The Tiny Folk

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

Anna and Lynne were spending a week with Laurie and Linda on Playtime Lane. One precious day had gone by, but now another morning was upon them.

"Come on, Anna, let's get up. It's fine, and we can go out to play," coaxed Lynne, nudging her sleeping sister. "I hear Linda downstairs, and I know Laurie is up now too. Let's go down."

Anna stirred herself but Lynne kept at her until they were up and dressed. Breakfast was over in a hurry and out they all went.

"I'd like to take Linda out too," Anna asked timidly.

"Of course she can go out," answered Mrs. Page. "She goes out every day to play with Susan, and just loves in the playhouse. Just be careful that she doesn't put anything dirty in her mouth."

Anna went out proudly carrying Linda. Susan and David joined them and of course Frisky was there too as close as Laurie's shadow.

"What shall we play today?" asked Susan.

"Let's play house again, like we did yesterday," suggested Lynne.

"No, I want to be an oil man and deliver oil," protested Laurie.

"My car's got a flat tire. I fix it," piped up David, as he turned his tricycle upside down and started to work at the front wheel.

"Let's play store," Susan spoke up. "The boys want to play their way. The girls will play together. I was in a restaurant with Mommy the other day and we had icecream. Let's make on I sell ice cream and ask me for something to eat."

"All right. Let's!" agreed Lynne and Anna together. Linda just talked away to herself.

"What would you like?" asked Susan from behind her box.

"I'd like a butterscotch ice cream," replied Anna.

"And I want chocolate sauce on mine," spoke up Lynne.

Susan was very busy putting mud on two pink plates. She sprinkled sand from a large plastic shaker over it. Then she poured water from a bottle over each. "That is the syrup," she explained, as she set the dishes down before Anna and Lynne.

The girls picked up two pieces of stick and pretended to eat.

"This is delicious," said Anna.

"I like mine. It is good," added Lynne.

In the meantime Linda sat quite still, her eyes watching their every move. "That must be good," she thought to herself. "They forgot to give me some, so I'll just help myself." She reached over, grabbed a fistful of clay and put it in her mouth.

Just as she did so, Lynne spied her. "Oh! oh! run for her Mommy. She musn't eat that," she exclaimed. Anna ran to the door, and Mrs. Page hurried out. Linda was making queer faces, for it was not a bit good after all.

"Dirty, dirty. No, no, Linda must not eat clay," scolded her mother, as she washed out her mouth, then wiped her face and hands.

"Why did she eat that?" Lynne wanted to know.

"What were you doing?" Mrs. Page asked.

"We were pretending we were eating ice cream," Anna said, looking rather scared.

"That is what she was doing. She will do exactly what you do," explained Linda's mother. "She thought you were really eating it, and so she decided she'd have some too. That's why she needs watching."

"It wasn't a bit good, dear? Now was it?" said Anna, hugging the baby again.

"I don't think she liked it," laughed Lynne. "But I know what kind of ice cream she had. Hers was chocolate, for that's what it looked like when it was all over her face."

Then Susan and Anna and Lynne burst out laughing as Linda joined in too.

By Thorton W. Burgess

BUZZY RIDES THE AIR

Mere strength alone will fail, I trow.
'Tis knowledge wins success you know.
—Ol' Mistah Buzzard.

Buzzy was the son of Ol' Mistah Buzzard and Mrs. Buzzard. He and his twin sister had just found out what their big wings really were for. They had been hatched in a small cave in a rocky ledge. They had grown fast, and as they grew bigger and bigger they had spent a lot of time on the ledge in front of their little cave. As their wings grew the twins kept flapping them. Sometimes they would stand with their big wings spread out When they did that they were taking a sunbath.

Then one day quite by accident they found out they could fly Buzzy had been sitting on the very edge of the ledge flapping his wings. He lost his balance, and off he went. You should have seen him flap his wings then. To his own surprise he found himself flying. It was clumsy flying, but it was real flying. Those big wings of his took him down to a tall tree in the hollow below the ledge. A little later, he was joined by his sister. Such excited birds as those two were. All they could talk about was flying.

Now the buzzard folk, who are also called vultures, are masters of the air. That means that they are truly marvelous flying. It was from watching these masters of the air that man learned some of the secrets of flying. Buzzy and his sister watched father and mother sailing round and round so high in the air that they were little more than specks. How those two young buzzards did wish that they could do that! But the only way they could fly was by flapping their wings, and father and mother way up in the blue, blue sky appeared not to be flapping their wings at all.

"Do you suppose we can ever learn to fly like that?" asked Buzzy.

His sister shook her head. "I tried just holding my wings out when I was up in the air the other day, and instead of sailing up and up, I just slid down to the ground. There must be a trick to it," said she.

It was the very next day that Buzzy discovered what the trick was. He had been making little short flights by flapping his big wings. He had flown from tree to tree in short flights, and finally came to rest on a point of rock on the top of a hill.

It was fun sitting up there and looking over all the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. By and by he began to wonder if he dare fly down all in one flight. It took courage to jump off into the air from up so high. But at long last he did it. He flapped his wings as usual. Then he held them stretched out full length intending to glide a little way as he had already learned to do. Something queer happened. Instead of sliding down on the air, he began to rise. He began to go up and up. There seemed to be a gentle wind blowing him up. There was. There was an upward current of air. Warm air was rising, and he had just happened to get into that current of rising warm air. It was lifting him up. He became excited. Once more he began to flap his big wings. They took him out of that up-flowing warm air, and he began to go down. He had found the secret of that kind of flying that is called soaring, but he didn't yet know it.

Solution To Last Saturday's Crossword

DAILY CROSSWORD

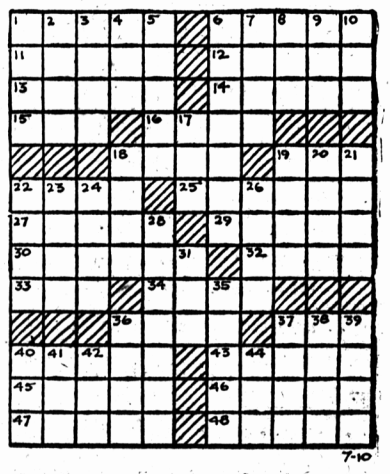
Yesterday's Answer

ACROSS

1. Capital (Fr.)
6. Prime minister (India)
11. Spinach-like plant
12. Assumed name
13. Rhee is president of?
14. Like a blockade but on land
15. Female sheep
16. Size of type
18. Withered
19. One's parent
22. The two together
25. Complete
27. Gray
29. Famous American author
30. Moves smoothly
32. Little island
33. A male offspring
34. Strong blast of wind
36. Killed
37. Area around a tooth
40. Make amends for
43. Muse of lyric poetry
45. Type of architecture
46. A pole horse
47. Conform
48. Plague

DOWN

1. Prod
2. In a row (poet.)
3. Infrequent
4. Frozen dessert
5. Form
6. Beginning to exist
7. Pen-name of Charles Lamb
8. Hasten
9. Large roofing slate
10. Custom
17. Anger
18. Molt
19. Discoverer of Cape of Good Hope
20. External coating of a seed
21. Sand dune (Eng.)
22. Sacks
23. Capital (Nor.)
24. Not fat
26. Taunt
28. Disregard
31. Girl's nickname
35. Moved steadily and swiftly
36. Small cut
37. Festive
38. Shoshonean Indians
39. Additional
40. Girl's name
41. Old weight for wool
42. Openings (anat.)
44. Spawn of fish



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A X R
is L O N G F E L L O W

One 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, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

RCM OCFUDUPM GYB GJECOS ACYB LGM RPDISB . . . CYEU ERS ACFRET MKGJS—JDSSJR.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: NIGHT AND DAY! NIGHT AND DAY! SOUND THE SONG THE HOURS REHEARSE—DAVIDSON.

WEST COVEHEAD TEA

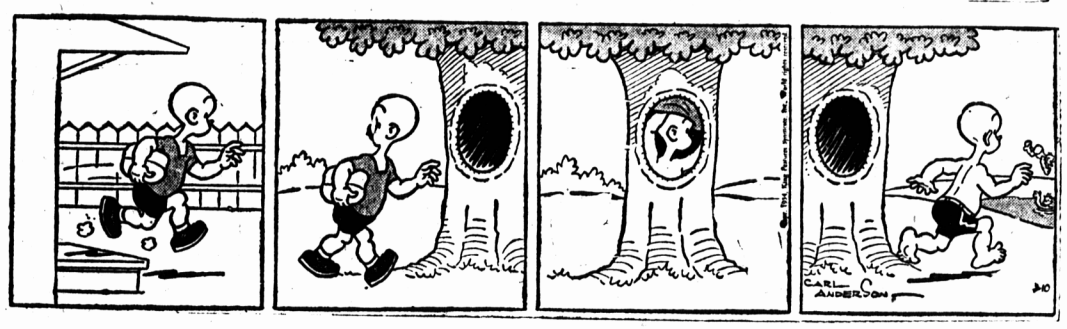
WEDNESDAY, JULY 14

You will enjoy meeting friends and renewing acquaintances at our annual tea. Serving 4 p.m. Standard Time.

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

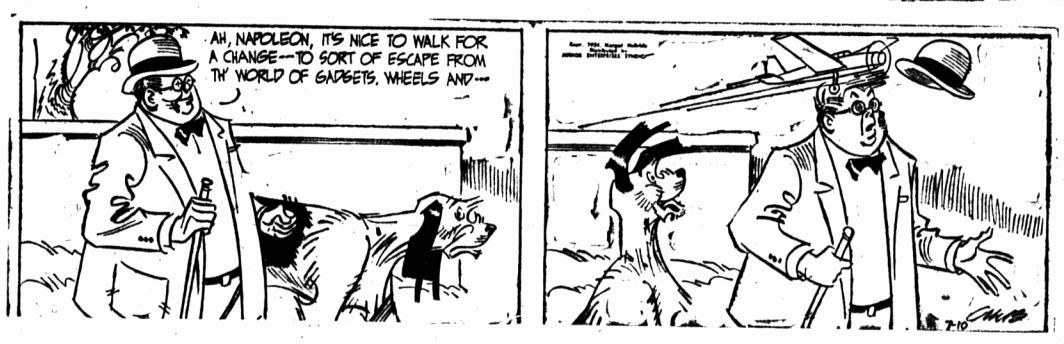
Dolly Dipple — By Buford

Henry — By Carl Anderson



Pogo — By Walt Kelly

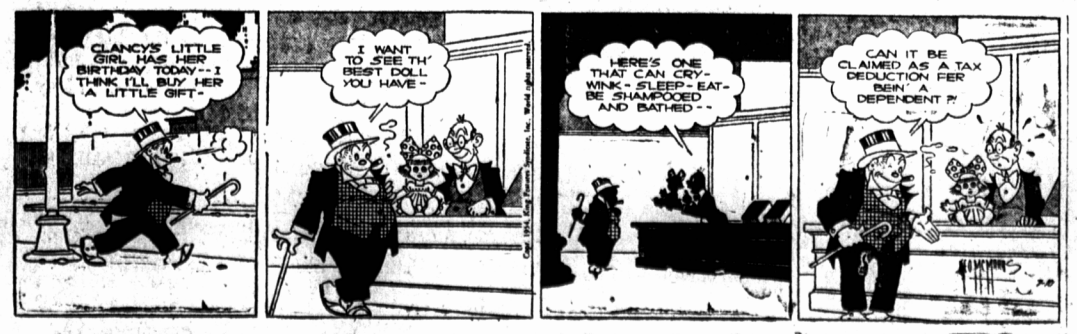
Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride



Penny — By Harry Hoeniosen

Tilly The Toiler — By Alex Raymond

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus



Li'l Abner — By Al Capp

Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher