WILLIMANTIC

NORWICH BULLETIN
Willimantic Office
31 Church Street Telephone 1062

The annual session of the departmental council, state of Connecticut, Patriarchs Militant of the I. O. O. F., was held Saturday afternoon in Odd Fellows' hall, Main street. About 100 members were present representing the ten cantons of this state. The meeting, which was in regular form, was opened at 2.30 p. m., by Colonel Charles M. Chappell. After prayer by the chaplain, the usual business was disposed of showing the financial affairs of the cantons in the best condition they have ever been in. Two new cantons have been instituted durin gthe past year. The date of the annual session of the department council was changed from the second Saturday to the third Saturday in June, and it was voted to hold the annual session for 1923 in Danielson. The following appointment of committees followed: Credential committee, chairman, Captain G. D. Stevens, New Haven; Chevalier John E. Eldridge, aterbury; Chevalier Fred Palmer, Willimantic; auditing, Chairman, Lieutenant D. W. Grova, Waterbury; Ensign Arthur W. Sweet, Willimantic; Chevalier Oscar Barrett, also of Willimantic; decoration of chivalry, chairman, Colonel F. H. Williams, Willimantic; Captain Frank Todd, Waterbury; Chevalier Stanley Wilbur, Shelton; state of the order committee, Captain F. W. Brown, New Haven, chairman; Chevalier William Hall, Waterbury; Chevalier L. H. Bradley, Derby. The decoration of chevalry was voted to Captain J. Burton Pearson of New Haven; the degree to be conferred on Mr. Pearson at the next sovereign grand lodge session of Odd Fellows to be held in Detroit next September.

The meeting was adjourned at 4.45 o'clock and was followed by a sumptuous supper of roast beef, dressing, cake, pie, ice cream, etc., served by Violet Rebekah lodge.

Owing to the warm weather, the evening session, including the exemplification of the Patriarch Militant degree, was omitted.

Arthur Pappagallo of South Walnut street, Wauregan, and Harvey Ricard of this city will appear in the police court this (Monday) morning, charged with reckless driving. The charge was preferred against them Sunday afternoon by Lieutenant Allen MacArthur, after both men had failed to come to an agreement on damages to the Ford truck driven by Ricard.

Pappagallo, who was driving an Oakland car on West Main street, about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, claimed he blew his horn twice for Ricard to pull to the right and then he started to pass Ricard's Ford. The road was slippery after the rain a short time before, and Pappagallo claimed that Ricard pulled to the left, nearly crowding him off the road. Ricard claimed Pappagallo cut in front of him, damaging the left front fender of his Ford truck. Both men seemed inclined to argue, although the damage to the Ford was practically nothing. Both are out under bonds of $100 for their appearance in court this morning.

The American Thread team won from the fast All Collegian team here, Sunday afternoon, 3 to 2. Noel, with a smart sacrifice bunt in the final inning, clinched the victory.

Thunder storms hovered about Willimantic during Sunday, but although some rain fell during the afternoon the storms passed over.

With the Y. M. C. A. drive for $12,000 entering its second week, Director General Frederick W. Kaye has instructed the canvassers to redouble their efforts of the last seven days and raise the needed $5,000 before the end of the current week. The first week of the drive sa wthe mercury on the campaign thermometer rise from the bottom nearly to the $7,000 mark, a good jump considering the conditions prevailing in the city.

Mr. Kaye has appealed to the boys and girls of Windham High school to come forward and aid the workers to solicit the large number of people who, to date, have not been approached for a contribution. It has been decided that the girl and boy bringing in the largest number of pledges shall be awarded a membership card for the work accomplished. Pupils in the grade schools are also to be given the same chance to bring in pledges and contributions.

At the meeting held Friday night many of the workers were absent, having left town for the week-end and thus several pledges were unaccounted for. Director Kaye also states that several of the local manufacturing plants which are expected to aid the campaign financially have not yet filed any returns and when these are in the mercury should take a substantial jump.

It is felt that when the plants realize the benefits derived by employes from physical training at the Y. M. C. A., contributions will be forthcoming, but to date it is problematical what to expect from the industrial interests. Another meeting of the workers is to be held this week when additional returns can be filed. During the absence of Fred D. Jordan, who is in Maine on a fishing trip, Charles W. Hill is presiding over all meetings.

Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Jennie L. Kaddy of West Main street, Stafford Springs, her daughter, Vera Elizabeth Kaddy, was united in marriage with Gardiner Holman Hall, son of Mrs. William Henry Hall, of South Willington. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Ernest A. Legg, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of Stafford Springs. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Evelyn Kaddy. Holman Hall, brother of the groom, was best man. The bride was gowned in white. The home was decorated with laurel. Mr. and Mrs. Hall will spend their honeymoon in the White Mountains, returning about the first of July to their home in South Willington.

A special session of the police court was held at noon Saturday Judge Frank H. Foss disposing of four cases. Arthur Shumway, Carl Dawhas and Merrill Wallous pleaded not guilty to a charge of vagrancy. They were found Saturday morning sleeping in a barn on Windham road. The three were found guilty and sentenced to jail for thirty days.

Gerone Caron, charged with overloading his truck, pleaded not guilty. Caron had driven into this city with a six-ton load of furniture on the truck that was listed for a lesser capacity. Judge Foss imposed a fine of $100 in Caron's case, wit hcosts. The owner in Fall River, Mass., notified the police that he would settle for the bill owed the local court.

County Clerk Edgar M. Warner of Putnam was at the local courthouse Saturday for naturalization purposes. Seven applied for second papers as follows: Adolph P. Landeck, Abraham Krug, Morris Gordon, Michael Machowski, Hubert Arsenault, Frank Russo and Robert Zimmerman. First papers were given William Kinczyk, Joseph Moore, Thomas Champagne and Joseph Nahass.

About every child in the city that could walk, toddle, or creep up to the Gem theatre on Main street Saturday was there to see or take part in the prize contest for impersonations of Charlie Chaplin. Joseph Allaire won first prize, $1.50; Charles Lachappelle second $1; and Leo Lachappelle third, 75c. The judges were Clayton Taylor, Frank McCarthy and Francis Martin. Following the prize contests over three hundred children witnessed the picture of Charlie himself.

Through his attorney, Jacob Rothblat has taken an appeal in his case against Wing Sing, which was heard before Justice of the Peace Curtis Dean last Wednesday. Justice Dean had rendered decision in favor of the defendant in the case.

Amedee Martin and Arthur Boisjolie, of this city, were fined $1 and costs, amounting to $10.25, and Peter Greenwood $1 and costs, totalling $16.25 for fishing at Big Pond, South Windham, Friday with set lines contrary to the laws of this state. The fines were given by Judge Foss Saturday morning at police court. The arrests were made by Walter S. Watson of North Franklin, deputy game warden of New London and Windham counties. Henry Plante and Henry Michaud of this city paid $25.35 in North Franklin Friday for similar offenses. Only hand lines or lines attached to poles can be used according to the law.

Several hundred members of San Jose Council, No. 14, Knights of Columbus, met at the council rooms on Main street Sunday afternoon at 1.15 o'clock and, headed by the American Band, marched to St. Mary's church, where brief memorial exercises were held. The procession then formed and the march to St. Joseph's cemetery was begun. At the cemetery all graves of departed members were decorated and Rev. James J. Tyler of St. Mary's church delivered an inspiring address.

Orlando P. Smith, secretary of the local civil service commission in charge of the examination for clerks and carriers for the Willimantic office held Saturday forenoon at the council chambers in the town building, remarked that conditions have changed from a few years ago. Then it was impossible to secure young men to take examination for clerks and carriers, and positions went begging. Today many young men are out for appointments, eleven taking the examinations Saturday. Three of the candidates were college students, and over half were graduates of high schools. Secretary Smith was assisted in the work by Carrier Dwight W. Ide of the local postoffice.

Mrs. Mary McCarthy Norton, widow of Michael Norton, died Friday at her home, 30 Valley street, after a long illness. Mrs. Norton leaves five daughters, Mrs. Thomas Daley and Margaret Elizabeth and Nora Norton of this city, Sister M. Rita of St. Joseph's convent, a son, William Norton of Washington, D. C., a sister, Mrs. Abbie O'Connell of East Hampton, and four grandchildren, Mary, Rita and Helen Shea, and Mary Norton, of this city.

Samuel W. Reynolds died Friday night at his home in Eagleville of cronchial pneumonia. He was born in Greenwich, R. I., June 27, 1846, the son of William and Mary E. Straight Reynolds. During the Civil war he served with Company E, 18th Conecticut Volunteers. He leaves his wife, one son, George E. Reynolds of Eagleville; two daughters, Mrs. Lucy A. Tucker of South Willington and Frances Reynolds of Los Angeles, Cal.; three grandchildren, Charles A. Reynolds of this city; Helen M. and Howard G. Reynolds of Eagleville; and one great-grandchild. Funeral services, which were private, were held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the funeral parlors of Jay M. Shepard, No. 62 North street, Rev. Leonard Smith officiating. Burial was in the Buckland cemetery, Manchester.

Brief Notes.

Misses Beatrice, Doris and Normia Roath of Hartford spent the week-end with their aunt, Mrs. Flora Maine.

George H. Shafer and family spent Saturday at Ocean Beach, making the trip by automobile.

Obwebetuck lodge, No. 16, I. O. O. F., and Violet Rebekah lodge, No. 57, I. O. O. F., attended the Sunday morning service at the First Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. John Pearce, pastor, preaching a special sermon. The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs met at the lodge rooms on Main street at 10 o'clock and marched in a body to the church.

Anne Wood Eldervin Chapter, D. A. R. will be entertained by Mrs. Charles Larrabee of Windham Center June 14 and will observe Flag Day.

The police have received a list of the names of boys who have been using the sidewalks at North Windham for a bicycle speedway and if the practice is not stopped arrests will follow.

Edward DuPont of South street set out some posts for his chicken yard recently and the next morning found that someone had stolen them during the night.

Miss Sarah H. Abbe of Wheaton College is home for the summer vacation.

Daniel Flaherty of Hartford, formerly of this city spent the week-end with local friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace J. Fenton and children left Saturday to spend the remainder of June at their cottage at Pleasant View.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert T. Clark of Mansfield and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Harvey of this city left Sunday on a motor trip to Middlebury, Vt., to attend the commencement exercises at Middlebury college, where John Harvey is a member of the graduating class.

Frederick W. Staebner spent the week-end with his son, Emerson Staebner, instructor in manual training at the Salem, Mass., Normal school.

Mr. and Mrs. Dolphis Bourey left Saturday for New York to visit Mr. and Mrs. William Mahoney, who spent the past week at the Bourey home in this city.

M. J. Lord of Waterbury, formerly of this city spent the week-end with local friends.

Miss Elizabeth Sullivan is spending several days at the home of Miss Lavinia Hull of New London.

Miss Roma Hicks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert L. Hicks, is home for a vacation from the Nurses Training school of Lawrence Memorial hospital, New London.

Francis A. Boucher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Delphis Boucher, is home for the summer from St. John's preparatory school, Danvers, Mass.

Judge George E. Hinman returned from Barrington, Vt., Friday, with his mother, Mrs. William C. Hinman, who will visit with his family for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. E. Carpenter spent the week-end as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Boles of Waterbury.

PLAINFIELD

Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock Miss Lillian H. Delaney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Delaney, and Albertus H. Dawley, son of T. Dawley of Jewett City, were united in marriage by Rev. W. C. Prentiss at the Congregational parsonage. The best man was the groom's brother, Clarence Dawley, and the bridesmaid was Miss Edna Dawley, sister of the groom, both from Jewett City. The bride wore a brown satin dress with hat to match. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Dawley and guests returned to the home of the bride's parents at Lawton Heights and a dinner was served by Mrs. P. J. Delaney. Many beautiful and useful gifts were received by the bride. A social time followed until evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Dawley left for a short honeymoon trip. Upon their return they will reside at Jewett City. Those present at the reception included Mr. and Mrs. Dell Ashley and son Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Delaney, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Delaney, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dupont and the groom's employer, John Duff, of Jewett City.

Saturday morning at 8.30 Mrs. Sidney F. Hopkins, 25, died at her home on Lawton Heights after an illness of about three months. Mrs. Hopkins gave birth to a two-pound boy Friday afternoon at 4.30, the child living only four hours. Mrs. Hopkins, formerly Miss Belanger, was married in Plainfield to Sidney Hopkins six years ago last September. She leaves, besides her husband, a son, Sidney, Jr., 2 years old, her mother, Mrs. Rose Belanger, a brother, Joseph, who is employed at Bridgeport as manager of a store, and a sister, Rose, who lives here.

Misses Edna Larochele, Lillian Kelley, Norine Kelly, Lillian Beaulac, Frances Burby and Alice Burby, Joseph Courmeyer, Byron Provost, Norman Whipple and J. A. Leahy attended the dance at the Norwich armory Friday evening.

At a special town meeting held at Central Village Saturday afternoon the voters of the town of Plainfield voted to authorize and empower the town school committee to proceed with the proposed new high school building, an appropriation for the same being voted at a town meeting a short time ago. Saturday there were 225 votes cast—119 for and 106 against.

Valmore Greenwood of St. John, P. Q., is visiting at the home of his father, Nelson Greenwood. Mr. Greenwood made the trip here by automobile.

Albert LaBarre and Fito Beurell of Taftville visited friends and relatives in Plainfield Friday evening.

John Cantwell of New London visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Cantwell, over the week end.

Mrs. W. P. Babcock, who has been ill for some time, and who is under the care of a nurse, is reported as improving in health.

William Kendall and daughter of Taftville were visitors here Friday evening.

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THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department

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.

WIDEAWAKE POETRY

Anticipation

I may take a queer position
On this enterprise called fishin'
An' perhaps you'll contradict th' things I say,
But I hold that half th' pleasure
Of that period of leisure
Is contained in gittin' ready fer th' day.

Watch a boy, some sunny mornin'
All parental protests scornin',
As he hunts his pole an' line out by the tree;
Watch him, as he nearly strangles
Chawin' out th' knots an' tangles,
But he grins a grin of triumph when it's free.

See him as he slyly burrows
In th' garden's friendly furrows
Fer th' fishworms that will make his plans complete,
All except—well, watch him itchin'
Just to sneak inside th' kitchen
Fer that necessary portion—bread and meat.

Watch his dog, his tail a-waggin',
Cause he knows he'll soon be taggin'
At th' heels of him—his pal—his one delight.
Ah, that sweet anticipation
Has no equal in creation—
Well, except that sweetest thrill of all—a bite!

Wm. Herschell in Indianapous News.

The Little People

A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children in it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song indeed would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES

Every boy and girl knows that on June 14 Flag Day is observed by a general display of Old Glory and the holding of appropriate exercises. This day has been set aside for observance because June 14, 1777 congress adopted the Stars and Stripes as the national emblem and this nation has good reason to honor its beloved flag. There are rules about the American flag we do not all know, or if we do know them we do no observe them. They are not laws but they are regulations laid down by national usage.

Do you know that the flag should never be festooned over arches or doors? The flag should always hang straight. Red, white and blue bunting, however, may be used for knots and draperies.

Of course we all know that when the flag is passing in parade we ought to stand still if walking, and rise if sitting down, and boys should remove their hats. Unfortunately there are some of us who forget our duty in this respect to the flag and there are some of us not aware of the fact that in raising the flag it should not be hoisted to the top of the pole while rolled up. It should be unfurled as it is hoisted and the hoisting ought to be quick. When the colors are lowered on the other hand, this ought to be done slowly and with dignity.

When flags are used in unveiling statues they must not be allowed to fall to the ground, but be lifted instead to wave aloft. If the national flag is displayed with other flags it should be placed on the right. When it is used as a banner the flag must fly to the north in streets running east and west and to the east in streets running north and south.

The national flag flies officially night and day over only three buildings in the United States—over the east and west fronts of the national capitol, the house of representatives and the senate office. The flag floats from the flagstaff of the White House from sunrise to sunset only when the president is in Washington.

Many are the flags that are displayed from public buildings and schools throughout the country. Much use shows in the condition of the flags from time to time and it is proper that care should be taken not to let them get damaged but if they do to replace them with new ones. We owe much to our flag and the country for which it stands.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS

1.—**Saul J. Mopsik** of Moosup—Rescued by a Prince.

2—**Ruth Robinson** of North Franklin—The Comp Fire Girls at Long Lake.

3—**Howard L. Chase** of Gales Ferry—Dangerous Deed.

4—**Louise Case** of Baltic—The Girl Scouts Rally.

5—**Florence Date** of North Franklin—The Camp Fire Girls in the Woods.

6—**Carl Prater** of Mansfield Center—The Auto Boys' Mystery.

7—**Olivier Cote** of Moosup—Shelled by an Unseen Foe.

8—**Alexander J. Kaminski** of Eagleville—Battling in the Clouds.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Eunice Seyms of Amston—I received the prize book which you sent me and I find it very interesting.

Arcelia Doyon of Glasgo—Received prize book entitled The Auto Boys' Quest. I have not read it through yet but know it will be very interesting. I thank you very, very much for it.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES

An Evening Meeting

Dear Uncle Jed: Our parent-teachers' meeting was the ninth of May. In the morning two of the girls went to find some maple blossoms to decorate the school room. And the best of all was that we had a half of a day's school. Richard, Irving and I went to look for some violets. We went down to meet our fathers. After supper we got ready and came to the meeting. My father had some plowing he wanted to do so he could not come. There were quite a few people out and we had a good time. We spoke pieces and sang songs. After we spoke a few pieces and sang a few songs the first grade had a word drill and they read some Mother Goose rhymes. Marjoris recited the poem, The One Hoss Shay, and Margaret gave the poem, Barbara Freitchie. The fourth and sixth grades had an arithmetic drill on different examples. After all of this was done, Mr. Reed our supervisor spoke a few words. While we were [illegible] for the refreshments we went out to play. We played tag. Then we came in and had some sandwiches, cake, oranges and bananas. When I came home I found my father in his old morris chair reading. He was quite tired after plowing for the horse was quite light and fast. We brought him some cake.

Yours truly,
HOWARD L. CHASE, Age 9.
Gales Ferry.

Likes to Ride Bicycle

Dear Uncle Jed: I have a bicycle. It is black. I like to ride and do so quite a lot.

My brother Robert has a bicycle, but it is out of commission because the rear wheel and chain are broken.

I go to school and have a good time. I am in the eighth grade.

EDWARD STRONG, Age 13.
North Plain.

Adventures of a Nickel.

My Dear Wide-Awake Circle: "Oh! look at that old and dingy nickel." No wonder! The busy life that I have led would make anyone look shabby. Never a day would I rest. I started out one morning in the pocket of a business man in Baton Rouge. He handed me to a conductor of the elevated railway who put me in a pile with other coins. After we had said "Hello!" and had just started to tell of our experiences I was grasped and given to a shabby lady who had paid her ten cents. She put me in her pocketbook and there I felt at home for it was as shabby as I, though I missed the companionship I was accustomed to. But never mind, though; I, I'll just roll down into his corner and take a nap. I had slept a part of the morning when the lady gave me to the cashier of a cheap restaurant for a cup of coffee. But soon I was handed to a stenographer who placed me in her purse on her desk and I tried to sleep but she banged my resting place too much by the attacks on her typewriter. "I shall never live through this," I moaned. "You won't stay long," said the quarter, "the poor thing has very little money and has to spend almost every cent. I heard her say she was keeping me to buy some ribbon to trim her hat." And true enough I was given to a conductor of the "L" railroad at five. This conductor gave me to a little boy who had been to the city to buy a baseball. I heard the boy tell his mother of his experiences and he ended by begging her to go to the picture show that night. "See," he remarked, "I have a nickel," and he drew me out, but unluckily I fell into a crack. The next morning the man who swept the car found me and his boy, who was with him, begged his father to give it to him. "What will you do with it" inquired the father. "I'll put it in my bank," was the answer. The father then gave me to his little boy, who, running home, quickly dropped me in his bank which was partly filled with coins. "We have been here so long," muttered one sleepily. Ah! At last I shall be able to enjoy a well deserved rest.

OLIVIER COTE, Age 12.
Moosup.

Our Farm.

Dear Uncle Jed: This is the third time I have written to you. I am going to tell you all about our farm.

I live on a farm in the northern part of Franklin. I live in an old fashioned white house near the trolley track and near our school. Our house is over two hundred years old. There are seven buildings on our farm besides our house.

We have twenty-five chickens and there are three hens setting. We also have sixteen cows, six calves and two mules. We also have a milking machine which we call "Lizzie." It milks two cows at once.

I am going to have a flower garden this year. I have planted nasturtiums, phlox, balsams, morning glories and bachelor's buttons.

There is one place in our woods we call "Strawberry Hill" because it is covered with strawberries every summer.

We have a dog, her name is Beauty. She is white and brindle. She likes to hunt woodchucks.

FLORENCE DATE.
North Franklin.

My Sight-seeing Trip.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my trip Sunday, May 22. We started from Baltic at 1 o'clock and went to New London and Ocean Beach. There were over 500 people for the opening day. We played in the sand awhile and then we had ice cream, bananas and candy. Then my mother and daddy thought it was time to start for home. We followed the water all the way down to New London. We saw a lot of warships in drydock, four submarine chasers and a lot of other boats. Then we went over the toll bridge and we had to pay forty cents to come across it. Just as we were coming across the other bridge was going up in the air to let a big boat go by. On our way down the highway we came to the submarine base and there we saw a lot of sailors and marines. There were a few on guard. They were walking back and forth with rifles on their shoulders. We saw the sailors' hospital and the ball field. Then we passed the state hospital and then we went through Norwich and up home. My grandmother thought it was a pretty sight all the way home.

LILLIAN WILLIAMS, Age 7.
Baltic.

A Rescue.

Dear Uncle Jed: This is the first time I have written to you, and I am going to tell you and the Wide-Awakes about an experience I had.

One day as I was walking along the shore of a pond I heard a scream. Looking in the direction of the pond, I saw a small boy struggling to keep afloat. As I looked he threw up his arms and went under.

Quick as I could I pulled off my shoes and coat and plunged into the pond. As I went down I felt something. I grabbed hold of it and pulled it to the surface. I took him by his collar and pulled him to shore.

When I got to the shore I rolled him over and over until his eyes opened. Then I brought him home.

CARL PRATER, Age 11.
Mansfield Center.

A Long Dream

Dear Uncle Jed: Sunday, April 2nd my father decided to take my mother, himself and me on a long auto trip to Virginia to visit some of our relations. Everything seemed upset to me, for I was very anxious to see that we started before my father changed his mind. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon we started for our long ride to Norfolk, Va.

Sunday night we reached New York about nine o'clock and went to the Hotel Biltmore on Madison avenue and there ate a light supper and then we went to bed. We awoke early Monday morning and breakfast and then started for Washington, D. C. We arrived in Washington late that night and went to the Hotel George and there we rested for the night. Tuesday morning we slept late and about noon we started for our final ride to Virginia. We reached there late in the afternoon and went to my aunt's home on Prospect street where we later had supper and then enjoyed an evening of talking, joking, and a few Victrola selections. We went to bed a quarter past ten and awoke the next morning at eight o'clock and after breakfast my cousins and I took a walk around the city of Norfolk and saw many beautiful schools and buildings and homes, and later returned for dinner.

About three o'clock in the afternoon my right side started to pain me and my father called a doctor and he told my father and mother I had appendicitis and had to be operated on immediately and I was then rushed to the Norfolk hospital and brought into the operating room and was given ether and in a few minutes fell fast asleep. I dreamt that I was going up to the sky and found myself on the planet Venus and was walking along the planet when I stumbled and fell off the planet and came tumbling through the air and crashed right through the ground, when I awoke and found myself lying in my own bed at home in Moosup and that it was all a long dream.

SAUL JEROME MOPSIG, Age 11
Moosup.

Summer

Dear Uncle Jed: I have been very busy, and so have not written for a long time. I am going to tell you about Summer. Of all the seasons I cannot select one which I like the best. Each one has its good points. I shall state the reasons why I like summer.

In winter we have to bundle up warm, the snow makes us cold and the ice makes us slip and fall. In summer we can go without a coat, can wear light dresses, can sit on the beautiful green grass. We can swing in the swing. We can have flowers and go berrying, which is a great pleasure, that is when there are plenty of berries. Another amusement is canoeing and a still better one is swimming.

But the heat makes us feel uncomfortable.

Everything in summer makes us feel happy. All seems bright and joyful. The birds sing merrily, and makes everyone else sing.

So summer is a very delightful season, as are all the rest and I am glad it's drawing near.

Yours truly,
Lillian Anderson, Age 12.
Brooklyn.

A Little Girl's Rebuke.

Dear Uncle Jed: Alice was sitting all alone in the parlor.

She grew tired of playing with her doll Chirp, so she went to the window to look out. It was snowing fast, and all was still in the street. After watching a few moments she saw a lame old man go by.

He walked with crutches and limped as if in pain.

"Poor man," siged little Alice, how I pity you!

Just then she heard a shout of laughter and two snowballs flew past the window. One of them struck the old man in the neck. He gave a cry of pain. Then the two boys who threw the snowballs began to laugh and hurrah.

The lame man turned and spoke to them, but they only laughed the more. Then they began to pelt him again.

"You bad boys," said Alice to herself, "How I wish my papa was here to give you a good whipping."

Saying this Alice started up. She had a sudden thought. She slipped on her little coat and hat in a hurry and ran out the front door.

The boys were just about to throw some more snowballs at the poor man.

"Little boys," cried Alice, as she ran up to them, "how would you like it if your papa was lame, and some bad boys threw snowballs at him?"

The boys stared. They did not know what to make of this.

Alice spoke very sweetly to them, and they were ashamed. They turned about and ran away as fast as they could go. The lame man looked back and said, "God bless you, little miss," as Alice went up the steps.

Just then she saw the two boys watching her from the corner.

The next day Alice was sitting with her mother, when the doorbell rang loudly. They they heard steps going swiftly away.

"It must be those bad boys again," said Alice.

Her mother went to the door and came back smiling. In her hand she held a little wooden puppy that barked.

"I think you gave the boys a good lesson, little daughter," she said.

Around the puppy's neck a card was tied, and on it these words were printed: "For a nice little lady from Tommy and Dick.

AURORE RAINVILLE.
Moosup.

The Little Squirrel's Advice.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing to you for the first time. Once upon a time there was a little gray squirrel who lived high up in an oak tree in a large timber by the river. He was bounitifully supplied with acorns, walnuts, hickory nuts and that his squirrel nature could wish for. All day long he frisked about gathering up his food, and at night he curled up in his little bed which he had made up in the tree. One bright morning he was out unusually early to gather up his breakfast. Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, a great fox pounced upon him and was about to make a morning meal of the pretty squirrel.

"Wait! Wait!" cried the frightened squirrel. "I was taught that we should say grace or give thanks before meals."

"How is that done?" said the unsuspecting fox.

"Well, let me show you," said the little squirrel. "Fold your hands like this. Now close your eyes."

The fox did so, and quicker than you can say Jack oRbinson the nimble squirrel ran up a tree.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said the delighted squirrel. "I forgot to tell you that you must watch while you pray!"

Moral: "Watch and pray lest ye fall into temptation."

ELEANOR KELLY, Age 11.
Taftville.

The Golden Eggs.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about the golden eggs. Once upon a time there lived a woman who owned a hen. This was a wonderful hen, indeed, for every day it laid a golden egg. The woman could hardly wait for the new day to come, she wanted the gold so badly.

At last she said to herself: "I will kill my hen and get the gold all at once."

But when she had killed her hen she found her like all other hens. In her haste to become rich, she had become poor.

I am sure she wished she had not been so greedy.

BELLE SEPLOWITZ, Age 10.
North Windham.

Going to a Wedding.

Dear Uncle Jed: During the spring of 1920 my cousin was married. She sent an invitation to my mother and father, asking them to come to the wedding. Although my father and mother wanted to go they didn't have time, so two days before the wedding took place my mother consented to let my two brothers, my sister and I go. So we got ready and went to the station to wait for the train. The train came and we all got on. It stopped in many cities, but at last we reached Waterbury. At the station in Waterbury we found my uncle, cousins and my oldest brother. We started to go to my aunt's house, when on our way I saw many girls and boys that I knew. We reached home and my aunt, my cousins and my sisters were glad to see us. They started to ask questions about how my mother and father were and so many other questions that I was tired of answering them. We stayed with my sister a little while, then another of my cousins and her husband came. We talked a little while together, and after that my cousin asked me if we wanted to go to her house. My sister said yes, and I said yes, so we put on out hats and coats and started off toward her house. On our way we stopped at another aunt's house. We stayed there a while and then we went away. We reached the house and there I saw so many people that I didn't know Half of them. One by one these people went away until only my cousin, her husband, her sister-in-law, my aunt, my brother, my cousin and I were left. We stayed there about three or four hours. While I was there they all started to ask me to tell them a story. Although I knew some stories I didn't want to tell them. The more they asked me the more I said that I didn't know any. They didn't stop until they got tired of asking. The time came when we were going home but my cousin wanted me to stay there for supper but I refused.

The next day was Sunday. In the afternoon we got ready to go out. First we went to the cemetery, after that we went to see my cousin. When night came we ate our supper. After supper we got the house in order again and then we went to the moving pictures.

At last the wedding day came. They got all ready and then they went to church. After they came out of church they had a little trip to Naugatuck and then they went to have their pictures taken. After that they came home and we had our dinner. After dinner the musicians came and they started to dance. We didn't go home until half-past one or two o'clock in the morning. The wedding was over and that was the best day I had ever had.

SUSAN J. CARUSELLA, Age 14.
Eagleville.

Visiting Brown's Pond.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once my friends and I went down to Brown's pond. We were walking along when one boy who liked to joke saw a big rock and he said "There is some money under there," and so we lifted the rock, and underneath was a lot of ants. I asked him if he put the ants under the rock. He said "No," and then we walked along. We went swimming but it was cold. Bill said "The one who will go into the water will get eight cents." Frank said "I will," but he didn't. My brother jumped in and swam a little and came back. Then as we were walking home we had a lot of fun chasing squirrels and other animals. We were playing tag and had much fun. We came to our friend's home and then we started for our own home.

ALEXANDER J. KAMINSKI, Age 12.
Eagleville.

A Thrilling Experience.

Dear Uncle Jed: A few weeks ago, just as the sun was setting and was but a mere mass of flames, my brother and I were walking up a winding path which leads to the summit of a high mountain in the Rocky Hill range. Suddenly, from behind a thicket, we heard moans. Parting the bushes, we came upon a scene not at all to our liking. There, in a mass of huge writhing snakes, was a man. Although half dead he still struggled. My brother was the first to act. Unsheathing his weapon he fired six shots in quick succession. The noise brought me back to my senses. I did a similar thing but my shots did not all take effect like my brother's. All the snakes were killed except one which we quickly put an end to by hitting it over the head with a club. We dressed the victim's wounds. He is now making much progress in a certain hospital. I do not hope to meet any such thrilling experience again in my life.

LUCIEN BONIN, Age 11.
Moosup.

Seemed Like Fairyland.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about a cold winter morning. One morning when I woke up I saw frost on the window and I thought it must be very cold. I got up and dressed and found it colder than expected. After eating my breakfast I started to get ready for school. I started for school about quarter past eight. When I went outside it was so cold I could hardly stand it. After I had gone a little way the wind was so sharp I could hardly stand it as I had no scarf on. My hands were getting cold and my feet were cold.

The snow was piled up very high. The trees were covered with frost and they looked like silver. The walls were white with snow. They looked like black cake with white frosting. The sun shone on the trees and they sparkled like diamonds. Although it was very cold I enjoyed my walk to school for it seemed as though I was walking in fairyland.

RUTH ROBINSON, Age 11.
North Franklin.

A Midnight Visitor.

Dear Uncle Jed: Mother and father were gone to grandma's and were to stay over night so I was alone.

I went to bed about ten. About twelve o'clock I was awakened by our doorbell ringing loudly. I got up, lit my candle and started down the stairs.

As I passed through the hall terrible thoughts went through my mind. Suppose it was a tramp or a burglar or—

The bell rang again, my courage came to me and I opened the door. I saw something that surprised me very much. The neighbor's goat, Billy, had tried to taste the doorbell. I shut the door quickly and ran upstairs thinking all the while how foolish I had been.

LOUISE CASE, Age 11.
Baltic.

Two Faithful Dogs.

Dear Uncle Jed: A strange but a true story comes from Sierra Madre. A little girl whose mother resides at that place, saw a large snake where she was playing near the house. Being pleased with its appearance the child followed it through the grass, trying to get a hold of it. Two faithful dogs belonging to the family saw the snake and also ran after it, got a head of the little girl in the chase and pounced upon the reptile. A rattle, two quick strokes and the dogs went yelping back. When her mother who happened to be absent returned and found the two dogs dead in her yard and her little daughter fast asleep in her bed, we may be sure that a prayer of gratitude went up at the fortunate escape of her darling child.

MARJORIE HYDE, Age 12.
Norwich.

How the Catbird Saved the Pansies.

Dear Uncle Jed: A catbird lived in the corner of the garden. It sent out such a shrill cry the farmer had a notion to put it out.

One day the catbird noticed that the pansies were dying. It flew down to the pansy bed and saw it was a family of wicked cut worms which had their breakfast every morning by eating the tender pansies. "Ha, ha!" said the catbird, "I will have my breakfast tomorrow morning the same time as they will."

The next morning when the wicked cut worms came, the catbird was waiting for them. When they were going to eat the pansies the catbird ate them. When more worms came she brought them to her little ones. The farmer was glad he had not sent the bird away.

HENRI COTE, Age 9.
Baltic.

The badger is an animal much feared by the superstitious Japanese mind.

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