



NO. 9
FEB...MAR.

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COAST-TO-COAST
FAVORITE



A DATE WITH JUDY

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

10¢



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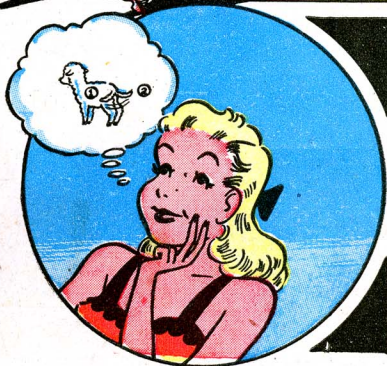
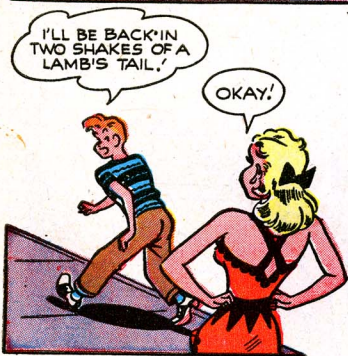
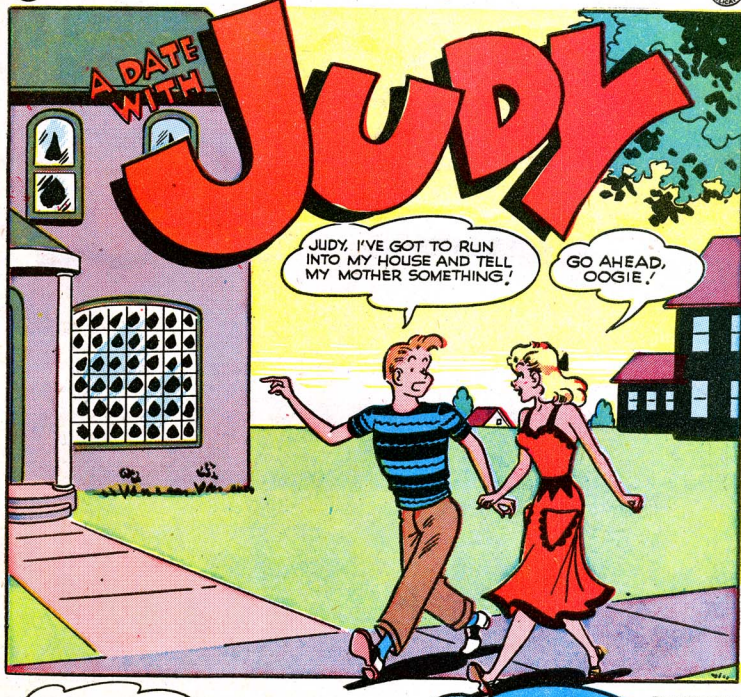
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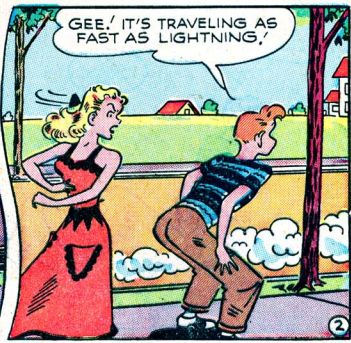
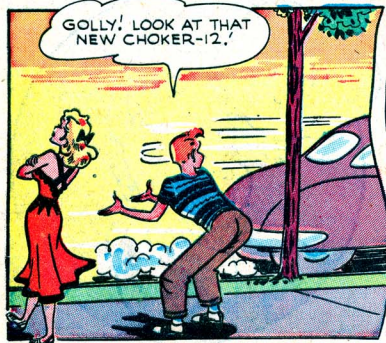
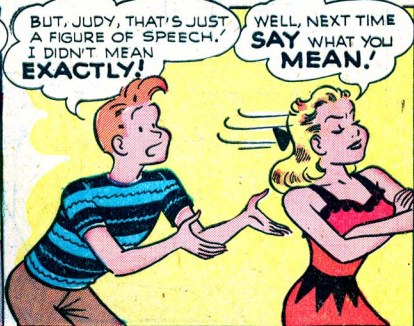
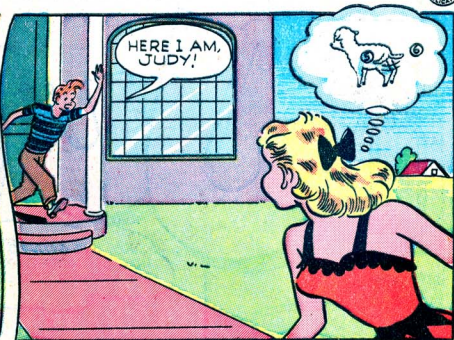
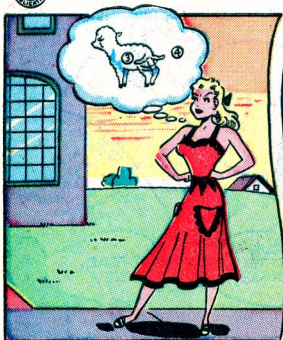
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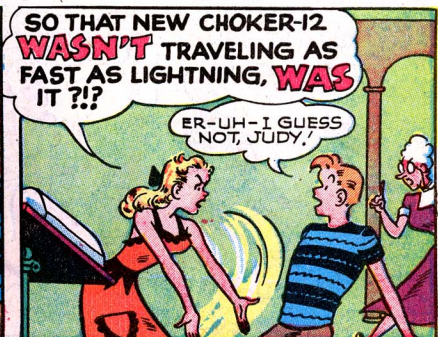
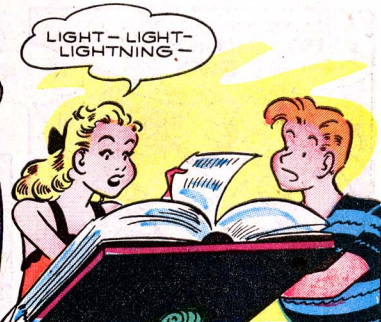
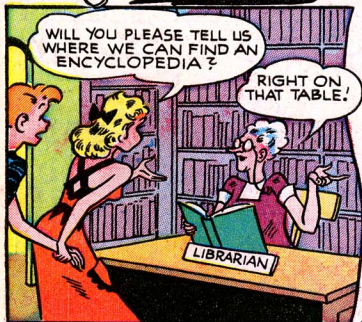
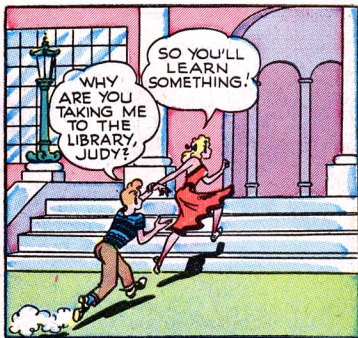
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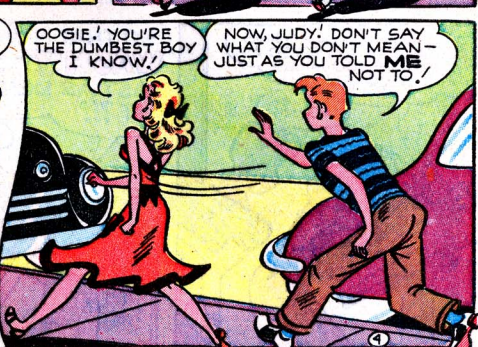
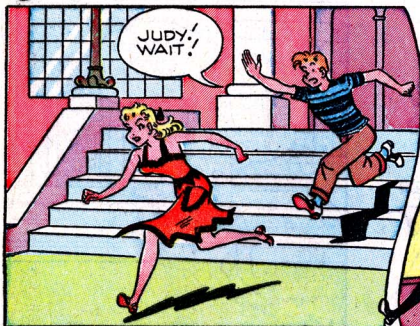


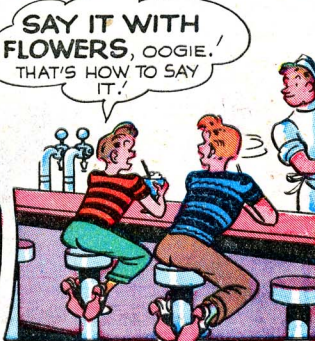
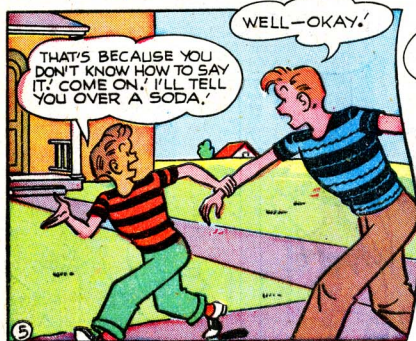
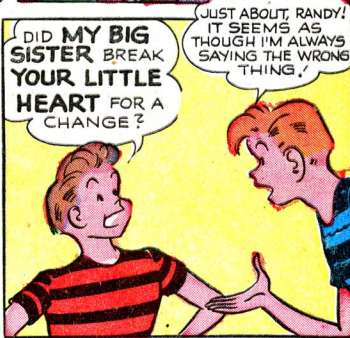
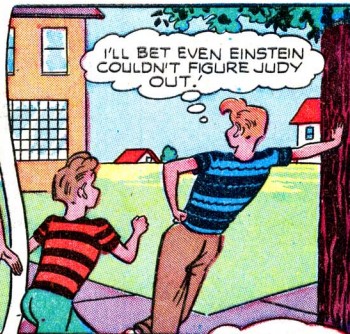
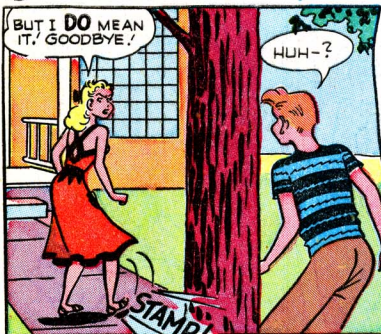
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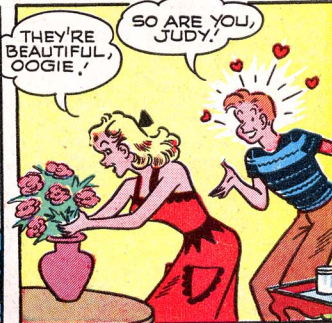
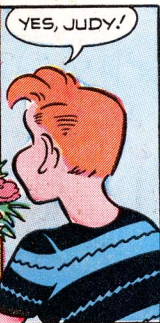
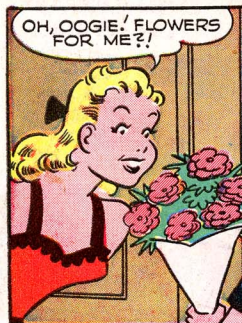
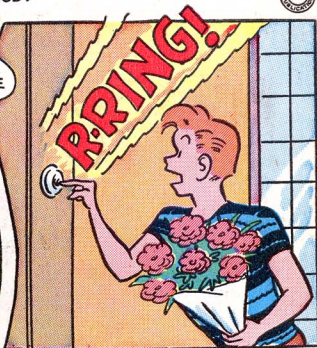
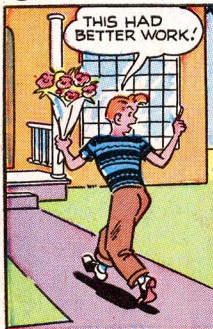


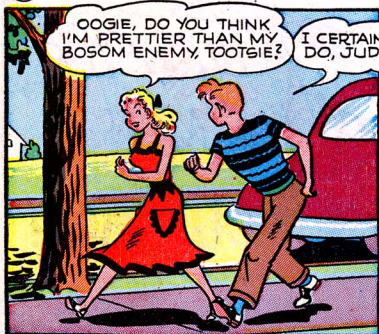












OOGIE, DO YOU THINK I'M PRETTIER THAN MY BOSOM ENEMY, TOOTSIE?

I CERTAINLY DO, JUDY!



NOW REMEMBER, OOGIE— SAY **ONLY** WHAT YOU **MEAN**!

B-BUT I **DO** MEAN IT, JUDY!

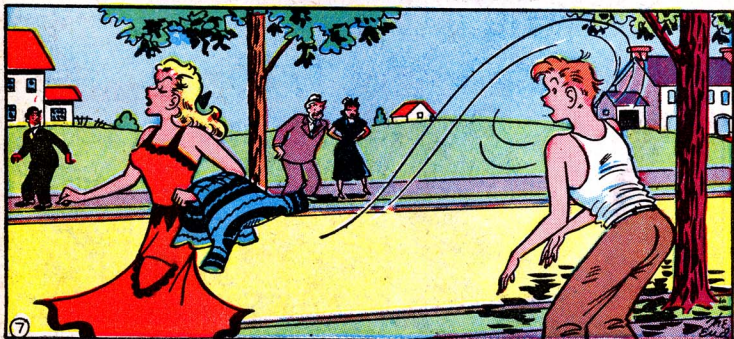


YOU KNOW, OOGIE, MY INSISTING THAT YOU **MEAN** WHAT YOU SAY IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

OH, I KNOW THAT WHAT YOU'RE DOING, YOU'RE DOING FOR ME! BUT THAT'S AS IT SHOULD BE, JUDY! AND I'D DO **ANYTHING** FOR YOU!



WHY, I'D EVEN GIVE YOU THE SHIRT OFF MY BACK!



FOR THE

TEEN-TIME

OF YOUR LIFE!

Read

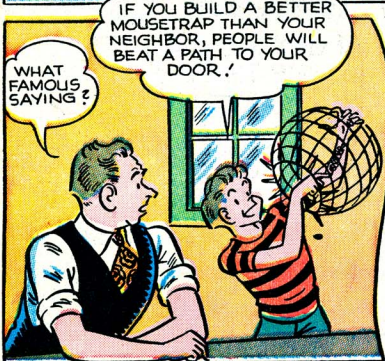
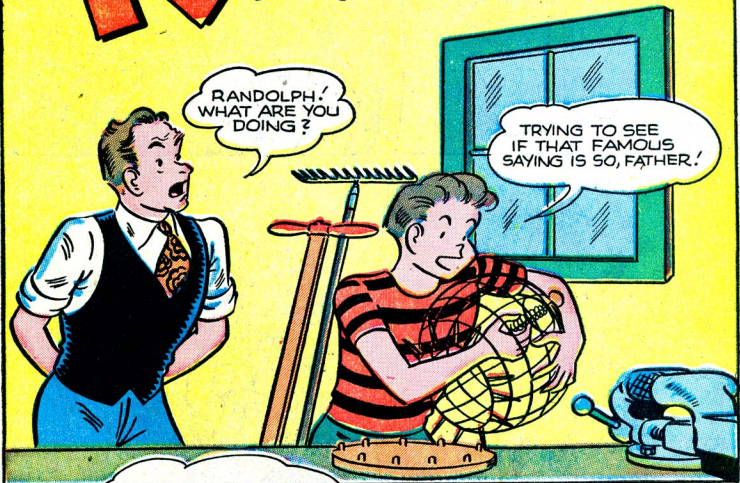


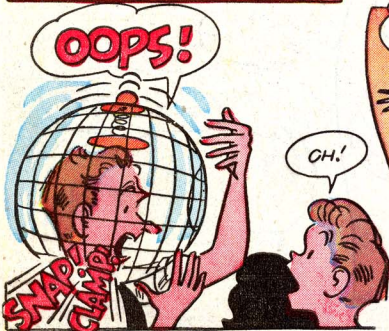
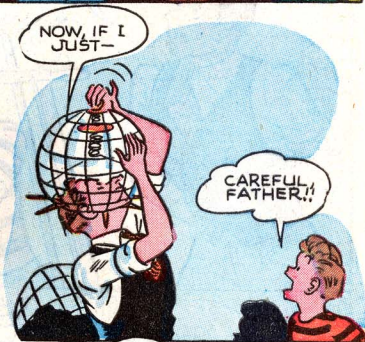
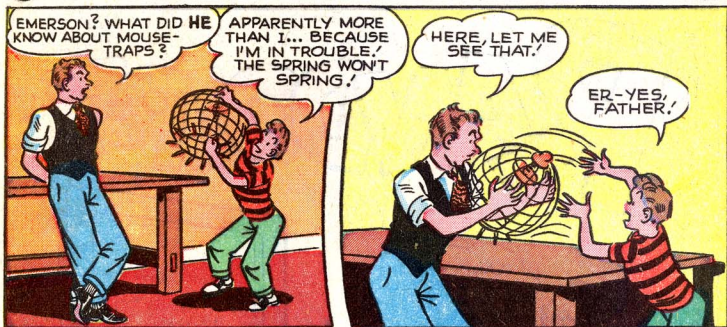
Look for
this ➡
symbol

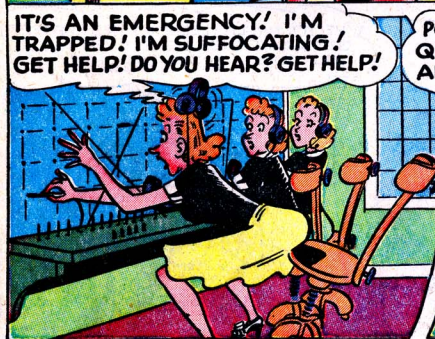
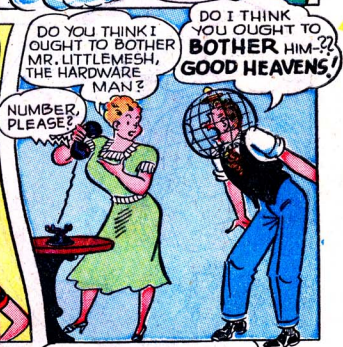
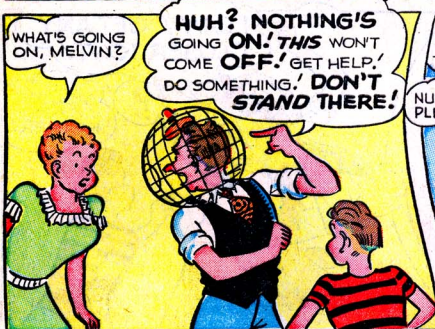
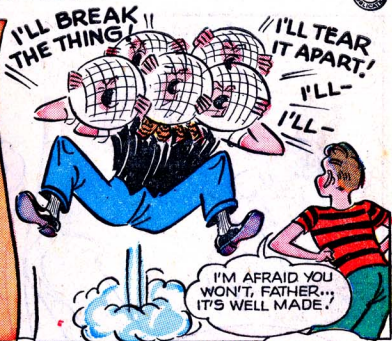
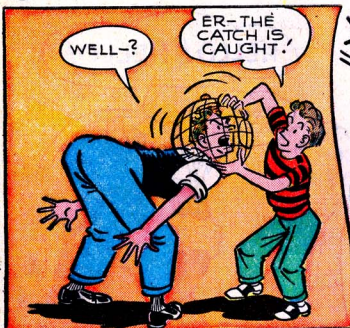


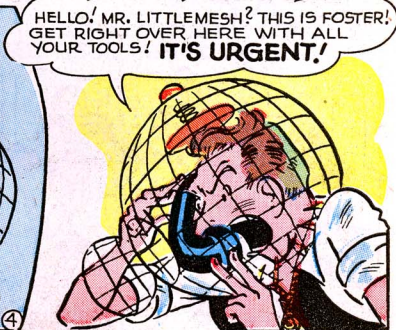
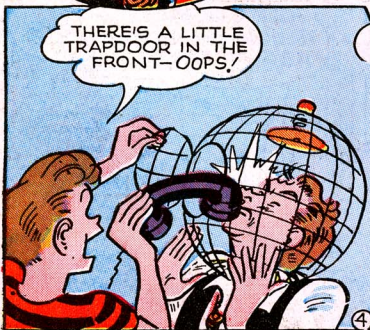
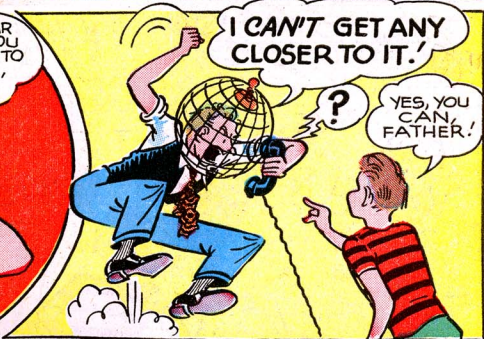
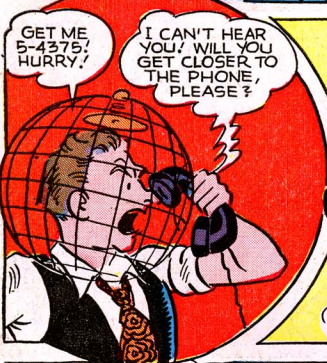
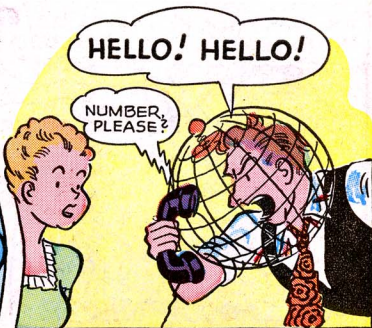
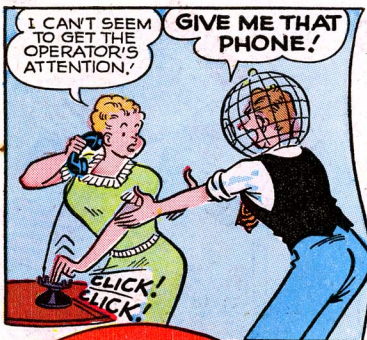
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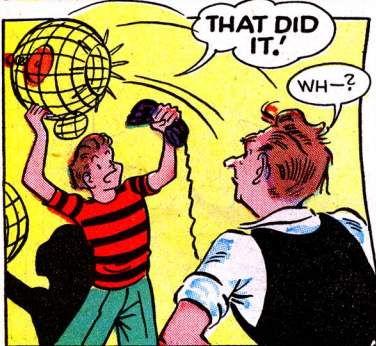
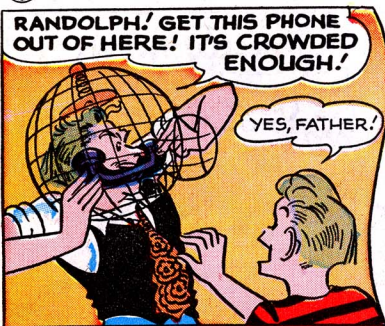
RANDOLPH









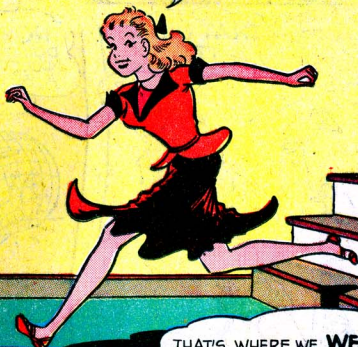
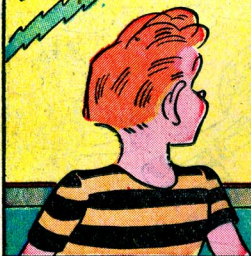




A DATE WITH JUDY

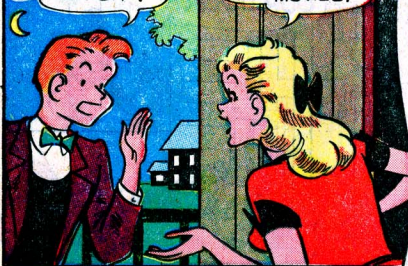
R-R-RING

I'LL GET IT, RANDOLPH!
THAT MUST BE OOGIE TO
TAKE ME TO THE MOVIES.



HI, JUDY! YOU'LL
NEVER GUESS WHERE
WE'RE GOING
TONIGHT.

I **KNOW** WHERE
WE'RE GOING,
OOGIE! TO THE
MOVIES!

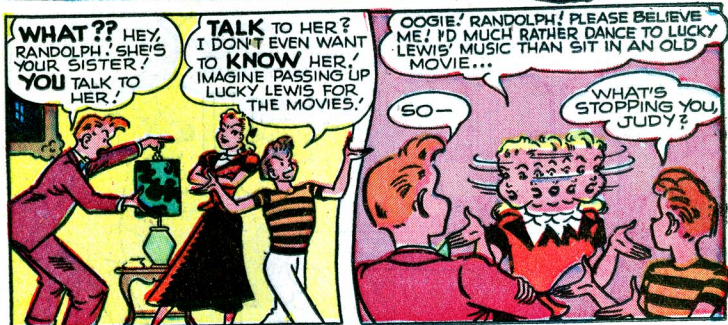
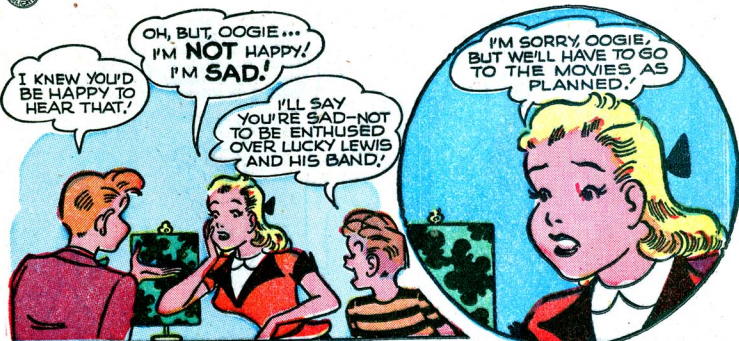


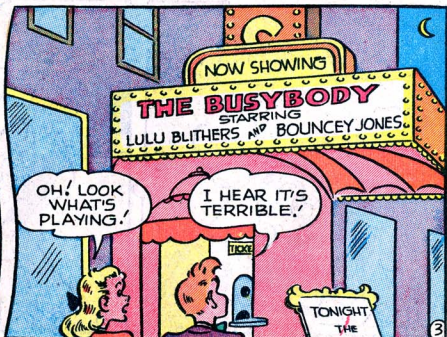
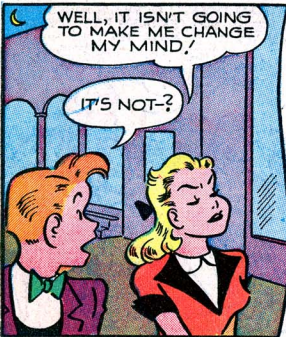
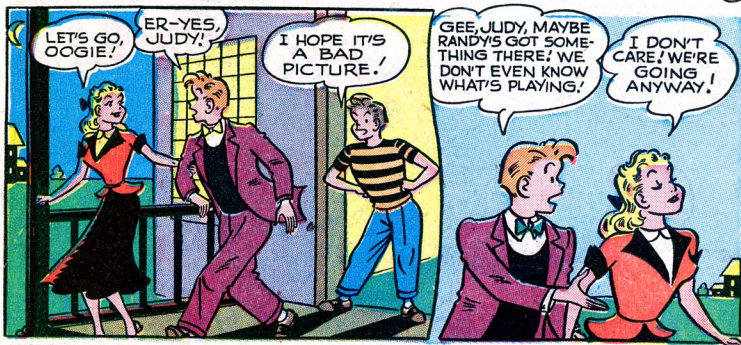
THAT'S WHERE WE **WERE**
GOING BEFORE I FOUND OUT
THAT LUCKY LEWIS AND HIS
BAND ARE PLAYING AT THE
COMMUNITY CENTER
TONIGHT.

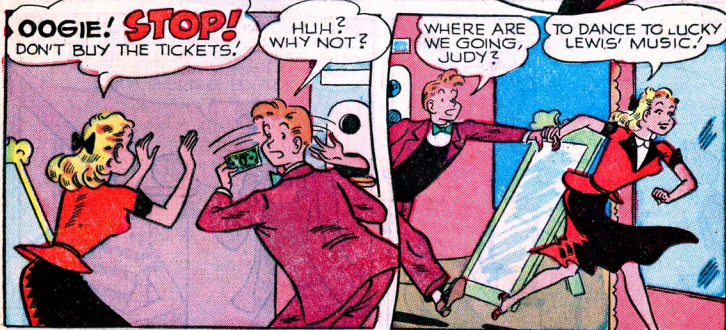
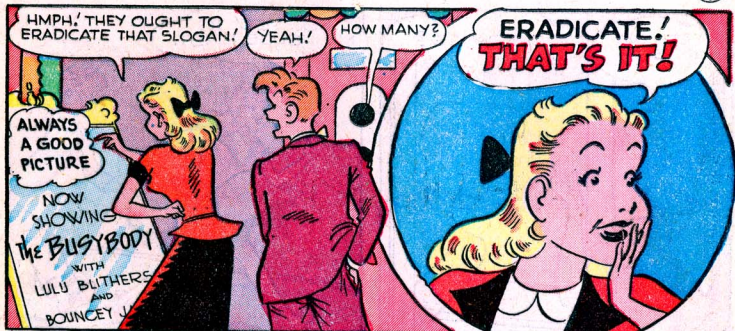
LUCKY LEWIS?

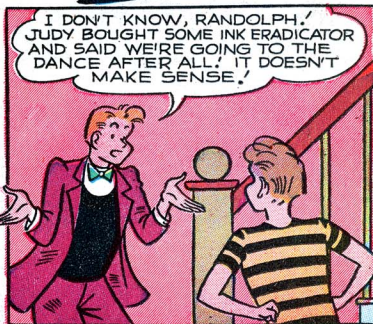


GOLLY! WHAT
A BREAK FOR YOU
TWO! HE'S
TERRIFIC!









BOYS! GIRLS!

MAGNETIZED NEEDLE
ALWAYS POINTS
NORTH!



HURRY! BE THE FIRST TO AMAZE
YOUR GANG WITH A GENUINE MAGNETIC

NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING!

REAL MAGNETIC NEEDLE
—ALWAYS POINTS NORTH!



FITS ANY
FINGER!

PLASTIC DOME
LIKE NAVIGATOR'S BEAR
ON BIG PLANE!

GENUINE
NICKEL-PLATED
WON'T TARNISH!

ONLY **15¢**
plus front of one
SMITH BROTHERS
box.

You really know where you're going when you wear a GENUINE MAGNETIC NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING. A real scientific instrument, with a magnetized needle that always points to the North Magnetic Pole! You just turn the ring around so the "N" is under the needle—and you know just where all the other directions are too! That's how navigators have been doing it on ships for hundreds of years.

And boy, what a ring! Made with a lens-type transparent plastic dome—genuine nickel plated so it stays bright and shiny. Fits any finger, too. A sturdy good-looking well-made ring you'll be proud to wear! So hurry! Get your own GENUINE MAGNETIC NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING!

HEY NIP! THERE'S A LIGHT
FLASHING OUT THERE!
LOOKS LIKE AN S.O.S.!



SEE? THREE SHORT...
THREE LONG...THREE SHORT!
AND MY COMPASS RING
SAYS ITS EAST-NORTHEAST!



...AND THE LIGHT-
HOUSE BEARS
SOUTHWEST!
COME ON! WE'VE
GOT TO PHONE THE
COAST GUARD!

MEANWHILE
OUT AT SEA



LATER—IN AN EMBARK
FARMHOUSE!

THAT'S RIGHT, COMMANDER,
THE S.O.S. CAME FROM
EAST-NORTHEAST, AND
THE LIGHTHOUSE WAS
SOUTHWEST OF US!



HERE SHE COMES! THE
COAST GUARD HELICOPTER!



BOY! WATCH HER HEAD
EAST-NORTHEAST AS SOON
AS SHE GETS OVERHEAD!

...SO WE PICKED UP ALL
FOUR SURVIVORS...
THANKS TO YOUR
SPLENDID DIRECTIONS



AND THANKS TO OUR
NAVIGATOR'S
COMPASS
RINGS!

GREAT FOR HIKES! Especially in
the woods, when snow covers
your tracks. Always wear it!

FISHING WITH DAD! You be naviga-
tor... tell others how to get
back if a fog comes up!

WHEN A PLANE GOES BY... figure out its
course, tell what city it's headed for.

WONDERFUL FUN—all year 'round!

SMITH BROTHERS
BLACK
COUGH
DROPS



TRADE MARK
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS: ANISE AND LICORICE IN A SUGAR BASE.
NET WEIGHT 1 1/2 OUNCES

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

SMITH BROTHERS, P.O. Box 368, Providence, R. I.
Enclosed find front from Smith Brothers Cough Drop
box plus 15¢. Rush my ring to me at once.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LIMITED TIME ONLY!

This offer expires at midnight, June 30, 1949. HURRY!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO—Just send front of Smith
Brothers Cough Drops box—Black or Menthol—and 15¢
in coin—with coupon at right. That's the only way you
can get your Navigator's Compass Ring. We'll rush it
to you—right away. So hurry! Write to Smith Brothers,
P.O. Box #368, Providence, Rhode Island.

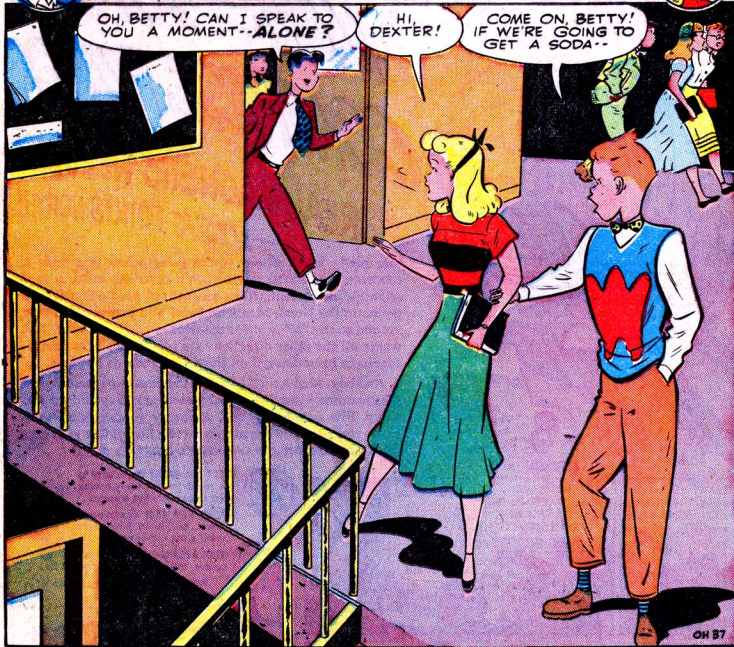


WILLY NILLY

OH, BETTY! CAN I SPEAK TO YOU A MOMENT--**ALONE**?

HI, DEXTER!

COME ON, BETTY! IF WE'RE GOING TO GET A SODA--



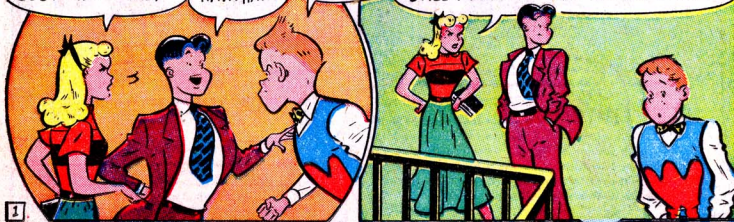
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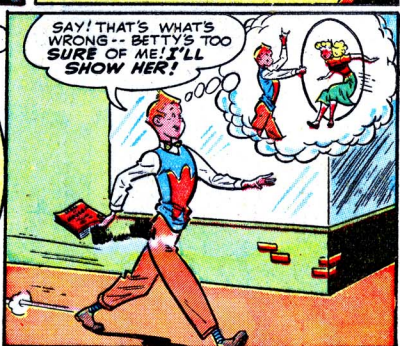
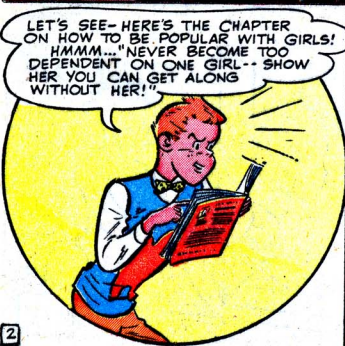
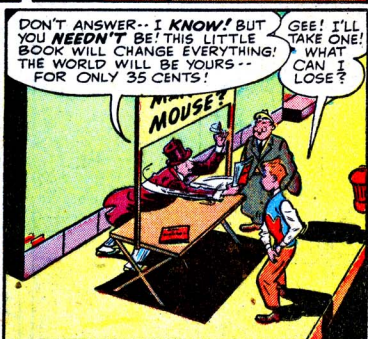
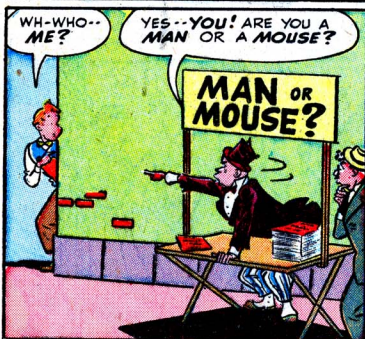
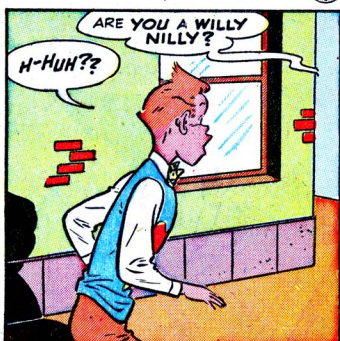
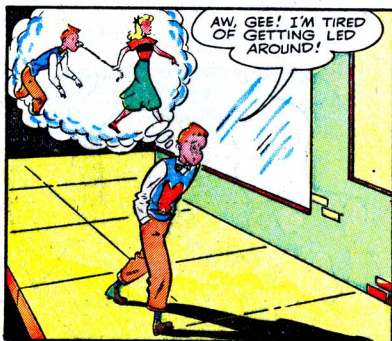
WILLY! IT'S ONLY POLITE TO SAY HELLO TO DEXTER! NOW YOU JUST WAIT HERE!

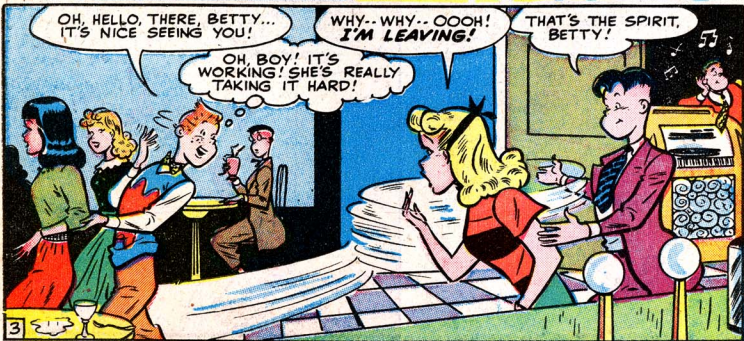
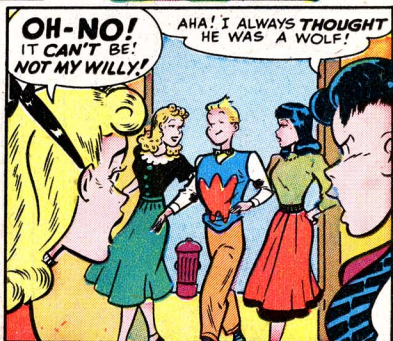
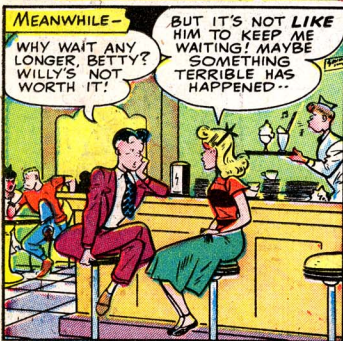
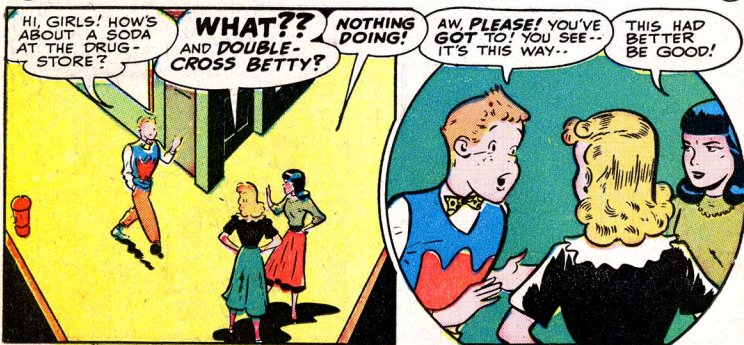
YEAH--
JUST WAIT!
HAW! HAW!

LISTEN YOU, DEXTER DUMWOOD--

WILLY, SINCE YOU CAN'T BE **MANNERLY**, YOU'D BETTER BE **GONE**! WAIT FOR ME AT THE DRUGSTORE... THAT IS, IF YOU STILL **WANT** TO TAKE ME FOR A SODA!



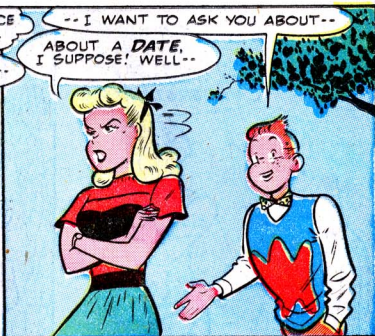






NOW TO CARRY THIS INDIFFERENCE GAG A STEP FARTHER--AND I'LL HAVE BETTY EATING OUT OF MY HAND!

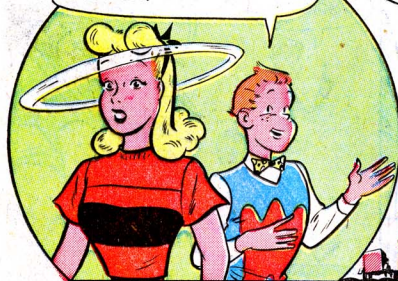
OH, BETTY--



-- I WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT--

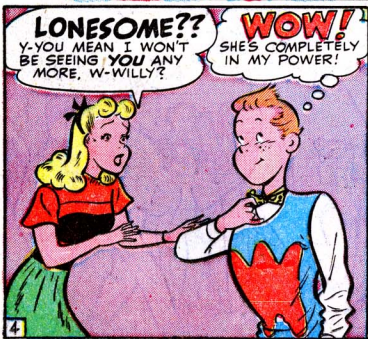
ABOUT A **DATE**, I SUPPOSE! WELL--

YES! BUT NOT WITH **ME**, BETTY! ...WITH **SOMEONE ELSE...** **DEXTER**, FOR INSTANCE!



WITH **DEXTER??** YOU MEAN YOU **WANT** ME TO GO OUT WITH HIM?

WHY, SURE! I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE **LONESOME**, YOU SEE!



LONESOME??

Y-YOU MEAN I WON'T BE SEEING **YOU** ANY MORE, W-WILLY?

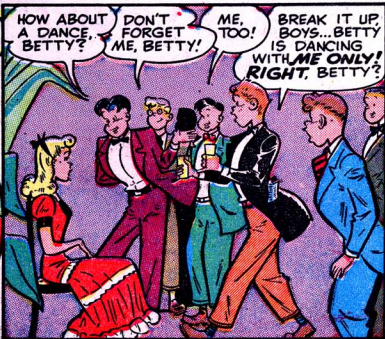
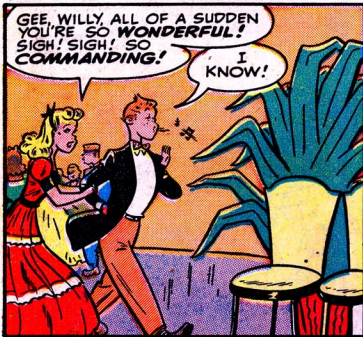
WOW!

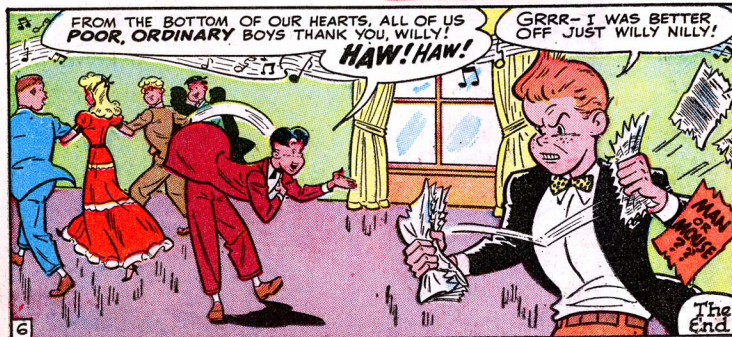
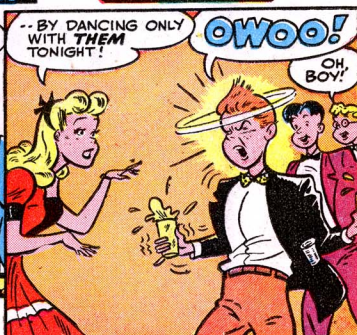
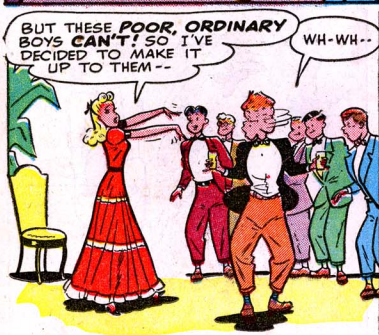
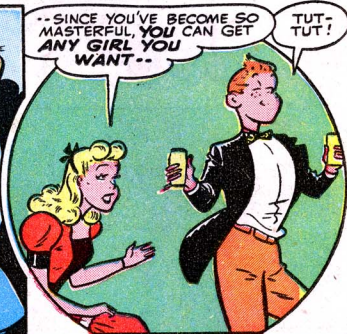
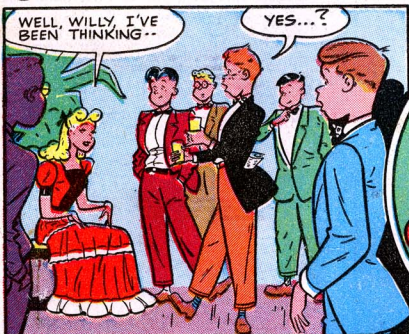
SHE'S COMPLETELY IN MY POWER!



SOB! OHHH...I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD END THIS WAY! SOB! SOB!

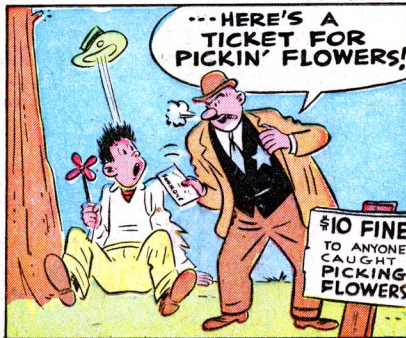
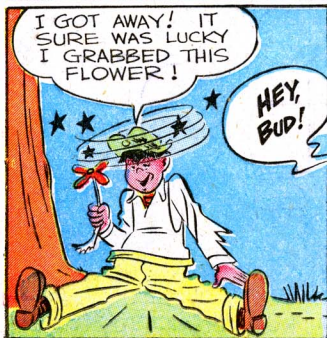
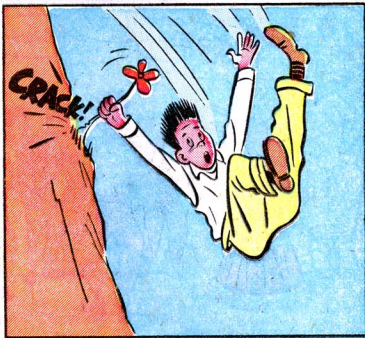
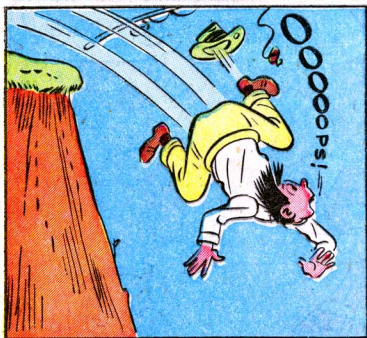
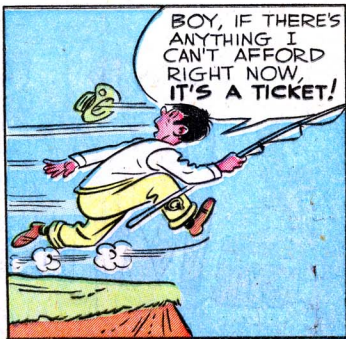
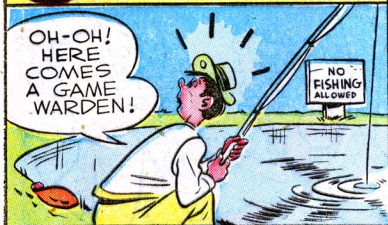
PLEASE! NO TEARS!



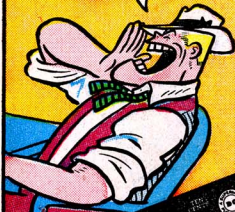


CHIP

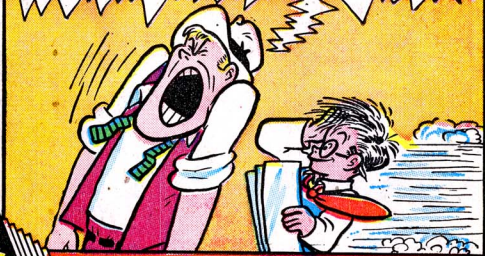
By
HARRY
LAMPERT



I WANT SCRIBBLY!



I WANT SCRIBBLY!



SCRIBBLY

NO. 1 FEB. MAR.

MY HERO!

BANG BANG BANG

ZZZ



Everybody wants SCRIBBLY

HIS HILARIOUS, HEARTWARMING, HUMOR IS A MUST!

DON'T MISS HIM--

GET THIS MAGAZINE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSTAND BEFORE THEY'RE ALL SOLD OUT!



HA53

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF A DATE WITH JUDY, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1948.

State of New York)
County of New York) ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of A DATE WITH JUDY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc.: Harry Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, F. H. Sampliner, Gussie Donenfeld, Rose Liebowitz, Sophie U. Sampliner, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham I.

Menin as Successor Trustees for Irwin Donenfeld, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham I. Menin as Successor Trustees for Sonia Donenfeld, Frederick H. Iser, Arlene J. Donenfeld, all at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

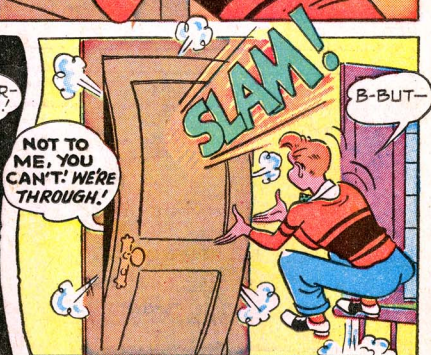
J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1948.
ALFRED E. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1950).

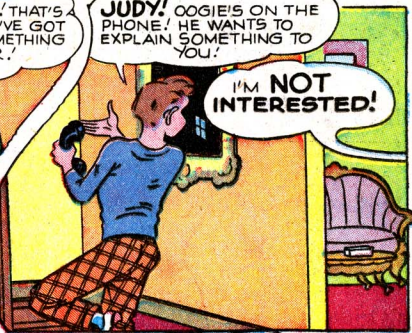
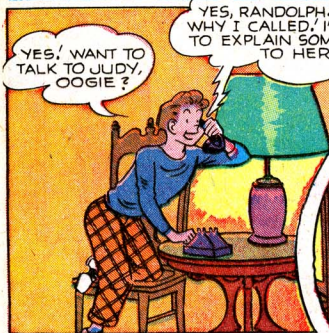
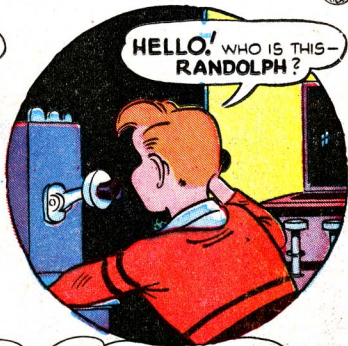
A DATE
WITH

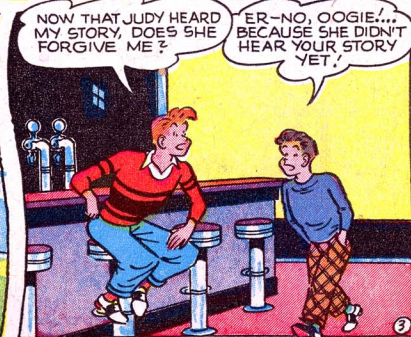
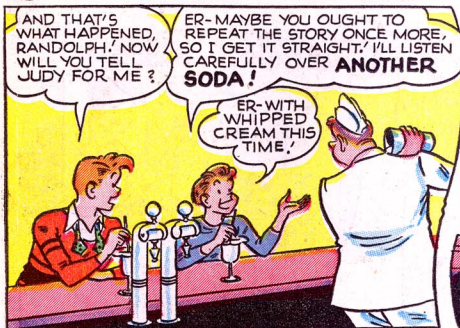
JUDY

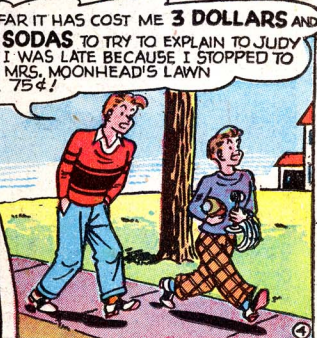
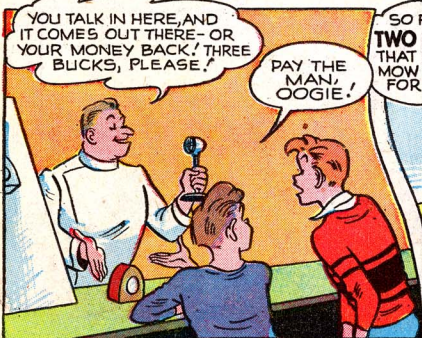
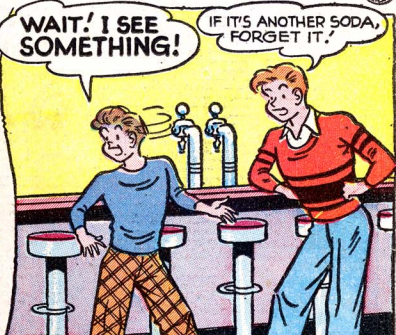
YOU'VE GOT YOUR
NERVE COMING LATE
FOR OUR DATE!

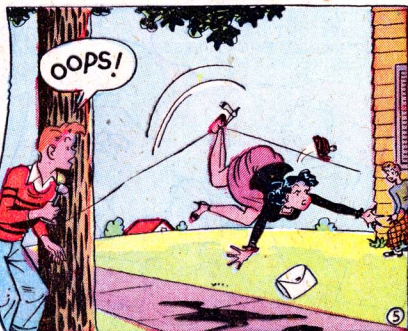
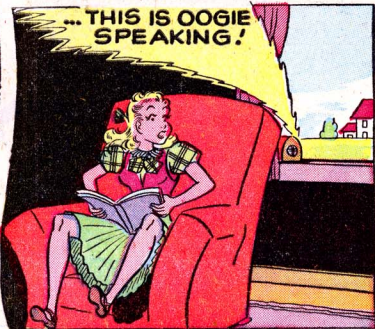
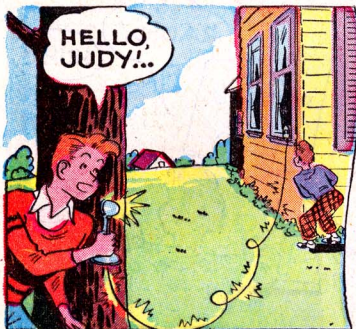
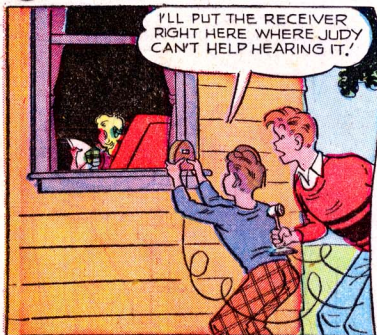
I'M SORRY, JUDY,
BUT IT WASN'T MY
FAULT—

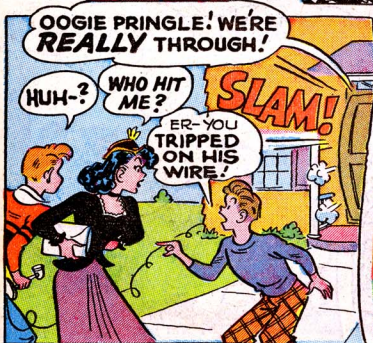
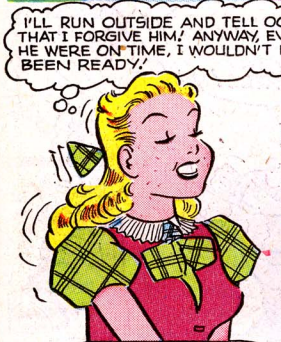
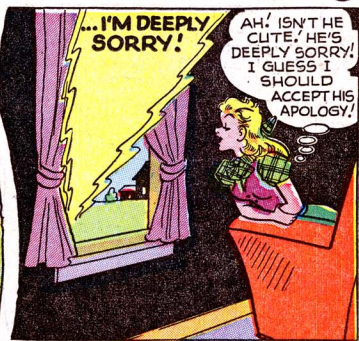
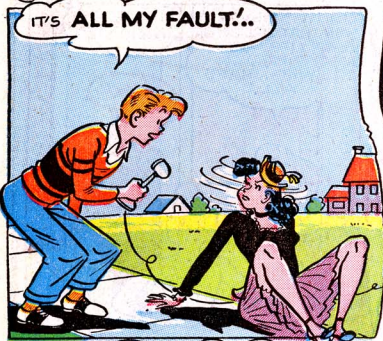


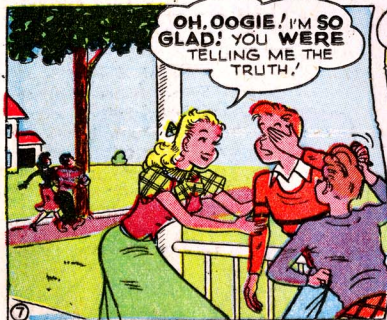
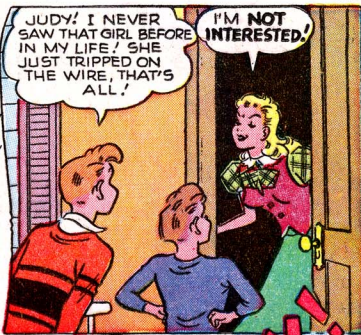


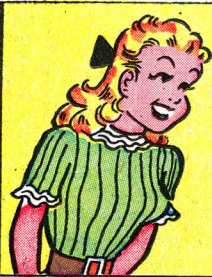




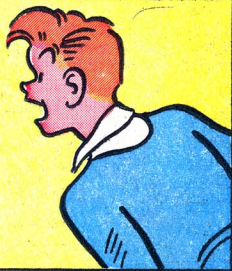








Judy Discovers Oogie



JUDY sat on the veranda steps knitting a sweater for Oogie. With each stitch the frown on her face grew deeper. Suddenly, she threw the sweater down on the steps beside her and propped her chin glumly on her hand.

"What's the matter, dear?" called Mrs. Foster from the wicker chair where she sat reading. "Something wrong with your knitting?"

"Not SOMETHING, Mother . . . EVERYTHING!" complained Judy, jumping up with dramatic suddenness. "It's so utterly and completely boring! The same thing over and over—knit one, purl two, knit one, purl two—Why, I know exactly what's going to happen rows ahead of where I am! It's so unexciting, so dull, so—so *exactly like Oogie!* Why, I know just what he's going to say six sentences ahead of what he's saying and just how he's going to say it! Mother, why can't he be worldly, mysterious, romantic, devastating—?"

"Oogie's kind of young to be like that, don't you think, Judy?" smiled Mrs. Foster.

"Oh, I don't know," said Randolph, coming up the veranda steps. "Look at me—worldly, mysterious, romantic, devastating—and I'm lots younger than Oogie! Judy's right, Mother—it's not Oogie's age . . . it's Oogie that's the trouble with Oogie!"

"Randolph," said Judy icily, "if you're so mysterious, will you kindly make a bigger mystery out of yourself by disappearing right this minute?"

"Okay!" said Randolph, going into the house. "But when I'm gone, you'll wish you had been nicer to me!"

"I don't understand you, Judy," said Mrs.

Foster, laying aside her book. "I think Oogie's a fine boy. You just don't understand him."

"Mother, if you don't understand me, how can you possibly understand *what* I understand?"

"Well," laughed Mrs. Foster, as she went into the house, "I'll be able to answer that question when I finish that book I'm reading—it's supposed to tell you everything about people. Meanwhile, I still like Oogie!"

Judy picked up her mother's book. It was called UNDERSTANDING PEOPLE. "Hmm!" she murmured. She curled up in the wicker chair and opened the book to Chapter One.

It was several hours and six chapters later that the sound of loud and cheerful whistling roused Judy from her absorption in the book. She looked up to see Oogie coming jauntily up the walk toward her. She watched him intently. He looked happy. Very happy. Almost too happy. "AHA!" breathed Judy. She slung the book aside and rushed to meet him.

"Boy, am I glad to see you, Judy!" he said. "You're—"

"Oogie!" interrupted Judy. "Poor Oogie! You don't have to pretend in front of me! You may fool the rest of the world, but you can't fool me! I *understand* you!"

"Y-you do?" gasped Oogie, a perplexed look replacing his happy grin.

"Yes, Oogie, I can see that you're just *acting* happy, because deep down inside you're really desperately unhappy about something!"

"B-but, Judy—"

"Naturally, I expect you to deny it, Oogie. . . . Nobody admits it at first. But, Oogie, I'm

your true friend. . . . You can tell me all!"

"Gosh, Judy! I feel fine—I mean I felt—that is, I've never been happier in my life—er—I was happy until—aw, gee whiz!" Oogie finished with a helpless and unhappy shrug.

"See?" said Judy triumphantly. "Just as I expected! One minute happy, the next minute sad. That's just the way it goes. You're all mixed up psychologically!"

"I'll say!" croaked Oogie. "I'm COMPLETELY confused!"

"Aha!" exclaimed Judy. "Now we're getting somewhere! You admit it openly! A state of complete confusion! You are in the dread clutches of some terrible inner complex, Oogie! Something must have happened to you a long time ago . . . when you were a little boy . . . something you can't remember, because the memory of it is so far deep down inside you! But it's there all right, causing all this confusion!"

"Gosh!" gulped Oogie. "Sounds bad!"

"It is bad, Oogie," agreed Judy. "But don't worry—I'll cure you!" She pushed him into the wicker chair. "Now, all you have to do is shut your eyes, let your mind wander, and say out loud anything that comes into your mind! I'll analyze what you say, and then we'll know what the trouble is!"

Oogie closed his eyes, while Judy listened intently. "Ahem!" he said.

"That's fine for a start, Oogie," said Judy, by way of encouragement. "Now try to remember more—say whatever comes into your mind—no matter how trivial it seems. It may be a clue that will help me unravel the mystery of the inner Oogie!"

"Uh—uh—"

"Yes, Oogie—? Go on, go on . . . !"

"Uh—er—"

"Tell me more, Oogie. . . . Hurry!"

"—er—urrumph!—"

"OOGIE PRINGLE!" said Judy, looking angrily from side to side. "How can I unravel you if you don't co-operate? I'll give you just one more chance. . . . And *this* time you'd better tell me whatever it is you've forgotten, even if you *don't* remember it! Now, shut your eyes and let your mind wander. . . ."

There was a moment of tense silence. Sud-

denly Oogie sat bolt upright, his eyes opened wide. "I've got it!" he yelled. "I just remembered the first time I felt confused like this! It was—"

"NO, NO—NOT THAT WAY!" cried Judy. "Tell me the RIGHT way! Shut your eyes and tell me the picture you see in your mind of that long-forgotten event! All right, go ahead—I'm listening!"

"Uh—uh—I see a time . . ." said Oogie, "many, many years . . . ago . . ."

"Yes, Oogie . . . ? Yes, yes . . . ?"

". . . a little boy . . . named . . . Oogie . . ."

"Ooooh!" squealed Judy. "That's a clue, Oogie, that's definitely a clue!"

". . . meets . . . a little girl . . . named . . . Judy . . ."

"Yes, Oogie . . . ? Oogie, yes—yes, Oogie . . . ?"

". . . from then on . . . nothing . . . but . . .
CONFUSION . . . !"

"Oh, Oogie! You utterly wonderful boy!" screeched Judy. "Do you realize what you've said? I'm the cause of all your confusion, Oogie! I am! Me! All those terrible, fascinating complexes lurking through the inner Oogie are there because of me! Why, that's the most wonderful compliment I've ever been paid!"

* * *

Some time later, Mrs. Foster and Randolph wandered out on the veranda again and found Judy, alone once more, knitting vigorously and happily on the sweater for Oogie.

"Why, Judy!" exclaimed Mrs. Foster. "I thought you were bored with knitting!"

"Bored? Why, Mother, how could I possibly be bored when I'm knitting for the most divinely devastating, romantic, mysterious man ever to come into my life—namely, Mr. Oogie Pringle! You were right, Mother—the trouble before was that I just didn't understand Oogie. But now that I do understand him so completely—" Judy stopped suddenly, an unhappy look erasing her sunny smile. "Ooooh!" she squealed, throwing down her knitting. "I just thought of something! Now that I understand Oogie, *he isn't a mystery any more!* He-he's just like this sweater again!"

"Oh, but you're so wrong!" said Randolph. "Oogie may not be a mystery, but anything you knit is bound to be!"

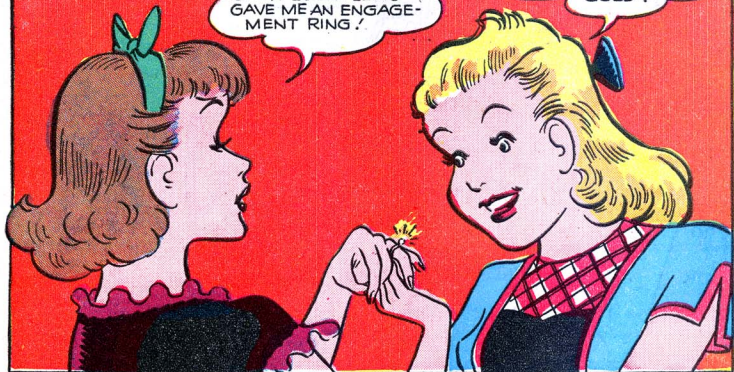


A DATE
WITH

JUDY

JUDY! LOOK! ELMO
GAVE ME AN ENGAGE-
MENT RING!

GOLLY, MITZI! IT'S
BEAUTIFUL! IS IT REAL
GOLD?

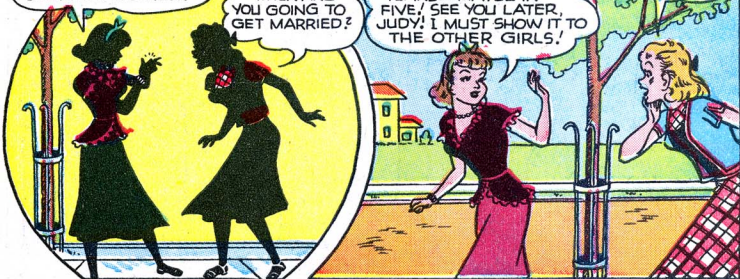


WELL, IT MAKES MY FINGER
A LITTLE GREEN! BUT THAT'S
BECAUSE IT'S NEW!

WHEN ARE
YOU GOING TO
GET MARRIED?

WE HAVEN'T DECIDED
YET! MAYBE IN FOUR
YEARS... MAYBE IN
FIVE! SEE YOU LATER,
JUDY! I MUST SHOW IT TO
THE OTHER GIRLS!

GEE, YOU'RE
LUCKY, MITZI!





OOGIE, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ME A RING, SO WE CAN BE ENGAGED FOUR OR FIVE YEARS?

HM... IT SAYS HERE THAT THE RIGHT PERFUME WILL DO THE TRICK, BUT **WHAT** KIND IS THE **RIGHT** KIND? HMM... I KNOW! I'LL ASK THE **AUTHOR** HERSELF

HOW TO GET YOUR MAN
by
VERA LAMOUR

—AND SO, MISS LAMOUR, WHAT PERFUME DO YOU RECOMMEND?

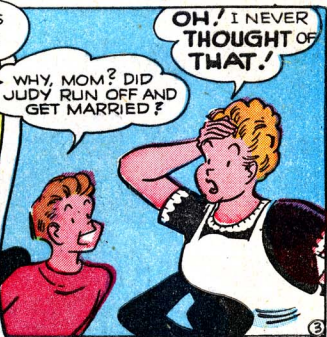
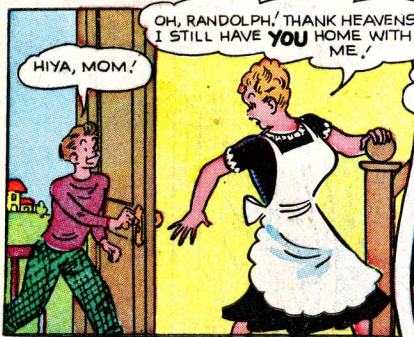
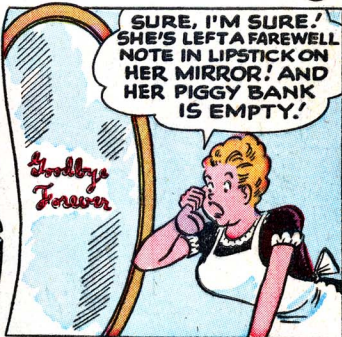
GOODBYE FOREVER IS MY FAVORITE!

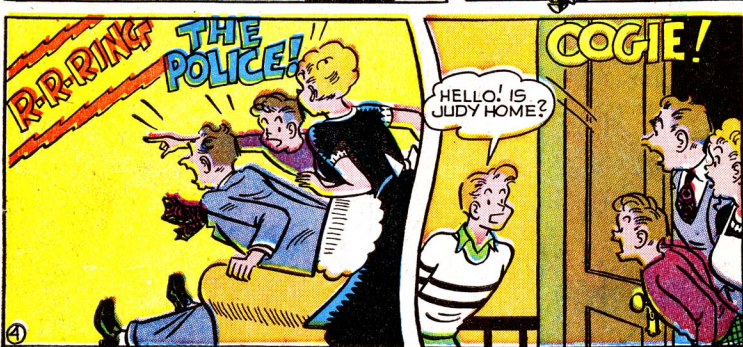
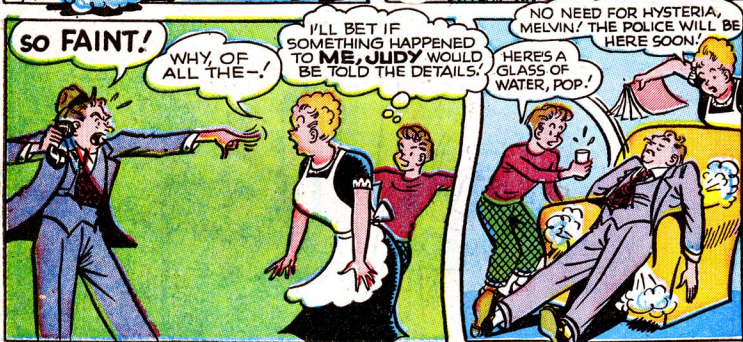
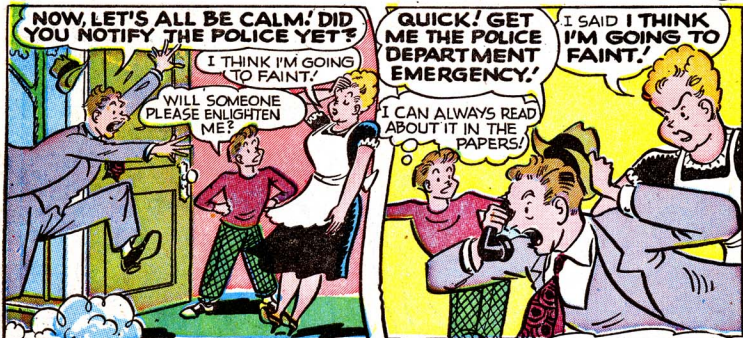
GOODBYE FOREVER! NOW THAT I'VE WRITTEN IT WITH LIPSTICK ON MY MIRROR, I WON'T FORGET IT!

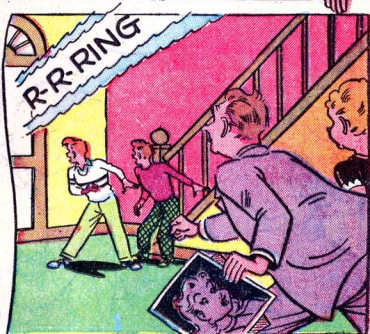
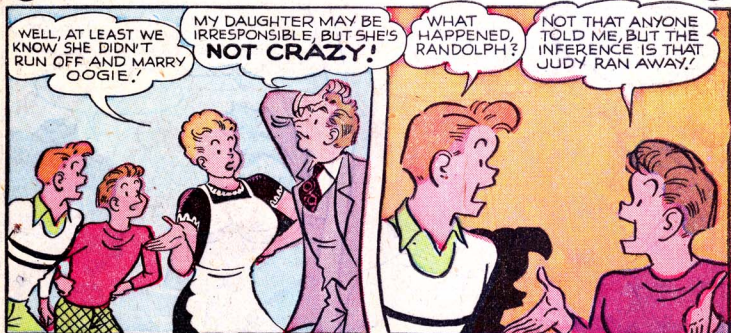
Goodbye
Forever

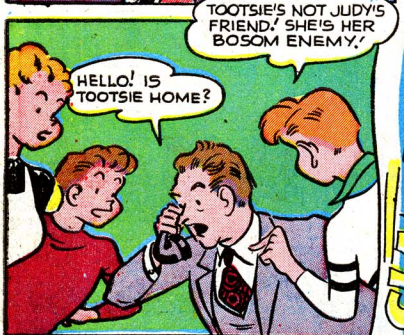
I'LL BET IT'S EXPENSIVE! I HOPE I HAVE ENOUGH MONEY IN MY BANK!

WELL, I'VE GOT ENOUGH FOR AN OUNCE, ANYWAY! THAT SHOULD DO UNTIL I GET THE RING! AND AFTER THAT, I WON'T NEED IT ANY MORE!











OOGIE! IT'S ALL **YOUR** FAULT! WHY DIDN'T YOU GIVE JUDY AN ENGAGEMENT RING?

ER-BECAUSE WE'RE NOT ENGAGED, I GUESS.

THAT **GOODBYE FOREVER** PERFUME IS HARD TO FIND, BUT I'M NOT GIVING UP YET.

HMM! SAME KIND OF HAIR-DO!

DRUGS

R-RING!

THE POLICE! THEY FOUND HER! HA-HA!
I KNEW IT! HA-HA!

WE DIDN'T FIND HER, BUT WE'RE STILL LOOKING! ANY CLUES?

ER-NOT A CLUE, BUT-ER-A-A **REASON!**

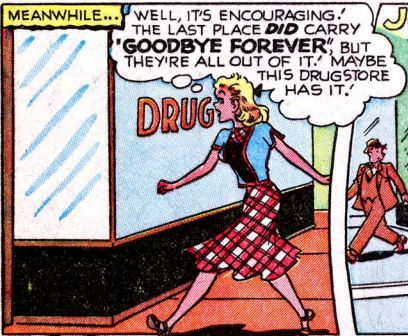
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOUR DAUGHTER RAN AWAY BECAUSE **HE** WOULDN'T GIVE HER A **RING?**

I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE IT EITHER, BUT—

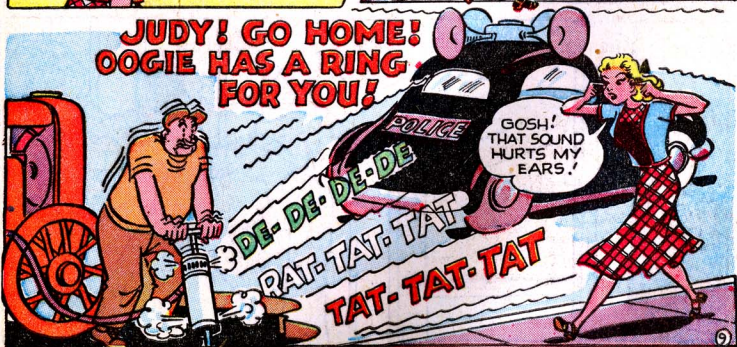


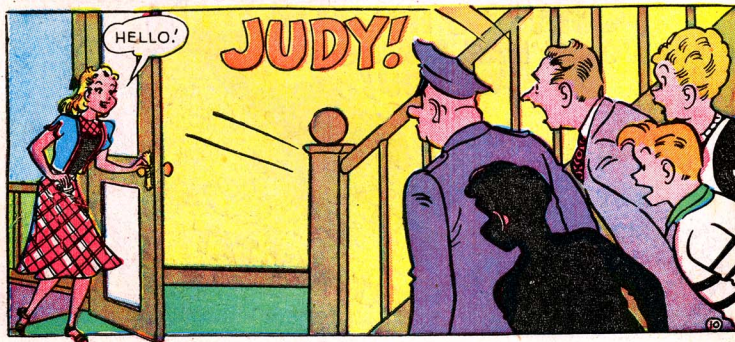
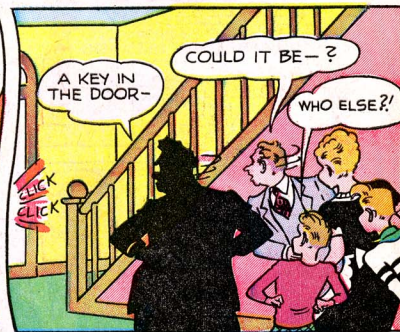
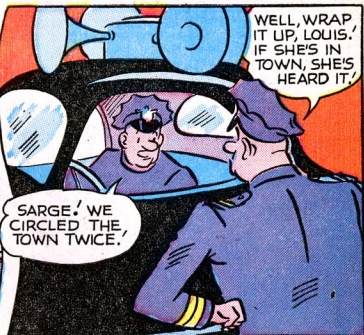
A DATE WITH JUDY

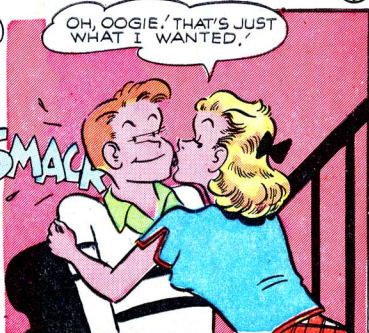
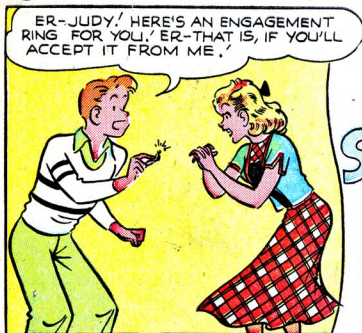




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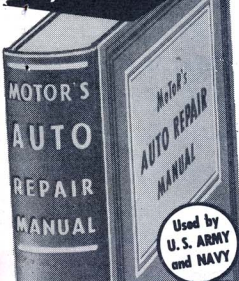
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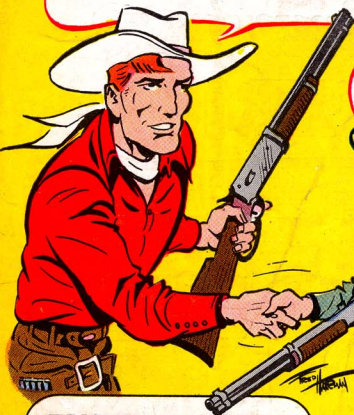
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