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Courier Junior,
Ottumwa, Iowa.

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VOL. XI, NO. 1 — OTTUMWA, WAPELLO COUNTY, IOWA — FOR THE CHILDREN

THE COURIER JUNIOR
Published by
THE COURIER PRINTING CO.
Ottumwa, Iowa
MATILDA DEVEREAUX
EDITOR

A CIRCUS STORY CINTEST.

Dear Juniors: We want several of the Juniors who came down town to write their impressions of the day, of the parade and the circus. We think the circus was fine. The prize will be a surprise prize.

THE SOMETHING REMARKABLE.

We have many excellent stories in this contest that are awaiting their turn for publication. It is certainly a most interesting one.

We hope many more Juniors will continue to be interested in this contest. It is on excellent one for the summer months. The Courier Junior's idea of the contest follows:

We want the Juniors to write about some of their ancestors (which means your parents, grandparents, great grandparents, etc). We will ask the Juniors to write nice short shories telling something remarkable or unusual about their ancestors.

We want the Juniors who write in this contest to tell us the names of their remarkable ancestors.

The writers can select their prizes from among the following: A picnic basket, hammock, box of candy, big flag, roller skates, book or knife.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

We still want more Liberty Bell stories. We hope some of our Juniors will see it in California and tell us all about it.

The writers in the Liberty Bell contest can select their prizes from among the following: A big flag, box of candy, roller skates or a book.

SHORT STORIES.

The Juniors can also write short stories on the folowing subjects:

A Summer Trip.
Vacation at Grandpa's.
Vacation at Grandma's.

Select prizes from among the following articles. A big flag, box of candy, ball bat, roller skates, knife, book or doll.

Mary Louise West is awarded the prize this week.

SCHOOL COMPOSITIONS.

We invite all the Juniors to send in school compositions each week. The writers can select prizes from among the following articles: Roller skates, book, souvenir spoon, a beautiful doll, knife, work basket, box of candy, letter paper or a baseball.

WANT LETTEHS.

We want the Juniors to write some very interesting letters, "newsy" letters. Some of the Juniors can write to their parents. Other Juniors might write as though they were visiting some city. The reward for the best letter will be a box of letter paper and envelopes, a book or a knife.

SEND OUT POST CARDS.

We are sending post cards to all the Juniors after their letters or stories are published.

ALL ABOUT PRIZES.

We send out prizes within two weeks after the names of the winners are published.

If any Junior has ever failed to receive a prize after his or her name appeared in this paper, it is because the wrong address has been given us. When we say wrong address we especially refer to incomplete addresses. All city Juniors should put their street number and all Juniors living in the country should put their box number or failing to have a box send in their parents' names.

FORGET THEIR AGES.

Recently several Juniors have forfeited their right to prizes because they forgot to tell us their ages. Read over the seven rules published every week.

SEVEN RULES FOR THE JUNIORS.

1. Use one side of the paper only.
2. Write neatly and legibly, using ink or sharp lead pencil.
3. Always sign your name in full and state your age.
4. Do not copy stories or poetry and send us as your own work.
5. Number your pages.
6. Always state choice of a prize on a separate piece of paper, with name and address in full.
7. Address envelope to The Courier Junior.

Eva Elliott is Great Granddaughter of Rev. Jonathan Lee

Dear Juniors:

As this is my first letter I will not make it very long.

I am eleven years old and am in the seventh grade.

I am going to tell you about my great grandfather and grandmother.

They used to live in Ottumwa, but they went to California but I think they are coming back soon.

Last summer my sister and myself went to Ottumwa to see them and had a very nice time.

My great grandfather's name is Rev. Jonathan Lee.

When he was at Ottumwa he used to preach at the South Ottumwa Baptist church.

Eva Elliott, age 11,
Blakesburg, Ia., R. 3.

Dorothy's Visit To The Queen

The grandest of all occasions for Dorothy Drew, Gladstone's little granddaughter, was her reception by the queen at Windsor. It was in jubilee month, when all the world was waiting for the memorable day to arrive, that the queen sent for Dorothy to come and see her. It would have been surprising to her friends had she displayed any excitement on the receipt of the letter from Princess Louise, saying that the queen wished Mrs. Drew to take her little girl to Windsor. Dorothy had talked confidentially to the Prince and Princess of Wales, had exchanged confidences with premiers and cabinet ministers, and had secured an amazing autograph from Li Hung Chang without a tremor of nervousness, and now that she was to kiss Her Majesty's hand she was not going to forget the respect that was due to herself.

The excitement and bustle covered two days, but Dorothy was perfectly cool and self-possessed. She saw everything, and forgot nothing. The only striking thing she seemed to notice at Kensington Palace, where she and her mother were the guests of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, was that the princess wore a pretty blue tea gown — "dressing-gown," Dorothy called it — with satin ribbons hanging down.

Her first view of Windsor Castle from the train moved her to reflect it was "just as nice as our castle." Then she came very near getting excited, the two white horses in the royal carriage that came to meet them, with the footman behind and the groom on horseback in front, pleasing her very much. When Princess Beatrice met them at the door, Dorothy, forgetting that queens do not meet their subjects on doorsteps, imagined that the princess was Her Majesty.

Dorothy and her mother had a little sitting room, and a bedroom with big fires, and with the bed all made, just as if they were going to stay all night; they sat down to luncheon with the "grown-ups" and "the one who sat by me" was very nice.

"Have you ever met the queen before?" the lady in waiting asked Dorothy.

"No, I have not."

"Haven't you ever seen her?" the lady repeated. The answer came as from a queen herself. "Oh, yes, I have seen her, but she has not seen me." Dorothy seems to have had lessons from her grandfather on the subtle distinctions between words.

Dorothy related how she went down the very long corridor to put on her new white frock and her silk gloves, and how a grand servant, all dressed in red, came to say that the queen was waiting. The Indian man whom the queen liked very much was at the door, and the next moment Dorothy stood before the great queen whom her grandfather had served for sixty years. But she thought nothing of the vastness of the empire, of the record reign which all the world was celebrating. It was nothing to her that the kindly gray-haired lady before her was mistress of one-quarter of the whole human race. To Dorothy she was just another woman like grandmother, with a white cap on her head; and Dorothy courtesied and kissed her, and told her that her name was "Dorsie," that she called Mr. Gladstone "grandpapa," that they all had pet names at the castle, and so on and so on. Many interesting pet names were revealed on both sides.

"The queen put on her glasses, and asked me to go to the other side of the room so that she could see me better," Dorothy explained. "And then she took a little jewel case, and said, 'This is for you.' I opened it, and saw a darling little brooch with a diamond 'V' and a diamond 'R' and a turquoise 'I,' and a little crown at the top made of red enamel. I courtesied and kissed her hand, and said, 'Thank you very much.' She looked very nice and kind, and I liked her very much." Then the queen kissed the little debutants again, and Dorothy and her mother returned to town.

Louise Irene McCoy on Her First Ride on a Train

Dear Juniors:

As I have not written for a long time I thought I would write about my first ride on the train. My mamma and my sisters and little niece and I all went to the Morrell picnic at Eldon. We took our dinner with us and ate it under a large shade tree. That was a picnic for us. We saw the horse races and the Japanese perform on the trapeze, and we saw an aeroplane flight. We went through the art hall and we saw many pretty and interesting things there.

Louise Irene McCoy, age 10,
538 N. Hancock St., Ottumwa, Ia.

A Little Mother

My dolly's very tired,
She's played so hard all day.
She loves to have me rock her
And sing to her this way;
She loves to have her clothes off
And don her nightie white;
She loves to have me tuck her in
And kiss her for good night.

"Oh, hush-a-by, my dolly,
The twilight's spreading far;
The moon is like a cradle
To rock a baby star.
My lap shall be your cradle,
All cosy you shall lie,
And hear until you go to sleep
My lulla, lullaby.",

—Annie Willis McCuulough, in Little Folks.

CHILD PRODIGY, AGE 7, ASTONISHES HER ELDERS WITH ABNORMAL MIND

Beatrice Ruth Willard.

Beatrice Willard, seven-year-old San Francisco mental prodigy, is amazing educators and psychologists. With less than a year's schooling she is now ready to enter high school. At five she was reading Kipling and Stevenson. She possesses a mental grasp and a quickness of perception found in few adults.

Hazel Smith's Grandpa Canfield Drove to Iowa From Indiana in 1850

Dear Juniors— I will write about my Grandpa Canfield. He and his wife and two children came from Indiana. They drove through with a team in the year of 1850. Ottumwa wasn't very much of a place then. They settled on a farm on Christianburg ridge. They lived in a log house. They had church around at each others houses till they built a school house, then they had church there. There were thirteen. All lived to be grown except one who died when he was a baby. Grandpa lived on the same place till all the children were all married except three. Then he rented the place to one of the boys and lived with his children. He made his home with us six years. He died in 1914 at the age of 86. He always took good care of me when we would be off any place. He was always afraid my brother Russell and I would get lost. He always liked to tell us about when he was young.

Hazel Smith, age 9,
Dudley, Iowa, R. A. 1, Box 64.

Genevieve Lannan's Grandmother Is Very Spry at Age of 87

Dear Juniors:—As I have not written to you before I though I would write and tell you about my grandmother.

She was born in Rosecommons, Ireland. Shortly after she was married they came to America. They first settled in Burlington, Iowa, and lived there about five or six years. Later they moved to Melrose, Iowa. They had six children, one of them is dead and the other five are living, one lives with grandma in Melrose, one in Chicago, one in Omaha, who is my mother, one in North Dakota, and one who works with my father on the railroad.

My grandmother and grandfather were living during the war between the north and south. Grandpa is dead but grandma is still living. She is 87 years old, and is spry. She can sew, read and do the house work. We come to visit her every summer.

Genevieve Lannan, Age 13.
Melrose, Iowa, Route 3, Box 8
Care Thos. Hines.

Clara Lawson on Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit

Dear Juniors:

As I have never written to the Juniors before I thought I would write about rabbits.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit took their children out for an airing.

They came up on a little girl. She was lying on the ground beside her sunbonnet. Father Rabbit looked in the basket. He found a nice bun.

Mother Rabbit tried on the bonnet. The children said she looked beautiful in it.

Suddenly the little girl sat up and rubbed her eyes.

The rabbits all ran away.

Clara Lawson, age 12,
Fairfield, Ia., R. No. 7.

The Common Milk Weed, Basil Says, Is Deadly to Honey Loving Insects

The common milkweed which grows along most country roads in Iowa has a very curious fact about it which I think is unknown to most people. It grows about four foot tall and has large bunches of innumerable lavender flowerlets closely bunched. They have a sweet perfume which seems to attract insects of every name. The little flowerlets after budding leave their long overcoats to hank in down like foils. The flowerlet itself is composed of five little petals shaped like cups. Each little petal has a stamen shaped exactly like a cat's claw, which extends from the center of the petal to the center of the flowerlet a little round platform sloping downward and out from the center. Between each of the petals is a little hole on the edge of the platform. An insect upon alighting to get honey gets his feet into the holes and they immediately close up, holding his feet so he cannot get away and finally he dies. So long is the hold that many honey bees are held in its grasp. Likewise the green butterfly is lured and caught. The housefly also is prey to the deadly trap., and so it is with every honey loving insect—all being caught and killed.

Basil Bahme, age 14,
514 Richmond Ave., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Russell Hoffman Tells of The Soldiers' Camp

Dear Juniors:

I am going to write and tell you about the time I went camping with the soldiers. I had a very good time. We were six miles from town. There was a little candy store where I spent most of my money. I went to town with the soldiers.

They went to the park and played "Custer's last fight."

We camped at Washington, Iowa. I camped with them ten days. On the tenth morning I had to get up at 3 o'clock and burn the straw in the mattress and tear down the tents, and go to the station. I got to town about 6:30.

Russell Hoffman, age 11.
1010 Locust St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Howard Harland Maring's Grandfather Only 21 When He Became a Soldier

Dear Juniors:—This is the first time I have written for the Junior page. I am going to write about my grandpa.

My grandpa went to the civil war when he was about 21, and served his country all through the war and he is still living and is about 78 or 80 now.

While he was in the war he almost got shot for a bullet clipped through the edge of his ear. He said one morning the rebels had breakfast all cooked and just ready to eat when the Yankees came in and run them out.

The cannons they had then aren't like the ones they have now. Those they had could only shoot small shells, but the kind they have now shoot shells eleven inches across.

As I cannot think of any more now I will close.

Howard Harland Marin, Age 11,
Eldon, Iowa, Route 1.

The Pigeons of San Diego

Talk no more to Jack Roosa of the pigeons and how you stopped to feed them on the plaza in front of Saint Mark's!

Jack has never been any nearer Venice than San Diego, Cal., having been born and raised at National City, a few miles beyond. But Jack can tell you that the largest, most attractive flocks of pigeons in the world, now, are those that hover and play over the big exposition down there.

It all has come about this way.

As soon as the lagunas and lagunitas of the exposition had been flooded and set out with lilies, another planting season began. This setting-out, however, was devoted to goldfish, Japanese carp and Japanese fantails, which soon became favorite attractions to all visitors to the grounds. In fact, the attendant having trained them to assemble at the tap of an iron triangle —meaning feeding time—one was always sure of a crowd gathering to watch the fish swimming rapidly to this point for their food.

So popular did these bits of life become with the travelers that something larger was next attempted. Wild ducks, in quantities, were introduced, and then some peafowl. And they, too, won their way to the hearts of the visitors, who, however, seemed to cry for more. Somebody suggested a flock of pigeons, and about a year and a half ago the exposition purchased a hundred and fifty of these. The birds immediately chose for their homes the tower and cornices of the home economy building. They have multiplied and received additions until today there is a flock of two thousand in all.

What is more, the birds have grown so tame they will alight on the shoulders of the Spanish boy feeding them; and even to those who have seen the great flocks of Venice they seem, indeed, the most attractive pigeon flock in the world!—Felix J. Koch, in Our Dumb Animals.

Mary Louise West Writes Interestingly of Her Trip to the Exposition

Dear Juniors:

I am going to tell you of my summer trip. We started Tuesday, the 17th of May. We started from Albia. We went through Iowa, Nebraska and part of Colorado and from there on we saw the beautiful scenery. We saw wonderfu colored rocks, snow capped mountains, mountains with their tips covered with clouds. We saw a rock called "Elephant Rock." It was washed away so that it was formed as an elephant. Also we saw the mountain of the "Holy Cross. It was a cross on a high mountain filled with snow. We saw yellow silk growing. One beautiful thing was the Royal Gorge. It is two extraordinary high walls with a river running between them and the railroad track. There is an occasional path running along by the water. There is a big desert about two or three hundred miles long. We saw all of this kind of scenery. In Salt Lake City we saw the Tabernacle which is a large church. It is put together with pegs. It has no nails in it at all. We saw the Mormon's Temple. We could not see it inside because it was not open to the public. From there on we went to Los Angeles where my Aunt Lena lives. She has a little girl four years old. We had a fine time there. We went to the most beautoful parks. There were small lakes and flower gardens. Echo Park has two hundred and eighty acres in it. We went to see these beaches, Venus and Long Beach. We did have a fine time. I got the most pretty shells. We always had a ten mile street car ride and we were in the city limits too, and there were such pretty little homes. Some were brown, green, red and all sorts of colors. They had climbing vines, roses, palm trees, poppies, geraniums and bushes of flowers that look like snowballs. They are pink. I can not think of their names. We stayed at Aunt Lena's five weeks. Then we went to the Panama exposition We had 500 miles to go. We started Saturday night at 7 o'clock and got in San Francisco at 1 o'clock next day. We got our dinners. My aunt and uncle went in search of rooms. We got them and the next day went to the exposition. We saw a beautiful sight. It was "The Tower of Jewels." It shone like diamonds. At night it was the prettiest for the search lights were thrown on it. It was all red and the jewels were wonderful. We saw the Palace of Fine Arts.! It was beautiful too. It had a large dome which had an orange colored top. There was beautiful statuary standing out around it. Inside of it were wonderful paintings and statuary. There are buildings on exhibtion for machinery, agriculture, transportation, food products. Others were Hawiian, Y. W. C. A. There were the Swedish, French and Italian buildings which were very pretty. It had wonderful carved furniture, paintings, tapestry and statuary. We saw the Chinese building. It was queer. It has points sticking out all around the roof. There wasn't much of anything there except carved furniture and Chinese ornaments to sell.I bought some and they are very pretty. We saw Aviator Smith fly. He was fine. He would dip in the air right over the bay. We heard the greatest cornet player in the world play. There was a little train that went all around the exposition grounds. We saw wonderful fire works. There were search lights all colored to represent the northern lights. We saw large apples. fruit, flowers and wheat. We saw lovely corn from Iowa and wheat too. We saw pretty gardens of yellow and purple pansies. The zone was a place of amusement. We were there two months. Our trip home was the same as going out.

Mary Louise West, age 12,
925 W. Fourth St., Ottumwa, Ia.

Audubon Birds

"Take care! O Ben, see what you've done!"

"I didn't mean to, Betty."

"What's the trouble?" asked mother, looking up from her book.

"Ben tipped over the ink on my lovely catbird sketch I was making for father's birthday!"

"I'm sorry, Beth!" pleaded Ben.

"You might have looked where you were going!" murmured Beth, sulkily. "Look, mother, please," and she held up her drawing, all one blotch of black.

"It's too bad, dear, but what if you had a thousand bird pictures ruined instead of one?" Here mother actually smiled a little. "That's what happened to the great Audubon's first drawings for his 'Birds of America.'"

"How did it happen?" Ben and Betty cried together, settling down at mother's feet.

"Audubon," mother began, "was living in a village on the banks of the Ohio, when he had to go away on business. He took all his magnificent drawings of the native wild birds in their homes and haunts, placed them carefully in a box, and gave them in charge of a relative. He was away several months. On his return nome he soon asked after what he called 'his treasure.' The box was brought and opened, and—"

"Oh, what had happened?" whispered Betty.

"A pair of Norway rats had moved in and reared a little family among the gnawed bits of paper which only a short time before had represented a thousand lovely feathered folk of the air. The destruction was complete. Poor Audubon could neither eat nor sleep for several days. Then he took his note book and pencils and went forth to the woods."

"Fine!" cried Ben.

"He said," concluded mother, "that he 'felt pleased that he might now make better drawings than before."

Betty looked at Ben. "Forgive me," she said, "for making such a fuss!"

A Kind Act — By Marvin Gookin

Dear Juniors: As I have not written for a long time I will tell you what a time I had telling riddles. I was only three years old at that time. My uncle had a horse called Dick. Dick was a gentle old horse. I rode him every day. I went to town and got the groceries.

One day the threshers came to my uncle's. I had to go to town that morning. When I came home Dick did not notice them. But when I was out riding Dick did notice them that time. He would not move an inch. This frightened me very much. I got off and made a run for home.

Nobody noticed me so my aunt and I were telling riddles. I said, "Once there was a boy who was fond of a horse. When he was out riding, his horse got scared at some threshers. The boy was so frightened that he jumped off and run home. Wasn't he a coward?"

"I should say so," said my aunt.

"Can you guess who it was?"

"I don't know who, but I think it was you. Am I right?"

"Yes you are right."

"Where did you leave Dick?"

"I left him out at the field."

After we had found him they wanted me to go to town but I would not do it.

As I am going to quit I will not write any more.

Marvin Gookin, age 10.
117 South Elm, Ottumwa, Ia.

Veola Allen Writes Composition on The Tiger

Dear Friend:—I am going to write a composition on the tiger:

I am a tiger and I live in the woods, and I live in Africa. The people in Africa catch me and tame me. I prowl around hunting my dinner but sometime I kill little lambs or sheep. Sometimes the people shoot me when I get one. When the African people tame me they send me to the circus and lock me up in a cage and horses pull me but I don't like it very well. To be locked up in a cage. Would you? I like to be out in the fresh air and be in the woods where the other animals are, but sometime the lion gets locked up in a cage just as well as I and little ones gets hungry when I am in the circus and they die because they do not know where to go to get anything to eat, so they just die of hunger.

It is an awful thing to be an namial. If you knew how it was you would not like to be one. It is an awful thing to be one.

Veola Allen, Age 10.
Albia, Iowa.

Boy Scouts and Birds

The six requirements to gain a boy scout's ornithology merit badge are as follows: Each boy must have a list of 100 different kinds of birds personally observed on exploration in the field; have identified beyond question, by appearance or by note, 45 different kinds of birds in one day; have made a good, clear photograph of some wild bird, the bird image to be over one-half inch in length on the negative; have secured at least two tenants in bird boxes erected by himself; have daily notes on the nesting of a pair of wild birds from the time the first egg is laid until the young have left the nest; have attracted at least three kinds of birds, exclusive of the English sparrow, to a "lunch counter" which he has supplied.

Great Because First Good

One day, Gerhardt, a German shepherd boy, was watching his flock near a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked, "How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," answered the boy. "But the road is only a sheep track and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track and said: "My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty. I have lost my companion and missed my way. Show me the way and I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "The will stray into the woods and may be eaten by the wolves."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The less of one or two wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you earn in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt very firmly. "My master pays me for my time and trusts me with his sheep."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food, drink and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," he said, "do not know your voice, and"—

"What Can't you trust me?" asked the hunter angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust. How do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly cornered him. He said. "I see, my lad, that you are a faithful boy. I will not forget you. I will try to make out the road myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who ate it gladly. Presently his attendant came up; and then Gerhardt to his surprise found that the hunter was the grand duke, who owned all the country around.

The duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.—Our Dumb Animals.

Arthusa Veonne Williams' Belated Fourth of July Letter

Dear Juniors:

How are you, one and all? After so long a time I will write about how I spent my Fourth of July.

Monday afternoon, July 5, our company came from Shawnee, about 25 miles northeast of us. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dorothy, Miss Hazel Dorothy, and Kenneth Simmons. On Tuesday morning Hazel and I walked up on our bluff, then over to Mr. Foster's, where her brother and sister were staying. When we arrived we learned that all were going picnicking on Spark's Butte. This Butte is a little over a quarter of a mile above the North Platte river. I will tell how it was named Spark's Butte. Many years ago a man came here from Texas. He had large herds of cattle and horses. At that time the Indians roved over Wyoming. This man took his stock up to the foot of the Butte. Up in the gap he pitched his tent so that he might watch for the Indians and get his herds together to keep the Indians from stealing them; for up on the Butte he could see them before they crossed the river and this is how the Butte got its name.

We climbed the Butte and after taking in the sights and walking around a while we came back to the gap. Here in the ground is a flat rock which we used for a table.

The sky was overcast with clouds and rain began to fall, so we, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Dorothy, Hazel, James and I crawled under a nearby rock for shelter until the shower passed. When it was over we crawled out and went home.

My brother has a velocipede and at supper Hazel begged him to take us for a ride.

Supper over, my brother told us to hurry up and he would give us a ride. So the two boys, Hazel and I went for a ride. Kenneth and Verne pumped, Hazel sat behind Verne, and I sat back of Hazel. I started them and when I went to jump on, the speeder tipped and they went sprawling in the dirt. So Verne had me sit in the box to help even up the weight.

After our ride we had Kenneth hold the sack while we drove "snipes" in. We then went home. Suspecting a trick Kenneth followed and discovered the joke we were playing. Thus ended a good time.

Arthusa V. Williams, aged 15.
Box 614, Fairview Ranche,
Douglas, Wyo.

Emmett Fellows Has Five Pets

Dear Juniors:

I thought I would write about my pets. I have a pet pig and a little colt, and I have a little turkey and a banty. I have a little black dog. My pig's name is Spotty. The little colt is bay. My little dog's name is Rover.

I go to school. My school is out now. I have two brothers and one sister. My brothers' names are Herbert and William. My sister's name is Lovenia. William is seven years old. Lovenia is five years old. That will be all for this time.

Emmett Fellows, age 9,
Douds-Leando, Ia.