

### The Tiny Folk

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

It was baking day at Laurie's house. His mother was busy getting out the bake board, egg beater, and mixing bowl.

"I want to help too, Mommy. May I help you, please?" Laurie coaxed. It is storming too hard for me to go out to play.

"Yes, I suppose you may help a bit," Mother agreed. "You help me gather the rest of the things for baking."

"Here are your measuring spoons and your big mixing spoon," Laurie said as he placed them on the table. "And here is your cookie cutter."

His mother looked then hid a little smile as she asked, "Why did you get out that cookie cutter?"

Laurie grinned up at her. "Well, I just thought we could make some cowboy cookies. Couldn't we, Mommy?"

"Yes, I suppose we can," answered Mrs. Page. "That is, if you are a very good boy and don't bother me while I am getting the dough mixed. If you keep asking too many questions I might make a mistake and put in pepper instead of ginger."

Laurie thought that was a great joke. His mother always made lots of ginger cookies, and he never tasted any pepper in them yet.

He watched as she measured out molasses and shortening, flour, soda, spices and salt. It seemed a long time, but it really wasn't so very long, until the dough was ready. Quickly he ran to the sink to wash his hands so he could make cookies too.

Mother put a small roll of dough on the floured board, and smoothed

ed it out flat with the rolling pin. Laurie took up the cookies cutter, and pressed it carefully into the dough. "There's one cowboy," he said. "Now I'll make some more."

Very carefully he made three more gingerbread men, while his mother lifted them with the spatula and put them on to the cookie sheet.

"Let me make eyes and nose and mouth in them," Laurie asked. "I'll put raisins for eyes, and a bit of red cherry for a mouth."

"That is a good idea," said his mother, "and here are a few peanuts that would make good buttons on the cowboy's coats."

Laurie laughed and laughed. "Oh, this is fun, Mommy. I just love to help you when you are baking. Now put them in the oven to bake."

Soon the cookies were done. How good and spicy they smelled! Laurie suggested, "Since it is storming too much to play outside without getting wet, call up Susan and David and ask them to come to play at our house."

Mrs. Dale said Susan and David might come, and soon the three children were having fun building houses with blocks. David hauled the blocks in the yellow dump truck while Laurie and Susan made the houses.

"Now here is a surprise for you," Laurie said, his eyes dancing with excitement. "Here are cowboy cookies that I made for you."

"Oh, goodie, goodie," Susan and David jumped up and clapped their hands. They laughed at the big fat brown cookies with eyes, nose, mouth and buttons. "Thank you for our good cookies," they said. "It is fun to come visiting and then get a surprise like this."

"The three of them sat on the floor to eat their cookies, giggling as they ate off first the legs, then the arms, and last of all, the head. As they finished, Susan said, "We ate our cowboy cookies so fast they didn't even have time to say 'oh dear!' I'm all gone." "But that is the end of our ginger cowboys."

### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

#### WHO SUFFERED MOST?

Suffer though you may, be sure Others suffer even more.  
—Old Mother Nature.

prisoners in their own yard. Because that yard was not big enough, they had eaten nearly all the tender twigs and buds when they could be reached even when



The snow was so deep that they were prisoners in their own yard.

These were hard times for a lot of folk. It was a question for whom they were the hardest. Johnny Chuck, Bobby Coon, Nimbalee the Jumping Mouse, and Striped Chipmunk were asleep. So they knew nothing about the hard times. Jimmy Skunk was asleep, too, and so was Buster Bear. They were not as sound asleep as the others, but they were sleepy enough not to think of even trying to go out.

Of course Happy Jack Squirrel, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and Timmy the Flying Squirrel, being thrifty folks, didn't go hungry. But some of the other folks went very hungry indeed. Even after the snow had settled enough for Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy to get about, they had to do a lot of hunting to find enough to keep them alive. They were sure that no one in all the Green Forest or on the Green Meadows was having such a hard time as they were. They were thin, and always hungry.

Now on his den in the ledges, Yowler the Bobcat was feeling just like Reddy and Mrs. Reddy. He was sure that no one was or could be as hungry as himself. Old Man Coyote had that same feeling. All of them spent every moment they were awake hunting for food. And each was sure that he suffered most.

Over in the Green Forest were Lightfoot the Deer, Mrs. Lightfoot, and the two fawns now too big to be called fawns. They were living in the yard they had trodden out there. A Deer yard is a series of paths trodden in the snow, and kept trodden down as more snow falls. These paths cross and re-cross. The yard is made in a place where the deer can get enough browse. They live on the tender twigs and leaf-buds of certain trees, and when they can get about easily they seldom go hungry. But if when they make their yard they do not make it large enough they may be in trouble before the winter is over. They will be if there are many snowstorms and the snow becomes too deep for them to move about outside the yard.

It was just that way now. The snow was so deep that they were

they stood on their hind feet and stretched as high as they could. They suffered quite as much from hunger as did Reddy Fox and the other hunters in fur. They were starving. But that hunger was harder for them to bear, than was the hunger of the other folk. You see, all the time those deer had food in plain sight. It was just out of their reach. They had eaten nearly everything within reach, and all the time they could see just out of reach above them the food they so sorely needed. They did try to get food outside their yard, but the snow was so deep, that they could not walk in it. All they could do was plunge through it, and this work was too hard. It tired them out. You see, they were not strong because of lack of food. So they could only plunge far enough to get a bite here and a bite there. And all the time they could see what they so sorely needed.

Of all these hungry folk in the Green Forest who suffered most do you think?

#### CHURCHILL ENJOYS PLAY

LONDON Reuters—Sir Winston Churchill was just as enthusiastic as gallery fans Monday night in praising a production of "Hamlet" at the Old Vic theatre, starring Richard Burton and Claire Bloom. The prime minister and Lady Churchill remained to watch 13 curtain calls. Churchill remarked: "The most interesting and virile performance I have ever seen."

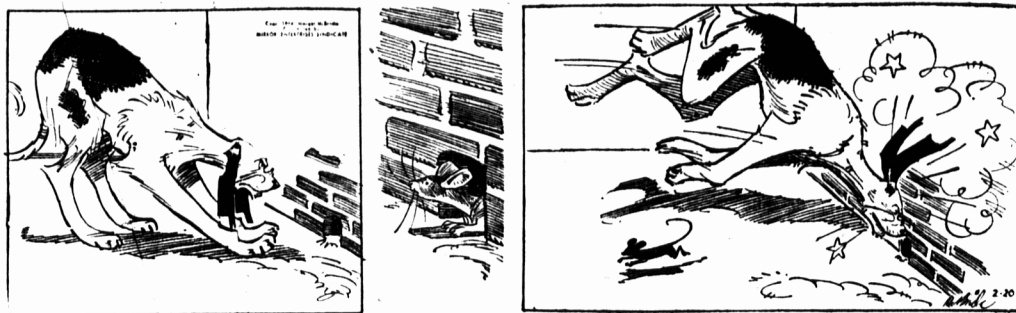
### Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



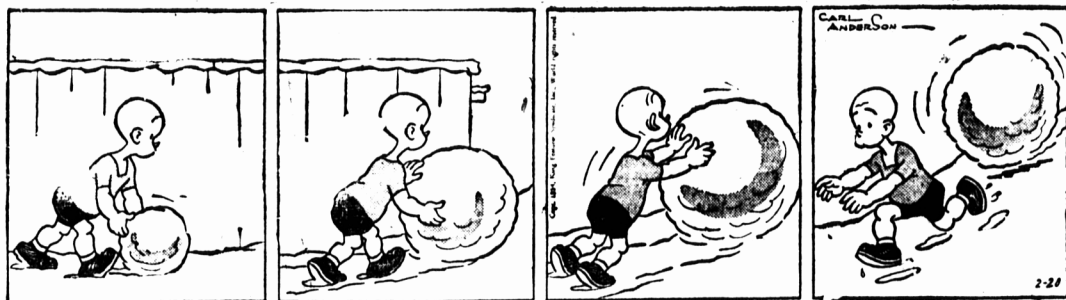
### Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



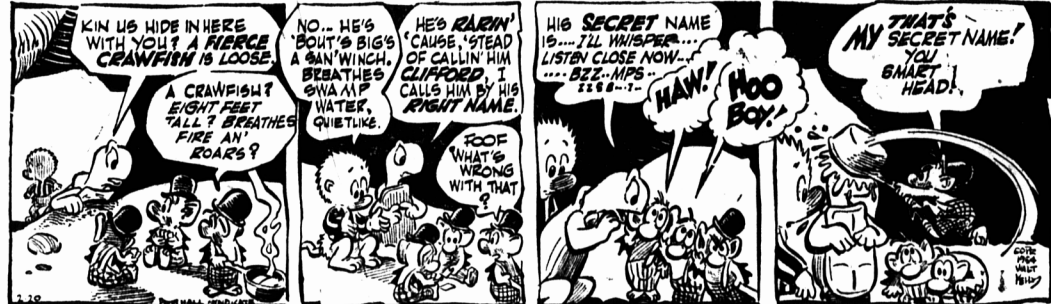
### Henry

By Carl Anderson



### Pogo

By Walt Kelly



### Dotty Dripple

By Buford



### Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



### Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



### PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen



### Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



### The Lone Ranger

By Fran Striker



### Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



### L'il Abner

By Al Capp

