

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

Comanche.
One day a letter came for me from my uncle in Texas, asking me to come down and spend my three months' vacation in Texas with him on his ranch. Mother and daddy said I might go so I got on the train and went down there.

I always have wanted to ride a horse that was quite frisky, so I coaxed Jose, the cowboy, to let me ride the wild Indian pony, Comanche. He said I could go so he got it out and I began to mount Comanche. But right away I dismounted her for she had thrown me off, but it did not hurt me for I lit right on a straw stack which made me a real soft landing place, so not discouraged, I tried again. This time when she tried to throw me I stuck on and Comanche began to gallop down the road. I pulled on the reins but she wouldn't stop. At the end of the road going straight south there was a long cattle barn. Comanche didn't see the turn that turned to the east so she naturally supposed she had to stop or else bump against the cattle barn. So she stopped.

Jose had been following me close behind so he rode up beside me, jumped off his horse and caught hold of the reins on Comanche. I walked back the lane to the ranch cabin in preference to riding for my ride had rather startled me. I never tried to ride Comanche again.

I would like to hear from some Go-Hawk girls that were 13 years old July 6.—Esther Kirk, age 13, Gibbon, Neb.

Second Letter.

Dear, Dear Happy: I have not had time to write other nights, so I will write now.

We get the Omaha paper, and I have been reading all I could, but have been too busy. But I am very sorry. That is all I have to say. Wait a minute, I have lost my pin, so will you send me one? I had mine for three months and then I lost it. So send me a pin. I want to send for a story. It is "Indian Scout Talks." I have been cutting the riddles in the paper. I would write a story if I had time. I might write a story in school time. I will write a story about "Catfish and the Maddish." I'm very, very sorry I never wrote before. Good-by.—Harley Guschhoff, Henderson, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I would like very much to join your club. A little white kitten followed me to the house. It was a dear little thing, but I could not keep it. So I gave it to a little boy who said he would care for it. Will you please send me a badge? Your friend, Violet Young, 1308 So. 25th Ave., Omaha, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp to get a Go-Hawk button. I live in the country and have cats and a puppy. I try to be good to animals. I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Mason. I love school very much, it is about a half-mile walk from home. This is my first letter and it is a pretty long one, so will close. Frances Montague, Homer, Neb.

Will be Kind.

Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp to get my button. I am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Snygr. I am 12 years old. I go to Buss school. I have four cats, called Grandma, Teddy, Snookums and Rastus. I promise to make the world a happier place and be kind to all dumb animals. Yours truly, Irene Noren, Red Oak, Ia.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I wish to be a member of the Go-Hawks and I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade. I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds and dumb animals. I have two brothers and two sisters. I wish that some of the Go-Hawk girls would write to me. Sincerely yours, Marie Cook, Octavia, Neb.

Emma Graf of South Lincoln, Mass., had 20 sparrows, 12 jays, two pheasants and five squirrels coming to her window for food last winter.

Please Write to Me.

Dear Happy: I would like to be a Go-Hawk. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk button. I have for pets two dogs and a cat. My dogs' names are Roger and Henry. I am in the seventh grade at school. I am 14 years old and I will be kind to all dumb animals. I would like for some one of the Go-Hawk tribe to write to me. I your friend.—James Comes, R. F. D. No. 2, Big Springs, Neb.

A Little Hallowe'en Fun.

It was Hallowe'en night. Mary had forgotten it was Hallowe'en. She was sitting in her room reading a book when she came to a chapter named "Hallowe'en."

Then she thought, jumped up quickly, and exclaimed: "Oh, dear, I haven't got my Hallowe'en costume finished."

She intended to borrow their neighbor's black cat and have some fun. Suddenly at the window she saw a large orange face with fiery eyes staring at her.

She ran to the window just in time to see the form of a goblin disappear around the corner of the house.

"It was John," she said to herself. "Well, just wait. I am going to have some fun with you."

It was about 10 o'clock when she got her ghost costume finished. Then she put it on. She went to her dresser and took out a white cap for over her head and face.

Then she went to her 16-year-old brother and said she was ready.

Mary took the cat and Arthur lowered her a little ways through the opening.

Mary groaned like a ghost and soon John woke up. He looked up and there he saw a ghost. Suddenly something thumped on his bed and the ghost was gone. He looked and there was a black cat. John got up and put the cat outdoors.

Just as he turned to go in he saw the ghost again. It was going in the front door. John slipped around to the front door and quietly followed it in. It went upstairs to Mary's room and went in.

John peeked in the keyhole.

He saw the ghost take off its white garment, and there stood Mary.

John went to bed laughing, because he knew Mary had paid him back the trick.—Velma De Bduner, Cozad, Neb.

Likes School.

Dear Happy: I have not written for a long time. I like school real well this year, except civics, which I don't like at all. I am in the eighth grade.

I have two sisters, Katheryn, and the other one we haven't named yet.

Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close, but first I will send a little poem:

I had a little pussy cat,
Her fur is black and white.
I cannot tell you where she is
right now
For she ran away one night.

Well, I hope Mr. Wastepaper Basket misses my letter.—Dorothea Beliersdorf, Emerson, Neb.

The Girl Hero.

Once there was a very peaceful family in the time of the world war. One day a bomb was shot through the house, which caught the house afire. The family ran from the house as also did the Girl Hero. They ran about a mile from the house when they thought about the little baby boy. They were all so frightened they could not think of what to do. The girl got her wits together, told her parents to wait where they were, and by the light of the bombs found her way back. She was upstairs amid the smoke and took the baby, then ran back. She afterwards got the hero's medal. Marie Hansen, Box 79, Creighton, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I received my Go-Hawk pin quite a while ago. But have not gotten around to write to you. Would you mind if a 6-year-old sister of mine joins? She wants to join also. For she thinks that there is not a nicer pin. And I also would like to have her interested in something like that.

I went to school yesterday (Monday) and I got out of my examinations and then Thursday and Friday it is teachers' institute, so I do not have to go the rest of this week. I am sending a story. Sincerely yours, From Marie Hansen, Creighton, Neb.

Likes School.

Dear Happy: I received my book "Lancelot," which I got for my prize story. I think it is very nice. I started to high school September 3. My teachers' names are Miss Johnson, Miss Archer, Miss Mawhor and Mrs. Gray. I like my school work very much. I am 11 years old. I must close.—Merle Bolton, Oakland, Ia.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your Happy Tribe. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Schent. I like her very much. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. As my letter is getting long I will close. Yours truly.—Frances Harrison, Blair, Neb.

Aribert.

Once upon a time there was born in a foreign country a little baby boy. He was a little prince. His mother and father could not decide upon a name and so they held a feast and invited all of the relatives. They all put the name they liked best in a hat and the queen drew one of them. That name was Aribert.

When Prince Aribert was three years old his father had a colt which no one could ride or drive. They were about to send it away when the Prince begged for it. His father let him have it but he would not let him play around him. One day his mother and father went away and left him in care of the servants. They were very busy and did not notice the little boy steal towards the barn. He went and got the bridle and going into his horse's or Jack's, stall he held up the bridle. The horse looked at him a minute and then took hold of the bit. Aribert put it on his head and led him out of the back door. There were a row of trees between him and the house and he led his horse behind a very large wood. He had noticed that when the men were trying to ride it that it had been afraid of its shadow, so he turned his face to the sun and taking hold of the horse's mane gave a big jump and lit on the horse's back. The horse started off but never tried to buck even when little Aribert turned him so that he could see his shadow. Finally he turned him around and started back. He got off and led him into the barn and took the bridle off. One day when he was four years old he went into the barn, put the bridle on Jack leading him out into the driveway he jumped on him. When his father saw him he came out and started towards him. Aribert did not try to do anything but went right up to his father. His father said:

"What makes that horse so quiet and what makes him mind you?"

"O," said Aribert, "he has taken a liking to me and besides he was afraid of his shadow and I turned his face to the sun and was so kind to him that he did not do a thing when I turned him so that he could see his shadow."

"You were wiser than I was and I am going to give you two of my best horses and my best carriage," said the king. "And say by the way I got something for you today. You were so kind to the kitten and other animals."

And what do you think it was he gave Aribert—A go-hawk pin. Aribert was very kind and broke many of his father's horses. By breaking them he learned to ride still better and by the time he was seven years old he could ride better than his father. Jeanne Crabb, age 10, Hershey, Neb.

Wants To Join.

Dear Happy: I would like very much to become a Go-Hawk as I have some friends that are in this club. I am 11 years old and will be 12 this coming November. I am enclosing a two-cent stamp, my name and address. I will also try to follow the motto and pledge so if you will please send me a Go-Hawk button I will be very pleased. Jeannette Wiedman, Greenwood, Neb.

Likes Happyland.

Dear Happy: I like to read the stories and letters from the children of the Go-Hawk tribe. I go to the Union school and I am in the sixth grade and I like my teacher very much. I want to join the Go-Hawk tribe. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I hope to receive it soon. A true Go-Hawk.—Jane Robb, age 11, Union, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am 8 years old and am in the fourth grade at school. My teacher's name is Edna Strom. I like her very well.

We have a club in our district. We are 13 girls in it. I have three brothers and three sisters. I hope I will soon receive my pin. From your little friend, Orpha Sward, Stromsburg.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I want to join your happy tribe. I am nine years old and I am in the fifth grade. I am sending a two-cent stamp for a button. I have always been kind to dumb animals. I always cry whenever Daddy kills a chicken. I have a cat and a dog for pets. Erma Butts, 316 Waldo Ave., Grand Island, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am 9 years old and in the fourth A grade. My teacher is Miss Woods. I like her very much. Hoping Mr. Wastebasket is shopping, I will close. Eola May Lieben, 5020 Dodge street, Omaha.

Robin's Invitation.

Listen to red Robin's song in the cherry tree!

"Little boy at the window, climb up here," said he.

"You may cuddle in my nest while I sing my song.

To and fro the boughs will swing us—swing us all day long.

"You droll Robin redbreast," did my little boy reply.

"Your nest it is too little for a boy as big as I.

My mother sings me songs. I hear her as I play.

She dearly loves to see me, as I frolic in the hay.

"And I love to see you, Robin, in the cherry tree.

You are welcome to the cherries, but leave a few for me;

And I'll tell my little pussy not to harm you, Robin dear,

So sing away, and swing away, while I am playing here."

—Helene Kucera, Age 11, Milligan, Neb.

A Story of a Cruel King.

Once upon a time there was a king who had lots of money and treasures. He was also cruel. He had received all his money by putting high taxes on all his people. He felt rather nervous in having all of his money in a treasure room with just a lock and key to hold the door shut. So he called his servants to him and told them to dig a hole and bury his money. They did it and put a large carpet over the hole. That night the wind changed and blew the carpet off of the hole and blew the hole full of snow. Some robbers were passing by that night and stepped into the hole. They stole all the gold. So after that the king never tried to get so much gold for it seemed it was not safe for the robbers would get it anyway. A true Go-Hawk, Margaret Hunager, age 10, Utica, Neb.

The Three Sisters.

Once there were three sisters. They were out playing in the garden when all at once one of the girls called out: "Oh girls look what I have found." There lying on the ground was a little robin, chilled with cold. It had a broken wing, too. The girls cared for it until it was able to fly. These girls were too poor to own a pony, so they made themselves happy by an old saddle strapped to the limb of a tree, and please send me another pin for I lost mine. Yours truly, Florence E. Fraass, Lodge Pole, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I wish to become a Go-Hawk of the Happy tribe. Enclosed find a coupon and a 2-cent stamp. I like the "Singing Dell" and "Tiny Tad Tales." I hope Mr. Wastebasket has gone to France so he won't get my letter. A friend who wants to become a Go-Hawk.—June Christensen, 533 West Washington Ave., Council Bluffs, Ia.

Had Six Pets.

Dear Happy: I want to be a Go-Hawk. My name is Clarence Kropatsch. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin and I hope I find it soon. I had six pets but two of them died and one we gave away. Snoozer and Fido are the ones that died. Shep we gave away. We bought him for a cow dog but he would not chase the cows so gave him away. The pets we have now are Puppy, Rover and two cats, Patsie and Tommy. I also have three calves—Snowball, she is white and red-spotted; Reddy, who is red and Frisky, who is also red. Now as my letter is getting long I will close.—Clarence Kropatsch, Osceola, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a badge. I would like very much to join the Go-Hawk tribe. I promise faithfully to be kind to birds and all dumb animals. I have just one pet, a little dog named Teddy. We have had him a year and are very fond of him. Our school started the 10th of September. I like school very much. One day a friend and myself found some little dead robins. We put them in boxes and buried them. Then we put flowers in their graves. I hope Mr. Wastebasket is out plowing corn when my letter arrives. Must close.—Marjorie Vandeverken, 15 West Twenty-ninth street, Kearney, Neb.

A Seventh Grader.

Dear Happy Land: I thought I would write you a letter again. I have written before. I have my pin yet, so I do not need any more. I read your paper every Sunday and like it very well. I am in the seventh grade in school. I will write again to you. I will close now. Your friend—Frances Ekberg, R. F. D. 3, Box 53.

Tobe.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a badge to join your Happy tribe. I will be kind to all the dumb animals.

I have a pet bull dog. He likes to sleep in my doll's bed. His name is Tobe.

I have five sisters and two brothers. Three of my sisters are married. My two nephews are visiting us now.

I will be in the eighth grade next year.

My letter is getting long, so I will close.—Florence Quinn, age 11, Heartwell, Neb.

Likes School.

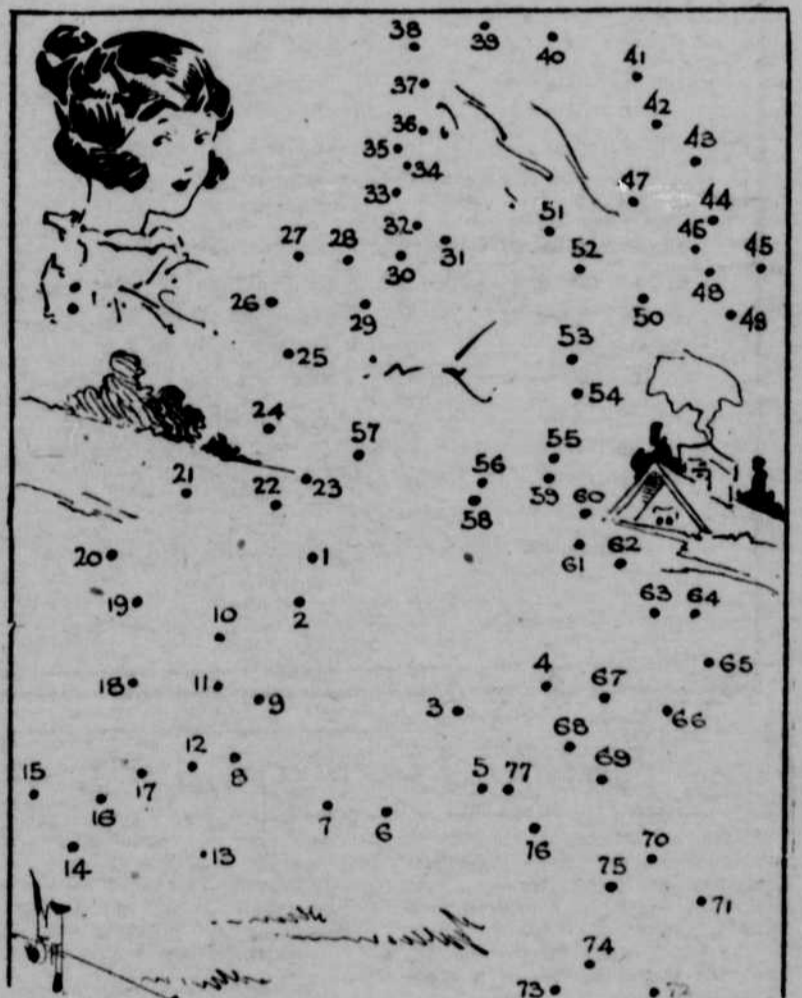
Dear Go-Hawks: I am very interested in the Go-Hawks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button.

I am in the sixth grade at school and enjoy school very much. My teacher's name is Miss Sykes.

Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close. Hazel Beins, age 10, Aurora, Neb.

Mary J. Mony of Fall River, Mass., helped carry some bundles home for an old lady who had her arms full.

Dot Puzzle



CAN YOU FINISH THIS PICTURE?

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