

# The Tiny Folk

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

One part of the orchard was a most beautiful sight this warm June morning. The sunbeams had finally coaxed the cherry blossoms from their snug green buds, and now the whole tree was a mass of lovely white bloom. Busy bees buzzed hungrily among the flowers seeking honey for their hive. Early that very morning Mr. Robin Redbreast had perched on the topmost branch and sang and sang. Perhaps he was happy because it was a lovely day. Perhaps he was happy because of the four new baby robins in the nest up on the electric light post. But what is most likely he was perhaps remembering the juicy red cherries that were on that same tree last summer. Robins to love cherries. Would that be what he was singing for?

Mrs. Page and Laurie heard that happy song, and came to stand at the window to watch. "Isn't that tree beautiful, Mommy?"

Yesterday there were just a few blossoms and now the whole tree is covered," Laurie said. "Yes," agreed his mother. "It is a lovely sight. I just love to see the cherry and apple trees in blossom."

"Could we take a picture of it, Mommy?" Laurie asked eagerly. "I'm sure we could. We'll go right now while the sunshine is coming from the right direction for a good picture. I'll get the camera."

"Here come Susan and David. Could we all be in the picture too?" inquired Laurie. "I suppose by the time I'm ready I'll have all the children, cats, and dogs on Playtime Lane in the picture. But come along anyway."

Laurie ran out the door to tell Susan and David, then all three children ran for the cherry tree. Susan and Laurie tried to scramble up on to the lowest branch while David and Frisky watched from below.

"You two come down out of there," called Mrs. Page. "Do you think you are the robins?" "Aren't you going to take our picture?" they asked together. "Yes, but by the tree, not up in the tree. Now gather in one spot. Susan, you hold down one branch and Laurie and David can see if there are any bees in the blossoms," suggested Mrs. Page. It took a few minutes to get everyone in position. Mrs. Page snapped one shot, and was just going to take another when she looked beside her. There was Frisky standing with the saddest look on his face. He looked first at Mrs. Page then at the children.

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

## THE BITER BITTEN

Who bites should ever keep in mind The bitten may return in kind. —Old Mother Nature

Touslehead, the young kingfisher, was really out in the Great World. He had wandered far down the Big River from the nest in a bank where he had started out. He no longer saw his parents, Rattles and Mrs. Rattles. You see, they had their own fishing grounds and seldom went beyond them. There had been eight young kingfishers of whom Touslehead was the first out of the nest. One had been caught by Falen the Duck Hawk. Touslehead had seen it happen. It was then that he first learned to be afraid. The rest of the young kingfishers were scattered along the Big River on both shores.

So far Touslehead had lived wholly on fish. He had become a really good fisherman, and he se-

rious, Frisky, who hurt your feelings?" laughed Susan. "He wants his picture taken too," added Laurie. His mother smiled. "I think you're quite right. He is feeling left out. Run along, Frisky, with the children." He needed no second invitation.

He bounced over to the cherry tree and stood on his hind legs with his feet against the trunk. Click! went the camera for another picture. "Never mind that! Don't pull down too hard on that limb, children," warned Mrs. Page. "It might break."

Just as she spoke, the end of the branch snapped off in Susan's hand. She looked startled and rather scared. "Never mind that's all right," Mrs. Page soothed. "We'll have cherry blossoms in the house. I'm sure I got three good pictures of you all, including Frisky and the cherry tree. That's all for this time. Run along now and play."

As he turned to run after the others, Laurie called to his mother. "Thanks, Mommy, for taking our pictures. Now we'll have a cherry tree picture, but we'll go to take another when she looked beside her. There was Frisky standing with the saddest look on his face. He looked first at Mrs. Page then at the children.

rom went hungry for a long time. As yet, he had not found a good fishing place of which he might take possession.

This morning, he had come to a new place. There was a sandy beach a little way from where he had chosen a perch on a dead limb of a tree at the Water's edge. He had been sitting there only a few minutes when he saw a brown head out in the water. It was moving down along the shore toward him. Presently, a stranger



He watched his new neighbor instead.

in a brown coat came out of the water on the beach. It was one of Jerry Muskrat's family, young, but fully grown, and the first muskrat that Touslehead had ever seen out of water. He forgot all about watching for fish. He watched his new neighbor instead.

The young muskrat went into the water at a certain place, and dived. A moment or two later he came up with something in his mouth. It was a mussel, as fresh water clams are called. The young muskrat opened it, ate the clam, and dropped the empty shell at the edge of the water.

"How does it taste good?" called Touslehead. The young muskrat looked up at him. "There is nothing better," said he. The young muskrat opened three clams. Two of these he ate. The third one he had just opened when something startled him and he dropped it, plunged into the water and diving. When he came up he was well out in the Big River and swimming away. Touslehead watched him until sure he wasn't coming back. Then, out of curiosity, he flew down to see what that was his brown-coated neighbor had said was so good. For a moment or two he eyed it suspiciously, then he picked it out of the shell and swallowed it. It was good. It was very good. He wished he could have another. He flew back up to his perch, that dead limb above the water. Looking down he saw something that looked like one of those queer things partly in the mud. It was

# Report Kids Too Crafty Now For Fairy Tales

MONTREAL, (C.P.) — Canadian kids are far too crafty to be fooled by fairy tales. That was the consensus here among teachers, psychologists and counsellors, queried about a story from England that Dr. John D. Kershaw, medical health officer at Colchester, believes Cinderella has a bad influence on children.

Dr. Kershaw told a meeting that the story of Cinderella's conquest of Prince Charming makes modern girls expect the same. Boys, too, get snappy-eyed notions about beautiful rich princesses. Little Red Riding Hood earlier fell into disfavor in England, when a national teachers' conference decided the wolf's masquerade in grandmother's clothing taught children deceit.

"PHOOEE!" "Phooey" was the general reaction here to the English reports. A McGill university psychologist declared "children are fully aware of the make-believe aspects of fairy tales and early learn to distinguish fact from fancy."

"I like to see my children reading these stories. But comic books — now that's another story." One source expressed surprise the children had ever heard of Cinderella. What with the deluge of men and beauties from Mars displayed in comic books.

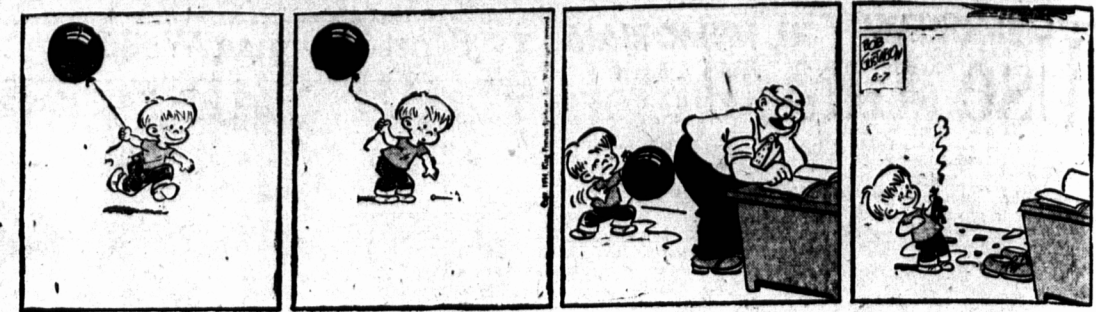
Teachers were horrified at the thought of Cinderella disappearing from book shelves. "Children love Cinderella and are always asking us to read it to them," said a grade I teacher. "To the little ones, Cinderella is just a story. Maybe they dream about it but there are certainly no lasting effects."

A consulting psychologist said "It's normal for children to dream, and if fairy tales encourage them to dream, this is not bad." Children must be carefully taught to realize the responsibility of marriage whether they have read fairy tales or not, he said.

A marriage counsellor said it is not the young but older folk who are incorrigible romanticists—older couples whose children have married and left home.

TRANSPORT VOTERS ACCRA, Gold Coast (Reuters)—Gold Coast voters in remote areas will be brought to the polls in the June 15 election in four-wheel-drive vehicles and canoes. The special vehicles will be provided in Dangbe-Shai constituency, where heavy rain threaten to isolate some villages.

very shallow there. He was sure now that this was one of those things that muskrat had dived for, and brought ashore. He dived himself, thrusting his bill in between the shells of that half-opened clam. Instantly those shells closed tight on the tip of his big stout bill. Touslehead flopped to shore, dragging that clam still holding fast to the tip of his bill. The biter was bitten.



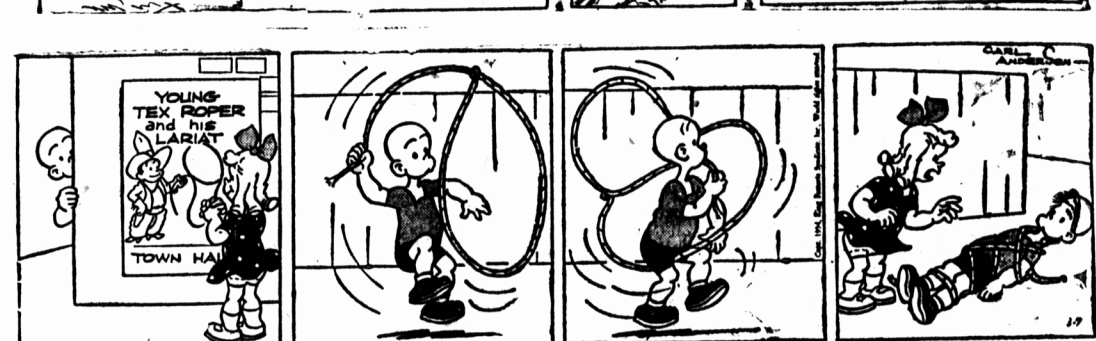
Tilly The Toiler



Pogo



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Henry



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Dolly Dipple



Bringing Up Father



Penny



L'il Abner

# ANNUAL MEETING

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
City Council Chambers  
City Hall, Charlottetown  
MONDAY, JUNE 7th, 1954  
at 8 P.M.  
(Results of Legends & Folklore Contest will be announced).  
All interested citizens cordially invited to attend.



HAIR WON'T STAY COMBED? GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE, CANADA'S FAVORITE



The Lone Ranger



Rip Kirby



Joe Palooka

By Bob Gustafson

By Walt Kelly

By Clifford McBride

By Carl Anderson

By Edwina

By Buford

By George McManus

By Harry Hoeningen

By Al Capp