

### The Tiny Folk

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

All the mild weather and the rain had melted the big snow-banks that had been on Playtime Lane. There were still a few behind the shed at Laurie's and over in the corner of the orchard. As the sun came out, the banks were lowering each day, the snow looked so brown and dirty now. Laurie Page, with his playmates Susan and David Dale, stood looking around. The children were not happy because the snow was going. They liked the beautiful white banks where they had had such fun. But who would want to play in that dirty snow?

"We'll have to think of something," Susan said. "What could we play?"

"Let's make a path in the snow all along the fence," suggested Laurie. "There is quite a bit of snow there. That bank in the very corner is quite high."

The three children walked along, one behind the other. Susan went ahead, followed by her little brother, David, Laurie came behind with Frisky close by just like his shadow. They were trying to walk in one another's tracks. Every now and then they'd fall as one foot would go down deeper than the other. How they would laugh. Frisky would bark and try to lick their faces, and off they would march again.

But that wasn't much fun. You really needed lots of deep, soft, clean snow for making paths. What could they do?

"Let's play Hide and Seek," cried Laurie.

"Hide. David hide. Read," laughed David as he started to run toward the orchard.

"All right," Susan agreed. "I'll hide my eyes while you and David hide Laurie."

"I'll take Frisky too," said Laurie. "I don't he'll tell you where I'm hiding."

"Five, ten, fifteen, twenty," Susan began to count, then ninety, ninety-five, one hundred Ready or not, you shall be caught," and she ran around the house.

First she looked behind the garage doors. Nobody there. Then she looked under the wheelbarrow. No luck. She looked behind the wood pile, but still no sign of

David, Laurie or Frisky. She listened. If they were together, she might hear them talking. No sound. Then she thought of the back steps. Quickly she ran over and looked underneath. There was Laurie and Frisky, she turned and ran. Laurie crawled out after Frisky and all three raced for the front steps.

"One, two, three for Laurie," Susan called out. "You're caught! Laurie, but Frisky got free. He can run faster than I can."

Laurie giggled as he looked at Frisky sitting there with his tongue hanging out.

"Where is David?" asked Susan. "I can't find him at all. Did you see him?"

"No," Laurie answered. "Let's call him David—David. Where are you?"

"Here!" called David, but still they could not see him.

"We give up," said Susan. "Come on out."

"Here I am!" shouted David, as his little blue cap poked up over the snowbank in the far corner of the orchard. Frisky barked and raced across to meet him. Then David called, Susan! David stuck. Come get me. Come Susan."

Susan and Laurie ran over. David's one leg was down deep in the snow. They took hold of his arms and pulled, but he did not pull out. He seemed to be stuck.

"What's holding him?" Susan wondered. "We should be able to pull him out of the snow. Here, you pull harder, Laurie."

They tried again. Still David was stuck. Now he started to cry. After all that wasn't so funny for a little fellow just two and a half years old.

"I'll get Mommy," Laurie said and away he ran to the house. Back he came with his mother. She looked down at David's feet, reached with her hand and David called, Susan! David stuck. Come get me. Come Susan."

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### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

DOUBLE TROUBLE

With those worried or afraid, Half their troubles are self made. —Old Mother Nature.

Prickly Porky the Porcupine had made himself very much at home in the same tree in which Mr. and Mrs. Hooty, biggest members of the owl family, had made their nest. It was a hemlock tree. In winter and early spring before things start to grow, Prickly Porky likes the hemlock needles and twigs from which they grew. This is his favorite green food at this time when other green food is scarce. He also likes the inner bark on the big branches and the trunks of the trees. Now a big hemlock tree provides food enough for a dozen porcupines, so you mind your own business and I'll mind mine," retorted Mrs. Porky, and continued to climb.

Mrs. Hooty was dismayed. Here was double trouble. It was bad enough to have Prickly Porky, grunting and complaining, for such a close neighbor. Now there were two.

"And there's nothing I can do about it," complained Mrs. Hooty, talking to herself. "Why couldn't those two have chosen some other tree? With all the trees there in the Green Forest, why did they have to choose this one?"

There being no one to answer that question, and no one to do anything about the matter, she once more settled herself on her eggs and tried not to hear the fretful quarreling down below.

The two Quill Pigs, as porcupines are sometimes called, didn't fight; they merely quarreled. Perhaps it was their way of having a good time. You know some folks do have a good time quarreling. Anyway, they seem to. These two whined and grunted and chattered fretfully. Mrs. Hooty had to listen. There wasn't a thing she could do about it, except to get Hooty to take her place while she hunted for something to eat.



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Two days after Prickly Porky guess it's lonesome under the snow, and wanted to play too. "Funny David too," said David

### Tilly The Toiler

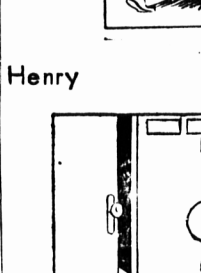
By Bob Gustafson



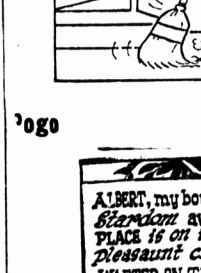
By Clifford McBride



By Carl Anderson



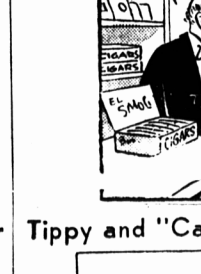
By Walt Kelly



By Alex Raymond



By Fran Striker



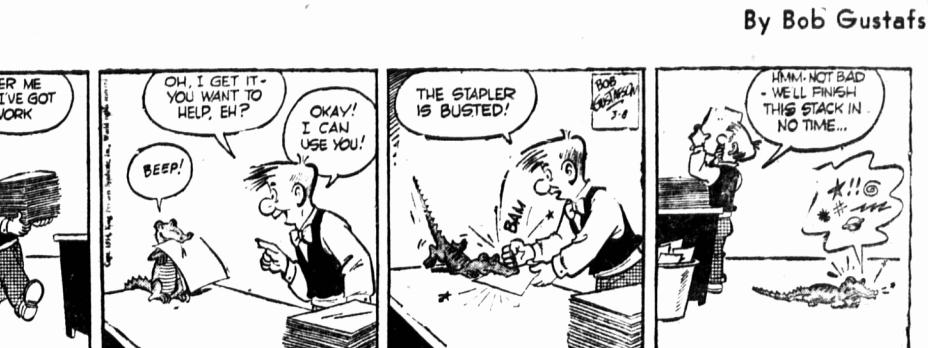
By Ham Fisher



By Al Capp



By Harry Morgan



**FEARLESS FOSDICK** BY AL CAPP

THIS CROOKED SLOT MACHINE WON'T PAY OFF!! THAT'S NO SLOT MACHINE!!

IT'S THE LATEST DISGUISE OF ANY FACE!! PAY OFF OR I'LL SLUG YOU!!

GET LOST, FAT!! I WANT TO BE ALONE WITH THIS GIRL!!

YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE WITH ANY GIRL ANYFACE, BECAUSE YOUR HAIR IS MESSY!! GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!!

KEEP HAIR NEAT BUT NOT GREASY!!

ALCOHOL DRIES YOUR HAIR AND SCALP. GET NON-ALCOHOLIC WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE CANADA'S FAVORITE

**Rip Kirby** By Alex Raymond

THEN YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN OPEN WASKIN'S SAFE, DESMOND!

IF DISHUPAN HANDS RETAIN EARLIER SKILLE, SIR.

BOSH, MR. KIRBY, IT SURE CARRIES A FELLOW BACK TO SEE DESMOND LIKE THAT.

OPEN SESAME! THERE YOU ARE, SIR...

GOOD!

YES, CRUSHER. SOMETIMES I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T REFORM TOO EARLY IN LIFE.

**The Lone Ranger** By Fran Striker

TRAIL OF CROOKS GO UP THAT MOUNTAIN.

YES, AND THOSE GOLD THIEVES MIGHT BE WAITING TO AMBUSH US.

IF SO, WE'LL FOOL THEM BY RIDING AROUND THE MOUNTAIN.

LOOK, FLACK, THEY'RE NOT COMING UP HERE.

THEN THERE'S NO USE IN WAITIN'.

**Joe Palooka** By Ham Fisher

B-BUT YA GOT YER FIVE GRAND, EVEN IF WE LOST OUT ON BILLING!!

WHAT GOOD'S FIVE GRAND? WE CAN'T AFFORD TO STAY HERE, WE'RE LEAVIN'.

B-BUT, YOU WAS ALL EXCITED WHEN YA GOT FIVE GEEES... WE WAS GONNA REELLY LIVE IT UP... YA ANIT ACHUALLY LOST NUTHIN'!

SHUD-DUP! WE'RE SENDIN' BACK TH' SUITS! I BOUGHT YA CANT AFFORD 'EM! PACK!

LOOKIT TH' WEATHER... IT'S LEVIN' AN' YER GITTIN' POIFICK... AINT THAT SUNSHINE... AINT IT RIDICK'US 'T LEAVE NOW?

SHUDDUP! IT'S YER IMAGINASHUN!

BOARD!

**Will Abner** By Al Capp

THAT'S--GAF--SO MANY HEARTBREAKIN' THINGS 'BOUT ME, AH HARDLY T'BEGIN--

SO BEGIN, ALREADY!!

FUST--MAH BABY IS A MURDERER!!

A BABY?--A MURDERER? SOUNDS FISHY TO ME!!

NEXT--MAH PAPPY IS GROWIN' HORNS!

WEE'S KIN!!

HONEST, AH HAIN'T! THEY'LL SHOOT PAPPY, UNLESS AH RAISES \$10,000 FO' A HORN OPER-AY-SHUN!!--OH, PLEASE APPLAUD FO' ME!!

MOST IMPOSSIBLE STORY I EVER HEARD!!

GIVE HIM TH' HOOK!!

**Dotty Dripple** By Buford

WE HAVE A DAUGHTER--AND AN ADOPTED SON--

HOW MANY CHILDREN DO YOU HAVE, MR. DRIPPLE?

THEN THE NEW ONE WILL MAKE THREE!

I WISH I HAD THREE!

THAT SO? HOW MANY DO YOU HAVE?

I HAVE EIGHT!

**Tippy and "Cap" Stubs** By Edwin

I'M BUILDIN' A FENCE SO TIPPY WON'T RUN AWAY. THAT'S WHAT I'M DOIN'!!

THERE! NOW I DON'T HAFTA WORRY ANY MORE!!

HA-HA-HA-HA!

**Bringing Up Father** By George McManus

OH, TITUS CANBEE--CERTAINLY YOU MAY BORROW MY HUSBAND TO TAKE A WALK--

I'M SORRIED HE DIDN'T WANT TO BORROW MY SHOES TO SAVE 'EM ON--

HOLD IF A MAN TELLS MOJGES!

WHAT'S WRONG?

PADDY, ME SIB--HOW MUCH DID YOU WE SHIP?

HOW? WHY DO YA ASK THAT?

HE LOOKS ABOUT 1/2 SIZE--SO HE'D T'WASTE MONEY ON A SCALE!

**Penny** By Harry Morgan

AUNT ELLEN, NORMA HAS BEEN TELLING EVERYBODY--

THAT DOODE AND I ARE SO WILD ABOUT EACH OTHER AND WE'RE SUCH A DINKY HAPPY COUPLE--

THAT I'M NOT ACCEPTING DATE BIDS FROM ANYBODY ELSE, THE CAT!

I MEAN, IMAGINE SPREADING A VICIOUS RUMOR LIKE THAT!