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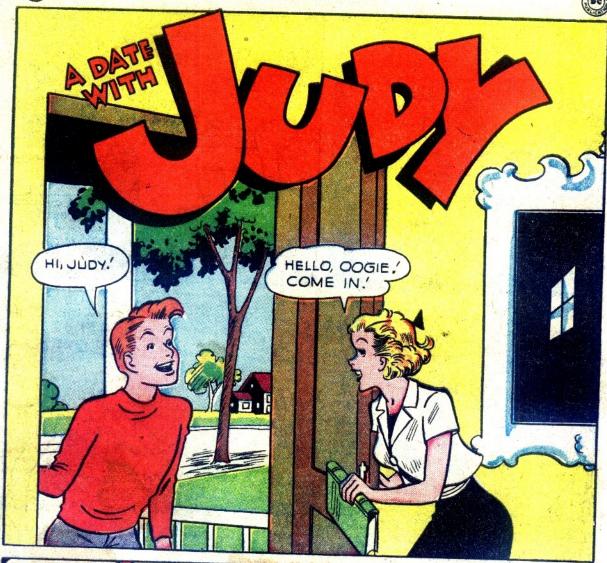
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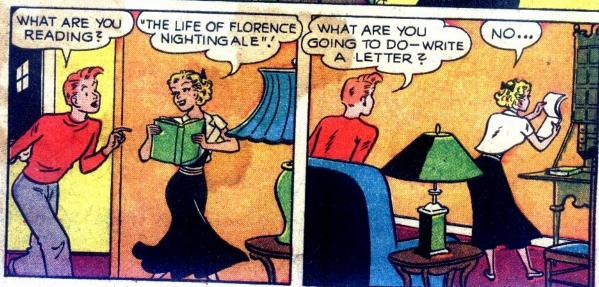


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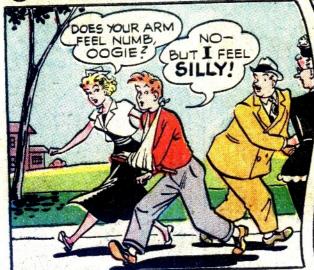


































A DATE WITH JUDY



















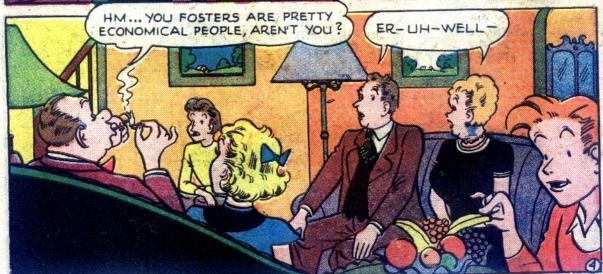






BEFORE I FORGET, MRS. FOSTERMY MOTHER WANTS TO KNOW IF
SHE CAN HAVE YOUR BEAUTY
PARLOR APPOINTMENT
THIS WEEK SINCE
YOU'RE GOING TO SET
YOUR OWN HAIR!



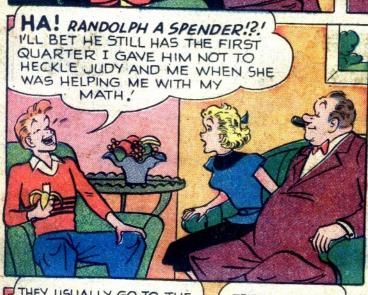
































HERE, SAM-GOT HOLD IT, FELLOWS I CAN'T LOOK LIKE A HERO WITH-IT AT THE CORNER DRUG STORE OUT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

ON MY HAIR SAM ? WILDROOT CREAM OUR

HOW DID YOU T JUST A HUNCH THAT RANSOM EVER SUSPECT NOTE WAS WRITTEN ON 50 THAT OLD HOUSE, YEAR OLD WALL PAPER AND THE OLD DAVIS MANSION HAS BEEN CLOSED SINCE



CAN POUR SOLUE PAGE TH

RY IT SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. AND LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM OIL HAIR TONIC, NON-ALCOHOLIC -CONTAINS SOOTHING LANGLIN



EFFIE SAYS :

SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS, MOTHERS FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAIN-

















EXACTLY! JANICE HAS A NEW DRESS FOR THE DANCE TONIGHT! AND THAT MEANS SHE'S TRYING TO ATTRACT MORE ATTENTION THAN ANY OTHER GIRL!



































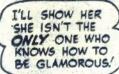












ALL I CAN SAY IS, SHE'LL HAVE TO GO SOME TO BEAT YOU!



WONDER WHY EVERYONE IS CROWDED OVER THERE?

LET'S GO SEE! L-LOOK! IT'S JANICE ---

GOLLY, YOU YES! SO SURE LOOK NICE SWEET AND











IS YOUR NAME IRWIN? IRWIN MEANS LOVER OF THE SEA!



Is your name Barbara? Barbara Means THE STRAMGER!

SHE JUST HMM ... MOVED INTO THE SLICK NEIGHBORHOOD, CHICK!

LA YOUR NAME MEANS KEEN OF HEARING!



IS YOUR NAME EUNICE? EUNICE MEANS HAPPILY



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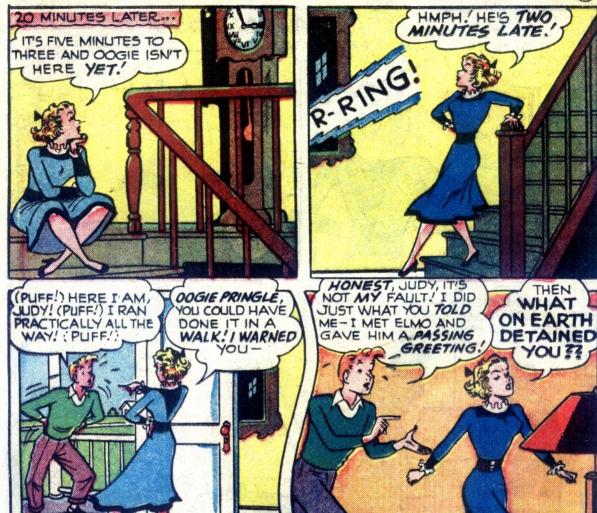










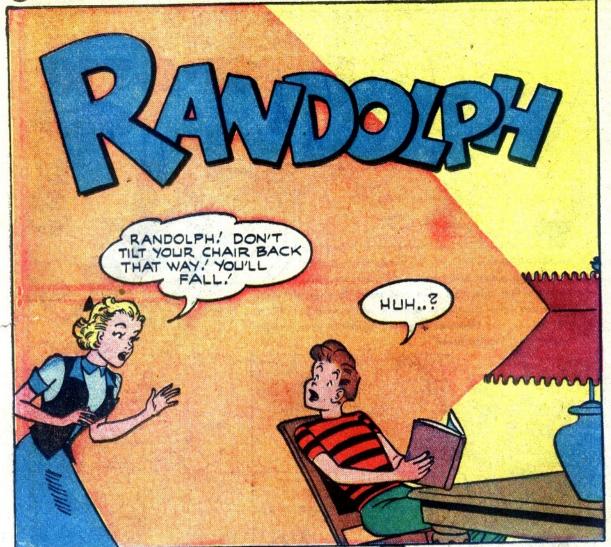








































































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IS NOW STUDYING CHINESE!







JUDY cocked her head philosophically at the telephone mouthpiece. "It's just one of those things, Tootsie, dear!" she said. "You must be brave! C'est la vie! In other words, that's life! Remember what the wise man said—"This, too, shall pass away!' ... Yes, I know, Tootsie dear, but you must have courage—face life—carry cn! ... What? ... Oh, that's all right, Tootsie—glad to be able to comfort you in your hour of trial! Keep smiling! Penny-bright! Au revoir!"

With a pleased smile Judy slipped the phone back into its cradle and walked into the living room.

"Judy!" said her father sternly, taking his pipe out of his mouth and shaking it at her. "How often must I tell you not to tie up the telephone that way? Why, you'd think you were the only Foster in this fish pond! How can you possibly have that much to say to any one person?"

"I wasn't talking to just one person," replied Judy. "I was talking to six people—Tootsie, Mitzi, Mary, Ruthie, Frances, and Elizabeth! They're all over at Tootsie's house crying, simply crying their hearts out over the respective men in their lives. Elmo, Rodney, Johnny, Clifford, Hiram, and Larry have—if you'll pardon the expression—betrayed them! It's trop, trop triste!"

"She means," said Randolph, with a condescending smile at his sister's French, "that it's too, too sad!"

"That's right," said Judy. "It sounds so much sadder in French, don't you think, Randy?"

"Absolutely!" agreed Randolph. "Especially in your French! Then it's a real tragedy!"

"Randolph!" said Judy sharply. "I love you like a brother, but sometimes I can't even bear to stand you!"

With elaborate dignity she turned to her father once more. "As I was saying, Father—Tootsie, Mitzi, Mary, Ruthie, Frances, and Elizabeth are all over at Tootsie's house crying beaucoup de tears—"

"That means lots of tears," explained Randolph. "In plain words, they're bawling!"

"Randolph! IF YOU PLEASE! Tootsie, Mitzi, Mary, Ruthie, Frances, and Elizabeth are all young ladies, and as such, Randolph, they may cry and they may weep, but they NEVER BAWL!"

Judy glared a moment longer at her brother and then turned to her father. "Anyway, Father, they're all over at Tootsie's crying, because they have discovered that l'amour is not always toujours! To a man, Father, their best beaux have—if you'll pardon the expression—JILTED them!"

"No!"

"YES! And since I still have my dear, dependable, faithful, constant Oogie, it is my undeniable duty to console and comfort them!"

"Oh, by all means!" said Mr. Foster. "But NOT FOR ONE SOLID HOUR ON THE TELEPHONE!"

"Father! I can see you still do not understand the true nature of the situation! It's tree, tres serieux!"

"That means very, very serious!" said Randolph. "Very sounds very much verier in French, you know! Tres, tres much verier!"

"Well," said Mr. Foster, "all I can say is that the next time Judy uses that phone so tres, tres long, she's going to be tres, tres disconnected—BY ME!"

"Father," said Judy, "you're being awfully stuffy about this whole thing! The trouble with you is that you are not putting yourself in the place of these poor, young, heartbroken girls! You must forget for a moment that you are a mere father! You must become in spirit Tootsie, Mitzi, Mary Ruthie, Frances, and Elizabeth! Then, Father, only then will you understand!

"Now, suppose you were Tootsie. How would you feel if your one and only Elmo called you up to say that he couldn't take you to the movie after all, because of insufficient funds! Imagine letting the mere fact of being broke stand between you and your favorite movie star!

"Or suppose you were Mitzi, and your boy friend, Rodney, accepts a free pass to the all-state championship basketball game instead of baby sitting with you for an evening!

"Or suppose you were Mary-"

"Suppose," interrupted Mr. Foster, "suppose we just stop this supposing business and let me be a stuffy, old father again!"

"Very well, Father," said Judy. "But I trust you now know why I said to those poor girls—Tootsie, Mitzi, Mary, Ruthie, Frances, and Elizabeth, I said, c'est la vie! That's life! And in life you must always make ready for come what may, even though what may come may not be what you want! Be brave, I said! Carry on—"

The telephone rang. "Oh!" exclaimed Judy. "That must be Oogie! He was supposed to call me tonight! Will you answer, please, Father? I have to see if I look all right!"

"Look all right?" said Mr. Foster. "Just to talk over the telephone?"

"Certainly!" Judy called back over her shoulder as she dashed up the stairs to her room. "How do you expect me to sound pretty if I don't look pretty?"

Mr. Foster sighed deeply and went to the phone,

"Is it Oogie?" Judy called from the top of the stairs a couple of minutes later.

"It was Oogie!" replied Mr. Foster, putting the phone back in its cradle.

"WAS Oogie?" said Judy, leaning over the railing with a puzzled frown.

"That's right!" said Mr. Foster, looking up at her from beside the telephone stand. "And he wasn't calling you—he was calling me! He gave me a message to give to you!"

"A m-message? What, Father, what?"

Mr. Foster's face was very grave. "Before I tell you, Judy, I want you to remember the words of the wise man—"This, too, shall pass away!" Come what may, you must be brave—have courage—carry on! Remember—C'est la vie! That's life!"

"Father!" gasped Judy. "For goodness' sakes, tell me, tell me—what did Oogie say?"

"Are you sure you can take it, Judy? Are you really ready?"

"I-am-ready!" whispered Judy. "The truth, Father-I would have the truth"

"Well—Oogie told me to tell you that he's been trying to phone you for the past hour, and that if you think more of talking to your girl friends than of talking to him, he is going to think of something better to do than talking to you!"

"Oocoh!" moaned Judy, clapping her hand dramatically to her forehead. "C'est la fin!"

Randolph yawned, "She means it's the end—curtains!" he explained.

Suddenly Judy's face brightened into a smile. She hurried down the stairs and picked up the phone.

"Going to call up Ooogie and beg his forgiveness, eh?" asked Mr. Foster.

"Certainly not!" said Judy. "I'm going to call Tootsie, Mitzi, Mary, Ruthie, Frances, and Elizabeth!"

"Tootsie, Mitzi, Mar—!" Mr. Foster exclaimed. "But why, for heaven's sake?"

"Because," replied Judy triumphantly, "they owe me an hour's worth of comfort, and now's my chance to make them pay it back!"









































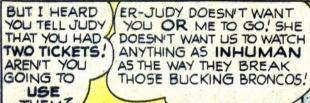














































IT PULLS ON OVER THE HEAD LIKE A DIVER'S HELMET

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BOY! WOULD

I HAVE FUN WITH THAT

MONKEY FACE

YOU'RE

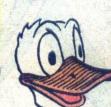
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