

# Interesting Stories Written By Pony Winners

## How "Roine" Played Doctor

I LIVE seven miles from town. I won a pony in the contest. It was the Christmas contest. My pony's name is "Roine." He is a beautiful dapple chestnut sorrel, with a pretty mane and tail. He is three years old.



The day I received word that I had won a pony it seemed to me as though I could not wait until he would arrive. I was sick at the time and could not go to see him until he was brought home. When the doctor heard that I had won a pony he said that was one of the finest things I could have for my condition, to be out of doors all the time, and this was quite interesting to me. The weather was never too cold for me to go and see my pony, but I was not able to handle him at the time. But I am glad to say that I am now well again. The doctor says that "Roine" has done his share towards making me better and also the newspaper.

When I go to the gate and whistle, "Roine" will come to me. I drive him to school. "Roine" will take me and my three sisters to school in much less time than we used to go. The children think that mine is one of the nicest outfits that a scholar could have to go to school with. I was absent from school for more than a year when I was sick.

When I drive my pony out on the road people that meet me think that I have the nicest pony they ever saw. Lots of people have asked me and tried to buy my pony, but I will say to you, my dear friends that read my story, that I would not sell him for ever so much.

I have not been able to teach "Roine" very many tricks yet on account of my sickness, but he will do most anything I want him to do. He likes to be hitched to the buggy and to give me and my sisters a ride, and is not afraid of autos.

## How I Got Mascot

DEAR EDITOR: Last fall I saw a contest was going to start, so I asked my father if I could enter and he told me I might if I worked hard to get subscriptions, so I sent in my entry. The first thing I did was to get my teacher to subscribe. Sometimes if it was stormy and wet my father would hitch up and help me get subscribers.



I received plenty of letters about him; it gave me good encouragement. When we finally got word that we had won Mascot, we children thought that someone was deceiving. When he came he could not get to us that night, because the train did not come through at night.

Next morning we were all over at the train to meet Mascot. The train did not leave until the trainmen saw him going along the road at his nice little trot. One day I took him to town. They were having a few sports and as my brother could not come I took a friend of mine in with me that day. There were lots of people came to the stable to see him, and they thought he was just the thing. They all wished

they had one just like him, and I told them that if they tried to get one they would. I drive to school nearly every day. One day last winter there was a little boy came here and he cried because he could not take him home, but I could not part with Mascot. Yours truly.

## The Story of "Sonny"

I AM a little boy ten years old, four feet and eleven inches tall. I weigh 87 pounds and have light hair and blue eyes. But what I want to tell you about is my pony, "Sonny," which the publishing company gave me. "Sonny" is the finest pony in these parts and he and his outfit are better than five hundred dollars to me.



I went to the depot to meet my pony the day he came. I could hear him whinnying but I could not see him. Then I went to the other side of the car and I saw him in a little crate on the express wagon ready to go to the express office. I took him out of the crate and the people laughed at me and told me he was a little sheep lamb, he was so wooly looking in his winter coat. Papa told me to give him some water, but he couldn't reach the fountain that the big horses used. I told them that was all right and I told them that if they were such a little pony that they couldn't reach the fountain either. And then I brought him home and my uncle told me that he was a dear little plaything. The next time I went to town he looked so well they all wanted to buy him. I told them no money could buy him. He is the smallest and cutest pony around here. He gained 45 pounds the first 4 months after I got him.

One day I drove "Sonny" to a picnic and my brother went with me and when we got there a lot of people came around and admired him. We unhitched him and tied him up and then some boys and girls crawled through in under him and the boys gave him some water and picked grass for the pony. Some of the boys and girls said to me that they had more picnic with the pony than with anything else. Then a big black cloud came up and the people got excited and thought they had better start home. Papa told me I had better start soon, too, or I would get my buggy muddy, but "Sonny" kept up with the other teams all the way back to the farm.

"Sonny" goes as fast as he can when we go after the cows at night. We are such good little friends and he never runs away or kicks me. He is always around the house or barn. "Sonny" is always around when meal time comes. Sometimes when I am riding him he turns around short and I fall off and "Sonny" stands and looks at me and laughs because it is a good joke. "Sonny" and I run races horseback with the other boys. Almost everytime he and I beat.

As I don't always like to use my nice buggy, I made a little roller cart and I can have lots of fun with it. First I took an old vinegar barrel and nailed some celats on both ends, then to these I fastened a block with a bolt which takes the place of an axle. The shafts and seat fit over this bolt and are held in place by a nut. I also had to fasten the seat to the shafts so that it would not fall over backwards. Then I made some places on the shafts to put my feet on just like real jockeys have on their racing gigs. When it was all finished I had a fine a roller cart as you could wish for. Quite often I invite my little boy and girl friends from the farms near my home to come and play with "Sonny" and me, and we have the best times. We all take turns riding on the cart and my little friends enjoy it as much as I do.

I am never going to sell "Sonny" and he is so good that he makes me feel happy all the time.

# in Former Contests



LEONA NEAL  
Salem  
Winner of pony "Champion"



FRANCIS DE HARPORT  
2260 Mill Street, Salem  
Winner of pony "Grande,"  
harness and buggy.



ROZELLA LUPER  
Woodburn, Oregon  
Winner of pony, "Madam  
Trixy," harness and cart.

OVER 100 CHILDREN IN THE WEST HAVE ALREADY BEEN AWARDED PONIES BY THE PONY CONTEST EDITOR. NEXT DISTRIBUTION FEBRUARY 25. WHAT SO MANY OTHERS HAVE DONE YOU CAN SURELY DO IF YOU TRY.

## Nomination Blank

Pony Contest Editor, Statesman Publishing Co.,  
Salem, Oregon.

Please register my name as a contestant in The Pony Contest and credit me with 5000 votes. I have read the rules of the contest and agree to same.

Contestant's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

This blank properly filled out brings you further information and supplies by return mail.



## My Dearest Companion

AFTER spending many pleasant hours canvassing to win a pony, one day I was greatly surprised to receive a telegram that I had won the first prize pony, Trinket, and his handsome outfit, consisting of a beautiful carriage, harness, saddle and bridle.



I could scarcely wait for Trinket to arrive, I was so anxious to see him, and I felt certain there must be some mistake; but at last the day of his arrival dawned, and when I reached the station it was crowded with people waiting for a sight of the little beauty.

He was certainly beautiful; his long, silky mane hung below his shoulders, and his tail dragged on the ground and his little carriage, harness, saddle and bridle were all so beautiful, I thought surely there could not be a happier girl anywhere than I was at that moment; but at last I began to realize that he was all my own, and since I have been the proud possessor of Trinket I have spent many happy days.

In the morning I drive him to school with my two small brothers, and am never without assistance in unharassing him, but in the evening the children all flock around him and he never escapes without giving them a drive, which he does with great pleasure.

Then I have my evening drive home, which is so refreshing after being in school all day. At home he is my best companion, and he is never without children to pet him. When he has rested for a short time after his evening drive, the teaching of tricks commences. He must practice jumping poles, of course, and shaking hand, and many other tricks which he seems to enjoy immensely. This finished, Trinket is put away in his little stall until the next morning, and I go into the house and think of the value and pleasure of a pony.

For what could be more valuable than a pony always in readiness either for riding or driving, or what could be a better pet than a kind loving, gentle little pony, or what could be a dearer companion for any boy or girl?

## My Own "Frisky"

WHO is my chum? you ask. Well, I'll tell you—it's "Frisky," my dear pony the publishing company gave me. I've been so happy since he came to me one bright June day.

"Frisky" is forty-one inches high and when he came his crate and all only weighed 325 pounds, so you see he isn't very large, but now he is picking up and will soon be nice and fat.

The first time papa put the harness on him some boys were going by and they said, "O look at the man trying to harness a colt." "Frisky," however, acted like a real grown-up horse and stepped right into the shafts as though he liked it.

Although I have had "Frisky" just a month, he can do several tricks. He will put his forefeet on a box for a sugar lump, and will stand on the pump platform with his hind-feet and put his forefeet on a box and wait, as much as to say, "Cake, please."

My grandma lives a long way from us, and I didn't have any way to go over to see her, but now I can drive "Frisky."

I have seen several ponies up in town, but I wouldn't trade "My Chum" for any of them.

"Frisky" is so nice and gentle and seemed to love us children from the first. I am sure he will be helpful as well as making me happy, and I am so glad I entered the Pony Contest and won him.

I wish every little boy and girl could have a pony of his own. I thank the publishing company very much for "Frisky" and wish to say they treated me very fair in every way.



## Refused Quarter Section of Land for Pony

DEAR EDITOR: I am having so much fun with my pony that I want all the boys to know about it. The fun began when I started to canvass for subscriptions. At first it looked like a big job to get enough



votes to win, but really it was easy work after all, because my friends all tried to help me. The night before the contest closed I went with daddy to hand in my last list, and could hardly wait till the next morning to find out who won the prizes. It was the day before Christmas early in the morning someone called me, and I ran to the front door, and there, sure enough, stood a boy holding my pony, the cutest, dearest pony in the world. My little sisters danced and clapped their hands when they saw him, and I danced some too. It only took me a jiffy to dress and thank the boy who brought him, and I led him to the stable and gave him a breakfast of oats and hay. Soon a man with a real buggy, and oh! the finest set of real harness that ever was made came along. We kids all had a ride on the pony's back; then we put the buggy

together and took my sisters for a drive. I coaxed daddy to get in, and he said he looked like a giant in a toy wagon driving a mouse. The snow was too deep to use the buggy, so we hitched him to a toboggan and my chums and I had heaps of fun, but sometimes one fell off, but "Marquis" did not wait. Now every day I take some boy or girl friend out and have heaps of fun. A man offered me a quarter section of land for him, but I like him too well to sell. He does lots of tricks, shakes hands, plays tag and romps with us in the yard.

**START TODAY  
WORK AND WIN**