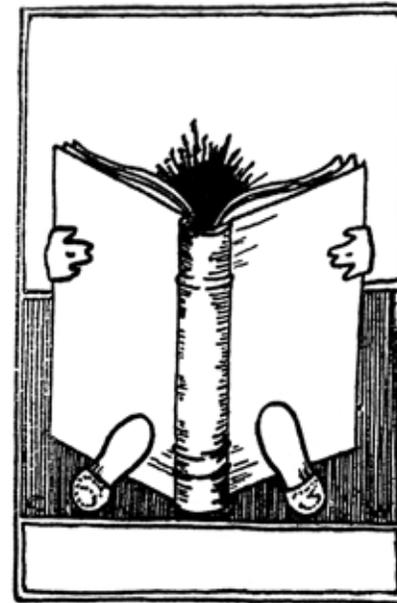


*Book of Short  
Stories*



PRINTED AND BOUND UNDER  
SUPERVISION OF  
K. E. KILLEEN, DIRECTOR OF  
HANDIWORK



YOUR LITTLE FRIEND  
THE FIFTH GRADE BOOK

*Josephine Muscia*

Dear Fifth Graders:

How do you do! I am the little book that you have made. I have many little stories. They are very interesting. I hope you will enjoy them. They may not be exactly like the works of the great authors, but they are your thoughts and word pictures and I am sure you will love them. Take good care of me and I will bring you many happy hours.

School No. 2

February 18, 1931

THE NEW CITY HALL

The new City Hall was started in 1929 and will be finished in 1932. The City Hall is thirty two stories high. How I like to watch the men at work! I like to watch the elevator carry the men up so high. Sometimes I see the men walking on the top. I wonder if they are afraid to walk there? I see so many trucks bringing stones for the building. They put them on a long rope and a machine pulls them to where they are needed. I saw a man go up with the stones. The workers throw the broken bricks down a long square box at the side of the building.

School No. 2

*John Galante*

\* THE SONG OF THE LARK

From the rustic village pleasant  
Came a sturdy working peasant  
Now she stops to listen. Hark!  
Hear the pretty warbling lark.  
Now the lark is soaring high  
Disappearing in the sky.  
Peasant pictures he did paint  
The artist thought them very quaint.

School No. 64

*Jean Parkes*

LITTLE OWL GOLF COURSE

One day last summer my sister and I planned to make a golf course. We took our wagon and went down to the dumps for some broken bricks. When we got back

we made a horseshoe with the bricks. We found a toddy can and dug a hole to put it in. This was called hole number one. There were several of our playmates who asked if they could help make the rest of the golf course. Our new helpers got their wagon to get more bricks from the dumps. Then we had enough bricks to make eight more holes. Of course we needed to have some more cans. My sister got busy looking for them while we finished the rest. Now that it was finished we decided to divide all the money we got.

After working hard we all looked pretty dirty. We went home to get cleaned up. First think I knew my pals were calling me. We decided to call it "Little Owl Golf Course", and charge three cents a round or two for a nickel. One of the boys said, "I will make two signs." On the signs he painted in colors, "Little Owl Golf Course", with an arrow pointing through it saying, "Three cents a round, two rounds for a nickel." One sign was tacked on the billboards on Walden Avenue west of the D.L.W.. The other was tacked on our tree.

Of course we had only three sticks and two balls to start with.

We had quite a few customers that night. It was getting dark and the people could not see the holes in the dark. I went in and got my father's lantern from the cellar. Three or four other boys got their lanterns out because customers were coming fast. With more light business picked up. so many grown ups and children came to look on they interfered with the players. We

had to borrow a washline from the lady next door. We stung it up so no one would interfere with the players. Then one of the boys' father said if my father would let us string lights from our garage he would supply the extension cord. Mother said, "Yes." It didn't take long and up went the lights. It was now daylight at the golf course. We even had reserved seats for our guests. One of our seats was donated. It was a discarded cot bed. The other two were auto seats we found in the dumps. If it happened that we got a guest with a white gown we brought out chairs from the kitchen.

As business picked up we bought more sticks and balls. We also decided to whitewash our golf course. Mother gave us the whitewash, but we had to hunt for the brushes. Between seven of us we found two brushes. One of the brushes was two inches wide. The other was an inch wide. We all took turns in whitewashing our golf course. My sister wanted to get done in a hurry. This is how she did it. She would pick up brick by brick and dip them in the whitewash. She finished before we did with our brushes. However she was whitewash from head to foot. That night it happened that Uncle Jack and his wife came to play golf. I suppose you all know him. He speaks over the radio to the children Sunday afternoon from W.E.B.R. He liked our golf course so well he gave us numbers to number our holes.

He announced our golf course over the radio. He said, "Children over 80 years of age admitted free."

Our business continued until the cold weather start-

ed. When we finished we had earned nineteen dollars. We divided the money. I am saving mine for a rainy day. We stored the bricks and the stove pipes in our garage, so we will have them next summer. It's no fun looking for bricks in the dumps. We will open again in the spring. Be sure to come. It is located behind my home at 37 Wagner Place.

School No. 64

*Robert Schmerbach*

\* CANYON OF BEAUTY

Over the precipices high it pours,  
Down at the bottom away it roars.  
As we all know it is one mile deep,  
And the walls on the sides are oh so steep !  
Down at the bottom, like a silver thread,  
One mile below it has made its bed.  
What has made this wonderfule sight ? you may ask;  
The Colorado River has done the task.

School No. 67

*Cecelia Seifert*

CENTURIES OF RECORD KEEPING

Cecelia Seifert

Long ago, in the ancient world, people did not write as we do now, but they drew pictures to show what they wer talking about. An owl's haed meant "m". That is how we got our letter "m". When they wanted to show thirst they would draw a icture of a calf running toward a stream of water. If something was sad they

would draw an eye with tears. When the were happy they would draw a smiling face. The Chinese, who discovered paper making, outh to be thanked for showing us how to do it.

School No. 12

*Cecelia Seifert*

THE DISCOVERY OF ELECTRICITY

In the old Quaker city of Philadelphia the people were laughing at a man named Benjamin Franklin. Benjamin Franklin who is now known as the famous discoverer of electricity. One day the people brought news that Mr. Franklin was making a kite. The people did not laugh because they thought it was a kite that was being made for a boy. Another day the people that passed Benjamin's house said that he was flying it. The people laughed because it seemed foolish for a grown man to fly a kite. Mr. Franklin made his kite out of silk handkerchiefs, with a hemp string fro flying. At the bottom of the string he attached a metal key and a silk cord to hold on to.

One day when it was thundering and lightning Benjamin flew his kite. he was happy because no one saw him. As the first cloud passed by nothing happened. When the second cloud passed, he felt a shock as he touched the key. At last he had proven to himself that lightning was electricity. Later he built lightning rods to protect the houses from burning. His name then became known all over the United Sates and Europe. We still honor the name of Benjamin Franklin.

School No. 1

*Clar Gaeta*

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 SULPHUR

Lily Drewitt

Sulphur is a very important mineral product of the south. Louisiana and Texas are the leading states for sulphur. It is important in making things white. Sulphur makes pages of books pure white and also makes sugar white. The farmer also uses it in fertilizer. It is used in liquids for the spraying of the trees and plants to kill the insects on them. There are many rubber tanks made from sulphur too. In order to get the sulphur to the surface men bore deep wells into which they force hot water. This melts the sulphur. Then they use compressed air to drive the melted sulphur up through pipes to the surface. When it cools it forms into hard yellow rocks. Workmen will then blast the sulphur rock. Then the big steam shovel will pick up the pieces and drop them in freight cars which are waiting for loads. These will carry them to manufacturing cities in different parts of the United States.

School No. 6

*Lily Drewitt*

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 A GOOD LESSON FOR ME

One summer night my mother told me that we were going to have company and that I should act very politely. Then when our company came I forgot what mother said and started to fight with my brother and made a great deal of noise. Later one of the ladies came up to me and told me that I should never fight in the presence

of company. Then when the company had gone I got a scolding for being so disorderly. I was sent to bed with a good spanking. That was a lesson I shall never forget.

School No. 3

*Concetta Limeri*

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 ROLAND, THE BRAVE LAD

Long, long ago in a city of France there lived a king who had a beautiful daughter named Elizabeth. One day as she was walking through her garden a fierce dragon swooped down upon her and carried her away. There was a great sorrow throughout the land.

Her father said that he would give the hand of his daughter and half of his kingdom to the man who would save her.

There lived not far from the palace a lad whose name was Roland. When he heard what the king had said he decided to go and try his luck. He set out on his journey to the palace.

On his arrival he asked to see the king. When he was admitted he told him that he would save his daughter or get killed by the dragon. The king told him to stay over night and rest.

The next day he set out on his journey. When Roland came in sight of the dragon's cave he hid behind a rock. Suddenly the dragon came with fire coming from his nose and mouth. Roland was near by and drew his sword, swung it with all his might upon the dragon. He gave a fierce cry of pain and fell dead.

Roland went into the cave and brought out the prin-

cess and took her to the palace. Later Roland and Elizabeth were married.

School No. 4

*Nicholas Florko*

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#### THE LONE HAWK

One fine day during the World War a lone American War plan soared high above the war scarred land below. As it sped on, its pilot spotted an enemy plan and soon began to go higher. He recognized the German pilot as the greatest Ace of Aces. The American plan flew down and shot many bullets into the German's cockpit. The battle raged on until at last the American shot the German down. The victory was won. The American Ace felt that a day's work was done.

School No. 8

*Henry Puattander*

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#### A PRIZE WINNER

On the corner of Walden Avenue and Burgard Place, I saw a very interesting sight. The big house was all lighted up, but I liked the yard best.

There was a tree, all trimmed and lighted. It went around in a circle. Near it, a lighted airplane flew about. Santa Claus sat in a sleigh filled with toys and drawn by reindeers. These were real ones that had been stuffed. The lights on this went on and off. When they were on, Santa's eyes were blue.

He seemed to be on his way to a small lighted house, in which were dolls for people, and a small lighted tree,

waiting for his coming.

At the top of a large tree in the yard was a large lighted star. A stuffed monkey was trying to climb this tree. In a ring were two squirrels having a boxing match to see which would win a nut. About the yard were dogs whose eyes lighted up. A large owl kept blinking up in a tree.

We thout it was a very pretty sight, and were very glad when we heard that Adam Smith, the owner, had won first prize in our neighborhood which was fifty dollars. I think the crowds of people who came to see it every night must have been glad too.

School No. 9

*Ruth Mallon and Florence Ogorek*

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#### SHEEP, AUTUMN

"Sheep, Autumn", was painted by a Dutch artist whose name was Anton Maure. A weary white-haired farmer is returning home from the hills where he has been watching his flock of sheep. In his right arm he has a baby lamb. He holds a crooked stick in his left arm. Running along beside the shepherd is a brave helpful dog. The tired lambs trudge along behind because they can't keep up with the others. I think this picture is very interesting because it shows a shepherd in Holland.

Jack Edwards

School No. 13

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

Edgar Small

The heroes of this story by Mark Twain are Tom Saw-

yer and Huckleberry Finn.

Tome and Huck were treasure hunting. They decided to try the haunted house first. Upon entering they crept upstairs to explore. They went into a closet which promised mystery. But the promise was a fraud -- there was nothin in it. They were about to go down stairs when

“Sh! --- There! --- Hear it?”

“Yes! --- Oh, my! Let's run!”

“Keep still! Don't budge they're coming toward the door.”

The boys stretched themselves upon the floor with their eyes glued to knot-holes in the planking, and lay waiting in misery and fear for the worst to happen. If you would like to know the outcome of this incident read, “The Adventures of Tom Sawyer”, by Mark Twain.

School No. 15

*Edgar Small*

#### WHY THE OWL FLIES AT NIGHT

Long, long ago when the earth was young, there was no fire on the earth. A little wren offered to go to the sun and get some. He returned in a short time with a firebrand in his beak, but his breast was badly scorched. A kind robin proposed that all the other birds should give the wren a feather. All offered to do this except the owl. Since the owl was so selfish the other birds became his enemies. So the owl has never dared to fly in the daytime since.

School No. 16

*Jack Severson*

#### PICKNICKING

Some of the best times we have in the summer are when we have picnics. We pack a lunch basket and get into the car and off we go. After a while we stop at a park and get out. We look around and find a nice place with an open fireplace. Daddy starts a fire and puts the wieners on the grate. After the wieners are down we put them inside of rolls. Everything tastes so good what we want to eat and eat. After we are thru eating we pack our basket and get into the car and have a lovely ride home.

School No. 17

*Carol Schaal*

#### DANIEL BOONE

Daniel Boone was the leader of the early pioneers. He was born in Pennsylvania in the year 1735. Boone lived at the same time that Washington did. When he was a boy he tried to live like the savages because he loved the out of doors. When he was eighteen years old he went to live in Kentucky. He enjoyed the freedom of the wilderness. Though he lived a wild, rough life, he was kind to everybody. Boone was a great and clever hunter. Before the Revolution, he pushed over the wall of the Appalachian Highlands. After this daring crossing, other people had the courage to cross this barrier too. These brave pioneers opened up the rich lands of the Middle West in Kentucky. Boone built a fort to protect the territory from the attacks of the Indians. Once Boone was cap-

tured by the Indians and was adopted by a squaw who had lost her son. He pretended to like the Indians' way of living. He remained with them a long time. he finally succeeded in escaping from them. After many dangerous adventures beyond the frontier, he diat at the age of eighty-five in the year 1820.

School No. 19

*Robert Koen*

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#### THE STORY OF FIRE

Many, many years ago people did not have warm, cosy houses like ours to live in. They lived in caves where it was both dark and cold. Once when a great storm was raging a tree was struck by lightning and the flash set it on fire. It happened to fall near a cave where some of the cave people were hiding. They were frightened at first and huddled in a group. After the storm was over they ventured out to look at the burning tree. One of them took a burning branch and brought it into the cave. They discovered that it made the cave both warm and light. They wanted the fire to keep on burning so they fed it with sticks and dry leaves. From this time on fire became a great blessing to man.

School No. 21

*Ida Wolchok*

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#### TIPPY

My dog's name is Tippy. He is a little white fox terrier. I can remember the first day we received him. He came in a black box and the only thing that was exposed was

his head. We lifted him gently out of his box. The next thing was to try him on his feet. He could scarcely stand up. He was only a week and a half old. In about three days he could walk. Now we let him out. In a day or so he seemed to like it better out than in. One afternoon I took him out for a run and he ran away. I went to bed that night very sad. And in the morning I woke up and found him barking at the side door.

School No. 22

*Raymond Saar*

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#### COTTON

Cotton is raised in the southern part of the United States. It requires plenty of rain, seven months growing season, rich soil, and a warm climate. Negroes work for the owners of the cotton plantation. Before the cotton gin was invented by Eli Whitney the negroes had to pick the seeds out of the cotton by hand. In 1916 the cotton boll weevil destroyed twenty-five million dollars worth of cotton, so now many of the plantation owners raise vegetables instead. The cotton seed oil is made into soap and salad oil. The United States raises more cotton than any other country in the world. I would like to see a cotton plantation.

School No. 25

*Milton Gaiser*

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#### A FISHING TRIP

One nice day last summer my father and I decided to go fishing. We left early in the morning, crossing over

Niagara River on the ferry.

We stopped at a fisherman's shanty on the river and bought a pail of minnows. With these, our fishing tackle and lunch, we started up the river to an old ship yard. The docks and ships were falling apart. The fish like to stay around the old piling and sunken ships. We fished for a while but caught nothing. Then I wandered around into different spots. Finally I dropped my line right into a school of perch. I called my father and he came running. Between us we caught over thirty perch in less than a half hour. Of course my father caught the most. In the excitement the lunch blew into the river, as we had just about started to eat when I found the school of fish. The sea gulls happened to be very plentiful at this point. Soon they ate the lunch, we ate the fish and everybody was happy.

School No. 23

*Douglas Schnorr*

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#### SHEEP IN SPRING

The artist of this painting is a native of The Netherlands. His name is Anton Mauve. In this picture he is trying to describe his native land. The picture shows a shepherd tending his flock of sheep. His faithful pal, the dog, is standing at his side.

The sheep are grazing in a quiet, peaceful meadow which has a tiny brook rippling over some pebbles. There is also a winding path guarded by tall soldier-like trees which lead to a farm house that is nestled down among the trees and bushes. This is probably the home

of the shepherd. This place is so cozy and peaceful that I wish I lived there.

School No. 24

*Virginia Cummings*

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#### RIDING ON A CLOUD

One stormy December afternoon very near Christmas, I lay in bed ill. All of a sudden I saw a big cloud outside my window puffing away. It asked me if I wanted to pay Santa Claus a visit. I made haste getting on the cloud, and we floated along swiftly till we came to Santa's Ice Palace. There we saw many little elves working busily, and of course we saw Santa Claus and his wife, Mrs. Santa Claus. Now Mrs. Santa Claus was just bringing a lovely big dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus and myself, when she dropped the tray with a big "bang". But I awoke only to find my mother bringing me my dinner. She had just dropped my glass of milk.

School No. 26

*Beatrice Mace*

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#### A SCARE

One night last week about midnight, when we were all in bed, there came a rap on the door. My father got up to see what it was. He opened the door and looked all around but couldn't see anything. My sister's pocketbook lay on the table.

All of a sudden the rap came on the back door. My father went to see who it was. When he got there nobody was there. So he closed and locked the door. He went in

to lock the front door. To his horror he found the door wide open and my sister's purse gone.

The next morning we heard about three other robberies around the town. About a month later they found the men who did it. They were arrested and sent to prison.

School No. 27

*Louis Schroeder*

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#### OUR SAND TABLE

During our study of geography in the South Atlantic States we built a sand table describing a cotton plantation. On our sand table we have a grinning house, a train load of cotton that is to be taken away, and pickers with bags of cotton on their backs. One of the pickers has the cotton she picked in a basket weighing it. We have a road running through the cotton plantation. On the road there is a truck on its way to the grinning house. Our sand table has helped to make the study of cotton more interesting.

School No. 28

*Georgia West*

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#### AN EXPLORER OF THE GOBI DESERT

Dr. Roy Andrews and his party of forty men have traveled in a great caravan, of seven automobiles and one hundred twenty-five camels, into the Gobi Desert of China. They are searching for skeletons of men and animals that are supposed to have lived millions of years ago. They are examining the rocky places and digging deeply into the sand for relics.

First the explorers found bits of jewelry that were made of ostrich egg shells. There were holes in the shells where they had been fastened together.

Soon after this the party discovered dinosaur eggs in a ledge of rock. Those eggs were the first ones that had ever been found although the skeletons of dinosaurs have been discovered in many parts of the world. Today you may see this ledge of rock containing the eggs in the museum in New York City.

Lately they discovered the skull and bones of the largest animals that lived. These bones were sent to the New York museum, too. Since there was no picture of this strange beast called the baluchiterium, it was a puzzle to match and fit the bones together. When it was finished it looked like an elephant without a trunk. It is like a giraffe without a long neck. It is like each one and yet it is very different.

Although Dr. Andrews has not found the skeletons of men his work is very valuable for he thinks that he has found the place where the oldest race in the world once lived.

School No. 29

*Robert Rogan*

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#### THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

The picture "The Coming of the White Man" was painted by George Reid. He was born on a farm in Canada. He liked to paint colorful pictures. When he grew up his father sent him to a university to study.

In this picture we see some Indians who have fled into

the woods. They are staring at some ships in the distance. They think these are birds from heaven because they have never seen any boats except their canoes.

I like this picture because it is so colorful and because of the story it tells.

School No. 30

*Robert Baxter*

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#### THE PARSON AND THE CLERK

There was once a parson who was such a tyrant that whenever he met anyone on the road he would cry out, "Out of my way!"

One day it happened that he met the king on the road and he did not recognize him. He called out as usual, "Out of my way!" But the king kept on and it was the parson who had to turn his horse.

"Come to see me tomorrow," called the king. "If you can not answer three questions I will ask you, you will lose your position as parson."

"Well," thought the parson, "all this is fine except I can't answer any questions. I'll get the clerk to go in my place."

The following morning he sent his clerk to the king. When the clerk appeared the king said, "Well, I see you're here."

"Yes, sire," answered the clerk.

"Tell me, said the king," how far is the east from the west?"

"Just a day's journey," replied the clerk.

"How is that?"

"Well, the sun rises in the east and sets in the west and he makes the journey nicely in one day."

"Tell me how much do you think I am worth as I stand here before you?" asked the king.

"Our Lord was worth thirty pieces of silver," answered the clerk, "so I couldn't price you any higher than twenty-nine."

"Well done," exclaimed the king, "but can you tell me what I am thinking of now?"

"You're thinking the parson stands before you, but you are mistaken, sire, because I am only the clerk."

"Well then, go home be you parson and let him be clerk."

And so it ended.

School No. 32

*Grace Schallowhorn*

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#### ACE HIGH

There once was an aviator who was called Ace High. He was called Ace High because he won cups and medals for records and tricks that no other aviator could perform. When the World War broke out he went as an aviator. One day five American aviators went out and met with a German airship. Ace High was one of the five to fight with the German airship. Ace High's partner was killed. Consequently he drove and took charge of the machine gun. After one hour of fighting with the enemy Ace High was the only one left. The men in the airship shot their machine guns at him but could not hit him because he did tricks. Ace High tried to get on

top of the airship so he could drop a bomb on it but every time he tried the airship would go up higher. There were twenty-five men in the airship and Ace high shot six of them. One of the men in the airship shot ace high in the shoulder but he didn't give up. Ace High fought and fought and fought. At last he got on top of the airship and dropped a bomb on it and the German airship went down in flames. Ace High went back to quarters and told his story. he received a medal for what he had done. When the war was over he went home to his parents and told about the fight he was in. He received seven medals during the war. The people then called him "The Hero of the Air."

School No. 31

*Benny Buchberg*

#### THE YOUNG WOODCHOPPER

It was the last day of school and four boys were walking home. Their names were Time, Jack, Bill and Joe. Time said, "Let's go fishing Wednesday if it's a nice day." So all boys agreed. Then they went home.

Jack's mother said, "Jack please go to the store for me."

Jack pouted and said, "Let sister go." So his sister went.

On Wednesday Jack was just leaving the house when his mother said, "Where are you going, Jack??"

Jack answered, "I am going fishing with the boys."

Jack's father said, "No, you disobeyed your mother yesterday, so go out into the back yard and chop all the

wood in the pile."

Just then the boys came along and said, "Come on, Jack, we are going fishing." Jack did not answer but he just looked at them.

Jack's dog looked up as if to say, "Do not go Jack, you would be disobeying your parents." Jack did not go. That evening the boys came home and Tim had fallen into the pond and had gotten all wet, but Jack was glad he did not go because he might have fallen in the water too.

School No. 33

*Jemima Moyle*

#### ORIGIN OF RIVERS

Long, long ago there weren't any rivers. One day the fairy folk were playing on a mountain atop. They were digging a hold and a fountain sprang out of it. The water flowed down the side of the mountain until it reached the valley below and formed a river. Ever since the we have rivers.

School No. 36

*Rosaria Zizzo*

#### WHY THE FIR TREE IS EVERGREEN

Long, long ago there was a fir tree which was always unhappy because it could not keep its needles. A flock of birds was flying south. One little bird broke it's [sic] wing and could not go any farther. It asked the poplar tree for help, but it refused. It asked the elm tree, but it refused. So it went to the fir tree and it said, "Yes, I will take care of you." Mother Nature heard of this. She went

to the fir tree and gave it one wish. It wished it could keep its needles all year round. That is why the fir tree has its needles all the year round.

School No. 46

*James Beam*

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#### JACK AND THE SUGAR CANE

Jack Frost was tired and discouraged. For years he had stood like a tin soldier on the side of a blue box holding a tablet in his arms and smiling, smiling all the time. It began to be harder and harder to smile and the tablet seemed ever so heavy.

Finally Jack thought of a plan. he would get his twin brother, who looked like him, to take his job for a month. After all, he reasoned, when you're a trade-mark you ought to know all about the thing you represent.

So the next morning a boat left with Jack aboard. Soon they landed in Havana, Cuba and Jack stepped off the boat. He did not stay in the city of Havana, though it was very interesting and modern, but drove quickly out into the open country. There he found, as far as he could look, acres and acres of sugar cane. Some of the sugar cane reached as high as twelve feet in the air. When he walked into the fields Jack saw that the sugar cane was something like bamboo, with joints up and down the stalk and wide grass-like leaves and feathery flowers all up at the top. The dark natives dressed in loose garments and big sun hats walked through the rows in the blazing sun, cutting the canes with a very sharp knife called a machete. Then they loaded the canes on an open

cart drawn by oxen.

Finally they reached the sugar mill or central, as it is called, and drove into a big yard. In the mill a very nice man who seemed to be the mill superintendent explained what happened to the sugar cane. First, the canes were crushed between great rollers and all the juice squeezed out. Then this juice was chemically treated with lime and then heated, with the result that the dirt and straw and other impurities went to the bottom of the tanks and the pure cane juice came to the top. The third step was to syphon the pure juice off into another tank. It was so thin it looked just like colored water to Jack. He watched them apply heat to these big closed tanks and gradually this thin fluid turned to a syrup.

The syrup was then run into what was called vacuum pans with heated copper coils in them. As it came out of the pans it was a sticky substance with tiny granules all through it, and the man explained that the granules were really sugar floating around in molasses. The next step was to get it separated from the molasses, and this was done in great round drums which spun around at a terrific speed so that the molasses ran out through the holes. The brownish raw sugar was then ready to be shipped. It was packed in burlap bags, about 320 pounds to a bag, and shipped away from the central. These bags were loaded on the boat, which Jack boarded, bound for home.

The boat docked at the pier after reaching New York

and Jack watched them unload the great bags and wondered how it was made into the glistening white crystals that had come out of his boxes. He soon learned how raw sugar was made into lovely, white sparkling sugar in the sugar refinery. The bags were emptied and the raw sugar carried up into the building by endless bucket elevators and dumped into a long mingling trough.

The raw sugar in the mingling trough was then mixed with syrup and the whole mushy mixture was passed into a big mixing tank to separate the crystals from the syrup, after which the mixture was run into big centrifugal drums like those Jack had seen in Cuba and as they spun around rapidly the liquid flew off through the fine wire mesh of the drums and the washed crystals were left behind [sic]. These washed crystals were melted in hot water and certain substances added to clarify it and the whole mixture was pumped through closely woven cloth in the filter presses. After this there was still one more purifying process through which to go, so the liquid was run through great tanks of bone black, eighteen or twenty feet deep, called char filters. The liquid which flowed out of these filters was no longer muddy and colored but clear and sparkling like pure spring water. Again the liquid went into the big whirling drums but this time the crystals left on the inside of the drums were pure glistening white sugar.

Jack's adventure was over and he had to go back to his job, but now he was happy and was really glad to be the

Jack Frost trade-mark, as he knew what he represented and he was proud to be the guarantee of every package of sugar that went out of his refinery. So with a smiling face, contented and proud, he took the tablet from his brother and stepped back onto the side of the blue pasteboard box.

School No. 37

*Jane Roehner*

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#### SIR GALAHAD

Once, long centuries ago, there lived a very brave knight whose name was Sir Galahad. He belonged to King Arthur's Round Table. In the Court of Camelot, King Arthur's Castle, there was a chair which threatened death to any knight who sat upon it, but Sir Galahad, who was the purest, bravest knight in the world. Because he was so pure he could see the Holy Grail for which all the knights were searching. This was the cup from which Our Lord drank at the Last Supper. Of all the knights Sir Galahad was the best.

In our room we have a very beautiful picture of Sir Galahad. In the foreground we see this knight standing beside his snow white horse. His steed's head is bending down and it looks as though he was eating grass. Sir Galahad is dressed in his white armor, while his helmet is lying on his steed's saddle. He looks weary and seems to be resting. They are in a clearing in the forest. In the background there are dense fields of woodland and brush. We see fleecy clouds in the sky. These look just like sheep in the pasture.

The artist who painted this picture is George Fred-eric Watts. He was very fond of painting pictures that would make the people who saw them wish to be find and pure like the characters in his pictures. This man painted many portraits of famous people. He won prizes and went to Italy to study art. Watts painted a portrait of Lory Tennyson, a noted poet, who wrote a very beautiful poem about Sir Galahad. There are tow lines of if.

“My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.”

School No. 38

*Betty Ann Vaughan*

#### THE STORY OF MONEY

A long, long time ago, gold and silver coins were not used for money. Men traded the things they owned for the things they wanted.

The Indians used shells for money. They called these shells wampum. The shells were stung on strings of skin. Purple clam shells were more valuable than white shells.

King Croesus, who lived a great many years ago, had gold fields in his kingdom. This king had money coined out of this gold. His people bought their food and clothing with the coins.

Machinery makes the coins that we use now. Years ago they were made by hand.

School No. 39

*James Shelly*

#### SAFETY FIRST

I am going to tell you a store about Safety First. There are very many rules and you should never go against these rules. I will tell you a story about a boy who said that Safety rules never helped him, and he wasn't going to obey them. All the girls and boys talked to him about Safety rules but he never listened to them. One day he was playing ball and the ball rolled into the street. Of course he didn't look for cars but ran into the street. A car came swiftly and hit him. The boy's mother was very sad to see him lying in bed. A boy came to call on him and told him all about Safety rules. The boy joined a Safety club and won a prize because he had learned his lesson.

School No. 40

*Floyd Haker*

#### A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT

One drowsy day as I sat looking out of the window I beheld a beautiful sight. Up in a tree I saw a mother robin and some tiny babies. The little infants were cuddled closely to their mother with their beaks open. The mother was very excited because she had a large worm in her mouth. The sight looked so beautiful against the blossoms that I forgot to do my work. That day I even petted the cat whom I dread.

School No. 41

*Helen Friedman*

#### THE HIKE IN THE WOODS

Last Saturday my friends and I started for the woods.

After we had traveled two miles we came to the woods. After awhile I cried out, "Look out", at that second a big rattle snake came out of the bushes and jumped at Frank. "Ouch", cried Frank as the snake's teeth went into his leg. "Run for the doctor," I cried.

All at once Frank dropped to his knees and was dead. After that we never went to the woods again.

School No. 42

*Joseph Conk*

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#### THE NATIVITY

Le Rolle, a French artist, painted this picture which he named, "The Nativity". In this picture we can see the Holy Family sitting on the hay in the stable while the shepherds are looking in amazement. The donkey on which Mary and Joseph rode to Bethlehem is shown standing silently in the foreground. The background of the picture is lighted by the halo of the Mother and Child. How peaceful everything looks!

School No. 44

*Peter Szmanda*

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#### KIT KAT

You may perhaps think that this is an old title but that is the name given to my little black kitten about which I'm writing. I brought her home when she was about one month old. She was so thin and little my mother said she would not be bothered with her. But when she showed that she could be a very nice kitten, mother let me keep her.

She is about seven months old now. She is as much a noise maker as we children for she races all over the house wanting someone to chase her which of course my little brothers are only too glad to do.

She just knows everything you say to her. It seems as though she talks right back to you. She is also very curious. She watches everything that one is doing. Mother used to call her a queer little Kitty-cat. Finally we cut it down to Kit-Kat, the name by which she goes now and probably will always.

School No. 43

*Edgar Burke*

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#### CAMPING WITH GIRL SCOUTS

In the summer the Girl Scouts go camping and we sure do have fun.

We light campfires, put the tents up and when that is down we cook our meals. We then wash dishes in water which we carry in buckets from the lake.

There is a good time for all. We study nature, swim, go rowing and canoeing and ride horseback.

We go to bed early in the evening at about 8 o'clock so that we can get up early in the morning.

I tell you it is great fun to be a Girl Scout and I wish every girl in America would be one.

If you want to join, you must learn the laws, pass a test, learn signaling.

We have a good captain. Her name is Captain Gielniak.

Here is our cheer as I give it to you.

Hi, Ho, He,  
 Hi, Ho, He,  
 Troop 80 ~ Troop 80  
 Girls are we.  
 Pretty and Good,  
 Nice and Neat  
 Troop 80 Girls are hard to beat.  
 School No. 57

*Dorothy Krzesinska*

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#### OYSTER FISHING

Where do oysters come from? Oyster fishing is an important occupation in the eastern United States. More oysters are taken from Chesapeake Bay than any other place in the world. Oysters live in shallow bays of salt water. They live in sand or gravel at the bottom of the bays. The young oysters are called seed oysters. They float about for a time and then fasten themselves to a shell or stone. Now they begin to grow and form a shell. In the fall or winter men go out in small boats and scoop the oysters with long handled tongs. They take the oysters to market. Oysters are taken from the shells and canned or they are packed in ice and transported.

Baltimore, at the head of Chesapeake Bay, is the center of the oyster industry. It is the largest oyster market in the world.

School No. 58

*Henry Majchrzak*

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#### THE SUBJECT I LIKE BEST

I like the study of geography very much. We are now studying the South Central states. The interesting thing about these States is the Mississippi River. Hernando De Soto discovered it. With its branch, the Missouri, it is the longest river in the world. It rises in Lake Itasca in Minnesota. The Mississippi is very muddy and has brought down so much soil that a delta has been formed at its [sic] mouth. The plains bordering the Mississippi are called flood plains because they have been formed by the overflowing of the river. This soil is fine, deep and fertile. Agriculture is an important occupation in these states. Some of the products are cotton, sugar cane and rice. New Orleans, Louisiana, a very old city, is located on this river.

School No. 59

*Lorraine Fuhrman*

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#### AUTUMN

This beautiful picture was painted by a famous artist whose name was Anton Mauve. He lived far across the deep blue ocean in the country of Holland. He liked to paint pictures of animals but best of all he liked to paint pictures of sheep.

As we can see, it is growing dark and the weary old man is slowly plodding along driving his flock of fluffy white sheep home to the fold. His faithful dog walks beside him and keeps the sheep from straying away. The old man is carrying a little lamb that was probably injured while scampering around in the fields. The shepherd's clothes are well worn, like his slouchy old hat.

I like this picture because the sheeptender is doing a kind deed to a dumb animal.

School No. 60

*Evelyn Rohde*

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#### MY TRIP TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

Last summer I went to the Thousand Islands. We started in the morning. The first city we came to was Rochester. Next came Syracuse, Oswego and Watertown. We stayed at a tourist's camp on the banks of the St. Lawrence River.

The next morning we took a boat trip to see the islands. We rode about sixteen miles in and out among them. Most of the islands have beautiful homes surrounded by lovely flower beds that reach to the water's edge. There are eight or nine islands joined together by bridges. These are all owned by one man and they are called "Little Venice". We saw the shortest international bridge in the world which connects two islands, one in the United States and the other in Canada territory.

We next stopped at Hart Island, which has a large castle on it. The castle is unfinished because the owner's wife died while it was being built. The rooms in the castle are very large and have beautiful ceilings. There is much marble and fine lumber standing unused in this house. On the island, also, is a children's play house, which is like the big castle.

Some of the islands are so small that the cottages entirely cover them. All the people on the islands have boat houses instead of garages and drive a motor boat to

town for supplies.

Altogether is [sic] was an interesting trip and I enjoyed it much.

School No. 61

*Donal Naegely*

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#### THREE PALS

Once upon a time in Germany lived three boys. They were George and his two pals, Jack and Albert. These boys lived next door to one another.

One hot summer day, while the boys were reading books about boy scouts, George said, "Let's go camping in the woods for a week."

"O.K." said Jack. "How about you, Al?"

"K.O., I'm willing", said Albert.

"Well, you have until Monday to get read for the adventure," said George.

Monday, Jack was the first one ready. He called his chums and they set out on the trip to the woods.

When they had gone a mile from town they came to a big stream. George was thinking how to cross when he saw five big stones in the water about a foot apart. He said, "Let's step on the stones and cross the stream."

When they were across the stream, Jack saw a good camping ground on a hill in the forest. When it was time to eat Jack was the cook. Albert was the guard and George chopped wood for fuel. for supper they had bacon, eggs, a cup of coffee and three pieces of toast.

After four days had passed away, all the food was gone so the boys went home. The next time they went

camping they took more food.

School No. 62

*George Maurer*

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#### TRYING TO MAKE MOTHER SORRY

It was a beautiful summer day and little Mary Jane wanted to go out to play. She was helping her mother do the work around the house. Her mother had promised Mary that when she had finished sweeping the floor she could go out.

Instead of sweeping the dirt out, Mary Jane swept it under the stove. When her mother learned what she had done, she planned to punish her. The punishment was to keep Mary Jane in for the rest of the afternoon.

Mary Jane decided she would make her mother sorry, so she went to the attic to hide. The hours passed very slowly and she grew restless. It began to get dark and Mary Jane became frightened. She heard the boards crack and imagined she heard mice. At last she gave up and went downstairs only to learn her cousins had been to see her and had gone.

Mary Jane realized that instead of her mother being sorry, she was sorry herself.

School No. 63

*Betty Yox*

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#### COTTON

Did you ever realize how much cotton meant to us? It is more useful than any other cloth we have. Would you like to know how it is grown? Early in the spring the

seeds are planted. About two weeks later little sprouts are seen. It takes seven months for its full growth. Then it looks as if there had been a snow storm for the cotton has burst from the seed pod and is ready for picking. Negroes pick it because they can stand the heat better than white people can. After it is picked it is weighed and sent through a cotton gin which takes the seeds out. It is then packed in bales and sent to different cities, where it is made into cloth.

Maybe the dress you have on came from our own Southern States.

School No. 65

*Lucille Manthei*

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#### A DAY AT THE PARK

During the Christmas vacation, my cousins and I went to the park.

It was a crisp, cold day. Mother Nature had covered the earth with a sparkling blanket of snow. The sun, which was brightly shining, made the earth glisten with millions of tiny diamonds. It was an ideal day for skating. The ice looked like a polished mirror. There wasn't even a crack in it. What fun we had gliding across the ice! Later we played "Tag".

When we reached home we were very tired, but happy. I shall always remember that jolly day.

School No. 66

*Rosalie Hall*

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#### THE PONY EXPRESS

In early days it was very difficult to send mail from one place to another. So they introduced The Pony Express in our country.

The trail was from St. Josephs to Sacramento. The riders had to be strong, brave, and courageous. They had to be patient and cheerful, ready to meet with any hardships.

The Pony Express included five hundred swift, strong horses and employed eighty-three riders. Each rider had three ponies. They changed ponies at the second station, and went on to the third station. At the third station a new rider would be waiting for the other rider to give the mail, and the new rider continued on his way. They carried twenty pounds of mail.

They met savage Indians, and large bands of robbers. They fought savage beasts. Would you like to be a Pony Express rider?

School No. 69

*Billy W. Edmunds*

#### THE DANCE OF THE NYMPHS

This fantastic picture was painted by Corot, a French artist. The early morning sunlight peeping through the weird trees casts grotesque shadows upon the ground. The nymphs seem to be enjoying themselves extremely in this quite forest glade. The group in the center is the group that the artist takes the most notice of because the sunlight falls upon it, while the others are in the shadow. I think that Corot had a highly imaginative mind and wanted us to understand some of his fanciful

thoughts.

School No. 41

*David O. Cooke*

#### LITTLE JOHNNY

There was once a little boy whose name was "Johnny". He was a little boy of five. He was in kindergarten. One day when Johnny went to school his teacher scolded him for not being clean. That afternoon when he went home for dinner his mother scolded him for not being clean too. She asked him where he got so dirty. Johnny did not know what to say for he did not know. The next day his mother washed him good and clean. His teacher said he looked like a new boy now. He was a very good boy in school that day. When he went home for dinner his mother said that he looked very, very clean. So she gave him a big cookie.

School No. 71

*Palma Saviola*

#### A TRIP TO THE MUSEUM

A snowy day we were on our way to the Museum. What a pretty scene Humboldt Park was! The trees were dressed in their white garb. When we entered the Museum we took off our wraps, and went to a room where we listened to the interesting things Mr. Alexander [sic] had to tell us. He showed pictures of birds and gave facts about them. Then we went to another room where we saw various stuffed birds. Other rooms were visited. In one there were cards with questions. It

was fun answering these questions. Later we went to the reading room. The instructor invited us to take any book we wanted. Our enjoyable morning at the Museum was over. We put on our wraps and were soon ready for the pleasant ride home.

School No. 73

*Salvator Scime*

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SPRING

This picture "Spring" was painted by a very well-known French artist, Corot. In this beautiful landscape picture the first thing you will notice is the mighty oak with her graceful drooping branches. In the background there is a cool, calm lake. Still farther back are more trees, whose beautiful shadows reflect on the cool, quiet body of water. As you will notice, this artist is very wise, he put only a few people in his painting just to add a little more coloring to the scene. It seems as though the children might be welcoming Spring, the grass seems such a fresh green. The most important color in this picture is green.

I think this is a very attractive outdoor scene of Spring. Don't you?

School No. 72

*Bernice Learman*

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IN THE VALLEY

One evening, as I walked along a country road, I heard strange music. I followed the sound. To my surprise, I found a group of tiny men dressed in green jack-

ets and red caps trimmed with white feathers. They had planted a thorn tree and were dancing gaily around it. They seemed very happy. A silver crescent hung low in the sky. Dark pines stood like sentinels guarding the entrance to this magic gen. Suddenly one of the elves spied me sitting on the hill and said, "He will make a fine boy to do our work." As they rushed toward me I cried, "Mother! Fathers! Save me from these little fellows." At that moment, I felt my mother shake me and heard her toll me to get up. She laughed as I told her about my experience in Dreamland.

School No. 75

*Joel Wofford*

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TOBY TYLER

Have you ever heard of Toby Tyler? I know him. I think you would like to know him too. Toby was a dissatisfied little boy who lived with his Uncle Daniel. He ran away with a circus. Here, he worked for a cruel master. His best friend was Mr. Stubbs, an old monkey. Toby had many interesting experiences while in the circus. If you like stories of adventure, I'd advise you to read Toby Tyler by James Otis.

School No. 76

*Thomas Adair*

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PRETENDING

I am an arithmetic book. Some boys and girls do not like me. They like to study other books that they think are more interesting. I am very sad when they throw me

into their desks. They do not think that I have any feeling at all but I have and this kind of treatment hurts me very much. Some day I am going to fool them and change covers with their favorite book. Then when they open their book they will see me, arithmetic. Ha! ha! That would be funny!

School No. 77

*Ann MacDonald*

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#### CHILDREN OF ANCIENT BRITAIN

“Children of Ancient Britain”, an interesting book was written by L. Lamprey. The important characters are Little Red Head, Machcha, and Miria. They lived in a wild country which is now called Britain. Everybody liked Machcha because he was a fine fisherman and could make fine fishing hooks and lines so strong that they would not break. When little Red Head was seven years old the family moved. Machcha took his stone ace, spears and a few ornaments and trinkets with him. They paddled down stream to a village where they built their home. Machcha and his family lived happily for some time until the Fint people made war on them. Machcha sent the people down to the river to their boats. During this skirmish so many Fint people lost their lives that peace was declared and Machcha and the Fint family became friends. If you like adventurous stories I’m sure you would enjoy reading, “Children of Ancient Britain.”

School No. 78

*Richard Henning*

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#### A BOY WITH A RABBIT

The picture in our room “A Boy with a Rabbit” was painted by Sir Henry Raeburn, a Scotch artist. He was considered Scotland’s greatest portrait painter.

The bunny and the boy are painted in light colors while the background is dark in contrast. The boy, who is dressed in light, cool, comfortable clothes, is gently encircling his bunny. Bunny, with his fluffy whit fur, floppy ears and bright pink eyes, is wrinkling up his nose as he contentedly eats leaves from his master’s hand.

I like this picture because it looks so peaceful and real.

School No. 79

*Joseph Kaleta*

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#### A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE

“The fence has three boards broken off, and I think it is time to do some repairing,” said mother.

“Why bother now, wait until it’s worth while fixing,” grumbled Jack.

“Alright, only it will mean more work in the end,” replied mother.

Many days passed and the fence had five more boards broken off.

Jack then set to work with great haste but a whole day went by before the fence was again in place. After the work was finished Jack returned to the house, tired and weary from the long day’s work. “Well, mother, that time a stitch in time would have saved nine.”

School No. 80

*Betty Schill*

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 THE YOUNG WOODCHOPPERS

It was early in the morning. "Bill", said his mother "you will have to chop wood for the day because your father is in town and he will not be back until night." "Alright, mother" said Bill. He went in the yard but on the way he saw his dog chasing a cat up a tree, so he called to his dog and started chopping wood. He said to the dog, "I wish you could chop wood too." All of a sudden three boys came up to him. "Are you going fishing?" asked one of the three boys. "I have to chop wood." "Well, good-bye", said the three boys. "Good-by", said Bill. Bill's mother had heard him. She said, "Bill, you may go fishing with them. Here is your fishing pole." When Bill came home he had a basket full of fish for supper. After spending such a happy afternoon, he was very willing to go back to chopping wood.

School No. 81

*Fred Sepp*


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 MY ELECTRIC TRAIN

For a long time I wanted an electric train and when I awoke last Christmas morning I was surprised to find a great big one under our Christmas tree.

There were so many tracks with it that it took us almost an hour just to put them together. We planned them so they pass behind the piano and take up nearly the whole room.

The set consists of six cars with a caboose with a light on for the end. We have a tunnel that lights up when the

train comes and on the other side of the room we have a crossing gate that goes down when the train gets to it.

My brothers and I spend hours playing with the set, loading and unloading the cars and stopping the train at different stations.

School No. 74

*Carlton Gerbracht*


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 CURIOSITY ONCE KILLED A CAT

One night I had nothing to do. Wandering to the medicine cabinet I saw a bottle one inch high. Wondering what could be in such a small bottle I uncorked it and put it to my nose. Oh! What a strong smell it had. Luck as against me. I got some right in my eye and on my neck. How I jumped. I think I must have jumped for five minutes. When the effects wore off I read the label on the bottle. It said, Oil of Mustard, Poison. Nevertheless, I am alive and now I read labels before uncorking bottles.

School No. 45

*Donald M. Jenkins*


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 A BLIZZARD IN CANADA

One day while we were in Canada I was walking with my cousin, who was telling me about the blizzards they have. When he looked up at the sky, he exclaimed, "By Jove, it looks as if we're going to have one now! Come on, let's get everything into the barn."

I asked if it were that bad, when suddenly a great wind came up and a fierce snowstorm began. "Quick",

said my cousin, "We've got to run and get in the house. Keep following me."

For a little while I could see him but then the storm got worse and I lost sight of him. I could not see anything. I was so frightened and out of breath that I did not know whether to stop and wait for help or keep running. Then I heard a chicken and I knew that it must have come out of the yard, so I figured that I must be near the farmhouse. I ran in the direction I heard the chicken. I kept running until suddenly I heard some voices. They were scolding my cousin for not taking better care of me. I shouted, "Here I am", as loud as I could for I was weak from running. When they got to me I told them it was not my cousin's fault. After I got into the house I said that a chicken had helped me find the way.

School No. 53

*Eunice Hayman*

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#### LOST IN THE WOODS

My father is a minister. Nearly every year we move, sometimes to the country, sometimes to the city. We were in the country last Spring.

The first real event was going May flowering. My mother, David and Frances went with me. We soon came upon a lovely patch of little flowers. My sister and I were not satisfied. We went farther and farther into the woods in search of better flowers. We thought the others would follow. It was not until we were very far from them that we began to realize that we were lost.

We sat down on a log for there was nothing else to do.

After what seemed hours we heard our names called. We got up and ran as fast as our legs could carry us in the direction of the sound. We soon came upon David and Mother. Mother's face was white. I knew she had been greatly alarmed. You may rightly believe we never ventured away again while May flowering.

School No. 54

*Elizabeth White*

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#### FRIENDS AGAIN

Last summer Red, a boy friend of mine and I went down to the scout troop. We were both good friends. When we got down there the scouts were playing basketball so we joined in the game. One of the boys who disliked me pushed me into Red. He got mad and started an argument which ended up in a fight. The Scoutmaster told Red he was in the wrong. Red said something that the Scoutmaster didn't like and he put Red out of our club. Then Red said he would get even with me. After this he was my worst enemy.

But a few weeks after that we went on a hike and Red went with us. We were suppose to bring money for our lunch because we were going to eat at a country hotel. When it came time to eat I had lost my money. The Scoutmaster asked the boys if they had found it but they said no. They all went out and looked for it but we couldn't find it. Then Red said he had some money. The Scoutmaster said, "How much money have you?" Red replied, "Oh, about forty cents." Then the Scoutmaster asked, "How can you buy Bill's lunch and yours too

with only forty cents?" But Red replied, "Bill and I will go halvers. Bill will have twenty cents worth of lunch and I will have the other twenty cents. Bill and I want to be friends." I was surprised when he said this. So he paid for my lunch.

The thing that impressed me most was that my worst enemy was willing to share with me what he should have had for himself.

School No. 55

*William Mollwitz*

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#### LETCHWORTH PARK

Did you ever stop to think that it is not necessary to travel hundreds of miles to see beautiful scenery? Here in New York State are many splendid works of nature. One which attracts many visitors is Letchworth Park. This park which belongs to the state, is at the upper and middle Portage Falls. The narrow Genesee River has cut its way through the tree-clad cliffs. The bushy trees with dense foliage make a scene of extraordinary beauty. The colorful falls immediately attracts the visitor's attention. The sparkling water tumbles over the steep rocks in the river. For anyone who cares for the works of nature, Letchworth Park offers unusual attractions.

School No. 56

*June Seufert*

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#### TIMEPIECES

Years ago time was of little value to the people. All they cared to know were the two things, day and night.

Time was first measured by shadows cast by trees. Where the shadow fell at noon was marked and the rest of the time was told by that mark.

The sundial was the first timepiece. It was only used on sunny days.

One day while a man was filling a jar from a spring, he saw the sundial move a little. He watched it for a few days and at last made a water clock. This kind of timepiece was used for more than two thousand years.

King Alfred invented the notched candle. The distance between the notches told the time.

The hour glass came next and was the best timepiece for many years.

In 1335 an English man made the first clock and later a German made the first pocket clock or watch.

School No. 51

*Charles Houck*

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#### THE VIKINGS

The Vikings were bold, daring sailors. They lived in Norway and Sweden. They had ships with both sails and oars. They were the first to discover North America. Eric the Red killed a man and was forced to leave home. Then he found Iceland and made it his home. He had a quarrel over seaports and again was forced to leave his home. He got ready his ships and followers and sailed west until he came to Greenland. Then Leif the Luck, Eric's son, engaged thirty-five men and explored to the west until he discovered North America. They named it Vinland because there were so many grapes. The

Vikings didn't settle in America because the Indians drove them out. The later explorers thought they were first because the Northmen left no trace or record of their explorations.

School No. 28

*Lorraine Kreiger*

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#### THE GRAND CANYON

Castles and towers and silvery streams,  
The Grand Canyon has ways of proving these  
dreams,

Rainbows and shelves along the walls,  
And fairy dreams come true watching the falls.  
In this beautiful scenery men of long ago,  
Fought many hardships which were their foe,  
Many rapids and falls make scenery so,  
Because brave Major Powel fought through it blow by  
blow.

School No. 67

*Charles Samson*

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#### THE SONG OF THE LARK

One of the pictures that I have admired this year is, "The Song of the Lark", which was painted by a famous French artist named Jules Adolphe Breton.

In the picture is seen the sun just rising over the distant tree tops. Although it is scarcely light enough to see clearly, a French peasant girl is on her way to work.

She is carrying a sickle with which she cuts the grain in the surrounding fields. Her dress is very plain but

suitable for her work. She wears no shoes or stockings. Her hands and feet appear large and hardened from the sun and wind. But the expression on her face tells us that she is very happy as she stands and listens to the beautiful song the skylark is singing.

Her cheering song will make her work seem lighters.

The pictures shows us the pleasant things in country life.

Some day I hope to see the original painting which hangs in the Art Institute in Chicago.

School No. 52

*Bernice Thiel*

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#### MY PET DOG

When I was four years old I had a little dog named Benny. He was a faithful dog to our family. He used to take care of me when I was little. Mother always trusted Benny because he was never known to leave me or allow anyone to touch me.

One day when I was in the house playing with my dolls, Benny was not with me. I knew that the back door was open and I could get outdoors without being seen. So I got my dolly all dressed up because I was going to take her too. I put my coat and hat on and started off. My dolly and I got outdoors and had started down the lane to the canal when I felt something pulling on my dress. I looked around and there was Benny. Oh, how angry I was. I slapped Benny but he knew I was doing wrong. He pulled me home. When I got home mother and my grandmother were looking for me. When they

saw Benny pulling me they gave on scream and rant to me and Benny. Benny wagged his tail. Mother put me to bed, but she gave Benny a big piece of meat.

School No. 76

*Josephine Nola*

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#### PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH

George H. Boughton, the well-known artist of Pilgrim pictures, painted "Pilgrims Going to Church".

The scene shows a cold, dark day in winter. The soft, grey light gives the feeling of more snow on the way. We see a small band of courageous Pilgrims on its way across a field of snow to church. No one is talking for all know well the danger of an Indian attack. The men carry muskets to protect their little group against the red men. Men at the head and rear of the procession guard the women and children who are in the center of the picture. The minister and his wife follow the front guards. The old religious man walks along unconscious of his surroundings, while his wife seems very calm and brave. Perhaps she is trying to give courage to those following. Only one of the Pilgrim women seems frightened as we notice her staring in the direction of the dark pine woods. The man at the extreme right of the picture is holding out his hands as if to give a signal of immediate danger. Steadfast and true to their ideals the Pilgrims are ready to risk their lives.

The original of this picture hangs in the Lenox Gallery of the Public Library in new Your City.

School No. 72

*Norma Young*

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#### FLAX

The first thing that I remember was that I was a little blue flower growing in the field. The sun kissed me and the rain watered me. People said that I looked exceedingly well, and that I was so fine and long that I should make a beautiful piece of linen. I was the happiest creature in the world. One day some people came who took hold of me. They pulled me up by the roots. This gave me great pain. Next I was put near the fire to dry. I was broken and combed and placed on a wheel that made my head whirl. At last I came out a long piece of linen.

One day while I was on the table I heard a voice say, "Oh! I have spilled the milk." I felt very badly but I was taken off and washed and ironed. After a long time I heard that I was getting old. What do you think? I was made into twelve napkins. When I began to tear I was placed in a big bag. A man carried me away. I was thrown into a wagon. He brought me into a factory and there I was made into paper. After this people made books out of me. They put black print on me. Now I am read by many children. This is the end of my story.

School No. 73

*Mary Failla*

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#### A PAPER DOLL FASHION SHOW

Last Sunday Bernadetta and I had a paper doll fashion show. We each had four dolls. We put dresses on them and made them promenade around the room. We then chose the doll we liked the best. I chose a doll with a

pink dress with ruffles and puffed sleeves. Bernadetta chose a doll with a blue dress trimmed with lace. Don't you wish you could have been with us?

School No. 71

*Lucille Di Pirro*

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#### NATIVES OF THE AMAZON VALLEY

Few people have visited the natives of the Amazon Valley. They have dark, flashing eyes, thick, ruddy lips and dark complexions. These natives wear necklaces of monkey's teeth, bracelets and anklets from the seeds of plants. Their houses look like giant haystacks with the roofs thatched with palm leaves and dried grass. The food consists of monkey meat, parrots, turtle eggs, and manion bread. Isn't it queer that they sleep in hammocks for beds?

School No. 69

*Martha Meerboth*

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#### BOSTON

All through the city of Boston we can see interesting sights which remind us of famous events which happened there years ago. Many noted men lived there in olden days.

One of the famous sections of Boston is the Old North End. The home of Paul Revere is there. Here also we see the Old North Church. We can go to the church where the lanterns were hung to warn Paul Revere the British troops were coming. Another interesting place is Griffin's Wharf, where the famous Tea Party took place.

After a trip through Boston a visitor feels as though he had really been there during the stirring times of the Revolution. Indeed, the city is like a fascinating story book.

School No. 69

*Doris Bruce*

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#### THE GLEANERS

"The Gleaners" was painted by Jean Francois Millet. This picture takes us to a wheat field in France. The overseer had ridden over the field and saw that many stalks of wheat had been left by the reapers. He sent these peasant women, who are called gleaners, to gather this wheat so there would be no waste. The women took up the lower corners of their aprons and tied them in a knot at the back. This made a bag into which they could put the wheat. The woman at the right has straightened up a little to rest her back. The woman at the left has placed her left hand on her back to balance herself. The one in the middle is going on steadily with her work.

In the background there are other gleaners who are doing the same work. There are also large stacks of wheat and men who are bringing the wheat to make the stacks. There are trees and behind the trees you can see the tops of buildings which may be their homes or barn in which they store the wheat. The sky is grayish blue which tells that it is late in the afternoon. Everyone seems to be hurrying to get their work done before dark. I like the picture because it shows the peasants at work.

School No. 67

*June Hartman*

## THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

The Grand Canyon is in Arizona in the Colorado River. It was formed by this river cutting its way through the jagged rocs and cliffs of great mountains. This canyon is one mile wide and two hundred miles long. If you should look down from the top of one of these great yawning precipices you would see what looks like a silver thread far below winding its way between tall cliffs. Two hundred miles of wonderful crimson and orange Chinese temples, palaces and giant staircases is a magnificent sight. The beautifully colored rocks all glow in the sunset. The sun out of sight and the pine trees whispering a good night song we now say good bye to the greatest and most beautiful canon in the world.

School No. 67

*Betty Anderson*

## A LOYAL FRIEND

One crisp, clear winter day, and ideal day for skating, Bob decided to try his skates, for he had received a pair of shiny new ones for Christmas.

His faithful dog, Spot, went with him. When Bobby reached the pond, he did not stop to test the ice. He was having a delightful time when suddenly Spot began to bark, for his keen ears had caught the sound of cracking ice. Bb did not heed him, but kept on skating. Suddenly the ice gave way. Spot dashed to the place where his

little master had disappeared and with some difficulty succeeded in pulling him out. It was luck for Bob that a friendly neighbor happened to be passing, for he carried him home.

As a result, Bob had a sever cold all that week. After that experience, he never neglected to find out if the ice was solid before he went skating.

School No. 66

*Solomon Goldberg*

## THE INDIAN WEAVER

In the grassy fields of a canyon an Indian family is grouped watching an Indian weaver. They are robed in their colorful native garb. The warrior is weaving a beautiful rug. The Indians are watching eagerly to see what the main design will be. There is a cunning papoose in a strapped cradle. He does not seem to be interested in what his father is making. The steep canyon walls in the background are reflected in the clear crystal waters of the stream below. Don't you think this is a very picturesque spot?

An artist by the name of Robert Wesley Amick painted this beautiful scene. He studied Indian life and lived among the Indians for many years. He has painted many other pictures of Indian life.

School No. 64

*Carlotta Haines*

## OUR SAFETY CLUB

In our room we have a Safety Club. All the children in

our class are members and try to obey the safety rules. We help other little children keep the rules. Would you like to know some of the rules we keep? Here are some.

We always mind the Junior Police.

We are careful never to throw icy snow balls.

We put ashes on the icy sidewalks.

We cross with the signal.

We play in our yard, not in the street.

Don't you want to join our Safety Club? We want you to.

School No. 61

*Helen Buchwald*

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#### OUR SCHOOLROOM

Our schoolroom is an oblong room with four large windows in the back. On three sides are large blackboards of slate. Our desks are kept in straight rows. Along the tops of the blackboards are pictures and verses about Christmas. Each child has a separate book for each subject. In the room hanging on the walls above the blackboards are some very beautiful pictures. The names of them are: "The Deer in the Forest at Twilight", "Angel Heads", "The Pioneers" and "The Representative to the Humane Society". Our schoolroom is kept very neat most of the time. It is kept very warm and comfortable by a large furnace in the basement.

School No. 60

*Dorothy Hards*

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#### AN ADVENTURE OF SIR LANCELOT

One day as Sir Lancelot was strolling in the courtyard, he spied a maiden riding toward the palace. Approaching her he asked, "What dost thou want?"

"My aunt's enemies took our castle while everybody was away," replied the maiden. "The also captured my aunt.. Will you save her?"

"I shall," answered Sir Lancelot.

He donned his beautiful armor, took his shield and sword, mounted his horse, and they were off.

Suddenly the castle loomed up before them! The youth who guarded it was board-shouldered and strongly built, but when he heard hoof beats he was terrified.

"Who dares to go within reach of my sword?" he cried.

"I do," replied Sir Lancelot, as he advanced.

Our hero rushed upon the guard and soon overcame him. The captured aunt was quickly rescued. You can imagine how graciously the maiden thanked brave Sir Lancelot.

School No. 59

*Maurice Koren*

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#### BOB'S MERRY CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas Eve. All the people were bustling home from their day's work. A small figure could be seen trudging down one of the brightly lighted streets of New York. He paused in front of a toy shop and gave a longing glance at a shiny new sled that lay in the window. "Only five dollars," the tag read but Bob knew that it was far beyond his reach. He turned away and passed

on. Finally he came to a dingy looking gray stone house on a long, narrow street. He walked up three flights of stairs and entered a narrow doorway in the garret. In the room were four pieces of furniture, two broken-down cots, a chair, more or less damaged, and a table that stood on three and a half legs. In the chair sat a woman.

"Oh, Bob," said she, "I am so worried. Our funds are low and the landlord raised the rent a dollar."

"That's all right, mother," replied Bob, "I am sure everything will turn out for the best."

"I hope so and wish I had your spirit, Bob," answered his mother.

After they had eaten their scanty meal they went to bed, if it could be called a bed.

Now it happened that nearby lived a wealthy old gentleman who had taken a great fancy to Bob and his mother. He had often sent his negro servant to watch the actions of the couple. On this very night he had heard Bob's mother's remarks. He reported it to his master, who at once was very busy. He went from store to store buying many things, a Christmas tree, a basket of provisions and the sled Bob had so longingly looked at. That night had Bob and his mother been awake they would have been alarmed to see a dark face appear at the skylight. It was opened by a husky figure who dropped cat-like to the floor carrying many bundles.

Just as the moon was fading and the first pink streaks of dawn were lighting the eastern sky the figure closed

the skylight and disappeared. When Bob awoke he thought he was in a dream for the hot breakfast, the sled and Christmas tree seemed all unreal. He reached out cautiously and touched the sled. No it was real! He raised a shout that awoke his mother and then showed her all the splendid things. When he had finished he said between mouthfuls of buttered toast, "Now who said there isn't a Santa Clause, Mother?"

School No. 56

*William Burgard*

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LUCKY FOR ME

One day when my mother sent me to the tailor to get my suit, I played on the street and lost the check. I went home and told my mother what had happened. She was just about to punish me when a boy came upstairs with the check. You may be sure I was glad to see that check.

School No. 48

*Lidelotte Groen*