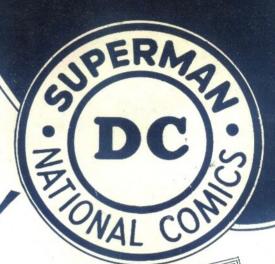






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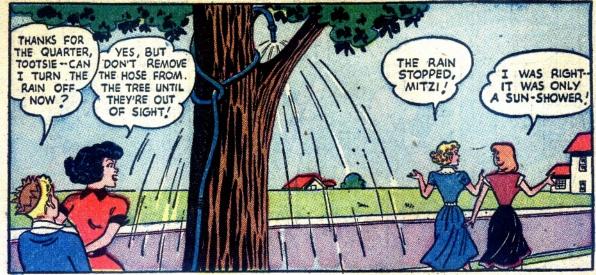
































































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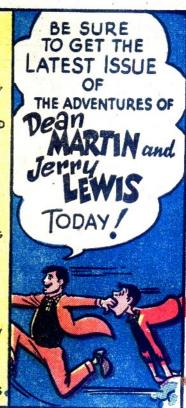
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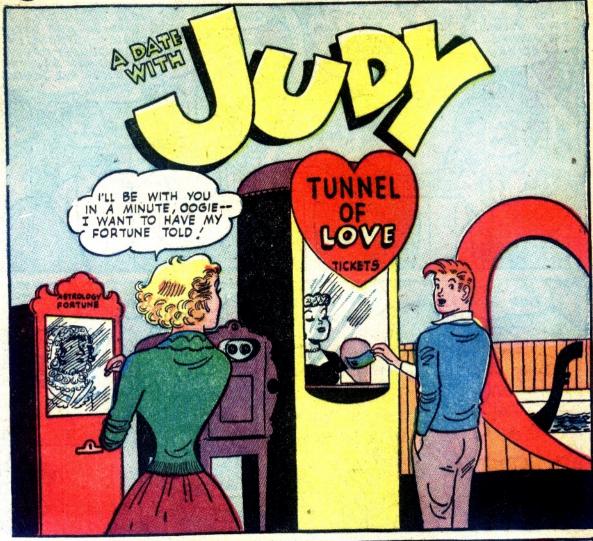
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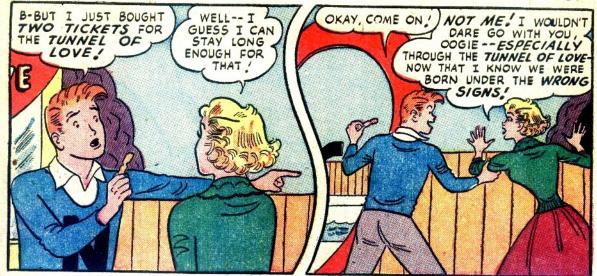












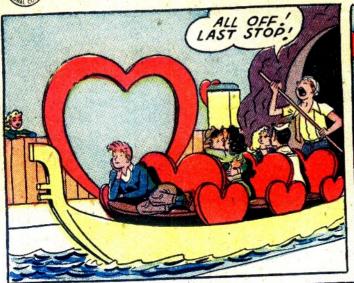


























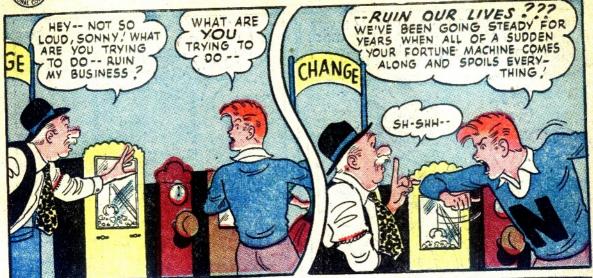




























































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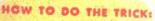
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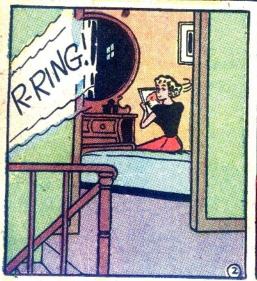








































































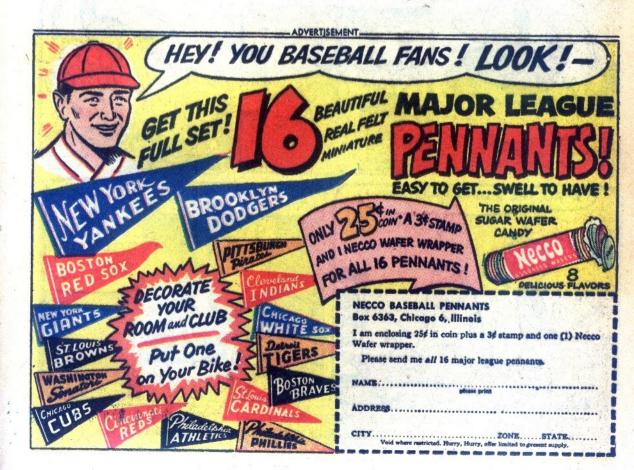


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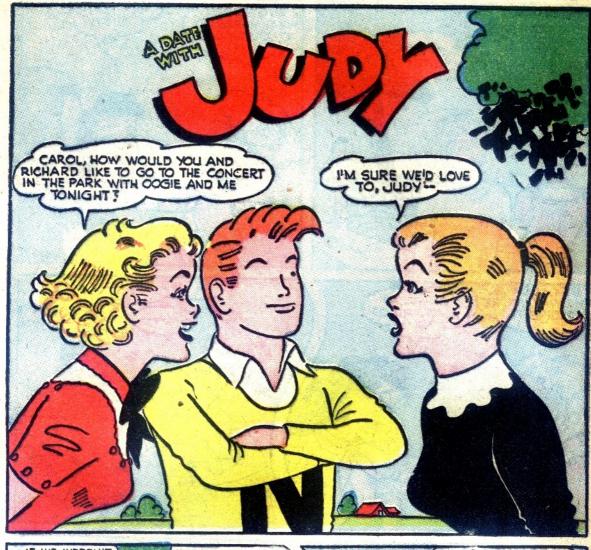




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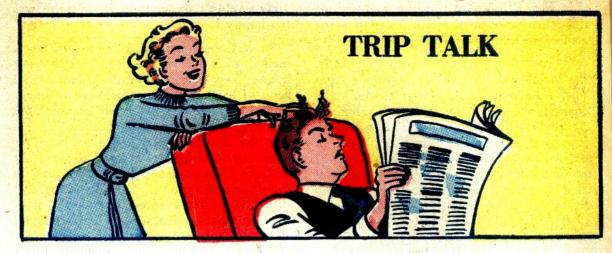












MR. FOSTER came home dog tired and about as dragged out as a man can get. He opened the front door of his home and dragged heavily into the living room. "Greetings, Father!" exclaimed Judy cheerily at the sight of him. She jumped to her feet and planted an affectionate kiss on his cheek.

"STOP!" yelled Mr. Foster wobbling weakly for a moment. "Can't you see I'm in no condition for blockbusting?" He recovered his balance long enough to make it to the nearest arm chair, where he sank down with a great, deep sigh.

"You mean blockBUSSING, don't you, Father?" said Judy archly. "Well, I don't care HOW much of a blockhead you are, I'll kiss you anyway!"

"Judy!" said Mr. Foster sternly. "I'm in no mood for jokes. You don't seem to realize how rundown I am. I want it understood here and now that there is to be nothing but peace and quiet in this house the rest of the day. No Tootsies, or Mitzis or Marys, understand? Nor Oogies, Elmos, or Kenneths. The same thing goes for Randolph's friends. And for your mother's. And for mine. That's why I came home early from the office today—to get away from people. I'm even going to draw all the shades in the house in hopes that folks will think we've already gone away on our trip."

"Our trip, Father?" asked Judy excitedly. "What trip? Where? When?" "Our trip to my camp in the mountains, of course," said Mr. Foster. "Where else can I get away from people as I can up there?"

"To your camp in the mountains?" wailed Judy. "But that's terrible! I—I thought you meant a REAL trip—to Hawaii or Alaska or Australia or someplace exciting like that! What on earth do you want to get stuck up on an old mountain for?"

"For my health," replied Mr. Foster firmly. "And for the family's health, too. It's going to be good for all of us and before those two weeks are over, you're going to love the place and wish you never had to leave it!"

"Never!" vowed Judy, on the verge of tears. "There is no room in my heart for a mountain. It's already too full of Mexico and Brazil and Morocco and Paris and all the other places you've promised to take me!"

"I know I promised you, Judy, a long time ago," sighed Mr. Foster, "but I thought you'd have forgotten about it by now!"

"WHA-A-A'I??" squealed Judy. "Father! You promised!"

"Okay, okay," groaned Mr. Foster. "So I promised. So someday we'll go on a trip around the world."

"When?" demanded Judy.

"Er-soon, soon," said Mr. Foster. "But right now I've got to have rest and plenty

of it. Now how would you like to run along and leave your poor, tired, old pop alone with his aching bones? All I want is—"

"I know—peace and quiet," said Judy. She looked very happy. "I'm leaving right now. I have loads of things to do." She hurried out the door, caught the bus on the corner, and ten minutes later was in downtown Centerville. First she went to Mr. Adams' office—he was one of the best travel agents in town. There she questioned him very closely about traveling conditions in Siam, India, New Zealand, and all the other places she and her father had just been talking about.

"Looks like you're sort of planning on going someplace, eh, Judy?" said Mr. Adams, winking broadly. "In your dreams, that is!"

"Not just in my dreams, Mr. Adams," replied Judy, "I'm REALLY going! In fact, my whole family's going! All around the world!"

Mr. Adams looked at Judy very closely. She seemed to be in earnest. "Does your father know about this, Judy?"

"Certainly," said Judy. "We were just talking about it. He plans to leave soon. That's why I came down here—to get everything lined up."

"I see!" said Mr. Adams, as if he understood something for the first time. He rushed to his telephone and dialed a number with such excitement that he didn't even hear Judy fling a goodbye and a thank you over her shoulder as she left his office.

It was that way everywhere she went—at the airlines office, the railroad station, the bus terminal, the steamship agency. At the luggage shop, the traveler's cheque window at the city bank, the passport desks of the foreign consuls, the dress shops—EVERYWHERE. At first people would seem to be humoring her, and then when she told them that her father was definitely planning to go to all the places she mendoned, they would act as if she had just told them a big secret and get real excited.

Judy couldn't understand it, but she was too happy to care.

At last she headed for home, her arms loaded with travel brochures, sightseeing books, travel schedules and international rates of exchange. She was about to hurry up to her room with her newly accumulated treasures when the noise began. First it was the doorbell. Mr. Foster refused to answer it, and he also refused to let Judy answer. Then someone began pounding at the door and rapping at the windows, but still Mr. Foster refused to answer, hoping that whoever it was would give up and go away. Not until voices began shouting, "Come on, Foster, you old rascal, we know you're in there! Open up!" did Mr. Foster shrug his shoulders and reluctantly open the door. There he found a mob of people, headed by Mr. Adams, grinning and waving and shouting at him. They crowded unceremoniously into the living room, swooped Mr. Foster up on their shoulders and carried him around the room, set him down again, pounded him on the back, shook his hand, and toted in a load of refreshments. It was quite some time before Mr. Foster or Judy could get it through their heads what it was all about.

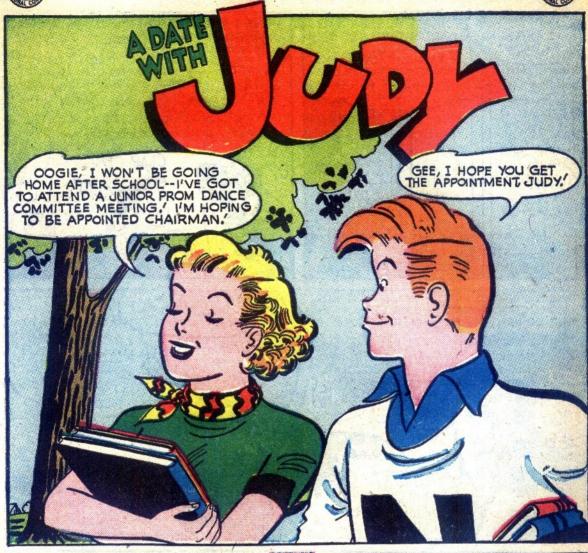
"As if you don't know, you sly dog, you," grinned Mr. Adams, in answer to Mr. Foster's plea for an explanation. "Trying to tell everybody that you were going off on a trip to your camp in the mountains! You must have thought you were pretty clever sending Judy around to get travel information that way! But we caught on, all right! Yessir! By now everyone in Centerville knows about your plans to take a trip around the world, and we're holding open house in your living room tonight so that everyone can come over and wish you bon voyage and hear all about everything before you slip away!"

"Oh, no!" groaned Mr. Foster hoarsely. He looked at Judy with thunder on his brow. "Young lady," he roared, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"It looks to me," answered Judy, edging as far away from her father as possible, "as if I'd better start traveling!"











































































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