

Letters to Aunt Laurie From Nephews and Nieces

HOUSES AND STORES

BUILT IN AIRSHIPS

FIRST PRIZE

Dear Aunt Laurie:

My grandchildren and I sat on the lawn on my eighty-first birthday talking and reading.

"Grandpa, won't you tell us the story about when you were twenty-one."

"That is an old story," I answered.

"Yes, but we want to hear it again."

"Well, when I was twenty-one, I was teaching a little school near Los Angeles. Our school house was built in a tree, and so were all other school houses. It stood right on the banks of a little stream. One day I was about to punish a boy when he ran out. Forgetting we were in a tree he fell into the stream. I thought that was punishment enough.

"Another day, after a hard rain-storm, there was a severe wind and suddenly we felt ourselves falling. Then there was a crash; our school-house tree had fallen. No one was hurt much.

"All the stores and homes in Los Angeles were built on airships. You even had to pay for space in the air in those days. The old Los Angeles that was on the ground was a mere curiosity, which many people visited. I remember one time when the gas escaped from one of the stores and it sank. It was smashed all to pieces. The ruins burned up quickly. The stores above moved out into the street so they would not get on fire."

"My, how old-fashioned," exclaimed the children.

"Yes, I know all these things seem old-fashioned to you, now that people come and go from the moon and all the planets of the universe every day, yet in those times they were quite up to date."

Just then the paper came and we read it, or rather, listened to it, for it was a phonograph record. So we put it on the phonograph and listened to the news.

KENNETH MURDOCK.

Chino, Cal., R. F. D. No. 2. Chino Grammar School, 7th Grade, when school commences.

A TAME COYOTE

Dear Aunt Laurie:

"Only two more weeks," cried Arthur, "and then the mountains for me." He had for many weeks counted the days until vacation, when he and his brother Eugene, accompanied by their parents, should spend their three months' vacation at Idyllwild.

The two weeks went slowly, but the end came at last, and two happier boys were nowhere to be found.

Bright and early Monday morning the family started and soon were happily settled in their mountain cottage.

The next day Arthur, Eugene and their father, Mr. Robinson, started on a fishing trip. Lots of small fish rose and snapped at the bait—which was to large for them—but no big ones took; and after fishing until late, they gave it up and went back to camp.

That night the boys were tired and so saying, in boy fashion, "turned in" early.

Next day the boys and their parents went farther into the mountains to spend a few days.

They had a lovely time and were preparing to go back to their cottage next day.

That evening they had jam for supper, and had just finished the contents of a pint jar, which was thrown carelessly aside.

In the middle of the night a great commotion was heard and Mr. Robinson upon investigation found that a coyote had got its nose into the jar and was unable to get it out.

The animal stood perfectly still, too frightened to move, and in that way was easily captured.

The next day the family returned to Idyllwild, also the coyote, for the boys refused to have it shot, saying, "It will make a fine pet."

The animal became quite tame and before the end of vacation they had a pet as nice as any dog.

RUTH M. BATEMAN.

1365 West Thirtieth street, Vermont Avenue school, grade A8.

PREFERS ARCHITECTURE

Dear Aunt Laurie:

Mamma and I have often talked about what I shall do when I am grown up, and while we can't be sure of anything, our wish at present is that I shall be an architect. You see, I am very fond of drawing houses, and especially plans.

We think it great fun to go where they are building new houses and get all the new ideas in building. I love that sort of drawing better than any other. Mamma says if I get on well



WHEN YOU ARE 21.

With bright blue eyes and dimpled chin—
And mischief when you run—
And chubby hands and curly hair,
What will you be, my son,
To earn your living like all men
When you are twenty-one?

Now will you be a soldier true
And spend your time at war,
Or will you be a sailor bold
And roam the ocean o'er
And get sun-tanned in Africa
And chilled in Labrador?

Perhaps you'll be a banker proud
With gold at your command
Or else a pious clergyman

With a prayer-book in your hand,
Or a poet, or an artist
Who can paint a picture grand.

If not, you'll be a doctor wise
With spectacles and pills
And diagnose and treat straight off
The many kinds of ills,
Or you will be a lawyer
And an orator who thrills.

If none of these will suit your taste,
You will a merchant be,
Or a druggist, or a chemist
Of a very high degree;
Or else you'll be mechanical
And build a house—we'll see.

—Walter A. Landry, Chester, Pa.

with my drawing in school and I feel the same way about it when I grow older, she will see that I get lessons in draughting; then I may get a chance to become an architect.

I am sure I shall be very fond of such work, and if I succeed my first thoughts will be for my dear little mamma. I will try to get everything for her that I can. I don't think that a girl can do much more except to be very honest and fair and self-respecting in her business.

GLADYS SARA KLINE.

620 Heliotope drive, Dayton Heights school, grade 3.

This paper is good and would have received a prize had it been longer.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS

Dear Aunt Laurie:

We have moved back to Long Beach after traveling around quite a lot and now with no school work to do I will try to write a little more often.

Last Decoration day we had a good time, although we did miss seeing the parade, the speeches in the park and

in the Auditorium, and the old soldiers and the decoration of the waves.

We drove down town in the donkey-cart, but it was so crowded it took a long time to get around so we missed the parade. Then we tried to hurry over to the park and, although we couldn't see a thing, we heard the last verse of America and then followed the crowd out to the end of the pier. The sun parlor was so crowded that we couldn't see them decorate the waves from there, so we went to the top of the stairs to the lower deck and there we stopped, for there was a guard on both stairways. We waited at the top for him to let us down till a half hour after the other guard had let his side down and then he was persuaded to let us down, but it was too late, because we just saw the last old soldier march away and saw the wreaths and flowers float away.

Then we went to the Auditorium, but were again disappointed, for it was packed to the doors. We had a good time, although we did miss seeing everything.

MISS EDITH HIGGINS.

1245 Locust Ave., Age 13, Grade B8.



WRITERS' CONTEST

First Prize—Kenneth Murdock, Chino Grammar School, grade 7. R. F. D. No. 2, Chino.

LIMERICK CONTEST

Girls' Prize—Isadora Brown, 611 Manasquan Ave. Colegrove school, grade 6, age 9.

Boys' Prize—John Oshanna Brawley, Brawley H. S., grade 9.

Honorable Mention—Evadne Pelron, 1601 East Thirty-third street, Vernon avenue school, grade 4. Esther Wrottenberg, Garfield school, grade 7, 1422 Third street, Santa Monica; Junette Gilmore, 1362 West Twenty-third street, Vermont avenue school, grade 7; Mildred Keogh, 848 West Thirty-fifth place, Jefferson street school.

YOUNG ARTISTS' CONTEST

First Prize—L. R. Hughes, 1187 West Thirty-sixth street, grade 11, Polytechnic.

Second Prize—John O'Shane, Brawley, grade B9.

HISTORY TOPICS CONTEST

First Prize—Russel Writsman, 1617 East Twenty-third street, Twentieth Street School, grade 8.

Honorable Mention—Marcella Mahan, Cumnock School, age 14.

WILL BE A SINGER

Dear Aunt Laurie:

When I am 21 I expect to have finished high school and two years of college. I expect to graduate from high school when I am 18, and then I want to enter some good college.

Meanwhile I am going to take piano or vocal lessons, as I have been told that my voice should be cultivated. I naturally have a talent for music. My mother and sisters play the piano very well, but have never had lessons.

A few lessons with a good vocal teacher, is a good deal better than many with a poor teacher, so I want to have the best, and save up my spending money for it.

Maybe my ambitions are too great, but I want to sing because that has always been my great desire.

After two years in college I will probably be able to teach for a couple of years, as I think I would like to try teaching a little while. The children of the sixth or fifth grade are about the best age, I think, and I would like to teach them if I had my choice.

I am nearly through my ninth year in school, and I will do the best I can and see in later years what I am fitted for. Sincerely yours,

JENNISS RICE.

Long Beach high school, 1235 Pacific avenue, Long Beach, Cal.; aged 15.

MIGHT TEACH MUSIC

Dear Aunt Laurie:

The topic for this contest is one which I have not thought much about, although, as I will soon be 13, I think it time that I gave it some consideration. When I am 21 I hope to have finished college, and if I should wish I may become a teacher. I do not know whether I shall prefer to be a school teacher or a music teacher. There is one person whom I would like to be like when I am grown up, and that is you, Aunt Laurie. I would like to be like you because you give so many people pleasure. Because I know that if all nieces and nephews are like me they certainly enjoy writing and drawing in the contests of the Herald Junior.

I have a desire to give people pleasure, and I hope to be a person who will do so when I am grown.

MADELINE EVANS.

Box 195, Palms, Cal.

This paper might have won a prize had it been longer.

A CIVIL ENGINEER

Dear Aunt Laurie:

On December 13, 1918, I will be 21 years old. At that age I want to go to work as a civil engineer.

By that time I want to be through grammar school, high school and the Berkeley university. I want to take up all the different parts of arithmetic, such as geometry, algebra and many other kinds.

Arithmetic is my hardest study. I can do examples in decimals, fractions and percentage and get my work right.

I would be about 20 years old then. Next I would go to Germany and finish my education.

I would then try to take the place of John Hays Hammond, who receives one-half million dollars salary per annum, according to an article I read in one of the newspapers some time ago. This man is a civil engineer for one of the mining companies.

WILMOT HAASE.

2641 Pomeroy avenue; age 12. Cornwell street school, grade A6.

WILL BUILD FAST CARS

Dear Aunt Laurie:

When I am twenty-one I hope to have learned some trade. I think I will be a machinist in an auto shop or in some car barns.

I will be a first hand man and I will like to do all of the work I can. I hope to build one of the fastest cars on the race track.

ALFRED WARE.

Sawtelle City School, Grade 6.

WILL BE A BOOKKEEPER

Dear Aunt Laurie:

When I am 21 I am going to be a bookkeeper and earn lots of money every month.

I hope to have finished college and all pertaining to school by that time.

I hope to be a gentleman and have a good job.

LESLIE CLARK.

Sawtelle City School, Grade 6.

WILL HAVE LOTS OF MONEY

Dear Aunt Laurie:

As soon as I am twenty-one I am going to go to work until I get half of a thousand dollars. I expect to have a nice house and a big lot with a barn on it. I hope to be a nice gentleman and have plenty of money.

CHARLES PRUDEN.

Sawtelle City School, Grade 6.