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NOV.—JAN.

# THIRTEEN

"Going on Eighteen"

OH, JUDY, IT'S ONLY  
**WASH** BILLY IS TAKING  
TO THE LAUNDRY FOR  
HIS MOTHER!





JUDY



I HOPE GARY REMEMBERS TO BRING ME A **CORSAGE**... I'D HATE TO BE THE ONLY GIRL AT THE DANCE **WITHOUT ONE**...

RING!



HI, JUDY! READY TO GO?



NO **CORSAGE**... AND ALL THE **FLORISTS** ARE **CLOSED** BY NOW...



JUST A MINUTE, GARY

CANDY



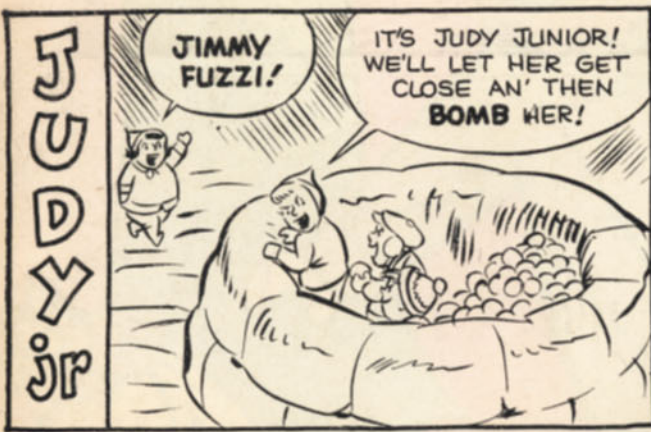
A **CORSAGE** OF **LOLLYPOPS**! HOW **ORIGINAL**, JUDY!

AND **COLORFUL**

AND **TASTY**!

HANDS OFF, GARY!

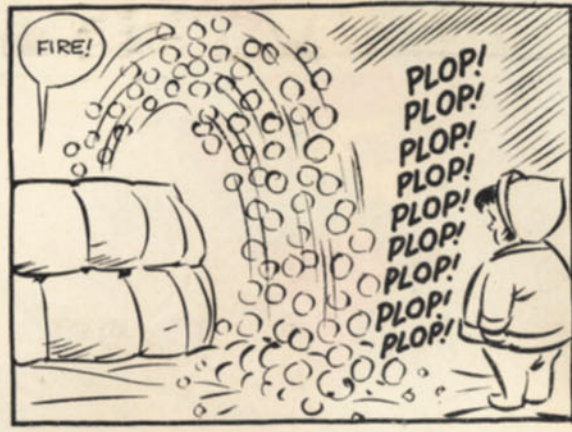
OW!



JUDY jr

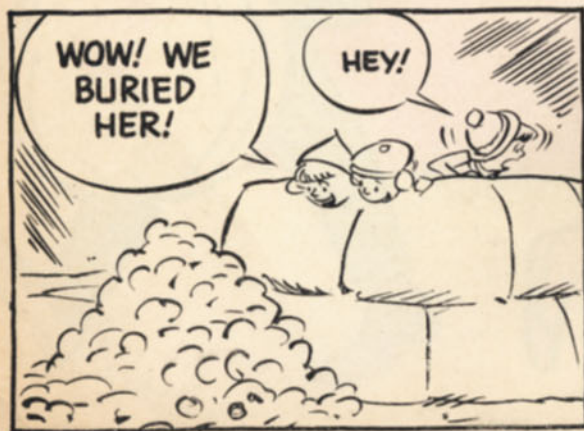
JIMMY FUZZI!

IT'S JUDY JUNIOR! WE'LL LET HER GET CLOSE AN' THEN **BOMB** HER!



FIRE!

PLOP!  
PLOP!  
PLOP!  
PLOP!  
PLOP!  
PLOP!  
PLOP!  
PLOP!



WOW! WE **BURIED** HER!

HEY!

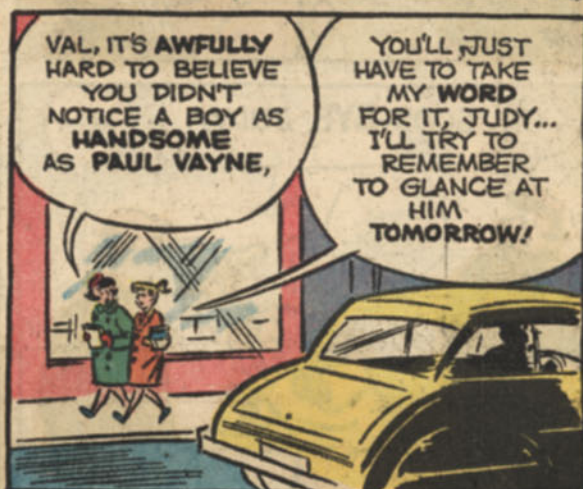
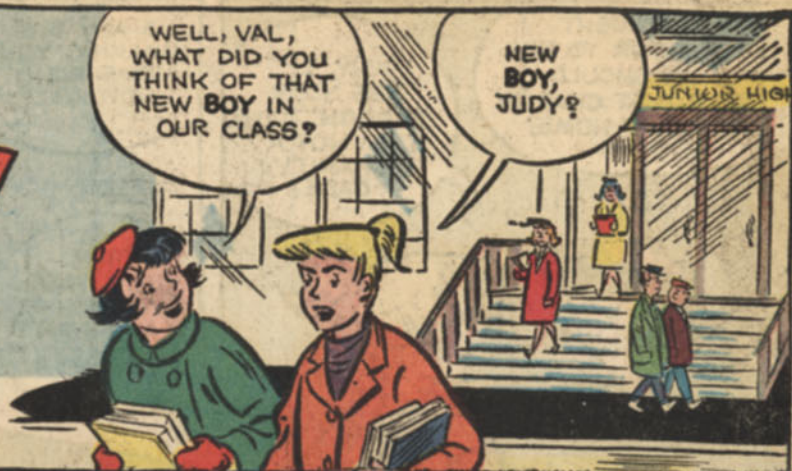


I CAME IN THE **BACK** WAY 'CAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO INTERFERE WITH WHATEVER YOU SILLY BOYS WERE DOING AROUND THERE IN **FRONT**!



# VAL and JUDY

DOODLES



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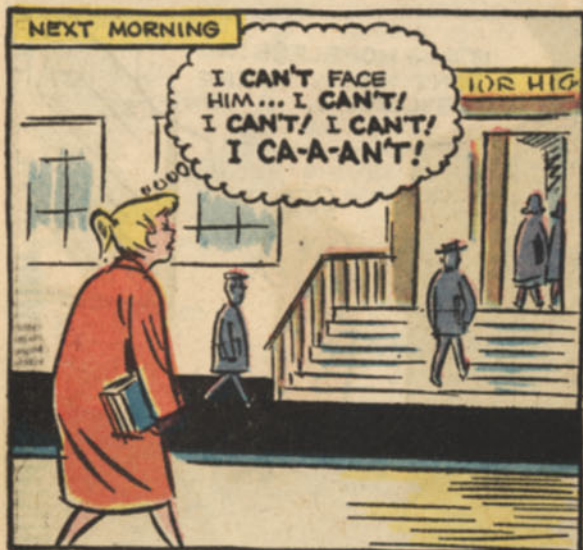


















# VAL

Apartners

HI, VAL!  
WHO ARE YOU  
DANCING WITH?

WHO DO YOU  
THINK, DONNA?  
BILLY, OF COURSE!



HMPH! THERE  
MUST BE TWO  
BILLYS! I JUST  
SAW ONE OUT  
IN THE HALL!

OH...  
HE'S  
GONE--!



HEY, BILLY!  
ISN'T THAT  
VAL?

OOPS! SHE'S  
LOOKING FOR  
ME! WITH FIRE  
IN HER EYE,  
NO DOUBT!



SO, BILLY! YOU  
WALKED OFF AND  
LEFT ME DANCING  
BY MYSELF, LIKE  
A FOOL!

WHY, NO,  
VAL! LOOK!  
I'M  
DANCING!



... WE JUST WANDERED  
A LITTLE FARTHER APART  
THAN USUAL! I GET SO  
CARRIED AWAY WHEN  
I DANCE WITH YOU!

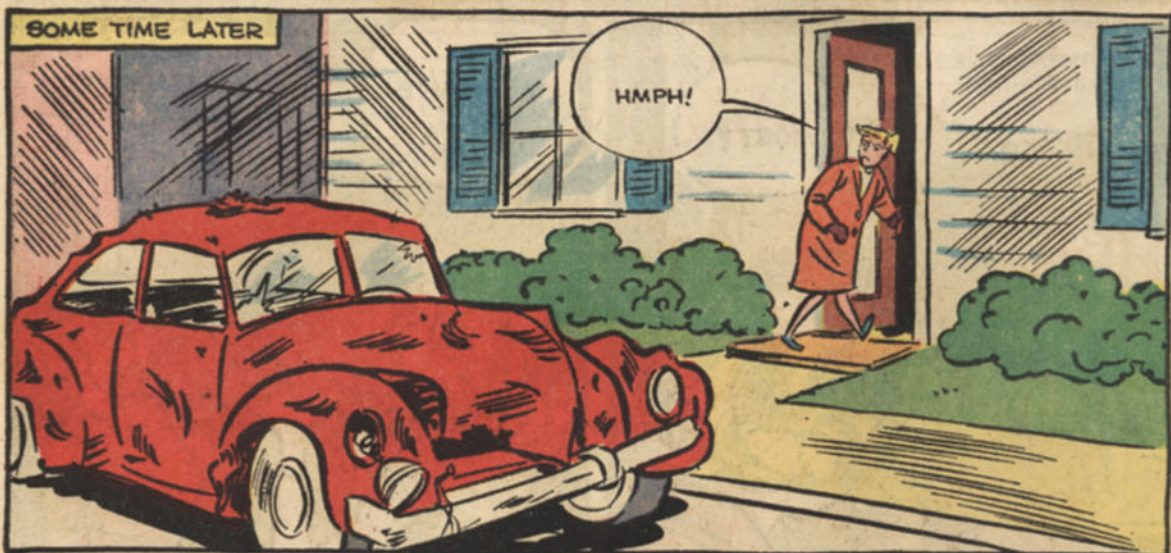
OH... FLATTERER!



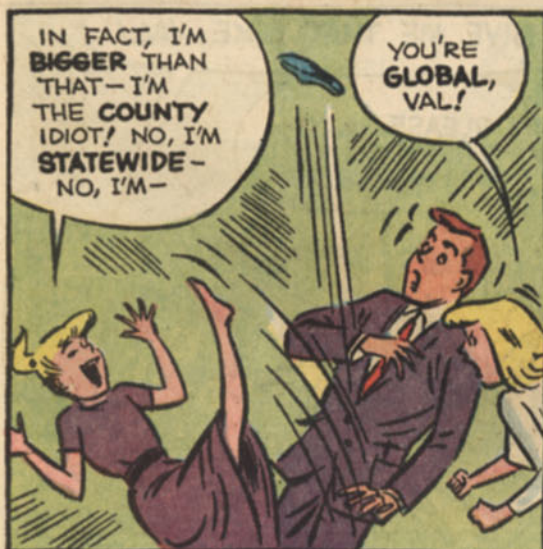




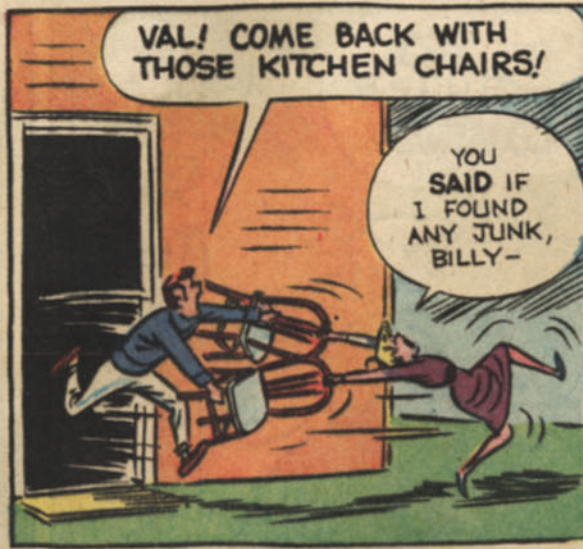
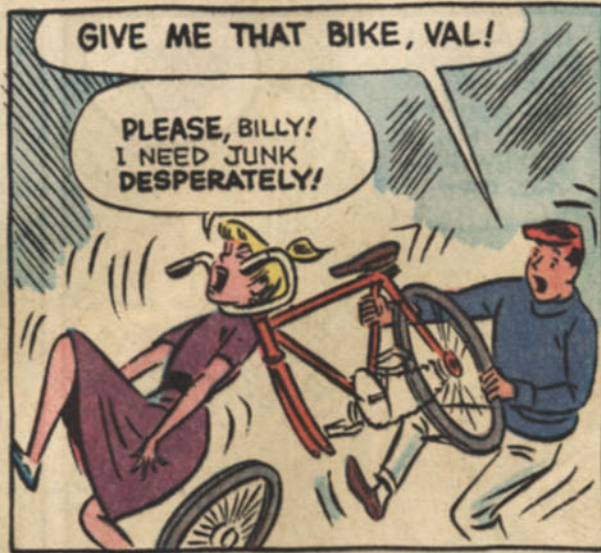
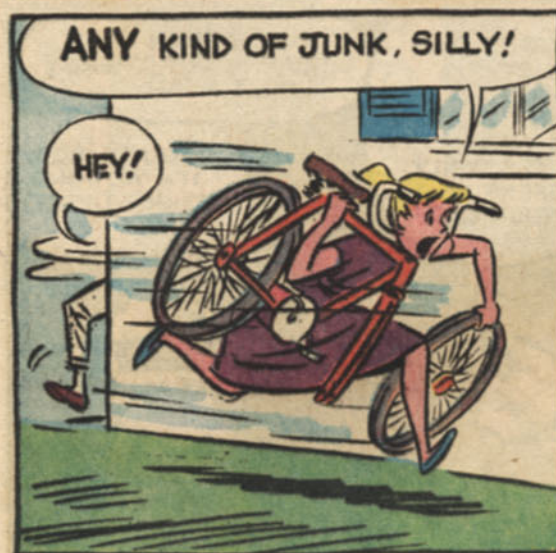
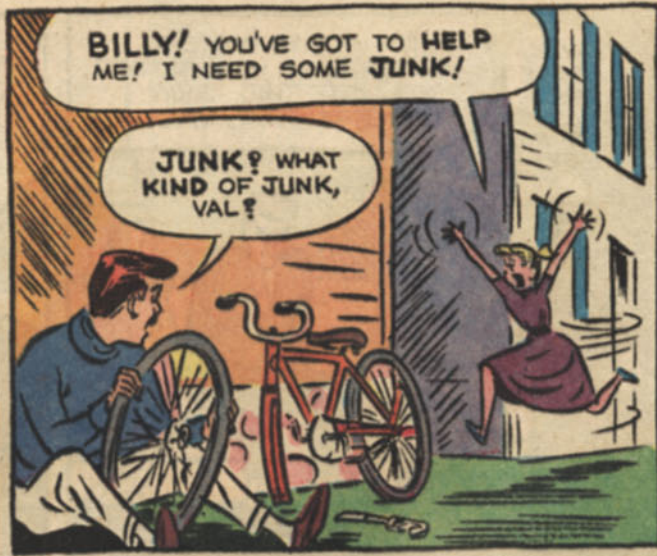




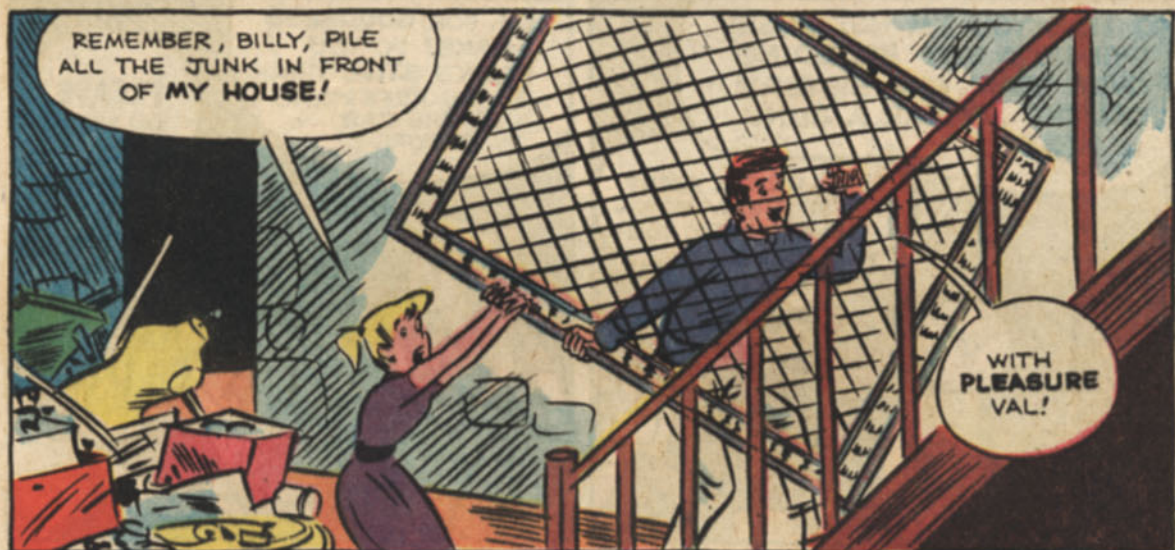




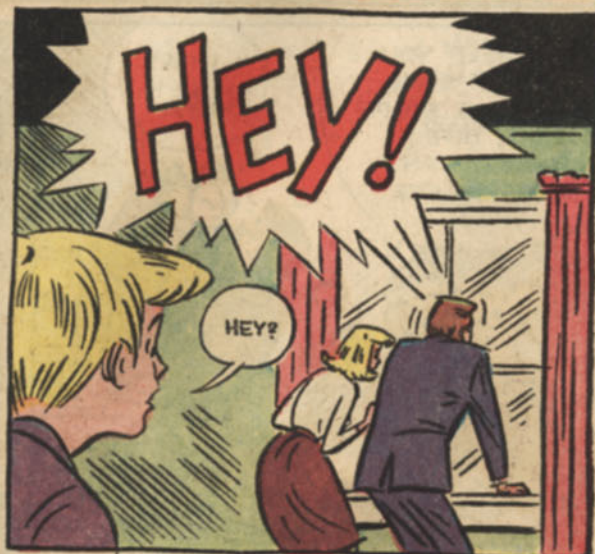




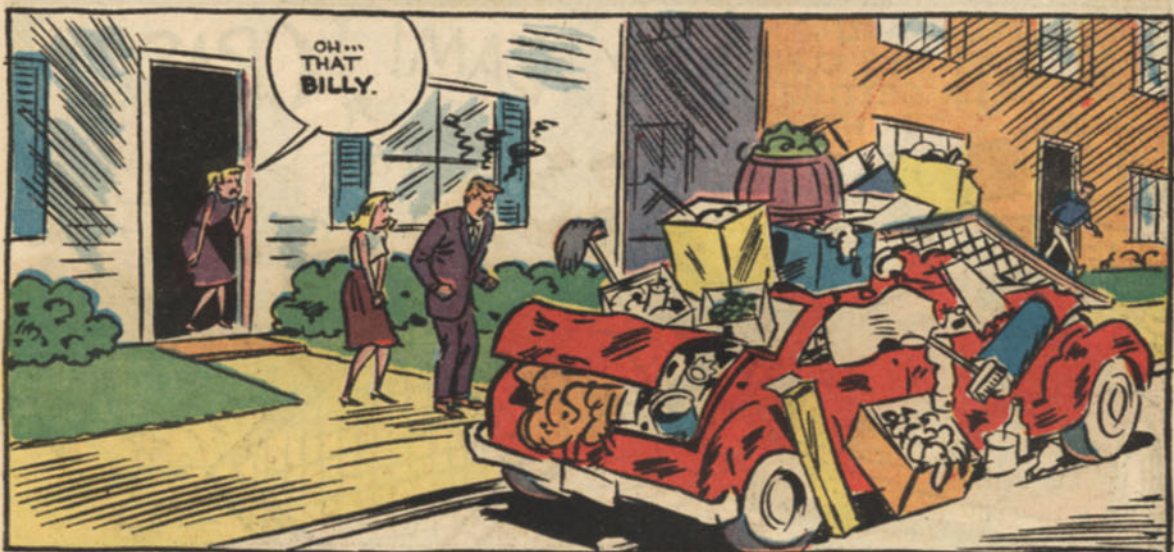




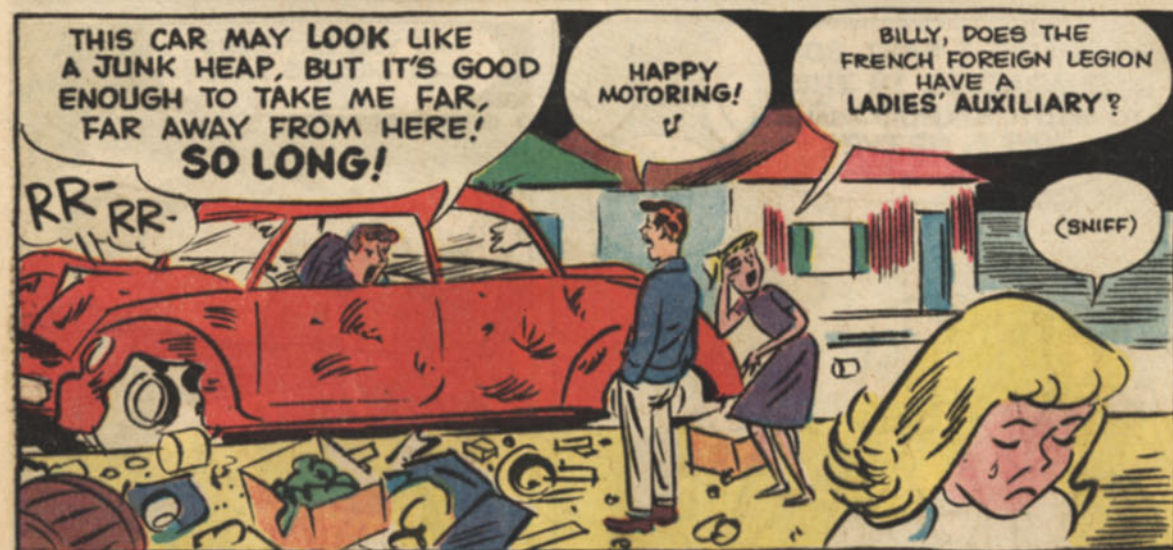
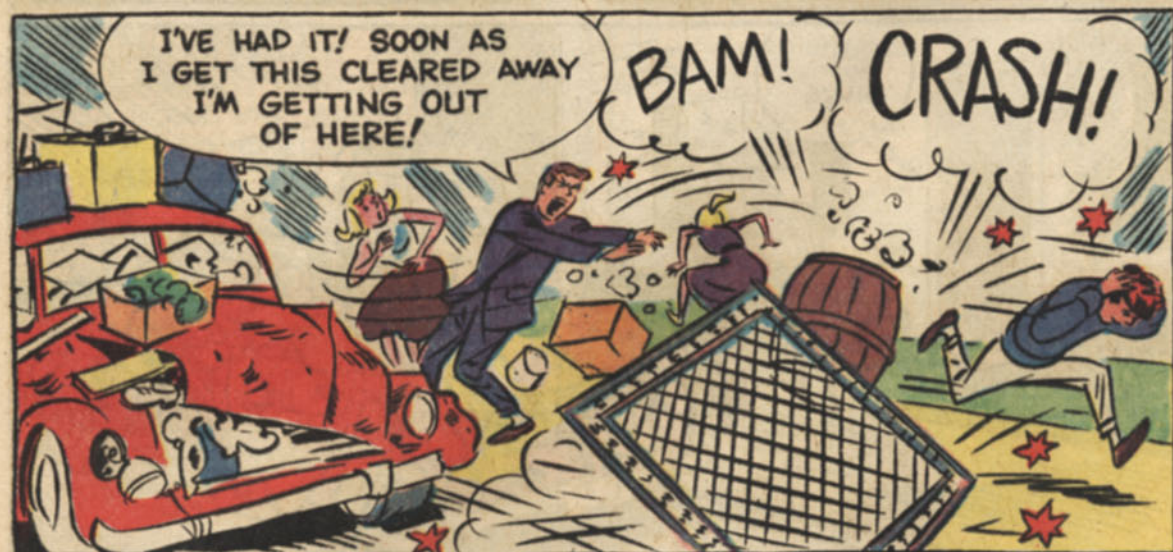










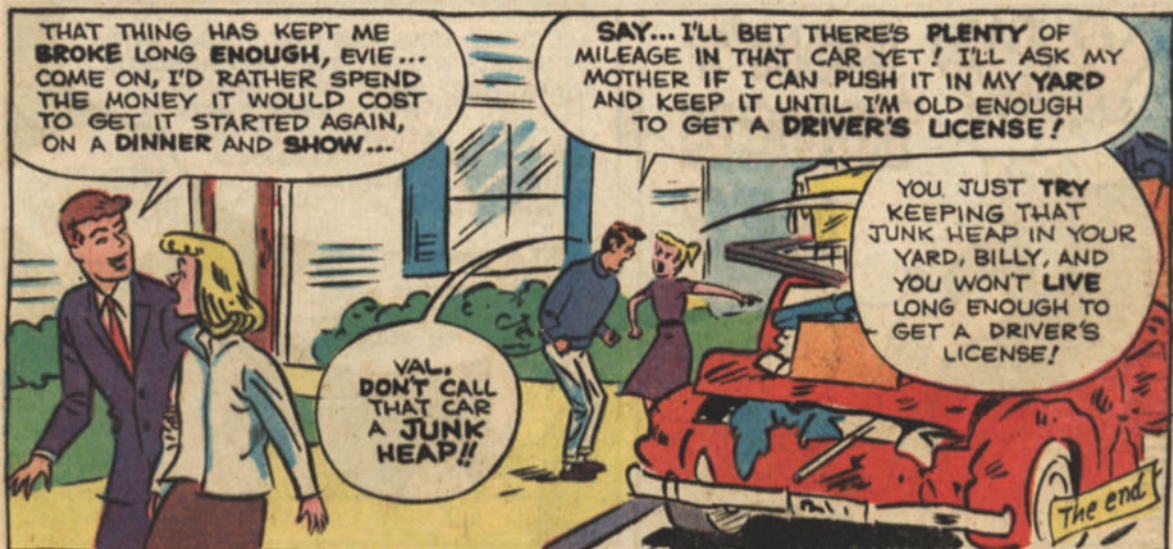
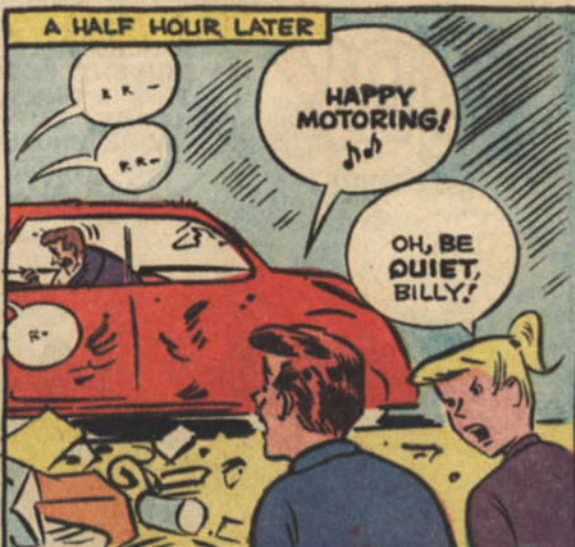




FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER



A HALF HOUR LATER





# JUDY

The champ

STUDENTS ... YOU'VE PROBABLY NOTICED THAT ALMOST HALF THE STUDENT BODY IS ABSENT TODAY! THIS IS UNUSUAL, TO SAY THE LEAST! BUT WHAT IS EVEN MORE UNUSUAL IS THE FACT THAT THESE ABSENTEES ARE ALL BOYS!



...SO FAR, THERE'S BEEN NO WORD FROM THEIR PARENTS AS TO WHAT AILS THESE BOYS ... MEANWHILE, I CALLED THIS GENERAL ASSEMBLY TO CAUTION THE-ER-MORE IMAGINATIVE AMONG YOU WHO MIGHT THINK THERE'S AN EPIDEMIC OF SOME MYSTERIOUS DISEASE THAT ATTACKS ONLY BOYS— PLEASE—PLEASE DON'T JUMP TO ANY SUCH SILLY CONCLUSION!

PSSST! MR BULBLY!



...UNTIL WE LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS FRIGHTFUL EP-ER-ABSENTEEISM, WE MUST BE CALM! WE MUST NOT PANIC—

MR BULBLY!



**YOW! DON'T TOUCH ME!!**

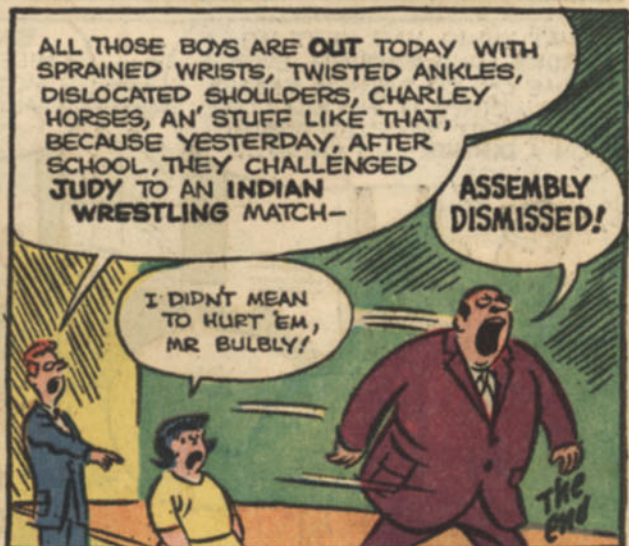
LISTEN, MR BULBLY—!



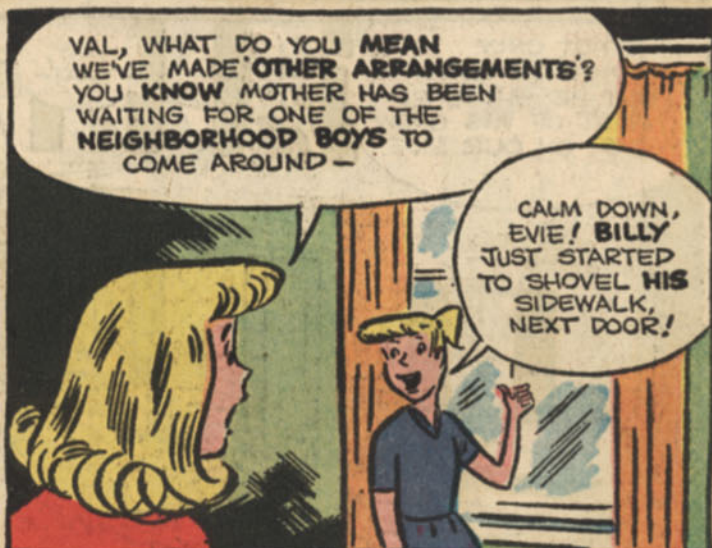
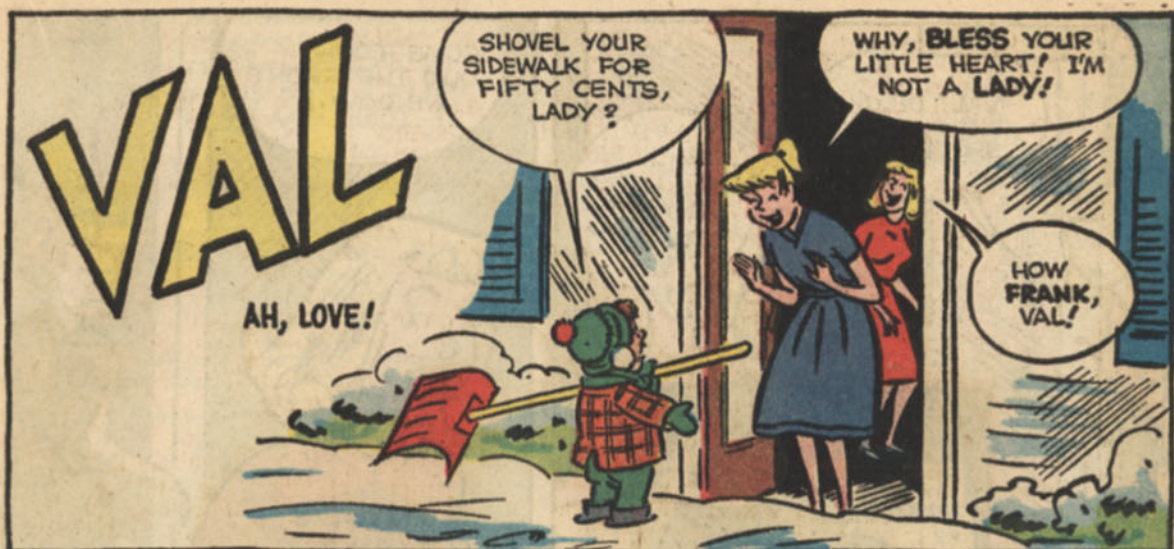
ALL THOSE BOYS ARE OUT TODAY WITH SPRAINED WRISTS, TWISTED ANKLES, DISLOCATED SHOULDERS, CHARLEY HORSES, AN' STUFF LIKE THAT, BECAUSE YESTERDAY, AFTER SCHOOL, THEY CHALLENGED JUDY TO AN INDIAN WRESTLING MATCH—

ASSEMBLY DISMISSED!

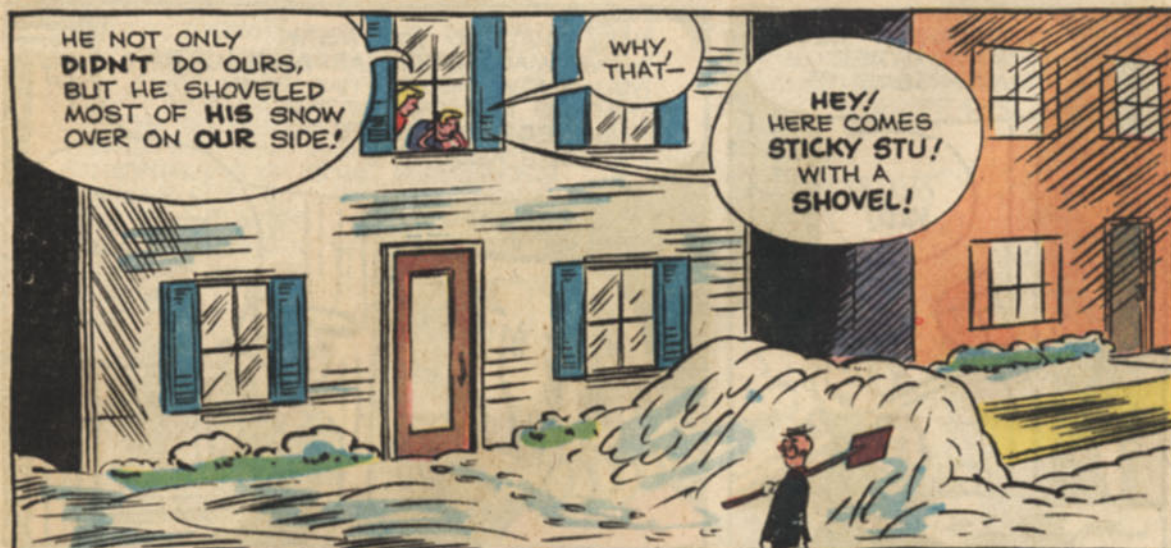
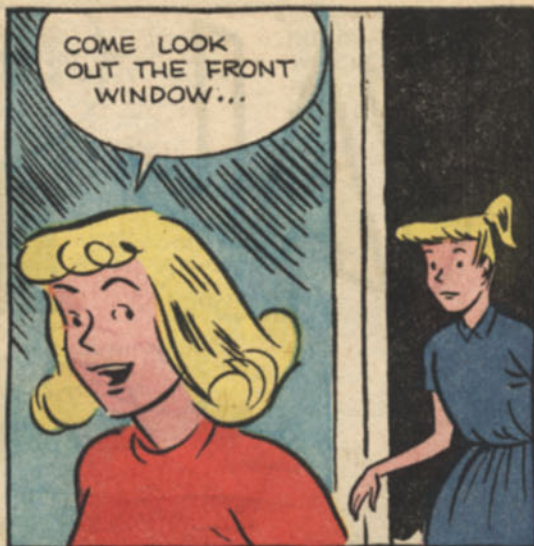
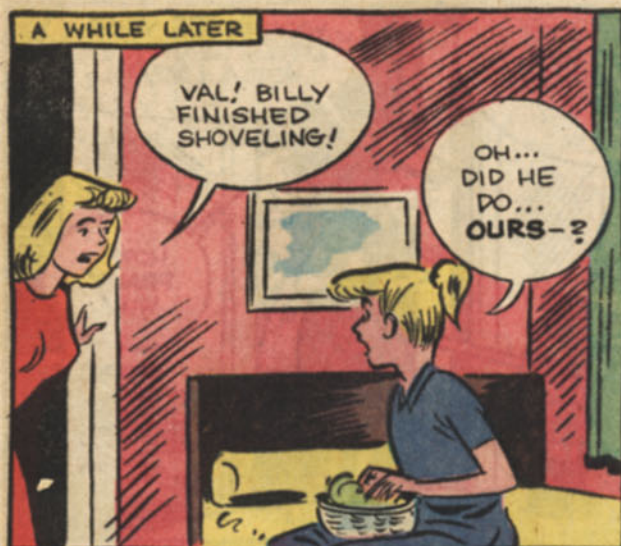
I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT 'EM, MR BULBLY!



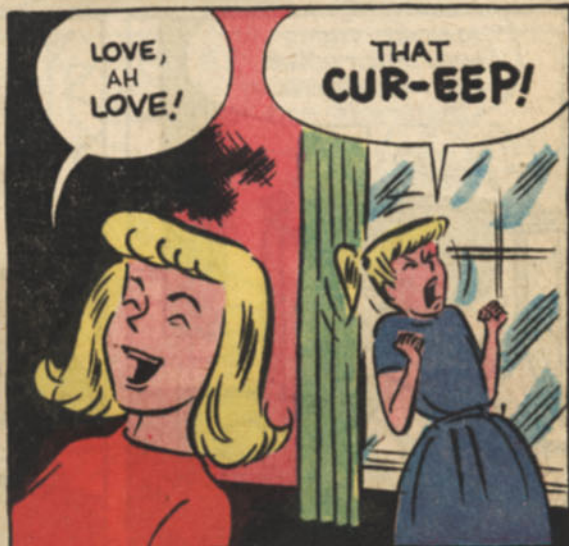
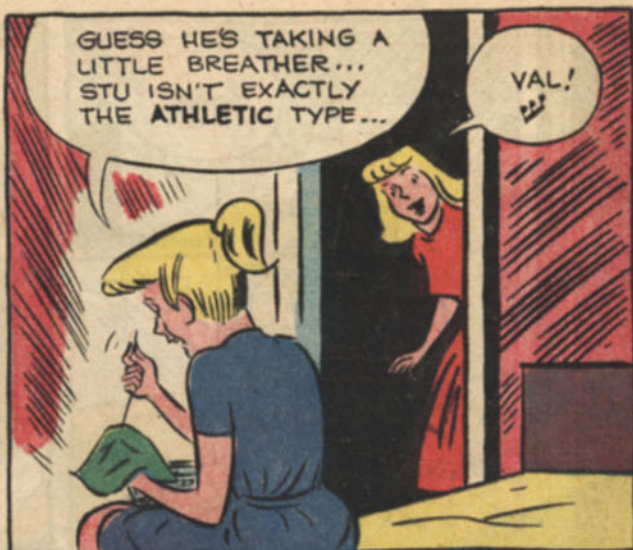




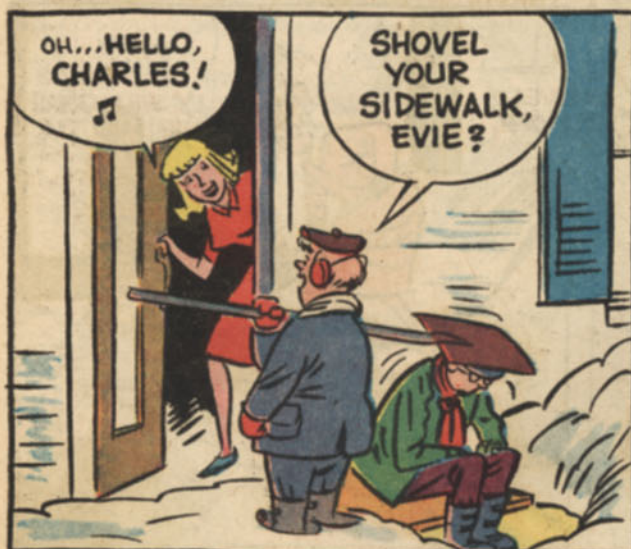
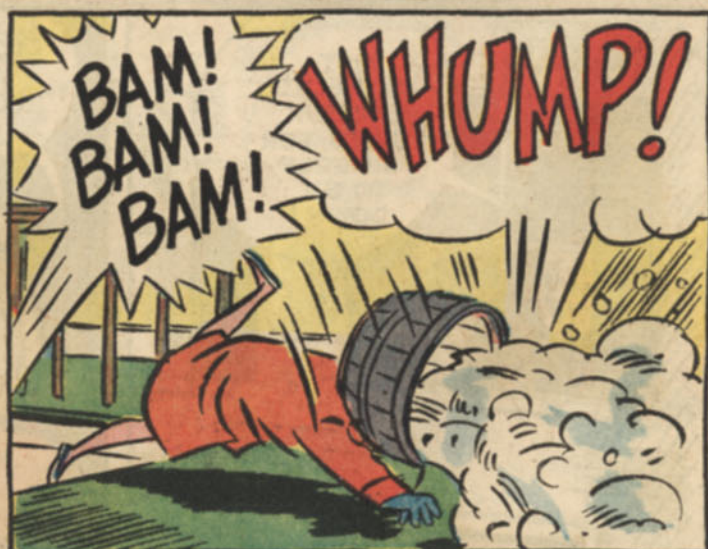
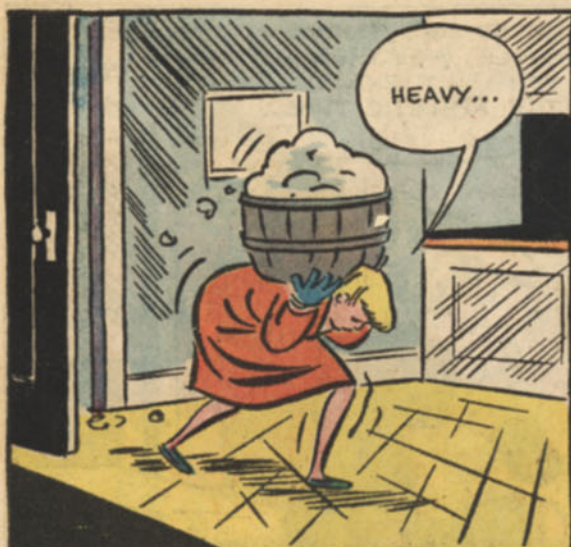


















# JUDY

## PIZZA PLATTER

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH  
MUSIC, JUDY! I'M  
**HUNGRY!** WHEN ARE  
YOU GOING TO START  
COOKING THE PIZZA?

OH...  
**RIGHT  
AWAY,  
GARY!**









# VAL and JUDY

PALS TO  
THE END

I'M SORRY, JUDY... VAL ISN'T HOME... SHE WENT FOR A STROLL WITH THAT NEW BOY, **PAUL VAYNE**... YOU SHOULD HAVE **PHONED** FIRST...

HMPH!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN I'D HAVE TO **PHONE** FOR AN **APPOINTMENT** TO SEE VAL...

I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD IT!

HI, JUDY!

OH-!

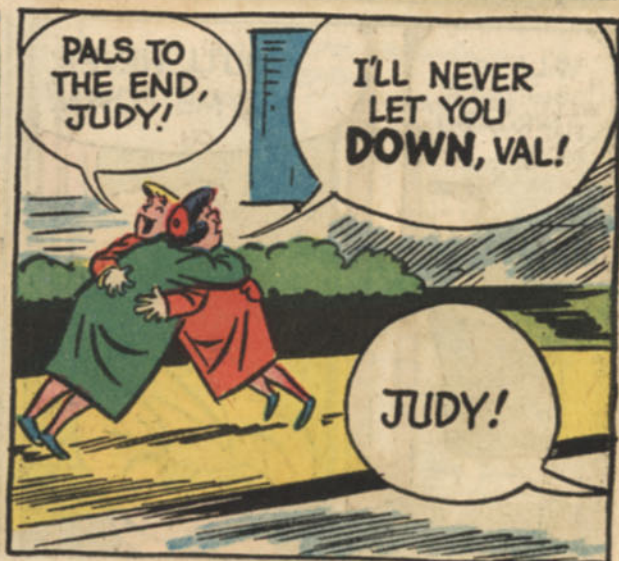
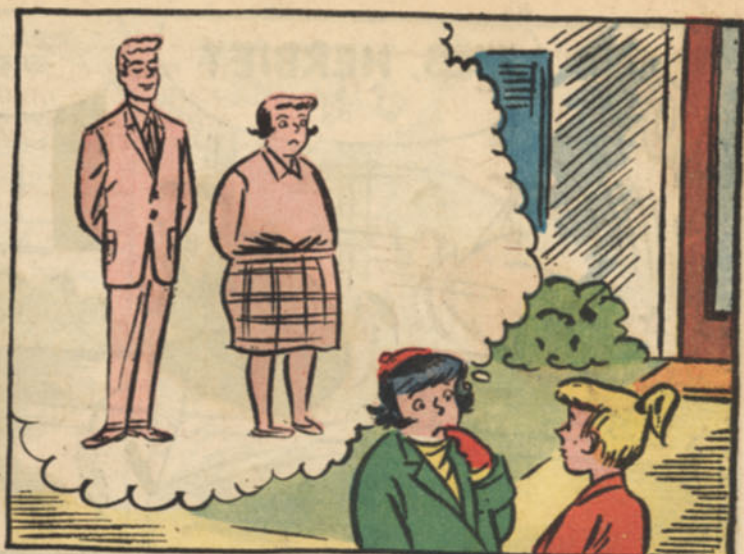
MY, YOU'RE LOOKING WELL, VAL! YOU'VE HARDLY **CHANGED** AT ALL SINCE I SAW YOU LAST!

OH, DON'T BE SARCASTIC, JUDY...

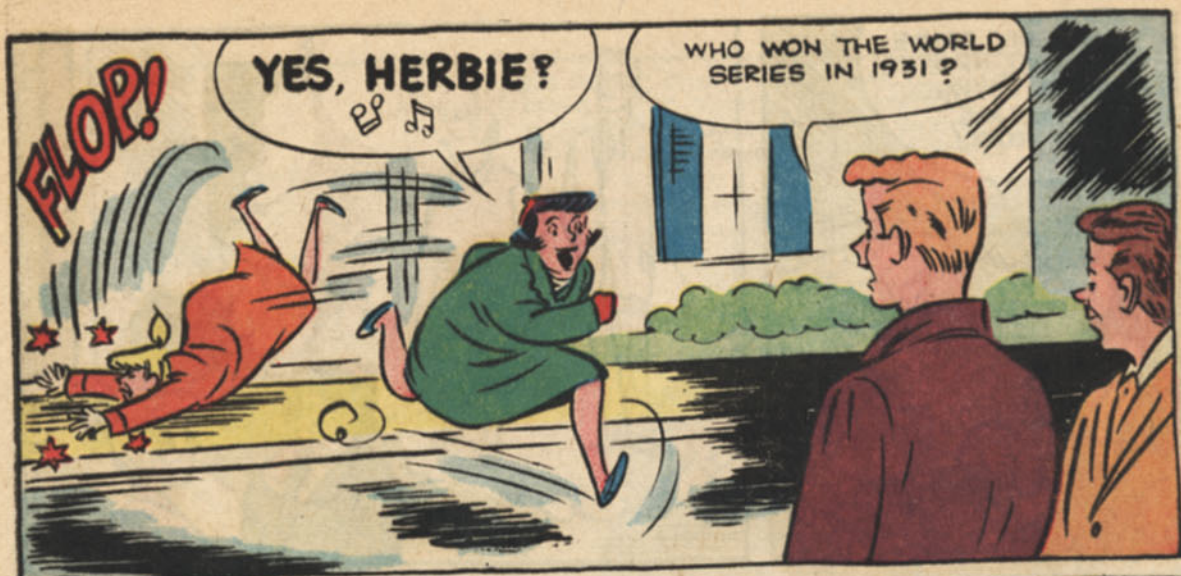
IT'S ONLY BEEN A COUPLE OF DAYS...

EVERY TIME I'VE COME AROUND YOU'VE BEEN OUT WITH THAT **PAUL**!

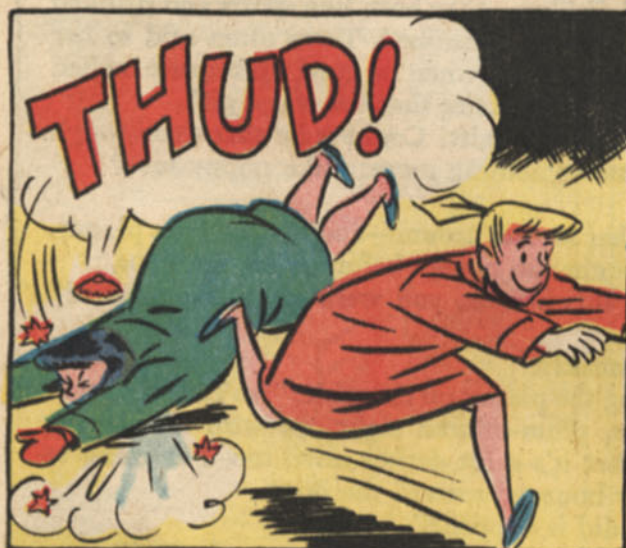
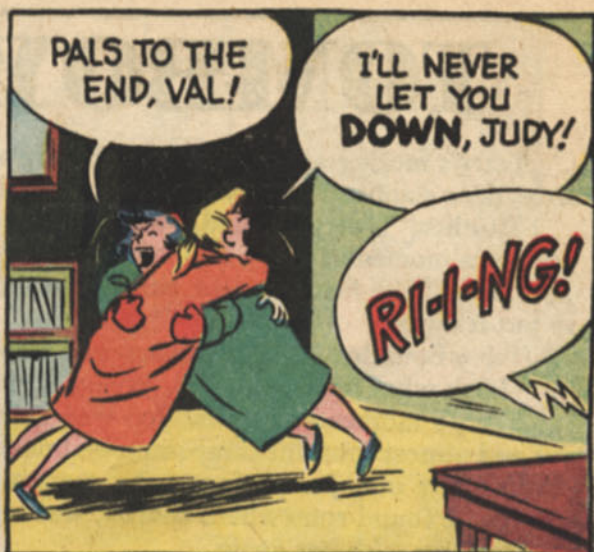














# TOMBOY TERRY

Terry's mother almost dropped the big serving platter she was drying when the front door slammed as only Terry could slam it.

"Mother!" Terry shouted, "where are you?"

For a moment Terry's mother stood hugging the platter, eyes closed.

"Here!" she finally called, turning to the cabinet and starting to raise the platter to put it away.

Terry bounded into the kitchen and stood behind her mother.

"Look what my friend, Joe, gave me, mother!" she cried happily.

Terry's mother knew that Joe was Terry's best friend. (At least Terry thought so) and almost constant companion—almost, because sometimes, for no reason Terry could figure out, Joe preferred the company of other boys. Even then, Terry could always be found somewhere nearby, waiting patiently for Joe to come to his senses and take up with her again.

Terry and Joe had the same likes and dislikes—they both like sports and disliked girls. The fact that Terry was a girl was never mentioned. Terry often said to her mother that Joe should go in the diplomatic service when he grew up because he had the most wonderful way of pretending he didn't notice that she was a girl.

But, now, to hear that Joe had given Terry a gift! Could it be that their rough and tumble friendship had blossomed into something more...like puppy love?

"Look, mother!" Terry insisted.

Still holding the platter, Terry's mother looked around—and dropped the platter. Quick as a cat, Terry lunged and caught the platter before it hit the floor.

"And *you* wouldn't ever let *me* dry this because you were afraid I'd drop it!" cried Terry gleefully!

"Joe...gave you...*that*?" she said, weakly.

"Yes," laughed Terry, carefully laying the platter on the table. "Isn't it a beauty?"

Terry gingerly touched her swollen, plum-colored right eye with a fingertip. "Boy! she said, "it's still swelling! I'll bet it's a lot darker now, too. I'm going to look at it in the mirror, mother!" Terry bounced toward the door.

"Wait!" her mother cried. "How...did it happen?"

Terry paused at the door. "Joe punched me mother! to teach me a lesson!"

"What lesson?" Terry's mother cried indignantly.

"To always keep my *left* up? We were boxing in Joe's basement, mother! With boxing gloves, so that we wouldn't *hurt* each other!"

Terry skipped out the door. A moment later her head popped back in again.

"Mother! How long does a black eye last?"

"About a week, or so," said Terry's mother.

"Is *that* all?" cried Terry, disappointment written all over her face.

Then she brightened a little. "Mother may I buy some film for our camera? *Color* film? I've got to have some pictures taken of this eye while it's still a beauty."

"All right," she said, "you might as well have a record of it because there won't be any more eyes like that!"

"You bet there won't, mother!" laughed Terry. "I really learned my lesson! From now on I'll always keep my left up—"

"No...I wouldn't depend on that," said Terry's mother. You seem to *like* having a black eye too much! From now on there'll be no more boxing in Joe's basement. Even with boxing gloves...so that you can't hurt each other."



# JUDY JUNIOR

S'NO DAY  
FOR SLEDS

I HOPE  
JIMMY FUZZI  
APPRECIATES  
THIS...

