

No. 7
OCT... NOV.

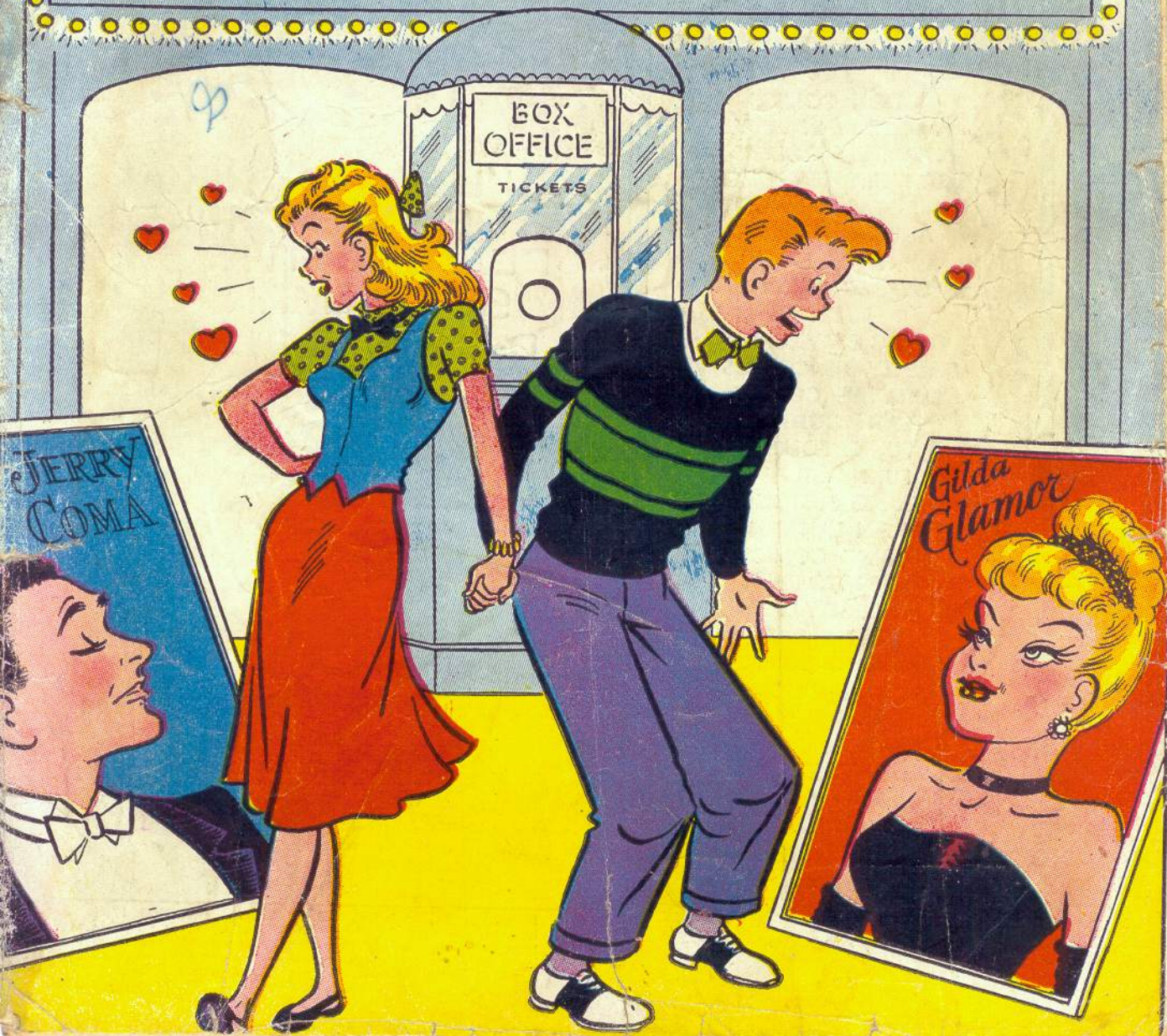
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FAVORITE



A DATE WITH JUDY

10¢

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE



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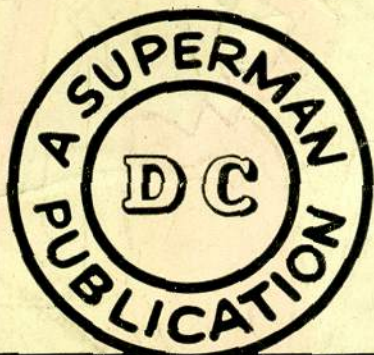
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SUPERMAN
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IS YOUR GUARANTEE
OF TOP ENTERTAINMENT
IN ADVENTURE AND HUMOR!

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A DATE
WITH

JUDY

OOGIE, I'VE
BEEN THINKING
IT OVER! YOU
VERY OFTEN SAY
THINGS TO ANNOY
ME— WE ARGUE—
THEN WE MAKE
UP!

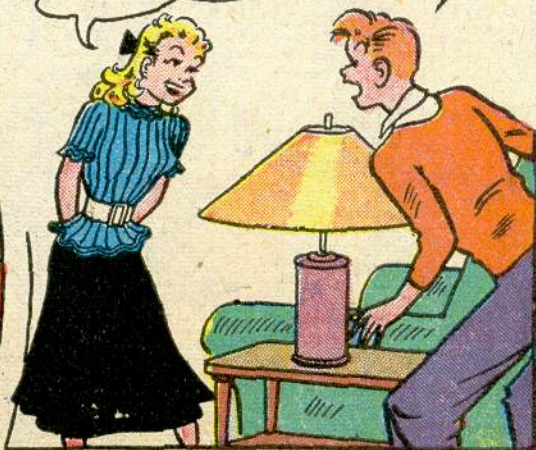
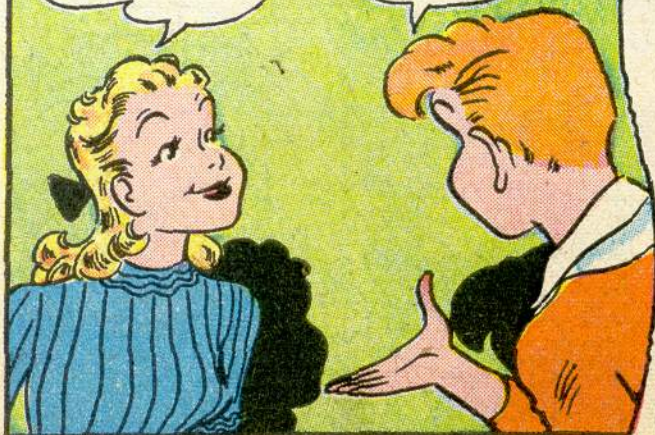
HAH! AIN'T
IT THE TRUTH,
JUDY!

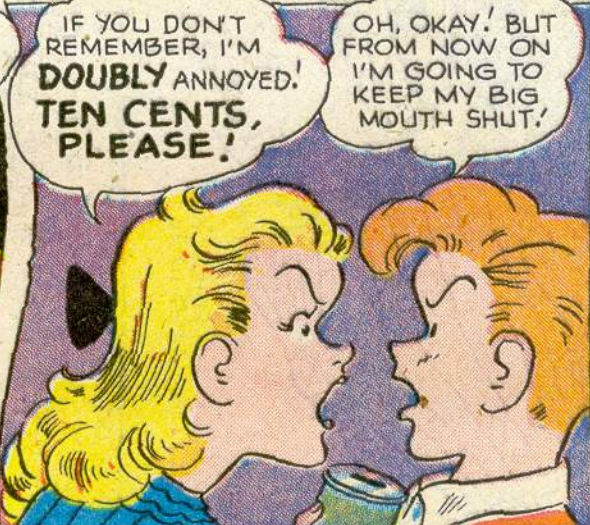
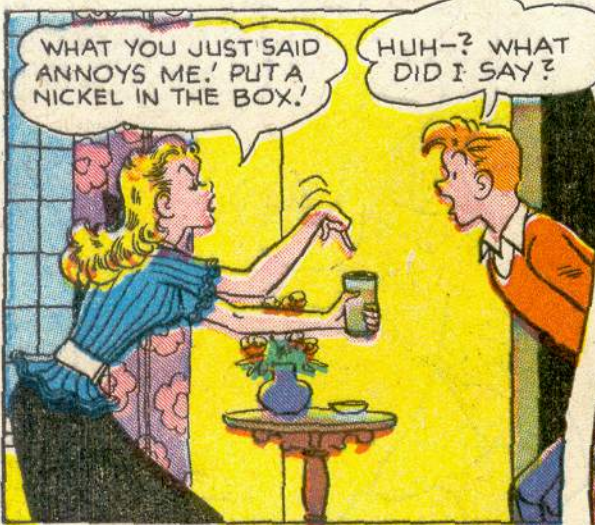
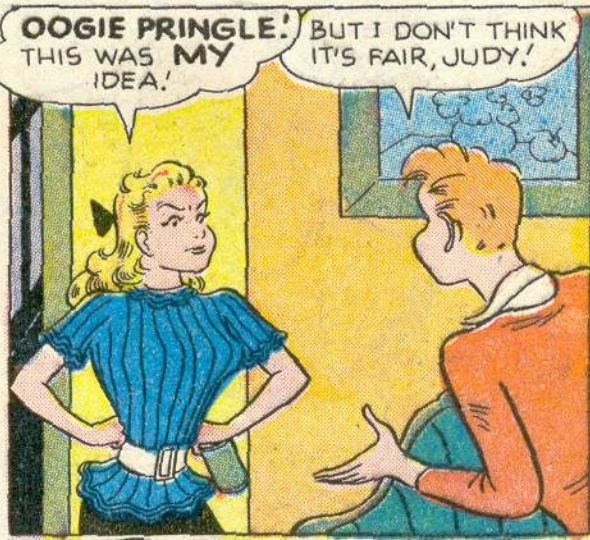
SO I'VE
DECIDED
TO DISPENSE
WITH
THE ARGUING
AND
MAKING UP!

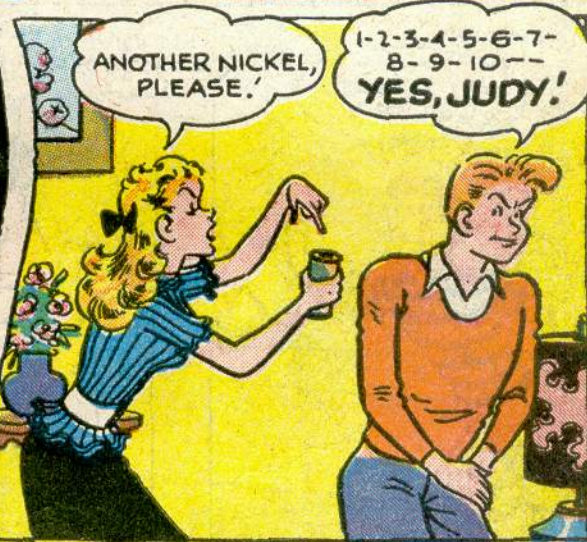
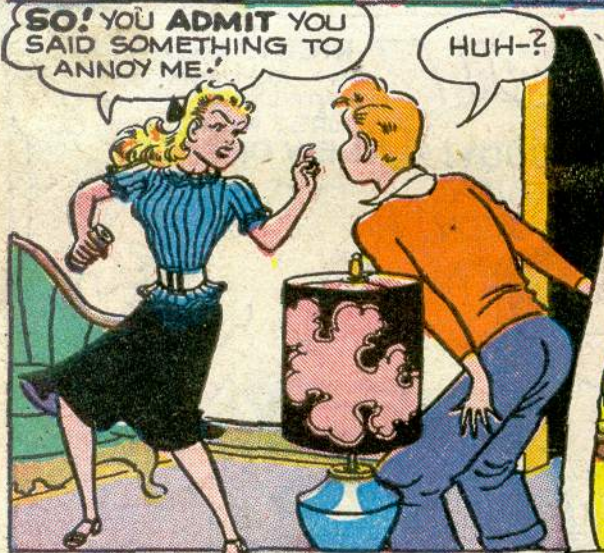
AND I'LL DISPENSE
WITH SAYING THINGS
TO ANNOY YOU!

OH, YOU DON'T
HAVE TO DO THAT!

I DON'T—?









WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

ER- EXCUSE ME, JUDY! I- ER- JUST REMEMBERED THAT I FORGOT TO TAKE CARE OF SOMETHING!

GOLLY! ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES AND I'D HAVE BEEN BROKE!



WHY SO SAD, OOGIE?

I'LL GIVE YOU THREE GUESSES, RANDOLPH!

JUDY! JUDY! JUDY!

RIGHT! RIGHT! RIGHT! WHAT AM I EVER GOING TO DO WITH THAT SISTER OF YOURS? NOW SHE'S GOT A NEW ONE!



YOU MEAN MAKING YOU PAY HER A NICKEL EVERYTIME YOU SAY SOMETHING TO ANNOY HER?

YEAH! HOW'D YOU KNOW?

BECAUSE IT WAS MY IDEA! I GET TEN PERCENT OF THE TAKE! AND SINCE YOU CAN BE VERY ANNOYING, IT SHOULD PROVE MOST LUCRATIVE!

WHAT??





ALL FIXED, OOGIE!
NO MORE FORFEITS
TO PAY JUDY WHEN
YOU ANNOY HER!

SWELL, RANDY!
I'M COMING
RIGHT OVER!

NOW I CAN TALK TO
JUDY WITHOUT WORRYING!

MORE OR LESS!



JUDY, IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO
GIVE UP THAT INCOME! AND
RANDY, TOO—GIVING UP HIS
TEN PERCENT!

BUT, OOGIE,
RANDOLPH AND I WILL DO
MUCH BETTER WITH HIS
NEW IDEA!

SHHH!

YES! **NOW** WHEN YOU SAY
SOMETHING TO ANNOY ME
I JUST WON'T SPEAK
TO YOU!

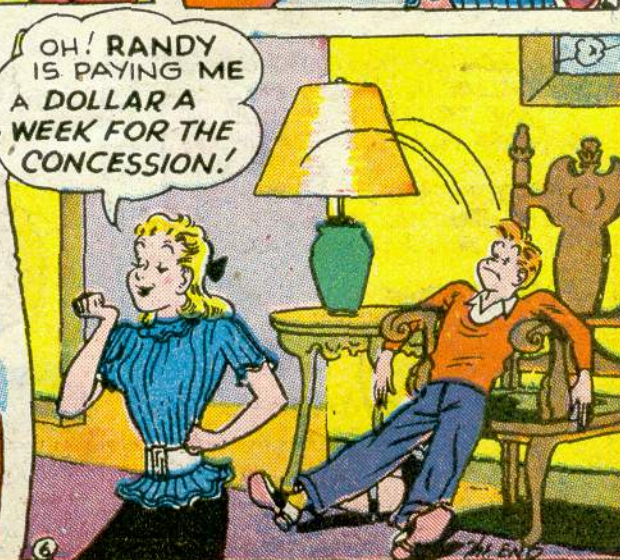
HUH? NEW
IDEA—?

ER-EXCUSE
ME—I NEED
SOME AIR!

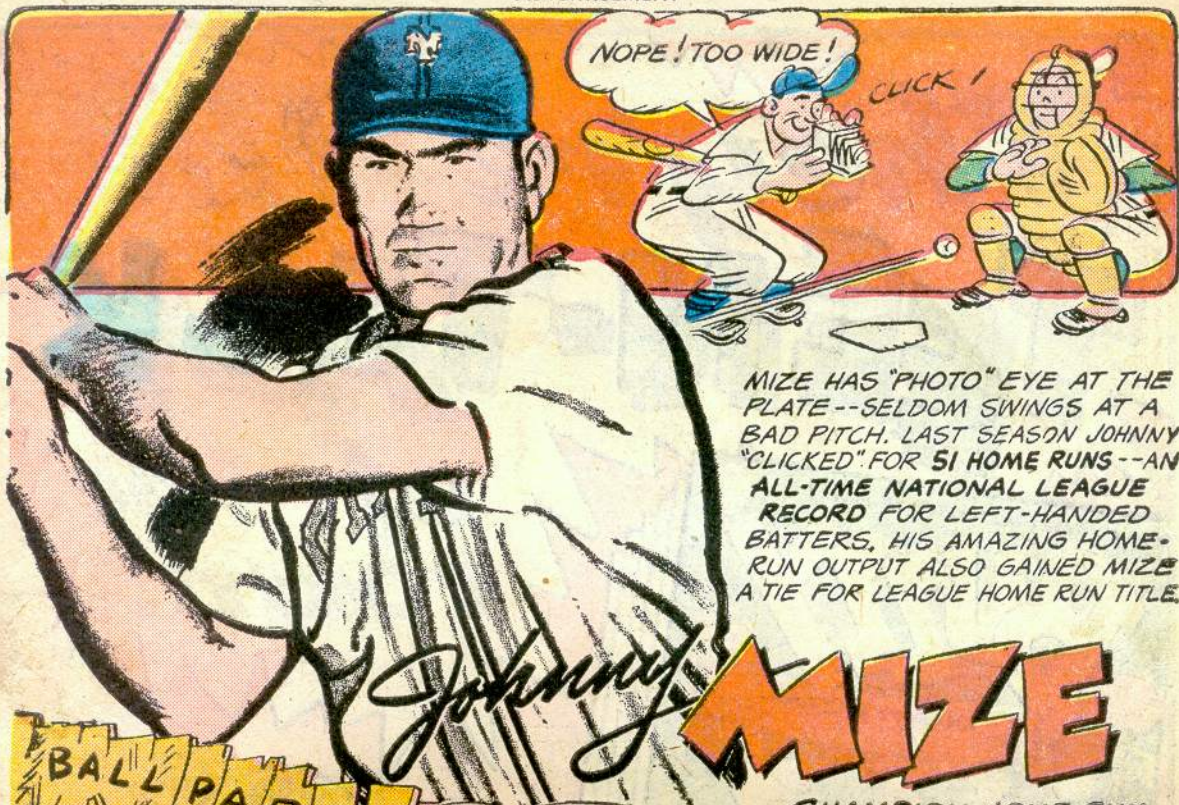


—AND EVERY TIME THAT
HAPPENS, IT'LL COST
YOU A QUARTER
TO GET RANDOLPH
TO PATCH THINGS
UP WITH ME!

BUT WHERE
DO **YOU**
COME IN?



OH! RANDY
IS PAYING ME
A DOLLAR A
WEEK FOR THE
CONCESSION!



MIZE HAS "PHOTO" EYE AT THE PLATE--SELDOM SWINGS AT A BAD PITCH. LAST SEASON JOHNNY "CLICKED" FOR 51 HOME RUNS--AN ALL-TIME NATIONAL LEAGUE RECORD FOR LEFT-HANDED BATTERS, HIS AMAZING HOME-RUN OUTPUT ALSO GAINED MIZE A TIE FOR LEAGUE HOME RUN TITLE.

Johnny MIZE

CHAMPION HOME RUN HITTER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS



A REAL FENCE-BUSTER! JOHNNY DROVE HOME 138 RUNS LAST SEASON TO LEAD ALL NATIONAL LEAGUE HITTERS IN RUNS BATTED IN. FANCY FIELDER, TOO -- MIZE'S .996 PERCENTAGE WAS TOPS FOR LEAGUE FIRST-BASEMEN.

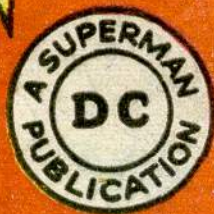
"**R**EACHING FOR THAT BIG ORANGE AND BLUE WHEATIES PACKAGE AT THE TRAINING TABLE IS ALMOST AUTOMATIC WITH ME," SAYS JOHNNY MIZE, "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES ARE SWELL-TASTING WITH MILK AND FRUIT. NOURISHING, TOO."

DO WHEATIES
**BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS**

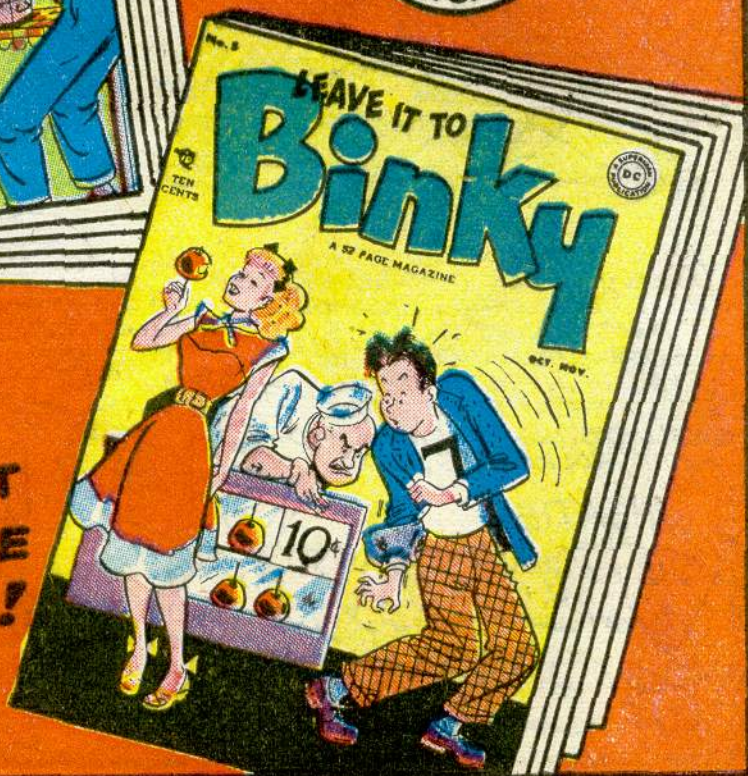
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



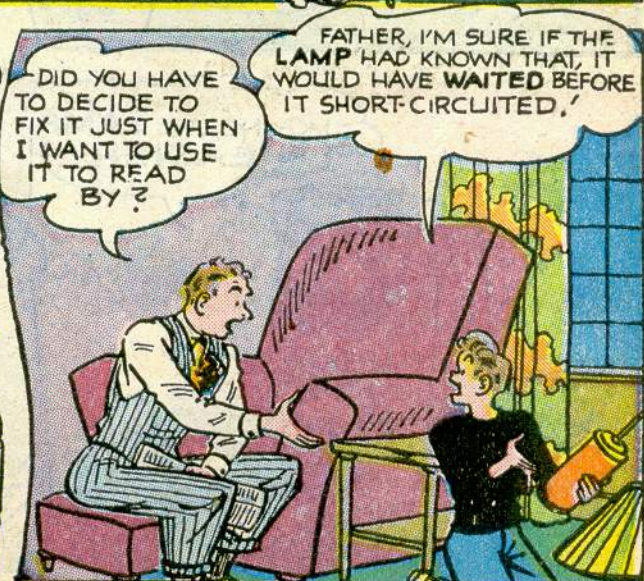
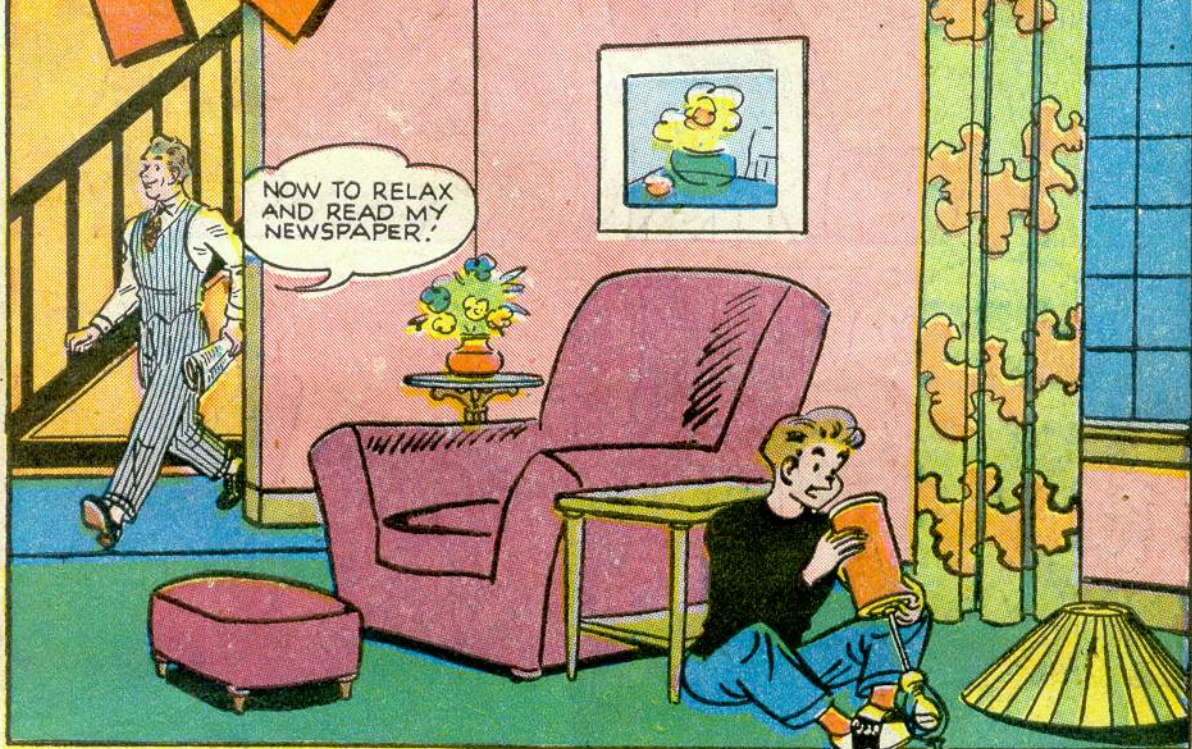
They're the **TEEN-TALK** of the TOWN!

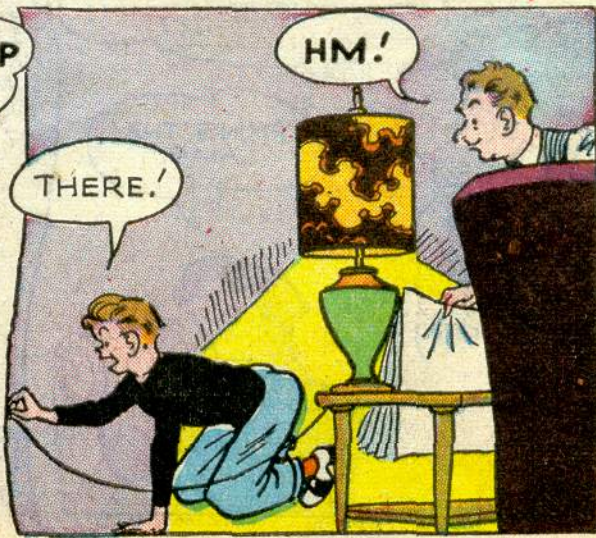
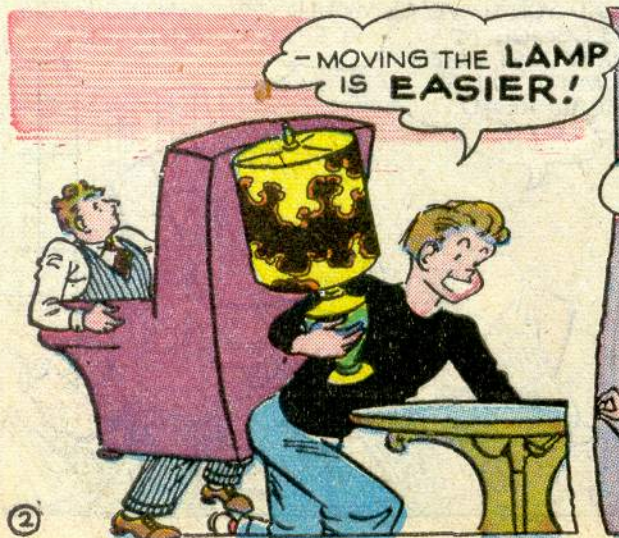
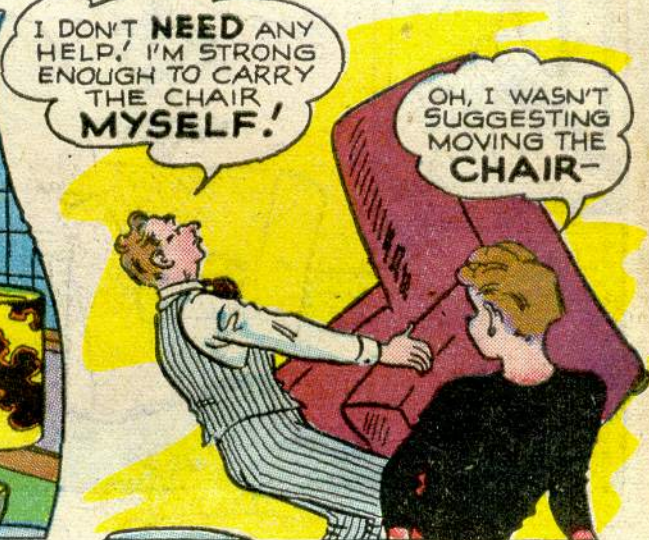
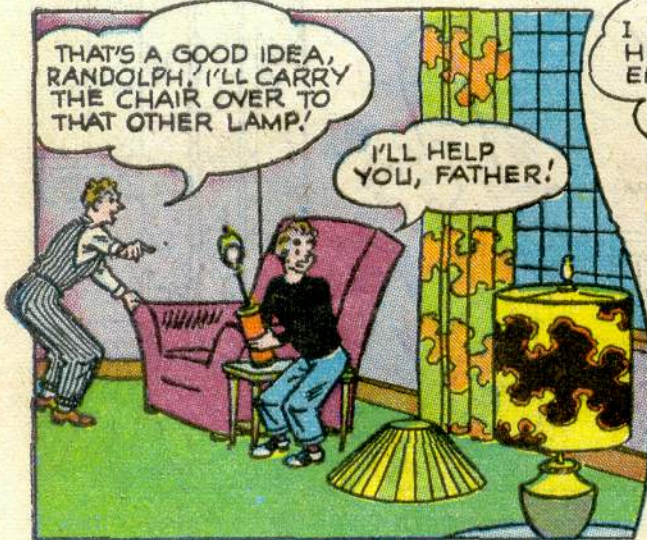
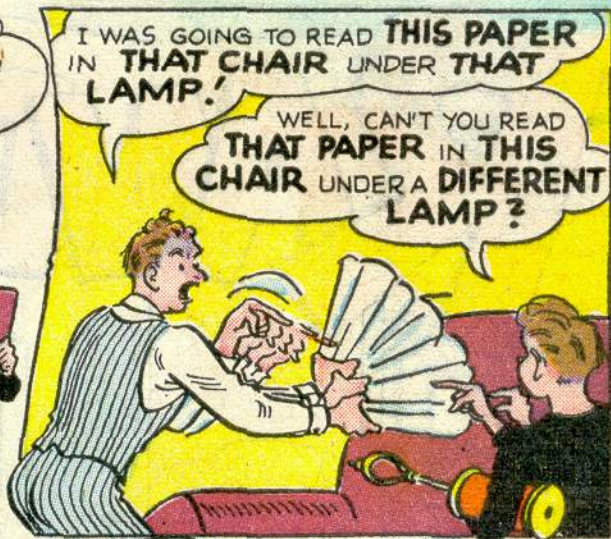


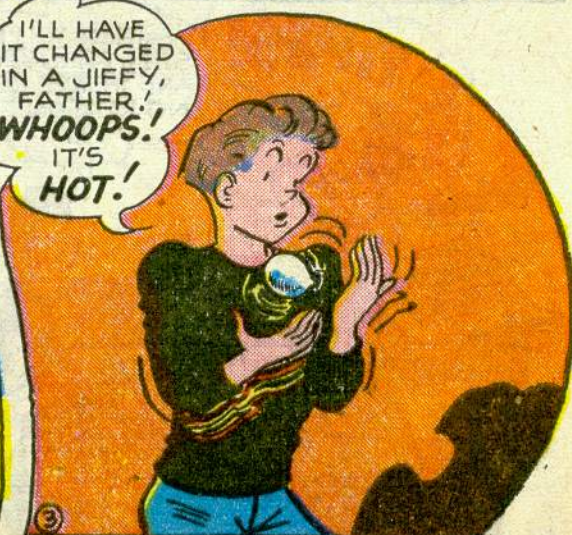
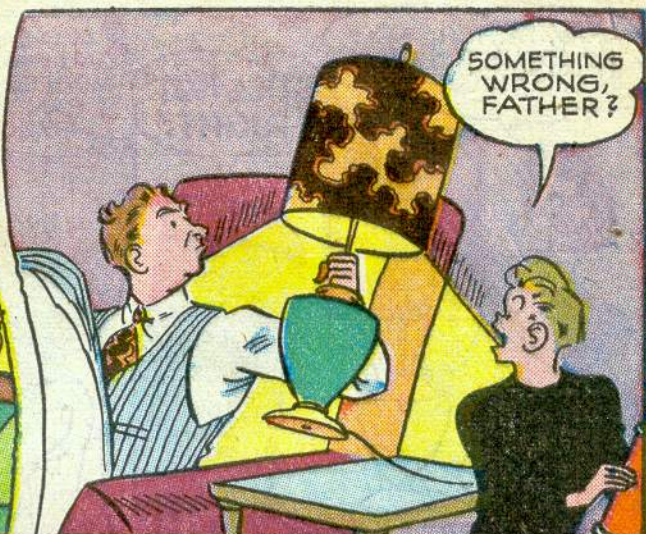
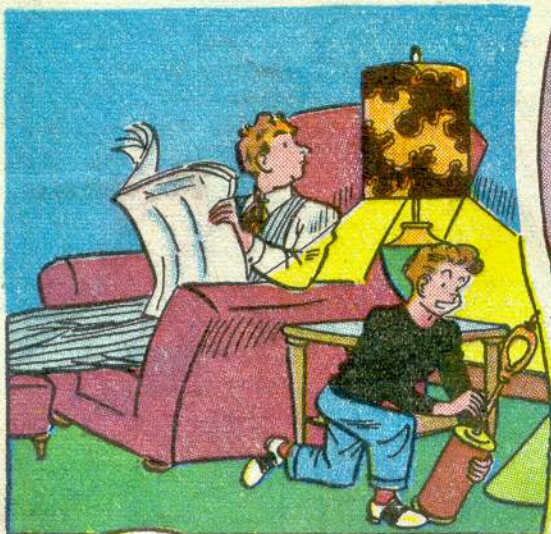
ASK FOR
THESE
MAGAZINES AT
YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND!

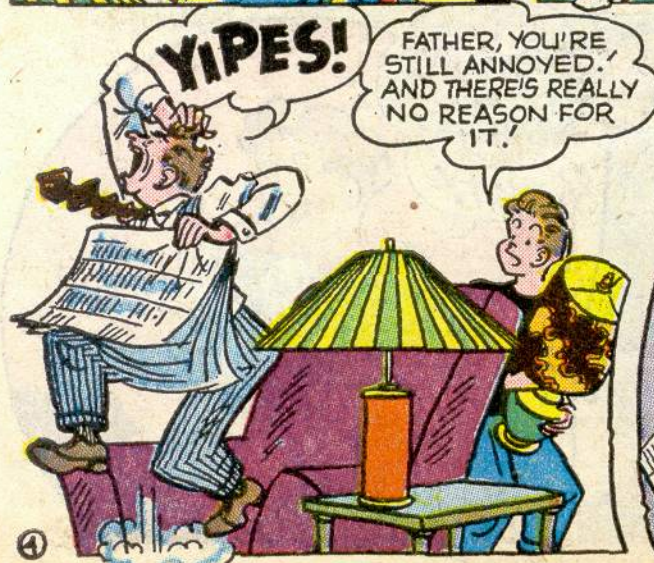
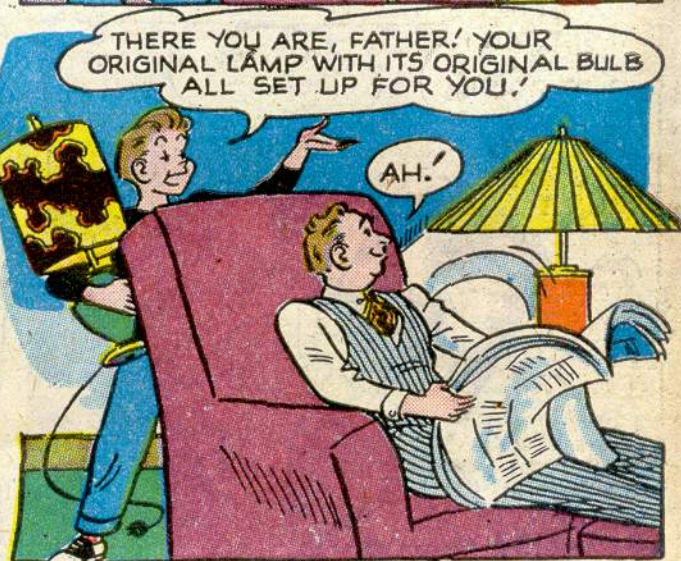
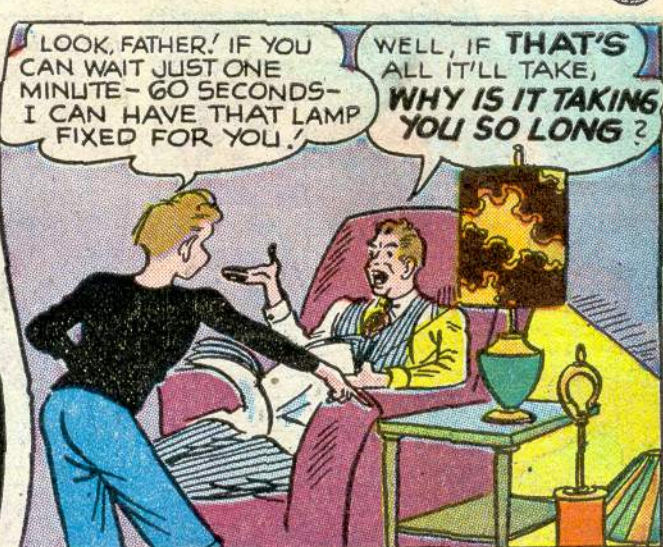


RANDOLPH









MURDER ON
THE MOVIE SET

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

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

DETECTIVE SAM SPADE AND HIS SECRETARY EFFIE
VISIT A MOVIE SET JUST AS A WESTERN SHOOTING
SCENE IS TAKING PLACE

HOW'D YOU
LIKE THAT,
MR. SPADE?

GEE, SAM--THESE ACTORS
LOOK HANDSOME! BET THEY
USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC

HEY, GUS!
COME HERE!

SWELL,
GUS! YOU'RE
A GREAT
DIRECTOR!

THIS
MAN'S BEEN
SHOT!

SAM--
LOOK
OUT!

... BUT THEY
USE BLANKS IN
THEIR GUNS!

IT'S WILD. BILL
DECKER... HE'S
GONE MAD!

LET ME ON THAT HORSE,
COWBOY--THAT GUY'S SHOOTING
REAL BULLETS!

LUCKY I LEARNED TO ROPE
AT THAT DUDE RANCH LAST
SUMMER!

BETTER CALL THE
BOOBY-HATCH...
THIS GUY'S LOCO!

YEA--HE'S BEEN
BROODING EVER
SINCE WE TURNED
HIM DOWN FOR THE
LEAD IN THIS
PICTURE

I WAS AFRAID
YOU'D USE
YOUR GUN
ON THAT
POOR
FELLOW,
SAM!

YOU MEAN THIS
BULGE IN MY COAT?
THAT'S NO GUN.
SWEETHEART--
THAT'S MY BOTTLE OF
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL!

SAM SPADE ASKS:

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGERNAIL TEST?

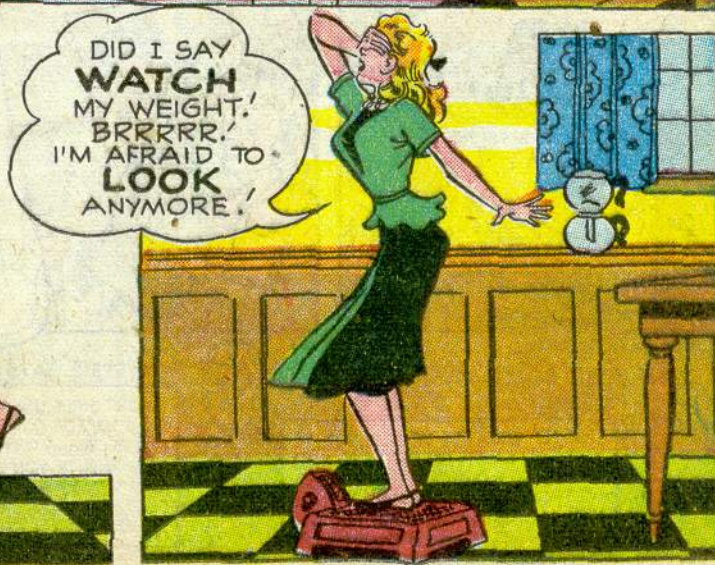
TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. IF
YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS AND
LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF, YOU NEED
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC.
NON-ALCOHOLIC--CONTAINS SOOTH-
ING LANOLIN

EFFIE SAYS:

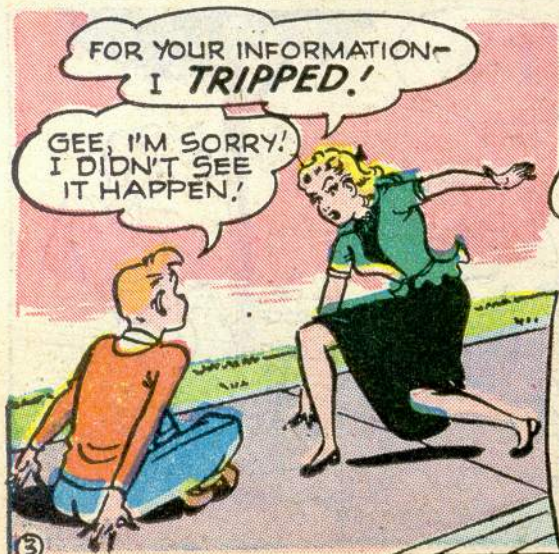
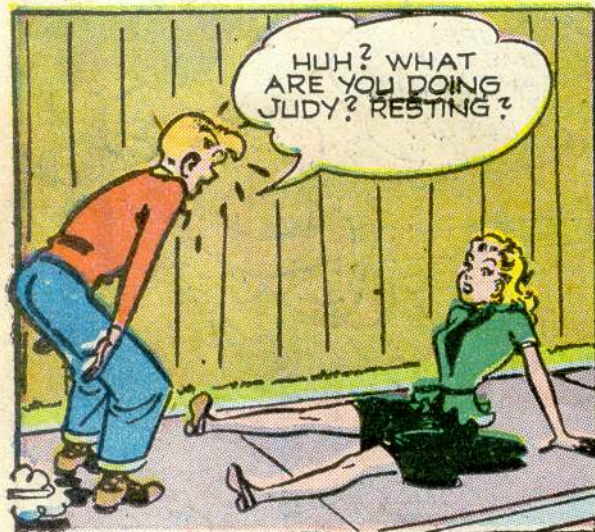
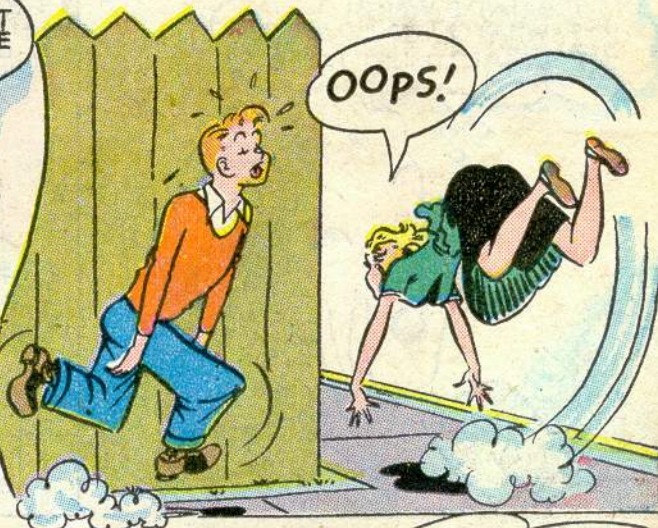
SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-
OIL, TOO! FOR QUICK GROOMING AND
FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN
PERMANENTS YOU CAN'T BEAT WILD-
ROOT CREAM-OIL! AND MOTHERS
FIND IT'S WONDERFUL FOR TRAIN-
ING CHILDREN'S HAIR

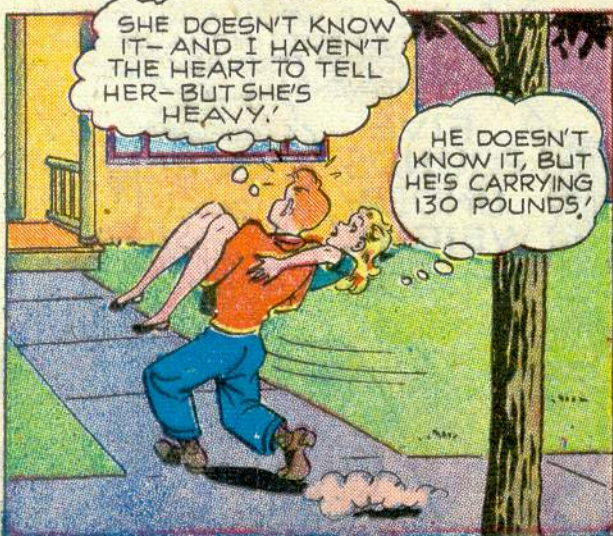
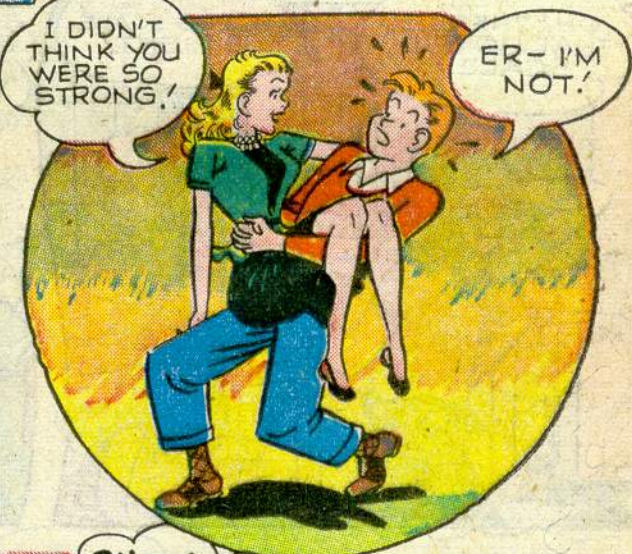
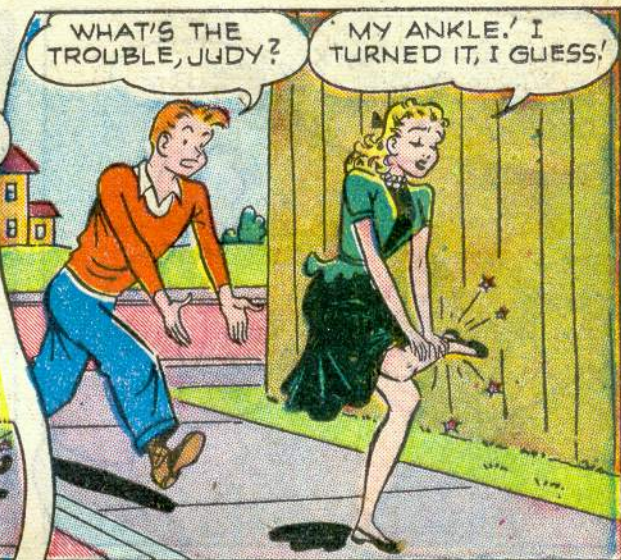
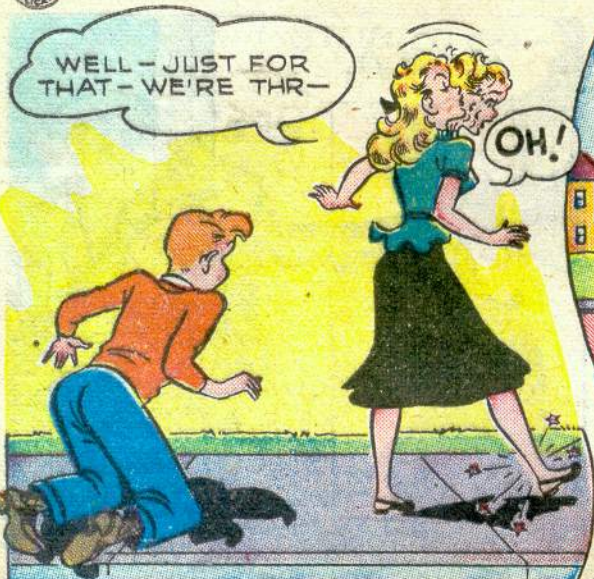


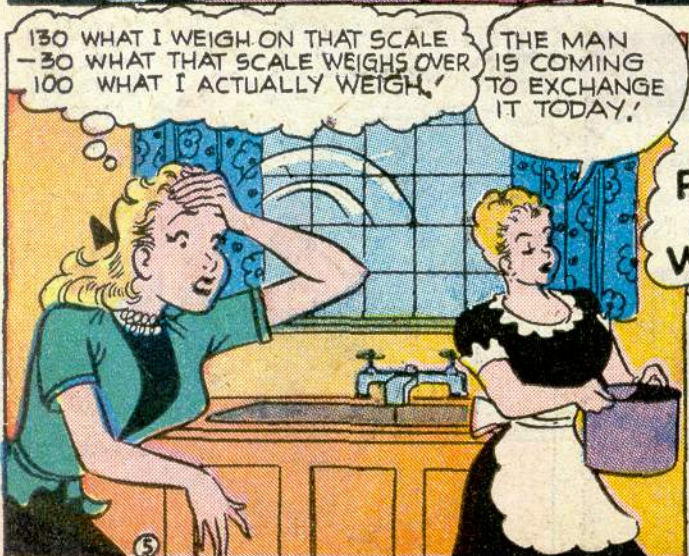
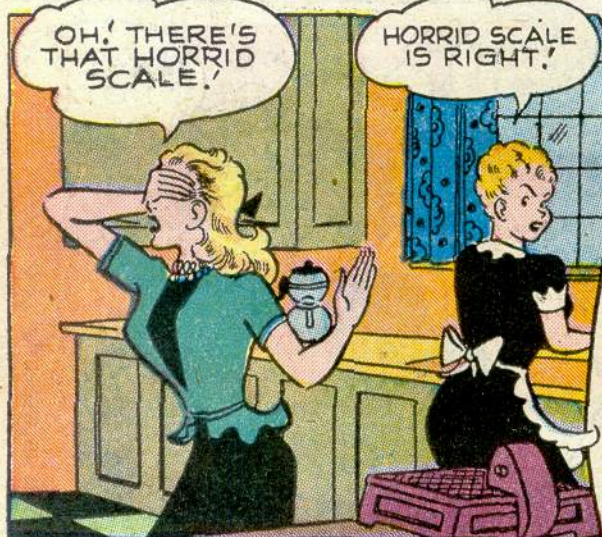
A DATE WITH JUDY

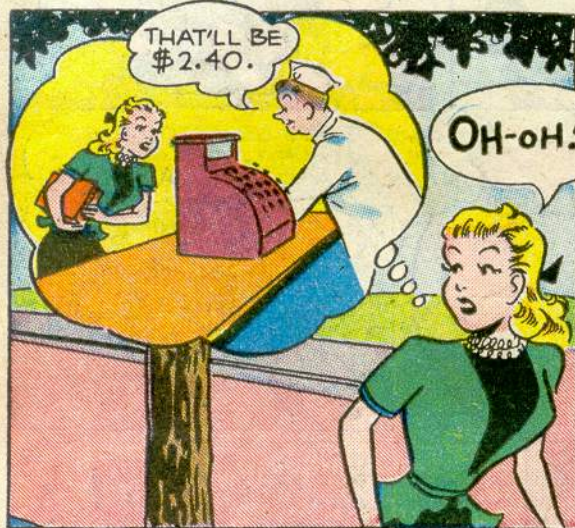
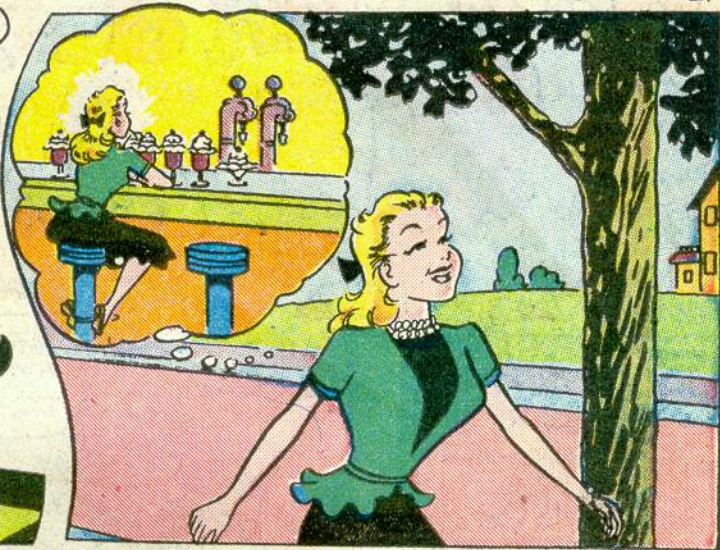








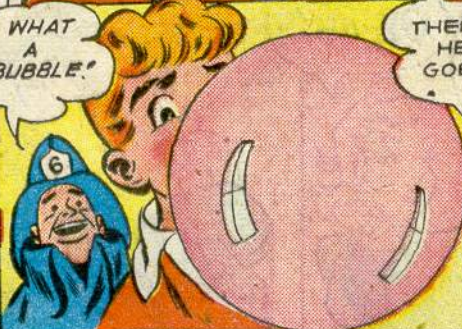




Bazooka

THE ATOM

BUBBLE BOY



ARMY
NAVY
DUKE DAM
MICHIGAN
HARVARD
STANFORD

COLLEGE BANNERS - ONLY 10¢

WITH A BAZOOKA WRAPPER

1800 COLLEGES TO CHOOSE FROM!
HERE ARE JUST A FEW!

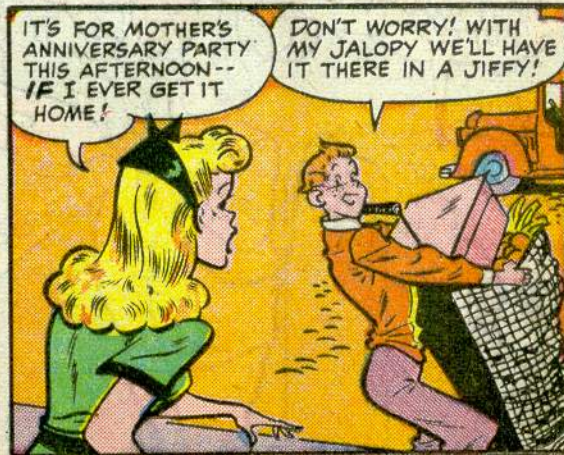
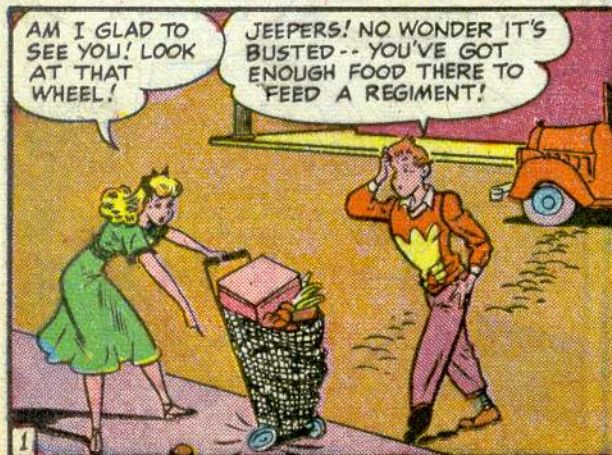
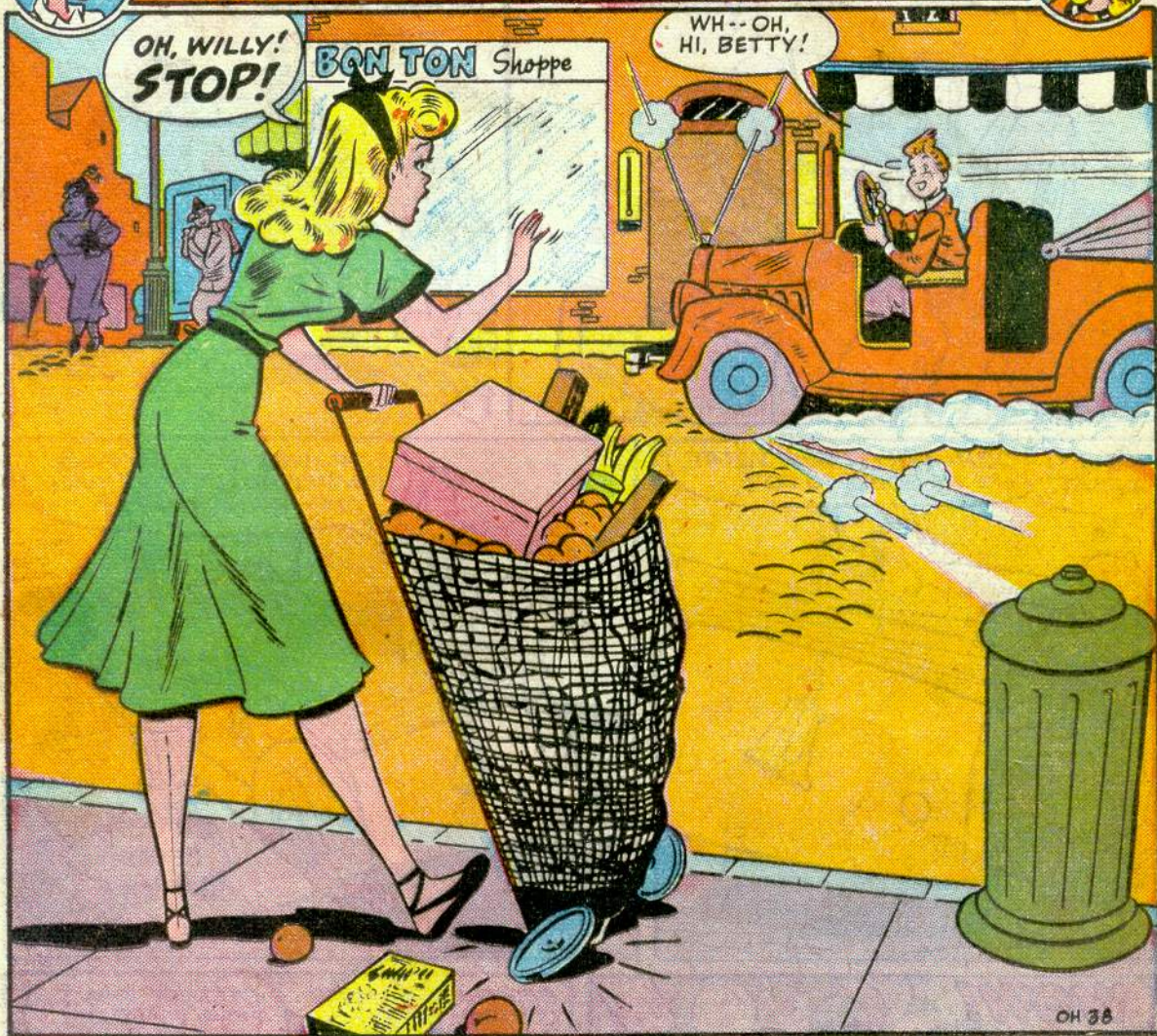
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| Louisiana | Dartmouth |
| Northwestern | Columbia |
| Georgia Tech | Cornell |

GET AS MANY AS YOU WANT! SEND A BAZOOKA WRAPPER AND A DIME FOR EACH BANNER!

PUT 'EM ON YOUR WALL!
FLY 'EM FROM YOUR BIKE HANDLE!

Send name and address and name of college banner you want. Enclose a Bazooka wrapper and 10¢ (additional wrapper and dime for each additional banner). You'll receive your beautiful 5' x 15" felt banner in the college colors with official insignia. Write to: BAZOOKA, Box No. 20, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

WILLY NILLY



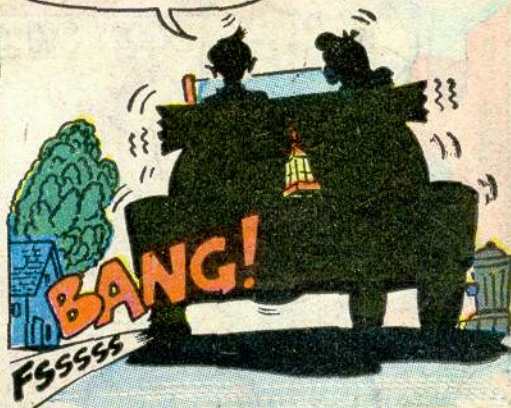
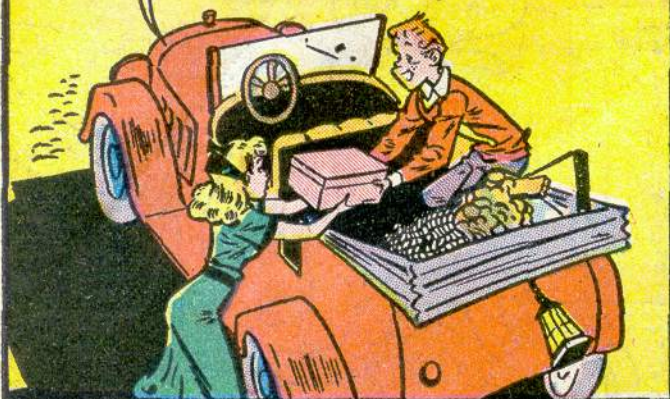


BE EXTRA CAREFUL WITH THIS PACKAGE, WILLY! IT'S THE ANNIVERSARY CAKE!

THE WILLY NILLY SUPER SERVICE NEVER MISSES! HOP IN, BETTY!

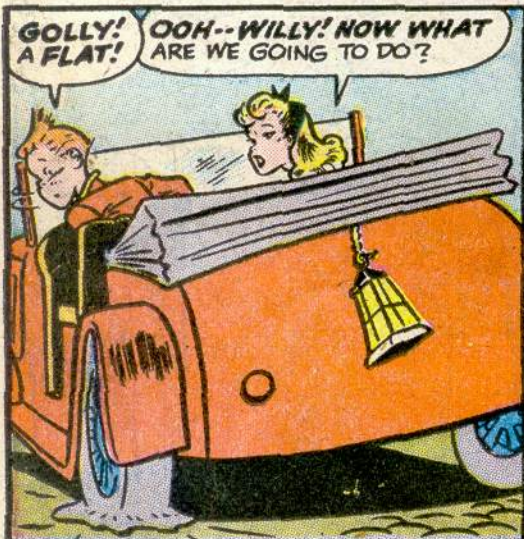
I'LL CERTAINLY BE GLAD WHEN I GET THIS CAKE HOME!

IT'S AS GOOD AS DELIVERED--OH-OH!

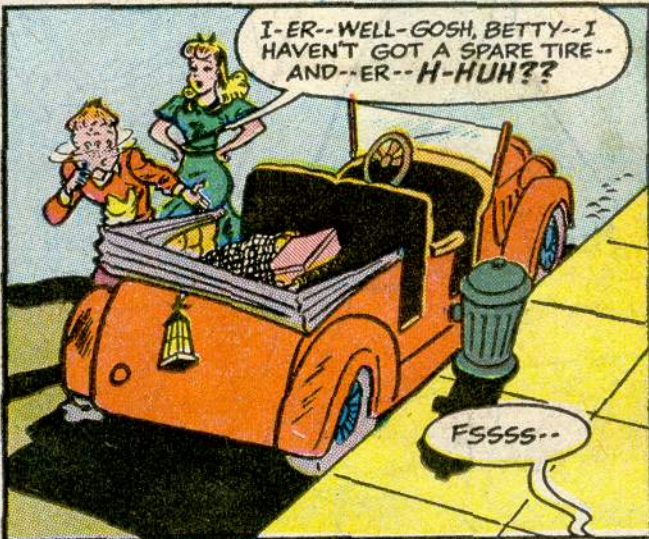


GOLLY! A FLAT!

OOH--WILLY! NOW WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?



I-ER--WELL-GOSH, BETTY--I HAVEN'T GOT A SPARE TIRE--AND--ER--H-HUH??



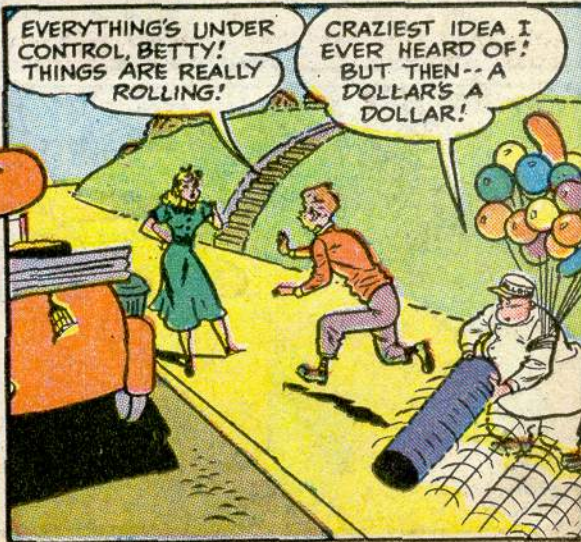
WOW!

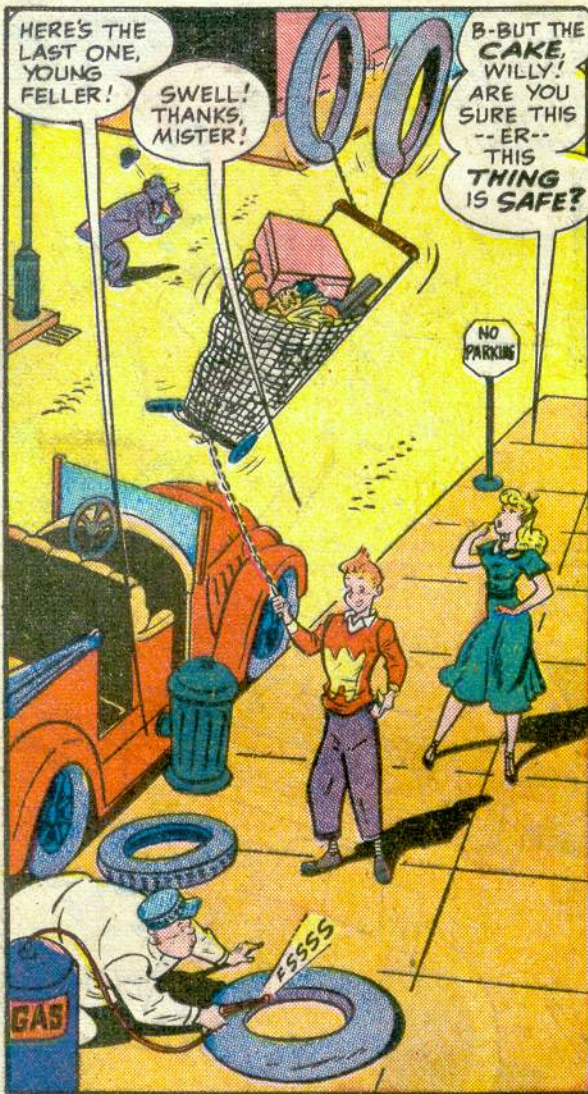
I'VE GOT IT! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, BETTY!



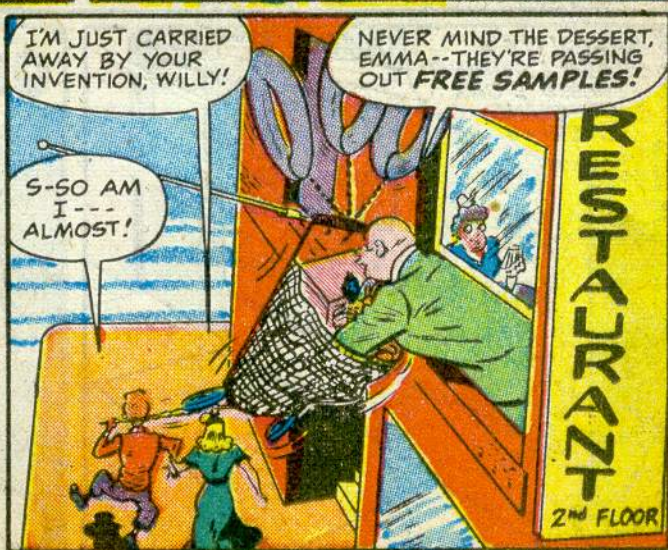
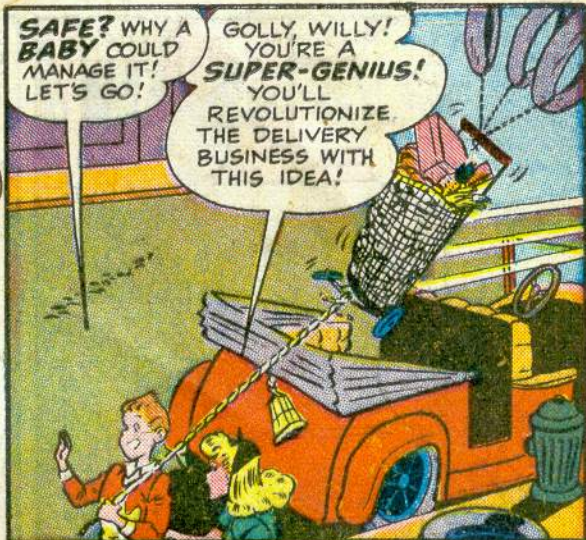
EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, BETTY! THINGS ARE REALLY ROLLING!

CRAZIEST IDEA I EVER HEARD OF! BUT THEN--A DOLLAR'S A DOLLAR!



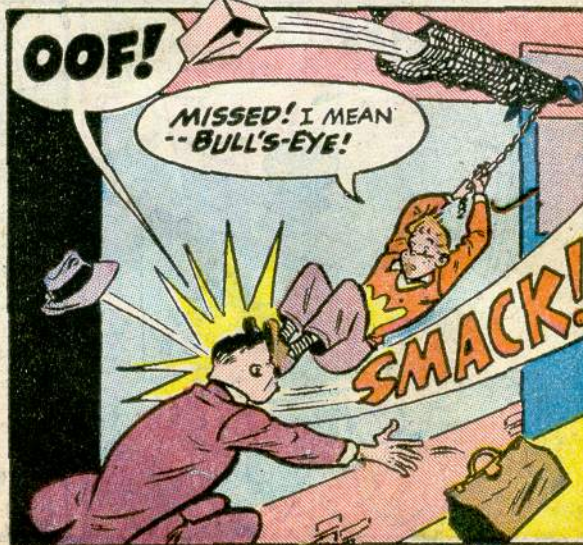
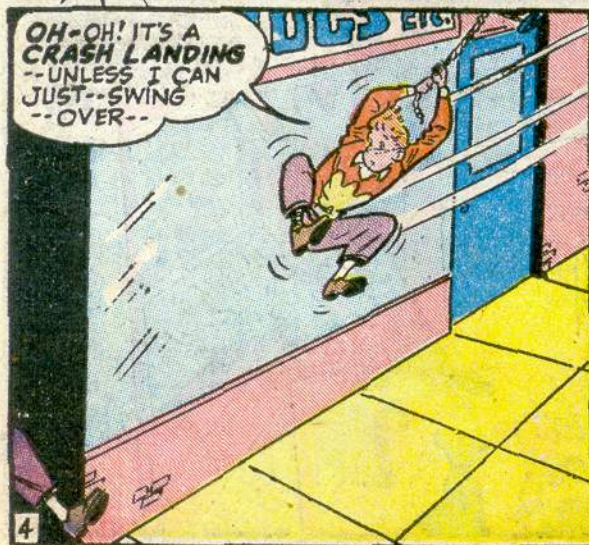
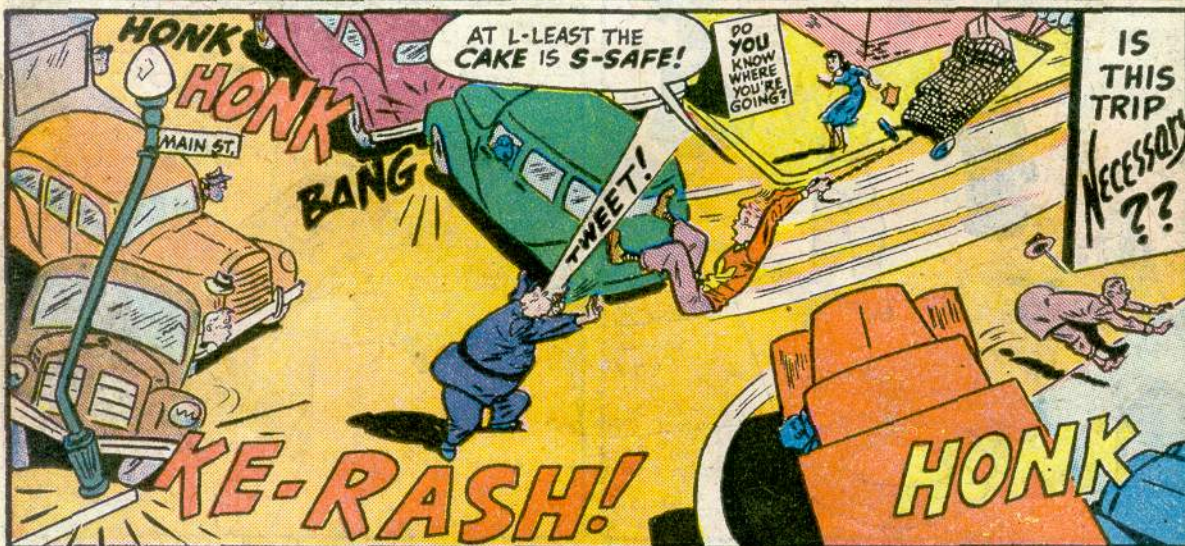
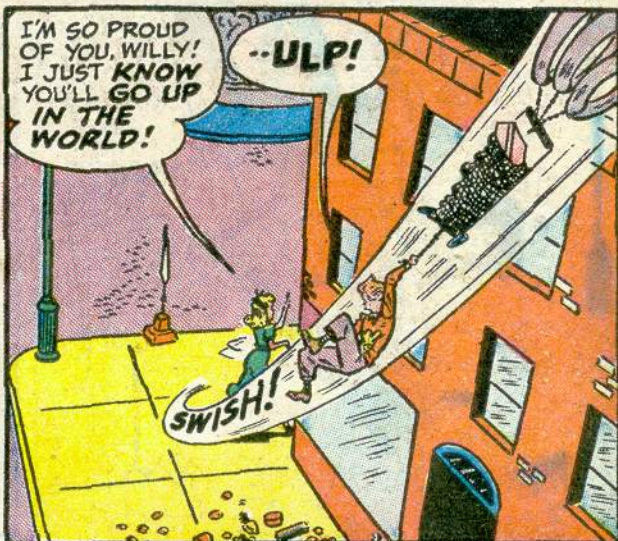


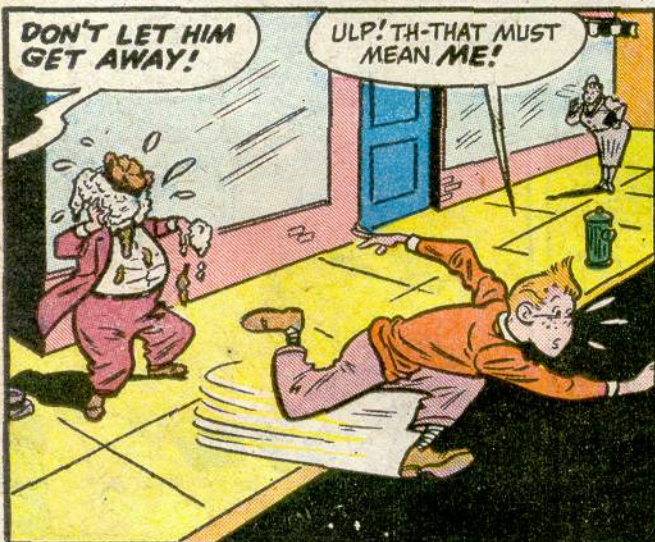
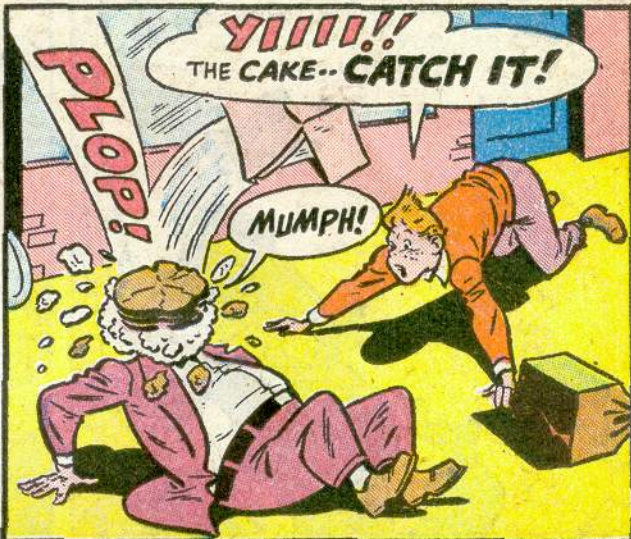
B-BUT THE CAKE, WILLY! ARE YOU SURE THIS --ER-- THIS THING IS SAFE?



NEVER MIND THE DESSERT, EMMA--THEY'RE PASSING OUT FREE SAMPLES!

RESTAURANT
2ND FLOOR



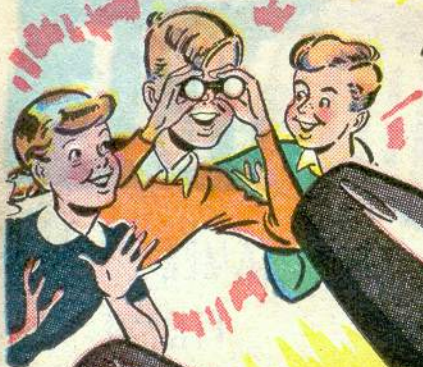




Boys! Girls! Everyone! Amazing New "P-82" BINOCULARS!

Not just a toy! Precision-molded! 3-Power lenses!

HEY, KIDS! Get this pair of real 3-power field glasses shaped like the famous U. S. Air Force "Twin Mustang" Fighter—the "P-82"! NOT JUST A TOY! Precision-molded optical instrument! Think of the fun you can have with them—watching baseball, football, planes, birds, etc.! Hurry, send for yours today!



ACTUAL
SIZE
3½ X 4½
INCHES

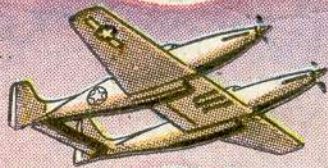


ONLY 25¢

with one box top from
Kellogg's PEP

IT'S SMART TO EAT PEP! Did you know a single 1-oz. serving of PEP's tasty whole-wheat flakes supplies the day's need of vitamin D... plus more vitamin B, than the whole wheat itself! Everyone—young and old—loves PEP's swell flavor, too! Get hep! Eat PEP!

SEE HOW 3-POWER LENSES
BRING THINGS THREE TIMES CLOSER!



Upper left, "P-82" fighter plane seen with the naked eye.
Above, same plane seen with PEP's "P-82" BINOCULARS!

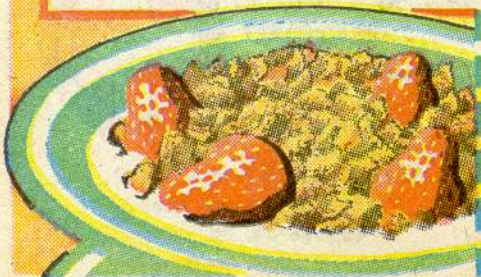
Kellogg's
PEP

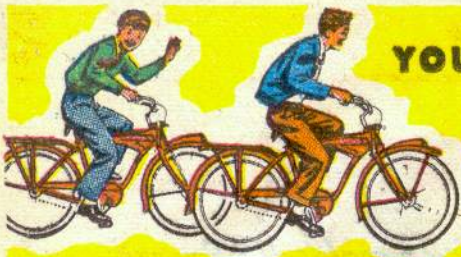
PLEASE SEND ME my "P-82" BINOCULARS! I enclose one Kellogg's PEP box top (end marked "top") and 25¢ for each pair of binoculars.

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Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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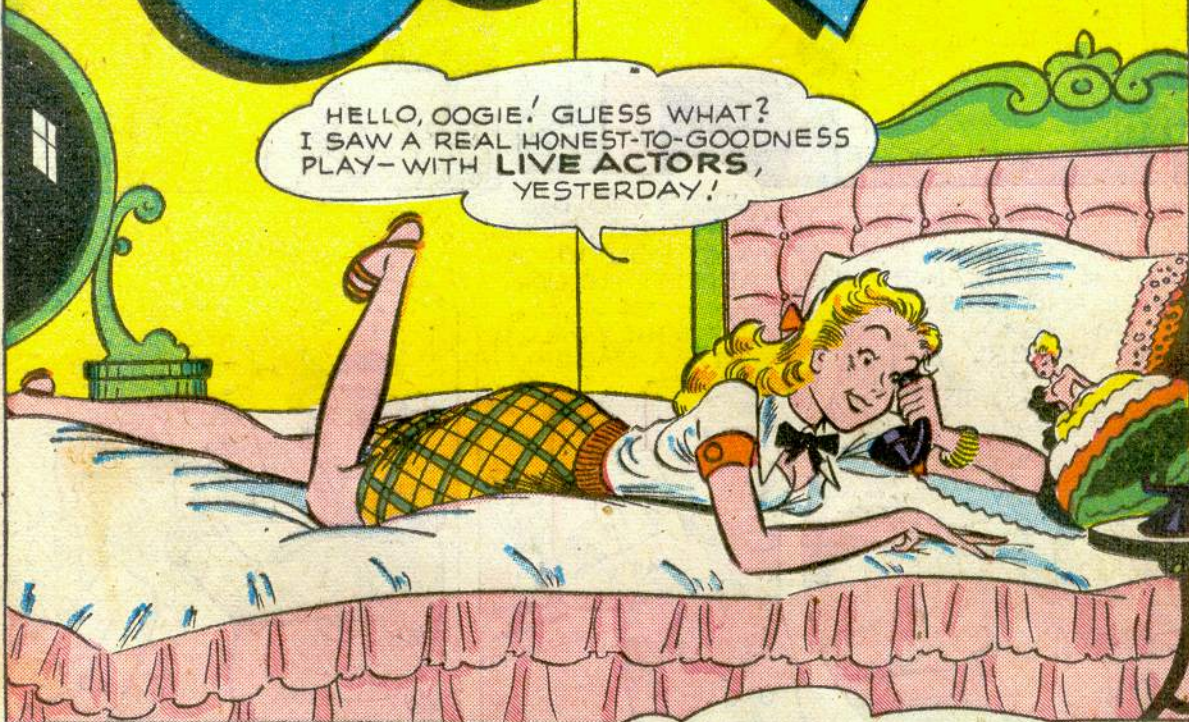
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Chicago 39, Illinois

A DATE WITH JUDY

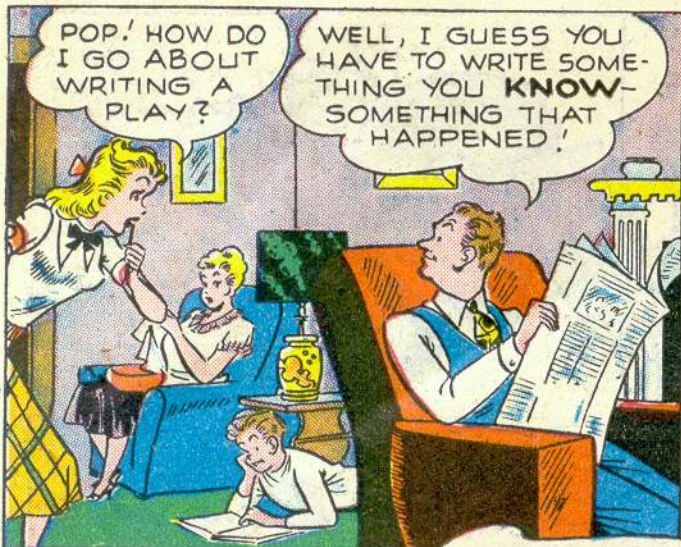
HELLO, OOGIE! GUESS WHAT?
I SAW A REAL HONEST-TO-GOODNESS
PLAY—WITH **LIVE ACTORS**,
YESTERDAY!

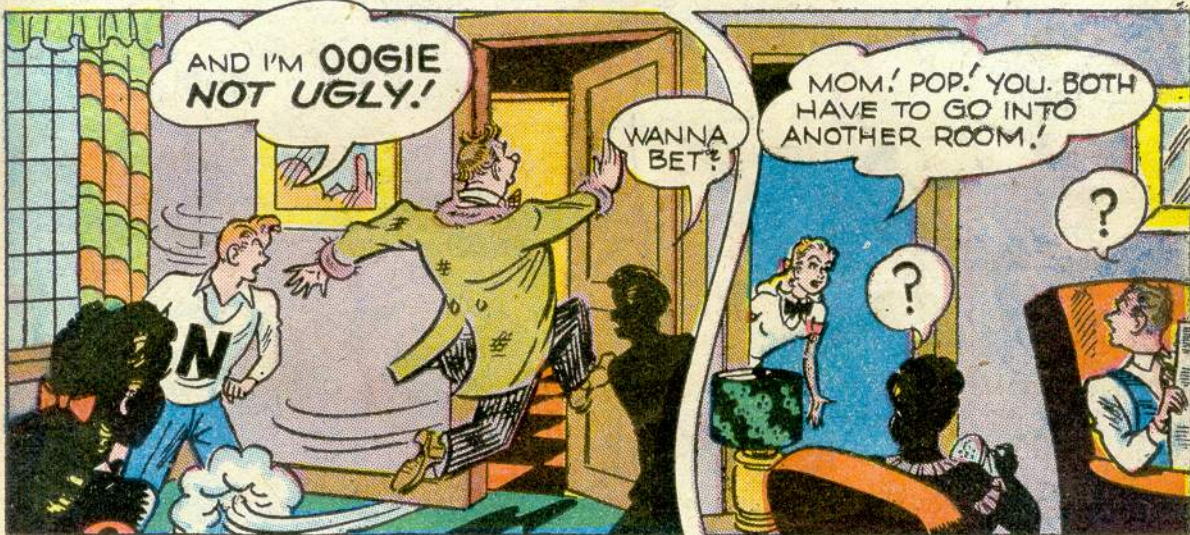
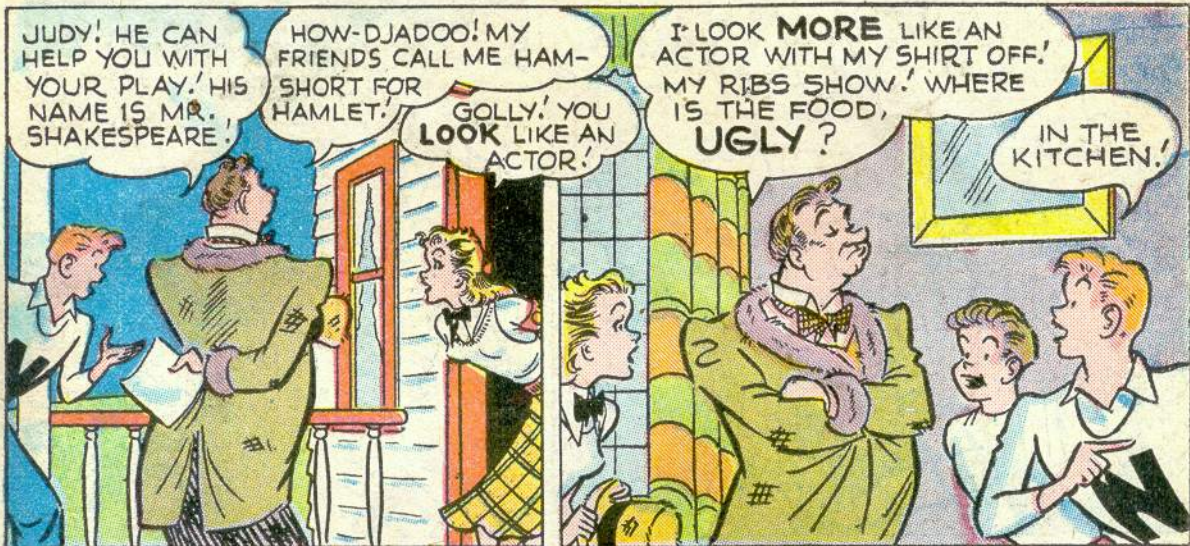


WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M
GOING TO DO? I'M GOING TO
WRITE A PLAY! COME
ON OVER, OOGIE, AND
HELP!

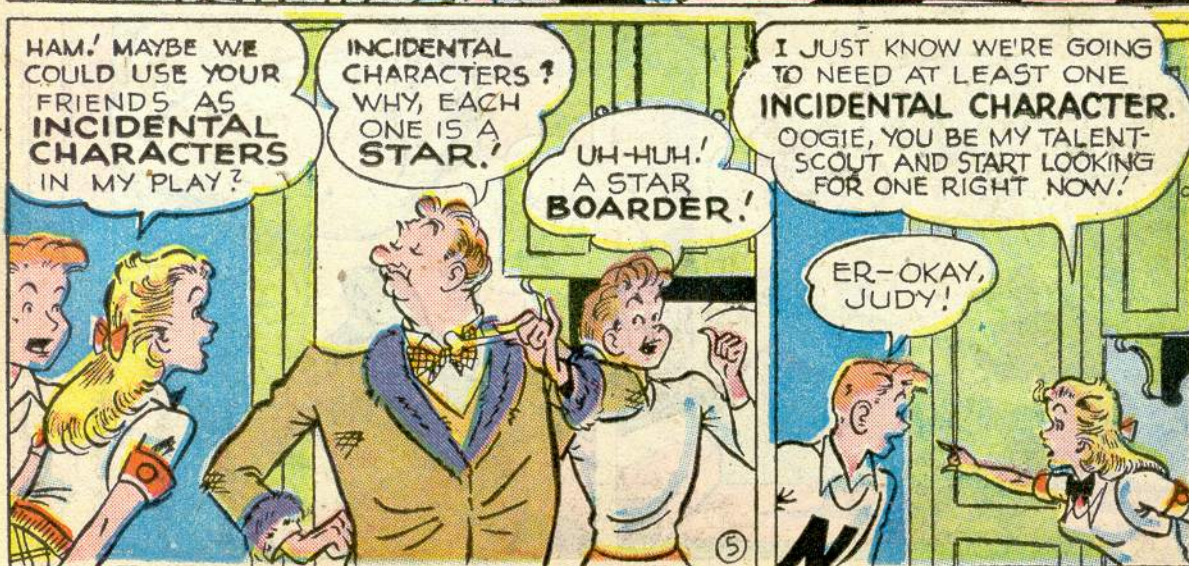
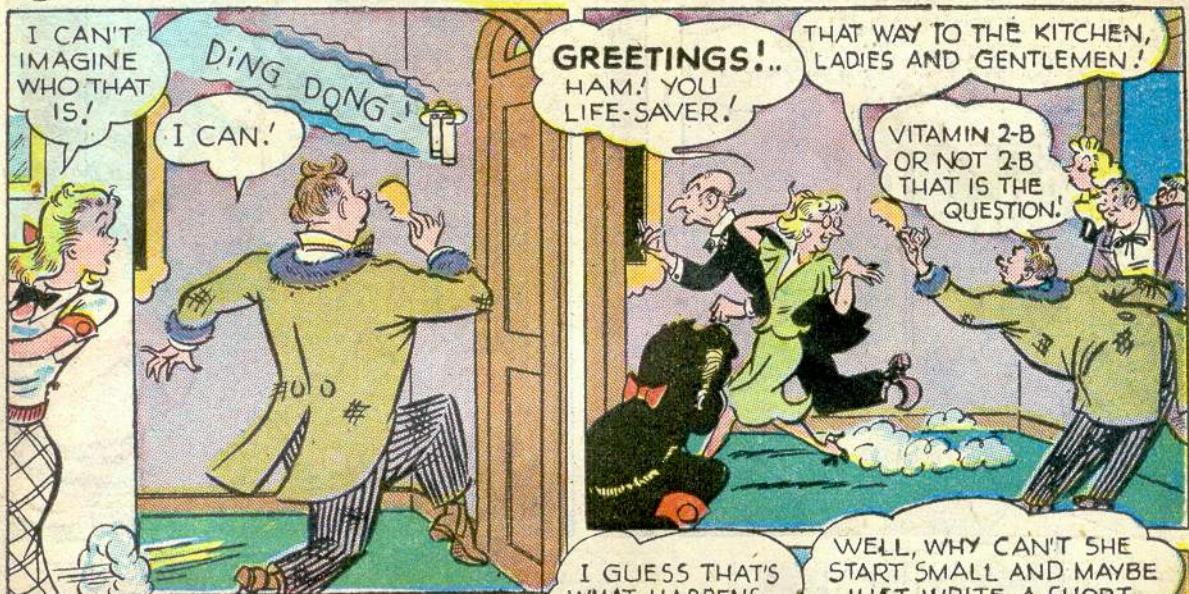
THAT'S NICE;
JUDY! BUT WHAT
I WANT TO KNOW
IS: WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO
DO **TODAY?**



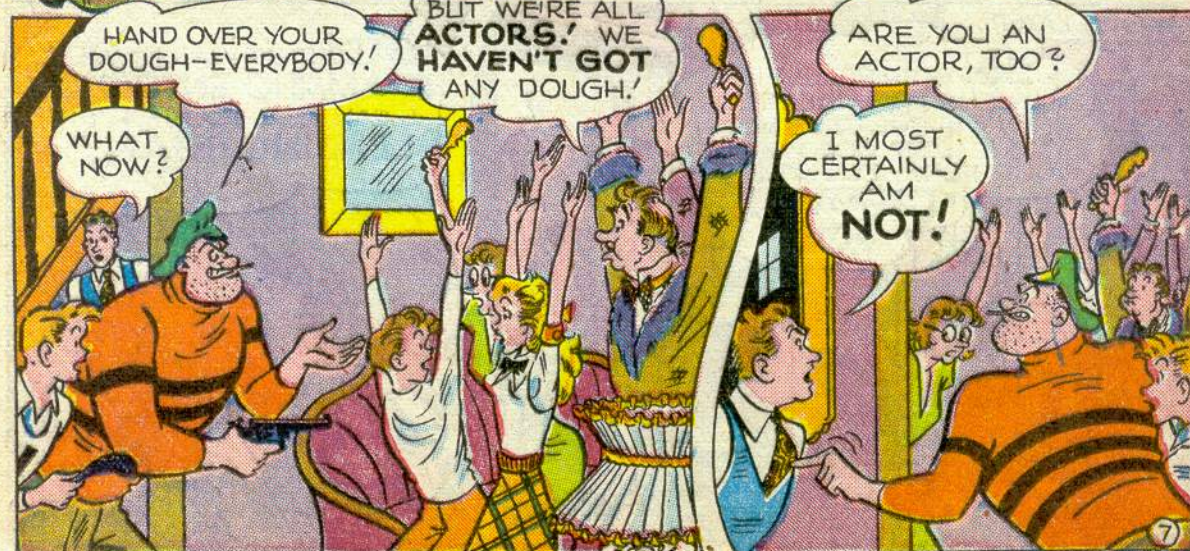
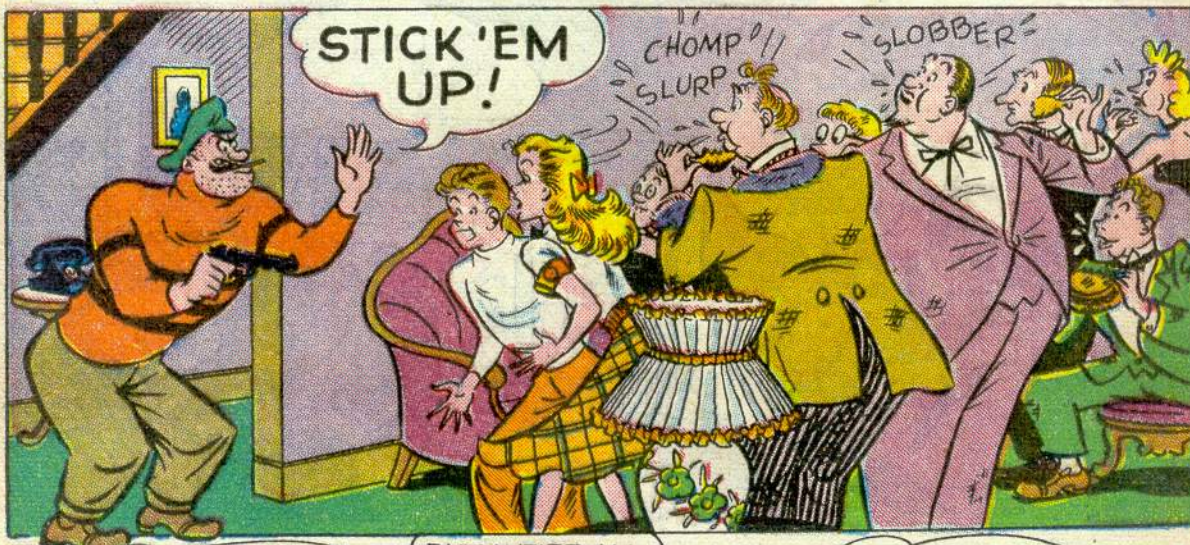


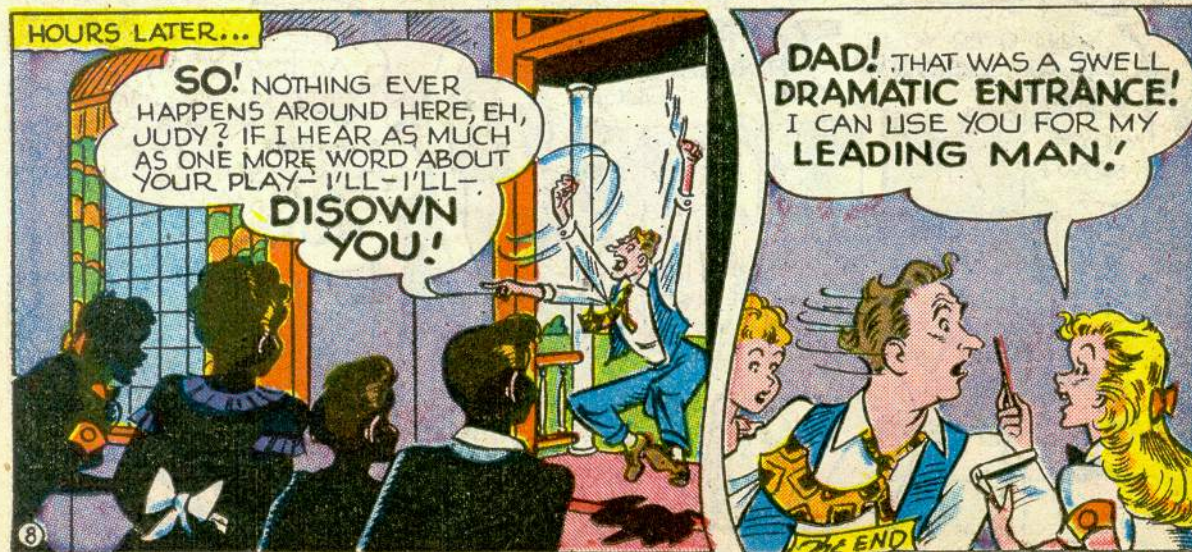
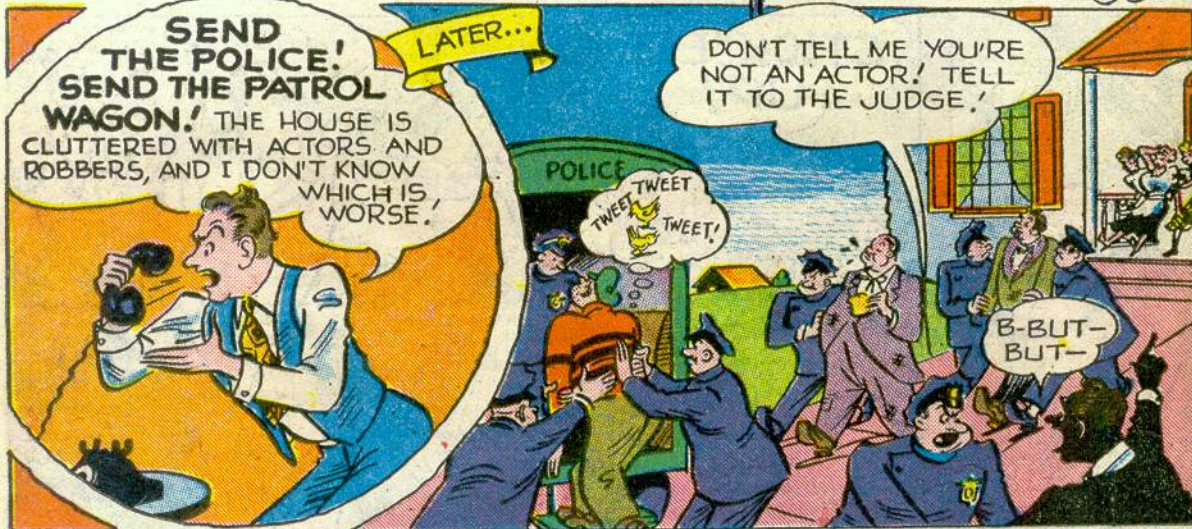
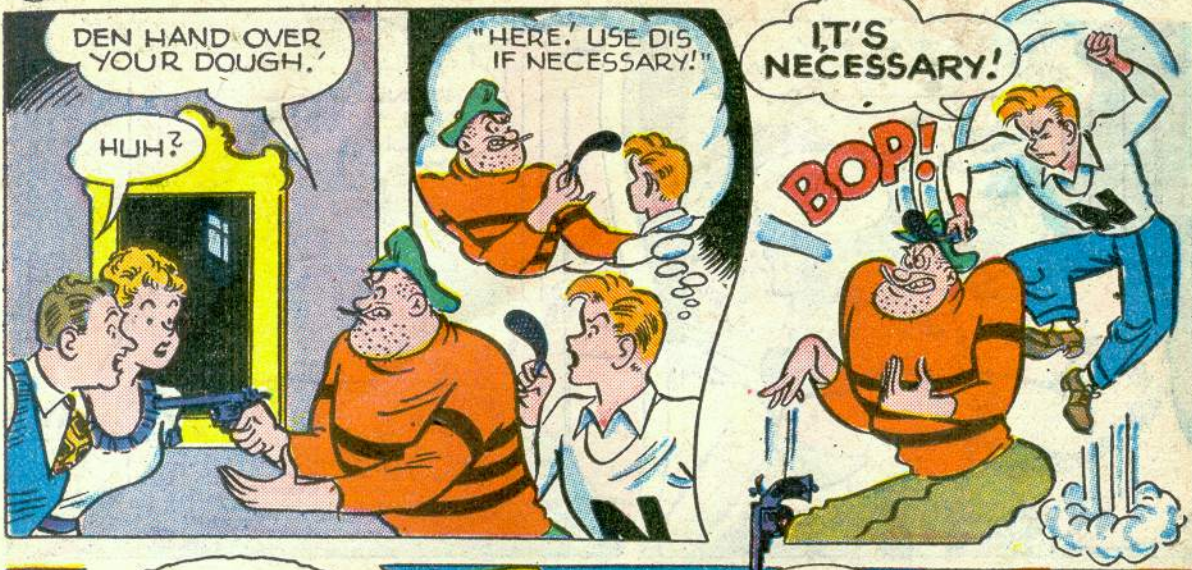








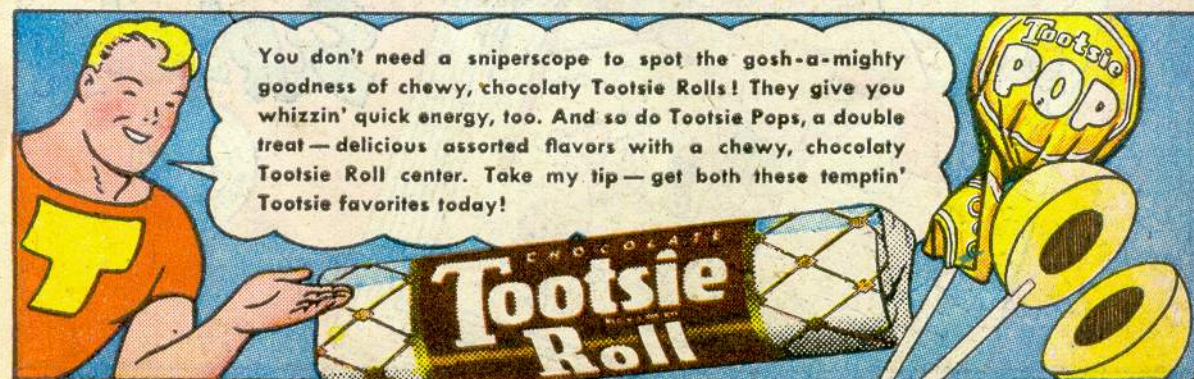




Tootsie

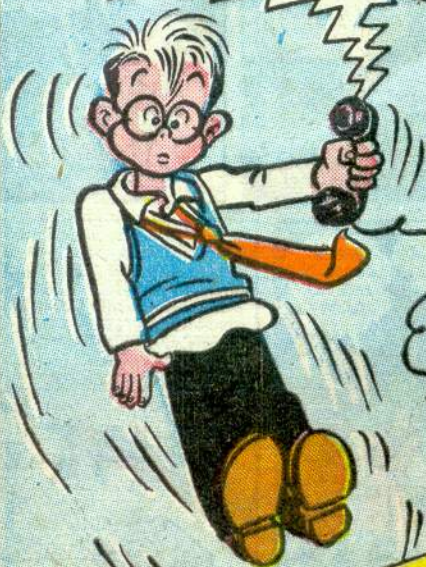
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BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA



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ARE YOU DOING
UP THERE?

I CAN'T HELP
IT, MOM-- IT'S
THE WAY I
FEEL!



HELLO--
HELLO??



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AIR, TOO, WHEN
YOU READ THE
SECOND
HILARIOUS
ISSUE
OF

SCRIBBLY!



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AT YOUR
FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND!



MIXED PARTY

MR. DRIZZLE, the busy proprietor of the Drizzle Delicatessen, picked up the impatiently ringing phone, and said in his best what-can-I-do-for-you voice, "Yes, what can I do for you?"

"This is Judy Foster," the voice on the other end of the phone announced. "I'm having a party at my house tonight. Would you please send over enough soft drinks, cookies, and marshmallows for six couples?"

"Soft drinks, cookies, and marshmallows," repeated Mr. Drizzle. "I'll send them right over."

Judy hung up, very pleased with herself. It was fun having a party and running it by yourself. No point in telling Mother. She was going to the Woman's Club tonight, and if she knew about the party, she'd only fuss and be late for the meeting. Besides, Judy thought, it was much more adult to manage a party casually like this—no parents saying, are you sure you have enough coke, and wouldn't you like me to make some more cocoa, and why don't you move the furniture over to this side of the room so you'll all have more room for dancing. Parents were wonderful, but they certainly did like to make a big production out of nothing. It just wasn't very sophisticated, that's all.

And she could count on Dad's being in his study listening to the radio. He never was one to bother much with the gang, though once in a while he'd wander in and announce that all he did was live here, and would they mind not tearing the house apart for just this once. This always drew a dutiful laugh.

Perfectly satisfied now that her spur-of-the-moment party would be a huge success, Judy bounded up the stairs with an hour and a half left to choose her dress for the occasion.

As for Mr. Foster, sure by now that the dishes were safely dried and put away by Mrs. Foster, he rose from his radio and wandered out to the kitchen.

"Dora, I've asked seven of the boys over tonight for cards."

"Oh, why didn't you tell me earlier, dear? I would have prepared something."

"I didn't want you to fuss. You have your club meeting to go to. All I'd like you to do is to order the beer and stuff from Drizzle's."

Mrs. Foster picked up the phone. "Mr. Drizzle? This is Mrs. Foster. I'd like you to send over some beer, pretzels and cheese—enough for eight, please."

"Beer, pretzels, and cheese coming right over," beamed Mr. Drizzle.

When the bell rang a few minutes later, Mrs. Foster hurried to the back door.

A small boy offered her a box, saying: "Delivery from Drizzle's."

She took the box and put it down in the kitchen. "Now let's see if he got the order right. WHAT! Soft drinks! Cookies! Marshmallows!" She ran quickly outside and called the boy back.

"This is the wrong order," she said, as she handed him the box. "I wanted beer, pretzels and cheese."

The boy took the box and started back.

When the back doorbell rang again, Judy was eagerly awaiting her delivery. "Delivery from Drizzle's." The boy put the box down and headed out of the door hurriedly.

"Wait!" shouted Judy, after taking one glance at the contents. "I ordered soft drinks, cookies, and marshmallows. Do you know what's in here?"

"They pay me to deliver the stuff, not analyse it." The boy took the box up and started to trudge back to the store again.

He returned a few minutes later with Judy's order. She took it and put the soft drinks into the icebox.

Mrs. Foster meanwhile was impatiently awaiting the delivery of her husband's order. It was 7:30. His guests were due at 8 and she had to be at her club by then. She picked up the phone. "Mr. Drizzle, this is Mrs. Foster. My bridge game is TONIGHT, and I'm STILL WAITING for my order of beer, pretzels and cheese."

Before Mr. Drizzle had a chance to reply, she had hung up.

Shortly after, a tired delivery boy arrived with the beer order.

"Well, it's about time you got the order straight!" said Mrs. Foster.

"One more trip to this house, and people will begin to talk," the boy muttered.

Mrs. Foster opened the icebox to put the beer in.

That's funny, she thought to herself in some annoyance. Every bit of space filled up with cola and orange drinks! Why is it when you're in a rush, there's never room in the icebox for beer? She certainly hadn't remembered ordering all that stuff. "Bother," she said, as she unloaded the soft drink supply and put it on a shelf in the pantry. Quickly, she set the case of beer on ice, put on her hat and said a hurried goodbye to her husband.

As the door closed, Mr. Foster looked up from his paper. "Well," he mused, "Dora's gone, Randolph is at a lecture of the Astro-Physicists Club, and . . . hmm, got to get Judy out of the house, and then there'll really be quiet so I can concentrate on my bridge."

Judy, dressed, brushed, and in her best party humour, went into the kitchen to "test" the cookies. Munching on one, she opened the icebox to see if the drinks were getting cold. Beer! ! She hastily took the beer bottles out and put the soft drinks in. She then dashed upstairs; she had forgotten to put Oogie's locket on.

Mr. Foster headed for the kitchen to see if everything was ready. He opened the icebox. Soft drinks! ! He hastily took the soft drink bottles out and put the beer bottles in. "They'll be here any minute. I've got to get Judy out of the house." He strode determinedly into the living room.

"Oh, father dear, you still home?" asked Judy.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I am. And so are you. Isn't Oogie calling for you tonight?"

"Yes, father, I'm expecting him right now."

"I hear there's a fine new movie in town, Judy."

"Are you going to it?"

"Er—not just yet. I was hoping you and Oogie would see it first and tell me if it's worth seeing."

"Oh, Tootsie Whiteman saw it and says it's super. Why don't . . ."

The bell rang. "I'll get it, Judy. It's for me."

"No, it's Oogie. I'll get it." They both opened the door. One of Mr. Foster's cronies breezed in. "Well, Melvin, here I am."

They went into the living room. The bell rang again, and Judy raced to it. It was Tootsie and her date. An embarrassed Mr. Foster started to make the introductions when the bell rang. Two more for bridge arrived. Judy started to introduce the people when the bell rang once more, and another girl and her date arrived. The two generations sat uncomfortably gazing at each other. "Daddy, dear, why don't you and your friends . . ."

"Judy, here's some money for you and your friends to go to the . . ." Father and daughter spoke at the same time. They were both interrupted by the bell. Oogie came in, followed by two more bridge players.

"Hi, Judy. Sorry I was late for the party."

"Party? ? ?" exclaimed Mr. Foster.

"We're all here, Melvin. Let's start the bridge game," one of the newly-arrived men shouted.

"Bridge game? ? ?" cried Judy in alarm.

★ ★ ★

"I wonder if Melvin found everything," mused Mrs. Foster, as she approached the house some hours later. "My, they're making a lot of noise! I hope the music isn't going to keep the children up."

She opened the door, peeped into the living room, shook her head incredulously and stared again. There stood Randolph behind the large table, dressed in an apron, and on one side of him were beer bottles, pretzels, and cheese, and on the other, soft drinks, cookies, and marshmallows. Oogie was by the victrola. The bridge tables were nowhere to be seen, but a row of bridge chairs was set up in the middle of the floor. Mr. Foster in the lead, followed by Judy and then by six couples of teen-agers and seven middle-aged men, all were slowly circling the chairs.

"Hey, Dora," cried Mr. Foster boisterously. "come join the fun!"

"Why, Melvin Foster! You're playing musical chairs," giggled Mrs. Foster.

Judy sighed. "Yes, Mother. It's just too unsophisticated for words, but I guess we just have to let the older generation have its fling once in a while!"

A DATE WITH JUDY

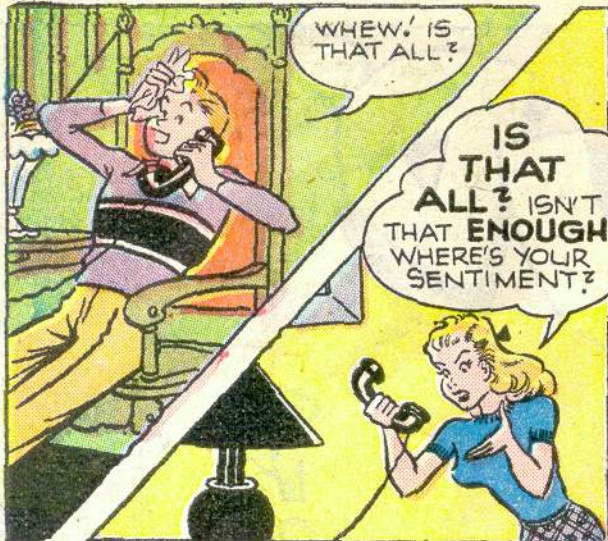
HELLO, OOGIE!

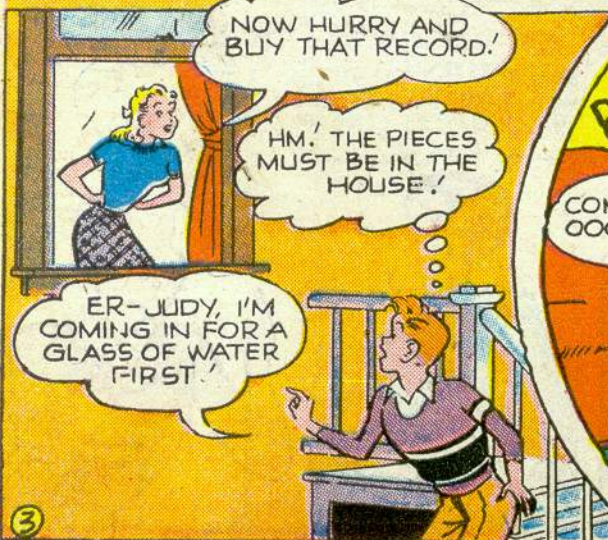
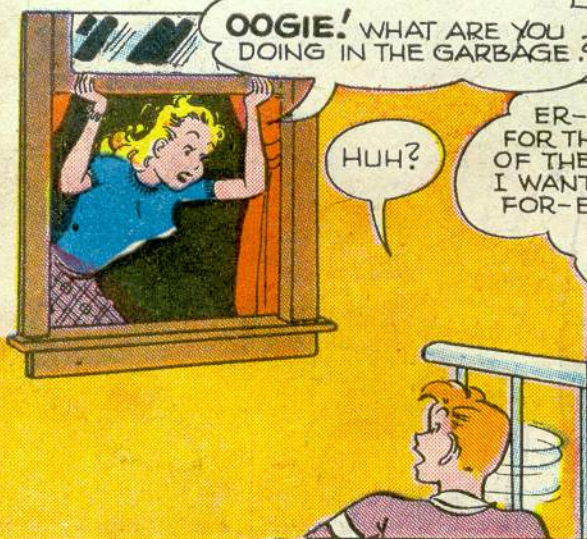
OH, OOGIE - THE MOST AWFUL THING HAPPENED!

?

YOU'RE SICK! YOU'RE IN A HOSPITAL! TELL ME, JUDY, TELL ME, I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW!

NO, NO! NOTHING LIKE THAT! OOGIE! MUCH, **MUCH** WORSE! I BROKE THE RECORD OF THE FIRST SONG WE EVER DANCED TO!







AH! THERE IT IS!

WELL, DON'T STAND THERE! COME IN AND GET YOUR WATER.



ER-JUDY, WOULD YOU MIND GETTING IT FOR ME? YOU KNOW HOW CLUMSY I AM IN KITCHENS!

OH, ALL RIGHT!



HM! "NEARBY"! NOW JUDY'LL NEVER KNOW THAT I DIDN'T REMEMBER THE NAME OF THE SONG!

HERE'S YOUR WATER! ... WHAT'RE YOU DOING?



ER-TOUCHING MY TOES WITHOUT BENDING MY KNEES!-ER-I'M EXERCISING!-YEAH! WORKING UP AN APPETITE FOR THE WATER!

WELL, DRINK YOUR WATER NOW AND WORK UP YOUR APPETITE RUNNING TO THE RECORD STORE!

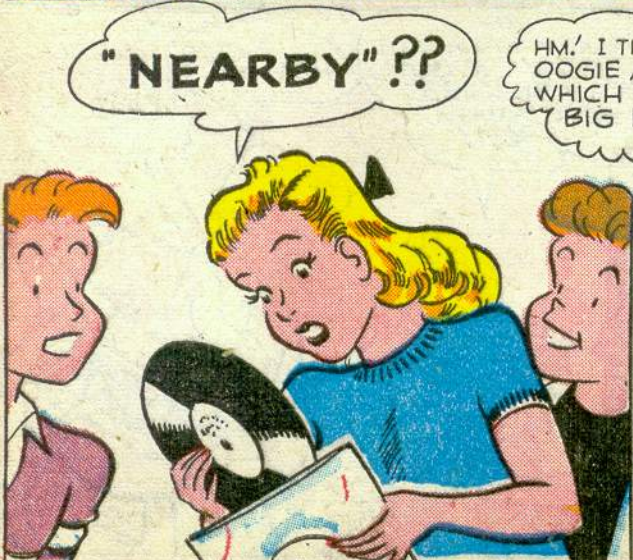
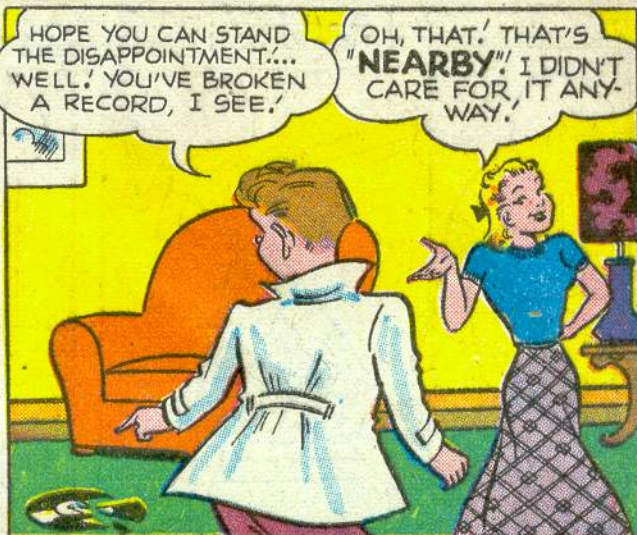


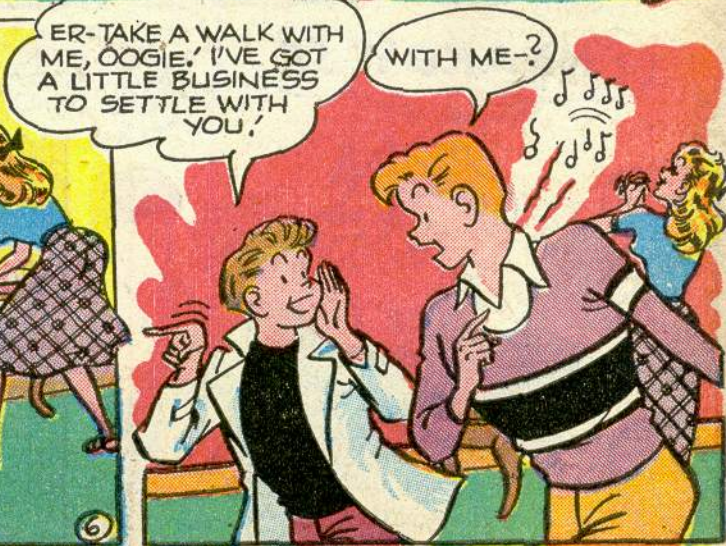
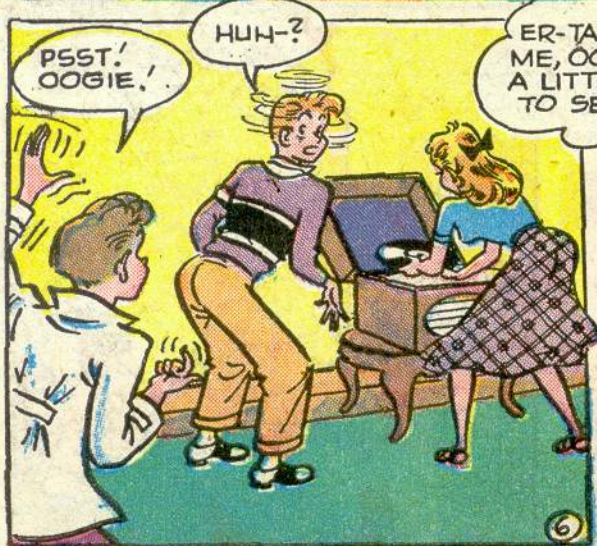
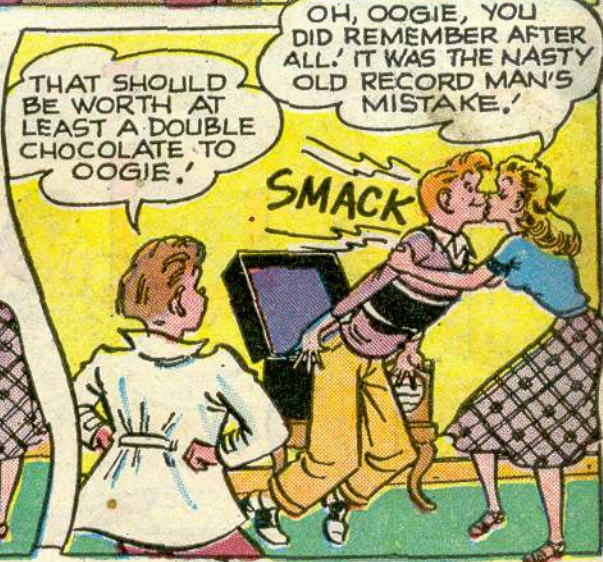
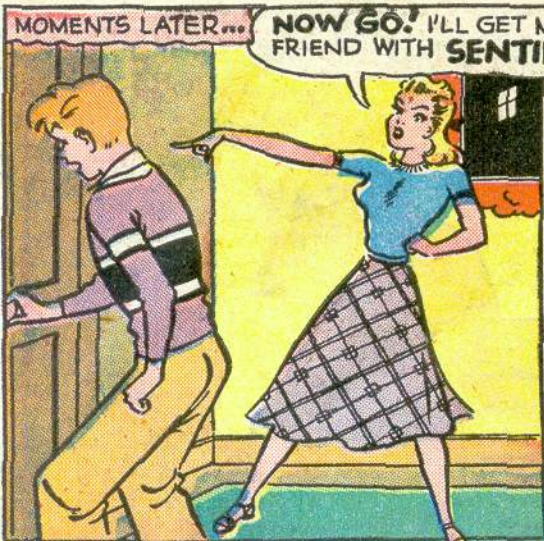
BE BACK IN A WHISK- WITH THE DISC!

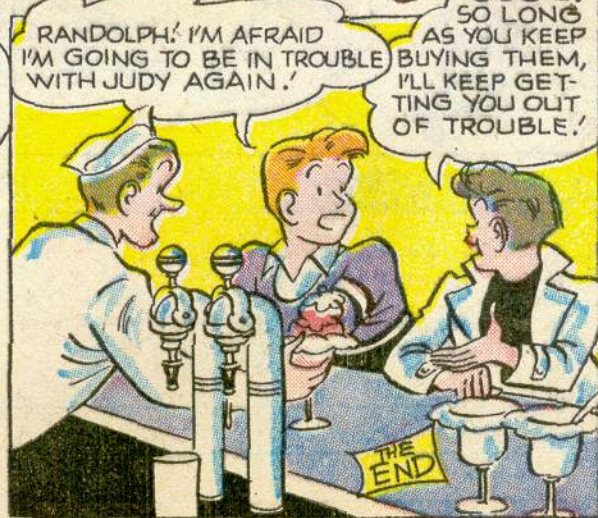
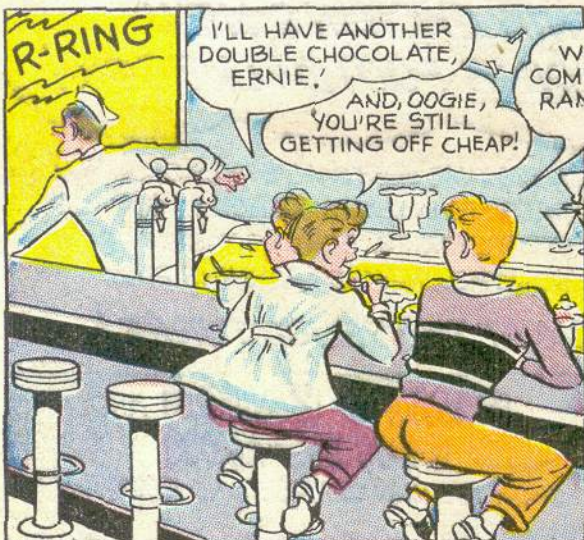


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ONLY ONE- BUT WITH TWO SIDES, PLEASE!





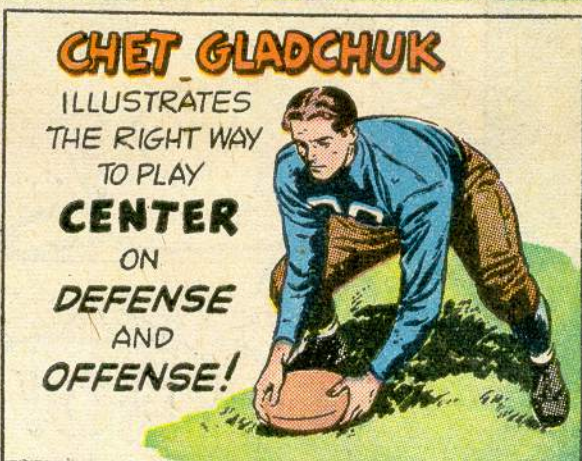
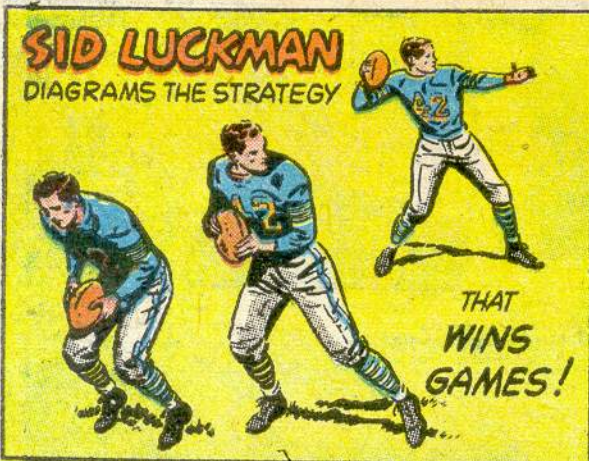
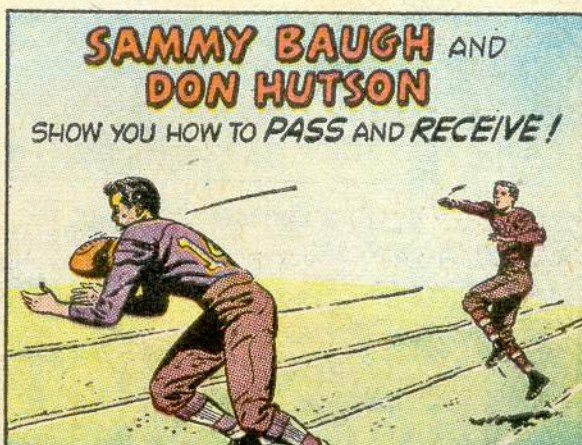




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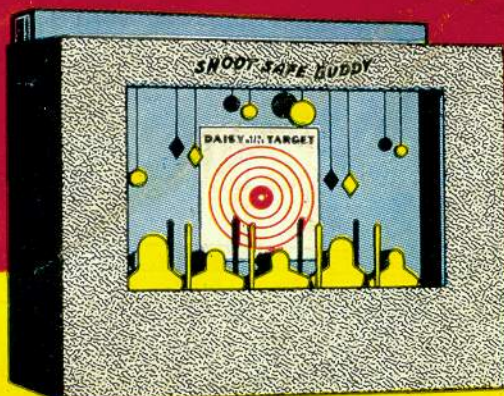
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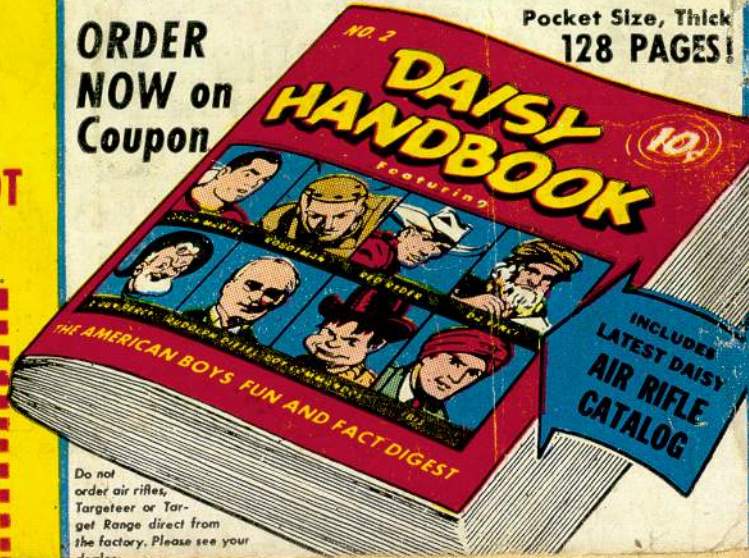
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