

The Post's Boys and Girls

The Cousins' Club

DEAR Children: And now has come the time to talk about our war gardens. Are you going to have a garden in your back yard, on an empty lot, help with the community garden or the school garden?

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,

A Few Little "Cheeps" From the Pets' Corner

STORY OF A BROWN THRASHER. \$1 in Thrift Stamps.

Summer before last there was a brown thrasher that had its nest in the grapevines at the end of our garden. He would sit on the back fence and sing all day and twit his tail up and down, and we were all very fond of him.

to stand on guard until the nesting season was over. BUSY BEE. (Nancy Spalding).

\$1 in Thrift Stamps. Dear Aunt Anna: Seeing as the bird contest is continuing, I thought I would try again, only this time I am writing about "Birds on My Grandfather's Farm."

BIRDS ON GRANDFATHER'S FARM. My grandfather had a variety of birds on his farm. A family of bluebirds came every spring and made a home in an old oatmeal box on the side porch by the well.

Mourning doves lived in the barn, too, and under the eaves swallows had their nests. The favorite place for the mourning doves was in the nearby graveyard, where they would sit on the gravestones and coo.

Sometimes a hawk would hover over the place, and the hens would utter little squawks and try to hide the chickens.

Then my uncle would rush into the house and seize the gun, and Mr. Hawk was either killed or frightened off.

\$1 in Thrift Stamps. Dear Aunt Anna and Cousins: I hope Granny Scragbag is asleep this time for she got my last letter, I am going to tell you about the birds of my neighborhood.

One bird is bright red, with a little topnot on its head. The other only has a little red on its back. I certainly feel sorry for them during all that cold weather. We put bread out on the window sill for them, but they would not come near it.

Now is the time when our feathered neighbors come back and with their sweet songs fill our hearts with gladness. A few days ago I was walking in Rock Creek Park with a friend when I heard one of the sweetest of all bird notes, for it seemed to say, cheer up, cheer up, the dreary winter with all its ice and snow is past.

That same day I saw two robin red-breasts hopping up and down on the grass, apparently telling one another of the joyous blue sky in bird language.

\$1 in Thrift Stamps. Dear Aunt Anna: I want to tell you about a bird that in this part of the country is not wild, but is often seen in all parts of lower California. I am speaking of the little green parrot.

The one we have come to us almost from its nest, such a dear, fluffy little green thing that we fed it on bread and milk. He still was a baby when we left the little village of Santa Maria and we brought him with us in a little basket cage which the natives make for all purposes.

Our Own Page

Patriotic Poems

ON, AMERICA! ON TO VICTORY! On, America, on! On to victory! Send your sons, With their guns, On to Victory!

WE WILL WIN THIS WAR.

By Dorothea May Finkel (Age 12). We must have Victory, Freedom for you and me And help Uncle Sam all we can. Don't loaf and leave it for the other man.

Oo-oo, Oo-oo, the Bogie Boo

By AUNT ANNA.



WOULD you like to hear of the Bogie Boo? (Oh, shiver and shake, he's a fearsome wight.) He's as big as the buckle upon your shoe, (And you'd hate to meet him at dead of night), Oo-oo, Oo-oo, the Bogie Bo-o-o!

When the sun is set and the dark comes down, 'Tis then that he creeps from the wood to play, He rides a grasshopper from Bogie Town, But he must get back ere the break of day, Oo-oo, Oo-oo, the Bogie Bo-o-o!

And they frolic and feast in a fairy dell, And they leave behind them a grassy ring; They tinkle a tune on the cowslip bell, And a jibbering song do the bogies sing, Oo-oo, Oo-oo, the Bogie Bo-o-o!

And this is the tale of the Bogie Boo, (Shiver and shake, he's a fearsome wight.) He's as big as the buckle upon your shoe, (And you'd hate to meet him at dead of night), Oo-oo, Oo-oo, the Bogie Bo-o-o!

AS A SMALL BOY SEES IT.

By Clagett Bowie (age 11). DO YOUR DUTY. NOW that your country is at war, You must fight for it, Whether you're afraid of shells, Or whether you get hit.

More Bird Notes

I will tell you about a few of the birds I have seen in Washington. Several weeks ago I saw hundreds of crows flying from Virginia toward Maryland. There was a continuous stream of them for about five minutes.

About Our Flag

DEAR Aunt Anna: I am sending a composition of my own composure. I would like to become a cousin. I read our page most heartily Sunday, and do not let Granny Scragbag get this my first letter.

Story of a Bird

If you have never seen a real ostrich in the life, perhaps you have seen him in the movies, for pictures of ostrich farms have frequently been shown. So you know that he is big and ungainly, and has a bare ugly neck, and very long it is, too.

Our national anthem is today as it has always been "The battle hymn of freedom." It is now a message of inspiration to many of the people of the world, and a confession of faith to every true American.

OUR FLAG. The day has come when our flag, the Star-Spangled Banner, takes on a new significance in the eyes of this war-torn world, not only in our own land, but in the whole wide world, which is interested in order that human rights may be held sacred.

Now, young Mr. Ostrich having fallen out with his family, and feeling particularly grouchy, because of the scolding which his mother had given him, wandered off from the nest, and pulling and by and by came to a bit of a jungle. This young bird did not know very much about jungles, for he had always been warned to keep out of them.

Dear Aunt Anna: I want to join the Cousins' Club, and now that spring is here I would like my pen name to be MARY FLOOD POINDEXTER (age 9).