



NO. 12  
AUG...SEPT.

RADIO'S FAMOUS  
COAST-TO-COAST  
FAVORITE



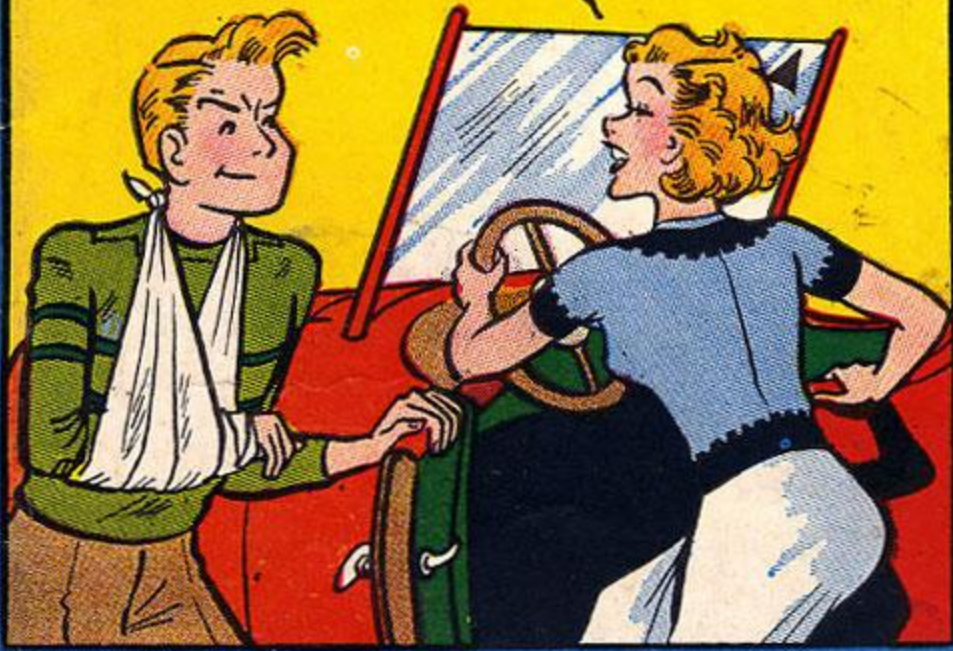
# A DATE WITH JUDY

10¢

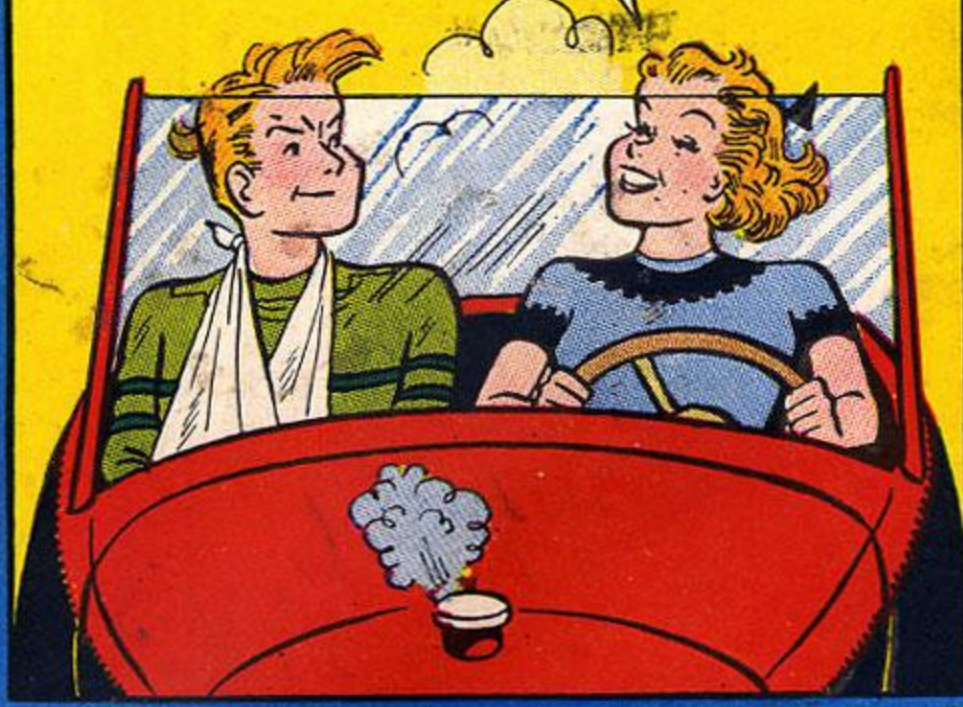
A 52 PAGE  
MAGAZINE



ANYWAY, THERE'S **ONE**  
GOOD THING ABOUT YOUR  
BROKEN ARM, OOGIE —



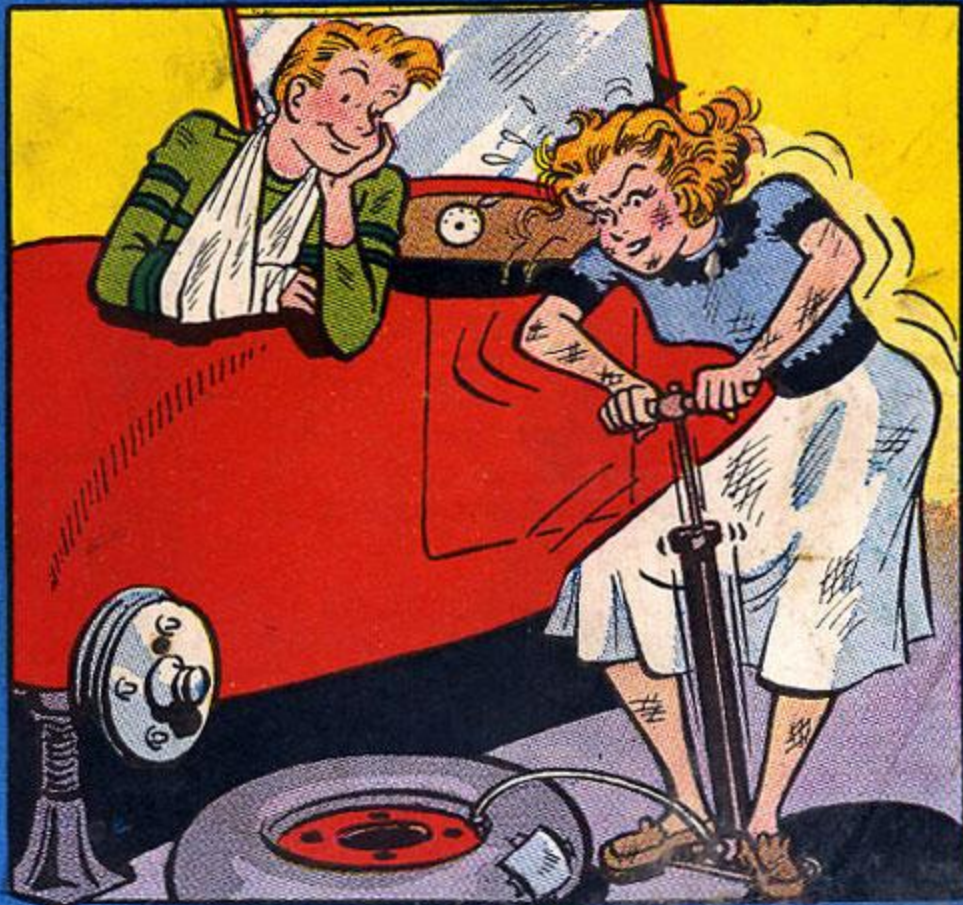
— I GET TO DO THE *DRIVING* —  
AND *THAT'S FUN!*



IN FACT, **EVERYTHING**  
ABOUT A CAR IS —



BUY MORE  
U.S. SAVINGS  
BONDS



# NOW—MORE THAN EVER

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ACTION COMICS  
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SENSATION COMICS  
STAR SPANGLED COMICS  
SUPERBOY  
SUPERMAN  
WESTERN COMICS  
WONDER WOMAN  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

~ LOOK  
FOR THIS  
FAMOUS  
SYMBOL!



ON THE COVER OF  
EVERY 52 PAGE  
MAGAZINE,  
IT IS YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE BIGGEST  
AND BEST  
IN COMICS READING!

TOP VALUE  
IN THE TOP  
MAGAZINES!

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Printed in U.S.A.

A DATE WITH

# JUDY

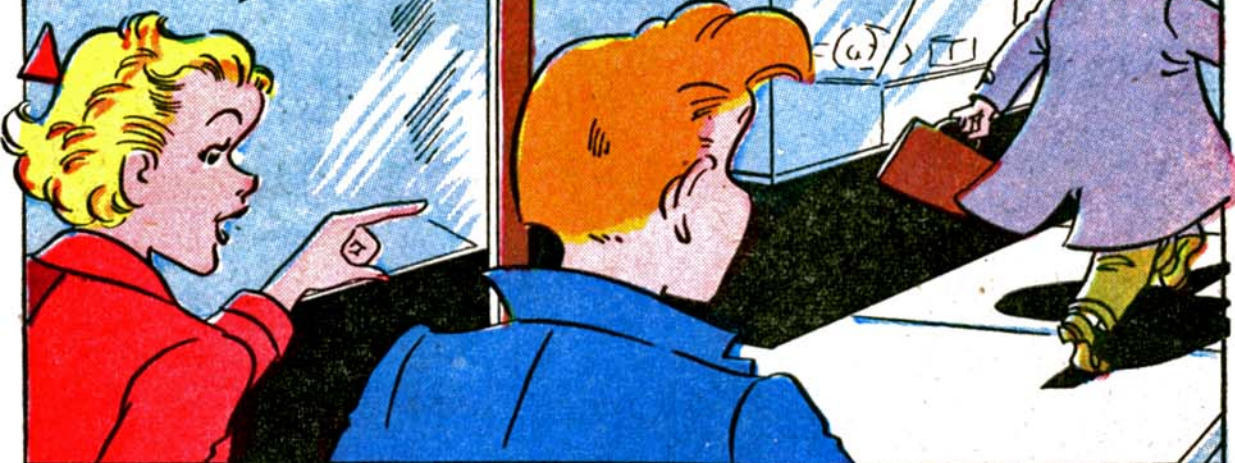
**SPECIALS**

STEAK .75  
VEAL .55  
CHICKEN  
BEEF .65

OOGIE! SEE THAT MAN?

YES, JUDY!

SCHULTZ  
DELICATESSEN



WANT TO BET THAT HE TURNS THE CORNER?

SCHULTZ DELICATESSEN

HUH-?



SEE?!

SO WHAT, JUDY?



SO WHAT? SO I **MADE** HIM DO IT! IT'S CALLED THE **POWER OF SUGGESTION!**

THAT'S SILLY, JUDY!

IT IS **NOT!** HE TURNED THE CORNER, DIDN'T HE?

BUT, JUDY! HE WOULD HAVE TURNED THE CORNER WHETHER YOU WANTED HIM TO OR NOT!

IS THAT SO! WELL, WATCH ME WORK THE POWER OF SUGGESTION ON **YOU!**

HA! I'LL BET YOU CAN'T!

IN EXACTLY THREE MINUTES YOU'LL BE TAKING ME FOR A SODA!

HA-HA! YOU LOSE ALREADY!

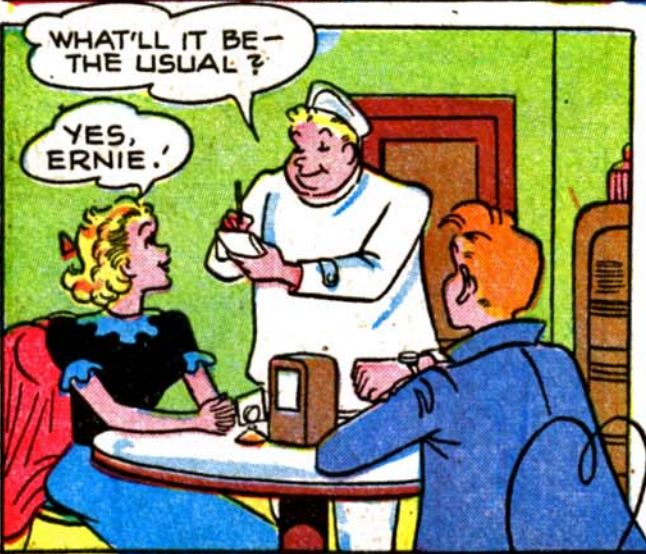
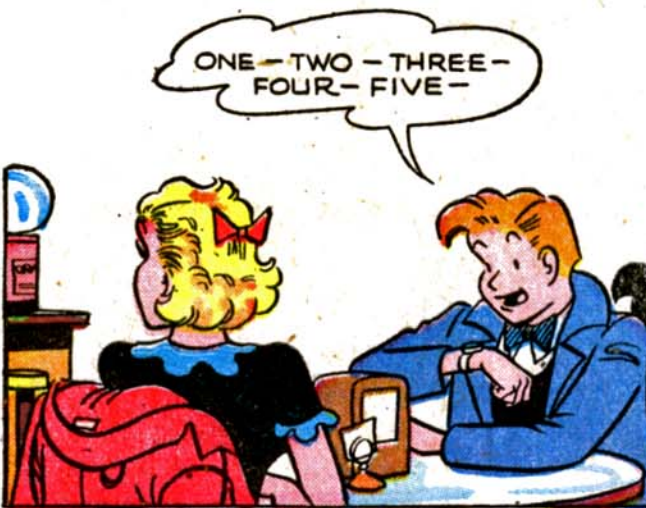
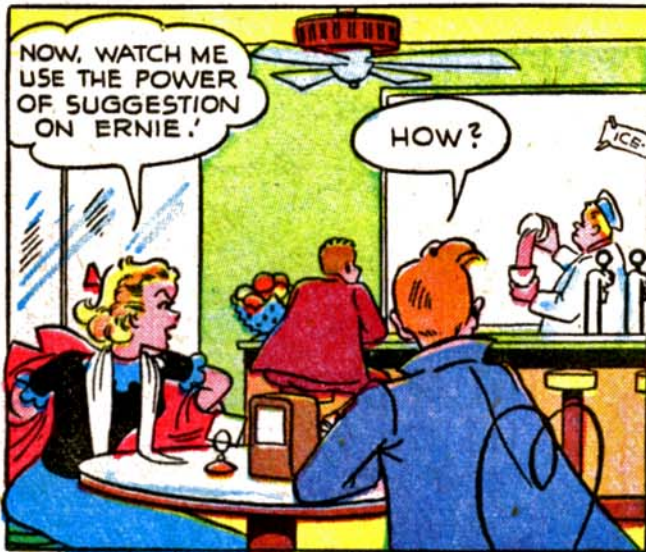
THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK! THE THREE MINUTES AREN'T UP YET!

WELL, I HAVE NO MONEY **NOW**, AND I WON'T HAVE **THREE MINUTES** FROM NOW, EITHER!

... AND DON'T FORGET TO PAY ME BACK, OOGIE!

YES, JUDY! ER-NO, JUDY!

SODA  
ICE C



OOGIE, I'M USING THE POWER OF SUGGESTION ON YOU AGAIN.'

YOU ARE?'

YES! AT EXACTLY THREE O'CLOCK TODAY, YOU'LL BE SHAVING.'

HA! THAT'S SILLY! I DON'T EVEN HAVE A RAZOR.'

SO YOU'LL USE YOUR FATHER'S!'

OH, NONSENSE!'

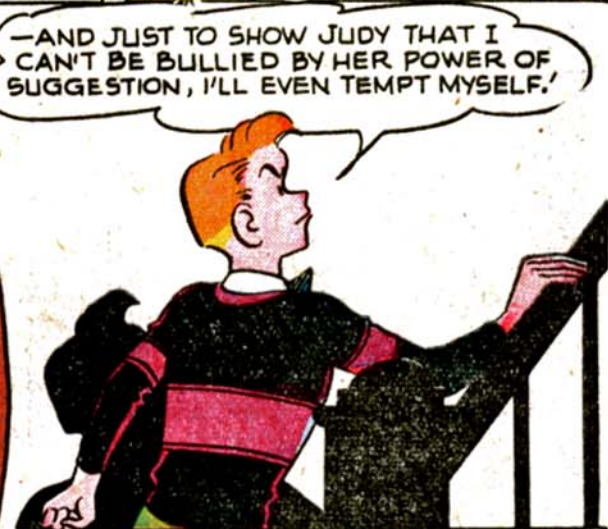
OH, DEAR! IT'S TWO-FORTY ALREADY! LET'S GO!'

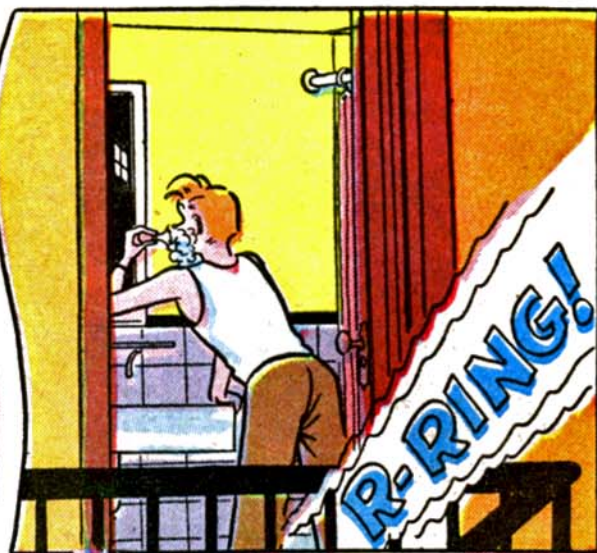
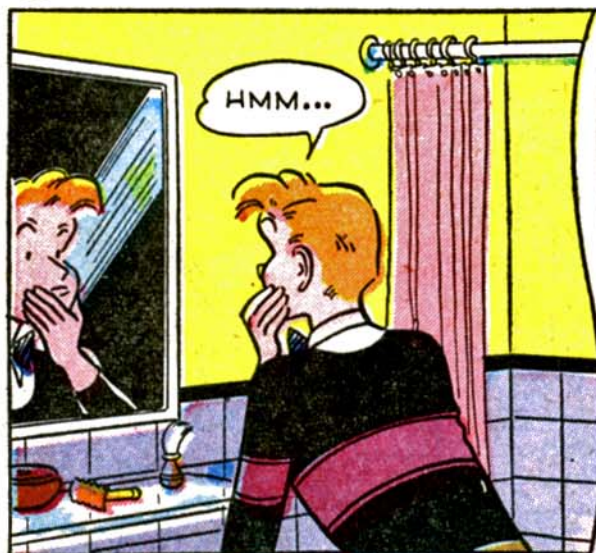
WHY? DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT?'

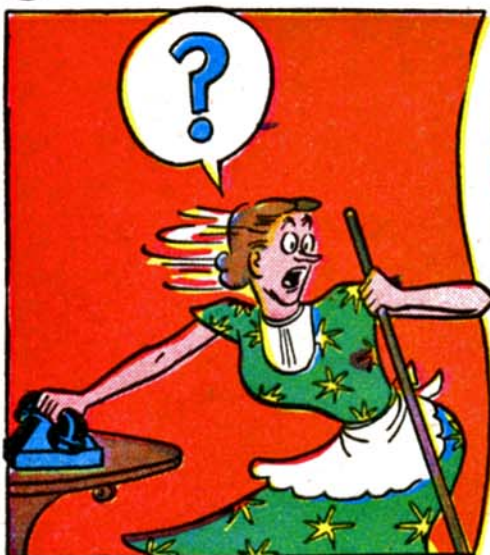
NO, BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO SHAVE AT THREE, YOU'D BETTER START FOR HOME NOW!'

BUT I TELL YOU I'M **NOT GOING TO SHAVE AT THREE!**

THERE'S NO USE ARGUING, OOGIE! YOU'RE GOING TO SHAVE AT THREE WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!'







?

SHAVING?? OOGIE! DID YOU SAY YOU WERE SHAVING?

MOM! PLEASE DON'T YELL AT ME! I ALMOST CUT MYSELF!

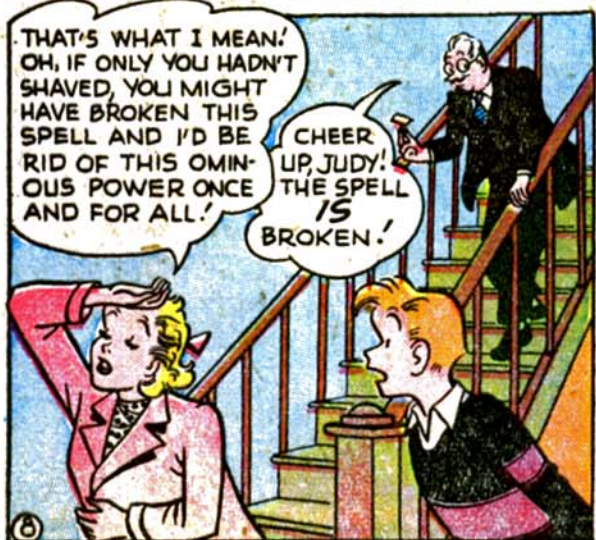
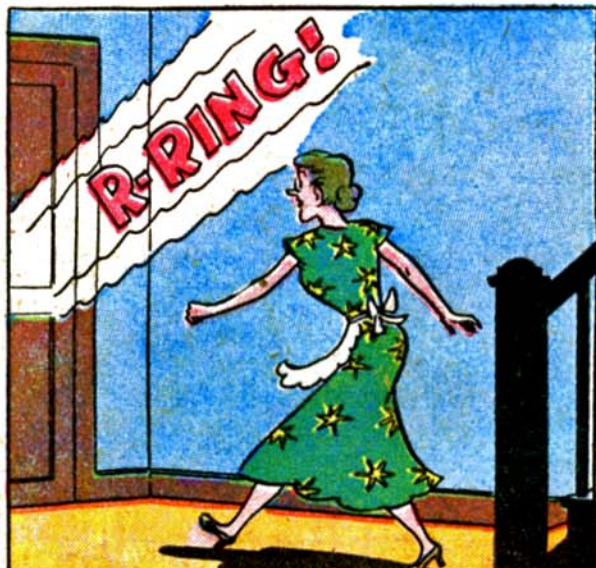
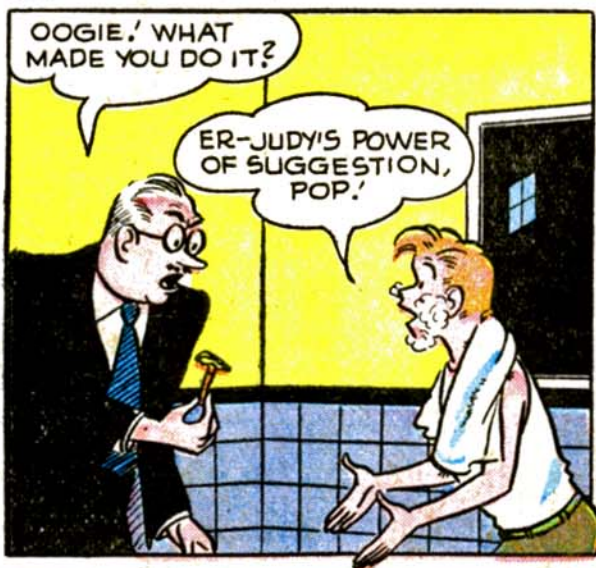
ER-YES, MOTHER!

YOUNG MAN, YOU PUT YOUR FATHER'S RAZOR AWAY THIS INSTANT!

HELLO, DEAR!

THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HOME! GO RIGHT UP AND TALK TO THAT SON OF YOURS! I CAUGHT HIM SHAVING WITH YOUR RAZOR!

GREAT SCOTT! AT HIS AGE? OOGIE!



# BOB LEMON

STAR PITCHER  
OF WORLD  
CHAMPION  
CLEVELAND  
INDIANS

LEMON'S PITCHING -  
HAD HIS WHEATIES

PICKED BY  
SPORTING NEWS AS  
TOP PITCHER IN AMERICAN  
LEAGUE LAST SEASON, LEMON  
WAS A TWENTY GAME WINNER.  
ADDED TWO MORE VICTORIES IN  
WORLD SERIES.

WHO SEZ  
PITCHERS CAN'T  
HIT!

SWITCHED FROM  
OUTFIELD TO PITCHING,  
LEMON TOOK BATTING  
EYE WITH HIM.  
BELTED FIVE HOME  
RUNS LAST SEASON!

GEE, NOT  
EVEN A  
SCRATCH!

YEAH - HE  
EATS WHEATIES

LEMON'S AMAZING  
RECORD INCLUDED TEN SHUTOUTS.  
REACHED PEAK WHEN HE TAMED  
DETROIT TIGERS WITH BRILLIANT  
NO-HIT, NO-RUN PERFORMANCE.

JUST IN CASE---

LEMON WAS HARDEST-WORKING  
PITCHER IN AMERICAN LEAGUE.  
PITCHED 294 INNINGS - SPARKED  
CLEVELAND'S PENNANT DRIVE.  
"I CALL ON WHEATIES OFTEN,"  
SAYS BOB. "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT  
FLAKES TASTE SWELL, AND  
GIVE YOU REAL NOURISHMENT."

WHEATIES.

**"BREAKFAST  
OF  
CHAMPIONS"**

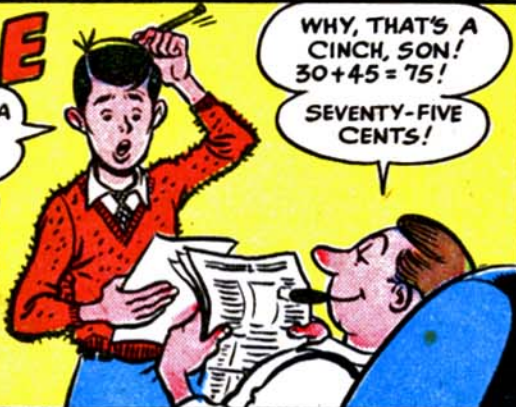
WITH MILK  
AND FRUIT



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

# HOWIE

HEY, POP--I'VE GOT A PROBLEM IN MATH HERE! IF A PERSON HAS 30¢, AND IT COSTS 75¢ TO GO TO THE MOVIES--HOW MUCH MORE DOES HE NEED?



WHY, THAT'S A CINCH, SON!  
 $30 + 45 = 75!$

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS!

HOW'D YOU GET THAT ANSWER?

I TOLD YOU!  
 $30 \text{ PLUS } 45$   
 $\text{IS } 75!$

UNDERSTAND?



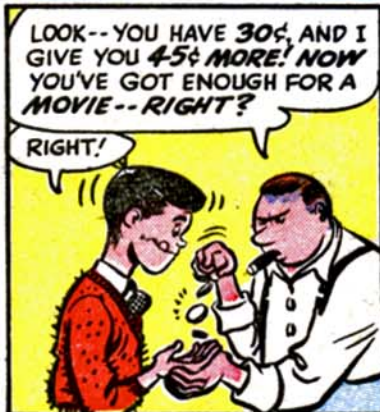
NO, I *STILL* DON'T GET IT...

I'LL EXPLAIN IT *ONCE MORE!*

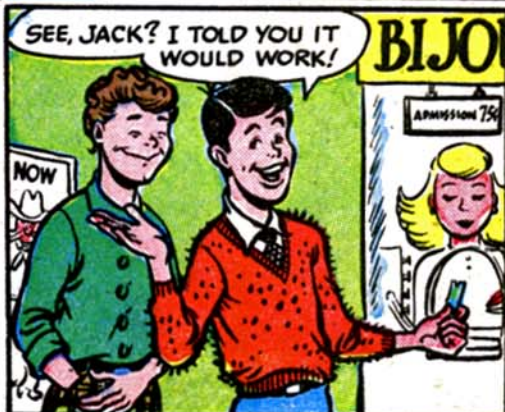


LOOK--YOU HAVE 30¢, AND I GIVE YOU 45¢ *MORE!* NOW YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH FOR A MOVIE--*RIGHT?*

RIGHT!



SEE, JACK? I TOLD YOU IT WOULD WORK!



## Message to Parents

### IF POLIO HITS YOUR AREA THIS YEAR...

#### SEE THAT YOUR CHILDREN...

**AVOID Chilling.** Take off wet clothes and shoes at once. Keep dry shoes, sweaters, blankets and coats handy for sudden weather changes.

**AVOID Over-Fatigue.** Too active play, late hours, worry, irregular living schedules may invite a more serious form of the disease.

**AVOID Swimming** in water which has not been declared safe by your health department.

**AVOID Crowds and New Contacts** in trains, buses or boats, if possible; avoid crowded places where one may be close to another's breath or cough.

**Keep clean.** Wash hands after going to toilet and before eating. Keep food covered and free from flies and other insects. Burn or bury garbage not tightly covered. Avoid using another's pencil, handkerchief, utensil or food touched by soiled hands.

Call Your Doctor at once if there are symptoms of head-ache, nausea, upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, or unexplained fever.

PREPARED IN COOPERATION WITH  
THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS





# A DATE WITH JUDY

R-RING!



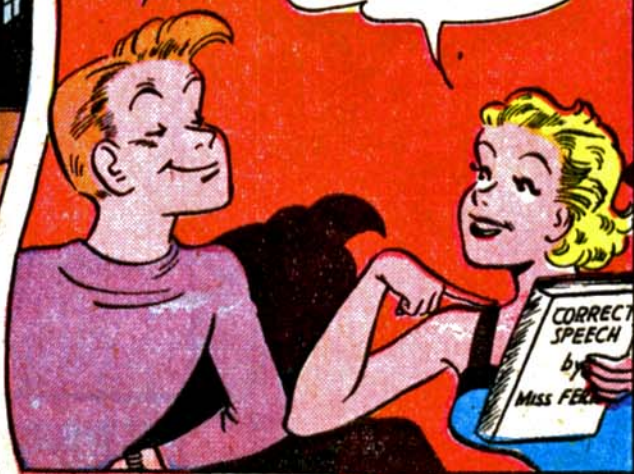
HIYA, JUDY!  
ARE YA READY?

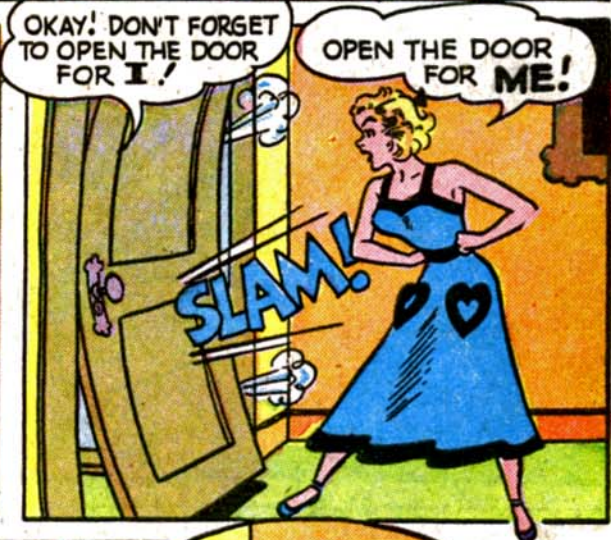
ARE **YOU** READY,  
OOGIE.

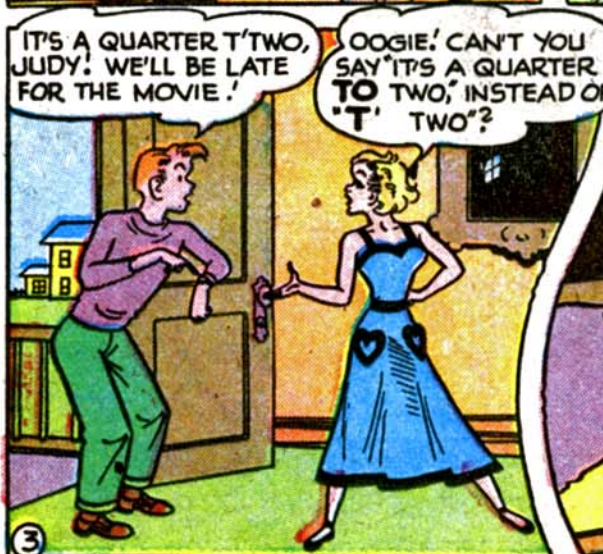
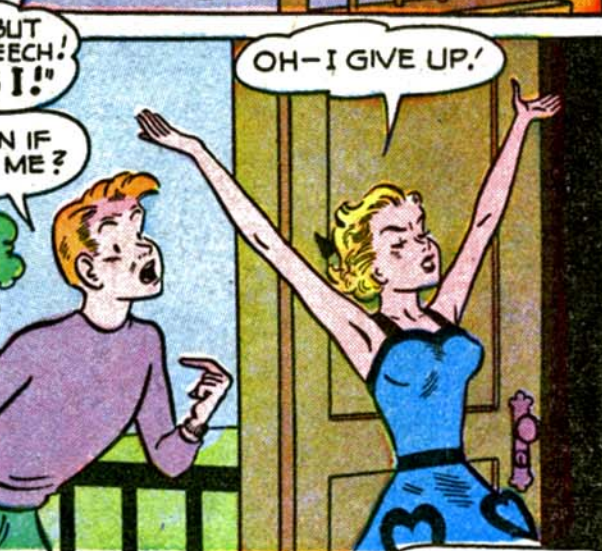


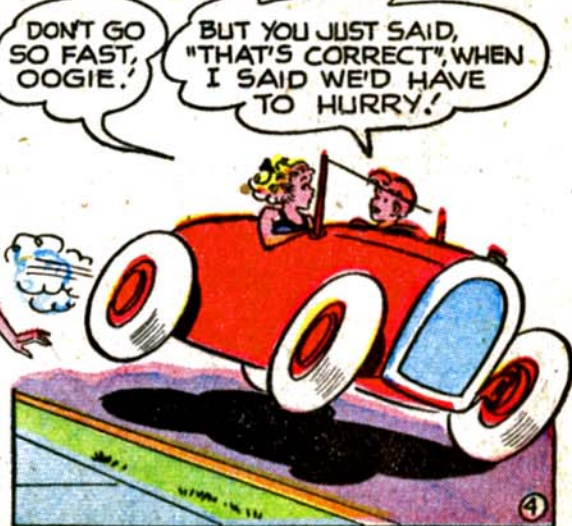
I ASKED YOU  
FIRST!

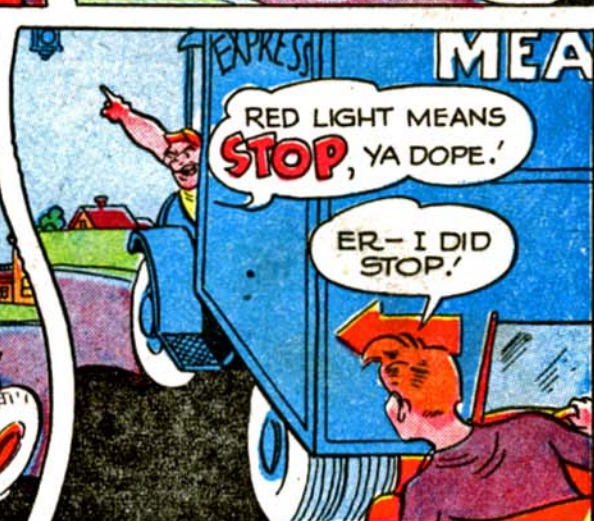
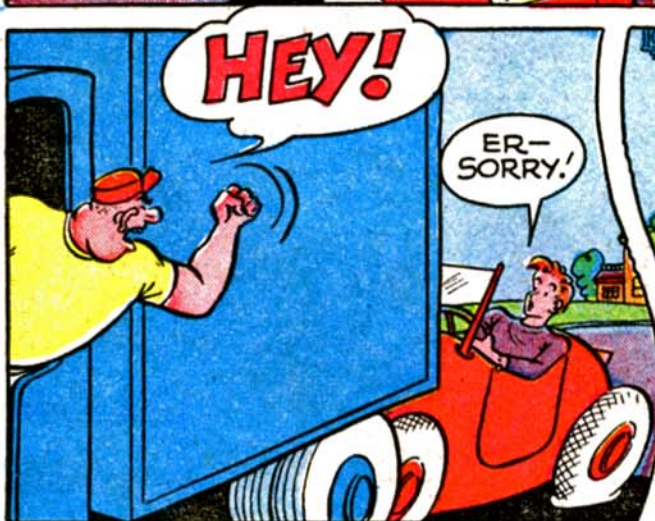
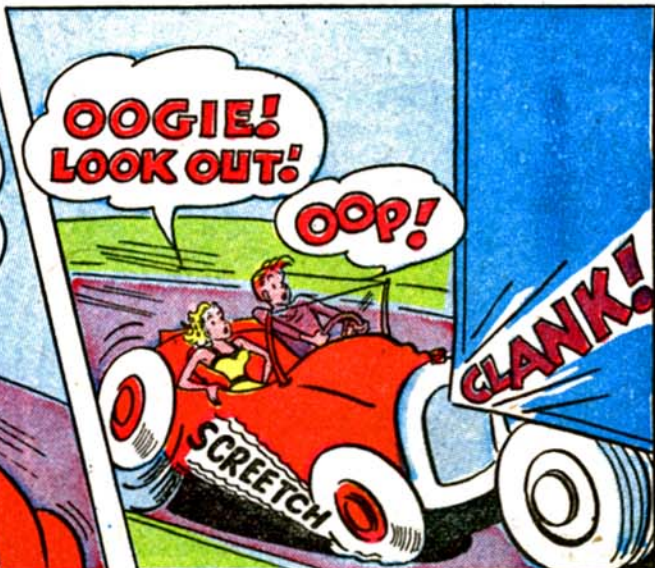
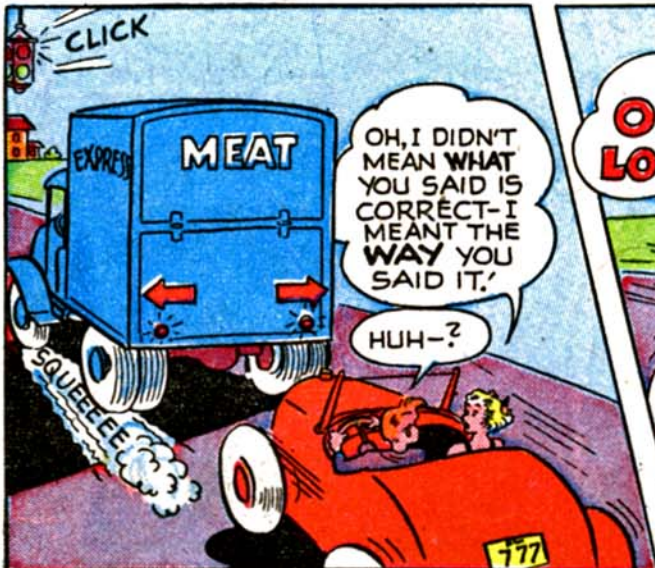
OH - I'M NOT ASKING  
YOU IF YOU'RE READY--  
I'M CORRECTING YOUR  
SPEECH! SEE--?

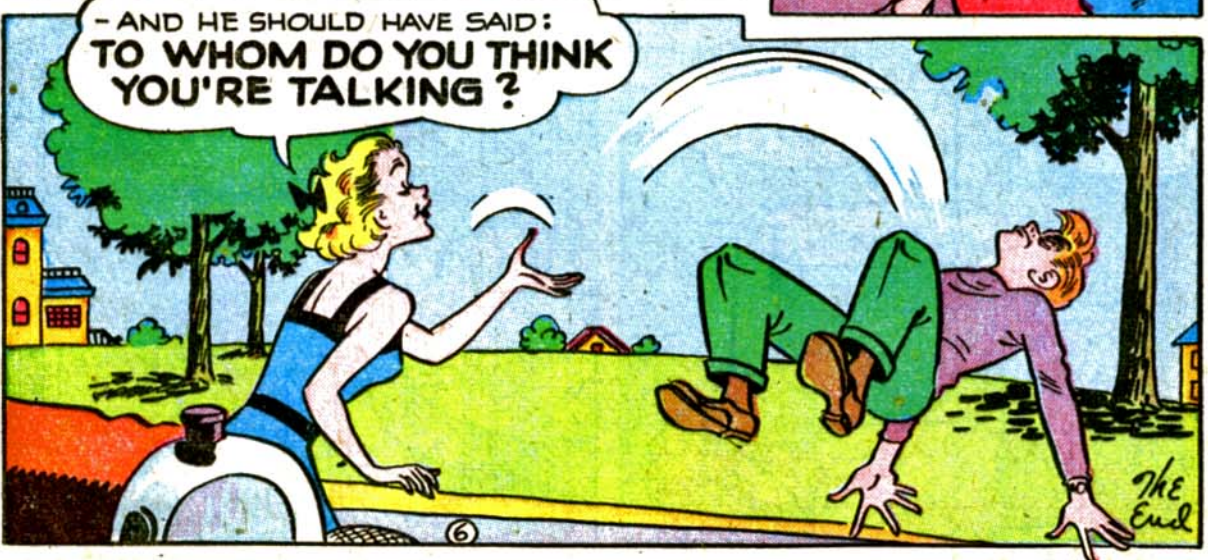
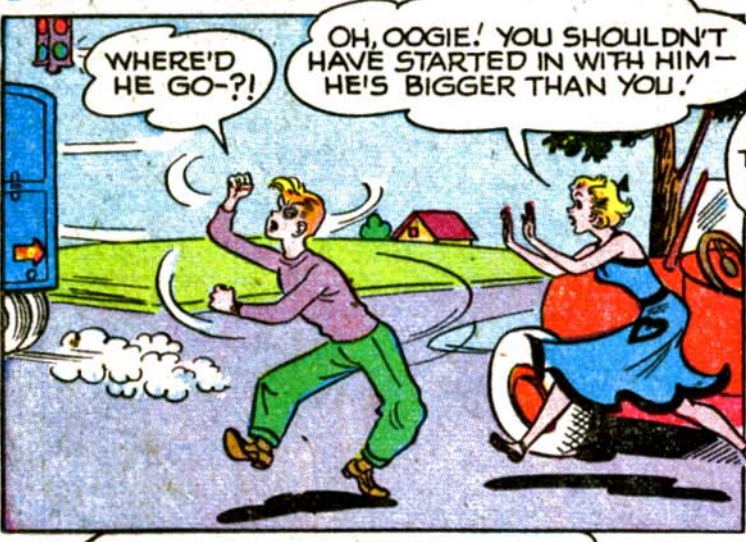












# CHAMP to CHUMP-AND BACK AGAIN

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY

OUR STAR PLAYER 'FELL APART' JUST A WEEK BEFORE THE BIG GAME...

GOLLY, A SQUEEZE PLAY IS NO GOOD WITH A SLOW RUNNER!

...AND HE USED TO BE SO FAST ON HIS FEET!

THAT BUNT DIDN'T DO MUCH GOOD, BOB. WHAT WAS THE MATTER?

CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT, MY LEGS JUST DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY SPEED OR DRIVE, MR. WISE.

HEY--THOSE SNEAKERS! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR "P-F"'S?

LOST 'EM. THOUGHT MAYBE I COULD GET BY WITH THESE.

**WHAT JIM TOLD BOB ABOUT "P-F"**  
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



TRADE MARK

**"P-F"** MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

...SO YOU SEE IT MAKES A LOT OF DIFFERENCE!

BOY, I'M OFF TO FIX THAT RIGHT NOW!

**NEXT WEEK...THE BIG GAME...**

ZOWIE! WE WON ON THAT SQUEEZE BUNT.

WATTA QUICK START HE GOT! BOB SURE HAS HIS SPEED BACK-WITH HIS "P-F"'S.

"P-F"'S WILL HELP MAKE YOU A BETTER PLAYER, TOO. GET YOURS NOW!



**"P-F" CANVAS SHOES**  
MADE ONLY BY  
**B.F. Goodrich AND**  
**Hood Rubber Co.**

# LIZ

OH, INCIDENTALLY, CAROLINE--THAT NEW FELLOW WHO MOVED INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS CALLING ON ME THIS AFTERNOON! HIS NAME IS BERT!

BUT, LIZ! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING STEADY WITH FREDDIE!

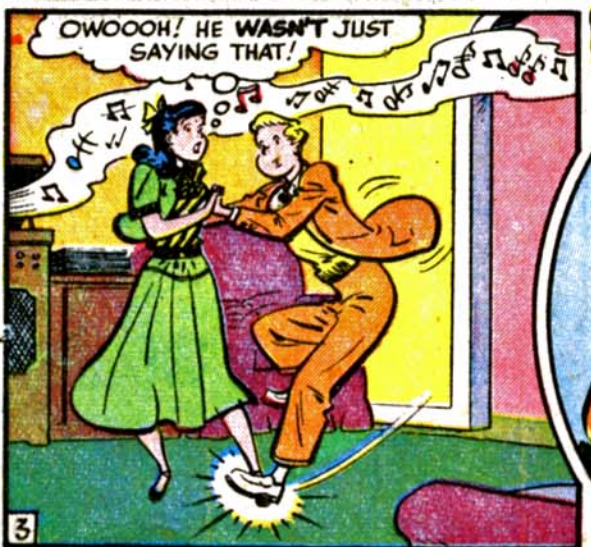
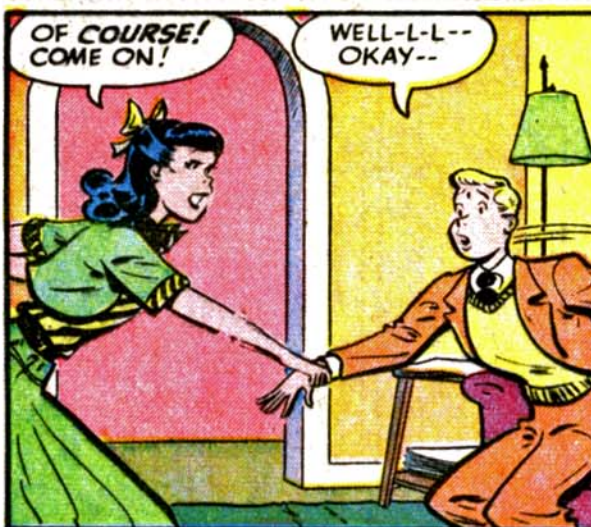
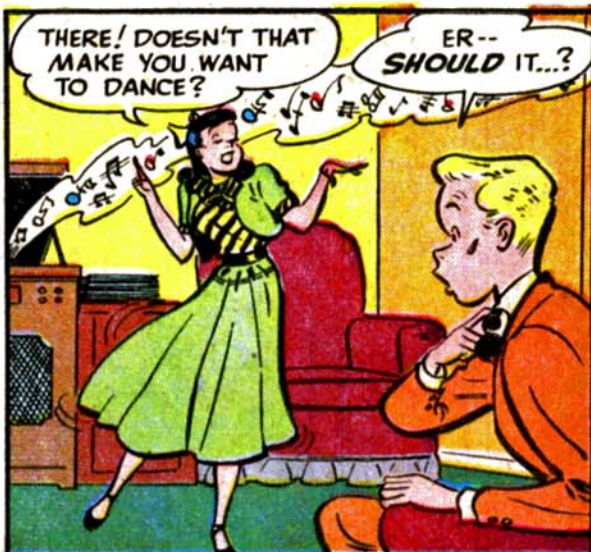
I **AM!** BUT I DON'T WANT FREDDIE TO TAKE ME FOR GRANTED!

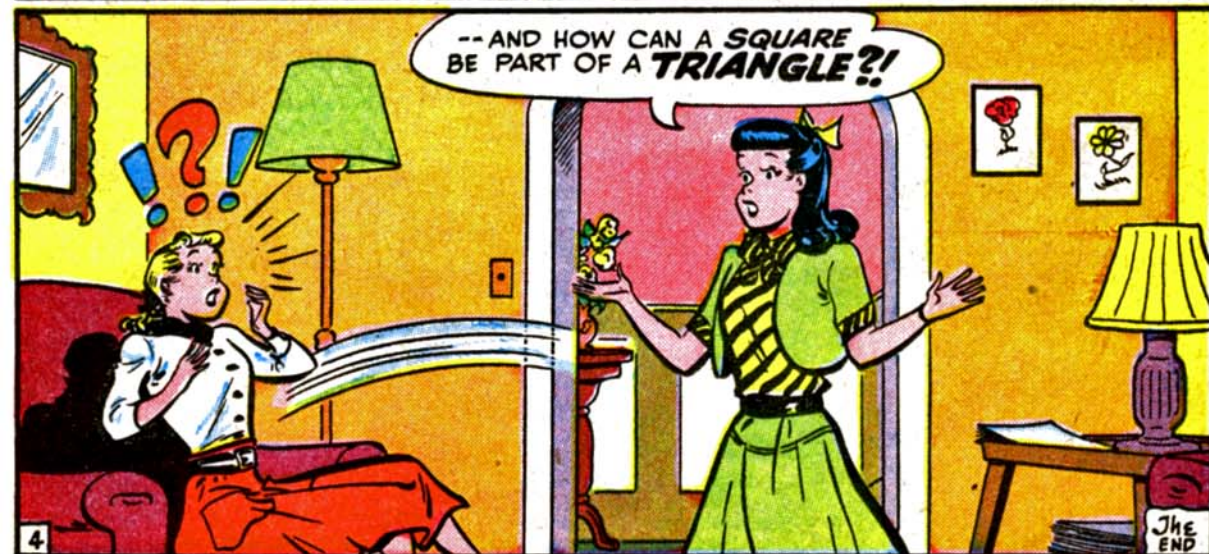
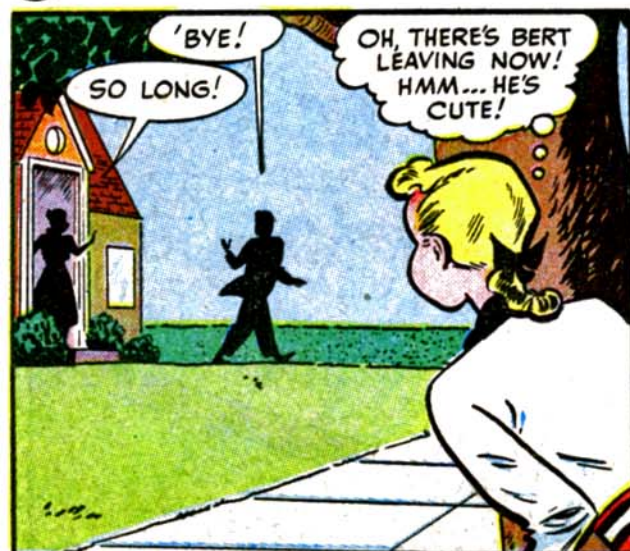
OH, I SEE--  
**COMPETITION!**  
THAT'S WHERE  
'BERT COMES IN!

RIGHT! WELL, I'VE GOT TO RUN ALONG HOME NOW-- BERT WILL BE ARRIVING SOON!

HAVE FUN,  
LIZ! SEE YOU  
LATER!



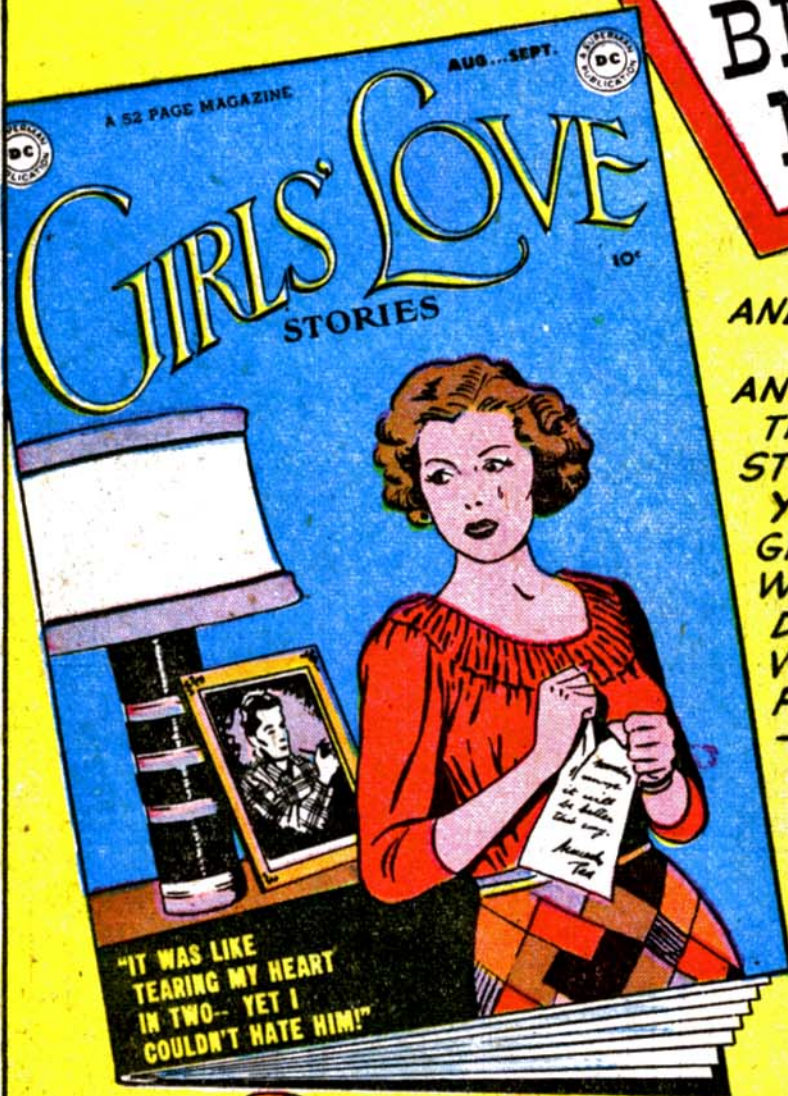






# STORIES TO WARM YOUR HEART!

**BRAND  
NEW!**



*ROMANCE  
AND YOUNG LOVE...  
HAPPINESS  
AND HEARTACHE...  
TRUE-TO-LIFE  
STORIES ABOUT  
YOUR KIND OF  
GIRL - THE GIRL  
WHO IS FOREVER  
DREAMING OF AND  
WAITING FOR HER  
PRINCE CHARMING  
-BUT A GIRL WHO  
IS MODERN AND  
COURAGEOUS  
ENOUGH TO FIGHT  
TO HOLD  
HIS LOVE WHEN  
HE DOES  
COME ALONG!*

**DON'T MISS THIS FIRST  
BIG ISSUE!**



**ON SALE EVERYWHERE**





A DATE WITH

JUDY

GOOD NIGHT,  
MR. AND MRS.  
FOSTER.'

GOOD NIGHT,  
FOLKS.'

HAVE A GOOD  
TIME, CHILDREN.'

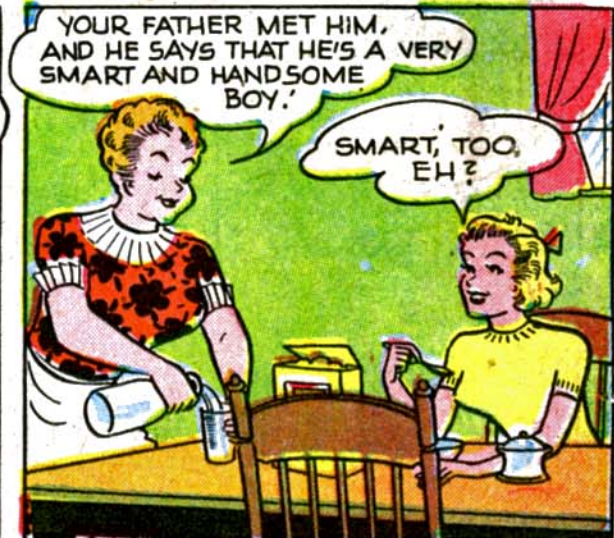
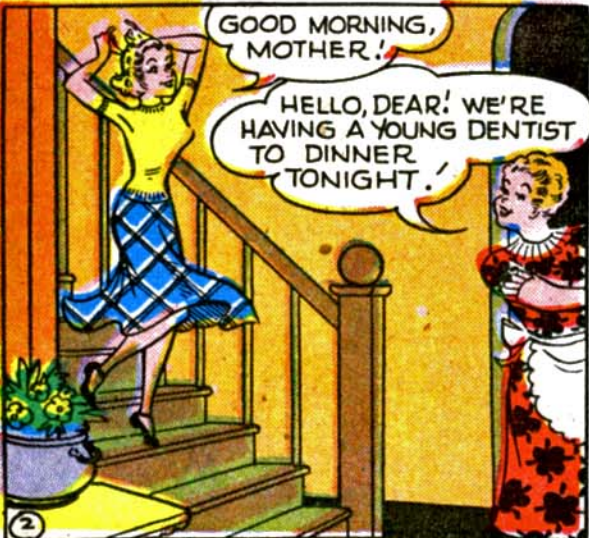
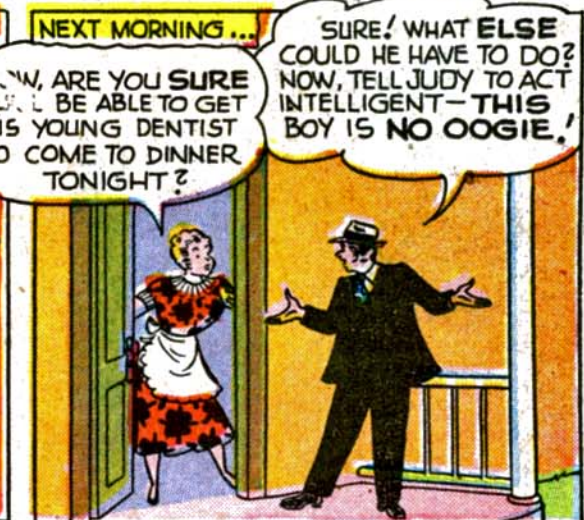
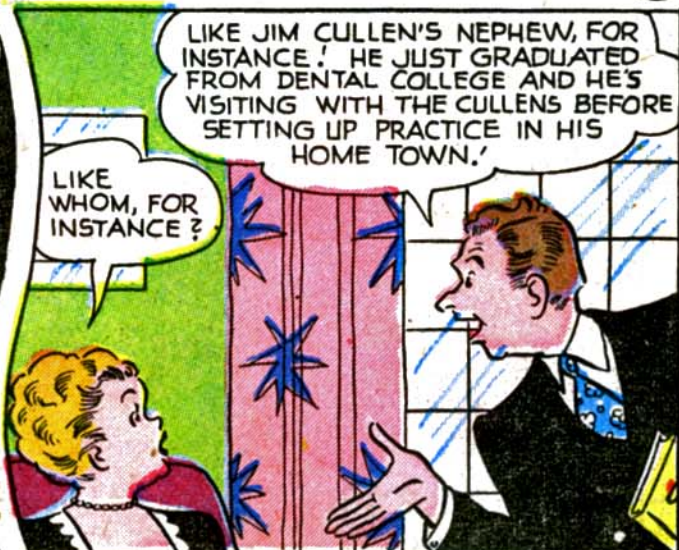
AND DON'T BRING  
JUDY HOME TOO LATE,  
OOGIE.'

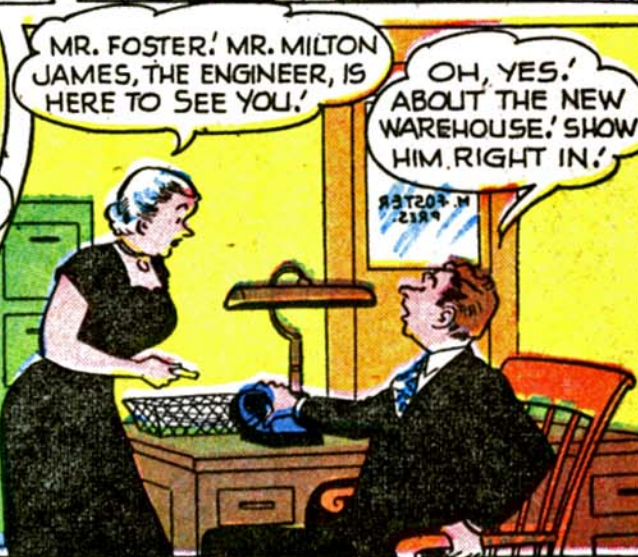
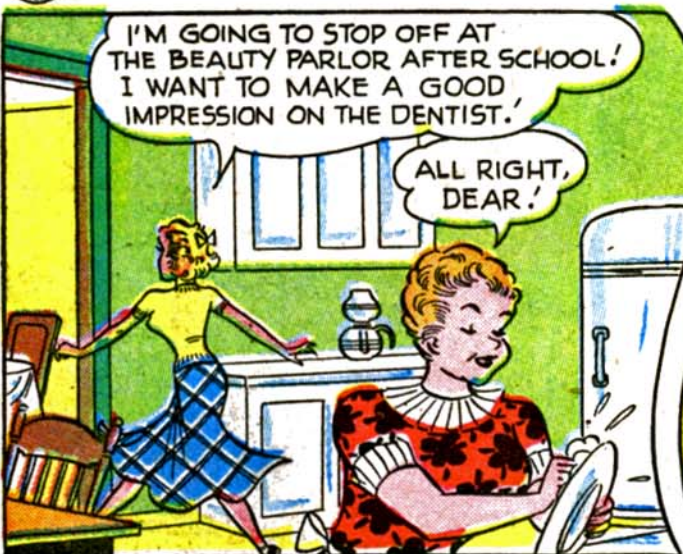
OH, MELVIN!  
DID YOU HAVE TO  
SAY THAT?

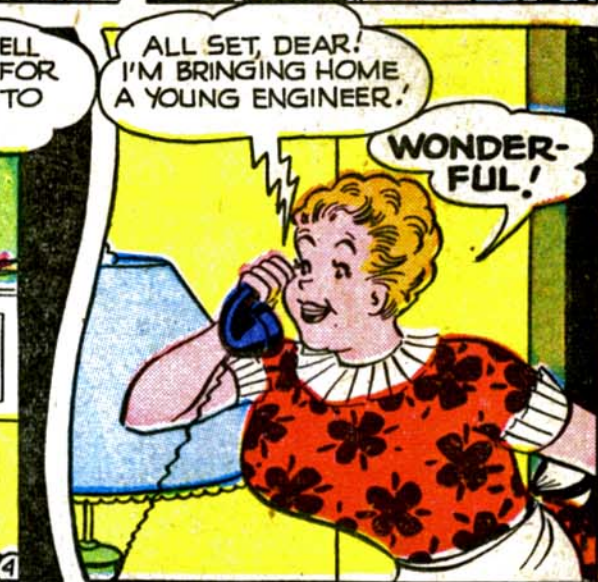
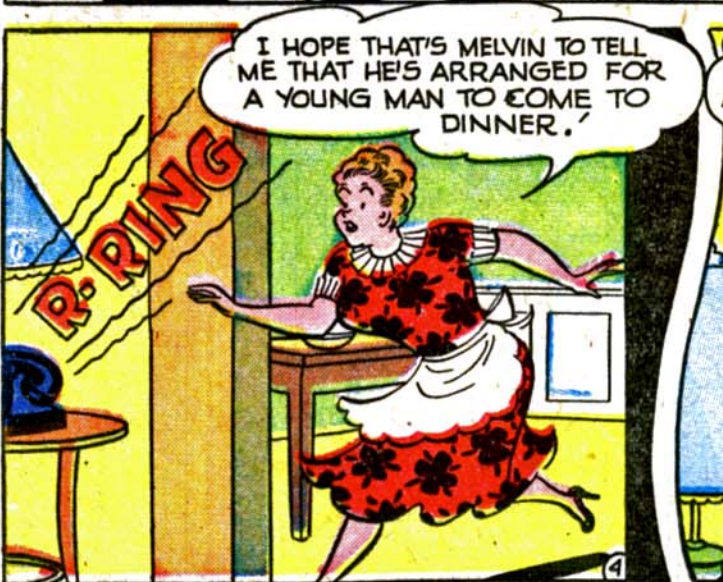
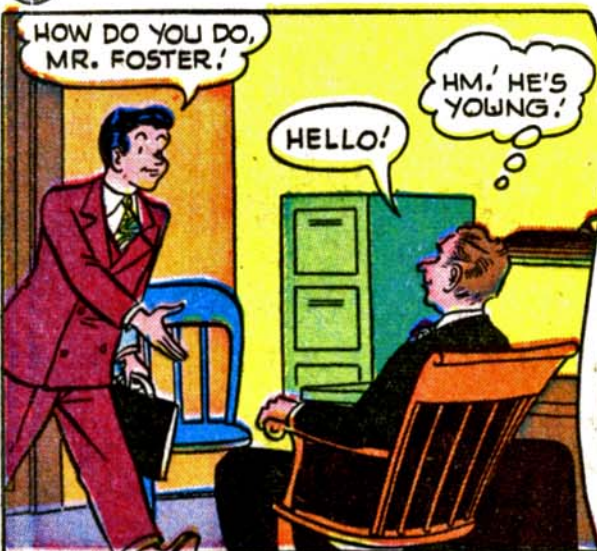
SAY WHAT?

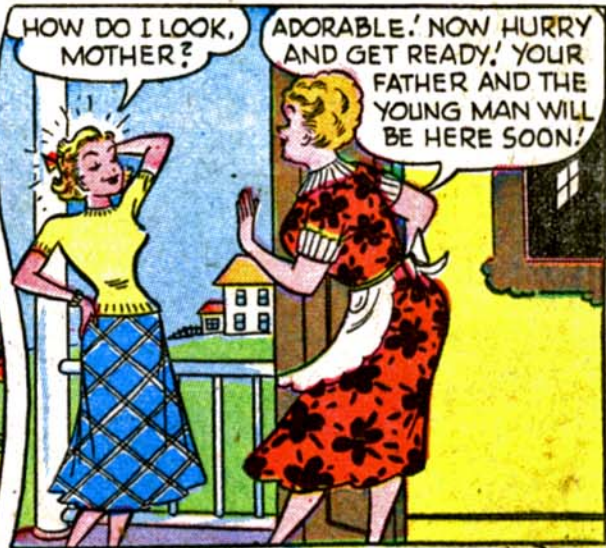
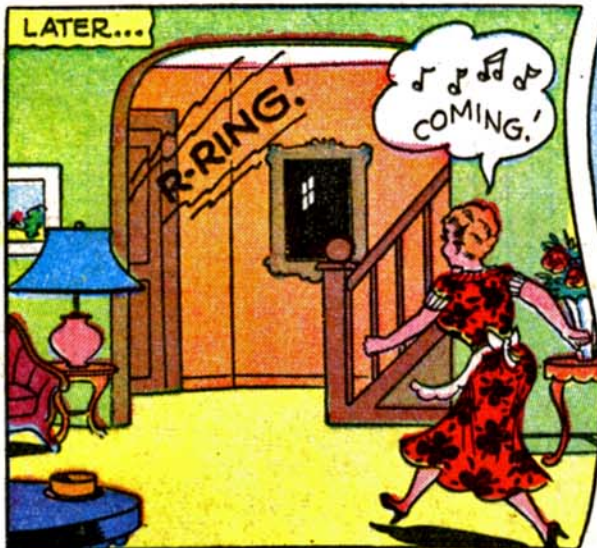
YOU TOLD OOGIE  
NOT TO BRING  
JUDY HOME TOO  
LATE.' THAT'S  
AN AFFRONT TO  
HIS OWN GOOD  
JUDGMENT.'

OH—THAT! OOGIE  
WON'T TAKE OFFENSE!  
HE'S TOO SIMPLE.'









SHORTLY...

ER-MILTON! DO YOU MIND DISCUSSING YOUR WORK?

MIND? I LOVE THE SUBJECT! BUT I SHOULD THINK YOU'D FIND IT DULL!

NOT AT ALL! I THINK IT'S MOST INTERESTING! ER-WOULDN'T YOU SAY THAT BRIDGE WORK IS EXTREMELY INTRICATE?

WELL, I GUESS SO! BUT UNTIL NOW, I'VE NEVER DONE ANY!

BUT I'M SURE YOU MUST KNOW ALL ABOUT BRIDGES!

DORA! DIDN'T YOU TELL JUDY THAT MILTON'S NOT THE DENTIST?

OH, DEAR! I FORGOT!

INCIDENTALLY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY TEETH?

SURE! I STUDIED BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION IN SCHOOL!

I WONDER IF I'LL EVER NEED A BRIDGE!?

HA! WHAT WOULD YOU EVER NEED A BRIDGE FOR?

I AM! I'M CROSSING MY FINGERS!

CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING, DORA?

WHO CAN TELL— I MIGHT NEED ONE SOME DAY! JUST HOW WOULD YOU GO ABOUT MAKING A BRIDGE FOR ME?

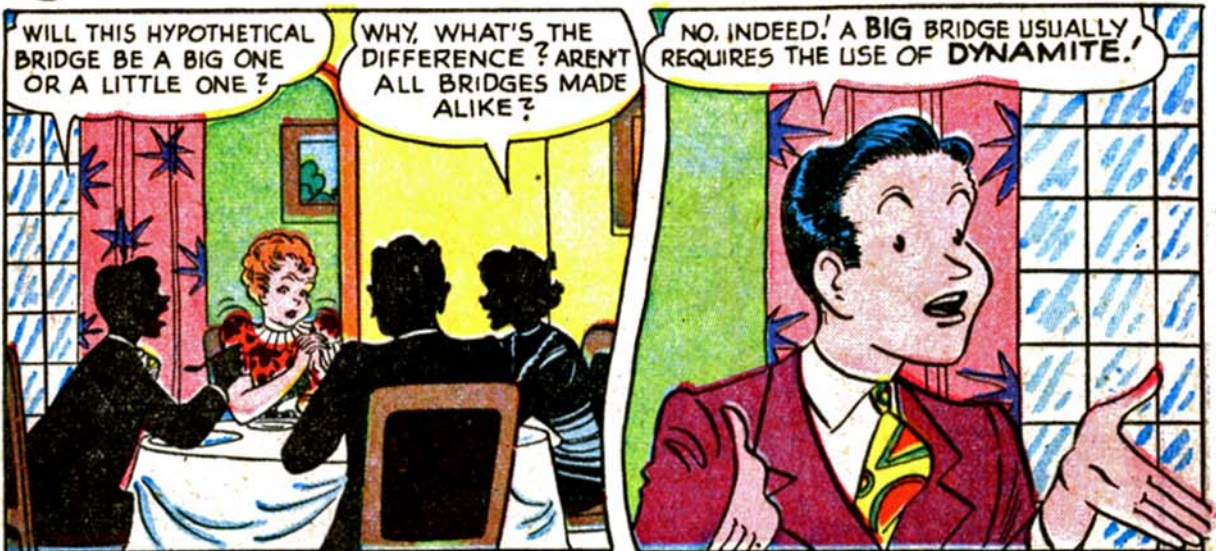
WELL, LET'S SEE NOW...



WILL THIS HYPOTHETICAL  
BRIDGE BE A BIG ONE  
OR A LITTLE ONE?

WHY, WHAT'S THE  
DIFFERENCE? AREN'T  
ALL BRIDGES MADE  
ALIKE?

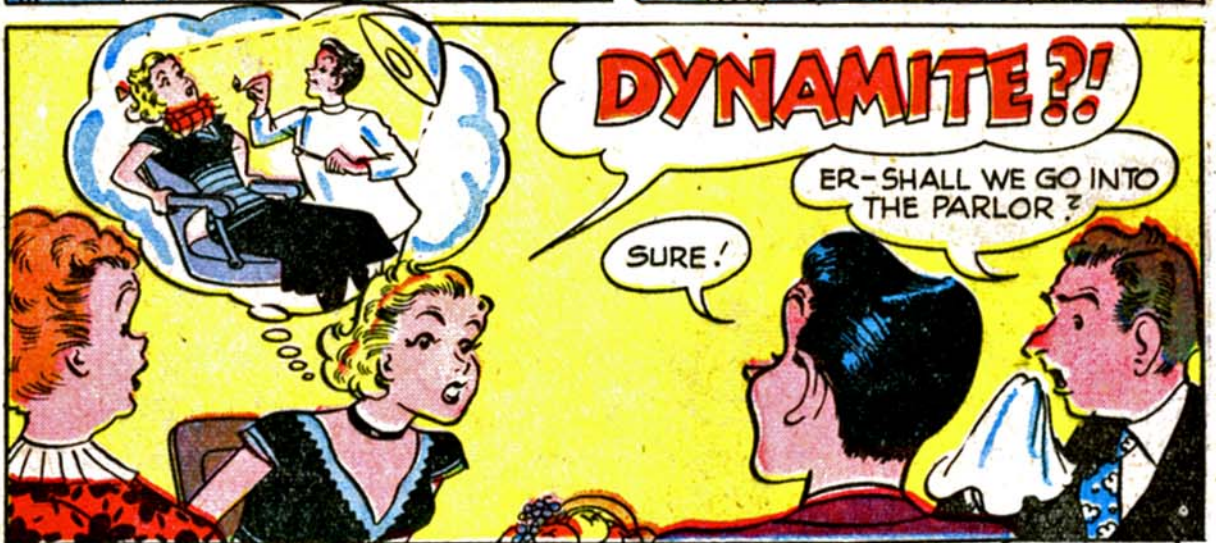
NO, INDEED! A BIG BRIDGE USUALLY  
REQUIRES THE USE OF **DYNAMITE!**



**DYNAMITE?!**

ER—SHALL WE GO INTO  
THE PARLOR?

SURE!



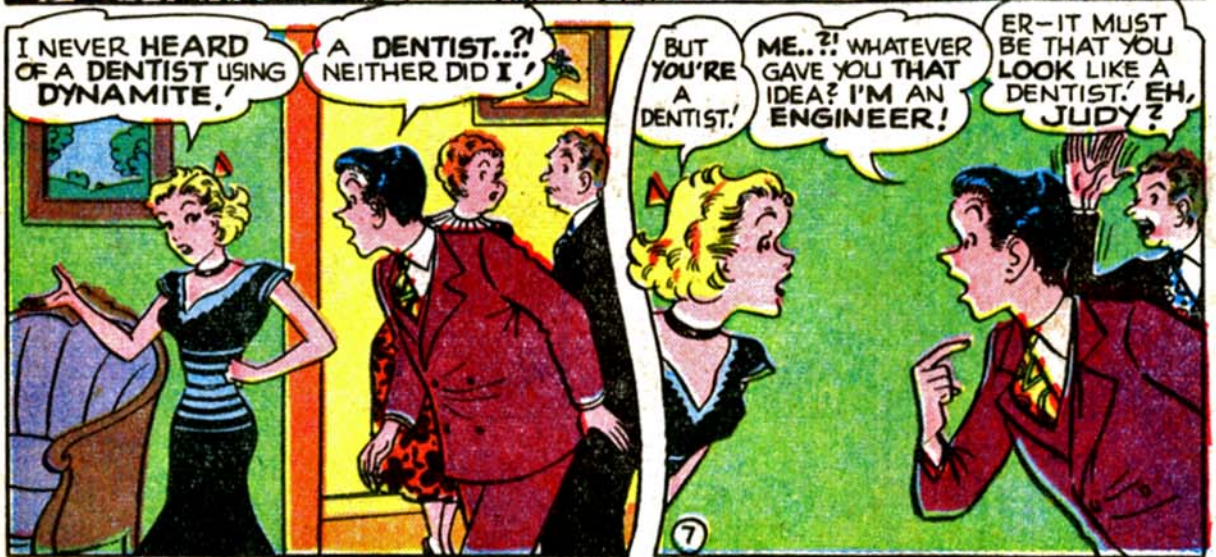
I NEVER HEARD  
OF A DENTIST USING  
**DYNAMITE!**

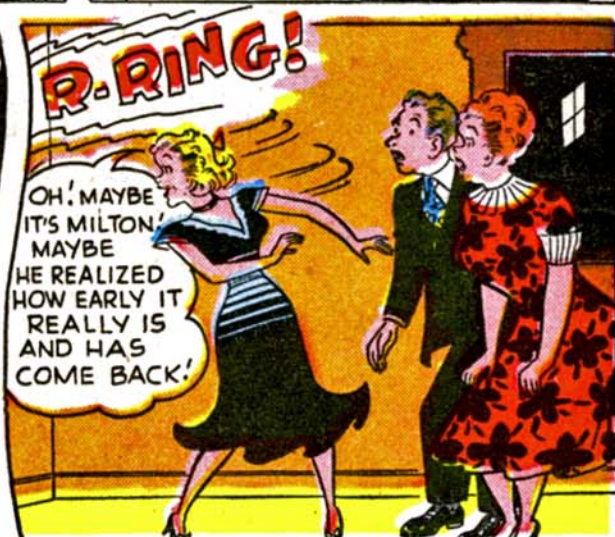
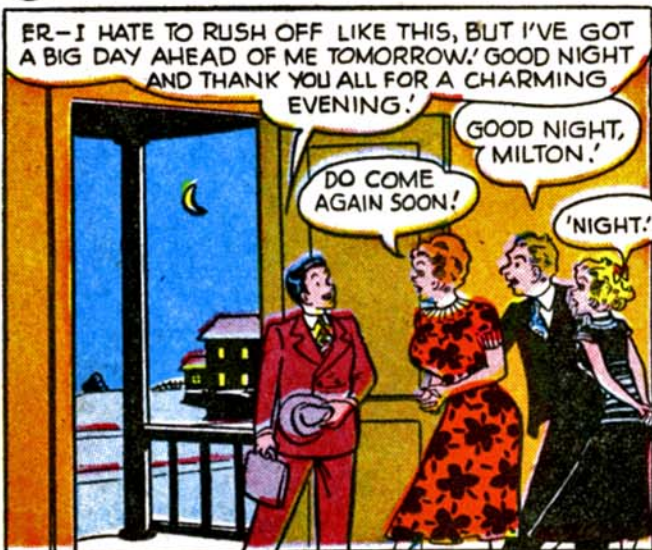
A DENTIST...?!  
NEITHER DID I!

BUT  
YOU'RE  
A  
DENTIST!

ME...?! WHATEVER  
GAVE YOU THAT  
IDEA? I'M AN  
ENGINEER!

ER—IT MUST  
BE THAT YOU  
LOOK LIKE A  
DENTIST, EH,  
JUDY?





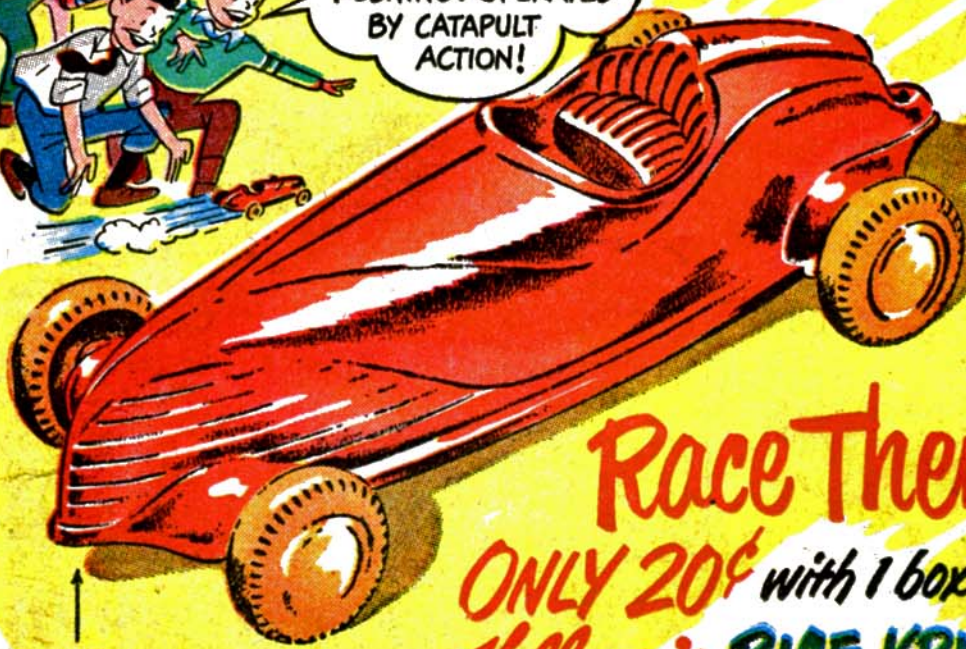
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NO WINDING! NO  
PUSHING! OPERATES  
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ACTION!

ACTUAL SIZE SHOWN

METAL LAUNCHER  
sets off the catapult  
action. Insert, re-  
lease, it's off — do  
it with one hand! Full  
instructions  
come with the racer



TORPEDO BODY of bright,  
durable plastic, with  
metal axles, wheels of  
contrasting color!

**Race Them!**  
**ONLY 20¢** with 1 box top from  
**Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES**

IT'S A WOW! A new, durable, plastic racing car that operates by catapult action! A bang-up hit with the kids and grownups who have seen it! A genuine bargain for you and your friends! For each jet-model racer, mail your name and full address with 20 cents and a Kellogg's Rice Krispies box top to: Kellogg's, Box 316, New York 8, N. Y. Order quickly! Order as many as you want!

**USE THIS EASY COUPON!**

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Yes, send me right away ..... (number) Jet-Model Racer(s). For each Racer I enclose 20 cents in coin and a separate top (marked "top") from a package of Kellogg's Rice Krispies.

Print all this:

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Address

City or RFD  Zone  State

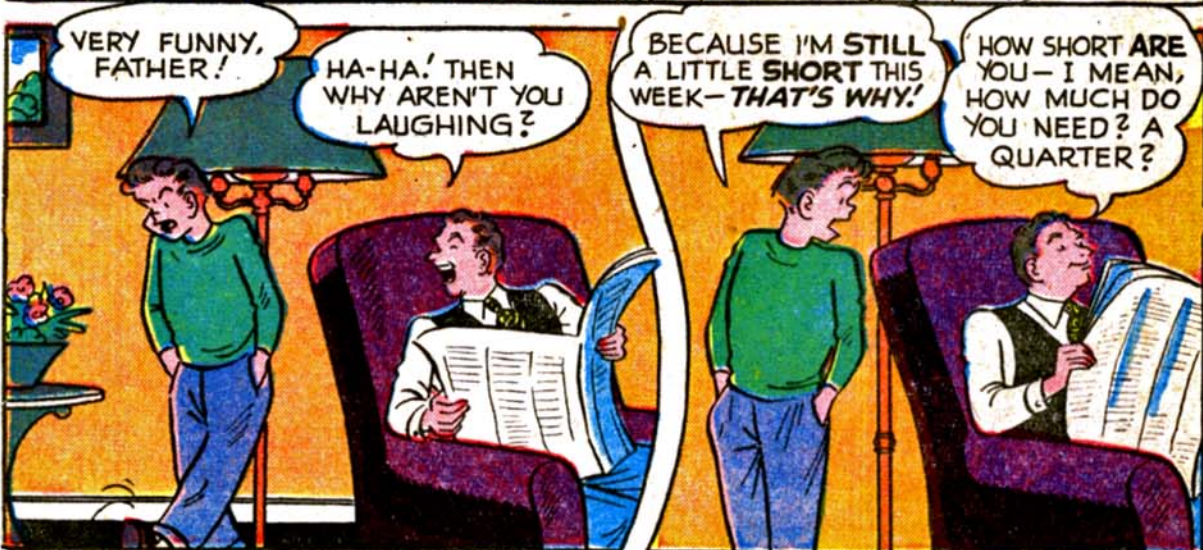
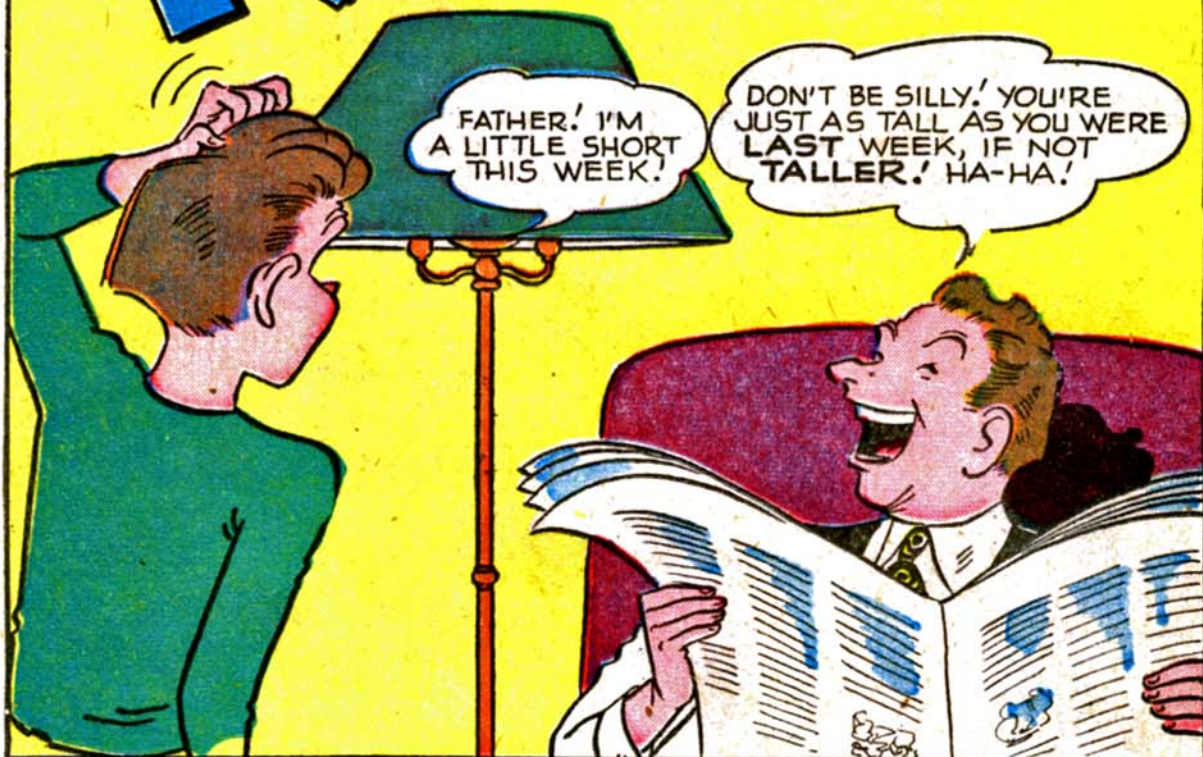
This offer limited to residents of U. S. only.

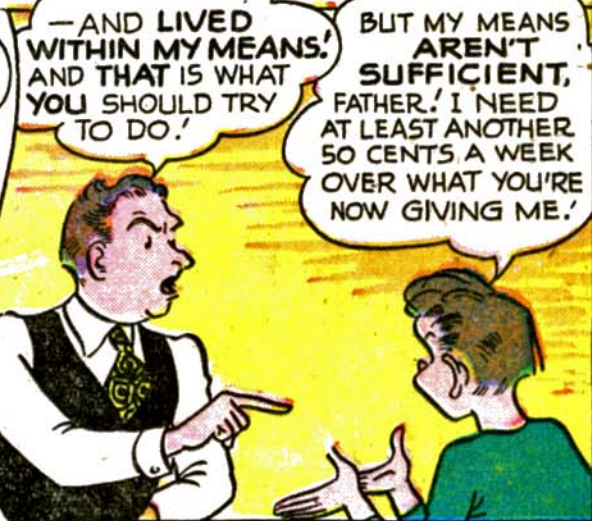
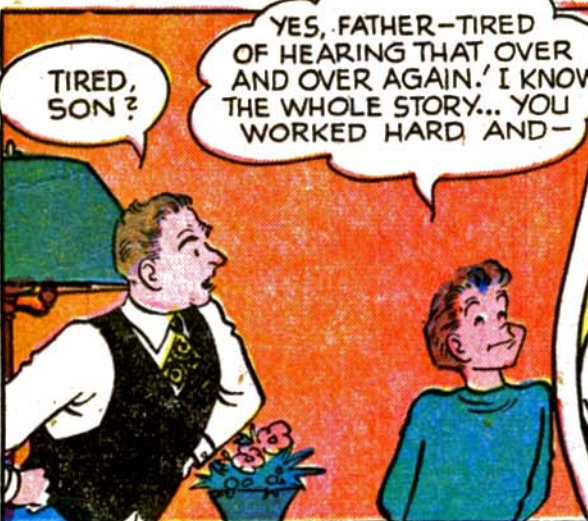
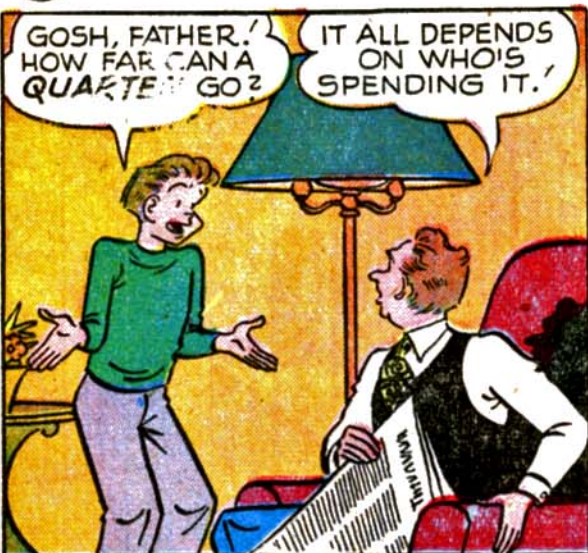
Copyright 1949, by Kellogg Co.

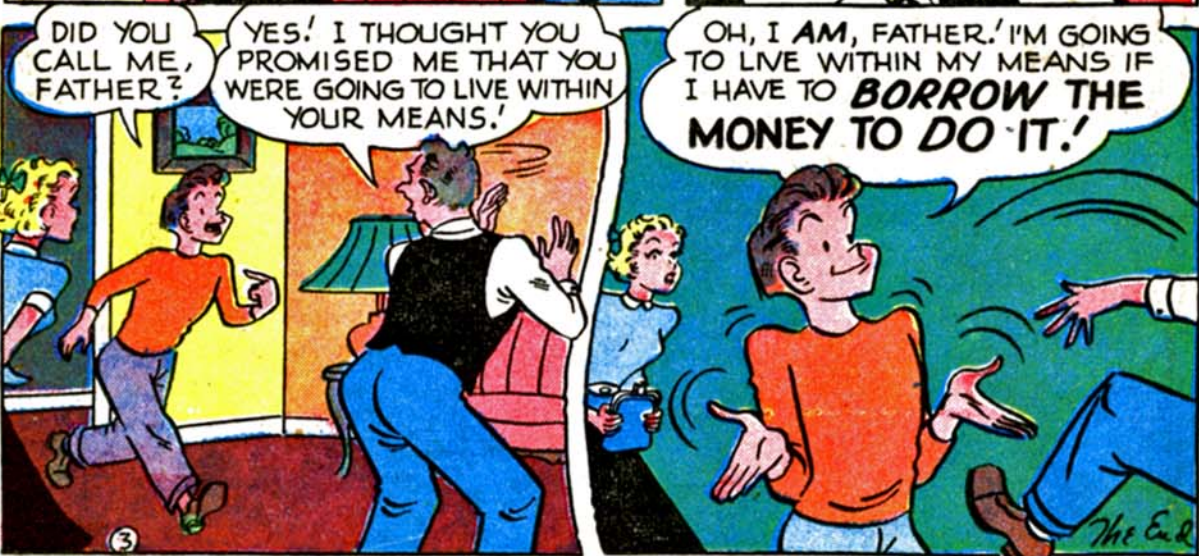
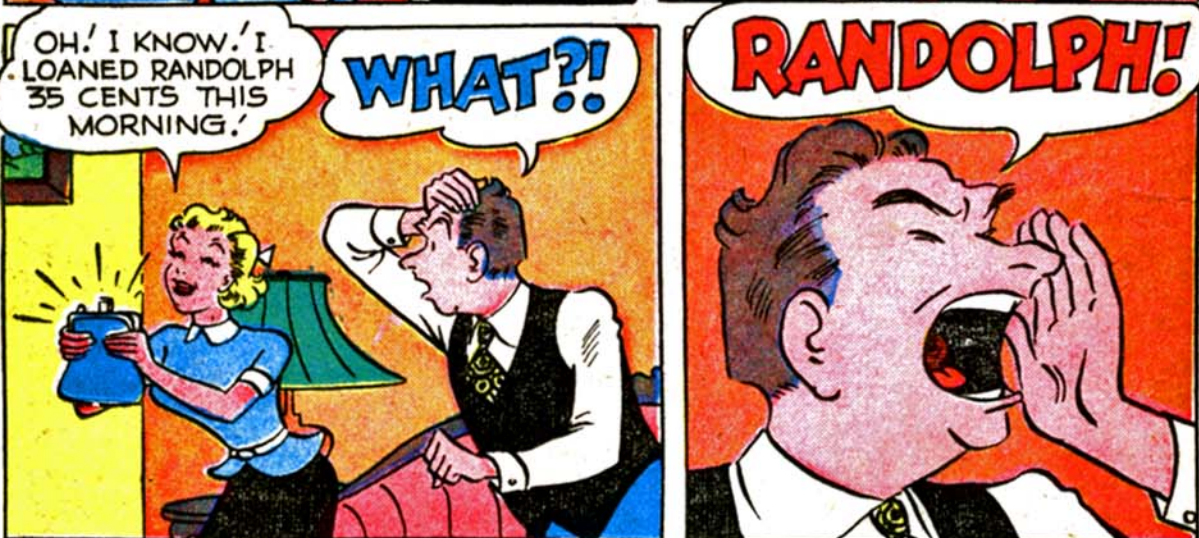
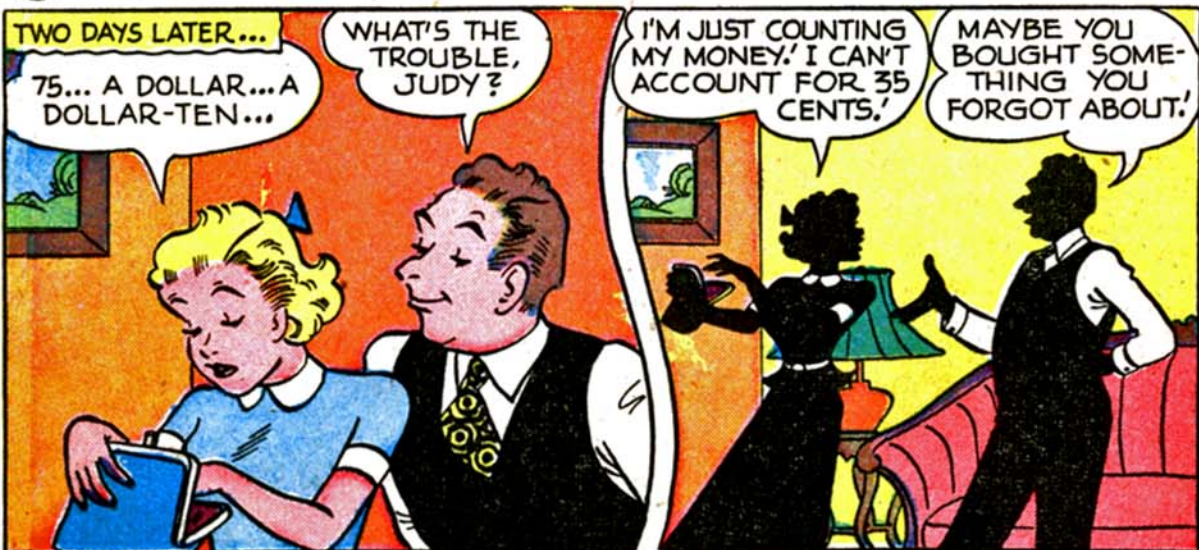


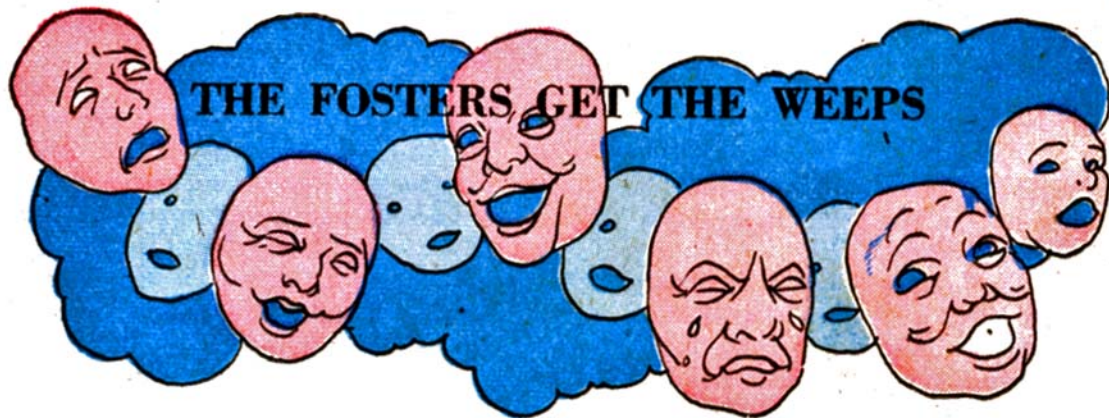


# RANDOLPH









**T**HE Foster family was spending a quiet evening at home.

Mr. Foster was nose deep in the sports page of the evening paper. Mrs. Foster was frowning at the editorial page and making severe, black exclamation points in the margin. Randolph was working a crossword puzzle in Old English. Judy, curled deep in one corner of the sofa, was absorbed in reading a book she had dug out of the attic that afternoon.

It was very quiet—so quiet you could have heard a tear drop. The Fosters did. They heard a heavy splash, a couple of sniff-sniffs, and then more splashes as the tears rolled off Judy's cheeks onto the book in her lap.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster looked up startled. Randolph just grinned.

"Hah!" he said. "She's at it again!"

"At what?" whispered Mr. Foster, with a worried look at Judy.

"At the weeps," explained Randolph. "It's girl-stuff. They like to cry!"

"Like to cry!! But why??"

"Why not ask Judy herself?" interrupted Mrs. Foster with a wise smile. "After all, *she's* the one who's crying—not Randolph!"

Mr. Foster cleared his throat apprehensively. "Uh—Judy—" he began, "Judy, dear—what's wrong with my little girl, hmm?"

Judy looked up. "Oh, it's you, Father!" she sniffed. "I'm all right, really I am. It's just this book!"

"That book?" exclaimed Mr. Foster. "You mean you're crying over *that book*? Well, I

never! I—I don't understand! Why on earth do you *read* it if it makes you feel so bad?!"

"Oh, I don't feel *bad* from it, Father," said Judy. "I feel *wonderful*! Simply *wonderful*!"

"See, Father?" said Randolph. "It's just as I said—the girl's just crazy about bawling! She's been doing it over that book all afternoon!"

"Randolph!" said Judy warningly. "You stay out of this!" She turned to her father once more. "You see, Father, it's all about a beautiful lady who is desperately in love with a handsome nobleman who is desperately in love with her. But her father disapproves and takes her to one end of the earth. And his father disapproves and takes him to the *other* end of the earth. And she yearns for him and he yearns for her, and she runs away and searches for him and he runs away and searches for her, and just as they find each other, she dies, and then he dies and—oh! it's so beautiful, I could just die!"

With a flourish, Randolph whipped his handkerchief out of his pocket and honked loudly into it. "So could I," he sobbed. "I could just simply die dead, that's what I could do!"

"Randolph!" exploded Judy. "If you don't mind, I'd like to enjoy my misery in peace! The trouble with you is that you have no soul, and it is my absolutely absolute opinion that you are the most *impossibly awful* brother *possible*!"

Mr. Foster turned to his wife. "Dora,"

he said, "do you ever cry like that—over a book?"

"Why, yes, Melvin, I do, sometimes!"

"Hmmm . . . funny . . ." mused Mr. Foster. "The only time I feel like crying over something I read is when Casey Kowalski strikes out in the ninth inning—and then I could really howl!"

"Well, I know what Judy means," said Mrs. Foster, with an understanding smile. "Sometimes you read something that is so sad, it makes you cry, but at the same time it's so lovely, that you feel happy, too. It's—it's—well, it's the *good* kind of crying—and I'm all for it! There should be more of it in the world!"

"Hmmm . . ." said Mr. Foster, thoughtfully.

"Aw," said Randolph, "I just can't see it! Crying over that kind of book! It's so silly and sentimental! Why, just listen to this. . . ." He picked up Judy's book and began reading aloud. "*It was in the long-past days of fair ladies and noble lords that the lovely Lady Elizabeth lived. She was loved by many, but she loved only one—the gallant Sir Jonathan . . .*"

He finished the first page and went on to the second. Mr. Foster listened a moment, stretched, yawned, and picked up his newspaper again.

"Randolph," he said, "would you mind reading to yourself? I'd like to read about yesterday's game."

Randolph lapsed into silence, shaking his head disapprovingly now and then as he read on. Mrs. Foster went back to marking up the editorial page, while Judy settled down with the fashion page.

It became very quiet—so quiet that everyone looked up, startled, when sometime later they heard a tear splash into Randolph's book.

Judy snapped to mischievous attention. "Randolph!" she exclaimed. "Randolph Foster! Don't tell me—you're not—Randolph, look at me! Look me straight in the eye!"

Randolph kept his face carefully hidden as he brushed a sleeve hastily across his eyes. Keeping his back toward his family, he got to his feet and headed for the kitchen. "Going—to get—a drink—" he mumbled.

Instantly Judy jumped up and started after him.

"Judy!" said Mrs. Foster. "Don't!"

Judy whirled to look at her mother, excitement burning rosily in her cheeks. "But did you see what I saw!" she said. "Randolph—he—he was crying—over that book!"

"I know!" said Mrs. Foster, softly. "So you should be especially nice to him!"

"But, Mother! He made fun of me when I was—"

"That's exactly why you shouldn't make fun of him now—because you *know* what it's like to be laughed at. Randolph laughed at you because he didn't know any better, but I'll bet he'll never laugh at anyone that way again!"

"Oh!" said Judy. "I see what you mean! You know, it's kind of sweet—Randolph crying like that and everything, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Foster. "It almost makes me feel like crying, too! I—uh—dear me, I do believe I'm going to!" She dabbed hastily at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Well, what do you know!" exclaimed Mr. Foster gruffly, blinking his eyes. "All us Fosters have the weeps! We're just a bunch of cry babies!"

Just then Randolph shuffled back into the living room, an embarrassed grin on his face. "Sort of looks like HE WHO LAUGHS FIRST CRIES AT LAST! Hah?" And he laughed and blew his nose heartily.

"That's the spirit, son!" laughed Mr. Foster. "It doesn't matter how much you cry as long as you can still laugh at yourself!"

"Gee, look at us!" said Judy. "First we're all crying together and then we're all laughing!"

"And that's good," said Mrs. Foster, "as long as it's the right kind of crying!"

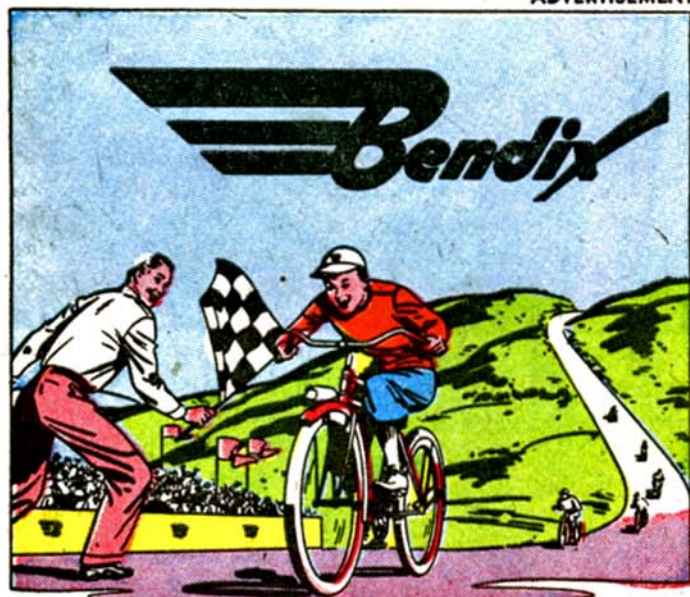
"And the right kind of laughing!" added Mr. Foster.

"You know, Randolph," said Judy, "I've suddenly changed my absolutely absolute opinion of you! I now think that you are the most impossibly wonderful brother possible!"

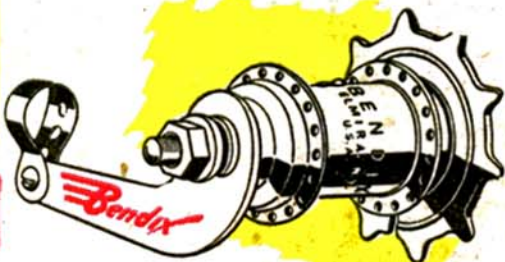
"Gee, Judy, that's swell of you!" said Randolph, winking at her. "In fact, it's so swell, I can't make up my mind whether to laugh or cry about it!"



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# A DATE WITH JUDY

OH, FATHER! I JUST SAW THE MOST WONDERFUL BARGAIN!

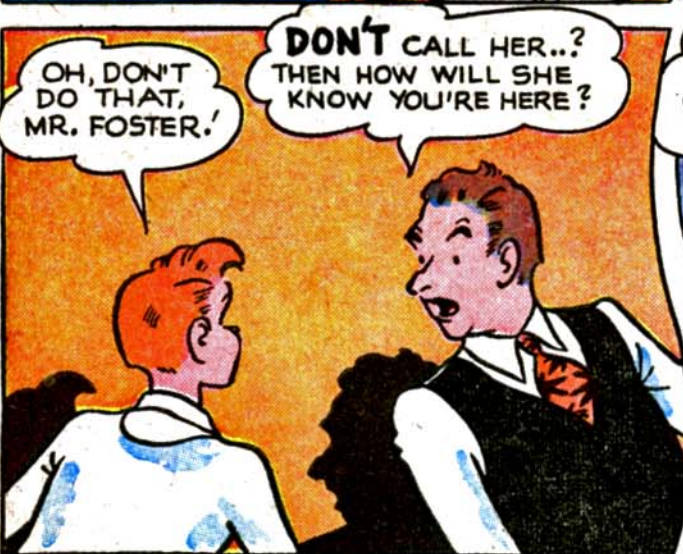
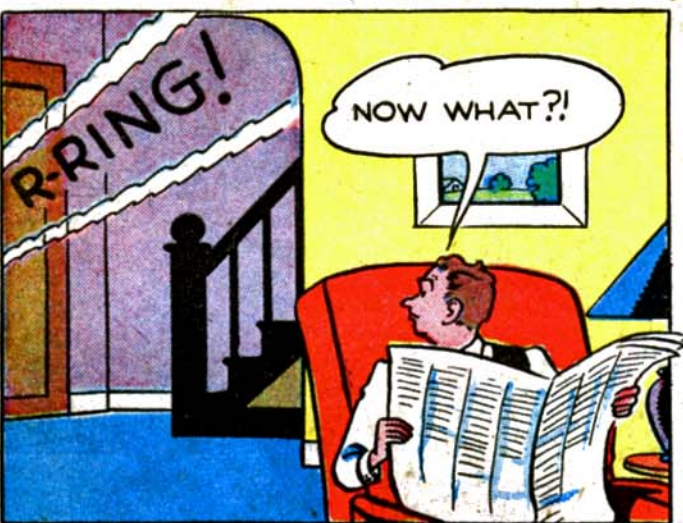
BARGAIN...? WHAT KIND OF A BARGAIN?

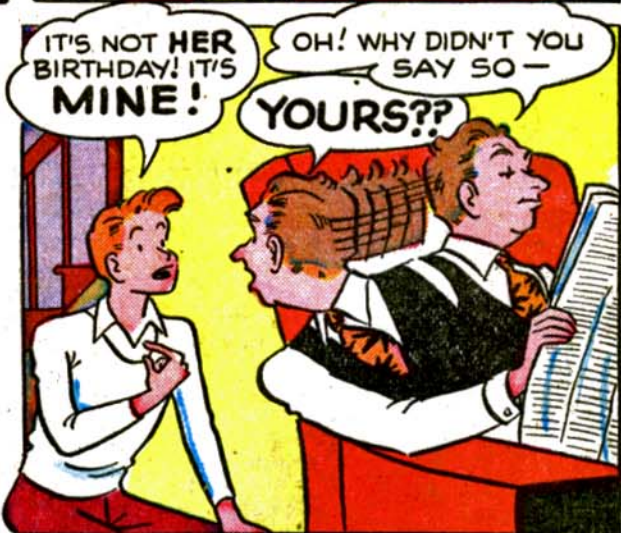
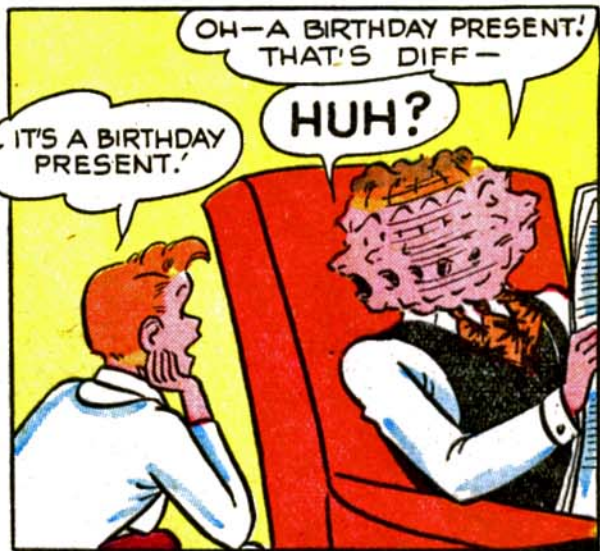
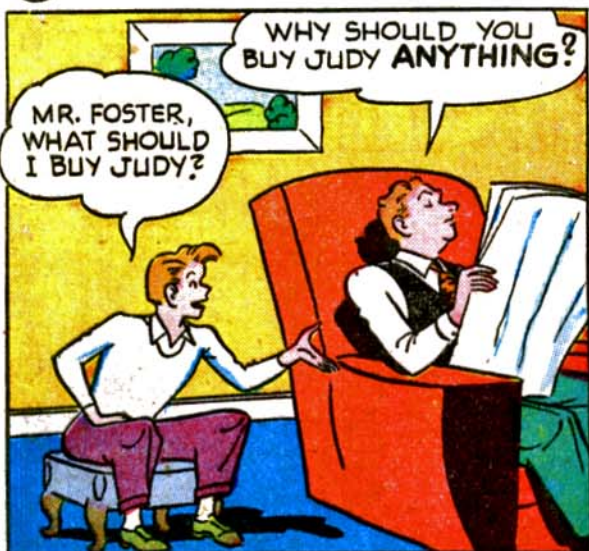
A BLOUSE FOR ME! IT'S IN TRACY'S WINDOW, AND IT'S ONLY FOUR DOLLARS!

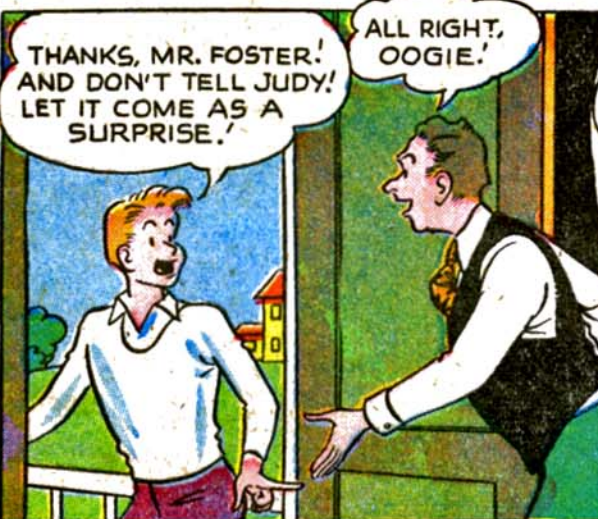
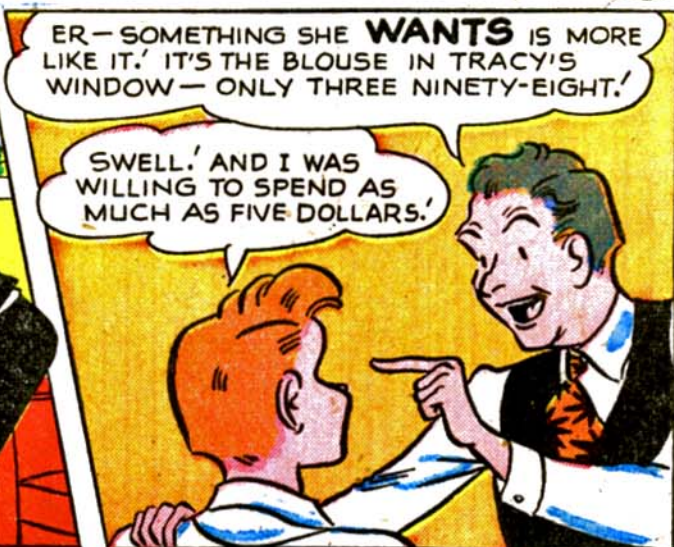
I WOULDN'T CARE IF IT WERE **LESS** THAN FOUR DOLLARS! YOU CAN'T HAVE IT!

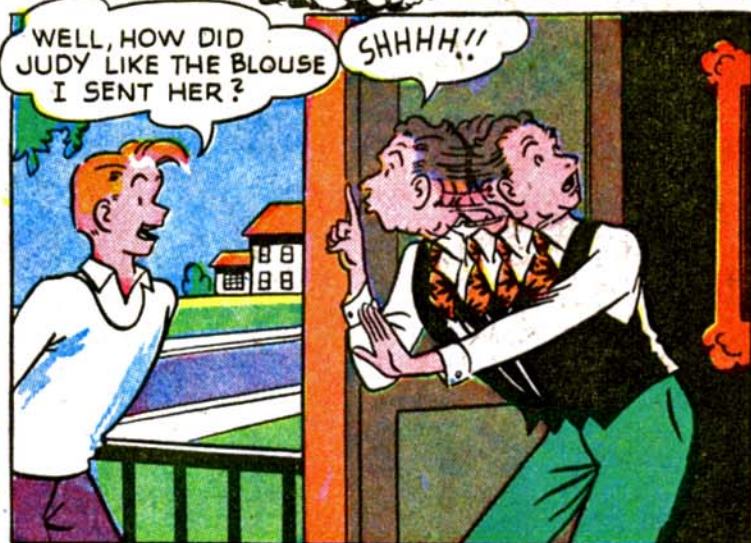
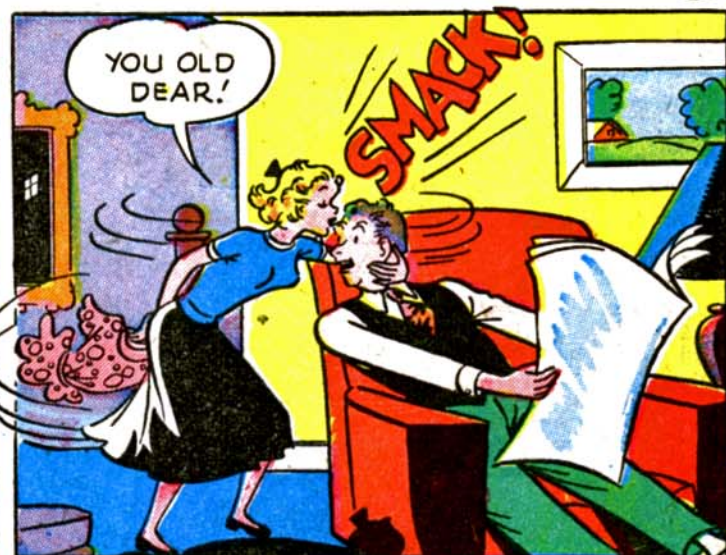
AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT **IS** LESS THAN FOUR DOLLARS! IT'S **THREE NINETY-EIGHT!**

**NO!** YOU HAVE ENOUGH BLICE—I MEAN **BLOUSES** ALREADY!









OH, FATHER!

QUICK! LET'S GO IN THIS CLOSET.

WILL YOU PLEASE HOOK ME UP, FATHER?

WHAT'S THE IDEA, MR. FOSTER?

LOOK, OOGIE — **YOU** DIDN'T BUY JUDY THAT BLOUSE!

BUT I DID! I SWEAR I DID! ON MY SCOUT'S HONOR!

LISTEN TO ME, OOGIE — I BOUGHT THE BLOUSE FOR JUDY!

**YOU** DID..? GOLLY! NOW SHE'LL HAVE TWO!

NO, SHE WON'T! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SOME MONEY TO BUY HER SOMETHING **ELSE!** THE BLOUSE YOU BOUGHT IS FROM **ME!**

HERE'S TEN DOLLARS! BUY JUDY A SKIRT TO GO WITH THE BLOUSE — AND BRING ME THE CHANGE!



PSST! WAIT, OOGIE!  
I'LL SEE IF THE  
COAST IS CLEAR!

FATHER!

HUH..?

SLAM!

ER—HELLO, JUDY!  
TH-THAT BLOUSE  
LOOKS VERY  
PRETTY ON  
YOU!

FATHER! WHAT  
WERE YOU DOING  
IN THE CLOSET?

ER—LOOKING FOR MY CIGARS!  
RUN UPSTAIRS LIKE A GOOD GIRL  
AND SEE IF THEY'RE IN MY ROOM!

ALL RIGHT,  
FATHER!

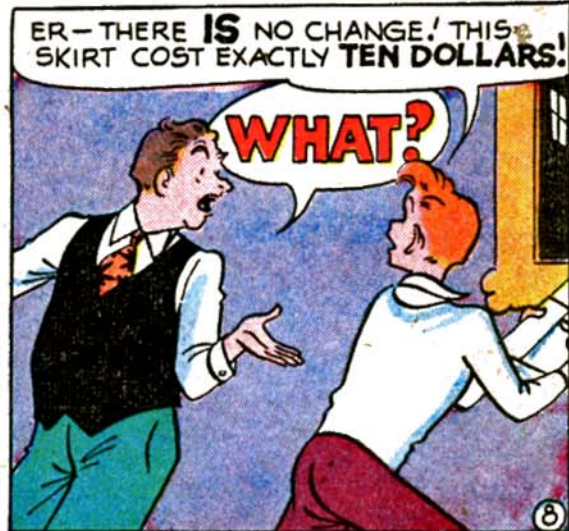
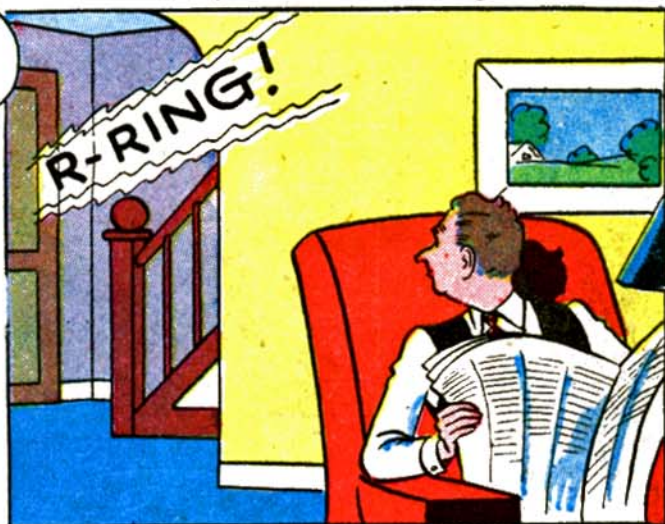
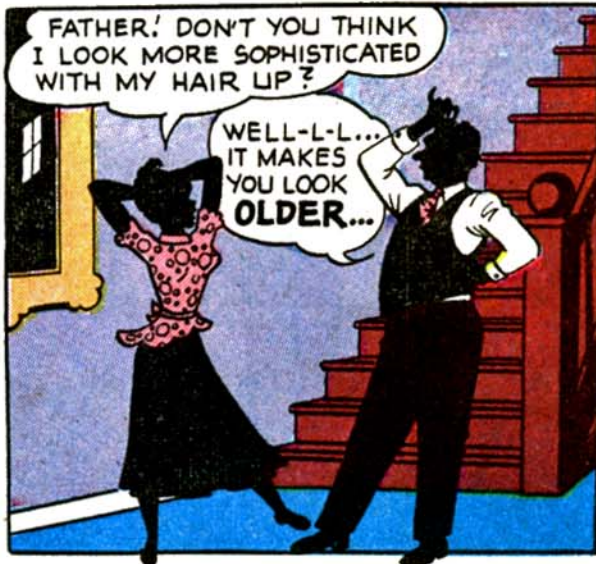
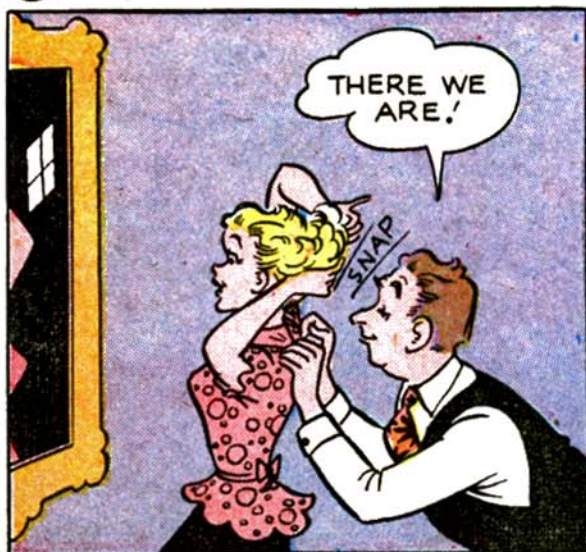
PSST! OKAY, OOGIE!  
COME ON OUT!

NOW HURRY BACK  
WITH THE SKIRT—  
AND MY CHANGE!

FATHER! I JUST REMEMBERED!  
YOU DON'T SMOKE CIGARS!

HUH..? I DON'T..? I MEAN,  
I DON'T! THAT'S RIGHT...  
HEH-HEH! I **DON'T**  
SMOKE CIGARS.

SLAM!



**OOGIE!**

HIYA, JUDY! I BOUGHT  
YOU A SKIRT FOR MY  
BIRTHDAY!

HE BOUGHT-  
WITH **MY**  
MONEY!

OH, OOGIE DEAR!  
THANK YOU!

GOLLY! THIS IS THE SKIRT THAT  
WENT WITH THE BLOUSE! ISN'T  
IT BEAUTIFUL, FATHER?

YOU LIKE IT,  
HAH?

YEAH! IT'S  
A PIP!

OOGIE! YOU SHOULDN'T  
HAVE SPENT SO MUCH MONEY!

FATHER, DO YOU KNOW  
THAT OOGIE SPENT **TEN**  
**DOLLARS**  
FOR THIS  
SKIRT?

YOU'RE  
TELLING  
ME!

FATHER!  
OOGIE AND  
I ARE GOING  
FOR A WALK  
WITH MY NEW  
BLOUSE AND  
SKIRT!

ALL RIGHT,  
JUDY! BUT FROM  
NOW ON, WHEN-  
EVER YOU SEE A  
BARGAIN—

**—JUST BUY IT AND  
CHARGE IT TO ME!  
IT'S CHEAPER THAT WAY!**

The End

# Bazooka

THE ATOM BUBBLE BOY

PLANE DARING


**Bazooka**  
THE ATOM BUBBLE BOY
6 BIG CHEWS  
FOR 5¢

GOTTA GET THE LINE LOOSE! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR ME! HOLD THE WRAPPER FROM MY BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM!



WHAT'S UP? WHY IS EVERYBODY WATCHING THE SKY?

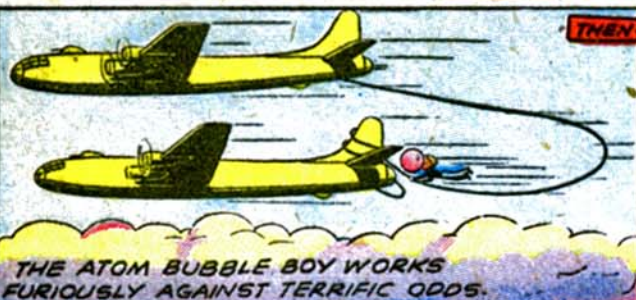


THAT'S THE ROUND-THE-WORLD PLANE! THE LINE TO THE REFUELING PLANE IS SNARLED! THEY'RE STUCK TOGETHER!

IF THEY DON'T GET FREE, THEY'LL CRASH!



HE'S GOING TO TRY TO UNSNARL THE GAS LINE! WHAT A BUBBLE!

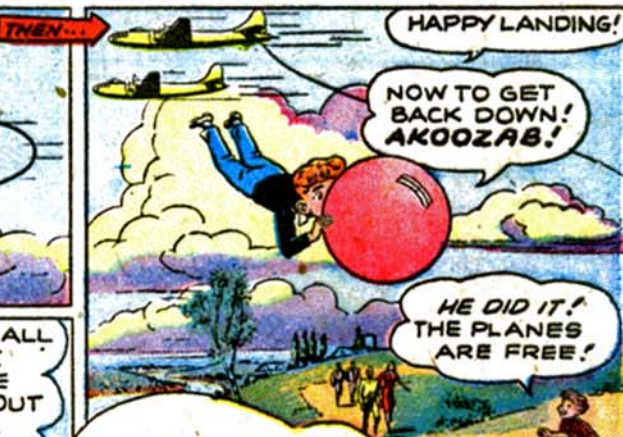


THE ATOM BUBBLE BOY WORKS FURIOUSLY AGAINST TERRIFIC QDDS.

GREAT WORK! YOU'LL READ YOUR NAME IN THE PAPERS FOR THIS!



DON'T GIVE ME ALL THE CREDIT -- I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT MY BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM!



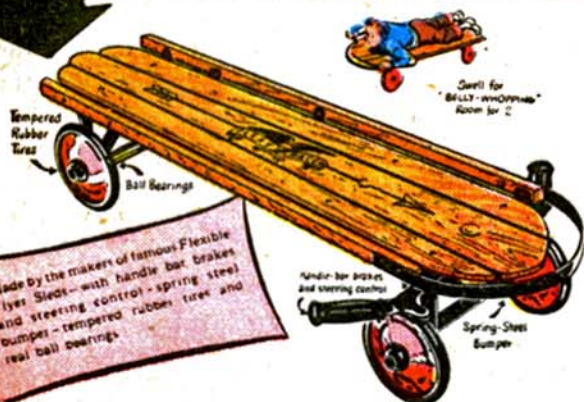
HAPPY LANDING!

NOW TO GET BACK DOWN! AKOOZAB!

HE DID IT! THE PLANES ARE FREE!

## PARDON ME!

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Ball Bearings

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Handle bar brakes and steering control

Spring-Steel Bumper

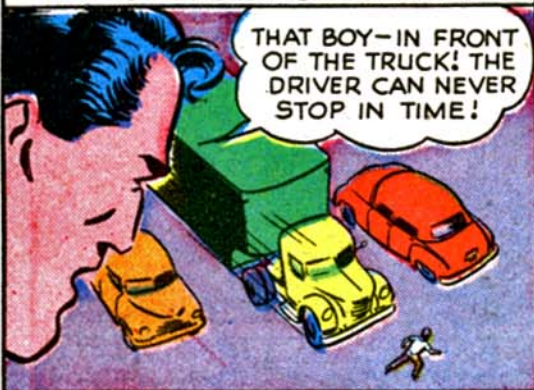
I forgot to tell all you boys and girls who entered my "Birthday Contest" to send along, in 25 words or less, the reasons why you selected the date you gave. Just send your reasons on a penny postcard. No wrapper needed. Prizes will be awarded for best statements—not for date guessed.

If you haven't entered: Guess my birthday (month, day, year, hour) and send it with your reasons for selection in 25 words or less, plus a Bazooka wrapper or facsimile. Prizes will be awarded for reasons why you think Bazooka Boy's age, as you give it, appeals to most readers of comics.

Flexy Racers awarded to the 400 best statements. Send to Bazooka, Box 20, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

# SUPERMAN *on* SAFETY! FIRST!

HIGH ABOVE A BUSY STREET, SUPERMAN SIGHTS IMPENDING DISASTER!



A HURLING DIVE... AND THE MAN OF STEEL WHISKS THE YOUTH FROM THE PATH OF DANGER!

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!



GEE, TH-THANKS, SUPERMAN! IT'S A LUCKY THING YOU WERE AROUND!

DON'T DEPEND ON LUCK! I MAY NOT BE AROUND NEXT TIME! JUST BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU CROSS A STREET!



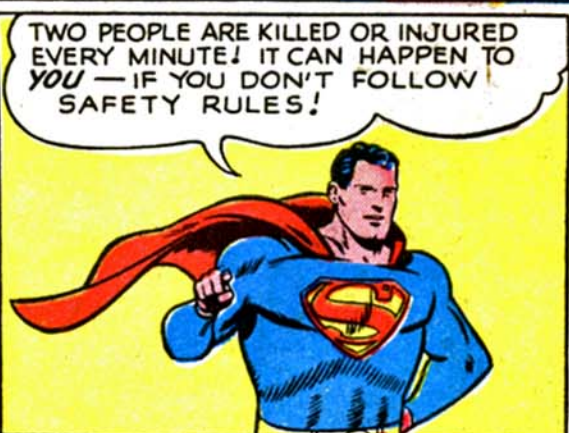
32,300 PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND 1,150,000 INJURED IN TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS IN A SINGLE YEAR! MANY CASUALTIES WERE DUE TO CARELESS, OR RECKLESS DRIVERS...



...BUT MANY OTHER ACCIDENTS ARE CAUSED BY JAYWALKING PEDESTRIANS. LOOK BOTH WAYS BEFORE YOU CROSS A STREET! AND NEVER CROSS AGAINST A RED LIGHT!

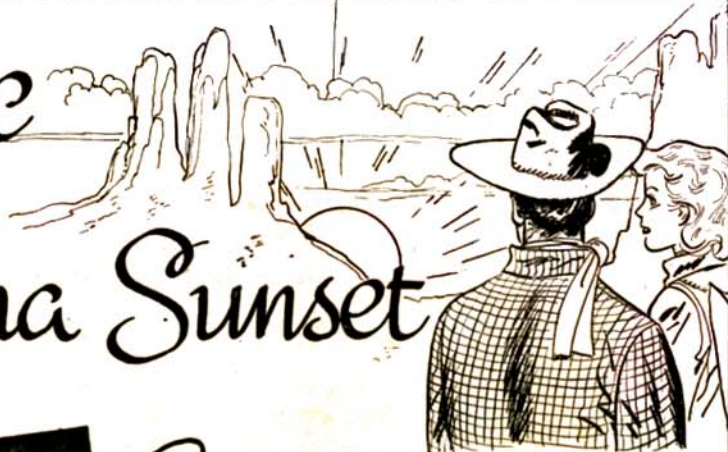


TWO PEOPLE ARE KILLED OR INJURED EVERY MINUTE! IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU — IF YOU DON'T FOLLOW SAFETY RULES!



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