

MAKE MODEL VILLAGE

Hubbard Woods Third Graders Build Miniature Town While Studying About Habitat of Alpine People

In connection with their social science work and a study of the people of Switzerland, pupils in one of the third grades of the Hubbard Woods school, have constructed a model Swiss village.

In one corner of the room, miniature Alpine mountains rear their heads above a cluster of cardboard houses, grouped around a model market place and a workable paper merry-go-round. Across the village square a procession of cattle and goats, tended by native herders, winds its way homeward from the pastures. To all appearances the puppet master has pulled his strings and has spirited the children away to a land where a knowledge of French or German would be as valuable as the vault of the First National bank in Chicago.

Each of the children owns his own house, which he himself designed and constructed from cardboard. The interiors are meagerly furnished in a manner that would be fitting for their imaginary owners, and in these also the children have wielded the craftsman's shears and brush.

As would be entirely fitting and proper in the land of silver cow-bells and hand carved picture frames, all of the youthful artisans gathered together for the public erection of a market place. In a short time the snip of scissors and the splash of the glue brush brought into existence a low building, open upon all sides and roofed in a many colored awning. From its paper beams hung all of the fruit and vegetable venders' wares, that ordinarily might be expected to be seen in such a place, modeled, not by Mother Nature, but by an American genii from glitter wax.

With the village completed, of course there must be a house warming and a public celebration. So all of the little builders again gathered together and sat down to a feast of Swiss cheese, Swiss milk chocolate and Swiss desert. Having eaten, they then made merry to the tune of folk songs and danced quaint little dances. Who knows, it may be that the paper merry-go-round ground out a paper tune as the children listened to the story of William Tell and sat at a moment's notice to dodge a miniature avalanche.

Slime Slides In As Little Italy Shins for Safety

The giant digging machine on the Daughaday subdivision was biting off mouthfuls of Skokie muck, and the gang of Italians were plodding around in the slimy mud the sunny afternoon of Wednesday, February 16, when suddenly the foreman stationed to watch the side walls of the twenty-foot trench shouted a quick order, and the Italians and the Italian language began to fly in all directions.

A slow sucking of wet, heavy clay, and the side wall slid into the trench, scraping and drawing as it sunk down. The foreman gave a hurried glance into the trench and heard a horrible shriek. There he saw parts of three men, J. Perrius, R. Campinni and D. Lamoro, who had run to escape, in the wrong direction.

D. Lamoro was buried to his knees, and was shouting the shouts you only shout when you can't move your feet. R. Campinni was shouting short snappy shouts, for he was buried to his neck. And all that the foreman and wild group of Italians could see of J. Perrins, was his splendid shock of black hair, sticking straight up in the air.

Ten men uncovered the black and terrified face of J. Perrins who began to shout as soon as three handfuls of black mud were removed from his mouth. More men tore away the mud from R. Campinni and began to tug and haul him out. But R. Campinni beat them off and gesticulated frantically in the direction where he imagined his feet were. He refused to be pulled out. He argued, pleaded and finally explained that as they pulled, he was through force, not reason, being required to leave a new pair of boots buried in the Daughaday trench, and he declined. His friends understood his feelings in the matter and dug his boots out.

And all of this time Lamoro was slowing digging his own feet out of the heavy mud.

None of the three were killed, none were hurt, but they were glad to return home at night, walking on their feet, muddy as they were, and the foreman was glad he was watching the particular spot, and the digging machine was glad both sides didn't cave in.



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