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YOU CAN DRAW THIS!

Here's what artist-educator

ANN DAVIDOW

says about her book, "Let's Draw Animals"



"Let's! Let's find out together that it's simple to draw in steps—even more fun if the steps are also tricks, set to rhyme. So let's!"

Order this big bookful of fun for your children . . . or for a unique gift. It contains 80 of the bright "Let's Draw Animals" features our young FAMILY WEEKLY readers enjoy each week, with all new drawings and rhymes. Yours for only \$1.00 postpaid with paper cover; deluxe edition \$2.50 in handsome, long-wearing binding of quality Library Cloth. Hours of fun and complete satisfaction guaranteed, or return book for full refund.

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QUIPS AND QUOTES



Popcorn, Anybody?

*People munching popcorn near me
Tense my nerves and sorely try me.
They interrupt my movie viewing,
And not by noises made while chewing.
No, not by bag or carton scuttling
Back and forth, forever shuttling;
Although the intermission's past,
What makes me, gulping, rise at last
And leave my seat, like cast-off jetsam,
Is that I, too, must go and get some.*

—Richard Armour

A little mink died and went to heaven. He created quite a stir since nobody knew quite what a mink wanted in heaven. "Until we get straightened out," said an angel, "you can have anything you've ever wanted. Just name it."

"Please, sir," the mink said plaintively, "could I have a full-length coat of movie actresses?" —John Lufner

The motorist came to a dead stop at the sight before him. A beautiful, wild-eyed blonde was running along the highway, followed by three uniformed men. The girl and two of the men disappeared over the hill, but the third man lagged behind, weighed down by a heavy sack of sand on his shoulders.

The motorist pulled alongside and asked: "What the devil was that?"

"We're guards from the local asylum," panted the third man, "trying to catch that blonde who escaped."

"But why the bag of sand on your shoulders?"

"That's my handicap," the guard said. "I caught her last week."

Lullaby to a Mother

*When he was little,
Good as gold,
He went to bed
When he was told,
Fell asleep
'Twixt yawn and yawn—
And woke me
At the crack of dawn.*

*Now he's grown
To man's estate,
He lies abed
As late as late,
Still I'm sleepless,
Haggard, thin . . .
Waiting up
Till he gets in!*

—Eunice Landfield

And Good Will Toward Men (Except George Merkle)

This will come as a blow to the local electric company, but I am not entering the Neighbors' Outdoor Christmas-Lighting Contest this year. The company can just give its \$10 prize to George Merkle as far as I'm concerned—him and his unfair tactics, to put the matter in its most charitable light.

I had just outlined my house in lavender bulbs, a most striking effect, when Merkle across the street strung up mauve and coral ones that flashed on and off. In the spirit of neighborly competition, I countered with green garlands festooned around our fence posts, and painted "Season's Greetings" in glittering gold on the garage.

When I turned around, there was Merkle with candles in every window of his house, and on his roof was a display of Santa Claus' sleigh and reindeer. All this illuminated by yellow floodlights. Fighting spirit aroused, I retaliated with a pair of huge Christmas trees with hundreds of twinkling lights. "Top that!" I shouted at Merkle.

"Top this!" Merkle boomed through a loud-speaker system strapped to his chimney. Then came the sound of carols. The judging committee was due in an hour, so I raced up a ladder, bent on setting up a huge mobile of an angel. But after a few minutes, I noticed the ladder had been mysteriously removed. I was stranded. I yelled for help, of course, but Merkle merely turned up the volume of his Christmas carols.

When the committee drove by, they saw a fully illuminated me angrily shaking my fist at Merkle. I later read the committee's report:

"Mr. Emmons: A most spectacular display; but not sufficiently in keeping with the spirit of peace on earth."

—Dick Emmons



"My parents gave me an unbreakable toy."