

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

WHERE WAS MOTHER?

Respect and love have never yet, been won by those who whine and fret.

—Old Mother Nature.

Where was Mother Porky? Prickles, the young son who had lingered behind and so lost track of her, wished he knew. She had told him to follow her, then she swam across a little pond that had been made by Paddy the Beaver. Prickles hadn't started to follow her. He hadn't started after her until she had reached the other shore. Then, being a slow swimmer, and this being his first real swim, he had been a long time in getting across. He had stopped to rest on the top of the Beaver house near the other shore. When he finally did reach the other shore mother was not only not in sight, but he could find no trace of her.

Prickles didn't wait for me?" Of course there was no answer. Prickles didn't know which way to go. The surroundings there were wholly strange. He began to wander about aimlessly. He talked to himself fretfully. He whined. Not being used to walking very much at a time, he soon grew tired and climbed up in a tree. He chose a tree in which he knew he would find plenty of good bark to eat. In fact, he chose a hemlock tree. This would not only give him bark, but also the green needles, as the queer shaped leaves of most evergreens are called. Presently, he stopped whining and fretting. He was too busy eating. He even forgot about mother. It wasn't until he could eat no more that he thought of her again. Then he began fretting and whining again. The truth is he enjoyed whining and fretting. Some folks don't know.



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Now all the time Mother Porky was in another tree very close at hand. She heard him whining and fretting, but she made no sign. She didn't let him know where she was. The truth is, she didn't want him to find her. She felt that he was alright; that young as he was, he was quite safe because of the coatful of little spears that he wore. And he had plenty to eat. She didn't want him with her because he drew too much attention. His coat, which should have been black, was red, white as snow. He had pink eyes instead of black eyes. And Mother Porky had a queer feeling every

Continued on page 14

The Tiny Folk

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

"Whatever are you going to do with that big cardboard box?" Mrs. Page asked Laurie as he came in from the big back porch. He was lugging a high, wide cardboard carton behind him.

"I just decided to make a house for baby Linda," he answered. Mrs. Page looked a minute, then said, "Well, you may if you put everything back in place again when you are done. You need something to play with when you can't go out!"

Laurie got busy right away. He put the big box on its side on the floor. Then he took four of the kitchen chairs and put them down on their sides.

"May I take the car rug to put over my house for a roof?" he asked.

"My goodness, Laurie, you have a lot of chairs in the middle of the floor. How do you expect me to get around them? It is just as well I'm not baking this afternoon, or you or I would have to move. But I suppose you can use the car rug for a while."

Laurie laughed up at his mother. "Now let baby Linda down on the floor too. She wants to play with me in this snug little house I made."

Mrs. Page put Linda down on her blanket inside the house of chairs. Laurie gathered together all his toys, Ginger, Bunny Brown Bear and Panda, as well as Linda's Peter Rabbit and Baby Doll. He put them all inside the box and got in himself. Linda crawled in too, sat up, and reached for her doll.

"Come see us, Mommy. Don't we look cute?" called out Laurie. "This is a dandy house. This is our kitchen, and that is the roof. That chair over there is the door. Linda peeked out and smiled up at her mother as she patted her doll, saying, "Ga—ga, ga, dee, huh."

"Now we'll put our family to bed," said Laurie as he put his teddies on a cushion and covered them with a towel. He turned to get Brown Bear, and Linda reached over and picked up Ginger.

"No, Linda, leave Ginger there," he scolded. "He is sleepy and I put him to bed." He took the big teddy bear, and covered him up again.

Linda started to crawl around the house. She took her Peter Rabbit and poked him out between the rungs in the back of the chair. Then she laughed and talked in her own baby language.

"See, Linda, here is your doll. Come and put her to bed," Laurie coaxed.

Linda turned, saw her doll, and crawled over to the box. She took the doll, then reached for the chair. She pulled herself up, and hung on to the edge of the box. That pulled the blanket off.

"Dear, dear, dear, you are making a mess!" called out Mrs. Page.

Continued on page 14

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Major Hoople



UM-YAS, MR. POPOVER—DEGREE IN ENGINEERING, UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW—HAR-RUMPH—I'VE JUST PERFECTED A GREAT SOUND MACHINE FOR TV, REPRODUCING ALL THE NOISES OF A FACTORY—HEH-HEH!—YOU CAN EVEN ALMOST HEAR THE MEN MUTTERING ABOUT THE BOSS!

WHAT I CAN ALMOST HEAR I'M DOING OKAY WITHOUT, MR. HOOPLE!—MAYBE I OUGHT TO TELL YOU TO MAKE A NOISE LIKE A MAN GETTING BOUNCED OUT—BUT I'M A COUSIN OF SIMPLE SIMON—I'LL DROP OVER AND SEE THE THING!

MR. POPOVER ISN'T A JOVIAL MAN

Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE YEARS IN THE NORTH ALERT CRUISER TO HASKIN'S MOVE...

...AND THE HISSING SURF TAKES BOTH IN A FOAMY EMBRACE...

The Lone Ranger

By Fran Striker



WHILE THE LAWYERS SEARCH FOR THE LONE RANGER— NO USE GOIN' FARTHER, WE'VE LOST THE TRAIL OF THE GOLD THIEVES.

SHERIFF, THEY SURE HAD NERVE, TRYIN' TO MAKE US THINK THEY WERE THE LONE RANGER AN' HIS PAL!

THE REAL THIEVES HEAD FOR CANADA.

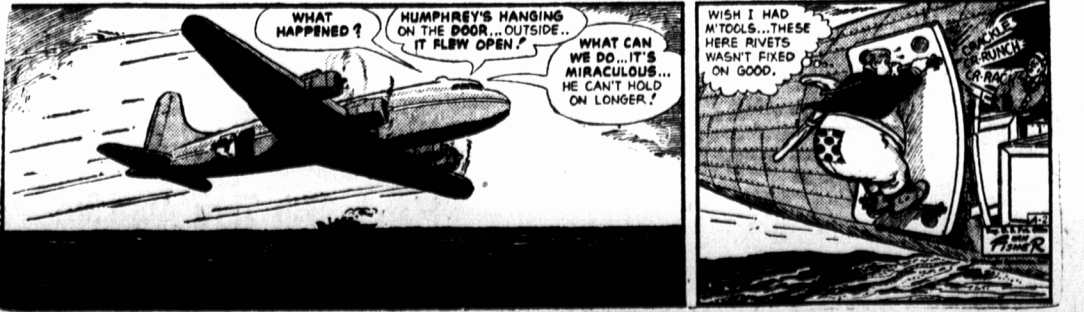
GIMP—THESE HORSES'LL NEVER MAKE THE BORDER!

WE WERE SWINDLED BY THAT CROOKED HORSE TRADER.

CHARLES FANDERE

Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



WHAT HAPPENED?

MUMPHREY'S HANGING ON THE DOOR... OUTSIDE... IT FLEW OPEN!

WHAT CAN WE DO... IT'S MIRACULOUS... HE CAN'T HOLD ON LONGER!

WISH I HAD NUTS LIKE THESE HERE RIVETS WASN'T FIXED ON GOOD.

Li'l Abner

By Al Capp



SENATOR PHOGBOUND REGRETS HE CAN'T BE HERE IN PERSON— BUT HE'S PROVIDED SOMETHING PRACTICALLY THE SAME AS HIMSELF—

A GASBAG!!

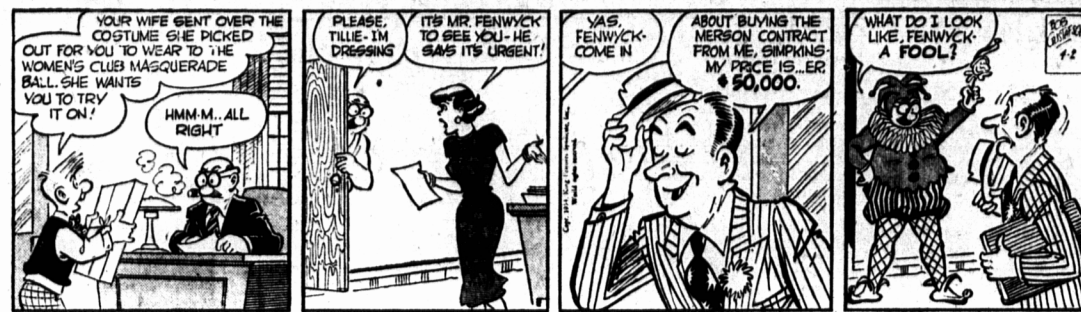
—ALSO A RECORDING OF TWO OF HIS MOST SINCERE SPEECHES— ONE FOR HIGHER TAXES, AN' ONE FOR LOWER TAXES!—

—PSST!— WHICH SIDE DO WE PLAY HERE?

I'LL LOOK AT THE DIRECTIONS!! THEY'RE BOTH VERY CONVINCING!!

Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



YOUR WIFE GENT OVER THE COSTUME SHE PICKED OUT FOR YOU TO WEAR TO THE WOMEN'S CLUB MASQUERADE BALL. SHE WANTS YOU TO TRY IT ON!

HMM M... ALL RIGHT

PLEASE, TILLY, IM DRESSING

IT'S MR FENWYCK TO SEE YOU— HE SAYS ITS URGENT!

VAS, FENWYCK— COME IN

ABOUT BUYING THE MERSON CONTRACT FROM ME, SIMPKINS MY PRICE IS... ER... \$50,000.

WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE, FENWYCK— A FOOL?

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



My goodness, Laurie, you have a lot of chairs in the middle of the floor. How do you expect me to get around them? It is just as well I'm not baking this afternoon, or you or I would have to move. But I suppose you can use the car rug for a while."

Laurie laughed up at his mother. "Now let baby Linda down on the floor too. She wants to play with me in this snug little house I made."

Henry

By Carl Anderson



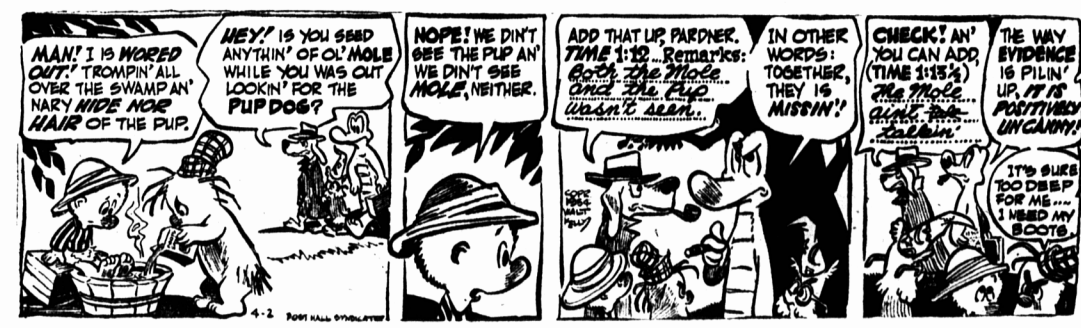
LEARN HOW TO MAKE

LEARN HOW TO MAKE A FIGURE EIGHT ON SKATES ONLY 1 &

FAKE!

Pogo

By Walt Kelly



MAN! I IS WORDED OUT! TROMPIN' ALL OVER THE SWAMP AN' WARY WIDE HOLE HAIR OF THE PUP

HEY! IS YOU SEED ANYTHIN' OF OL' MOLE WHILE YOU WAS OUT LOOKIN' FOR THE PUP DOG?

NOPE! WE DINT SEE THE PUP AN' WE DINT SEE MOLE, NEITHER.

ADD THAT UP, PARDNER. TIME 1:12... REMARKS: BOB... THE MOLE... WASN'T SEEN...

IN OTHER WORDS: TOGETHER, THEY IS MISSIN'!

CHECK! AN' YOU CAN ADD (TIME 1:15 1/2) THE MOLE... WASN'T SEEN...

THE WAY EVIDENCE IS FILIN' UP, IT IS POSITIVELY UNGANNY!

IT'S SURE 100 DIBB FOR ME... I'VE GOT MY BOOTS...

Dotty Dripple

By Buford



I NEED 50 CENTS FOR SHAVING CREAM, POP—

HM—WHEN I WAS HIS AGE I COULDN'T WAIT TO START SHAVING, EITHER!

AND NOW THAT YOU'RE YOUR AGE YOU CAN'T WAIT TO STOP!

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwin



I'LL BET MR. BUDGE IS GOIN' TO MEET GRAN'MA SOMEWHERE!

I'LL BET THEY'RE GOIN' TO THE ICE CREAM PARLOR!

AN' DON'T WANT US ALONG...

WHAT'S HE GOIN' UP THERE FOR??

OH, WE WONDERED WHERE YOU WERE, MR. BUDGE—I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!!

Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU TO GO WATER TH' LAWN?

BUT—MAGGIE—LET ME—

BUT—MAGGIE—IT—

WHEN I TELL YOU TO DO ANYTHIN' I MEAN DO IT RIGHT NOW!

NOW GET OUT—

OH—ALL RIGHT—

ANYTHIN' TO KEEP PEECE IN TH' FAMILY?

PENNY

By Harry Hoenigsen



I WON'T NAME MY DOG, MUD, I JUST WON'T!

THAT'S WHAT YOU AGREED TO.

BUT YOU DIDN'T PLAY FAIR WRITING THE SAME NAME ON ALL YOUR SLIPS.

IT WAS FATE YOU PICKED ONE OF MINE JUST FATE.

THAT SHOWS HOW CROOKED FATE CAN BE.

I HAD THE SAME NAME WRITTEN ON ALL OF MY SLIPS TOO!