

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

NOTHING DOING

For what they know is their's by right. The independent always fight. —Old Mother Nature.

Mrs. Winsome Bluebird had hunted and hunted for a good empty house in which she could set up housekeeping. She had been discouraged. Every house she had looked at was occupied. It seemed as if everybody was planning to nest early this year. Now, she had discovered an empty house, and one that suited her exactly. It was in the stub of a big dead branch of a tree on that edge of the Green Forest just across from the Old Orchard. She hurried to find Winsome, and lead him back to see it.



It was the head of Mrs. Drummer the Woodpecker.

"You know my dear, it is perfect," she said. "It is the kind of a house blue birds always used to have."

"I suppose," said Winsome, "you mean it is one that has been cut out by the Woodpecker folk."

"Exactly," replied Mrs. Winsome. "And this one is perfect. Drummer the Woodpecker has done a fine job. It is in just the sort of place that we like. It is high enough from the ground, and not too high. I don't think we will have any neighbors too near. Come on, my dear, and have a look at it. I know you will love it."

"Are you sure, my dear, that Drummer isn't using that house himself? You say it is a new house. What would he go to all the work of making a new house for if not to live in?" said Winsome.

"Neither he nor Mrs. Drummer were anywhere around, and there is no sign of a nest inside," said Mrs. Winsome.

"That doesn't mean anything," replied Winsome. "I guess you've forgotten that the woodpecker folk don't bother with nests. A few little chips under the eggs seems to be all most of them want."

Mrs. Winsome made no reply to this. She turned to fly back to the new house.

"Come on," she called over her

shoulder. When they came in sight of the tree with the new house made by Drummer the Woodpecker, Mrs. Winsome received something like a shock. There was a head with a rather long stout bill poked out of the doorway of that new house. It was the head of Mrs. Drummer the Woodpecker. Just below her, clinging to the trunk of the tree, was Drummer himself. They looked very much at home. They were very much at home. They had made that house themselves. Mrs. Winsome didn't stop to think of this. "That's my house. I found it!" she screamed.

"You may have found it, but we made it," retorted Drummer, and the red crest on his head seemed to be lifted a little.

"There wasn't anybody in it, so I had a perfect right to take it," cried Mrs. Winsome.

"Well, there's someone in it now," said Drummer the Woodpecker, and Mrs. Drummer in the doorway nodded.

"Won't you let me have it?" begged Mrs. Winsome.

"Nothing doing," replied Drummer sharply. "Next year perhaps, but not this year." Winsome and Mrs. Winsome knew he meant it. They were still homeless.

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CHERRY VALLEY SCHOOL (March Report)

- Grade X-1. Pauline Murphy; 2. Irene Murphy.
 - Grade VIII-1. Billy Ings; 2. Freddie Nelson and Bobbie Ings.
 - Grade VII Sr.-1. Verna Irving; 2. Mary Murphy; 3. Norma Irving.
 - Grade VII Jr.-1. Evelyn Murphy; 2. Judy Nelson; 3. Elmer Clow.
 - Grade V-1. Martina Murphy.
 - Grade III-1. Janet Ings; 2. Phyllis Murphy.
 - Grade II-1. Ralph Irving; 2. Wilma MacDonald; 3. Wayne Hayden.
 - Grade I Sr.-1. Beverley Hayden; 2. John Hayden.
 - Grade I Jr.-1. Dale Nelson.
- Highest average in senior grades, Verna Irving, 96%; Junior grades, Janet Ings, 98%.
- Teacher: Verna MacLaren.

Boys and Girls Watch For PETER

The Tiny Folk

(A real story of real children for very young children)

Baby Linda was busy in her play pen. She had her doll and her furry bunny by her side, and was giving all her attention to putting her shoe on the doll's head. Laurie sat beside the play pen on the floor. He held Ginger, his big teddy on his knee and tried to tie the bow under his chin. You see, Grandma had made a pretty pair of plaid overalls and white shirt with a plaid tie for Ginger last week. So of course Ginger had to be dressed up every morning.

"See, Linda, doesn't Ginger look lovely in his new clothes?" Laurie asked as he held up the teddy to his sister.

Linda reached out through the bars for the teddy, saying "Bruba, ba, da, da."

"No, you can't have Ginger, dear. You play with your dolly," said Laurie.

"Perhaps she wants her bunny dressed up," suggested Mrs. Page as she passed with the broom.

Laurie looked at Linda, grinned and reached for her bunny. Out he went to his mother's scrap box. Mrs. Page could hear him rummaging around, but she said nothing. Five minutes later Laurie came back with the bunny.

"The this, please," he asked, passing the bunny to his mother. He had tied a strip of blue and white material around the bunny and now wanted his mother to fasten a piece of pink ribbon on top of it.

"What is this supposed to be?" smiled his mother, grinning.

"That is sister's bunny's new dress. Doesn't it fit well? This pink is the belt."

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Page.

"Here then, it is tied. Give it back to Linda. Now play quietly and gentle with her till I come down from making the beds."

Mrs. Page kept one ear open as she hurried about her upstairs work, but all seemed to be going well downstairs. She could hear Laurie talking and laughing with Linda, but the baby seemed contented, so she left them alone.

When she went down, Laurie shouted, "Surprise!" And what a surprise it was. The play pen was full of strangers. No, it wasn't a stranger after all. It was Laurie wearing his mother's pink felt hat and pink scarf. Ginger sat beside him in his new overalls. Linda's bunny, little Bunnifur, was sitting up as straight as could be in his blue dress and pink ribbon. But baby Linda looked the strangest of all. She had her mother's green hat on, but it was much too big and came down over her eyes. Her little baby hands were pulling and tugging trying to get the hat off, but it stayed on. She needed to lift it off, but couldn't understand that, so she was getting quite annoyed.

"Don't you look stylish!" piped up Laurie with a mischievous grin. These are our new Easter clothes."

"You certainly are quite dressed up," answered his mother with a twinkle in her eye. "But it seems to me that your sister does you get as big as Mommy to start trying on hats for style."

But all Linda said was, "Ga, ga, ga."

The Neighbors

By George Clark



"Mom's been so eager to have you to dinner. She said she couldn't wait to get it over with."

Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gurtafso

GOSH!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MY FAVORITE BOXER ROCKY ROSINBACK LOST HIS PURSE

THAT'S TOO BAD!

BUT MAYBE SOMEONE WILL FIND IT AND GIVE IT BACK TO HIM

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride

Henry

By Carl Anderson

Pogo

By Walt Kelly

THEM LITTLE HOT RODS!

HOT THE ROD AN' SPOIL THE CHILE...

VERY CLEVER... A LOT OF FOLKS WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT.

LIKE WHO FOR AN EXAMPLE?

PHUPH... YOU GOT ANY MORE WORMS ON YOU?

Dolly Dipple

By Buford

MR. DRIPPLE, I'M THINKING ABOUT PROPOSING TO MY GIRL!

FINE, EDDIE'S FINE!

BUT BEFORE A FELLOW ASKS A GIRL TO MARRY HIM THERE ARE THREE THINGS HE SHOULD KNOW--

CAN SHE COOK-- CAN SHE SEW--

AND CAN SHE BACK A CAR OUT OF THE GARAGE?

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina

I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY-- AN' ETHEL'S AN' MY BEAUTY PARLOR FOR DOGS FOLDED UP, AN'--

I'VE TRIED DIETIN' AN' EXERCISIN' AN' DANCIN'-- AN' I HAVEN'T LOST AN OUNCE! 'BOUT TH' ONLY THING I HAVEN'T TRIED IS MOUNTAIN CLIMBIN'!

HUMPH! I'M JUST GOIN' TO QUIT THINKIN' 'BOUT IT-- AN' BE MYSELF!

WHAT'S TH' MATTER WITH YOU?

GOT NO MONEY-- NO BUSINESS-- NO NUTHIN'!!

Bringing Up Father

By Alex Raymond

SAY HELLO TO MY PALS-- TELL 'EM YOUR NAME--

HELLO-- MR. DIGGS-- CAROLE--

WELL-- WELL-- SO YOUR NAME IS CAROLE! MY-- WHAT A PRETTY NAME--

WELL-- CAROLE-- I'M GOIN' TO THROW YOU A KISS OVER THE PHONE-- BYE-- DARLINGS!

FEELS LIKE SOMEONE SET OFF A HYDROGEN BOMB IN THERE!

Penny

By Harry Hoengis

THE SUBJECT IS CLOSED YOUNG LADY, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT IT.

YOU FEMALES SIX TO SIXTY, ALWAYS WANT THE LAST WORD.

I DO. OH, LOTS AND LOTS OF TIMES YOU SAY--

OKAY, FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE BUY THE DOGGONE THING!

L'il Abner

By Al Capp

ANYTHING THAT COMES FROM HAMMERCA IS BAD FOR CRUMMINISM!! DUNT ITT THOSE SHOOB!

(BUT-- ER-- SHPOOS LOVES TBE ET...)

SIX O' TH SAUSAGE SIZE JUST FLIPPED OVER, HOPIN' TBE COOKED-- BUT, EVEN RAW, THEY TASTES LIKE OYSTERS ON TH HALF-SHELLS!

ANYT-- THEYS GITTIN' FRANTIC! ONE JUST BROILED ITS LIL SELF!-- BROILED, THEY TASTES LIKE STEAK-- FRIED, THEY COMES OUT CHICKEN ITT!

DUNT ITT, COMRATS!!

FEARLESS FOSDICK

By Al Capp

HELP! I'M BEING KIDNAPPED BY A FIRE HYDRANT!

THAT'S NO FIRE HYDRANT! THAT'S ANYFACE, CRIMINAL MASTER OF DISGUISE!

I AM TOO A FIRE HYDRANT-- A GAY ROMANTIC ONE-- AND I LOVE THIS GIRL!

CHARLIE!-- SHE'LL NEVER LOVE YOU WITH THAT MESSY HAIR!-- GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!-- WITH A FREE PLASTIC DISPENSER!

DRY UP, FLAT-FOOT!

HA! A SMART HYDRANT WOULD RELIEVE DRYNESS WITH WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. BEST OF PUPPY-WATER!

GET THIS FREE PLASTIC DISPENSER (WORTH 80¢) WHEN YOU BUY WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. VALUE-- ONLY 98¢ MURRY!

WILDROOT CREAM OIL HAIR TONIC

ALCOHOLIC TONICS DRYING OUT YOUR SCALP? GET NON-ALCOHOLIC WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE

Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond

WOW! ISN'T THAT EYON DELIGHT, THE GRAND PASSION!

YEAH, SEE, MOTHER'S BEEN IN A COMA OVER HIM FOR YEARS!

IS HE STILL ALIVE?

BUT, MR. DELIGHT, DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT?

I NEVER MAKE APPOINTMENTS. BUT YOU MAY TELL MR. RENGHAW THAT HE HAS ONE, WITH DESTINY!

The Lone Ranger

By Fran Striker

THAT'S THE INJUN WHO GOT AWAY FROM US!

THE PAL OF THE MASKED MAN!

WE MET HIM, SHERIFF, AN' HE SAID HED TAKE US TO THE LONE RANGER.

YUH MEAN TO A GOLD THIEF KNOW POBIN' AS THE LONE RANGER, BUT LET'S GO!

Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher

WHY DON'T YOU LET ME HOLD THAT THING YOU HAVE OVER YOUR SHOULDER?

THAN KYA... I'LL JES' KEEP IT ON, WON'T BOTHER ME.

THE G'S ROAR THEIR APPROVAL AS THE RIVAL LIFT THE VARIOUS WEIGHTS-- AND NOW, THE FINAL TEST, SERG. MCGEEVER STRAINING MIGHTLY RAISES THE BAR OVER HIS HEAD.

CATCH-- ELIGUNT... PRADIE WOULDN'T MAKE IT.

...AND NOW MR. PENNYWORTH WILL TRY THE FINAL LIFT.