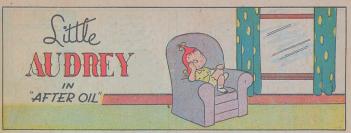
# LITTLE AUDREY AUDREY































































































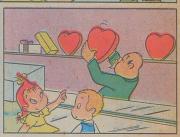


































































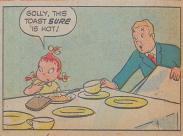










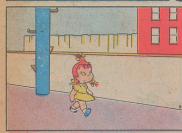


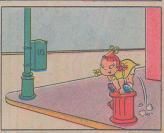




























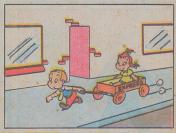


























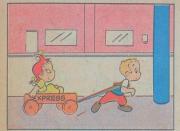










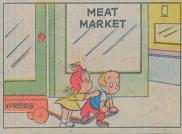




















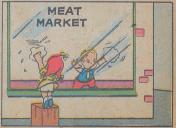












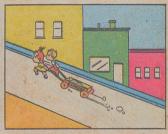


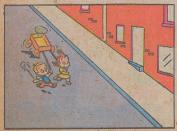










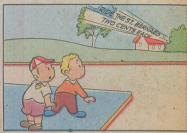


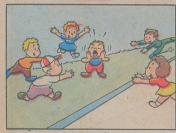














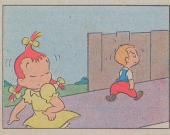








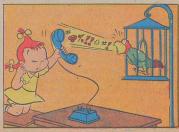












## SOME PARTY

OLLY, Little Audrey sure was hungry! TOh. not for any of your old spinach, asparagus, carrots or onions. You could keep that stuff! But she certainly could do with a couple of large helpings of strawberry ice cream with two or three dabs of marshmallow sauce, plus some chocolate syrup and the whole thing sprinkled with pecans. Boy, would that

ever be yummy!

Too bad she didn't have something to say about the meals around her house. She'd bet a vanilla cookie she'd show more imagination than Mother. Imagine serving people constantly with dull old stuff like pork chops, steak and soup! Audrey rubbed her tummy reflectively as she composed her ideal menu. Down with tomato juice as an appetizer! Up with gumdrops! Meat and fish courses would, naturally enough, be replaced by eclairs. And for dessert - let's see now . . . well, what could be tastier than several wads of bubble gum?

Suddenly she stopped imagining. This was going too far! It was perfectly all right to make up lovely meals in your mind. But what good did it do? The sad fact remained that she had to eat what she was told. Worse yet, all this make believe eating had made her sweet tooth throb more acutely than ever, She'd have to do something about that . . . and quickly! But what? She had emptied the cookie jar in a morning raid, and her box of candy was also just a memory.

There was no chance of getting any more money from her mother. Already she was weeks ahead on her allowance. The problem seemed to be incapable of solution, but Audrey was a very desperate little gal. Adjusting her thinking cap at a smart angle, she sat down on the nursery floor to consider. She had to get some sweets. But how? Yes, how? How? How? How?

The gears of her fertile little imagination meshed quickly, forwarding one possibility, rejecting it and replacing it with another. Suddenly she stopped and a sly smile crept over her face. A party, that was it! She'd have a party for all the gang. Wasn't Mother always telling her not to be selfish? Well, what could possibly be more unselfish than to have a party for Sarge, Patches and all the other poor kids who had nothing to do on this dull afternoon? And what kind of a parry would it be without goodies? Heaps of them! Soda, candy, cake, ice cream and what not! Golly, she'd really show the kids a swell time. They could eat till they burst. Not only that! Think how popular it would make her! Yup, everyone would remember Little Audrey's party, for she was determined to make it the best one ever. All the good things for all the kids. Of course, the fact that the hostess would also get lots of things to eat was merely incidental.

Audrey was certain that her mother would go along with her idea. Why, she hadn't held a party since her birthday all of two months ago. In fact, her mother had to be in favor. There was the small matter of funds needed to provide the eats. She hoped that Mother would not be too difficult to convince. Please, make her easy, just this once. Audrey could taste

those jelly beans now!

Her mother was reading when Audrey entered the living room. Careful now! If Audrey appeared too anxious, Mother might suspect her real reason for wanting a party and that would never do. She'd have to make believe it was something that just popped up this minute. Picking up a magazine, she began to thumb through it, unmindful of the fact that she held it upside-down.

"Oh, look, Mother," she chortled, "at the nice party the children in this magazine are having. See? They're playing games and everybody's laughing. Golly, I'll bet something like that must be just oodles of fun! Too bad the poor kids around here couldn't hold one. But, of course, that would never happen! Where could we ever have so much fun?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered her mother, taking the magazine from Audrey. "Perhaps . . . let me see that article. Yes, it does rather look like the children are enjoying themselves, doesn't it? Hmmm, let me see now, I'm not doing anything particular this afternoon. Why don't you have a little party for your friends? We can get some candy and things. What do you say? Would you like that?"

"Well," answered Audrey, "I was going to be kind of busy this afternoon watching my turtle. But if you'd like me to have a party, Mother, I don't suppose the turtle would mind if I let him go until tomorrow. I don't really care, of course, but just as a favor to you and the kids..."

"That's settled then. Here's five dollars. You dash out and invite the gang. Stop at Mr. Dolan's candy store and order what you think they'd like. Meanwhile, I'll start getting things ready. There are some games in the attic, and the table must be set. Hurry now like a good girl!"

Money clutched firmly in a chubby fist, Audrey skipped lightly out of the house. She hated to be dishonest with Mother, but what was a gal going to do when she was almost starved to death for some candy? Besides, Mother had no way of knowing that Audrey had seen the article about the kids party several months ago and had saved it for the right spot. But she had to hurry and get the things for the party. Golly, was she busy! There wasn't even time to leap-frog over the water hydrant!

The next question was who to invite. With only five dollars she couldn't have too big a party. There was always the danger that the hostess would be left out in the cold. That would never do! After all, who had worked all morning to organize this party? Sarge? No! Patches? No! Bobo? No! Audrey, that's who! Yup, this guest business was certainly going to be difficult. She had to be very, very careful about the whole thing. About the only thing she could do was to hold a tiny party and just invite her closest friends.

First, of course, was Patches. Good old Patches, her very closest friend. Golly, he really was going to get a pleasant surprise when she just popped in and invited him to a real, honest-to-goodness, no fooling, party. If there was one thing Patches enjoyed, it was a party. Why, she remembered that time at Gracey's party. Hadn't Patches sneaked into the kitchen with her? Hadn't they had fun eating all the ice cream before it was time to serve it? How they had laughed! Too bad, naturally, that no one else

got any, but they had been so hungry, she and her old pal Patches!

Suddenly, Audrey stopped, blanched and clutched at her stomach. Good Golly, what could she be thinking of? Was she crazy? Patches was always hungry! He was apt to eat up everything! Look at the dirty trick he had pulled at poor little Gracey's party eating all the ice craem. Some manners that Patches had! Humph! It certainly would be a cold day in July before she'd ask anyone so ignorant to a party. Patches was out of luck and it served him right!

However, there was Sarge. Good old Sarge. Gee, he was really fun at a party. The way he could imitate a monkey was some laugh. The way he'd scamper up on top of a chair and beat his chest. But the best of all was the way he'd go around like a real tume monkey begging for something to eat. Honest, you couldn't refuse him he was so funny. Why, at Bobo's party alone the kids must have given him at least fifteen bananas and goodness only knows how many cookies. Yup, Sarge and his monkey act were always good for a laugh.

Audrey's mirth was abruptly replaced by a cold chill. Yes, Sarge's monkey was always good for a laugh. But it was also good for food! Just about all the food at the party, as she remembered. Him and his old monkey act! Betcha it was just a trick to gobble up all the candy. Well, if Sarge wanted to act like a monkey, he wasn't going to her party. No, Sir, she was inviting only people who knew how to behave.

A little bit later, she opened the door of her home, entered the living room and deposited several packages on the table. The contents spilling from them attested that Audrey had shopped very thoroughly for her party. Just about every brand of confectionery was represented among her purchases. She glowed as she surveyed them, then became aware of her mother's scrutiny.

"Oh, mother," she said, "to make things easier for you, I've decided to have just a very small party. Most of the fresh kids around here wouldn't know how to behave, anyhow. They'd just go crazy and smash up things, so I've decided to invite only one other person. That's nice old Mr. Dolan, the candy store man. He'll be here in a minute . . . to deliver the ice cream!"







































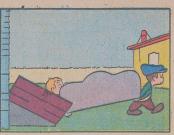






















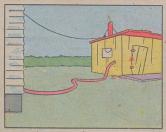












































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