

A DATE WITH JUDY, No. 26. Dec. 1951-Jan. 1952. 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

& Co., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1951 by Aleen Leslie. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. or should be inferred.























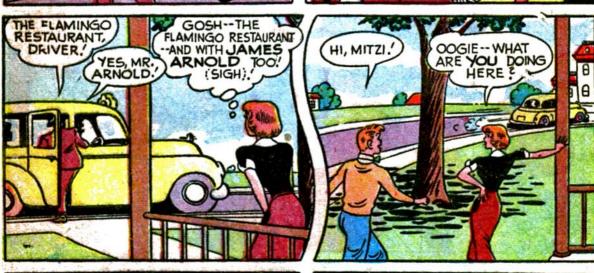




























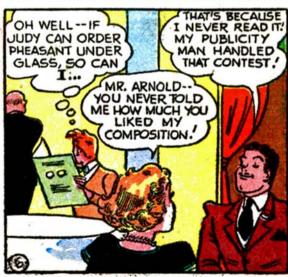










































DC



















O ---- SELLOSS COMPANY







DC





































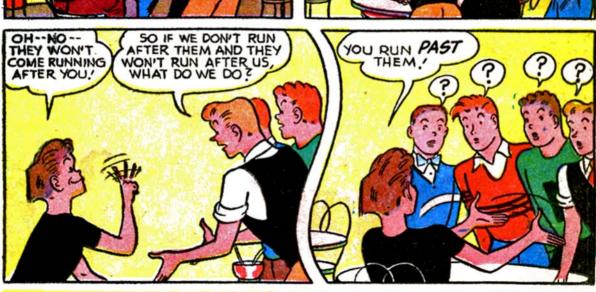










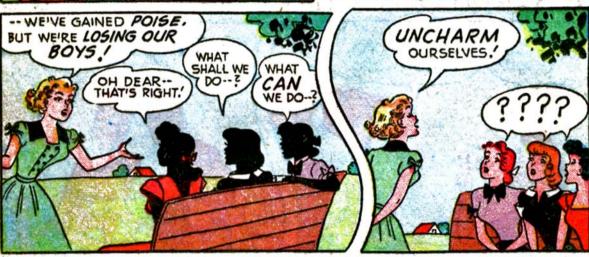












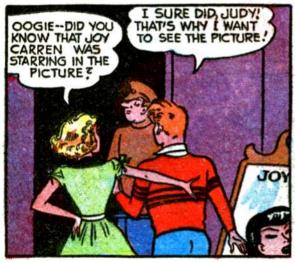










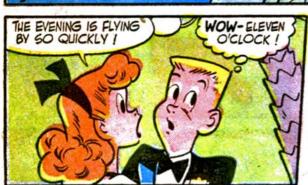


















SENSATIONAL!

IGHTER-BODIED!

- ADVERTISEMENT

GOO, SKIDDOO! SAYS BERT PARKS TO STAR OF "BREAK"



SUPER! NEW CREAM HAIR TONIC IS NOT GREASY OR STICKY...YET GROOMS HAIR PERFECTLY



TOTAL TELES

HOMOGENIZED FOR EASY FLOW IN HANDY SHAKER-TOP BOTTLE. MONEY

BACK!
Write us if you don't agree that

don't agree that it's the best cream tonic ever!

MONEY!

47 # SEE

BOUNLY LEADING

BOL SEE CREAM

OIL! (ALED IN

MITTALAS Hair COBBAN

- by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vit



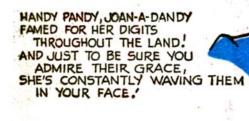














THERE WAS A JOLLY DATE DUD, LIVED BY THE RIVER GLEE, SHE LAUGHED AND GIGGLED FROM MORN TILL NIGHT, TILL EVERYONE WISHED SHE'D PUT TO SEA.













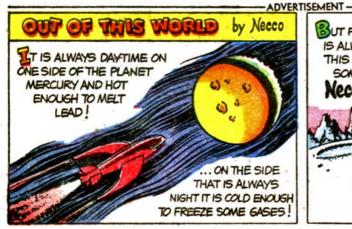














Getting an Erector is like having your own Toy Factory















World's Greatest Construction Toy



FREE! Big, full-color book, crammed with pictures and descriptions of all the new spectacular ERECTOR sets, PLUS seven other Gilbert wonder toys. Clip coupon and mail TODAY for your FREE copy.

ERECTOR

No other Christmas gift brings you so much thrilling fun as Erector. With Erector you can build your own toys—hundreds of them. Piece by piece, you put gleaming girders, gears and other parts together—see them grow into gigantic engineering marvels. Then you hook up the powerful Erector electric engine and make them swing into action with glorious realism. No other construction set has so many parts as Erector. Only with Erector can you build models that buzz with action—blaze with electric lights—whistle—puff smoke—give off "choo-choo" sounds—operate by remote control. Tell Dad to be sure to get a genuine Erector. Prices start at \$2.00.

Gilbert Hall of Science 206 Erector Square, New Haven 6, Conn. Rush big. full-color book.

Name	

«.....















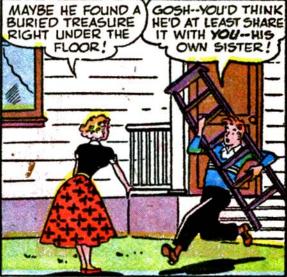


















(DC)

















BUT IF YOU'D LISTENED

LONGER, YOU'D HAVE HEARD FATHER SAY

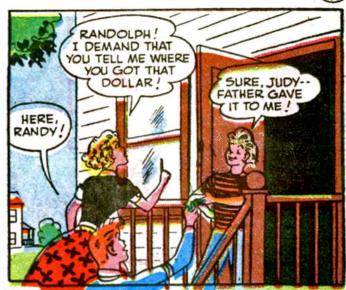
THAT HE WOULD

GIVE ME A DOLLAR IN ADVANCE FOR FIXING

THE HOUSE!

HEARD FATHER TELL

YOU HE WOULD NOT GIVE YOU AN ADVANCE! ON YOUR ALLOWANCE!



OH-50 THAT'S WHAT

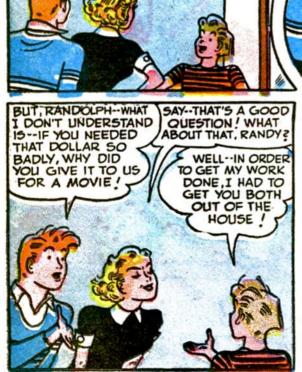
YOU WERE FIXING THINGS!

THE HAMMERING WAS-

THAT'S RIGHT! I
FIXED A.TABLE IN THE
LIVING ROOM, THE BED

IN MY ROOM AND A CHAIR

IN THE KITCHEN!









Editorial Advisory Board

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry School of Medicine New York University

JOSETTE FRANK Consultant on

Children's Reading Child Study Association

The following magazines all bear this trademark

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study

University of Pittsburgh Dr. S. HARCOURT PEPPARD

Director, Essex County

Juvenile Clinic Newark, N. J.

AS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN COMICS READING:

FLIPPETY & FLOP

FUNNY FOLKS

FUNNY STUFF

GANG BUSTERS

ACTION COMICS

DETECTIVE COMICS

ADVENTURE COMICS ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN

ALL STAR WESTERN

ANIMAL ANTICS BATMAN

> BIG TOWN BOB HOPE

BUZZY

COMIC CAVALCADE

DALE EVANS A DATE WITH JUDY HOUSE OF MYSTERY JIMMY WAKELY LEADING COMICS

LEAVE IT TO BINKY

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY MYSTERY IN SPACE

MUTT & JEFF

PETER PORKCHOPS

REAL SCREEN COMICS SCRIBBLY

SENSATION COMICS

STAR SPANGLED COMICS STRANGE ADVENTURES

SUPERBOY

SUPERMAN THE FOX & THE CROW

TOMAHAWK WESTERN COMICS

WONDER WOMAN WORLD'S FINEST COMICS NOW on

a Date Every Gatway

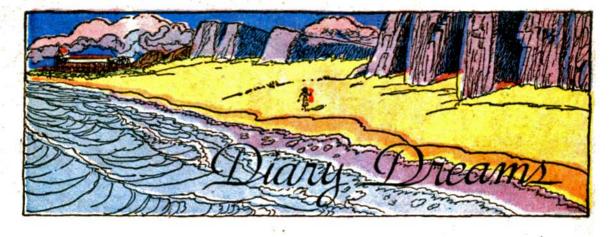
Presented by McKesson & Robbins

...the American Family's favorite daughter

> See your local paper for time and channel

> > AMERICAN

BROADCASTING COMPANY



MR. FOSTER went to answer the ring at the front door and found the parcel post delivery man standing there with his book club selections for the month. "Ahh!" beamed Mr. Foster as he took the big, squarish bundle from the man. "Just what I've been waiting for!"

"Guess you're quite a reader, eh, Mr. Foster?" grinned the man. "Must be three or four books in that package there!"

"Yessir!" said Mr. Foster. "There's nothing I like better than a good piece of fiction! Well, thanks very much!"

"Sure thing, Mr. Foster," grinned the man. "See you again next month!"

Mr. Foster shut the door and carried the books into the living room. "Yessir!" he repeated happily to himself. "There's nothing I like better than a good piece of fiction!"

Eagerly he ripped the outside wrappings and folder from the package and spread the contents out before him. It had been a big year for novels and there were four of the top sellers before him right now, their bright jackets blazing their titles and authors. "Ahh!" he breathed happily, thumbing expectantly through one. "Maybe I'll sit down right now and read a few pages of this one, just to get the flavor of it! Boy! What an opener it's got—'The rainclouds uncoiled and opened up on the hot jungle like spitting adders. Evil was at large in the skies—and in the hearts of the Mungjo vil-

lagers . . . 'Man! What a story this is going

He looked up as Judy came down the stairs and entered the room. "Judy," he smiled, "look what I've got here! Help yourself!"

"No, thanks, Father," smiled Judy. sprawling deep into an arm chair. "I have ample reading of my own." She held up a small taffeta-bound volume with a gold lock closing. The pages were gilt-edged and the front cover was fancily embellished with gold letters spelling: MY DIARY.

"A diary?" exclaimed Mr. Foster. "Judy, you can't be serious! Surely you're not going to sit there and read that—that—THAT! Not when the house is full of first-rate literature like this?"

"Why, of course, Father," replied Judy. "Why not? It makes for very good reading."

"But, Judy," protested Mr. Foster, "I buy these best-sellers as much for you and Randy as for myself! I want you to be well-read. I want you to know the pleasures found along the road of the printed page. I want you to know the joys of imaginative writing! Why, there's nothing in the world I enjoy more than a good piece of fiction. What could there possibly be in that diary that could begin to compare with these books?"

"Everything, just everything!" smiled Judy. "You have no idea how exciting a diary can be. Listen—I'll show you." She pages. At last she came to a stop at one of the entries. "This is for last July, when we were at the beach—remember? "'Monday—Dear Diary: Went walking

took out a little gold key and carefully un-

locked the volume and riffled through the

on the lonely dunes today, alone with the shining sand, the singing sky, and the vast, vast sea . . . It was so beautiful and sad I thought surely I would die of happiness . . . Suddenly, as I climbed across a patch of huge rocks, my foot slipped and I fell into a deep crevice, and my happiness crashed down around me . . . The world blacked out . . . For hours I lay in half-consciousness . . . unable to free my leg from the

cold, cruel grasp of the hungry rock . . . I grew weaker and weaker . . . Oh, would no one ever hear my pitiful cries . . . my hopeless groans? . . . As I was about to lapse into unconsciousness again, a figure rose over the crest of the rock and hunried toward me . . . A gentle hand reached down and carefully eased my leg out of the crevice and then strong arms lifted me off the rock to safety . . . Gratefully I gazed up into the handsomest face I had ever seen . . . 'Don't try to thank me,' he said softly. 'There's time

for that later. By the way, I'm Phillipo de Rodriquez . . . Well, Diary, that almost made me lapse back into unconsciousness! **Phillipo** de Rodrique**z**, the son of that ultra wealthy South American sugar millionaire ... It was absolutely dreamy ... He said I was the prettiest girl he had ever seen and I would make him the happiest man in the world if I would go dancing with him that very night . . . So I did . . . my leg was already much better, you see, Diary . . . How sad I was that Phillipo had to leave on the midnight plane for South America! . . . I wonder if I'll ever see him again . . . Anyway, it was a wonderful way to start my vacation at the beach . . . I hope tomorrow will be just as exciting . . . "

Judy put the diary down with a long happy sigh. "There, Father!" she breathed. "Wasn't that something? I mean, wasn't it really? And if you think Monday was good, just listen to what happened on Tuesday—"

"Now wait a minute, Judy," interrupted

why I shouldn't enjoy it afterwards. What's the good of keeping a diary if a person can't put into it the things he'd LIKE to happen to him? It would certainly be mighty dull

Mr. Foster, "there's something mighty pe-

culiar about what you've got written there!

You NEVER went out on the beach alone

like that and you know it—the family Al-

WAYS took its outings TOGETHER! And I certainly don't remember your falling

down into any crevice and hurting your leg

and being missing for hours! A d there was-

n't a South American millionaire or his son

anywhere near that beach all summer! Why,

the only person with a name even remotely

resembling Phillipo de Rodriquez was that

snaggle-toothed, freckle-faced little fellow,

Phillip Rodman, whom you said you could-

, n't stand! Not one of those things you've

know it!"

life!"

got written there ever happened and you

"But they did happen, Father," insisted

Judy. "Inside me! You have no idea how

many wonderful things happen to me that

way day after day! Why, that vacation at

the beach last summer was definitely the

most exciting holiday I've ever had in all my

"Judy," said Mr. Foster, one eyebrow

raised accusingly, "I distinctly remember

your complaining the whole two weeks that

it was the dullest time you'd ever had and

you hoped you would never have to live

through another two weeks like it! You did-

n't seem to be enjoying it at all at the time."

n't enjoy it at the time, there's no reason

"Father," said Judy, "just because I did-

reading if I wrote what actually happened! 'Didn't do a thing but sit on the beach all day . . . Water too cold for swimming . . . At 2:45 big wind came up and blew sand into my mouth . . . At 3:15 got bitten by a sand crab . . . At 3:30 made enemies with a perfectly horrid so-called boy named Phillip Rodman . . .' Really, Father, you must

admit that would be terrible!" "Yes," admitted Mr. Foster, "but at least it would be the truth!"

"Well, I guess it just proves I take after you," smiled Judy. "There's nothing I like better than a good piece of fiction!"









DC

































































