

Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

In the Beehive

Stories by Our Little Folks

PLAYGROUNDS FOR HAPPINESS



Bringing smiles to the faces of children is one of the great objects of Community Service. It is spreading the gospel of wholesome play for the youngsters. It turns vacant lots into playgrounds for them. Tin cans and rubbish heaps disappear and swings, skating ponds, baseball diamonds and running tracks take their place in cities, towns or villages where Community Service operates.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.

CHAPTER V. Peggy Finds a Way.

Near the village of the red trappers was a grove of fir trees. Here the feathered airbats settled softly down, coming to rest among the heavy branches. Peggy and Billy had to climb down the tree trunks to the ground, but did not find this at all hard. As for the King of the Wild Geese and the Beautiful Blue Goose they landed in a little pond close to the grove.

Camp Fire Girls

Nawakawa Group to The Rescue

The Nawakawa Camp Fire left the car at Albright and started on their hike. They had scarcely gone a mile when they saw a poor little lamb, at first they thought it was sick for it was lying there and when they saw it was so tangled up in the rope it was tethered to that it was absolutely helpless. Of course, the Nawakawas rushed to the rescue and after much tugging and many explanations they finally succeeded in holding it quiet until Gertrude Cole could untangle its feet.

Beetles Are Aristocrats and Belong to Oldest Family in World

Thirty-first Story of the Night.
By Margaret McShane.



Early the following evening Moonbeam settled herself between the branches of a low-spreading tree. The forked branch was a doorway into the dense wood. So before entering the thicket the little adventurer preferred to tarry a while until fully decided just which way to go.

They did was to open their shiny jet backs that resembled pieces of dark metal, and flutter two gassy wings, making a loud humming noise all the while. Then they ran quickly after the ball.

A Story of Thrift.

By Rose Hecar, Aged 12, Exeter, Neb.
Once there was a girl named Gertrude. She had two sisters. Their names were Violet and Emily. One day their parents gave each one of the girls a quarter to spend in any way they wished.

The Fire.

By Gertrude Pawloski, Aged 9 Years, Pawnee, Neb.
One day in fall a family was taking up their yard to get rid of the falling leaves. Their father's birthday was drawing near and they intended to give a birthday party for him. The careless mother was burning the leaves and did not pay much attention to the baby, who was standing near. The baby fell upon the fire and began to cry and scream. The mother ran and picked the baby up, but it was too late. The baby was badly burned and the people hurried for the doctor in the neighboring town, for no doctor I ever saw was there before they reached the doctor. The baby died. The next day there was a large funeral instead of a party.

The Den.

By Yvonne Macdonald, Aged 12, Council Bluffs, Ia.
It has been some time since I have written to you, but I thought I would write again. I am writing you a story of a secluded place. I once played in it and it is a true story. Interesting stories will follow this from Sunday to Sunday.

My Pet Cat.

By Hertha Bauer, Aged 10, Avoca, Ia.
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you. I have a sister. She is 19 years old. And a brother 10 years old. Now I will tell you my story about my cat. I have a cat. Its name is Fossy. I can take it up in my arms like a baby. I can lay it down on the grass and it will stay there if I do not go away too far.

The Disobedient Boy.

By Charles Williams, Aged 12, 1716 Spring Street, Omaha, Neb.
Once there was a boy whose name was John. John had wealthy parents, and as he was the only child he was much adored. On his way to school one day he met a group of his schoolmates.

The Twins.

By Ruby Boyce, Aged 9 Years, Omaha, Neb.
Once upon a time there lived two twins. Their names were Ruth and Mary. They were each 9 years old. They lived on a big farm. Ruth fed the chickens and Mary milked the cows. Each had some work to do. Ruth loved to feed the chickens.

My Pets.

By James Lovell, Aged 9 Years, 128 Pierce Street, Omaha, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I want to tell you about my pets. I have a watchdog named Bluffy, and many white rabbits. I have a lot of pigeons and two robins in our tree every morning. I go out and feed them bread crumbs, and they are so glad they sing to me. And my biggest pet is our baby.

To the Rescue.

By Fay Zahner, Aged 12, Maudie, Ia.
Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join your Bee Hive. I will tell you about the adventures of my poor kittens. I had seven kittens and the most of the time they stay on the porch, but one day one of them got under the porch and couldn't get out, so I had to take the spade and dig him out, and he was sure pleased, because he came and licked my hand.

A Strange Adventure.

By Merrill Turner, Aged 11, Davast, Neb.
Earl was walking along the road, thinking of what he would like to have for Christmas. But he was poor, he could not have what he wanted. His father had died, his mother took in washing. All at once he heard a faint cry. "Help, help," Earl wondered what it was. He followed the sound to an old farm house. He went inside—there was an old fireplace, there were some live coals. He went into a bedroom. He found a bed with a boy that looked to be about 7 years old, he was tied to the bed. Earl untied the rope and asked him where he lived. He said he lived in Murry. So Earl took him to his home. Later he found out that this boy was "kidnaped," and was the son of one of the wealthiest men in Murry. Earl was to be given \$100 dollars reward. He brought some new clothes for Christmas with this money.

A New Bee.

By Leila Peterson, Aged 12 Years, Dear Busy Bees: This is the first letter I have written to you. I enjoy reading your page very much. I am in the Eighth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Lesta Mac. There are 15 pupils in my school. I have three sisters and one brother. My sister's names are Irene, Bernice and Blanche, and my brother's name is Myron. Well, I will close and hope to win the prize.

My Pet Charlie.

By Emma Van, Aged 9 Years, Gothenburg, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I have two brothers, have a pet dog and his name is Charlie. He plays with me and my brothers. Every time any of us go out he follows us. Well, my letter is getting long, so I will close. I hope to hear from some one.

The Lost Girl.

By Emmaline Baturus, Aged 9 Years, Hastings, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I am going to tell a story of a lost girl. One little girl went out to pick flowers. Her father was dead and they were very poor, and her mother had to go out working. While she was picking flowers it began to grow dark. She got afraid and did not know which way to go. And then a little boy came by and said: "What is the matter?" "I can't find my way home; will you take me home?" The little boy took her home, and they lived happily ever after.

A Wicked Princess.

By Marjorie Braham, Aged 11, Omaha, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I am going to tell you a story about a princess. Once upon a time there lived a princess who was very beautiful, and yet she was as spiteful and mean as she was beautiful. The princess's name was Edna. Edna's father, King Harold, was kind-hearted and good, and he also had a very dear friend who was as kind-hearted as himself. Edna did not like Harry (as that was his name) because he was so kind to everyone.

My Pet Chickens.

By Anna Jensen, Aged 10 Years, Blair, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you. I read your page every Sunday and like it very well. I am in the Fourth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Grace George and I like her very well. I am going to tell you about my pet chickens. One day I read about out of her nest, and we did not know it. After the chickens hatched, she came to the house for feed. I always fed the hen and her little chickens. The little chickens became so tame, that when I would pick them up they would come and jump in my lap. Every night I would pick them up in my apron to feed them.

In the Woods.

By Mildred Ziller, Aged 12 Years, 2421 Emmet Street, Omaha, Neb.
In the heart of the big, deep woods, the shy little violets were hidden. Over the pebbles rushed the tiny brooklet. The tall, nutty oaks, pines and evergreens were murmuring to each other in their own quaint language. Jack-in-the-pulpit was preaching his morning sermon. The birds were gayly singing. The stones and logs were covered with moss. Across the path scampered a squirrel. On the breeze, came a whiff of plum blossoms. This is only one of Mother Nature's lovely spots.

A Toy Poodle.

By Sylvia Nobis, Aged 12, Plattsmouth, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I am 12 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Hempel. I am in the Sixth grade. I was told by my puppy. He is a toy poodle. He will howl when you play the piano. He will dance, shake hands, plays tag, and hide-and-go-seek. My friend, Helen Clement, and I were going to the picture show, but it was started, he followed. We took him back to the house and went on. As we came out there was Teddy. I think this is enough for the first time.

Arlene's Valentine.

By Emma Bower, Aged 10, Exeter, Neb.
It was three days before Valentine's day and Arlene, aged 9, was busy making valentines. Her teacher had said they would have a big valentine box at school. "Oh, I am not going to give a pretty valentine to Alice," said Arlene to herself, as she was going to make the last valentine, which was to a playmate of hers. So she made one, and she herself did not like it after she had made it. But thought "this will be all right for her because I know she won't give me any better." Three days later Arlene was surprised to get a pretty valentine from Alice.

My Pet Dog.

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Dear Busy Bees: I am 11 years old and I have a dog. My teacher's name is Miss Eurt. I like her very much. I have one sister and one brother and he is writing too. I will tell you about my pet dog. She is 7 months old and her name is Snippy. She is a playful dog. My sister, brother and I taught her some tricks, to wave her paw and jump on the chair and she sits down and waits until we tell her to come down. Every day she meets us on our way coming home from school, and she wants something from our bucket and if we wouldn't treat her with something she would jump way on our heads and if there is mud we are all dirty from her feet. She is a real car dog, if we are getting ready to go somewhere she is the first one in the car, and she has her tail bobbed off.

Talking in Their Sleep.

By Albert Russell, Aged 11, Hooper, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: One night as my brother and I went to bed to start to talk in his sleep. He said: "Here's some cake, coffee, and tea, you don't know what's good." Then I asked him "Where is it," then he said: "Right here on the table," and started to laugh. Then he began to talk about mules.

Skating on Normal Hill.

By Nelson Fisher, Aged 10, Peru, Neb.
The hills of Peru are fine for coasting. About the best one is Normal Hill. If you start at the top you can go four blocks. Some sleds go farther. They have made the track so slick you can go down on your skates. On our skates we go three blocks or more. Leland Parrott can skate the best on it. He lives at the bottom of Normal Hill. He takes his skates to school and skates home. About a week ago Noel Wright was pulling his big bobbed up the hill. Gaylord Chase was coming down on a little sled. They couldn't get the bob out of the road quickly enough so he ran into them. It cut a gash in his head. Well, my letter is getting long so I will stop.

Honor Tests

If you couldn't think of butchers linen and were trying to pass your textile honor, what would you call it? One of the girls in the Lomoke group decided to say "kitchen linen." A jolly good time was had by this group at Alice Pfeiffer's home Thursday. Miss Medley, the guardian, brought flowers to identify by their odor. There were flowers of all descriptions, roses, sweetpeas, daffodils, poet narcissus dandelions, mint and lilies. The girls were blindfolded and each having to name 10 flowers from the smell.

First Letter.

By Eva Loshbaugh, Aged 12, Columbia, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written a story to the Busy Bee page. The title of my story is, "Camping in the Mountains." One day about six girls thought it would be fun to camp in the mountains, so they asked their parents about it and they said yes. So they started to get ready to go. They wanted to go by Wednesday. By Wednesday morning all the girls were ready. Irene's father took them out to a place where they thought was a nice place to camp. After he had helped them set up their tents, he went home. While the girls were out there they had more fun than they thought they would have. One night, when all the girls were in bed dreaming of happy things, a bear came prowling around the camp. He went into Irene's and Marie's tent and pulled the covers off of them. The girls woke and screamed until the captain came and chased the bear. The girls were so afraid they said they would never go back. The next night, so all the girls went home to tell the exciting experience. My story is getting long so I will have to close. I wish some Busy Bees would write to me.

A New Bee.

By Eunice Stromquist, Aged 8, Lyons, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I would like very much to join your page. I read the Busy Bee page every Monday. I am 8 years old. I am in the Third grade at school. My teacher's name is Gail Beabushou. I would like to have somebody write to me. I would be very glad if they would. Well I will close.

Brave John.

By Isabella Sutherland, Aged 10, Dear Busy Bees: I will write you about Mable and John Cockley. They were both going through the forest, and they saw a bear and they did not know what to do, so they stood still for a long time and the first thing they knew it was just as close as it could be. And it bit Mable and after while John grabbed Mable and took her in his arms. A big bear came as such. Mable was glad to see them back and safe and after that John was called brave John.

Autumn Leaves.

By Sylvia Anderson, Aged 8, Benson, Neb.
The autumn leaves are falling. It is time to hunk the corn. The autumn leaves are golden. They fall from night till morn. The pumpkins must be gathered. Betoroties freeze and spoil. For pumpkin pie is lovely. And we eat them in the fall.

My Pet Charlie.

By Emma Van, Aged 9 Years, Gothenburg, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. I have two brothers, have a pet dog and his name is Charlie. He plays with me and my brothers. Every time any of us go out he follows us. Well, my letter is getting long, so I will close. I hope to hear from some one.

Inspection Trips

E. E. Mickelwright and Miss Emelia Pearson, Eighth grade teacher of Henry Yates school, are still heading the group of students each Monday on educational trips. The Peterson-Pegau company proved interesting for the students. The students will go through the Armour plant tomorrow afternoon.

Identity Revealed

The "stunts" on the horizontal bar in a truck by Y. M. C. A. workers in the May Day parade caused much comment. The identity of the clowns had been kept secret, but "Mick" finally yielded to our pleas. The performers on the bar were these: N. J. Weston, C. C. Weigel, R. D. Hicks, Harold Jacobs and Barney Nordstrom. Others in the truck were these: Robert Key, Verner Shalberg, Porter Forcaid, Wallace Marrow, Ralph Church, Henry Smith, John Madgett, Kyle Marker.

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Shatter Record

Another record has been shattered at the Hi-Y clubs during the past year. One hundred and fifty-five boys attended the sessions this year, missing less than three sessions. Twenty-four boys attended the sessions without one miss, while 53 lads attended every meeting except one. A total of 848 boys attended the meetings.

Dot Puzzle

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

Cage Ball Is Latest Boys' Indoor Sport

Cage ball is the new sport at the local "Y." The ball is about four feet in diameter, and appears to the eye like a basket ball under a powerful magnifying glass. The boys are divided into two teams. A score is made each time a team gets the ball into the cage upon the running track. No fouls are called, and the fun sometimes becomes a little rough. The ball is also used for bluff ball and also in a game resembling volley ball.

A Fact.

When the sparrow has a toothache and the bluebird tears her gown and the robin falls in Johnny, if a chipmunk tumbles down, that dog and a cat can see a cow jump over a dead apple tree.

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