

No. 3
FEB. - MAR.

RADIO'S FAMOUS
COAST-TO-COAST
FAVORITE



A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

A DATE
WITH

Judy

10¢



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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

COMIQUIZ

ARE YOU
READY FOR THE
QUESTION?



YES.

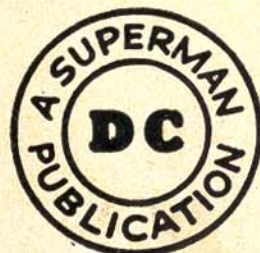
WHAT ONE COMIC
MAGAZINE HAS
SUPERMAN AND
BATMAN AND
BOY COMMANDOS
AND OTHER
HEADLINERS?



THAT'S EASY!
WORLD'S
FINEST
COMICS!



EXCUSE ME
WHILE I RUSH
DOWN FOR MY
COPY!



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A DATE WITH JUDY

OOGIE - AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! THIS JOB I TOOK TO MAKE SOME CHRISTMAS MONEY GETS SO DULL.

LACEY'S TOY DEPARTMENT

YOU'RE LUCKY, JUDY. I WISH I COULD EARN SOME EXTRA CHRISTMAS MONEY.

SHH-ACT LIKE A CUSTOMER. HERE COMES MR. WATSON, THE FLOORWALKER, WITH A NEW SANTA CLAUS.

NOW OUR LAST FOUR SANTAS DIDN'T WORK OUT WITH THE YOUNGSTERS BECAUSE THEY FAILED TO PUT THEMSELVES INTO THE ROLE
SINCERELY,

YOU MEAN- FOUR GUYS ALREADY FLOPPED ON THIS JOB?



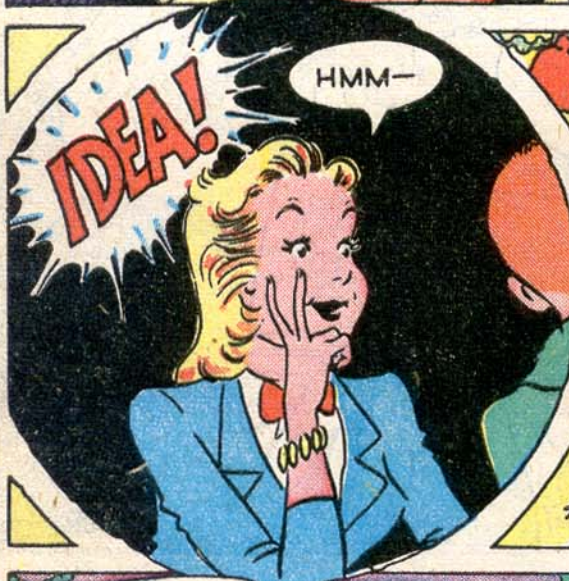
IF YOU JUST BELIEVE IN YOURSELF, YOU'LL GET BY!

YOU MEAN I GOTTA BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS TOO?



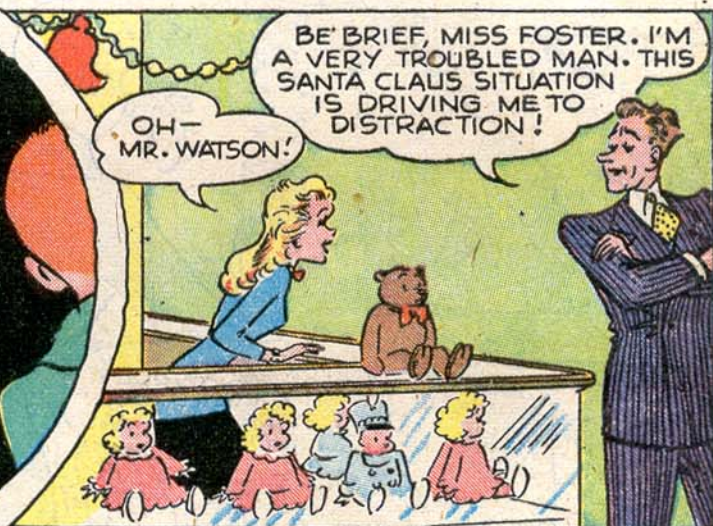
NOTHING DOING! I EXPECTED TO TAKE IT EASY ON THIS JOB, BUT I'M AFRAID IT'LL MAKE ME A NERVOUS WRECK!
I QUIT!

BUT-BUT-



IDEA!

HMM-



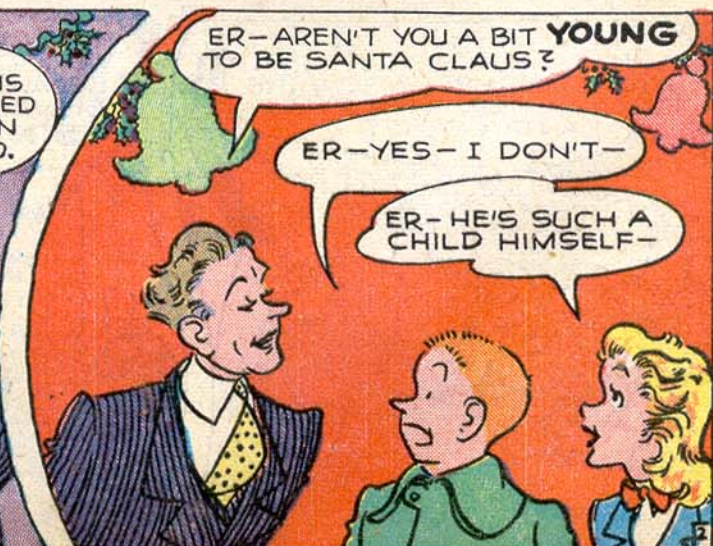
OH-MR. WATSON!

BE BRIEF, MISS FOSTER. I'M A VERY TROUBLED MAN. THIS SANTA CLAUS SITUATION IS DRIVING ME TO DISTRACTION!



I'M SURE THIS YOUNG MAN CAN SOLVE YOUR SANTA CLAUS PROBLEM. HE'S AN EXPERIENCED BABY-SITTER AND I'M CERTAIN HE'LL LOOK WELL IN A BEARD.

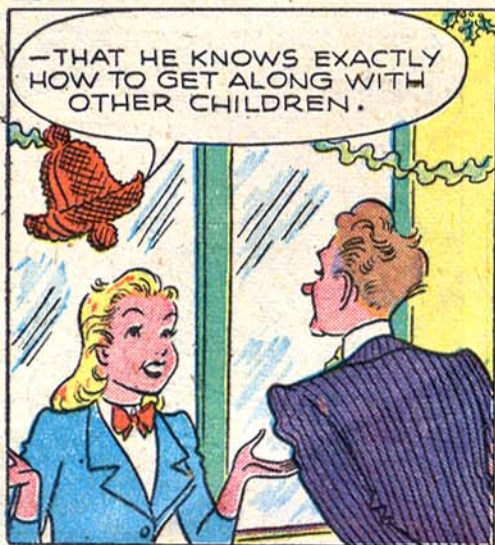
WHO-ME?

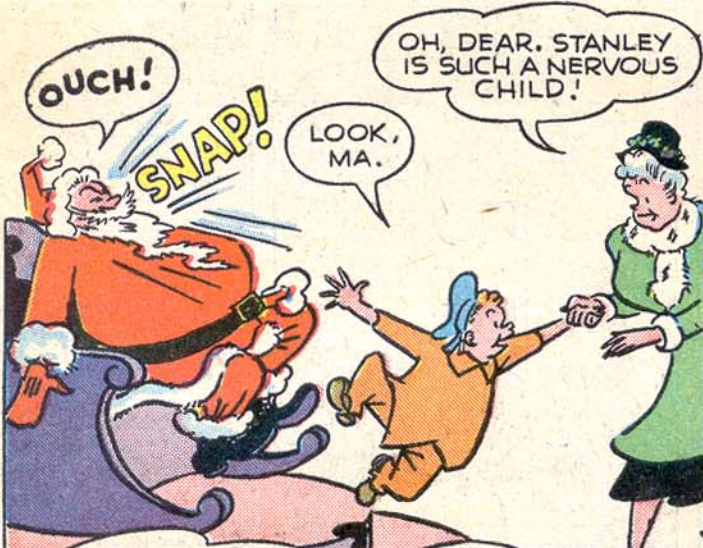


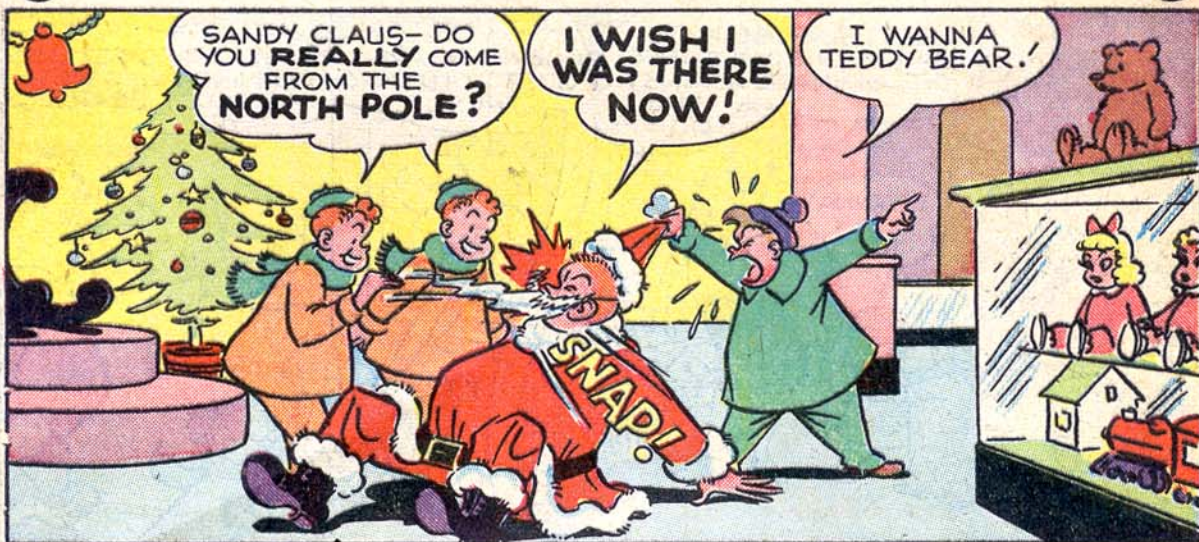
ER-AREN'T YOU A BIT **YOUNG** TO BE SANTA CLAUS?

ER-YES-I DON'T-

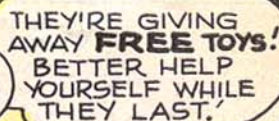
ER- HE'S SUCH A CHILD HIMSELF-













IT WAS A SALESGIRL IN CAHOOTS WITH OUR NEW SANTA. THEY STARTED GIVING AWAY FREE TOYS—AND A RIOT FOLLOWED. I'M SURE THEY WERE WORKING FOR A RIVAL DEPARTMENT STORE.

YOU COME IN AND BACK ME UP WHILE I EXPLAIN TO FATHER. THEN I'LL GO WITH YOU TO YOUR FOLKS.

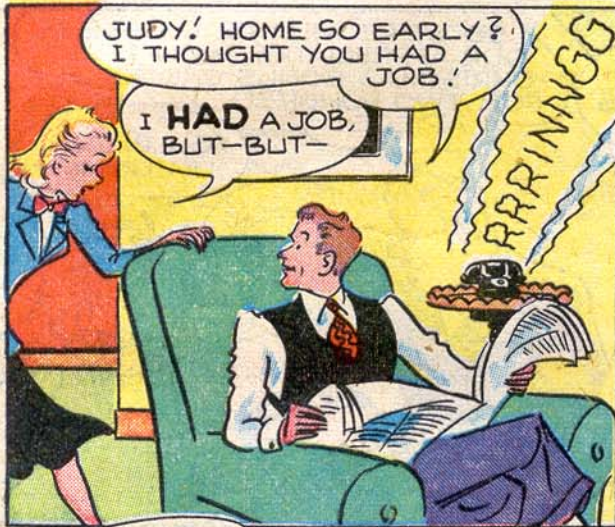
I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, JUDY.



JUDY! HOME SO EARLY? I THOUGHT YOU HAD A JOB!

I HAD A JOB, BUT-BUT—

RINGING



OH DEAR—I JUST CAN'T TELL HIM!

WAIT'LL I ANSWER THE PHONE.

I'VE GOT A HUNCH YOU WON'T HAVE TO.



YES! YES! YES—SHE'S MY DAUGHTER.

WHAT!? WHAT!!! THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH!!!

WHY-WHY—IT'S INCREDIBLE! WHY, YES, HE'S HERE TOO. ABSOLUTELY! I'LL BRING THEM OVER, AT ONCE!

FATHER! THE TRUTH! WHAT CAN WE GET FOR THIS?

OH, ALMOST ANYTHING. THAT WAS LACEY, THE PRESIDENT OF THE STORE. HE WANTS TO SEE YOU BOTH RIGHT AWAY.



I WONDER IF YOU CAN CHOOSE YOUR OWN REFORM SCHOOL?

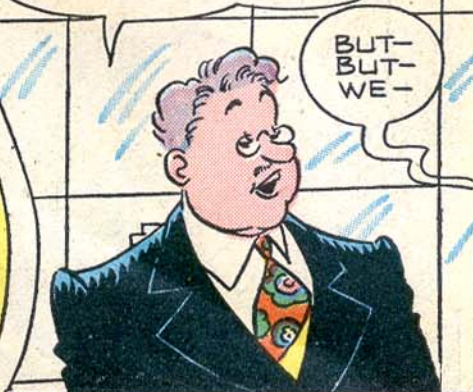
PRESENTLY...

...AND WE CALCULATED OUR LOSSES AT THREE THOUSAND. OUR FIRST HYSTERICAL REACTION WAS TO SUSPECT YOU OF WORKING FOR A RIVAL STORE —



BUT WHEN THE NEWSPAPER MEN ARRIVED, WE REALIZED THAT YOU YOUNGSTERS HAD INITIATED THE WHOLE THING **ON YOUR OWN.**

BUT— BUT— WE—



OF COURSE, WE SHOULD'VE BEEN CONSULTED FIRST. STILL, WE ADMIRE YOUR **INITIATIVE.** FOR A PALTRY FEW THOUSAND YOU GOT LACEY'S **MILLIONS** WORTH OF **GOOD-WILL** AND **PUBLICITY!**

SO WE'RE WILLING TO EXPRESS OUR APPRECIATION WITH THESE CHRISTMAS BONUS CHECKS FOR TWO HUNDRED A PIECE.

(GULP) ER— UM—UMMM—



WH— WHAT??



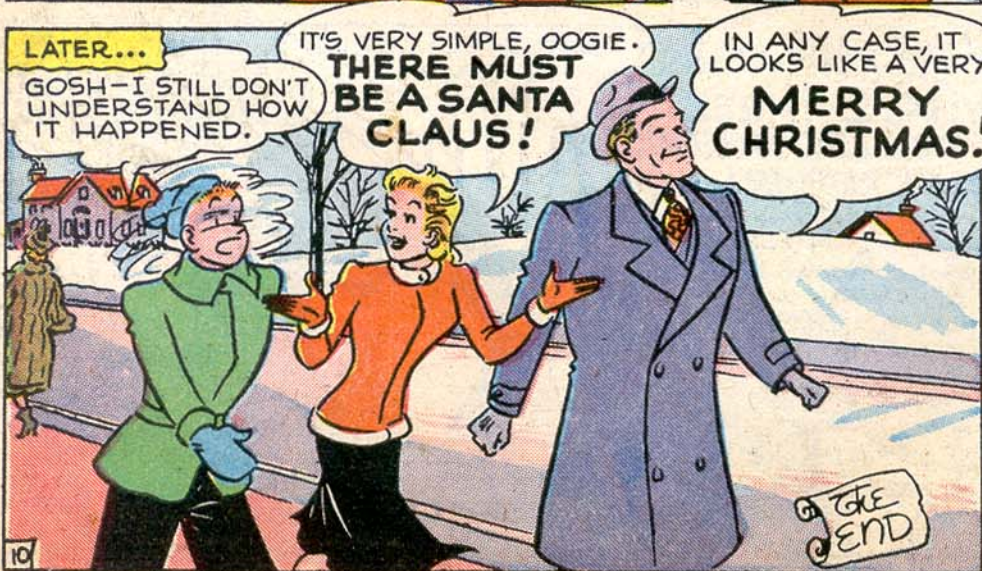
LATER...

GOSH—I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT HAPPENED.

IT'S VERY SIMPLE, OOGIE.

THERE MUST BE A SANTA CLAUS!

IN ANY CASE, IT LOOKS LIKE A VERY **MERRY CHRISTMAS!**

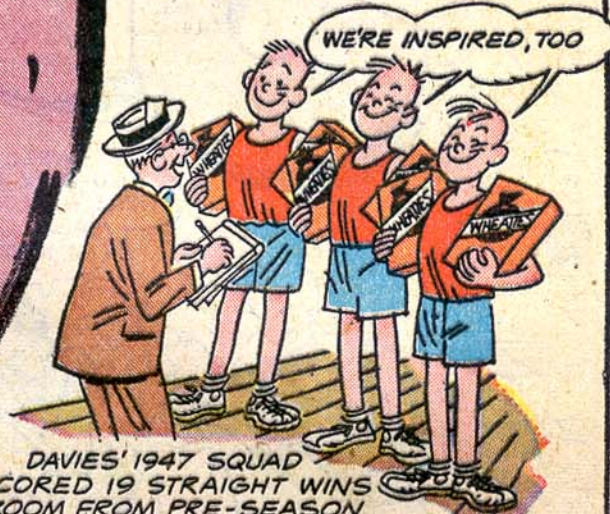
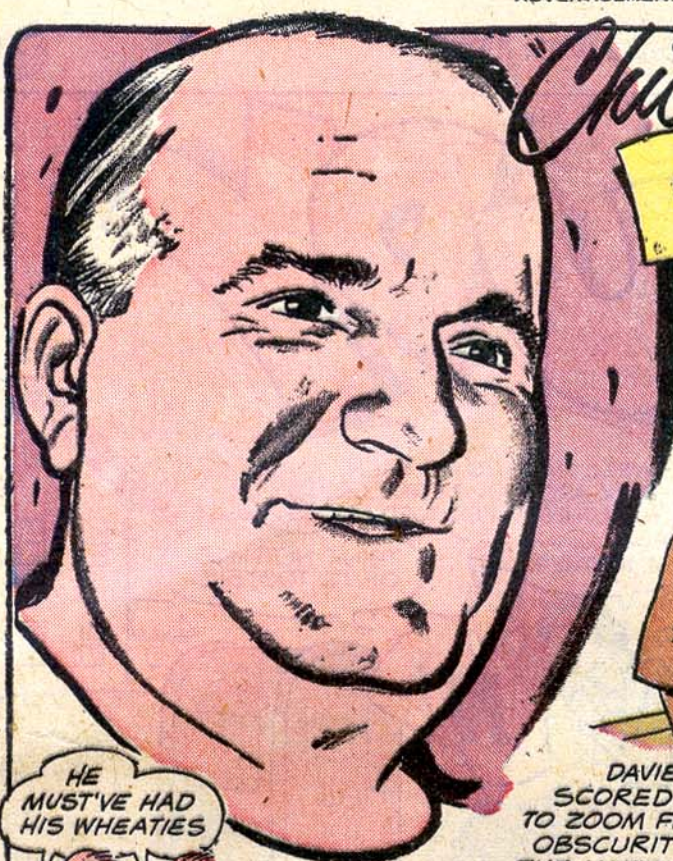


LISTEN IN TO
A DATE WITH JUDY
EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT
OVER YOUR **NBC** STATION
SPONSORED BY **TUMS**

THE END

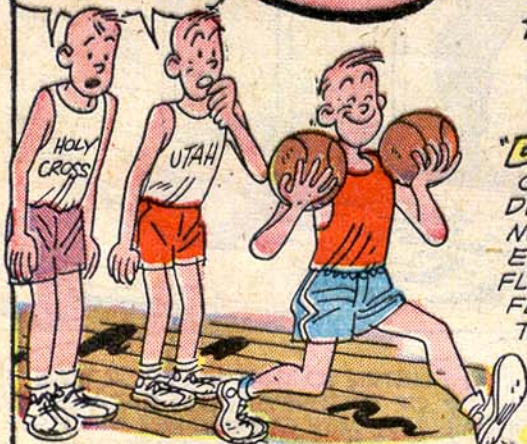
"Chick" DAVIES

CHAMPION BASKETBALL COACH
DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY



DAVIES' 1947 SQUAD
SCORED 19 STRAIGHT WINS
TO ZOOM FROM PRE-SEASON
OBSCURITY TO TOP-RANK' AMONG
THE NATION'S TEAMS. THE INSPIRED
PITTSBURGH FIVE PILED UP 1235 POINTS
IN 21 GAMES

HE
MUST'VE HAD
HIS WHEATIES



"DROP AROUND MY HOUSE SOME MORNING," SAYS CHICK DAVIES, "AND YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND ME DIGGING INTO A BIG BOWL OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT." VITAMINS, MINERALS, FOOD ENERGY IN THESE 100% WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES. FAMOUS SECOND HELPING FLAVOR. HAD YOUR WHEATIES TODAY? "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"!

ON SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS, DAVIES' SHARPSHOOTERS TURNED BACK THE TEAMS WHICH WERE TO WIN 1947'S TWO NATIONAL BASKETBALL TITLES. JAN. 3 THE DUKES DEFEATED HOLY CROSS (COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS) 55-45; JAN. 4 THEY BEAT UTAH (INVITATIONAL CHAMPIONS) 59-50



WHEATIES
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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

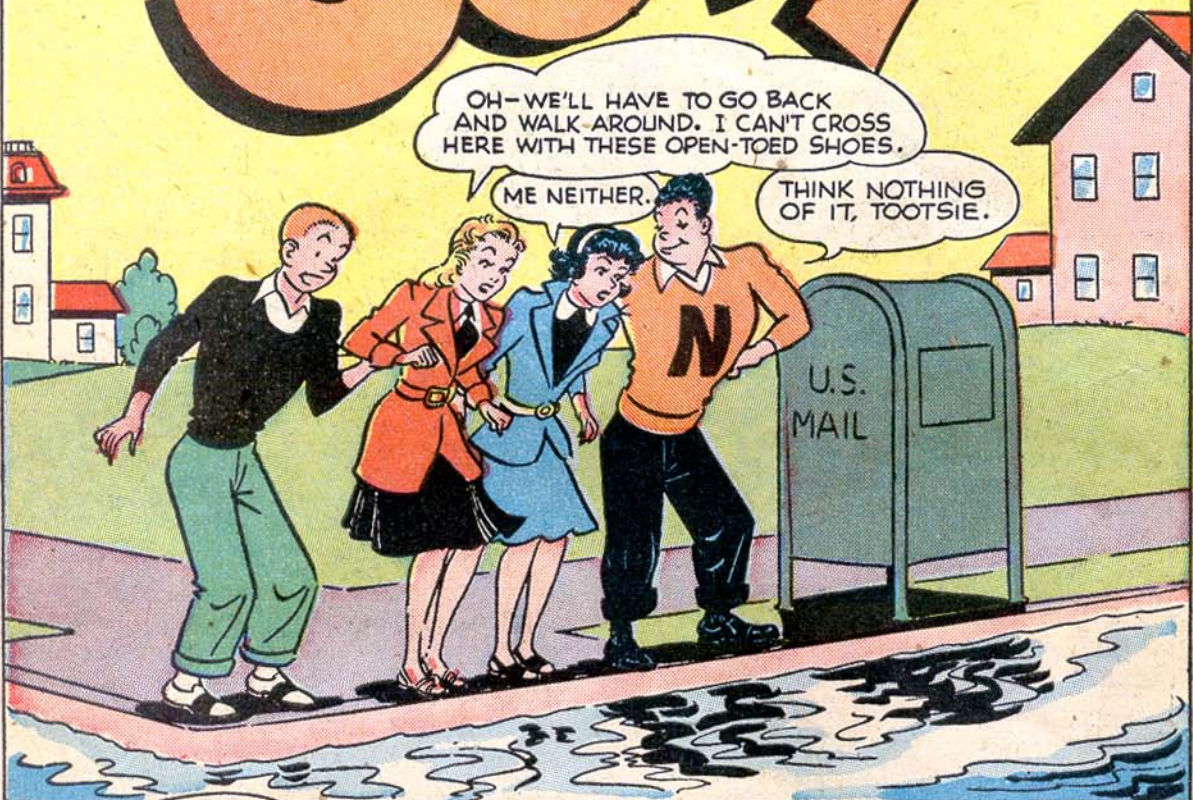
A DATE
WITH

JUDY

OH-WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK
AND WALK AROUND. I CAN'T CROSS
HERE WITH THESE OPEN-TOED SHOES.

ME NEITHER.

THINK NOTHING
OF IT, TOOTSIE.



OH, WILLY- YOU GREAT BIG
**WONDERFUL CAVE-
MAN!**

AREN'T
YOU
COMING,
JUDY?

LISTEN TO THAT SUPERIOR TONE
OF TOOTSIE'S! JUST BECAUSE
HER DATE CARRIED HER ACROSS.
OOGIE- ARE YOU GOING TO LET
HER GET AWAY WITH IT?

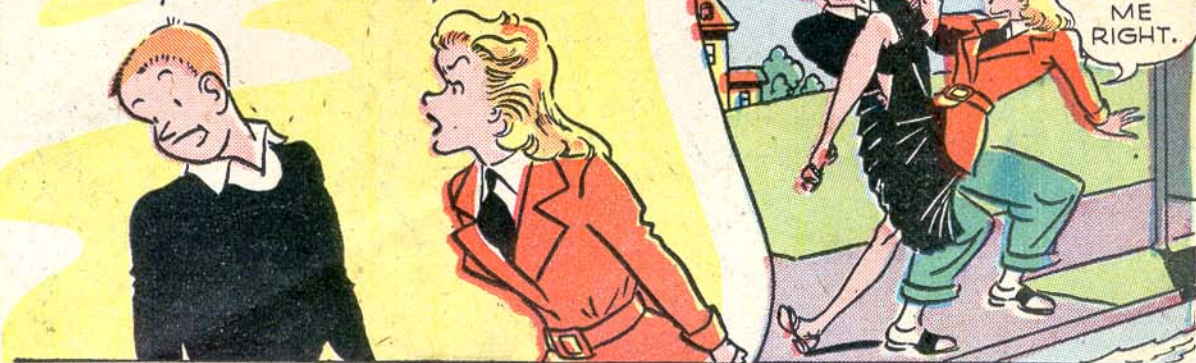


GOSH, JUDY—
THAT PUDDLE'S
SLIPPERY—

OOGIE—YOU'VE GOT TO
CARRY ME—OR I'LL DIE
OF HUMILIATION!

WELL—I'LL TRY—BUT—(OOF)—
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, I'M
NOT RESPONSIBLE.

CAREFUL!
YOU'RE
NOT
HOLDING
ME
RIGHT.



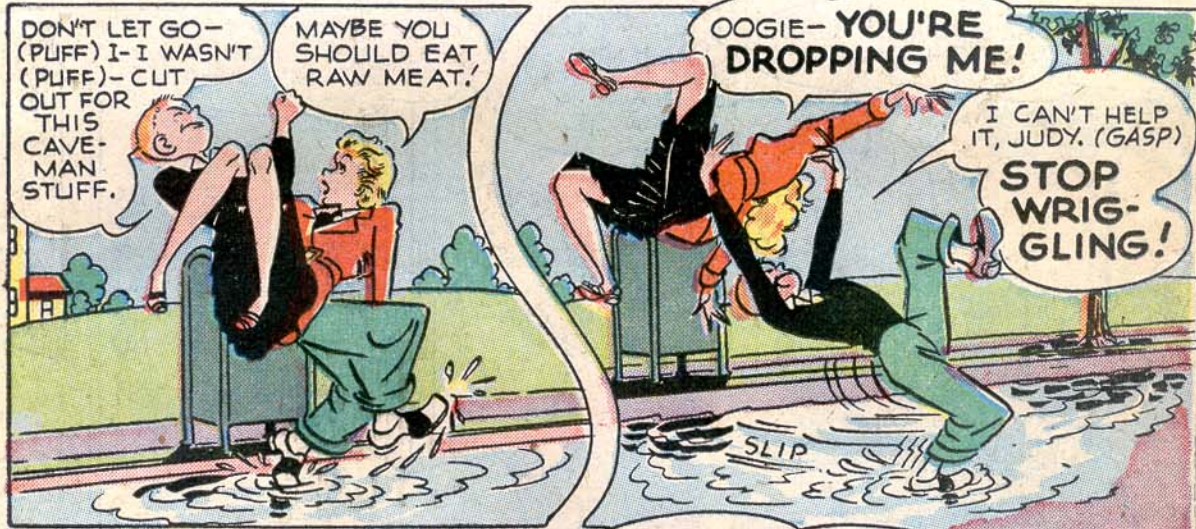
DON'T LET GO—
(PUFF) I—I WASN'T
(PUFF)—CUT
OUT FOR
THIS
CAVE-
MAN
STUFF.

MAYBE YOU
SHOULD EAT
RAW MEAT!

OOGIE—YOU'RE
DROPPING ME!

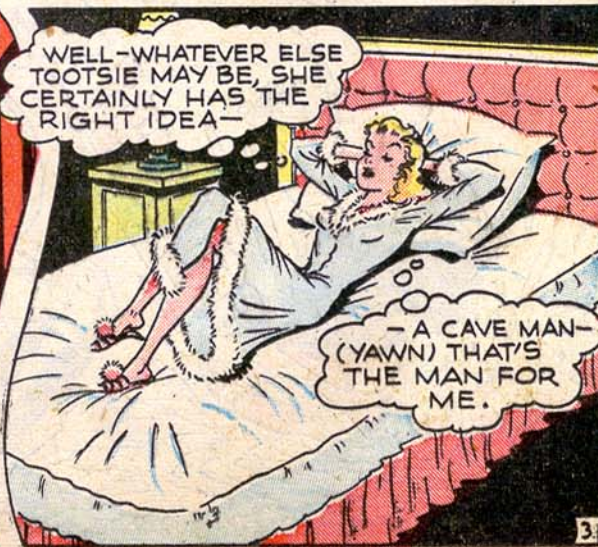
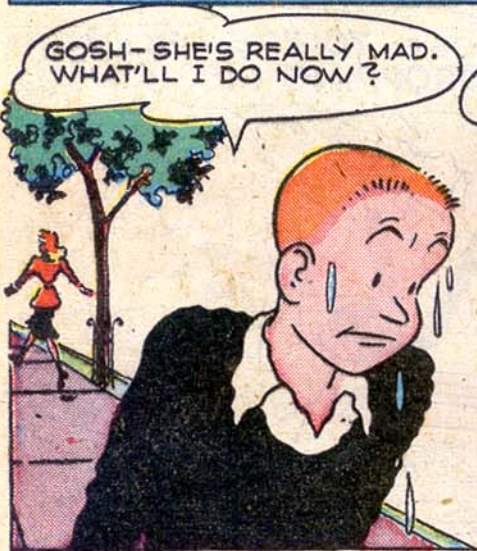
I CAN'T HELP
IT, JUDY. (GASP)

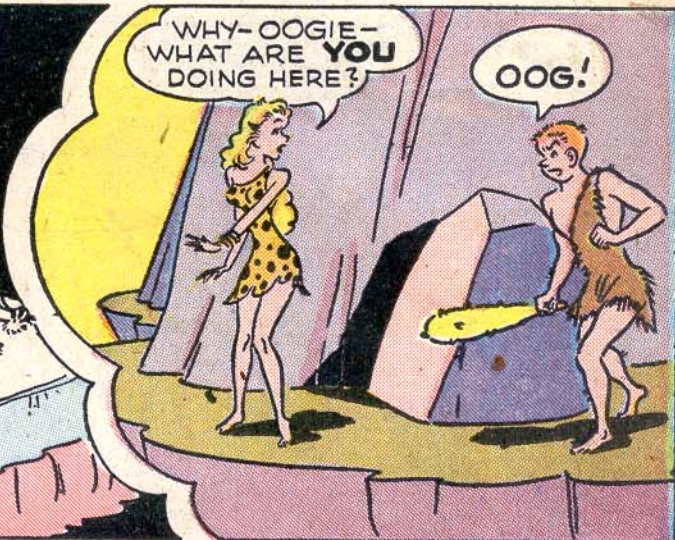
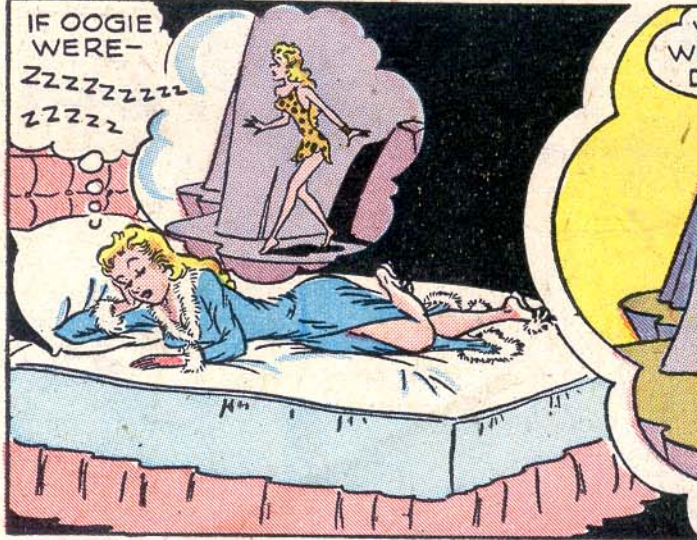
STOP
WRIG-
GLING!

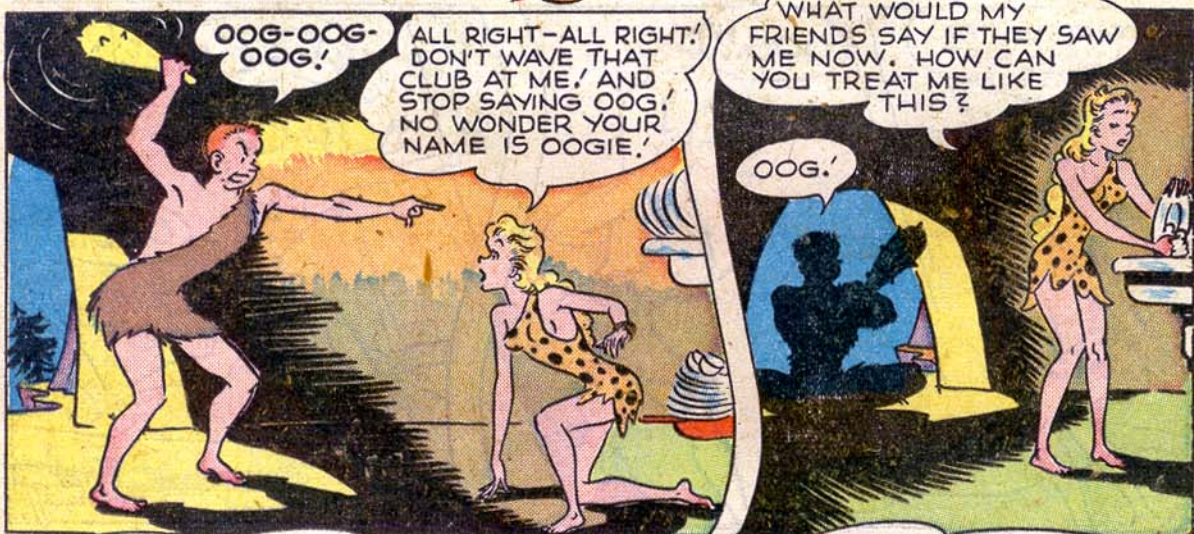


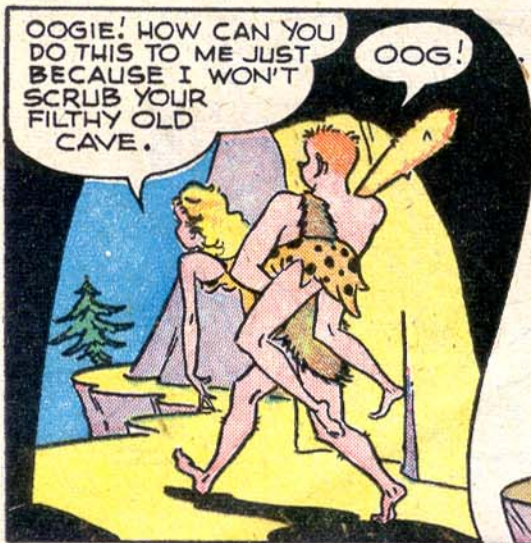
I'M A LOST MAN!

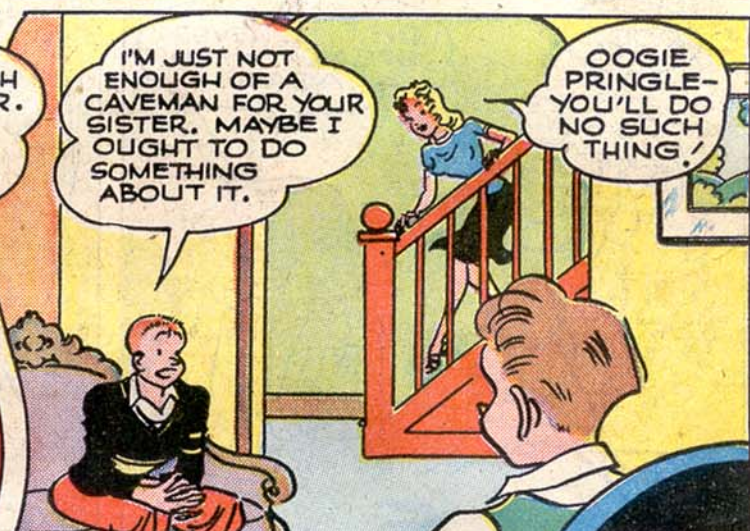
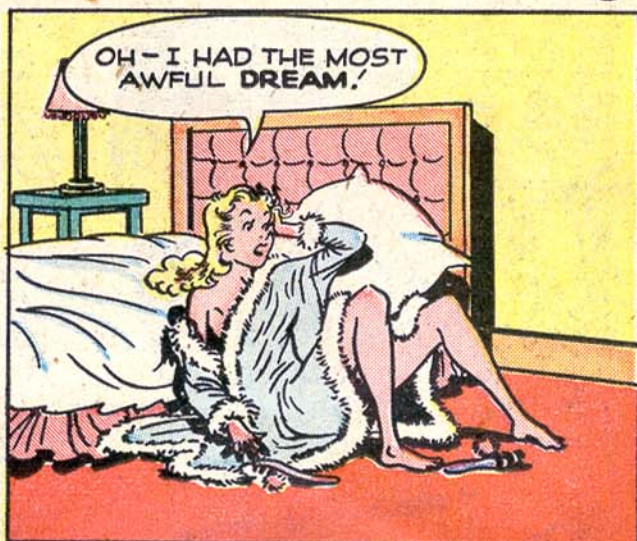












JERRY

THE JITTERBUG

THIS NEW JOB
SELLING BOOKS
OUGHT TO BRING
IN A FEW
DOLLARS!

HERE GOES! MY FIRST
WOULD-BE CUSTOMER!

R-RING

AH-HERE YOU ARE!
AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU.
COME RIGHT IN!

BUT,
ER--

YOU'LL FIND JUNIOR
IN THE LIVING ROOM.
I'M LATE FOR MY
BRIDGE CLUB!

SAY BOSS, I QUIT MY JOB! I'VE
GOT A BETTER ONE AS A BABY SITTER!
50¢ AN HOUR - CASH!

The END

ADVERTISEMENT

Mickey Marvel by S. B. Black

NO OUTDOORS
FOR YOU, YOUNG
MAN, NOT WITH
THAT
COUGH!

COUGH

MICKEY'S DREAM

SMITH BROTHERS
BLACK
COUGH DROPS

TOUGH TO MISS
THIS
KITE-FLYING
WEATHER

YES-
WHEN OUR COUGH DROPS
RELIEVE A COUGH
SO FAST!

Smith Brothers
Cough Drops Help
3 Ways

- 1 Eases tickle
- 2 Soothes membranes
- 3 Loosens phlegm

★ for coughs due to colds

NOW MY COUGH
IS BETTER, BUT
CAN I HAVE
SOME MORE?

YES
DEAR,
YOU
MAY!

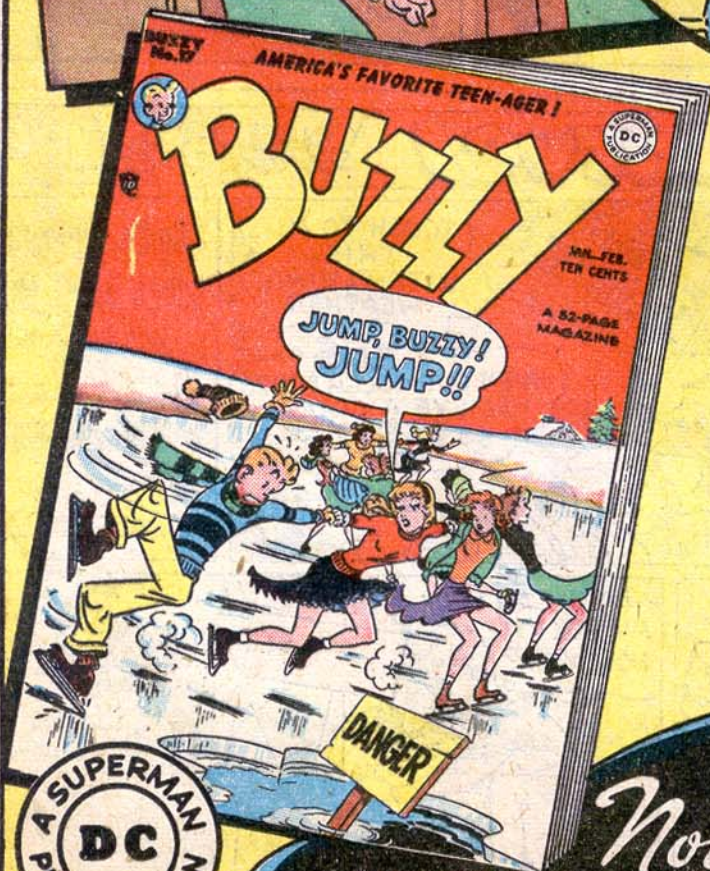
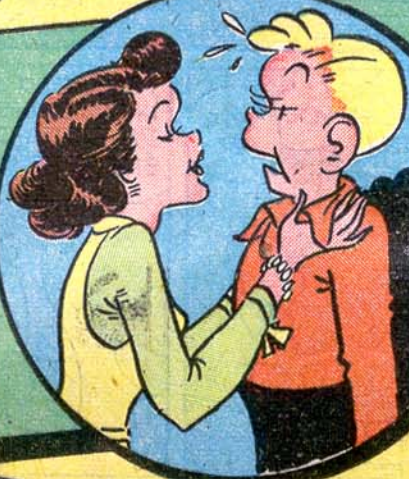
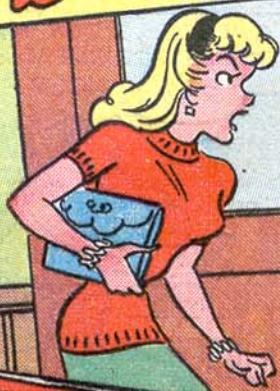
AND CAN I FLY
MY BOX KITE
NOW, MOM?

I DON'T
SEE
WHY NOT-
THANKS TO
TRADE AND MARK

BUY
SMITH BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS
DELICIOUS!
EFFECTIVE!

STILL ONLY 5¢

WHAT'S BUZZIN' WITH BUZZY'S COUSIN?



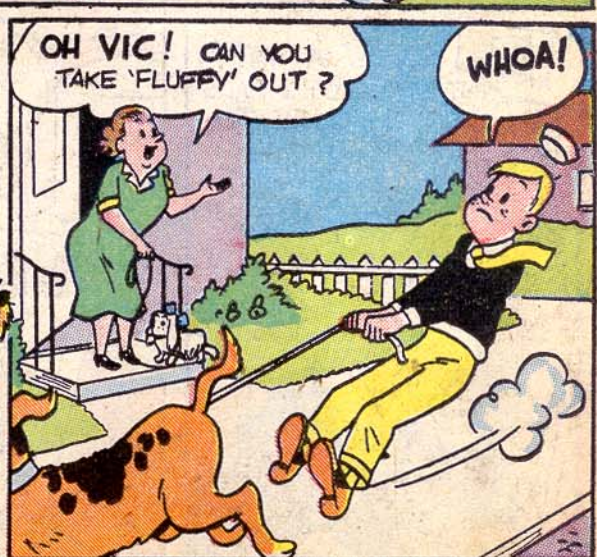
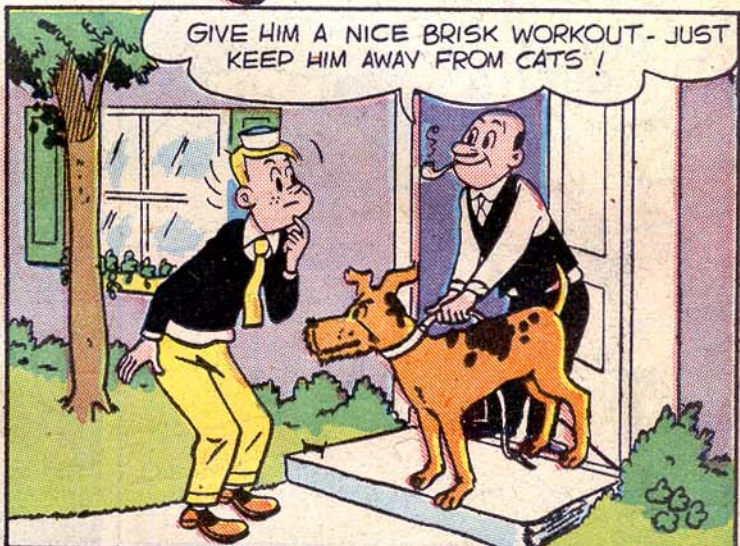
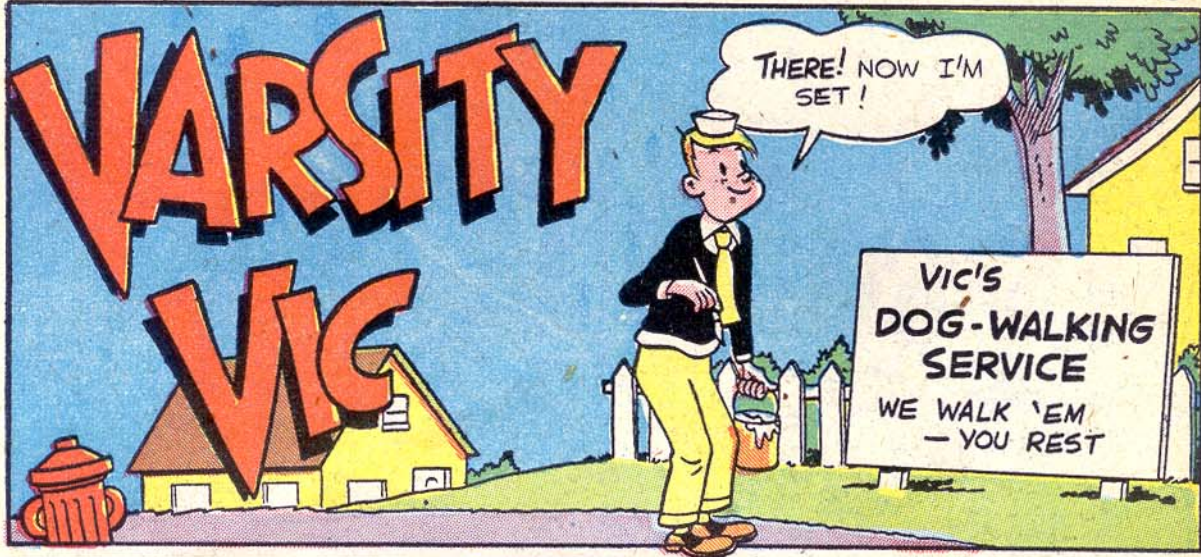
WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN BUZZY'S
LONG-LOST
(AND GORGEOUS!)
COUSIN COMES
TO TOWN?

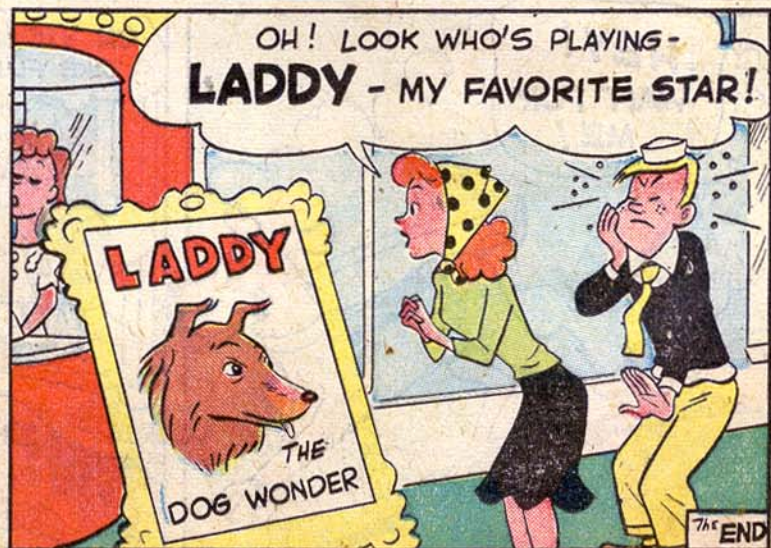
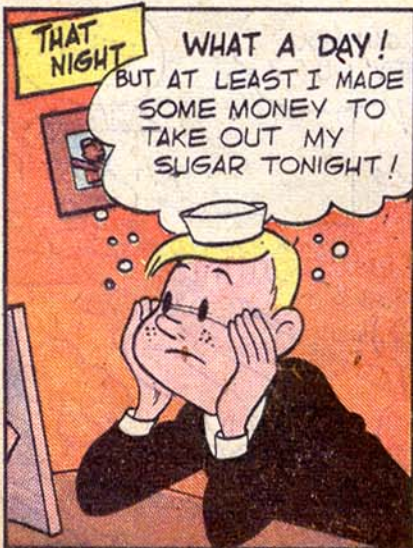
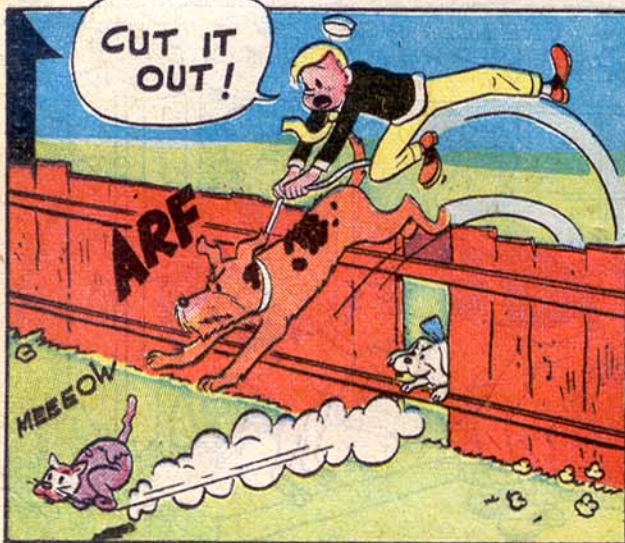
MAYBE IT SHOULDN'T
HAPPEN TO A DOG
—BUT IT HAPPENS
TO LONG-SUFFERING

BUZZY

IN THE LATEST
ISSUE OF HIS OWN
MAGAZINE!

Now on Sale
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!





A DATE WITH

Judy

DO YOU THINK I'D LET MY **BEST CUSTOMER** SPEND THE NIGHT IN A DREARY HOTEL? NONSENSE, YOU'RE STAYING AT MY HOUSE, MR. BILLFOLD.

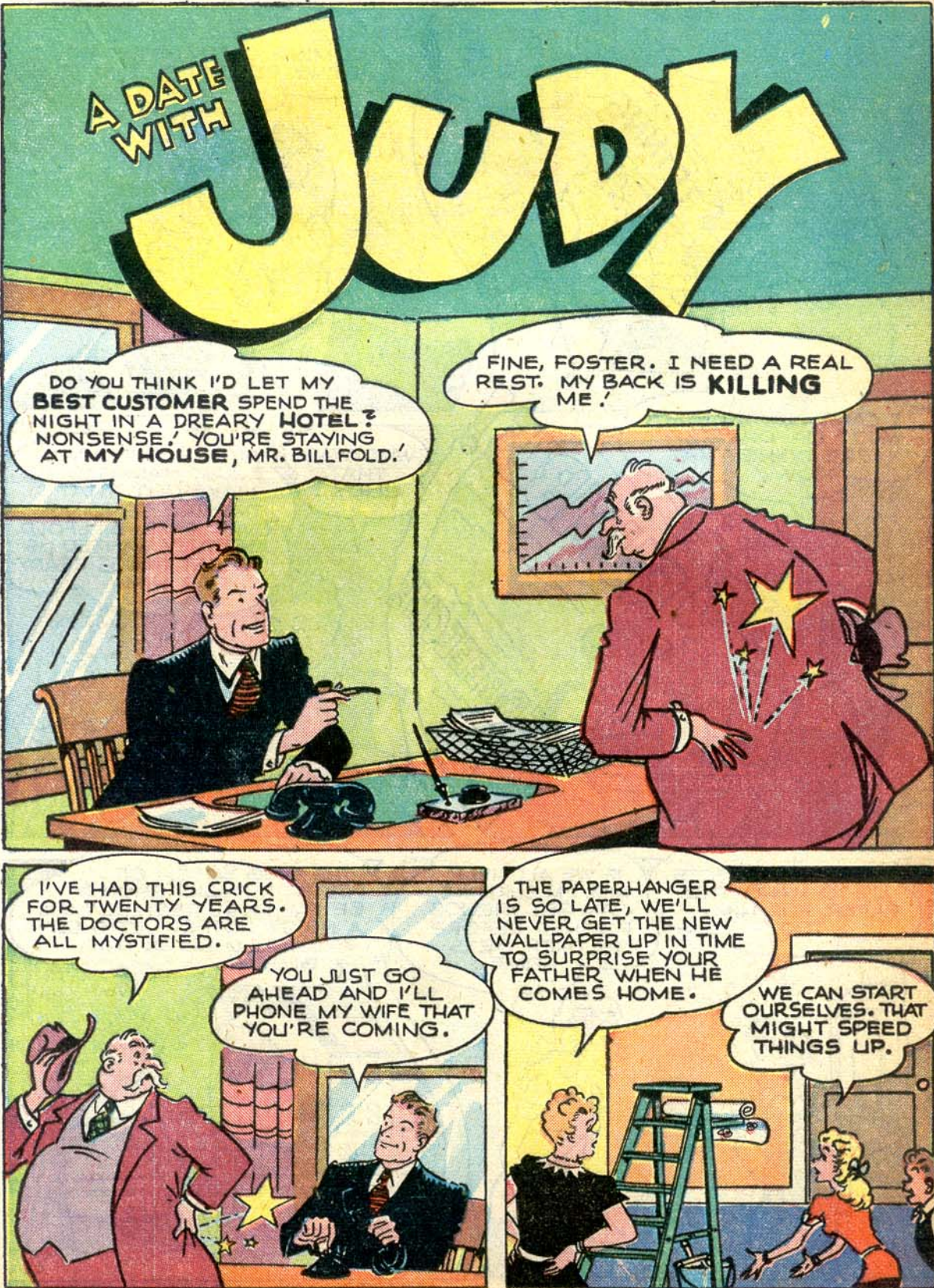
FINE, FOSTER. I NEED A REAL REST. MY BACK IS **KILLING** ME!

I'VE HAD THIS CRICK FOR TWENTY YEARS. THE DOCTORS ARE ALL MYSTIFIED.

YOU JUST GO AHEAD AND I'LL PHONE MY WIFE THAT YOU'RE COMING.

THE PAPERHANGER IS SO LATE, WE'LL NEVER GET THE NEW WALLPAPER UP IN TIME TO SURPRISE YOUR FATHER WHEN HE COMES HOME.

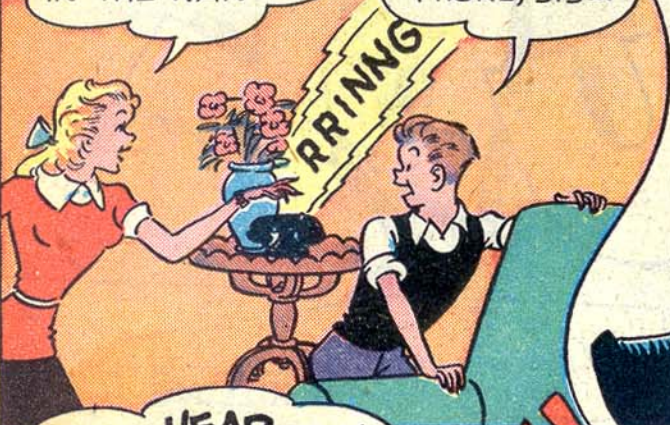
WE CAN START OURSELVES. THAT MIGHT SPEED THINGS UP.



LET'S TAKE SOME OF THE CHAIRS OUTSIDE SO THEY WON'T BE IN THE WAY.

I'LL START WITH THIS. YOU ANSWER THE PHONE, SIS...

JUDY? A MR. BILLFOLD IS COMING OVER. GET EVERYTHING READY FOR HIM TO—

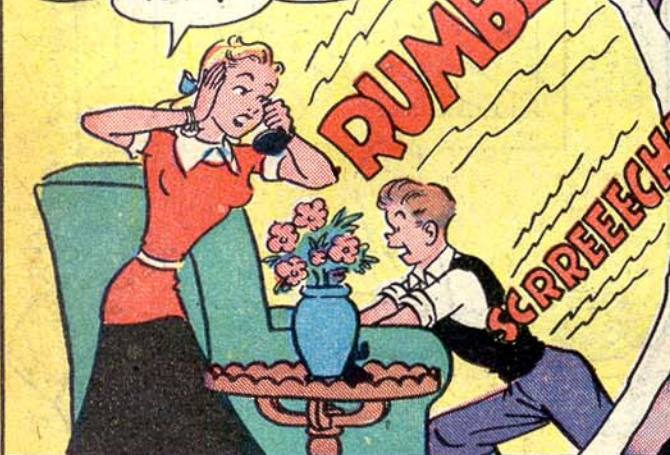


I CAN'T HEAR YOU! WHO? OH-OH YES—WE'RE DOING THAT NOW!

RUMBLE!
SCREECH!

WHO WAS THAT, JUDY?

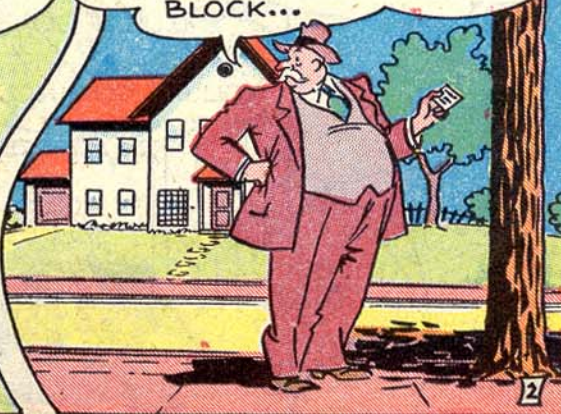
WITH ALL THAT NOISE, I JUST MANAGED TO MAKE OUT THAT THEY'RE SENDING OVER A MR. BILLFOLD, AND THEY WANTED US TO GET THINGS READY FOR HIM.

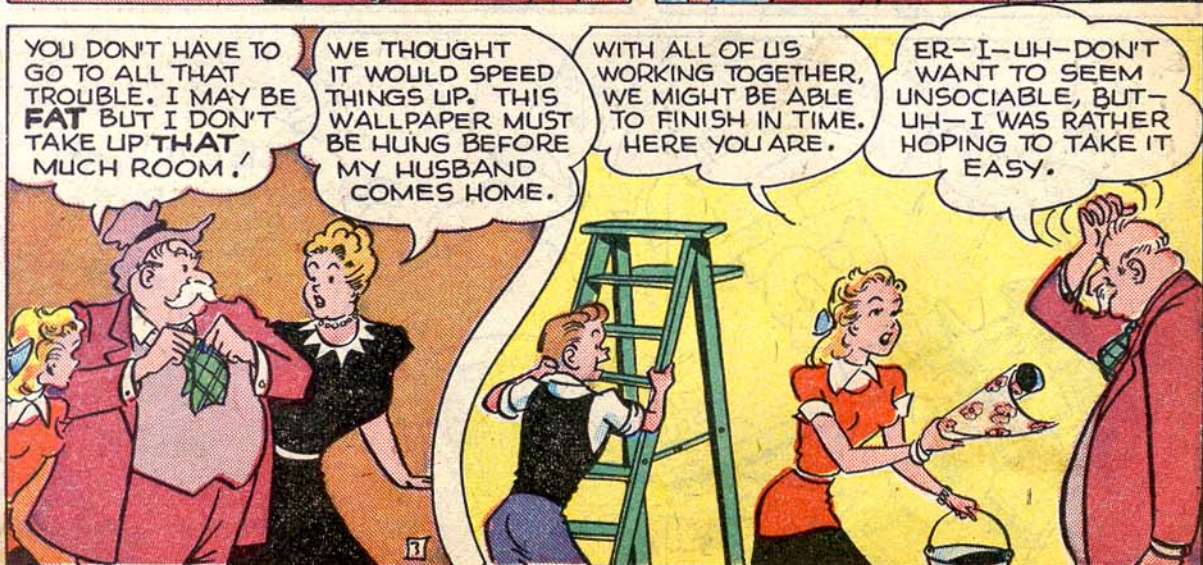
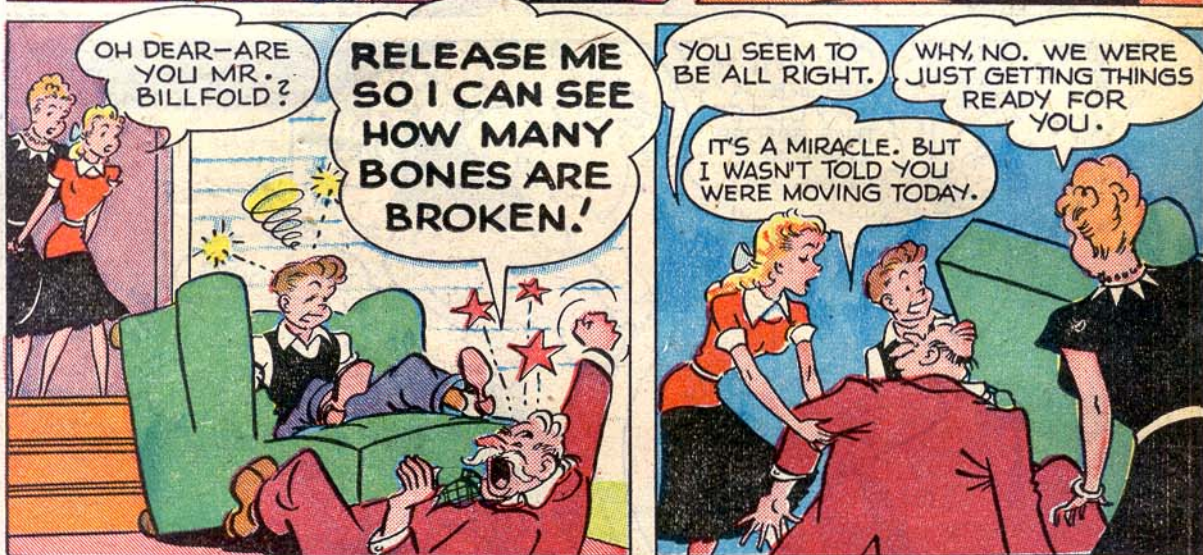
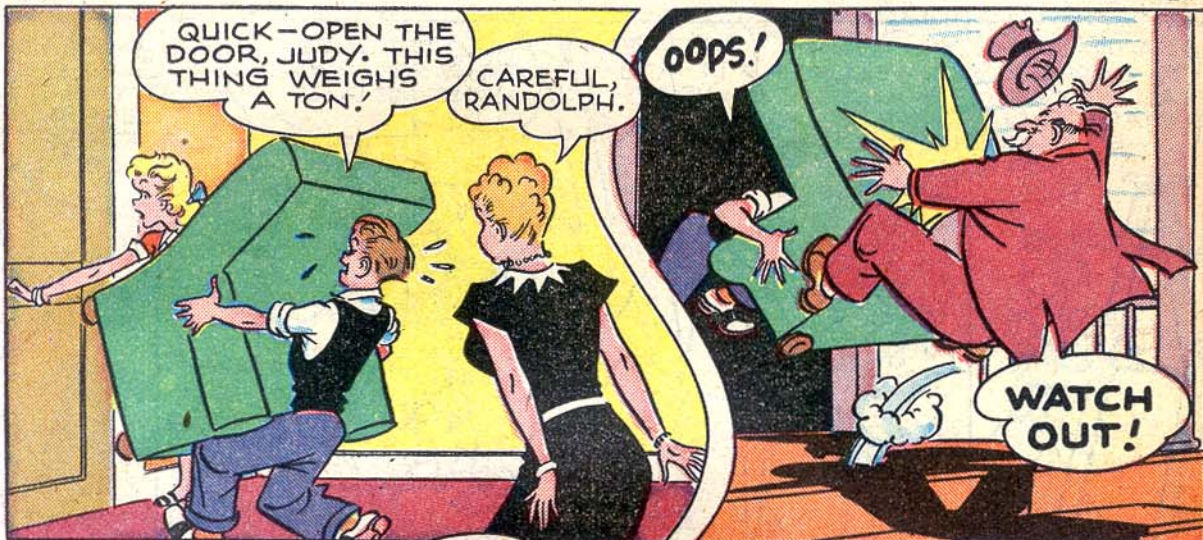


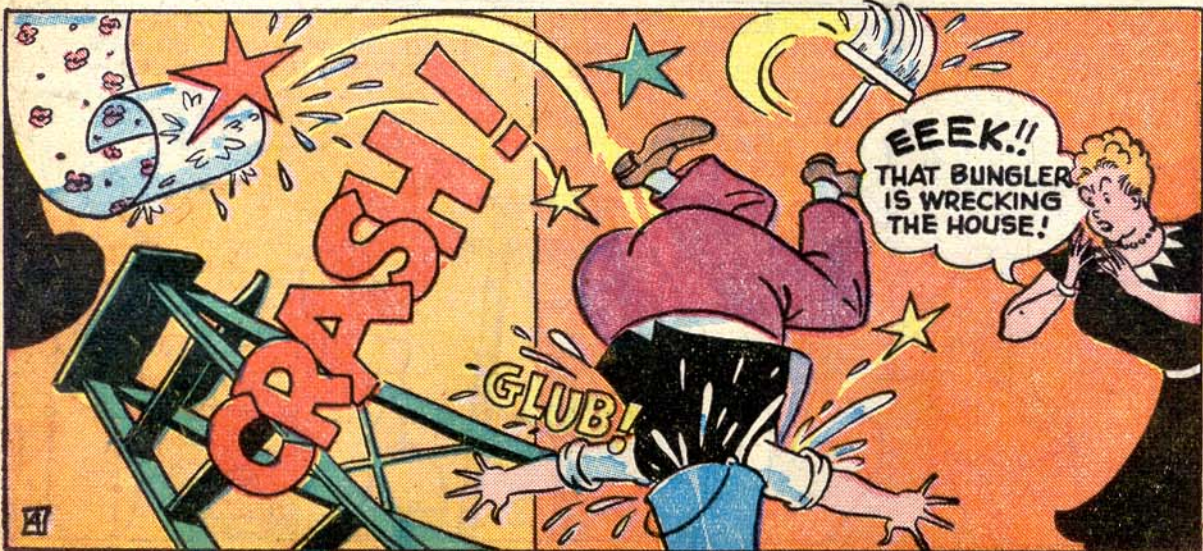
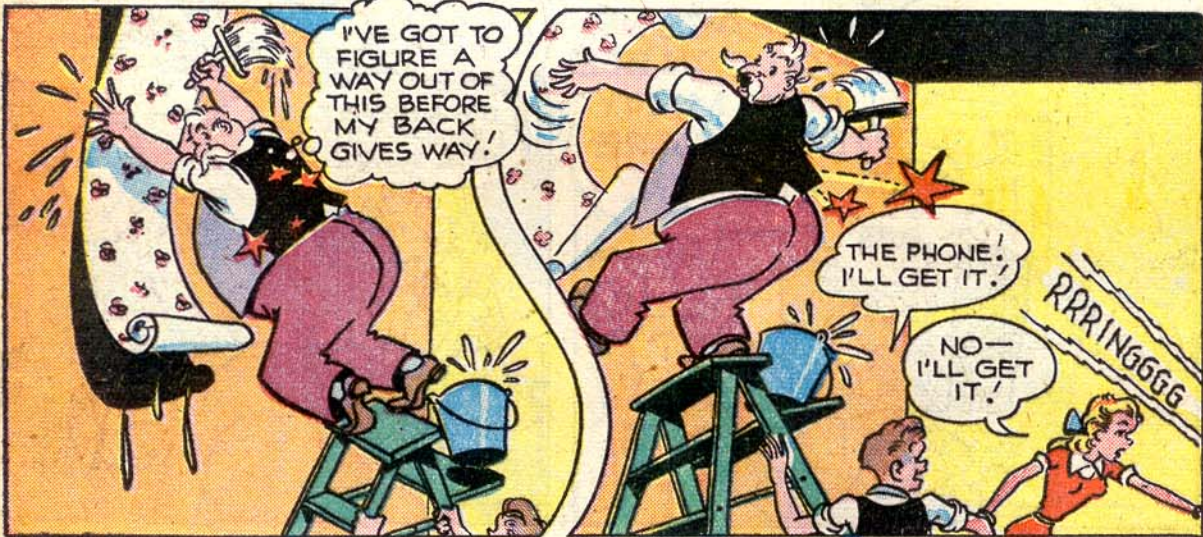
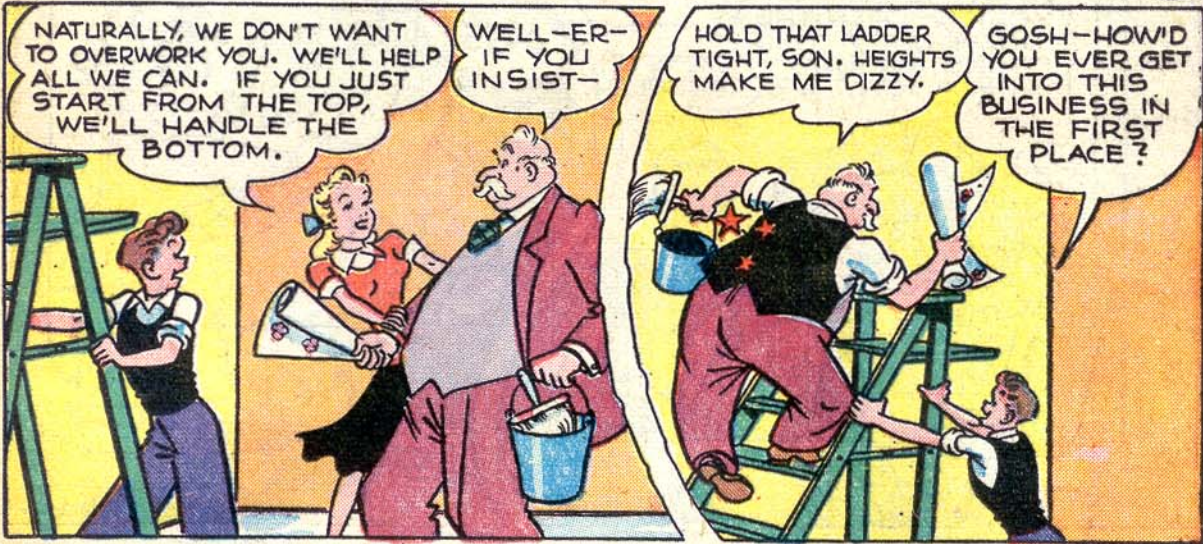
MAYBE HE EXPECTS US TO HANG THE PAPER FOR HIM, TOO!

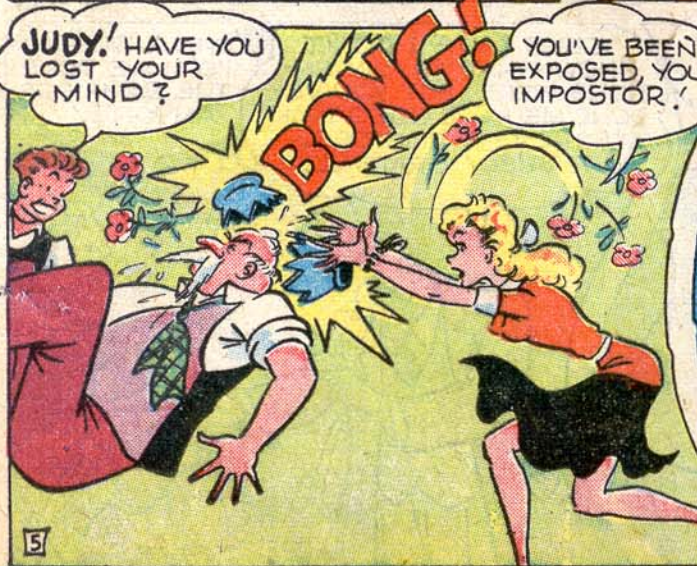
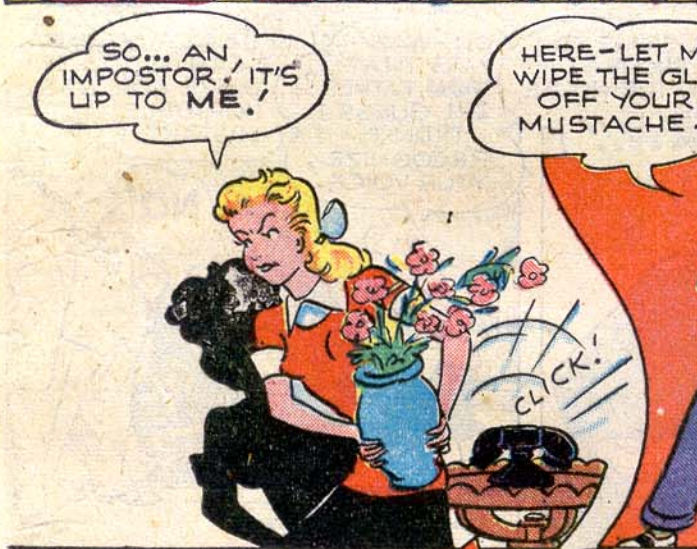
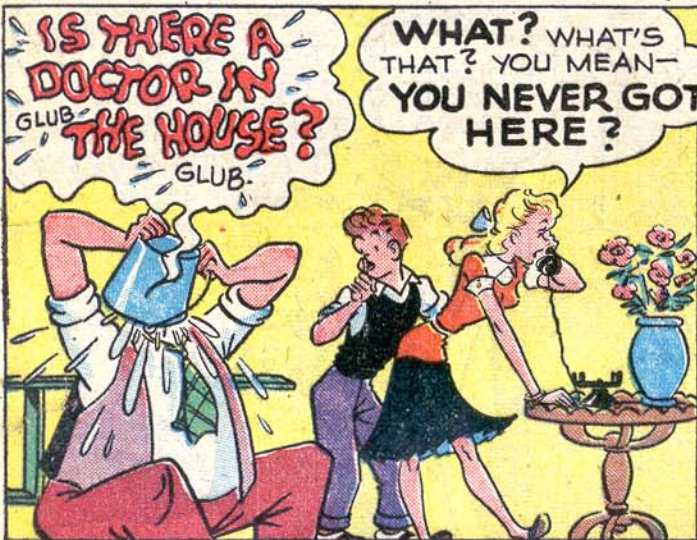
IF WE ALL HELP HIM, I'M SURE WE CAN GET THE JOB FINISHED BEFORE FATHER GETS HOME.

THE SNUG BOSOM OF FOSTER'S FAMILY SHOULD BE FAR MORE RESTFUL THAN A NOISY HOTEL. LET'S SEE—IT SHOULD BE ON THIS BLOCK...









TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

IT'S A DASTARDLY PLOT TO UNDERMINE MY CHARACTER!!!

IF HE TURNS OUT TO BE THE **PURPLE PROWLER**, WE'LL GET A PROMOTION.

BILLFOLD! WHAT'S WRONG?

HA! AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW! **BUT I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, FOSTER, IF IT COSTS EVERY PENNY I'VE GOT!**

HOLY COW!

HE GOT INTO THE HOUSE BY PRETENDING TO BE THE PAPERHANGER. HE MIGHT HAVE KILLED AND ROBBED US ALL!

BUT-BUT-I SPOKE TO YOU ON THE PHONE! I SENT HIM TO THE HOUSE MYSELF!
OWW!!

OH-WAS-WAS THAT **YOU**, FATHER? I-I GUESS I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOUR VOICE!

BILLFOLD, OLD MAN- IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO APOLOGIZE FOR THIS HORRIBLE MISTAKE?

NO!

HUH? WAIT! **MY BACK!** IT-IT'S **CURED!** THE FIRST TIME IN TWENTY YEARS! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

YOUNG LADY-I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR INTENTIONS WERE, BUT YOU'VE DONE ME MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE BEST DOCTORS. I'M TERRIBLY GRATEFUL.

OH, MR. BILLFOLD-I'D HAVE DONE THE SAME FOR ANYONE.

THE END



TIPS ON EXPERT ROLLER SKATING

ADVERTISEMENT

HOW TO STOP

RIGHT
STOP SKATING AND MAKE A SMOOTH, SHARP TURN.

WRONG
DON'T TOE IN. IT'S THE SIGN OF A BEGINNER.



RIGHT



- ADJUST SKATES SO THAT FRONT WHEELS ARE DIRECTLY UNDER THE BALLS OF YOUR FEET.
- LEAN WELL FORWARD AND SWING YOUR ARMS FOR SPEED AND BALANCE.
- WHEN DIRT GUMS WHEELS, RINSE OUT WELL WITH KEROSENE.

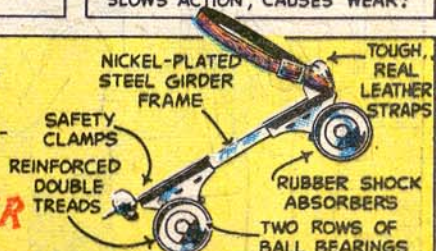
WRONG



- DON'T STIFFEN YOUR ARMS, LEGS OR BACK.
- DON'T WALK UP AND DOWN STAIRS ON SKATES. IT'S DANGEROUS.
- DON'T RUN ON YOUR SKATES. IT'S HARD ON THEM AND YOU!
- DON'T OIL YOUR SKATES. IT CARRIES DIRT INTO BEARINGS AND SLOWS ACTION, CAUSES WEAR!

WINCHESTER SUPER-SPEED ROLLER SKATES ARE BULLET-FAST, EACH SMOOTH-RUNNING WHEEL HAS TWO ROWS OF PRECISION-MADE BALL BEARINGS. BOY... ARE THEY SUPER-STRONG!

WINCHESTER



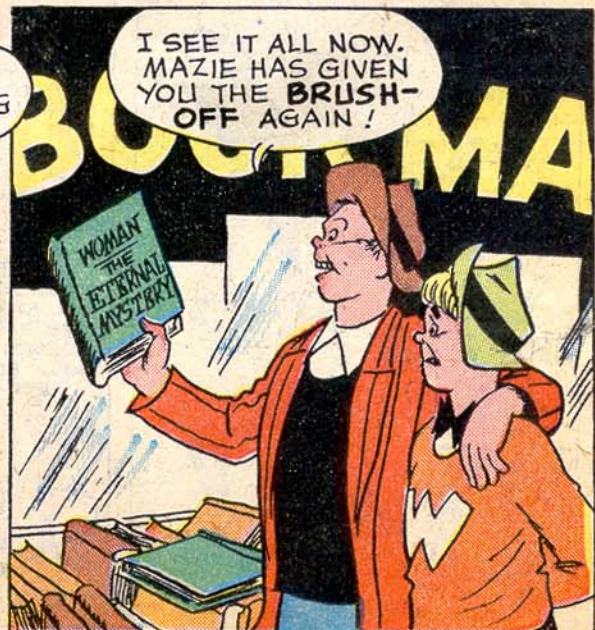
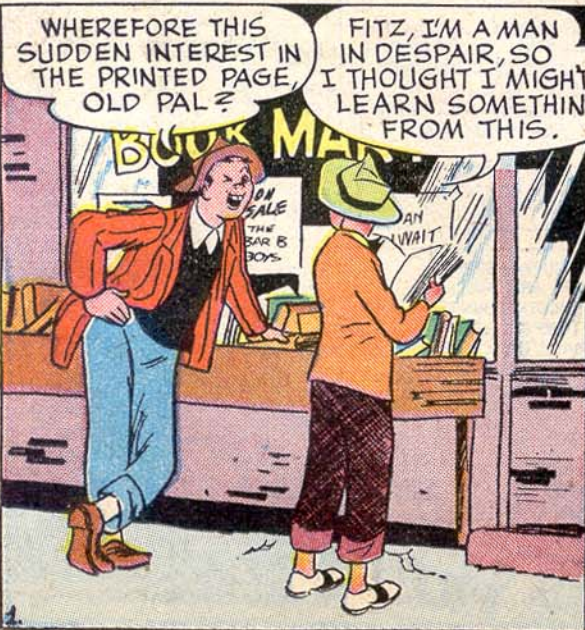
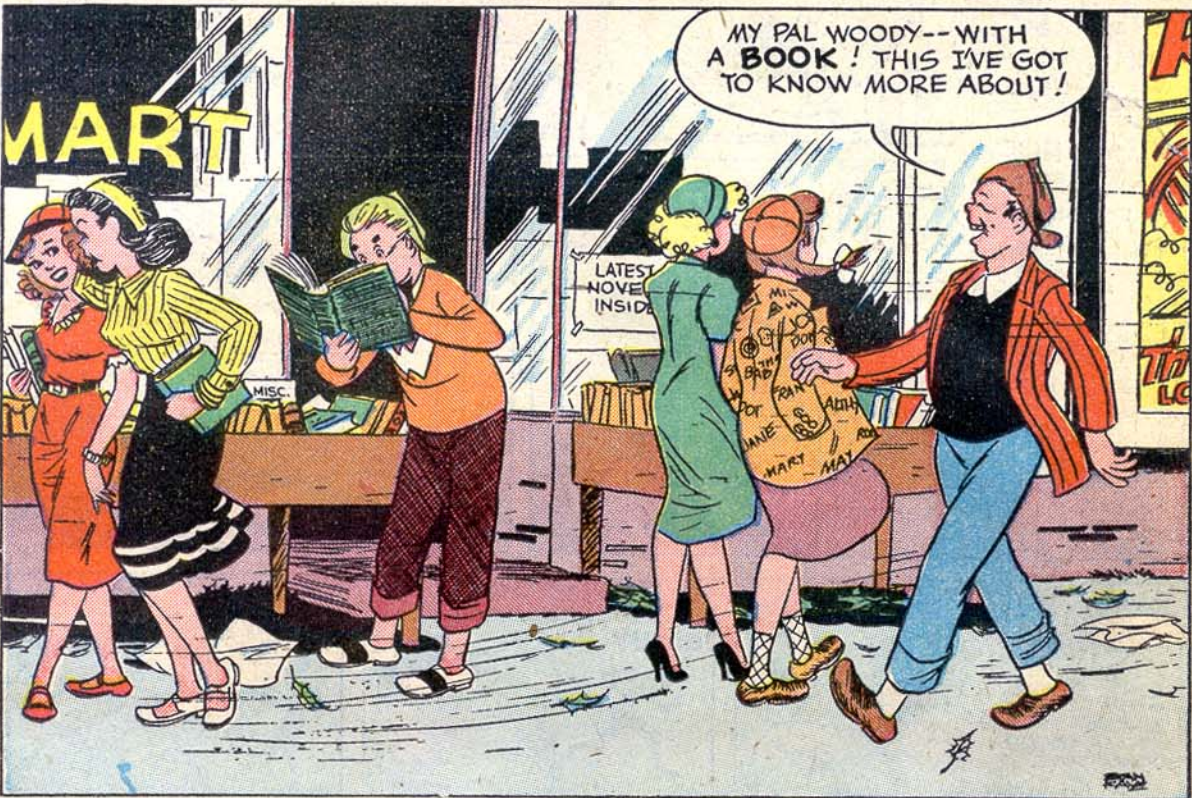
SUPER SPEED ROLLER SKATES.

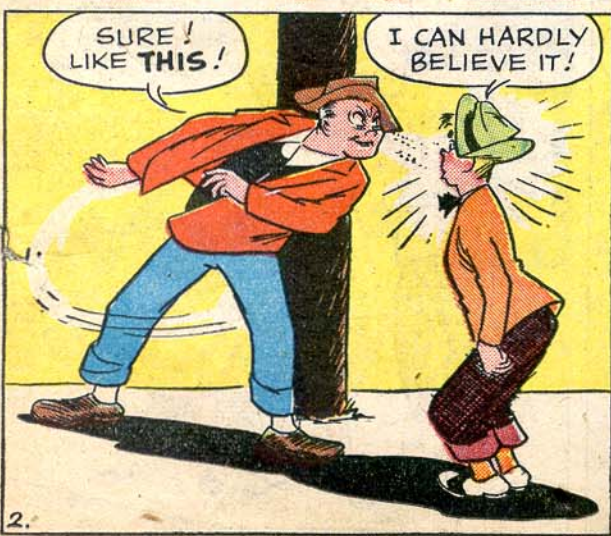
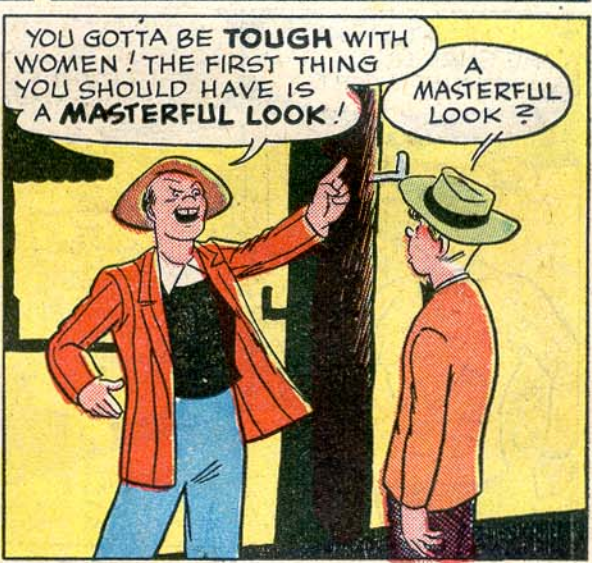
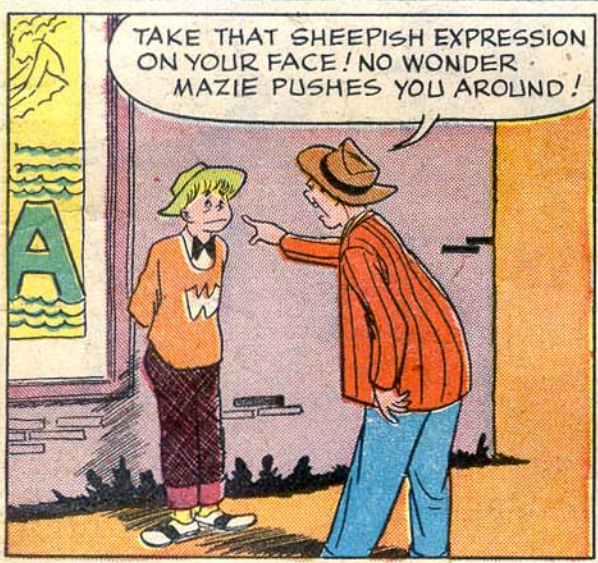
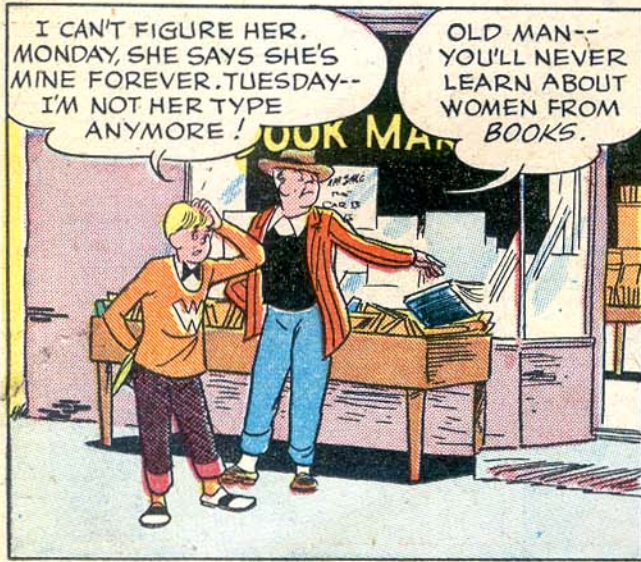
AND, SAY, KIDS... FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET, WRITE TO: DEPT. NC: 3 WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., DIVISION OF OLIN INDUSTRIES, INC., NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

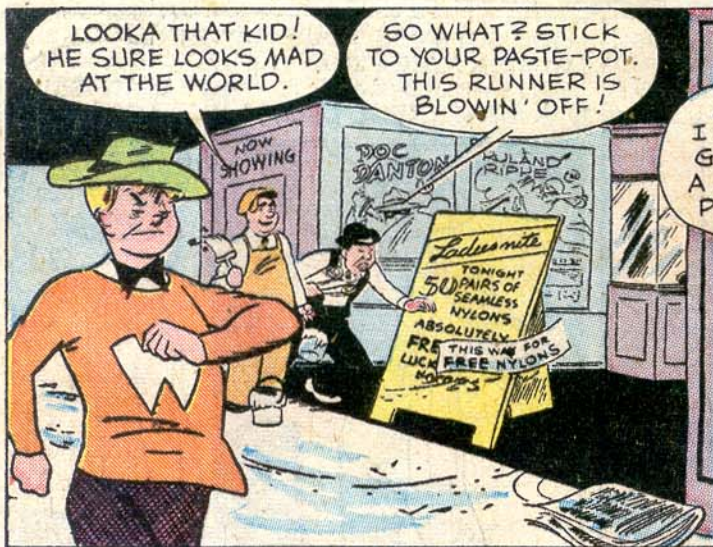


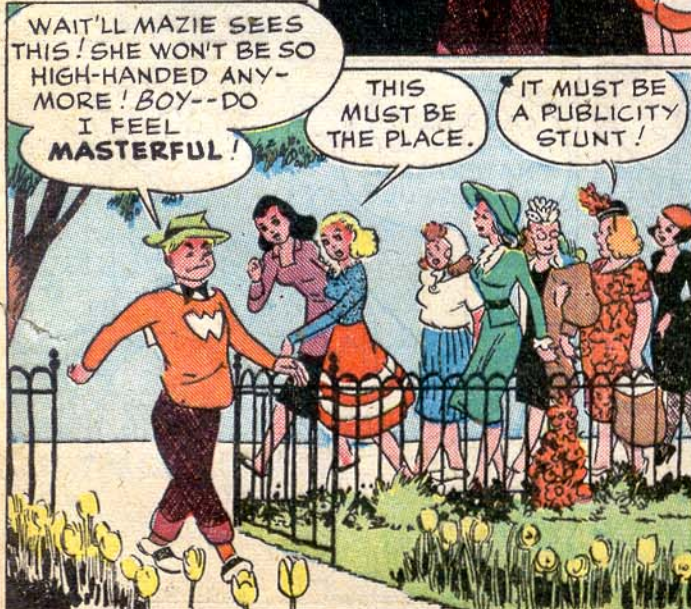
FREE

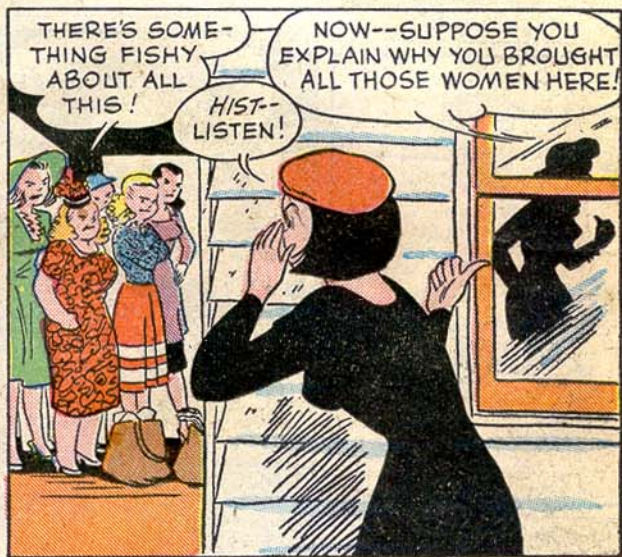
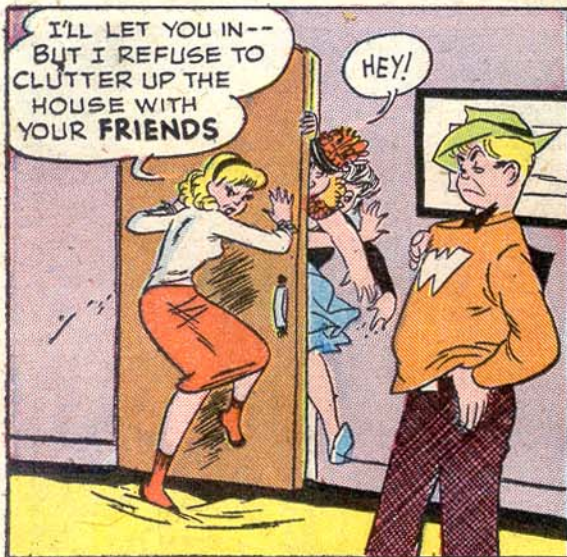
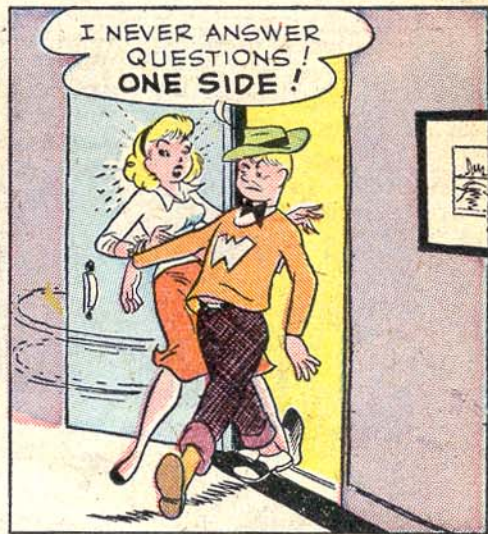
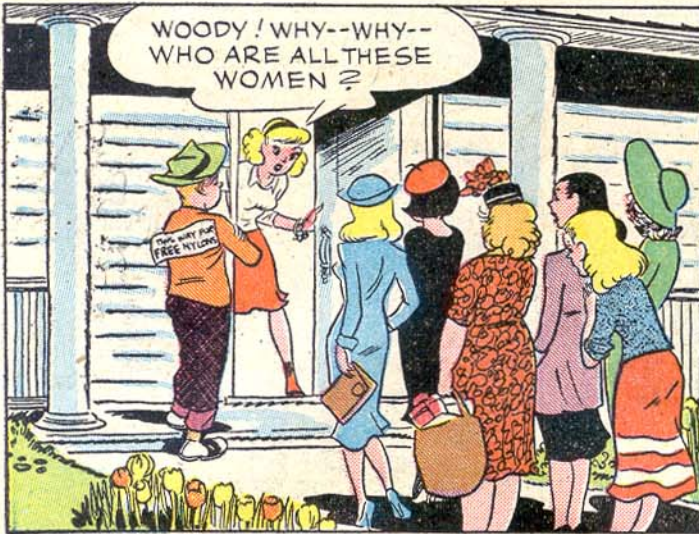
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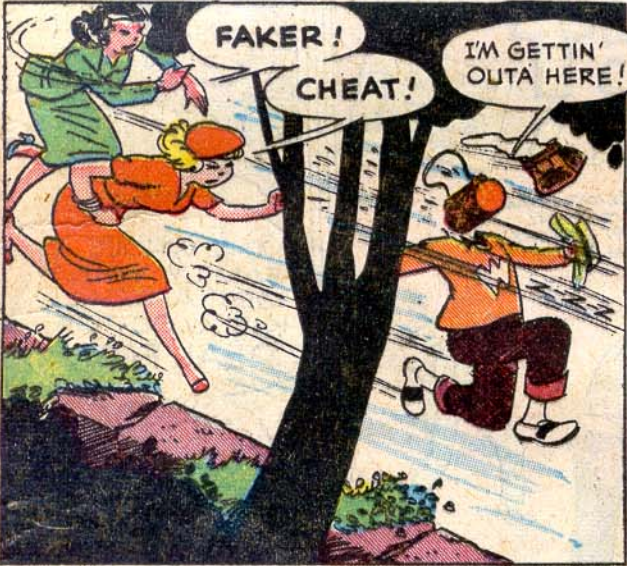
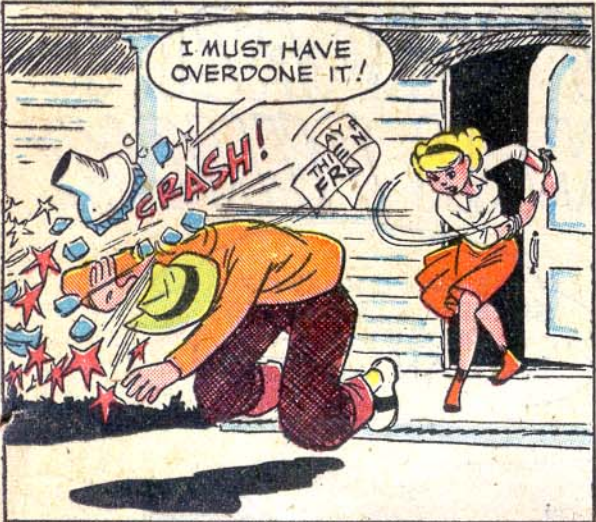












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TODAY!





THE INSULT



OOGIE and Judy were walking quietly, side by side, down the pleasant tree-lined street. Up until that moment, it had been a delightful Sunday afternoon. They had wandered about the park for several hours, had seen the animals at the zoo, and had enjoyed each other's company. But now, on the way home, unexpected unpleasantness obtruded itself.

Standing before the drug-store on the next corner past which it was necessary to go in order to reach Judy's home, was a certain ruffianly-looking youth by the name of Buff McKee. As the distance narrowed between himself and that fateful corner, Oogie apprehensively began to think of arguments that would protect him from Judy's scorn. For there was no question in his mind that Buff would certainly whistle as they walked past. He would even be quite likely to utter something like "Hi, beautiful." And Oogie knew that he would not say a word—that he would merely slink past and try to pretend that the incident had not occurred. After which, knowing Judy, he could imagine only too well the series of withering and scornful remarks she would make about his lack of manliness in the presence of the hoodlum who had insulted her.

Judy was a great one when it came to being insulted. Why, Oogie asked himself, couldn't she be reasonable about things like that? Why couldn't she recognize the fact that Buff was twice his size? But Judy had little sense of reality. Oogie had to be a hero, regardless of his size and weight.

Judy, her mind occupied with thoughts of the day, failed to notice Oogie's silence. Her arm linked in his, she walked comfortably at his side. They had reached the corner and were passing the front of the drugstore. The fateful moment had come. And exactly as Oogie had anticipated, a long low whistle, brazen and unmistakable in its intent, suddenly smote his ears. Nevertheless, he refused to turn his head, although, with his arm linked in Judy's, he could feel her stiffen in resentment. He managed to look the other way, but

he could feel her eyes on him, expecting him to do something.

"Well, well—if it ain't that gorgeous gal from around the block. Hi, beautiful. Whatsa matter—getting stuck-up since your old man got out of jail?" Buff was really doing it up fine this time. He wasn't missing a trick. Oogie felt himself going red. But he continued walking, pulling Judy along after him a little more rapidly.

"Oogie," Judy said indignantly, coming to a stop after they had rounded the corner. "Did you hear him insult me?"

Oogie looked up at her narrowly. "I wouldn't want to soil my hands on him," he said. He made an effort to continue on.

Judy refused to budge. Her face blazed with indignation. "Are you really going to allow me to be insulted like that?"

Oogie shrugged. The moment had come. There was nothing for it but to try to present the matter as reasonably as possible.

"Look, Judy—suppose I did try to do something. He's twice as big as I am. Would you really want to see me all bruised up? Because," he added valiantly, "if that's what you want, I'll go right back now and get my head bashed in for you."

Judy looked thoughtfully. Oogie had put the matter aptly. If she pressed her case now, she would certainly look pretty mean. At the same time, she was too furious to let the matter drop. For a brief moment, she considered the matter.

"Oogie," she said finally. "Just because you're not six-foot-two is no reason why you have to fear bullies like Buff McKee. There's something you can do about it, if you really care about protecting me from insults like that."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Did you ever hear of Judo?"

"Judo? Sure—I've heard of it. But I don't know a thing about it."

"Well—it's about time you learned."

"And how do you expect me to do that?"

"Well—you could get a book."

"A book?"

"I remember seeing a book on Judo in the Greenleaf Bookshop. I remember it because I was surprised at the size of it. It's a very big book. I didn't realize that there was so much to learn about it. Oogie—I think you ought to get that book."

"But gosh, Judy—if it's such a big book, it might take me years to learn Judo."

Judy eyed him coldly. "Well—do you expect to stop seeing me so soon?"

"Oh, no—" Oogie insisted. "But this book—it might be expensive."

Judy shrugged. "I really don't know. If you care enough about me, you wouldn't be putting a price on your affections. After all, you do get a fairly sizeable allowance. And I don't like being insulted."

Oogie, with a look of sudden determination, drew himself up. "Judy," he said. "I'll get that book right now. That'll show you how high you rate in my affections. You go ahead home, and I'll go on to the bookshop and see you later. Gosh—maybe you can even help me study."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk," Judy said. "And won't Buff McKee be in for a surprise in a short while."

"Anyway," Oogie said, turning away. "You won't be able to say I didn't try."

* * *

Judy had been waiting for exactly one hour when she heard a knock at the door.

"It's about time Oogie got here," she said to herself. "I wonder if he got the book." She unfastened the lock and peered out. Oogie stood grinning on the front steps.

"Hi, Judy," he said airily.

She eyed him suspiciously. "The book. Didn't you get it?"

"Oh," Oogie said, entering the parlor with a light, proud step. "I got it. It was rather cheap too. Only a dollar fifty. And it certainly was a big book."

"But where is it?"

Oogie shrugged. "To tell you the truth, I don't need it any more."

Judy frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Your insult has been avenged," Oogie said proudly. "I'm responsible for Buff McKee having a bloody nose."

Judy's eyes widened in disbelief. "You mean—you really gave it to him? But—how could you learn Judo in so short a time?"

Again, Oogie shrugged. "It didn't take much," he said. "But getting that book was fortunate. It certainly helped."

Judy shook her head. "Why, Oogie," she said proudly. "I never knew you had it in you. I—"

She turned as the front door opened and her brother Randolph, a broad smile on his face, entered. "Say," he said abruptly to Oogie. "That was the funniest thing I ever saw—Buff McKee getting that bloody nose."

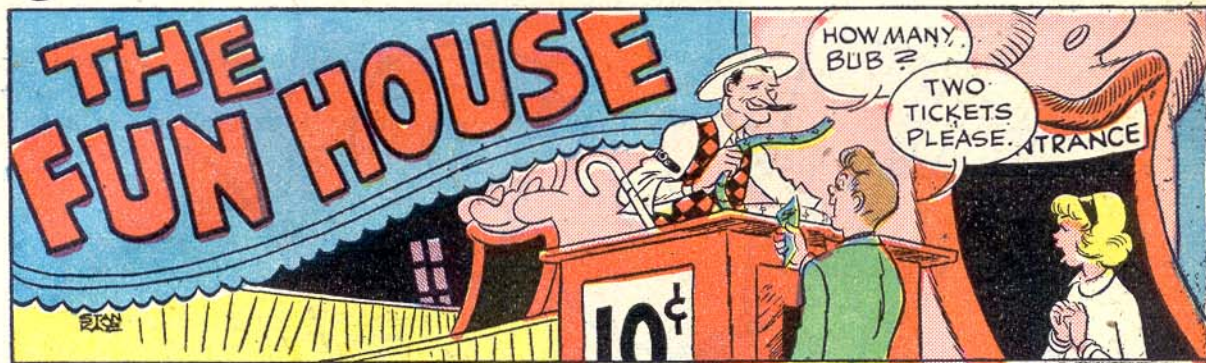
Oogie turned to him in sudden chagrin. "You mean—you were there? You saw it?"

"Sure. I was across the street when it happened. There you were, carrying that big book under your arm, when Buff spots you and wants to know what it is. You start to run and Buff goes after you. Gosh—it was funny. And then, when you dropped the book and Buff tripped over it and fell on his face, I could've split my sides. It was just like a movie comedy."

"So," Judy exclaimed, eyeing Oogie coldly.

Oogie averted his eyes and stared at the rug. "Gosh, Judy—I don't know why you have to be so fussy."

Judy laughed suddenly, and unexpectedly gave Oogie an affectionate peck on the cheek. "I never knew anyone who had more different ways of getting out of *studying* than you!" she said. "And it wasn't even a *schoolbook*!"





A DATE WITH JUDY

THE BEST WAY TO LEARN, JUDY, IS TO WORK OUT ON THIS SMALL PRACTICE SLOPE FOR A WHILE.

OH—THERE'S JOHNNY WEEMS, CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL SKIING TEAM!



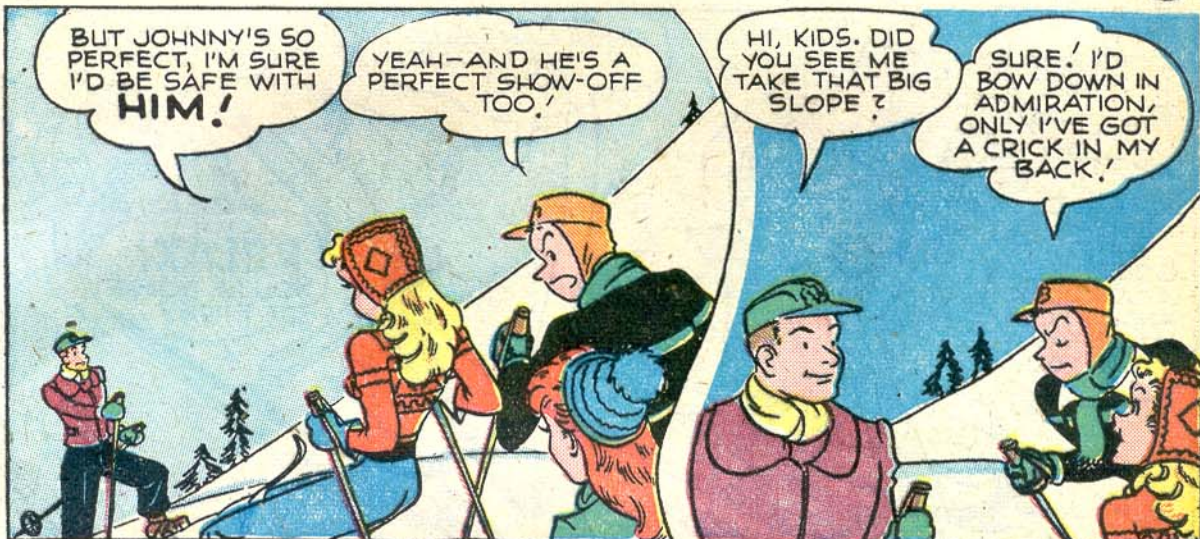
GOSH—IF I COULD GET JOHNNY TO TEACH ME INSTEAD OF OOGIE...

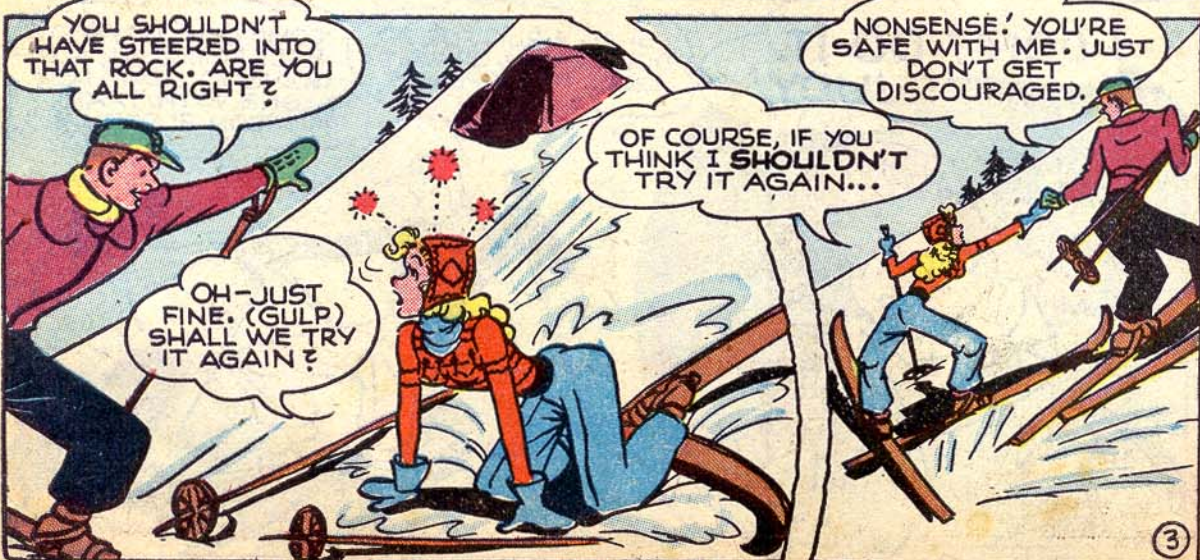
YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE IT SLOW AT FIRST, JUDY.

MITZI'S RIGHT. SKIIS ARE TRICKY—

OH—YOU'RE BOTH TOO CAUTIOUS, NOT BEING EXPERTS—







NOW REMEMBER—
STEER CLEAR
OF THAT
ROCK.

BUT I CAN'T
STEER!

THEN STEER CLEAR OF **JOHNNY.**
HE'S GOT ROCKS IN THE HEAD!

**JUDY—
COME BACK!**



JOHNNY—I—I'VE
CHANGED MY MIND!
HOW DO I TURN
AROUND?

**WATCH
THAT
ROCK!**

NO! NO! NO!
ALL WRONG!



NOT A BIT! YOU'RE
IMPROVING. YOU
STEERED PAST THAT
ROCK NICELY. ONLY,
YOU HIT ANOTHER
ONE INSTEAD.

ER—AREN'T
YOU TIRED
OF GIVING
ME LESSONS,
JOHNNY?

IF YOU TAKE JUDY
DOWN THAT SLOPE
AGAIN—I—I'LL—

YOU MUST BE
JEALOUS, PAL.
YOU KNOW SHE'S
PERFECTLY SAFE
WITH ME.



SHE'D BE SAFER IN A DEN OF LIONS!

JUDY—I'M A NERVOUS WRECK. I WON'T BE FIT FOR THAT DANCE TONIGHT IF YOU KEEP THIS UP.

IF YOU'RE SO JEALOUS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE ME TO THE DANCE. BESIDES—WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SKIING? JOHNNY SAYS I'M DOING FINE.

SURE! SHE'S A BORN ATHLETE!

TELL ME WHEN IT'S OVER!

SOMETIMES I THINK JUDY HASN'T ANY SENSE, EVEN IF SHE IS MY BOSOM FRIEND.

YOU'RE DOING GREAT, JUDY. AND IF YOUR TEMPERAMENTAL BOY FRIEND CAN'T TAKE YOU TO THE DANCE TONIGHT, **I WILL!**

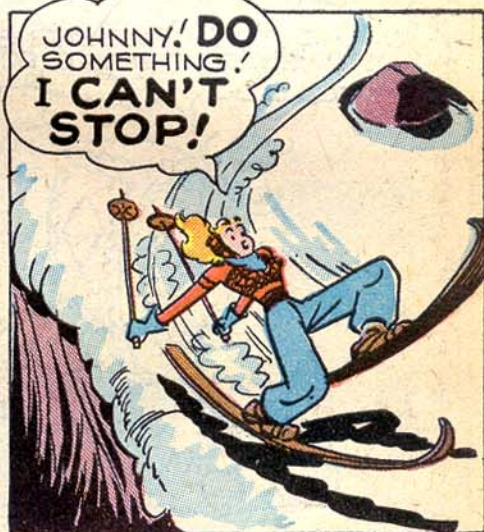
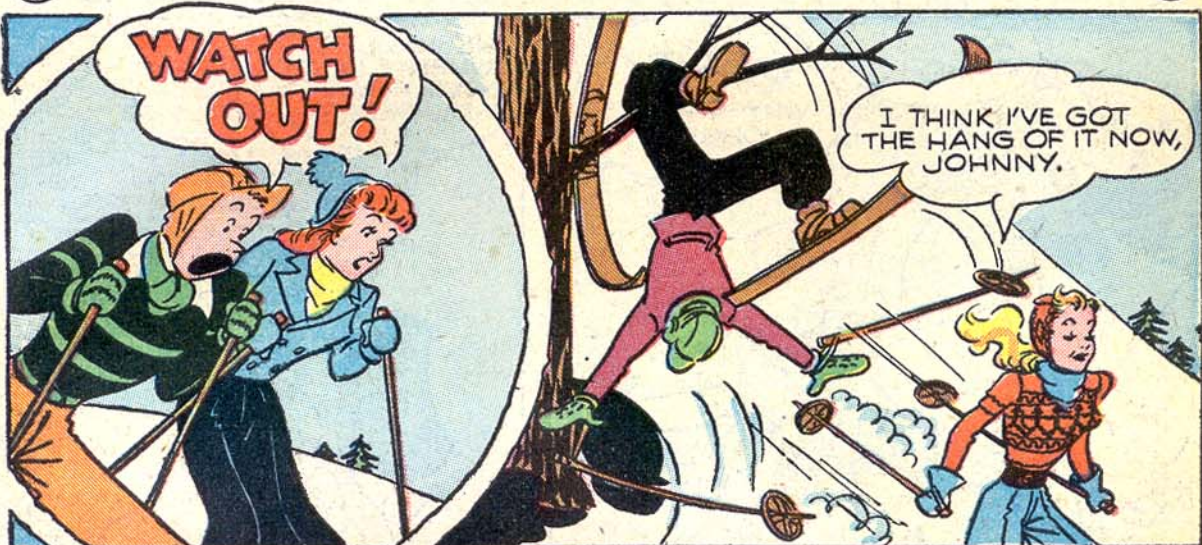
WHY, JOHNNY—THAT'S SWELL!

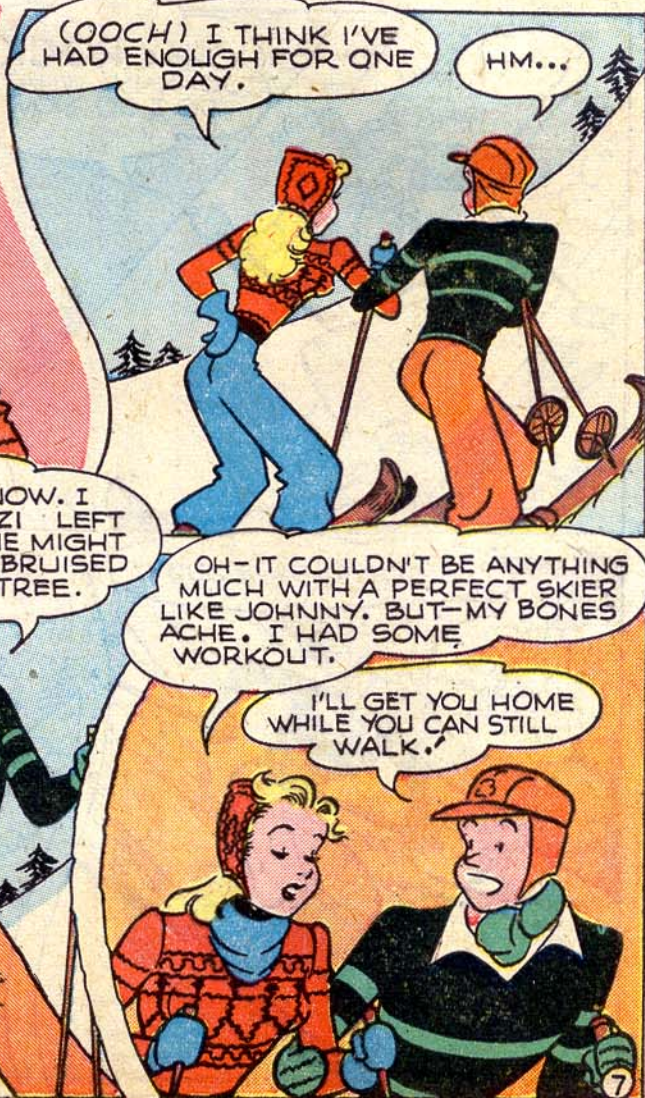
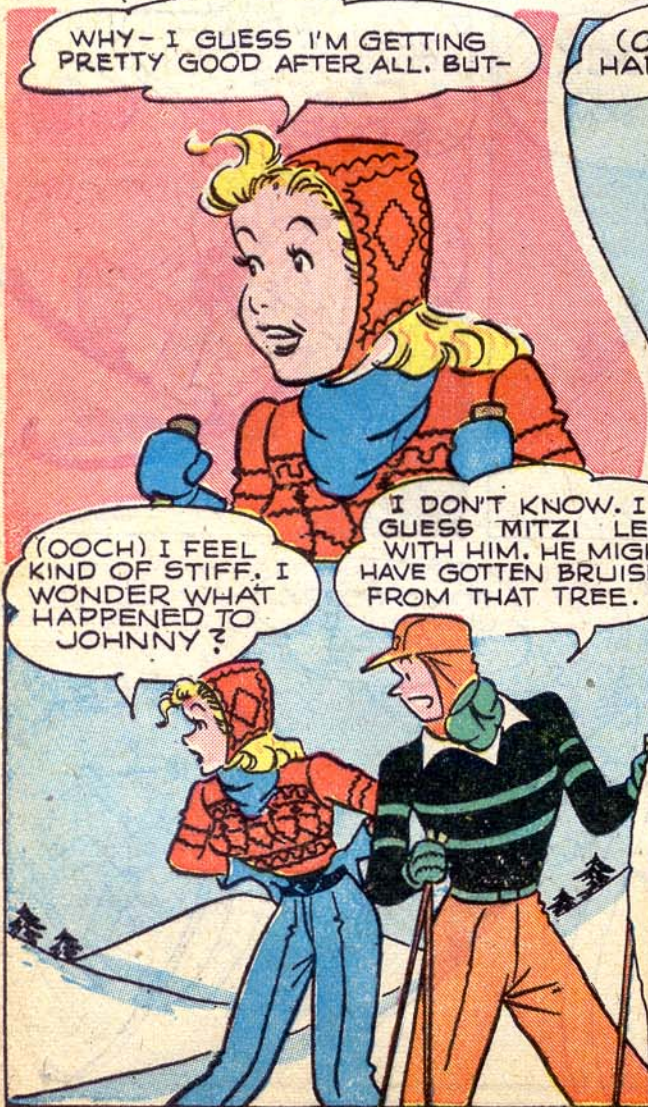
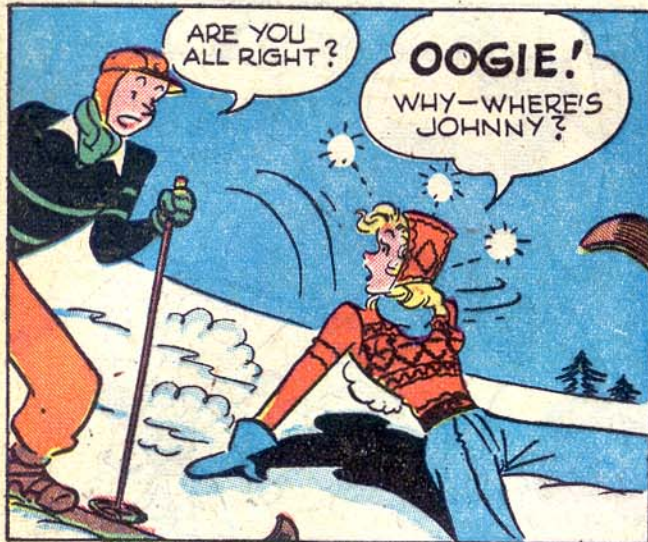
SURE—A MOUSEY LITTLE GUY LIKE THAT DOESN'T DESERVE A DARING ATHLETIC GIRL LIKE YOU.

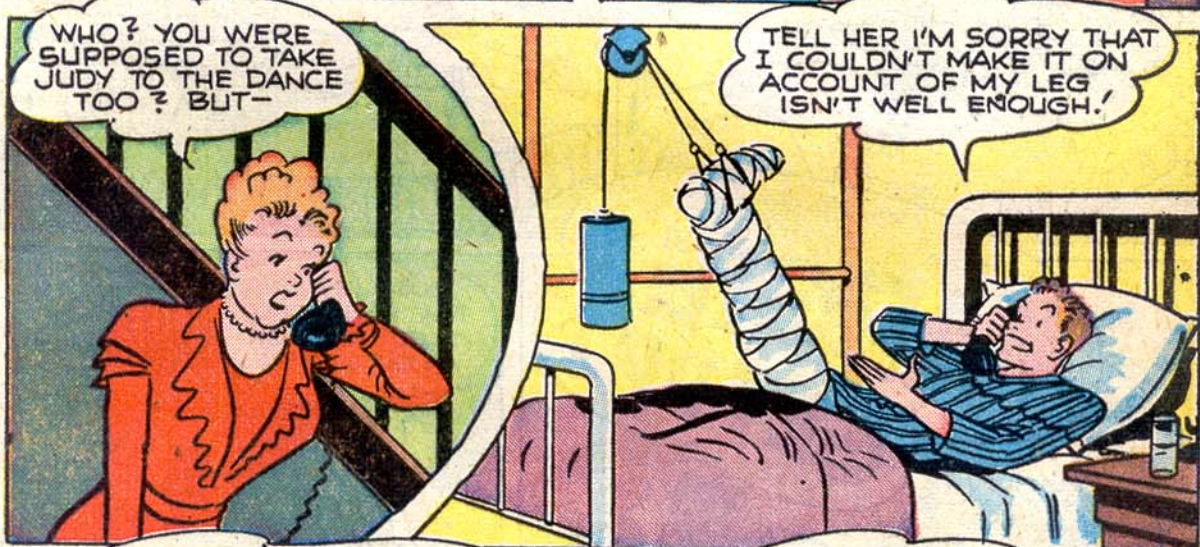
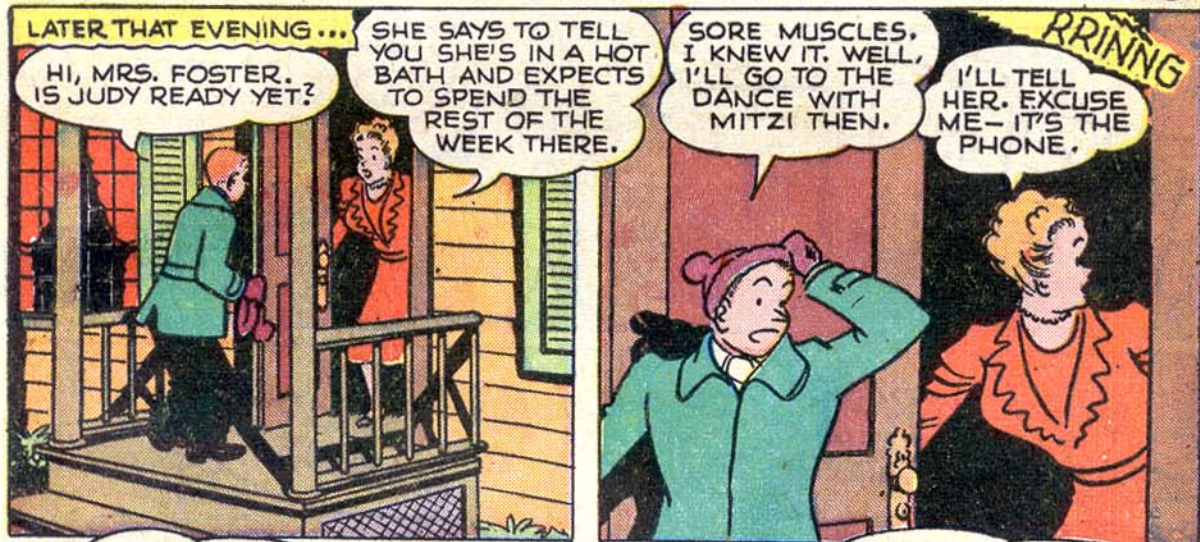
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'RE RIGHT. I ONLY HOPE I DON'T HAVE SORE MUSCLES TONIGHT.

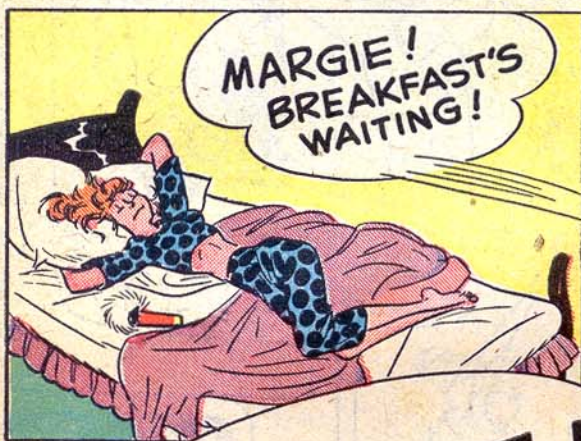
JUST TRY A HOT BATH BEFORE I CALL FOR YOU. THAT'LL TAKE THE SORENESS RIGHT OUT, JUDY.

OH, JOHNNY—YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING!









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