STOP COMPLAINING, BILLY! YOU PROMISED IF I LET YOU WATCH THE WESTERN WE COULD DANCE TO THE BACKGROUND MUSIC!
VAL and JUDY

Knitting a Beanie, Judy? Who's it for?

My father!

You expect your father to wear a beanie?

No, it's for his bowling ball!

A beanie for a bowling ball?

Don't be silly, Val! I'm going to knit two of them and sew them together!

It's going to be a bowling ball sweater!

Makes as much sense as socks for golf clubs, I guess.

Wake up, Val! It's late! You should be getting home!

Okay, okay...

An hour later...

Val! Wake up! Do you want to walk home in the dark?

Okay... in a minute...

A half hour later...

Val, wake up and go home!!

Okay, okay! I'm awake!

Sometimes I think I'm home when I'm in your house, Judy!
MOTHER! JUDY AND I JUST HAD THE MOST FABULOUS IDEA!

VAL HAD IT FIRST!

I'M SURE!

WE'D LIKE TO COOK DINNER FOR A COUPLE OF BOYS THURSDAY NIGHT!

COOK DINNER HERE?

WHERE ELSE, MOTHER? POOR JUDY CAN'T EVER POSSIBLY ENTERTAIN ANYBODY IN HER HOUSE!

OH? I DIDN'T KNOW...

THERE'S A HORRIBLE WORN SPOT IN HER DINING ROOM RUG SHE'S TERRIBLY ASHAMED OF...

OH...

I KEEP TELLING JUDY IT'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF, MOTHER—BUT NATURALLY YOU CHERE TO HAVE ANY BOYS OVER—

YOUR FATHER AND I ARE GOING OUT THURSDAY NIGHT, VAL....
...And your sister Evie has a date—

Oh! there won't be anybody home, mother?

Isn't that what you said, Val—

Ow!

We'd like to have Billy, next door, and a friend of his, mother—

Well... Billy's a nice boy... I guess it's all right...

About the cooking, girls—

It's all settled, mother! I picked the main course—pizzas!

And I picked the appetizers—pizza wedges!

Is Billy still working in his yard, Judy?

Yes... He's throwing his crab grass over in your yard!

Billy! You stop doing that! And go answer your phone—it's ringing!

He went in...

Hello?

Hello, Billy! This is Val—
WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME OVER FOR DINNER THURSDAY NIGHT, BILLY?

OBOY! SURE! ANYTIME I SAY NO TO YOUR MOTHER'S COOKING—

BILLY... I'M GOING TO DO THE COOKING—

YOU ??

I CAN HEAR HIM LAUGHING ALL THE WAY OVER HERE!

LET ME KNOW WHEN HE STOPS, JUDY.

HE STOPPED!

OKAY, BILLY, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO ASK SOMEBODY ELSE TO DINNER—JUST LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK SOMEBODY ELSE TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR HOMEWORK FROM NOW ON!

FINE, BILLY! I'M SO GLAD YOU CAN COME! OH, ONE OTHER THING—WOULD YOU MIND BRINGING A FRIEND?

A FRIEND? FOR WHO?

NEVER MIND FOR WHO, BILLY! THAT'S HIS BUSINESS, ISN'T IT?

I'LL BET IT'S FOR THAT FAT GIRL FRIEND OF YOURS, JUDY—
FOR HEAVEN’S SAKE, BILLY, KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN! SHE’S RIGHT HERE!

I CAN’T GET ANYBODY FOR JUDY, VAL! I DON’T HAVE ANY CLOSE ACQUAINTANCES IN THE ZOO—OW!

BILLY! WHAT HAPPENED?
QUIT THAT, YOU! OW!
I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID, BILLY—

JUDY!
I HOPE THEY TAKE ROOT AND SPREAD ALL OVER YOUR STUPID HEAD, BILLY!

WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM, JUDY?
HIT HIM WITH A COUPLE OF CLUMPS OF CRAB GRASS!

THURSDAY EVENING...
YOU CAN LIGHT THE CANDLES NOW, JUDY... THEY SHOULD BE ALONG ANY MINUTE...

HE OWED BILLY A FAVOR—BILLY SAVED HIS LIFE AT THE SWIMMING POOL LAST SUMMER....

HENRY KIPPLE OF ALL BOYS! I WONDER HOW BILLY EVER TALKED HIM INTO COMING?

OH, REALLY?
HENRY LOST THE KEY TO HIS LOCKER AND BILLY FOUND IT FOR HIM!
HENRY IS SORT OF NICE LOOKING, BUT HE MUST BE ABOUT THE SHYEST BOY IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

WELL, NEVER MIND THAT NOW, JUDY—REMEMBER, WHEN THE BELL RINGS, DON'T RUSH TO THE DOOR AS THOUGH THE HOUSE WERE ON FIRE—
DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE MY TIME—

—ING
HI, BOYS! SO NICE OF YOU TO COME!

HEY! COME BACK HERE HENRY!

WHAT HAPPENED, VAL? WHERE ARE THEY?
TURNING A CORNER ABOUT FOUR BLOCKS AWAY!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
BLOW OUT THE CANDLES AND WAIT, I GUESS....
RING!

QUICK, JUDY! LIGHT THE CANDLES!

I GIVE YOU MY WORD, HENRY—NOBODY IS GOING TO MAKE YOU PLAY SPIN-THE-BOTTLE!

HI, BOYS—

...SO NICE OF YOU TO—

HEY!

...COME.

DARN IT, HENRY!

BLOW OUT THE CANDLES, JUDY!

WHAT IS THIS, ANYWAY?

RING!

LIGHT THE CANDLES, JUDY!

I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A CRAZY OL' LAMPLIGHTER!

FOOF!
WEBcontent
OH, HENRY... WE'RE TERribly sorry...

WE JUST didn't REALIZE, HENRY...

SNiff

WE'LL GET you A SODA, HENRY!

A SODA will CHEer you up, HENRY!

A SODA FOR HENRY! SNiff

OH, I COULD KILL MYSELF!

I DIDN'T KNOW HE was THAT SENSITIVE!

I... I FEEL so ASHAMED of MYSELF...

SNiff

SLAM!

AFTer HIM BILLY!!

GO BLOW OUT the CANDLES, JUDY!

SLAM!
I LOST HIM... HE HAD TOO MUCH OF A LEAD!

WELL, YOU CAN GET LOST, TOO, BILLY! YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO BRING HENRY IN THE FIRST PLACE!

SAY, THERE'S ALWAYS A COUPLE OF GUYS SHOOTING BASKETS IN THE SCHOOL YARD... MAYBE ONE OF 'EM WOULD FILL IN FOR HENRY—

AT THIS POINT I COULDN'T CARE LESS, BILLY!

FOOF!

KLONK!

IT MIGHT HELP IF YOU MENTIONED WE'RE GOING TO HAVE PIZZAS, BILLY!

I'LL MENTION IT!

10 MINUTES LATER.

RING!

THAT MUST BE BILLY! JUDY, LIGHT THE CANDLES!

I WILL NOT!

YA-A-Y! FREE PIZZA!!

BILLY! WE ONLY WANTED ONE BOY!

I COULDN'T STOP 'EM, VAL!

BRING ON THE PIZZA!!
A WHILE LATER...

THE NATIVES ARE GETTING RESTLESS!

TAKE IT EASY OUT THERE!

I THINK THE PIZZAS ARE NOT ENOUGH NOW!

ONLY FIVE PIZZAS FOR THAT MOB?

I'LL JUST HAVE TO SLICE THEM VERY THIN!

BAM! BAM!

BAM! BAM!

CRASH!

QUIT SHOVIN'!

HEY, OUT THERE! WE'RE NOT GOING TO OPEN THE DOOR UNTIL YOU BEHAVE LIKE GENTLEMEN AND LINE UP IN AN ORDERLY FASHION!

BEHAVE LIKE GENTLEMEN! WOULDN'T YOU KNOW THERE'D BE A CATCH TO IT?

LOOK OUT!

BAM!

HEY!!

HENRY KIPPLE! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

YOU... SHOULDA MENTIONED YOU WERE HAVING PIZZAS!

OKAY! WE'RE ALL LINED UP!

TAKE THE CHAIR AWAY, BILLY!
WHO'S SITTING ON THE PORCH AGAIN, VAL?

STICKY STU, OF COURSE HE'S THERE PRACTICALLY ALL THE TIME

FUNNY, I NEVER SEEM TO NOTICE HIM...

YOU PROBABLY TAKE HIM FOR AN EMPTY MILK BOTTLE OR SOMETHING, EVIE... STU IS THAT FASCINATING!

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN HE AT LEAST USED TO GO HOME FOR LUNCH—

STU! PICK UP THAT SANDWICH WRAPPER AND PUT IT IN YOUR LUNCH BOX!

YOU SHOULD FEEL FLATTERED VAL! THE AVERAGE GIRL DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ADORED LIKE THAT!

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT EVIE, YOU AREN'T MISSING A THING!

I WANT TO GO OUT BUT THAT SILLY GLOP WILL FOLLOW ME WHEREVER I GO!
A fine thing—having to sneak out the back door of my own house!

Stu! She's sneakin' out the back way!

Tweet

He's got spies planted all around the house!!

This is the end! The very end! I'll call the police! I'll have him arrested.

Val-

May I make a suggestion?

Go ahead, Evie! I'm desperate! I'll listen to anyone!

You've heard the old saying familiarity breeds contempt?

It sure does! Do I have contempt for Stu!
IT COULD WORK THE OTHER WAY ROUND TOO, VAL.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, EVIE?

IF YOU LET STU GET TO KNOW YOU REAL WELL—SPEND A LOT OF TIME WITH HIM—GO EVERYWHERE TOGETHER—WELL... HUMAN NATURE BEING WHAT IT IS, HE'S BOUND TO GET BORED WITH YOU—

OH, REALLY?

EVIE, YOU WOULD HAVE ADVISED THE THREE LITTLE PIGS TO INVITE THE WOLF IN SO THAT HE'D GET BORED WITH THEM!

IT WAS ONLY A SUGGESTION!

WELL, IT WOULDN'T WORK, EVIE! IN THE FIRST PLACE STU HASN'T GOT ANY HUMAN NATURE—IN THE SECOND PLACE, TO KNOW ME BETTER IS TO ADORE ME MORE!

BUT YOUR IDEA HAS GIVEN ME AN IDEA THAT WILL WORK, EVIE!

STU!
I'm tired of fighting, Stu! So tired!

Oh, I tried, Stu! Heaven knows I tried! But it's no use!

Ook!

They say we're too young, Stu! The whole world says we're too young—You squashed my banana!

Too young, too young! Oh, how I hate those horrid words! But we'll show them, won't we, Stu? Won't we?

Sure, Val. We'll show them...

I've planned everything, Stu! We'll run away tonight and get married. We can't do that, Val...

Why not?

We're too young!
C'MERE, STU!

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU, SEE?

YOU MADE SUCH A HIDEOUS IMPOSSIBLE, UNBEARABLE PEST OF YOURSELF YOU FINALLY WORE ME DOWN AND I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU SEE?

NOW, STU, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN TOSSE ME ASIDE LIKE THAT SQUASHED BANANA ON YOUR SHIRT YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING, SEE?

NOW GO HOME AND PACK YOUR BAG AND MEET ME HERE TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT!

DON'T MENTION THIS TO YOUR MOTHER, STU—SHE'LL SAY WE'RE TOO YOUNG!
That's the last I'll ever see of Stu! Oboy! Did I ever throw a scare into him!

Midnight

Psssst!
Pssssst!
Val!
Val!

Here I am!

Get out of here, Stu!!!

Next day

I might have known any idea of Evie's wouldn't work!

The end
OH, VAL! YOU POOR, POOR DEAR!

IT HURTS, DOESN'T IT, VAL? BUT YOU'LL GET OVER IT.

AS SOON AS YOU LET GO OF ME, JUDY!

JUDY, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

EVERYBODY KNOWS, VAL! THERE'S NO USE PRETENDING!

BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO HAS EVERYBODY'S SYMPATHY, VAL! THEY'RE ALL ON YOUR SIDE!

THAT'S NICE! NOW WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHY?

I UNDERSTAND, VAL—YOU'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT!

TALK ABOUT WHAT, JUDY?

OVERNIGHT SENSATION
ABOUT YOUR FRIEND, BILLY PLAYING PING PONG EVERY DAY WITH THAT RICH LITTLE SNOB, MARILYN VAN GELT?

OH, THAT! JUDY, HOW FANTASTIC CAN YOU GET?

ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME YOU DON'T CARE, VAL?

BILLY AND I ARE JUST GOOD FRIENDS, JUDY—MOST OF THE TIME, ANYWAY... HE'S LIKE A BROTHER TO ME.

WE'RE NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS—WE PRACTICALLY GREW UP TOGETHER—

VAL, YOU'RE MAGNIFICENT! YOU DESERVE AN ACADEMY AWARD FOR THAT PERFORMANCE.

I GIVE UP!

JUST REMEMBER, VAL—EVERYBODY'S ON YOUR SIDE!

THAT EVENING.

WHITE IS SO MUCH BETTER THAN THAT OTHER DINGY COLOR...

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?

I JUST PAINTED THE INSIDE OF MY CLOSET, EVIE...

ALSO THE OUTSIDE OF YOUR HEAD! GO LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR!
Evie! It looks just like a streak of white hair. I look years older!

Oh, go wash it off!

I'll bet I could easily pass for sixteen!

Not quite—you don't have the crow's feet for it!

Well, then I look like a well-preserved sixteen!

Val, you'd better wash that off before it dries and has to be cut off!

How long does paint take to dry, Evie?

It depends... it dries faster outdoors.

Val! Is that you?

I'm not Barbara Fritchie, Edna!

What happened to your hair, Val?

Who knows? Some people just mature earlier than others!
I think it's dry enough now... oh! So you didn't wash it off, after all!

Evie... we all have our little secrets, don't we?

Val, don't compare that smear of housepaint to the tiny bit of touching up I do...

Well, I'm off to panic the public!

You'll bring the boys running all right, Val!

Boy scouts wanting to help you across streets!

Wow! I never thought of that!

Hi, Rita! Hi, Marge!

Look at her!

That Billy!

Billy?

How cruel and heartless can a boy get?

He should be horse-whipped!
WHY?
YOU ASK
WHY, VAL?
AFTER HE TURNED
YOUR HAIR WHITE
OVERNIGHT?

I'M BEGINNING TO
THINK YOU ENJOY
SUFFERING, VAL!

YES, AFTER ALL, SHE
COULD HAVE DYED
IT BEFORE COMING
OUT!

THE WAY EVERYONE
LOOKS AT ME —
THEY ALL THINK—

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER,
THIS SILLY PAINT IS
COMING OFF!

OH, THERE'S
THE LITTLE
MARTYR, NOW!

WELL, VAL, ARE YOU
SATISFIED, NOW THAT
YOU GOT EVERYBODY
IN TOWN TO HATE ME?

BILLY, I
DIDN'T—

DON'T GIVE ME THAT,
VAL! I KNOW YOUR
SENSE OF HUMOR!

OOOH! WHERE IS IT
NOW, WHEN I NEED IT
THE MOST?
I DON'T LIKE BEING AN OUTCAST, VAL! NOW THAT YOU'VE HAD YOUR LAUGHS, YOU'VE GOT TO SET EVERYBODY STRAIGHT—

OKAY, BILLY!

SIT RIGHT THERE AND RELAX! I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

YOU'D BETTER!

NOW YOU CAN TELL EVERYBODY I TURNED YOUR HAIR WHITER THAN YOU TURNED MINE!

Evie, do you think the nickname 'Baldy' will follow me all through life?

The paint was only on the surface hairs. You won't even notice the amount of hair I'll cut off...

THE END
Judy

Dissatisfied Customer

Hardware

Delicate

Delicatessen

Delicatessen

Hey!

S-sorry!

Delicatessen
HE WORKS IN THAT HARDWARE STORE...

Hi, Judy!

Judy! Don't you know anybody any more?

Oh... Hi, Margy! I'm sorry...

I was trying to think of something I could buy in a HARDWARE store that I could use sometime!

You could use some-time?

Margy, what do they have in hardware stores besides hammers and saws?

Nails?

Nails, that's it, Margy! A few nails can't cost very much!
I'll act as though I never saw him before...

Yes, young lady?

I'd like some nails, please...

Any particular size?

They come in different sizes?

You'd better mix them please...

They're sold by the pound! How many?

Oh... five or six, I guess...

Better play safe and take six!

Here you are!
OH!

THIS IS SIX?

NAILS ARE HEAVY! SIX POUNDS DOESN'T MAKE A VERY BIG PACKAGE! THAT'LL BE NINETY CENTS, PLEASE!

I'M STUCK WITH SIX POUNDS OF NAILS AND I DIDN'T EVEN SEE THAT BOY!

HARDWARE

I'LL GIFT-WRAP THEM AND GIVE THEM TO MY FATHER FOR FATHER'S DAY...

DEALICA

DELCATessen

HE WORKS IN THE DELICATESSEN! WHAT A SAP I AM!
CRACK!

HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA?

I COULD HAVE USED NINETY CENTS WORTH OF ANYTHING IN A DELICATESSEN!
Terry shook her head in dismay as her friend, Joe, missed another easy shot. Joe was just about the best ping-pong player Terry knew. His opponent, Nancy, was the worst; she very rarely could even hit the ball over the net. But here she was, actually beating Joe.

Only a short while before, Terry had played against Joe, and he had played unusually well, beating her easily. And she was almost as good as Joe. What could have happened to Joe so suddenly, Terry wondered?

Finally the game was over.

"I won! I won! I beat you, Joe!" squealed Nancy gleefully.

Joe turned away from the table, a sheepish grin on his face. That's strange, too, thought Terry. The few times she had seen Joe beaten he had been a good enough loser. But he had never grinned like that.

Joe, still grinning sheepishly, leaned against the wall next to Terry.

"What happened to you, Joe?" whispered Terry. 

"I've never seen you play so badly!"

"Just off my game," mumbled Joe. "It happens to everybody once in a while."

"It never happens when you play against me!" said Terry.

"Well... maybe I'll do better the next time I play her," stammered Joe.

They turned their attention back to the ping-pong table.

Nancy's next opponent was Eddie Simpson, who had only started to play ping-pong that day. But he beat her easily. Then Terry played Eddie, and, of course, beat him without half trying.

Now Terry was playing Joe again. But Joe was back in his old form. He played a fast, furious game and beat Terry by an even wider margin than in their first game.

Then it was Nancy's turn to play Joe again. This time he'll show her, thought Terry. He couldn't possibly play so badly twice in one day... But Joe was even worse than before! He missed the easiest shots! It seemed as though he were playing blindfolded! Nancy's triumphant squeals of glee were louder than ever when she beat Joe for the second time that day.

When Joe walked back to her with the same silly grin on his face the truth suddenly dawned on Terry. Joe was letting Nancy win.

And there could be only one reason why, thought Terry. He had a crush on Nancy!

Terry felt sick. She always knew Joe didn't have a crush on herself, but she thought he liked her too much to hurt her feelings by having a crush on another girl.

And why did it have to be Nancy, of all people? She's the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, thought Terry, but she can't do anything. She can't run fast. She threw a ball the way most girls do, as though she didn't have any hinge in her elbow, and, of course, her ping-pong game wouldn't improve if she played a million years! How could sensible Joe possibly have a crush on such a girl?

Joe didn't even notice Terry walk out of the recreation hall. Still grinning sheepishly, he was watching Nancy play Eddie Simpson, who was beating her again.

Hands stuffed deep in the pockets of her blue jeans, Terry wandered down the street trying to whistle the way Joe taught her. But she couldn't concentrate. She kept thinking of all the times her mother had suggested that she behave more like a little lady, that she wear frilly dresses like other girls. I'm too old to change now, Terry cried inside, I'm almost thirteen!

Then she heard a shout behind her. It was Joe, running to catch up with her. But Terry didn't want Joe to see the tears in her eyes and she headed for home as fast as she could. She almost made it, but half way across her lawn she hit the ground with a tremendous thump. She lay there for a second or two, then slowly sat up.

"That was a beautiful tackle, Joe," said Terry dazedly. "I never knew what hit me."

"That's because I tackled you low, Terry," said Joe. "The way I'm always telling you to do it."

"W-why did you leave the recreation hall?" stammered Terry.

"Got disgusted when Nancy lost to Eddie Simpson and threw her paddle at him," said Joe. "If there's anything I hate it's a poor sport."

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YOU MUST BE KIDDING, JIMMY FUZZI! YOU DON'T REALLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE YOU NEVER KNEW WHAT THAT THING WAS UNTIL NOW?

ALL THESE YEARS IT'S BEEN STUCK RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF YOUR HOUSE AND YOU NEVER EVEN GUESSED WHAT IT WAS?

DAY IN AN' DAY OUT IT'S BEEN STANDING THERE STARING YOU IN THE FACE AND NEVER ONCE DID IT ENTER YOUR MIND IT WAS AN IRON MUSHROOM?

JUDY JUNIOR, MY COUSIN GAVE ME A PARACHUTE!

WHO CARES, JIMMY FUZZI? WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT AN OL' PARACHUTE?

A PARACHUTE THAT WHISTLES AT GIRLS?

I'M WILLING TO LOOK AT A PARACHUTE THAT WHISTLES AT GIRLS, JIMMY FUZZI!

THIS WAY!
THAT'S A PARAKEET, JIMMY FUZZI, AND SO FAR IT HASN'T WHISTLED AT ME!

WHY IN THE WORLD SHOULD IT?

YOU SAID IT WHISTLES AT GIRLS!

PARACHUTE GIRLS!

PARAKEET GIRLS, JIMMY—HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

NO, JIMMY FUZZI, I WON'T TELL YOU! THE SHOCK MIGHT BE TOO MUCH FOR YOU!

TELL ME! TELL ME! TELL ME!!

FORGET IT, JIMMY FUZZI! WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW WILL NEVER HURT YOU!

OKAY!

ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE IT'S BETTER THAT YOU HEAR IT FROM ME INSTEAD OF SOME NASTY BOY ON THE STREET!
BRACE YOURSELF, JIMMY FUZZI — THAT IS NOT A PARAKEET!

I TOLD YOU! IT'S A PARACHUTE!

JIMMY FUZZI, LISTEN! IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A PARAKEET! BUT IT'S NOT! IT'S A ROBIN!

THAT'S A ROBIN?

A ROBIN WHO BUMPED INTO A TREE OR SOMETHING AND GOT HIS NOSE ALL FLATTENED OUT!

HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!!

IF I THOUGHT YOU'D GET SO UPSET, JIMMY FUZZI, I WOULDN'T HAVE TOLD YOU!

I'M NOT UPSET — I'M LAUGHING!

YOU WERE LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY, JIMMY FUZZI!

I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU — SO I'M GOING TO CHEER YOU UP —

I'M GIVING YOU MY BEST DOLL!

A DOLL? NO!
I know how you feel about taking somebody's best dolly, Jimmy Fuzzi, but I insist that you have it!

No!

Now that you are the proud owner of a dolly, Jimmy Fuzzi, you must get yourself a little dolly carriage! You can start with a cheap one—

No-o-o-o!

Oh, I can see us now, strolling in the park side by side with our little dolly carriages... stopping to watch the boys playing baseball...

Listen, Judy, Junior, listen!!

I'll give you my para—my Robin if you'll take this doll back!

Jimmy Fuzzi! You must think I'm out of my mind!

What else have you got?

Look around! Look around!

I think I can make it in two trips, Jimmy Fuzzi!

Careful... don't drop that doll!

The end.
HOW WAS THE MOVIE, VAL?

AWFUL, EVIE! I HATE THOSE HORROR PICTURES!

I THOUGHT YOU WENT TO SEE "ORCHIDS IN ICELAND!"

THAT'S WHAT I SAW, EVIE!

BUT THAT'S A MUSICAL, VAL!

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER IT AS A HORROR PICTURE, EVIE!

THE PLACE WAS PACKED, AND AFTER WAITING A LIFETIME FOR A SEAT, I FINALLY GOT ONE... NEXT TO GUESS WHO?

STICKY STU!

VAL and JUDY

DRESSES

DELICATESSEN
VAL and JUDY

I don't know what you see in that boy, Judy! He's not a bit good-looking!

I've always had a weakness for men who live dangerously, Val—like bullfighters and animal trainers.

What's so dangerous about working behind a fish counter in a supermarket?

Handling live lobsters and crabs all day isn't dangerous?

VAL and EVIE

Val, if you play that worn-out old record just once more, I'll scream!

It is not worn out, Evie! There are still a few spots where you can almost make out the melody!

You still insist that record isn't worn out, Val?

Evie, you deliberately pulled my all-time favorite record apart!