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ENUNCIATION EXERCISE

God wove a web of loveliness-
Of clouds and stars and birds
But made not anything at all
So beautiful as words!

*Round the rough and rugged rocks the rugged
casca's rudely ran.*

Seated on shore she sees six ships with shining
sails on the shimmering sea.

The chief cheerfully chose the choicest chair.

Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With stoutest hearts and loudest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts!

Willow wands waved weirdly in wild wintry winds.

Geese cackle, cattle low, crows caw, cocks crow.

Sherwood Sherman Shelley sharpened his shears and
sheared his sheep.

ENUNCIATION EXERCISE NO.

She saw six long, slim, sleek, slender saplings.

Frances frowned when she found the fresh fish fried.

Bring me some ice, not some mice.

The actor acquaints himself with many characters and acquits
himself creditably.

Summer showers and soft sunshine shed sweet influence on
spreading shrubs and shooting seeds.

Six stalwart sailors sailed steadily south.

Taciturn and talkative pupils are troublesome to teachers.

A dialogue is a conversation in which two or more
participate.

Examples of dialogue.

The Two Buckets.

"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his compan-
ion as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was just thinking how
useless our lives are! For no matter how full we
go away, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! How strange to look at it in that way!"
said the first bucket. "Now, I enjoy the thought
that however empty we come, we always go away full."

The Kid and the Wolf.

A kid once stook on the flat roof of a house and
saw a wolf passing on the road below. "Ha, Ha!
old growler", he said, "I dare you to come up here.
I would butt you off the roof."

"You are not brave," said the wolf looking up.
"It is only the high and safe roof."

I WISH I WERE

I wish I were a cygnet,
I'd go sailing gracefully by.
I wish I were an owl
With eerie woodland cry.

I wish I were a librarian,
I'd guide people to the finest books.
I wish I were a rivulet,
I'd flow through shady nooks.

I wish I were a choreographer,
I'd devise novel routines.
I wish I were an artist,
I'd paint tranquil, pastoral scenes.

again	vaudeville	Roosevelt	geography	pumpkin
often	column	strength	route	contrary
iron	apricot	length	February	catch
theater	government	recognize	was	cello
				xylophone

THE BANNER AND THE CARPET

The royal banner bent his head,
 And to the royal carpet said:
 "In the palace at Bagdad,
 Different duties we have had;
 Different, too, is our reward,
 Though servants both of one great lord.
 While the storms beat on my head,
 For a queen's feet you are spread.
 I, on marches blown and torn,
 Into the jaws of death am borne.
 You are kept from dust and rains,
 Battles, winds, and rents and stains.
 Yours, a calm and happy life;
 Mine is full of pain and strife."
 Then the royal carpet said:
 "You to heaven may lift your head.
 I lie here beneath men's feet,
 A slave to tread on and to beat;
 You, in battle's stormy night,
 May lead heroes to the fight."

Emphasize the long sound of a in the words below.

Apparatus	data	rabies	blatant	strata
status	ignoramus	ultimatum	stratum	verbatim

"FIRST THINGS FIRST"Angelo Patri

"Speak that I may know thee."

That ought to be ground into the minds of children so that it affects their speech for the better. We are not getting the best results from our teaching of English to youth.

The speech we hear from them is not clear-cut English, not couched in a fine vocabulary but in slurred half-sounded syllables, in dowdy words and unlovely slang.

Children have two forms of speech, one for use, one for school purposes and neither of them serves them well in every-day usage.

In the past, schools used to stress the memorization of fine poetry and prose. That in itself helped to set a good pattern of speech in the pupils. Every morning during assembly period there were recitations, well delivered because carefully prepared, and these had an influence on the delivery, the vocabulary and the standards the children accepted.

Lately, it seems, we are too busy studying the life of the neighborhood or some social problem to attend to the speech of the children. We cannot teach everything, we say, so we teach the most important thing first.

Speech is highly important. It is one's introduction to other people, and on it may depend many things valuable to one's social success. The young person who talks out of the side of his mouth, calls a man a guy, slithers and slides over the words he suggests and never pronounces, is not acceptable to intelligent, highly placed people. To them he is an ignorant, unpolished person for whom there is no place in their lives.

When boys and girls are graduated from our secondary schools with such poor speech habits, the blame lies squarely at our school doors.

We should insist upon clear, good speech and an enriched vocabulary before we graduate a pupil from secondary school - from any school.

ENUNCIATION EXERCISE NO. 4

An excerpt from "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" by Robert Browning.

"Great rats, small rats,
lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray
rats, tawny rats.
Grave old plodders, gay young
friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Pointing tails and pricking whiskers
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives---
Followed the Piper for their lives.

Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spices;
Simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws;
Sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins.

I remember, I remember the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon, nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night had borne my breath away.

An excerpt from Patrick Henry's speech.

"They tell us, sir, that we are weak---unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we gather the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemy shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power! "

ENUNCIATION EXERCISE NO. 3

A cup of coffee in a copper pot. 31

She sells sea shells, sells she.

I think it is my duty to do my duty, when it is my duty to do my duty. 10

Who can say crackers, crinkle, cruelty, crumple, crease, crown, crackle?

We wistfully watched wrathful waters wildly play.

Lamely limped the lonely lion along the lengthy lane.

Gray were the geese and green was the grazing.

All he holds are old whole holsters.

The First Christmas Tree

MANY YEARS ago, in the courtyard of the inn in the small city of Bethlehem, there grew three trees — an olive, a date palm and a pine.

The ancient olive tree cast its gnarled and twisted shadow against the white wall of the stable of the inn, while high above both the pine and olive, the bright fronds of the palm tree reflected the last glints of the afternoon sun. All day the three trees had watched the activity at the inn.

From overheard snatches of conversation, the trees learned that Herod, the king, had commanded all citizens to return to the city of their forefathers to be taxed. By noon the inn was filled, and the innkeeper would bustle out of the building to shake his head at each new arrival seeking shelter.

As dusk fell a tall young man entered the courtyard leading a donkey on which his wife was riding. The innkeeper started to turn the young couple away, but something about the pair made him hesitate, and he offered them the stable of the inn for shelter. When night arrived, the three trees were watching the young man piling fresh straw to make a bed for his wife.

"What a shame," the pine tree murmured to the olive tree, "that they must sleep in the stable."

"Perhaps they are lucky," the olive answered, "I overheard the innkeeper say that many were having to camp on the roads so great is the crowd."

Night came and the trees began to doze under a cloudless sky. In the night the trees were awakened by the sound of music such as they had never heard before, and they saw that the sky was filled with angels and that poised over the stable was a star of such brightness that the entire village was lighted with an unearthly glow of beauty.

As the trees watched and listened, three men dressed in robes of richest cloth and

(continued on page 4)



bedecked with rare and dazzling jewels entered the courtyard. Carrying gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh, the three men entered the stable and knelt by the manger where a Babe lay wrapped in swaddling clothes. From His face and from the face of the young woman who leaned over the manger there shown a light as radiant as that of the stars. As the men knelt and worshipped, the trees watched reverently.

When the kings in their robes of royal purple had departed, the humble shepherds from the hillside came and knelt at the manger, bringing with them a small lamb which they presented to the Child.

"It is the Christ Child," the date palm whispered.

"The Saviour that has been promised by the prophets of old," echoed the pine tree.

"Gifts — we must bring gifts to the Christ Child," the olive tree said.

As if by a miracle, the olive tree and the palm both bore fruit in such abundance that

their branches bent under the weight. The poor pine tree sighed, for it had no gift to give. Sadly it rustled its needles and lapsed into an unhappy silence. The sigh of the pine floated heavenward where it was heard by the tiny stars of the milky way.

"Poor pine tree," the stars chorused, "it has no gift for the Christ Child."

Suddenly the stars left their places in the heaven and gently descended towards the earth. As each star came down, it rested lightly on a bough of the pine tree. Finally, a large star from the western sky came to rest on the topmost branch of the little tree.

The Christ Child looked up from His bed in the manger and out through the door of the stable where the pine tree stood brilliant and shining with stars from heaven. The Child stretched His tiny hand towards the tree and smiled.

Again there was the sound of heavenly music and in its heart the little pine — our first Christmas tree — joined in the song of joy.



THE ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN

Saw you never in the twilight,
When the sun had left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining,
Through the gloom like silver eyes?
So of old, the wise men watching,
Saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the king was given,
And they followed it from far.

Heard you never of the story,
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the Holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that Infant King,
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

Know ye not that lowly Baby
Was the bright and morning star,
He who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And we too may seek his cradle,
There our hearts best treasures bring,
Love and Faith and true devotion,
For our Saviour - God and King!

Melchior's
Caspar
Balthazar

A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND

Away, away in the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are few,
And the nights are so long in winter,
They cannot sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges, when it snows;
And the children look like bears' cubs
In their funny, furry clothes;

They tell them a curious story-
I don't believe 't is true;
And yet you may learn a lesson
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter
Lived in the world below,
And walked about it, preaching,
Just as he did, you know;

He came to the door of a cottage,
In traveling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making cakes,
And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting.
For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
But as it baking lay,
She looked at it and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
and rolled, and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer---
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem too small
When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away."
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

(CONTINUED "A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND.")

And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a wood-pecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
And all the rest of her clothes were
burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school boy
Has seen her in the wood;
Where she lives in the woods till this
very day,
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches;
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy remember that,
And try to be kind and good.
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress,
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird,
though you live
As selfishly as you can;
But you will be changed to a smaller
thing---
A mean and selfish man.

(Phoebe Cary)

Once a trap was baited with a piece of cheese. ⁴⁶
It tickled so a little mouse, it almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said: "There's danger, be careful where you go."
Nonsense," said the other; "I don't think you know."
So he walked in boldly, nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble, then he took a bite.
Close the trap together snapped, quick as a wink,
Catching Mousey fast there, 'cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey, fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones where to go or stay.
She said: "I'm not a baby, here I'm half grown;
Surely I'm big enough to run around alone!"
Off she went, but somebody, hiding, saw her pass;
Soon, like snow, her feathers covered all the grass.
So she made a supper for a sly, young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong, that she didn't think.

Once there was a robin, lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside and hop upon the floor.
"No, no." said the mother, "you must stay with me;
Little birds are safest sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said the robin, and gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks know quite everything!"
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him before he'd time to blink.
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry, but I didn't think!"

Now, my little children, you who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble comes from thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning from their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking when it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety where no danger shows;
Don't suppose that you know more than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin, pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong, 'cause you didn't think.

THE EIGHT PARTS OF SPEECH.

ALL NAMES OF PERSONS, PLACES, THINGS,
ARE NOUNS, AS CAESAR, ROME AND KINGS.

PRONOUNS ARE USED INSTEAD OF NOUNS:
I THINK; SHE SINGS; THEY WORK; HE FROWNS.

WHEN THE KIND YOU WISH TO STATE,
USE AN ADJECTIVE, AS GREAT.

BUT IF OF MANNER YOU WOULD TELL,
USE ADVERBS, SUCH AS SLOWLY, WELL,
TO FIND AN ADVERB THIS TEST TRY,
ASK "HOW?" or "WHEN?" OR "WHERE?" or "WHY?".

PREPOSITIONS SHOW RELATION
AS WITH RESPECT, or IN OUR NATION.

CONJUNCTIONS, AS THEIR NAME IMPLIES,
ARE JOINING WORDS; THEY ARE THE TIES,
THAT BIND TOGETHER DAY AND NIGHT,
CALM BUT COLD, DULL OR BRIGHT.

NEXT WE HAVE THE VERBS, WHICH TELL
OF ACTION, BEING, AND STATE AS WELL.
TO WORK, SUCCEED, ACHIEVE AND CURB.
EACH ONE OF THESE IS CALLED A VERB.

THE INTERJECTIONS SHOW SURPRISE,
AS OH! ALAS! OH, ME! HOW WISE!
Thus briefly does this jingle state,
The "parts of speech" which total eight.

ENUNCIATION EXERCISE NO. 2

This is an excerpt from a humorous poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes.
It contains some sound advice regarding enunciation:

"One more: speak clearly if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over heard to roll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't - let me beg you - don't say "How?" for "What?"
And, when you stick on conversation's burrs
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful "ur's".

Juries judge justice and judges judge juries.
She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-sauce shop, welcoming him in
Flags fluttered fretfully from foreign fortifications and fleets.
Amos Ames, an amiable aeronaut aided in an aerial enterprise at the
age of eighty-eight.

Earth

Ken: Earth, you feed me. You give
me air for these lungs of mine.

cue: rests my feet.

Ken: I walk about among mysteries
that amaze and stimulate my
mind. I wonder about the
buried secrets that lie so
hidden beneath your breast.
And the laws that rule your
realm seem so simple, so un-
derstandable. I am drawn to
every creature that roams about
the hills, the valleys and the
forests that decorate your
surface.

cue: in intensified perfume?

Ken: In the midst of human
strife and selfish aims, why
does the mocking bird sing on?
In the very whisper of the
wind, there is a message of
peace and good will. Time
regrets nothing. Eternity is
ageless.

R. J. } Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong;
Keamy } Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong.



Have you ever heard someone say, "Life is what we make it?" It is true that we get out of this world only that which we are ready to find. In this poem the same question is put to ten different people. Their answers tell what was the most important thing in life to each of them.

EARTH

- What is earth, Graybeard? A place to grow old.
- What is earth, Miser? A place to dig gold.
- What is earth, Schoolboy? A place for my play.
- What is earth, Maiden? A place to be gay.
- What is earth, Soldier? A place for a battle.
- What is earth, Herdsman? A place to raise cattle.
- What is earth, Sickman? 'Tis nothing to me.
- What is earth, Sailor? My home is the sea.
- What is earth, Statesman? A place to win fame.
- What is earth, Author? I'll write there my name.

HE WORRIED ABOUT IT

The sun's heat will give out in ten million years more -
And he worried about it.
It will give out then, if it doesn't before -
And he worried about it.
It will surely give out, so the scientists said
In all scientific books he had read,
And the whole boundless universe then will be dead -
And he worried about it.

And the earth will become much too small for the race -
And he worried about it -
When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space -
And he worried about it.
The earth will be crowded so much, without doubt,
That there won't be room for one's tongue to stick out,
Nor room for one's thought to wander about -
And he worried about it.

And in less than ten thousand years, there's no doubt -
And he worried about it -
Our supply of lumber and coal will give out -
And he worried about it.
Just then the ice-age will return cold and raw,
Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in awe,
As if vainly beseeching a general thaw -
And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing - half a dollar a day -
He didn't worry about it -
His daughter sewed shirts the rude grocer to pay -
He didn't worry about it.
While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-dub
On the washboard drum of her old wooden tub,
He sat by the stove, and he just let her rub -
He didn't worry about it.

Trial of the Titans Who Gave Us Independence

FOUR DAYS IN JULY. By Cornel Langyel. Doubleday. \$4.95.

By THOMAS EWING DABNEY

On the 50th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, its author, and John Adams, whose leadership had put the pen into his hand, lay dying.

"On the morning of the fourth his (Jefferson's) eyes were bright with a consuming fever. His mind was reliving the scenes of the Revolution, the suspenseful days of the great deliberations in Philadelphia, the invasion of the Hessian mercenaries; he saw the enemy in Virginia, at Monticello, when they revengefully cut the throats of his young colts. He spoke of warning the Committee of Safety. He asked for his writing box. His hands went through the motions of writing." So death came.

And John Adams, in his farmhouse in Braintree . . . he felt no pain. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon he stopped breathing.

"In another part of the village a crowd was cheering the short toast from Mr. Adams: 'Independence forever!'"

"A few minutes later they were told that Mr. Adams was dead."

These brief quotations suggest the beauty, the revelation of Lengyel's description of the four days of agonizing debate which preceded the Declaration in which 13 weak and divided colonies challenged the greatest military power in the world even as it was throwing its mercenary hordes and its armadas at this defenseless land. Adam and Jefferson were the stalwarts around whom raged

the debate of July 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1776; he described their actions, their thoughts and their hopes in detail. With equal vividness he shows us the others of that courageous Congress—Franklin and Dickinson and Samuel Adams and Robert Morris and Francis Hopkinson and the rest — he makes us see the vision that carried them through the doubts and dangers that beset them.

The history books compress this drama into a few brief sentences, and reduce the Declaration of Independence to a statistical detail. But it was and is more than that — it is a great human dedication achieved in blood and sweat and tears, the triumph of an ideal over the fears of human flesh.

Langyel deserves the gratitude of all Americans who love their country and believe in it, for having recreated in such vivid detail the terrible trial through which these early titans gave our people their "proud and noble declaration, the world's first enduring charter of democracy" whose "vision remains alive in every lover of freedom."

This book is not a fictional treatment. "Except for minor interpolations the speeches and conversations," the author tells us, "are drawn verbatim from the letters, diaries and memoirs of the delegates." "Four Days in July" is history at its best, and should be preferred in every American-history course in our high schools and universities. It is a notable first book; it promises deep enrichment of our literature.

ETIQUETTE LESSON NO. 2

GOOD FORM IN PUBLIC

A well bred person will conduct himself ^{so} as to draw no attention to himself in public. Loud voices and noticeable gestures are marks of those who "don't belong."

Jostling and elbowing a way through a throng of people is rude. In any line of people waiting for tickets, each person should wait his turn. In a crowd never hail a friend by calling his name, if he is some distance away.

Nudging to attract the attention of the person addressed, is unspeakable.

In public--as elsewhere--ladies and gentlemen are guided by consideration for others and respect for the rights of others.

A Song of Degrees-Page Two.

Age Thirty

HE: It is more than a man can well endure.
If I've mentioned this button once-I'm sure
I've mentioned it twenty times - and yet
I couldn't induce you to sew it on.
It's no excuse to say you forgot.
It hung by a thread and now it's gone.
Just reach me the button-box off the shelf.
I'll be hanged if I don't sew it on myself.

SHE: The lock on the pantry door is broken,
And this is the fiftieth time I've spoken.
There's a handle off this bureau drawer-
And here's that chair that you said you'd mend!
I will not speak of them any more.
It's always so - I find - in the end -
I'll do them myself - oh, you may scoff -
But I will - if I pound my fingers off!

When you go to the county fair you find life as it exists among the people....low-brow, high-brow, genius and halfwit. One finds mixed in the din of the county fair, people of all types.

Here is a barker who holds three baseballs in his hand and calls in a lusty voice. (Impersonate the barker who, waving his arms, is trying to outvoice the crowd and attract the attention of everyone near him. He calls in the sing-song voice of the barker.) "This way, folks, t'ree shots for a dime! Ya can't miss; ya can't lose; ya win every time! Here y'are, gents! Hittut once an' y'git a candee bar. Hittut twice an' y'git a s'prise package. Hittut t'ree times an' y'git a great big CUpee doll. Would y'like to have one? Just a dime, folks, one tenth of a dollar!"

As we move on, we observe thrighly affected Mrs. Spoofo, presenting her only son with a gas balloon. (Impersonate a fashionable society woman and her spoiled child. The little boy spies a balloon ~~underneath~~ ~~Hemp~~ ~~points~~ ~~and~~ ~~wheel~~ ~~es~~ ~~her~~ ~~for~~ ~~a~~ ~~balloon~~ ~~after~~ ~~the~~ ~~manner~~ ~~of~~ ~~children~~. Chester speaks first.)

"Ooo, Mummy....see balloons! Buy me one, Mummy. ...AW, why not? Pweese, Mummy....Oh, doodie, Mummy. (Grins.) Mummy, tan I give the man the money? I won't neither lose it. (Pouts. The mother speaks.)

"Oh, very well then. Chester, heah is the money. There, give it to him!" Hurry, Chester! All right, then I'll pay him! (She speaks to the lowly balloon vender with a little contempt.) /Give him a blue one. (To Chester.) A red one? (To the vender.) A red one. (To Chester) Here Chester deah, Mumsie's little darling. Now hold it tight or it will fly away. Oh!!! (A prolonged shriek from Mrs. Spoofo.)

"Oh, Mummy, look. My balloon is flying away. Get it forme. (Begins to whimper.) I want my balloon. Get my balloon. Ohhh! (Mother tries to soothe him.)

"Chestah, Chestah, everyone is looking at us. Sweetheart, Mumsie will buy you another. (She becomes impatient.) But you can't have that one. It's gone!" (Chester screams.)

"Wow! I wannit, now! I want that one! (Mother coaxes.)

"Now deah, Mumsie will send Lindbergh aftah it tomorrow. (To vender.) Heah, give him another that won't fly away. (To Chester.) Heah, now wrap it around your finger. (Business of wrapping it.) so it can't fly away, and stop crying.

Here Within a sideshow tent, two small boys stare at the bulging muscles of the strongest man in the world. (Impersonate the boys. They are about eight or nine years old. They squint or gasp in admiration, their eyes like saucers as the strong man performs marvelous feats.)

"Gee, Johnnie, wouldn't ya jüst love to have muscles like that? Boy, look at that, wouldja!"

"Aw, that ain't nothin'. Why, my uncle, he was crankin' his Ford like this (Shows him.) an' while he was a crankin', He lifted the car right offin' the ground an' whirled it around his head an' started it a goin'."

"Yeah? Well. I bet my father could beat up your uncle any day. Bet my muscle's bigger'n yourn....'Tis too! Awright then, I'll show ya!" (They begin to fight vigorously, punching and scratching.) "Say you, t'ain't no fair pulling hair! There, take that! Ouch! Now can't I lick ya, huh? /

A dear old lady interrupts. She is a tall, religious, prim type who knows very little of child nature. She speaks with the air of a

a tolerant psstor who is tired of this sinful world. "Boys, boys, boys, is that one bit nice? Little boys should love one another." (Smiles benevolently.)

And what fair is complete without the coquette behind the lunch stand. Suddenly we come upon a flapper waitress. frizzing jer hair, powdering her nose, smoothing her eye-brows, chewing gum, and finally, rolling her eyes in greeting ~~as she~~ ~~comes~~ ~~to~~ ~~us~~ ~~..~~ "H'lo. Yeah, fi' cents a cup. Sandwiches? (Rattles them off.) Ham, hamburger, cheese, hot dog, onion and tomato....what'll y' have? (Chews gum continually.) Hamburger with onion on one!- (Suddenly she hears some dance music. She snaps her fingers and moves her feet.) Baby! Listen to that music. Must be a donce goin' on. (Listens.) Huh? (Looks at watch.) I get out at six. I'll meet ya at seven. Yeah, over by the ferris wheel. Your hamburger will be ready in a minute. Gosh, there's another customer." (Says the last over shoulder as she nears the next customer. She fluffs her hair as she says it.)

Here Here are the old folks. They haven't been to the fair for many years. But today, Abner hitched up the horses and took Sarah to the fair. They are bewildered with the noise and modern contrivances. They act like little children lost in a big city. She holds his arm for protection.

"Abner, I knowed we shouldn't a gone. It's twenty miles we druve. 'Tain't what it used ter be, Abner; crowds wasn't so wild then. Abnee! Did ye see the ~~skirts~~ ~~on~~ ~~that~~ ~~gal~~? They was ~~up~~ ~~to~~ ~~her~~ ~~knights~~." (Abner pulls out a plug of tobacco, bites off a piece and replaces it in his pocket while he looks about over his specs.)

"Never ye mind, Sary, the country's bthe best place for old folks like us. I s'pose these here youngsters is having fun in their own way, same as we used ter, Sary. Remember yet pa and my pa used ter tell us how our generation was a -goin ter the dogs? And these kids here'll be tellin' their gran'children the same thing. Look Sary, look! That man is jumpin' from that airyoplane." (Sarah covers her face.)

"Abner, Abner, he'll kill himself. (Peeks and finally looks.) Why....why, Abner, we're a goin' ter be young again today; we're a goin' ter ride on that merry-go-round." (Abner speaks. He hobbles with one hand on back, "Rheumatiz" fashion.) "All right, Sary, go slow now, that lumbago bothers me."

Then there is the frantic woman. Evidently, she is looking for someone. She paces back and forth in a frenxy, tearing her hair and biting her nails. (With a quivering voice she implores the aid of a passing gentleman.) "Whimsie, have yealden him? Yes, he had brown curly hair and brown eyes. He's probably kidnapped or lying by the roadside murder-r-red! He never ran away before and he's only six months old!" (She sniffs.) The helpful gentleman to whom she has apppealed is evidently puzzled. He rubs his chin thoughtfully and then questions her.

"Er-er lady, did I hear you say six months?....You did! Well, er...aren't you a bit mistaken? A boy can't run away at six months!"

(Lady speaks hysterically.) "You... you...you....tryng to be funny at a time like this! He's only a puppy! (Sniffs, then brightens) Oh, here him is, my precious little tootsie wootsie. (Snaps her fingers, bends over him, and coaxes him.) Here, beauty, come on, precious. Come kiss mamma. ~~Was~~ ~~him~~ ~~and~~ ~~snuggles~~ ~~him~~ ~~under~~ ~~her~~ ~~chin~~.)

And as we pass on, once more we hear above the din, rising and falling... "Here Y'are fobks, t'ree shots fer a dime, right this way.... See the strong man, Samson, the ~~best~~ ~~--~~ world's most powerful man.

Stay as long as you like fer a dime, ten cents...Hamburger, Hotdogs, come get your hamburger and coffee....(Balloons, redda one, blue one, alla kinds, fifateen centa, lady. Balloona! Deesa way, bigga balloona!" (This medley should run together. Stea-- Start leaving the stage with Italian; sell balloons on the way off.)

*Come on-a, keed! Put-a up da mon!
Dey no costa tan cents-a! Whadda you tink?
I'm-a doin' dis for mah belt? It's-a cost*
By Frances Jolly

*twenty-cents-a! Everything is up-a double!
Whadda you tink I'm-a Rockefeller or
a Pierponts-a Morgan? I'm-a workin
hard in dis-a crazy County's Fair.
You gotta two more nickels? Dat's
right, keed. Naw, more-a on so I
kin sell some more-a balloons!
Balloons-a balloons-a, redda ones
blue-a ones, alla kinds! Deesa
way, bigga' balloona!*

MAH SHOES

I'se got on shoes dat turn away from work ob any kind.
If work an north, dem shoes turns south, an' leave it way behind.
An' whar mah shoes goes, I mus' go --
Dat's logicul, O' course.
I'se got ambition, I loves work,
But, I'se dragged off by force.

It's powerful hard to splanify dis trouble to every one,
'Cause dey all says, "Now, look hyar, youse jus' lazy, son!"
Dey jus can't understan' about
De way Mah shoes does act.
It's powerful embarrassin'
To me, an' dat's a fact.

Now, de proper way to get up each morn from out yo' bed
Is on yo' feet and sho'ly not 'pon yo' hands or haid.
But, dese ol' feet won't liseen,
I guess dey's like mah shoes,
Dey wants to take it easy
Wid de restin, loafin' blues.

My feets don' get no exercise -- dat worries me sho' nuff.
And mah brain is wukkin overtime 'cause my feets won't do dey stuff.
So den when comes de Judgment Day
I'll say, I done my best
Wid a no account, hobo pair ob feet
And shoes da's marked for rest!

The Language of Love

I hold slang in detestation;
'Tis the speech of desperation;
I abhor it. I despise it. Yes, I do!
And it seems a dreadful pity
That some people wise and witty
Interject it almost every word or two.

It is my profound conviction
There should be some strong restriction
In the statutes of the nation to restrain
These assassinations awful
Of a language good and lawful
That involve the loyal purist in such pain.

I've been many years a-fighting
'Gainst a language so benighting
That it turns the tongue of Milton inside out,
And pretends by common usage
To transform a plain abuseage
Into something that is free from taint and doubt.

Yet, when Phyllis, to my pleading
Of a deep love, giving heeding
Brought her cherry lips close up beside my ear,
And then whispered: "Yes! I getcha!"

Do I love you? Well - ubetcha!"
'Twas the sweetest speech I've heard for many
a year!

John Kendrick Bangs

NO EMPTY HOUSE

No house is ever empty
if . . . You really look
around . . . Where once
a family had lived . . .
Though now there is no
sound . . . There are
those marks upon the
walls . . . And scratches
on each chair . . . Or
other signs that children
once . . . Were loved and
cared for there . . . And
as you go from room to
room . . . Around that
silent place . . . You seem
to sense their laughter,
and . . . You see each lit-
tle face . . . No house is
ever empty where . . . A
family has dwelt . . . As
much as memories re-
main . . . Of love so dear-
ly felt . . . There may be
nobody inside . . . But
you will be aware . . .
Of ghosts that will in-
form you of . . . The joy
that once was there.

—By James J. Metcalfe

PORTRAITS

HOW MUCH TODAY?

What have I done on
earth today . . . To make
my neighbor smile? . . .
How much have I con-
tributed . . . To make our
life worth while? . . .
The smallest obligation
that . . . I owe to anyone
. . . Is that of being
brotherly . . . In tasks
that I get done . . . Have
I been faithful to the
trust . . . That God re-
posed in me . . . By any
act of sacrifice . . . Or
deed of charity? . . . Un-
less I served my neighbor
and . . . I loved him as
myself . . . This day was
just an empty glass . . .
On some forgotten shelf
. . . But if I did do some-
thing good . . . If only
this one day . . . May God
forgive my many sins . . .
And help me on my way.

—By James J. Metcalfe

OUR OWN SWEET SONGS

Do you remember
those sweet songs . . . We
sang so long ago . . .
When composition musi-
cal . . . Was beautifully
slow? . . . When melodies
would touch the heart . . .
And guide our dancing
feet . . . In home or ball-
room or upon . . . A
bright, fiesta street? . . .
Oh, people still are danc-
ing and . . . Gay tunes in-
vade the air . . . But they
are not the same and they
. . . Could never quite
compare . . . But probably
that is because . . . Their
place in history . . . Re-
flects the period when
you . . . Agreed to marry
me . . . Those songs are
our sweet memories . . .
Old-fashioned, yet divine
. . . Because I still am
yours, my love . . . And
you are truly mine.

—By James J. Metcalfe.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot gomes schust to my knee,-
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, and schmashes dings
In all barts off der house,
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measels und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's outt;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Foots schnuff indo mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese -
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der schticks to beat it mit-
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart
He kicks oup sooch a touse;
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth blace outt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und where der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse?
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a crazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes enshoy.
But ven he vas ashleep in ped
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

ETIQUETTE

LESSON 1.

What a rare gift is that of manners! How difficult to define; how much more difficult to impart! Better for a person to possess them, than to have wealth, beauty or talent; they will more than supply all."

The correct form for introductions:
The proper wording is:

"Miss Smith, may I present Mr. Brown?"

In introducing two women, or two men, the name of the more prominent or the older is spoken first.

Actually, the full introduction form is spoken on only formal occasions. Usually the introduction is worded:

"Mrs. White - Mrs. Smith."

The two people introduced say "How do you do?" If you have heard the name distinctly, it is gracious and charming to repeat the name, as "How do you do, Mrs. White?"

When introduced say "How do you do?" Not "Pleased to meet you" or "Glad to know you."

Kaleidoscopic Topics

ADD QUAIN HANDLE department:
There's a plumbing firm in New Orleans named Pontiff and Puleo.

SHE NEVER paid attention to hubby's little talk . . . When he tried conversation she would almost always balk . . . So hubby finally wearied of his monologue for years . . . He talks to other women . . . and the wify is all ears! (Helen Thayer).

I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid,
For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid;
Besides we had our higher loves, fair science ruled my heart;
And she said her young affections were all wound up in art.

So we laughed at those wise men, who say friendship cannot live
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something more to give;
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man-
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash - vows, kisses, tears, and sighs;
High friendship such as ours, might well such childish arts
despise;
We liked each other, that was all, quite all there was to say,
So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal that young ambition reared;
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days to come
We were strictly confidential and we called each other "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills,
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills
And rustic bridges and the like that artists prize
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and summer skies.

And many a quiet evening in hours of silent ease,
We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the trees,
And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the weather,
While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale glance or sigh,
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy;
We talked of love as freely as we talked of nebulae
And thought no more of being one than we thought of being three,

Well, good-bye, chum! "I took her hand, for the time had come to go-
My going meant our parting, when to meet, we did not know;
had lingered long and said farewell with a very heavy heart;
For although we were but friends, 'tis hard for honest friends to part.

Good-bye, old fellow! don't forget your friends beyond the sea,
And some day when you've lots of time, drop a line or two to me."
The words came lightly, gaily, but a great sob just behind,
Welled upward, with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine, great liquid eyes of blue,
Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups of dew;
The long, long glance, and then I did what I never did before-
Perhaps the tears meant friendship but I'm sure the kiss meant more.



DRAWING BY ARABELLE WHEATLEY

How much do you know about Christmas?

See how you stack up with the rest of the family in this 20-part quiz on Christmas traditions and customs

By MARJORIE GLASS

What's more fun at Christmas time than to test your knowledge of the wondrous legendry of this sparkling season of good fellowship? Here's a quiz in which all the family can match wits against one another. Each question is worth a total of five points (five-part questions worth one point per part; two-parters worth 2½ per part). Answers can be found on page 18.

- 1 What fictional character is associated with the quotation, "Merry Christmas: Humbug!"?
- 2 From what character in Dickens comes the expression: "God Bless Us Every One"?
- 3 Indicate the nationalities of these Christmas carols, hymns and ballads:
 - a) *Holy Night*
 - b) *I Saw Three Ships*
 - c) *Adeste Fideles*
 - d) *Deck the Hall With Boughs of Holly*
 - e) *White Christmas*
- 4 Who is the author of "A Visit from St. Nicholas"?
- 5 Where did Little Jack Horner eat his Christmas pie?
- 6 What's the origin of the Christmas Carol?
- 7 a) What is the name of the great Christmas oratorio? b) Who composed it?

- 8 What play did Shakespeare write to celebrate a Christmas holiday?
- 9 What is the native country of the poinsettia?
- 10 To what country is holly native?
- 11 a) What's the origin of the Christmas tree? b) Christmas tree candles?
- 12 Correctly match each item in Column I with its native country in Column II.

1. <i>Plum Pudding</i>	a) <i>England</i>
2. <i>Lutefisk (Codfish)</i>	b) <i>Italy</i>
3. <i>Capitone (Eels)</i>	c) <i>Norway</i>
4. <i>Glögg</i>	d) <i>Mexico</i>
5. <i>Nochebuena salad</i>	e) <i>Sweden</i>
- 13 a) What's the meaning of Yule? b) Yule log?
- 14 Who was St. Nicholas?
- 15 Are St. Nicholas and Santa Claus the same?
- 16 What were all the names of Santa's reindeer? (You probably remember the familiar Donner and Blitzen, but can you name the rest?)
- 17 What is the Posada celebration?
- 18 What is a creche?
- 19 Why is December 25 recognized as the birthday of Christ?
- 20 Who was "Good King Wenceslaus" of the well-known Christmas carol?

C. My lord, Valerian lives; Tiburtius lives;
And I, that I may live, do long to die.

A. Riddles and frenzy! Lucius, who are these
Who stand with ~~Cecilia~~ ^{outside}

L. Slaves, my lord, suspected
Of being Christians too.

A. Then they shall share their mistress' punishment
But one word, lady. I have pity for you,
And would fain save you. The Emperor has need
Of means to carry on his government,
And all men know Valerian was rich.
If you will tell me where to find his wealth,
That I may use it for the public good,
I will hush up the matter, and release
You and your slaves. 'Twas for this, indeed,
I did prefer to examine you in private,
And did not summon you in open court.

C. Almachius, you profess a kindly heart,
And may God bless you as you do intend it.
But it is all too late: Valerian's wealth
Has been deposited in a treasure-house
You cannot reach.

A. Nay, Lady Cecilia,
Trust me for that. I've friends in every province,
And I can use the strong hand of the law
To enforce my will.

C. Valerian's wealth
I have distributed among the poor,
And there is naught reserved.

A. Then it is plain that thou art criminal,
And traitress to the State. Long and wearisome
Shall be thy death. Take away the slaves.
Despatch them instantly. Away with them, away!
You, treacherous dame, shall in your own palace
Die ling'ring, stifled in the bath. Lucius,
See to these orders: have them straight obeyed.
Away with them!

Rev. A. J. Christie, S. J.

Our Flag

When God's Hand rolled the mists from the morning,
And called from their sleep the stars;
When He gave to the earth its orbit,
And gave to the sea its bars;
When He tinted the glow of the sunset,
And the blue o'er glen and crag;
The hand of the Godhead was painting
That emblem triumphant....our Flag!

'Twas painted on Heaven's own canvas
Our glorious Red, White and Blue.
But I'm thinking He mirrored His Image
In the hearts of Americans true,
To steel every heart for the duty
That is come with awakening years,
When the cry of a stricken nation
Is drowned in a nation's tears.

But lo! See our nation transfigured
As she speaks to the youth at her knee.
God died that all men might be holy
Go, son, that all men might be free.
Go, tell them America is waiting
To do and to give even life,
And her flag is her sentinel ready,
To marshal her hosts for the strife.

So, we'll gather the red from the sunset,
And the white from the lightning's own red.
The stars and the blue from the azure above
With our flag we'll go back to our God!
To tell him we'll bring it triumphant
Unsoiled each star and each stripe
We have honored, loved and obeyed
And every thread has been bought with a life.

For He meant it for us from creation
When His breath breathed the first wondrous day,
And we'll guard, dear God, with our life-blood
For ever and ever and aye,
And so long as the stars make night's music
And the blue's o'er the glen and the crag
May America answer her Maker
"I would die for my God and my Flag."

A PAGEANT OF THE MONTHS

Prologue

Master of Ceremonies

Ken { The months have come for a visit,
To entertain us, you know;
Ken { There is a pleasant surprise awaiting -
In a colorful, lovely show.

Ken { From January to gay December
You'll see what each one will bring;
Ken { And when you have seen and enjoyed it,
Ken { Let your glad praises ring:

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

JANUARY

Ken { January will first be presented
And we'll tell on a winter's day
Of Jack Frost and a jolly Eskimo
And Snow Man - happy and gay.

FEBRUARY

Next, February makes its bow
With memories of St. Valentine
When messages are sent to those we love
With gay and jingling rhyme.

MARCH

Ken { March brings us recollections
Of that dear old, Emerald Isle;
And St. Patrick's Day we'll celebrate
In appropriate and fitting style.

APRIL

April is here -----
The children are happy.
And tell me, do you know why?
The Easter Bunny
With his goodies
Is quickly drawing nigh!

MAY

Ken { The April showers have done their good work,
And May in her own happy manner,
Has brought the bright and lovely flowers
Under her own shining banner.

JUNE

How June -----radiant month of happiness
The bride comes forth today;
Beautifully gowned -----in the latest style --
And ~~flowers~~ in gorgeous array.

JULY

Ken { Our forefathers gladly gave their lives
For the freedom that we hold so dear.
Today, our glorious country stands
Powerful! Great! Without a peer!

AUGUST

From August's heat
We seek retreat
Under a parasol gay;
And *a little girl* sweet,
With dancing feet,
You'll see on this summer's day.

SEPTEMBER

Ken { You'll see us now with books and bags
For the opening of school, you know;
We'll cast aside vacation's fun
And to serious study we'll go.

OCTOBER

With bobbing apples and lanterns and pumpkins,
Hallowe'en brings its spooky joy;
And tales of witches and ghosts and goblins
Delight each girl and boy.

NOVEMBER

Ken { The Indians came to show good will,
To smoke peace pipes and forget to kill,
And the Pilgrims prayed to God above,
Gave thanks for his mercy and his love
That first Thanksgiving Day.

DECEMBER

Holly wreaths are shining
Christmas bells are chiming
And carols floating on the air.
There's frolic and fun and Christmas mirth
And blazing logs upon the hearth
And Christmas kindness everywhere!

PATRICK'S

PATRICK HENRY
SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those war-like preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort.

They tell us that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we ~~gather~~ acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? We are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

George Washington, the story goes,
Chopped down the cherry tree.
His father asked, "Who did it, son?"
And George said, "Me."
Who'd like to grow up President,
And first in his country's heart?
Maybe being truthful is
The way to start.

Forest Song

2.

A song for the beautiful trees,
A song for the forest grand,
The Garden of God's own hand,
The pride of His centuries
Hurrah! for the kingly oak!
For the maple, the sylvan queen,
For the lords of the emerald cloak,
For the ladies in living green.

A song for the palm, the pine,
And for every tree that grows,
From the desolate zone of snows
To the zone of the burning line.
Hurrah! for the warders proud
Of the mountain side and vale,
That challenge the thunder cloud
And buffet the stormy gale.

So long as the rivers flow,
So long as the mountains rise,
May the forests sing to the skies,
And shelter the earth below.

Hurrah! for the beautiful trees!
Hurrah! for the forest grand!
The pride of His centuries,
The Garden of God's own hand.

William Henry Venable.

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master,
If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings — nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and all that's in it,
And, what is more — you'll be a man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

LARRIE O'DEE-W. W. Fihk.

Now the widow McGee,
And Larrie O'Dee,
Had two little cottages out on the green,
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.
The widow was young and the widow was fair,
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair;
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn.
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand,
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he:
"Och! Mistress McGee,
It's a waste of good lumber, the runnin' two rigs,
Wid a fancy purtition betwane our two pigs!"
"Indade sur, it is!" answered Widow McGee,
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.
"And thin, it looks kind o'hard-hearted and mane,
Kapin' two frindly pigs so, exsaidenly near
That whiniver ohe grunts the other can hear,
And yit kape a cruel purtition betwane."

"Shwate Widow McGee,"
Answered Larrie O'Dee,
"If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,
Ain't we mane to ourselves to, be runnin' two rigs?
Och! it made me heartache whinl paped through the cracks
Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer axe;
An' a bobbin' yer head an' a shtompin' yer fate,
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,
A-sphlittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,
When one little shtove it would kape us both warm!

"Now, piggy," said she;
"Larrie's courtin' o' me,
Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you;
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do:
For, if I'm to say no, ye must kape your nose out.
Now Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig
By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!"
"Me darlint, the piggy says yes," answered he.
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

If ye
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And

Thursday

Lynne Lois

Carol Ann Kneipp

Lois

Diane

Pamela

Brenda

Kendra

Friday

Paull

Henry

Lynne

Sandra

Carol Ann

THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN
(SCALE SONG)

A plump little robin flew down from a tree,
To hunt for a worm which he happened to see.
A frisky young chicken came scampering by
And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chick: "What a queer-looking chicken is that!
Its wings are so long and its body so flat!"
While the robin remarked, loud enough to be heard:
"Dear me! An exceedingly strange-looking bird!"

"Can you sing?" robin asked and the chicken said: "No!"
But asked in his turn if the robin could crow.
So, the bird sought a tree and the chicken a wall,
And each thought the other knew nothing at all!

MAY

May is like a little lassie,
And she calls, "Come out and play!"
Oh, dear May, we bid you welcome
On a holiday!

"ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET" 32

Grab your coat, and get your hat,
Leave your worry on the doorstep,
Just direct your feet,
To the Sunny Side of the Street.

Can't you hear a pitter-pat?
And that happy tune is your step,
Life can be so sweet,
On the Sunny Side of the Street.

I used to walk in the shade
With those blues on parade-----
But' I'm not afraid,
This Rover crossed over.

If I never have a cent,
I'll be rich as rockefeller,
Gold dust at my feet,
On the "Sunny Side of the Street!"

WITH A SMILE AND A SONG 33

With a smile and a song,
Life is just like a bright sunny day,
Your cares fade away
And your heart is young.
With a smile and a song
All the world seems to awaken anew,
Rejoicing with you,
As the song is sung.
There's no use in grumbling
When raindrops come tumbling,
Remember you're the one
Who can fill the world with sunshine.
When you smile and you sing
Everything is in tune and it's Spring
And life flows along
With a smile and a song!

An Acrostic

F-L-A-G

Forever shall it wave,
Long, be's our country great
A road of ^{freedom} democracy it shall pave,
Good strength for other nation's hate,
'gainst

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT DIXIE?

Is it true what they say about Dixie?
Does the sun really shine all the time?
Do the sweet magnolias blossom at everybody's door?
Do folks keep eating 'possum, 'till they can't eat any more?
Is it true what they say about Swanee?
Is a dream by that stream so sublime?
Do they laugh, do they love, like they say in every song?
If it's true, that's where I belong!

HERE COMES THE FLAG

Here comes the flag! Here comes the flag!
Here comes the flag that we love so well!
Cheer for the stars in their field of blue,
Cheer for the red and the white stripes, too.
Here comes the flag! Here comes the flag!
Bidding us follow with purpose true.

Here comes the flag of our nation,
Hail to the red, white and blue!
Cheers for the blue, cheers for the white,
Cheers for the red so bright!
Here comes the flag of our nation,
Hail to the red, white and blue!
Hail to the flag! Hail to the flag!
Under whose colors we dare and do!