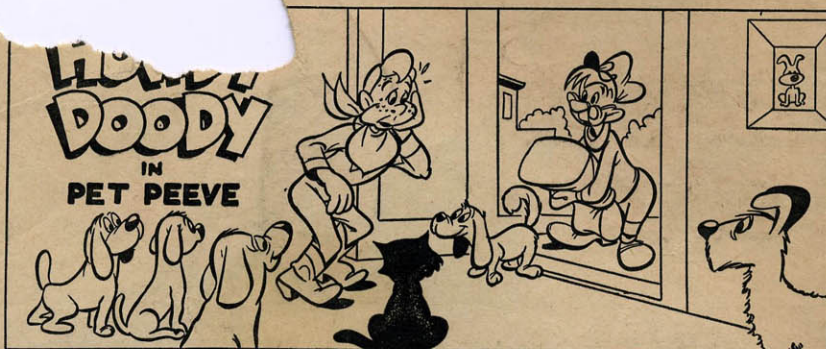


*Renee*  
**HOWDY DOODY**  
Comics





"Meow! Meow!"

"What's that?" exclaimed Howdy Doody. "Not another cat! Oh, no, Dilly! I can't stand any more!"

Dilly Dally looked very guilty and shifted his weight from one foot to the other, while he stammered. "Uh—uh g-g-osh, Howdy . . . the poor little fellow was hungry and . . . all I gave him was a dish of milk!"

Howdy sighed, "Dilly, I don't mind the dish of milk . . . but golly, what are we going to do with ten cats and seven dogs? You're so soft-hearted that folks around here are taking advantage of you and dropping their unwanted pets on our doorstep. Now, Dilly, please be reasonable. If we took in every stray animal that came our way, we'd be running a-a-a . . . menagerie!"

Dilly scratched his head. "I don't know what a 'merajeny' is," he admitted, looking around the room which was filled with sleepy contented animals, "but I guess we are getting kind of crowded, huh, Howdy?"

"We certainly are!" exclaimed Howdy. "And you've got to promise, Dilly . . . No more stray cats or dogs!"

"All right, Howdy!" Dilly agreed sadly. "It'll be hard to turn them out in the 'cold' . . . even if it is warm . . . but, I'll try!"

Brrnnng!!

"There goes the 'phone!" said Howdy and he went to answer it.

A second later, Dilly heard him shout, ". . . NO . . . I AM NOT THE TOWN DOG-CATCHER!" And bang went the receiver!

"See what you've done, Dilly!" Howdy groaned. "Why, folks are beginning to think we're the Official Headquarters for lost dogs!"

Dilly squirmed uncomfortably. "I won't do it any more, Howdy! . . . Now, can I go out and buy some more dog and cat food? We're getting kind of low again."

"I suppose so," sighed Howdy. "The way those animals eat, we'll soon have to use the stuff for ourselves!"

Dilly left the house, pulling an old wooden wagon behind him. He felt very guilty about all the difficulties he seemed to have gotten Howdy into. "The next time I see an animal looking like he needs a home, I . . . I just won't look!" he told himself severely.

On his way home from the store, Dilly passed a row of houses. On the front porch of one of them, a little boy was sitting and crying as if his heart would break. Dilly's soft heart wouldn't let him go on. "Hi there!" he called. "What's the matter?"

The boy could hardly stop crying long enough to answer, but finally he blurted out, "I'm allergic!"

"You're a . . . what?" asked the puzzled Dilly, walking over and sitting down on the porch steps next to the weeping child.

"Sniff . . . sniff . . . I'm allergic!" repeated the boy.

"How-do-you-dol I'm Dilly Dally!" Dilly said, starting to shake hands.

The boy couldn't help laughing a little . . . "You don't understand!" he explained. "I'm

(Continued on inside back cover)

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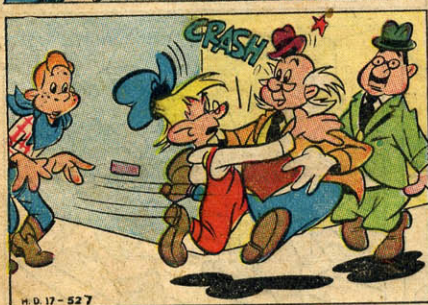
# HOWDY DILLY

GOLLY! LOOK AT THESE HEADLINES DILLY!



IT SURE IS  
EXCITING!

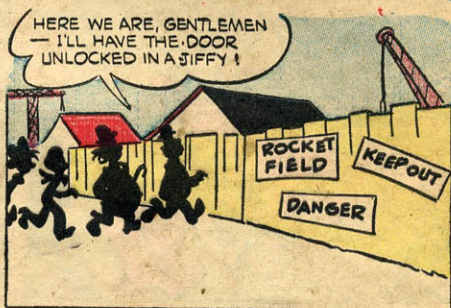
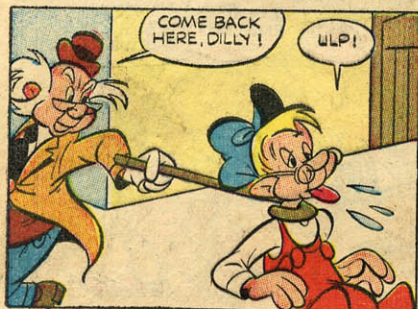
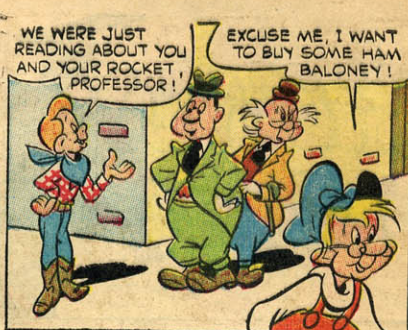
NOT AS  
EXCITING AS  
THE BACK PAGE!



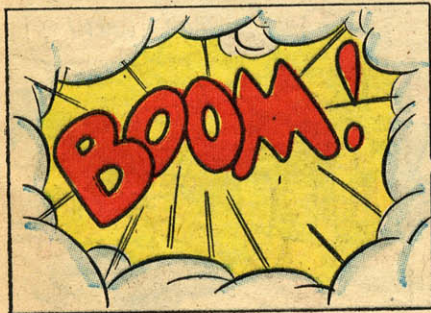
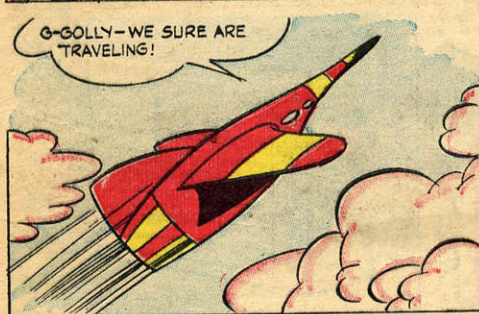
MR. BLUSTER! HOWDY AND DILLY!  
THIS IS A LUCKY  
MEETING!



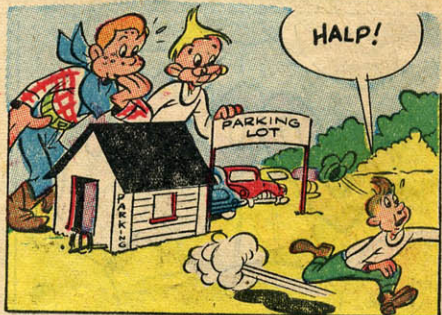
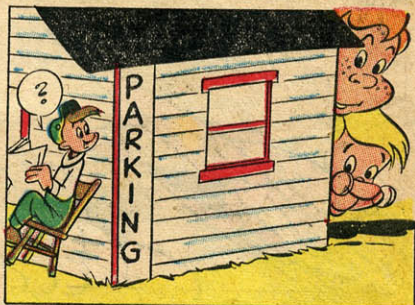
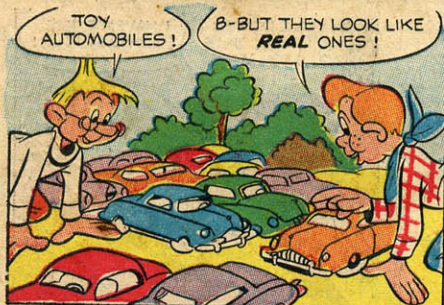
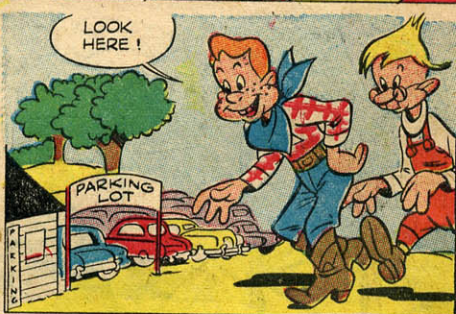




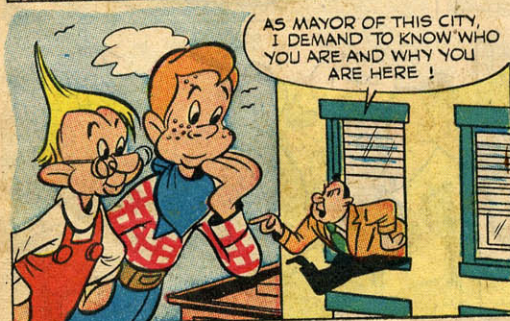
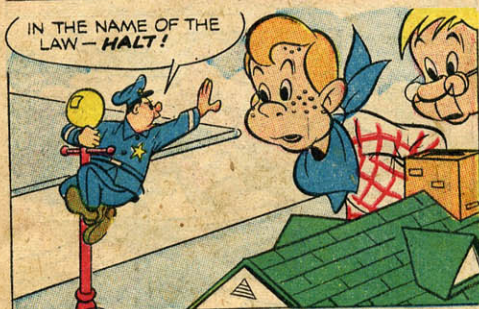
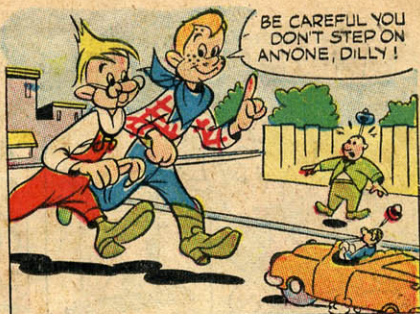
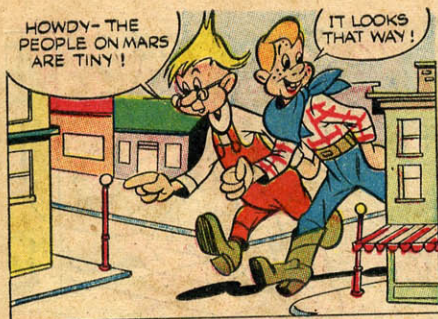




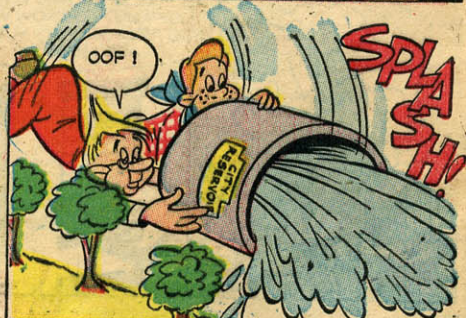
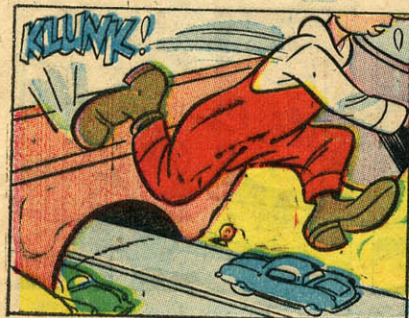
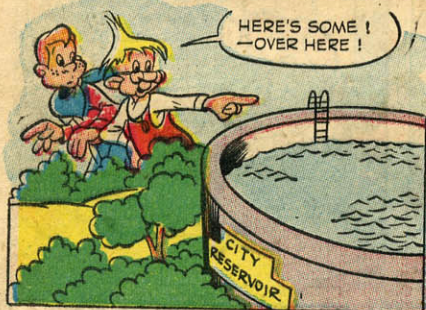
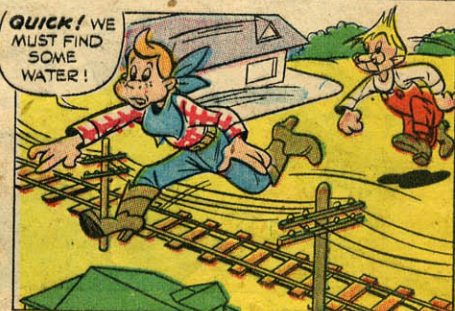
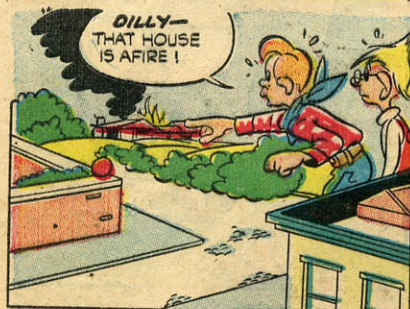
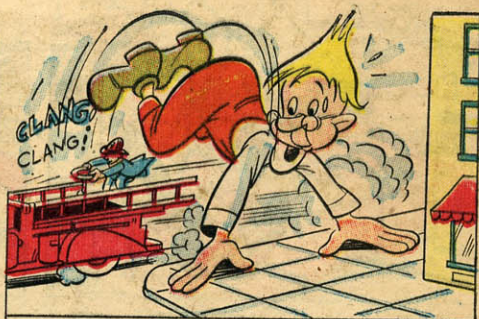




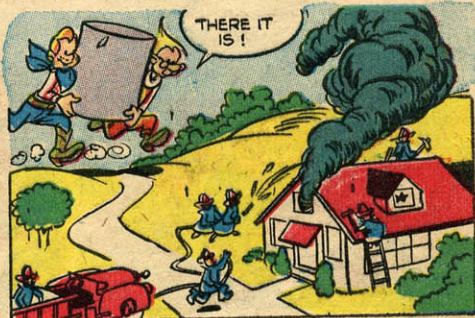
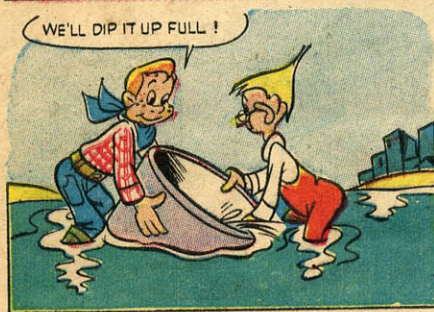




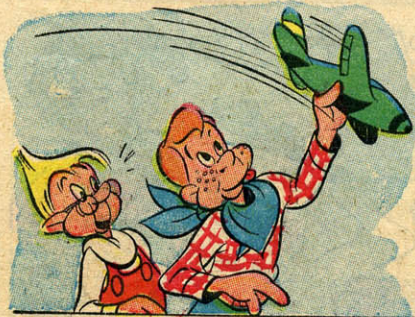
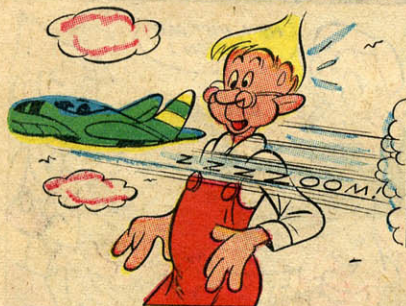
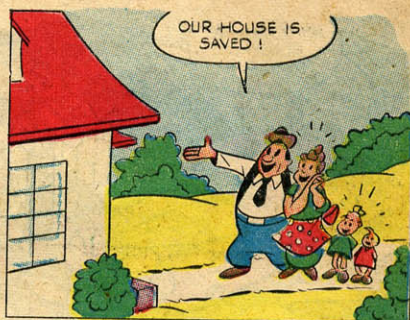
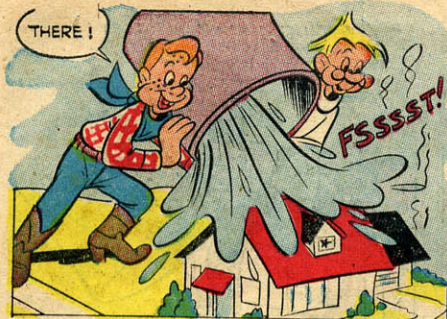




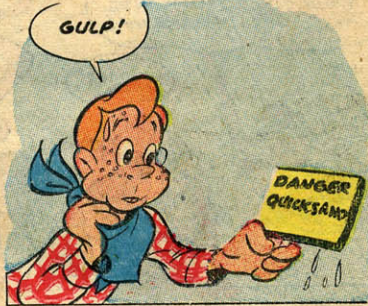




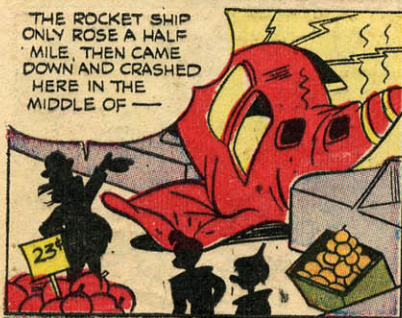
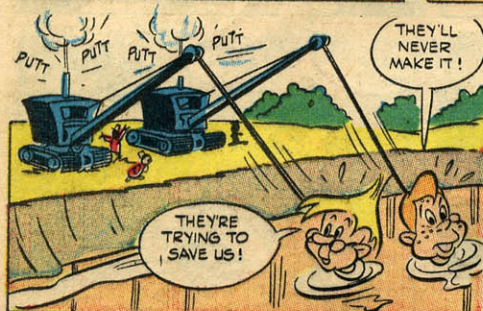
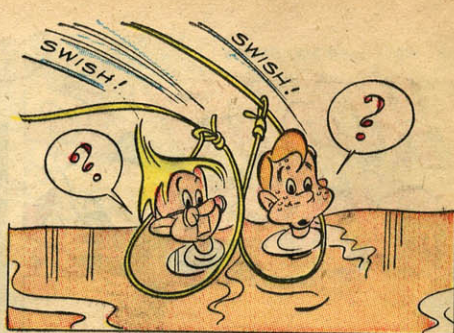
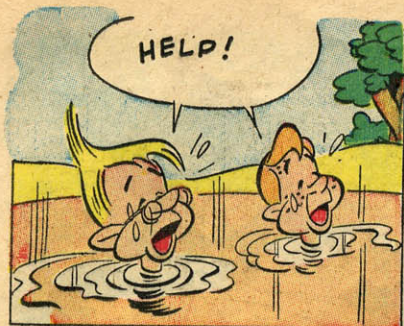












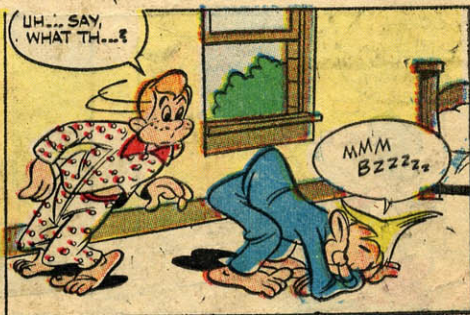
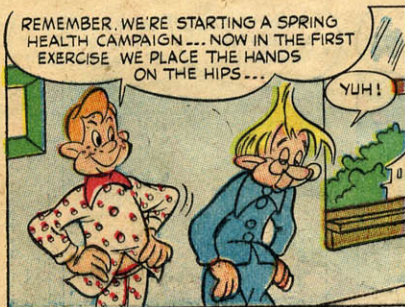
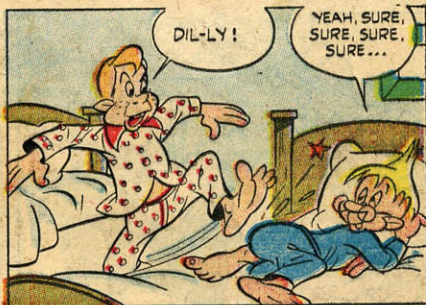
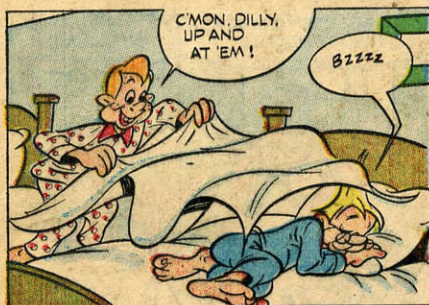


Rince

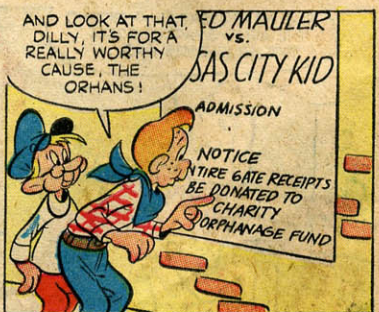
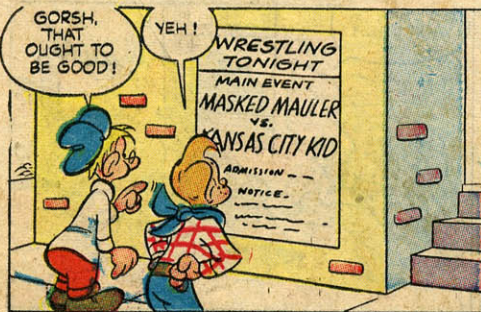
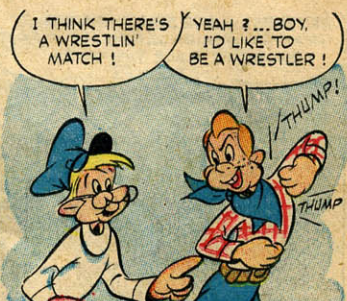
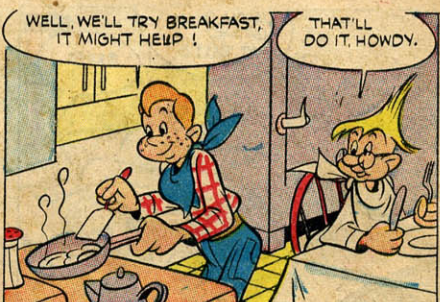
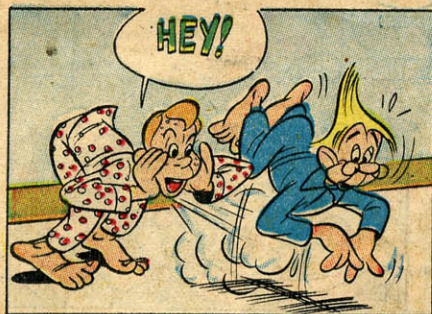
YIPPEE!

# HOWDY DOODY

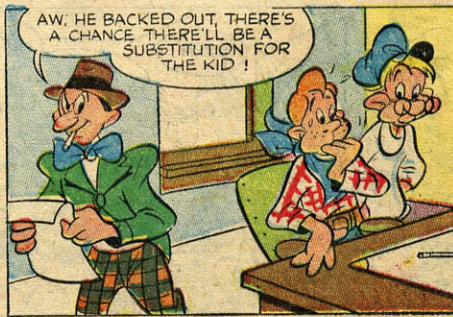
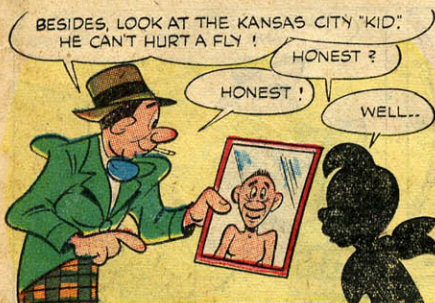
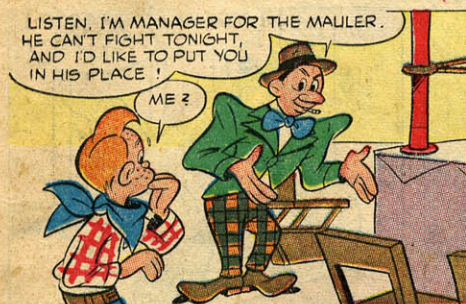
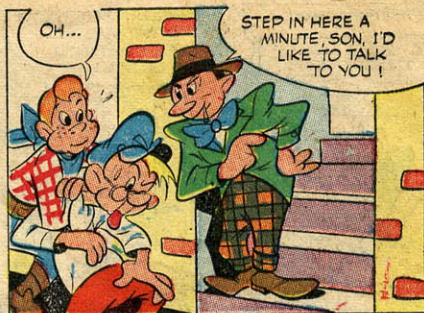
OINGS!



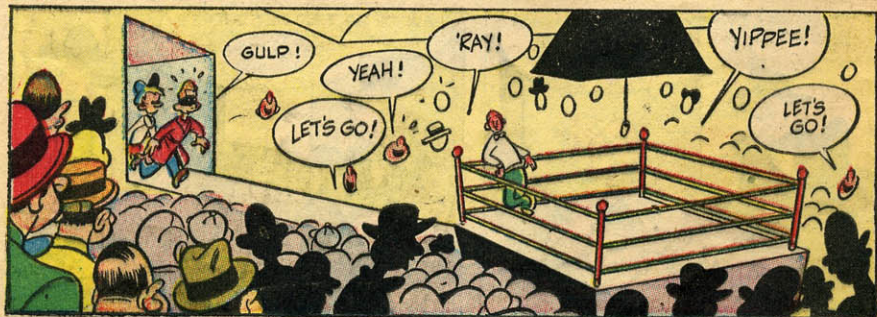
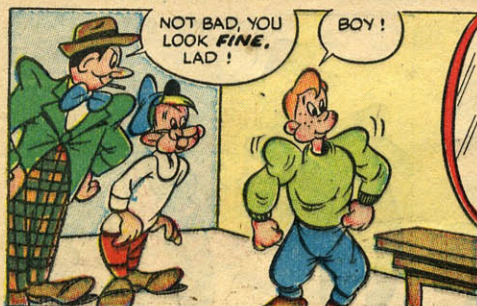
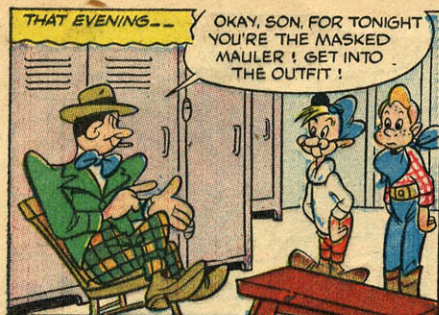




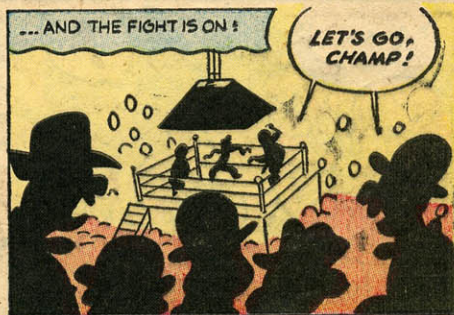
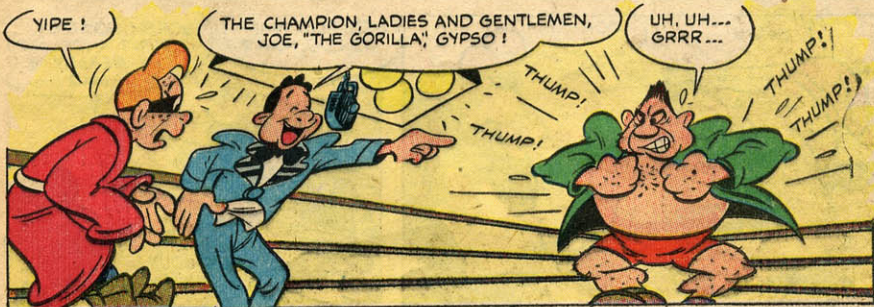
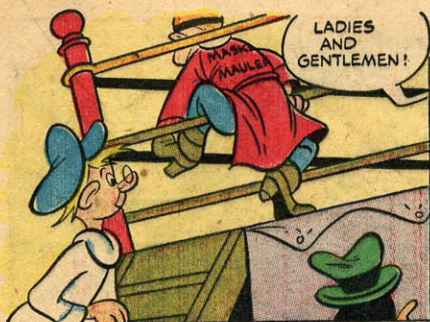




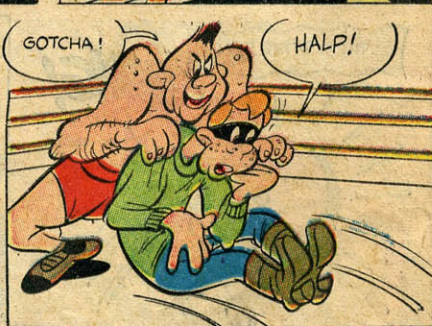
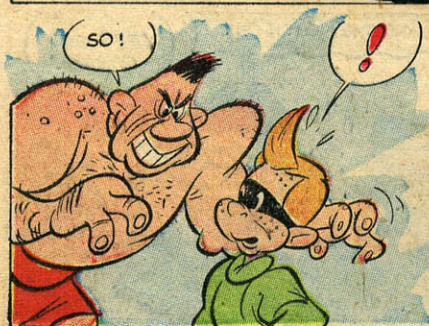
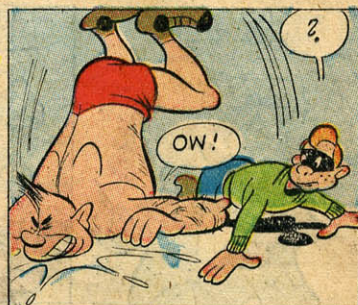
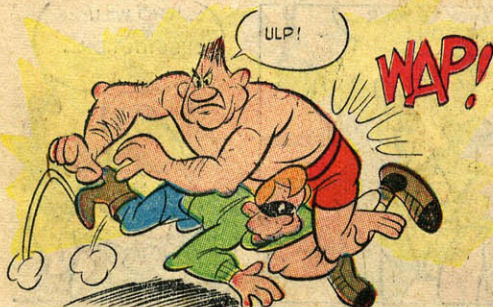
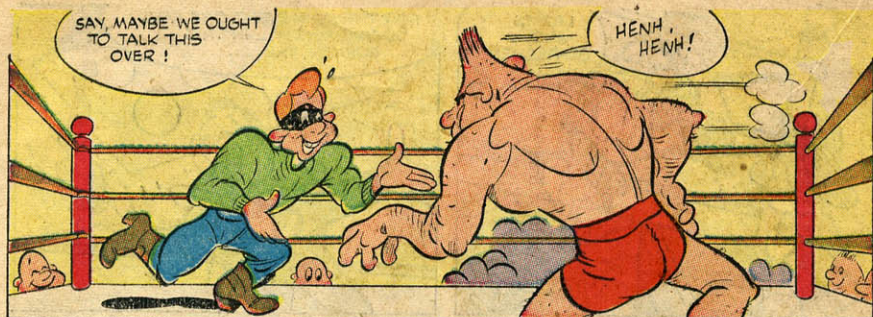




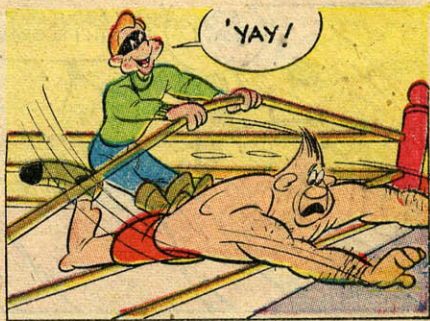
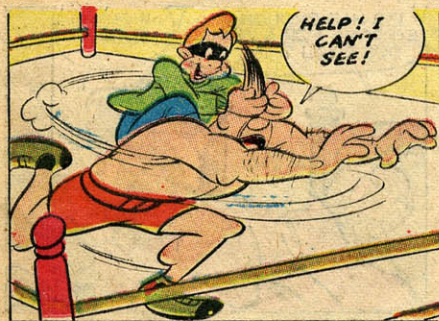
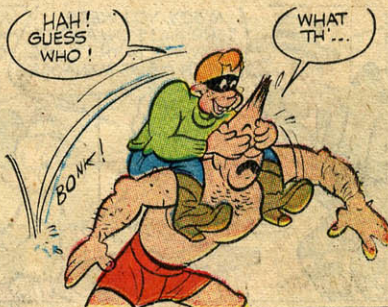
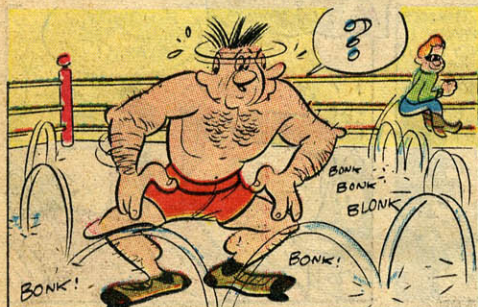
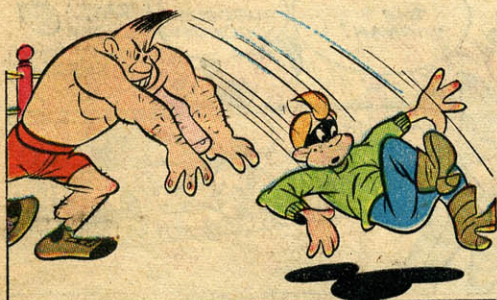




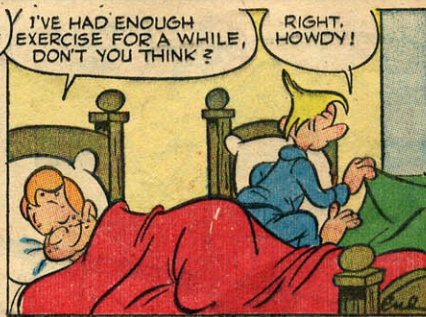
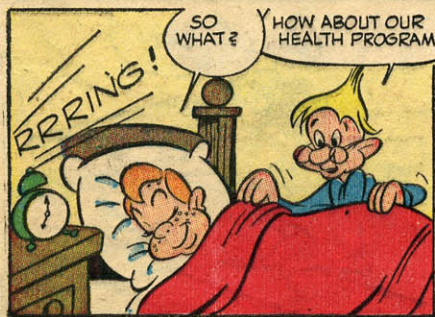
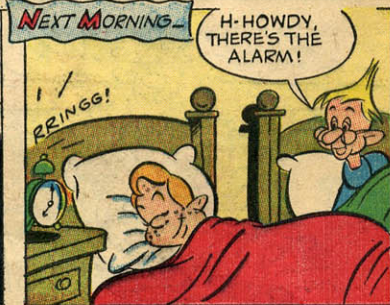
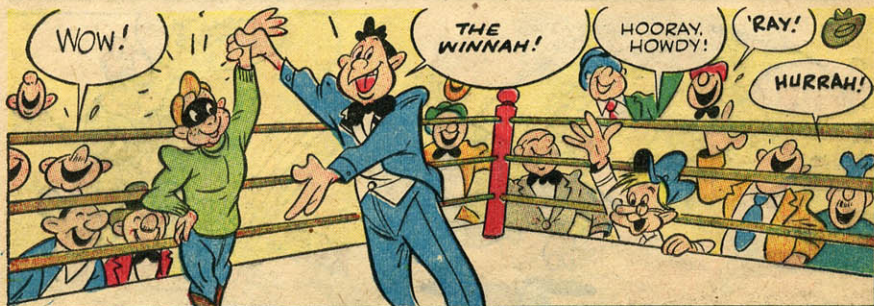
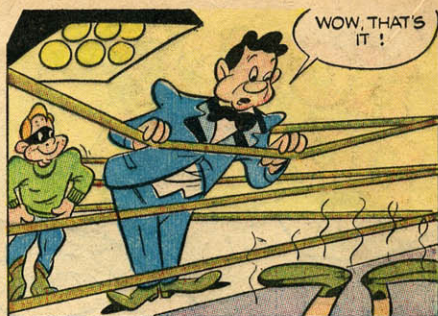
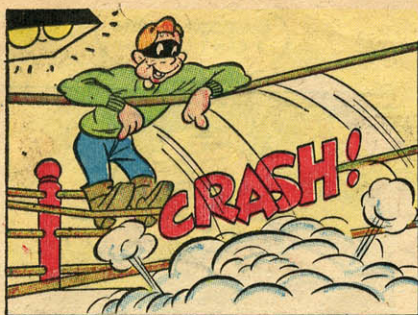








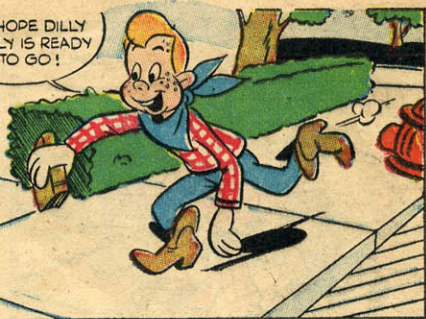






# HOWDY DOODY

I HOPE DILLY DALLY IS READY TO GO!



WE'RE GOING TO THE SCOUT MEETING FOR THE FIRST TIME AND WE SHOULDN'T BE LATE!

C'MON IN, HOWDY!



I'M ALL SET, READY TO GO!



GEE, DILLY, WE HAVEN'T EVEN JOINED YET!

SHORE, I KNOW!



BUT THAT'S WHAT THE HAN'BOOK SAYS, HOWDY... **BE PREPARED!**



WELL, I HOPE THE SCOUTMASTER, WHO-EVER HE IS, SEES IT THAT WAY!

YEP!



AFTER ALL, DILLY, CLOTHES DON'T MAKE THE MA...ER SCOUT, Y'KNOW!

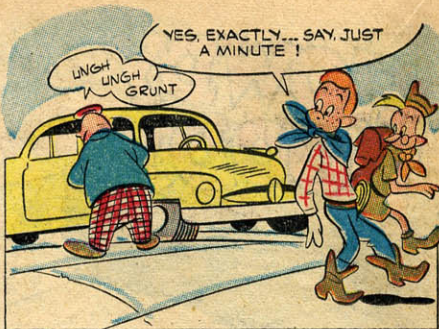
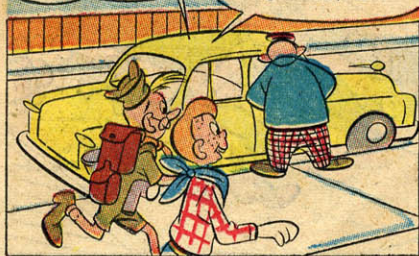
I KNOW, HOWDY, BUT THEY **HELP!**





BEING A SCOUT MEANS  
A LOT MORE, DILLY!

Y LIKE DOIN' A GOOD  
DEED A DAY, FOR  
INSTANCE, HUH ?



UH, PARDON ME, YOU APPEAR TO  
BE HAVING TROUBLE. COULD WE  
HELP ?

HUH ?

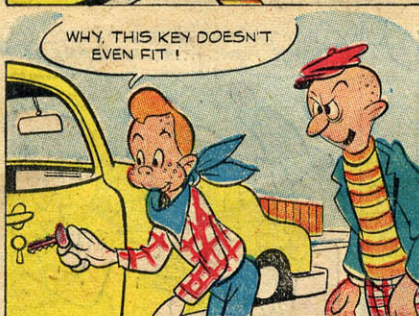


WHY, YES, BOYS, I SEEM TO BE UNABLE  
TO MAKE MY KEY WORK. I'M LOCKED  
OUT OF MY CAR !

MAY I TRY ?



WHY, THIS KEY DOESN'T  
EVEN FIT !



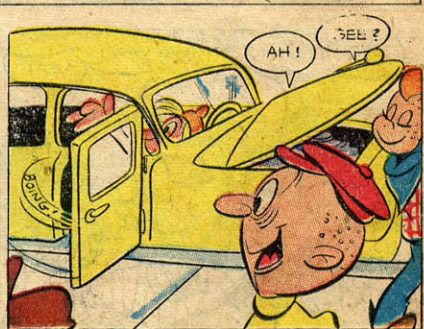
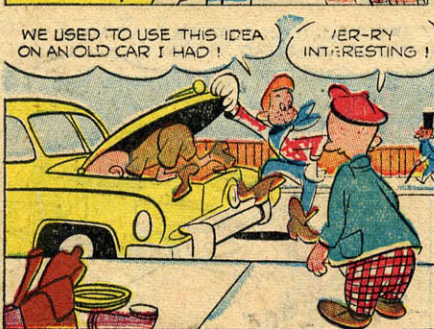
BUT DILLY AND I HAVE A  
SYSTEM, WE TRY IT ?

UH, CERTAINLY !

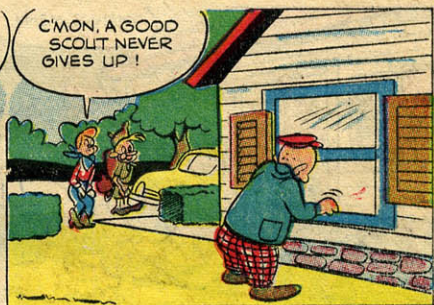
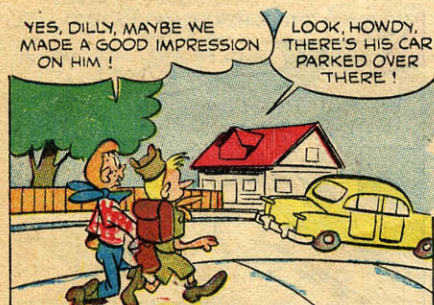
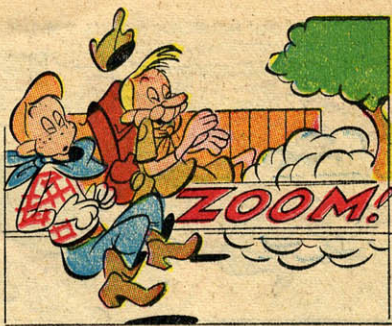
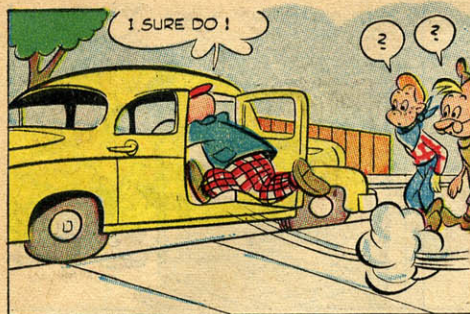


WE USED TO USE THIS IDEA  
ON AN OLD CAR I HAD !

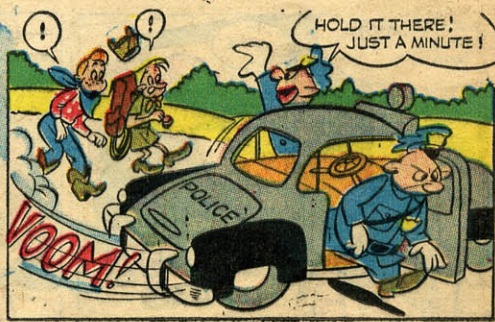
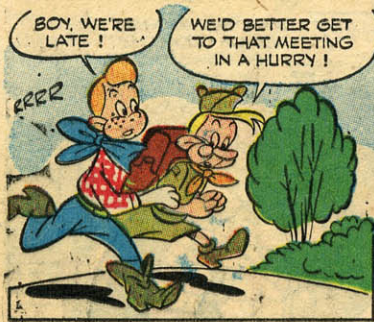
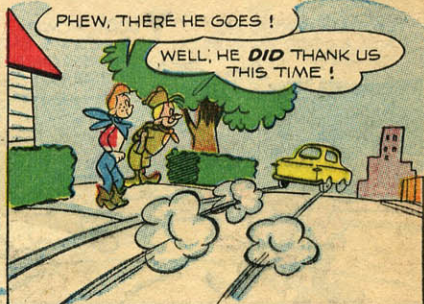
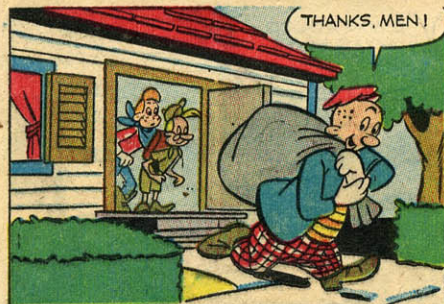
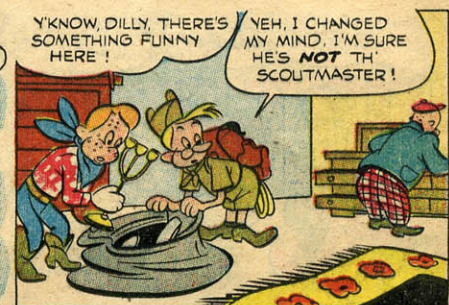
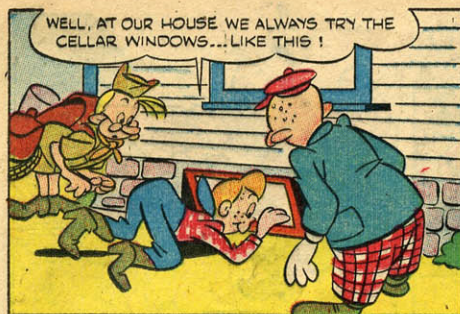
VER-RY  
INTERESTING !

















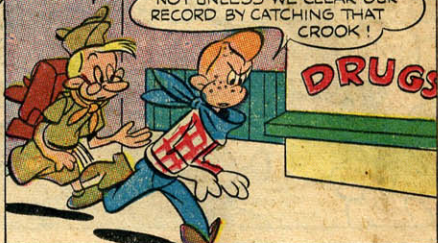
BOYS, WE'RE  
LETTING YOU OUT  
BECAUSE OF  
INSUFFICIENT  
EVIDENCE !

...BUT REMEMBER, THERE'S  
**ENOUGH** EVIDENCE TO  
KEEP YOU ON PROBATION.



GORSH, HOWDY, THERE'S NOT MUCH CHANCE  
OF OUR BEIN' BOY SCOUTS EVEN NOW !

NOT UNLESS WE CLEAR OUR  
RECORD BY CATCHING THAT  
CROOK !



LET'S SEE, HM...DILLY, WHAT WOULD  
YOU DO IF YOU STOLE A CAR ?

ME ?



YOU'D GET RID OF IT QUICK, WOULDN'T YOU ?

NOPE, I'D KEEP THE CAR, I'D PAINT  
IT PROBABLY, BUT I'D SELL THAT  
SILVERWARE !

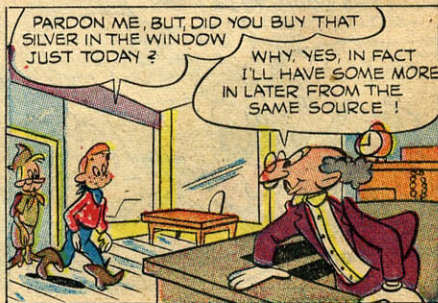


THAT'S IT ! THE SILVERWARE !  
**LOOK !**

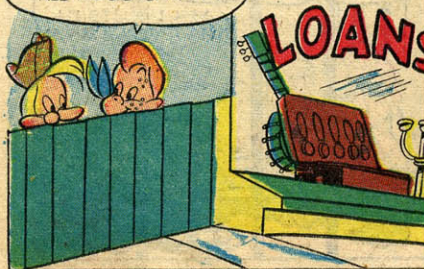


PARDON ME, BUT, DID YOU BUY THAT  
SILVER IN THE WINDOW  
JUST TODAY ?

WHY, YES, IN FACT  
I'LL HAVE SOME MORE  
IN LATER FROM THE  
SAME SOURCE !



DID YOU HEAR THAT, DILLY ?  
ALL WE DO IS WAIT !

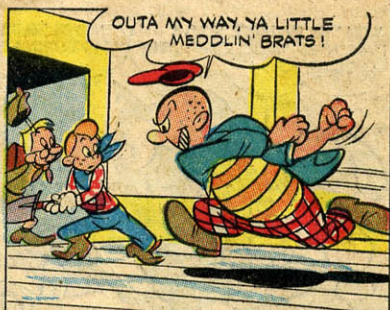


PSST...  
LOOK, HOWDY,  
ALREADY !

YEH, GIVE ME  
YOUR SHOVEL, DILLY !









WITH THE EVIDENCE YOU'VE  
PRESENTED YOU'RE COMPLETELY  
CLEARED, BOYS!

YOU'RE TO BE  
CONGRATULATED!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE'VE BEEN AFTER  
THIS GUY FOR MONTHS, HE'S STICKY-  
FINGERED LOUIE, OF INTERNATIONAL  
REPUTATION!

GORSH!

GEE!



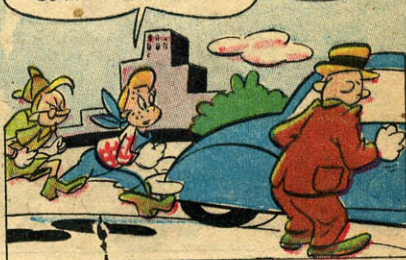
WOW, HOWDY, NOW WE  
CAN BE SCOUTS!

YEP!

BUT LOOK, DILLY!



ANOTHER THIEF, AND THIS TIME WE DO  
SOMETHING ABOUT IT!



HELP!

POLICE!

?



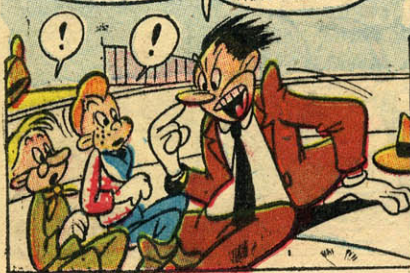
HECK, WE'RE A TWO-  
MAN POLICE FORCE  
OURSELVES!

YEH, WAIT'LL THE NEW  
SCOUTMASTER HEARS  
ABOUT **THIS**!



WHAT?

I HAPPEN TO BE YOUR NEW SCOUT-  
MASTER!



OOO, SUCH LANGUAGE,  
AND FROM A SCOUT-  
MASTER!

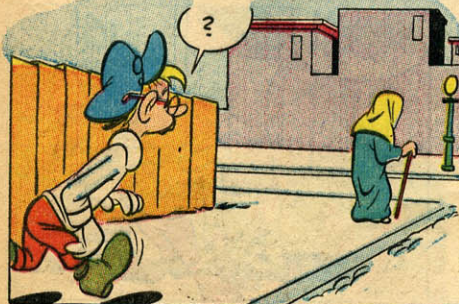
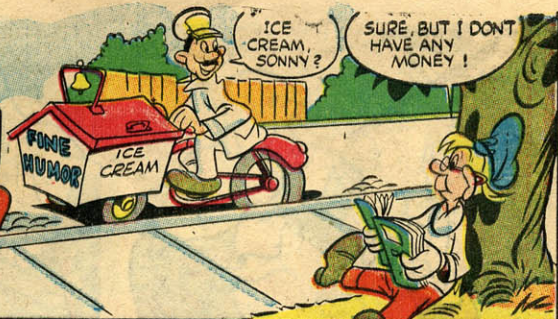
YEH, DILLY, I THINK  
WE'D BETTER WAIT  
UNTIL NEXT MONTH  
TO JOIN UP!



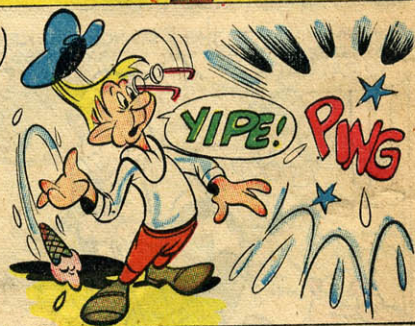
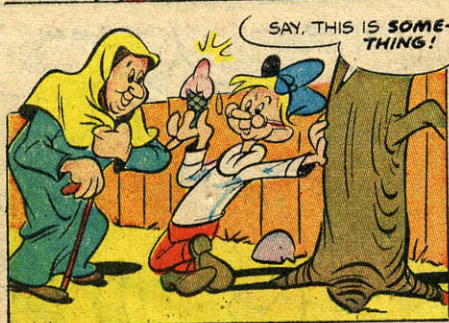
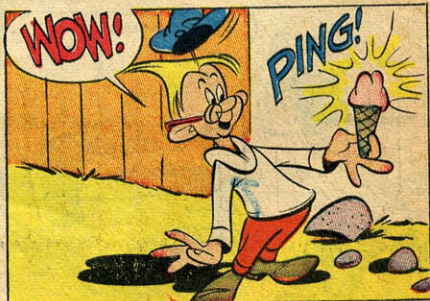
End



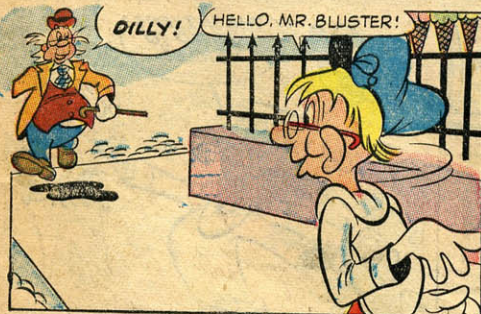
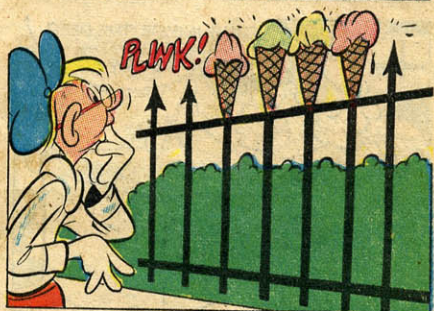
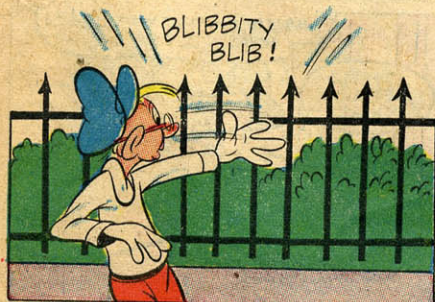
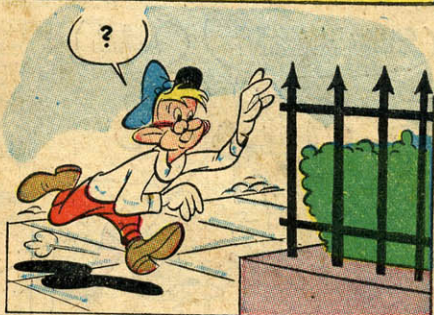
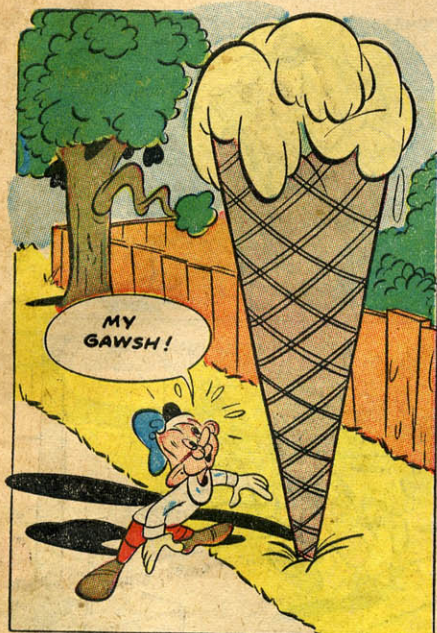
# Dilly Dally



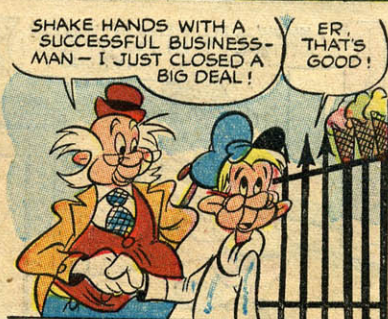








HELLO, MR. BLUSTER!

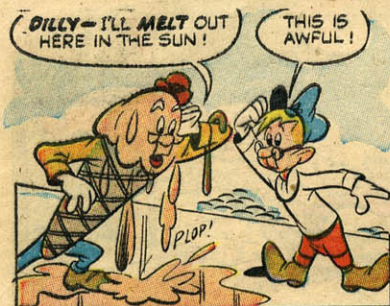
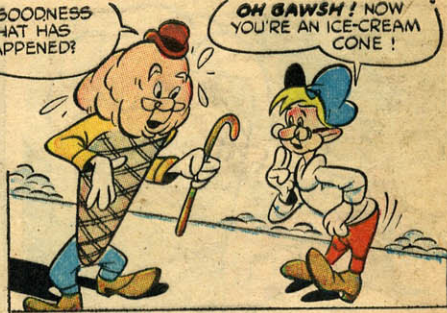






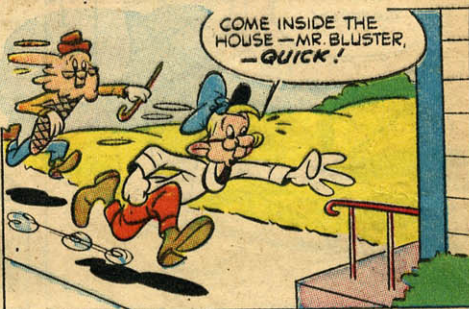
MY GOODNESS  
—WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED?

OH GAWSH! NOW  
YOU'RE AN ICE-CREAM  
CONE!

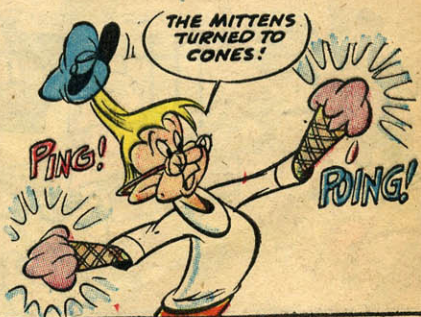
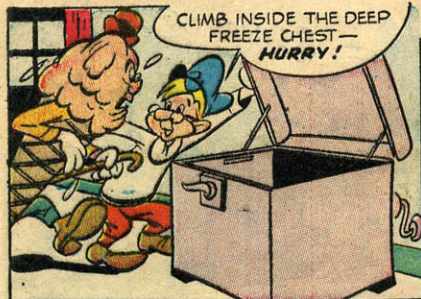


OILLY—I'LL MELT OUT  
HERE IN THE SUN!

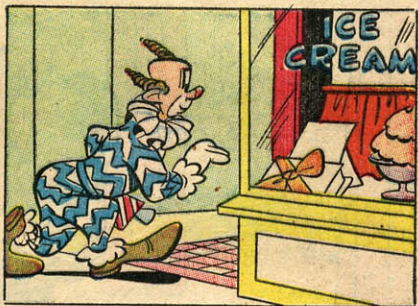
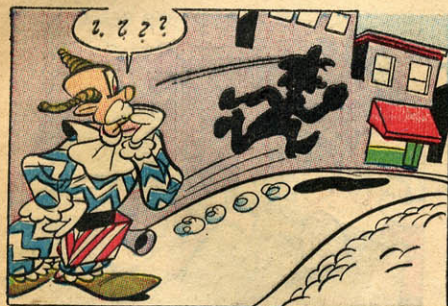
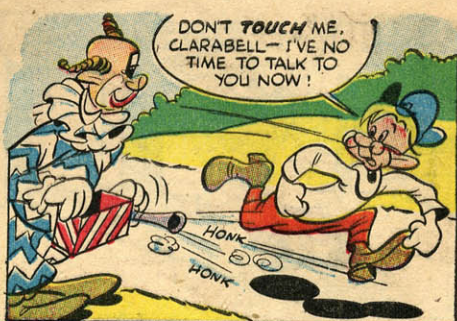
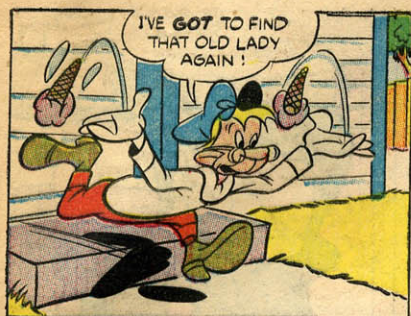
THIS IS  
AWFUL!



COME INSIDE THE  
HOUSE—MR. BLUSTER,  
—QUICK!













(Continued from inside front cover)

crying because I'm allergic to animal hair! It makes me sneeze!"

"It makes Howdy Doody very angry when he finds it all over our best chairs!" mused Dilly. "Maybe he's a-a lergic too . . . like you!"

"Well, that's what I'm crying about!" continued the boy. "My wonderful puppy, Rags, can't stay in my house and he's too small to sleep outside! If only someone could keep him for me . . . I-I don't have any money for a boarding kennel!"

"Uh . . . Oh! . . . Here I go again! . . . " thought Dilly. . . .

Meanwhile, back at the house, Howdy had his hands full. The cats and dogs were all running around, barking and meowing for their supper! "Ohhh!" moaned Howdy. "Why doesn't Dilly hurry home with that feed?"

Brrrrnnng!!

"The doorbell!" gasped Howdy. "Oh dear!"

When he opened the door, he was surprised to see a slight, scholarly-looking man. "Mr. Doody?" inquired the man.

"Y-yes!" answered Howdy hesitantly.

"How do you do! I'm Professor Domuch from the Society of Canine Evolutionary Research. Now, I hear that you have an assortment of the type of dogs. . . ."

"NO!!" interrupted Howdy excitedly. ". . . Not one more dog! Go away! We're over-crowded now!!"

"I don't want to give you a dog," replied the man mildly. "I want to borrow one! If you had just the right type, my organization is prepared to make it worth your while. All you would have to do is give us the privilege of studying it."

"C-come in!" stammered Howdy. ". . . I'm sorry about shouting at you, but I'm a little upset. . . ."

"Tut, tut!" clucked the man pleasantly. "That's quite all right!" and he followed Howdy into the house.

"Look them over!" cried Howdy. "Maybe you'll see four or five of what you're looking for . . . I hope!"

But, the professor seemed very disappointed and slowly shook his head. ". . . No . . . you haven't got just what we want," he told Howdy.

Just then, the door opened and Dilly staggered in, carrying a huge bag of dog food.



He set it down and turned to his pal, Howdy. "I got the stuff, Howdy . . . but, you shouldn't have let me out! Honest, I couldn't help it, but . . ."

"Dilly!" cried Howdy. "Don't tell me you went and picked up another dog!"

"All right, Howdy, I won't tell you . . . if you don't want me to . . . but here he is!" answered Dilly. "Isn't he a cute little fellow?" Dilly opened the door and a small pup waddled in. His ears were long and curly, his legs were short and somewhat bowed, his tail curled up like a tight spring and his eyes shone round and bright on either side of his small pointed nose.

"His name is 'Rags!'" Dilly informed them.

Howdy couldn't say a word . . . but Professor Domuch let out a cry of sheer delight. "A genuine poochidoodle!!!" he exclaimed. "An assorted mixture of every breed of dog known to modern man! A genuine poochidoodle! Hurrah!!"

"Mr. Doody," continued the professor, "my organization is prepared to build you a completely modern kennel, supply all the necessary food and equipment, and pay you handsomely for your trouble . . . if you will permit us to study this dog!"

"Why, that would be wonderful!" gasped Howdy. ". . . Of course, Professor, we accept your offer! Dilly . . . did you hear what has happened? . . . Just think, we'll never have to turn any more lonely or hungry animals away again!"

"You mean I'm not in the 'doghouse' any more . . . huh, Howdy?" inquired the confused Dilly.

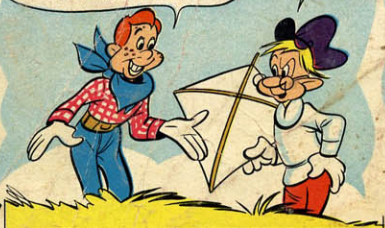
"I guess this last stunt of yours will land us both in the 'doghouse!'" laughed Howdy. "But, you just wait, Dilly . . . it'll be the slickest, swellest doghouse in all the world!"



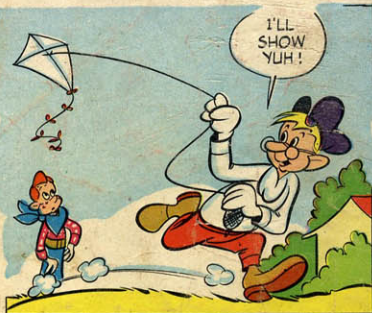
HOWDY DOODY

YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT KITE INTO THE AIR TODAY, DILLY ! THERE'S NOT ENOUGH BREEZE !

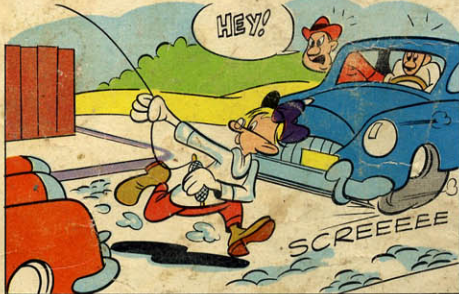
IS THAT SO ?



I'LL SHOW YUH !



HEY!



(PUFF, PUFF)  
- I TOLD YOU  
I'D GET 'ER UP !



IT'S UP THERE TO STAY, TOO !

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, DILLY !

