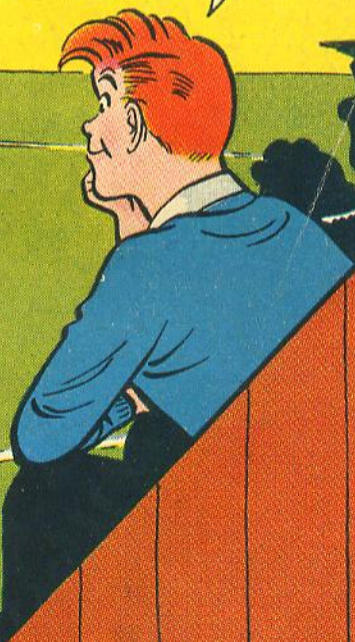
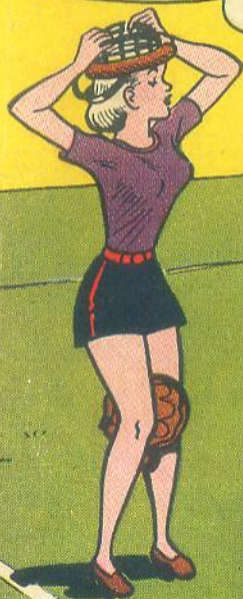


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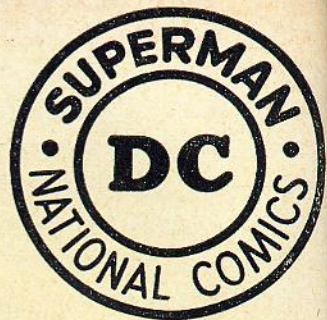


I'M SURE YOU'LL ENJOY WATCHING
THE GIRLS' SOFTBALL GAME,
OOGIE!

HMMMM--
I'M SURE!



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LIKE BEST!

DON'T SETTLE FOR LESS!



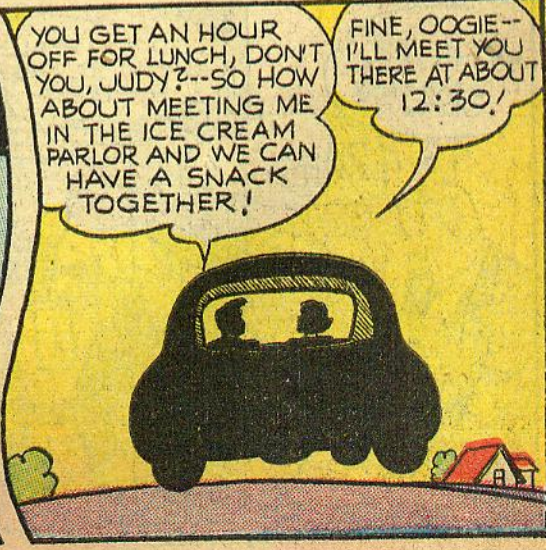
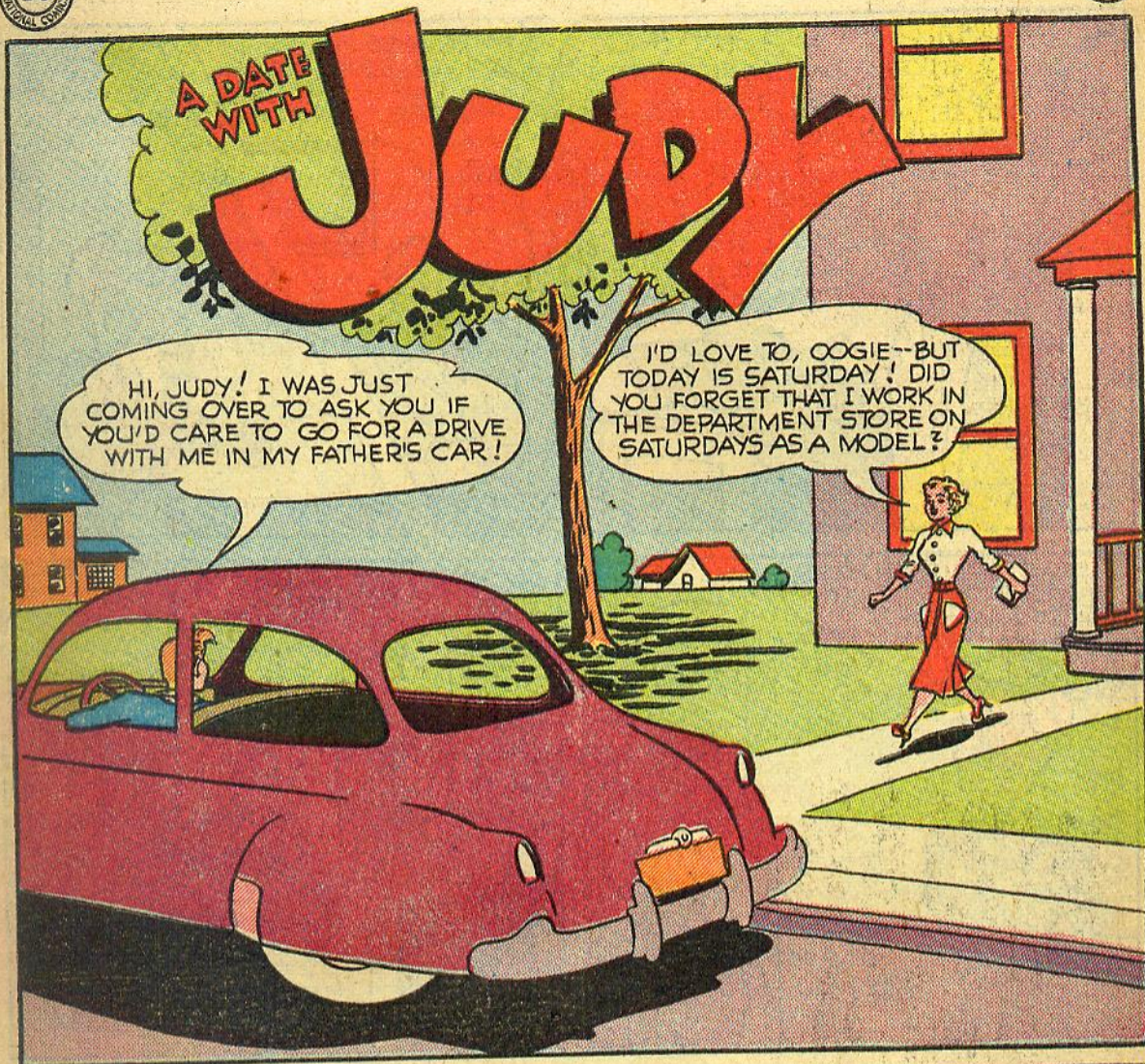
A DATE WITH JUDY, No. 23, June-July, 1951. Published bi-monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter July 14, 1947 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon

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Printed in U.S.A.



A DATE WITH JUDY



MEANWHILE...

--HERE I WAS HOPING TO GET A REORDER ON THESE LOUNGING PAJAMAS, AND YOU TELL ME THEY'RE NOT SELLING! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, MR. MAXWELL--IT'S OUR VERY LATEST DESIGN!

I THINK THEY'RE VERY SMART LOOKING, MR. SHARPE! MAYBE IF OUR CUSTOMERS SAW A MODEL IN THEM... HM... EXCUSE ME A MOMENT!

WHEN MISS FOSTER ARRIVES, SEND HER RIGHT UP HERE, PLEASE!

YES, MR. MAXWELL!

JUDY--THE MANAGER WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE RIGHT AWAY!

OH-OH--

EMPLOYEES ONLY

COME IN, MISS FOSTER! THIS IS MR. SHARPE--HE REPRESENTS A MANUFACTURING FIRM!

HELLO, MISS FOSTER!

ER--HOW DO YOU DO!

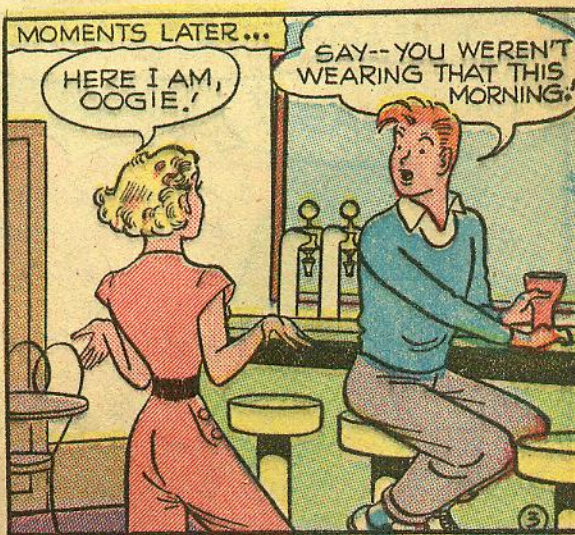
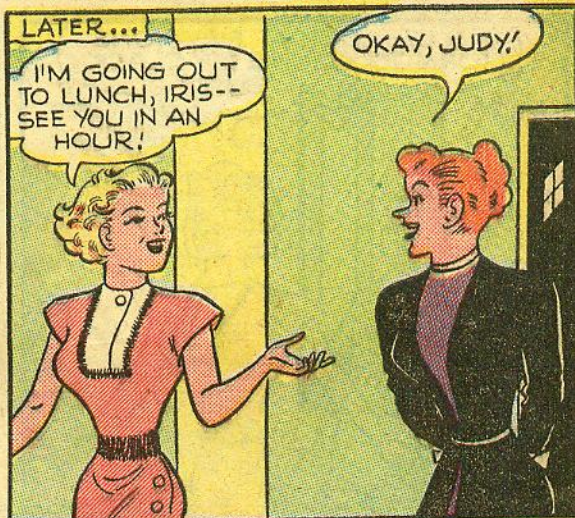
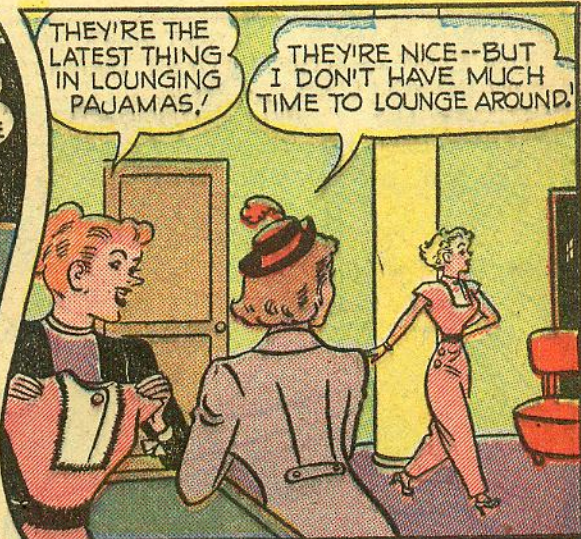
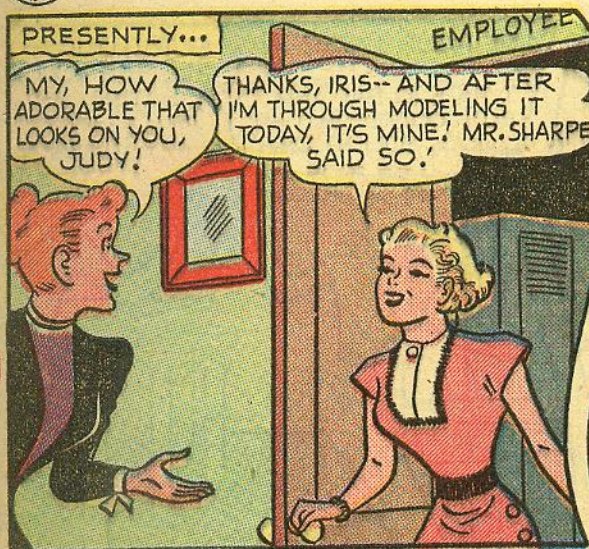
WE'D LIKE YOU TO MODEL THIS NUMBER TODAY!

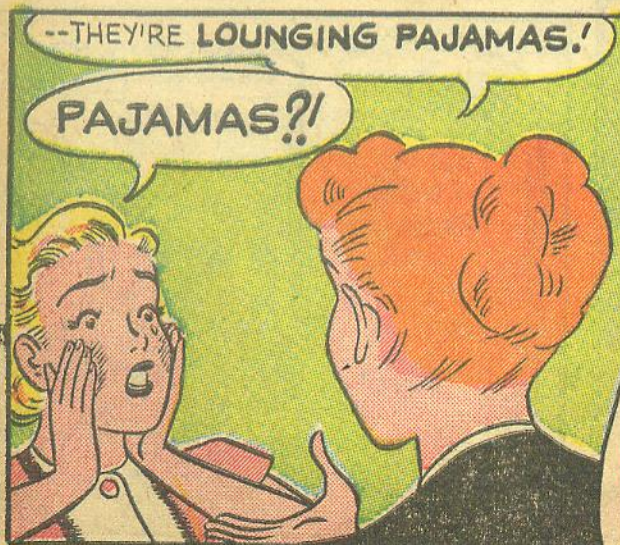
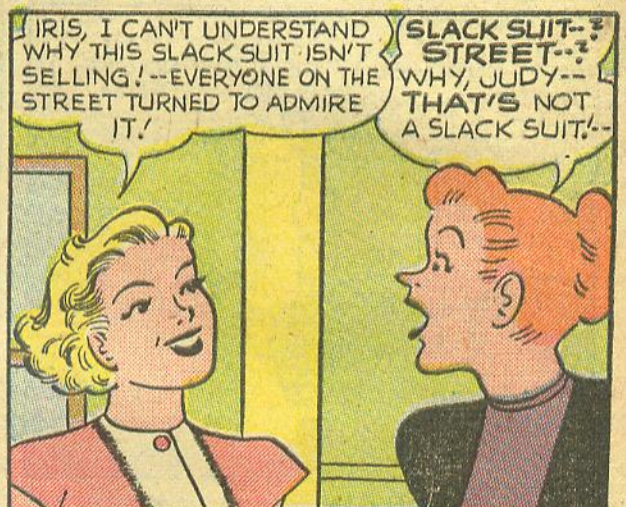
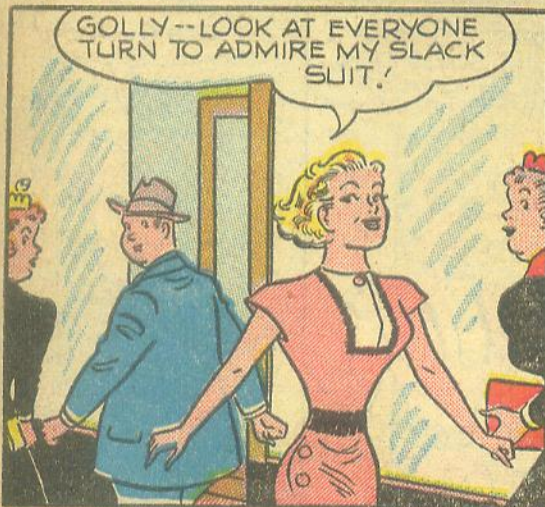
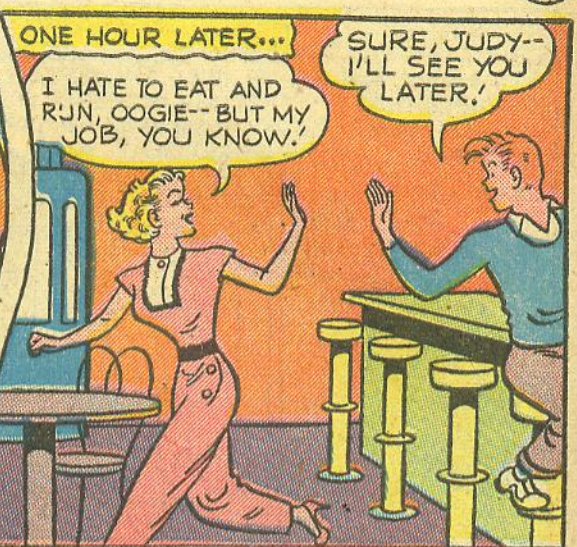
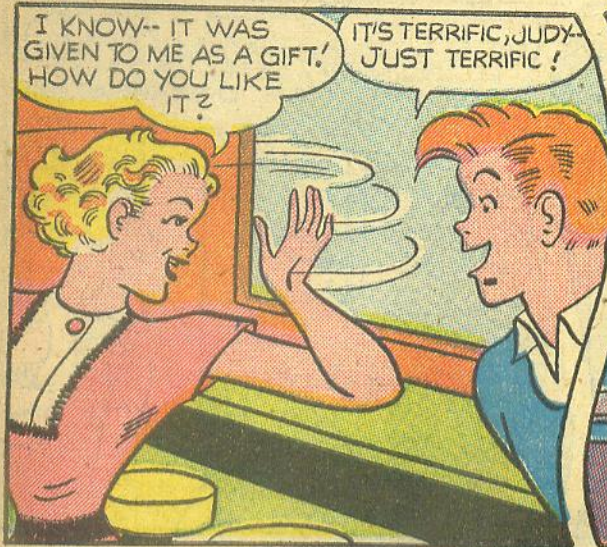
OH! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

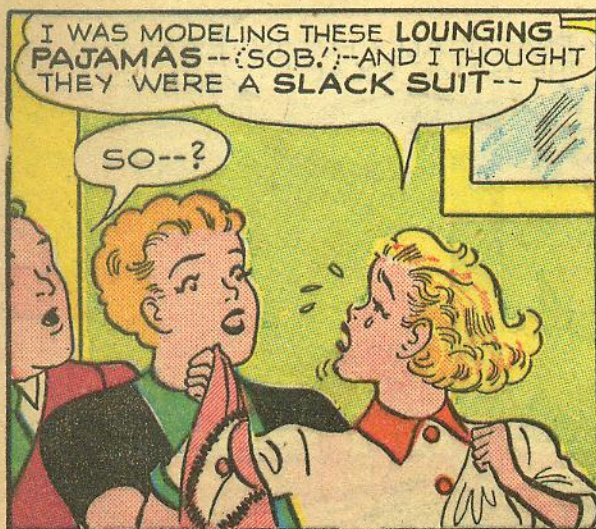
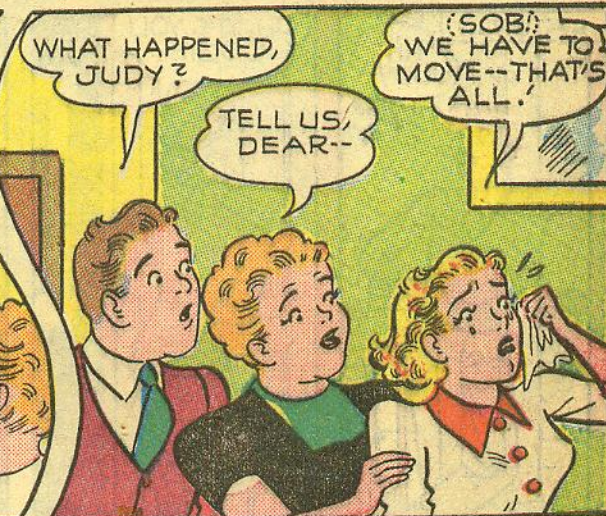
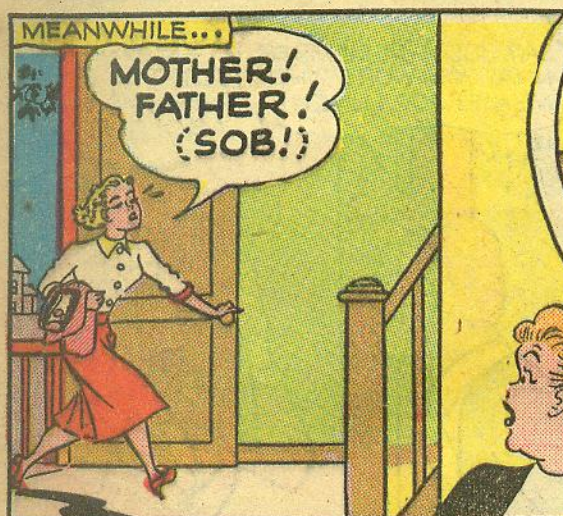
DO YOU REALLY THINK SO, MISS FOSTER?

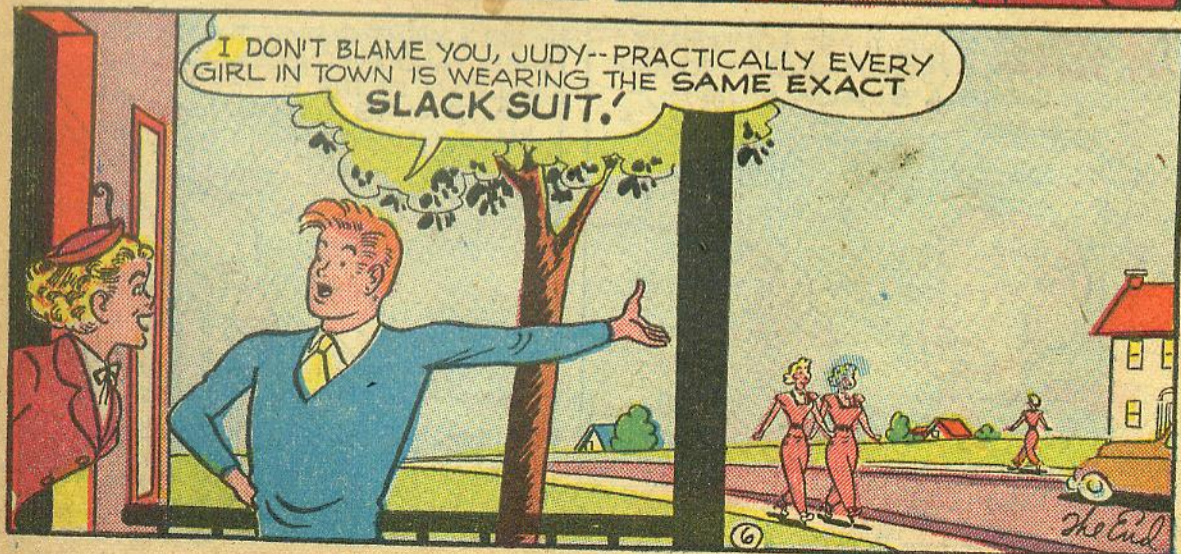
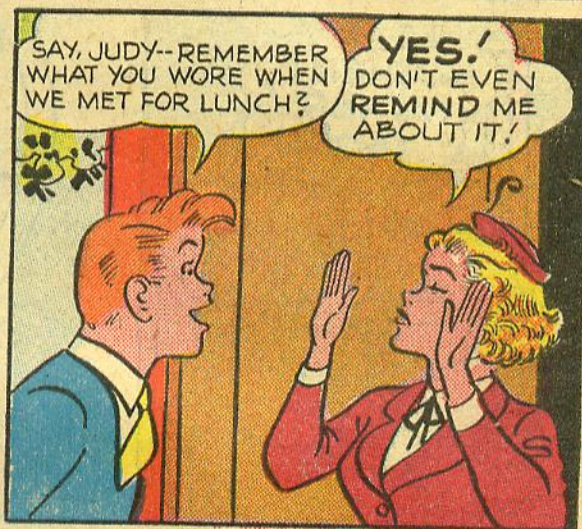
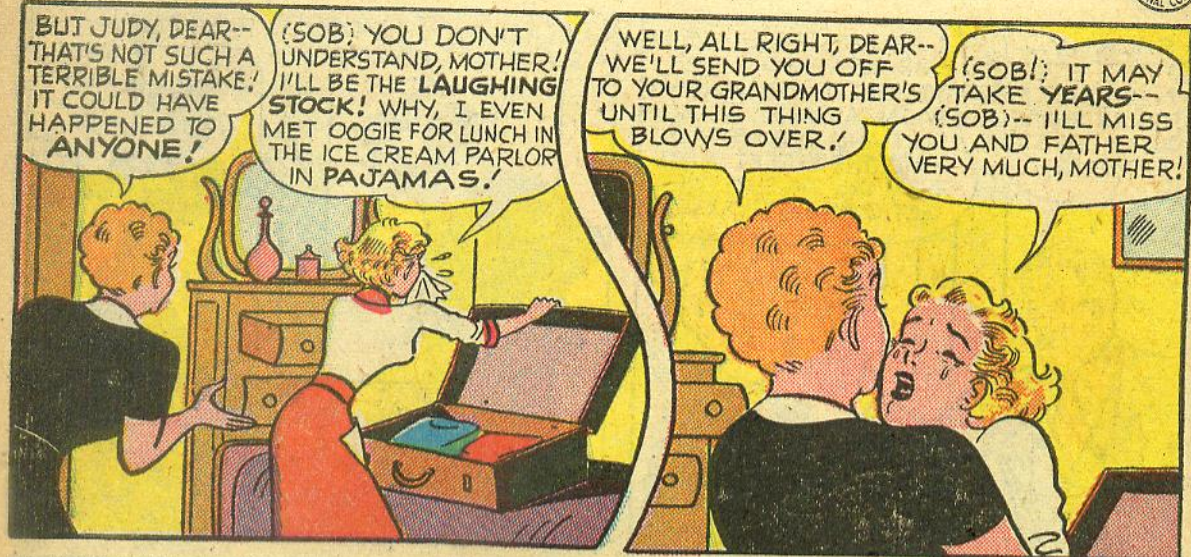
OH, YES--I DO!

THEN YOU MAY KEEP THIS WITH MY COMPLIMENTS.

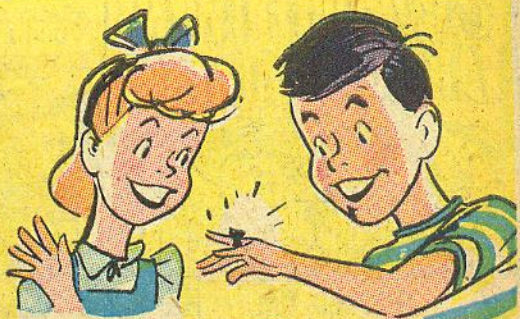








NOW! PRIZE PLASTIC PICTURE RINGS



**ONE RING IN EVERY BOX
OF Kellogg's RAISIN BRAN**
No Waiting - No Box Tops!

WHAT YOU GET! Open a box of Kellogg's Raisin Bran and get your prize! A bright-colored genuine plastic ring with a picture on top! Pictures of airplanes, cowboys, Indians, sport stars, movie stars! These prize picture rings fit any finger! Most important, you get this double-treat: plump honeycomb raisins, with Kellogg's nourishing golden-crisp flakes!

**Surprise—entirely new series
of prizes coming soon!**



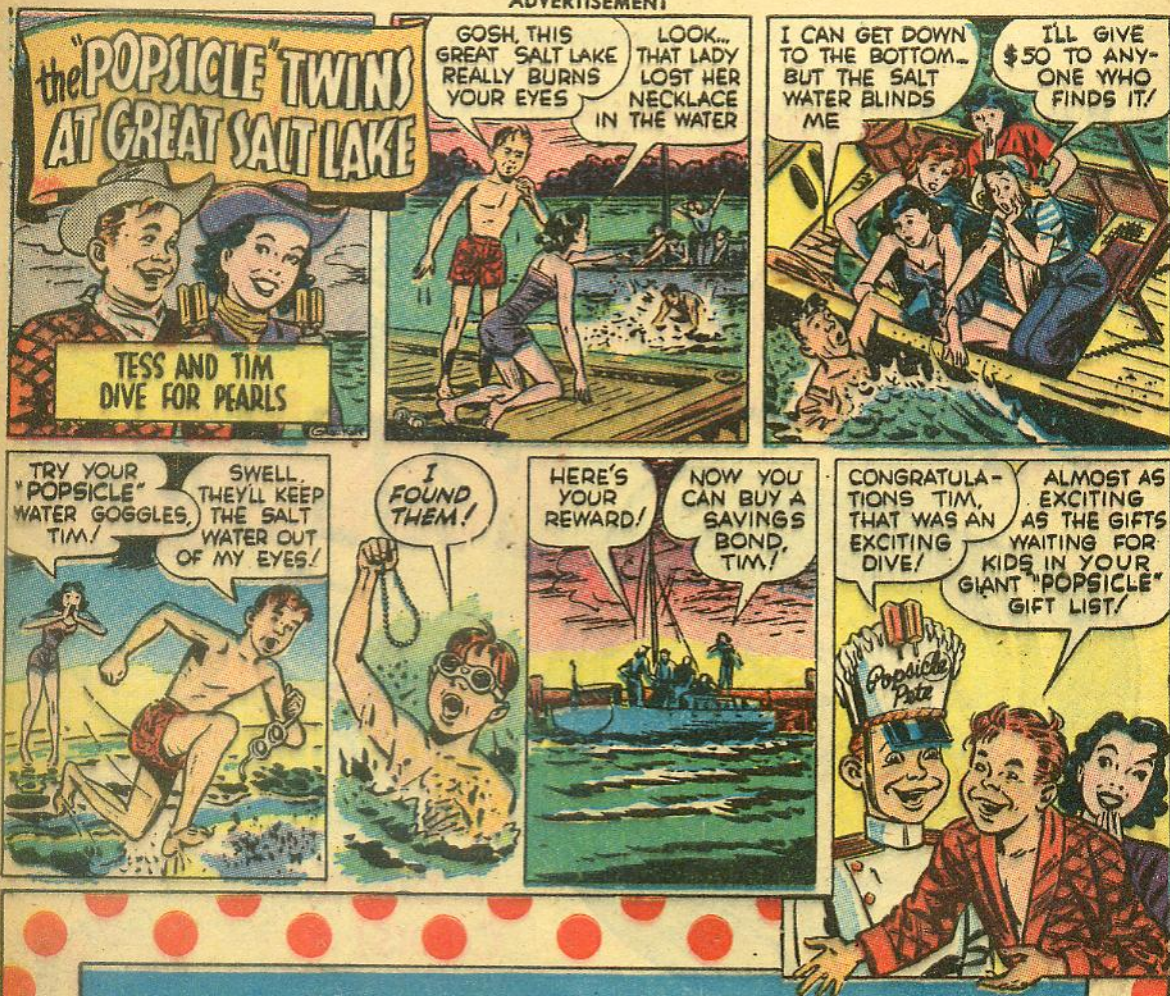
**16 Different
Pictures!**

**6 Bright
Colors!**



MOVIE STARS

**Kellogg's
RAISIN
BRAN**
CEREAL WITH FRUIT



GET SWELL GIFTS...SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

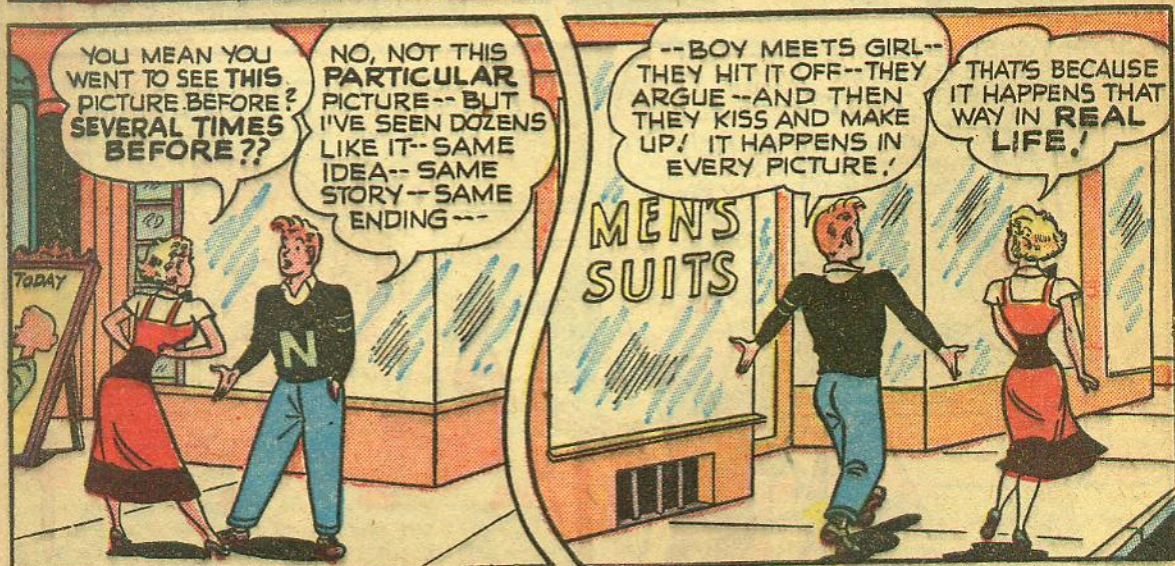
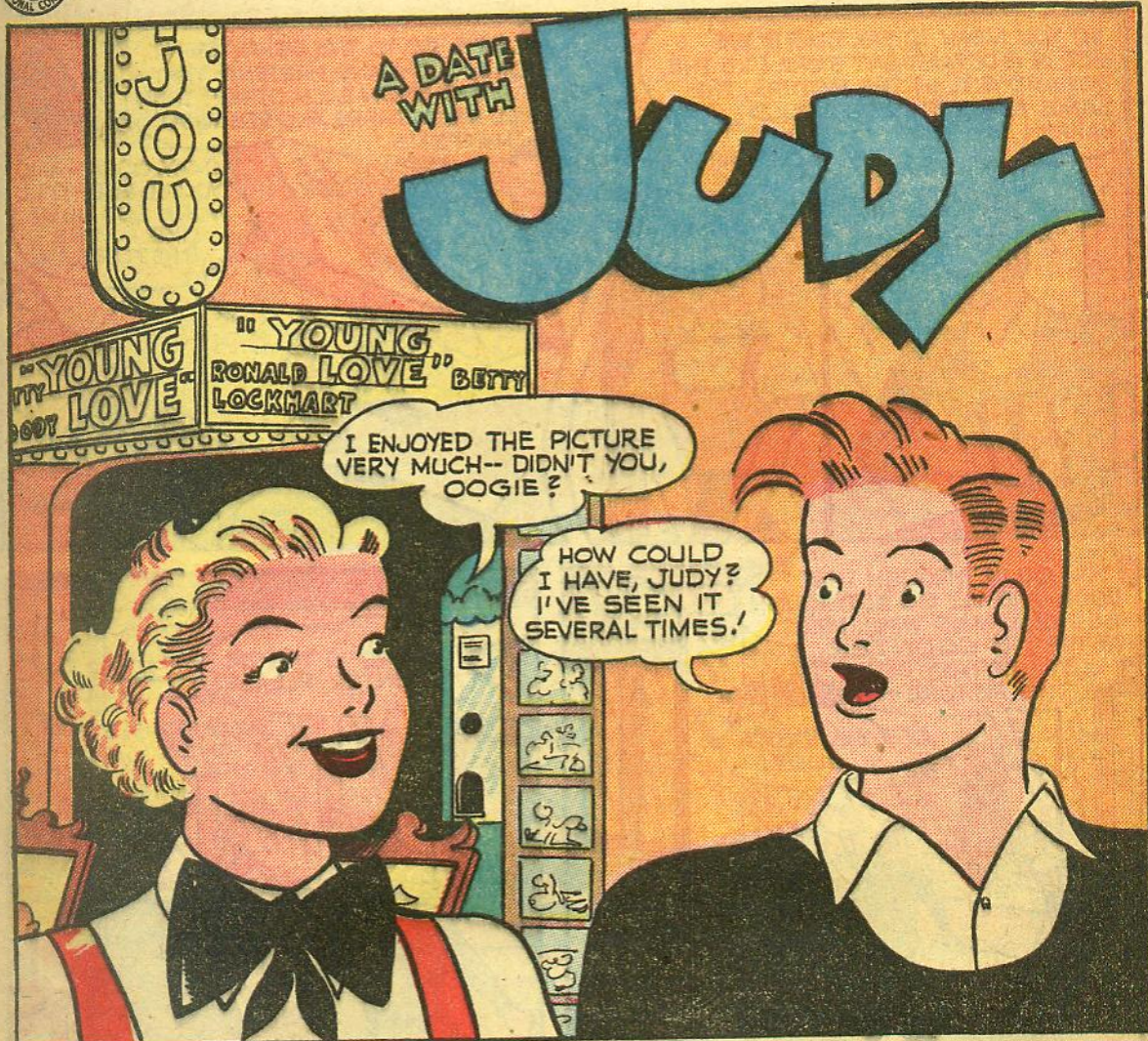
...or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



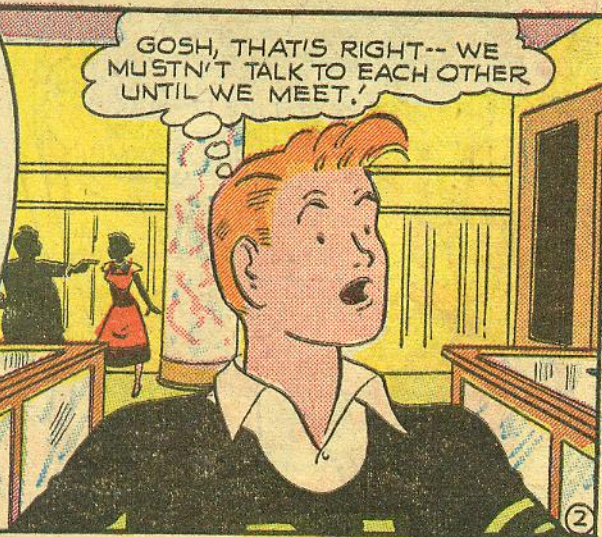
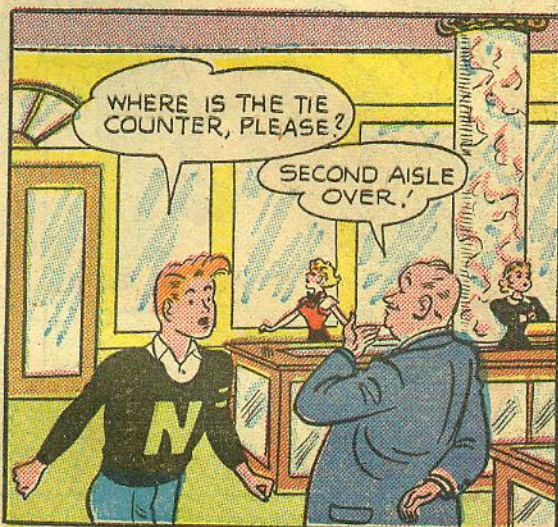
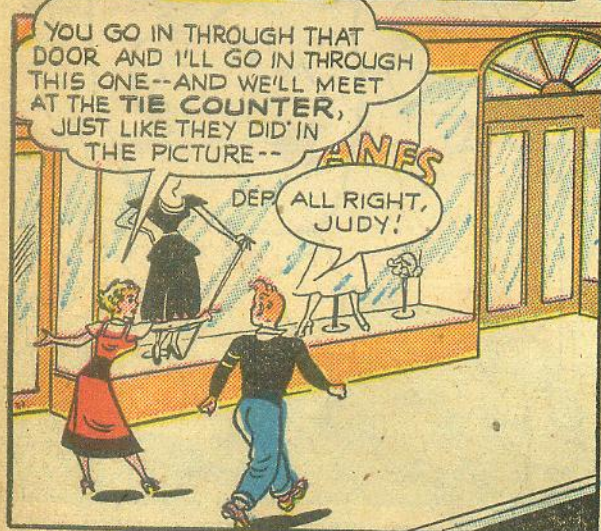
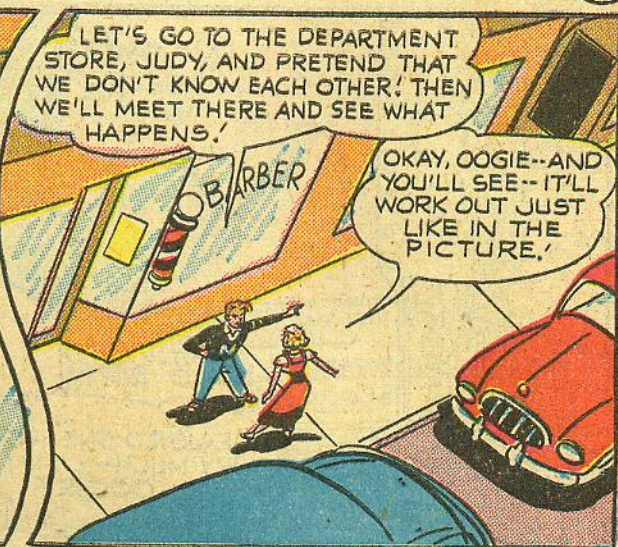
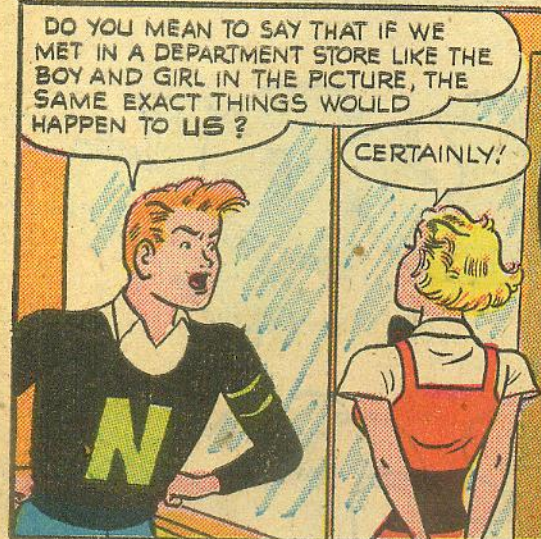
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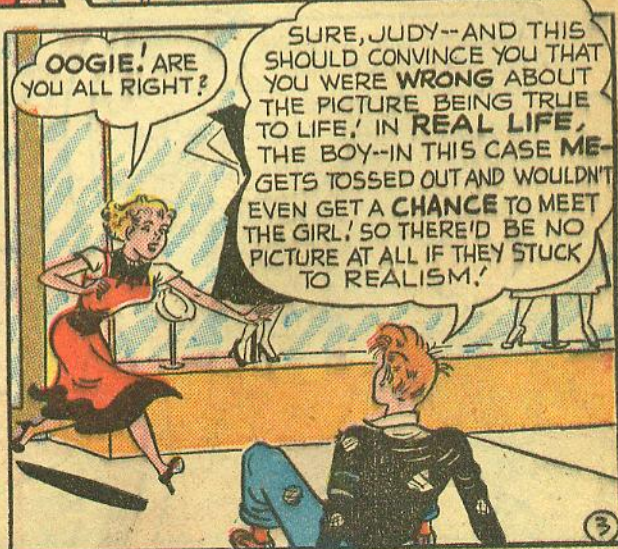
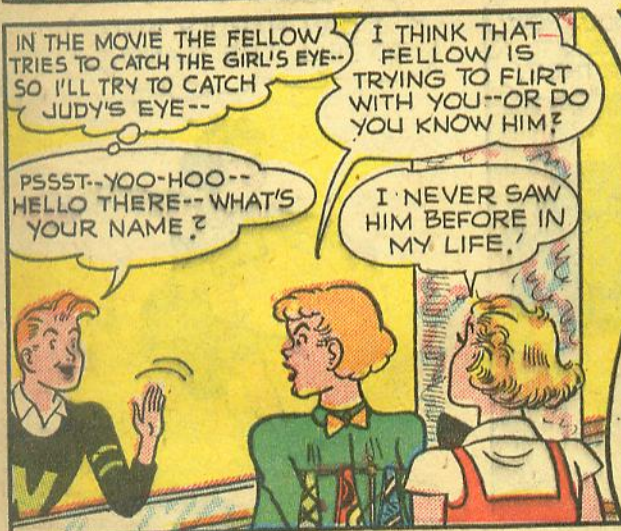
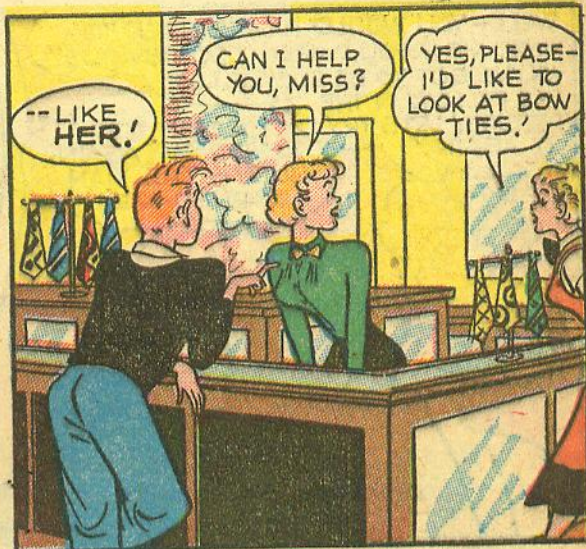


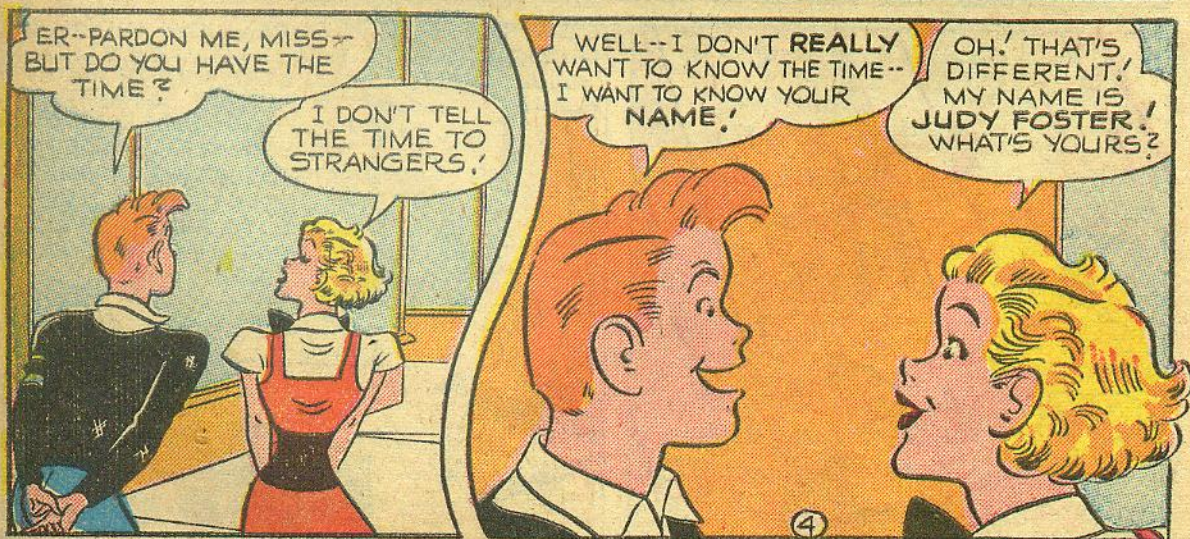
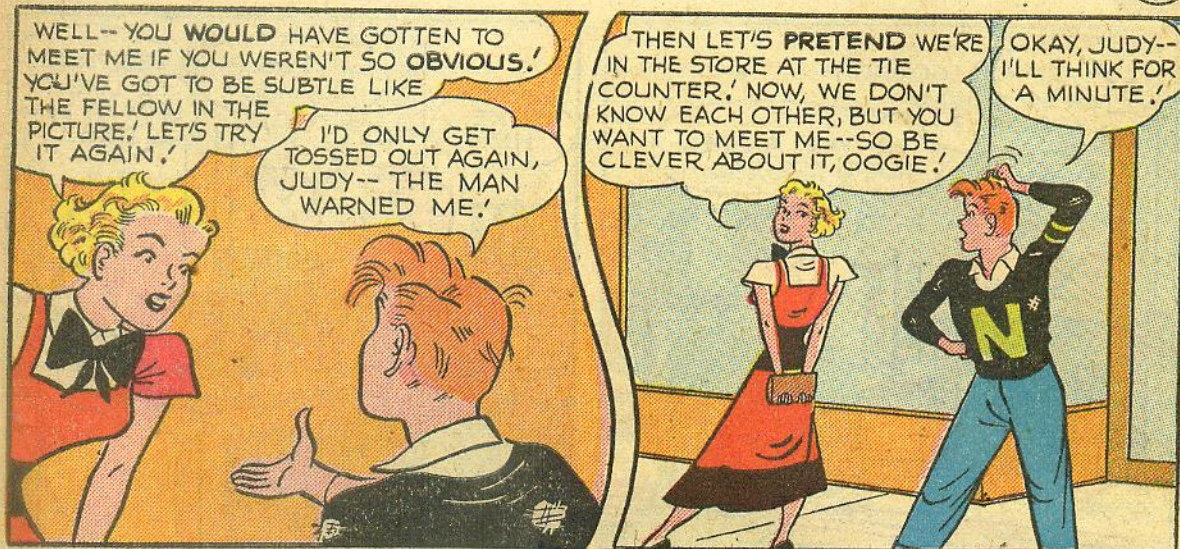
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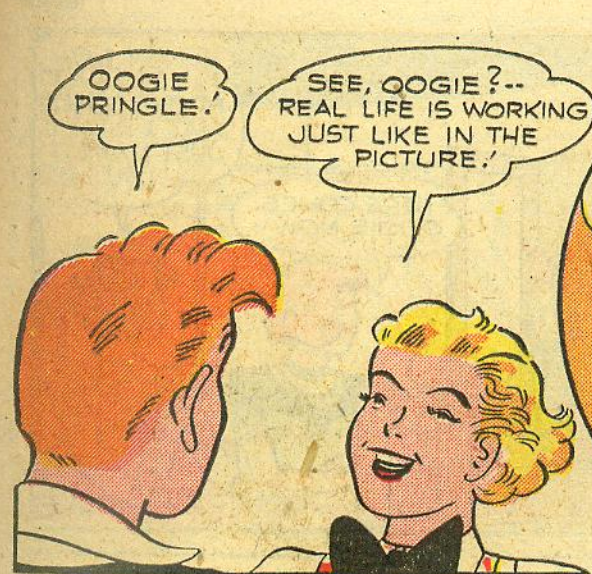
A DATE WITH JUDY





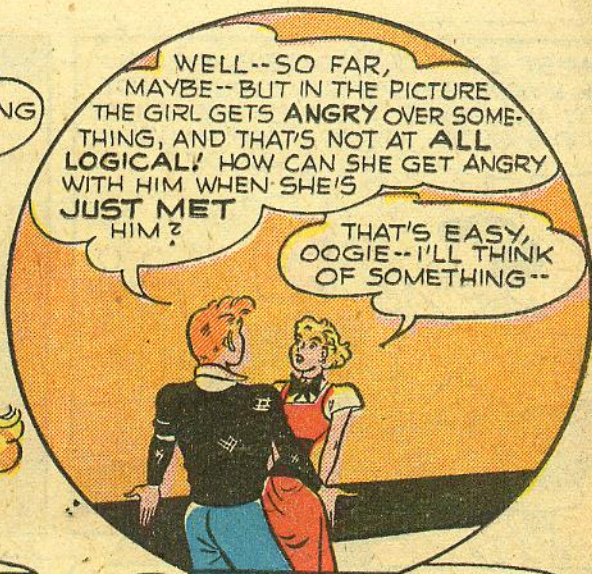


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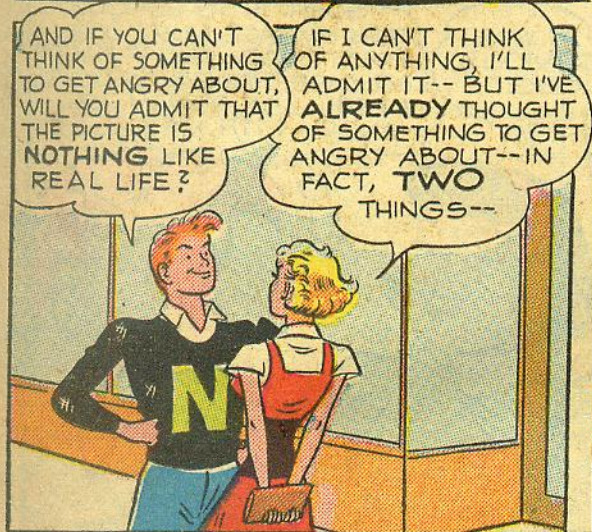
OOGIE PRINGLE.

SEE, OOGIE?--
REAL LIFE IS WORKING
JUST LIKE IN THE
PICTURE.



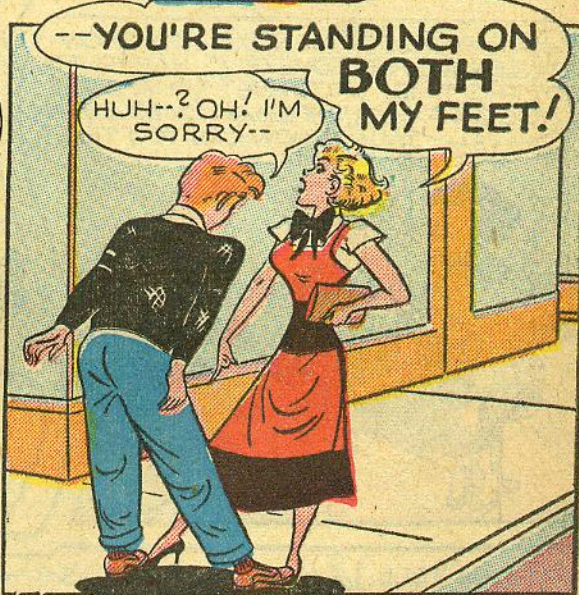
WELL--SO FAR,
MAYBE-- BUT IN THE PICTURE
THE GIRL GETS **ANGRY** OVER SOME-
THING, AND THAT'S NOT AT **ALL**
LOGICAL! HOW CAN SHE GET **ANGRY**
WITH HIM WHEN SHE'S
JUST MET
HIM?

THAT'S EASY,
OOGIE-- I'LL THINK
OF SOMETHING--



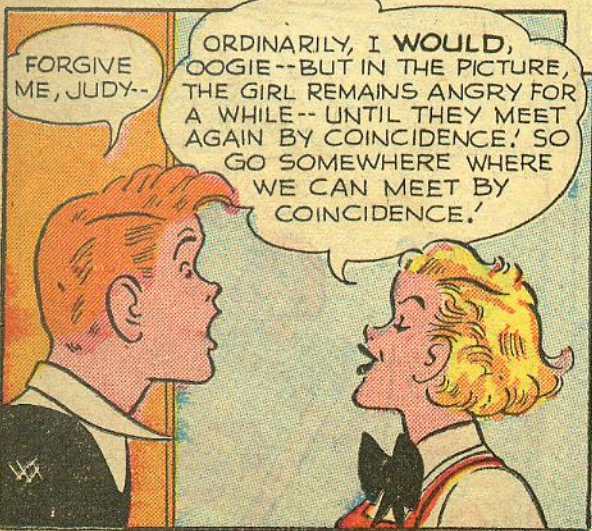
AND IF YOU CAN'T
THINK OF SOMETHING
TO GET **ANGRY** ABOUT,
WILL YOU ADMIT THAT
THE PICTURE IS
NOTHING LIKE
REAL LIFE?

IF I CAN'T THINK
OF ANYTHING, I'LL
ADMIT IT-- BUT I'VE
ALREADY THOUGHT
OF SOMETHING TO GET
ANGRY ABOUT-- IN
FACT, **TWO**
THINGS--



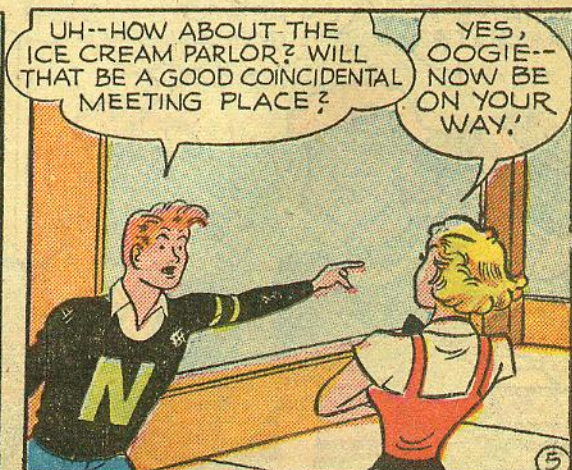
--YOU'RE STANDING ON
BOTH
MY FEET!

HUH--? OH! I'M
SORRY--



FORGIVE
ME, JUDY--

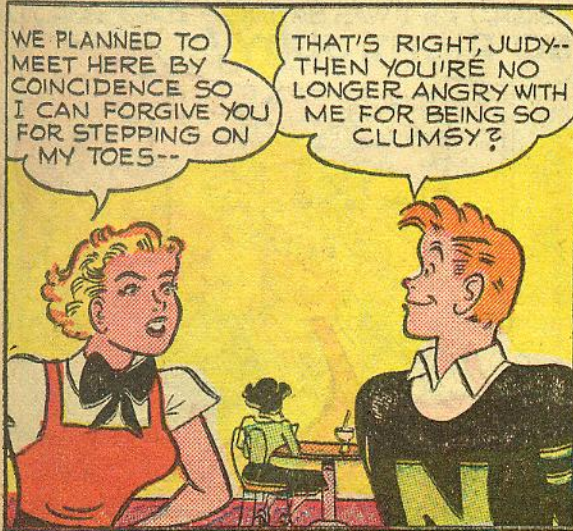
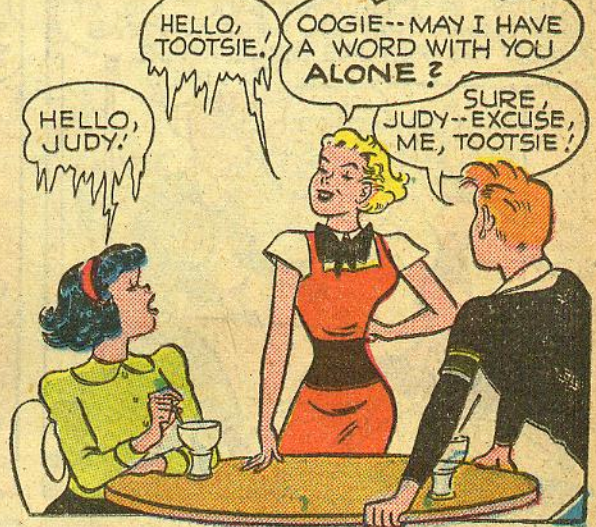
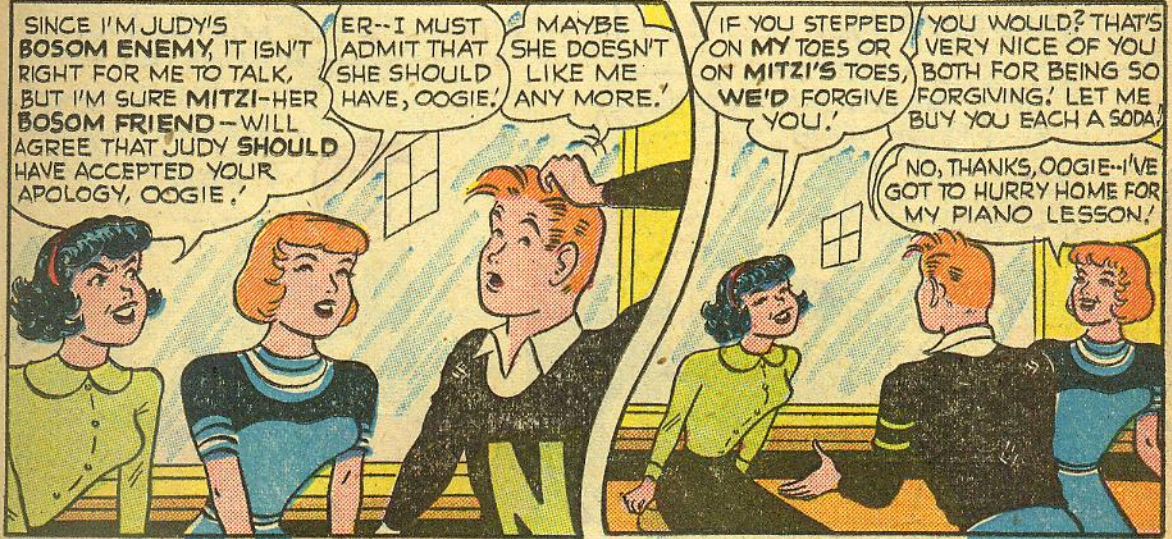
ORDINARILY, I **WOULD**,
OOGIE-- BUT IN THE PICTURE,
THE GIRL REMAINS **ANGRY** FOR
A WHILE-- UNTIL THEY MEET
AGAIN BY **COINCIDENCE!** SO
GO SOMEWHERE WHERE
WE CAN MEET BY
COINCIDENCE!

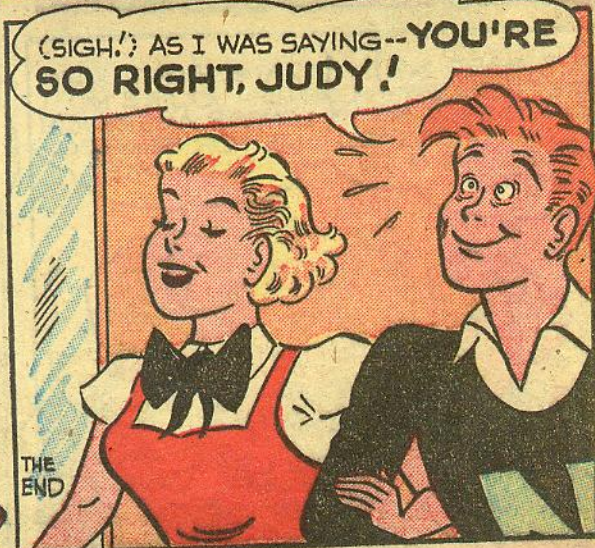
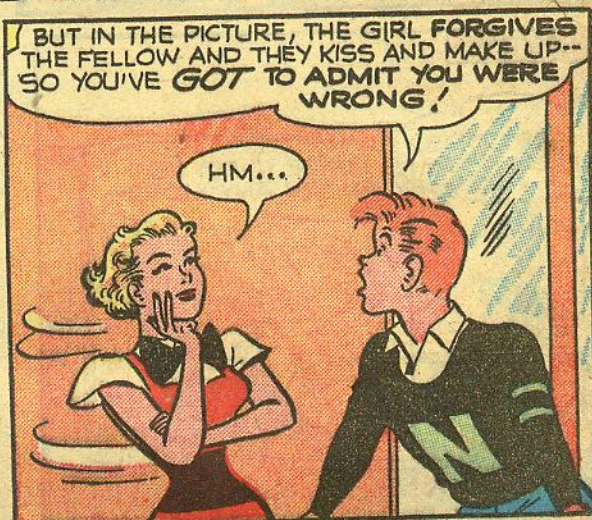
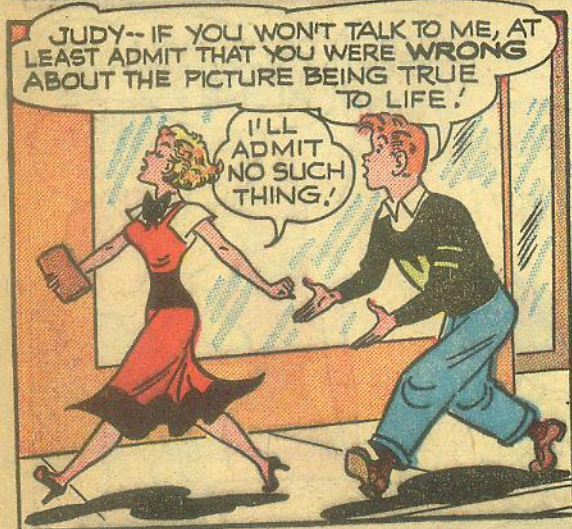


UH--HOW ABOUT THE
ICE CREAM PARLOR? WILL
THAT BE A GOOD **COINCIDENTAL**
MEETING PLACE?

YES,
OOGIE--
NOW BE
ON YOUR
WAY.







THE END

GAINS FAME IN RACE WITH FLAME
ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

LOOKS LIKE THE BROWNS AND THE SMITHS ARE AWAY

BOB WAS ON HIS LAST AFTERNOON DELIVERY WHEN...

I'M GLAD MR. WISE TOLD ME ABOUT "P-F's" THEY SURE HELP MAKE THIS LONG HIKE EASIER EVERY DAY

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE ALL-IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE 3 MAIN SUPPORTING BONES OF THE NORMAL FOOT IN PROPER POSITION.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

* TRADE MARK

JEEPERS! I MUST TURN IN THE ALARM!

JAMMED!

BETTER HEAD FOR THE FIRE HOUSE!

IT'S THE BROWN'S HOUSE! 26 BROOK STREET!

LET'S GO!

SONNY, YOU'RE A HERO! YOU WEREN'T A MINUTE TOO SOON!

YOU SAVED OUR HOME!

GEE, MY "P-F's" SURE HELPED ME TO GET THERE IN TIME!

THAT'S RIGHT! ... "P-F's" HELP YOU MAINTAIN YOUR SPEED LONGER!

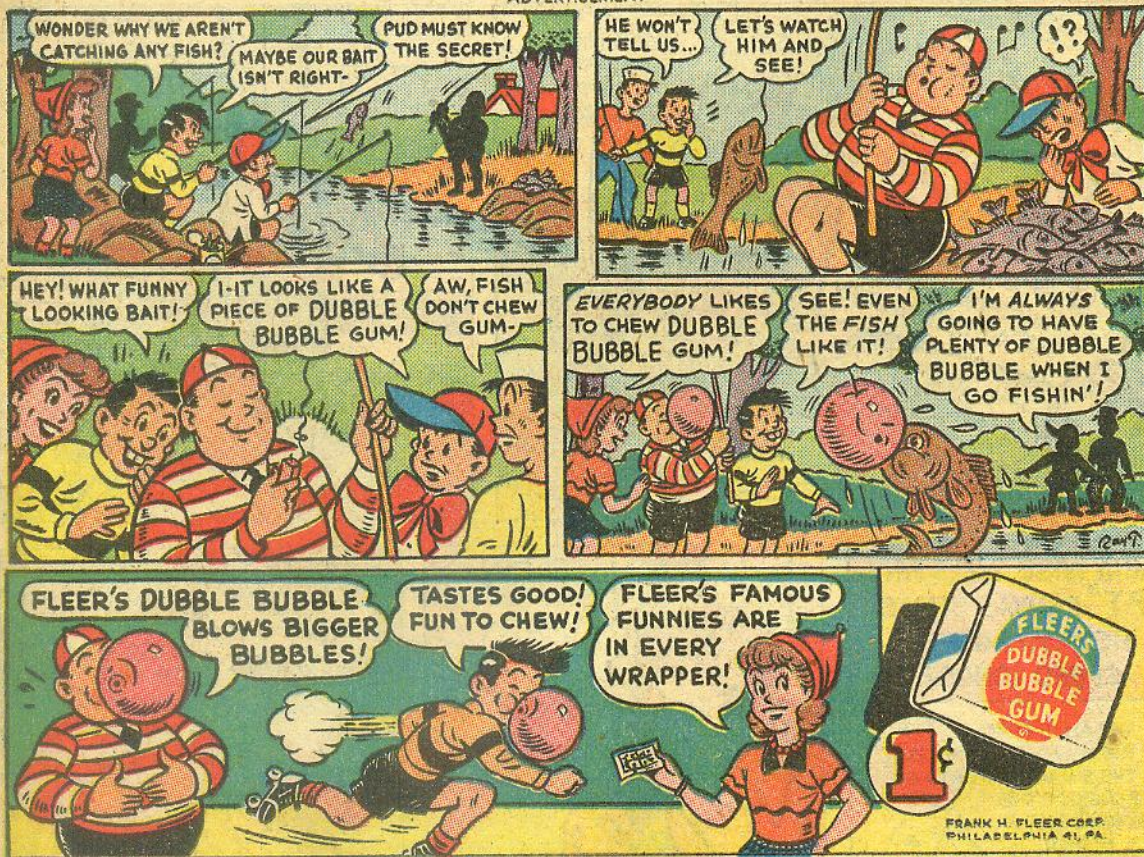
GOOD ADVICE FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

1. LESSEN FOOT STRAIN
2. YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET
4. PROMOTE GOOD POSTURE

INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY Hood Rubber Company and B.F. Goodrich

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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

RANDOLPH

JUDY'S NOT HOME,
OOGIE!

GOOD!
BECAUSE IT'S
YOU I WANT
TO SEE,
RANDOLPH!
YOU MUST
HELP ME!

COME IN, OOGIE--
YOU KNOW I'LL
ALWAYS HELP
YOU-- FOR A
PRICE!

FRANKLY, RANDY, I DON'T
THINK **ANYONE** CAN
HELP ME AT **ANY** PRICE!
BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT
HAPPENED, ANYWAY--

DRUGS

"-- I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET,
MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS. I HAD NO
IDEA THAT I WAS ABOUT TO RUN INTO
TOOTSIE-- JUDY'S BOSOM ENEMY--"



A DATE WITH JUDY



OOPS!

OH!

--IT'S YOU, OOGIE!

HUH--?

"--I RAN INTO HER ALL RIGHT-- SMACK INTO HER!"

"--AND WHO SHOULD BE RIDING BY IN A BUS JUST THEN--"

RAPID TRAN

NOT JUDY?!

YES, JUDY! AND SHE SAW TOOTSIE IN MY ARMS!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, OOGIE-- NO ONE CAN HELP YOU--

THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED--

R-RING

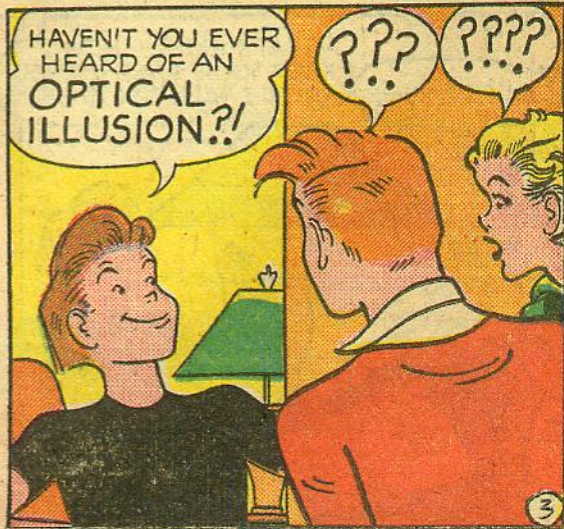
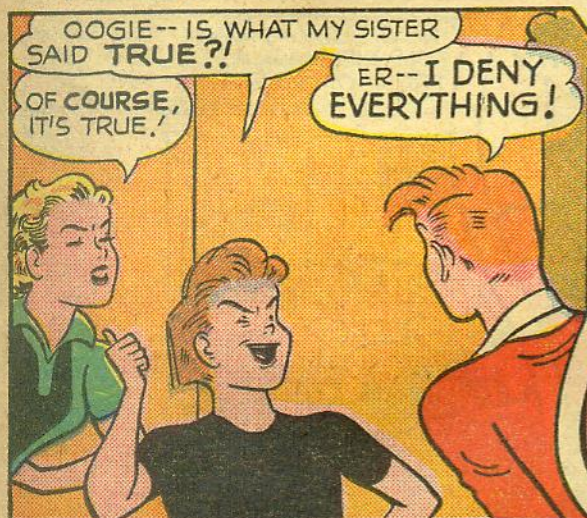
--NO ONE EXCEPT ME, THAT IS! NOW THIS MAY BE JUDY--SO DENY EVERYTHING AND I'LL HANDLE HER FOR YOU!

ER-- WHATEVER YOU SAY, RANDY!

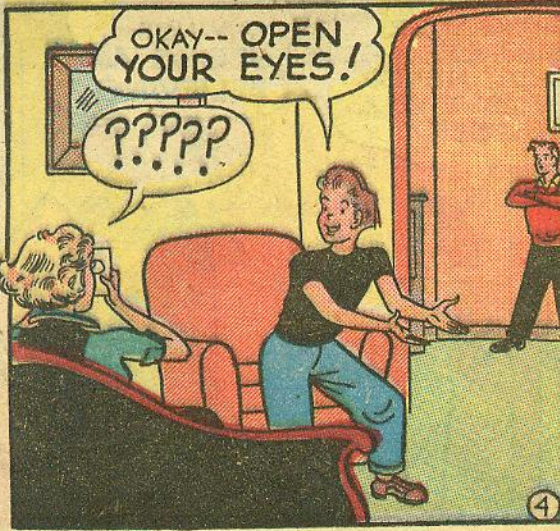
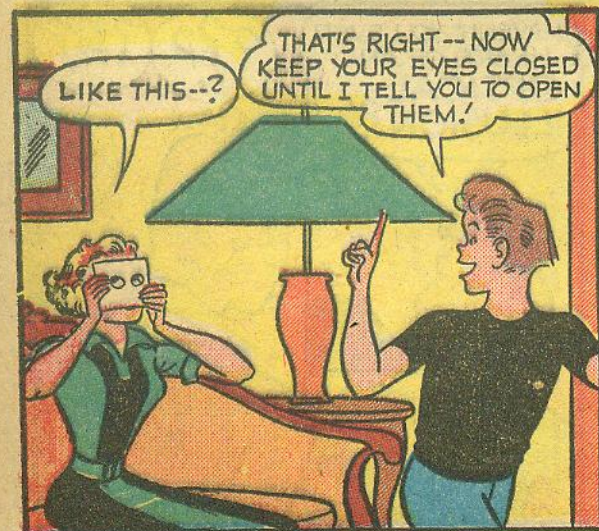
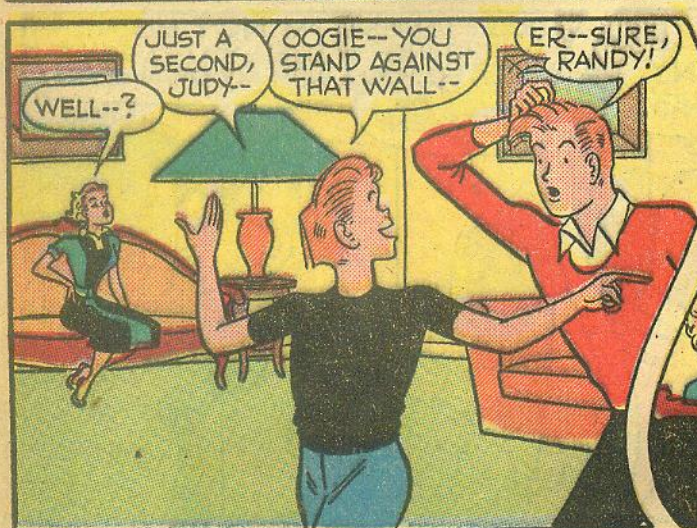
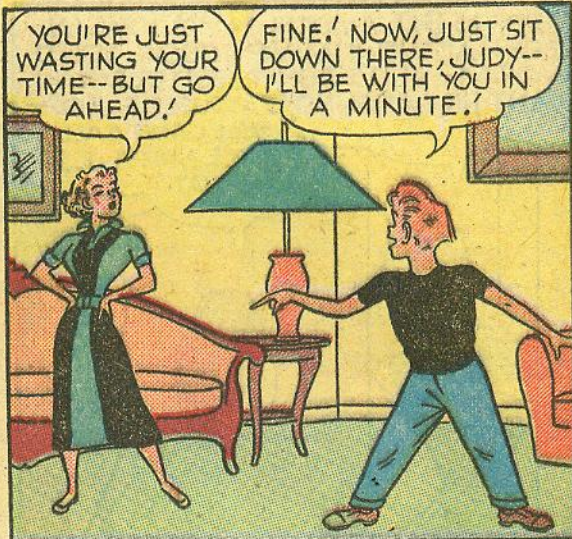
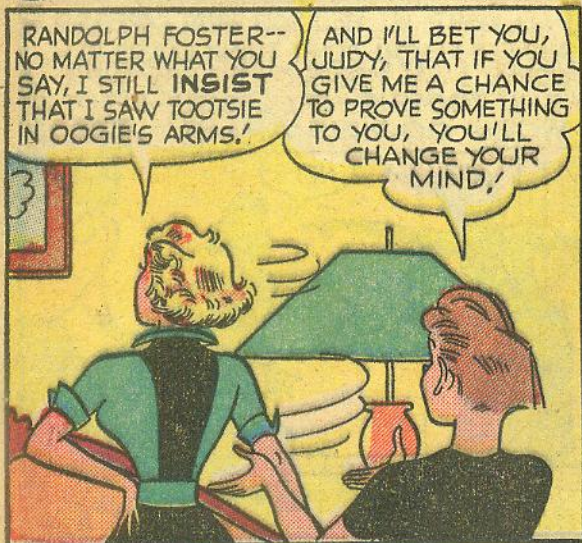
EEEEEEEE! GET THAT WORM OUT OF HERE!

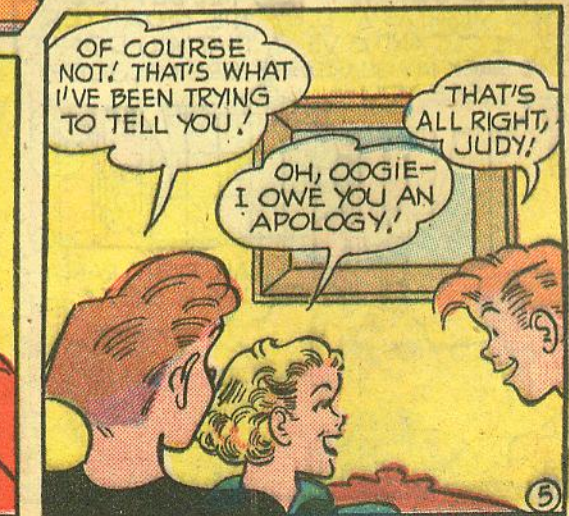
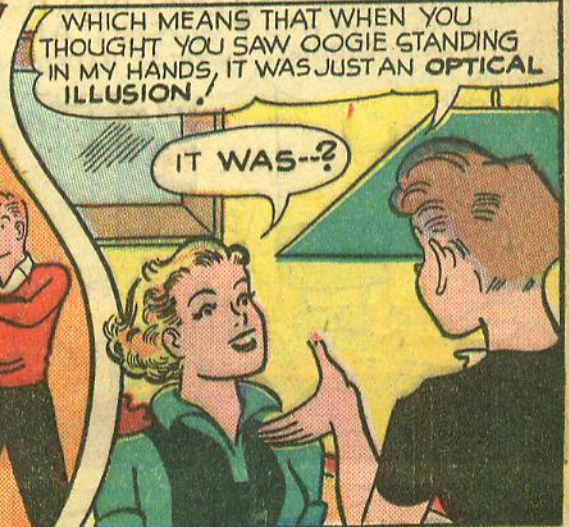
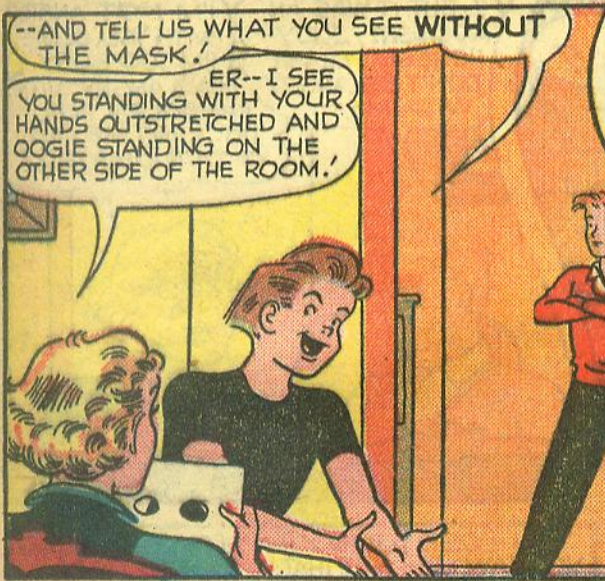
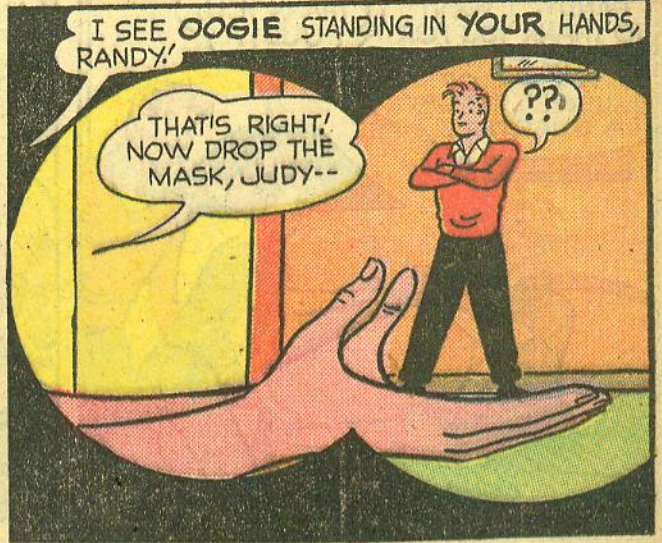
WORM--? WHAT WORM--? JUDY, YOU MUST BE SEEING THINGS! THERE'S NO WORM IN HERE!

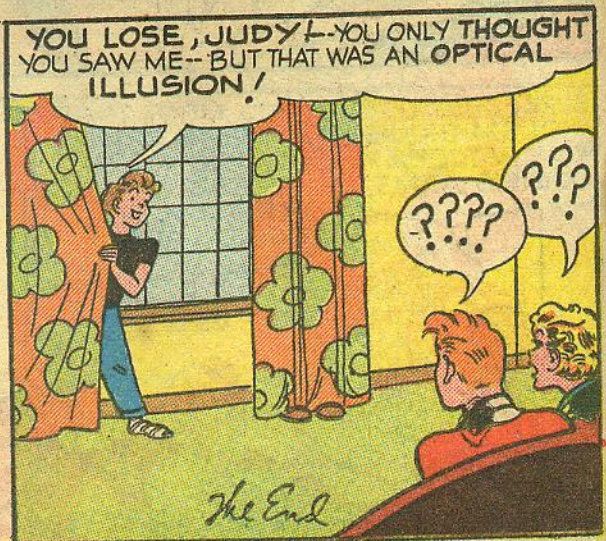
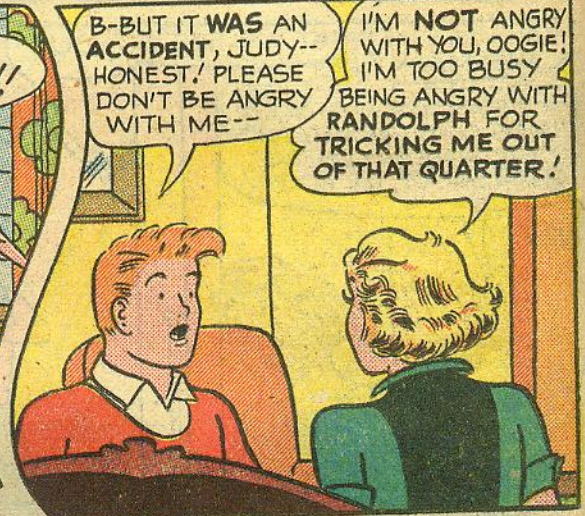
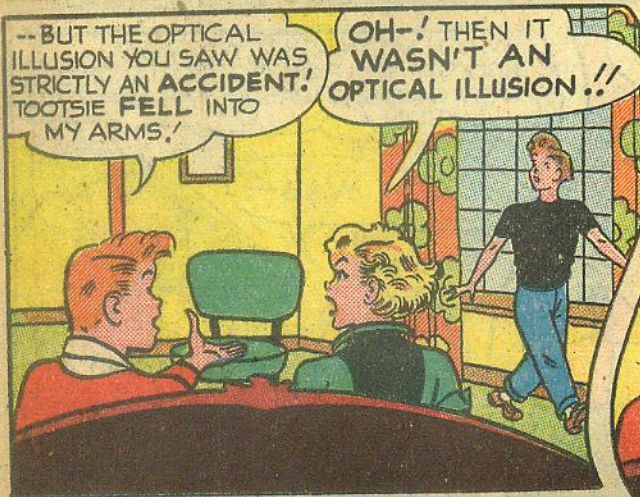
PSSST, SHE MEANS ME!



A DATE WITH JUDY







Captain Tootsie

IN EMERGENCY LANDING

By BILL SCHREIBER



BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!

You can get this lovely smooth-writing **BALLPOINT PEN**

for only **10¢**

and 2 TOOTSIE ROLL wrappers or 2 TOOTSIE POP wrappers

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Five inches long, reliable, smooth-writing, the happy pen that's never at a loss when it's needed. It's made in America and it's worth more than a dollar pen!

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Get yours while they last. Mail coupon now—send 10 cents and 2 TOOTSIE ROLL wrappers or 2 TOOTSIE POP wrappers.

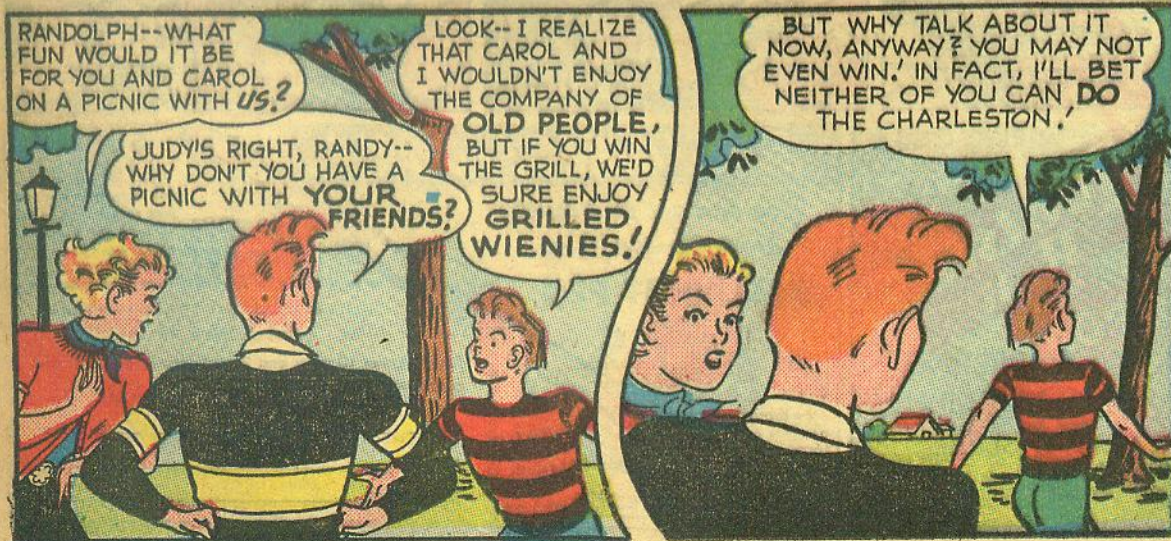
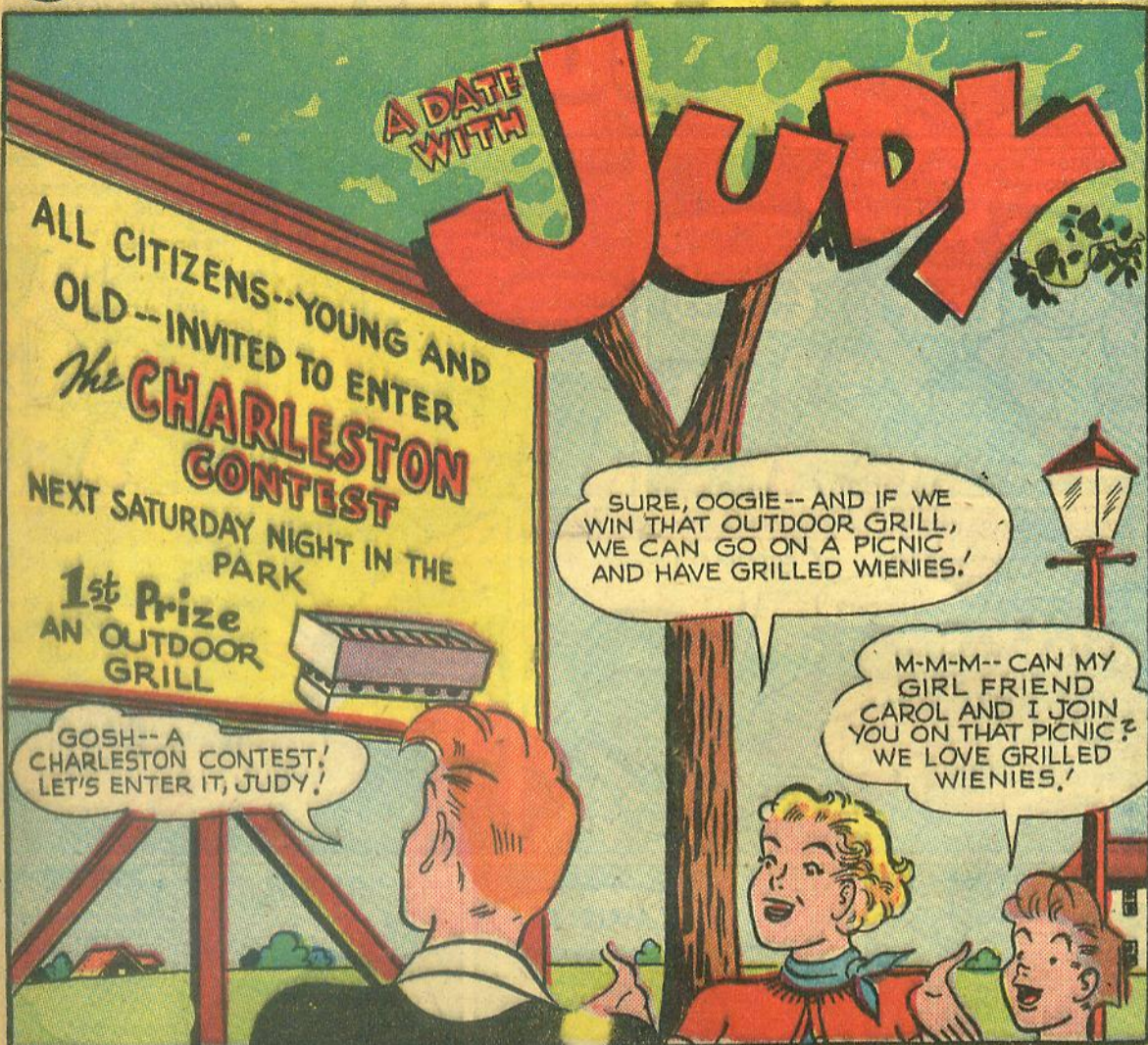
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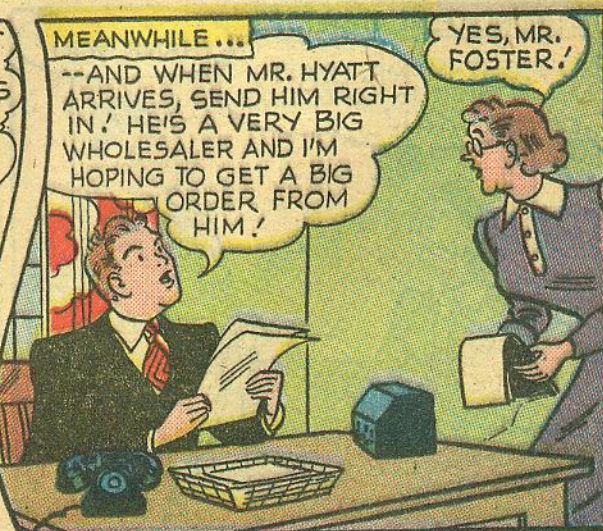
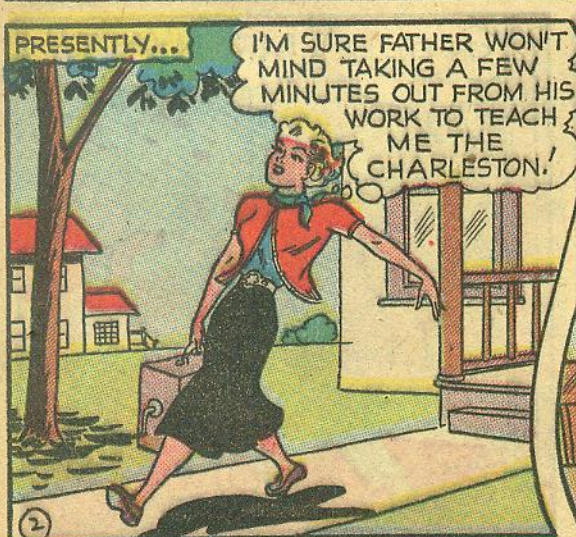
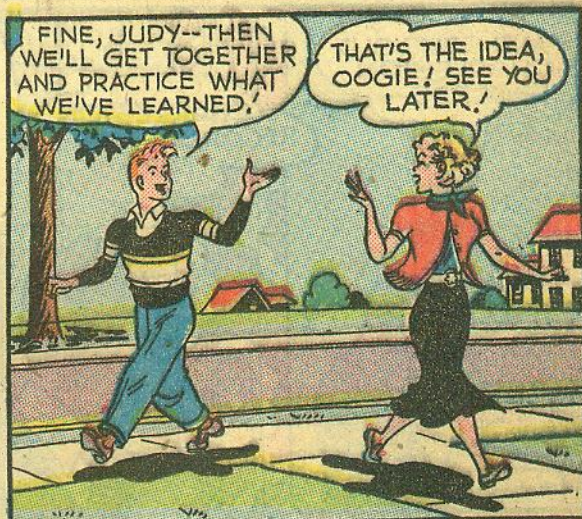
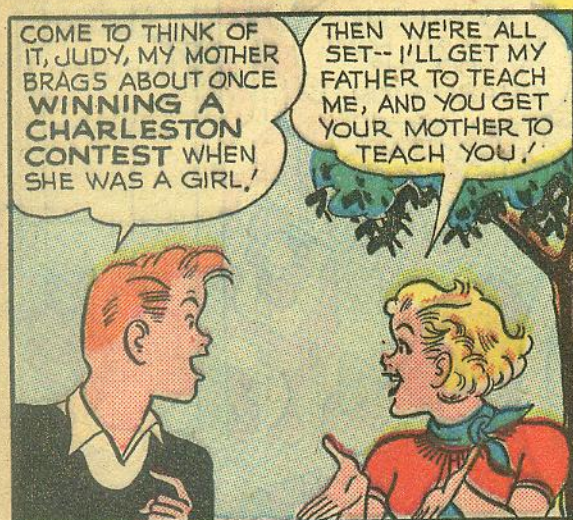
I'm enclosing 10 cents and 2 wrappers. Please send me a smooth-writing BALL-POINT PEN.

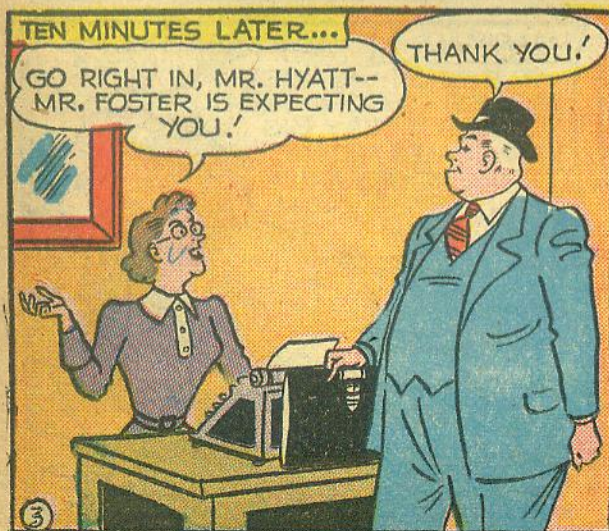
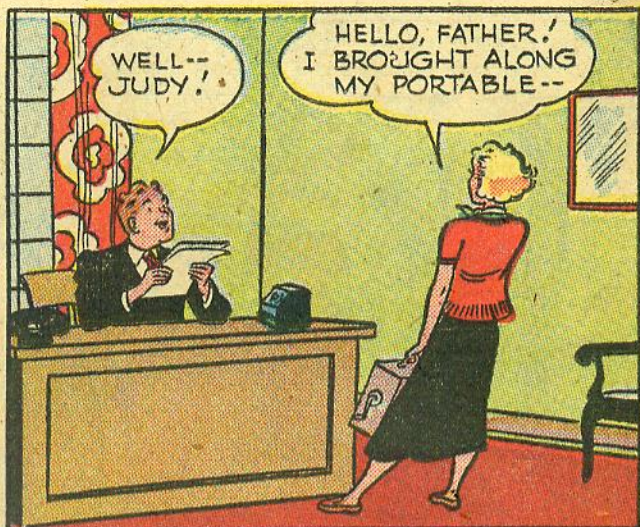
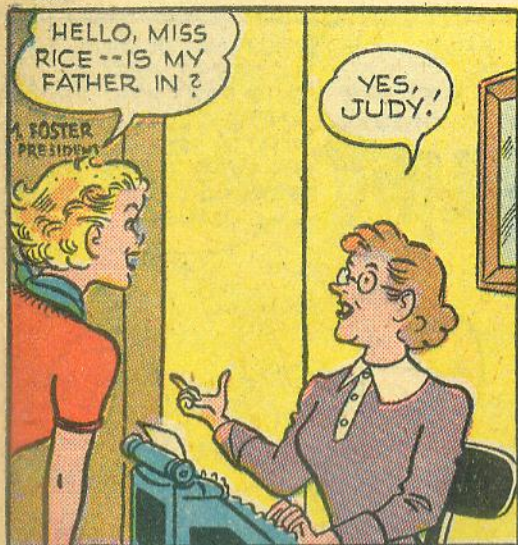
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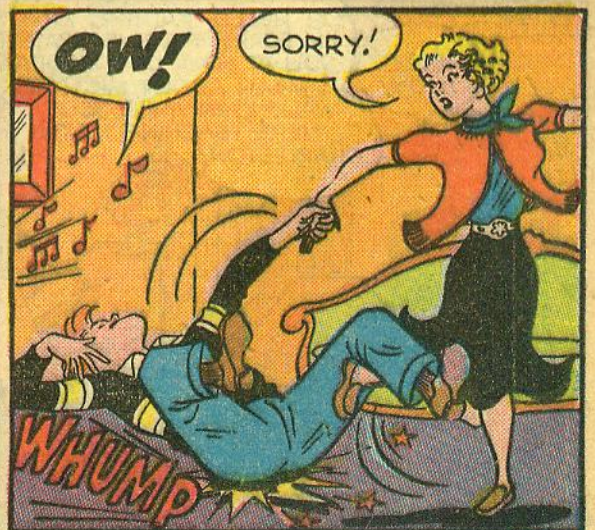
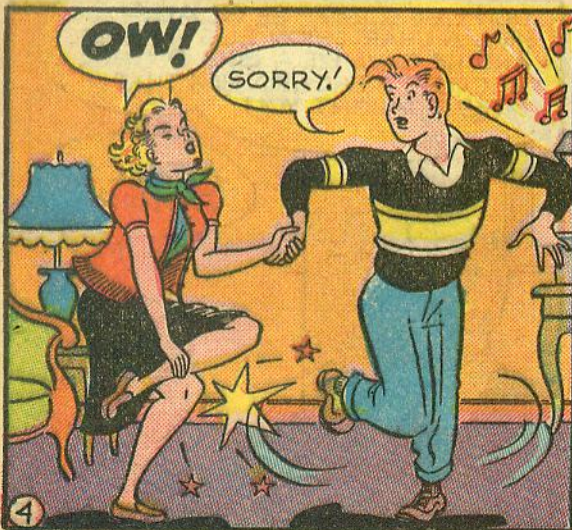
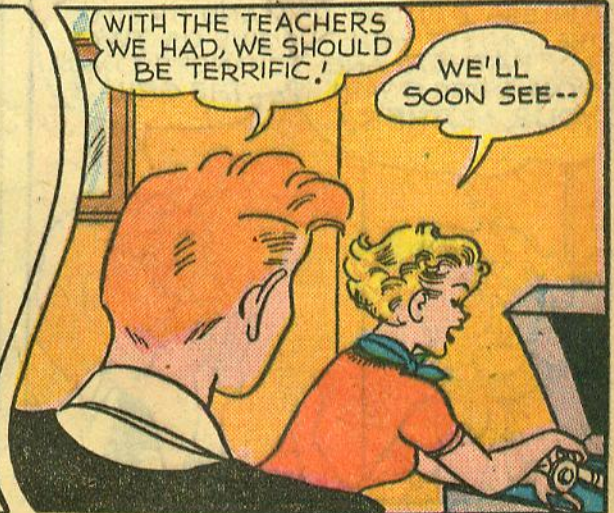
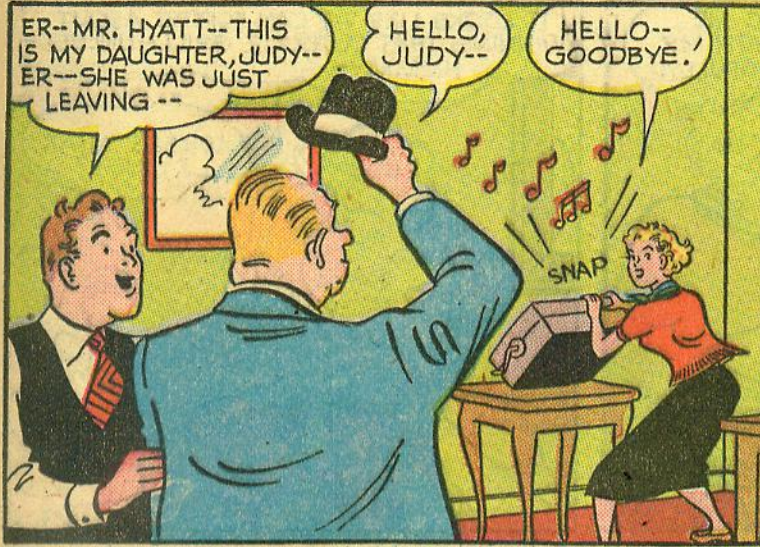
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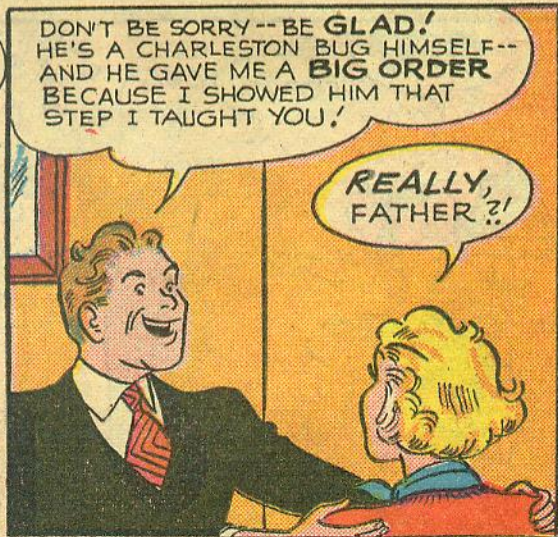
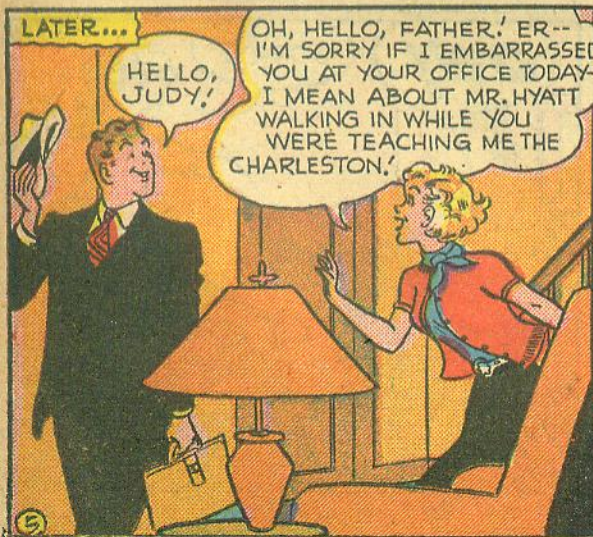
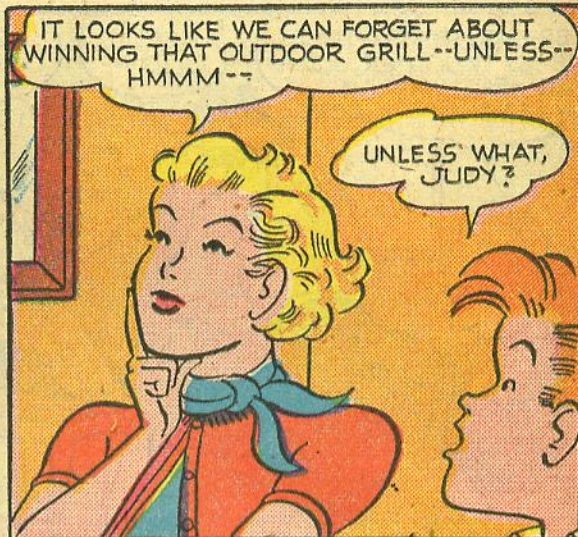
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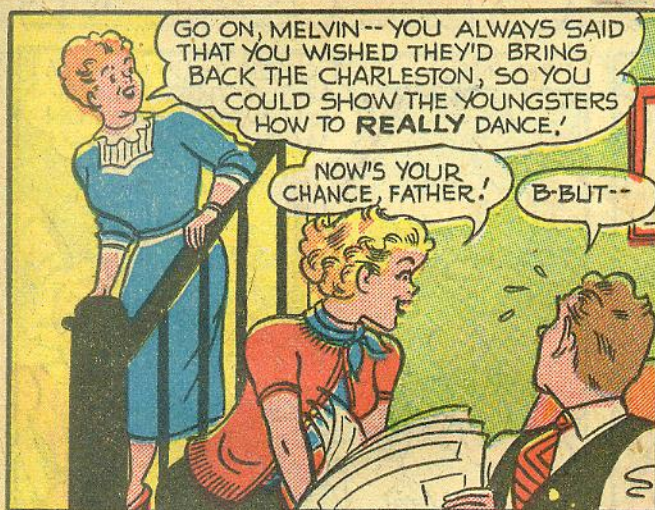
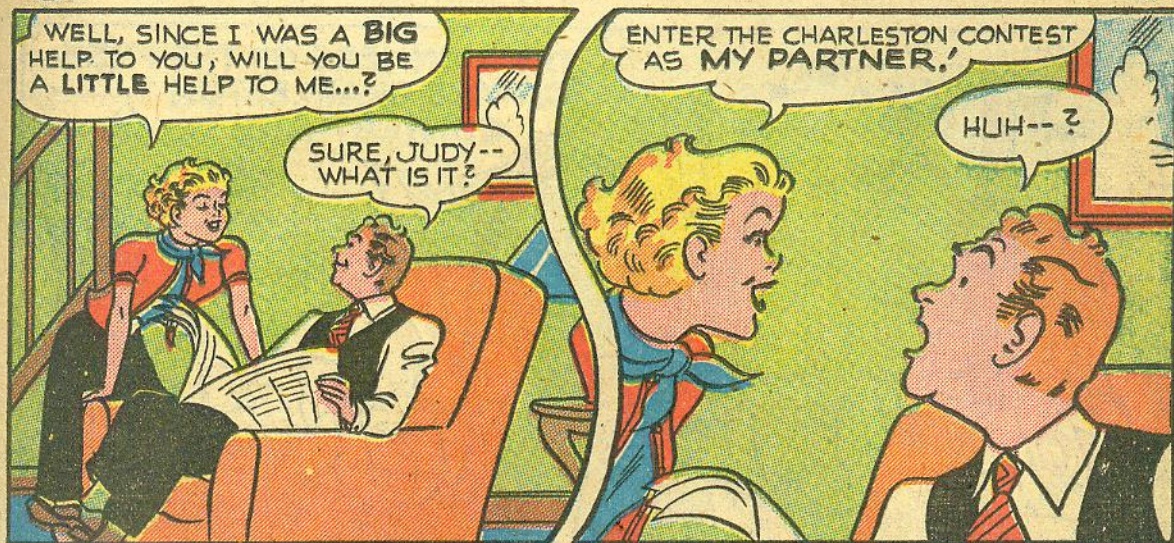


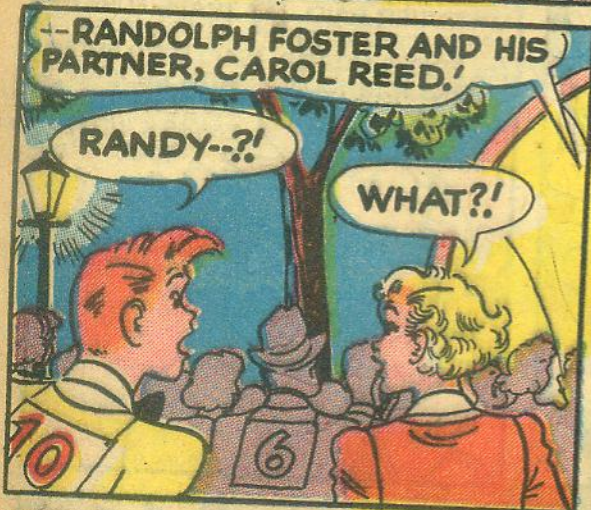
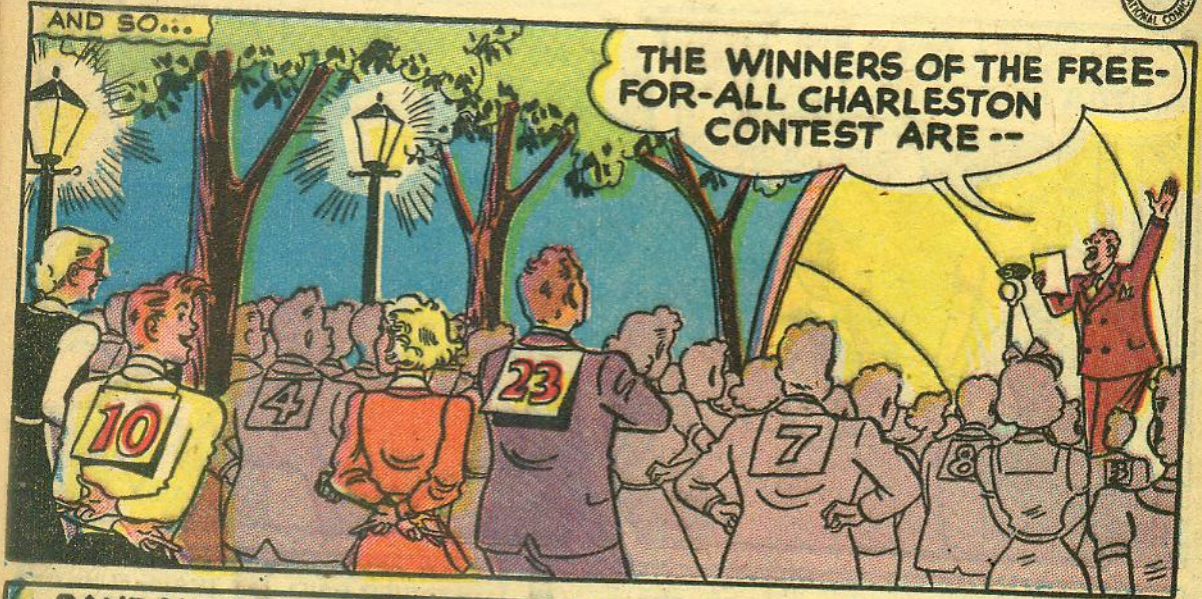














-AND I HAVE A DATE WITH TOM AND BOB THIS AFTERNOON!



DID I HEAR YOU SAY YOU HAD A DATE WITH TWO BOYS TODAY?



WHY YES, MOTHER. TOM WON'T BE OVER IF IT'S RAINING. HE HAS A SLIGHT COLD.



-AND BOB IS ON THE TRACK TEAM--



HE CAN'T COME OVER IF THE WEATHER IS FINE--THEY HAVE OUTDOOR PRACTISE. SO I'M WELL PROTECTED!

THE END

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(or without birthstone, if you prefer)

ONLY 25¢

WITH FRONT COVER OF ANY SMITH BROTHERS BOX

Send to: SMITH BROTHERS, P.O. Box 557, Providence, R. I.

Here's all you do! Fill in coupon below (or use sheet of paper), and send in with 25¢ and the front cover of any Smith

Brothers box . . . for beautiful bracelet finished in Nickel Silver! Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Supply is limited--so hurry!



Please print information below (use pencil) and send to: Smith Brothers, P.O. Box 557, Providence, R. I.

Name for Bracelet (limit - 14 letters) _____

Do you want birthstone? ☐ Yes ☐ No

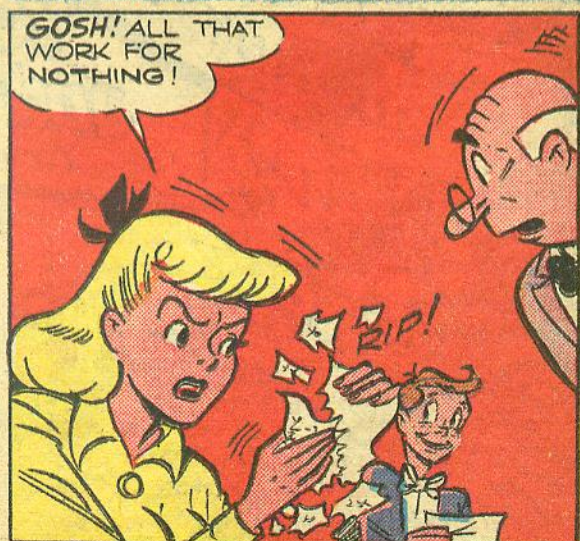
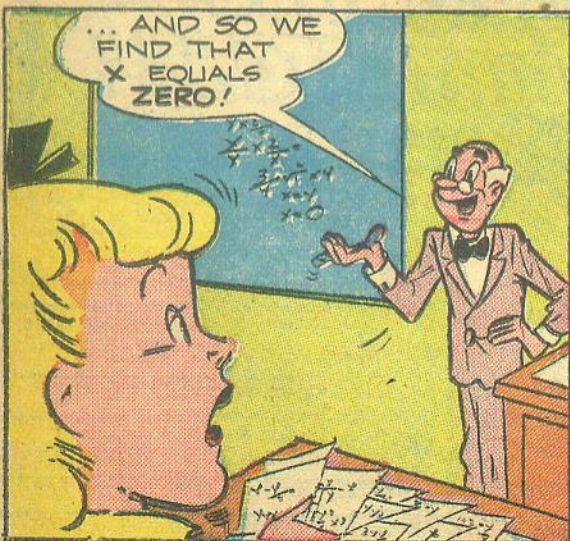
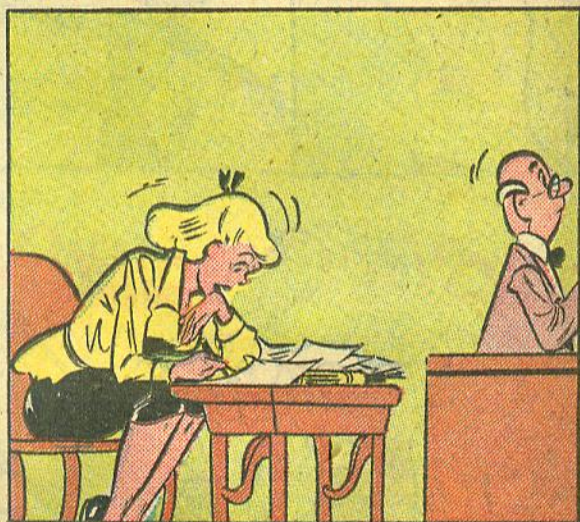
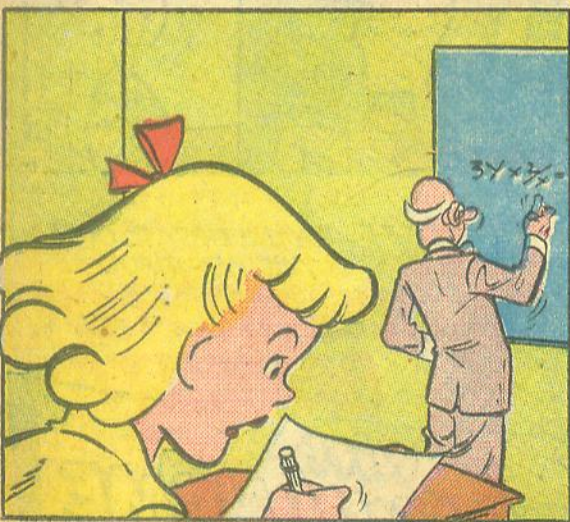
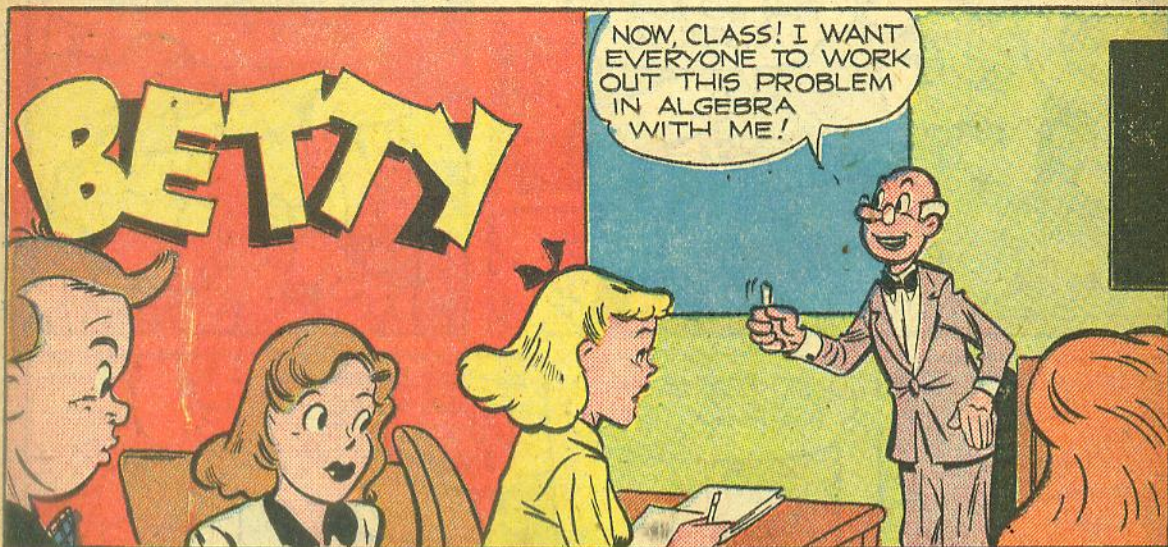
If Yes, give month of birth _____

WRIST SIZE Large ☐ Small ☐

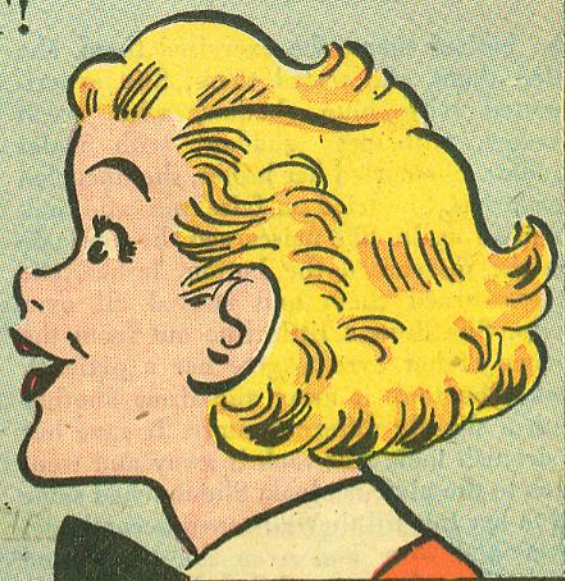
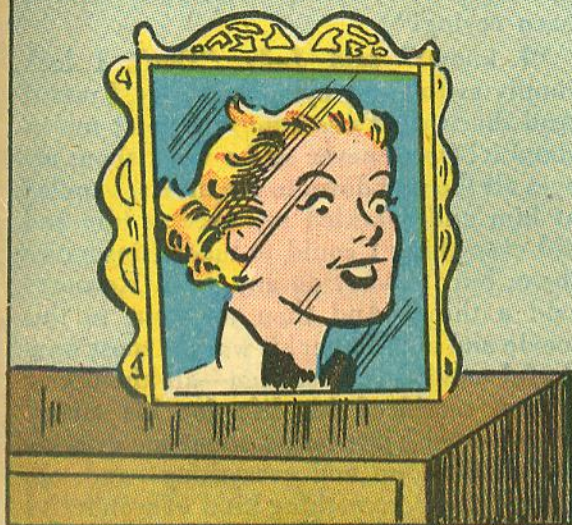
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



THE EYES HAVE IT!



JUDY dropped the book of poetry she had been reading and hurried to survey herself in the front hall mirror. "Oooh!" she wailed. "This is awful! My eyes don't look a bit like blue, blue fields of blue, blue flax—or the deep, deep depths of deep, deep waters—or—or anything poetic like that! They just look like eyes—plain, old eyes!"

"Now, what in the world has put all this nonsense into your head?" said Mrs. Foster. "There's nothing so terribly wrong with your eyes!"

"*Nothing wrong with my eyes?!!*" exploded Judy. "Really, Mother, how can you say such a thing! Why, I've known Oogie Pringle ever since we were knee-high to a tinkertoy and he hasn't once, *not once*, written a poem about my eyes! What greater proof can you have? The trouble with my eyes is that they are obviously not beautiful enough to *inspire* Oogie! Why, just look at this book of poetry—it's full of poetic tributes to women's eyes! Here—listen to what this poet wrote about a girl called Rosaline: 'Her eyes are sapphires set in snow resembling heaven by every wink . . .' And here's what someone wrote to a girl named Dianeme: '—those two eyes which starlike sparkle in their skies . . .' And here's a line Longfellow wrote in 'The Wreck of the Hesperus': 'Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax . . .' Why, it's plain

to see those poets were *simply carried away with inspiration!* But I'll bet if I asked Oogie right now what color my eyes are, he couldn't tell me without looking first! Let's face it, Mother—either a girl's eyes *have* it or they *don't* and it's obvious that **MINE DON'T!**"

"Well," said Mrs. Foster, "if having a poem written about your eyes means so much to you, why don't you just go ahead and ask Oogie for one? I'm sure he'd be glad to try!"

"Mother," said Judy, "there'd be nothing poetic about it if I had to *ask* him for it! That isn't the way inspiration works! Besides, I don't necessarily have to have a poem from him. Just a compliment would do—or even a look of admiration! No, Mother, I shall not *ask* Oogie to notice my eyes. I shall *force* him to by more subtle means! *I shall beautify my eyes with all the tricks known to man!* I shall immortalize my eyes in Oogie's heart! Let's see . . . I have exactly four hours in which to do so—Oogie's going to pick me up at seven-thirty for our movie date. Golly, I can hardly wait to see his eyes light up when he looks into mine!"

The next four hours, minus a very few minutes for dinner and a few more for dressing, Judy spent upstairs in her room in a labor of love and hope on her eyes.

She bathed them, she exercised them, she oiled them, she rested them. She experimented with blue shadow, with green shadow, with grey shadow, with violet shadow. She curled her lashes, she uncurled her lashes. She tried on false ones and took them off again. She mascaraed the top lashes, she mascaraed the bottom lashes, she un-mascaraed them and started all over again. She drew a little line out from the corner of her eyes to give her a pixie-ish look. She took it away and drew another with a slightly different curve. It gave her a sirenish look. She took it away and went back to the pixie-ish look. She touched some oil to her lids till they glistened becomingly. Over and over and over she tried—and then at last she was satisfied. Her eyes were beautiful. Truly beautiful. She went downstairs to await Oogie's arrival.

"Well, Mother," she said anxiously, "how do I look? My eyes, I mean. They are nice, aren't they—I mean, they *really* are, don't you think?"

"Yes, Judy," said Mrs. Foster, "I must say you've done a fine job! They're neither overdone nor underdone! Only—"

"Only *what*, Mother?" cried Judy, her eyes tightening with worry. "ONLY WHAT?"

"Only—" said Mrs. Foster hesitantly.

"For goodness sakes, Mother!" cried Judy. "What are you trying to say? Haven't I done just about as perfect a make-up job on my eyes as could be done? Haven't I?"

"Yes, of course, dear," said Mrs. Foster. "It's just that—well, some day you'll understand. Oh—that must be Oogie at the door now! You run along and have a nice evening!"

About three hours later the front door opened and Judy stepped softly into the house. Mrs. Foster looked up from her knitting and smiled a greeting. "Did you have a nice time, Judy?" she asked.

"Yes!" breathed Judy, as if in a dream. "I had a WONDERFUL time! Only, the funniest thing happened."

"Oh?" said Mrs. Foster, peering more

intently at Judy's face. "Why, Judy! You've been crying!"

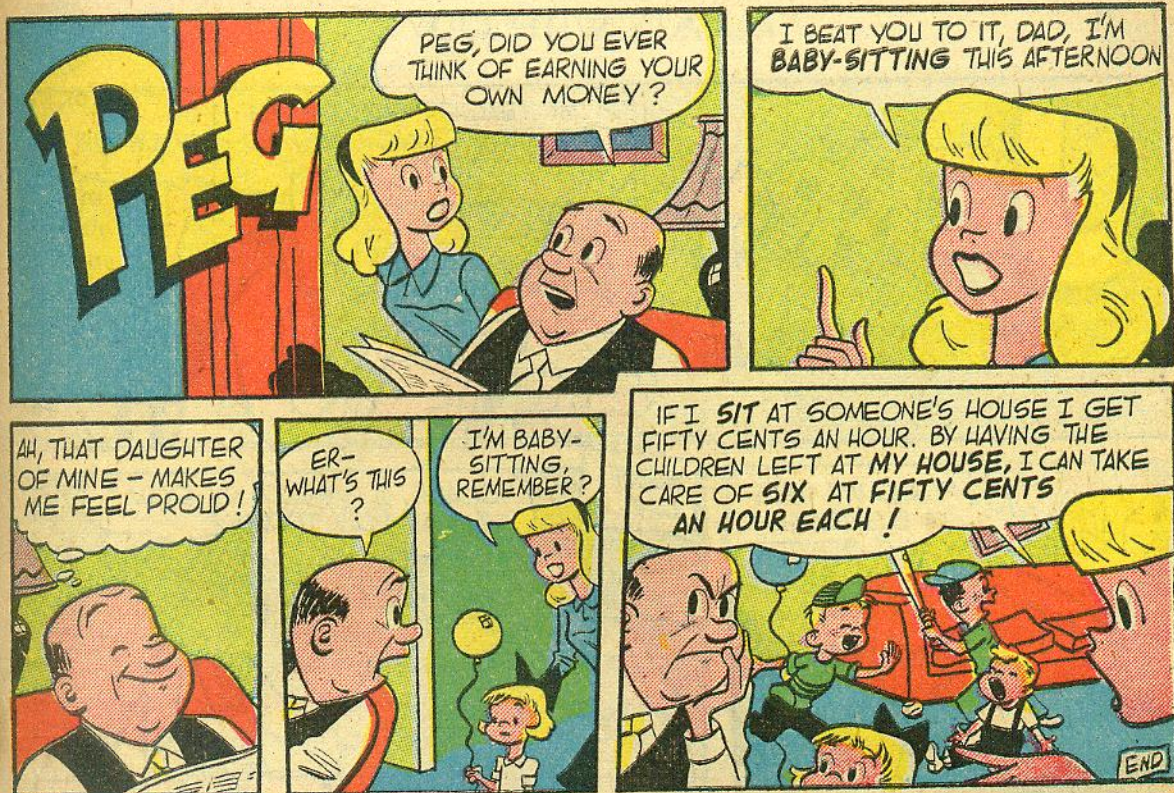
"I know!" said Judy. "Don't I look simply awful—my eyes, especially, I mean! And that's what's so funny! I don't understand it! Oogie never said a word about my eyes all the way down to the movie. I smiled at him and sparkled my eyes at him and did everything I could to make him notice them, but it didn't do any good. He never said a thing! And then we went to this movie and oh, Mother! it was the most wonderful movie I've ever seen—all about how a man sacrificed his life for his closest friend—and I just forgot about my eyes being all fixed up and everything—and, oh, I don't know, something kind of wonderful happened inside me and I just cried and cried and cried and all my mascara came off and my eyes got red and bleary and my lashes got all droopy and twisted and my eyes looked something fierce! Why, they looked so awful I didn't even want Oogie to look at me when we walked over to the Pop Bottle for a soda afterwards! And that's when it happened!"

"That's when *what* happened?" asked Mrs. Foster.

"That's when Oogie looked into my eyes and told me they were the most beautiful eyes he's ever seen! And when he said it, it sounded like the loveliest poetry I'd ever heard! I—I just don't understand it!"

"It's really very simple, Judy," said Mrs. Foster softly. "You see, it doesn't matter how much you try to beautify yourself on the outside, because real beauty is always an *inside* story. 'One's eyes are what one is'—that's the way one poet put it, and I think he's right! Your eyes could never have been *really* beautiful, no matter what you did to them, until you *felt* beautiful, until you *were* beautiful INSIDE! It was only when you were thinking about something fine in life, instead of only about yourself and your appearance, that your eyes became truly lovely!"

"Oh!" said Judy. "I see what you mean! Hereafter, I'll stop concentrating on the I's and my eyes will take care of themselves!"



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Please send me - FREE - information on how I can make a deal with Dad to get a Stewart-Warner "Cadet" Speedometer for my bike.

My name is.....

My age is.....

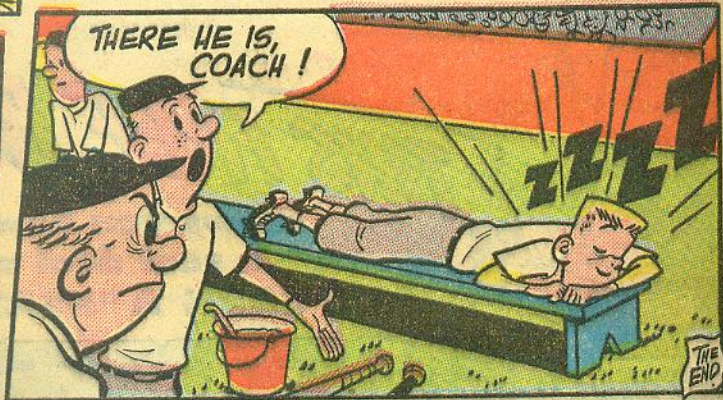
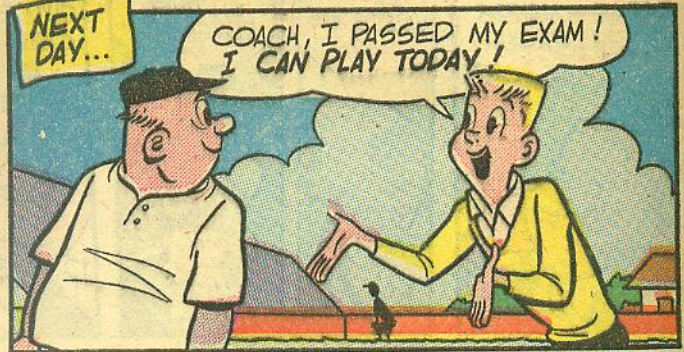
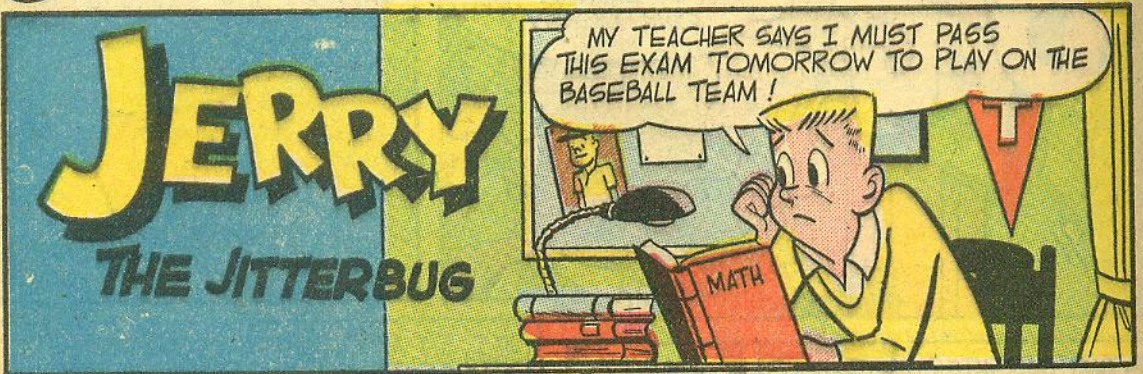
I live at.....

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

Hey Gang! Here's real fun... lots of new thrills for your bike. A big, gleaming "Cadet" Speedometer that'll make your every trip an exciting new adventure. Lets you check your mileage, clock your speed - just like on Dad's car. Case is sturdy... weather-proof... rustproof. Has large black and white easy-to-read dial. Built to take it, a cinch to install, the sparkling "Cadet" Speedometer will give you the brightest, most thrilling, most admired bike on the block.



A DATE WITH JUDY



ADVERTISEMENT

SQUEEKIE!

SQUEEKIE, MISS LIT'S HOLDING TRYOUTS FOR THE PLAY TODAY. WITH THIS HAIR I'LL FALL FATEFULLY FLAT!

SLOW DOWN SAL. MEET ME IN THE LOCKER ROOM AFTER CLASS.

LUCKY FOR YOU THIS BOTTLE OF WILDROOT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOOS IN MY LOCKER.

BUT I CAN'T WASH MY HAIR 3 HOURS BEFORE AUDITIONS.

GEE-WHAT LOADS OF FLUFFY LATHER.

BOY! SALLY'S HAIR LOOKS LIKE SUNLIGHT.

SALLY - YOU WERE SUPER TONIGHT! HOW ABOUT BEING MY STEADY JULIET?

I'LL GIVE IT A THOUGHT.

TOO BAD ALL THE GIRLS DON'T GET HELP TO WILDROOT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO!

SOAPLESS!
CONTAINS LANOLIN!
EASY TO SET IN A FEW MINUTES!

GLEAMS YOUR HAIR
LEAVES IT
SQUEEKIE CLEAN!



A DATE WITH JUDY



A DATE
WITH

JUDY

HELLO, OOGIE -- I WANT YOU TO HEAR
THIS NEW RECORD! LISTEN WHILE I
PLAY IT FOR YOU!

OKAY, JUDY!

?

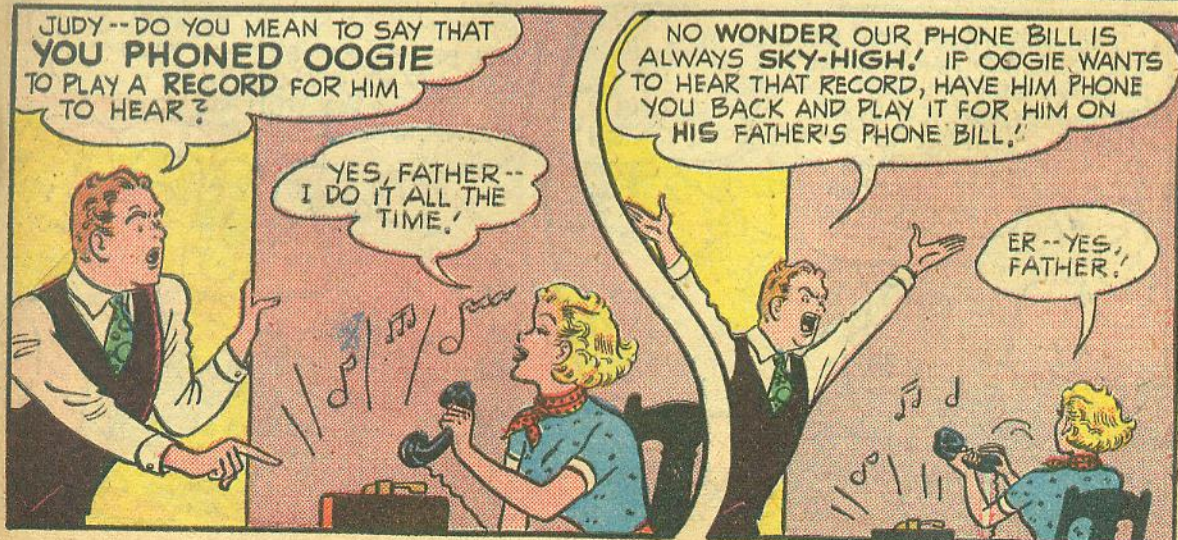


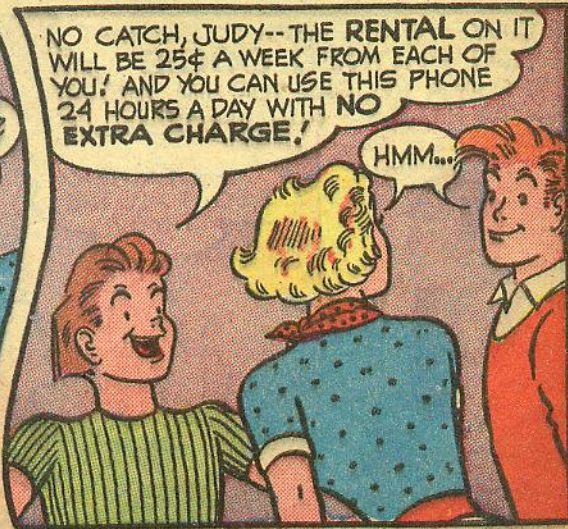
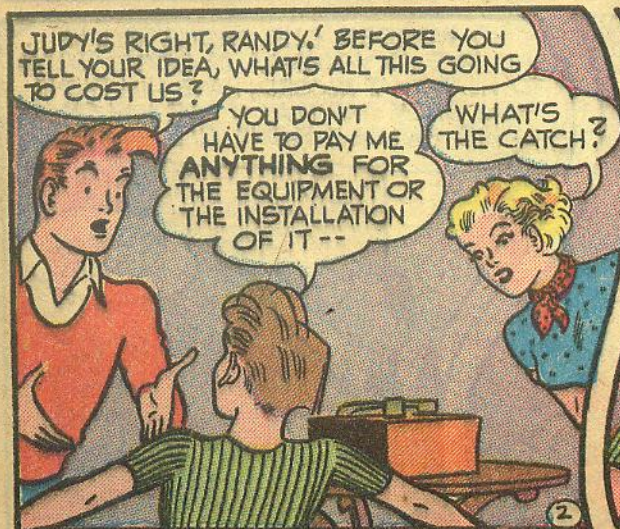
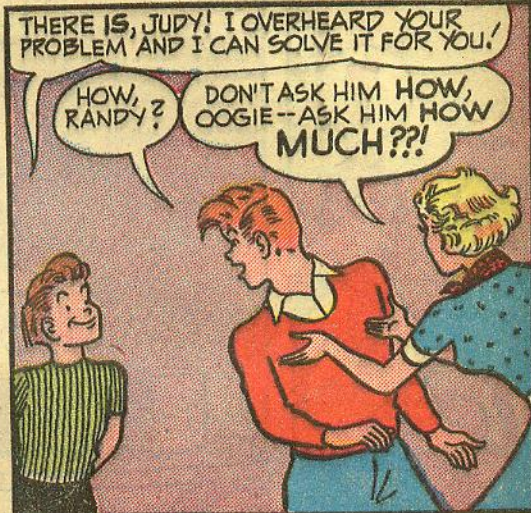
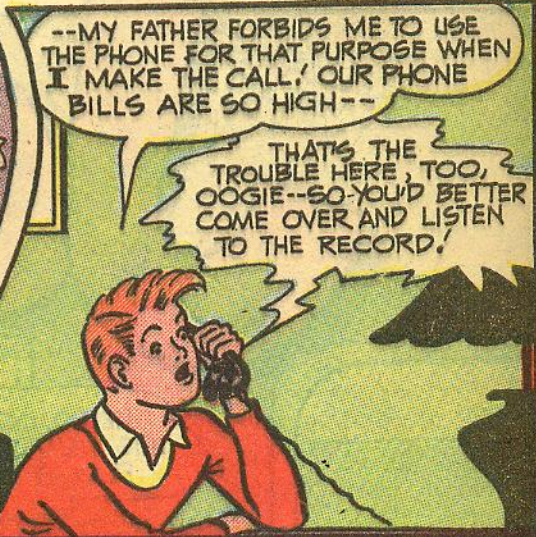
JUDY -- DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT
YOU PHONED OOGIE
TO PLAY A RECORD FOR HIM
TO HEAR?

YES, FATHER --
I DO IT ALL THE
TIME!

NO WONDER OUR PHONE BILL IS
ALWAYS SKY-HIGH! IF OOGIE WANTS
TO HEAR THAT RECORD, HAVE HIM PHONE
YOU BACK AND PLAY IT FOR HIM ON
HIS FATHER'S PHONE BILL!

ER -- YES,
FATHER!





A DATE WITH JUDY

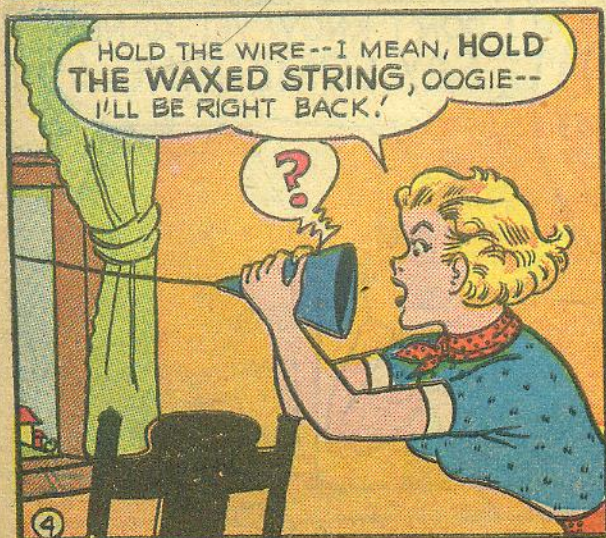


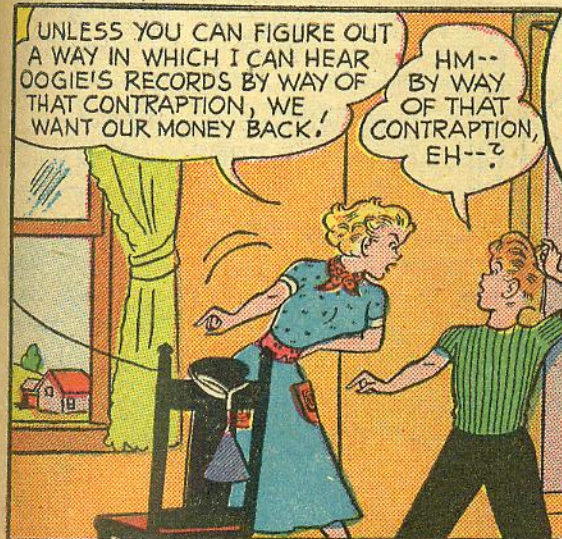
NEXT DAY...

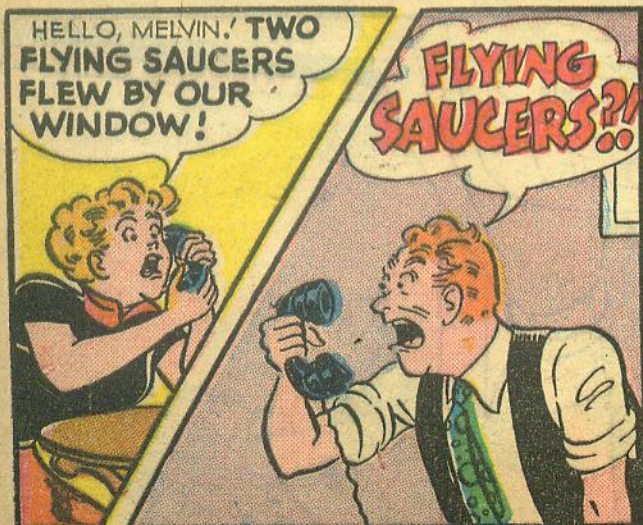
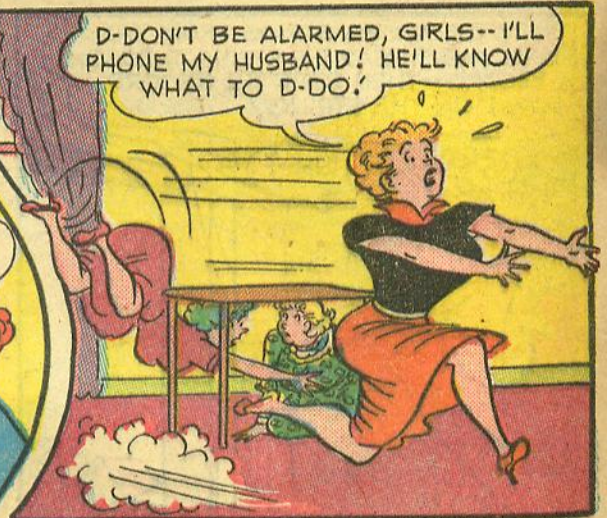
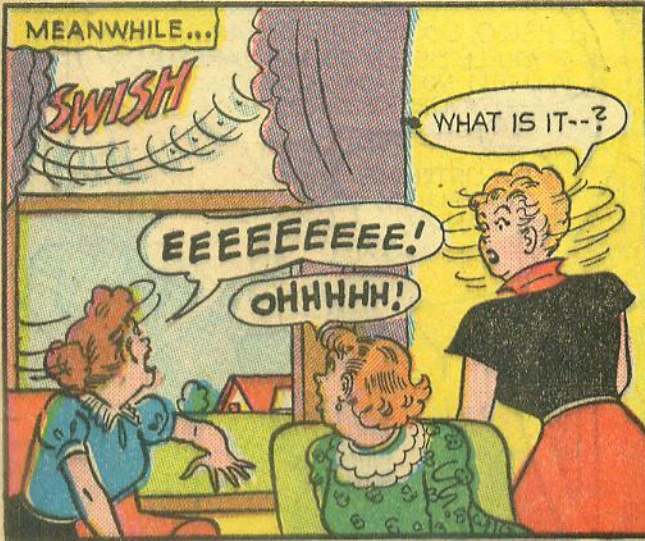


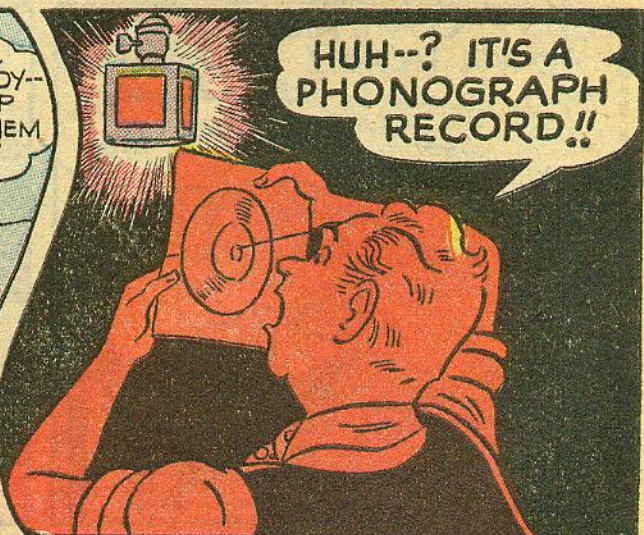
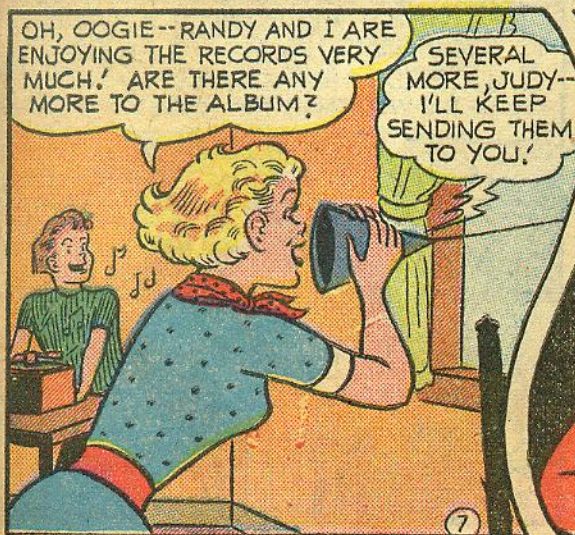
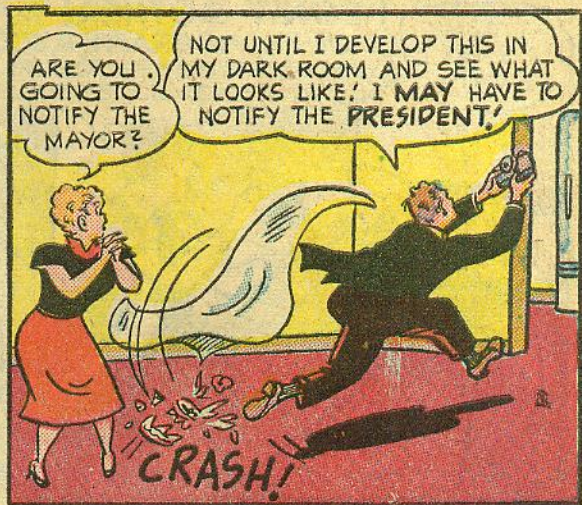
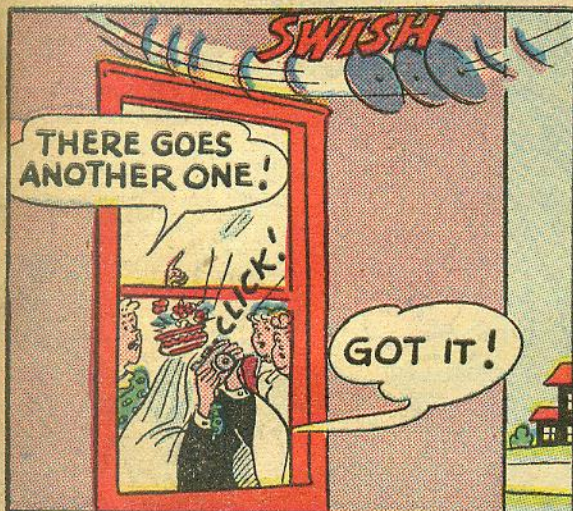
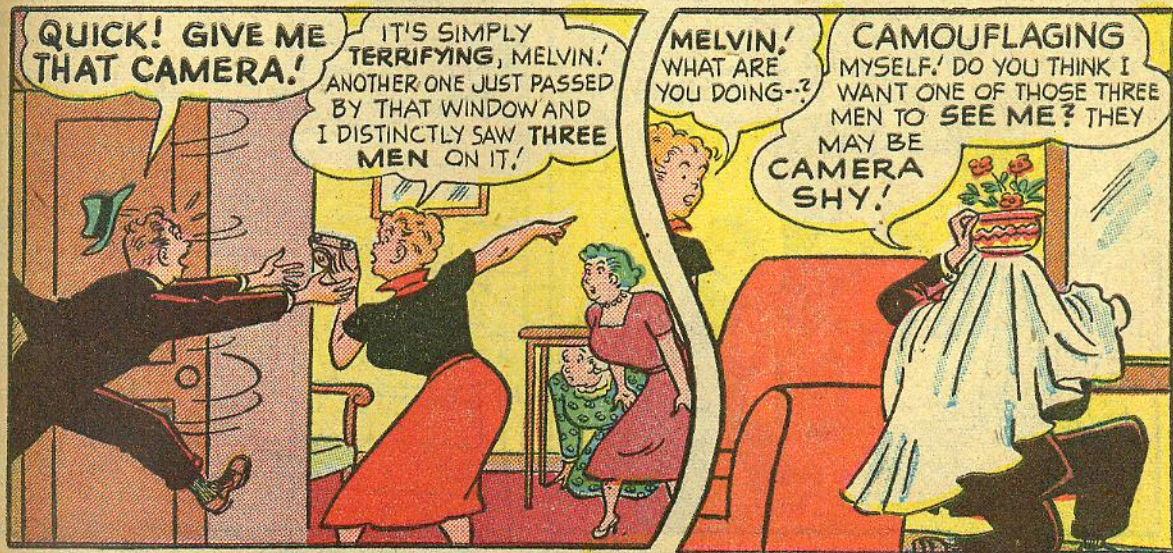
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

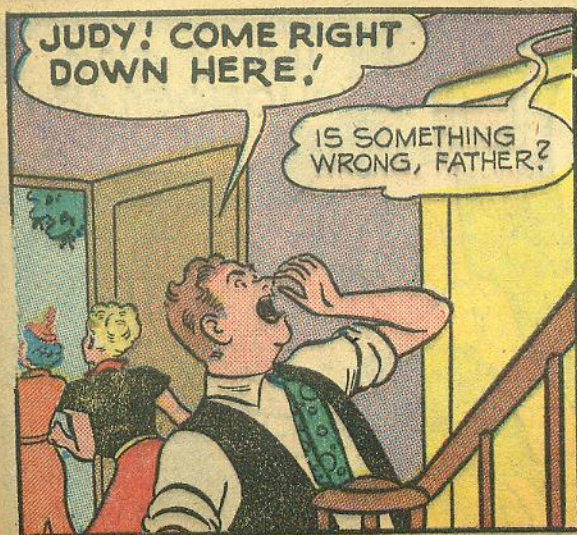


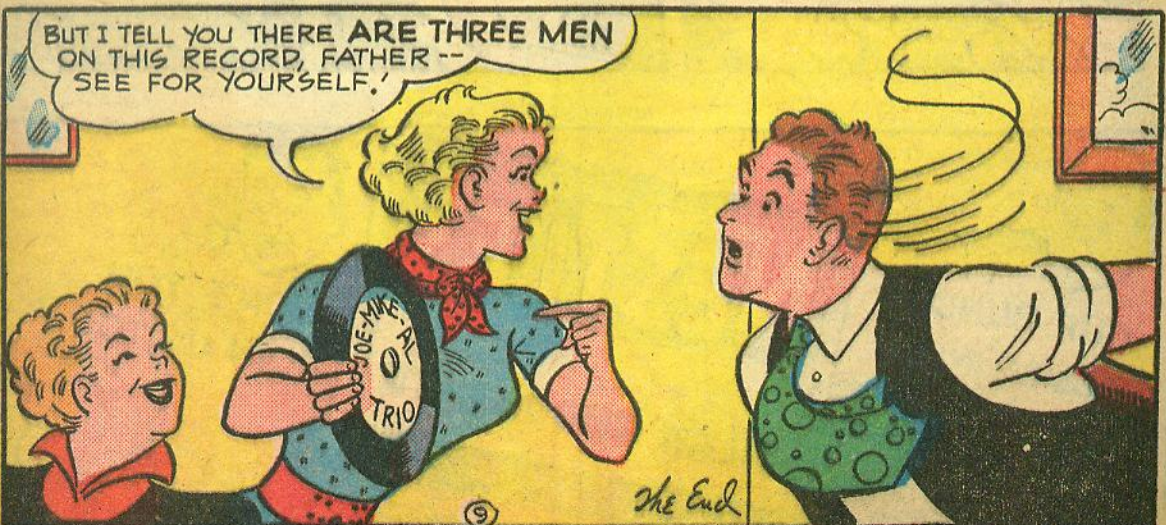
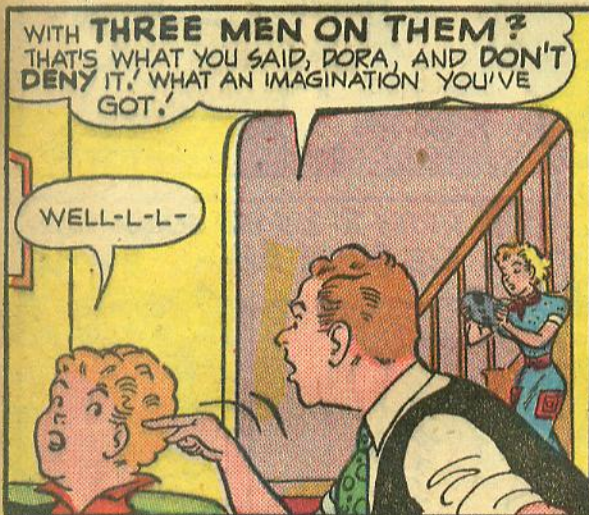
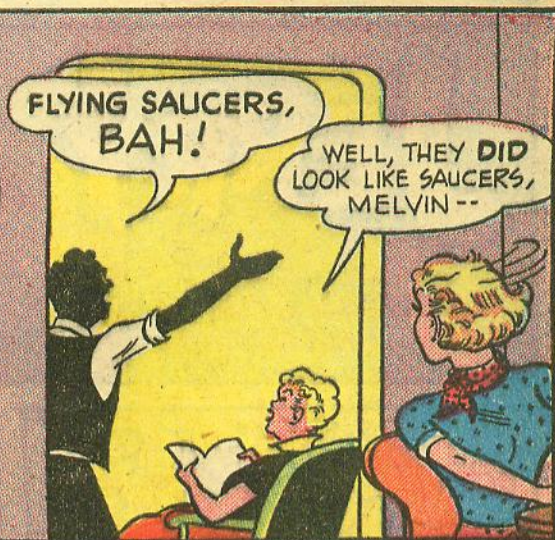
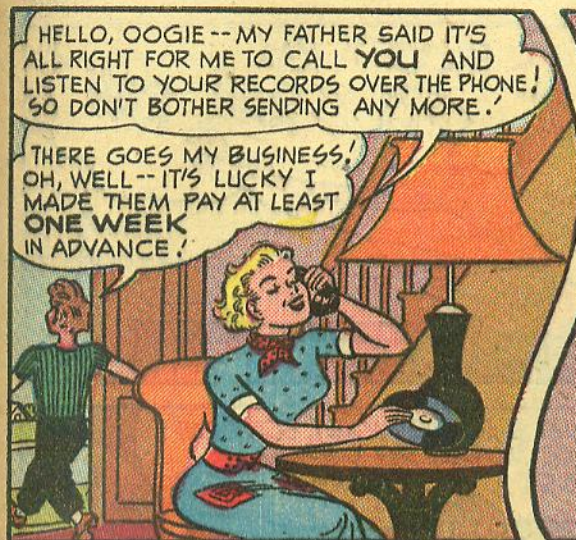






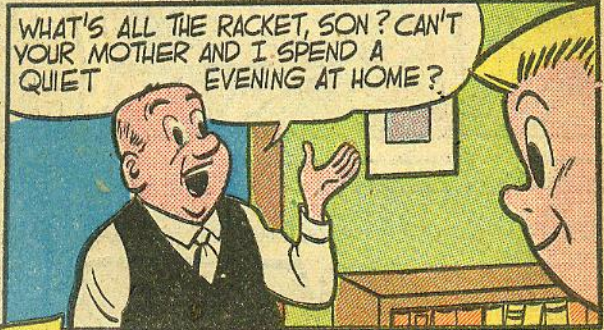








A DATE WITH JUDY



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SUPERBOY says: *"Know Your Country!"*



SIGRID HAS INVITED US TO HER HOUSE FOR SUPPER. HER MOTHER'S MAKING SOMETHING CALLED KOTTBULLER... I'M NOT GOING!

NEITHER AM I! I DON'T LIKE ANY OF THOSE FOREIGN-SOUNDING THINGS!

HMM... SIGRID IS THAT LITTLE SCANDINAVIAN GIRL WHO'S NEW HERE. NOBODY HAS PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO HER, BECAUSE SHE'S A LITTLE DIFFERENT.

MAYBE **SUPERBOY** CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!



A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME IN A NEARBY HALLWAY, AND...



HIYA! GOING OVER TO SIGRID'S LATER? I'M GUEST OF HONOR, YOU KNOW!

YOU ARE! WHY--ER--SURE, WE'LL BE THERE!

LATER, AT SIGRID'S HOUSE, WHERE **SUPERBOY** HAS BEEN GRACIOUSLY WELCOMED...



SAY! THIS KOTTBULLER IS DELICIOUS! LIKE LITTLE HAMBURGERS, WITH WONDERFUL STUFF IN IT!

HMMMMMM...

BET YOU'RE GLAD YOU DIDN'T PASS IT UP!



YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT YOU'RE MISSING IF YOU DON'T TRY! IF YOU WANT TO KNOW YOUR COUNTRY, LEARN ABOUT THE DIFFERENCES AMONG PEOPLE IN FOOD, LANGUAGES, CUSTOMS AND DRESS...

AND **RESPECT** THESE DIFFERENCES... BECAUSE NO SINGLE LAND, RACE OR NATIONALITY CAN CLAIM THIS COUNTRY AS ITS OWN. AMERICA IS A BLEND OF CULTURES FROM MANY LANDS! NEVER FORGET THAT!



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This is to certify that the person whose
signature appears on the other side is an
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... It Tells How
You Can Join!**

PARENTS! Your children want to shoot. Give them a chance to shoot and learn safety through skill. Be a **SUPERVISOR** of a junior patrol of 3 or more youngsters. You'll enjoy it! You need not be a crack shot. Write!

ORGANIZATIONS! Sponsor a junior air rifle club of 10 or more. Service clubs, fraternal organizations, churches, conservation and rod and gun clubs, municipal recreation and police departments, supervised juvenile clubs, veterans, others—write!

The National Rifle Association of America is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization of over half a million shooters. It is the oldest national sportsmen's association in the United States. For 80 years NRA has conducted America's civilian program of instruction in the safe and proper handling of firearms. It has trained 2½ million boys and girls in marksmanship. Now, since its Junior Program has been extended, air rifle owners can participate in this time-tested training program.



**DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. 1661, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.**

☐ I enclose 10¢ in coin and unused 3¢ stamp for new **DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK** and details how I can become an NRA Junior Member and win **AWARDS** with my Daisy. Rush postpaid.

NAME _____

STREET & NO. _____

STATE _____ CITY _____

☐ **PARENTS! ORGANIZATIONS!** Enclose unused 3¢ stamp for Circular on SUPERVISING or SPONSORING a junior air rifle group.

YOUR NAME _____

ORGANIZATION'S NAME (if any) _____

STREET AND NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ **MEN and WOMEN!** If you hunt or shoot, you belong in the **SENIOR NRA**. Check here for facts.

DAISY
Air Rifles

NO. 27
PUMP
GUN

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. 1661, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.