

The Tiny Folk

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

"Mommy, is Brenda up yet?" called Laurie from his bed.

"Yes, she is. You can dress and come right down," replied Mrs. Page.

Laurie wasn't long getting downstairs. He was so pleased to have Brenda with him for her holidays that he didn't want to miss a minute. And here he had slept late on her very first morning!

"You're a sleepy head, Laurie," teased Brenda. "I've been up for hours. I thought you'd race me."

"That's all right," Laurie laughed. "Just wait till tomorrow, I'll be up before you." He hurried to the table, and his breakfast disappeared like magic. There was no time to lose.

The two went outdoors to play but before long the neighboring children from Playtime Lane had gathered. It was quite cold and windy, so the children decided they would need to run to keep warm.

"What could we play?" asked Susan.

"Play one, two, three, go!" said David.

The others laughed. "You mean we should have a race, dear," Susan said smiling fondly at her little brother. "But you are too small to run with us. You and Laurie are only three, but I'm six, and Brenda and Helen are older than that."

"Let's play Red Rover," spoke up Helen.

"The little ones wouldn't understand that," objected Brenda. "I know. Let's play 'Follow the Leader.'"

"That is a game. I'll be the leader. We'll all march one behind the other, and you all watch me. You do exactly what I do. Understand?" asked Brenda.

The others nodded. Helen got behind Brenda, then Peter and Susan. Laurie and David, being the youngest, went at the end. Brenda started off slowly, with her arms stretched out straight. All the others did the same. She changed to hopping and they all hopped. David stumbled, and by that time

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

JOHNNY CHUCK EXPLAINS

When unknown danger is explained, you will have vital knowledge gained.

—Johnny Chuck.

No one knows the truth of this better than does Johnny Chuck. The most dangerous danger is the one that is not understood. It is constantly costing countless lives among the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. They must recognize and understand a danger before they can protect themselves from it.

Buster Chuck, who was one time Brenda had changed to something else.

"Do this!" she called, placing one hand on her hip, and waving the other in the air. They all followed suit, laughing at the sight they made. Frisky, Laurie's little dog, though they were pointing to something for him to chase. He saw here and there, barking and barking.

"You silly thing!" laughed Helen. "We aren't shooting anything. We are playing a game."

"March like a soldier," Brenda ordered. "Arms stiff. Swing them out. Lift your knees. Forward march! Left, right, left, right, left, right."

This was one part Peter and David and Laurie enjoyed, for they often played soldier and went marching through the orchard.

"Change to a run," whispered Helen.

"Run!" shouted Brenda, and started off. It is no wonder that she and Helen got ahead, their legs were so much longer than the others. Susan and Peter, could almost keep up, but Laurie and David were dropping behind.

"Wait! Wait! Wait for me!" called David.

Brenda and Helen slowed down a bit, but still ran. The two boys gathered speed to catch up. Just then Brenda stopped and squatted down. Helen followed, and Susan and Peter managed to get down, though they stumbled.

Laurie and David caught up just as they stopped. They were going so fast they couldn't put their brakes on quickly enough. They bumped into Peter, and went tumbling down, rolling over and over on the soft grass.

"Now that's not Follow the

called Rumly because he was so very small, had just had a very narrow escape. It had been lucky. He didn't know this, because he didn't know what really had happened. A hunter with a dreadful gun had shot at him, and barely missed him. It was the first time he ever had been shot at. He knew nothing about dreadful guns, or the two-legged folks who use them. In fact, he knew almost nothing about any dangers. You see, he was only now starting out in the Great World.

Now his father, Johnny Chuck, had seen that hunter hiding behind an old stone wall and had known just what was going to happen. He had whistled a warning, but his young son had not heeded it. Now he was down in his home in the ground afraid to come out, and doubly frightened because he didn't understand at all what had happened.

Meanwhile, Johnny Chuck had been lying very flat in the grass watching for that hunter behind the old stone wall along the road. Johnny was patient. He didn't move. At long last the hunter gave up and went away. Then Johnny went over to Buster's home and called loudly at the doorway. Presently Buster came slowly up and put his head outside. There was still a look of fright in his eyes.

"Did you hear a sharp noise just before you dived into your house?" asked Johnny.

The young chuck nodded. "I heard it. I heard something whistle close past my ear," said he.

"That was something that came from one of those two-legged folks. He was hiding behind the old stone wall down there. You were lucky that you only heard it. If it had hit you, you wouldn't be alive now. Never forget that some of those two-legged folk are some of the most dangerous enemies you have. Whenever you see one, get out of sight. I saw that hunter behind the wall and whistled a warning. You should have promptly gone into your house and stayed there," explained Johnny.

"I will next time. I won't forget," replied Buster Chuck, and he really meant it.



"You're a lucky chuck," said Johnny.

"You're a lucky chuck," said Johnny. "It is a wonder you are alive. Why didn't you heed the warning I whistled?"

"I didn't see any danger," whimpered the young chuck. "I don't know now what it was."

"It was the greatest danger that we chucks ever have to watch for," explained Johnny. "Whenever you see a big-two-legged person make sure that he doesn't see you. Those two-legged folks can hurt or kill one of us without being near at all."

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VILLAGE OF SPRING PARK

A special meeting of the rate payers of the Village of Spring Park will be held in Spring Park Community Hall, on Monday, July 26th at 8:00 P.M. Daylight Saving Time, to consider the following proposals:

1.—Granting authority to the Commissioners to apply to the Provincial Government for a loan to be used to defray the expenses of laying a foundation under Spring Park Community Hall.

2.—Authorizing the Commissioners to assign part of the monies appropriated to the Street Committee to the beautification of Spring Park Field.

Signed:—

The Commissioners of Spring Park Village, J. EDMOND ARSENAULT, chairman.

Dated July 14th, 1954.

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FEARLESS FOSDICK



HIS FACE IS SO ELASTIC, HE CAN MOLD IT INTO ANY SHAPE! OH! HOW CAN FOSDICK TELL WHO IS WHO?—



I KNOW YOU'RE NOT ME BECAUSE I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL TO KEEP MY HAIR NEAT— BUT NOT (UGH?) GREASY! YOURS IS A MESS!



—BUT THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL!—MY NAME IS OSCAR!



WANT TO GET RID OF LOOSE DANDRUFF? GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE

Rip Kirby



The Lone Ranger



Joe Palooka

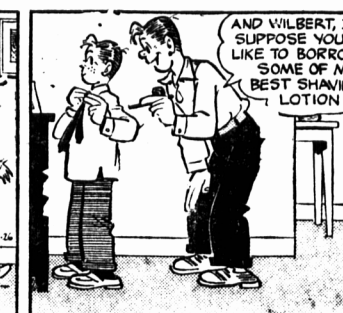


Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



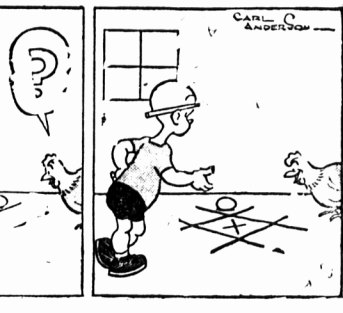
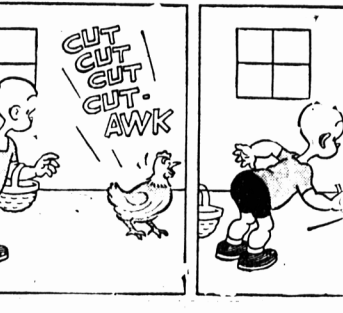
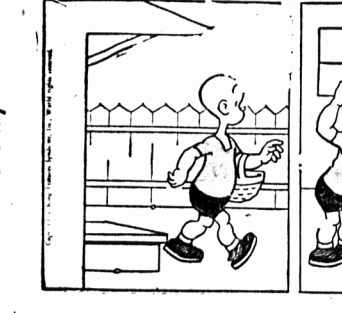
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Dotty Dripple



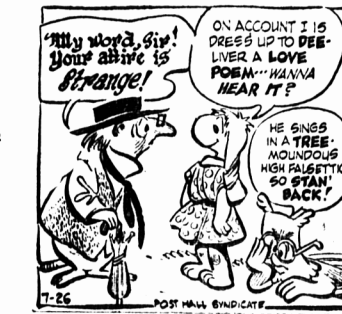
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Henry



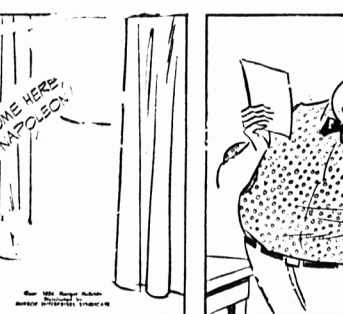
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Pogo



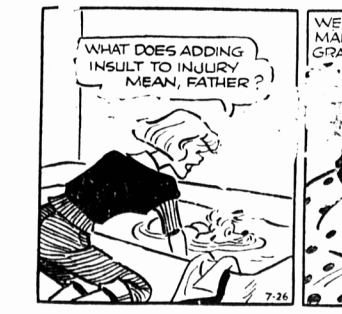
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Napoleon and Uncle Elby



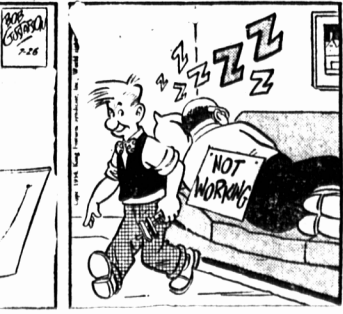
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Penny



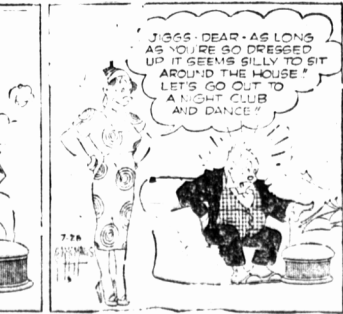
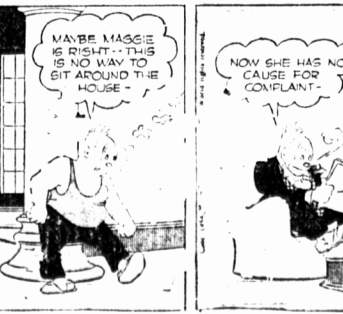
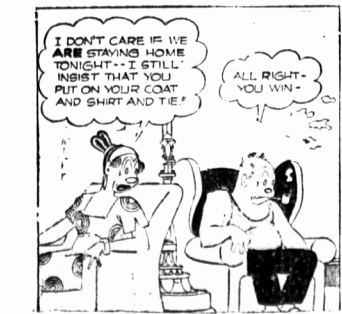
By Harry Hoerigsen

Tilly The Toiler



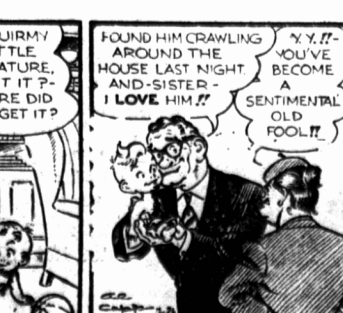
By Bob Gustafson

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

Ham Fisher



By Al Capp