

The Tiny Folk

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

"Daddy, here is Roger and his father coming in our driveway with their little truck," called out Laurie to his father.

"That is all right," replied Mr. Dale. "I've been expecting him. Roger's Daddy had to help me mix up some spray for our apple trees in the orchard. He'll be here for a while, so you and Roger will have time to play together."

That just suited the boys fine. They were the same age, both would be four years old in the fall, so they understood the games each wanted to play. First, they took turns on the swing. Then Roger had a few drives on Laurie's tricycle. After that, they took Frisky for a walk in the orchard.

When they came back, they stood quietly watching the men filling little barrels with water from the hose. They saw them mix in some powder that Mr. Dale said was poison, then they followed Roger's Daddy as he walked through the orchard with the little spraying tank strapped on his shoulder. Laurie and Roger had so many questions to ask about what they were doing and why, that at last Mr. Page sent them back to the house.

"Let's get in Daddy's truck," suggested Roger.

"I don't think we should," Laurie hesitated. "My Daddy doesn't let me play around our car."

"Oh, that's all right, just watch me drive," exclaimed Roger, opening the door and climbing in.

He sat behind the wheel, turning it this way and that, shifting gears, and pretending he was going very fast. Then "Beep, beep, beep," he blew the horn.

His father came striding from the apple tree he was spraying. Roger hopped out and ran. His father shut and locked the doors of the truck.

The boys looked for something else to do. They made tracks in the mud made by the splashing of water from the hose, until Mrs. Roger came out to put a stop to that.

"You'll ruin your shoes. Stay away from there," she warned.

Roger saw the hose. "Let's wash the windows for your Mommy," he suggested to Laurie. As into.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thorton W. Burgess

MASTER OF THE AIR

However simple be the part, When mastered it becomes an art.—Old Mother Nature.

Among the feathered folk of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows none has mastered the art of flying as have Ol' Mr. Buzzard and the members of his family.

he spoke, he turned the nozzle, and water sprayed out.

He turned it on the cellar window, and both boys laughed as the water washed down in little rivers, taking the sand from the pans. Then they tried washing the side of the house.

Suddenly Mrs. Page heard loud cries from Laurie. She ran to meet him as he came in the back door. Water streamed from his hair and face, dripped off his sweater, and ran down his legs. "Roger sprayed me with the hose," he sobbed.

"You are a sorry sight," teased his mother. "You are soaked to the skin. Come and get into dry clothes."

Laurie needed no coaxing for he felt most uncomfortable. As his mother dried him off, and put on clean, dry clothes, his teeth started to chatter.

"That water was really cold," he giggled.

Mrs. Page tried to keep her face in a frown as she scolded. "You two have no business getting wet like that. There'll catch you, you go again, and this time leave that hose alone."

Roger met Laurie at the door. They grinned mischievously at each other. Mrs. Page shut off the hose before she left them, adding, "That is one way to get your face washed, Laurie. You didn't fuss a bit. I think I'll try it again some day."

With shrill shrieks of laughter, the two boys scampered off to see what else they could find to get into.

ly. Buzzard isn't his right name. The family name is vulture, not Buzzard. But the common name is Buzzard, and probably it always will be.

Now, Ol' Mr. Buzzard is one of the ugliest looking of all of the feathered folk. To see him on the ground there is nothing about him to admire; not one single thing. When moving about on the ground he is awkward. Some homely folks have sweet voices, but not Ol' Mr. Vulture. He can't sing a note. All he can do is hiss and squawk. But there is one thing that Ol' Mr. Buzzard can be envied for. It is his mastery of the air. Flying with many feathered folk is simply a flapping of the wings, ending sometimes in a long glide as the wings are held stretched out and still. But Ol' Mr. Buzzard has turned simple flight into an art. He has learned how to use wings so as to sail the air as a ship sails the sea.

Bob White Junior had watched Ol' Mr. Buzzard take off from a fence-post. He had seemed clumsy. He had made a sort of awkward hop up in the air, at the same time spreading his great wings. He flapped these a few times. He didn't beat them fast as Bob

White does when he flies. He flapped them in what seemed like a sort of a lazy way, but it was a way that lifted him easily. He wasn't very high before he kept those wings spread wide. He flapped them only once in a while, yet he kept on sailing up and up. It was as if something up above was pulling him up. It was wonderful to watch.

Bob White, sitting on the next post from which Ol' Mr. Buzzard had taken off, sighed. "I envy that fellow," said he. "What must it be like to be able to fly like that. Just watch him. I guess he never gets tired. To stay up in the air we Bob Whites have to keep our wings moving fast, and we can't go very far without having to come down to earth again because we are tired. Flying a long distance is hard work. We can't stay in the air very long at a time. But Ol' Mr. Buzzard can. I guess he can stay up in the sky all day if he wants to, and still not be tired. Look at him now. He is so

Continued on page 12

Solution To Last Saturday's Crossword

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	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Moccasin-like shoe
 - Book clasp
 - Light box
 - Verbal examinations
 - Occurrence
 - Basque-like cap
 - Concerning
 - Affect
 - A son (Sp. Am.)
 - Target pin in quoits
 - Of an area
 - Young pilchard
 - Begged
 - Parts of windows
 - Precious metal
 - Exclamation of sorrow
- DOWN**
- Stately old dance
 - Concerning
 - Affect
 - A son (Sp. Am.)
 - Target pin in quoits
 - Of an area
 - Young pilchard
 - Begged
 - Horn (com. form)
 - Scatters
 - Japanese sash
 - Excess of chances
 - Shaft for wheels
 - To be fitting
 - Legislature city of Sweden (Ven.)
 - River
 - Moral
 - Biblical animal
 32. Mercenary
 34. Turkish city
 35. Mountain pools
 36. Epochs
 39. Father
 41. India (poet.)

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

AXYDLBAAXR is LONGFELLOW

C letter simply stands for another. In this example, A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

UJ VCD, ESI IA DSM NMCD FIDS ELTM DSM EIVCD—VIEWM.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: **WERE THERE NO WOMEN, MEN MIGHT LIVE LIKE GODS—DEKKER.**

INFORMATION REQUIRED

MacLEOD, FERGUSON, MacKINNON, STEWART

Information is needed regarding descendants of Matilda MacLeod, wife of John Ferguson; Jane MacLeod, wife of MacKinnon; Christy Ann MacLeod, wife of MacKinnon, and Mary MacLeod, wife of Angus Stewart of Culloden. This information is important. Contact Post Office Box 86, Charlottetown.

IMMUNIZATION CLINICS IN RURAL SCHOOLS ARE ON STANDARD TIME

The 3rd and last clinic of the series of clinics to be held this spring in the rural schools for INOCULATIONS against diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus and VACCINATION against smallpox are now underway.

These are for children who are to have their third inoculation and for those requiring a re-inforcing dose, also for children who have not been successfully vaccinated.

All clinics will be held on STANDARD time. The teacher in each district will know the date and time of the clinic.

REGIONAL CLINICS will be held in the FALL for the required 4th inoculation, re-inforcing doses and vaccination against smallpox.

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND WELFARE

The Lone Ranger

MIKE, WHO TIED AND GAGGED YOU?
THE KILLERS!

SLIM NORTON AND HIS PAL; THEY STOLE MY SIGNAL FLAG, TRAIN SCHEDULE AND SWITCH KEY!
THEY AIN'T HAD STEAL A LOCOMOTIVE!

Kip Kirby

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY TO HAVE GIVEN YOU SUCH A SHOCK, MISS MELTON...
I...WE...THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD... THE POLICE SAID...

YOU'D BETTER REST FOR A MOMENT.
THANK YOU, MISS LEE... I JUST CAN'T GET OVER IT!

NOW YOU SEE! IT'S ONLY I... AND NOT A GHOST AT ALL!
BUT... THEN SOMEONE ELSE WAS KILLED IN YOUR BEACH COTTAGE!

Joe Palooka

I SEE IT WAS JUST THAT YOU MARRIED THIS CHAMBERMAID... BUT... WIFE... COME HERE! SHE'S AN' 'ER NAME...

WE'RE PUTTIN' ON A "SERIOUS" OF SOBS... LIKE TH' "WIFE" TH' BOSSING... A YOUNG TH' BANG... AN' 'ER NAME...

WE'RE TAKIN' ON ALL COMERS... SAY, WHERE REEY?

HE HAS LEFT HARACH... HE'S ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION... A VERY DANGEROUS ONE...

TH' JOIN' 'WOT DOES HE MEAN... BUNGERIN' HIMSELF... WHERE NIN 'E FIND 'EM?

I SHALL HAVE TO CONSIDER THE QUESTION, I MUST CHECK ON YOU BY CABLE.

Dolly Dipple

HORACE, YOU'RE EATING TOO MUCH LATELY!
I READ THAT EVERY POUND YOU ADD SHORTENS YOUR LIFE A LITTLE!
I'M NOT WORRIED...
I LIKE TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY!

By Fran Striker

BRINGING UP FATHER

I'LL GET IN OKAY IN JUST ENOUGH...
IF I GET BY HER ROOM I'M ALL RIGHT...
I'LL LAMP IN BED—I THINK I HEAR MAGGIE STIRRING...
SO... WE LEFT THE HOUSE OUT IN THE HALL... WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!

By Alex Raymond

PENNY

HOW WAS THE RADIO DEBATE, DEAR?
OKAY...
WAS IT EXCITING BEING IN THE STUDIO AUDIENCE?
NOT VERY...
HEAVENS, MOTHER, IT WAS ACTUALLY NOTHING COMPARED TO YOU AND FATHER...
DEBATING WHETHER TO BUY A NEW SLIP COVER.

By Ham Fisher

LIL' ABNER

CORN-GRAJ-OO-LAY SHUNKS!
FIVE MINUTES AGO, YOU WAS A WIDOWER—NOW YOU IS A FEE-AN-SAY!
YOU SHORE LEADS A GAY LIFE IT—OFF WIF TH' OLD TH' ON WIF TH' NEW!
AH GOTTA SEE TH' SOLES O' YORE FEET!
??-TH' SAME YALLER SAND AS WHAR DAISY'S BURIED IT—NO DONE DANCED ON DAISY'S GRAVE??
DONT BE RI-DICK-A LUSS!! ONLY A GAL WIFOUT A HEART'D DO THAT??

Tilly The Toiler

BUT MUMS! HOW CAN I CUT THE GRASS WHEN OUR OLD LAWN MOWER HAS BROKEN DOWN AGAIN?
ONE HERE, YOUNG LADY! YOUVE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO HAVE IT REPAIRED! WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO GET YOU TO USE MY SEWING SCISSORS TO DO IT?
I GUESS MUMS MEANS WHAT SHE SAID!
ONE TO MAKE A TRADE, MR. FIDD?
EHP WHAT KIND OF TRADE, TILLY?
YOUR SWEET SPOKE FOR YOUR LAWN MOWER!!

Pogo

CHURCHY, WHILE YOU OFF-LINES, DEACON'S LOVE FROM TO MAKE BOONHAM, I'LL POP 'EM AN' TELL DEACON HE IS WOON'T THE GAL FOR HIM.
HAW—DISCLOSED AS IS THIS WAY—NOBODY WOULDNT WANT WISHY A GOOD LOOKIN' MALLER HAIRED GAL CUTTAR...
HE'LL BE EET-TORIAL GRATIFUL.
H.O. THERE, CHURCHY LA FEMME...
H.O.
YO' FRIEND, MR. LA FRAMME, LOOK A L'W! PEAKIED, PA... HE BEEN SICK?

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

MIKE MURPHY SAYS THAT NEW FLEA POWDER WILL CHASE FLEAS OFF YOU IN A HURRY, NAPOLEON!

Henry

NO FISHING
NO FISHING

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

MAYBE WE WON'T BE TOO LATE TO SEE SOME OF THE STYLE SHOW...
TIPPY DIDN'T WANT TO BE IN IT—BUT ETHEL'S DOG, HUBERT, RAN AN' HID AN'—
GEE! HERE COMES TIPPY...
C'M' BACK HERE—!!
—AN' THAT'S TH' LAST TIME YOUR DOG CAN EVER BE IN A STYLE SHOW WITH ME, CAP STUBBS!!

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By Bob Gustafson
By Walt Kelly
By Clifford McBride
By Carl Anderson
By Edwina
By Buford
By George McManus
By Harry Hoeniassen
By Al Capp