

READ ALOUD & BEGINNING READER STORIES

HUMPTY DUMPTY'S

MAGAZINE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

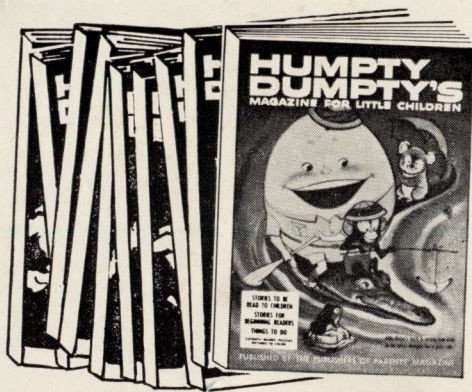
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PICTURES TO
COLOR
CUT OUTS
GAMES
THINGS TO DO
PUZZLES

"Time to get up," says Bugler Pup. "Rise and shine," says Redbreast. But Brother Bear won't move a hair, he'd rather have his bed rest.

PUBLISHED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE



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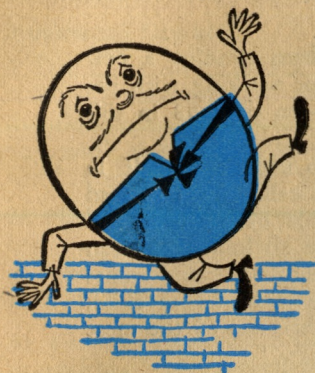
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- New games to play!
- Good fun comics!
- Hours of happy things-to-do!

Published monthly except
June and August by the
publishers of Parents'
Magazine



Humpty Dumpty
sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty
had a great fall;
All the King's horses and
all the King's men,
Couldn't put Humpty
together again.

But an American doctor
with patience and glue
Put Humpty together
— better than new;
And now he is healthy
and back on the scene,
Busily editing
this magazine!



Humpty Dumpty's

MAGAZINE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

MAY, 1960

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Cover by DAN LAWLER

A GUIDE FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

For the past several months we have been running a new feature that constitutes still another tool for working with beginning readers. This is the short playlet—on page 98 in this issue—scaled for the very new reader.

Oftentimes a shy child is reluctant to express himself in front of his classmates. Consequently, when called upon to read aloud in class he will fumble and stumble over words and phrases he knows perfectly well. But as we all know, children have a great sense of the dramatic, as witness the pretend games you frequently overhear. At such times the withdrawing child, given a cloak of pretend, will take on the bravado of the most stalwart knight or the wildest cowboy.

Here, then, is where the playlet serves its purpose. The teacher sets the stage with a few words, describing the nature of the characters involved, and sketching in the situation that leads up to the incident about to be dramatized. The children selected to do the reading readily enter into the game, and as they read **THE KING OF THE BIRDS** the feathers of the eagle drop on the shoulders of one, a second becomes the determined sparrow, and another spreads his peacock's tail. Under such circumstances their voices take on an expressiveness uninhibited by self-consciousness, the words really "make sense" and the whole reading experience is immeasurably enriched.

READING AND THE LANGUAGE ARTS

Reading Readiness

51 **FIND THE TWINS**; 60 **FIND THE HIDDEN FLOWERS**. Patterns, likenesses and differences play an important part in word recognition when a child first learns to read.

62 **FOUR FACES FOR TWINKLE**. A simple kinesthetic puzzle that helps with hand-eye coordination—a vital aspect of successful writing.

Beginning Reading

24 **MINX AND JINX**. A second grader at this point should not have too much trouble here; an advanced first grader will find it a challenge.

64 **THE COOK AND THE BOOK**. Plenty of word rhymes makes this

good drill in the 'word family' area; story also carries a message about the importance of being able to read.

98 **THE KING OF THE BIRDS**. This is the playlet mentioned above. Perhaps it would be advisable for an adult to read the parenthesized directive words the first couple of times through.

NUMBERS

14 **Connect the dots**. Some more kinetic exercise for hand-eye coordination plus number recognition from 1 to 22.

84 **THE MAGIC NUMBER CARDS**. A game that is much less complicated than it looks. Give your child a hand with setting it up and he'll soon be drilling himself in simple addition without realizing it!

SOCIAL STUDIES

Personal Growth

6 THE CATKIN'S CARRIAGE WHEEL. A helping hand can save almost any situation. Mrs. Potter tells about it on a small animal level, but actually size has very little to do with it.

24 MINX AND JINX. Even the most hopeless seeming situation has a way of working itself out if you're just a little patient.

44 EDDIE'S TRUE FRIEND. A friend in need is a friend indeed may be an old saw, but that doesn't lessen its truth any.

98 THE KING OF THE BIRDS. Pride goeth before a fall is another time-honored phrase, and it's as valid today as it ever was.

Nature

56 THE SPOTTED FAWN. One of nature's most engaging children is the subject for this month's nature piece. Why not make a classroom exhibit of examples of natural camouflage among animals and insects?

96 DANDELION. Is there anyone alive who has not 'told the time' by blowing on a dandelion! This little poem can lead to a discussion about seeds and how they travel.

OUR SPECIAL PAPER AND BINDING

HUMPTY DUMPTY'S MAGAZINE is printed on what is known as "eye-ease" tinted paper. This light green paper is easier on the eyes than white or any other tinted paper.

Our binding is designed to eliminate the use of staples. As a result, the magazine lies flat when opened, and is easier for children to handle.

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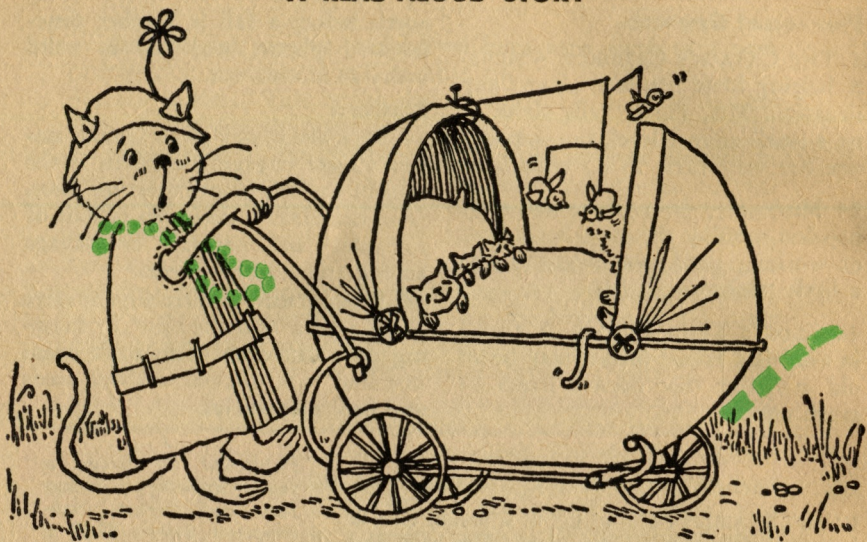
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THE CATKINS' CARRIAGE WHEEL

by MIRIAM CLARK POTTER

illustrated by CYNDY SZEKERES

Mrs. Cat was going along, going along, down the hill, with her carriage full of baby kittens. She was pushing it fast.

The babies couldn't walk, they couldn't talk; they were just tiny catkins. They were crawly and squally.

Just then they were asleep. Their



mother was walking along, singing a little gray-purr tune, when suddenly a wheel came off the catkin carriage.

Of course it stopped rolling. And Mrs. Cat stopped singing, and walking. She held fast to the handle, so the carriage wouldn't tip, and the babies fall out.

The wheel went on rolling, rolling down the hill.

She was in a bad fix! She said to herself:

“What shall I do?
Just stand here and mew?”

She did that; long, frightened mew. In between she called, "Help, help!"

And the little catkins didn't even wake up.

A squirrel heard her. He came running down from his high house in a tree.

"What's the matter?"

"Can't you see? A wheel has come off my catkin carriage, and I can't leave my babies to go and find it."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," the squirrel said. "I'll stand under the carriage and be the best wheel I can. I'm just the right size. Now, you run down the hill and hunt."

He squeezed into place, and held the carriage firm. And the little catkins didn't even wake up.

Mrs. Cat hurried down the hill as fast as she could. She knocked at the doors of little houses at the bottom. The first was a woodchuck's.

"Did you see a wheel come this way?"

"Wheels don't come this way," smiled the woodchuck, and shut the door.

She knocked at a duck's house. "Did you see a wheel rolling down the hill?"

“No, I have been away swimming.”

She knocked at a gopher's little cottage. “Did a wheel bump into your house?”

“Nothing bumped.”



Mrs. Cat was frantic. She wanted to get back to her babies. Then she saw something interesting. There was a boy rabbit, and he was rolling her wheel like a hoop, hitting it with a stick.

“That’s mine!” she cried. “I need it.”

“It’s mine!” he said. “I found it.”

“But I have three others on my carriage, just like it.”

“Well, if that’s so, it’s yours,” the rabbit said.

He went with her to the top of the hill. And there was the squirrel, trying to be a wheel. And there were the catkins, still asleep.

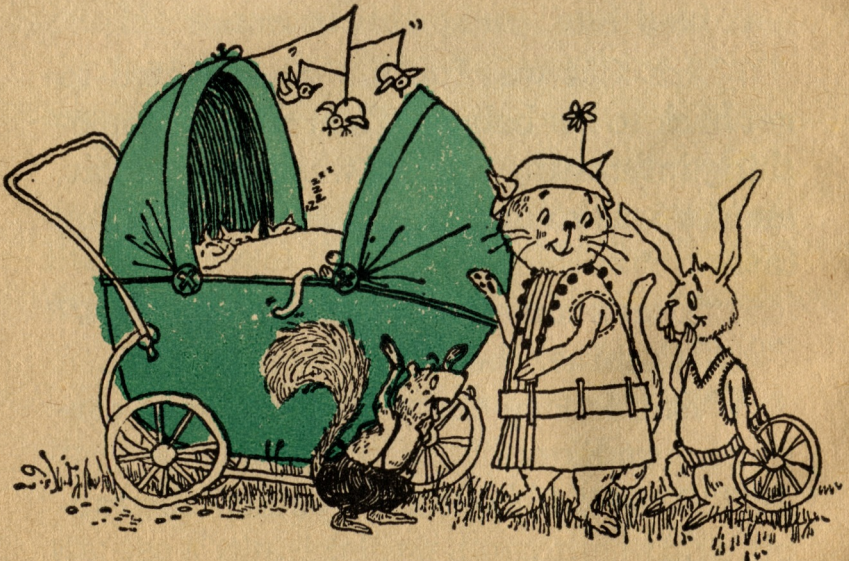
“You see?” said Mrs. Cat.

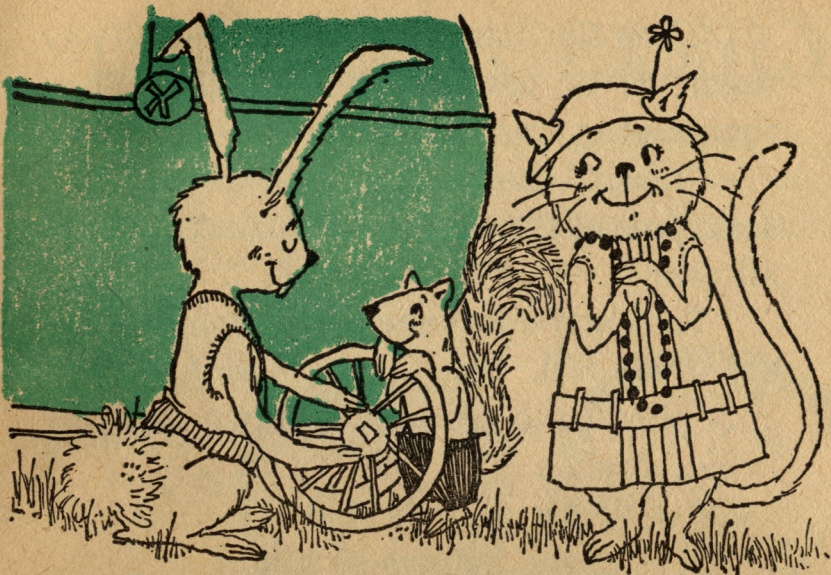
“I see,” said the boy rabbit.

“I’m tired of staying here,” the squirrel squeaked.

“You won’t have to; we’ll put the wheel back,” Mrs. Cat said. But the rabbit shook his head. “It will just come off again. The nut is lost. We need the nut.”

“Nut? nut?” chattered the squirrel. He





hoped he could eat it. He was hungry after holding up the heavy catkin carriage for so long.

The rabbit was running around, looking. "Here it is." He took the little iron thing, and screwed it on. It held the wheel tight.

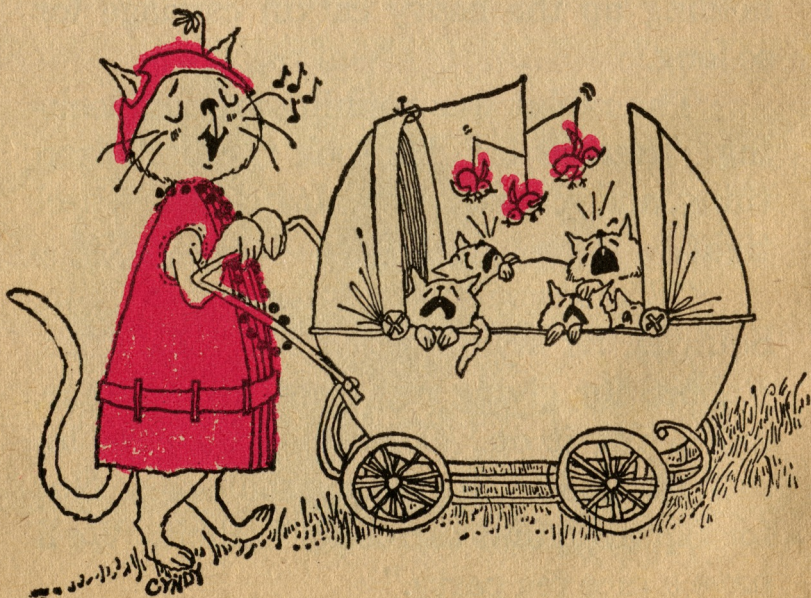
"Thank you," Mrs. Cat purred: "You, Squirrel, for standing there so long. You, Rabbit, for giving my wheel back to me, and fixing it on. Come to my house, tomorrow, and I will give you some pies. Nut for Squirrel, and carrot for Rabbit. We'll have a nice tea party."

Then the little catkins woke up. They began to be crawly and squally. They squirmed around, and made mewling noises.

“Hush,” their mother told them. “You are crying at the wrong time. Our trouble is all over.”

Soon she was going along, going along, down the hill. She began to sing a little gray-purr tune again, to drown out the babies’ crying.

“How jolly to find
Some helpers so kind.”
Soon they were at home.



THE HAPPY FAMILY

• The faces of this happy family all have something missing. For instance, Mother doesn't have any nose. See if you can draw what is missing on the faces of Mother, Dad, Janie, and Biff the dog.

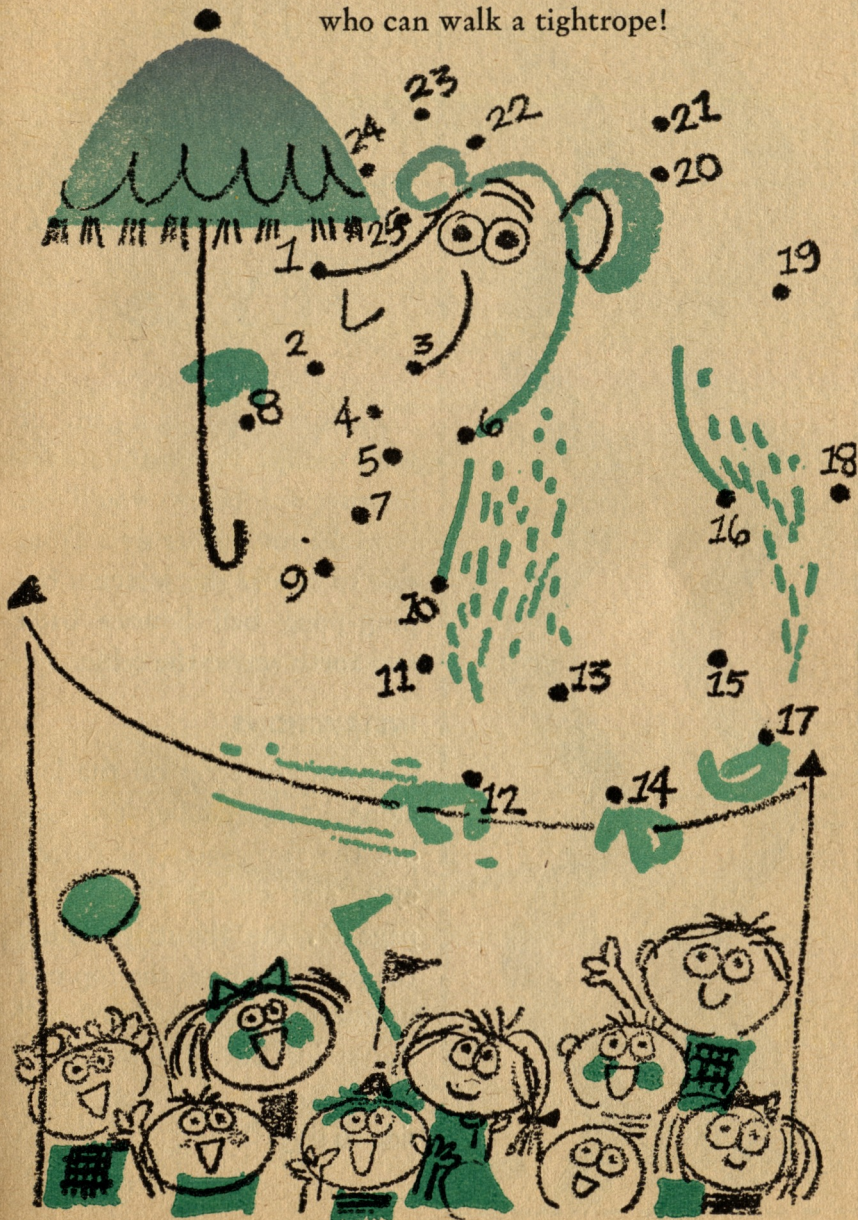


CIRCUS TIME!

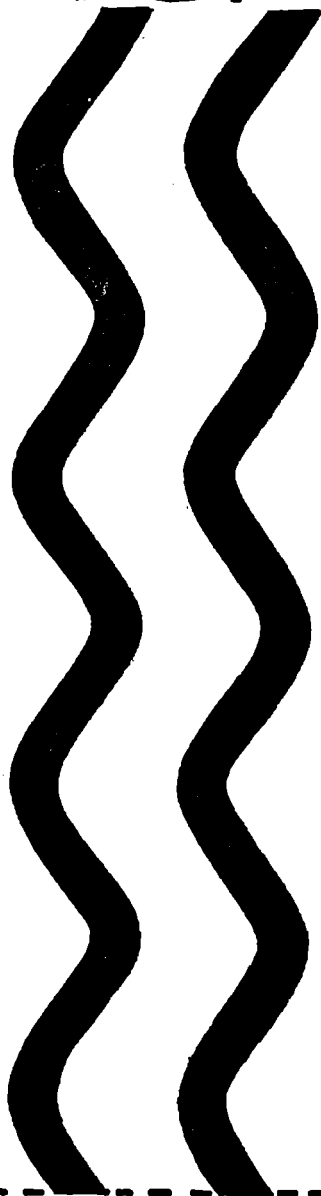
Connect the dots from 1 to 28 and see who can stand on two feet.



Connect the dots from 1 to 25 and see who can walk a tightrope!



TOP



SEE ROSIE ROLL HER EYES

• Rosie is watching a game of table tennis. If you follow the instructions below you'll see how she moves her eyes from side to side as she watches the ping-pong ball bounce back and forth across the table.

INSTRUCTIONS

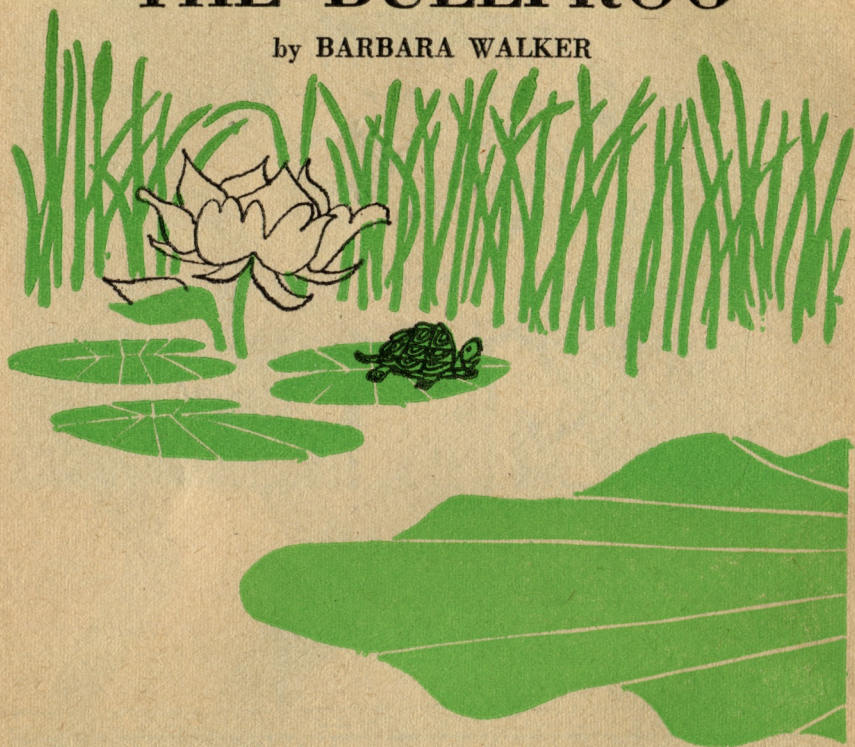
Cut out the strip on the left along its dotted border. Cut out the two spaces for Rosie's eyes, and dotted line A on page 17. Put the strip behind the page and push the top end up through the slit. Now pull the strips slowly upward to make Rosie's eyes roll from side to side!



Release

THE BULLFROG

by BARBARA WALKER



There's a big old bull - frog

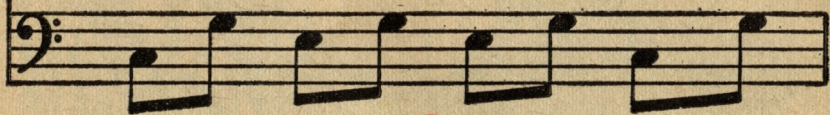
The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody of six notes: a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. It contains a bass line starting with a whole note chord of G2 and B2, followed by a series of eighth notes: G2, A2, B2, G2, F2, and E2.



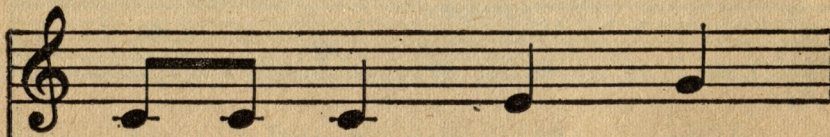
down in the mead - ow



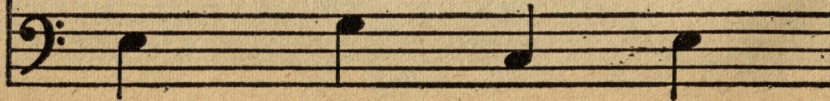
work - ing hard on a



song; _____ But he



seems to have trou - ble



get - ting it start - ed;



He keeps sing - ing one note



(spoken)

all day long! GRRUMM.GRRUMM.GRUMM.

GIVE BOOTH A TOOTH

● Booth, the baby beaver on the opposite page, is standing by a tree that his mother is cutting down. (His mother has gone off to get a drink of water.) Booth would like to help, but his front teeth haven't grown in yet. See if you can give Booth a large front tooth so he can help his parents gather wood for the dam they are building.

INSTRUCTIONS

Cut the dotted line along Booth's mouth. Put your right hand behind the page, holding it as shown in figure 1. Push the tip of your pinky down through Booth's mouth to make a big front tooth as shown in figure 2.



1



2





"No mailman brought this surprise," said mother. "Come and see!"

MINX AND JINX

by LILIAN MOORE

illustrated by EMILY CARSON

There is a surprise for you,"
said Jonny's mother.

"For me?" said Jonny. "I know!
You made chocolate chip cookies!"

Jonny's mother laughed.

"No," she said. "This surprise
is not cookies."

"I know!" cried Jonny. "Grandma is here!"

"No," said his mother.

"This surprise is not Grandma."

Jonny thought hard. "Oh, I know!"
he said. "The mailman brought my rocket!
The one I sent away for with my box tops!"

Jonny's mother laughed again.

"No mailman brought this surprise," she said.

"Come and see!"

What a surprise it was!

Not cookies.

Not Grandma.

Not a rocket.

No indeed!

The surprise was four tiny kittens.

“Stripes had kittens!” Jonny yelled.

“Hooray for my cat!”

His mother had to laugh.

“You act as if no cat ever had kittens before,” she said.

That was just how Jonny did feel.

He could not take his eyes off the kittens.

“My, how tiny they are!” he said.

One kitten was all gray.

“His name is Smoky,” said Jonny.

One kitten was all black.

“That one is Licorice,” said Jonny.

The other two kittens had stripes — just like their mama.

Jonny made up his mind about them right away. “Their names are Minx and Jinx,” he said. “Twin names for twin kittens.”

“Which one is Minx and which one is Jinx?” asked his mother.

But Jonny did not know.

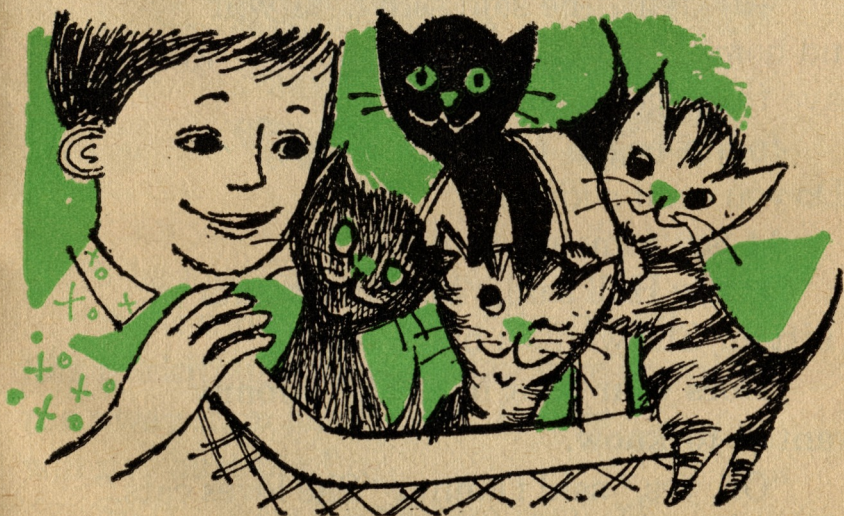
The four kittens lay by their mama and slept and slept.

They could not see. They could only feel their mama's soft warm fur.

Every day Jonny came to look at them.

"They take so long to grow!" he said.

Then one day the kittens opened their eyes. They looked around and blinked. They looked at Jonny and blinked.



"I guess the world is a big surprise to you," Jonny told his kittens. "Hello, Smoky! Hello, Licorice! Hello, Minx and Jinx — whichever you are. I'm Jonny."

The kittens grew and grew.

Now they were fun to play with.

They purred. Purr-rr-rr.

They pounced. Pounce! Pounce!

The kittens grew bigger and bigger.
Soon they could drink milk from a saucer.

Then came the sad day.

“Jonny,” said his mother. “It is time to give the kittens away.”

“Oh, no!” cried Jonny. But he knew that he could not keep five cats.

“All right,” he said sadly. “I will find homes for the kittens. But they will have to be good homes.”

Jonny began to ask everyone,
“Do you want a kitten?”

At last someone said yes.

Danny Hall said, “My aunt wants a kitten. She wants a black one.”

“Does your aunt like cats?” Jonny wanted to know.

“Oh, yes,” said Danny. “She loves cats.”

“Then she may have Licorice,” said Jonny, and he gave the black kitten to Danny to take to his aunt.

The next to go was Smoky.

She found a good home, too.

Jonny’s friend, Susie, took Smoky.

“Do you like cats?” Jonny asked Susie.

“I love them!” she said.



“But you have a dog,” said Jonny.
“Will he hurt Smoky?”

Susie shook her head. “Rusty will like the kitten.” she said. “Maybe he will run away from her at first. But he will not hurt her.”

So the little gray kitten went off to live with Susie.

Now Minx and Jinx were left.

“I cannot tell which is Minx and which is Jinx,” thought Jonny.

“Suppose I give away Minx and they call him Jinx?

Suppose I gave away Jinx and they called him Minx?”



One day his mother said, "Mrs. Brown says she will take Minx or Jinx. She will give him a good home, too."

"Mother," said Jonny. "It's not fair to take Minx away from Jinx."

His mother shook her head. "But Mrs. Brown wants just one cat."

"Can I try to find a home for the two of them?" Jonny asked.

"If you do it very soon," his mother told him.

Minx and Jinx were getting bigger every day.



Jonny asked everyone he knew.
But no one wanted two kittens.
Minx or Jinx, they told him, but not
Minx *and* Jinx.

Jonny was very unhappy. "There must be someone who understands why you have to be together," he told his kittens.

One morning his mother said, "Mrs. Brown will take one kitten, and Mrs. Boyd says she will take the other. What do you say?"

Jonny did not feel like saying anything.
"They will both have good homes,"
his mother said.

Just then the telephone rang.

Jonny ran to answer it.

"Hello," said a girl.

"Is this Main 2 - 1122?"

"Yes, it is," said Jonny.

"Are you the boy who has the kittens?"
asked the girl.

"Yes," said Jonny, surprised. "Yes, I am."

"Well," said the girl. "Mrs. Brown told my mother you have two kittens. Would you give them both away?"

"You mean you want *two* kittens?"
asked Jonny

"Yes," said the girl. "Can we come and get them now?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Jonny. "Oh, yes!"

He hung up, and ran into the kitchen.

"Guess what, Mom," he yelled. "A girl is coming over for Minx and Jinx. She wants them *both!*"

"That's funny," said his mother.

"I wonder why she wants two kittens."

Jonny was so happy he did not wonder at all. He just waited — and hoped.

About an hour later the door bell rang.

Jonny ran to open the door.

What a surprise!

He saw not one girl, but two.

“Hello,” said one girl. “I’m Jane.”

“Hello,” said the other girl. “I’m June.”

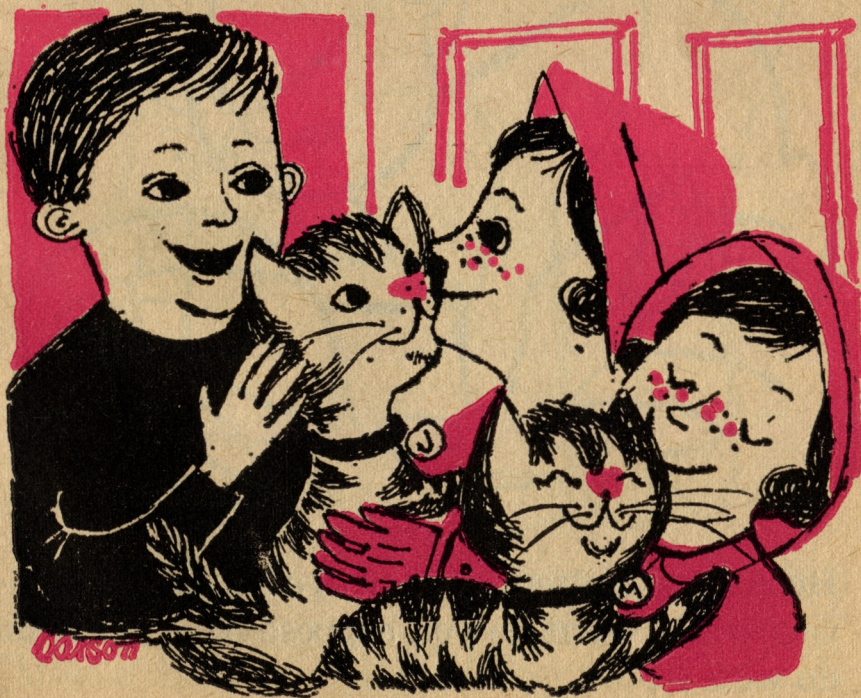
Which was Jane and which was June?

Jonny could not tell. They were

look-alike twins!

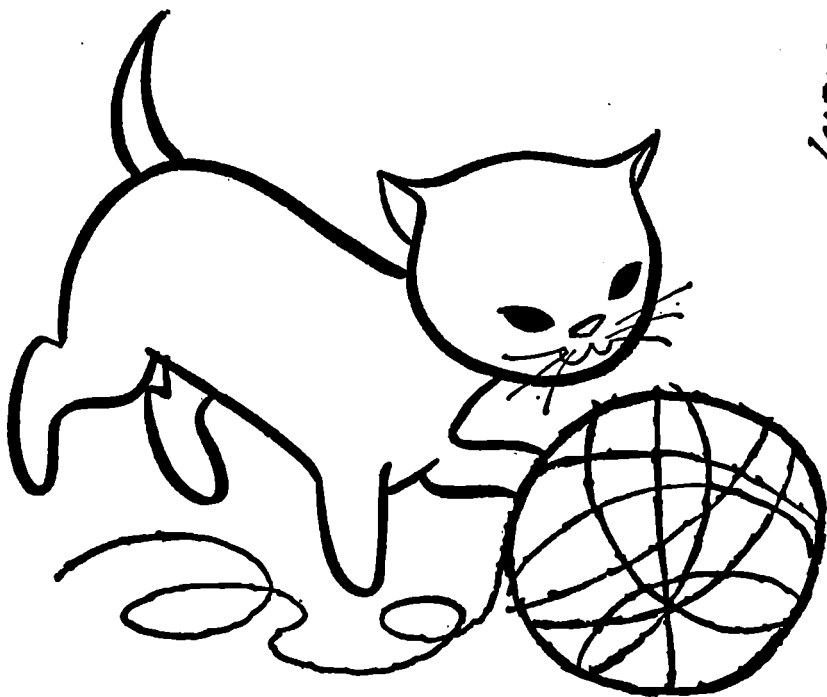
Jonny begin to laugh.

“Come in,” he said. “We have just the
kittens for you . . . Minx and Jinx
for June and Jane!”

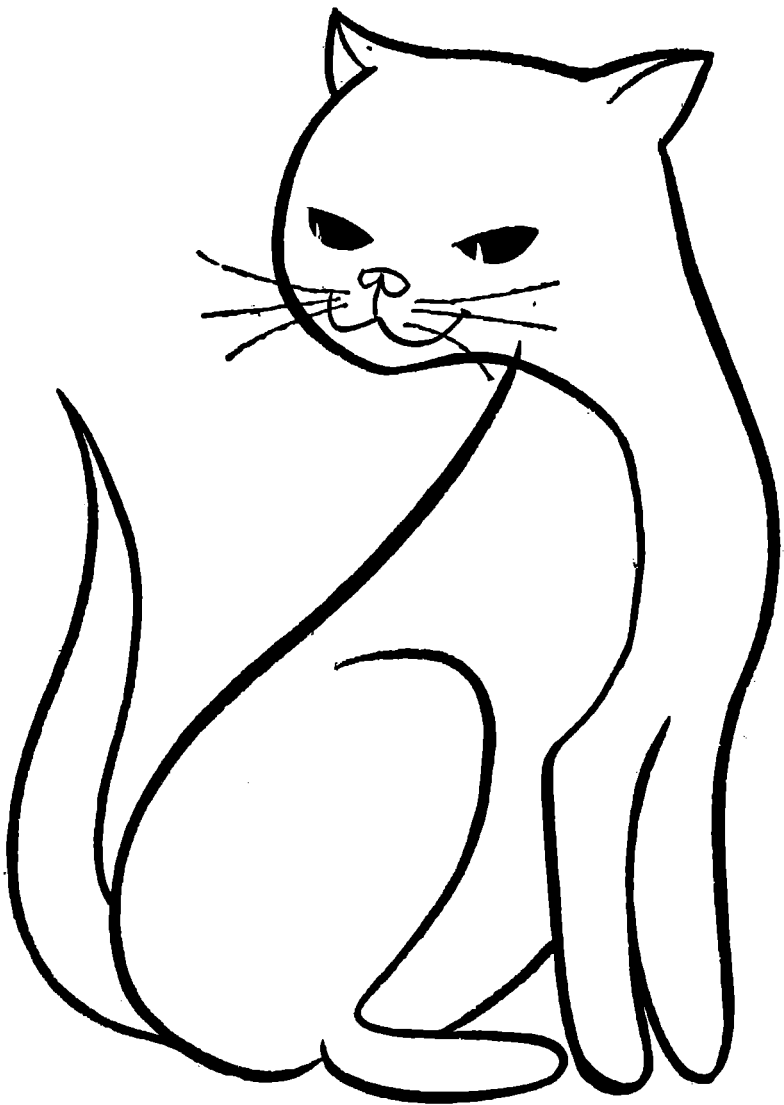


HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!

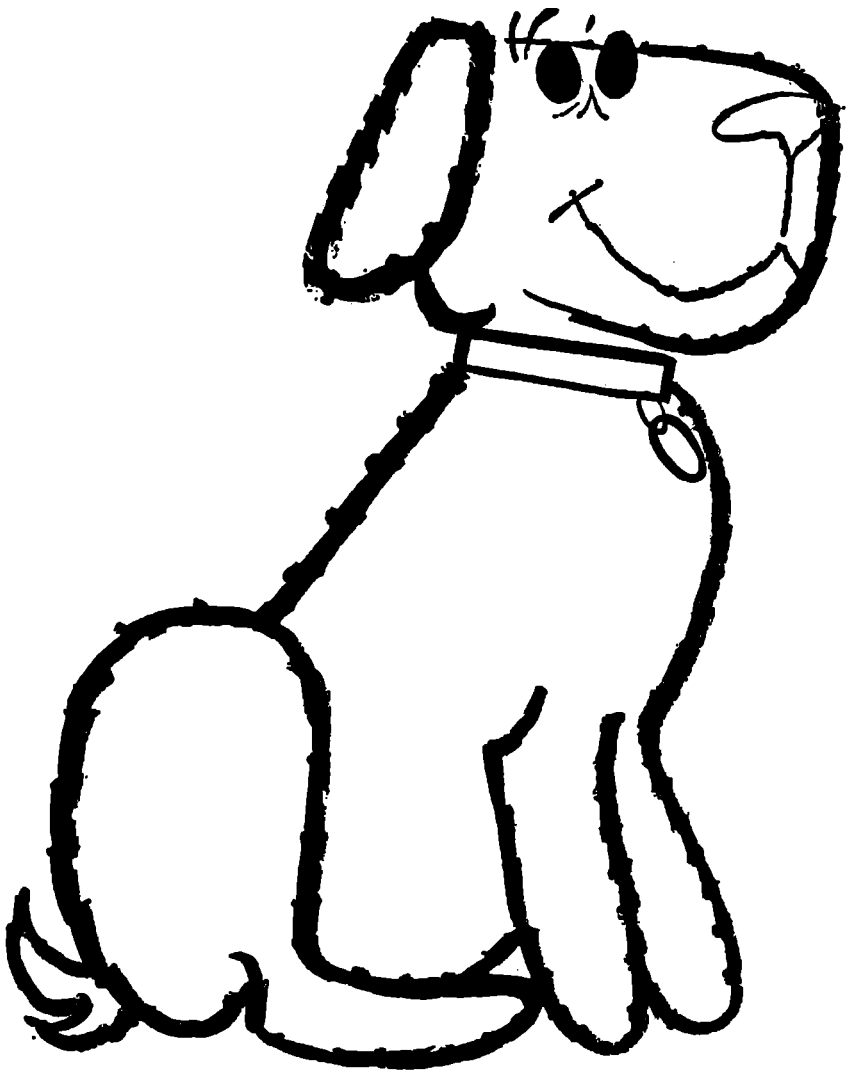
See how carefully you can color these pictures with your paints or crayons.



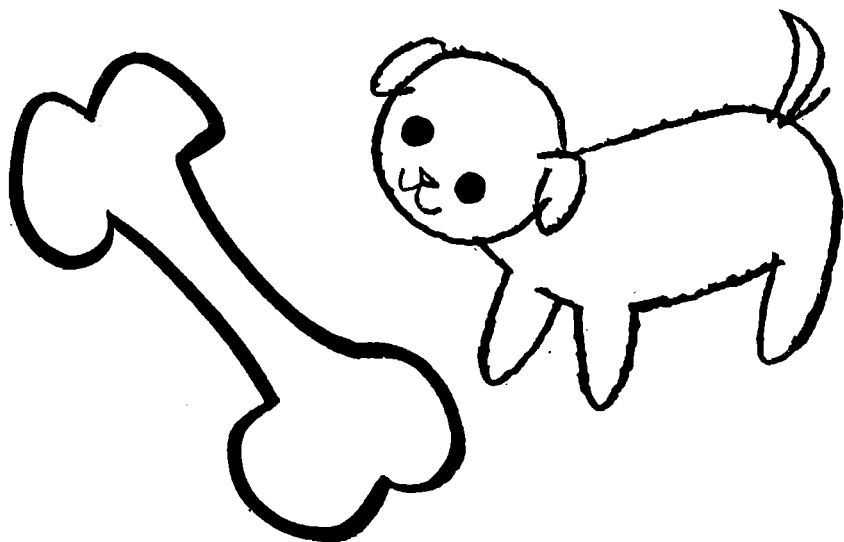
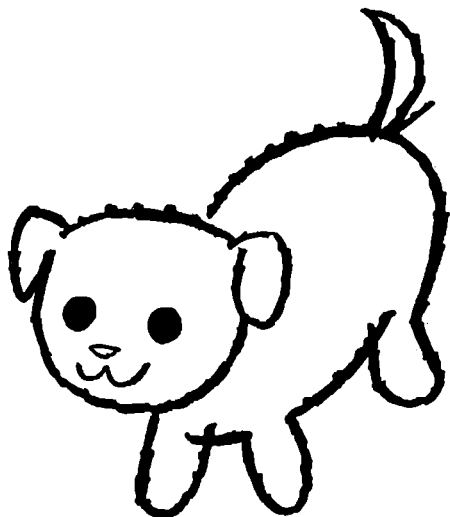
Here comes Kitten Little with a big ball of knitting wool. What do you suppose he is going to do with it?



“Happy Mother’s Day,” he purrs to his mother.
“Here is something for you to play with today.”
Mother Cat kisses him with her pink tongue.



Mrs. Pupdog is grinning from ear to ear, she's so happy. "We mothers do enjoy having one day we can call our own," she says.



Her puppies dug up the biggest bone they could find to give her for a present. They're going to try to be especially good all day, too.



Karen shook all the pennies out of her piggy bank so that she could buy a present for her mother. What do you suppose is in the box?



Mother is so surprised when Karen gives her the present. "I love it!" she cries. "But you're the best present any mother could want!"

SEE THE SCARECROW'S BRAINS

• If you have read *The Wizard of Oz* or seen the movie then you know how the Wizard poured some bran cereal into the Scarecrow's head to make some "bran new" brains, and how he gave the Tin Woodman a fine velvet heart, like this:



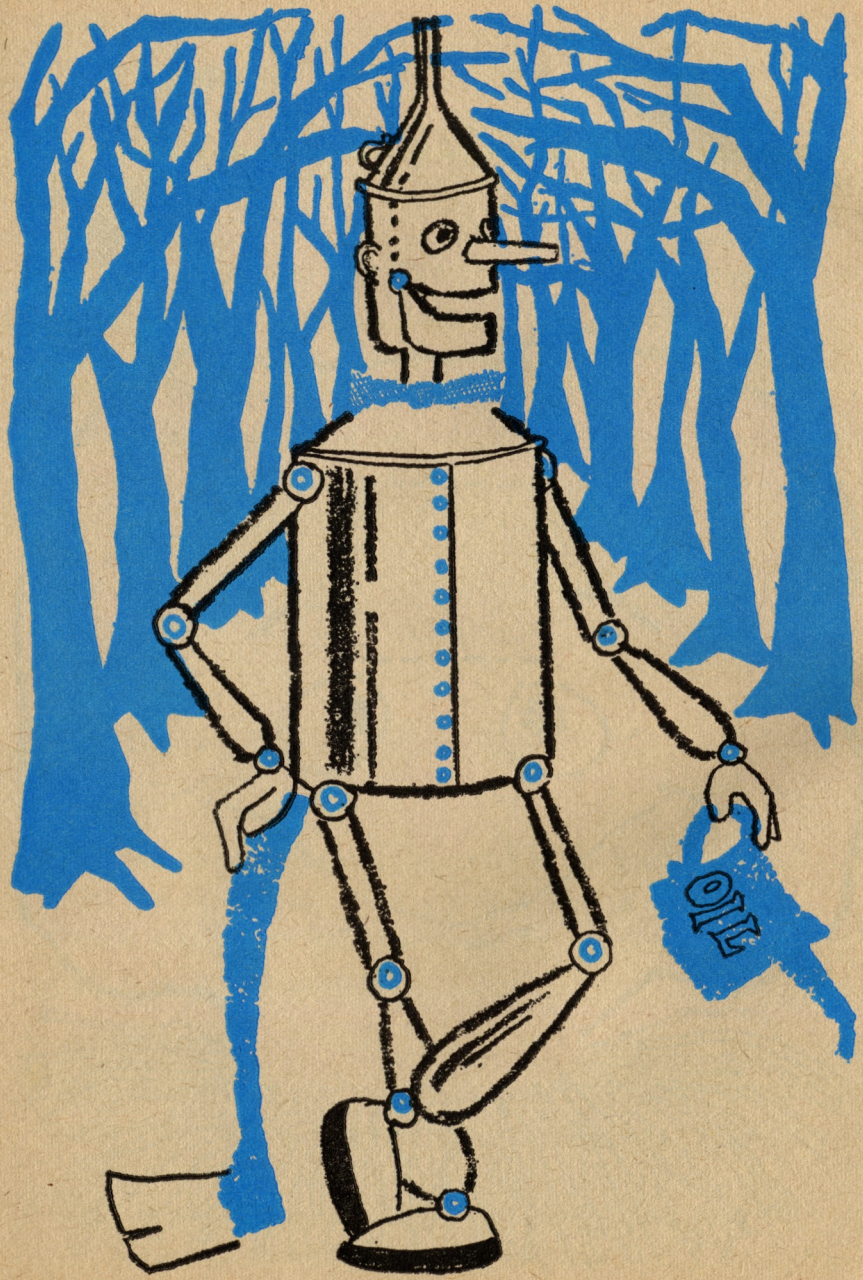
On the next two pages are pictures of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman. If you would like to peek at the straw man's new brains and the tin man's new heart, this is what you must do.

INSTRUCTIONS

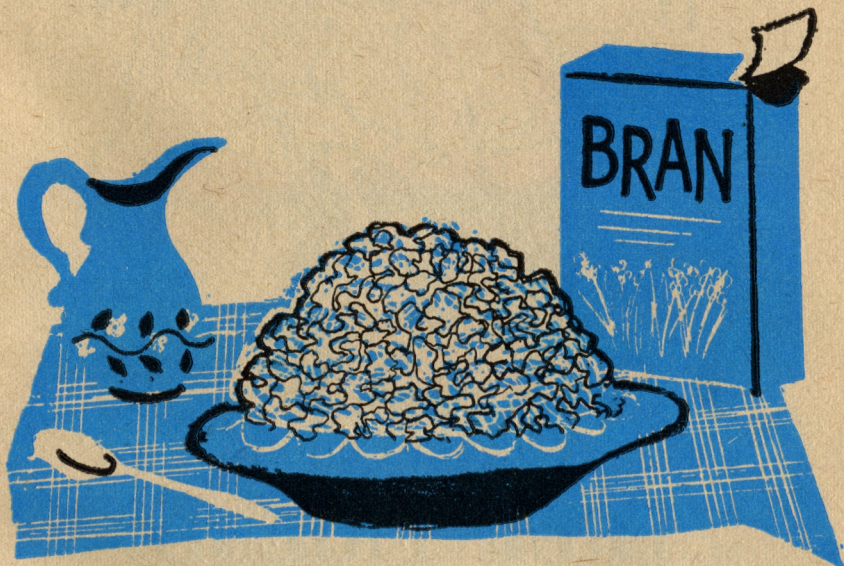
On the opposite page cut the dotted lines on the Scarecrow's forehead. This makes a small flap that you can open.

Lift up the flap on the straw man's head and you will see the brains that the Wizard gave him.



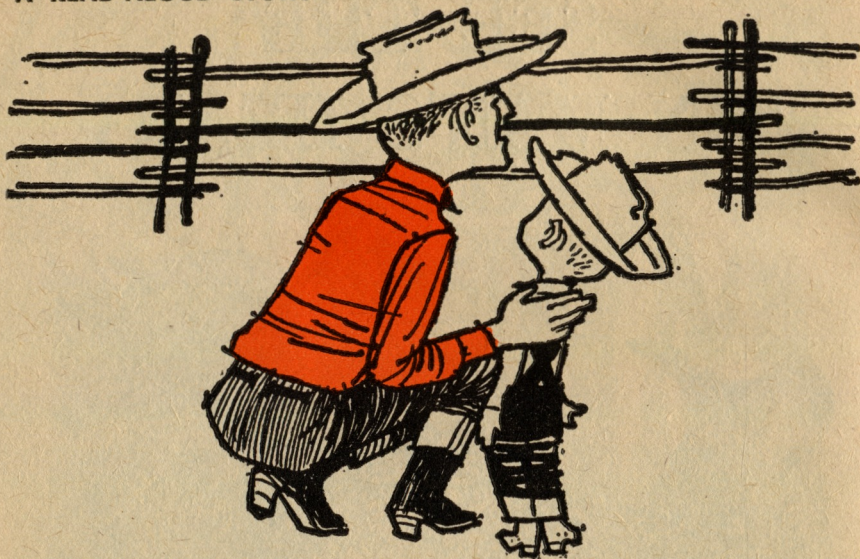


SEE THE TIN MAN'S HEART



Now that you have seen the scarecrow's brains, it's very simple to see the tin woodman's heart. You'll notice on page 42 that he already has a small door cut in his chest. Just open the door and you will see his red velvet heart! The Tin Woodman thought that a loving heart was a much better thing to have than good brains, but the Scarecrow disagreed. He thought that a good brain was much more important.

Dorothy couldn't make up her mind which of her two friends was right. What do *you* think?



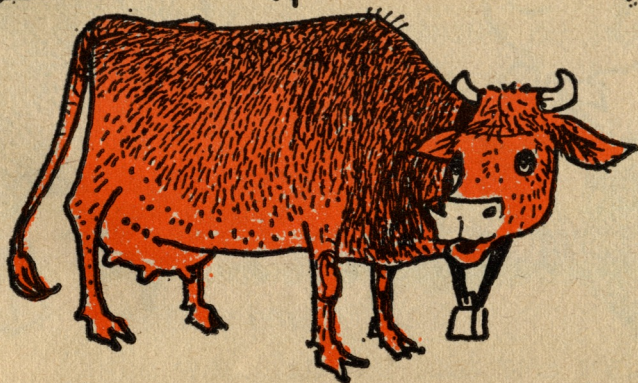
EDDIE'S TRUE FRIEND

by RUTH ELIZABETH TANNER

illustrated by KEN RICHARDS

Why are you keeping Sally in the corral while all the other cows go out in the pasture?" asked Eddie.

"She has a cut foot," said Dad. "Walking around in the pasture would make it worse."

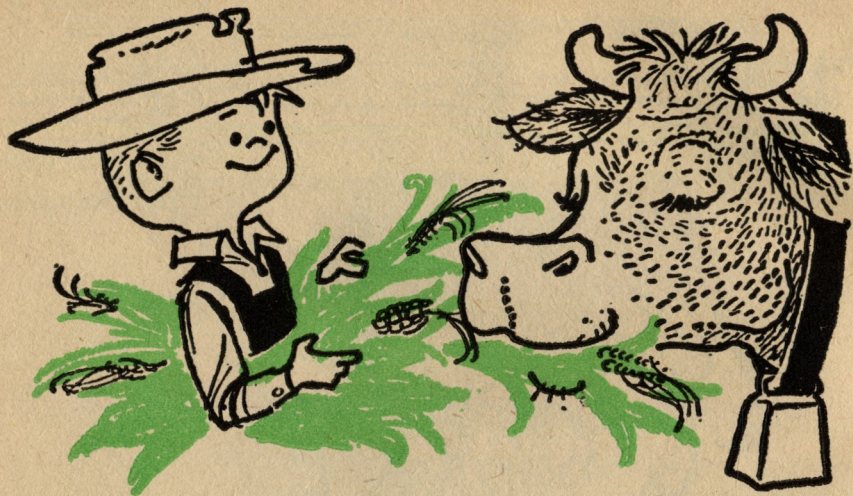


After Dad had gone Eddie looked at the big red cow. "I am sorry your foot is hurt, Sally," he said. "But if you don't walk much and let Dad doctor it you'll be well soon."

Sally switched her tail and looked lonesome.

So Eddie went to the garden and picked some tall green lettuce and took it to her.

My, but Sally loved lettuce. She ate it all, then licked her lips for more.



Eddie went to the corn field and picked some tender green corn.

Sally loved green corn too! Yum, yum!

Soon Eddie and Sally were True Friends. Every time Eddie went to the corral he took Sally something to eat and she liked it.

One day he took a fly swatter and began swatting the flies that were on her red back. He climbed on a box so he could reach more flies with the swatter.

Sally was a very gentle cow. He leaned on her back. She did not mind. He climbed up and sat on her back. She did not mind and Eddie thought she liked it for he was

shooing the flies away.

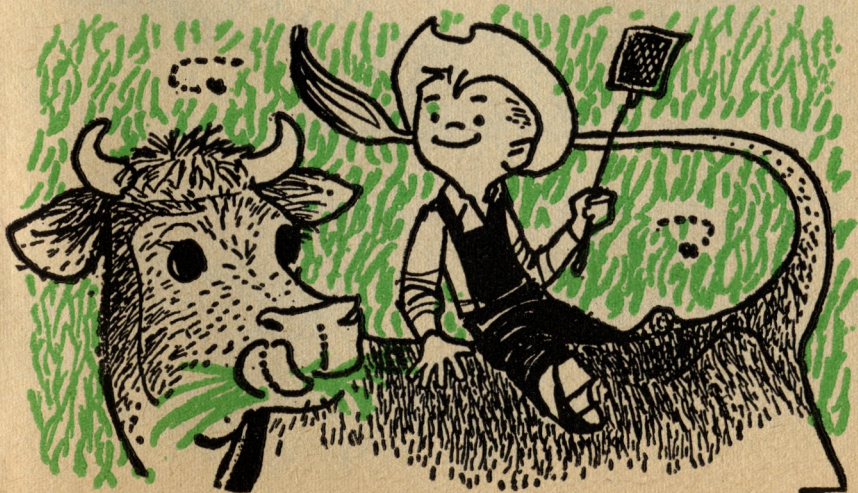
After that he would bring Sally some food, then climb up and sit on her back. Oh was that fun! Sometimes he swatted flies. Sometimes he played cowboy!

Eddie loved the big gentle cow and he felt sure she loved him.

Then one day Dad said Sally's foot was well, so he turned her out in the pasture with the other cows.

Eddie was glad her foot was well but he missed her. "Will she forget me?" he wondered. He hoped not.

Then one day Dad was gone and it was time for someone to go after the cows.



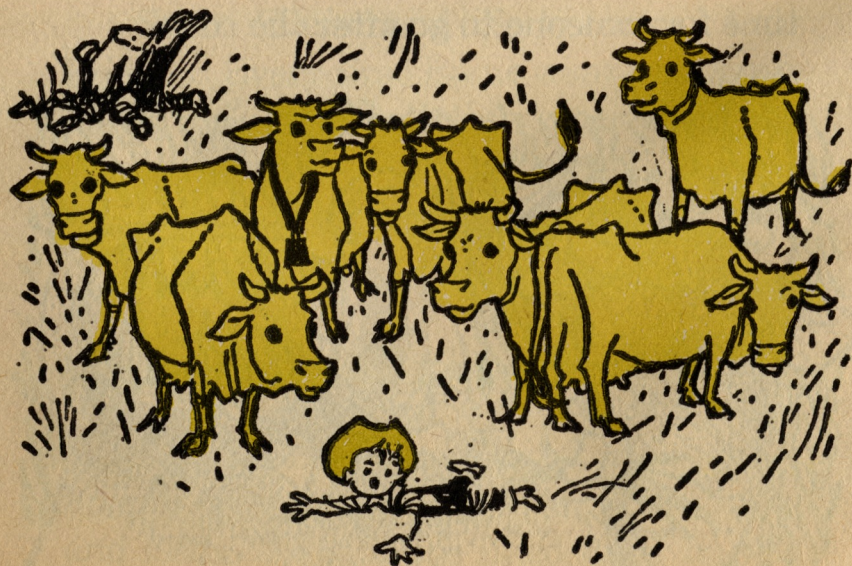
“I’ll drive them home, Mother,” Eddie said. “I’ve gone with Dad lots of times. I’m a pretty good cowboy.”

He put on his big cowboy hat and took his cowboy rope. Down the hill he went and across the little creek.

The gentle cows saw him coming and started home.

He ran around one cow and jumped. OUCH, he stepped in a hole and fell! Oh, but his ankle hurt! He tried not to cry, but big tears came. He tried to stand on his foot but he couldn’t. IT HURT!

Then a soft nose touched his hand. He



blinked away tears and looked up. "Sally!" He rubbed her nose. "Oh, Sally, you haven't forgotten me, have you? Would you let me ride you home?"

Sally just said, "Moo-oo."

Eddie swallowed his tears and looked around. A log lay beside the big red cow. He climbed carefully upon the log and slid over on Sally's strong back.

"OK, Sally. Now let's go home." He kicked her gently with his heels.

Sally switched her tail and walked along with the other cows up the hill toward the ranch house. Eddie forgot how much



his ankle hurt for a moment. He was really a cowboy now. He was bringing home the cows, RIDING!

“Well, here comes our cowboy,” said Mother, when they got to the corral.

Dad came out of the barn, and when he heard about the hurt ankle he carried Eddie to the house.

“Sally didn’t forget me,” Eddie told him. “We are true friends. I was good to her when she had a hurt foot. Now I have a hurt foot and she was a TRUE friend. She brought me home!”



A VERY IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR MOTHER

If you belong to a child study-group, or wish to start one, you will be interested in the complete programming help available through PARENTS' MAGAZINE's Group Service Bureau. For FREE samples and full information, without obligation write to: PARENTS' MAGAZINE, Group Service Bureau, Box H5-60A, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. 17.

FIND THE TWIN KITES

Jimmie is very proud of his collection of kites. He doesn't know it, but two of them are exactly alike.

CAN YOU FIND THEM?



HUMPTY DUMPTY'S CALENDAR



1 May Day. Time to dance around the maypole!

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31		☾		☀

ALMANAC FOR MAY 1960

WHAT'S SPECIAL ABOUT MAY?



8 Mother's Day. Do you have a little gift for her?

Happy Birthday

May

to

from



15 A good day to work in the garden.



30 Memorial Day. You may see a parade today!

Fill in the birthday card and send this page to a friend.

CAUTION – PRIVATE!

by BARBARA WALKER

The mailman brought a letter
For *you* this morning, Son.
It's lying on the table —
A little squarish one.

You'll note it's still unopened —
The flap is safe and sound.
We didn't read or peek at all,
Though you were not around.

If owners choose to share them,
That's quite a different tale,
But *never* do we open up
Somebody else's mail.

We hope that you'll remember
When letters come for us,
That they are also private things,
And treat *our* letters thus!





The fawn's spotted coat helps him to hide in the shadowy forest.

THE SPOTTED FAWN

by HELEN HOOVER

illustrated by WINIFRED GREENE

In late spring, when new leaves are fluttering on the trees of my forest and white flowers are scattered over the ground like leftover snow, Mrs. Deer's children are born. Deer babies are called fawns and they are usually twins.

One morning I looked out of the window at my garden and there, right by a patch of yellow lilies, stood a mother deer and her two fawns, who were no taller than the lilies. They wobbled on their thin legs and looked all around with their wide-open dark eyes. Their ears twisted this way and that, as they listened to bird songs and the little rustling sounds of the woods. Their coats were brown and covered with white

spots. When Mrs. Deer saw me, she hurried her children out of sight behind the ferns and the honeysuckle bushes.

The little fawns can eat only their mother's milk but she must find leaves and twigs and buds to feed herself. So she leaves her babies in a sheltered place, perhaps at the base of a big tree. You would think that the fawns would be in great danger from bears and bobcats, foxes and wolves and dogs, but nature has done two special things to keep them safe.

The fawns' spotted coats look just like the ground around them, where the sun shines in patches through the leaves, so animals which might want to eat the fawns cannot see them. And the fawns have no scent, so that other animals cannot smell them. If the fawns do just as mother deer has told them and do not move, they are safe, because their enemies can walk right past and never know they are there.

During the summer, Mrs. Deer teaches her growing children to find green things and twigs that are good to eat and she shows them the animals' trails through the

forest. She gives them baths and gets burrs out of their soft fur by licking them all over with her long, pink tongue.

In the fall, when the fawns are almost as tall as their mother, they lose their spotted baby coats and put on gray or brown ones with white vests. Then they get the scent that tells other animals that they are in the forest, but they can leap so far and so fast that they can almost always run away from their enemies.

In a couple of years, they will be grown-up deer, as big as the buck who came to have dinner with me last Christmas. For fawns grow up just as human children do, only it doesn't take them as long.





FIND THE HIDDEN FLOWERS

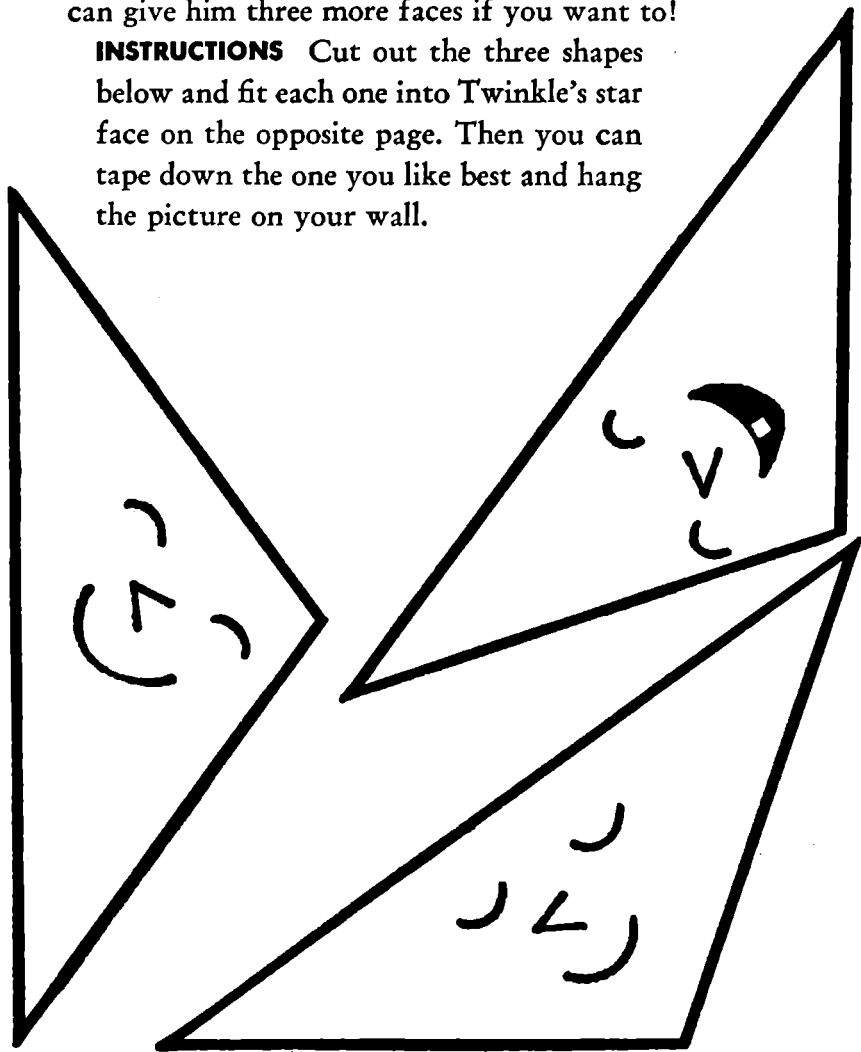


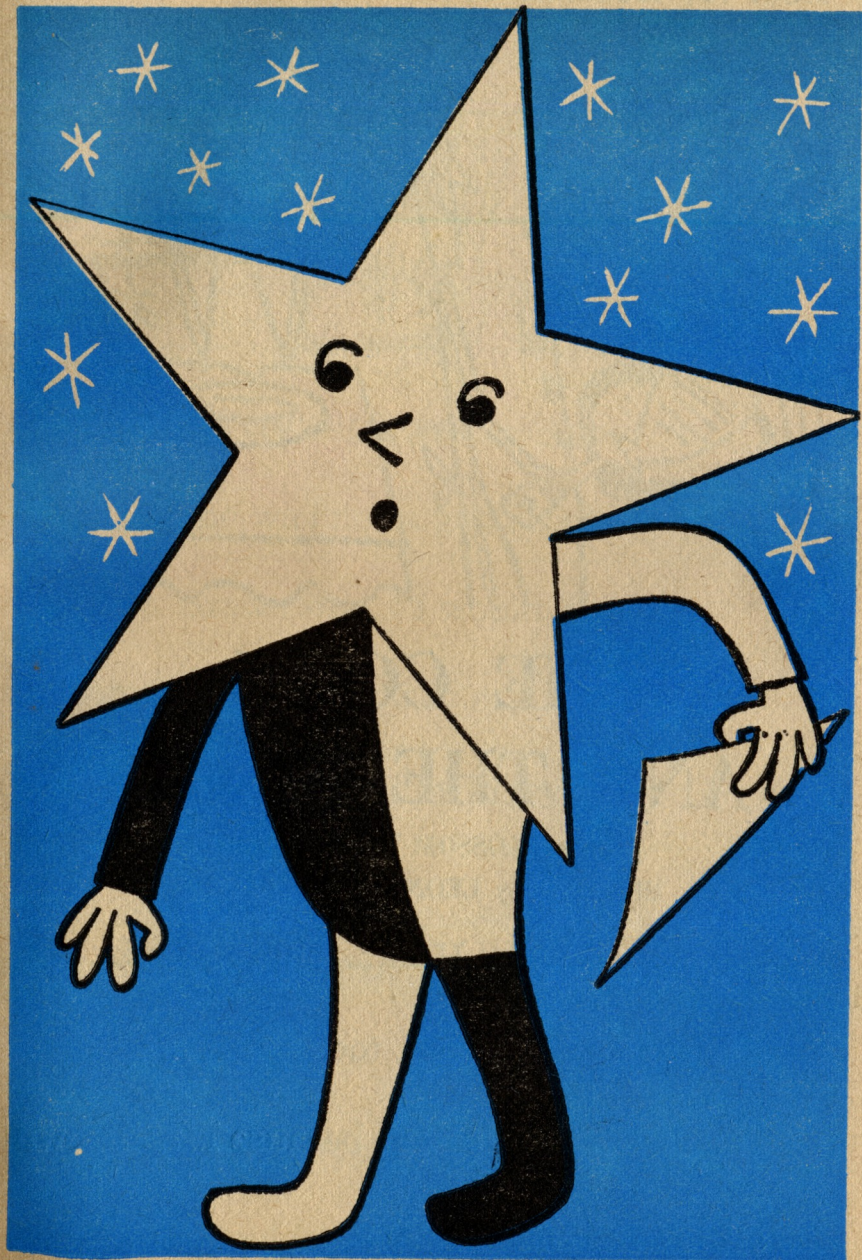
Timmy and Jane picked some flowers to give to Mother for Mother's Day, but where are they? See if you can find six flowers in this picture.

FOUR FACES FOR TWINKLE

- Here is a picture of Twinkle for your room, and you can give him three more faces if you want to!

INSTRUCTIONS Cut out the three shapes below and fit each one into Twinkle's star face on the opposite page. Then you can tape down the one you like best and hang the picture on your wall.







THE COOK AND THE BOOK

by BLOSSOM BUDNEY

illustrated by LEONARD KESSLER

Mr. Brown was thin. He was thin as a pin.

Mrs. Brown was thin, too.

They were thin as pins because Mrs. Brown
did not know how to cook.



She *did* try — oh, yes!

But she was not a good cook.

Mr. Brown said, “I would like
a dish of fish.”

Mrs. Brown said, “I will try to fry
some fish if you wish.

“I will fry the fish in a pan
as fast as I can.”

But the fish was not good.

Mr. Brown could not eat his dish of fish.

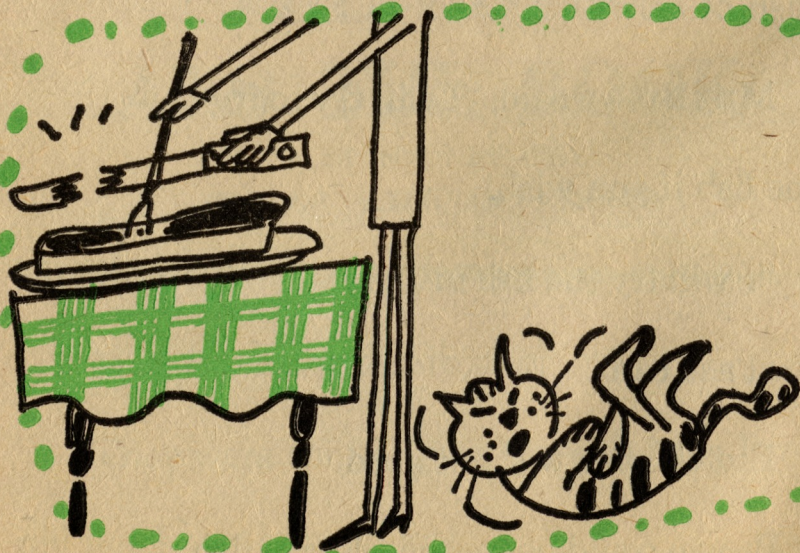
So they gave it to the cat,
and the cat got sick.

Mrs. Brown said, "I will broil some meat.
I am sure I will not spoil it
if I broil it."

But the meat was not good.

Mr. Brown could not cut the meat.

He could not chew the meat.



So they gave it to the dog,
and the dog got sick.

Then Mrs. Brown said, "I will make buns.
I will try very hard and the buns will be good."

And the buns were good.

They were good and hard!

Mr. Brown could not bite even a bit
of the buns.

So they fed the buns to the goat,
and the buns stuck in the goat's throat.

Poor sick goat!

At last Mrs. Brown said, "I will make
soup. I will boil a bone in a pot
and make a lot of hot soup."

So she got a pot and boiled a bone.

But the soup was not good.

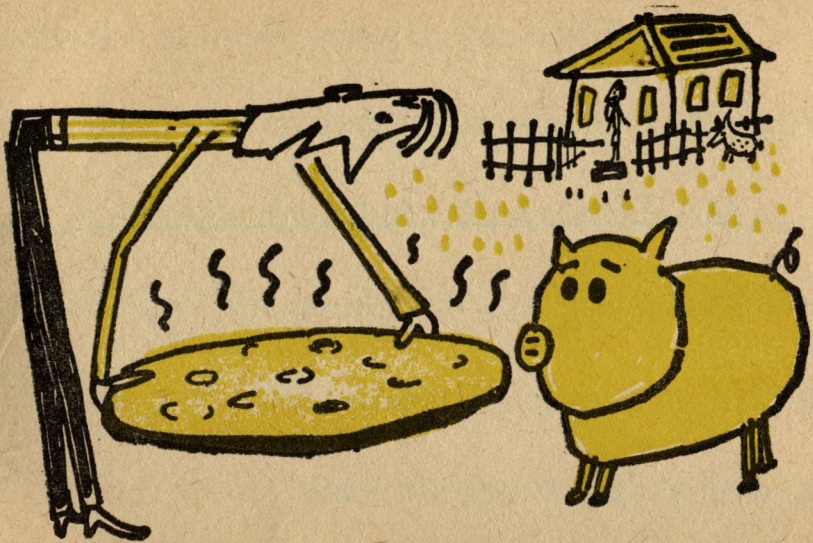
Mr. Brown could not sip the soup from a spoon. He could not drink it from a cup.

So Mrs. Brown drank the soup and *she* got sick!

Then Mr. Brown said, "I will make a pancake for us." He wanted to help his sick little, thin little wife.

But the pancake was too big. It was too big for two people as thin as pins.

So they gave it to the pig. It was too big for the pig and the pig got sick.



Now Mrs. Brown began to cry. She said,
“I try and try, but I can not cook.
I can not bake, I can not boil, I can not broil
and I can not fry. I *do* try, but I can not cook!”

Mr. Brown said, “I know you can’t cook,
but you can read, can’t you?”

“Oh, yes,” said Mrs. Brown. “If I look
at a book I can read it.”

“Then,” said Mr. Brown, “here is a book.
Read the book and it will help you to cook.”

Mrs. Brown took a look at the book,
and she read how to bake buns and boil bones
and broil meat and fry fish, and how to make
a pancake that was not too big.

She read and read, and then she said,
“Now I will try to fry some fish.”

And was the fish good? Yes!

Then Mrs. Brown boiled and broiled.
She cooked and baked and fried
from morning to night.

Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown ate all the good
food as fast as they could.

The food that was left they gave to the cat
and the dog, the goat and the pig.

Now look at fat Mr. Brown and his little
wife! They are not thin as pins any more!

And what fine fat animals they have, too!

“Just think,” said Mr. Brown with a wink.

“It’s all because you could look at a book
and read it!”



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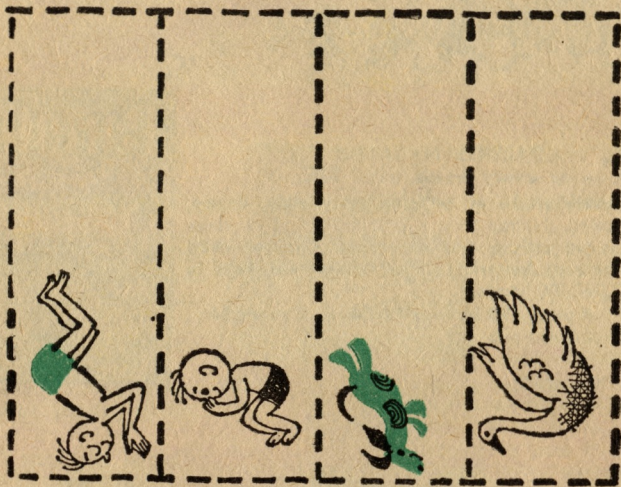
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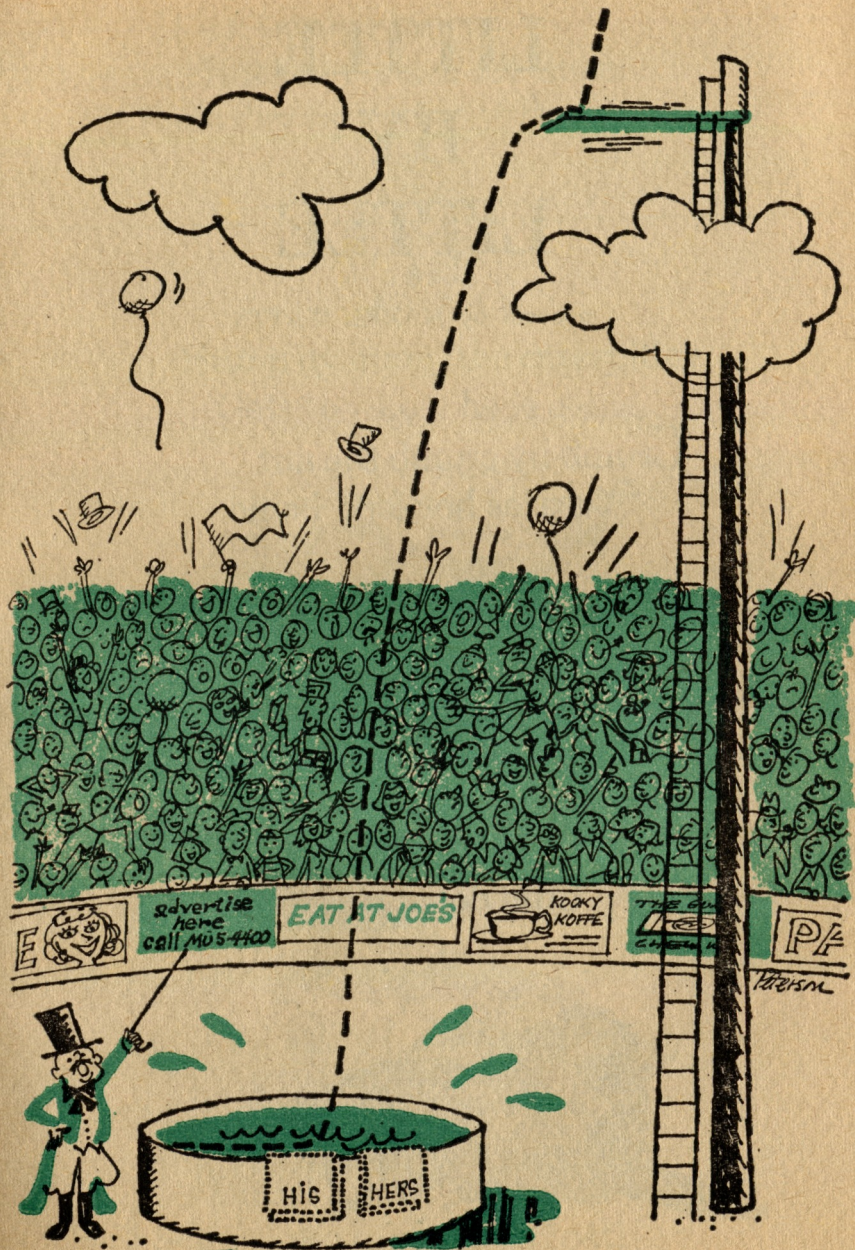
WATCH THE HIGH DIVERS



- Have you ever seen a high diver dive from the top of a high tower into a small tank of water below?

INSTRUCTIONS

Cut out the four strips above by cutting along the dotted lines. On the next page cut the long dotted line. Take any one of the strips and push it through the long slit from behind so that the diver is on the end of the diving board. Now you can move the strip down along the slit to make the diver plunge right into the water! Doesn't the swan do a graceful swan dive?



LITTLE BY LITTLE

a poem by MABEL WATTS

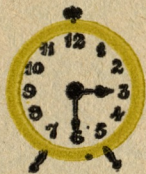
Crumb by crumb the ant
Carries her food home.



Bite by bite the beaver
Cuts down a tree.



It isn't much fun,
But they get a lot done,
Each day by half past three.



Hump by hump the caterpillar
Gets to where he is going.

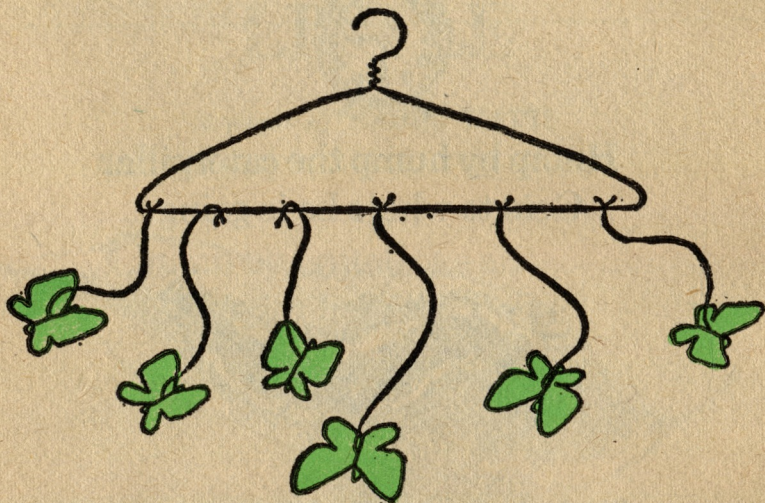


Twig by twig the bird
Builds her nest.



Little by little,
Bit by bit . . .
Sometimes *that* way is best!

MAKE A BUTTERFLY MOBILE



• A mobile is a decoration that hangs in the air, with parts that turn or jiggle whenever there is a breeze in the room. Here's a butterfly mobile that is fun to make, and pretty, too!

INSTRUCTIONS

You will need some string, six paper clips, and a coat hanger.

Cut out the six butterflies on the following pages by cutting along the black outlines on pages 79 and 81. Fold each butterfly in half along the dotted line in the middle.

Now turn to page 83 for more instructions.

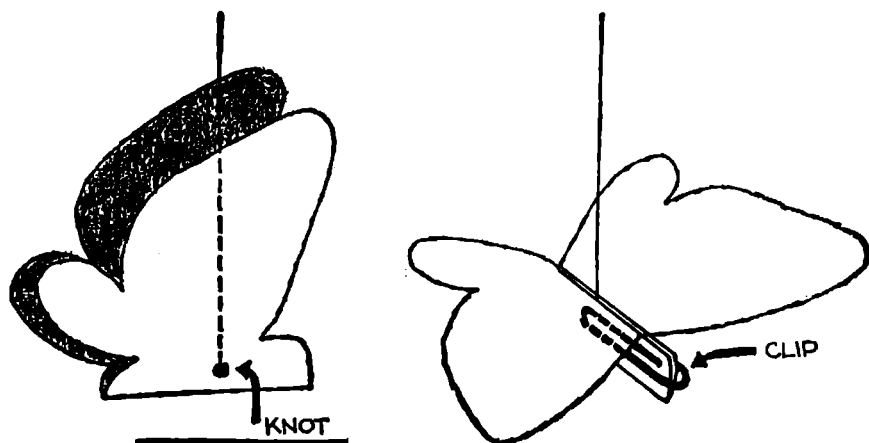








Cut the string into six pieces, each about a foot long. Tie a knot at one end of each piece. Put each knotted end inside a folded butterfly as shown in Figure 1 below. Slide a paper clip over the body as shown in Figure 2.



The paper clip will keep the knotted end from pulling out of the butterfly's body. Fold down the wings as shown in Figure 2. Now you can tie each string to the coat hanger. Tie the strings so that the butterflies are at different heights as shown in the picture on page 78, then trim away the ends that are too long.

Hang your mobile near a window so that a breeze can flutter your butterflies. Small pieces of cellophane tape can be put on the bar of the hanger to keep the strings from sliding along the bar.

MAGIC NUMBER CARDS



● With these four magic cards you can do a mind-reading trick that will astonish everyone. Someone thinks of a number from 1 to 16, then you tell him what that number is!

INSTRUCTIONS

Cut out the two strips on the next two pages, along their dotted borders. Don't cut any more dotted lines just yet.

Paste one strip on a sheet of thin cardboard or heavy paper. Trim away the cardboard by cutting around the border, then paste the other strip on the back. Be sure that the top end of one strip goes on the back of the top end of the other.

Now cut the cardboard strip into four small cards by cutting the horizontal dotted lines. With a pair of nail scissors, carefully cut out all the gray spaces that say "cut out" on them.

Now turn to page 87 for more instructions.

TOP

PUT
PASTE
ON
THIS
SIDE



1	4	5	7
8	10	11	13

5	6	CUT OUT
7	9	
11	13	
15	16	

CUT OUT	1	2
	3	4
11	13	CUT OUT
15	16	

CUT OUT	5	CUT OUT	14
	6		16
1	CUT OUT	10	CUT OUT
2		13	

TOP

PUT
PASTE
ON
THIS
SIDE

2	3	6	9
12	14	15	16

CUT OUT	1	2
	3	4
	8	10
	12	14

5	6	CUT OUT
7	8	
CUT OUT	9	10
	12	14

3	CUT OUT	9	CUT OUT
4		11	
CUT OUT	7	CUT OUT	12
	8		15

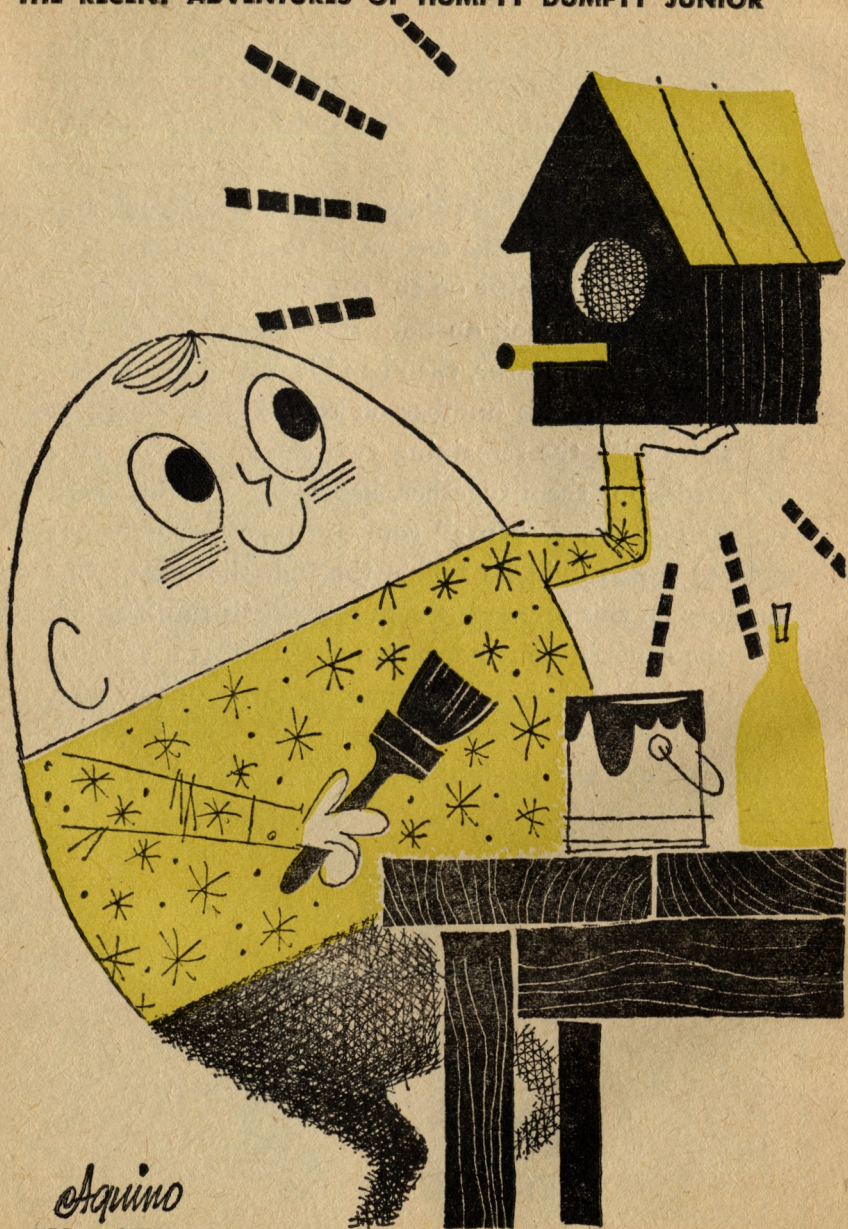
You will now have four cards, each with numbers on both sides. Three cards have holes in them, but the colored card does not. Put the colored card on top of the others and hand them all to the person you are showing the trick to.

Ask him to look at both sides of the colored card and think of any number he sees on it, then hand the card to you with his number on the *top* side.

Now ask him to look on both sides of any other card until he sees his number, then hand it to you the way he did before, with his number on top. He does exactly the same with the remaining two cards. As you take the cards, put them together, keeping the colored card on the bottom. When all four are together, only one colored square will be visible through the holes. The number on this square is the number he is thinking of! Put the cards in your pocket and pretend you are trying to read his mind. Close your eyes, rub your forehead, then tell him the number. If you have done the trick correctly you will be right every time!



THE RECENT ADVENTURES OF HUMPTY DUMPTY JUNIOR



Aquino

"Now I'll nail it up," said Junior after the paint had dried.

BLUEBIRD HOUSE

by MARTIN GARDNER

illustrated by ALBERT AQUINO

For several days Junior worked in the basement, sawing wood and hammering nails, until finally he finished building a bird house. It was square-shaped, with a sloping roof and a small round hole in front.

Junior carried the house upstairs to show his mother. "It's *beautiful!*" she exclaimed. "Are you going to paint it?"

Junior nodded. "I think I'll paint it brown," he said.

After the house had been painted and the paint was all dry, Junior took it to the back yard and nailed it to the trunk of a large oak tree. On a piece of paper he printed the words:

BLUEBIRD HOUSE
FOR SALE

He fastened the sign to the front of the bird house with a thumbtack.

Next morning, while the Dumpties were finishing breakfast, Junior said to his father, "Do you think any bluebirds will buy my house?"

Mr. Dumpty put down his newspaper and glanced through the kitchen window. "It looks like some chickadees have already moved in," he answered.

Junior jumped up from the table and ran out the back door to see. Sure enough, Mr. and Mrs. Chickadee were busily carrying twigs into the house to build a nest.

"What are you doing in my house?" Junior cried angrily.

Mr. Chickadee stuck his head out of the hole. "*Your* house!" he chirped. "I thought this was a *bird* house."

"It is," said Junior, "but I built it, so it's mine. I want to sell it to a bluebird family. Didn't you see my sign?"

"I did," said Mr. Chickadee, "but I've never learned how to read. I thought maybe the sign said WET PAINT. How much does your house cost?"



“Ten dollars,” replied Junior.

Mr. Chickadee shook his head. “We’re not a rich family. That’s more than we could afford even if we were bluebirds.”

“I’m sorry,” said Junior. “You’ll have to move.”

“Okay,” the bird said sadly. He pulled his head back into the house. “Come, my dear,” he said to his wife, “we’ll build our nest up higher in the tree.”

Junior went back to finish his breakfast while the chickadees started carrying

their twigs up to a branch near the top of the tree. Several days went by. Then one day the doorbell rang and when Junior opened the door he saw a bluebird perched on top of the mailbox. The bird was wearing a straw hat and a bright orange vest.

“Are you the owner of that bird house in back?” the bird asked.

“Yes I am,” Junior answered politely.

“I’d like to buy it,” said the bird, “but I don’t care for the color. Do you think you could paint it blue?”

“I guess so,” said Junior.



“Good,” said the bluebird. “I’ll come back tomorrow to see how it looks.”

Junior found some blue paint in the basement and painted the house blue. When the bluebird returned the next day he said to Junior, “The color is fine, but I’m afraid the house has very poor ventilation. Could you cut some windows in the side walls?”

“I suppose so,” Junior replied.

“Good,” said the bird. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Junior stood on a stepladder and cut a small hole in each side wall of the house. The next day the bluebird examined the house again. He shook his head. “The floor is too cold and bare,” he said. “You’ll have to put a carpet inside — from wall to wall.”

Junior was beginning to get annoyed. But he found an old piece of carpet that he cut to the right size and tacked down on the floor of the bird house.

When Mr. Bluebird returned the next day he didn’t even look inside the house. “I’m sorry, my dear young egg,” he said to Junior. “I’ve decided to buy a larger house

on the other side of town near the Mother-goose Country Club. My wife and I are very particular about where we live, you know. We're not sure we want our little ones to grow up next door to a family of chickadees" — he waved his right wing toward the nest at the top of the tree — "or next to a family of eggs" — he waved his left wing toward Junior's house. "Eggs and chickadees are not very important you know."

"No, we're not," said Junior.

Mr. Bluebird tipped his hat and flew away. Junior thought for a moment, then he cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted up toward the top of the tree. "Mr. Chickadee! If you'd still like to live in my bird house, you can!"

Mr. Chickadee flew down and perched on the roof of the house. "But we can't afford to buy it," he said regretfully.

"You can have it for nothing," said Junior. "You can move in tomorrow."

Mr. Chickadee flapped his wings with delight and flew up to tell his wife the good news. Junior took off the sign from the

front of the bird house. On the other side of it he printed:

CHICKADEE HOUSE — SOLD

Then, whistling happily, he thumb-tacked the sign to the house again.



NOTE: The next HUMPTY DUMPTY'S MAGAZINE will be a combined June-July issue, and will arrive around May 15th. The combined August-September issue will arrive around July 10th.



DANDELION

a poem by IDA M. PARDUE

When a Dandelion's old
It's lots of fun to hold,
For then its hair is silver gray,
And light enough to blow away!

SHOW ME THE WAY!

Annie Ant would like to join her friends, but she doesn't know which tunnel to take. Can you show her the right one?





THE KING OF THE BIRDS

by SALLY JARVIS

illustrated by LIONEL KALISH

Little Bird: All the birds want a king.

Pretty Bird: How can we find a king?

Wise Bird: Let us look for a bird
who is wise.

We want a wise king.

Talking Bird: Oh, no!

We want a bird who can talk!

Pretty Bird: A pretty bird will be
the best king. Let us
look for a pretty bird.

Strong Bird: (to himself) I want
to be king.

I will make them take me.

(to the birds) I know

what to do. Let us see

who can fly the highest.

He can be the king.

Little Bird: But we all know you can
fly the highest.

That is not a good way.

Strong Bird: (hits Little Bird)

Do not talk.

We are going to fly.

Pretty Bird: But I can not fly!



Strong Bird: *(Hits Pretty Bird)*

We are going to fly!

Little Bird: *(to himself)* He is not

a good bird. I can not

let him be king.

(He jumps on Strong

Bird's back. Strong Bird

can not tell he is there.)

Strong Bird: Here we go!

We will see who is king!

(all the birds fly up)

Wise Bird: Oh, oh. I am so tired.

This is as high as I can fly.

Strong Bird: Come, come! Fly up!

Talking Bird: Oh, me! Oh, me!

I can not fly higher!

Strong Bird: Ha, ha, *(he flies up and up)*

Now I am the highest!

No bird can fly higher

than I can fly!

How tired I am,

but I will be king!

Little Bird: (comes off *Strong Bird's* back.)

He flies up and up and up)

Can you fly up here?

Strong Bird: Oh, I am too tired now.

I can not fly up to you.

You are king of the birds!

All the birds: Good for Little Bird!

He is the king!



TWINKLE

THE STAR THAT CAME
DOWN FROM HEAVEN

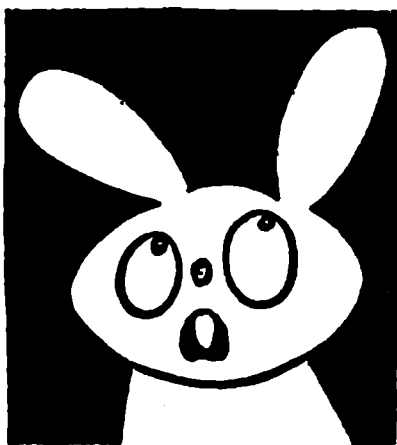


One summer day, Twinkle called the animals. "I have an idea," he said. "Let's have an orchestra and give a concert."

"What about instruments?" asked Muskrat. "You can make flutes of reeds, and the frogs can croak like bass fiddles."



"The beavers can drum with their tails, the squirrels can make scorn violins, and the birds will be our vocal chorus."



All were very excited. "What about you, Twinkle?" asked Rabbit, "What will you play?" "You'll see," laughed Twinkle.



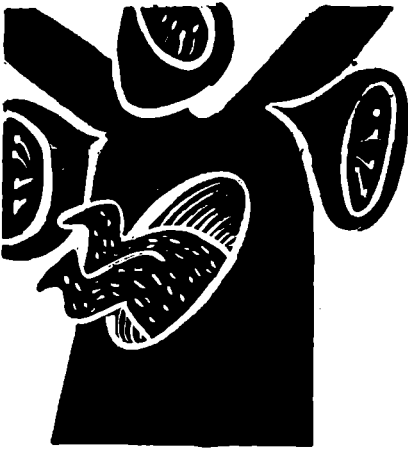
"Let's meet later in the clearing and have our first rehearsal." And away he flew, while the animals got ready.



But little Woodchuck was sad. He wanted to play in the band, but didn't know what to make. He wondered and wondered.



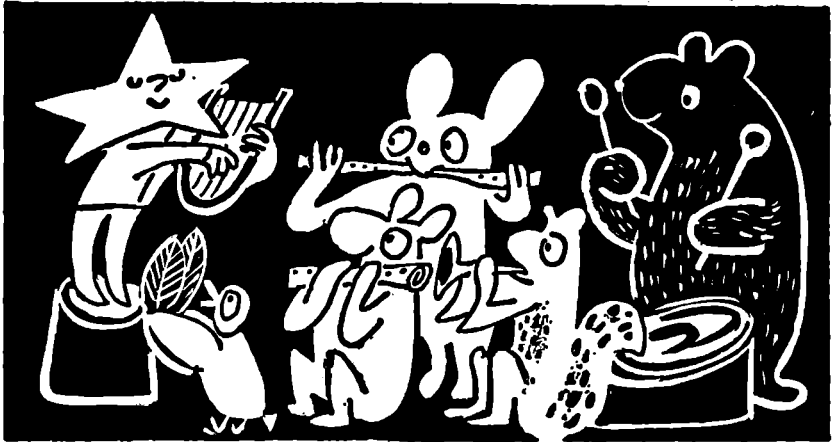
Soon he came to the clearing. There he saw a big hollow tree. Growing up it was a trumpet vine with large red blossoms. If the end were cut off one, he could blow it like a horn.



He climbed to pick one of the flowers. But as he reached out for it, his foot slipped. Down he fell, right into the tree.



Meanwhile, Twinkle had flown up to the sky to the constellation called Lyra. He asked politely if he could borrow her harp.



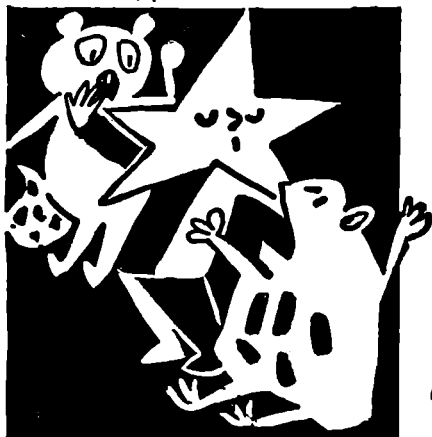
She loaned it to him gladly, and back he went to the clearing where all the animals were waiting with their instruments. Twinkle tapped his foot: "One, two, three," and they began to play.



They sounded fine, but, suddenly, in the middle of a sweet passage, there came a sour note--"blat!" Twink stopped the music.



"That sounded like frogs," he said. "It wasn't us," the frogs cried, "it must have been the squirrels." The squirrels frowned.



"Certainly not," they replied. For a moment, it almost seemed there would be a quarrel, but Twinkle calmed them.



Once more they began to play. And once again they heard the sour note -- "poot!"--in the sweetest part of the music.



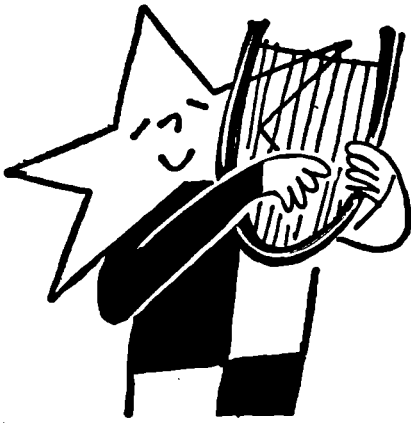
They all stared at each other." It wasn't one of us," Twinkle said. "It came from the hollow tree. Someone's playing a joke."



He flew to the top of the tree and peered in. At the bottom sat Woodchuck, blowing away loudly on a trumpet flower.

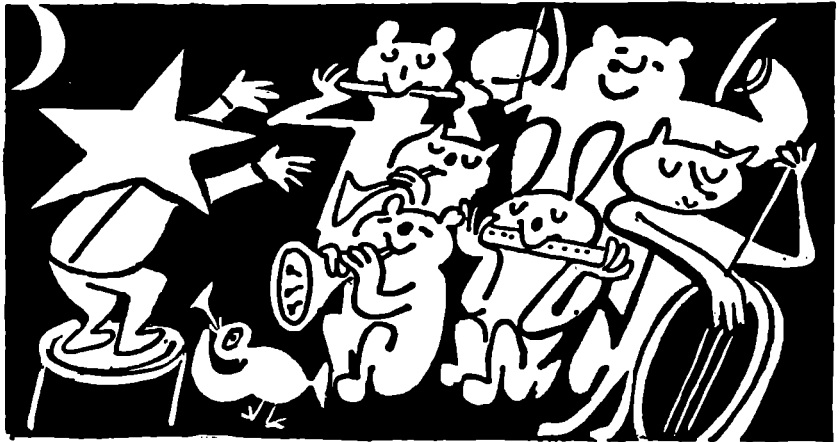


"Stop!" cried Twinkle. "You're spoiling our rehearsal." "I'm sorry," said Woody, "but this was the only way I could call for help." Twinkle looked grave, for the hole was too narrow to fly into.



"How can we get him up?" asked the animals. Twinkle laughed. "I'll do it with my harp," he said. They all stared in surprise.

He took the strings off the harp and tied them together. He lowered this cord to Woody and soon pulled him out of the tree.



That night the forest orchestra played its first concert under the moon, with Conductor Twinkle leading them. And in the front row sat Woodchuck, tootling merrily on his flower trumpet.

GIVE POP SOME PIPE

● “Pop” Jenkins, the plumber on the next page, just got a phone call from a man who said that two water pipes in his basement had broken. Pop is rushing to the man’s house with some new pipes. But where are the pipes? See if you can find two pipes for Pop to carry to the man’s house.

INSTRUCTIONS

Cut the dotted lines above and below Pop’s left hand, in front of his right hand, and down his back. Push two soda straws through the slits like this:



Don’t the straws look exactly like long pieces of new pipe? Tear out the page and you will have a funny picture to tape on the wall of your room.



WAKE UP, RONNIE!



This is
Big Rooster



This is
Ronnie

COCK-A
"DOODLE-!" crowed
DOO!



from the top

of the  in the  yard. "Time

to wake up!" But

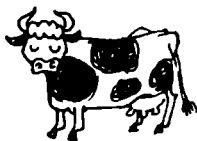


didn't wake up.



hopped down from the 

and ran to the



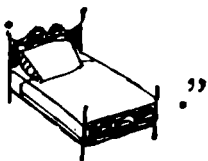
COCK-A
"DOODLE-!" cried
DOO!



. "It's time to wake up and

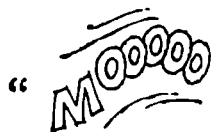
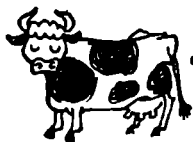


is still asleep in his



."

"I will wake him," said the



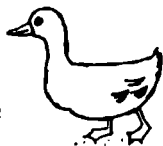
! It's time to wake up!" But



went right on sleeping.



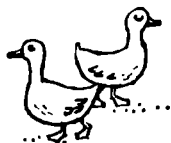
ran to the



pond. "COCK-A DOODLE-DOO!" he

COCK-A DOODLE-DOO!

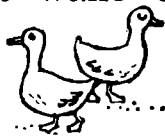
cried to the



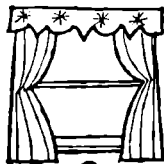
... "I can't wake up



!" "Let us try," said the

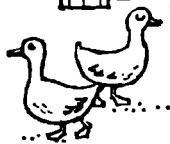


They waddled over to



QUACK QUACK QUACK

!" went the



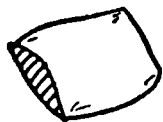
But



just buried his



in his

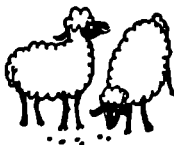


and didn't wake up.



ran

to the



fold. "Help me, please!" he

crowed. "I can't wake up



."



lifted their



and went



!" just as loud as they could. But



turned over in his

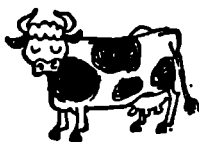


and

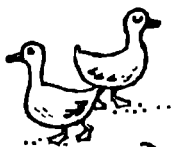
went on sleeping. "Let's all do it at once," said



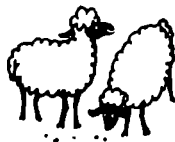
. So the



mooed, the



quacked, and the



baaaed,

while



cried

“COCK-A
DOODLE-
DOO!”

At last



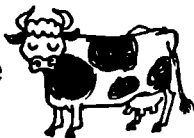
opened his



and sat up in

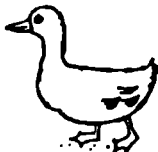


. He heard the



moo, he

heard the



quack, and the



baa, and he heard



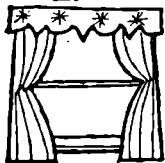
go “COCK-A
DOODLE-
DOO!”



hopped out of



, ran to the



and called

“GOOD
MORNING!”

to all his



yard friends.



"Go for a walk," said Mrs. Podds. "You're in my way!"

MRS. PODDS OF PORTLY

by MARJORIE HOPKINS

illustrated by HAROLD BERSON

A Tell-Me Story is to be read by the parent for the plot, and then told to the child in the parent's own words.

One Monday morning, Mrs. Podds of Portly found herself planning to do a really big wash.

"Put on just anything," she told Mr. Podds. "I'm going to wash all your shirts and your bathrobe with the four pockets and your floppy red flannel slippers, and all."

"I don't know what to put on, if you're going to wash all that," said Mr. Podds. That was a long speech for him, because he was a very quiet man.

"Put on *something*, please, and go for a walk," said Mrs. Podds. "You're in my way."

"I'll have to wear my Halloween costume," complained Mr. Podds.

But Mrs. Podds was too busy to listen to him. She got out five big copper kettles, for the Podds had no washing machine. She set them all full of water and soap and clothes on the two wood stoves in the Podds kitchen. She put a lot of wood on the fires.

Mr. Podds did go for a walk. He wore a pair of light blue trousers and a red coat with lace at the cuffs. His hat was a yellow cap with a feather so long it reached down and tickled him in the ribs.

Of course he met somebody. Very soon. He met Mrs. Huggins.

"How — how fine you look," gasped Mrs. Huggins.

"Thank you," said Mr. Podds politely.

"Is there — uh — anything particular going on in Portly this morning?" asked Mrs. Huggins.

Mr. Podds was such a quiet man. He couldn't bear to talk enough to explain about the big washing. So he just smiled and nodded and walked on. In fact he walked to the mill stream. He sat down in some tall grass and watched the mill wheel go round and round. That way he didn't see anybody else.

Mrs. Huggins didn't waste *her* time that way. She hurried over to Mrs. Andrew, the baker's wife. The bakery shop was all white with a sparkling glass counter full of warm buns and cakes.

"Better tell Mr. Andrew to make up a special lot of cherry tarts today," she panted. "A celebration is about to go on in Portly, even though nobody told *us* about it!"

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Andrew. "I'm afraid we have no more cherry preserves. We'll have to send to the grocer. Thank you, Mrs. Huggins!"

Mr. Andrew sent his son Joe, who had rosy cheeks and long legs, to Mr. Murch, the grocer. Mr. Murch was scrubbing out his pickle tub.

"Nobody told me about the celebration," he said crossly. "But tell your father I'll sent him some cherry preserves in an hour."

The trouble was that Mr.



Murch hadn't one jar of cherry preserves left.

"What will I do?" Mr. Murch asked himself, frowning. "I know! I'll ask Mrs. Podds to make some. She makes very good preserves. I'll stop at Farmer Bumper's and get the cherries."

So Mr. Murch put on his plaid vest and hung an Out to Lunch sign on his door. He drove his little black car with the crunchety-munchety motor and the truck-space in back. He stopped at Farmer Bumper's.

"It's bargain day in cherries," smiled Farmer Bumper, pushing back his big straw hat. "You get five bushels for the price of one."

"Give me five bushels," nodded Mr. Murch.

When he reached the Podds' house, there was Mrs. Podds hanging out the last of Mr. Podds' socks.

"Of course I can make cherry preserves," she nodded. "I have all my copper kettles ready and hot fires burning!"

Soon a wonderful smell of cherry preserves was floating all over. Mrs. Podds was making more cherry preserves at



once than had ever before been made in Portly.

Mr. Podds sniffed and picked up his hat and hurried home through the fields. He unpinned his clean, dry bathrobe with the four pockets, and his clean, dry red flannel slip-

pers from the clothes line. He carried them upstairs, took off his costume, and put them on. Then he came down to see what Mrs. Podds was doing.

"I'm so glad you're back from your walk," said Mrs. Podds. "Please help me stir these cherry preserves."

Mr. Podds stirred and stirred.

The smell of cherry preserves went further and further. The Mayor of Portly and the Mayors of three other towns around sniffed and wondered and wondered.

The Mayor of Portly walked out of his office to see what he could see. His five clerks came close behind him. It looked just like a procession. Mrs. Huggins was watching.

"Come on, everybody," she called. "The Mayor and his clerks must be starting the celebration!"

Soon all of Portly was following the Mayor and his clerks. The procession grew. The Mayor headed for the Podds' house, and so did the procession. As they all came near the Podds' house, they met the mayors of the three towns around.





"We came to help!" they said to the Mayor of Portly. "We thought something was wrong!"

"Why, nothing's wrong at all!" said the Mayor crossly. "I just wanted to congratulate Mrs. Podds on her cherry preserves!"

"Oh," said the other mayors.

Mrs. Podds came out on her porch. The Mayor of Portly shook her hand. He promised to give her a medal when it was ready. Everybody cheered. Farmer Bumper invited everybody to a picnic in his orchard

that evening after the tarts were ready. Mr. Podds stayed in the kitchen and stirred and stirred. He didn't come out because he was wearing just his bathrobe with the four pockets and his floppy red flannel slippers.

But he kissed Mrs. Podds when she came back to the kitchen.

"How nice of the Mayor!" he told Mrs. Podds. "I met Mrs. Huggins on my walk, and she said something about a celebration. But I didn't think it was all about you!"

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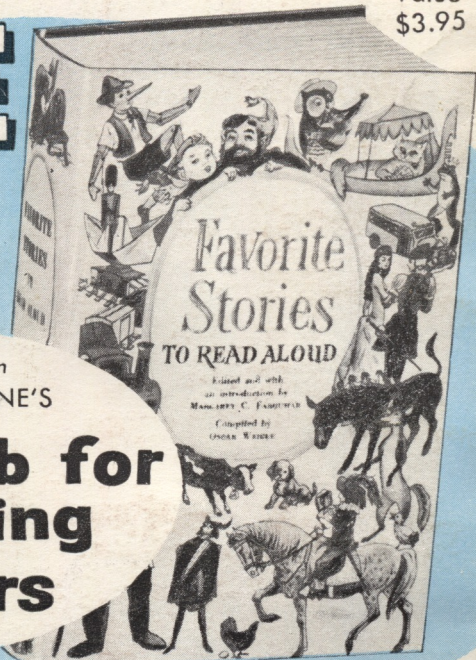
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