

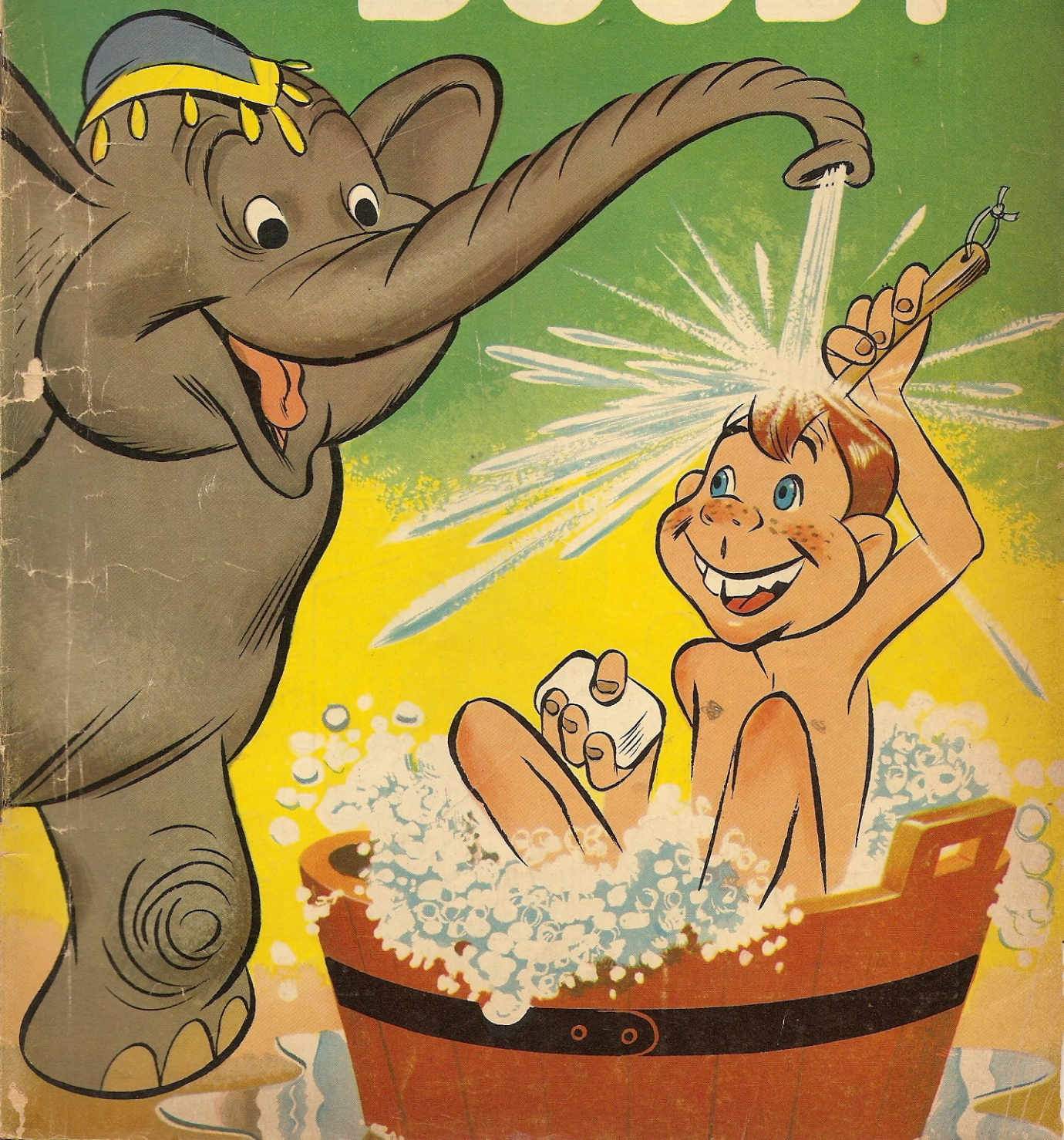
A DELL COMIC  
**DELL**  
A DELL COMIC

JULY - AUG.

10¢

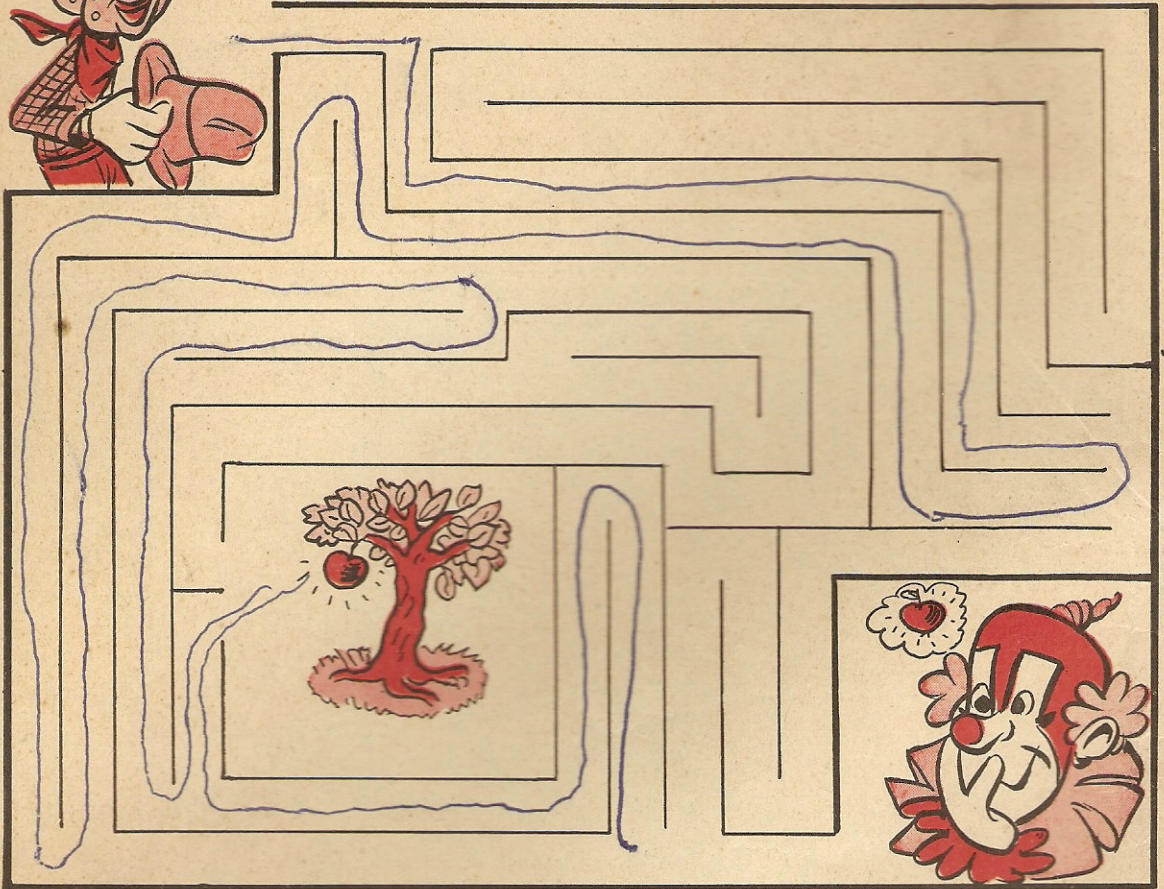
A 5122

# HOWDY DOODY

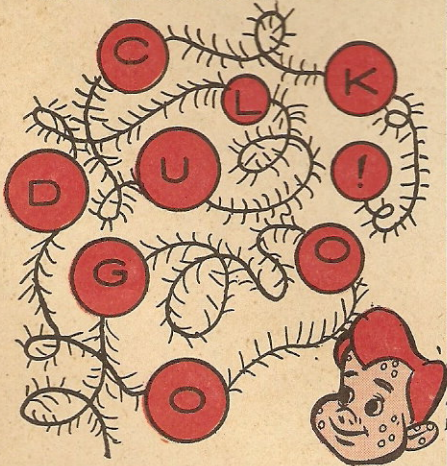




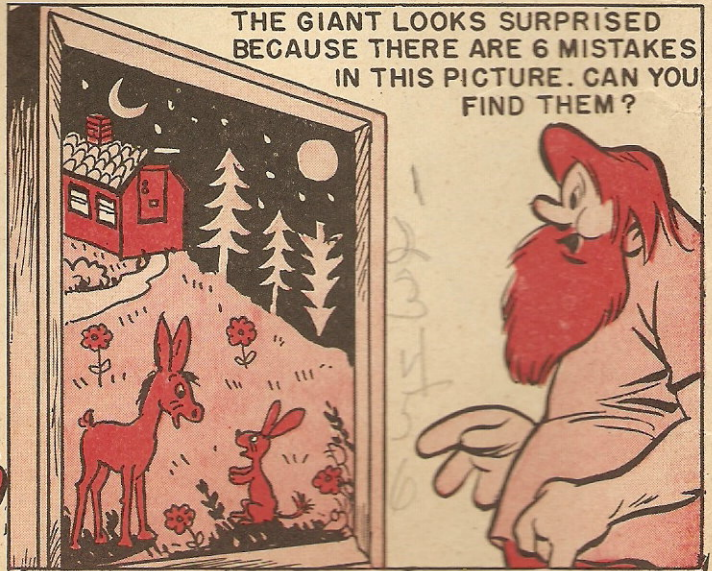
HOWDY DOODY WISHES TO BRING AN APPLE TO CLARABELL. CAN YOU SHOW HIM THE WAY THROUGH THE MAZE? HE HAS TO FIND THE APPLE TREE FIRST AND THEN GO ON TO HIS FRIEND WITHOUT EVER CROSSING A LINE OR HIS OWN PATH.



FOLLOW THE ROPE TO WHICH HOWDY FASTENED HIS BALLOONS AND YOU'LL FIND OUT HIS MESSAGE TO YOU.



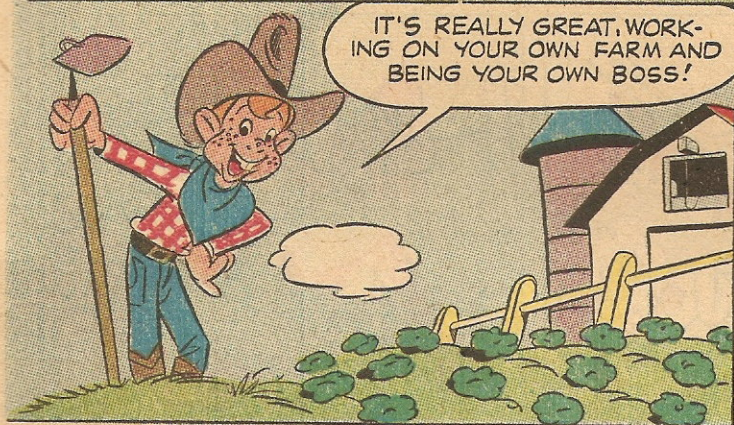
THE GIANT LOOKS SURPRISED BECAUSE THERE ARE 6 MISTAKES IN THIS PICTURE. CAN YOU FIND THEM?



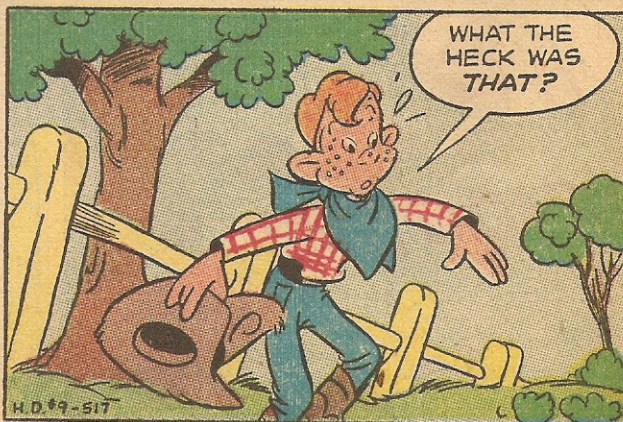
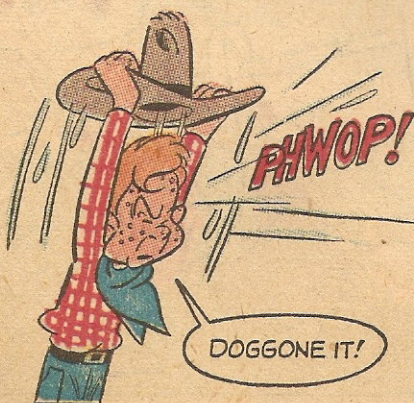
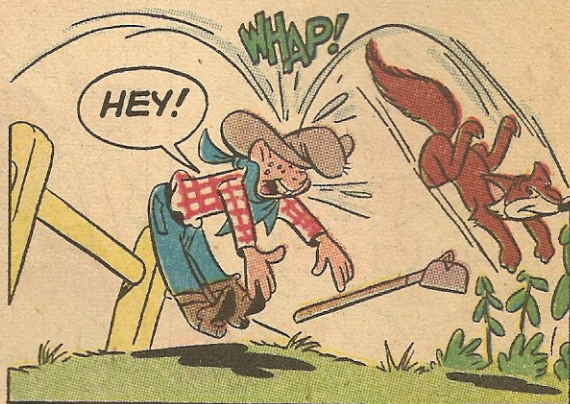


# HOWDY DOODY

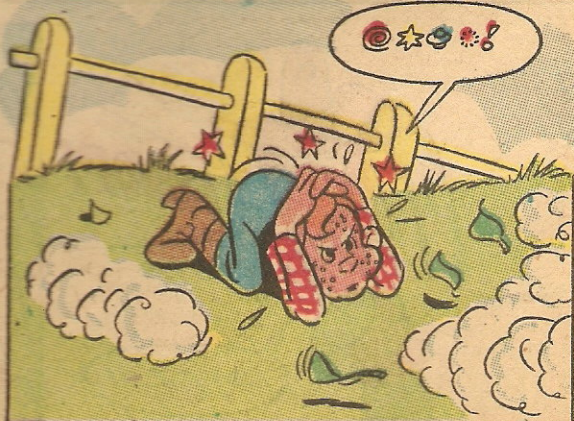
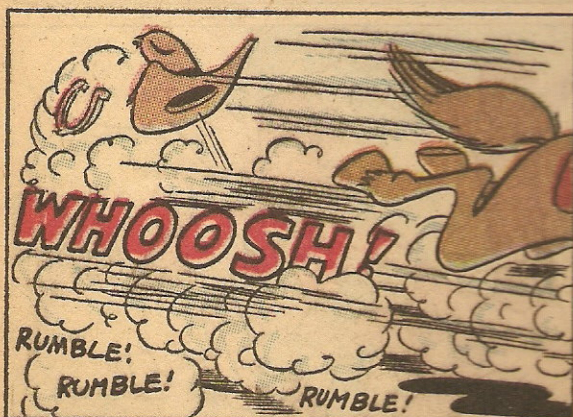
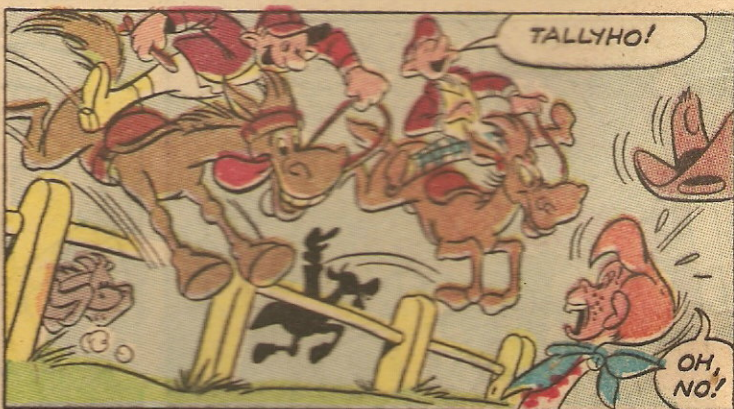
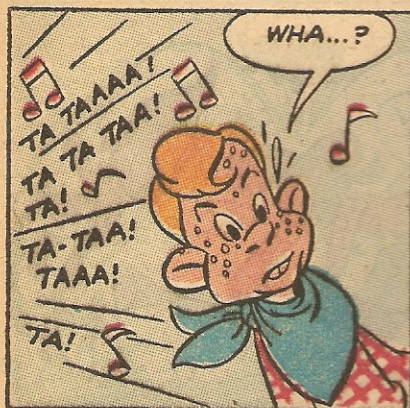
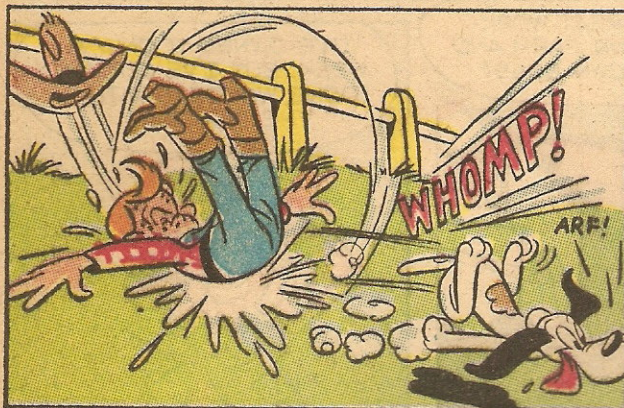
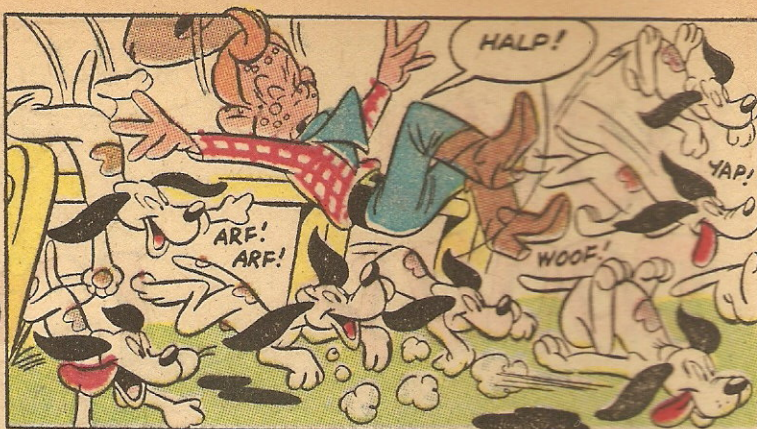
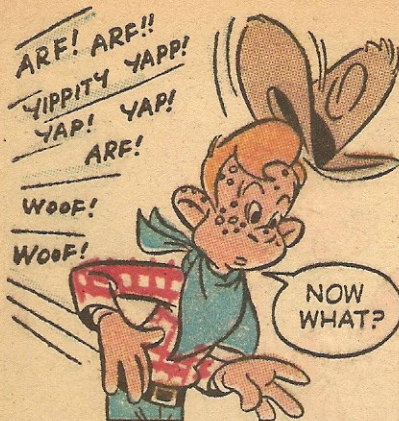
YESSIR, THIS IS THE LIFE!



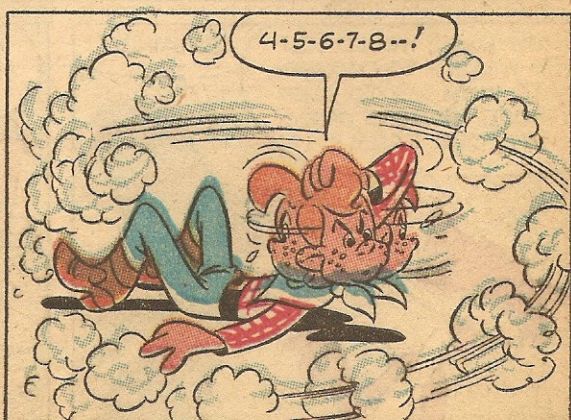
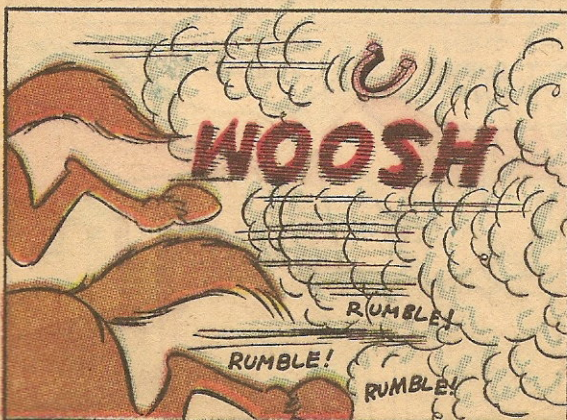
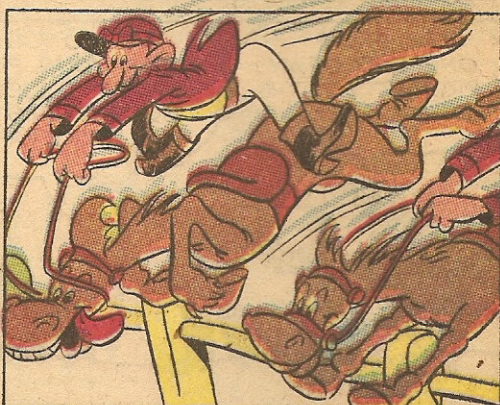
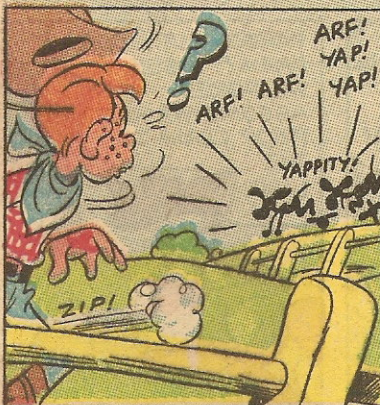
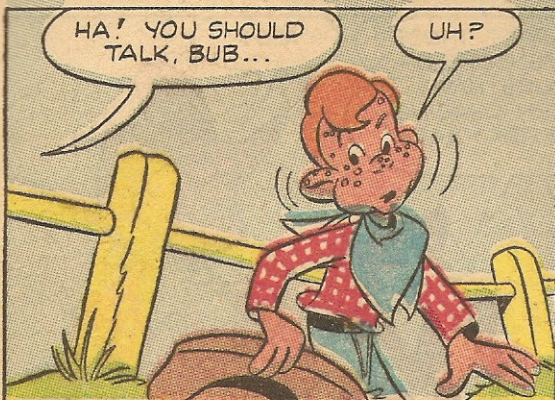
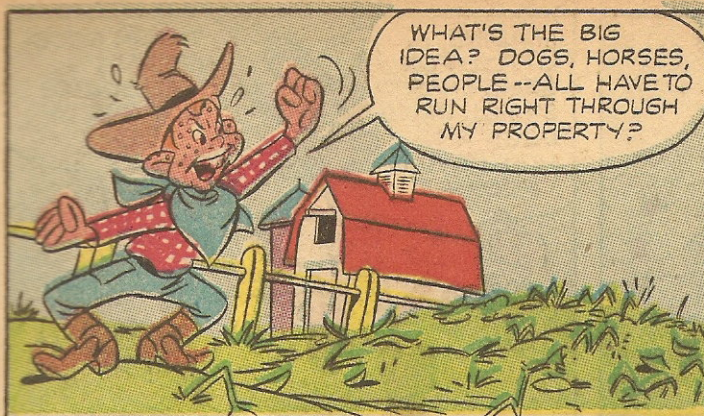
I'VE OWNED IT ONLY A WEEK, BUT I'VE CERTAINLY DONE WONDERS WITH THE PLACE!



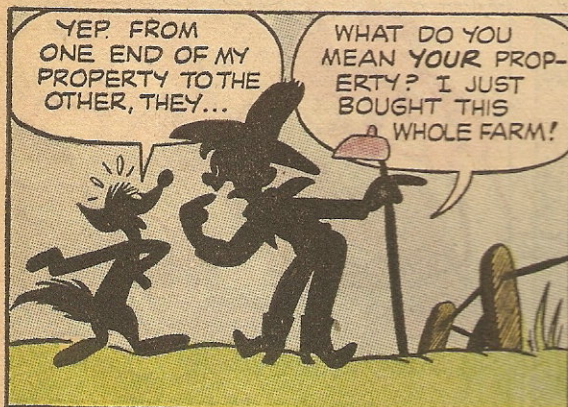
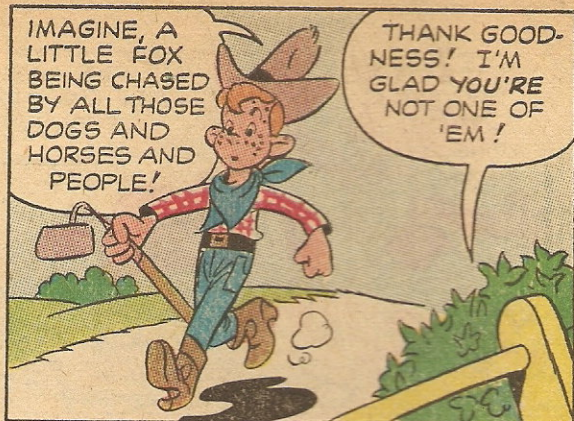




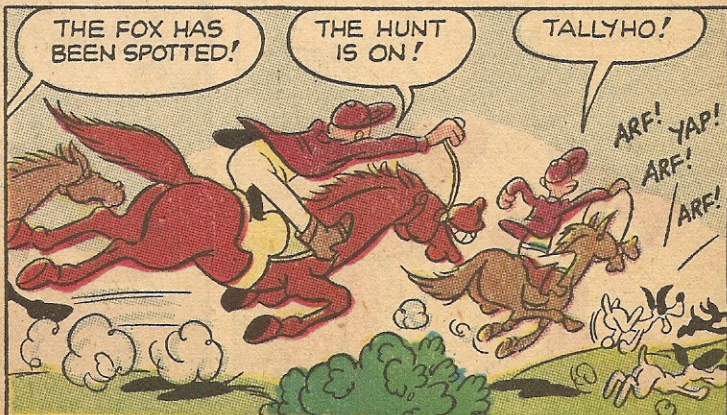
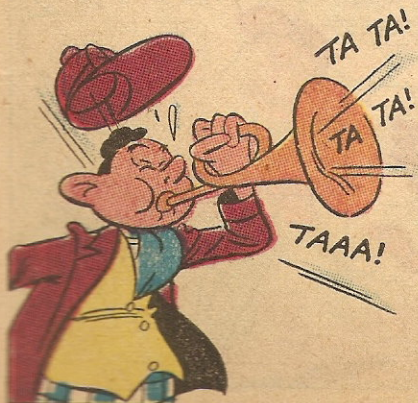
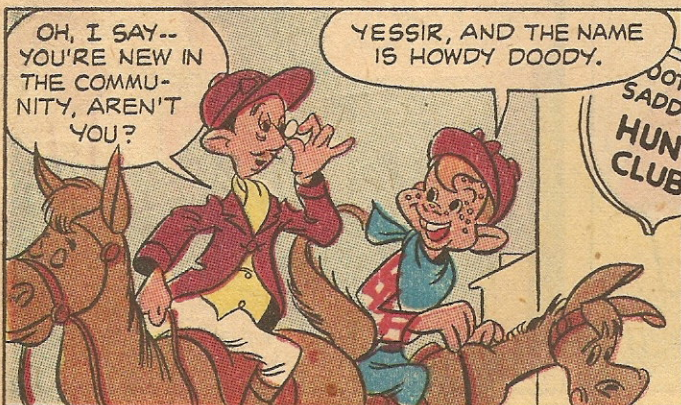
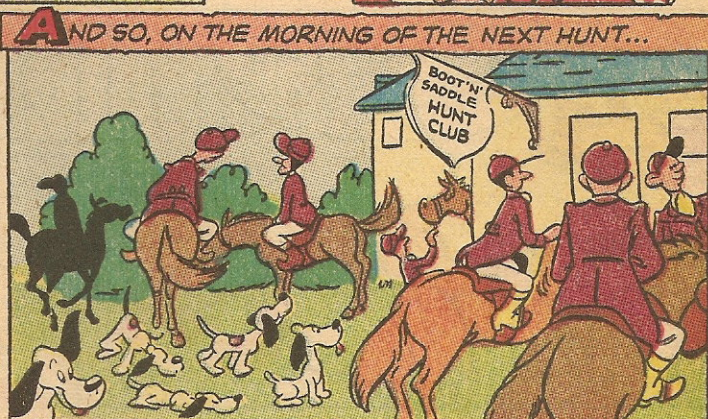
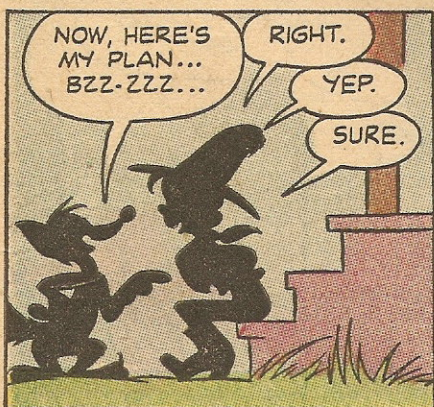
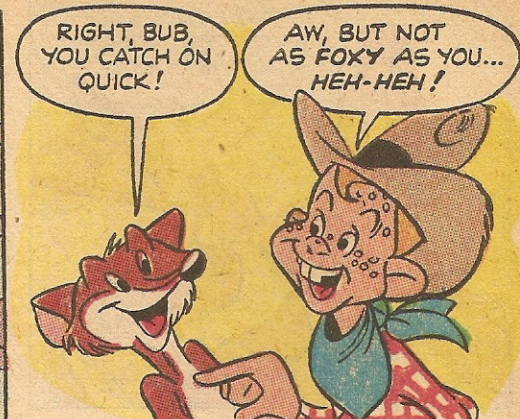
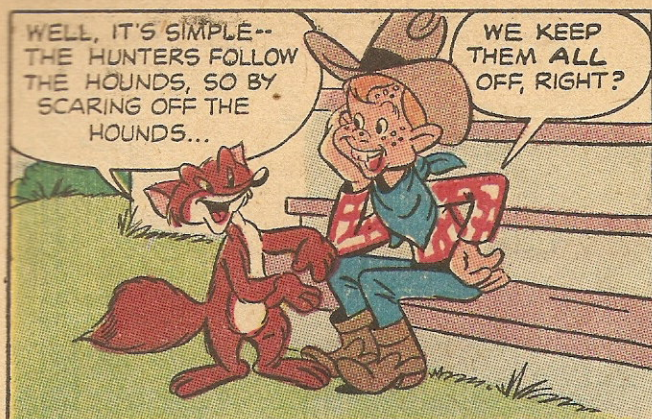




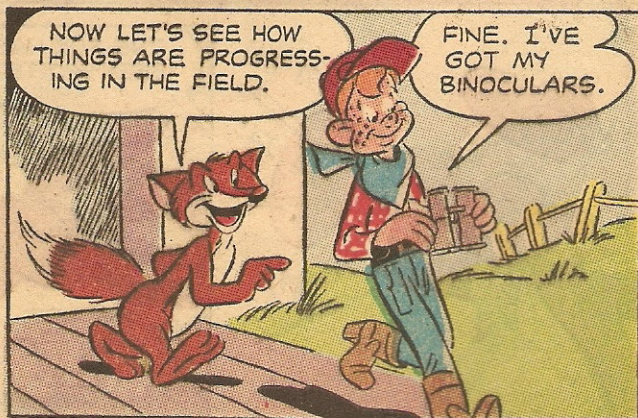
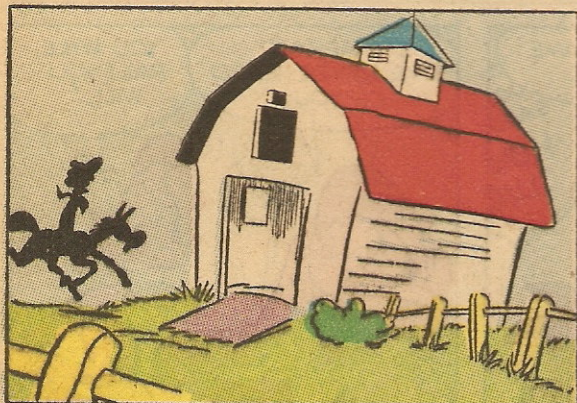
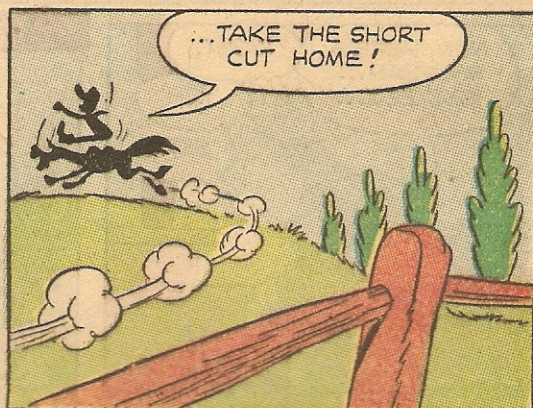
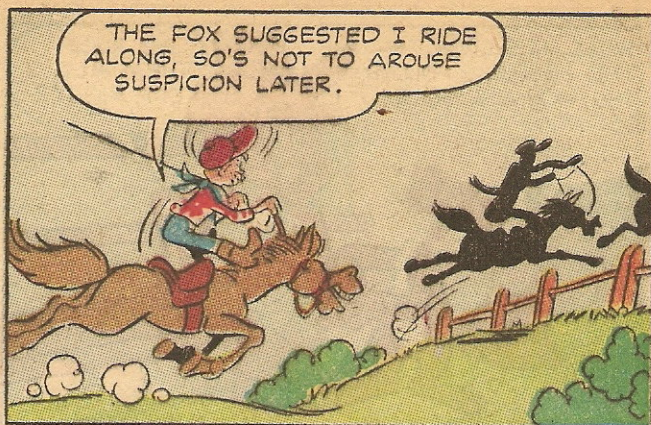




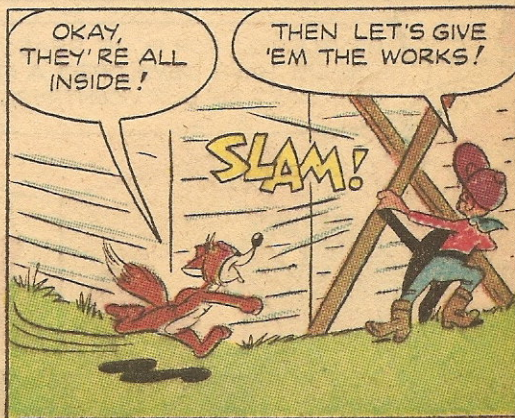
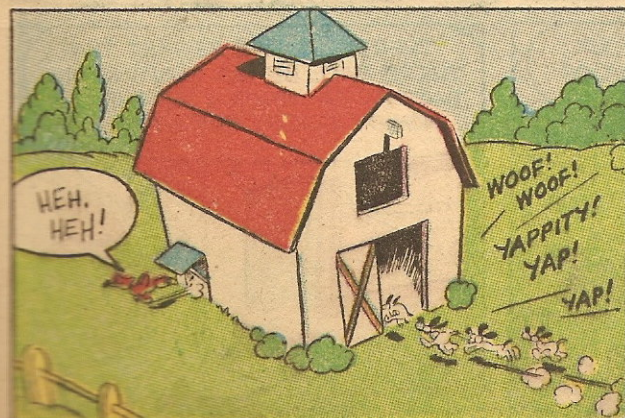
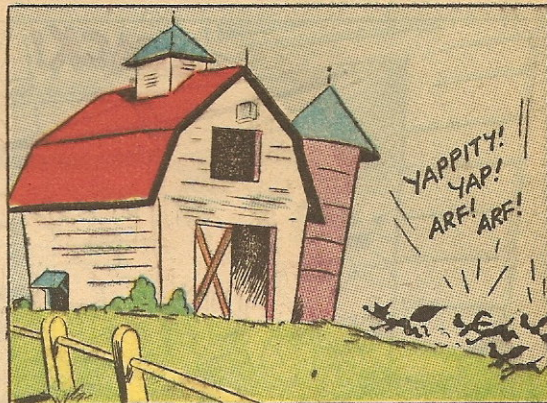
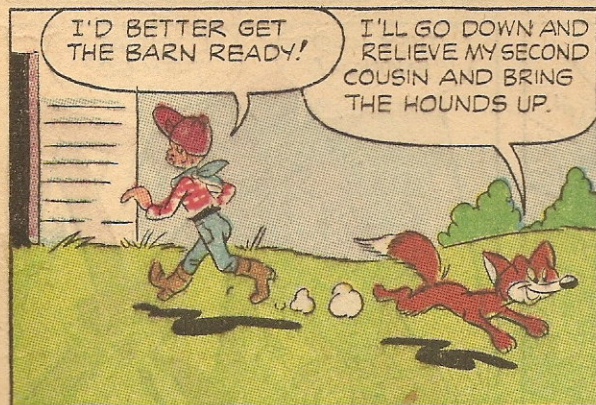
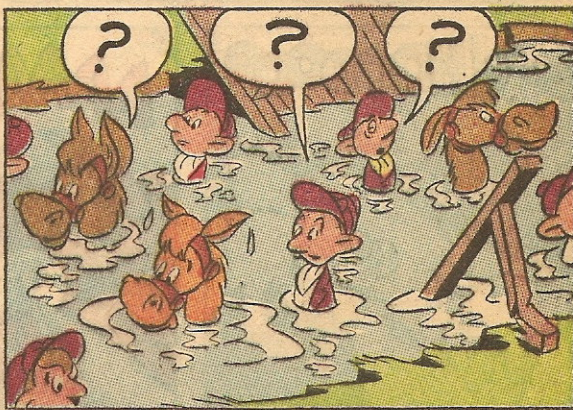
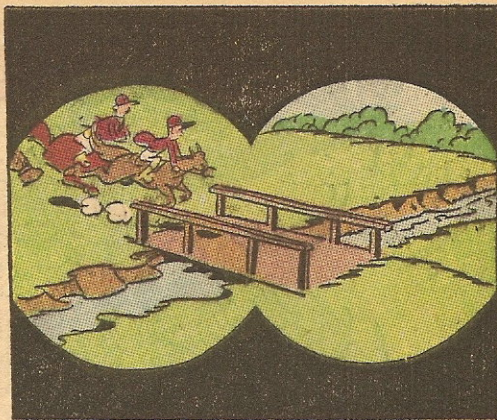
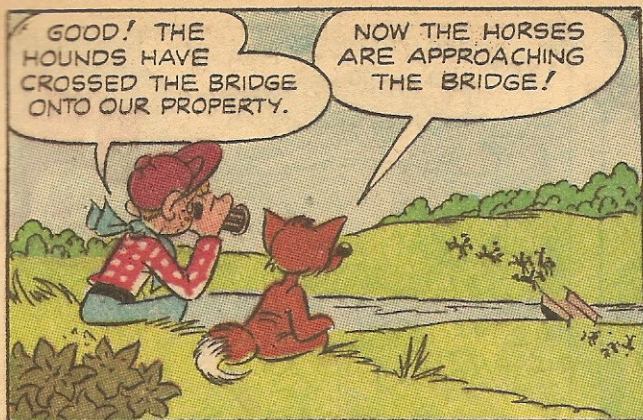




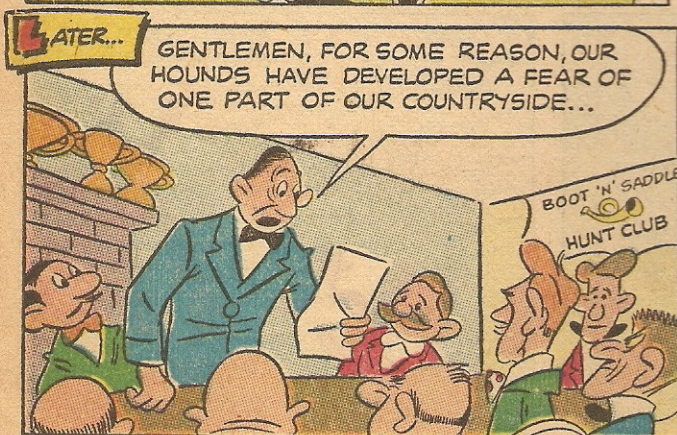
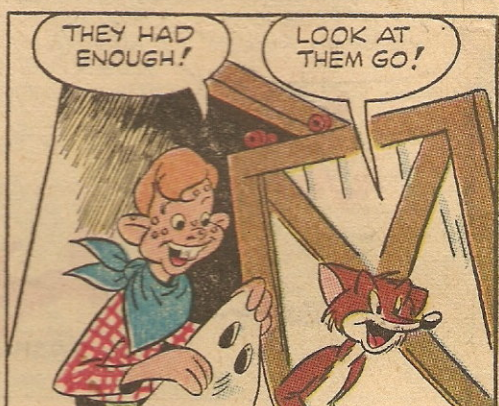
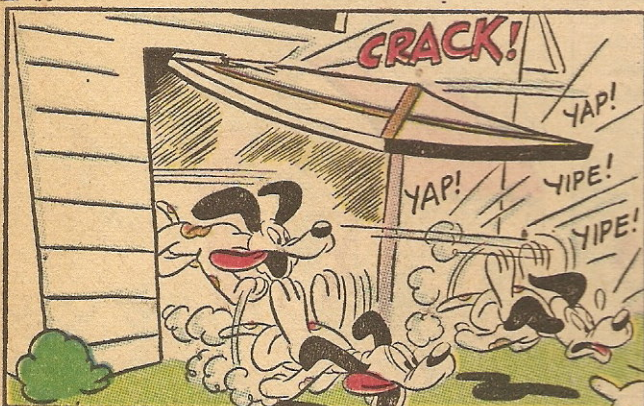
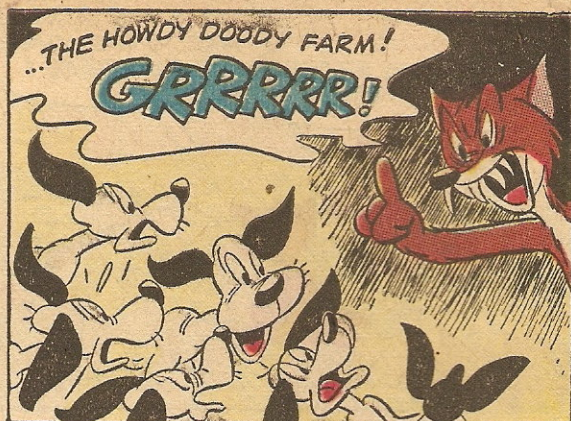
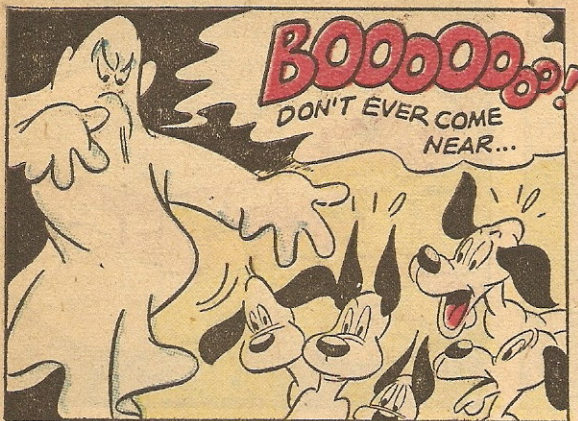














# MR. BLUSTER'S SIDE SHOW

STEP UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! STEP UP AND SEE THE GREATEST ANIMAL SHOW IN THE-- HURRY! HURRY! HURRRRRY!

GREATEST ANIMAL SHOW IN THE --- **BAH!** I HAVEN'T SOLD A TICKET TO THIS --- **BAH!** ALL WEEK --- **BAH!**

SOMETHING **MUST** BE DONE!

LOOK AT THESE CAMELS! **BAH!** ELEPHANTS-- **BAH!** LOOK AT 'EM! **BAH!**

**BAH!** SOMETHING MUST BE DONE I SAY! SOMETHING!

GOLLY, DILLY! WHAT'S WITH MR. BLUSTER?

SEARCH ME, HOWDY?

..AND **QUICKLY!** DO YOU HEAR? **VERY QUICKLY!!**

QUICKLY?? YES, YES, MR. BLUSTER-- **OOPS!**

**BONK!**

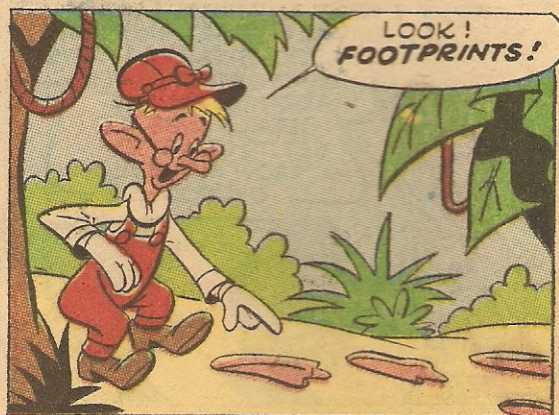
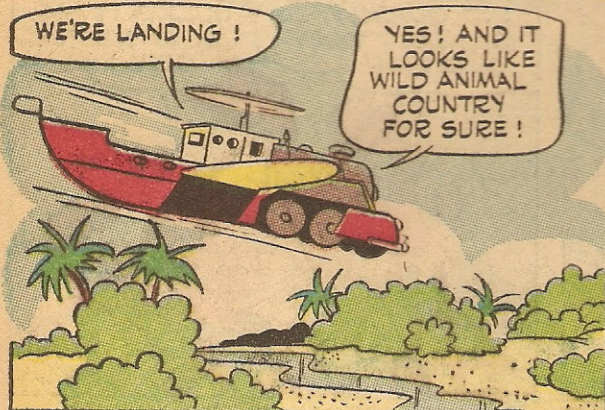
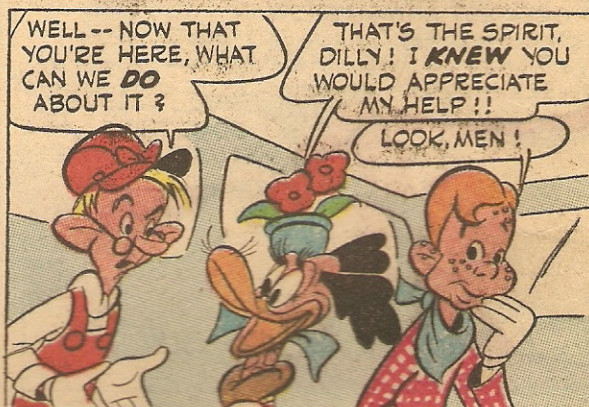
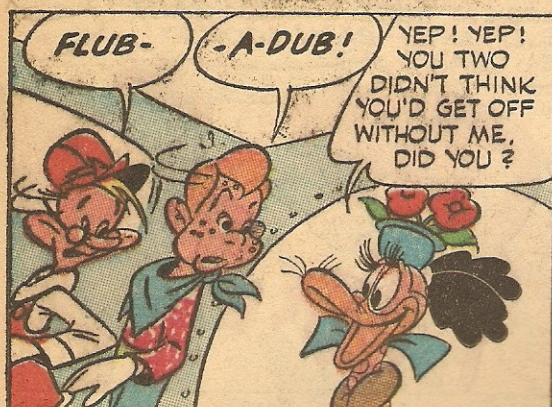
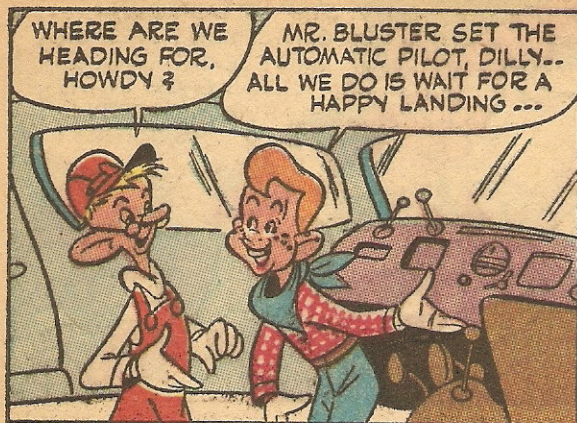
I WANT AN ANIMAL! **ANY** ANIMAL! SOMETHING RARE! EXOTIC! BIZARRE! MONEY IS NO OBJECT... I'LL ARRANGE ALL THE DETAILS... BE ALL SET TO LEAVE TOMORROW IN THE AIR-O-DOODLE!

**SO** EARLY THE NEXT DAY!

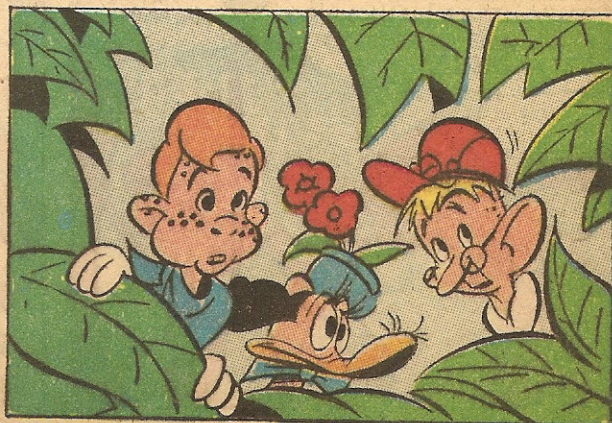
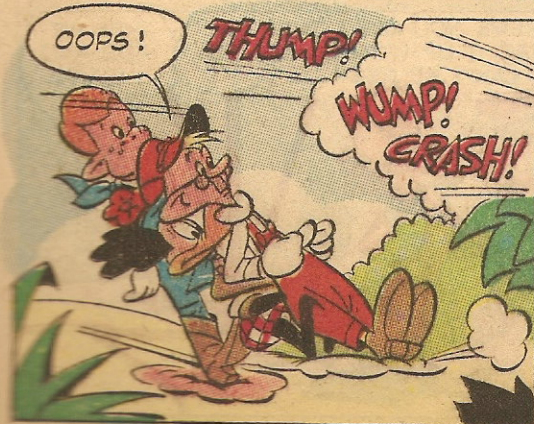
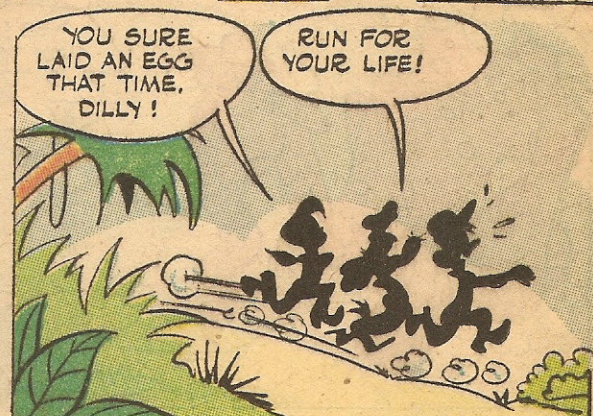
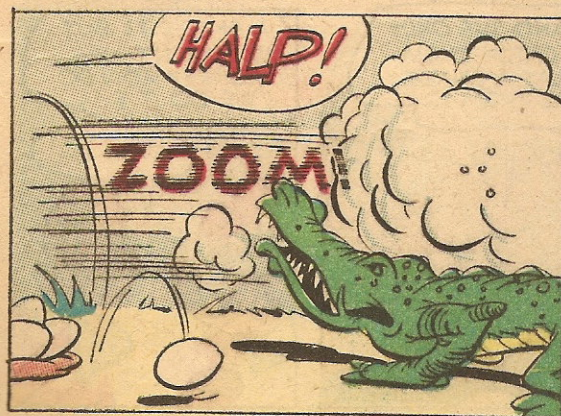
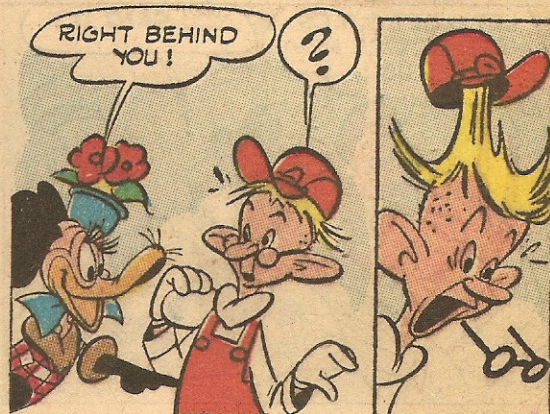
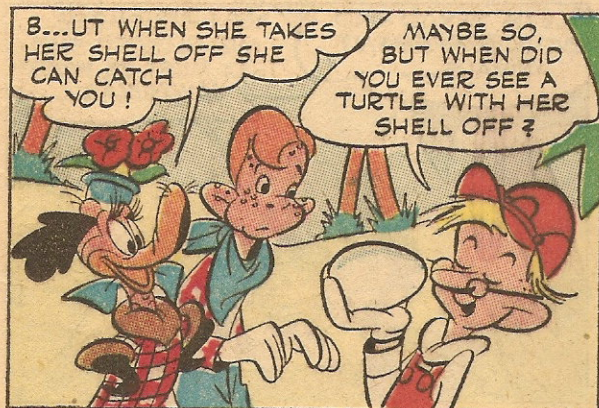
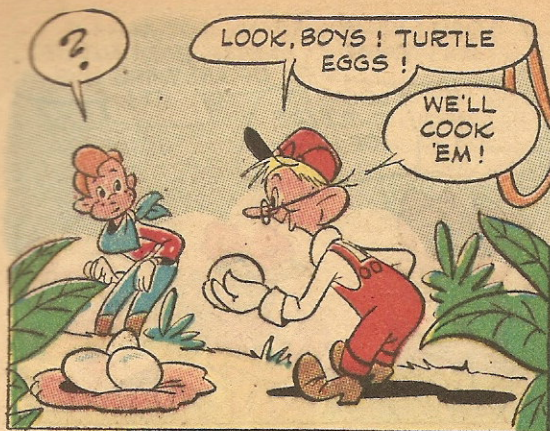
SO LONG, MR. BLUSTER!

GOOD LUCK, BOYS! BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE!

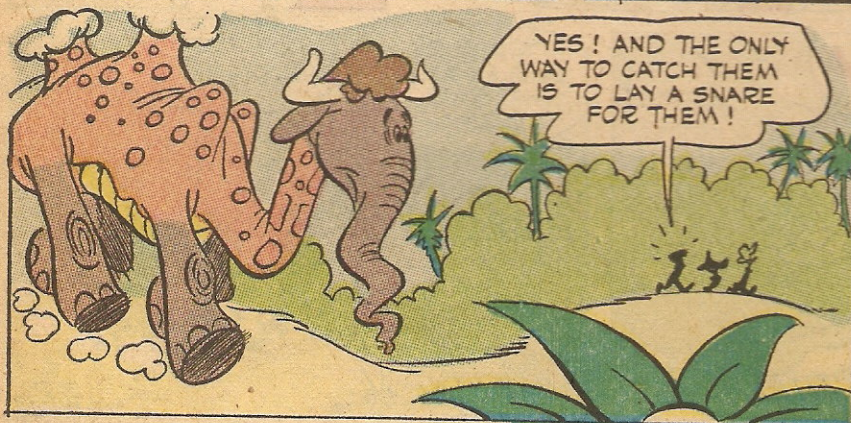
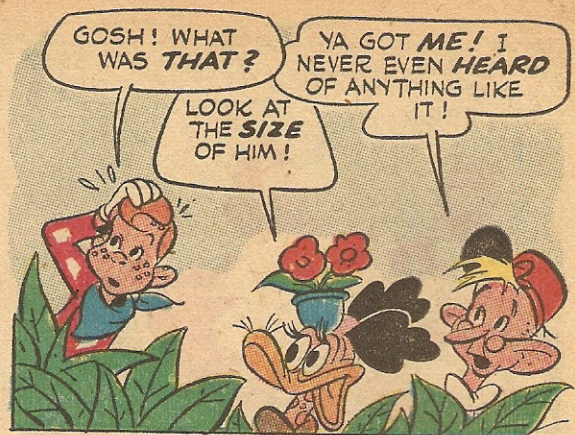
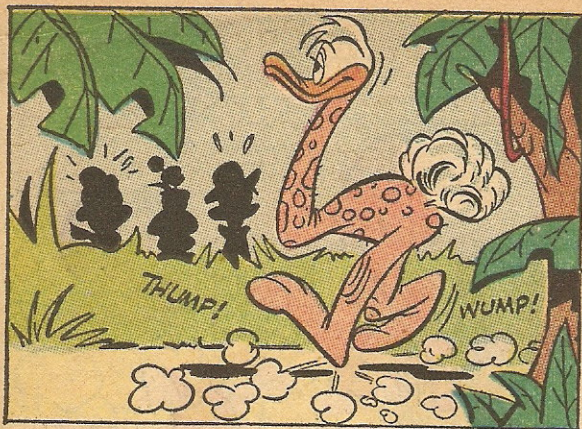




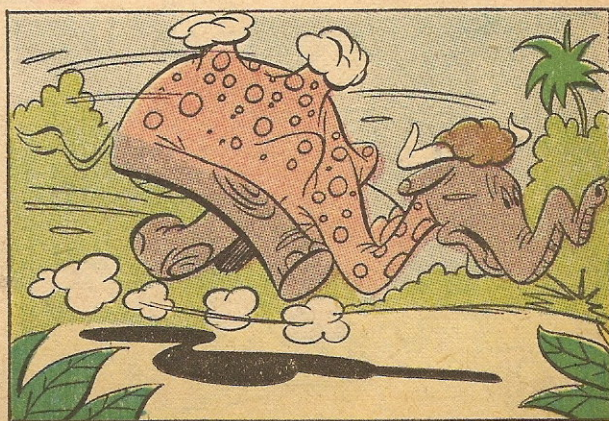
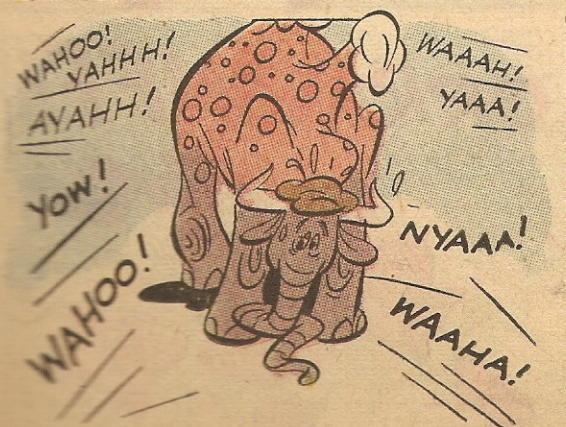
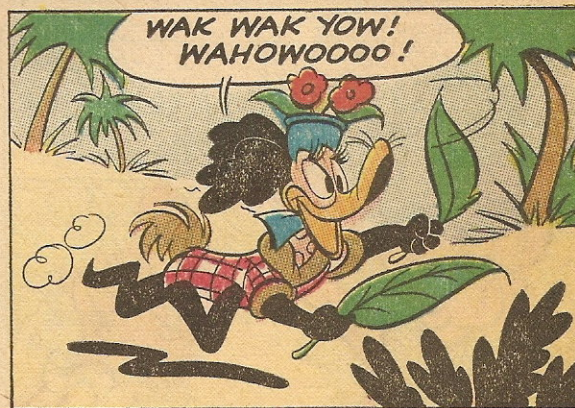
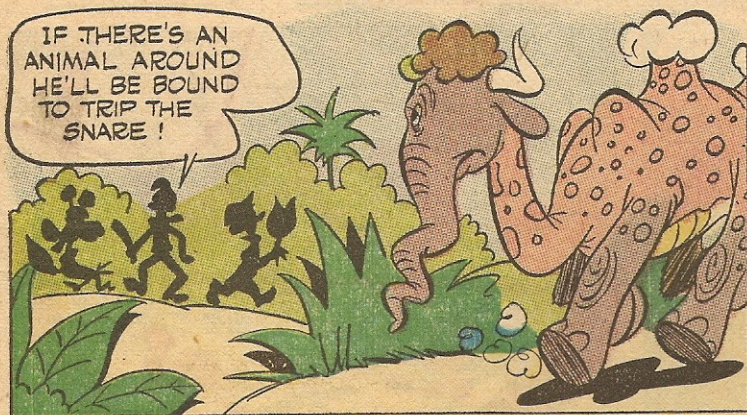
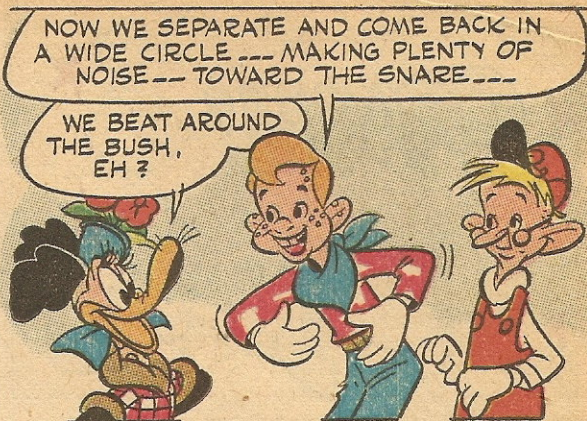






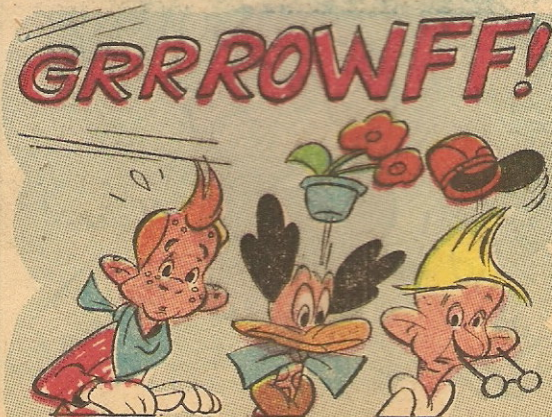
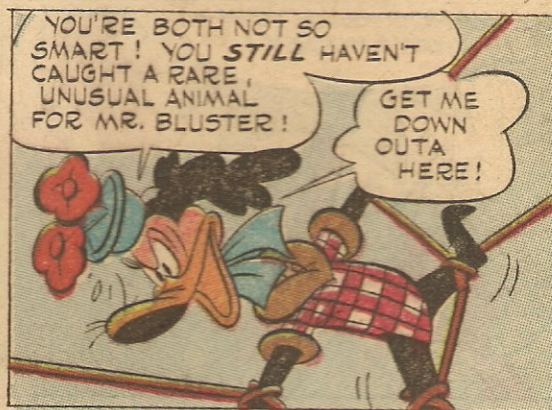
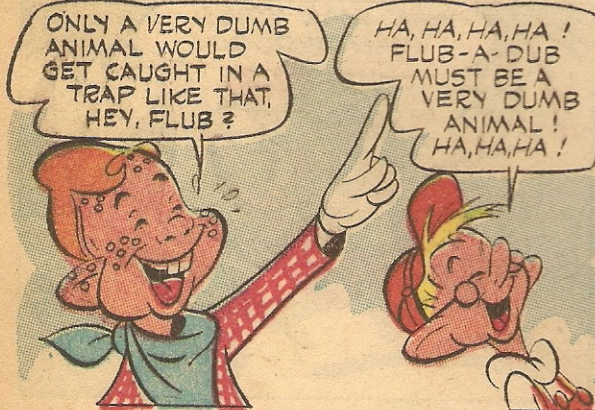
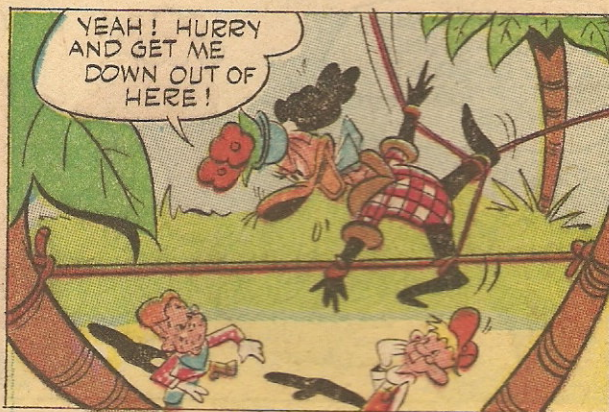




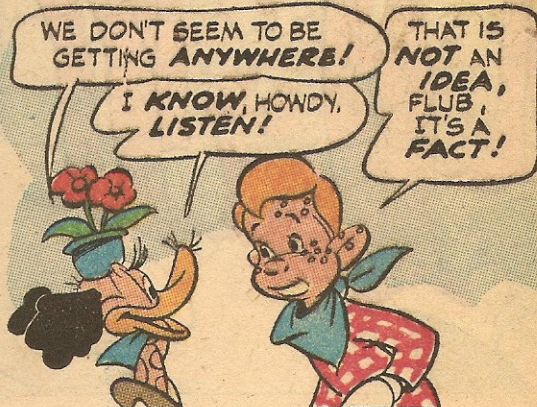
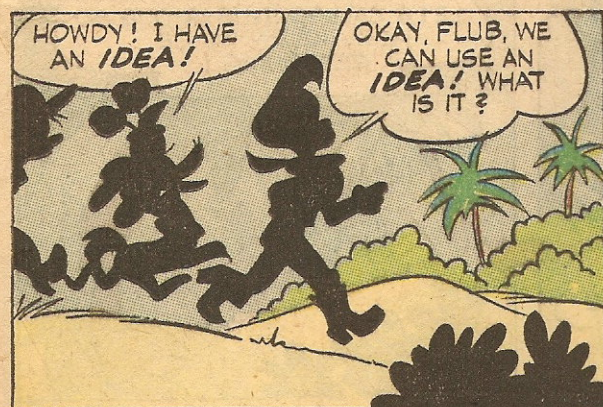
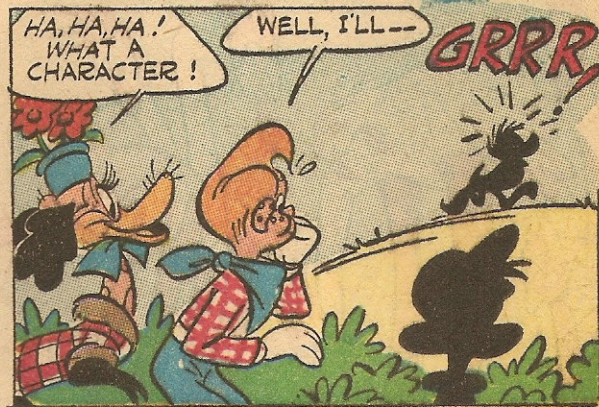
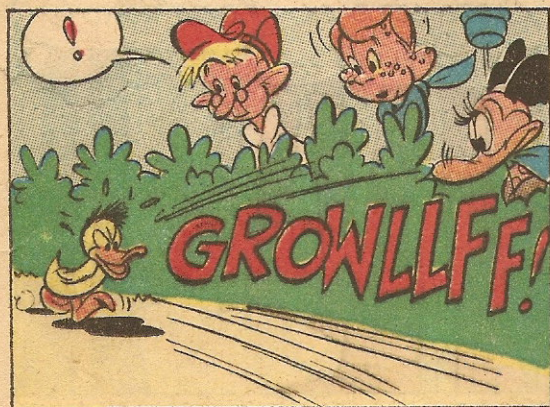
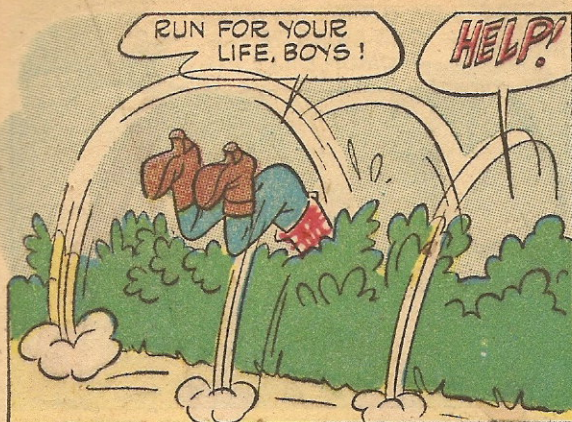




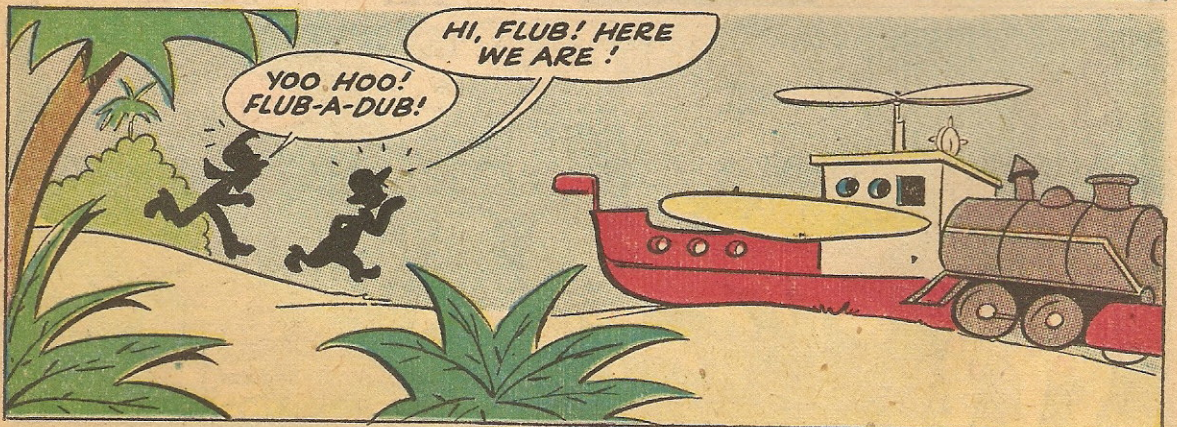
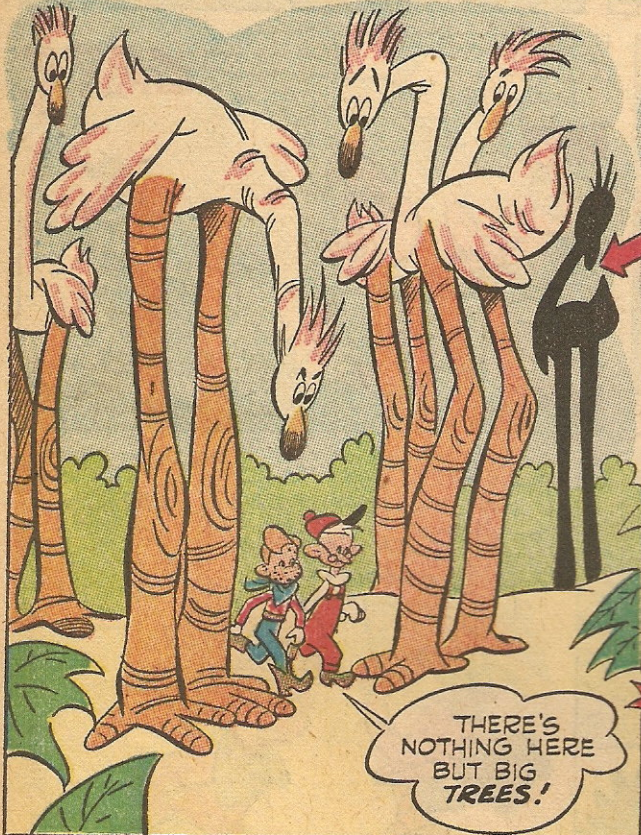
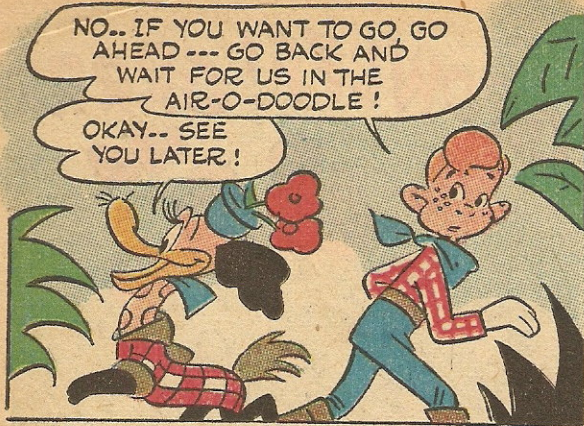
**CRASH!**  
**SNAP!**  
**BOING!**



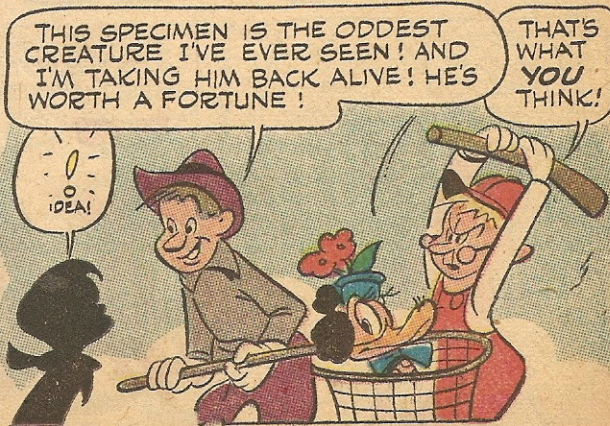
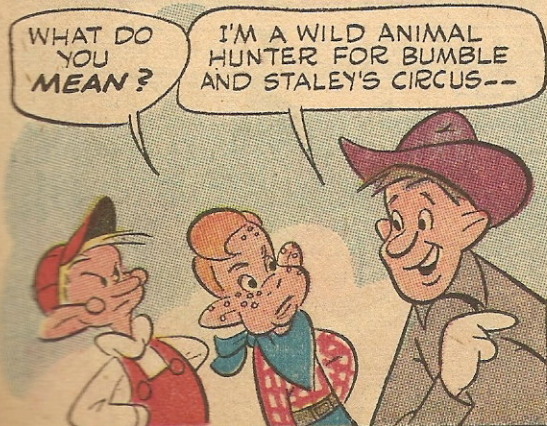
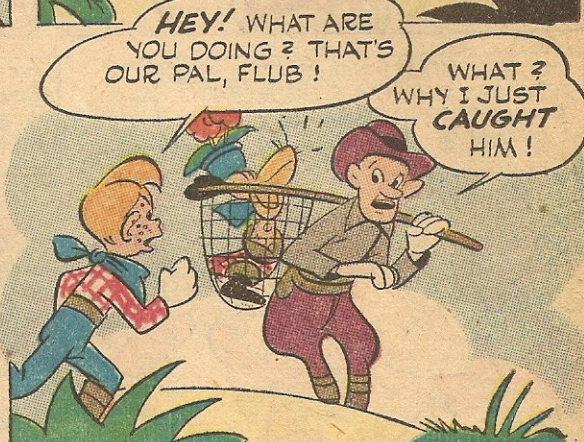
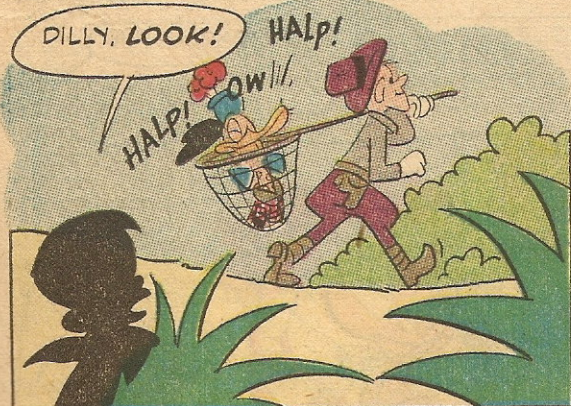
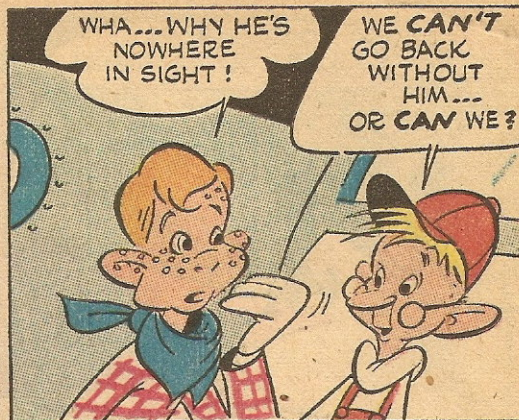




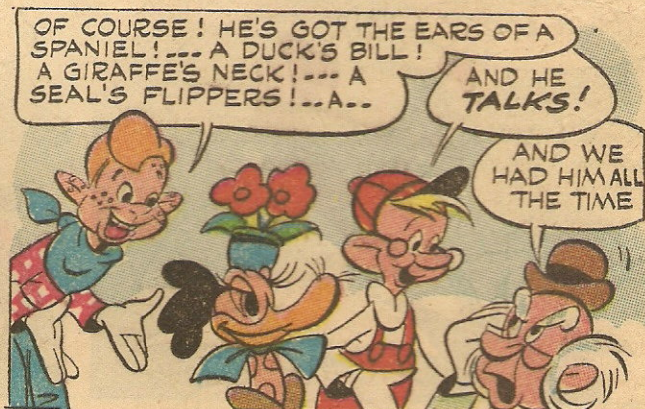
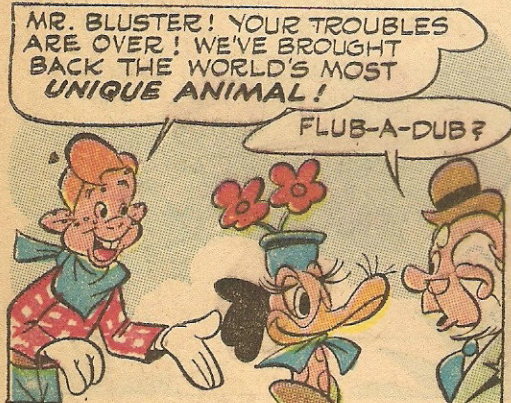
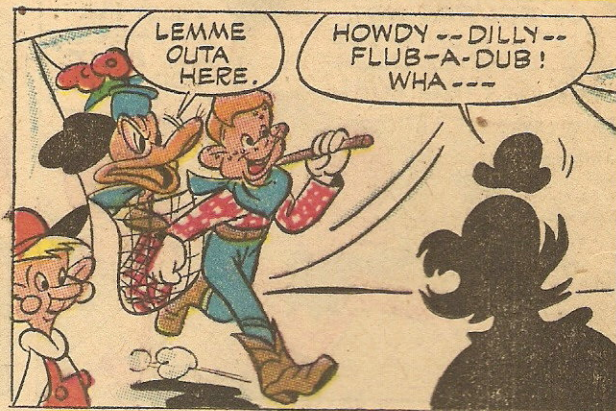
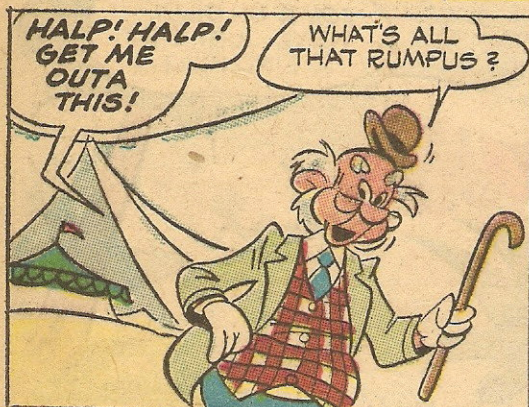
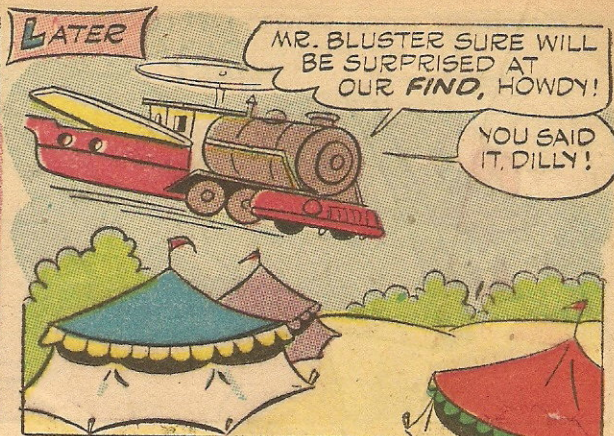




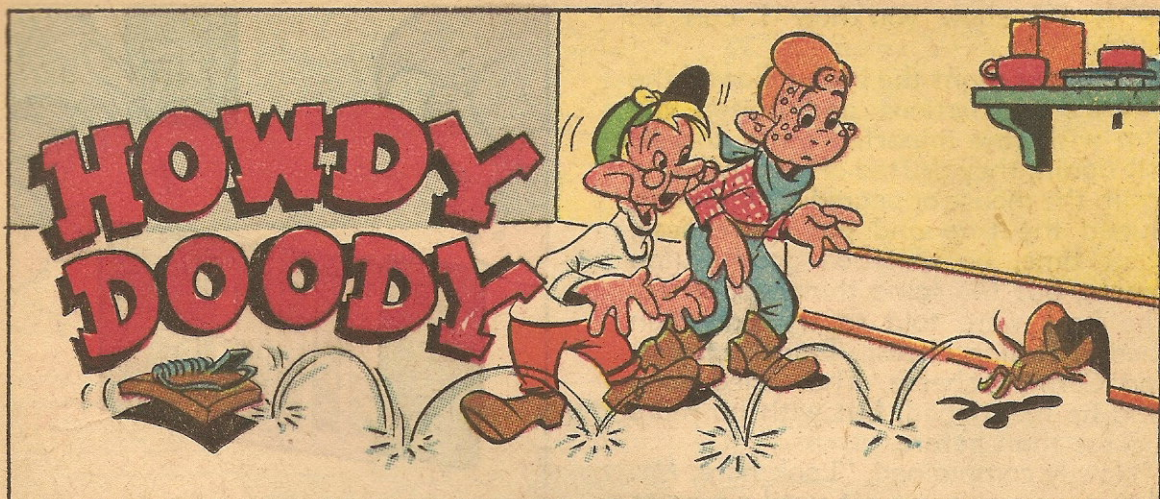












Howdy Doody scratched his head and smiled, "Say, Dilly, maybe there is some truth to what people say!"

Dilly Dally looked up from his funny papers, "Truth about what, Howdy?"

"Well, you know that if you build a better mousetrap, the world will beat a path to your door."

"Hmm, I don't know about that," Dilly said slowly, "and besides, we've already got several mousetraps. . ."

"Wait," Howdy interrupted, "I've got a terrific idea! Why don't WE build some better mousetraps, and the world will beat a path to OUR door!"

Dilly started to question this idea of having everybody tramping up the front walk but, before long, Howdy's enthusiasm for the new project completely overcame his doubts.

In no time at all, the two boys were hammering and sawing happily in the workroom. They soon emerged with a masterpiece of mousetrap construction.

"Great," cried Dilly, "but how do we know it works?"

"The only way we can tell whether we have a better mousetrap or not," Howdy began, "is by asking somebody who knows."

"For instance, who?" asked Dilly.

Howdy brightened up, "That's simple," he replied, "a mouse, we test it with a mouse!"

"And where do we get a mouse?"

"That's easy too, Dilly," Howdy explained, "we catch him in the trap!"

So that night they set the trap, baited it with cheese, put it on the

kitchen floor, and sat down in the dark to wait. They had only been waiting a few minutes, when "Boing!" off went the trap! Howdy flipped on the lights. There, licking the last crumbs of cheese off his paws, was a fat little mouse!

"We missed him," Howdy cried, "he was too fast!"

"Fast as lightnin'!" squeaked the mouse.

"Hey, you're supposed to be caught. That's a mousetrap!" Dilly exclaimed. "We've just made it!"

"Well, I'm afraid you'll have to do much better than this," squealed the mouse, "if you want to catch ME!"

He was about to scamper into his hole when Howdy called out, "Wait, I have a proposition for you!"

"Ye-es?"

"Look here, Mr. Mouse, we've got to perfect this new trap so it'll catch mice. What's it worth to you to show us how?"

The mouse stroked his chin, "Well," he said, "I'll do it for a pound of good American cheese, tomorrow night."

So the next night, Howdy and Dilly set the trap, baited with a pound of good American cheese, and sat down to wait for the mouse. They waited and waited. Finally, at midnight, they both went off to sleep. Then, "Boing!" off went the trap. Both boys woke with a start to find the trap sprung and the cheese gone!

"Can I help it if you go to sleep?" squeaked the mouse, appearing at his hole. "Now listen, if you try a pound of fine imported Swiss cheese tomorrow



night, I'll show you how I can be caught."

The next night the boys followed the mouse's instructions and baited the trap with fine imported Swiss cheese. But again, they drifted off to sleep and again the mouse appeared at midnight, eluded the trap and got the cheese. Next time, he specified good Dutch cheese, but the same thing happened. The boys were told to try Canadian cheese, Italian cheese, French cheese, and German cheese. They tried each kind he mentioned, but with no more success than before.

Howdy complained, "Look here, Mr. Mouse, you always wait until we go to sleep. How about taking the cheese before midnight, eh?"

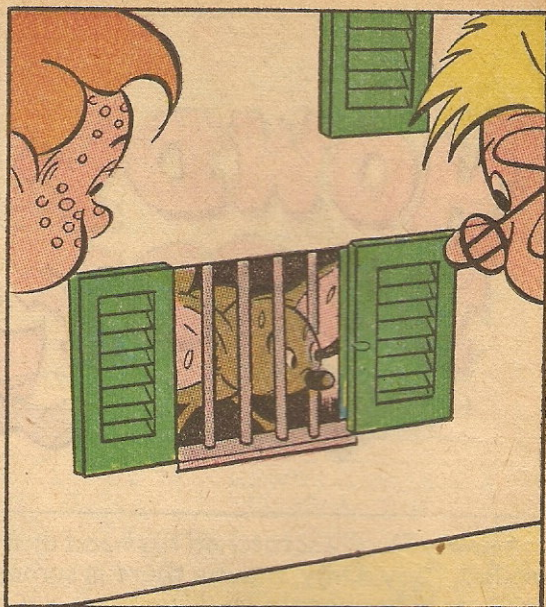
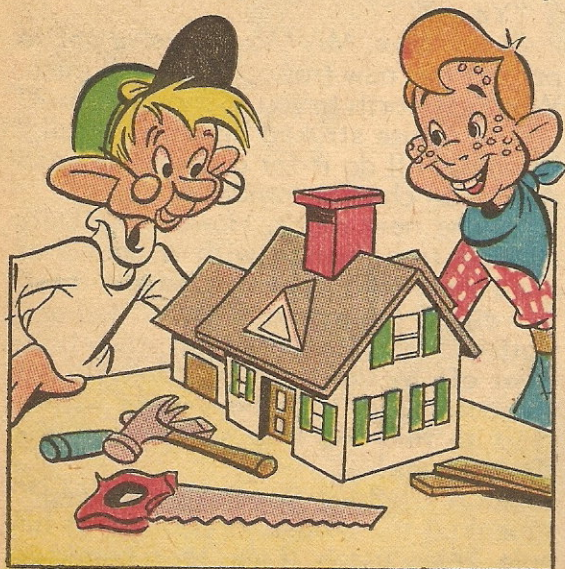
"Okay," squeaked the mouse, "but this time you'll have to build me a new mouse house. I'm tired of living in that little old hole in the wall."

"A mouse house?"

"Yep," the mouse squeaked, and produced a little set of blueprinted plans. "That's my bargain. Take it or leave it."

The boys agreed and spent three busy days hammering and sawing. They finally produced a snug little house, with a grey roof, green shutters, and a red chimney that really worked.

That night they placed the little house over in the corner and near it set their mousetrap, baited with the very



best cheese they could buy.

At about eleven o'clock, the mouse appeared. "Very nice," he squeaked, when he saw the house, "very nice!"

"Now, how about your end of the bargain?" interrupted Howdy.

"Hah!" squeaked the mouse. And, as the boys watched, he produced a long stick and poked the trigger of the trap. The trap went off, "Boing!"

"Fast as lightnin'," he squeaked and grabbing the cheese, he ran into his new little house and slammed the door.

Bang! Clang! Down came an iron grate over the door. Wham! Slam! bars dropped over each window, and Ring-a-ding, off went a bell.

"Ho-Ho, how's that for a mousetrap, my friend," cried Howdy Doody, his eyes brimming with tears of laughter. "We were afraid you'd try to trick us!"

"All right," the mouse squeaked from inside his prison, "I must admit you've outsmarted me. THIS is a good trap."

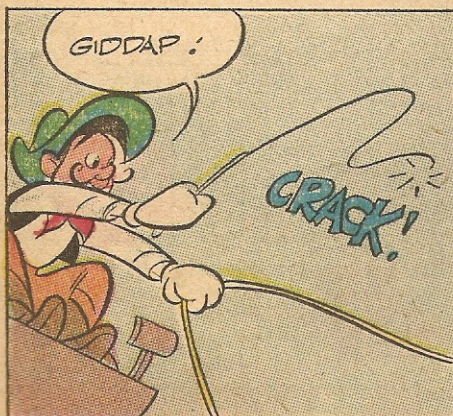
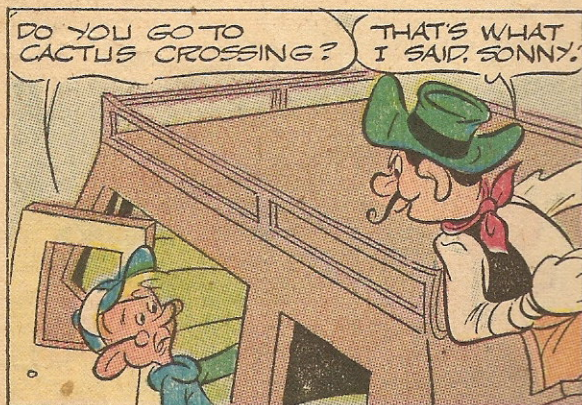
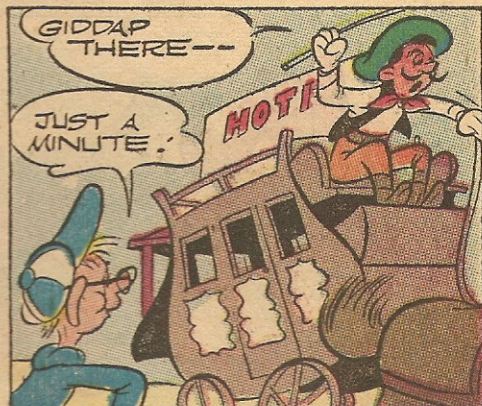
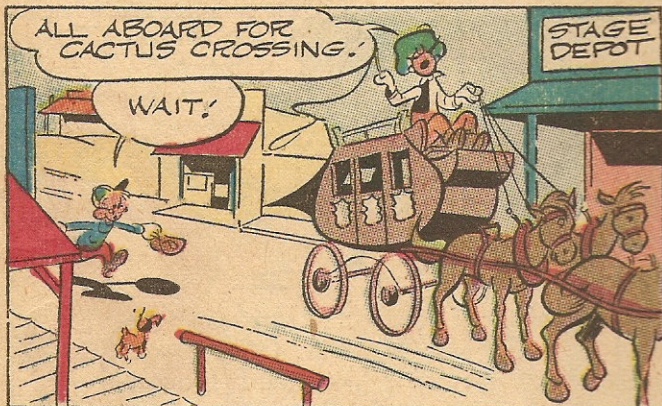
Well, in spite of the fact that the mouse house had proved a successful trap, the mouse was released and the project was discontinued. You see, each mouse to be caught would have to be consulted as to exactly what style of house he would want.

But then, Dilly Dally was just as happy. After all, who wants the whole world tramping up to the front door?

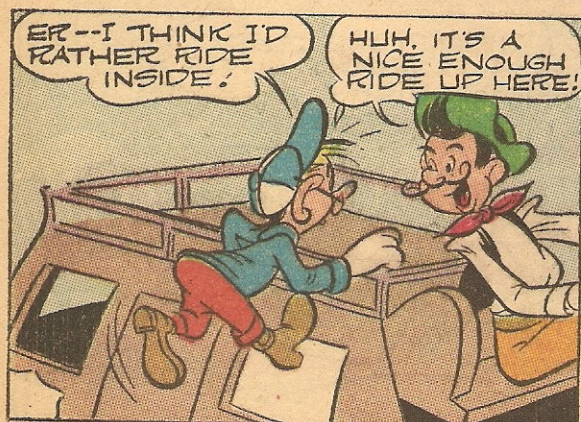
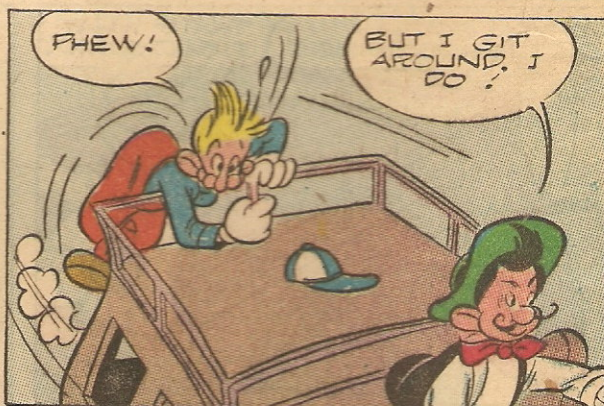
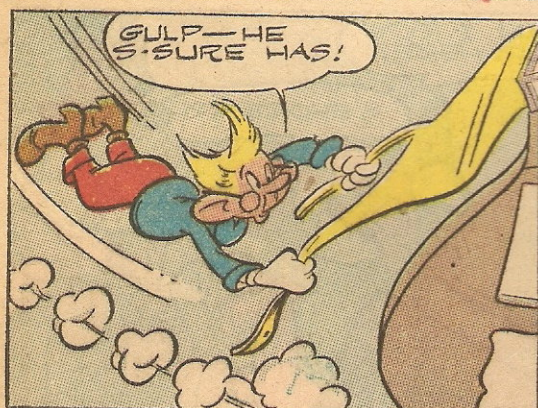
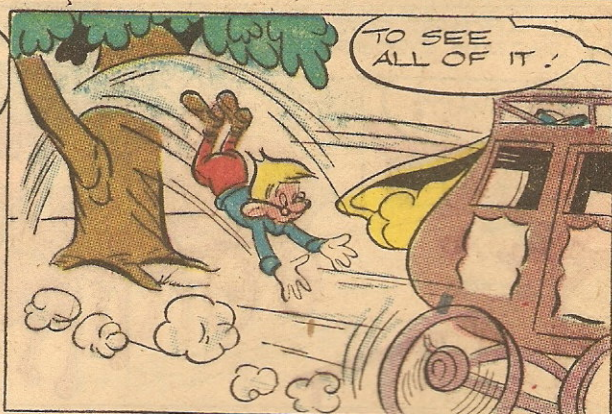
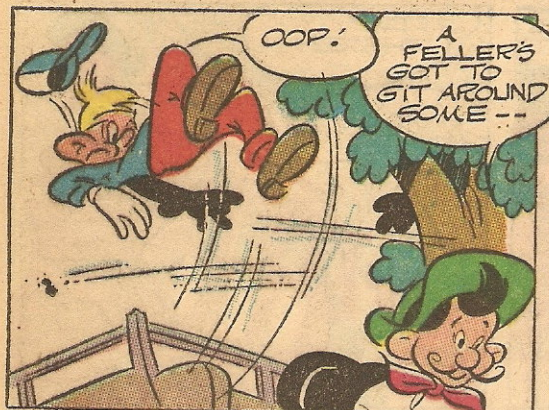
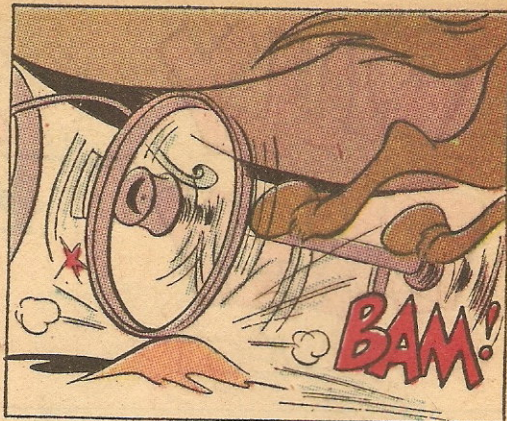
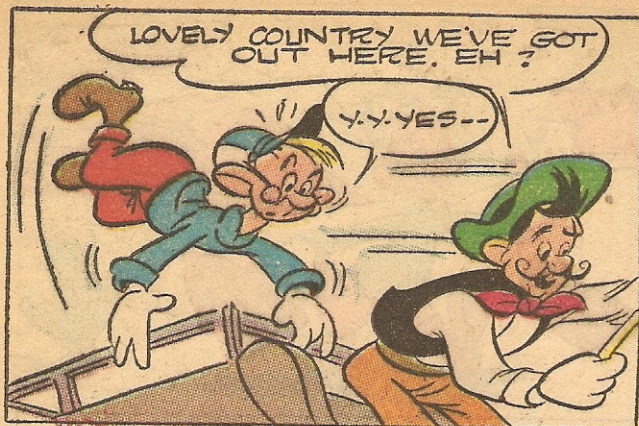


# DILLY DALLY

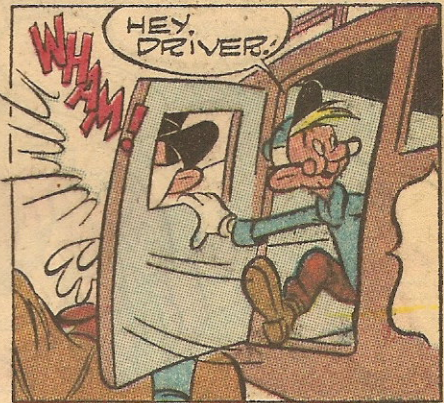
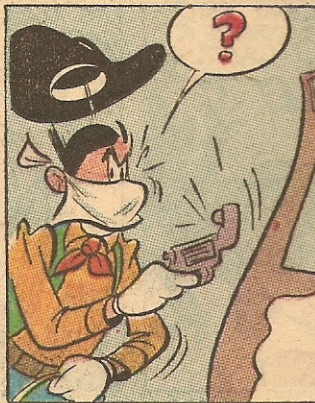
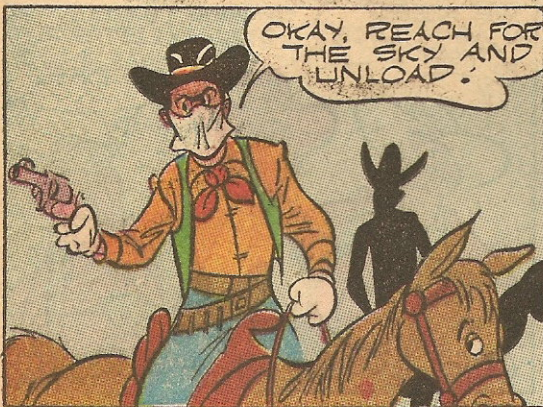
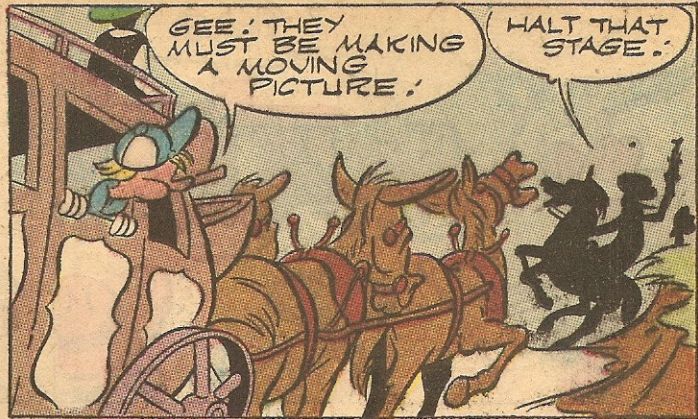
OUT WEST



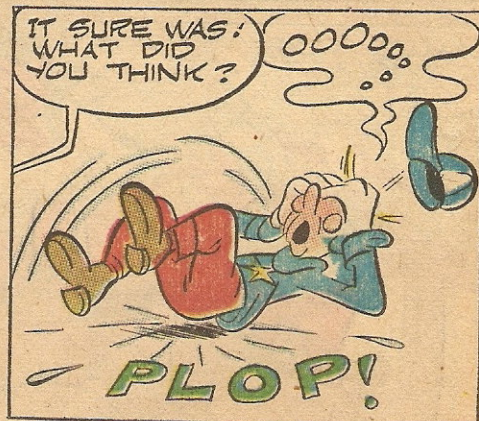
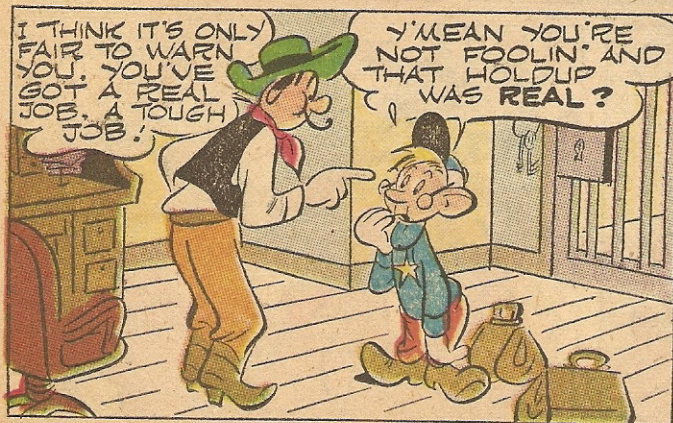
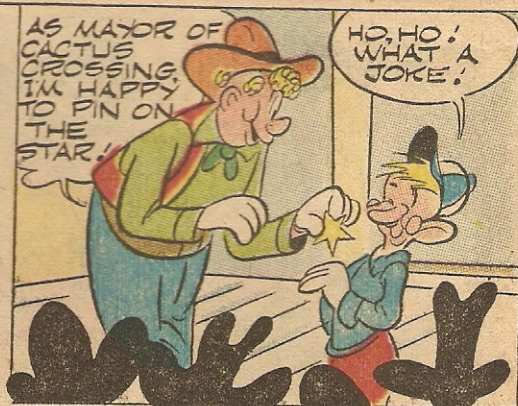
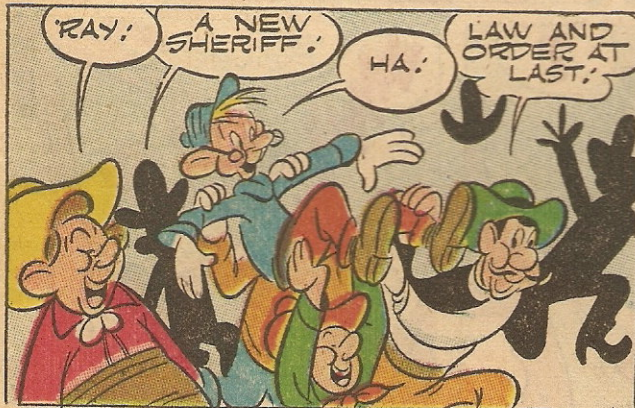
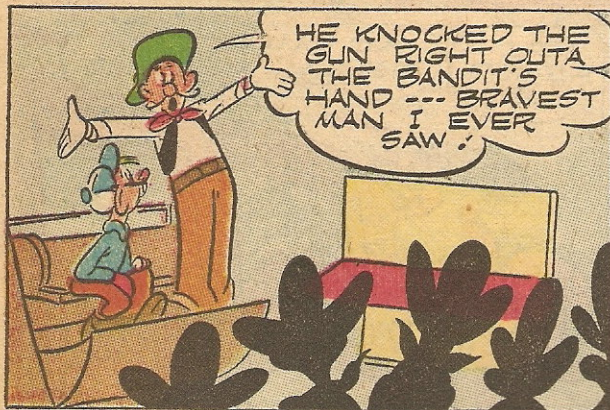
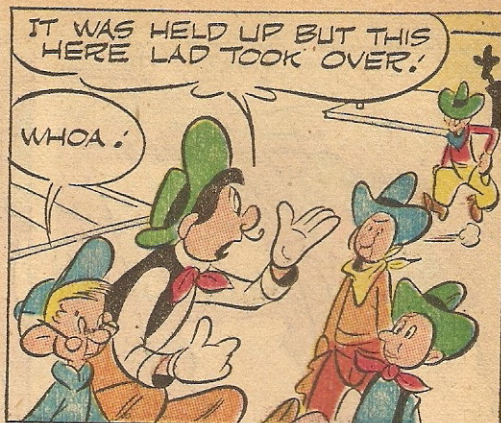
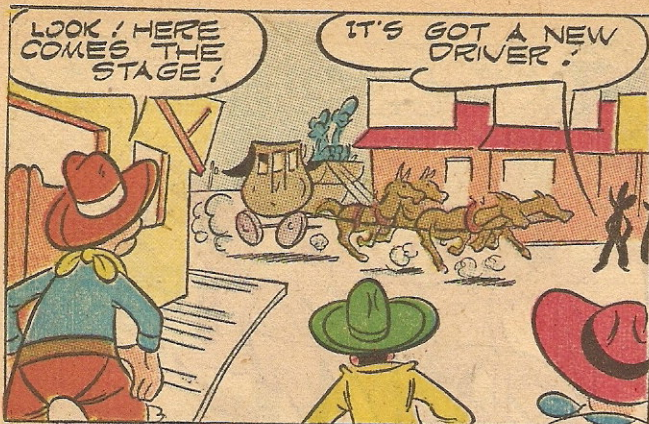




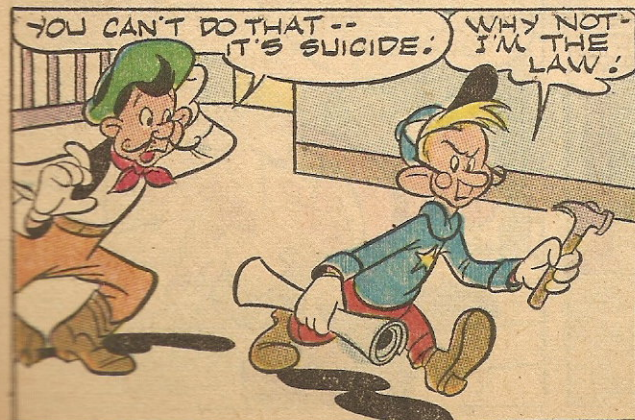
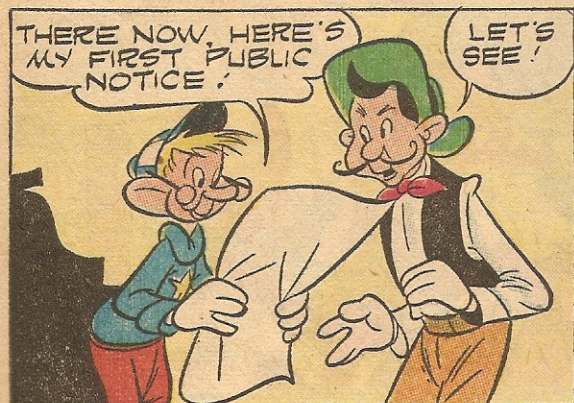
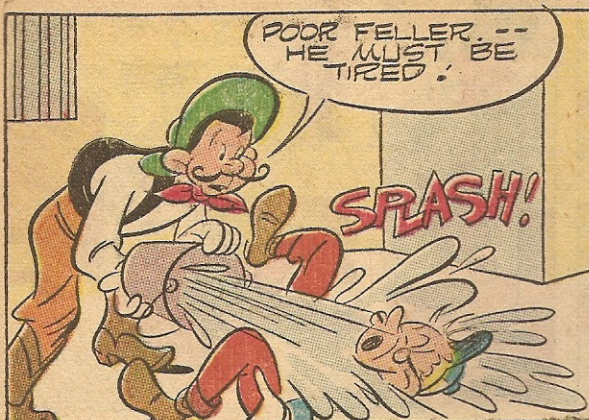




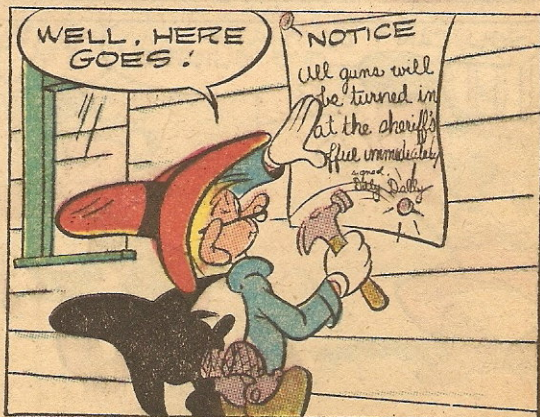
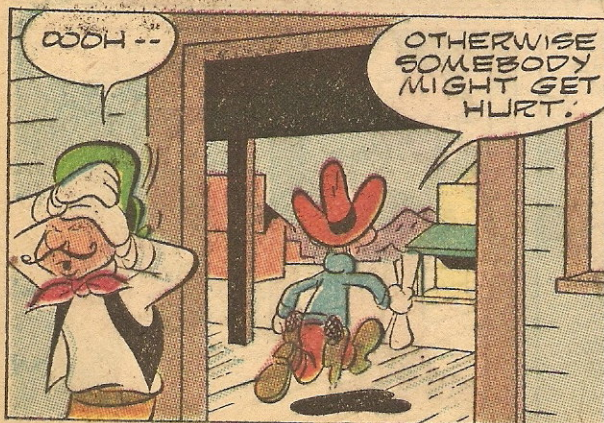
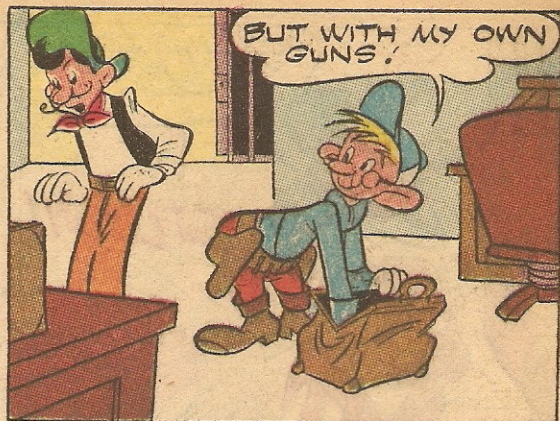




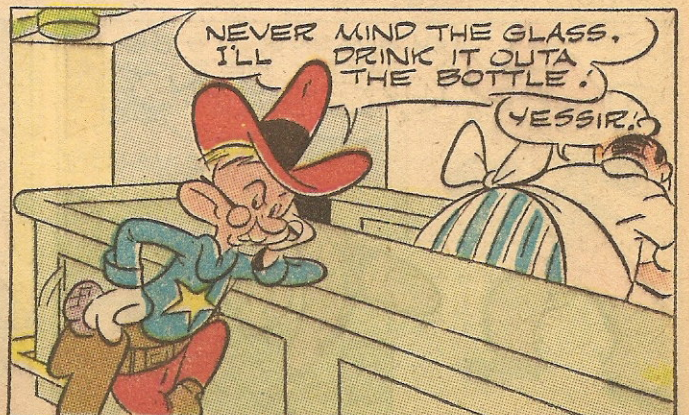
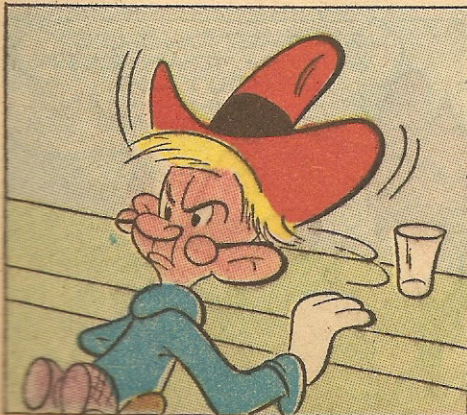
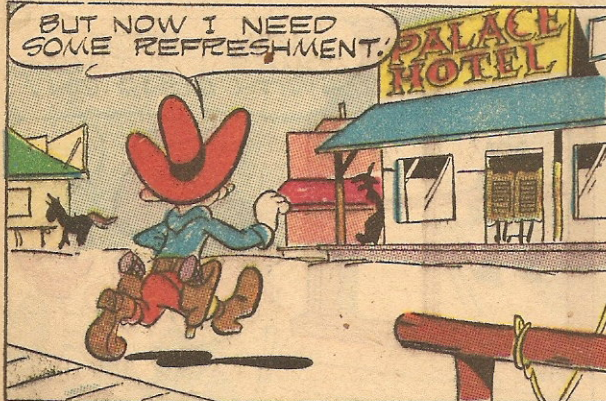
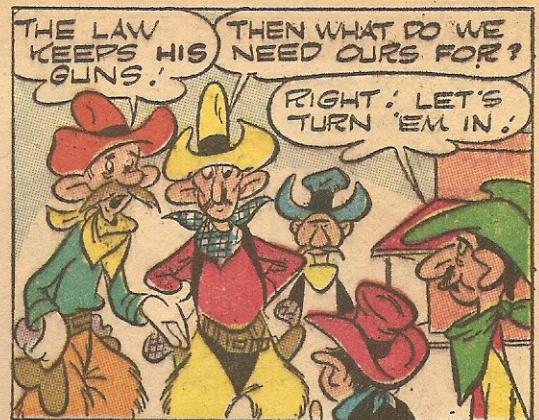
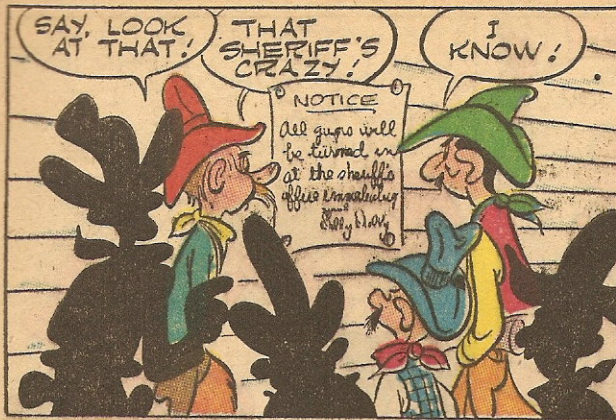




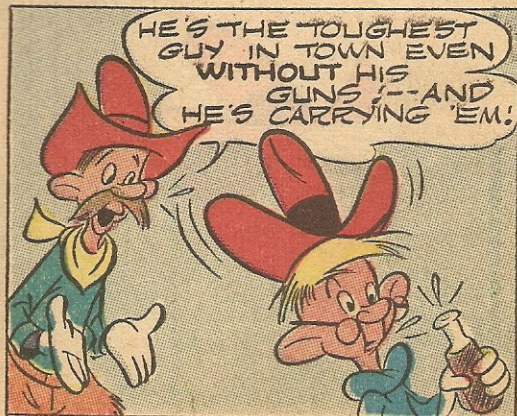
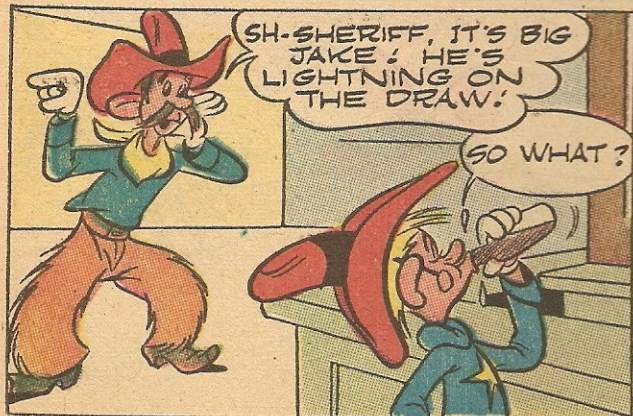
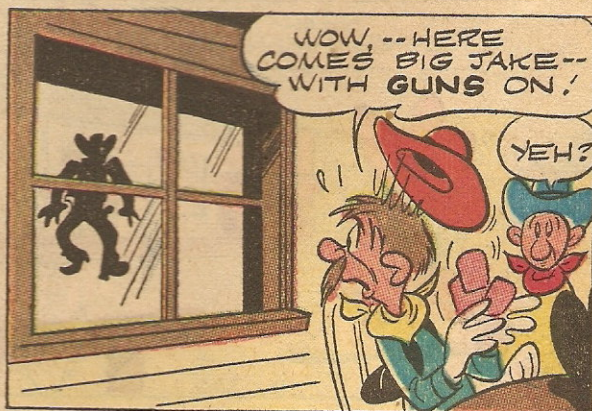
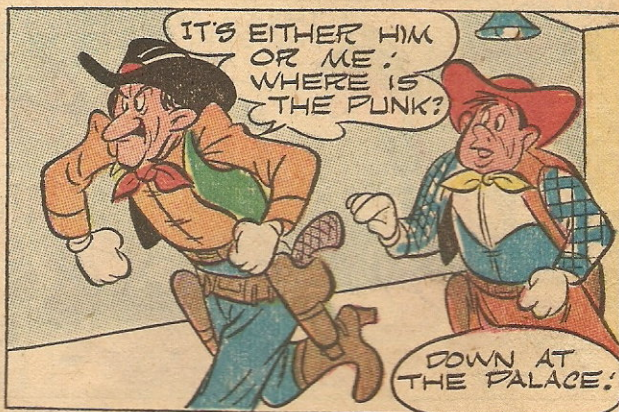
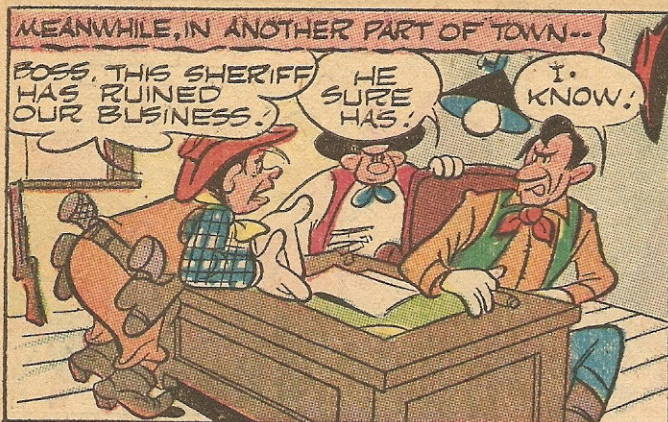




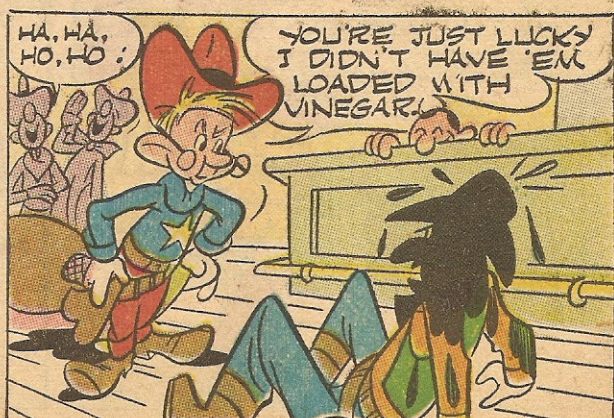
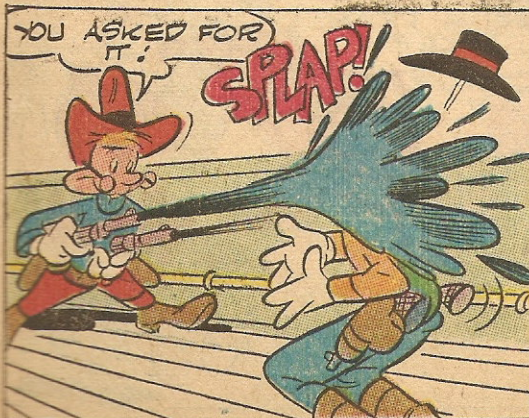
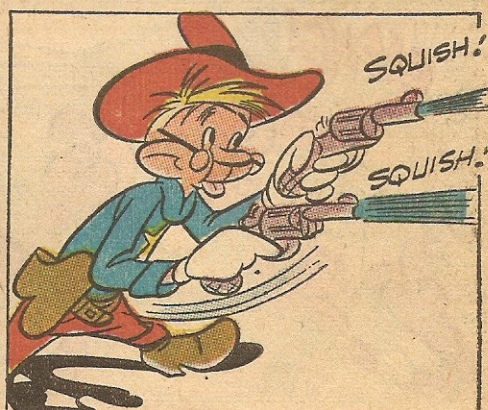
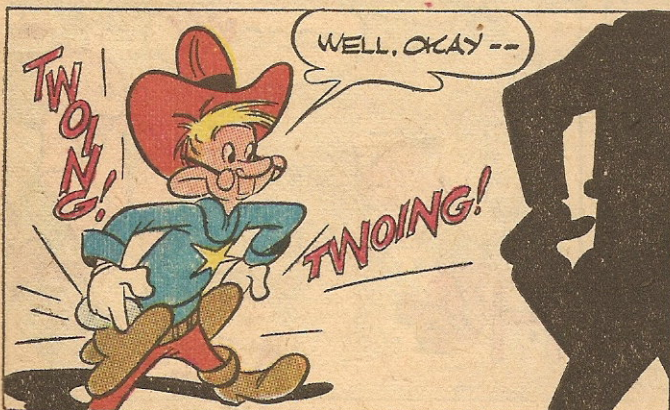
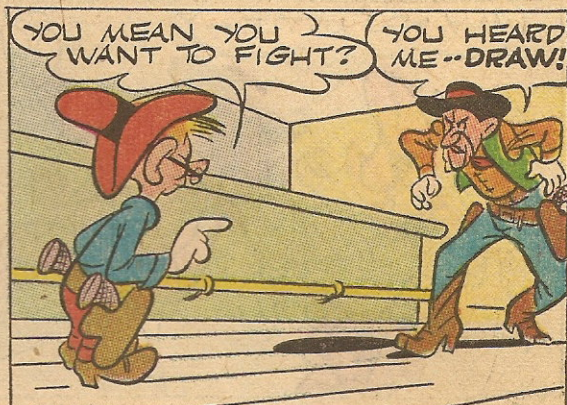
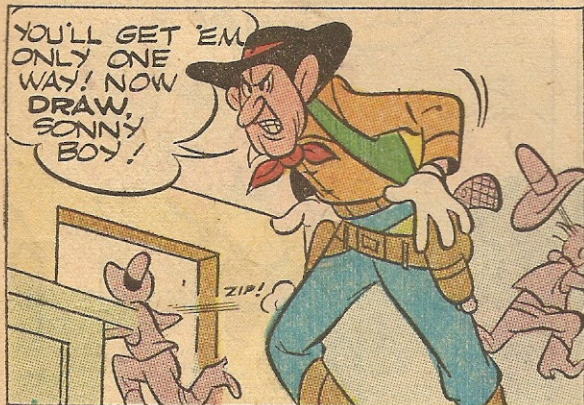
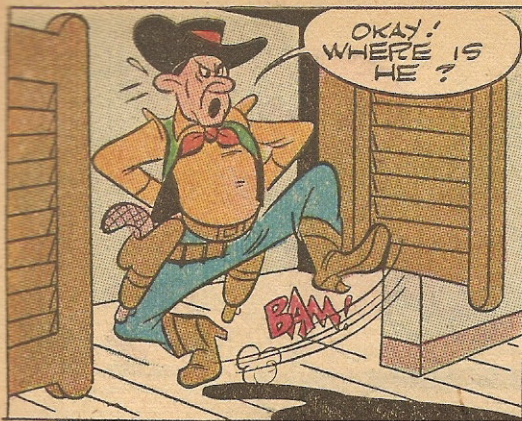




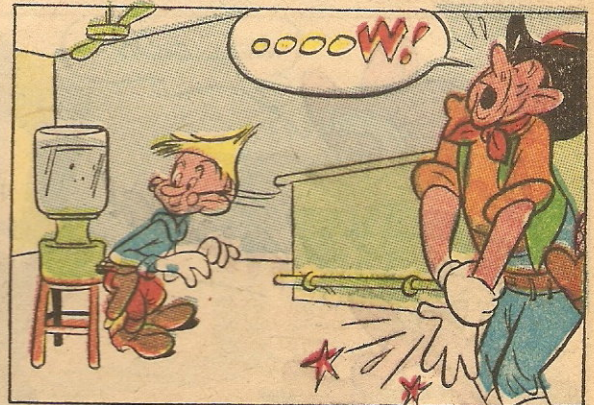
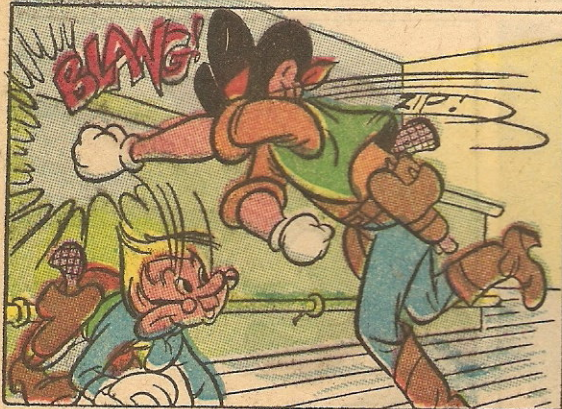
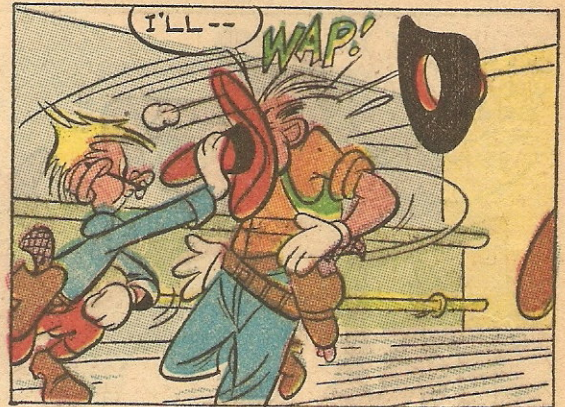
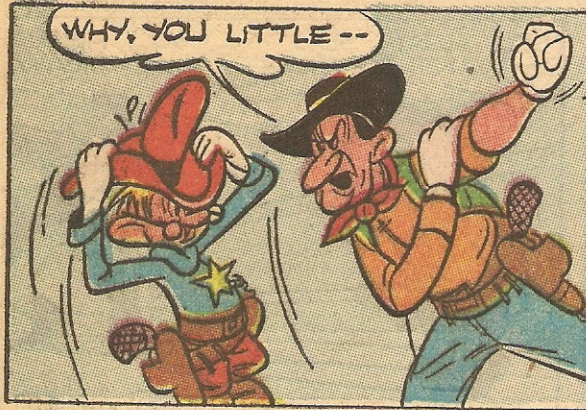
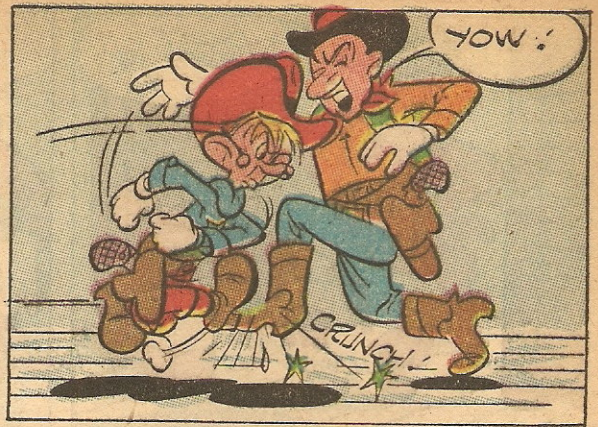
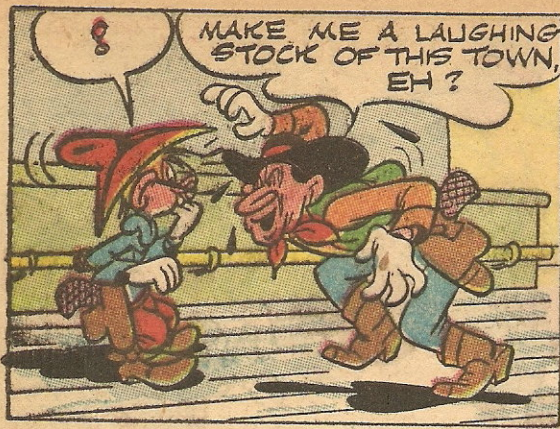




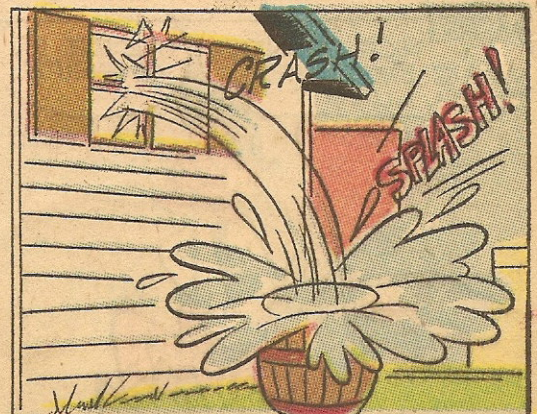
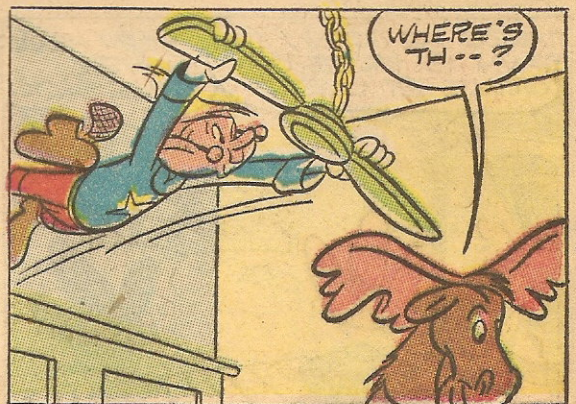
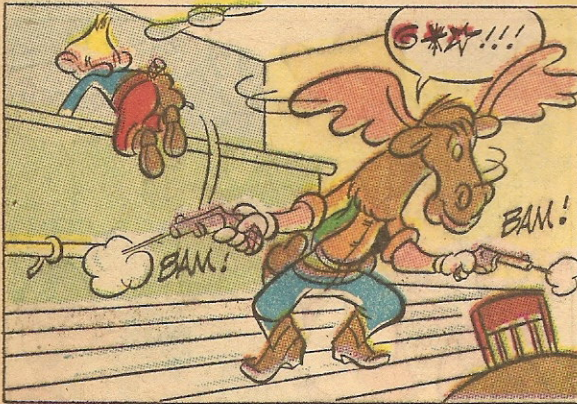
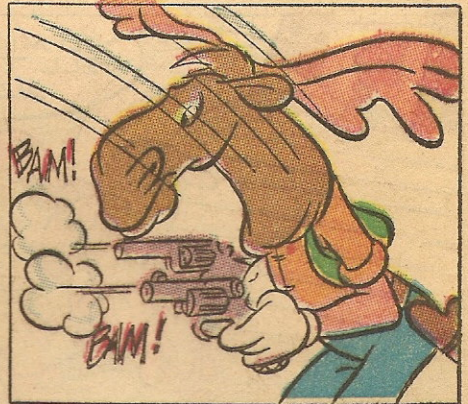
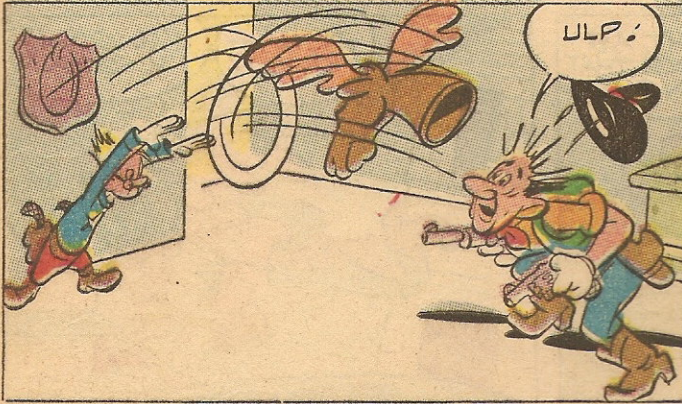
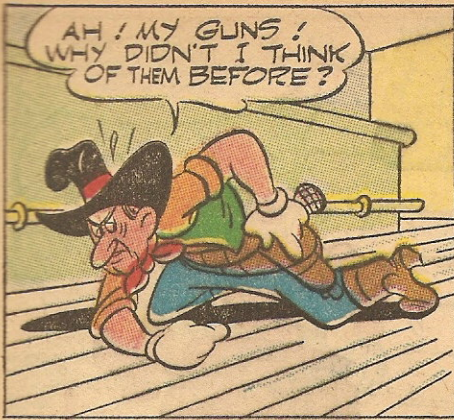




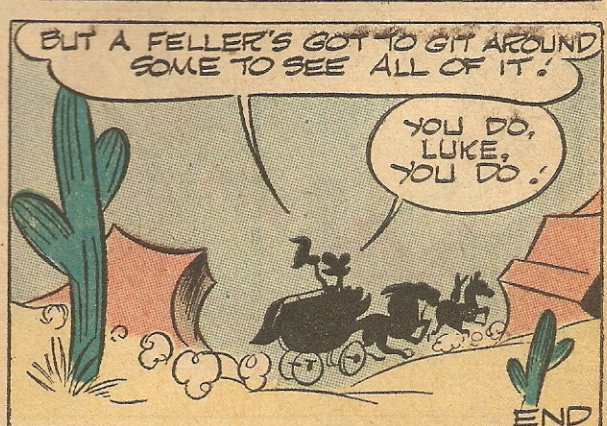
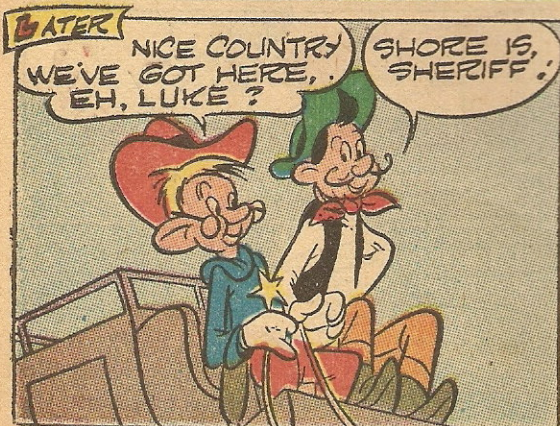
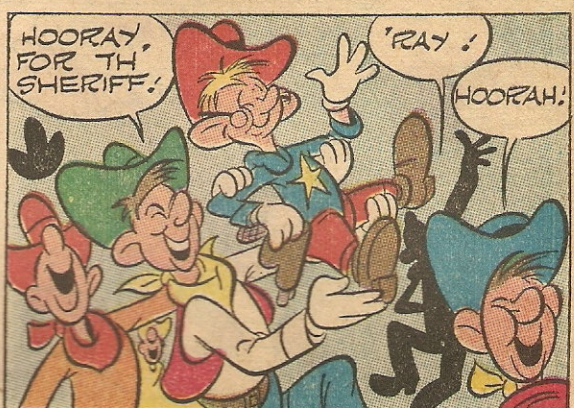
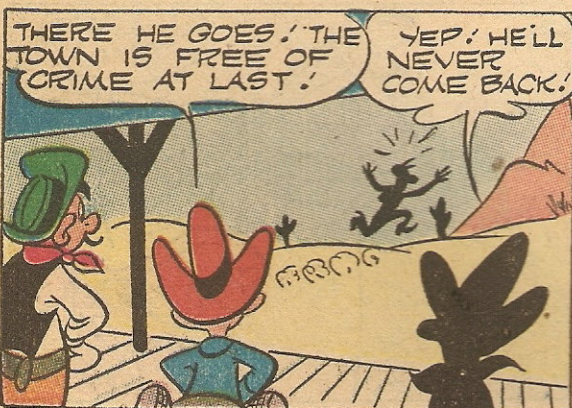
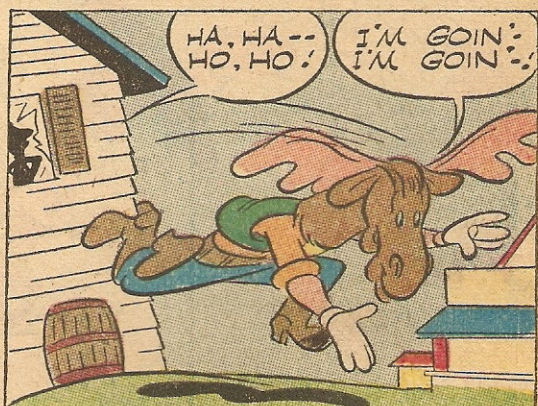
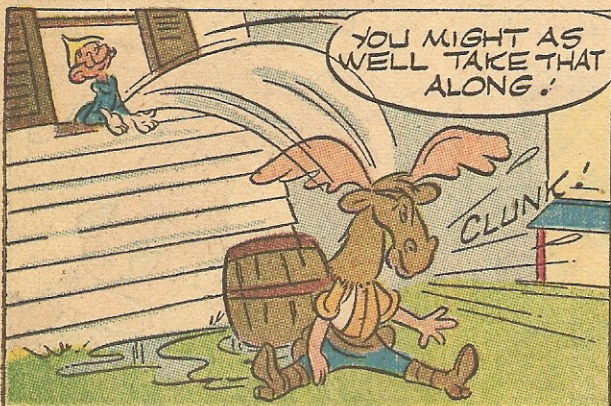
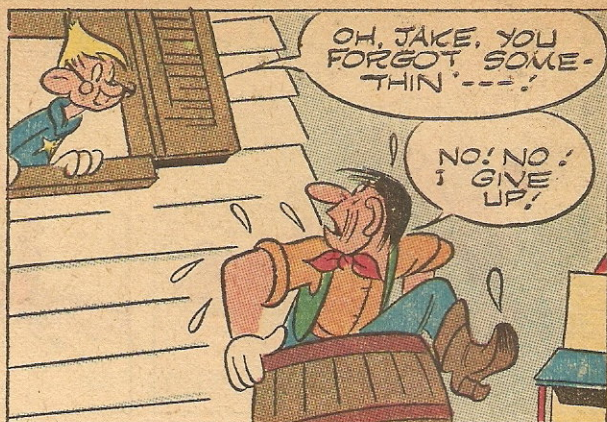
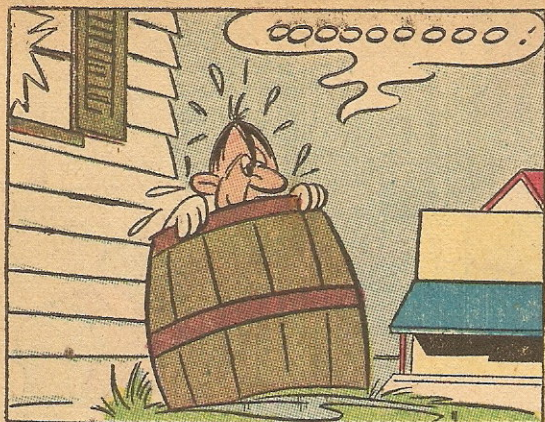






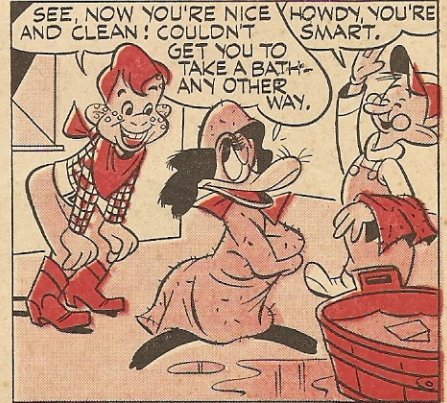
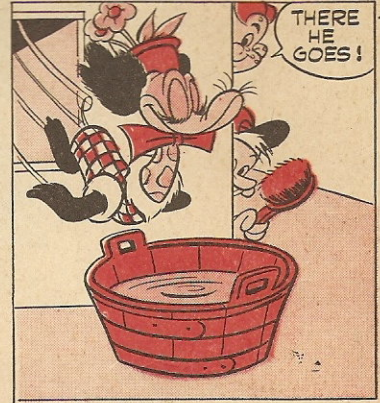
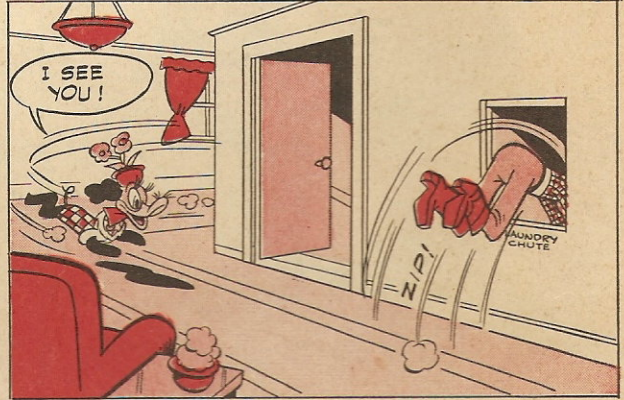
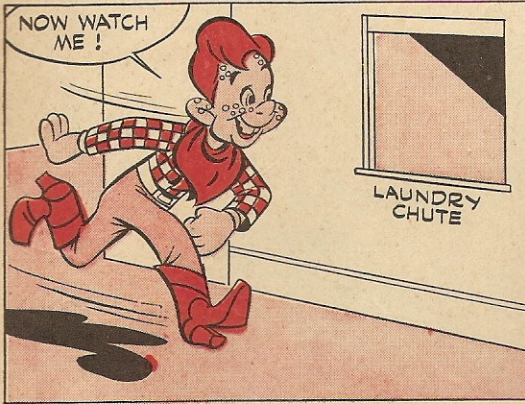
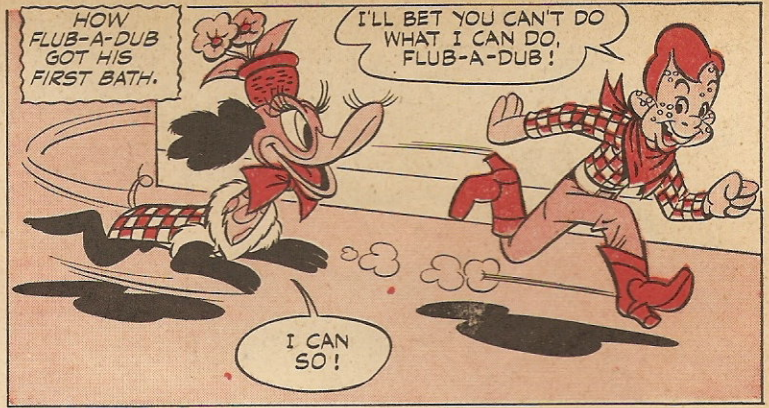








# HOWDY DOODY





# CLARABELL

CAN'T SLEEP,  
HUH, CLARABELL?



MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO SEE  
A *PSYCHIATRIST*!

