

# ANSWER THESE PICTURE PUZZLES

## THREE BOOKS WILL BE AWARDED

### JUNIORS NOTICE

These puzzles are for Juniors from 10 to 16 years only and ARE NOT for grownups.

Juniors must write name, address, age and school on postal bearing their solutions; otherwise they WILL NOT be considered.



1 What article of food?



2 What boy's name?

### WINNERS OF PUZZLE PRIZES

The answers to the puzzles published in the Junior Call of Saturday, December 16, are as follows:

1. Bleak; 2. Marquis; 3. Purser; 4. Lioness; 5. Transom; 6. Sleety.

The juniors to whom prizes were awarded are:

- Albert W. Perdue, 59 South Eleventh street, San Jose.
- Herbert Jaenicke, 3250 Twenty-second street, San Francisco.
- William Wreath, 320 Virginia street, Vallejo.



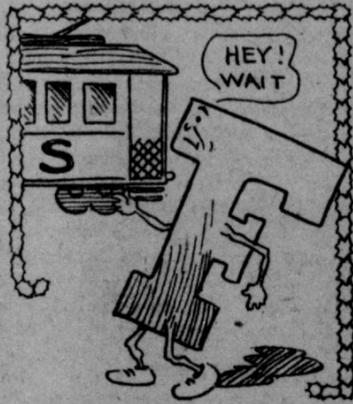
3 What human sound?



4 What animal?



5 What well known American?



6 What present for papa?

## ADDITIONAL COMPOSITIONS BY THE JUNIORS

### Billy's Christmas Dream

ILEEN BYRNE,

570 Soquel Avenue, Santa Cruz. Bract-forte School, B Fourth Grade. Age 10 Years

The big Anderson residence was wrapped in darkness. It was Christmas eve, and every one had gone to bed early in order to be up with the birds on Christmas morning. And every one was asleep but Billy. Billy went to bed with the determination to go to sleep. He kept digging his fists into his eyes and turning from one side to the other to help him along. His reason for staying awake was that he wanted to hear the far off tinkle of sleigh bells, then hear the shouts of dear old Santa Claus telling his reindeer to hurry along, as there were many hearts to be gladdened that night. Then he wanted to hear the pattering of the reindeers on the snow covered rooftops, then the dropping of Santa into the fireplace, where his best pair of stockings were hung to the wall. Billy soon got tired of turning from side to side, opening one eye and then the other, so finally he gave up all efforts and lay back under the covers, shut his eyes and drifted into nothingness.

Billy had a fine imagination, so the first thing that happened to him after falling asleep was to start dreaming. The first picture that crossed his mind was the picture of a field covered with snow, which Billy recognized as the field back of his house. Then he heard the tinkle of sleigh bells far off in the distance coming nearer every second; then he heard the soft pattering of reindeer on the crust without; then the more pronounced pattering as they hit the roof; a second later the low command to halt. A moment later and a man dropped down the chimney and stepped in front of the fireplace. He was short, round and fat. How he got down the chimney was a mystery to Billy. His face was red and always had a smile on it; he had a long white beard, also a sack on his back, and it did not take more than two guesses for Billy to know that this was dear old Santa. He took the bag from his back and pulled from it a nice new wheel, laid it up against the wall and nodded toward Billy. Then he took a drum, ball and glove, soldiers and everything that goes to make a boy happy.

"Merry Christmas, Billy!" His mother stood in the doorway. Billy dreamed no more that day.

### Billy's Scare

IMOGENE HEINO,

1231A Eleventh Avenue, Sunset District, San Francisco. Laguna Honda School, B Seventh Grade. Age 13 Years

The big Anderson residence was wrapped in darkness. It was Christmas eve, and every one had gone to

bed early in order to be up with the birds on Christmas morning. And every one was asleep but Billy, who was so excited with the morrow's prospects that sleep fled from him.

The hours slowly dragged on with a stillness nearly unbearable. The ticking of the clock, the creaking of the doors added to the weird sounds. While he was listening a step was heard in the next room. It moved around and then went into the hall and down the stairs. Billy pounded on the wall to try to arouse somebody. Then he called softly. "Oh! would anybody hear him? Yes, his father was getting out of bed to see what the matter was. Billy called to him, "Oh, papa, somebody's downstairs!" Getting his revolver, Mr. Anderson went on tiptoe downstairs. Who should he see but Charlie, walking all around in his sleep. They then took him upstairs and put him to bed. In the morning every one had a good laugh over Billy's scare and Charlie's night walk.

### Billy's Dream

MERCEDES LINDSEY

1239 Twenty-first Avenue, Sunset District, San Francisco. Laguna Honda School

The big Anderson residence was wrapped in darkness. It was Christmas eve and every one had gone to bed early in order to be up with the birds on Christmas morning, and every one was asleep but Billy.

Billy wanted to see Santa. Some bad boys had told him there wasn't any Santa Claus. They asked: "How could he go to all those houses in one night?" So Billy thought he would stay up and see for himself.

Soon he fell asleep. He dreamed that Santa Claus said to him: "If you do not sleep I will not bring you any presents. Do not believe what those naughty boys told you."

When he woke up in the morning he found candy and toys of all kinds. He says he will never believe what other boys tell him again.

### Billy's Quest

MYRTLE GRIFFIN,

1856 S. Hunter st., Stockton, South School, Fifth Grade. Age 10 Years

The big Anderson residence was wrapped in darkness. It was Christmas eve, and every one had gone to bed early in order to be up with the birds on Christmas morning. And every one was asleep but Billy. He wanted to see Santa Claus in order to give mother a Christmas present. He kept awake until 11 o'clock, and then fell fast asleep.

He dreamed that Santa Claus was there and said: "Billy, do you want something for mother?" "Yes," he cried, and then Santa took him in his automobile. He went faster than the

wind. In a few hours he found himself in Santa's toyroom. He saw dolls, doll buggies, doll clothes and many other things for girls, and for boys he saw guns, drums, engines, etc. He saw a pretty gown for mother.

The next morning when he awoke he saw a Christmas tree with many toys on it, and told his mother what he dreamed. They all were very, very happy on Christmas day.

### Billy's Wish Fulfilled

MARDEN G. COOKE,

526 Ross Street, Santa Rosa. Fremont School, Seventh Grade. Age 12 Years

The big Anderson residence was wrapped in darkness. It was Christmas eve, and every one had gone to bed early in order to be up with the birds on Christmas morning. And every one was asleep but Billy. He had hung up his stocking before retiring and was wondering what he would receive. He hoped that he would get a sled—one of the self-steering kind—as he had seen a fine big blue one in the window of a store that day. He had written Santa Claus about a week before and asked him to bring him a sled. He supposed that Santa Claus would have to have his bag filled at the stores three or four times in order to give all the little girls and boys in town a present. Of course Santa would go to this store and get the sled for him. But what if some other little boy wanted the same sled. This bothered him quite a little, but finally, as he went to sleep, he decided that Santa Claus would manage that.

Billy's mother knew that Billy wanted a sled, so she made up her mind that he should have one. She told Billy's father all about it. So it was arranged that the father should buy the sled on his way home that evening.

When Billy woke up in the morning he ran to the sitting room, where he had hung his stocking. It was full, but he did not see the sled anywhere. He was so disappointed that he made up his mind that Santa Claus had not received his letter. He then took down his stocking and stuck his hand in to pull out what was in it. First there was a sack of candy and then a toy automobile, next a story book from his sister, and last a watch with real movements. This pleased him better than the rest.

Just as he was going out of the room to tell his mother of all the nice things that he had gotten he spied two blue runners protruding from under the edge of the seat in the cozy corner. He fairly yelled with delight as he pulled it out—the blue sled that he had seen in the window. It had a little white card on it, saying: "From Santa Claus, for Billy. I wish you a merry Christmas and many happy times on your sled."

As soon as he was dressed he went out coasting, and when the day was over he told his mother that it had been the happiest Christmas that he had ever had.

### Clever Old Santa Claus

FRED TERNAN,

Stanford University Palo Alto Grammar School, B Sixth Grade. Age 11 Years

The big Anderson residence was wrapped in darkness. It was Christmas eve, and every one had gone to bed early in order to be up with the birds on Christmas morning. And every one was asleep but Billy, who, after the family was asleep, had slipped into the room which contained the Christmas tree.

He was waiting for Santa Claus to appear. Billy had declared that he would wait for Santa Claus even if he had to stay up all night. He had not turned the light on for fear of frightening the timid old man. Suddenly he was startled by the clock striking 12. "Gee!" he thought, "I guess Santa will soon be here." But he was doomed to disappointment.

Slowly the hours rolled by until the clock struck 3. Four times he nearly went to sleep, but on the fifth time his eyelids stayed closed for three-fourths of an hour.

When he awoke he was surprised to see the Christmas tree laden with toys of all kinds, while the candles burned as candles never did before. Billy roused up the rest of the family by his shouting and beating on a drum that had just arrived from Santa Claus land. Billy had received more presents than was expected.

Next year he waited for Santa Claus as before, but with no better success. He was asleep from midnight to 12:30, and when he awoke the room was as it was the year before. "Well," said Billy that morning, "I guess old Santa is too clever for me."

Billy never again waited for Santa Claus, for, as he had said, Santa Claus was far too clever to be caught in his chimney act by inquisitive youngsters.

### Short Barks From Alonzo

If you are a quitter don't begin.

\* \* \*

Laugh today; your sense of humor may be out of commission tomorrow.

\* \* \*

A fat purse is a good thing to lean on.

\* \* \*

If you can't have your own way you can at least keep out of other people's way.

\* \* \*

A boy seems to think that much of his badness should be excused on the ground that "boys will be boys."