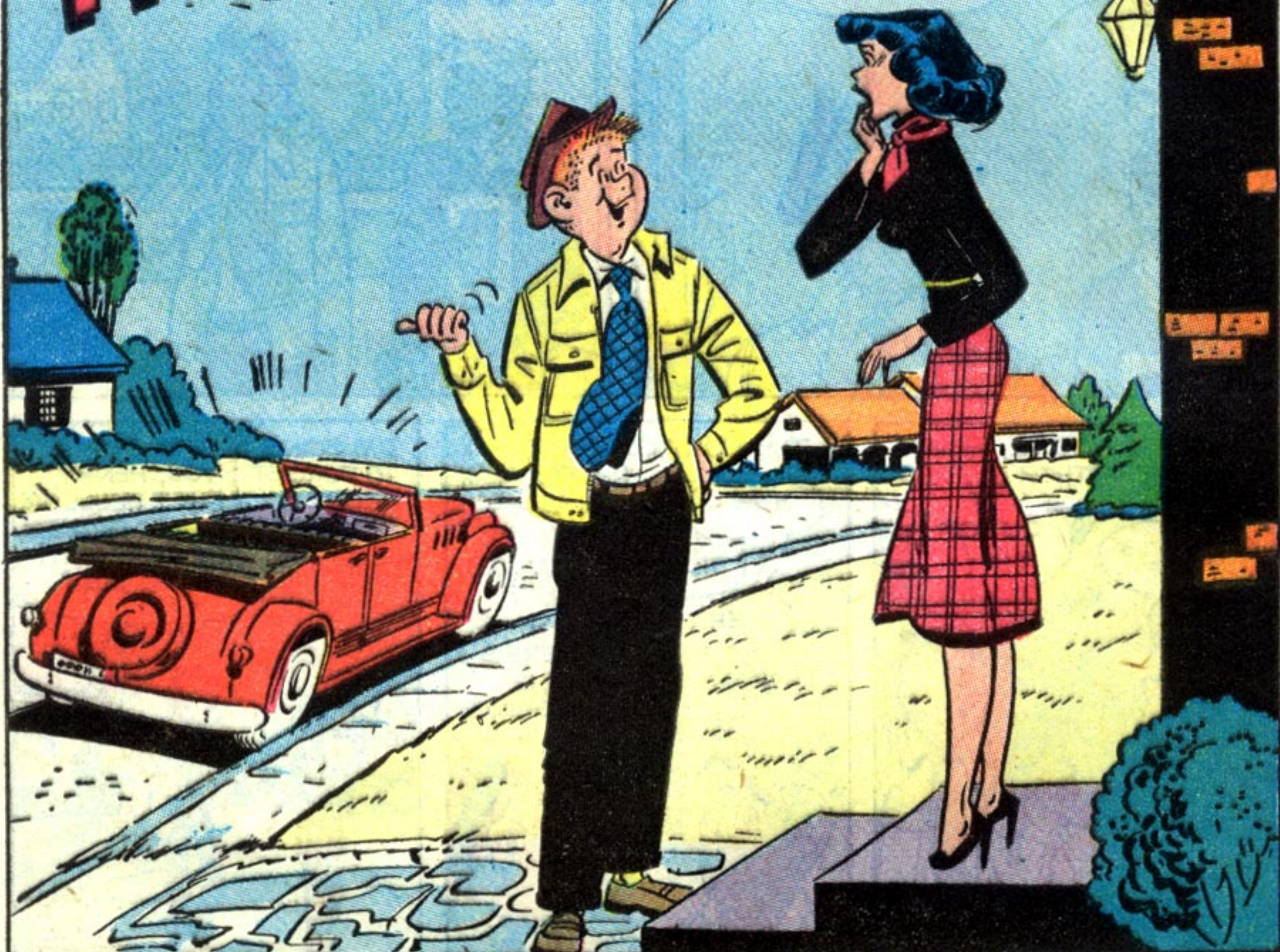




HOMER

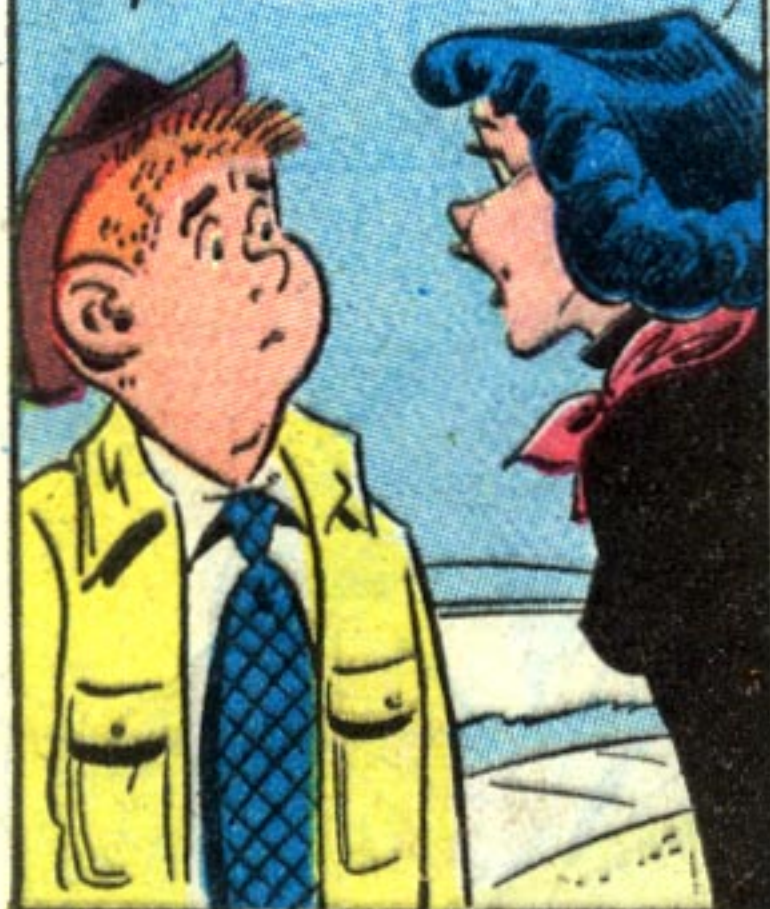
LOOK, AGNES--
ALL WASHED AND
SHINY! HOW ABOUT
GOING FOR A RIDE?

OH-- I'M
SORRY, HOMER--
BUT I CAN'T...



WHY,
WHAT'S
COOKIN'?

NOTHING YET--
BUT SOMETHING
WILL BE...



...MY MOTHER IS ALLOWING
ME TO COOK DINNER!

ISN'T
THAT WON-
DERFUL?

WHAT'S SO
WONDERFUL
ABOUT IT?

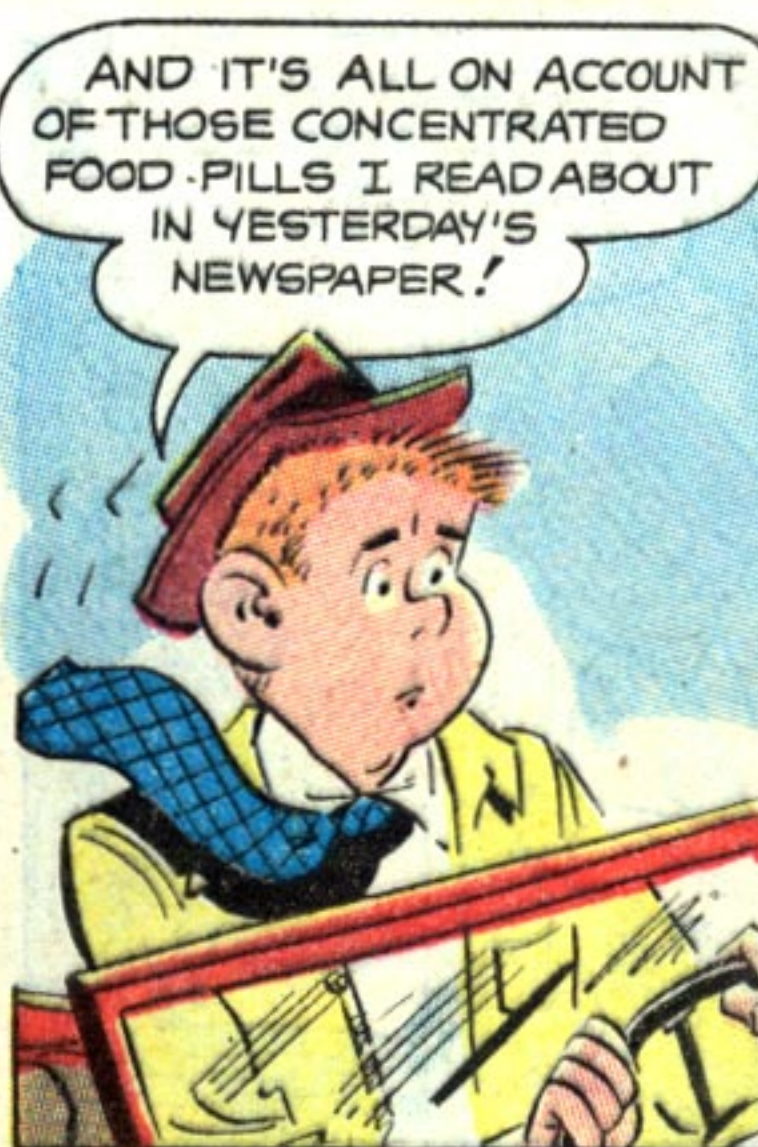


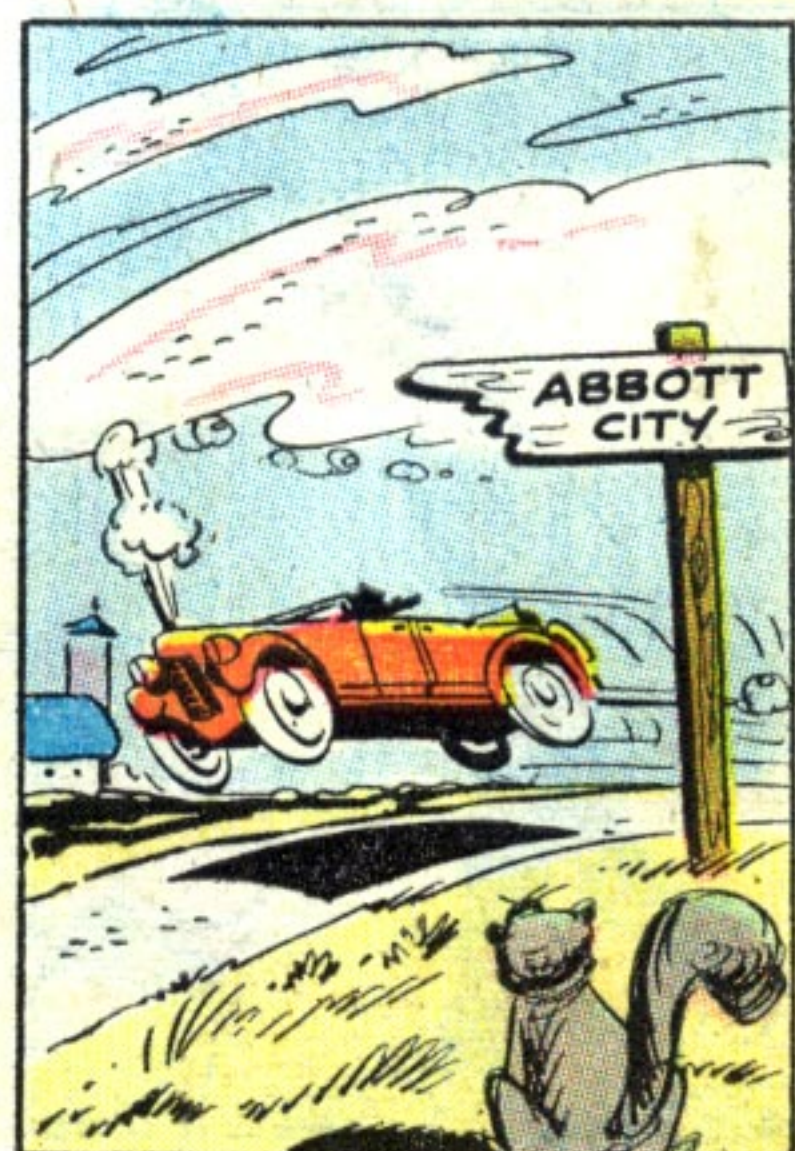
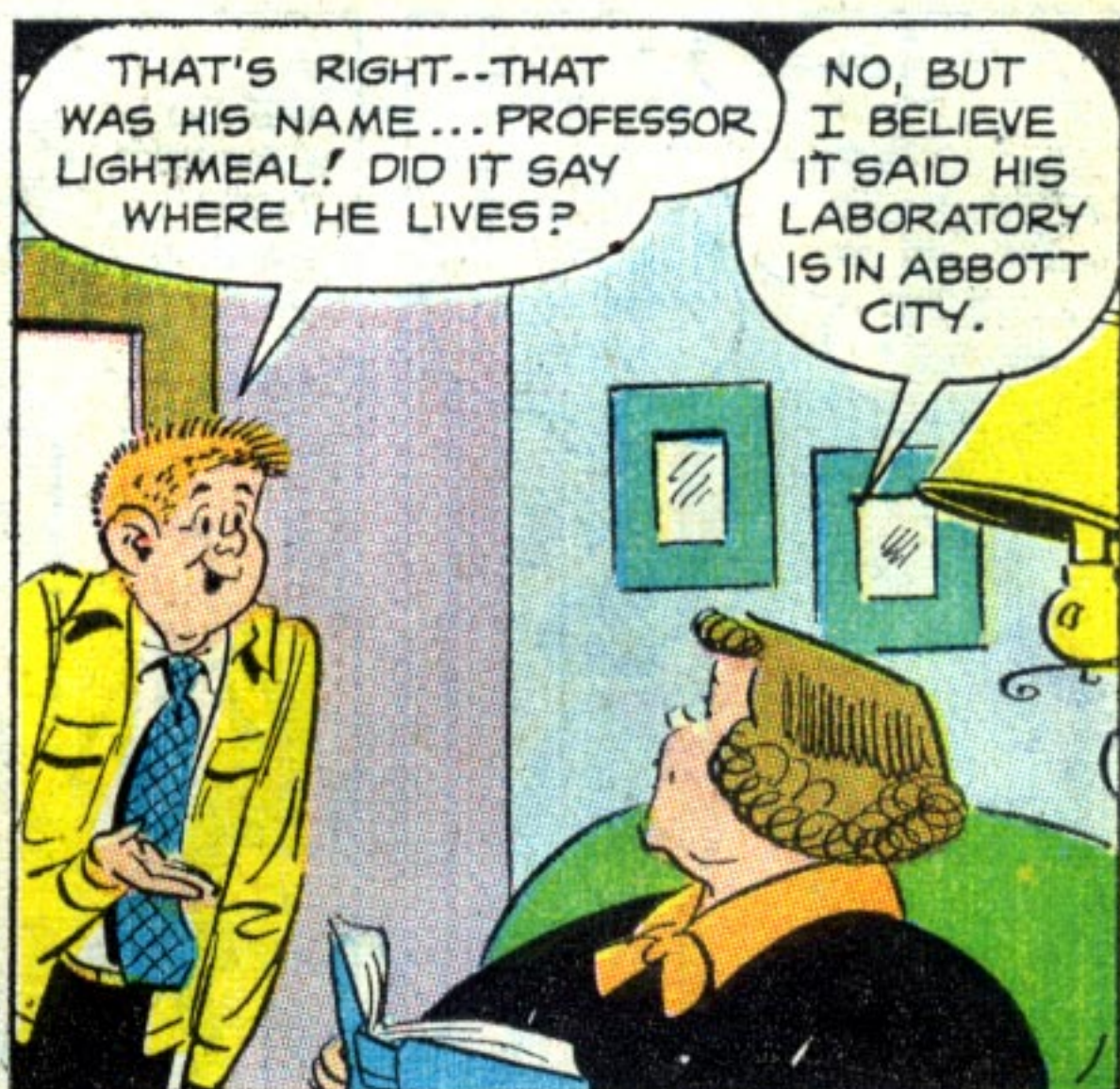
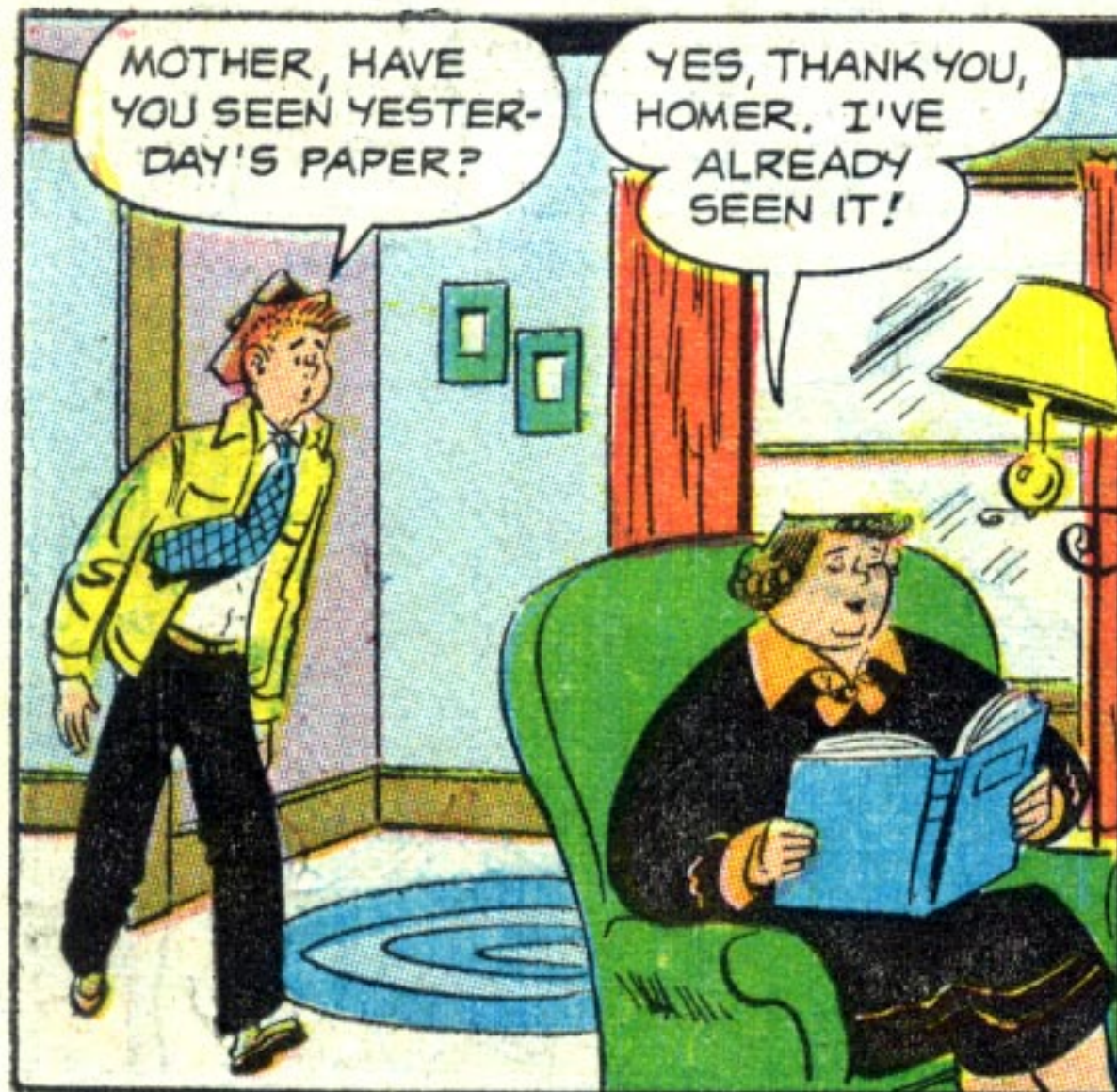
BUT, HOMER-- YOU *DO*
WANT ME TO LEARN TO BE
A GOOD

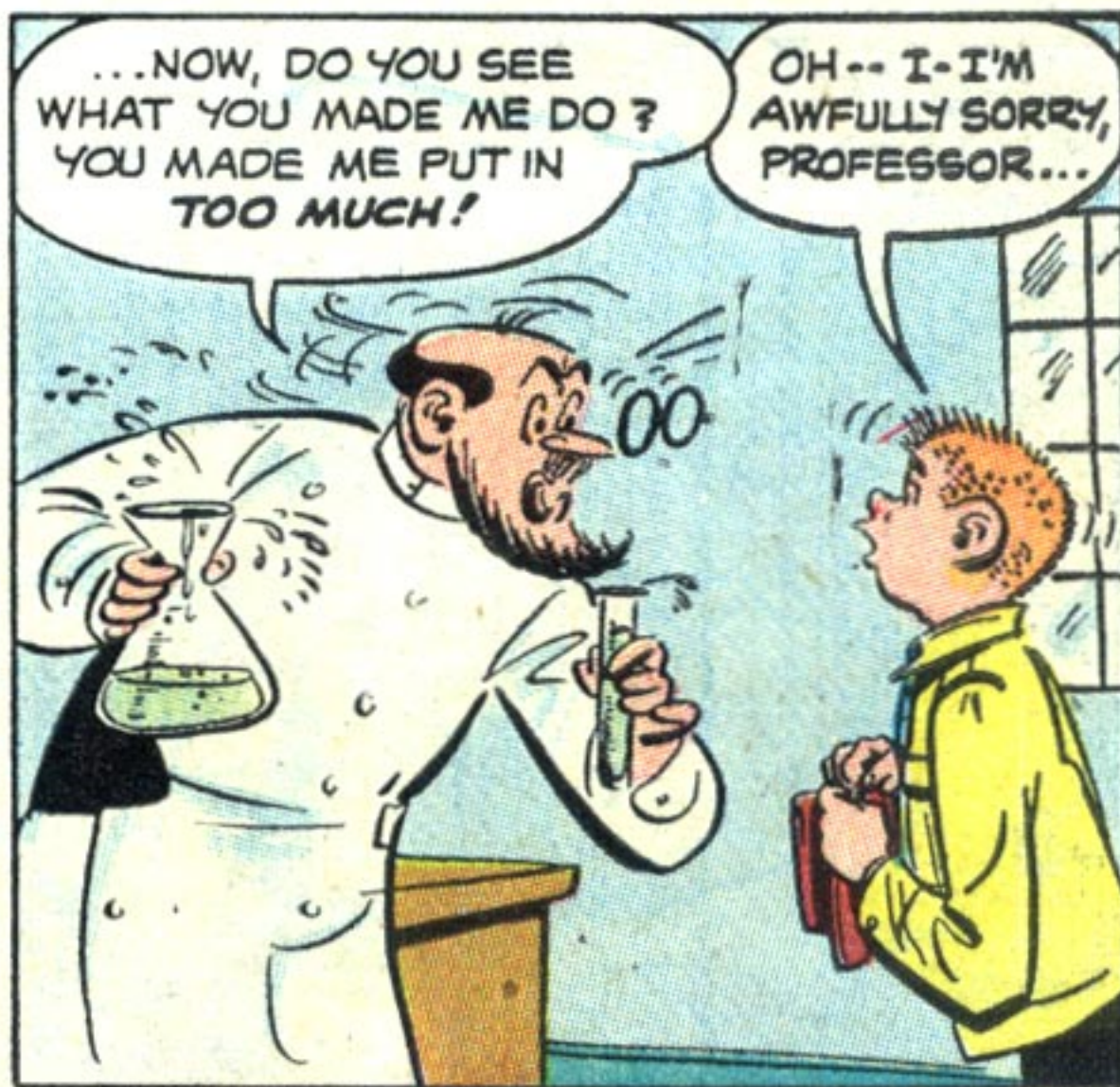
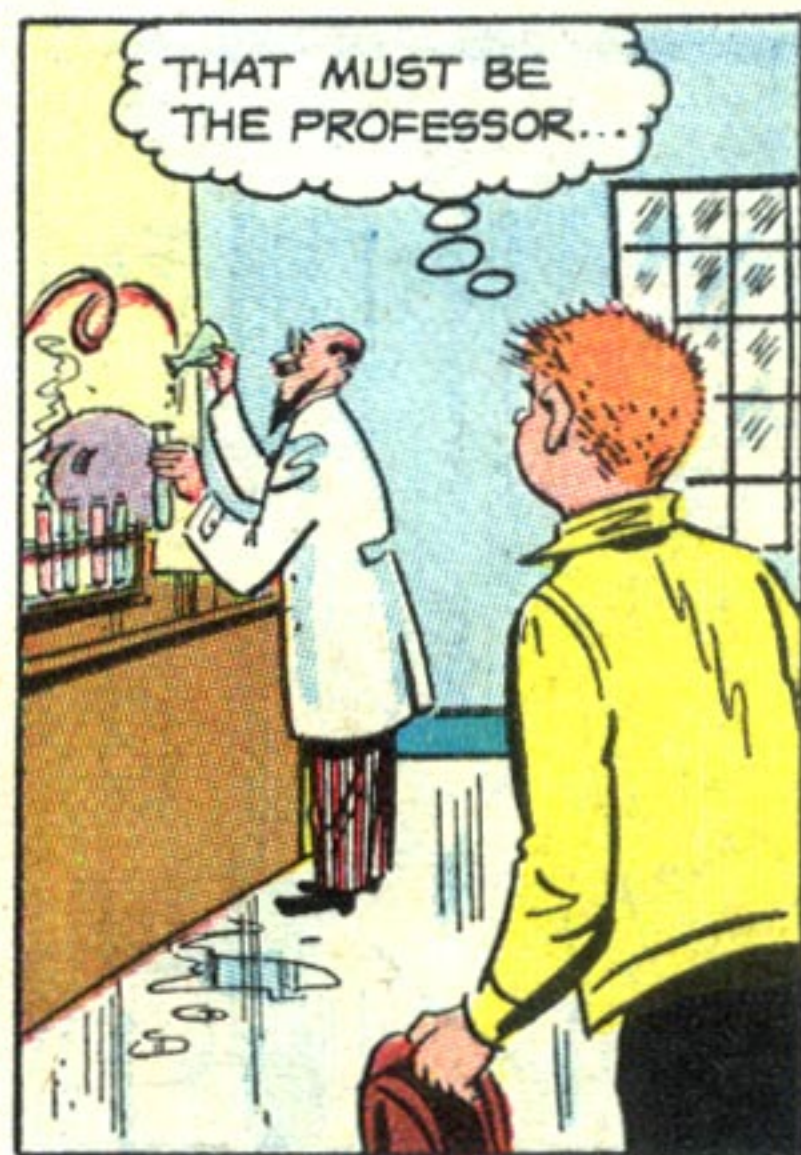
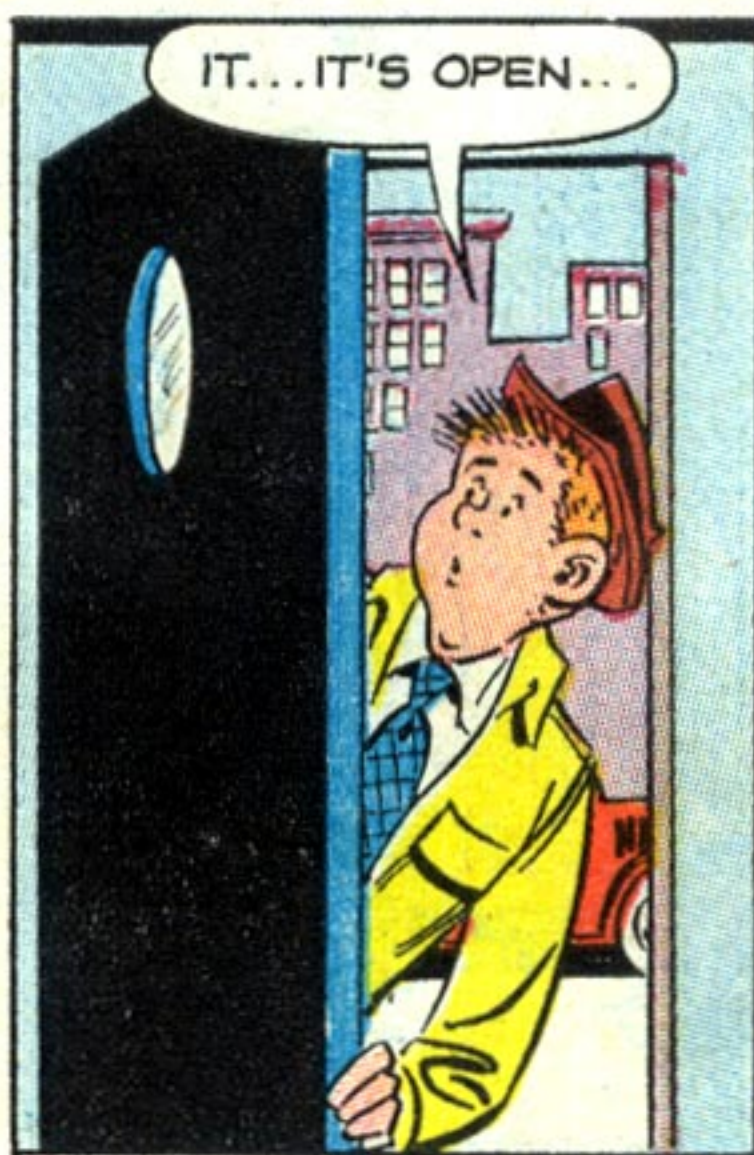
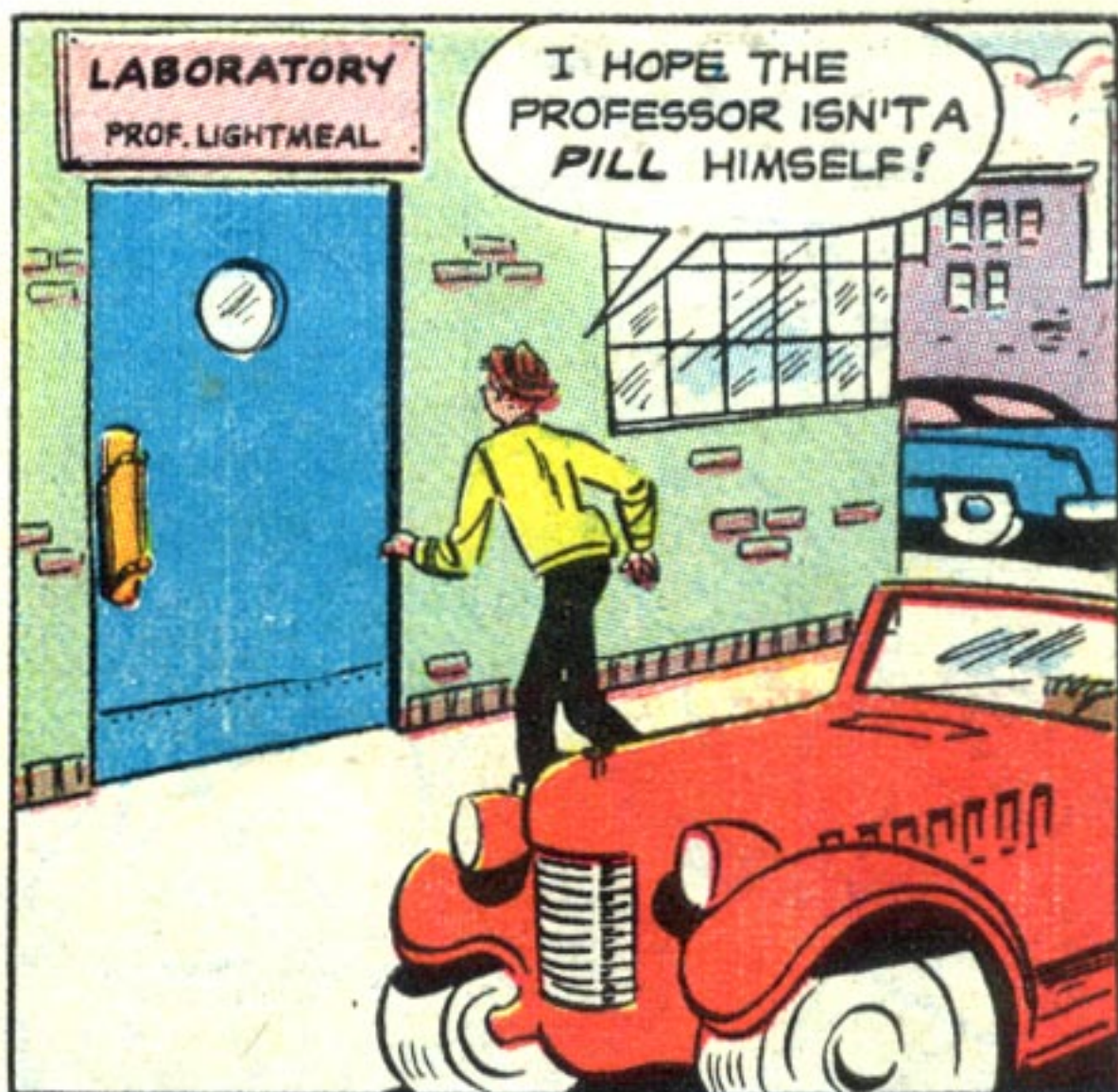
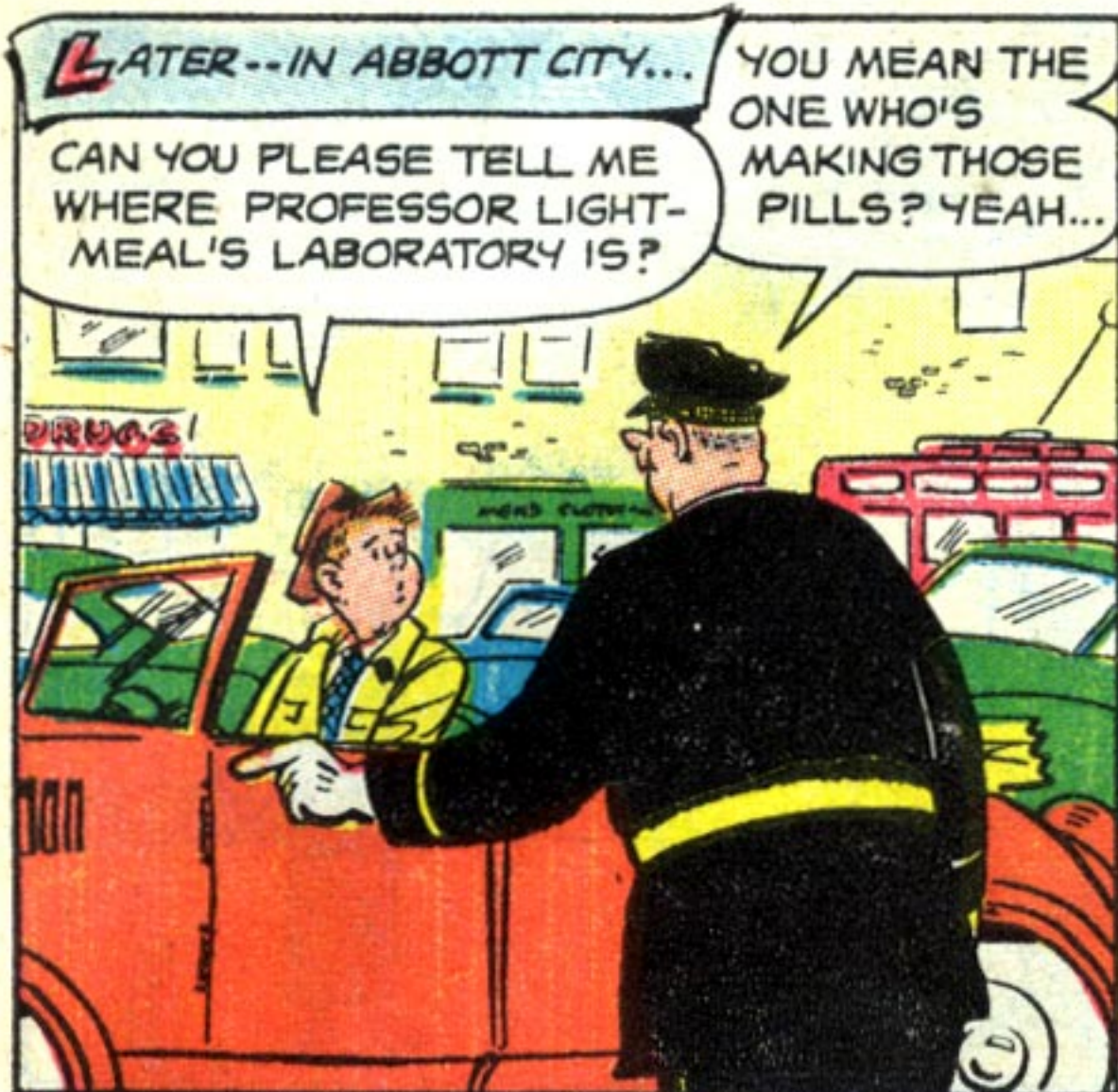
COOK, DON'T
YOU?

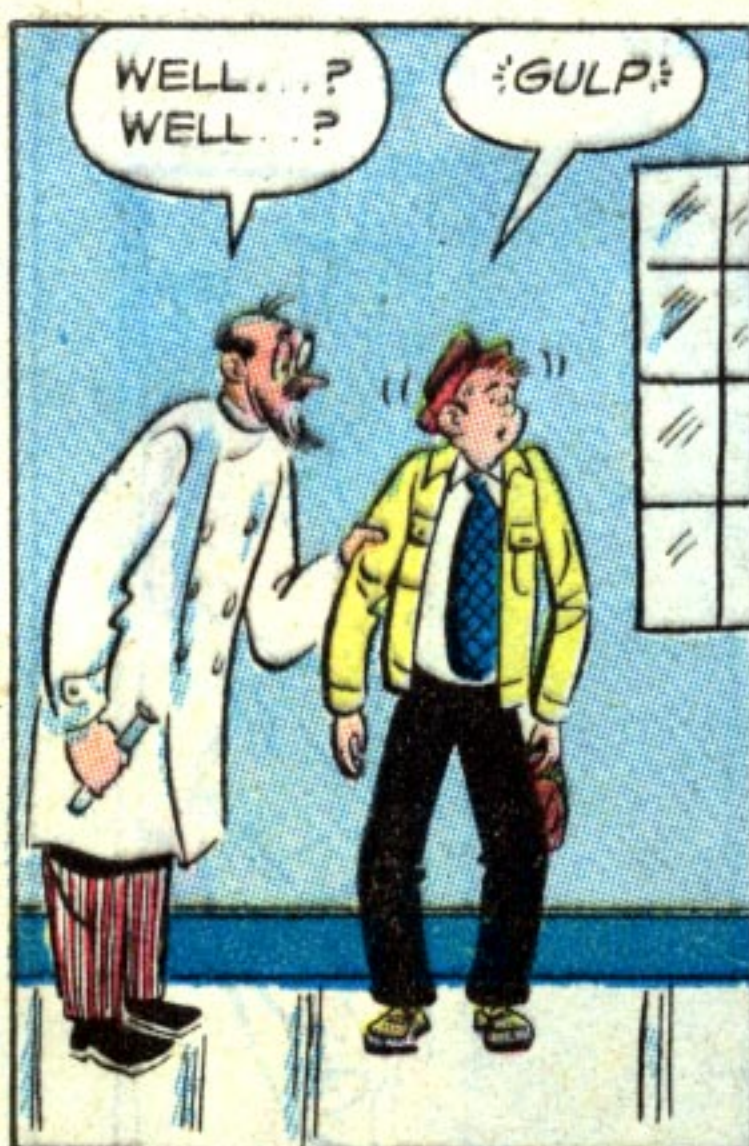
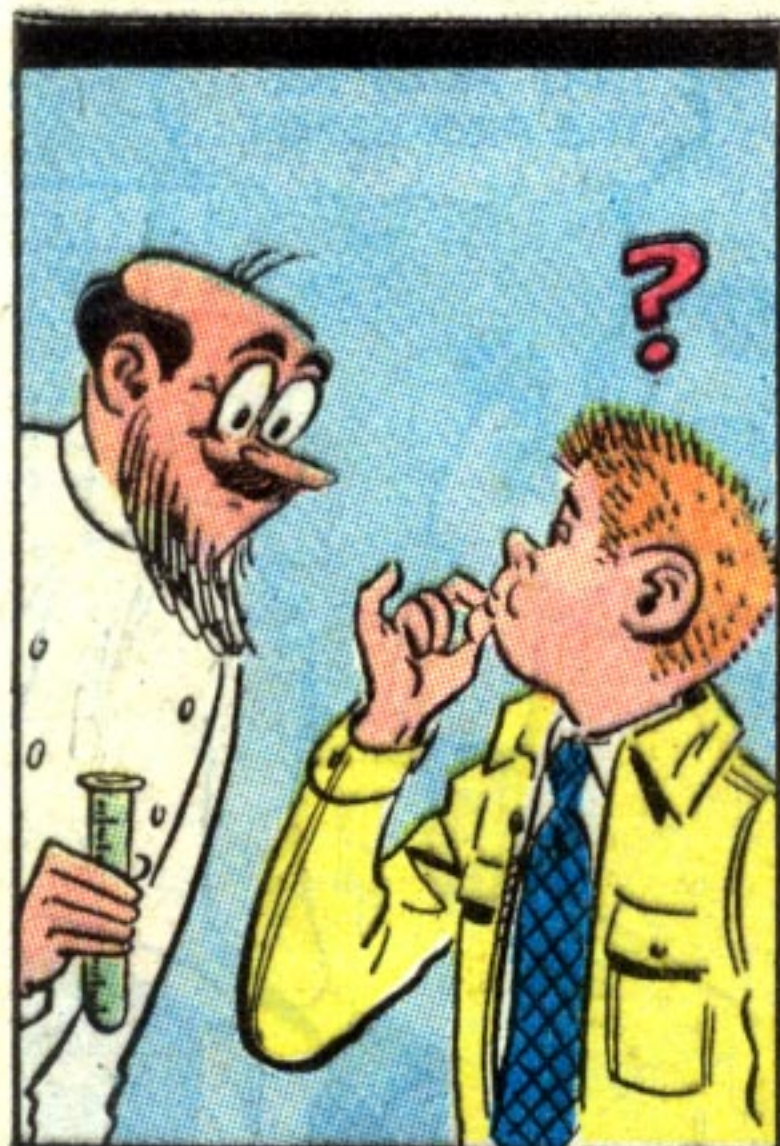
WHO
CARES?

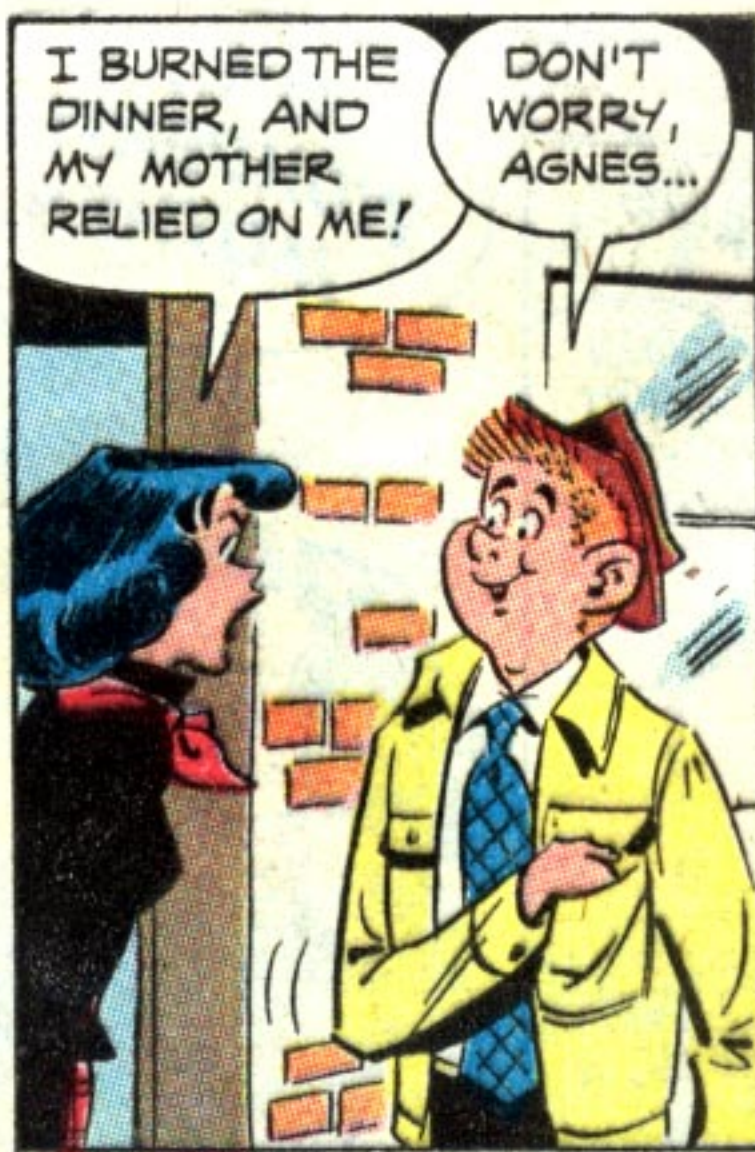
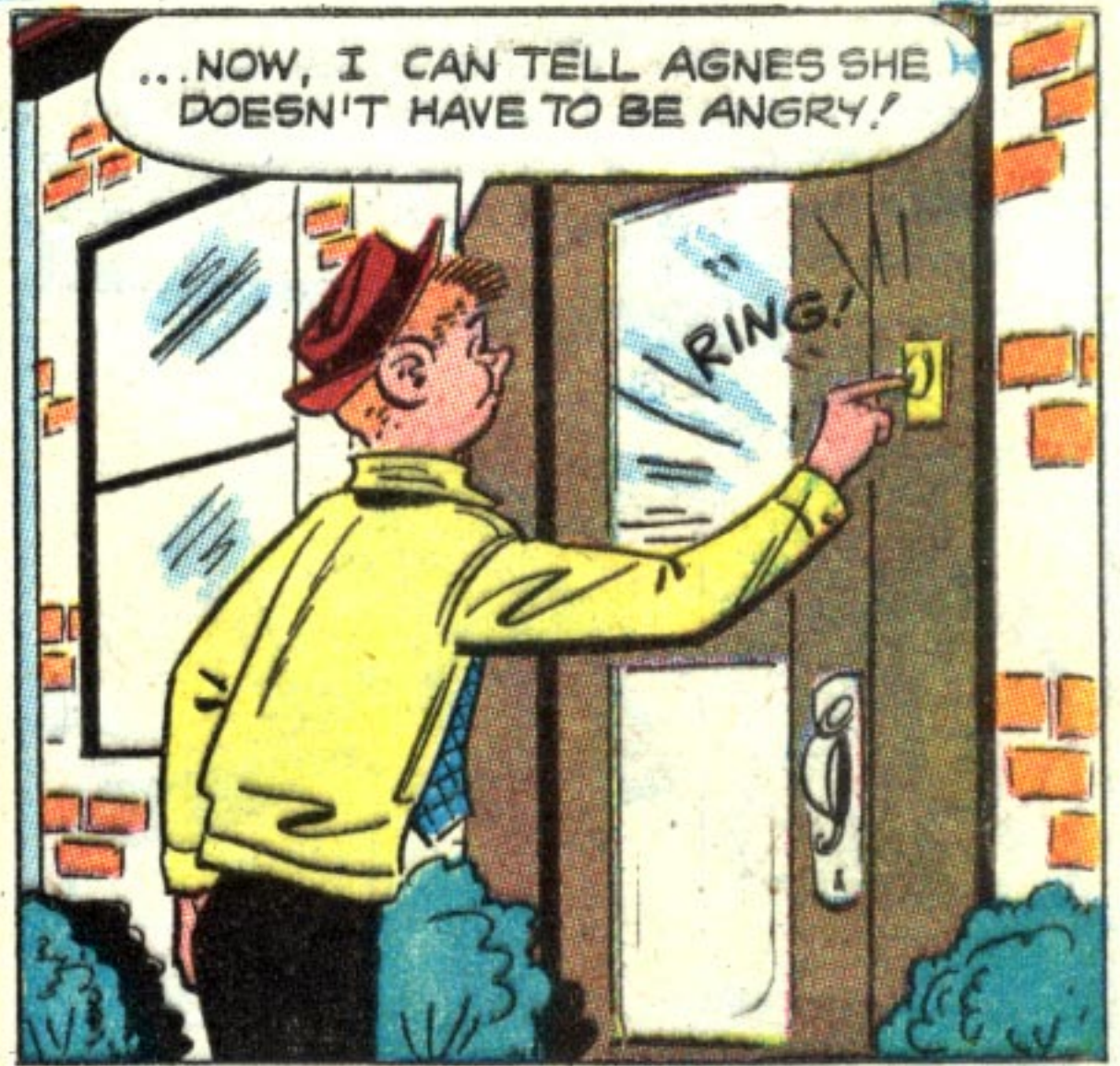
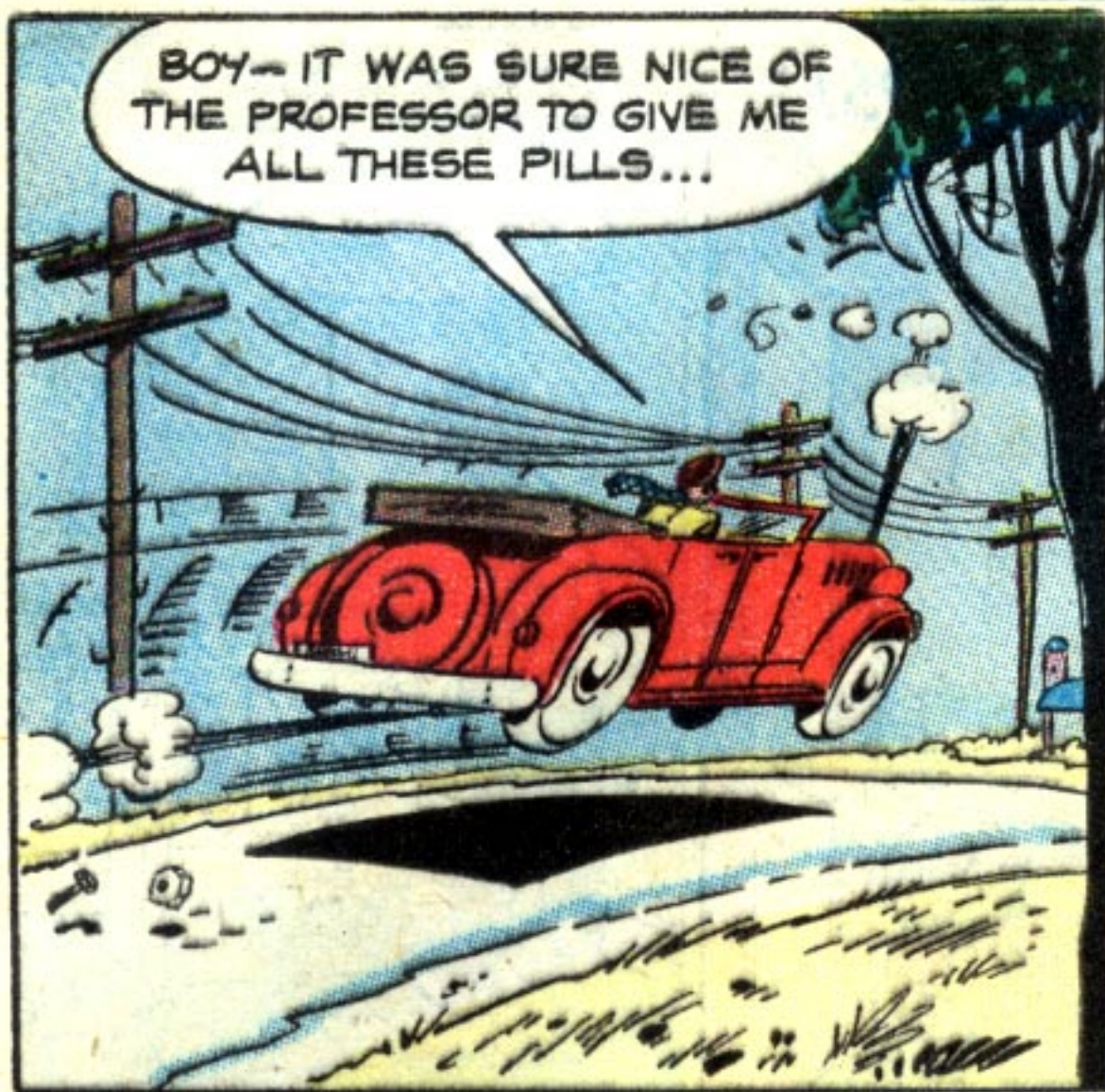


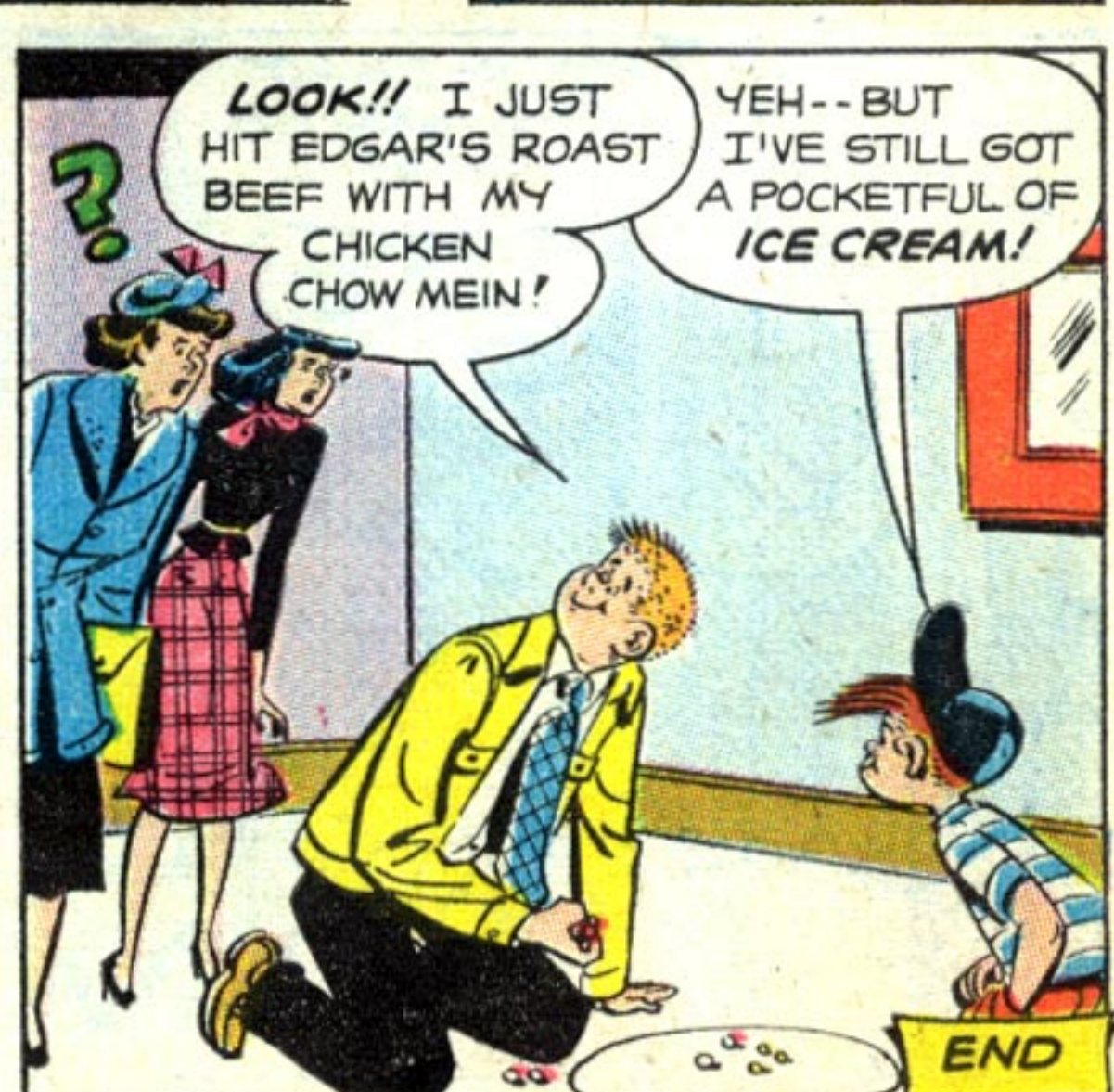
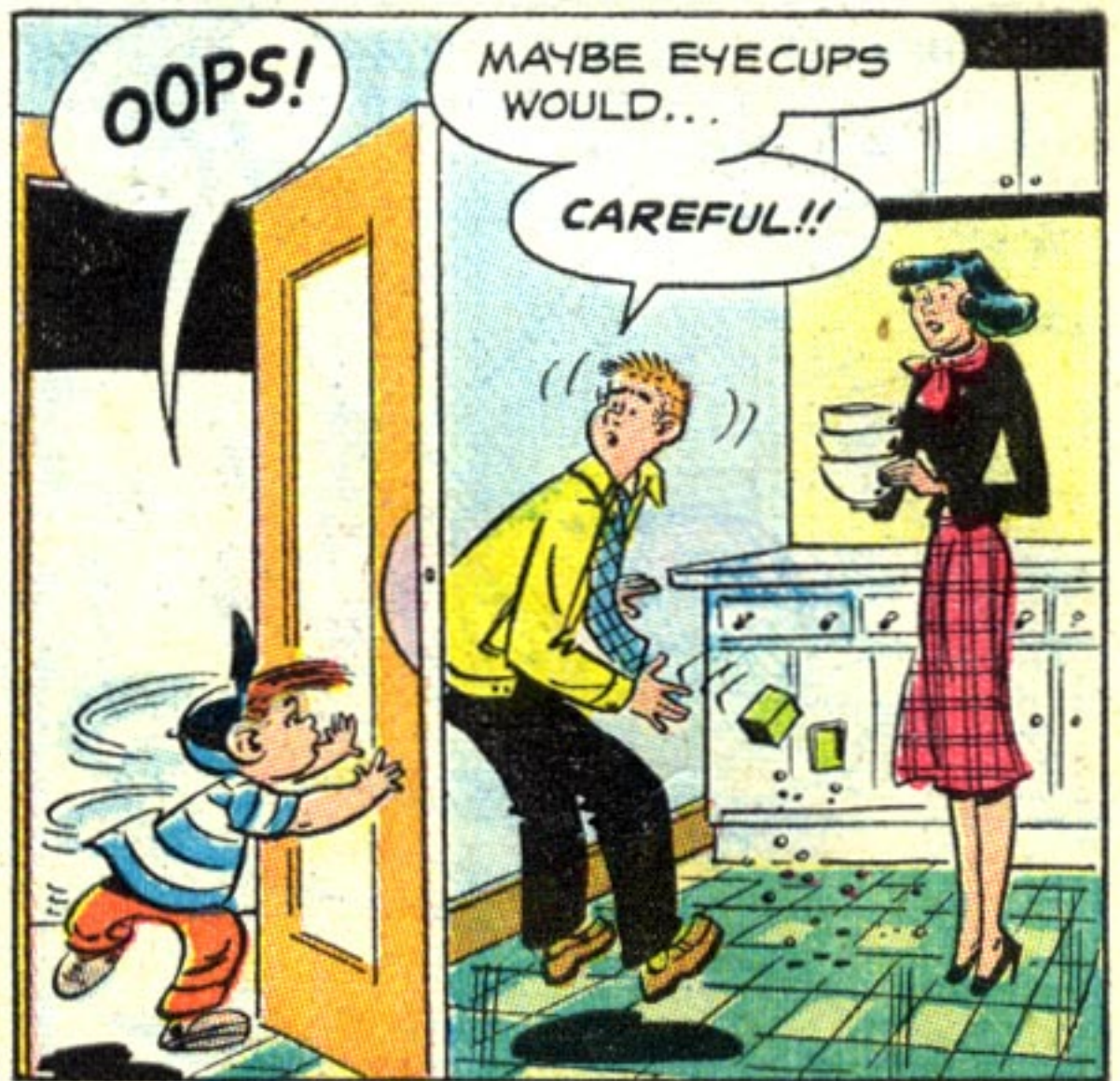
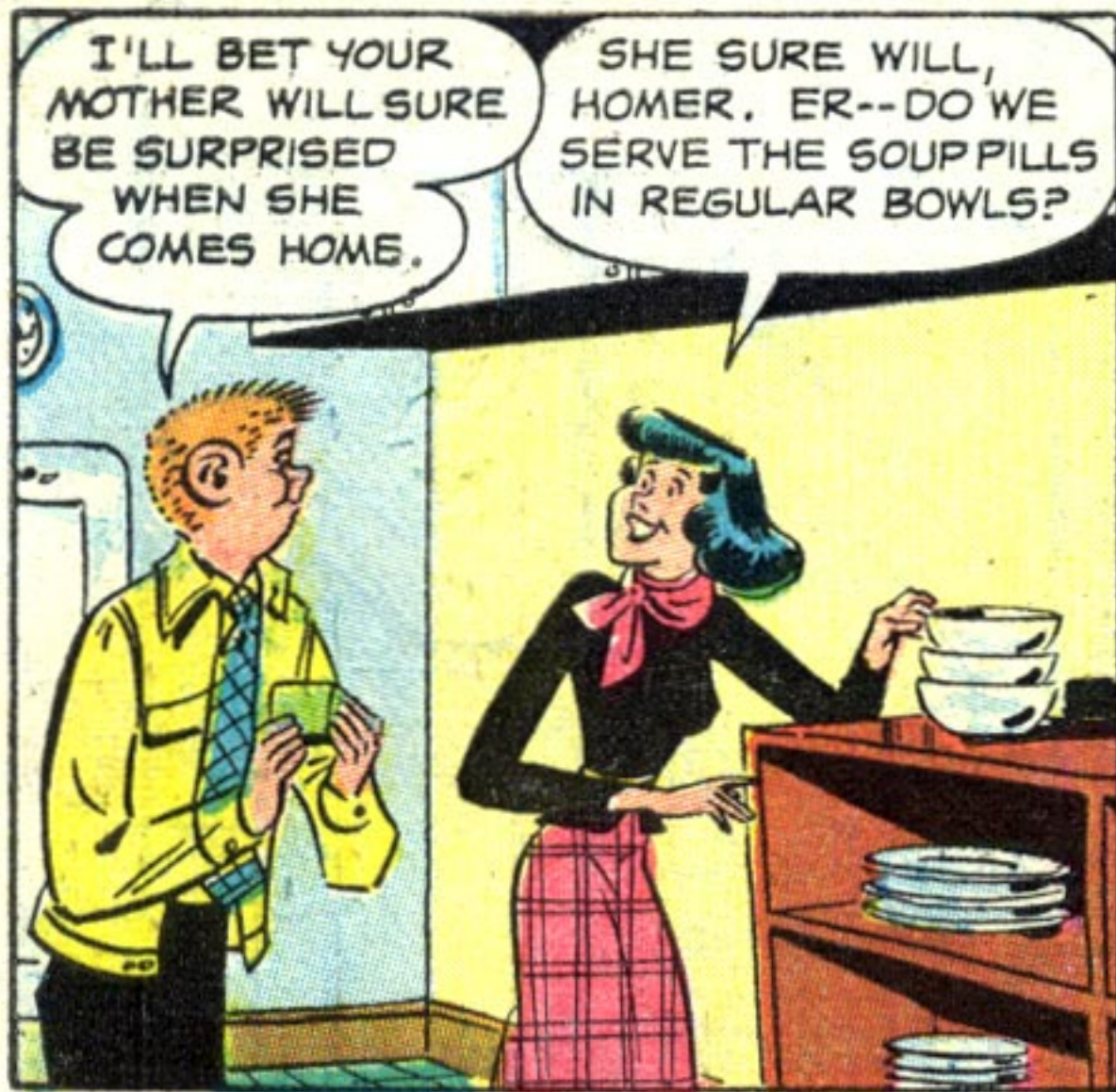












Henry Aldrich and the Christmas Party

(Continued from inside front cover)

So Henry got the job back again, along with details of the arrangements and duties.

He was silently congratulating himself when Homer walked over.

"What's this talk of Santa Claus, anyway?" Homer asked.

Henry frowned, but George smiled, "Henry here, is going to be Santa at the Girls' Club party. Isn't that nice, Homer?"

"Huh? It sure is!" said Homer, turning toward Henry. "I guess you knew all the girls will be there and they're having a party of their own afterwards . . . !"

Henry scowled, "Sh-sh!"

"What's that?" George snapped, "wait a second, Henry, you misrepresented the facts. I want that job back!"

But Henry refused, saying the bargain was closed.

George became angry, raised his voice and started to wave his arms. A pile of "Kornie-Krispies" tumbled to the floor. Henry jumped to avoid the avalanche and brought down a stack of canned tomatoes and several jars of pickled beets. When a lot of cane sugar boxes, paper napkins and scouring powder came down, and when the manager of the market appeared, Henry and Homer beat a hasty retreat, leaving George to attempt an explanation.

* * * * *

Santa Claus was supposed to arrive at the Christmas party at six o'clock, but Henry planned to show up much earlier. He felt that it would be preferable to be the first Santa on hand. He was putting on his white whiskers Friday night when Homer called.



"Henry," Homer warned, "I just saw a Santa Claus come out of the Bigelow house and turn down Elm Street. I thought you'd be interested!"

"Why, the sneak, Bigelow," Henry growled, "trying to beat me down there. Say, Homer, can I use your car?"

"Sorry, Henry, it's laid up with ignition trouble."

Henry was worried. He thanked Homer, finished dressing as fast as he could and rushed out.

"Let's see," he said to himself as he puffed along the street in his red outfit, "I could cut off nearly five minutes if I crossed through a couple of back yards."

He turned down an alley and was just climbing over the Jenkinson's back fence when a voice cried out, "Oh, Daddy, look, Santa Claus!"

Henry had been seen by little Billy Jenkinson.

"Daddy, why is he here now?"

"And in our back yard too!" growled Mr. Jenkinson. "Hey, you," he cried, "just a minute, there!"

Henry retreated back over the fence, as fast as possible, and down the alley.

Mr. Jenkinson looked thoughtfully at a piece of red cloth caught on the fence and wondered exactly how he was going to explain Santa's strange behavior to little Billy.

When Henry arrived at the auditorium, he was still five minutes early, but George Bigelow was just coming up the school walk at the same time.

Inside, the whole group was on edge waiting for the arrival of Santa Claus. Time passed. He was overdue and the girls were doing their best to reassure the children.

"Maybe there really *isn't* a Santa Claus, huh, Miss Love?" asked a little boy.

"Certainly there is!" answered Geraldine bravely, "but he should be here by now . . ."

"Look, Miss Love," shouted the little boy, pointing out the window, "look, everybody!"

"There are two Santa Clauses!"

"Yes, see, they're outside, wrestlin' in the snow!"

* * * * *

It was several days before Geraldine would speak to Henry or George. And it wasn't until long after Christmas that the thought of Santa Claus ceased to accompany rather unpleasant memories for Henry.

1.



2.



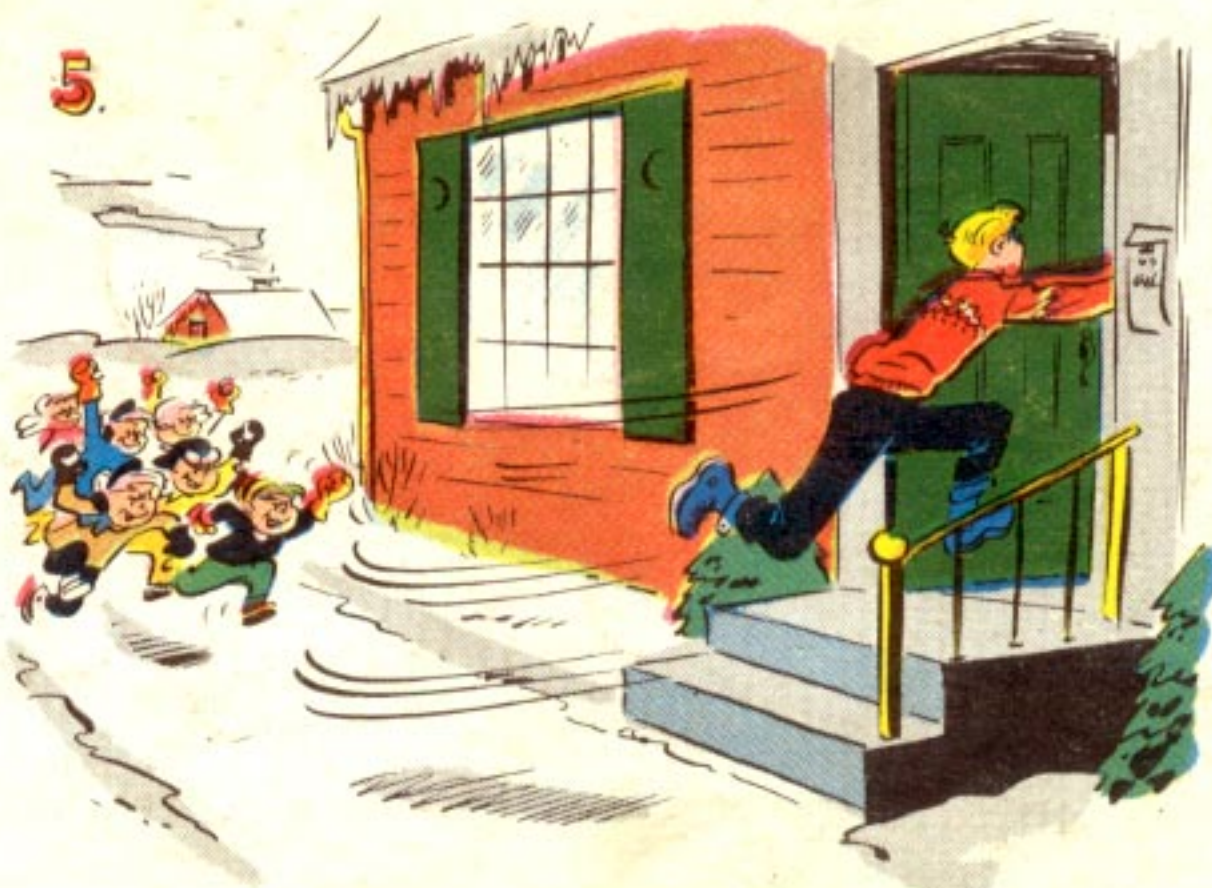
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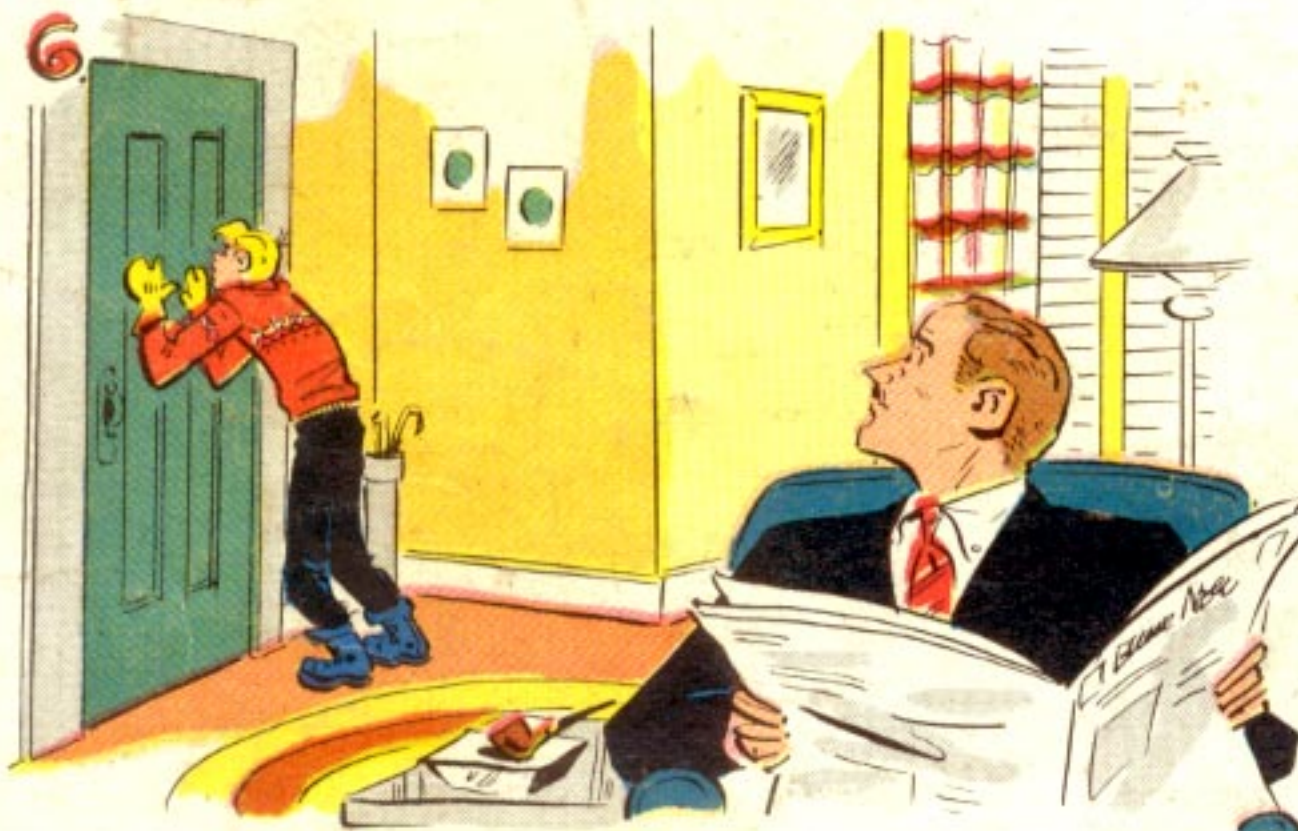
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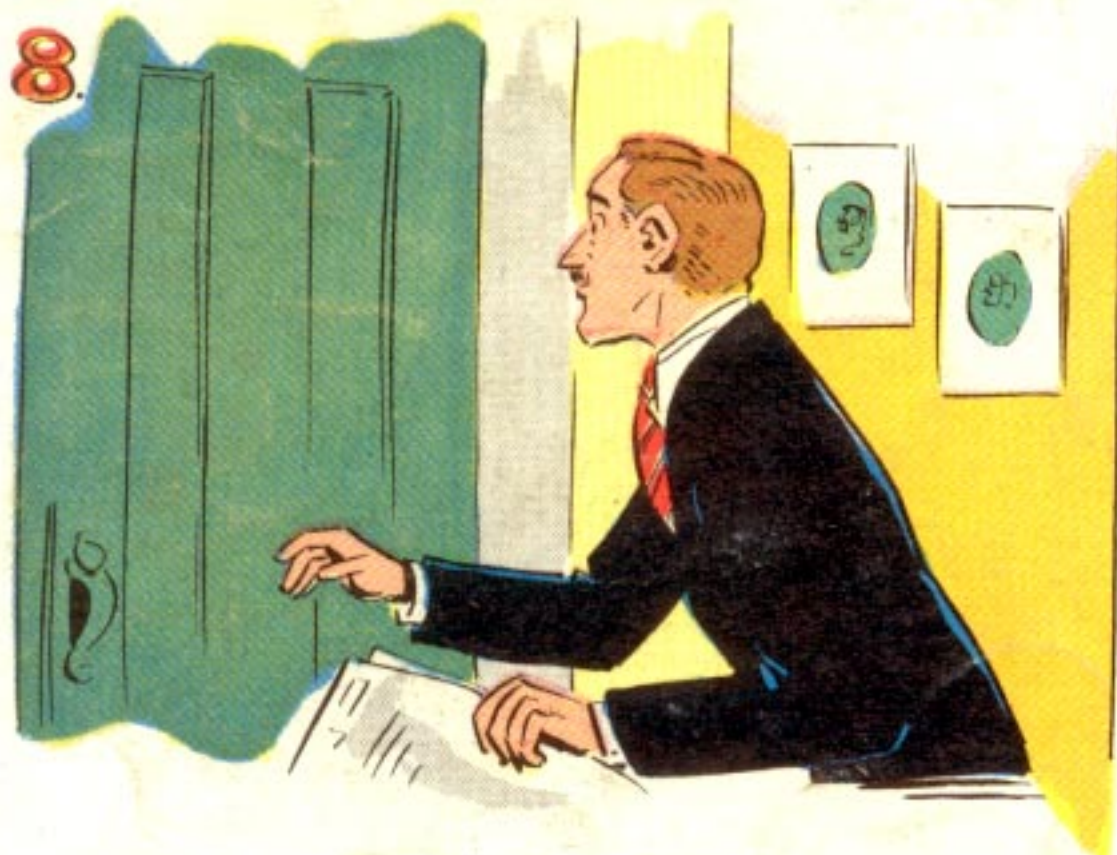
6.



7.



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