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A DATE WITH JUDY





OKAY--AND HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE SOMETHING YOU HEARD THAT YOU DIDN'T EVEN SEE?

































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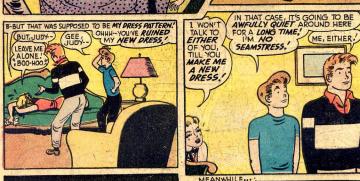


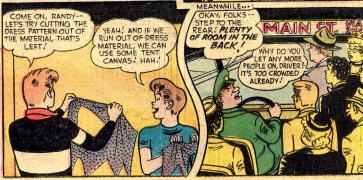


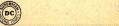
























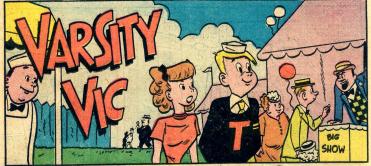
















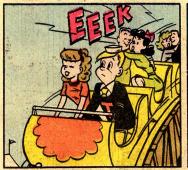










































































































Stryasks: "What Are YOU?" Getting out of School?"



SCHOOL AND TRIED VERY HARD TO LEARN EVERY-THING I COULD TO PREPARE MYSELF FOR A FUTURE...





"BUT SOON I BEGAN TO MAKE FRIENDS AND LEARNED HOW TO GET ALONG WITH OTHERS..."



ING UP BEFORE ME... IN SPORTS...
DRAMATICS... SHOPWORK...4

THAT'S WHAT SCHOOL
MEANS TO ME-NOT
ONLY THE LEARNING.
AND THE STUDYING
BUT ALL THOSE OTHER
THINGS YOU GET A
CHANCE TO DO.

Y'KNOW, FELLERS, JAN'S HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD! WE TAKE ALL THESE THINGS SO MUCH FOR GRANTED THAT WE FORGET WE'RE GETTING A FREE EDUCATION -- PLUS!



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JUDY looked at Oogie—and she looked miserable. Oogie looked at Judy—and he looked miserable. When they weren't looking AT each other and looking miserable, they were looking AWAY from each other—and looking miserable. It seemed as if everything they said to each other or did that day had turned into an argument. First they had disagreed on the color of Mary Nooney's eyes.

"They're blue," said Judy.

"They're green," said Oogie.

"Summer-sky blue," insisted Judy.

"Cat-eye green," argued Oogie.

"How come," said Judy icily, "you're so informed on the subject of the color of Mary Nooney's eyes?"

"Look here, Judy," said Oogie hotly, "if you're implying that I'm interested in Mary Nooney--"

"BE interested in her, for all I care!" snifted Judy. "TM certainly not going to stand in the way of social progress—especially not YOURS!"

"I might just take you up on that!" Oogie shot back. "After all, I don't seem to be getting anywhere with YOU!"

Just then Mary Nooney bumped into them coming around the corner. Her eyes were a distinct hazel. Judy gasped. Oogie grunted. And their argumentation ended . . at least until they had crossed over the square and gone into the park. There it started up again.

"My, that's a beautiful oak!" said Judy, looking admiringly at one of the trees on the green.

"That beautiful oak is a beautiful maple," said Oogie.

"That beautiful oak that's a beautiful maple is actually and indisputably a beautiful oak!" said Judy, her voice tightening a notch with each word.

"Boy, what you know about horticulture would fit into an acorn, with room left over for a full-sized oak!" snorted Oogie. "Come on —I'll prove to you that I'm right!" He walked around the tree to where the identification tag was. "See?—it's a—" His eyes opened wide. "—elm . ." he finished weakly.

Judy recovered more quickly than he did. "A elm!" she said mockingly. "The least you could do is get your grammar straight. AN elm is correct, if you please!"

"Not the way you say it!" retorted Oogie. "That tone of voice couldn't be anything but wrong!"

They both lapsed into another silence ... which lasted until they had come out of the park and walked a couple of blocks along Main Street, as far as the Grand Theater. Gilda Meadows was starring in "Smoke Goes up the Chimney."

"I just love her!" sighed Judy. "I'll never forget how good she was in 'Little Lamb'!"

"'Little Lamb'?" said Oogie. "For your information, Judy, Gilda Meadows was NOT in 'Little Lamb'!"

"She most certainly was!" said Judy. "I ought to know—I saw it six times!"

"I don't care HOW many times you saw it," said Oogie coldly. "Gilda Meadows was not in 'Little Lamb'!"

"She most certainly was!" Judy glared back

"What was she—the lamb?" asked Oogie scathingly. "Maybe that's why I didn't recognize her!"

"There's no need to be sarcastic, Oogie," said Judy, as sarcastically as it was possible for anyone to be. "We can settle this dispute very easily. We'll simply go over and ask the girl in the box office."

Over they marched, each determined to prove his side. "Pardon us, miss," said Oogie, "but we'd like you to answer a question for us. Was or was not Gilda Meadows in 'Little Lamb'?"

The ticket seller looked at them rather blankly for a moment. "Who knows?" she answered. Then she yawned and shrugged. "Who cares?" she added.

Judy and Oogie walked sheepishly away. "Gosh, Oogie," said Judy, "the argument seemed so important to us, but it didn't mean a thing to that girl in the box office!"

"Yeah," said Oogie. "Maybe we were making a mountain out of a molehill. After all, it doesn't really matter very much whether Gilda Meadows was in 'Little Lamb' or not, does it?"

"No, it doesn't," admitted Judy. "You know what, Oogie?—I think there's something wrong with us today. Everything we say seems to turn into a fight!"

"You're right," nodded Oogie. "And that's not good!"

"Not good at all!" said Judy. "And we really ought to do something about it."

"Like what, for instance?" asked Oogie.

"Like . . . like . . well, falling back on one's sense of humor," said Judy. "You know—a laugh in time . "

"Say, you may have something there!" said Oogie. "If we're able to laugh at ourselves when we start to get into an argument, the argument will probably just dissolve into thin air!"

"Right!" said Judy. "Let's try it! Every time either of us starts to lose his temper, we'll just laugh!"

"Okay!" said Oogie. "Boy, I'm sure glad we thought of this 'laugh in time' scheme!"

"Er-you mean you're glad I thought of it . . ." corrected Judy.

Oogie looked at her sharply. "Well, I wasn't trying to steal your thunder," he said. "I just didn't realize you'd be that touchy about it!"

"I'm NOT that touchy about it!" snapped

Judy. "I just believe in giving credit where credit's due, that's all!"

"Well, far be it from me—" began Oogie, and then he stopped. "Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed hollowly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Judy laughed, equally hollowly.

There was a long moment of even hollower silence.

"How nice!" said Judy. "We nipped our argument in the bud! It certainly pays to exercise one's sense of humor! Ha, ha, ha!" Her laughter was as hollow as before.

"It certainly does!" echoed Oogie. "Ho, ho, ho!" His laughter was mighty hollow, too.

"Oogie," said Judy in a careful tone of voice.
"I hate to mention this now that we're having such a—ha, ha, ha—good time over our foolish argument—ha, ha—but your laugh doesn't sound very genuine! It's kind of like laughing off the top of your sense of humor, instead of from deep down inside!"

"It's interesting that you should mention it," said Oogie, "because the same thought just struck me about your laugh! Ho, ho, ho! Isn't that amusing?"

"Very," said Judy dryly. "Ha, ha, ha! But I must say you have a very strange sense of humor if you find so much to laugh at in the way I laugh!"

Oogie looked at her sharply again, "There you go being touchy again! Ho, ho, ho!"

"Me, touchy!" snorted Judy. "How amusing! Ha, ha, ha! Oogie Pringle, I'll have you know there's nothing wrong with my sense of humor that the right company won't cure! Ha, ha, ha!"

"And there's certainly nothing wrong with MY sense of humor—" began Oogie. And then he stopped. A flicker of amusement crossed over his face. He glanced at Judy. An amused sparkle began to come into her eyes, too. Suddenly they both began to laugh. They laughed loud and long, from deep down inside themselves.

"Look at us!" said Judy. "Fighting worse than ever, just when we think we've found a cure! A laugh in time, indeed!"

"Yeah," laughed Oogie. "But look at us now! We're both actually laughing! That 'laugh in time' cure really works—if you know the right prescription!"

"And what's that?" smiled Judy.

"Den't time your laugh; just laugh in time!" grinned Oogie triumphantly.











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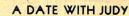


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