

## STRUGGLING YOUNG AUTHORS

## COME WITH ME TO A FOOTBALL GAME

Sarah Morgan Farmer

Football is America's most exciting game. Having looked forward to this game for weeks, we were at last almost there. In the midst of the crowd we hurry on toward the stadium. After reaching our seats, we look about us at the colors of the teams in the crowd and hear the friendly argument as to who will win. Suddenly there's a hush; the bands come marching from the end of the field, playing the college songs. The crowd joins in singing them. Soon the teams enter and take their position. The whistle is blown and the game has begun. Watching each move with spellbound interest, there is scarcely a sound from the crowd. Look! a player has the ball and is running down the field. He's there just in time and the crowd roars. Again there is silence; probably the next play will decide the game. We watch a beautiful pass down the center of the field and see the man safely over the line. For a split second there is silence, and then a great cheer rises from the crowd.

## INTERESTING HOBBIES

Carl Walker Jr.

Hobbies are educational as well as enjoyable. Radio, a most interesting hobby, is a field that needs men and women today. To collect flowers and grasses is also fascinating. Collecting old money, stamps arrow heads, antiques, and old books is interesting too. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the president of our nation, collects stamps. Model airplane building is a hobby that will be useful to boys who wish to become airplane mechanics and designers. The United States Army and Navy need these men for the National Defense Program.

## A HAUNTED HOUSE

Maude Lewis

A haunted house is a very gruesome and frightful place, indeed, when darkness covers the earth with its velvet coat of blackness, and quietness has settled over all the land. Upon the hill beyond the woods where leafy shadows are now growing into never ending darkness, across a stream whose water is now inky black, there is no sound except the gushing of the stream and the croaking of the frogs as we approach the haunted house. With fearful steps we make our way up the hill across the unkept lawn close to the bordering hedge which is towering far above our heads. We stand and stare in utter fearfulness at the house where so many strange and gruesome things had happened. Up the numerous steps, then upon the wide veranda we cross and stand before a heavy carved door. With almost numb fingers we turn the rusty knob. The door opens noisily on its screeching hinges. We step into a wide hall, where those who died in the old house are said to come as white-clad ghosts to guard the treasure, which is hidden somewhere in the haunted house. We move stealthily for there are many trap doors, secret passages, and hidden staircases. As we brush against a wall it slides open and we find ourselves in a large room. We open one of the numerous doors, and find we are in a long, narrow hallway at the end of which is another door. Opening it, we see before us a long circular stair-way. After a hard climb we find ourselves faced by a blank wall. Our candles flicker and go out. We are left in darkness. Stumbling we find a door, open it and find that it opens into the lawn. We run down the hill, glad to get away.