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THIRTEEN

MAY-JULY

"Going on Eighteen"

NOTICE THE WAY HE
LOOKED AT ME ?



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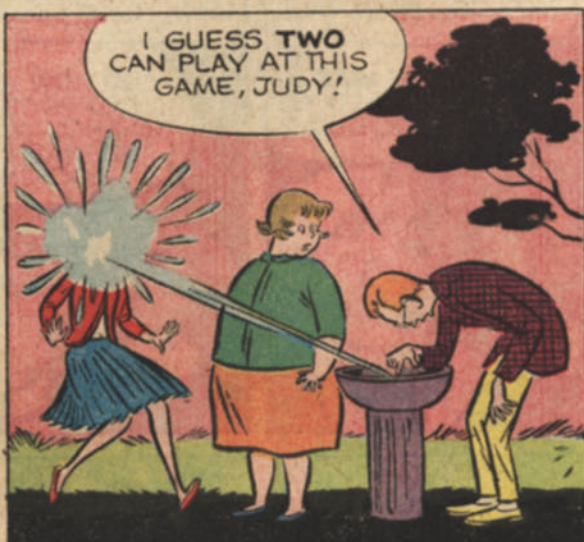


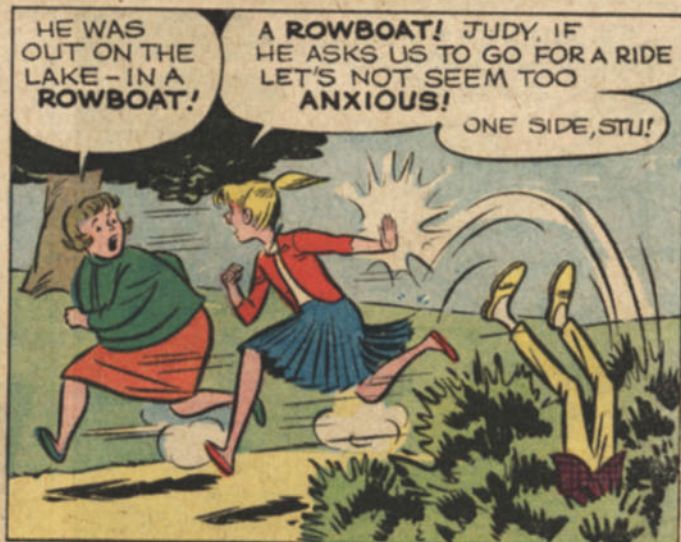
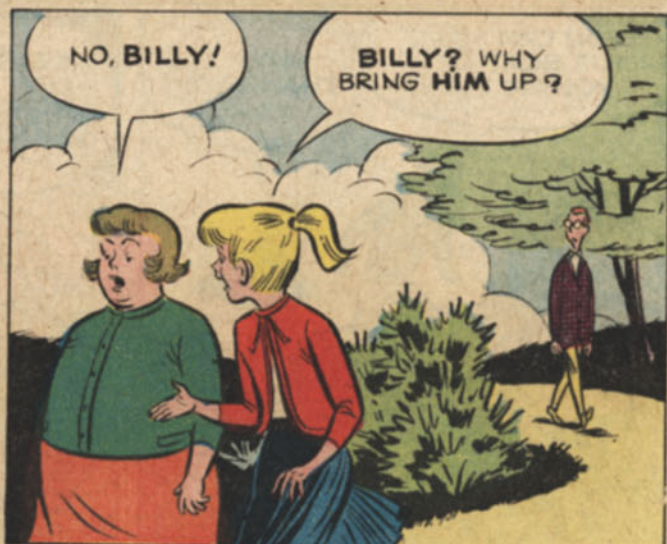
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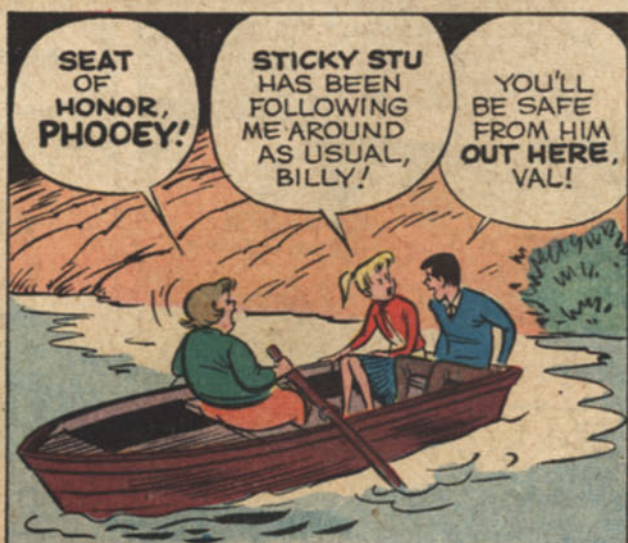
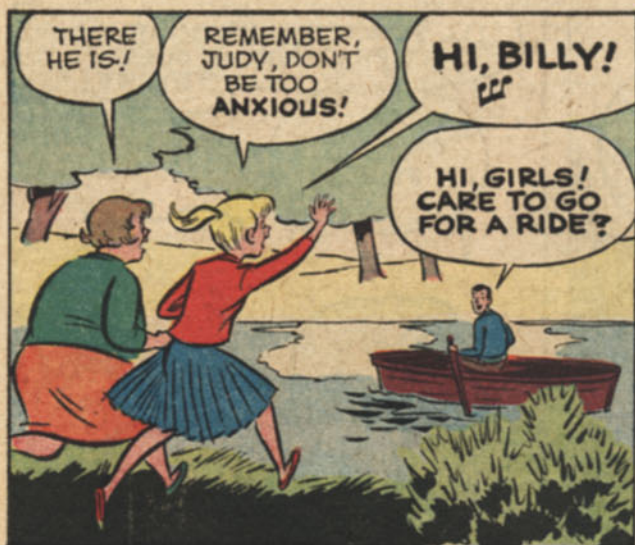
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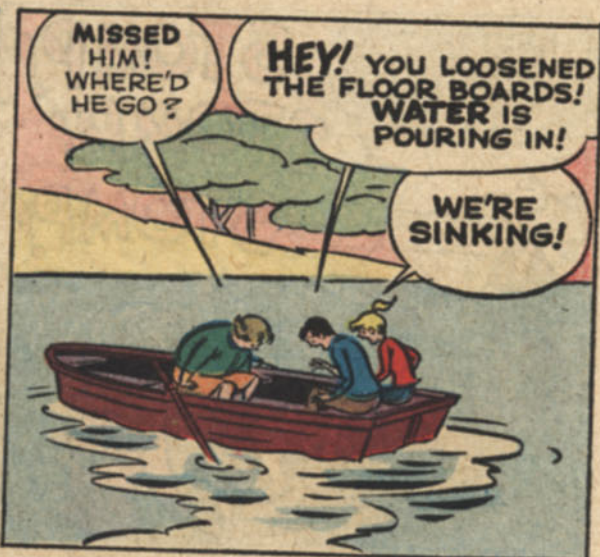
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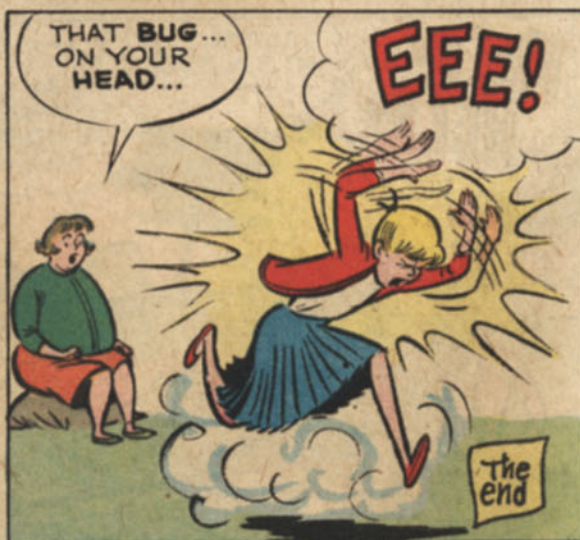
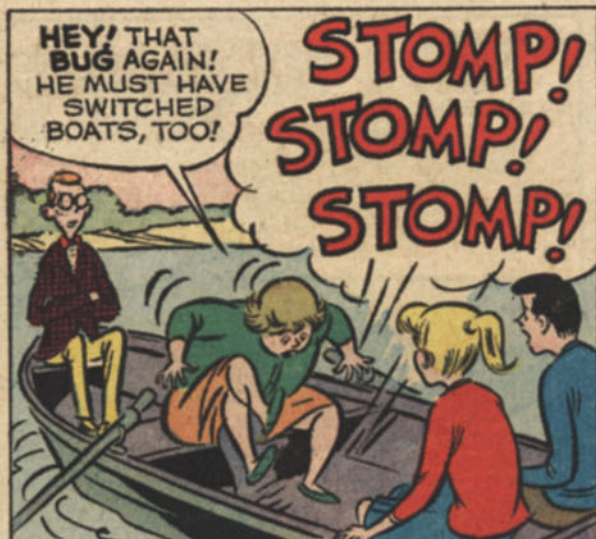
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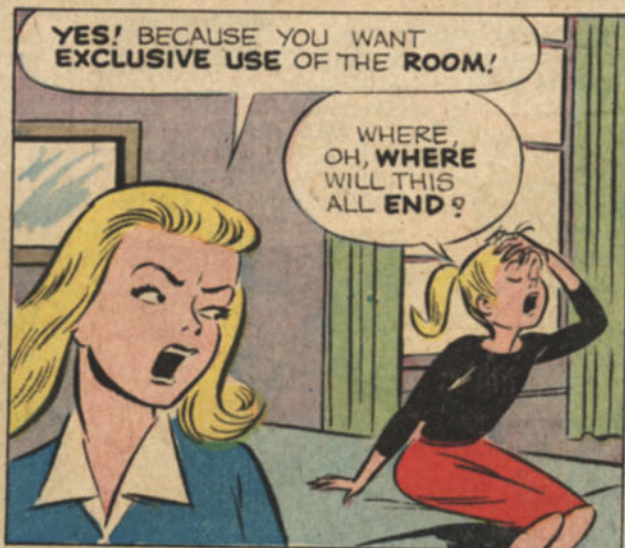


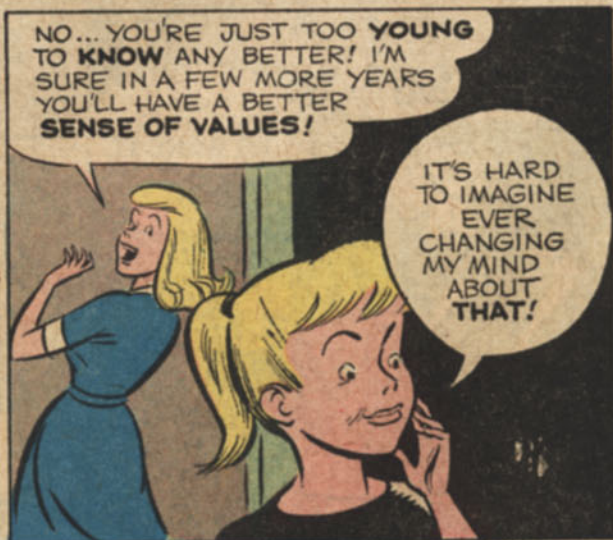


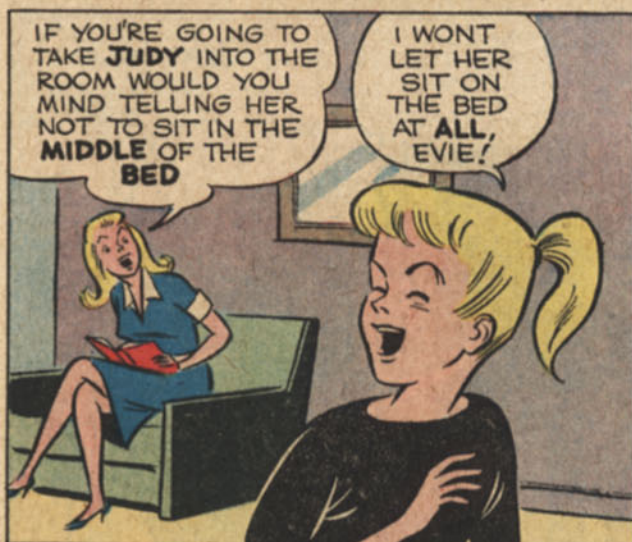
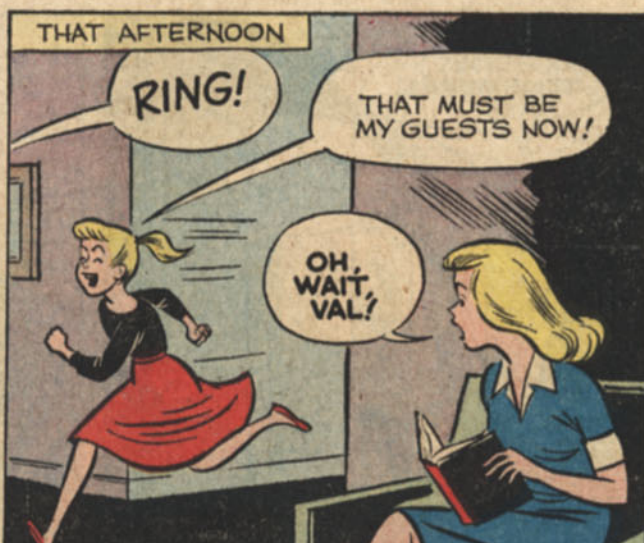


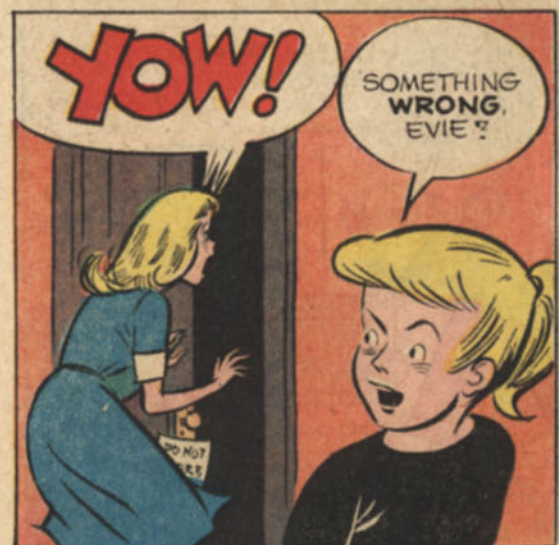
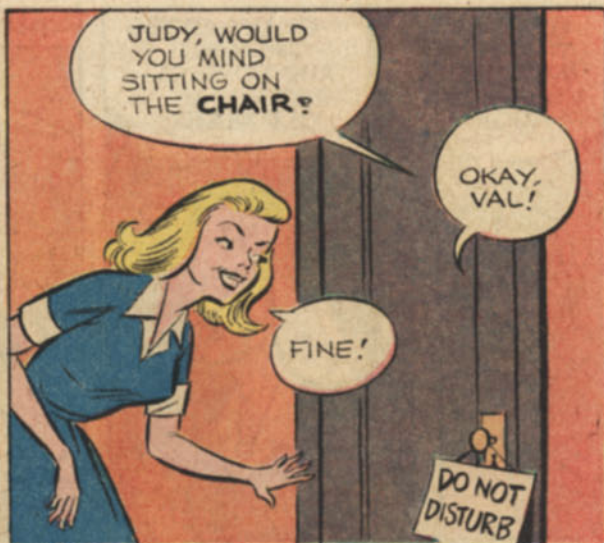
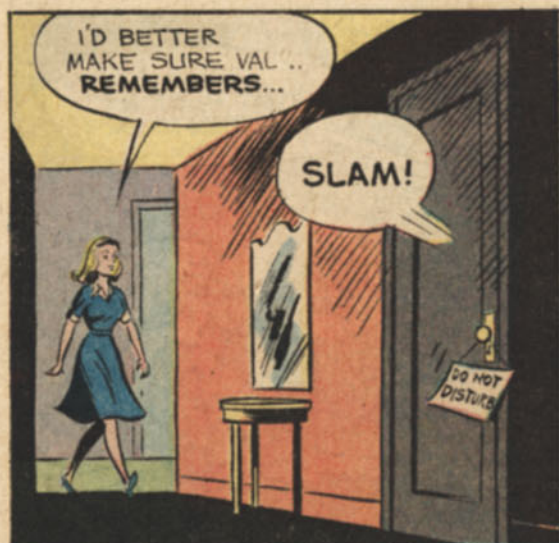


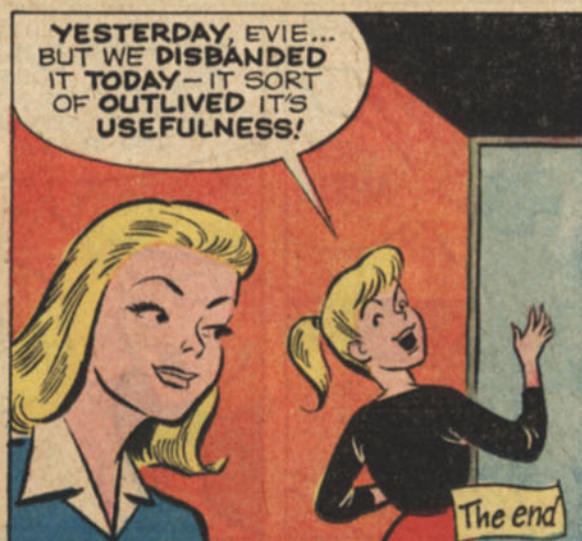
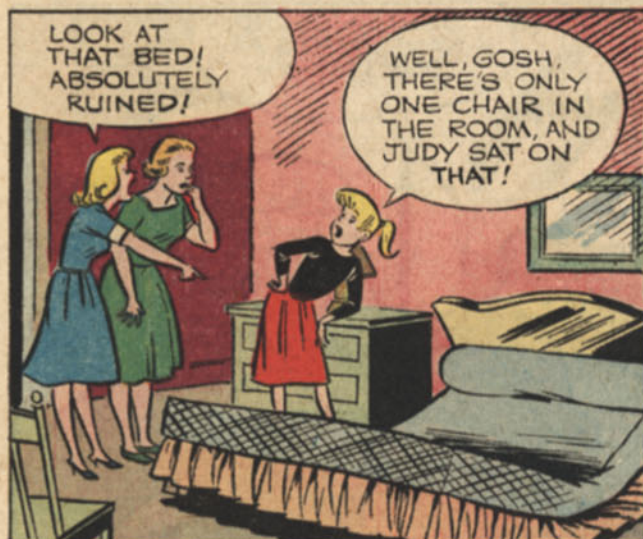




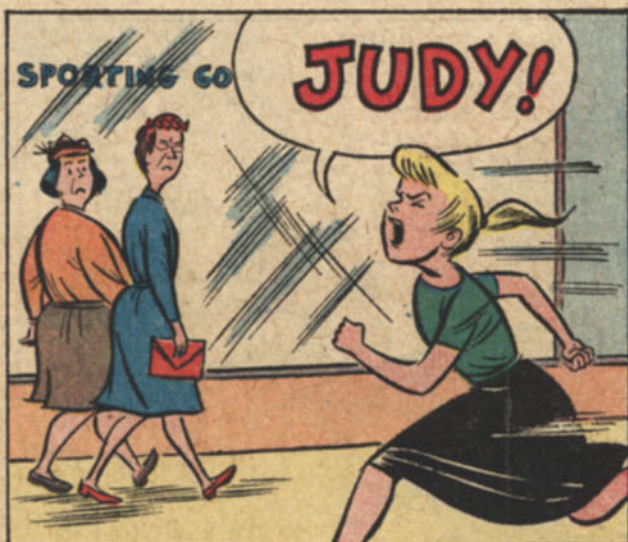
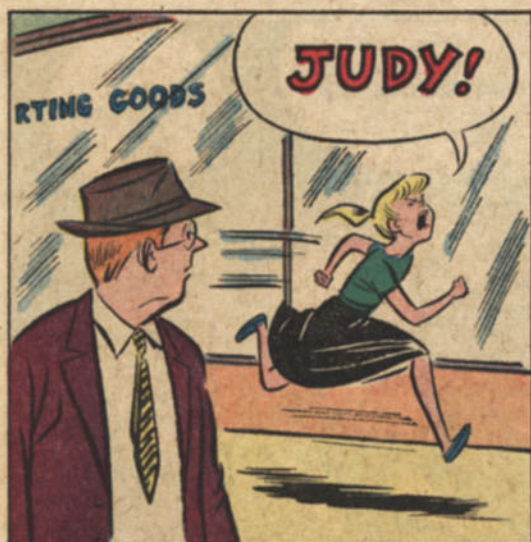


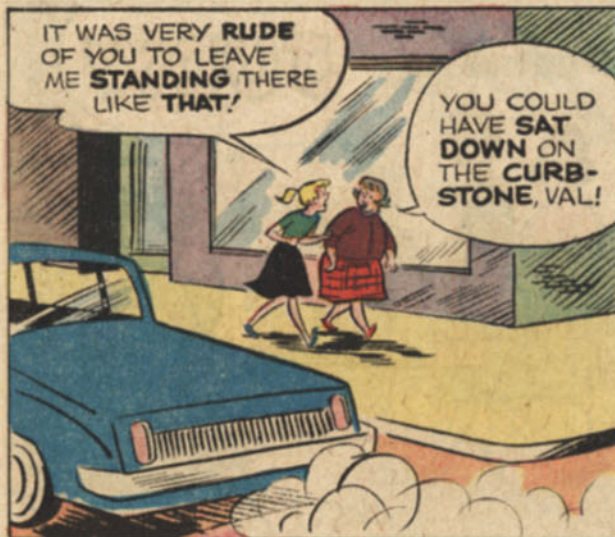












VAL

ENOUGH ROPE

OH!

MOTHER! CAN YOU THINK OF SOME REASON FOR SENDING ME ON AN ERRAND TO BILLY'S HOUSE NEXT DOOR?

NO, VAL... NOT OFF-HAND...

THINK, MOTHER! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO BORROW? A LAWNMOWER - NO, NEVER MIND THE LAWNMOWER! A FEW POTATOES? A MONKEY WRENCH? MONEY?

NO... I CAN'T THINK OF A THING!

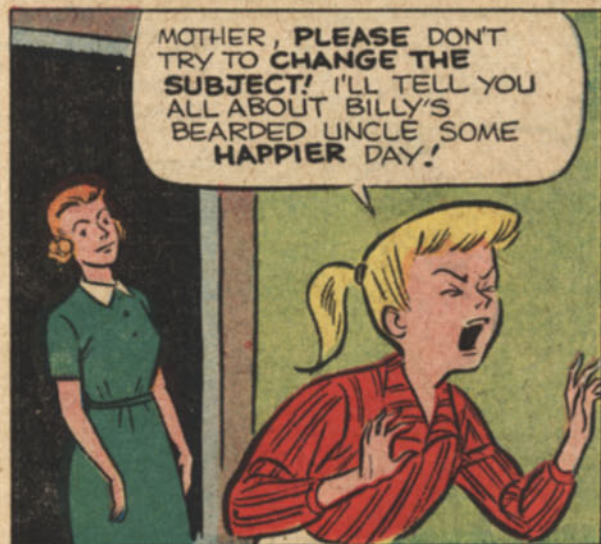
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, VAL?

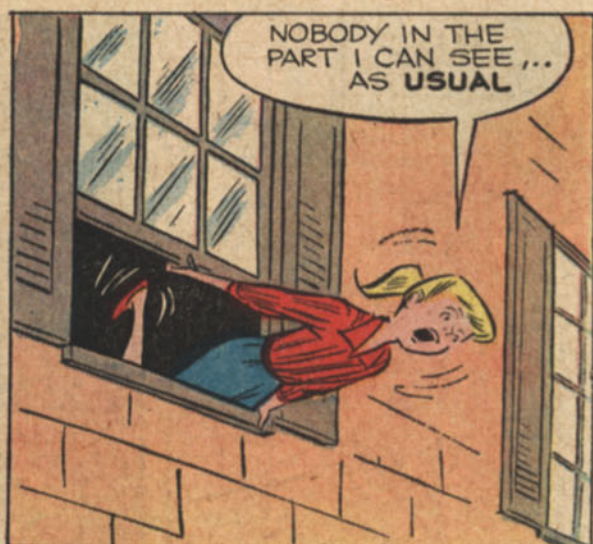
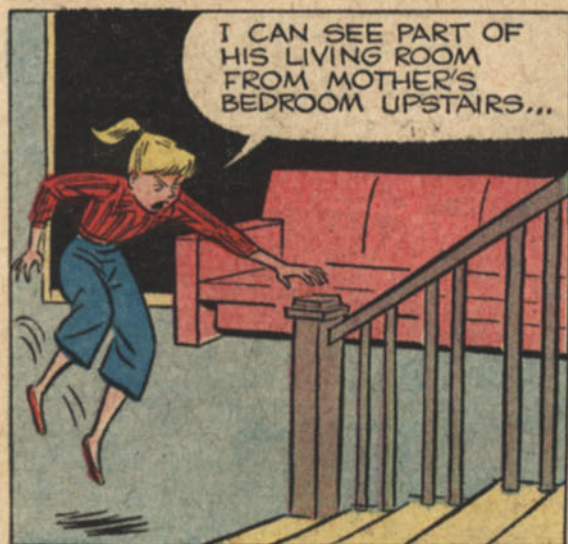
A FLASHY LITTLE BRUNETTE JUST WENT IN BILLY'S HOUSE, AND - WELL - NATURALLY I'M A LITTLE CURIOUS...

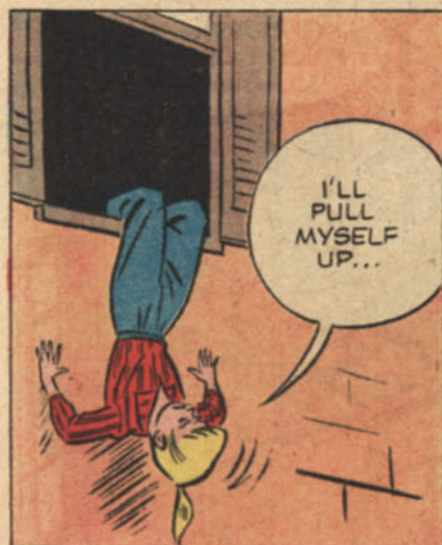
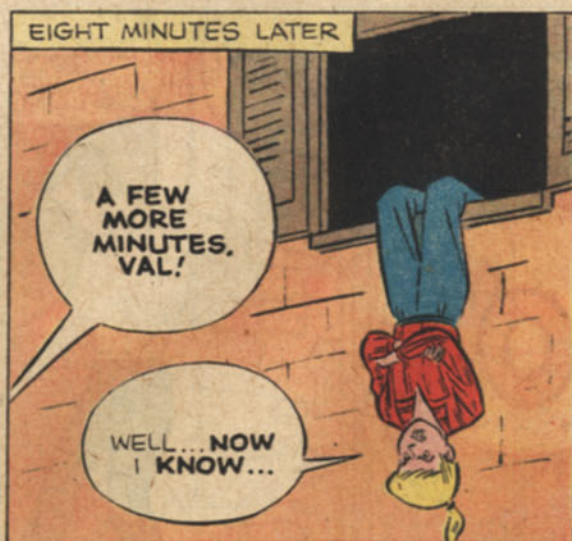
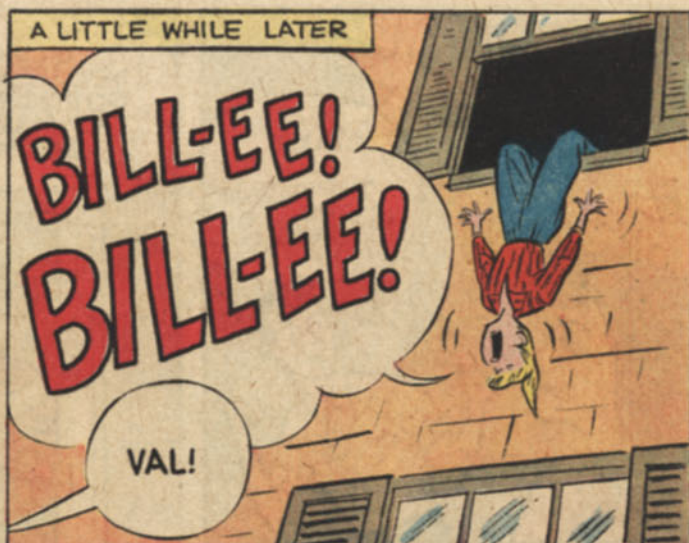
MAYBE SHE'S A RELATIVE!

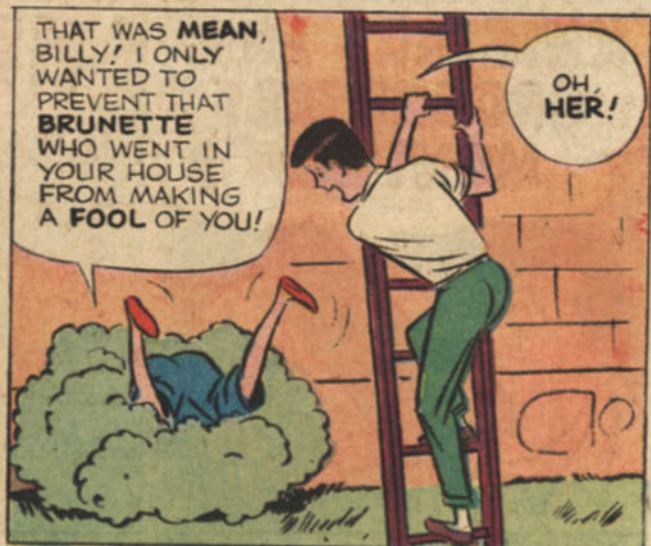
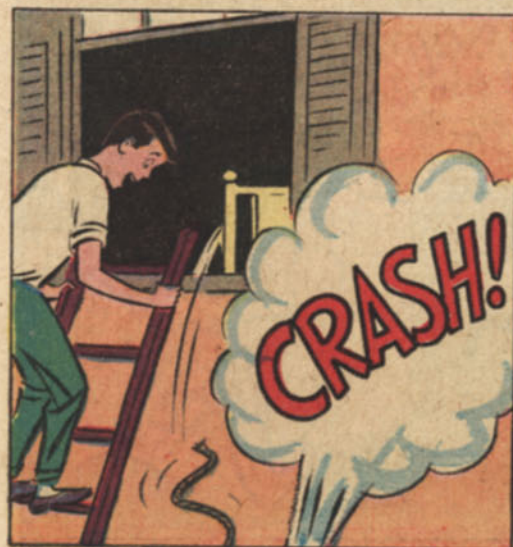
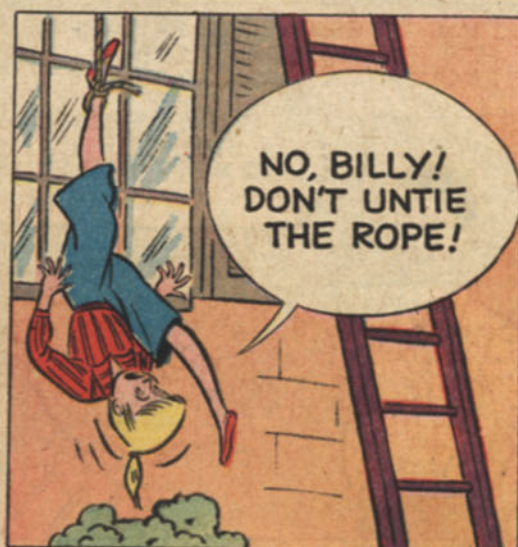
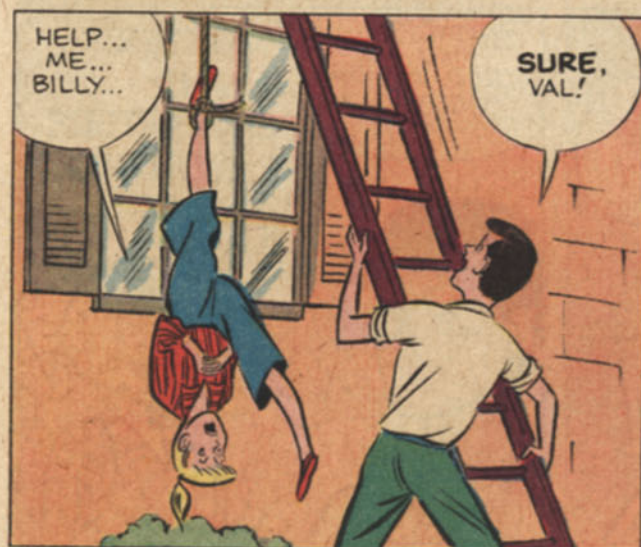
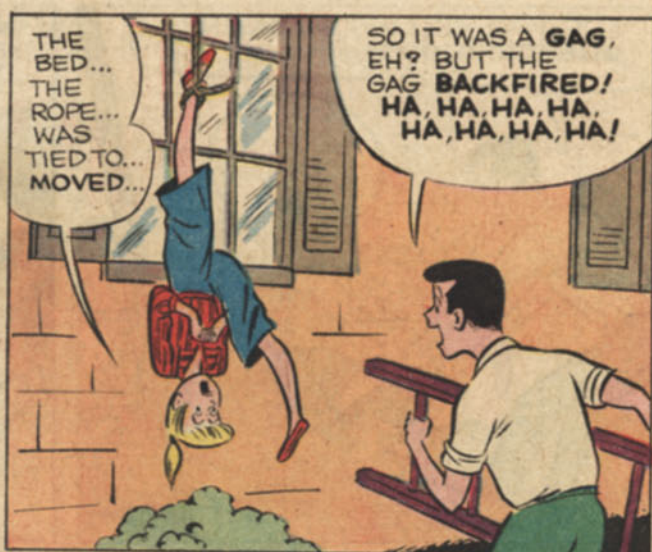
A RELATIVE! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT, MOTHER!

OF COURSE!



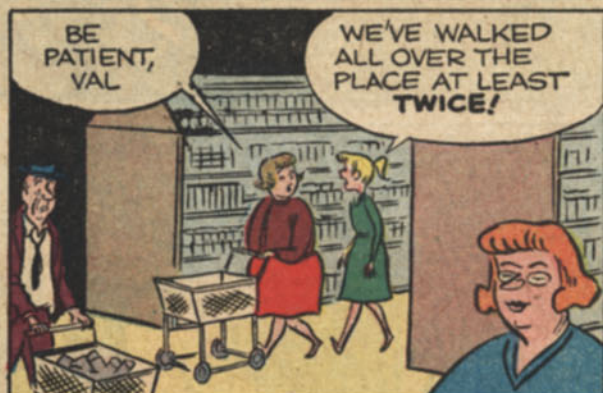






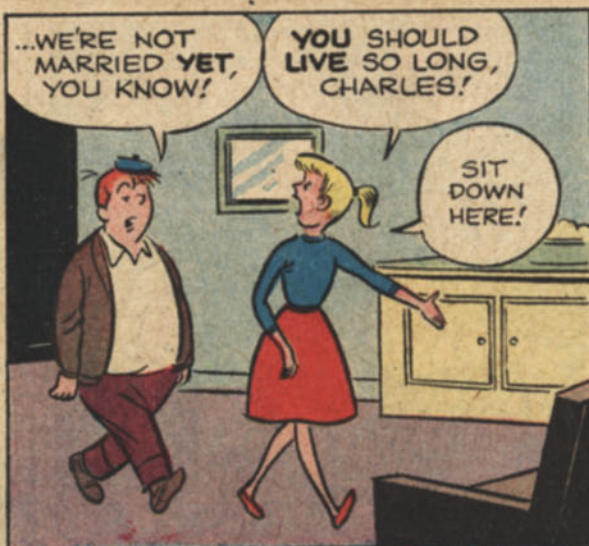
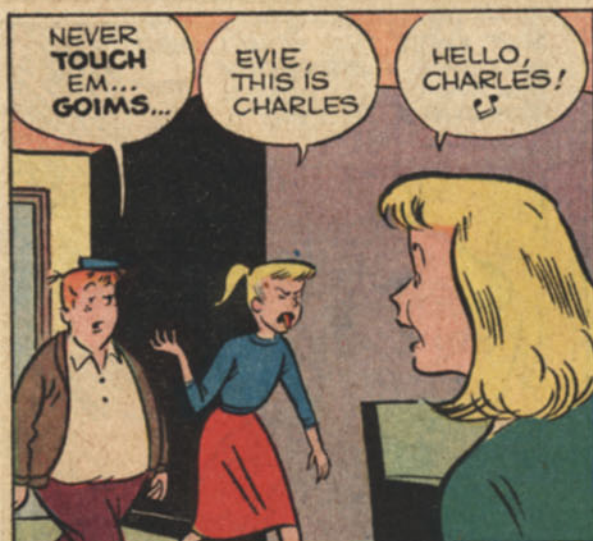
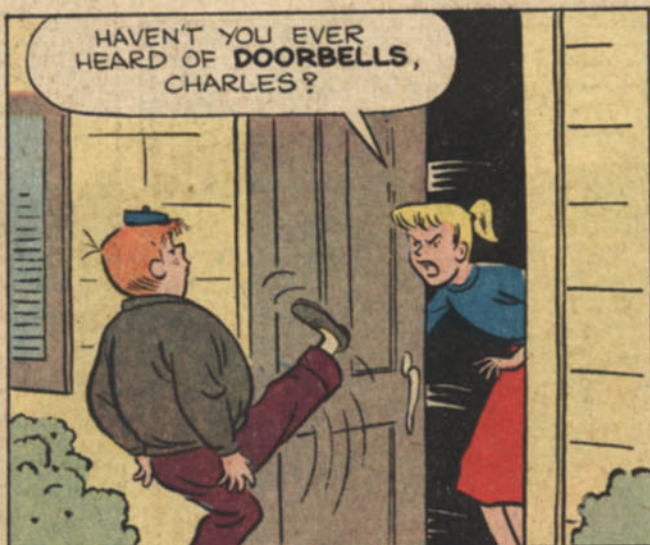
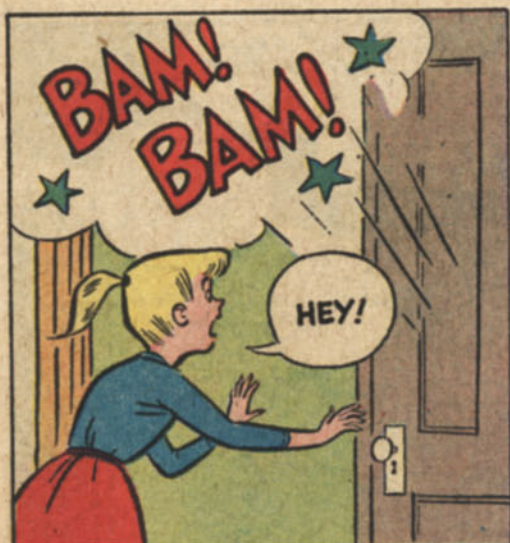


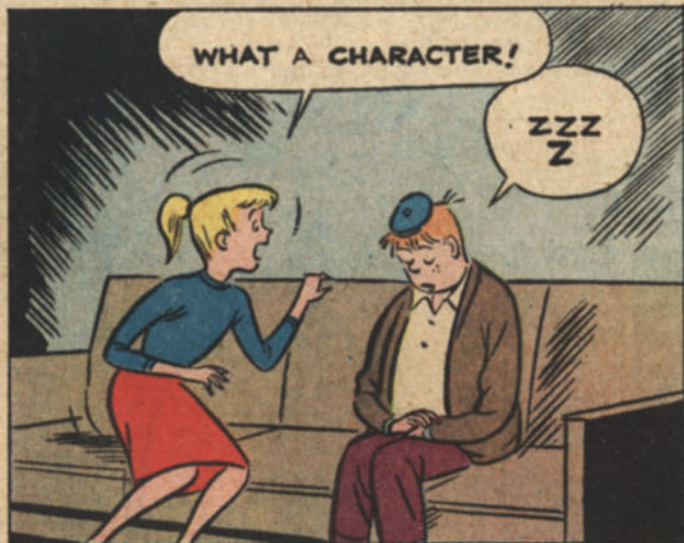
VAL AND JUDY

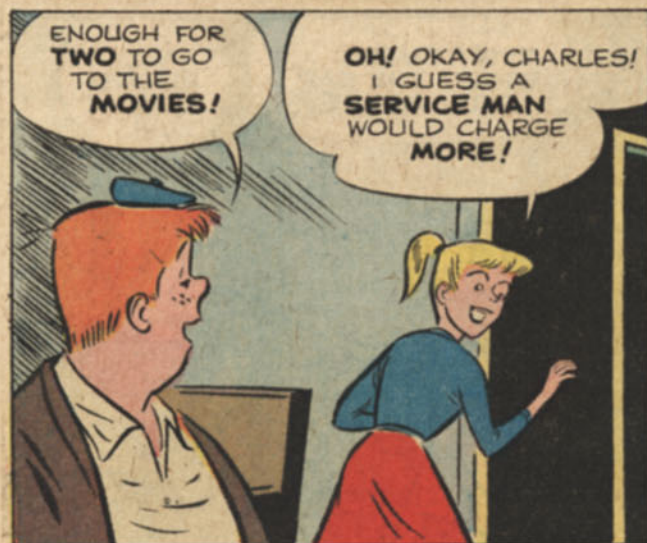
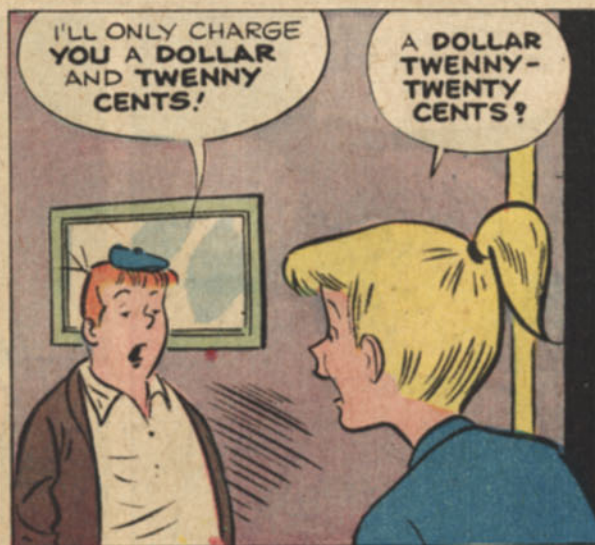
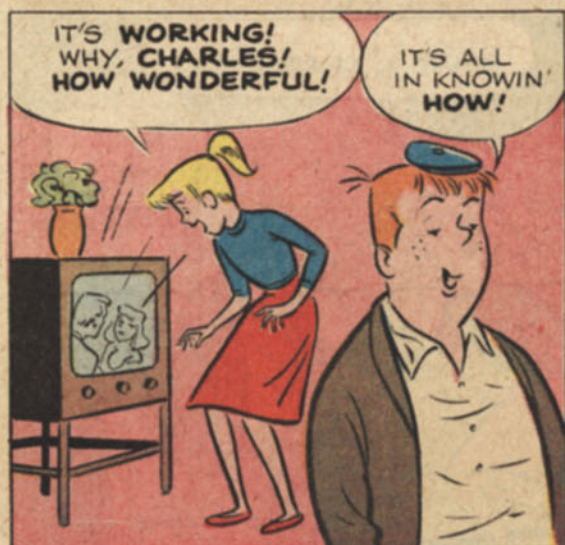
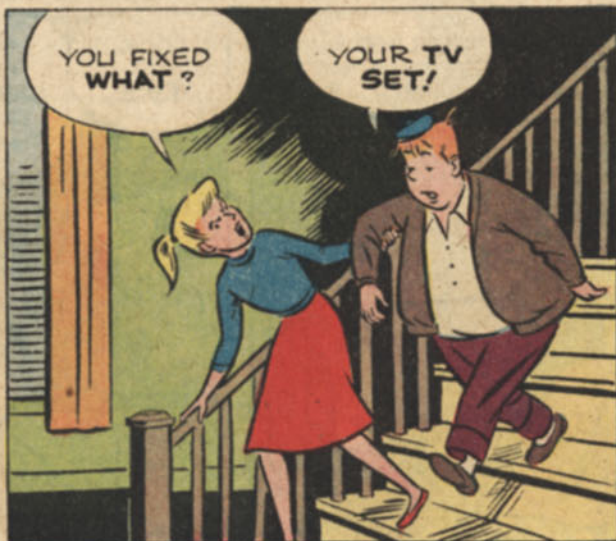


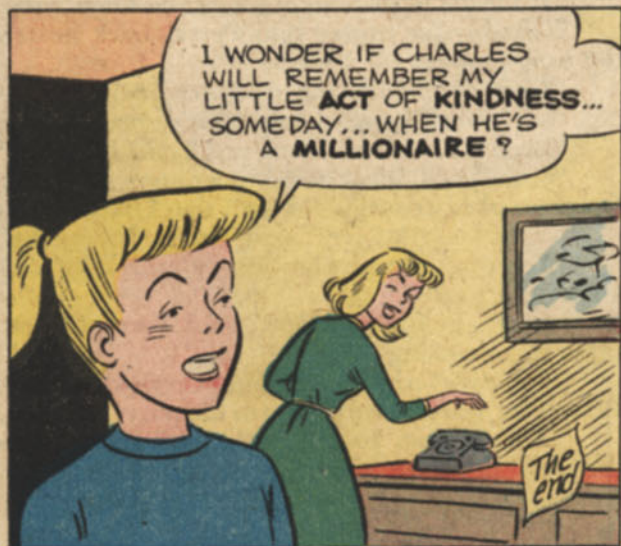
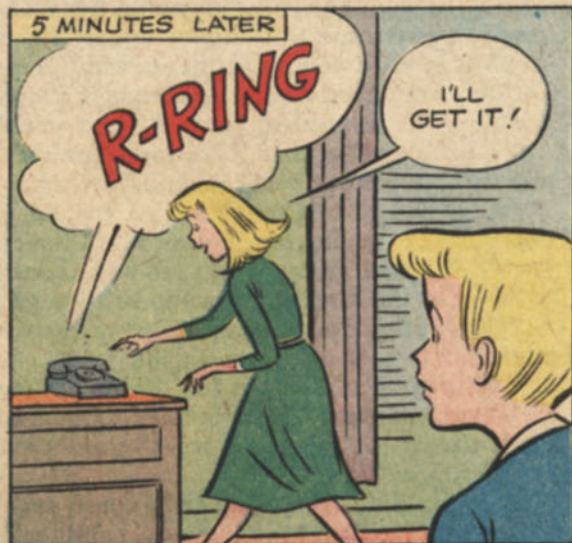
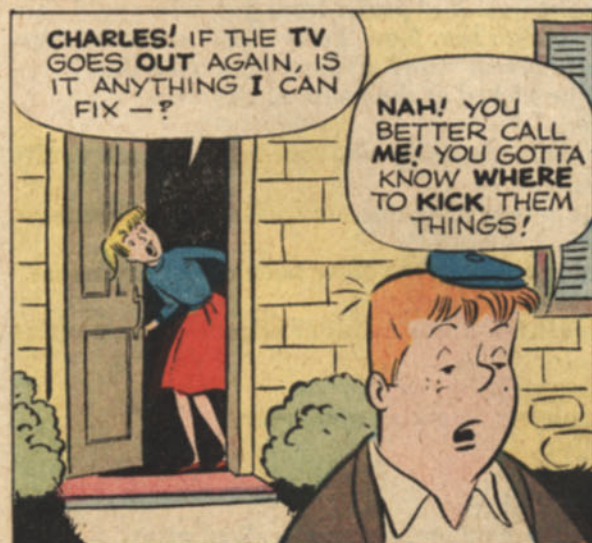












TOMBOY TERRY



Terry lay sprawled under the tree, when Joe sauntered by.

"Joel!" cried Terry, leaping to her feet. "Guess what? I just chinned myself *three times!*"

"Yeh?" said Joe, as though she had mentioned the weather was going to be nice tomorrow.

"But Joe," persisted Terry, "*three times!* I never before could do it more than once."

But still Joe couldn't seem to care less. Terry was very disappointed. She had taken it for granted Joe would be as happy about her feat as she was. And praise from Joe, who could chin himself twelve times would have meant a great deal to her. Now Terry didn't care anymore.

"I—I guess it doesn't count anyway," Terry faltered, "since I rested between chins."

Joe wasn't even listening. Hands in pocket, he kicked at the trunk of the tree.

"Boy," he mumbled, "have I got a problem...."

"A problem?" echoed Terry, who couldn't imagine anybody who could chin himself twelve times without resting between chins having a problem.

"I have to go to a party!" cried Joe. "A graduation party for my cousin Margy Simpson. I don't want to go, but my mother says I have to."

"Gosh," said Terry, "what's so bad about going to a party? You've been to parties before."

"Not to the kind you have to bring a *girl* to!" cried Joe.

"Oh... that's awful," said Terry, who didn't think it was awful at all; she'd like nothing better than to go to a party with Joe.

"Who can I ask?" cried Joe. "I don't know any girls that well!"

Terry was stunned. Joe seemed to have completely forgotten about her.

"I thought... maybe you..." stammered Joe...

"Yes, Joe?" said Terry.

"... could think of some girl I could ask," he finished.

Before Joe could see the tears coming, Terry quickly turned and walked away.

"If I think of somebody I'll let you know," she called back.

Next day Joe trotted into Terry's back yard to find her again lying in the same spot under the tree, gasping for breath.

"I just chinned myself *six times*, Joel!" said Terry, as she got to her feet.

"*Six times!*" shouted Joe, "that's great, Terry, great!"

"Even if... I took a long *rest* between chins?" said Terry.

"Sure," said Joe. "Nothing wrong with resting between chins. Listen, Terry, I got news! Good news! My cousin told me I don't have to take a girl to her silly party!"

"That's terrific, Joel!" said Terry. "I'm so glad."

"You can't imagine how glad I am," said Joe happily. "It made me sick to think of taking a girl to a party!"

"Oh... by the way, Joe," said Terry, "I got an invitation to your cousin's party too. It came this morning..."

"You *did*?" cried Joe. "I didn't even know you knew my cousin! *Wow!* This is great, Terry! I'll call for you and we can go to the party *together!*"

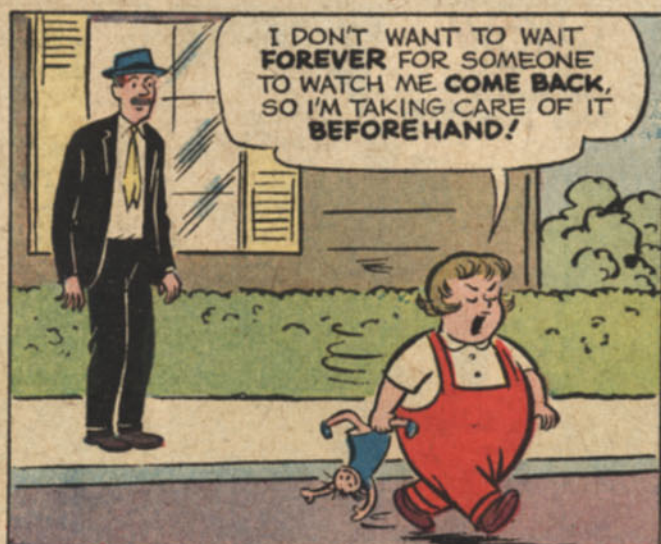
"That's great, Joe, great!" said Terry, reminding herself she'd have to call Joe's mother the first thing and tell her the plot they'd hatched over the phone yesterday had worked out fine.

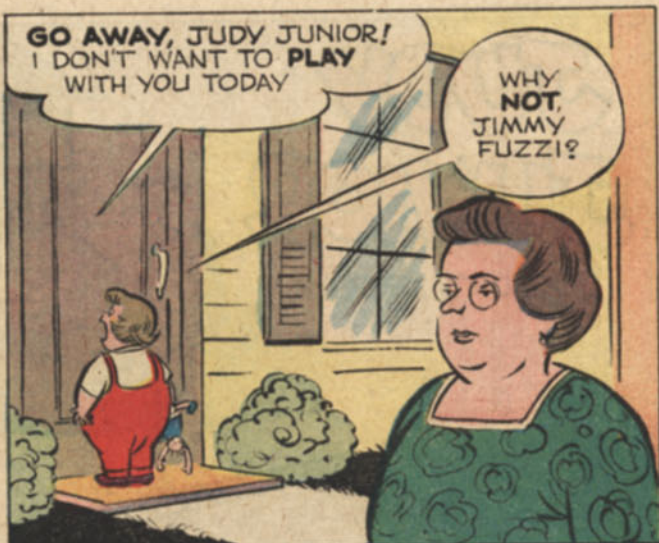
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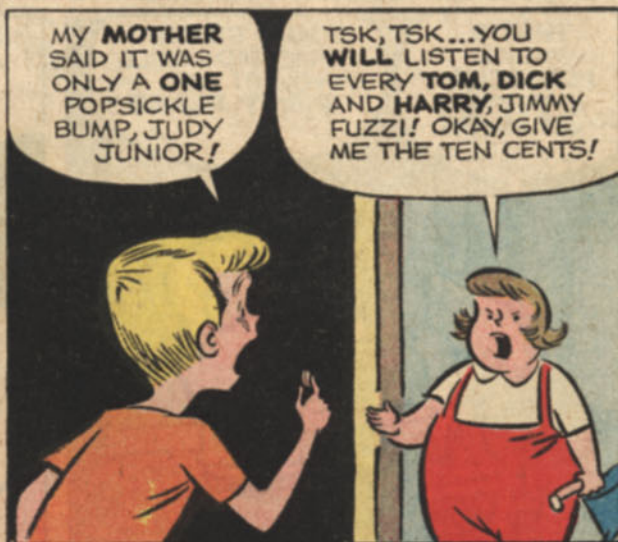
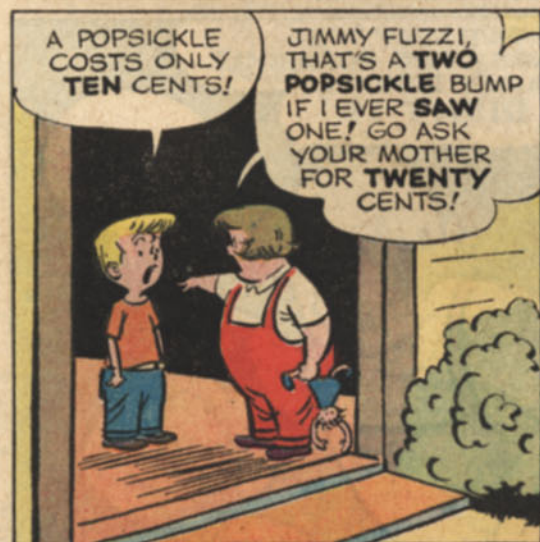
JUDY JUNIOR

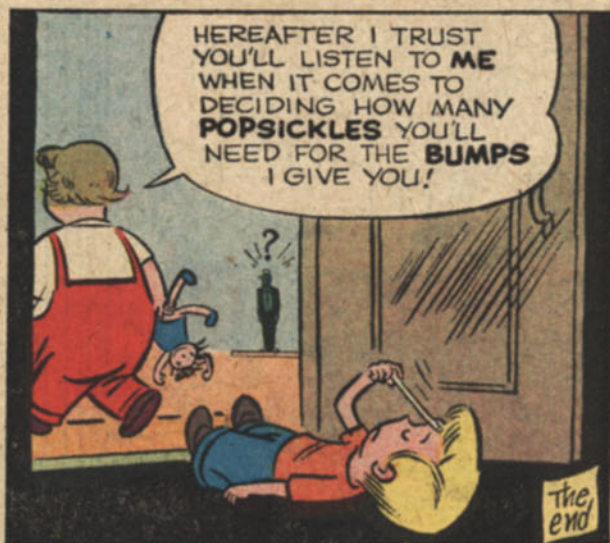
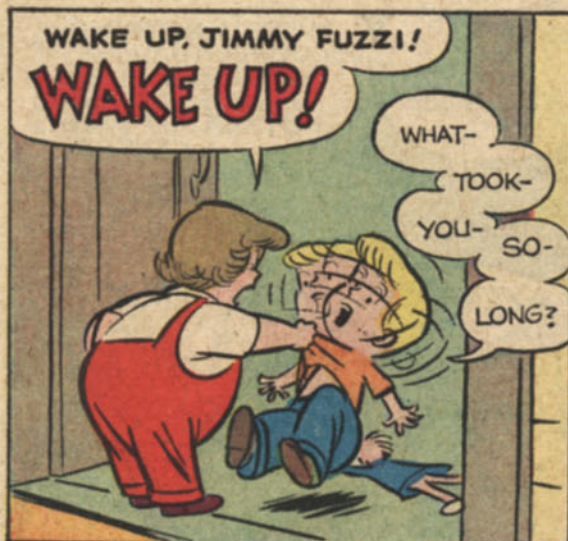
DOCTOR'S ORDERS

IT'S ABOUT TIME!
I THOUGHT NOBODY
WOULD **EVER**
COME ALONG!



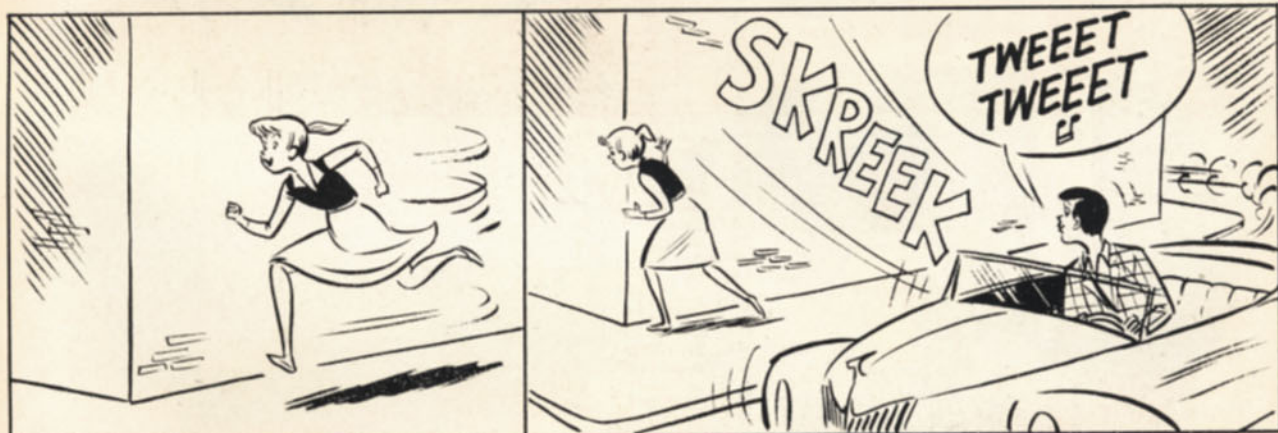
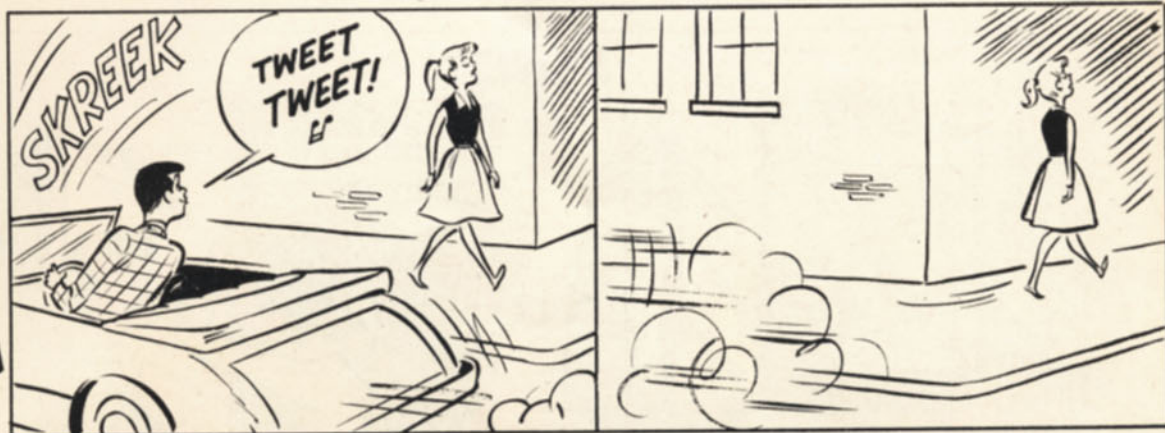




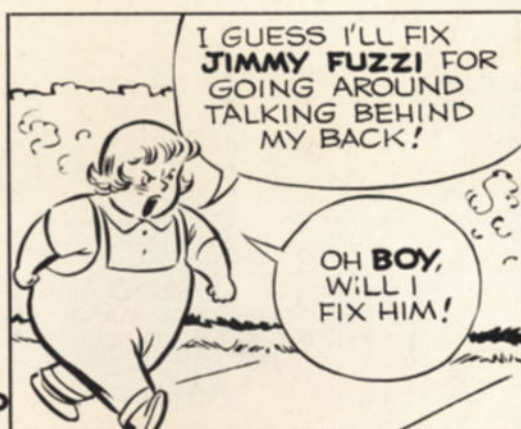


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JUDY

