



Party Time = Snapshot Time

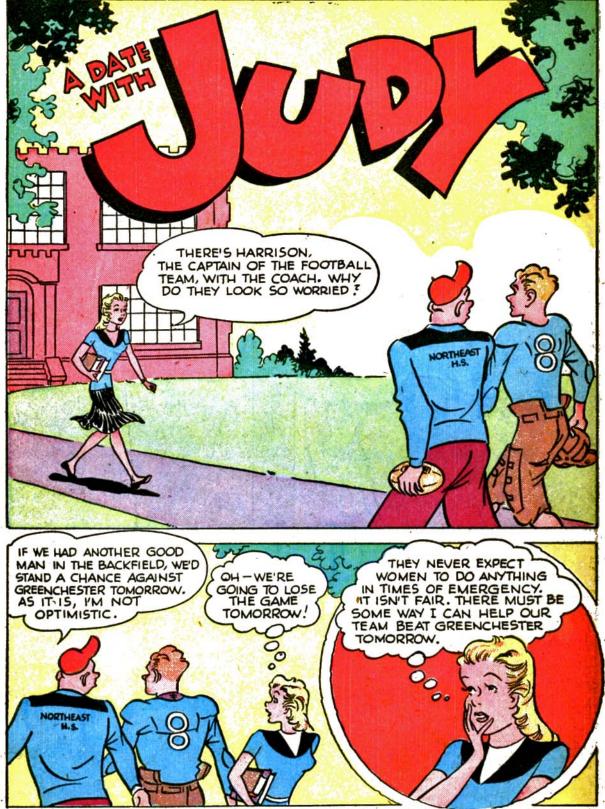
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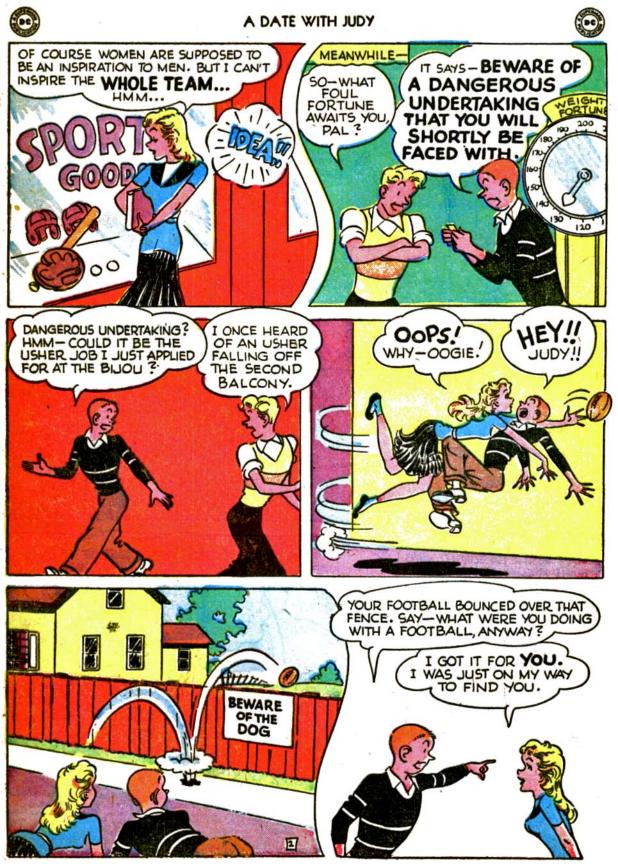


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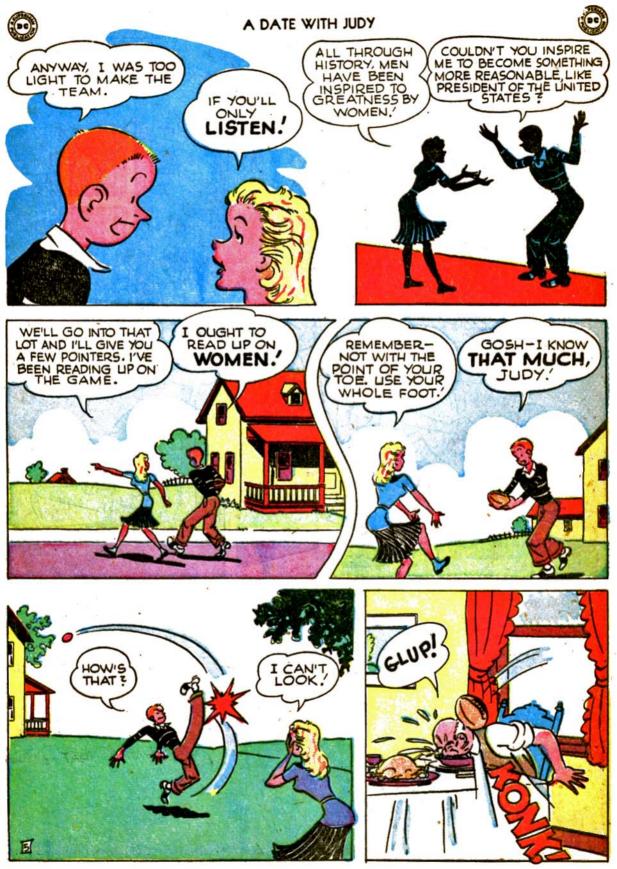
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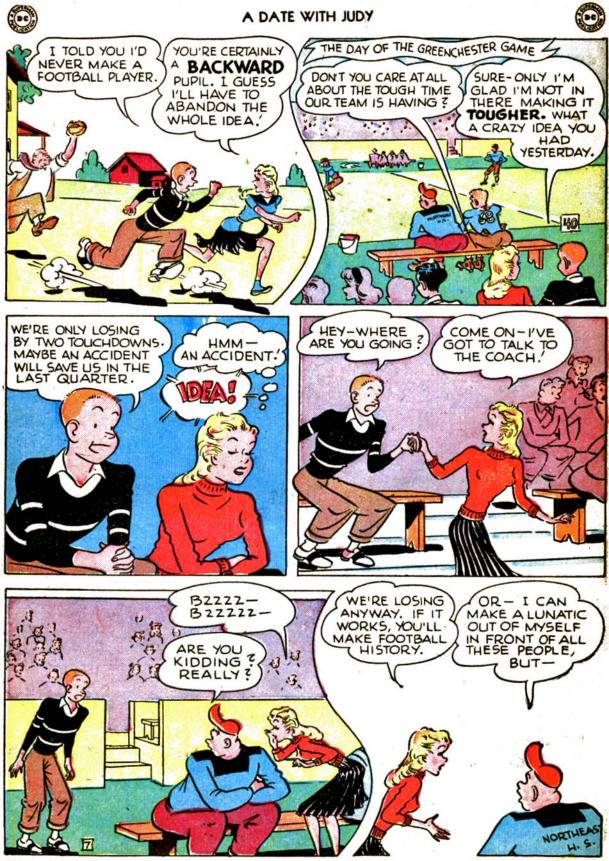
































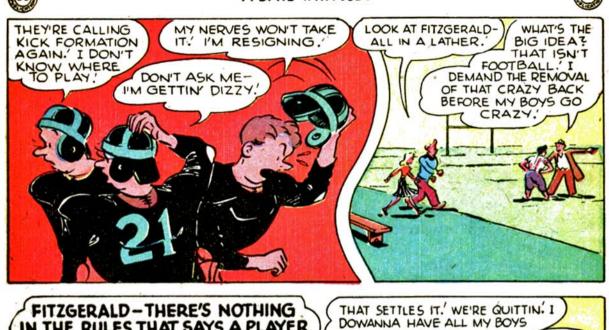
A MIRACLE! LOOK



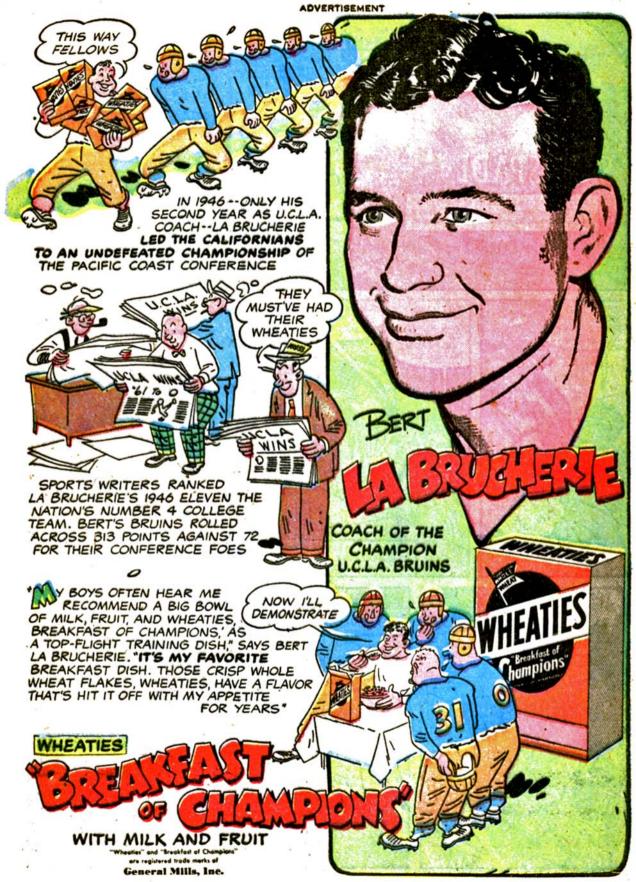


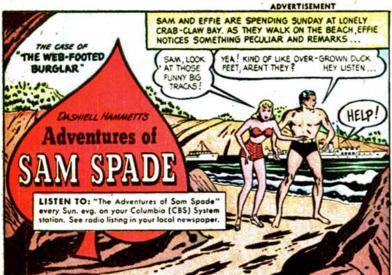
















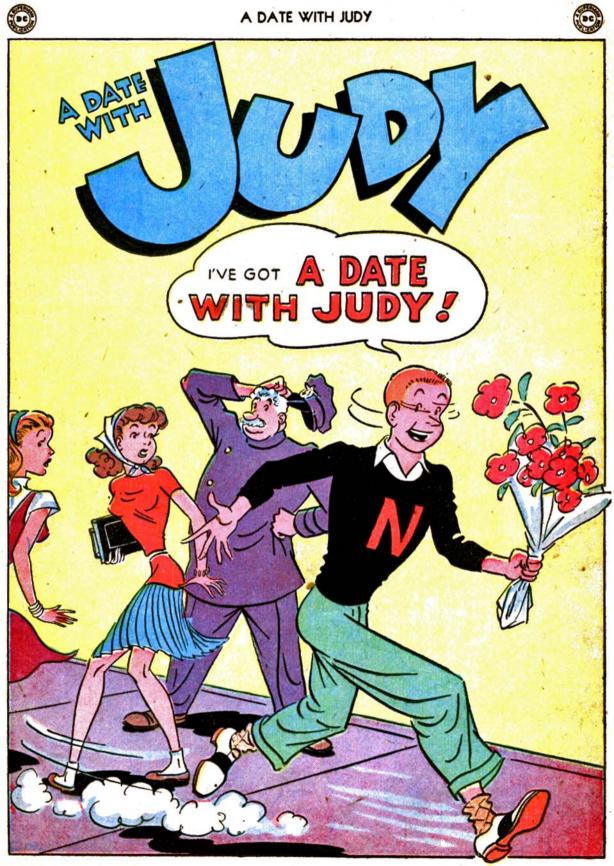












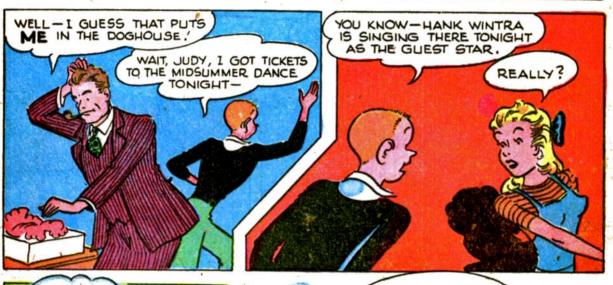




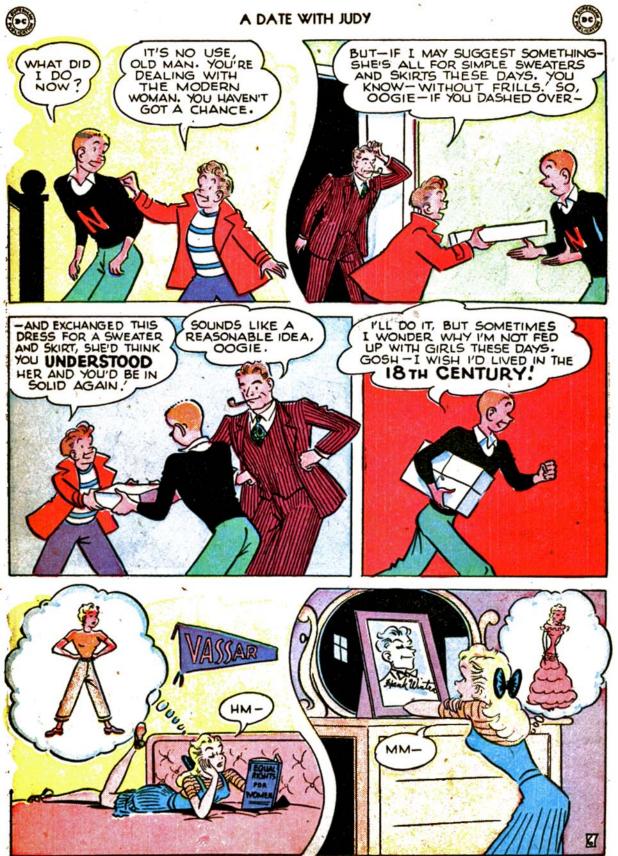




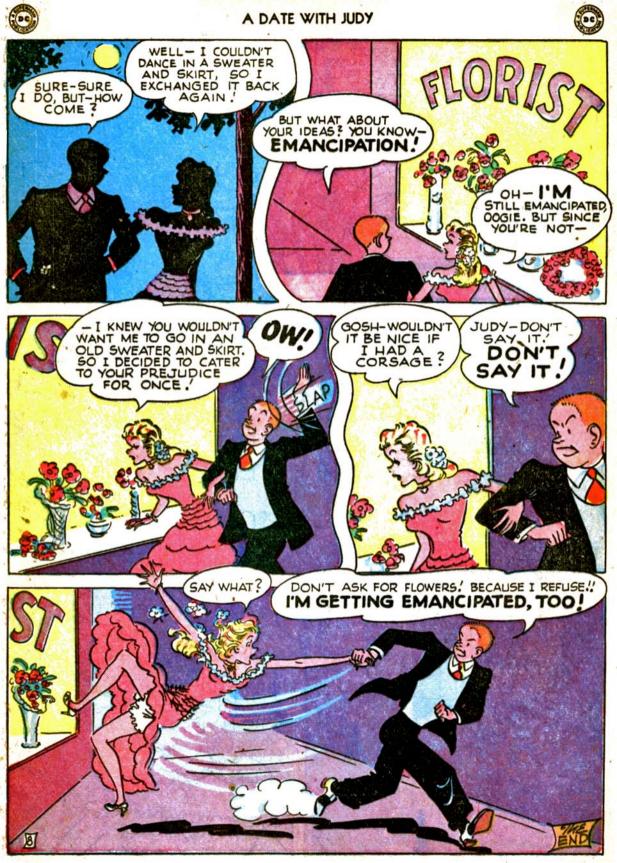




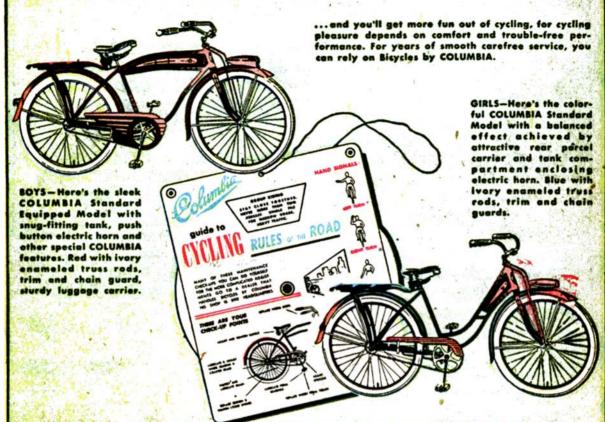








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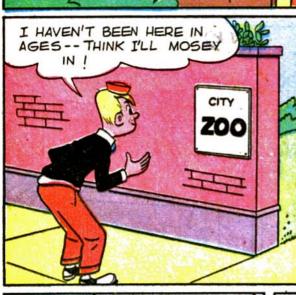
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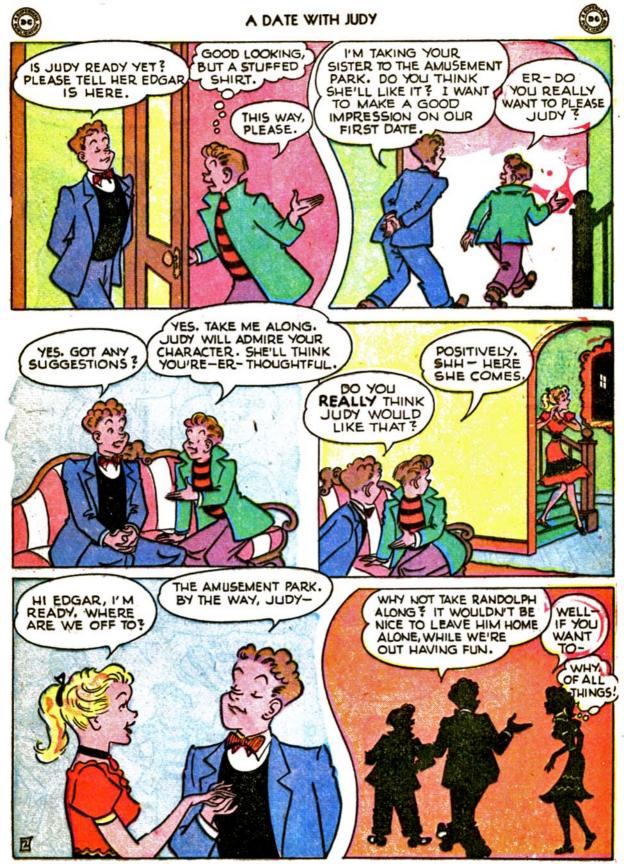
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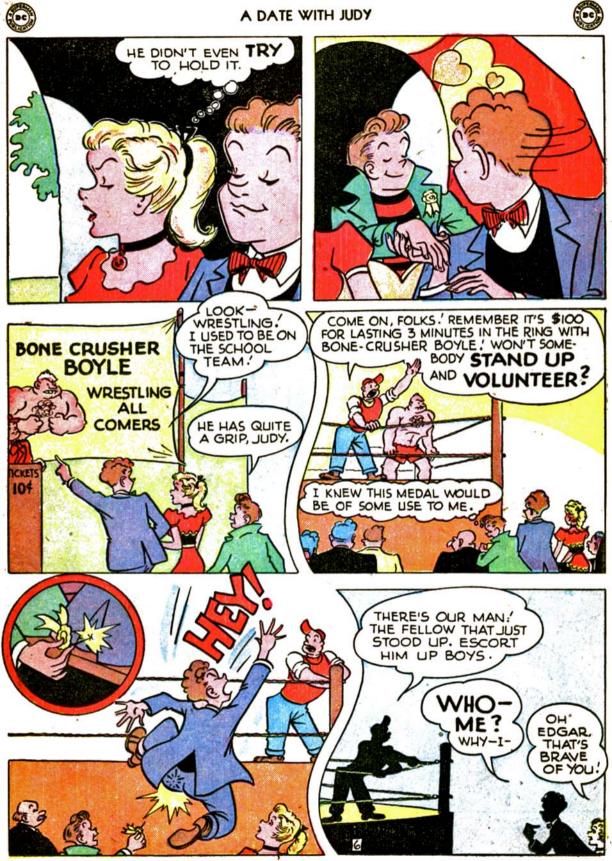


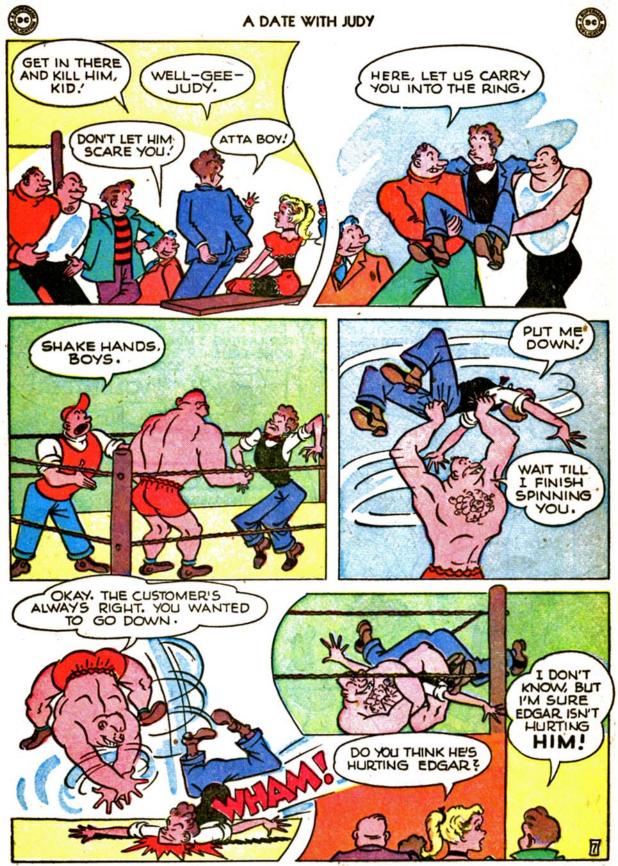


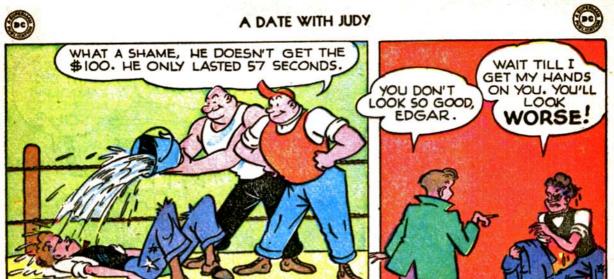


















KEEP AN EYE ON JUDY

shower and flailed the wet air wildly in a desperate attempt to retain her equilibrium. One clutching hand found and grasped the stainless steel rail which held the shower curtain, but not before her pretty forehead had come into rather violent contact with the glistening wall. She saw vari-colored designs; she heard the ringing of many bells. But she held on to the rail.

And then her head cleared. She turned off the water, pulled back the curtain, and stepped out of the shower.

"It could have been worse," she told herself. "I could have broken a leg. Jeepers! Imagine breaking a leg two hours before Oogie is taking me to the biggest dance of the year!"

She touched her forehead gingerly, looked closely into the mirror. There was only a small red mark just southeast of her left eye. Well, that didn't matter—a touch of pancake makeup would cover that effectively. Judy sighed with relief.

Five minutes later, pink and glowing from brisk application of a rough towel, Judy slipped into her robe and went to her room. Smiling happily to herself, she lay down on her bed for a nap—a practice which she found essential before big evening dates, not only from a standpoint of beauty, but also because it gave her an opportunity to doze and dream

about the evening to come. It was practically

like having two dates.

Judy dreamed that Oogie was frantically trying to fend off a stag line consisting of five-letter men from Yale, Dartmouth, Wisconsin, USC and Duke—all of the five-letter men being frantic to dance with one Judy Foster. It was wonderful, and Judy awakened, forty-five minutes later, refreshed and thrilled. She danced across the room to her dressing table.

Downstairs, Mr. Melvin Foster, Judy's father, was at peace with the world and the sports section of the evening paper. Suddenly

his ears were assailed by a scream so bloodcurdling as to be worthy of the victim of an Indian massacre.

He leaped, jittering, to his feet. The newspaper flew about the room like autumn leaves. In an excess of panic, he headed for the stairs. Judy's mother, halfway through a devil's food cake in the kitchen at the moment of the scream, was right behind him. The frantic parents burst through the door of their daughter's room like Superman on the loose.

Judy, her face buried in her hands, was

"It just couldn't happen to me!" she wailed. "It just couldn't!"

dissolving in tears.

Mr. Foster took a firm grip on his emotions. "What just couldn't happen to you, Judy?" he demanded.

At this point she lifted a tear-stained face and looked at them in all-out misery, and her father's question was answered. Her left eye was a sunset, a conglomeration of all the hues of the rainbow, with the accent on the deep purples. "I've got a black eye!" she screamed.

There was no denying the fact. She had as black an eye as ever graced the orb of the world's worst prizefighter. Moreover, it was growing blacker by the minute.

Mr. Foster rose to the occasion. He went downstairs, thumbed through the telephone book and called a number. There was a somewhat long conversation. In any case, the barber from "one of the tougher sections downtown" arrived shortly, carrying a small bag. He was shown to Judy's room. And there, after a short and tearful struggle, he went to work under the critical eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Foster.

When, twenty minutes later, Judy summoned enough courage to look at herself again in the mirror, she gasped: "Why, it's wonderful! I mean, you'd never even know it happened!"

black eye, it was probably all right. And he didn't. He gazed at Judy and gasped: "Jeepers, Judy, I guess you're about the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my whole life!"

And it was true. The barber's art had made

the black eye disappear. When Oogie arrived,

That was pretty sweet of Oogie, Judy thought. And as they drove to the country club in Oogie's father's car she thought, well, maybe Oogie isn't the most glamorous man in the world, but as a steady diet, he could be morse!

men. She had a wonderful time, even if she did feel rather sorry for Oogie, who didn't seem to be having a good time at all. Late in the evening, she felt the need of a checkup on her makeup in general and the black eye makeup in particular. She excused

herself from an admiring circle and went to the ladies' cloak room, where she was grati-

She had to admit to herself that Oogie

didn't look too good when you stacked him

up against older, more attractive and worldly

fied to see that the barber's handiwork was still holding up perfectly. She left the cloak room and passed the club's desk. There, she was horrified to see that a very unpleasant-looking young man had

a gun jabbed into the ribs of Mr. Shively. the club steward, and was demanding of him the evening's receipts. Judy had always liked Mr. Shively, and this outraged her. In a low,

tense voice she hissed at the gunman: "You

can't do that to Mr. Shively!"-and kicked

him deftly in the shins.

This might very well have cost Mr. Shively his life, and doubtless Mr. Shively thought that was exactly what was going to happen, for he gasped horridly. Instead of pulling the trigger, however, the young thug turned toward Judy and put his free hand over her face. Then he pushed. Judy sat down-hard.

The gunman hissed to Mr. Shively: "Get that money out of the safe, and hurry!" A number of the guests had seen the last

part of the by-play. Some of the young men

bearing a corsage, Judy faced him tremblingly; if Oogie didn't notice the camouflaged started forward. But the gunman stood with surprised and dazed. Oogie walked to her

his back to the wall and grated: "The first one to come near me gets it!" He had the gun leveled before him. Judy just sat there on the floor, looking

nearby table and knelt beside Judy. Very tenderly, he sponged her face with the towel saturated with ice water. And then, while the gunman still stood there holding the others at bay with his pistol. and while Mr. Shively nervously fiddled with the safe's combination, Oogie Pringle did an

side, ignoring the man with the gun. He took

a pitcher of ice water and a napkin from a

extraordinary thing. He suddenly stood up and threw the pitcher at the gunman. The gun was deflected. In that one moment of comparative safety, Oogie leaped forward and sent a fist crashing to the thug's jaw. He followed it with another, and yet another. Finally they had to drag him off the gun-

man's prostrate body. It's possible Oogie might

wonderful hero in the world! Who else would

have killed him. At any rate, when the police arrived they took into custody a very badly subdued holdup man. The police told Oogie he was a hero. Everybody else told him the same thing. Judy put her arms about his neck and kissed his beetred face vigorously. "Oogie, you're the most

face a holdup man singlehanded the way you did!" she said. "I dunno," Oogie said. "It wasn't so much

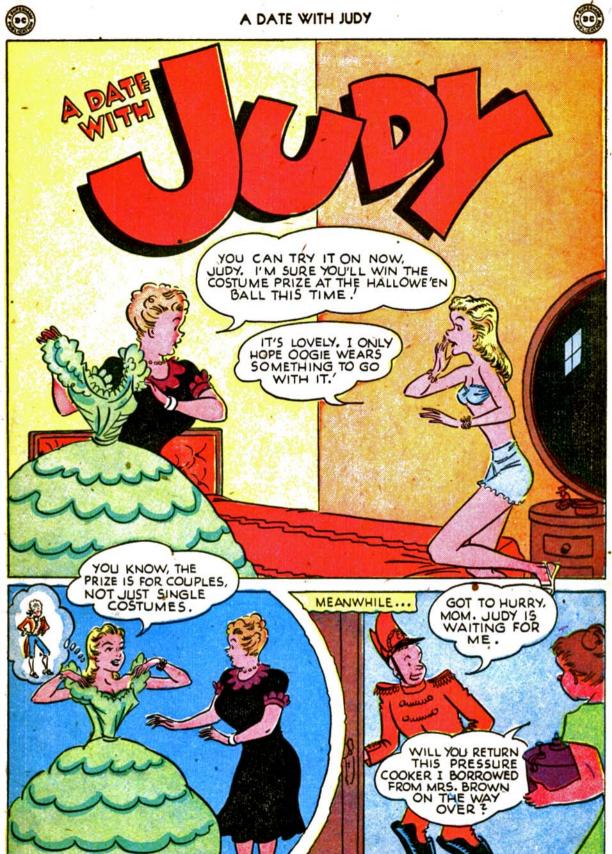
that he was a holdup man. I just couldn't take

it to have anybody give you a black eye, Judy!" Judy gasped. She drew the mirror from her bag. She looked at her reflection in ab-

ject horror. Her left eye was again all the hues of the setting sun.

"Why, oh, why, Oogie Pringle," she wailed, "did you have to wash off my face? I think you're the most horrid man I ever knew!" And she stamped her foot and walked away from him.

Oogie still doesn't understand women. He doubts if he ever will.





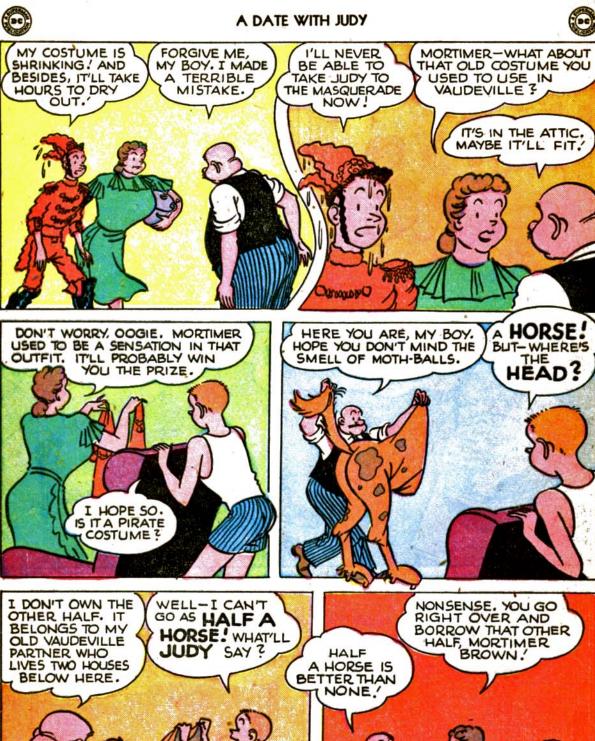




























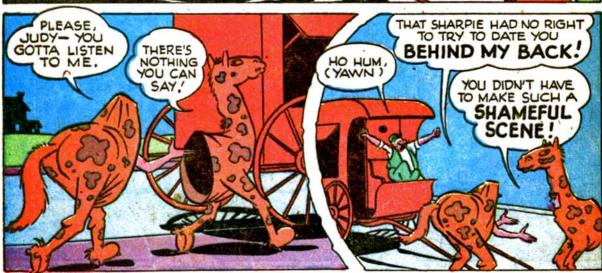










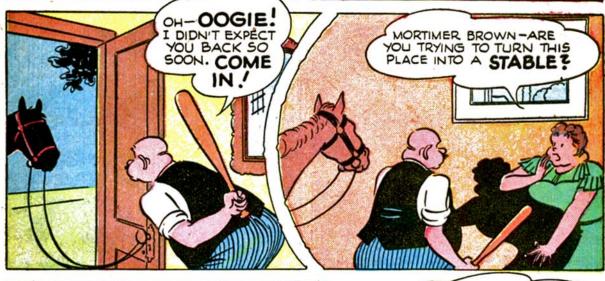




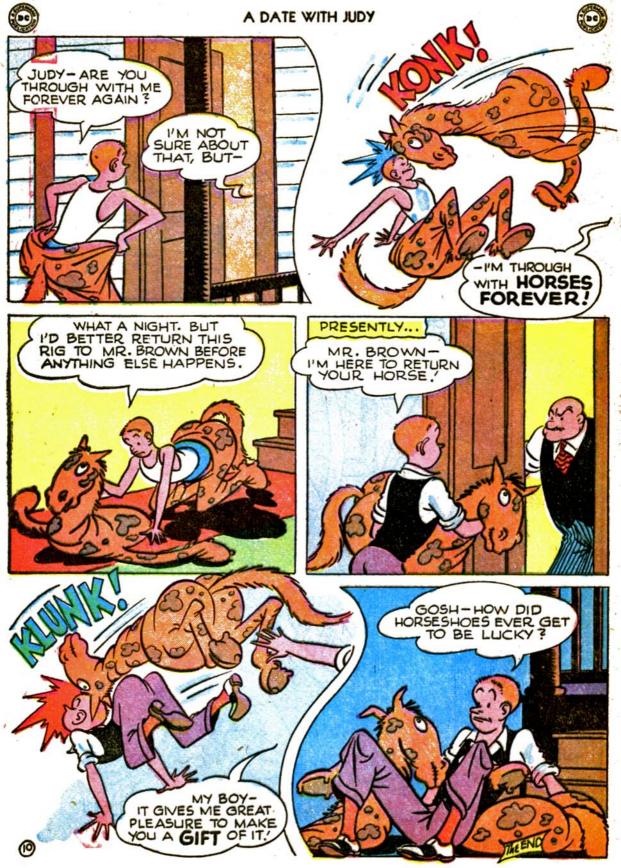
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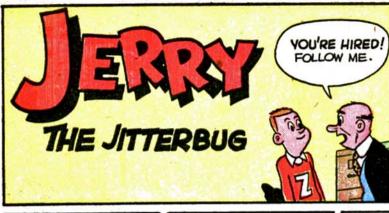
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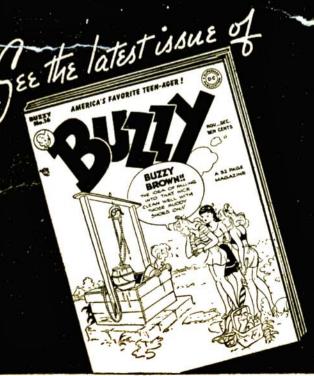




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