

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize)

Saving Beauty.

One morning about 8 o'clock there could be heard in the distance the cry of a pony. James told his father he would go and see what was the trouble, because he was a Go-Hawk.

When he reached the place he saw a boy beating a small, young pony because he didn't mind. James went up to the boy and told him to let the horse alone because he was a Go-Hawk and the pledge is to be kind to all dumb animals



and birds. So the cruel boy went home and told his parents about it. He joined the Go-Hawk's Happy Tribe.

I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I will gladly answer them.—Elva Case, Aged 12, Craig, Neb.

A True Indian Story.

Once when my mother was a little girl, she and her sisters were out of doors playing, when they looked down the road and saw a lot of Indians. First came the leaders riding on horses, next came horses with the supplies on their backs. Then last came the squaws holding the little papooses. My mother lived near a creek and that is where the Indians camped for several days. The same evening two old squaws and one young Indian girl came to the house to get some thing to eat. My Aunt Mary was angry with grandma because grandma wouldn't let her put her hands in the bread dough. So she went over and stood by the Indians and said, "I am going home with the Indians." They just laughed and patted her on the head.

After grandma had given them something to eat they were ready to go. They started out, one behind the other, and ran like that all the way. After that when Aunt Mary was still small and got angry with some one, she'd say, "I'm going home with the Indians." This happened 39 years ago.—Avis O. Olson, Elba, Neb.

The Snake.

Dear Happy: I received my pin today. I was so glad that I got it so soon that I must thank you very much for it. Today the teacher's little girl and some of her friends went to get the mail for her parents. They saw a snake lying on the road. The girls called the boys to kill the snake. My friend and I went to the road and killed the snake. This happened at our noon hour. I intend to help my mother and help the neighbors shuck their wheat.—Paul Potrato; Tobias, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your Happy Tribe. I am 9 years old and in the Fourth grade. I go to the Homer public school. My teacher's name is Miss Reny. Enclosed find the coupon and the 2-cent stamp. Good-by.—Lucile Goodsell, Homer, Neb.

In Stream and Forest

Do you think, dear young friends, that all birds are fed alike? If you do, then some day, if you watch them, you will have a great surprise in store for you. You will see mother and father robins dropping a big earth worm or a part of one into each baby's mouth. Sometimes if an insect is too big or too hard, they beat it till it is soft or break it up.

How do you think the humming bird mothers or the flicker mothers feed their babies? They swallow the food as they collect and then when they reach the nest jerk it up to feed the little ones. They feed in mouthfuls by pushing their own long beaks into each little throat and poking the food so far down that it does not need to be even swallowed. Baby pigcons do just the opposite, for they poke their beaks down mother's throat and search for food.

For many years in my little home here by the Big Forest I have studied the birds from day to day. I have come to know that each father and mother bird is wise in his own way and knows how best to prepare and give food to their own babies. At least so it seems to your

UNCLE JOHN

David.

One bright June day a little boy named David was walking along the road, when suddenly he spied two boys who were tying tin cans onto a poor little dog's tail. The dog was struggling to get free, but he could not. The little girl who owned the dog was sitting on the fence crying. David at once saw what was the matter. He threw off his coat and knocked one of the boys down and then the other. At last he got the dog away from the boys. During all this time the little girl looked on anxiously. When, at last, the dog was safe in David's arms, he carried it tenderly to the little girl. She said, "Thank you, but why were you so kind?" David said, "Because of this," and he pointed to his Go-Hawk pin. The next time David saw the little girl she also had on a Go-Hawk pin.—Phyllis Chapman, Papillion, Neb.

A Reader.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for the button which I hope I shall receive. I will try to be kind to everyone and all dumb animals.

My school is out. I was in the Seventh grade. I am 12 years old. I have written a few times and my stories were published. I read all the stories and other things on the Happyland page and like them.

We receive The Omaha Bee, Sunday and daily, which we all like to read.

Well, I guess that is all I know for this time.—Helena Kiesow, Aged 12, Republican City, Neb.

Robins.

Two years ago a pair of robins built their nest in a tree in our back yard.

They were such cute little robins we took much interest in them. Every day we fed them crumbs so they became quite tame.

They used to take their bath under the sprinkler on the lawn.

Last summer they came back again. They always come back if we treat them well. When winter came they flew to their home in the south. This morning as I was looking out of the window I saw them hoping about on the lawn, so they have come back to spend another summer with us.

You see we are well repaid for any kindness to birds and animals.—Evelyn Leafgreen, Aged 8, Minatare, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I wish to be a member of your Happy Tribe. I am 10 years old. I have a little sister that is 2 years old. She has auburn hair and blue eyes. Her name is Beulah Blankenship. My name is Alberta Mae Blankenship. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp and the coupon. I have a cat. He is white with gray spots on his back. This morning I was going into the garden to pick my flowers and he came in with me. When I was coming out I tied the gate and he would jump after the rope when ever it would move. I would like to have a Go-Hawk pin and I promise to be kind to all birds and animals.—Alberta Blankenship, Plainview, Neb.

A New Member.

Dearest Happy: I have just finished reading the letters and enjoyed them very much. So I made up my mind that I was going to write. I will send a 2-cent stamp and a coupon for which send me a button. My schoolmate wrote and so she wore her button to school. There were 25 pupils in our school this year. My teacher's name was Miss Ruby Kalb. I liked her very much. I passed to the Seventh grade and I am 11 years old. I will be kind to all birds and animals so I will close.—Martha Schmidt, Bennington, Neb.

Little Helpers.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Happy Tribe; so does my sister, Laverne, and brothers, George and Donald. We all promise to help someone everyday and try to protect the birds. I am 10 years old and am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Smith. Laverne is 8 and the second grade. I have two ducks for pets. Laverne has five pet guineas. George has a dog. His name is Jud. Donald's dog's name is Curly. Well, I think I must close. Please send us all a button.—Your friend, Thelma Bailey, Carleton, Neb.

Two Pets.

Dear Happy: I have a white dog and a black cat. The dog's name is Trixie, and the cat's name is Tabby. I am 9 years old and in the Fifth grade. I have two sisters. Doris is 6 years old and Virginia is 4. I would like to become a Go-Hawk, so please send me a button. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals.—Berta Coverly, Ravenna, Neb.

The Runaway Bunny.

One day a little bunny, whose name was Johnny, thought he would run away because his mother had given him a whipping for eating a pie she had baked for supper. So Johnny took some food when his mother wasn't looking. Then he took some clothes. Then he started off. He was walking along quite merrily when a great big dog started to chase him. Luckily there was a haystack close by, and he hid there.

Then when it became dark he started on again. Suddenly he saw two monstrous big bright eyes staring at him. They came closer and closer. What was it?

He started to run. Then Johnny cried: "Mamma, mamma."

As it happened his mamma was calling on Belinda Squirrel, and was close by. Johnny's mother heard it and hurried over to him. "Johnny, come here," commanded his mother and Johnny, very frightened, did as he was told. After his fright he said timidly: "Mamma, what was that thing that came after me?"

"Oh," said his mother, "that's one of those two-legged things and their machines called automobiles."

But Johnny's mother gave Johnny another spanking and sent him to bed for running away. So you see it doesn't pay to run away.—Madu Plotts, Box 233, Milford, Neb.

Tiger.

Dear Happy: I would gladly like to join the Go-Hawk band. Please send me a button. I finished the Sixth grade last year and will start in the Seventh next fall. I am 11 years old.

I have a big cat that I call "Tiger." He is a big striped cat. I have a tiny kitten, too. I like to read your Happyland page. I would like to have some of the Go-Hawks write to me. Well I will enclose a 2-cent stamp. Good-by.—Marlo T. Peterson, Aged 11, Marsland, Neb.

Stray Beauty.

Dear Happy: I am interested in the Happyland page. I like to read the stories the children write. I would like to join the Go-Hawks, so enclosed find the coupon and 2 cents. I promise to obey all the rules.

I have a cat named Beauty. A stray cat that my cousin, Edith Stewart, caught last summer, and the cat has made our house her home ever since. She has two kittens, Fluffy and Fussy, that were born on Mother's day.—Eleanor Luess, Aged 10, McCook, Neb.

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for a button. I was 10 years old on the Fourth of July. I will be in the fifth grade in school this fall. We had a dog, but it ran away.—James Greenwood, Craig, Neb.

Likes to Be a Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I received my Go-Hawk pin and like it very much. One day last week I was staying with my aunt. I was going to get the mail. There was a little bird that couldn't fly and when we came near it it hopped away, and we couldn't find it. So we went on to the mail box. Some dogs ran after us. One of them will bite and we ran through a hay field and oat field until we were home. I have four sisters and three brothers. My sisters' names are Ethel, Eunice and Lorraine, and my Brothers' names are Delno, Victor and Billy. Billy is the baby of our family. He is four weeks old. Well, my letter is getting long so I will close.—Evelyn Adams, age 12, Wisner, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am 13 years old. My birthday is in November. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and would like to receive the button. I would like to have some of the Go-Hawks write to me. Well my letter is getting long so good-bye.—Mabel Wathen, Box 795, Albion, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I have been reading your letters every Sunday. Will you please send me a Go-Hawk button? I would like to have one. I send you this stamp. I am in the Fourth grade. I am 10 years old. I live on Ninth street and Seventeenth Avenue, Columbus, Neb.—Hulda Harms.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk Happy Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am 12 years old and in the Eighth grade at school. Please send my button to me as soon as you possibly can. I wish some member of the Go-Hawk Tribe would write to me. As my letter is getting long I will close.—Opal Brown, Age 12, Stella, Neb., Box 199.

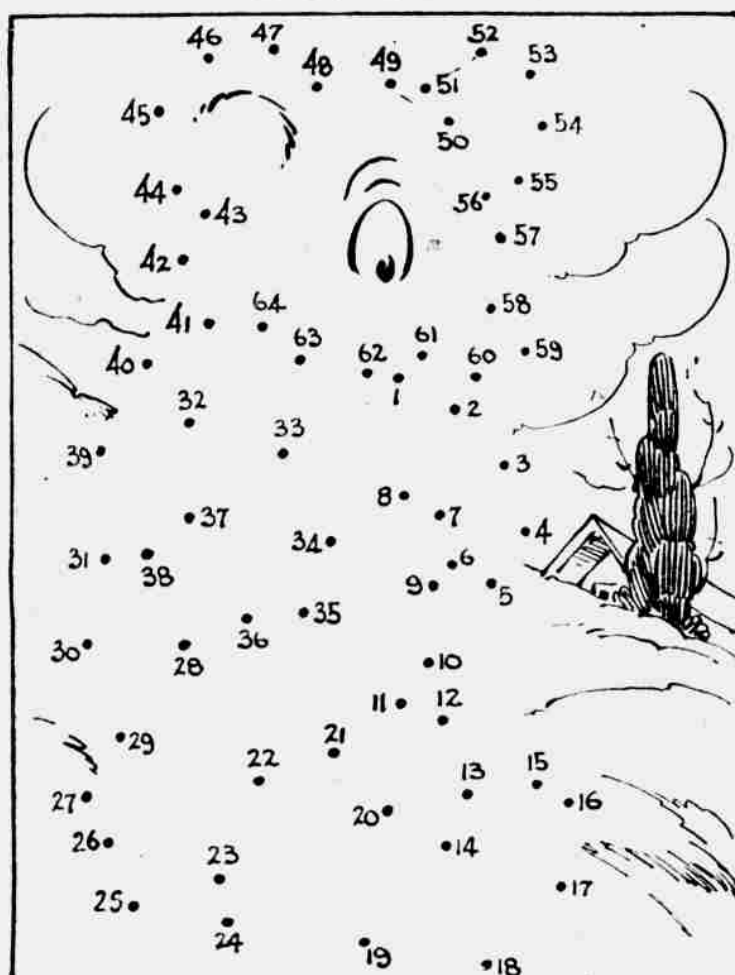
Another Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Happy Tribe. I will be in the eighth grade at school this fall. My teacher's name will be Miss Baker. I enclose a 2-cent stamp. Please send me a button and I promise to help someone every day. I must close as my letter is getting long. Helen Staniec, age 13, Silver Creek, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks and am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade. I go to St. Joseph school. I have six brothers and three sisters. I have a little niece 4 weeks old. Her name is Bardine Sanders. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me.—Sylvia Longan; Box 206; Platte Center, Neb.

Dot Puzzle



In great excitement, Piffle cried:

"Where is my gun, oh where?"

He shot three times, but failed to kill,

A well-stuffed Teddy Bear.

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.

Will be Kind.

Dear Happy. I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I promise to be kind to all birds and dumb animals. Please find enclosed 2 cents for the badge and coupon for Happy Tribe. My Uncle Ben Nelson takes The Bee. I like it very much. I am 11 years old and will be in the sixth grade next year. I have two sisters and one brother. He is 7 years old. His name is William. He stays with his grandma. My sisters are Elena and Lulu. Elena is 16 and Lulu is 14. For pets I have three cats, two old ones and one little one. It is black. Its name is Midnight.

As my letter is getting long I will close. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I would gladly answer. Goodby—Margaret Landon, Arcadia, Neb., Route 3, Box 29.

My Kitten.

Dear Happy: I received my Go-Hawk pin this morning in the mail and was delighted to get it. I am going to make friends to all your tribe and will try and have my part in the paper ever Sunday.

I am going to tell you of my kitten now. Its name was Spot. She was very playful and was a great playmate for me. She would play hide and go-seek and many other games.

One morning as I got up no Spot was to be found. I inquired many places about her, but all answers were "No."—Ann Legg, Alma, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp. I want to join the Happy Tribe. I am 15 years old, and in the Ninth grade. I am going to send a story before very long.

Hoping to receive my pin as soon as I can, I will close.—Laura Lattison, Aged 15, Gering, Neb.

Will Help.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter. I would like to join the 70,000 others. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for the button. I will try to help someone every day. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade.—Roy Meyer, Ohio, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I will be in the sixth grade at school next year. I will be 12 years old August 15. I like to go to school. My teacher last term was Mrs. W. L. Benedict; she lives in Mississippi. I wish some of the girls of the Go-Hawks would write to me. Yours truly, Elva Black, Cozad, Neb., box 406.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I want to join your Happy tribe. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp and the coupon. I read the Happyland every Sunday. My teacher's name is Miss Yost and I am in the fifth grade. I like the story, "The Trail of the Go-Hawks." I live with my aunt, my uncle and their two little babies.—Frances Bing, Age 9, Osceola, Neb.

Will Help.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks and I am sending a stamp for my button. I promise to help someone every day and be good to the birds and dumb animals. I am 11 years of age, and my name is Zoma Reuter, Columbus, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I am 12 years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Rasmussen. I go to the Homer public school.

I'm enclosing the stamp and the coupon found in The Bee. Hoping to receive a button soon. Good-by.—Viola Goodsell, Homer, Neb.

The Guide Post.

To

Good Books for Children.

Choose one of these books to read each week. Keep a record, and at the end of the year if you can show you have read at least one of these books every week you will be given an award of honor. Your year starts the week you begin to read. 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:

Brown, Alice, "The One-footed Fairy."

Coe, Fanny E. "Heroes of Everyday Life."

Meigs, Cornelia, "The Kingdom of the Winding Road."

Repplier, Agnes, "Book of Famous Verse."

Sharp, D. L., "Summer."

Wallace, Dillon, "Ungava Bob."