

Letters From Happyland Readers

(Continued From Page Five.)

grade. I have two sisters and one brother. I have been staying out in the country with my aunt. I would like for some of the Go-Hawks to write to me. Hoping I will get my button, yours truly, Marguerite Saponchick, age 11, Ogallala, Neb.

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy: I have been a reader of "Happyland" for some time but have never written before. I would like to join the Happy Tribe of Go-Hawks. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for the button and rules. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Bush. I like her very much. I have four sisters and their names are Mary, Josephine, Frances and Bernice. My brothers' names are John, Lawrence, Edmund and Stanley.

We have two dogs and their names are Sport and Teddy. Sport is a big dog and is brown and white. Teddy is all white and he always goes to the pasture for the cows with us. We also have two cats. I will close for this time—Leona Wasielewski, Age 10, No. Omaha, Neb.

A Second Grader.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Go-Hawk tribe. Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp for my official button. This is my first letter to you. I was 6 years old the 21st of July and am in the second grade. I will try my best to follow the Go-Hawk pledge and promise to help some one every day. Thanking you in advance for my button I remain your little friend—Dhale Anderson, Age 6, Keen, Neb.

Arthur's Bragging.

There once was a boy whose name was Arthur. Now Arthur liked to brag about himself and what great things he could do. One day some of his friends were with him. It was a rainy day, so they stayed in the house and amused themselves by talking. Then Arthur began to brag. He said: "I'm not afraid of anything I saw yet. If I'd see a ghost I'd just walk up and say 'How-de-do, Mr. Ghost.' At that moment in came one of the boys with a white sheet over his head. It frightened Arthur, who ran screaming 'Oh, mamma!'"

The children laughed at him, and this cured his habit of bragging.—Helena Riesow, Age 13, Republican City, Neb.

The Street Urchin.

"Papers! Papers!" cried the small street urchin. It was one of those rainy, disagreeable days in April and everybody seemed cranky and disagreeable. This poor boy had only sold two papers, and he was beginning to feel sad and downcast. At last his little feet could go no farther, so he sat down in front of a drug store. He could not keep back the tears and he felt sick for want of food. His head seemed to him that it was whirling around. When suddenly he heard a voice just above him say, "Son!" The boy looked up and saw a man about medium height looking down at him. Tom (for that was his name) said, "Please sir I feel faint, very faint." Then the man helped the little urchin to his home. It was not a large house, but it was very cozy. Tom thought. As soon as possible, Tom was put in bed and had some hot tea, which made him feel much better. He was well in a few days, and went away very happy, after he had thanked the man for his kindness.—Bernice Beach, age 11, Bismarck, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks. I will be in the fifth grade next year. I am 10 years old. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and I hope to receive the button. I have three little ducks and some chickens and a cat. Its name is Tommy. My letter is getting long so I will close. I hope some of the Go-Hawks will write to me. My Address is—Alva Almqvist, Route 1, North Bend, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I am a girl 10 years of age. I wish to join the Happy Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. Please send me my button. I have three pets, two calves and one pet pig. My calves' names are Lucy and Nellie, and my pig is named Tannis. I read the stories in The Bee. I have two sisters and no brothers. Now as my letter is getting long I must close. My name and address is—Adelina Houtfog, Sehwyler, Neb. Route 2.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter I am sending you, and the first letter I send must join the Go-Hawk tribe. I will try to obey my rules. I think my letter is getting long but when I am a Go-Hawk I will write more than once. I will close so the other children have space for their letters and stories.—Lillian A. C. Saffdy, age 11, Bos, Neb.

Adventures of Mother Rabbit and Children.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to the Go-Hawks. I read the letters every Sunday and like them very much. I am in the eighth grade at school and I am 13 years old. I would like to join the Go-Hawk Tribe so I enclose a stamp and address. I have one brother and one sister. I also have a pet canary whose name is Toddy. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me, as I would gladly answer. I will now write a story of some rabbits.

One time there was a mother rabbit and three rabbits whose names were Fuzzy, Wozzy and Cottontail. Mrs. Rabbit told her children she was going to Rabbitville and for them to keep the door locked on account of Mr. Fox. So she bid them good-bye and started off.

In the meantime Mr. Fox came and knocked at the door. They were all afraid to speak but soon the smallest said, "Who is there?" "I," said a voice. They became frightened for they knew who it was. Then he said, "I want in; if you don't let me in I will come tonight and dig up your home." Then he started home and came back again and said, "Remember, tonight, children," and went away again. They all were very frightened and began to cry. When they heard a knock, Cottontail said, "Who is there?" The voice said "It is I, your mother." They all scrambled to the door. Mrs. Rabbit came in and took off her coat and bonnet and said "I hope nobody came while I was gone." They told her about the fox. She said "We will have to hunt a new home. So Fuzzy and Wozzy went out. They came to a log and they heard a shot. Fuzzy ran in the log and Wozzy ran in an old tree at the top of a hill. The hunter came up but could not see the rabbits, so he left. Then Fuzzy came out and Wozzy came down to the log and they began to quarrel to see which would be the best home. So they decided to go ask their mother.

When they got home they told her all about their escape and Mrs. Rabbit and Cottontail went to see and decided on the tree, and they never heard any more of the fox.

One day while James and James were walking they found the rabbits and took them home. James was mischievous and wanted to eat them but his mother said "James if you eat those dumb animals you are no true Go-Hawk," so he let them live and they are his best pets. Blone Kasparek, Narka, Kan.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like very much to join the Happy Tribe. I will send you a 2-cent stamp and the coupon for I want one of the nice pins.

I have another sister that wants to join. Her name is Margaret. She is 11 years old. For pets I have a rabbit, a dog and a horse. I am 12 years old and I am in the ninth grade. I hope Mr. W. Baskett is very sick. I will have to close—Josephine Cole, Cozad, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. Please send me a badge. We read The Bee every day. I have a niece, her name is Rose Marie Flynn. John Flynn has a summer resort. It sure is nice. The name is Dog Ear Lake Pavilion. It sure is a nice and pretty place. I will close—Yours truly, Della Gordon, Gregory, S. D.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a badge and hope to receive it soon. I read the children's page every Monday and enjoy it very much. I am 12 years old and in the eighth grade. As soon as I receive my button I will write a story.—Irene Seberger, Osceola, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for the button. We take The Omaha Bee. I read the Happyland page and like it very well.

I am in the seventh grade and I am 12 years old. I sure like school. I am spending my vacation with my nephews, but will go back home when school starts.—Vlasta Chudly, Geneva, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I enjoy reading your page and thought that I would like to join your Happy Tribe. Several girls in this town belong to your club and they seem to be very proud of their Go-Hawk buttons. I wish to have one too, so I am enclosing a stamp and the coupon.—Yours truly, Lillian Nelson, age 12, Wabash, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Happy Tribe. Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp for which send me the of-

ficial button. I promise to obey all the rules. I am 12 years old and I passed the eighth grade last spring. If some of the Go-Hawks would write to me I would gladly answer. I am sending a poem made up of Happyland.

As my letter is getting long I will draw it to a close. Your loving friend—Dorothy M. Clifford, Tryon, Neb.

Gloria of the West.

Gloria tossed restlessly on a small cot in a hospital at Fort Wayne. It happened while riding with another cowboy friend of hers in a round-up. Three Indian spies of a band of 150 warriors shot at Gloria, striking her left shoulder. Carl Ray had carried her to a nearby farm house and left her in the care of a lady and rode to the ranch for an ambulance. It arrived half an hour later and Gloria was on her way to the hospital. It was hot and stuffy in the small room and Gloria wished for her plains once more. She was 15 years of age and had dark blue eyes and golden hair. She was very fond of animals and very swift at riding. She had a swift brown pony called Star whom she rode almost every day. He was now in a stable at home with neither curry nor exercise. In two weeks Gloria was to leave the hospital. She could hardly wait till the nurse said she could go. At last the time came to an end and Gloria boarded a train homeward bound. She arrived at home in due time and received a cordial welcome. She remembered her pony and went down to the stable. On entering the stable she was shocked to see him shaggy and weak, so she curried him and fed him. Soon after she placed his saddle on and started for a nearby wood. After getting further into the woods she stopped to rest a while, while Star grazed. She heard a crackling noise in the pine needles behind her and started to run. Two Indians jumped out and grabbed her and Star. They bound her and placed her on Star. "Don't be frightened, Star," she whispered. "We'll get thru this alright." At sundown they reached the Indian village. She was hungry but did not eat the food placed before her because she was sick at heart. Her night lodging was a small stuffy tent in which she found no comfort. At last she whistled softly to Star who was behind the tent and talking to him. While she scratched on her saddle with a bar pin: "Come at 3:30 tonight, the Crowa have caught me. Bring plenty of men and ammunition." "Go Star, and be quick!" He stole out of the tent, ran along the long row of tents and into the forest. He reached the ranch in a few minutes. The men were startled when they saw Star. He neighed and turned his nose toward his saddle. They read what was written on it and ran to tell Gloria's father. They soon had their men ready and by 3:30 they reached the village. It was a hard fight but finally the Indians gave way and fled. The men looked for Gloria and found her bound and gagged. They cut her ropes and took her triumphantly home shouting "burrah." Star was given a new bridle and saddle for his bravery.—Frances Homann, age 13, Eikhorn, Neb.

Bessie Eleven.

Dear Happy: I received my badge and think it very pretty. Am glad that I have joined the Go-Hawks. My school started. I enjoyed my vacation. I have a Shetland pony. Her name is Bessie. I have nine kittens and four old cats. As my letter is getting long I will close. Raymond Schwartz, age 11, Walnut Iowa.

Reads Letters.

Dear Happy: I have been reading the Happyland page for a long time. I want to be a Go-Hawk. So I am sending a two-cent stamp. I have lots of pets. I am twelve years of age and in the eighth grade. I have a wagon, a sled and a pair of skates, so will close. Yours truly, Robert Ryan, Arnold, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Happy Tribe. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for the button. I will try to keep the pledge. I am a little girl who lives in the sand hills 12 miles north of North Platte. I am 9 years old. Well, I will close.—Lucille Convery, North Platte, Neb.

Reads Happyland.

Dear Happy: I read your page every Sunday. I am 9 years old. I was 9 the 15th of June. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button. I will promise to be kind to birds and dumb animals.—Beradice, Thurlwell, age 9, Omaha, Neb. Oct 10, 1927.

Will Help.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy tribe. I enclose a 2-cent stamp for my button. For a pet I have a cat. I promise to help someone every day, and also plant dumb animals. I will close my letter for it is getting long. Virginia Havel, age 11, Geneva, Neb.

Happyland.

The page of Happyland is in The Sunday Bee, And it is very interesting. This page of facts, to me,

It speaks of all the kindness To birds and creatures small. For we must treat them kindly Every one and all.

So I want to join the Go-Hawks, That happy, joyous band Of kind little boys and girls In this beautiful American land. —Dorothy M. Clifford, Tryon, Neb.

A Sixth Grader.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your Go-Hawk tribe. I am ten years old and I am in the sixth grade. I am sending a two-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk button. I am also sending the coupon for the Happy Tribe. I have three sisters and two brothers. Yours truly, Rosa Porter, Lewis, Iowa.

Reads Letters.

Dear Happy: I wish to be a Go-Hawk. I read the Happyland page every Sunday. This is my first letter to you. I have a cat named Brighteyes. I am in the fifth grade and I am 11 years old. Well my letter is getting long so I will close.—Letha Peyton, Sunderland, Neb.

Likes School.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button. I am 9 years old and I am in the fifth grade. School has started and I sure am glad. For a pet I have a little puppy. He is quite a pet among the family. Your new friend —Iva Haldeen, age 9, Randolph, Neb.

Fishing.

Fred was camping with his father in the mountains. It was the boy's first camping trip of that kind. His father bought him a gun. He showed him how to use a gun and shoot it carefully.

One day his father said: "Let's go fishing lad."

You may be sure that Fred was happy. "May I take my gun with us?" he asked.

"To shoot fish?" replied his father. "No, no," answered Fred. "But we might see something to shoot at."

"A bear for instance," his father replied, and went on laughingly. "Yes take it with you, if you like to."

The boy obeyed. "Now, take a good aim," cautioned his father.

"Ping!" went the little bullet. The bullet hit the snake right in the head.

They soon reached the river. "Here is a trout hole," exclaimed his father when he saw a gravelly

bank. In a short time they had their lines ready.

"Now throw your line in the river like this," as he threw his line into the river. Fred tried but could not throw good enough. "Try again," said his father. Fred tried to do as he was told to, but could not. His hook got caught in the willows behind him.

"Oh, pshaw!" he cried, as he gave a jerk to loosen his hook. "Careful now," said his father as he freed the hook from the willows. "That's only fisherman's luck."

The boy cast again with better experience. Down into the water the hook sank. It had hardly reached the calmer part of the river when something grabbed it. Fred felt a tug at the rod.

"What is it," he cried. "A fish quick land it!" exclaimed his father. And out it came, a large mountain trout about 10 inches long.

The boy could hardly believe his eyes. He stared at it a moment; then dropped his pole. Just for his good luck he clapped his hands.

That day Fred caught 15 fish, and his father caught 30.

Likes Her Pin.

Dear Happy: I received my pin and I am very proud of it. I am 7 years old and I am in the fifth grade at school. I am taking music lessons. We are going to have a music recital. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I must close.—Catherine Smith, age 9, Tobias, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to your page. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and coupon with this letter as I would like to become a member of your Happy Tribe. Yours truly—Fern Edwards, Osceola, Neb.

A Loyal Member.

Dear Happy: Some time ago I sent in for a membership to the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe but had the misfortune to lose my pin. Enclosed find a two-cent stamp. Please send me another pin. I have two pet pigs and four kittens. Yours for the Go-Hawks—Franklin Reynolds, age 9, Bloomington, Neb.

Looking Ahead.

Down the lane two boys were walking. Of their work and play were talking;

Says Bob to Bill, "I like to play best Than all the rest."

Then Bill to Bob said, "Play is fun When work is done. But not before, Cause ma'll here.

My legs too, Will be black and blue; I'm rather scared of my Ma, But not of my Pa.

Cause he's so good, And if he could, (Cause Ma won't let 'im), He'd buy for me

A rockin' horsey. Rudolph Sandberg, Valley, Neb.

Dot Puzzle



Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with number 1, then 17, 30, 47, 49, 50, 51, 52.