WILLIMANTIC

NORWICH BULLETIN
Willimantic Office
31 Church Street Telephone 1062

What is Going On Tonight

Natchaug Lodge, No. 22, Knights of Pythias meets at Castle hall, 867 Main street.

Easter Sunday, in the local churches there were special sermons and musical programs. At the First Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. John Pearce, pastor, the evening program was as follows:

Cantata by the choir, The Resurrection, by Charles Fonteyn Manney; introduction, prelude and chorus, He is Risen, Part I, The Empty Tomb; recitation, baritone, Upon the First Day of the Week; duet, Who Shall Roll Away the Stone?; solo, baritone, God Shall Wipe away all Tears; recitation, baritone, But When They Came to the Place; solo, tenor, Why Seek Ye the Living among the Dead? men's chorus, Angels Roll the Rock Away; Part II Mary Magdalene; recitation, baritone, And They Went Out Quickly; chorus, Blessed are They; soprano solo, They Have Taken Away My Lord; chorus, O Death Where is Thy Sting?; finale, chorus, blessing and honour. The choir was assisted by A. L. French and Alfred Dodd Bass. Eugene Clark tenor. Mrs. Henry Dorsey, lyric soprano sang a solo, accompanied by Mrs. Louis Tenny of Storrs.

At the First Congregational church, Rev. Harry S. McCready, pastor, Easter Vesper music of the 4 p. m. service was in charge of the chorister and the minister. The program follows: Anthem, Ring Out Glad Bells of Easter-tide, Bartlett; organ prelude, Easterday, Johnson; offertory, soprano solo, The King of Glory, Coombs; carol anthem, List, the Glist'ning Angel, Matthews; organ postlude, Hosanna, Wachs. The quartet comprises, Mrs. Walter M. Buckingham, soprano; Miss Lois Caswell, alto; Arthur L. Clark, tenor; C. H. Caswell, baritone and director; Mrs. C. H. Caswell, organist.

The Easter music of St. Paul's Episcopal church, Rev. Walter F. Borchert, rector, was under the direction of Miss Jessie T. Jones, organist, assisted by R. C. Fletcher, violinist. The program follows: Violin and organ; prelude, Rondin, arranged from the theme of Beethoven; processional, Jesus Christ is Risen Today; Kyrie Eleison, A. J. Eyre; Gloria Tibi, Garrot; hymn, The Strife is O'er, choir; offertory, This is the Day, Johnson; violin and organ, Serenade, Gounod; Sursum Corda and Sanctus, Garrett; hymn, At the Lord's High Feast We Sing; violin and organ during communion service Largo, Handel. Traumerei, Schumann; Gloria in Excelsis, Old Chant; Nunc Dimitti, Gregorian; recessional, Jesus Lives; postlude, Jubilate Deo, Gilner.

At the First Baptist church, Rev. A. D. Carpenter, pastor, the Easter message was delivered by Rev. H. B. Sloat.

At St. Joseph's church Easter Sunday, masses were celebrated at the usual hours, 7, 8, 9.15 and 10.30 o'clock, with Benediction after the last mass. Under the direction of Mrs. Edmund R. Fortblance, organist, the choir sang Turner's Mass at the last three masses.

At St. Mary's R. C. church services were held at 7, 8.15, 9.15 and 10.30 o'clock, the last being a solemn high mass. The sanctuary boys choir sang Vida Aquam and the responses of the 10.30 mass. The musical number were under the direction of Joseph F. Gaudreau director of the boys' choir, and Mrs. Joseph E. Gaudreau, organist.

Garde Sacred Heart, of St. Mary's parish, is to hold public drill Saturday evening May 20th in the town hall when the best garde teams of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut are to come here and compete for prizes, silver loving cups and a gold medal. The drills are open to teams of both sexes. It will be the first big affair of this kind Garde Sacred Heart has attempted. The prizes to be awarded are: Girls' garde, first and second prizes for best drills; one popularity contest prize; men's, first and second for best drills and one popularity contest prize. The gold medal will be awarded the garde coming the greatest distance. The committee in charge of the drills is composed of Louis C. Egiard, chairman; Armand Peirault, Edmond Dupont, Edmond Sylvestre, Florimond Bergeron, Arthur Vertefeuille, Arthur Bernier, Joseph Vegiard and Harry Dumas.

A Manchester news item told of the injury of Anthony Tamorsatsis of Edgewood street and Michael Wedesck of Maple street, Manchester, Friday, when struck by an automobile driven by H. S. Taylor, of Willimantic. Both were taken to the Memorial hospital where it was found that their injuries were not serious.

The board of selectmen of the town of Windham has received notice from Howard H. Elliott, chief special deputy of the state commission of domestic animals to the effect that Commissioner J. W. Whittlesey had appointed Roderick Lussier of this city dog warden for the town of Windham for the year ending March 31, 1923. The appointment was to take effect at once.

Mrs. Alice Skinner who was arrested by County Detective W. E. Jackson, at Westford, Friday morning was given a hearing before Justice of the Peace Chester N. Jewett at Westford later in the day and waived examination. She was bound over to the next criminal term of the Windham county superior court under bonds of $200 which she was unable to furnish, so was taken to the county jail at Brooklyn. Mrs. Skinner is charged with several counts by merchants of this city and by a local jitney operator.

George McCormick, giving his residence as Boston, but employed as a dyer by the American Thread company for the past four months, pleaded guilty to a charge of intoxication in the police court Saturday morning. He was fined $5 and costs amounting to $12.15. The case of Ovilla Martin charged with reckless driving of his automobile was again continued for two week. In the absence of Prosecuting Attorney Samuel B. Harvey the state was represented at court by Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Frank P. Fenton.

There was a large audience at the synagogue on Temple street Sunday evening, when Isaac Carmel and Abraham Goldstein gave addresses on the work accomplished in Palestine. Mr. Carmel is director of the Zionist state organization and Mr. Goldstein is a member of the National executive board of the Zionist organization of America. The purpose of the meeting was to make an appeal to the local community to organize and aid in the greatest effort in Jewish history for reclaiming the home of their ancestors in Palestine.

Francis S. Long Post, No. 30, G. A. R., held its semi-monthly meeting Saturday afternoon at G. A. R. hall in the town building, eight of the fourteen members being present. Matters concerning the state encampments to be held in South Norwalk Tuesday of this week were discussed. Six of the members are to attend the encampment, Comrade Timothy Gillan, official delegates; Commander A. P. Benner; Comrades Robert R. Remington, Adam Duntz, James Haggerty and Timothy Quinn. At the next meeting of the post, Saturday, May 6th, committees for the Memorial day exercises are to be appointed.

Funeral services for Mrs. Louise Braman Kinne were held Saturday afternoon at two o'clock at the church in South Windham, services being conducted by Rev. Arthur W. Clifford. Burial was in the Windham cemetery. Arrangements were in charge of Funeral Director Jay M. Shepard.

Lucius D. Post, 79, died Friday at his home in Andover. Up to the time of his death Mr. Post conducted a general store. He was born December 6, 1842, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Post. He leaves a nephew, C. W. Thompson of New London, and two nieces, Mrs. Louise Perry, of Southington, and Mrs. Ihogene Brown of New London.

Brief Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth N. Hillhouse visited their cottage at Pleasure Beach Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Foss and family motored to their cottage at Musicolony, R. I., Sunday afternoon.

Harold Mastin of the textile council returned Saturday after a visit to Pawtucket, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel P. Dunn entertained over the week end Miss Katherine Hurley of South Manchester.

Dr. Fred M. Smith is in St. Joseph's hospital recovering from an operation on his throat.

Wednesday night at the Y. M. C. A. is to be Odd Fellows' night. The bowling committee from Windham Encampment No. 10 has charge of the program. Reliance lodge of Jewett City will again roll the local bowlers, the contest to be followed by dancing in the gym. Refreshments will top off the evening.

Mrs. George M. Harrington of this city and daughter, Mrs. Burton Bartlett of Hartford, with Miss Elizabeth Harroun of Windham road are spending the week at Atlantic City.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis Hills of Westbrook, Me., have returned home after visiting Mrs. Hills parents, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Taylor.

St. John's Commandery, Knights Templar, attended the morning service at the First Congregational Church. Rev. Harry S. McCready, pastor preached a special sermon on "Knights Errant of Immortality."

The name of Allen Sterry has been included on the honor roll tablet of the First Congregational church.

Owners of dogs in Windham have received notice from Town Clerk F. P. Fenton that licenses are due and must be paid before May 1st.

The meeting of the Willimantic Woman's club Tuesday is to take the form of a social hour. Members are to contribute to the State Endowment fund.

The scout medals won by Troop No. 1 at the state scout meeting in Hartford in 1918 have been mounted by Former Scoutmaster Robert H. Fenton. The velvet was contributed by Scoutmaster R. C. Rose. The medals won were for largest attendance and the other a rescue medal won by Harold Gamer and Hayward Millard.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond A. Parker entertained John Crockett of Manchester on Saturday.

Miss Helen Gregory of the local office of the Western Union Telegraph company spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. Ellen Noonan, of Housatonic, Mass.

Windham High scheduled to open its baseball season Saturday in this city with the Vocational school of New London but the game was postponed, owing to wet grounds.

Charles Wingertsman, of Hartford, spent the week end in this city visiting with friends.

COLCHESTER

George B. A. Baker of Meriden and Thomas Kilduff of New Britain were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Baker on Hayward avenue Friday.

Wooster lodge, F. and A. M., held a special communication in Masonic hall Friday evening.

Timothy O'Connell of East Haddam was the guest Friday of William Johnson.

Miss Henrietta Russell was the guest of her parents in Deep River over Easter.

Miss Fanny Brady and sister of New York are at their home in town for the holidays.

A special meeting of the board of warden and burgesses is to be held this (Monday) evening to make regulations about the opening of the stores on Main street on Sundays. Last Sunday some of the merchants had wide open doors and business was as brisk as during a week day. There is a movement to take action about this matter, as there is a law covering the sale of goods for seven days a week. A strict watch of the business will be kept and a violation of the law is to be dealt with promptly.

John Willis of Millington was here Friday.

It is expected that work on the Norwich road will begin this (Monday) morning.

Mrs. Charles Shailor of North Westchester was a caller here Friday.

George Gilmore and C. F. McIntosh will act as night watchmen on the stretch of state road in Dark Hollow when concreting starts.

LAUREL GLEN

Leonard Main of Bristol, Conn., spent the week end with his brother, Attaway Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Rusick and family of Ashaway are visiting Mrs. Rusick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Hill.

Mrs. Louise Skinner and daughter Eva of New York visited with Mr. and Mrs. William Puttiker, Mrs. Skinner over the week end and Miss Eva remaining for a weeks' visit.

William Puttiker and Daniel Giedellow are painting the Clark's Falls chapel.

Mrs. George Hill was a visitor in Westerly Thursday.

Miss Gertrude Tuite has returned to her home in Westerly and Mrs. Sadie Lamphere is now caring for Mrs. William Main, whose condition remains about the same.

John Geer has begun shearing sheep, Thomas Wheeler being the first to have his sheep sheared.

A surprise party was given Misses Alice and Ruth Main at the Community house Monday evening. Friends were present from Ashaway, Westerly and North Stonington. Dancing was enjoyed and cake and ice cream were served.

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Beginning this Monday morning an expert Rinso Demonstrator will be in our store to demonstrate this new Soap for the family washing. It is different from anything you have ever used, no rubbing, no boiling and no backache after wash day.
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Boys' and Girls' Department

THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Rules For Young Writers.

1—Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2—Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3—Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4—Original stories or letters only will be used.
5—Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

WIDE-AWAKE POETRY

Our Bluebirds

There's a hole way up high in our old apple tree,
That nobody knows, except bluebirds and me.
I always can tell when April is here,
For I see two blue streaks in the hole disappear.

One night Miss Wind came prowling around,
And blew their snug home crashing to the ground.
With care I soon rescued and fixed up the nest,
Where their fluffy babies may cuddle and rest.

In here they'll be safe as safe can be,
Till their wings are full grown and they fly out to me.

Alice A. Noyes in Dumb Animals.

The Horses

They cheered for the soldiers in brisling review,
With their buttons and knapsacks and guns;
There were wives who postponed the last cheerful adieu
And mothers who wept for their sons.
There were kisses and cheers for the brave volunteers,
And praise from the flag-waving throng,
But who in the groups cheered the four-legged troops?
For the horses were going along.

Oh, yes, for the horses were going along.
And proudly they pranced in review,
The high-stepping bay and the roan and the gray,
Their bridles all shiny and new.
They didn't know when they would charge with the men,
Or what they were hurrying for,
They didn't know why they were hearing "Goodbye!"
But the horses were going to war.

No epaulets gleamed on the trapping they wore,
Each horse ranked as high as the rest;
But true to the trust of the soldier he bore,
Each charger was giving his best.
True friends to the mortals who watched them go by,
Light-stepping and willing and strong,
Their hearts beating proudly, their heads carried high,
The horses were going along.

William F. Kirk in New York Journal.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES

Every week brings the anniversary of some important event those of you who are students of history or are familiar with the stirring events in the early days of this republic will recall that tomorrow is the anniversary of that inspiring ride that was made by Paul Revere, the messenger of the revolution who told the countryside far and near the information that the British were coming and preparing the patriots for the early struggles of that great war.

The midnight ride of Paul Revere is a story that is often told but it never grows tiresome either in poetry or prose. But while you may know about his ride you may not know much about Revere himself. He was a native of Boston, where he was born in 1734 and learned the trade of a gold and silversmith from his father. He was a lover of horses and horseback riding and having acted as messenger on many occasions for the Colonial government and going on long trips to New York and Philadelphia horseback because there were no railroads in those days, he was just the one for that soul stirring ride of April 18, 1775. Paul Revere got his signal from the church tower which gave him the long waited information that made it possible to prevent the surprise attack planned by the British.

Paul Revere was 40 years old at the time he made that ride. He was a thorough patriot in time of peace or war and he lived many years after to enjoy the benefits of the country for which he was willing to make any sacrifice. It was 147 years ago tomorrow that Paul Revere figured so conspicuously in that ride to Lexington and Concord. He was 83 years of age at the time of his death in 1818. He was a descendant of French Hugenots and because of his ride made himself one of the prominent heroic figures of the early days of the Revolutionary war. Revere's act shows what preparedness will do in accomplishing any small as well as a great or important service.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS

1—**James C. Casey** of Norwich—Rescued by a Prince.

—**Herman M. Chase** of Gales Ferry—Our Pilots in the Air.

2—**Rose Goldblatt** of Baltic—The Cat of the Carpathians.

4—**Sadie Rubenstein** of Leonard's Bridge, Florida Lads.

5—**Anna Philipp** of Baltic—In Russian Trenches.

6—**Theresa Bucko** of Willimantic—Under Fire For Servia.

7—**Samuel Jennings** of North Windham—The Prussian Cadet.

8—**Lianna Gaudreau** of Danielson—

Winners of prize books living in Norwich can obtain them by calling at The Bulletin's business office after 10 o'clock this Monday morning.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Russell Beckwith of South Windham: I am writing to thank you for the interesting prize book I received from you. I have read it and found it a fine story.

C. Cora Carpenter of Columbia—Thank you again and again for the Book, it sure was fine. I read it through in a little while, I like it so well. Perhaps the cousins would like to know the name of my book, it is "The Auto Boys Adventure."

Vernon Oarhurst of Plainfield—I received your prize book and hope to find it very interesting.

Eva Erickson of Baltic—I thank you so much for the prize book which you sent me, and I know I will enjoy reading it as I have read very much.

Stella L. Karis of Yantic—Received the prize book sent by you and thank you very much. I have not read it yet but I'm sure it's interesting as you always give interesting books.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES

Welcomes Spring

Dear Uncle Jed: I am glad that spring has come. It is warm in spring. I am 8 years old and I am in the third grade.

It is nearly time to go fishing. When I go fishing I go to the back yard or flat rock. One day I caught a pout. My father caught a shiner.

It is nearly time to go hunting. To-day I saw a woodchuck in the woods. I was getting pussy willows and coming back I saw a frog.

From your little friend.

ARTHUR LANNAVILLE, Age 8
Attawaugan.

Pleased With the Books

Dear Uncle Jed: Some time ago I received a book from you entitled Teddy. It is a lovely book. I have read it and I feel like reading it again. I thank you very much for it.

My little sister Edna also received a book entitled The First Capture. She asked me to write and thank you as she is sick in bed for the past week. She said you couldn't send her a better book.

Yours truly,

ANNIE AND EDNA LAMB.
North Franklin.

A Visit to Niagara Falls.

Dear Uncle Jed: The morning dawned wonderfully clear and bright. We were going to Niagara City—father and I—on a pleasure trip. I had anticipated the visit several weeks before and now it had come.

Off went the alarm clock. It was time to get up. I hurriedly dressed and went down stairs to find father all ready to go, reading the morning paper.

"Come on, Ethel; time to start pretty soon," he said.

Before I knew it we were comfortably settled in the train eating chocolates.

We changed trains several times before we reached Niagara City. Of all the jostling, hurrying crowd, that was the worst; but how delightful it was there. Such wonderful hotels! We registered at a hotel and had lunch. Then we went to an opera. Oh, it was marvelous! and the prima donna sang wonderfully.

Then father said "Would you like to see Niagara Falls?" "Certainly," I replied.

We boarded a trolley and soon were looking at the falls. What a noise the falls made! Worse than thunder, but when we (clad in rubber coats and hats) went under the falls the noise was deafening. One would think the end of the world was coming. Never before have I heard such a noise. Honest, I was glad to get back to Niagara City. I bought some views (on postcards) of the city and falls.

That night found me thinking what a splendid time I had had.

ETHEL HOLLAND.
Taftville.

The Fillmill Pond.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last summer I went down to the pond. The sun shone brightly upon its waters, making it look like gold. The trees, which clustered around its edges, were dressed in their summer garb of green.

It was a very warm afternoon, so I climbed into a tree overhanging the water, where I watched the birds flitting in and out among the bushes, and the gray squirrels scrambling up the tree trunks. Around the trees grew little forget-me-nots and violets which could be seen to lift their pretty faces up to the bright sun.

Dusk then gradually settled over this beautiful scene. I then went home, having spent a very interesting afternoon studying nature.

ALICE HEDMAN, Age 10.
South Windham.

The Greedy Boy.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day a boy started to go after berries. On the way he found five dollars. This was the first time he had ever found money, so, finding this he sat down his pail and began hunting for more, but did not find any. Then he took up his pail and started for home. On the way he met two boys, and told them that he had found some money, but he said he wanted to find more. The boys said, "Put your money under this stone and when you come back this afternoon you will find two times as much." So, foolishly, he did this, and went to his friend's house nearby. In the afternoon he came back for his money, but did not find any. The boys had taken it, so he went dragging home with no money and an empty pail.

BRUNO PEDACE, Age 11.
Norwich.

Coffee.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing you an essay on coffee.

The chief coffee country in the world is Brazil. It produces more than two-thirds of the coffee used by man.

Coffee needs a semi-tropical climate. It must not have frosts, nor it must not be spoiled by the heat. It is said that coffee can be grown in every one of the Brazilian states. The best coffee region is south and west of Rio De Janeiro. Here you can see hillsides covered with coffee plantations. But what curious red dust. This is the famous coffee soil of Brazil. It is composed of the iron mixed with other things. The redder it is the more fertile it is for the coffee.

The beans are first sown in seed beds. Soon little green points sprout up through the ground. After a few months they are a foot high.

Then it is ready for transplanting. A basin is dug out for each plant. They are set quite deep in the ground. At first they are covered with sticks and leaves to protect it from the sun's hot rays. Then they are carefully hoed to keep the weeds down.

At the age of four years it begins to bear fruit. One plant bears three or four pounds a year. A good tree bears for thirty years. They blossom in December. In April or May the picking begins. They pick the berries, put them in baskets and carry them to the cars on which they are brought to the factories on the plantations.

The berries are dark red, like a cherry, and hang in clusters, close to the limbs. Inside there are two white beans which have two skins. They lie with the flat sides touching each other.

Before it is shipped the seeds have to be extracted. They are thrown into a hopper in which the berries are mashed. Then they go into a copper cylinder which is full of holes. The beans drop through the holes into great vats and the pulp runs on through a pipe.

Then they are scoured. This is done by a great screw which moves round and round, leaving them at the end as white as snow. They are then put on drying platforms. They are raked over and over by men so that they will dry evenly. At night they are covered so as not to get wet. Then they are skimmed.

Then they have to be graded. This is done by the use of a number of sieves. Each grade of coffee goes through a pipe into bags. Each bag holds one hundred and thirty pounds. Then the bags are sewed up and carried on cars to Rio De Janiero or Santos from where they are shipped to different countries.

SYLVIA JOHNSON, Age 11.

Tyler's Trap

Dear Uncle Jed: One afternoon in summer while some friends and I were visiting in Pine Beach, Rhode Island, we went out tramping in the woods.

After coming to Lake Hiawatha and crossing it we travelled north toward the Elk wood. When we came to the rocky cliff which we called "Pine Overlook," we clambered up it. Near the top we found a large opening which was hidden by a large boulder. We went in and looked around. We couldn't see much for it was pitch dark.

There were many winding paths or passages that lead here and there and many people get lost. That is why it is called a trap.

One of the boys had some matches and he struck some of them. The walls were black and had small patches of red and green moss (red moss is a kind of moss that does not grow everywhere. It grows in southeastern Connecticut and Western Rhode Island.) Ferns grew on the sides of the walls and small maple branches stood up on the sides of the walls.

We turned to our right and then to our left and kept going until we came to a low entrance which led to a large room. In this room was a table, two chairs and a chest which stood in the corner. On the walls hung wampum belts, tomahawks, shells and beads

When we touched the wampum belts they crumpled because they were many years old.

We opened the chest and found feathers which the Indians wore and a captain's hat that some union officer wore in the Civil war. Other things were found but we became restless and warm for want of air.

We started out but we lost our way. After wandering for along while we saw a light coming around the corner. At first we were afraid but when we saw it was Mr. Howe to rescue us we were more than glad.

It is called Tyler's trap because when the Indians lived there they used to bring in white prisoners and lost them in the passages, and one day they brought in a man named Tyler who was an English secret service man spying on certain Franch cotton manufacturers.

One night when the Indians were asleep Tyler started off to escape. He wandered and wandered all night but only succeeded in finding the little room that we found and he was so weak that he could not go farther. When the Indians awoke they thought that he had escaped. After three days they found him half dead. They said he was brave and gave him something to eat and let him go his way.

LICE M. ANDERSON, Age 15.
Norwich.

My Trip to Pleasant View.

Dear Uncle Jed: One Sunday in July my mother, father, brother and I went to Pleasant View.

We started at 7 o'clock in the morning and arrived at 9 o'clock. We went by truck.

When we got there we stood on the veranda of a friend's cottage and tried to look at the ocean, but could not, for there was a dense fog. We could hear the waves rushing upon the shore.

After we had rested we took a walk along the beach. Suddenly a large wave came up and wet our shoes, but we did not mind.

We walked along until we came upon some children playing with a dog which was washed up on shore. After a while we came to Atlantic Beach. We went into a large building where I got a sand pail and shovel in which I was going to take some sand home for my goldfish. We found a lot of seaweed, for the beach was full.

After that we went back to the cottage and had dinner. After dinner we went in bathing.

We went in bathing for about 15 minutes and then came out, for the water was rough and cold. I was afraid.

When I was dressed we went to see the aeroplane take passengers. We were there in time to see it come down. "Such a racket!" you would say.

There was a little boy crying, for he was afraid.

After that we had supper and went home, tired but happy.

ALNA PHILIPP, Age 10.
Baltic.

My Encounter With a Bear.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day late in the summer I was engaged in packing some supplies along an old fur trial north of Lake Superior. The trail at one point emerged into and crossed an open park some hundred of feet in diameter in which the grass grew to the height of the knee.

On one of my trips, when I was about half way across this part of the trail, a black bear arose on his hind legs not ten feet from me and remarked "Woof!" in a loud tone of voice. Now if a man should say "Woof!" to you unexpectedly on a city street you would be somewhat startled.

I went to camp. There I told them about the bear. I tried to be conservative in my description, because I did not wish to be accused of exaggeration. My impression of the animal was that he and a spruce tree that grew near by were of about the same height.

We returned to the spot. After some difficulty we found a clear footprint. It was a little larger than that made by a good sized cow.

JENNIE MISIASZEK, Age 12.
Danielson.

A Farewell Picnic.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about a farewell picnic. It was on the day before my friend was going to move. We decided to go to the woods, bring various foods and enjoy ourselves all that day. Our mothers baked us cakes and pies, and we also obtained other dainties. When the food was put together it consisted of apples, oranges, cakes, pies, nuts, grapes, cookies and candy.

The spot we selected was indeed a very nice one. It was a mossy place, shaded by large oak trees. We arrived there at 2 p. m. It was a very agreeable day. While we were enjoying ourselves we heard the bushes move; all eyes were then turned to the spot from which the sound came. We started to investigate and to our surprise we saw a little brown squirrel seated on one of the twigs. Just then one of the girls happened to slip on the grass, and this sent the squirrel flying toward the other end of the wood.

Later we had our lunch and everyone enjoyed it. Every moment the woods seemed to get darker, so we decided to go home. We reached home at half past 6. Don't you think that was a good picnic?

ROSE GOLDBLATT, Age 11.
Baltic.

My Dog.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing to you to let you know about my dog. My dog is black, brown and white. He is a little dog. He is almost three years old. His name is Fraantee. He has fine hair. He likes to play with us when we have a bone. We throw the bone into the air and he tries to catch it when it comes down. When he wants to come in the house he scratches at the door. He likes to chase one of our cats. Another cat likes to play with the dog, and the dog likes to play with the cats. He is full of fun.

MEDEIRO ANNETTI, Age 11.
Gales Ferry.

Our Troop of Boy Scouts.

Dear Uncle Jed: Our troop of Boy Scouts began about a year ago to have meetings.

Our scoutmaster is D. C. Perkins, Gordon is our patrol leader and Whittlesey is our assistant patrol leader. Alfred is our assistant scoutmaster and I am the secretary and treasurer. There are ten boys in our troop.

We meet in the basement of the church each week on Wednesday night at half past six.

At our scout meeting we give the scout oath, lay, motto, and salute to the flag and then we have other scout business. When the meeting is most over we sing songs; two of the songs that we sing are Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, and One of a Jolly Crew.

Some of the things we have learned to do are to tie different kinds of knots, first aid work, and making a fire with a bow and block. The knots I have learned to tie are granny, square, half hitch, clove, bowline, fisherman's, slut bend, and sheep shank.

In first aid I have learned how to do bandaging, what to do in case of shocks, fainting, and fractures.

When we make a fire with a bow and block we take the bow and wrap the string on a stick and then we push and pull on the bow. Some of us could make it and some could not.

The scouts have been on several hikes. One was to Cochegan rock. This rock is in the town of Montville. It is the biggest loose rock in the world. It weighs about ten thousand pounds. Another hike we went on was to the Brainard & Armstrong silk mill in New London. We went through the mill and saw all the machinery working and learned something of how silk is woven into cloth. Next summer we have planned to go camping at Gardner's Lake. We expect to have lots of fun.

HERMAN M. CHASE, Age 12.
Gales Ferry.

A Dreary Walk.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have never written to you before, but I want to tell you about a dreary walk. It was a cold night and the moon was nowhere to be seen. I had undertaken a job to walk to a farm five miles from my house. I was to deliver a package to my uncle. They did not know of my coming and they did not start out to meet me. I was frozen stiff but had to keep on. Just as I was starting to get warm from walking along the road I saw a cow with a withered grape vine all snarled up in her horns. She gave me a fright but not for long, because a woman was coming up the road after her. I now had company for about a mile. She turned down a side road and I walked straight ahead.

At last I saw a light; it was my uncle's house. I reached it and knocked on the door and my relative answered. He was surprised to see me and asked me to come in and warm up. I gave him the package and later had supper.

About 10 o'clock I said I must go, but my uncle insisted on taking me home in his car. I did not want him to be under any obligation on account of me, but he insisted. He took me home and, believe me, I was glad to get home.

SADIE RUBINSTEIN, Age 11.
Leonard Bridge.

A Naughty Boy.

Dear Uncle Jed: This is the first story I have written to the Wide-Awakes, and I hope they enjoy reading it.

Once upon a time a little boy would not mind his mother. His name was Jack. One day his mother said "Jack, please bring in some wood." Jack replied "I will not." Jack's mother did not like to hear him say that, and so she turned him out. He ran down the road and soon was very tired. Then he heard a noise, "Gurr, gurr." "Oh, a bear!" cried Jack in distress. The bear took him in her den and told him that she would eat him for her supper. He cried and cried. Then a baby bear asked him why he cried. He said that the mother bear was going to eat him for her supper. The little bear said that he would tell his mother not to eat Jack. That evening the bear told his mother about the little boy and what he cried about.

The mother bear said that she would eat the boy right away. The little bear took the boy and hid him under the tub in the pantry. The mother bear was ready to eat the boy and asked her baby where he was. The baby bear said he ran away and I could not catch him.

The next day the boy ran home with the baby bear. His mother was very glad to see him once more.

ANNA SUBISKY.
Willimantic.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Dear Uncle Jed: Of course this is my first letter to the Wide-Awake Circle, as I am going to tell you about our youngest president, Theodore Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt, the youngest president of the United States, was born in New York city, Oct. 27, 1858.

He was a pale, delicate lad, weak of body and short of sight. He looked like one born for indoor life.

He was fond of outdoor sports. He liked exercise of all sorts. Learned to swim, row and ride. He traversed the forests and studied their secrets.

In his early life he attended Harvard college. He took part in all of the sports, read a great deal, and devoted himself to history.

Later he was chosen governor of New York, for a term of two years. While he was hunting in the wilderness, a message was brought to him that President McKinley was shot. Roosevelt went back to the White House and finished McKinley's term. Later he was elected president of the United States.

His death came unexpectedly on January 6, 1919.

SAMUEL JENNINGS, Age 14.
North Windham.

Telltale Pussywillows.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am ten years old and am in the third grade. This is my first letter to you.

I saw a robin today. When the pussywillows are out we know that spring is here.

I go to school every day. We jump rope at recess. The teacher told us about helping the birds. My mother gives them some bread.

DORIS DAVIS, Age 10.
Attawaugan.

An Anecdote of Washington.

Dear Uncle Jed: Immediately after the departure of the British troops, the American forces entered the town and the streets, which had been gay with the brilliant uniforms of the enemy, were now sober indeed with the dingy blues and grays of the newcomers.

"Well, little lady," said General Washington to a small girl, the daughter of his hostess, "you have seen the English soldiers and now you see the Yankees; which do you like better?"

Little children are naturally very frank and this one was no exception. Looking up into her questioner's face the child replied earnestly, "I think the redcoats are much nicer than these dirty, ragged soldiers."

The great general smiled as he patted the child's curly head.

"Yes," he said, "the red coat gentlemen certainly have the good clothes, but it's the ragged boys that do the good fighting."

MARION THIBEAULT, Age 14.
Danielson.

An Entertainment.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing you about the entertainment the children of Windham gave one Wednesday evening at the chapel for the benefit of the near east relief. It happened that one day the teacher was telling us about the million and millions of children starving in Russia and how by giving a play we could make a little money to help buy the poor sufferers some food and clothing. So we finally agreed to have it. The admission for grownups was to be twenty-five cents and for children, under 12, fifteen cents. The programme was not very long but it lasted an hour and a half. It consisted of two plays, one of them was Shadows and the other was called The Pantomime. There were two duets, and also four songs by a group of girls. After the entertainment ice cream and cake was being sold. There was a large number that attended and I think they collected quite a bit of money, too.

THERESA BUCKO, Age 11.
Willimantic.

The Fire Alarm Box.

Dear Uncle Jed: The fire box is installed to protect our homes and factories. The fire box is very little in size but nevertheless it plays a big part. Just think how many homes might be burned to ashes if it were not for the little red box we see on most every street.

But the most important thing is to know how to ring in a fire box properly, so I am going to tell you about the fire box I rang. I live on Division street and Chief Stanton has just had a fire alarm box installed, and Thursday at 12 p. m.

(Continued on Last Page, Col. Six)