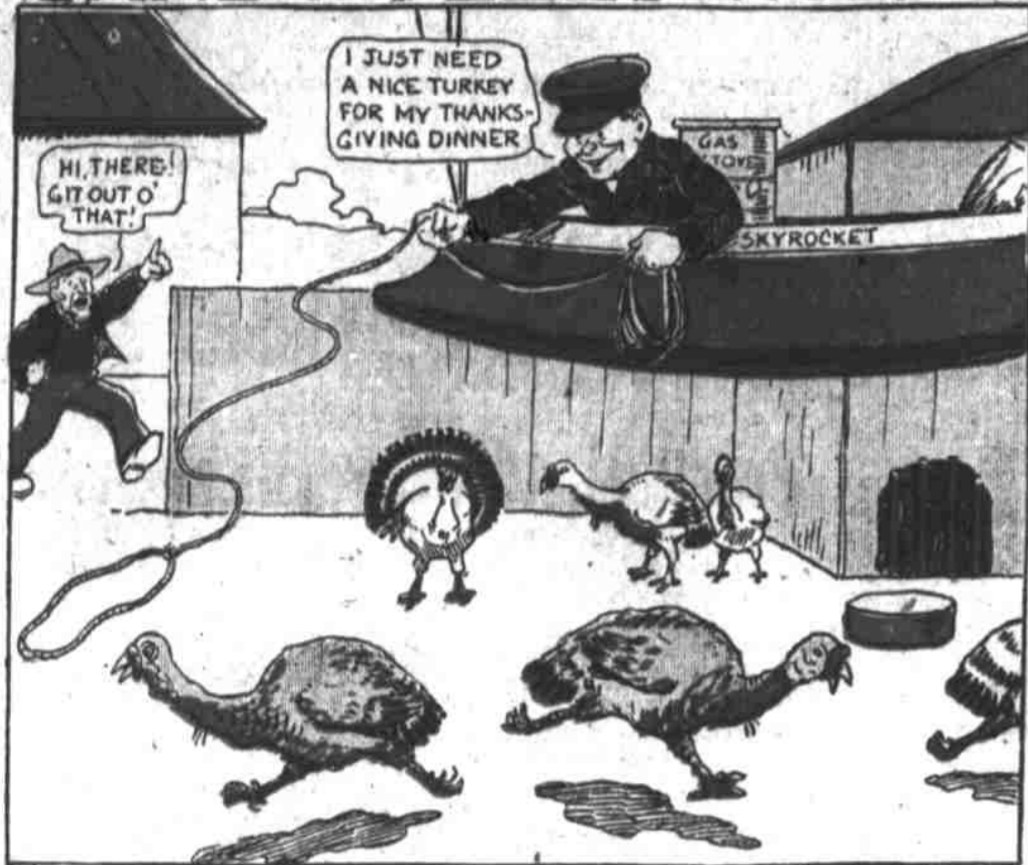


SANDY TELLS WHY HE DIDN'T GET TURKEY LAST THANKSGIVING



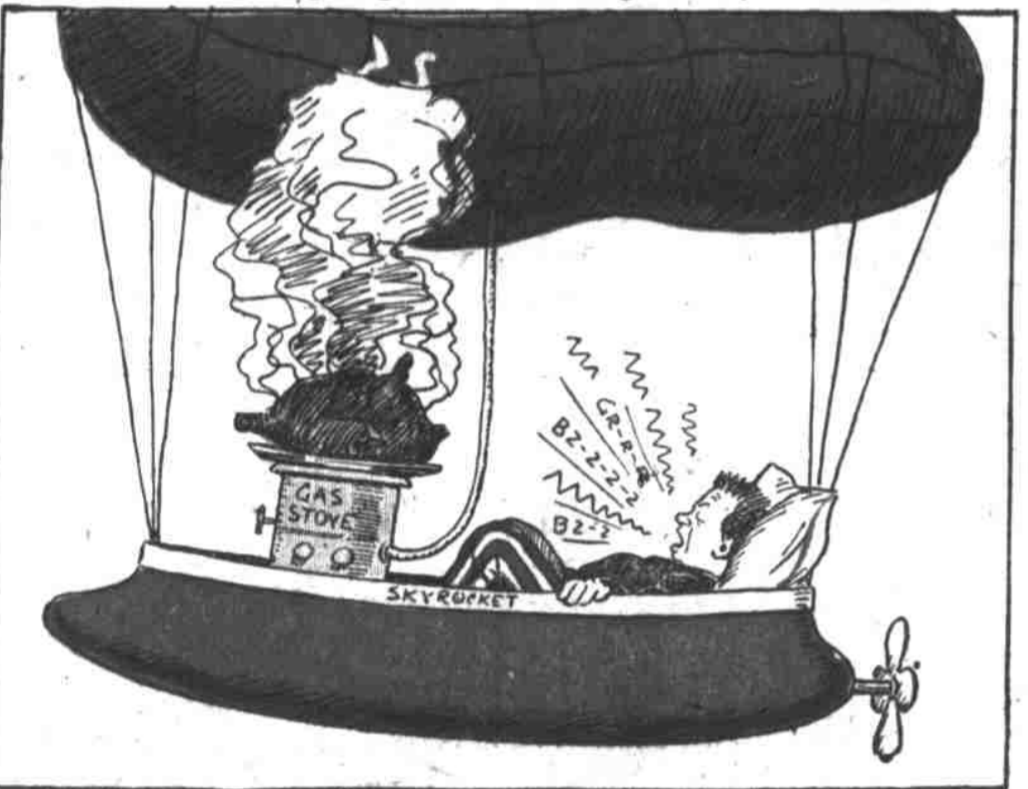
"It was last Thanksgiving, and I was a good ways from home."



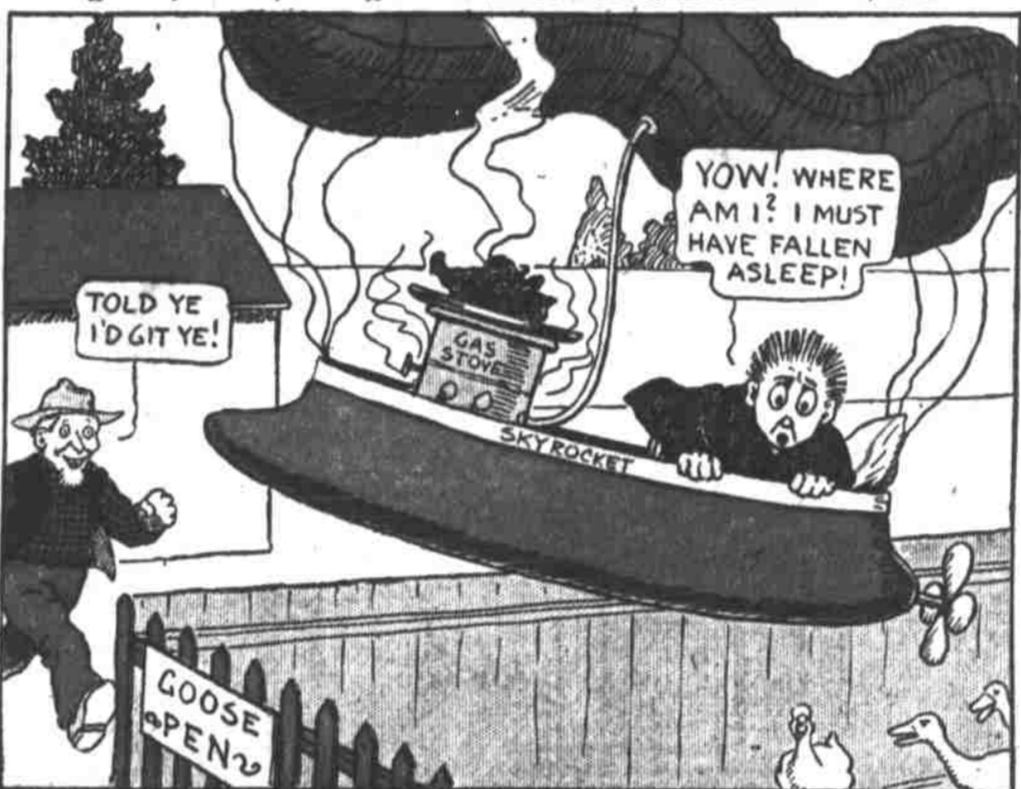
"I got my turkey all right—20 miles from a market it was, too."



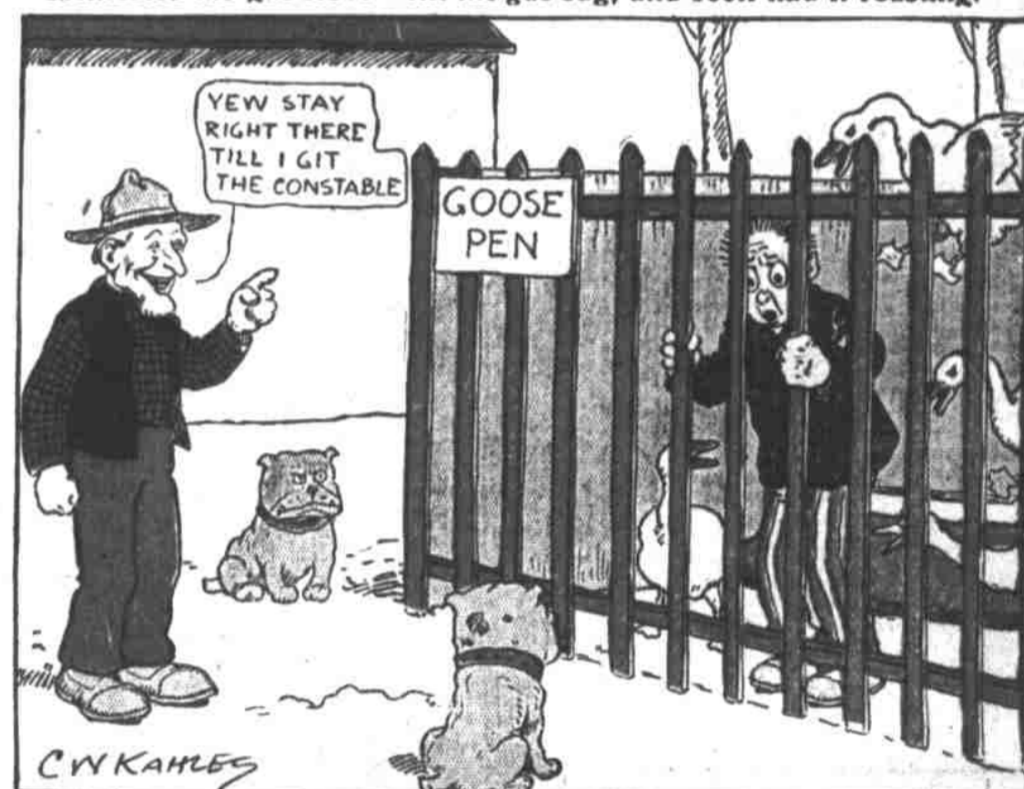
"Connected the gas stove with the gas bag, and soon had it roasting."



"I must have slipped off asleep, 'cause I woke up smelling burning meat."

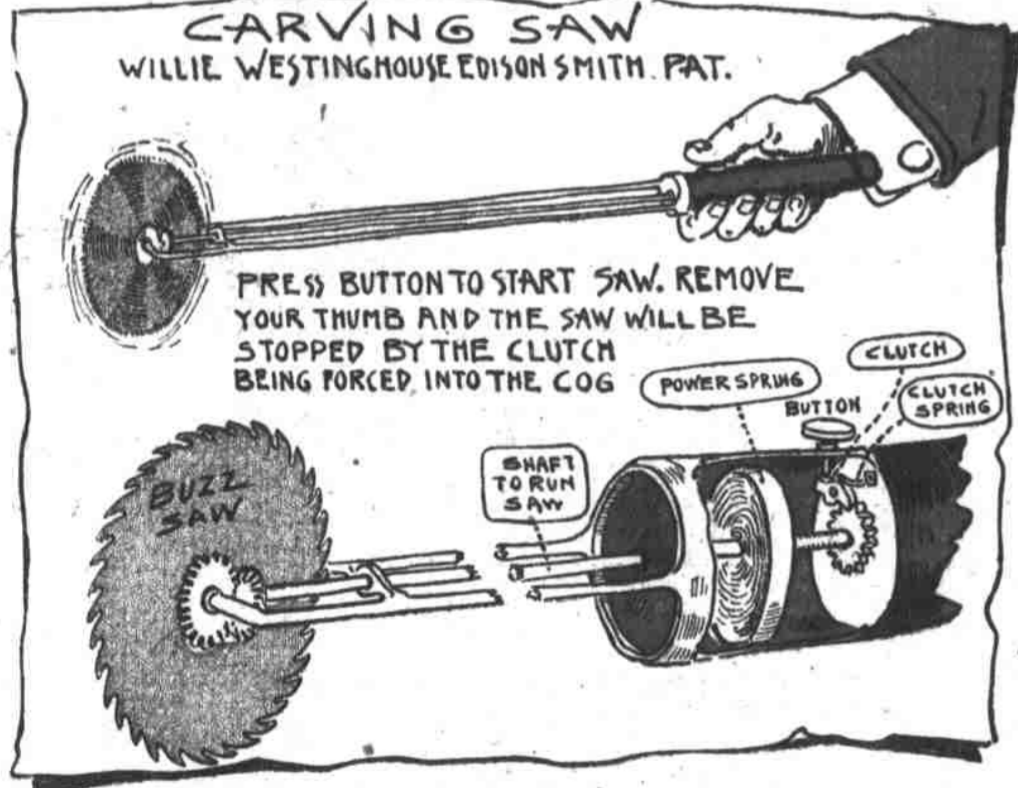


"The balloon was collapsing—I'd used too much of the gas."



"The rest of the story is too disagreeable to relate to friends."

WILLIE'S GREAT THANKSGIVING DAY CARVING INVENTION



"Dear Tommy—You know Papa always makes a mess of carving a turkey. So I made a carving saw for him to use this year."



"We had company, Grandma, the Minister, and Maudie's new beau. When Papa started to carve everybody smiled."



"Of course when Papa struck, or rather failed to strike, the joint he got rattled."



"But he thought of the saw just in time—"



"And in about a second the leg was sawed off."



"Then there was trouble—the clutch got caught and the saw just kept buzzing around in the inside of the turkey, throwing the stuffing all over everybody." Yours, WILLIE.