

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

FLATHORNS EXPLAINS
When the unknown is explained, often confidence is gained.

—Jumper the Hare.
Never in all the Green Forests was there ever a more surprised and startled person, than was Jumper the Hare. Peeping out from beneath some broad green boughs near the ground, he had been watching the strangest sight he had ever witnessed. In a little opening among the trees where the sunlight had a chance of getting in much of the day, grass and plants of different kinds had made a green carpet. In the middle of this was a giant that didn't look like any animal he had ever seen or heard of. There were two long hindlegs, but there seemed to be no front legs. The head and whole front part of this strange giant seemed to be resting on the ground. He was pushing himself along very slowly, and eating the green things within reach. Suddenly the giant's head was lifted. It was a big head, a homely head, a familiar head. It was the head of Flathorns, the Moose.



"Now, do you see?" he asked. Croaker the Raven was looking on from the top of a tall tree. He had just told Flathorns that

HEADACHE?
FEEL BETTER FAST!
ASPIRIN
TRADE MARK REG. IN CANADA

JOINT CONTROL
The United States and Britain jointly control the Canton and Enderbury Islands, halfway between Hawaii and Australia.

NOTICE
A special meeting of the ratepayers of the Village of Parkdale, to be held in Parkdale Hall, Thursday, April 15th, 1954, at 8 p.m.
The purpose of this meeting is to consider the installation of a sewer and water system in the Village of Parkdale.
The estimate cost of such a system will be approximately \$200,000.00 and Mr. W. H. Crandall, the consulting engineer to the project will be in attendance to answer all questions regarding same.
COMMISSIONERS OF THE VILLAGE OF PARKDALE.

The Tiny Folk

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

April had been a wonderful month so far, for the children because it had brought some new clean snow for them to play in. But the warm sun had peeked out from behind the dark clouds and said to itself: "After all, this is April, and that snow has no business to be staying so long." Then it sent its warmest and strongest bright beams glowing down on those cold white snow banks. In a few hours the quiet snow had become laughing little drops of water that ran in tiny streams along the edges of the yard. These little brooks hurried along the ditches of Playtime Lane, as if they were trying to get away from that bright hot sun.

Susan, David and Laurie were talking together in Laurie's back yard. They were wondering what they could play today for there would be no snow to shovel. David wandered across to the orchard by himself. He walked over to the far corner where there had always been a big snowbank. It was there that he had got stuck in February and Mrs. Page had had to pull him out. His feet had got caught in the branches of the old Christmas tree.

Today he found no snowbank, but he did find the old Christmas tree. He started to tug and pull and grunt, for he wanted to drag the tree over to where Susan and Laurie were. They saw him and came running over. They dragged it over to the backyard, but what could they do with it?

"I know what we must do," added Laurie. "My mommy always uses plant food. I'll ask her for some."
He hurried away to the house and into the kitchen, but his mother wasn't there. He called, but there was no answer.

"I'll get it myself, I know just what to do," he thought. He reached under the sink for the bag of plant food, and carefully measured out a quarter teaspoon of plant food. This was the little dark blue plastic measuring spoon that he saw his mother always use. When he finished he took the bottle of water out, and poured some on each plant.

Mrs. Page came into the kitchen just as he left. She saw the plant food package and guessed what he had been doing. She went to the back door to call him over.

"Why did you take my plant food?" she asked. "How much did you take?"
Laurie explained what he had done, and ended up by saying, "We planted lots of little spruce branches so that next Christmas we'll have enough trees for all of us."

Mrs. Page grinned for a second, then said, "Well, the idea was all right, but perhaps it won't work so well. Anyway, if your trees do grow, be sure to save me one."

Then still smiling, she went back to her work, and the children back to their play.

FORT AUGUSTUS SCHOOL (Honor Roll for March) Senior Department
Grade X: 1, Bertha Smith; 2, Irene Murnaghan and Bernice McGuirk; 3, Marie McEachern.
Grade IX: 1, Pauline Dalton; 2, Marie Murnaghan.
Grade VIII: 1, Edna Kelly; 2, Eleanor Hughes and Henry Savident; 3, Amelida Hughes.
Grade VII: 1, Gladys Murnaghan; 2, Ruth Hughes; 3, Anna McEachern.
Grade VI: 1, Catherine Bos; 2, Florence McEachern; 3, Gerard Smith.
Grade V: 1, Parnell Garland; 2, Aetha Hughes; 3, Frances Callaghan.

Those with averages over 90 were: Bertha Smith, Pauline Dalton, Irene Murnaghan, Bernice McGuirk, Marie Murnaghan, Marie McEachern and Edna Kelly.
Perfect attendance: Marie McEachern, Pauline Dalton, Gladys Murnaghan, Anna McEachern, and Aetha Hughes.
Theresa Corrigan, teacher.

CROWDED LAND
Belgium, most crowded country in Europe, has a population of 8,725,000, or 710 to the square mile.

The Neighbors

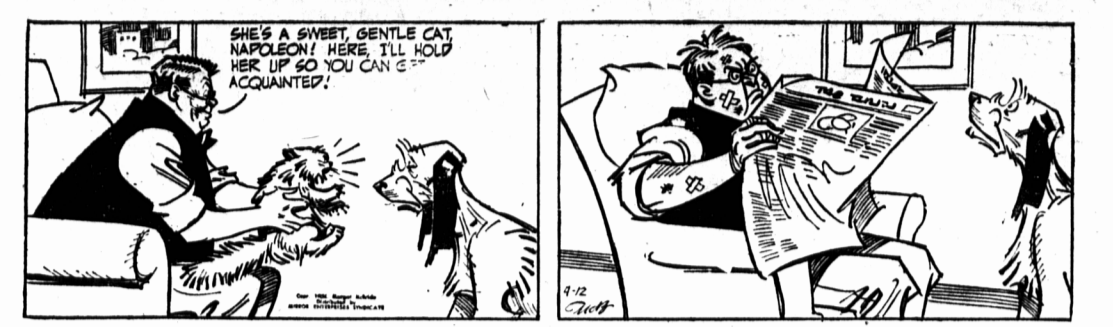
By George Clark



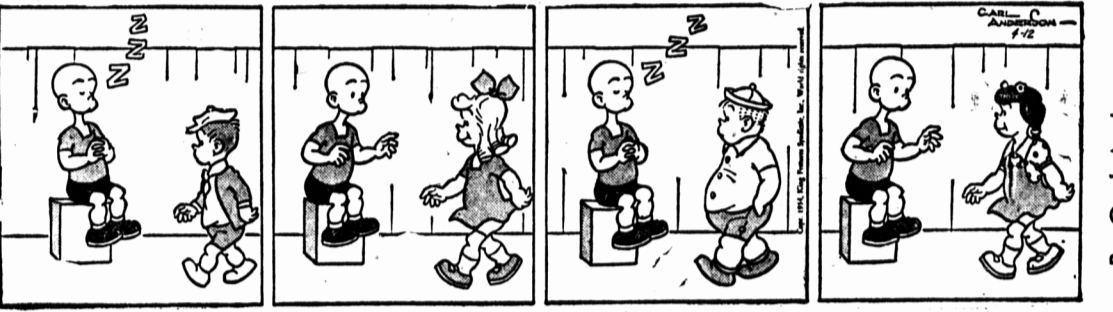
"I went to lots of trouble bringing you here. Now get in there and start having a good time!"



Tilly the Toiler



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Henry



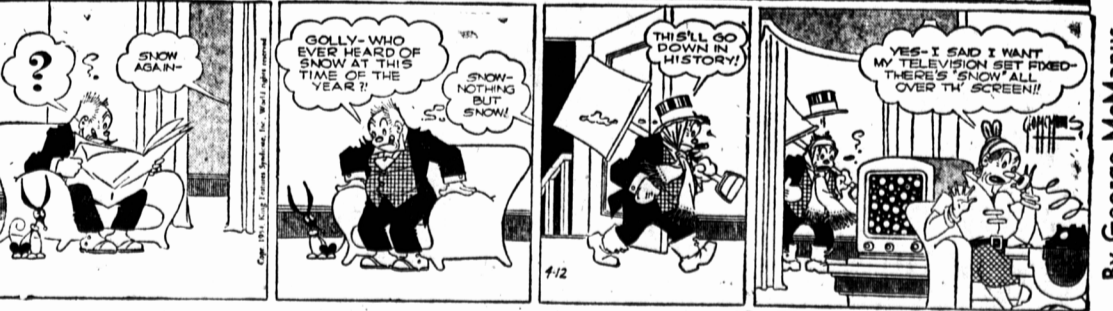
Pogo



Dolly Dimple



Tippy and "Cap" Stubbs



Bringing Up Father



Penny



Ham Fisher
Li'l Abner

FEARLESS FOSDICK
By AL CAPP
A ROBBERY!—THIS IS YOUR MOST REPULSIVE DISGUISE, ANYFACE!
IF YOU PULL ME IN THEY'LL THINK YOU'RE CRAZY! I WON'T TALK—SO YOU CAN'T PROVE I'M NOT A NECKTIE!
SURE I CAN!—A REAL NECKTIE WOULDN'T HAVE LOOSE DANDRUFF!
GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE!
CURSES! I FORGOT! IT DOES REMOVE LOOSE DANDRUFF!
RIGHT?—KEEPS HAIR NEAT, BUT NOT-WH-GREASY!—GET THIS FREE PLASTIC DISPENSER (ONLY 5¢) WITH 2oz. WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. A \$1.48 VALUE—ONLY 98¢!
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
FREE PLASTIC DISPENSER
KEEP HAIR WELL GROOMED

Rip Kirby
JENNY DARLING!
CLARENCE!
HONEY! NOW'S THE BEAUTIFUL MISTRESS OF WEDDING CEREMONIES!
ISN'T IT EXCITING, RIP?
I SAY... REALLY... THANKS, ANWFULLY...

Joe Palooka
DID YOU SEE LONDON, MR. PENNYWORTH? I HEARD YOU AND YOUR MACHINE WERE A SENSATION.
SHORE DID, MIGHTY PURTY TOWN, WHERE DYKA WANT ME T'PUT 'ER IN?
WE'LL LAND AT FRANKFORT, GERMANY IN ANOTHER HALF HOUR. YOU CAN GET YOUR PLANE TO ISTANBUL FROM THERE.
THAN KYA.
HELLO, HELLO... U.S. AIR COMMAND AT FRANKFORT... IS HUMPHREY PENNYWORTH ABOARD YOUR PLANE?
RIGHT, OLD CHAP. GOT HIS HUMPHREY-MOBILE ABOARD TOO.

By Alex Raymond
PENNY, LET ME IN THERE!
NOT NOW, RATHER, I'M BATHING, KOKO.
I HAVE TO BATHE AND SHAVE.
I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT.
DONT OPEN THE DOOR, KOKO MIGHT CATCH COLD.
THAT FELLOW JOB DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF PATIENCE!

By Al Capp
INCE LI' ABNER IS GOING BEHIND THE ICY CURTAIN—
LET'S LOOK AT THE SITUATION THERE.
Not long ago lowest Slobbovia was a happy, carefree country—
—but 300 years of total unemployment made them, somehow, dissatisfied—
Their misery attracted the sinister men in the Kremlin—
HOW WE GOT LOWEST SLOBBOVIA TO JOIN US? WE GOT THEM TO GIVE THEM!
IS TZIMPLE? LET'S PROMISE THEM EVERYTHING HANMERICA GOT!
SO—CHECKER—THEY'LL GET MAD—AND FIGHT HAMMERICA FOR KIPPING WHAT WE PROMISED THEM!
More about this situation tomorrow — Al Capp

By Bob Gustafson

By Clifford McBride

By Carl Anderson

By Walt Kelly

By Buford

By Edwine

By George McManus

By Harry Hoeningsten

By Al Capp