

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Welcome, once again, to our Page.

Dear Juniors:

This is a true story of some of my experiences. In my youth, I used to be a bird fancier. I loved chickens, especially. My father used to build little pens for me, that looked like wigwams. You would think I had a little Indian Village. Mother hens and their little ones used to live in these tents. Whenever they were let loose, it was a sorry sight to see one of my pretty little, yellow chicks snatched by a wicked thief of a hawk. Then and there, I had a tussle with thieves. The chicks were left in these pens until they were at least eight weeks old and had changed colour so that they could not be seen so easily by their enemies.

Across from the John Noble Home in Brantford, lived a kindly, white-haired lady with pretty blue eyes, who kept "Rhode Island Red" chickens in her fenced-in back yard. I often went there to buy eggs from her to set under a hen or eat them. The eggs were almost as big as ostrich eggs and were dark brown in colour. Yum, yum! they were good to eat too. Anyway, every time I went to see this lady we had a nice, cheerful chat.

One day, I knocked at her door and she met me with tearful eyes. Immediately, I asked her what had happened. She invited me into the house and related her story. She said, "I just received a message that my daughter, who lives in the west, has died. She leaves a ten-year old daughter. We used to think that she was too strict in the upbringing of this child - but now we know why. She has left behind a well-trained, loving, mannerly, obedient daughter to fend for herself, without a mother."

Indeed, I tried my best to console this grandmother but what could I say? I left her in tears. I have never forgotten this incident. Ed. C.P.

The Good Book says, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." (Proverbs 22:6); and that is just what this mother did.

An interesting article on "Bats" by Valerie Martin, Age 11, Room 4, School # 5

BATS

The bat looks like a mouse. It is part beast because it has fur on its body and part bird because it has wings.

Bats are mammals and feed their young on milk. They usually have a family of two but some have as many as four. No matter how heavy the baby bats become, they are still carried around by the mother bats.

They live in different parts of the world. There are nine hundred different kinds; in North America alone there are thirty-five.

The smallest bat is as big as a mouse; the largest lives in Asia and is as big as a cat.

Some bats fly south for the winter but others hibernate in caves, towers, ruins etc. They hardly breathe, just sleep and sleep hanging upside down.

According to an Indian legend, the bat hangs upside down to hide its shame from being part beast and part bird.

Thank you, Valerie, for your research and your findings were so well composed. An Indian also says that a bat is a carrier of fleas, the little black insects that jump here and there and bite and bite. You guessed my secret - a bat hangs by its toes and sleeps upside down. Maybe you would like to know that when a bat is born, it is a nocturnal mammal - flies actively by night. (I think you must have a good teacher, who helped you to research.)

A short story by Kevin Miller, Grade 5, Ohsweken Central School.

One night, my mother and I had to go to the bus station to meet my father. Mother was driving the car and as we were riding along, all of a sudden, the car slid across the road into the ditch.

Luckily, there was a roadgrader coming. As soon as it got us out of the ditch, mother drove very slowly to the station and we got there safely.

We told my father about our adventure.

Thank you, Kevin, for your story. Am glad you didn't stay in the ditch very long and there was no damage to your car. I think I know what your father said. He said, "Oh, please be careful!"

A "Thank you" note, -

Dear Mrs. Jamieson and Miss Jamieson:

I wish to thank you for the lovely "editorial" in your interesting paper about my dear husband. I do appreciate it very much and wish so much he could see it too.

Thank you again so much.

Sincerely,
Olive Reid (Mrs. Russell Reid)

(continued)