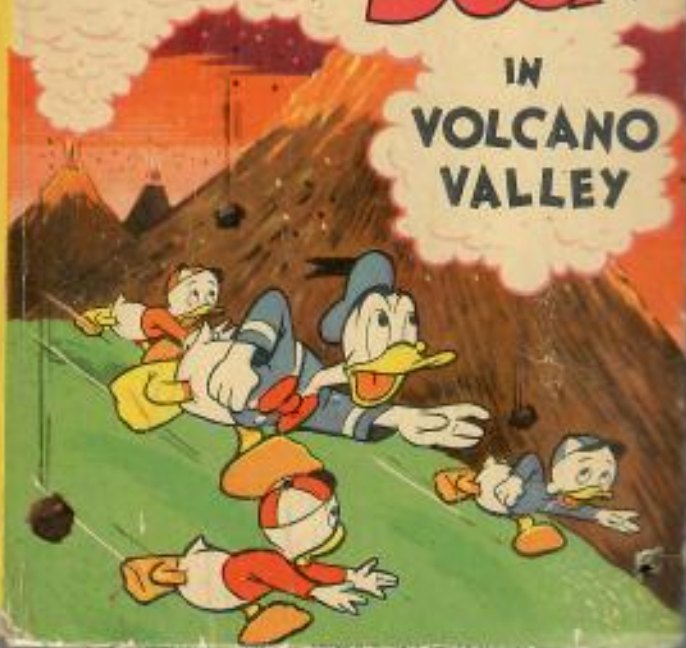


WALT DISNEY'S

# Donald Duck

IN  
VOLCANO  
VALLEY



GEORGE BALAZS

15  
**DONALD DUCK**

in  
**Volcano Valley**

By

**WALT DISNEY**

**WHITMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
Racine, Wisconsin

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The Nephews Wanted a Plane .

## DONALD DUCK

In  
Volcano Valley

CHAPTER I

### A BIG BARGAIN

Donald Duck and his three nephews stopped in front of the display window of a hobby shop one day. The article that attracted their attention was a model airplane with a fifteen-dollar price tag on it.

"Unca' Donald—" began Huey.

gate. Before they got back, they noticed something resting against the big landing wheel. Closer inspection showed the something to be Donald Duck, peacefully reclining in true Volcanovian fashion, with his eyes closed.

"Well, can you beat that?" asked Huey.

"He's taking—" said Dewey.

"A siesta!" finished Louie.

"Z-Z-Z," said Donald.



# BETTER LITTLE BOOKS

*feature*

## YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ANDY PANDA

MICKEY MOUSE

BLONDIE

OUR GANG

BUGS-BUNNY

POPEYE

DICK TRACY

RED RYDER

DONALD DUCK

ROY ROGERS

FLASH GORDON

SMILIN' JACK

GENE AUTRY

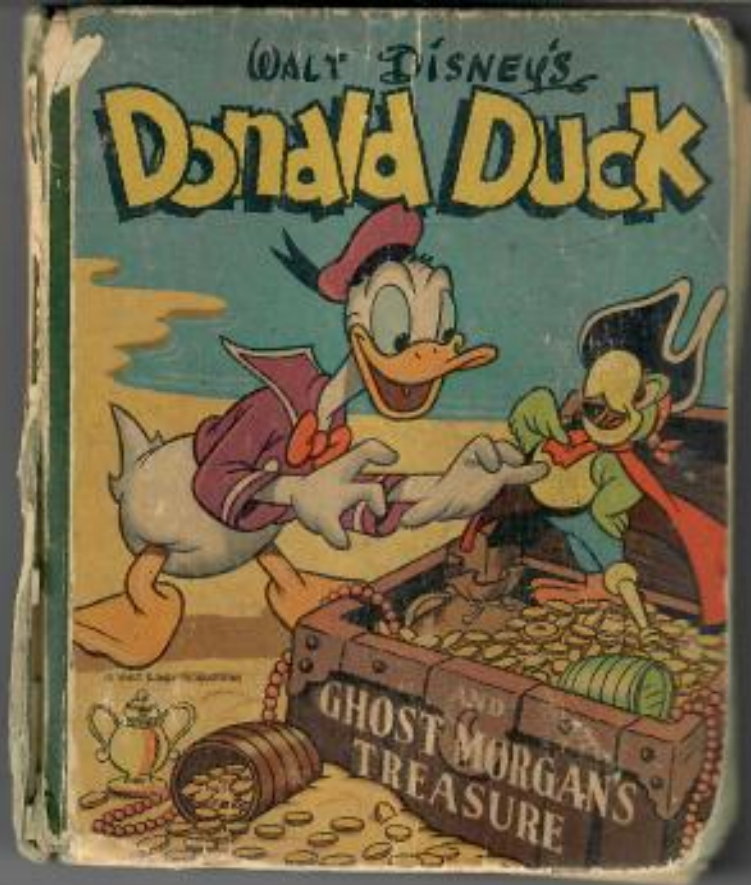
TARZAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

UNCLE WIGGILY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*Watch for New Stories About Them!*



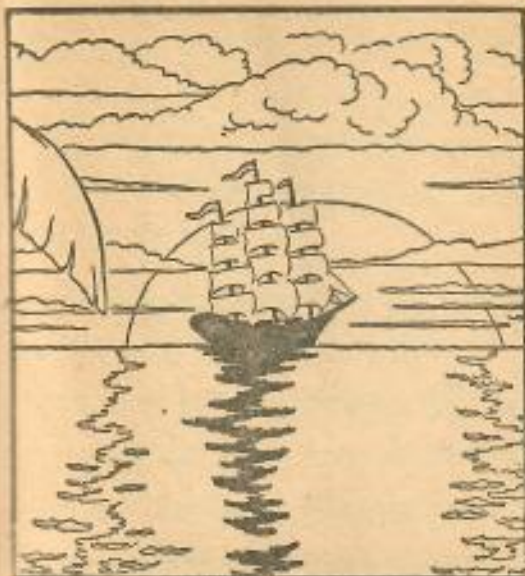
GEORGE BALAZS







**S**o WITH THE  
TREASURE ON  
BOARD, DONALD'S  
NEPHEWS AND  
THEIR CREW  
SAIL INTO THE  
SUNSET, HOMEWARD  
BOUND



## BETTER LITTLE BOOKS

*Watch for These New Titles*

---

UNCLE WIGGILY'S  
ADVENTURES

GENE AUTRY and Raiders of the  
Range

TERRY and War in the Jungle

ANDY PANDA'S VACATION

INVISIBLE SCARLET O'NEIL  
versus the King of the Slums

TARZAN, Lord of the Jungle

## BETTER LITTLE BOOKS

*Watch for These New Titles*

---

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT and Sheik  
Jomak Kahn

NANCY and Sluggo

BUZ SAWYER and Bomber 13

THE LONE RANGER and the Sil-  
ver Bullets

PORKY PIG and His Gang

DON WINSLOW and the Giant  
Girl Spy

## BETTER LITTLE BOOKS

*Watch for These New Titles*

---

BLONDIE and Dagwood in Hot  
Water

DONALD DUCK and Ghost Mor-  
gan's Treasure

DICK TRACY and Yogee Yamma

MICKEY MOUSE and the 'Lectro  
Box

RED RYDER and the Squow-  
Tooth Rustlers

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN  
and the Flame Pearls

# BETTER LITTLE BOOKS

*feature*

## YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS

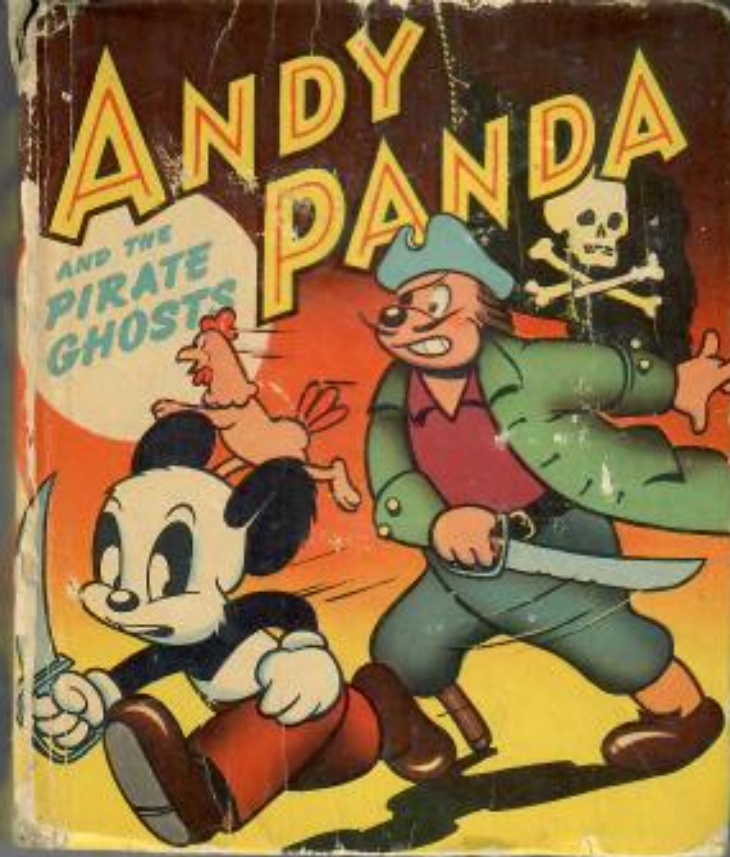
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MICKEY MOUSE	LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE
DONALD DUCK	POPEYE
DICK TRACY	SMILIN' JACK
THE LONE RANGER	ANDY PANDA
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT	BOY ROGERS
RED RYDER	BUGS BUNNY
TARZAN	INVISIBLE SCARLET O'NEIL
ELONDIE	TERRY AND THE PIRATES
GENE AUTRY	NANCY
UNCLE WIGGILY	DON WINSLOW

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Watch for New Stories About Them!





GEORGE BALAZS

5

# ANDY PANDA

and the

## Pirate Ghosts

By WALTER LANTZ

*From the Famous*  
MOTION PICTURE CARTOON

WHITMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Racine, Wisconsin

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"Wait for Us!"

## ANDY PANDA

and the  
Pirate Ghosts

CHAPTER I

### THE CRUISE BEGINS

Down the street they rushed—  
Andy Panda and Charlie Chick-  
en, running for the pier. There a  
long, sleek ocean liner was tied  
up, its gangway down, flags flut-  
tering from stem to stern in the  
lazy summer breeze.

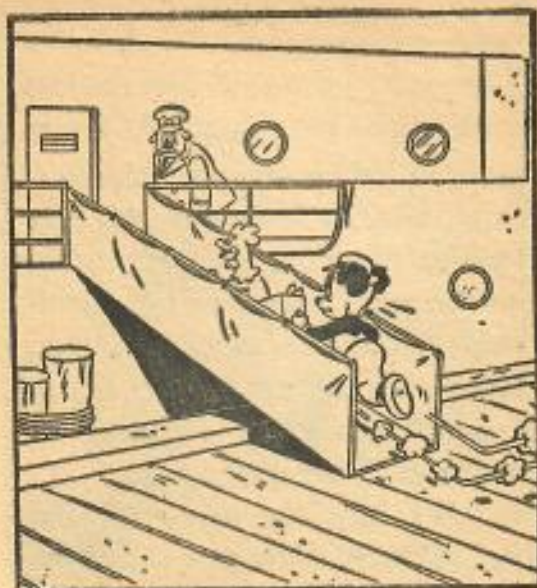
"Hurry up, Charlie," Andy



urged. "I heard the whistle blow a block ago. Maybe they're leaving already!"

This speech made Charlie hurry. The boys had been planning and saving for this vacation cruise for a long time, and they didn't want to miss the boat.

Fortunately, the whistle that Andy had heard did not mean the ship was getting under way. The two friends hustled up the gangway and dropped their suitcases.



**They Hustled Aboard**



night Andy, Charlie and the girl returned to their ship. But things were different now. No longer were Andy and Charlie social outcasts. They were heroes!

The captain himself was on hand to offer congratulations, and many a passenger pressed forward to shake hands.

Mrs. Knibble, too, was full of apologies and congratulations. "I'm so sorry I misjudged you!" she said flutteringly. "But I'll



Andy Had His Reward

find some way to make it all up to you!"

That evening everyone gathered in the ballroom, where the captain had arranged a celebration dance.

There it was that Mrs. Knibble told her plan for showing her appreciation to Andy.

"Just for being so mean to you," she cooed into the hero's ear, "I promise to give you every dance, for the rest of the cruise!"

# BETTER LITTLE BOOKS

*feature*

## YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ANDY PANDA

MICKEY MOUSE

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ROY ROGERS

FLASH GORDON

SMILIN' JACK

GENE AUTRY

TARZAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

UNCLE WIGGILY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*Watch for New Stories About Them!*

WALT DISNEY'S  
**DONALD DUCK**  
and his  
**Cat Troubles**





WALT DISNEY'S  
**Donald Duck**  
AND HIS  
**CAT**  
**TROUBLES**



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RACINE, WISCONSIN

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# Donald Duck

AND HIS

## CAT TROUBLES



"Boy, I wish I had a meal of fresh fish," Donald Duck said to himself one evening. "I think I'll take Huey, Louie and Dewey on a fishing trip early tomorrow morning."

Donald immediately got out his fishing tackle, tested the lines on the poles, and sorted out his hooks and bobbers. "I think I'd better call

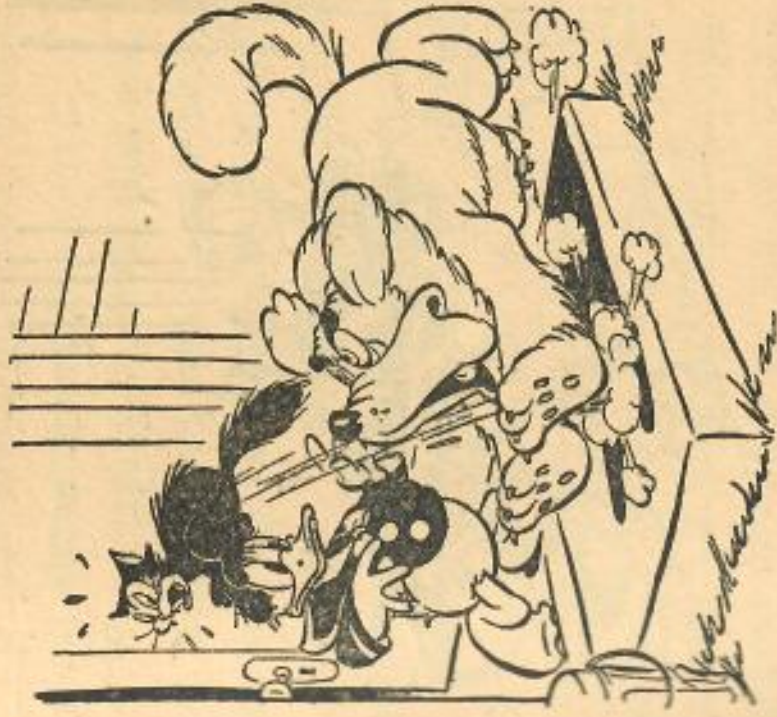




the boys now," Donald said when he had finished. "They'll have to go to bed early if they are going to get up early."

As he opened the door, a blare of noise almost knocked him over. A dog was howling, a cat yowling and three boys were shrieking at the tops of their voices.

Just as Donald stepped outside, a big black cat, chased by a huge dog, jumped high in the air and came down — on Donald's head.

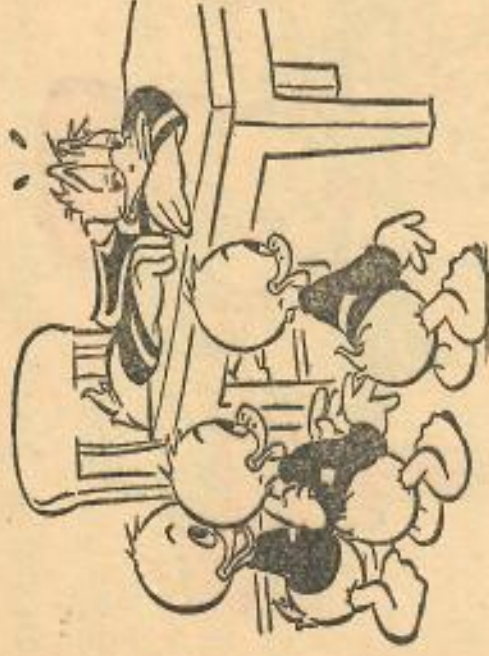


When he finally got rid of the last cat, he could scarcely stand. He stumbled indoors, sat down and promptly fell asleep with his head resting on the table. And that was where Huey, Louie and Dewey found him.

"Why, Unca' Donald," said Huey.  
"You got up earlier—" said Louie.  
"Than we did," finished Dewey.

Donald raised his weary head and yawned.

"Nope," he said. "I just haven't





been to bed."

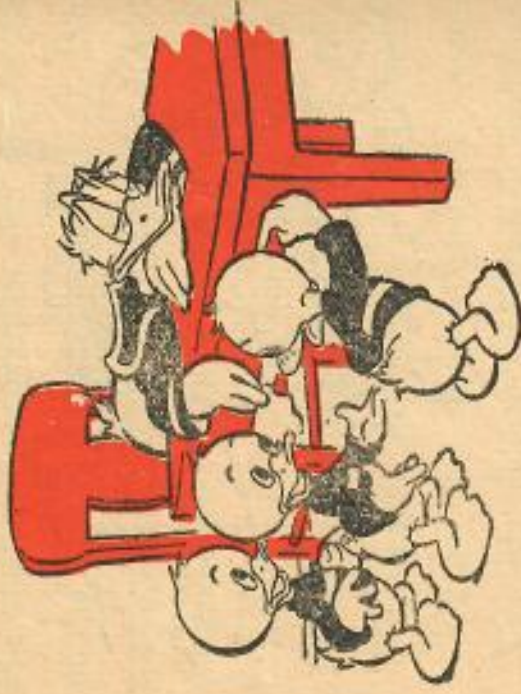
The boys were surprised. They wanted to know what he had been doing all night.

"Chasing cats!" groaned Donald. Then his weary head rested on the table again. He began to snore.

"Poor Unca' Donald," said Huey.

"That cat must have driven him—" added Louie.

"Out of his mind," finished Dewey. The boys watched him quietly. Then Huey had an idea.



"Maybe if we find another cat for him—" he said.

"He might grow—" added Louie.

"To like cats again," finished Dewey.

They rushed out to hunt a cat while poor Donald, hoping he'd never see a cat again, slept on. Only once he stopped snoring and that was when he cried out in his sleep, "SCAT!"

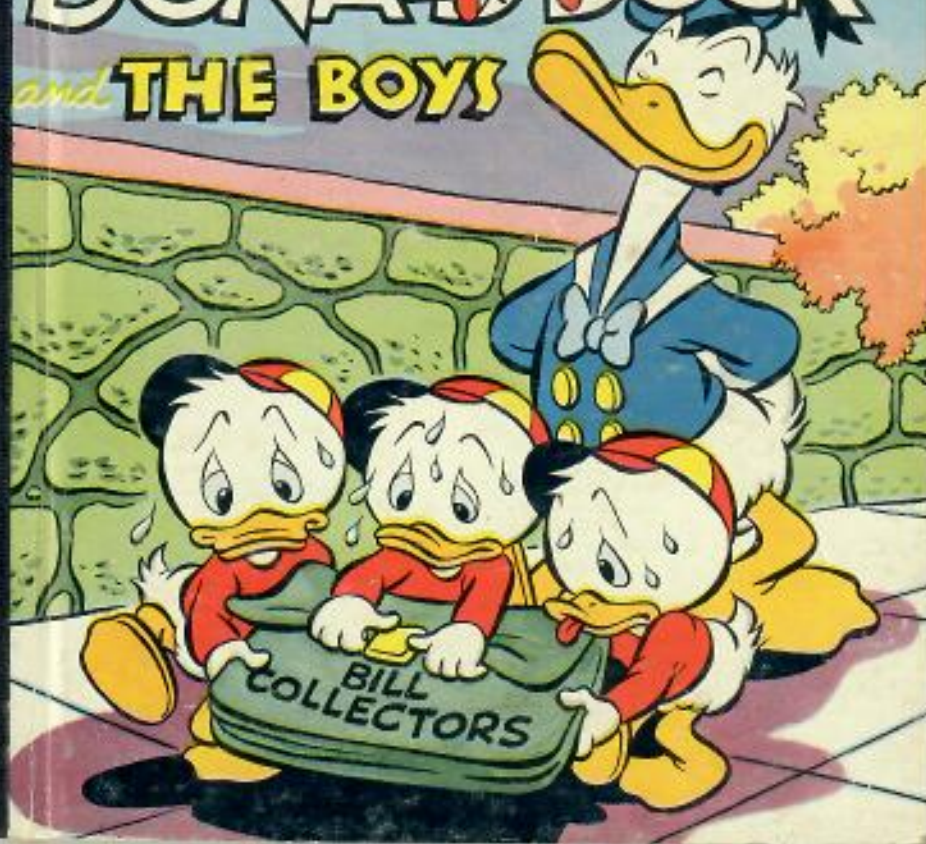




845



WALT DISNEY'S  
**DONALD DUCK**  
*and* **THE BOYS**





WALT DISNEY'S

**DONALD  
DUCK**

*And The  
Boys*



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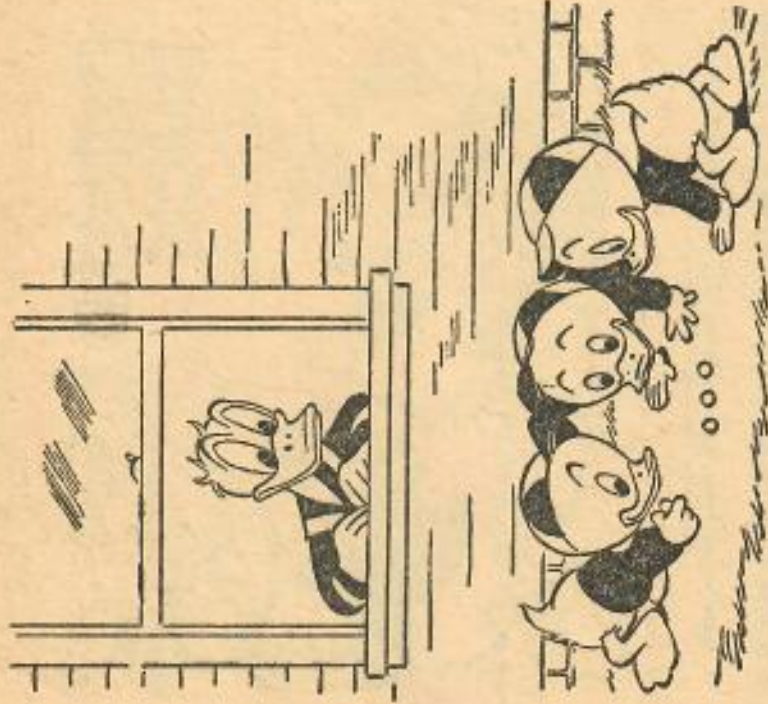
# Donald Duck

## AND THE BOYS



Donald Duck looked out of the window at his three little nephews, Huey, Louie and Dewey, playing marbles.

"How can they look so sweet and lovable and at the same time be so naughty?" he asked himself. "They're in trouble a dozen times a day. I'll see what my new book





says about keeping boys out of mischief."

He picked up a book with the title, *Children and What to Do With Them*. He flipped the pages until he came to the proper section.

"'Keep the little ones busy,'" Donald read aloud. "Humph!" he snorted. "They are busy — busy thinking up ways to bother me."

He read the rule again slowly.

Suddenly he jumped up, his face alight with a new idea.



Donald looked pleased. He stood up and faced them, a great big smile on his face.

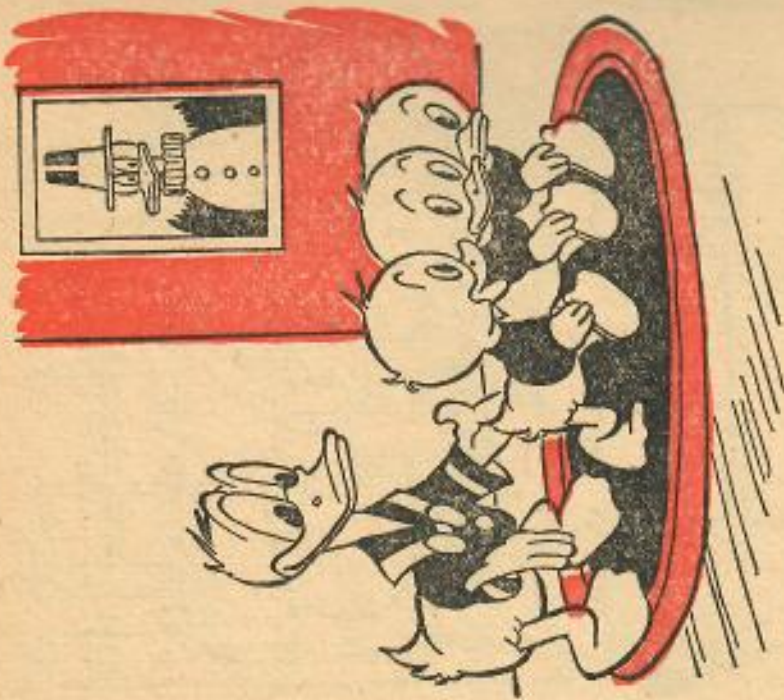
"Time for busy boys to be in bed," he said. "Go quickly before I wake up from this wonderful dream," he added, giving each boy a loving pat.

"He thinks—" said Huey.

"This is too good—" added Dewey.

"To be true," finished Louie.

They were right, for that was what Donald was thinking. He knew that by morning the boys would have







WALT DISNEY'S  
POOR PLUTO



WALT DISNEY'S



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# POOR PLUTO



"Pluto, you're nothing but a plain mutt of a dog," said Mickey Mouse looking up from his book as the dog ambled lazily into the living room. Pluto paid no attention to his master. All he wanted was a nap. He sprawled on a rug at Mickey's feet and rested his head on his forepaws. His eyes closed.

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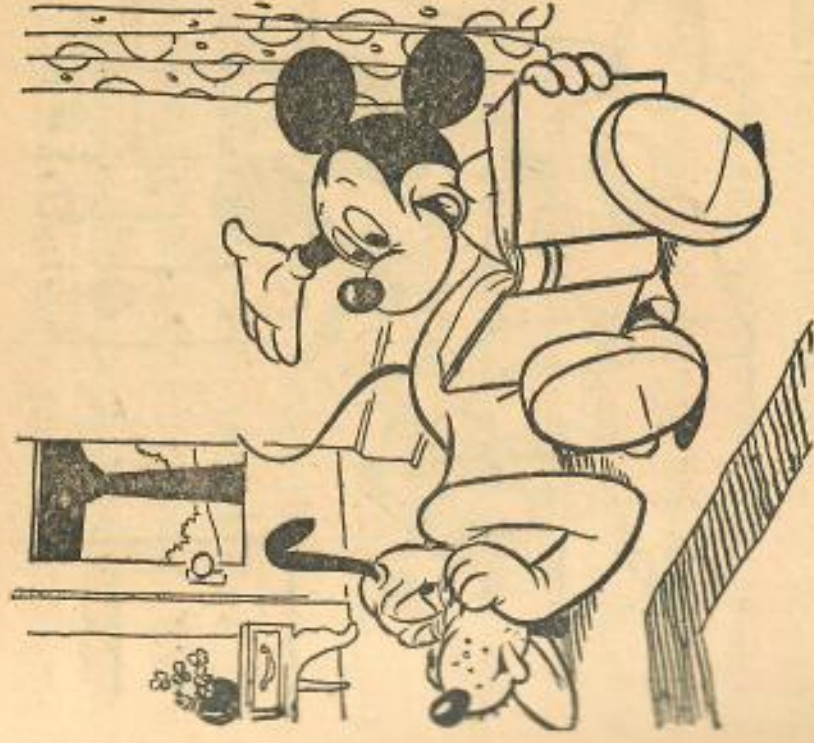


"Pluto, you're nothing but a plain mutt of a dog," Mickey repeated.

Pluto lifted one eyelid and raised one ear as though asking Mickey what he expected—an elephant?

Mickey pointed to a page of the book he was reading.

"Right here there are stories about wonderful things other dogs do. Here's a story about a poodle who does tricks on the stage. He makes oodles of money for his owner," Mickey said.

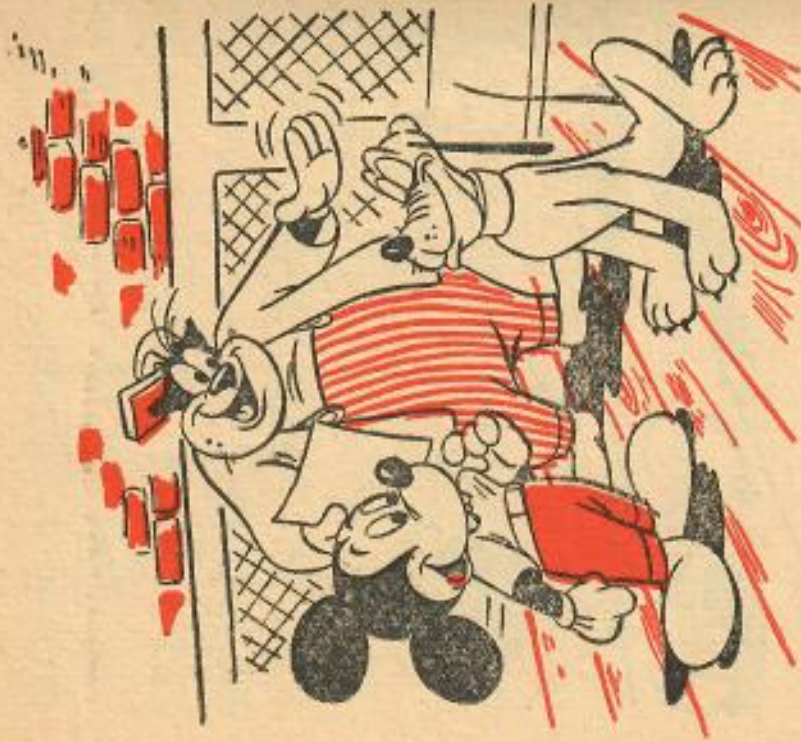


Pluto moved one paw and opened one eye. Mickey handed the letter to the dog catcher and he read it.

"A prize winner!" the dog catcher said. He looked fondly at Pluto. "You should be very proud of him, Mickey Mouse."

"I'm mighty proud of him," Mickey said. "He isn't just a plain old dog. Before long that face will be in every newspaper."

Pluto jumped up. He held his head high and walked haughtily toward





the door.

Mickey winked at the dog catcher, silently opened the door, and bowed to Pluto as he marched out.

As they walked home in the moonlight, Mickey threw his arm across Pluto.

"Don't ever leave me again, you old mutt," Mickey said.

"Arf!" Pluto answered happily. He didn't seem to mind being called a mutt at all, not when Mickey said it in that loving tone of voice.





845

WALT DISNEY'S  
**MICKY MOUSE**

the  
**Miracle  
Maker**



WALT DISNEY'S

# MICKEY MOUSE

*The  
Miracle  
Maker*



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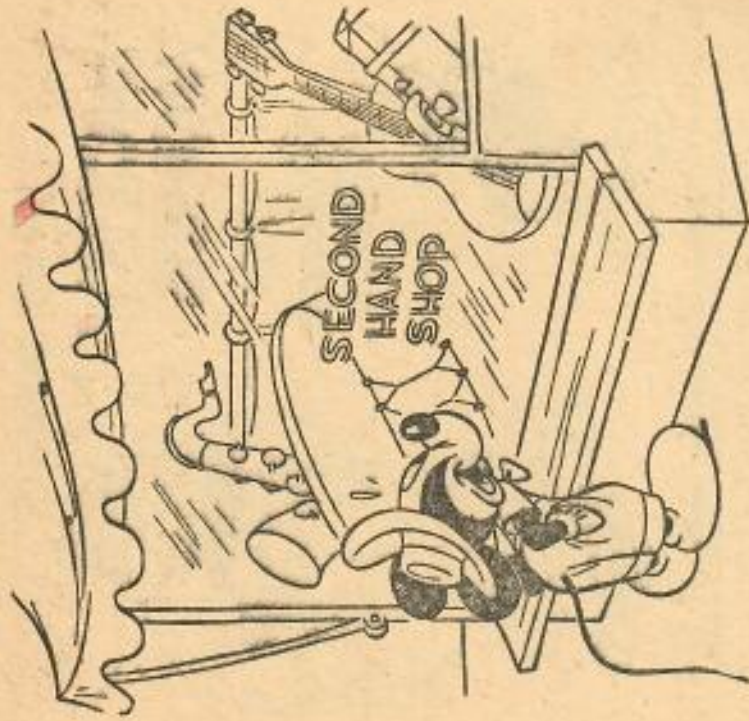
# MICKEY MOUSE

## The MIRACLE MAKER



Mickey Mouse stopped suddenly before a secondhand store window. "Look at all the old things in this window," he said to himself. "This gives me an idea. I'll have some fun with Minnie since she likes antiques so well. I'll find something that looks as though it had a long history, and I'll bet she can't tell

3



it from the real thing."

Mickey was so pleased with the idea that he walked into the store at once and told the small, roly-poly proprietor his plan.

"I don't want a *real* antique, you understand," Mickey explained. "It should just look old and sort of—historical."

The man nodded knowingly and waddled away to look among his stock. Mickey looked too. Presently the store owner came back with a





pottery mug.

"Now, take this shaving mug. It might have been General Grant's," he said, holding it up for Mickey to admire. But, in the meantime, Mickey had found an odd-looking lamp. Although it had a new silk shade, the base was old and rather battered. It looked like a squat teapot with a long spout and a curved handle.

"Yes, and this could be Aladdin's lamp, if it wasn't electric," Mickey



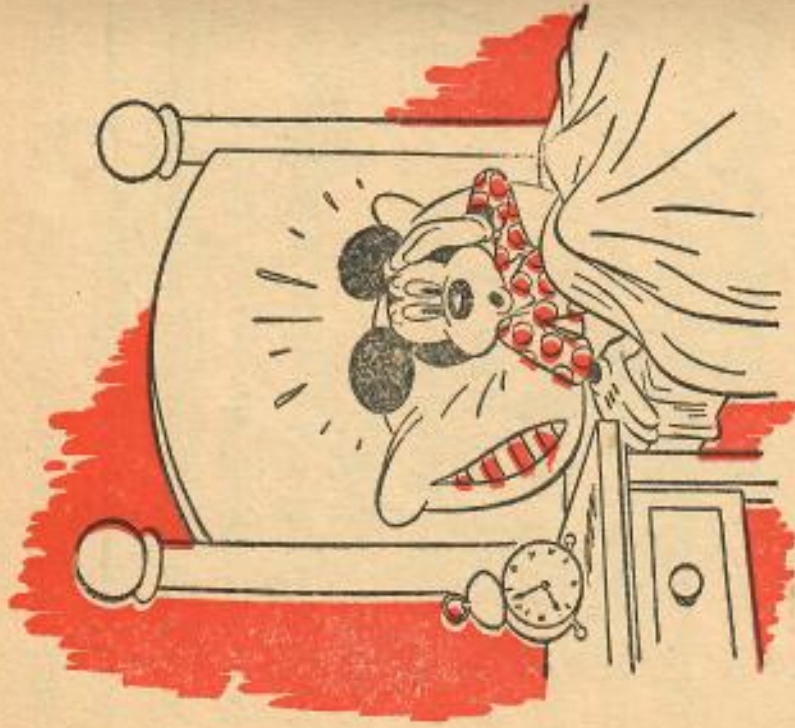


"One of my best miracles has gone back to rubbish. It is growing late, and I must leave. Dost thou have one last miracle?"

"Just one more," Mickey replied. "I wish I was home in bed."

Quick as a flash, he found himself at home and in bed, half asleep. No lamp was in sight. Mickey rubbed his eyes and softly murmured the magic words, "*Ali-ga-zam-ali-ka-boobla*," but no genie appeared.

"Oh, well," Mickey sighed. "A fat



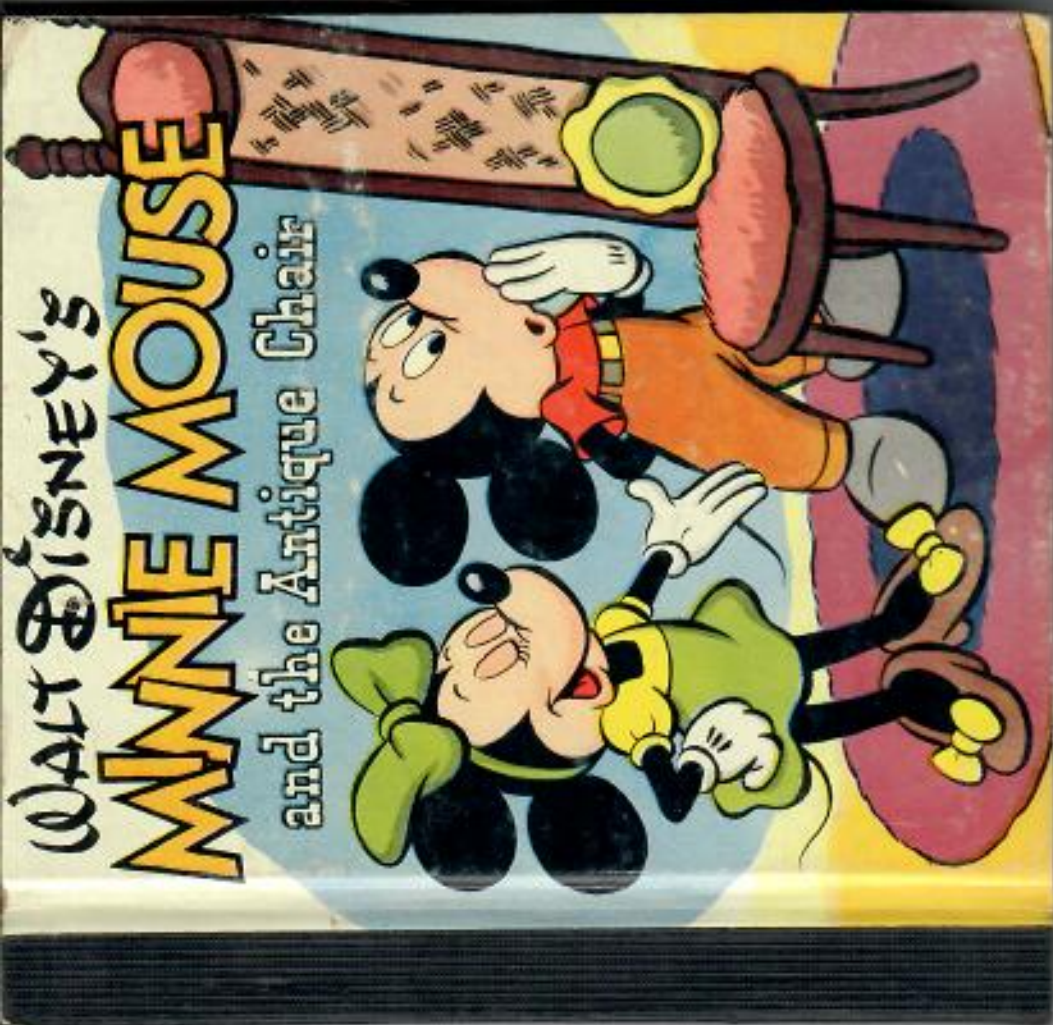
lot of good a genie is. People are either scared silly or don't believe at all." Then he smiled. "In fact," he said sleepily, "now that he's gone, I can't believe it myself."





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WALT DISNEY'S

# MINNIE MOUSE

*and The  
Antique  
Chair*



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# MINNIE MOUSE

## AND THE ANTIQUE CHAIR

Minnie Mouse wanted to be in society. Mickey found it hard to believe, but everyone in Disneyville was talking about it. She wanted to be like Mrs. Van Swank who lived in the big house on the hill. Minnie, it was said, had not been the same since she had attended a fine tea party at the Van Swank

3



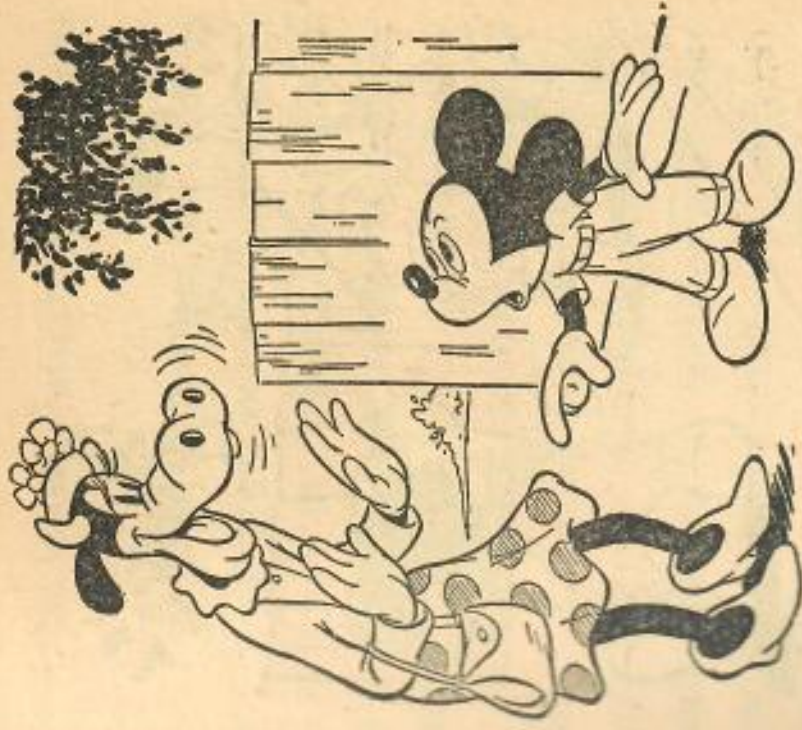


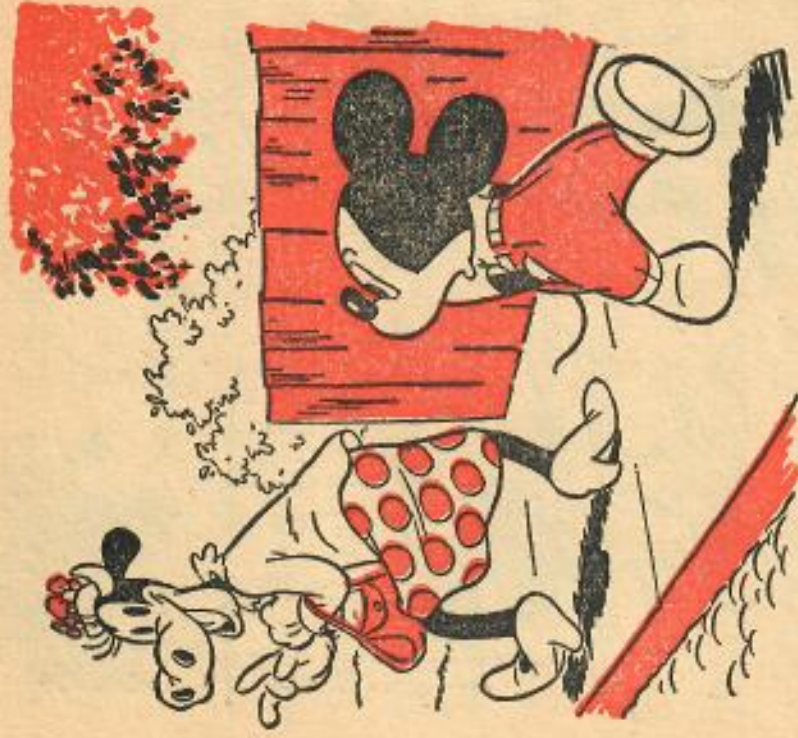
mansion. Mickey had heard all these things and he was worried.

One day he met Clarabelle Cow. "Y' heard about Minnie?" Clarabelle asked. Then without waiting for Mickey's answer she began to talk very fast. "They say she's gone in for antiques — curios an' such!"

"Do you mean she's buying that old rickety furniture that people have had in their attics for a hundred years?" Mickey asked.

Clarabelle nodded. "And it's all



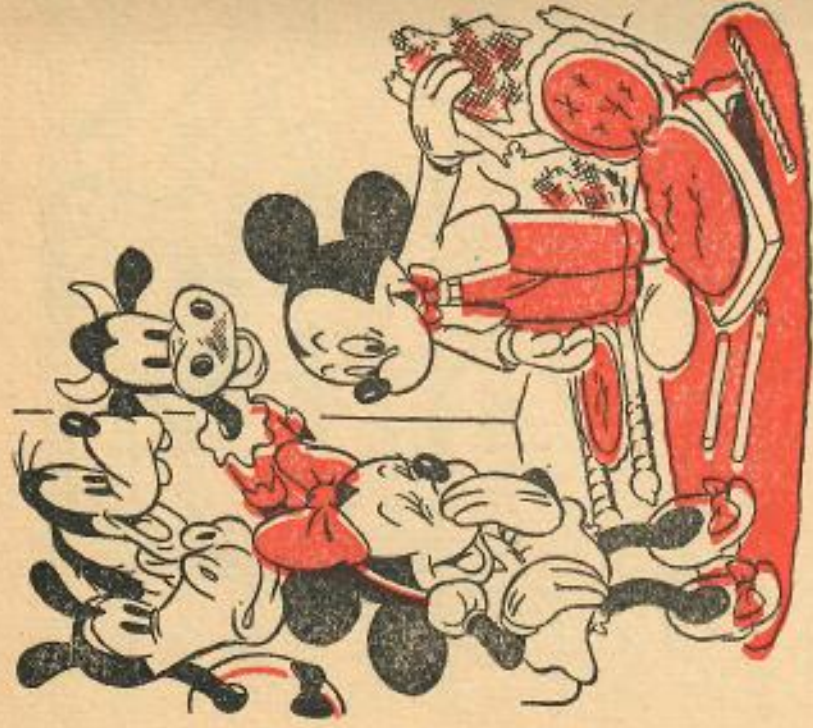


because Mrs. Van Swank collects them."

"I suppose collecting antiques is a pretty good hobby if you know what you're getting, but Minnie doesn't," Mickey said. "She'd buy anything."

"I guess her old friends and their old ways aren't good enough for her any more," Clarabelle said with a sigh. She waved good-bye to Mickey and hurried along the street. Mickey turned and walked in the opposite





Minnie. He thought she would be brokenhearted. He was surprised when he glanced at her from the corner of his eye, to see that she was looking very indignant.

"Well," said Minnie at last, her hands on her hips. "Imagine that! She didn't know a genuine Heppendale when she saw one, or she would not have tried to sit on it."

"Poor Minnie!" Clarabelle said. Then Minnie giggled. "Didn't she look funny?" she said.



At that everyone began to laugh. Even Aunt Bovina and Great-Aunt Minerva joined in the fun. The party was on its way to being a success.

Minnie got the broom and swept up the broken pieces of the old chair.

"I think I'm going to give up collecting antiques," she said.

"Yeah," Goofy agreed. "They're just booby traps anyway."





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