

GOLD
KEY

AUGIE DOGGIE

NOW ONLY 12c

10084-310

AUGIE DOGGIE



by
HANNA-
BARBERA



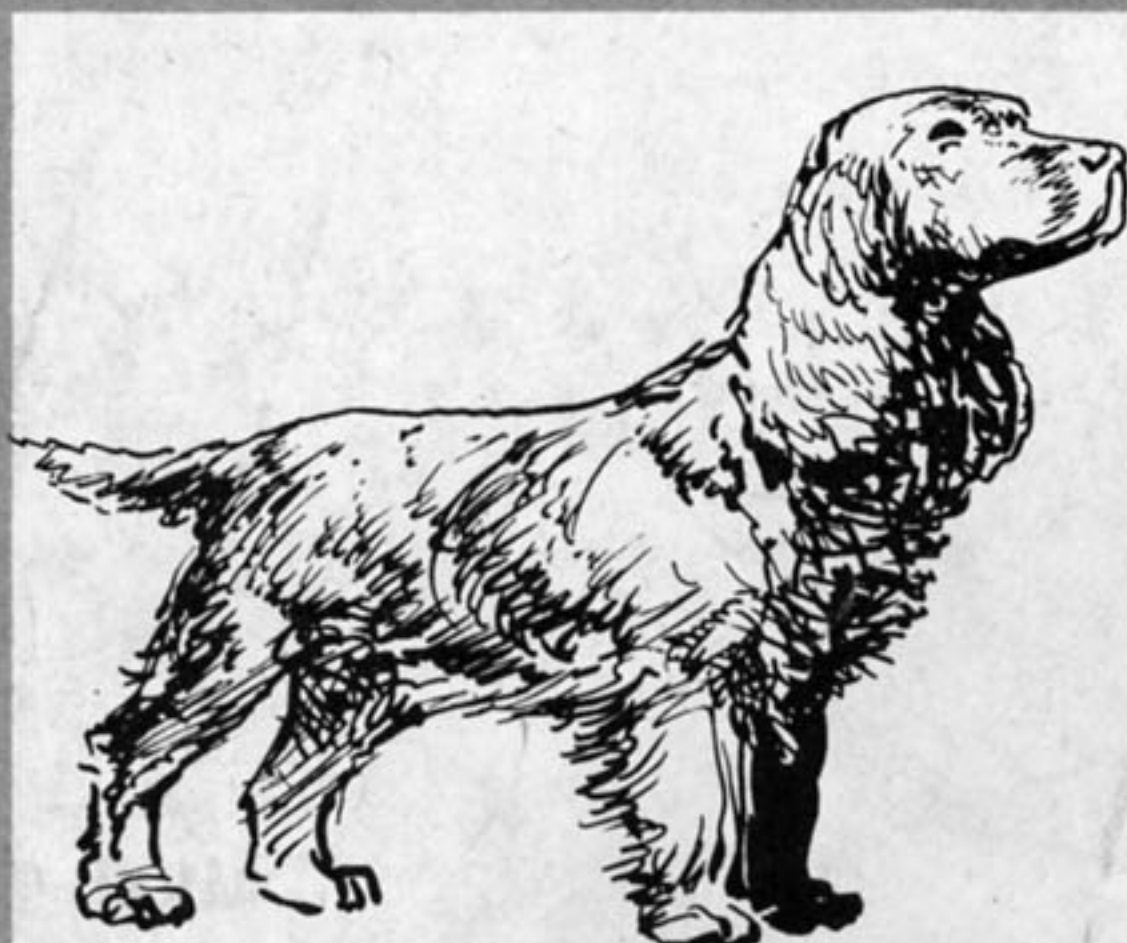
KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

DOMESTIC ANIMALS

NUMBER 9

THE COCKER SPANIEL

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



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A handsome animal, 22 to 28 inches high and to 30 lbs. in weight, the Cocker Spaniel is obedient, willing and an excellent pet.



Food that Elizabeth didn't eat, she fed to her pet, who soon became so used to luxury that it refused to eat ordinary dog food.



Of registered breeds, the Cocker Spaniel has long been rated as tops. It gets its name from hunting birds like the woodcock.



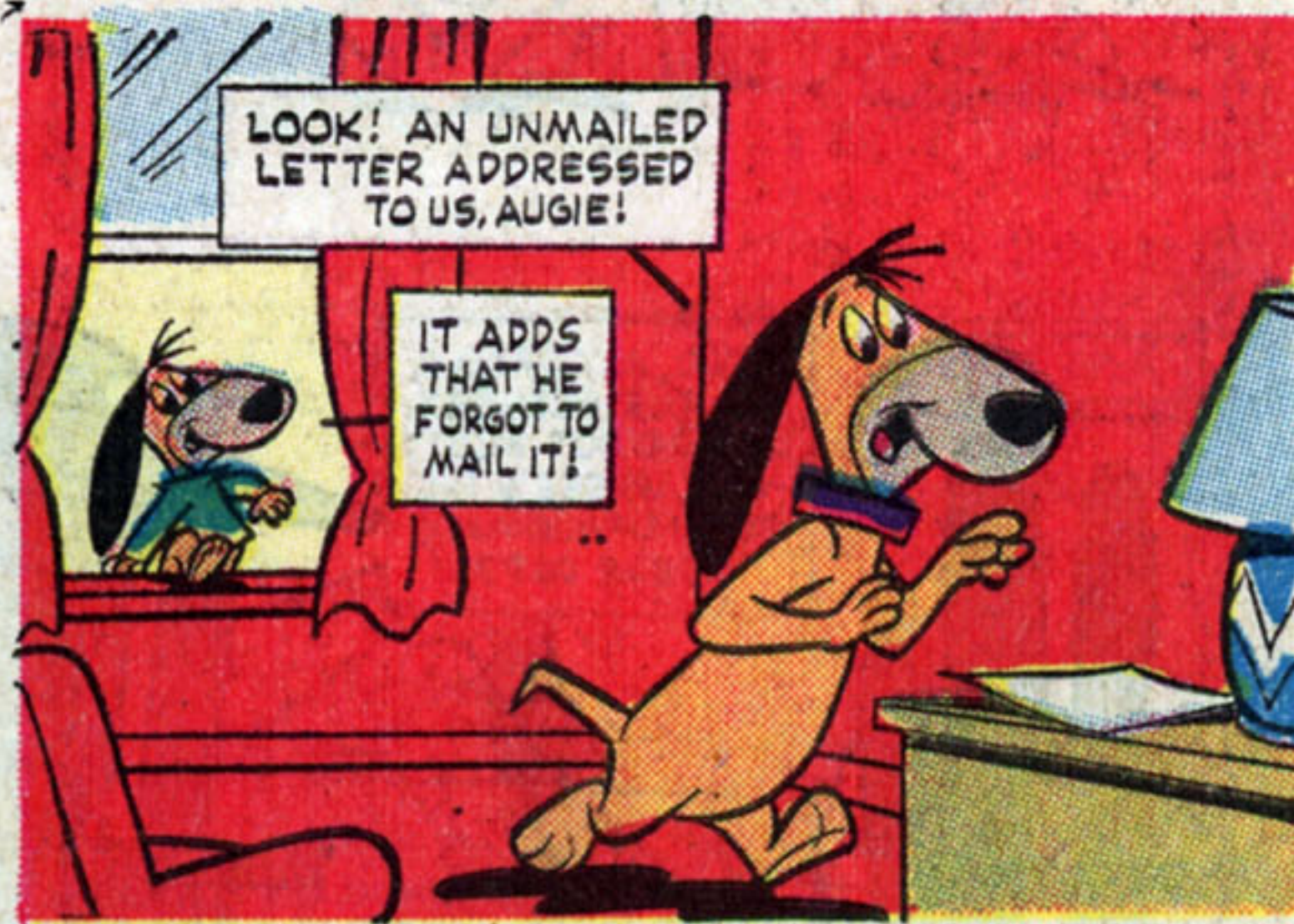
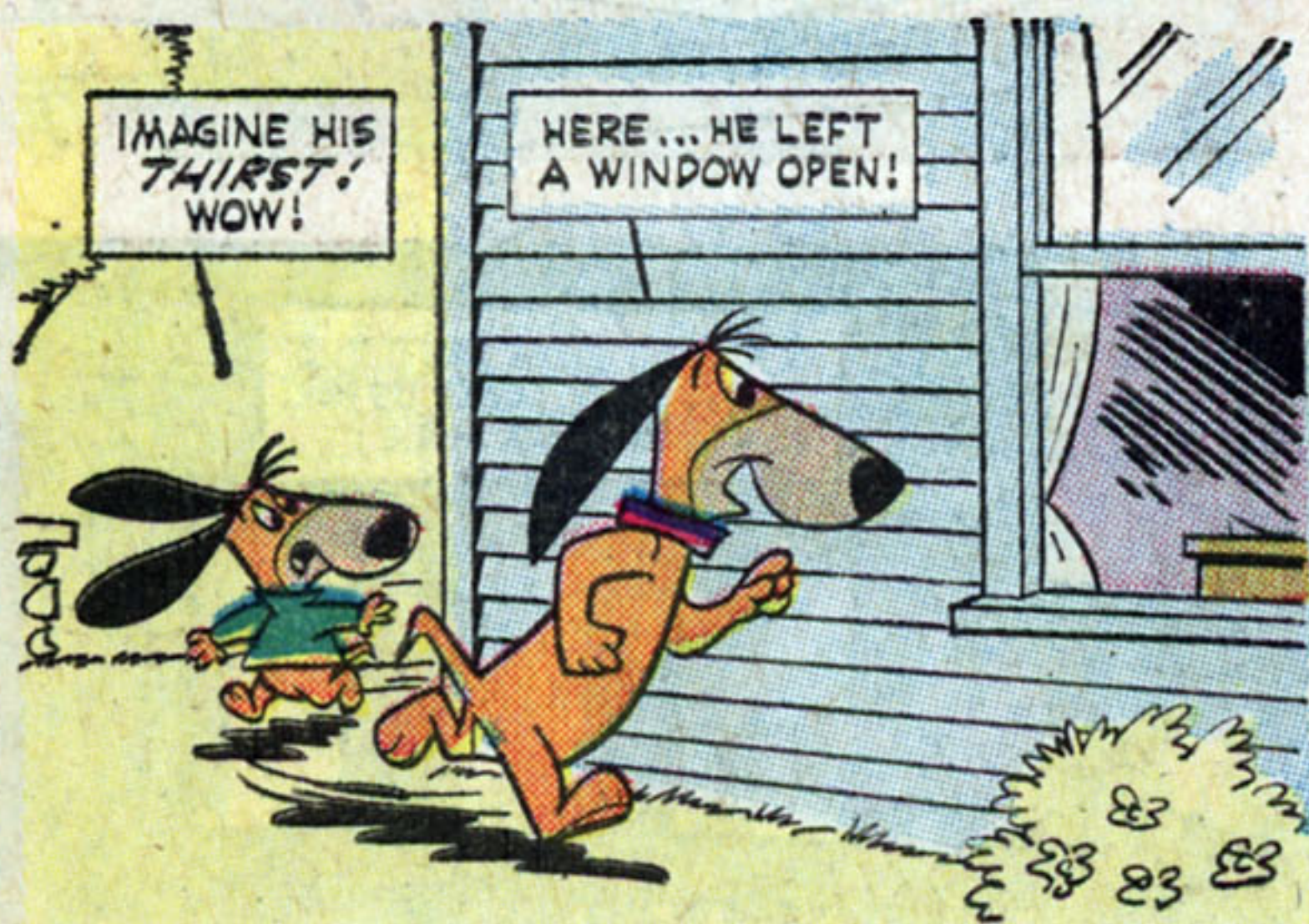
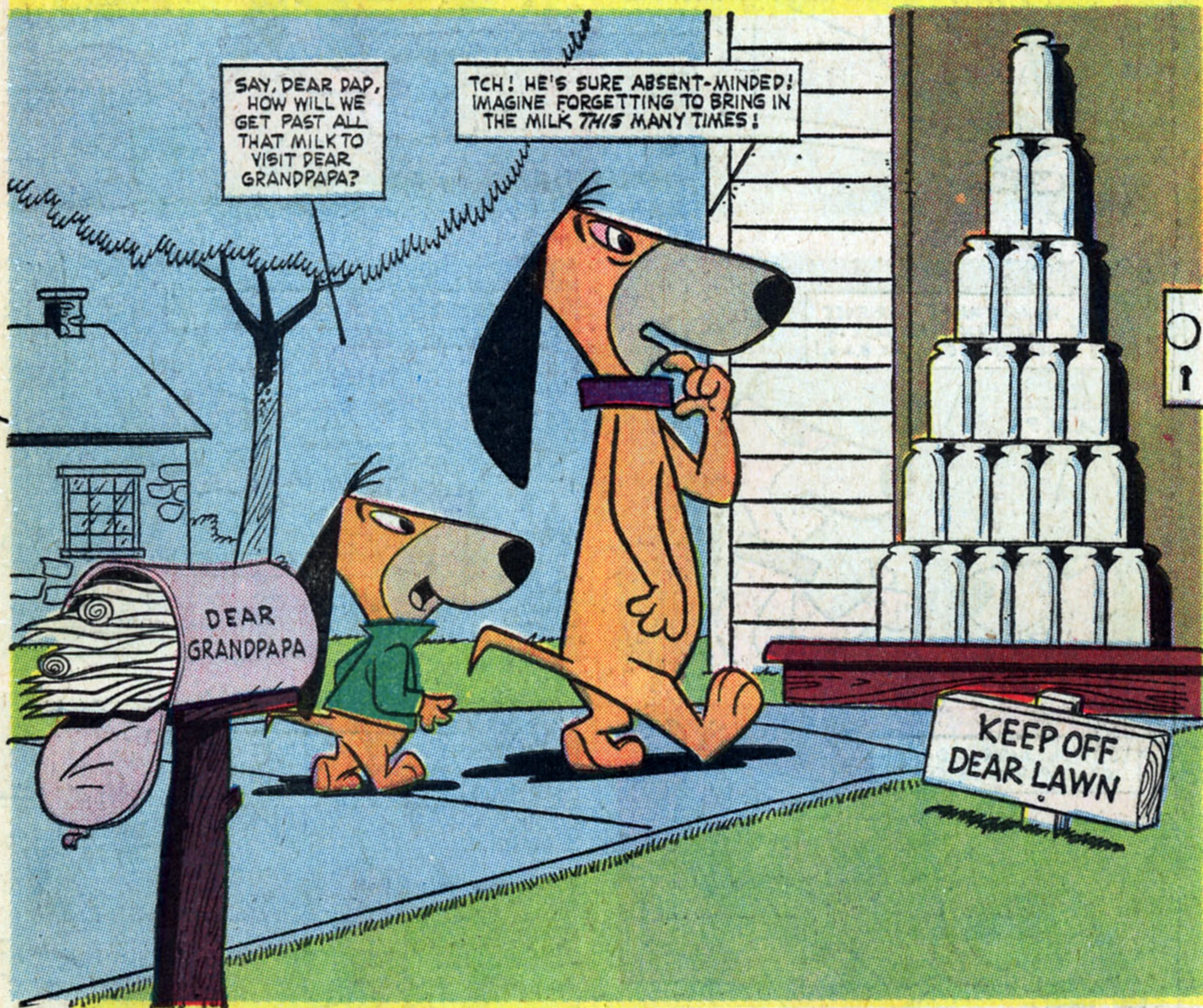
Among the most famous Cocker Spaniels was "Flush," owned by the invalid poetess, Elizabeth Barrett. It seldom left her side.



The loyal little dog became jealous when Robert Browning appeared on the scene. On two occasions the spaniel bit Browning.

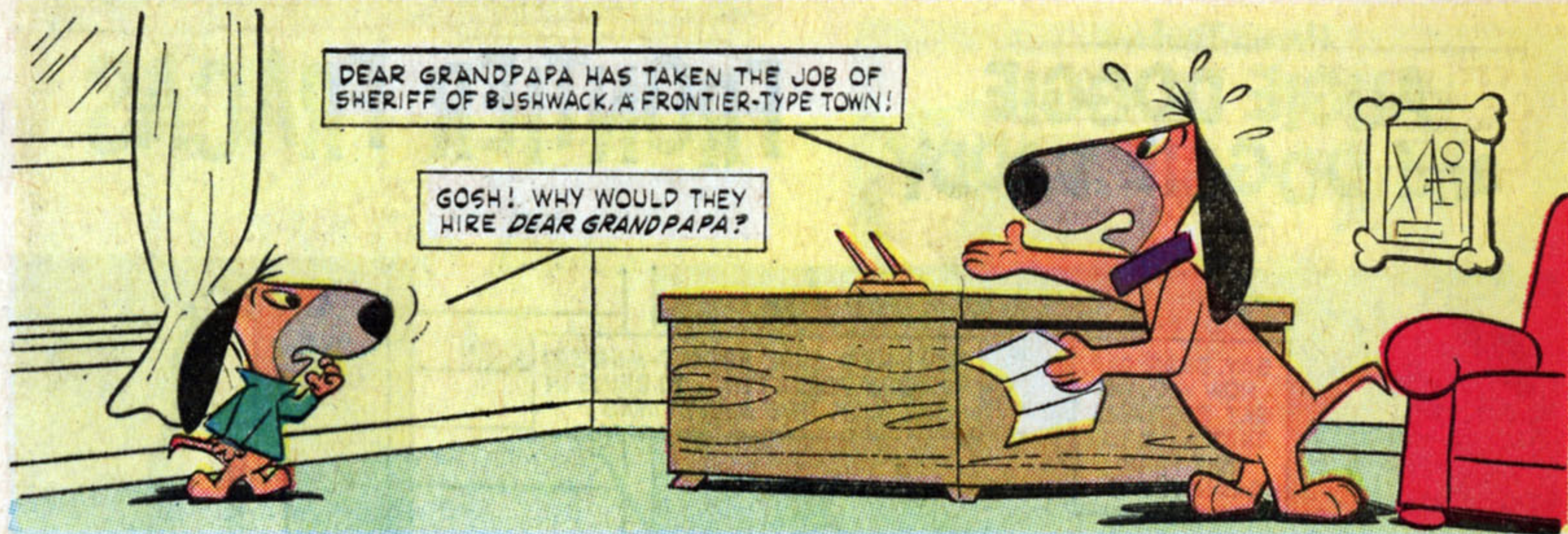
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**AUGIE DOGGIE
and DOGGIE DADDY**

FRONTIER FRACAS



DEAR GRANDPAPA HAS TAKEN THE JOB OF
SHERIFF OF BUSHWACK, A FRONTIER-TYPE TOWN!

GOSH! WHY WOULD THEY
HIRE *DEAR GRANDPAPA*?



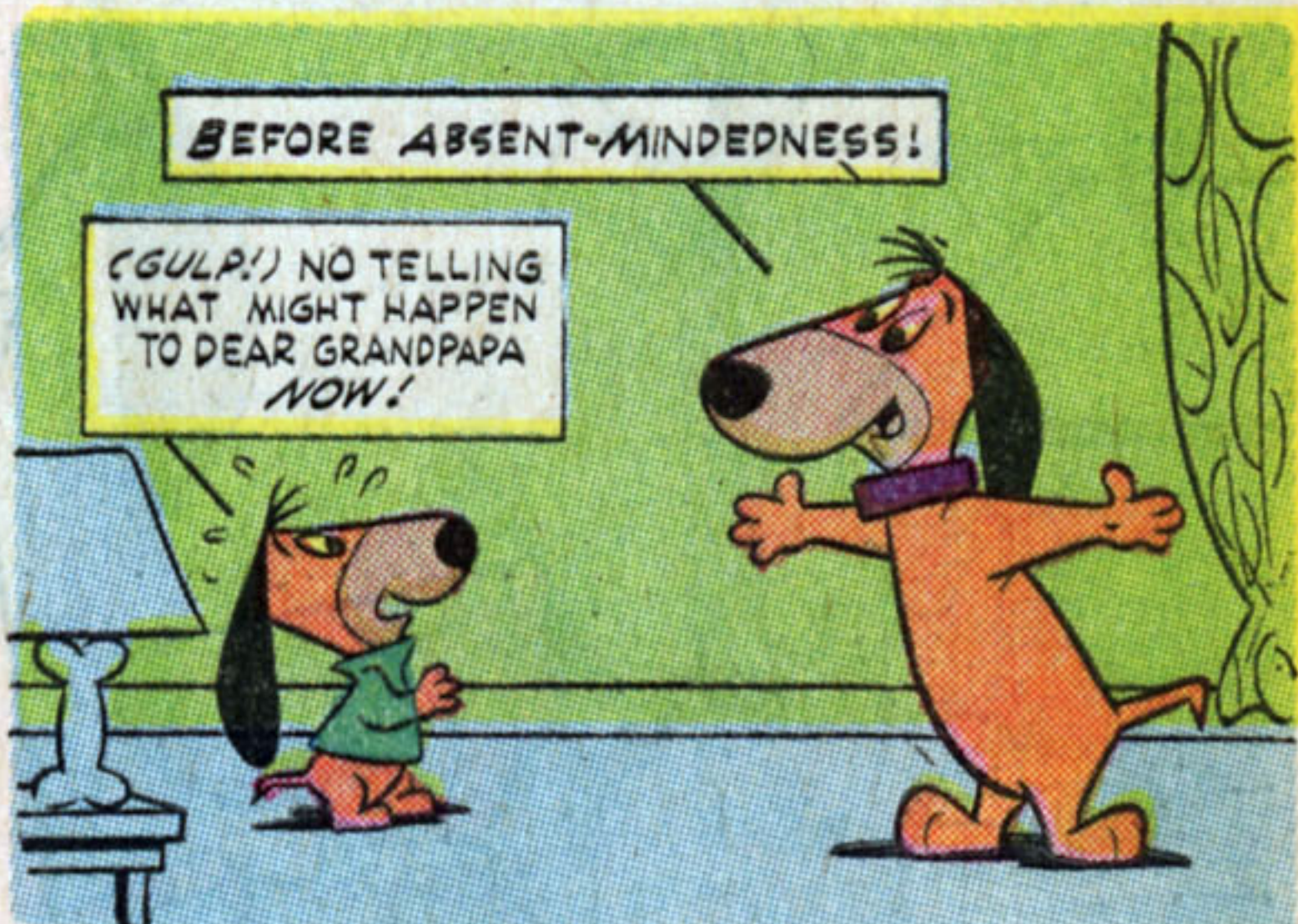
WELL, HE *HAS* HAD EXPERIENCE,
AUGIE... BUT, THAT WAS BACK IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, B.A.M.!

B.A.M.?

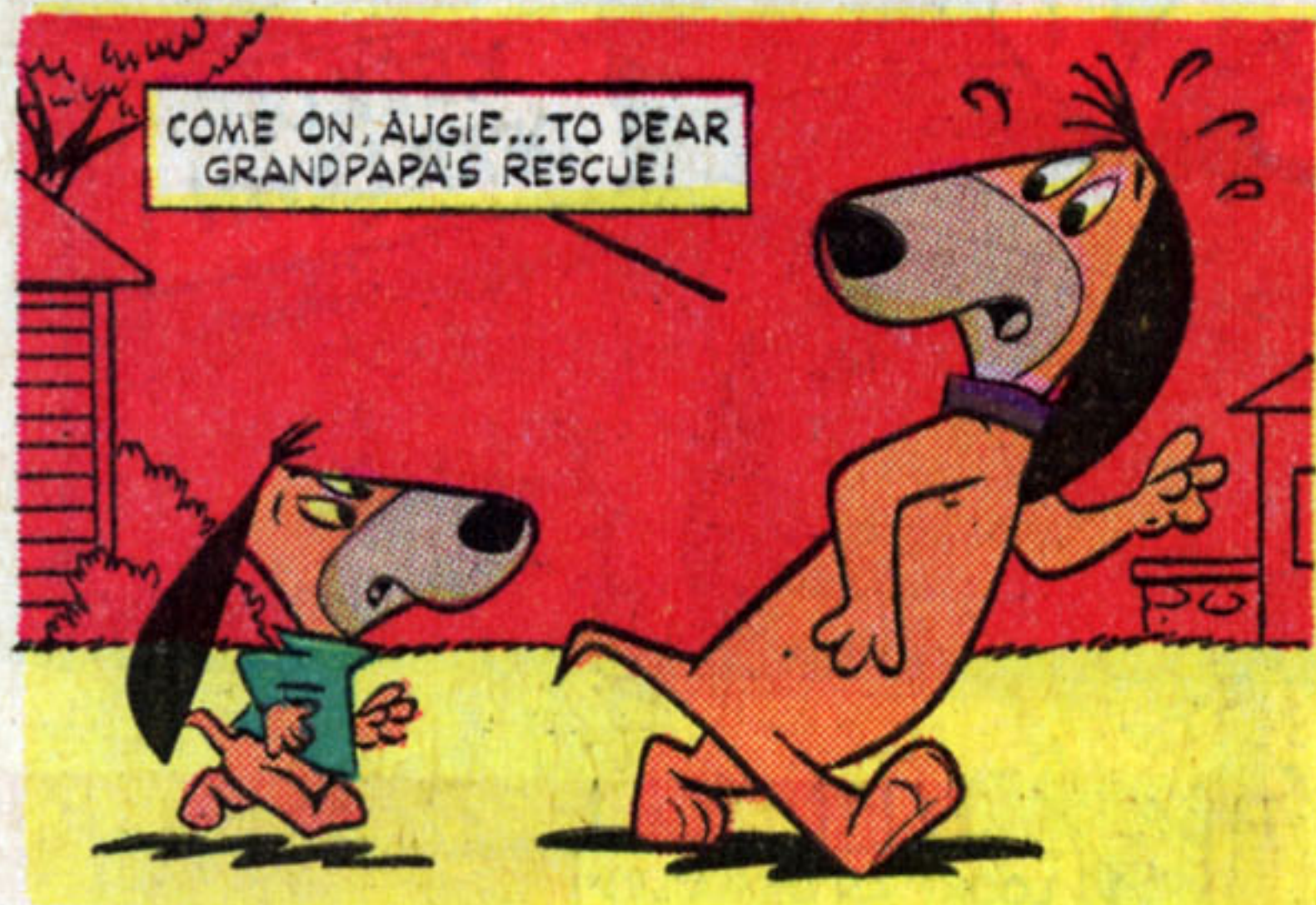


BEFORE ABSENT-MINDEDNESS!

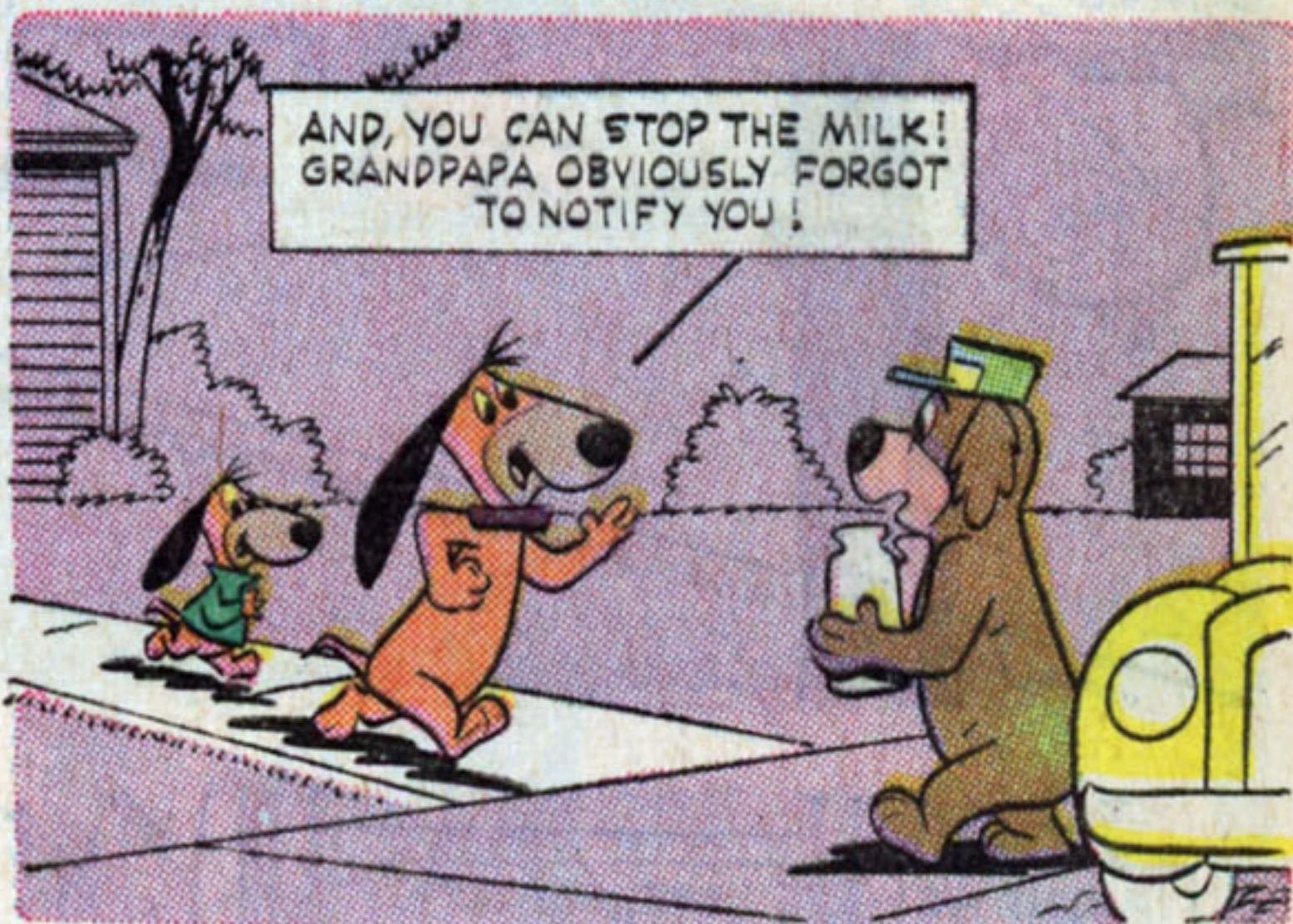
(GULP!) NO TELLING
WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN
TO DEAR GRANDPAPA
NOW!



COME ON, AUGIE... TO DEAR
GRANDPAPA'S RESCUE!



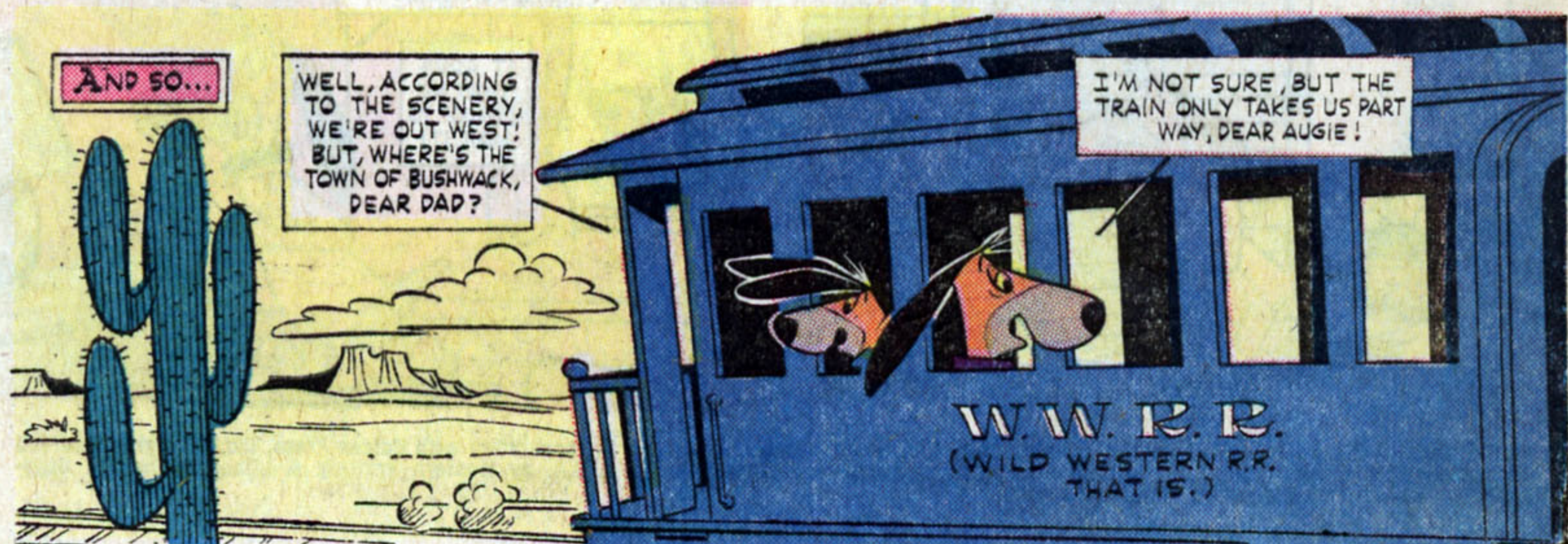
AND, YOU CAN STOP THE MILK!
GRANDPAPA OBVIOUSLY FORGOT
TO NOTIFY YOU!

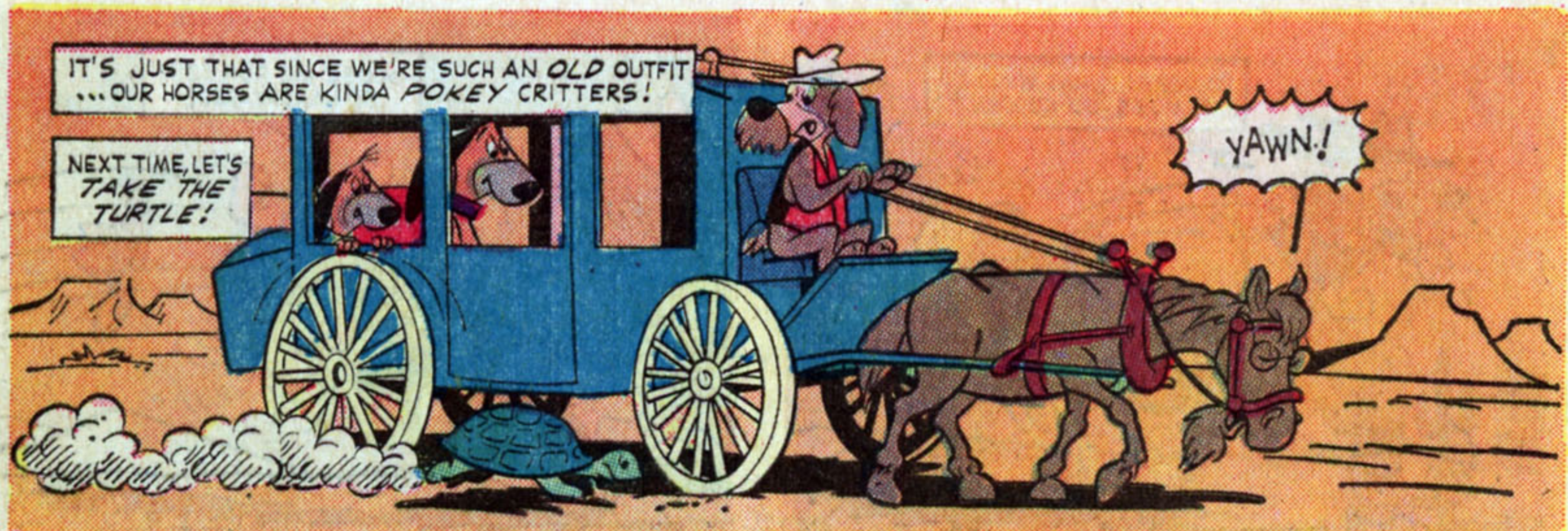
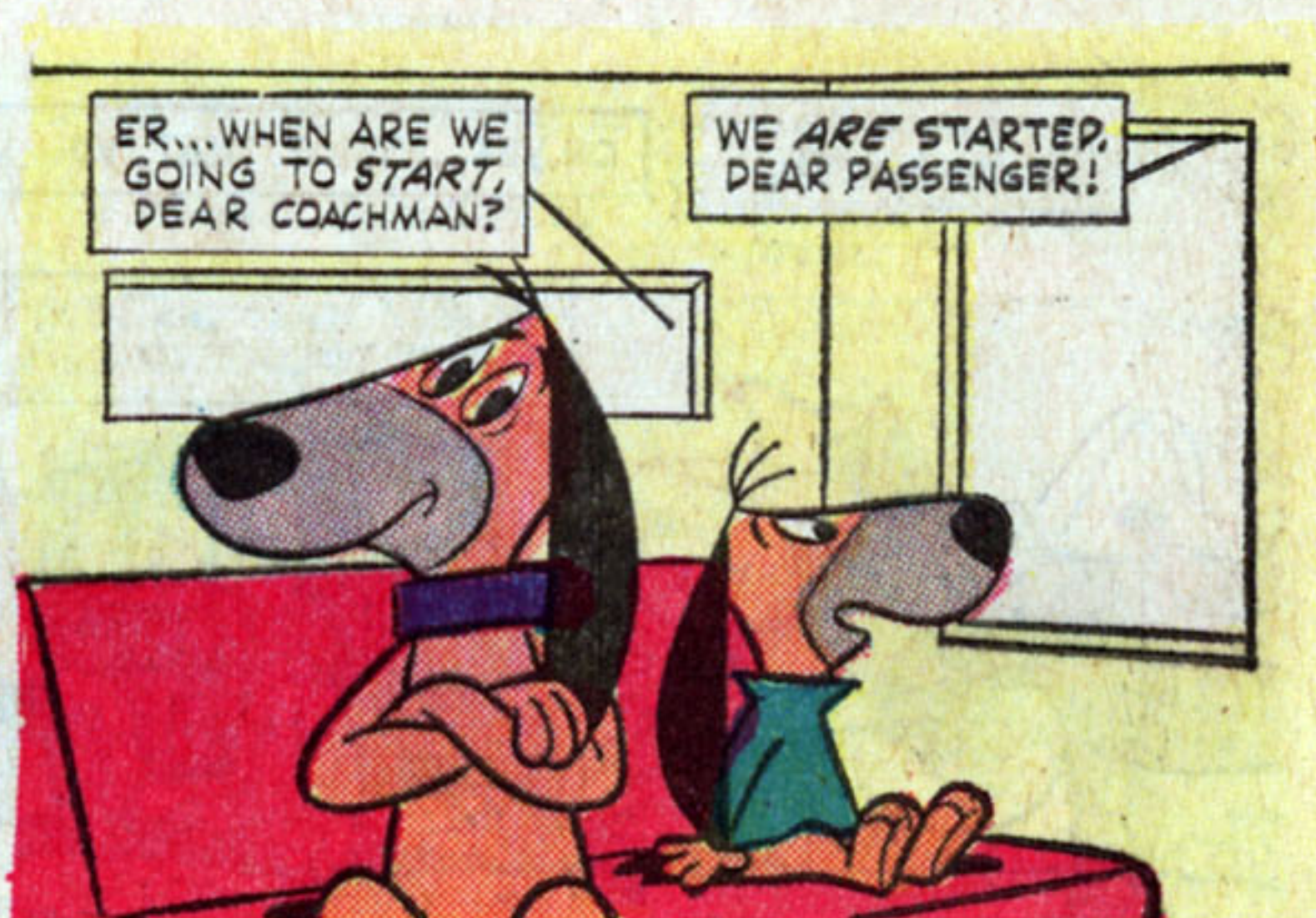
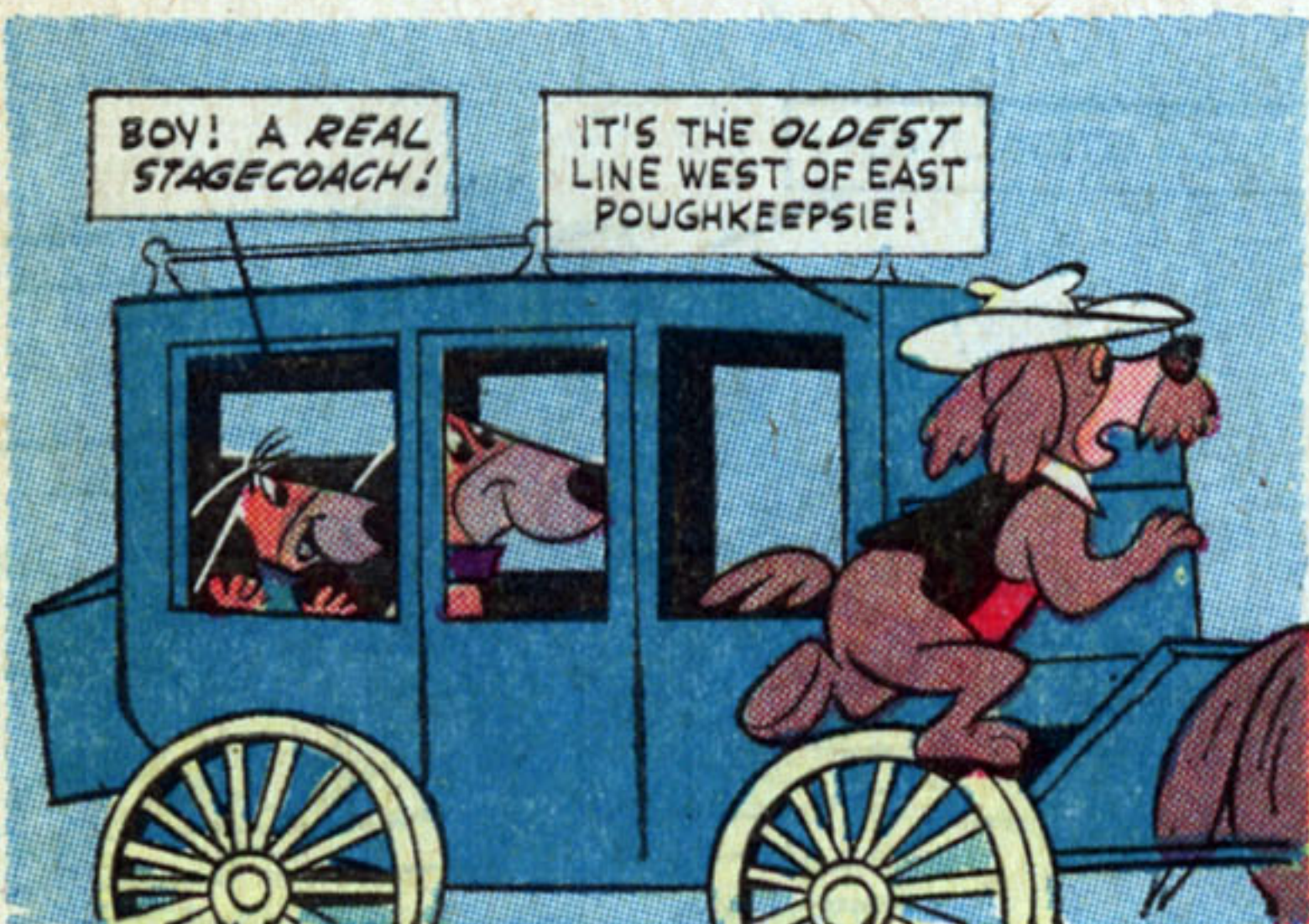
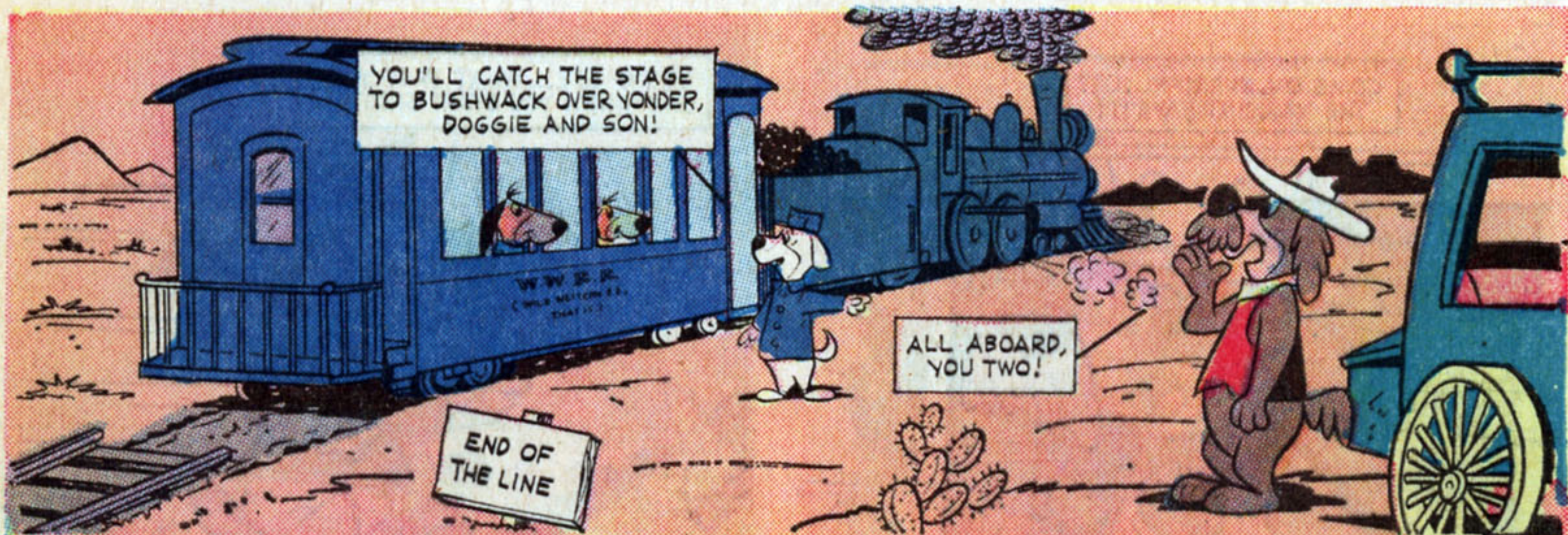
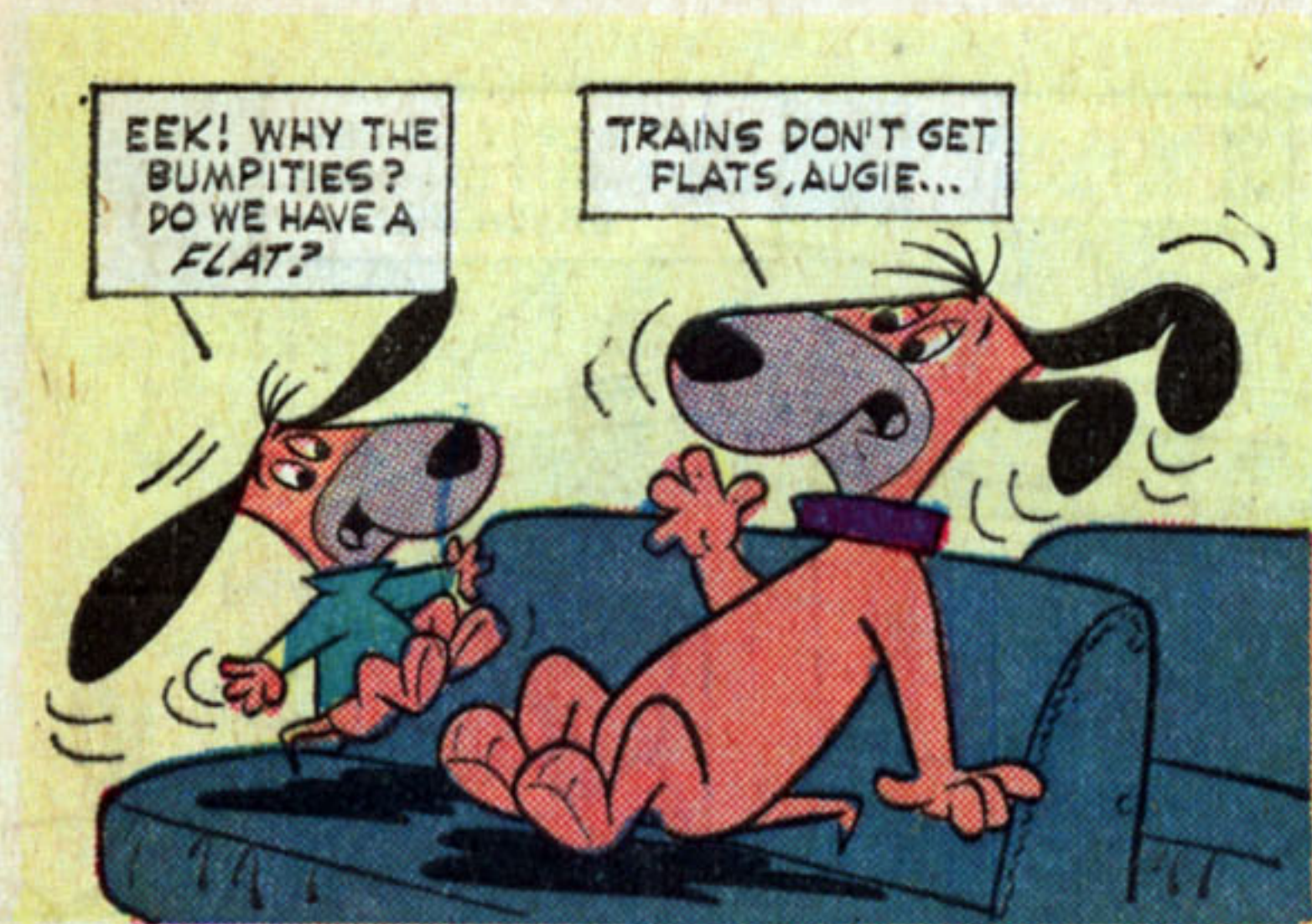


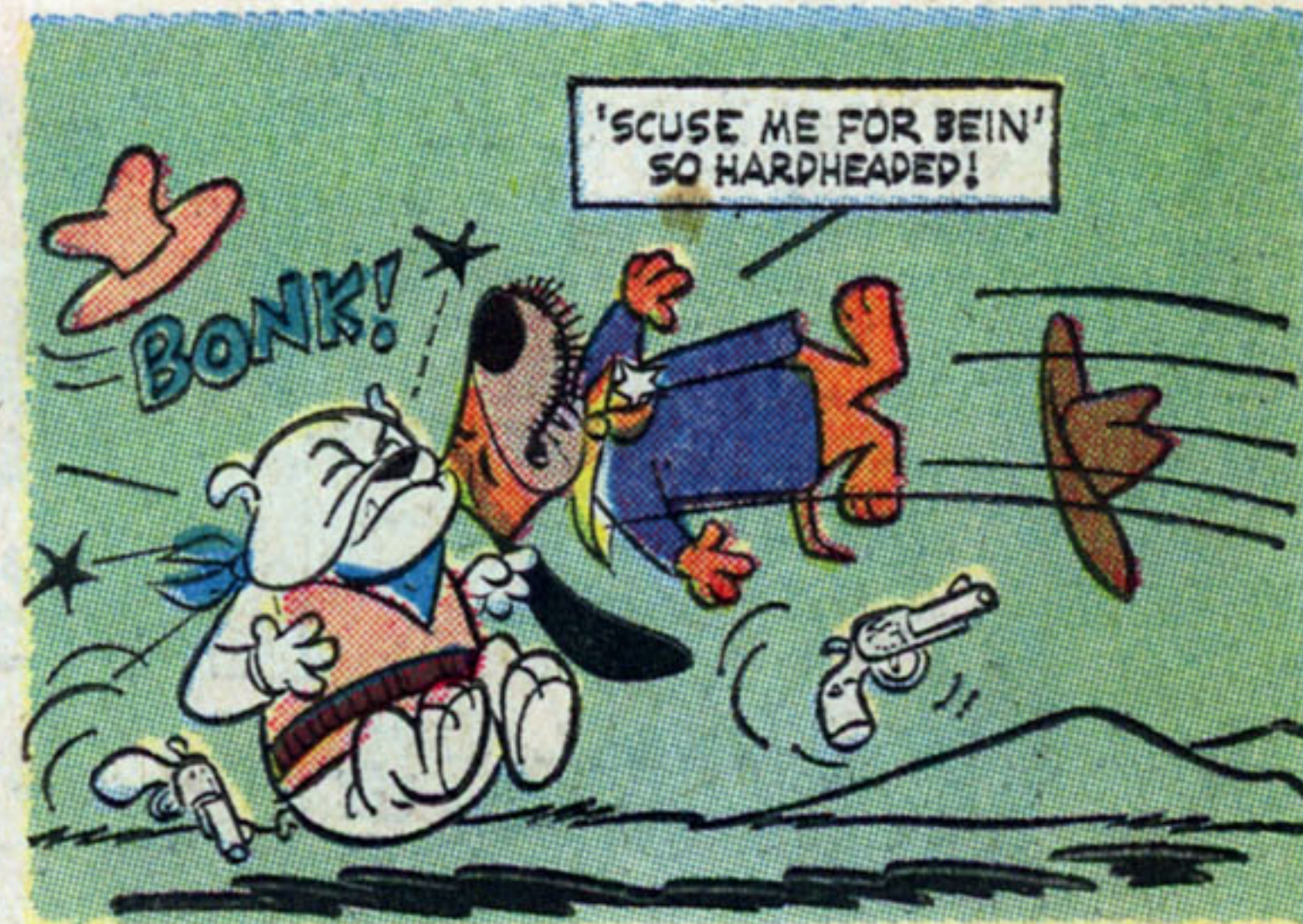
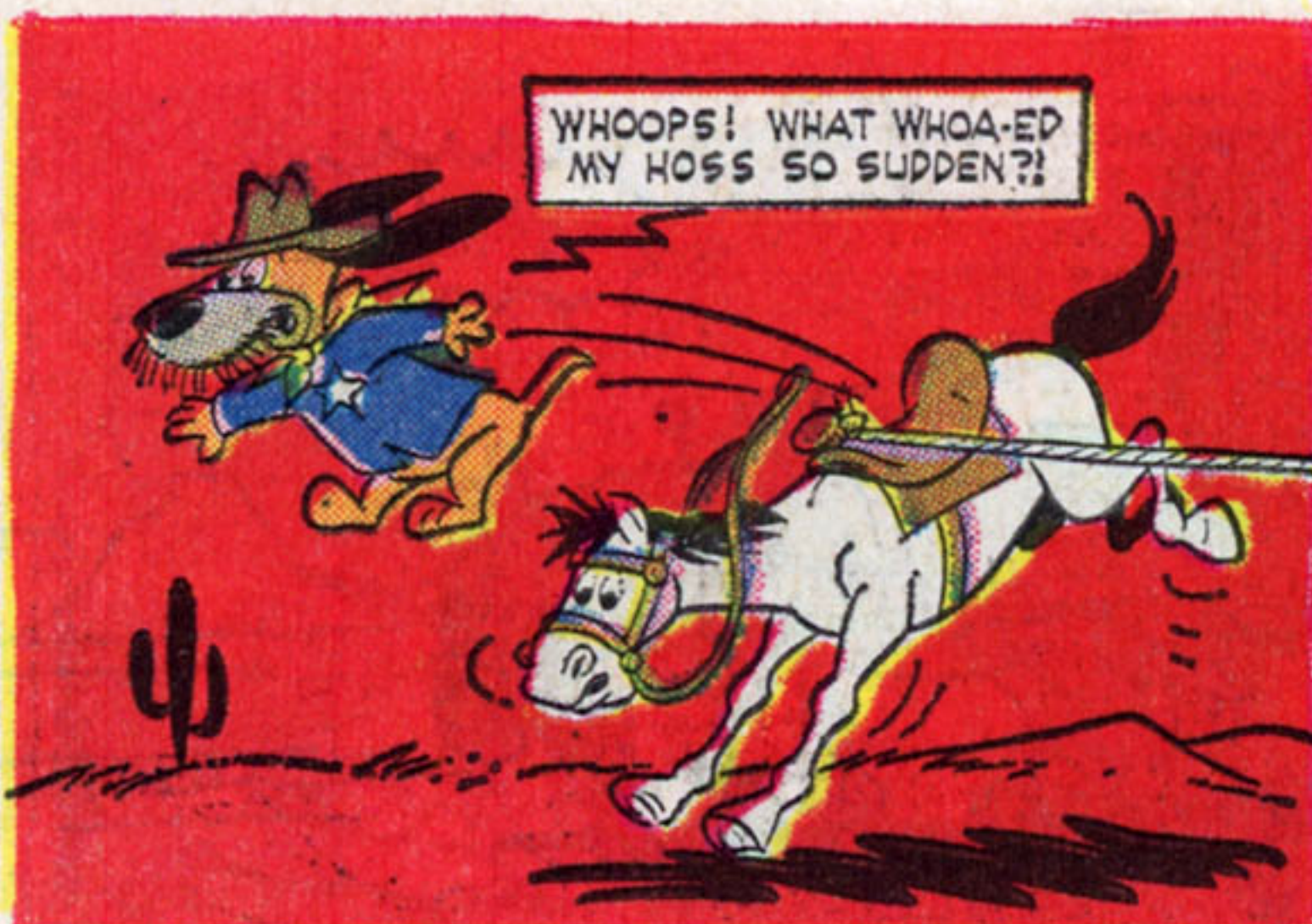
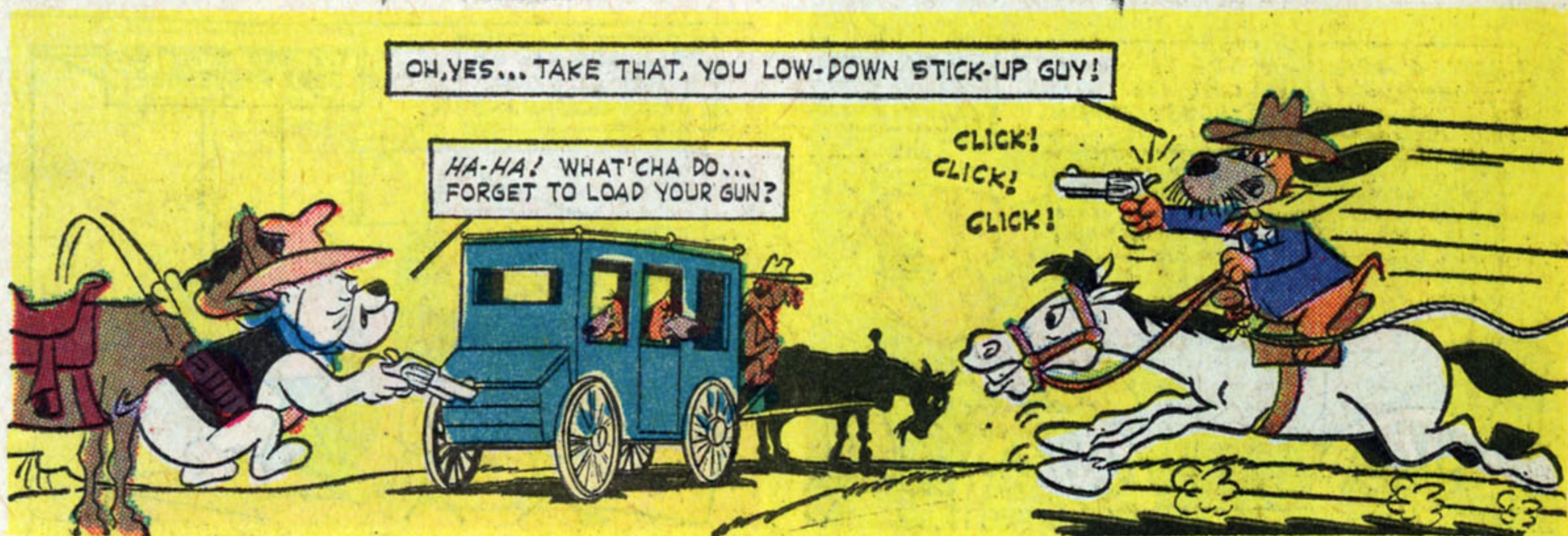
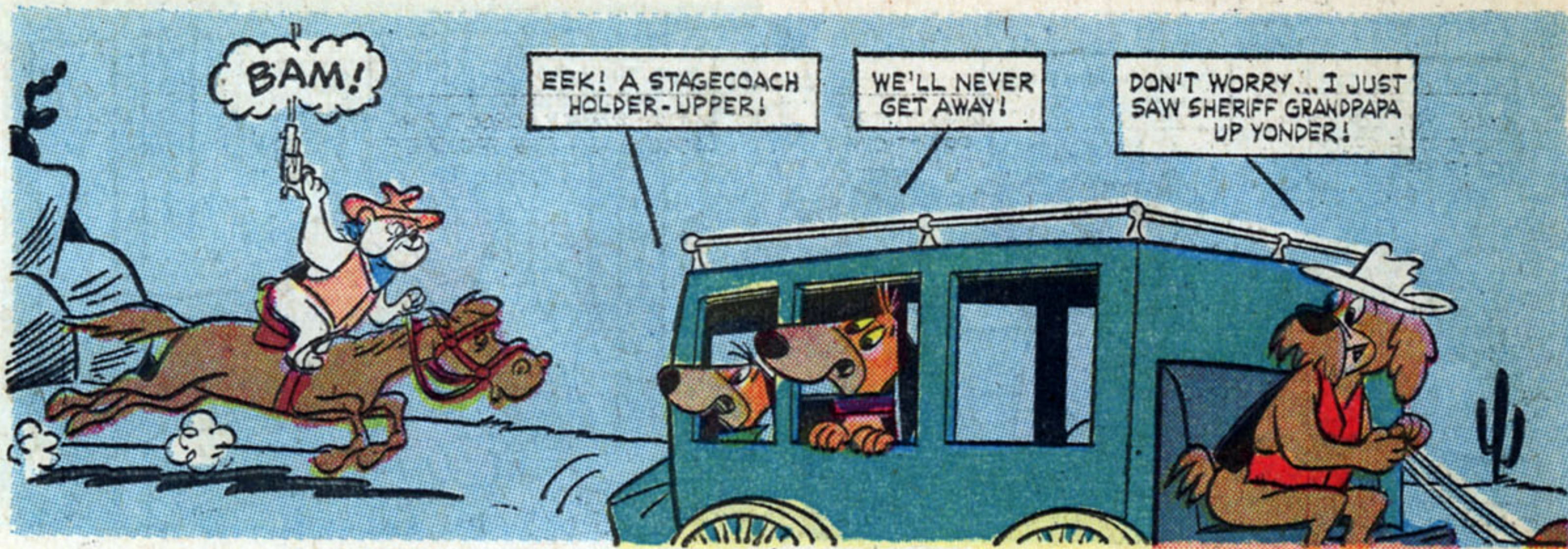
AND SO...

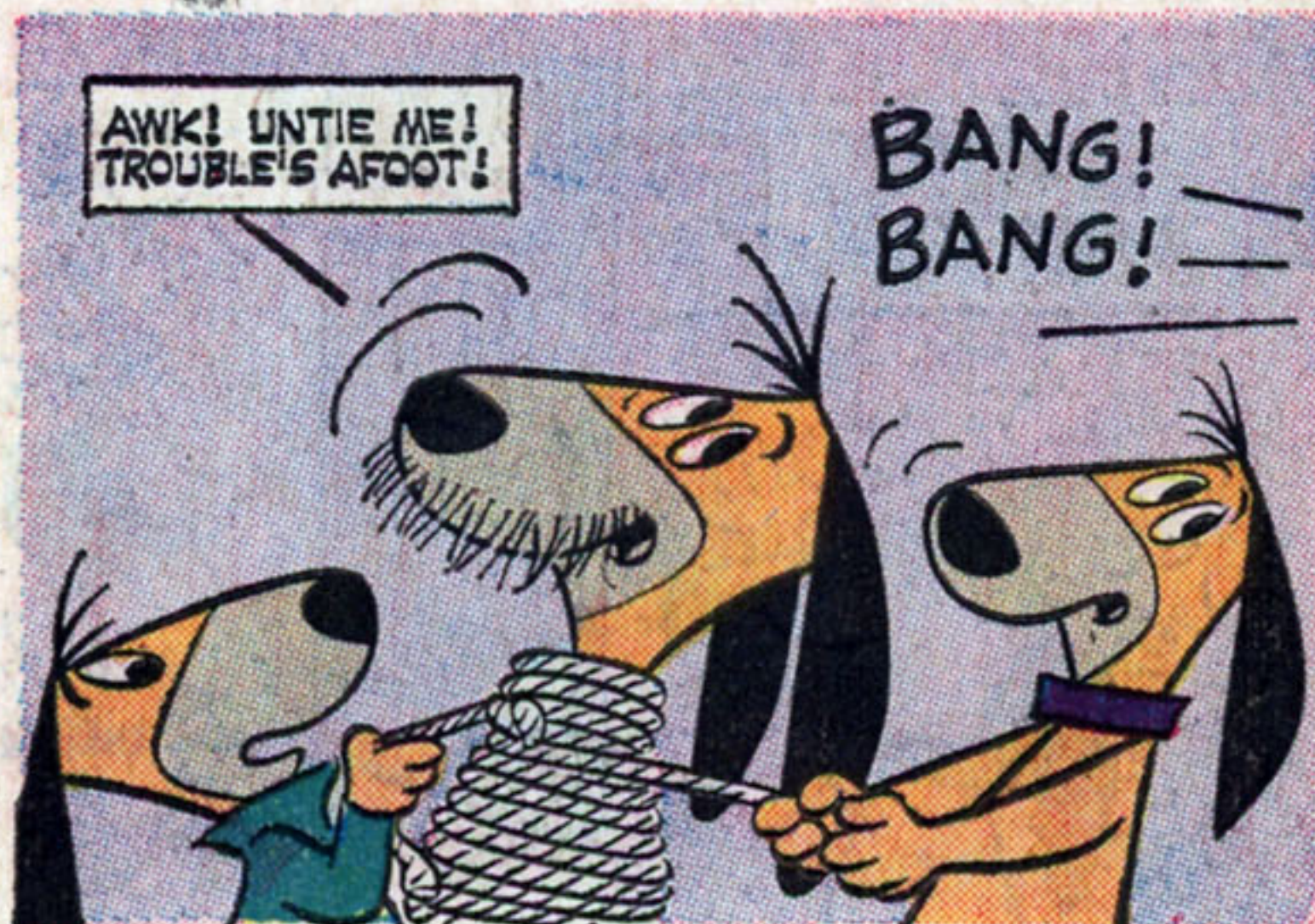
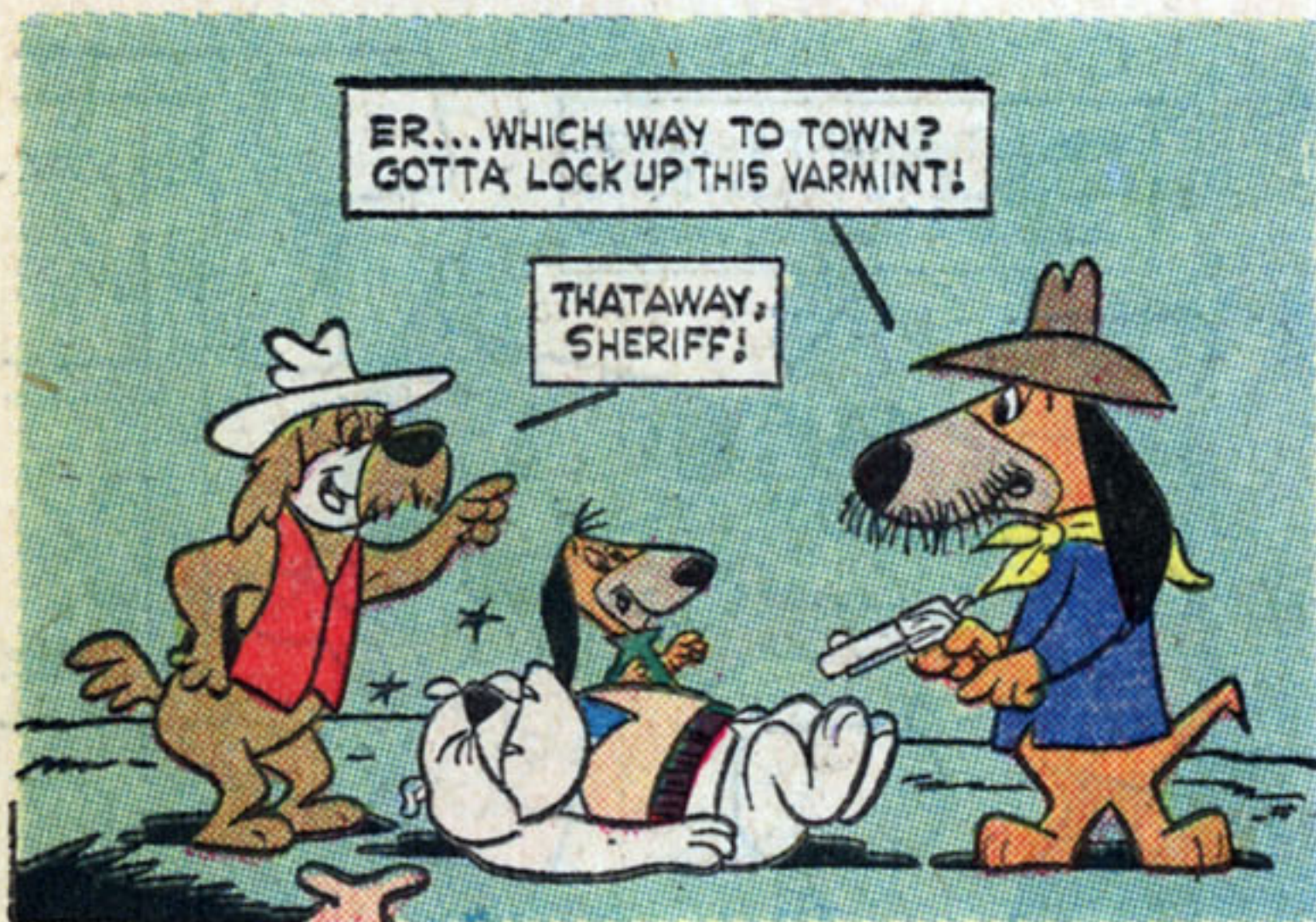
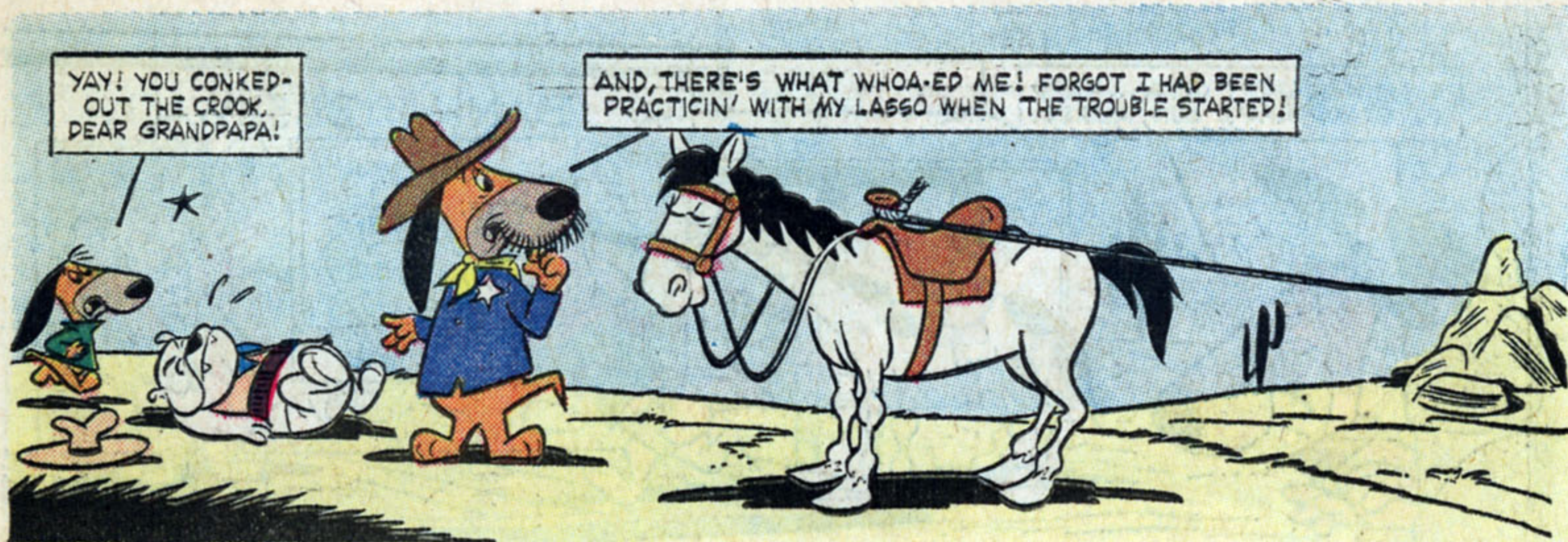
WELL, ACCORDING
TO THE SCENERY,
WE'RE OUT WEST!
BUT, WHERE'S THE
TOWN OF BUSHWACK,
DEAR DAD?

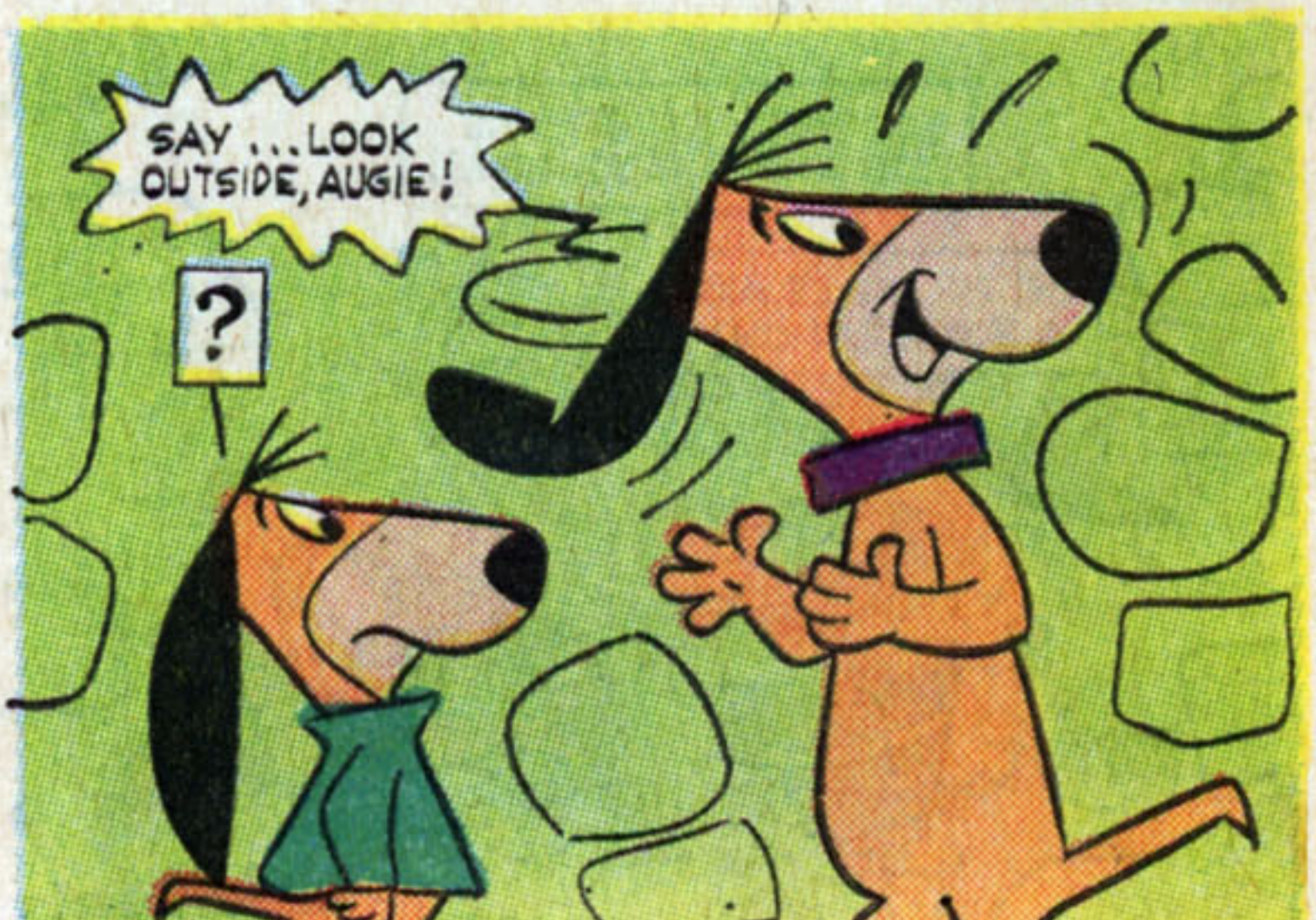
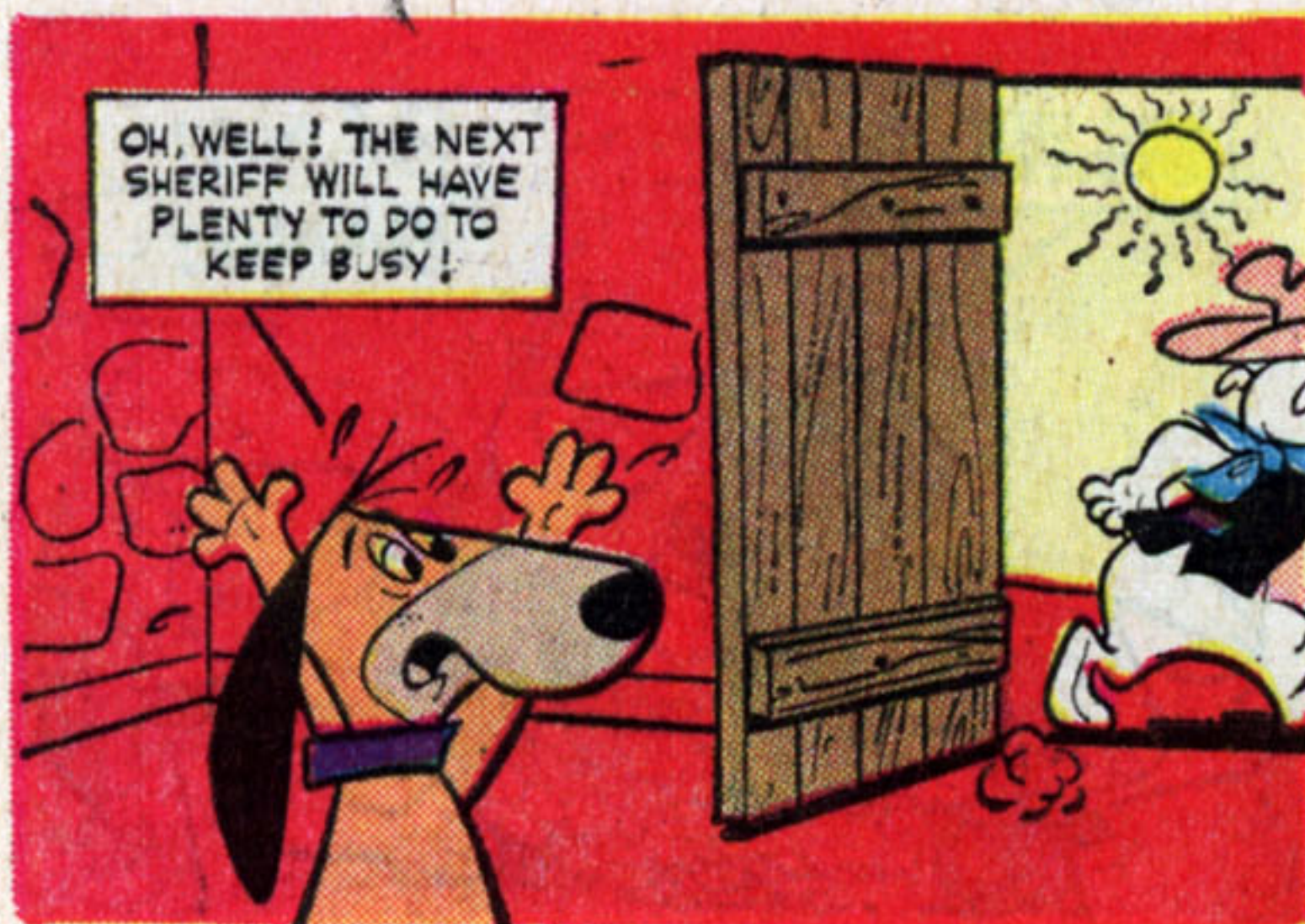
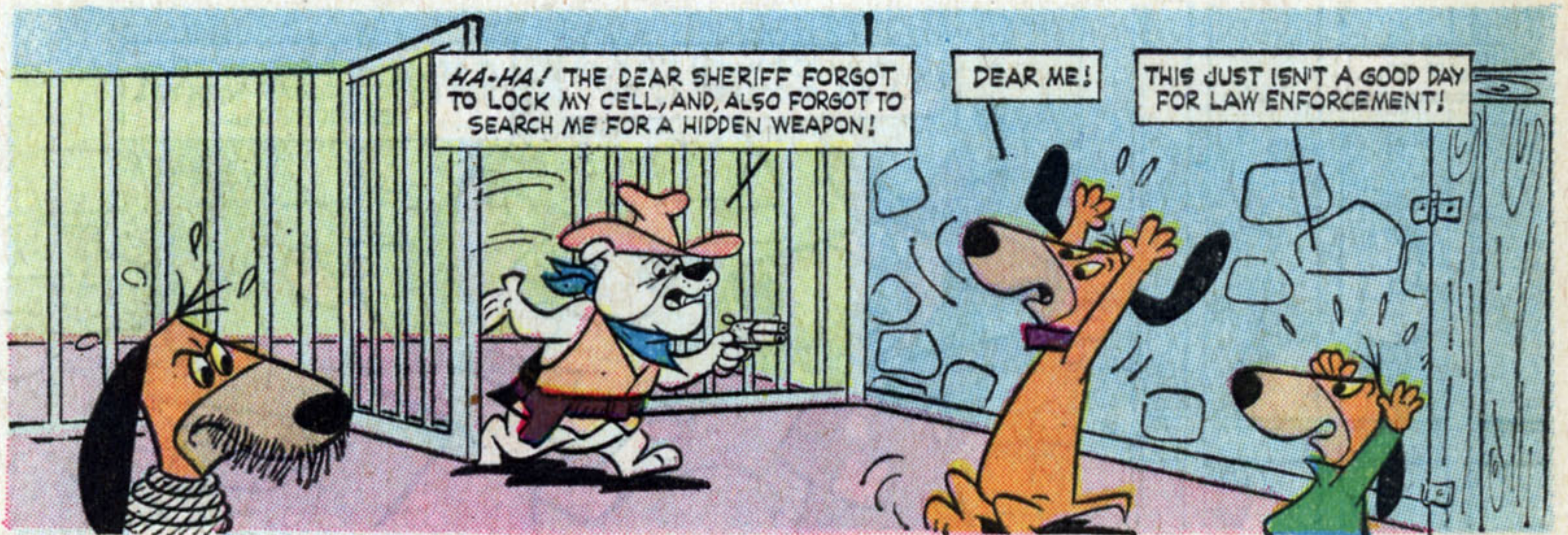
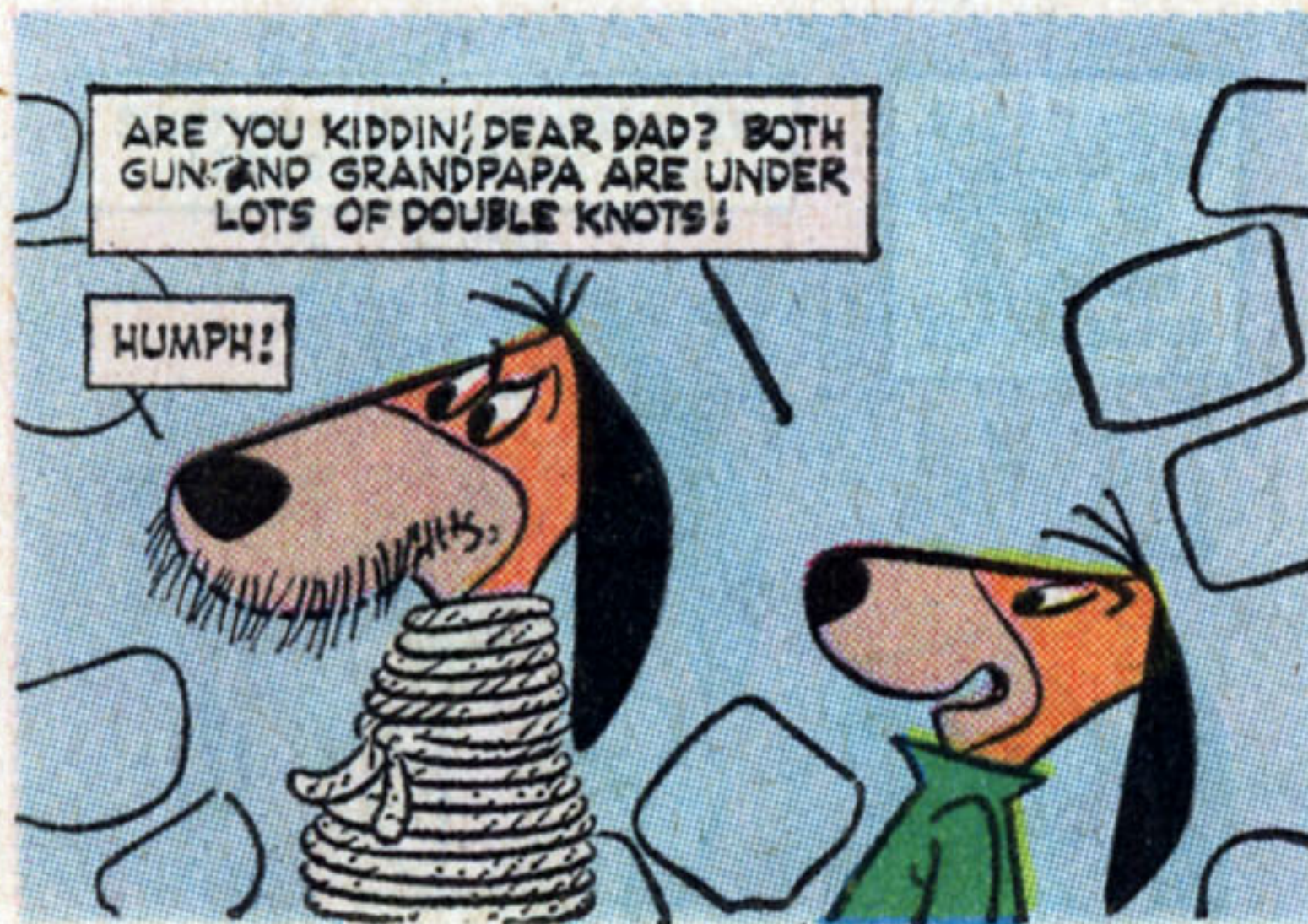
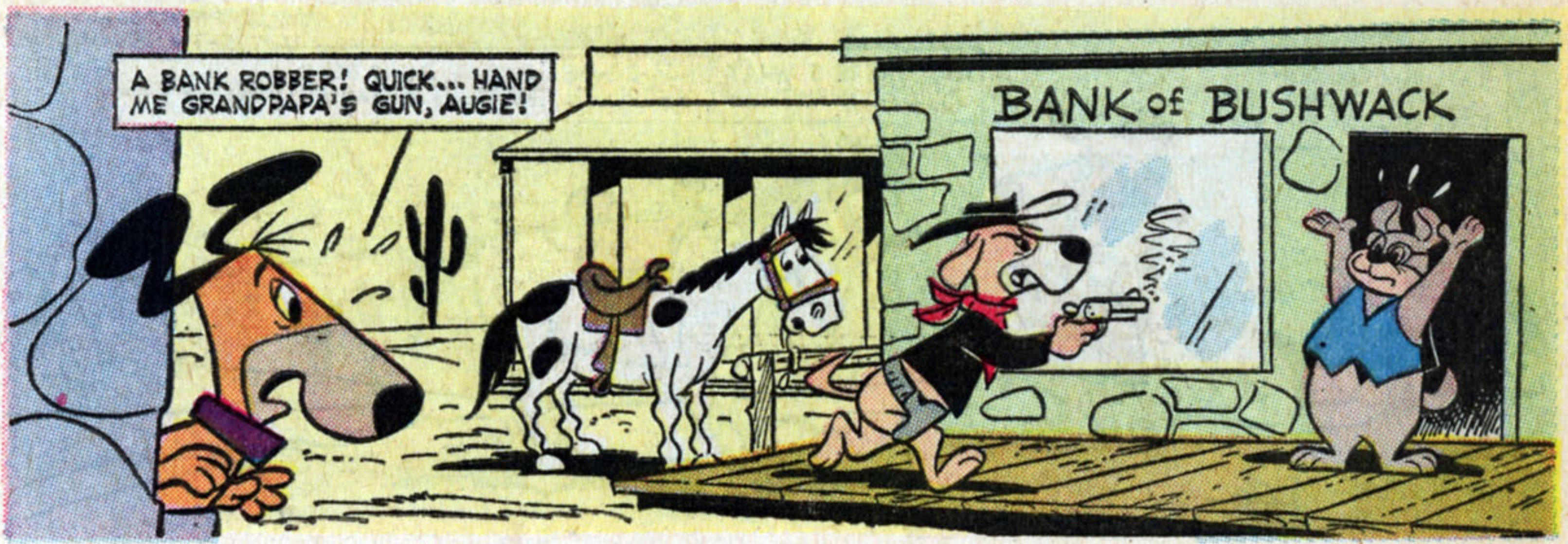
I'M NOT SURE, BUT THE
TRAIN ONLY TAKES US PART
WAY, DEAR AUGIE!

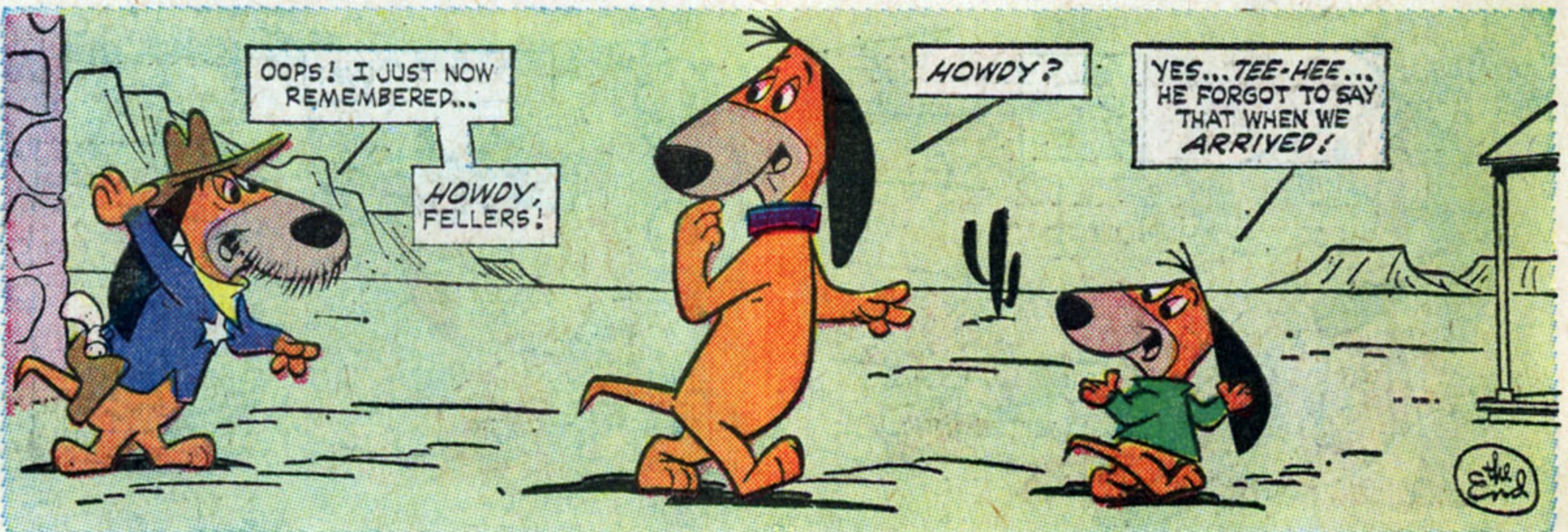
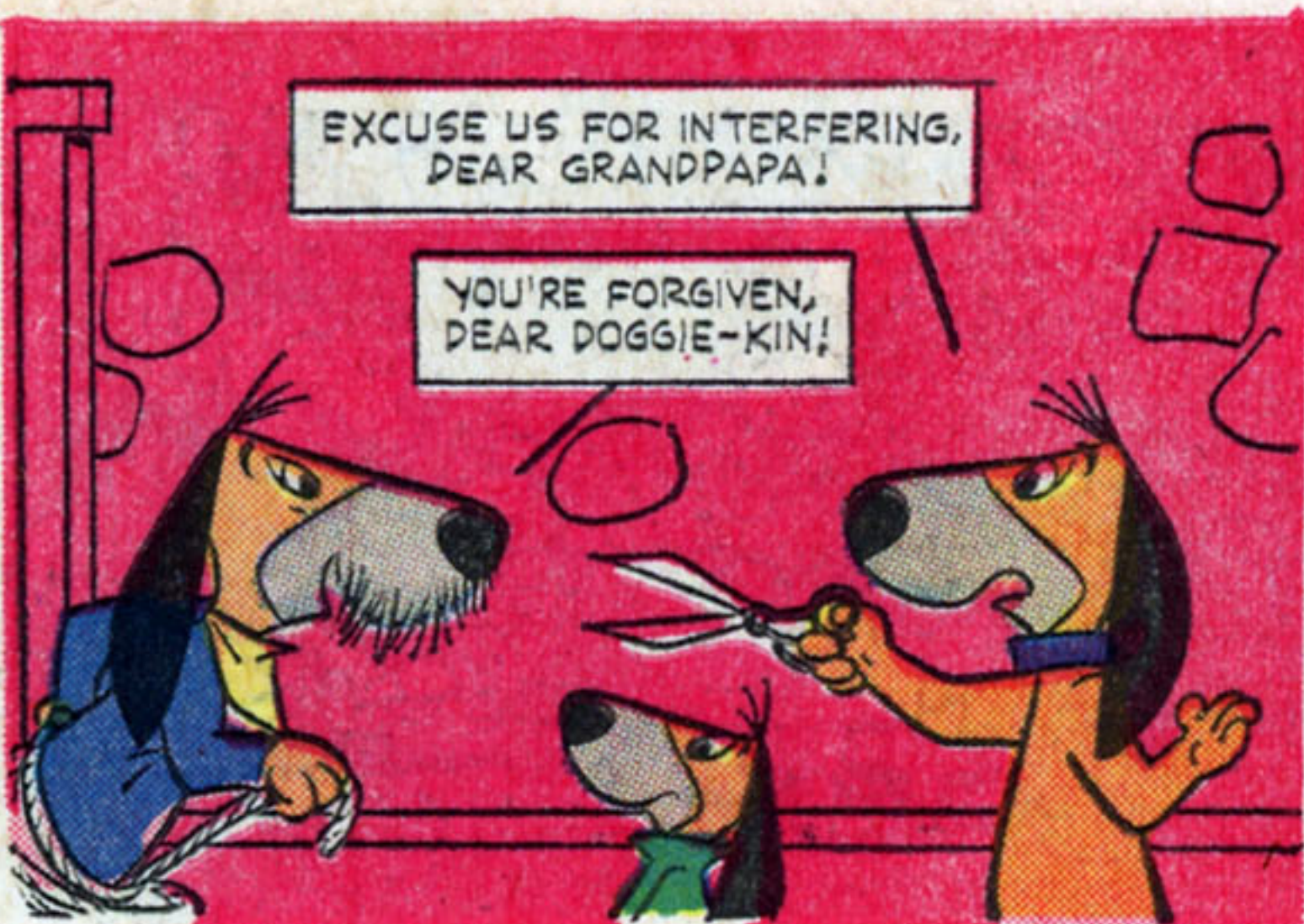
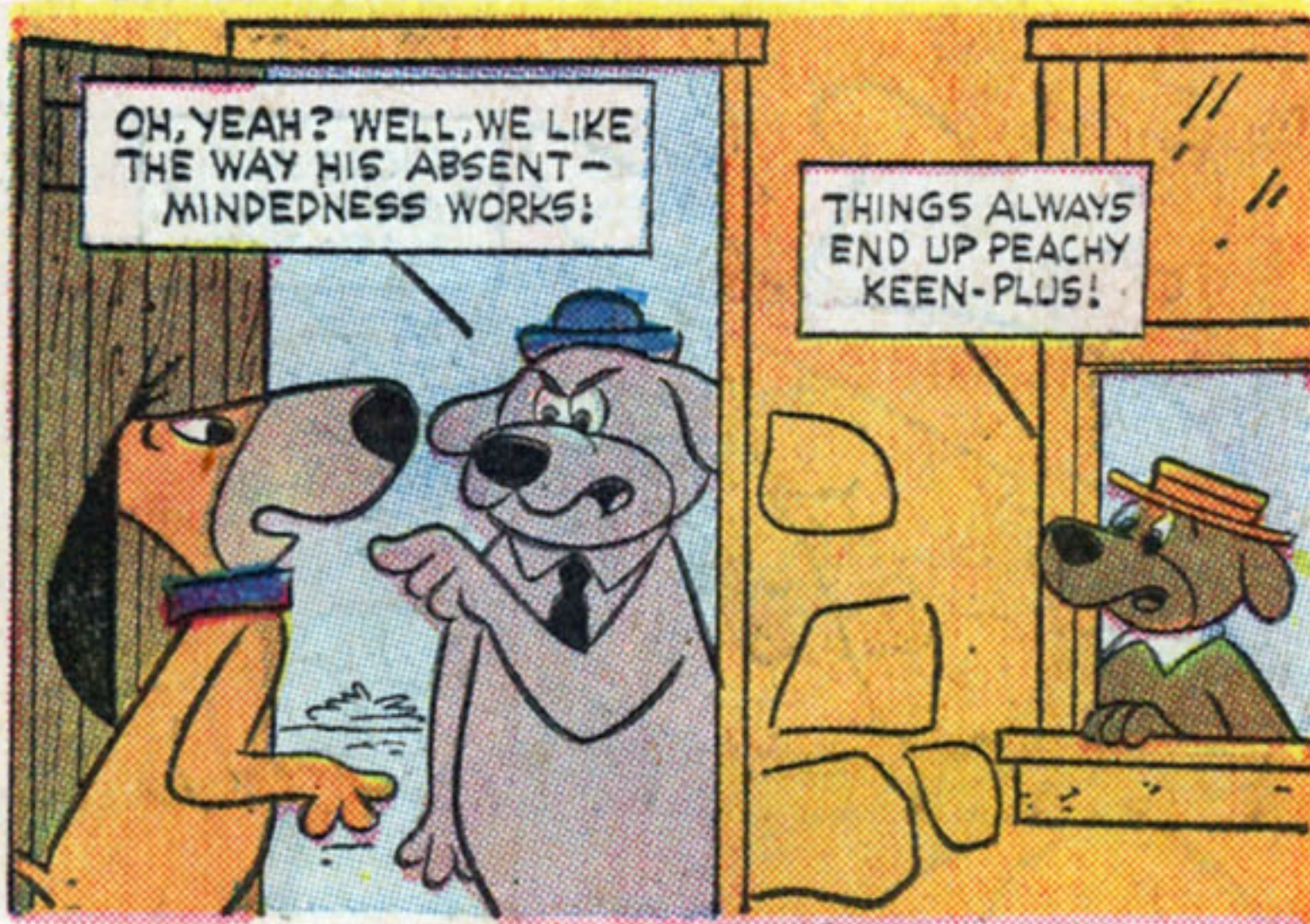






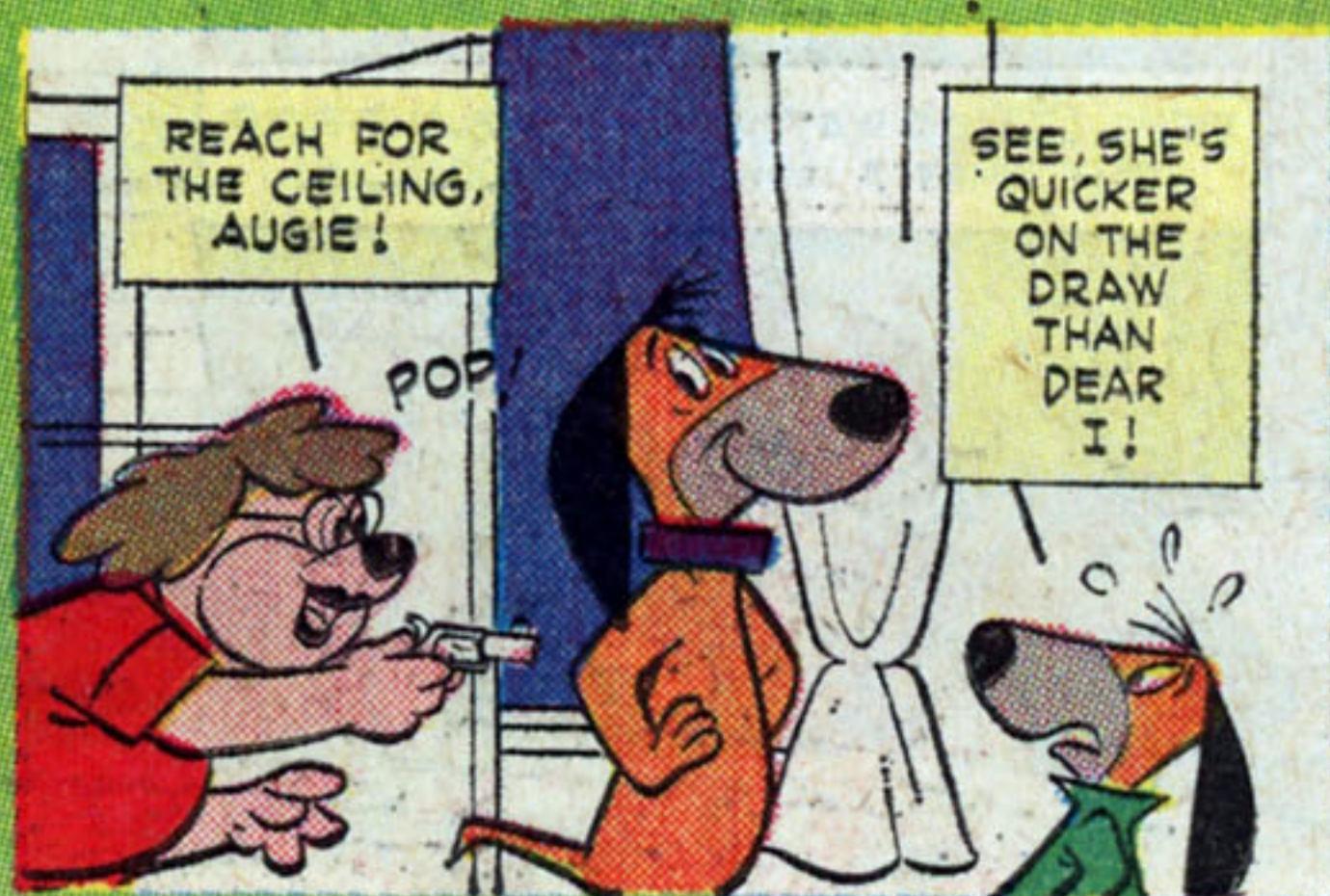
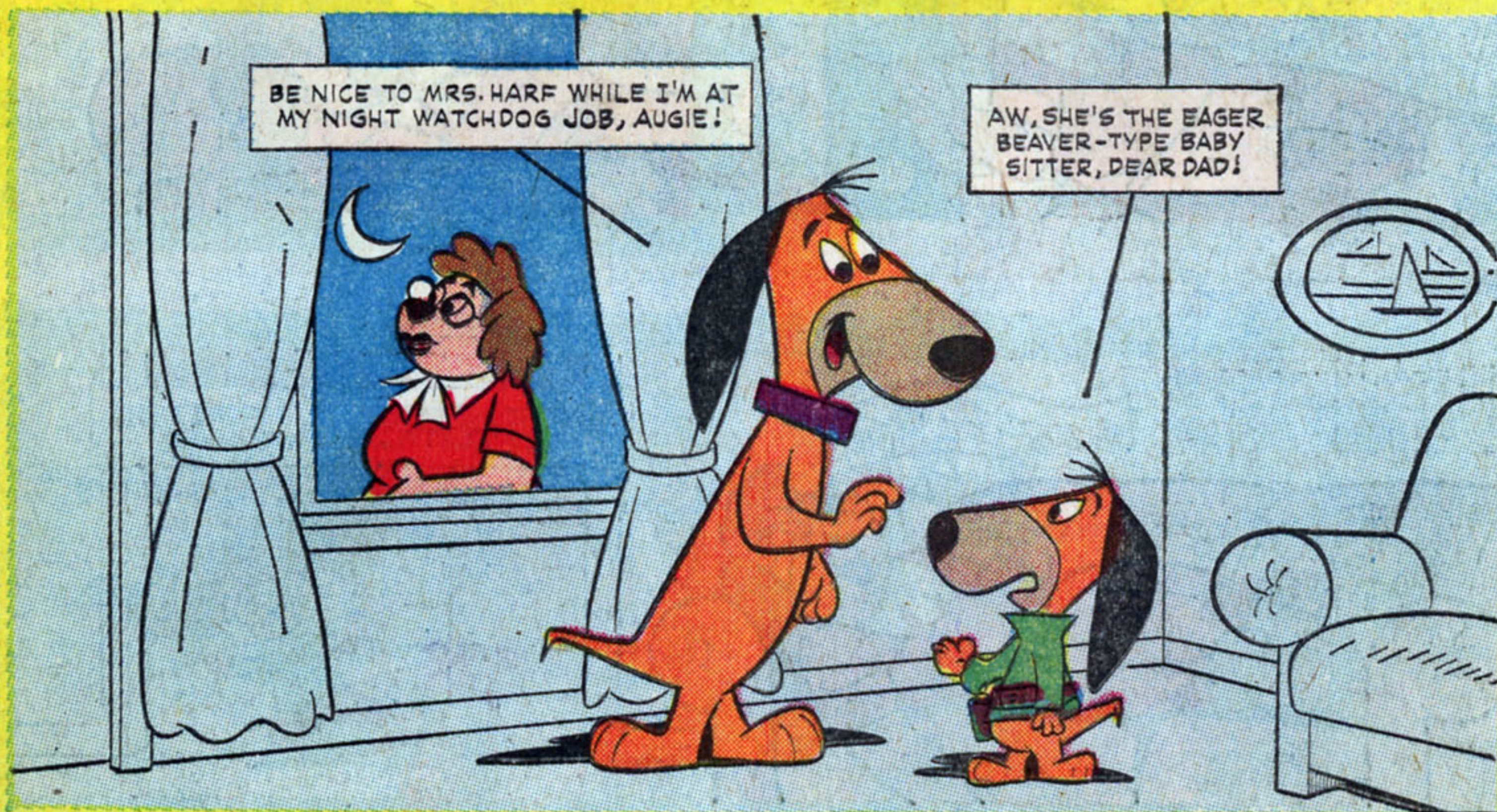


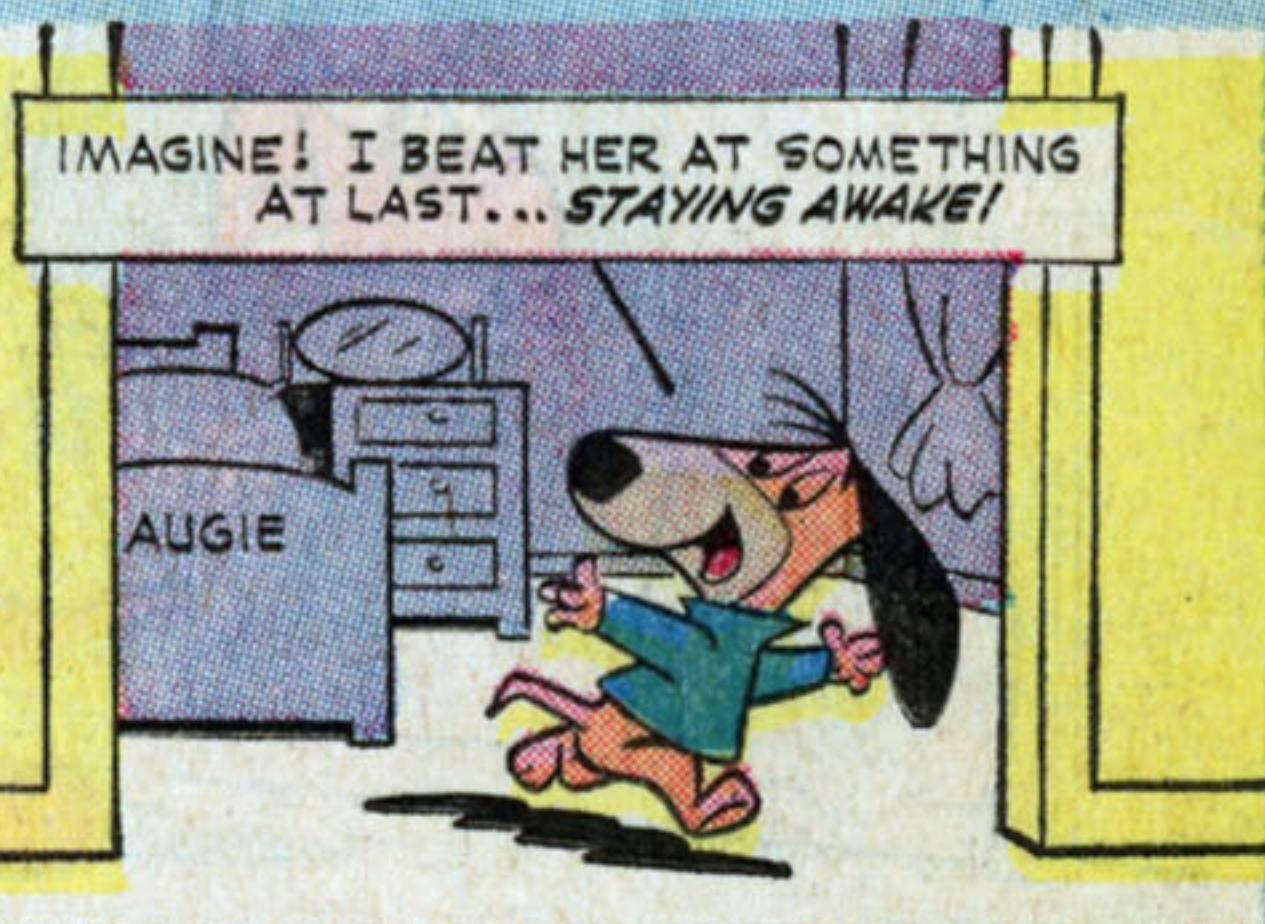
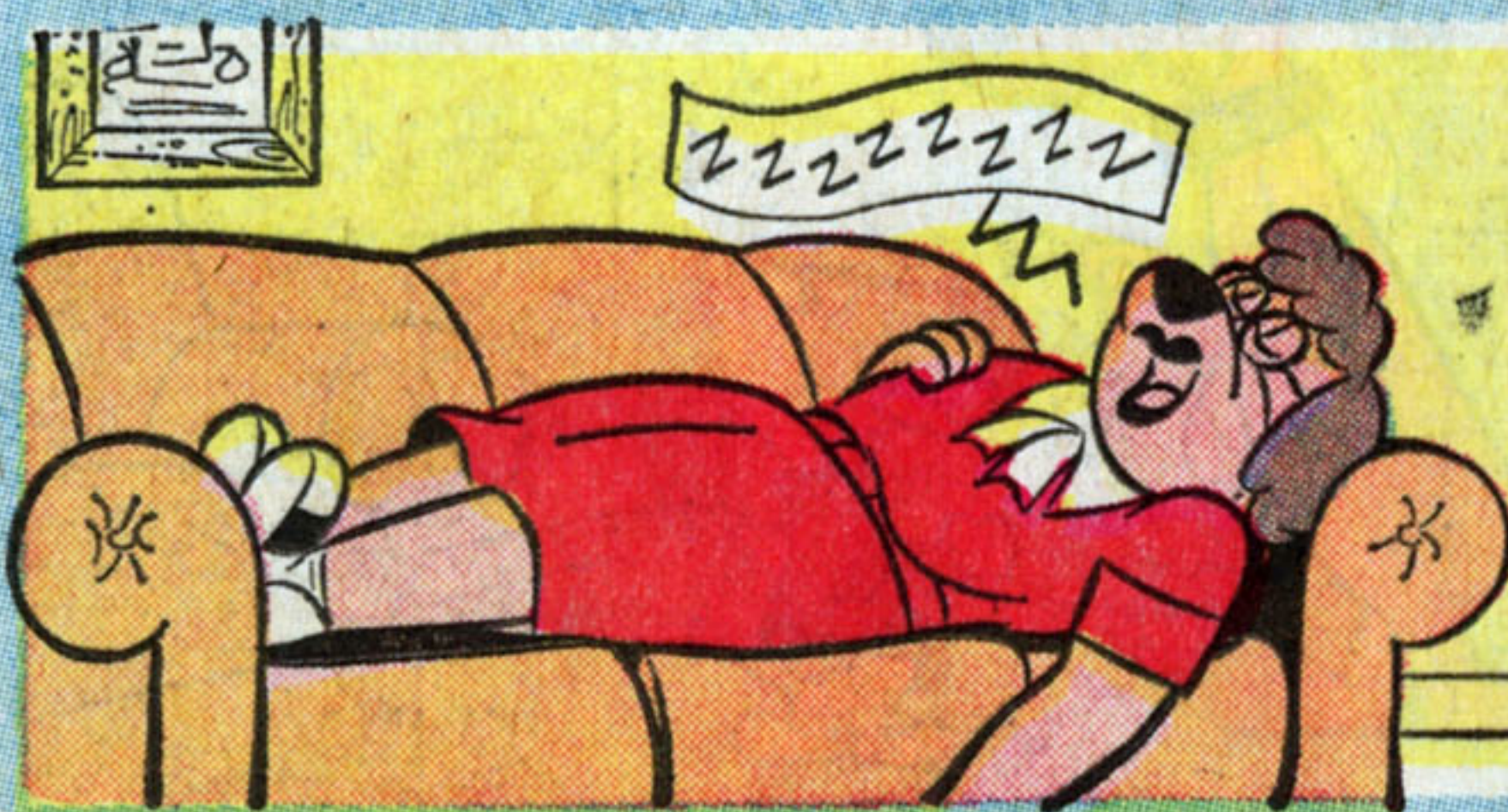
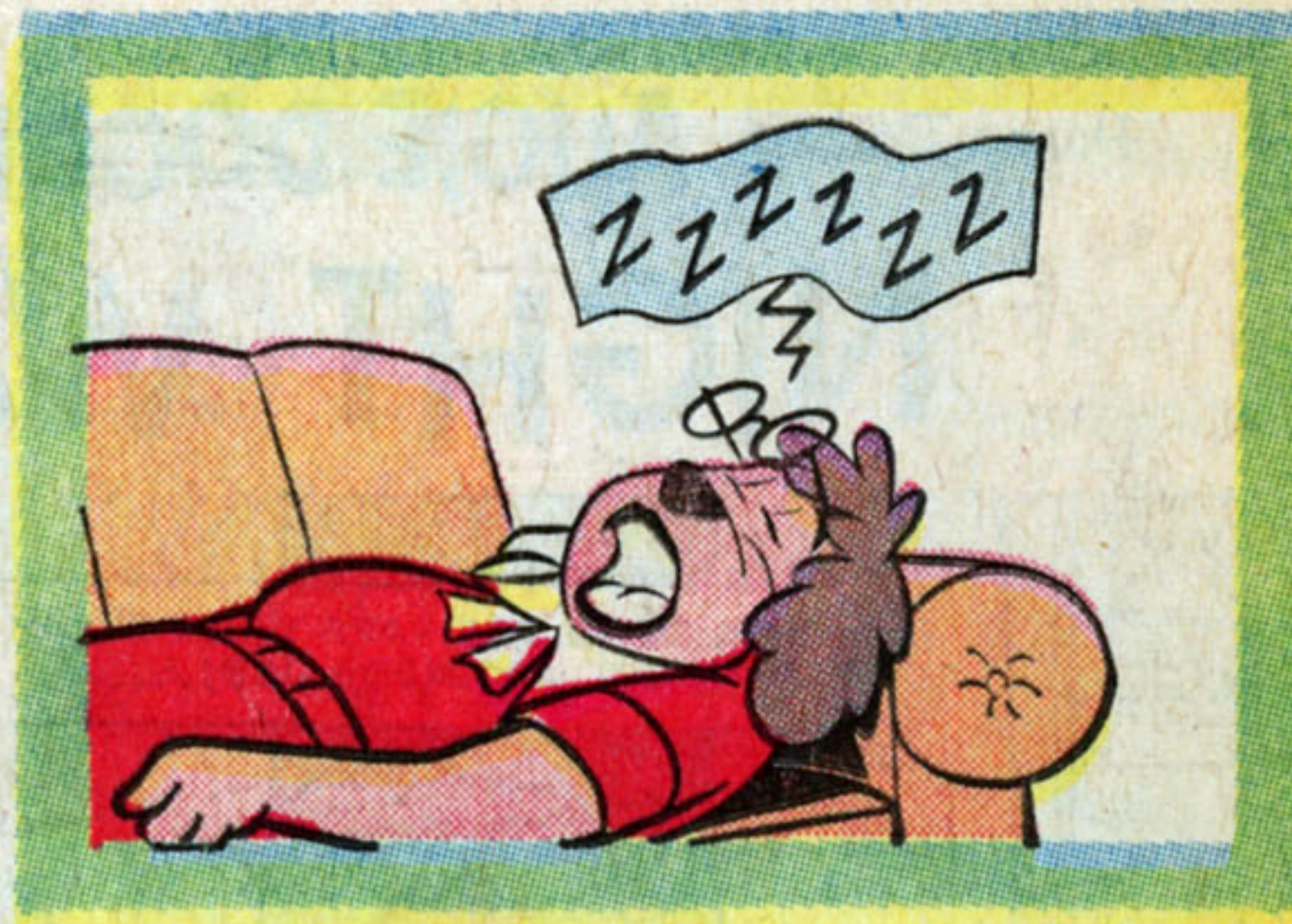


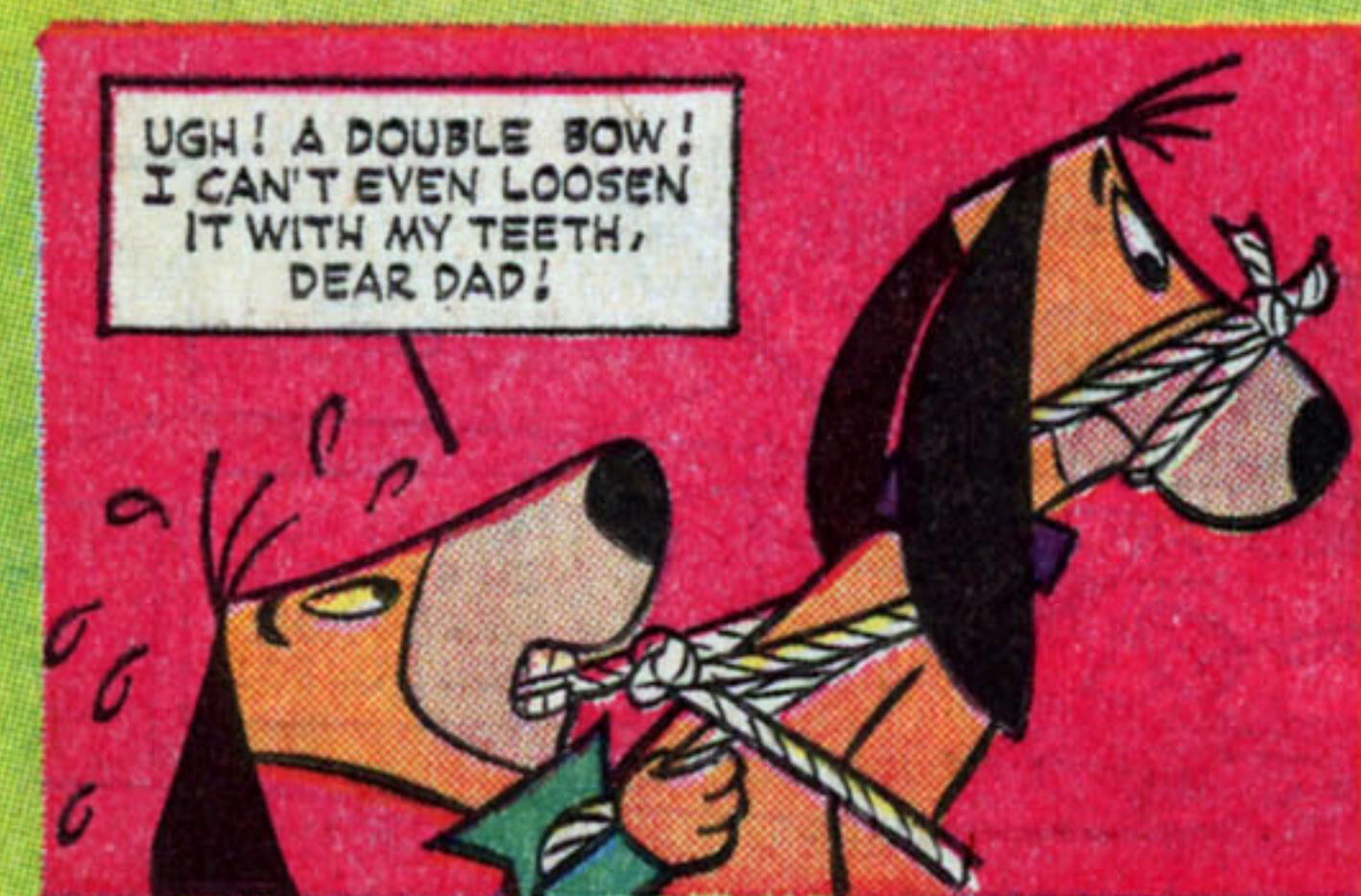
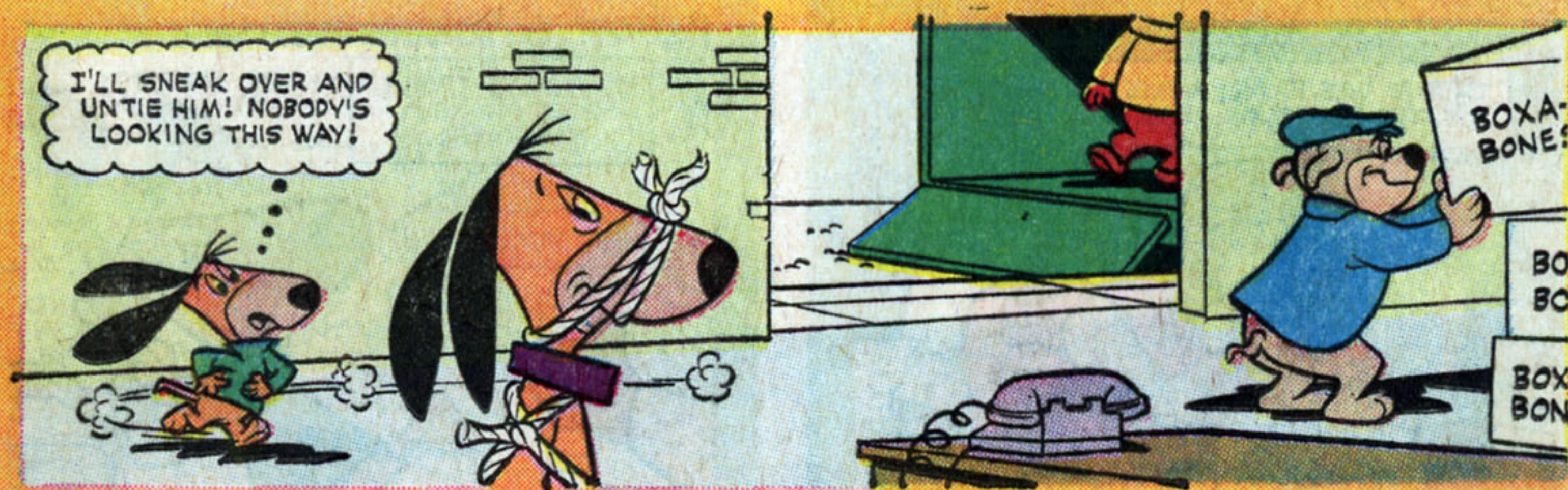
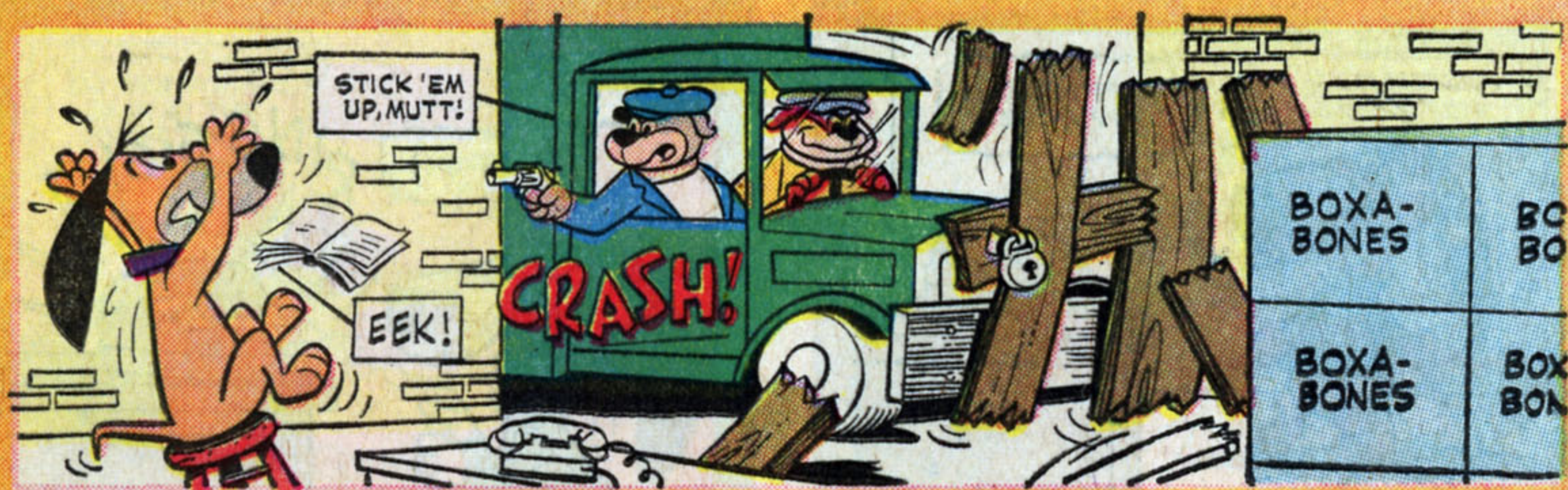


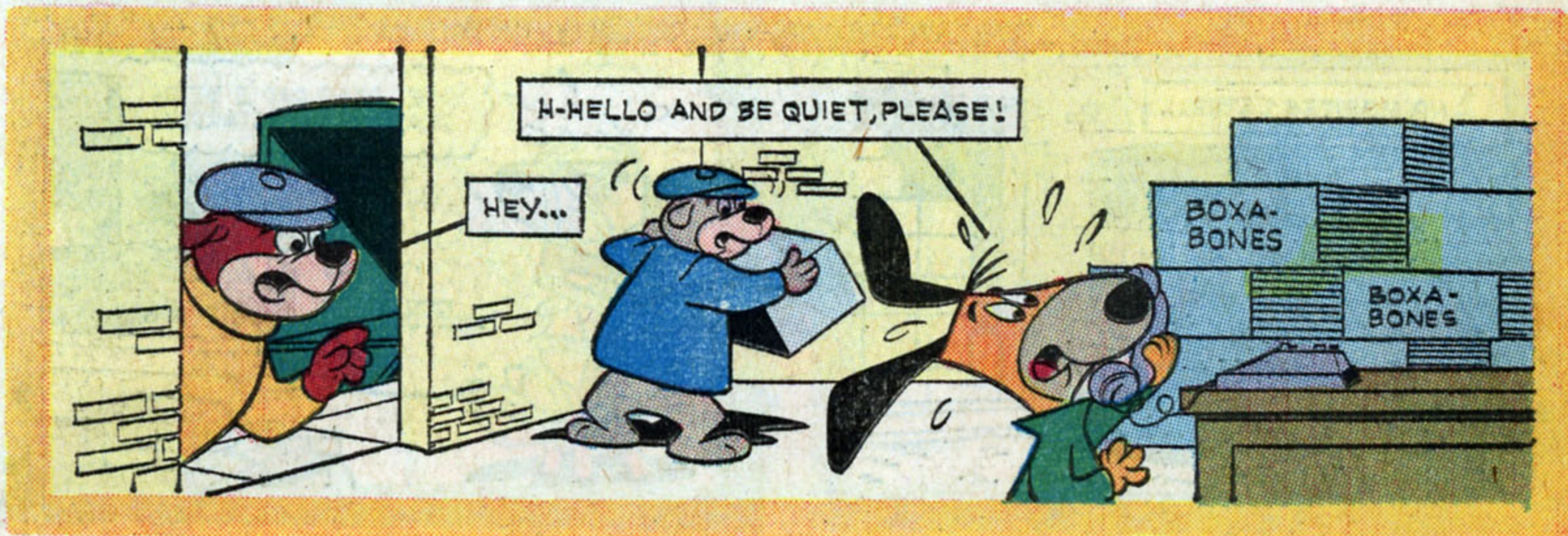
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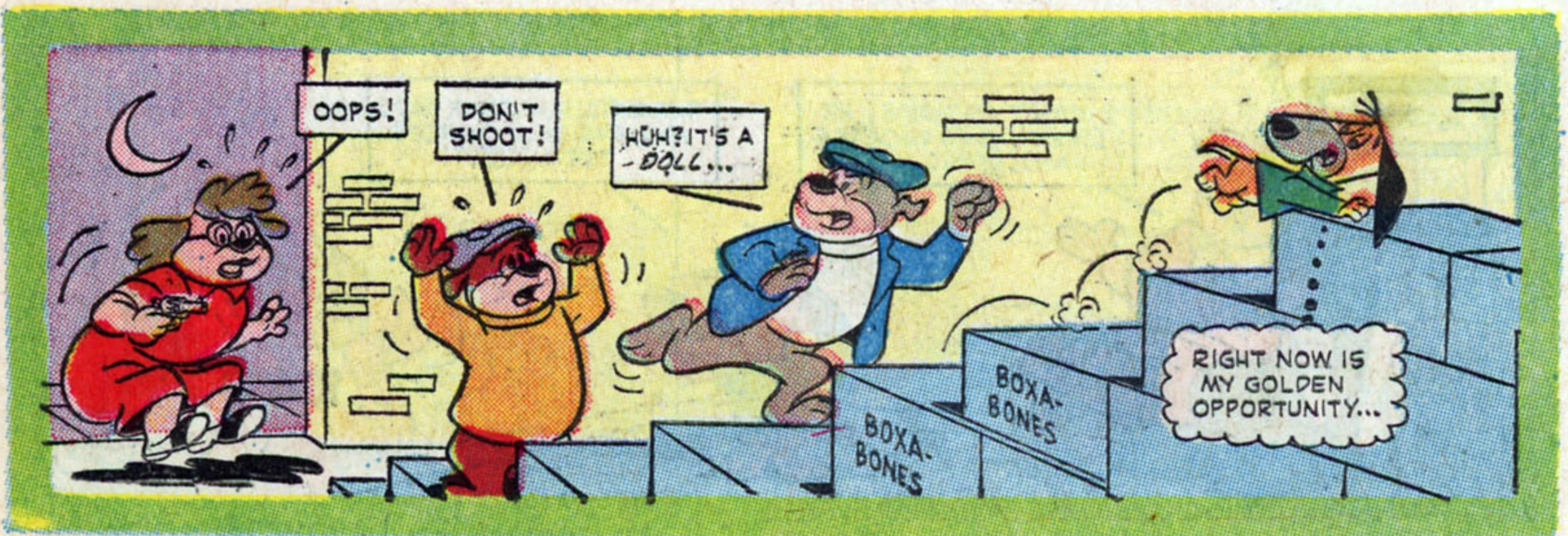
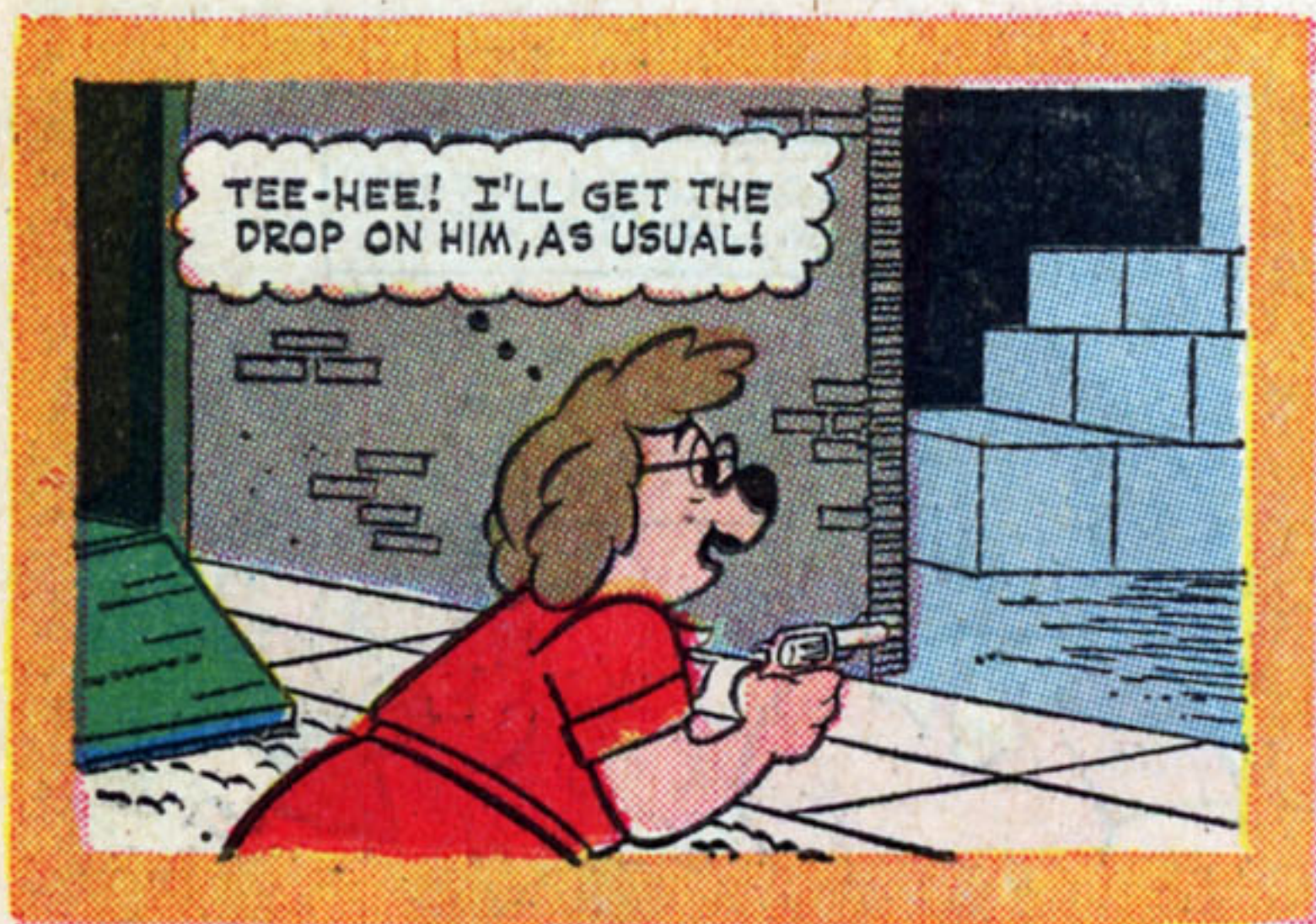
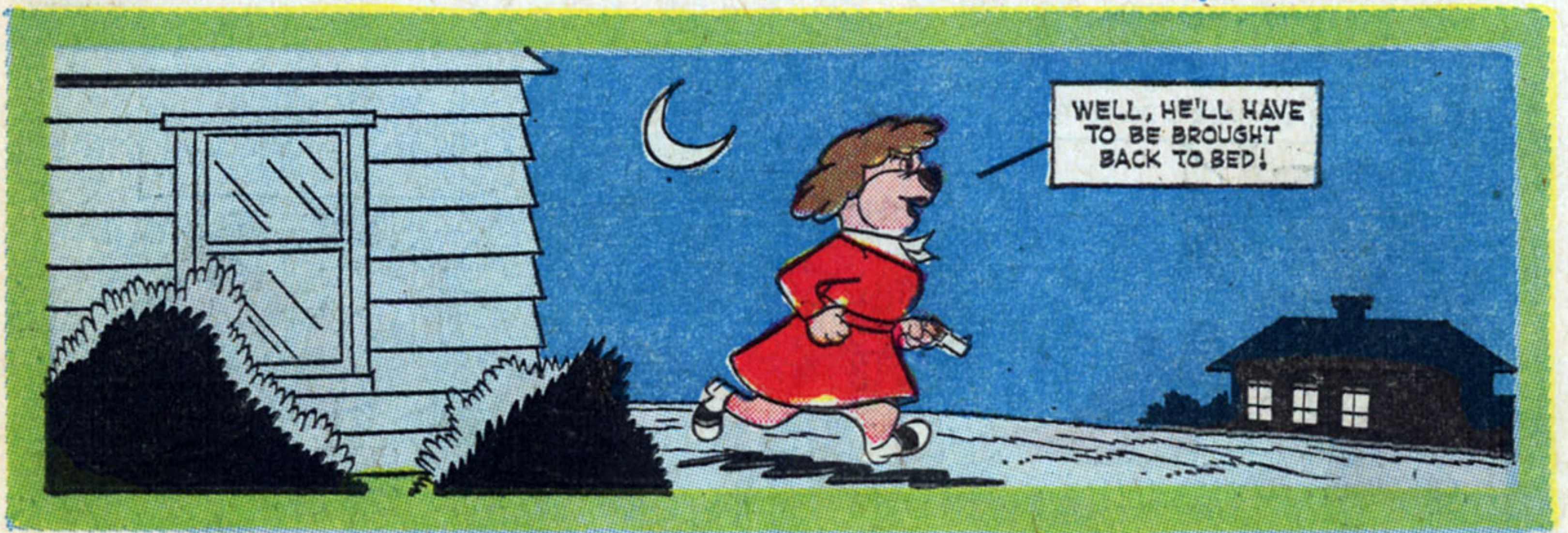
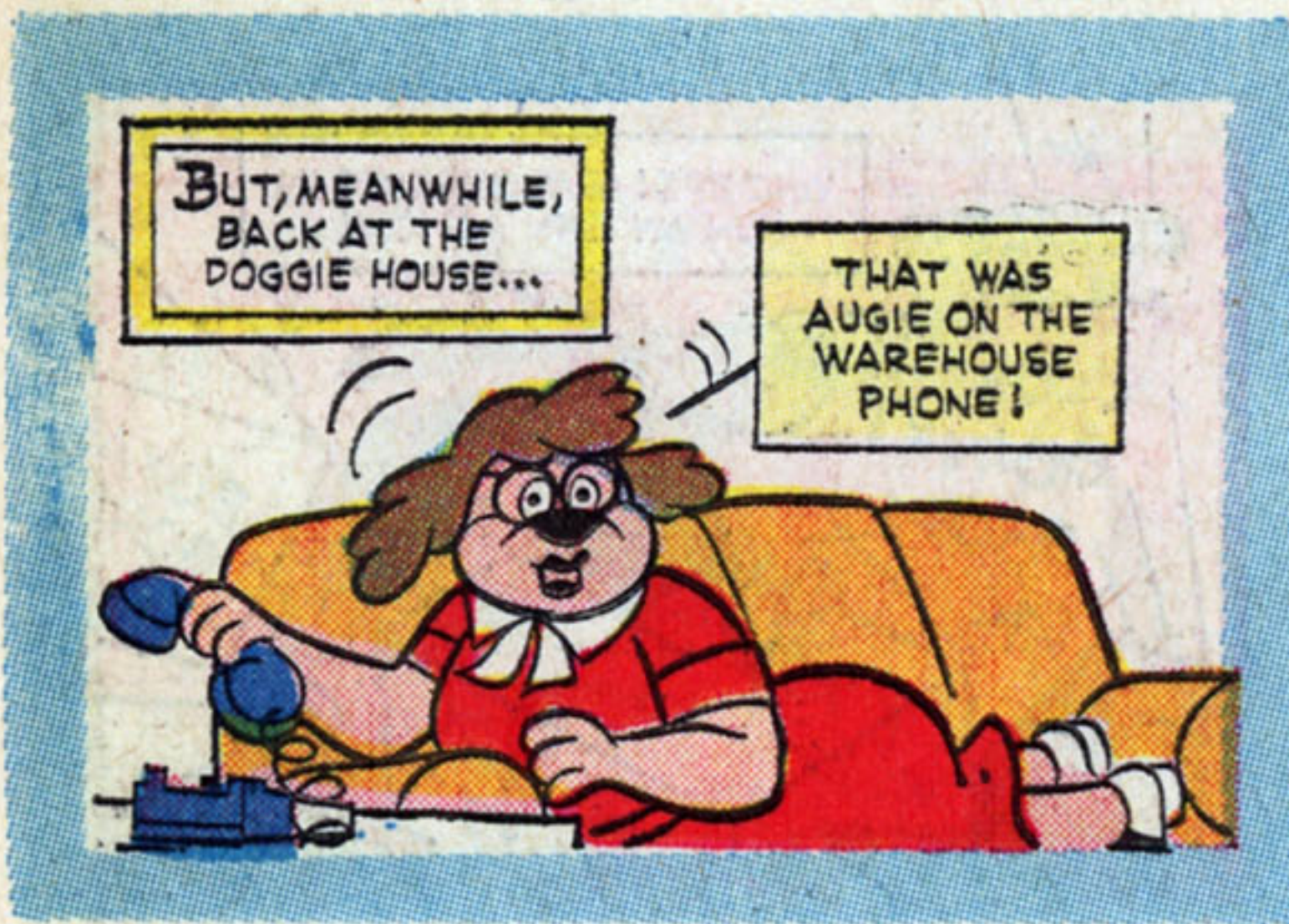
AUGIE DOGGIE and DOGGIE DADDY NIGHT WATCHDOG

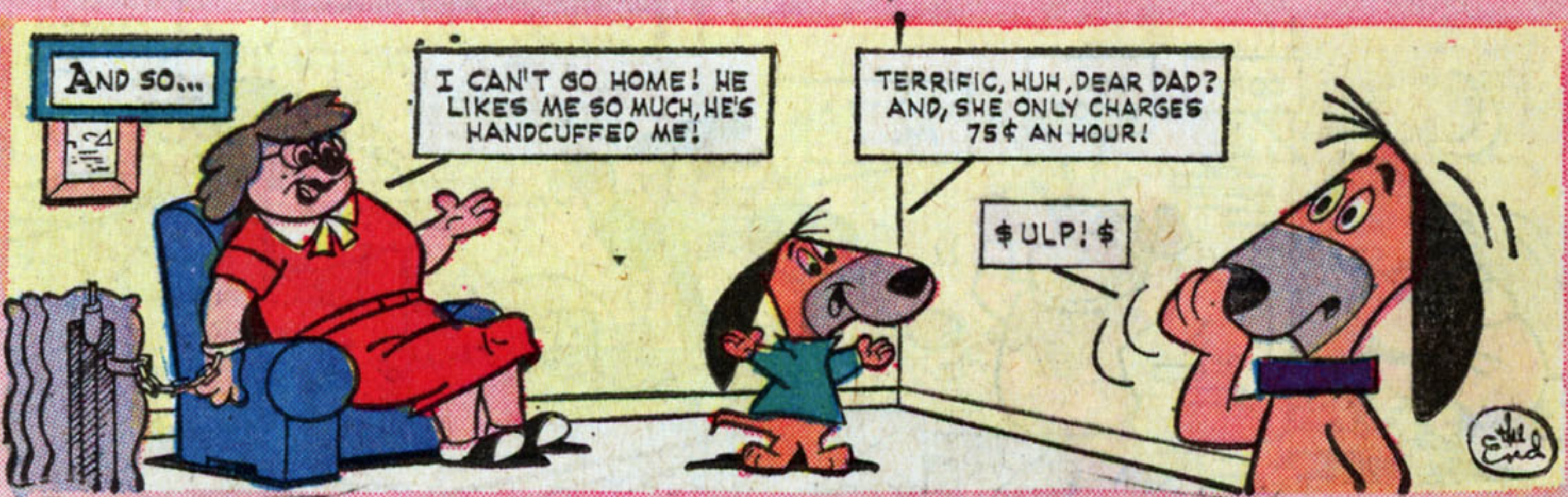
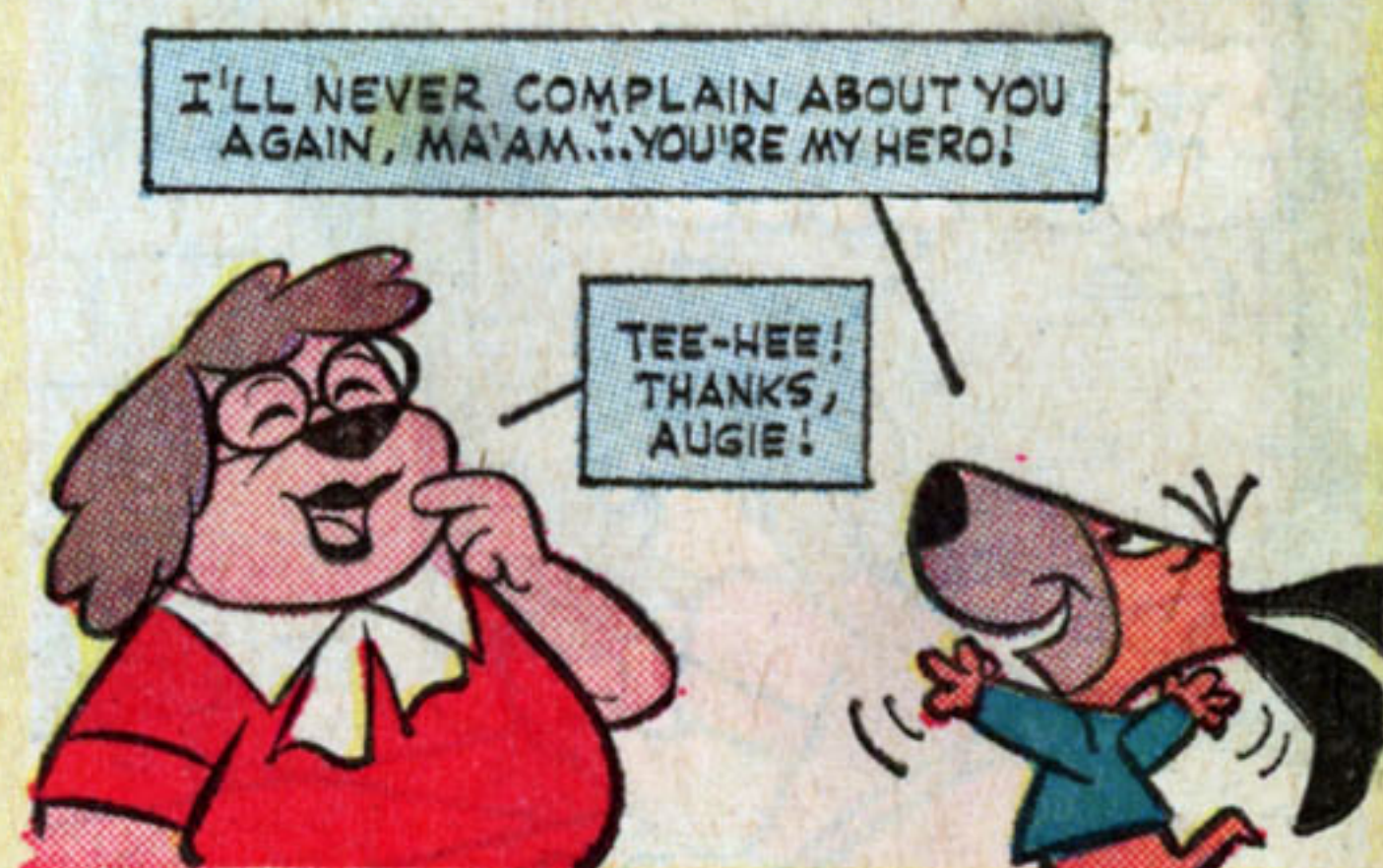
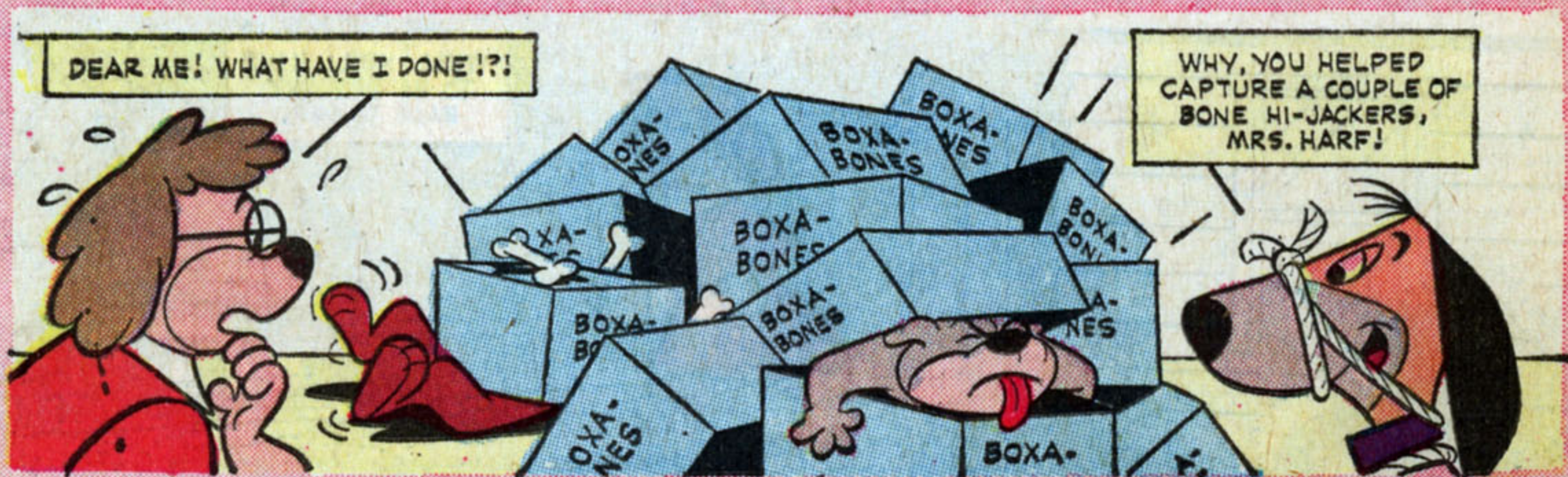
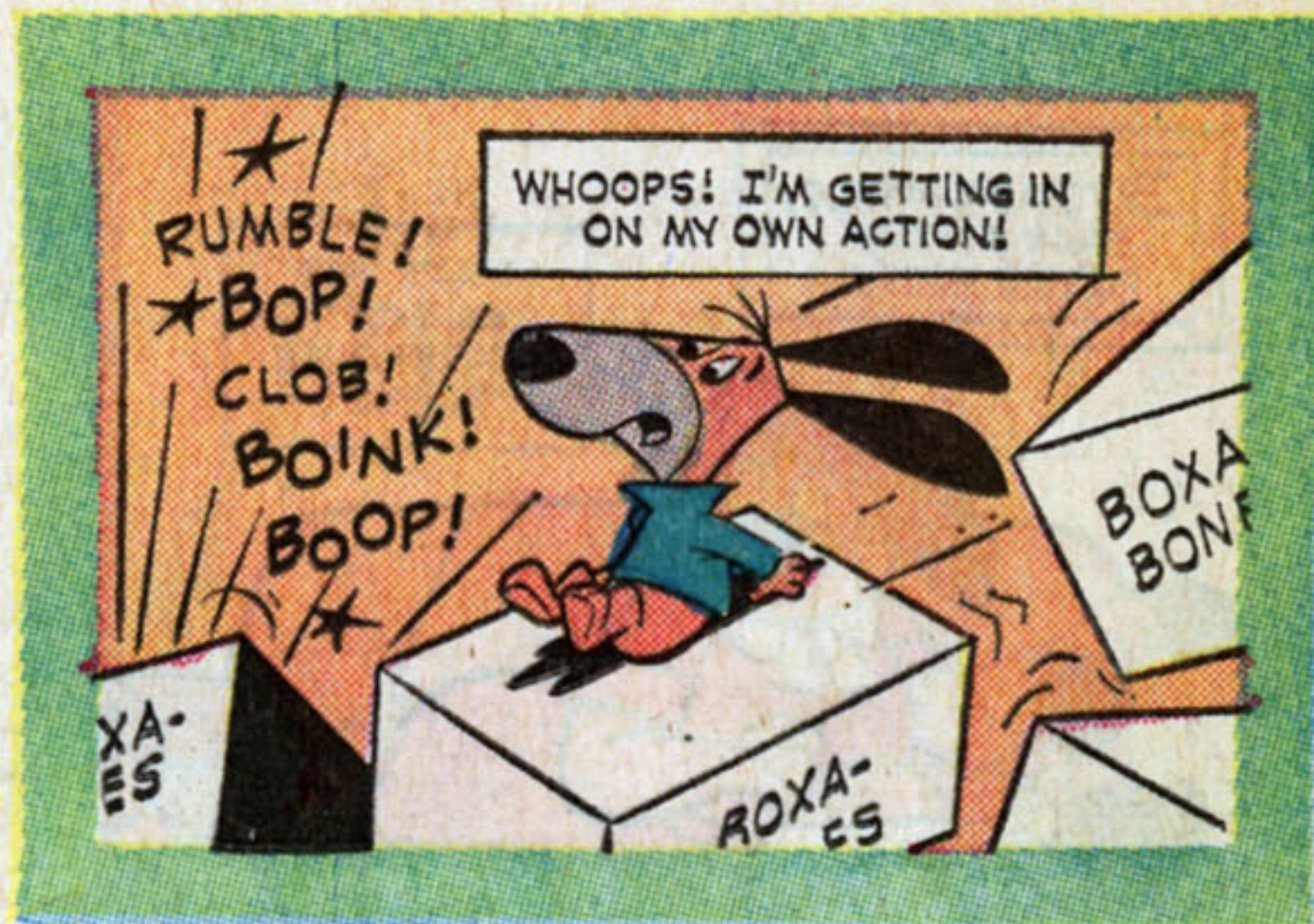
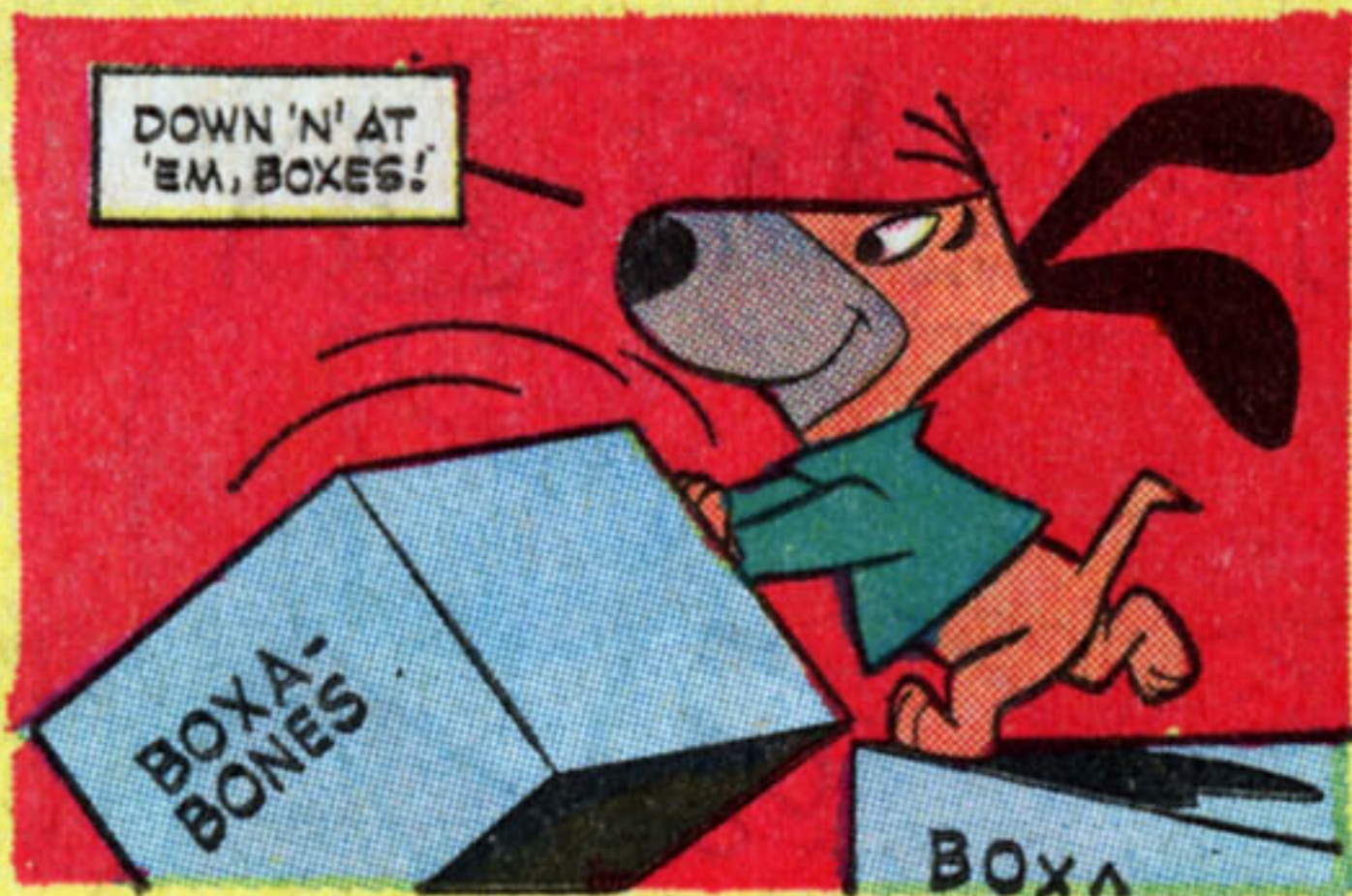






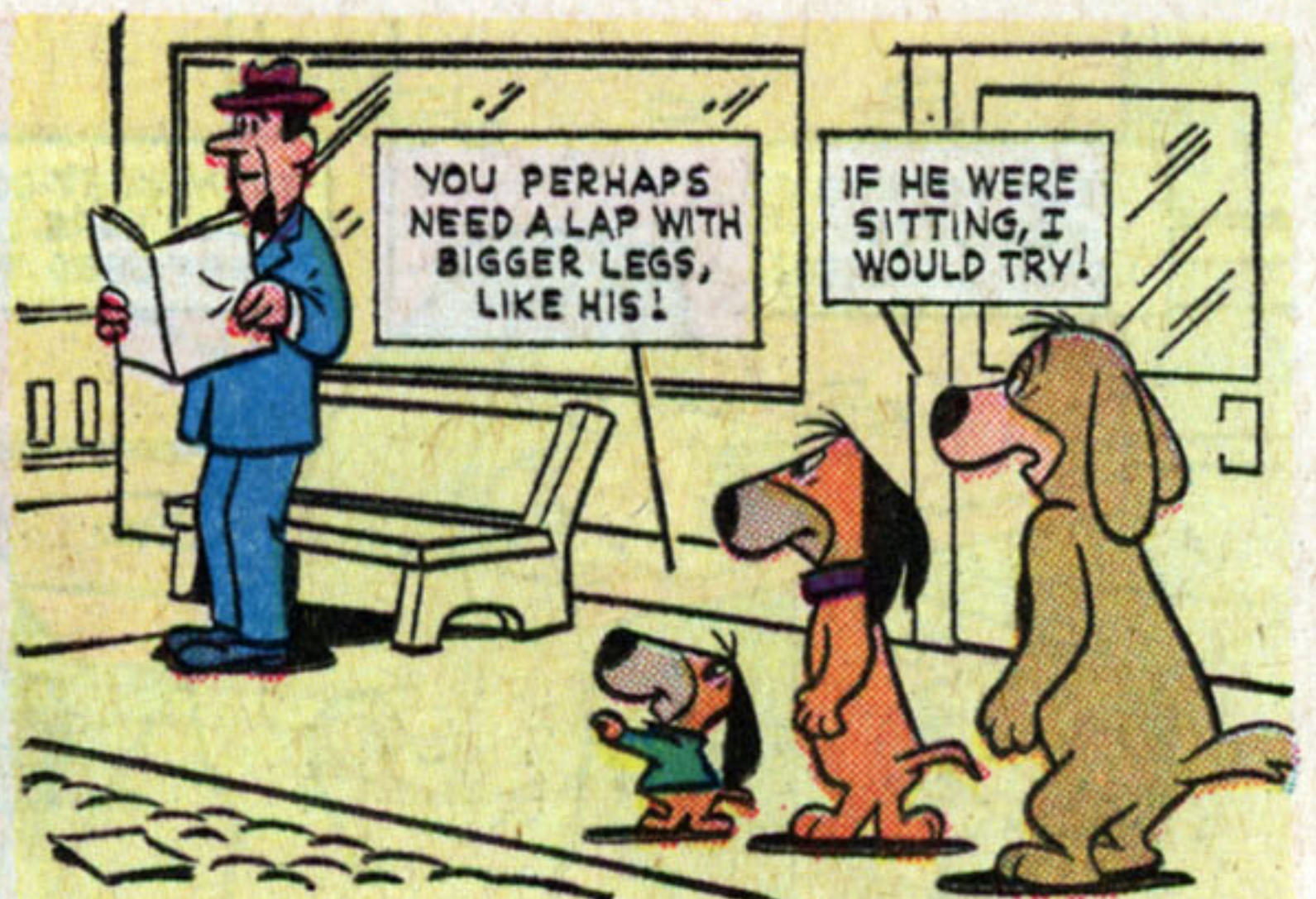
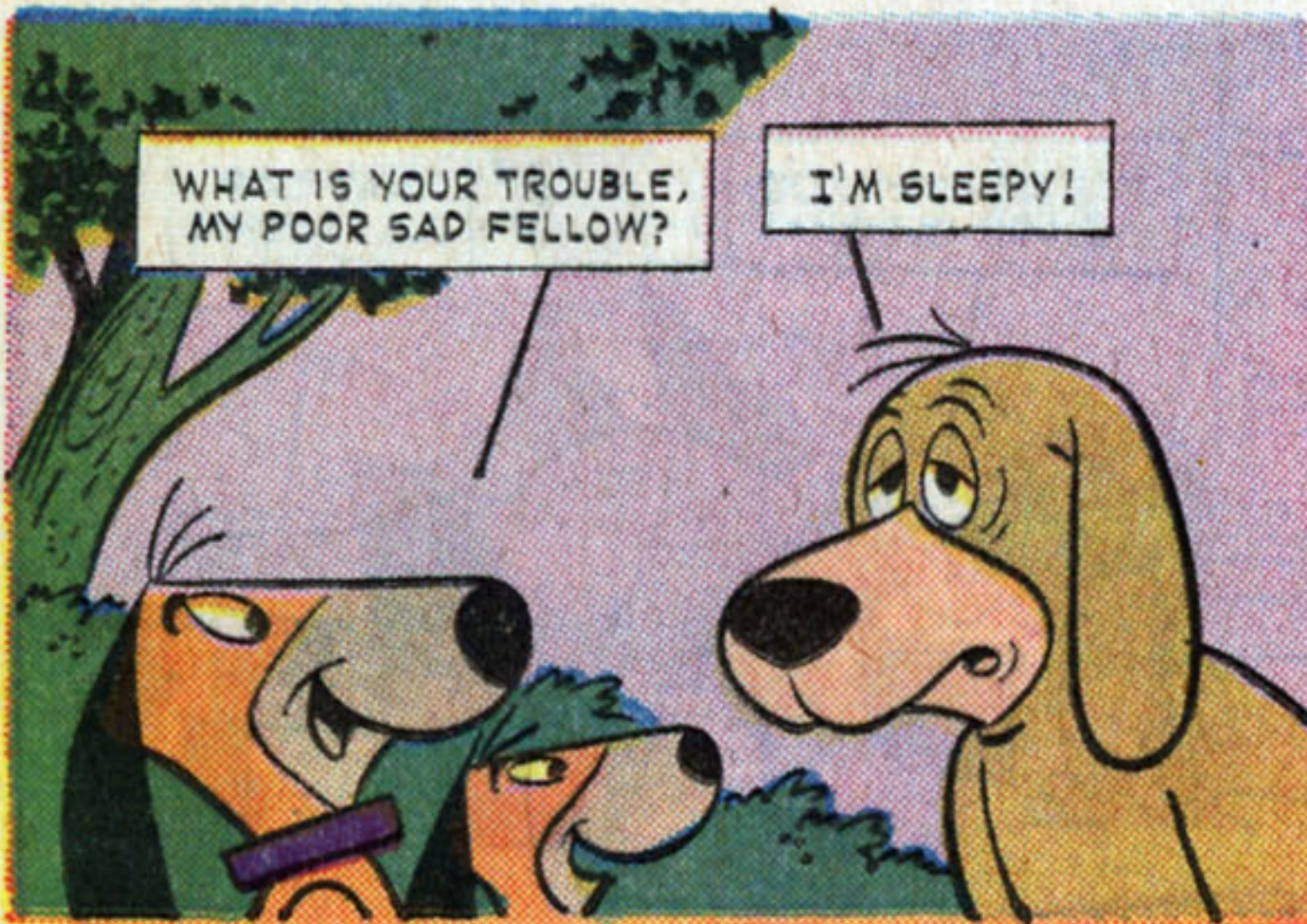
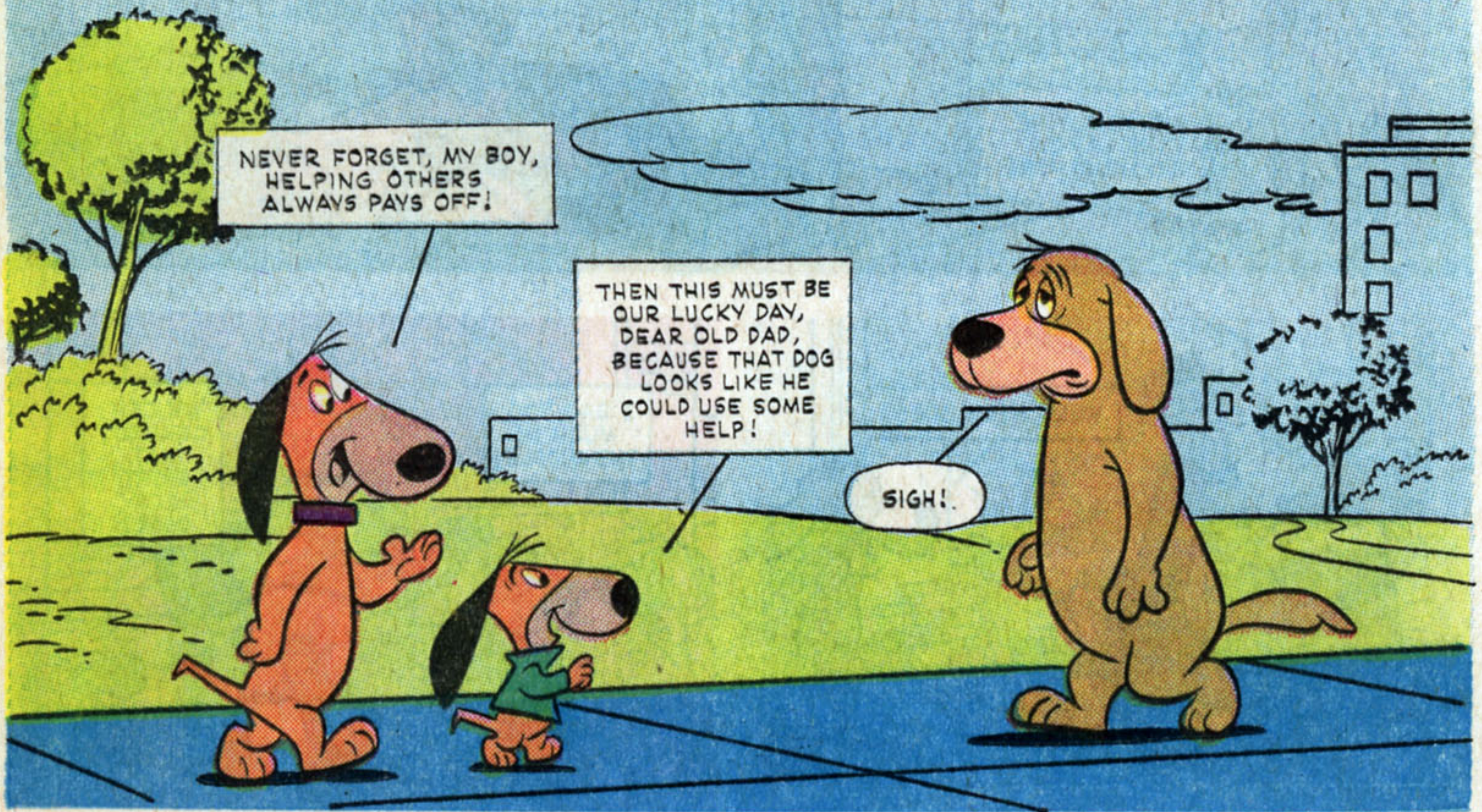


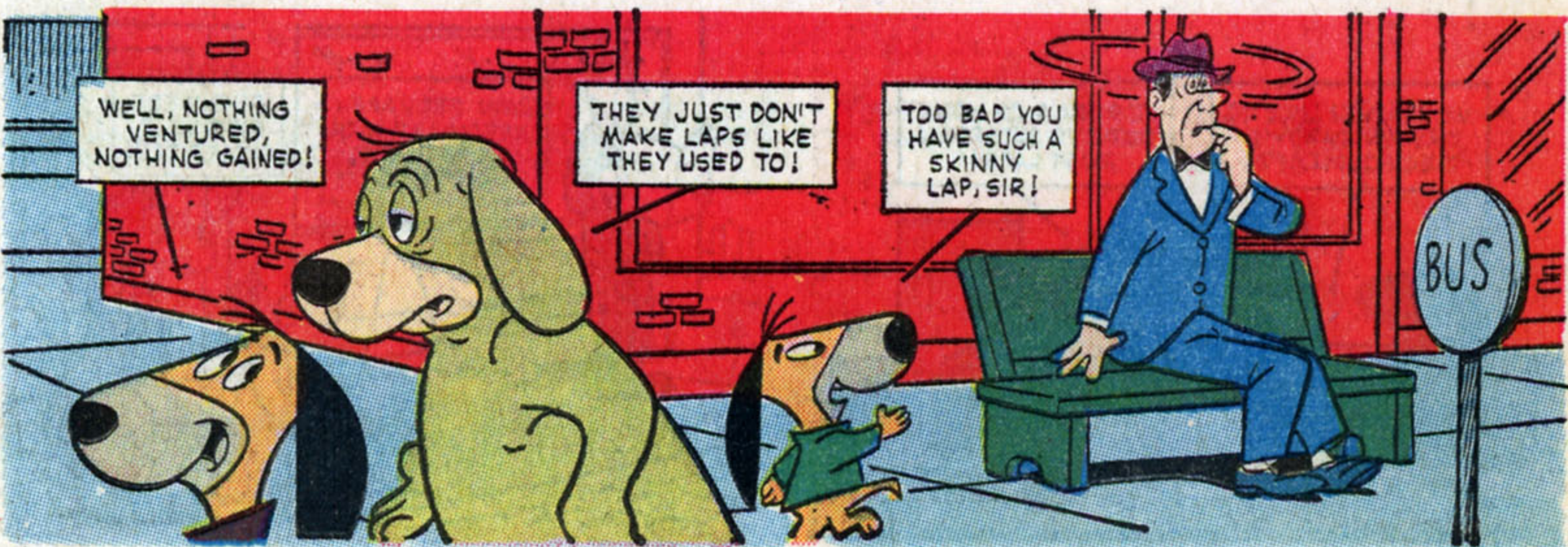
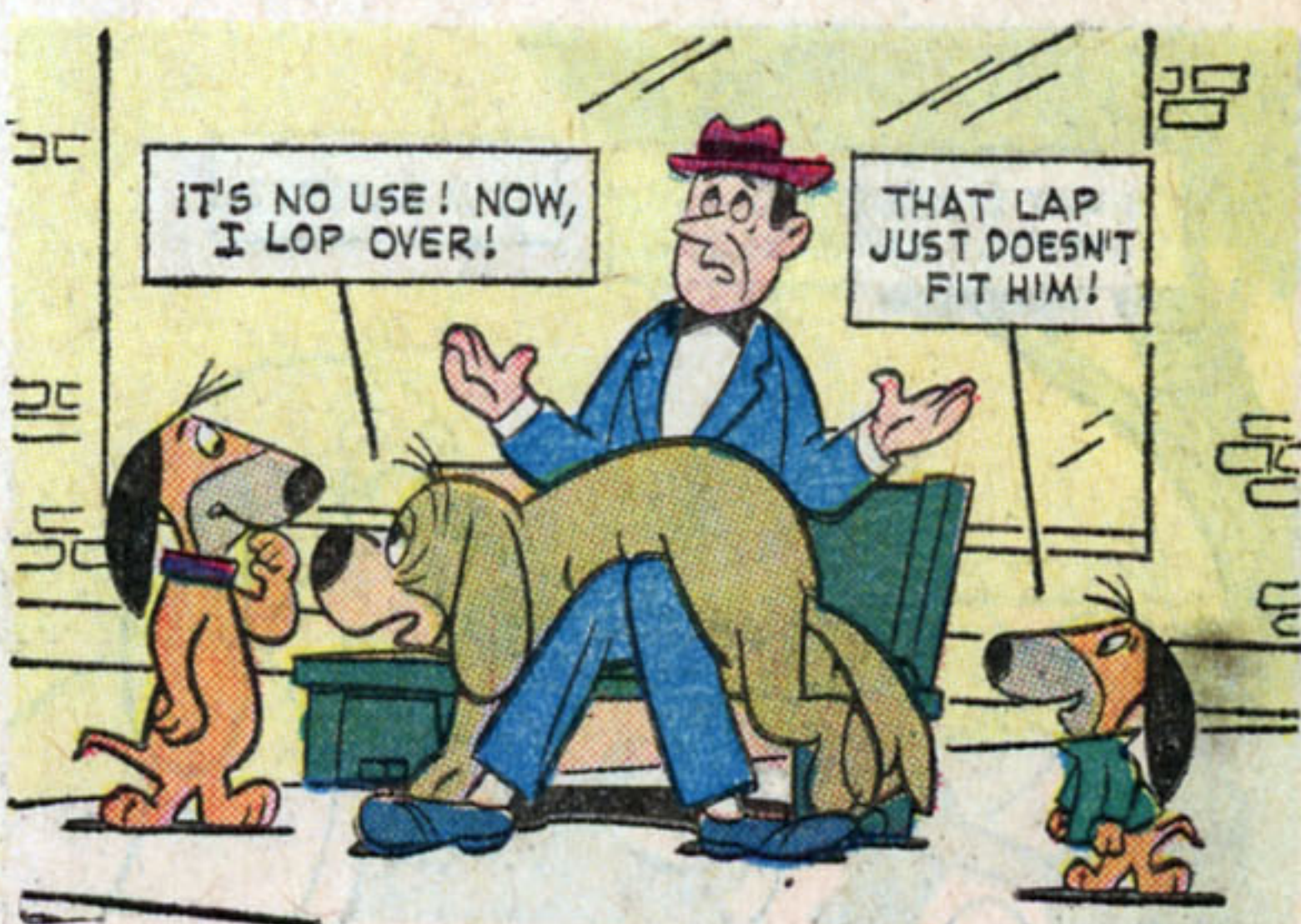
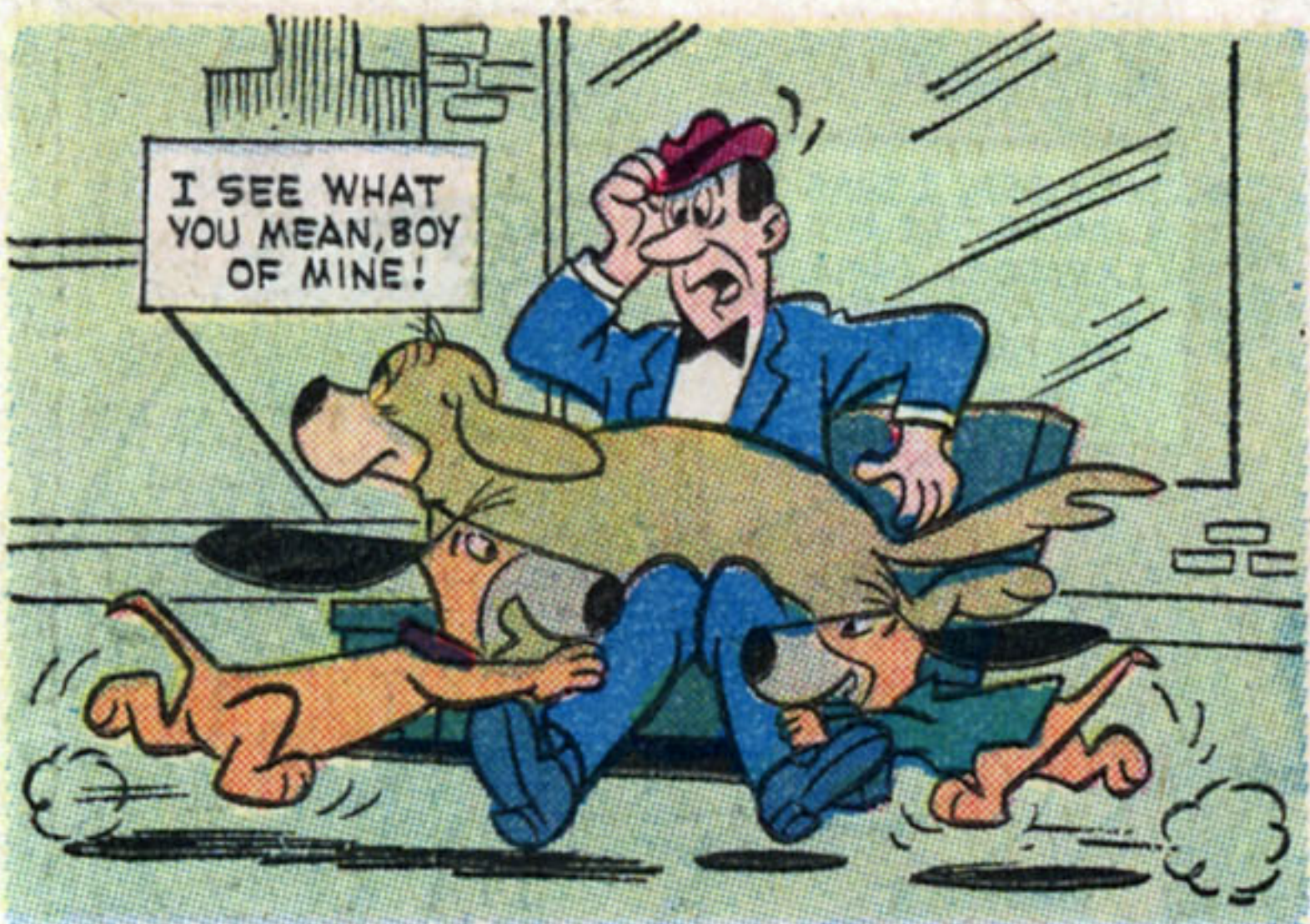
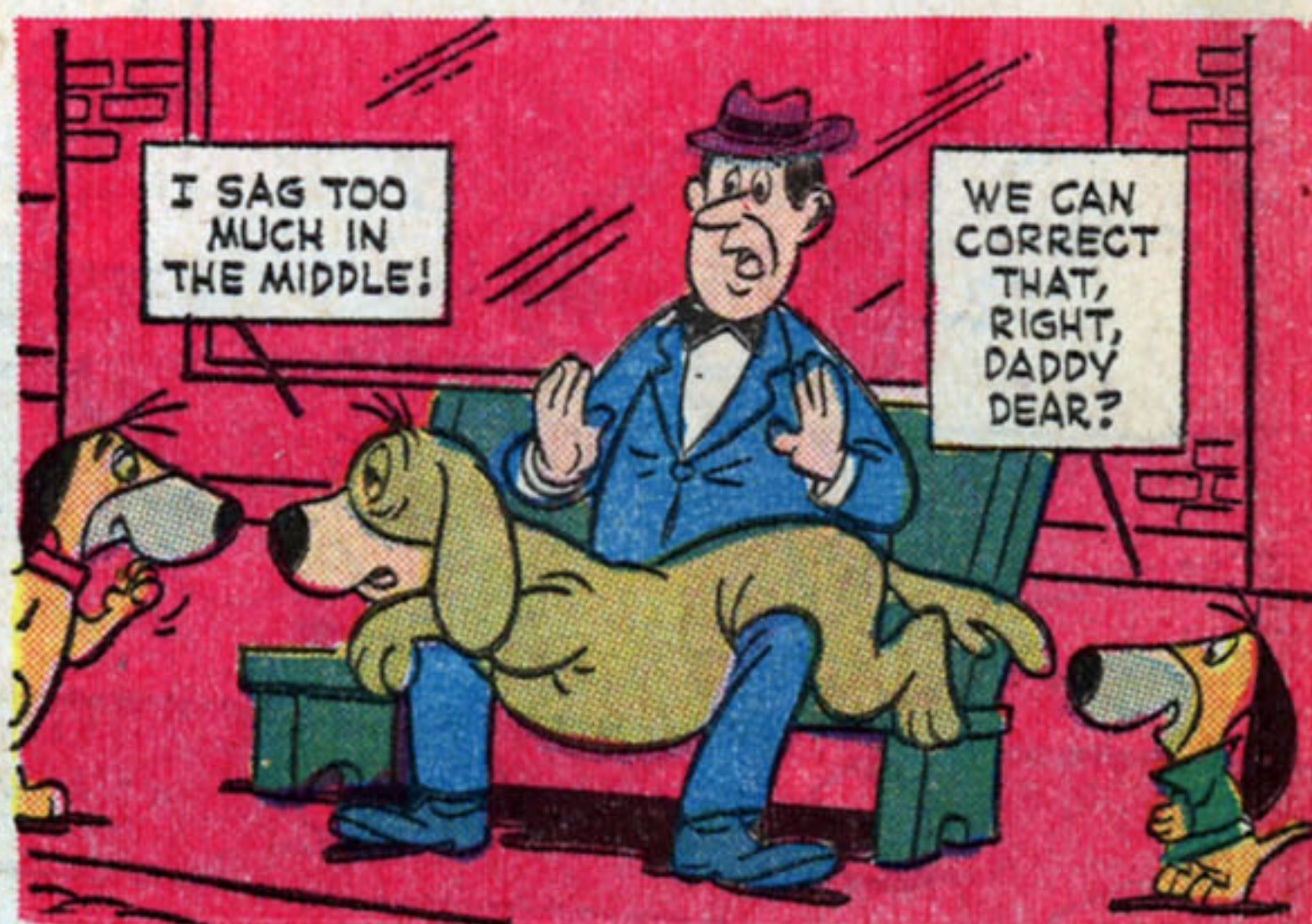
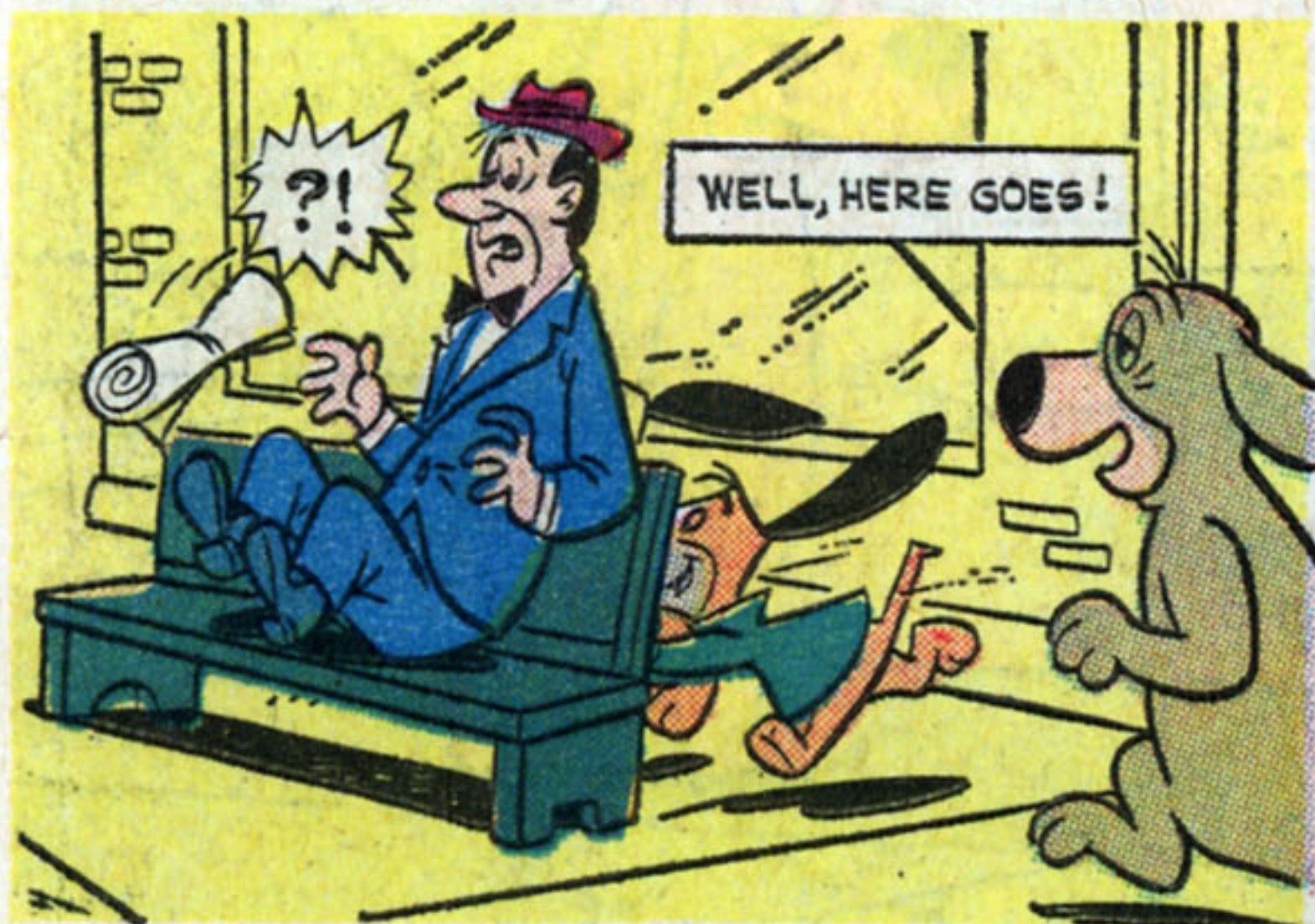
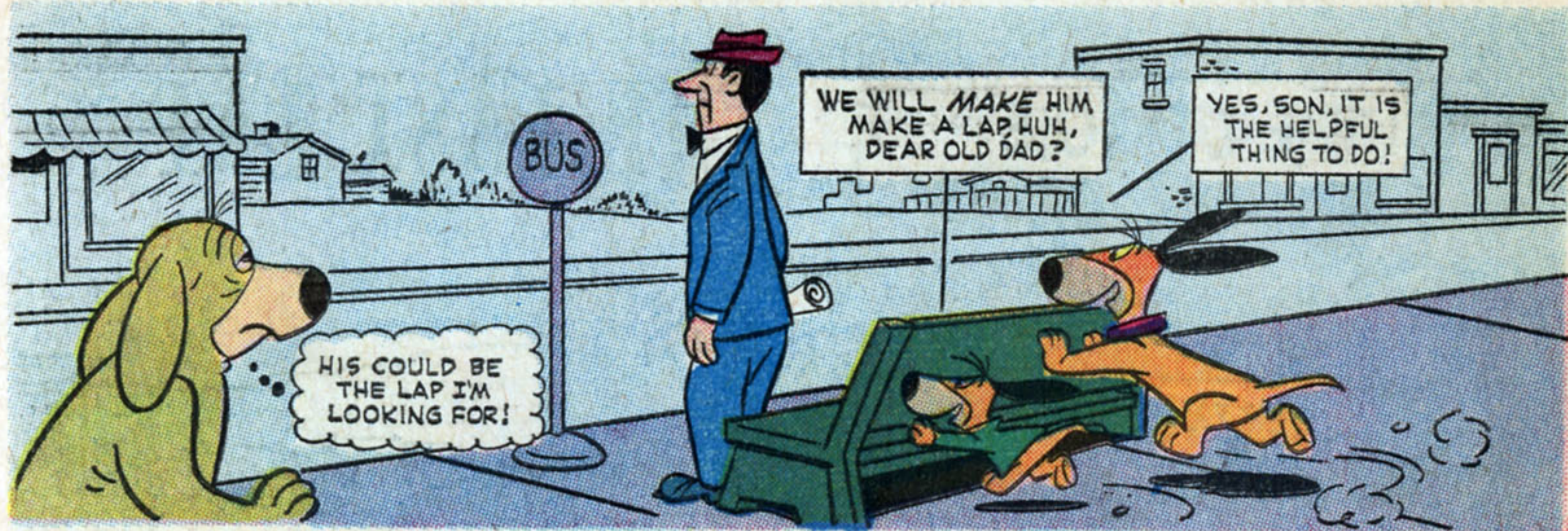


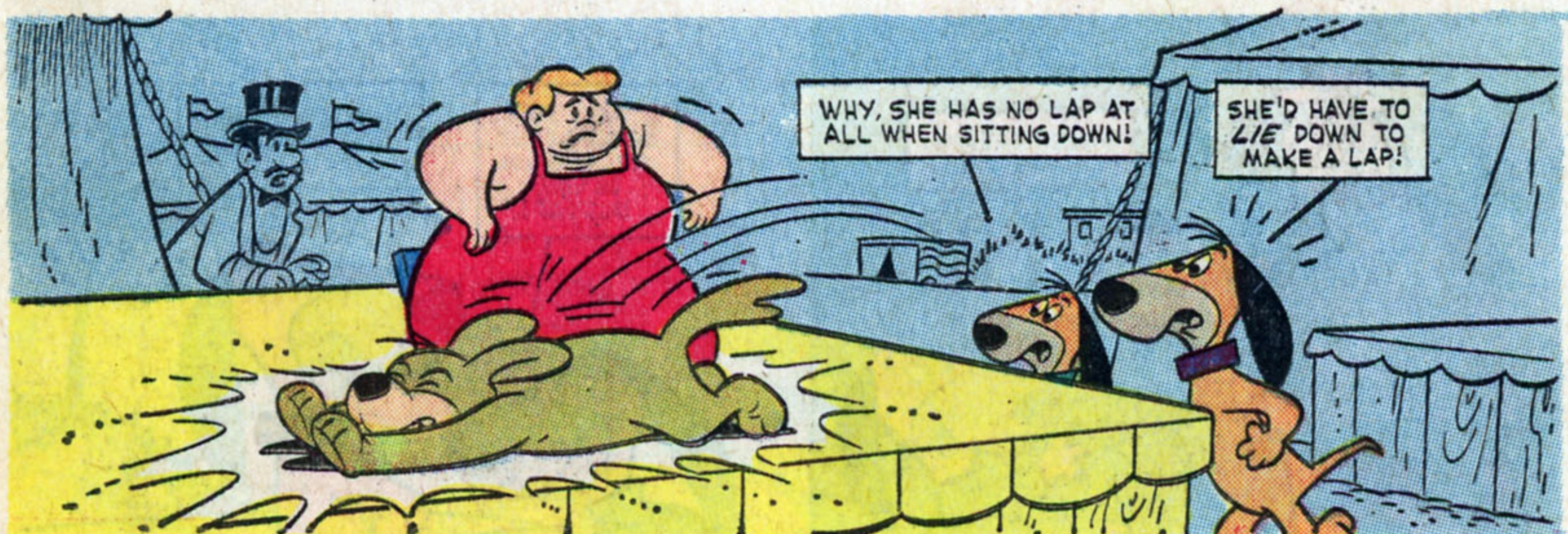
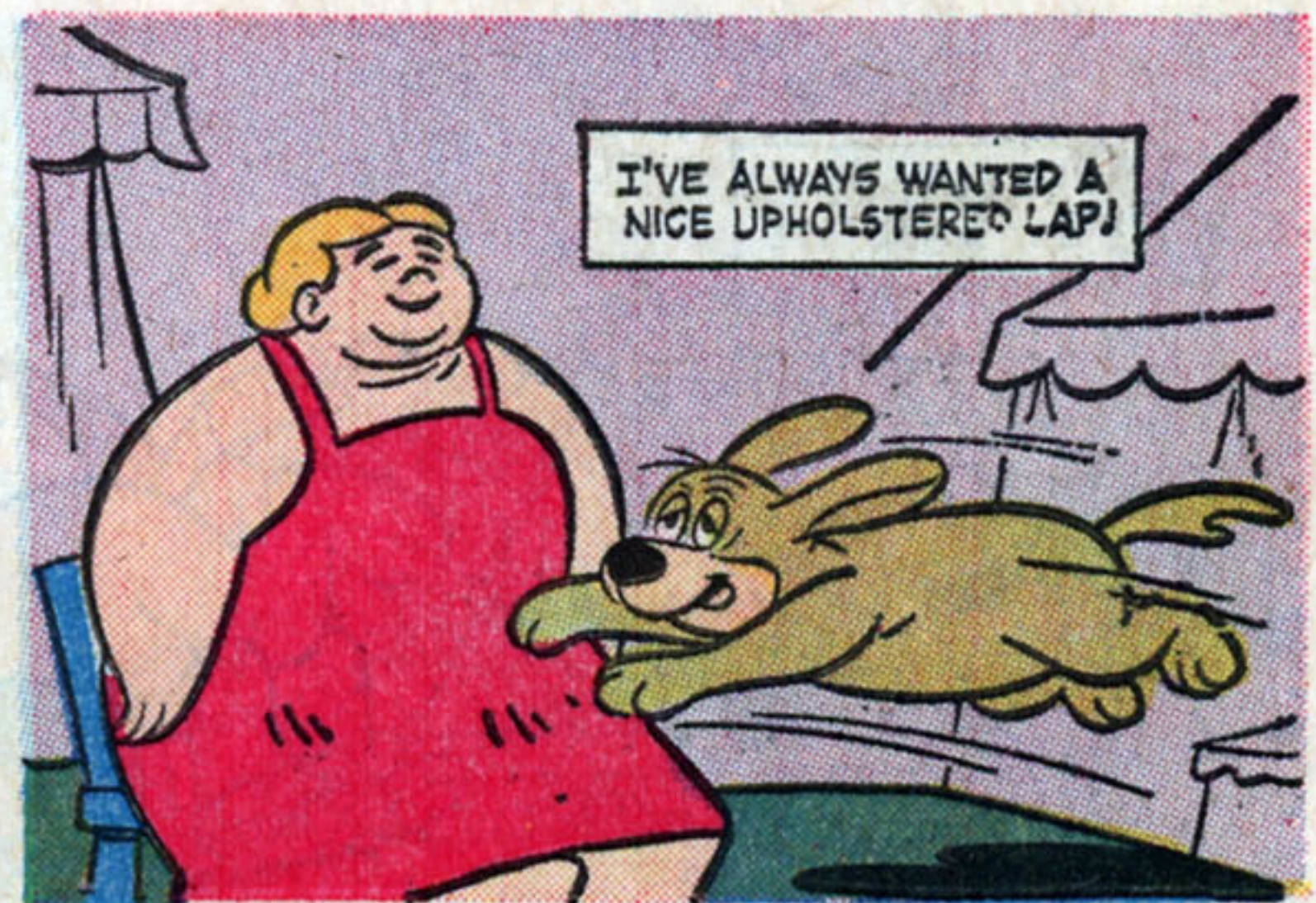
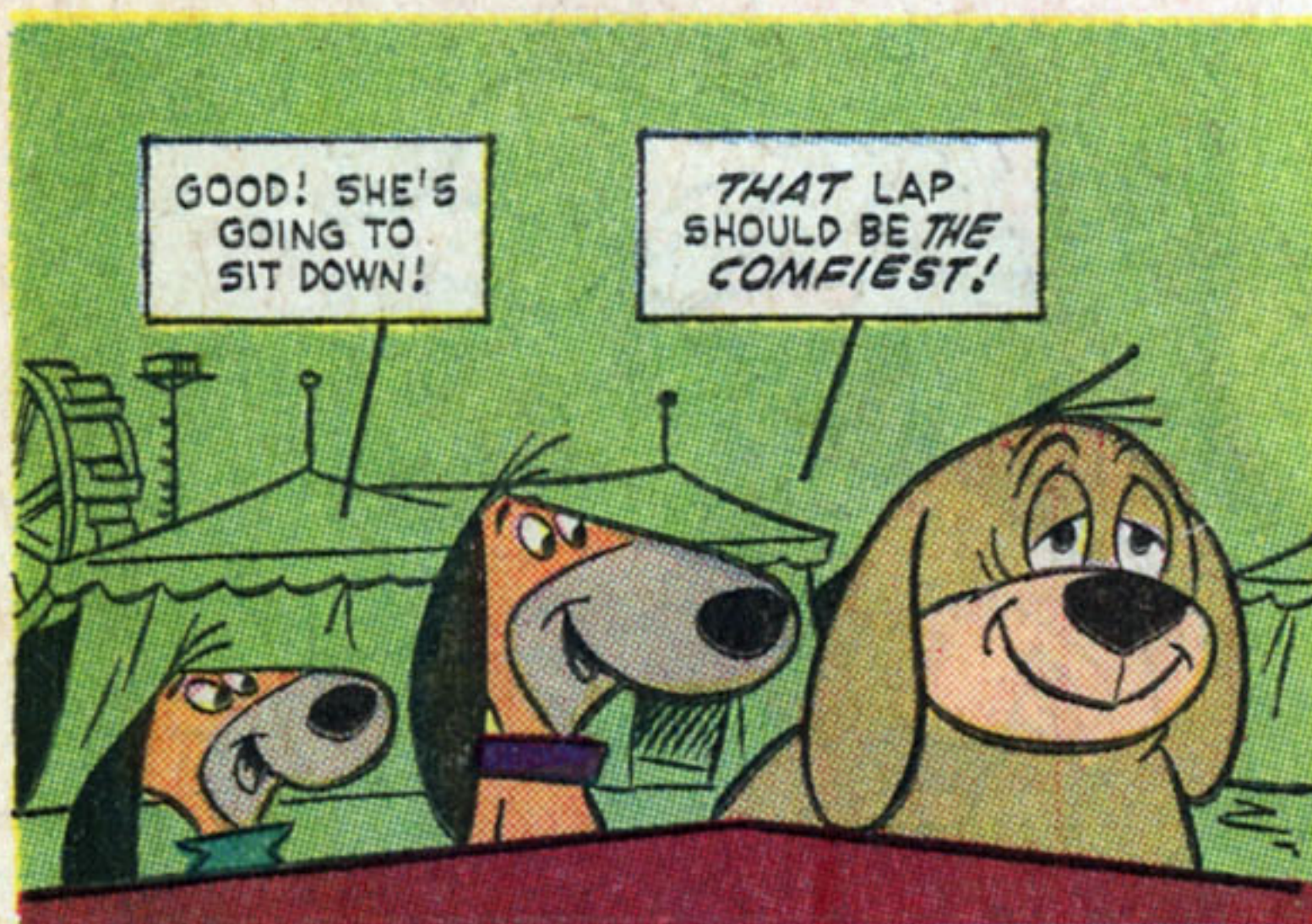
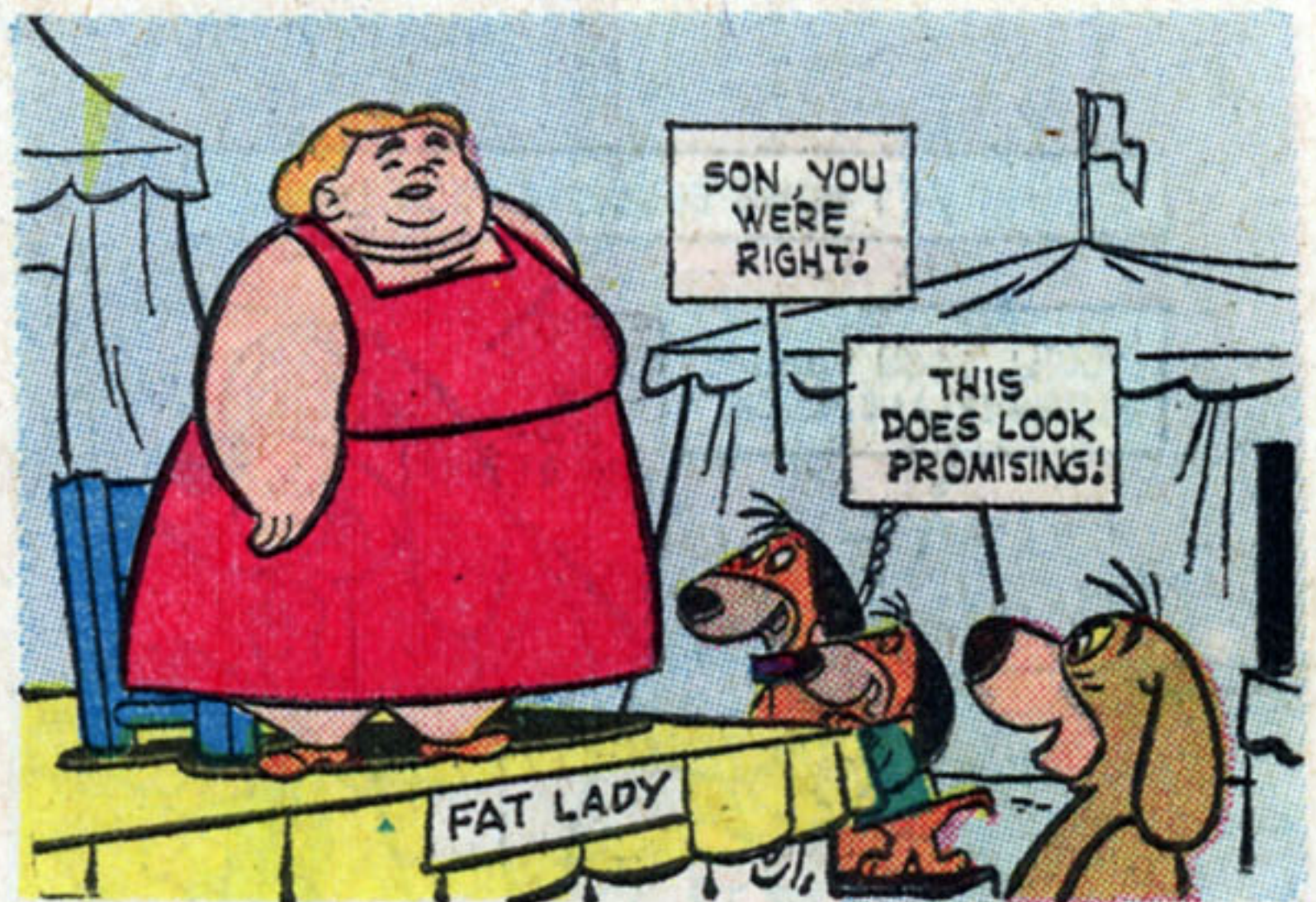
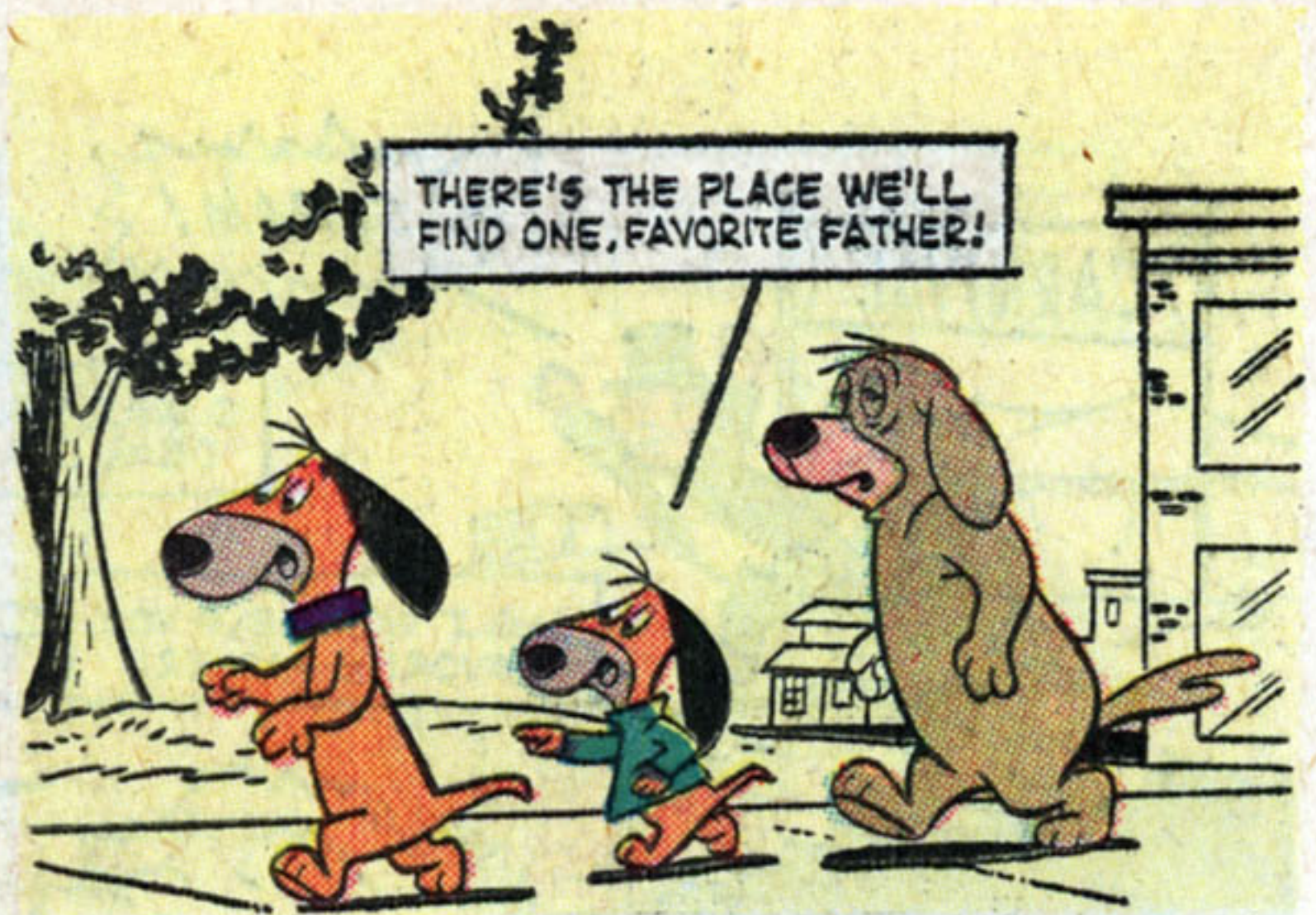


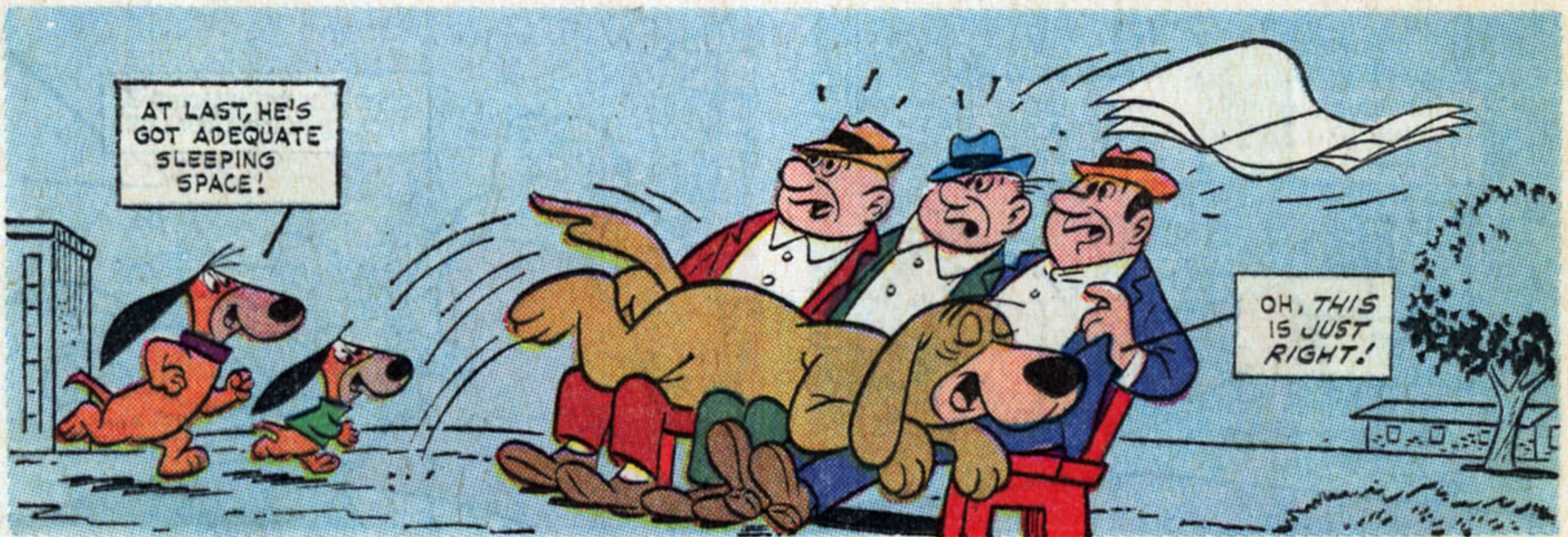
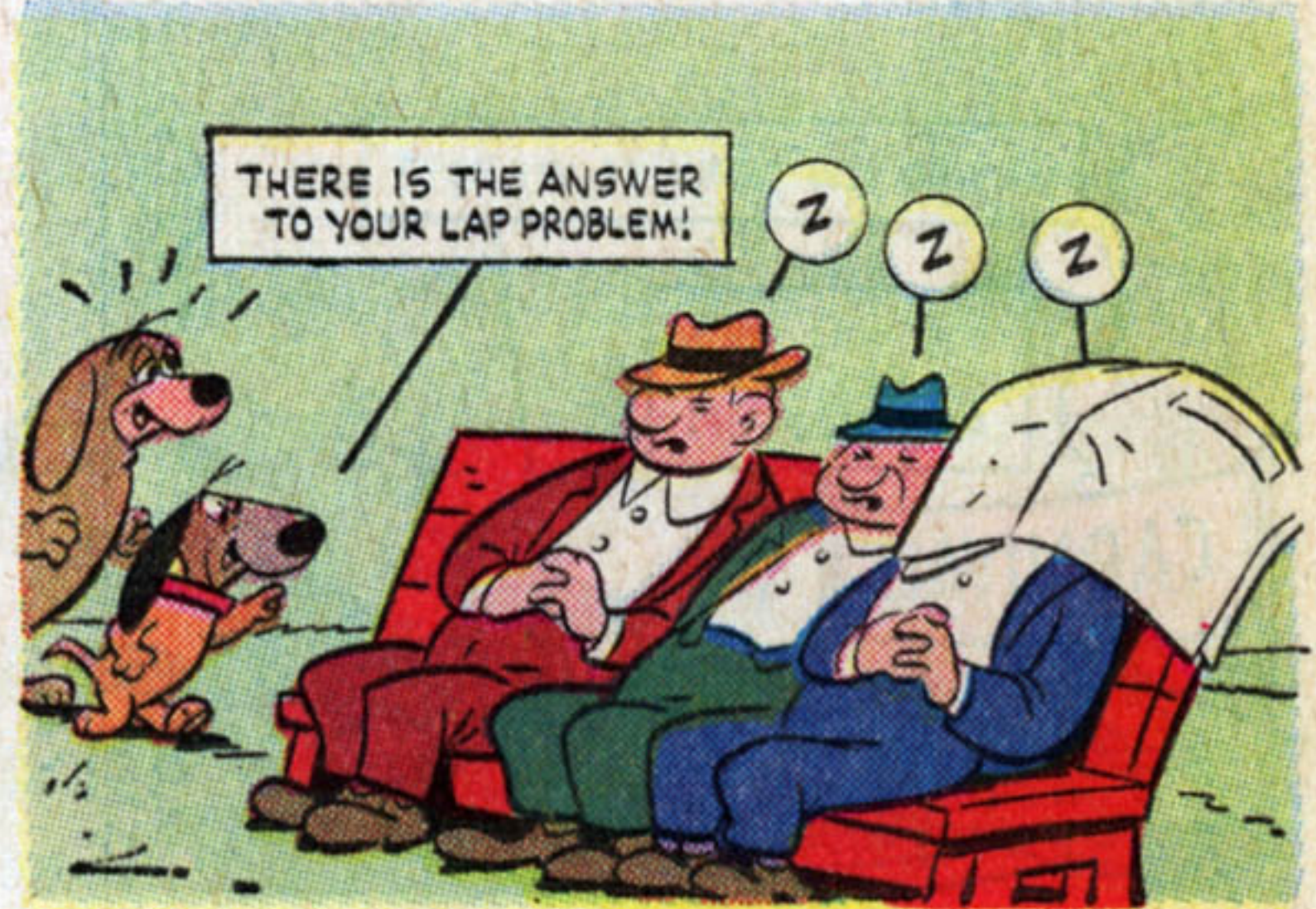
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**AUGIE DOGGIE
and DOGGIE DADDY**

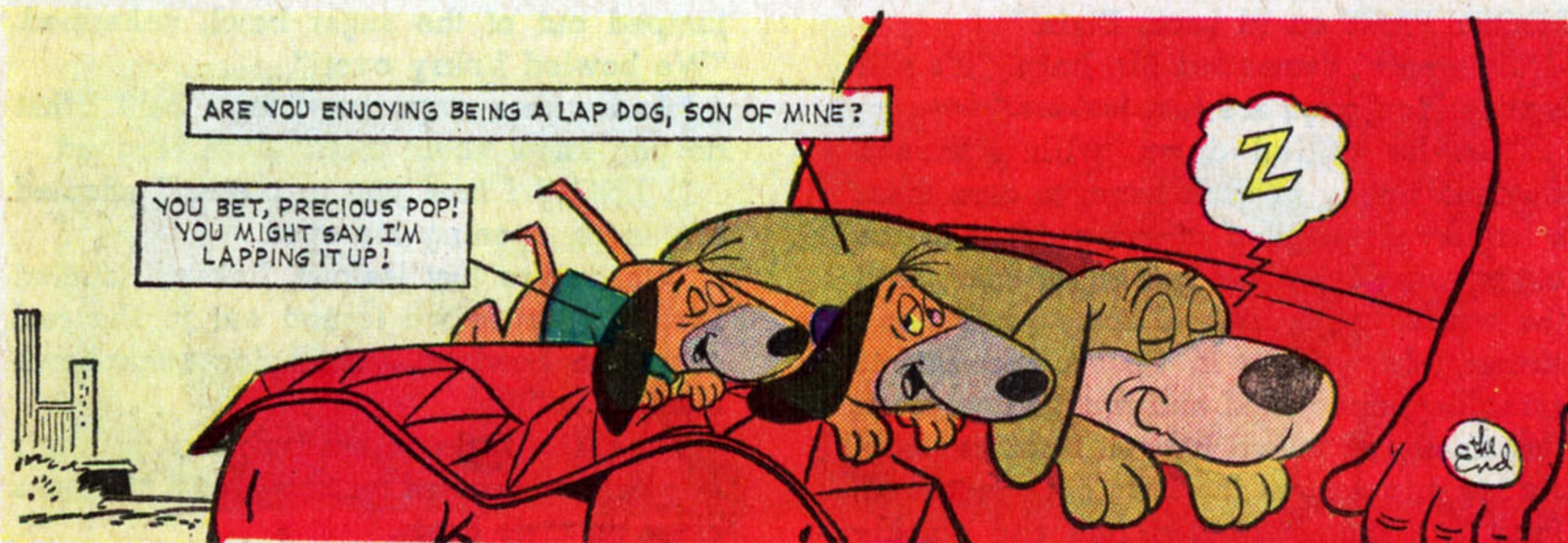
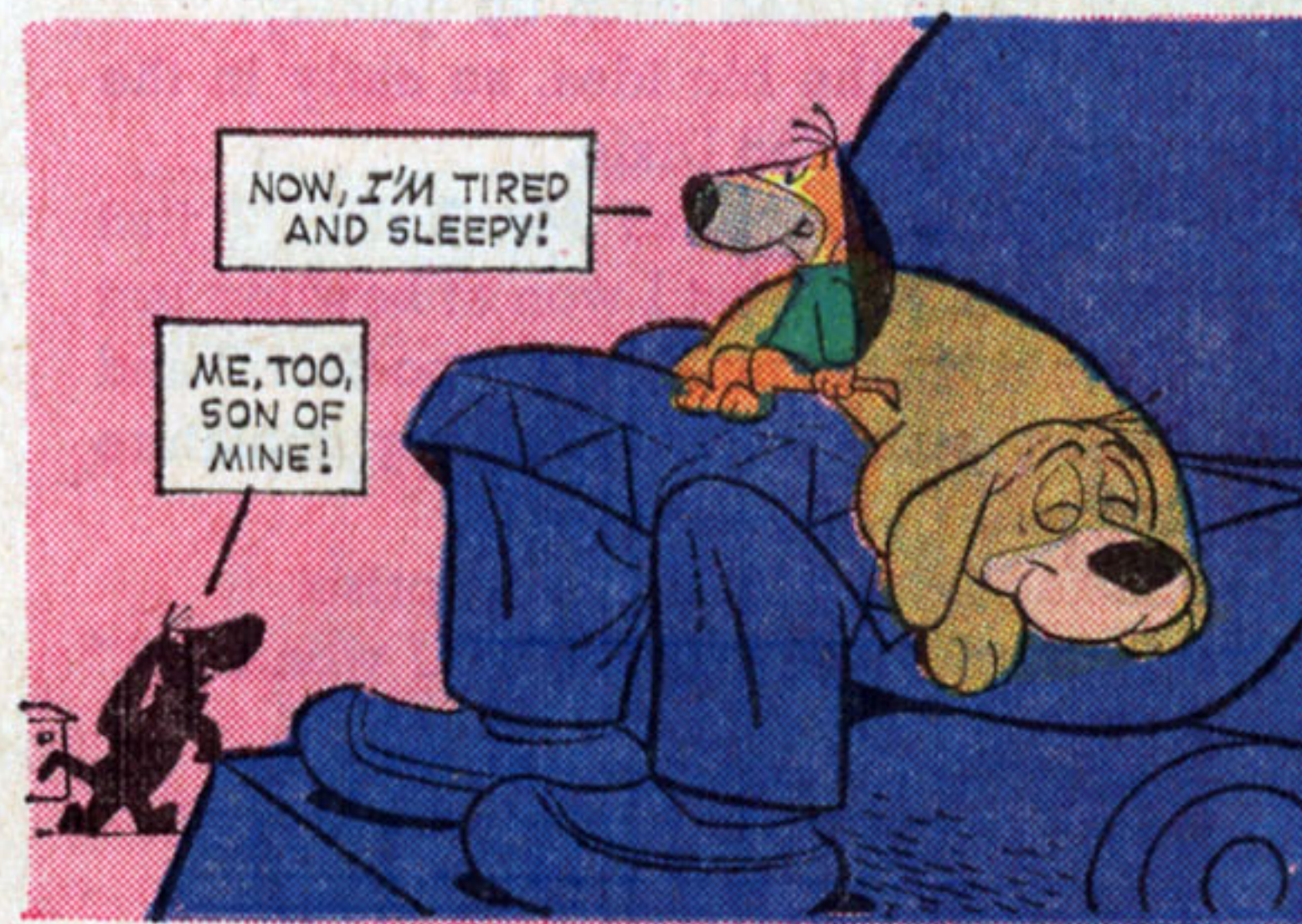
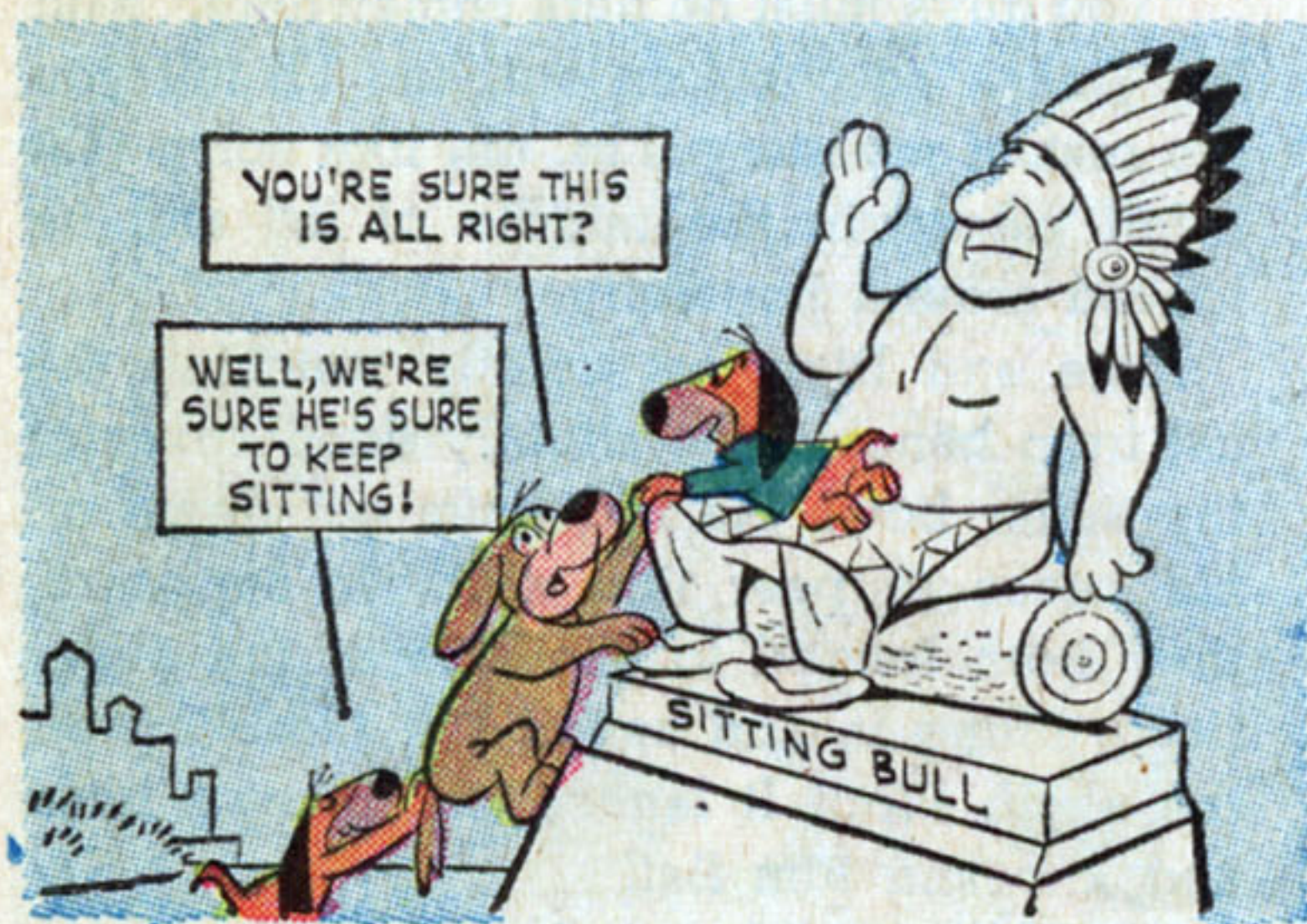
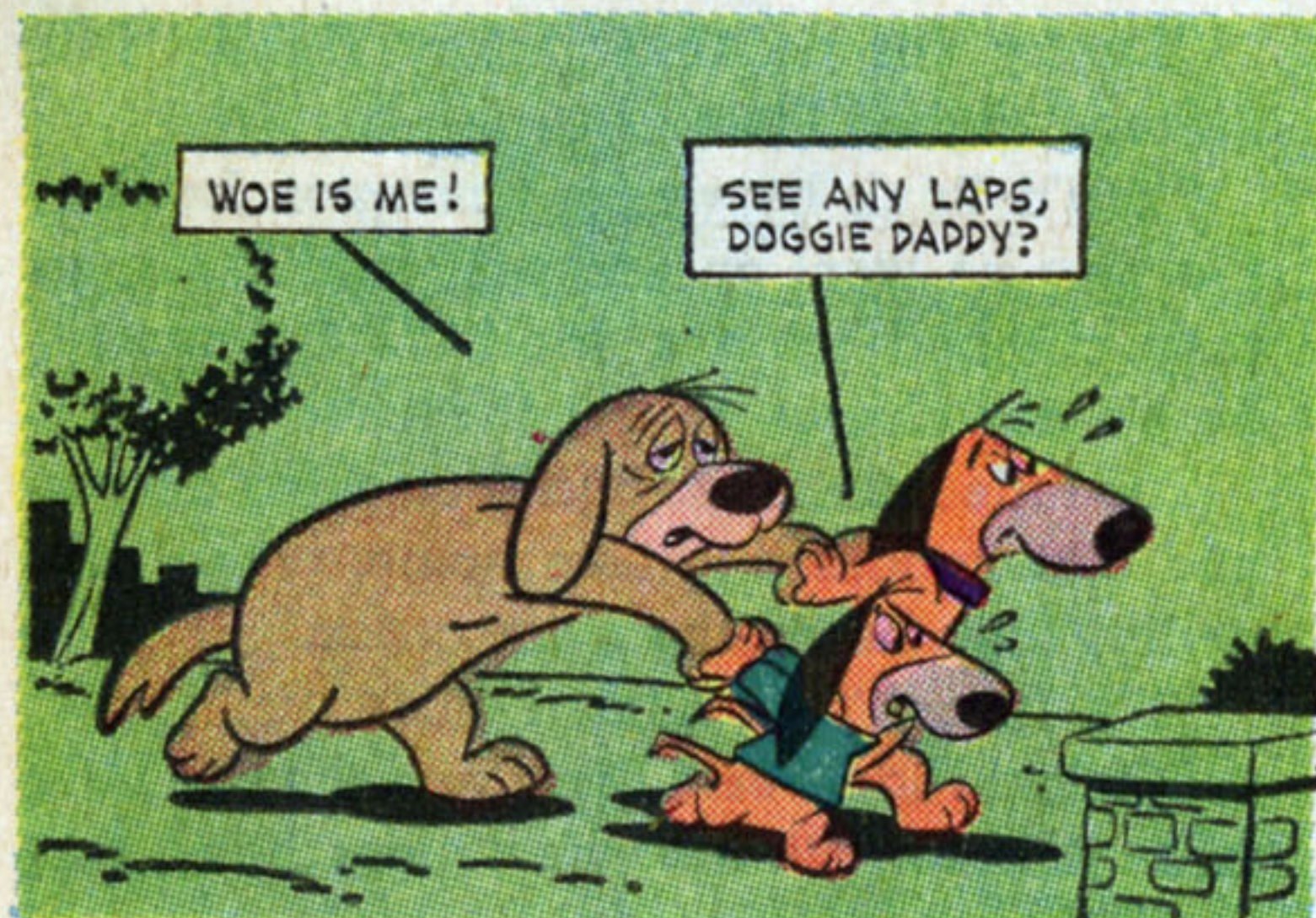
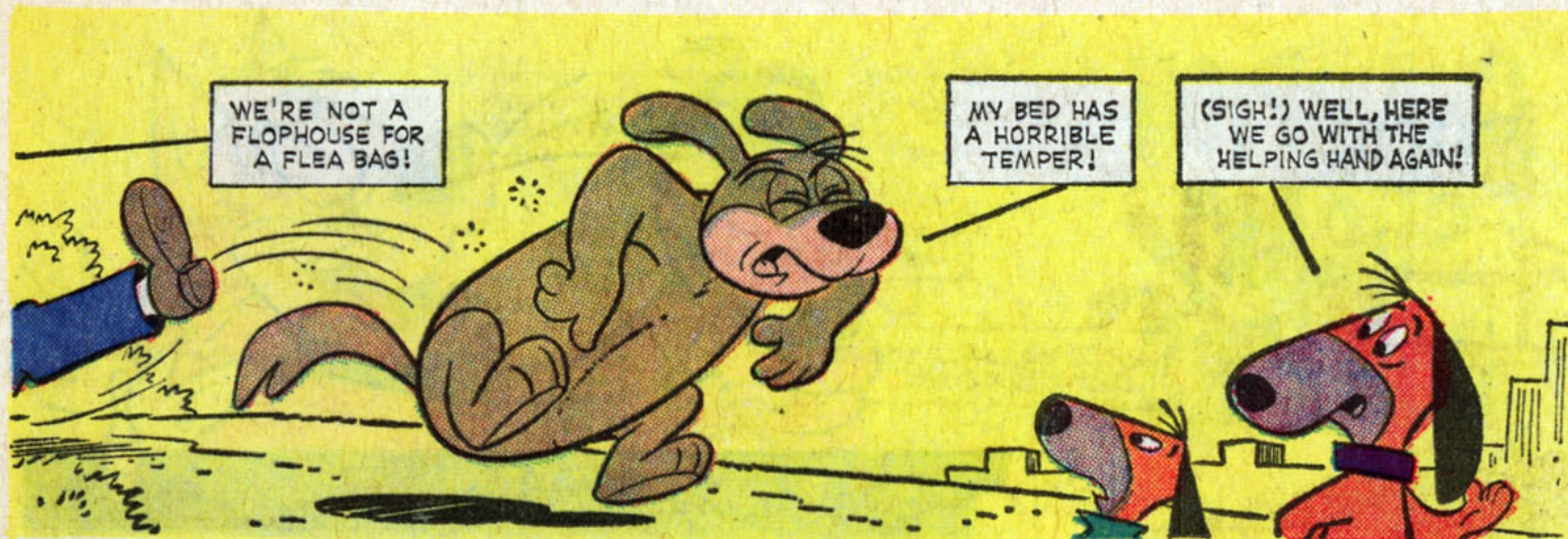
THE LAST LAP



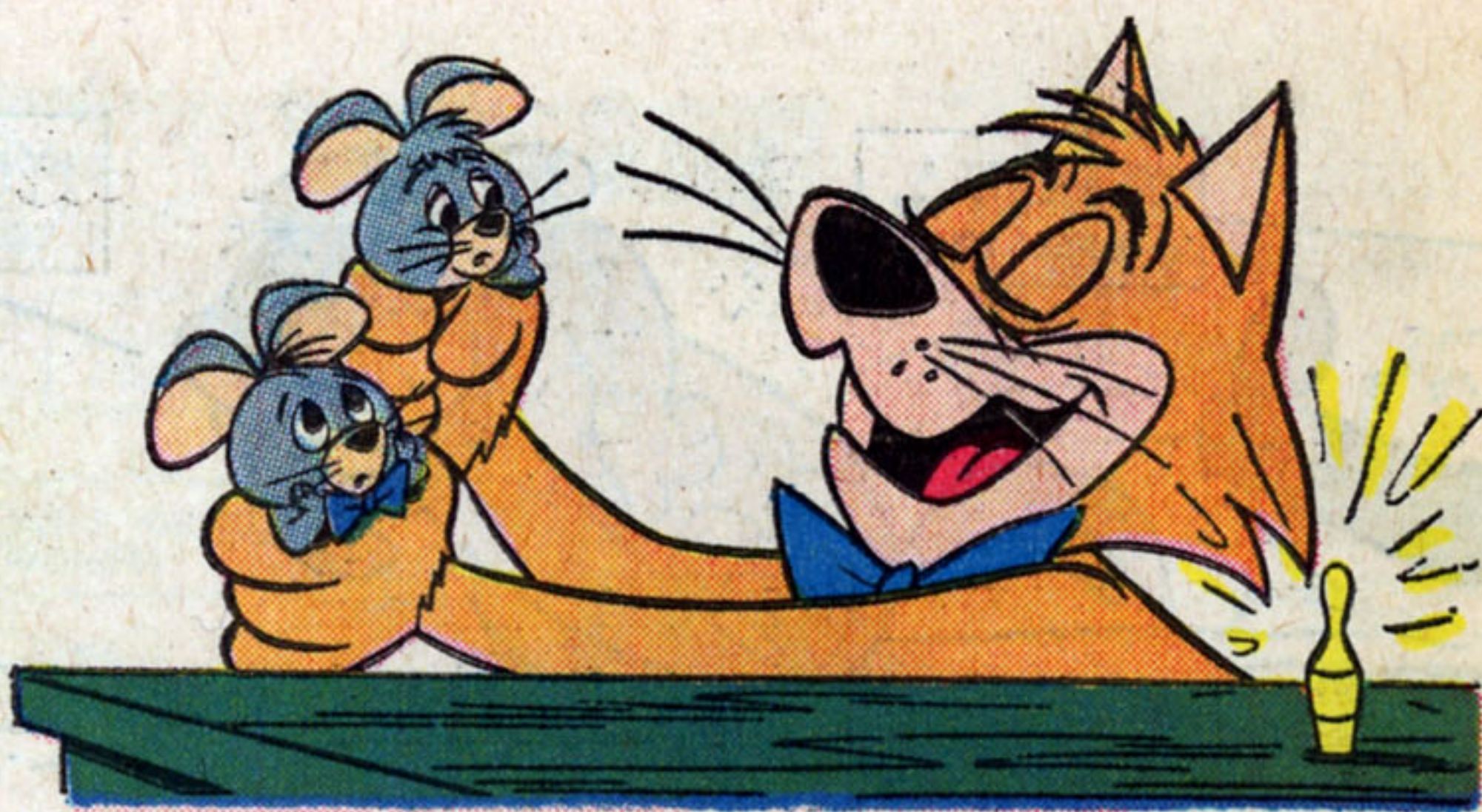








CHAMPION SUGAR- BOWLERS



"Our cheese is almost gone, Pixie," said Dixie one morning. "Somehow, we'll have to get past Jinksy into the kitchen for more."

"That ought to be easy today," said Pixie. "Mr. Jinks went bowling last night, and I'll bet he's the most tuckered-out ol' cat in town right now."

The little mice were very wrong about Mr. Jinks, however. Far from being tuckered out, he was eagerly waiting for them to appear. Before they had finished breakfast, they heard him shouting, "Come out, you miserable meeces . . . out . . . out . . . like, right now!" and as soon as he saw them in their doorway, he snatched them up quickly.

"Hey, what's the big idea, so early in the morning?" demanded Dixie.

"Quiet, fellas," replied Mr. Jinks. "I just want to show you what I won at bowling last night. Look! Isn't it, uh, like bee-oo-tiful?" and he proudly pointed to a gleaming miniature bowling pin.

Pixie and Dixie blinked in surprise.

"Golly, Jinksy, you mean YOU won that?" asked Pixie in disbelief.

"All by yourself?" exclaimed Dixie.

"Of course," replied Jinksy, huffily.

"Oh, I get it," laughed Pixie. "It says BOOBY PRIZE on it! Look, Dixie!"

"So what?" demanded Mr. Jinks. "It's still a prize! You guys are just jealous."

Then he settled down, with a mouse clutched tightly in each hand, to give them a lengthy description of every detail of the big bowling event. On and on he went, until the words, "pins, frames, spares, balls, and strikes," fairly rang in Pixie's and Dixie's ears. Mr. Jinks talked and bragged so much that finally he talked himself right to sleep! As his grip around the little mice loosened, Pixie and Dixie wriggled free and quickly

headed for the kitchen.

"Lucky for us that Jinksy finally fell asleep," sighed Pixie.

"You'd think he was a champion bowler, the way he went on and on," said Dixie, as they climbed upon a shelf. "But, anyway, here's our chance to get the cheese."

The little mice were busily stacking cheese and other goodies to take home, when suddenly, they heard the floor creak.

"It's Jinksy!" exclaimed Pixie.

"Quick! Hide!" said Dixie, and the two little mice jumped into a nearby sugar bowl, taking their goodies along.

"You guys must be here somewhere," said Mr. Jinks, "so come on out, and I'll tell you the rest of my story. I'm, uh, like sorry that I fell asleep in the middle of it," and he looked around hopefully.

Pixie and Dixie sat quietly watching the cat from beneath the slightly tilted cover of the sugar bowl. As Mr. Jinks got down on his knees to peer into a lower cupboard, they both lunged to one side of the sugar bowl, tilting it, and sending it tumbling off the shelf. Plop! It landed on Jinksy's head and knocked him flat!

"Look!" exclaimed Dixie, as the mice jumped out of the sugar bowl, unharmed. "We bowled Jinksy over!"

"And with a sugar bowl for a ball! What do you know about that?" Dixie laughed.

"I KNOW I hate you to pieces!" shouted Mr. Jinks, opening his eyes.

"Oh, you're just jealous, Jinksy," taunted Dixie, "because we turned out to be the real champion bowlers . . . champion sugar-bowlers that is!"

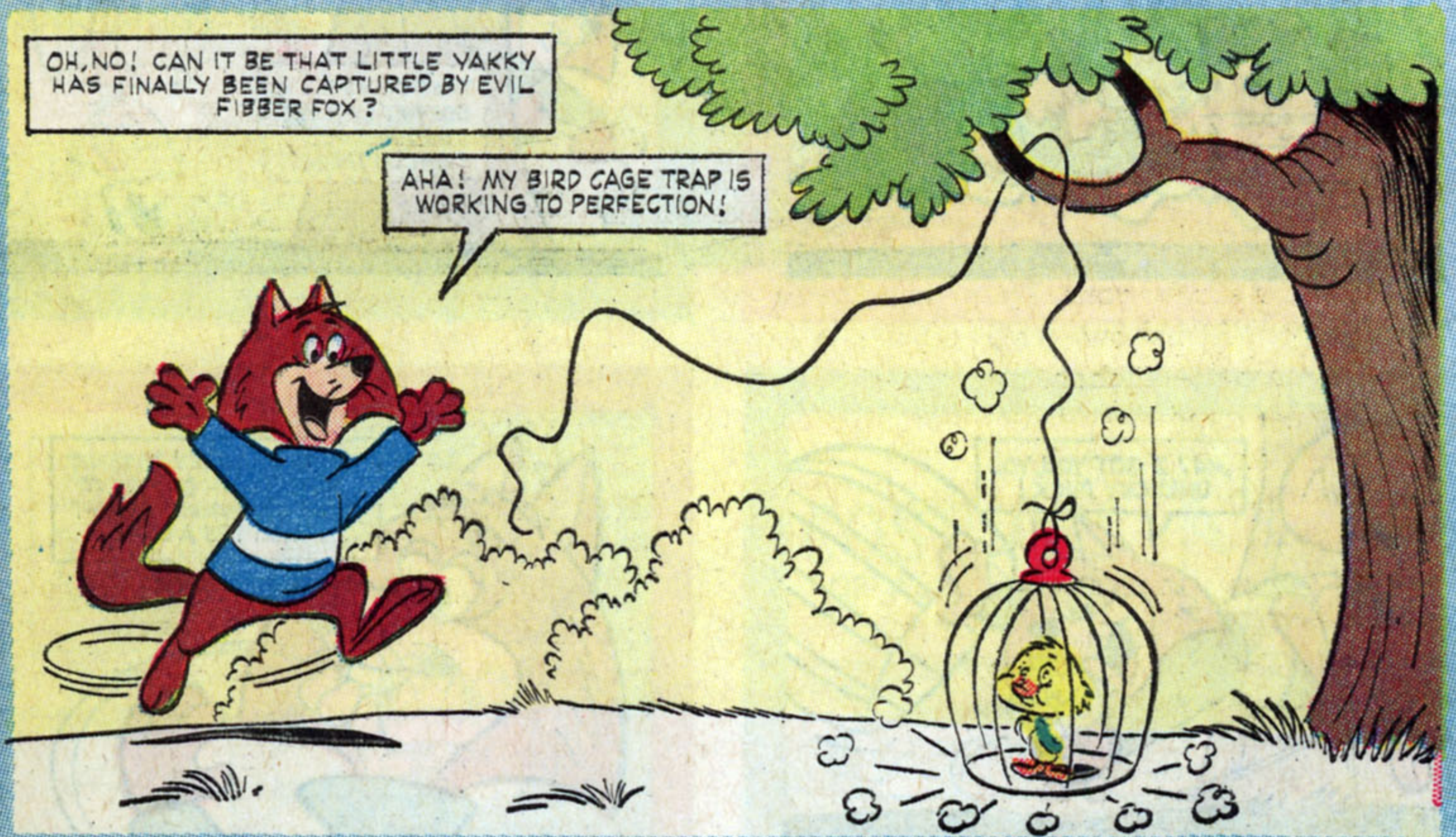
Then the little mice grabbed up their goodies and scooted for home, with Mr. Jinks close on their heels.

Hanna-Barbera Yakky Doodle

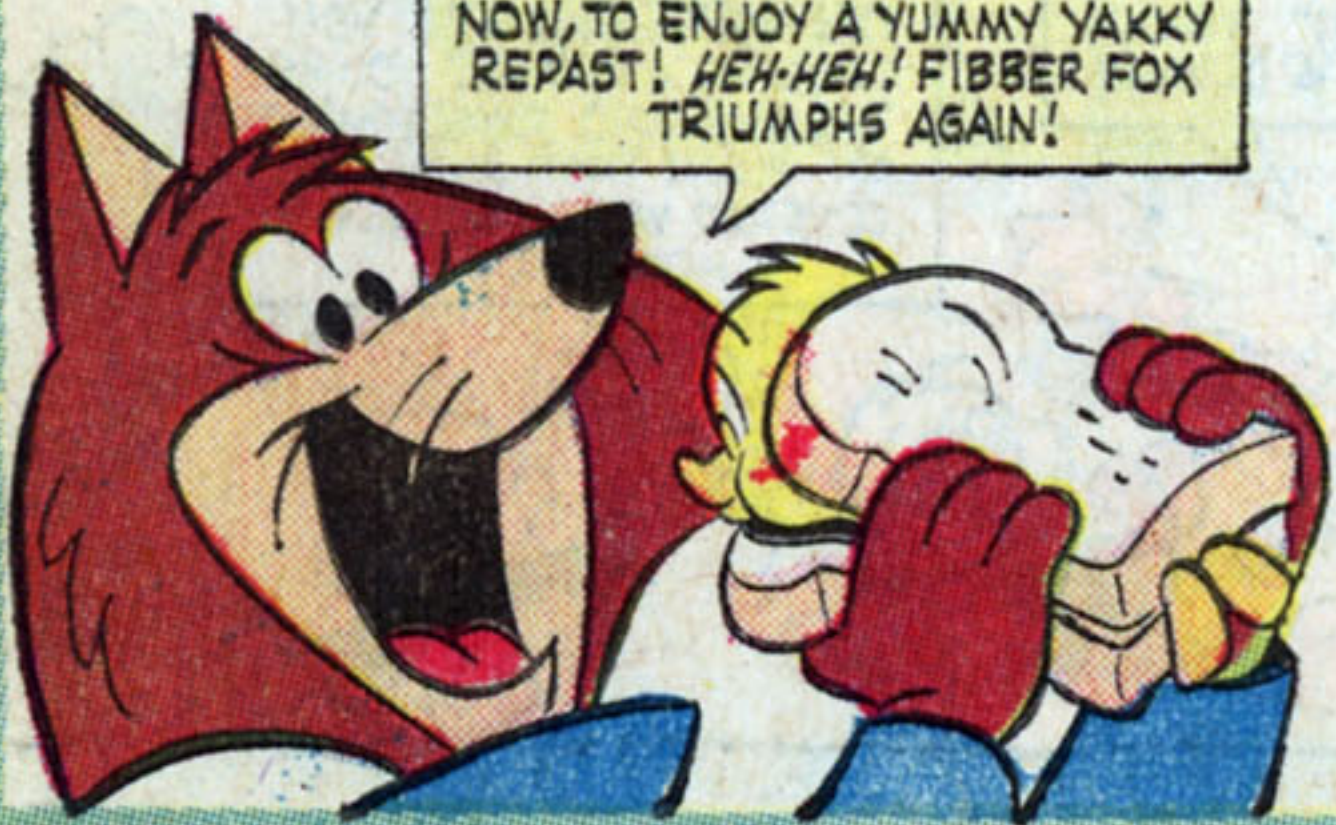
WILL THE REAL YAKKY DOODLE PLEASE STAND UP

OH, NO! CAN IT BE THAT LITTLE YAKKY HAS FINALLY BEEN CAPTURED BY EVIL FIBBER FOX?

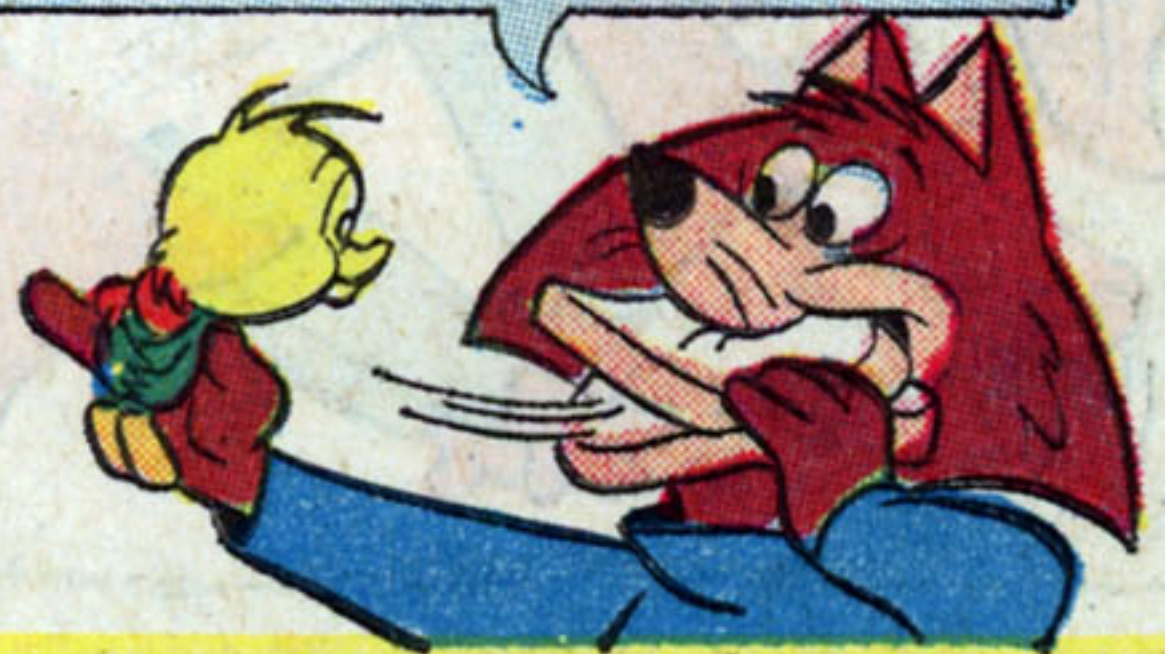
AHA! MY BIRD CAGE TRAP IS WORKING TO PERFECTION!



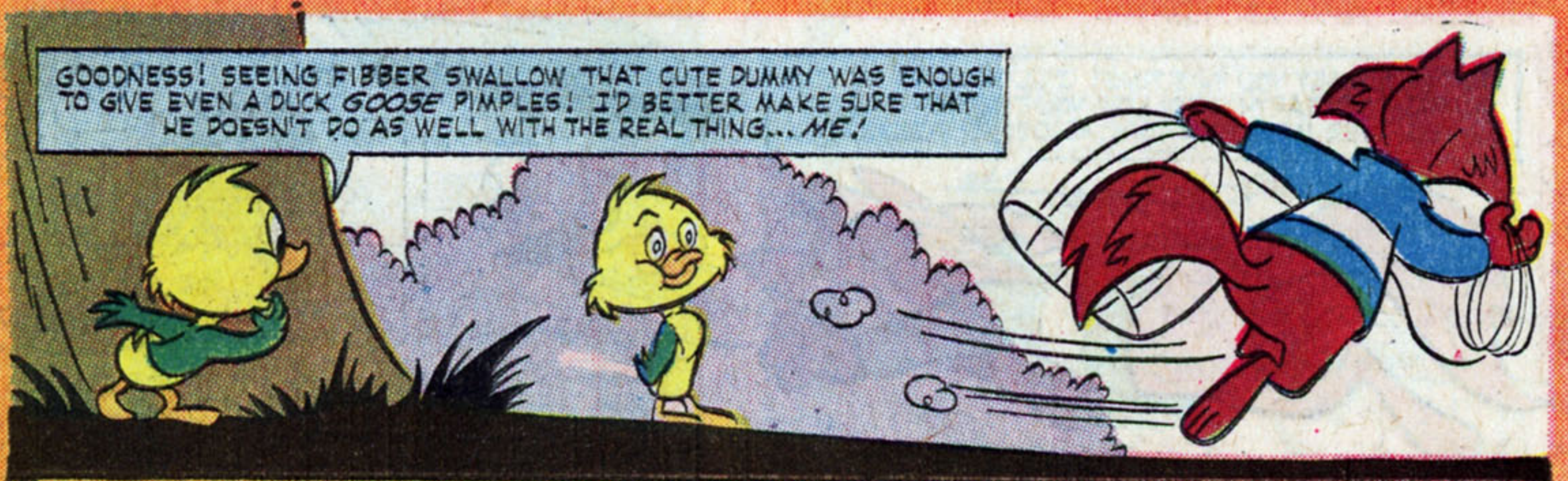
NOW, TO ENJOY A YUMMY YAKKY REPAST! HEH-HEH! FIBBER FOX TRIUMPHS AGAIN!

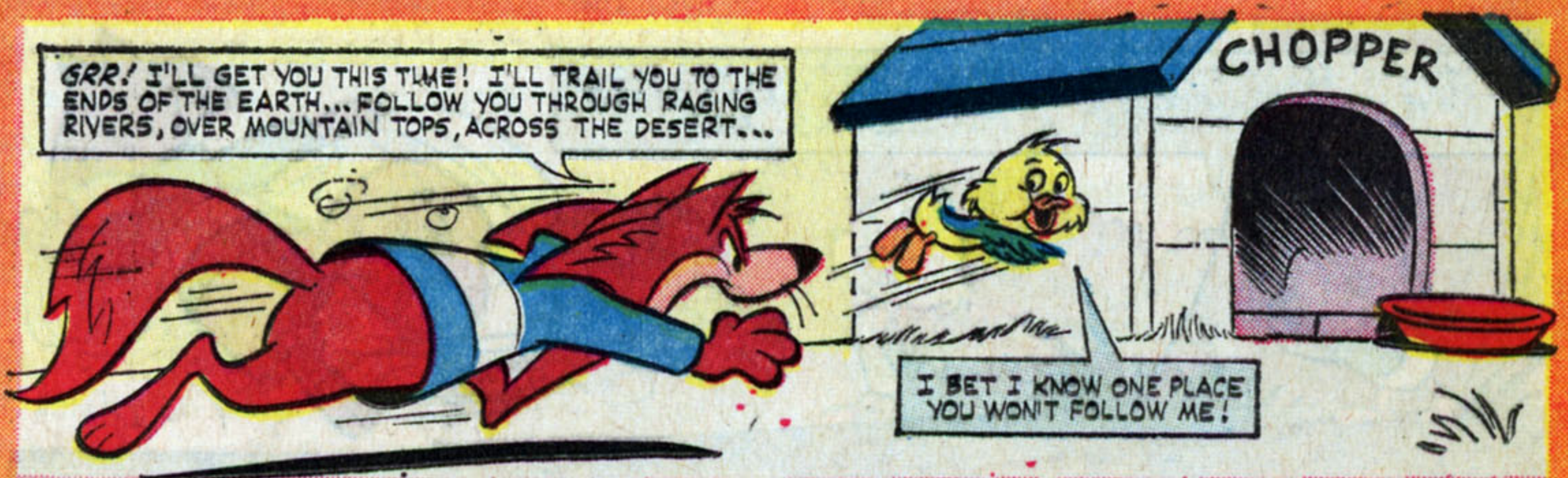
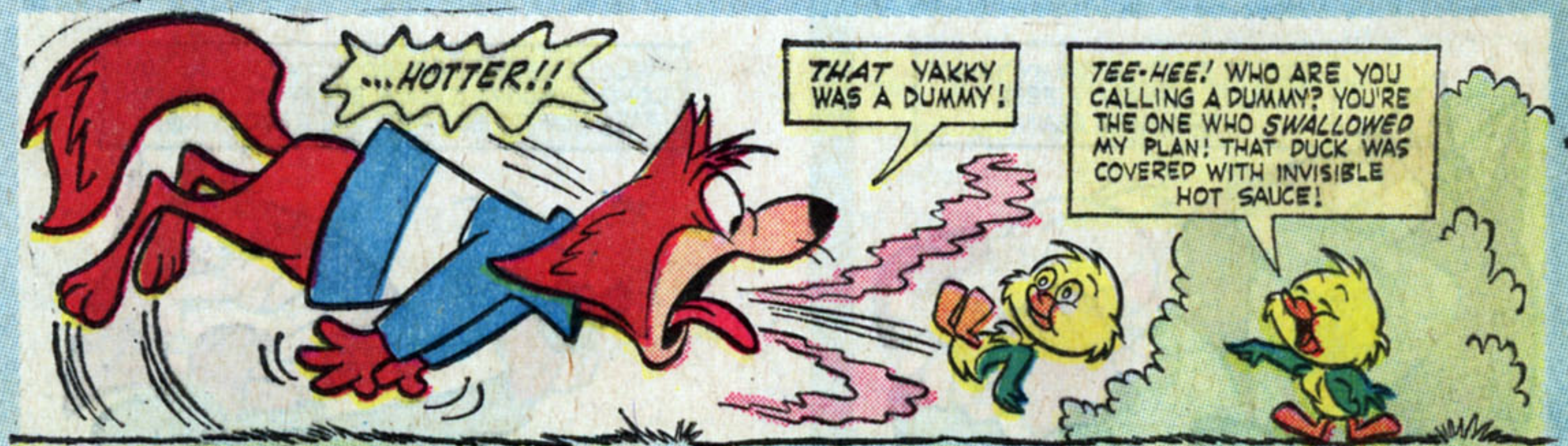
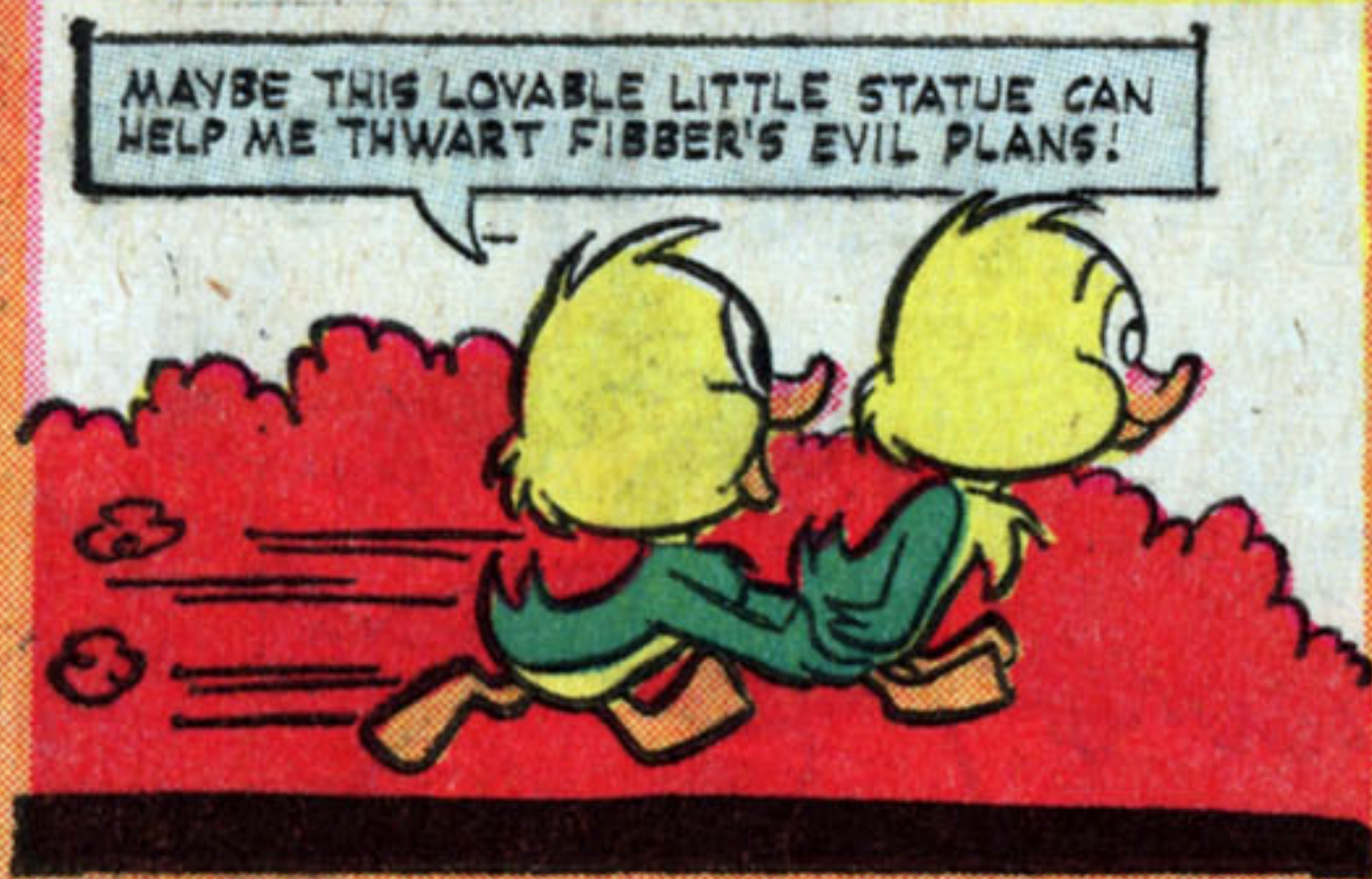


WELL, I'VE REHEARSED WITH THIS DUMMY LONG ENOUGH! I HAVE EVERY MOVE DOWN PAT! NOW, TO GO AFTER THE REAL THING!



GOODNESS! SEEING FIBBER SWALLOW THAT CUTE DUMMY WAS ENOUGH TO GIVE EVEN A DUCK GOOSE PIMPLES! I'D BETTER MAKE SURE THAT HE DOESN'T DO AS WELL WITH THE REAL THING... ME!





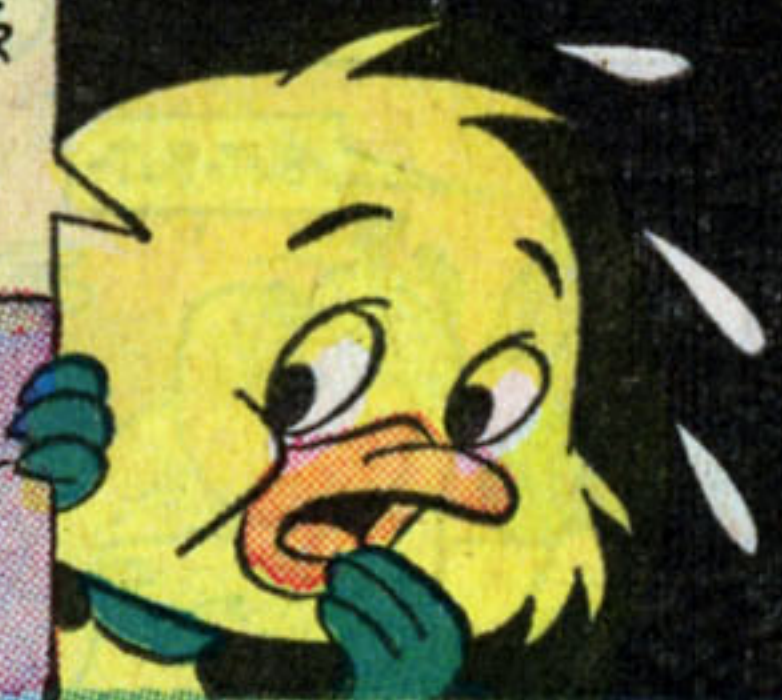


(ULP!) DESERTS, YES! CHOPPER'S DOGHOUSE, NO! I'D BETTER GO HOME AND FIGURE OUT ANOTHER WAY TO GET THAT DUCK!

MY GAMBLE PAID OFF! IF FIBBER KNEW THAT CHOPPER WAS AWAY FOR THE DAY, I'D BE CORNERED IN HERE!



FIBBER IS REALLY DETERMINED! I FEEL SO UNSAFE WITHOUT CHOPPER AROUND! HMM! MAYBE THAT BIRD DUMMY GIVES ME AN IDEA!



COSTUMES OF ALL KINDS



IF I CAN'T HAVE THE REAL CHOPPER AROUND, I'LL GET THE NEXT BEST THING!

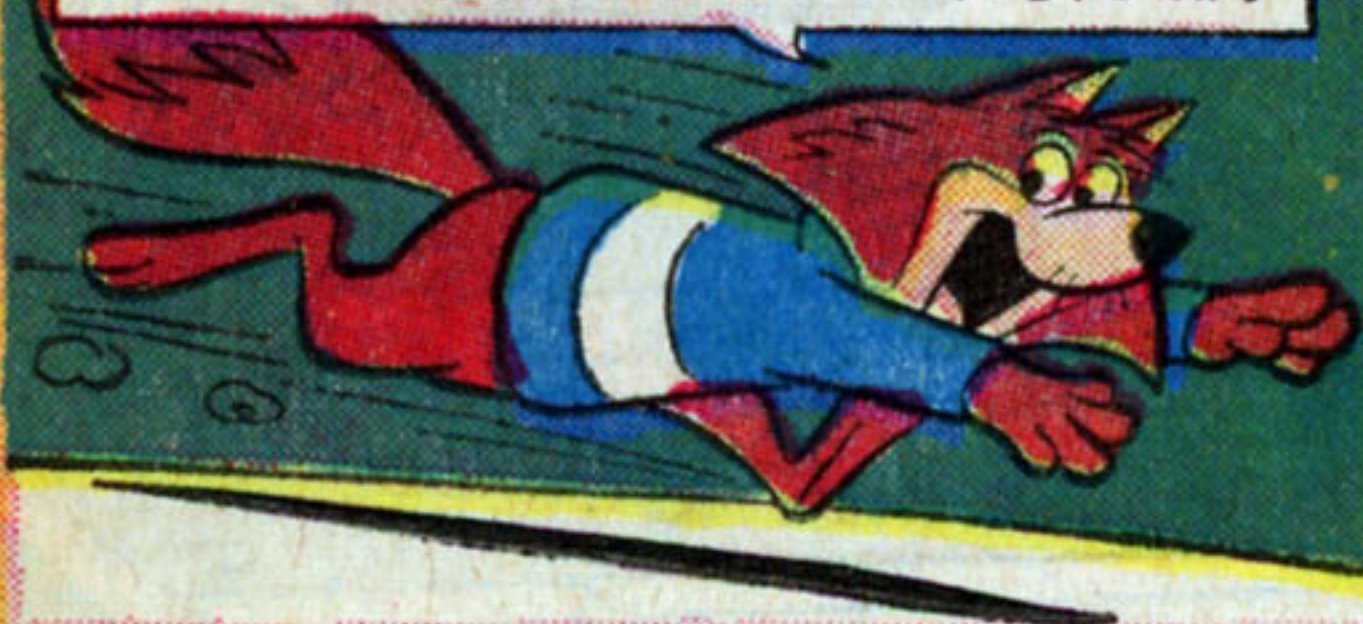
AND SHORTLY...

(SIGH!) I COULDN'T FEEL SAFER WITH THE REAL THING!

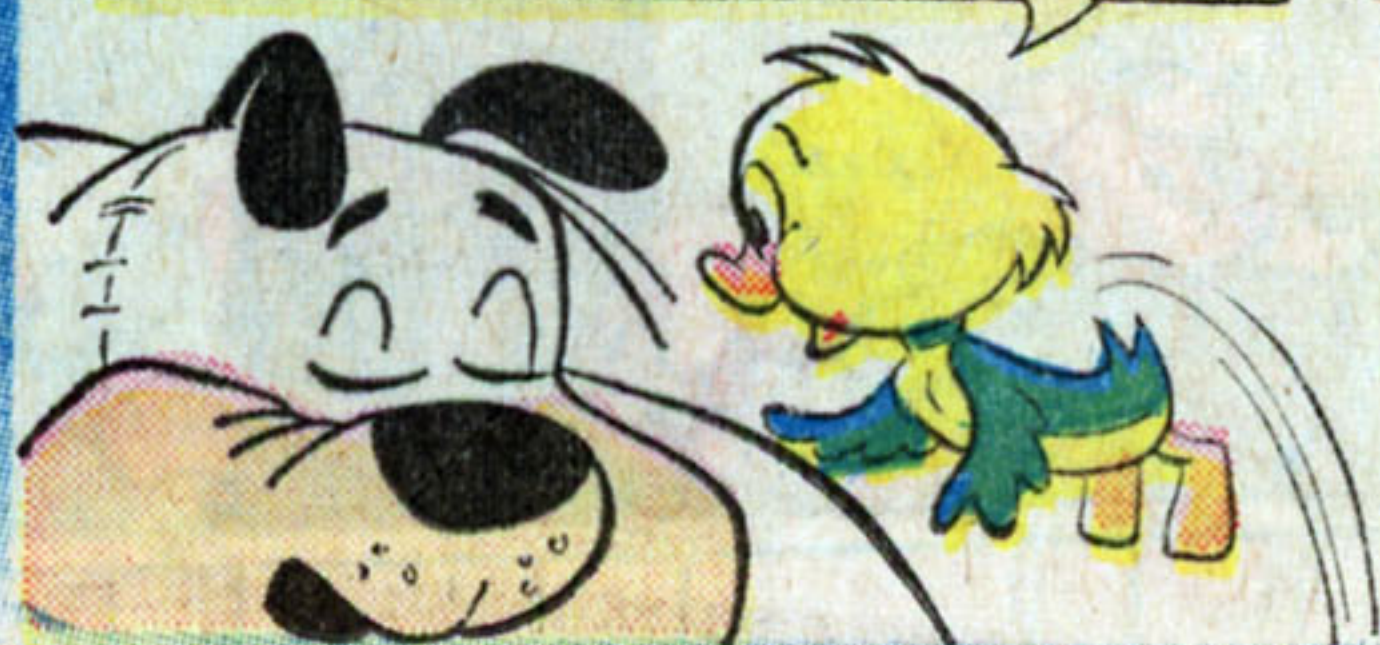
PRAT! HOW CAN I SEPARATE YAKKY AND THAT BULLYING BULLDOG? WAIT A MINUTE! CHOPPER ISN'T WEARING HIS DOG LICENSE! HE MUST'VE LOST IT!

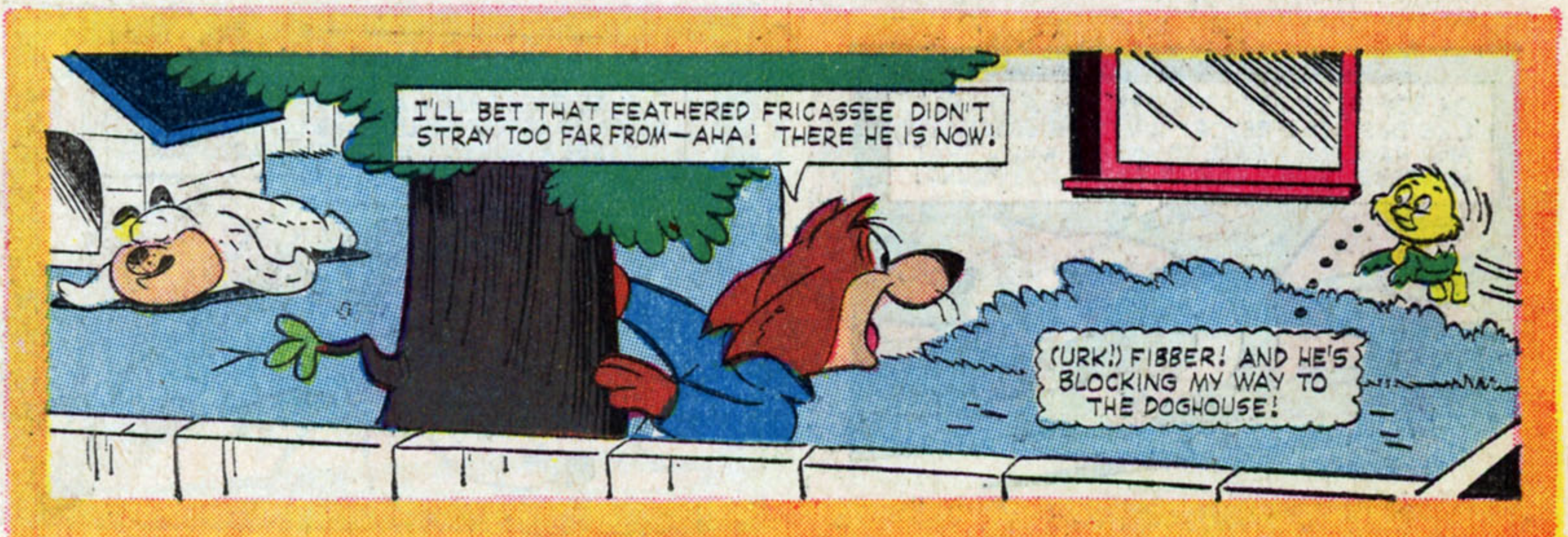
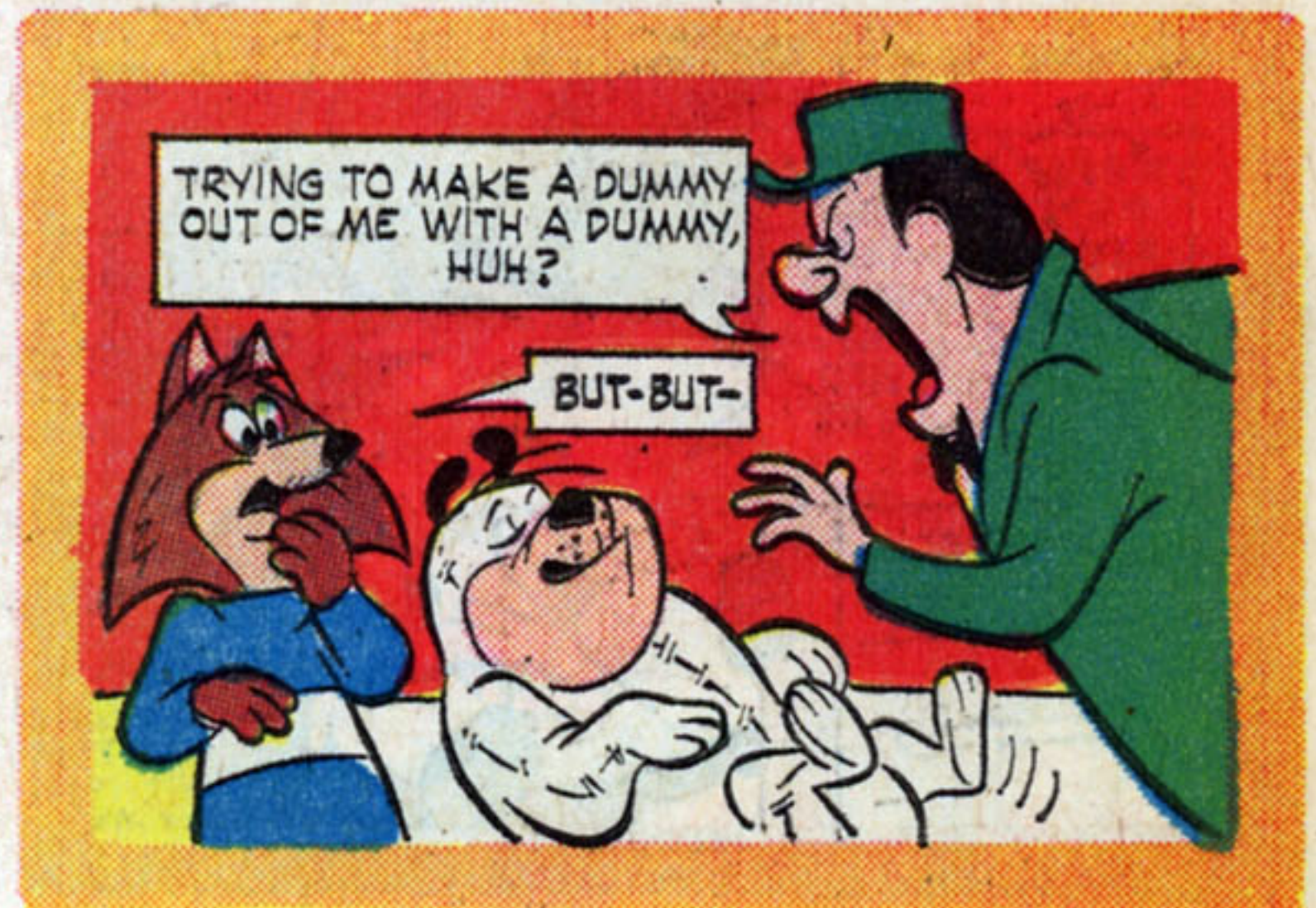
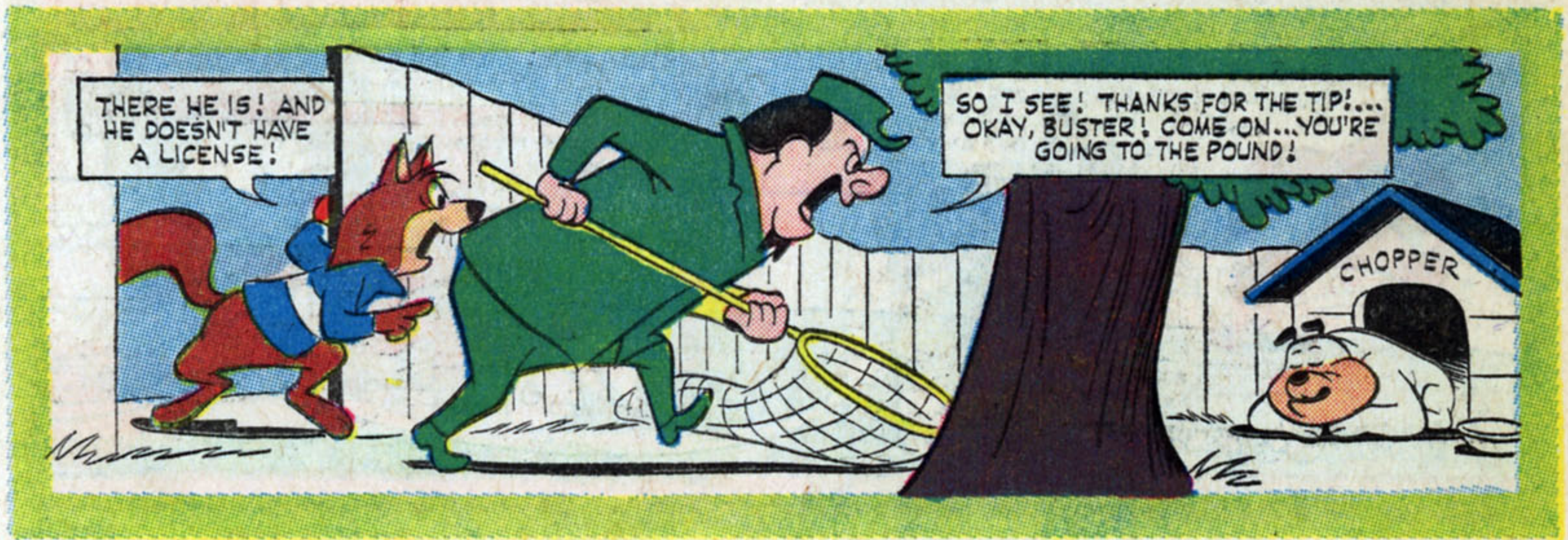


OH, BOY! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE LIKE THIS! I'LL REPORT HIM TO THE DOGCATCHER, AND HAVE YAKKY ALL TO MYSELF WHEN THAT CHOPPER IS HAULED OFF TO THE DOG POUND!



I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, MY STUFFED PAL! I'M GOING TO SCROUNGE UP SOME LUNCH...SINCE FIBBER DOESN'T SEEM TO BE AROUND!





THE WAY HE'S RUNNING, YOU'D THINK HE DIDN'T WANT TO JOIN ME FOR LUNCH!

I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE DOGHOUSE!

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE YARD...

AWW! ISN'T THAT CUTE? YAKKY BOUGHT THIS TO REMIND HIM OF ME WHILE I WAS GONE!

I'LL PUT THIS INSIDE AND TAKE A NAP! (YAWN!) I WONDER WHERE YAKKY IS?

TSK! TSK! ALL YOU'RE DOING IS WORKING UP MY APPETITE! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!

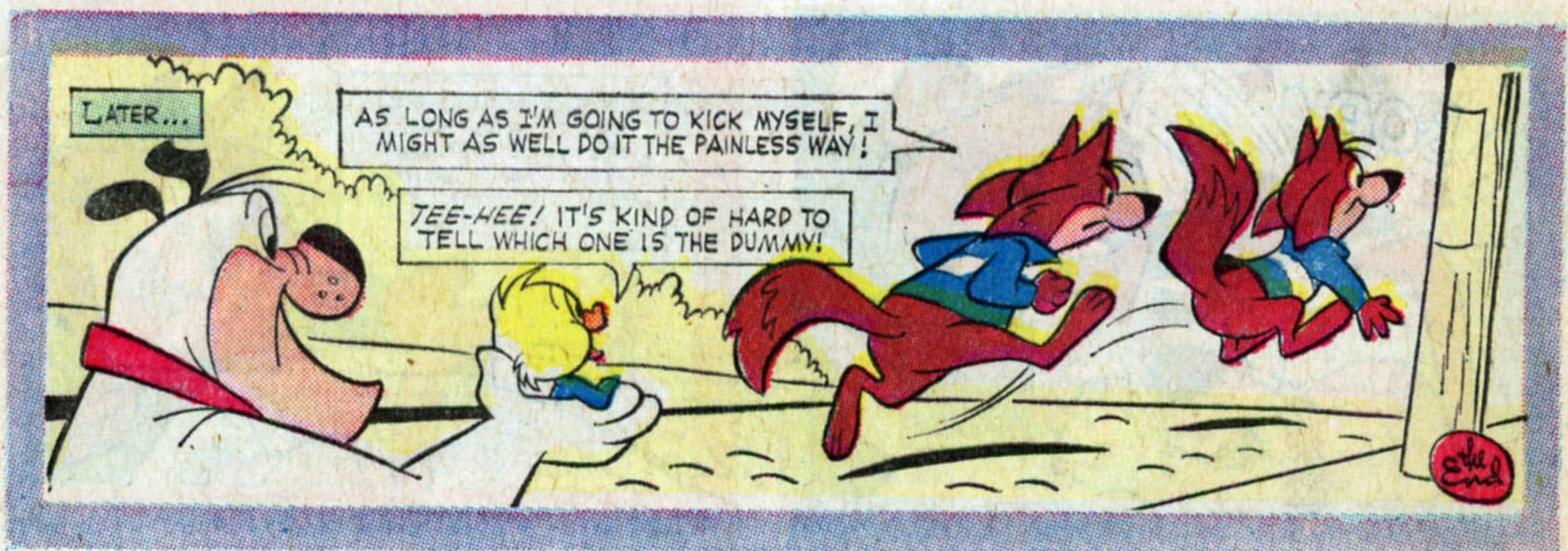
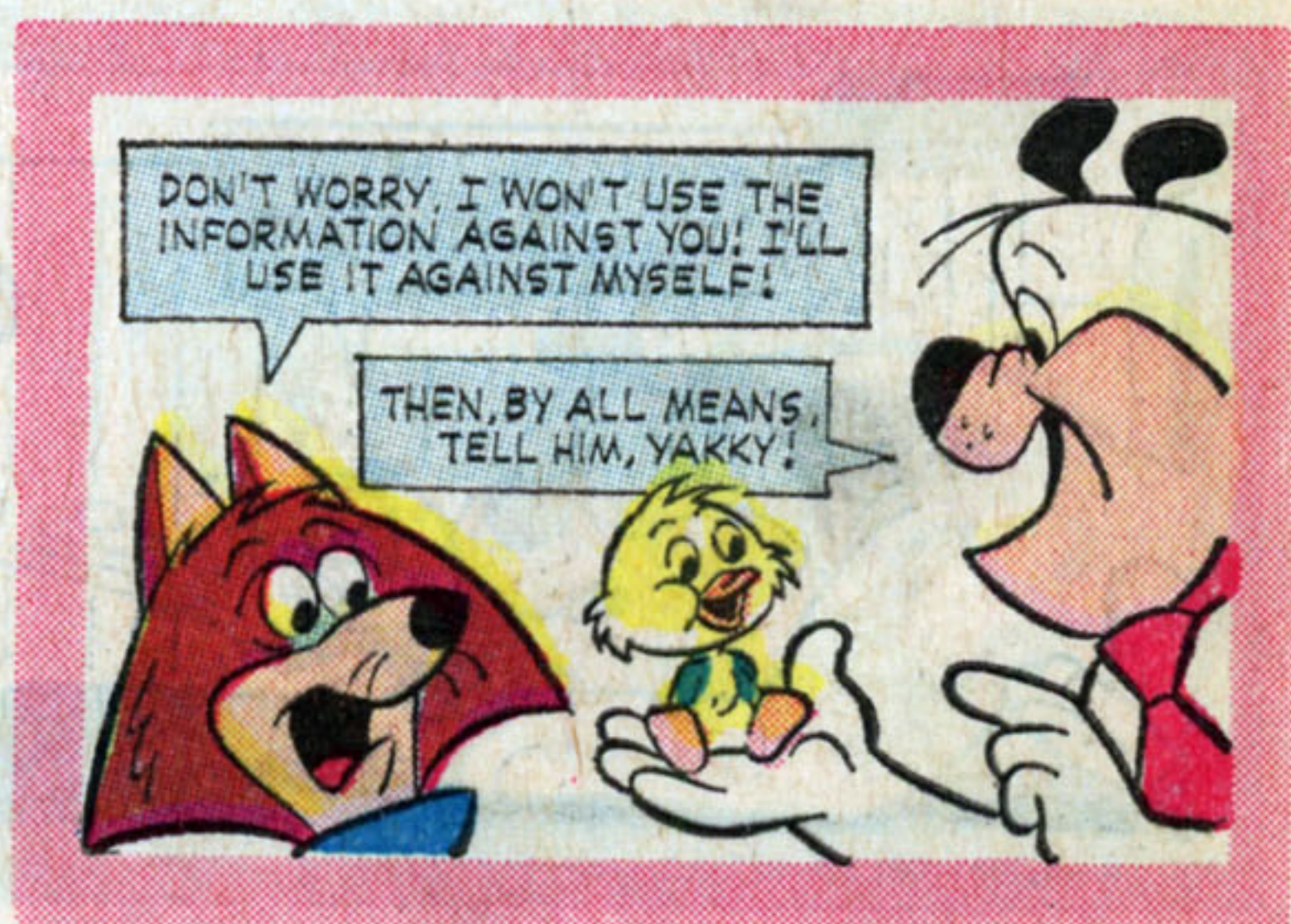
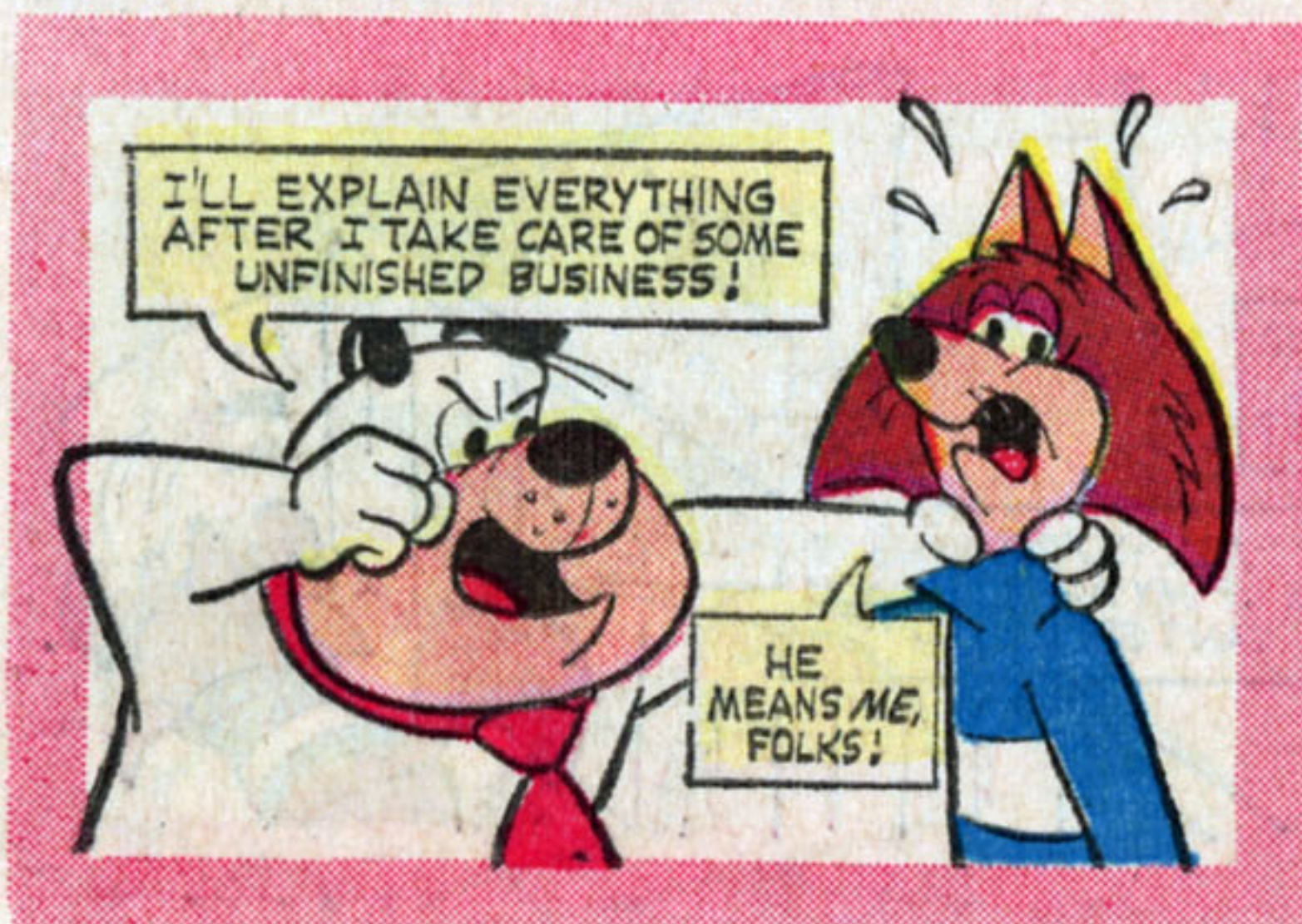
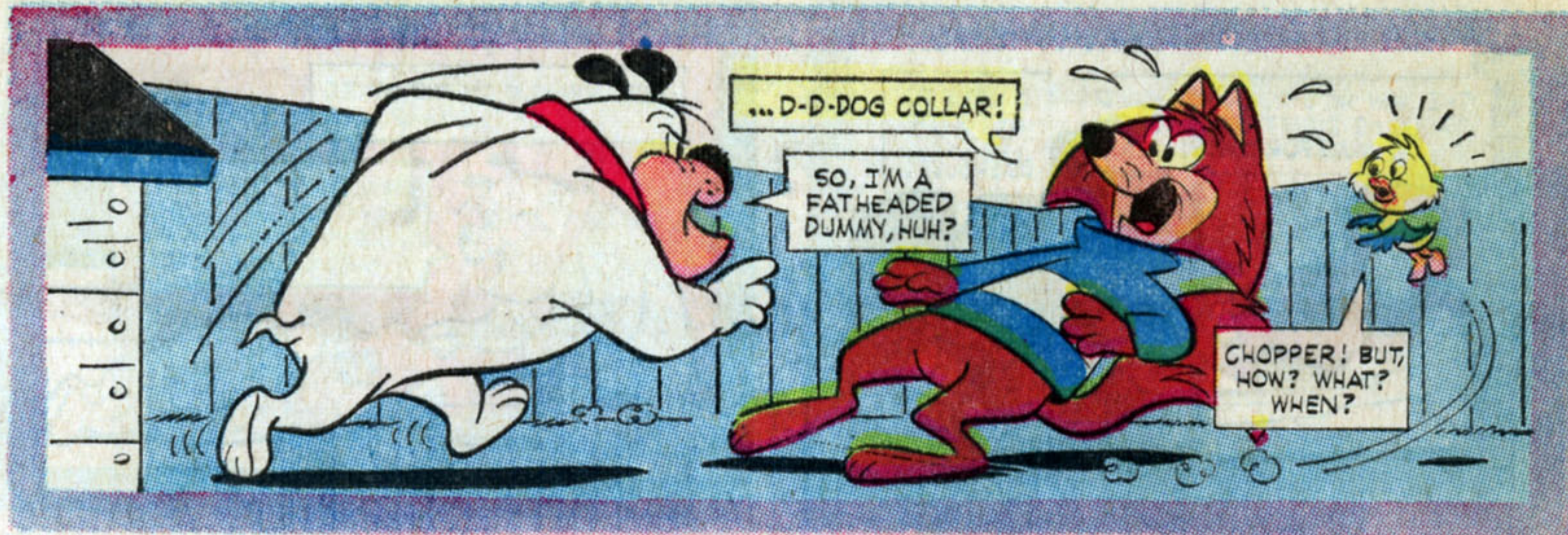
HA-HA! YOU'D BETTER KEEP AWAY NOW, OR I'LL WAKE UP CHOPPER!

HEH-HEH! WHO'S AFRAID OF THAT FATHEADED MUTT? I'LL CHOP CHOPPER IN HIS CHOPPERS...IF HE INTERFERES!

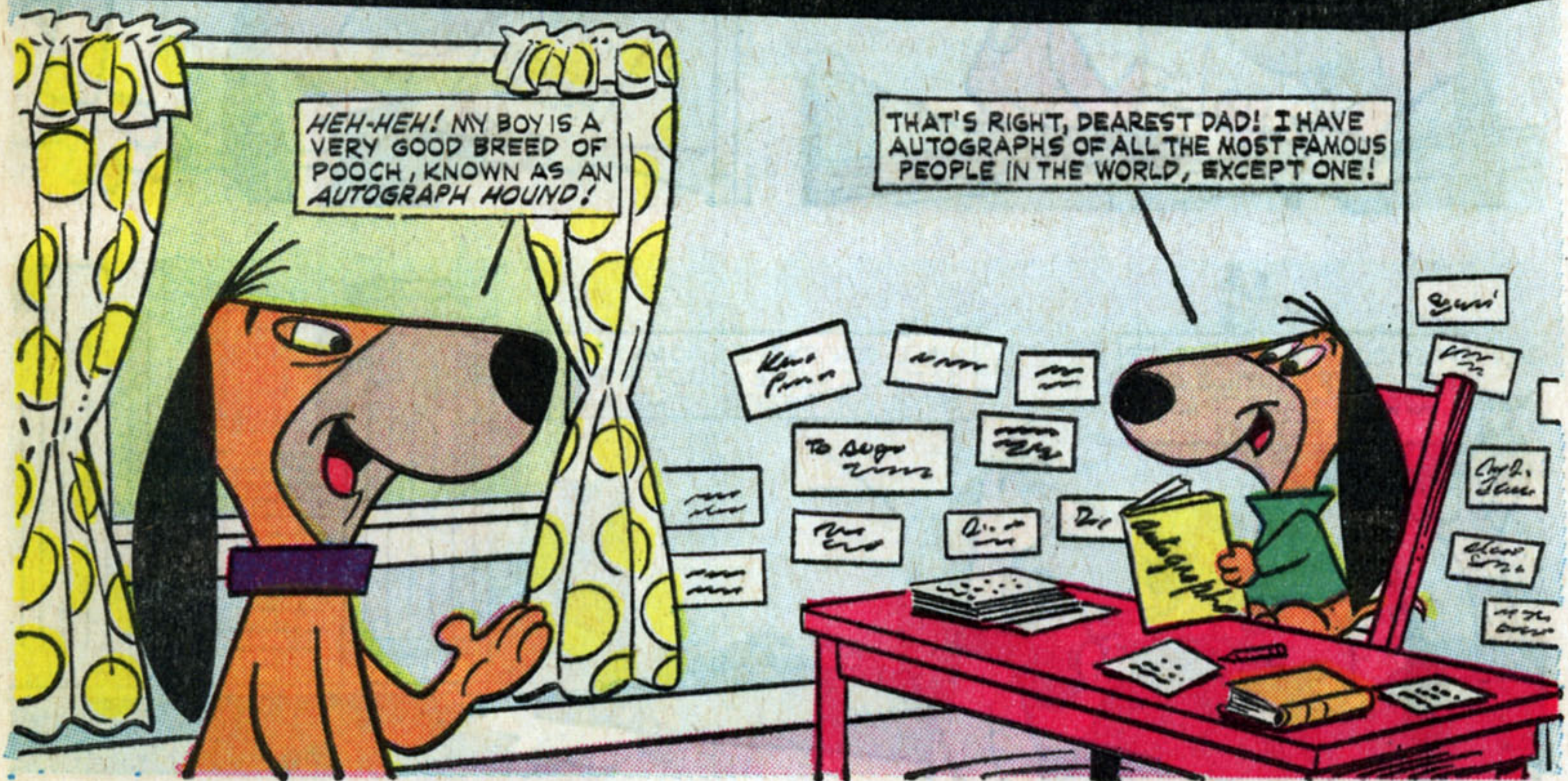
BOP!

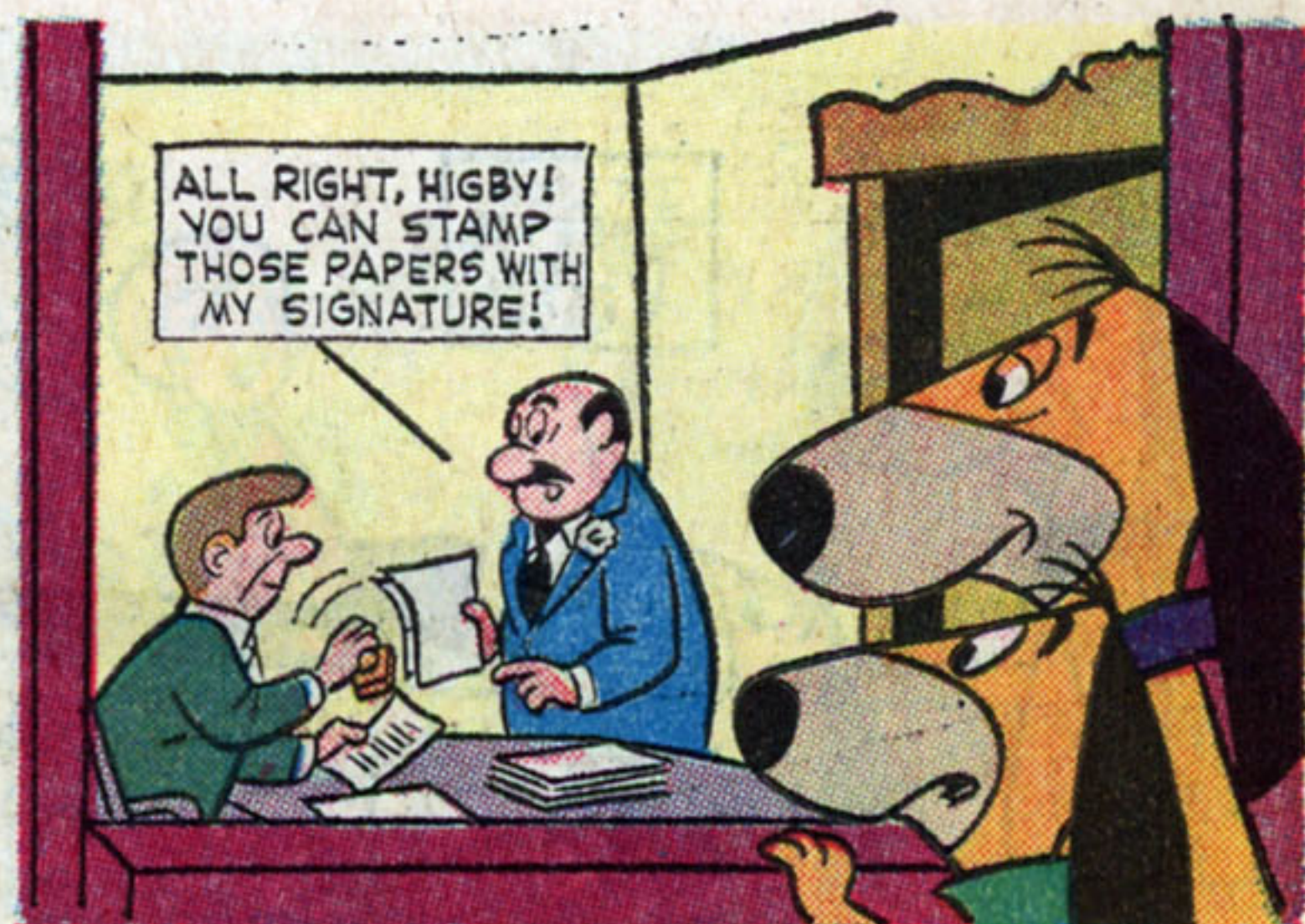
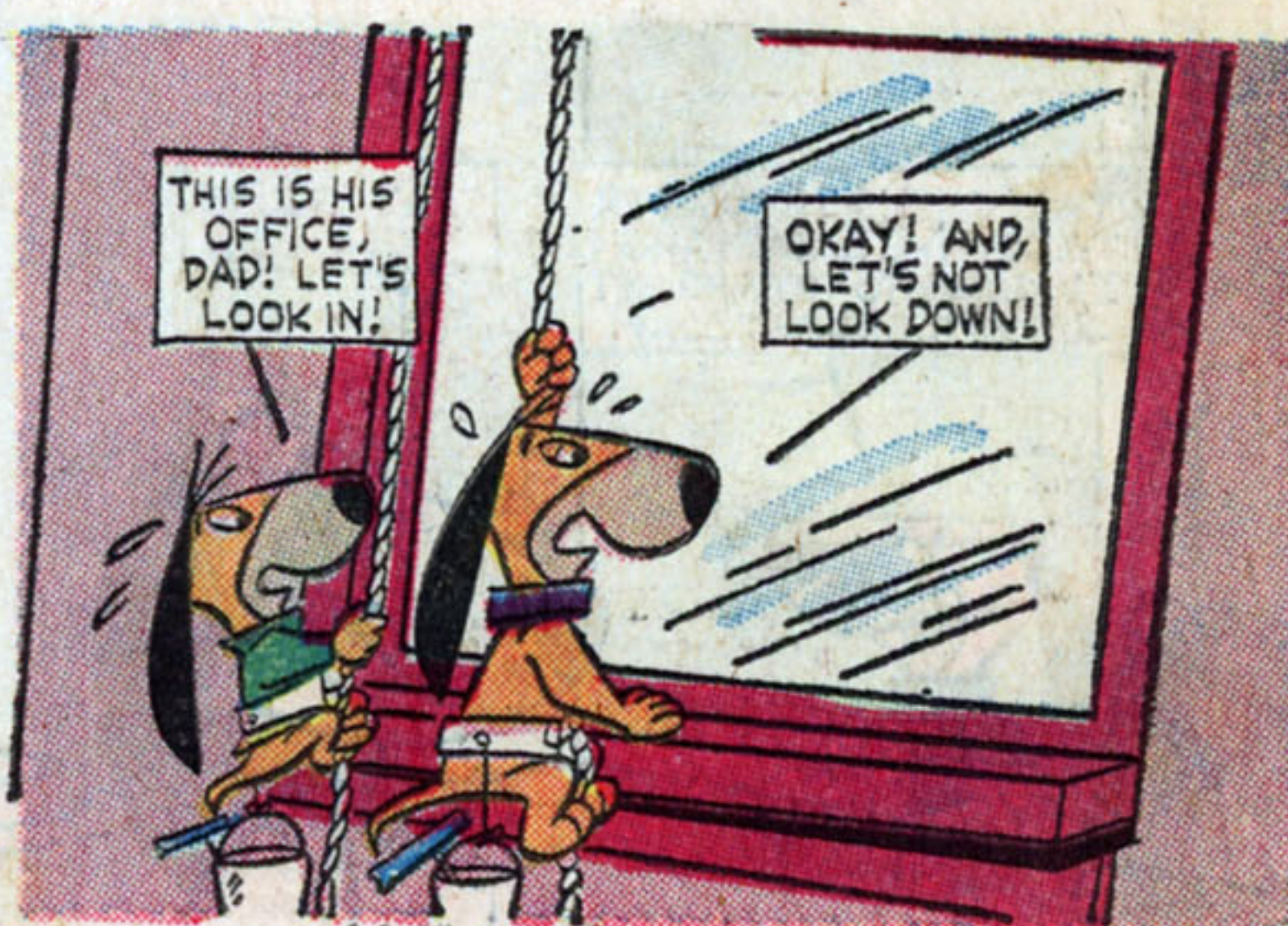
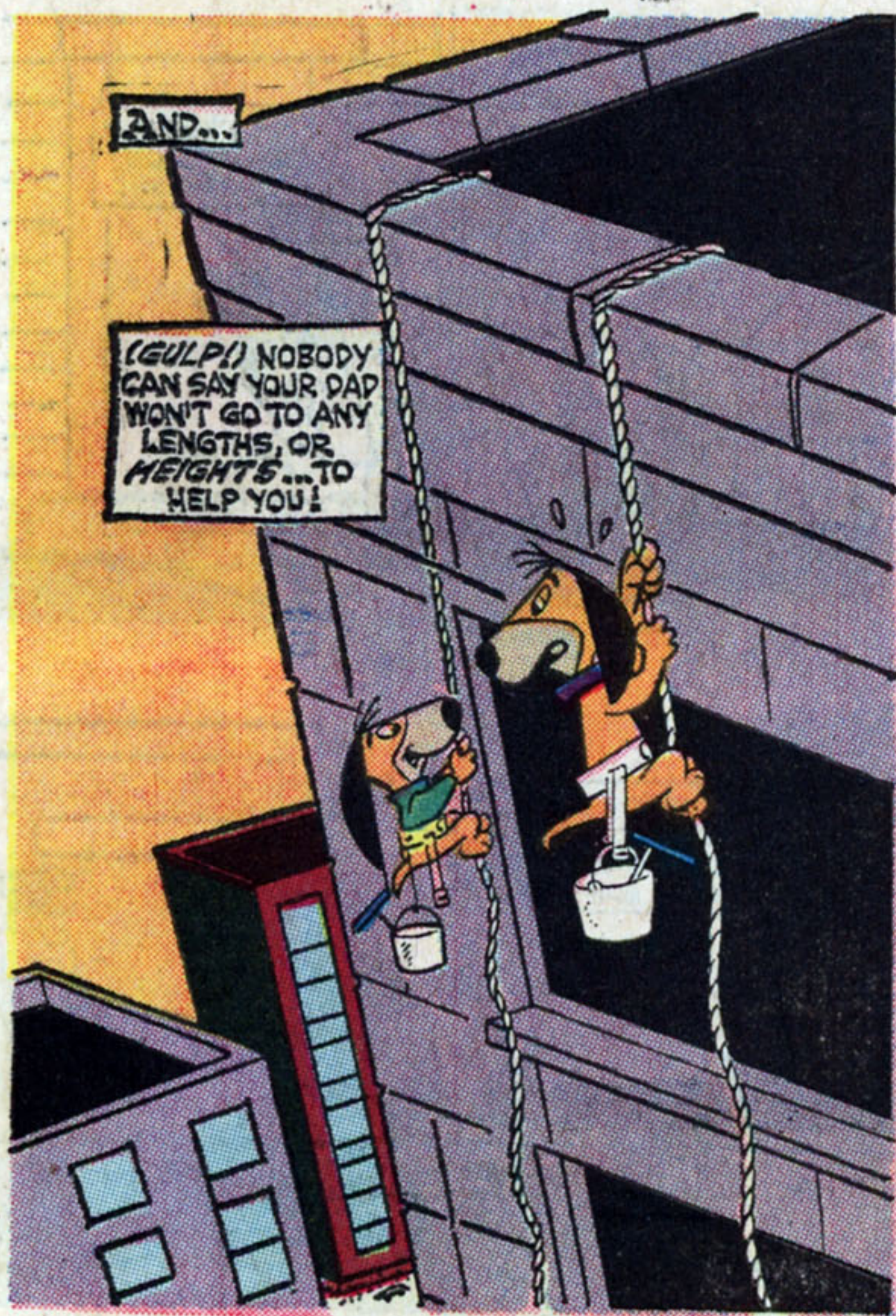
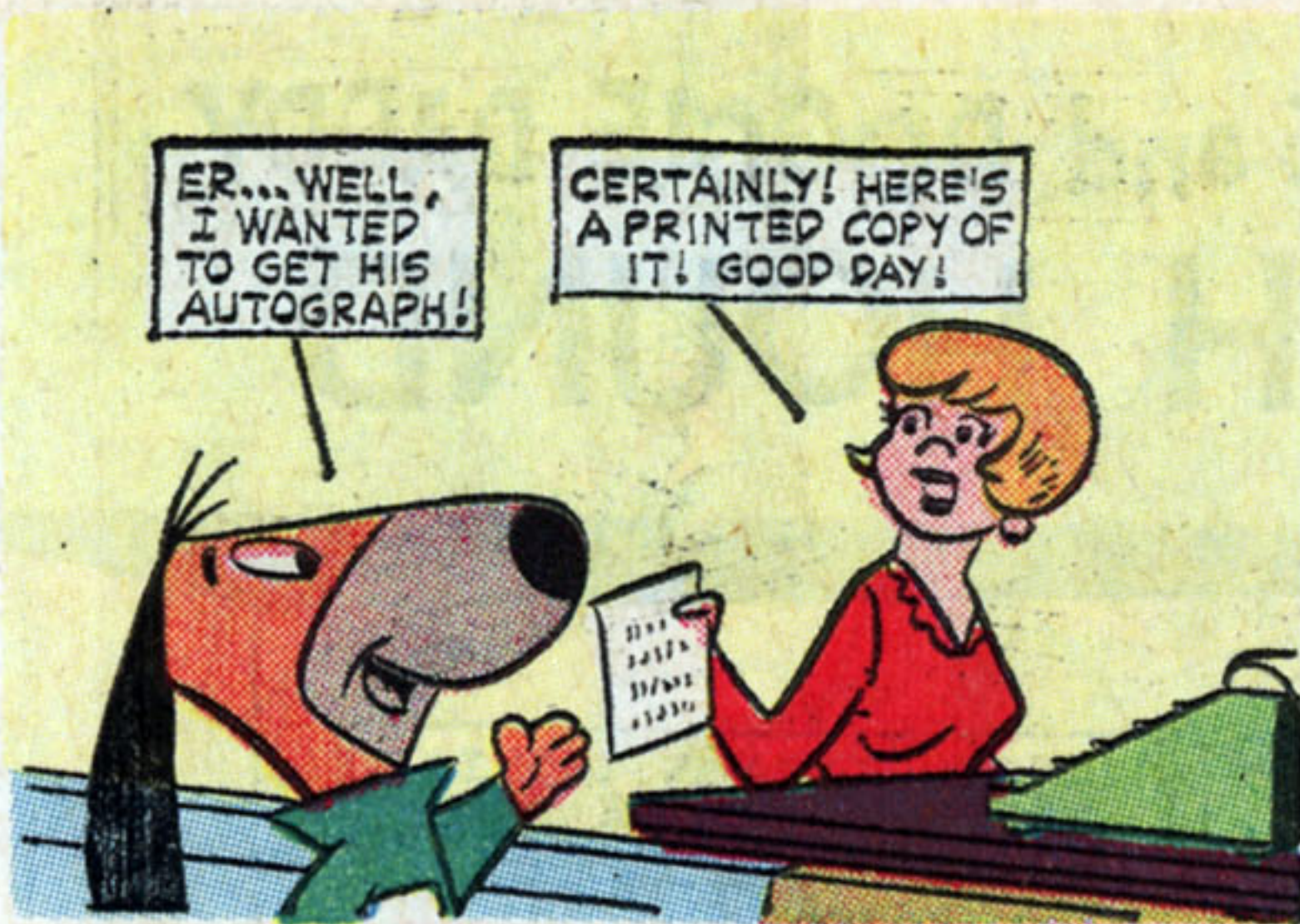
(ULP!) Y-YOU AREN'T AFRAID?

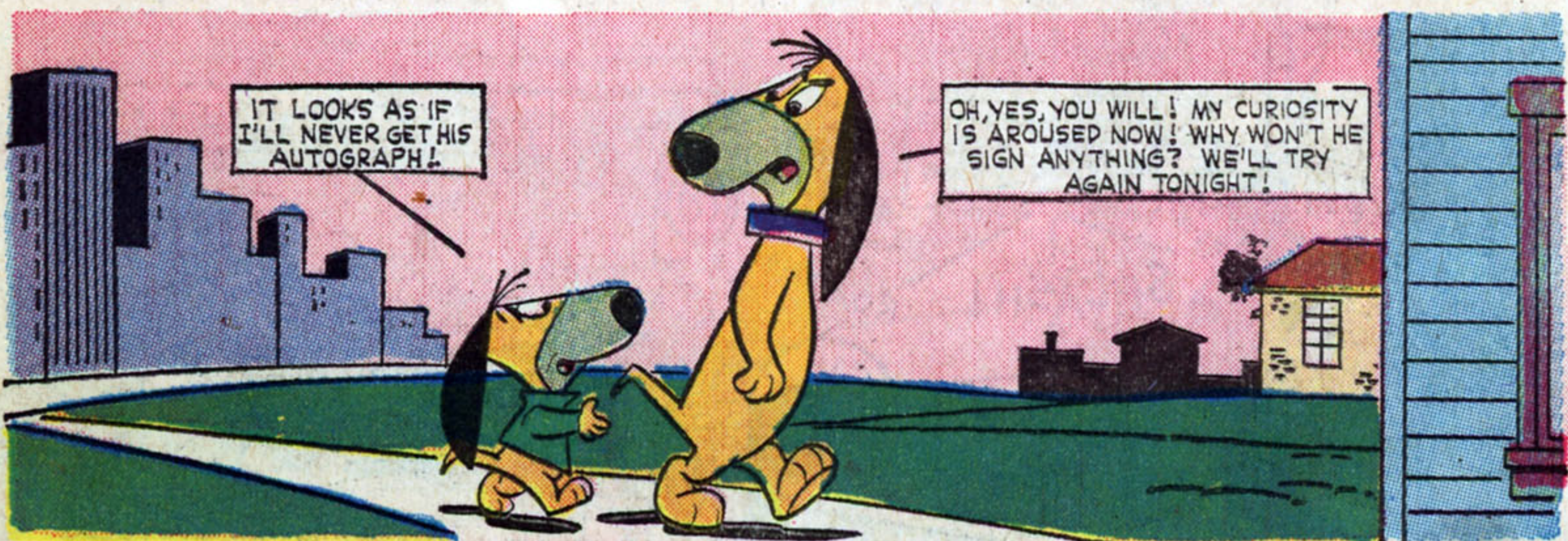
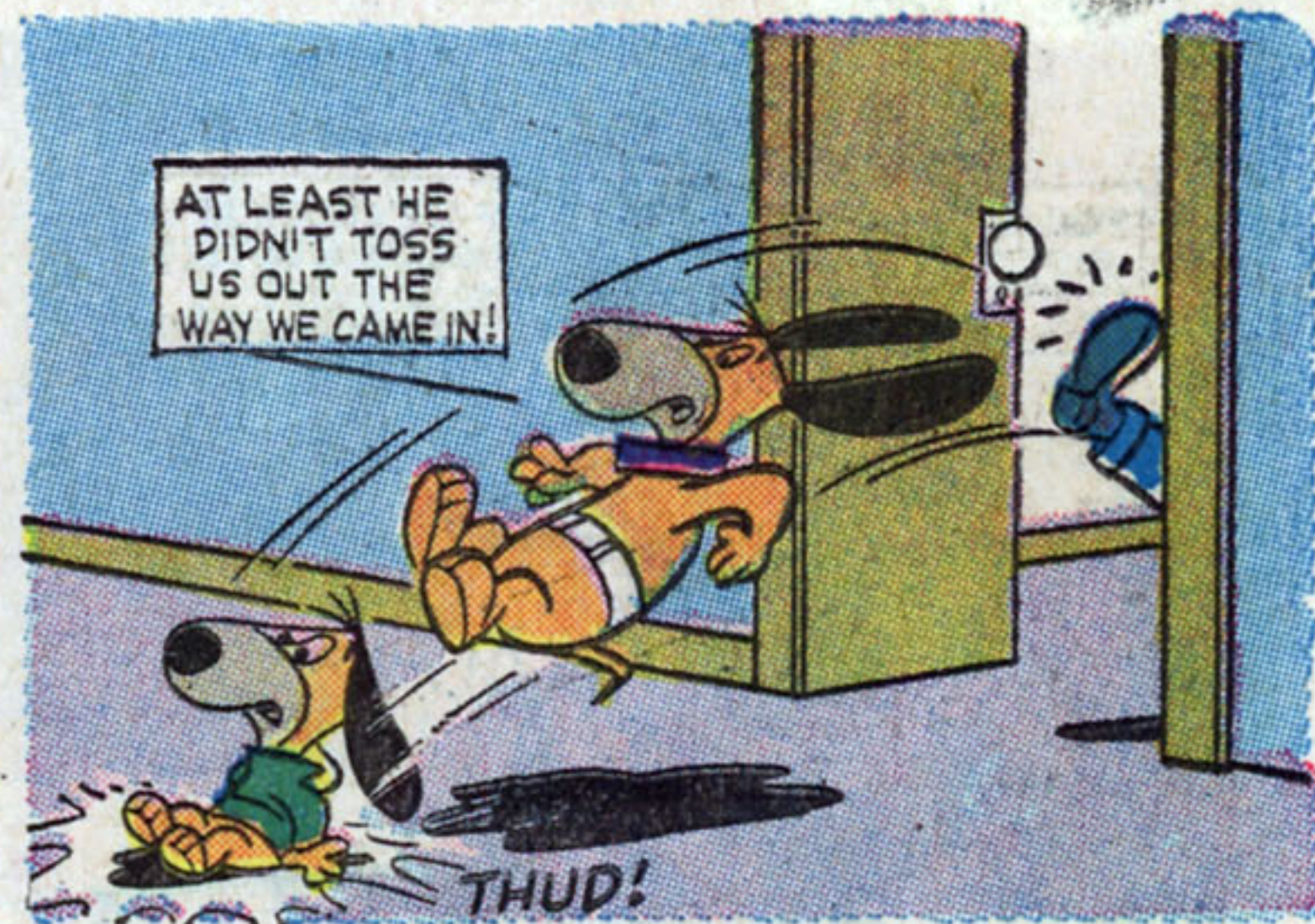
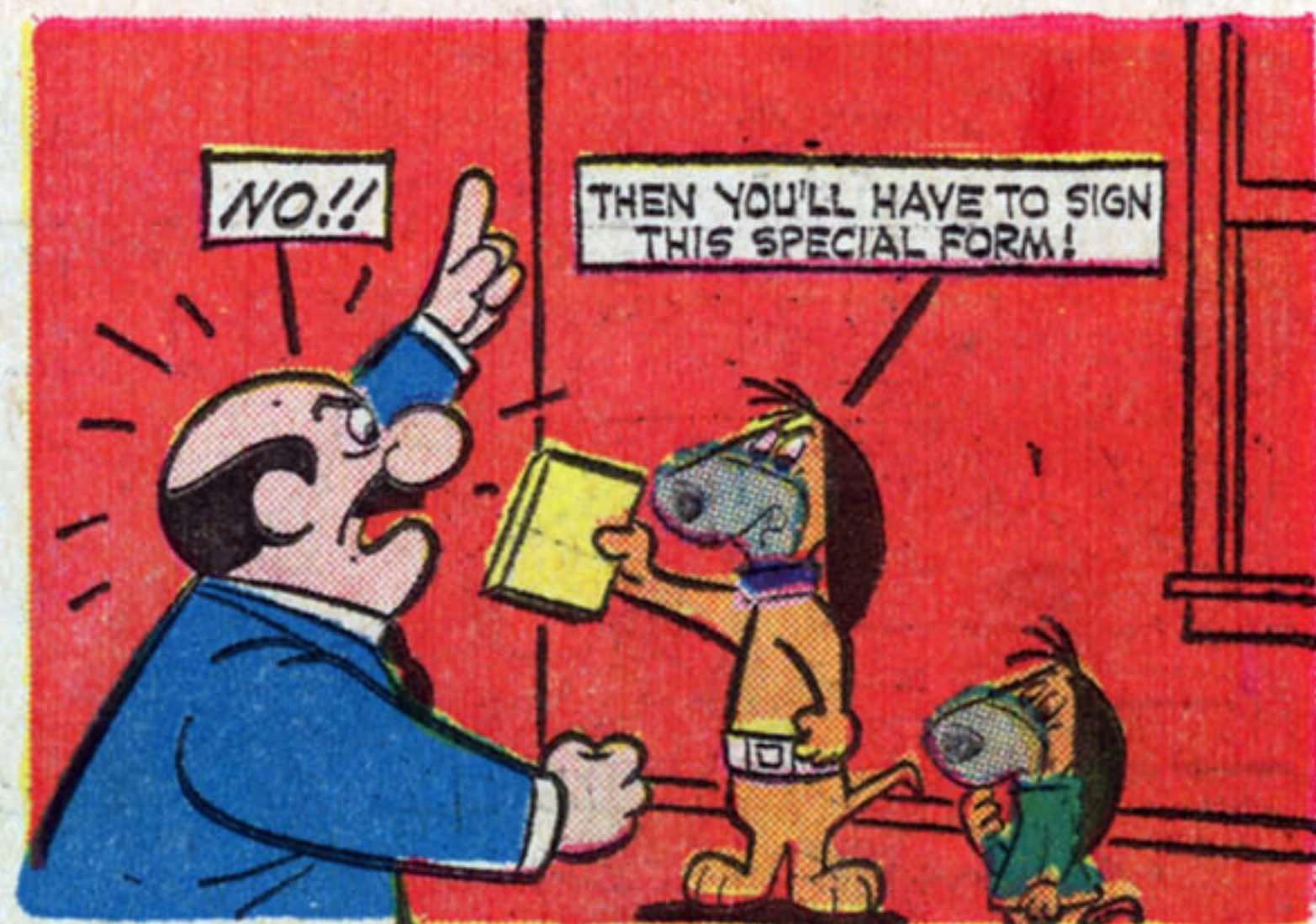
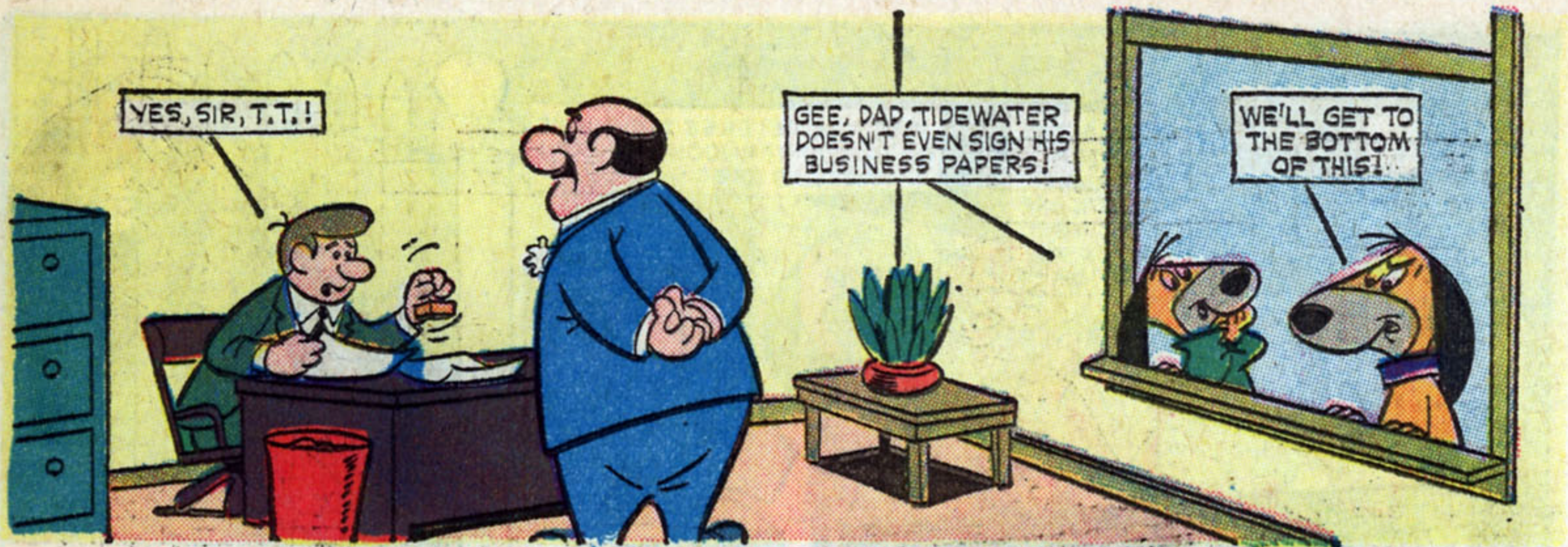
QUIT THE ACT! I KNOW THIS IS A DUMMY! I DISCOVERED IT WHEN YOU FORGOT ONE THING...THE REAL CHOPPER ALWAYS WEARS A...

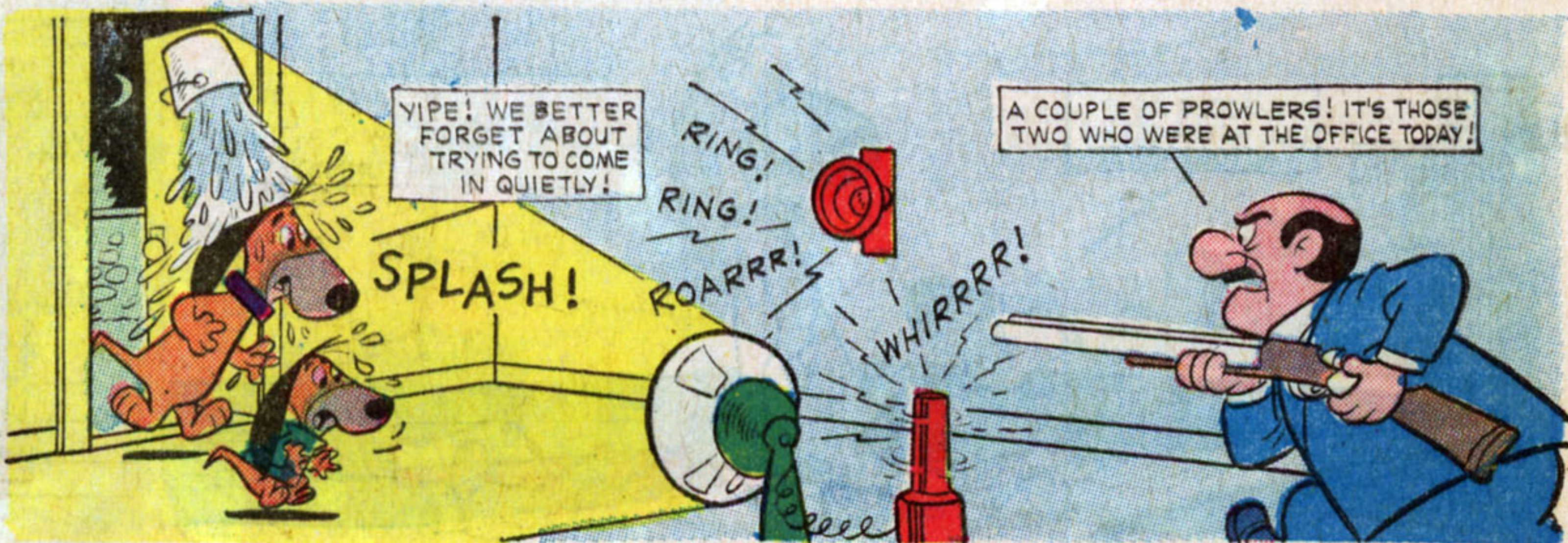
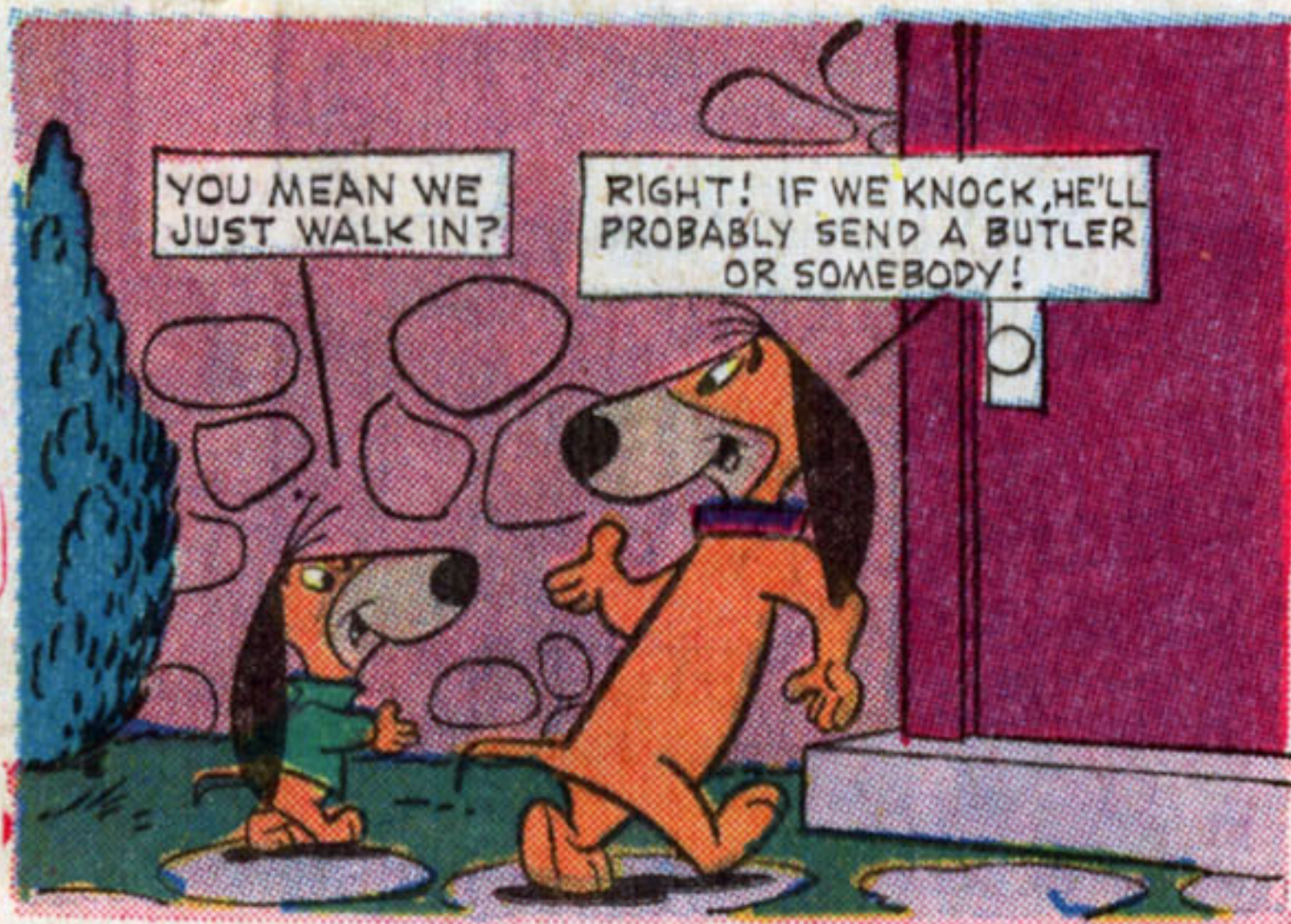
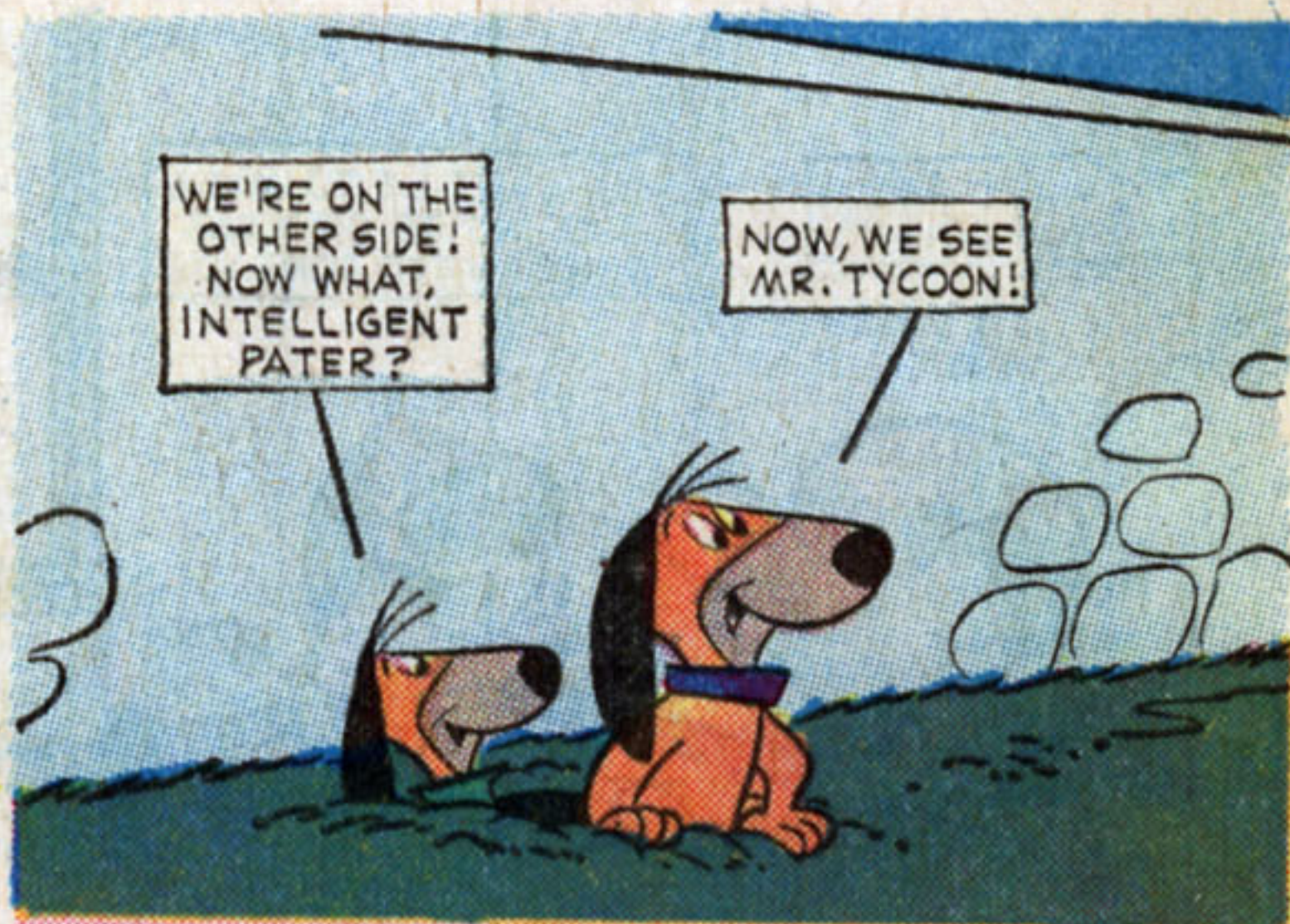
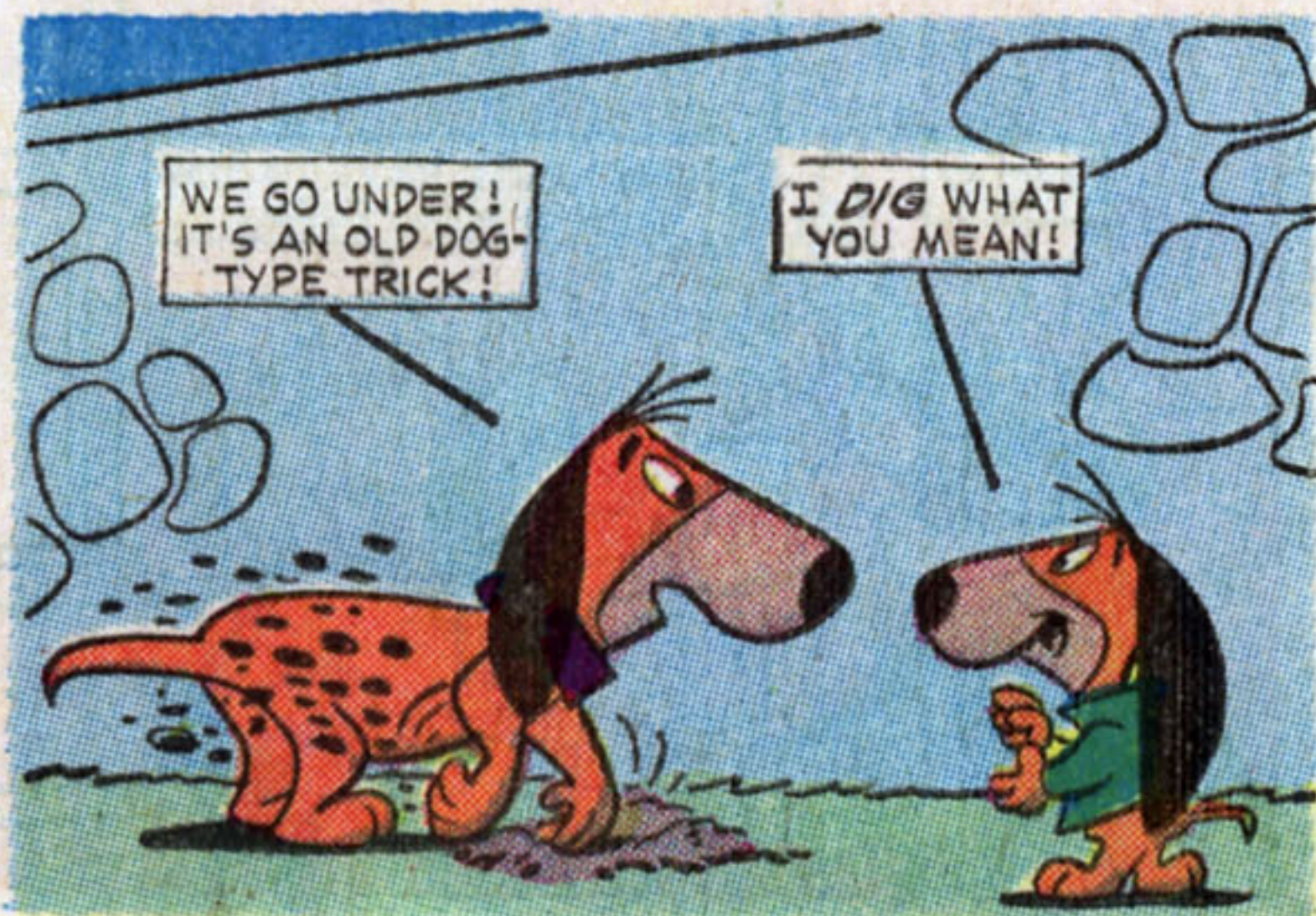


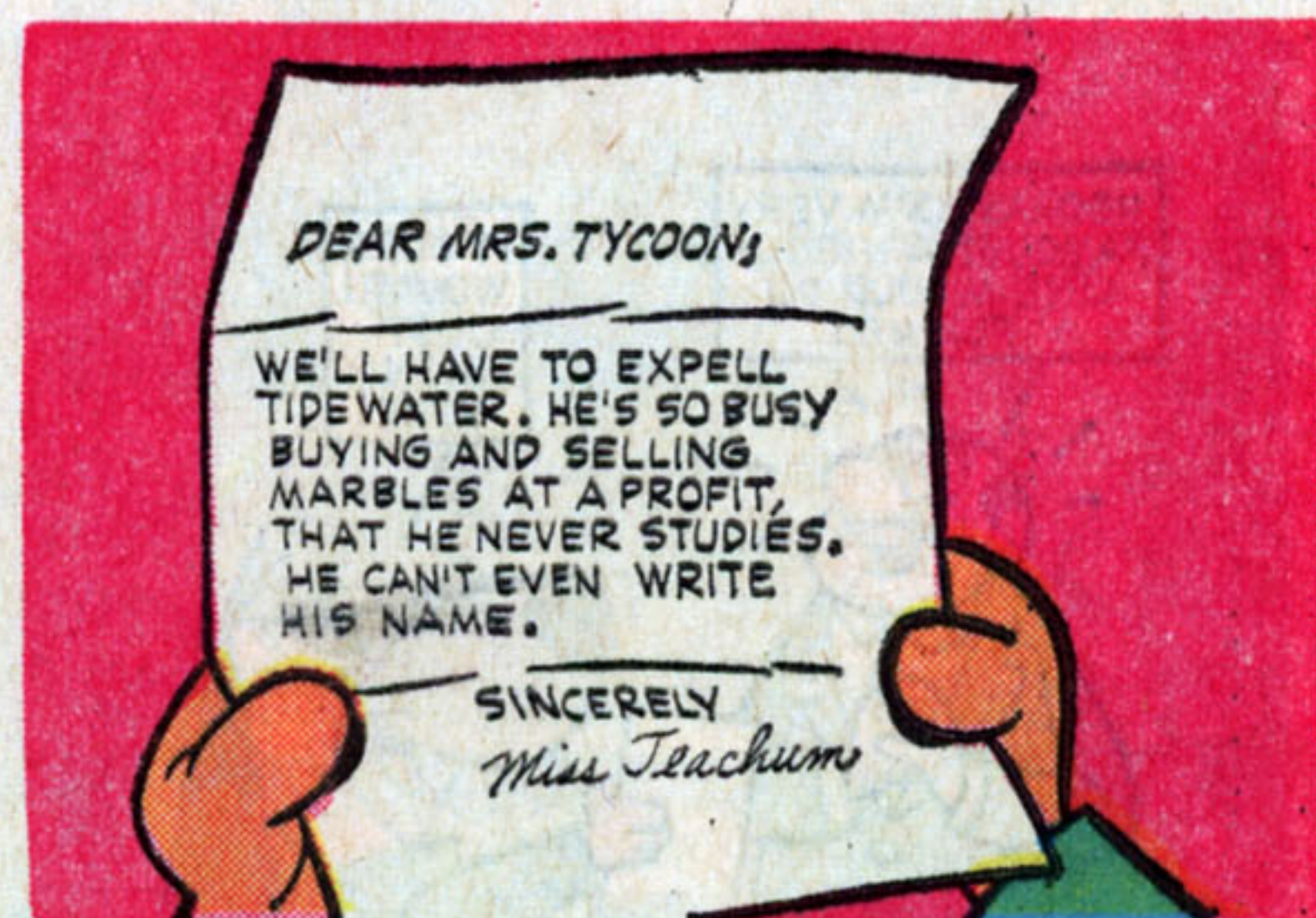
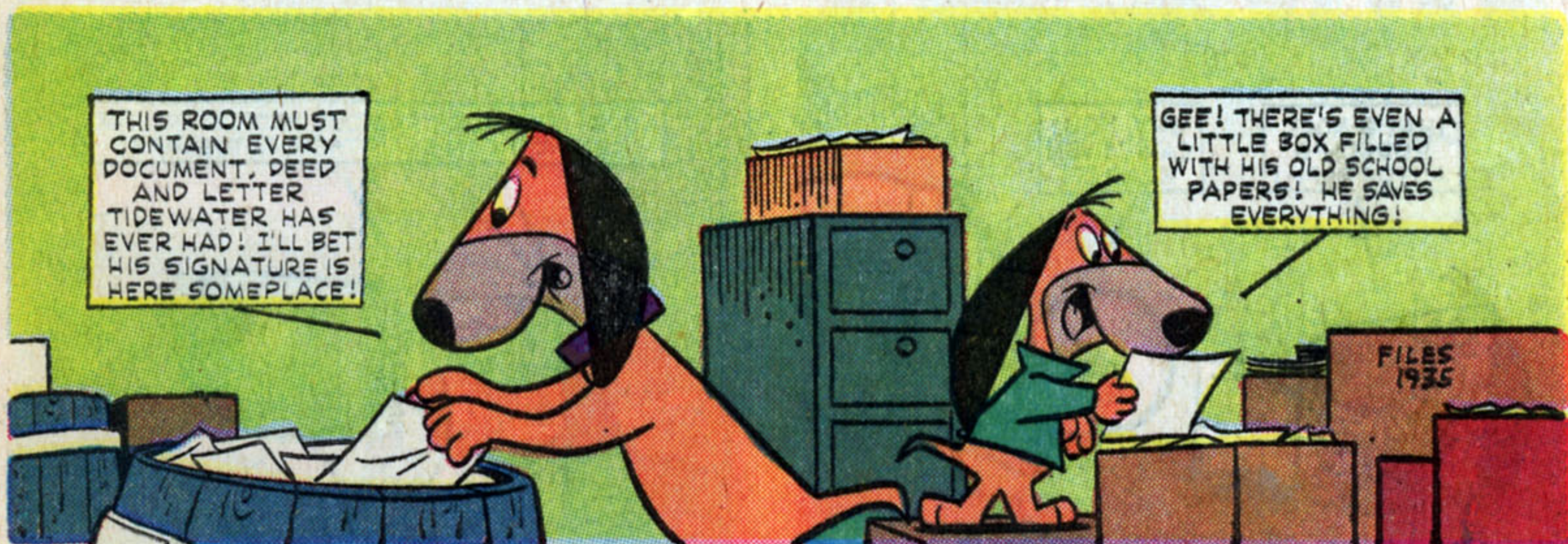
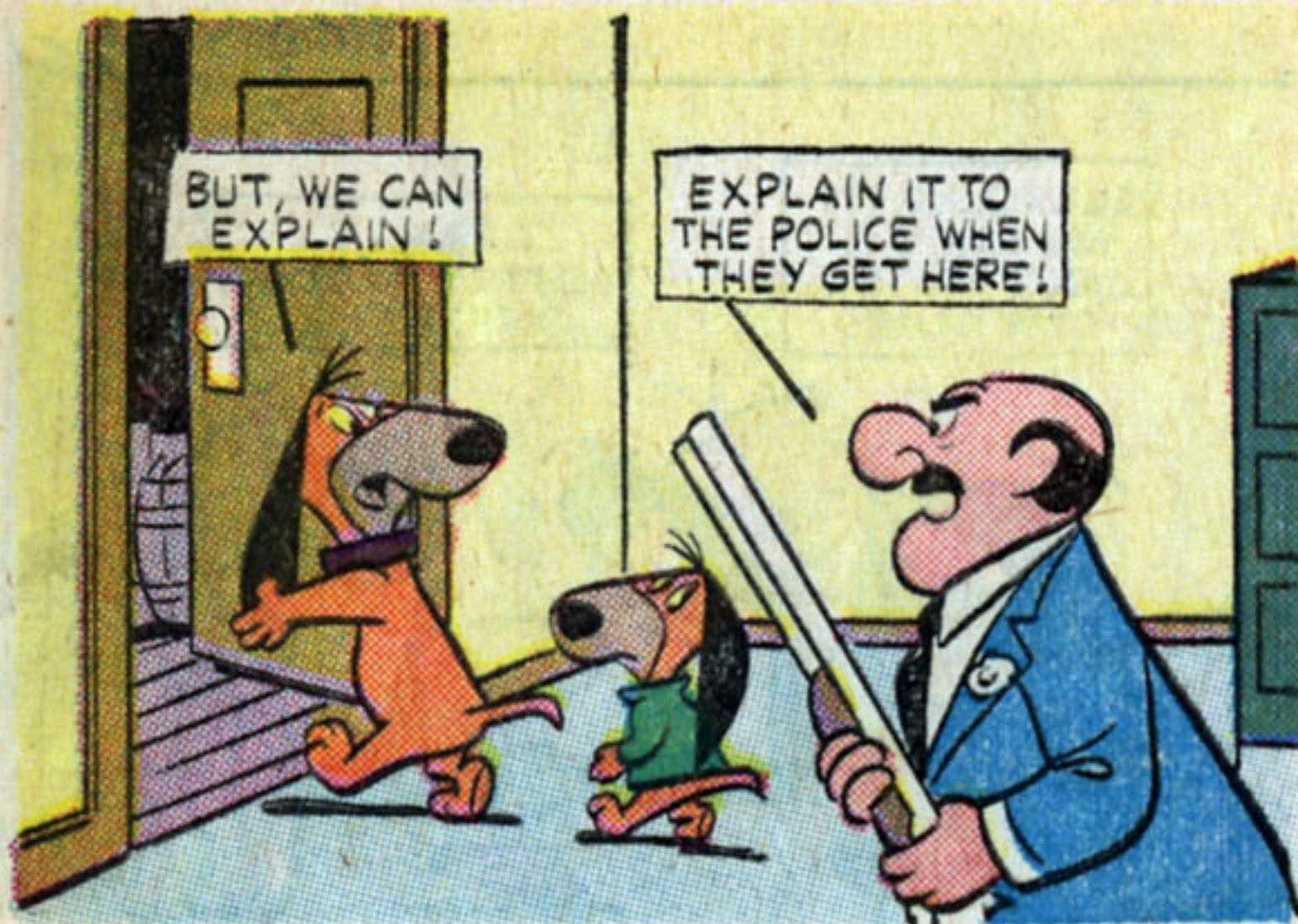
Hanna-Barbera **AUGIE DOGGIE and DOGGIE DADDY**
AUTOGRAPH HOUND

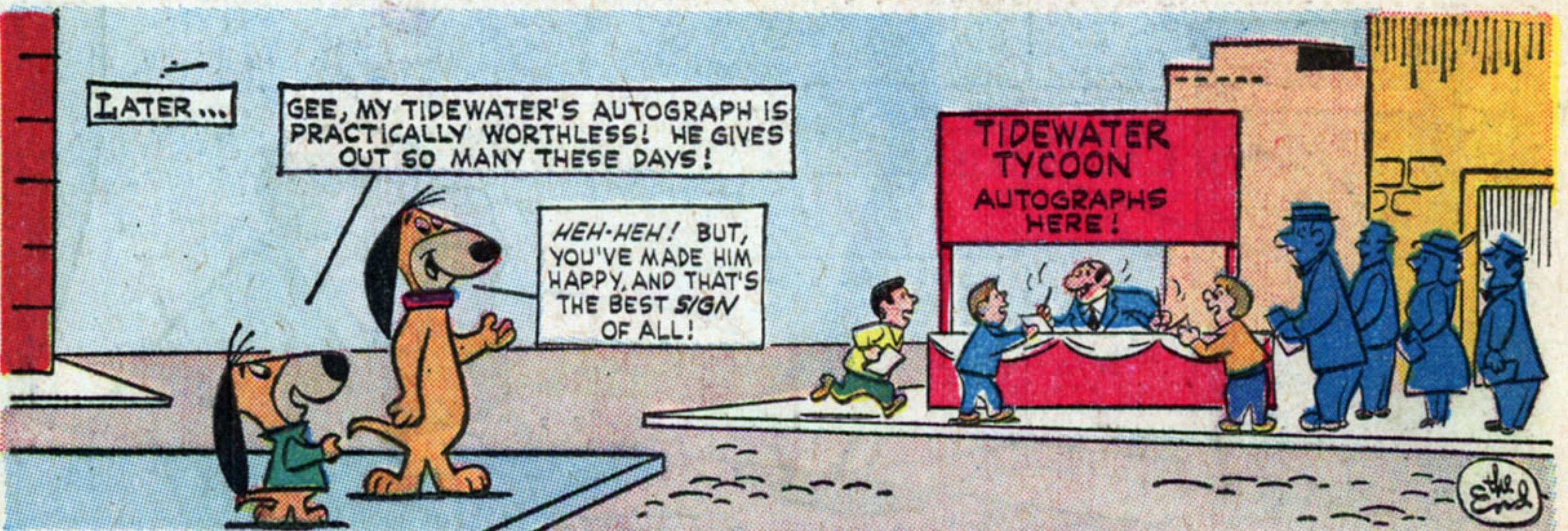
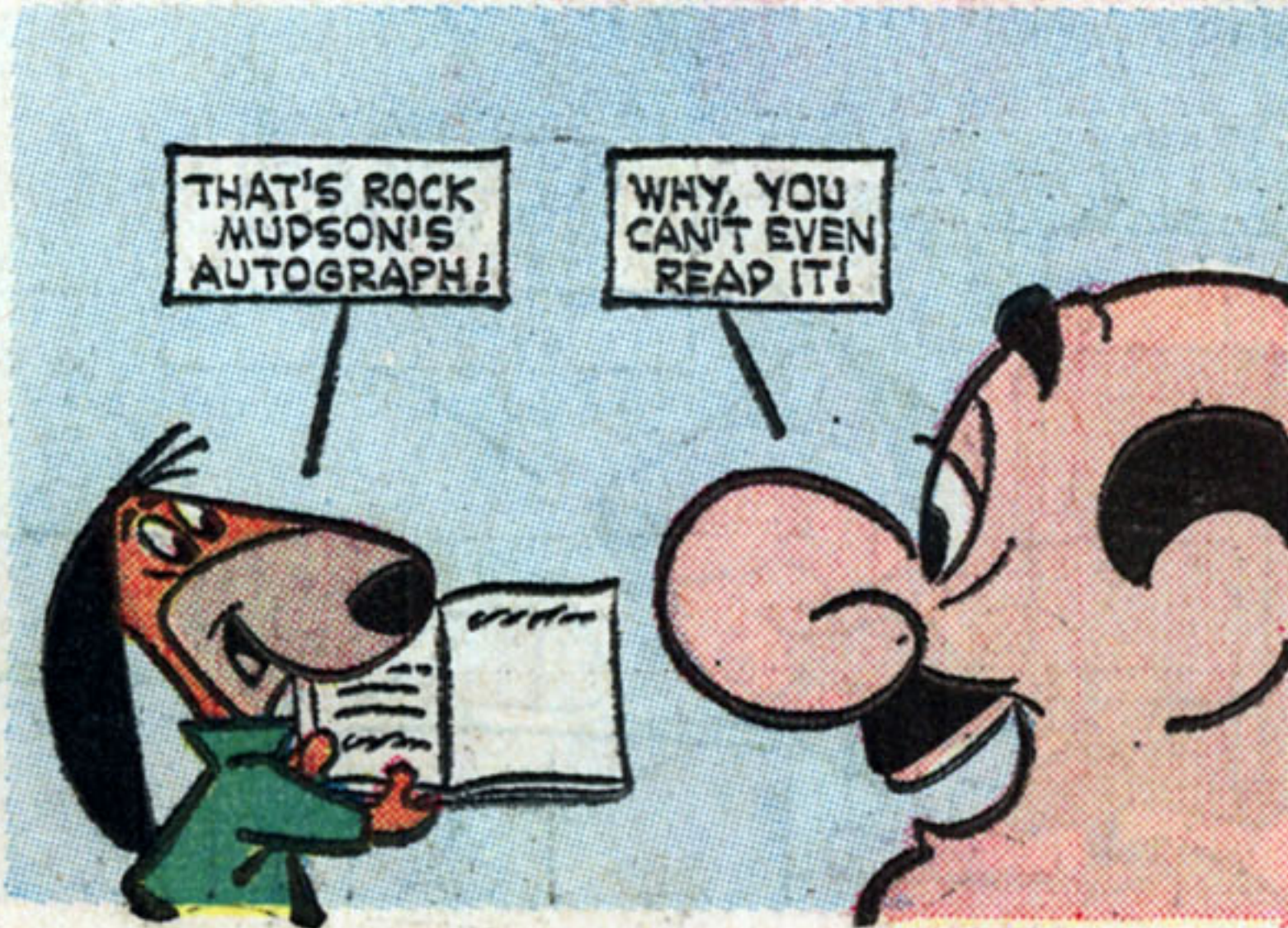
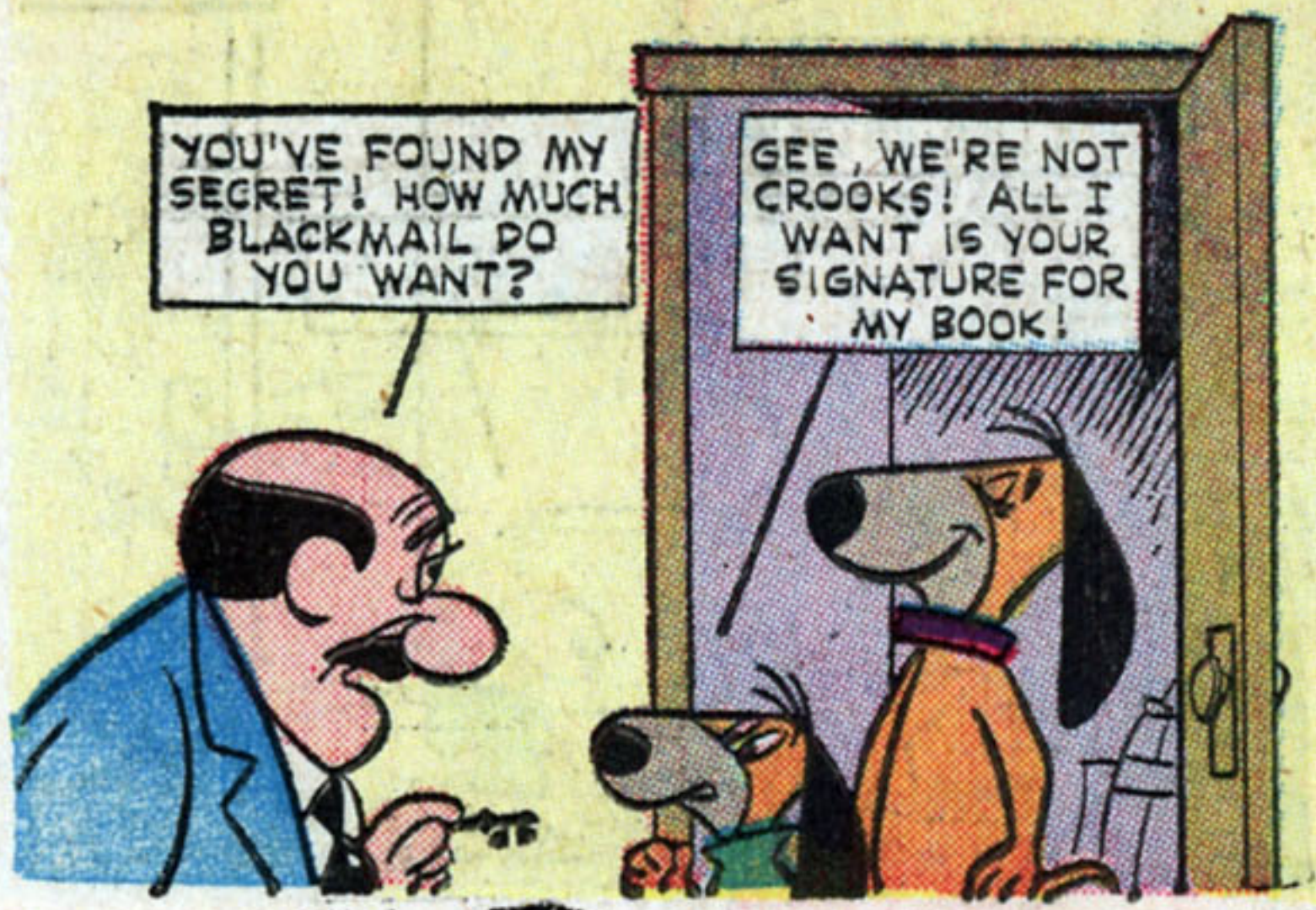














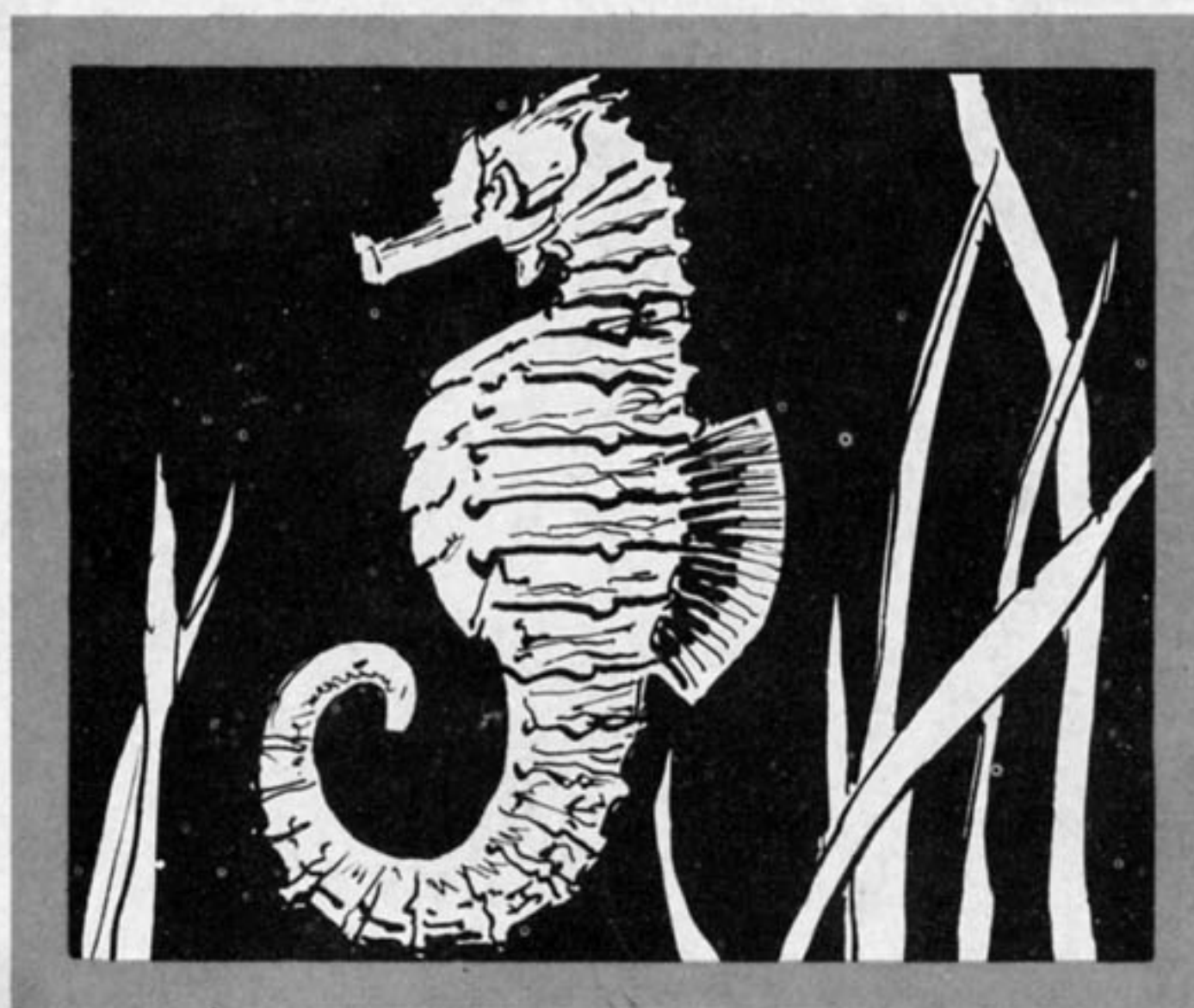
KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

FISH

NUMBER 16

SEA HORSE

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



No one knows where the tiny Sea Horse disappears to in winter, but you'll find him from Cape Cod to Carolina in summer.



The Sea Horse remains upright when he swims. Should the current become strong he holds fast to grass or seaweed with his tail.



At breeding time, the female fills the male's brood pouch with eggs. Fifty days later eggs hatch and little Sea Horses appear.



The young measure about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch at birth and are exact replicas of the parent. About 150 of them may be born at one time.



Sea Horses will stay alive for many months in a tank of sea water with sea lettuce and a dried Sea Horse will last indefinitely.



AUGIE DOGGIE PIN-UP NO. 1