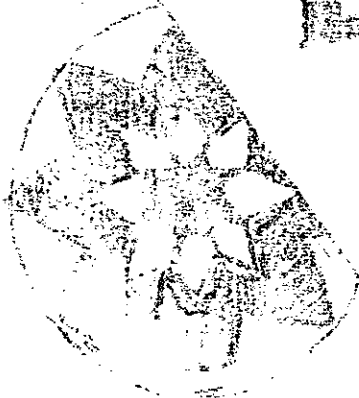
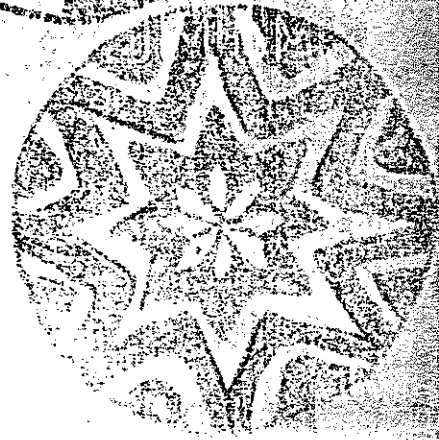
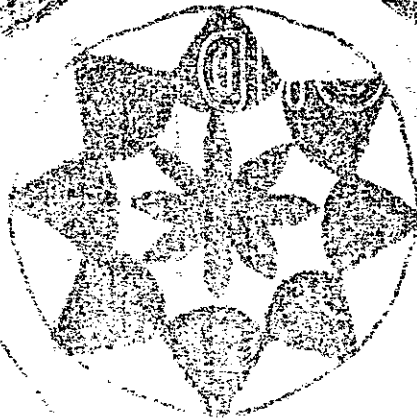
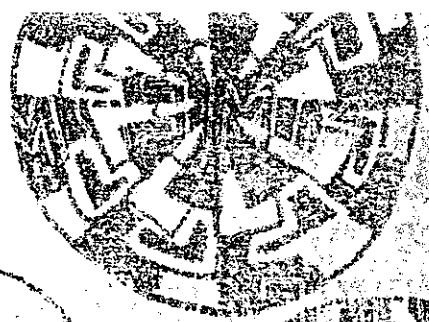
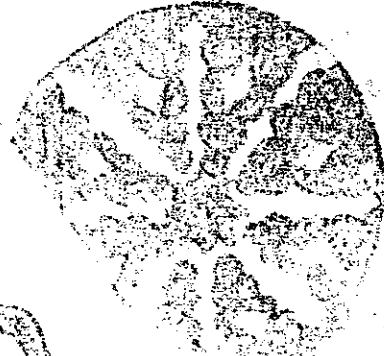


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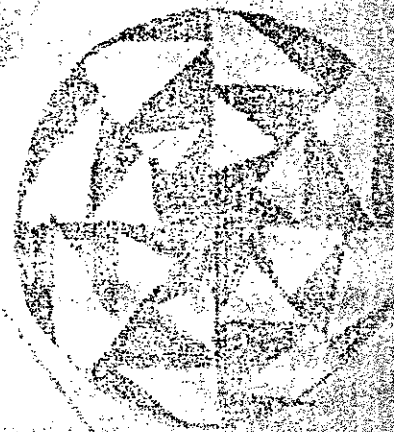
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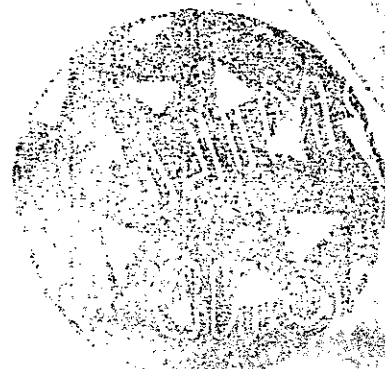
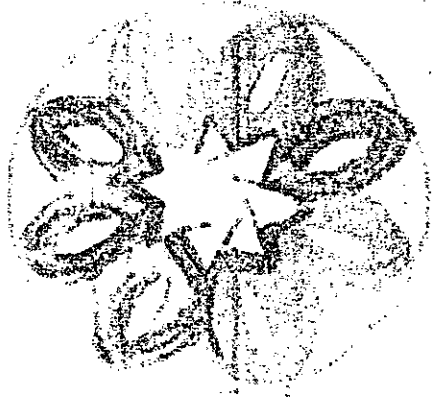


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Foreword

To the Reader:

Kaleidoscope is a Fifth Grade creative writing project. Most of the Fifth Graders have contributed some type of work to the magazine. On behalf of our editor-in-chief, Robert Rendely, the members of the staff, and myself, we wish to sincerely thank all these writers for their time and efforts spent. Furthermore, we wish to acknowledge that we are especially proud of their great enthusiasm for our project.

Many months have passed since our work began. Mr. Rendely and I appreciate the determination and perseverance of our staff, who spent many extra hours after school and on week-ends editing, designing and finally collating our magazine.

I would like to express my gratitude to Sister Marion Carol for her assistance and interest in our project. Acknowledgement is given to the office staff, Mrs. Jeanette and Mrs. Fortunato, for the time and effort they spent running-off each page of the magazine for us.

The members of the staff and I appreciate the moments donated to us throughout the days by Mrs. Winzinger and Sister Anne, which enabled us to solve countless little problems. In addition, a special note of thanks is due Mrs. Winzinger, who has been especially helpful to me in an advisory capacity since the project began.

As is most often the case, the final test of a project's success lies in the amount of interest and work shone by its entire staff. I would like the members of the staff to know that I am very pleased with the work they have done.

On behalf of all the Fifth Grade writers, we hope that our magazine may give you many hours of pleasure.

Advisory Editor,
Miss Patricia Savish

To the Reader:

Pretending

Pretending is our nature, we do it every day.
Pretending is in television, movies and every day
play.
By pretending we entertain ourselves, and get many
things our way.
If we didn't pretend, what would we have to say?

When we play "hero of the day" through make-believe,
Use our imagination, or play with fantasy;
We should not be unhappy or grieve,
Because we know this is not reality.

In reality things are sometimes painful or sad,
So there is more fun in pretending.
We can create people who are happy and glad,
And whose joy in life is never ending.

We have so much fun in pretending,
Because we form the scenes ourselves;
And our imagination has no ending-
From giant redwood trees to Santa's little elves.

The wonderful world of imagination,
Is like bells when they ring.
Our pretending is God's creation,
And look at all the joy it brings.

R, Rendely

HALEIDOSCOPE

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Editor-In-Chief - - - - - Robert Rendoly

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Judith Weitz

Fiction Editor - - - - - James Chicrol

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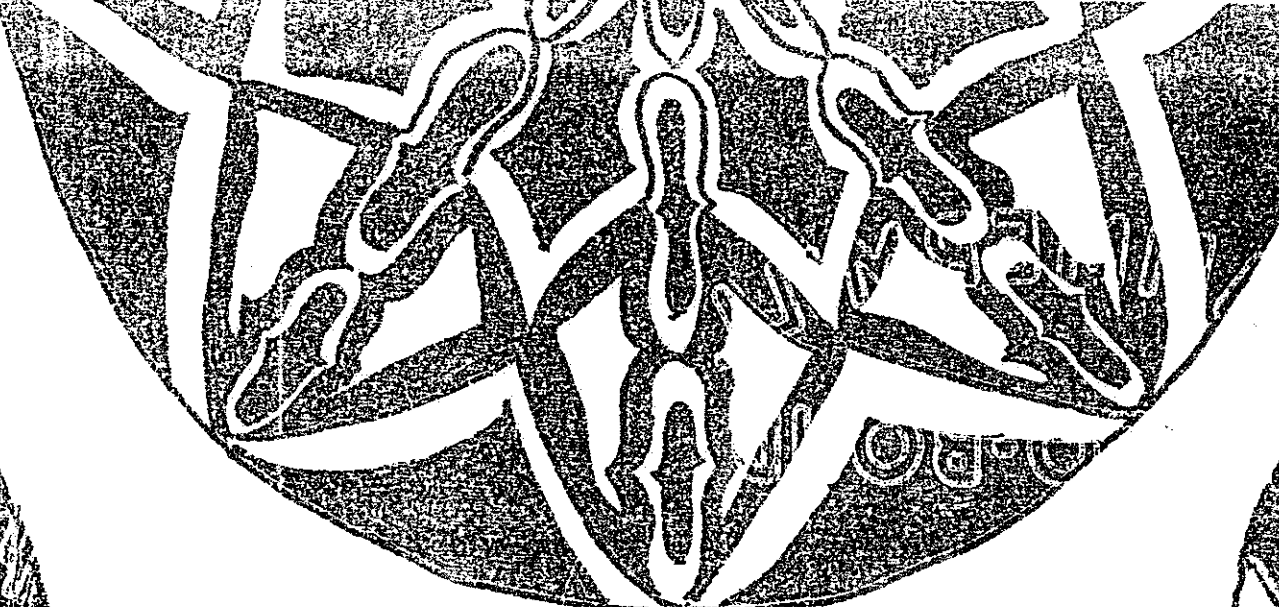
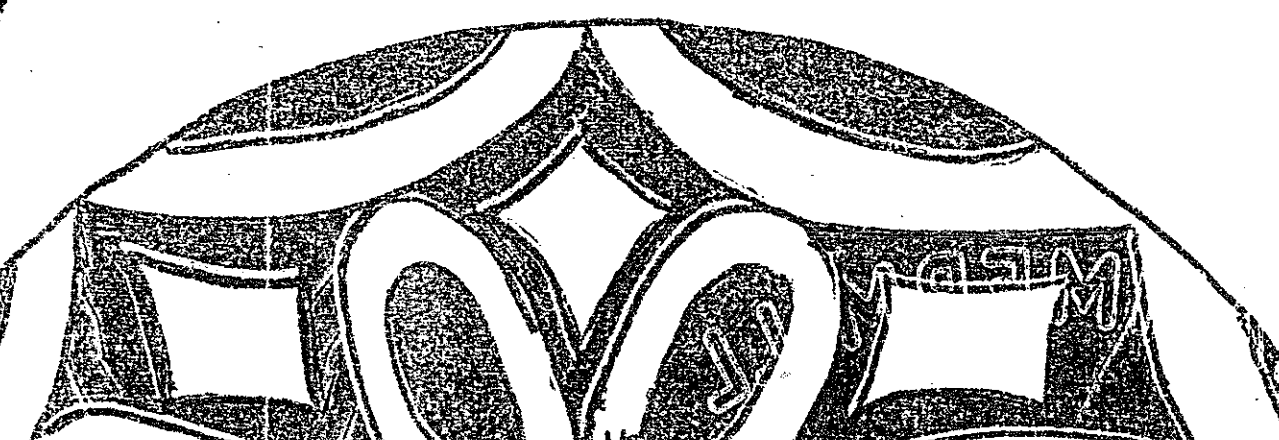


Table of Contents

Foreword	1
"Pretending"	11
Staff	111
Poetry	1-29
Short Stories	30-52
Prose Poems	53
Comedy Contents	54
Comedy	55-62



The Martyr

When they come,
They will bind my hands.
They will lead me through the
streets.

So people can mock me.
I will not hear them,
I will be thinking of my brothers
and sisters,

Who have gone before me.
How foolish these people are!
For a short time they have wealth.
Then for eternity
They are tortured in Hell.

But now---
I must not think of this;
They are coming.

J. Chiorzi



J. Marger

Poems

Some people crossed the sea.
They brought food and some tea.
And as they sailed,
They so lovingly hailed,
The true God.

They sailed for days,
And they sailed every night.
And then they behold,
A heavenly light.

The colors were bright as
The sun in the day.
Then God spoke to them
In the kindest way...
Oh children of mine,
Whom I'll love evermore.
Be kind and be peaceful.
You'll get safely to shore.

J. RICE



Almighty One

Almighty is He,
The creator of all,
The only one whom we adore,
For ever more.

Oh we love,
The Almighty One.
So bells rang and people sang,
For ever more.

His love He gives,
His guidance, His knowledge,
His life itself,
For ever more.

He loves us too,
The Almighty One.
So He gives all these gifts
For ever more.

J. Weitz

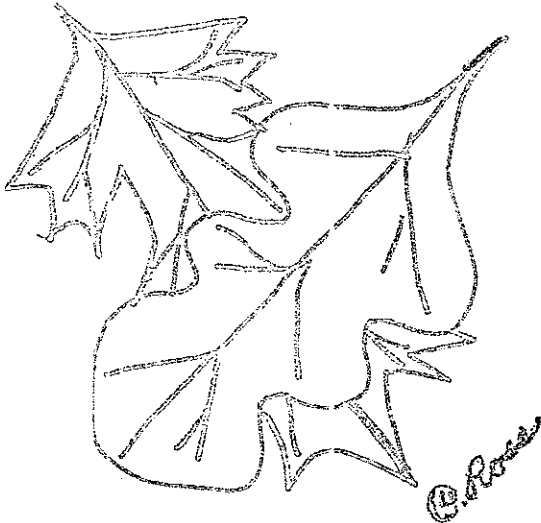


J. Marger

The Four Seasons

The trees are red and amber,
The bears are already in deep
in peaceful slumber.
The tadpoles know they will never
be cute tadpoles again.
The cute chick knows she will
soon be a full grown hen.
Yes, summer is over and fall is
here.
The crickets are chirping sadly,
"Winter is here."
When winter comes, it's as quiet
as a grave, and the
ground is sleeping.
But when spring comes, it's a
beautiful nation.
A perfect time to start a new
generation.
All over the world.

J. Chiorsi



October, the Autumn Month

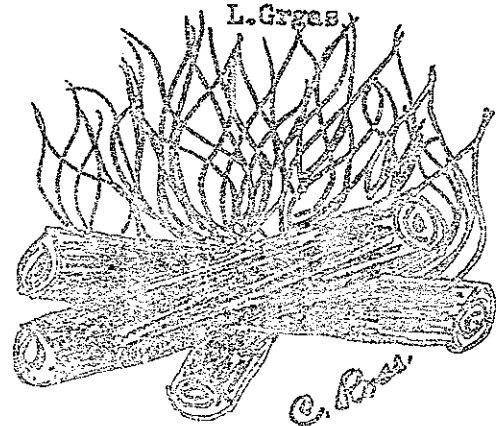
October is the Autumn month,
Oh! The beauty of it all!
The wonderful, gay Autumn month,
When the leaves begin to fall.

I love this beautiful Autumn
month,
With its colors, oh, so bright!
I love October, the Autumn month.
With its colors, oh, so bright!
C. Ross

Autumn Fires

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires,
See the smoke trail!

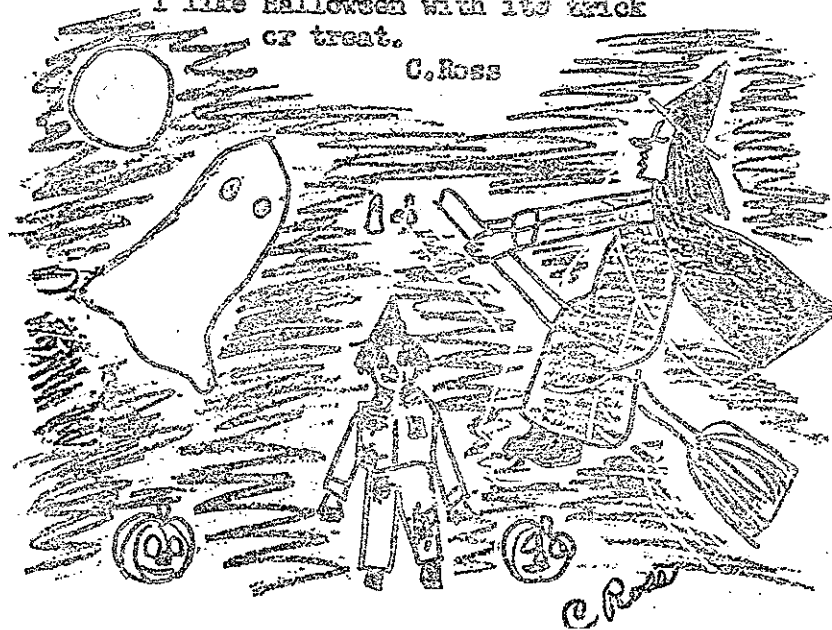
Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all,
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!



Halloween

Oh Halloween with its trick
or treat,
When mothers give good things
to eat.
A ghost is flying here, a witch
is soaring there.
And scarecrows are confronting us
everywhere.
I like Halloween with its good
things to eat.
I like Halloween with its trick
or treat.

C. Ross



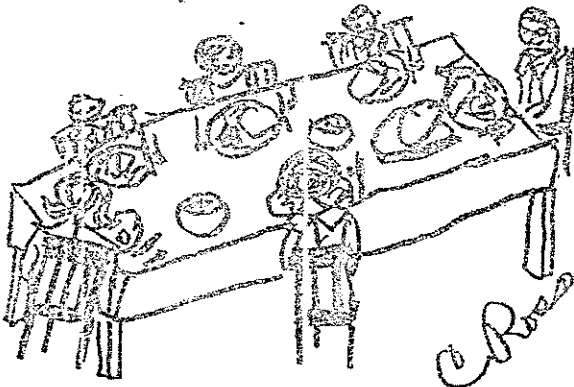
The Turkeys Flight

There is a day that comes once a year,
That turkeys undoubtedly fear.
They jump with joy throughout the year,
Until that day does finally appear.

They'll be hiding somewhere on the ground,
Or in bushes, that are somewhere round.
Then come the hunters to the hunt,
With their hounds, running in front.
They catch the turkey, and bring it home.
Alas, now it has no freedom to roam.

The turkey will soon be killed,
Well roasted, and filled.
Placed on a tray, and quickly sliced,
It will be served with breads well spiced.
And thus on Thanksgiving night,
Our turkey will be eaten with delight.

J. Weitz

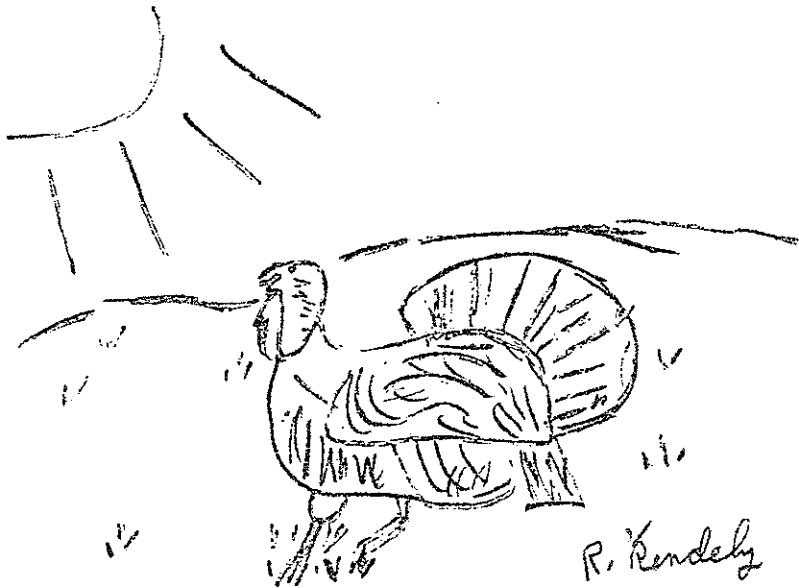


Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving is the time of year
When everyone is full of cheer,
It's on this day I like to see
My mom prepare Turkey for me.
Grandma and Tommy and Joanie are
there.
They would never miss this great
affair.
The meal is delicious and all are
gay.

I wish Thanksgiving were everyday!

F. Lockwood



Halloween Night

Finally it's Halloween night.
Skeltons, what a scary sight!
Isn't he a very frightening ghost,
Please don't worry, for we're

His host.

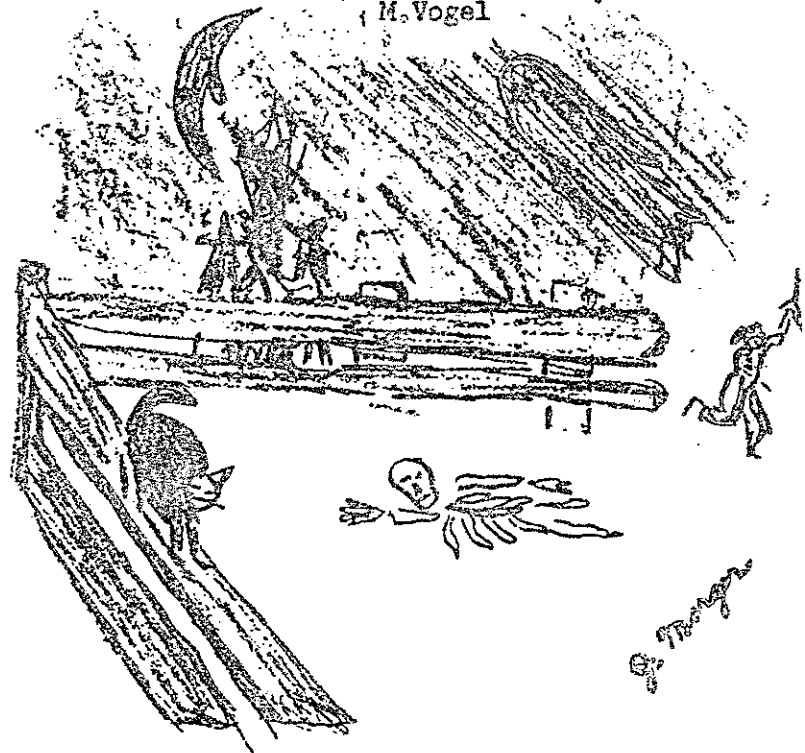
We will all have a lot of fun,
With the pirate's oldfashioned
gun.

Let's watch the witches cook a
brew.

Odd isn't it; it tastes like a
stew.

This is the time of year to say,
"Happy Halloween and good day!"

M. Vogel



The Four Seasons

I love the summer and swimming
by the sea,
I'm sad when in fall the leaves
fly from the tree.
I'm cold in the winter when snow
does fall,
Then comes spring and I'm
happiest of all.

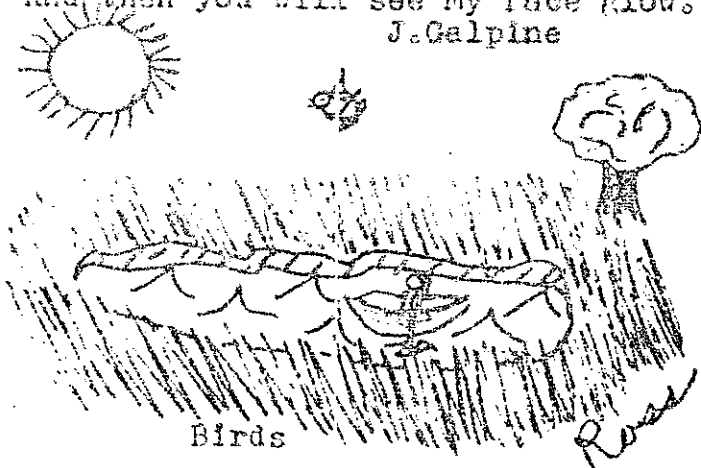
M. McNulty



Spring

Spring is a season that I know.
On a calm pond I love to row.
Just let me see the things that
grow,
And then you will see my face glow.

J. Galpine



Birds

When I look up at the beautiful
sky,
I can't help but see the pretty
birds fly.
With their wings wide-spread, they
look free of care.
Making me wish, I could be with
them there.

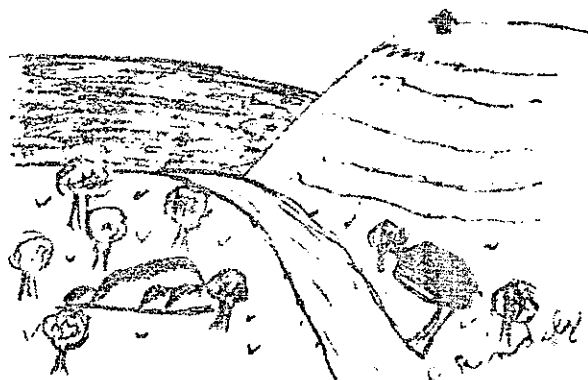
M. McNulty



In the Hills

Down the grassy hill bright with
rain,
The stream speeds on to the quiet
plain.
Wider, wider the river grows,
As toward the great, grey sea it
flows.

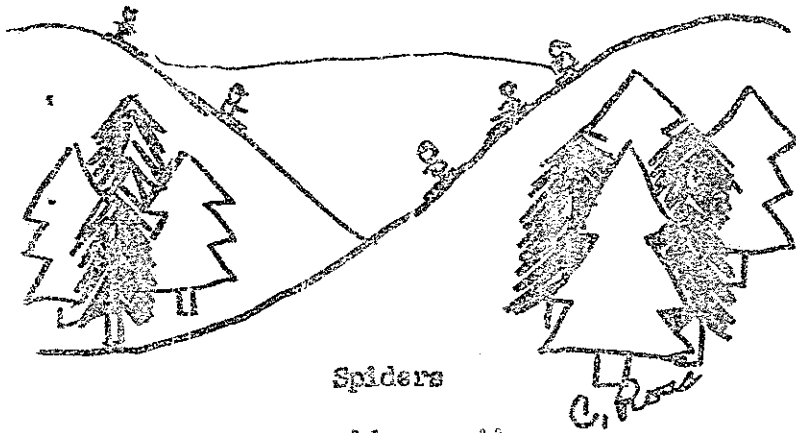
K. Sheehan



Autumn

Autumn is when all the leaves turn
brown,
But when I see them I wear a frown.
I rake piles of leaves and get no
pay.
Gee, why do I have to work all day?
Before me people walk by all the
time.
Thousands of leaves must be worth
a dime!
Oh, how I wish I could get away!
Then, "Get to work," my father
would say.

P. Ahern



Spiders

I once saw a spider, eating up
a fly.
They could eat leaves instead;
why don't they try?
Flies are a nuisance, that I
can't deny.
They do make ugly sights,
But still, by George, don't they
have their rights?

Then a wiseman told me, who am I
to say,
In ything at all about the
spiders prey.
I got my dinner of steaks, pork
and buns,
But the poor little spider has
to take what comes.
J.R. Chiscol

My Favorite Season

A snowy white blanket covers the
ground.
It is peaceful, tranquil, there's
not a sound.
Lots of boys run out to play.
They bring skates, skis, and of
course, a sleigh.
Children to the icy hills run,
each like a sprinter.
And of course, the season has to
be winter.

R. Kopitsch



A Park

There is a very special place,
Where you might see a familiar
face.
It is a place where children
can play.
A place you can sit and think
all day.
They're always adding something
new;
It might be a pool, lounge or
even a zoo.
It's open all day, and open
til dark.
For this very special place
is a park.

R. Kopitsch



A Birds Song

Sweetly sings the bird,
Merrily all day long.
Having not a care in the world,
For there's nothing wrong.

Happy is the bird,
Chirping all day through,
Always, always singing,
In the sky so blue.

G. Callahan

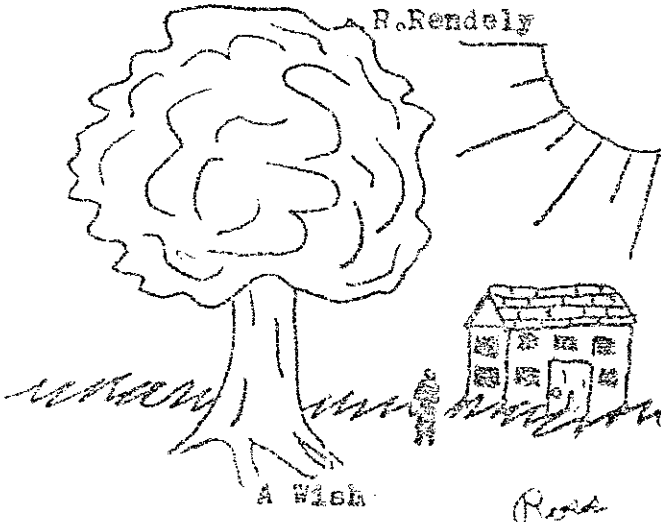
The Mighey Tree

From the Weeping Willow to the
Maple tree,
In spite of all the different things
I see,
The tree's the most beautiful thing
that can be.

The mighty trees move and make a
strange sound,
When the powerful wind is blowing
around.
The wind must be violent to tear a
tree from the ground.

A hardy plant, as you know, is the
tree,
Of all the things that you can see,
A tree is the most beautiful thing
that can be.

R. Rendely



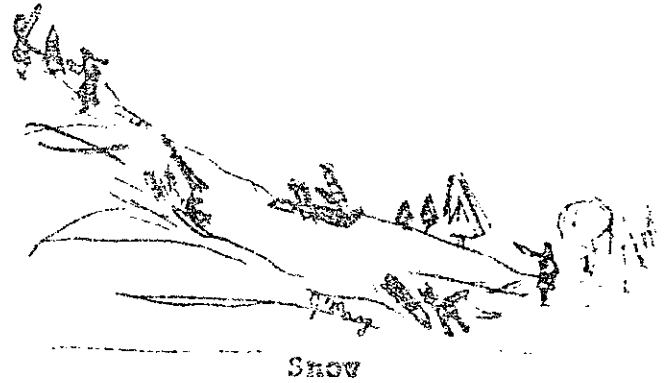
I wish that I could blame no one,
For any wrong that I have done.
Nor keep still when I know
That "he did it" is not truly so.
But I'm brave enough for death
To speak up and tell the truth:
That my self-regard would rise,
For my integrity I do prize.

M.A. Mead

Homes

Homes are where everybody should be,
They may be inland or close to the
sea.
They keep us nice and cozy, and warm.
They protect us from many a fierce
storm.

C. Szlepesik



Up and down the hills we go,
Playing all day in the snow.
Oh what fun it is to tumble,
When sleds down steep hills stumble.

In the snow we play all day,
And every hour we are gay,
We build a snowman all afternoon,
And as we do, we sing a tune.

J. Rasel

Snow

Snow floats in the air so gracefully
and white.
Snow's a surprise, when it falls in
the night.
When you first awake and look out
the door,
You wish you could make it snow
some more.

K. Delaney



Snow

Snow is a gift so neat and clean,
It sparkles with a gleam..
We wish it wouldn't melt away,
For it makes us happy and gay.
P.Kemp

Winter

Of all the seasons that you know,
I like the winter best and its snow.
I build a snowman with broom and stick,
That will be seen by jolly Saint Nick.

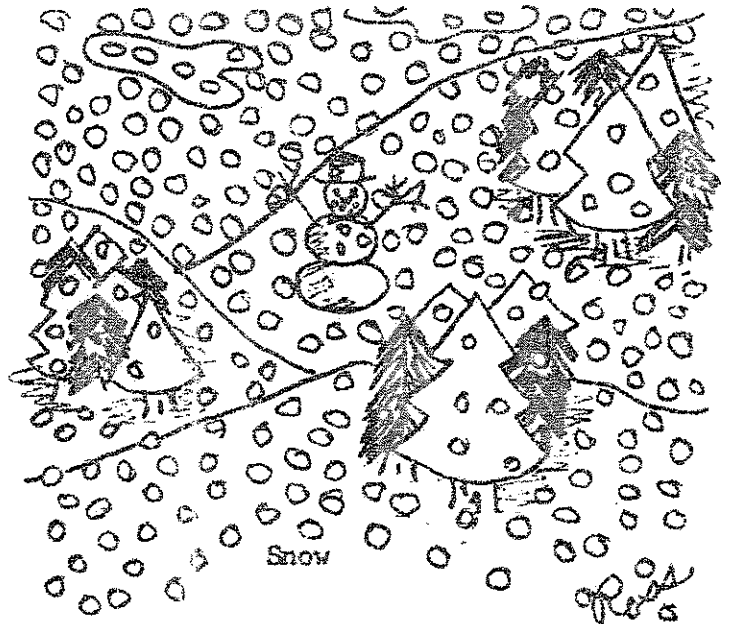
And when there's a gigantic snowstorm,
The snow flies against my frozen face.
That's the time when I wish to be warm,
So my friends and I have a very fast race.

Before it's time for me to go home,
We build a fort with a fancy dome.
And the winter helps our bodies grow,
That's why I like to play in the snow.
J.Delaney

Winter

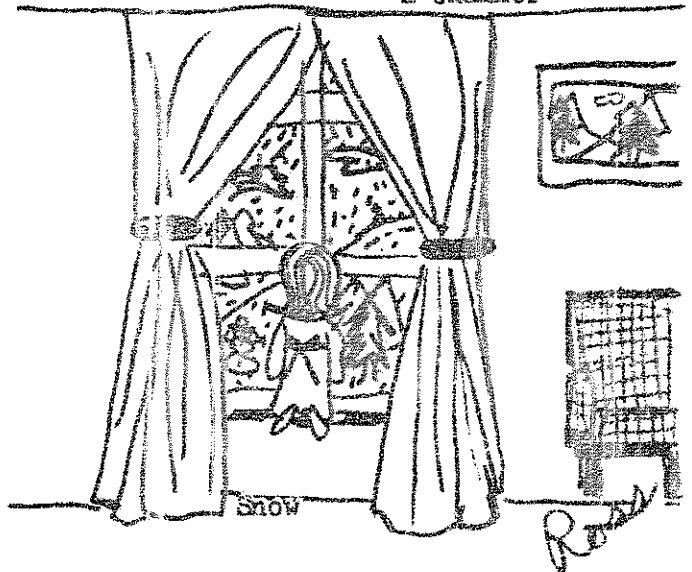
Winter is very, very nice,
Because you can skate on the ice.
Now we will go play in the snow,
So come on Martina, James and Joel
On the ice we will slip and slide,
Come on, let us go for a sleigh ride!

C.LaPorta



Fluffy white flakes fall to the ground.
Down swirling around and around.
What a beautiful sight to see,
Nature's frosty display of gayety!

E. Kammer



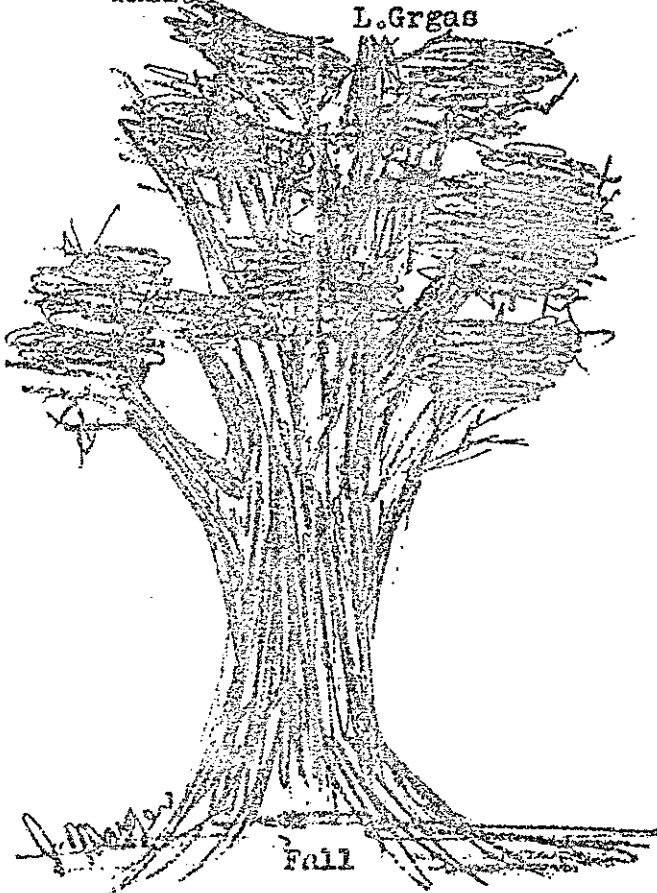
Snow is something that's really fine.
But it lasts for so short a time..
Snow is something that's so much fun;
I wish it would come down by the ton!
The deep snow falls in December.
Snow is something to remember!
Although snow comes late in the year,
It spreads happiness far and near.
True this is my version of the snow;
You might have others, this I know.

C.Williamson

A Great Big Tree

Tree, oh great big tree,
Tell me what do you give to me?
"I keep off the sun, on a hot
summer day.
In the cool of my shade, you rest
and play.
I give you your house, of timber
tall,
I keep storms away from roof and
wall."

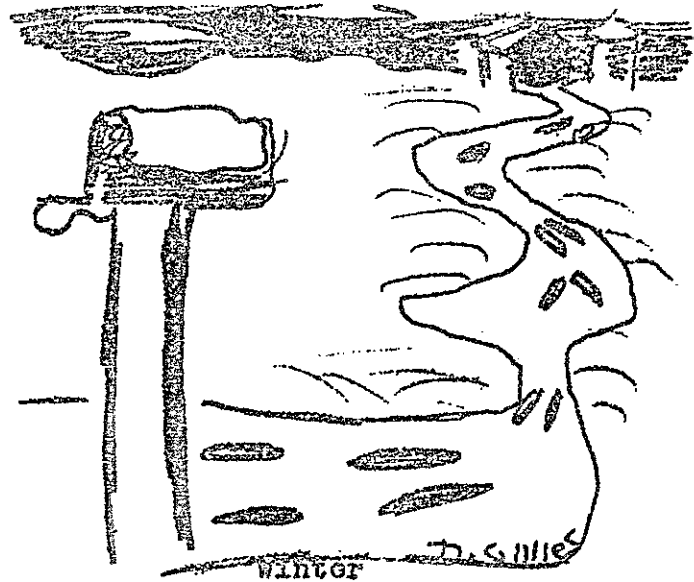
L.Grgas



The leaves have fallen to the
ground,
And spread for miles and miles
around.
When the children come out to
play,
They ask the tree to shade the
day.

Sadly all the trees reply, "No,
My children for soon it will
snow,
And my leaves make a fertile
ground,
So next year green grass can be
found."

M.Romano



When you look upon a winter scene,
Everything is drag, but the ever-
green.

The trees are bare and the leaves
have past.

Dawn comes late, and dusk comes
fast.

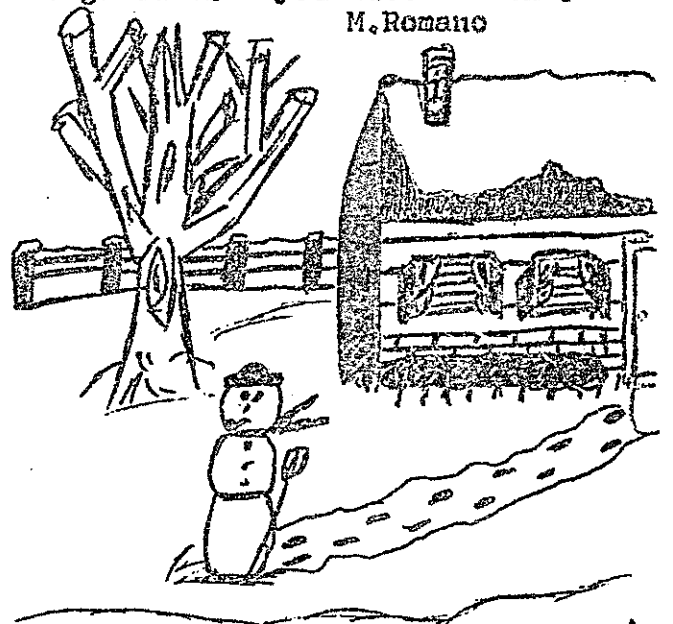
Everywhere there's nothing but snow,
Because it's winter, that we know.

N.Sheppard

Winter

The snow is mounded on the ground,
And sometimes children fool around.
But when the wind is bitter cold,
To go outside you must be bold!

M.Romano

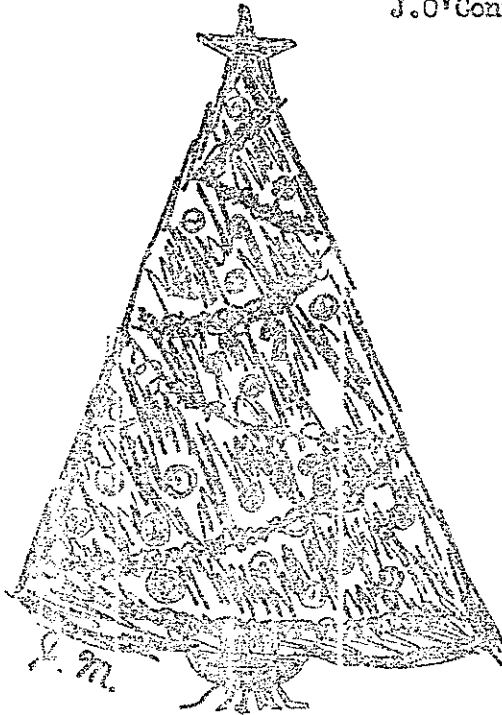


R. Rendely

When I was three, I was so brave.
I'd stay up and watch the chimney,
So I could see old Santa leave
My presents by the Christmas tree.

But somehow Santa would come and go,
And not a jingle would I hear.
I even would inspect the snow,
For footprints left by his reindeer..

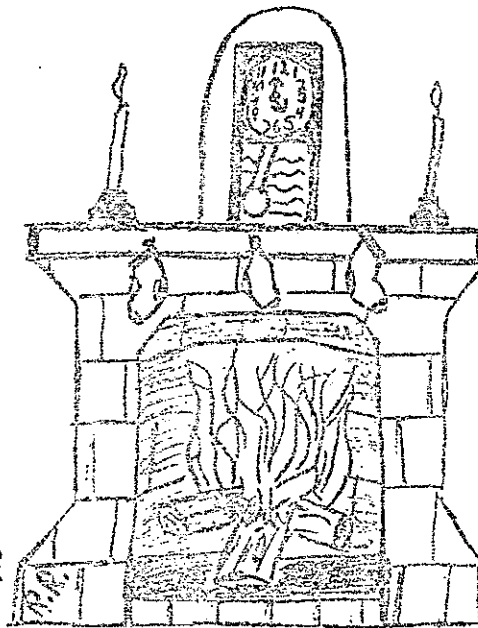
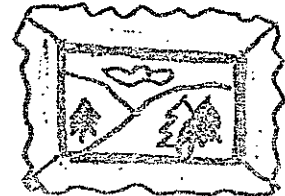
J.O'Connor



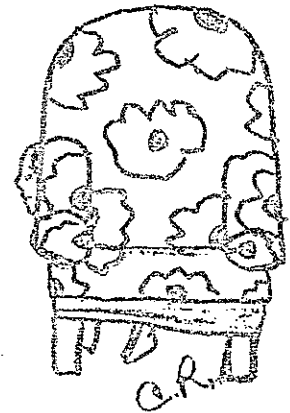
Christmas

On each cold Christmas night,
When the snow is so very white..
If you listen and watch the sky,
You may hear a loud, jolly cry..
There is the snow on all the roofs,
And footprints left by many hoofs..
Therefore when it was day,
Certainly all was gay,
For in every house you could see,
Presents left beneath the tree..

A.Zipper



Christmas Day



Christmas is the nicest time of all,
It's when the snow will fall and fall.
When the chimes ring and people will sing,
A joyous hymn to the new born King..

The children go to bed at night,
And wake up to a beautiful sight..
When children go out to play,
Each will sing while riding his sleigh..

J.Dignus

Christmas

I can't wait till Christmas day,
With Santa Claus on his sleigh..
I can't wait to see what's under the tree,
The wonderful presents he left for me..

These presents will make me happy and gay,
And I will play with them all through
the day..

And when Santa comes again next year,
We'll all come and give him a big cheer!.

N.Fullam

One December Day

When the Christmas season comes every
year,
It brings little children happiness and
cheer..
The toys and the snow are a wonderful
sight..
For the children to gaze at from morn til
night..

E.Legendre

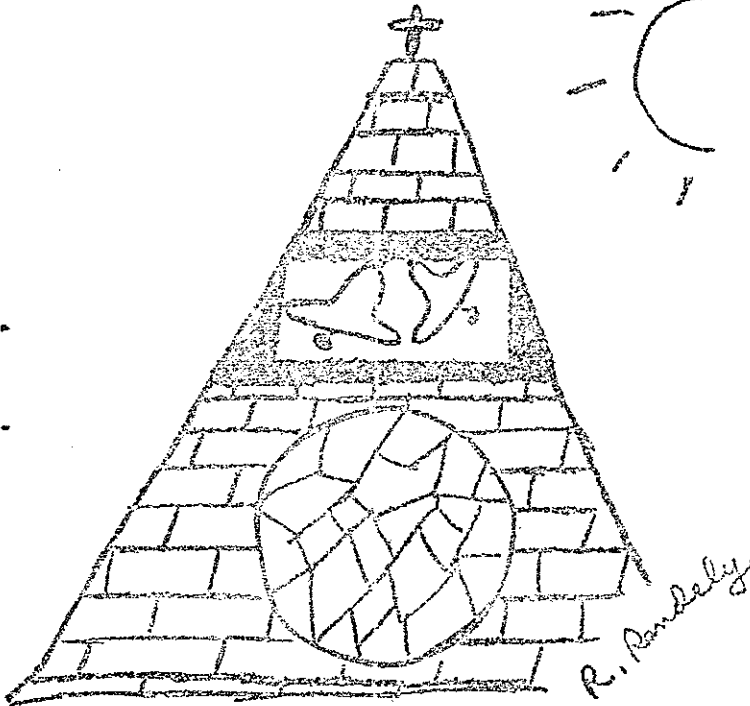
One December day, when there was frost,
Upon a sleigh came Santa Claus..
He brought a set of trains for Carl,
For Mom gloves, and for Mary a doll..

R.Koch

The First Christmas Morn

In a manger the Christ Child was born,
With hay in his crib, on the first
Christmas morn.
He was wrapped in clothes, so clean and
white,
With a heart filled with love, He made
the world bright.
He came on this earth to give men
freedom.
He still today leads us into His
kingdom.
In a manger the Christ Child was born,
With hay in his crib, on the first
Christmas morn.

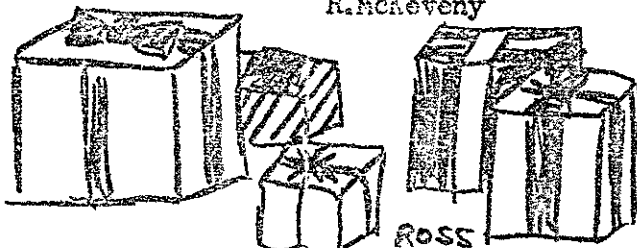
M. Kudrick



Christmas Time

Christmas is a very pleasant time,
When you can hear the church bells
chime.
Santa comes on the twenty fourth,
And from his large sack, the toys
come forth.
The very next day we all can see,
Happy children sitting near the
tree.

R. McKeveny



The First Christmas

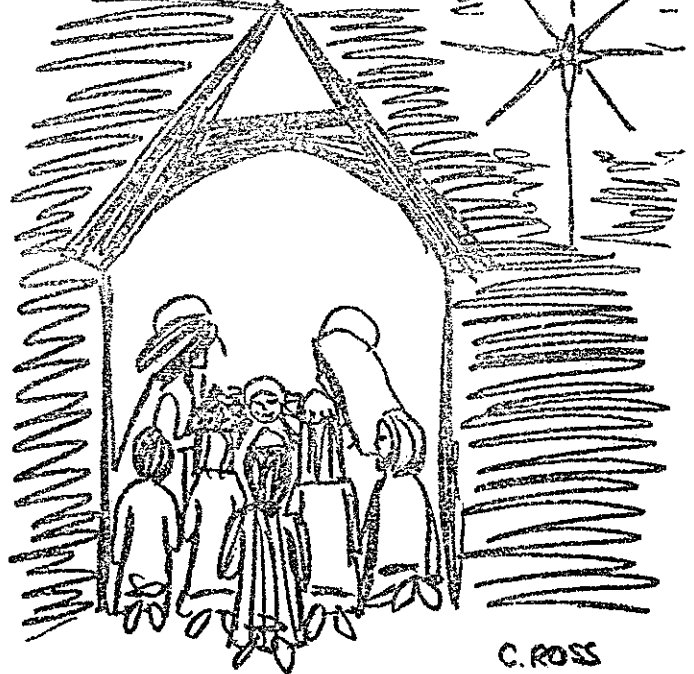
Christ was born on the first Christmas
day,
He lay in a manger full of hay.
Now everyone rejoice and sing,
As we serve the new born King.

With only the star to give them light,
The Wise Men came by day and night.
They followed the star, as they were
told.
They brought Him frankincense, myrrh
and gold.

The shepherds also came one night,
Guided by the star so bright.
They gave to Him what gifts they
could;
They brought lambs and a statue made
of wood.

This is a time when people are gay
A time when all people will say,
"Now everyone rejoice and sing,
As we serve the new born King."

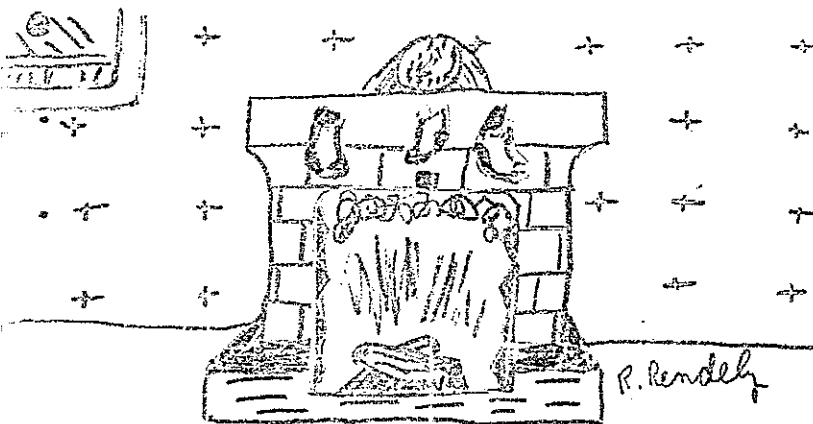
A. Rodenburg



Christmas

Christmas is a time for toys and fun.
Happy children play and run.
They are laughing about everything,
For the things that Santa will bring.

D. Wallace



The Christmas Tree

The Christmas tree is a sign of joy.
There are toys under it for each
girl and boy.
The tinkle shines like the stars so
bright.
And the colored lights are spaced
just right.

The bubble of glowing colors so round
are they.
Tiny angels fold their hands as they
pray.
The long green branches, so mighty
they are.
The top-most branch holds the star.

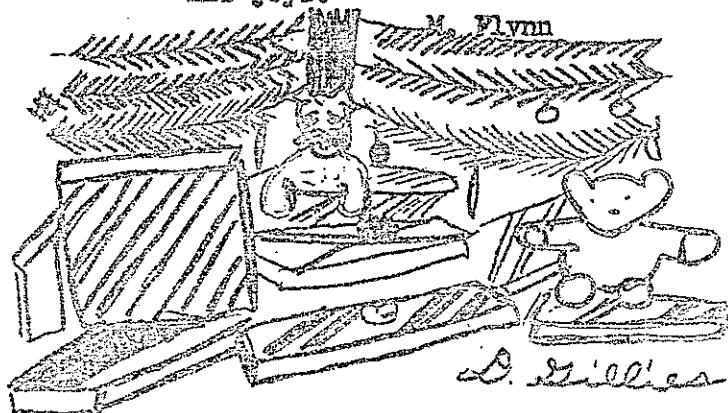
The tiny elves of Santa's toy shop,
Work day and night to make stars for
the top.
Jolly Old Santa puts up the wreath.
He decorates the tree, then puts
the presents beneath.

M. O'Hagan



Christmas is a glorious time,
When churchbells ring a joyous chime.
Jesus, the Lord, is near in church,
He this day was given birth.

Santa Claus too plays a part,
But he and Christ should be apart.
True tis Saint Nick who brings the
toys,
But Christ, the Lord, brings us
His joys.



Christmas Morning

I woke up Christmas morning,
So early I was yawning.
I turned on the bright hall light,
For the room was dark as night.
Then I saw a beautiful sight,
My eyes brightened up with a light.

Suddenly in front of me,
Resting there under the tree,
Was a puppy watching me!

L.J. Mauro

Church Bells

As people pass by,
They see the blue jays fly.
They hear the bells ring,
As the choir boys sing.
For on Christmas Day,
Everyone is gay.

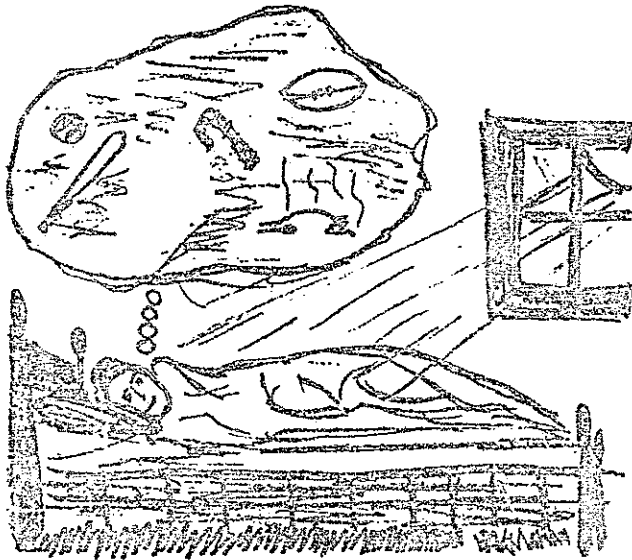
A. Rodenburg

My name is James,, as you all know. .
To Saint Kilians School I go.
I like to learn and still have time,,
For play with many friends of mine.

- I have three sisters, a Mom and Dad.
They're the greatest a boy ever had!
My sisters may bother me at times;
• They upset my trains and hide my dimes..

Now that Christmas time is almost here,
I ask myself as I do each year,
"What should I buy them? What do they
need?"

So, I will work and save hard indeed!
J.O'Connor



Christmas Time

On Christmas Eve I was free,
To trim the Christmas tree.
I helped my mother bake
Some cookies and a cake..
But soon my mother said,
"You have to go to bed."
Quickly came Christmas day,,
And everyone was gay..

L.J.Mauro

Happy Thoughts

I love the holiday season..
The days are sunny and gay..
Do you want to know my reason?
That's right, cause school is out
all day..

K.McCormack

Christmas

Christmas is a time of the year,
When if you're quiet you can hear:
"Please get me that, Santa,," they cry;
"Can I try it; Oh can I try!"
Happy children girls and boys,
Shout with joy, when they see their toys..

G.Spulher



Christmas

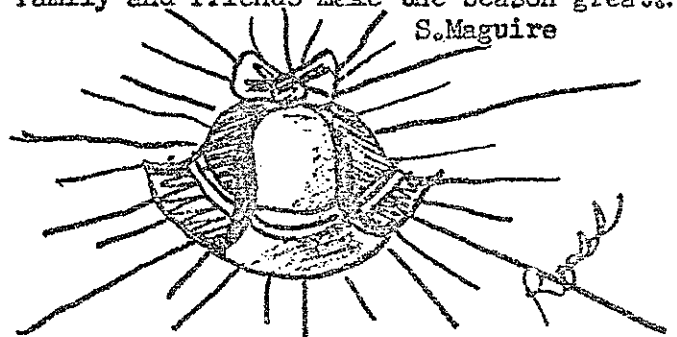
There on the top of the Christmas tree,,
One bright angel you can see..
Under the tree are a lot of things,
That make little children feel like kings..

K.Kurtz

Christmas Time

That wonderful time is drawing near,,
For all men to be filled with good cheer..
Christmas is a time for brotherhood..
To one another we should be good..
The coming of the Lord we celebrate..
Family and friends make the season great!.

S.Maguire



Candyland

One day as I went out to play,
Above my head I saw a light.
What was that view so far away?
Oh, it was a wonderful sight!

It was a lovely candyland,
It certainly was a sight to see,
There were lollipop signs and candy sand,
And a great big peppermint tree.

My candyland is not what it seems,
With its tasty treats piled in a heap .
I think it might be in my dreams,
I guess that's why I like to sleep.

K.Darcy



A bird with a yellow bill,
Hopped upon my window sill,
He winked his eye and then said,
"Time to rise, you sleepy-head."

L.Grgas

Mysterious Phone Call

One night while I was sitting at home,
I heard a funny hum on the telephone.
As I approached, it started to ring.
I didn't know what could cause such a thing.

The sound continued, or so it seemed.
Then I awoke realizing that I had dreamed.

T.Regan

Sleep

You go to bed so late at night,
You close your eyes, and shut them tight.
You think of the day that has just past,
And how it went so very fast!

Remembering your play during the night,
You ran and jumped and got into a fight.
You can't recall what you fought for,
You stopped the fight, and what a bore!

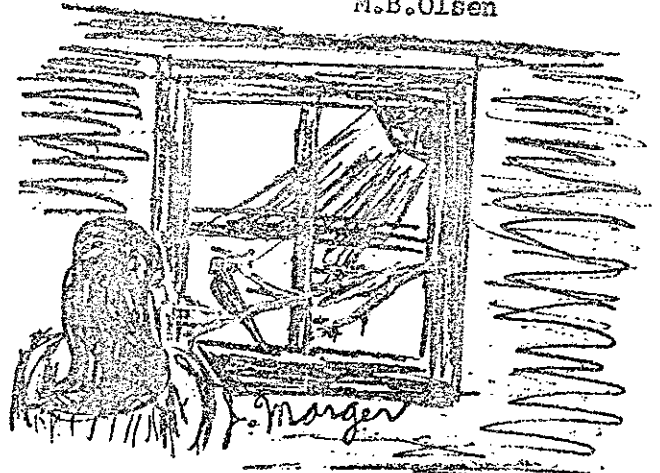
The day went on with lots of fun..
You played some games with everyone.
You hope the next day will be good,
To do all the things that you should.

T.Fay

A Baby

One night I looked out the shutter
And then I heard a strange flutter.
I opened the door and to my surprise.
There I saw a baby with tearful eyes.
All she needed was a lot of love,
And maybe a blessing from above.

M.B.Olsen



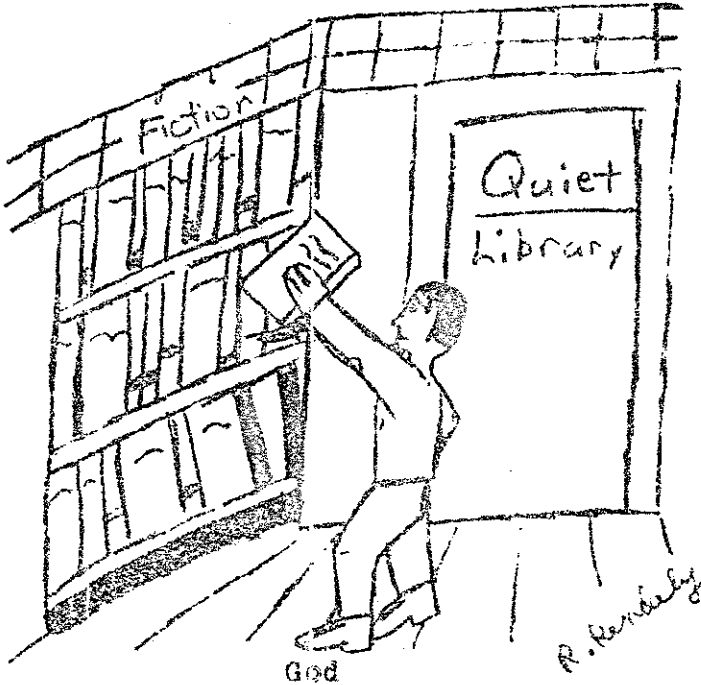
Over the Sea

Over the water across the sea,
We will sail happily..
Visiting our friends from many places,
See smiles of gladness upon their faces.

E.Legendre

There are many people in our land,
Who will always give a helping
hand.
Especially when a friend is in
need,
They'll go to his aid with plenty
of speed.

G.Spuhler



God

God is the one who we must trust,
For He is very, very just.
To the sinner, He shows mercy,
And for the poor, He has pity.
So they could enter Heaven's great
door,
And live with God forevermore.

M. Romano

Our Flag

Our national flag is red, blue
and white,
And people who look at it see
the light.
Since we're so proud to serve
such a good thing,
We have so many songs to it we
sing.

G. Spulher

Writing poems is fun, except for the
rhyme.

People are saying them all of the
time.

Some tell stories exciting and
fine.

Some are about people or trees of
pine.

Poems may be happy, funny, gay or
sad.

Writing poetry can make you feel
glad.

P. Ahern

Books

From the library take a book,
Have nothing to do; give it a look.
Books can take you many places,
You'll meet people of all races.

Books may be funny or sad,
Or about people both good and bad.
Page after page you will travel.
When you've finished, mysteries will
unravel.

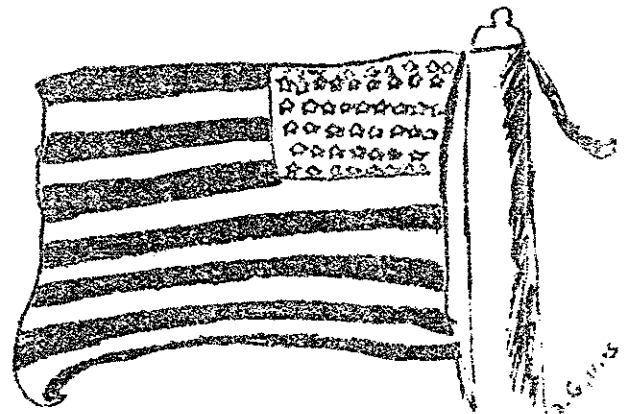
R. Kerpichev

War Is a Dreadful Thing

War is a dreadful thing,
Harming any person, place or thing,
The bullets sing, and the cannons
ring,
War is a dreadful thing.

War is a dreadful thing,
When I dream or think, I wonder when,
War will end; peace will come again.
War is a dreadful thing.

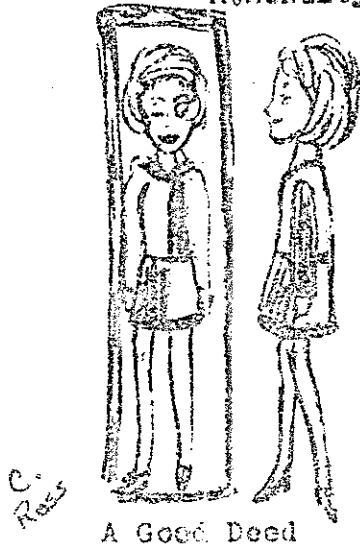
C. Sassano



Myself

I will have to live with myself
and so,
I want to be fit for myself to
know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight
in the eye.

M. McNulty



A Good Deed

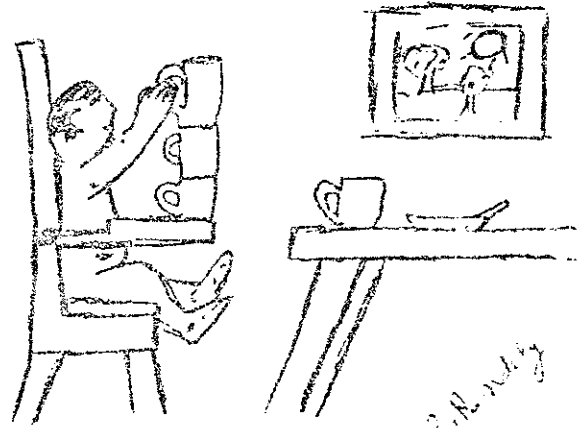
Everything was quiet, nothing in
sight,
When I walked on this cold, gloomy
night.
All of a sudden I heard a strange
sound,
Like someone or something hitting
the ground.
It was difficult to see through
the fog,
But I soon saw it was a little
frog.
I fixed his sore leg, and he
stopped his cries.
I wiped away the tears from his
eyes.
The old frog said, "Thank you.
What do you need?"
He sounded so grateful, Oh yes,
indeed!
"Nothing," I said, "hope I did a
good deed."

M. Kudrick

My Brother

My brother is a troublemaker at
home;
He is a baby of three and likes to
roam.
When Sue, Dan and I go to school on
the bus,
It never fails that he will make a
fuss.
By the end of the day he has ruined
the den.
At six in the morning he begins
again.

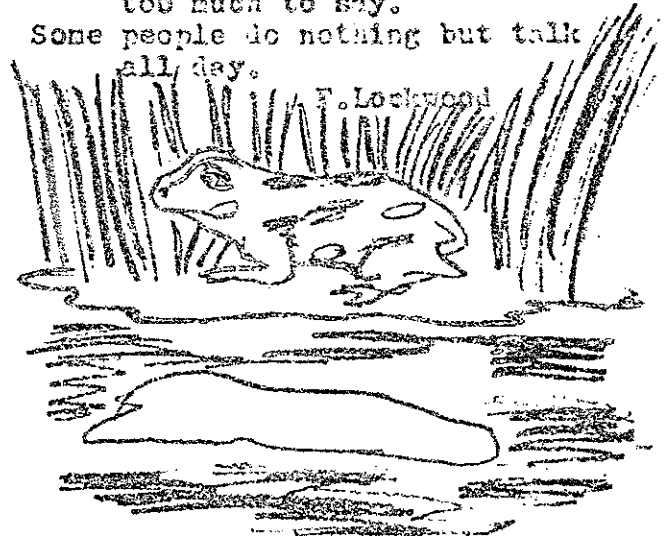
S. Phelan



Personality

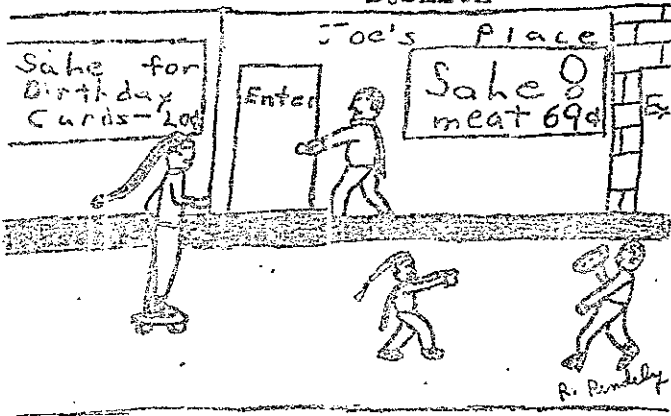
Some people are happy; some people
are gay,
Some people are likely to naps all
day.
Some people are quiet; some have
too much to say.
Some people do nothing but talk
all day.

F. Lockwood



S. Aditya

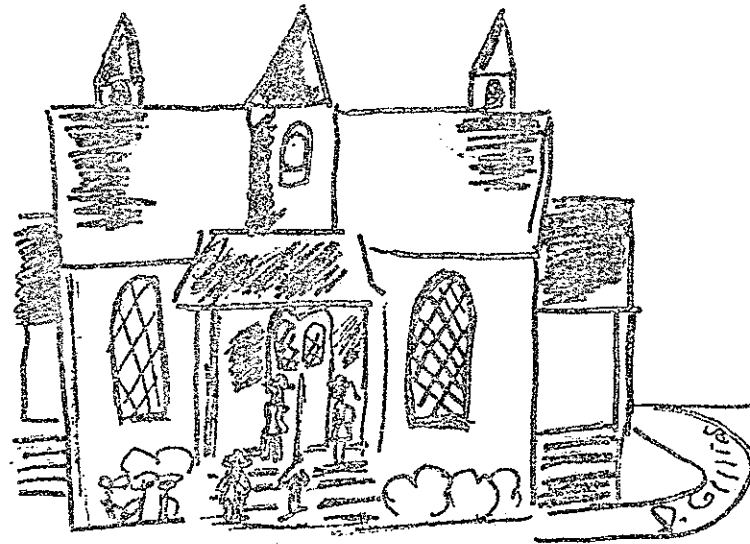
People are rushing along the streets,
Listening to those crazy beats.
At dresses in shop windows women
sigh.
Children wearing winter hoods pass by..
Hear the city noises, people coming
and going away.
The country is quiet, except when
children play.
The pies in the shops smell so good,
As do steaks cooked over a fire of
wood.
Each look at the stores lined in
rows,
As off to work every person goes.
B.Smith



People

People are really funning at times,
When they walk around making odd
whines.
I like people though, oh don't you?
Some people I like are just like
you.
Some people are funny; some are odd;
And of course some people are mod!
I know them young, and I know them
old.
They may be kind or they may be
cold.
They may be thin, or they may be
heavy.
They may be tall, or they may be
small.
Some people are white, and some are
brown.
Some wear a smile, and some wear a
frown.
I think people should be happy and
gay,
For they should enjoy life every
day!

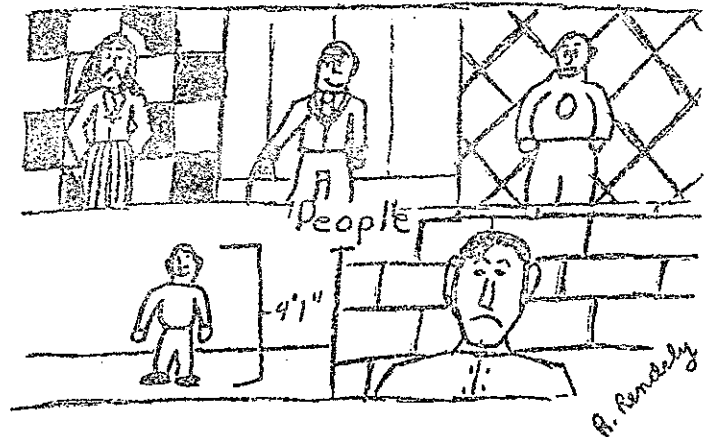
M.B.Olsen



The Four Children

They went to church through the alley,
Karen, John, Doreen and Sally.
They slowly walked two by two,
Up the aisle into the pew.

God gave them a little home,
A shelter for when they roam.
Now bow low in reverent prayer,
To keep all children in God's care.
C.Kolomechuk



A Dream I Had

Once it was a very dark night,
And I saw a pretty sight.
I saw what I want to be,
Was the dream about me?
Will I ever see my sight?
I hope I will another night!
L.Kueck

The Space Race

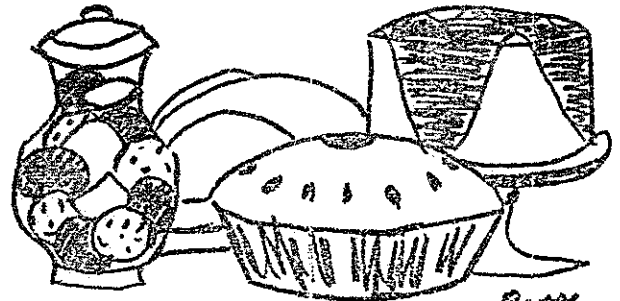
The Russians were first to enter
space,
But the U.S. soon entered the race.
We started to work hard very soon,
To try to beat them to the moon.

First, there came the Mercury
rockets,
We felt we had the moon in our
pockets.
The U.S. then sent up the "Gemenis,"
Which made us feel more at ease.
After the "Gemenis," more rockets
came,
And so we came closer to our aim.

In sixty-seven tragedy struck;
Fate seemed to change our very good
luck.
Three brave astronauts died in a
fire,
When in space we went higher.
We were delayed for more than a
year,
Just when our Moon trip was almost
here.

But then in October sixty-eight,
Luck seemed to change our terrible
fate.
The launch of the Apollo Seven,
Helped to make our poor chances even.

Then in December, of sixty-eight,
We sent up Apollo number eight,
Apollo Eight was a moon rocket;
We now have the moon in our pocket!
S.Noveck



Mon's Special Touch

Rosa

Mother is in the kitchen for the day,
Cooking and cooking her heart away.
Then the children come home to say,
"What are we having for dinner today?"
Then mother says, "It's a surprise;
So open your mouths and close your
eyes."

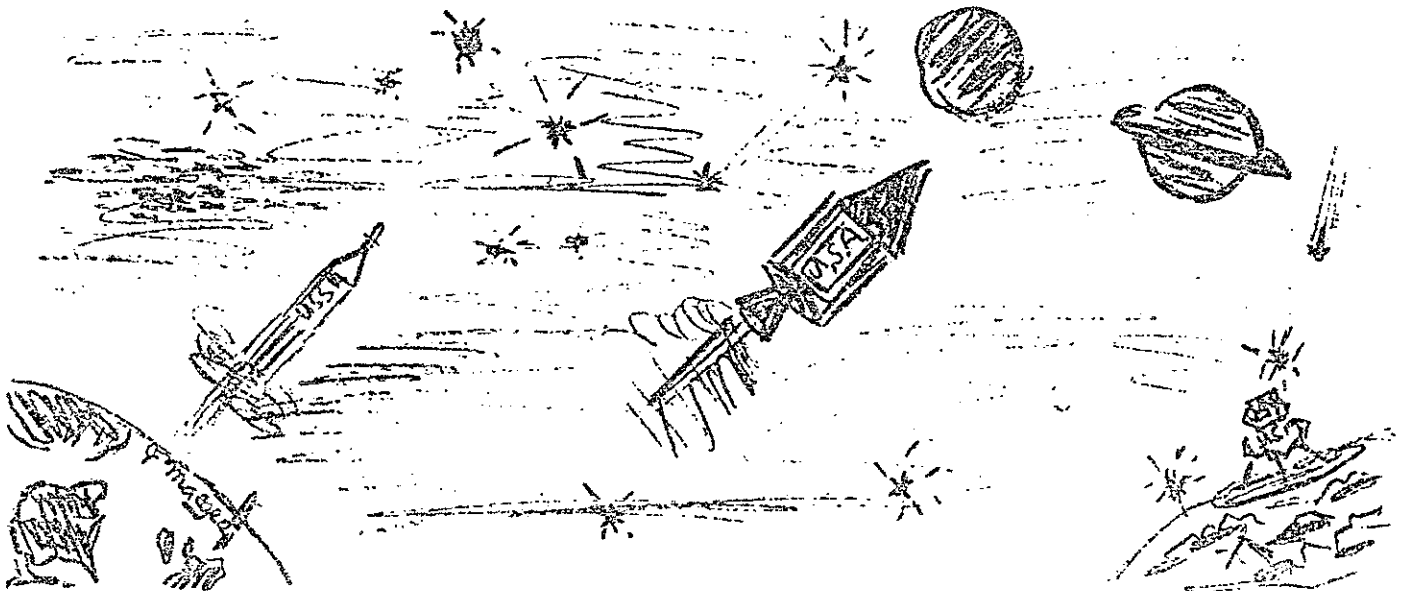
Soon they open their eyes and say,
"Mmm I think I'll dine here today!"
M.McNulty

A Poor Boy

There once was a little boy, who
lived in a shack;
He had little to eat, but some food
in a pack.
A very kind man came along one day,
"Do you want to live with me," he said,
"I'll give you some meat, water and
bread."

The boy was grateful; there was
nothing he could say.

F.Colatutto



Sports

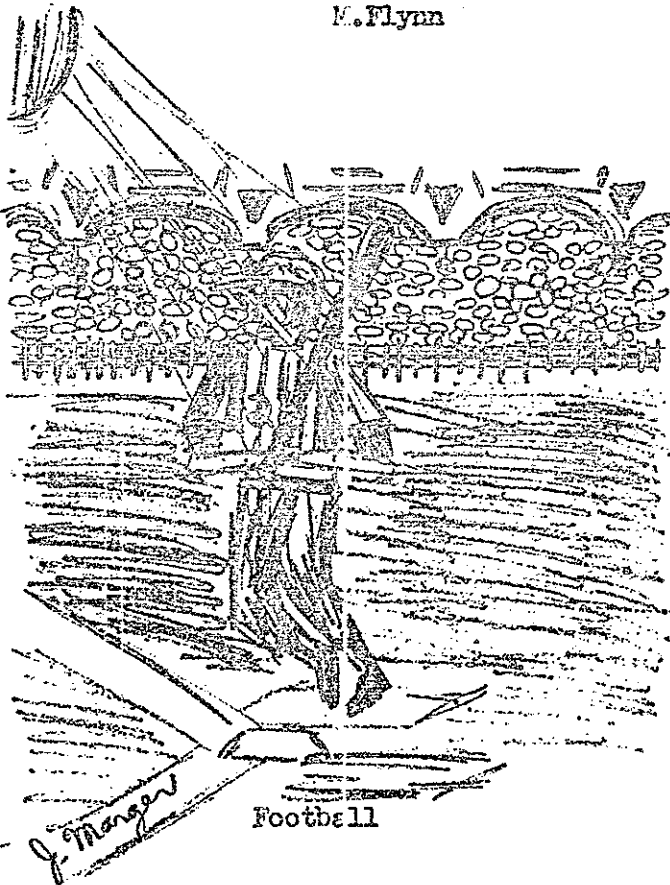
To be an athlete in a sport,
You can not be the lazy sort.
You must exercise everyday
Lift up barbells, not just hay.

If you have selected track,
You want to have what others lack.
You must run very fast,
And leave the other runners last..

A football player you can be,
But it's not easy you can see.
Sure the game is pretty rough,
But you can take it if your tough.

So now you know just what to do.
I've given you my best clue.
To be a athlete in a sport,
You never can be the lazy sort.

M.Flynn

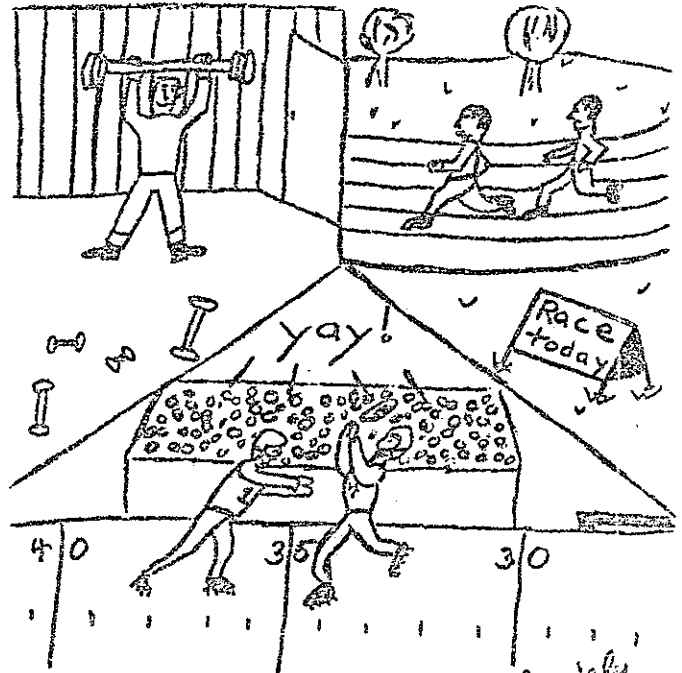


Football

Football is a rough-tough game,
Which takes a great deal of zest.
Although we may work for fame,
We still give our very best.

For our efforts gladly spent,
There's often little glory.
Games almost won are torment,
And that completes the story..

S.Bongiorno



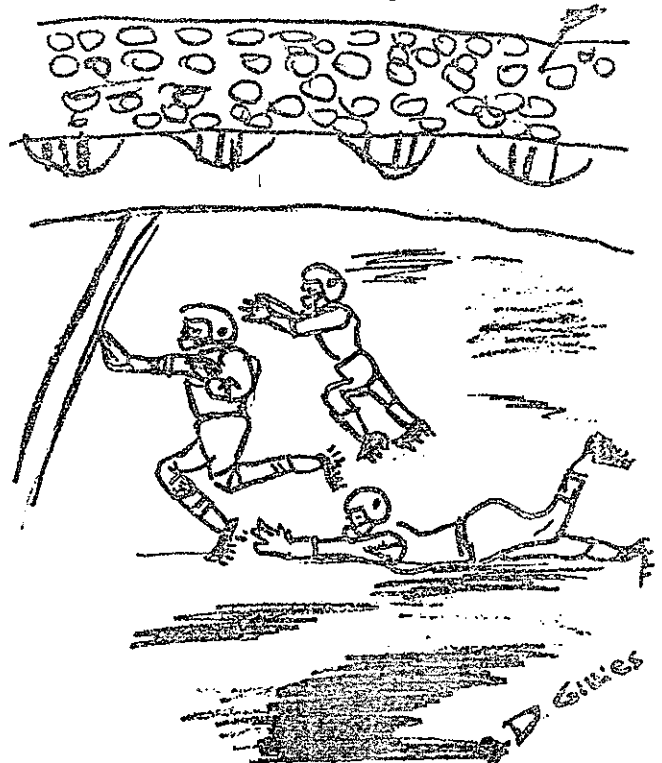
Baseball

Baseball is played with a bat and ball;
It doesn't matter if you're tall or small.
The pitcher might yell out a good call,
The catcher then should not be late
at all.

Hear them call, "Strike one, two, three;
you're out!"

That's when the batters begin to pout..
You always play the ball game to win,
Even if the other team has your kin..

G.Spuhler

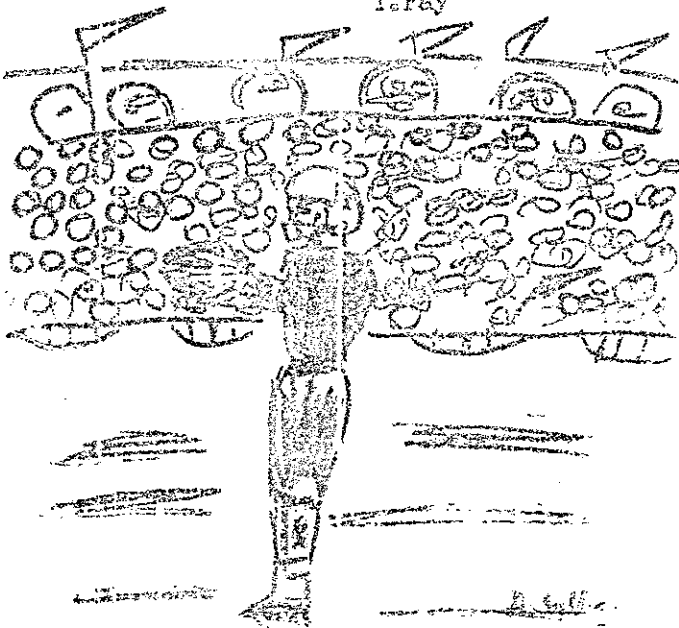


Do you like sports? They're lot's of fun.
I play them, so can everyone.
If you run, slide, or even jump,
On your nose you may get a lump.

Basketball, football, and baseball,
In all these games you're likely to fall.
Which one do you like best of all?
My favorite game is football.

In football you run, jump and tumble.
When you carry the ball, you may fumble.
Of course, the game, football, is very
rough;
You can not play it, if you're not tough.

T. Fay

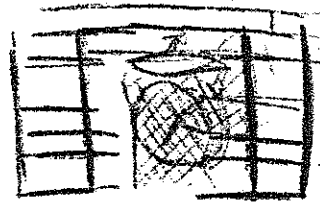
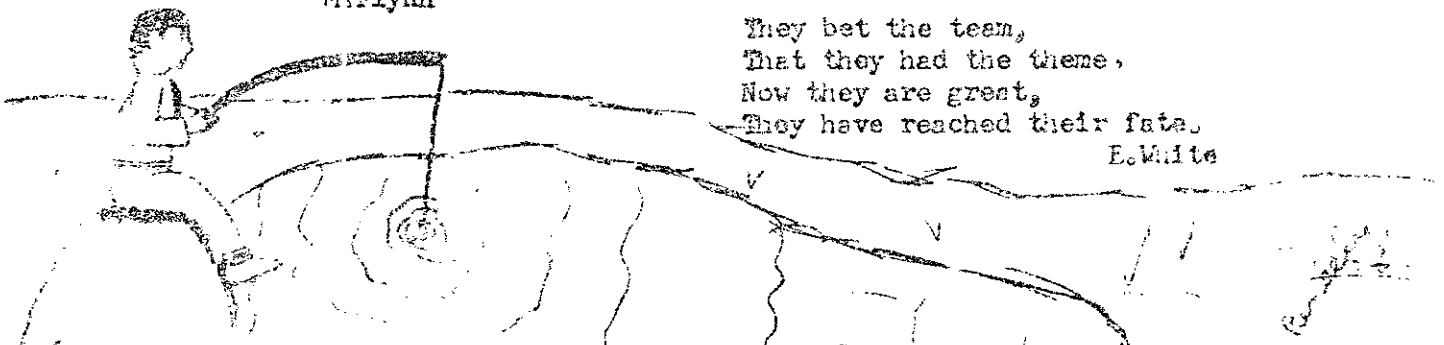


Fishing

You can fish for trout and carp,
But your mind must be sharp.
You can fish from a boat,
Until it looks like a float.

You can also use some bait,
And perhaps you'll use a weight.
You can catch all kinds of fish,
And fulfill your greatest wish.

M. Flynn



Bart Starr

There's a quarterback named Bart Starr,
Who doesn't run like Mel Farr.
His team plays out of Green Bay.
When he runs, he goes all the way.
When he plays, it's a great game.
His completed passes give him fame.
Quarterback is a hard place to play,
Compared to others, he leads the way.

R. McKeowny

Football

Football is a very good sport,
And you don't really need a court.
There are ends, tackles, and running
backs.

There are centers and quarterbacks.
It may be very hard to run.
Although it may be lots of fun.

R. Keats

The Jets

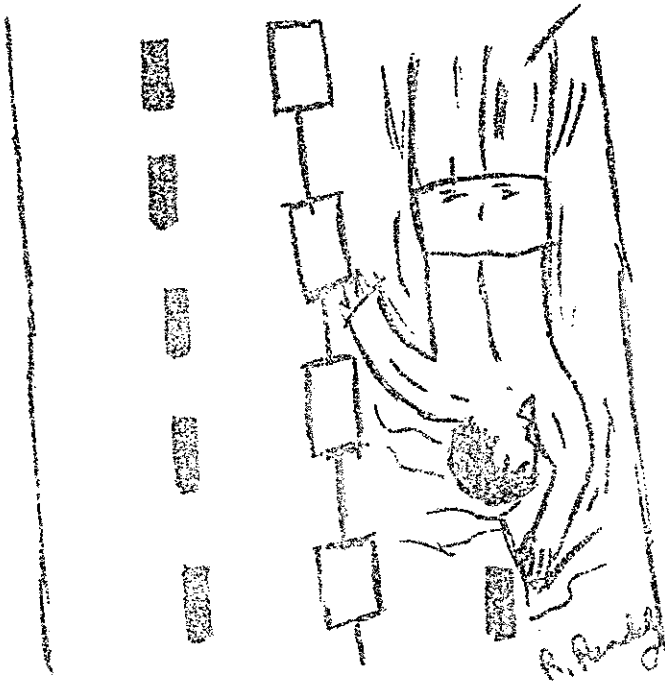
Like the Mets,
Were the Jets,
Until this year,
They lost their fear.

They bet the team,
That they had the theme.
Now they are great,
They have reached their fate.

E. White

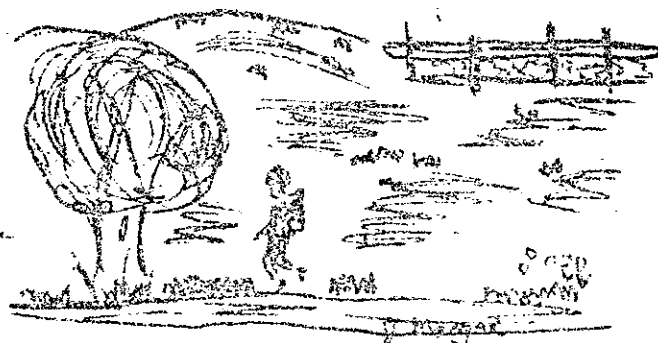
Skating

I love skating; to roll along,
And glide and float to the organ's
song.
Watch the dancer twirl so graceful
and free!
I can't help but wish she were me!
D. Alimossy



A Spring Hike

What's a spring hike to me?
It's seeing a beautiful tree,
Tall and straight as a tower;
It's looking at each flower.
Hiking is watching the birds,
And many small sheep herds.
K. Darcy



A Swimming Meet J. Gillies

You do the backstroke, free style and
butterfly,
And if your team loses a meet you
want to cry.
Twenty-five meters is nothing at all.
In the fiftys, you turn at the wall,
You might be first, second, or third.
Then, you feel happy as a bird!
G. Spahler

Spring and Play

Spring is a time of joy,
For each girl and boy.
They can play in the gym.
Or in the pool swim.
P. Note

Football

Football is fun,
We tackle and run;
We try many plays,
Just like old Bob Hays.

The Cowboyz travel.
In dirt and gravel.
But against the Packers,
They're really slakers.

The Packers tried,
While their wives cried.
They bounced up and down,
Yet ended on the ground.

All teams will start next year,
Each without a tear,
They each will hope to win,
While friends cheer and grin.
E. White

Love

Love is like a dove,
When it flies above.
Like the dove it's swift and pure,
Oh but love is never sure.
One day love says, "please be mine;
Will you be my Valentine?"
And then overnight,
Like the dove it's gone in flight.
D. Alinossy



The Plumber and I

face

One day in the summer,
To our house came the plumber.
He had green eyes and black hair,
And tan clothes he would always wear.
After he fixed the kitchen sink,
I looked at him, and he gave me a
wink.
As he left in his truck of tan,
I thought he was a nice man.
C. Kolmeschuk

My Little Sister

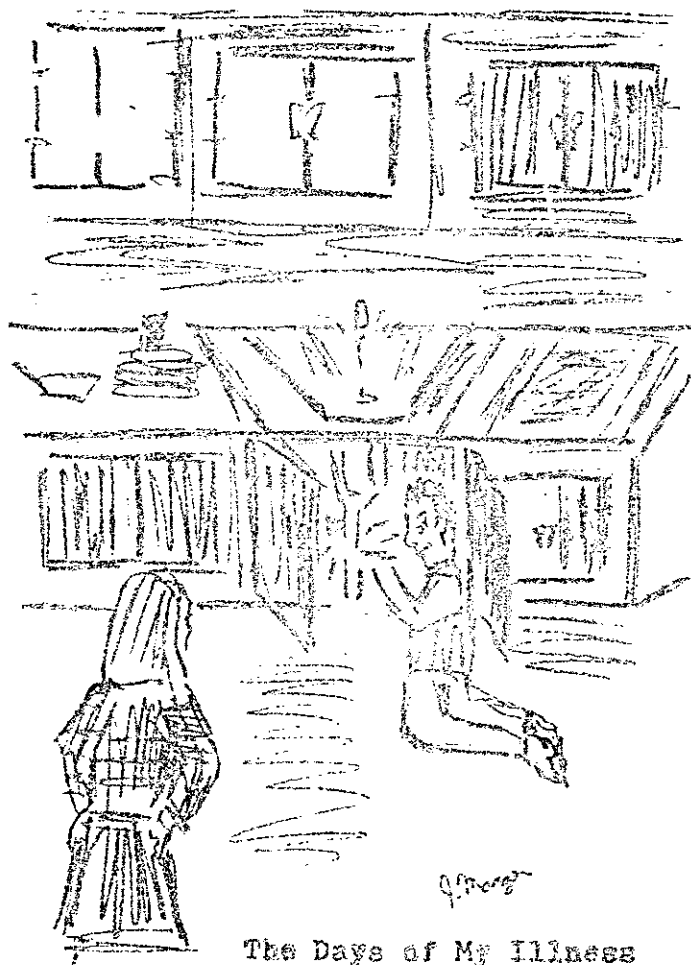
My little sister's a cute girl,
Who has blue eyes and hair with a curl.
She can cause lots of trouble.
Sometimes she screams all day long.
Even though she knows that it's wrong.
But... She's still very lovable!
J. Daniel

Mother

My mother's very dear to me -
Dearer than anything else
From green woods to the blue sea,
Even dearer than myself.
Oh, God, my prayer please hear;
Keep my mother very near.
P. Flanagan



D. G. 1955



The Days of My Illness

One day I looked at my skin;
I found it was very thin.
I went to the doctor and he said,
"Eat plenty of food and go to bed."
I knew that I couldn't go out;
So I felt I could almost shout.
I couldn't go to the beach, to get
a tan,
Or to the race where my brother
But very soon, I felt better;
My friends and I play together
and

Pete, the Polar Bear

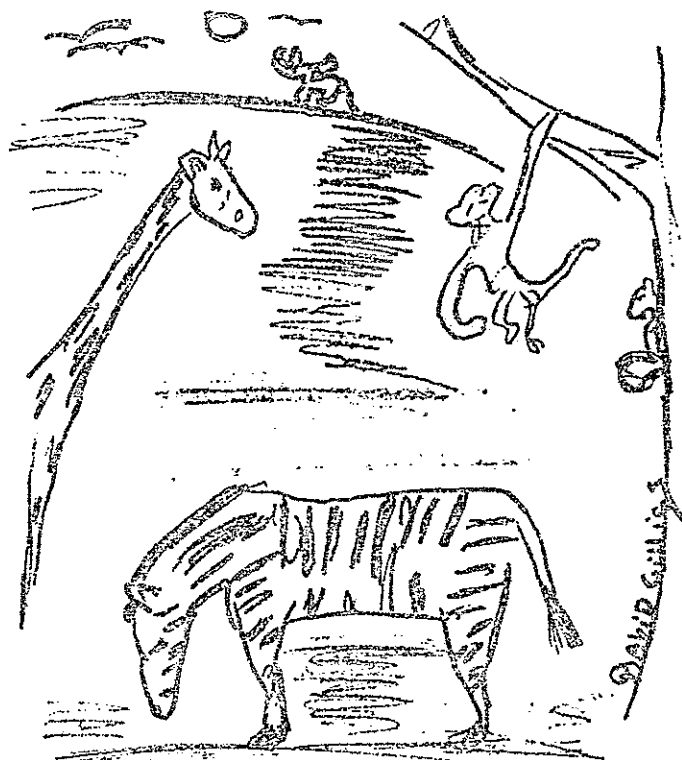
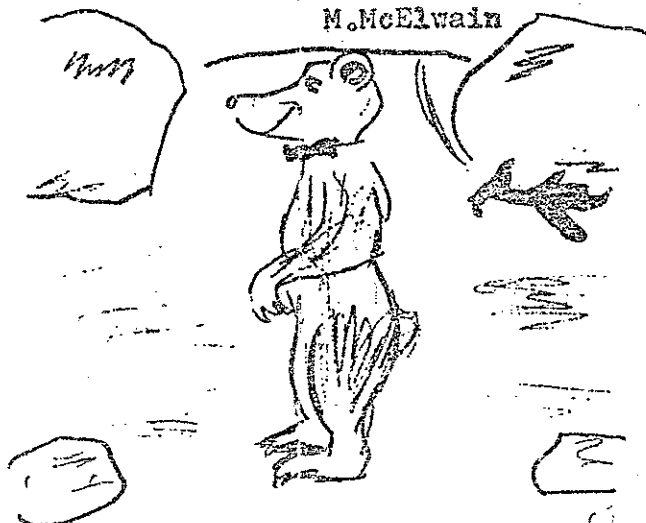
Pete, the polar bear, lived at the Buffalo zoo.
He had a nice cage with a pleasant view.
There was plenty of snow and plenty of ice,
And fish for lunch, which was especially nice!

But outside his cage and beyond the gate,
Pete had heard of a place called, New York State.
So once in a while in his polar bear head,
He'd wonder if someone would see he was fed.

Unknown to Pete, plans had been made by the zoo,
To exchange him with Bronx for a kangaroo...
But in the Bronx zoo, he found friends of all ages;
Playful bears, polar bears, bears in their cages.

"My lad," said an old bear, "You're daring and smart,
But best of all, Pete, you have a warm heart."
Pete lived with the old bear in one of the dens;
Now Pete was so happy with all his new friends!

M. McElwain

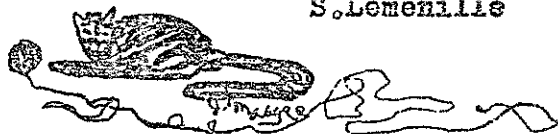


Animals

Animals are my favorite things,
Even lions who are born kings.
I like the dog, the bird, and the cat,
The zebra, the monkey, and the bat,
The giraffe, the squirrel, the cow,
The horse,
But the elephant is strongest of course.
Most of the animals are man's friend,
Faithful to man until the end.
B. McKenna

Kittens

I have two kittens, black and white.
One is dopey, one is bright.
They eat and play and sleep all day,
And make the whole house very gay!
S. Lemenille



The Dainty Little Mouse

There is a dainty little mouse,
Who lives in such a pretty house.
She eats all kinds of cheese,
Whenever she may please.

She certainly hates all cats;
She thinks they are big brats.
She dances with such delight;
She prances in the moonlight.
A.M. Zipper

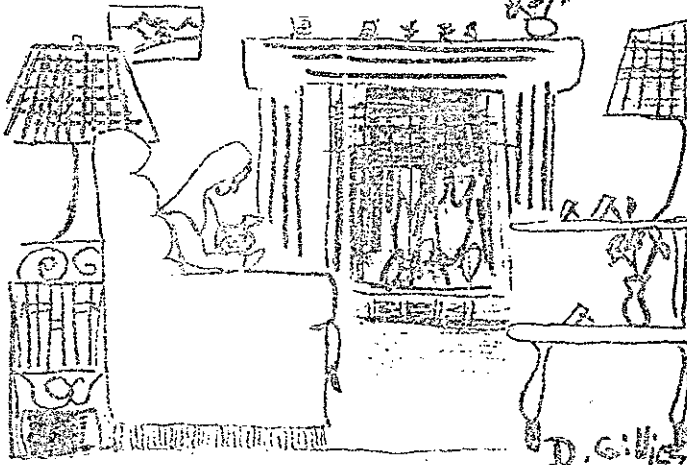


Just Right

When in the night I'm in my bed,
With my pillow under my head,
My blanket tucked beneath me tight,
Then I know everything's just right.

After school I plop in a chair,
Suddenly my cat senses I'm there.
His loving look tells me he won't
bite.
Then we both know everything's all
right.

G. Callahan



My Dog

My dog is the very best,
Although sometimes he is a pest.
He is always under my feet,
Or at the table, looking for meat.
My dog is colored black and white,
He's very hard to find at night.
In the day he digs holes so deep,
At night he looks so cute asleep.
S. Phelan



D. Gillies

Pierre

About six years ago at Christmas
time,
I received a gift that was all mine.
It was a fluffy ball of fuzz,
I wasn't sure just what it was.
But when the vet cut off its hair,
I named my little dog "Pierre."

He's no longer a puppy, but not too
old.
He's black and curly and very bold.
He barks at the mailman, and eats
my shoes.
If he got lost, I'd sure have the
blues.

L. Lamberti

My Pets

My dogs have soft fur.
My cats always purr.
My horses can neigh,
And my rabbits play.
My cows can moo.
I'll give you a clue,
About what my pets do.
Of course they will all,
Come when I call!
M.A. Vogel

Rabbit City

There's a little, busy corner at the
edge of Fairyland,
Where the rabbits get together and
their fun-filled days are planned.
They call it Rabbit City and its looks
are very grand.

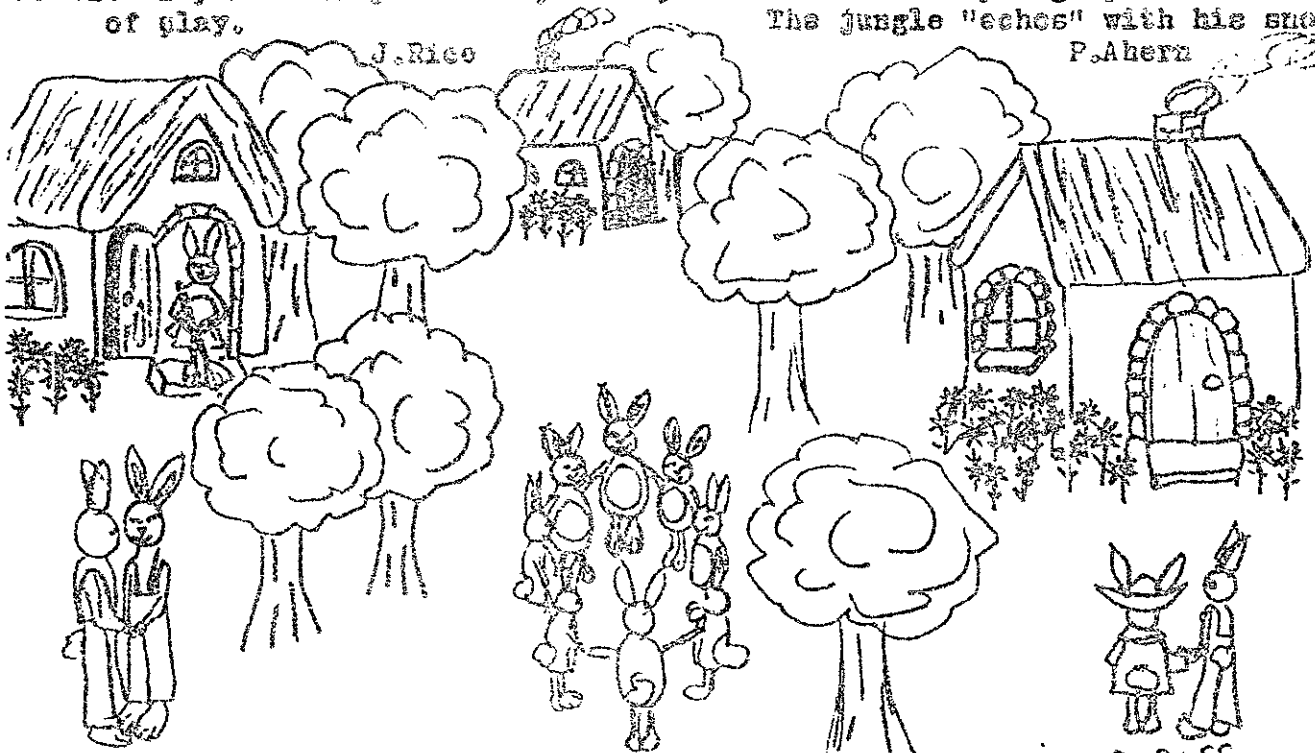
In the early morning light all the
dressed up Daddy "Buns,"
Hop off to earn the turnips for their
wives and little ones.
On their way home to their families
they tell each other puns.

When the mothers clean their houses
and cook some turnip stew,
The children hop off to play at the
Rabbit City Zoo.
On their way home, for their moms' they
pick flowers of every hue.

There's always something to be done
around the city, you see.
So the rabbits aren't bored since
they're always quite busy.
In the evening, they enjoy turnip
stew and lettuce tea.

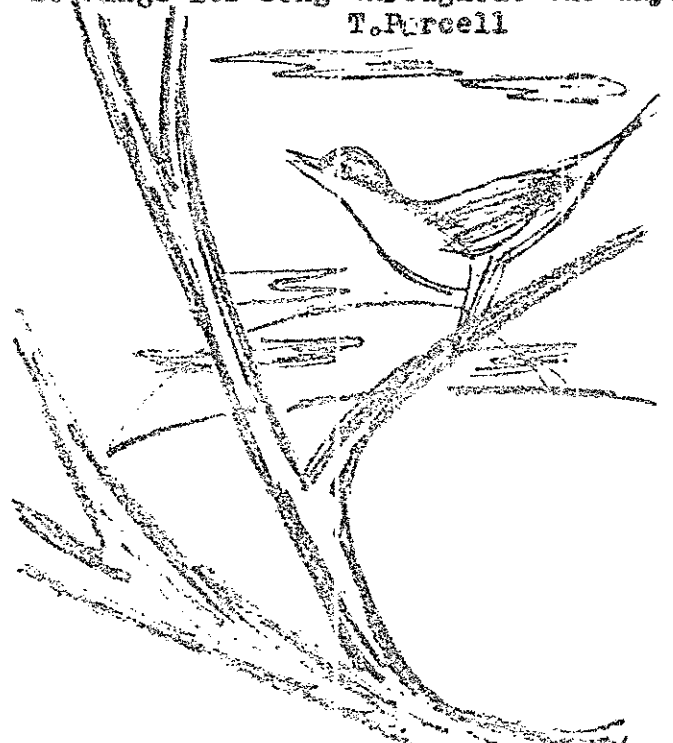
Their lives are always wonderful,
cheerful and gay.
Their dreams are also pleasant in the
night or in the day.
Rabbit City is a city of work, a city
of play.

J. Rice



The Song Sparrow

Very early in the morn
The Song Sparrow sings its song.
Chirping, whistling bright and gay,
It sings its song throughout the day.
T. Purcell



The Fierce Lion

In the jungle the lion is king;
He reigns over everything.
He has a very mighty roar.
The jungle "echoes" with his snore.
P. Ahern

Easter

Easter is a season,
A season with a reason;
It makes us think each year,
Of how Christ loved us all so dear.
J.Dignus

Easter

Easter is a time of many joys,
Of getting little eggs and toys.
It's when Jesus came to Life,
Giving all of us New Life.
S.Lenzenille

Easter

Easter is a time of joy,
For every little girl and boy.
With bright colors, reds, blues and
greens,
Children love to eat their jelly-
beans.
With all their baskets each so
bright,
Children's happy faces shine with
delight.

P.Ahern

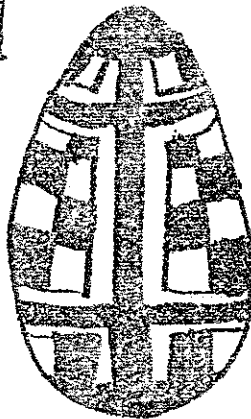
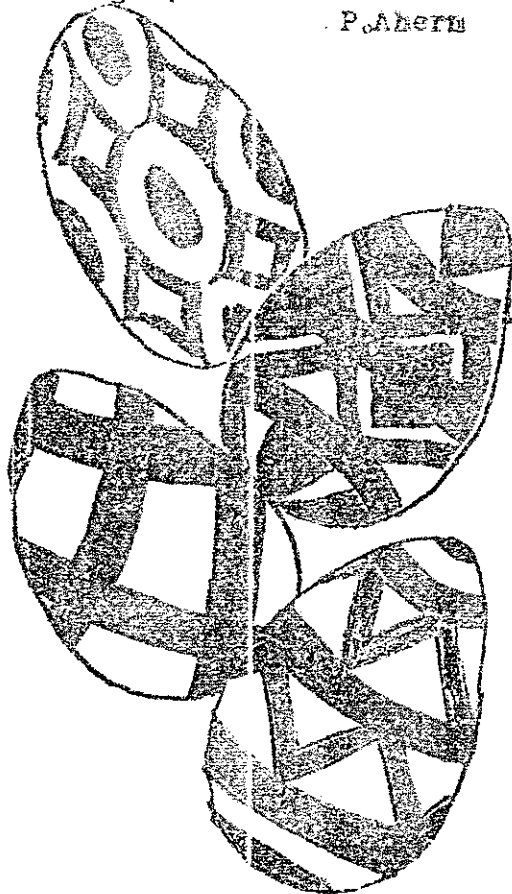
Easter

Easter is a time of joy,
For every girl and boy,
When everyone happily wakes up,
Hoping for chocolate eggs in a cup.
S.Maguire

Forgiveness

On the night Christ was crucified,
He suffered for us before he died.
He hungered, thirsted with agony in-
mind,
But he erased the sins of all man-
kind.

R.Rendely

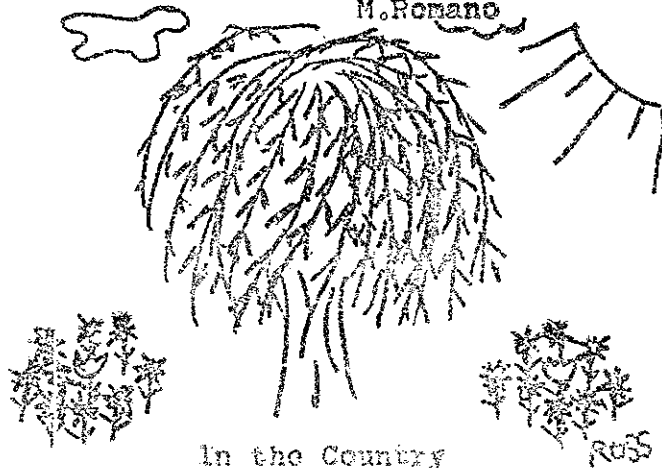


GROSS

Spring

Spring is a time of beautiful
light,
When sweet flowers bloom in
yellow and white.
Spring's sounds you hear, and its
sights you see,
Under the shading willow tree.

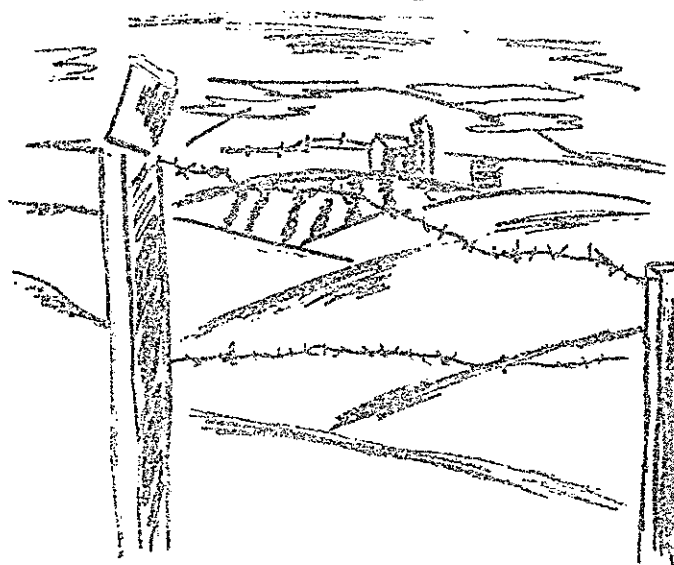
M. Romano



In the Country

The grass is green,
The trees are seen,
The sun shines bright,
From morn til night.
The cars go past,
Our house so fast.
Birds sing in a tree,
As sweet as can be.
I get up with the sun;
Rest when the day is done.

L. Gargas

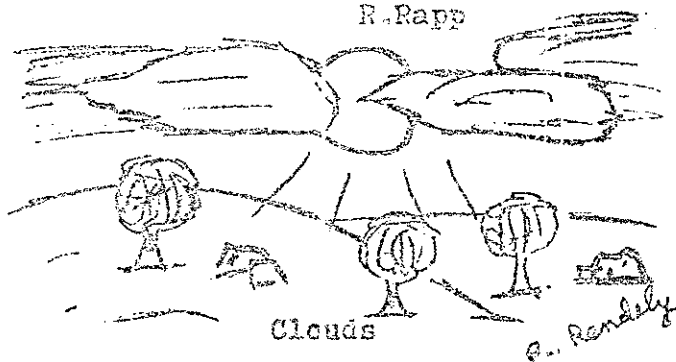


The Sea

The sea is very beautiful,
It's blue and darkish green.
Really, we should be grateful,
For its beauty can be seen.

God gave us many great seas,
So use them wisely, please,
We thank the Lord especially,
For His gift of the clear, blue
sea.

R. Rapp



Clouds

The clouds are so fluffy and
white,
Like the sky they are so bright.
They're soft just like a pillow,
And as light as a kite.
They float throughout the air,
Going here, there and everywhere.

K. Sheehan

The Clouds

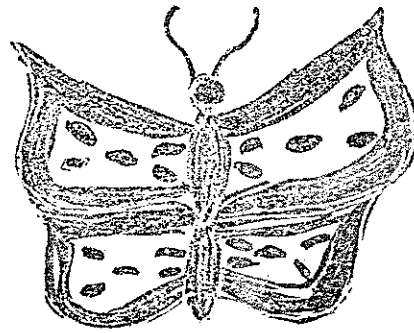
On the rivers boats sail,
And ships sail on the seas.
But across the sky the clouds
that sail,
Are prettier far than these.

K. Sanders

Spring

From early morn in the spring,
Til it's dark the birds will sing.
Spring is when all the flowers bloom,
And each butterfly leaves its
cocoen.

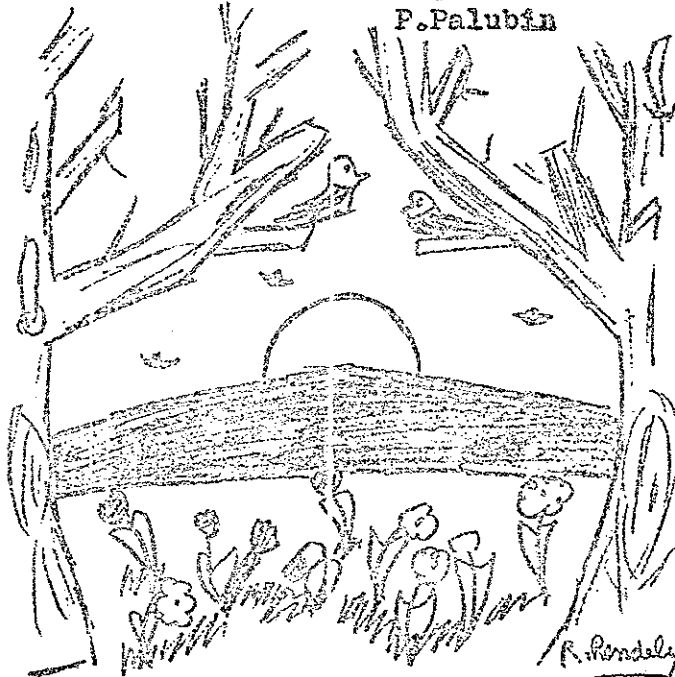
J. Heinlein



Spring

Soon it will be spring,
And all the birds will sing.
Beautiful flowers will grow,
While warm breezes blow.

P. Palubin



Summer

In the summer there are pretty
flowers,
That come from the Spring's warm
showers.
The hot summer sun shines so
bright.
The air's so still you can't fly
a kite.
Although in the summer it's rarely
cool,
You can feel comfortable in the
pool!

B. Clyne

Spring

C. Cox

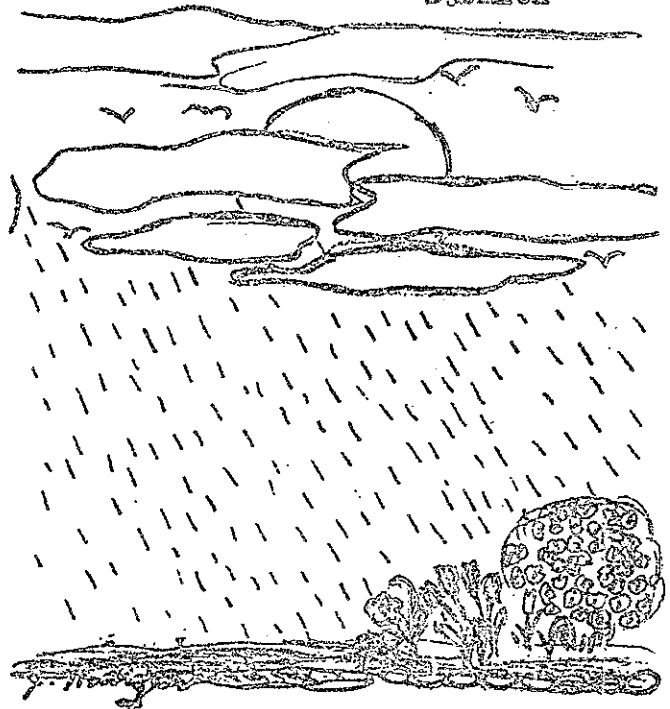
Spring's the time of the year I like
best;
It's much prettier than the rest.
Spring is a time when the birds sing,
And on Sunday the church bells ring.
N. Sheppard

Spring

I like the season of spring,
When birds begin to sing.
Children are very gay,
For now outdoors they can play.

The flowers are in bloom,
Christ has risen from the tomb.
Spring is a time of much joy,
For every girl and boy.

B. Smith



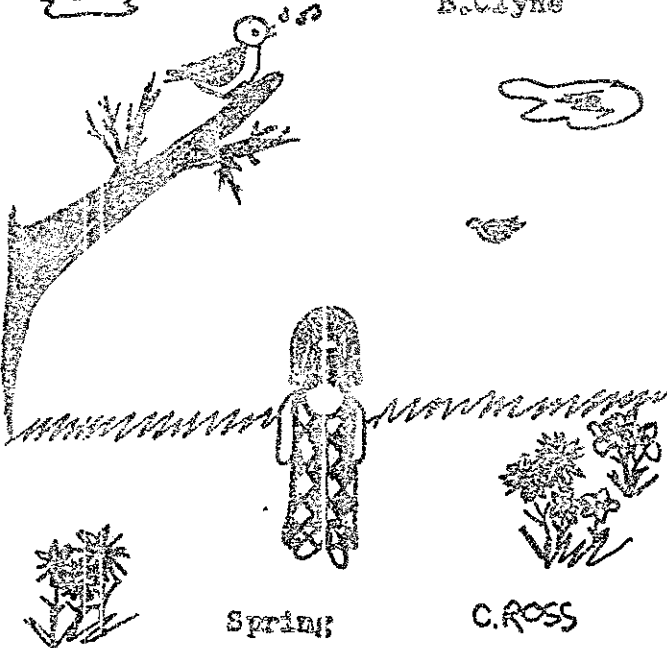
Spring Season

The sky's light blue;
The grass dark green;
All life is new;
Tis a beautiful scene.

Spring is the season,
Colorful and bright.
God's gift is the reason,
Showing His great might.
M.Flynn

Spring;

One reason why I like spring,
Is hearing all the birds sing.
In spring I get a feeling,
That I should be kneeling,
And making a little nod,
For I know this all came from God.
B.Clyne



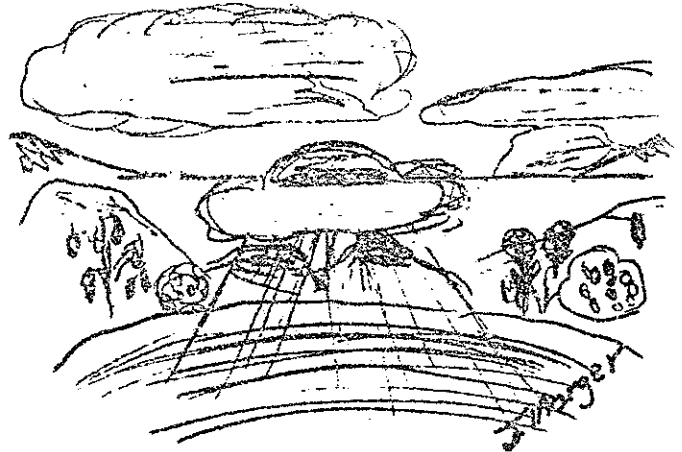
Spring;

C.ROSS

Spring is flowers just opening up,
A lily, tulip or buttercup.
A bird, chirping his sweet song, is
spring,
And so is every, little living thing.

Spring is grass turning green,
And winds not blowing so fierce and
mean.
I'm so happy, when spring is near;
I can hardly wait for spring to be
here.
M.B.Olsen

M.B.Olsen



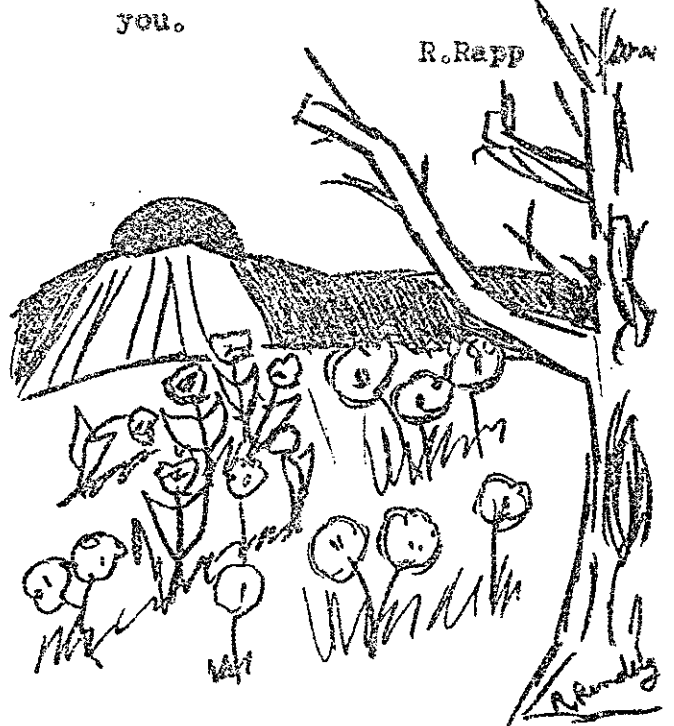
Spring

My favorite season is the spring,
When all kinds of birds come out
and sing.
Trees and flowers begin to grow,
And Spring's nature begins to show.
The sun comes out early in the day.
Each day always looks so gay.
On hot days we dive in the pool.
In the evening we're nice and cool.
R.Radigan

Spring

Spring is the best of the seasons.
I'm sure; I have many reasons.
We play basketball and baseball too.
We have let's of fun I can assure
you.

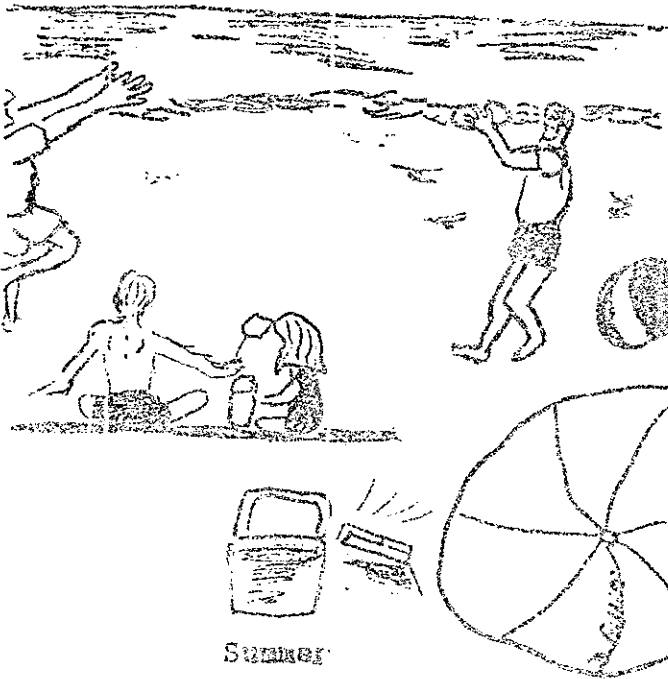
R.Rapp



The Sun

The sun is round and full,
Yellow, shiny and beautiful.
The sun is so bright,
It's the reason we have light.
The sun brings us day,
So we can all go out to play.

B. Clyne



Summer

In the summer I have lots of fun,
Playing in the sand and sun.
When I jump into the pool,
Oh Boy, do I feel cool!

N. Sheppard

Summer Vacation

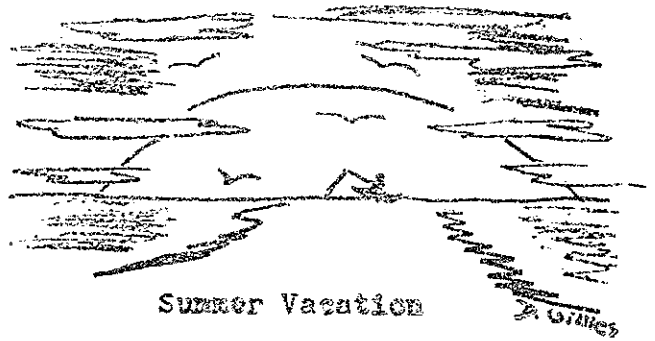
Vacation is really a time of rest,
Of fooling around, or having a guest.
It's a time for every plaything,
Or lying around doing nothing.

S. Lomenille

Summer

Summer is a time of sun,
Everyone has lots of fun.
Sometimes we play in the gym,
Or we may go for a swim.

P. Spadalik



Summer Vacation

During summer vacation when it's
not cool,
It is always fun when we jump in our
friend's pool.
In the clear water we have a lot of
fun.
Then we would rest in the hot summer
sun.

We would go to the beach every day.
All of the time we would laugh and
be gay.
We would play in the sand, surf and
foam,
And we would be sad, when it's time
to go home.

F. Friedmann/R. Radigan

Summertime is Grand

Summertime is grand.
You can play in the sand.
Or go swimming in the pool.
You drink lemonade so cool.
The sun's rays are close at hand;
That's why summertime is grand.

K. Darey



The Mysterious Mansion

John awoke with a start. A weird noise was coming from the woods.

"Probably some prankster fooling," he thought.

So John went back to sleep. But all night he dreamed about the noise.

The next morning it was beautiful outside.

"A perfect day to investigate those sounds," he thought.

John washed and went to the kitchen. The smell of bacon and frying eggs filled the room.

"Good morning, John," said John's mother, Mrs. Bradford.

"Good morning, Mom," he said with a smile. "I think I've got another mystery."

"Oh no!" she said, "I hope it's not as dangerous as the last one."

John Bradford was eleven years old. He was generally friendly towards everyone. With brown hair and a straight nose he looked just like his mother.

His father had died many years ago, when he was three. His friends were Tony, age ten and Rachael, age eleven. They helped him with his cases.

"I don't think it will be dangerous," he answered. "I just heard weird noises coming from that old mansion in the woods. I'm going there with Tony and Rachael to investigate."

"What about that nice girl, Julie?" asked Mrs. Bradford.

"She can come too to keep Rachael company," John said.

John rode his bike to the Martin's house. He rang the bell, and was greeted by Mr. Martin.

"How are you?" asked Mr. Martin with a warm smile.

"Fine, thank you," John replied. "Are Tony and Rachael coming out?"

"I'll get them," he said, and went into the dining room.

In a few minutes Tony and Rachael were outside. Tony had black hair and green eyes. Rachael was a redhead with brown eyes. Her hair was long and in braids.

"Got another job for us?" asked Tony with a grin.

"You bet!" said John, "I heard noises coming from that old house in the woods."

"It sounds really exciting!" exclaimed Rachael, her eyes twinkling.

"Let's call Julie," said John.

The trio rode to Julie Bendal's house. She lived with her grandmother in a small red brick house on Main Street.

"Hello!" called Julie from a window.

She was eleven. Golden, curly hair framed her face. She was very timid and shy, quite unlike Rachael, the tomboy.

"We've got a case to solve," Tony spoke up.

"Well not really," corrected John. "I just heard weird sounds coming from the mansion in the woods last night."

"Oh, that's the place that used to be owned by Mr. Cornelius Jakins. What kind of noises were they?" Julie asked, shivering as she spoke.

"They were screams and moans," said John, "it sounded like a man was making them."

"We are going to investigate the mansion," said Rachael eagerly.

"I can't go today," said Julie.

"Grandmother went to Syracuse visiting and won't be back until seven o'clock tonight."

"Okay," said John. "We'll let you know if we find anything."

"Bye," she said with a wave of her hand. "Good luck."

By the time the three got to John's house it was lunchtime.

"Eat here," invited Mrs. Bradford, "but call home first and ask."

They were given permission. While they ate, they talked about the mystery.

"Maybe we'll have to get the police or F.B.I. to help us," Tony said.

Everyone laughed involuntarily. The children thanked Mrs. Bradford and started for the mansion. It was about a half-mile from John's house. They got to the mansion in twenty minutes.

The great, old mansion was a stone three story building. The wind whistled through its weatherbeaten, wooden shutters. The dreadful old mansion looked very desolate.

"Hi!" called a voice.

"Julie, what are you doing here?" asked Tony.

"Grandmother came home early, and gave me permission to come," she explained.

"We're going inside to look for clues," said John.

"I think I'll wait out here," Julie replied.

John opened the front door. The door



creaked, and the eerie sound echoed throughout the entire house.

"It's spooky in here!" exclaimed Tony, his eyes wide with excitement.

The children searched rooms carefully. When they reached the library, John examined the fireplace closely. It was warm. He moved a poker around in the ashes, and discovered several live coals.

"Someone was here all right," he told them.

He looked on the floor and spied something between two floorboards. It was a piece of paper. It read:

-The clue is in the black notebook.

"What could it ..." Rachael's words were drowned out by a scream and a gunshot.

Terrified the children ran out to see a tall, dark figure running toward the woods, and Julie lying on the ground motionless.

"I hope..., " started Tony.

"She wasn't hit," John informed them.

"I'll go get some spring water," said Rachael.

She returned seconds later with some water; sprinkled it on Julie's face and Julie came to.

"What made you faint?" asked Tony.

"Oh, I was standing here when that terrible man crept up on me," she said sobbing. Then he fired, and I screamed and fainted."

"We had better go home," said John.

When Mrs. Bradford heard their story she forbade John to go there again. The children knew she was right.

However, the next day they went to the library to do some research on the mysterious Mr. Jakins and his mansion.

They discovered that the Colins' settled in Collinsville in 1882. In 1903, Cornelius married Charlotte Colins, and was given a priceless wedding gift from her parents. He hid it somewhere, and died in 1942. His wife died ten years later.

It was late, when they left the library. Darkness had crept slowly over the city.

"Let's cut through this alley," said John.

"Oh," screamed Julie. She screamed again, and some men came running down the alley. A man tried to drag her down the alley. John raced after them, but by the time John reached the scene a policeman had tackled the man. It was the same man who had shot at Julie. The man was taken away by the police.

"Julie," asked Rachael after the commotion had ended, "what happened first?"

"I was walking when that man grabbed me," she replied. "I shouldn't have been walking so far ahead of you."

When the children reached Main Street,

they all went their own way. Soon John reached home, and told his mother what had happened.

"Now, can we go to the mansion?" asked John.

"Well, as long as that man has been arrested," she answered, "I guess it would be all right."

Just then the telephone rang. It was Julie.

"John," she exclaimed, "I think we'll be able to solve the mystery."

"How?" asked John.

"My grandmother used to know Miss Melissa Jakins," she said. "She's Mr. Jakins niece, and she lives right in Collinsville. I have her address; it's Ten Division Street."

"Great!" exclaimed John. "We'll pay a little visit to her in the morning."

That night while lying in bed John tried to figure out the mystery. He wondered, "Had the man already found the treasure? Was the treasure in the old mansion? The library books and newspapers implied that he hid it somewhere. But was it really in the house? Where else could he have hidden it?" John soon fell asleep.

The next morning John got dressed; had a quick breakfast, and ran outside. Tony, Rachael and Julie were running down the street towards him.

"Are you ready to go to Miss Jakins' house?" asked Tony.

"Yes, let's go," answered John.

They reached Division Street shortly, and looked for number ten. It was a little cottage, and looked rather pretty. John knocked at the door. It was answered by a lady of about thirty-five years of age.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"We would just like to ask you some questions about your Uncle Cornelius," said John.

"Won't you come in?" she asked.

"I think we could sit out here," John answered.

Everyone sat down on white lawn chairs shaded by a spreading oak tree.

"We are trying to solve a double mystery," Tony explained.

"We found this in the mansion," said Julie. She handed her the note.

"Uncle Cornelius was very mysterious," she began. "He often spoke of treasure and secret tunnels. One day while my Uncle was in his room, I walked into a living-

room closet and pushed a button on the wall. A panel slid and uncovered a tunnel. I started to go into it, when something hit me." she stopped, as tears filled her eyes.

"Perhaps we had better come back some other time," said Rachael.

"No," exclaimed Miss Jakins, "something hit me. I screamed and ran into my Uncle's room. He was lying in bed shouting, 'No, stop it!' That's all I remember. That was October 28, 1942. My Uncle died the next day."

"Thank-you very much," John said, "maybe we can now solve this mystery."

The children decided that they must go back to the mansion. They were aware that Julie could not go, so they had to go without her. In less than an hour they were all standing in front of the mansion. They entered and went directly to the living-room closet. John saw the button, and pushed it. A panel moved, and revealed a little room. John pointed to an object on the floor.

"This is the thing that hit Miss Jakins on the head," Tony exclaimed.

"It's a notebook," said John. He read aloud, "Where oak and maple meet you shall find many riches."

"It must mean the walls of the upstairs den," John exclaimed.

The children hurried upstairs. The den was at the end of the hall. As they entered the room, they heard slow footsteps on the creaky mahogany staircase. They weren't Julie's, because she would have run up and called them.

"It's Jakins' ghost," Tony exclaimed.

The person was now walking down the hall slowly. They heard him approach the den.

The door opened slowly, and there stood an old man holding a rifle. The man had a pale face, and his body trembled. The man's eyes were tired looking, but he still had a gleam of hatred in them.

"For forty years I've been looking for the treasure," the man began. "Old Jakins never told me, but it's in this room and that's all I need to know. Too bad you'll never see it," he added.

Meanwhile Julie had entered the mansion. She walked down the hall into the living-room. She approached the closet slowly and entered. She pushed the button,



be hidden somewhere in the bookcase, because the only place where oak and maple meet in this house," he ended.

They searched the bookcase. John spied a tiny crack in the wood. He took out his pocketknife, and dug out the area around the crack. He reached into the opened space and pulled out a small jewelry case.

"This is it," Tony exclaimed.

John opened the case and saw many diamonds and a yellowed piece of paper. The paper read, "I Cornelius Jakins, leave all my worldly possessions to Mellissa Jakins."

Miss Jakins was overjoyed with their discovery. She gave them permission to go to the mansion whenever they wished.

"I think one time was enough," said John. The others agreed with him.

J.R.Ghiorzi

and the same little room was revealed. While she was examining the walls of the room, the panel slid closed behind her. She used her common sense, and tried to find another way out. She fingered the walls, pushing the panels, until one gave way. Ahead of her was a long, steel, spiral staircase. It was creepy looking. She started to climb the stairs. Cobwebs stuck to her face, and she thought she saw bats. Where would it end; would it ever? Finally she saw a wall in front of her. She leaned forward to touch the wall.

At about that moment in the den, the man was walking toward the bookcase.

"Now I'm going to kill you all," he said cruelly.

Suddenly the bookcase behind him sprung open, and knocked him down. Julie appeared from behind the bookcase, and saw the man lying there unconscious.

"What's going on here?" she asked looking at the man.

They all exchanged their exciting stories, and were thrilled about the passage.

Tony said that he would run into town and get the police. Tony returned with the police, and they arrested the man.

"Now to find the treasure," John exclaimed. "Remember the message. We're looking for a place where oak and maple meet. That means that the treasure must

Massachusetts

In September, I went to Massachusetts with the Midget Hawks for a football game. Of course, I am not a player, but a cheerleader.

We arrived about ten o'clock at night. We had a snack, and went to bed, because it was rather late. The family with whom I stayed were the Colinkees. They had a daughter, Karen, who was twelve. I'm only ten. She was so tall, and I'm only four feet four inches, so we were a great pair.

We got up about six the next morning and watched television. Later, we started to walk to town to meet some other girls. Town was about three miles away, but we made it. We went shopping for a while, then we went to practice.

Afterwards we were so tired and hungry that we didn't have enough strength to walk home right away. We stopped and had some lunch. Then we started for home.

As we were walking we noticed that there was hardly anyone around. We were about a mile from home when on the other

The Mysterious Robber

side of the street we saw a large group of people in one store. Suddenly, we saw a tall, dark man wearing an overcoat. He was standing in front of the group of people, and he had a gun in his hand.

For a moment we were so surprised that we just stood there. My brother's friend, Jim, realizing that the man hadn't seen us, ran into another store and called the police. We followed Jim into the store and waited for the police to arrive. When they got there they took the bad man away. I thought, "Gosh, we were lucky that no one was hurt."

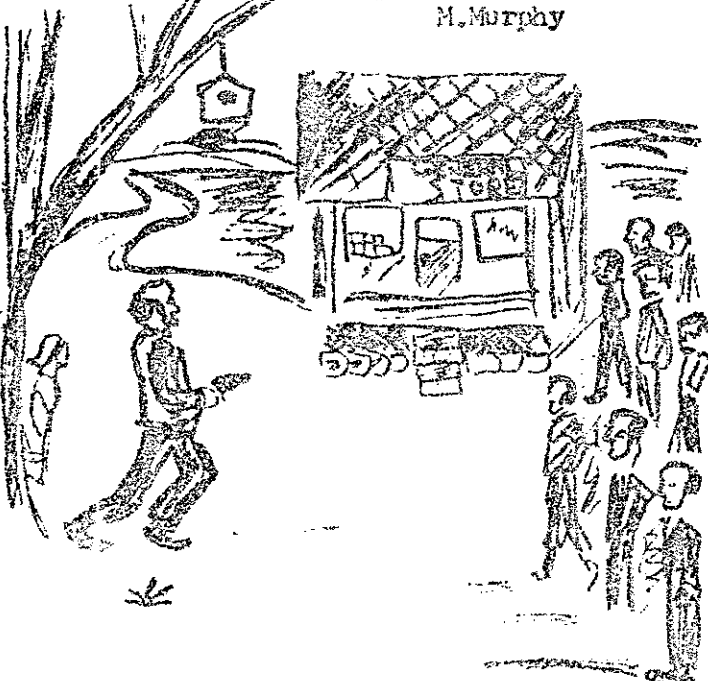
We started for home again. We got into our play clothes, and we all went to one girl's house for a cookout. They had franks, hamburgers, and soda. Most of all there was a long conversation about our exciting and unusual experience.

The parents of the children on the two teams sponsored a dance that night. We got home late that evening. Karen and I decided to put on the television for a few minutes before going to bed. We heard on the television that the strange man had escaped from prison, and that he was trying to rob the store. Even though it was so late when we went to bed that night, it was a long time before we fell asleep.

We woke up Sunday at nine o'clock and went to the eleven o'clock Mass. That day my brother and I had to go home.

When I got home, I realized what a good time I had had. With all the excitement my brother had almost forgotten that his team had lost the game.

M. Murphy



One time very long ago in some parts of the west there were many mysterious robberies. Nobody knew who committed the crimes so people began to call the bandit, "The Mysterious Robber".

One day the robber stole a half a million dollars from a bank in the Middle West. That same day, he robbed another bank but this time he didn't steal as much money. The next week while stealing about thirty thousand dollars one of the bank tellers tried to unmask him, but he shot the man to death.

The sheriff organized a posse to hunt him down. There was a reward of ten thousand dollars for his capture. The posse tried for at least a week but they couldn't find him. Since they had no luck they decided to return to their own town again.

"The Mysterious Robber" heard about a gold shipment to the city of Dodge. However, the sheriff expected a robbery attempt so he got together a group of men to help guard the gold. That night the robber struck, but the sheriff and his men were waiting, and when they saw him they got on their horses and tried to capture him. The robber rode down a mountainous road. The sheriff and his men went after him but couldn't trail him across the rocky ground. The sheriff wanted to find out where "The Mysterious Robber's" hideout was. One day while he was trying to rob a gold shipment the sheriff tried to stop the bandit, but the robber killed him.

Each time the robber held up a bank or a gold shipment he would go down the same road and into the mountains. Every



sheriff in the west was on the lookout for him. One day a man in the town of Salem heard that "The Mysterious Robber" was going to rob a bank in his town.. The marshall gathered a posse. The marshal and his posse waited at the road that the robber always took. They waited for about a hour and a half. When he didn't show up the marshal sent a man to the edge of the mountain to keep a lookout behind a rock. But "The Mysterious Robber" jumped him, and he tied up the man and hid him in a concealed cave..

When the marshal didn't hear anything from his scout he sent four men to look for him. The men searched and searched but there was no sign of him so they went back and told the marshal. The marshal said, "This must be the work of the robber." He told his men to split up in pairs and try to find him. One pair of men went close to that concealed cave. At first they didn't realized, that there was a cave. Then they noticed some tracks on the ground leading into some bushes near the canyon wall. When they discovered the cave, they thought "The Mysterious Robber" was hiding within. When they went in and looked around, they couldn't find him. Towards the back of the cave in a hidden section they found the lookout man.. They quickly untied him and asked the man a lot of questions. After that they brought him back to the marshal.

He reported that this hidden cave must have been the robber's hideout. He said that after he regained consciousness, he heard sounds coming from the other section of the cave.. He recognized some of the sounds, and decided that the bandit was packing up.. He thought that the robber must have been planning to go over the border into Mexico..

The posse traveled all night and all the next day, until they saw the robber's campfire in the distance. They crept up and surrounded him. The marshal and his deputy rushed over to the robber and unmasked him. Everyone was surprised to discover that "The Mysterious Robber" was the son of one of the banker's of the territory. They took him back to town, and the posse shared the reward..

C. Williamson

The Mystery of the Empty House

It was a cold, windy night, when Jane Smith was coming from the store with her friend, Marie Brown. As they walked down First Street, they talked about the old house on the corner. "It's been deserted for two years," said Jane. "Yes, nobody wants it," replied Marie. Jane said, "Let's explore it tomorrow," The two girls agreed to meet at the old, broken-down house at one o'clock the next day.

Jane was the first to arrive at the house, so she sat on a big rock next to a bush and waited for Marie. Marie arrived about five minutes later. The girls started to walk up toward the gate. Marie led the way and Jane followed. Marie was the first one to enter the house. When she opened the door, she noticed that everything was dusty and dirty. As the girls went farther into the old house, Jane stumbled over a rock. Marie helped her up.. Then they continued once again..

As they were going up the stairs, they heard something. It was the sound of footsteps coming down the stairs. Marie pulled Jane, but Jane would not come Marie hid behind a chair in the hall, as her brave friend walked up the stairs.. When Jane got to the top of the second flight of stairs, she hit her head on a pipe and fell down the stairs. Marie ran to her. She led her to a chair in the



next room.. The room was dark and filled with broken furniture.

After Jane settled in the chair, Marie looked across the room toward the hall. She saw a strange man looking into the dark room. Marie quietly, but quickly ran into the next room, leaving Jane in the dark room with the man..

As she was running, she got her foot caught in one of the loose floorboards.. She was about to call for Jane when she saw something moving toward her, wrapped in some dirty blankets.. "Oh, boy, now I'm doomed," she thought..



It was Jane. She was free! "Jane," Marie said, "are you all right?" "I feel fine," replied Jane, "but did you see that awful man?" Just to make Jane feel better, Marie said that she hadn't seen him. Jane helped Marie with her leg. After Marie's leg was free, they two girls decided to explore downstairs..

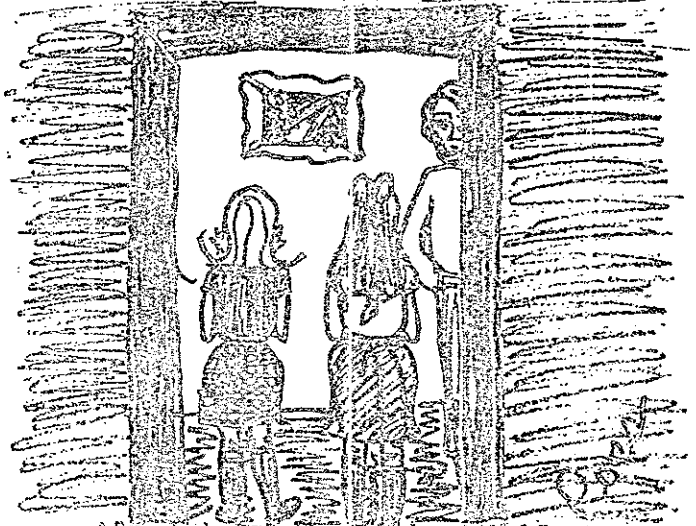
When they got to the bottom of the stairs, Jane picked up the rock she had tripped on and threw it away. The rock went flying through the air and hit a piece of wood that was holding a little shelf up. The shelf fell and something came rolling out.

The two girls walked over toward the shelf very slowly, holding each others hand. When they reached the shelf they noticed a piece of paper lying on the floor. Jane picked up the piece of paper. She tried to read it, but she could only make out the words-bill, hundred and upstairs. Jane thought about the words for a few minutes. She said, "It must mean that there's a hundred

dollar bill hidden upstairs."

Jane looked at Marie and said, "Let's go find it," "But you said that there was someone up there," Marie replied. "Do you hear anybody up there?" Jane questioned. "No," Marie answered, "But..." Before Marie could say another word, Jane started to run up the stairs.. Yes, she was running up the stairs to look for the money. Marie followed her..

When they got to the top of the second flight of stairs,, they noticed three rooms. They went into the one on the right. They searched the room from top to bottom, but did not find a thing. They went into the room on the left.. Before they had a chance to search the room, they saw the strange man.. They both ran out of the room, down the stairs,, and out of the house..



After they had run about a block, Jane stopped and said, "We can't tell anyone about this." Both girls decided not to tell a soul.

The next day Marie called Jane at eleven o'clock. When Jane came out, she told Marie that her mother needed something from the store. On the way back from the store, they stopped at the house again. Jane wanted to go in, but Marie didn't. After five minutes Jane had talked Marie into going with her..

The two girls walked in side by side.. This time they both walked straight upstairs. They went to the room that they had left yesterday..

Jane was the first to enter. They looked in an old dresser, but they didn't find a thing. Marie went to look in the third room. A couple of minutes later, Jane came rushing in with something in her hand. Both girls looked at it. It was the money! Only it wasn't real..

Just then Jane heard a sound. As she turned around, she saw the man. Jane asked him what he wanted, and if he had anything to do with the house. For a moment the man just stood there, and then he said, "Yes, I do." "Who told you to come here and frighten us?" said Jane. "I didn't mean to frighten you," he replied. "I used to work here, and I came to look for an old suitcase of mine that I had left here," he continued. "Why did you need your suitcase?" said Marie. "It had a few things in it, and I wanted to get it because they are going to wreck the house next Thursday," replied the man. "Then who put that note about the hundred dollar bill downstairs?" questioned Jane. "What?...Oh, that," said the man laughing. "When the son of the people who used to live here had a birthday party, he hid it in his mother's room. It was part of a game he and his friends were playing. That was one of the clues you found," explained the man. "Oh, now things are beginning to fit together," said Jane. "Well let's get going, we have no use for this house anymore. Wasn't it fun, though Marie?" she continued. "Yes, but a little frightening," replied Marie.

As the girls walked down the stairs, Marie found another piece of paper. They both laughed, and Jane said, "Just another clue!"

When they left the house it was dark outside. As the girls walked off the moon lit a path to their houses. When they reached Marie's house they said good-bye to each other. Marie said, "Our day was complete." "Yes," replied Jane. The day was over and the mystery of the "Empty House" was solved.

T. Cotone

A BOY WHO RAN AWAY TO THE CITY

There once was a boy who lived in the country; his name was Alfred Peterson. He was 14 years old. He wanted to live in the city, but he couldn't because his family was very poor. One day during his summer vacation, he sat under his favorite maple tree and thought. Suddenly, in a happy voice, he shouted, "Mother, Mother, come here quickly." His mother came running out the door saying, "What is it, Alfred, what is it?" Alfred said, "I can get a job in the city and when I have enough

money we can move there." His mother hesitated, "Well I don't know, Alfred. Your father will be angry if he comes home and finds out that I said yes without his approval."

Just as Mrs. Peterson finished talking, Mr. Peterson came home moaning and groaning. "What's the matter, dear?" Mrs. Peterson exclaimed. "I just lost my job," said Mr. Peterson. "How?" she asked. Mr. Peterson said, "I had a quarrel with my boss, and he fired me."

"Oh, Dad," Alfred said, "if I wanted to get a job would you let me?" "It depends," said Dad. "On what?" said Alfred. "On the time, place, and the people," said Mr. Peterson. Mr. Peterson wanted to know where the job would be. Alfred told him that it was in New York City. Mr. Peterson said that he wouldn't let Alfred go to New York City even if he was 25 years old. Alfred said that he was going no matter what his father said. Alfred and his father had a big argument. Then, Alfred went to bed.

Later that night, Alfred ran away to get a job in the city. He hitched a ride to New York City from a stranger. It took a few hours to get to New York. When he got there, it looked deserted; Alfred was frightened. Alfred said to himself, "Boy, it looks like a ghost town!"

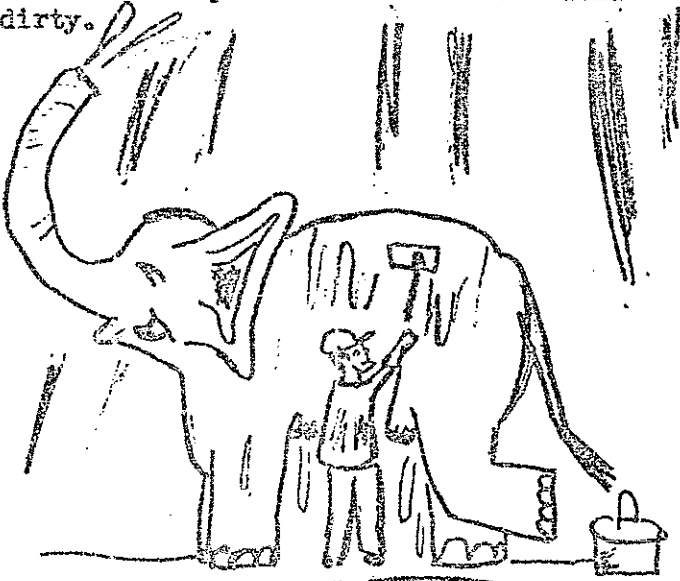
He was walking along, when a car came speeding down the street. It skidded and finally stopped. Out popped a head and a young man hollered, "You stupid kid, you could have been killed." Alfred shouted back; "Well it's your fault. You shouldn't be speeding." "Well there are never any little boys walking around the street at this time of night. By the way, what are you doing out now?" said the young man. "Looking for a job," said Alfred. "Your parents let you out this time of night to look for a job?" the young man asked. Alfred said, "No I ran away."

After listening to Alfred the young man began to feel sorry for him. He was also beginning to realize that he could have killed Alfred. He decided to make friends with Alfred, and try to get him a job. The young man said, "Hey, there's a circus in town. Maybe you could get a job as a popcorn seller, or something like that, and it's good pay." Alfred said, "Boy, that would be great, but where will I stay in the meantime?" "You could stay in a hotel," replied the young

man. "With what? I don't have any money," said Alfred. The young man in the car said, "You can stay with me, and when you get your first paycheck, you can live wherever you want." "But I don't know you," Alfred said. "My name is Ted Brinkly. I work at the circus," the young man answered. "Hi, Ted. My name is Alfred Peterson" returned Alfred. "Hi, Al. Where do you live?" said Ted. "In the country," said Alfred. "In the country? That's a long way from here," the young man in the car, said. "Yeah, I know, and I'm tired," replied Alfred. Ted said, "Let's go back to the circus and you can go to bed there." Alfred went back to the circus and had a good night's sleep.

When Alfred's parents woke up and found out that Alfred had run away, they were so worried that they called the police. The police went to see the Petersons and the police got the boy's description. The police left to look for Alfred, but they couldn't find him anywhere in the countryside. They went back to the house and told Petersons that they couldn't find Alfred.

Meanwhile, back in the city, Alfred was making ten dollars a day, as an elephant washer. He was very unhappy with his work. Ted had said that he would sell things in the big tent. Every time Ted walked by, Alfred frowned. After a few days Alfred started to realize that it would do no good to be angry. He was just about to accept things as they were, when he found out that Ted had hired a younger boy for the selling job. Alfred began to leave the elephants half clean and half dirty.



D. Gillies

One day he ran to where Ted stayed and had a big argument with Ted about his job. He complained to Ted that he thought that he was going to sell things in the tent, but instead he ended up being an elephant washer. Alfred was so angry. After two weeks he told Ted that he had enough and decided to go home.

When he walked in the house, his parents were so happy to see him that they forgot that he ran away. He told his parents about his job, and said that he was sorry for running away.

A couple of weeks later, the whole family moved to New York City. Mr. Peterson got a good paying job.

Alfred never wanted to go to the circus again. All he could remember was having to wash elephants every day of the week, not having a day of rest, and having to listen to lions roar, all the time. After the way he had been treated at the circus, Alfred was the happiest boy in the world to return to school!

S. Valentino

The Mystery of the Hidden Room

There's a house on Smith Street that is owned by the Alston's. It's a large, old, two story building with grey peeling paint. Four people live in the old house, Mrs. Alston and her two children, Jamie age thirteen and Joan age sixteen, and their maid, Miss Jameston. Mrs. Alston is about forty-five years of age, with grey hair. She doesn't like children to bother her on Halloween.

On Halloween John Stevens, Tom Black and Jim Kelly went trick or treating at the Alston's. John rang the bell and Miss Jameston opened the front door. The boys said, "Trick or Treat!" "Wait, please. I'll go get some apples for you boys," she said, as she went back into the house. After Miss Jameston disappeared within the dark house, the boys slowly peeked inside the front door. John was the first to get

his head inside the door, and as he did he heard a strange call coming from downstairs. "Oh, oh, help, help..

the call echoed. Just then the boys heard Miss Jameston's footsteps coming toward them, and they quickly stepped back outside the door. When Miss

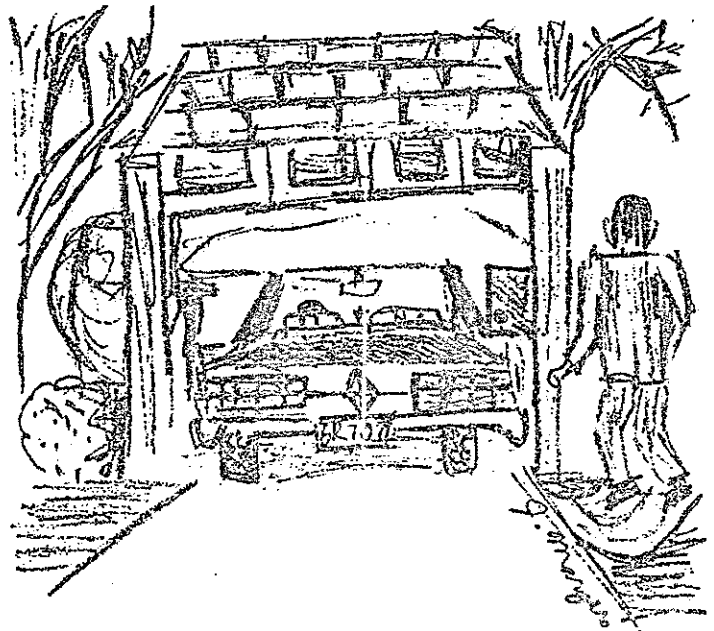
Jameston returned with the apples, the boys left.

"I heard someone calling for help," said John. "I didn't hear anything, John," said Tom. "You're nuts," said Jim. "I think you're thinking too much about Halloween," he continued. The boys went on trick or treating.

In the morning John was still curious about the eerie call he had heard the night before. He called Tom and Jim on the phone, and he asked them to come over to his house.

When the two boys arrived at John's house, Tom asked, "What's up?" John replied, "I was reading the newspaper this morning, and it has an article about the kidnapping of Peter Anderson. Peter Anderson was last seen in a black sedan on Weldon Parkway, as it turned into Smith Street." "Let me see that paper," Tom said. "So what?" Jim questioned. "Well, I think that call I heard at the Alston's last night was Peter Anderson's voice," explained John. "I'm sure that house must be the kidnapper's hideout," John continued. "And you want to find out if you are right. Well, what do we do?" Tom asked. "Tomorrow is Mrs. Alston's birthday. Her maid made reservations for three in the afternoon until sometime in the evening at my father's restaurant. While everyone is at the restaurant, we will look around the house. Let me see that paper," John said. He began to read something from the paper, and then he added, "We'll look for the black sedan. Its license number is 9GW79, New York. Well, will you come with me?" asked John. "I'll go," replied Tom. "Okay," said Jim.

The next afternoon the boys walked to the Alston house. They were about to turn the corner when a black sedan turned down the street. Its licence number was 6R707, New York. It turned into the Alston driveway and into the garage. A man came out of the garage and got into another car waiting in the front of the house; the car drove off.



The boys ran to the garage, and Jim tugged at the door and said, "It's locked." John said, "I think there's a garage window we could use to climb in." The boys went around the side of the wooden building, found the window and climbed into the garage.

Tom was the first to climb in. After they were all in the garage, they began looking about. "Look at the license plate. The number is 6R707," Tom said. But Jim, who is handy with tools, noticed something strange. The license plate wasn't bolted on, but was taped. He bent down and took off the tape. Underneath it the plate read 9GW79, New York. "Well, so far so good," Tom said. The boys looked through the window of the car. "Look the keys are still in the ignition," John exclaimed. John hopped into the car and took the keys. "Maybe one will open the house" Jim said.

The boys climbed out of the window and ran around to the back of the house. John tried the key in one of the doors. It didn't work. He tried another door; it opened! The door led to the kitchen. The boys heard a moaning sound from down stairs. "That's the sound I heard the other night," John exclaimed. Slowly John opened the cellar door, and saw a long flight of stairs below. The boys found the light switch and slowly followed the stairs. As they reached the bottom, they heard

the moaning sound again. "It seems to be coming from the side wall," said John. They ran to the wall where they heard the noise.

Against the wall was a bookcase. Tom was searching the bookcase for a way to open the wall. He was pressing against a book shelf, when the wall opened, revealing a hidden room.



In the corner of the dark room the boys saw Peter Anderson. He was tied up. Tom, a Boy Scout, quickly untied Peter. "Are you okay? How long have you been here?" the boys asked. "I'm okay. I've been here for about a day," Peter answered. "Who brought you here?" questioned Tom. "Joe Silco and Tony Finer," was the boy's reply. "How?" John asked. "Yesterday morning I was practicing my basketball when these two men came up and asked if my mother was in. Then Finer walked in back of me and grabbed me. The next thing I remember is this room," explained Peter. "How did you know who they were," Jim questioned. "I remembered their pictures in the newspaper," Peter replied.

"John, does your father own the 'Even Stevens' restaurant?" Peter asked. "Yes, why?" asked John. "Mrs. Alston, Joe Silco and Tony Finer are going to rob it!" Peter exclaimed. "I overheard them talking about it last night. Mrs. Alston said that she had her maid make res-

ervations for a large party at your father's restaurant. The maid didn't know it, but there will be no party! Mrs. Alston's plan was to use the party to make sure that there wouldn't be many people in the restaurant when they arrived," Peter explained. "I also remember," Peter continued, "that Silco was worried about the maid, Miss Jameston, hearing me. Mrs. Alston told him that there was no need for him to worry, because her job kept her in the other wing of the house with the children." "When do they plan to rob my father's restaurant?" John quickly asked. "at three-thirty," Peter answered. "That's in fifteen minutes!" Tom exclaimed. "First, we'll call the police, and then we'll go to your father's restaurant, John," Jim said.

They found a telephone upstairs in the hall. Tom called the police, and they said that they would send two cars over to the restaurant.

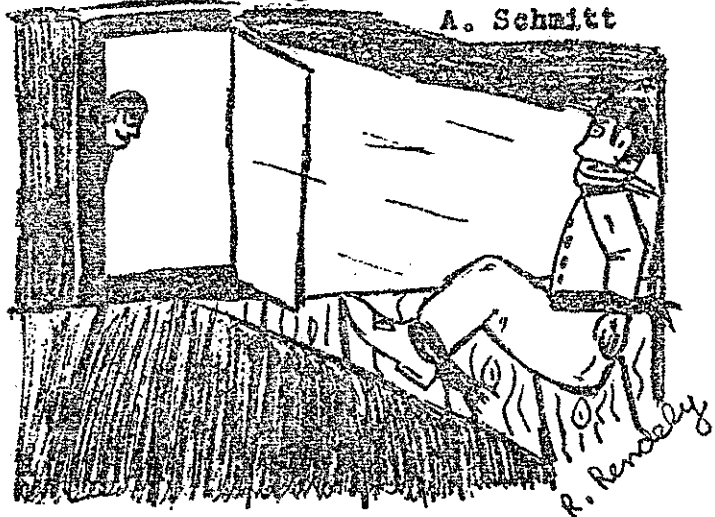
The boys got to the restaurant at the same time the police did. When they went inside Joe Silco was tying up the cashier, while Mrs. Alston and Tony Finer were in the office taking the money.

"Well, well, we caught you red-handed," Captain Black, Tom's uncle said. "Thanks to these boys," he continued. "Well, Mr. Anderson, I think it's time for you to go home," Captain Black said to Peter. "Yes, sir!" said Peter.

In court Mrs. Alston, Joe Silco and Tony Finer were sent to jail.

On the next night Tom Black, Jim Kelly and John Stevens were awarded medals for helping the police department. Peter Anderson was awarded a plaque for giving valuable information.

A. Schmitt



The Bowlegged Dinosaur

A dinosaur named Fred lived in a cold, stony cave near the seashore. He was very large and prickly, but very gentle and nice to talk to. Unfortunately, he was bowlegged, but did not know it.

One day, while Fred was walking towards town, he met a stranger. When the stranger looked at Fred he thought that every dinosaur in the town must be bowlegged. The stranger did not intend to be cruel, but not knowing that Fred was the only bowlegged dinosaur around, he began to stare at Fred's unusual legs. Fred wondered why the man was staring at his legs. Very slowly Fred bent his head down and carefully looked at his legs. When he looked up, he saw the stranger's legs. "Something is wrong," he thought. Suddenly he realized that his legs were curved like parentheses. Fred was very unhappy to discover that he was the only dinosaur in the world with crooked legs.

The next day Fred went to the town gymnasium. He lifted weights, started to jog, and boxed shadows. Nothing seemed to work, but that didn't stop him, for he was determined to straighten his legs. He continued to exercise day after day.



After his daily exercises, Fred would walk through the countryside until he came to a small stream. There he would sit each day and think sadly about his legs. He would think so much, he'd get big, pink goose pimples. But he was certain he'd find a way to straighten his legs.

While he was thinking, a beautiful figure arose from the wheat fields near the stream. It was a female dinosaur. She introduced herself to Fred. Her name was Milda.

She wondered why Fred was sitting there, she asked him, and he told her. Instead of laughing at his bowlegs, she merely smiled. Fred was in a state of shock at her lack of concern about his crooked legs. "My relatives are all bowlegged," she said. In amazement, Fred looked down at her legs, and noticed that she too was bowlegged!

After a few years Milda and Fred got married and they had a large family of their own. Of course, all of their children were bowlegged! This is how many of the world's dinosaurs became bowlegged!

—Mildred

The Reluctant Killer

In London, England on a cold, rainy day, in an old, dark building, one man was plotting the death of another.

The would-be killer was Augustine Arraby. He was, at the time, in his thirties, with light brown hair, and clean, shaven face.

Augustine thought he had a good reason to kill. A few years ago he had been friendly with an extremely tall, distinguished man. This man was George Corone. For a time they were good friends, and had many good times together. Suddenly, George became very unfriendly. Augustine later found out that George had been a very good friend. His name was John Allyson. Allyson was short and stout, very talkative. He had been involved in several bad affairs. John wanted to go to the police and confess to them all that he had done. George had been the one to tell him about the police.

intended to stop him!

Carone ordered Augustine to kill John, Carone threatened to kill Angelica, Augustine's beautiful girl friend, if Augustine did not kill John for him.

Augustine feared that if he dared to fail, Angelica would die. Augustine had met Angelica in a park, and had fallen deeply in love with her at first sight. She was young, medium in height, blonde and had blue eyes.



Augustine was trying to think of a plan. He did not want Angelica to be involved in something that had nothing to do with her. He loved her so much, and did not want her to die because he had failed.

It was nearing midnight. Carone had given him twenty-four hours to think of a plan and act according to it.

John Allyson lived on the fourth-floor of an apartment house on Eagle Lane. It was three blocks from where Augustine lived. John went to work at six in the morning and came home from work in the evening at seven. Augustine had gathered much information from Carone about John. He knew that John had a glass of sherry every evening. "That's it," Augustine thought. He decided to get some poison from Carone, find a way to get into John's apartment, and pour the poison into the sherry bottle. Augustine thought this plan might work. However, he

was only thinking of Angelica's safety, and never about the evil of the plot.

As he lie in bed, he wondered, "What if Carone refuses to give me the poison? What will I do, if Carone wants me to do the whole job by myself? What if I can't get into John's apartment? What if someone should see me? And, oh, What if I fail and Carone kills Angelica? It's like a terrible nightmare! It's too risky! But it will have to work... it will just have to work!" he thought. Augustine's mind was so blurred, and he was so tired. Finally, he fell asleep. Unknowingly, he kept tossing and turning in bed.

It was a terribly cold, rainy day, when Augustine slowly awoke. He thought the day already knew how it would end. Augustine couldn't remember any events of the night before, only the plan haunted him.

He got up, changed and went to ask Carone about the poison. On the way to Carone's apartment, he thought of the possibilities of this visit. Before he knew it, he had arrived at Carone's front door. It seemed that he had rung the doorbell a million times before Carone finally answered the door.

"What do you want?" Carone grunted.

"May I come in?" asked Augustine.

"Okay. What do you mean waking me up at this time in the morning?" said Carone.

"Well...It's about...you know... John. I came to see you about some poison," replied Augustine.

"How do you plan to do it?" questioned Carone.

"While John is at work, I'll have to pick the lock on his apartment door. You told me he has sherry every day. If you give me a colorless poison, I can slip it into his sherry bottle," Augustine explained.

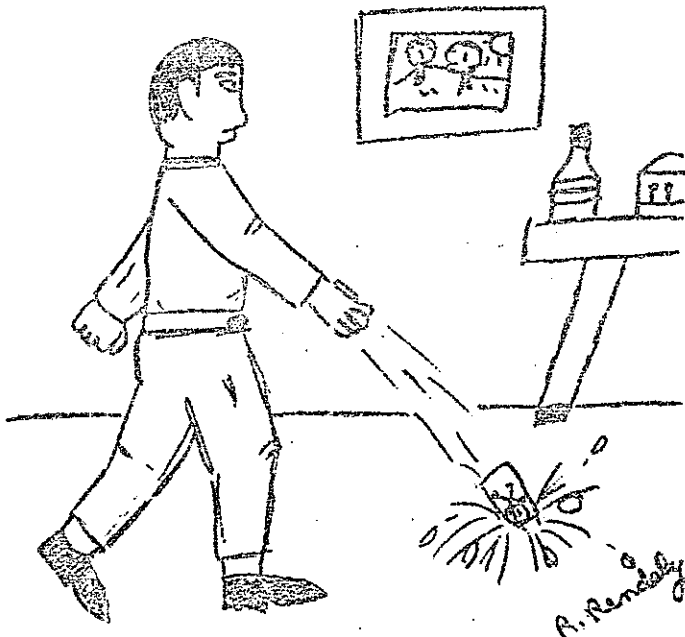
"It had better work!" said Carone.

"Oh,...It will; it will!" shouted Augustine.

"Here's the poison. Just make sure that it isn't traced to me. This poison will make it look like a natural death. You had better not fail, or else..." Carone said.

Augustine knew what this, "or else" meant.. It meant that Angelica would die. When he left Carone's, in his pocket was a small, clear bottle which carried the colorless poison.

At exactly four-fifteen in the afternoon, Augustine was outside the apartment house where John lived. He slowly approached the apartment house door, entered and went up to the fourth floor. He stopped in front of John's apartment, and picked the lock. He looked about the living room until he found the wine chest; he opened it. His searching fingers finally found the sherry bottle he was seeking. Augustine's mind was now one big blurr, and he was shaking with fear. He picked up the bottle, trying to fight his fear. He opened it and took the poison out of his pocket. A strong feeling inside him caused him to suddenly throw the bottle to the floor. "Am I making a mistake or not?" he thought, as he left John's apartment.



He thought of Angelica and knew he would have to take her with him away from England. He rushed to her apartment and rang the door bell. No one answered. Augustine was afraid to wait any longer. He discovered that the door was unlocked and ran in. When Augustine looked into the bedroom, he saw Carone with his hand over

Angelica's mouth. Carone was waiting for whoever was at the door to go away. Carone never dreamed that it would be Augustine at the door. All the time he had been secretly planning to have Augustine kill John, then he would kill Augustine and Angelica, and make it look like Augustine had killed his girlfriend and then himself.

Carone had thought that whoever was ringing the doorbell had gone away. He threw Angelica on the bed and tried to choke her. Augustine quickly entered the bedroom and jumped on Carone's back. They fought. After a few minutes, that seemed an eternity to Augustine, he pushed Carone away from him. Carone tripped, fell and hit his head on the bed post; he became unconscious.

Angelica tried to persuade Augustine to call the police.

"Oh, Augustine, please call the police. That horrible man just tried to murder us and had sent you to kill another. You must call the police. Please!" she pleaded.

"What good will it do? It will just get us into a lot of trouble, maybe even jailed," Augustine replied.

"But Augustine, you haven't done anything bad yet. The police will just question us, and that man Carone sent you to kill. They'll arrest Carone, if John Allyson talks. They'll have enough evidence now. They can do it; they're the only ones who can insure our safety together," Angelica explained.

Augustine agreed. He realized that Angelica was right, the police were their only hope. He quickly called the police.

When the police came, they explained that they'd already questioned John Allyson and had enough evidence to arrest Carone. A few weeks after the arrest, life in England was again normal for Angelica and Augustine.

C. Ross

The Strange Haunted House

One day John Quincy and Peter Dale went hiking up an unusual mountain. When they got to the top, they saw an old, creepy house with broken windows. The house was so old that they were sure no one had lived in it for a long time.

When they got to the door, John opened it. "We shouldn't go in; it might be dangerous. We may get trapped," Peter said. John explained, "that can't happen; I'm going in." The inside of the house was very dark. When they entered, the door slammed behind them. The two boys pushed and pushed with all their might, but they couldn't open the door!

John saw a staircase, so he started to climb. He asked Peter to come, but Peter was too scared. John was brave, so he went up alone. When he reached the top of the stairs, he saw a very old coffin. He ran down as fast as he could.

John and Peter sat down to think about a way to get out. John said, "Let's try to get out one of the windows." Peter tried to climb through a window, but it was too small.

They looked around the old house; they saw a lot of old things. They went into the kitchen, and John opened the refrigerator door. Inside he found old bones from decayed meat. Again they sat down, this time on the kitchen table, to think of a way to get out. All of their attempts were unsuccessful. It was getting late, and since they could not find a way to get out, they decided to make themselves comfortable for the night.

While John was asleep, Peter was awakened by a noise coming from upstairs. In a flash he woke up John, and told him what he had heard. They were both too frightened to move or to sleep for the rest of the night.

The next morning Paul and Joe, John and Peter's older brothers, came toward the old house. They had been looking all over the countryside for their brothers.

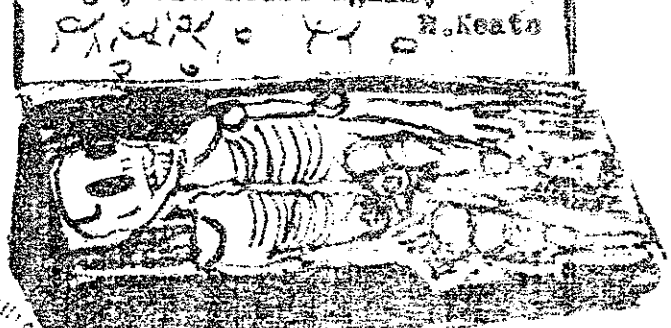
When Paul and Joe entered the old house, the door closed behind them too. John and Peter heard the door slam, so they tried to see who caused the noise without being seen. When they saw that Paul and Joe had arrived, they ran out, and together explained what had happened. All four of them tried to knock down the door, but they couldn't.

Night was coming on very quickly now, and it was getting cold. The boys made a fire using broken pieces of furniture and the matches Paul had. They all sat down to warm themselves by the fire. At first it was very quiet; the only sound was the crackling wood in the fireplace. Then they heard a noise coming from upstairs. Paul wanted to go up, until John told him about the coffin.

As soon as they were warm, the boys began to search again for a way out. They finally found a back door. They tried to open it, but it was locked. They pushed, beat, and banged on the door. Suddenly, something fell from the ledge above the door. It was a note which read, "If you want the key, look in the coffin... if you dare!"

They were too scared to go up there again, but they realized to get out, they had to be brave. They slowly went up the stairs, opened the coffin, and saw a skeleton! The skeleton was holding the key. Paul had enough courage to grab the key from the skeleton. Quickly the boys ran down the stairs, unlocked the door, and ran out. They were so glad to get out, that they ran all the way home.

They told their parents and friends what had happened. Their parents told them never to go there again. The boys looked at each other; they knew that they didn't have to be told not to go to that strange, old house again!



Matthew and the Slaves

Mr. Sling was the owner of a large ranch in Africa. He had slaves, but he treated them very kindly. The slaves worked hard for him.

One day he and his brother, who was very mean and greedy, were out in the jungle hunting. They were supposed to return to the house together, but only Mr. Sling's brother returned. He said that some natives had killed Mr. Sling and got away. The ranch now belonged to Mr. Sling's brother. He was very cruel to the slaves.

One of the negro boys, Matthew, knew that there were no savage, native tribes in this part of the jungle. He started to ask a lot of questions about his Mr. Sling's mysterious death. One day Mr. Sling's brother got so angry with Matthew that he said, "Slave, bring this boy out into the jungle and kill him!" The slave, Jed, took Matthew away, but he did not kill him. "Matthew," he said, "go and don't come back here. I shall not kill you." Matthew did what the slave asked. The slave returned to the ranch.

For a long time Matthew lived in the jungle. He drank coconut milk and ate coconuts. One day he wandered into a cave. There were two passages. Matthew took one of these, and at the end he found a knife under a rock. He recognized it; it was the one Mr. Sling's brother used the day of the hunt. Matthew pushed away some rocks and found Mr. Sling's body! He grabbed the knife and ran out of the cave.

Matthew remembered a tribe that lived across the river. He started off. It took weeks for him to get there. He finally arrived and talked with the chief of the tribe. They made a plan to free the negro slaves at the ranch.

Matthew was to go back to the ranch. The warriors were to stay out of sight near the ranch until the next night, when they planned to have a raid.

When Matthew arrived at the

ranch, Mr. Sling's brother saw him, but he did not recognize Matthew. He told Jed, the same slave that sent Matthew away, to bring him to the place where they kept the slaves. On the way Matthew reminded Jed who he was. He described what he had discovered in the jungle, and explained the plan.

When they got to the hut, Matthew ran to his father. "Matthew," he said, "I've waited so long for you!" Matthew told his father about the plan. He explained, "Tonight, a man will act sick. When the guards come in, we will jump them, and take their guns."

That night a man did act sick; the guards did come in, and they did jump them. All the slaves ran out of their huts toward the house where Mr. Sling's brother lived. With the help of the friendly tribe, Matthew, and the slaves captured all the guards.

When Mr. Sling's brother heard them, he ran out of the house toward the huts. He was shot in the leg. As he staggered back to the house, he found Matthew blocking his way. Mr. Sling's brother was very strong, even with his wound, he was determined to fight. He picked up a pitchfork and charged at Matthew. He missed two times, but the third time Matthew was stabbed in the shoulder and fell. Mr.



Sling's brother charged at him again. Matthew closed his eyes; he could not bear to look. All of a sudden he heard a shot! He opened his eyes. His father had shot Sling's brother! Matthew looked knowingly at his father, who was really a very peaceful man. Matthew's father said to the chief of the tribe, "I had to shoot him; he was going to kill my son!"

P. Timmons

One Christmas Morning

On one calm Christmas Eve, the fireplace was burning brightly, and the snow was falling softly to the ground. The lights on the tree in our house glittered like the stars in the dreamy sky. My mother had just finished baking her Christmas cookies and date nut bread.

My two sisters, my brother and I were sitting in the living room anxiously awaiting Santa Claus, when my mother joined us. She turned to us and said, "Santa won't bring you anything if you're not asleep." The four of us quickly pretended to be asleep on the couch. Mother laughed, as she said to father, "Let them sleep there tonight." "Don't disturb them from their sleep!" she added, as she laughed again. So on the couch we all slept that night. Mother and father soon went to bed.

At twelve-thirty Santa Claus peeked in the window, checking to see that everyone was sleeping. He came in, and on the table he saw hot chocolate and cookies. Santa said, "Oh, just what I wanted. I will leave an extra toy at this house. For once I got a present for Christmas!" "I'm wasting alot of time here. I'd better get on to the next house, before they wake up," he added.

We woke up just after Santa had left. Quickly, we ran upstairs to our parents' room and awoke them. Mother said, "Go back to bed; it's only one o'clock in the morning!" We obeyed.

At six in the morning my brother, my two sisters and I all awoke again. "Let's see what we got," we all cried out at once. With excitement Edward said, "Look at the big Texaco truck I got, and the gun and everything!" Even Kerri, who doesn't know how to talk yet, held up her teddy bear and said, "Da, Da." I got a beautiful dress. We all shouted out together, "Oh, Mommy, Oh, Daddy, look what we have received. It's a beautiful Christmas!" Mother said, "Let's sing some Christmas carols."

As we were merrily singing, Santa was looking in the window. He was smiling, as he said to himself, "It is truly a beautiful Christmas!"

D. Kirby

The Man in the Gray Coat

Yesterday As I was walking home from school, it was raining quite hard. I saw a man waiting at a bus stop. He was tall, a dark haired man, wearing a gray coat, and water was running down his face. When he got on the bus, I went on with him, and followed him home.

He lived in the huge house where Mr. Hicens once lived, and it had at least a hundred windows. He left the door unlocked, so I followed him into the house. I searched the walls for secret panals. No luck in that!

Then I went into an organ loft, and music was pouring out of the organ pipes. The music stopped, and the door slammed shut, then locked. The air was filled with the laughter of Mr. Hicens' voice. It was Mr. Hicens' ghost! I felt hands coming around my throat. Behind me was a window; I jumped out and hit the roof. I climbed through another window into a room, where there was a tape recorder on the table. I played it, and heard the laugh of Mr. Hicens and the organ music.

I went to the police department with the tape, and nothing was on it! We went to the house, and it was completely different. We went inside, and I pulled a book out of the bookcase, and the house turned upside down. It was then the same house as before. We found the man who wore the gray coat and took him to jail. Everything was solved, or at least I thought so...

As the man was in his cell, he started to change into a werewolf! He broke out of the cell, found me, and chased me. When he got me, he shook and shook me. Although I was almost unconscious, I could hear him saying something, "Get up!...Get up! It's time to go to school!"

F. Romano



An Adopted Happiness

Man in a Shell

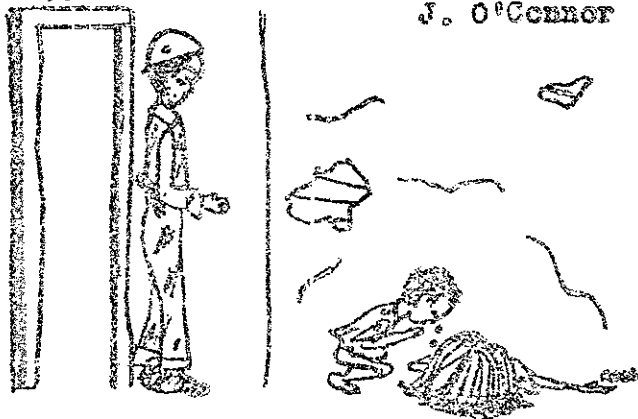
A young man from Southampton was drafted and stationed in Vietnam. His name was Tom Hall.

The first two years went roughly and part of the third. It was now one month before he could go home. Tom became a corporal because he worked hard. His group of soldiers was to attack five miles west of Saigon. The attack was successful, and he was ordered to check the area. He had checked the area for about a half an hour, and still had half the town to search. While he was searching an old abandoned house, he found a boy on the ground, lying next to his mother's body. The boy, who seemed to be about five years of age, was crying. He was dressed in rags.

When the boy saw the soldiers, he was terrified, because they were the people who had killed his mother. He got up and ran toward the wall. Tom slowly walked toward him. He felt sorry for him because one of his men had killed the boy's mother. Tom knelt down, took the boy's hand, and the boy tried to punch him. Quickly, Tom grabbed the boy's other hand. Then the boy felt love in Tom; it was almost as if he could see kindness in Tom's face, so he calmed down. Tom brought the boy outside and took him back to his camp.

Tom sent a wire to Washington asking if he could adopt the boy. The wire soon came back, and the answer was yes. When they were home, the boy was taught how to speak English. Tom named the boy Joseph. They brought an "adopted happiness" to each other.

J. O'Connor



It was a warm, pleasant spring day. Mrs. Wilhelm was sitting in the shade. Mrs. Wilhelm was a nice, old lady, who loved life. She was always out-of-doors listening to the birds and admiring the sweet fragrance of her violets. Suddenly the tranquility of the day was broken by the clatter and screeching of a huge moving van. It stopped at the house next to Mrs. Wilhelm's.

At this time Mrs. Garner, who lived across the street, came rushing out. "What's going on here?" she asked. Her question wasn't answered, because nobody else knew. Then a man hopped out of the van. Before he could reach the door, Billy and John Garner came rushing at him. They both said hello, but the man slammed the door in their faces.

As days passed the man got a very bad reputation. One day at breakfast Mrs. Garner and Mrs. Wilhelm both said, "He's almost like a shell. He doesn't let anything in or out."

But one day the boys proved this wrong. Billy had a new toy, a sort of ball and string game. Billy walked up to the man and asked him to try it. The man tried it once and began to smile. After that day the boys started to walk with the man, telling him things and asking him things, but they hardly ever got any answers to their questions. One day Mrs. Garner complained, "He's letting them into his house."

Days went by until the day of a big party. In the middle of this, the man walked in, took off his coat and began to dance. Mrs. Wilhelm called Billy and John over and said, "Thank you boys." "For what?" they asked. "For bringing a man out of his shell," she said, and then she joined the party.

R. Kopitsch

It all began when I was in a ballbag. Everyone with me was trying to get to the bottom of the bag. All of a sudden the umpire came over to the bag and took some of my friends and me out. He gave my best friend to the pitcher. The pitcher threw him, and he was smacked into the outfield foul line. He took my other friend, and smack... a home run! This time he took me out, and wasn't I the lucky one. Mantle was up. "Oh, boy," I thought.

The umpire threw me to the pitcher. He wound up and threw me. I closed my eyes. All of a sudden I hit the catcher's mit. The umpire, yelled, "Strike one," then threw me back to the pitcher. Again the pitcher threw me. "Wham," I landed in the catcher's mit. For the third time, the umpire threw me back to the pitcher. It was almost over. The pitcher wound up and let me go.

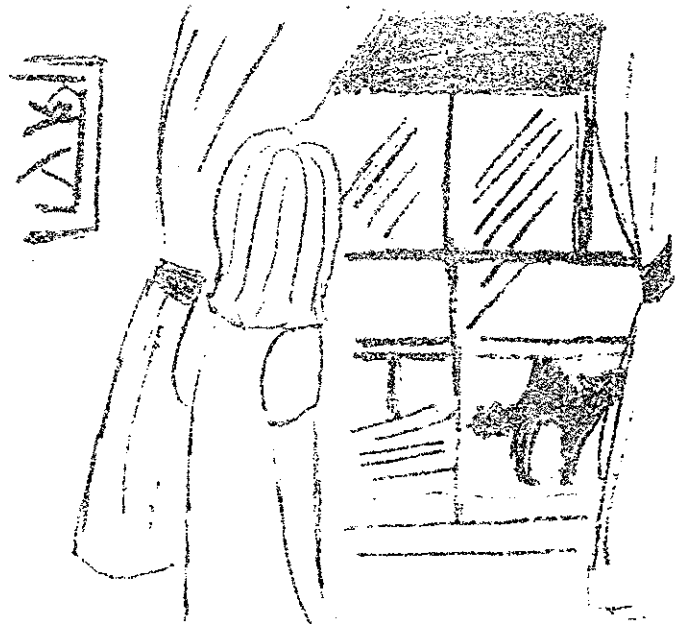
My guess was wrong, for "Smack," I was sailing through the air with a belly ache. It really hurt! There I was in the outfield and still rising! I got goose pimples! I was going over the stadium. Finally, I was going down, down, down "Wham," I landed in the backyard of an old ladies home across the street, on my head! "What a headache!"

Thousands of people came rushing out of the stadium. I was measured; I was hit 565 feet- the longest measured home run on record! I was put in the Baseball Hall of Fame. Boy, did I, and do I still feel big!

R. Cody



D. Gillies



A Night to Remember D. Gillies

It was a cold, blustery night; the wind was howling like a wolf. The shutters were opening and closing; they squeaked like a mouse. It was a big house with two floors, a squeaky porch and six bedrooms. Mrs. Williams, a widow, with her six month old baby, John, were the only people in the house that night. There were many rumors about how her husband died.

She wasn't home that night he died. She and the baby were at her mother's house. They came home very late that night; as she was walking up the crooked steps, she screamed. There was Mr. Williams lying dead in the bushes. One person said that ghosts had made him go crazy, and he jumped off the roof. She didn't know what to believe.

Two days later she was in the house with John. Mrs. Williams was just putting him to bed, when the shutters flew open. Many things were flashing in her head. She ran downstairs with John; they heard a squeaky noise. She opened the door. There standing at the door was her cat, with her tail stuck in a floor board.

The next day she found out why her husband had jumped off the roof. He had murdered a man for some money. These were days Mrs. Williams would never forget.

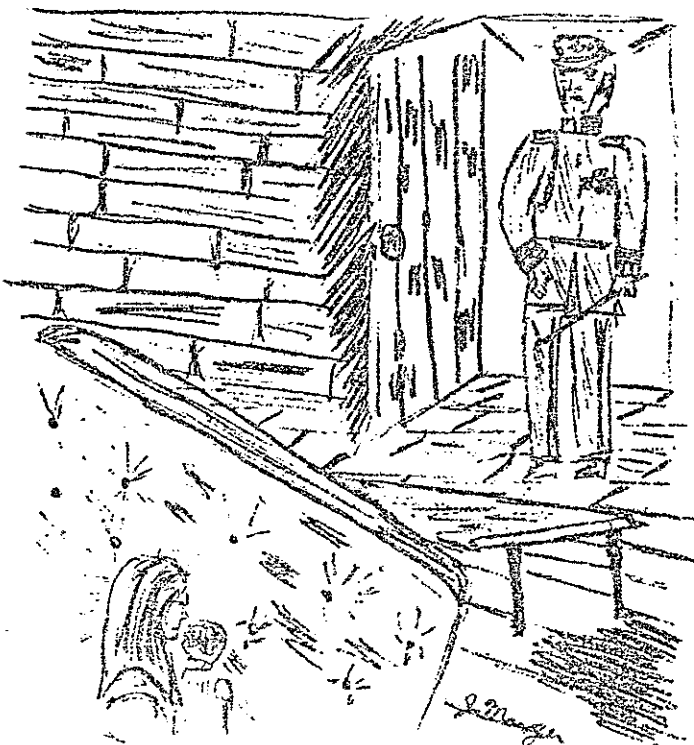
L. Orobons

It Is Only We Two, Alone

Mrs. Budd and her one month old child are Jewish. David was born about two years after World War II started, and now he must escape death. After her child was born, Mrs. Budd fled!

She looked for a house with an attic. She finally found one, and it was vacant. As she opened the door, it squeaked. Mrs. Budd walked in the old dusty, vacant house slowly, as the wooden floor seemed to move under her. Her feet moved slowly up the wooden staircase. She walked into the attic. It was dark and cold, and she was frightened. The room had an old table, chair, and a torn mattress.

All of a sudden, she heard a shrill sound. David started to cry at the sound of the loud whistle. Then Mrs. Budd realized that the Nazi's had once again come to search for Jews. She could now hear voices giving commands. There was a banging at the door, and one Nazi said, "Open the door or we'll open it for you." Mrs. Budd ran behind the table and put the mattress against it, then she quietly hid behind the mattress. Just then the door downstairs flew open. Strange voices were heard. The soldiers came in the attic.



Mrs. Budd was very quiet. She thought now surely they would find her and David. But they walked out, as soon as they saw the empty room. Mrs. Budd was very surprised and very happy, but she knew that they would come again. Then she said to David, "It's only we two now, alone."



The Changed Man

It was a horrible night. The sky was pitch black. It was raining as the wind howled. A little boy named Jimmy and his mother were the only ones in the house. Jimmy was playing in his room, when he heard his mother scream. He ran down the steps, tears of fright filled his eyes! He found his mother crying with a man holding a knife near his mother's neck.

The man was tall and had dark hair, his eyes were mean. Jimmy ran to his mother's arms, and she held him tight. They both stared at the robber wondering what he would do to them. The robber stared at Jimmy and after a while felt ashamed of himself. He said to Jimmy in a soft voice, "I never did this before, and I am sorry."

At that second the man threw the knife into the fireplace. Jimmy was still frightened. Jimmy's mother looked at the man and forgave him. She said that she wouldn't call the police. The man changed. The man thought about how stupid he was for scaring Jimmy and his mother. He went home and started a new life.

L. DeGuido

One sunny, breezy morning a little girl, named Anne, awoke to a sound which she had not heard in many months; it was the divine melody of birds chirping. She got up and dressed herself in a light green blouse and a pair of brown slacks. She sat on her bed and put on her sneakers.

Meanwhile, her mother had already set a plate of pancakes for Anne. Anne ran down the stairs eagerly, to see if it was really spring. Even before saying hello, she ran outside into the garden. There to the delight of her eyes, she saw the first signs of spring: birds were singing and bees were buzzing. Flowers were blooming: daisies in bright yellow, tulips in purple, poppies, lilies, and carnations of pink and white. It was all so pretty; Anne could hardly believe it was real. Anne skipped into the house, and in a loud voice she said, "It's spring; it's spring!" Anne's mother was very happy, and so was Anne.

Anne and her sisters went into the garden to play tag. Afterwards, Anne walked down to the creek, and saw that it was not frozen.

In the afternoon of that very fine day, Anne sat down on the grass with her back resting against a tree trunk, and fell asleep. She awoke at the end of that special day, as the sun was a reddish color, and the air was warm with a golden sky above.



When Mr. and Mrs. Jones woke up on May 13, they found that their two year old boy, Donald, was gone. At first they thought he went outside, but it was too early for that.

That morning they received a letter with no return address on it. Mrs. Jones said, "Who could it be from." "I don't know," said Mr. Jones. Finally, Mrs. Jones stirred up enough power to open it.

Inside it read, "If you want your son back alive, have \$100,000. in cash ready to be picked up in trash can #4 tomorrow night at 12:00 sharp. If I'm not back at 12:30 the same night my assistant will kill Donald!"

"Cut! Cut! Cut! That last line should be more terrifying!" a voice called out.

Finally, the movie ended. The Jones' got Don back; all was right.

J. Bartow

The Stolen Baby

There she was with the baby in her arms, with rain dripping down from her hair. Her eyes were like large wheels as she saw the flickering lights of the police car. She knew that they had come for the baby, but she would not give him up. Holding the baby close to her she ran. She still could hear the sirens. She whispered to the baby, "Don't worry; they won't take you away."

Soon the police were out of sight. She found herself in a little town. It looked deserted, but it wasn't. There were people all around. She stood frozen with the baby in her arms. She heard a voice say, "Give up the baby. You are surrounded." She ran even faster than before.

Day break came. When she looked behind she saw nothing. She knew that she and her baby were safe at last.

C. Sassano

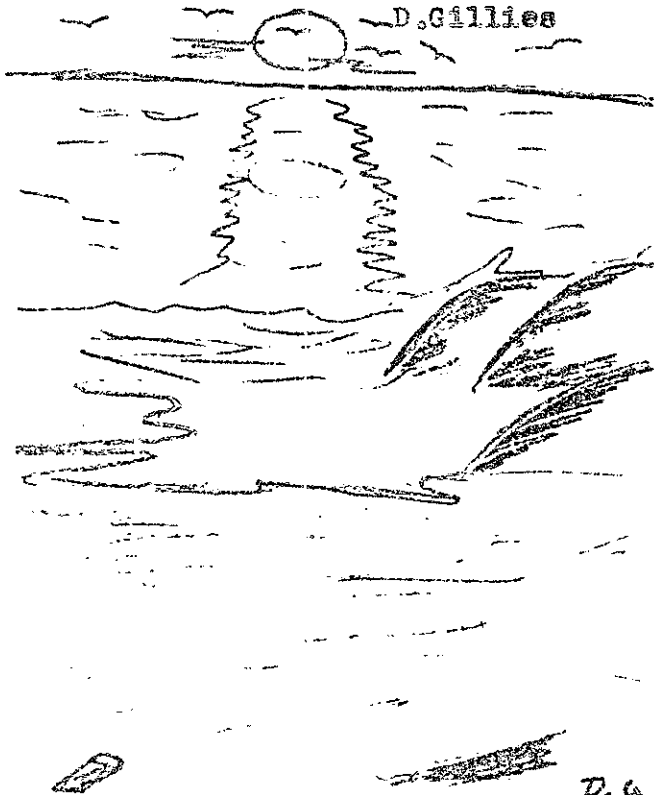
It was a beautifully bright, sunny day; the scent of the fresh ocean air was filling the beach. This beach was different from any other beach. To those who knew about it, it had always been a perfect, secret paradise, where they could be alone.

However, on this occasion the secret was revealed. What was once a quiet wonderworld, was now jam-packed with people. They wore colorful, gay bathing suits and carried big beach balls. Radios were blasting at high volume; the sound echoing off the boulders, that were at the other side of the beach.

Everyone was happy, except two girls. They liked the quiet rushing of the water, the beautiful sunset, and the simple sounds of the many seagulls.

But people slowly went, fading from the scene of the beach. It got quieter and quieter, as more people vanished. The beach was empty but for two very satisfied girls. They loved the beach as it was now; they had always known it this way. Soon they vanished from the face of the beach, leaving the sand, the sun, the sea and one blanket.

D. Gillies



It was a warm summer evening in East Africa; the fragrance of flowers filled the air. This was the night Chaly was born. He grew up very quickly, learning the secrets of the jungle, hunting and man.

One day while his mother was dragging in a kill, a rifle went off. Twice, it shot; Chaly's mother was dead. He ran to her side, licking her wounds; he tried desperately to get her up. He stayed with her, until he heard the men coming. Then he ran for the brush.

For weeks he went with only water and the remains of a lion kill to eat. Finally, he was big enough to hunt for himself. At first, he was clumsy and noisy; he could only catch small ground animals. Gradually, he became the best hunter in the area. He brought down many animals: antelope, gnu and zebra.

One day while hunting, Chaly found his mate. When they returned to Chaly's territory together, they found another leopard was challenging his right to the territory. Blazing with fury, Chaly sent all seven feet, two hundred pounds at the intruder. There was a terrible fight between the two males. This was nothing new for Chaly, because he had defended his territory before from many a leopard, cheetah, and young lion. He had lost only one fight over a killed zebra, and that was to a large male lion. After he had successfully defended his territory, Chaly had the duty of building a den for his mate, who was going to have kittens. He built the den and left his mate.

Many months passed; finally, he was allowed to see his mate's kittens. There were two: a male and a female. He went out hunting for the kittens, who were growing and learning faster every day, while his mate would keep a watchful eye on her kittens. Chaly did the same, when she went hunting. Chaly taught his kittens; he took them on hunting trips for small ground animals. They jumped on everything that was moving, even each other. Then one day in spring the young male left the family in search of his own hunting ground and mate. Soon after,

D. G.

the young female left, looking for a mate too.

Chaly decided one day to move to another region, for the prey in his area was getting dangerously low. Besidethe dry season was moving in, so all the animals, including Chaly, were looking for waterholes. His plan was to move near to a waterhole, that would have not only enough for him and his mate, but enough to lure plenty of prey too, so they would also have enough to eat. Chaly was a very clever leopard. He found a way to get an animal right under his tree, from where he could pounce on the animal bringing it down and making the kill much easier. His mate would wait on the ground, in case she could help with the kill. Soon the rainy season came and all the rivers, lakes and ponds were full again. Prey was plentiful everywhere, and a lion or leopard would pick out his ground again.

One day he thought he smelled man again. He was right-Man! The men saw him too, and set their dogs after him, as they grabbed their rifles. He was running, when he heard the shot sing through the air. His memory brought back the first time that he heard a rifle shot, when his mother was killed. He turned around and charged two of the hunters; the others ran in fear. He had beaten

Man; Man who had killed his mother! Then he ran into the forest, losing the dogs, who could not follow him in his own elements. Chaly was king!

In the village people told stories of a great leopard who was eight feet long, and weighed two-hundred and fifty pounds. The men, that were attacked, came forward and showed their scars in proof of these stories. All the villagers believed in the strength and courage of Chaly, and would not allow their children to go outside. They planned to trap this leopard, but Chaly had his own plans. He took his mate to higher ground-away from Man.



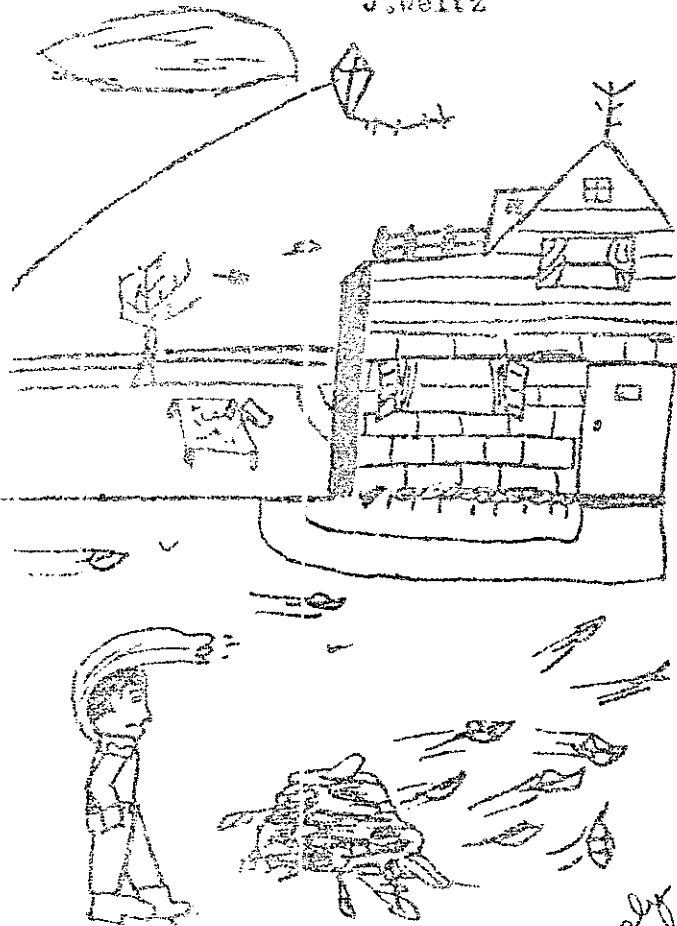
Even today, every time men go hunting for leopards, they hear the natives tell about Chaly, the king of the leopards.

G. Spuhler

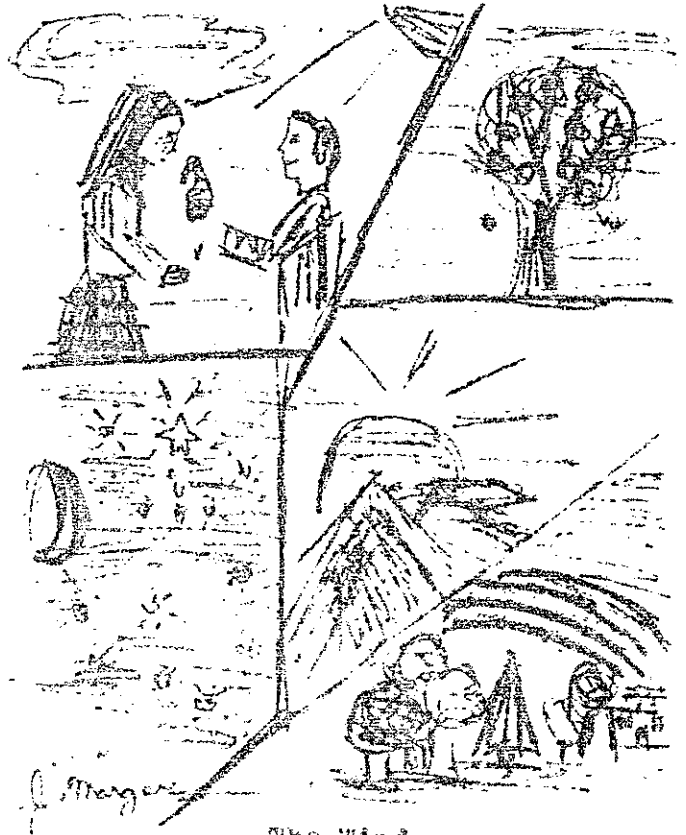


Love is as pure as the snow-white dove, that flies in the blue above. Love is as gentle and peaceful, as a sleeping baby, when it kicks its feet. Love is a little boy letting a little girl have a lick of his ice cream. Love is as pleasant as all the stars shining at night and the moon shining so bright. Love is warm like the morning sun. Love is like the stillness of the breeze. Love is soft and gentle as a fawn. Love is like the soft, slow song of a nightingale. Love is caring to feed a little gray squirrel. Love is a child picking daisies for her mother. Love is open to life like a tree in bloom. Love is happy and gay as a merry tune. Love is silent like the sun's glitter on a body of water. Love is the delightful colors of a rainbow. Love comes in many ways; it is in each and every day.

J. Weitz



A. Rendall



The Wind

You feel a breeze on your face. You see the leaves on the tree across the street blow off and swirl around, like a tornado. While high above the trees and houses, kites toss to and fro. You are a witness to the wind.

After a spring rainstorm, the wind carries the cool, fresh feeling of dampness through the air. On a hot summer day after you've been riding a bicycle or perhaps running, heat begins to rise from your body, and puts you in a trance. Then the cool dryness of the refreshing breeze hits you, and you feel relieved. You work on your tall loaf pile for hours, but alas the mighty wind gusts and destroys it in a few seconds!

Throughout the seasons you are a witness to the wind. Now, you sit back and realize how wonderfully powerful this thing is, that you've been taking for granted all these years.

D. Gillies

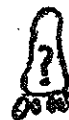
IF YOU WANT TO HAVE FUN, FOLLOW THESE STEPS:



1. LAUGH A LOT!



2. CRACK CORNY
JOKES!



3. ACT COOBY

4. READ!

HEY! YOU'RE
NOT BARE FOOT!



Contents:

Poetry	55, 57-58, 60
Crossword	55-56
Crossword Answers	59
Riddles	59
Riddle Answers	60
Anecdotes	59-60
The Old Philosopher	60-62

The Guru

Aren't you tired of wearing love
beads?
Don't you get sick of all your talk?
Haven't you been asked a lot of
questions?
I wonder if you get tired, when you
walk.

Do you always meditate upon a
mountain top?
I wouldn't blame you if you felt
like bursting with a pop!
Now, Guru don't think I'm a brat,
But I wouldn't like to be you and
that is that!

G. Callahan



My Bird

My favorite bird is blue, black, and
white.
He's hilarious when he's in a fight.
He ruffles his feathers and stands
up tall.
He might even back up into the wall.
In a short while he will come out
head first,
Winning the fight with a mighty
burst!

G. Spulhor



Fair

G. Callahan

To go to the fair is fun,
With the water and the sun.
But the sad part is the fare,
That it takes to get you there!
A. Schmitt

Why?

Why are you?
Who am I?
What are we?
Why do we laugh; why do we cry?
Where is nowhere?
When will we be there?
Why are we?
Who is he?
Will everything end right now?
How?

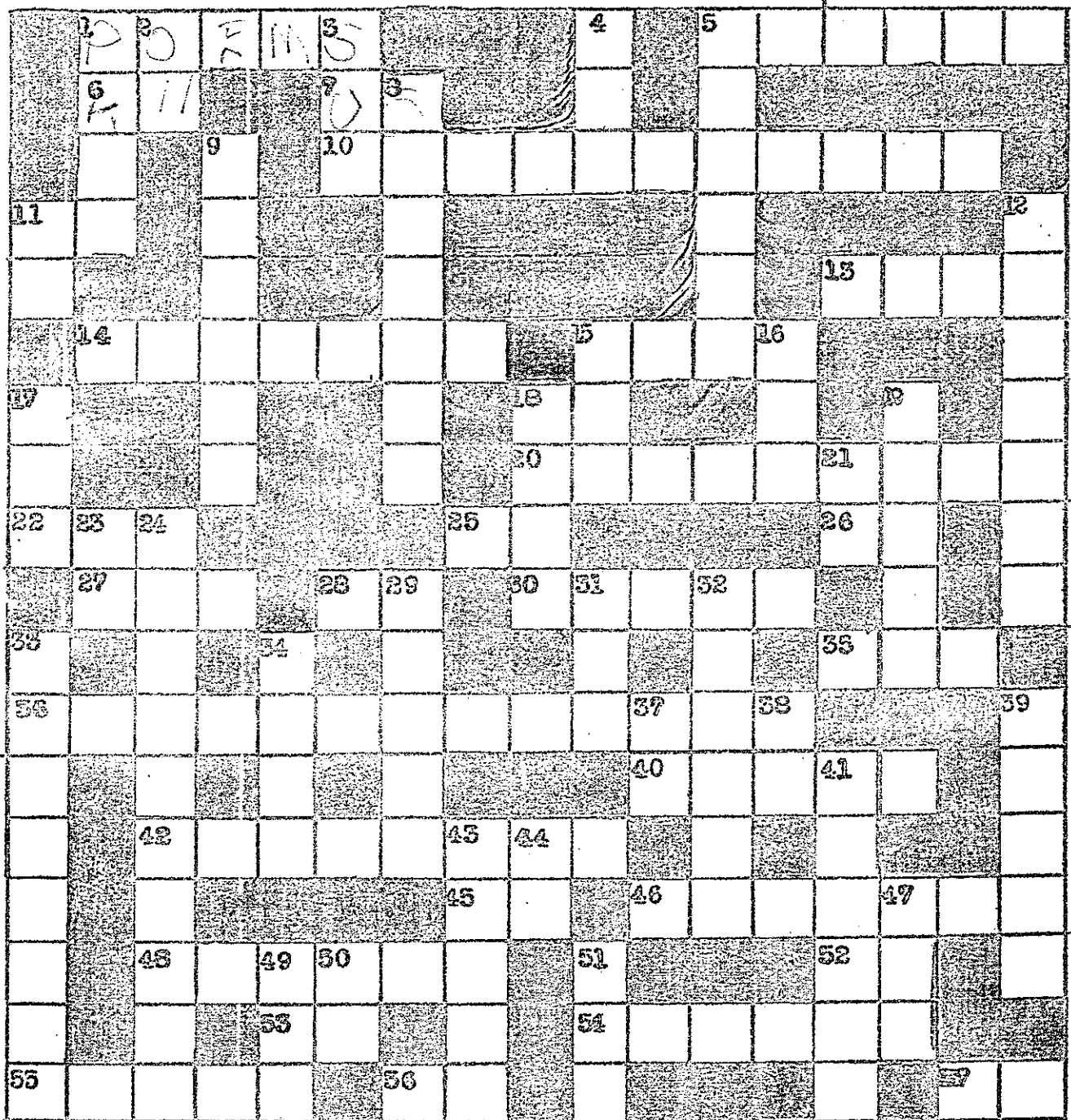
G. Callahan



G. Callahan

CROSSWORD

P. Ahern
F. Lockwood



Across:

Down:

- 1. composition that rhymes
- 5. special kind of poem of four-teen lines
- 6. a limiting adj. an article
- 7. you and no

- 1. part of a book
- 2. opposite of off
- 3. to have supper
- 4. paintings, drawings or sculpture

Across:

10. use of certain marks, like commas and periods
11. first person singular object pronoun
13. a drama
14. division of a book
15. to make pictures
18. to move; travel; leave; pass
20. listen carefully
22. finish
25. contraction of I am
26. that thing
27. grease
28. opposite of down
30. short piece of writing on some chosen topic
35. abbreviation of definition
36. kind of sentence that asks a question
40. examinations
42. antonym
45. to make; perform; carry out
46. things
48. lively; energetic
52. short for mother
53. preposition meaning from, by or with
54. a written message, usually sent by mail
55. material resembling silk
56. form of verb to be
57. third person singular subject pronoun

Down:

5. section or part of a poem
8. principal part of a sentence
9. a group of related words
11. note of the scale
12. word having almost the same meaning as another word
15. a point
16. past tense of win
17. eaten
18. something to play, like tag or Monopoly
19. name of a book
21. note of the scale
23. not
24. a book of words
29. main ideas of stories
31. past tense of sit
32. word that modifies a verb
33. one
34. abbreviation of preposition
37. same as #26 across
38. plural noun ending
39. section of a poem or song; stanza
41. subject written or talked about; short essay
43. thoughts
44. toward
47. automobile
49. measure of weight; 2,000 lbs.
50. whether
51. everyone

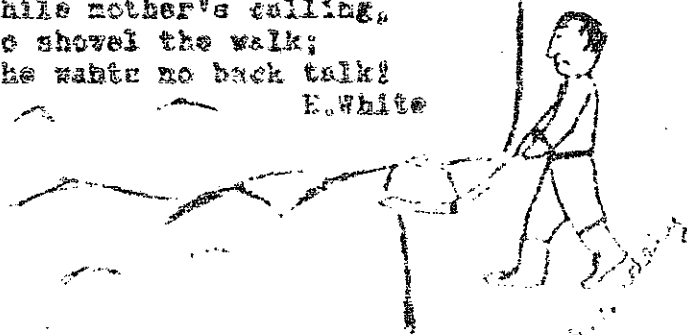
Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might..."
Aw, chuck, it's a satellite!

N. Sheppard



Snow
Snow is falling,
While mother's calling,
To shovel the walk;
She wants no back talk!

E. White



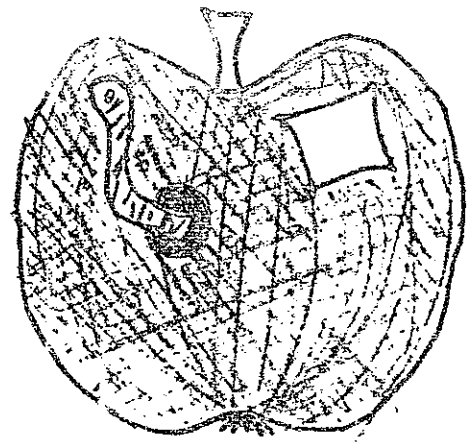
Spiders

A spider is a little thing.
That crawls upon the floor.
And on a cold and stormy day,
He crawls beneath the door.

And there he hides, he hides and
hides.

He hides beneath the door.
Only til you step on him,
For then he is no more.

J. M. Marger



Apple Tree

Root

As I sit beneath the tree,
I think of things I wish to see.
I pick an apple from the tree,
And there in the apple I can see,
A little wiggling worm looking at me.
I twirl the worm around and around,
Til it falls to the ground.

T. Regan

School

In school we work and pray,
But we are not allowed to play.
We are not allowed to talk,
Or get up and walk.
We are not allowed to fight,
Our school schedule is very tight.

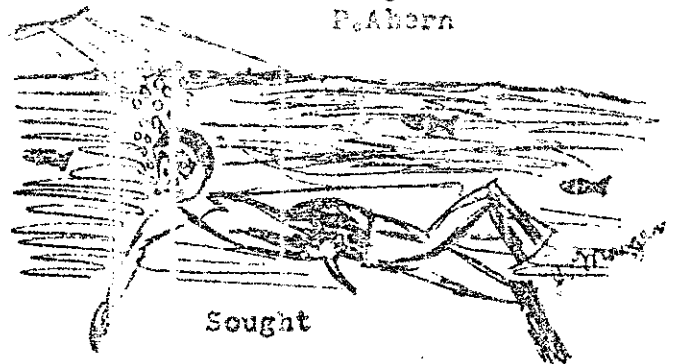
C. Williamson

Swimming

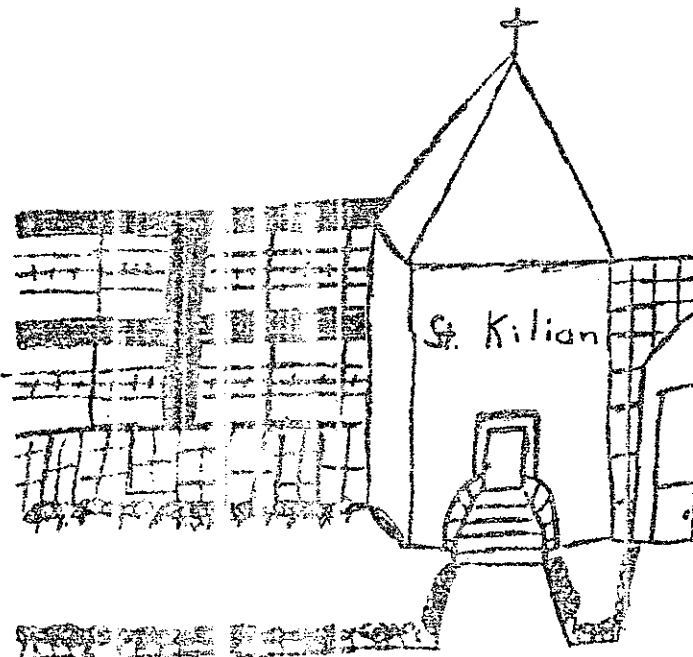
I'd like to swim all my life,
Live on the sea bottom and eat with
a knife.

I'd dive and swim all the time,
Letting the water be all mine.
No one would tell me what to do.
I like the water. Do you too?

P. Ahern



Sought



A monster once walked the street,
Knowing not who he would meet.
He was so tall and very fierce.
He sought someone who's heart he'd
pierce.

But then a soldier who was brave,
Soon sent the monster to his grave.

M. Flynn

indley

RIDDLES

READ THESE, AND
LOSE YOUR
SENSE OF HUMOR.

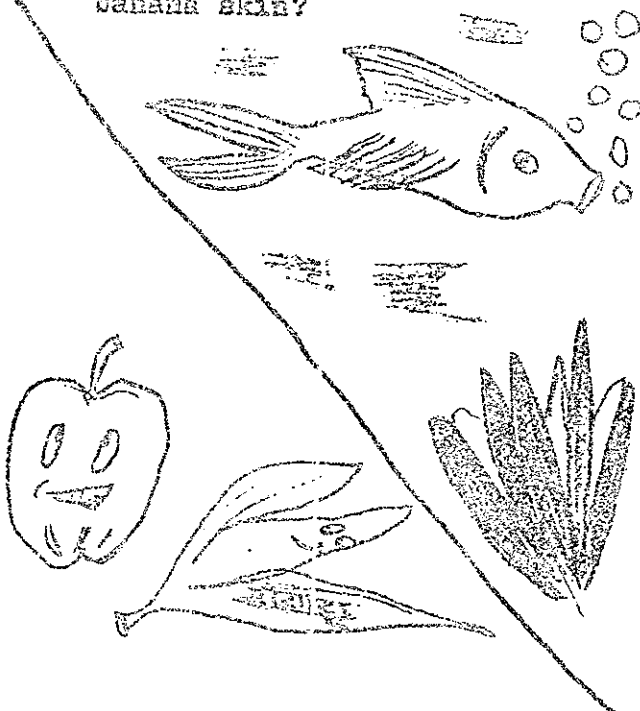
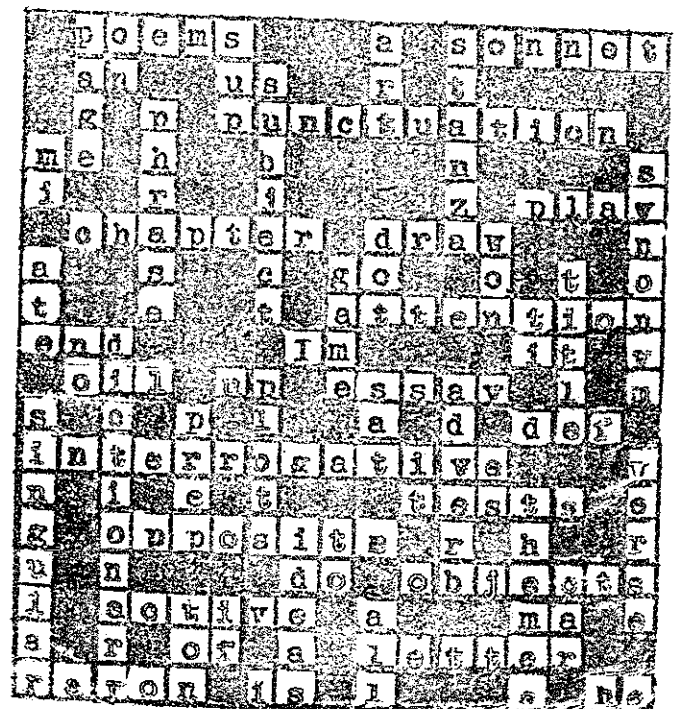
1. Why did the lady throw out her husband's track shoes?
2. What was dead, then alive?
3. Why do fish swim under water?
4. What is gray on the outside, brown on the inside, and rusty?
5. What stones come from clouds?
6. What is black and has a beard?
7. What has eight legs, eight arms and four heads?
8. What did the sandpaper say to the wall?
9. What did the Firestone tire do to the Goodyear tire?
10. What did the apple say to the banana skin?



Have you heard the one about the two-headed midget from the circus? His name was Harry Harry. Harry Harry was in love with Edna, the fat lady of the circus who weighed four hundred pounds. One day Edna told Harry Harry that she didn't love him any more. Harry Harry was broken hearted. He left the circus. Five years past and one day the manager of the circus came into a hotel lobby and saw Harry Harry crying. "Harry Harry," he said, "Why are you crying?" Harry Harry said, "I just saw Edna and she past me right by without even saying hello." "Oh, stop crying, Harry Harry," the manager said, "Maybe she didn't recognize you."

M. Murphy

CROSSWORD answer key



The big race was about to begin. Damascus was the heavy favorite. The dark horses were Bubble Gum and Handkerchief. All of a sudden the gun sounded, and the race was on its way. Damascus, as expected, was in the lead, but Bubble Gum and Handkerchief were not far behind. As the horses reached the last hundred yards, Damascus was still in the lead, but Bubble Gum was very close. Wait a minute...here comes Handkerchief. Handkerchief wins by a nose!

D.Wallace

Un-Pointable

I shot an H-bomb into the air,
It fell to earth; I can't say where;
The place it fell is no longer there.

T.Parcell

There once was a young boy who studied his lessons very well. He was the top student in his class. Unfortunately, he died at a rather early age. However, on the very day he died, he wrote a story. Today we all remember him because of "his story." That's how history became a word.

M.Kudrick

Answers to Riddles:

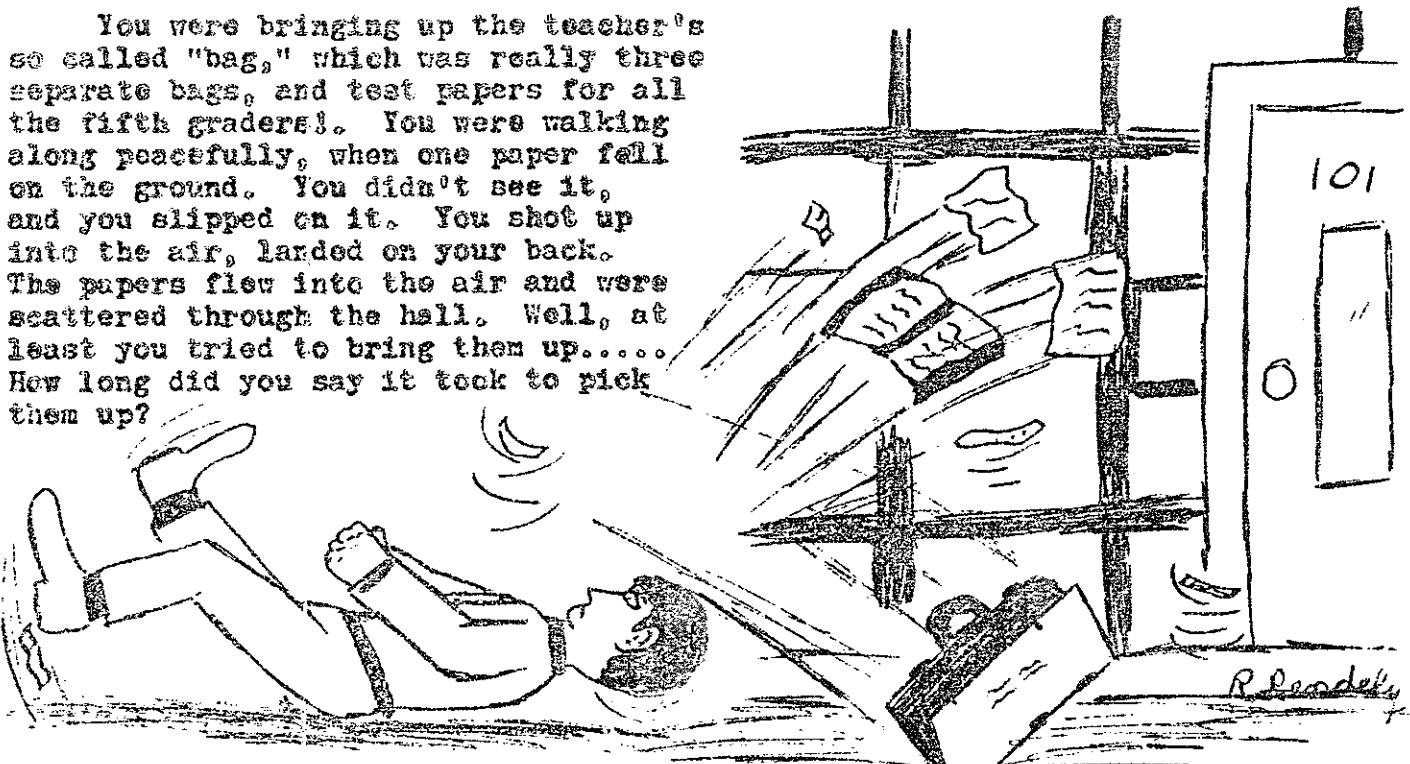
1. Because she thought the nails were coming out of the bottom
2. Frankenstein Junior and the Impossible
3. Because it's dirty on top
4. My 1951 Dodge
5. Hailstones
6. Blackbeard
7. Four people
8. Want a shave
9. He threw stones of fire at it
10. I find you appealing

The Old Philosopher

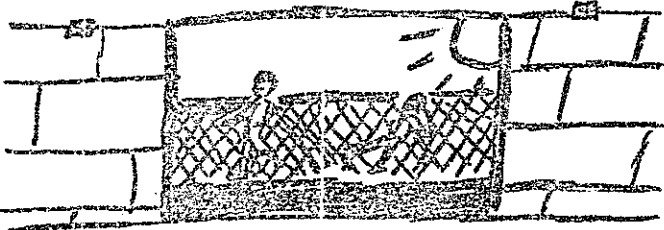
By P.Ahern & R.Rendely

The old Philosopher, a kindly old man, has some of the everyday school problems written down. Some of these problems may concern you. So, read on...

You were bringing up the teacher's so called "bag," which was really three separate bags, and test papers for all the fifth graders!. You were walking along peacefully, when one paper fell on the ground. You didn't see it, and you slipped on it. You shot up into the air, landed on your back. The papers flew into the air and were scattered through the hall. Well, at least you tried to bring them up..... How long did you say it took to pick them up?



You're always talking, and your parents had to come to school to speak with your teacher. Now, you have to stay in the classroom after lunch, while your friends are playing jailbreak in the school yard. You might as well not feel too bad, because you'd probably get into more trouble out there!

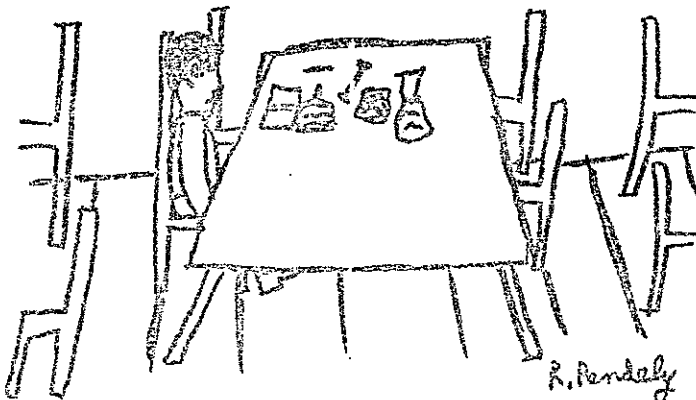


You talked during a test, and your test paper was ripped up...better luck next time! I hear your pen exploded, and you got an A in art because of the beautiful abstract design you made on your shirt....but you're afraid that your mother won't believe you, and you'll have to paint the garage.

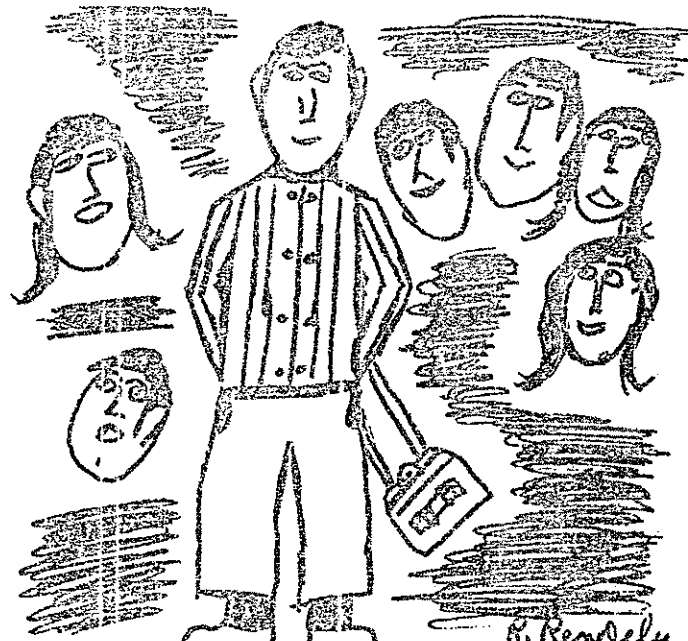
So you stepped on your Yodel. Now you can neither eat it, nor get the chocolate off your shoe...You lost your lunch and went without food all day. Try biting your finger nails, friend, very tasty!

You were playing jailbreak in the school yard, and fell and cut yourself...Guess you can't play anymore, well, that's life! So you were playing too roughly with your friends and you were caught by the principal and now you can't go out to play for a week, Better luck next time.

So your pencil point broke; go sharpen it. Don't come to me because your shoes are too tight; get new ones. I hear that your socks keep falling down. Well, listen to the "Old Philosopher," buddy, instead of using rubber bands to shoot at the teacher, use them to hold up your socks....it's only a small sacrifice!



You're always taking girls pocketbooks, so your teacher made you bring a pocketbook to school and hold it all day....Hello girly!



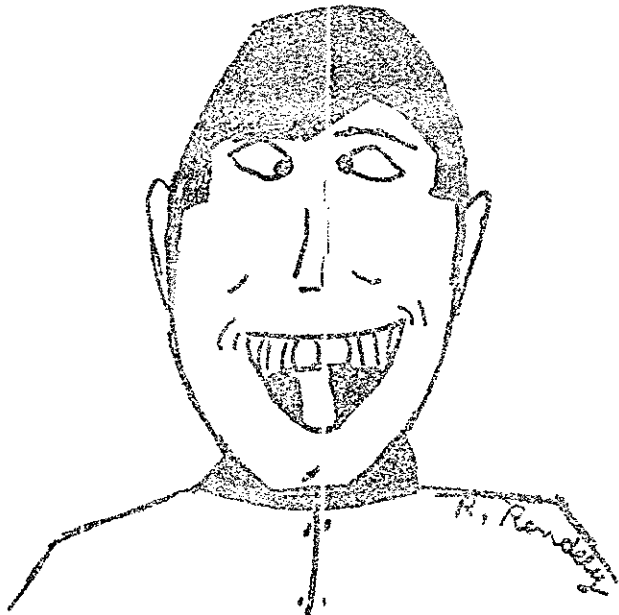
You were fighting in the classroom, and you bumped the teacher into the boy you were fighting....I wonder why your afraid to come to school!



So you failed another test, and your mother almost killed you....I heard you had another test in your worst subject, and forgot to study... Sorry bud;

You received your report card, and on the back it read, "Disruptive influence in the classroom." Your father made you work for him all week. Just a week, you're lucky! Well, I'm warning you, buddy, you had better behave. I know your father, and if your behavior doesn't improve your father will make you his personal slave all summer!

You were making faces at the teacher. She suddenly turned around and said, "What are you doing, acting normally again?" And now you're sad because your classmates thought her response was more imaginative than your prank.



It was the last day of school. You were screaming, yelling, and doing everything you could think of, and didn't think you'd get into trouble. But at three o'clock, your teacher gave you a punishment and said, "I want this done and handed in next September."

