

No. 4  
PR-MAY

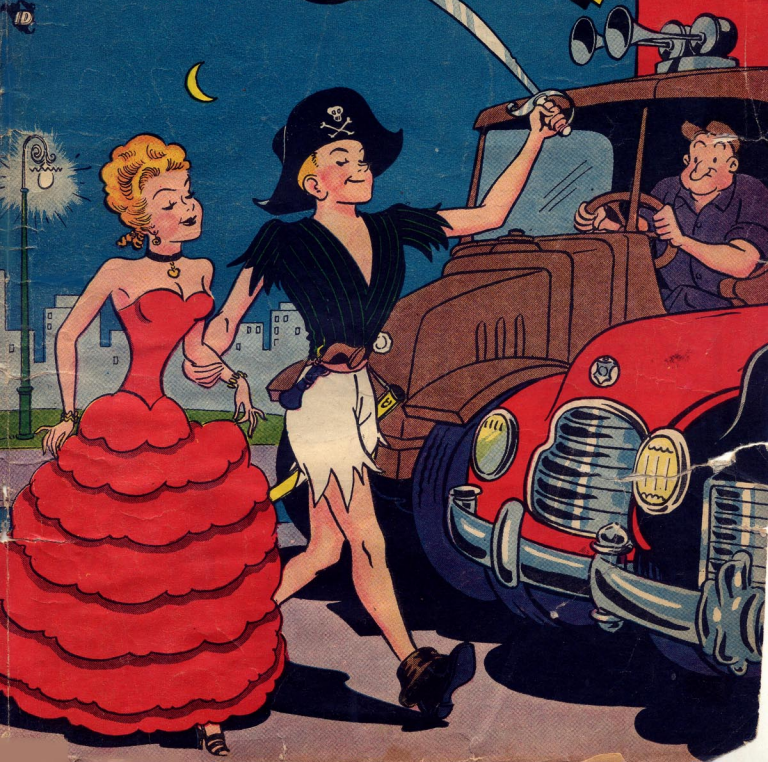
RADIO'S FAMOUS  
COAST-TO-COAST  
FAVORITE



# A DATE WITH JUDY

A 52 PAGE  
MAGAZINE

10¢



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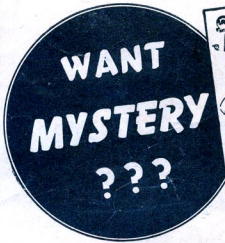
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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



**Look For This  
SUPERMAN  
D-C SYMBOL!**

**IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE  
OF THE BEST IN  
MAGAZINE COMICS!**



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# A DATE WITH JUDY

HI, JUDY.  
WHAT'S IN  
THE BOX ?

HI, TOOTSIE. IT'S MY COSTUME FOR  
THE MASQUERADE TONIGHT. OOGIE'S  
TAKING ME. I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE  
GOING WITH FREDDIE.

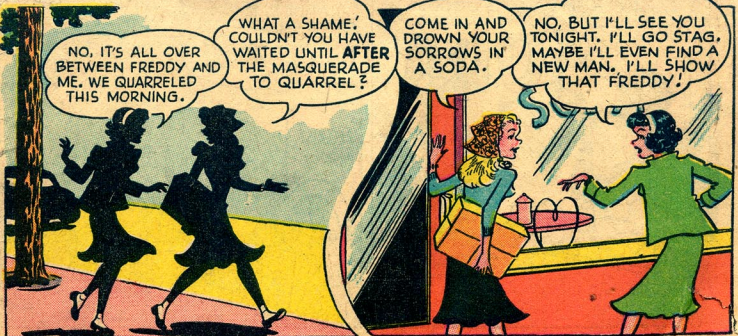
MASQUERADE  
COSTUME

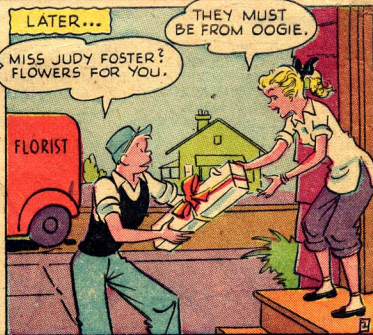
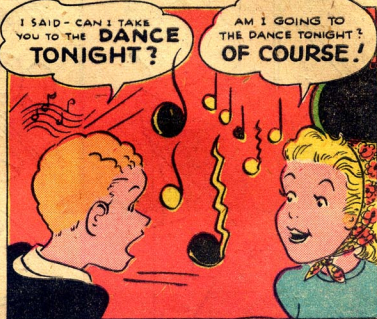
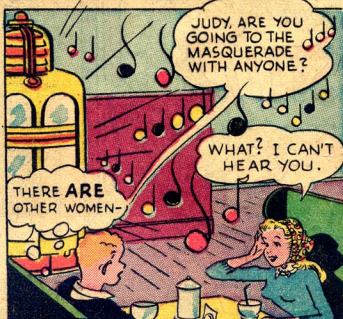
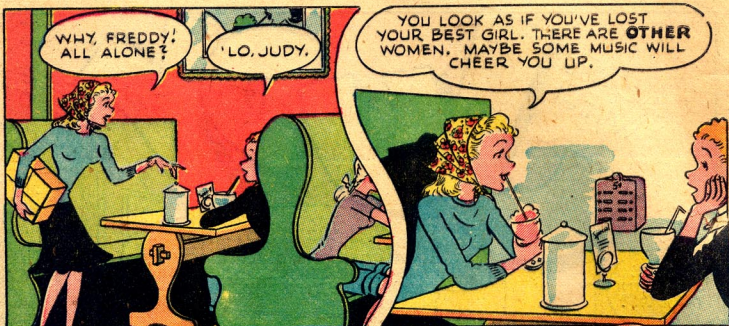
NO, IT'S ALL OVER  
BETWEEN FREDDY AND  
ME. WE QUARRELED  
THIS MORNING.

WHAT A SHAME!  
COULDN'T YOU HAVE  
WAITED UNTIL AFTER  
THE MASQUERADE  
TO QUARREL ?

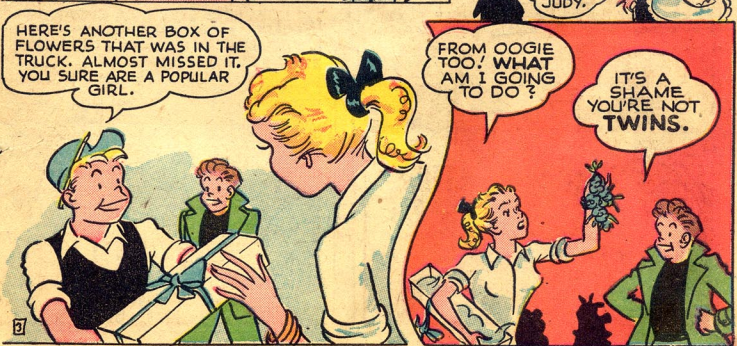
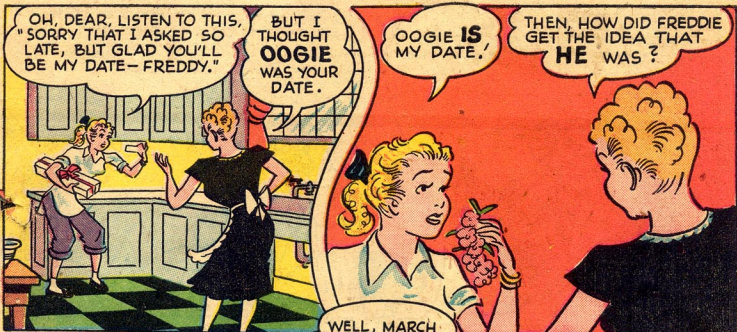
COME IN AND  
DROWN YOUR  
SORROWS IN A  
SODA.

NO, BUT I'LL SEE YOU  
TONIGHT. I'LL GO STAG.  
MAYBE I'LL EVEN FIND A  
NEW MAN. I'LL SHOW  
THAT FREDDY!









**TWINS!** THAT'S IT! OH RANDOLPH, MY BELOVED BROTHER, THANK YOU FOR A BRILLIANT IDEA. WILL YOU GO UPSTAIRS AND GET THE CLOWN COSTUME I WORE TO LAST YEAR'S DANCE?



CLOWN COSTUME? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

I'M GOING TO HAVE **TWO DATES** AT THE DANCE AND I'M WEARING A DIFFERENT COSTUME FOR **EACH ONE.**



OOGIE DEAR, THANKS FOR THE FLOWERS. LOOK, DON'T CALL FOR ME. I'LL BE DRESSED AS **MARIE ANTOINETTE.**



OKAY, JUDY, I'LL BE IN A **PIRATE** COSTUME.

HELLO, FREDDY? THANKS FOR THE FLOWERS AND THE LOVELY NOTE. DON'T COME HERE FOR ME, I'LL MEET YOU AT THE DANCE. I'LL BE DRESSED AS A **CLOWN.**



SWELL, JUDY, I'M COMING AS A **MUSKETEER.**

THAT NIGHT...

DOUBLE **TROUBLE**, IF YOU ASK ME.

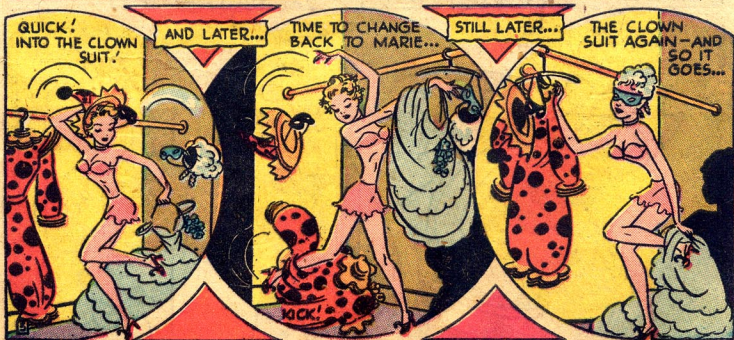
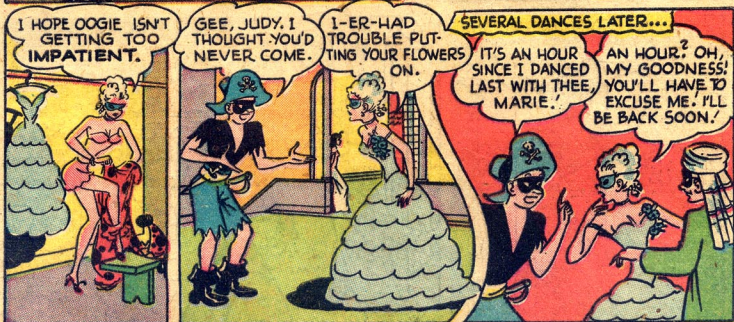
BYE, RANDOLPH. I'M A SINGLE GIRL OUT FOR A **DOUBLE DATE.**



NOW, LET'S SEE. AS A CLOWN, I'M FREDDY'S— AS **MARIE ANTOINETTE**, I'M OOGIE'S. I'LL START WITH FREDDY.











MY MARIE ANTOINETTE COSTUME!  
WHERE IS IT?



THERE'S NO TIME LEFT TO LOOK.  
I'LL JUST HAVE TO JOIN OOGIE  
AS I AM.



WELL, THIS COSTUME  
FITS PERFECTLY.  
HELLO, WHO'S  
THIS?

GOSH, WHAT KEPT  
YOU? WE'RE GOING  
TO UNMASK!



HERE I AM. YOU  
JUST MADE IT IN  
TIME TO UNMASK.

NO, NO—  
I—



UNMASK, EVERY!  
ONE! UNMASK!

TOOTSIE!  
YOU WITH  
OOGIE!

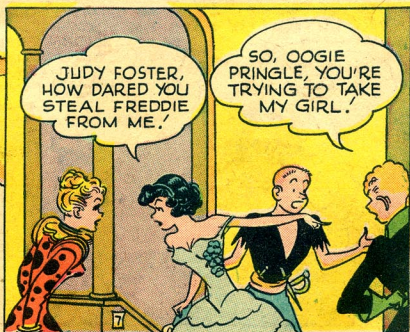
FREDDIE!  
SO THAT'S WHO  
YOU WENT WITH!  
JUDY!

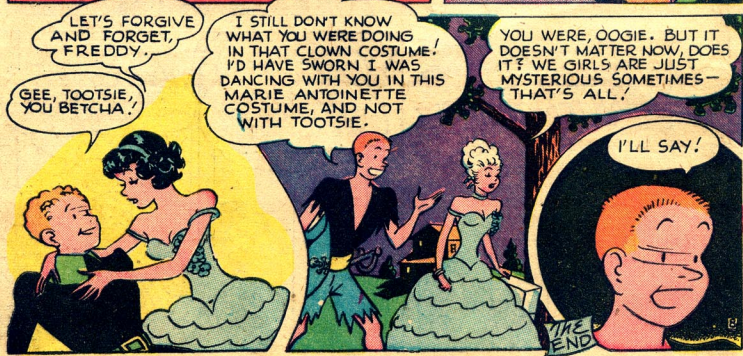
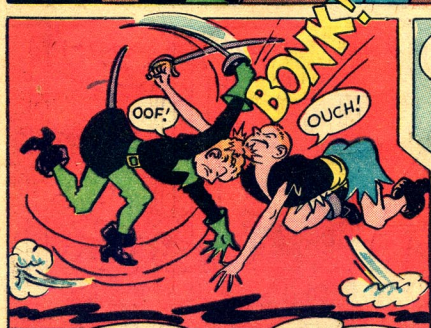
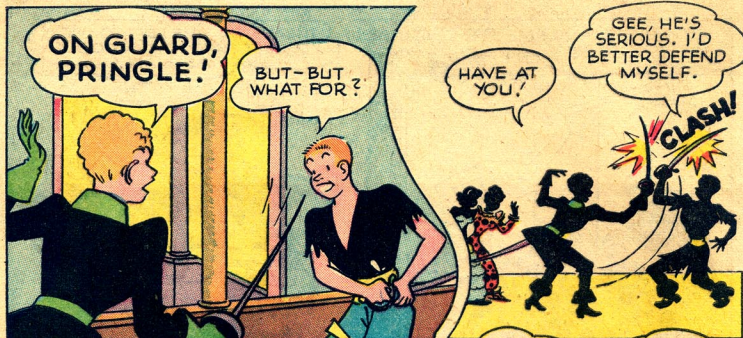
TOOTSIE!  
BUT-BUT—



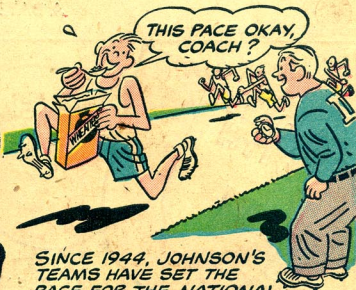
JUDY FOSTER,  
HOW DARED YOU  
STEAL FREDDIE  
FROM ME!

SO, OOGIE  
PRINGLE, YOU'RE  
TRYING TO TAKE  
MY GIRL!









SINCE 1944, JOHNSON'S TEAMS HAVE SET THE PACE FOR THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS. THE ILLINI CLAIMED TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1944, 1946, AND 1947 -- THEY PLACED A CLOSE SECOND IN 1945

Leo **JOHNSON**

CHAMPION  
TRACK COACH  
UNIVERSITY  
OF ILLINOIS

"A POPULAR TRAINING DISH WITH ME -- AND WITH A LOT OF MY TRACK STARS -- IS WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' WITH MILK AND FRUIT. WHEATIES ARE SWELL FOR BOTH FLAVOR AND NOURISHMENT," SAYS LEO JOHNSON. "I RECOMMEND THEM TO ANY BOY OR GIRL WHO WANTS TO BUILD A STRONG, HEALTHY BODY"

JOHNSON COACHED HIS TEAM TO A TRIPLE CHAMPIONSHIP IN BOTH 1946 AND 1947. ILLINOIS ANNEXED (1) BIG NINE INDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP, (2) BIG NINE OUTDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP, (3) NATIONAL COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP



**WHEATIES**  
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



# A DATE WITH JUDY

HOW DO YOU LIKE  
NORTHEASTERN AFTER  
YOUR FIRST WEEK,  
RAYMOND?

ARE YOU PLANNING  
TO GO IN FOR  
ATHLETICS?

BESIDES MAINTAINING  
MY USUAL HIGH MARKS,  
I MAY CONSIDER  
FOOTBALL OR—

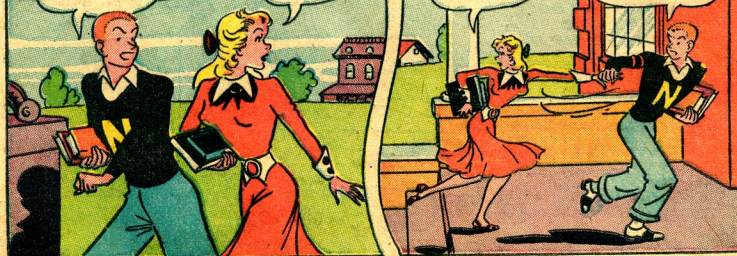


THE WAY THOSE GALS  
ARE FALLING ALL OVER  
THEMSELVES, YOU'D  
THINK THAT NEW GUY  
WAS A SEVEN DAYS  
WONDER.

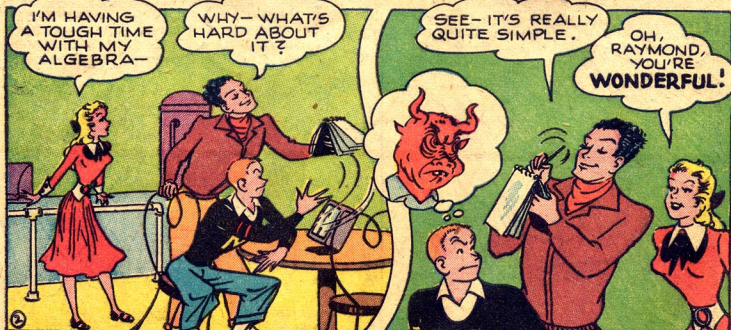
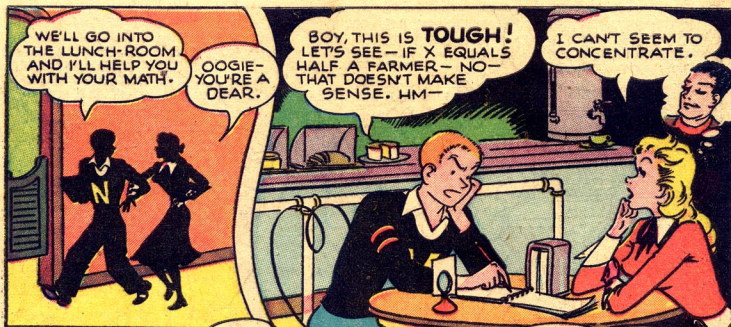
HE PRACTICALLY IS.  
(SIGH) HE'S SMART,  
SMOOTH, ATHLETIC—  
AND **SO** GOOD  
LOOKING.

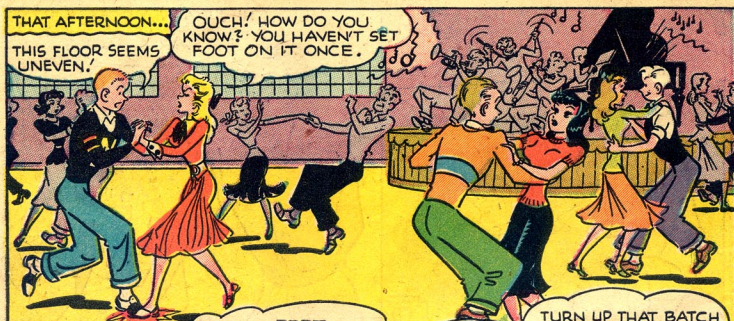
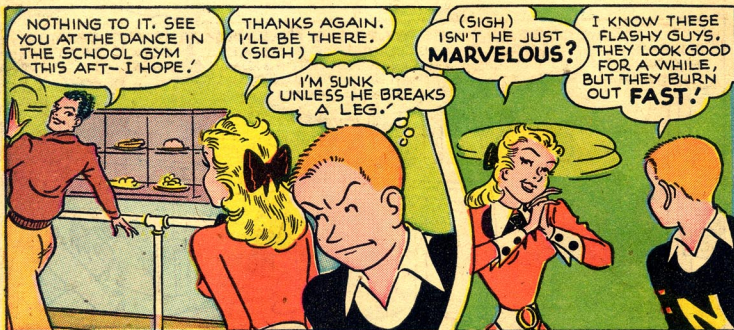
I SPOKE TO HIM  
YESTERDAY. HIS  
NAME'S ROMANTIC,  
TOO. RAYMOND  
RAIN.

HE SOUNDS LIKE  
FOUL WEATHER.  
TO ME. LET'S  
CHANGE THE  
SUBJECT.

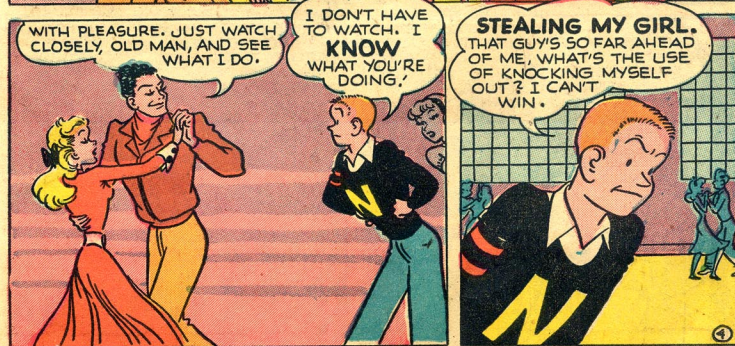
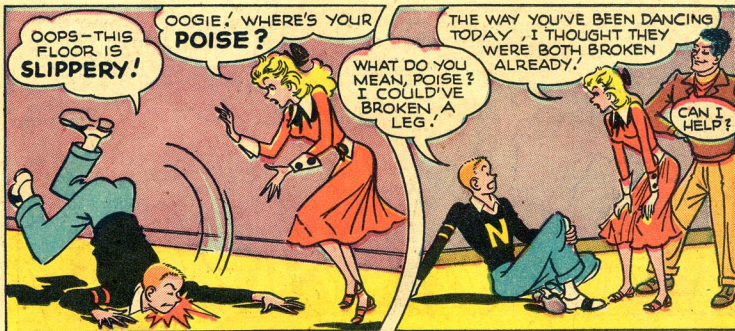


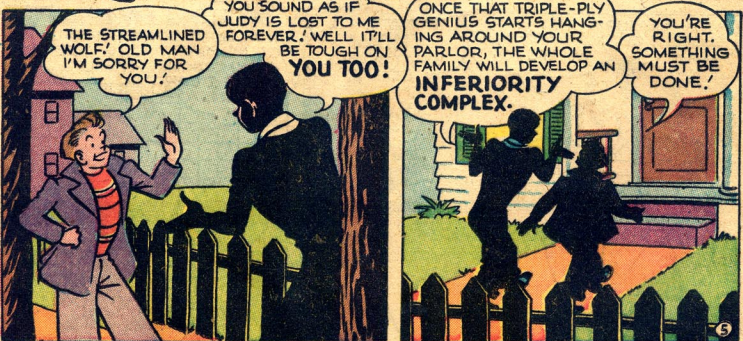




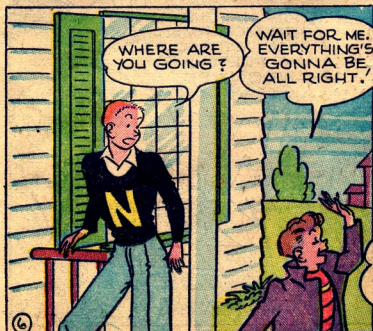
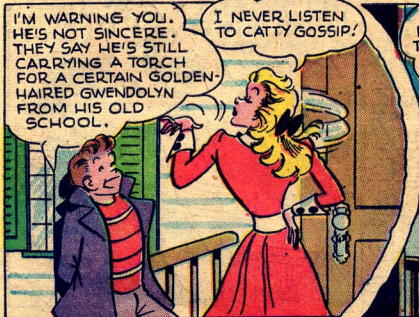
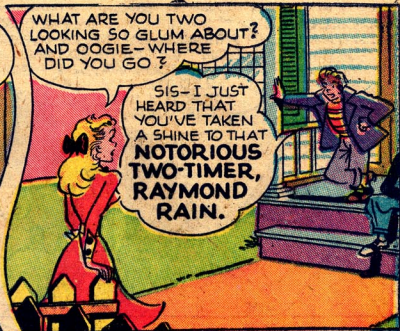


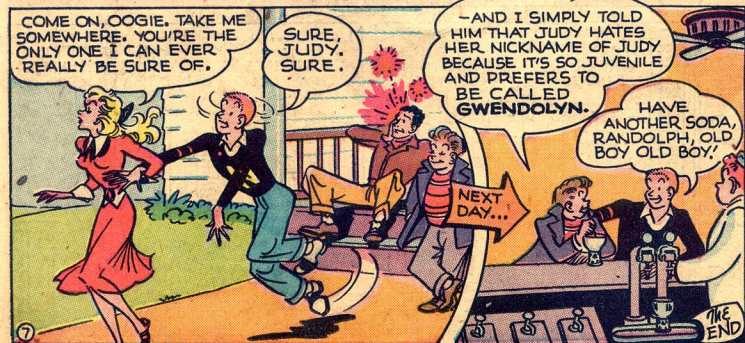
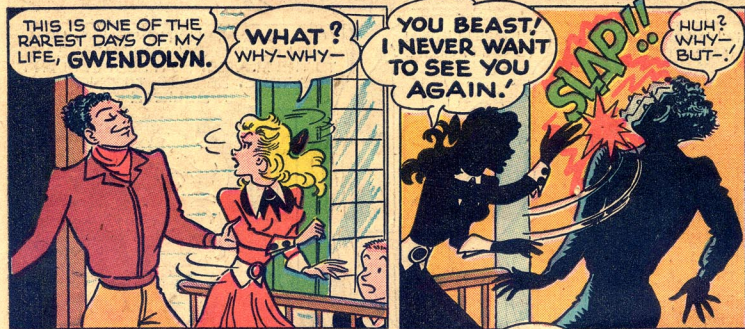
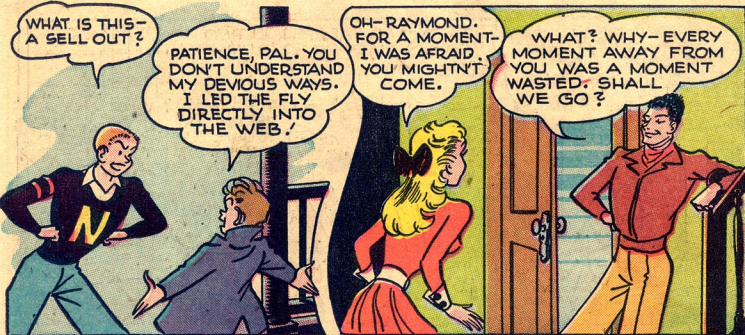














# TOOTSIE KILLER BEAR

TRAPS  
WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT

BY G. C. BARK AND MITCH COSTANZA



COON TAIL CHARLIE SAYS: **LOTS OF FUN, KIDS! GET THIS GENUINE COON TAIL JUST LIKE I WEAR!**

FOR ONLY **15¢** AND A TOOTSIE ROLL WRAPPER

SEND IN THE COUPON TODAY!

Gosh, you'll be some punkins when you get this handsome genuine coon tail for your own. What fun to wear it on your cap like 'Coon-Tail Charlie and other famous trappers and explorers. It's a great big fluffy tail of richly striped fur! Looks swell on your bike, wagon or scooter or hanging in your room. And girls, you'll love the smart swing of this beautiful fur tail fastened to your sweater or coat. Yours for only 15¢ and a Tootsie Roll wrapper. RUSH! Send for as many as you want, but quick—before they're gone! (Don't forget to send 15¢ and a wrapper for each coon tail.)

FOR PLAYING WOODS JUNK

SWELL FOR YOUR BICYCLE

TOOTSIE ROLLS  
Dept. 101  
Box 8, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

I'll get a big kick out of that 'Coon Tail' I enclose 15¢ and a Tootsie Roll wrapper for each one. Rush today!

Name..... (Please Print Plainly)  
Address.....  
City.....Zone.....State.....

OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1948  
SUPPLY LIMITED—FIRST COME—FIRST SERVED.

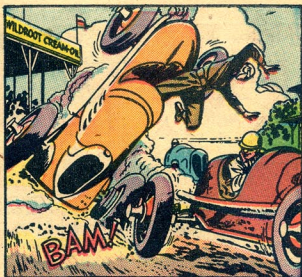
DEATH ON  
THE SPEEDWAY

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S  
**Adventures of  
SAM SPADE**

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

HERE  
THEY COME,  
EFFIE!

ISN'T IT  
EXCITING!



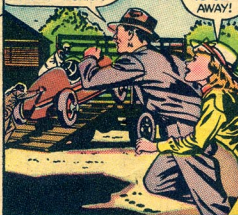
OH! WHAT A  
TERRIBLE  
ACCIDENT!

SWEETHEART! THESE  
HIGH-POWERED GLASSES  
TELL ME THAT WAS NO  
ACCIDENT! COME ON!



THERE'S THE CAR THAT  
WON, EFFIE! THEY'RE  
PUTTING IT ON THAT  
TRUCK—HURRY!

LOOKS LIKE  
THEY'RE  
ANXIOUS TO GET  
AWAY!



SAM TRIES TO LOOK AT THE RACING CAR...  
AND...

HELP,  
POLICE!



For handsome hair get  
a bottle or tube of  
Wildroot Cream-Oil  
today! Ask your barber  
for a professional  
application.



QUICK, SAM! USE THIS  
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL,  
SO THEY WON'T THINK  
YOU'RE A THUG TOO!

CHIEF! THIS HUB CAP'S  
BEEN FILED SHARP AS A  
RAZOR TO CUT THE TIRE  
OF ANY CAR TRYING  
TO PASS!

SMART WORK, SAM!  
BUT TELL ME—HOW  
CAN YOU LOOK SO  
GOOD AFTER BEATING  
UP THESE GUYS!

THAT'S WHAT A  
LITTLE WILDROOT  
CREAM-OIL DOES  
FOR A GUY,  
CHIEF!



SAM SPADE ASKS:  
CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE  
**FINGERNAIL TEST?**



TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD.  
IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS  
AND LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF YOU  
NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL  
HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC—  
CONTAINS SOOTHING LANOLIN.



EFFIE SAYS:

SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL,  
TOO! FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR  
RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN  
PERMANENTS YOU CAN'T BEAT  
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL! AND  
MOTHERS FIND IT'S WONDERFUL  
FOR TRAINING CHILDREN'S  
HAIR.

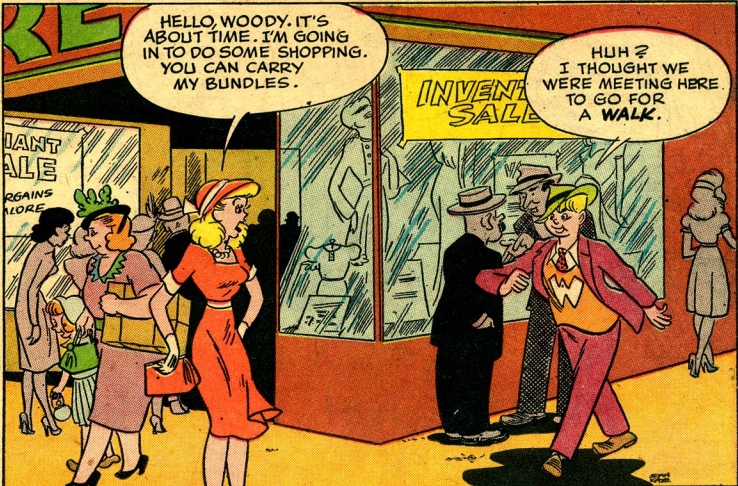




# WOODY

HELLO, WOODY. IT'S ABOUT TIME. I'M GOING IN TO DO SOME SHOPPING. YOU CAN CARRY MY BUNDLES.

HUH? I THOUGHT WE WERE MEETING HERE TO GO FOR A WALK.

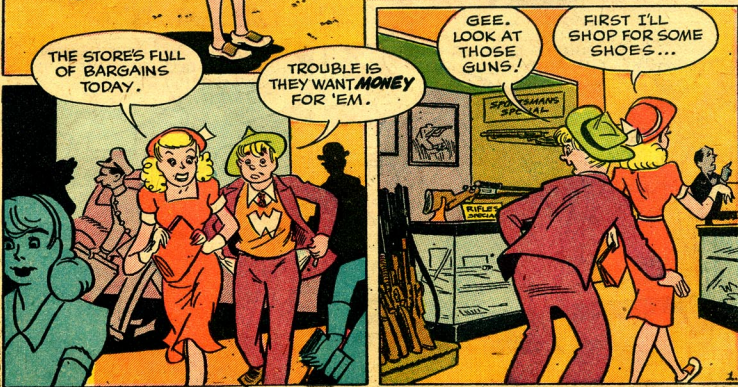


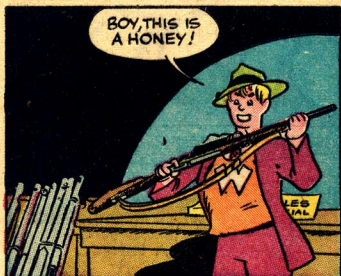
THE STORE'S FULL OF BARGAINS TODAY.

TROUBLE IS THEY WANT **MONEY** FOR 'EM.

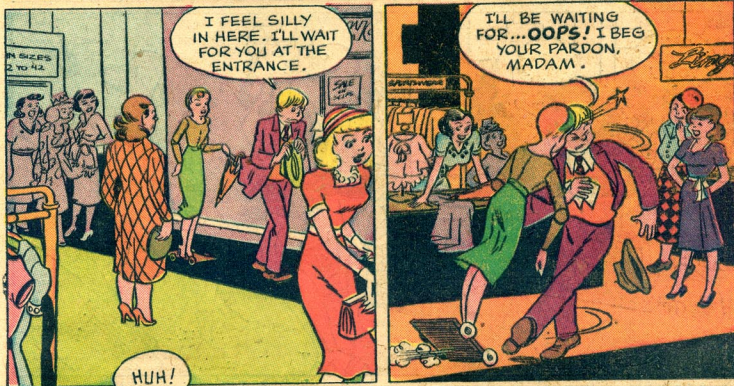
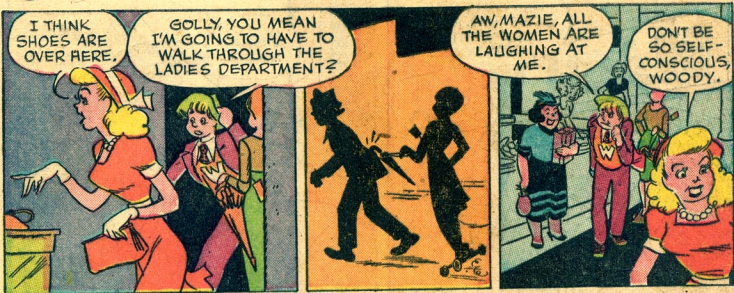
GEE. LOOK AT THOSE GUNS!

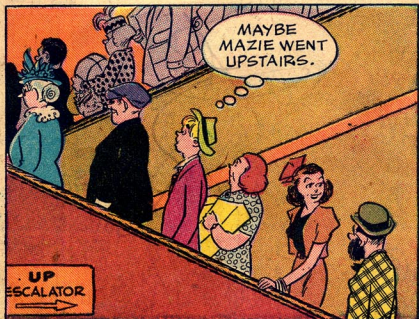
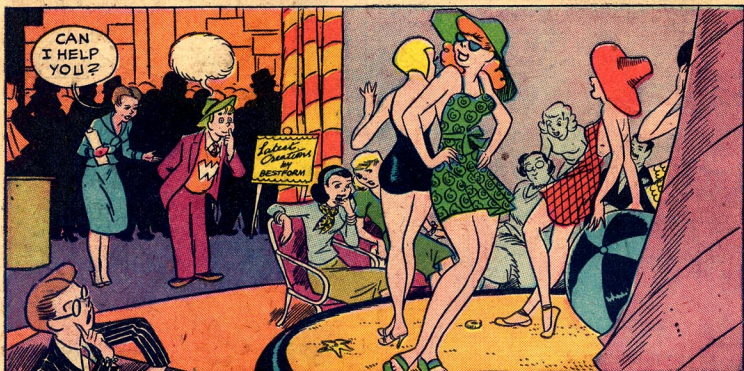
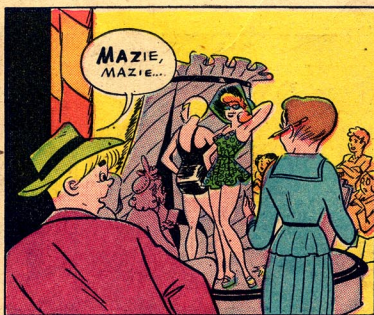
FIRST I'LL SHOP FOR SOME SHOES...



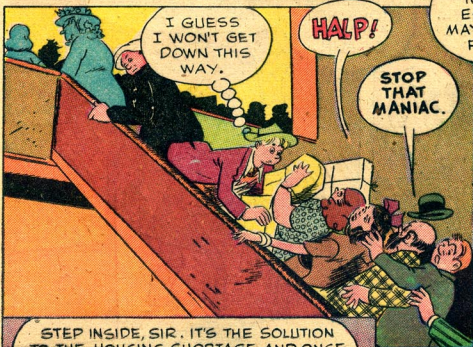
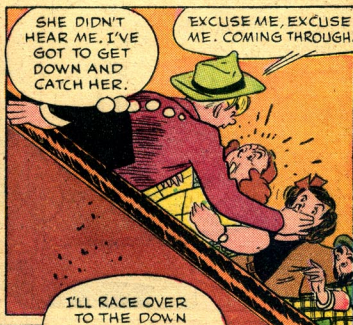


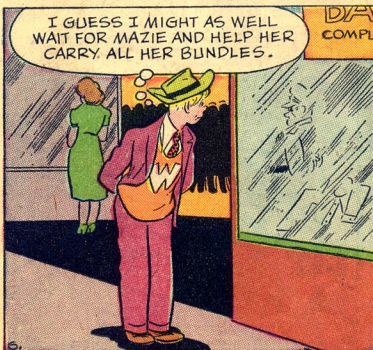
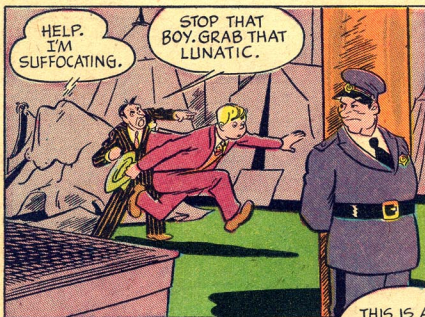












The End





# Get This Amazing JET PLANE RING!

*It's New! It's Terrific!*

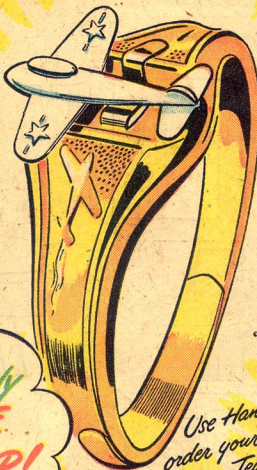
Just touch the secret launching trigger and z-z-ing — your model jet plane takes off with catapult action!

*Flies Right off Your Finger!*

Wow — it's almost like magic! How other kids will envy you! You've got to see it to know what fun it is!

*Be First to Get One!*

Ask Mom for KELLOGG'S PEP — right away! Then send for your Jet Plane Ring! (Only PEP makes this swell offer.)



- Scale model jet plane in nickel finish — complete to pilot's "bubble," exhaust vent, and wing insignia.
- Secret launching trigger.
- Jet planes in flight on sides of ring.
- Ring finished in genuine 24 k. gold plate.
- Adjustable to any size finger.

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*Easy to Get — Only  
20¢ and ONE  
PEP BOX TOP!*

*Use Handy Coupon to  
order your jet plane ring —  
Tear out NOW!*



*P.S.!*

REAL PHOTO  
OF A STAR  
IN EVERY  
PACKAGE!

FILL IN COUPON, enclose one PEP box top (end marked "TOP") and 20¢ for each ring ordered and mail to KELLOGG Co., Box 212, New York 8, N. Y.

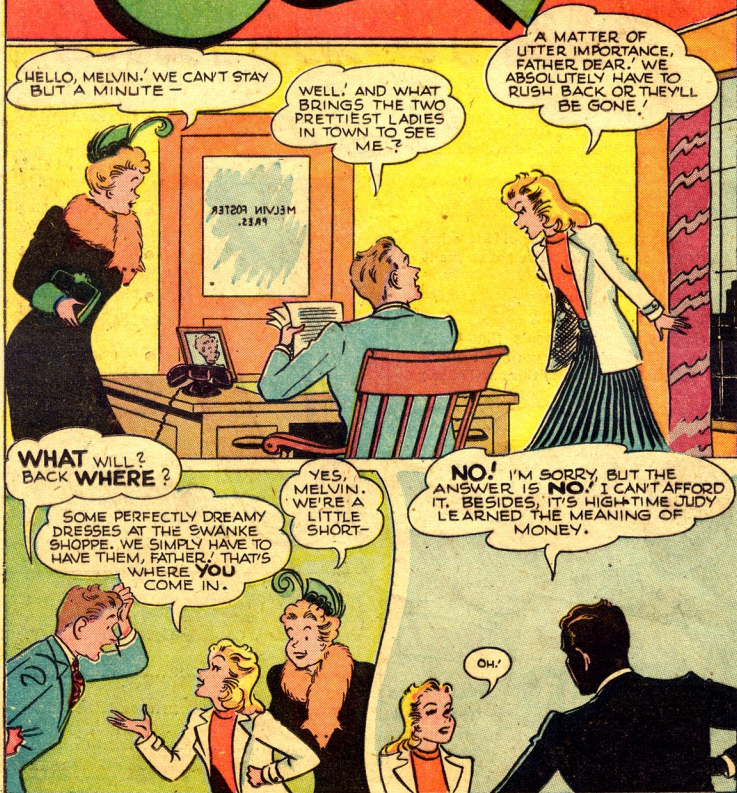
Name.....

Street.....

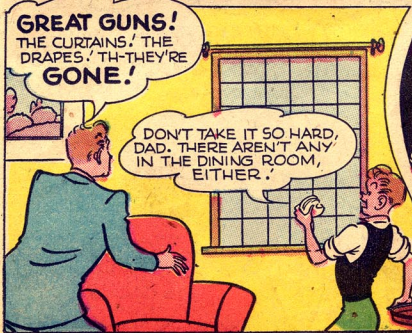
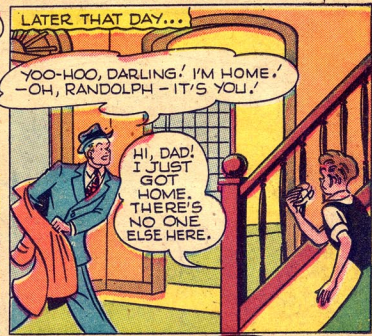
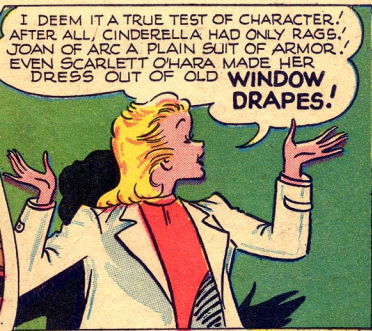
City..... Zone..... State.....

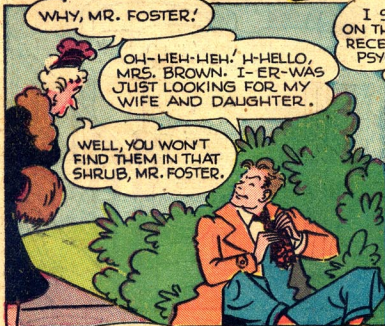
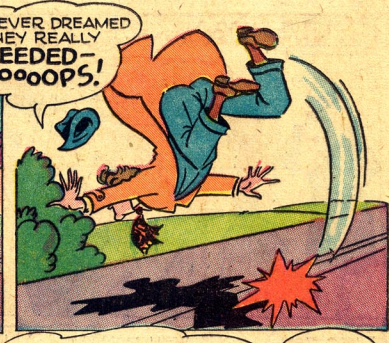
This offer is limited to residents of the United States only.

# A DATE WITH JUDY

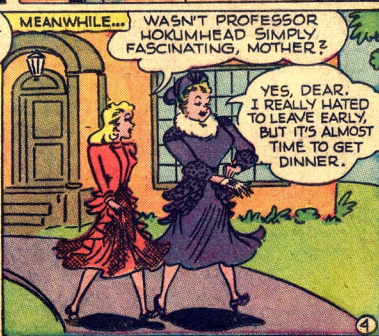
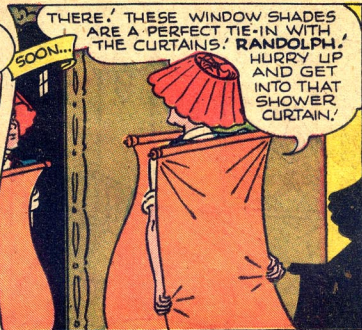
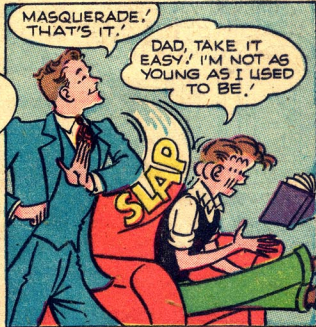














AH, HERE WE ARE!  
I CAN'T SEE WHY  
YOU WON'T GO IN  
WITH ME.

I CAN'T SEE  
WHY **YOU** GO  
IN.



ER-GOOD AFTERNOON!  
WOULD YOU TELL MY WIFE  
AND DAUGHTER A **SHADY**  
CHARACTER HAS **ROLLED**  
**AROUND** FOR THEM?  
HA, HA, HA!

MY WORD!



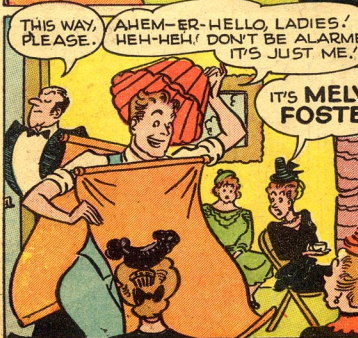
THEY'RE THE ONES  
DRESSED IN DRAPES  
AND CURTAINS, YOU  
CAN'T MISS THEM!

THAT'S WH-WHAT  
I'M AFRAID OF!  
W-WAIT RIGHT  
TH-THERE!



WONDERFUL! NOW  
PROF. HOKUMHEAD CAN  
GIVE A REAL DEMONSTRATION  
OF PSYCHOLOGY!  
SHOW HIM IN!

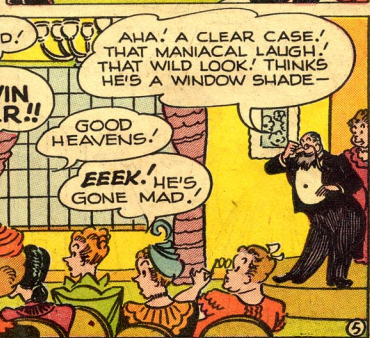
MADAM, A  
**MANIAC**  
HAS COME  
TO CALL.



THIS WAY,  
PLEASE.

AHEM-ER-HELLO, LADIES!  
HEH-HEH, DON'T BE ALARMED!  
IT'S JUST ME!

IT'S **MELVIN  
FOSTER!!**

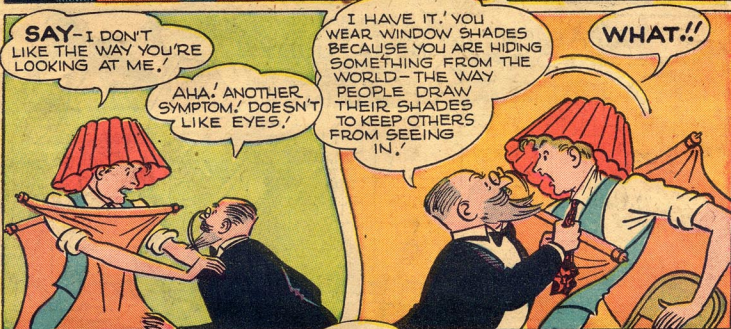
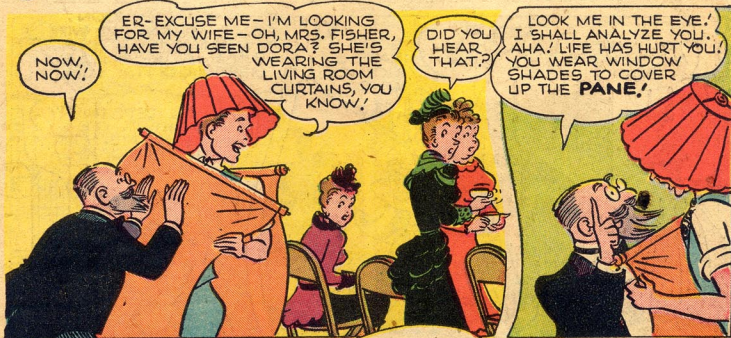


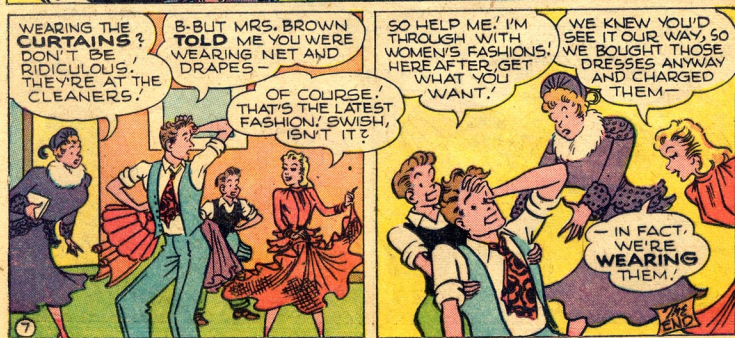
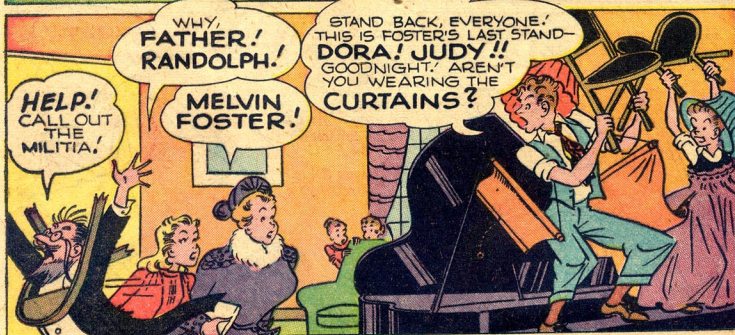
AHA! A CLEAR CASE!  
THAT MANIACAL LAUGH!  
THAT WILD LOOK! THINKS  
HE'S A WINDOW SHADE-

GOOD  
HEAVENS!

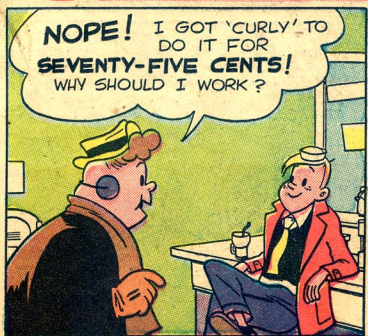
**EEEK!** HE'S  
GONE MAD!





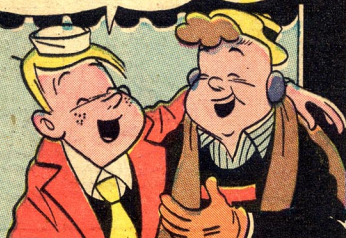








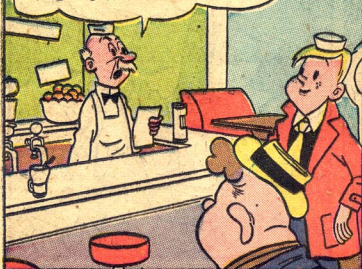
I GUESS WE BOTH USE OUR HEADS!  
LET SOMEONE ELSE DO THE  
WORK, EH ?



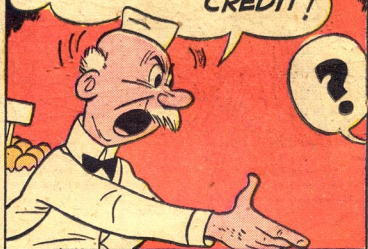
HEY, POPS - WHAT  
DO I OWE YOU ?



THAT'S TWENTY-FIVE CENTS  
PLUS ONE BUCK ON YOUR  
PAST BILL --



-AND PAY UP **TODAY,**  
OR THERE'S NO MORE  
**CREDIT!**



VIC CAME RUNNING OVER AND INSISTED  
I LET HIM SHOVEL THE WALK  
FOR A **QUARTER!**  
SAID IT WAS LIFE  
OR DEATH !



THE END



# MYSTERY on the MOUNTAIN

Ray O'Vac Says:

"This is a true story from a letter in our files!"

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WISCONSIN, WISCONSIN



"Man, oh man, what a swell big buck! Careful! Don't let that one get away! Steady there, Dick... steady..."



"Isn't he a dandy! I'll tie his legs with this rope. Long trip down to the car, but we can take turns toting him."



"Say, I left my flashlight up there! Had my hands full when I saw it, then forgot. Too far to go back up there now."



"Isn't this just about the place where we got that big buck last fall? Wonder if we could find my old flashlight."



"By golly, here it is! Too big for the pack rate to carry away, I guess. Not much chance of it being any good now."



"Look! It works! Imagine—after all last winter's snow and cold, and the rain, and all summer in the sun!"



"Mystery's solved! Ray-O-Vac Leak Proof batteries! The ones that are sealed in steel. That's why they stay fresh so long."



"And read the guarantee on each Ray-O-Vac. If they ever swell or stick, damaging your flashlight, you get a new flashlight free!"

Only RAY-O-VAC  
makes batteries  
this way



+



+



+



+



+



=



=



=

Powerful battery

add steel bottom

add steel top

add insulation

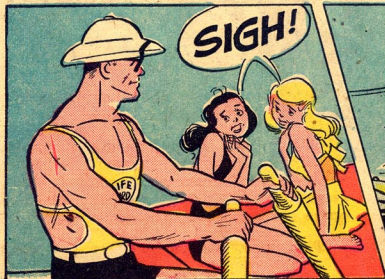
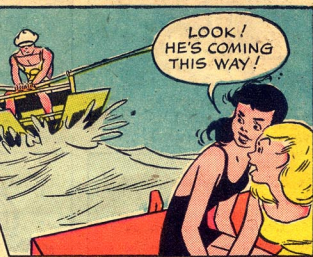
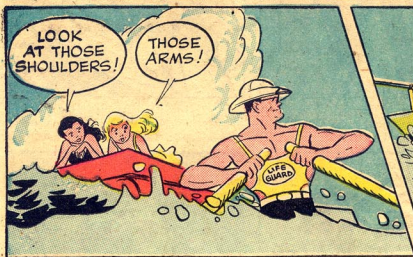
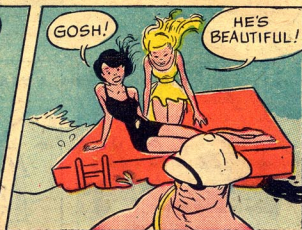
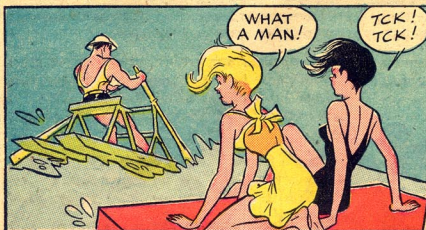
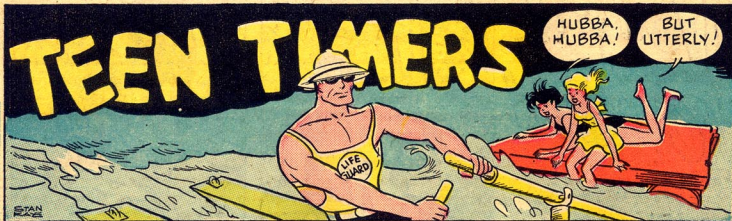
add steel jacket

Ray-O-Vac

ASK FOR  
RAY-O-VAC  
LEAK PROOFS



# TEEN TIMERS





# THE BLOWOUT

**T**HE highway was smooth enough, but Oogie's jeep had been through the war and it had a tendency, consequently, to magnify the tiniest dip in the macadam into a mountainous bump.

"You really ought to trade this thing in for an electric vibrator. It accomplishes the same thing, only it doesn't make so much noise," Judy said.

"Well," said Oogie, somewhat resentfully. "At least this thing gets you where you want to go."

As if to deny this last statement, Oogie's words were immediately followed by a loud, hissing sound. The jeep began to bounce erratically along the road.

Oogie wrestled with the steering wheel and managed to ease the vehicle to a stop. "I think we've got a blow-out," he said.

Judy stared balefully at Oogie as he climbed out of the car and examined the deflated front tire.

"How long will it take to fix it?" she asked.

"Oh—five minutes," Oogie said. "I'll get the jack out and put on the spare. Nothing to worry about." He opened the tool kit in back of the car, peered within, and then looked up with a perplexed expression.

"Gosh—" Oogie said. "I—I guess I forgot to bring the jack along. I had it out yesterday and—"

"Oh—" Judy exclaimed. She made a gesture of suppressed irritation. "I suppose now we'll have to sit here all day. How could you possibly forget the jack when you know how bad your tires are. You have absolutely no sense of responsibility!"

"But, Judy—anyone can forget."

"Not unless they're completely irresponsible. Why—you're the most irresponsible person I've ever known! There are some things a person should NEVER forget!"

Oogie shrugged. "Well—maybe you're right. But we'll never get home if we spend the whole day here arguing. One of us will have to hitch back to the nearest garage and borrow a jack."

"Don't think I'm going to sit here in this freezing open air jeep while you go for a jack," Judy said. "Why should I be punished for your forgetfulness?"

"All right. Then you go," Oogie said. "The nearest garage is about two miles back, just past the traffic circle. Just tell them I'm two miles out on Route 16."

"Here comes a car now," Judy said. She stepped into the road and signalled.

The approaching vehicle, driven by an elderly man, came to a stop alongside the jeep. Judy climbed in and explained the difficulty. The driver nodded. "I'll drop you off at the garage," he said.

"Don't forget," Oogie called after Judy, as the car started off. "I'm on Route Sixteen! And tell them to hurry. It's beginning to get cold!"

The vehicle stopped at the gas station. Judy got out, thanked the driver and then approached a small man in overalls standing near the gas pumps.

"What's the trouble, Miss?" the man asked.

"My friend's car is stalled with a blow-out about two miles past the traffic circle," Judy explained. "He can't put his spare on because he forgot his jack."

The man smiled. "Silly thing to do," he said.

"Silly," Judy said. "It's practically lunacy. Wait'll you see the condition of his tires."

"What route is he on?" the man asked, climbing into the cab of the truck and holding the door open for Judy.

"Why—just past the traffic circle."

"There are seven roads leading out of that traffic circle," the man said.

"Seven?" Judy repeated, looking thoughtful. "I don't know—I don't seem to remember which—" Suddenly her face brightened. "Can't we go to the traffic circle. I—I'm sure I'll recognize the right road once we get there."

"Okay, Miss," the man said. "But if we don't

find the road, just remember—I charge two dollars an hour for my time!" The man stepped on the starter. The motor started with a roar. They moved off down the road toward the traffic circle.

"Well—here's the traffic circle, Miss," the garage man said. "Which is the road?"

Judy peered about uncomfortably. "I—I never realized how alike they all looked," she said.

The man nodded. "That's what I was afraid of. Look—don't you remember at all? You must have noticed route signs on the way. Try to think."

Judy frowned in an effort at concentration. "Wait," she said, after a moment. "I think it was—yes—I'm sure it was Route 60. Why—of course." Her face brightened. "Oogie even told me to remember Route 60 when I left."

The man threw the truck into gear. He rolled his eyes. "For the sake of that poor guy sitting out there on the road—I hope you're right," he said. "Look." He pointed through the windshield. The first flakes of snow were beginning to whirl gently down.

The truck sped quickly along the highway while the falling snow gathered in intensity. Judy, peering through the windshield, kept anxious watch for Oogie's jeep. The macadam was already covered with a fine white blanket when the driver suddenly applied the brakes and came to a stop.

"Look, Miss—we've come five miles already. We're either on the wrong road—or that jeep is stalled farther out than you said."

"I—I—think we'd better turn back," Judy said nervously. "And try another road."

The man swung the truck around in a broad U-turn. "It's okay with me," he said. "We got one chance in six—and at two dollars an hour, I got all night. All we gotta do is hope that friend of yours don't freeze to death out there before we find him."

It took over three hours. They tried successively each of the other six routes turning off the traffic circle. There was no sign of Oogie or the jeep. Meanwhile, the falling snow had swept huge drifts along the sides of the road. Could Oogie and his jeep be buried under one of these, Judy asked herself nervously. Hearing

the man brusquely announce his intention of turning back to the garage and sending out a police alarm to hunt for Oogie, Judy hurriedly assented. She sat huddled miserably in the truck's cab until, twenty minutes later, they pulled up at the garage.

"Say—" the man said, as they pulled into the garage. "Isn't that the jeep you were talking about?"

Judy looked up. Just within the garage, a mechanic was working on the battered front wheel of a very familiar looking car from which the snow was still melting. Next to the jeep, seated on a stool and wrapped in a dirty gray blanket, sat Oogie, his feet immersed in a bucket of steaming water.

With a soft exclamation, Judy leaped from the truck's cab and approached Oogie. "How did you get here?" she exclaimed. "We were looking all over for you."

"I waited for two hours," Oogie said. "Finally, I got desperate, and I drove in on the rims. I wrecked my wheel. The man is fixing it now. But—it was better than freezing to death. What—ever happened to you?"

In addition," said the man who had driven the truck. "There's a slight charge of eight dollars for four hours of my time.

"Four hours!" Oogie exclaimed. "But—how—"

"She forgot the route you were on," the man said.

Judy stamped her foot in a sudden inexplicable burst of anger. "You see," she exclaimed at Oogie furiously. "If it hadn't been for your stupidity in forgetting that jack—all this wouldn't have happened."

"But, Judy—" Oogie protested feebly.

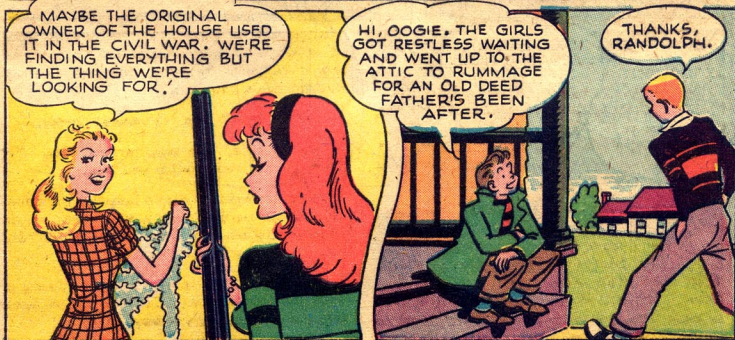
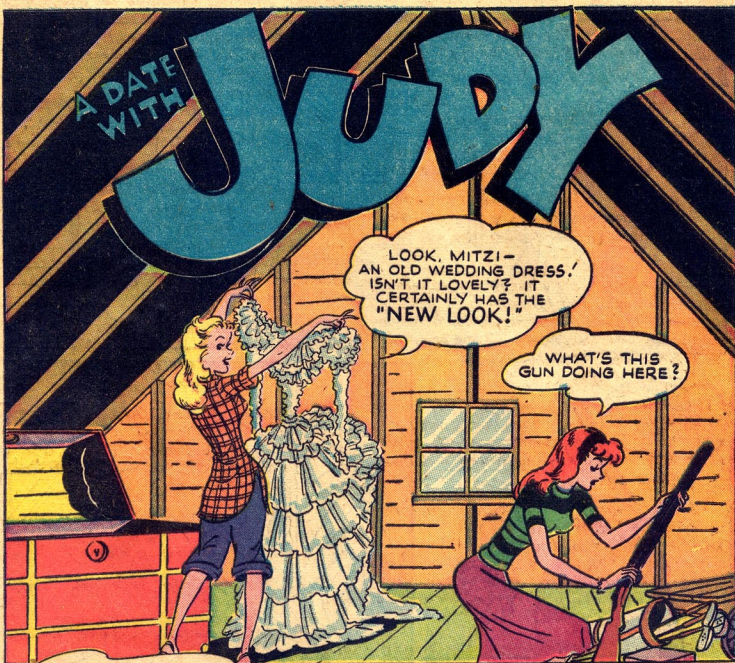
"Never mind," she said, turning away. "I'll never go out riding with you again."

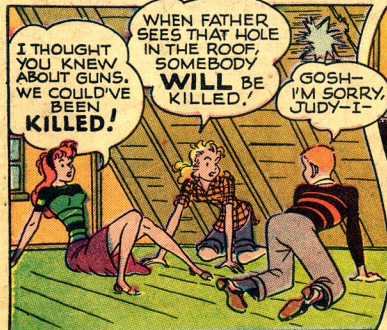
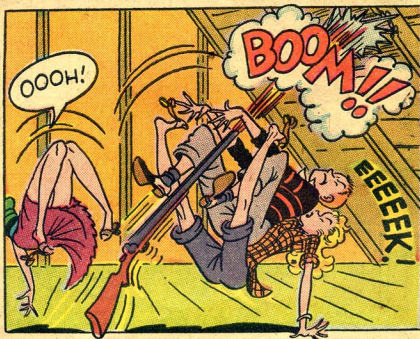
The garageman scratched his head and strode over to his partner who was working on the wheel of the jeep. "Women!" he muttered. "Did you get a load of that?"

"Yeah," said the other. "I heard. Young or old—it's always the same. No matter what happens—women are always right."

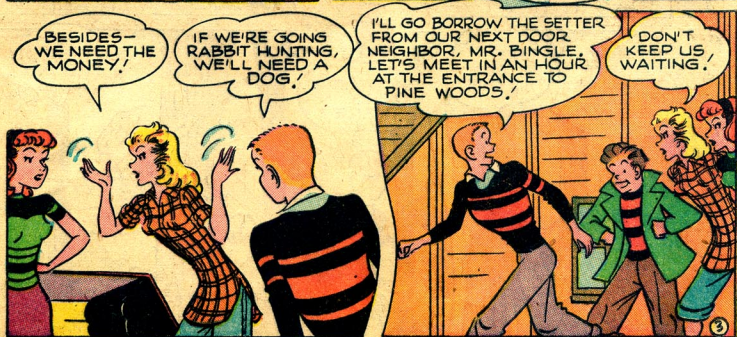
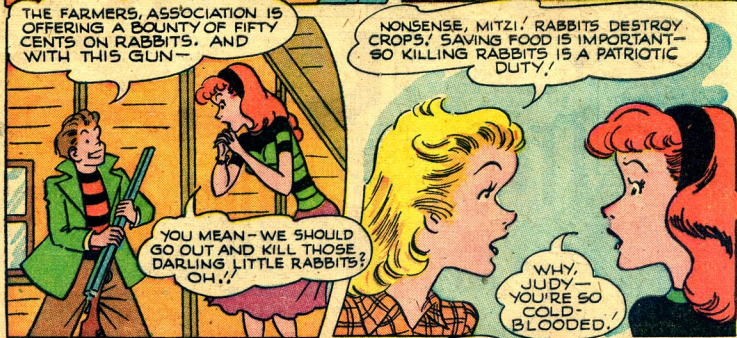


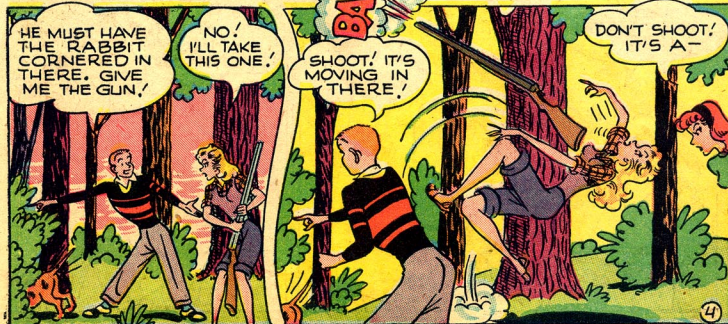
# A DATE WITH JUDY



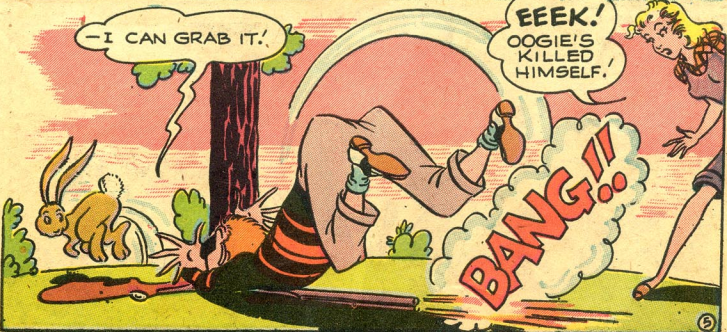
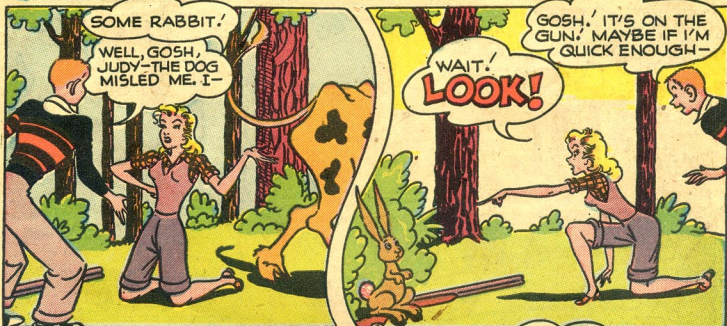
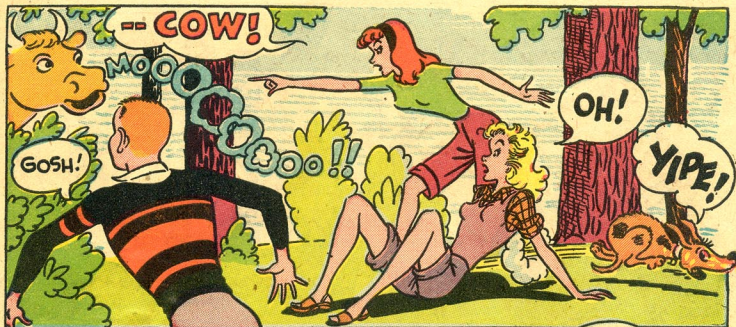


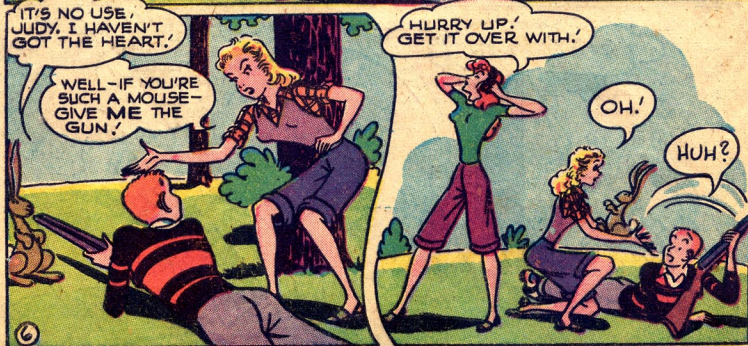
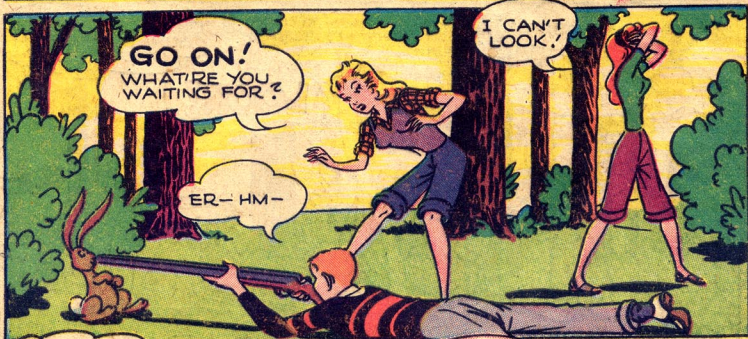
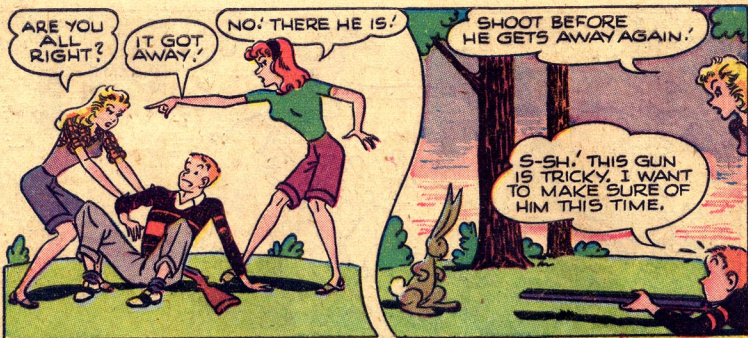




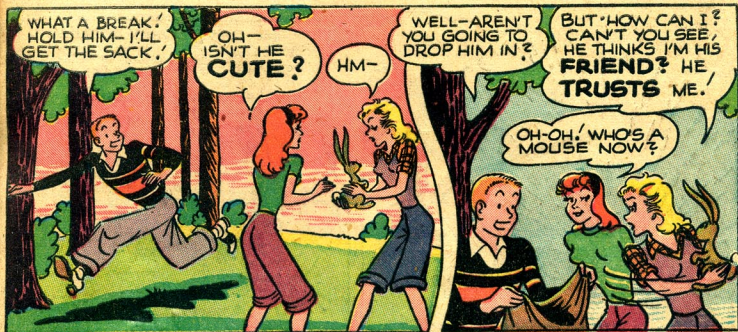


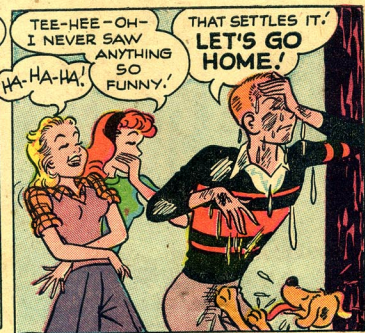




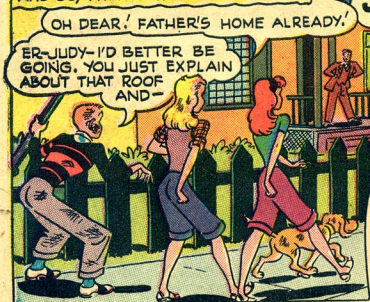








AND SO, TWENTY MINUTES LATER...



JUDY!

WHATEVER MADE YOU KIDS BLOW THAT HOLE IN THE ROOF WITH MY GUN, I CAN'T IMAGINE, BUT—

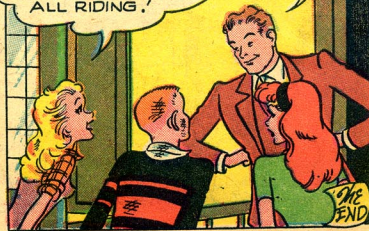


—BUT I FOUND THAT ORIGINAL DEED UNDER ONE OF THE TORN SHINGLES. THE OLD BUILDER MUST'VE HIDDEN IT THERE DECADES AGO. IT ADDS A HALF ACRE TO OUR PROPERTY! SO THAT SHOT WAS WORTH AT LEAST A **THOUSAND DOLLARS!**



IN THAT CASE, FATHER—HOW ABOUT GIVING OOGIE A REWARD—SAY FIVE DOLLARS—SO HE CAN GET HIS CAR OUT AND TAKE US ALL RIDING!

NOTHING WOULD GIVE ME GREATER PLEASURE!





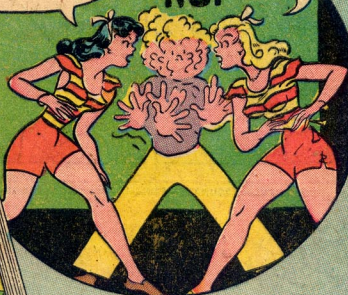
# If You were BUZZY YOU'D BE LOADED DOWN WITH GIRL-TROUBLE!

-AND ALL BECAUSE  
**WOLFERT**  
THE WOLF  
EASES HIM INTO  
A TASTY JOB AS  
**COACH**  
OF THE **GIRLS'**  
**BASKETBALL**  
**TEAM!**

IF YOU MUSS MY  
HAIR-DO AGAIN,  
SUSIE GRUFF, I'LL  
SCRATCH YOUR  
EYES OUT!!!

**NO!**  
**NO!**

JUST YOU  
TRY IT,  
YOU CAT!!

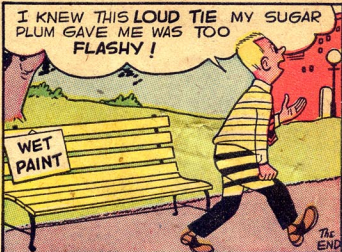
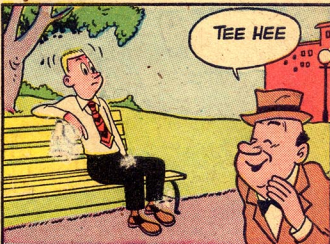
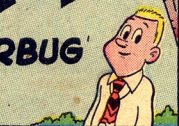


**Y**OWSIR, BUZZY  
COURTS DISASTER  
WITH A CAGE-FULL  
OF WRENS MAKING  
PASSES AT HIM!

**A**ND AS FOR YOU,  
DON'T SIT ON THE  
SIDELINES...  
DRIBBLE RIGHT DOWN  
TO YOUR FAVORITE  
NEWSSTAND  
FOR *YOUR* COPY  
OF THIS  
HIGH-SCORING  
NEW ISSUE!

# JERRY

## THE JITTERBUG



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STEEL DARTS, Per package PAPER TARGETS

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CAN'T WAIT TILL YOU SEE  
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ISSUE!**



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A 58 PAGE MAGAZINE

OHO!  
THAT  
BINKY!

JUST LEAVE IT  
TO BINKY TO GET  
INTO SCRAPES  
THAT HAVE THE  
WHOLE COUNTRY  
HYSTERICAL!

No. 2

LEAVE IT TO

**Binky**

10¢

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PUBLISHERS

HAPPY  
BIRTHDAY  
TO  
PEGGY

CANDID

I DO ALL TH'  
WORK-- HE GETS  
ALL TH' LAUGHS--

YOU'LL JUST LOVE THIS  
ISSUE-- IT'LL BE ON  
SALE FEB. 27TH!

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