

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY

by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

This is a book about and by, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It tells of his boyhood in Rivermouth, a small New England Town. This autobiography takes place in a little seaport town, just before the Civil War. It tells of the things he did as a boy. The title is an interesting one, and is fitting in a sort of way. The book tells of life in those times in the inimitable language of Aldridge's droll humor. Every minute spent in reading this is rich with entertainment.

J.E.

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THE SPOOKIEST HALLOWEEN
I EVER HAD

One day Ashley invited the whole class to a Halloween party. About nine o'clock it was pitch dark and suddenly the lights went off. Soon we heard a horrible noise and everybody's hair stood straight up. Then I pulled out my Everready Flashlight and shined it on the noise. We saw an ugly monster coming toward us and our hair stood up again. Ashley pulled out his shotgun machinegun, cannon ray gun rifle and his hair stood up too. I started to run but Ashley pulled out his shotgun and pushed the trigger and we heard a scream. But that wasn't all our trouble, a witch fell into Eddie's lap. He looked and fainted. The witch got up and started to bawl us out for breaking her broom. All the boys started to work to build her a new one. When we were through we told her to push a button. She pushed it, and the next minute she was on the moon. We had put a three hundred billion horse power fan in the broom. Then the lights went on and everybody went home to sleep if they could.

B.K.

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L.A.G. BASKET BALL PROGRAM

For the last two weeks, the

Jr. High and High School have been practicing basketball.

Our teams or squads, have been working hard and we look pretty good. I'm sure some of you remember last year our school played in a tournament. We were out of shape but played a good game all the way through. Some of the players left us this year but we picked up a couple of good ones on the way. Let's hope we can do a good job this year, too.

S.H.

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AUTUMN

When autumn comes, the birds south;
While I look on with open mouth
To see them travel in formation
While making bird-like conversation.

The autumn leaves fall all around
A pretty blanket on the ground
The autumn leaves are golden brown;
They fall upon my little town.

R.B.

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A HALLOWEEN PARTY

The best Halloween party I've ever attended was last year at Mr. and Mrs. Springfield's home. It was put on for the donation of the earnings to go to the school.

There were all kinds of games to play, but I liked the fortune teller best of all. I was new then and hardly knew anyone; but before the night was over, I met lots of people and made new friends.

There was plenty to eat and as I recall, the most delicious, mouthwatering chocolate cake you ever sunk your teeth into. All the money made that night went to the school treasury for supplies.

P.H.

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Why do they bury an Indian on the North Side of a hill?
Because he's dead