

HOWDY DOODY

JULY-AUGUST



ION

SPECIAL PLAYGROUND



Dilly Dally climbed hastily over the red brick wall and dropped down on the other side. His face was all red, and one glance at him was enough to show that it was not the heat of the lovely Spring day that affected him . . . but a very strong fit of temper! Yes, Dilly was simply steaming with fury!

"Just wait 'til I tell Howdy Doody and the rest of the gang!" he muttered. "Why, that old sour-puss! He's got some nerve, going and buying our special playground and then not letting us use it any more!"

Waving his bell, CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! and yelling, "Calling all kids of Doodyville! . . . Gather in the Village Square! . . . WE WANT JUSTICE!!!" Dilly marched up and down the village streets!

Pretty soon, quite a parade of children was following Dilly. When they passed by Howdy's house, Howdy came running out in surprise.

"What's going on, Dilly Dally? Don't you know we decided never to call a special meeting, unless it was an emergency?"

"I-it's an emergency all right, all right," huffed Dilly, who was a little winded from all the excitement. ". . . Our playground's gone!"

"Y-you mean our nice old haunted house with the swimming pool . . . and the apple trees and the wonderful swinging gates!?"

cried Howdy.

"Yup!" said Dilly. "It's gone!"

"Wh-why, that's ridiculous!" said Howdy. "How could it be gone? . . . Where could it go to?"

"It hasn't disappeared like something in a fairy story!" explained Dilly impatiently. ". . . But the fellow who bought it won't let us play there any more!"

"We'll show him he can't do this to us!" cried Flub-a-dub. "Even though he has. . ."

"We'll mess up things a bit . . . we will!" shouted another youngster.

"We don't want to trespass, Howdy! All we want to do is play in his old yard like we always did!" interrupted Dilly.

"Then, the thing to do is to go ask him!" said Howdy.

So, they all paraded down to the end of town, to the fenced in property which had once served them as a play-area. . . .

"Golly!" exclaimed Howdy admiringly, as he stared at the mended brick wall and the newly painted old house. "No wonder he doesn't want us all over the place! He's fixing everything up like new!"

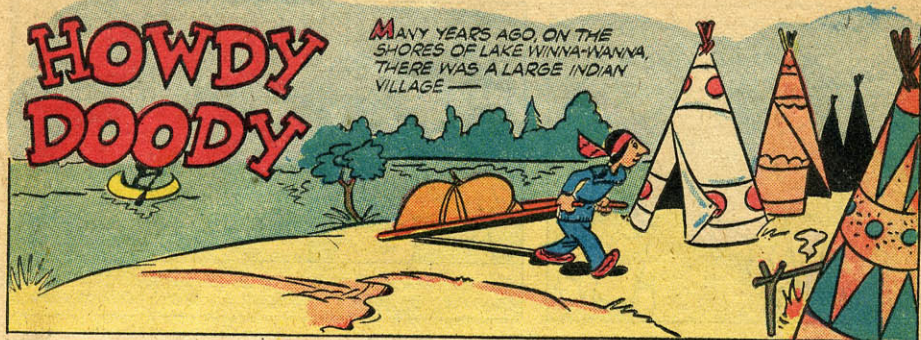
"Hurrah! It's too shadowy for him to see me now!" said Dilly. "I'm going to take a quick dip! . . . It may be the last."

Dilly had his swimming trunks and his dungarees and in a jiffy, he

(Continued on inside back cover)

HOWDY DOODY

MANY YEARS AGO, ON THE SHORES OF LAKE WINNA-WANNA, THERE WAS A LARGE INDIAN VILLAGE —



THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE WAS VERY SAD —

— HE WAS SAD BECAUSE HE HAD MANY SONS AND NO DAUGHTERS —



OUR CHIEF HAS TROUBLED FACE. WHAT IS WRONG?

I AM A RICH AND POWERFUL CHIEF, WISE MEDICINE MAN!



BUT THE GREAT SPIRIT GIVES ME NO DAUGHTER! OUR TRIBE HAS NO PRINCESS!

THAT IS TRUE!



TELL ME, WISE ONE, IS OUR TRIBE NEVER TO HAVE A PRINCESS?

YES, BUT NOT FOR MANY, MANY MOONS.

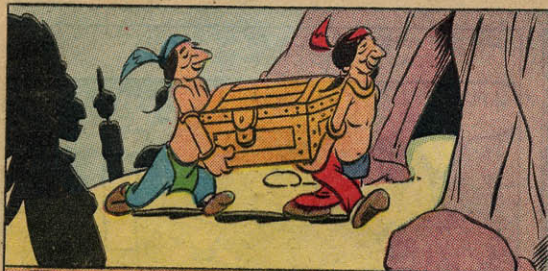


THEN SHE WILL NOT BE MY DAUGHTER?

NO, NOBLE CHIEF, SHE WILL BE THE DAUGHTER OF YOUR SON'S SON'S SON!

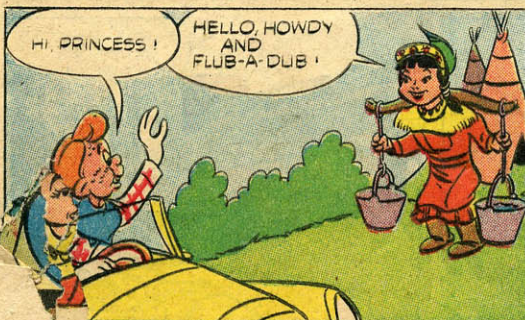
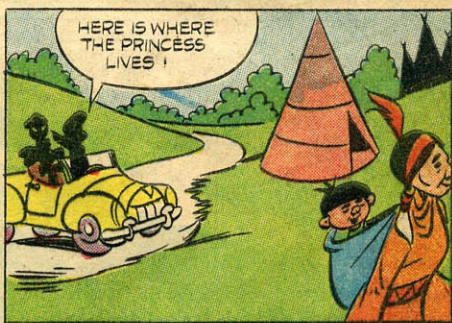
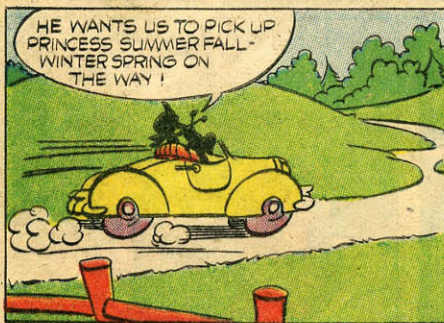
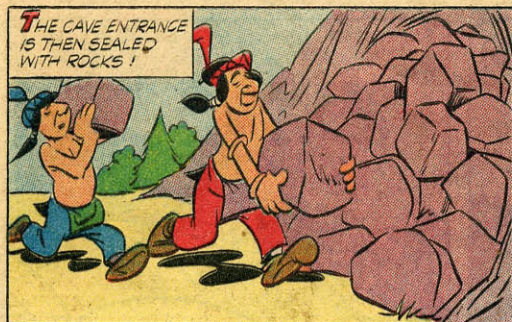


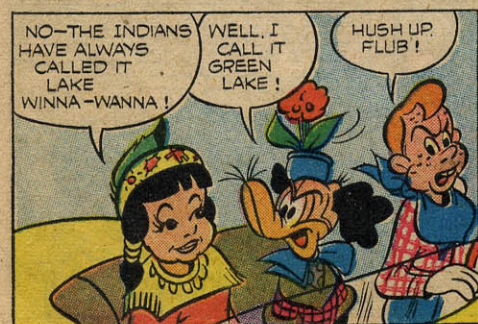
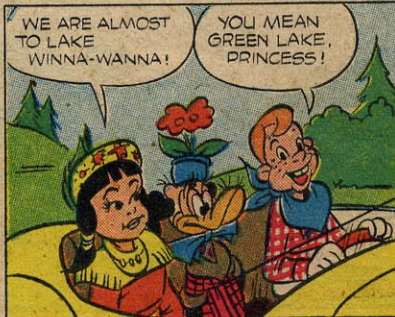
A HUGE CHEST IS MADE, AND EACH MEMBER OF THE TRIBE
CONTRIBUTES SOME OF HIS GOLD, SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES.

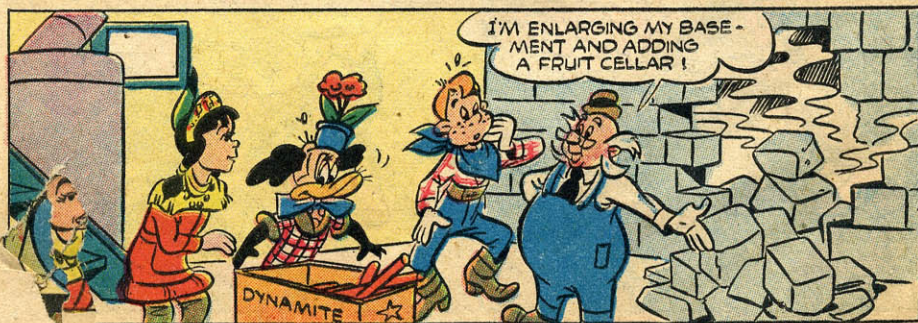
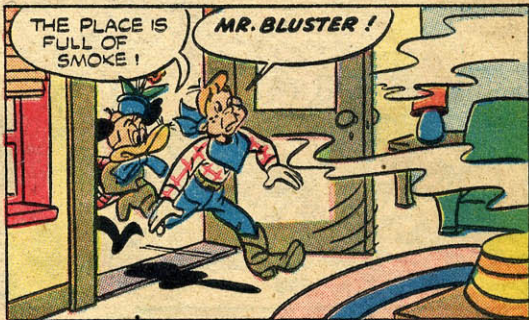
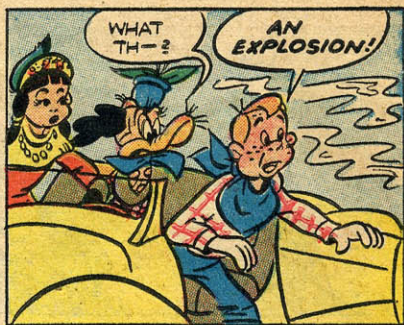


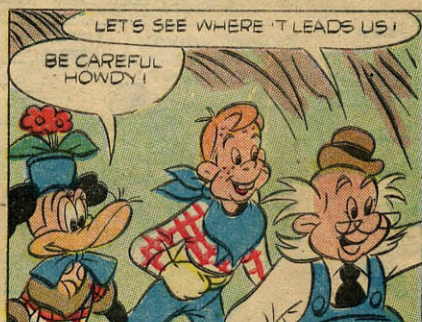
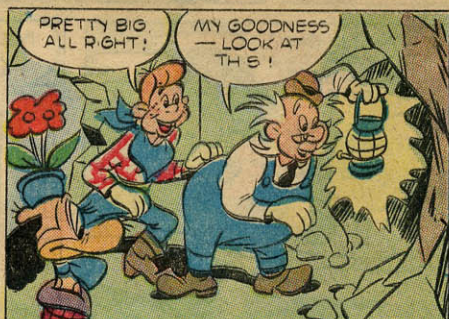
THE CHEST IS THEN BORNE INTO A DEEP CAVE —

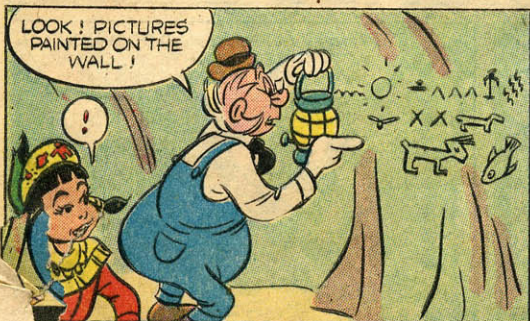
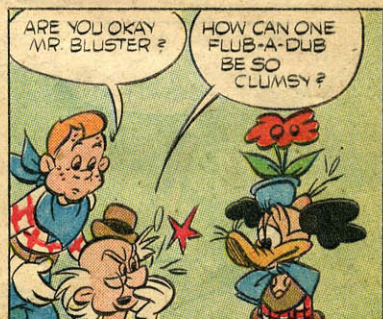
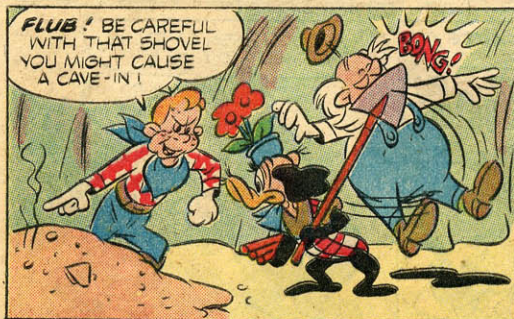
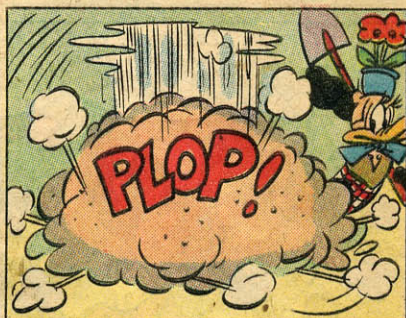


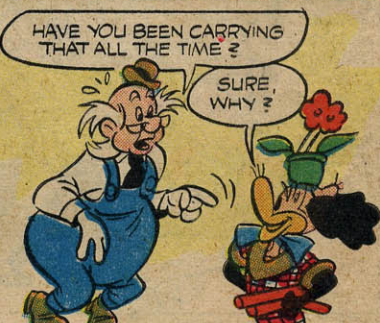
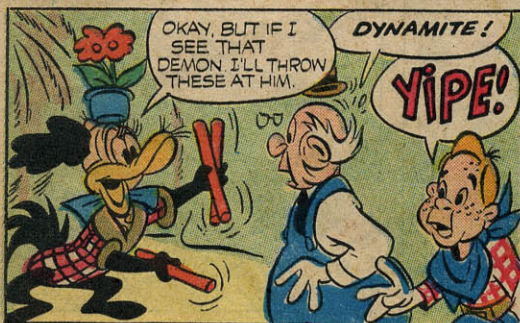
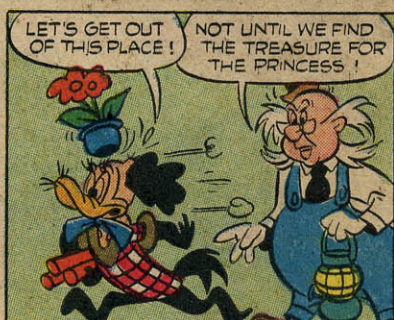


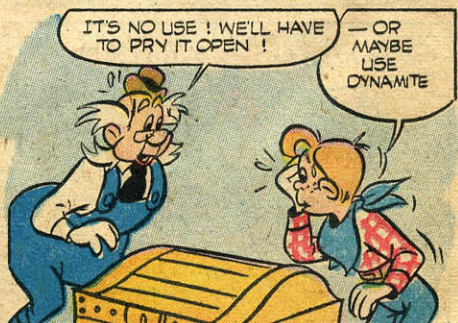
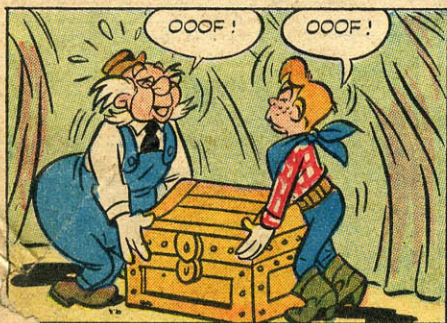
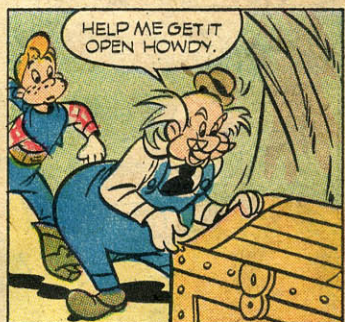
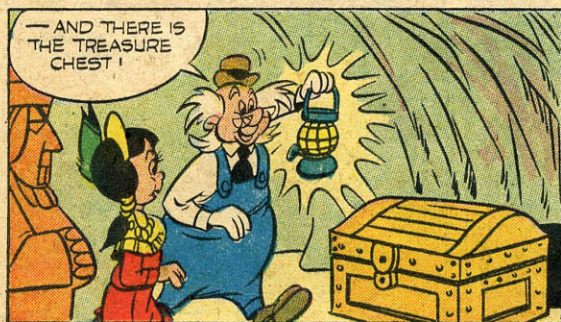
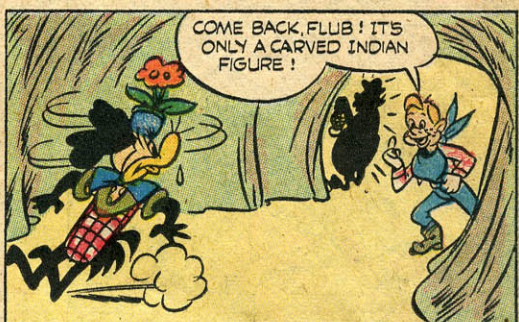


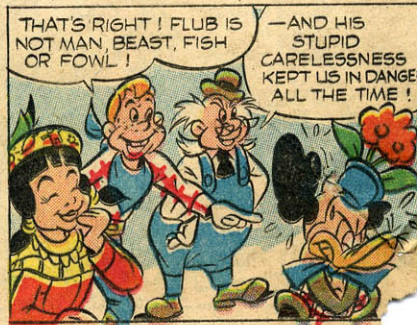
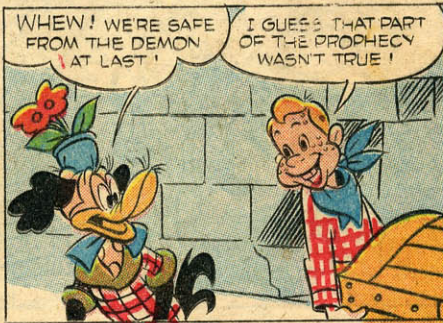
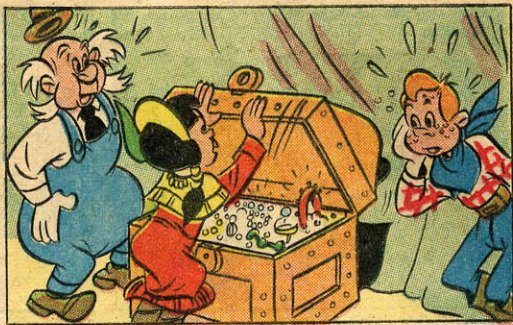


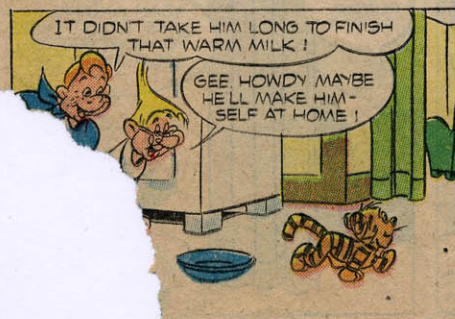
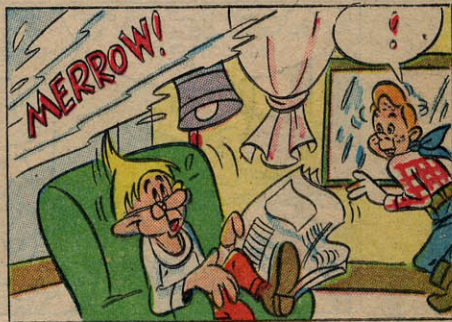
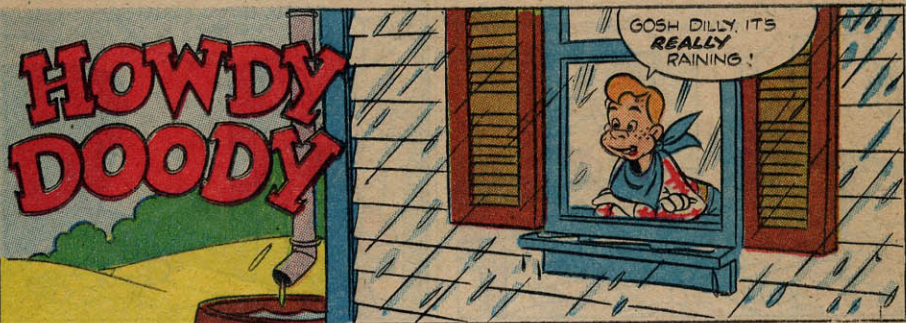


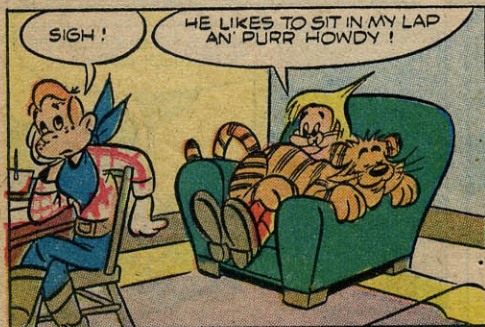
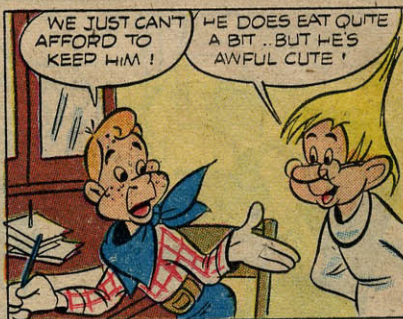
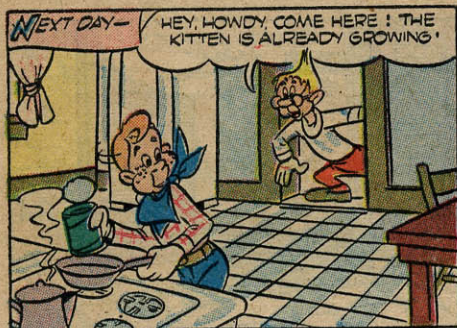


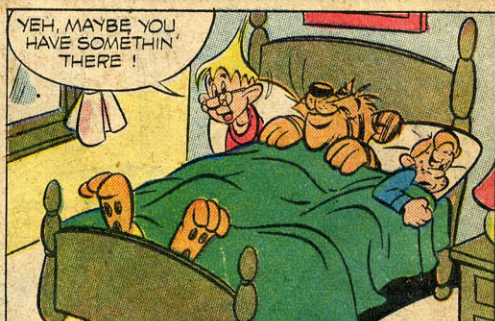
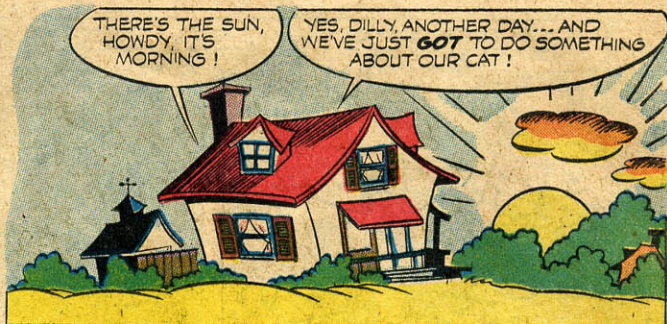
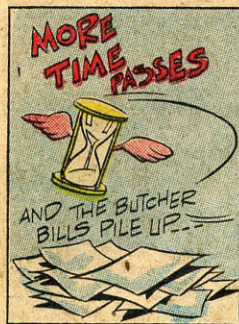


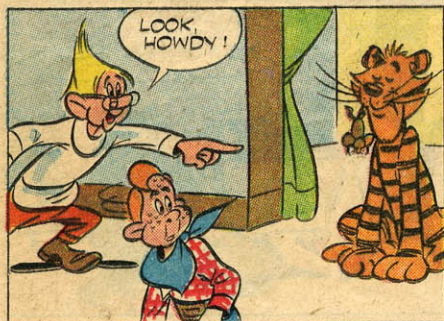
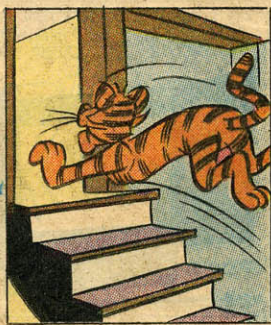


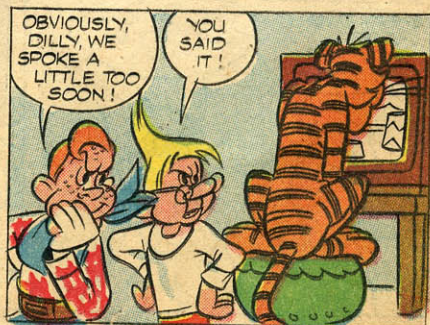
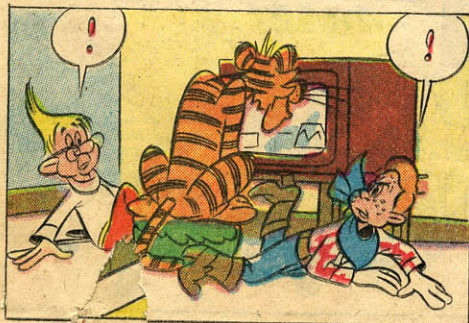
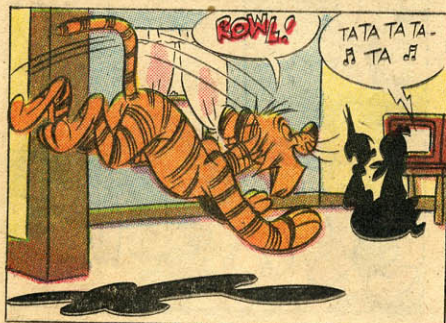
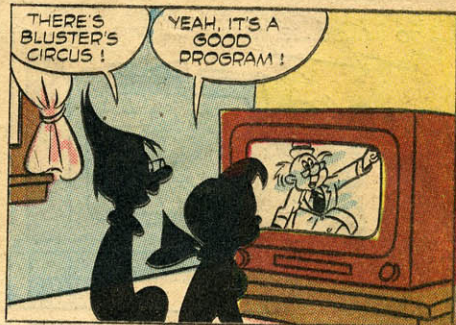
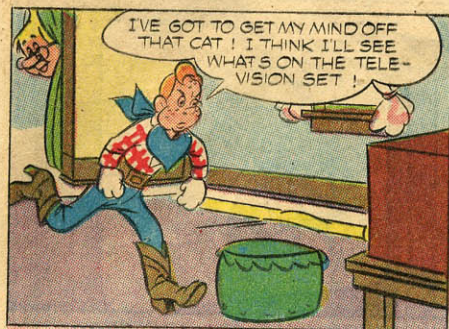


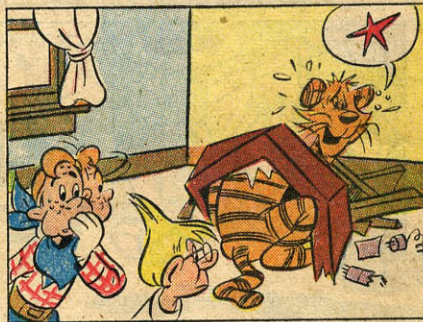
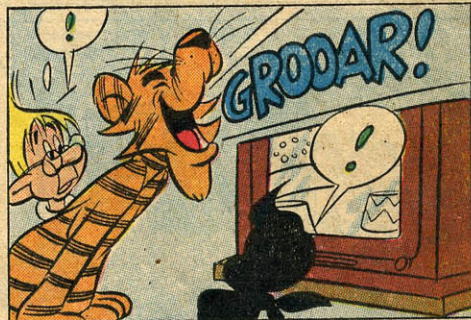


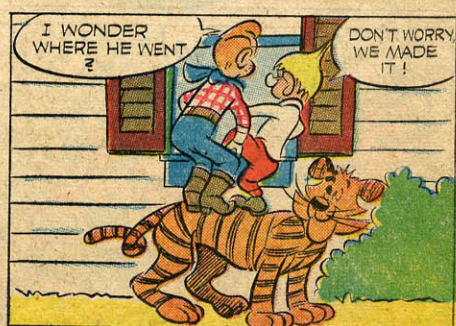
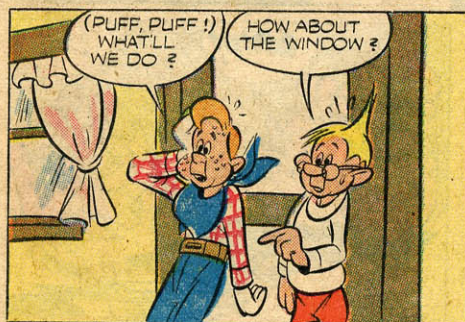
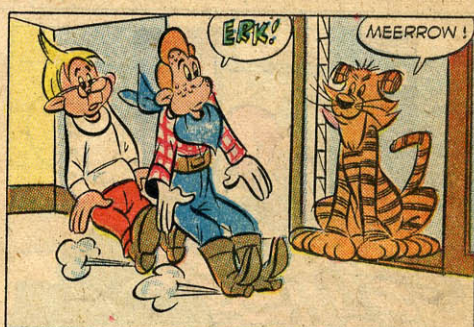
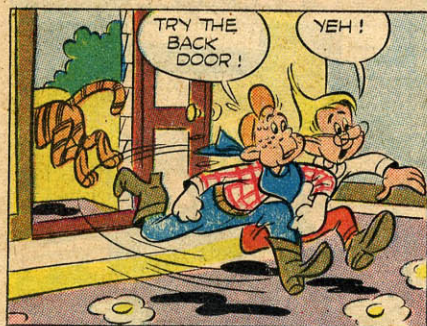
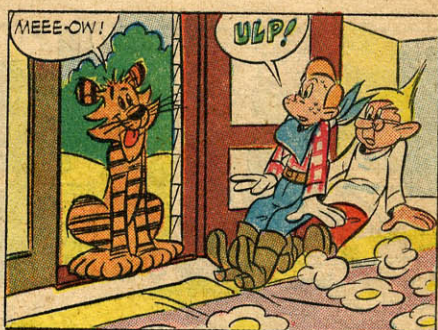
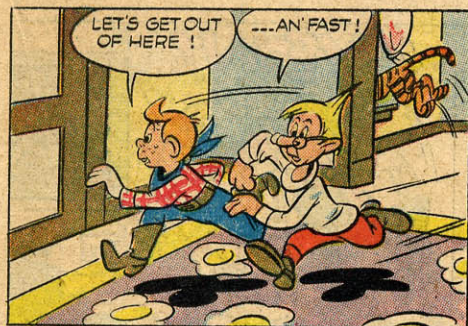


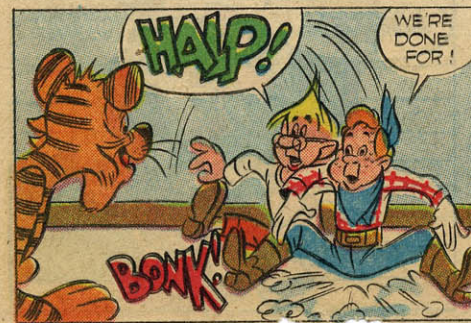
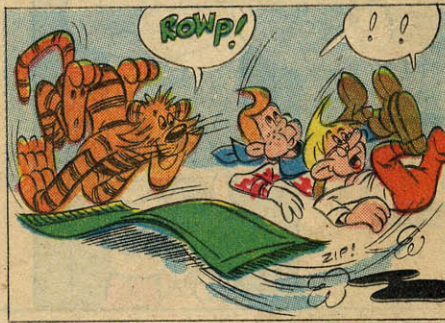
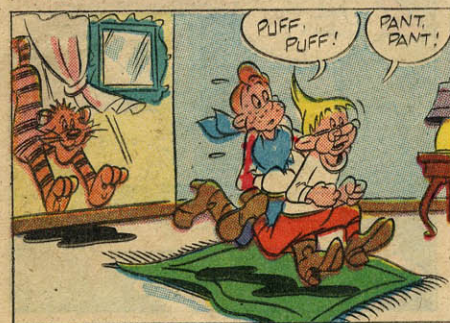
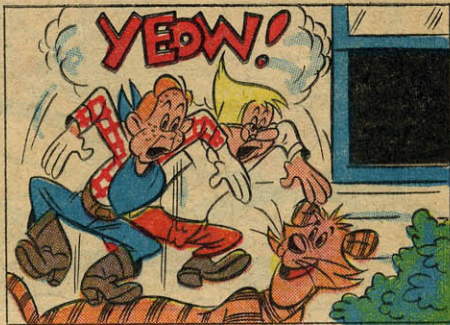


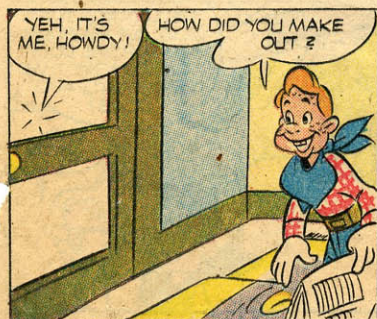
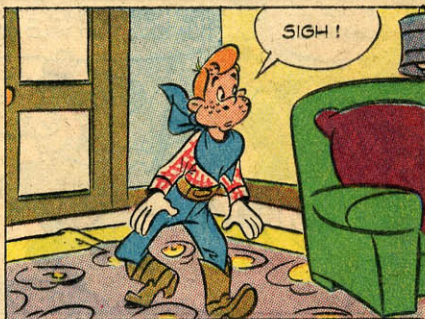
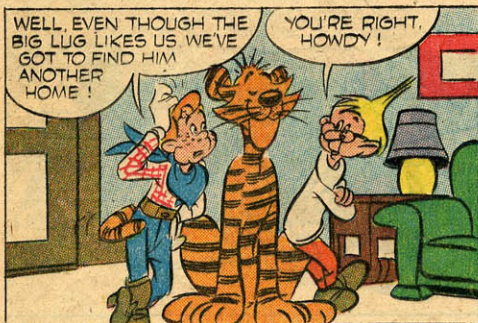


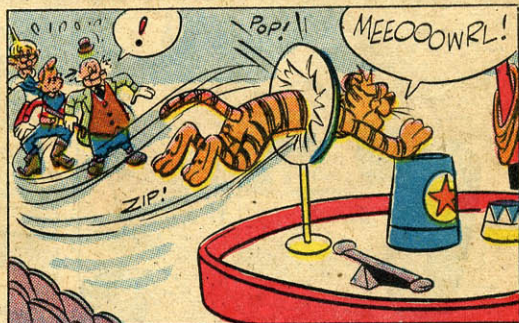


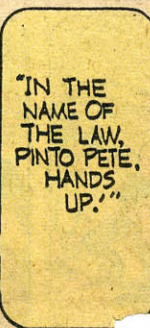
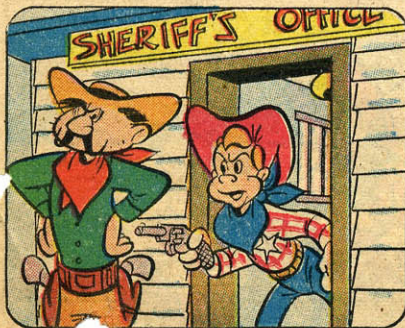
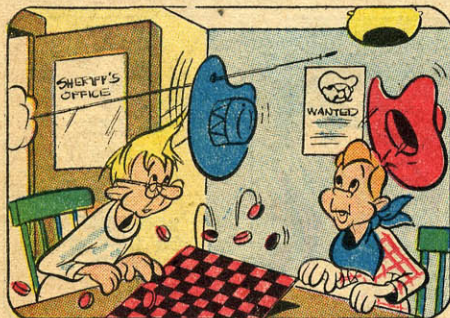
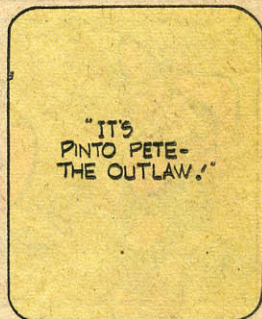
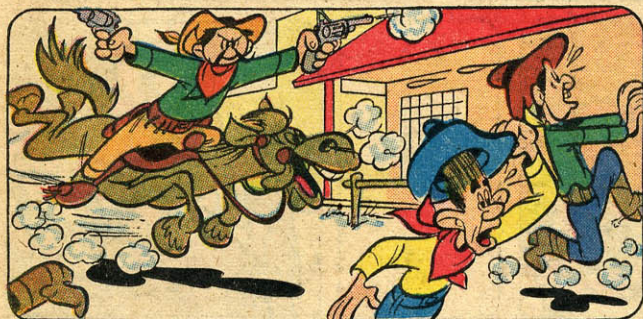
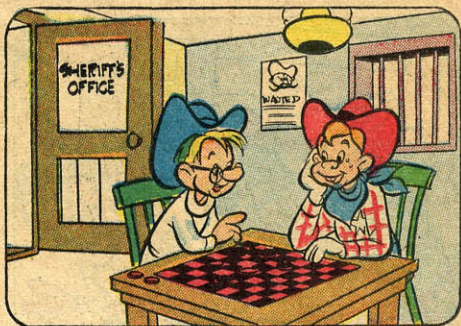
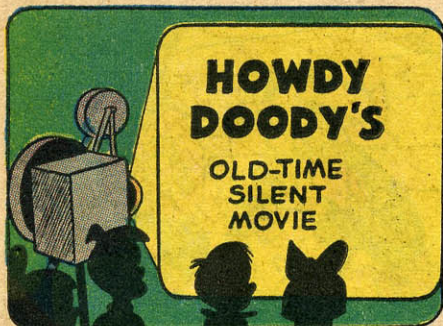


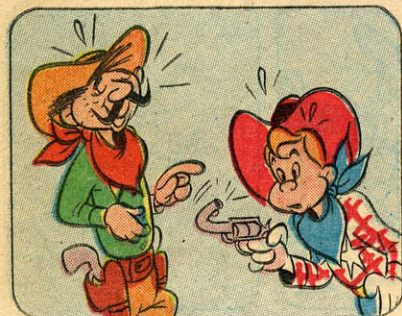
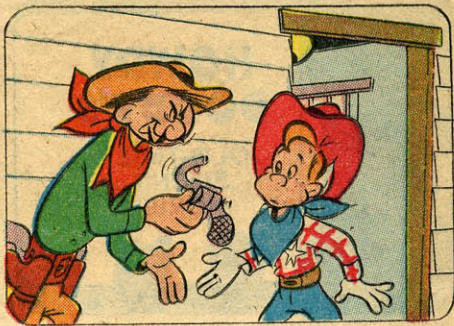
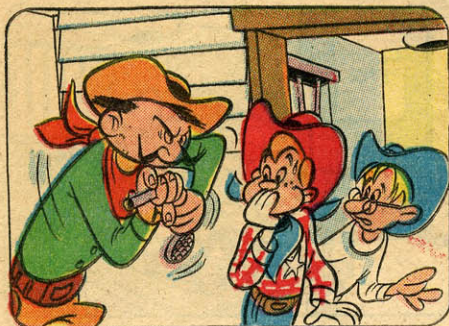




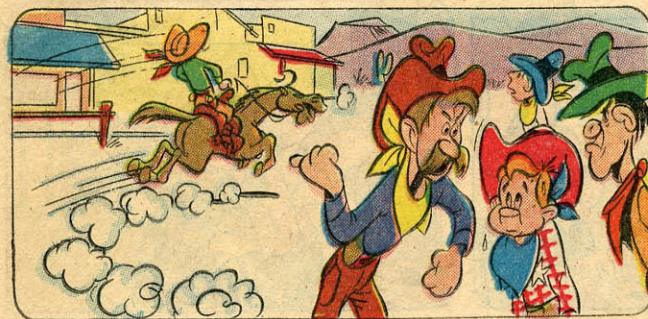
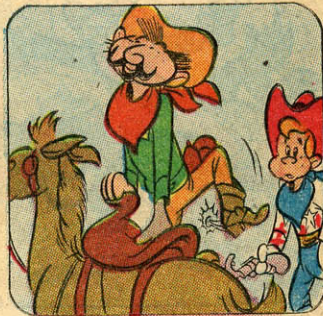






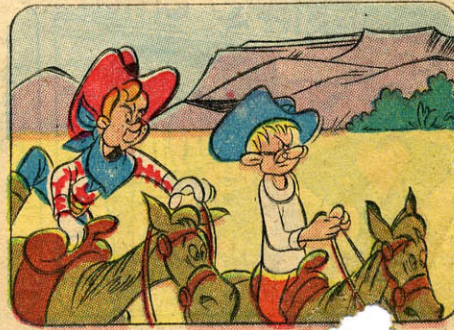
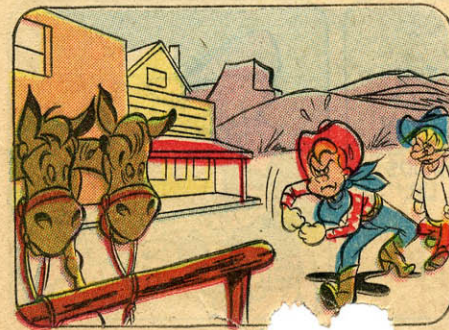


"NOW GO
AHEAD AND
SHOOT."



"A FINE
SHERIFF
YOU ARE."

"WHY DON'T
YOU CAPTURE
HIM?"

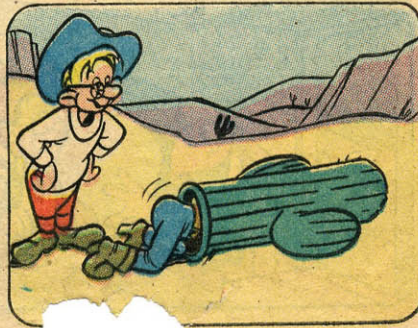
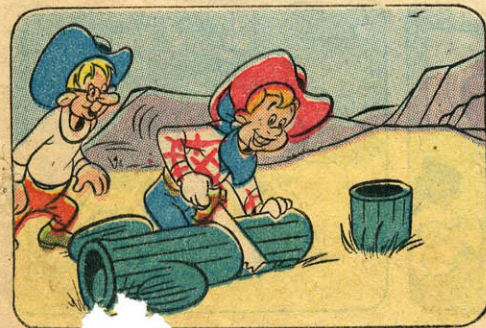
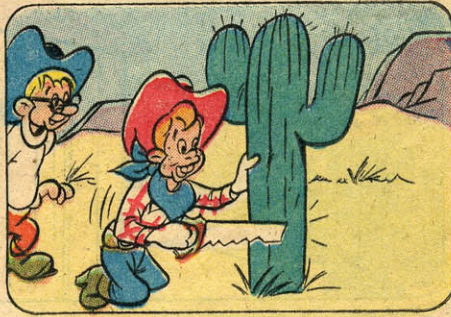
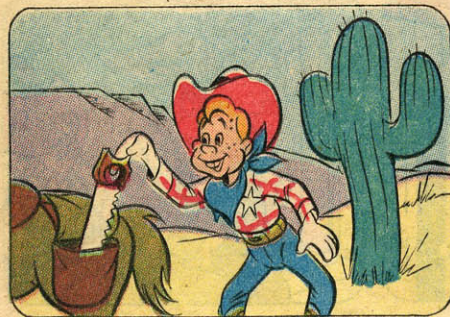


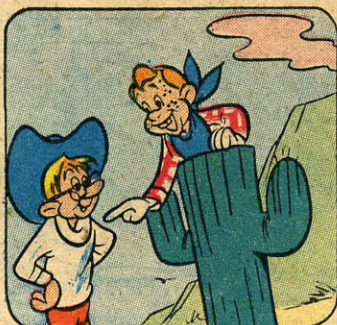


"WE'LL FOLLOW
PINTO'S TRACKS
TO HIS GANG'S
HIDE-OUT, DILLY."

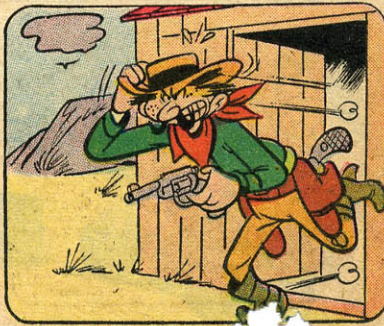
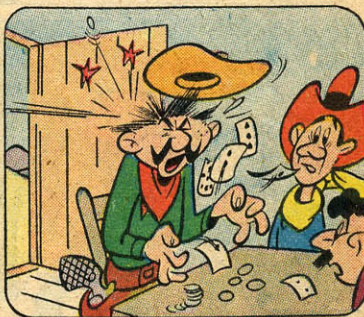
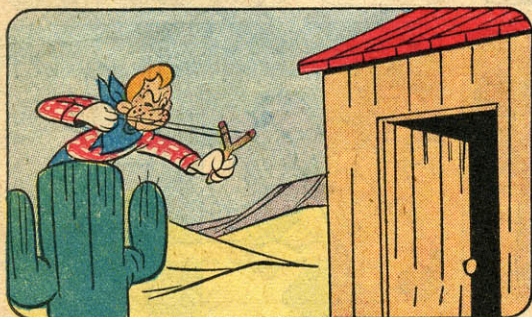


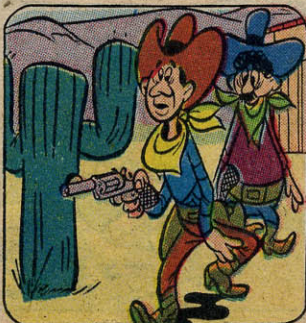
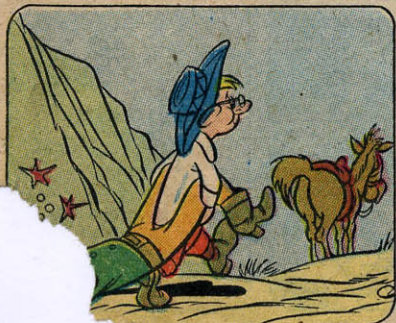
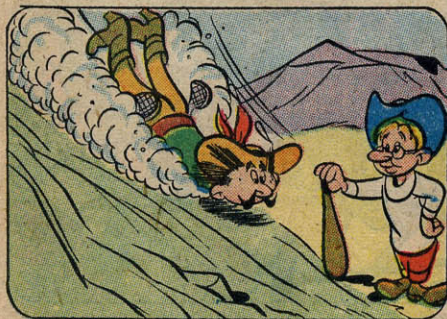
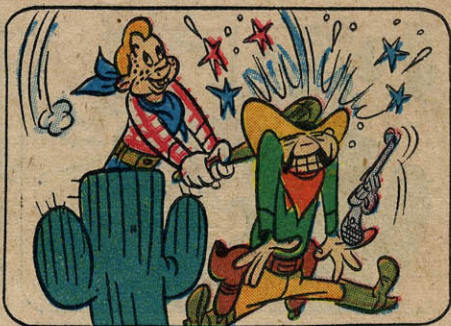
"LOOK,
THAT MUST
BE IT."



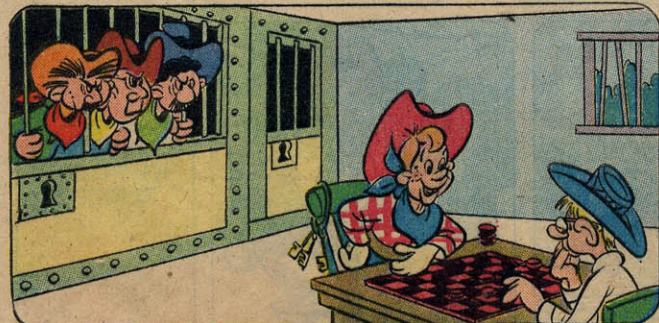
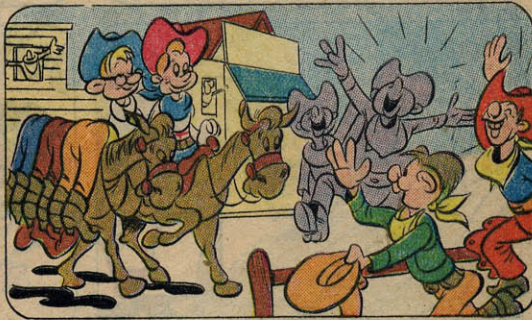
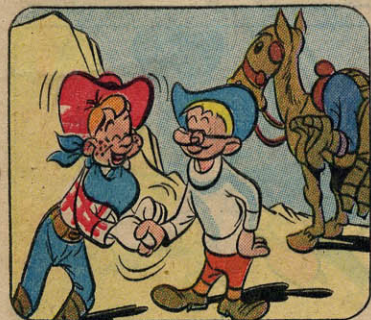
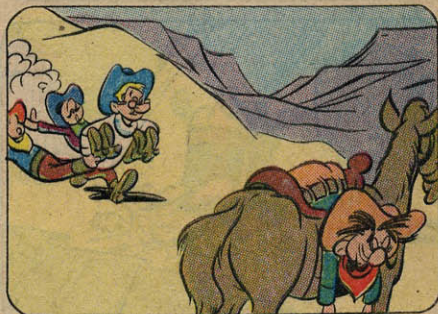
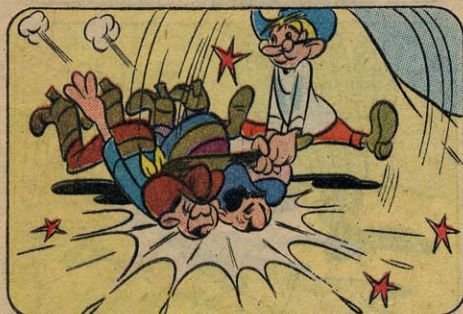
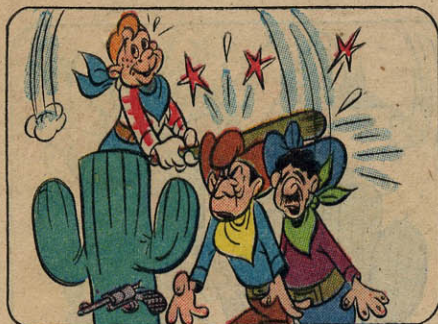


"YOU WAIT AT
THE BOTTOM
OF THE
CANYON, DILLY."



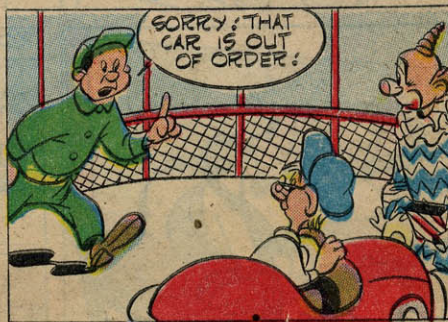
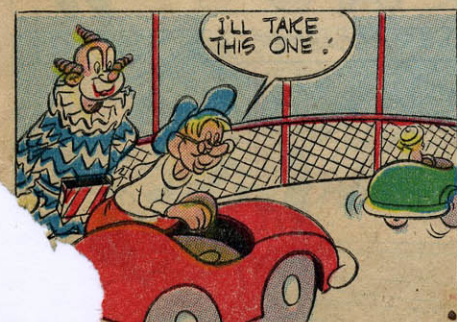


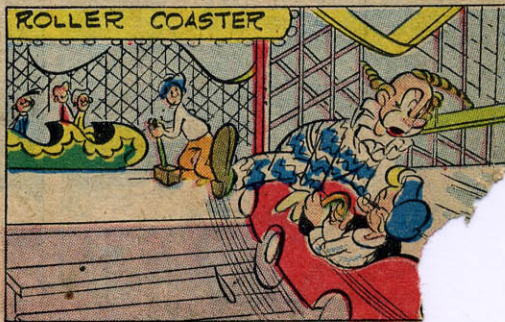
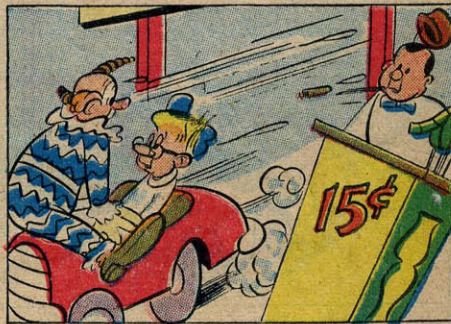
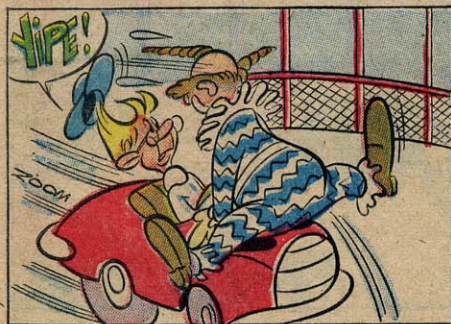
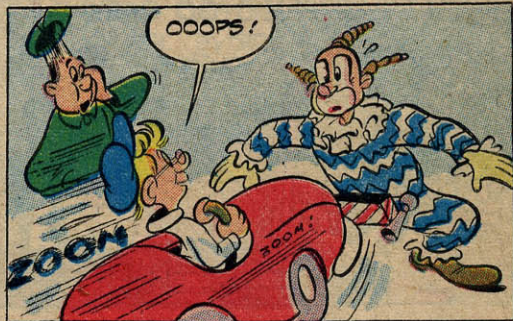
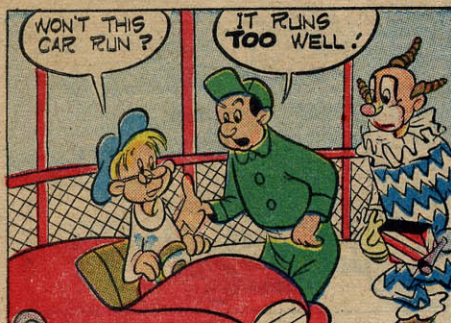
"WHAT
HAPPENED
TO PINTO?"

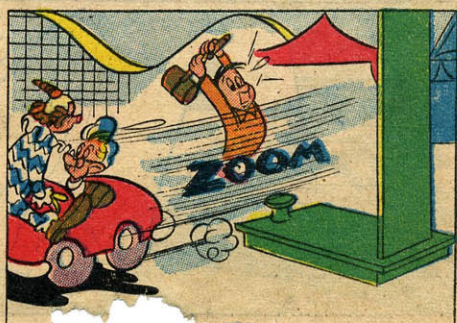
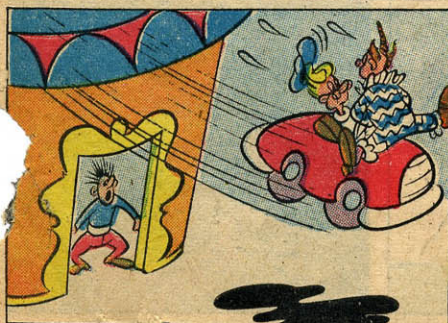
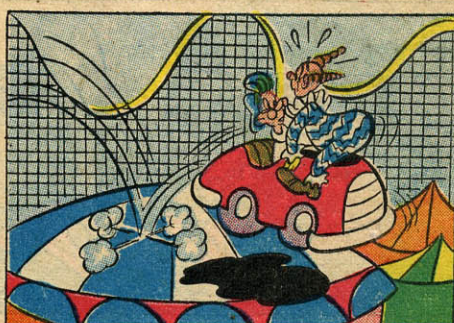
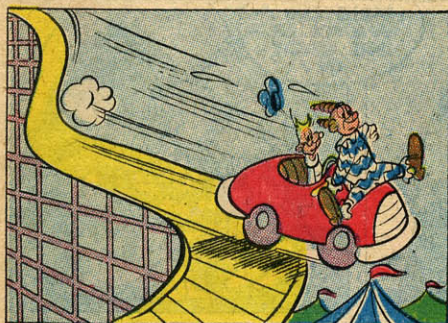
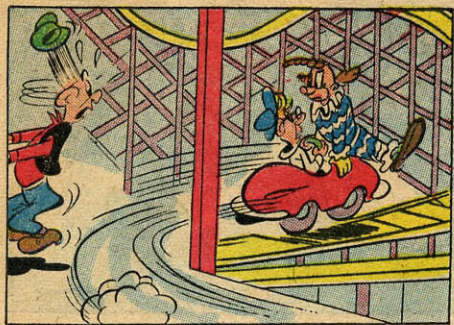


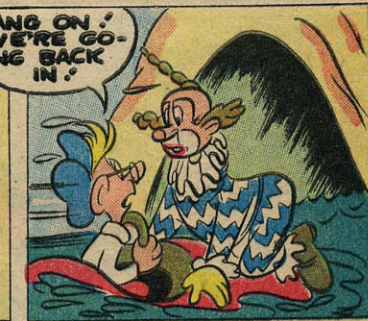
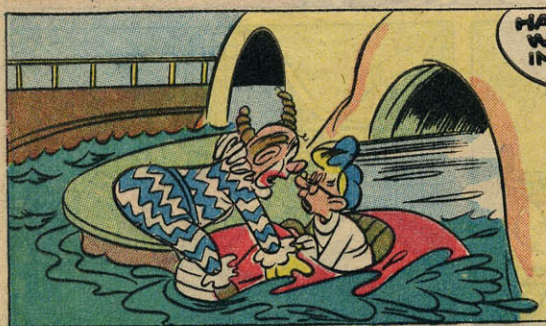
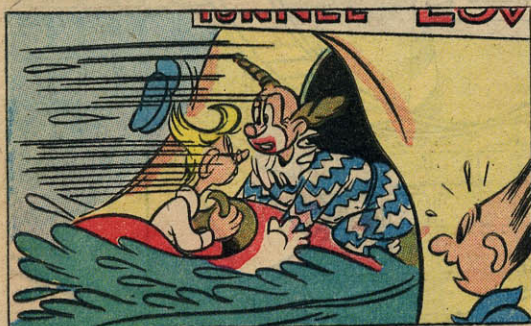
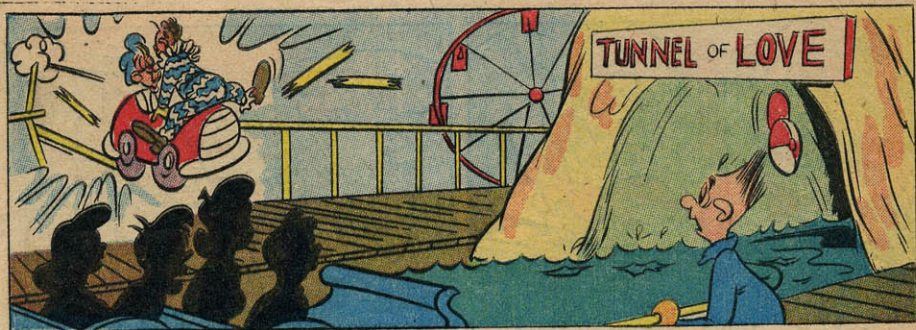
"IT WAS YOUR
MOVE,
DILLY."

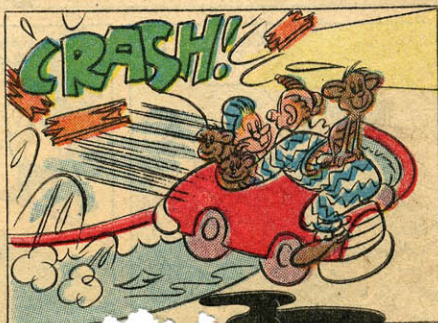
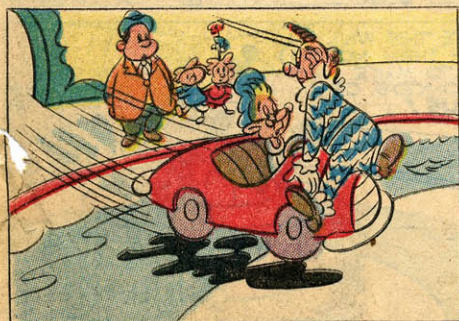
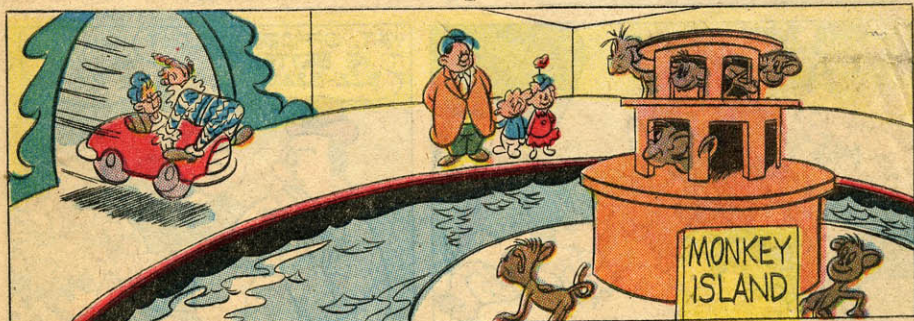
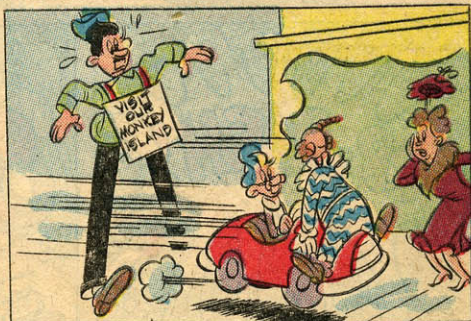
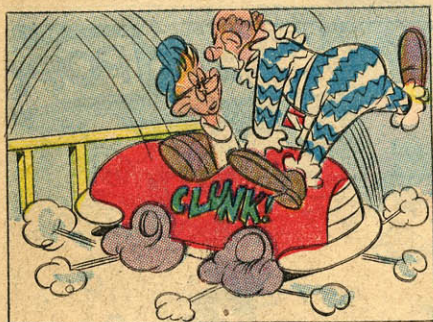
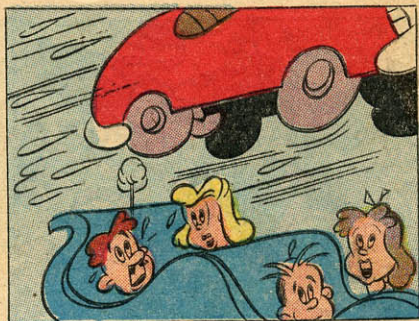
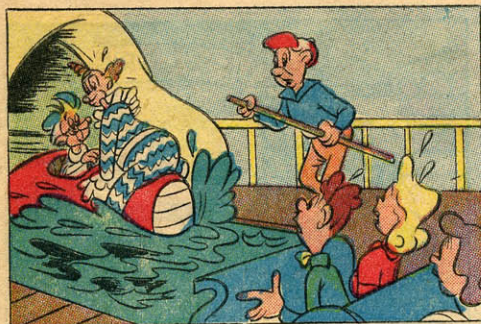
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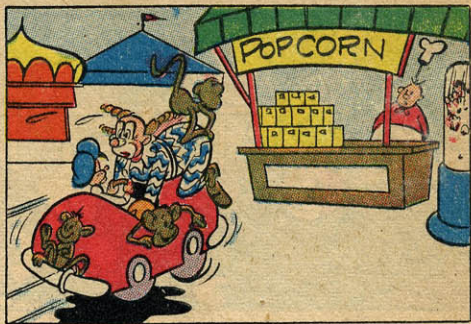












(Continued from inside front cover)

edge of the pool and dove in . . . CRACK!
There was a loud noise . . . and then, silence. . . .

"That didn't sound like the right kind of a 'splash' sound," commented Flub-a-dub.

They all ran to the edge of the pool. It was empty . . . that is, it was empty of everything but Dilly! Dilly sat in the middle of the dry pool and sheepishly rubbed his head.

"Never saw it this shallow before! Must be low tide . . . huh, Howdy?" he said.

Howdy got him out and after he was dressed again, they started up towards the house. Suddenly, Flub-a-dub remembered that he had once left his jackknife in the fork of the old apple tree on the edge of the pasture. "I'd better go and get it now, just in case old sour-puss orders us off!"

Flub-a-dub hurried over to the pasture fence and started to climb over it.

There was a sudden loud tapping on the window in the house, and a rosy-cheeked, white-haired man frowned and shook his head vigorously!

"It's now or never!" cried Flub-a-dub . . . and over the fence he went!

There was a loud snort and the sudden pounding of heavy hooves . . . as a large and angry bull charged straight at Flub-a-dub! . . .

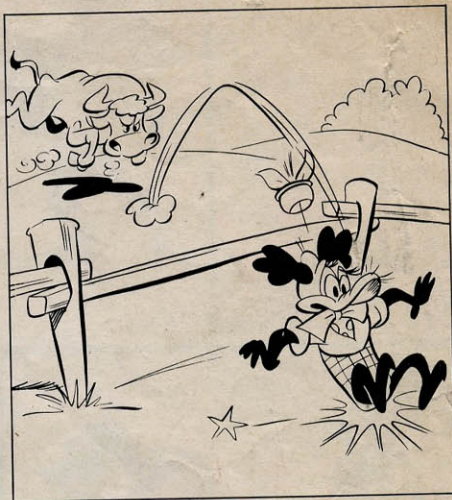
"Guess it's never!" gulped Flub, as he flew through the air . . . and landed thump on the safe side of the fence!

Howdy, Dilly and the others rushed to see if he were hurt, but suddenly, a much-flustered man, the one who had knocked on the window of the house, broke through their little circle. . . .

"Say, what's the matter with you silly kids!? Do you want me to lose my job?" he cried in a quavery voice.

"What's my getting bounced by a bull got to do with your being bounced out of a job?" retorted Flub-a-dub.

"Job?" said Dilly foolishly. ". . . A . . . d-don't you own this place?"



"Of course not!" replied the man. "I'm just the caretaker. The town of Doodyville bought the place for its new park and children's recreation center! Now, won't you please all go home and let us get this place all repaired and cleaned up for the 'Great Opening Day' next week?"

"G-o-sh yes!" cried Howdy excitedly. "Did you hear what he said, kids? We're going to have our own park with a swimming pool . . . and . . . and everything!"

Everyone cheered, and then, one by one, they started to walk down the front path and out the gate. . . .

"What's the matter, Dilly, you don't look so pleased?" Howdy asked his pal, as they started for home.

"I was just thinking," answered Dilly Dally, "it won't be half as much fun going in that place through the fancy front gates, as it used to be climbing over the back fence."

"You can still go over the back fence," laughed Howdy. "But, remember from now on, whether it's fences or swimming pools," and he pointed first to a sign near the fence, which read "Site of The New Doodyville Park," and then to a sign next to the swimming pool, which read, "Doodyville Empty Pool!" "It's a trap! Don't go before you leap!"

Dilly Dally



HOLD IT A MINUTE, HOWDY!



OKAY! I'M READY!

