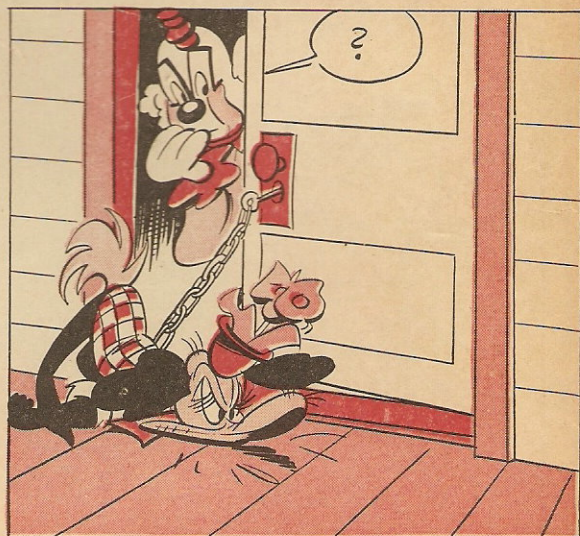
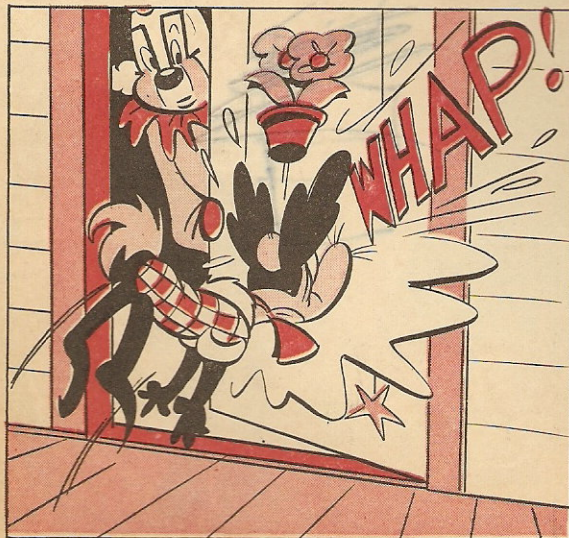
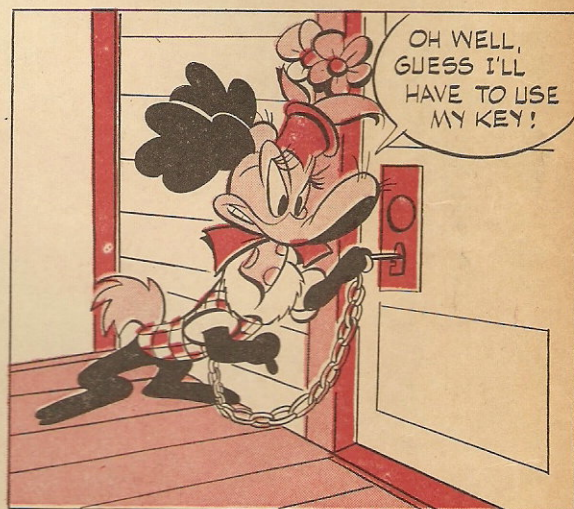
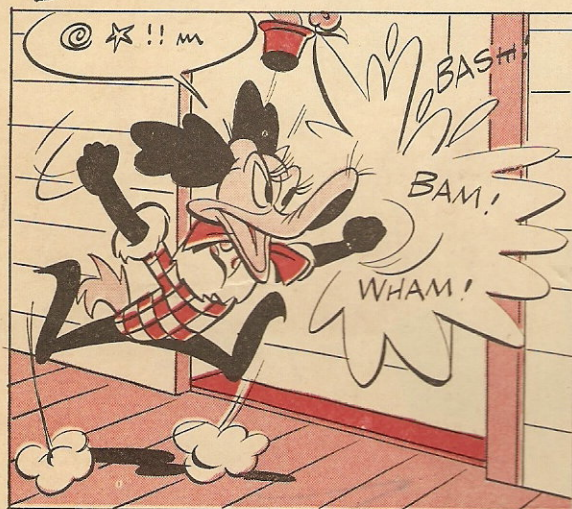
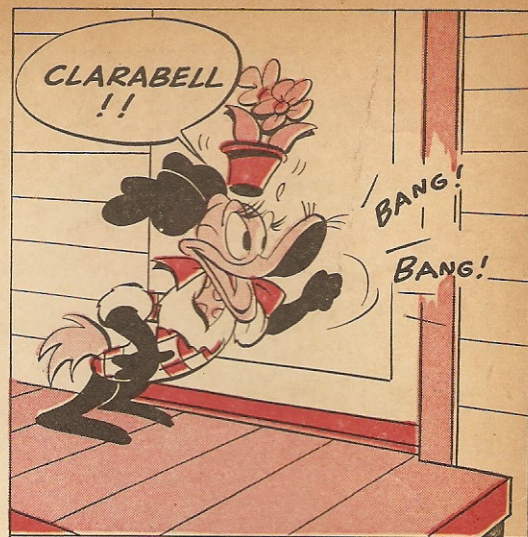
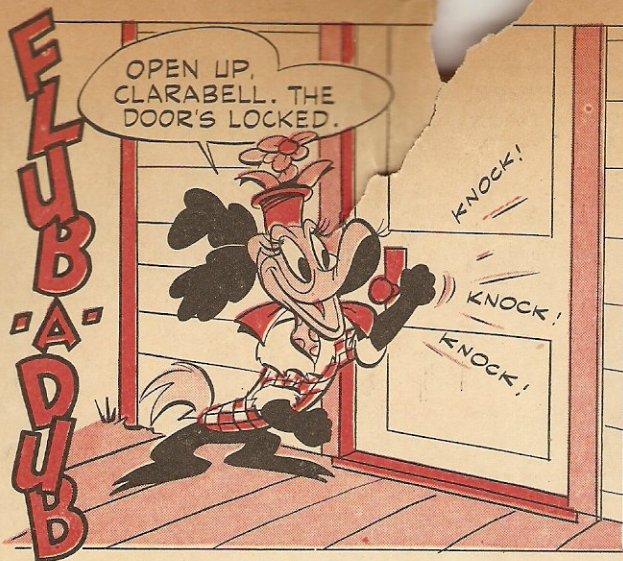


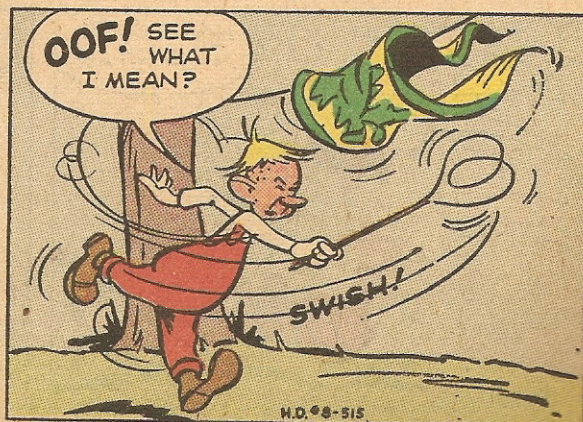
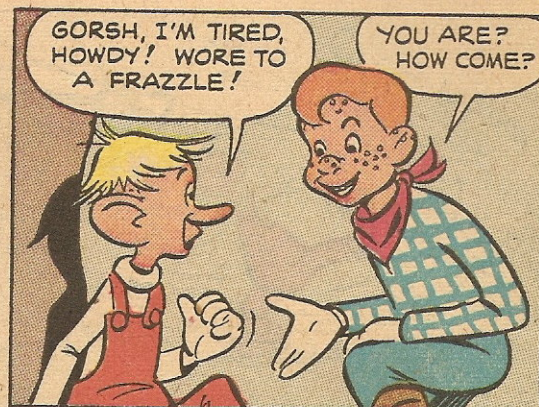
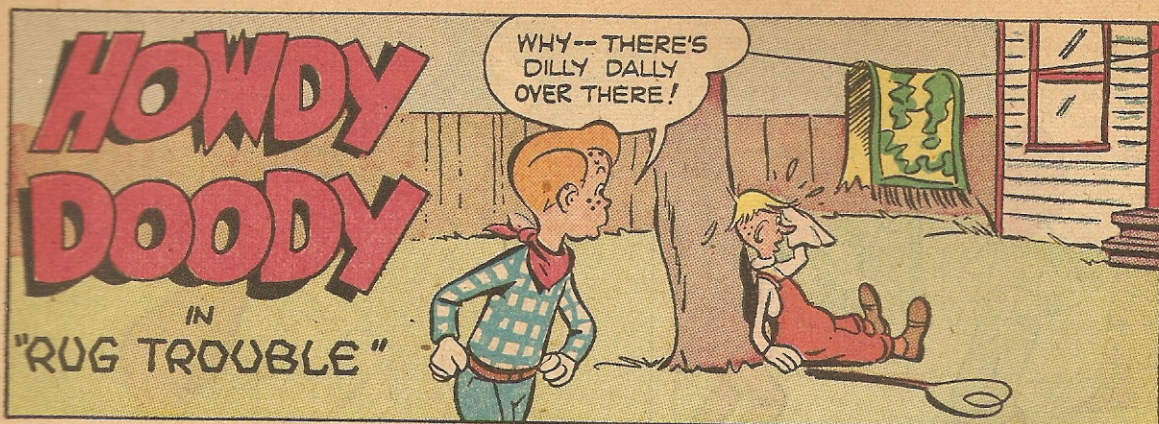
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A DELL COMIC •
NO. 8

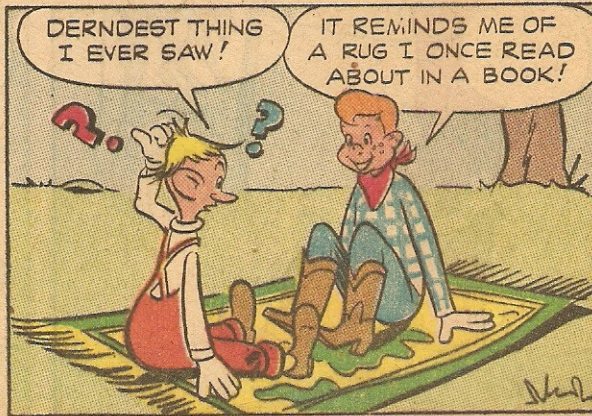
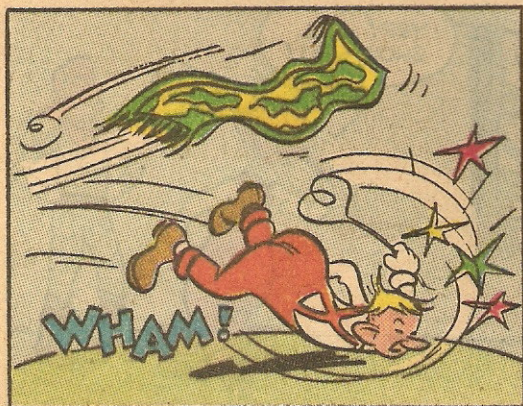
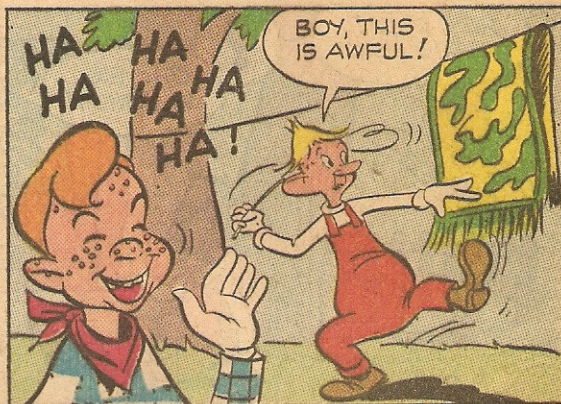
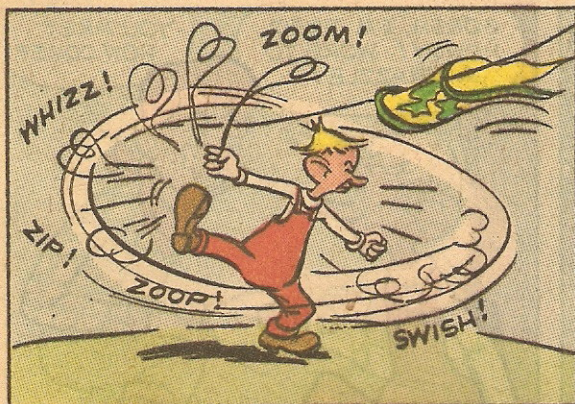
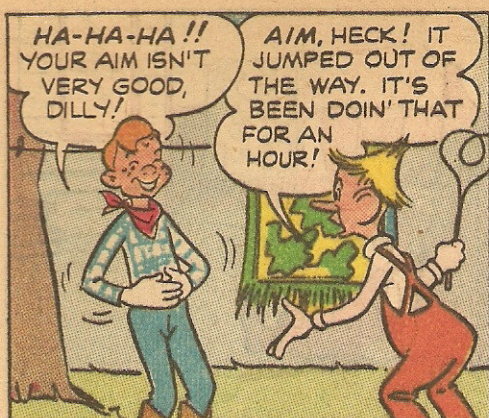
Howdy Doody

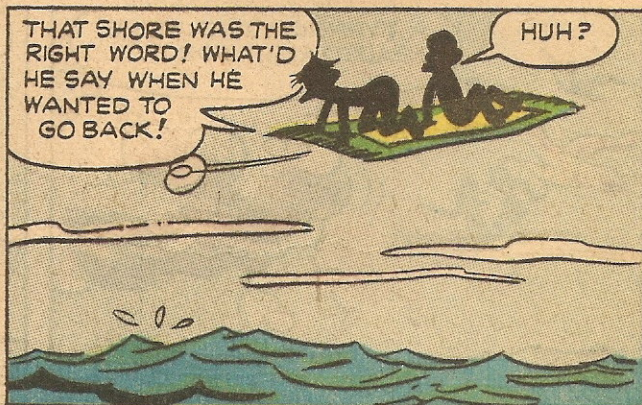
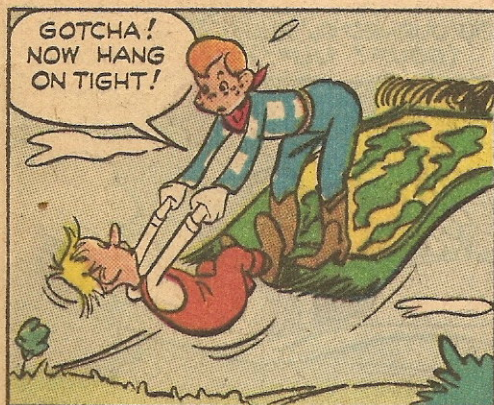
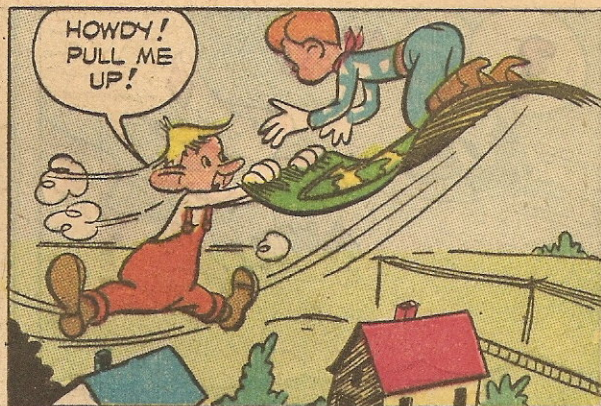
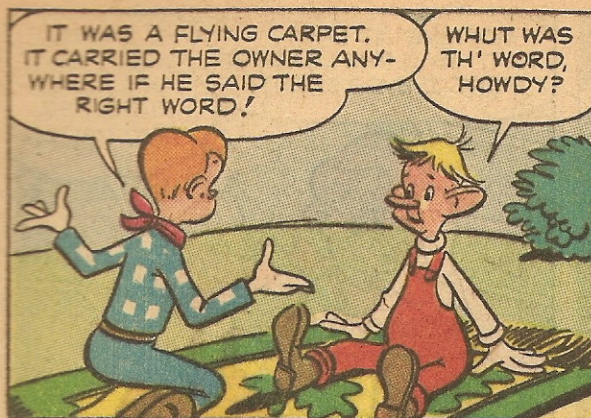
MAY-JUNE 10¢











HOURS LATER...

AW, HOWDY, I CAN'T SLEEP! I'M SCARED I'LL ROLL OFF!

I DON'T FEEL TOO SAFE MYSELF, DILLY!

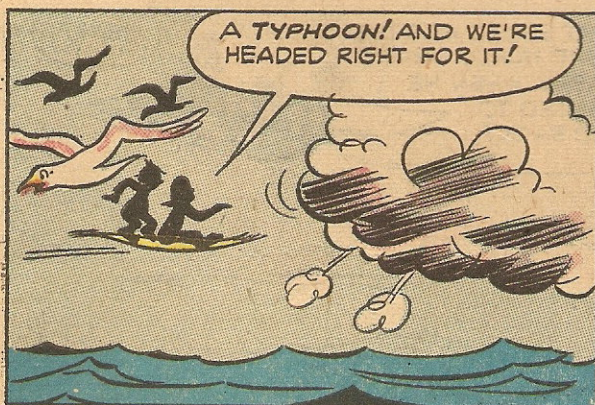
MORNING AT LAST! THAT WAS THE LONGEST NIGHT I EVER SPENT!

I SHORE WON'T BEAT ANY MORE RUGS FER THAT LADY!



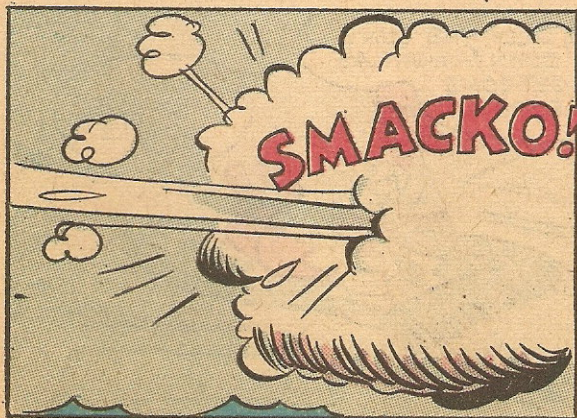
LOOK AT THOSE GOOFY BIRDS GO! WHAT'S THEIR HURRY?

¿GULP? L-LOOK UP AHEAD AND YOU'LL FIND OUT!



YOU DURNED OL' RUG! (GOUP! ULP!)

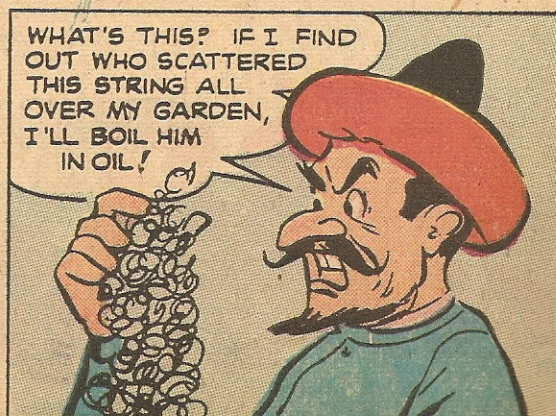
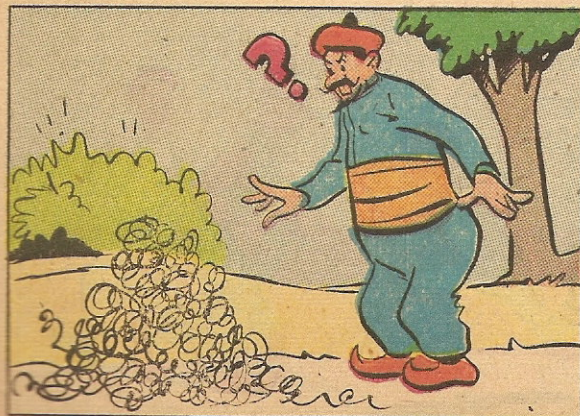
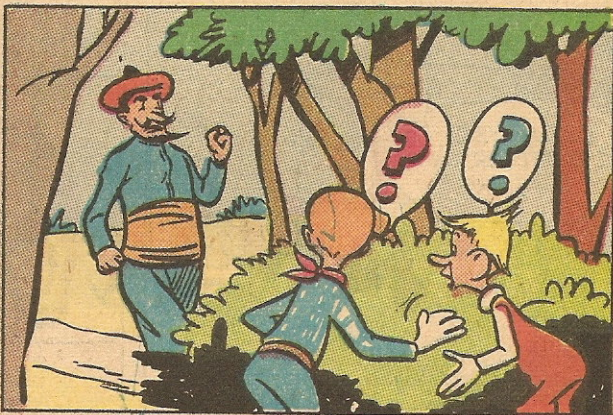
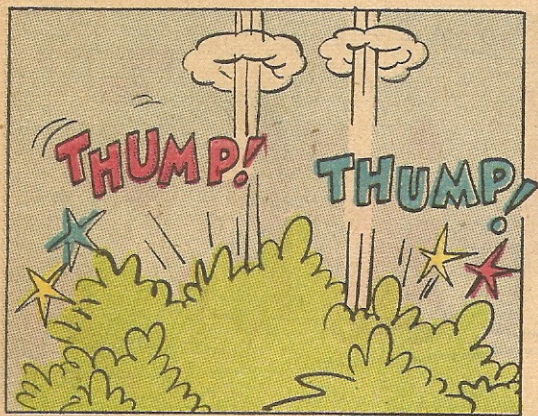
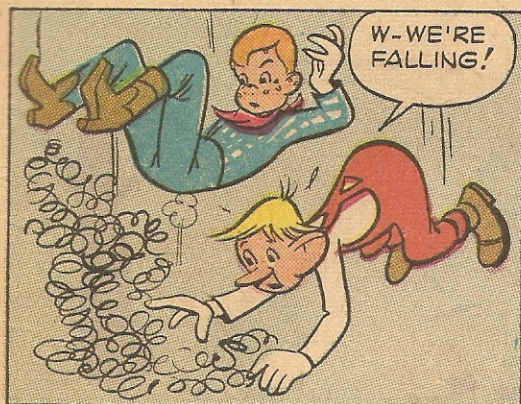
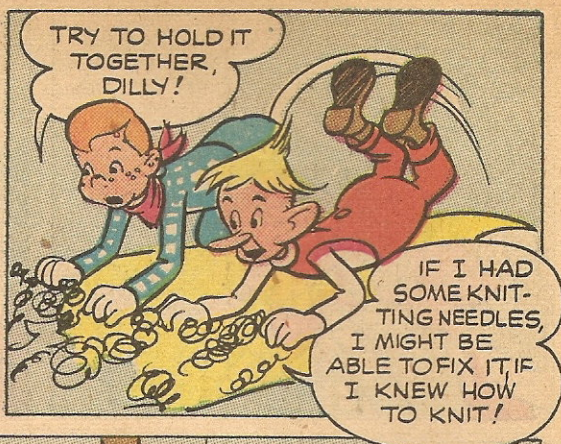
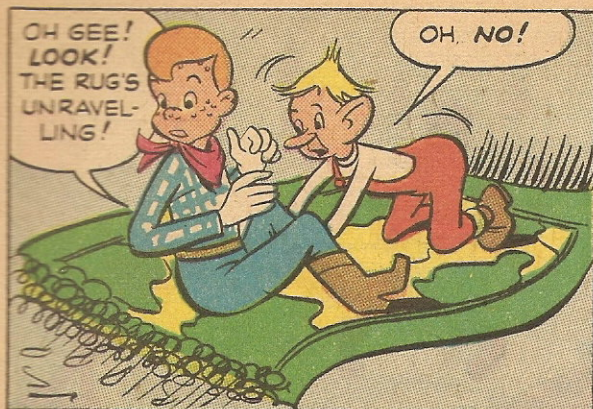
GO DOWN! GO DOWN!

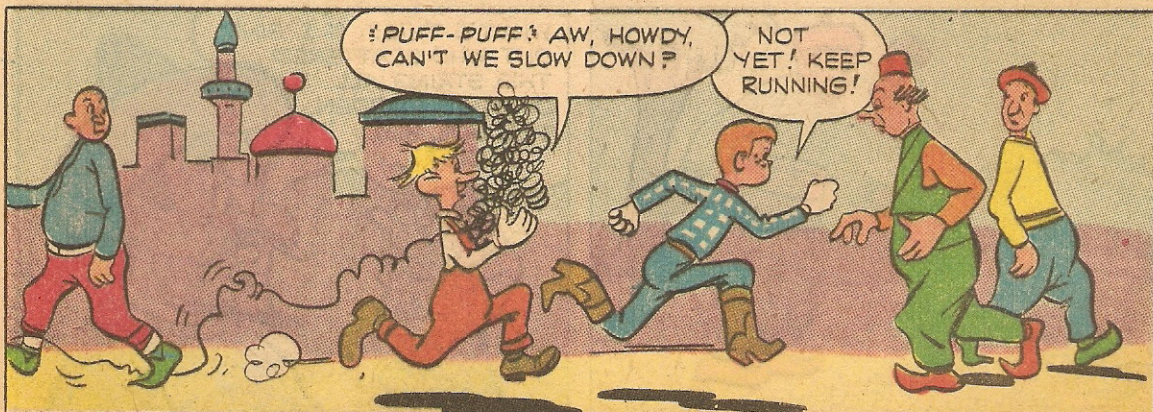
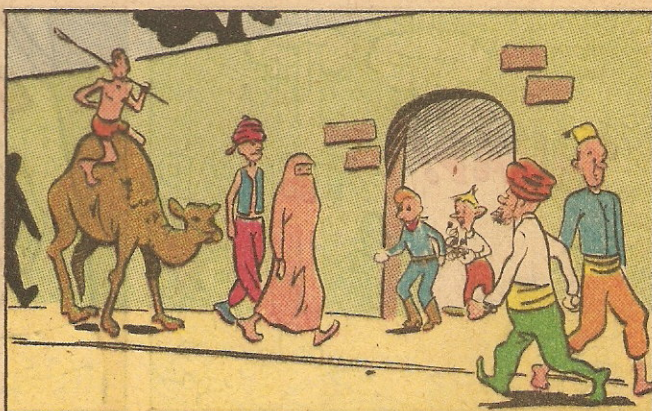
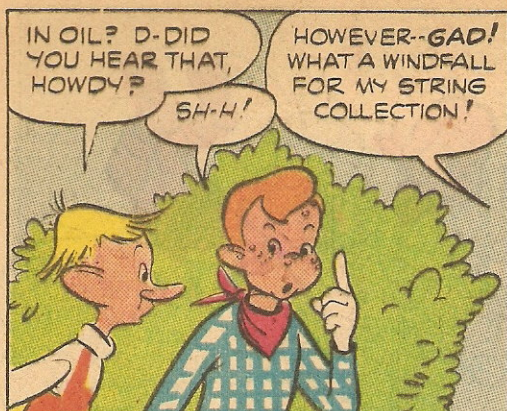


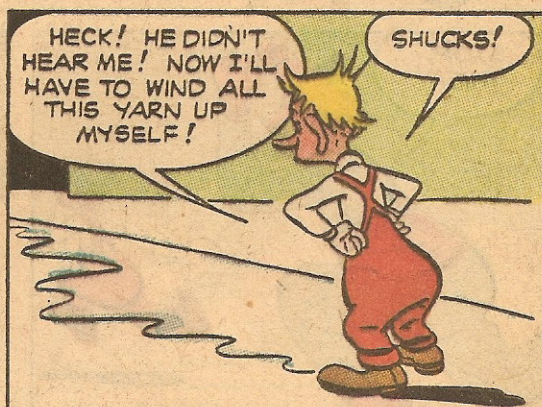
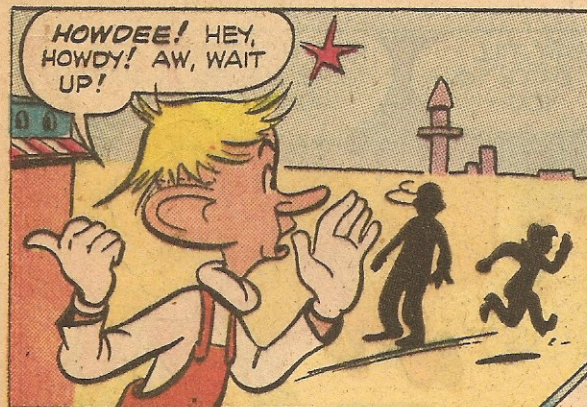
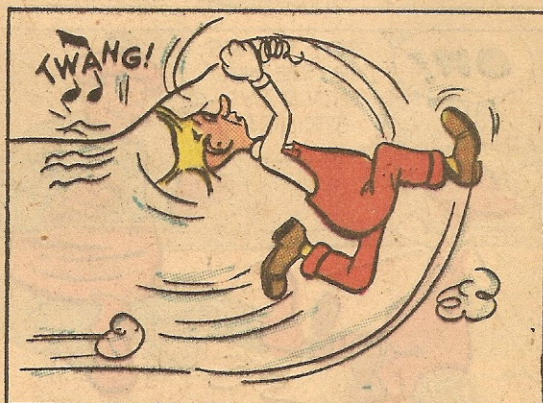
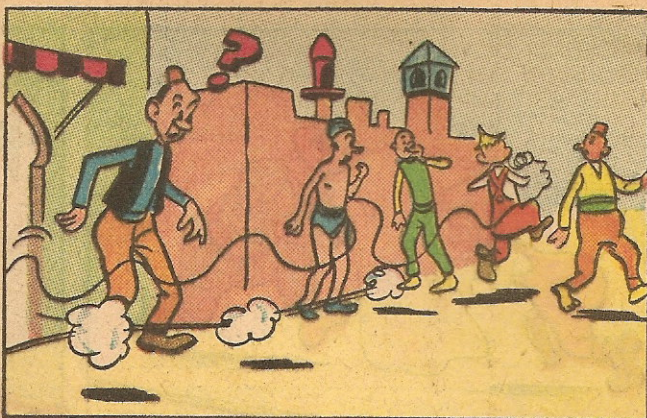
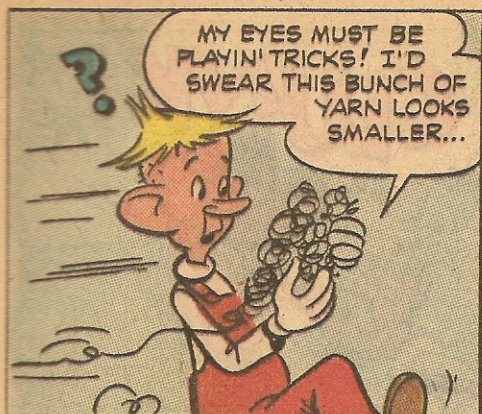
OOH! WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT!

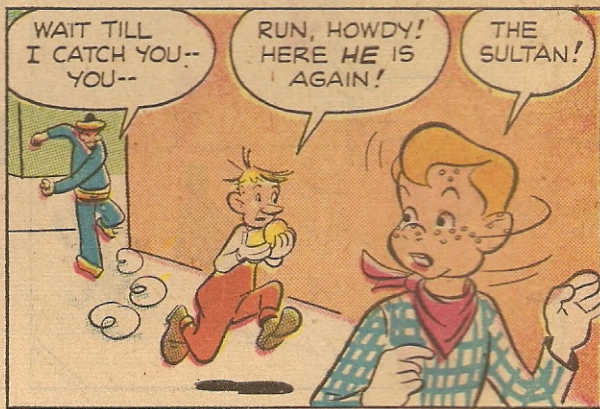
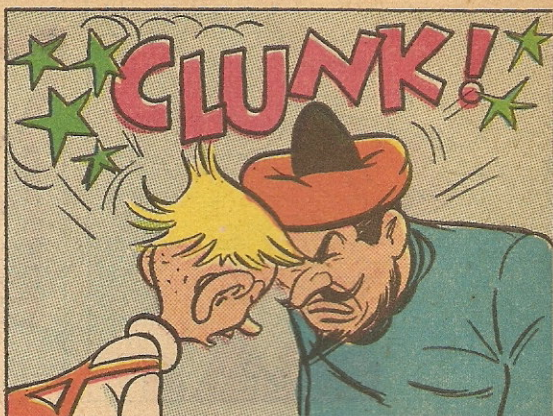
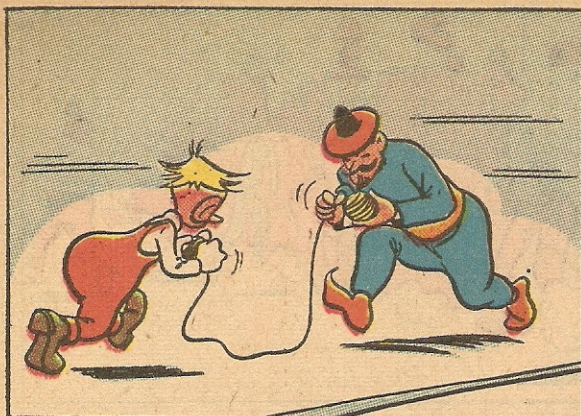
TRY TO HANG ON, DILLY!

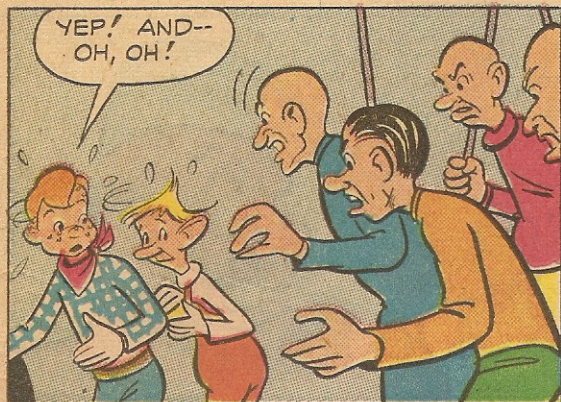
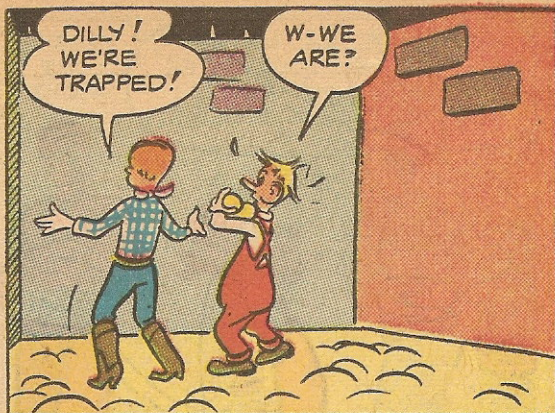
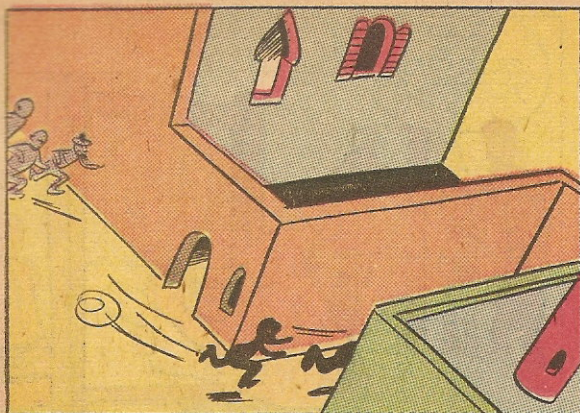




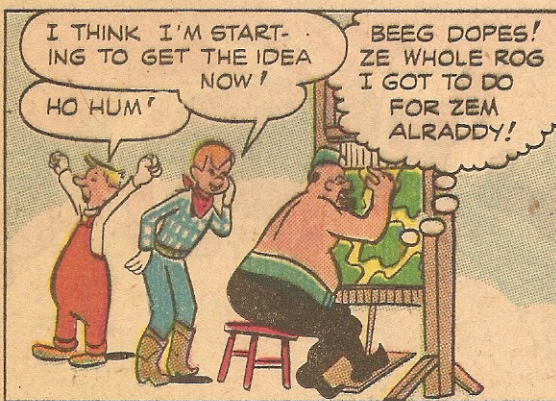
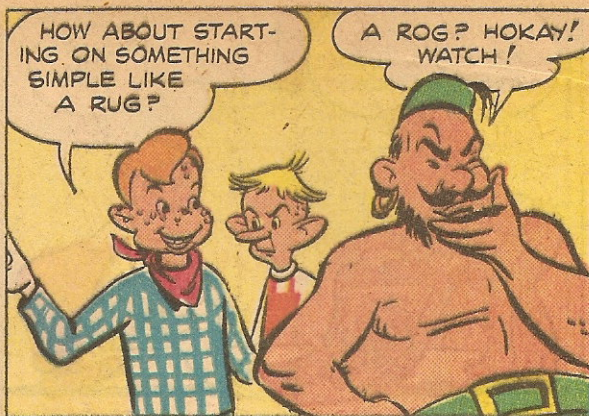
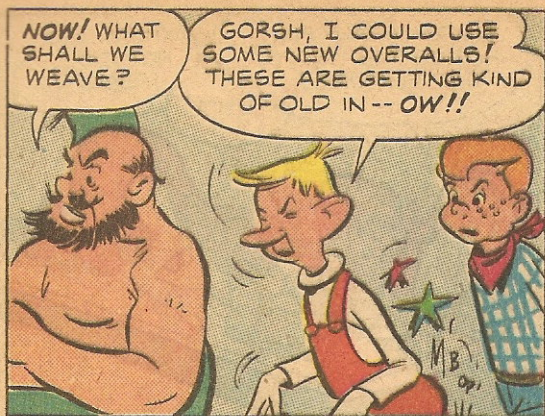


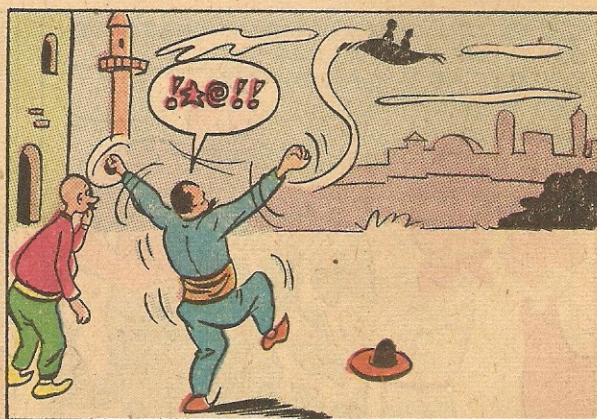
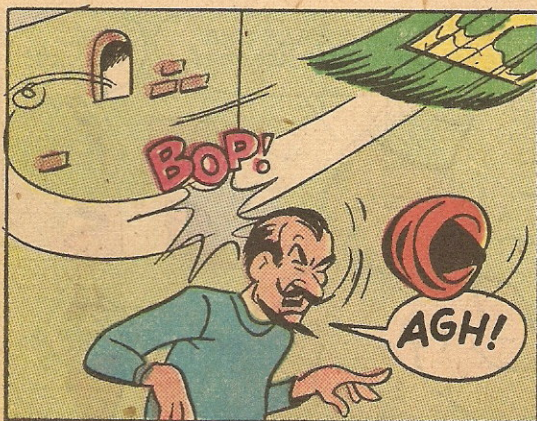
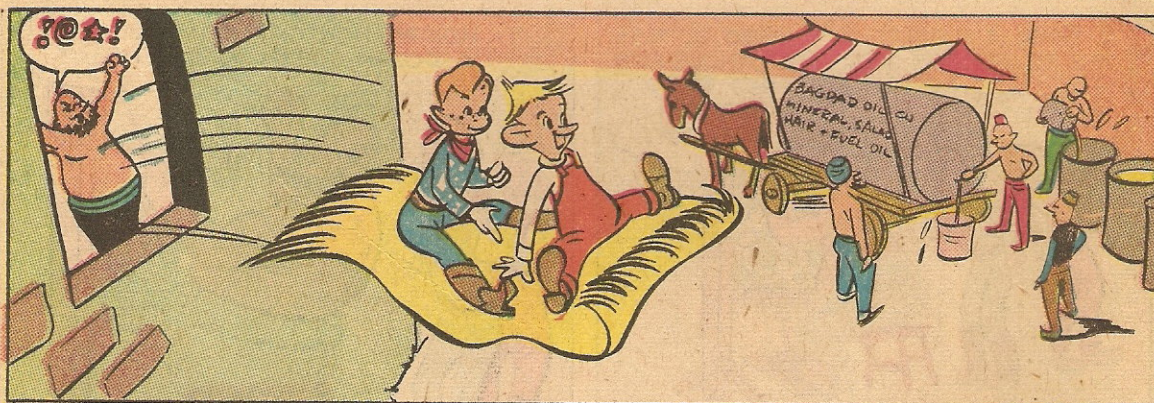
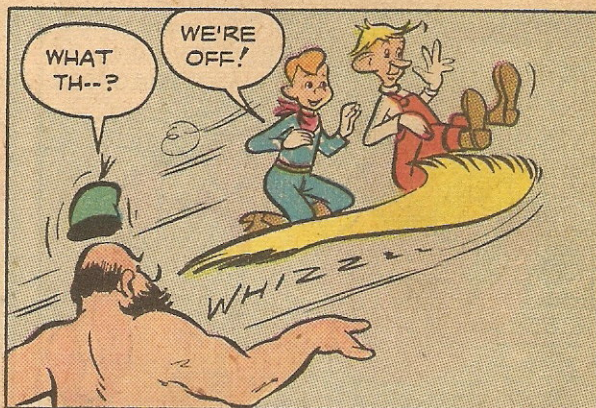
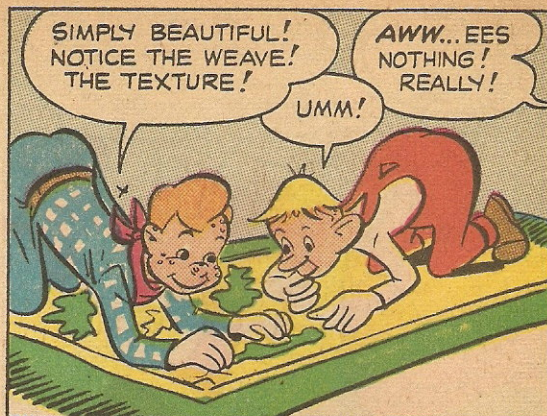


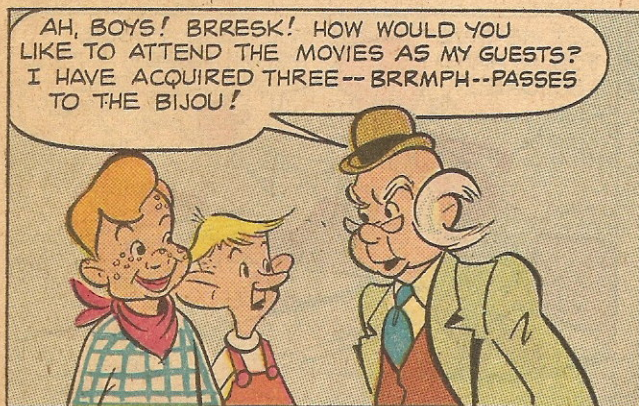
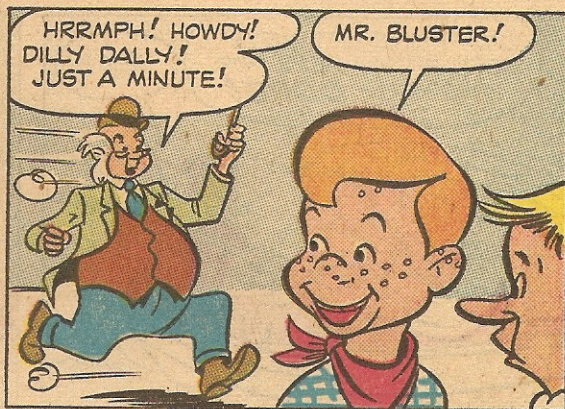
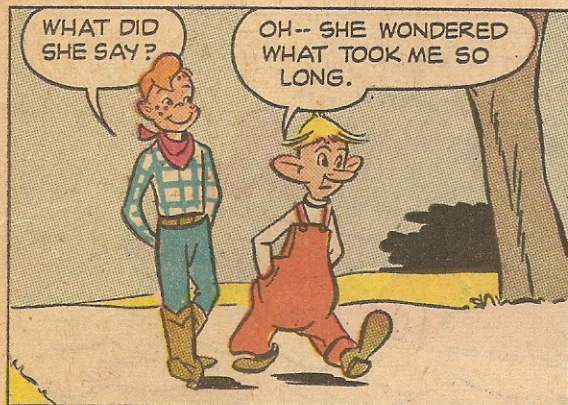
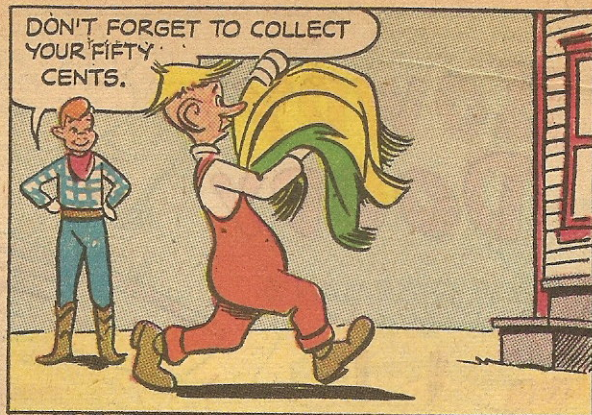


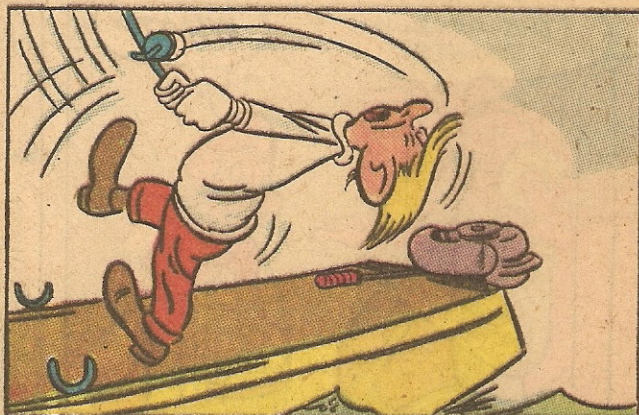
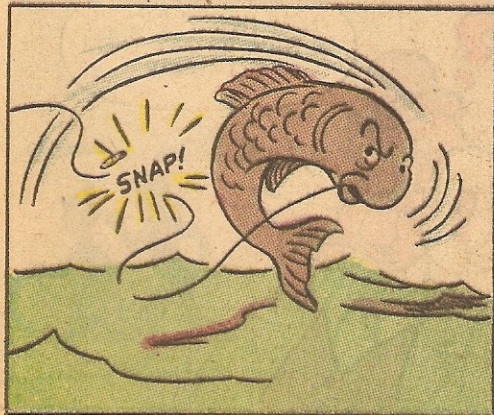
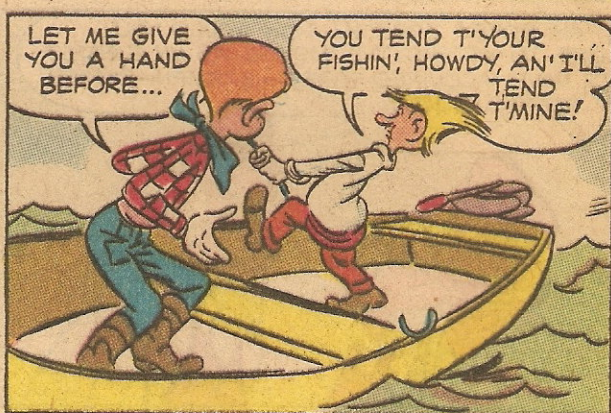
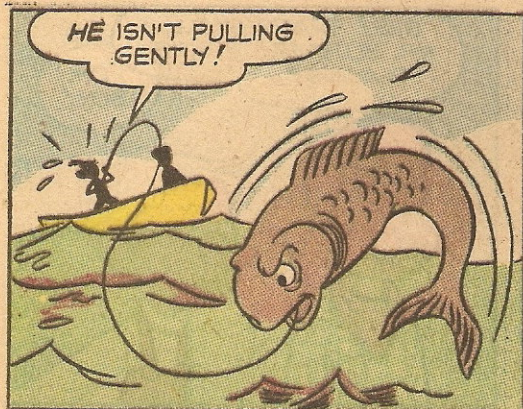
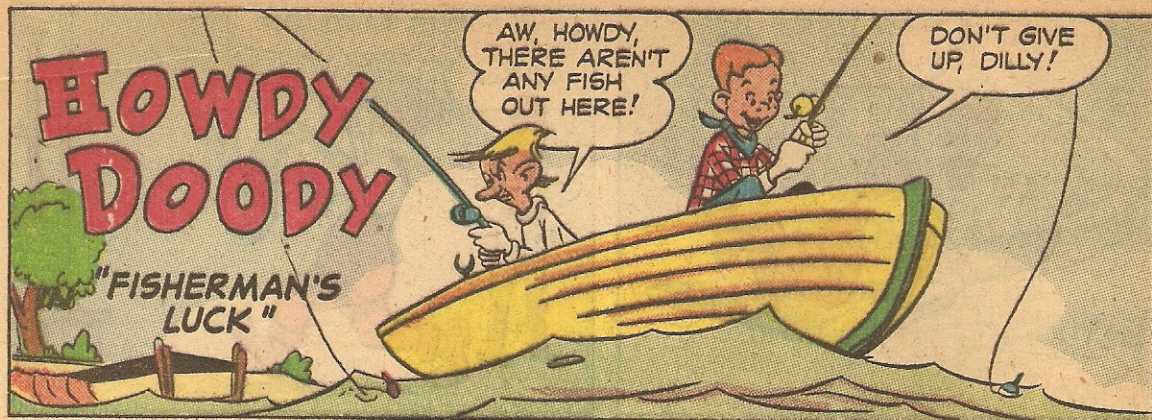


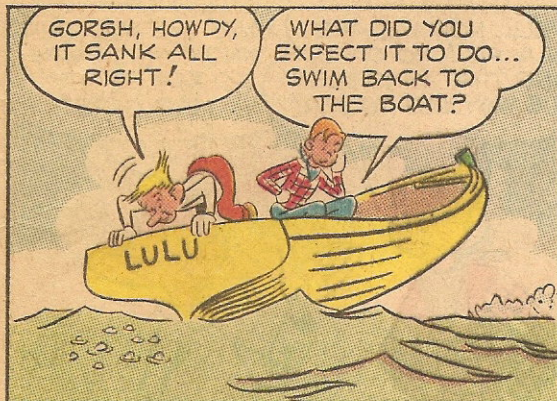
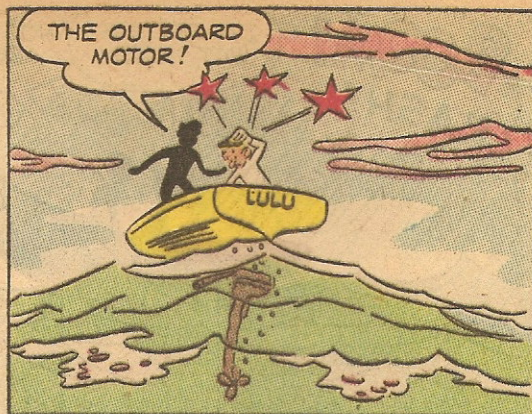
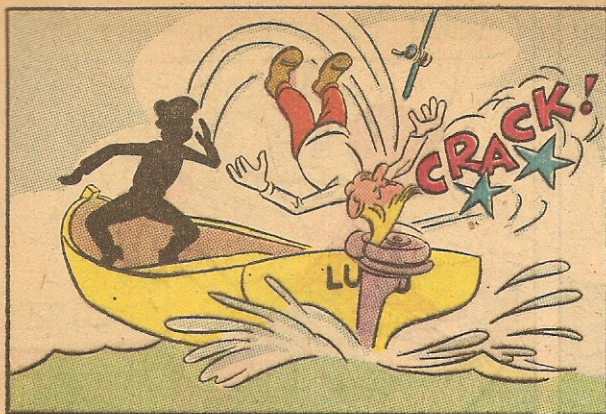




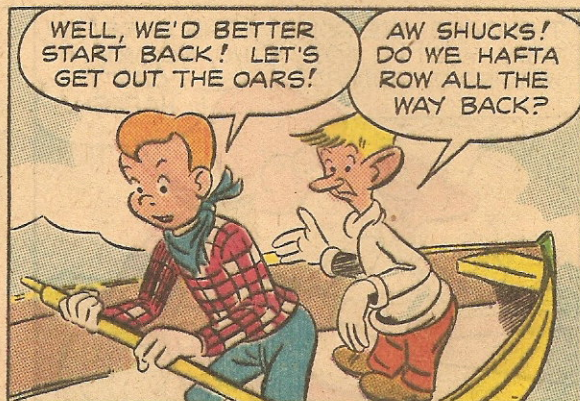








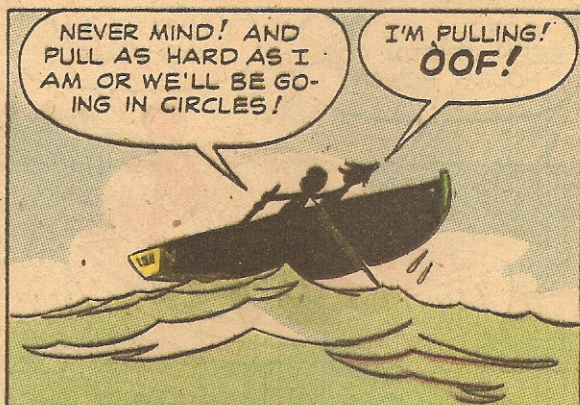
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT IT TO DO... SWIM BACK TO THE BOAT?



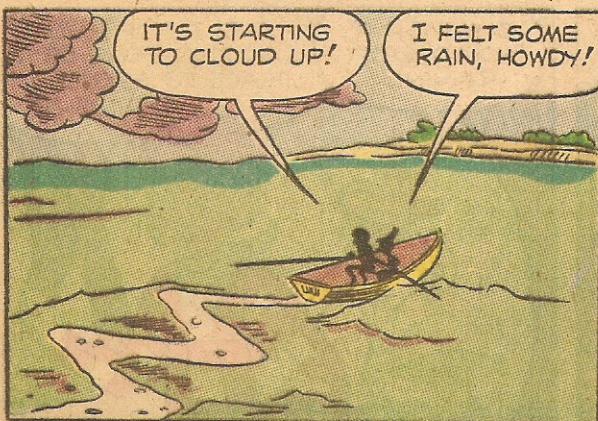
AW SHUCKS! DO WE HAFTA ROW ALL THE WAY BACK?



YOU SHOULD'VE GOT A BOAT WITH SAILS, HOWDY!



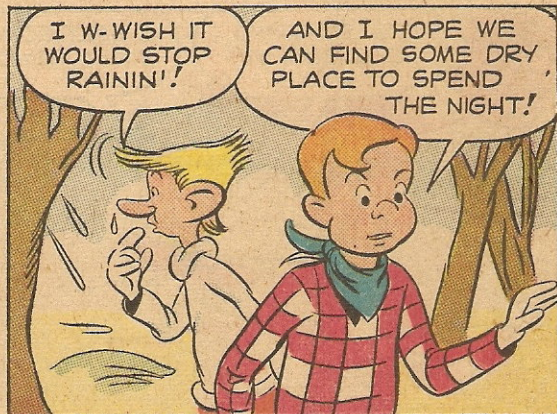
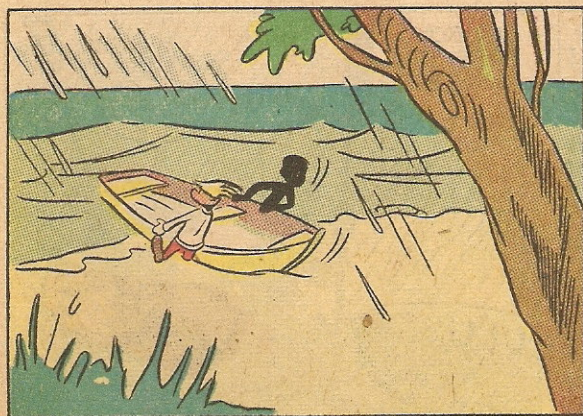
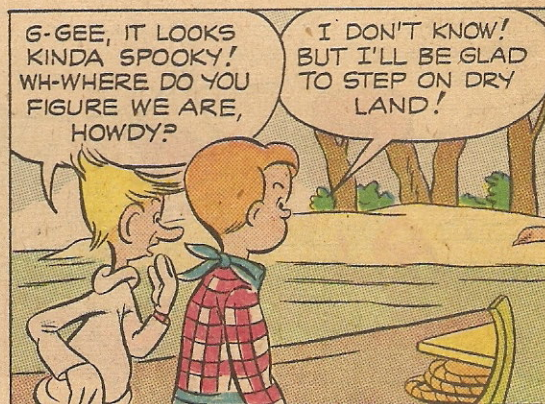
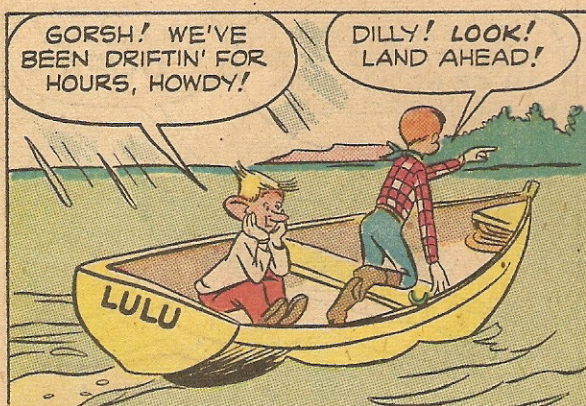
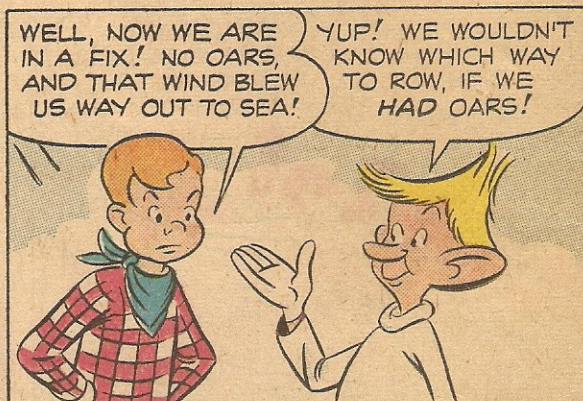
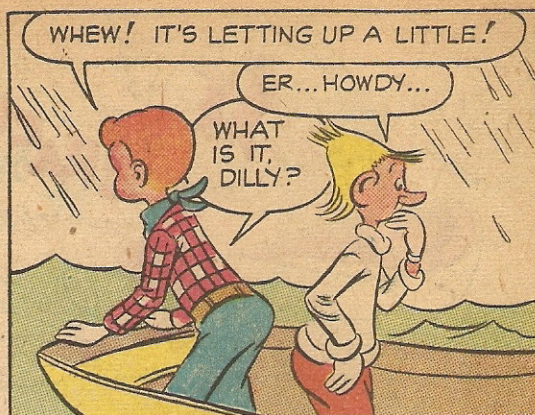
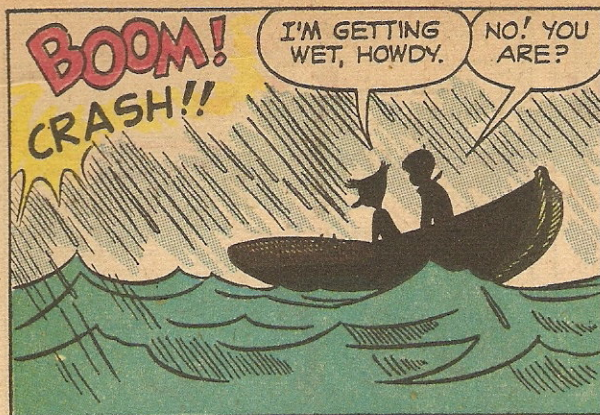
I'M PULLING! OOF!

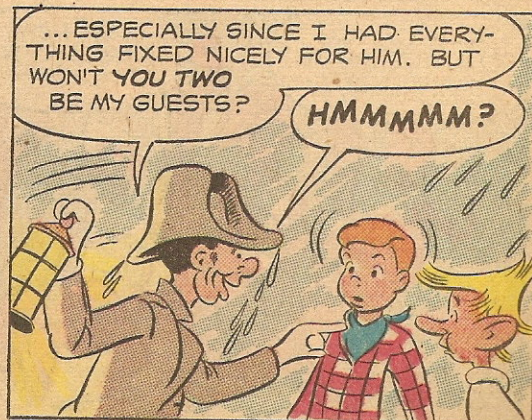
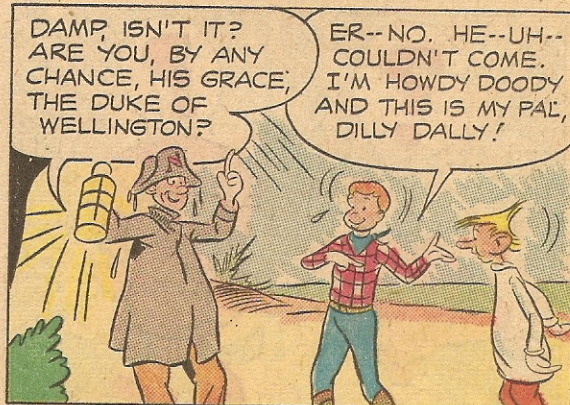
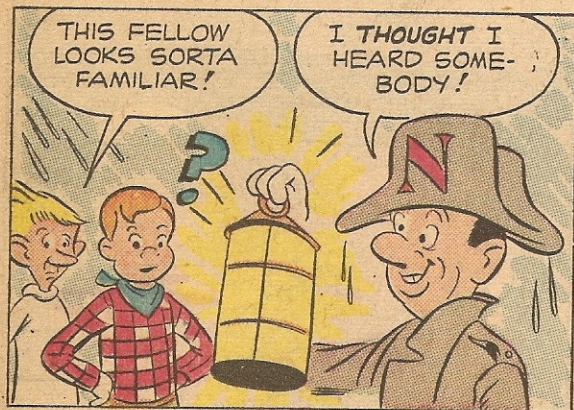
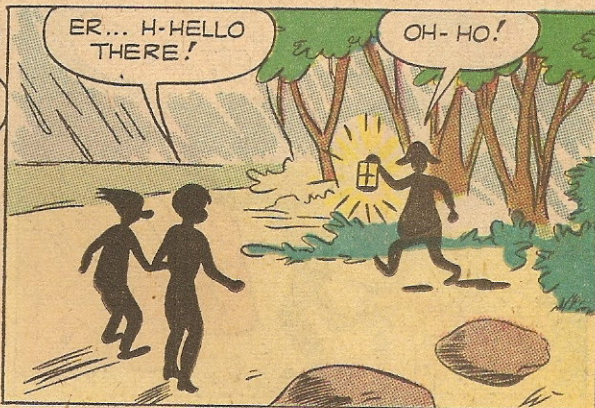
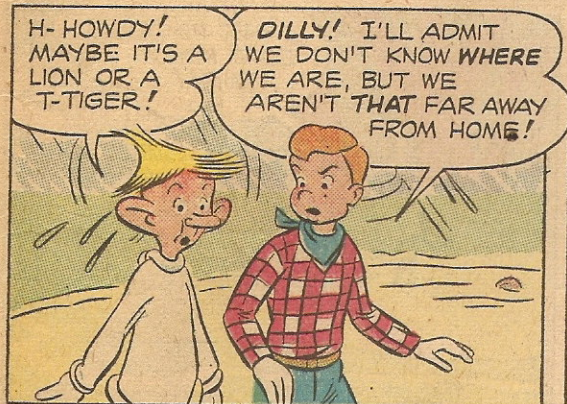
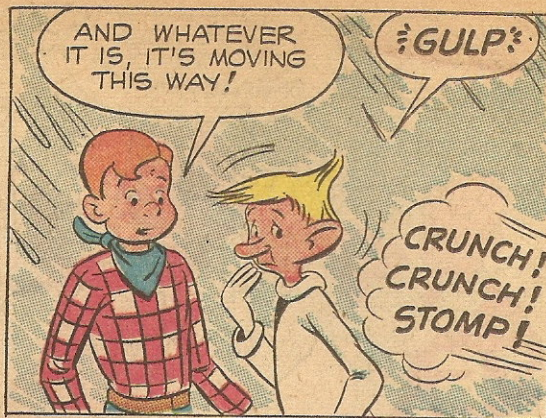
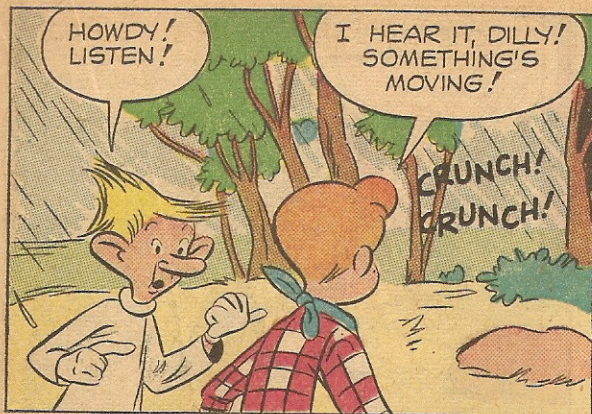


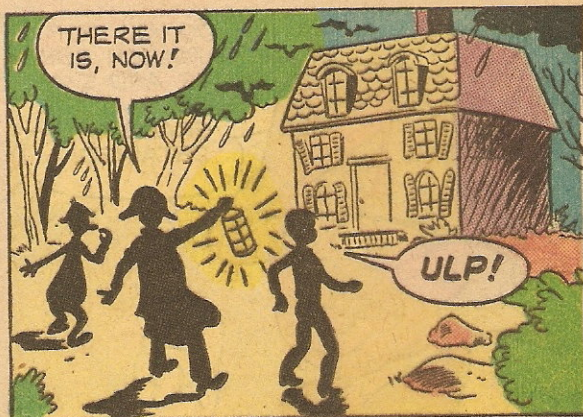
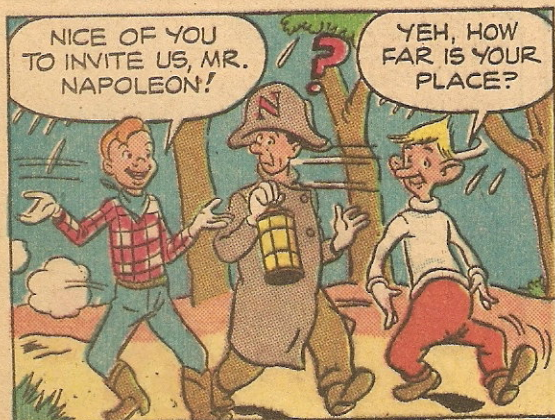
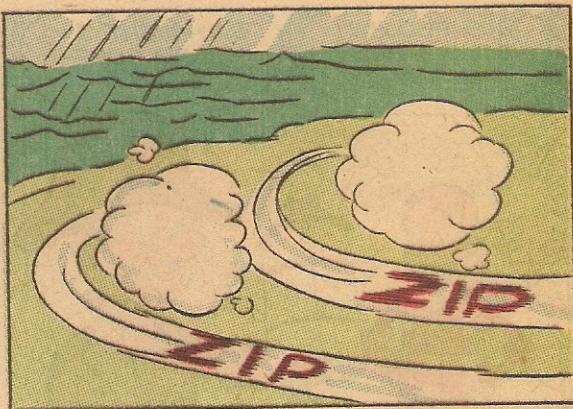
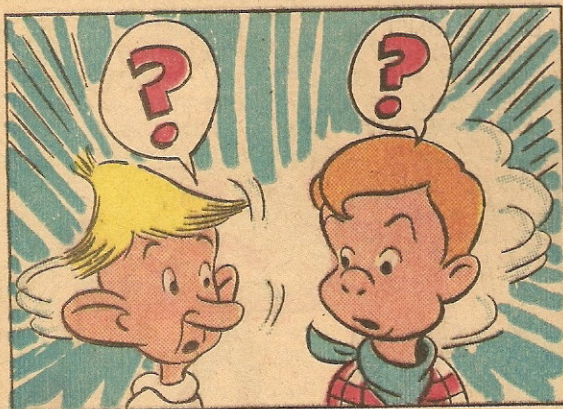
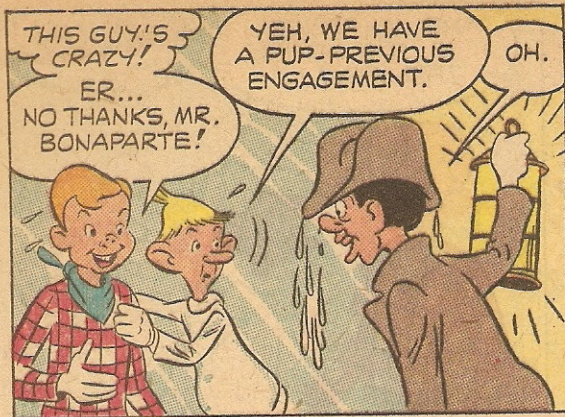
I FELT SOME RAIN, HOWDY!

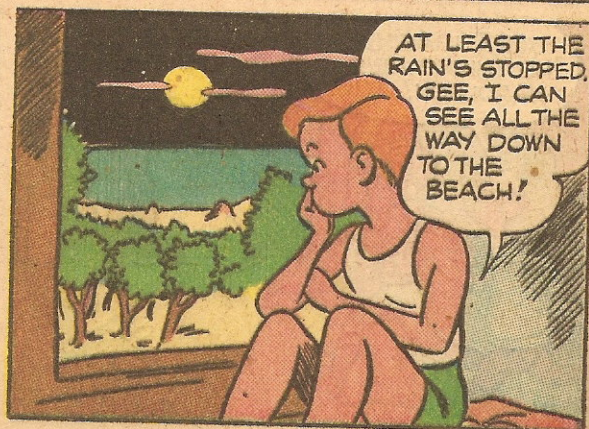
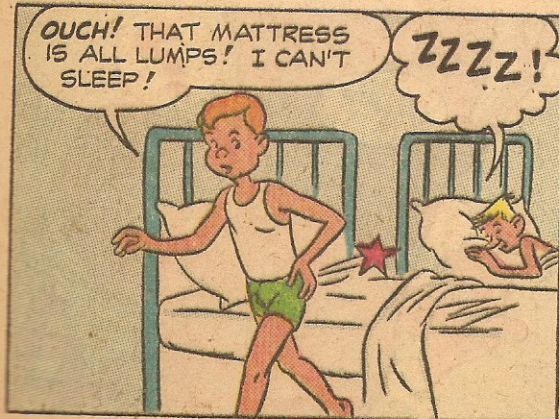
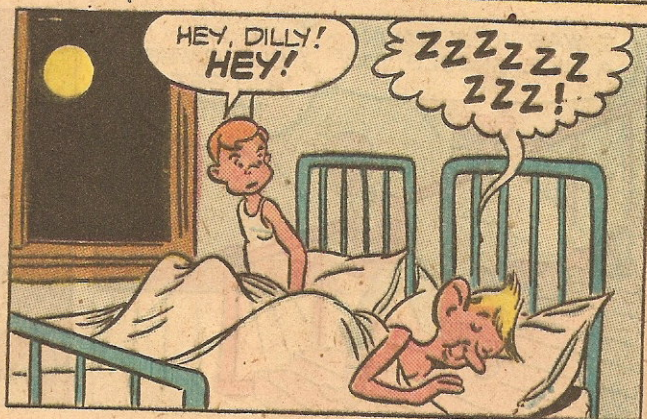
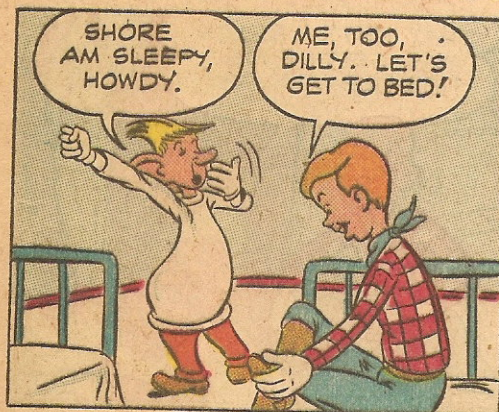
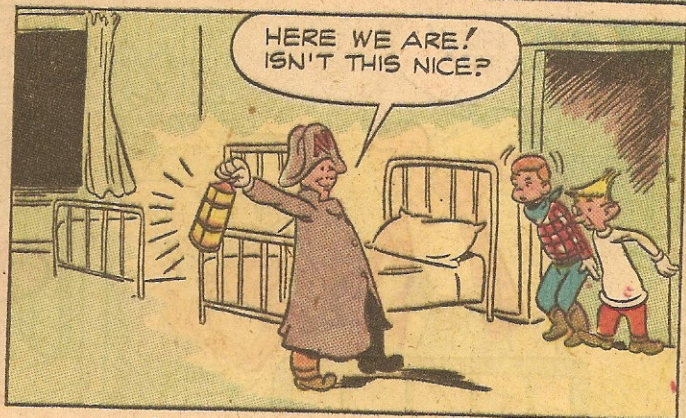
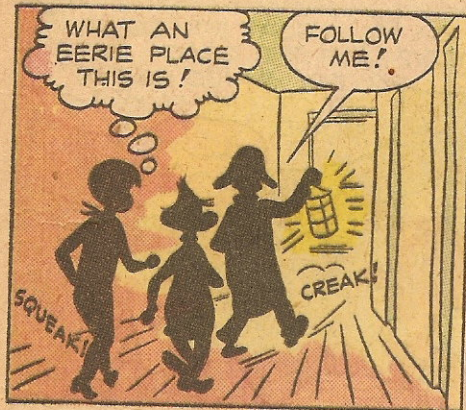
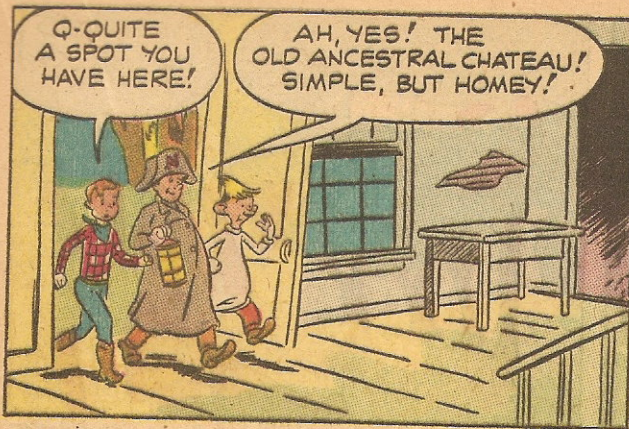


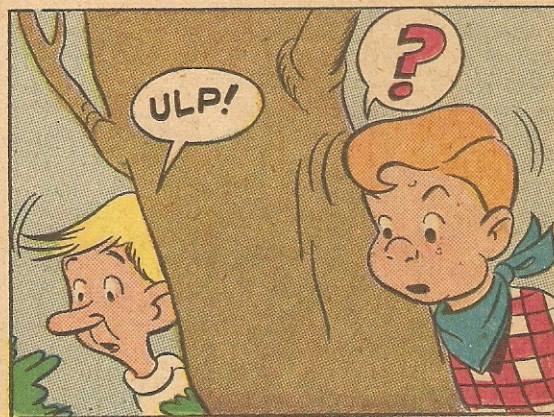
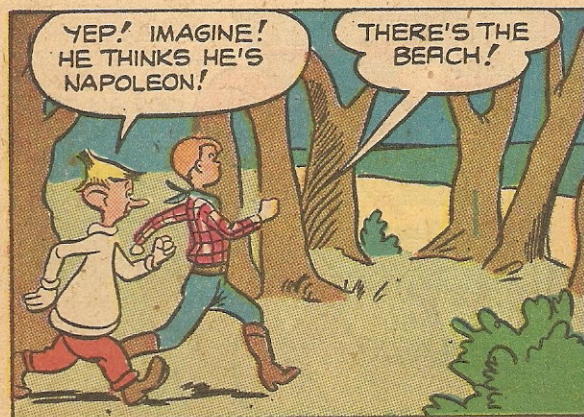
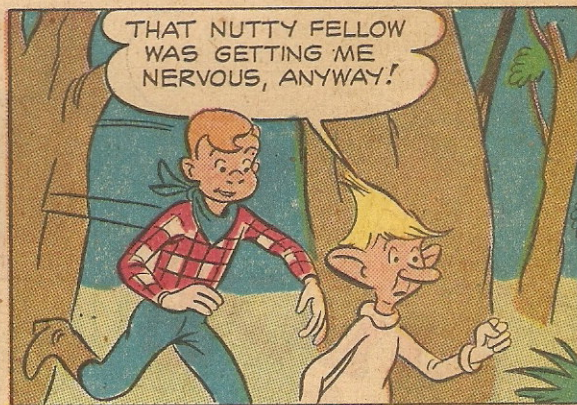
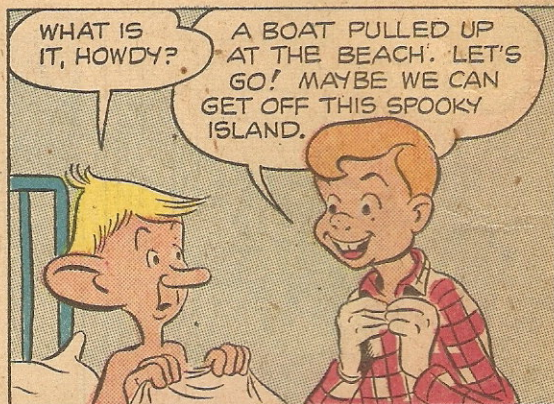
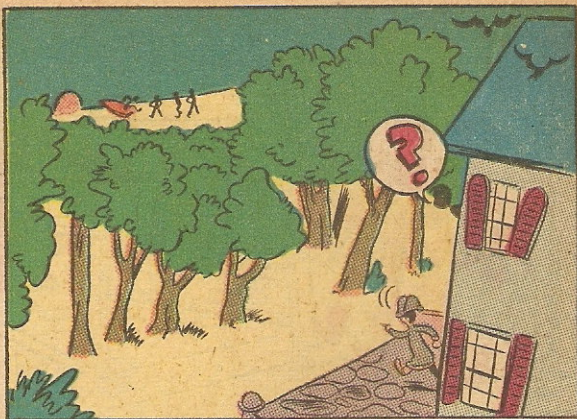
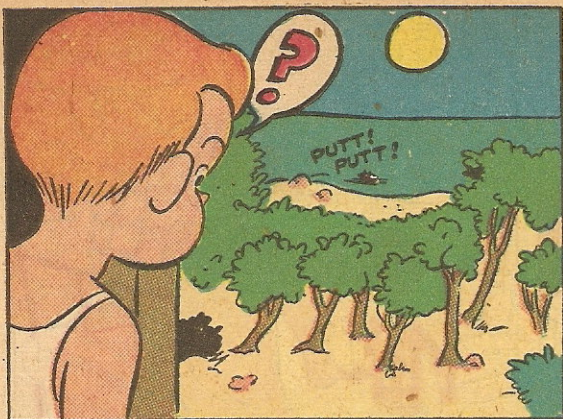
YUP!

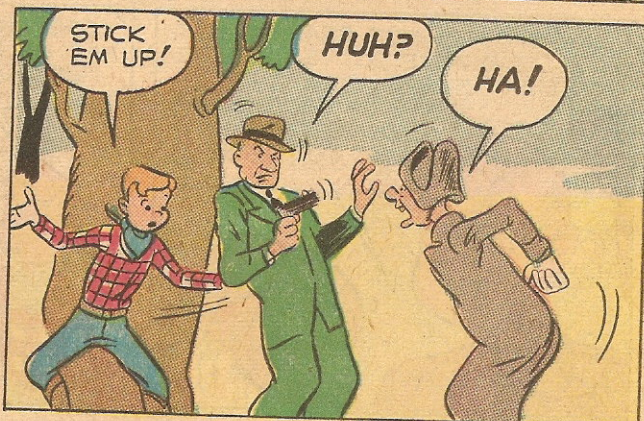
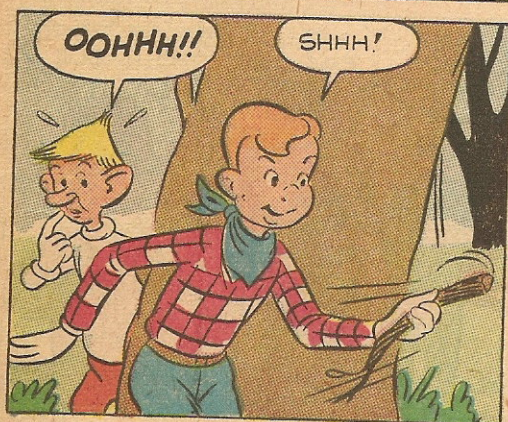














THOSE HANDCUFFS
WILL HOLD YOU,
FRIEND!



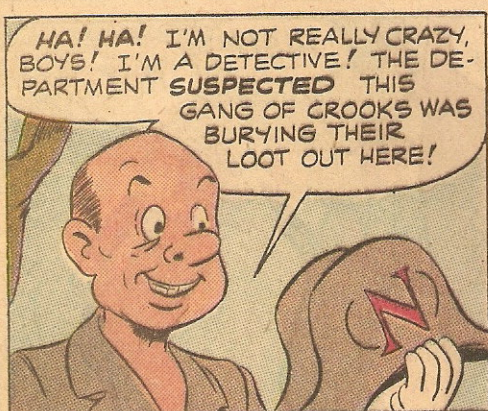
NOW! GET
MOVING, YOU
THUGS!

YEH! AN' NO
FUNNY STUFF, OR
WE'LL LET YOU
HAVE IT!



YOU BOYS
CERTAINLY ARRIVED
AT THE
RIGHT TIME!

Y-YOU DON'T
LOOK NUTTY ANY
MORE, MISTER!

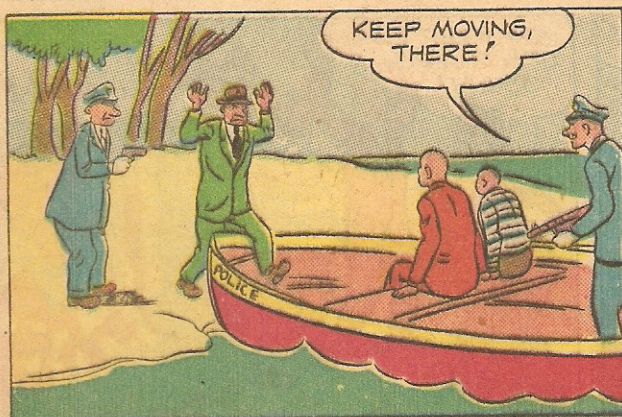


HA! HA! I'M NOT REALLY CRAZY,
BOYS! I'M A DETECTIVE! THE DE-
PARTMENT **SUSPECTED** THIS
GANG OF CROOKS WAS
BURYING THEIR
LOOT OUT HERE!



GEE! YOU SURE
HAD US FOOLED!
WE THOUGHT--

HELLO! SARGE? I GOT
'EM! YEP! THE WHOLE
GANG! SEND
THE LAUNCH!



KEEP MOVING,
THERE!

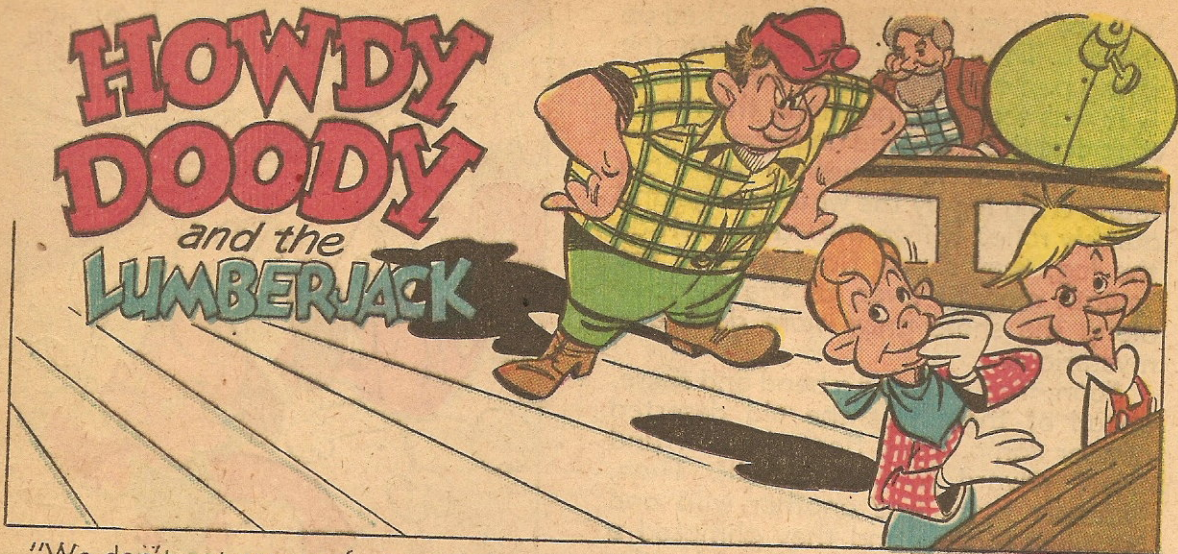


SO THESE BOYS
HELPED ROUND
THESE CROOKS
UP, EH?

YES, SIR!
THEY'LL BE IN
LINE FOR A
REWARD, TOO!

HOWDY DOODY

and the LUMBERJACK



"We don't get many of you campers up this way," said the general store proprietor, "it's too far off the beaten path."

Howdy Doody and Dilly Dally were buying some last minute items for their pack trip into the mountains.

"There should be good fishing over toward Cripple Creek," the storeman went on. "There always is!"

"We thought we'd try down in Hidden Valley," began Howdy. "Nobody ever—"

"Hidden Valley?" the storeman interrupted, "don't go down THERE, boys!"

"Gee, why not?" Howdy questioned.

"Just ask Big Jack White here, he'll tell you," the storeman said, and introduced the big lumberjack who'd just come into the store. Big Jack had bright eyes and brownish hair and wore a checkered shirt.

"Yes sir!" agreed Jack in a whisper. "Hidden Valley's HAUNTED! Haunted by a ghost who screams at night fit to chill your blood!"

"Why, that's silly—" began Howdy Doody.

"Yeh? Well, I've seen him m'self!" growled Big Jack, "all white and ghostly and aflutterin' around that old deserted lumber camp!"

"Say, what's he know about it, anyway?" Howdy asked when Big Jack had gone.

The storeman frowned, "Plenty, son,

he's the only man brave enough to live in Hidden Valley!"

But nothing like an old ghost was going to stop Howdy Doody from fishing where he wanted, so the boys secretly set out for Hidden Valley. They arrived there at nightfall, made camp and turned in early. And soon they were sleeping soundly, snug in their little tent.

Suddenly the stillness of the night was pierced by a wailing scream coming from off down the valley. "Eeeeyow!"

"Yow!" cried Dilly, "that's the ghost!" And back he dove into his sleeping bag so hard he hit the tentpole, bringing the whole works crashing down!

"Help, Howdy," he bellowed, "he's got me!" and flailed about in the tent, winding everything up in a mass of tent ropes, fish lines, tentflaps and sleeping bags!

"Easy, pal," shouted Howdy above the din. "Take it easy!" He managed to extricate himself and calm the struggling Dilly.

Howdy laughed when he surveyed the scene. "Now we've just GOT to find that ghost!"

"T-Tonight?" Dilly quavered.

"Why not, pal? If we don't get to the bottom of this mystery now, we'll be bothered all week!"

Again the night echoed with the wild scream! "Eeeeyow!"

"It's down the river, Dilly. Come on,

let's go," cried Howdy and he picked up the axe. Dilly armed himself with the frying pan and the two set out!

It was tough going along the river's edge and the trees and underbrush were thick and dark. However, the boys found a big log by the water's edge and quickly rolled it into the water. Astride the log, they slowly floated down the smooth moonlit river, as the shadows along the shore grew more dark and mysterious.

Soon, they rounded a bend and there, ahead of them was the old deserted lumber camp. They floated closer and closer toward its old sawmill. Then, suddenly there was another wild and lingering scream and they glimpsed a white ghostly figure through the windows of the deserted mill!

"Jump!" cried Howdy, but it was too late! Their log was caught in a chute and shot into the darkness of the mill!

Again there was that deafening scream and the two boys realized then what it was. It came from the big gleaming saw ripping down the log on which they sat! It was the wailing scream of the rip saw!

Then, a white-robed figure appeared, a brawny arm shot out in the nick of time and the two boys were flung into a pile of sawdust! There, standing before them in his nightshirt was Big Jack White!



"Ho—ho, what are you lads doing here?" he asked.

"W-We're looking for the g-ghost," gasped Howdy. "W-What about YOU?"

"I'm your ghost, boys," Jack answered, thumping his chest and smiling.

"B-But I don't understand!" sighed Dilly.

"Well, I suppose it does call for an explanation, so I'll let you in on a secret, if you promise not to tell. The reason I've been doing this is because of my insomnia, you know, not being able to sleep nights."

"But how—" Howdy began.

"You know how some people have a glass of milk or count sheep," Jack explained, "well, I come over here and saw wood. You see, the sound soothes me, the smell is pleasant, and it all does wonders for my nerves."

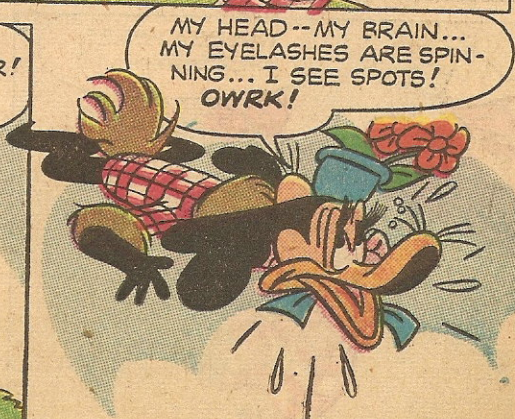
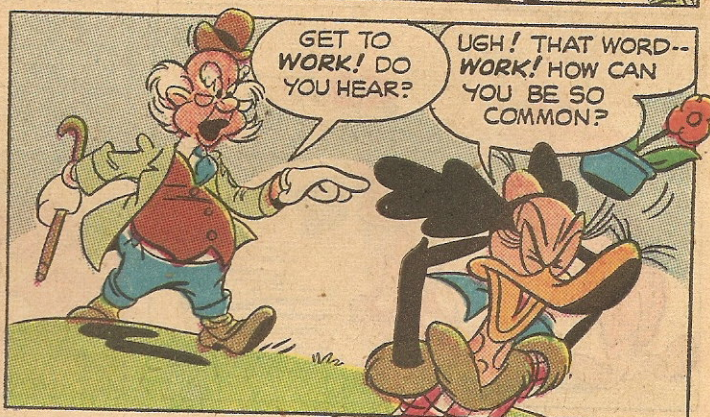
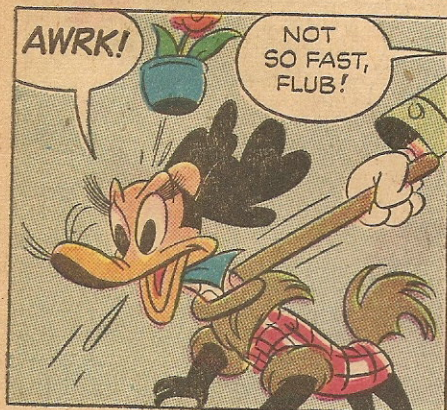
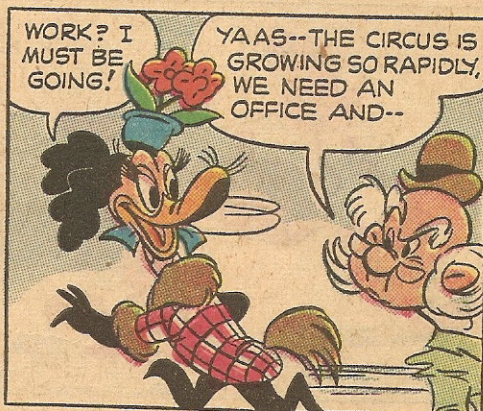
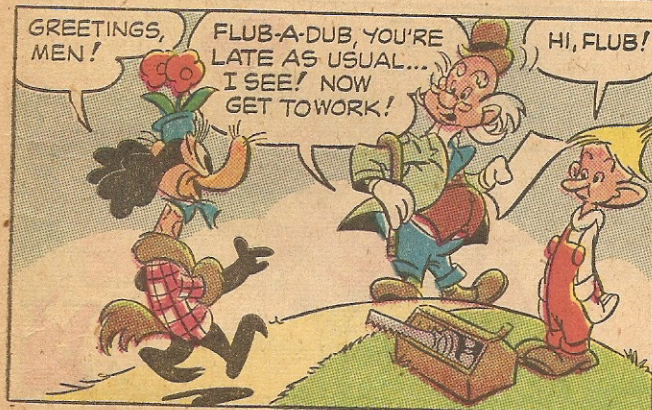
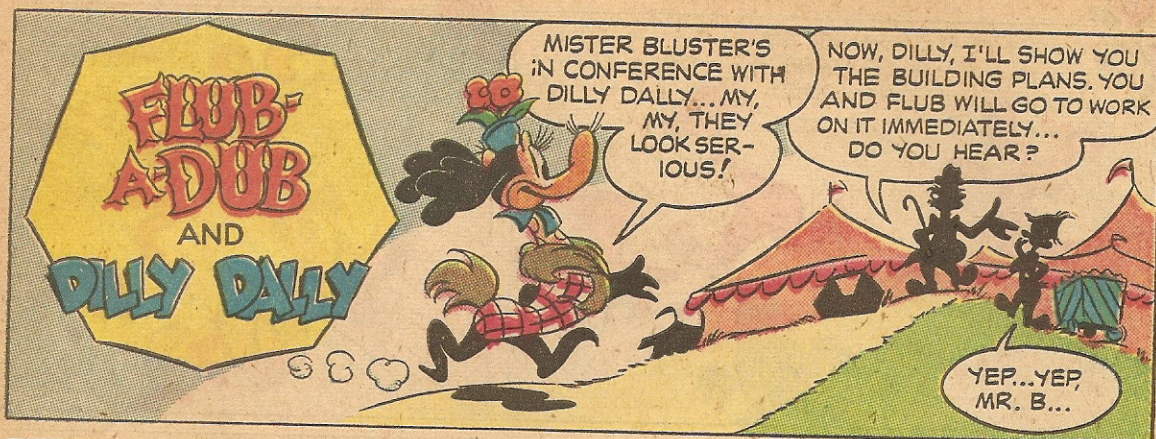
Howdy smiled, "But why keep it such a secret?"

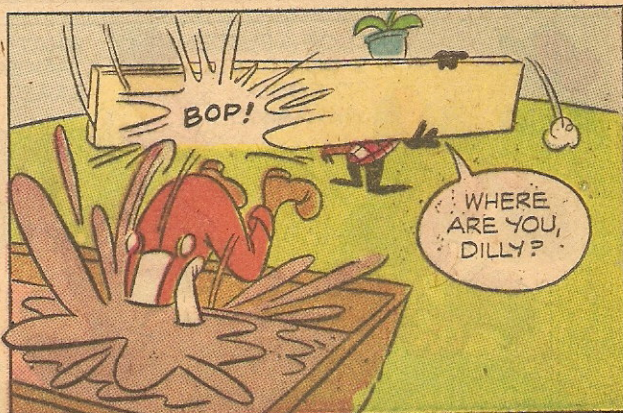
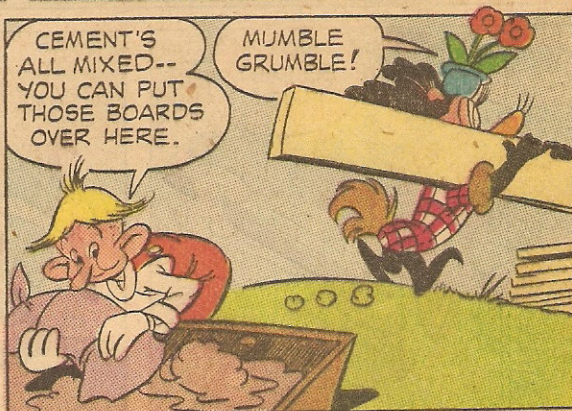
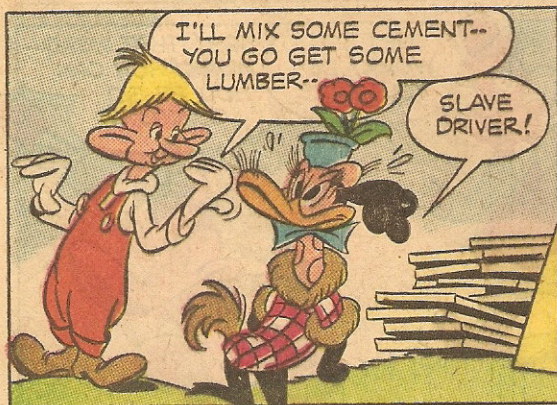
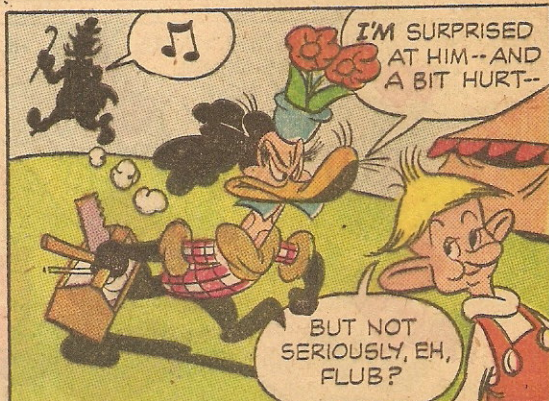
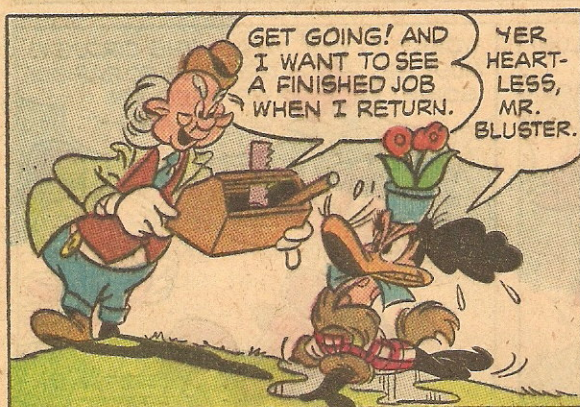
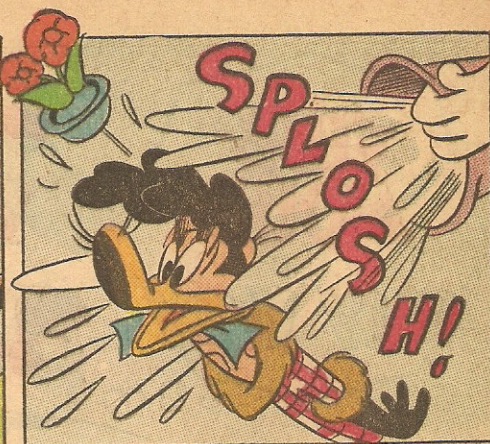
"Aw, folks would think I'm silly," Big Jack muttered, "me, a' sawing wood this way."

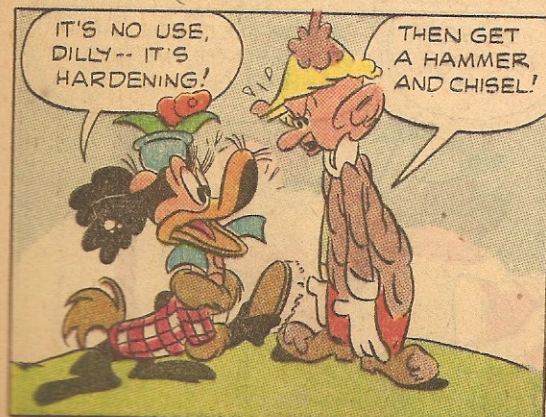
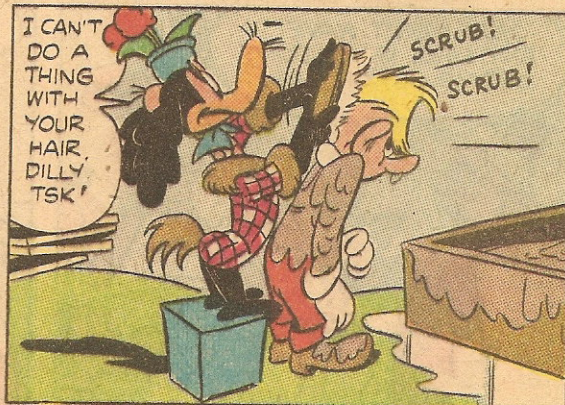
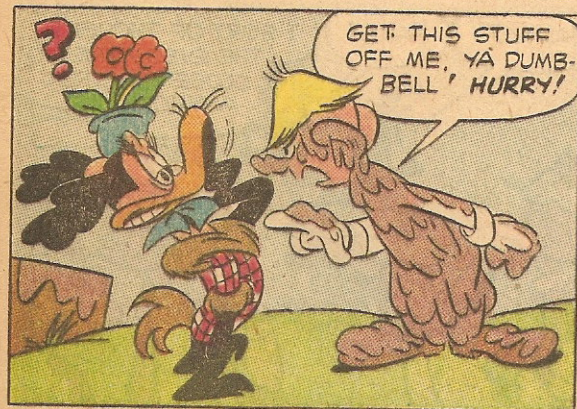
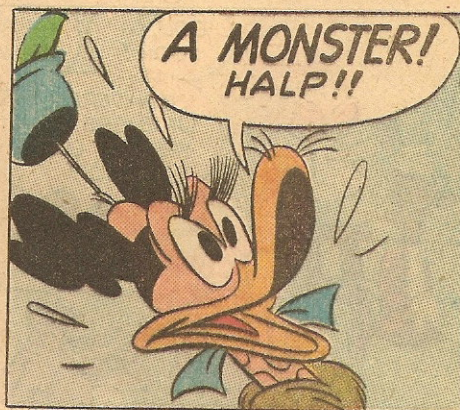
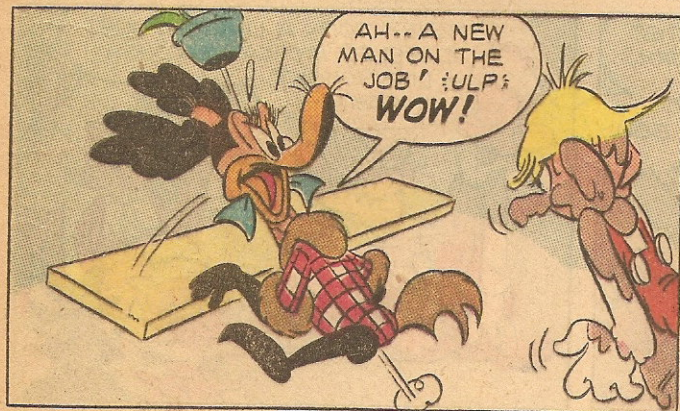
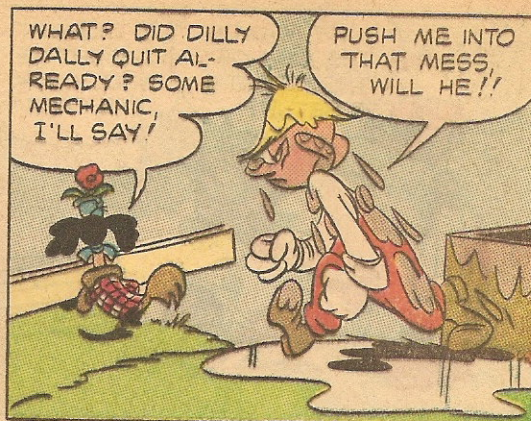
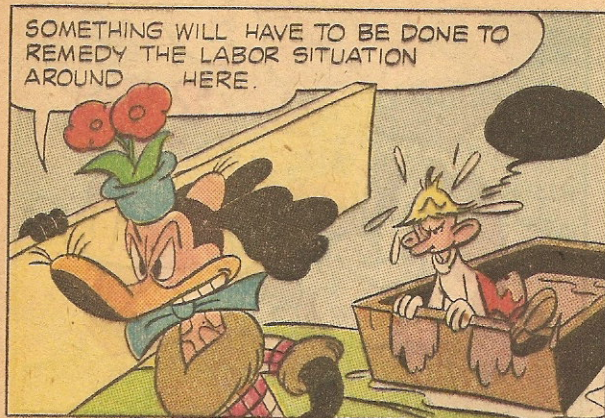
"Sawing wood — —," he went on quietly, stretching out, "yessir, — — sawing woo — — — bzz, bzz — —." His head nodded. He was asleep!

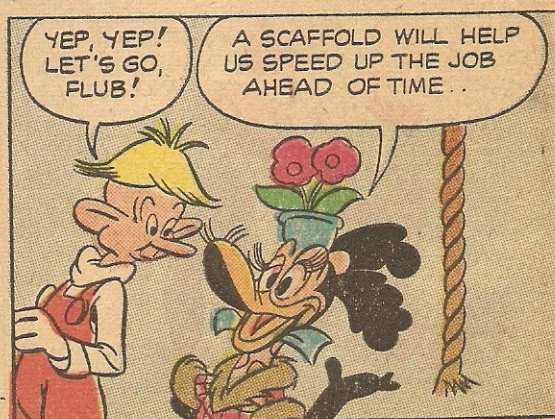
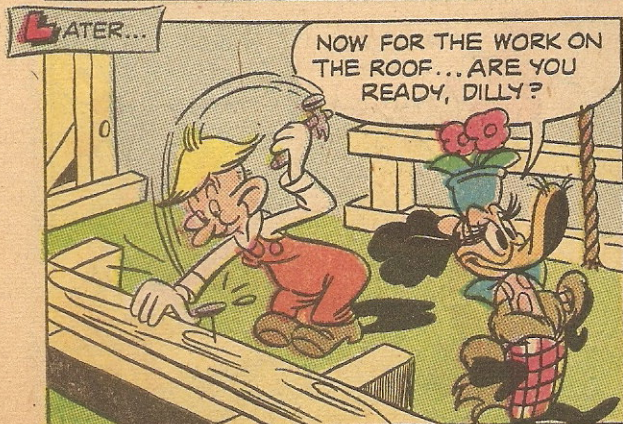
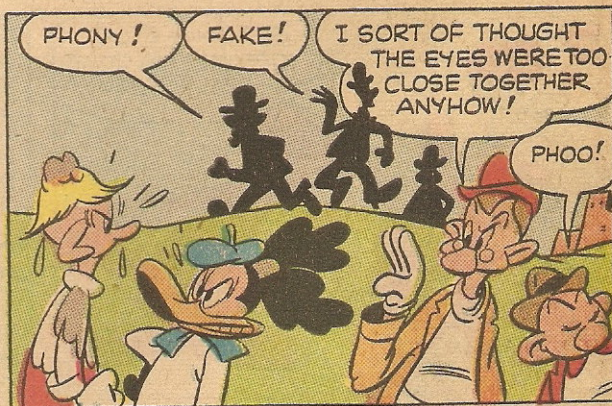
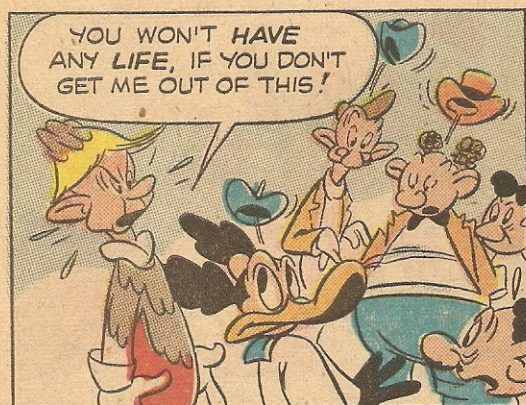
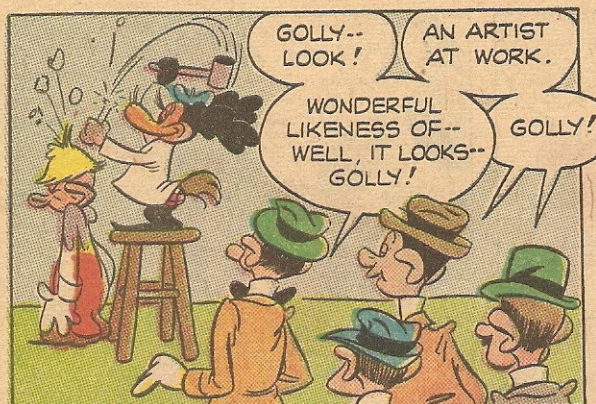
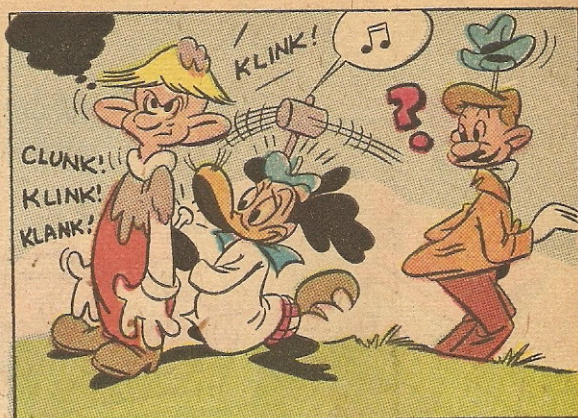
Howdy laughed, "Well, I never," he chuckled. "So that's what they mean by the expression 'sawing wood!' What do you think of that, Dilly?"

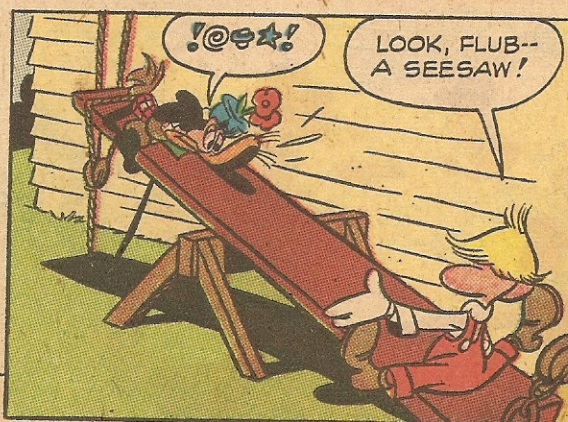
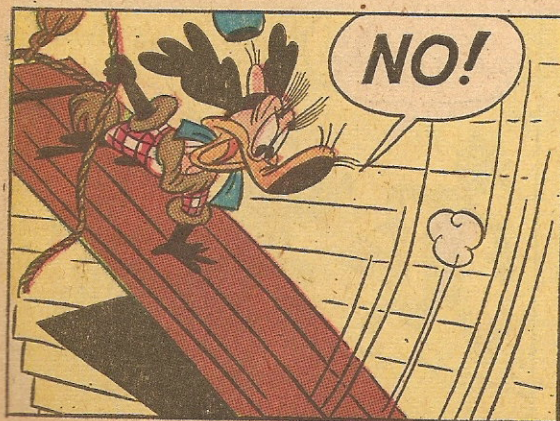
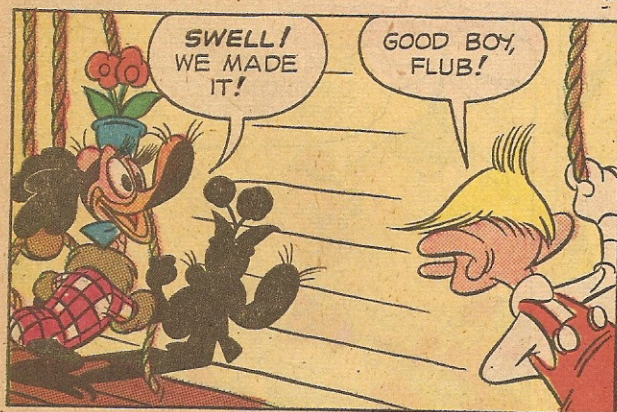
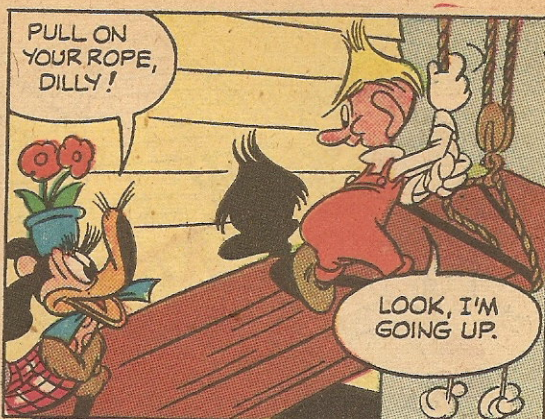
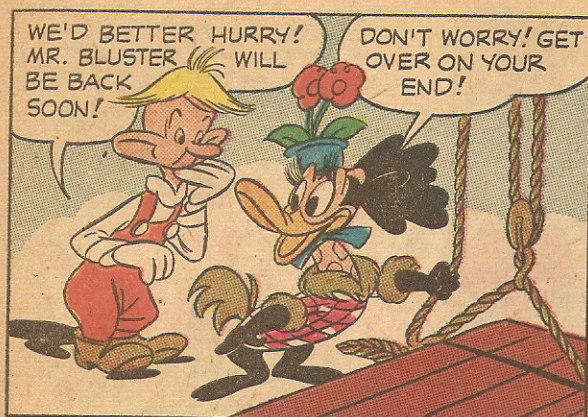
There was no answer. Dilly was asleep too!

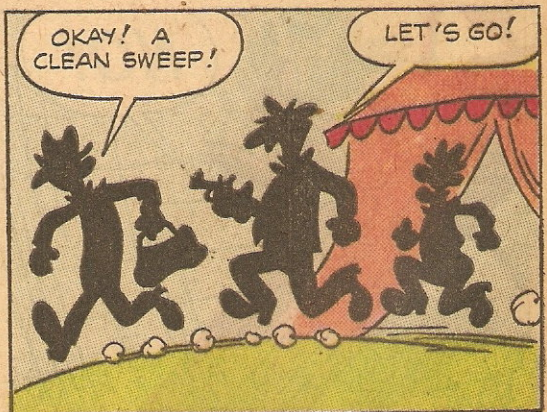
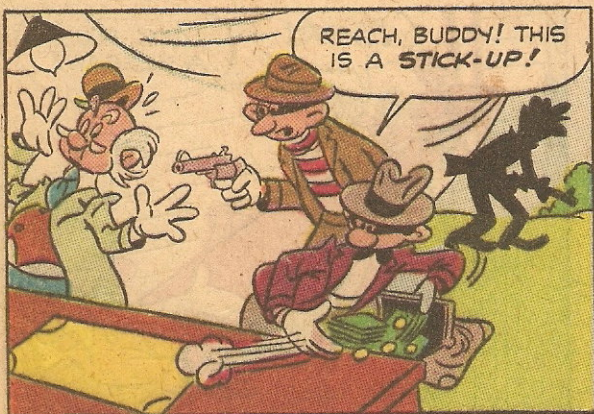
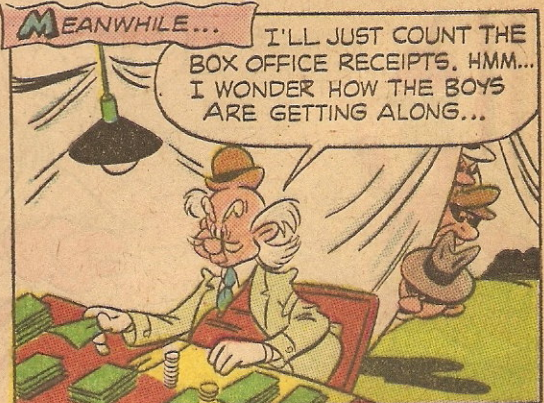
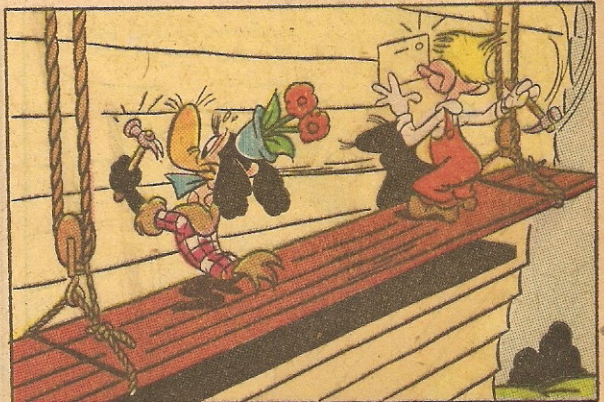
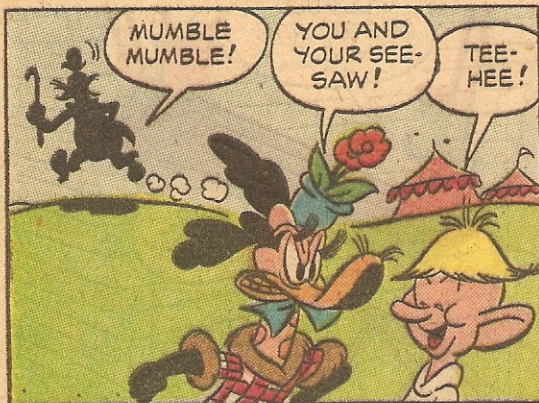
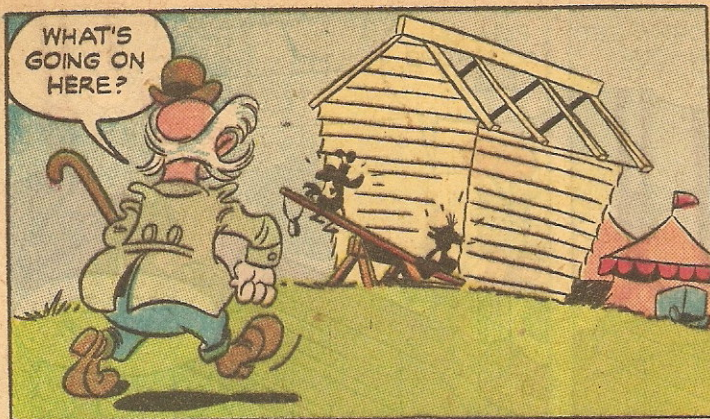


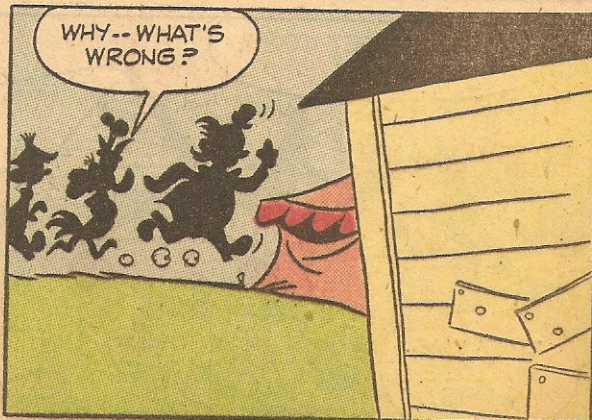
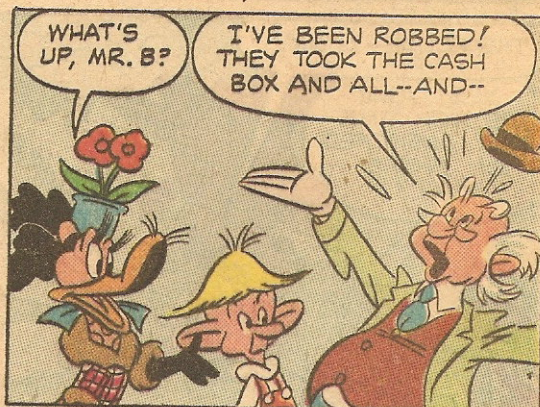
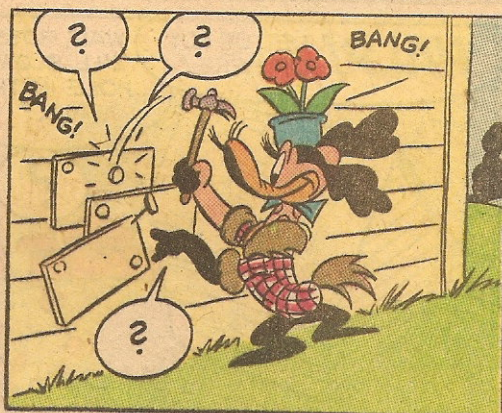
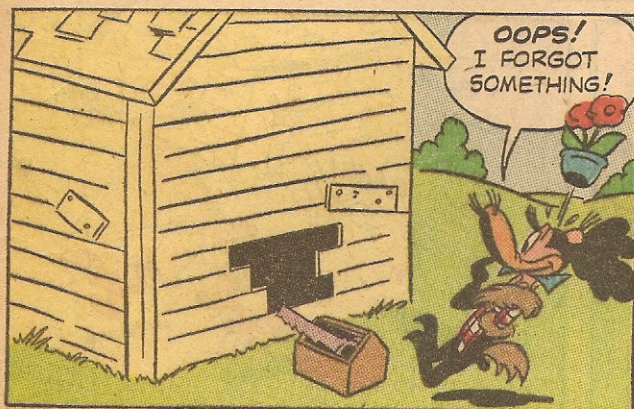
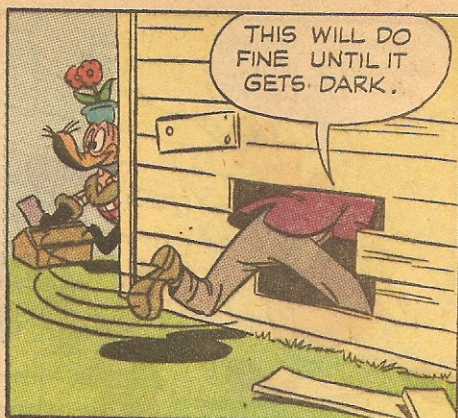
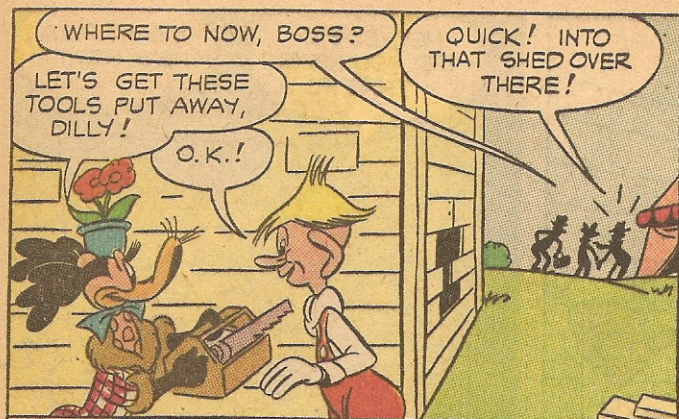


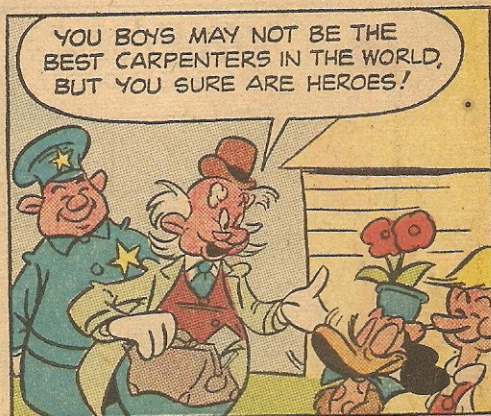
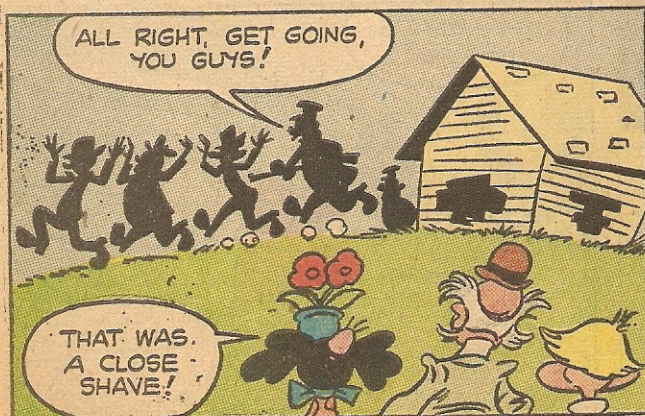
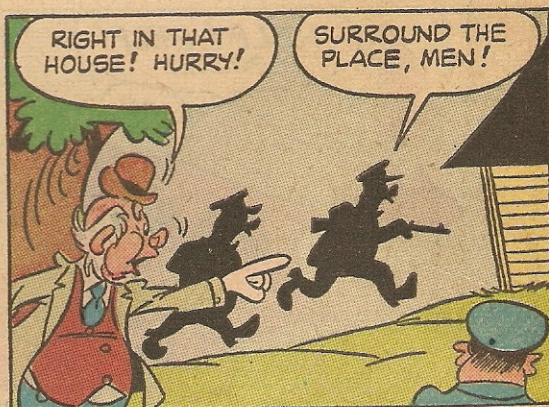
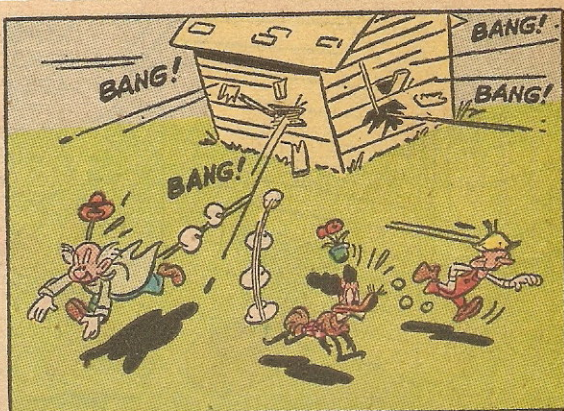
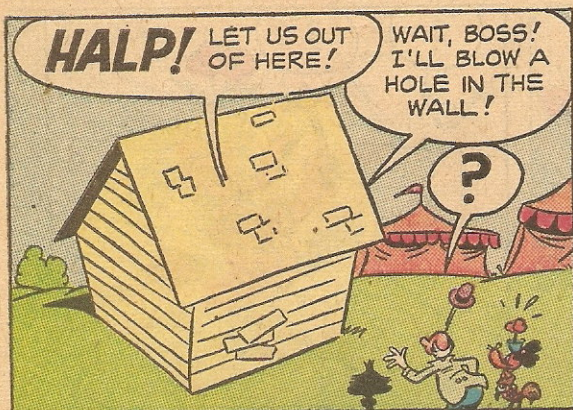
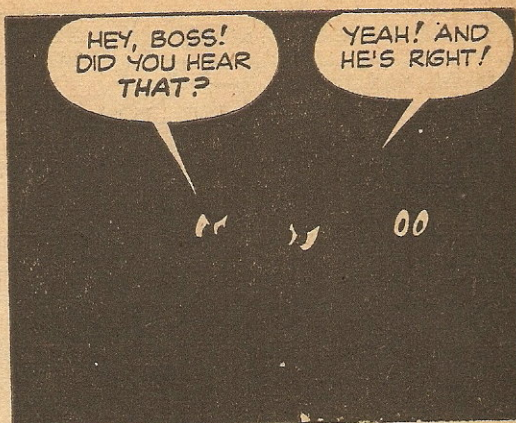
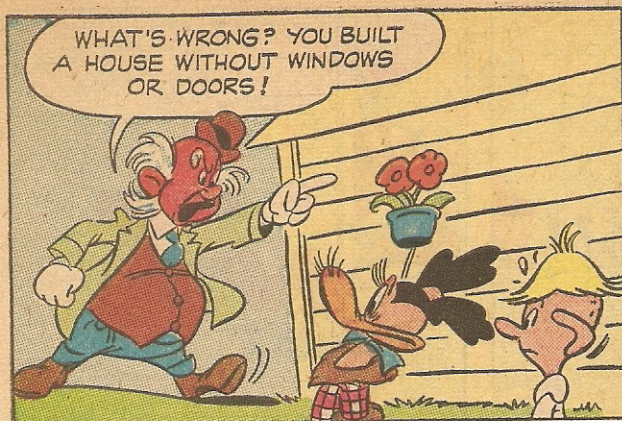


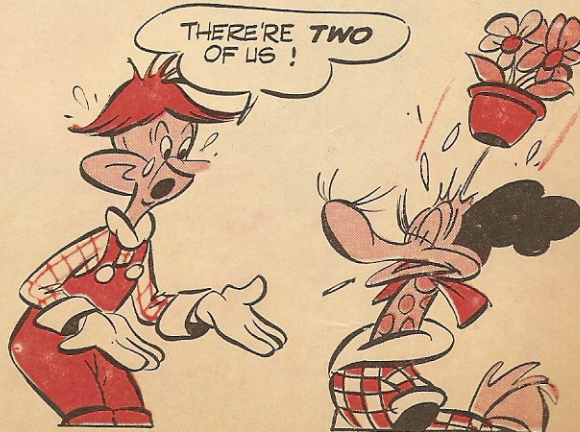
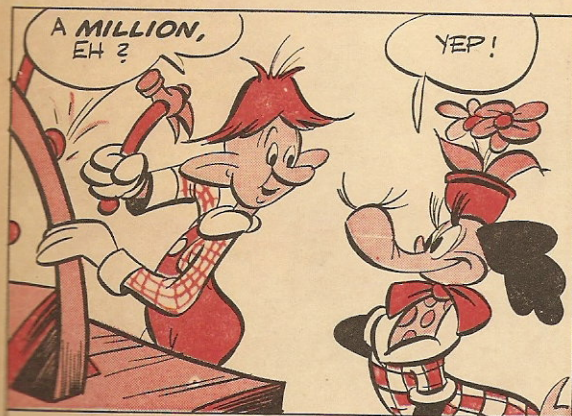
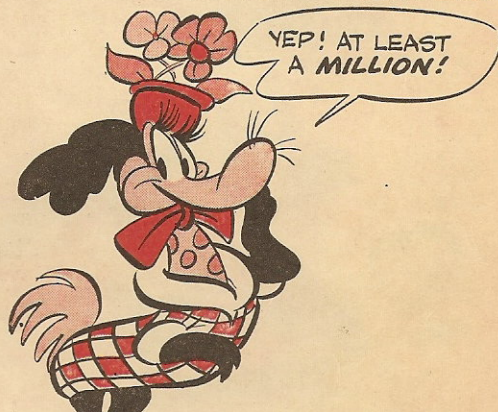
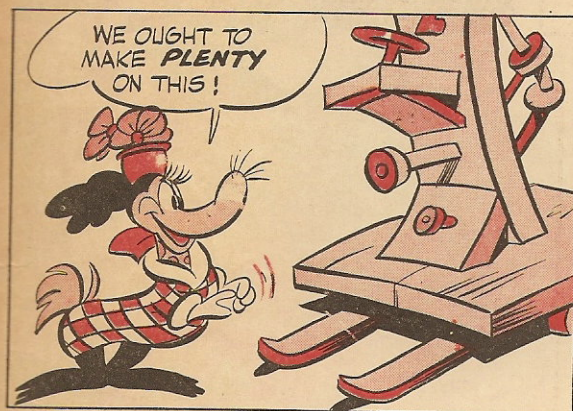
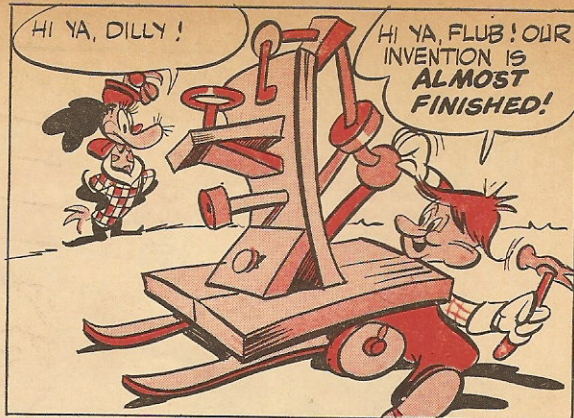
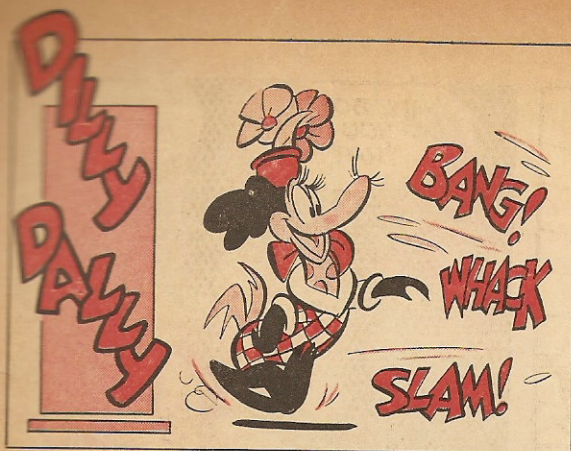












the FLUB-A-DUB

SWIMMING
POOL
ADMISSION
25¢

PHOOEY, I WOULDN'T
PAY IT IF I *DID*
HAVE TWO-BITS!



HA! I'LL SHOW
THEM!

