



By Thornton W. Burgess

BLACKY FINDS OUT WHY
What ever happens, keep in mind
There is a cause that you may
find.

Blacky the Crow had had a bad
night. Blacky, like some little girls
and boys, is afraid of the dark.

they don't know what they are
afraid of. You see, at night is when
imagination is most active, and im-
agination can do wonders with the
simplest things. Every tiny sound
is magnified. A falling leaf becomes
a stealthy footstep.



He looked this way and he look-
ed that way.

meal. He had been living on scraps,
and he had done a lot of flying
to find those scraps. They didn't
satisfy hunger. He had gone to bed
with an almost empty stomach,

But when at break of day he

The Tiny Folk

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

Laurie Page was on his way to
town with his mother and father.
He had been so excited when they
started out, but it took longer to
get there than he expected, and
he had fallen asleep.

But now they were driving down
the main street, and Laurie's eyes,
wide open now, were kept busy
trying to see everything at once.

The very first thing Laurie
wanted to do was to go to a store
where he could buy some things
he wanted. "Come, Mommy," he
coaxed, "let's go into this store.
Just see all the red trucks in the
window. There's dolls too, and
sweaters! and cups and saucers,
See the candy! Look at the pic-
tures! This must be a big, big store
to have all those things."

"In you go, then," said his
mother as she held the door open.
"Remember, you may look but you
must not touch anything on the
counters."

"All right, Mommy. I won't for
sure," Laurie promised.
They walked down along the
counters. What sights there were
to see! There were books and
scribblers, pencils and crayons,

There were bottles and jars,
toothbrushes and soap. On another
counter he saw buttons and thread,
purses and belts. Then he saw
something that made his eyes
open very, very wide. He saw gold-
fish!

"Oh, Mommy, Mommy. Come
look at the fish. See that little fel-
low? Isn't he cute? Look at that
very big one. Are those their
neuses down on the bottom. Could
I buy one, Mommy, please?"

Mrs. Page thought for a mo-
ment, then spoke to the girl be-
hind the tank. "I'll take two,
please. Give me that little fellow,
and that one up here."

Laurie watched as the girl gen-
tly lifted the little fish with a lit-
tle net on a long handle. She put
them into a special cardboard box
filled with water. It had a wire
counter to carry it by. Mother also
bought some fish food to feed them.

"Come, Mommy," Laurie said. "I
want to use my money to buy a
rattle for baby Linda. You know
I broke hers."

They walked over to look at the
rattles. Yellow ducks, pink ducks,
blue bunnies, white teddy bears on
handles, all the different kinds of
rattles there were! Laurie looked
them all over.

"May I buy this yellow duck for
sister, Mommy?" he asked. "It has
no sharp edges to hurt her. I
think she would like the bright
yellow duck in her bath."

He gave the girl the money, and
walked on, proudly carrying his
parcel.

"Now what do you want for
yourself, Laurie?" inquired his

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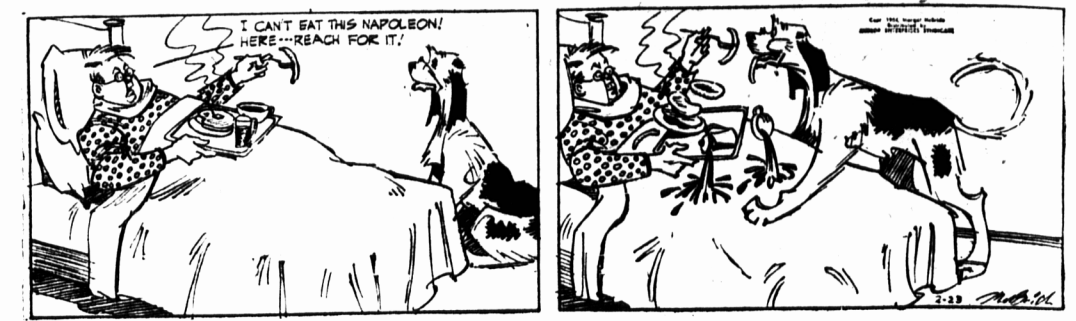
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



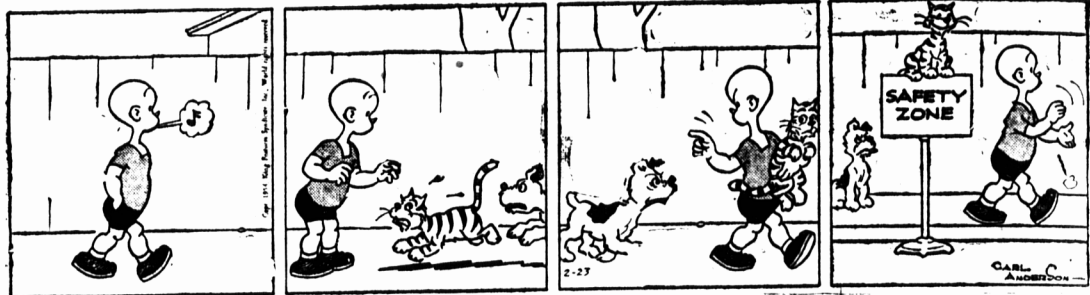
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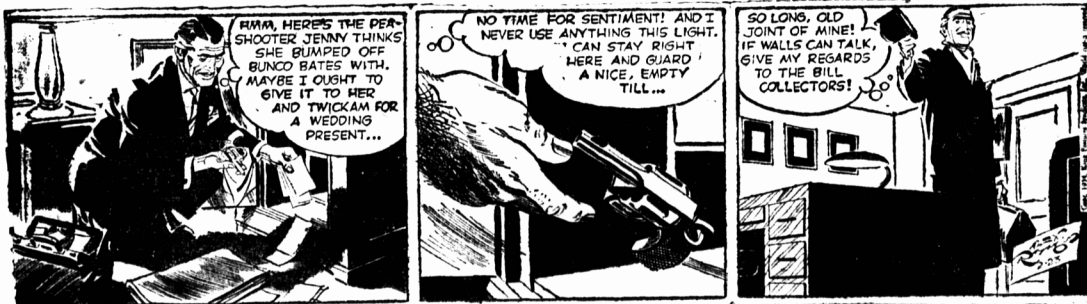
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