

FIRST ISSUE!
No. 1
OCT... NOV.

RADIO'S FAMOUS
COAST-TO-COAST
FAVORITE

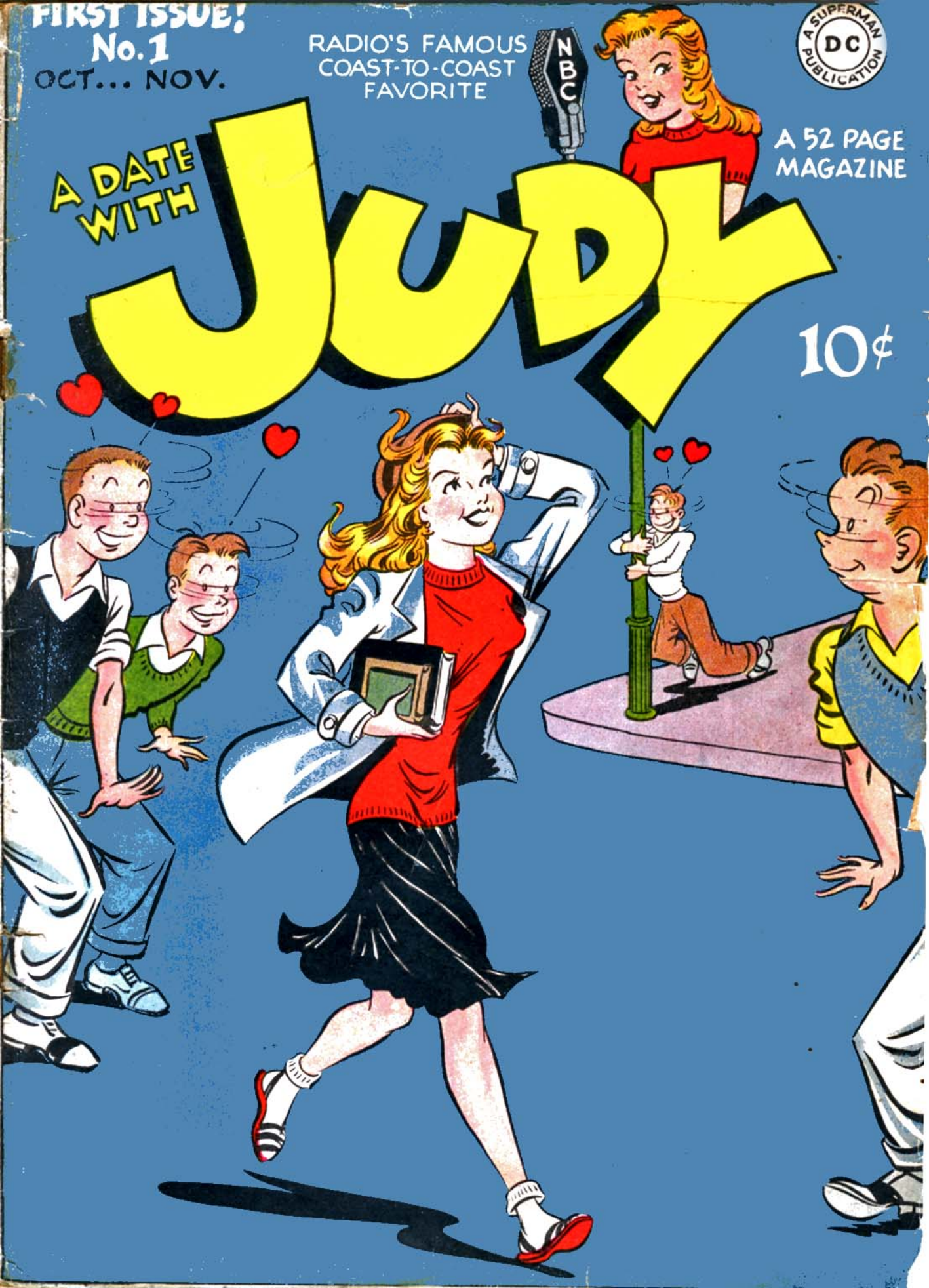


A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

A DATE
WITH

Judy

10¢



Editorial Advisory Board

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

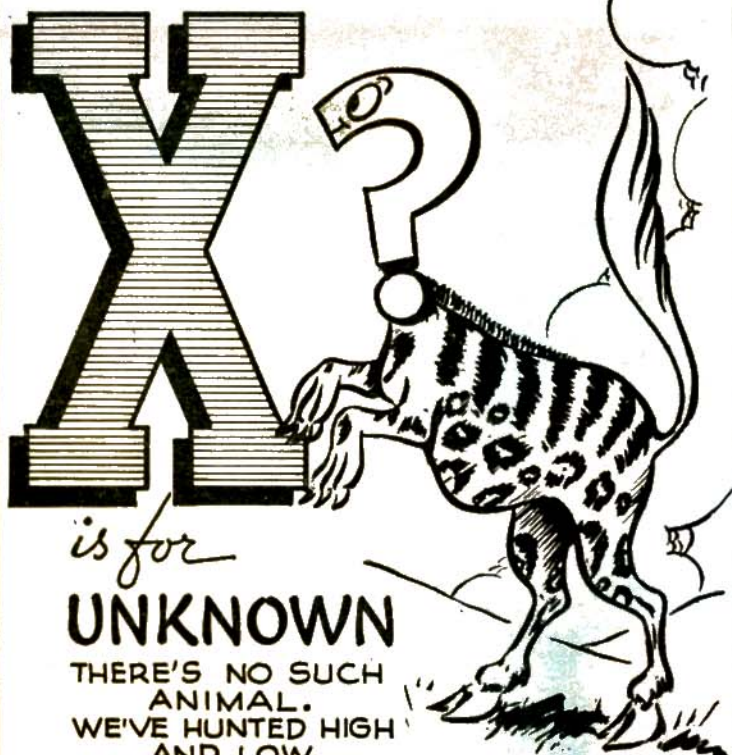
Dr. S. HARCOURT PEPPARD

Acting Director, Bureau of Child Guidance
Board of Education, City of New York



The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS
A DATE WITH JUDY
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
ALL-FLASH
ALL FUNNY COMICS
ALL-STAR COMICS
ANIMAL ANTICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
COMIC CAVALCADE
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
FUNNY FOLKS
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
MUTT & JEFF
REAL FACT COMICS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



is for

UNKNOWN

THERE'S NO SUCH
ANIMAL.
WE'VE HUNTED HIGH
AND LOW,
IN LAND OF APE
AND CANNIBAL,
BUT NOWHERE TO
BE FOUND
IS X, THE UNKNOWN
QUANTITY—
POOR CHAP, HE'LL NEVER
READ THE BOOKS
WITH THE SIGN THAT
MEANS "I WANT IT,
GEE!"



-ON THE COVER OF
**FLASH
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

A DATE WITH JUDY, No. 1. Oct.-Nov., 1947. Published bi-monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Application as second class matter pending at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American funds. For advertising rates address

Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Contents copyrighted 1947 by Ajeen Leslie. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

A LETTER FROM JUDY

Dear friends:

To start with, I'd like to thank all the millions of you who have been so loyal to me week after week on my NBC radio program. And then I'd like to say "hello" to you all again in my first appearance in a magazine.

Naturally, hearing us on the air doesn't give you much idea what we look like, so let's introduce ourselves. That nice-looking middle-aged couple on the left are my Mother and Dad. (At least I think they're nice-looking, and the most super parents a girl could want, even if they don't always understand the younger generation.) The dream man with the crew cut over to the right is Oogie. Maybe he isn't as exciting as James Mason, but he's a lot more available, so he and I hack around together a lot, and I really like him loads.

That brunette with the bangs is Tootsie, my bosom enemy. We're good friends actually, but she has a way of liking the same boys I like, and that always causes trouble.

You may well ask "Who's that juvenile menace down there in the right-hand corner?" That's Randolph, my kid brother. Most girls seem to be afflicted with them, and they're harder to get over than the measles. But in all fairness I have to admit that although Randolph isn't as smart as he thinks he is, he's pretty smart at that.

And in case you haven't already noticed, the straw-haired creature up in the right corner is

Yours truly,

Judy Foster

P. S. I hope you like us!



A DATE
WITH

JUDY

OOPS!

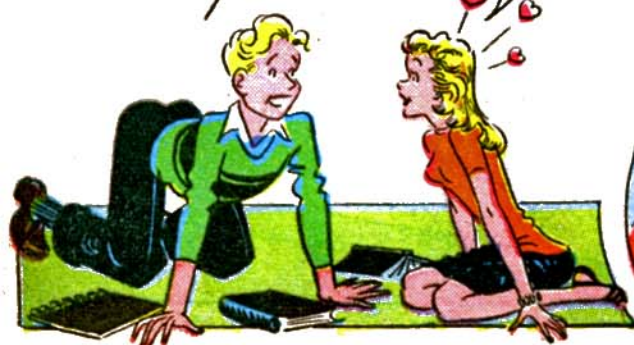
OOF!
YOU CLUMSY-!

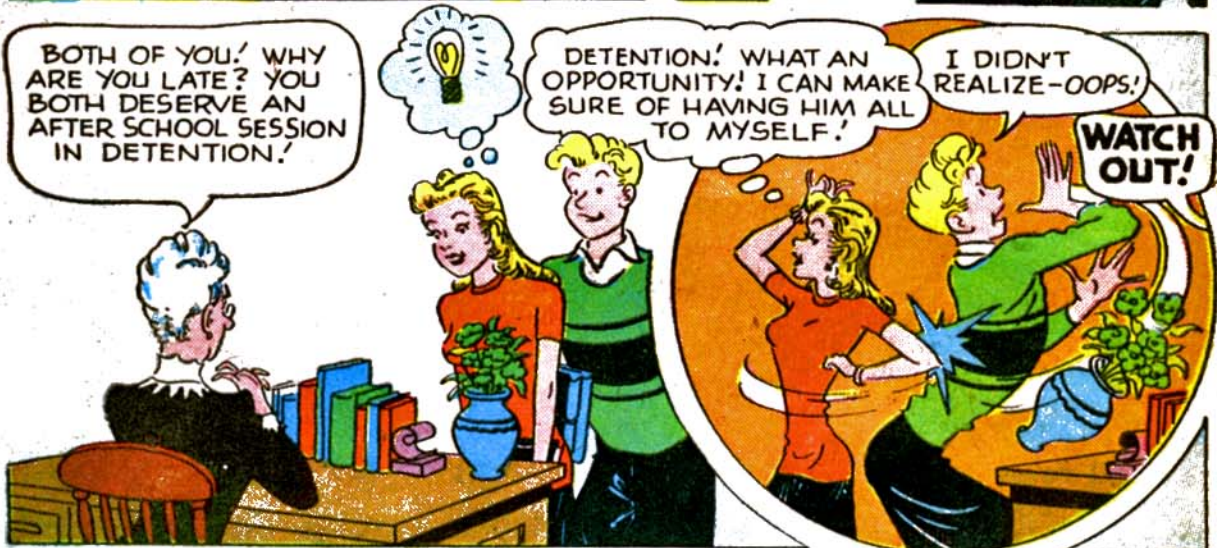
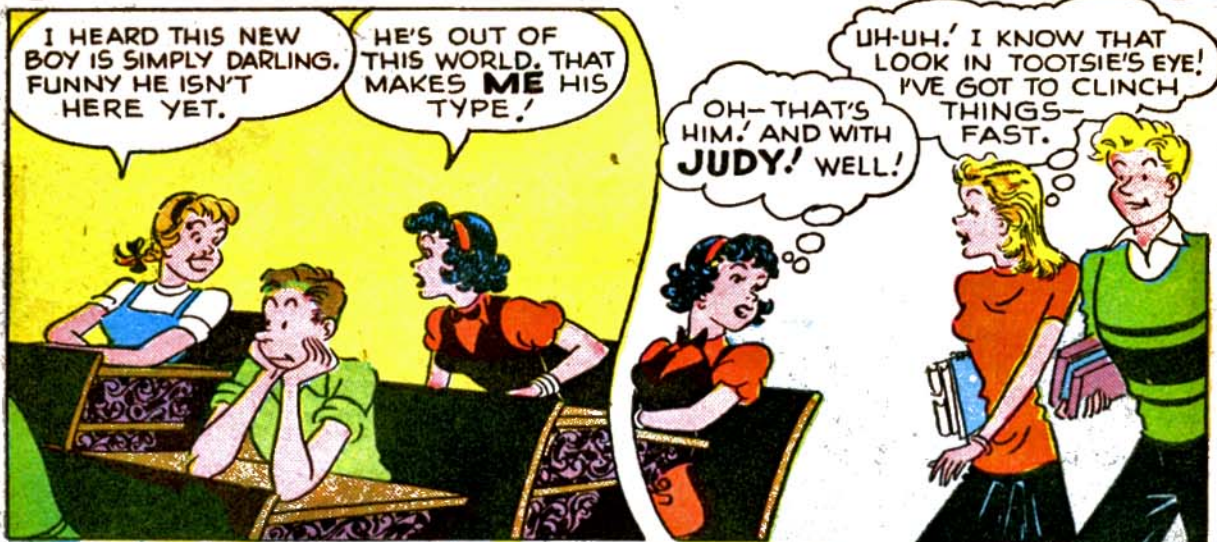
I'M SORRY. BUT
I'M NEW HERE. I
DIDN'T WANT TO BE
LATE FOR MY ENGLISH
CLASS.

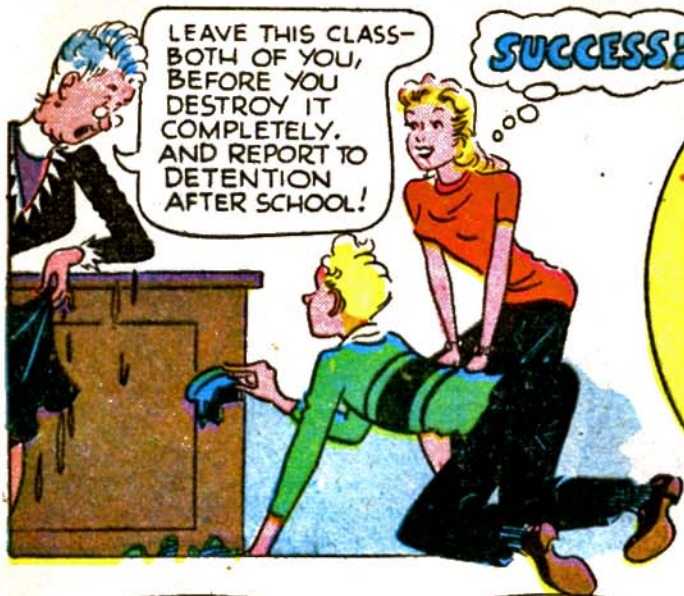
OH—OH, YES!
I CERTAINLY NEVER
SAW **YOU** BEFORE.
(SIGH)

ENGLISH 103! THEN
YOU'RE IN MY CLASS!
HOW NICE! MY NAME'S
JUDY FOSTER. WHAT'S
YOURS? (SIGH)

GREG
BILLINGS!







LEAVE THIS CLASS—
BOTH OF YOU,
BEFORE YOU
DESTROY IT
COMPLETELY.
AND REPORT TO
DETENTION
AFTER SCHOOL!

SUCCESS!

DETENTION!
GOSH, HOW LONG
DO THEY KEEP
YOU?

A WHOLE
HOUR! YOU
CAN SIT NEXT
TO ME, BECAUSE
THERE AREN'T
ANY REGULAR
SEATS!

DETENTION FOR
BOTH OF THEM, ISN'T
JUDY LUCKY? (SIGH)

I WATCHED HER!
SHE DID IT ALL ON
PURPOSE!

BUT SHE WON'T
GET AWAY WITH
IT! I CAN GET
DETENTION
TOO!

CYNTHIA!
WHAT ARE YOU
WHISPERING
ABOUT?

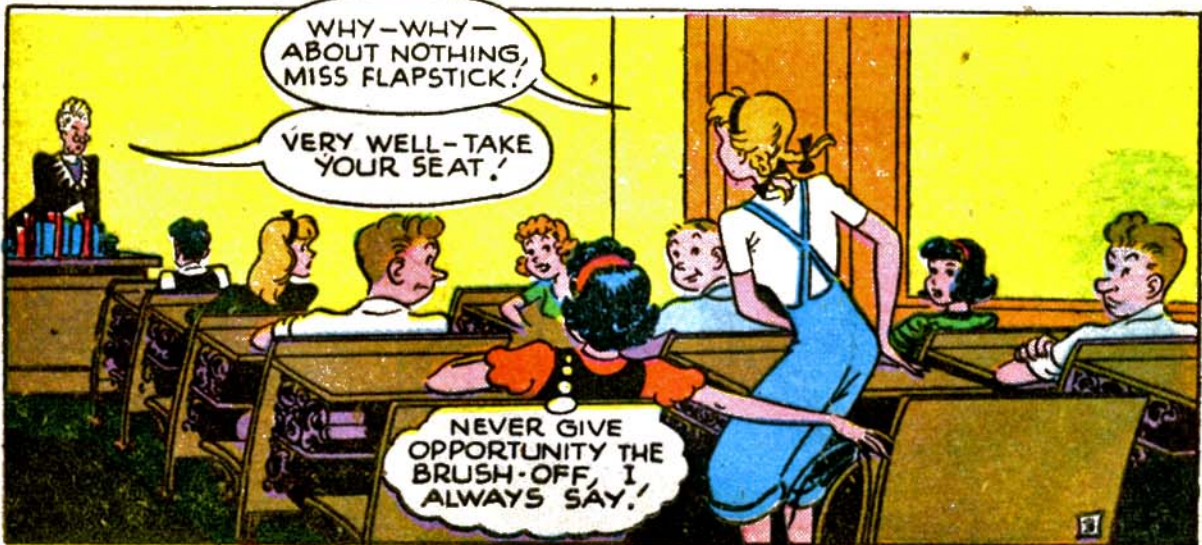
HMPH! AND
SO CAN I! THIS
IS A FREE,
COUNTRY!

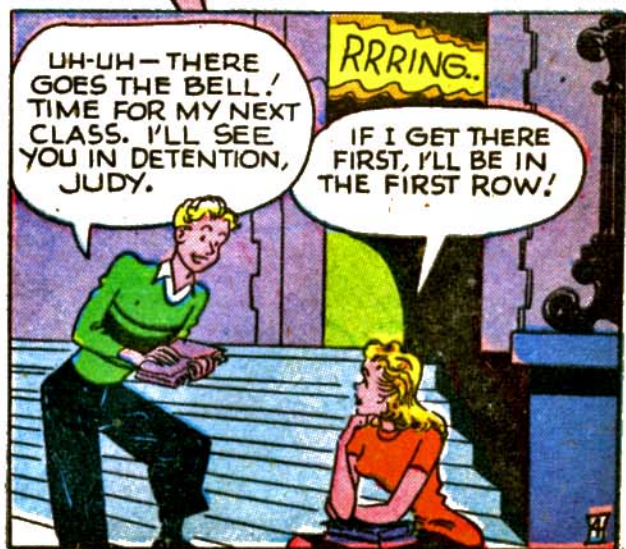
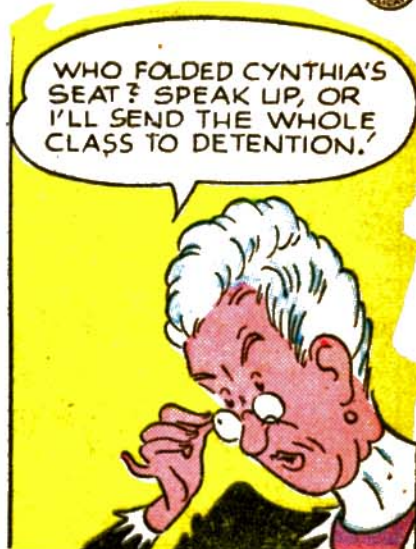
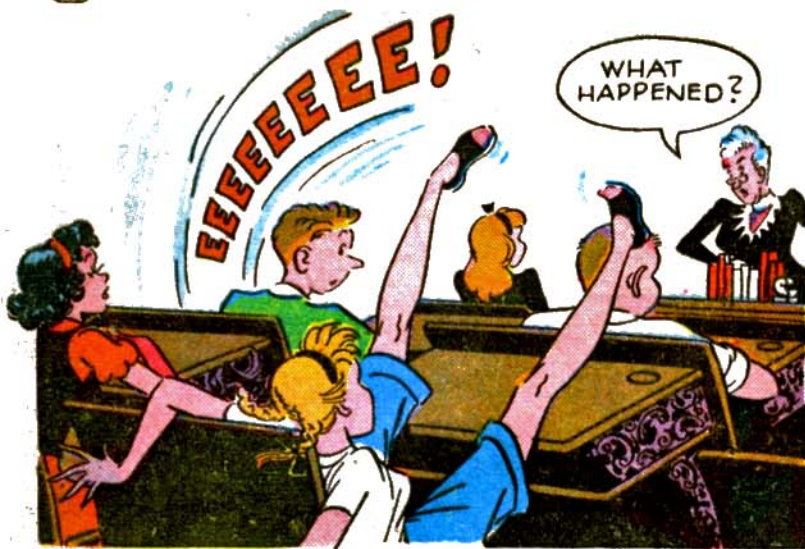


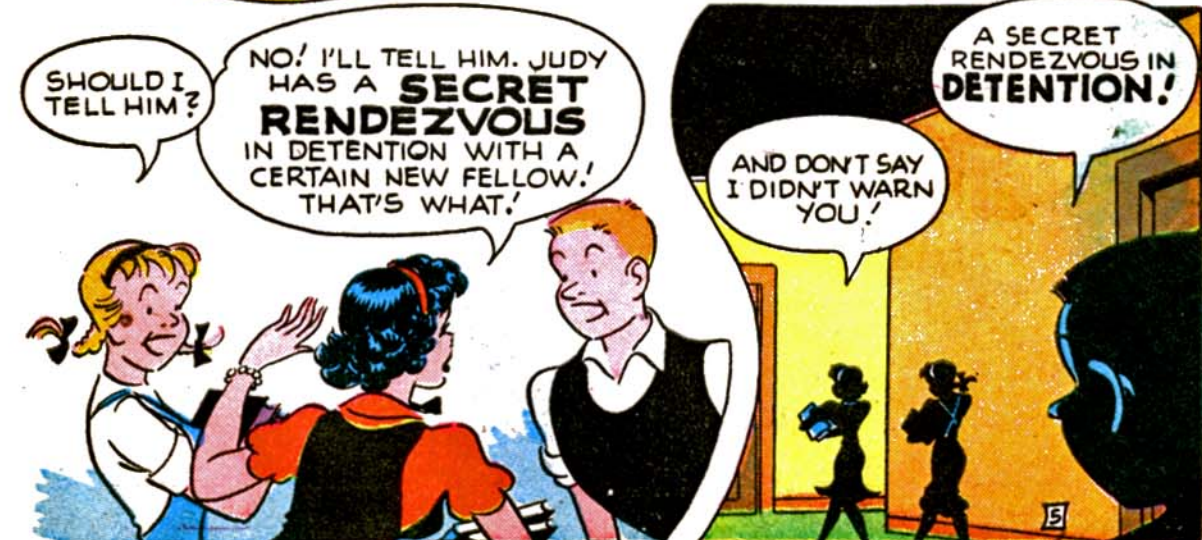
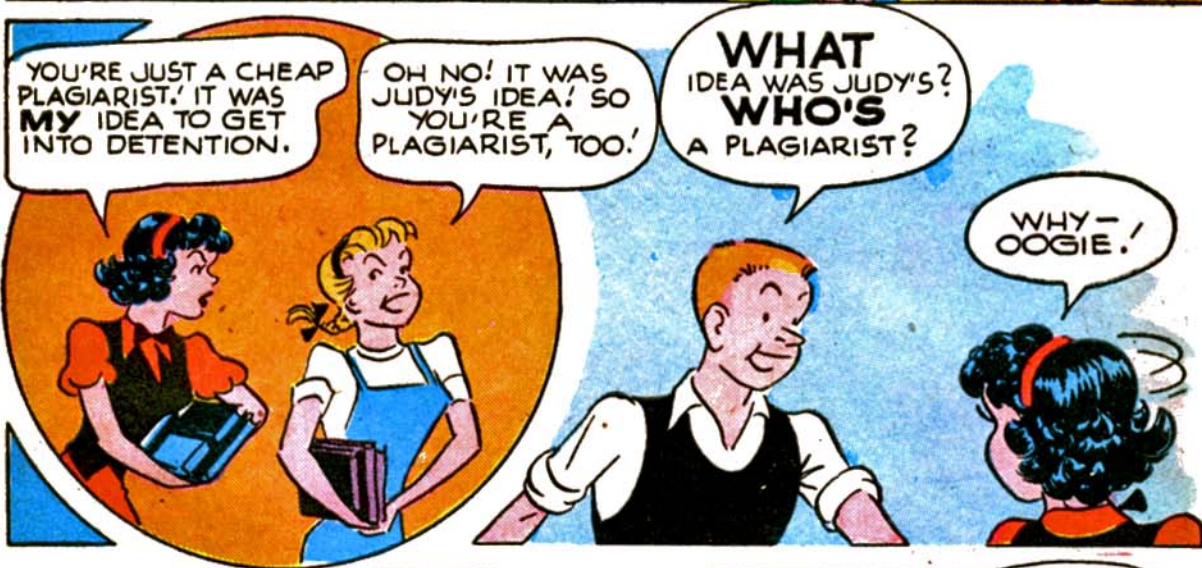
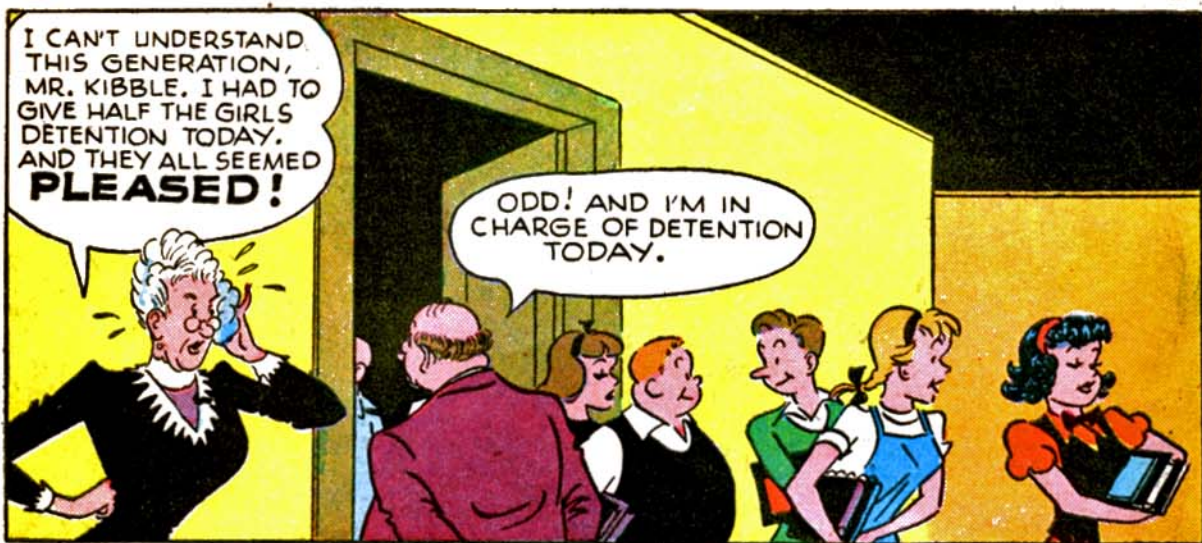
WHY—WHY—
ABOUT NOTHING,
MISS FLAPSTICK!

VERY WELL—TAKE
YOUR SEAT!

NEVER GIVE
OPPORTUNITY THE
BRUSH-OFF, I
ALWAYS SAY!





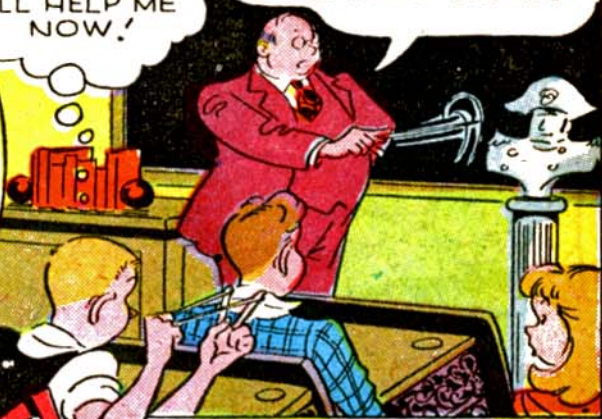




I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT. BUT I'VE GOT TO GET DETENTION TOO—JUST TO MAKE SURE.

I GAVE UP STUFF LIKE THIS IN THE SECOND GRADE, BUT MAYBE IT'LL HELP ME NOW.

AS I SAID YESTERDAY, WHEN NAPOLEON ENTERED RUSSIA, HE WAS A **MARKED MAN!**



A BULL'S-EYE! I MEAN—

SPLAT!



WHO DID THAT??

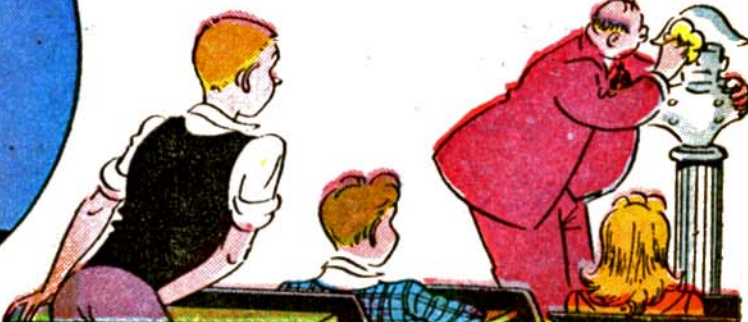
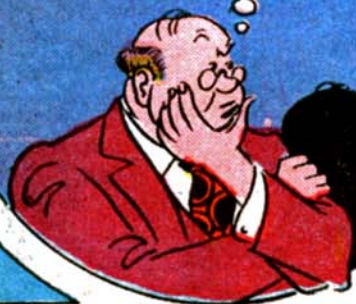
I DID, MR. KIBBLE.

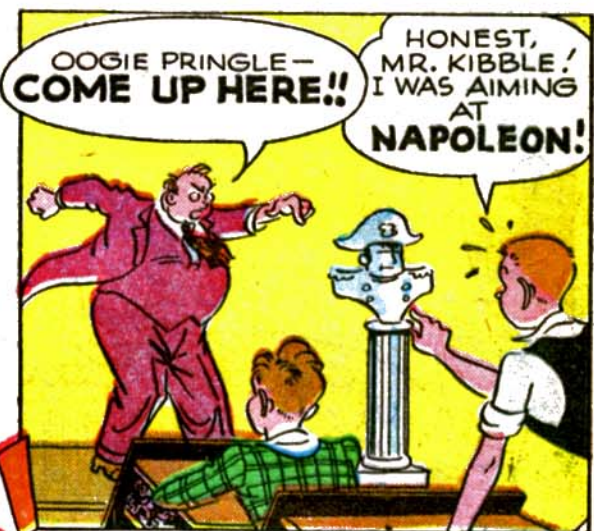
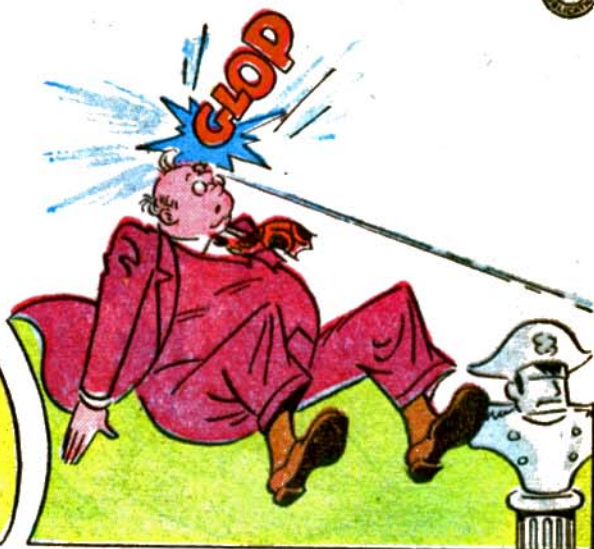
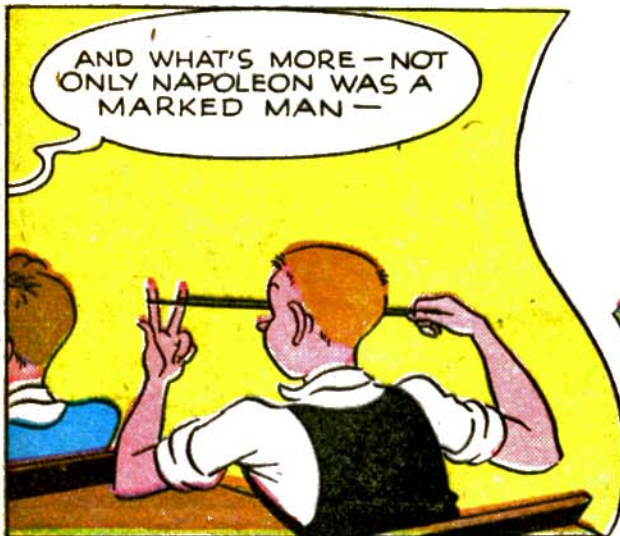


HE WAS **TOO** QUICK TO OWN UP! HMM—MISS FLAPSTICK WAS RIGHT. SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING ON.

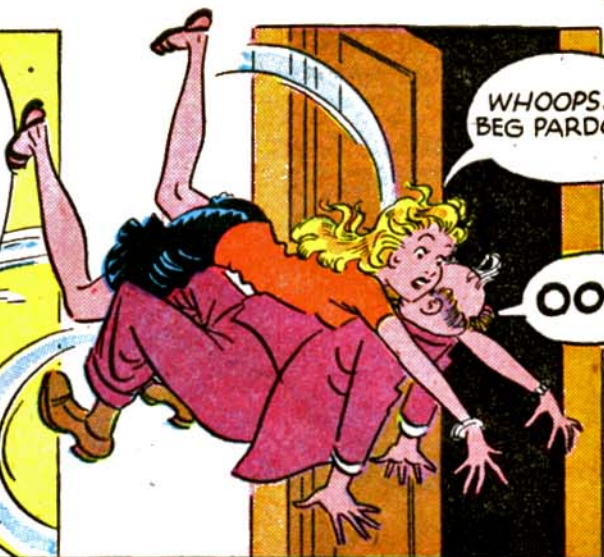
AREN'T YOU GOING TO SEND ME TO DETENTION, MR. KIBBLE?

SINCE YOU SHOWED EXCEPTIONAL HONESTY, MY BOY, I'LL OVERLOOK IT THIS TIME.





FIVE MINUTES EARLY! HO HUM! TIME FOR A SMALL STROLL. NO ONE EVER ARRIVES IN DETENTION ON TIME!

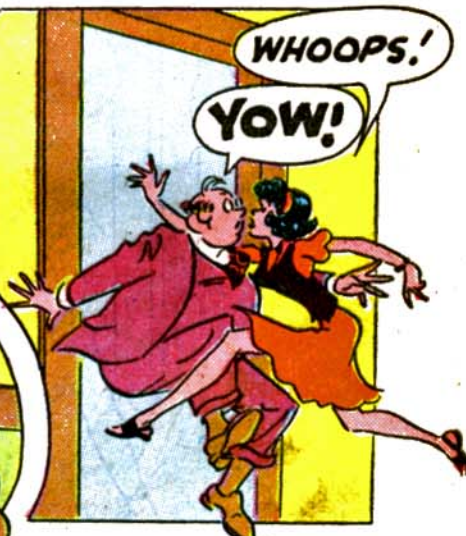


WHOOPS! BEG PARDON!

OOF!

I'M SORRY, MR. KIBBLE. BUT I'M REPORTING FOR DETENTION.

I'M TOTALLY MYSTIFIED! BUT-GO IN AND TAKE YOUR SEAT!

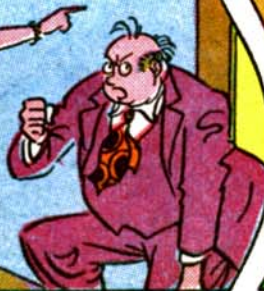


WHOOPS!

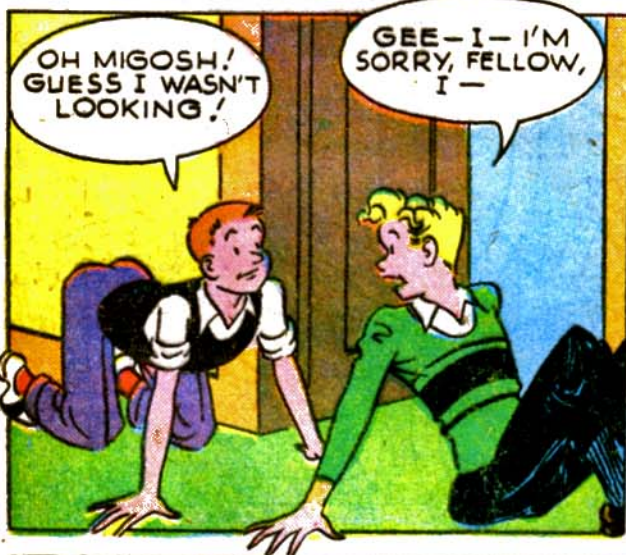
YOW!

WATCH OUT!

I DEMAND TO KNOW-



WHOOPS!!



GET OUT—EVERYBODY! IF
DETENTION IS SUCH FUN THAT
YOU KILL EACH OTHER TO GET HERE—
**IT'S NO PUNISHMENT—
GET OUT!**

PRESENTLY...

COME, OOGIE—
WALK ME HOME!

SURE, JUDY.
A PLEASURE!

ER—JUDY—
WHAT—WHAT
ABOUT ME?
WEREN'T YOU—

YOU? TOOTSIE CAN
HAVE YOU! I LIKE A **MAN!**
BUT SHE ISN'T
PARTICULAR!

WELL!!

I KNEW YOU'D NEVER
PREFER A SISSY LIKE THAT
TO ME, JUDY. BUT—ER—
WHAT WERE YOU DOING
IN DETENTION?

OH, OOGIE—LET'S
BURY THE PAST,
SHALL WE?

PERHAPS
YOU, AS PRINCIPAL,
CAN EXPLAIN THESE
YOUNGSTERS TO ME.
I TELL YOU, I'M A MAN
**TOTALLY IN THE
DARK!**

KIBBLE—
I'LL TELL YOU
A SECRET.
I'VE BEEN
THAT WAY
FOR
**TWENTY
YEARS!**

THE
END

HARRY BRECHEEN

CHAMPION
PITCHER OF
THE WORLD'S
CHAMPION
ST. LOUIS
CARDINALS

THE
SECRET OF MY
SUCCESS?

WELL
NOW...



HERO OF THE
1946 WORLD'S SERIES,
BRECHEEN IS THE ONLY LEFT
HANDED PITCHER TO EVER
WIN 3 SERIES GAMES

I HAVEN'T HAD
MUCH REST...

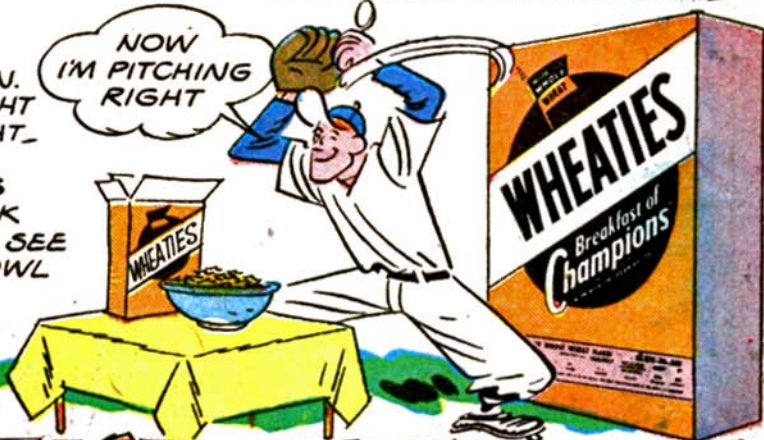
BUT I'VE
HAD A LOT OF
WHEATIES!



BRECHEEN SOUTHPAWED
COMPLETE GAMES TO EVEN
THE SERIES STRUGGLE TWICE. THEN
HARRY "THE CAT" SCRATCHED BOSTON'S
PENNANT HOPES WITH A MASTERFUL RE-
LIEF JOB IN THE DECISIVE SEVENTH GAME

"I'M LEFT HANDED,"
SAYS HARRY BRECHEEN.
"BUT I SURE KNOW A RIGHT
THING. I KNOW THE RIGHT-
KIND OF BREAKFAST IS
ONE THAT INCLUDES LOTS
OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK
AND FRUIT. YOU SHOULD SEE
ME PITCH INTO A BIG BOWL
OF WHEATIES, 'BREAK-
FAST OF CHAMPIONS'"

NOW
I'M PITCHING
RIGHT



WHEATIES

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



A DATE WITH JUDY

YOU'RE HOME SO EARLY, MELVIN!

YES — ONE OF MY CUSTOMERS FOOLISHLY LEFT \$50,000 WORTH OF SECURITIES AT MY OFFICE. CAN YOU IMAGINE SUCH CARELESSNESS?

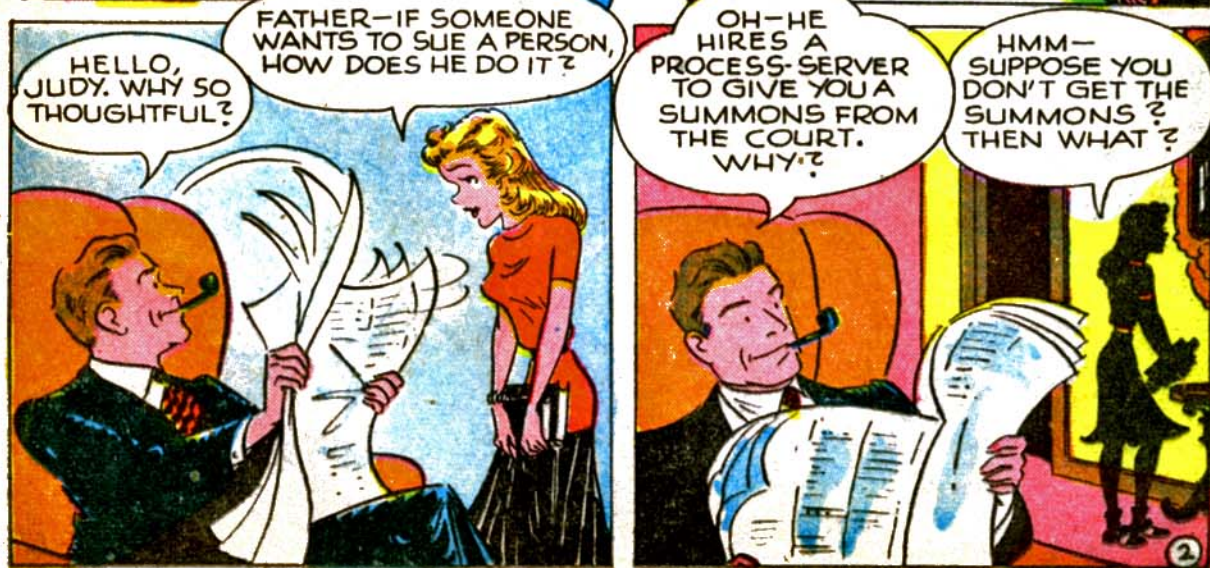
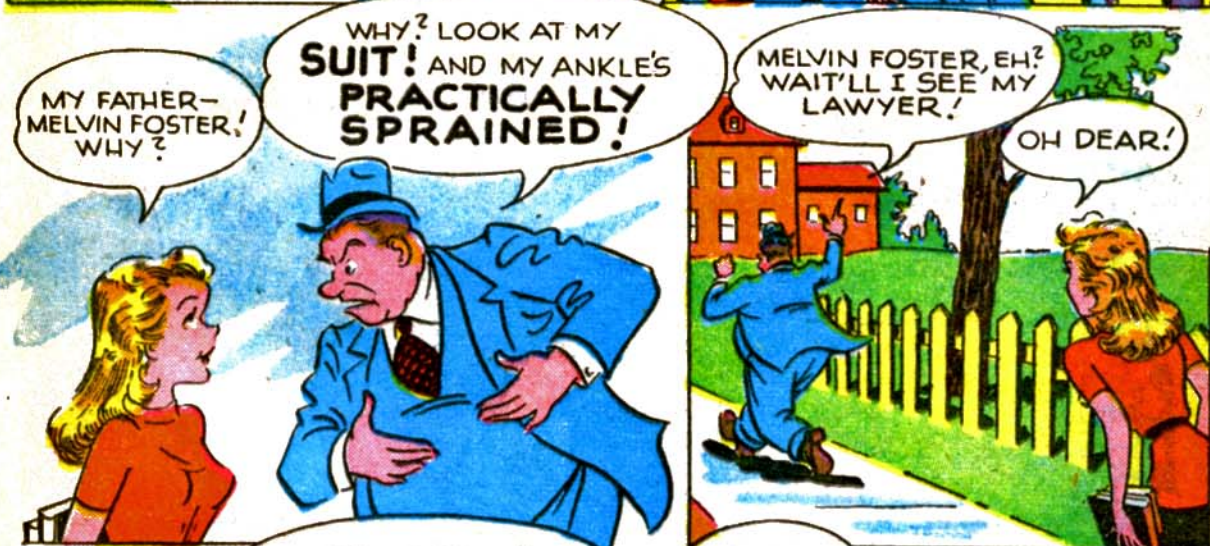
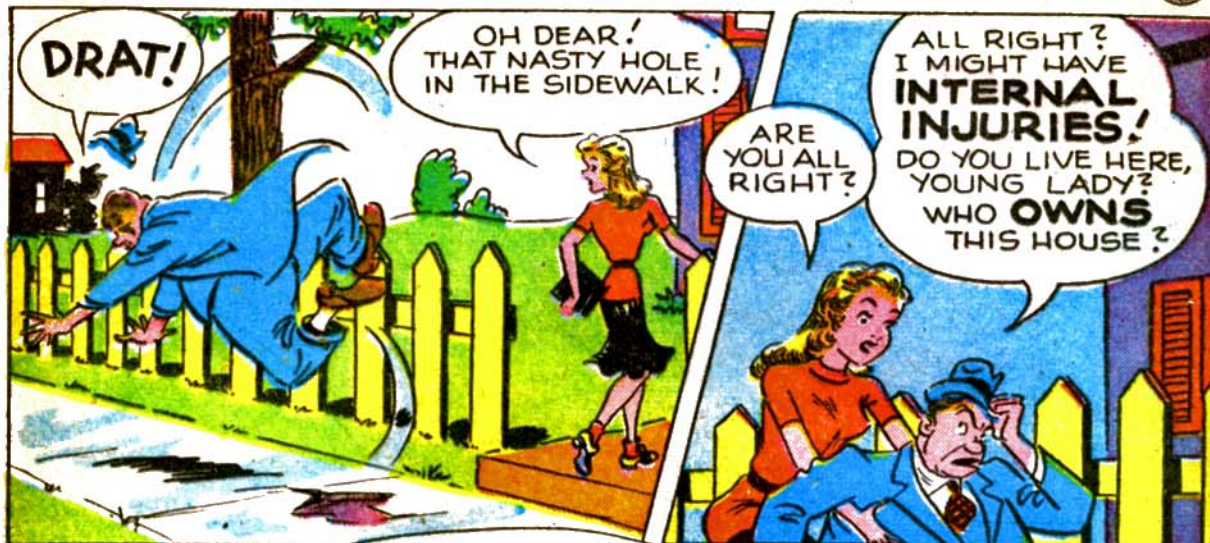


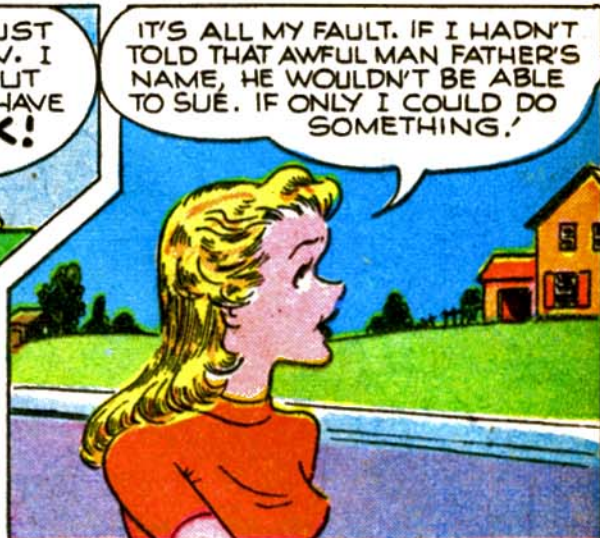
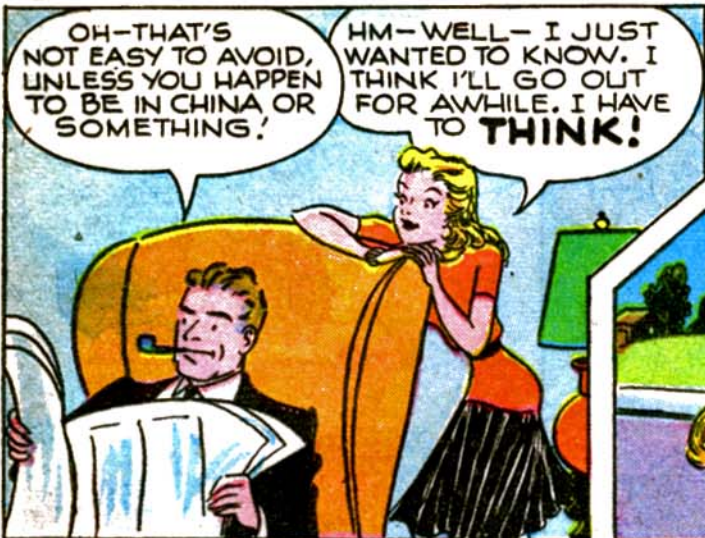
HE PHONED ABOUT THEM, SO I TOLD HIM TO COME HERE. I FEEL SAFER WITH THEM AT HOME.

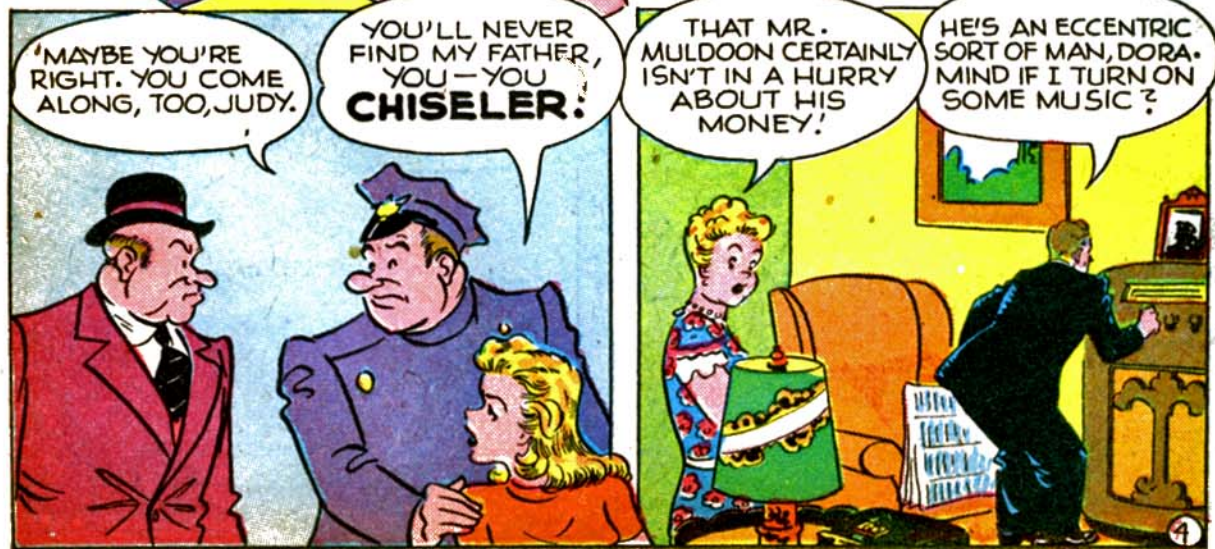
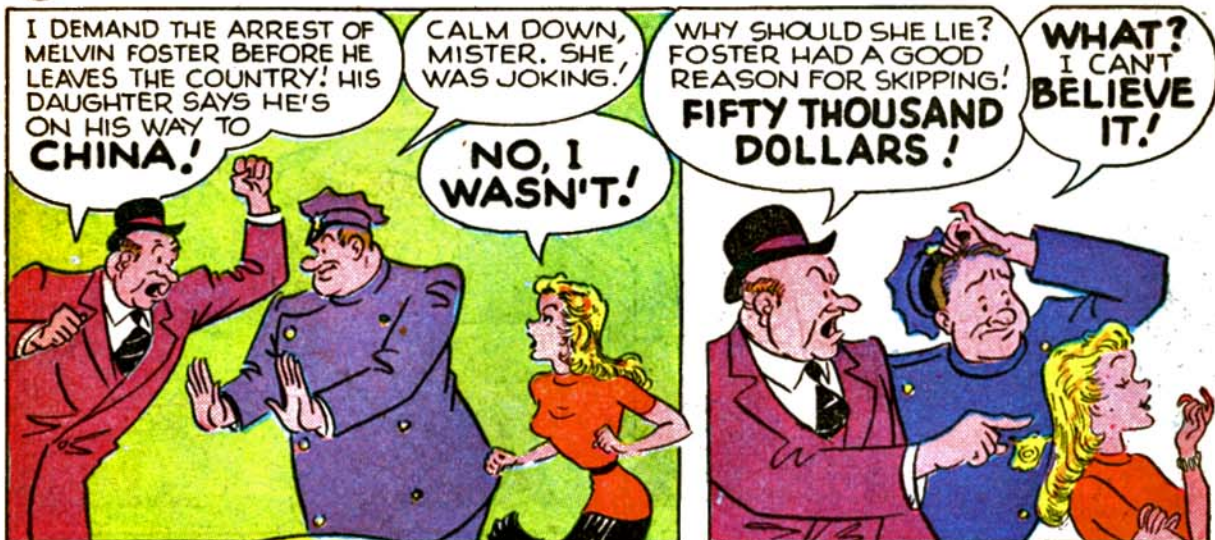
FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! WHAT A THING TO FORGET.

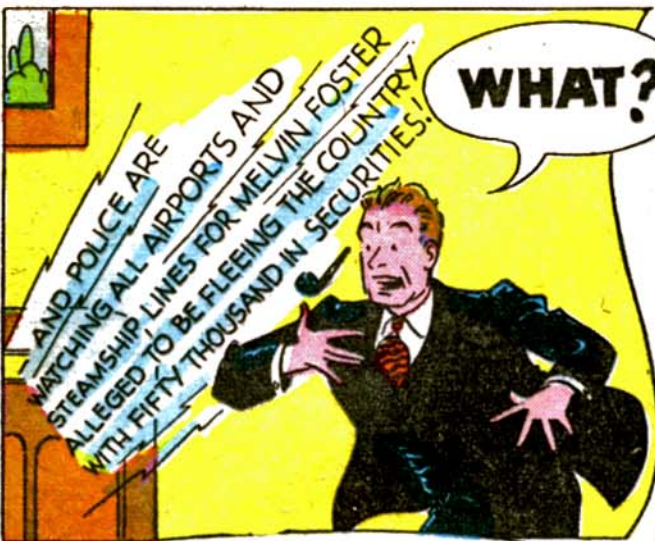
WHY — THERE'S FATHER'S CAR. HE'S HOME EARLY.



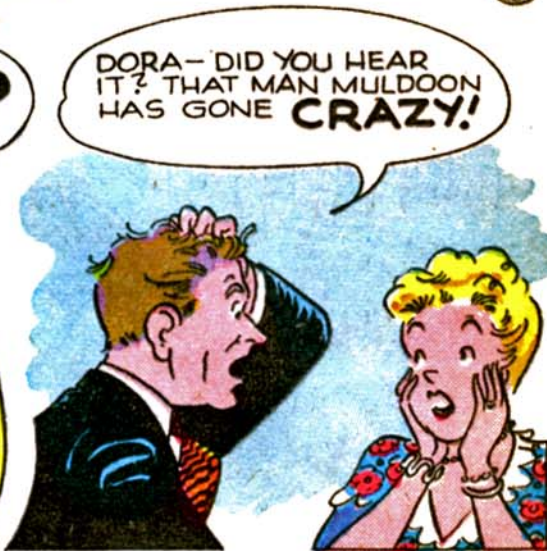








WHAT?



NEVER MIND! HERE'S A SQUAD CAR NOW! YOU CAN EXPLAIN TO **THEM!**

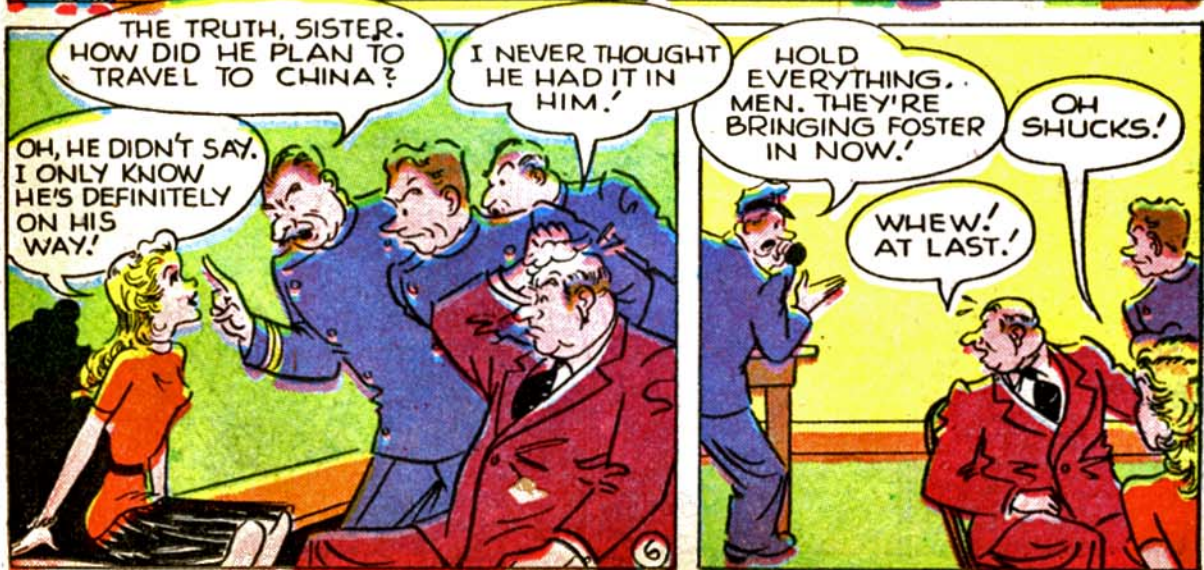
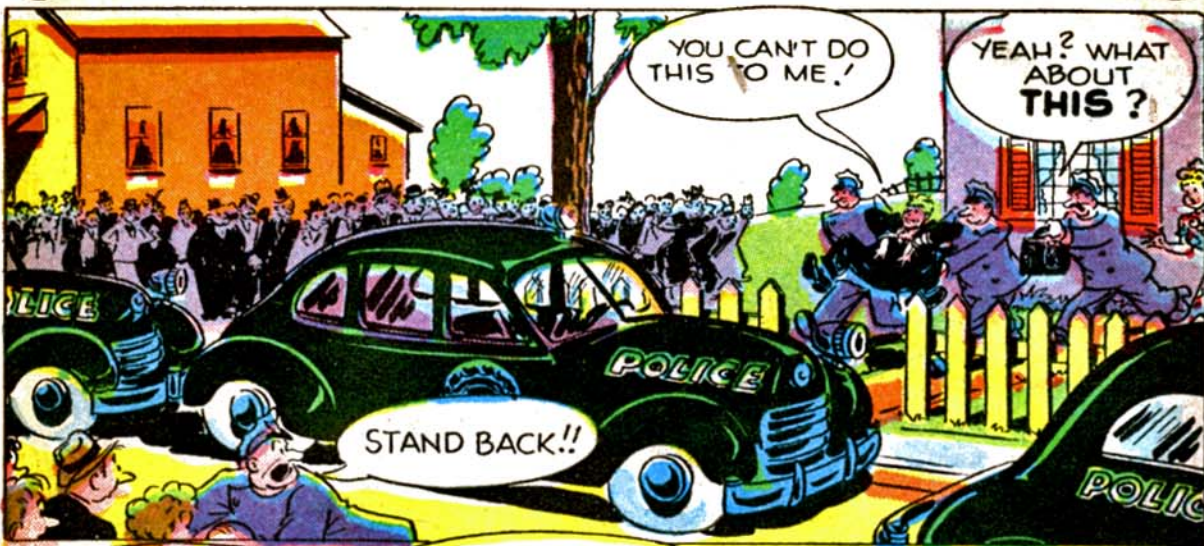


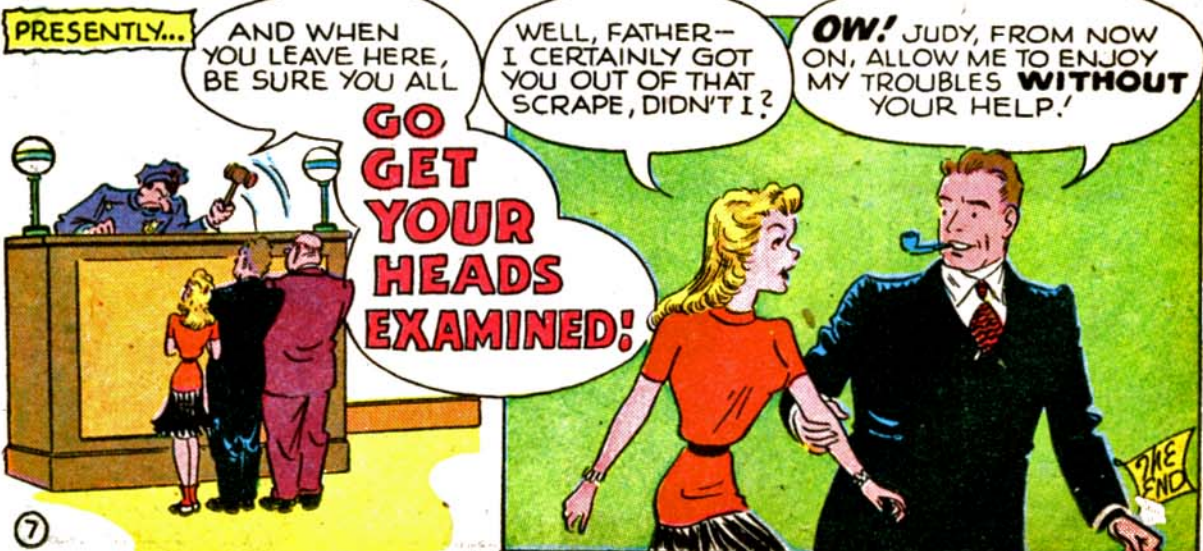
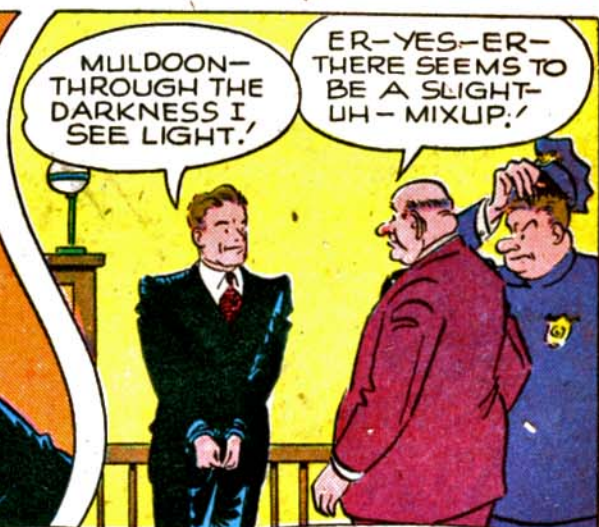
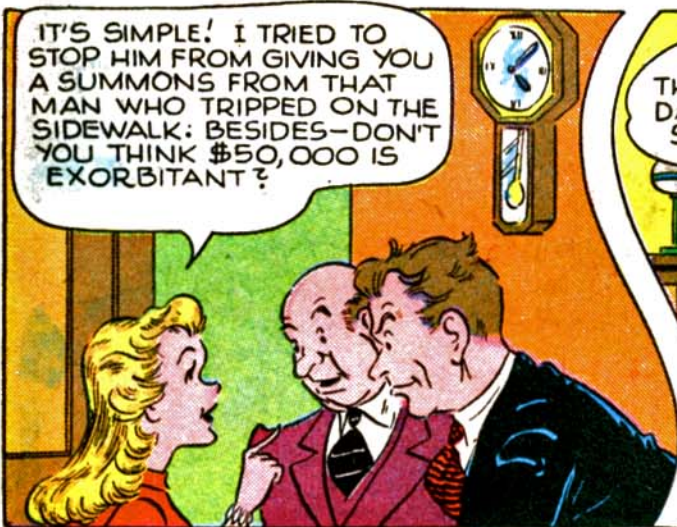
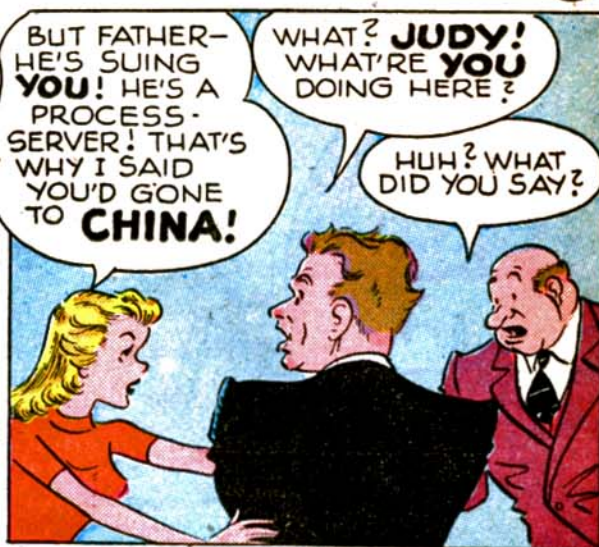
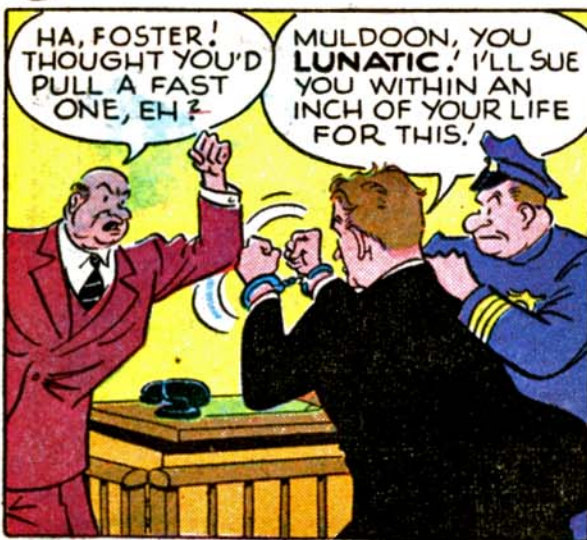
BUT- IT'S ALL A CRAZY MISTAKE!

FROM THE DESCRIPTION- THAT'S HIM!



LOOK! HERE'S THE SECURITIES! **HE'S CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS!**





THE CASE OF
THE BOX CAR
BANDIT

The
Adventures of
DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

SAM SPADE ACE DETECTIVE... AND HIS SECRETARY EFFIE... ARE HEADED FOR AN ERRAND AT THE COUNTY SEAT WHEN... A SPEEDY FREIGHT WHIZZES BY...

SAM--
THEY'LL BE
KILLED!

HOLY SMOKE--
AND ONE'S JUST
A KID. QUICK
DRIVE ALONG--
SIDE THAT
TRAIN!



OH, SAM--
BE CAREFUL!



GIMME THAT DOUGH,
KID!

AS EFFIE SPEEDS AHEAD TO STOP THE TRAIN---
SAM GOES TO WORK.



HOW'D YOU GET
MIXED UP WITH
THAT GUY, SON?
HE'S A KILLER!

AW! MY GAL
TURNED ME
DOWN SO I
HOPPED THE
FIRST FREIGHT

LISTEN PAL, AFTER
WE JAIL THIS GUY,
LET'S HAVE A SODA
AND TALK ABOUT
THIS GIRL
PROBLEM

SEE THAT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC--- THAT'S WHAT YOU
NEED. FIX THAT HAIR AND YOUR
GAL WILL SEE HOW HANDSOME
YOU REALLY ARE



YEAH!

TRY THE F-N TEST! THE FINGER NAIL TEST! SEE?
IT TELLS YOU WHEN YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
TO GROOM YOUR HAIR, RELIEVE DRYNESS AND
REMOVE LOOSE DANDRUFF. BETTER GET A
BOTTLE RIGHT NOW AND USE IT EVERY DAY



WELL, SO LONG, SONNY!
USE THAT "CREAM-OIL"
REGULARLY AND YOUR
GAL WILL STICK TO
YOU!

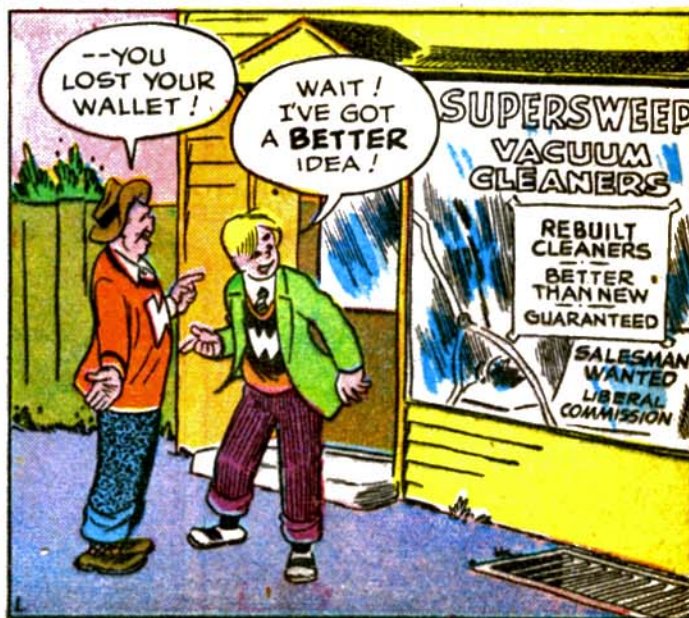
THAT'S RIGHT! SAM
USES IT EVERY DAY---
AND HE'S STUCK WITH
ME!

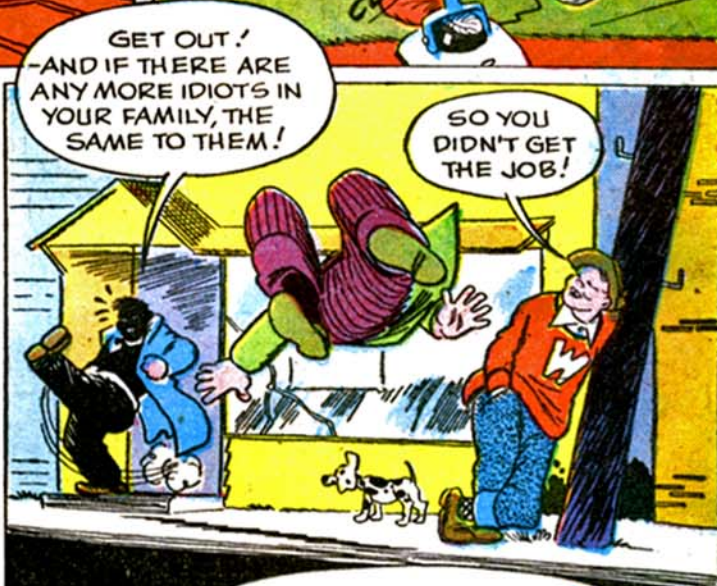
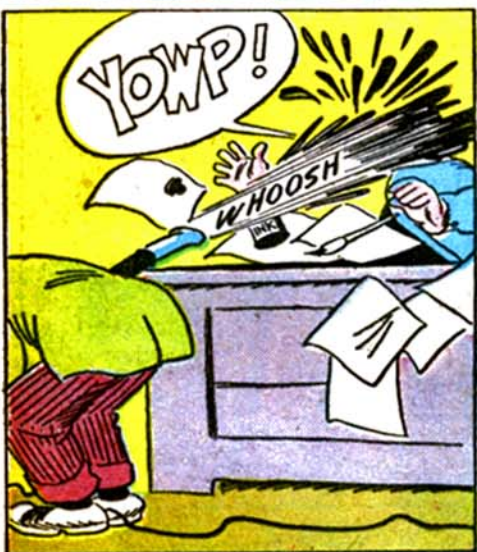
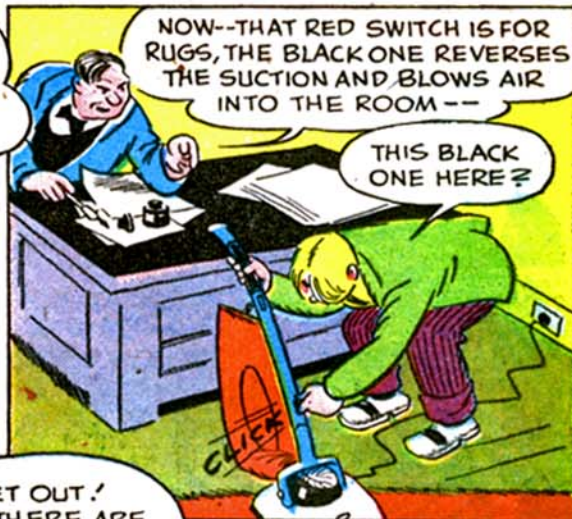
**WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC**

GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE
DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CO., INC.



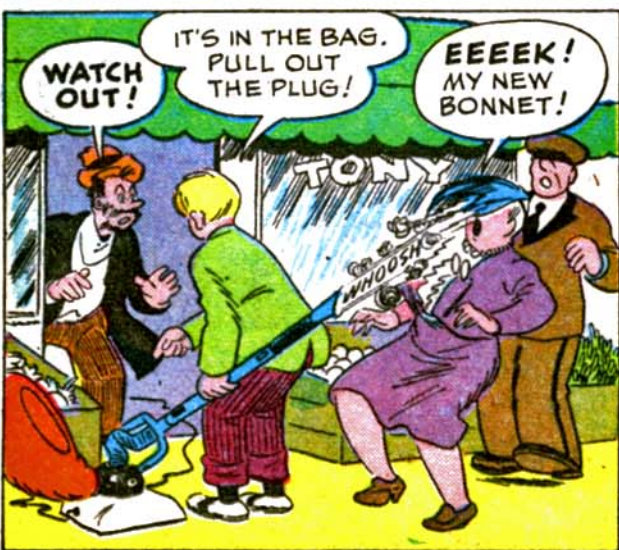
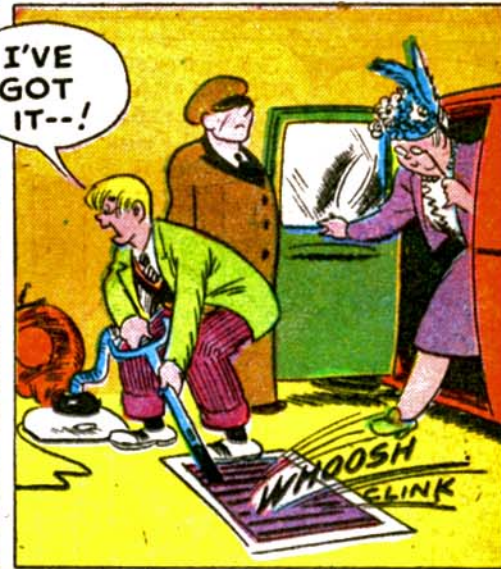
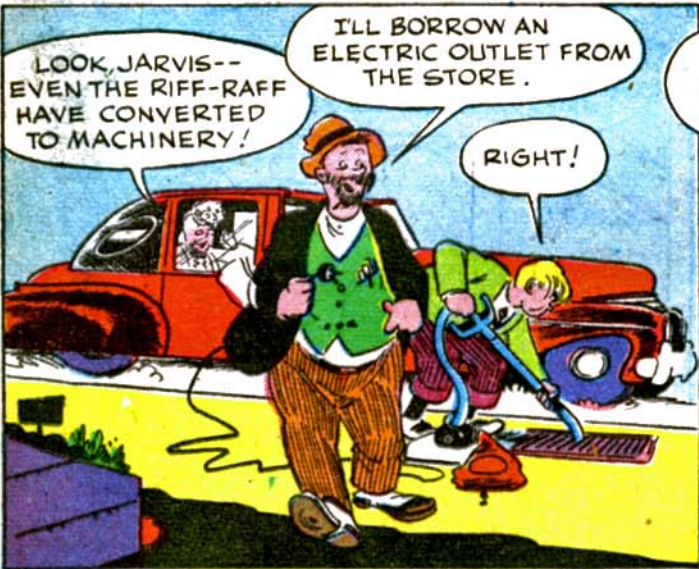
WOODY

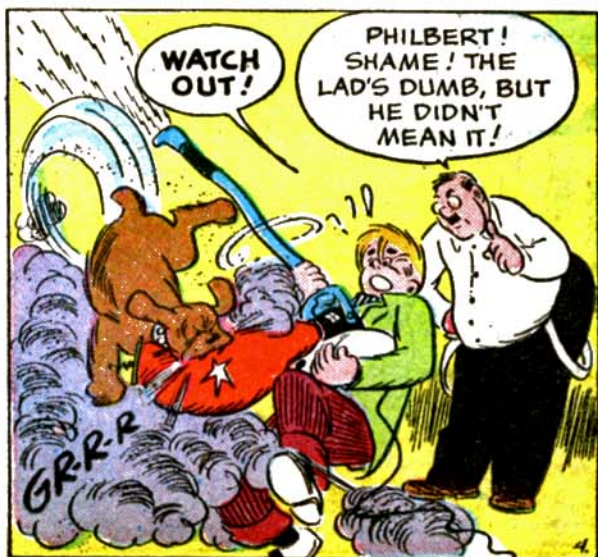
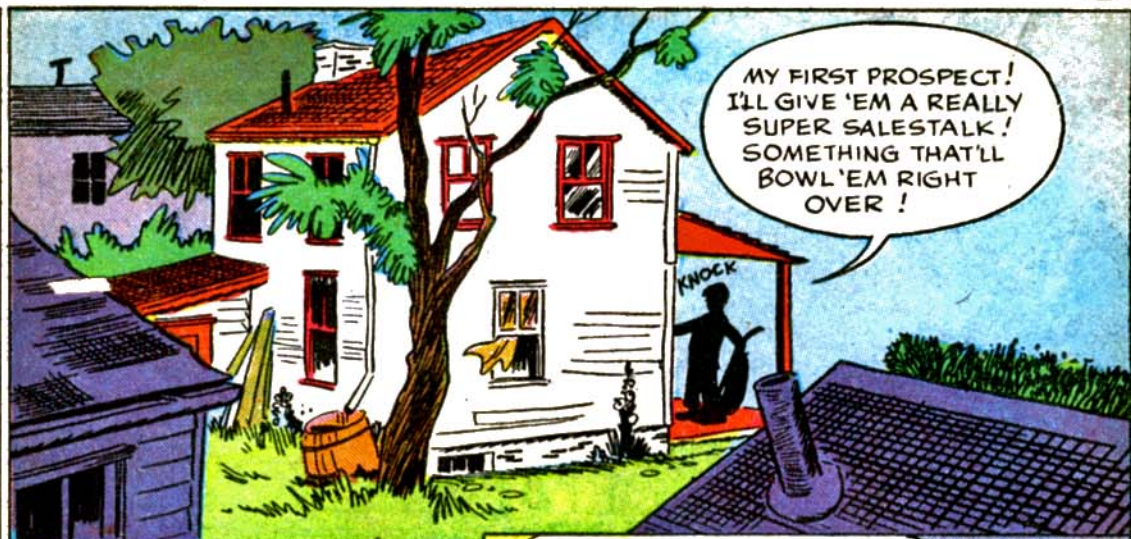


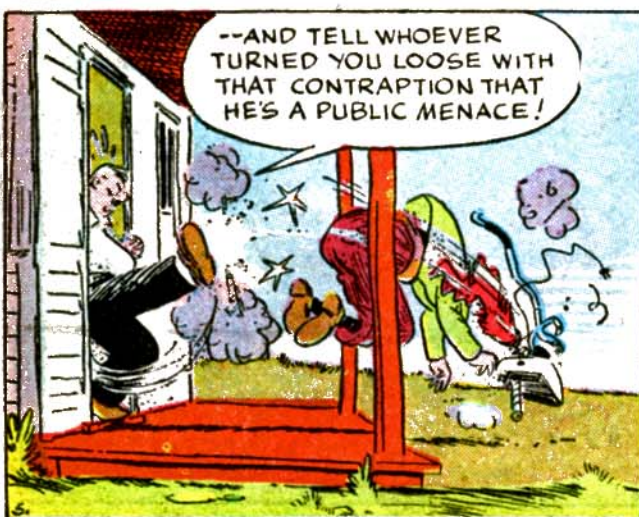
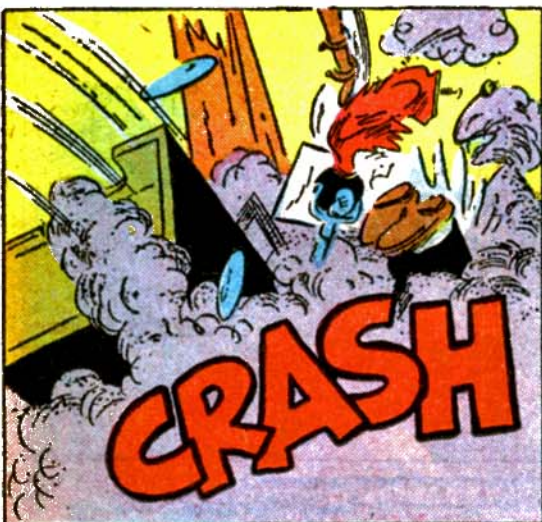
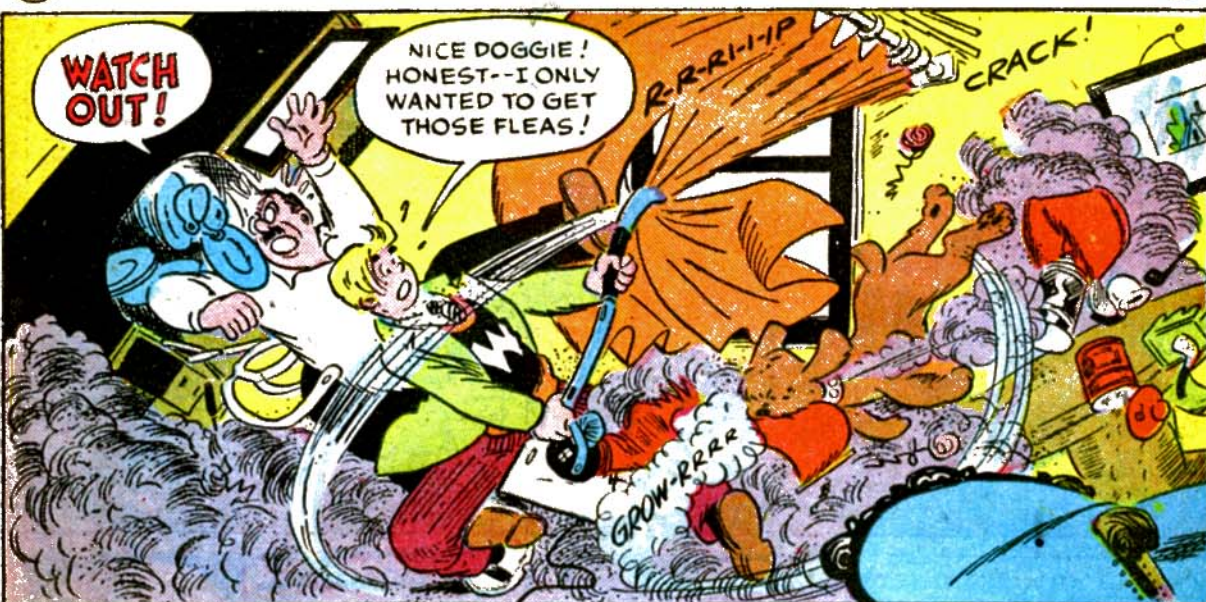


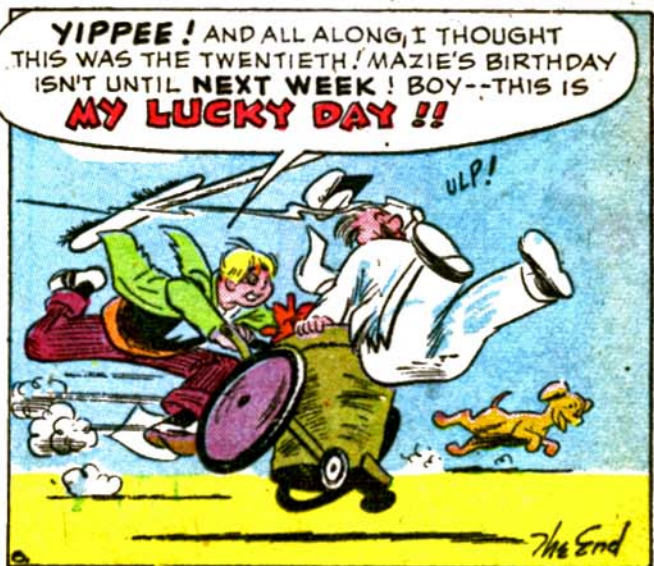
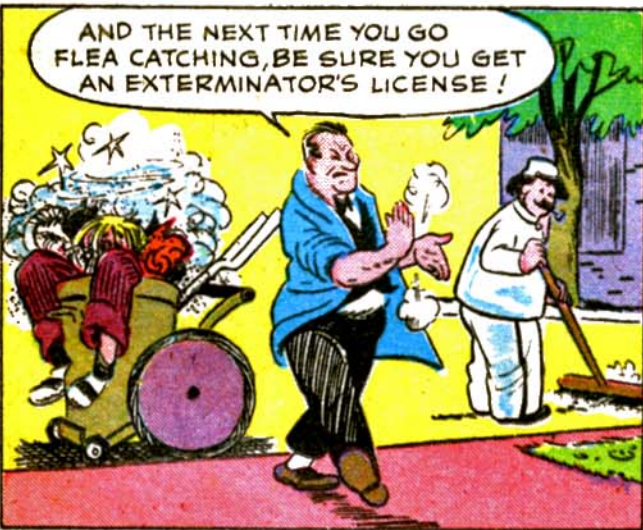


...4-4-4-4-4...



SHOPLY
AFTER...





LOOK! A COMIC TRANSFER
 LIKE THESE IN EVERY PACKAGE
 OF **KELLOGG'S** SHREDDED WHEAT!



**MOM CAN PRESS THEM
 ON WITH A HOT IRON!**

Genuine hot-iron transfer pictures in color! Famous comic strip people! Slick for your sweat shirt, jacket, T-shirt—for all sports' clothes! Tell Mom—KELLOGG'S Shredded Wheat gives you a comic transfer as a PRIZE in every package!

These prizes are enclosed only in packages of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat sold in the United States.

**REAL FUNNYPAPER FOLKS
 FOR YOUR SHIRTS, HANKIES
 AND BANDANNAS!**



Pst! Mom
 For a bright start
 at breakfast—
 this is it!



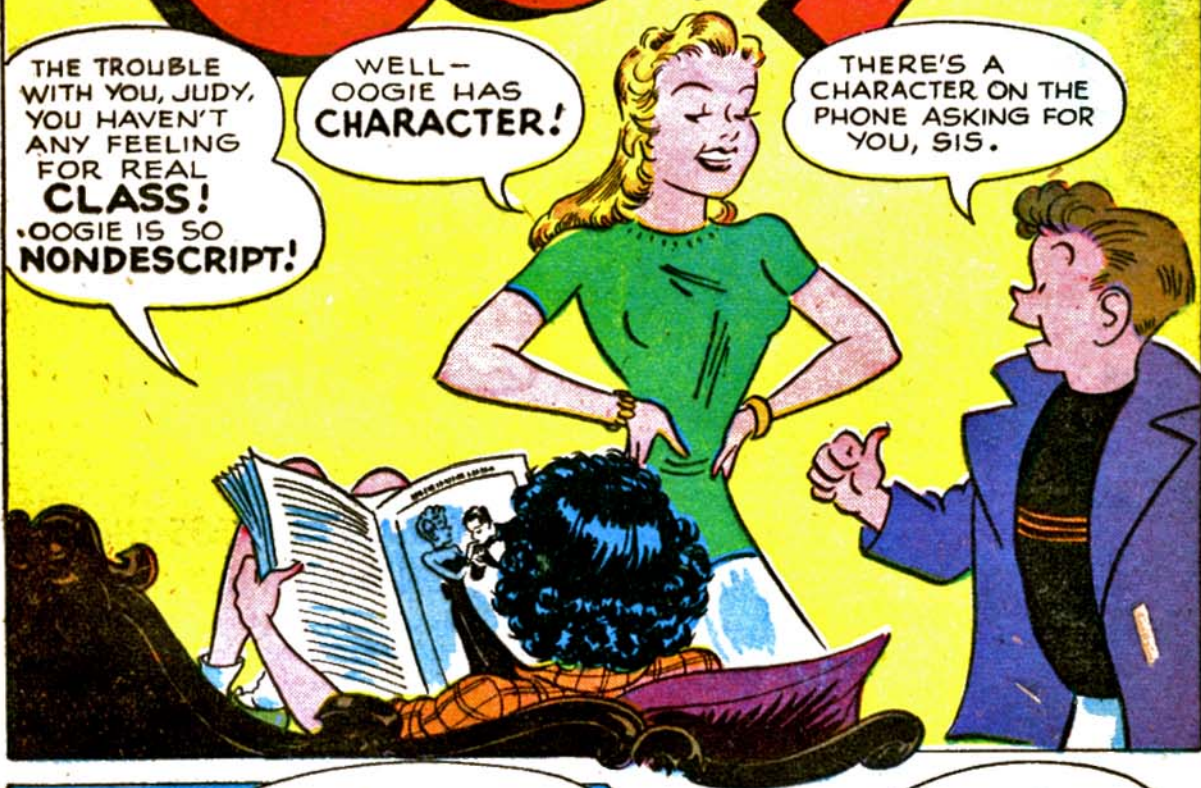


A DATE WITH JUDY

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, JUDY, YOU HAVEN'T ANY FEELING FOR REAL **CLASS!** OOGIE IS SO **NONDESCRIT!**

WELL—
OOGIE HAS **CHARACTER!**

THERE'S A CHARACTER ON THE PHONE ASKING FOR YOU, SIS.



WHY—
OOGIE! WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT YOU!

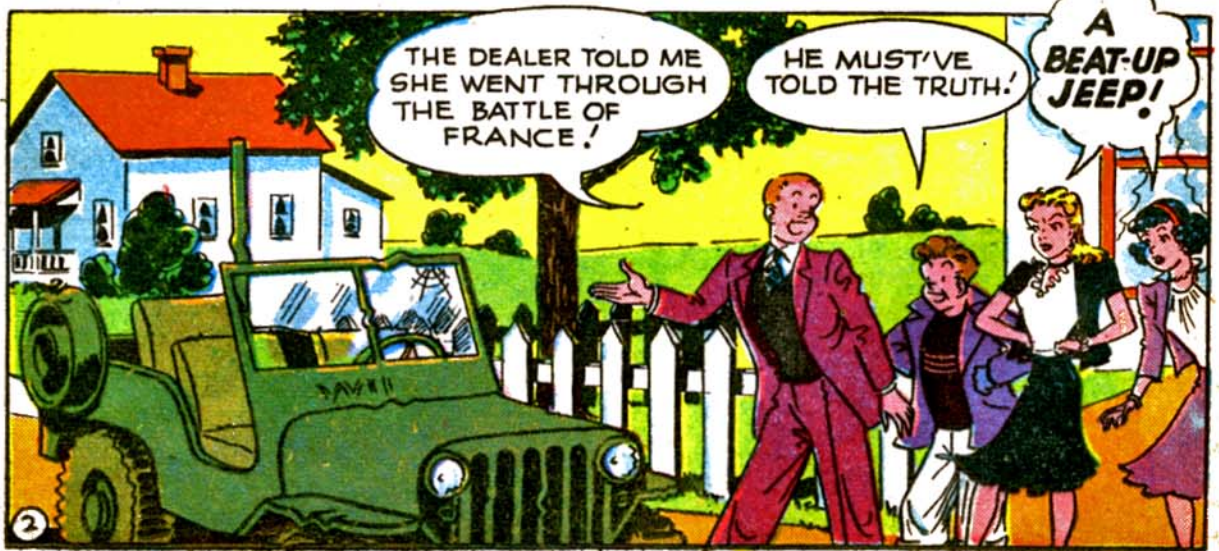
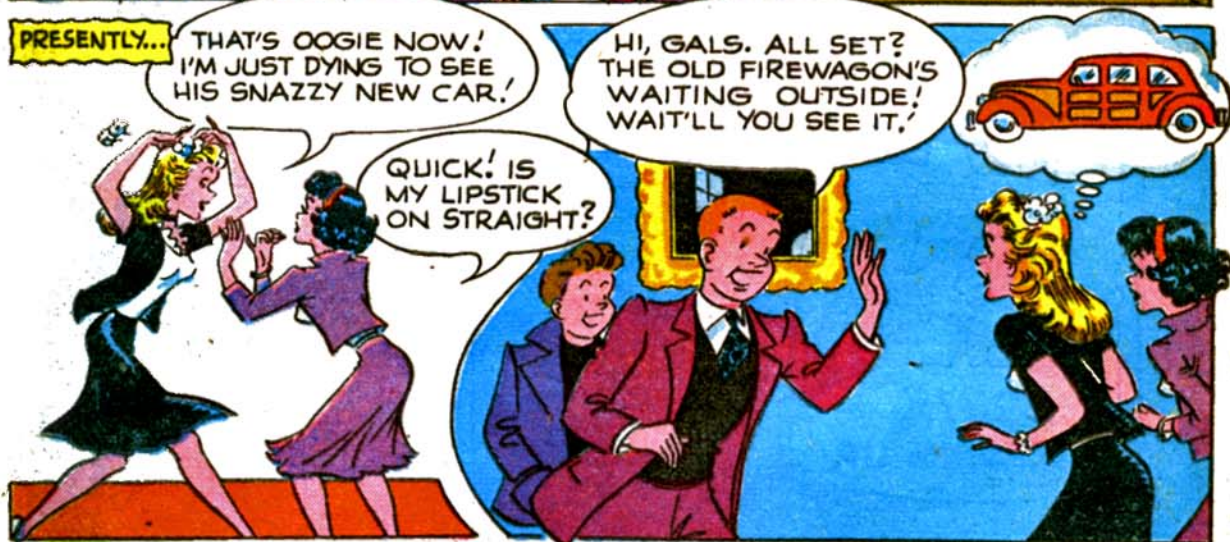
YEAH—ANY MORE TALK AND THERE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANYTHING LEFT OF HIM.

SHUT UP! I CAN'T HEAR THE CONVERSATION!



WHAT? A NEW CAR? AND YOU'RE DRIVING RIGHT OVER? HOW WONDERFUL! TOOTSIE WOULD **LOVE** IT!







WHAT'S THE
MATTER? DON'T
YOU LIKE HER?

OH—IT'S GOT
REAL CLASS.
BUT SHOULDN'T
WE CHANGE TO
DUNGAREES?

WELL—*I* LIKE IT.
UNFORTUNATELY,
TOOTSIE'S TASTE
IS A BIT ON THE
SHOWY SIDE!

OH, NO!
THIS IS
EXACTLY
WHAT I
EXPECTED!

JUST STEP ON
THE STARTER AND—



BANG!

WE'RE
OFF!

PEPPY, ISN'T SHE?
SHE ALWAYS STARTS
OFF WITH A BANG!

TOOTSIE
HAS NO
FEEL FOR
MECHANICAL
THINGS.

I'M CERTAINLY
GETTING BANGED
UP!

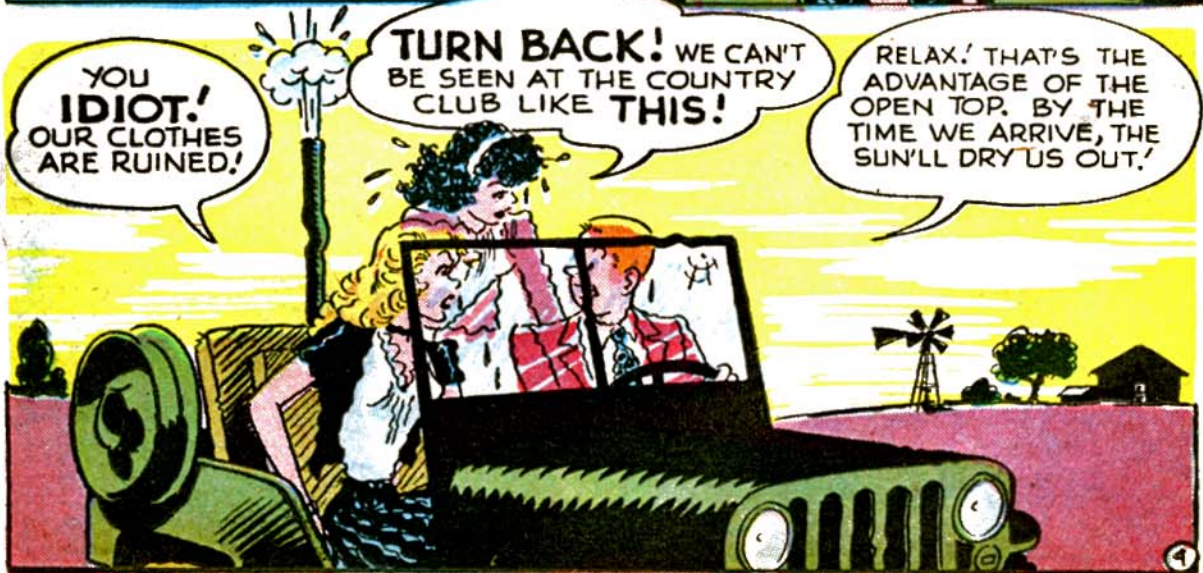
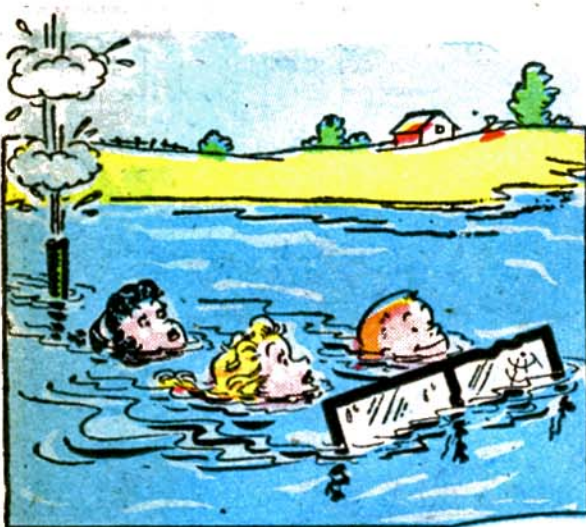
EEEK! WE'RE
BLOWING UP!

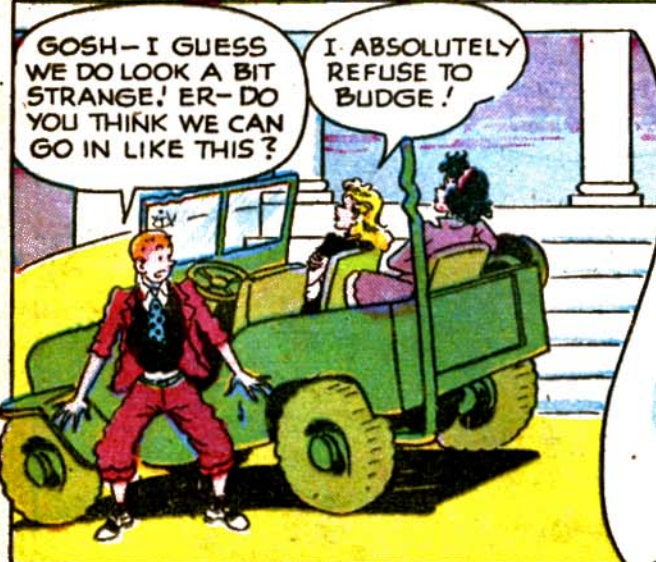
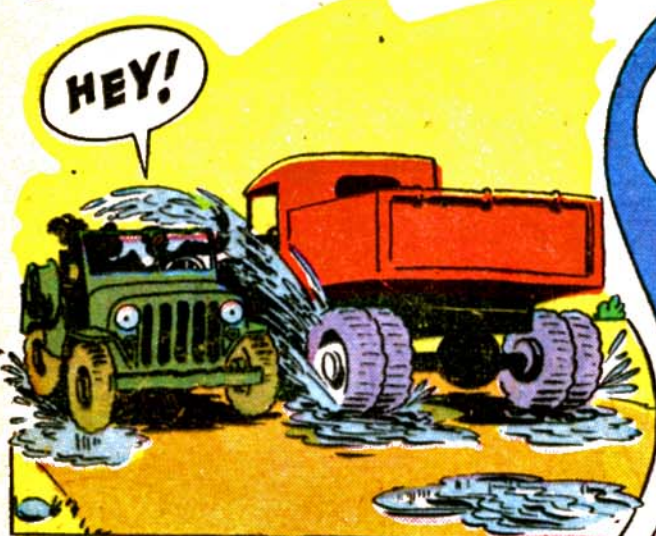
WHOOOMP!
DID WE BREAK
SOMETHING?

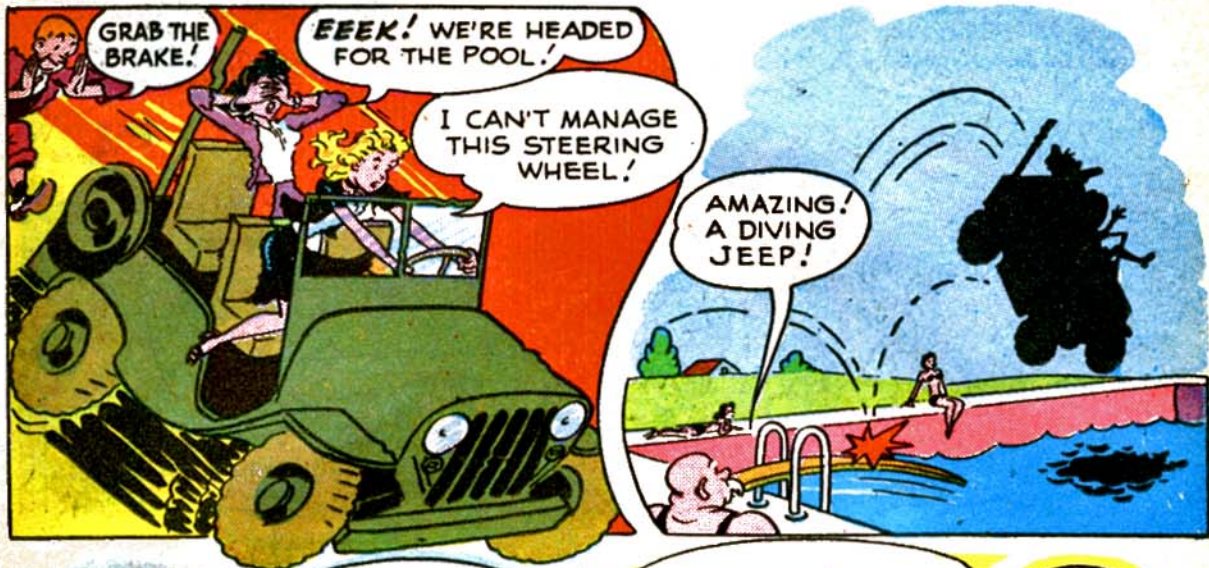
I'LL SAY WE DID!
BUT I THINK IT'S
ME!

WITH AN ORDINARY
CAR, WE COULDN'T
TAKE THIS SHORT-CUT.
THE WAY THIS JEEP
GETS YOU AROUND
IS REMARKABLE!

IF I'M
STILL IN ONE
PIECE, THAT'S ALSO
REMARKABLE!





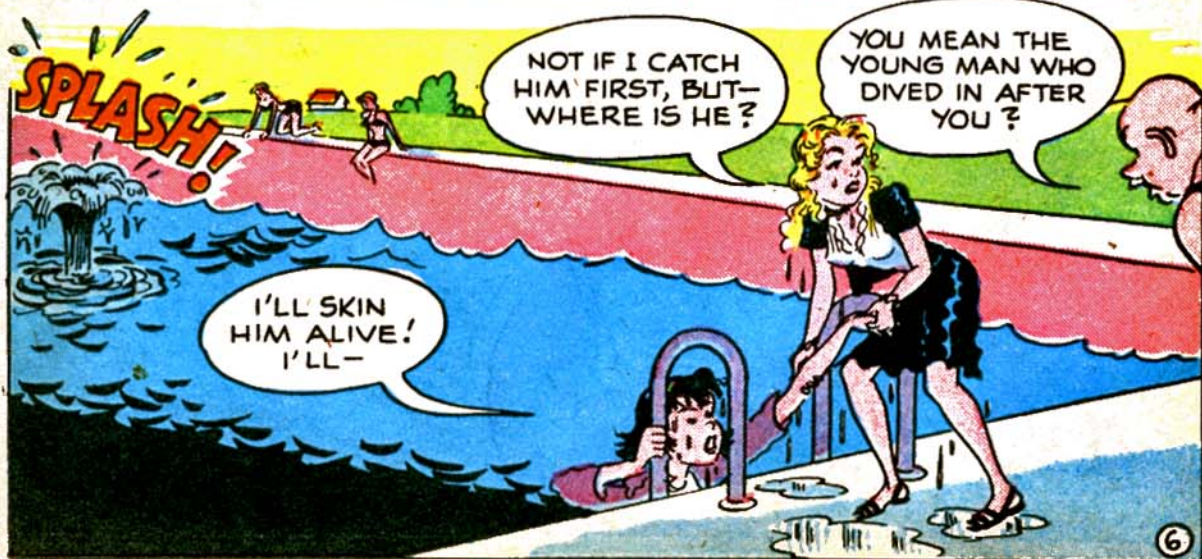


AMAZING!
A DIVING
JEEP!

THIS IS A
CALAMITY!

MAGNIFICENT! TRICKIEST
DIVING TABLEAU I'VE
EVER SEEN!

SPLASH!





OH DEAR - MAYBE HE
HURT HIMSELF. HE
MIGHT BE DROWNING!

LET'S DO SOMETHING!
AFTER ALL, HE JUMPED
IN TO SAVE US.

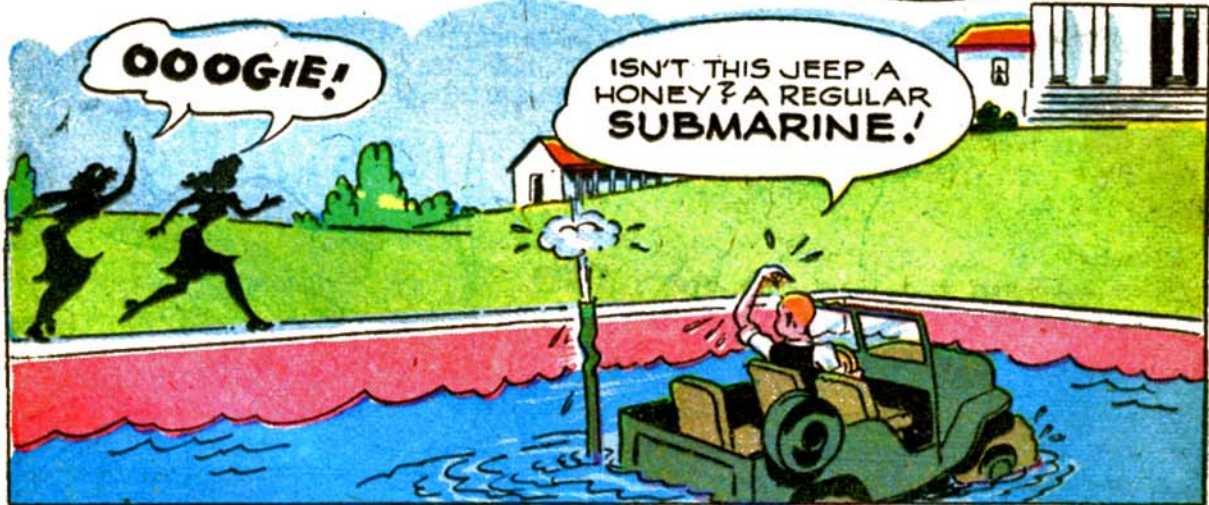
I'M GOING IN
AFTER HIM!

WAIT!
LOOK!



OOOGIE!

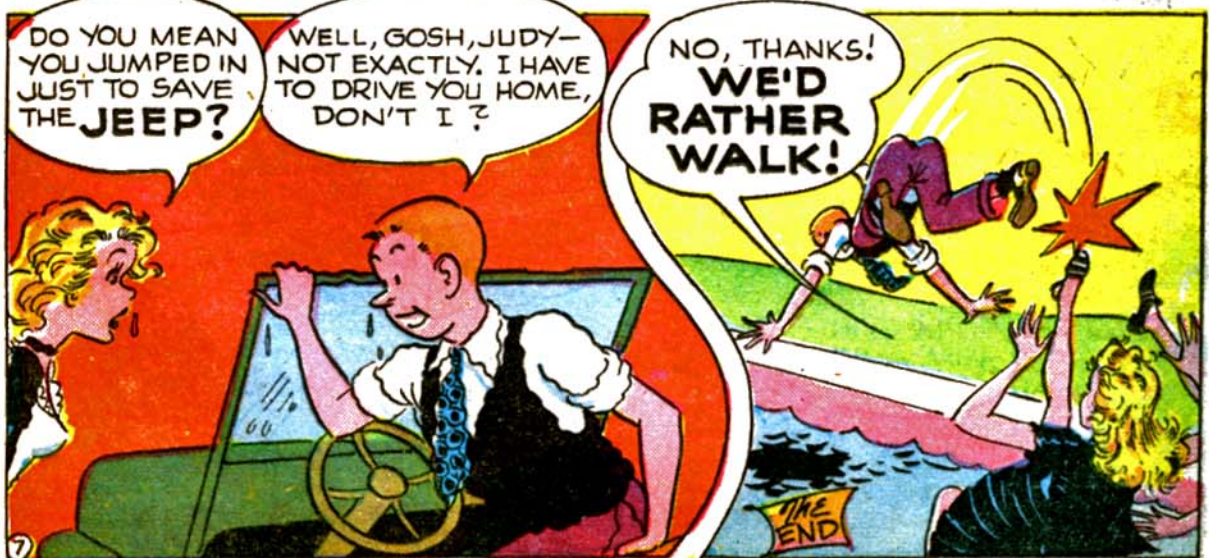
ISN'T THIS JEEP A
HONEY? A REGULAR
SUBMARINE!



DO YOU MEAN
YOU JUMPED IN
JUST TO SAVE
THE JEEP?

WELL, GOSH, JUDY—
NOT EXACTLY. I HAVE
TO DRIVE YOU HOME,
DON'T I?

NO, THANKS!
WE'D
RATHER
WALK!



A Visit From Oogie

RANDY was seated on the front steps of the Foster home so absorbed in a book that he didn't notice Oogie's approach. The latter moved with a kind of self-conscious stiffness, treading gingerly across the walk until he stood directly before Randy.

"Hi," he said.

Randy looked up, recognized his visitor and casually returned the greeting, after which his eyes fell back again to the book.

A look of disappointment spread a shadow over Oogie's face. He lingered a moment, made a slight sound in his throat and said, by way of conversation: "What're you reading, Randy?"

"A history book," Randy said laconically. He added with a quick movement of his thumb over his shoulder: "Judy's inside."

"Randy!" There was enough hint of disturbance in Oogie's voice to cause Randy to regard him now with some surprise.

"What is it?" he asked.

Oogie hesitated and appeared to be wrestling with some momentary embarrassment. "Er—don't you notice anything—er—different about me?"

Randy surveyed the other carefully from head to foot. He pursed his lips thoughtfully. "Those are new shoes, aren't they?"

"No—not that," Oogie said. "Look again."

Randy looked but was unable to discover what the other so anxiously desired. "I don't know," he said finally. "I guess you've aged in the last week, but the change doesn't seem to show on you."

Oogie shrugged. "Well—I guess your powers of observation are a bit below par."

"Sorry," Randy said. "I do the best I can. But I can't be good at EVERYTHING!"

Oogie made a sound of disgust, stepped past Randy and knocked at the front door.

"Hi, Judy," he said, resorting again to his stiff self-conscious manner as the door opened.

"Oogie—come in." Judy caught him by the hand and led him into the parlor. "I'm glad you came. I was just dying for company."

He stood stiffly and silently in the center of the room watching her.

"What is it, Oogie? Why are you standing there like that?"

"Judy—don't you notice anything either?"

"Notice what?"

"Me! Don't you notice anything different?"

"Well—" She regarded him curiously. "I don't know. Did you get a hair-cut?"

"Come closer, Judy. Take a good look."

She peered at him with puzzled intensity and finally shook her head. "Well—you're certainly acting strangely. I noticed that the moment you came in."

"Did you notice that?" Oogie said eagerly. "Uh—more dignity—more maturity? Was that it?"

"No—that's not what I mean. You just seem so—so funny."

Oogie made a sudden movement of irritation. "What do you mean—funny?"

"Just that! What's come over you, anyway?"

"Well—" Oogie let his hands drop resignedly to his sides. He sank weakly into a chair. "Maybe I was a little premature," he said. "Maybe I should have waited another week. But—gosh—I thought it was as plain as the nose on my face."

"WHAT are you talking about?" Judy demanded in exasperation.

"All right, Judy. All right. Kindly take a close look at my upper lip. Now—what do you see there?"

Judy leaned forward and peered. "It's fuzzy," she said finally.

"Fuzzy?" Oogie repeated in a hurt voice. "Doesn't it LOOK like anything?"

"Yes," Judy admitted. "It looks—kind of—kind of SMUDGY!"

"I should have waited," Oogie murmured sadly. "In another week, I wouldn't have had to tell you that this is a MOUSTACHE!"

"If that's what you're making all the fuss about," Judy said, "of course I noticed it. I'm not blind!"

"You mean," Oogie exclaimed, "that my having a moustache doesn't make the least bit of difference?"

"Oogie Pringle," Judy shouted, stamping her foot. "Of course it makes a difference. I said it was smudgy, didn't I? I—"

"That's it," Randy interrupted, entering unexpectedly from the porch. "That's what it was!"

Oogie turned toward him suspiciously. "Get ready for a barrage of wit from the small fry," he announced to Judy.

"I knew there was something very different," Randy went on imperturbably. "But I just couldn't figure it out. So—you're growing a moustache!"

"Listen," Oogie said threateningly. "If you think you're being funny—"

"Who's trying to be funny?" Randy said innocently. "I'm just amazed at the change. Isn't it astonishing, sis, what a little fuzz can do for a man?"

Oogie looked as if he were about to rush at Randy, but his attention was diverted by

the front door opening once more. Mr. Foster entered, smiled at everyone and then turned to stare at Oogie.

"Well—Oogie!" he exclaimed.

Oogie bristled. "Well—what?" he demanded.

"Am I wrong—or is that a moustache you're growing?"

"Er—well—" Oogie said, somewhat mollified. "I was growing a moustache."

Foster smiled. "You seem kind of upset. Reminds me of the first time I started to grow one. I was about your age, Oogie. But everybody made jokes about it, so I didn't go through with it."

"What do you know?" Oogie said. He glanced with sly superiority at Judy and Randy. "I guess I'll be giving up my moustache too." He waved his hand disdainfully. "I too have suffered the scoffs of certain humorists. I guess we men just have to put up with these things."

"Oogie," Judy said, as she saw him moving toward the door. "Are you mad at me?"

"Not at all," Oogie said. "I'll come back after I shave my lip. And I won't attempt another moustache until after you've reached the age of understanding!"

When the front door had closed on Oogie, Mr. Foster smiled and shook an admonishing finger at his daughter. "You should realize," he said, "that a young man growing his first moustache is likely to be in a very sensitive state."

"Huh!" Randy interposed. "I'll say he was sensitive."

Judy suddenly turned on her younger brother with anger. "Don't you laugh. Remember—it'll be your turn one of these days."

Randy was about to reply, but checked himself. Fingering his upper lip thoughtfully, he sighed and murmured quietly:

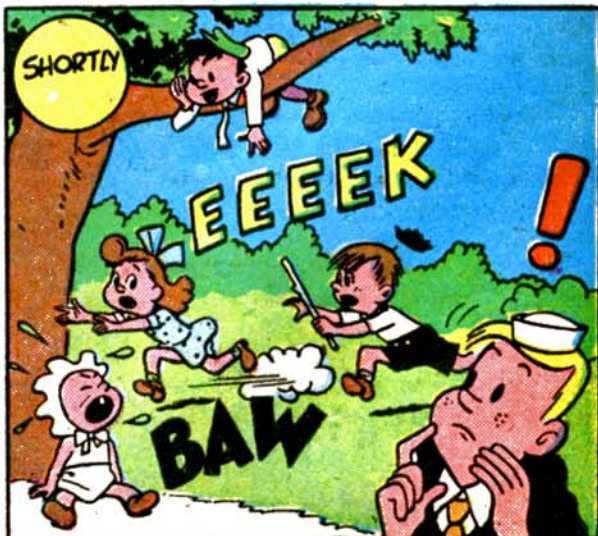
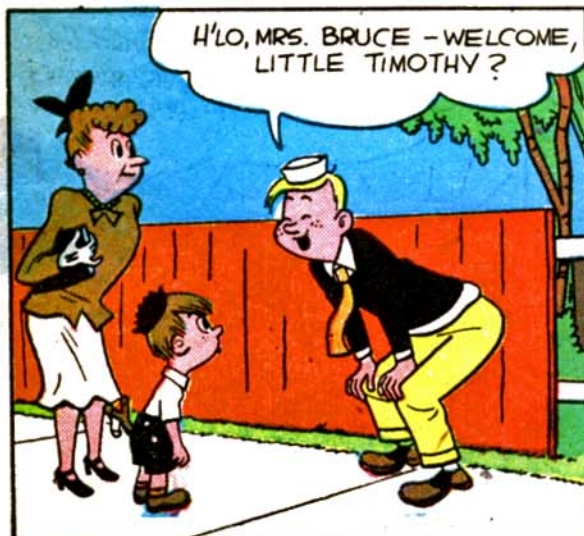
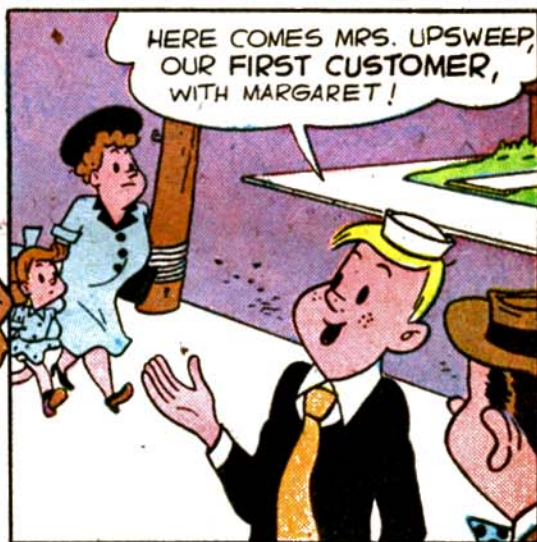
"Gosh—I guess she's right."

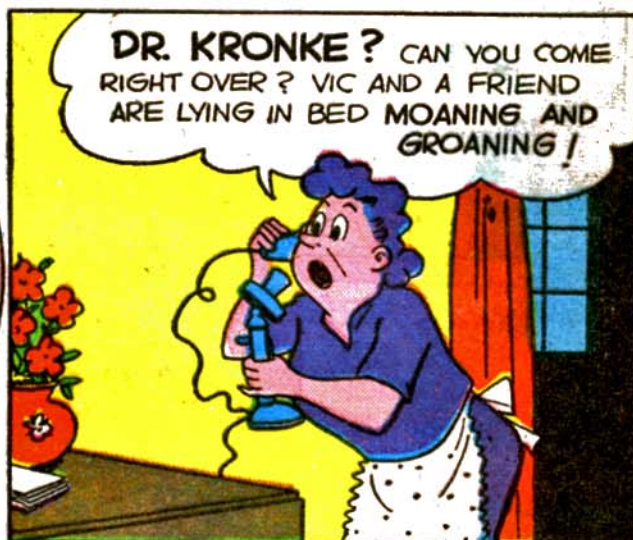
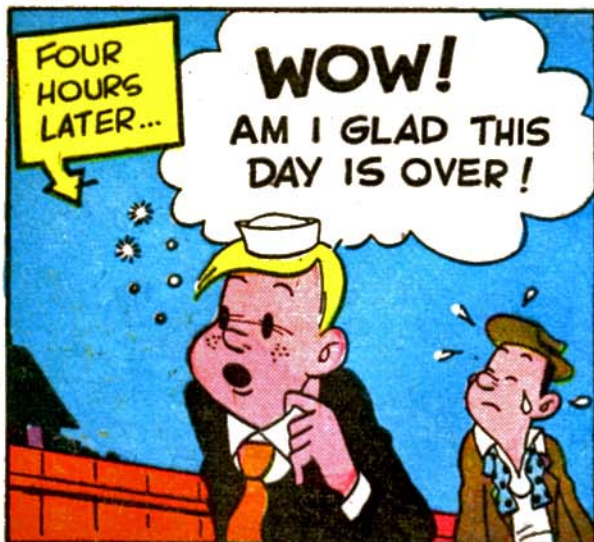


Varsity Vic

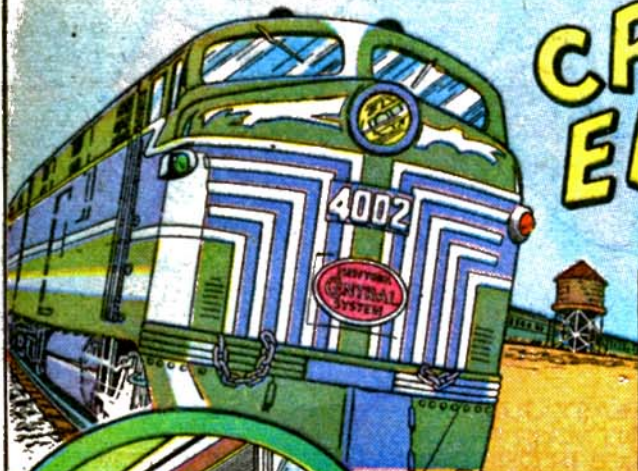
HENRY BOLTINOFF

H'LO VIC - WHAT'S COOKING WITH THIS FENCED-IN AREA?





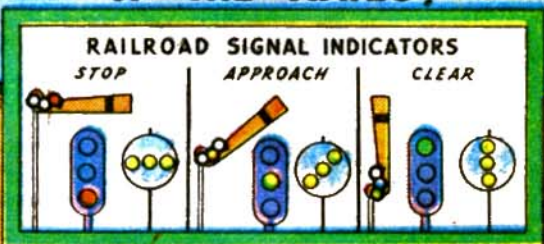
TO GET THERE FIRST:

CRACK
ENGINEERSFOLLOW THE RULES
OF THE RAILS!

THOMAS L. PERKINS

CRACK ENGINEER OF THE "20TH CENTURY LTD." SAYS:

YOU HAVE TO KNOW THE TRAFFIC RULES OF THE RAILS THOROUGHLY TO HANDLE A CRACK TRAIN EXPERTLY AND EFFICIENTLY. THAT GOES FOR HANDLING A BICYCLE, TOO. THE MAKERS OF **COLUMBIA** BICYCLES HAVE MADE IT EASY FOR YOU TO LEARN THESE RULES WITH THEIR *GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD*. SO, BOYS AND GIRLS, WHETHER YOU OWN A BIKE NOW OR HOPE TO OWN ONE SOON... TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER TO HELP YOU QUALIFY AS A CRACK BIKE ENGINEER.

GET
YOUR

COLUMBIA CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD

It's YOURS! the "rotating-dial" *GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD*. It enables you to qualify as a cycling expert. 16 rules of the road are illustrated and show up with a flick of your finger. Also traffic and hand signals; bicycle check-chart for maintenance. Send only 10¢ in coin to cover cost of handling. Whether you own a bicycle or plan to buy one, get this Guide NOW.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES
Box 26, Church Street Sta., New York 8, N. Y.Here is 10¢ in coin for my "rotating-dial" *GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

PLAIN PRINT PLEASE

SINCE 1877
AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE

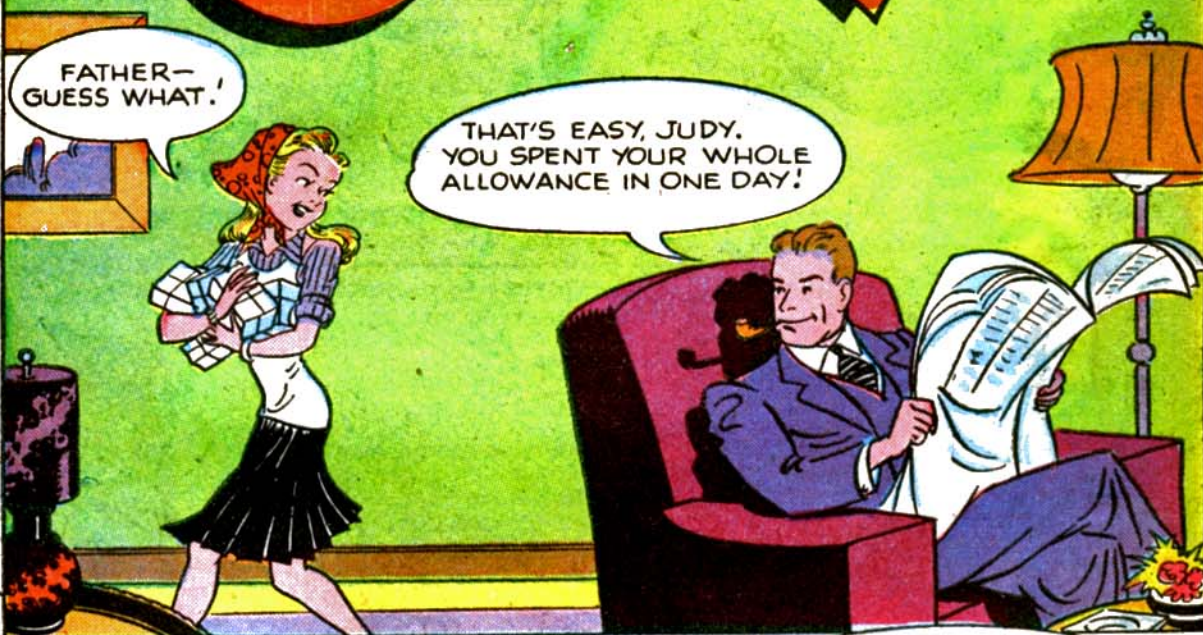
The Westfield Manufacturing Company, Westfield, Mass.



A DATE WITH JUDY

FATHER—
GUESS WHAT!

THAT'S EASY, JUDY.
YOU SPENT YOUR WHOLE
ALLOWANCE IN ONE DAY!

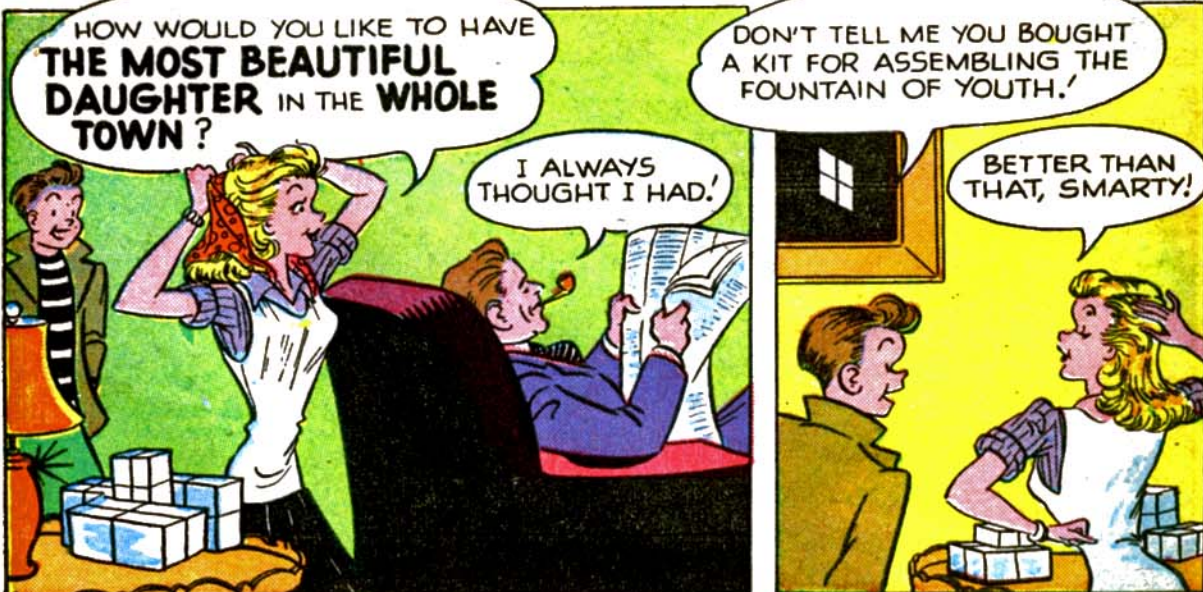


HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE
**THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
DAUGHTER** IN THE **WHOLE
TOWN?**

I ALWAYS
THOUGHT I HAD!

DON'T TELL ME YOU BOUGHT
A KIT FOR ASSEMBLING THE
FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH!

BETTER THAN
THAT, SMARTY!



I WAS READING A LIBRARY BOOK FOR HISTORY CLASS, AND I COPIED THIS OUT OF IT. IT'S A SECRET RECIPE WOMEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES USED TO MAKE THEMSELVES BEAUTIFUL!

"BOIL STRIP OF BARK IN DANDELION JUICE, ADD 3 POWDERED ALMONDS AND THE SHIN OF A CALF. THEN BEAT 1 TABLESPOON OF PEPPERMINT OIL INTO SIX CUPS CRUSHED CLOVER, PUMMEL FISH LIVER INTO..."

HOLY SMOKE!

WOW! NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY THEY CALLED THE MIDDLE AGES THE DARK AGES!

ANYWAY—DON'T GET TOO BEAUTIFUL! REMEMBER HELEN OF TROY? SHE STARTED A WAR!

MOTHER—I ABSOLUTELY MUST HAVE THE KITCHEN FOR A WHILE!

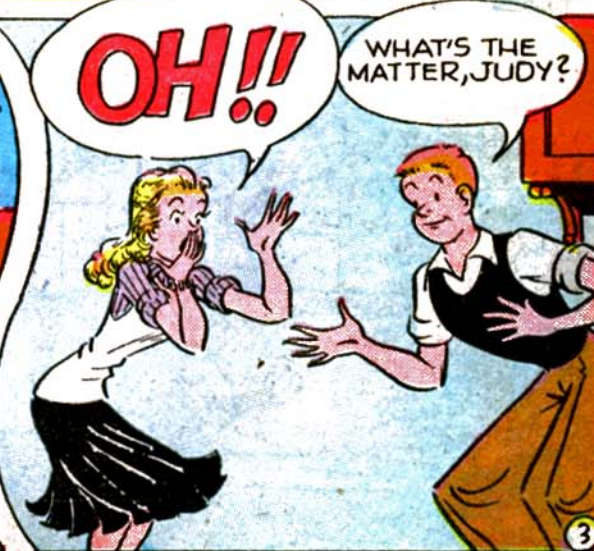
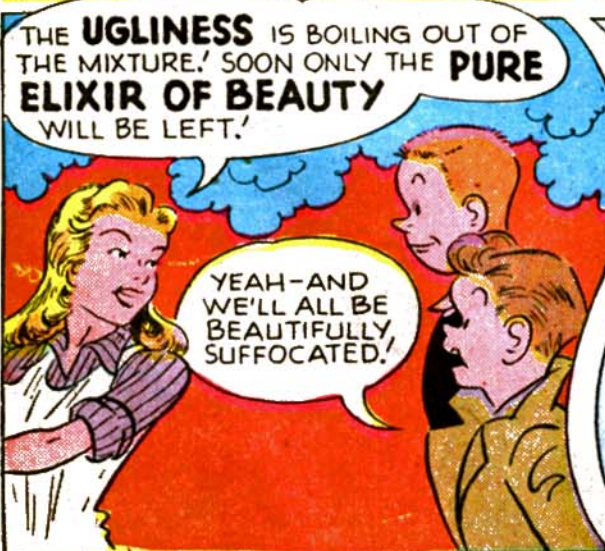
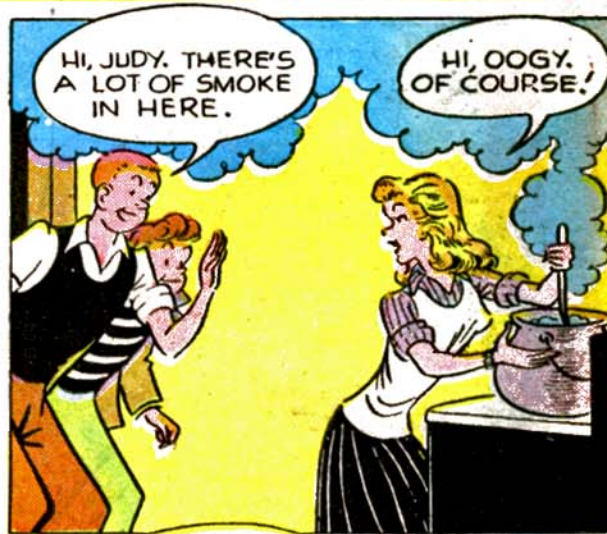
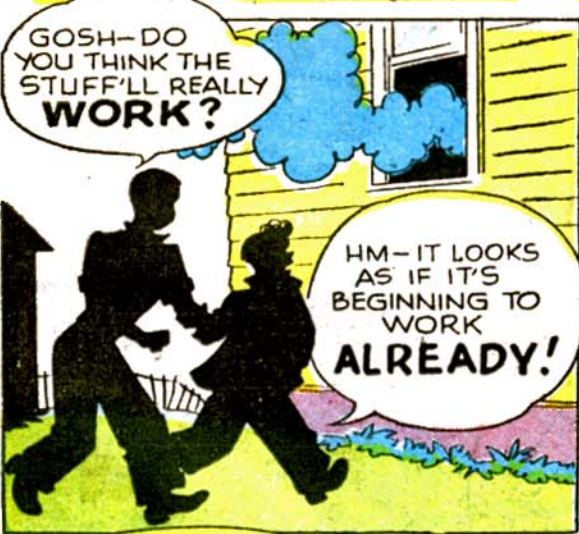
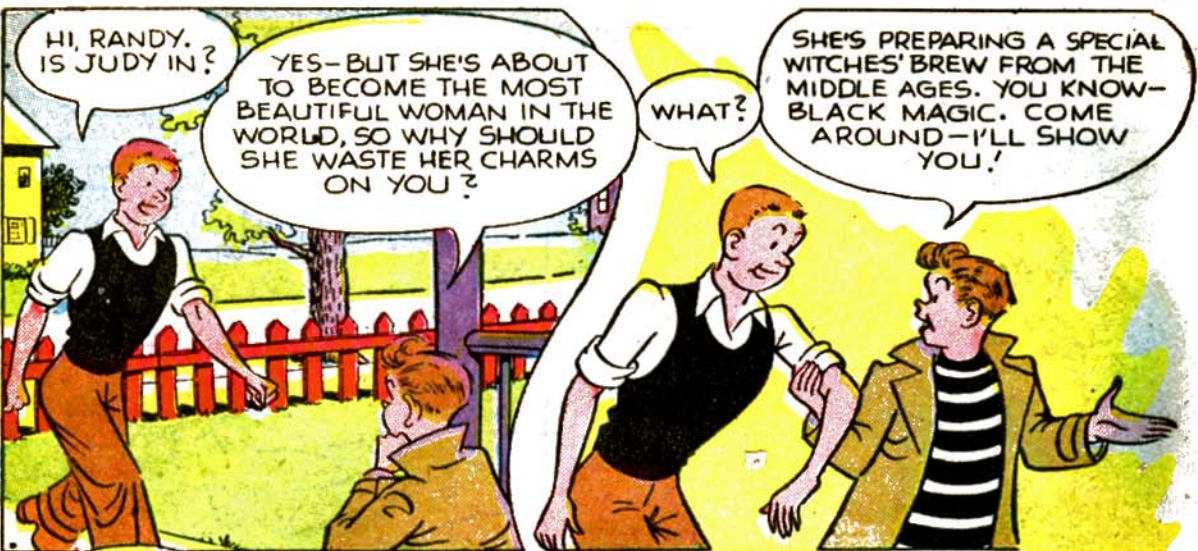
WELL—YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE!

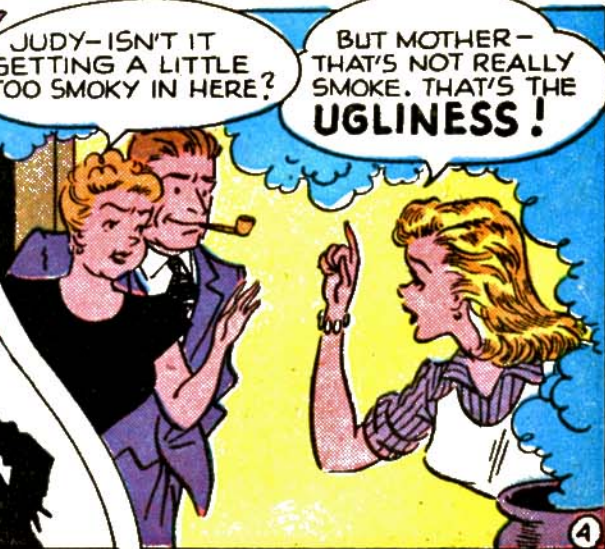
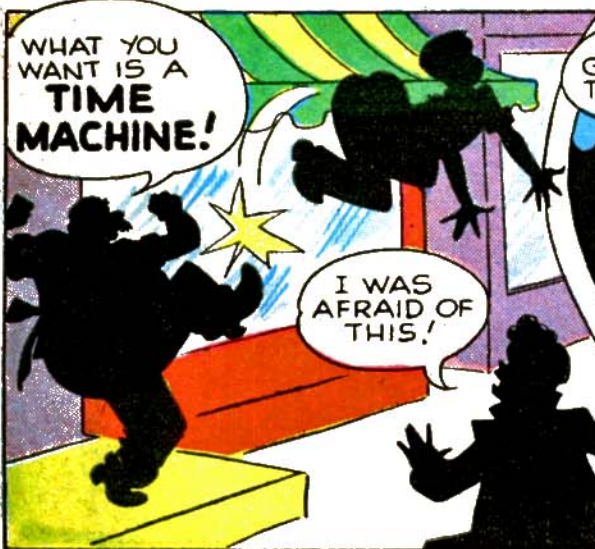
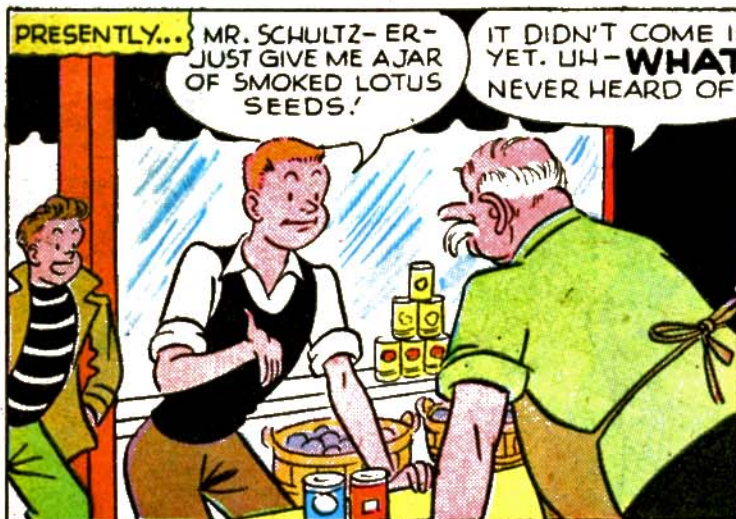
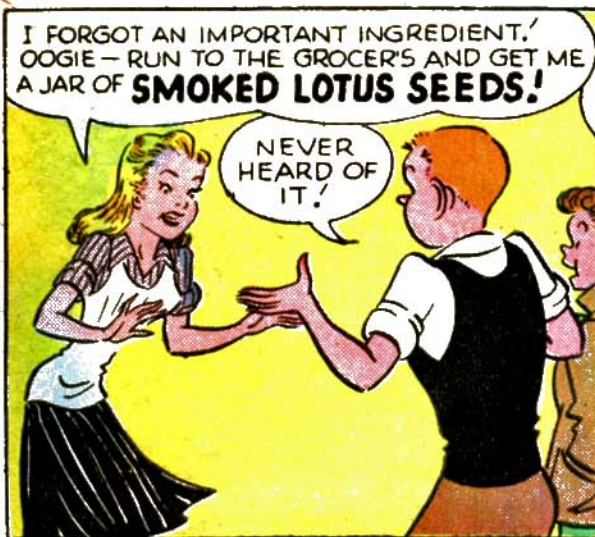
BUT—WHAT ABOUT DINNER? EVERYONE'S HUNGRY!

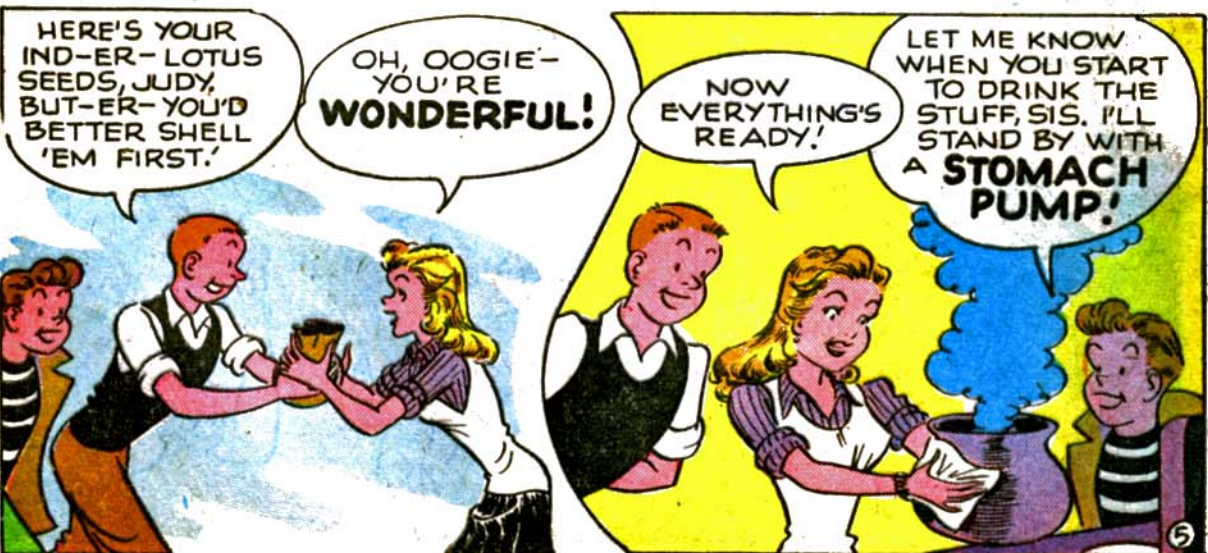
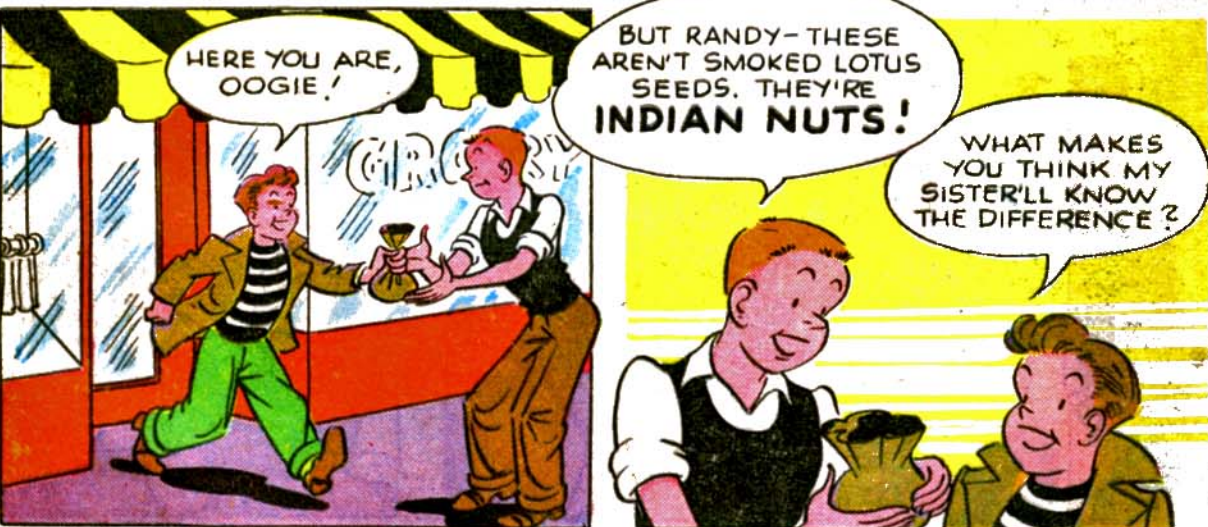
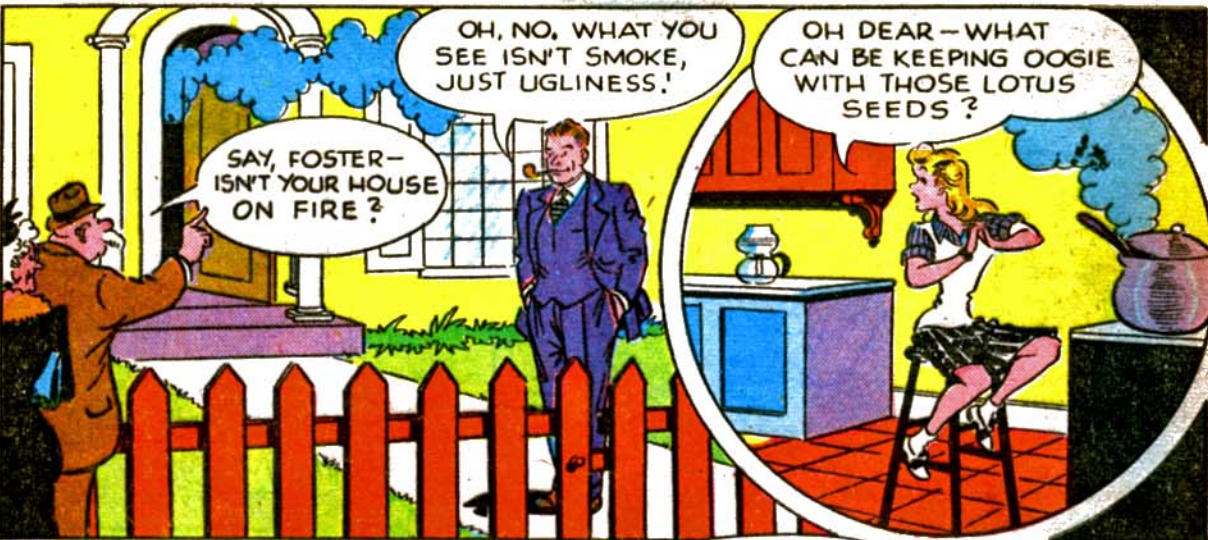
MOTHER—THIS RECIPE SIMPLY **MUST** BE PREPARED **BEFORE THE FULL MOON RISES TONIGHT!**

I'M AFRAID DINNER WILL BE LATE, MELVIN. IT'S AN EMERGENCY!

NATURALLY! HOW CAN MY STOMACH COME BEFORE BEAUTY?







DRINK IT? DON'T BE SILLY. I COOL THE MIXTURE IN THESE ICE CUBES AND THEN **RINSE MY FACE IN IT!**

REMEMBER—YOU'VE ONLY GOT ONE FACE!

I DON'T WANT ANYONE WATCHING ME. I'LL CALL YOU ALL IN WHEN I'M READY.

MAKE IT FAST. I'M STARVED.

DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE TO LET HER GO AHEAD WITH THIS, MELVIN?

WOULD IT BE SAFE TO TRY AND **STOP HER?**

OOOOOOOH!!

THAT WAS JUDY! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!

I'LL PHONE FOR AN AMBULANCE!

SHE'S TURNING **BLUE!**

NO-NO—IT'S JUST THAT I CAN'T WASH THIS STUFF OFF TO SEE IF I'M BEAUTIFUL!

IT'S LIKE INK!
SOAP AND WATER
WON'T WORK!

EXCEPT FOR YOUR
COLOR, YOU LOOK
THE SAME TO ME!

THINK OF SOMETHING,
SOMEBODY. I CAN'T GO
AROUND
LIKE THIS.

WHAT DID
THEY DO IN
THE MIDDLE
AGES?

MAYBE THE
DRY CLEANING
STORE WILL HAVE
A SUGGESTION!

THAT SURE IS A BEAUTIFUL
BLUE. YOU'LL LEAVE AN IN-
DELIBLE IMPRESSION
WHEREVER
YOU GO, SIS.

RANDY-THIS
IS NO TIME
TO BE FUNNY!

**I'M GOING
TO CALL THE
DOCTOR!**

I DIDN'T GET IT CLEAR
OVER THE PHONE BUT JUDY
FOSTER'S TURNING BLUE! IT
COULD BE ONE OF THOSE
STRANGE ORIENTAL
PLAGUES!

EVEN IF YOUR
FACE STAYS BLUE
FOREVER,
**I'LL NEVER DESERT
YOU!**

WHAT'S KEEPING
THE DOCTOR?

JUST
A HUNCH-
BUT LET'S
TRY THIS
STUFF!

THE WHOLE
TOWN MAY HAVE
TO BE
QUARANTINED.

LOOK! IT'S
COMING OFF!
IT **WORKS!**

SON—YOU'RE
A **GENIUS.**
WHAT IS
THAT STUFF?

**INK
ERADICATOR!**

WHERE'S THE
PATIENT?

ER—I GUESS IT WAS A FALSE
ALARM, DOCTOR. JUDY'S
ALL RIGHT NOW.

I'M THE PATIENT
NOW.

I HAVEN'T
CHANGED A
BIT!

DOC—
HAVE YOU
GOT SOME-
THING FOR
MY NERVES?

OF COURSE YOU
HAVEN'T, JUDY. HOW
COULD ANYTHING
MAKE YOU MORE
BEAUTIFUL THAN
YOU **ARE?**

WHY, OOGIE—
HOW **NICE.**
YOU KNOW,
I NEVER
**THOUGHT
OF THAT!**

THE END

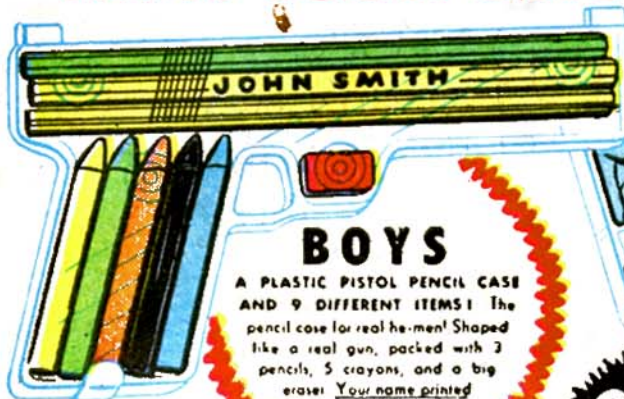


LOOK



GIANT SCHOOL OFFER

NEW PLASTIC PENCIL BOX WITH YOUR OWN NAME



BOYS

A PLASTIC PISTOL CASE AND 9 DIFFERENT ITEMS! The pencil case for real he-men! Shaped like a real gun, packed with 3 pencils, 5 crayons, and a big eraser. Your name printed right on the gun at no extra cost!



GIRLS

A REAL PLASTIC POCKETBOOK PENCIL CASE AND 9 DIFFERENT ITEMS! Girls—here's a real plastic pocketbook, keep all your things inside. Comes with a leatherette purse, five crayons, 3 pencils and a big eraser. AND—your name printed on the case at no extra cost!

PLUS

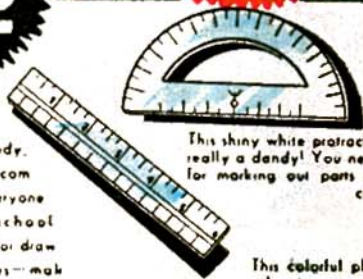
ALL THESE OTHER ITEMS WITH EITHER PENCIL BOX

Dip this new Plastic Pen in ink just once—and—like magic—it'll write a full page

Powerful magnifying reading and burning glass. Use it for nature study, to read small print, to light camp fires without matches—many other uses



You get this handy, smooth action compass, too! Everyone going to school needs one for drawing circles—making designs, etc



This shiny white protractor is really a dandy! You need it for marking out parts of a circle

This colorful plastic ruler is something special! It's marked off in inches and centimeters, too!

If you are not satisfied, return merchandise within 5 days and money will be refunded

PLASTIC CRAFTERS, DEPT. A

1033 Broad Street, Central Falls, R. I.

Please send me _____ Pencil _____ Pocketbook
Plastic Pencil Cases, plus the 5 other useful items and the new FREE
Plastic Pencil Sharpener

I enclose \$ _____

(Enclose \$1.00 for each assortment you order)
No C.O.D. ORDERS ACCEPTED
Please Print This name On My Pencil Box

Print Clearly

If you order more than 1 assortment, add the extra names here

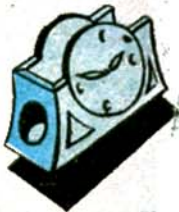
NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

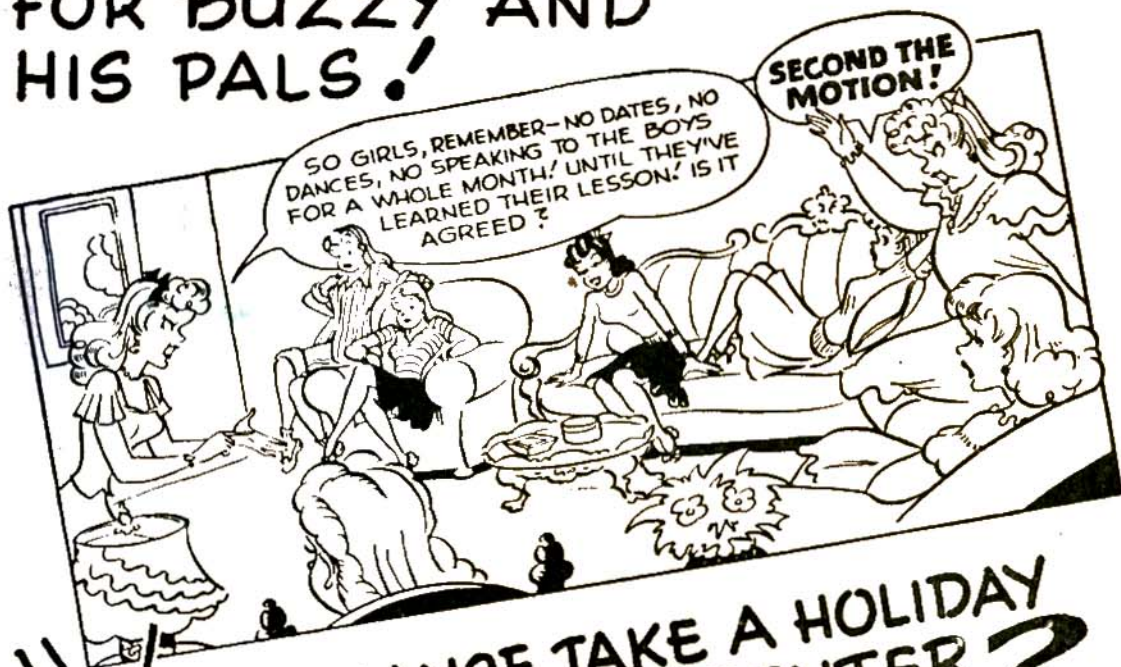
FREE!

IF YOU ORDER RIGHT NOW

This new kind of Rotary Action Plastic Pencil Sharpener with tempered steel blade—will outlast hundreds of pencils. Makes a perfect point every time. Handiest item in your school kit. Get pencil sharpener FREE Order Now!

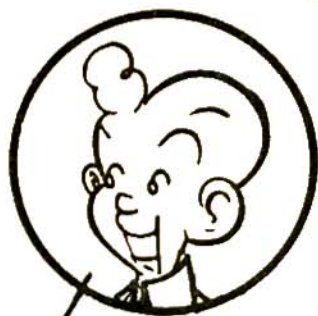


IT SURE LOOKS TOUGH
FOR BUZZY AND
HIS PALS!



WILL ROMANCE TAKE A HOLIDAY
IN CUPCAKE CENTER?

Read the answer in
the current issue
of



THE RIB-TICKLING
MISADVENTURES
OF AMERICA'S
FAVORITE
TEEN-AGER!

Now on sale
AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS!



"Get This Handy 128 Page **DAISY HANDBOOK** Pronto, Partner!"—Red Ryder

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET, BOYS...

You'll receive a comic book plus a popular science and mechanics book plus a "how to make it" book plus a western story book plus a marksmanship manual and a complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog—ALL combined into

ONE thick, pocket-size, 128-page handbook! How you'll enjoy reading the Red Ryder,

Buck Rogers comics trips—page after page of rib-tickling jokes—what to do if you get lost in the woods—shooting at the moon!

Shows you how to make all these things—a butterfly kite, autogiro, throwing sticks, a parachute, field

gun, fishing rod—teaches you how to cook without kettles.

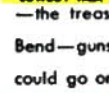
Tells you how all these thrilling inventions work—the magnet, electro magnet, telegraph,



electric bell, telephone, dynamo, electric motor, talkies, television, steam engine, refrigerator, jet propulsion. And that isn't all! Your Daisy Handbook brings you Indian facts—cow-



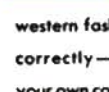
boy lingo—how to read brands—the sportsman's code—tricks for your dog—cowboy clothes



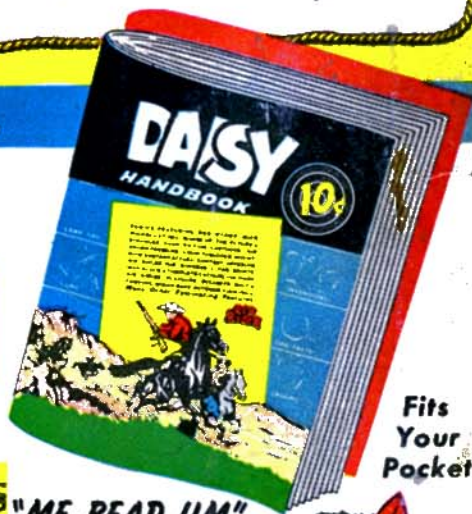
—the treasure hunt of Bullseye Bend—guns and gunsters! We could go on and tell you about



other articles such as how western movies are made—how to mount and saddle western style—how to decorate your room



western fashion—how to shoot correctly—but why not get your own copy? There's a limited supply, so hurry. Rush your coupon enclosing one thin dime (10c) and unused 3c



Fits Your Pocket

"ME READ UM"
Little Beaver



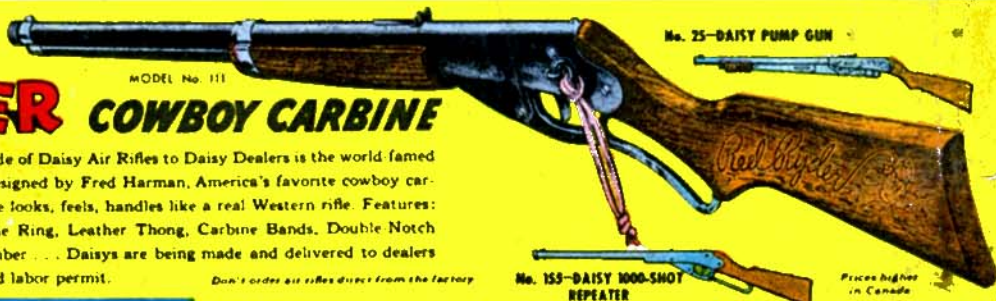
stamp direct to Daisy. We'll mail your Handbook postpaid! Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.



1000 SHOT

RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

Heading the steadily increasing parade of Daisy Air Rifles to Daisy Dealers is the world-famed Daisy RED RYDER CARBINE, designed by Fred Harman, America's favorite cowboy cartoonist. This beautiful saddle carbine looks, feels, handles like a real Western rifle. Features: 1000 shot, Lightning-Loader Carbine Ring, Leather Thong, Carbine Bands, Double Notch Sight, Pistol-Grip Stock. And remember... Daisys are being made and delivered to dealers as fast as the supply of materials and labor permit.



MAIL COUPON TODAY!

DAISY MFG. CO., 8010 Union St., Dept. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICH.
Send _____ copies of the 128-page Daisy HANDBOOK for which I enclose one thin dime (10c) plus an unused 3c stamp for EACH copy ordered. (A TIP: Most boys are ordering an extra copy for the Girl Friend.)

Name _____

Street and Address _____

City _____ State _____

★ SHOOT SAFE BUDDY! ◎

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 8010 UNION ST., DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICH.