



Our Flag Is Oldest, Though Nation Among Youngest

FLAG DAY, June 14, has come to mean much to every loyal young American boy and girl to whom our flag is the most beautiful in all the world. This is a good week in which to think, even a little more earnestly than usual, about the history of this great emblem of ours. So many lives have been given in defense of our flag that surely it is not too much for us to learn more of its history.

In the beginning of our nation each one of the American colonies had its own standard. Many seemed to favor emblems of the pine tree and the rattlesnake. At the first battle of Bunker Hill a blue flag was used with a red cross and a pine tree.

Washington raised a flag known as the British Jack. It bore the red cross of St. George and the white cross of St. Andrew. This was the flag of the "ragged continentals" and carried with them over Long Island and down through New Jersey.

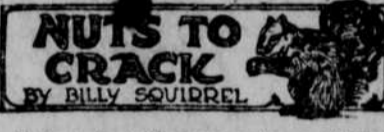
In 1776, in a back room of a quaint little house in Philadelphia, Betsy Ross sewed 13 alternate red and white stripes and then 13 stars on a blue field. Up in Rome, N. Y., which was then Fort Stanwix, the commanding officer of the garrison made a flag out of the white shirt of a soldier, using with it pieces of scarlet cloth, and out of a piece of the blue coat of an officer of rank he made a field on which to sew the stars.

At Brandywine, Germantown, Saratoga and all through the winter at Valley Forge the Stars and Stripes cheered the boys. This was the flag that our loyal friends from France joined when we needed their help so badly. Do you know that the American flag is the oldest flag that floats? It is eight years older than the flag of Spain, 17 years older than that of France, 23 years older than the British ensign. The flag of Germany was raised in 1871, Italy in 1848, and Japan in 1859. Credit must be given to a New York school teacher for observing first of all Flag day, June 14, 1885, with appropriate exercises, and now there is scarcely a school in our dear land but does the same.



One of my Go-Hawk friends in Omaha, whose name is Charles Meredith, has sent me a drawing for a gun. He says it is so easy that even the smallest Go-Hawk will have no trouble in making one like it. Use a branch of an elder tree or some other hollow stick. After choosing a straight portion, cut it the length you want your gun. Cut a long notch at one side through which to put your elastic spring or whalebone. By pushing back the short arrow can be sent a long distance.

PETER.



Today I will give you a hidden name contest for Flag day. In the six sentences below you will find the names of something connected with our American flag. The letters run along in their proper order, but the puzzle is to find them, as they are carefully hidden. The answers will be given next week.

1. Some people call sailors "tars" when they see them walking down the street.

2. Bob, Leulla and Frances are spending their vacation in Maine.

3. Washington's trip, established him in the hearts of the people.

4. Mary's taffy was too hard to pull nicely.

5. Burt stirred the candy while Mary went to the door.

6. Ludlow hit Edward, who ran away to his mother.

Here are a few from Margaret Landon, Arcadia, Neb.:
Who are the best bookkeepers?
Answer: The people who never turn a book.

If a man carries a sack of flour and another man carries two sacks, which has the heavier load?

THE SINGING DELL



You Are a Soldier

By HAPPY.

And then she lets me take our flag—
"You are a soldier," mother says,
When I am brave and do not cry.
I try to hold it straight and high.

It may seem large for little me,
But, oh! I love to march! I know
A soldier can be very small.

For Daddy says that this is so.
And then at night the flag and I,
Both go to bed, where sometimes you,
Will dream of battlefields and flags,
Where stars are shining in the blue.



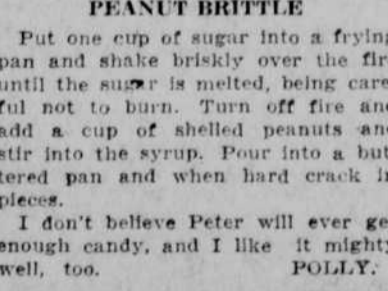
How many of you like peanuts? Peter and I surely do, and so as it was rainy yesterday and we could not go out to play tennis we decided to try a new recipe.

PEANUT BRITTLE

Put one cup of sugar into a frying pan and shake briskly over the fire until the sugar is melted, being careful not to burn. Turn off fire and add a cup of shelled peanuts and stir into the syrup. Pour into a buttered pan and when hard crack in pieces.

I don't believe Peter will ever get enough candy, and I like it mighty well, too.

POLLY.



As the daughter of a minister Louise has heard the Bible often quoted. One afternoon she accompanied some other children to an amusement park and experienced the joy of her first ride on the roller coaster. She was full of the afternoon's pleasures when she returned home and gave a detailed account of all its happenings. She kept the best until the last and then said with sparkling eyes:

"And, oh, daddy! I had the grandest ride on the Holy Ghost!"

Sunrise

All is dark; all is still,
The stars shine dim o'er you gray hill;
The great horned moon, alone, gives light
To guide the traveler through the night.

But look! Behold! The stars are gone,
The sky lights up with the coming dawn.
The moon has sunk, the night is done,
And the clouds reflect the rising sun.

A purple tint, an orange hue,
With pink and yellow wafted through.
The purple lightens, the orange comes red;
All dull colors, now, have fled.

The day is here, the night is done,
Over the hilltop peeps the sun;
The brilliant, the colorful hue
Has given its place to the heavenly blue.

Now from their nests the birds awake;
The soaring skylark calls to his mate,
The sun has risen, the farmers like-wise,
Oh, what is more beautiful than a country sunrise!

MARY BASSINGER,
Ralston, Neb.

Flags of America and Albania Fly in School Yard

HERE is a splendid letter you will all enjoy reading before Flag day:

Dear Go-Hawks: We were very glad to receive the book called "The Little Book of the Flag." One of our teachers said to my group that each one of us should give a recitation. I went through this little book and found a splendid speech called "Makers of the Flag," written by Franklin K. Lane. I studied this piece, learned it by heart and delivered it.

Through studying that piece I learned the value of the flag. It taught me that it is not only the symbol of the rich nor of the poor, but of all who try to help their country.

In our school there are two dormitory buildings. They are separated by a wall through which there is a gateway. One of them is to the east and the other to the west. Each has a court yard and in each yard we have a pole. On the pole in the western yard we fly the American flag; on the eastern one, the Albanian flag. The reason for flying the American flag on the western pole is because America lies towards the west. In the morning we go out and stand at salute while the flags are being raised. In the evening when we come from school we stand again at salute while the flags are being lowered. The color of our flag is red and black. Red represents bravery and black is mourning for Skanderbeg's death.

Once Thryia, the ancient name of Albania, was a province of the Roman empire. History tells us that when the Roman empire was divided the double-headed eagle became the standard, a symbol of the two divisions. So you see we inherited the double-headed eagle of our flag from ancient Rome. Our state was under the Turkish yoke for about 500 years, so we could not raise our flag. On November 25, 1912, a patriotic Albanian, Ismail Qemali, raised the flag for the first time in one of our cities, Valona. He marched about the city surrounded by many people shouting in our language, "Long live the Albanian flag!" We celebrate that way every year by going around the city as Ismail Qemali did when he raised the flag for the first time. I hope the American and Albanian flags will always be the symbols for advancement and every good thing.

With love,
VLASH V. DUSHIKU,
Tirania, Albania.

THE SQUAW LADY

Editor Shirley wishes to make a trip with friends, but wishes to leave his mother alone. Jack Carroll comes in and calls a meeting of the Go-Hawks and it is there they will honor their mother during the editor's absence. Mrs. Shirley is delighted with the plan and the editor starts feeling that his mother will not be lonely. Jack spends a week at the Shirley home, next Donald and then Piggy. Thanksgiving comes during Piggy's and Mrs. Shirley's absence. They all have a 6 o'clock dinner, inviting all the shooks and three extra guests. Piggy asks the Go-Hawks over to plan for the dinner and as the Go-Hawks leave, Prudence suggests that they all come in Indian costume.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.)

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

"I'll invent something for you squaws that'll beat anything else. The mere thought of it so filled his soul with glee that for every joy he knocked Piggy into a snowbank, and this was the signal for a general snowballing, which lasted until the undertaker's shop was reached.

"Goodness sakes, here we are, and we haven't thought of a thing to say, and we're all stuck up with snow," began Donald.

"Jack and I'll talk, because we know better how to handle the undertaker," Patience pushed her way to Jack's side, and they entered the shop first, the rest straggling at their heels.

"What's all this?" asked the undertaker, peering over the top of his desk. "Had an accident coating?" His eyes traveled out of the door over the heads of his snowy guests into the street.

"I don't suppose you remember Jack and me, 'cause it was in summer when we were here last, and we didn't have on so many clothes and things." Patience was eager to have the introductions over. "And these are the rest of our tribe of Go-Hawks. Don't you remember that time we thought of taking you as a bear for our Aunt Sallie?"

The undertaker was already laughing. "Yes, indeed, I do remember that occasion very well. But Aunt Sallie was so pleased with the idea, was she?"

Patience looked rather embarrassed. "Of course, it wasn't Aunt Sallie's meaning to be rude about it, and we know you would have made a lovely bear and we'd like you very much for an uncle, but auntie has been fussy about it all, and so we never tried to get her any more, and—"

"And we think now we have a chance to square up that deal," Jack felt it was time for him to take part in the conversation. "We're looking after Mrs. Shirley while she is alone, and she said we were to have a Thanksgiving dinner and invite our guests and surprise her, and we came to invite you. Will you come?"

"Will I come?" It has been many years since anyone invited me to a Thanksgiving dinner, and if you mean it I would love to be with you."

"Guess you'd think we meant it if you could see the way she's getting ready," boasted Piggy. "Good thing

THE GUIDE POST to Good Books for Children

Choose one 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 in the Boston public library. This week she suggests:

Charrick, Valery, "Picture Tales from the Russian."
"Odyssey and the Tale of Troy."
Hollbrook, Florence, "Northland Heroes."
Muir, John, "Sticker."
Perkins, L. E., "The French Twists."
Stein, Evalene, "Gabriel and the Hour Book."



Lighting for the Flag.
Flag day would be a good time to have some boys and girls at your home to try this contest. For the races you will need seven or eight medium-sized cotton flags. In addition, have two or three simple prizes such as a box of candy, a box of salted nuts or a basket of peanuts. One flag at a time is placed in the ground and six players take part at once in the race for it. Six boys may start in the first race and six girls in the second.

Twine Race.
Girls race winding twine which has been stretched out between flags and the starting point. They are not allowed to move faster than they can wind.
Each boy or girl retains all the flags captured and the prizes are awarded for the greatest number, and for the second and third largest number captured.

Potato Sack Race.
The boys race with potato sacks drawn up over their knees and tied around their waists. All must start at the same chalk line, but the distance need not be very far.

Creeping Race.
The boys race creeping on hands and knees if the turf is soft.

Backward Race.
The girls race backward. None must turn around until her name is called. The distance should be short.

Hopping Race.
Girls race hopping on right foot.

Hopping Race 2.
Boys race hopping on left foot.

Clothespin Race.
Girls race as partners, each couple holding opposite ends of clothespin.

Hobbled Race.
Boys race with feet hobbled by tricolored ribbon, which permits only very short steps.

Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

THE FLAG.
One day as Emma Jean was walking along the alley she saw something in the dirt.
"It looks just like a flag," said Emma Jean, and sure enough it was.
"Who threw this away, I wonder," said Emma Jean, "I will take it home and put it on our flagpole."
So she took it home, washed it and raised it to the top of the pole, where the red, white and blue looked as though it had come out of the sky.
One day Emma Jean was coming home from town. She heard music somewhere. She ran home to tell her mother. When she reached home there were people in the yard, and a band. They were standing around the flagpole. She saw someone dressed in a uniform. It was her brother, he had come back from the war.
She ran and threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.
"I didn't ever think you would come back," said Emma Jean, "My but you look nice."
"I am glad to see you," said her brother, "I heard you found this flag in the alley and brought it home and washed it. I always want you to do such patriotic things and stand for our country," he said.
"I shall always do it, too," said Emma Jean, and she did.
INEZ WILLETS,
Grand Island, Neb.

A NEW MEMBER.
Dear Happy: I promise to keep the pledge and wish to join the Happy Go-Hawk tribe. I am 12 years old and am in the 6 B grade. For pets I have a black dog named Nig and two birds named Dicky and Pety. Next, when I write, I will try my skill at writing stories. Well, as by letter is getting somewhat long I will close. Your new member,
CARL WEST,
112 North Thirty-seventh St, Omaha, Neb.

LOST HIS BUTTON.
Dear Happy: This is my second letter to you. I am sending you a stamp for a pin because I lost my other one. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade at school. I have been getting other children to join the Go-Hawks, and I would like to have some other Go-Hawks write to me.—Your friend and Go-Hawk, PAUL BICKETT,
Liberty, Neb.

STUDIES BIRDS.
Dear Happy: Gustav Dick, lives close to Hampton. His dog found one evening and I found it in Henderson. He asked me where I got the dog. I said, "I found it. He said it was his, so I gave it to him."
I have seen many beautiful birds already. We are studying in school the birds around here. We are studying of the meadow lark now, tomorrow we are going to study of redwing blackbird.
I wish someone would write to me.
Yours truly,
HARLEY TUSCHHOFF,
Box 77, Henderson, Neb.

WANTS LETTERS.
Dear Happy: I promise to be kind to dumb animals. I am sending a 2-cent stamp to join the Go-Hawks. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Eleanor Crowner.
For pets I have a cat, dog and pony. My cat's name is Tommy. My dog's name is Rover and my pony's name is Daisy.
Will some of the Go-Hawks write to me?
VERLE SPRING,
Syracuse, Neb.

FIRST LETTER.
Dear Happy: I am sending for a Go-Hawk button and am sending a 2-cent stamp for it.
I am in the fifth grade at school and I am 10 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Howard.
Well I will close.
LUCILE CAVE,
Coleridge, Neb.

SIXTH GRADERS.
Dear Happy: I am sending for buttons. Enclosed are stamps for a friend of mine, her name is Marion Zink, in the sixth grade at school. She is 10 years old. I am in the sixth grade. I am 12 years old. Yours truly,
EMMA BEATTY,
153 M. 1st St., Chadron, Neb.

A THIRD GRADER.
Dear Happy: I will promise to be good to all dumb animals, plants and trees. I am 8 years old. I am in the third grade. I saw 12 robins yesterday all together. Well, my letter is getting so long I will close. Your friend,
LOYOLA HURLEY,
608 West Fifth St., York, Neb.

LIKES SCHOOL.
Dear Happy: Enclosed find 2-cent stamps for which send me a Go-Hawk button. I am 8 years old and in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Oakley McIntosh. I have one sister and one brother. For pets we children have a front, dog, pony, some bantam chickens, and also a baby coyote. We had a pet pig, she has grown up and now is the mother to seven little pigs. We are fond of our pets. I read the Happyland page every week and like the letters very well. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me.
BERNICE SENEVLY,
Lingle, Wyo.

A FIFTH GRADER.
I would like to join your club. I have three pets. A black horse named Jack, a brown and white dog named Bird and a gray cat named Tom.
I have two brothers and one sister. My brothers' names are George and Glen. My sister's name is Anna.
I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. I live one-half mile from school.
WALTER ERLERS,
Gretna, Neb.

A NEW GO-HAWK.
Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am 5 years old and in the kindergarten, and my teacher's name is Raugh. I have just got through reading the letters of Happyland and am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button. I have seen 10 robins. Well, as my letter is getting so long, I must close. Your loving friend,
JUNIOR SCHLAGIER.

THE SQUIRRELS.
Dear Happy: I saw my letter in the paper Sunday. I saw a squirrel in the tree. I told my little brother to go in and get some nuts and I called squirrel and he came down and ate them. From your friend,
VERDINE CAPE,
Persia, Ia.

READS LETTERS.
Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawk club. I will try to be kind to all animals and other things. I read the letter of the Go-Hawks. I will enclose a 2-cent stamp and hope to receive my pin soon. Your friend,
GERALD M'NAMARA,
Beemer, Neb.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.
Dear Happy: I would like to join all animals, such as cats, dogs and also birds. You should also be kind to horses, cows, pigs, hogs and other animals. You should feed them lots of feed, but not so they die. Dogs don't like cats and cats don't like birds. A cat will eat all the birds it can find. If you kill birds they will fine you so much. A horse is a hard working animal. They pull coal wagons, loads of corn and wheat. They also work in the fields, cutting hay, wheat and grain. Cows give us milk. Out of the milk we make butter and you get butter-milk. A hog is a mean or filthy old fellow.
FREDERICK NORLEM.

LIKES BUTTON.
Dear Happy: I should have written long ago but never got to. I received my pin and was very glad to get it, and I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade. I have one brother. Our teacher's name is Miss Fitzpatrick.
I read the paper on Tuesday because we do not get it till then.
Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close for this time.
MARIETTA MUNSON,
Champion, Neb.

WANTS LETTERS.
Dear Happy: Some of the children up here would like to join the Happy Tribe. I am enclosing three 2-cent stamps. We hope to receive our buttons soon. We promise to be kind to dumb animals. We would like to hear from some other tribe and we would gladly answer their letter. Yours truly,
MARJORIE GAIN,
BEATRICE CLAY,
MARJORIE PALMQUIST,
Omaha, Neb.

ALWAYS BUSY.
Dear Happy: I would like to join your Go-Hawks. I promise to be kind to animals and birds. I crochet, embroider, sew, cross-stitch. I make lots of my own clothes. I do fancy work in most of my spare time. I have one sister and two brothers. My sister's name is Ella and my brothers' names are Ralph and Roy. School was out May 18. I am in the eighth grade. Am sending a 2-cent stamp.
VERA UPPFALT,
Age 12, Leigh, Neb.

FIRST LETTER.
Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks so I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am in the third grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Edson and I like her very much. We have four goats, one is a little one, and the rest are big ones, and one cat. I have one sister. Her name is Jennetta, and two brothers. Their names are Ray and Clarence and Clarence has a baby boy and his name is Junior. I will close for this is my first letter. My birthday is the first of March. Yours truly,
IRENE STEELE,
Age 7, Genoa, Neb.

FIRST LETTER.
Dear Happy: This is my first time I have written to you. I read the Happyland page every Sunday. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and coupon for a button. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I have two brothers, one is 18 months old, the other is 5 years old. I am 11 years old, am in the sixth grade at school. We have two dogs and a few cats. Yours respectfully,
VERA SOUTHWELL.

OUR SCHOOL.
Dear Happy: Enclosed find 2 cents for a button. I will try to be kind to all dumb animals. I am 7 years old and in the second grade in school. There are 29 children in my school. There are 4 in my grade. My teacher's name is Edna Servino. I do not know of anything else to write. Will close. I hope to get my button soon.
DOROTHY REWINKLE,
Lyons, Neb.

A SECOND GRADER.
Dear Happy: I am going to join the Go-Hawk club. I have a dog and two gray cats and a black cat. I am in the second grade. My teacher's name is Miss Gayner. Well I better close. Goodbye.
BYRON SODIE,
Paxton, Neb.

OUR DOG.
Dear Happy—Please send me one Go-Hawk pin. I promise to be good to all dumb animals. My name is Helen Sallie. I am in the fourth grade. We have a pet dog, he will jump up and catch a rope.
HELEN SALLIE,
Age 8, Burlington Junction, Mo.

Field and Forest

How I wished for everyone of you when I went to walk early this morning in the great woods that almost surround my tiny home. It does not seem to me as though there could be any more wonderful place to live than close to the woods. As I wrote you last Sunday the leaves are all very busy. If they were not doing their work so well then the trees we love would not be able to grow to blossom and to ripen.

The leaves will not finish their work until about the time your vacation is over and then the trees will let go the leaves and will rest all winter while you are hard at work in school.

Every tree takes its food from the soil and the air. Neither the gas that enters the leaf doorways from the air, nor the dirty water that rises as sap to the leaves is useful as food to the growing tree before being combined and changed. This is what takes place in the leaves and then flows down through all five parts of the tree where they feed the growing hungry cells.

Never again let us think of the leaves as just the idle trimmings of a tree, but remember as you look at them what busy lives they lead. When you think about all this somehow you do not want to pull off many leaves "just for fun." You know they are needed to help provide food for a hungry tree. Most of us have been hungry, too, so we can imagine what a tree would say if it could talk. And now goodbye until another Sunday.

UNCLE JOHN.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk always removes his hat when the flag goes by. A girl Go-Hawk may show her reverence for "Old Glory" by quietly standing without speaking. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

Coupon for HAPPY TRIBE

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the first Big Chief, can secure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 120,000 members!

MOTTO
"To Make the World a Happier Place."

PLEDGE
"I will honor and protect my country's flag."
I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds, all dumb animals, trees and plants."