

# PORKCHOPS TIPS ON PURISHER FUN.













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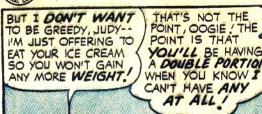


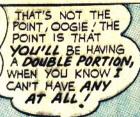






























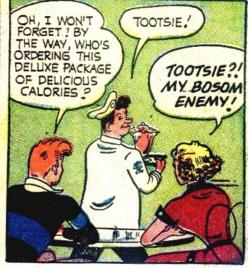




































## BLOCK B















4 SIX-LETTER WORDS CAN BE SPELLED USING ALL SIX LETTERS IN EACH WORD. THE CLUE SENTENCE WILL LEAD YOU TO ONE OF THE WORDS. HOW QUICKLY CAN YOU GET THEM ALL ?



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ACTION COMICS ADVENTURE COMICS ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR ALL STAR WESTERN ANIMAL ANTICS BATMAN BIG TOWN BOB HOPE BUZZY CONGO BILL A DATE WITH JUDY

DEAN MARTIN

and JERRY LEWIS

DETECTIVE COMICS

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO HARVEY FLIPPITY & FLOP FUNNY FOLKS GANG BUSTERS HERE'S HOWIE HOPALONG CASSIDY HOUSE OF MYSTERY LEAVE IT TO BINKY MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY MYSTERY IN SPACE MUTT & JEFF OUR ARMY AT WAR PETER PANDA

PETER PORKCHOPS REAL SCREEN COMICS REX THE WONDER DOG STAR SPANGLED WAR STORIES STRANGE ADVENTURES SUPERBOY SUPERMAN THE FOX & THE CROW TOMAHAWK WESTERN COMICS WONDER WOMAN

WORLD'S FINEST

COMICS



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

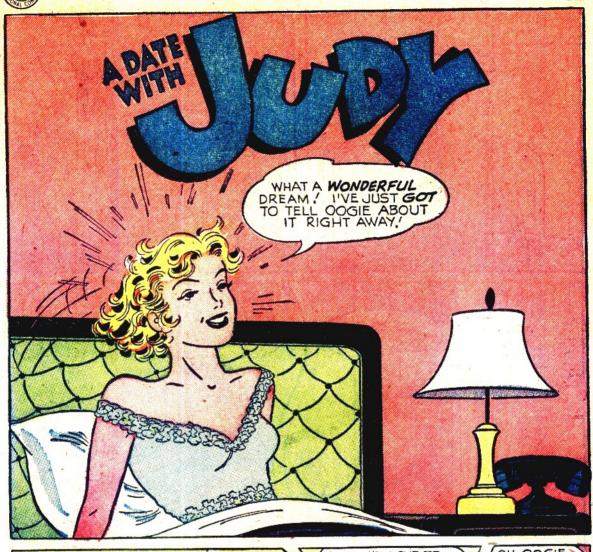
A safe and promising vaccine is being tested now, but results will not be known until 1955.

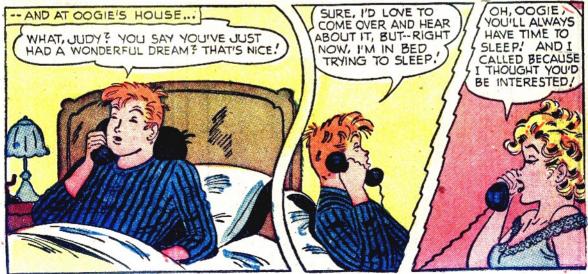


THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS





















































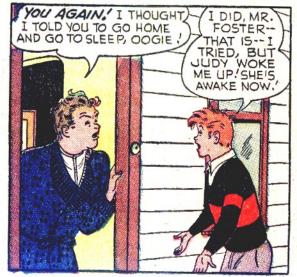






































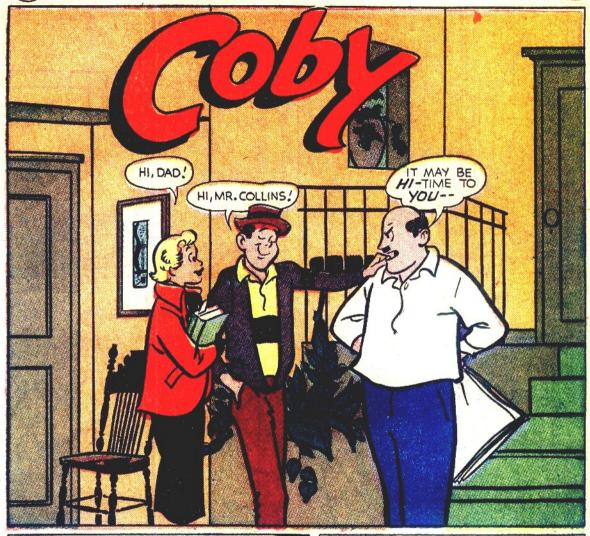


















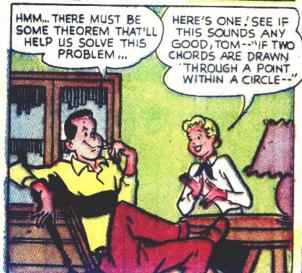


















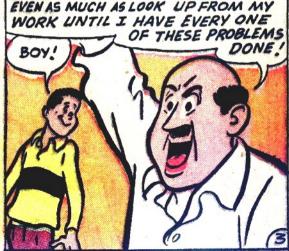












UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES WILL I



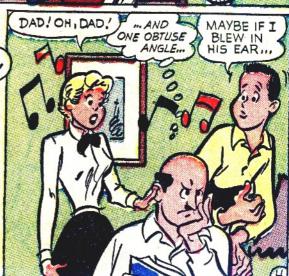








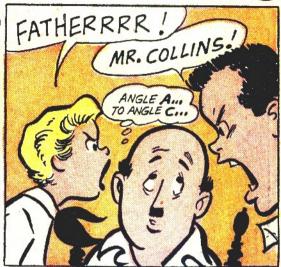






















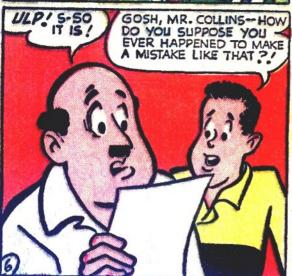
















RANDY was broke and Judy wouldn't lend him any money. "Pinchpenny!" he muttered as Judy left the house to visit Mitzi for a few minutes. "I'll show her! I may not have money, but I've got plenty of ingenuity. and that's what it takes to get money in this world!" Suddenly it started to rain heavily outside and Randy watched with growing interest as the sunken part of the front walk filled quickly with water. His eyes took on a strangely villainous gleam. He hurried outside in his rain slicker and put a plank over the sunken and rain-filled part of the sidewalk just as Judy re-appeared on the home horizon. "Why, Randy, you darling boy!" she cried as she spied the improvised foot bridge across the puddle of water. "I was just wondering how I would get across that water hole without ruining my new shoes! I'll just step-"

"Just a minute," said Randy. "That'll be twenty-five cents IN ADVANCE, please!"

"Tw-twenty-five cents-?" repeated Judy flabbergasted. "What are you talking about?"

"The toll tax, of course," said Randy blandly. "It's twenty-five cents on this bridge."

"B-b-but that's outrageous!" spluttered Judy. "I'm coming across regardless—"

Randy reached down and grabbed one end of the plank. "Don't like to upset you, Judy, but that's just what I'm going to do if you dare try coming across without coming across first—if you get what I mean."

Judy exasperatedly fished twenty-five cents

out of her purse and handed it to Randy. He snatched it from her fingers, turned and dashed madly up the front steps and into the house while Judy was picking her tenuous way across the "toll bridge." By the time Judy reached the front door, she found it locked fast. Randy appeared promptly at one of the living room windows, which was opened slightly. "I can't let you in," he announced flatly. "Not until you fork over fifty cents,"

"F-fifty cents?" shrieked Judy.

"Income taxes," explained Randy. "You want to come in, don't you? So—income taxes!"

"Th-that's robbery!" shrilled Judy. "I refuse to pay! You listen to me, Randolph Foster, and open this door this very minute!"

"Sorry," said Randy. "I'm only following orders. You know Mother and Father have given us strict orders to keep the house locked when we're in the house alone. Well, I'm home alone, so—"

Judy glared at Randy as she reluctantly dug fifty cents out of her purse and slipped it under the slightly opened window. Randy pocketed it promptly and then opened the door to Judy. "See how easy it is when you co-operate?" he grinned. Judy only snorted and began ripping off her coat. "Thanks to you," she muttered, "I've barely got a half hour before I meet Oogie at the Pop Bottle." Randy only grinned again and parked himself halfway up the stairs, so that he blocked Judy's way when she tried to come up the stairs.

"Okay, Randy, out of my way," she ordered stonily. "I'm going upstairs."

"Certainly, Judy," said Randy, without moving an inch. "Only that'll be thirty cents first, please. You said you were going upstairs, didn't you? Well, to go means to travel. For your information, there's a tax on travel these days."

"Oooooh!" squealed Judy in uncontrolled exasperation. "I-I ought to report you to Congress, only I haven't got time! Here—take the thirty cents—but mark my word, it's black money, and someday, Randolph, someday—"

Randy only reached for the money, rose to his feet, and hurried up the stairs ahead of Judy and into the bathroom. Judy marched to the locked door and knocked impatiently. "Hurry up, Randy," she commanded. "I've got to take a shower before I meet Oogie. Also brush my hair and file my nails and—"

"I'd like to open up, Judy, really I would," said Randy. "But I can't—not until you slip one buck under the door!"

"One dollar!" screamed Judy. "But that's monstrous!"

"Regulations are regulations," said Randy with a shrug. "You want to get in here to get ready—right? To make toilet preparations—right? Well, in case you haven't heard, there's a big tax on toilet preparations these days. That'll be one buck under the door, please."

There was a muffled shriek on the other side of the door, but a moment later a folded dollar bill snuffled its way under the door. Randy snatched it up and then opened the door. "It's all yours," he grinned to Judy, indicating the bathroom. "And this—" he patted his newly acquired fortune "—is all mine!"

Judy glared at him, but didn't take the time to tell him off. She couldn't. Oogie must already be waiting for her at the Pop Bottle. Fifteen minutes later she was showered, brushed, and dressed, and hurrying along the street toward the Pop Bottle. Randy was not more than a foot behind her. "Just thought I'd enjoy a soda or two, now that I'm loaded," he said. "I've had a hard day. Working on money matters, you know."

Judy ignored him. She hurried into the Pop Bottle and looked around for Oogie. He was in a far corner with a cute little number just about Randy's age. "Wow!" said Randy, taking a long admiring look. "Who's the doll with Oogie?"

"That," said Judy icily, "is Oogie's little cousin from Emmetville—Nancy Marks. Not that it's any of your business."

"But I'm making it my business right now," said Randy. "Boy, how I'd like to swoon over a soda with her! Hey, how about it, Judy—will you kind of give me a build-up to her, so she'll give me a tumble? Boy, what a doll!"

Judy took a long, thoughtful look at Randy. "Hmmm..." she said. "What you want me to do is sort of sell you to her, is that it, Randy?"

"Yeah, that's it," said Randy. "Put me over big with her."

"Okay!" said Judy. "I shouldn't do it after the way you've behaved, but it's a deal. You wait here." Judy went over to Oogie and his cousin and talked eagerly a few minutes. Nancy Marks looked over at Randy and smiled. Randy smiled back. At last Judy came back to him. "Well, I put you over," she said. "I really sold you."

"Gosh, Judy, that's swell!" said Randy appreciatively. "What a date this is going to be! I've got plenty of moola with me to really show her a big ti—"

"You mean," said Judy, whipping his wallet out of his hand, "you had plenty of moola, because after you get through paying taxes, you're going to be right back where you started—with nothing!"

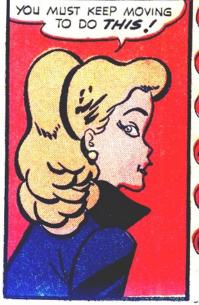
"Taxes—?" gulped Randy. "What are you talking about, Judy? I don't owe any taxes!"

"Oh, yes you do," said Judy, emptying his wallet of all the money he had extorted from her that afternoon. "I SOLD you to her, didn't I? Well, now you've got to pay a SALES tax! Well, ta-ta, Randy! If you're smart, you'll take my advice—the next time you get any bright ideas like this one—GO SIT ON A TAX!"





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!



PART OF A JACKET	S					
OPPOSITE OF AWAKE		S				
FORM OF ME			S			
A FRUIT				S		
BLAME					S	
A SPORT						S

















































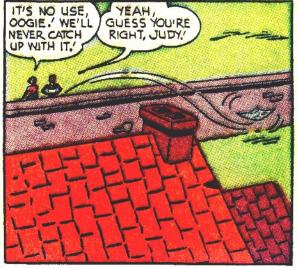












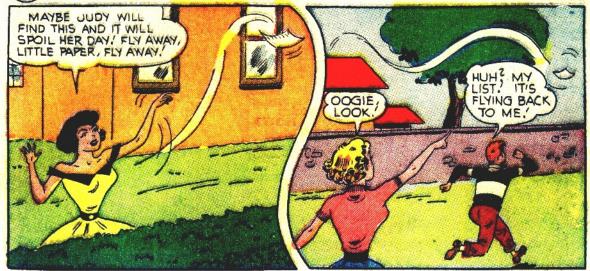
























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... Tell us WHY YOU LIKE ... TOOTSIE ROLLS ... TOOTSIE POPS ... or any of these TOOTSIE candies. Print or write CLEARLY—your name, address, city or town, state-AND GIVE YOUR AGE. ... Every entry must be accompanied with 5 wrappers from one of the TOOTSIE CANDIES shown above. Address: TOOTSIE ROLLS CONTEST, Box 1414, New York 1, N. Y. ... Contest open to boys and girls up to and including 16 years of age, living in Continental United States and in compliance with State Laws. In order that Every child may have an equal chance to win a prize, entries will be judged in age groups-so BE SURE TO STATE YOUR AGE. Company and advertising agency employees and their families not eligible. ... Entries will be judged for originality and sincerity. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Decision of judges is final; all entries become the property of The Sweets Company of America, Inc. No entries can be returned. Winner will be notified by mail. ... Contest starts June 1, 1954 and CLOSES September 30, 1954 so hurry-get your entry in the mail now!

#### HURRY! MAIL YOUR ENTRY TODAY ....

Read the rules carefully and follow them. Be sure you state your age — and enclose FIVE WRAPPERS from any of the TOOTSIE CANDIES shown above in this ad. Mail your entry new!

CONTEST CLOSES September 30, 1954



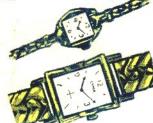
#### 24 Sets, BRITANNICA JUNIOR

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