


DELL
15c

THIRTEEN

NOV.—JAN.

"Going on Eighteen"



I'M SURE YOU COULD HAVE HIDDEN
IT **SOMEWHERE** IN THE HOUSE
WHERE YOUR KID BROTHER
COULDN'T FIND IT!

HOW BADLY WAS
JUDY **HURT**,
VAL?

VALND JUDY

I'M GOING OVER TO
VISIT HER NOW...

ONLY A SPRAINED BACK—
BUT SHE HAS TO STAY
IN BED A COUPLE OF
DAYS...

JUDY SHOULD KNOW
BETTER THAN TO
WRESTLE WITH
A **BOY**!

IT WASN'T A BOY, EVIE—
IT WAS **THREE** BOYS!
AND JUDY **WON**!

SHE SPRAINED
HER BACK
CARRYING ONE
OF THEM
HOME!

I WANT TO BRING HER
SOMETHING NICE, BUT
I DON'T KNOW **WHAT**!

FLOWERS ARE
THE **USUAL**
THING...

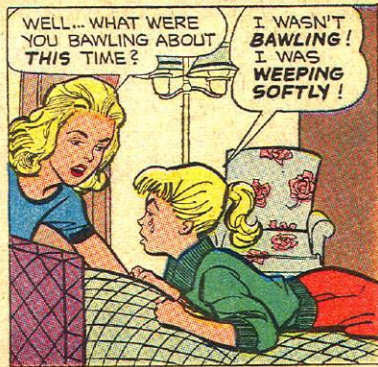
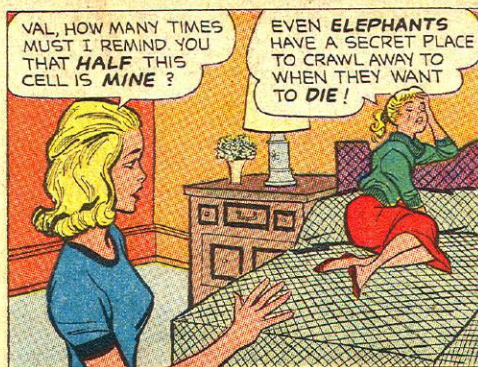
TOO BAD THERE
AREN'T ANY
EDIBLE FLOWERS...

HOW ABOUT
A
CAULIFLOWER?

LATER...

A **BOUQUET** OF
BANANAS! HOW DID
YOU **EVER** THINK OF
IT, VAL?

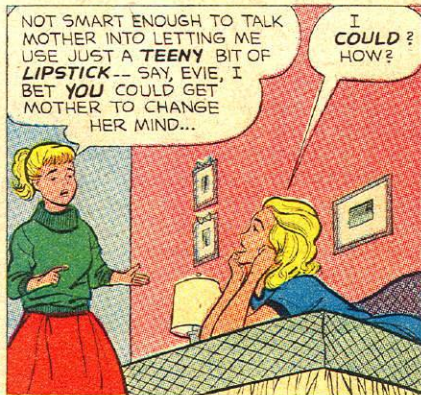
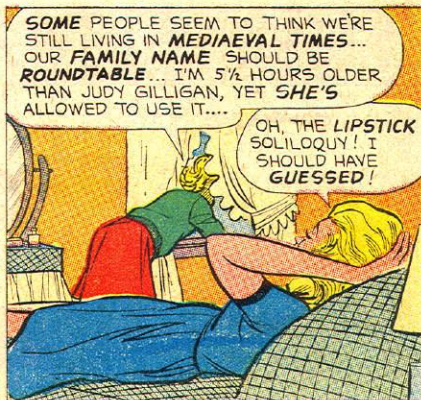
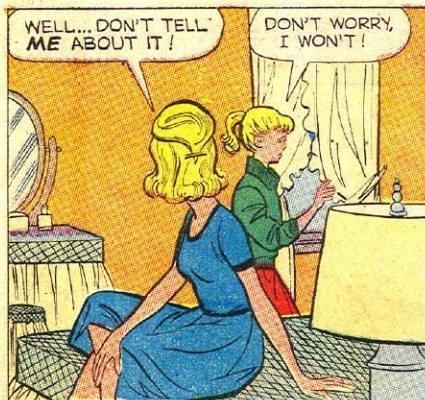
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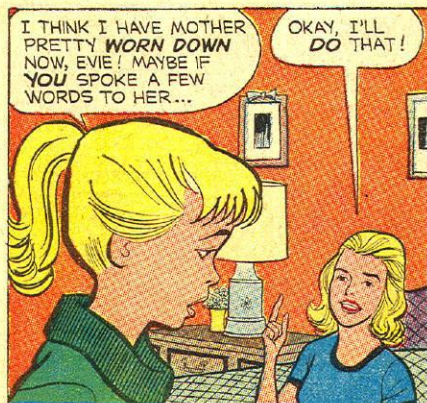


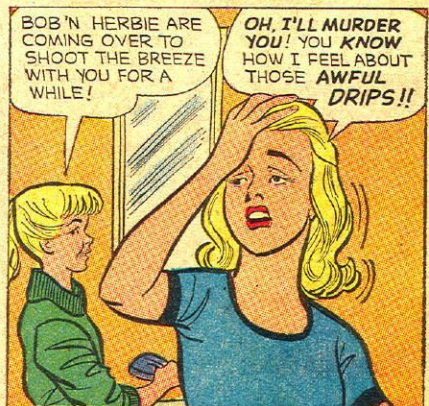
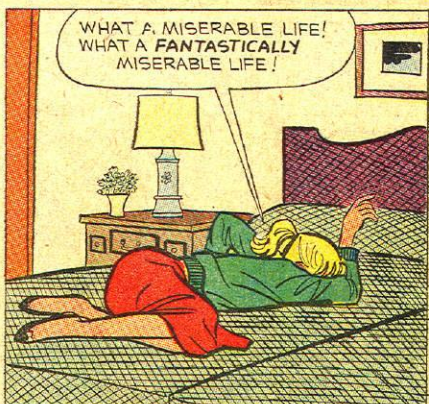
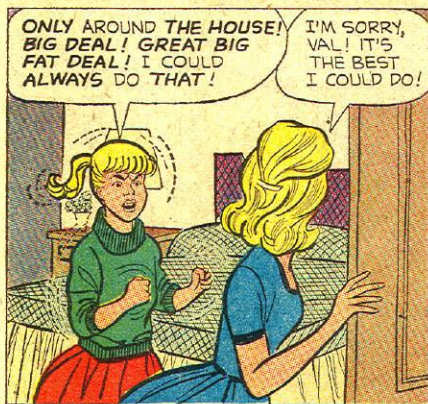
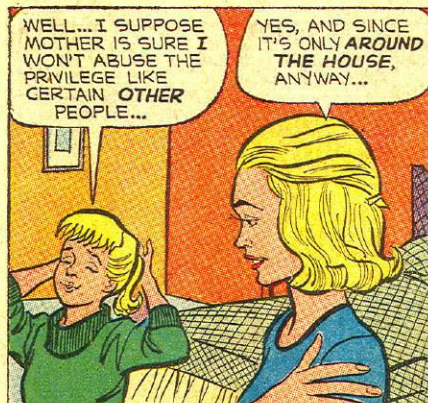
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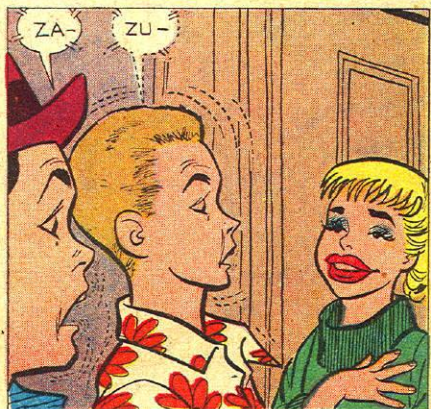
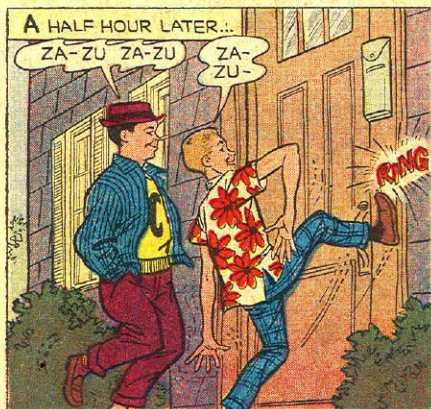
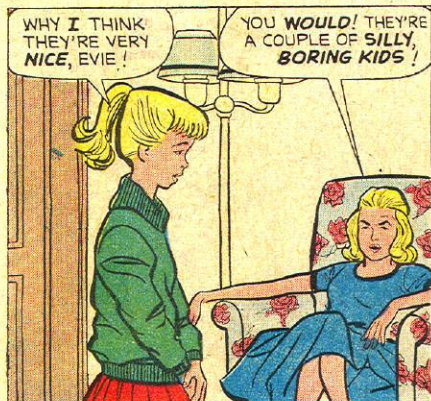
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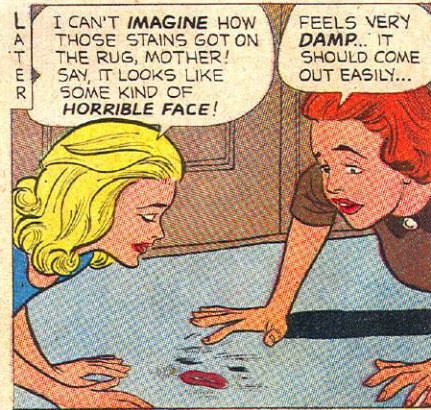
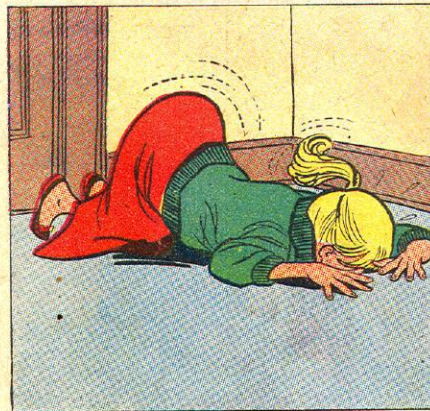
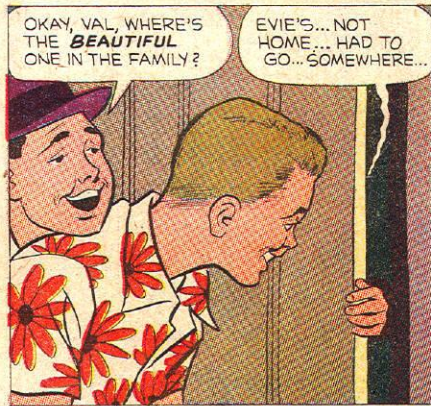
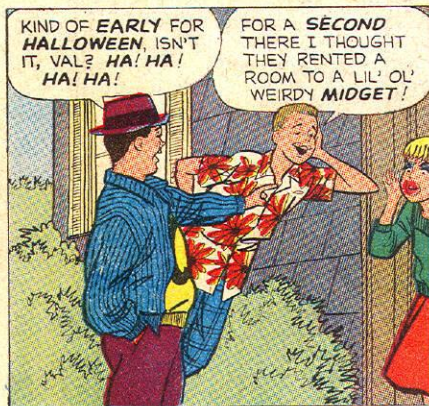
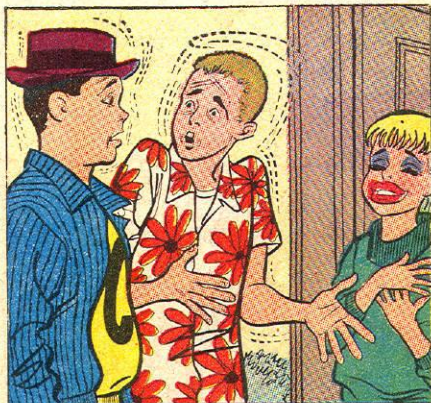
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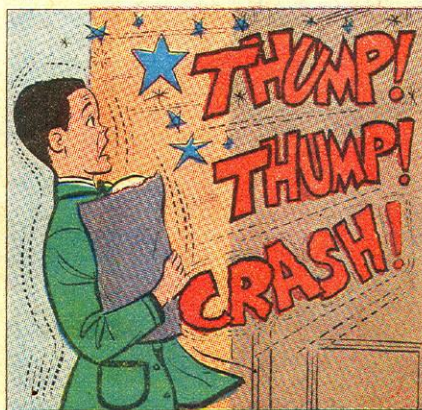
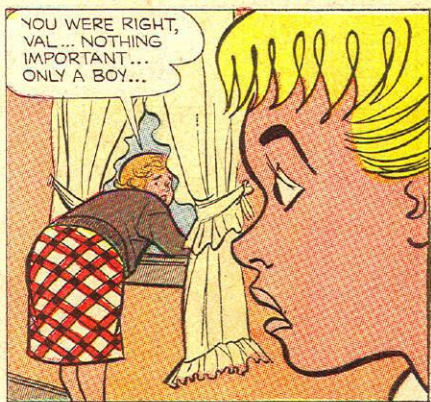
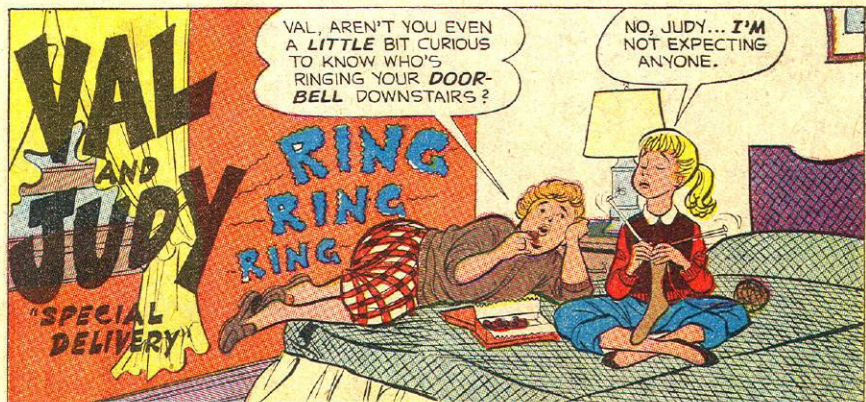


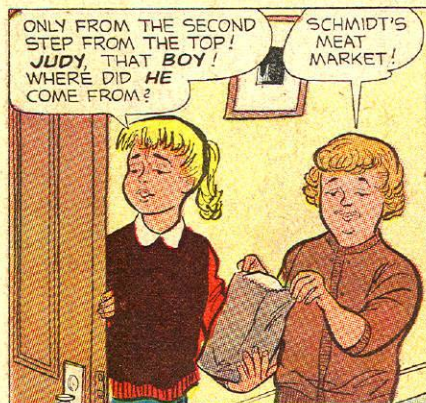
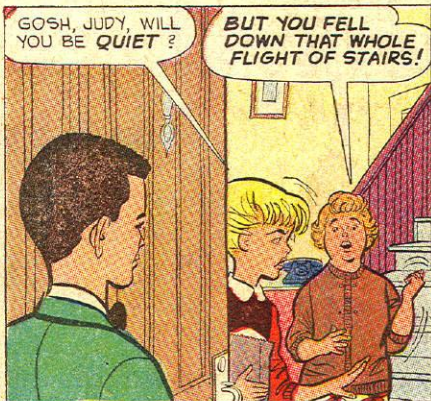
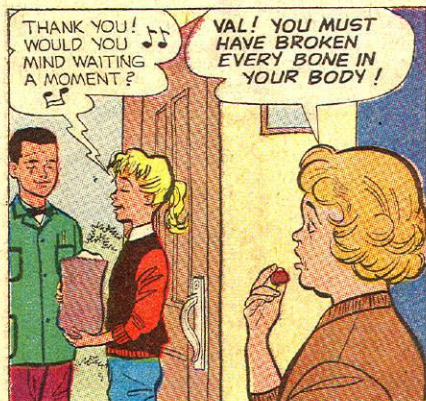


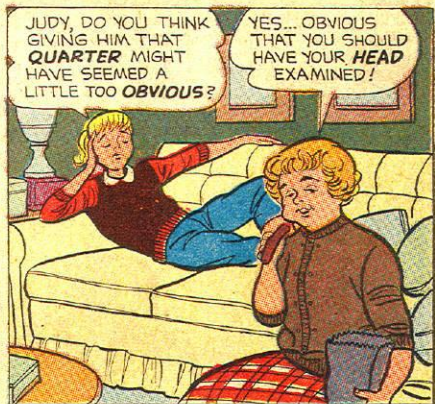


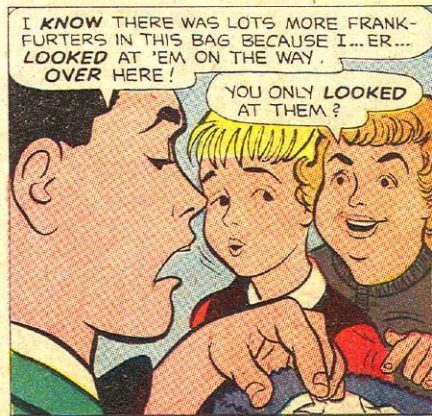
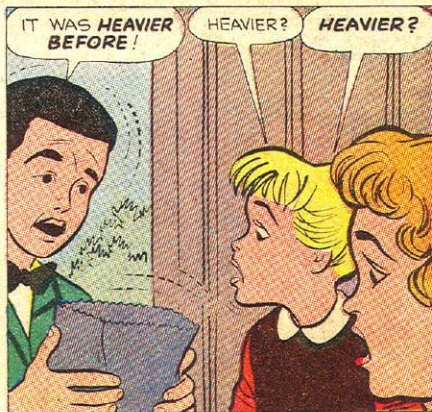
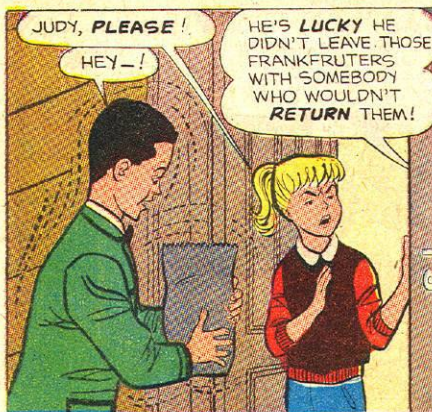
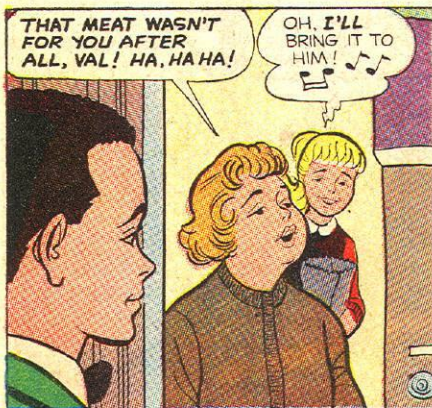


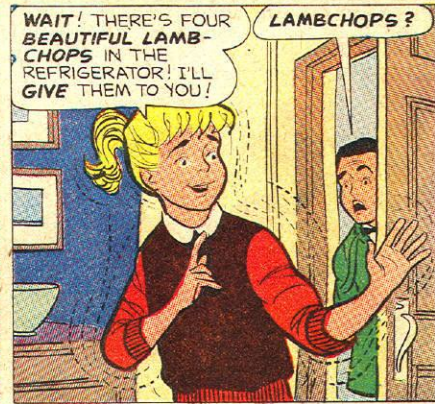
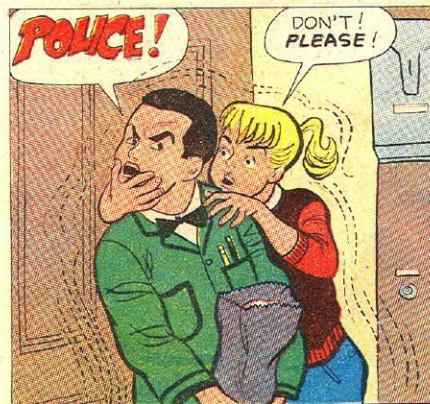
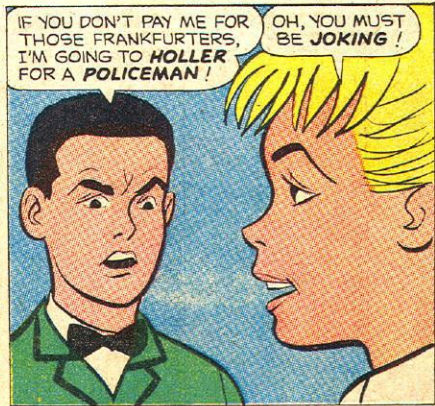


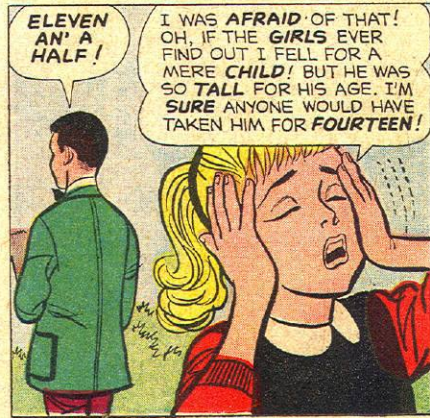
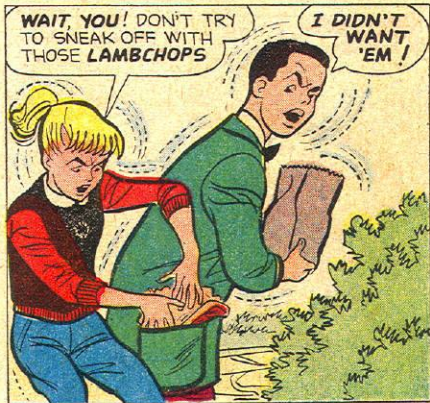
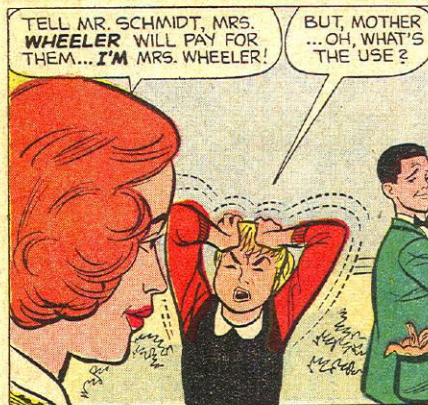
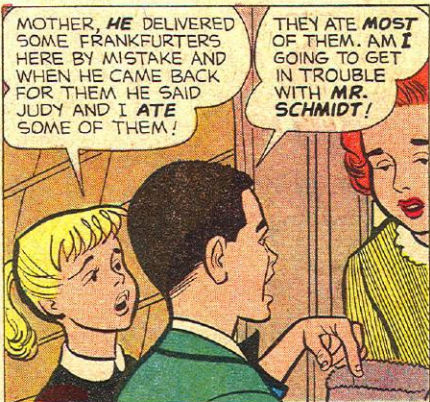
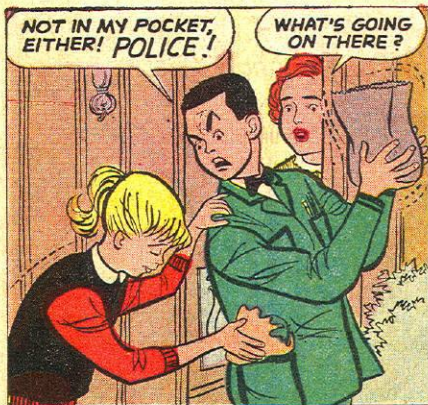




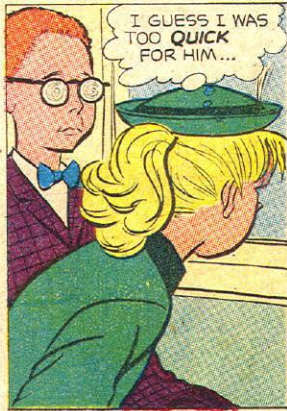
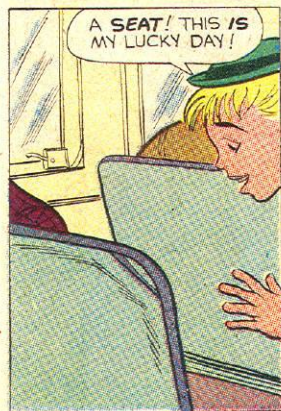
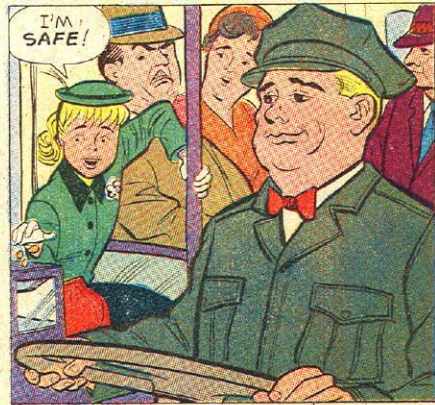
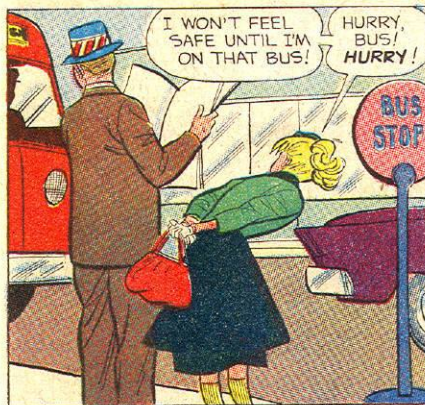
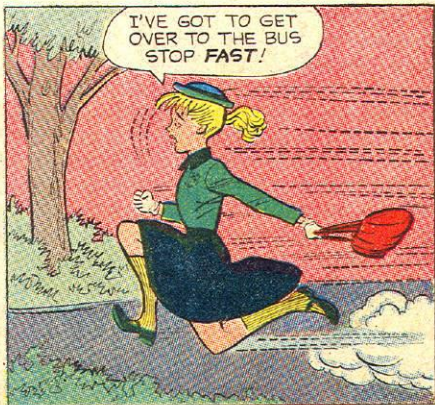


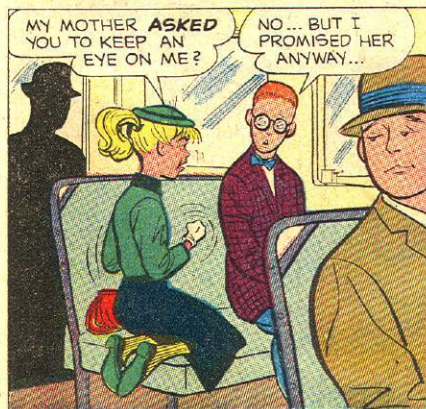
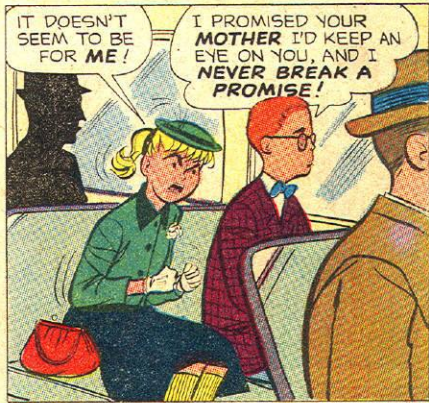
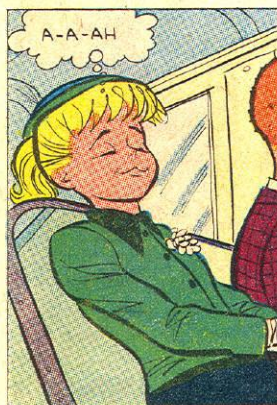


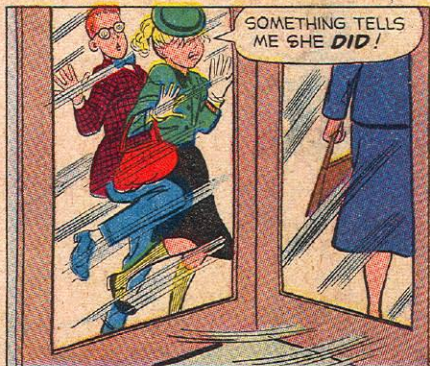
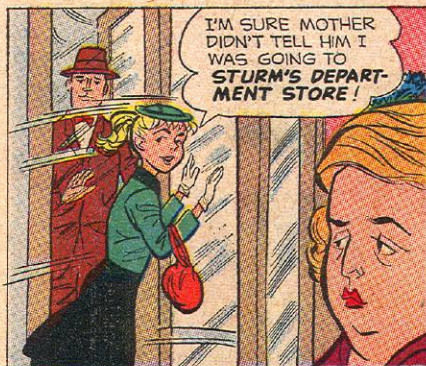
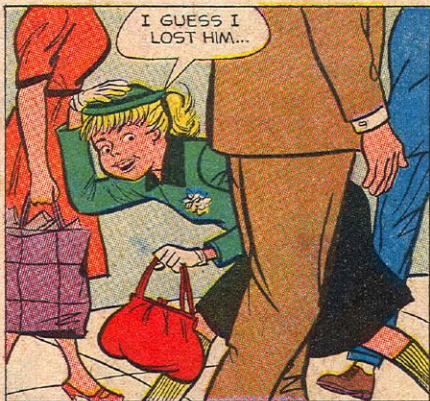


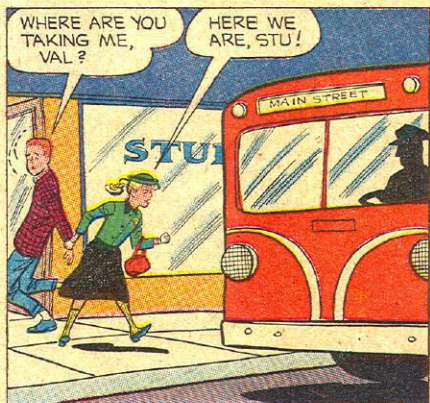
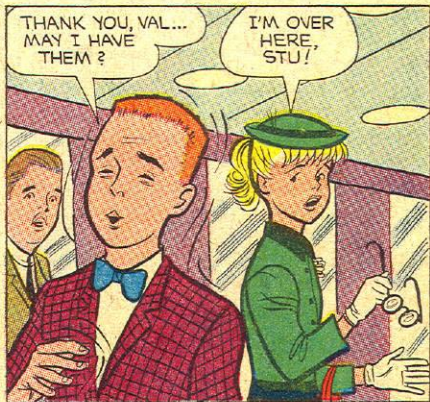
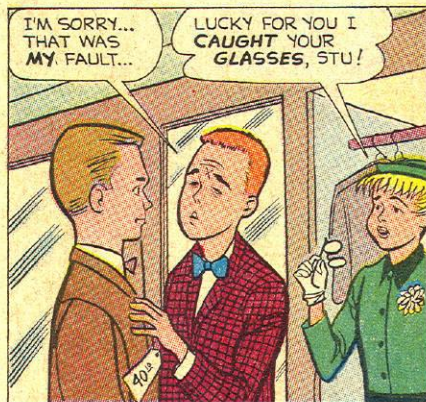


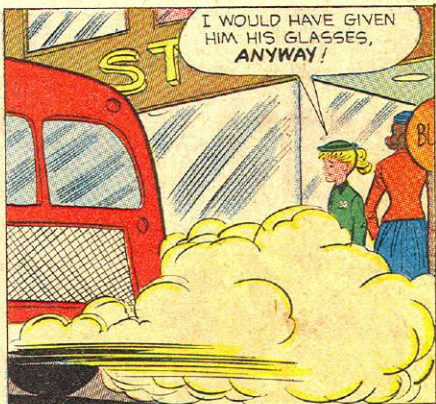
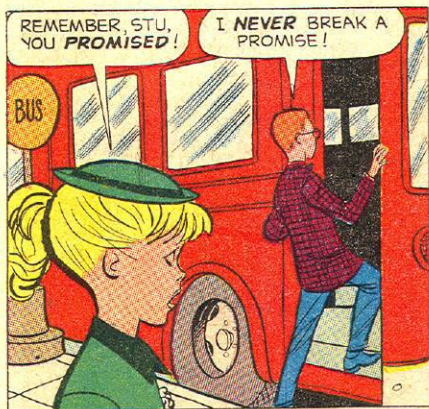


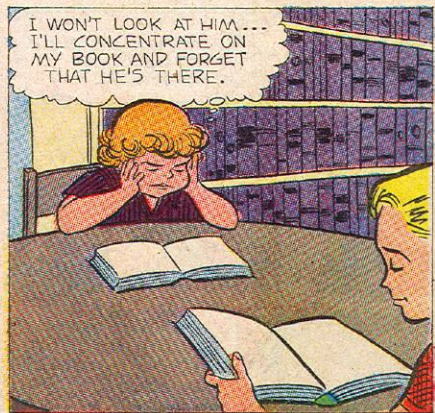
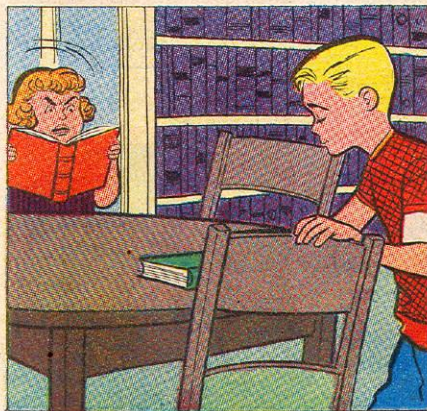
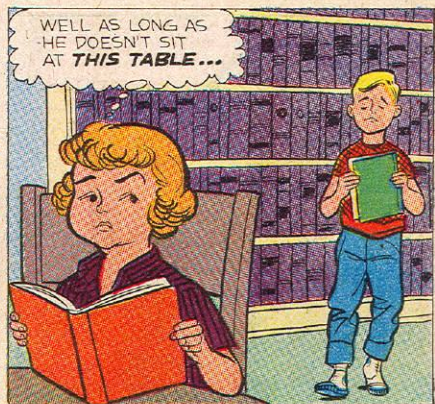
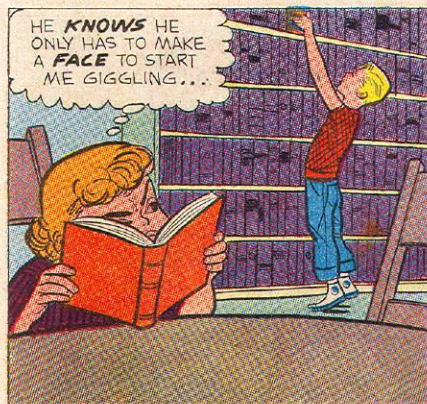
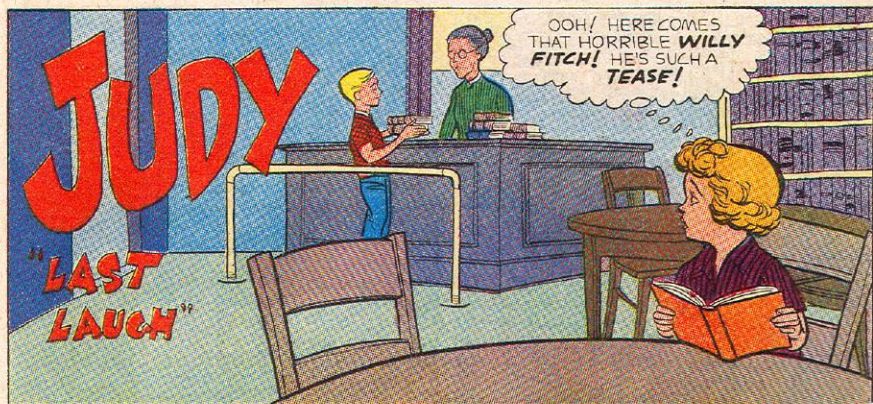




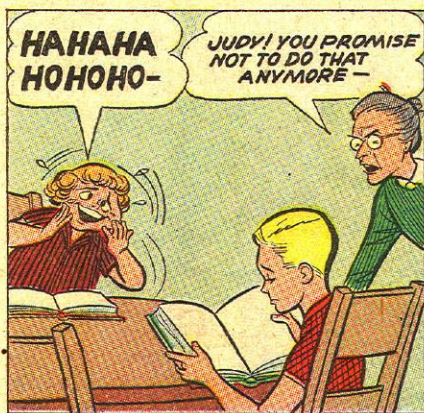
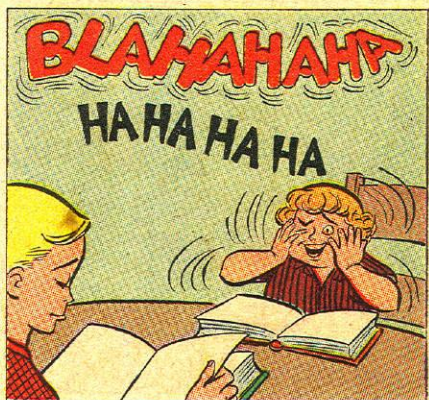
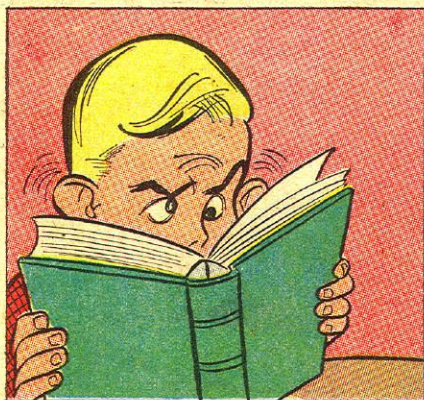
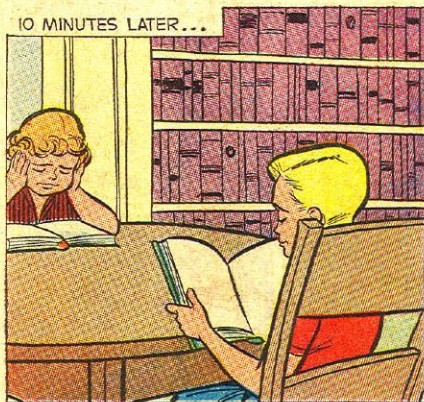






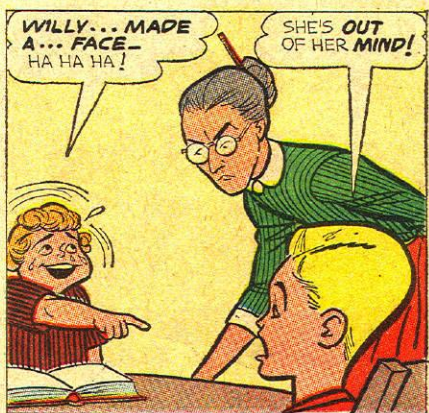


10 MINUTES LATER...



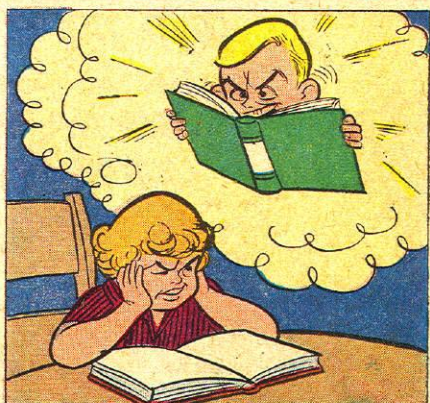
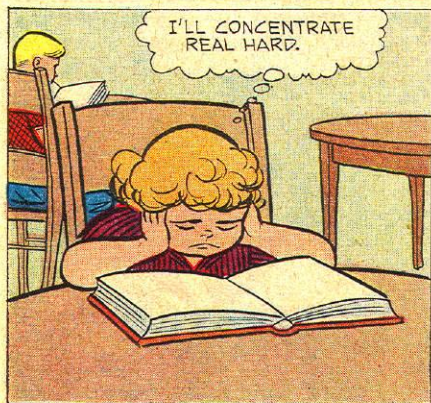
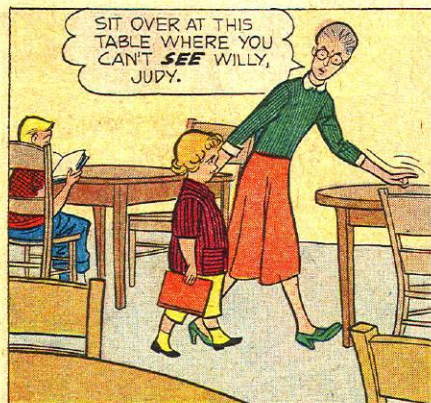
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HOHOHO-

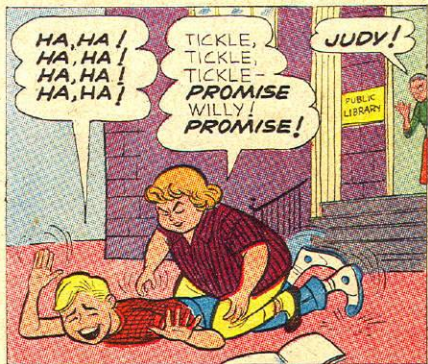
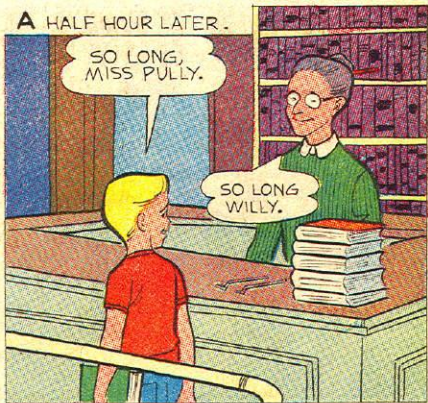
JUDY! YOU PROMISE
NOT TO DO THAT
ANYMORE -



WILLY... MADE
A... FACE -
HA HA HA!

SHE'S OUT
OF HER MIND!





TOMBOY TERRY

TERRY was troubled. There had to be some reason for Joe's strange behavior. She was quite sure she hadn't said or done anything to make him mad at her—not lately, anyway. And Joe wasn't the kind to sulk or carry a grudge like so many other people do—especially girls.

Terry had known Joe practically all her eleven years. He had been her best friend, even if he sometimes behaved as if he didn't know it. Not that he was ever deliberately mean, or anything. Joe couldn't be mean to anybody. It was just the way he'd suddenly go off somewhere with other boys without asking Terry if she'd like to go along too.

Anyway, for almost a week now it had been obvious to Terry that Joe was avoiding her. The few times she had suddenly met him on the street, he had mumbled "Hi" and quickly looked away. The first time this happened Terry thought Joe's mind had been on something else and he hadn't recognized her, but when she called after him and he didn't turn around, she knew he had recognized her after all.

If I at least knew what it was that I *did*, thought Terry.

A little while later Terry was standing outside Joe's door. She hesitated for a moment and then knocked. I'll die, she thought, if Joe opens the door—and slams it in my face...

But Joe's mother answered the door. She smiled warmly at Terry and invited her inside. "You'll find Joe in the basement, Terry," she said. "Probably making—or breaking something."

Terry reached the foot of the basement steps before Joe heard her and turned around. He looked at her for a moment and then turned back to the fishing reel he was taking apart for cleaning.

Terry walked over to the work bench and watched for a while. "You'd better remember how those parts fits together, Joe," she said.

"You're not the only one in the world who can

put a fishing reel back together again, Terry," Joe said.

Terry looked at Joe. "Joe," she said, "you're mad at me, aren't you?"

"No," Joe mumbled, "I'm *not* mad at you, Terry ... It's just ... well, I don't think we ought to *pal around* together anymore!"

"Why not, Joe?" cried Terry.

"It was okay when we were kids, Terry!" said Joe. "But, gee, I'm *twelve years old* now! The guys were making fun of me—"

"Oh, Joe, don't let that bother you!" pleaded Terry.

"Listen, Terry," said Joe firmly. "Go find yourself a *girl* friend to pal around with and leave me alone! That's *final*!"

Terry turned and slowly walked away. She paused for a moment at the foot of the steps, "Would it make any difference if I got a *crew cut*, Joe?" she called out.

"No!" said Joe, without looking around.

Terry climbed half way up the stairs and stopped. "Joe," she said, just loud enough for him to hear, "couldn't we meet in *secret*?"

But Joe wasn't answering any more questions.

An hour later Terry was still moping in her room. She had given up trying to think of any girl she knew who might take Joe's place. *Nobody* would ever take Joe's place. Then the phone rang—and rang—at least a dozen times before Terry dragged herself to the extension in the hall.

"Hello?" said Terry, who couldn't care less. "Who? Joe? *Y-you changed your mind*? Yes, Joe! In *secret*! It'll be more *fun* that way! *Right away*? *Fine*! Remember, over the back fence, keep in the shadows till you reach the back door—"

Ten minutes later a figure darted out of the shadows and in through the half open back door—silent, except for the jingle of fishing reel parts it carried in a little paper sack. —The End

VAL

DOUBLE PLAY

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! AN INVITATION FROM **MARILYN VAN GILT** TO A DANCE AT HER HOUSE SATURDAY AFTERNOON!

ISN'T SHE THE VERY RICH LITTLE GIRL IN YOUR CLASS WHO NEVER TALKS TO ANYONE?

YES, MOTHER! I DIDN'T THINK SHE KNEW I EXISTED!

APPARENTLY YOU MADE AN IMPRESSION!

HM-I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THERE'D BE A HITCH TO IT! IT SAYS TO BRING AN ESCORT!

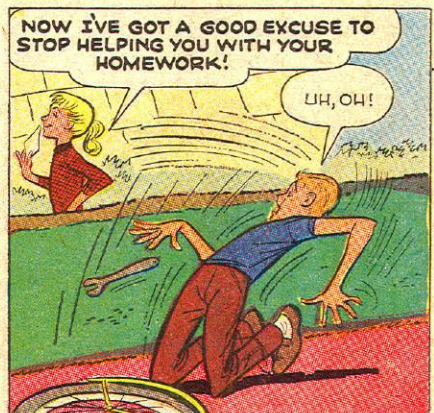
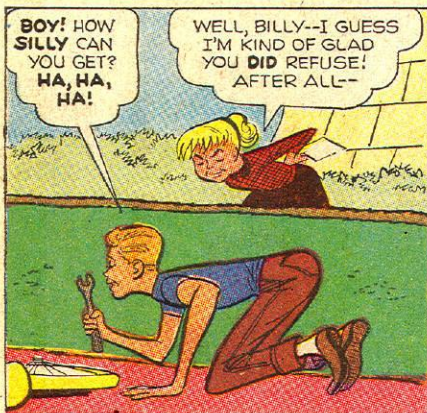
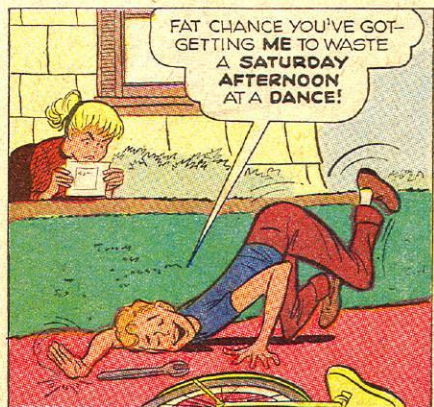
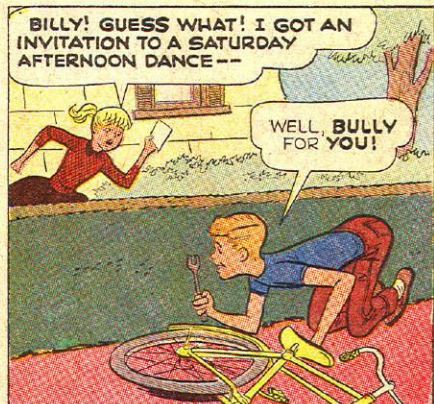
SURELY YOU KNOW SOME NICE BOY YOU CAN ASK--

ME ASK A BOY, MOTHER? I'D NEVER RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK IF HE SAID NO!

HOW ABOUT **BILLY WILSON** NEXT DOOR?

OH, **BILLY**-I ALWAYS THINK OF **BILLY** AS A GOOD FRIEND--

HE'S TURNED OUT TO BE A VERY HANDSOME BOY!



SATURDAY AFTERNOON

ARE YOU
KIDDING,
MRS.
WHEELER?

COME IN, BILLY! VAL
SHOULD BE READY
ANY **MINUTE**,
NOW!

SHE WAS READY AT LEAST AN HOUR
AGO WHEN I SAW HER PEEKING
ANXIOUSLY OUT THE WINDOW
AT MY HOUSE!

OOOH!

THAT MUST HAVE
BEEN MY **MOTHER**
YOU SAW, BILLY!

SURE, SURE! YOU WEIGH
200 POUNDS LIKE YOUR
MOTHER--

I **BEG** YOUR
PARDON, BILLY!
I **DON'T**
WEIGH--

FOR YOUR
INFORMATION,
BILLY, MY
MOTHER
WEIGHS--

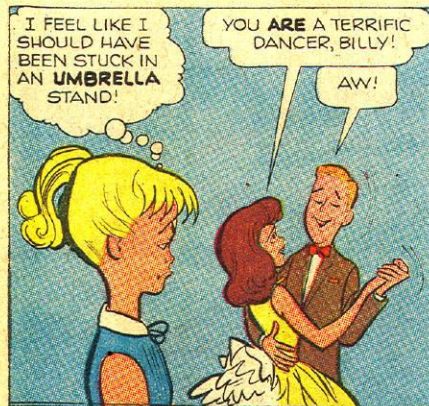
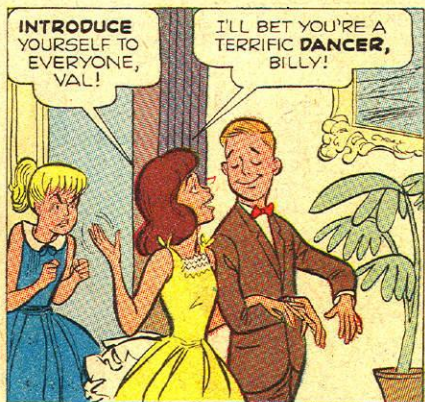
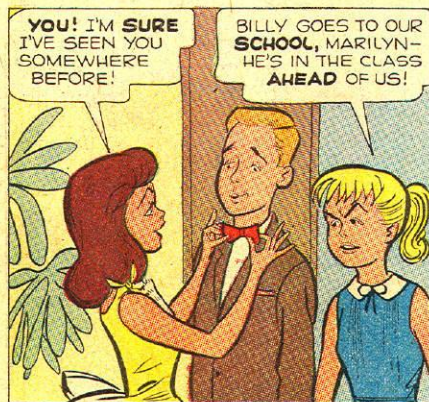
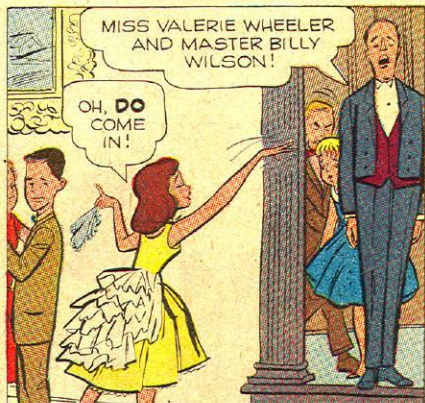
THAT'S ENOUGH, VAL!
NOW RUN ALONG!

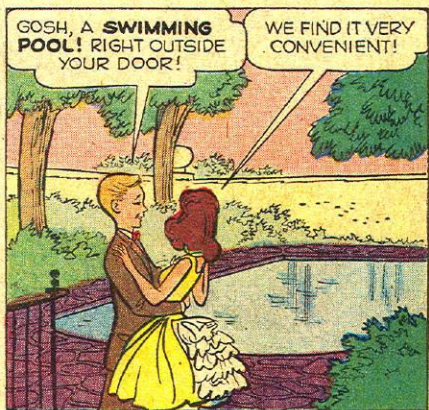
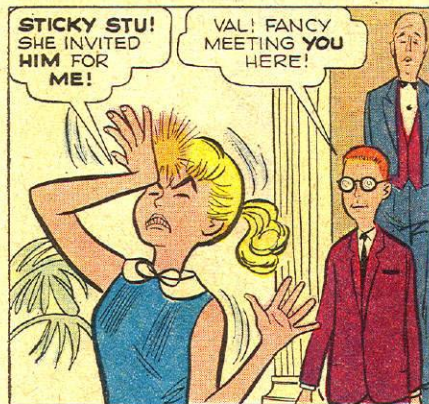
BOY, I WISH WE WERE
GOING **ANYWHERE**
ELSE EXCEPT TO THAT
LITTLE SNOB, MARILYN
VAN GILT'S HOUSE!

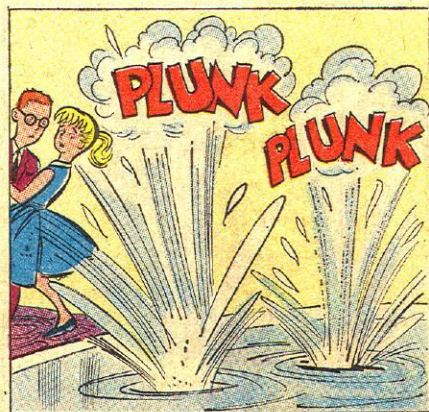
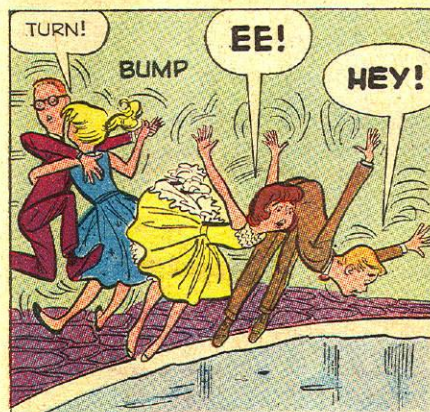
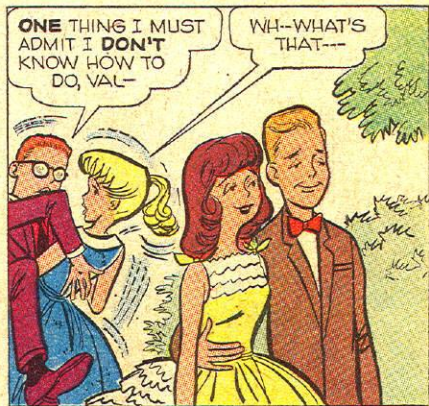
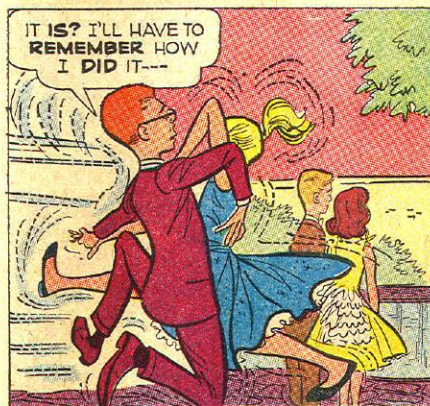
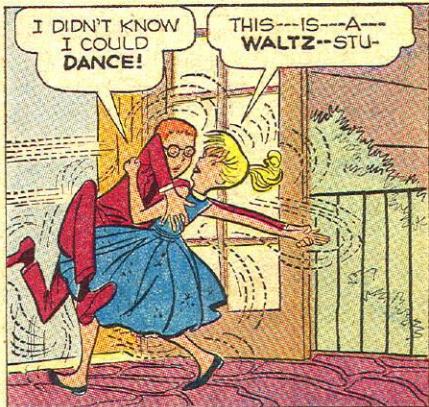
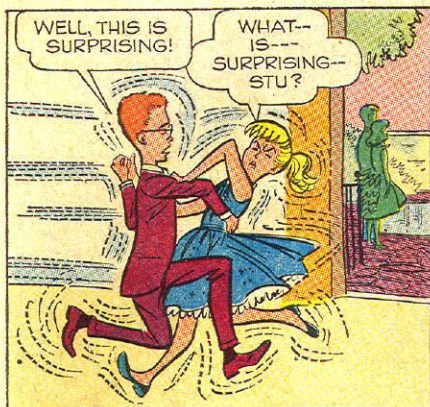
MAYBE SHE
ISN'T **REALLY**
SNOBBISH, BILLY,
JUST **SHY!**

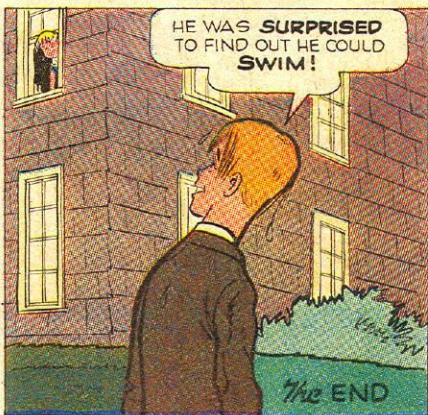
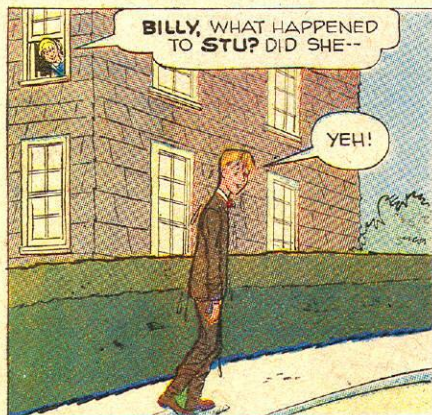
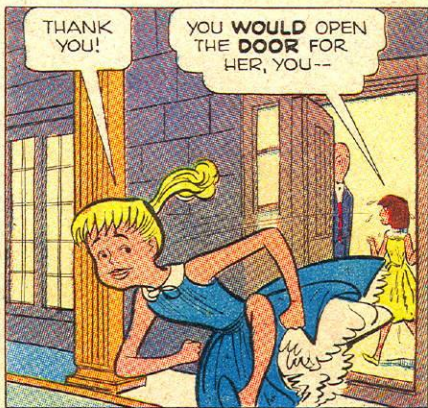
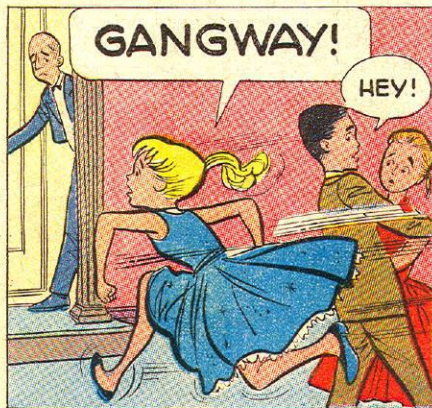
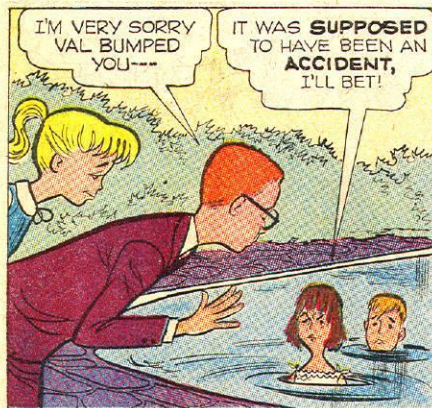
I WISH SHE
WAS GOING TO
BE **SHORT ONE**
GUEST THIS
AFTERNOON---
ME!

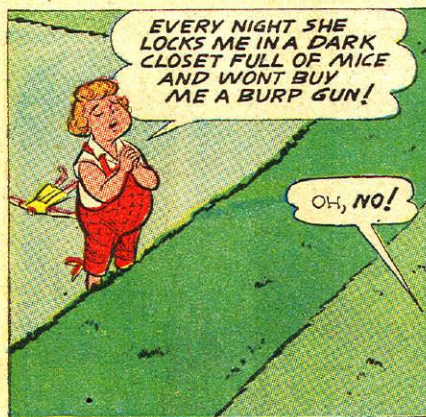
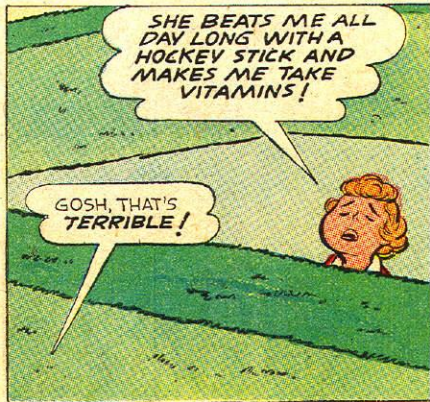
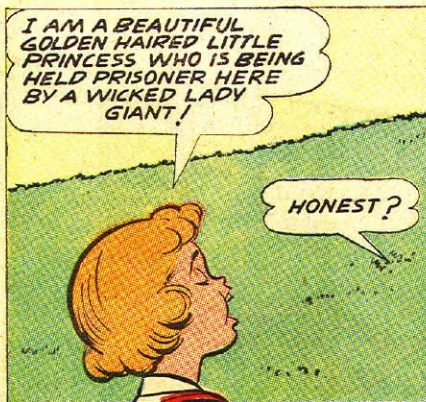
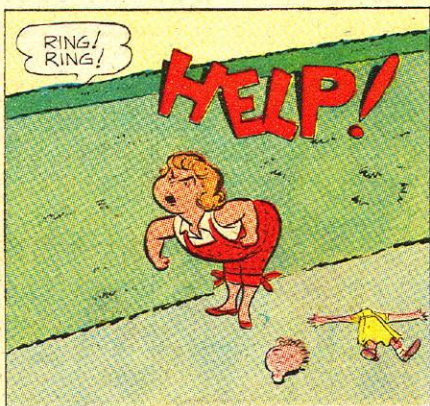
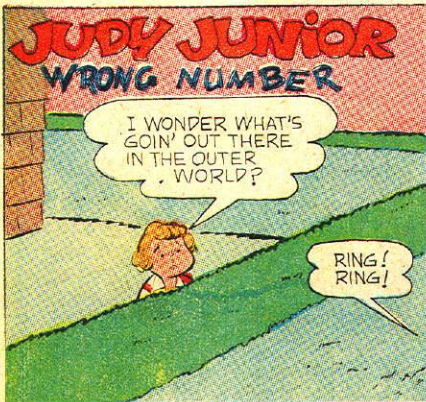
OH, YOU'LL PROBABLY
HAVE A VERY GOOD
TIME, BILLY!

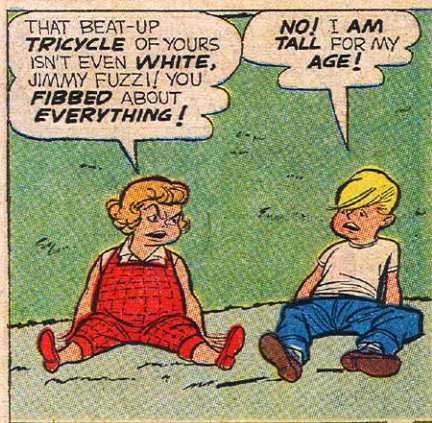
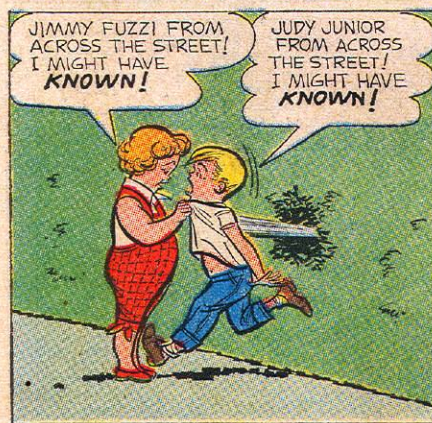
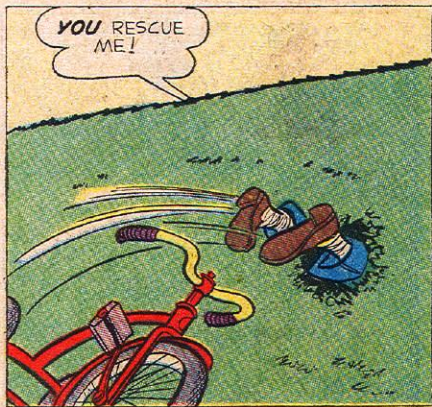
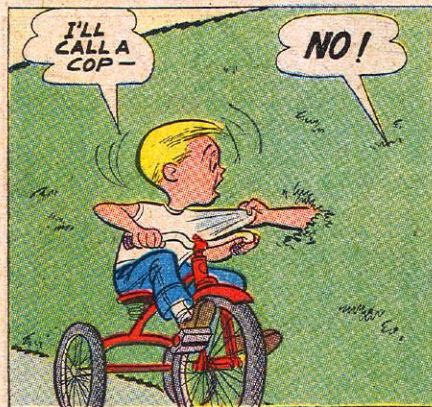
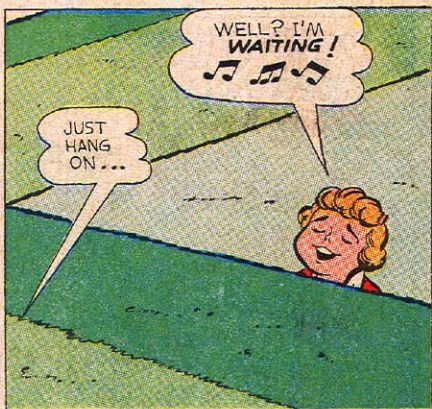
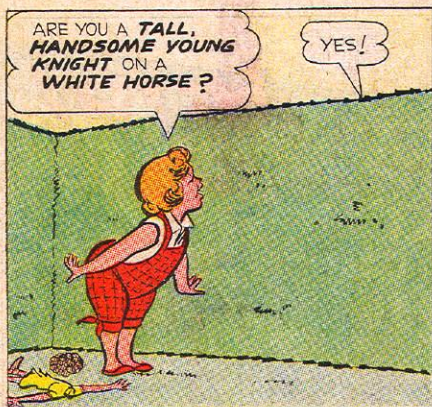












HEY FATSO,
GET THE
BALL?

QUICK, BEFORE
AN AUTO RUNS
OVER IT!

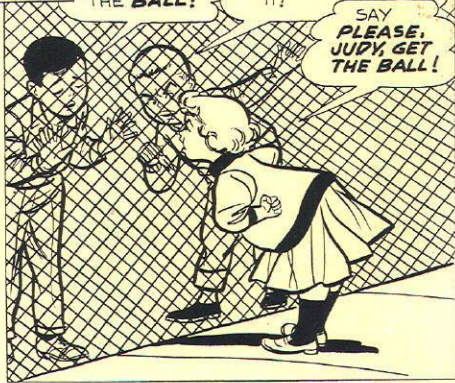
JUDY

OKAY, JUDY!
NOW GET
THE BALL!

QUICK AUTO
IT!

SAY
PLEASE,
JUDY, GET
THE BALL!

MY
NAME
IS
JUDY!



YOU SAY
IT!

NO, YOU
SAY IT!



TAILS! YOU
LOSE! YOU
HAVE TO
SAY IT!

PLEASE,
JUDY,
GET
THE BALL!!

YOU'LL HAVE
TO SAY IT
NICER
THAN
THAT!

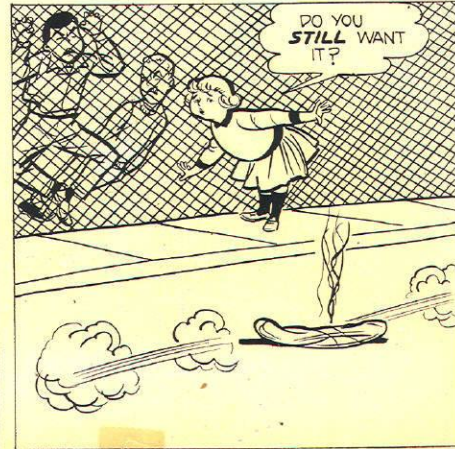


PLEASE
JUDY, GET
THE--

BOP



DO YOU
STILL WANT
IT?



VAL and JUDY

