GIANT
PLAY FARM
ANIMAL COLLECTION

22 Lovable Farm Animals
to Delight the Heart
of Every Child!

BIG! FUN!
COLORFUL!
EXCITING

Ducks 'n Chicks 'n Geese 'n a Dog; Moo Cows, Pigs, Horses, Goats, Donkey, Rabbit and Sheep make up this marvelous collection of goofy, lovable farm animals. And look what you get: a wide-eyed, inquisitive cow, cuddly, woolly sheep, spunky goats, pink pigs, big friendly farm horses and much, much more. All together you get 22 farm animals selected as the ones children love the most...and all with an extra touch: wide, friendly eyes, laughing faces and marvelously authentic colors that make each of these lovable characters look as if it had just stepped from the fresh, sweet smelling fields of the open country. Such a wonderful gift you'll want to order several sets right away.

OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED THIS SEASON
We urge you to order your Farm Animal Collection now, while the supply lasts. Each collection includes 22 friendly farm animals averaging approximately 2" in size. All are of rubbery washable plastic. Hurry, Order Now, this offer will not be repeated this season in this magazine.

©1971 Division of Bevis Industries
Duh... I don't want to go on this ride! I'm scared. I'm only a baby!

There, there, Huey! You'll be all right! It's nothing!

Get him to sit down!

Yeah!

You go with me, Papa... then I okay Papa! Please... please...

Well... er... I...

Go with him already, so we can get started!

Help! Let me out of here!

You right, Papa! This ride is nothing!
**BOYS and GIRLS!...**

**BE OUR GUESTS AT**

**PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK N.J.**

**THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO**

**FREE**

**plus**

**ONE FREE RIDE, FREE SHOWS AND PARKING**

---

**ADMIT ONE to**

**PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK N.J.**

**1/2 MILE SOUTH OF GEO WASHINGTON BRIDGE**

**ALL NEW!**

**SEE Casper's Ghostland**

with CASPER, the friendly ghost... WENDY, the good little witch, NIGHTMARE and THE GHOSTLY TRIO

**GOOD MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS UNTIL 7:00PM.**

---

**AND HERE COMES**

**Casper**

**THE FRIENDLY GHOST**

and Company

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**LOOK FOR US on T.V. CHECK THE CHANNEL IN YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER!**

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**HARVEY FILMS**

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**Baby HUEY and THE BABY PARADE**

**PAPA**, I need a punch bowl for our party tonight!

**BUT I'M BROKE!** I spent all my money for food for the party!

**YOU CAN USE MY... Duh... CEREAL BOWL, MAMA!**

I must have a punch bowl!

Listen to this, MAMA...

"...First prize for the cutest baby in today's baby parade is..."

A silver punchbowl and cup set!"

Cutest baby? That's me!

Our HUEY can't lose!

**LET'S GO, PAPA!**

Huey, we can't be in the baby parade without a float!

**LOOK--I CAN FLOAT!**

**NOT THAT KIND OF FLOAT! We have to build one in the garage!**
This Old Carriage Will Be Perfect For The Float!
I Don't See It Floating!

No, Huey--I'll Make A Float Like A Boat, Or...
That's What I Want To Be...A Sailor!

In A While...
Am I Going To Get A Sailor Suit, Papa?

No...You're Not Supposed To Be A Sailor! You're Supposed To Be A Cute Baby!

So Try To Look Cute, Huey!

Before Long...
Here We Are, Huey!

Duckville Beach Boardwalk Annual Baby Parade

Kitchy-Kitchy-Koo, You Cute Baby You!

Kitchy-Coo-Coo To You, Too, You Cute Man, You!

Judge Quackmor

Haw-Haw! You Expect That Big Oaf To Win?

I Sure Do, McDuck!

If That Wise Guy Neighbor Of Mine Wasn't So Tough, I'd Tell Him What I Think Of His Kooky Kid!
PAPA, WILL WE WIN THE PUNCHBOWL BECAUSE I . . . DUH . . . KISSED THE MAN?

HUEY, SHH! IF HE WINS, I'LL HOVER MY HEAL UP!

THEY'RE JUDGING THE FLOATS FIRST! THEN, WHEN WE PARADE BACK, THEY'LL PICK THE CUTEST BABY!

PARADE JUDGES

PRIZES

OHH, BOY--I AM GOING TO THROW DARTS!

HEYY, MISTER! THE BULLSEYE ISN'T BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD ALL THE DARTS!
Chee---this is a baby? This whatever-it-is is just what I need on my boat!

Hit the bulls-eye and win a prize!

Oh! There's something else to play!

Kree! Kree! Kree!

For a few moments this float felt lighter!

Ring the bell and win a fine solid lead doorstop!

Doopy doo de doo de doo de doo

B.H.

Did I win a... duh... door thing!

DID I WIN A... D U H... DOOR THING!

Take them all! They're no good to me anymore!

Papa, why are we stopped?

I'm too tired to move any more, and my feet hurt!

You lie down in the float, little papa, and I'll push you!

Yes, Huey... put papa to bed... Zzzzz... Zzzzz.
I am going to be the papa, papa, and you be the baby!

Say, boys, let's take a closer look at this one!

This is a fun parade, baby papa!

He looks like a little old man-type baby!

He gets my vote for the cutest baby!

...and this fine silver punchbowl set is yours, Mr. Duck!

Ta-ta, nice man!

Look what we won, Mr. McDuck!

Huh? Let me have a look in that float!

Ahah! So you won first prize by posing as a baby... huh?!!

Later... oh, Huey, you won the punchbowl... and just in time for tonight's party!

Papa won it, mama.

And... duh... papa got the punch, too!
Baby HUEY

DUH... OKIE-DOKIE!

ASSISTANT SCOUTMASTER
DIMWIT, YOU WILL HOLD
THE FLAG!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

Ducks, Huey! You will raise the Troop's flag!

Dimwit, I said hold the flag—don't let it touch the ground!

RAZ-A-MA-TAZ.....
RAZ-A-MA-TAZ....

Yay, I win! I finished before you did!

Dah... I wonder if it's all right to let go now?

Where did Dimwit go?

I guess I hurt his feelings when I yelled at him!

The end
Baby Huey

OH, BOY! IT'S A ROTTEN HORSE!
NO, HUEY. IT'S A ROCKING HORSE!
I'M GOING TO BE A BRONCO BUSTER!

SEE WHAT PAPA GOT FOR YOU, HUEY!

YEOW! MY FAVORITE CHAIR!

CRASH!

OOH, I THINK I BUSTED MY BRONCO!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'LL GO WILD! IT'S MY OWN FAULT!

IT IS?

CRUNCH!

BAW! IT'S YOUR FAULT MY ROCKING HORSE IS BROKEN!
YOU WERE RIGHT THE FIRST TIME! IT WAS A ROTTEN HORSE!

NO, HUEY...
Gawrsh, Papa's attic is full of fun junk!

Duh... what's in you, pretty box?

Oh, boy! What a treasure!

I won't let anybody look in it because it's mine...

And they may try to take it away from me!

There's Huey with a box of something!

I hope it's something good to eat!
Won't you even let us see what's in the box, Huey?

No!

Is it worth that much?

I'm the luckiest kid in Duckville to have what's in this box!

It's got to be jewels! I bet he has a diamond necklace in that box!

It must be worth at least $100,000!

Yi-yi! Tell me what you're talking about, or I'll bash you!

It's Huey! Duck! He's got something in a box that's worth a fortune!

You said at least $100,000!

Poor Huey! Gee, I feel like a skunk, sending Buzzy O'Duck after him!

Better a live skunk than a dead duck!

Ah, there you are, Huey, old pal!

We're pals? Ooh, I like to have a pal!

Now, let Buzzy see that box, pal!

We're not pals any more!

Screech!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET BUGSY SEE THE BOX? 

Duh... nope!

OW! KRACK!

I BET HE'LL BE A BULLY WHEN HE GROWS UP!

Baw! Throb! Throb! Throb!

Soon...

Well, what happened to you, Bugsy?

Aw, I wanted to look in a box some kid had, and he ganged up on me!

What was in the box, Bugsy?

Just some jewels worth a cool million bucks, Fingers!

This $10 bill is for you—if you'll show us that kid!

Chee! Let's go, Fingers!

That's Him—Huey Duck!

Heh! It'll be like taking candy from a baby!

Easy, Fingers! We're wanted by the police!

$DOO-DE DOO-DE DOO!
WITH $1,000,000 IN LOOT WE CAN GO ANYWHERE ON EARTH OR EVEN HONG KONG!

Hey, kid!

I WANT THE BOX SO HAND IT OVER LIKE A GOOD BOY! I AM NOT GOING TO GIVE YOU THIS BOX!

Sic him, Quackenbush! Also, you can't have what's in the box!

I THINK YOU ARE BAD BOYS!

My mama won't let me talk to bad boys!

He's getting away, you big dope!

That alley is a dead end!

Ha! Now we got him and $1,000,000 in jewels!

He's running down the other side!

We can use the fire escape!

Oh, my gosh! Quick, up to the roof, boys!
I think we'll have him trapped in that building!

After him! He's our million dollar baby!

We've been looking for you and your boys, Fingers! Reach!

Police Headquarters

The stupid kid led us right into a trap!

Later... And for trapping the fingers, Le Duck Mob, I award you this genuine brass medal!

Now, Huey, how about letting us see the treasure in the box?

No! They're mine, and they're the best ones in the world!

There must be something wonderful in the box! Goo! I will dood it for you, Mama!

Why, they're our old wedding pictures!

And he meant we were his treasure!

Our Huey is the greatest treasure in the world!
FUN
is a HARVEY COMIC!

HERE ARE SOME OF THE FUNNIEST COMICS ON SALE NOW AT YOUR FRIENDLY DEALER!

HARVEY COMICS
Buzzy
The Furry Crow

What are you up to now, stupid?

I'm going to make some crowburger for lunch!

Clobber me, will you? Come out and fight like a dog, you alley cat!

Hold it!

You challenged him, Bud, so he has the choice of weapons!

I'll fight him with anything!

You're in luck! I happen to have some swell weapons with me!

I'd just as soon run away, Buzzy!

Don't show him how yellow you are! Let him chicken out!

Sledge hammers!

On guard! Hold it! I can't even lift this thing!

Knock knock

How were you able to carry all that heavy stuff?

It wasn't easy, believe me!
Try these sabers but be careful not to cut yourself!

Nix! Even toothpicks make me nervous!

Rattle! Knock! Knock!

Quit stalling! I can't choose just any weapon! I have to shop around a little! Zip!

I have a couple of pillows...

Oh, a pillow fight would be just dandy!

Choose a pillow--unless you'd rather duel with shotguns?

Do you think I've got rocks in my head?

KRAK!

Swish!

Swing away!

You got a pillowful of rocks in your head! You see, I took one pillow...

Ha ha ha!

Throb! Throb!

Let us have peace! I don't see why you took offense!

I took a piece of fence to break over your noggin!
--AND THE VILLAINOUS PIRATE REDBEARD DUCK SHOUTED, "FIRE AWAY!"

PAPA, THAT IS NOT THE KIND OF STUFF TO MAKE A BABY SLEEP!

OH, BOY... Duh... THIS IS EXCITING!

HUEY TAKE YOUR AFTERNOON NAP WHILE MAMA SINGS YOU A LULLABY!

OH, NO!

ROCK-A-BYE BABY ON THE TREETOP...

YICCH!

CHEE!

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS, THE CRADLE WILL ROCK...

I GOING TO PUT MY LITTLE CRIB ON THE TREETOP, WHERE I WON'T HEAR SO GOOD!
Duh... Rock-a-Bye Huey on the treetop?

Chirp! Chirp!

What's all the noise?

Hey!!

Chirp! Chirp!

You go build your own nest, you old pussycat!

Call me again if he bothers you!

Ooh! You are a bad pussycat!

Chirp! Chirp!
IF YOU DOOD IT AGAIN, I GOING TO BE MAD AT YOU!

CHEE!

HEH-HEH!

ZZZZZZZ

AHA!

SLURP!

NOW I AM GOING TO TEACH YOU A LESSON!

SLURP!

JUST FOR THAT I GOING TO SAW YOU RIGHT OFF THE TREE!
--Duh... Down will come Huey, Crumble?, and all!—

What a nut!

There— I caught you!

Yeah—but who's going to catch you?

I caught myself!

Phew!

Yeeek! What are you doing with my babies?!

A naughty pussycat was bothering them!

Huey saved us from that bad cat!

Oh, thank you, Huey!

I had such a fright when I saw you falling!

We won't let the pussycat come in my house...

I'm hungry! I've got a right to eat!

So we all go to sleep in my room!

NIGHTY-NIGHT... I mean, NOONY-NIGHT!
ARE YOU STILL AWAKE, HUEY? I'LL HAVE TO SING TO YOU AGAIN!
I'M ASLEEP WITH MY EYES OPEN, MAMA!

ROCK-A-BYE BABY, ON THE TREETOP!
YOWL!

IT SERVES YOU RIGHT, YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHING PUSSCAT!
YAAAA!

DON'T YOU COME BACK OR MY MAMA WILL SING AGAIN!
HA HAHA!

YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY? I GAVE UP A CHANCE TO SING IN OPERA JUST TO MARRY YOU!

WILL YOU COME TO SEE US AGAIN?

NO! I'M THINKING OF MOVING OUT OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

THE END
BABY HUEY in
FOR THE BIRDS

"Beat it, pest!" Papa cried as he took a swipe at a fly on his beak. The fly escaped, but Papa hit his own beak.

"You should never hit anybody smaller than you are," Huey told his Papa.

"It was self-defense," said Papa.

Baby Huey jumped up and down excitedly and gurgled, "I wanna fly, Dada!"

"If you want a fly, catch yourself one!" Papa replied wearily.

"No, Papa, I wanna fly like a fly!"

Papa said patiently, "You must learn to speak clearly, my boy. You mean, I want to fly."

Huey flapped his arms violently and howled, "Teach me how to fly, Papa!"

Mama Duck leaned out of the window and yelled to Papa, "What kind of a Papa are you? It's your job to teach Huey how to fly!"

Papa, who was sitting on his old jalopy's fender fixing his fishing rod, groaned, "Oh, all right. I guess I won't get any peace around here till I do!"

Putting aside his fishing rod, Papa stood up and flapped his arms—which were really his wings, of course—and gracefully rose a few feet from the ground. "See, Huey, like that!" he said. "I'm going to try it... goo-goo... da-da!"

baby talked Huey, flapping his arms like mad. "I'm not going up, Papa!"

"You've got to bend your knees a bit and jump—then flap your wings!" Papa explained, taking a few fancy turns through the air.

"Okie-dokie," said Huey eagerly. He bent his knees and jumped, flapping his wings just as Papa did. His leap carried him fifteen feet in the air, but his flapping didn't keep him up there.

SPLAAAT! Huey landed flat on his face!

"Gawrsh, Papa, you're not a very good flying teacher!" the baby duck grumbled.

"Huey," said Papa, his face lighting up with a sudden idea, "how would you like to go fishing with me?"

"Now, Papa?" whooped Huey joyfully. "Duh... let's go!" Without thinking about it, Huey tried to fly, but again he landed flat on his face.

"No, laddie boy—not that way," Papa told him. "We'll drive up to Lake Quacktonka!"

Huey said as they were on their way, "You are a nice Papa, Papa!"

Papa tried to correct him: "You are a nice Papa, Huey!"

---

CASPER, THE FRIENDLY GHOST

I LOVE READING ABOUT CASPER, IN HIS HARVEY COMICS MAGAZINE!

DO YOU REALLY LIKE ME?

WOW! IT'S CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST!

I LOVE READING ABOUT ALL THE THINGS YOU DO!

WELL, HERE'S ONE TRICK I DON'T THINK YOU EVER SAW ME DO!

I'M ON TV.
"I am" gasped Huey with surprise.

Papa knew when to quit talking, so they drove the rest of the way to the lake in silence. Papa parked the old jalopy and Huey helped him get the supplies out of it.

Papa was soon lying back against a log, his line in the lake, and he murmured happily, "Ah, this is the life!"

"Papa," asked Huey, "may I go fishing?"

"I don't know why not!" said Papa. "Because I don't want to!" declared Huey crossly. "I want to fly!"

Papa groaned wearily, "Why don't you take a walk around the lake?"

Huey liked this idea and was soon out-of-sight. "Now I'll have a little peace-and-quiet," Papa Duck sighed softly.

The peace-and-quiet didn't last long. Huey was two miles away, halfway around the lake, when suddenly: BLAM!

The blast ripped off Papa's derby. "YEOW!" he yelped. He dived behind the log. Then he peered out and saw two big bears in a skiff. They had shotguns.

BANG! BANG! They fired again. Chunks of log splattered about by Papa's head.

"That's our first duck," said one of the hunters. "Let's get him!" They began to row towards shore. Papa trembled.

Meanwhile, Huey heard the shots and said angrily, "Duh... somebody's shooting at my Papa, I bet. I go chase them away!" Huey started to run.

"This will take too long. I'll swim!"

He dived into the lake and landed in an inch of water and a foot of mud.

"I can't swim in this stuff!" he said. Then he sprang up and flapped his wings. He stayed up and began to move forward, slowly at first, then faster.

Soon he saw the hunters in the skiff nearing shore. "There they are!" he muttered. Huey dived and landed right between them. Startled at first, they then grinned wickedly, raising their shotgun up to Huey's head.

"Bruno," said one drooling bear, "this duck will last us all winter!"

Huey grabbed the gun barrels and bent them down. He yelled, "Duh... FIRE!"

BOOM! BOOM! roared the shots. But the shots only blasted the bottom out of the skiff. It sank, and the bears were soon swimming for safety from the giant duck.

Papa came out from behind the log, wiped his brow and said with a smile, "That was great, Huey. See, you can fly when you really want to!"

Huey started flapping his arms again, but he stayed right where he was.

"I want to fly again!" he wailed. "Show me how to do it, Papa!"

Papa sighed, "How can I be mad at a wonderful baby like my Baby Huey!"
Baby Huey in A Real Game Kid

Hey, fellers... Look who it is! Me!

Hey, Huey! Think of something quick!

Huey, how would you like to play... Uh... Enemy Spy?

Oh, boy, that's great!

Duh... How do you play it?

That's a good question! Er... We write a secret message...

Then we hide the message! You try and find it and figure out what it says!

Then you do what it tells you to do!

Now don't look while we write the message and hide it!
WHAT ARE YOU WRITING, GENIUS?

NOTHING ANYBODY CAN FIGURE OUT! HUEY CAN'T READ ANYHOW!

NOW COUNT TO 100, HUEY!

LET'S GET AWAY FROM THE PEST!

...NINETY-TEN...TWENTY-ELEVEN...ONE HUNDRED!

I KNOW WHERE THE MESSAGE IS! I PEEKED!

HMM... WHAT'S HUEY UP TO? WHAT DID HE TAKE FROM THAT TREE HOLLOW?

PAPA! WHAT DOES THIS SECRET MESSAGE SAY?

SECRET MESSAGE? HA HA HA!

YUP! SPIES PUT IT THERE!

SPIES EH? HAHA... HMM! IT'S A CODED MESSAGE!

HMM... I'M GOOD AT CROSSWORD PUZZLES BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO FIGURE OUT THIS CODE!
I wonder if Huey isn't right about those spies!

Huey! Let's take this to the Duckville Police!

Oh, boy! Let's go!

This is a fun game! Everybody is playing it with me!

That guy in the house across the street is a funny duck--mysterious people going in there all the time...

Soon... and you think the guy across the street is a spy?

He may be! That message may tell you if he really is!

McDuck, take this message to our decoding department and find out what it says!

We don't have a decoding department, Captain Duckingham!

Chee! Come on, Mr. Duck--this is a job for the Federal Bureau of Investiguckation!

Gawrsh! This is getting exciting every minute!

Before long... you'll have it back in ten minutes!

Secret files no peeking

Now my boy, how many saves put that message in the tree?

One! Secret files no peeking

The other two were watching him!

Mr. Duck, about the sneaky guy across the street from you...
YOU SAY HE SLIPS OUT ONLY AT NIGHT, HAS HIS COAT COLLAR UP AND HIS HAT BRIM TURNED DOWN! HIS SHUTTERS ARE ALWAYS CLOSED...

RIGHT, MR. PINTAIL!

BUT WHAT MAKES YOU SUSPICIOUS OF HIM?

THE TREE HUEY GOT THE MESSAGE FROM IS IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE!

CODE ROOM

2 HOURS LATER...

CHIEF, WE COULDN'T BREAK THE CODE, BUT IT BROKE THE DECODING MACHINE!

ARE YOU BROKEN, MISTER?

HE COULDN'T GET A CODED MESSAGE IF HE WASN'T HIDING SOMETHING!

IT SOUNDS KOOKY TO ME, DUCK! YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT...

ALL RIGHT, MEN--WE RAID!

FREET!

SOON... THAT'S THE HOUSE ON THE RIGHT!

SH! QUIET, EVERYBODY! WE'LL TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE!

BREAK DOWN THE DOOR!

DUH... I'LL SURROUND THEM!

BY GOSH, THE JOINT IS REALLY CRAWLING WITH SPIES!

OUT OF THE WINDOWS!

BAM
OH, BOY!
ULP!
VAMOOSE!
PLAP!

LET ME GO!
NEXT TIME WE PLAY, I'LL BE THE BAD GUY!

I'VE GOT THE SPIES!
I WIN! NOW YOU ARE IT!

GOOD WORK, LAD!
THIS WILL GET YOU A MEDAL!

SO...
-- AND THIS MEDAL IS FOR OUTSTANDING HEROISM IN CAPTURING A NEST OF SPIES!

IT WASN'T A NEST, THEY WERE IN A HOUSE!

HUEY, YOU'VE MADE ME THE PROUDEST FATHER IN THE WORLD! SNIFF SNIFF!

A FEW DAYS LATER...
-- PAPA, I FOUND ANOTHER MESSAGE IN THE TREE! WHAT DOES IT SAY?

WHAT? WHO Put IT THERE?

THE SAME SPIES WHO PUT THE OTHER MESSAGE IN THAT TREE, PAPA -- THE THREE DUCK KIDS!

THE END
AH! Here comes a customer now! A perfect subject for my witchcraft! Cackle!

I'll let him taste some of my gingerbread house and then lure him inside! Cackle!

Hello there...

Oh, young feller! How would you like a taste of my gingerbread house?

Gee! I'd sure love it, lady!

Help yerself!

Ulp! Come on inside for your dessert now!

Umm! Just a little bit more!

Mmm! Good! Can I have another bite?

Chomp!

Sure! Eat all you like then come inside and I'll give you your dessert! Heh! Heh!

But the dessert?

Gee, just a little more. I love gingerbread!

Well, g'bye, lady and thanks! I haven't any room left for the dessert.

Curses! Foiled again!
Baby Huey.

I'll help you carry in the new washing machine, I will, I will!

Okay, Baby Huey!

Doo de doo de dor doo!

Not so fast!

Stop! Stop!

Okay, pa! I'm stopped!

Set it down somewhere!

Duh, okay!

That's just like my pa to go off somewhere and leave a job half done!

Thump! Thump!
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G I A N T
H A R V E Y
C O M I C S
S I Z E
HUEY DON'T MAKE A PEST OF YOURSELF! IT'S TOO HOT!
WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?

FIND SOMETHING TO DO WHILE PAPA TAKES A NAP!

OKIE-DOKIE, PAPA!

OH, BOY... I KNOW WHAT I DO! I'M GOING TO FINGER PAINT!

FIRST I PUT THE FAN ON THE TABLE BECAUSE IT'S NOT!
WHIRR!

Ooh! The fan feels windy!

WHIRR!

Now I'm going to make a famous painting!

Boy, this is good!

Duh... I wonder what it is!

Splish, splosh!

Look what I painted, Papa!

YEOW! Huey, you've got the measles!

HUH? Great, Huey... but don't wake me up again, or...

Goody! Call Ducktor Quack!

Huey has the measles? Does he have a fever?

Are you hot, Huey? Yes!

Gawrsh, isn't everybody hot today?

There's an epidemic of measles, but don't worry...
...I gave Huey his measles shot, so he'll be okay in a day or two! Meanwhile...

Get in bed and be quiet, Dr. Quack will come over later!

I want to see TV, Papa!

This TV set must weigh 300 pounds!

I can't get a picture, Huey!

Did you forget to hook up the aerial, Papa?

Oh, that Huey is a quick thinker!

Let's see... Huey's room is under here...

I got it for you, Papa! Am I a good boy?

You're a fine lad, Huey!

I'll just put a few nails in...
 Soon... There, it's fixed! Now you can... Huey! What are you doing out of bed? Keeping you from getting hurt, Papa!

I knew you'd come down this way—just like last time, Papa!

Now get into bed and I'll turn on a TV program for you!

I don't want TV! I want you to read me a story!

I'll read you "Goldilocks and the Three Bears!"

That's my favorite story!

"Goldilocks tried the smallest bowl of porridge..."

"I'm tired of that story! I want to build something."

At least you'll be entertaining yourself!

That's what I want to do!

Papa, this is a hard thing to make! You make it for me!

All right—what is it?
How can I know what it is until it's finished?

I should know better than to ask!

So, on and on... it's the doorbell! I've been saved by the bell!

Bing!

Bong!

Ha ha ha ha ha

Well, how's my young patient today?

I don't know! Is somebody sick?

I know! The fan blew it there!

Huey, these are just red paint spots on your face!

You don't have measles, Huey!

Yay! Huey's okay... he can go out and play!

Oh, no he can't! You have the measles, Papa Duck! You're all quarantined! Nobody leaves!

Oh, boy!

So...

Now I'm going to help you move the aerial and build things and read and...

I just can't win!
**Buzzy the Funny Crow**

Here, here! Cease and desist!

In you go!

Zoom!

I bring you a swell sportscar—and this is what I get!

For me? Is it any good?

Good? It's two horsepower—and it doesn't use any gas!

Boy—if only I could drive!

I'll teach you to drive!

Wow! Let's go, Buzzy!

Wait! You owe me $36 taxes and $60 insurance!

Ulp! I guess these things gotta be paid!

Now, how do I drive?

Just get in and say giddyup!

That's easy! Now you get in back!

What's the big idea?
IT'S A GOOD THING THE TRUNK HAS A TRAP DOOR!

GEE, THIS IS A TIGHT FIT!

SURE--I HAD IT TAILORED TO YOUR SIZE, STOOPID!

HEY, HOW DID YOU GET OUT OF THE TRUNK?

NO BOTTOM IN THE TRUNK!

I HAVE NOTHING TO PUT IN IT ANYHOW!

OH, SAY--YOU OWE ME $40 FOR THAT TWO HORSEPOWER!

WHAT? I'M NOT GOING TO PAY IT!

THEN I'M TAKING IT OUT!

NO YOU DON'T! UGH! I'M STUCK!

THIS IS HORSEPOWER?

WHAT ELSE?

BUT WHAT'LL I USE TO RUN MY CAR?

CATPOWER!

I WANT MY $96 BACK, YOU ROBBER!

WHAT ARE YOU KICKING ABOUT?

LOOK AT THE MONEY YOU SAVE ON GAS!
Herman and Katnip "The Magic Violin"

Phew! Katnip has gone on a rampage!

What's gotten into that kooky cat, Herman?

Snarl!

Zip! Thump!

Alup!

I've never seen Katnip so wild before!

He must be desperate!

It can't be anything we said! We haven't talked to the dope today!
Baw!

That's Katnip bawling! Maybe he's sorry he lost his temper!

Now, what, stupid? The boss says I get rid of the mousies in this house, or else! Sob!

You mousies keep stealing food! Please, Herman, you've got to let me chase you out of the house!

Can't we just leave by ourselves?

No! I've got to chase you to make the boss think I'm a good mouser!

Hmm... Katnip, you've got to be a pied piper...

He's the one that led the rats out of Hamelin with a pipe!

Oh, yeah... I remember that story! I'll be right back, Herman!

Let's go, fellers!

Gasp! Not a smoking pipe you nut! Choke! You need a musical pipe!

Oh... I'm glad! I don't like this kind!

I couldn't find a musical pipe, but I found a fiddle!

Oh, my gosh... get some cotton to stuff in our ears!
THIS WAY, BOYS!
HURRY WITH THE COTTON! THAT FIDDLING IS ENOUGH TO DRIVE US ALL OUT!

COME ON, GANG--WE CAN'T RESIST KATNIP AND HIS MAGIC VIOLIN!

KATNIP WILL WALK AWAY BEFORE HE DISCOVERS WE'RE NOT WITH HIM!
HE MAY EVEN FORGET TO COME BACK!

IN A WHILE...
I KIND OF MISS KATNIP'S NUTTY ANTICS!

SH! I THINK I HEAR DOGS BARKING!

WOW! THIS MAGIC VIOLIN SURE MAKES POWERFUL MUSIC!
QUICK, KATNIP! GO OUT THE BACK WINDOW!

WOOF! WOOF! ROWF! GRRR!
BOW! BOW!

THE CRAZY THING IS I NEVER PLAYED VIOLIN BEFORE!

HERMAN, DO SOMETHING!

FIDDLE, YOU FOOL -- FIDDLE!
AROO00. SCREEECH! A

MAKE A BREAK FOR IT, KATNIP!

NOW WHAT DO I DO?

EH? WE CAN'T HEAR WITH THIS COTTON IN OUR EARS!

EVERY DOG IN TOWN FOLLOWED MY FIDDLING...

SO HOW COME YOU MOUSIES DIDN'T HAVE TO FOLLOW ME?

SPEAK UP! THIS COTTON DEADENS SOUND!

SLAM!

AW, COME ON. YOU MOUSIES--FOLLOW MY MUSIC OUT OF THE HOUSE!

STOP MUMBLING--WE STILL CAN'T HEAR YOU!

FOLLOW MY MAGIC FIDDLING!

CHEE!

BOYS, I THINK KATNIP WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM!

PLAY AWAY, PIE-EYED FIDDLER!

YOU'RE A GOOD MOUSIE!

SQUEE!
HUT-TWO-THREE-FO! HUT-TWO...
SCREEEE!

SQUEAL!
KEEP GOING, KATNIP—WE'RE STILL WITH YOU!

WE'LL BE RID OF HIM LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE A GOOD FEAST!
OUR SNEAKING FOOD IS WHAT STARTED ALL THIS!

PSST! HE WON'T LOOK BACK AGAIN! LET'S CUT OUT!

DON'T KNOCK IT, PAL, WE'VE GOT TO EAT!

BEFORE LONG...
UH-Oh! HERE COMES KATNIP WITH MORE COMPANY!

ME AND MY BRIGHT IDEAS! NOW THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH FOR ANYBODY TO EAT!

SCREEECH!
HERMAN, IS IT OKAY IF I STOP PLAYING THIS THING NOW? I CAN'T STAND THE NOISE MUCH LONGER!

MICE?
NO PAINT. NO GLUE. NO MESSIN’ AROUND.

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