How Memorial Day First Started Long Ago.

THIS week brings Memorial day—a holiday to many of you and spent perhaps in having a good time, without thinking so very much about the real reasons for the day. Long years ago the veterans of the civil war were the first to march to the graves of their old comrades, where they placed bright flowers and evergreen leaves.

Many were soon ready to join with them in the custom. From the very first it never seemed a task or just a duty, but instead it was a chance to show how much they cared about the brave father, husband, son, brother or dear friends, who were part of that army, so many of whom went away but did not come back. Loyal Americans were glad of the chance to show their respect to the dead, who had shared with these living veterans of the civil the dangers of the battlefields, the long weary marches and hardships of camp life.

It was from this small beginning in a few northern states that the custom grew to be a national one. To the long list of our sleeping soldiers of the civil war have been added those of the Spanish-American war and the world war. The latter is still so close that even the children remember.

Doubtless there is no state that took part in the rebellion but what there will be gatherings of these soldiers. Many of you will watch the parades, listen to the bands, the muffled drums, the tramp, tramp of marching feet. Perhaps as you look at the old soldiers and the younger ones of the last war some of you will think of the wonderful stories many could tell you of bravery on the battlefield.

In your own heart you are always very sure that all soldiers are brave. Then you will think of the wounded soldiers who are now trying so hard to go right on living, when everything is so much harder for them than before they, too, march away to war. If there happens to live near you one of these soldiers of the world war, you will want to do some little extra nice thing for him Thursday. You will not want to lose any chance of letting him know that you are not forgetting how much he has done to protect the flag you love, the country that is your home, and you! When one stops to think of all this it helps you to be braver and kinder yourself, doesn't it?

Happy

THE SQUAW LADY

SYNOPSIS.

Editor Shirley wishes to make a trip with a friend but hesitates to leave his mother alone. Jack Carroll comes in and Mr. Shirley tells him his trouble. Jack later calls a meeting of the Go-Hawks and it is decided they will look after Mrs. Shirley during the editor's absence. Jack goes to Mrs. Shirley with their plan and she is much delighted over it. The editor departs on his trip, feeling his mother will not be lonely. Jack spends a week at the Shirley home, then Donald and next it is Piggy's turn. He is indeed a happy guest, as he can always go to the "squaw ladies" cookie jar. Thanksgiving comes during Piggy's week and Mrs. Shirley suggests having a 5 o'clock dinner and inviting the Go-Hawks, the twins and—

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

"Say! That'd be great! Two dinners in one day! Some doin's all right. Me for that!" Piggy stretched his lazy little self out luxuriously in the Morris chair, as though almost overcome by the thought.

"How would you like to invite three or four guests?"

"You don't mean girls, I hope. They give me the [illegible] again."

"No, [illegible] choose [illegible] question [illegible] dinner [illegible] you [illegible] to h[illegible]

P[illegible] me [illegible] gi[illegible] c[illegible] I [illegible] I [illegible]

have us at noon,' and so she's going to give a Go-Hawks' dinner in the evening. Said we might have 10 at the table, and there's six of us here and she makes seven, so we can invite three."

"I bet we'll never ask the right ones and—"

Piggy looked at Donald scornfully. "That's all you know about it. She said we could have anyone we chose, and so, or course, they'll be the right ones for her."

(Copyright, 1924.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Robert Lee, a Missouri Go-Hawk, [illegible] writes me that [illegible] boys oft-

Le Bird Told Me—

[illegible] all the Go-Hawks of Gran[illegible], Mo., gathered clothes and food and gave them to a poor family.

That Henry Hyde of Livermore Falls, Me., is one of our new Go-Hawks who would be glad to correspond with other members.

Mildred Allen of Davenport, Ia., is going to see how many new members she can get before the close of school.

That Jean Cantonwine of Vinton, Ia., has been watching a little wren with her babies in a nest on their porch and the mother bird is teaching them how to sing.

Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

A Balloon Ride.

One pleasant afternoon a balloon came down on a farm. They anchored the balloon and went into the house. There were children living in the house. They thought it would be lots of fun to be in the balloon but it was too heavy, so the oldest, whose name was John, got out and let the other two be in the balloon. Their names were Jack and Lucy. The rope broke and the balloon was loose. The two children were flying in the air in a very little time. The people came rushing out but it was too late. They were too high in the air. They sailed for many days and nights until they came to a farm which had a very large tree on it. The balloon caught in the tree and the people came and pulled the balloon down. The children climbed out and the farmer's wife gave them food to eat. They called up the parents of the children and they came and got the children and brought them home and they never wanted a ride in a balloon after that.—Marjorie Gustafson, a Go-Hawk, Osecola, Neb.

Anna's Forest Appearance.

Since I was a little girl my parents left the far east where the forests are and moved to Omaha. There I went to school and became a teacher at the south side school. But all the same my love for forests hasn't grown less, I still love forests even though there aren't any near me. To go out into the forest was my pleasure. To hunt for wild flowers and see the wild game chase around, and in autumn it was the best time. We would go into the forest and gather the nuts from all trees and when we had finished we had many gunny-sacks full. Then we would build fires and roast nuts and have lots of fun. This I still remember, though I'm getting old. Just today I told my class: "If you haven't seen a real forest just imagine some small grove of trees and put about 10 of that kind together and you will have an imaginary forest composed of hemlock, elm, spruce, hickory, walnut, oak, pine, beeach, willow and all kinds of different trees." I will close.—Frank Kruntorad, age 11, 3615 Drexel street, South Side.

Gertie and Glen.

Dear Happy: This is my second letter. My Aunt Flossie sends me large bundles of papers, so I get to [illegible] the letters. There was once a [illegible] boy named Gertie and [illegible] kind to all dumb [illegible] Gertie was dis[illegible] and un[illegible] little baby [illegible] to hunt [illegible] trying [illegible] and by [illegible] dog. [illegible] dog, [illegible] dog [illegible] burrs. After [illegible] the [illegible] out of [illegible] sister, [illegible] day [illegible] gs. [illegible] ch. [illegible] go [illegible] and [illegible] 2 [illegible] ing [illegible] Carl [illegible] join [illegible] ding [illegible] rs old [illegible] eacher's [illegible] have two [illegible] is Nags, [illegible] Tabby. I [illegible] ied Robert [illegible] g so I will [illegible] Nebraska City, [illegible]

[illegible] d Sees.

[illegible] ur every action. He [illegible] be true. He hears the [illegible] we say. And knows the [illegible] e do. And every day He [illegible] thens us. And helps us to be [illegible] od. To obey, love, cherish Him and do the things we should. So if we do obey Him, and help Him along with love, some day we'd see Him there in the blessed land above. —M. Margaret Quivey, Mitchell, Neb.

Likes Her Teacher.

Dear Happy: I am sending 6 cents in stamps for three pins. One is for my sister, and one for my brother, and one for myself. I am in the first grade and I am 7 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Nelson, I like her very much. I am, Roberta Baas, Beemer, Neb.

A Fourth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing with this letter a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I have no brothers or sisters. I would like to join your Go-Hawks. I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Griffith. Well, I must close.—Edward Adams, jr.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I want to join your Happy tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I would gladly answer if any of the Go-Hawks would write to me. Yours truly, Lois Irvin, Age 10, Blanchard, Ia.

A Brave Deed and a Brave Girl.

Before Captain Taylor started for Cuba with his company he had said to Jenny, his 10-year-old daughter, "My brave girl must take good care of mamma and the baby." And she had answered, "All right, papa, I'll do the best I can."

A month had passed and nothing unusual had occurred, when one night she was awakened by her mother calling, "Jenny, oh Jen-nie, come—quick!"

Jenny was deep in sleep and thought she was dreaming, so dropped off to sleep quickly again.

Soon she heard the call, "Jenny, Jenny," but the last was smothered out.

Jenny jumped quickly from her bed and sprang into her mother's room crying "What will you have?"

There was no answer.

She looked around—her mother and little baby brother were gone.

Jenny was very grieved, but was wise enough not to start hunting till morning.

Then morning came and she threw the saddle on Merrylegs, the gray pony, and soon was some ways off.

Soon after she had left the house she found a path scattered with pieces of cloth. Jenny recognized her mother's dress.

She traveled at a good rate, for Merrylegs had merry legs, all right, and could go right along.

Then, as she came up over a hill, she saw a group of smoky little tepees. Then she knew. She rode out of sight behind some bushes and waited patiently for nightfall. Then, starting towards the camp, after tying the horse to a post, she crept along carefully lest she should run into an Indian.

It was pitch dark now and she had a hard time seeing her way, but she was used to roaming and soon found her way.

The fires of the tents were still burning and she crept slowly and silently to a nearby tent and there, to her wonder and happiness, were her mother and little brother.

Jenny came to the flap in the tent and put her head through until her mother saw her, for she dared not speak, even though the watchmen were asleep.

Her mother was very glad to see her and they hurried away to the horse.

Jenny knew much of horses, so easily caught an old Indian pony and saddled it, but the tears came to her eyes as she recognized her old pony that had been stolen. His name was Blin and she was very glad to see him. Her mother and the baby rode him.

The ride was fine, for it was a nice, clear night.

Her mother told her that "My baby and I were to be burned at sunrise."

But when they got home they had one good surprise, for there in the doorway of the barn was father.

"But why did you come?" asked Jenny.

"Our goods did not all get there, so I thought I would come home till Sunday," said the captain.

He was very glad to see Blin and said, with a smile of happiness, "All's well that ends well."—Yours sincerely, Mary Morris, Age 12, Woodlake, Neb.

A Kind Deep.

Dear Happy: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, so please excuse me for not writing well, as I am not a good writer. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp and wish to get my button soon. I have two brothers and one sister. Monday night when I was mowing the lawn we almost killed a baby turtle dove, lying on the ground. I stuck the poor thing in my pocket very easily. I climbed up the tree, put the bird in its nest and came down. Yours sincerely, Charles Wales, Huntington, Neb.

Likes Animals.

Dear Happy: I will write and tell you I like animals better than anything else. I am in the seventh and eighth grade. I have two miles and a half to go to school. I go at Champion. I have three brothers and no sisters. I did have a sister but she is dead. She died when she was 6 years old, her name was Minnie Pearl Lorain. Mine is Minnie Pearl Lorain. We were twins. I have a dog. I think a lot of him. Will you please send me a pin. Minnie Pearl Lorian, age 11, Champion, Neb.

Likes School.

Dear Happy: I received my pin a few days ago and was very glad to get it. I was sick with the measels a few days ago. I have one brother, Donald, he is younger than I. He is 9 years of age, I am 11. I go to school every day and like it fine. Our school will let out the 16th of May. I will be glad when that time comes, then I can have fun again. From your Go-Hawk, Herbert P. Meisinger, Cedar Creek, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I am 7 years old and am in the second B grade. My teacher's name is Miss Ardis Almy. I have a sisted named Helen Louise. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for my button. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. From Gordon King, Ashland, Neb.

A Second Grader.

Dear Happy: I want to join your club. I am 7 years old. I go to school every day. I am in the second grade. I have a pony and calf and two little lambs all my own. From your friend, Bernice Knafe, Nehawka, Neb.

Mr. Flick.

My name is Mr. Flick. I have a very pretty coat. I like to build my home in a telephone pole. Last year I made my home in a telephone pole and when I came back I found my nest was not empty—a sparrow made his home in it so it was not empty.

The Ten Little Blackbirds.

Ten little blackbirds, sitting on a line,
One flew away and there was nine.
Nine little blackbirds perched on a gate,
One tumbled off and then there were eight.
Eight little blackbirds, flying through the heaven,
A hawk caught one, and there were seven.
Seven little blackbirds picking up sticks,
One hopped away and then there were six.
Six little blackbirds, playing around a hive,
One was stung and then there were five.
Five little blackbirds, hopping on the floor,
Pussy caught one and then there were four.
Four little blackbirds, roosting in a tree,
One fell down and then there were three.
Three little blackbirds, hiding in a shoe,
A boy found one and then there were two.
Two little blackbirds, hunting for fun,
One lost his way and there was one.

—Abbie Sammis, Powell, Neb.

Please Write to Me.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to your page and have read many letters of the other folks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I would like to correspond with girls and boys about my age. I am 12. I would also like to correspond with some of my twins born on September 8, and who are 12 years. I took county examinations in April and May. The grades I received are: spelling, 94; drawing, 65; physiology, 87; grammar, 84; mental arithmetic, 80; penmanship, 78, and English composition 76. I am sending a candy recipe.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE.

One and one-half cups of sugar, one and one-half squares of chocolate, one-half cup of milk, one teaspoon of vanilla. Mix ingredients and boil until it makes a soft ball in water. Then beat until creamy, adding vanilla, then pour into a buttered pan. My letter is getting long, so I must close. Your true Go-Hawk, Ruth Preston, Oakland, Neb.

Topsy Turvy Land.

If pigs could fly
And birds could grunt,
You'd think it was a funy stunt.
If sheep could crow
And roosters bleat,
Or hens had four instead of two feet
If I were you and you were me,
A crazy old world this would be.
If clocks ran up
And rivers walked,
Or parrots smiled but never talked;
If black were white
And blue were brown,
This sure would be a crazy town.
If "I" were "U" and "A" were "Z,"
A topsy-turvy world 'twould be.—Elizabeth Vanderherden, David City, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy—I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my badge. I am sending my first letter to you. For pets I have a dog, a cat and a rooster. Their names are Joe, Tommie and Billy. I am in the fourth grade at school. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. Your new Go-Hawk, Wilbert Reitz, age 10, Red Oak, Ia.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. I have four brothers. I am 8 years old. My brothers are George, Loyo and Verl Piper. I am in the third grade upstairs, south ward. I play fox and geese at school. Your friend, Glen Piper, Broken Bow, Neb.

Wacka.

Dear Happy: This is my second letter to you. I received my letter with the certificate and button some time ago. I got a dog named Wacka; he likes hot dogs very much. Anything he likes better than hot dogs is more hot dogs. Now I will close with love, Vivian Noah, Age 10, Omaha, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy—Please send me a Go-Hawk button. I promise to obey all of the rules of the club. I am 7 years old and in the second grade. My brother's name is Dean. He will be 5 in June and he wants to be a Go-Hawk too. He will start to school in the fall. Your friend, Constance Irland, Otoe, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I received my pin and I wore it to school and one of my schoolmates liked it so well that she wants to be a Go-Hawk. Enclosed please find a 2-cent stamp for her pin. She is sending her letter with mine. Will some of the Go-Hawks please write to me. Yours truly, Mildred Garner, Broadwater, Neb.

A Fourth Grader

Dear Happy: I want to join your Go-Hawks. I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Mary Skrable. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button. I promise to be good to all dumb animals. Your friend, Mable Cohrin, Ravenna, Neb.

Mother's Bedroom.

Emily Starr has no father nor mother. Her father died three years ago. Her father was 32 years old when he died of heart trouble, but still he was very kind indeed to Emily who was their only child. Her mother died nine years ago. Emily's mother's name before she was married was Ellen Murray. This family was very proud of their family record. Their family came from England. They have a nice place, so they called it New Moon. Ellen Murray was the biggest, but she and Laura were kind. When Ellen was 22 years old she ran away from home as she did not like to mistrust the others. She married Mr. John Francis Starr. The Starrs were not rich. Her father died of a broken heart as he wanted his daughter to marry some one that was rich. When Emily's mother died she was 3 years old and none of the Murrays would take her in, but her father took good care of her. When she grew up she used to tell stories to her father. But one day while she was telling a story to her father, she saw her father shut his eyes, when she looked again at him he said, "Emily, I am going to see your mother. But I will see you later. I will wait for you so you can catch up with me."

Her father was dead, but just before he died he told her not to cry in front of her mother's family. Although the Murrays came to see her father, she was not going to cry. They made all kinds of remarks about her except her Aunt Laura, she felt very sorry for her. "I shall take her home," cried Aunt Laura. She went home the next Friday. Emily was homesick and lonesome for her father. Emily had never seen the picture of her mother, but she thought she knew what she looked like. Aunt Laura gave her her mother's bedroom. Aunt Laura said:

"Emily, my dear, this is your mother's room, it has not been touched since she ran away that night."

Emily felt more at home. Miss Mary Emily White was a Go-Hawk and tried to make Emily happy and she succeeded. I wish some of the Go-Hawk members would write to me. Your true friend—Rose Croghan, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Topsy.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am 11 and am in the fifth grade at school. I have four sisters, Mildred, 22; Anna, 20; Viola, 14, and Leona Marine, 3 weeks. I have two pets a dog and a cat. My dog's name is Topsy and my cat's name is Beauty. I have lots of fun with my dog. He is very playful. He gets into my flower bed and upsets them so that nothing grows. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I love animals and am always kind to them. I would be pleased if some of the members or children that write stories to The Bee would write to me. I would gladly answer. I will close because I have nothing else to write. Hoping that the wastebasket doesn't have this letter as a visitor before the newspaper does. I am, your friend, Harold Koutnik, Abie, Neb, Box 16.

Mary

Dear Happy: I have received my pin and am very much pleased with it. I will write a story.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Mary. One day she saw some boys all in a ring. There was a little bird that had broken its wing. They ran gathering stones to throw at it. Mary rushed up and asked what they were doing. They said they were having some fun. Pretty soon she showed them her pin. She told them it was a Go-Hawk pin. She told them how to get it. Then they all hurried home to write a letter to Happy. They never threw stones again.—Verle Spring, Syracuse, Neb.

Our Chickens.

Dear Happy—I want to be a Go-Hawk. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I am in the sixth grade. I am 10 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Essie Spahr. I have 2 brothers. I have one cat and a pigeon. My grandmother is away so I have to help my biggest brother take care of her chickens and plants. She has 30 some chickens hatched now but there will be a lot more soon. We have two more weeks of school after this week. I will close for this is my first letter. Yours truly, Jeanette Johnson, Rosalie, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am in the third grade. I promise to obey all the rules and to do some good every day. I go to school every day. My sister, Frances has the measles. Well, good by. Yours truly, Julia Gunzinger.

Reads Happyland.

Dear Happy: I received my badge Sunday, March 30. My dog had five little puppies, they haven't had their eyes opened yet. I made two bird houses. This is my second letter to you. I read the Go-Hawk's page every Sunday, so I will close. Myron Norman, Humphrey, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I have been reading the letters of the other children, and I wish to join your Happy Tribe, so enclosed find a 2-cent stamp for which please send me a pin. I have two dogs and three kittens.—Yours truly, John Welland, Earling, Ia.

THE SINGING DELL

THE DRUMMER BOY

By HAPPY.

WHEN Decoration Day come round,
I beat my drum, for I have found,
It makes me feel all good inside,
And then, I like to go and hide
Close by the fence, where I can see
The soldiers pass our house and me.

Sometimes it makes me want to cry,
When empty sleeves go sadly by,
Because of them our flag is free
For little drummer boys like me.
I'm proud that I can say to you,
My grandpa was a soldier, too.

The Garden Thief.

Here is an outdoor game that has plenty of fun and action. All form a ring but two players and those in the ring clasp hands. The garden is the space inside the ring. One of the two players chosen is the thief and the other is the gardener. The thief takes his place inside the ring and the gardener moves around outside the circle and says to the thief:

"Who let you in the garden?"

"No one," replies the thief and starts to run.

The gardener follows him as he runs in and out through the circle of players, as they lift their hands whenever an opening is needed for the thief to pass through. If the gardener can catch the thief, he takes his place and another player from the circle is chosen for the gardener by the thief, who then joins the circle.

Send.

Two captains are chosen and they in turn choose the players for their sides. Fast runners are much in demand for this game. The players form a line opposite each other after all are chosen and one of the captains says:

"I send John after Mary" (or the name of any child on his side and one on the other side).

Mary then starts to run off across the yard. She has to dodge John between trees and behind bushes and safely return to her captain and own side. If she is caught she has to join the opposing side. Sometimes a captain will send himself after the other captain, and if the captain who is being chased is caught he has to appoint somebody to take his place. The side that has the most players at the end of the time given for the game wins.

POLLY'S COOK BOOK

Don't you just love gingerbread for luncheon? I do. I was very glad to have a recipe for Friday is a holiday, Memorial day, you know, and I thought I would try it then.

Sour Milk Gingerbread.

One cup molasses, one cup sour milk, two and one-third cups flour, one-fourth cup melted butter, one and three-fourths teaspoon soda, one teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon salt.

Mix soda with sour milk and add to molasses. Sift together dry ingredients, combine the two mixtures, add butter and beat vigorously. Pour into a buttered shallow pan and bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven.

POLLY.

Mary Armour of New Bedford, Mass., is sending a letter every week to a different Go-Hawk and is saving the Happyland pages for a scrapbook.

In Field and Forest

Sometimes the tree that gives us so much pleasure—the sugar maple—is also called the hard or rock maple, because its wood is harder than that of other maples. If you look at its twigs you will find they are opposite to each other on the branch and the plump, round buds are also opposite one another. All of the branches of the young maples shoot upward, but when they grow older their heavy lower limbs are horizontal.

The leaves of the hard maples come out later than those of the soft, and are firm and broad and have five pointed lobes. They are dark green above, with pale linings, and in autumn turn to yellow, red and orange. Soon after the leaves appear in May then come the flowers, thick, hairy, yellow clusters. The keys of the sugar maples are short-winged and have thick, stout seeds that are shed in late autumn or early winter.

Even though the hard maples are so slow in growth, in the end they prove the best of shade trees, and their coloring in the autumn is among the most beautiful of all trees. They are clean, hardy, strong trees, too, that are always able to meet the storms bravely. They are long lived, even though every spring so much of their rich sap is taken from them. All of these good qualities make the sugar maple worthy of our friendly interest at all times.

UNCLE JOHN.

The Cow.

"The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart"

"If your luck isn't what it should be, put a 'P' before it and continue to [illegible]

NUTS TO CRACK

BY BILLY SQUIRREL

One of our Ohio Go-Hawks, Hannah Mires of Liberty Centre, has sent us four nuts that I think you will enjoy cracking with me. Here they are:

Why is your eye like a man being flogged?

Answer—Because it is under the lash.

What word is it that deprived of a letter makes you sick?

Answer—Music (m-you sick).

Why is a monument like a proud man?

Answer—Because it is lofty.

Why is a miner like a boatman?

Answer—He handles the oar (ore).

And these came from Margery Poland of Winchester, Mass.:

What kind of a dog doesn't bite?

Answer—Hot dog.

Lacy had it first, Paul had it last, girls have it once, boys never have it. Mrs. Sullivan had it twice, but when she married Pat Murray she never had it again. What is it?

Answer—The letter L.

I'm a merry, merry squirrel,
All day I leap and whirl
Through my home in the old beech tree.
If you chase me, I will run
In the shade and in the sun,
But you never, never can catch me.

Good Books for Children

Choose one of these books to read each week. Perhaps you had better cut the list out each time and take it with you to your city library. It is prepared for the Happyland boys and girls by Miss Alice M. Jordan, supervisor of children's work, Boston public library. This week she suggests:

Baldwin, James, "Fifty Famous Stories."
Barrie, J. M., "Peter and Wendy."
French, H. W., "The Lance of Kanana."
Grimm brothers, "Fairy Tales."
Stevenson, R. L., "A Child's Garden of Verses."
White, E. O., "The Blue Aunt."

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

On Memorial day a good Go-Hawk tries to do some little thing for one of our "old soldiers" or a disabled soldier of the world war. Many of you now know what it is to live through a war. This Memorial day let us not only bear flowers to our "sleeping soldiers," but also pay tribute to our living brave boys of 1924. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.