

# THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS IS A BUSY ONE TO THE LAST MINUTE



## CLINTON-KELLY, HIGHLAND AND RICHMOND SCHOOLS

### Christmas

By Lucille Clodfelter, Clinton Kelly, Ninth A.  
Christmas is the day on which the nativity of the savior is observed. The first certain traces of it were found during the reign of Diocletian from 284 to 305 A. D. While holding court one day, he learned that a multitude of Christians were assembled in the city to celebrate the birthday of Christ. He at once ordered the church doors to be closed. He then set fire to the building, and all the worshippers perished in the flames. It is not known, however, that there was any certain time for observing the nativity of Christ among the early churches. Some held the festival in the months of May and April, while others held it in December. Most of the people celebrated the nativity of Christ about December 25, for it is then the height of the rainy season in Judea and the shepherds could hardly be watching their flocks.

### The Little Old School House

By Madeline Sutherland, Clinton Kelly, Seventh B.  
When mamma went to Clinton Kelly school she did not go to the large 12 room schoolhouse to which I go now, but to the little one which stands back on Powell street.  
Mr. Ewing was her first teacher. He had all of the classes in the one room. The children used to recite on a long bench in front of him.  
Afterwards there was another room



"The Old Clinton Kelly Schoolhouse"—By Tina Christofersen, Seventh B.

### Do What You Can

By Ruby Hendry, Highland, Fourth A.  
There was once a farmer who was raising a field of corn. There had been no rain for a long time. He had harvested and stored it. The farmer wanted the corn to get ripe, so he could sell it. With the money he could buy things for his family. One day the farmer went out to the field. The corn was withered and drooping. Every morning the farmer would go out in the field, and wish that it would rain.  
One morning when the farmer went out to his field of corn, he looked up into the sky. Two little raindrops saw him. One of the raindrops said: "I feel sorry for the poor farmer. He had taken care of the corn so long. I wish I could help him."  
The other raindrop said: "Why, you could not do anything. You are only a little raindrop. You could not even wet one hill."  
The first raindrop said: "I am going to do what I can. Here, I go!"  
Then the other raindrop said: "Well, if you insist upon going, I'll go too. So here I come." Down came the drops,

### The Adventure of Santa Claus

By Royal Lee, Woodstock, Sixth A.  
When Santa Claus started from the north pole, where his home is, it was very, very cold. But the moon was shining bright and the snow glistened like diamonds all around him.  
He had been busy all year making toys and presents for the coming event. He was all ready now. So he went to the barn and hitched up the reindeer and started on his journey.  
The first house he came to was a very large one. Here they kept a furnace. This was kept going all night. He clambered up on the roof and got in the chimney and pulled for his bag. When the bag got to the opening it was so large that it wouldn't go down!  
Now there was Santa hanging on the edge of the chimney. He started to get down. If he got up to his bag his weight would hold it down so he couldn't get away. So he started to kick. And Santa as you know is a big fat man and very stout, so he can kick pretty hard. He kept on kicking till at last he knocked the chimney down. He fell clear to the basement from the second floor. The bricks knocked the furnace down and smothered the fire. Santa stopped here because he couldn't go any farther. Here he recovered from his

### HISTORY MADE INTERESTING

#### Fourth Grade Child Tells Story of Columbus as It Appeals to Her.

By Susan McConnell, Richmond, Fourth B.  
Long, long ago, far over the sea in Italy, a little baby boy was born. His name was Christopher Columbus.  
His home was near the seashore. When little Christopher Columbus was old enough, he played on the seashore all day long. He liked to watch the ships come and go. The best of all he liked to hear the stories that the sailors told.  
Columbus said, "When I am old enough I'm going to be a sailor. I shall sail far away in a big ship, and get gold and silver."  
When Columbus was 12 years old he had a ship to go and go to work. His parents were too poor to send him to school.  
He longed to be a sailor, and so when he was 14 people took him and sent Columbus made up his mind to try to sail across the Atlantic ocean and find a new way to the Indies.  
But all he needed was money and he did not have any. He was too poor to buy a ship to go to sea. He had to find men and asked them to help him; they laughed at him. He then visited Spain, and asked Queen Isabella, King Ferdinand to help him. But the people of Spain were in the midst of a war, and none of them would help him.  
So he waited for years and years to go by. One day a tall man and a little boy were walking. The tall man was Columbus, and this little boy was his son. The mother of this little boy died when she was a baby. They came to a convent and white eating dinner Columbus told the man that owned it about his travels. The man said, "I know the queen and she shall send me to stay here till I come back." In a few days the man came back, and told Columbus to go and see the queen.  
So Columbus went and told the queen his plans. The queen called some of the men to come to see her. They came and she said, "What do you think of it?" Some said, "It is all right," and others said, "It isn't."  
In a few months they had three boats ready to go, and they got some good sailors to go.  
At last they could see water and sky every day. One day they heard a shot fired on another boat. They saw land.  
When they came to the shore of this land they saw some funny looking people there. Columbus said it was India and called the people Indians. But instead of coming to the old world he came to a new world. It was our old dear America.

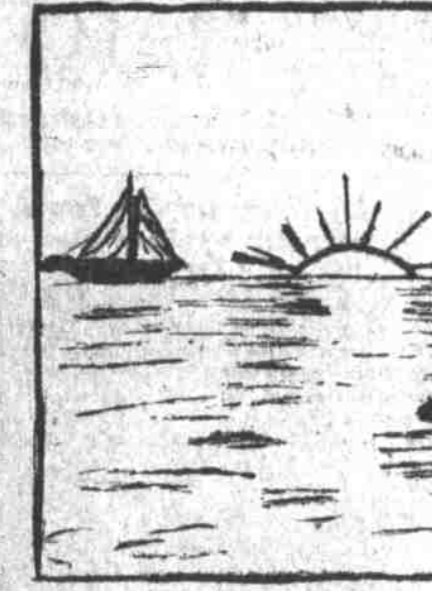
### A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

#### Narrow Escape of Logger Inspires Story From School Boy.

By Shelby Davis, Clinton Kelly, Ninth B.  
We were all sitting around the stove in the cook's cabin of the logging camp telling our personal adventures to pass away the time. The camp was situated on Moose river, 18 miles from where it flows into Kootenay lake, British Columbia. Suddenly one of the men exclaimed, "Tomorrow is Christmas!" "So it is," exclaimed another. After a thoughtful pause he said, "That reminds me of an adventure I had several years ago on Christmas day, which resulted in this," and he bared his arm to the elbow, showing two long scars which looked like scratches made by some wild animal. Of course we all asked how it happened, and he said: "Well, it does not bother you too much I will tell you about it, but let me tell you, boys, never go hunting without plenty of ammunition."  
"It was this way. I had a little cabin three miles up a rocky trail through which a small stream known as Placer creek ran. The cabin was situated where the north fork of it. As I was running short of meat I thought I would try to get one of the sheep grazing on the plateau some 300 feet above me. I took down my gun and cartridge belt which I buckled on and started off. I started about 10 o'clock and by noon had nearly reached the top of the mountain. I had a good view of some wild animal. Seeing a high knoll which overlooked the plateau I thought I could see better from there, so I took off my coat and belt and hung my coat on a branch of a tree. I then began to climb up the rocky hill which I had left on the ground. All the ammunition I had at this time was one cartridge left in my pocket. I was very nervous when I saw the animal around here and I was pretty scared when I saw I had to kill two with three shots.  
"Hitching my aim I fired, and to my surprise I saw one of the beasts leaping away while the other stood there with blood on its head. I immediately reloaded and took another shot which I fired at the animal's side. He turned and I fired again, and the shot grazed his right shoulder. Like a dog he leaped toward me and, not judging quickly, I reached for my scratches. Before I could get very far he was after me and I kept dodging him for some minutes until I was in a loss of blood I began to get exhausted and ready to drop. The cougar was in the same corner as I was, and I was blinded with the blood from his forehead he staggered toward me and, seeing my chance, plunged my hunting knife to the hilt into his shoulder and he fell over and expired in a few minutes.  
"My wound bled freely and I bled it in snow, which stopped the bleeding somewhat, but by the time I got to the bottom I was pretty far gone. In a day or two I was able to go after my gun and other things and later eight feet and three inches from tail and was in very fine condition. That is the skin up in there on the wall to remind me of the time I did not take my ammunition with me, and I tell you again, don't go far without plenty of ammunition or it may go hard with you."

### A Plea for Left-Handed Girls

By Eva De Yoe, Shaver, Eighth B.  
About four years ago I first began taking sewing lessons at school. When at home I always sewed with my left hand. When the sewing lessons began I was obliged to sew with my right hand, and I found it very hard.



"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared. Merrily did we drop below the kirk, below the hill, below the lighthouse top." Reading illustrated by Gladys Bailey, Clinton Kelly, Seventh A.

My model was always about the last one to be finished. It took me three or more sewing lessons to finish mine, while the other girls were done in about two lessons. My work after it had taken so long to do it, had to be ripped out time and again, till the cloth was soiled so that I would have to make a new model, which meant that I would have to stay after school nights to sew. When my model was done, I was usually ashamed of it, for I knew I could do better if I could only sew with my left hand. The other girls always finished their models, first and they were accepted by the teacher. As the days passed by the teacher said I could sew very easy then. Now I can get through nearly the first one and my models are accepted.  
"I think most of the people of this city are right handed, which is natural. Wouldn't it be very hard for them if they were forced to use their left hands?  
"If there are any other left handed girls in the city who have to sew with their right hands, I hope very much that they will soon be permitted to change to their natural way. For I think no greater punishment can be inflicted than to make a left handed girl sew with her right hand."

### Runaway Ruth.

By Ethel Esdalle, Clinton Kelly, Fourth A.  
Ruth was about four years old when she ran away. Her mother gave her some money to buy some candy with. She said, "Ruth, you must not go to the store till after dinner." She just said this when someone rapped at the door. Ruth went to the door and found that her mother was very sick and would like to have Ruth's mother come and attend to her. "Ruth, stay with Ruth while she was away. Ruth's mother had not been gone long when Fay got mad at Ruth and said she could not stay and so went away and left Ruth alone. Ruth thought she would not stay home alone. She took her money and got on the car and rode away. She got off where she had most always gotten off with her mother. She walked around the block. She was getting very hungry at this time, as it was noon, but she did not know where she could get food. She came to a soft cool place by the river side. She laid down by the river and soon fell fast asleep. When she awoke it was quite dark but she was not afraid for by her side was her father. He picked her up and wanted to know how she got there. She told him all about it. They went to her home. I do not think she will ever run away again."

### The Road on the Hill

By Lydia Schieve, Highland, Fifth B.  
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### Myself.

By Willie Jorge, Highland, Fifth E.  
I was once a little tree about three feet tall. One day a boy came and dug me out. He took me home and planted me in his garden. I kept on growing for many years.  
One day when I was about 10 years old a man came and cut me down. He took all my branches off, and made a large hole. When he had the hole made he went away. In about an hour he came back with another man. They took me and chopped me into many pieces.  
When they had me all chopped up, they carried me to the hole and threw me in. They took a match and lighted me. I began to burn, and they put a large cover over me, made out of boards with dirt over them. I lay in the hole for about two days. On the third day I was uncovered and taken out.  
I was burned all by into charcoal. They put me into paper boxes, and I was sent away to school. The next day the children of the school had a painting lesson. They used me to make oblongs on their drawing paper. After a few months I was all used up."

### Returned Favors.

By Sylvia Myers, Richmond, Second B.  
Once there was a bee that fell in the water and could not get out. A dove saw the bee and threw a leaf down for the bee to get on. The bee got on the leaf and the leaf went to shore and the bee flew out of the water.  
Once there was a little boy walking along and saw a dove. The boy had a sling shot and was going to shoot the dove. A bee stung the boy on the back of the neck.

### What Rob and Clip Found.

By Frank Nelson, Thompson Sixth B.  
Bob and Clip were two clever boys. Clip was a dark and funny fellow. He always called his master "Massa Bob," for he was not in the habit of calling him mister.  
One day the two boys went to the creek. Bob was looking back when Clip said, "Look! A ferryboat is coming down the creek, with nobody in it, and it's done got stuck, against a snag." Bob hurried to the scene where he saw the boat in the mud, for it was low tide. The boat was shaped somewhat like Noah's Ark. It was probably 90 feet long and 30 feet wide and was roofed. Bob recognized it at once as a ferryboat of that style used in different parts of the river, to convey passengers and teams across the river.  
"I wish I owned that boat," Clip said. "What would you do with it, Massa Bob?" "I tell you what I would do," Clip said. "I would take it with me." "Will you let me go with you, Massa Bob?" asked Clip eagerly. "I will let you go, Clip. Won't that be fine?" said Bob. "How long will you stay, Massa Bob?"  
"Get out the boat," he said, "and we will go aboard." It seems to be a pretty good boat," said Bob. "Dat's so, Massa Bob. You and I keep it as our own. Massa Bob. Findings is keepings." Soon the owner of the boat came to the bank. He told them that he had lost the boat. The next day he came and took his boat home. Bob and Clip received a reward for finding and returning the boat.

### The Chimney Swallow's Story.

By Eleanor Farmer, Richmond, Fourth A.  
I am a little bird. There are five in my family, counting myself.  
One day something awful happened. There was a heavy rain that day, and our nice house was flooded down the chimney. We fell into the fireplace. My brothers and I hung on the jambs, but my mother and father flew around the room. Pretty soon the old cat caught them up.  
A little while after a little girl came in and found us. She took a basket and put cotton wool in it for our nest, and fed us with soaked bread. She hung our basket out of the window. In a few days my brother and I were ready to fly away, but my little brother couldn't fly because he was much injured. He clung across the street, and was ready to later, but we never saw him again."

### Chinese New Year

By Lillian Jolliffe, Highland, Ninth A.  
but could not see anybody to help him. He called to Miss Evans, who was a clerk in the postoffice, but she did not hear him. He noticed that the butcher shop across the street was not closed, so he went over to the shop and with the two pennies his father had given him he bought some meat. After he had bought the meat he held it up so that the dog could see it, and then he threw it into the street. Then he went in and got the letter and returned home.  
When he told his father of his adventure he said he was a good, clever boy.

### Glaciers.

By Marvel Thomas, Richmond, Sixth A.  
Glaciers are found in the cold polar regions and near the summits of high mountains. Here more snow falls than is melted. This accumulates year after year until it is pressed so hard that when it freezes it becomes solid ice.  
When the glacier moves slowly down the slope and while it is moving it carries with it rock waste, large boulders and sand. When this reaches the lowland or the sea, large pieces break off and float away as icebergs.  
When the glacier has melted it leaves the rock waste upon the land. This waste that is left upon the land is called glacial drift or a terminal moraine.  
In northern Europe and as far down as the Ohio and Missouri rivers in North America the land remains a glacial drift.

### The Little Wax Candle.

By Rachel Yerex, Richmond, Fourth B.  
One day a boy was a lot of little wax candles laying on the counter and some body came in and bought them. They took them home and the next day they were put on the Christmas tree. A puff of wind came by and blew one of them out. "Dear me," thought the little candle, "that will be the end of my run." After a while the candles burned down and went out and the next day the tree was thrown out. A little while after that a little boy was playing near the tree and found the candle. That very night he got a pine twig and put the little candle on the highest branch and the little candle had lots of fun and the children said that it was as much fun to play Christmas as anything else.

### Mr. Longfellow.

By August Glutach, Highland, Second A.  
Longfellow was a poet. He loved little children. He wrote poems about them. The children loved him. They came to visit him. They liked to talk with him. He made them very happy.

### Down Where the River Flows

By Viola Bryan, Highland, Fifth A.  
One fell-pat on the farmer's nose and the other fell on a thrifty stalk of corn. The farmer said: "What's that? I guess there is going to be a shower." By this time a good many raindrops came to see what the matter was. "Well, if you insist upon going, I'll go too. So here I come." Down came the drops,



### A Visit From Santa Claus in Modern Times

By Nora Merriam, Clinton Kelly, Seventh A.  
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### Vesterday Our Forefathers.



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### To-Day

—And Their Sons—By W. F. Herbold, Highland, Ninth B.

### A Western Mountain Scene

By Carl Kruger, Highland, Fifth B.

### Fenced In

By Lester Gentry, Highland, Sixth A.