FOR GOODNESS SAKE, JUDY, DON’T ENCOURAGE THAT CLOWN — UNTIL YOU CAN TELL HOW TALL HE IS!
DOWN IN FRONT!
COME ON, JUDY!
I'M TRYING TO FIND MY SHOES!
WILL YOU PLEASE STOP THAT COMMOTION BACK THERE?

IF YOU DON'T STOP THIS INSTANT I'LL CALL AN USHER!
JUDY, PLE-E-EASE!
BUT I CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT—OH...OKAY!

FUNNY... YOU LOOK TALLER JUDY...

IT'S THESE HIGH HEELS!

HIGH HEE-
I DON'T KNOW HOW ANYBODY CAN STAND WEARING THESE POINTY SHOES! IT'S LIKE WEARING A PAIR OF PENCIL SHARPENERS!

MUCH LATER
JUDY'S TWIST

I THINK IT'S A SHAME THE WAY BILLY HASN'T DANCED WITH YOU ALL EVENING, VAL!

OH... HE HASN'T, JUDY?

YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, VAL?

WHY, OF COURSE NOT, JUDY!

HMM... I GUESS YOU'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TEARING YOUR HANKY UP IN TINY PIECES...

THIRTEEN, No. 4, September 1962. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. President, Helen Meyer; Executive Vice-President, William E. Callahan, Jr.; Vice-President, Advertising Director, Harold Clark; Vice-President, Bryce L. Holland. All rights reserved throughout the world. Application for second-class entry pending at New York, N.Y. and at Sparta, Illinois. Single copies 12c. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions 60c one year. Subscriptions in Canada 75c one year. For American and Foreign Countries $1.00 a year. DELL SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: P.O. Box 2200, Grand Central P.O., New York 17, N.Y. The events contained herein are fictional and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A. Designed, produced, and copyright © 1962 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

This periodical shall be sold only through authorized dealers. Sales of mutilated copies or copies without covers, and distribution of this periodical for premiums, advertising, or giveaways, are strictly forbidden.

Notice to Subscribers: Change of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3577 to 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.
LEAVE IT THERE, VAL! MAYBE SOME BOY WILL COME ALONG AND PICK IT UP FOR YOU! SOME BOY WITH A DUSTPAN! HA, HA!

VERY FUNNY, JUDY!

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE IN SUCH A BAD MOOD, VAL! AT LEAST YOU'VE HAD A FEW LONG DANCES! NOT SHORT ONES LIKE MINE—

SH! HERE COMES A BOY NOW, JUDY!

HE'S CUTE!

FOR GOODNESS SAKE, JUDY!

CRASH!
OH, YOU POOR, POOR BOY!!

LET ME... HELP... YOU...

I'M SURE NOTHING IS BROKEN...

YOU'LL BE OKAY—AFTER YOU'VE DANCED AROUND THE FLOOR A FEW TIMES...

INCIDENTLY, YOU DANCE DIVINELY!

A-A-A!

THE ONE BEFORE THAT LASTED LONGER! GUESS HE DIDN'T HIT THE FLOOR HARD ENOUGH...

JUDY, I WISH YOU'D STOP DOING THAT!
POOR VAL... I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS...

I'M GOING FOR A GLASS OF WATER, VAL!

BILLY! MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU OUT IN THE HALL?

SURE, JUDY! S'CLEASE ME, DONNA!

OW! OO! EE! OW! OO!

A FEW SECONDS LATER

VAL! HAVE YOU BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME? COME ON, LET'S DANCE!

OH! SURE, BILLY!

JUDY, WHAT IN THE WORLD WERE YOU DOING OUT IN THE HALL WITH BILLY?

OH... JUST TWISTING, DONNA...

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU TWISTED, JUDY...

ARMS, DONNA-JUST ARMS!

The end
VAL
CHARLES, CHARLES
GO AWAY...

WILL IT EVER, EVER LET UP?

DO I HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE IN THIS MISERABLE DOORWAY?

OH, THIS IS SO BORING!

WONT SOMEBODY - ANYBODY WITH AN UMBRELLA COME ALONG?

UH-OH!
ANYBODY BUT HIM!

HE DIDN'T SEE ME... BOY, THAT WAS CLOSE...

WELL, WELL! THAT WAS YOU, AFTER ALL, VAL!

OH... HELLO... CHARLES...

I SAW YOU OUTA THE CORNER OF MY EYE, BUT I FIRST THOUGHT YOU WERE AN OL' CARDBOARD CARTOON, OR SOMETHIN'—

REALLY, CHARLES...

ON YOUR WAY HOME, VAL? COME ON, I'LL TAKE YOU—

THANKS, CHARLES, BUT... I'M NOT IN ANY HURRY...
Why not? You don't like your home?

Oh... don't be silly, Charles...

I know— you're ashamed to walk with me because I'm so short!

Ridiculous, Charles!

You're waitin' for a tall, goodlookin' guy with an umbrella to come along!

You're being utterly fantastic, Charles!

What do you care about my feelin's? To you I'm just a little nothin'!

Charles, I tell you it isn't because you're a shrim—short!

Baloney! The very first tall, goodlookin' guy that comes along—

Val! Going my way?

Er... ah... uh... oo...
NO... THANKS... BILLY... I'M IN NO... HURRY...

OKAY, VAL!

WELL, CHARLES? WHAT DO YOU THINK NOW?

I THINK THE VERY SECOND TALL, GOODLOOKIN' GUY THAT COMES ALONG--

HI, VAL! WALK YOU HOME?

OH... ER...

NO, THANKS GERRY! I'M NOT IN ANY HURRY!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOUT!

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

THANKS, FELLOWS BUT I'M NOT IN ANY HURRY!

OKAY, VAL!

SUIT YOURSELF!
I hope you're convinced now, Charles!

To you I'm still just a little nothin', Val!

Oh, all right, Charles! You can take me home!

Don't do me any favors, Val!

Charles, would you mind letting me hold the umbrella?

Why would you want to do that, Val—? Oh... okay...

Hey, wa-a-ait a minute!

Something wrong, Charles?

That's better! Now keep it that way!

But I can't see where I'm going, Charles!
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY WE WERE COMING TO A CURB, CHARLES?

YOU COULD SEE DOWN, COULDN'T YOU?

WELL... HERE WE ARE... THANKS!

GUESS I'VE WORKED HARD ENOUGH TODAY... YOU'LL BE MY LAST CUSTOMER...

CUSTOMER, CHARLES?

YEH... I DID PRETTY GOOD TODAY- TAKIN' PEOPLE HOME AT TWENNYFIVE CENTS A HEAD!

YOU SHOULD CHARGE ME LESS BECAUSE I HELD THE UMBRELLA!

IT SHOULD BE MORE - FOR LEARNIN' THE BUSINESS!

VAL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SITTING OUT THERE IN THE POURING RAIN?

IF I'M GOING TO BE AS MAD AS A WET HEN, EVIE, I MIGHT AS WELL BE REALLY WET!

The end
DON'T WORRY, I'LL COVER ALL THE FURNITURE...

OH! THE PAINTER IS HERE ALREADY!

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE... FAST!

'BYE MOTHER! I'LL GIVE YOU A RING TO FIND OUT WHEN HE'S THROUGH!
FORGET SOMETHING, VAL?

NO, MOTHER... I-ER-THOUGHT IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I STAYED, AFTER ALL...

...TO SEE THAT THEY GOT THE EXACT SHADES OF COLOR!

THEY'RE ONLY DOING THIS ONE ROOM, VAL! AND IN PLAIN WHITE!

OH, MOTHER! THERE ARE SHADES AND SHADES OF WHITE!

HMM... IF YOU SAY SO...
Most people seem to think white is just white...

I guess I would, too, if I hadn't had so much painting experience myself...

I remember the first time I painted the inside of my closet—why, the white I chose was positively—

He's a shy one... pretending not to notice me...

I like shy boys...

- Black
NOW, REALLY!!

I DON'T THINK THIS IS VERY FUNNY!!

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL THANK YOU TO TAKE IT OFF!!

EE!

THAT ASSISTANT OF YOURS IS TERRIBLY FRESH!

I KNOW... BUT HE'S TOO BIG TO WALLOP...
I usually work alone, but I needed somebody today to do the ceiling... my arthritis is actin' up something fierce...

Send him away and I'll do the ceiling!

I guess that'll show him!

Son! I won't need you today, after all!

Wow! That's great, dad!

You sure did my boy a favor! He wanted so bad to see that ballgame today!

I always thought you hated the smell of fresh paint, Val!

Now, where did you get that silly idea?

Would you like to try this for a while, Judy? It's such fun!

I never read 'Tom Sawyer', Val, but I happen to be familiar with that 'fence-painting' bit...

I'm sure Tom Sawyer wouldn't have been silly enough to think he could convince anyone that painting a ceiling is fun!

Grr!
VAL
EARLY TO RISE

THERE! I GUESS I'VE PACKED JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING ANYONE COULD POSSIBLY NEED ON A PICNIC!

I'M SURE YOU HAVE, VAL! THANKS FOR LEAVING SOMETHING FOR SUPPER TONIGHT!

SO MANY DELIGHTFUL LITTLE THINGS CAN BE DONE WITH A FEW ICECUBES!

SORRY, EVIE, BUT BILLY EATS LIKE A HORSE!

THEN WHAT'S WRONG WITH GRASS?

WHY, NOTHING, I'M SURE, EVIE! SAY THE WORD, AND I'LL BRING YOU HOME A HAMPERFUL!
Almost Seven Thirty! And Billy promised to be here at Seven Sharp!

Why such an Early Start, Val?

Well ... if Judy comes around before we leave she'd want to tag along — and there's Sticky Stu, my self-appointed protector — he'd be sure to follow us ... Hmm...

What that pest could protect me from, I don't know!

Uh!

Indigestion, perhaps!

Val ... a little while ago I stepped outside for the newspaper — and came back without it!

So ... it wasn't delivered yet!

It was! But I didn't think it polite to take it away from Stu!

Oh, no, Evie!
HE MUST HAVE SPENT THE NIGHT THERE!

MAYBE NOT... HE MAY SIMPLY BELIEVE THE EARLY BIRD GETS THE WORM!

CORRECTION, EVIE – HE’S THE EARLY WORM WHO’S GOING TO GET THE BIRD!

ONE SIDE, EVIE!

OH, VAL!

HMM... NO...

GOOD FOR YOU, VAL!

I NEVER DREAMED YOU HAD SO MUCH SELF-CONTROL!
Well, well! This is almost too much!

What an event! Allow me to congratulate you, Val!

Who would have thought you’d be sensible enough to vent your anger by mopping the kitchen floor?

That’s better! What... Val?

It was too clean before — one side, Evie!
GOOD MORNING, VAL...

WHAM!

MISSED HIM!

BUT NOT YOURSELF! OR THE NEWSPAPER!

IT'S OKAY ABOUT THE NEWSPAPER, EVIE—I WAS JUST ABOUT THROUGH WITH IT, ANYWAY...
NOW I’LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY CLOTHES! EVIE, WHEN BILLY COMES, TELL HIM I’LL BE READY IN A FEW MINUTES...

OKAY, VAL

HE SHOULD LIVE SO LONG! IF HE’D BEEN HERE AT SEVEN SHARP WE COULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY BEFORE STU ARRIVED!

RING! RING!

THAT’S HIM NOW!

THREE QUARTERS OF AN HOUR LATER

GUESS I’VE KEPT HIM WAITING LONG ENOUGH...

PSST! EVIE! I’LL BET HE’S FUMING, EH?

WHO’S FUMING, VAL?

BILLY, OF COURSE!

BILLY DIDN’T SHOW UP YET, VAL...

BUT THE DOORBELL RANG - SHORTLY AFTER I WENT IN MY ROOM—!

OH... THAT WAS STU! HE WANTED SOMETHING ELSE TO READ!
BILLEE! BILLEE!

Huh-? Coming, Val!

I'll chase Stu as far as I can, then I'll get back fast so that Billy and I can leave before the pest returns!

Can't take any chances this time - I'll have to use something clean on him...

Now, Val-

One of these days you're going to break my glasses! It'll be purely accidental, Stu, because I meant to break your head!

Good morning, Mrs Kemple!
TEN BLOCKS ... IS FAR ENOUGH (PUFF, PUFF) NOW... TO GET ... BACK...

QUICK, BILLY-

BILLY ISN'T HERE YET, VAL!

---

BILLEEE!

HUH-?

IN A MINUTE, VAL!

---

'IN A MINUTE'!

WELL... I'M SURE IT'LL TAKE STU LONGER THAN THAT TO -

YOU DON'T THINK YOU CARE FOR THAT BOOK, STU -?

---

LOOK OUT, EVIE!
Fifteen blocks is... far enough... (Puff, puff, puff) now to... get back... fast...

Billy-

Not here yet, Val...

Billeee!

No, Billy! Forget about the picnic! I'm not going!

Huh? One more minute, Val!

Why not, Val?

I'm too tired, that's why!

Boy! That's a fine thing-

--to wait... till the... last... minute... Zzz
I DON'T GET IT, STU-
ALL EVIE WOULD SAY
WAS THAT VAL MADE
THESE SANDWICHES-
AND THEN WENT TO
BED!

IT'S REALLY QUITE
SIMPLE, JUDY—VAL MUST
HAVE MADE THE
SANDWICHES FOR ME—
BECAUSE SHE WAS
OVERCOME WITH REMORSE
ABOUT TRYING TO BREAK
MY HEAD! AND WOULDN'T
YOU BE TIRED ENOUGH TO
GO TO BED AFTER MAKING
SO MANY SANDWICHES?

The end
CHOCOLATE SUNDAE, PLEASE...

MMM...

YEH... TOO BAD... OVERWEIGHT...

AT LEAST TWENTY POUNDS...
... Otherwise a knockout...

... Outclass anybody around...

... Never take off that much weight...

... Too late now...

... It's sad...

... Real sad...

... At his weight Wildcat Brown'll be lucky to grab the decision...

He'll never catch Peters for a knockout, that's for sure...
TOMBOY TERRY

Terry and her best friend, Joe, stood for a moment on the end of the little dock that jutted out over the sparkling blue water of the lake.

“Race you to the float,” Terry suddenly cried, and, sure that Joe would follow, as usual, hit the water in a flat dive and headed for the float, some twenty yards away, in a splashy racing crawl.

I’ll beat Joe this time, thought Terry, putting every ounce of strength behind each stroke.

A few moments later Terry was pulling herself up on the float.

“I Beat You,” she shouted triumphantly, turning to see how far back Joe was.

Joe was far back—very far back. In fact, he had walked back off the dock and was now smilingly chatting with, of all people, that snobbish new girl!

The girl had been appearing at the lake every day now for almost a week. She always came with a noisy little poodle, and spent the afternoon lying on the farthest end of the beach, sunning herself. No one had ever seen her go near the water.

She was a very pretty girl; perhaps the prettiest Terry thought she had ever seen outside the movies. At first all the kids, especially the boys, tried to be friendly to her—all except Terry’s friend Joe, that is. Joe had too much good sense to make a fool of himself over any girl—but the mysterious girl soon made it clear to everyone that she’d rather not be bothered.

Now, here was Terry’s sensible friend Joe, and the snobbish girl chatting away as though they had known each other forever!

Terry flopped down on the float, cradled her head in her arms and pretended not to notice. But out of the corner of her eye she watched Joe and the girl, with the little poodle yapping furiously behind, walk to the water’s edge and wade in.

Before the water was hardly up to her knees the girl was clinging desperately to Joe’s arm and uttering little girlish squeals of fright. Joe, a sheepish grin on his face, kept saying there was nothing to be afraid of, that he’d teach her how to swim in no time at all.

So that was it, thought Terry. She had asked Joe to teach her how to swim. And he was going to teach her in no time at all! Well, judging by her behavior in only two feet of water, it was going to take the rest of the summer to merely teach her how to float!

Maybe that’s the idea, mused Terry... Joe is the best looking boy around... and he didn’t pay any attention to her... I’ll bet this is her way of getting his attention... for the rest of the summer... I wouldn’t be surprised if she already knew how to swim, too...

Meanwhile, after yapping furiously for a while at the two in the water, the poodle lost interest and trotted away. Terry saw him disappear into a clump of bushes bordering the beach.

For a while Terry lay still and listened to the swimming lesson in progress. Then, slowly, she rolled to the far end of the float and dropped over the side.

Seconds later a piercing, strangled yapping came from out beyond the float then violent splashing... then silence.

Swimming back to the float, underwater, Terry saw an expert swimmer flashing through the water above her, toward the spot Terry had just left. The swimmer certainly wasn’t Joe.

Joe didn’t even notice Terry easing herself back onto the float. Mouth open, he still stood where the girl had left him, staring out beyond the float to where his timid pupil of a few moments ago was swimming and diving like a seal in a frantic effort to find her poodle.

When the poodle suddenly appeared on the beach again, yapping furiously, his puzzled owner swam in.

She tried to joke with Joe about his being a very good teacher indeed, but without even glancing at her, Joe swam out to the float and pulled himself up beside Terry.

“That was a pretty good imitation of that pooh you did, Terry” was all Joe said...
JIMMY FUZZI!
YOU'RE HERE AT THE BEACH TODAY, TOO? I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET AWAY FROM YOU, CAN I?

ALL WEEK LONG, DAY IN AND DAY OUT, I HAVE TO LOOK AT YOUR SILLY FACE.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME OVER TO MY HOUSE EVERY DAY, JUDY JUNIOR!

WELL ... I SUPPOSE I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT ... ON YOUR FEET, JIMMY FUZZI! WE'RE GOING TO PLAY CATCH!

NO, JUDY JUNIOR!
YOU SAW NO TO ME, JIMMY FUZZI? THAT ISN'T LIKE YOU! IT MUST BE THE SALT AIR -

I DON'T WANT TO PLAY CATCH WITH YOU, JUDY JUNIOR!

JIMMY FUZZI, IT PUT ME IN A BAD HUMOR IN THE FIRST PLACE TO FIND YOU HERE! NOW DON'T DON'T PUSH THINGS TOO FAR -!

OH... OKAY, JUDY JUNIOR...

WE ALL HAVE TO DO THINGS WE DON'T LIKE TO, OCCASIONALLY, JIMMY FUZZI! KEEP GOING UNTIL I TELL YOU TO STOP!

YES, MA'M, JUDY JUNIOR...

UMPH! I SUPPOSE THAT'S JIMMY FUZZI'S VERSION OF A CASTLE!

OBVIOUSLY JIMMY FUZZI HASN'T LOOKED AT ANY CASTLES LATELY...

WHAT DO YOU WANT, JIMMY FUZZI -

JUDY JUNIOR!

OH -

STOP!
CATCH, JIMMY FUZZ!  BEAUTIFUL THROW! HE'LL HAVE TO DO SOME RUNNING BACK TO CATCH THAT ONE!

JUDY JUNIOR!

WHAT NOW, JIMMY FUZZ-OH-

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW? LOST BALL RIGHT OFF THE BAT!

WELL...? WHERE DID IT SEEM TO GO JIMMY FUZZ?

ZZ
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, JIMMY FUZZI! REACH IN AND GRAB IT!

YOU THREW THE BALL, JUDY JUNIOR!

IT'S YOUR BALL, JIMMY FUZZI!

NO... YOU LEFT IT IN MY HOUSE YESTERDAY, JUDY JUNIOR!

A-A-K!

THERE WAS NO BALL IN THERE, JIMMY FUZZI!

I KNOW, JUDY JUNIOR...

I GUESS SHE WONT BE BACK THIS WAY TODAY!

The end
WOW! WHAT A BUILD!

Now they'll spend the rest of the afternoon wondering which one I meant!

HEY! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BIG RABBIT, JIMMY FUZZI?

My aunt sent it to me, Judy Junior...

She must be out of her mind, Jimmy Fuzzi! That's a little baby's toy! A little girl baby, at that--!

OH, JIMMY FUZZI! WHAT A DISGRACE FOR A GREAT, Big, HULKING BOY LIKE YOU TO HAVE A TOY LIKE THAT AROUND! SHAME, JIMMY FUZZI! SHAME, SHAME, SHAME--!

WHAT'LL I DO WITH IT, JUDY JUNIOR?

Thank you, Judy Junior! Thank you for taking it!

DON'T MENTION IT, JIMMY FUZZI!

A fool and his bunny are soon parted!
IF YOU KNOW JUST 20 PEOPLE...

YOU CAN MAKE AT LEAST $50.00
-MORE LIKELY $100.00 to $200.00
IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

Everyone You Know Needs Christmas Cards
and Everyone Loves Wallace Brown Cards

Do you know 20 people? Of course you do! Add up a half-dozen relatives, perhaps 5 neighbors, the butcher, the baker, the milkman, the grocer, your dentist, several friends and other tradespeople—and you've probably got a lot more than 20. So what are you waiting for? These folks alone can bring in at least $50.00, probably $100.00 to $200.00 extra money in just a few hours spare time. And this is just a start! Almost everyone you know needs Christmas Cards, and when you show them the spectacular nationally famous 1962 Wallace Brown Line of Cards and Gift Items—it's love at first sight. They'll snap up 2, 3, 6 or more Christmas Card Boxes right on the spot. Keep up to 50¢ of every dollar you take in! This is the fun way of making money because it's so easy. We send you samples that do the selling for you. And, besides making money you'll save money on your own personal Christmas Cards, Gifts, Wrappings, etc. See for yourself without risking a penny. Mail coupon, you'll be glad you did!

GET FREE CATALOG, TOO!
-Send Coupon Below

Be first in your neighborhood to cash in on this easy way to extra money with the 1962 Wallace Brown Line of Christmas Cards and Gift Items. Mail coupon this minute! You'll get 2 Christmas Card Assortments on approval. And FREE Samples of Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards. Plus FREE full-color catalog showing lots more money-makers, including many Christmas Assortments, Everyday Greeting Card Assortments, Decorated Stationery, Gift Wrappings, Novelty Gifts, etc. Everything you need to start making money at once—and we show you how.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., 11 East 26th St.
Dept. E-203 New York 10, N.Y.

Send 2 Christmas Card Assortments on approval, plus FREE Samples of Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards, FREE full-color Catalog, and details of simple money-making plan.

Name
Address
City & Zone
State

If writing for an organization, give its name.

FREE Samples of Popular-Priced,
Name-Imprinted PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Thrill your friends and neighbors and make even MORE MONEY for yourself with exquisite, custom-designed NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards at amazingly low prices. A large variety of exclusive, original designs for folks who want the finest quality in Personalized Christmas Cards at prices everybody can afford. They sell just by being shown. It's easy, too, because...we ship direct to your customers and we pay the postage. You have no bother, no trouble and no wasted time making deliveries. Send the coupon right away for your FREE Samples of the 4 Great New Lines of these fast-selling Personalized Christmas Cards!