



DEC. - JAN.
NO. 38

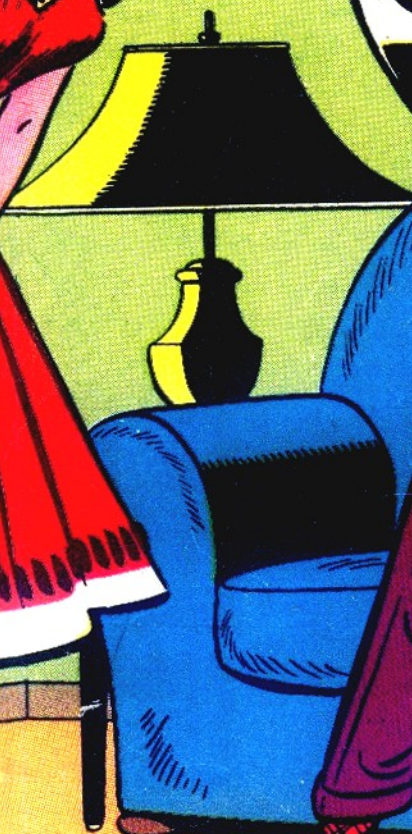
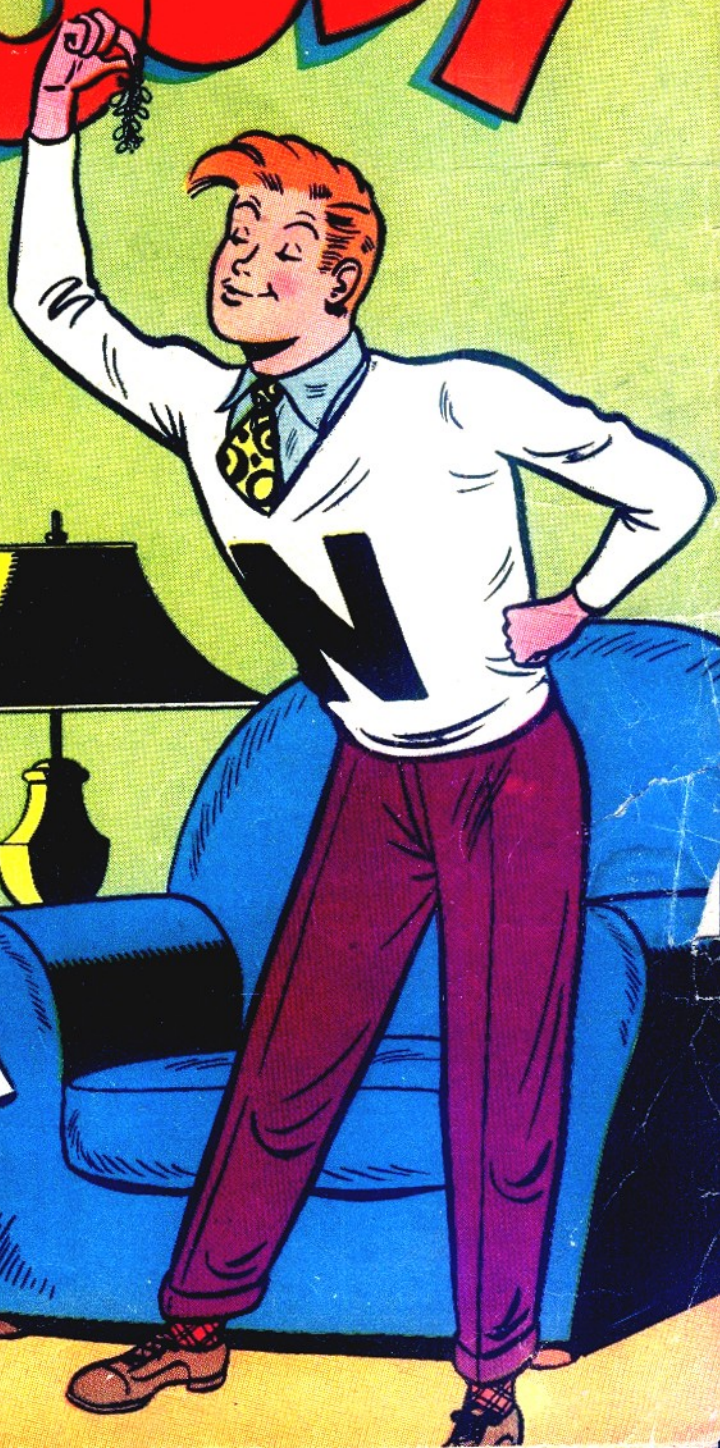
TELEVISION AND RADIO'S
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10c

A DATE WITH JUDY

BUT OOGIE--
WHY THE
MISTLETOE?
IT ISN'T
CHRISTMAS
YET!





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Please enter my attached drawing
in your contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

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Zone _____ County _____

State _____ Occupation _____

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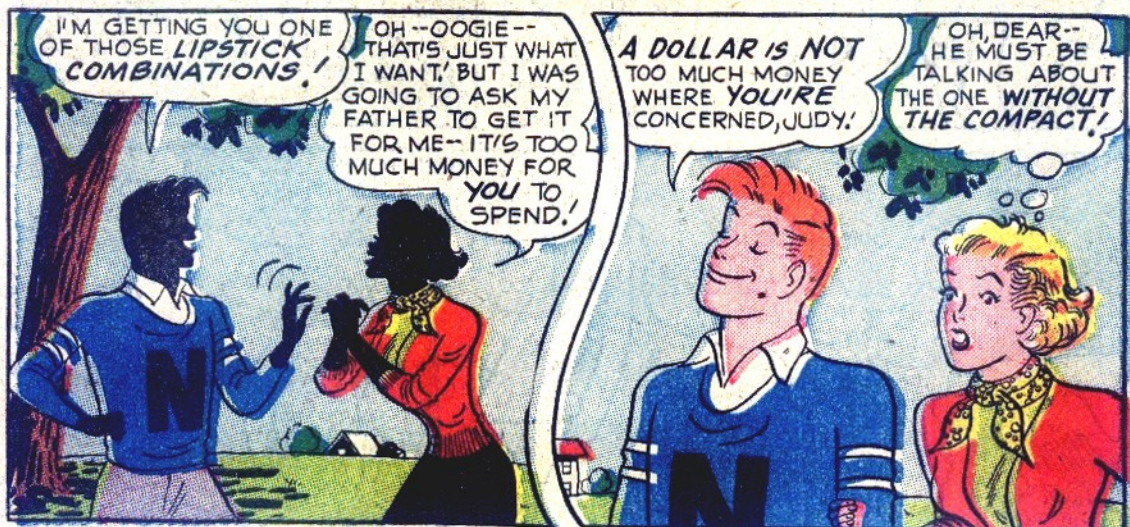
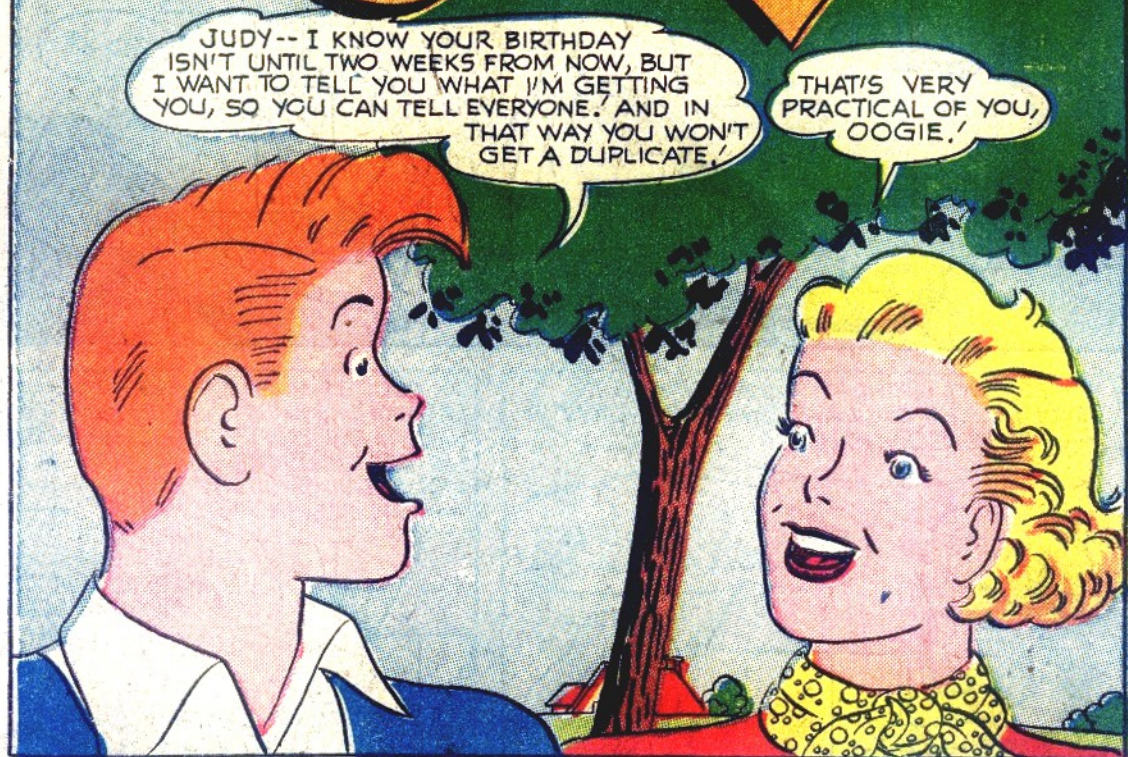
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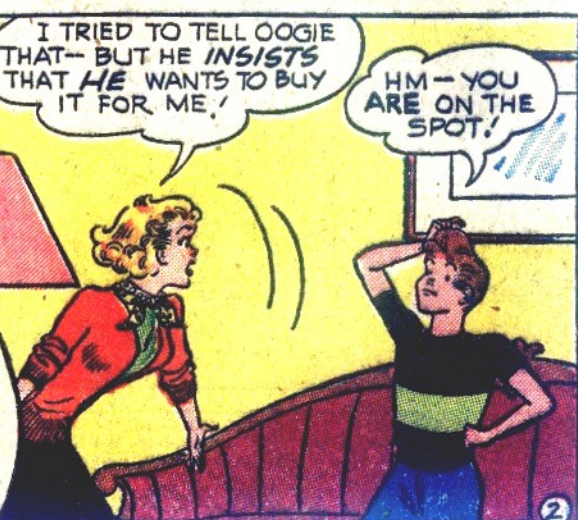
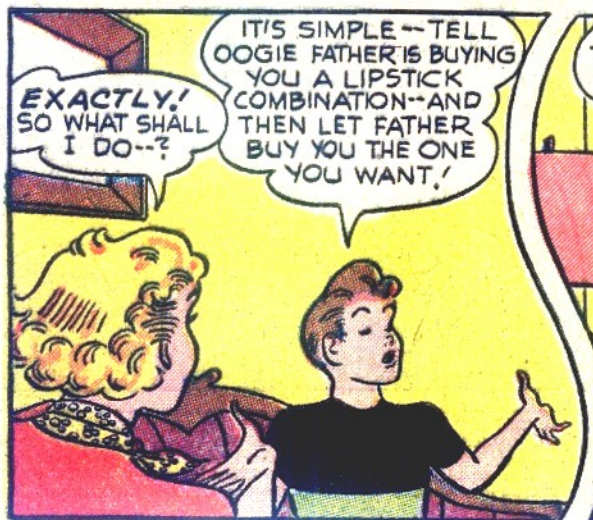
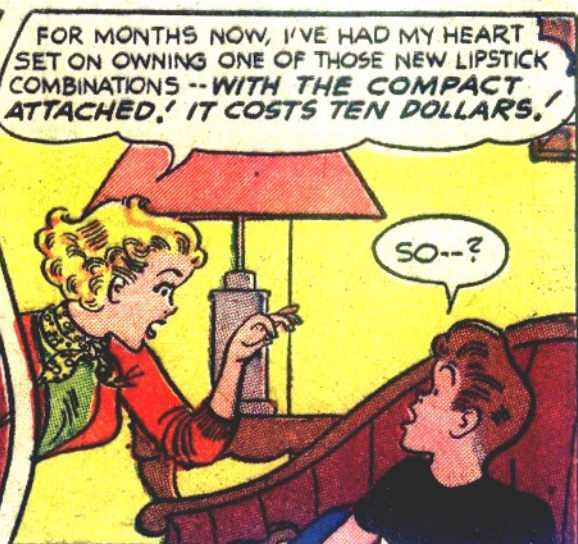
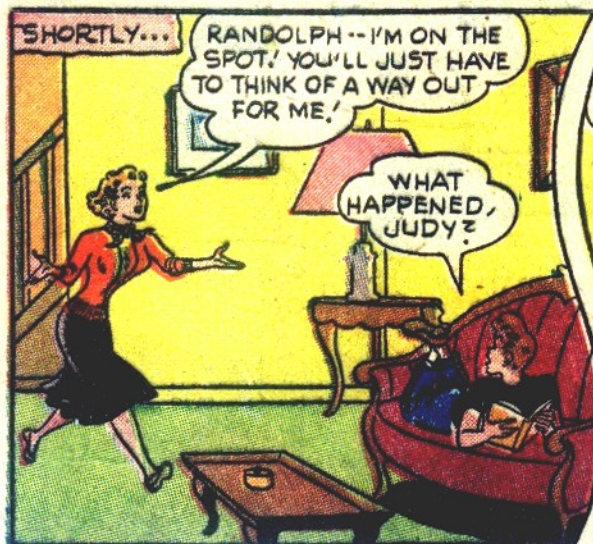
A DATE WITH JUDY



A DATE WITH JUDY, No. 38, Dec., '53 - Jan., '54. 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

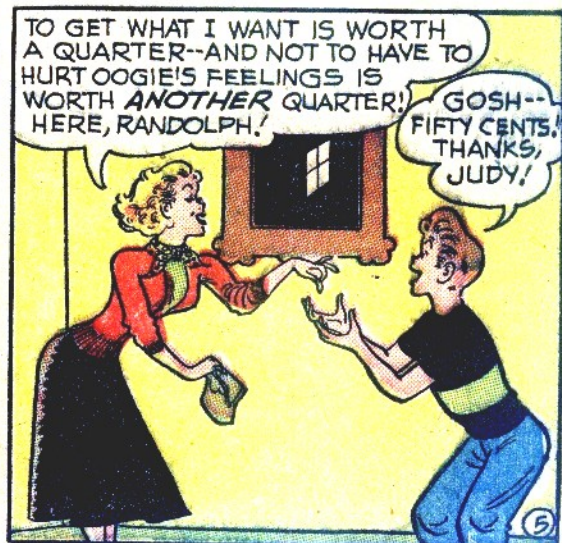
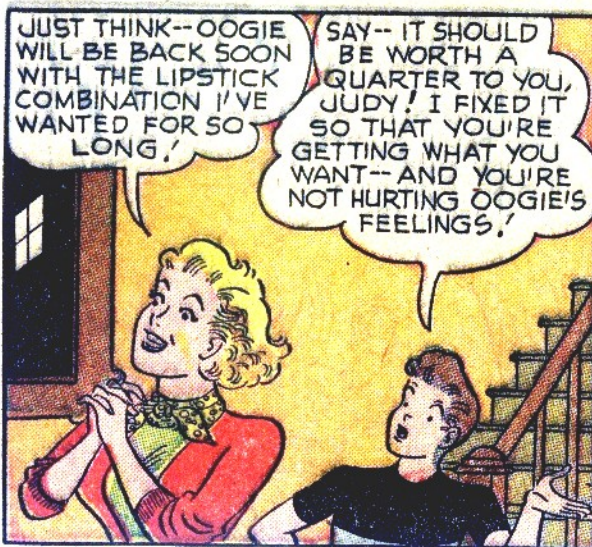
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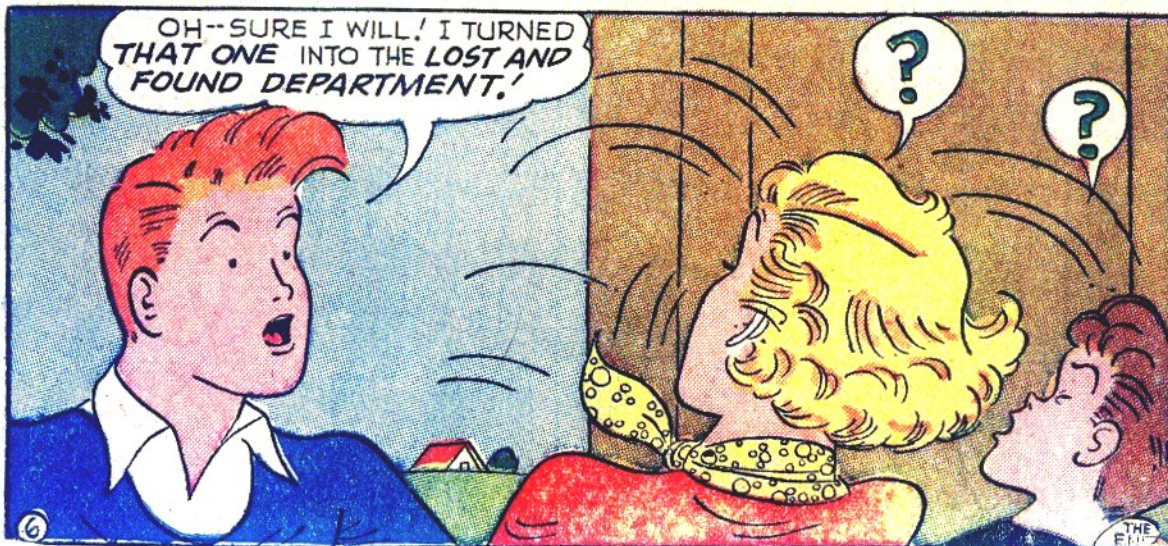
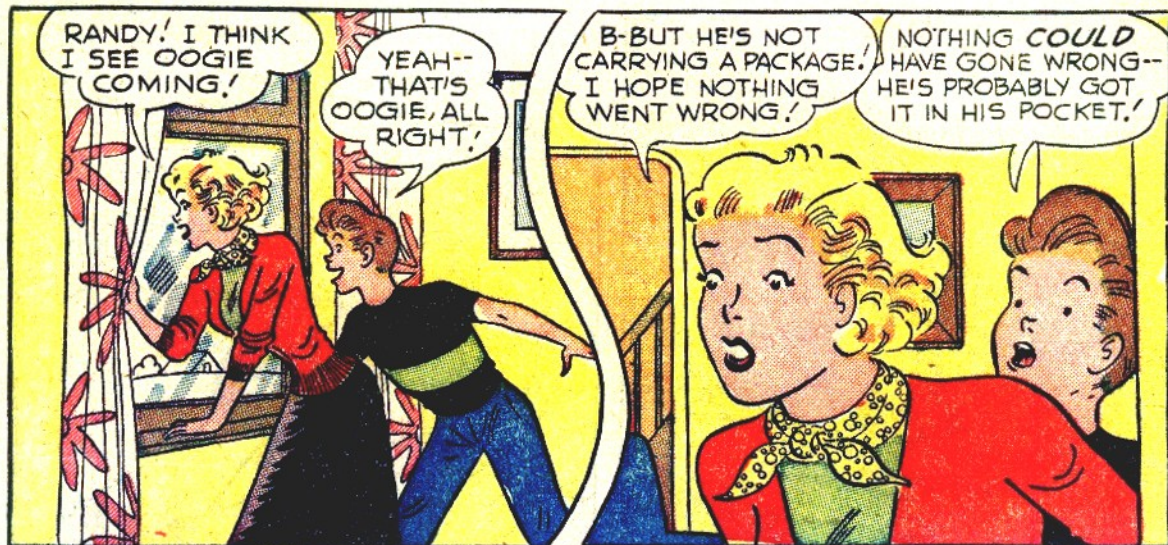
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TEEN Teaser

IT'S GOOD FOR
WHAT AILS YOU!



THE ANSWER TO THE COMIC CLUE IS A SIX-LETTER WORD. HERE'S HOW YOU CAN FIND IT... 6 MISSING WORDS ARE DEFINED BELOW. ONE LETTER IN EACH MISSING WORD HAS ALREADY BEEN INSERTED. PRINT THE 6 WORDS, A LETTER TO A SQUARE. THIS DONE CORRECTLY, YOU MAY NOW USE THE ENCIRCLED LETTERS TO SPELL THE ANSWER TO THE COMIC CLUE. TRY IT... IT'S FUN!

1	BEAST OF BURDEN.	D	○						
2	ONE WHO EDITS.		D		○				
3	ONE LIVING IN HIRED QUARTERS.		○	D					
4	THE CENTER.			○	D				
5	A FORMAL PROCESSION.			○			D		
6	A TROPICAL FLOWER.			○					D

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Binky says: "KNOW YOUR COMMUNITY!"

LOOK AT THESE HEADLINES: "JUVENILE DELINQUENCY ON RISE". "FIRE SWEEPS CONDEMNED BUILDING". "MANY HANDICAPPED PEOPLE NEED HELP". WHAT KIND OF A TOWN IS THIS, ANYWAY? FOR TWO CENTS, I'D JUST MOVE AWAY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOE? YOU LOOK PRETTY BLUE!

AW, MY FATHER IS DISGUSTED WITH THIS TOWN WHEN HE SEES HEADLINES LIKE THESE. I DON'T WANT TO MOVE, BINKY-- I LIKE IT HERE!

HMMM... WHY DON'T WE FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT? MAYBE WE CAN GET OUR TEACHER TO ORGANIZE A CLASS GROUP...

THAT'S AN IDEA! THEN WE CAN TALK TO THE PEOPLE WHO REALLY KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!

AND SO... YES, MORE BOYS AND GIRLS IN OUR TOWN, AS IN OTHER TOWNS, BROKE THE LAW LAST YEAR. WE'RE TRYING OUR BEST TO HELP GET THEM STRAIGHTENED OUT. YOU CAN HELP, TOO, BY OBEYING THE LAW YOURSELVES AND HELPING YOUR FRIENDS TO **THINK** BEFORE THEY **ACT**!

HERE IS WHERE THE NEW HOUSES ARE TO BE BUILT TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE OLD ONES THAT WEREN'T SAFE TO LIVE IN. ALL OVER THE COUNTRY TOWNS LIKE OURS ARE WORKING TO SEE THAT PEOPLE HAVE BETTER PLACES TO LIVE IN!

EVERY TOWN HAS MORE HANDICAPPED PEOPLE NOW. WE MUST TRY TO PREVENT ACCIDENTS AND SEE THAT OUR CITIZENS KNOW HOW TO TAKE BETTER CARE OF THEIR HEALTH. WE'VE LICKED A LOT OF DISEASES THAT USED TO BE VERY DANGEROUS--AND WE CAN LICK THIS, TOO, IF EVERYBODY HELPS.

I'M GOING TO TELL MY DAD ABOUT ALL THE THINGS WE LEARNED, BINKY. WHEN HE KNOWS PEOPLE IN OUR TOWN ARE WORKING HARD TO MAKE THINGS BETTER, I THINK HE'LL WANT TO STAY HERE AND HELP!

I BET HE WILL, JOE. IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO KNOW YOUR COMMUNITY SO YOU CAN LEARN WHAT IT **NEEDS** TO MAKE THINGS BETTER. THAT'S BEING A GOOD CITIZEN!

A DATE WITH JUDY

MITZI FEELS TERRIBLE, OOGIE-- HER BOY FRIEND IS GOING TO BE OUT OF TOWN THIS WEEK-END AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE HER TO THE DANCE.' SO SHE'S GOING TO SIT THERE-- HOPING SOMEONE COMES ALONG AND ASKS HER TO GO WITH HIM.'

GOSH--EVERY FELLOW I KNOW HAS A DATE.'



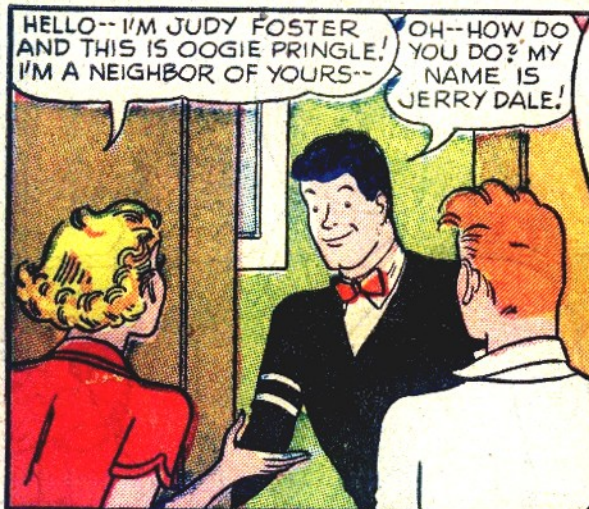
WAIT-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA! A HANDSOME FELLOW MOVED INTO MY NEIGHBORHOOD--

AND YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO ARRANGE A BLIND DATE FOR HIM AND MITZI FOR THE DANCE?

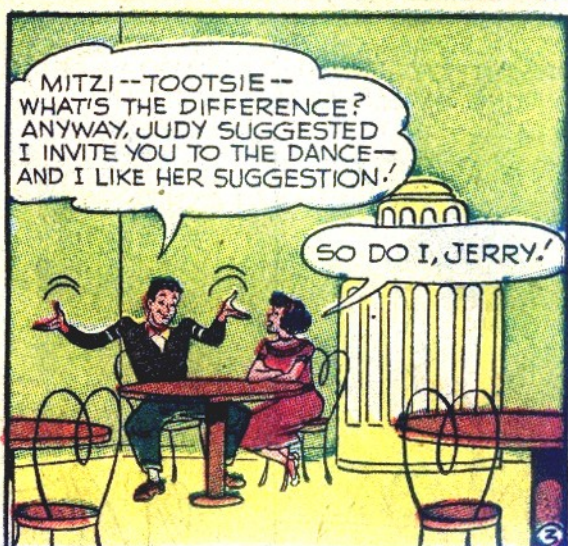
NO! BLIND DATES FOR DANCES AREN'T PRACTICAL! IF THEY DON'T LIKE EACH OTHER, NEITHER HAS A GOOD TIME.'

OH--THEN YOU'RE GOING TO INTRODUCE THEM--





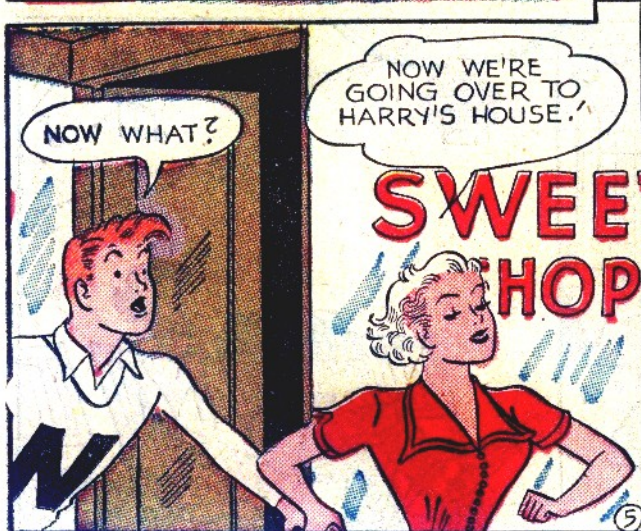
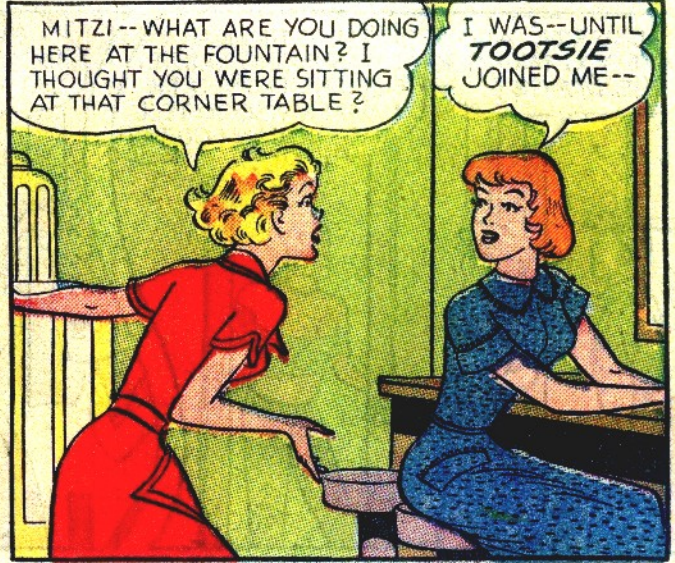
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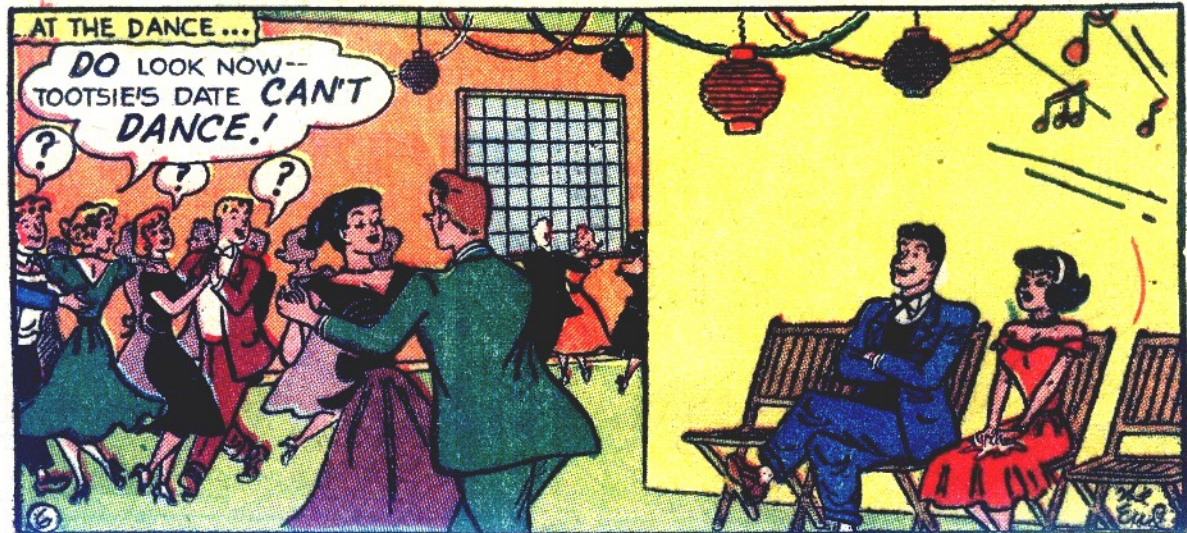
A DATE WITH JUDY







A DATE WITH JUDY





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A DATE WITH JUDY

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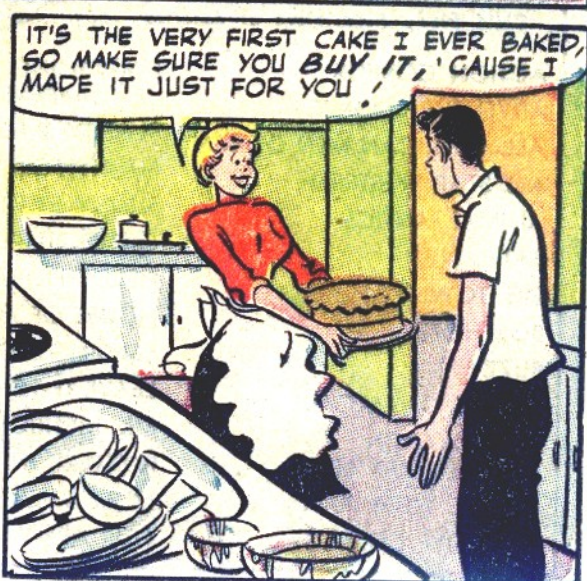
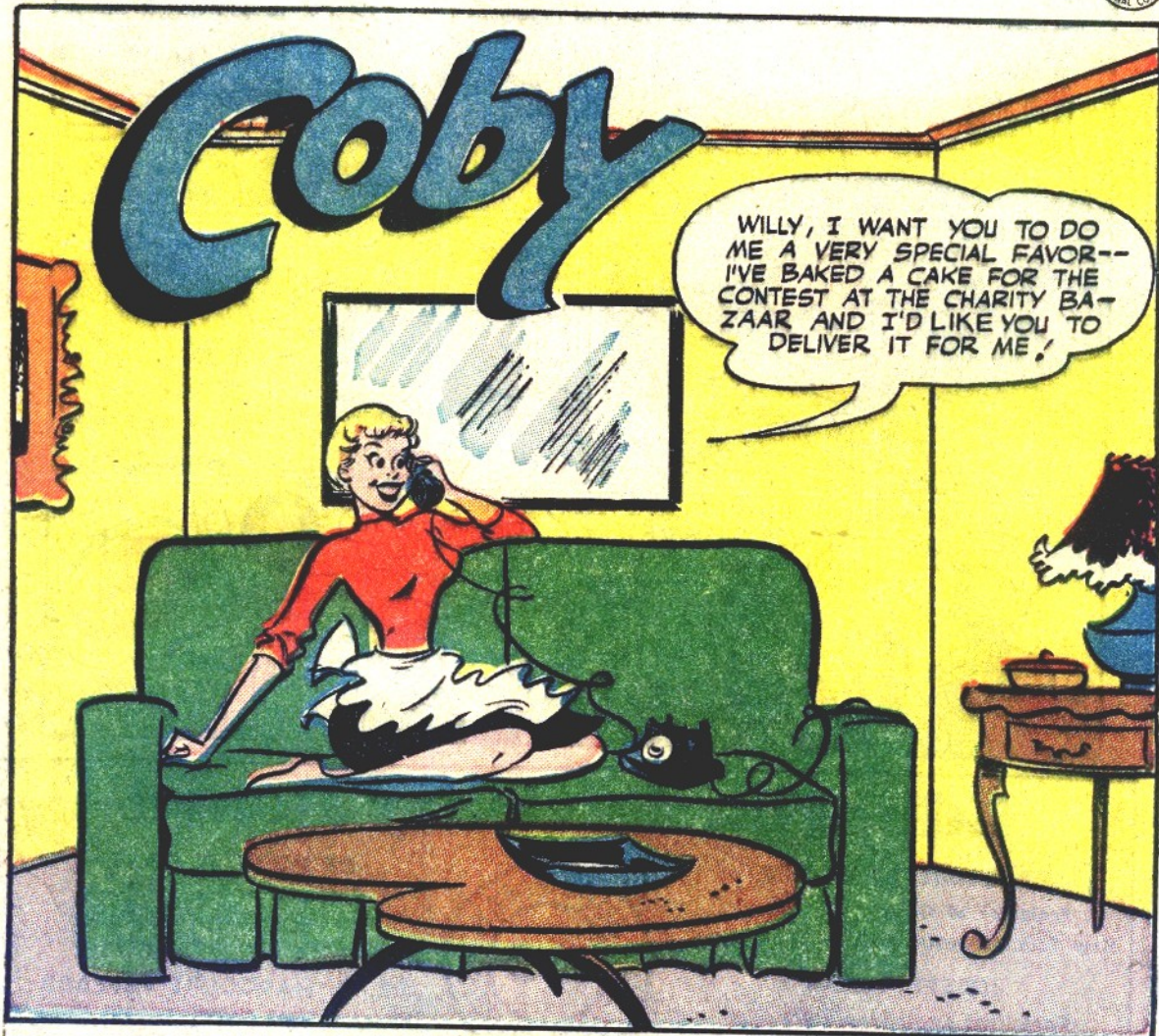
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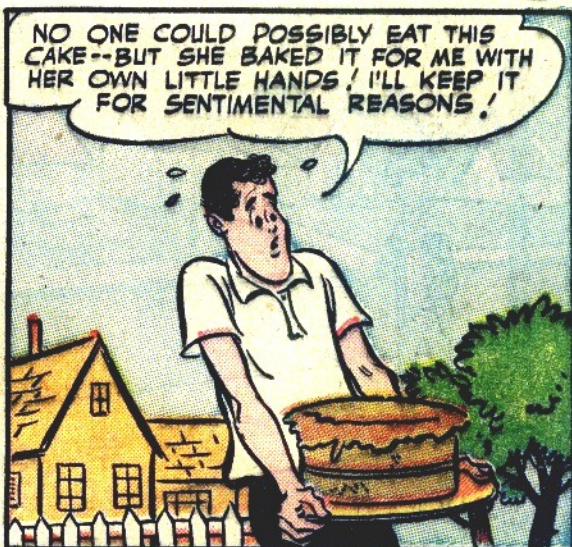
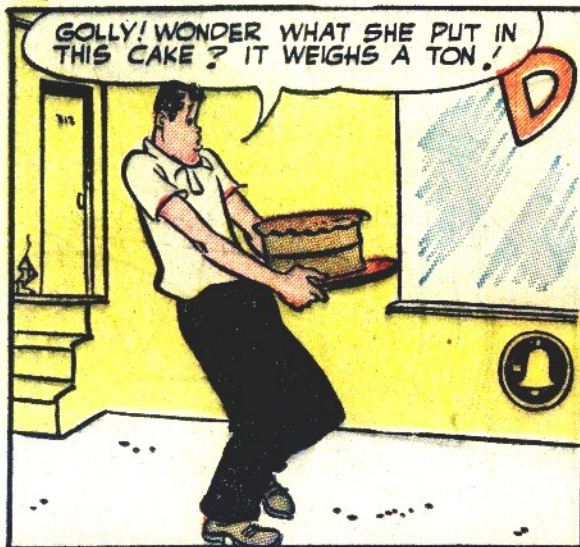
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WONDER WOMAN

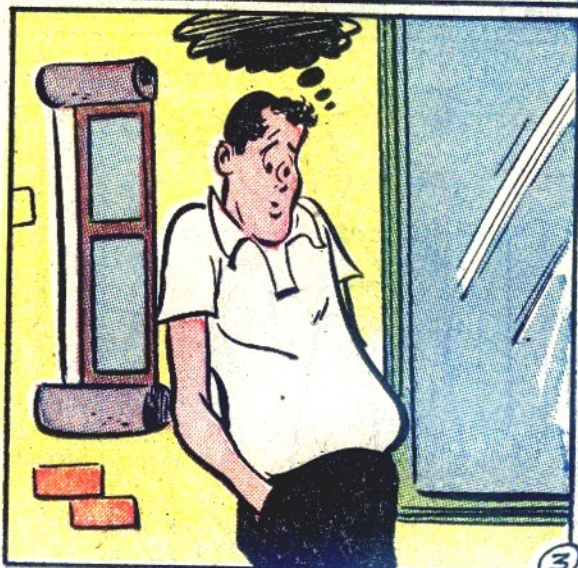
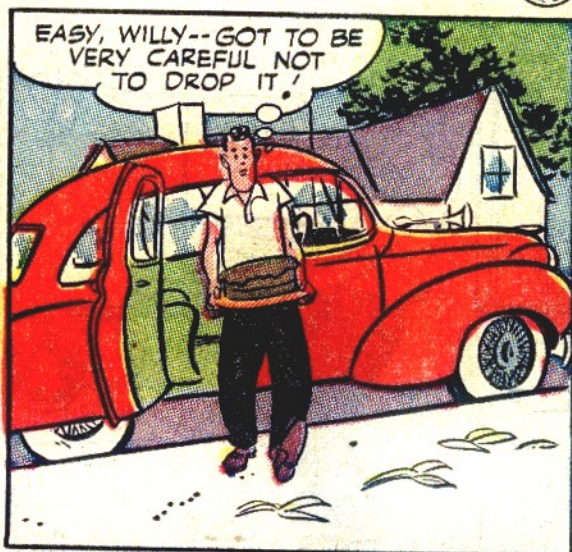
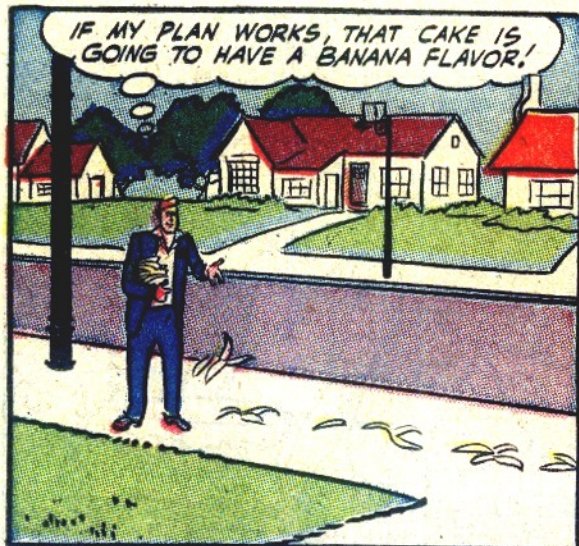
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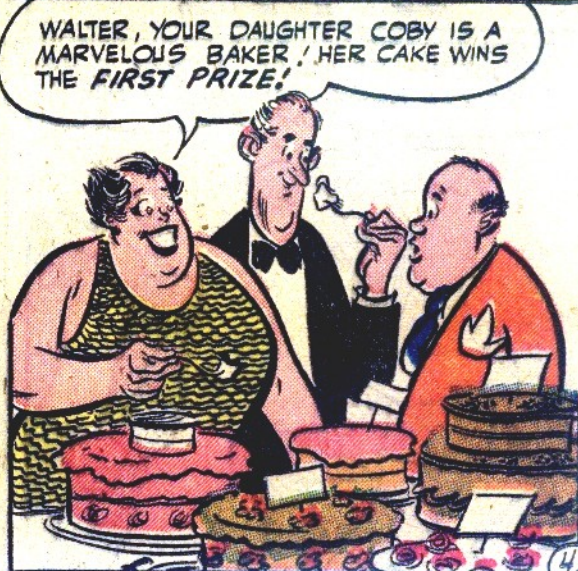
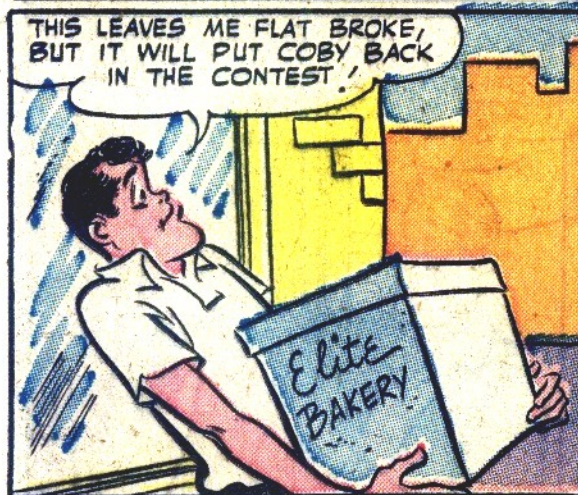
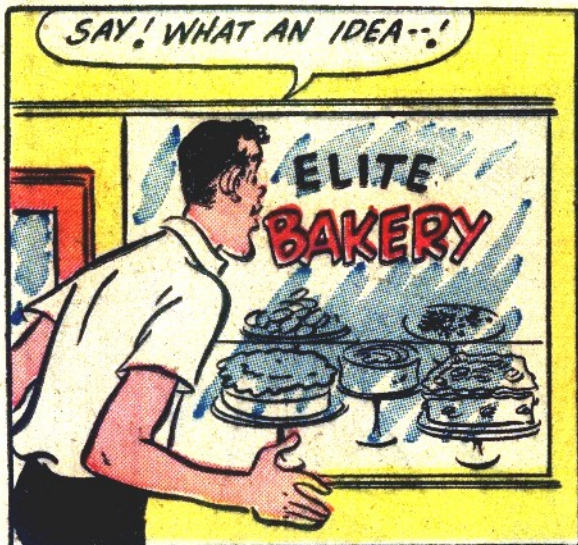
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A DATE WITH JUDY











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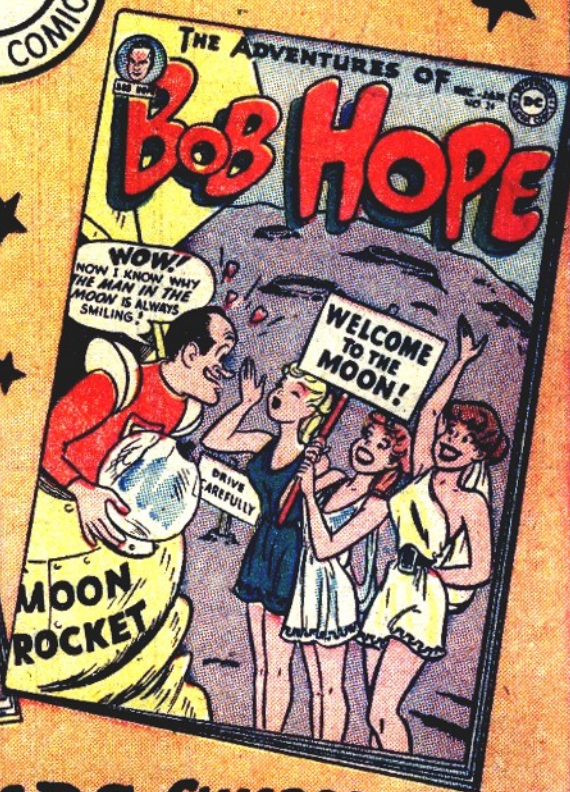
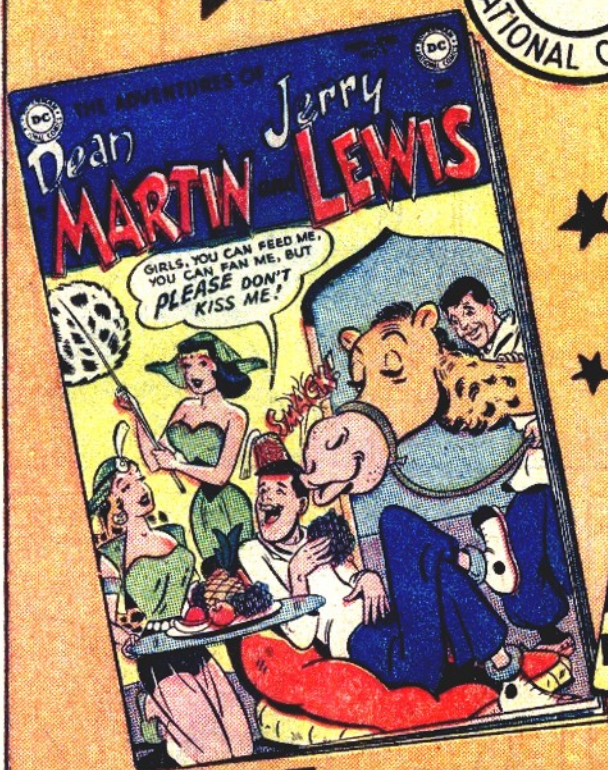
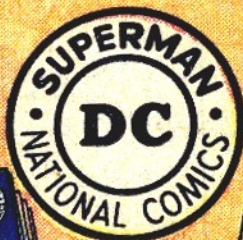
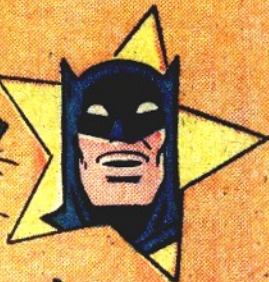
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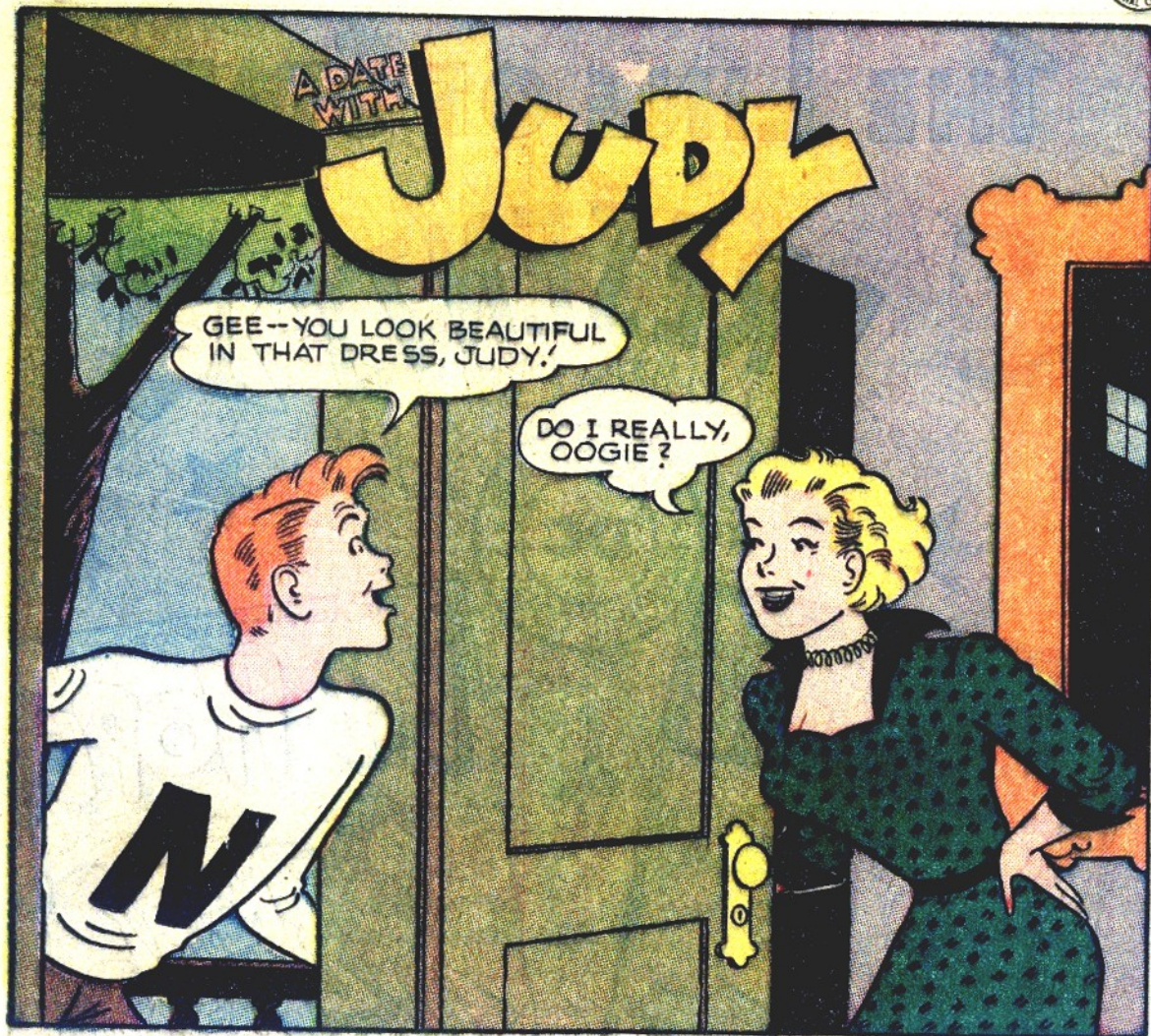


PRESENTS



THE FAMOUS DC SYMBOL
ON THE COVER OF **ANY**
COMICS MAGAZINE IS **YOUR**
GUARANTEE OF THE **BEST**
READING IN COMICS





GEE--YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL
IN THAT DRESS, JUDY!

DO I REALLY,
OOGIE?



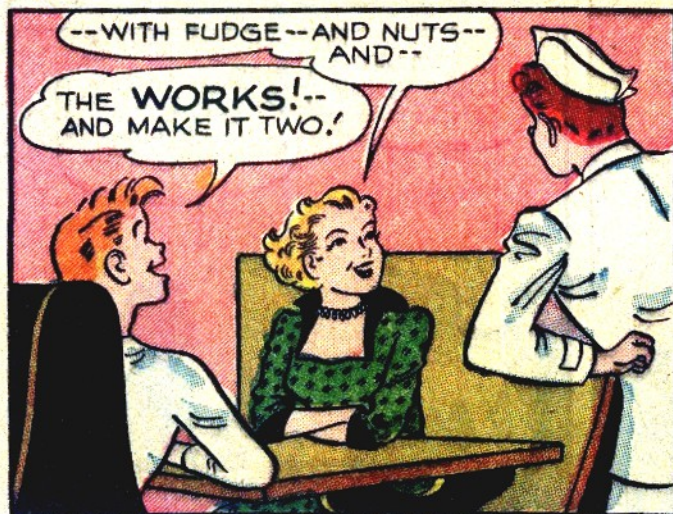
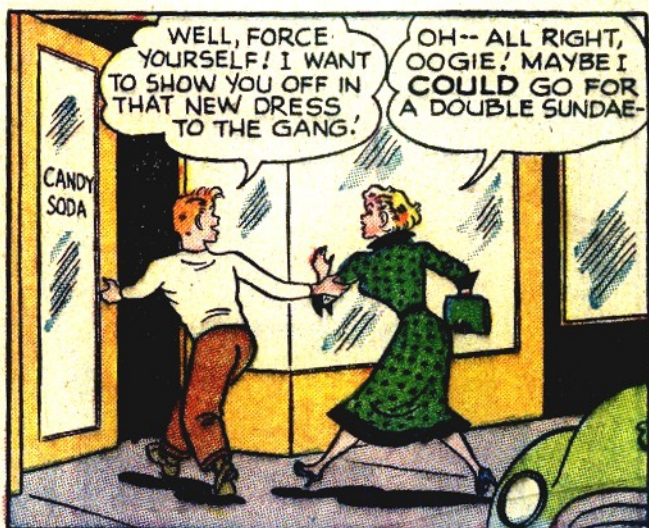
AND HOW! LET'S GO FOR
A WALK--I WANT AS MANY
PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE TO
SEE HOW PRETTY
YOU LOOK!

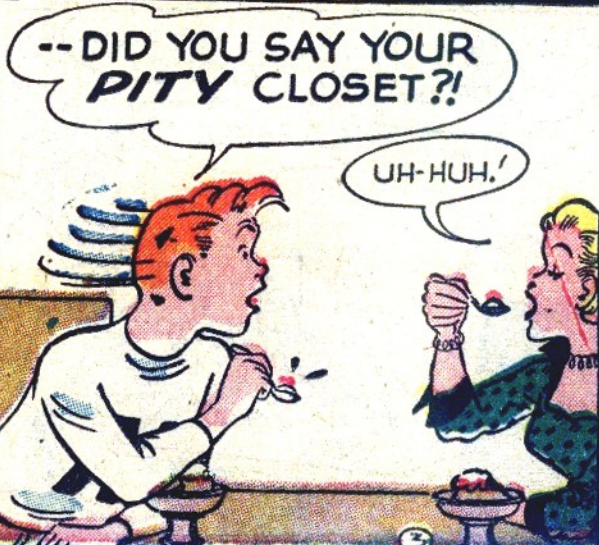
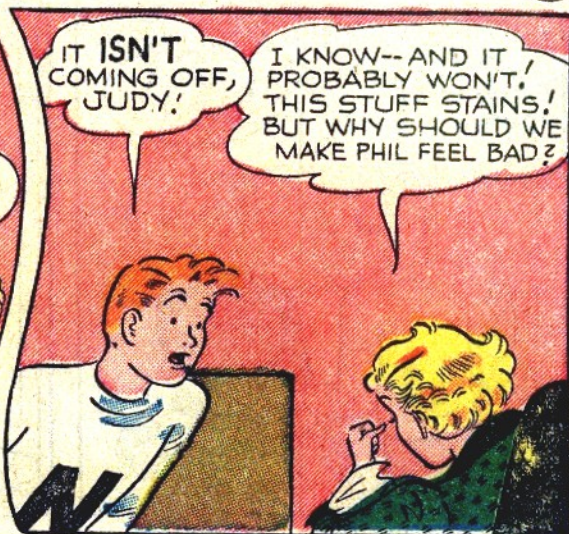
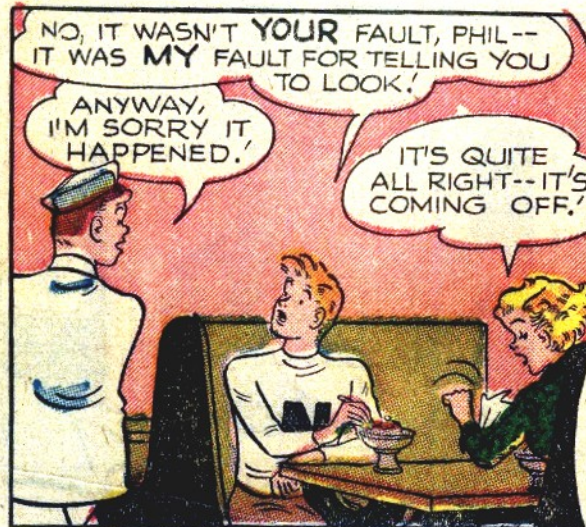
OH,
OOGIE--
HOW YOU
EXAGGERATE!



WHY, THAT DRESS
MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE
A MILLION DOLLARS!

AND IT HAPPENS
TO BE AN INEXPENSIVE
COTTON THAT I'VE
HAD FOR YEARS!



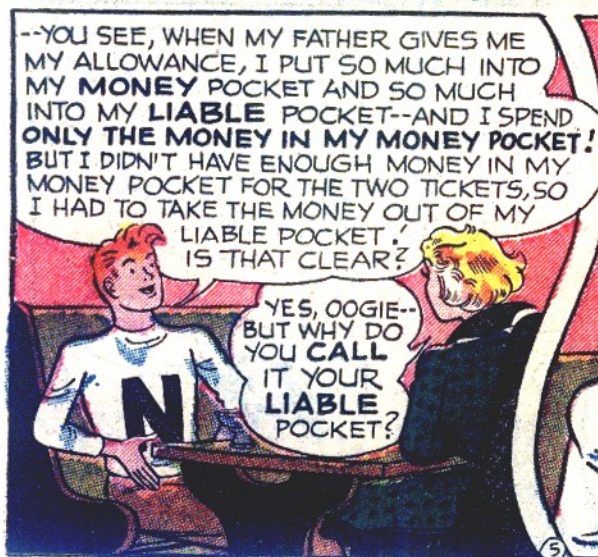
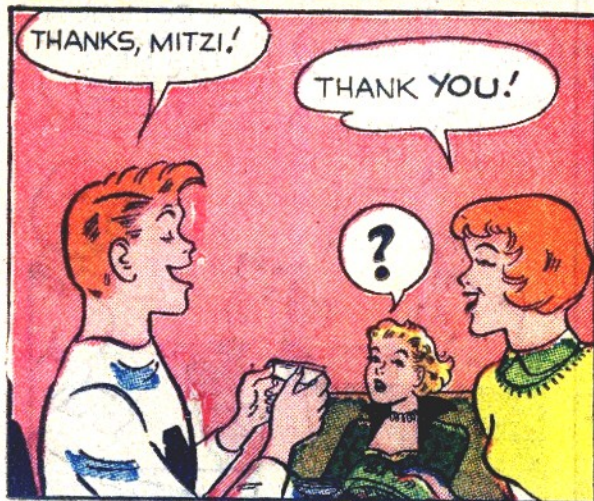




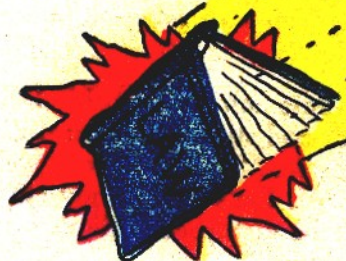
A DATE WITH JUDY



A DATE WITH JUDY



MR. BREADWINNER



MRS. FOSTER and Randolph were sitting reading quietly on the sun porch when Randolph began to stir uneasily. "I can feel it coming," he announced flatly. "I've got a sixth sense about things like that, and I can feel it coming."

Mrs. Foster stared up at him startled. "You can feel *what* coming?" she asked.

"*The bright and terrible eye of Judy!*" shuddered Randolph. "Just wait and see. It'll be here any minute. I can't explain it exactly, but every now and then I get a strange feeling that tells me there's something brewing in that so-called brain of Judy's. And just now sitting here reading I got that same feeling. Any minute now Judy's going to pop in on us, her eyes gleaming with some bright and terrible idea she's cooked up. I—" He stopped suddenly as a whirlwind of distress appeared in the doorway behind them. It was Judy.

"*Mother! Randolph!*" she cried, her eyes gleaming accusingly at them. "How can you possibly sit there and be so *complacent* in view of what has *happened*? I simply don't *understand* you two!"

"*Voila!*" gestured Randy. "*The bright and terrible eye of Judy!*"

Mrs. Foster's eyes twinkled. "Just *what* has happened, dear?" she said to Judy.

Judy fixed her eyes even more terribly upon them. "*We have failed Father!*" she announced.

"Oh?" said Mrs. Foster calmly. "How do you figure that?"

"Why, it's obvious, perfectly obvious, isn't it?" cried Judy. "I could weep oceans every time I think about it!"

"Go ahead—and weep an ocean," grinned Randy.

Judy turned blazing eyes upon him. "You needn't be so flip," she warned. "When you hear what I've got to say, you'll weep your own ocean. Poor Father! Poor, lonely, neglected, hard-working old Father! I'll never understand how we could do such a cruel thing to him! He works and slaves for us all day long, day after day, week after week, and all we do is *take, take, take!* He breaks his back and wears out his big little old heart winning bread for our table and we don't reward him with even a crumb of interest in *how he earns that bread!* Nobody ever asks him what he had to do to pay for that fried chicken or how many lawsuits he had to win to provide that strawberry shortcake. Well, I'm telling you right now: *I think it's high time we took an interest in Father's work!* Don't tell me he wants to forget about the office when he gets home at night. *I know better!* And from this day forward I am going to find out everything I can about Father's work to let him know that I for one *really appreciate* what he's doing for us!" She swung around as she heard a car pull into the driveway. "Oh, look! There's Father now!" She hurried off the

porch and across the lawn to meet him.

"Poor Father!" murmured Randy, watching. "He doesn't know what he's in for!"

"Don't worry about your Father," laughed Mrs. Foster. "I've got a feeling this is one time he can take care of himself!"

Judy was at the side of the car before her father had even had time to get out. "Hullo, Father," she cried on a stout note of cheeriness. She opened the door for him and practically helped him out of the car. Mr. Foster looked at her in curious surprise. "Hello, Judy," he said, reaching back into the car for his briefcase with a sprightliness intended to convince Judy there was life in the old boy yet. Something was in the wind, but he wasn't as yet quite sure what it was. "Uh—good to be home," he said in careful conversation as he and Judy started toward the house.

"Had a hard day, hm, Father?" murmured Judy sympathetically.

"Oh, no . . ." said Mr. Foster. "It's just good to be home, that's all. It's always good to be home."

"Well, from now on it's going to be a lot better," promised Judy mysteriously. Mr. Foster glanced down at her, his face flickering between a frown and a twinkle. There was something up, all right. Judy wasn't acting quite natural. Which, come to think of it, was very natural. Mr. Foster greeted his wife and Randy, went into the house, deposited his briefcase and hat, and with a deep, comfortable sigh settled into an easy chair with the evening newspaper. Judy settled herself on the footstool at his feet.

"Well, let's hear all about it, Father," she said encouragingly. "I'm listening."

Mr. Foster lowered his paper and peered out at her. "Let's hear all about what?" he asked.

"Your day, of course," said Judy, giving him a buddy-buddy smile. "I want to hear everything that happened to you from the time you entered the office this morning at nine o'clock until you left it at five."

"Oh, it was nothing, nothing," said Mr. Foster disinterestedly. "Just a routine day, that's all." He retreated behind his paper again.

"Now, don't pout like that, Father," reprimanded Judy. "Things are going to be different from now on. Yes, indeed! *Because I'm really going to take an interest in your work!*"

Mr. Foster came out from behind his paper once more and studied her carefully. "Hm . . ." he said. "Hm . . . very well, Judy, if you insist. Let's go into my study where we won't be disturbed. I don't want you to miss a thing!"

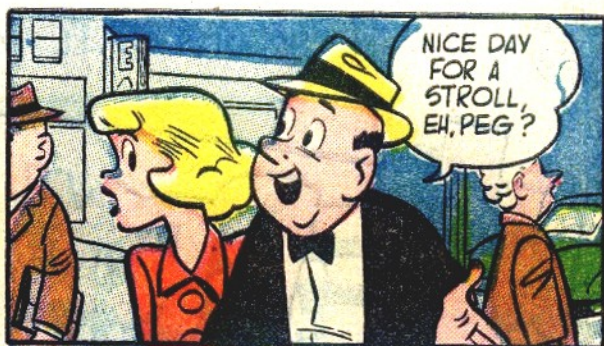
A half hour later the door to Mr. Foster's study opened and Judy stumbled dizzily out. "Well, thank you very much, Father," she said in a small, bewildered voice. "I certainly appreciate your explaining everything to me that way—"

"Oh, I haven't explained *everything* by any means," said Mr. Foster, patting her shoulder. "I've only just begun. Now, tonight after dinner I'll go into the ramifications of the fiduciary agreement I'm working on between—"

"Er—th—that would be very nice, Father," said Judy, "but I—I'm afraid we'll have to put it off until tomorrow night—or the night after that—or maybe next week sometime. I have to go over to Mitzi's tonight. She's cutting out a new dress pattern and after all we owe it to our friends to take an interest in what *they're* doing, too, you know." She hurried upstairs and out of sight. Mr. Foster joined his wife and Randy on the sun porch, chuckling. "Well," he said rubbing his hands together, "how's that for quick work? It took me just a half hour to give her a lifetime cure!"

"Congratulations!" laughed Mrs. Foster. "How did you do it?"

"Let's say I did it legally," said Mr. Foster. "Very legally. In fact, I threw the whole law book at her. I'll bet she's never heard of so many hereof's, whereof's, therefore's, and to wit's! And take it from me, she'll never want to again!"



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TRY LADY WILDROOT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO WITH LANOLIN!

M-M-M LOADS OF SUDS!

RINSES OUT WITH JUST WATER! GLEAMS AS IT CLEANS!

AT THE SQUARE DANCE

WOW! WHAT BEAUTIFUL HAIR!

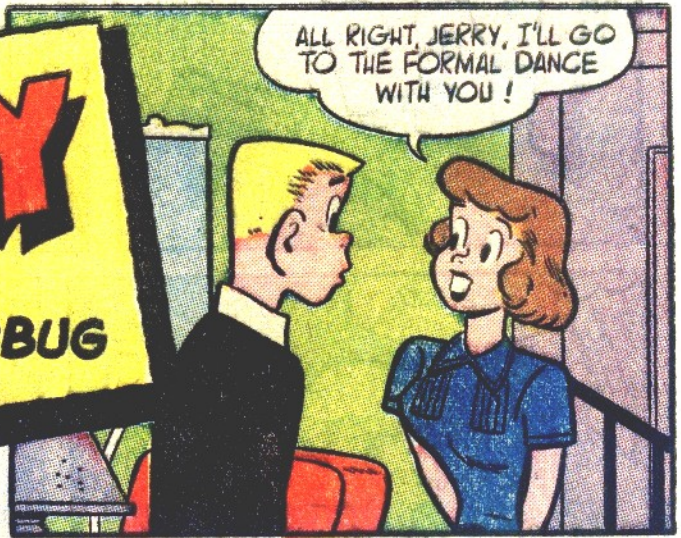
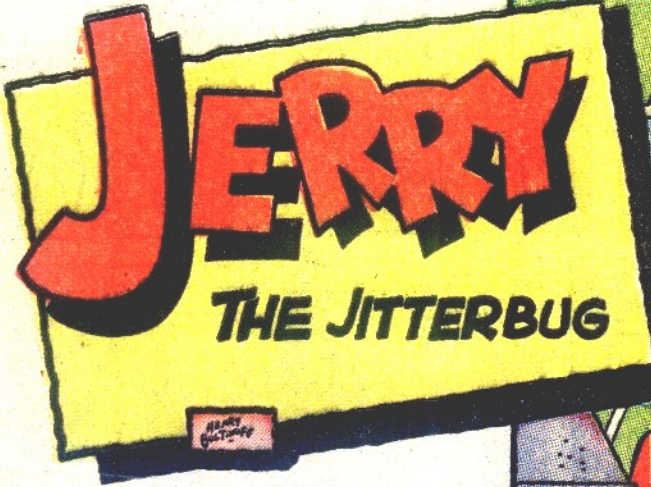
THANKS TO NEW LADY WILDROOT SHAMPOO!

Lady Wildroot Shampoo
A LIQUID CREAM WITH PUREST LANOLIN

LOW AS **29¢**



A DATE WITH JUDY





A DATE WITH JUDY



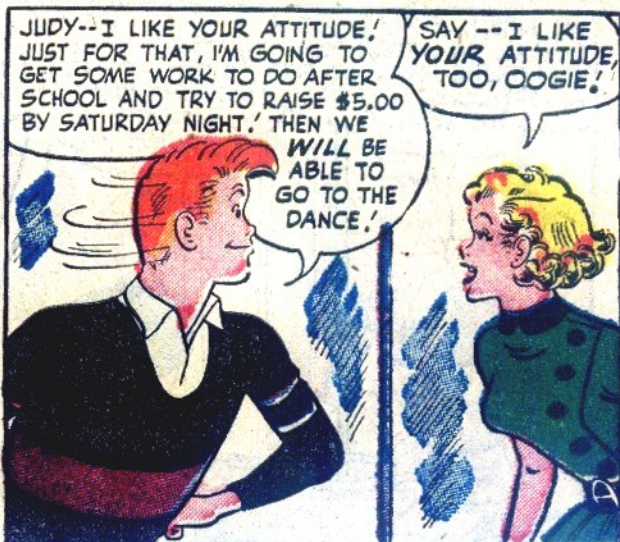
A DATE
WITH

JUDY

SUPPER DANCE
SATURDAY NIGHT
\$5.00 PER COUPLE
Door Prizes

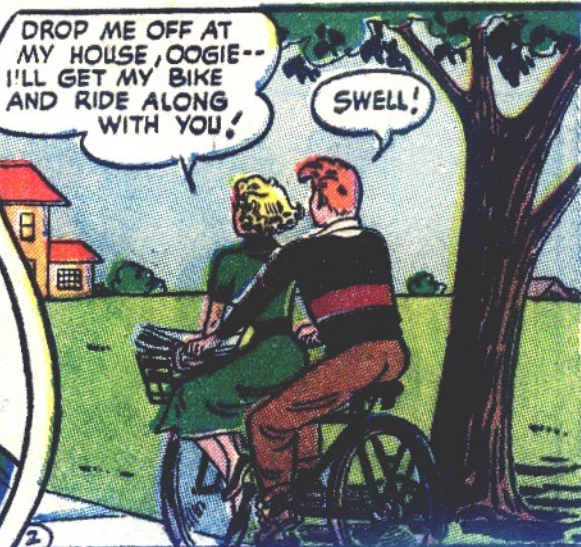
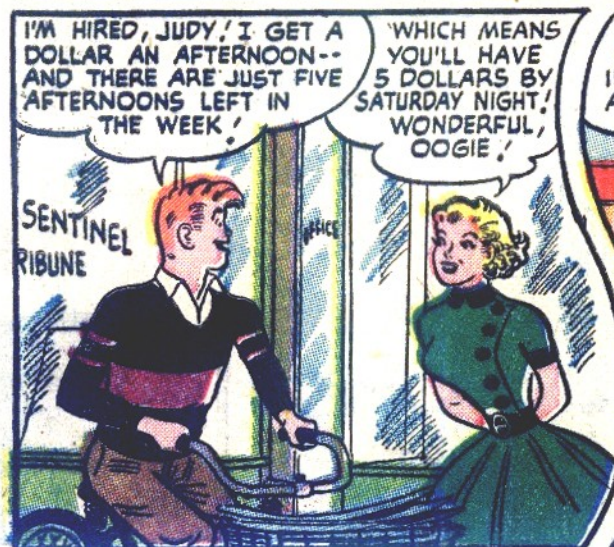
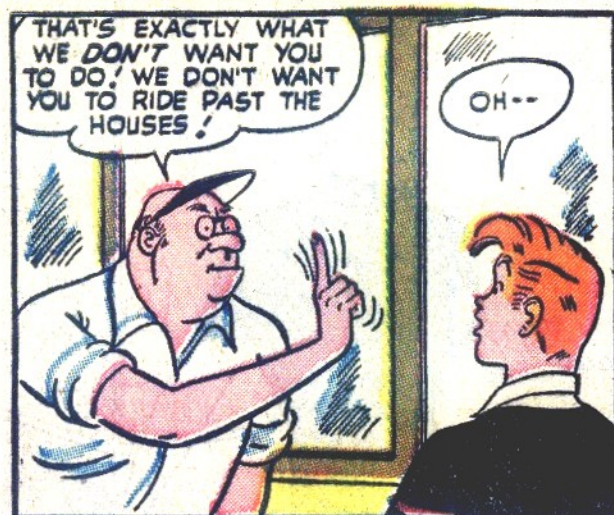
JUDY-- I'D LIKE
TO TAKE YOU TO
THAT DANCE--

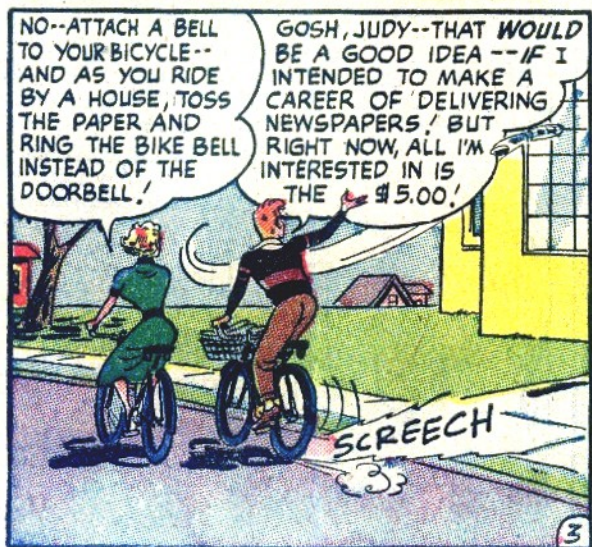
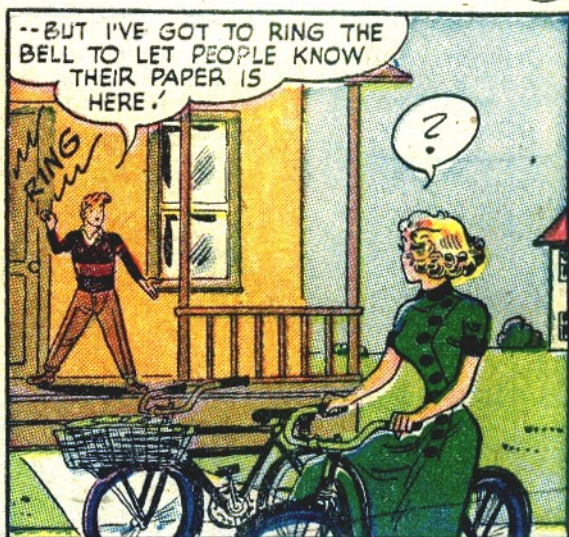
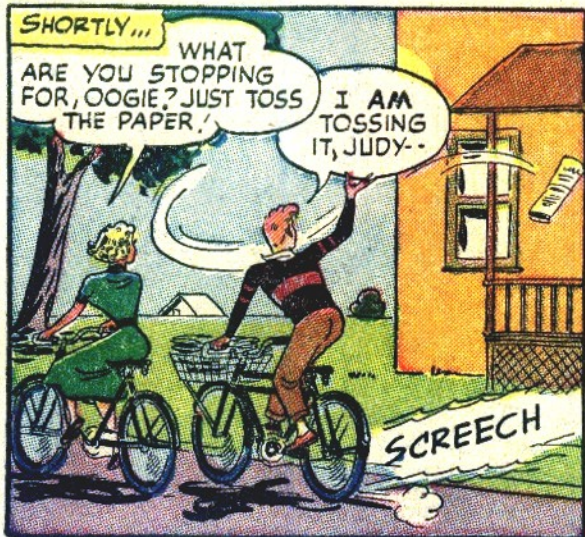
OH--AND I'D
LIKE TO GO,
OOGIE!

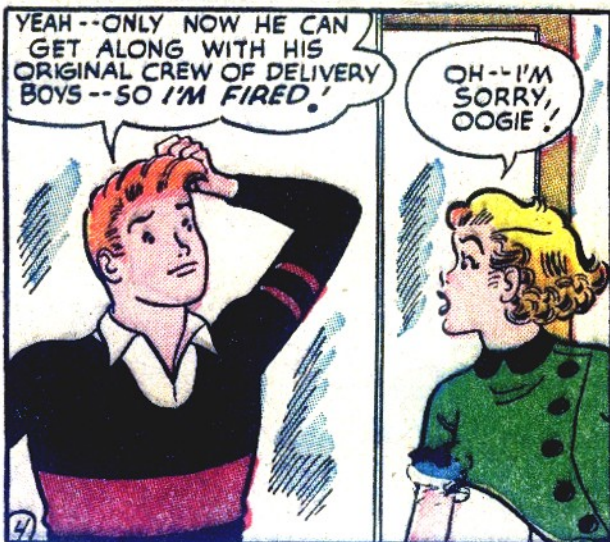
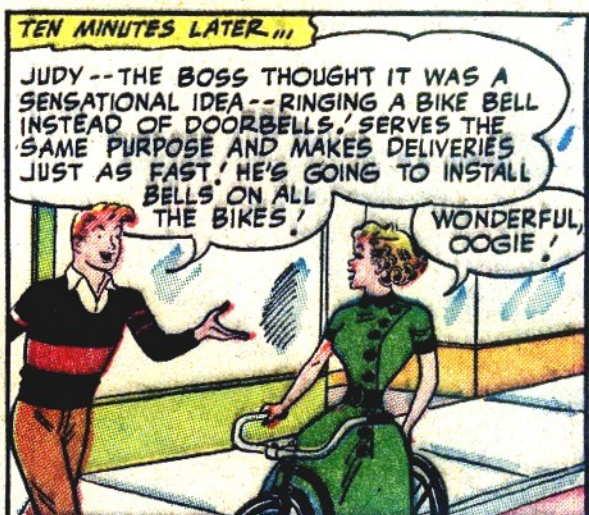
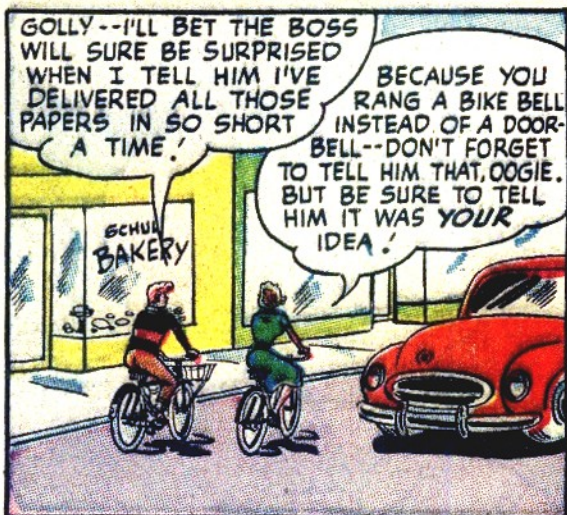
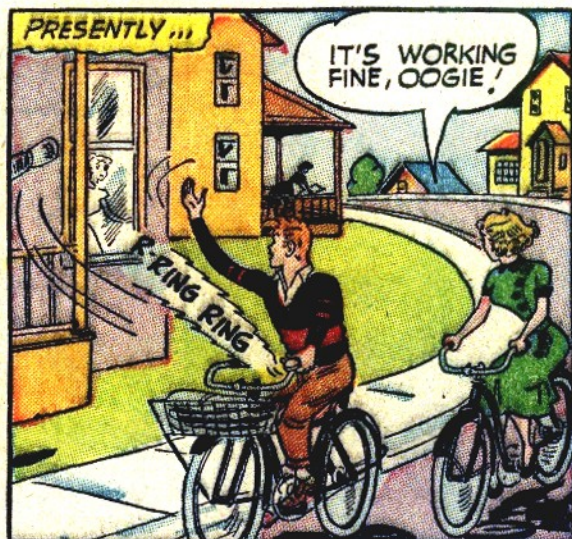


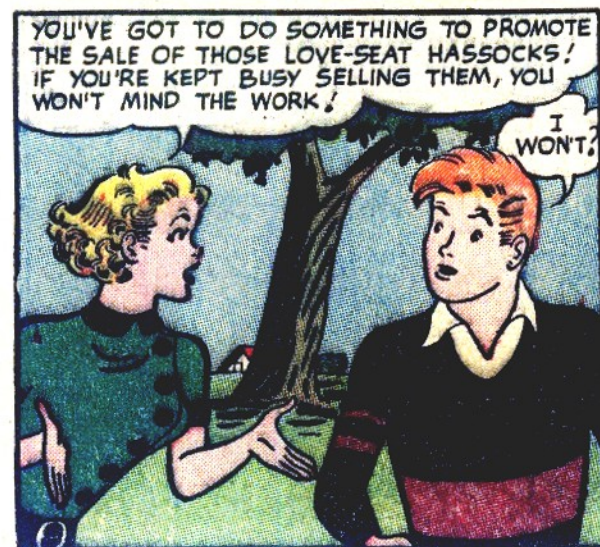


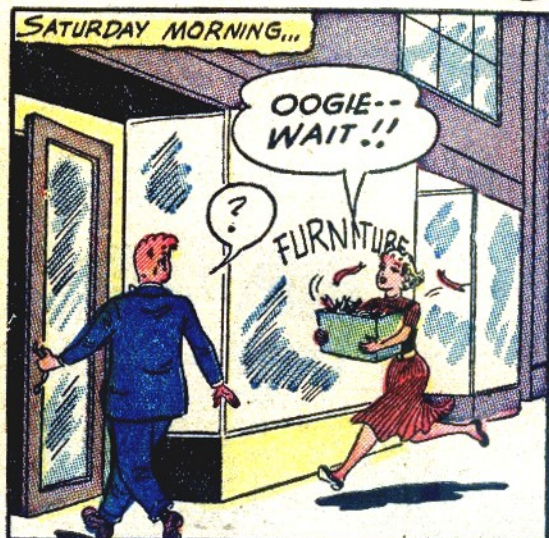
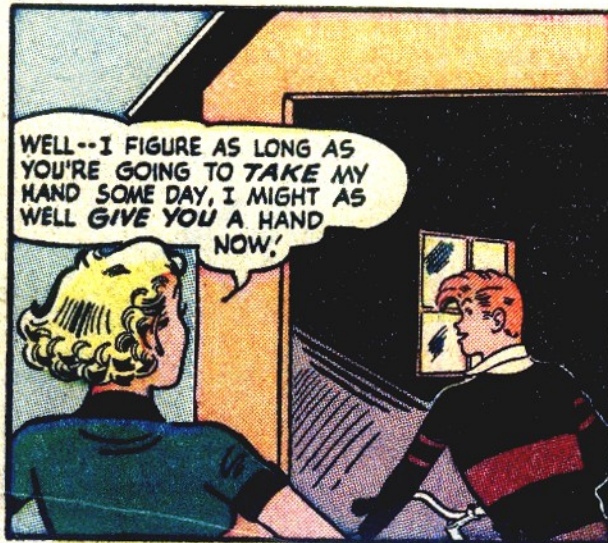
A DATE WITH JUDY

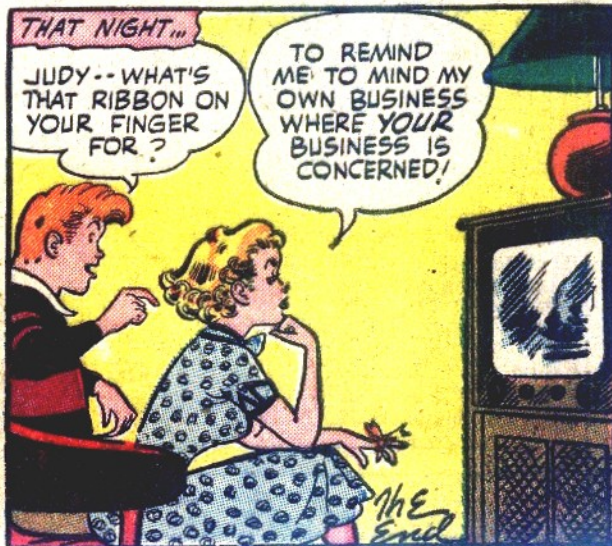
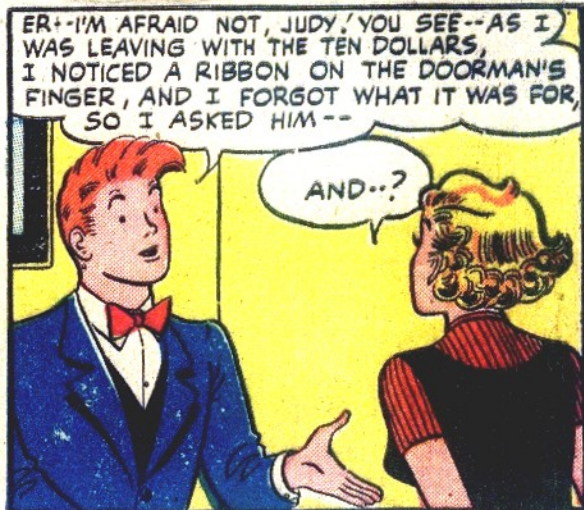












"Hey YOU SKINNY You look like SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN!"

the boys yelled as I dragged myself into the gym, says Jowett Pupul, Gleason R. Cleveland. Then I gained 70 lbs, and made the football team.

CLEVELAND
BEFORE
90 lb.
Skeleton

GLEASON
CLEVELAND
AFTER JOWETT
TRAINING
160 lbs. of
Muscle

Now wouldn't YOU
Like to Have A New
Body Like Mine? I added

7 INCHES to my CHEST
3 1/2 INCHES to each ARM
and to the rest of my
body in proportion as
YOU can.

Yours John Sill UTAH

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Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU ^{do} as I did
in 10 EASY MINUTES of FUN a day
Get a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME!

I GAINED 60 LBS. of SHAPELY MIGHTY MUSCLES!

Mail the "ALL-FREE" coupon
get this "AMAZING
"SECRETS" Photo Book
while you can.

FREE!

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How to WIN
MUSCLES like IRON
NERVES of STEEL
World's Great
EXPERT Tells
You How YOU
Can BECOME
An All-Around
ALL-AMERICAN
HE-MAN in
10 MINUTES of
FUN A DAY
IN YOUR HOME.
PHOTO BOOK

FREE
while
they
last

This Book

will also show YOU

HOW YOU CAN WIN

\$100.00 and A BIG 15" tall

SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

as I have just done.

You'll LOOK like A Real HE-MAN!
WIN WOMEN and MEN FRIENDS

You'll FEEL like A Real HE-MAN!
Full of New Strength and Self-Confidence

You'll ACT like A Real HE-MAN!
Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popular

ity. Make More Money.

John Sill
was a 125 lb.
Skinny
Weakling

Let's go, young fellow, Now YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR HOME
like SLIM JOHN SILL DID and I'll give YOU a New
HE-MAN BODY as I gave MANY Thousands like You
NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are. I'll make you OVER
strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY
THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened. From head to heels, you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be
A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

like John
BECOME A
MOVIE STAR
HE-MAN

ONLY MY S-WAY
PROGRESSIVE POWER
BUILDS YOU S-WAYS
FAST SO YOU
SAVE YEARS
AND DOLLARS!



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F. JOWETT
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4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

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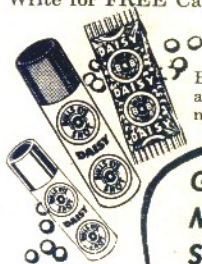
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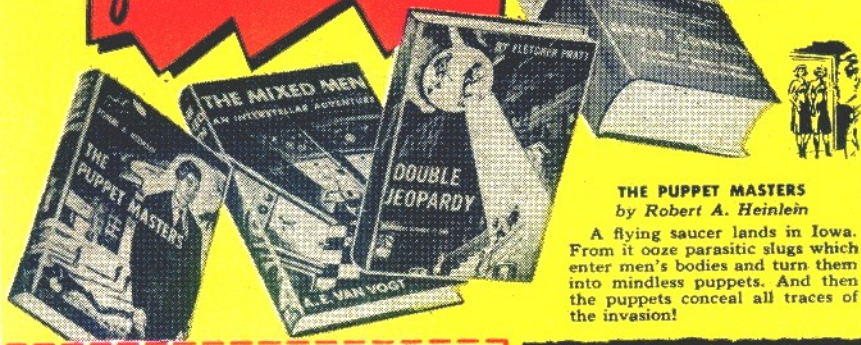
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