

The Tiny Folk

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

Laurie was spending the afternoon visiting his cousin, Lynne. They had gone picking buttercups, and were delighted to find so many. But the sun was hot, so they decided that the next thing to do was to sit on a rug in the shade of the rowan tree.

"Just wait till I get my toys," said Lynne, running into the house and up to her room. In a few minutes she returned, carrying a doll with long yellow curls and what looked to be a big stuffed teddy bear.

"What is this?" asked Laurie, reaching out for it.

"That's my elephant," replied Lynne, for she could not say 'elephant' very clearly.

"He is almost as big as you are," exclaimed Laurie. "I never saw an elephant that looked like this. He is made like my Panda."

"Yes, I know, but it is an elephant," argued Lynne. "See, his nose is a long trunk like a real elephant." Laurie fingered its trunk.

"I guess it is a baby elephant. Look, it seems to have a pink coat on it."

"Yes, that is the way he's made," explained Lynne.

"Why did you put pink socks on his feet?" inquired Laurie.

"They don't come off." He had already tried that out to see for himself.

Lynne giggled. "His foot got all full of holes and the stuffing started to fall out. Mommy took a pair of my pink socks that were too small for me, and stuffed them. Then she sewed them on, and that made new feet for him."

"I'm glad my feet don't wear out like that, for I went barefooted all day yesterday," laughed Laurie. "Wouldn't I look funny if Mommy had to sew my blue socks to my legs?"

"That idea tickled both children and they laughed and giggled over that for a while. Laurie's attention was still taken up with the baby elephant.

"Oh, look! his eyes move!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, just watch." Lynne rolled the elephant to one side, and the big black spots in his round glass eyes rolled to one corner. She tipped him back and he appeared to be looking the other way. She held him up and he stared straight ahead.

"Let me have him for a few minutes," Laurie coaxed. She passed over the toy, and he tried rolling the eyes around.

"Look, he's making eyes at me," he said. "I have Ginger, a big teddy with jingly ears, at home, but his eyes can't move. My Mommy made them out of blue yarn."

"You can play with him, and I'll play with my doll. See, her eyes can move. She goes to sleep when I lay her down. Watch."

She put the doll down on the rug, and the long-lashed eyes closed. She picked it up, and the blue eyes flew open, as the doll

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

MRS. BUZZARD LOOKS AROUND

You never know what may be found. Until you've had a look around. —Mrs. Buzzard

Oh! Mistah Buzzard and Mrs. Buzzard are lazy folk. They spend most of their time sailing around high in the sky or perched on some dead tree or other place where they can get a sun-bath with nothing to interfere. It was nesting time with most of the feathered folk. Most of them had built, or were building new nests, and it was a lot of work. A few had made over old nests of the year before.

"What people want to work like that for ah don't know," said Ol' Mistah Buzzard.

"It is doing a lot of work for nothing, if you ask me," said Mrs. Buzzard.

"Ah suppose, mah dear, yo' will find a place to lay your eggs without going to the work of making a nest for them," said Ol' Mr. Buzzard.

Mrs. Buzzard nodded. "Of course," said she. "Ah done been looking round some already. Suppose you join me and weuns look around."

Oh! Mistah Buzzard shook his head. He was too lazy. Yes, sir, he was too lazy to go looking around, and he didn't care who knew it. You see he isn't ashamed of being lazy. So it was that Mrs. Buzzard continued to look around by herself. She wasn't looking for a place to build a nest. She was looking for a place where she might feel that a couple of eggs would be safe from any egg-hunters that might be around, and where the young birds that would come from those eggs would be fairly safe from hungry hunters.

She found a big hollow stump. She tried it to see if she could sit in it comfortably. She told Ol' Mistah Buzzard about it later. "It

fits me perfectly, but it is rather deep and a little hard to get out of," said she. "Ah'm going to look around some mo'."

Her looking around was done from the air. She flew low over the tree-tops, watching below carefully. She discovered a big hollow log on the ground. A big tree had fallen there long, long ago, and now the great trunk was hollow. She lighted on the ground and looked that old trunk all over. She went in. She could go in quite a distance. The rotted wood in there would make a comfortable bed for the babies later on. She was quite taken with that old log. She kept going back to look at it.

She had about made up her mind that this should be the home for her babies-to-be. Then one morning as she was looking down from high above she saw Reddy Fox poke his head in that hollow log. He was looking for mice, but she didn't know that. But she did know that that hollow log would not suit her at all now. Neither eggs nor babies would be safe there. So, once more, she began looking around.

In a certain place there was a jumble of rock. She lighted on the top of the big pile. There were sheltered places here and there between the big stones. One of these might do. She almost decided that one would do. Of course, when those eggs were laid, she would have to sit on them. She tried squatting down in this particular hollow. It wasn't as comfortable as she hoped it would be, so she continued to look around.

"That is some toy. Where do you leave him at night, Lynne?" she asked.

"Oh, I always sleep with him. I put my dolly at the back then the elephant next, then I get in," she explained.

"I don't see where there is any room for you," teased Mrs. Page. "Your bed is quite narrow, and he looks pretty wide to me. I guess it is just as well that you are so little, or you would have to sleep under the bed."

As she walked away the two youngsters looked at each other and broke into shouts of laughter, each still holding the toys.



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KELLY'S CROSS SCHOOL

Grade IX.—1. Ralph McQuaid; 2. Wendell McDonald; 3. Monica McQuaid.

Grade VIII.—1. Earl Molyneux; 2. Joseph Kelly.

Grade VII.—1. Clifford McDonald.

Grade VI.—1. Desmond Curley; 2. Margaret Roberts; 3. Jerome Monaghan.

Grade V.—1. Theresa Monaghan; 2. Kenneth Curley; 3. William McQuaid.

Grade IV.—1. Jimmy Nantes; 2. Patricia Kelly.

Grade III.—1. Janet Waddell; 2. Leonard Smith; 3. Gemma Murphy.

Grade II.—1. Bertha McQuaid; 2. Desmond Nantes.

Grade I.—1. Louis Bradley; 2. Anne Curley; 3. Donnie Waddell.

Prize awarded for highest average in Senior Grades: Ralph McQuaid 88%.

Prize awarded for highest average in Intermediate Grades: Desmond Curley 83.5%.

Prize awarded for highest average in Junior Grades: Louis Bradley, 86.4%.

Prize for best attendance awarded to Donnie Waddell.

Teacher—Colette Matters.

Not far away was a ledge of rock. She lighted on it. She looked it all over. There was a small rocky shelf, and opening from it, a small cave. Perhaps this would do. She went to consult Ol' Mistah Buzzard.

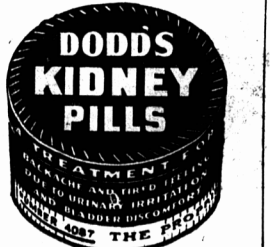
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Brightonaires Orchestra, one of Charlottetown's up and coming Dance Bands.

Dancing 10:15 p.m. to 1 a.m. (Standard Time) 11:15 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Daylight Time) Admission 60c



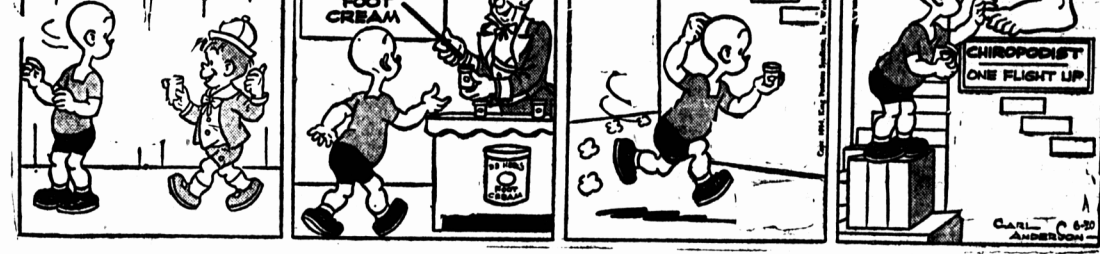
By Bob Gustafson



By Walt Kelly



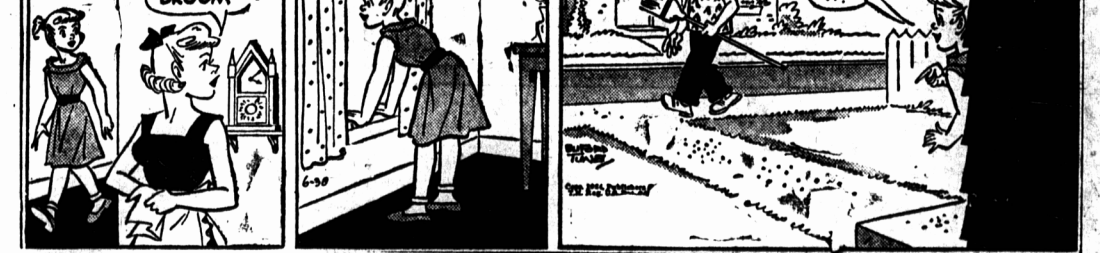
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By Edwina



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By Al Capp



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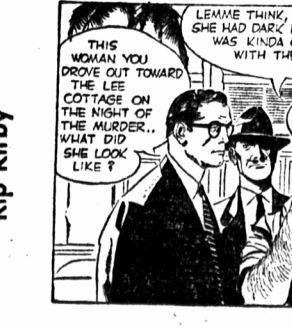
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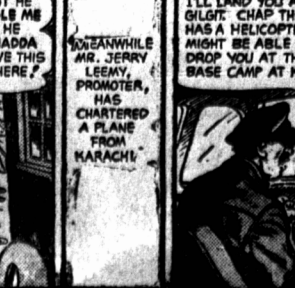
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