

Acknowledgments

For permission to adapt and use copyrighted material grateful acknowledgment is made to the following:—

Miss MAY BRAHE, for her generosity in composing "Sing a Song of Possums" especially for this book and the children of N.S.W.

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, for "The Monkeys and the Crocodile," by Laura Richards, from "Tirra Lirra".

FREDERICK WARNE AND COMPANY LTD., London, for "The Cuckoo Clock," adapted from "Johann, the Woodcarver," by Gilmore Wood.

ANGUS AND ROBERTSON LTD., Sydney, for "Boomerang," by Dame Mary Gilmore, from "Frolic Fair".

ANGUS AND ROBERTSON LTD., Sydney, for "The Wallaby and the Bull-ant," by The Perfesser and Alter Ego from "Frolic Fair".

EVANS BROS. LTD., London, for "Chanticleer," from Child Education.

BASIL BLACKWOOD AND MOTT LTD., Oxford, for "The Chinese Umbrella," by Dorothy Rowe.

GEORGE HARRAP AND COMPANY LTD., London, for "The Adventure of the Little White Boat," by Sara Cone Bryant.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD LTD., London, for "Willy Nilly," by Marjorie Flack.

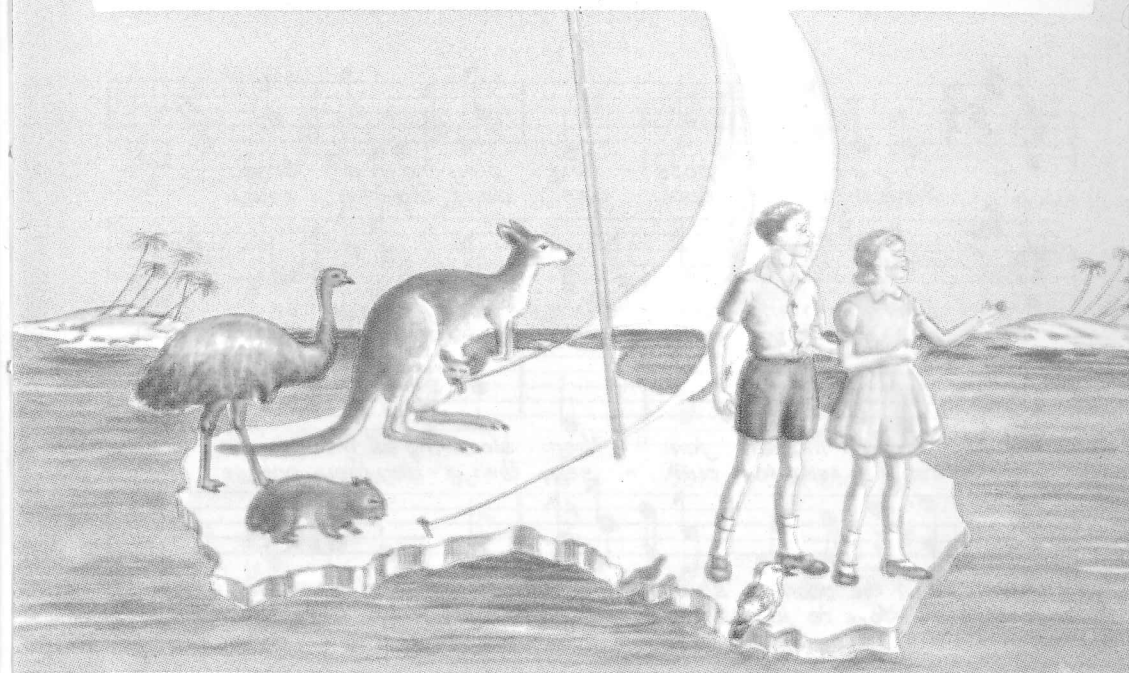
Miss IRENE THOMPSON, Oakham, England, for "Ships at Sea".

Miss V. OLIVE, for "An Unwelcome Visitor"

Mr. and Mrs. BYRNE, of Jindabyne, for permission to use an incident which happened to their son in 1952.

Every effort has been made, without success, to locate The Algonquin Publishing Company, New York, for "Little Slam Bang".

TRAVELLING ON



Department of Education
New South Wales

*

Compiled by the Infants' Reading Committee

Illustrated by Katherine Morris

Printed by authority of the
Minister for Education

\$1.00



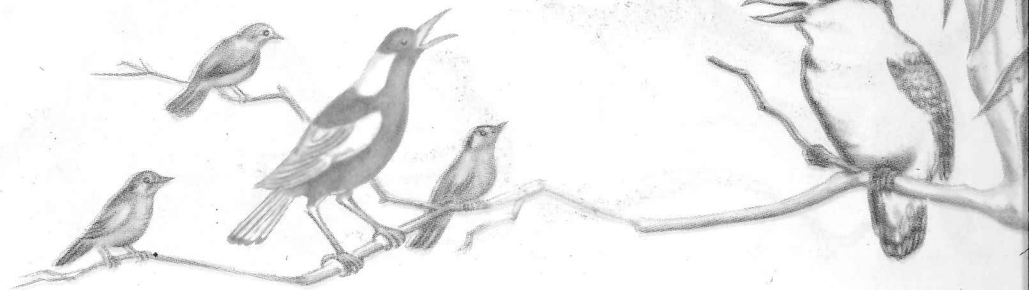
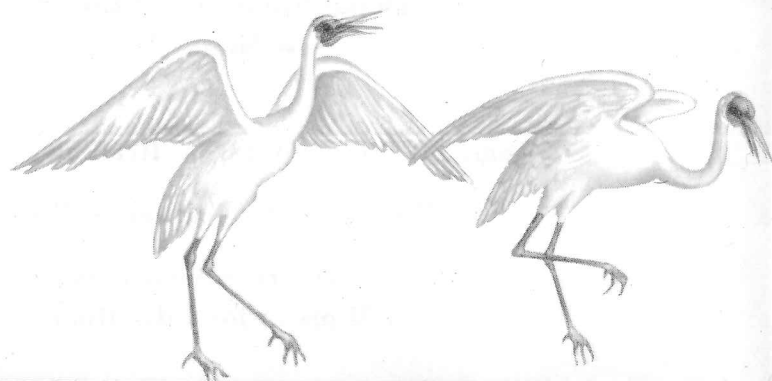
Sing a Song of Possums

Sing a song of poss - ums play-ing in a tree.
Sing a song of brot - gas danc-ing in a row.

Dart-ing in and out the boughs happy as can be.
Min-u-ets and pir - ou-ettes as of long a-go.

How I'd like to join them sleep-ing all the day. And
First they seem to curt - sey, then a-way they prance. How

when the moon is shin-ing bright to swing and play.
I'd love to join them in their state - ly dance.

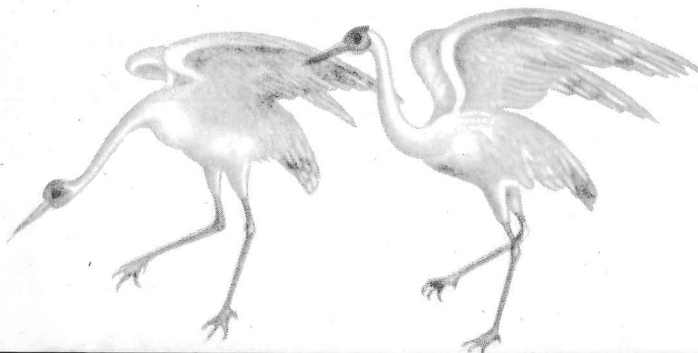


Sing a song of bell - birds ring-ing loud and clear.

Like a fairy or-ches-tra for fair-y ears to hear.

mag-pie sings the so - lo Flut-ing wild and free. Con -

duct-ed by a kook-a-burr-a perched in a tree.





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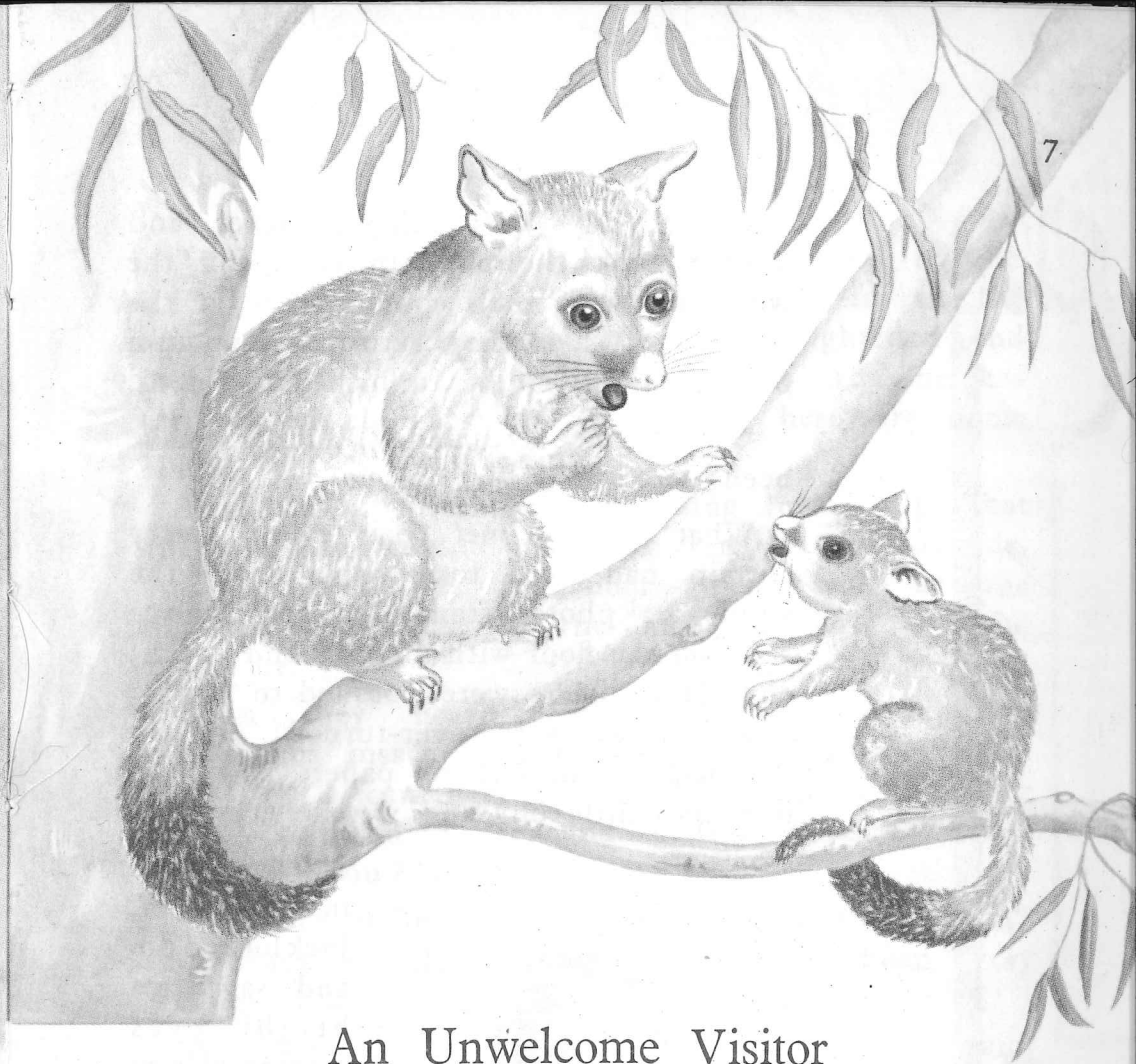
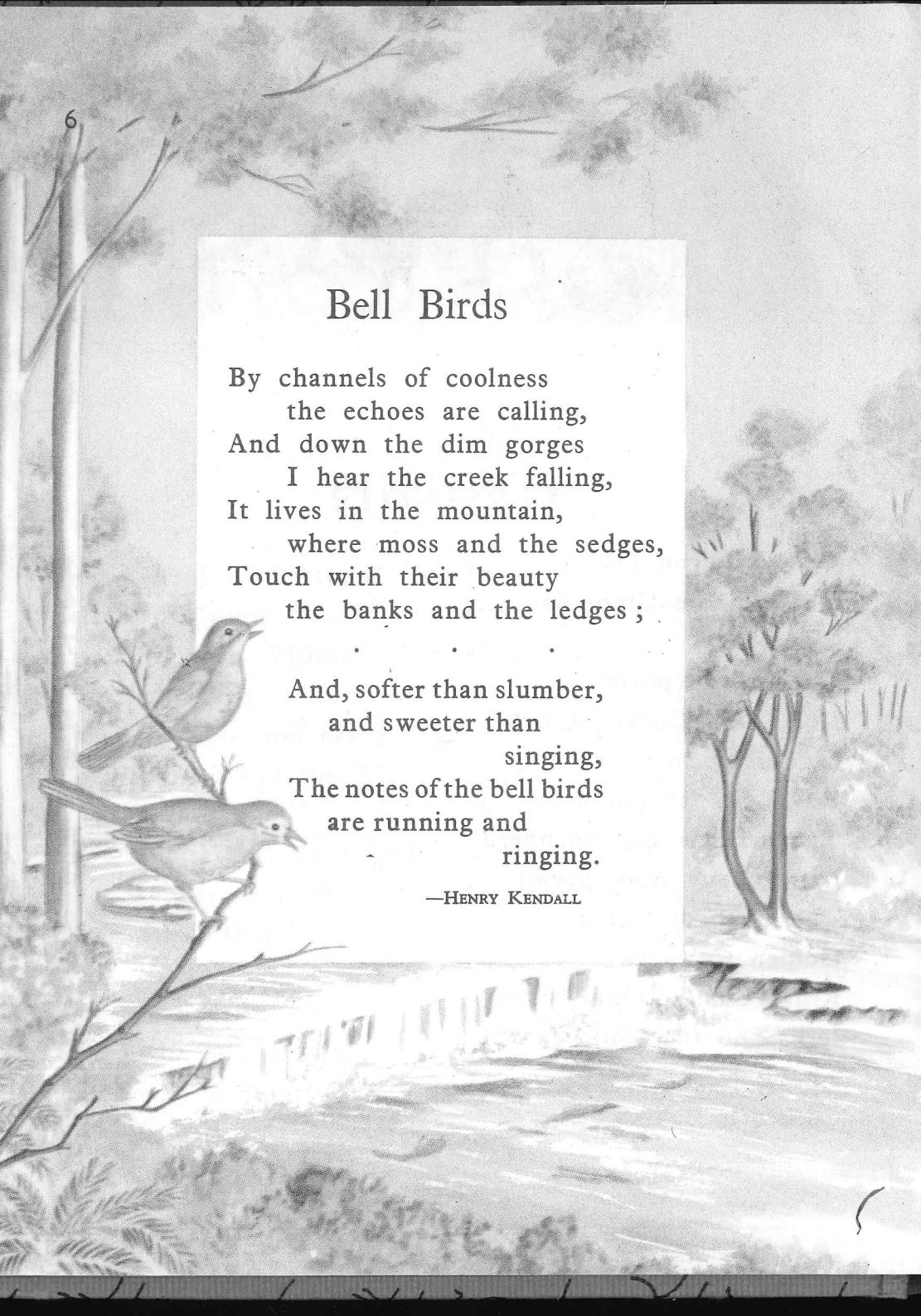
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Bell Birds

By channels of coolness
the echoes are calling,
And down the dim gorges
I hear the creek falling,
It lives in the mountain,
where moss and the sedges,
Touch with their beauty
the banks and the ledges ;

And, softer than slumber,
and sweeter than
singing,
The notes of the bell birds
are running and
ringing.

—HENRY KENDALL



An Unwelcome Visitor

A possum once lived with his mother in a hollow tree close to the home of Jenny and Jack. Now possums are very inquisitive little animals, and Poss, as the children called him, loved poking his nose into every place he could. He liked to follow them into the house and peep at them from doorway or window-sill. His mother always scolded him when she found out. "Houses are for people, and trees for possums," she said.



One Friday after school, father and mother took the children to spend the week-end with their grandmother at the sea-side. When they returned home on Sunday night, mother unlocked the door.

"Oh," she screamed, "Burglars have been here!"

What a sight met their eyes! Every curtain had been torn down from the windows; photos from the mantel-piece were on the floor with pictures and books; cups and saucers were smashed to pieces; flower vases were over-turned; and in the back room, father's papers had been torn into little bits and were everywhere.

As they stood in amazement, Jack looked up, and saw two bright eyes peering at him from the top of the doorway.



"Mother," he said, "I know who the burglar is! It is Poss. He has been locked in all the time we have been away. He was frightened and has been trying to get out. That is why he has torn down the curtains; and see, here are some apples he has been eating!"

Poss was so frightened at being locked up, that the children could not coax him to go outside. At last they left the door open, and, as the moonlight streamed in, he made a dash for the open air.

Soon they heard Mother Possum making a tremendous fuss in the hollow tree. "Listen," said Jenny. "I can hear his mother scolding him for going inside a house and getting himself locked up, can't you?"

"I don't think Poss will be so inquisitive again," said Jack. "His mother must have been very worried when he did not come home."

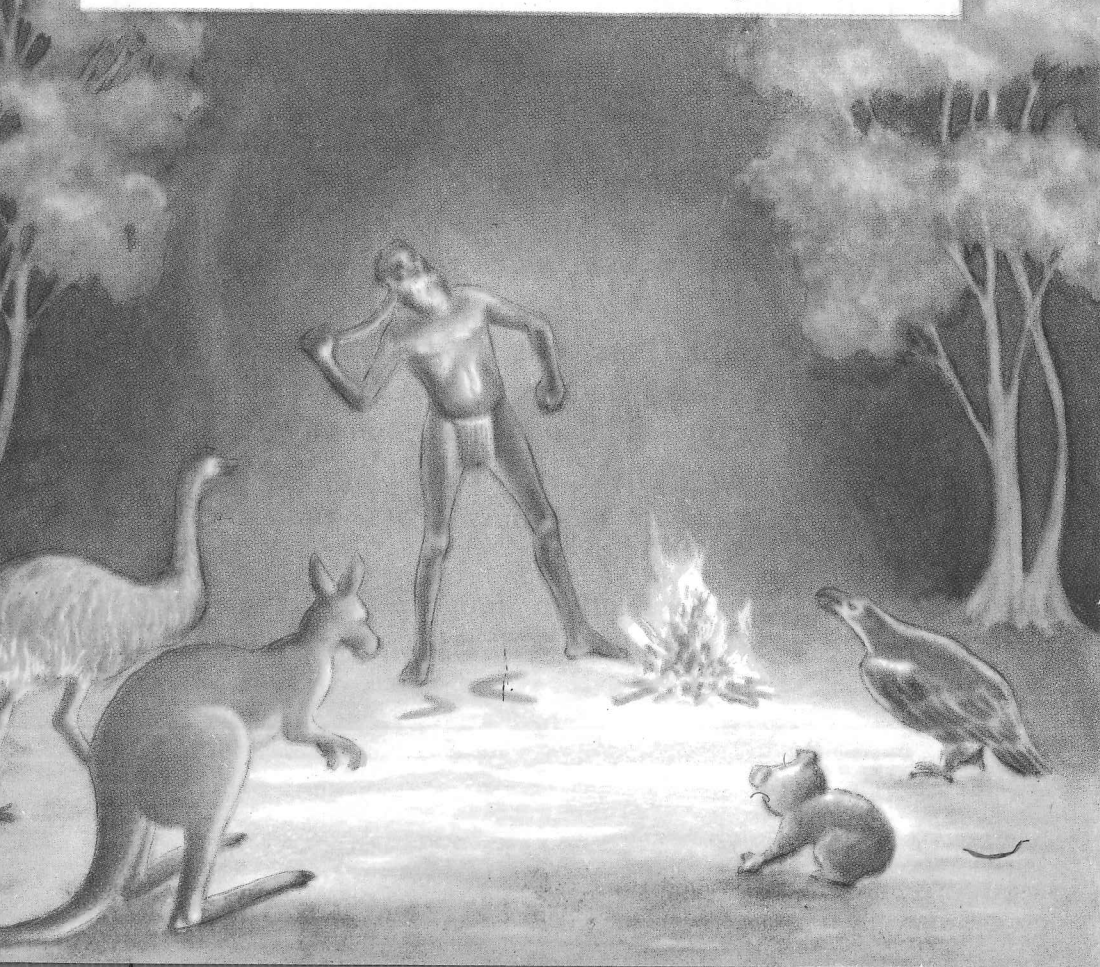
As they all helped to clear up, mother said, "I'm very glad it was only Poss and not a real burglar."

Afterwards they often laughed at the idea of little Poss being taken for a big, strong burglar.

The Boomerang.

One night some blacks were seated near a water-hole. As they watched they saw the new moon shining in the sky. "Oh," said one of the children, "the moon looks just like a boomerang!"

Then one of the old men said, "Listen, and I shall tell you how the moon got into the sky, and why it is shaped like a boomerang."



In the long ago, time of the world, before man was like he is now, Byamee, the Great Spirit, heard the kangaroo, the eagle, the emu and the koala talking together. The animals in those far-off days were much swifter and stronger than they are to-day, and each one began to think he was as mighty as Byamee himself. They began to quarrel among themselves as to which was the greatest. Byamee arranged a contest, inviting all to take part, he himself to be last.

The kangaroo had the first turn. He gave a mighty spring and hopped over the tallest tree. Then the eagle, spreading his great wings, flew so high that only Byamee could see him. Next to try was the emu. He stretched his great legs and ran so swiftly that only the keenest eye could follow him. The koala, when his turn came, climbed to the very tip of the tallest gum tree, holding on firmly with his little paws.

When each had done his best, they waited eagerly to see what Byamee would do. They saw him go towards the fire and carefully choose the largest boomerang lying near. He held it firmly in his hand for a moment, and then threw it with such force that it reached the sky and stayed there. Byamee was the greatest among them.

That is how the moon got into the sky."

Why the Kangaroo has a Pouch

A long time ago in Australia's dream time kangaroos had no pouches.

Mrs. Kangaroo was unhappy. Her baby was such a worry. Every time she put him down, he hopped away and got lost.

Mrs. Kangaroo had been looking after her baby all morning. Now she was hungry. Looking round, she saw a large stone. She would leave her baby near it, then she would know where to find him. She did want to nibble the sweet grass that grew nearby.

Just as she rested on her short fore-paws and began to eat, she heard a grunting sound.

A voice said, "Oh dear, oh dear! Old and useless, that's what I am. No use to anybody."

Looking up, Mrs. Kangaroo saw an old wombat moving slowly along.



"What's the matter, Wombat?" she asked.

"Oh dear, oh dear, I'm just wombling about the world with nobody to care whether I live or die! But who is that speaking?"

"It's Mrs. Kangaroo. Can't you see me?"

"Dear me, I haven't set eyes on anybody this year past. I am blind, with nobody to show me where the sweet grass is."

"I'll show you the way to some grass," said Mrs. Kangaroo, hopping towards him, and turning round. "Catch hold of my tail. Then I'll go slowly. Now just take your time."

Mrs. Kangaroo stood as still as a lizard having a sunbath, and Wombat caught hold of her tail. Then Mrs. Kangaroo moved slowly ahead.

Every time the old wombat lost his grip, Mrs. Kangaroo carefully put her tail within his reach, and said, "There, there, Wombat! You'll be all right."

At last they came to the sweet grass. Wombat ate and ate, while Mrs. Kangaroo went back to get her baby.



Of course the baby had hopped away from the stone. It was a long time before Mrs. Kangaroo found him. She returned to the place where she had left the wombat. The old fellow had gone to sleep.

Suddenly Mrs. Kangaroo felt danger. She sat up, ears pricked, eyes bright, and sniffed the air. Yes, there was danger. Picking up her baby, she hopped to some bushes.

From her hiding-place Mrs. Kangaroo saw a black hunter come into the clearing. He was fitting his spear to his woomera. She saw that he was going to kill the wombat.



Like a flash Mrs. Kangaroo dropped her baby. She raced towards the wombat. The blackfellow gave one look at her, and then went away.

The kangaroo was the totem of his tribe, a sacred animal that could not be killed.

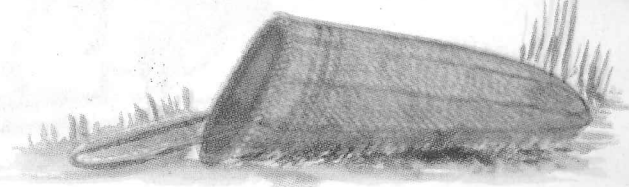
Mrs. Kangaroo's heart was thumping wildly. She turned to the wombat, but he had gone.

Far away in his home the great Golden Spirit was thinking. He had changed himself into the old wombat to find out which was the kindest animal in the bush. Mrs. Kangaroo had been the only one to take pity on him. What could he give her?

His eyes fell on a golden dilly-bag, which had been made by the spirits of the grass. Just the very thing! He would give it to Mrs. Kangaroo. In it she could carry her baby. Calling to one of his children, he told him to take the dilly-bag to Mrs. Kangaroo.

"Tell her to tie the bag round her waist. I shall make it grow to her."

So the spirit child took it to Mrs. Kangaroo. As soon as it was tied round her waist, it became part of her body. It was a lovely furry cradle for her baby.

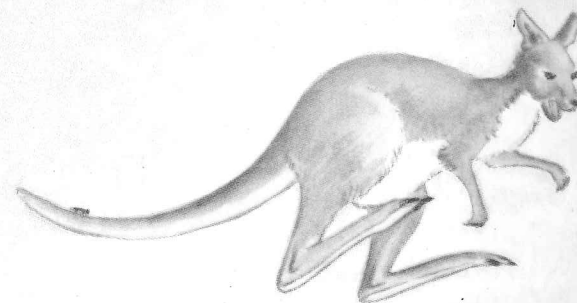


Mrs. Kangaroo now had to teach her baby to stay in the pouch. This took a long time. She taught him by playing a game of pouch-hiding. They had such fun. The little one would hop away, and take a big running jump head first into the pouch. Then he would turn right way up, his eyes shining, because he was so excited.

His mother found she could make the pouch bigger or smaller. When her enemies were chasing her, she would hop along with her baby until she came to some bushes. Then, with her short fore-paws, she would throw the little one out. The enemy would follow her, and the baby would be saved.

After Mrs. Kangaroo got her pouch, all her cousins, the wallabies, the wallaroos, and the little kangaroo mice, wanted them too. So she sent a message to the Golden Spirit, asking if he had any pouches for them.

The Golden Spirit sent word that he would ask the spirits of the grass to make one for every brave and gentle mother of the kangaroo family.



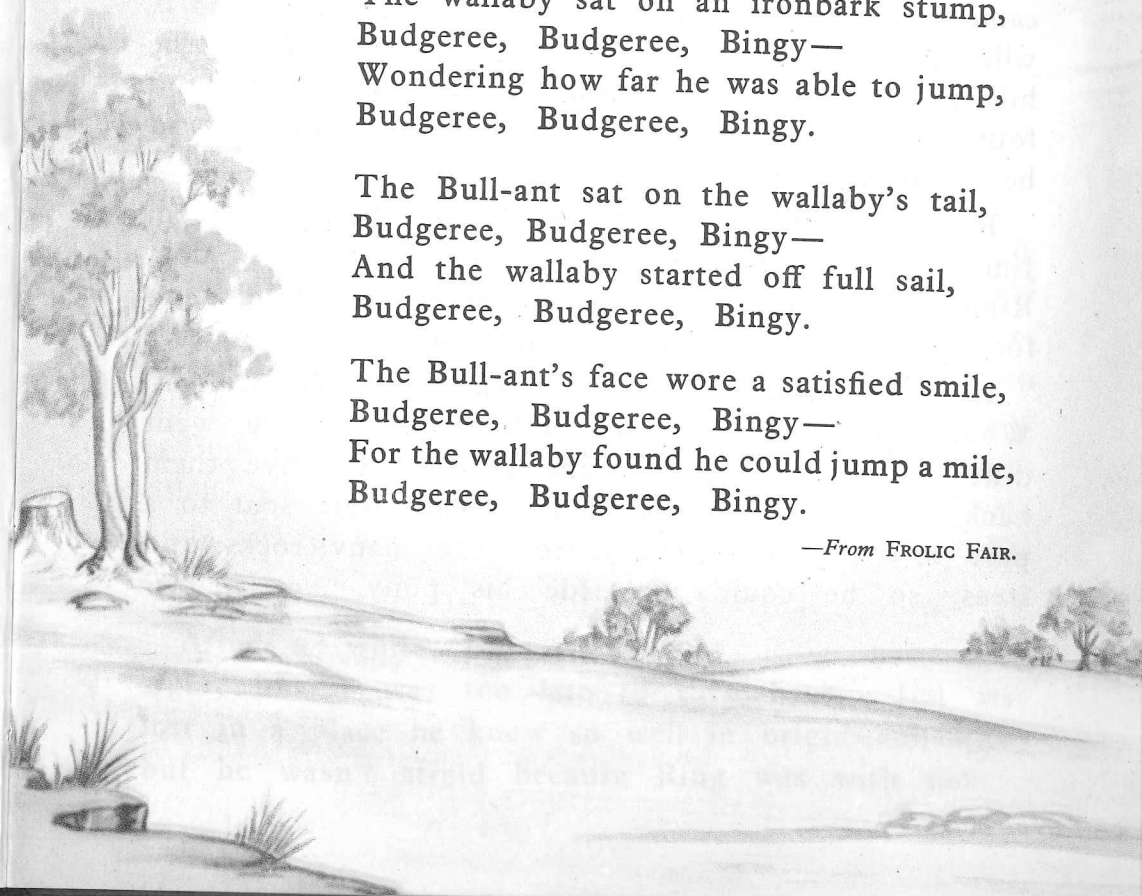
The Wallaby and the Bull-ant

The wallaby sat on an ironbark stump,
Budgerie, Budgerie, Bingy—
Wondering how far he was able to jump,
Budgerie, Budgerie, Bingy.

The Bull-ant sat on the wallaby's tail,
Budgerie, Budgerie, Bingy—
And the wallaby started off full sail,
Budgerie, Budgerie, Bingy.

The Bull-ant's face wore a satisfied smile,
Budgerie, Budgerie, Bingy—
For the wallaby found he could jump a mile,
Budgerie, Budgerie, Bingy.

—From FROLIC FAIR.



A True Story

Dark grey clouds hung low over the mountains. The Snowy River flowed swiftly between its rocky banks.

Jim knew as soon as he woke that it was going to snow. "We'll be out after sheep to-day," he said to his brothers as he jumped out of bed.

Jim was right. At breakfast time his father came into the kitchen and stood by the stove. "It will snow before mid-day, and the sheep from the hill paddock must be brought in. Boys, I'll need four of you to help the men, so get your coats and be ready as soon as you can."

By the time the men arrived at the homestead, Jim and his brothers were waiting. Jim's dog, Ring, kept close to his heels, eagerly watching him, for these two were never far apart.

Laughing and joking about the cold, all set off. When they arrived at the hill paddock, they went different ways to muster the sheep and drive them back to the yards. Jim and his dog were sent to a part of the run where there were many rocks and trees, so he could not ride his pony.



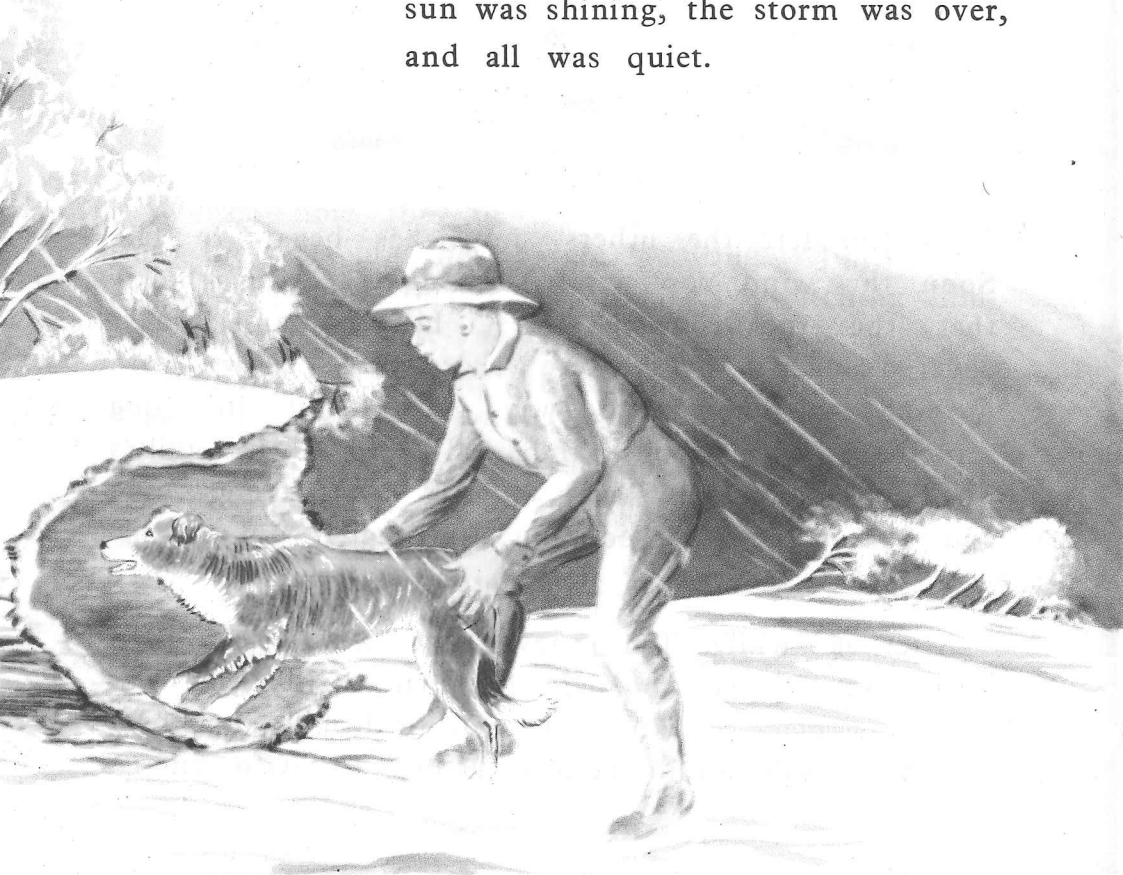
As Jim left the others snowflakes began to fall. Soon the wind rose, and the snow fell so thickly that the rocks were almost hidden, and tracks covered over. Everywhere there was snow, with nothing to show the way. Jim and his dog scrambled over rocks and fell into little gullies filled with snow. Ring wanted to go one way, and barked and barked, but Jim made him go his way.

After a while Jim knew that Ring had been right, but it was too late to turn back. Jim was lost in a place he knew so well in bright sunshine; but he wasn't afraid because Ring was with him.

As darkness was falling they came to a large hollow log. He pushed Ring in, and crawled in after him. Cuddled together they became warm, and soon both were fast asleep.

Once Jim woke, and everything was dark and still. He was hungry, but he knew he could not get home in the darkness and the snow. So he cuddled closer to Ring and went to sleep again.

When next he opened his eyes the sun was shining, the storm was over, and all was quiet.



Jim crept out and climbed a pile of rocks close by. Below him flowed the river, and he knew that if he followed it, he would reach home. But Ring was getting excited, dashing off a little way to run back and dash off again. So Jim climbed down and followed him through the snow.

Suddenly the dog began to leap up and down, barking loudly all the time. "Lie down, Ring," said Jim. Then he heard coo-ee after coo-ee, and knew that a search party was looking for him. He hurried towards the sound, stopping every little while to coo-ee himself. Soon he saw his father and the men. He shouted and waved his hat, and dashed off to meet them.

"Are you all right, Jim?" asked his father.

"Yes," replied Jim, "but, oh, I'm hungry!"

"We thought you would be, so mother packed these sandwiches, and this hot coffee will make you warm."

"Thank you," said Jim, opening the parcel and giving Ring a sandwich, as he had one himself.

"What about the sheep, Dad?"

"Oh, we mustered them all yesterday. We spent the rest of the time searching for you.

Now we had better take you and Ring home. He is a grand dog, Ring."

Snow-White and Rose-Red



SCENE 1

STORY-TELLER: There was once a poor widow who had two pretty little girls. One was very gentle. She had beautiful blue eyes and fair hair, and was called Snow-White. The other had glossy black hair and rosy cheeks, and she was called Rose-Red.

MOTHER: Snow-White and Rose-Red, you are such a help. You keep the house without a speck of dust anywhere.

ROSE-RED: Mother, if we sit by the fire, will you tell us stories? Come on, Snow-White. (*Loud knock on the door.*)

MOTHER: Open the door, Rose-Red, and see who is there.

ROSE-RED: Oh!

(*A great black bear pokes his head in. Rose-Red screams, and runs away. Snow-White hides under the bed.*)

BEAR: Don't be frightened, children, I'll not harm you, but I should like to sit by your fire and warm myself. I am half-frozen.

MOTHER: Poor bear, come in and warm yourself by all means. (*To Snow-White and Rose-Red*): Come out, this bear will not harm you. It is bedtime now for both of you. (*To Bear*): You may sleep here if you like; it is very cold outside.

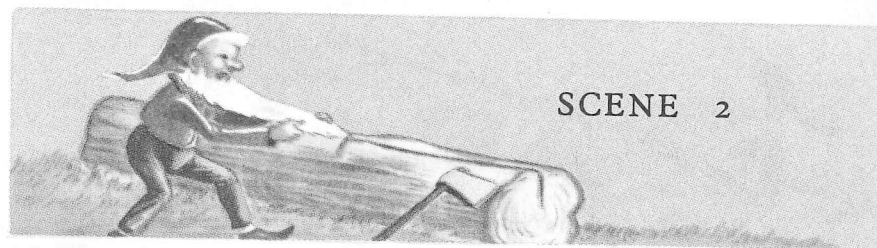
STORY-TELLER: In the morning the bear was gone, but every evening he returned about the same time, and lay down in front of the fire. The children were not frightened of him any longer, but played games with him. One evening he said—

BEAR: To-morrow I must leave you for quite a long time, for spring is here.

SNOW-WHITE: Where are you going?

BEAR: Into the forest to keep the wicked dwarfs away from my gold.

SNOW-WHITE: I feel very sad. We shall miss our playmate very much.



SCENE 2

MOTHER: Children, would you go into the forest and bring home some sticks for the fire?

CHILDREN: Yes, we shall go now.

STORY-TELLER: So the children went off to the forest.

SNOW-WHITE: What is that?

ROSE-RED: It looks like a dwarf, with his beard caught in that tree. Let's go and see.

DWARF: What are you two standing there for? Why don't you do something to help me, instead of just staring?

ROSE-RED: How did you get caught in that tree?

DWARF: I was splitting it with my axe, when my beard caught.

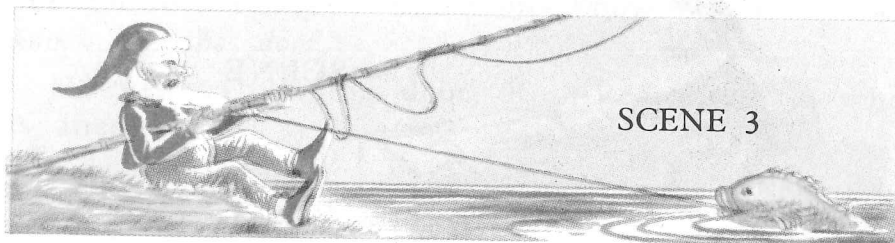
ROSE-RED: I think we had better go for help, Snow-White, as we can do nothing ourselves.

DWARF: Can't you think of any way to help me?

STORY-TELLER: Snow-White pulled out her scissors and cut off the end of his beard.

DWARF: Stupid girl, to cut off the end of my beautiful beard.

STORY-TELLER: The dwarf suddenly snatched up a bag of gold, and ran off.



MOTHER: Snow-White and Rose-Red, there are plenty of fish in the river. Will you go down, and see if you can catch some for our dinner?

CHILDREN: We shall go now.

STORY-TELLER: So the children set off.

SNOW-WHITE: What is that funny thing bobbing up and down! See, over there!

ROSE-RED: It looks like the dwarf we met before in the wood.

SNOW-WHITE: What is the matter?

DWARF: Can't you see, my beard is tangled up with my fishing line? The fish is so big, he is pulling me into the water.

STORY-TELLER: Then the two children tried to untangle the beard, but could not, so Snow-White brought out her scissors, and cut off another piece of the dwarf's beard.

DWARF (*angrily*): What do you mean by cutting off my beautiful beard? Nobody will recognise me now.

STORY-TELLER: And without a word of thanks, the dwarf picked up a bag of pearls and ran away.



MOTHER: Snow-White and Rose-Red, would you go to town and do some shopping for me?

CHILDREN: Yes mother.

STORY-TELLER: So the children set off for town. As they were passing over the common they heard a shriek.

ROSE-RED: What was that?

DWARF: Oh, do come and save me! This eagle is trying to fly away with me. He wants to take me to his nest.

SNOW-WHITE: Give me your hands; now hold tightly to us.

STORY-TELLER: When the eagle saw the children he flew away.

DWARF: You horrid children! Look, how you've torn my coat!

STORY-TELLER: And taking up a bag of precious stones, he vanished. The children did their shopping and returned across the common.



SCENE 5

ROSE-RED: Snow-White, what are all those coloured lights I can see?

SNOW-WHITE: I think it must be just the sun in our eyes that makes us think the stones shine so brightly.

ROSE-RED: No, I'll tell you what the bright lights are! It's that wicked dwarf again! He has emptied his bag of precious stones, and the sun shining on them turns them into rainbows. Let's go closer and have a look at them! Aren't they beautiful?

DWARF: What are you looking at? Go away!

[A rumbling noise is heard and the bear appears.]

BEAR: You no longer have any power over me.

DWARF: Spare me, my lord bear! I will give you my most precious treasures if you will spare my life.

BEAR: Begone to the farthest ends of the earth.

STORY-TELLER: The dwarf vanishes in a cloud of smoke.

BEAR: Don't you recognise me? I am your old friend the bear, who so often slept in front of your fire.

STORY-TELLER: Just then a strange thing happened. The bear's coat fell off, and in place of the bear stood a young man, dressed in shining gold.

BEAR: I am a king's son, but I was put under a spell by the wicked dwarf, who stole all my treasures. Your love, Snow-White, has set me free. Will you marry me?

STORY-TELLER: So Snow-White married the prince. Later on, Rose-Red married his brother. Their mother planted two rose trees, one red and one white, in front of the palace, and these had roses for everyone to gather.

They all lived happily ever after.

The Monkeys and the Crocodile

Five little monkeys
Swinging from a tree ;
Teasing Uncle Crocodile
Merry as can be.
Swinging high and swinging low,
Swinging left and right :
“ Dear Uncle Crocodile,
Come and take a bite.”

Five little monkeys
Swinging in the air ;
Heads up, tails up,
Little do they care.
Swinging up, swinging down,
Swinging far and near ;
“ Poor Uncle Crocodile,
Aren't you hungry, dear ? ”

Four little monkeys
Sitting in the tree ;
Heads down, tails down,
Dreary as can be.
Weeping loud, weeping low,
Crying to each other :
“ Wicked Uncle Crocodile
To gobble up our brother ! ”

—LAURA RICHARDS.

Little Slam Bang

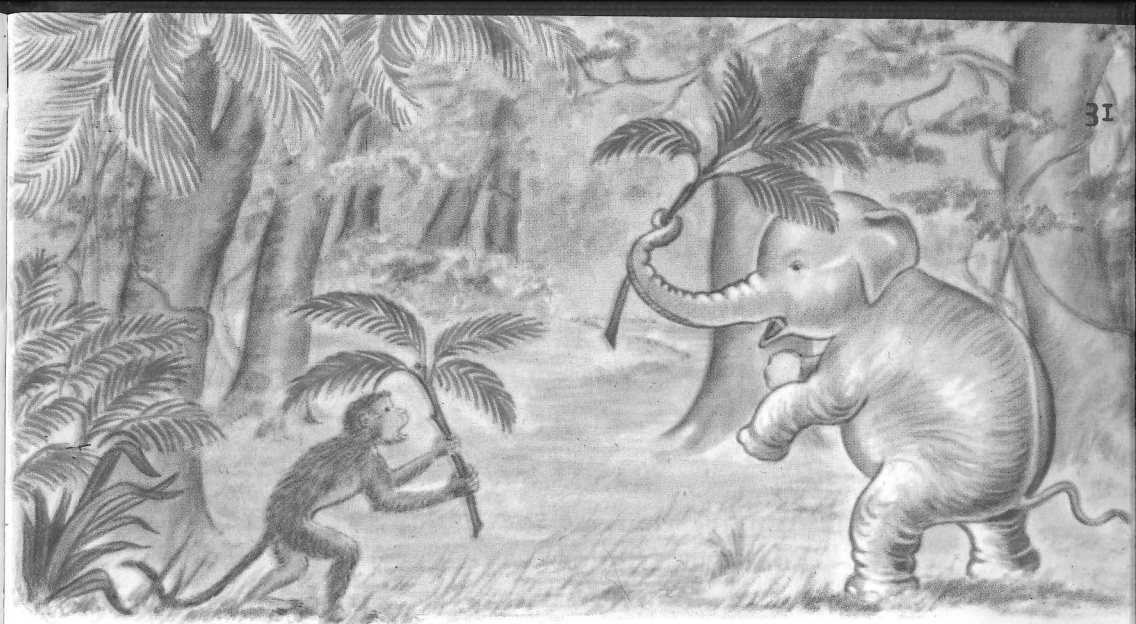
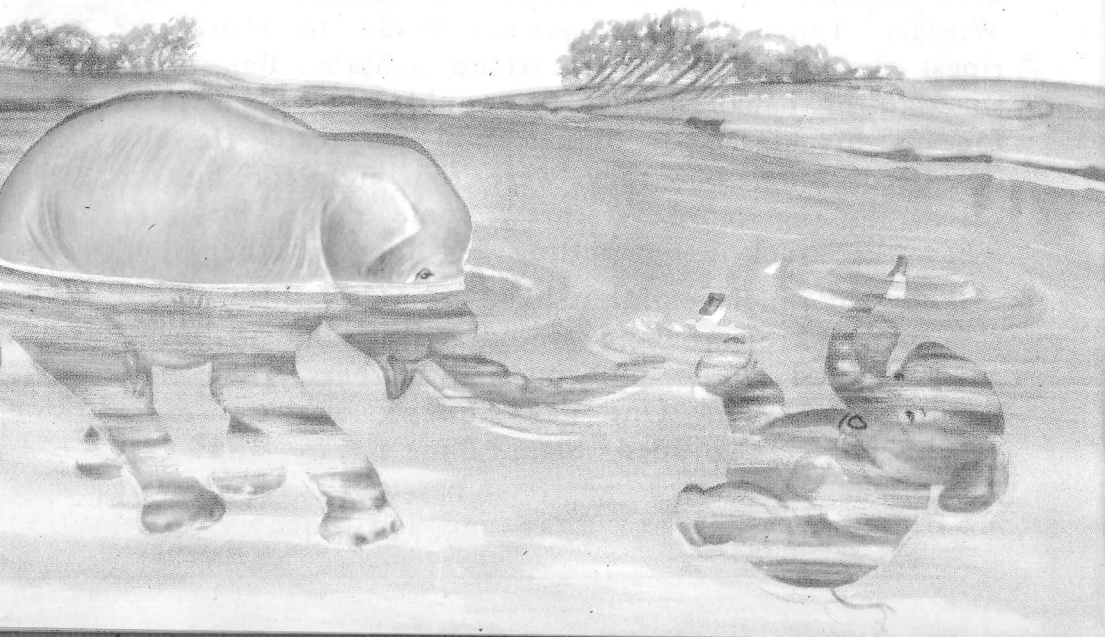
Once upon a time there was a little elephant child, named Slam Bang. He lived with his father and mother in a deep jungle. A jungle is a good place for a small elephant. It is warm and full of tall grasses and thick trees.

Moreover, there were plenty of playmates for Slam Bang. His best friend was a little monkey, Wiggly Tail, who was always ready to share the ripest bananas with his friend. Slam Bang was so fond of bananas, that he would have liked them for his breakfast, his dinner, and his tea. He also loved coconuts, but they were too high for him to reach, so the monkeys threw some down for him. These he cracked by putting his foot on them.

The two jungle children liked to tease Old Squawk, the parrot. Slam Bang would wake him up, while Wiggly Tail would pull his tail feathers, then both would run away. One day Squawk was too quick for them. He nipped Slam Bang's ear, and gave the monkey's tail a sharp nip, too. They were so frightened, they ran away and left Squawk alone.

In this jungle there was just one animal whom everyone feared, Sharptooth, the yellow-striped tiger. This tiger was very fond of eating elephant children, so Slam Bang's father and mother had warned him not to venture too far into the deep jungle.

Slam Bang had lots of lessons to learn. His mother showed him how to get leaves from the top of the trees; how to put his foot on a small tree and bend it over to get the fruit; and how to put mud on his back to keep him cool on hot days. His father taught him how to swim out into the deep water and hide there, just keeping the tip of his trunk above water to breathe. He thought this such good fun, that one day he hid under the water when his mother called him. His father saw the tip of his trunk in the water and swam out, pushed him over, and warned him that he must obey his mother.



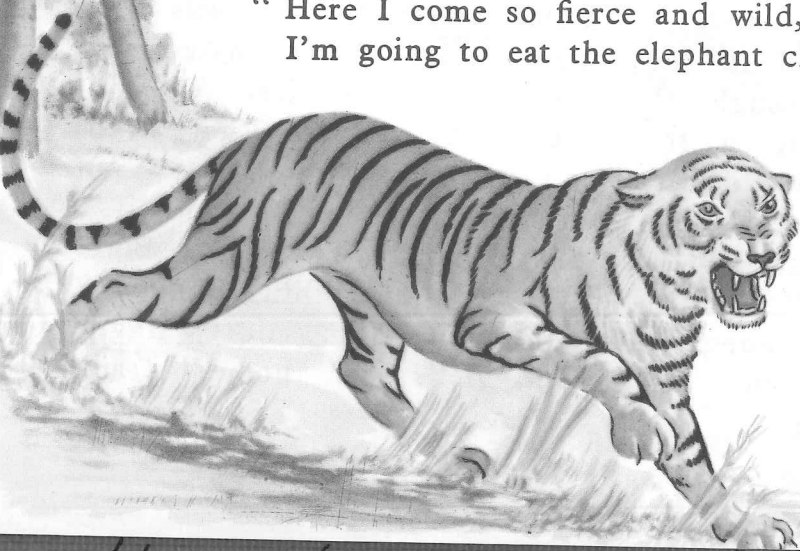
One very hot day, Slam Bang's mother told him to go to sleep under a big tree. That is the way elephants sleep. They close their eyes, and sleep standing up. Slam Bang, however, felt very wide awake. He saw Wiggly Tail playing with a green branch and making it into an umbrella. He thought he would like one too, so he got a branch and held it over his head.

Soon the two quarrelled about which was the finest animal in the jungle. Slam Bang chased the monkey through the jungle, until at last Wiggly Tail ran up a tree. After a while he got tired and threw down his umbrella saying, "You can have this old umbrella. I don't want it." "Neither do I," said Slam Bang. Then they both laughed. "What have we been quarrelling about?" said Slam Bang. "Nothing at all," said Wiggly Tail. "Come down and let's go home," said Slam Bang.



But now they found they had gone so far into the jungle, that neither knew where they were. The two friends were very frightened. "Oh, dear," said Slam Bang, "I wonder where that tiger is. Do run up the tree and see whether you can see him, Wiggly Tail." The monkey saw the tiger coming, and called out to warn Slam Bang. He felt so frightened himself that he called out to the other jungle children to come and help Slam Bang. All the monkeys got together, and told the tiger he was to leave the little elephant alone. But the tiger stalked on slowly, taking no notice of the monkeys.

"Here I come so fierce and wild,
I'm going to eat the elephant child."

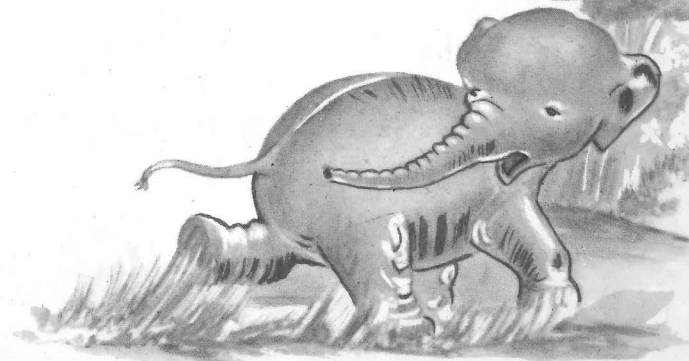


All this while, Slam Bang was running as fast as he could. He made such a noise that he woke Old Squawk. The monkey said to the parrot, "Please fly to Slam Bang's mother and tell her that Sharp-tooth is going to eat her baby. If you will only go quickly I will never again pull feathers out of your tail." Squawk flew off, but the tiger still stalked on. The monkey children threw coconuts at him, but they did not stop his growling,

"Here I come so fierce and wild
I'm going to eat the elephant child."

The coconuts hit him on the back, on the head, and one even hit him on the nose. This hurt him, and he growled angrily. "When I have eaten the elephant child, I will eat every monkey child in the jungle."

Slam Bang ran faster and faster, and as he ran, he said to himself, "Oh, why didn't I do what mother told me and go to sleep under the tree." He looked over his shoulder, and saw that the tiger was getting very close.



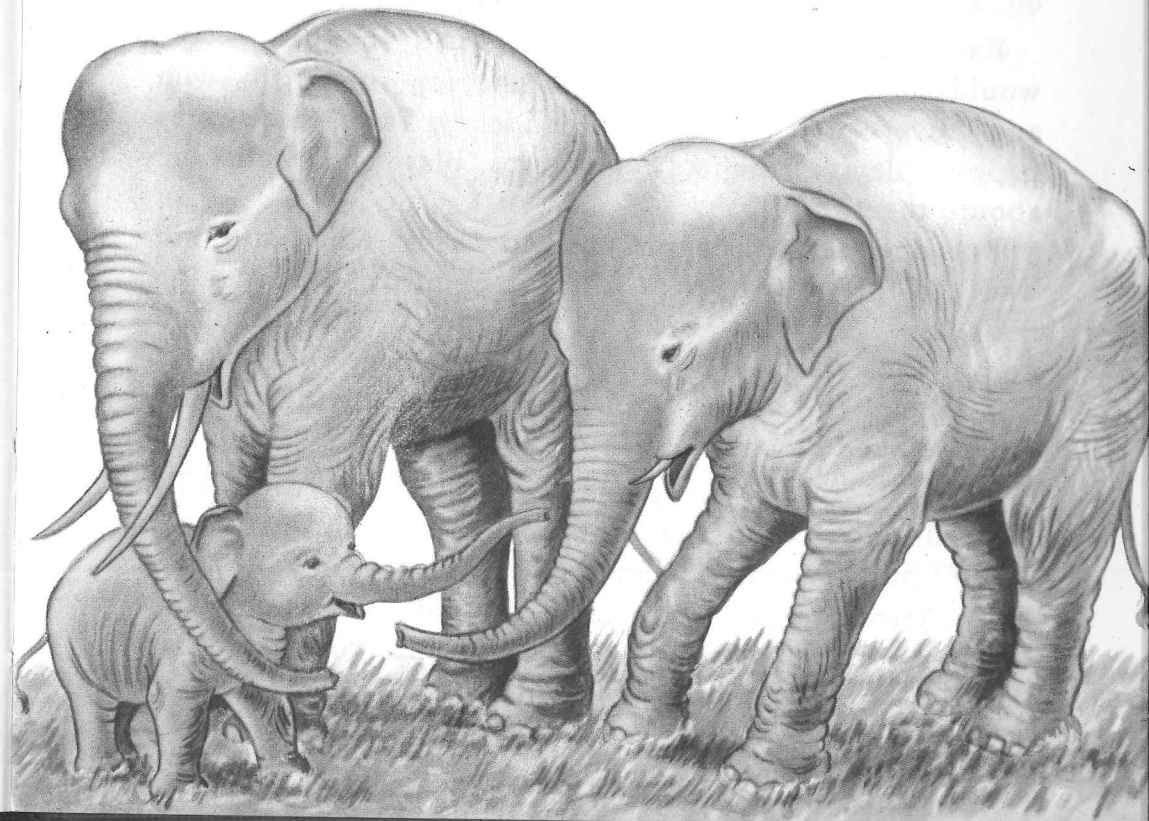
Now Buzzy Wuzzy, the bee, saw the tiger sneaking through the jungle. "That tiger looks as if he were up to some mischief," she said, "I'll sting him in the eye." Didn't this make Sharptooth mad! His eye swelled and he could not see. But still Slam Bang ran on, faster and faster. Suddenly, right in front of him he saw the river, where his father had taught him to swim. He plunged in and was soon out in the deepest part, with only the tip of his trunk showing.

The tiger reached the river, too, but could not make out where Slam Bang had gone. Where could the little elephant be? Then wasn't that tiger cross! He had swollen eye, his nose was sore where the coconut had hit him, he couldn't find Slam Bang, and his stomach was empty because he had no elephant child for dinner. He stamped his feet, and growled in his biggest voice.

"Here I come so fierce and wild
I'm going to eat that elephant child."

"Oh, are you!" roared a voice. Looking round he saw mother elephant, and then he heard father elephant say, "Somehow I don't think you'll have elephant child for dinner to-day!" Then both elephants crashed down, and in just one minute there was no Sharptooth to be seen.

They looked everywhere for Slam Bang. Just then, his mother saw the tip of his trunk away out in the deep water. His father swam out to him, and when he heard his father's voice close to him, he felt safe and happy. Soon, all the jungle folk came to tell him how glad they were he had escaped the tiger. When he was told what Squawk had done, he said to the parrot, "I'll never tease you again, for if you had not told my parents, the yellow-striped tiger would have eaten me for his dinner."





Willy Nilly

Once upon a time there was a penguin village on a hill, near the shores of the Antarctic Sea.

Every day the penguins who lived in this village would march down the hill to the icy shore, to swim and dive and parade and slide. They were very happy, playing the way penguins play and frolicking about together.

But one day a penguin, named Willy Nilly, did not want to play with the other penguins. He said to himself: "I want to be different, I am tired of doing the same old things in the same old way." So when the other penguins were diving, Willy Nilly sulked by himself.

When the other penguins were sliding, Willy Nilly went diving; when the other penguins went parading, Willy Nilly went swimming. All day long Willy Nilly tried to be different, and all day long the other penguins were so busy playing together that they took no notice of him.

When the sun was low in the sky, all the other penguins marched up the hill to their homes to sleep. But Willy Nilly did not go home. "I don't want to go home, I don't want to sleep, I want to be different," said Willy Nilly. So he stayed on the shore all by himself, and he kept right on sliding and swimming and diving, all alone in the pale light of the Antarctic night.

But before the night was over Willy Nilly grew tired of trying to be different without anyone there to see him. So he went to sleep all alone on the icy shore of the Antarctic Sea.

When the sun rose again in the sky all the other penguins came marching down to the sea to play. There they found Willy Nilly asleep on the ice.

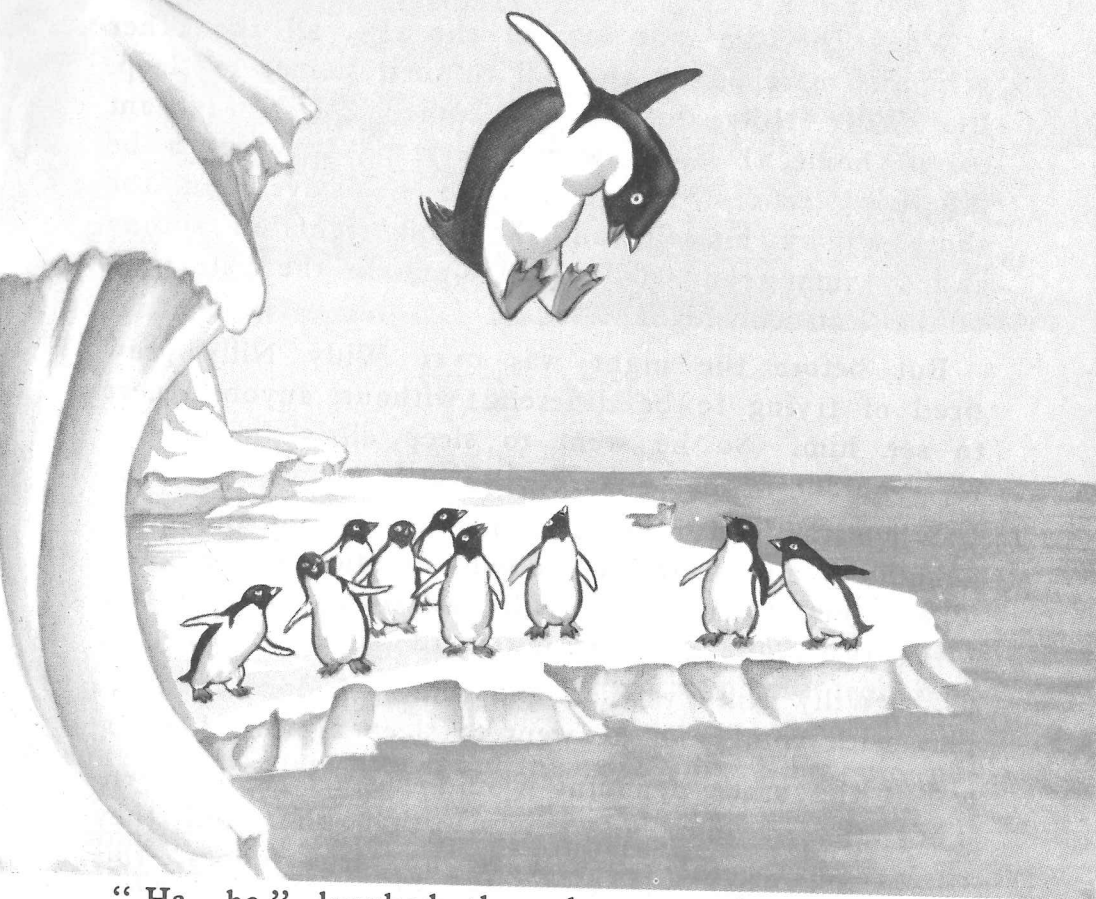
"Wake up! Willy Nilly, wake up and play with us." Willy Nilly yawned and said, "I don't want to play with you," and he went to sleep again.

But the other penguins would not let Willy sleep. They tickled him, and they jostled him, and they all yelled together: "Wake up, lazy bones, this is no time to sleep. Come and play with us."

"I don't want to play with you," said Willy Nilly, "I am tired of doing the same old penguin things in the same old way. I'm going to be different."

"How are you going to be different?" asked the other penguins.

"Oh, I won't be a penguin at all," said Willy Nilly.



"Ha, ha," laughed the other penguins. "If you are not going to be a penguin, what are you going to be?"

"Just watch me," boasted Willy. "I'm going to be a gull and I shall fly. I shall fly high in the sky."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the other penguins. "Let's see you fly."

So Willy Nilly climbed on to an ice hill. He looked down and saw all the other penguins down below watching to see him fly.

Willy Nilly flapped his little wings. He flapped them faster and faster. Then he jumped off the cliff into the air; faster and faster he flapped his wings, but Willy Nilly did not go up. He went down, down, down, plop into the sea.

Slowly he came up, and sadly he climbed on to an ice cake. All the other penguins came swimming out, and they swam around Willy Nilly as he sat on the ice cake, looking very sad.

"Ha, ha, ha," they laughed. "Look at Willy Nilly, the sea-gull. A sea-gull who cannot fly!"

"Ha, ha, ha," they laughed, as they swam round the ice cake, turning somersaults and capering about.

"I'm not a sea-gull any more," said Willy. "I'm tired of being a gull."

"What are you now?" asked all the other penguins.

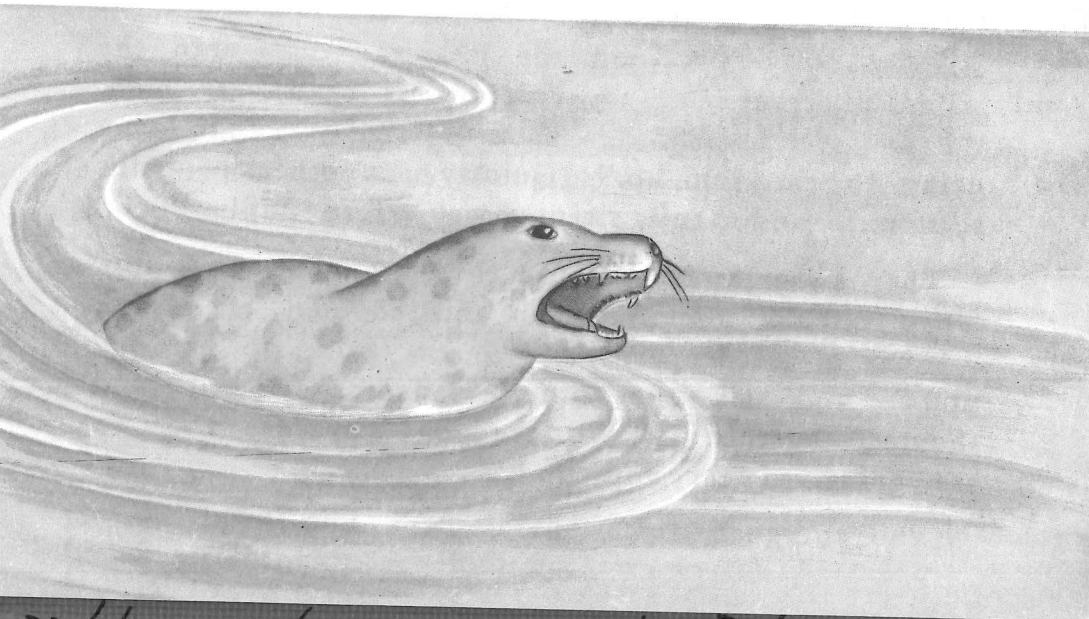
Willy Nilly dived off the ice cake deep into the water, and he came up holding his head very high. "I am a sea leopard," shouted Willy, "and I am going to eat you up." Quickly the other penguins scattered, and they swam away from Willy.

They swam away, because they thought it was fun. Then one of them turned and shouted at Willy: "I am a sea leopard, and I am going to eat *you* up!" and all the other penguins turned and shouted together: "We are sea leopards, and we are going to eat you up!"

Willy swam away. Faster and faster he paddled out to sea, and faster and faster all the other penguins came after him. But Willy Nilly saw a huge creature coming toward him. This was a REAL sea leopard. Willy forgot all about being different. He shouted: "Look out! Make for the shore."

Quickly he turned away from the sea leopard, and all the other penguins scattered and started for the shore. But Willy was far behind them, because he had been so far ahead of them.

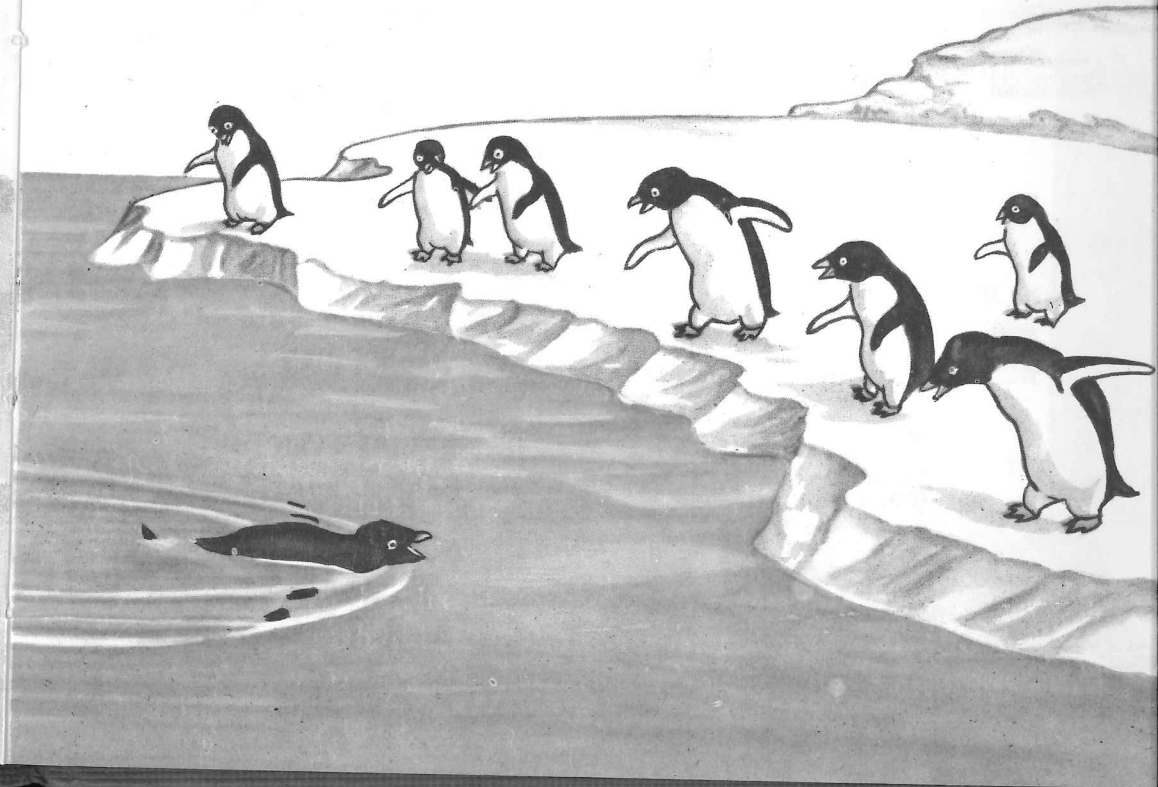
Closer and closer came the sea leopard. Faster and faster Willy paddled through the water. Under the water and over the water he darted, coming nearer and nearer to the shore. But nearer and nearer came the sea leopard to Willy Nilly.



The sea leopard opened his great mouth. He opened it WIDER and WIDER and WIDER. Down into the sea dived Willy Nilly. Then up he jumped out of the water on to the shore, and he was safe!

"Hurrah, hurrah!" sang all the other penguins as they gathered round Willy. They were glad because he was safe, glad he was back with them.

Willy Nilly was so pleased to be back with the others that he never again wished to be different. Always after that, Willy Nilly was happy just to be a penguin, playing with the others as they frolicked about together.



Ships at Sea

Watchers on the shore.

Ships at sea! Ships at sea!
What will you bring to the shore for me?

Ships.

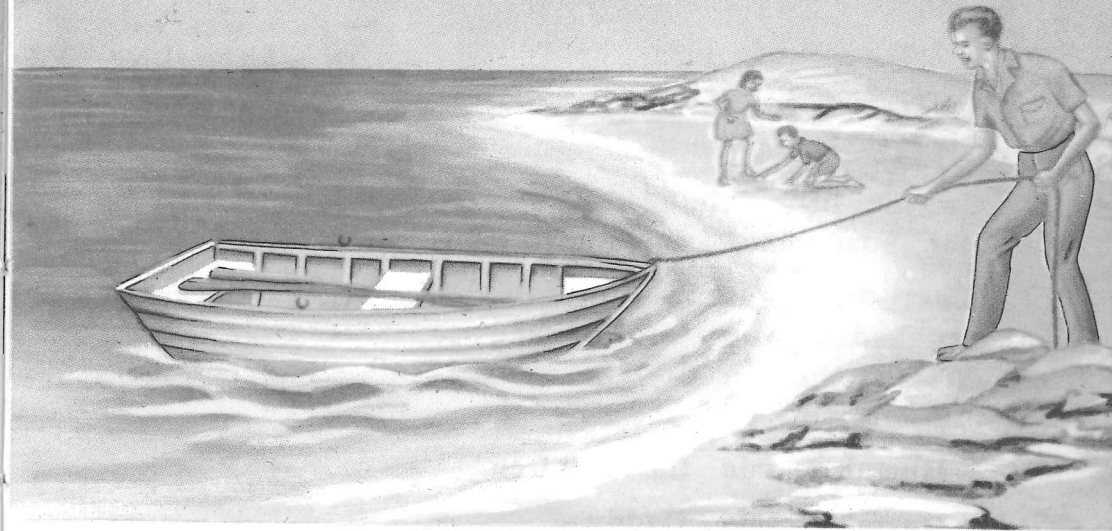
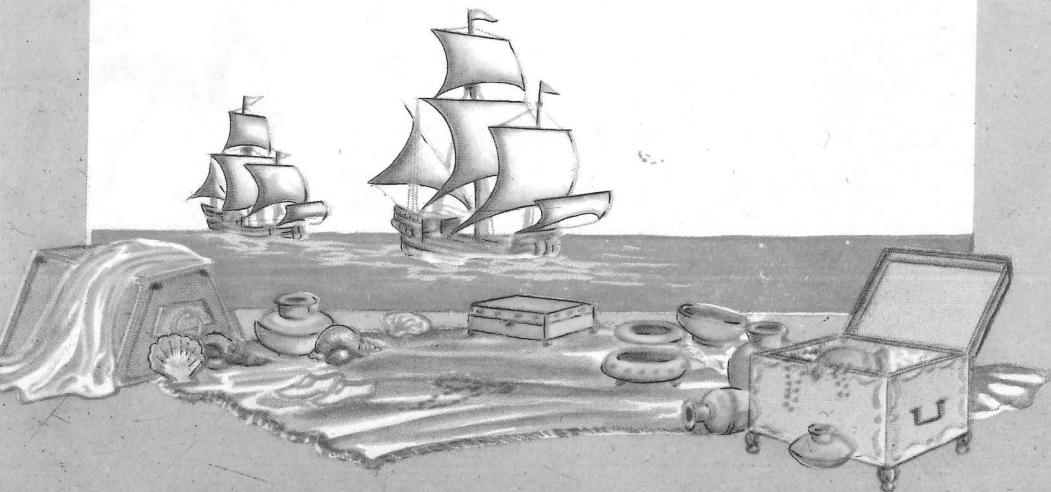
Shaded shells and shoes of pearl,
Shimmering silks and shawls.

Watchers on the shore.

Ships at sea! Ships at sea!
What will you bring to the shore for me?

Ships.

Treasures from far and shadowy isles,
Treasures of shining gold.



The Little White Boat

A little white boat lived near a pine wood, on a little blue bay. All summer it was tied with a strong rope to the float, and bobbed up and down with the tide.

One day Daddy took the children for a row in it, and they landed on a small island near the shore. While the children looked for shells, Daddy tied the boat to a stone, and it had a fine game playing with the curly waves.

Very soon, along came a big motor boat called IF. "Want to go for a ride?" called the man in it to Daddy.

"Yes," said Daddy.

"Yes," said the children.

"Yes," said the little white boat, too.

So the little white boat was tied behind the big motor boat, and away they went.

That was a grand ride for the little white boat; never had it gone so fast and so far. They went right to the Heads and back again, and passed every boat on the way — it was fun!

"Hurrah," said the children.

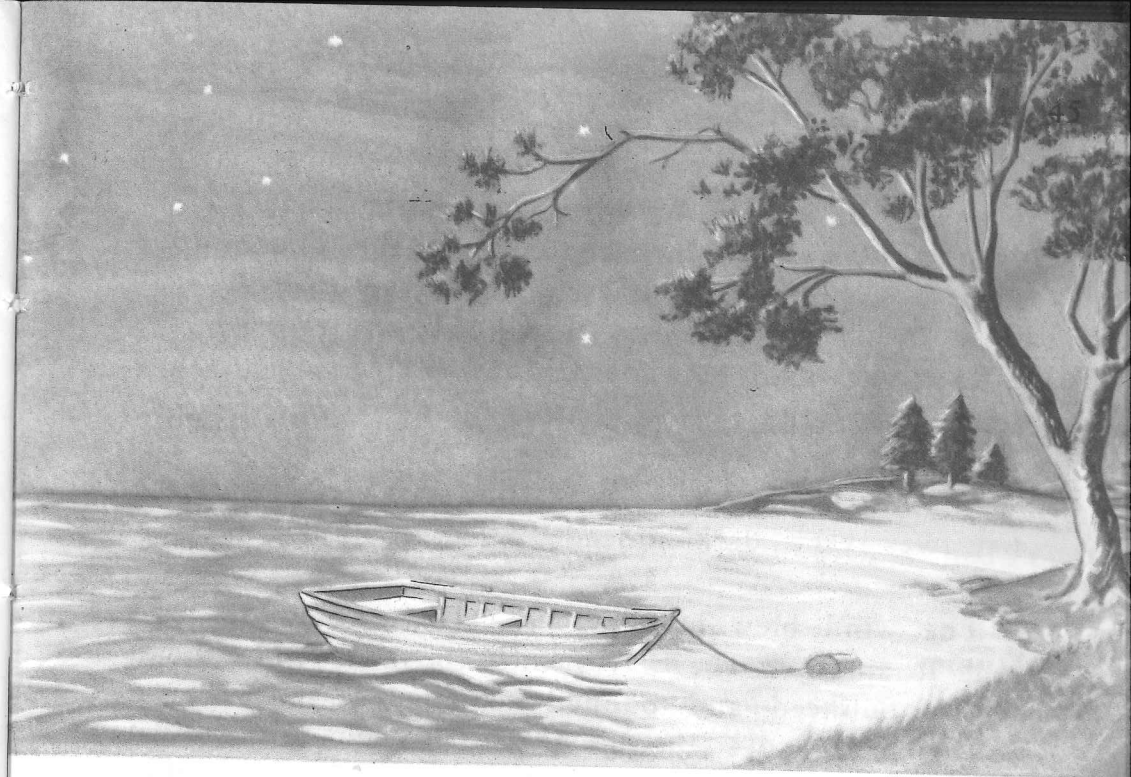
"Hurrah," said Daddy.

"Hurrah," said the little white boat.

By-and-bye they came back to the float, the little white boat was tied up with his rope, the big motor boat chugged away, and Daddy and the children went up to the house.

The little white boat was so excited, "Oh! if I could only have another ride like that! If only I had an engine inside me! If only I could go alone without someone to pull me!" The little white boat was so tired, it fell asleep.

Suddenly it woke up with a bump. The stars were shining, the wind had risen and the waves were making a whispering sound.



How bright the sky is, thought the little white boat, I wish I could take a ride. It became very restless and tugged and tugged at the rope and kept shaking itself as the waves came up.

All of a sudden the rope broke. The little boat was free. It began to move, faster and faster, without anyone pulling it, and the wind and the tide helped it along.

"Now I shall have a ride! Now I shall go all by myself," said the little white boat.

It was so happy out in the starlight alone, flying along! Past the pine woods, past the houses, out of the bay it went. What an adventure!

Soon the wind blew harder and puffed some clouds across the sky.

After a while there were no stars left, and the bay was very dark indeed.

The wind blew harder than ever; it blew so hard that it splashed the waves into the little white boat, which bounced and bobbed so much that it began to be tired. "I should like to go home now," it thought; but it couldn't turn round, for the wind would not let it.

On and on it went rolling and bobbing in the dark. It grew very lonely and very sorry, and so very, very tired, but it had to go on.

After a long, long time the grey dawn came, and the little white boat could see the white foam on the rocks and hear the noise of the breakers. That frightened it dreadfully.

All boats are afraid of breakers and surf. They love the clear water. What should it do if the wind drove it on the rocks? It used all its strength to try to swing away from the surf, but in vain.

Nearer and nearer the wind and tide swept it along. Now, there was a streak of red in the sky where the great sun was rising; the world grew lighter and the little boat could see the dark rocks looming up plainly ahead of it. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! How frightened it was!

If only I were safe on my float again, it thought.

I'd not take another ride alone. I wish I hadn't come!

But wishing was no use. In another few minutes the big waves lifted it high up and set it on the side of a rock, just as if a giant had lifted it up in his hands. Then the wave went back, and the little boat slid and scraped and fell back with it.

Another wave came and carried the little boat against the rocks again. This time it bumped so hard that the boat gave a squeaky, groany sound as it slid back into the water.

Up on the rocks behind the first ledge a fisherman was fixing his lobster pots. He had got up very early to go after lobsters, but the rough seas kept him from going out. He heard the little boat's squeaky, groany sound.

"I wonder what that is," he said, and he went to look. As he climbed up, he saw the little boat being carried out on a big wave.

"Oh!" said the fisherman, "That little boat will have a hole in it if it hits that rock again." Quick as a flash he jumped down to the ledge, and reached out just in time. He caught the little boat by the side before it crashed into the rock. Then he held it steady while the waves went out, and on the next one pulled it up, high and dry. The little boat was saved.

Later in the morning, when the fisherman had got it down to his float and tied it there, it felt very homesick. Where were Daddy and the children and the pine trees?



Just at that moment there was a swish, swish, and what should come proudly over the choppy sea but the big motor boat, IF, and in it the Daddy of the children. Not the children, because in that rough sea only the owner and Daddy could venture out.

Oh, how the little boat wished for a voice to call with! It swung and danced to try and attract their attention. But he did not need that, for IF's nose was pointed right towards the little white boat, and Daddy said, "Here it is! We've found the little rascal." Then he saw the scratches on the paint and said, "Lucky it was not smashed. You see, it has been on the rocks."

The little white boat was very happy. While the two men thanked the fisherman and paid him for saving the boat, it made little gurgling noises of content—its way of saying "Thank you" to the big IF.

Then Daddy tied the little white boat to the big IF, and away they went again, over the waves, past the village, past the camps, and back to its own little float, where it could see the pine trees.

There they tied it up with a new rope that could not break.

The little boat said to itself, "I am a very lucky little boat. I have had a great adventure, but I never want to go riding by myself again."

Cinderella

SCENE 1: *Inside Cinderella's house.*

(Enter two ugly sisters followed by Cinderella.)

1ST SISTER: Come here, Cinderella, and arrange my shawl. Clumsy girl, do be careful.

2ND SISTER: Hurry, Cinderella. I need you, too.

CINDERELLA: How lovely you both look! Your dresses are very grand. I am sure the prince will dance with you.

1ST SISTER: He is sure to dance with me.

CINDERELLA: Oh, how I wish I, too, were going to the ball.

2ND SISTER: Ha, ha, ha, Cinders at a ball!

1ST SISTER: You would look well at a ball in that old frock!

2ND SISTER: Be sure to do your work well while we are away.

1ST SISTER: There are dishes to wash and floors to scrub.

CINDERELLA: I shall work well while you are away.

SISTERS: Good-bye! Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: Good-bye.

(Sisters depart and Cinderella sweeps the floor. A knock is heard. Enter the godmother.)

GODMOTHER: Why do I see a tear on your cheek, Cinderella? Why are you crying?

CINDERELLA: I was feeling very sad because I have to stay at home while my sisters go to the ball.

GODMOTHER: Do not weep, my child, because you ARE going to the ball. Run out into the garden and bring me the largest pumpkin you can find. Now see if you can find a lizard and a fine fat mouse.

(Godmother touches them with her wand and in their place stand a horse, a carriage and a coachman.)

CINDERELLA: Oh, how lovely! But how can I go to the ball in this old frock?

GODMOTHER: It's your turn next, Cinderella.

(Godmother touches Cinderella with her wand and she is immediately dressed in a beautiful frock.)

CINDERELLA: What a beautiful dress!

GODMOTHER: Now, be off to the ball, but remember you must return home before the clock strikes twelve.

CINDERELLA: I shall remember. Good-bye, Godmother, and thank you for all your goodness.

STORY-TELLER: So off went Cinderella to the ball.





SCENE 2: *At the Ball.*

(Cinderella is welcomed by the prince.)

PRINCE: Welcome, dear princess. Will you dance with me? How very beautiful you are.

(They dance together. A clock is heard chiming midnight.)

CINDERELLA: I must run. I promised to be home before midnight.

PRINCE: Stay, dear princess, and tell me your name.

CINDERELLA: No, I must run.

PRINCE: How quickly the lovely princess disappeared! All that she left behind is this little glass slipper. How shall I ever find her again?

1ST COURTIER: Send throughout all the land tomorrow to find the lady the slipper fits.

PRINCE: That is a good idea.

STORY-TELLER: So next day they set off with the slipper.

SCENE 3: *Outside Cinderella's house.*

(Enter the courtiers.)

1ST COURTIER: Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! I bear a message from the prince. He wishes every lady in the land to try on this little glass slipper. He will marry the one the slipper fits.

1ST SISTER: Oh, I am sure it will fit me.

2ND SISTER: Give it to me. My foot is smaller than yours. See it is a perfect fit.

2ND COURTIER: Madam, your heel is not inside.

CINDERELLA: Would you let me try?

1ST SISTER: What a ridiculous idea!

2ND SISTER: Go back to your kitchen, Cinderella.

1ST COURTIER: No, no, she must try it on too.

2ND COURTIER: It fits perfectly.

(Enter godmother who touches Cinderella with her wand. She is again dressed beautifully. Enter the prince.)

PRINCE: Beautiful princess, will you marry me?

CINDERELLA: Certainly, dear prince.

STORY-TELLER: And the prince and Cinderella lived happily ever after.





The Old Iron Pot

Once upon a time, there was a very rich man, who lived in a beautiful house. Large flocks of sheep grazed on the hillsides of his farm, and many herds of cattle fattened in his meadows.

But although he was the richest man in the countryside, he was a greedy master. The people who worked for him were very poor indeed, because he paid them small wages for their hard work.

In a cottage about a mile away from the rich man's house lived a poor old peasant and his wife. They had worked for the rich man for many years, but they had been able to save very little.

One day the wife said, "All our money is gone, I'm afraid we must sell the cow."

"Sell the cow," said the old man. "Why, what shall we do without milk?"

"I do not know, but we must have a little money," answered the old woman.

"And how much money do you think the old cow is worth?"

"She will bring a good sum, I think."

The old man's eyes brightened, and he said, "I'll drive her to market to-morrow morning and see what I can do."

Early the next morning the old man started to market, leading the cow.

"Be sure you get a good sum for her," called his wife. "I'll do my best," said the husband.

Through the lanes and down the highway went the old man, leading the cow. When he came near the town where the market was held he met a queer-looking little man, who said, "How much is your cow worth?"

"She is worth a lot of money, I think," said the old man. "I'll give you this kettle for her," said the stranger, pointing to the three-legged iron pot he carried on his arm.

The old man looked very much surprised, and said, "The old pot is worth nothing to me."

Then up spoke the iron pot, "Take me! Try me!" Now, the old man thought it must be a magic kettle. "Take the cow, and give me the kettle," he said aloud. So the bargain was made, and the old man carried the kettle home.

As he drew near the cottage, he remembered his wife's warning: "Be sure you get a good sum for her." So he put the kettle in the cow-shed before he went into the cottage.

"You sold the cow?" asked the old woman. Her husband nodded. "Come to the cow-shed and see what a bargain I made," he said.

At first the old woman was very much puzzled, and when she saw nothing there but an old iron pot, she grew angry and said, "Surely you did not trade our cow for THAT?"

Before the old man could answer, the old iron pot spoke up and said,

"Take me in and scour me bright,
Hang me over the red firelight."

"You see it's a wonderful kettle," said the old man. "Let us do what it says."

So they took the kettle into the house and scoured it very bright. The next morning the old woman hung it over the fire. When it became hot it cried out, "I skip, I skip, I skip!"

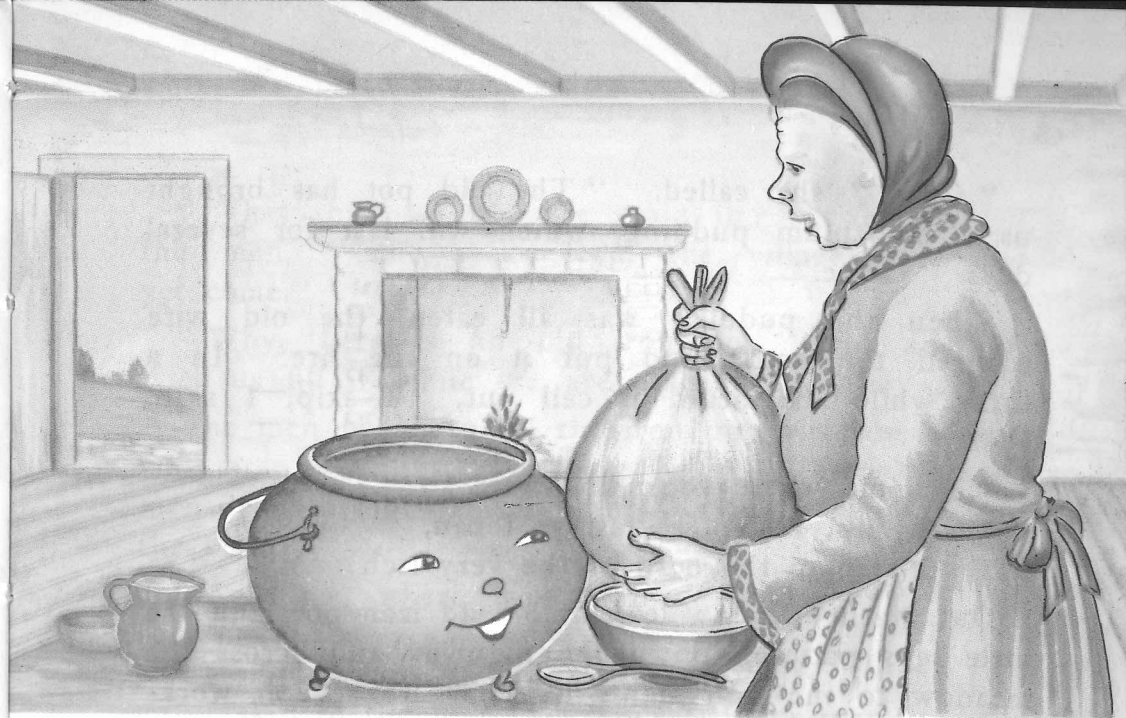
"Tell me where you skip," said the old woman.

"I skip, I skip, as fast as I can,

I skip to the house of the very rich man."

Before the wife could answer, the iron pot had bounded off the fire and jumped through the open window. She burst into a hearty laugh when she saw the little legs patter down the high road.

Now, the cook in the rich man's house was in great trouble. She had made a rich pudding for the dinner, and when she had tied it up in the pudding bag she found it was too large to go into the pot.



"What shall I do," she said, "there's not a kettle in the kitchen large enough to hold the master's pudding."

At that moment, through the open door and down upon the table jumped the old iron pot. "Try me," it cried out. "Good luck! That I will!" said the servant, and she popped the pudding into the kettle.

"I skip, I skip, I skip!" said the kettle.

"Tell me where you skip," said the servant.

"I skip, I skip as fast as I can,

I skip to the house of the very poor man."

Before the servant could answer the old pot was skipping off down the high road.

The poor man's wife was wondering what she could get for dinner, when suddenly the pot jumped through the window and stood on the table.

"Come," she called. "The old pot has brought us a fine plum pudding, which will last for several days. Come."

When the pudding was all eaten, the old wife scoured the kettle and put it on the fire. In a little while she heard it call out, "I skip, I skip, I skip!"

"Tell me where you skip," said she.

"I skip, I skip, as fast as I can,
I skip to the barn of the very rich man."

Out of the window leaped the old iron pot, and the little legs pattered down the highway and across the meadow to the rich man's barn, where several workmen were threshing wheat.



"What shall we put the grain in?" cried one of the men. "The sacks from the village have not yet come."

"Why, here is an old iron pot," said another, "let us fill it while we are waiting for the sacks."

The men began to fill the iron pot with the wheat, and strange to say, the kettle held all the wheat the men had threshed. "I skip, I skip, I skip!" said the kettle.

"Tell me where you skip?" said one of the servants.

"I skip, I skip, as fast as I can,

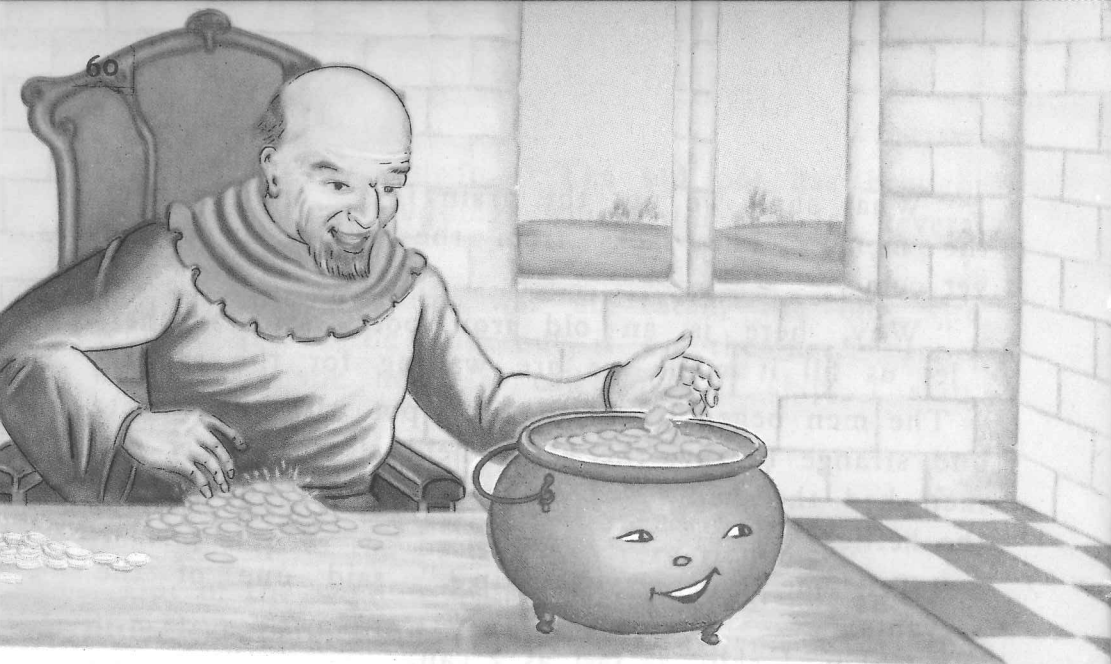
I skip to the house of the very poor man."

Out of the barn door leaped the old iron pot. It skipped over the meadow and down the highway to the poor man's house. With a great bound it went right through the window and stood in the middle of the kitchen, where the old woman was working. "Come," she called, "and see what the old iron pot has brought us."

"Why, it is full of fine wheat," said the old man. "Let us empty it."

You may be sure they were surprised to find that the kettle held many, many bushels of wheat.

"It will last us for several years," said the wife. After a few days the kettle was scoured again as bright as silver and set on the fire. The two old people were eating breakfast in the kitchen, when suddenly they heard, "I skip, I skip, I skip!"



"Where do you skip now," they both asked, and the kettle answered:

"I skip, I skip, as fast as I can,
To the counting house of the very rich man."

With a great bound the kettle leaped out of the window and pattered down the highway to the rich man's house.

Now on that very morning the master was in his counting house, where he kept his store of money. The table where he sat was loaded with gold and silver coins. Suddenly something leaped through the open window and bumped against the table. The rich man looked up and saw, standing at his side, an old iron pot. "Why, here's a good strong kettle," he said, "it will hold some of my gold and silver."

He was surprised to find how much the old pot held, for, indeed, he packed all of his gold and silver coins in it.

"I skip, I skip," said the kettle.

The rich man jumped to his feet in alarm. Away leaped the kettle out of the window and down the highway. It carried the money to the house of the poor man, who was standing in the kitchen.

"Come quickly," he cried, "and see what our old pot has brought us. Shining gold and silver. It's enough to last us for the rest of our lives."

"What a bargain you made when you took the old iron pot for the cow," said the wife. "Ah, I'm very thankful for the good luck it has brought us. It need never skip again."



But as soon as they had taken out all the money, the kettle called out, "I skip, I skip, I skip!"

"Where do you skip?" asked the old wife. But the pot, without waiting to answer, leaped out of the window and hurried down the highway.

The rich man's cook happened to see the kettle coming down the road, so she called out, "Here, master, is the old iron pot again. Let us catch it and lock it up."

The rich man ran as fast as he could to meet the kettle. He threw his arms around it and cried, "I've caught you this time."

Then the strangest thing happened. The rich man suddenly felt the handle of the iron pot winding around his body and holding him fast.

"I skip, I skip, I skip!" the kettle cried.

Off it started dragging the rich man down the road to the poor man's house. But this time it did not turn in at the cottage. When it passed the window, the wife, who was standing at the window, cried out at the top of her voice, "Do tell me where you skip."

And the last words they heard the kettle speak were:

"I skip, I skip, as fast as I can,
To the far North Pole with the very rich man."



The Chinese Umbrella

Little Golden Daughter loved the rain, because when it rained she could take out her oiled paper umbrella that had yellow fishes and blue men and red houses painted on it.

Little Golden Daughter loved the rain so much, because it made soft pattery foot noises on her umbrella. It seemed as if the yellow fishes and the blue men were talking to her with the rain in their voices.

There were four little blue men, and six yellow fishes, and two little red houses on this paper umbrella. The men seemed to be running very fast, for their little legs were bent as if they were hurrying, and their coats were flying open. All the fishes' eyes were rolled to one side, as if they were afraid of something, and their bodies were squirmed about into funny shapes. But the red houses were the funniest of all. They each had six roofs, with a little place for windows between, and the four corners of each roof turned up instead of down. There were small golden bells at each corner, and when it rained the bells made sweet singing for Little Golden Daughter to hear. She liked the singing, but she never understood the words.



One rainy night, Little Golden Daughter took her umbrella, and walked over to Grandmother's house. All the long way she heard the little bells ringing and singing on her umbrella, and when she walked under the light from a shop window and looked up at her umbrella, it seemed the little blue men were running faster than ever before. Little Golden Daughter wondered and wondered about them. Why did the bells sound so loudly? Why did the little men run so fast? What made the little fishes afraid? She could never find out. Mother did not know, and Grandmother did not know.

At last Golden Daughter and her umbrella came to Grandmother's house.

"Oh, come in, Little Golden Daughter. Are you wet?" "No, Grandmother, I carried my beautiful umbrella and it kept me quite dry. But I am very tired, for it is a long way to your house by Lantern Street."

So Grandmother helped Little Golden Daughter take off her heavy oiled shoes that are the Chinese children's goloshes, and then she said: "Come and rest on the fire bed, and keep warm till father comes to take you home. I have a new song I shall sing for you."

So Little Golden Daughter put her umbrella on the floor to dry, kicked off her little green shoes, and climbed on the funny stone bed that was built over a little fire, so that it would always be warm. She put her head on a red pillow, that looked like a big rolling pin with no handles, and was very hard, and looked at her Grandmother while she sang the new song:

“The moon shines into the old man’s house,
And I can see a rabbit,
Who eats and eats of the old man’s beans
And will not stop when I beat him.
The old man bought a fierce black dog,
But the rabbit kept on eating.
The old man called to his yellow horse,
But the horse was afraid of the moon.”

It was very warm and quiet in Grandmother’s house. The rain made soft tappings on the roof, and Little Golden Daughter’s umbrella looked like a round yellow moon as it stood open on the floor. Because it was leaning on its side, two little yellow men were running downhill and the other two were running uphill on the other side. The red houses were tipped over and three fishes stood on their yellow tails. Little Golden Daughter wished she knew why they did such funny things.

Suddenly one of the blue men ran right off the edge of the umbrella, and jumped on Grandmother’s yellow dress.

He bowed low to Little Golden Daughter and wiped his hot forehead with a corner of his blue coat. “I’m very hot,” he said, “because I have run so fast for a whole umbrella.”

“You don’t run a whole umbrella,” Little Golden Daughter said. “You run a mile, or an hour, or a long way.”

“Beg pardon, but I said I ran a whole umbrella. You see I am an umbrella boy, and I have three umbrella brothers. Six rains ago we were sitting in our umbrella houses, when I suddenly heard the golden bells on the corners say, ‘Run, run. Bring fish. For dinner. For dinner.’”

“Have you been running ever since?” said Little Golden Daughter. “How long is six rains ago?”

“Oh. It is just six rains ago,” said the little umbrella man. “We had to do what the bells told us, because the bells are the spirits of our red houses, and when they ring we must listen and obey.”



Just then a second blue man jumped off the edge of the umbrella, and sank down beside Little Golden Daughter's feet. He looked unhappy, and he said, "Goodness, I'm tired of running! I've seen those golden fish every raindrop since we left home, but I can't catch a single one of them."

"Every raindrop! What does that mean?" asked Little Golden Daughter.

"Oh, I can't explain umbrella talk. It is very hard to understand, and nobody can learn it," said the little man.

Just then off hopped the last two umbrella men. One of them sat on his own blue shoes, and the other bowed to Little Golden Daughter and asked her very politely, "Could you do something very kind for us? We have to catch these fish, or we'll have no dinner, and can never go home to our little red houses, where the gold bells are. Could you help us?"



Little Golden Daughter wriggled and said, "But I can't catch fish. They squirm so, and their tails are rough."

"You don't have to touch the fish," said the umbrella man. "I'll whisper what you can do." So he sat down on Little Golden Daughter's shoulder and whispered in her ear, "This is the secret. You must close up your umbrella, and if you do we'll jump right up to the fish, and catch them easily, and be at home in our nice red houses in just a minute, and have a lovely dinner."

That seemed very easy, and Little Golden Daughter was sorry for the umbrella men, who had run such a long way, so she said, "All right, I'll shut my umbrella at once." And the four little men ran back to the umbrella and waited.

Just then father came in, and Little Golden Daughter sat up in bed. Grandmother said, "Little Golden Daughter was tired, and went to sleep while I was singing a new song."



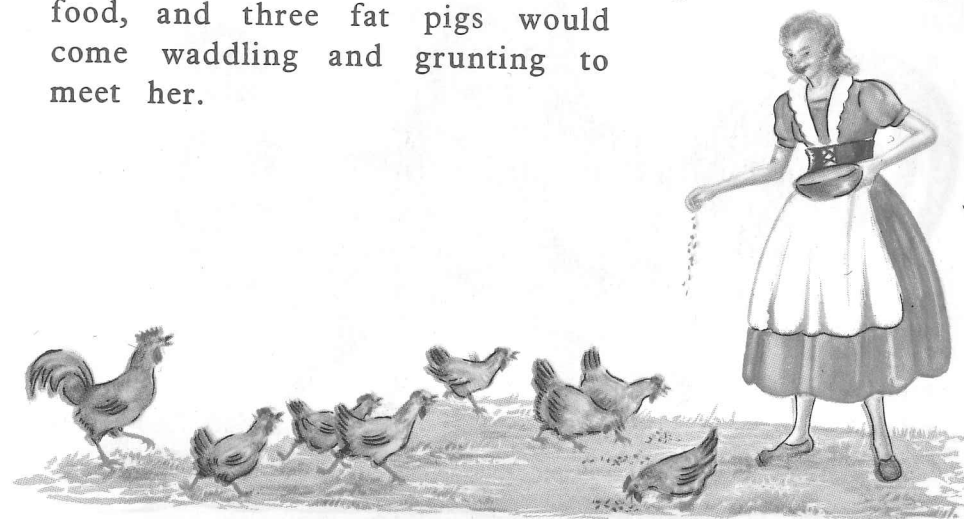
Little Golden Daughter smiled. Maybe Grandmother thought she was asleep, for how could she have heard what the umbrella men said? But it was a secret, so she must not tell. She took her umbrella quietly.

The four little blue men were waiting for her, and the fishes and the red houses were there. When Little Golden Daughter closed the umbrella, she saw, plain as plain, that the blue men bumped right into the fish and caught them, and took them home for dinner right into the red houses.

Chanticleer

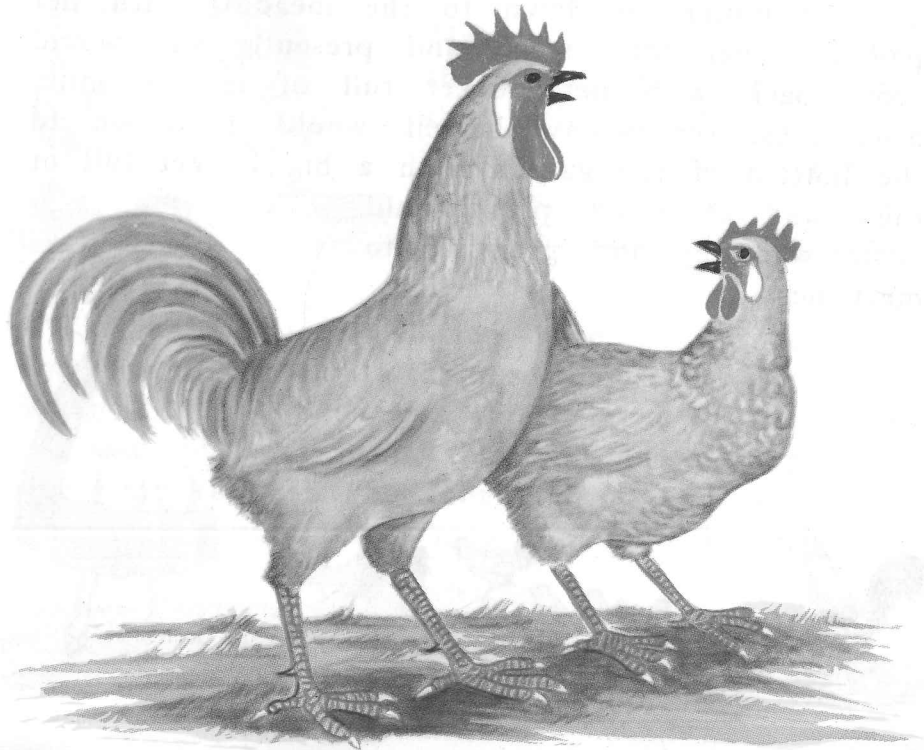
In a little cottage in the country lived a widow and her two daughters. They were poor people, and had to work very hard, but they were happy. The door of their cottage stood wide open in summer, so that passers-by could hear them singing as they scoured the pots and pans, baked the bread, or turned the spinning wheel.

Sometimes, they saw the younger daughter come out with a bowl of grain for the chickens, which came running as soon as they saw her apron flapping in the wind. Sometimes, they saw the elder daughter go down to the meadow with her pail and her little stool, and presently she would come back with her bucket full of creamy milk. Sometimes, the widow herself would go down to the bottom of the garden with a big bucket full of food, and three fat pigs would come waddling and grunting to meet her.



In the yard at the back of the cottage the widow had a cock. His name was Chanticleer, and he was the pride of the countryside. His clear, ringing call woke all the village every morning, for people could tell the time by him better than by the village clock.

He was a handsome fellow, too, for he had a beautiful comb as red as coral, and a fine bill as black as jet. His legs and toes were blue and his nails were pure white. The feathers on his body shone like burnished gold as he strutted majestically up and down the yard.



This noble cock had seven wives, and they followed him everywhere he went. Prettiest of them all was Pertolet, whom Chanticleer loved for her gentleness. Sometimes, these two sang together in the early morning.

One fine morning, Chanticleer was sitting on his perch in the hen-roost, fast asleep. Suddenly, he began to make such a queer noise in his throat that gentle Pertolet was afraid he was having a very bad dream, so she woke him by prodding him gently with her bill. "Awake, my lord," she cried. "Why do you moan in your sleep?"

Chanticleer opened his eyes and looked sadly at his fond wife. "Alas! madam," he said, "I have been frightened by a dream." "A dream!" echoed Pertolet. "What was your dream?"

When Chanticleer stopped trembling and found his voice, this is the tale he told: "I dreamed I was walking up and down our yard, when I saw a strange creature. It was like a big dog and it was of a reddish-brown colour, and its tail and ears were tipped with black. It had such glowing eyes and such a greedy look, that I was terribly frightened. I am sure he wanted to eat me." Chanticleer began to tremble again at the thought of those hungry eyes.

Pertolet could hardly believe her ears. Was this her brave husband? "You are not very well," she said. Come now, be merry, and forget all about it."

But Chanticleer could not forget his dream, and kept talking about it, until the sun began to climb so high that he remembered he had not sounded his morning call to the village. In haste, he flew down from his perch, and cried:

“Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!”

Then he strode proudly up and down the yard as the sun rose, clucking to the hens whenever he found a grain of corn, and gradually the remembrance of his bad dream passed away.

Several weeks passed by. The earth grew greener each day, and the sun shone more warmly. The lanes were full of sweet bird calls, and Chanticleer's crowing grew louder, for he loved the sunshine.

One bright morning, Pertolet and the hens were having a lovely dust bath, while Chanticleer nearby was singing a merry tune. The butterflies were darting hither and thither. One came to rest on a cabbage leaf, Chanticleer watched it fluttering its wings. Suddenly he caught sight of a long reddish body hidden among the cabbage, and two wicked gleaming eyes watching him. It was the creature of his dream. “Cock! cock!” cried the frightened Chanticleer, and was about to fly away when the creature came forward.



The fox began to speak in soft whining tones: “Gentle Chanticleer, surely you are not afraid of me? I am your friend, and I have been hiding here just for the pleasure of hearing your rich voice. I knew your father and mother well. They often visited my house. What a fine voice your father had! I have seen him stand on his tip-toes and stretch his neck, and close both eyes to reach the top notes. Ah! young sir, how I should like to hear you sing, that I might see if you do it as well as your famous father.”

Foolish Chanticleer! He was quite overcome with the fox's cunning speech. He forgot his bad dream. He forgot his fear. He stood on his tip-toes. He stretched his neck upwards. He closed his eyes in the effort to reach the top notes. Louder and louder, higher and higher, rose the song of the cock. Up jumped the fox, and caught him by the throat. He threw him over his back, and started off towards the wood. The proud song ceased suddenly. Pertolet and the hens looked up in alarm to see the reason. They saw the fox slinking away. Then arose such a clucking and screeching, that the widow and her two daughters ran out to see what was the matter.



"Ha! the fox," they called and began to run after him. Old Collie, the dog, ran out of his kennel, barking loudly. The cow in the meadow, mooing with all her might, joined in the chase. The sheep and lambs followed, bleating noisily. The pigs, fat as they were, waddled after, grunting and snorting. The women ran out of their houses, leaving the bread to burn in the ovens. The men came from the fields with sticks and staves. The ducks flew up from the pond, quacking loudly. The geese stretched their long necks, hissing angrily. The bees swarmed out of their hive, buzzing madly. What a din there was, as the whole excited mob chased the fox down the hill. "The fox! The fox! Bow! wow-wow! Cluck! cluck! Moo! moo! Baa! baa! Quack! quack! Honk! honk! Buzz! buzz! Hoo! hoo! Hi! hi!"



But Chanticleer, lying on the fox's back, had had time to think. He whispered to the fox. "Sir, if I were you, I should turn round on this noisy crowd and defy it. Tell these folk that no matter how much fuss they make you will not let the cock go, but will eat him for your dinner." The fox thought this was good advice, and opened his mouth to speak to his pursuers. Chanticleer immediately struggled out of his mouth, and flew up into a tree.

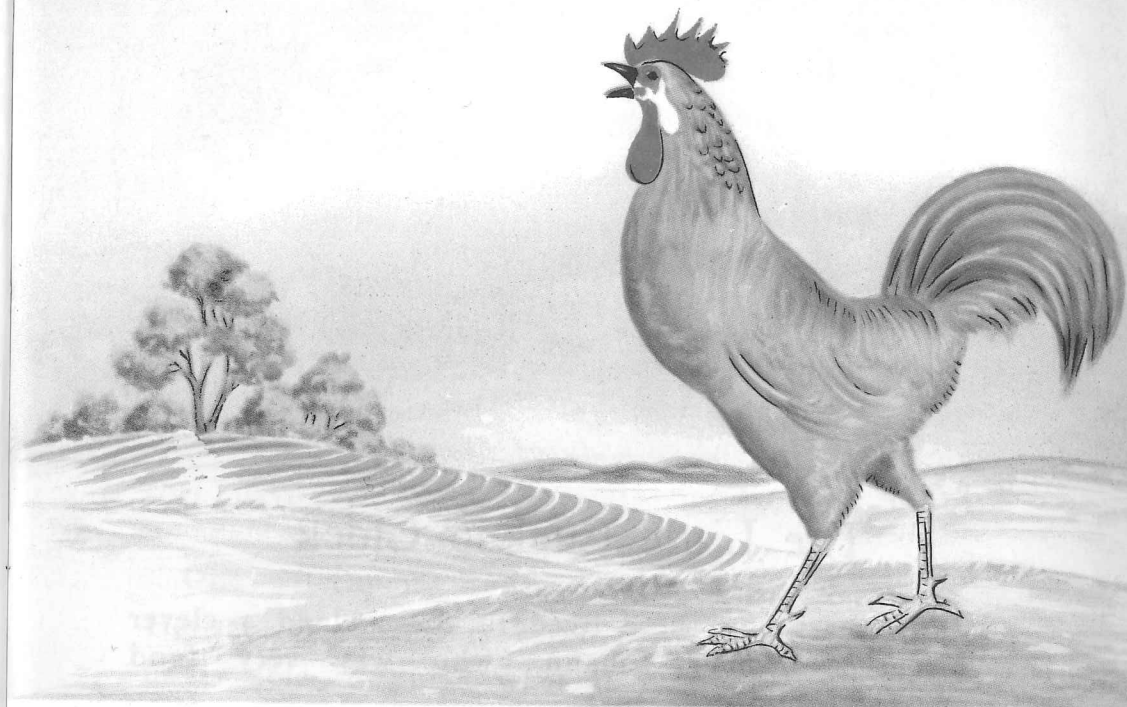
Then the fox saw his mistake. "Come down, Chanticleer," he said, "I have only been playing with you. I do not mean to hurt you. Only come down, and I'll tell you all about it."

"No, no," said the cock. "I am not to be caught twice. He who shuts his eyes when he should keep them open is foolish. This lesson I have learnt."

So here we leave the cock and the fox. I do not know how Chanticleer got home, but he must have done so safely, for he woke the village next morning with his clear call,

"Cock-a-doodle-doo,
Cock-a-doodle-do."

—Adapted from CHAUCER



Chanticleer

Of all the birds from east to west,
That tuneful are and dear,
I love that farmyard bird the best,
They call him Chanticleer.

Gold plume and copper plume,
Comb of scarlet gay,
'Tis he that scatters night and gloom,
And summons back the day.

—KATHERINE TYNAN



The Little Cuckoo Clock

Many years ago there lived in Switzerland a clever wood-carver named Johann, who was very fond of making children's toys.

One day there came to his mind the idea of making a little house, with doors and windows that would open and shut, and a small garden round it. He became so interested in planning it, that his wife had to call him twice before he heard her say, "Supper is ready."

As the village children went to school they had to pass the woodcarver's cottage and they always peeped in to see what new toy he was making. Next morning when they asked him, he smiled and shook his head and said, "Wait and see."

In a cottage on the mountain-side lived a widow and her two children, Hans and Elsa. Elsa was a very sick little girl who could not walk. The mother had to go to work to earn money for them, so that Elsa was often very lonely after Hans had set off for school.

Hans tried to help his mother all he could. When he came home from school he tidied up the cottage and got the dinner ready. Then he sat beside Elsa and helped her with her lessons, and also told her about all the things that had happened in the village that day.

One afternoon Hans arrived home very excited. He said, "Johann is carving something and none of us is able to guess what it is." The two children spent much time wondering what it could be. A few days afterwards he rushed in saying, "Elsa, I'll give you three guesses." Elsa had three tries, but Hans said, "No, Elsa, you are quite wrong. It's the most wonderful little house with doors and windows that open and shut and with a small garden all round it."

"Oh, how I wish I could see it," said Elsa.



The very next afternoon Hans called in at Johann's cottage on his way home from school. He asked Johann if he could take the little house home so that Elsa could see it. The old man was sorry for the lonely little girl, who could not play with the other children, so he said Hans might not only take it home, but could leave it with Elsa for a whole day. He wrapped up the house carefully and gave it to Hans.

Elsa was very curious when Hans came home with a big parcel. Hans asked her to guess what was inside. She couldn't, so Hans let her unwrap the parcel. "Oh, it's lovely," said Elsa. "Please put it here on the window-sill beside me, so that I can see it and touch it."

The next day passed all too quickly for Elsa. She spent all day opening and shutting the doors and windows, and admiring the fine carving with which the house was decorated.

When Hans returned the little house and thanked the wood-carver, Johann said, "Well, what did Elsa think of it?"

"She said a little clock on the front of it would make it perfect."

Johann stood and thought a moment, then he said, "The little lass is quite right. I'll see what I can do."

Early the next morning Johann set off for the next village where his old friend Karl, the clock-maker lived.

When Johann showed his treasure to Karl, the clock-maker said, "That is indeed a beautiful little house, but, as you say, it does need a clock. If you will leave it with me, I'll see what I can do."

It was a month before Johann made his way over the hills again to the clock-maker's cottage. The little house was now complete with a tiny clock. Its small face had figures on it, and its hands went round and round.



When Johann reached home it was so late that he put the little house on the window-sill and went to bed. When he awoke the first thing he did was to look at the little clock and the small house. To his surprise there was a tiny egg in the garden.

"Come and see," he called to his wife.

"It's a cuckoo's egg," she said. A cuckoo must have laid it there early this morning."

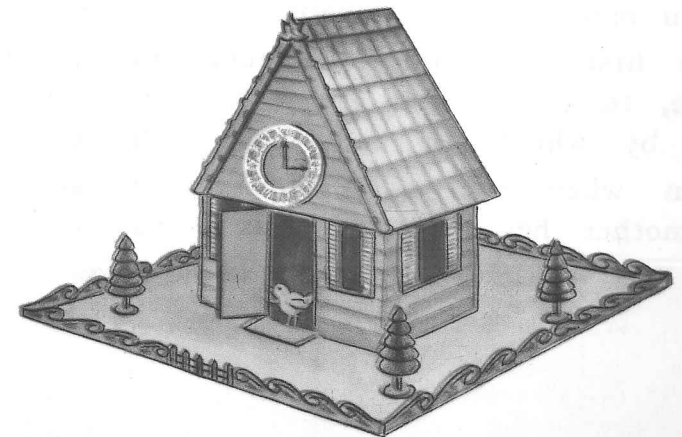
But Johann did not answer her, for he was thinking deeply. "What are you planning now," asked his wife. Johann answered slowly as if he were thinking aloud, "I wonder if I could carve a cuckoo that would tell the time by saying 'Cuckoo' once at one o'clock, twice at two, and so on."

Then Johann spent all that day carving a little cuckoo that would flap its wings and open its mouth. The following day, he paid yet another visit to the clock-maker, and asked him to try and fix the little cuckoo to the clock.

When it was finished, the two old men decided they would give the little house with its cuckoo clock to Elsa, to help the hours pass more quickly for her.

On Christmas Eve Johann wrapped up his treasure and took it to Elsa's home as a Christmas gift. You can just imagine Elsa's delight, for now she had only to look at her little clock to know when her mother and Hans would be coming home. She never tired of hearing the carved bird say, "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"

Elsa now had many visitors, for everyone in the village brought friends to see the wonderful house.



One day a rich man and his daughter who were staying in the village heard about it, and they went to visit Elsa. The father asked Elsa to allow his little daughter to feel it, as she was blind and could not see it. When the child heard the little cuckoo strike the hour, she clapped her hands and said, "Oh, father, please do buy it for me."

The father asked Elsa to sell it and offered a very large sum of money for it, but Elsa felt she could never part with the gift that Johann and Karl had made between them with such loving care.

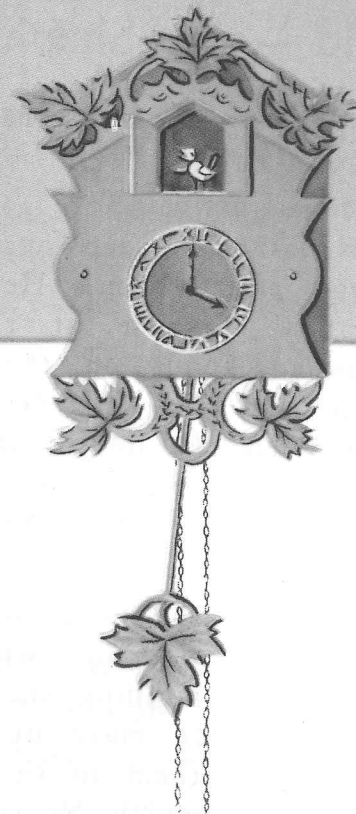
However, she told the rich man where Johann lived, and said she felt sure he would make another one exactly like hers for the little blind girl.

The rich man soon found Johann and offered him much money if he and Karl would make another "Cuckoo Clock" for his daughter. The two men agreed and they used the money they received to send Elsa to a hospital where clever doctors were able to make her walk again.

The first long walk she took was to Johann's cottage, to thank him again for the little Cuckoo Clock by which she had been made well.

Even when she was a very old lady and a grandmother her greatest treasure was still—

"The Little House with its Cuckoo Clock."



Clocks

Slowly ticks the big clock,
Tick tock, tick tock!
But Cuckoo Clocks tick double quick,
Ticka tocka, ticka tocka,
Tick a tock a tick!

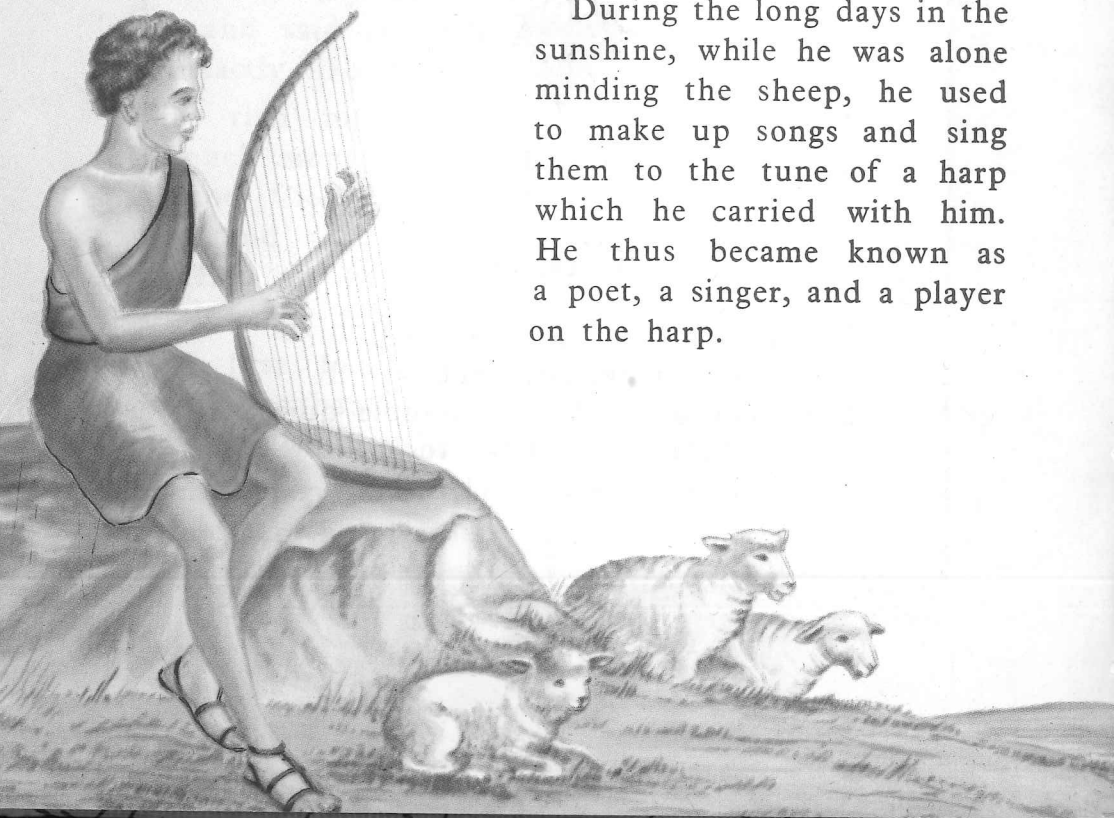


David—The Shepherd

David was the youngest of eight brothers. His father's name was Jesse.

David was strong, active, and good-looking. He used to take his father's sheep out into the fields all day, and look after them. He had to watch them very carefully, because at that time many wild animals roamed about on the hills near his home. One night, a lion took a lamb from the flock. David followed the lion, and took the lamb from him. When the lion attacked David, he fought it and killed it. How brave and strong he must have been!

During the long days in the sunshine, while he was alone minding the sheep, he used to make up songs and sing them to the tune of a harp which he carried with him. He thus became known as a poet, a singer, and a player on the harp.



Here is one of his songs:

The Lord is my shepherd:

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He leadeth me in the path of righteousness
for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil:

For Thou art with me:

Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil:

My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life:

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.



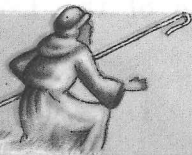
Long, Long Ago

Wind through the olive trees,
Softly did blow,
Round little Bethlehem,
Long, long ago.

Sheep on the hillsides lay
White as the snow;
Shepherds were watching them,
Long, long ago.

Then from the happy skies
Angels bent low,
Singing their songs of joy,
Long, long ago.

For in the manger bed,
Cradled, we know,
Christ came to Bethlehem,
Long, long ago.



The Birth of Christ

When Jesus was born, Mary, his mother, laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds keeping the night watches over their flock. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood before them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. And the angel said: "Fear not, for behold, I you bring good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day there is born to you, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

And the shepherds made haste and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger. And the shepherds praised God for all the things they had seen and heard.





Golden Cobwebs

CHARACTERS: Christmas fairies, children, cat, kittens, dog, canary, mouse, spiders.

SCENE I: (*Christmas tree in centre of room. Fairies enter, each carrying something to put on tree, balls, bells, candles, stars and toys.*)

1ST FAIRY: (*with balls*) This is a lovely Christmas tree.
It is the best I have ever seen.
I shall hang my pretty balls on it.

2ND FAIRY: See, I have brought bells, silver and gold bells.

How they tinkle as I hang them up.
We must have bells for Christmas.

3RD FAIRY: I have brought candles, candles of all colours, red, blue, yellow and green.

4TH FAIRY: I have brought stars. We must have a star because of that wondrous star that shone over Bethlehem.

OTHER FAIRIES: Here are the toys! How pleased the children will be! We shall put them all round the tree.

ALL: Now the little tree is ready.

2ND AND 3RD

FAIRIES: With candles and bells.

1ST AND 4TH

FAIRIES: And stars and balls.

OTHER FAIRIES: And toys.

1ST FAIRY: But we have no tinsel to wind about the tree and join the bells, candles, balls and stars.

2ND FAIRY: It is too late to spin tinsel now. It is night. Golden threads can only be spun in the daytime.

3RD FAIRY: Yes, it is too late, but the little tree looks very pretty, twinkling and sparkling with candles and stars.

4TH FAIRY: The children will love the tree.

1ST FAIRY: All the little house-folk begged to be allowed to come and see the tree to-night.

2ND FAIRY: There's the black pussy cat.

3RD FAIRY: And the kind dog that watches the house.

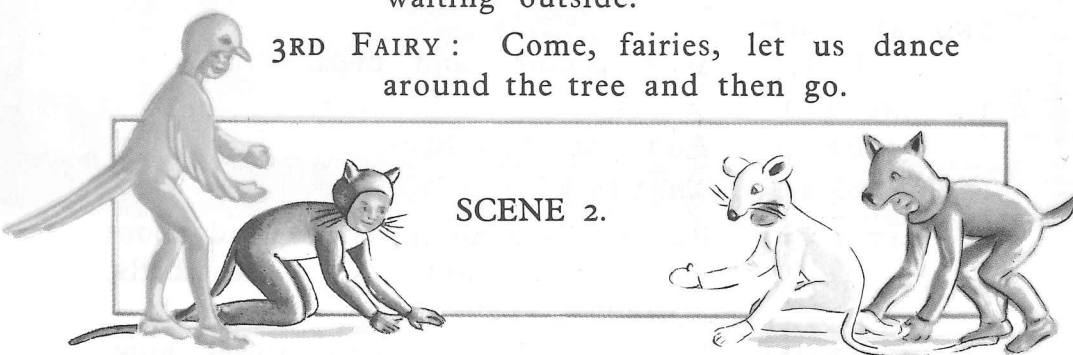
4TH FAIRY: And the little white kittens.

5TH FAIRY: And the yellow canary.

6TH FAIRY: And we must not forget the little grey mouse.

2ND FAIRY: We shall tell them to come in as we go out. I expect they are waiting outside.

3RD FAIRY: Come, fairies, let us dance around the tree and then go.



(Enter the cat, dog, kittens, canary and mouse. They walk round the tree.)

CAT: Me-ow. Me-ow. What a lovely tree!

DOG: Hush! Hush! We must not wake the children.

KITTENS: Me-ow! Me-ow! What a lovely tree!

CANARY: Twitter. Twitter. It makes me want to sing.

DOG: Bow-wow. Hush! Hush! You must not sing. You will wake the children.

MOUSE: Squeak! Squeak! What a lovely tree! I like candles.

FAIRY: I have just hurried back with this rattle for a little new baby who has only just come. *(Sound of knocking.)*

Now, who is that knocking outside? Tap, tap, tap, tap. *(Enter a spider.)*

FAIRY: Who are you, so grey and quiet?

SPIDER: A spider of the house, kind fairy, but a very sad spider this Christmas Eve.

FAIRY: Sad! when good-will reigns everywhere. Who can be sad at Christmas time?

SPIDER: We spiders have not seen the Christmas tree.

CAT: There was such a sweeping and a dusting yesterday that the spiders had to scamper out of their cosy corners.

MOUSE: All their old webs are swept away. They will have to find new homes.

KITTENS: And they have not seen the Christmas tree.

SPIDER : We should like to see the Christmas tree before we go. All the house-folk have seen the tree except the poor spiders.

FAIRY : You shall all see the Christmas tree. Not a broom shall stir, Till every spider great and wee, Has seen the children's Christmas tree. (*She goes out.*)

(*Enter the spiders.*) *The others watch them and follow them about. The spiders walk round the tree and as they gently touch it they hang its branches with bits of grey thread to look like cobwebs. While they go round they sing—*

Dear little children, full of glee,
We spiders gaze upon your tree,
On Christmas Day in the morning.
We touch its branches gently now,
We will not hurt one pretty bough,
On Christmas Day in the morning.
We have no gifts to leave for you
Except our wishes kind and true,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

(*They go out.*)

SCENE 3



(*Enter fairies.*)

1ST FAIRY : Morning will soon be here ! Christmas morning !

2ND FAIRY : I am longing to see the children.

3RD FAIRY : Little tree, shine and be ready.
(*Looks more closely at tree.*)
But what is this ?

1ST FAIRY : Look, wherever a spider has touched the tree he has left a web so fine and grey.

ALL : Cobwebs ! Cobwebs on Christmas Day !

4TH FAIRY : The tree is spoilt !

1ST FAIRY : (*gently*) The spiders meant no harm. They were all so eager to see the tree.

2ND FAIRY : Wee spiders, big spiders and middle-sized spiders.

3RD FAIRY : And wherever they have touched the tree, high or low, they have left yards and yards of cobwebs.
(*Holds up some threads.*)

ALL : But they meant no harm.

5TH FAIRY : Daylight and sunlight are coming. Let us think of all the glad things we know, and weave a golden spell all up and down and about the tree.

4TH FAIRY: These cobwebs will become gifts of
love as beautiful as fairy gold.
*(The fairies circle the tree hanging
golden threads in their place.)*

FAIRIES: Around the tree the fairies go,
The fairies go, the fairies go,
On Christmas Day in the morning.
Each gift of love however small,
However small, however small,
Each gift of love however small,
Shall shine the brightest of them all
On Christmas day in the morning.

1ST FAIRY: Look, fairies look, the spiders have
given the tree the bright tinsel
threads we could not get.

2ND FAIRY: We could not spin them in the
dark night, but the spiders can
spin in the night.

ALL: And love turned their gift to gold.

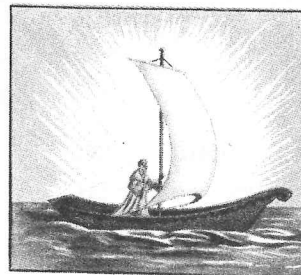
3RD FAIRY: Hush! I hear the children coming.
*(They run and hide as the
children come into the room and circle
the tree. Canary, cat, dog and
kittens follow them. Mouse peeps in.)*

MOUSE: What a lovely tree!

1ST CHILD: *(touching gold thread)* How bright
it is! It shines and shines.

2ND CHILD: Brighter than moonbeams!

3RD CHILD: Brighter than sunbeams.



Kings Came Riding

Kings came riding,
one, two, three,
Over the desert,
over the sea,
One in a ship
with a silver mast,
The fisherman wondered,
As he came past.

One on a horse
with a saddle of gold,
The children came running
to behold.
One came walking
over the sand,
With a casket of treasure
held in his hand.

All the people said,
"Where go they?"
But the kings went forward,
All through the day.
Night came on,
All those kings went by,
They shone like the gleaming
Stars in the sky.

Jesus and the Children

And they brought young children to Jesus that He should touch them. And His disciples rebuked those that brought them.

But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them :

“ Suffer the little children to come unto me,
and forbid them not; for of such
is the kingdom of God.”
He took them up in His arms,
put His hands upon them,
and blessed them.



The Lord's Prayer

Our Father Which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive them who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil :
For Thine is the kingdom,
And the power, and the glory,
For ever and ever. Amen.





Christmas Bells

Ev'-ry-where on the earth so fair, Out in the wood-land and
 Rust-ling & ring-ing sweet and low, Brown slen-der stems are a -
 mead-ow, The Christ-mas bells are lift-ing their heads,
 sway-ing, Lit-tle winds thro' the grass-----es go,
 gleam-ing with crim-son and yel-low. Ding-dong,
 set-ting the bells all a ---- play-ing. Ding-dong,
 ding, How they sweet-ly ring...
 ding, hear the fair-ry chime...
 Bells of the dear Christ-mas flow-er, Ding-dong,
 Soft o'er the air it is steal-ing, Ding-dong,
 ding, Joy-ous news they bring...
 ding 'Tis o' Christ-mas time...
 Chim-ing in sun-shine and show-r.
 Na-ture's joy-bells are peal-ing.

WORD LIST



- | | | | |
|---------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| 6 beauty | 8 saucers | 11 quarrel | 15 part |
| channels | screamed | spirit | pity |
| echoes | smashed | spreading | sacred |
| gorges | torn | talking | thumping |
| ledges | unlocked | threw | totem |
| moss | vases | 12 Australia | tribe |
| ringing | week | dream | waist |
| sedges | 9 coax | fore-paws | 16 brave |
| slumber | fuss | moving | cousins |
| 7 inquisitive | 10 boomerang | pouch | enemies |
| poking | seated | useless | enemy |
| scolded | shaped | wombat | excited |
| unwelcome | 11 arranged | 13 bath | message |
| visitor | carefully | blind | mice |
| 8 burglars | choose | grip | teach |
| curtain | contest | lizard | wallabies |
| floor | eagle | 14 pricked | wallaroos |
| mantelpiece | emu | sniffed | 17 bull-ant |
| papers | firmly | spear | ironbark |
| peering | force | woomera | sail |
| photos | inviting | 15 cradle | satisfied |
| pieces | keenest | dillybag | stump |

17 wallaby wore	22 speck widow	27 husband kings	30 learn lessons
18 breakfast brothers drive homestead muster need stove	23 dwarf games means same sticks to-morrow wicked	lord married marry palace power spare spell stole	obey tiger trunk 31 held 32 stalked 34 crashed empty mischief sneaking sore stamped sting stomach swollen
19 afraid barked gullies scrambled snowflakes thickly	24 axe beard snatched splitting staring stupid	28 crocodile dreary gobble monkeys teasing uncle	35 done escaped folk
20 storm	25 bobbing	29 bananas coconut elephant	36 Antarctic frolicking icy march parade penguin slide
21 coffee coo-ee leap packed pile replied sandwiches yesterday	common line recognise shriek tangled 26 aren't emptied precious vanished	weeping 30 feared fond	
22 frozen glossy	27 begone		

36 sulked village	45 shaking	49 rough scratches	54 flocks grazed
37 jostled pale tickled yelled	46 bounced breakers dawn dreadfully foam strength surf	swung 50 ball clumsy dishes frock godmother prince	greedy herds iron peasant wages worth
38 boasted ice	vain	55 bargain drew kettle lanes legged	
39 cake capering cliff flapped leopard somersaults	47 carried groany lobster looming plainly scraped	51 pumpkin remember 52 disappeared princess promised slipper	56 bounded burst noddled pudding scour sold
40 creature	48 dry	53 certainly lady madam ridiculous	spoke trade trouble
42 isles shadowy shawls shimmering	49 attention attract choppy content gurgling paid proudly rascal	54 age although cattle fattened	57 popped servant
43 bay boat landed			
44 chugged risen			
45 tugged			

58 barn	66 tapping	72 handsome	74 hither
several	tipped	jet	remembrance
threshing	67 bowed	majestically	strode
59 bushels	forehead	nails	thither
grain	hour	pride	tune
sacks	pardon	pure	75 famous
silver	68 explain	shone	neck
60 coins	politely	strutted	pleasure
loaded	sank	73 alas	sir
packed	single	glowing	tones
store	69 easily	moan	whining
61 alarm	easy	noble	76 ceased
thankful	secret	prettiest	cunning
62 handle	71 apron	prodding	effort
winding	baked	reddish	reason
63 Chinese	bottom	roost	screeching
daughter	creamy	terribly	slinking
oiled	elder	throat	speech
64 bent	pail	wives	upwards
corner	spinning wheel	74 butterflies	77 bleating
funniest	stool	cabbage	burn
squirmed	waddling	clucking	geese
65 goloshes	72 burnished	corn	hive
lantern	cock	fluttering	honk
66 beans	comb	forward	kennel
pillow	coral	haste	noisily

77 oven	82 curious	90 angels	95 reigns
snorting	unwrap	Christ	scamper
staves	wrapped	manger	twitter
swarmed	83 decorated	olive	96 broom
78 advice	figures	skies	cobwebs
defy	lass	91 behold	except
mistake	month	born	glee
pursuers	85 Christmas	city	stir
twice	decided	glory	wee
79 copper	delight	host	97 spoilt
east	eve	infant	weave
gloom	gift	inn	99 casket
plume	imagine	multitude	desert
scarlet	86 doctors	praising	mast
summons	hospital	saviour	saddle
tuneful	offered	tidings	100 blessed
west	received	92 canary	disciples
80 carver	87 double	spiders	displeased
clever	tick tock	93 spin	forbid
cuckoo	88 active	spun	kingdom
interested	attacked	threads	rebuked
toys	during	tinkle	suffer
81 earn	harp	tinsel	unto
few	poet	94 begged	
guesses	roamed	95 cosy	
tidied	shepherd	rattle	



DICTIONARY

Attract : to draw towards.
 burnished : shining.
 casket : a small box to hold jewels.
 dwarf : a very small man.
 evil : harm.
 famous : well-known.
 grazed : fed on growing grass.
 hospital : a place where sick people are cared for.
 inquisitive : curious.
 jungle : thick forest in a hot country.
 kennel : a dog house.
 looming : to be seen dimly.
 multitude : a great crowd of people.
 narrow : small in width.
 orchestra : group of musicians playing together.
 peasant : a countryman.
 quarrel : disagree.
 recognise : to know again.
 squirmed : wriggled.
 tinkle : the sound of a little bell.
 unwelcome : not wanted.
 vain : too proud of oneself.
 widow : a lady whose husband is dead.



PHRASES

Capering about
 flapped his wings
 unwrap the parcel
 beautiful little house
 early in the morning
 her greatest treasure
 clapped her hands
 herds of cattle
 the open window
 the high road
 growled angrily
 the curly waves
 a whispering sound
 in the starlight
 quick as a flash
 a great adventure
 attract their attention
 glossy black hair
 across the common
 a strange creature
 bleating noisily
 barking loudly
 ceased suddenly
 gleaming stars
 kingdom of God
 circle the tree
 soft pattery noises
 his eyes shining
 sticks and staves
 such loving care

in great trouble
 swinging high
 lovely furry cradle
 like burnished gold
 hither and thither
 over the desert
 through the grasses
 sweet and low
 shimmering silks
 a tremendous fuss
 muster the sheep
 brave and gentle mother
 the wicked dwarf
 in front of the palace
 this old umbrella
 just one minute
 in his biggest voice
 the pale light
 same old things
 near the shore
 faster and faster
 gurgling noises
 chiming midnight
 into the cottage
 at that moment
 against the table
 down to the meadow
 through the water
 round and round
 brighter than sunbeams

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DEPARTMENT OF
EDUCATION, N.S.W.

*Wholly set up and printed in Australia by
V. C. N. Blight, Government Printer,
Sydney*