



By Thornton W. Burgess

BLACKY KNOWS

An empty stomach doesn't choose, Naught that is food will it refuse. —Blacky the Crow.

Blacky the Crow isn't fussy about his food. Long ago he got over all fussiness about what he eats. It isn't that he likes everything. Like every one else, there are some things he likes better than others. There are some things he probably doesn't like at all. But he knows what it is to have an empty stomach and he is very, very hungry. This is especially true in winter. Some days he can find hardly a bit to eat and at night goes back to his roost in the Green Forest with a stomach so empty nearly that he feels as if he has no strength at all.



His sharp eyes had discovered the tail of a small fish lying on the bank.

Blacky had been over to the Big River. He had had no luck there. Now he was flying above Laughing Brook over in the Green Forest. As he flew his keen eyes searched on every side for anything that could be eaten. He didn't care at all what it might be. He hoped he might find a nut, or one he had been luckier than he and had had a good meal. Some times at such places he found scraps he could eat, and he was very grateful for scraps.

Blacky had reached a place where the water was running too swiftly to freeze over. Most of Laughing Brook was covered with ice, but here was cold, black, open water.

"Ha!" exclaimed Blacky. His sharp eyes had discovered the tail of a small fish lying on the bank. It was the same tail that Peter Rabbit had found and short time before, Blacky flew down and swallowed it. "Ha!" exclaimed Blacky again. And I suspect he would have smacked his lips if he had any lips to smack. Most folks would have turned up their noses at the tail of a fish. Blacky was thankful to have it. When he had swallowed it he flew up in a tree nearby.

"Little Joe Otter's been along here," thought he. "That fish tail is a sure sign that Little Joe has been fishing here. I wonder if he is still around. I'll wait here a little while. He may catch another fish and leave the tail for me."

As Blacky sat there his small cousin Sammy Jay came along. "What luck, cousin?" asked Sammy.

"Not much. But even a little something is better than nothing. I found the tail of a fish down there on that bank. Little Joe Otter must have been around fishing. I'm hoping he'll return and leave another tail for me to eat," said Blacky.

"How do you know it was Little Joe Otter left it. It might have been Billy Mink," said Sammy Jay.

"Wrong, my dear Sammy. Al-

together wrong. Billy Mink doesn't leave around any of the fish he catches. What he can't eat he takes home or stores away. Little Joe Otter eats all of a fish but the tail. Why he doesn't eat that I don't know. But I do know that when you find the tail of fish lying on the bank of a stream, it may be a sign that Little Joe Otter is around somewhere, or has been," said Blacky.

"I wish you more luck," said Sammy Jay. "You are welcome to all the fish tails you can find. If I couldn't find anything better than that, I wouldn't eat it all."

"Yes you would, and be thankful for it," croaked Blacky.

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

Traces of nine different, extinct civilizations have been unearthed in the Canadian North by Government archaeologists. Of the nine, four have never been known before, according to Jean Lesage, Northern Affairs Minister. Many of the 8,000 articles found last summer are similar to relics discovered in Eastern Siberia and other parts of Asia.

The discoveries were made by a group led by Dr. Richard S. MacNeish, chief archaeologist of the National Museum at Ottawa. A site on the banks of the Firth River, just east of the Alaskan border appears to have been a sort of Grand Central Station of the North," Dr. MacNeish said. Different groups of migratory peoples stopped there for varying per-

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CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

GETTING A COUNT West opened the heart king. Declarer ruffed and drew trumps in three leads, then cashed all his diamond tricks. Now, when the low club was played from the closed hand and the jack appeared from West, South didn't know what to do. Had West started with seven or eight hearts? In other words, was the club jack a singleton, or did West have the club queen as well? Whether declarer should have guessed the actual situation is scarcely to the point, the fact is that he did not. He led a club to the ace in the hope of dropping the queen—and went down one. If South had been a little more astute—or careful—he would have known how to solve the vital problem in clubs. At Trick 2 he should have entered dummy with a trump and ruffed a second heart high, then re-entered with another trump to ruff the third heart. In this way he would have seen that East started with only two hearts, and he could have had a dependable count on the hand after drawing trumps and running the diamonds, then he would have had a guaranteed finesse against the club queen.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Comic strip 'Out Our Way' showing a group of people at a table. One man says: 'YOU KID'S! BREAK ME WITH HOLLERIN' FOR EXTRA! I JUST LOVE THE WORKS ON HAMBURGERS!' Another says: 'THEY RAISE BABIES ON FORK AND BUT AS SOON AS THEY GET AS THEY GET BIRTH THEY'RE EATING GROUND BREAD AND PICKLED COCKLES!' A third says: 'DRUG STORE CUSTOMER LEFT A BOTTLE OF HORSE LINIMENT ON MY COUNTER BUT I HAD AN ALLERGY WHEN HE LEFT IT FOR ME!' A fourth says: 'COME ON, PUNK, DON'T BE A CREEPY! I JUST LOVE THE WORKS ON HAMBURGERS!' A fifth says: 'PASS EVERYTHING YOU GOT MID PUNK!' A sixth says: 'I'D BETTER GET MY THINGS OUT OF THE WALL SAFE BEFORE THE PAINTER STARTS TO WORK!' A seventh says: 'EEP!' An eighth says: 'WHERE'S THAT PAINTER?!!' A ninth says: 'HE JUST RAN DOWN TO HIS TRUCK FOR SOME 'WET PAINT' SIGNS!' A tenth says: '...BUT THAT NIGHT I HADN'T LET GRANDPA'S FAVORITE DESSERT GET BURNED!!' A eleventh says: 'OH, YES... I REMEMBER!' A twelfth says: 'WELL, YOU DON'T THINK IT WAS FUNNY THEN... YOU NEVER EVEN LAUGHED!' A thirteenth says: 'OF COURSE NOT...'

Our Boarding House

Major Hoople

Comic strip 'Our Boarding House' showing a man and a woman. The man says: 'AY WORD, FATHER! DID ONE OF YOUR PUGLISTIC PUPILS SCORE A TOUCHÉ ON YOUR OPTIC? LET ME GO FETCH A STEAK VERY SOOTHING FOR A BLACK EYE HEH-HEH!' The woman says: 'LEANDER MAKES HIS MARK' The man says: 'YER, I WAS TEACHING LEANDER A FEW FINE POINTS OF THE MANLY ART AND I FORGOT TO DUCK—I MUST SAY THAT SCALAWAG IS A BRIGHT STUDENT—I'VE AWARDED HIM A DIPLOMA MAGNA CUM LAUDE!' The woman says: 'I'M BUTTERING UP THE POLKS FOR A DREAMY NEW DRESS FOR THE BIG PROM.' The man says: 'ME, TOO...' The woman says: 'BUT DADS GIVING ME A HARD TIME.' The man says: 'I'VE TRIED SIMPLY EVERYTHING BUT TEARS!' The woman says: 'YOU'LL WAN, THAT ALWAYS GETS 'EM.' The man says: 'MAYBE, I'VE WORKED IT SO MANY TIMES HE'S PRACTICALLY WATERPROOF!' The man says: 'ALEX HAS ORDERED ARIE TO HELP AFTER PALOOKA WITH A TWO-FISTED ATTACK! ARTY SHOOK UP THE CHAMPION WITH A RIGHT TO THE JAW?? AND NOW THE CHALLENGER SCORES AGAIN!' The man says: 'WHAT HOPPEN? HEY, JOEY... DON'T LET THAT JOKER TOUS?' The woman says: 'COVER UP, JOE?? GET AWAY—MOVE AWAY—FAST! CHOK, BABY?' The man says: 'THAT'S IT, THE RIGHT WAY! PUNCH HIM! BUTT PUNCH HIM! ONE OF THOSE PUNCHES!' The man says: 'COME OUTTA THAT CLOSET, OR I'LL SHOOT THROUGH THE...' The woman says: '...DOO...' The man says: 'I'M OUT!' The woman says: 'GUESS FLANDERS' The man says: 'Phil and Will have been locked in a boarded-up room of the old place in Deadwood Swamp.' The woman says: 'HENRY, I KNEW YOU'D SEE AN UPTICK MESSAGE ON THE DOOR!' The man says: 'LOOK, BABY—HENRY! WE'LL RIDE THAT OUT LATER!' The woman says: 'RIGHT NOW WE'RE IN DANGER OF BEING BLOWN INTO A SKY-HIGH SNOWY MIST... AND I DON'T HEAR THE HOOFBEATS OF THE RESCUING TEXAS RANGERS!' The man says: 'GOSH, TINY TOM! TWO MORE! LOOK LIKE STAYS TROOPERS!' The woman says: 'GEE! I WAS RIGHT! OKAY, OPEN THE CELLAR EXIT—I'LL LIGHT THE FUSE!' The man says: 'THE EXAMINATION REVEALS NO ORGANIC INJURY—BLINDNESS WAS CAUSED PURELY BY PSYCHOGENIC SHOCK. I CAN CURE HER.' The woman says: 'BUT—I WON'T.' The man says: 'WHY NOT, DOCTOR?' The woman says: 'IF SHE SEES YOU AS YOU ARE—NOT THE FAMOUS MOVIE STAR YOU PRE-TENDED TO BE—BUT A POVERTY-STRIKEN, UNDERNOURISHED RUNT—' The man says: 'THAT SECOND SHOCK MIGHT BE INCURABLE—'

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HOW TO BE POPULAR—CONFIDENCE DOES IT By WILDROOT HERE A DATE—THERE A DATE—BUT ADAPTE FOR ME—WHAT? I DO? DO YOU LACK CONFIDENCE IN YOURSELF? CONFIDENCE STARTS WITH CONFIDENCE IN YOUR PERSONAL APPEARANCE! DRUGS WILDROOT CREAM-OIL SOLD HERE! YOU GET CONFIDENCE BY HAVING A GOOD APPEARANCE—USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL AND YOU CAN BE CONFIDENT YOUR HAIR WILL ALWAYS LOOK ITS BEST IN ANY SITUATION! WILDROOT CREAM-OIL GIVES YOU CONFIDENCE! WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CONTAINS THE HEART OF LANOLIN—NATURE'S FINEST HAIR AND SCALP CONDITIONER.

Bringing Up Father SO YOU CAN'T FIND YOUR KEYS, STUPID? NO—I MUST HAVE LOST THEM ON THE STREET! THINK HARD! WHEN DID YOU HAVE THEM LAST? NOW I REMEMBER! I DID THEM TO YOU YESTERDAY WHEN YOU COULDN'T FIND YOURS! OH, THAT'S RIGHT! SO YOU DID! I PUT THEM IN MY BAG! I'D HAVE AN EASIER TIME FINDING THEM IF I'D LOST THEM ON THE STREET!

POGO IS YOU RECALLED? ON ACCOUNT OF ITS FURY, IT'S RECALLED! WHOSE? IT TAKES AFTER GRUNDON! NEXT TIME IT BITES ME I'LL GIVE HIM A BACK! NOBARD! NOT WHILE I'VE TAKEN CARE OF IT.

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Grandma GEE GRANDMA! IT'S MIGHTY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU... 'T HELP KEEP THE CITY CLEAN BY PICKING UP CANS ALONG THE STREET THAT-A-WAY!! WELL, I KINDA THOUGHT I'D STOCKPILE A FEW LOADS... TO CARRY BAIT IN WHEN GOOD FISHIN' WEATHER COMES ALONG!

Mickey Mouse NOW, WHAT DID MARY ALICE MEAN BY THAT? EEEK! Clarelle's Antique GLASS and Old CHINA SHOP! MY GIRL SAID I WAS LIKE A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP... AND I HADDA FIND OUT WHAT SHE MEANT!

Henry AH-CHOO

Muggs and Skeeter HA! HA! HA! YOU CERTAINLY TELL THAT STORY WELL, PA... HA! HA! GRANDMA, DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT GRANDPA TOLD YOU THAT SAME JOKE ONLY LAST WEEK! OH, YES... I REMEMBER! WILL YOU DON'T THINK IT WAS FUNNY THEN... YOU NEVER EVEN LAUGHED! OF COURSE NOT... BUT THAT NIGHT I HADN'T LET GRANDPA'S FAVORITE DESSERT GET BURNED!!

Tilly The Toilet ID BETTER GET MY THINGS OUT OF THE WALL SAFE BEFORE THE PAINTER STARTS TO WORK! EEP! WHERE'S THAT PAINTER?!! HE JUST RAN DOWN TO HIS TRUCK FOR SOME 'WET PAINT' SIGNS!

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The Lone Ranger COME OUTTA THAT CLOSET, OR I'LL SHOOT THROUGH THE... DOO... I'M OUT! GUESS FLANDERS'

Secret Agent X9 Phil and Will have been locked in a boarded-up room of the old place in Deadwood Swamp. HENRY, I KNEW YOU'D SEE AN UPTICK MESSAGE ON THE DOOR! LOOK, BABY—HENRY! WE'LL RIDE THAT OUT LATER! RIGHT NOW WE'RE IN DANGER OF BEING BLOWN INTO A SKY-HIGH SNOWY MIST... AND I DON'T HEAR THE HOOFBEATS OF THE RESCUING TEXAS RANGERS! GOSH, TINY TOM! TWO MORE! LOOK LIKE STAYS TROOPERS! GEE! I WAS RIGHT! OKAY, OPEN THE CELLAR EXIT—I'LL LIGHT THE FUSE!

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By Charles Kuhn, By Walt Disney, By Carl Anderson, By Wally Bishop, By Bob Gustafson, By Paul Robinson, By Ham Fisher, By Fran Striker, By Mel Graff, By Al Capp