

The Tiny Folk

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

"David, Susan," called Mr. Dale, "how would you like to go for a little drive?"

The two children came running in great glee, for they dearly loved a car drive. In they ran, out of breath as Susan asked, "Are we going visiting? Do I need to get dressed up? May I wear my new skirt and red sweater?"

"One question at a time," laughed their mother. "No, we are not going visiting. We are going to make just a short call so you will not need to be dressed up. You may go in your play clothes, but come till I wash your faces. How dirty you both got since supper!"

Susan ran quickly to the sink, for she was able to wash her own face. David was starting off outdoors when his mother caught him like getting his face washed, thought he did like the clean feel of it after the washing job was over.

Mother slipped into her coat, put on her hat and gloves, and the three of them went out to the car where Mr. Dale was waiting. He started the car, and Susan leaned forward eagerly to see which way they were going.

They drove through the village, past the store and post office, by the church and across the bridge. Each side road they came to Susan wanted to see if her father would turn down that way. Still he kept on.

"Going see Uncle Bob," David said. "Uncle Bob," Susan said, jumping up to look out the back window.

"No, we aren't," said Daddy. "We are going some place where you have never been. There is to be a surprise for you both."

"What kind of a surprise could strangers have?" Susan wondered to herself. She tried to question her mother, but Mrs. Dale only smiled and shook her head.

The car slowed down, and their father turned into a side road.

The children knew Heather and Ruth who lived on this road, but after that they knew none of the houses. After a few miles, Mr. Dale turned into a driveway that led to a white house. There were big trees on either side of the driveway and a white gate shut it off from the big grey barn with its bright red doors.

A man and a boy came out the back door, smiling as they saw the visitors. "Hello there, Mrs. Dale. How are you tonight? I see you brought the children too. Just get out and come along with me."

"Susan and David, this is Mr. Grey," said Mrs. Dale as she got out. "Come along with him now, for he has something to show you. This is his boy, Brian, just the same age as you, Susan."

Mr. Grey led them to a big barn door. Pushing it open, he let them inside, then walked over to a big wooden box.

"Look what I have here," he smiled.

Susan and David's eyes got very wide indeed. "Puppies!" they exclaimed together. "The cute, cute little puppies."

"One, two, ten, six puppies," counted David.

"Silly!" laughed Susan. "One, two, three, four five puppies. Look at that white one with the long yellow ears. He looks just like the one on the calendar at home."

"Frisky, little Frisky," chimed in David pointing to another that looked just like Laurie's little dog. By that time the tiny pups were crawling around on their wobbly short legs, and making little whimpering sounds. The children reached down to pat each one.

"I like this black one," said Susan. "He is different from all the others."

Just then the mother dog came into the barn. She moved swiftly over to the box, sniffing anxiously at her pups to see if they were all right.

"Now we must go," said Mr. Dale, "for the mother wants to be left alone with her babies. But, David, you may have a puppy for your birthday since Susan has her kitten. Which one do you like best?"

David ran over to pick up a pup, but he reached for one and then the other. "He's so excited he doesn't know which one he wants," laughed Mr. Dale. "But I'll decide later. I think you had better save either the white and tan one or the black one for me."

Mr. Grey looked at Brian. "Brian wanted the white and tan one for himself," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," added Mr. Dale quickly. "The black one will suit us just fine. Now come along family. We must go now, but we'll be back for our dog in a few weeks time."

"Bye," waved David. "Bye, ten puppies David come back soon."

Then the family started off home, with Susan and David talking and making big plans for their new pup.

By Thorton W. Burgess

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

THE DISASTER

You often fall from some mistake. There's really no excuse to make. —Old Mother Nature.

Mr. and Mrs. Muddy the Eave Swallows, or Cliff Swallows as some folks call them, sat on the top of Farmer Brown's barn. They were discouraged. "It is no use to think about that mud way over by the Big River. It is too far away," twittered Muddy.

Mrs. Muddy nodded her small head. "I suppose it is," said she. "That mud over there is just what we want, but as you say it is too far away. I guess we'll have to make the best of the mud here and hope for the best."

The mud those swallows wanted was in a clay bank over by the Big River. It was the only clay mud that had been able to find, and that was the only kind of mud they wanted to use. They couldn't be sure that any other kind of mud would hold together, or stick to the side of the barn. It would be a terrible thing to have that

nest drop off of the barn, or to fall apart when there were babies in it. However, there seemed to be nothing for them to do but use the mud in the barnyard as their cousins the Forktails were doing. So they went to work.

The eaves of Farmer Brown's barn were wide and afforded perfect shelter. They chose a spot under the eaves which they thought best suited for a nest and went to work with a will. Little by little the walls of their mud home grew higher and higher. They chose the mud as carefully as they could. It couldn't be too wet, and it mustn't be too dry. They plastered it against the rough board of the side of the barn, and built out from this. Gradually, and after a lot of hard work, the new home took shape. It was a little more than half completed, when the disaster happened. Without any warning that half finished house broke away from the wall of the barn, and fell. When it hit the ground it broke to pieces. Poor Muddy and Mrs. Muddy! They had been

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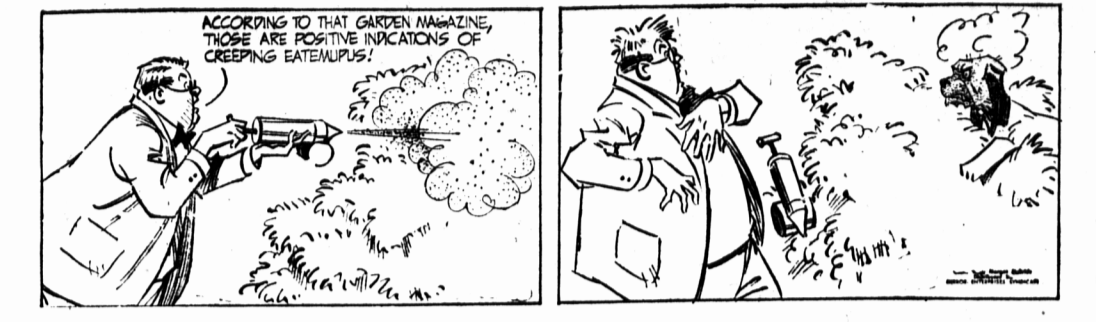
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Tilly The Toiler



By Bob Gustafson

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



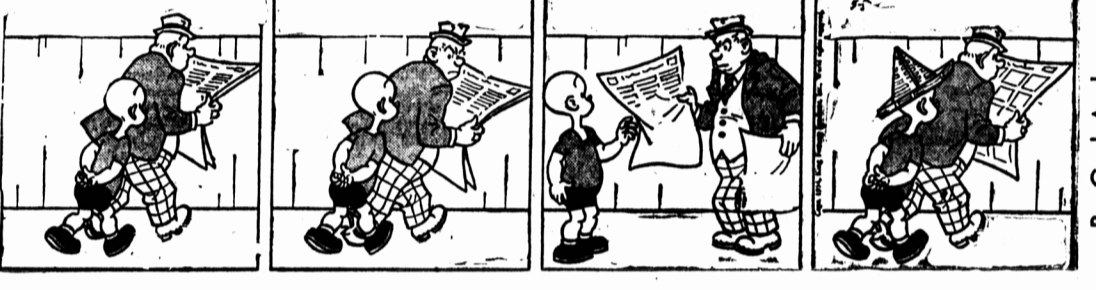
By Clifford McBride

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

Henry



By Carl Anderson

Tippy and 'Cap' Stubs



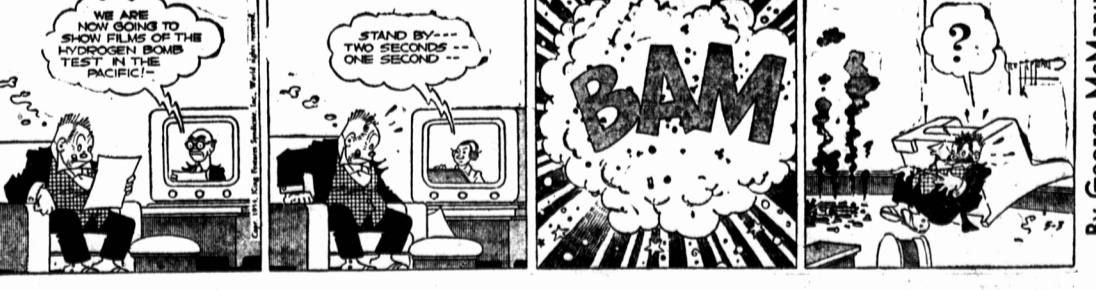
By Edwina

Dolly Dipple



By Buford

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

Penny



By Harry Hoentgen

L'il Abner



By Al Capp

VERNON RIVER HALL

3 Act Comedy

"The Honeymoon Is Over"

Tuesday, May 4th

8:15 P. M.

Dancing after play

BROMLEY, Eng. (CP) — Schoolboy Michael Webber-Ryan, 19, shook his sixth form when he announced his engagement to a Persian girl, Tooman Mostofialmanaleki. Michael says he hopes to marry next year and continue his studies at McGill University, Montreal.

COME TO AFTON HALL

THURSDAY, MAY 6th

Wheeling, West Virginia's Bobby Cook and his radio and television stars. Program followed by a free dance to Wheeling music.

Admission 75c and 50c.

May 2 — Mental Health Week — May 8

TAKE PART IN THIS WEEK'S PROGRAM

Read: Local papers for Mental Health Series—Local and National.

Listen: National To CFYC for spot announcements, and broadcasts.

Local Standard Time

Monday— May 3rd, 7:30 P.M. Hon. B. Earle MacDonald, Minister of Health & Welfare.

Tuesday— May 6th, 7:30 P.M. Dr. W. J. P. MacMillan, O.B.E., Member of the Legislature.

Saturday— May 8th, 6:00 P.M. Dr. A. J. Murchison, Director, Division of Mental Health.

Visit: Mental Health Clinic, Palmer Building, 100 Fitzroy Street, opening Monday afternoon, May 3, 3:30.

Tuesday and Wednesday 2:00 - 4:00 Mornings — 10:00 - 12:00 Occupational Therapy Building, Falconwood Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 2-4, light refreshments. Bus service from Bus terminal leaving at 1:15, 2:15, 3:30, returning at 1:30, 2:30, 4:30.

See: Display at Mental Health Clinic, City Occupational Therapy Centre and Auditorium, Falconwood.

Display of patients work—Recreational activities. Posters and display showing the various activities of the Division of Mental Health—Films relating to Mental Hygiene in Hospital Auditorium.

