





A DATE WITH JUDY, No. 36, Aug. Sept., 1953. 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 1953 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.

Printed in U.S.A.















































OH, YEAH -- TOOTSIE HAS THE RECEIPT I































ADVERTISEMEN'







THESE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE









ZONE_STATE (Print in pencil only).



"POPSICLE", "FUDGSICLE", "CREAMSICLE", and "DREAMSICLE" are registered trade marks of the JOE LOWE CORPORATION, N. Y. I, N. Y. This after is limited to the U. S. and possessions, and is void and not extended in any locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited, or where any tax, Atenies, or other restriction is imposed upon redemption of issuance. Above premiums may be discontinued without notice. Copyright 1953, JOE LOWE CORPORATION.

TODAY



Editorial Advisory Board

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Professor of Clinical Psychiatry, New York University, College of Medicine

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading Child Study Association of America



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:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN
MEN OF WAR
ALL STAR WESTERN
ANIMAL ANTICS
SATMAN
BIG TOWN
BOB HOPE
BUZZY
COMIC CAYALCADE
DEAN MARTIN
and JERRY LEWIS
A DATE WITH JUDY
DETECTIVE COMICS

FLIPPITY & FLOP
FUNNY FOLKS
FUNNY STUFF
GANG BUSTERS
MERE'S HOWIE
HOUSE OF MYSTERY
LEADING COMICS
LEAVE IT TO BINKY
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY
THE PHANTOM
STRANGER
MYSTERY IN SPACE
MUTT & JEFF
OUR ARMY AT WAR
PETER PANDA

PETER PORKCHOPS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
REX THE WONDER DOG
SENSATION MYSTERY
STAR SPANGLED
WAR STORIES

STRANGE ADVENTURES
SUPERBOY
SUPERMAN
THE FOX & THE CROW

TOMAHAWK
WESTERN COMICS
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

POLIO Research will mean lictory!

GAMMA GLOBULIN-

obtained from human bloodprotects for a few weeks. But it is in very short supply.



When POLIO is around, follow these PRECAUTIONS

- 1 Keep clean
- 2 Don't get fatigued
- 3 Avoid new groups
- 4 Don't get chilled

A VACCINE

is not ready for 1953. But there is hope for the future.



THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

























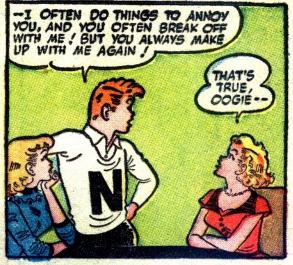




























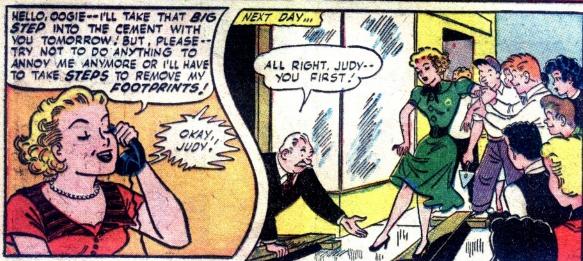






















1. THE IMPORTANT

P-F" RIGID WEDGE

HELPS KEEP THE

WEIGHT OF THE

BODY ON THE

OUTSIDE OF

THE NORMAL FOOT.

THE NORMAL FOOT... DECREASING
FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE
STRAIN, INCREASING
ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P.F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION ®















WHEN A PRESENT COMES BY MAIL, YOU WILL SHOW MOST TASTE, IF YOU WRITE A THANK-YOU NOTE AND SEND IT OFF POST HASTE!



BUALT shows "HOW TO SUMMER WEEK!"















PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE ASSEMBLY, COORDINATING ORGANIZATION FOR NATIONAL HEALTH, WELFARE AND RECREATION AGENCIES OF THE U.S.































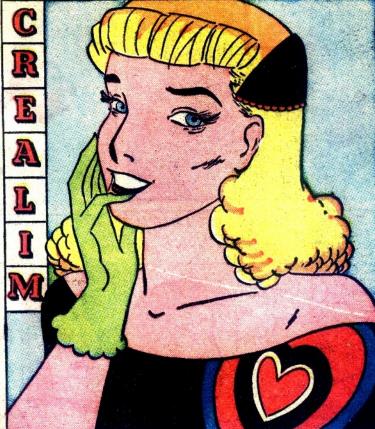
DC

A DATE WITH JUDY

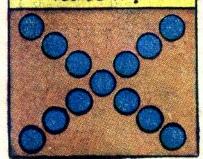




TWO SEVEN-LETTER WORDS CAN BE SPELLED USING ALL SEVEN LETTERS SHOWN, IN EACH WORD. NO FAIR PEEKING AT THE ANSWERS UNTIL YOU'VE MADE A REAL GOOD TRY!

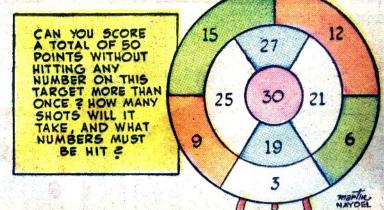


PLACE 13 BUTTONS OR PENNIES ON A TABLE ... REMOVE 7, THEN ADD 4, AND YET HAVE 11 ! CAN YOU DO IT ?



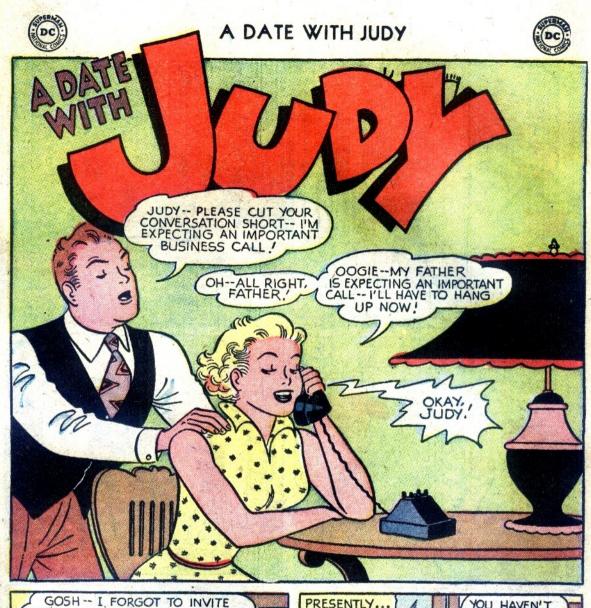
FIVE YEARS AGO, MR. DOE
WAS FOUR TIMES OLDER
THAN HIS SON WHILE
TODAY HE IS THREE
TIMES AS OLD AS HIS
SON, HOW OLD IS MR. DOE?





Answers

Z Words: MIRRCLE-RECLAIM 11 Coins: REMOVE AND HOLD 7. ADD 4 TO THESE .. AND YOU'LL HAVE 11. A SE: MR. DOE IS 30. Target: 3 SHOTS-25-19-6



































































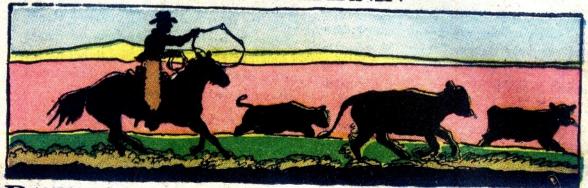








HIGHER LARNIN'



RANDY leered menacingly through halfslit eyes, his lips a steely slash between set jaws. Like a flash he whipped his toothbrush out of the holder on the wall and leveled it with deadly aim at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. "Reach for the stars, mister," he snarled. "I've got you covered!"

There was a sudden pounding at the bathroom door. "Randolph!" came Judy's voice. "Randolph Foster! You open this door! I've been waiting twenty minutes to get in there to wash up for dinner!"

"Aha! Rustlers a-bustin' inta my corral agin, eh!" rasped Randy.

"I heard that," yelled Judy. "And I'm not rustlin'! I'm THUNDERING!" She pounded her fists harder than ever against the bath-room door.

"The thunderin' herd, eh?" barked Randy.
"Well, no critter's goin' to stampede my
quarters without gittin' a what-for from my
shootin' iron! I ain't known as Fang Foster
fur nothin'!"

"RA-A-ANDY!" screamed Judy, raining blows on the door. "RA-A-ANDOLPH FOSTER! You get out of that bathroom this minute, you hear, OR I'LL TELL FATHER!!!"

"Okay, okay," interrupted Randy, clicking the lock open and stalking out of the bath-

room. "Thar's plenty of room fur both of us on this range, gal, plenty of room. So don't crowd my chaps, see, or I might git ornery."

"Randy," glared Judy, hands on hips, "when are you going to grow up and act your age? A person would think you were a six year old the way you run around playing Wild West all the time!"

"Lissen, gal," retorted Randy, "I'm a-breakin' myself in fur my future, see? Anybody who's gonna break hosses on the range has got to know the ropes beforehand, see?"

"Break horses on the range?" exclaimed Judy. "Randy, you can't be serious! You're not really planning to be a—a cowboy?"

"That's right, ma'am," said Randy. "A bronc bustin', cow punchin', range ridin' cowpoke—that's me!" He strummed an imaginary guitar and broke into a thin nasal falsetto singing. "Oh, carry me ba-a-ack. . . To the lo-one prairie-e-e . . ."

"Randy!" wailed Judy. "You don't really mean it! You're just saying this to tease me!"

"No, I'm not," he replied emphatically.
"I love horses and the great wide open spaces
and an outdoor life and everything that goes
with it."

"But, Randy," cried Judy, "think what it will do to me! What will my friends say

when they find out I've got a COWBOY for a brother?" Her words ended in a loud wail.

"There's nothing wrong with being a cowboy!" retorted Randy. "And I'M going to be the BEST cowboy the West has ever known! Soon's I finish high school, I'm headin' west."

"Y-you mean you're not even planning to go to college?" whispered Judy in sheer horror.

"Of course not," said Randy. "People go to college to find out what they want to be, but not me. Nossir! I already know."

"But, Randy," said Judy, "Mother and Father have their hearts set on your going to college. They want you to be a success in life—a galloping success!"

"That's just what I'm going to be," said Randy. "A galloping success—on a horse!"

"Well, then, look at it this way," said Judy as patiently as she could. "No matter what a person does in life he should have a college degree behind him. Four years in an institution of higher learning teaches a person how to think, how to handle himself in difficult situations, how to take the bull by the horns, so to speak. If you go to college, Randy, even the coyotes will sit up and take notice—whether they're the coyotes on the rangelands of the West, on Broadway, on Wall Street, or in the highest of international circles!"

"Well-I-I-" said Randy.

"Why, I'll bet the range is full right now of poor, old, unschooled cowboys just yarnin' fur larnin'!" pursued Judy. "Wishing they had your chance!"

"Well-l-l-" said Randy, "—maybe you've got something there after all. I guess I
would be pretty much of a fool to try to start
out in life with no preparation beyond high
school. Okay, Judy—you've convinced me.
I will go to college."

"Oh, Randy!" cried Judy delightedly. "That's wonderful, simply wonderful! I can't wait to tell Mother and Father!" She ran down the stairs two at a time, leaving Randy upstairs to finish his preparations for dinner. "You'll never guess!" she cried to her parents as she danced excitedly into the dining room. "Randy's decided to go to college!"

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Foster happily.

"Yes!" said Judy. "And all because of the pep talk I just gave him!"

"I can hardly believe it!" beamed Mr. Foster. "I was beginning to think he'd NEV-ER grow out of that cowboy craze of his. I can't tell you how relieved I am, Judy. I've always felt sure that once he gets to college, he'll forget all about it!"

"Of course he will!" chuckled Judy with an all-knowing air.

"Of course!" agreed Mrs. Foster warmly.

They turned to beam on Randolph as he entered the room. "Well, son," said Mr. Foster, "I hear you've decided to go to college after all."

"That's right, Father," said Randy. "And I've got the place all picked out."

"Fine, fine!" said Mr. Foster. "What'll it be-Princeton? Harvard? Yale?"

"Aw, I don't want to go to any of those corny places," said Randy. "The college I want to go to is in Wyoming. It offers in-the-saddle training in round-up, branding, dehorning, and all the other cowpoke techniques a cowboy's got to know to be a top ranch hand. It's got a fifteen-square-mile ranch and campus with a herd of 500 pure-bred Herefords, and when you graduate you get a degree in cowpunching! What could be better?"

There was a moment of stunned, crushed silence, then the small, deflated voice of Judy. "Giddyap!" she sighed. "We're back in the saddle again!"











-ADVERTISEMENT-

WIN \$100-BE A WILDROOT GLEAM GIRL!

SEND a snapshot or photo (not larger than 8x10 inches) showing your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. 8ax 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture.

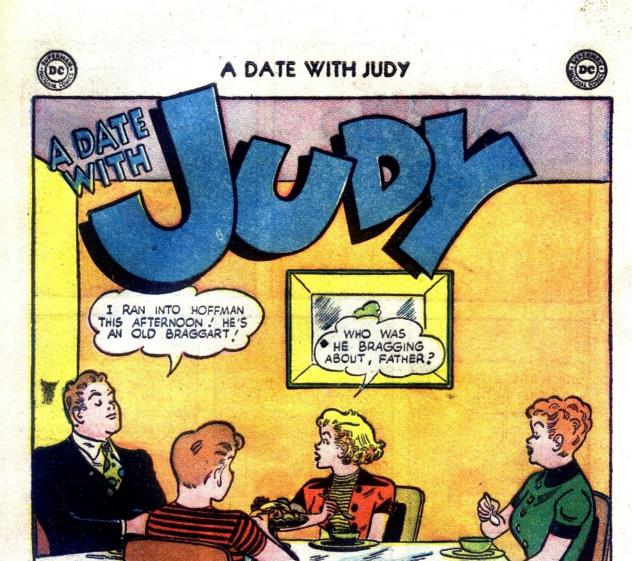
If your photo is chosen, Wildroot will pay you \$100 and your portrait may be painted by a famous artist and used in a Wildroot ad. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director, whose decisions are final. No photos returned. Offer good 60 days from the appearance of this magazine only. Send in your photo today.



WILDROOT GLEAM GIRL...Lorno Kelly of East Orange, N. J., says, "Lady Wildroot Shompoo is so quick-sudsing...my hair gets cleaner sconer, stays cleaner longer."



gleams your hairleaves it squeekie clean















































































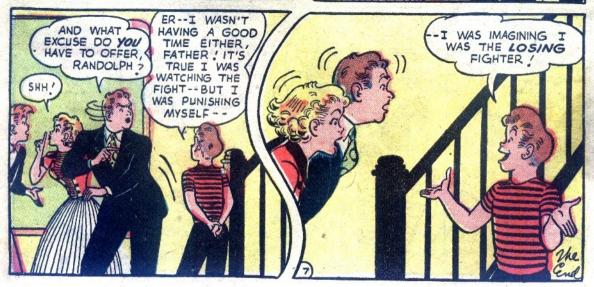






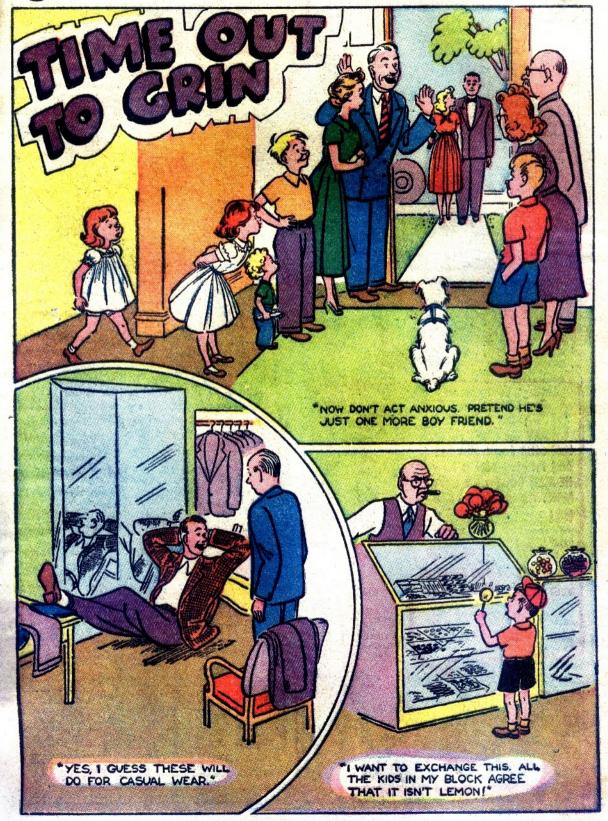
















STUART GREETINGS, INC.

plan. Send coupon for full details.

325 W. Randolph St., Dept. 423, Chicago 6, III.

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

If for a club, give its name above.

