

See me play ball.

I can run.

Look at me go.

I can run and play here.

Look at me run home.

"Come and jump in with me.

This boat is fun.

You can help me sail.

It is not work to sail.

We are in a sailboat."

Today is Spring. When Spring is here,
I like to fish.

I live by a road. I walk on this road
when I want to fish. How the day flies by.
I always try for a bigger and bigger fish.

If I get a big one, Mom will thank me.
We will eat it this night.

I made this block town to please myself. I got up early and worked quietly. I made a wide road. Then I carefully put block on block. I believe it will not fall down.

Our house is quiet today. I am working quietly and carefully. Mother will not send me out to play.

The boy looked frightened. He was in the middle of the walk. He looked lonely in the city as the cars zoomed by.

In a moment, several men walked past.

A tall man drew up in a car. He got out and walked straight to the boy.

"Why aren't you in school?" the man exclaimed.

Since the boy did not know what to say, he began to cry.

A boy decided to improve the car he was making. It was not a silent car, but it served him well. It certainly wasn't a racing car, but going downhill it was fast.

The boy entered a downhill race. He realized his car was not a race car. Still he wanted to try.

On the day of the race, his car amazed him, and he was pleased. It went so fast downhill, he might have won, but the race was interrupted. His car hit a rock and was wrecked.

The three boys were tied up as a Halloween trick by some boys who behaved badly.

"Something will develop," one of the boys said, as they discussed how to escape.

"We have a scanty chance to escape," another boy said sadly.

"I've escaped from other tie-ups," said the smallest boy, but no one listened.

"Have you considered how grim it would be to be tied up all night?" the largest boy said. "The business of missing all the splendid Halloween treats is no fun."

The smallest boy said, "If you were acquainted with Boy Scout knots, you could get out of this.

This time someone listened. "Okay, smarty. Get us out."

And the smallest boy did.

The girls were told to make up a new city in a make-believe land by using any apparatus. They floated a bridge on a cushion of air, and in their land, a trucker is able to cross a bridge by putting up a wind sail. The sails abolish pollution from all cars, and commercial factories have giant wind mills for power. The necessity of storing wind for quiet times is great. A new idea about relativity was formed. It was not as elementary as the old ideas.

In the make-believe land an art gallery is made up of moving forms. People comment on the beauty of motion.

Americans celebrate the Fourth of July, but Canadians celebrate July First. They celebrate what they call the dominion of Canada Day. This is in honor of the union of Canada under one government. There are too many provinces in the dominion to enumerate them. Dominions remain loyal to England.

Some Canadians speak English and some speak French. Americans visiting Canada are daunted by their own inability to speak French when they see very young children speaking the language rapidly. Bookstands advertise various and sundry dictionaries of common words to help wrest meaning out of what is heard. Impetuous Americans dare to try their high school French on sales clerks while shy Americans remain quiet.

Some French words are easy to learn. The word for amber, the yellowish brown color, is "amber" in French. The reason the words are so similar is that amber comes from the French language. In tracing the origin of words there is much branching or capillary action. Such words as amberoid, synthetic amber and ambergris, used in perfume, are branches of the word amber.

To get back to the Canadians and their language, the French-Canadians appreciate having visitors try to speak their language. They consider it a blight on America that so few Americans can speak more than one language. As you shop in a French-Canadian store, the clerks will condescend to wait on English-speaking customers. They give more attention, however, as a usual practice, to those who try to express themselves in the tongue of the country they are visiting.

A large building rose above the already high embankment. To give you some idea of the size of the building, you could see it from five miles away - without binoculars. Some people say that the owner had delusions of grandeur. Others say he wanted to become the richest man in the world. He built with no limitations as to budget, whatever his pretext was for building such a high building. Everyone agreed it was the largest in all of North America.

Every detail of the structure and grounds was elegant. The ascent to the embankment was built with spacious steps. Gardens around the building were immaculate and well kept. Inside the rooms were capacious with wide corridors as well as large rooms. The living room was large enough to store a fleet of cars.

How the owner ever amassed enough money to build such a structure no one was ever able to figure out. Lots of talk of intrigue surrounded his life, particularly his finances. People with acrid tongues said he robbed banks. But no matter what the source, the owner evidently wanted a monument that would be long associated with his name.