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CANADA

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA,

CJCH CJAY

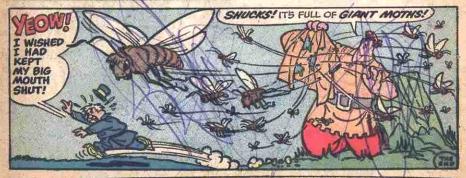












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Two thousand miles in two years

on the same two Goodyear tires

This is Joey McAble. Seems as though he's spent a major part of his 14 years on bicycles. In addition to being a regular news carrier for the Los Angeles Times, Joey uses his bike for school and side trips, too.

In the last two years he's covered more than two thousand miles—on the same dependable set of Goodyear tires.

Goodyear bike tires pack extra resistance to bumps and bruises. Their extratough treads grip and hold, for steadier rolling on curves, and quick straightline stops. Long wear? Joey's record is the best answer to that.

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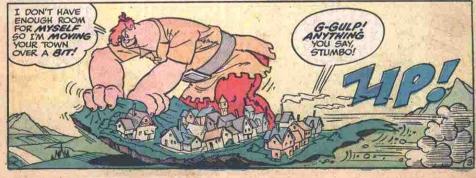




















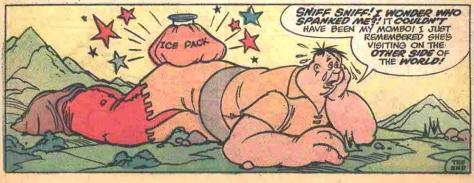












CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST AND COMPANY







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BABY HUEY THE LITTLE GIANT









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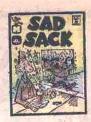
























































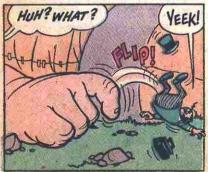




































I'M G-GLAD THIS IS THE L-LAST TEST!







The Bully

"You're just too young, Linda Sue," Edna Mae was saying haughtily. "This club is for older girls — not for infants!"

"I — I am not an infant!" gulped Linda Sue, "Honest, Edna Mae, I'd be a real g-good club member. I — I'd come to all the meetings..."

"Only you're not going to be invited to the meetings!" interrupted Edna Mae rudely. "And that's my last word on the subject! Goodbye!"

"Aw, why not let her join, Edna Mae?" asked Nancy Collins suddenly. "So what if she's a couple of months younger than the rest of us?"

Edna Mae only looked at Nancy — but her look spoke volumes. Nancy seemd to shrink down inside her dress like Alice-in-Wonderland, and her face turned beet-red. "I — I'm sorry, Edna Mae," she said haltingly. "Y-you know best, I guess . . ." Her voice trailed off in a little whimper.

"I certainly do!" snapped Edna Mae.
"And what's more I know now that you wouldn't be a good club member either, Miss Collins! So you can forget all about belonging, and run along with your precious Linda Sue!"

A shocked gasp went up from the rest of the girls — but nobody dared speak, Edna Mae had them all bullied into submission.

She was the oldest and the biggest and the strongest, and she allowed no one to talk back to her. The new club was her idea, and she was the boss. She was always the boss. Until she'd moved into the neighborhood all the girls had been friends and playmates. Age hadn't made a great deal of difference. They'd all simply had fun together - and nobody bullied anyone else. But with the coming of Edna Mae, all that had changed. Her sharp tongue and her nasty temper had quickly reduced one girl after another to tears - until she, Edna Mae, was the undisputed leader. No one wanted to risk an argument with her, so no one challenged her. And now, with the club, she was showing off her absolute power - and enjoying it.

"Let's go, Linda Sue," mumbled Nancy, dabbing at her eyes with a hankie.

Linda Sue looked from Edna Mae to Nancy and back again. "No," she said loudly, in a voice so stern it surprised even her. "I'm not going until I tell Miss Edna Mae Wallace what I think of her!" She looked Edna Mae squarely in the eye. "You're a bully and a coward!" she said clearly. "And I'm sorry for you! Yes, I pity you because you hate yourself so much you think you have to force people to be your friends! You never gave us a chance to like you for yourself because you were atraid to!"

"I..." Edna Mae's voice was all choked up. "Linda Sue," she whispered, "I—I'd like you to be the president of my club!" And as the others cheered wildly, Linda Sue and Edna Mae hugged each other tight. And there were tears of happiness sparkling in both girls' eyes!

Richie RICH









ALI-OOPS

Ali Cat laughed to himself. He was exoloding inside with happiness. At last he had the plan that spelled defeat for Mervyn Mouse.

"Oh, that stupid mouse has met his maser," chuckled Ali. "I'll just lie here and wait or him, and let him give me my victory!" Ali was lying on his back in the middle of he living room. All around him, in every orner of the room, were piles and piles of ood. And Ali just closed his eyes and waited.

This certainly was a great plan—for even ne like Ali Cat. Ali was waiting for Meryn to come out of his mouse-hole and start ating all that food. After Mervyn finished, e'd be too fat to get back through that mouse-hole, and Ali would just gobble im up.

"Oh, ho!" laughed Ali, "I do believe I

m a genius."

But suddenly, Ali heard mouse-steps. "I'd etter shut up," Ali told himself. "He won't ome out if he doesn't think I'm asleep."

So, "Zzzzzzzzz!" went the cat.

And Mervyn Mouse stuck his head out of the mouse-hole...

"Wow!" laughed Mervyn. "Look at all hat food! And that stupid cat is fast asleep!"

"Zzzzzzzzz!" went Ali Cat.

Without further ado, Mervyn dashed into ne room and started eating away.

"Eat," mumbled Ali.

"What's that?" screamed Mervyn.

KENDY, THE GOOD LITTLE WITCH





"Zzzzzzz!" went Ali Cat.

"Gee, I thought I heard the cat," said Mervyn. "My good fortune must be getting the best of me." And he went on with his eating.

Ali had one eye open, taking in all that was happening, watching to see how fast Mervyn could gain weight. Mervyn certainly was gaining weight, too. He was getting fatter and fatter and fatter. He wasn't stopping either. Every morsel of food his little eyes spotted went quickly into his belly.

"Won't be long now," Ali told himself.

"Boy, can that mouse eat!"

But soon Ali Cat was satisfied. The little mouse had eaten himself into a round ball of fat. He could hardly move his arms and legs, and he would never fit through that mouse-hole!

Ali picked himself up and shouted, "The jig's up, mouse! It was all a trick, boy, and you've fallen for it like a ton of cheese! I've got you, and you'll never fit through that mouse-hole! Boy, are you going to taste good!"

Ali just rolled with laughter on the living room floor. "Go ahead, Mervyn," he said, "why don't you try to fit through the hole?"

Mervyn didn't wait for a second invitation. He wanted to see for himself — and now! He ran as fast as that fat body of his could carry him straight for that hole....

BLAMMMMM! Ali was right. He was too big to get through the hole. But Ali was also wrong! Now, Mervyn was big enough to

blast himself a bigger hole!

"Thanks," Mervyn said, as he stuck his bloated head out of the enlarged mousehole, "thanks for the meal!" And he hiccupped for good measure.











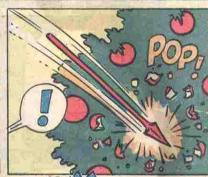
































































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