



# The Child Culture Series

## Part 3



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## ***The Child Culture Series***

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The *Child Culture Series* is open to both Rosicrucians and non-Rosicrucians. It offers three basic courses of study, one dealing with the prenatal period of expectant parents, and two for families with children under five years of age.

The *Child Culture Series* is sponsored by the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, a philosophical, educational, public benefit organization, internationally known as the Ancient Mystical Order Rosae Crucis. Devoted to the investigation, study, and practical application of natural and spiritual laws, the purpose of the Rosicrucian Order is to further the evolution of humanity through the development of each individual's full potential. Our goal is to enable everyone to live in harmony with creative, cosmic forces for the attainment of health, happiness, and peace.

By seeing to the proper education and training of children, we can effectively change our society in a positive way. It is far easier to set the standards we desire at the onset of life rather than somewhere farther down the path.

There may always be some difficulty in arriving at a consensus as to what those standards should be. The model adult should be kept uppermost in mind. What do we want the end result to be? When we have determined that to everyone's satisfaction, the methods of arriving there fall almost naturally into place. We can probably assume that the ideal end result is pretty universal in scope, as is the Golden Rule. We expect people to be kind, understanding, knowledgeable, honest, fair, and healthy. So, even in a world of differing values, it's not too difficult for us to determine what our model should be.

It remains then for us to instruct our children, from the earliest possible moment, in the art of living a life with these qualities. What a child learns to be, the adult will be.

This is our interest, and we hope it is yours.

It is with pleasure that we greet you as participants in Part 3 of the *Child Culture Series*. We who know the nature of the study are happy with you in the anticipation of what is coming. This course includes constructive information for the parent or guardian, to serve as a foundation for child guidance. It also contains suggestions and helpful activities that may be put into direct and immediate use, if the need is present.

We have designed these lessons to be read ONE EACH WEEK. It will be to your advantage to follow this guideline and take the time to think about and meditate upon each lesson during the course of a week.

Cordially and sincerely,

THE CHILD CULTURE INSTITUTE

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## Lesson 1

### Introduction to Storytelling

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With Part 2, you completed the first part of the Child Culture Series intended to guide parents in the care of their children and in the regulation of their children's lives within the home.

This discourse is the beginning of Part 3, which consists of stories and activities for children ages three through five. The purpose of this course is to assist in the guidance of the preschool child's personality development.

The art of storytelling is an important educational device. Stories about life present unforgettable lessons. You may not have realized, but as you were being taught the alphabet, you were also being taught how words are composed and symbols are translated into sounds. If properly presented in story form, grammar and English can become very interesting to the child. History is a series of stories of human interest. Social and natural science can also be presented in a like manner.

We are all familiar with phonetics, the science of sounds. Along with phonetics, there is also semantics, the meaning of sounds and their psychological effects. The human voice can heal by creating a healthy stimulation of the nerve centers and cell consciousness of the body. It can stimulate someone's mental as well as physical side, contributing to wholesome and happy expression. The teacher need not depend so much on music therapy as upon his or her own self-sufficiency. Therefore, the stories of this course will embody phrases, words, and refrains intended to create harmony and wellbeing in the child. This will be explained in a future lesson on choral speech. In addition to the use of the voice, background music for each story is suggested.

There is much helpful material available to the parent regarding early childhood education, but to apply it systematically is something else. The purpose of the *Child Culture Series* is to give the parent a methodical plan, or procedure, to produce definite results. The five senses of the child are guided for a more balanced development. Intuition, willpower, concentration, logic, self-reliance, self-confidence, and tolerance, are all given special consideration.

Those of you who have completed Part 2 and the prenatal Part 1 have an adequate understanding of the infant and very small child's needs. In Part 2, the parent was given games and various kinds of activities to help the child attain a balance between the emotions and the intellect. Informal methods were utilized for this purpose.

In Part 3, the procedure is more formal since the child can now concentrate long enough to listen to a four- or five-minute story and is able to rationalize and question. The storyteller need not worry about the results of the method, however, since the stories, games, and other suggestions will accomplish what is intended if instructions are followed. Since not every person is a trained teacher, we have included questions and suggestions for use in presenting the lessons. The stories not only provide entertainment; they also assist in the gradual unfoldment of the child's inner nature.

If a definite time and day has not been set for a Story Hour, it should be done now. It need not last longer than thirty minutes, more or less, depending on the age of the child. Since a five-year-old has more endurance than a three-year-old, care should be taken not to bore or tire the child if he is very young.

The Story Hour may include all of the preparation that you consider practical, including a snack afterwards. It would be well to let your child understand that questions can and should be asked at the end of the story. You will, of course, answer them and later permit her to tell you a story in return. The child's story may consist of only a few words, but it is likely that it will be something that the child has heard from other children or has observed personally.

For instance, if the story you have told the child is about nature and the child has asked questions which you have answered, then he is to be asked to tell you a story about nature. This will apply to all the stories, any of which may lead to surprising and constructive conversations with your child. This technique not only assists children to express themselves, but also affords an opportunity for an exchange of confidences that will lead to a companionship between parent and child. Children should be encouraged to be themselves and to express themselves freely. The Story Hour should always be enjoyable and relaxing for children.

If you choose, the Story Hour may be held on a weekend morning. Of course, any other suitable time will do. Regularity of day and hour should be maintained if possible, so that the occasion will be looked forward to. Regularity encourages punctuality and routine. Therefore, nothing except an emergency should be allowed to interfere with the Story Hour.

There will be nothing in these stories to which you should object. Of course, you have the privilege of reading them first and of modifying any that you feel are not told exactly as you would like. They are adapted to the age of your child and lend themselves to whatever modifications you consider necessary.

These stories should always be told as opposed to read. If you can impress them on your mind earlier and tell them from memory, you will be well repaid, especially if your child is no more than three. At the minimum, try this with a few stories.

These stories will enable you to awaken and bring into activity any special talents that the child may already have. There will be experiments in music, painting, and clay modeling that will help children to express themselves creatively. Such activity helps to balance the child's emotional and physical life and makes for a well-adjusted child and, later, a well-balanced adult.

The first story is entitled "Pansy Faces." The music suggested as background is Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. Of course, some other selection may be used if played softly. However, they are complete as they are and you need not worry about their presentation. If it is possible to arrange to have music with your Story Hour, though, we strongly urge you to do so since music plays such an important part in child culture.

Next week, then, we shall begin the stories. We hope that you will tell other members of your family about Story Hour to arouse their interest.

## Lesson 2

### Pansy Faces

---

Ronnie and his mother were picking pansies in their backyard. Ronnie's mother picked a large yellow one. Before she put it with the rest of the bouquet, she showed it to Ronnie. It was fresh and fragrant, and the petals were trying to curl. Ronnie touched each petal.

He smelled the pansy's perfume. Then he saw something. "Why, the pansy has a face, a baby face," he said. "Mommy, look at the pansy's face!"

"All pansies have faces," said Ronnie's mother. "They are sweet with perfume, too, and they all have smiling, sunny faces."

Ronnie looked at the round bed of pansies. There were purple pansies and blue and white and yellow pansies. Ronnie saw that there were purple and blue and white and yellow flower faces that looked as soft as velvet.

"They really do have faces," Ronnie said, "and their faces really are smiling and sunny."

Just then a gust of wind blew dust across the pansy bed. It whirled the dust around and around. Ronnie put his hands over his eyes because the wind whirled the dust right over him. But when he looked again, the wind had lifted the dust into the air and had whirled it all away. The wind shook the pansy faces, but it could not pull the pansies up and whirl them away because they held on to their earth bed with their roots. The roots held the pansies to the ground and would not let the wind tear them up.

The pansy faces were still smiling. The pansies were having fun. They were swaying and swaying in the wind. They were dancing and bowing and nodding to each other. The yellow pansies bowed to the white pansies. The white pansies bowed to the yellow pansies. The blue pansies bowed to the purple pansies. And the purple pansies bowed and nodded and danced like all the other pansies. All the pansies swayed, smiled, and nodded as they danced.

Ronnie's mother said, "Now you pick a pansy, Ronnie."

"I'll pick a blue pansy," Ronnie said.

"But be careful," warned Ronnie's mother. "If you pull the roots, the tender pansy plant will not grow again. It will wilt because the roots will no longer be able to get food from the earth."

"I'll be careful," Ronnie promised.



"Choose a blue pansy with a long stem that will reach down into the vase," Ronnie's mother said. "Then the pansy can have a drink."

So Ronnie chose a beautiful blue pansy with a long stem. He picked it carefully because he did not want to harm the tender pansy plant. Then he smelled the blue pansy's sweet perfume. "Thank you, Pansy, for the perfume," said Ronnie.

He gave the flower to his mother to add to the bouquet. She had yellow pansies and blue, white, and purple pansies. Now she had another blue pansy with a smiling baby face.

"Thank you, Ronnie," she said. "What a lovely long stem your blue pansy has."

"That is so it can have a drink in the vase," Ronnie said.

Then he heard someone call, "Hi, Ronnie."

Ronnie turned quickly. There stood Joe and James. Ronnie smiled at them because they were his friends.

"Hi, Joe and James. Look at the pansies," Ronnie said. "They have baby faces that are smiling and sunny."

"Why, they do have faces," James exclaimed.

"Their faces are smiling and sunny," agreed Joe.

"May Joe and James pick some pansies, Mommy?" Ronnie asked.

"You may all pick some," Ronnie's mother said. "But only five for each one. Pick the bigger curly ones with the long stems."

"I'll pick the purple ones," said Joe.

"I like the yellow pansies best," said James.

"I'll pick four more blue pansies," Ronnie said.

So Joe picked five purple pansies with long stems, and James picked five yellow pansies with long stems. Then Ronnie picked four more blue pansies because he already had picked one.

"One, two, three, four, five," counted James to be sure he had picked exactly the right number of yellow pansies.

"A pansy for each finger on one hand," Ronnie's mother said as Joe counted one, two, three, four, five to be sure he had picked enough purple pansies.

Then Joe and James looked at the smiling baby pansy faces.

Joe looked at his five purple pansies and said, "Thank you for letting me pick five purple pansies." Then he ran home to show his mother the purple pansies.

James looked at his five yellow pansies and said, "Thank you for letting me pick five yellow pansies." Then he ran home to show his mother the yellow pansies.

Ronnie waved good-bye to Joe and James. He gave his mother the four blue pansies to add to the bouquet.

"People are different colors, too," he said. "Just like the pansies."

"Yes," said Ronnie's mother, "James's face is dark like the purple pansies and Joe's face is light like the white pansies and your face is somewhere in between, like the yellow pansies."

"And we all have sunny smiling faces," laughed Ronnie.

"Yes, you do," his mother said.

"Are there little boys with different colored faces than the colors of our pansies?" asked Ronnie.

"Yes, there are boys with faces of all different shades of colors besides the colors of our pansies. There are boys with beige faces, some with dark brown faces, and others with very light brown faces," Ronnie's mother answered.

Just like our bouquet of pansies is more beautiful with all the different colors, nature has also made many different colored people to make humanity more beautiful.

"Brown and beige little boys," sang Ronnie as he skipped to the house.

"Purple and yellow and white pansies with sunny smiling baby faces," he sang as he watched his mother arrange the pansies in the vase.

#### *Notes for Parents:*

In the next lesson, a number of questions will be included to help the storyteller discuss "Pansy Faces." There will be a guessing game based on the story. You should have crayons on hand to allow your child to draw and color pansies and whatever else the story suggests. Read the stories in advance so that you will be prepared to make the Story Hour enjoyable.

This week's story has perfume, color, and rhythm to stimulate the child's imagination. Four of the senses are appealed to—seeing, smelling, hearing, and feeling. Fresh pansies should be provided for this Story Hour. If this is impossible, other flowers may be substituted.

The story offers an opportunity for the child to dramatize the swaying, nodding, and bowing of the flowers and the whirling movement of the whirlwind. There should be plenty of

room for the child to skip about.

Young children enjoy hearing the same story over and over again. Repetition helps the development of the memory. As the incidents become more familiar, the child is able to share in the storytelling. As soon as the child is able to, she should be allowed to tell parts of the story and be encouraged to dramatize it in her own way.

Dramatization can hardly be expected the first time the story is told. The interpretation rests with the parent at the time of the first storytelling. Many of the words have been selected and arranged so that they may be chanted or sing-songed. The sound of certain letters or combinations of letters has a tonic effect upon the glandular and nervous systems. In this, the storyteller as well as the listener benefits.

The obvious lesson in "Pansy Faces" is the acceptance of racial differences as being something natural. Children are never born racist, instead they are born with a keen sense of justice that can be upset and disrupted by witnessing intolerance or unfair actions. Children learn intolerant behavior through the verbal and non-verbal behavior of those around them. Thus, it is important that parents stress what the child already naturally and subconsciously knows—that nature has made humans of all shapes, sizes, and colors and this diversity adds to the beauty of the world around us. Parents can also help to preserve the child's sense of fairness and justice by always treating the child with fairness, rationality, and respect. By treating your child in this manner, you will also reinforce to the child that this is how all people should be treated.

In addition, the story teaches nature appreciation, courtesy, and correct speech.

## Lesson 3

### A Child's Intuition

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For this Story Hour, we have a guessing game based upon the story of last week. Simple as it may seem, this guessing exercise is presented to help develop the child's intuition. Every child is born with the faculty of intuition, but our public education does not include a plan for developing it.

For those of you who may not have a clear understanding of what intuition is or why it should be encouraged, we quote from the *Rosicrucian Forum*. This magazine circulates privately among the members of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC.

"It must be realized that with all of us, young or old, the urges of intuition—the messages of the 'still small voice' and the impressions from the psychic centers—are not appreciated by our objective consciousness until they are translated or transmuted into objective form. It is our objective, outer consciousness that must act upon these urges and be guided by the still small voice if the wisdom or the soul is to have any effect on our material affairs or our physical bodies. So we may probably reason that in every child the still small voice—the voice of intuition and the impressions of certain psychic centers just beginning to develop—is as strong as in an adult but that the outer consciousness of the child cannot appreciate, understand, or act upon it.

"We know that, although the soul within the infant is fully developed at birth and needs no further development than the perfection which it already has, the outer objective consciousness of the child, functioning through her brain, is born ignorant, untrained, and undeveloped. It must gradually unfold itself through guidance, instruction, and experience. Therefore, the intuition of the child, no matter how perfect it may be, can have no conscious effect upon the child. In other words, it cannot be consciously realized and acted upon until the outer objective consciousness has been developed to a point where it will listen to and comprehend what intuition and psychic impressions want to express.

"We see in many children marvelous examples of the realization of intuition and psychic impressions. The ideal child, reared in a family environment with instruction and guidance which does not negate, belittle, or restrain the expressions of the Inner Self, develops the various psychic faculties normally, especially the functioning of the intuition and the still small voice within. We know of hundreds of incidents where suddenly and almost miraculously children have been

warned of dangers that were about to take place by some peculiar impression which they could not express adequately through their undeveloped objective consciousness.

"As an example, when but two years of age, my youngest son one evening approached an open grate fire in a room where he was all alone. He threw some wood onto the fire, causing the flames to shoot out into the room. Then he approached the fire again with pieces of paper and wood. He was wearing a bathrobe that was highly inflammable. He told us later in his childish way that as he approached the fire and threw in the pieces of paper and wood a part of an arm and a hand stretched out of space through the fireplace, pushing him back and holding him until we returned to the room. Such psychic visions accompanied by psychic power have manifested in the lives of many adults. If we had laughed at the idea of a hand reaching out of space and of an invisible power holding him away from the fire, and if we had told him that it was an imaginary thing despite the fact that it had probably saved his life, he would have been blinded to future visions and would have closed his heart and consciousness to future impressions of a psychic nature.

"When we stop to realize, however, how boldly and willfully a child ignores the warnings of parents and turns about and does the very things that he has been forbidden to do or has had explained to him as being dangerous, we can easily understand how in early childhood he may also willfully disobey a psychic or intuitive impression. Not until he learns from experience that his own willpower is not superior to that which seems to want to guide him will he obey psychic impressions. It is only when a child learns that his will must be subservient to the will of the parents or guardians and that his opinions are unsafe in the face of contrary opinions that he learns to be obedient and protects himself by listening to advice."

We feel that these statements will be helpful to anyone engaged in training children. They were written in answer to an inquiry as to whether children should be guided by their intuition and whether the still small voice might be considered a safe guide.

Before trying the game, or exercise, retell the story of "Pansy Faces," or at least retell the main incidents. This will pique interest and stimulate the imagination. Then ask the following questions or others of your own choice:

1. There were blue pansy faces in the story. What other colors do you remember in the story?

2. What did the wind do with the dust? Have you ever seen the wind do that?
3. How many flowers did James pick? (*Hold up your hand so that your child can count on your fingers.*)
4. Why did Joe and James say "thank you" to Ronnie's mother? What do you say when you are given something?
5. The story says that children may have beige faces and brown faces. What other color faces may children have? Remind the child that nature provides flowers, fruits, vegetables, birds, and even humans in many colors.
6. What was the song that Ronnie's mother sang? (*If the child does not recall, chant with him or her these two lines: "All pansies have faces," said Mommy. "They are sweet with perfume and smiling and sunny."*)
7. Show what Ronnie did as he followed his mother to the house. (*Child should skip.*)
8. How did the pansies bow in the wind? (*Dramatize.*)

If music is available, it should be played softly in the background. *The Moonlight Sonata* by Beethoven may be used. Pastoral music is well suited to stories of the outdoors. The various parts, or movements, of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 6* are also suitable.

## **GUESSING GAME**

Have a few fresh pansies, some of each color, laid out in a row where the child can see and touch them. While the child looks away, hide a flower by holding it behind you. Then have her

choose from the remaining pansies one of the same color that you have hidden.

If pansies are not available, other flowers may be used. If you do not have flowers, you may use crayons or colored paper to make some.

This exercise will train the child to concentrate and will develop the intuition by allowing an opportunity for the intuitive impression to register.

This game, or exercise, should be practiced every day for a week and occasionally thereafter, but only for three or four minutes at a time if the child is not more than three years old. At no time, should a child be forced to play if weariness or lack of interest creeps in.

As a variation, mixed flowers may be used and the name of the flower asked. For example, is the hidden flower a sweet pea or a poppy? Flowers from houseplants may be used if no others are available. Even leaves from different trees may be used. If leaves are chosen, note the scent, shape, veins, and the variations in color. This is an excellent opportunity to study nature.

Coloring with crayons is an additional activity suitable for a cold or rainy day when indoor entertainment is needed. For a child less than five years old, it is better not to color specific forms but instead to allow the child to use his own initiative in choosing a design.

In future lessons, we shall devote more space to the benefits to be derived from exercises with crayons and paints. Never worry if children seem to be drawing nothing but a mass of strokes since their creative efforts have a meaning to them and also involve considerable concentration and trial at control.

Keep a record of the times that the child's intuitive impression registers correctly. Try the game yourself. Let the child do the hiding and you do the guessing. Make a record for comparison.

Next week will bring you a new story.

## Lesson 4

### Happy Birthday, Nancy!

---

Mother and Daddy tiptoed into Nancy's room. Was Nancy awake? Yes, Nancy was awake. She greeted them with a smile. Nancy loved Mother and she loved Daddy. She was happy to see them in the mornings when they tiptoed into her room.

Then Daddy reached down and lifted Nancy out of bed. He swung her high in the air as he and Mother began to sing:

"Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, dear Nancy. Happy birthday to you."

Nancy remembered something then. It was her birthday. She clapped her hands when Daddy put her back on the bed. "Now I'm a big girl! I'm three years old. Sing the birthday song again."

So Mother and Daddy sang the birthday song again, and then Nancy sang it with them one more time.

While Mother prepared breakfast, Nancy dressed all by herself. But, first, she washed her hands and face and dried them on her own towel. She washed her neck, too. Then she brushed her teeth. Now she was ready for her clothes.

She and Daddy played a game each morning to see who could dress the fastest. Today, her fingers worked quickly. She was dressed before Daddy. She brushed her hair carefully in front of her mirror. The more she brushed, the easier it combed because there were no tangles to hurt.

Now she was almost ready. There were only her socks and shoes to put on. The right shoe went on the right foot. She pulled the strings up tight and started the hard part. She sat down on a little stool. In went the string through the tiny hole. In went the other string through the opposite hole. Cross the strings and in they go and out they come, just so.

Then the left shoe went on the left foot. In went the string through the tiny hole. In went the other string through the opposite hole. Cross the strings and in they go and out they come, just so.

Nancy stood up and ran into Daddy's room. Daddy tied bows on both of her shoes. Then he took her hand and together they went to breakfast. Nancy was hungry. She was excited, too, because it was her birthday and she was three years old.

Nancy, Mother, and Daddy sat down at the breakfast table. There were yellow and red and



green and blue dishes.

The big, round, yellow Sun was just coming up over the hill. Nancy chanted:

"Good morning, pretty yellow Sun,  
Good morning, big round Sun,  
Good morning, nice warm Sun."

Mother and Daddy smiled and clapped their hands. Her song made them happy. Nancy held her hands above her plate and waited for Mother and Daddy to do the same.

Then slowly and clearly, Nancy said, "May the Divine Essence of the Cosmic come into our food." They all waited a moment and then they began to eat.

Nancy drank her orange juice. She ate her hot cereal. Then she ate her poached egg and half a slice of toast.

"Look!" Nancy said. "My egg looks just like the Sun. My egg is a tiny, round, yellow ball."

"Nancy is eating sunshine," said Mother.

"I'm eating warm, yellow sunshine," said Nancy.

Mother and Daddy smiled. Mother gave Nancy a glass of milk and a small dish of sliced peaches. "Here's more sunshine for you, Nancy," said Mother.

"Nancy eats sunshine in her food and then she gives the sunshine to us," added Daddy.

Then Daddy put three packages in front of Nancy. One was long and flat; one was tall and narrow; and one was square. They were tied with blue and pink ribbons.

Nancy counted the packages, "One, two, three!"

"Three packages for Nancy because she is three years old," said Mother. "One package for each year."

Before Nancy opened the square package, she tried to guess what was in it. Could it be a book? A set of doll dishes? A pair of bedroom slippers? *(Pause here to allow the child to guess. This is an opportunity to exercise intuition and often the child guesses correctly.)*

Nancy opened the first package. "Oh! A set of dishes!"

Then she opened the tall narrow package. "A telephone!"

Then before she opened the long flat package, she guessed again. "Do you suppose it's a

big picture?" she asked. "Or maybe it's something to make music on?"

Nancy untied the blue ribbon and unwrapped the package. Inside was a red flat box with some wooden flat things that looked something like the keys on Mother's piano. There were also two little sticks with soft rubber balls on the tips.

Nancy was puzzled. "What is it?" she asked. "What do I do with it?"

"It is called a xylophone, Nancy," Mother said. "Now you can play songs."

Mother took the two little sticks with the rubber balls on the tips and began to tap the xylophone. Ting-ting-ting; tong-ting-tong; ting-tong; ting-ting-tong.

"Oh, let me try now!" Nancy exclaimed. So then Nancy went ting-ting-ting; tong-ting-tong; ting-tong; ting-ting-tong.

Then it was Mother's turn again. She played a song for Nancy. She played "Happy Birthday to You."

"Why, that's my birthday song!" Nancy said. "Let's sing it, Daddy." So Mother played the song and Nancy and Daddy sang.

When they were done with breakfast, Daddy put the dishes, knives, spoons, and forks into the sink. He washed them all. Then Nancy helped her mother dry them. Nancy liked to help.

"You are a big help, Nancy," said Mother. "Now I have time to bake your birthday cake. You may invite Susie and Jimmie and Luis to come over this afternoon to play with your new toys in the playhouse."

"Will it be a party?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, it will be a birthday party because today you are three years old," Mother answered, "and you may use your new dishes to serve the cake."

And Nancy did.

#### *Notes for Parents:*

"Happy Birthday, Nancy!" is a story that may be easily dramatized. It may also serve as a pattern for the celebration of a real birthday. It is especially adapted for a three-year old since it stresses suitable daily duties such as hair combing and dressing. When Nancy of the story or your child says grace, any prayer may be substituted.

In the story Mother, Daddy, and Nancy each bring their contribution to the home unit. All members of the family must share their time and effort to contribute to the success and happiness

of daily living. Daddy washes the dishes, Mother and Nancy dry them. Children need to feel they are necessary parts of the home.

In buying children's books, the values stressed in this series may serve as examples. The age of the child is to be considered, of course.

The rhythmic activity and physical expression for assisting mental and physical coordination and the release of emotional energy are provided by playing the xylophone, clapping, laughing, singing, and tiptoeing. The activities of dressing, eating, and so on, can be dramatized as well.

Questions to ask after telling the story:

1. Why did Mother and Daddy tiptoe into Nancy's room?
2. How old is Nancy?
3. Shall we sing Nancy's birthday song?
4. Did Nancy dress herself or did she wait for someone else to do it? Who combed her hair? Who brushed her teeth?
5. What did Nancy say her egg looked like?
6. What else did Nancy eat for breakfast?
7. What did Nancy get for her birthday?
8. What did Nancy do before she started to eat?
9. How did Daddy help in the kitchen?
10. How did Mother help in the kitchen?

### 11. How did Nancy help in the kitchen?

After the first telling, encourage your child to pantomime the opening of the gifts, to tiptoe in imitation of Nancy's Mother and Daddy, clap hands as Nancy did, and pretend to play the "ting-tong" on the xylophone.

Perhaps when you tell the story, you will think of other things to do. The child with poor coordination should be given more practice and special encouragement.

After several repetitions, the song may be sung and the child encouraged to tell parts of the story.

Music suggested for this story is *Melody in F*, by Rubinstein.

## Lesson 5

### Nancy's Playhouse

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Nancy's playhouse has three windows in it, two in the front and one in the back. The little white house has red trimmings and a red roof. Nancy had watched when her daddy was building it for her. He had sawed the lumber. Back and forth, back and forth went the saw. Shrrr-shrrr-shrrr-shrrr, back and forth went the saw as her daddy worked. *(A saw made out of cardboard can be shown and explained to the child. It can also be used in dramatizing the movements of the saw.)*

Daddy made some furniture for the small house. He made a table, two short benches, a tiny dresser, and a doll bed that could rock like a cradle. He made a clothes closet with hooks low enough for Nancy to reach. Again the saw went back and forth, back and forth. Shrrr-shrrr sang the saw as it helped Daddy make the doll's cradle. Daddy used a hammer, too, to pound in the nails. Tap-tap—rap-a-tap-tap. Tap-tap—rap-a-tap-tap went the hammer. *(Use the fist of one hand to rap in the palm of the other hand.)*

Now the saw and hammer were quiet and the little house was finished. All the children in the neighborhood loved to play in it.

One afternoon Nancy was sitting in the swing in the apple tree in front of her playhouse. Jimmie, Susie, and Luis were coming over to play with her. They did not know that it was her birthday. Wouldn't they be surprised!

Jimmie was the first to arrive. His hair was combed and his face was clean.

"Hi, Jimmie!" called Nancy.

"Hi Nancy!" answered Jimmy. "Would you like me to help you swing?" He was bigger than Nancy. He was five years old.

Jimmie pushed the seat of the swing and Nancy swung high. Back and forth, back and forth she swung.

"Swing high, swing high,

Up to the sky!

Swing high, swing high,

Up to the sky!"

Both Nancy and Jimmie sang. "Swing high, swing high, up to the sky! Swing high, swing

high, up to the sky!"

Then Susie and Luis came around the corner of the house.

"Stop, stop!" cried Nancy. "I think Susie and Luis are here. Thank you for swinging me so high."

Nancy jumped off the swing and ran to meet her friends.

Soon they were all playing on the grass, which felt like a soft carpet.

"Let's do tricks," Jimmie suggested.

They hopped around on their hands and legs just like rabbits. Then each swung one foot up in the air and then the other. But little Susie, who was only two years old, just rolled around. The children laughed and laughed and had fun.

After a while, Nancy got up from the grass and clapped her hands. "Let's all go into the playhouse now. You will be surprised!"

Luis spied the little birthday telephone on a low shelf attached to the wall. Nancy's mother had given it to her that morning.

"Oh, look! A telephone! May I play with it?" And he immediately pretended that he was calling up his mother. "Hello, Mommy! I found a telephone in Nancy's playhouse," Luis said. (*A conversation to suit the child can be provided here.*)

"Oh, look! Here is a xylophone!" cried Jimmie. "May I play with the xylophone, Nancy?" He played "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep." It made Nancy glad to see her friends so happy.

Susie picked up a doll and placed it in the cradle. She rocked the doll and sang, "Sleep, Dolly, sleep! Sleep, Dolly, sleep!" Later, she played the xylophone, too.

Nancy pretended she was baking a cake. "Oh, Jimmie, what shall I do? I don't have any flour in the house!"

"I'll telephone the Blue Store," answered Jimmie. Ting-a-ling-ling. Ting-a-ling-ling. "Hello, is this the Blue Store? Do you have some flour? Great, I'll be right over."

"Oh, Luis, there is no sugar, either. Do you suppose the Pink Store has some?" Nancy suggested.

Luis loved to help Nancy. Ting-a-ling-ling. Ting-a-ling-ling rang the telephone. Yes, the Pink Store had sugar. But just as Luis was about to dash out of the door to go to the Pink Store, Nancy's mother came in with a large tray covered with a white napkin. Jimmie was right behind her. As Nancy's mother set the tray in the center of the table, Nancy sang, "Surprise! Surprise,

everyone!"

Everybody gathered around the table. What was under the white cloth? What could it be?

"Later, after the table is all set, we shall see what is under the napkin," Mother said.

As a further surprise, Nancy brought out the new dishes. "These are for you to put on Dolly's table, Susie," she explained.

The children washed their hands and helped set the table. They placed cups and spoons and napkins for each one.

When everything was ready, Mother smiled and lifted the large, white napkin from the tray. "Oh, a birthday!" they all called out. "Nancy's birthday." Before them appeared little cupcakes and in each one a tiny candle. There were blue and pink and green candles.

There was one larger cake with three candles on it. This was Nancy's birthday cake. "I'm three years old," sang Nancy.

Before they sat down at the table, all the children sang, "Happy birthday, dear Nancy."

Then the children sat down and held their hands, palms down, over their plates. This was the way they said grace. Then mother lit the candles. They watched while the candles burned and then each one blew out his or her own candle. Everybody laughed and had fun. The cakes were good and there was ice cream too. Yum! Yum! But that was not all.

Mother removed the dishes from the small table and placed down the grape animals\*, animal cookies, and fruit juice. The juice was in a musical jug that made music every time it was lifted.

When the children had finished eating, they blew up balloons. Then they thanked Nancy and her mother for the nice party. They went home, each one carrying a bright balloon and promising to come back in the morning to play in Nancy's playhouse.

"Goodbye Susie, goodbye Luis, goodbye Jimmie. See you in the morning!"

#### *Notes for Parents:*

In telling the story of "Nancy's Playhouse," repetitions may stress the constructive qualities presented. Besides wholesome fun for the children, there is the spirit of cooperation and helpfulness in sharing both work and play. Neatness, orderliness, and table manners are brought out. All of this should be done by example. The waiting for the table to be set before the napkin covering the surprise is lifted serves as a disciplinary device, for children need to learn to control

their actions and emotions.

In having the child note these qualities, it should never be done in a direct manner. In trying to encourage the child to act as Nancy, Luis, or Susie did, the child should not be asked outright. For example, do not say, "Will you help Mommy set the table just as Nancy did?" Children yield much more willingly to suggestions: "Let's pretend that you are Nancy and that I am Nancy's mother. First, let's set the table."

Try not to draw attention to the fact that there are lessons in a story that you want your child to learn, for then the story will lose its fascination. Thank your child and praise him for being so helpful, but have it appear to be a spontaneous and natural request.

After the second telling of the story, the child may be encouraged to dramatize it. In imitating both the saw and the hammer, there is excellent opportunity for mental and muscular coordination. The definite rhythm and the speech exercise are especially good for the very young child of two or even younger.

The rocking rhythm is brought into evidence a number of times and should be given emphasis in this story.

Another important feature being stressed is the father's part in Nancy's life. The whole structure and existence of the playhouse are his contribution of thoughtfulness and love. It also brings in the ability to achieve something concrete and makes evident the essentials of hobbies. It also creates a family bond.

Children need parental affection and a normal amount of attention as was stressed in Part 2. If a child is not given enough affection and attention, she may act in an infantile manner in order to gain attention. This, of course, is not consciously planned by the child, but is an unconscious gravitation to something or a time in her life that gave a feeling of security from a helpful and attentive attitude on the part of the parents.

Music suggested for background is *Minuet in G* by Paderewski. It blends in well with the rhythm of the child's swinging and also with the back and forth rhythm of the saw. Susie's rocking the cradle also brings in the same motion. Lullaby music can lend itself to this story as a variation.

At a reading at Rosicrucian Park, this story proved to have a relaxing effect. It is, therefore, especially recommended for children who have a tendency to become easily excited or over stimulated.

In serial stories, where one story follows another with the same character or characters, it is



recommended that the first story be repeated a few times before the second is told. The events in the first story then will become familiar and mental confusion for the child will be avoided.

*\*Grape animals may be made from toothpicks and grapes. Four or five grapes pierced with a toothpick to form each leg and a large grape for the body. Other pieces may represent ears or a tail. Marshmallows may also be used as animal bodies with raisins for eyes and toothpicks for legs.*

## Lesson 6

### The Tree Fairies

---

Debbie loves music and singing so much that she believes that even the flowers and grass and trees sing and make music.

She had just finished practicing on the piano, and now she was flat on her back in the backyard. She was listening to the wind sing in the slender, white-trunked birch trees.

Suddenly, there came the sound of sweet, lovely music from an open window. It was Debbie's mother playing the *Waltz of the Flowers* by Tchaikovsky.

Debbie listened to the beautiful music her mother was playing, and at the same time she listened to the music of the wind and the trees.

"Whooooo—whoo—whooooooo—who—whoooooooo—whoo," sang the wind.

"Shhhhhh—sh—shhhhh—sh—shhhhhh," answered the leaves in the trees.

Often the flowers, grass, and trees whispered secrets to Debbie, so she listened now to see if the grass would whisper something to her.

And what do you think it whispered? It whispered: "I let the cow eat my leaves so that she can give you milk to drink."

"I'm glad you do," answered Debbie. "Milk makes me grow big and strong. I like it."

Then Debbie heard the wind singing again, "Who-whoooooo—whoo."

She listened a moment, and then, just like the wind, she sang, "Who—whoooooo-who."

But when Debbie looked up to see if she could see the wind, there, sailing in the blue sky, were tiny, colored clouds. They were like little boats.

Debbie counted the clouds, "One, two, three, four." They were pink and green and yellow and purple.

Then, a surprising thing happened. The clouds sent their colors down to Debbie in rays of purple, pink, green, and yellow. The rays looked like colored ribbons. The ribbons floated all about and then wrapped themselves around a tree near Debbie. The tree sparkled with beautiful colors.

But that isn't all that happened. All at once, the tree was full of fairies. They were tiny little people about six inches tall. They looked exactly like little dolls, and they were every color of the rainbow. There was a little fairy sitting or standing on every leaf of the tree. The wind

rocked all of them back and forth, but it did not blow them away. There they were—pink, blue, yellow, purple, white, and red fairies, swaying back and forth.

Debbie wasn't sure if she was awake or dreaming. She stood up and blinked her eyes to be sure, but the fairies were still there. A little pink fairy danced all around the edge of a leaf, and then down it came, straight into Debbie's hand.

"Oh, hello, Fairy Child," said the little tree fairy to Debbie as she sat on the tip of her finger. Then she called to the other fairies, "Come down and see the big fairy I've found sitting here on the grass."

Before Debbie knew what was happening, she was surrounded by fairies. They danced around her and sang: "We are little helpers; we are little fairies; we are little helpers."

There were hundreds of tree fairies singing, and their song sounded almost like the wind's singing, "Whoooo—whoo—whoooo." The music coming through the window was mixed up with the singing of the fairies. It all was very beautiful and it made a lovely concert.

As the fairies danced and sang, Debbie saw that they were busy strewing handfuls of seeds on every tiny blade of grass, on every flower, and on every leaf of the trees. "The seeds will grow into beautiful flowers and big trees," a little blue fairy sang in Debbie's ear.

Then Debbie jumped up. "Oh, let me be a helper too," she said. "I want to be a helper and scatter seeds to make the flowers and trees grow."

"You are a little helper; you are a little helper; you are a little helper," sang all the little fairies as they continued scattering their seeds.

Then Debbie saw a big bag filled with seeds. So she began to skip and dance and scatter seeds. She filled her hands with seeds and skipped and danced and scattered, singing with the fairies: "We are little helpers; we are little helpers; we are little helpers."

Over the grass, Debbie skipped, scattering handfuls of seeds. But all at once, a big gust of wind came rushing by. It sang, "Whoo-ooo, whoo-oo, whoooooo," and in a flash all the fairies disappeared. Debbie could hardly believe her eyes.

She was never quite sure whether she dreamed all this, but she was so happy that she kept dancing on the grass, pretending that she was a fairy child scattering seeds.

*Note for Parents:*

"Tree Fairies" furnishes an opportunity for imaginative play and provides a study in color

and music. *The Waltz of the Flowers* by Tchaikovsky makes an excellent background.

In dramatizing the dancing of the fairies, the child may do so in his own spontaneous way. The arm and body motions required in the dramatization of the scattering of the seeds provide rhythmic experience that is essential for the proper development of muscular and mental coordination.

Advantage should be taken of the opportunity to imitate the singing of the wind and the leaves. The song of the fairies, "We are little helpers," may be chanted. Vocalization of this sort is excellent exercise for speech development and for the correction of minor speech defects.

Dramatization should follow the telling of the story. In time, however, the child will learn to tell and act out the incidents as they are being told.

For the older child, a number of musical selections may be played. At the conclusion of the story, there may be a listening and guessing game, with the child guessing the titles of the various selections being played.

In addition to *The Waltz of the Flowers*, selections suggested for the listening and guessing game are Schubert's *Serenade*; Schubert's *Moment Musicale*; *Minuet in G* by Paderewski; *Lullaby* by Brahms; *Valse Triste* by Sibelius; and *The Children's Hour* by Debussy. Perhaps you will wish to add selections of your own choice.

Below are some questions suggested for discussion:

1. Why did the fairies scatter seeds?
2. When you are outdoors, do you ever look for seeds?
3. What did the grass mean by whispering that it "lets the cow eat its leaves so that she can give milk"?
4. Why did the fairies call themselves "helpers"?
5. What colors were the clouds?
6. Have you ever watched the wind blowing the clouds?

7. Have you heard the wind make music? What does the wind say?

8. Have you heard the leaves make music? What do the leaves say?

Naturally, the parent is expected to contribute to the discussion. These questions are merely suggestions. Numerous others will present themselves.

If the season is right, the child may be encouraged to plant or to help plant a few seeds and later to watch them grow. The child should be expected to assist in watering and caring for them also.

## Lesson 7

### The Little Gray Kitten that Forgot

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Once there was a little gray kitty with a little pink nose who lived with his mother in a little pink house. He had everything he needed. He had good food, a soft bed, and a sunny stretch of fresh, green grass to play in. There was even a little porch where he could curl up into a ball and take his nap.

The little gray kitty's mother took good care of him. She showed him how to wash his face and tidy up his fur. She played with him by boxing him gently with her cushioned paws. Sometimes, she rolled him around and around.

The mother cat was white with a big black spot on the top of her back and another on the side of her face. Like all cats, she had whiskers. But instead of having all black or all white whiskers, she had white whiskers on one side of her face and black whiskers on the other.

The little gray kitty had whiskers, too. But his whiskers were all gray. The mother cat wished that her whiskers were either all white or all black, or even all gray like the little gray kitty's. She didn't like her whiskers at all, but the little gray kitty thought that his mother's whiskers were beautiful.

The mother cat caught mice for the little gray kitty to eat. When he was cold, she curled around him and kept him warm. Snuggled up by his mother, he would feel so warm and cozy that he would sing himself to sleep, "Purrrrr, purrrrr, purrrrr."

Sometimes, the mother cat would lay her head on the soft shiny fur of the little gray kitty and sing, too. "Purrr, purrr, purr," as they both fell asleep.

When the little gray kitty woke up, he would be hungry. Then he would ask for something to eat. "Meeow, meeow," he would say in his wee little voice.

"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow," the mother cat would answer in her big voice. "Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow." Then she would get ready to go out in the field to catch a mouse. "Wait here until I come back, little gray kitty. The street is wide and a car might run over you, so don't you try to cross the street."

"I won't," the little gray kitty always promised.

In the house where the little gray kitty and his mother lived, there was a mirror. The little gray kitty liked to look at himself in the mirror. He thought that he was seeing another kitty. He

wanted this little kitty for a friend because sometimes when his mother was away, he felt lonesome.

But there was something the little gray kitty couldn't understand. When he reached out his paw to touch the other kitty in the mirror, he only touched the glass. What do you suppose was the matter? Why didn't the other little kitty come out from behind the glass to play with him?

Sometimes, as the little gray kitty sat looking in the mirror, he washed his face just as his mother had shown him how to do. When he washed his face, though, the kitty in the mirror washed her face, too.

"Now that you are so clean and pretty," the little gray kitty would say to the other kitty, "why don't you come out and play with me? I'll give you a piece of my mouse when my mother brings it home."

But there was no live kitty in the mirror so, naturally, she couldn't come out to play with the little gray kitty.

Then, one day, the little gray kitty's mother stayed away a long time because she couldn't find a mouse. The little gray kitty got tired of looking in the mirror so he went out to play in the grass. Suddenly, a beautiful red butterfly saw the kitty's pink nose and thought it was a pretty pink flower. It fluttered its red wings and sat down right on the little gray kitty's nose. Then it flew away, over the grass, over the hedge, and across the street.

The little gray kitty jumped up and ran after the red butterfly. He thought that it was playing a game with him, and he forgot that his mother had told him not to cross the street. A big black car whizzed by and almost hit him before he remembered that he had promised never to cross the street. Now it was too late. He was afraid to cross the street again and go back home. Where should he go?

The little gray kitty was frightened, but there was a grocery store nearby. When a little boy opened the door, he slipped inside because he didn't know what else to do. There were boxes and shelves full of things to eat, and there were many strange people going in and out. The little gray kitty squeezed himself behind a big bag of potatoes and peeked out at all the people.

One by one, the people went away with their bundles. A man put everything away. But still the little gray kitty hid behind the bag of potatoes. He was afraid to come out. The man went out the door and locked it without seeing the little gray kitty.

The night grew darker and darker. The little gray kitty came out from behind the bag of

potatoes and ran to the door. Nobody heard him calling to get out. "Meeow, meeow," he cried. He climbed to the window, but it was closed. He was frightened and lonely.

The little gray kitty was alone in the big grocery store, and he couldn't get out. He cried and cried. At last, he crawled back behind the big bag of potatoes. He was cold because his mother wasn't there to warm him. He shivered and shivered and meowed and meowed. But, finally, he fell asleep.

The next morning, when the grocery man came to open the store, there was a sad, cold, hungry little kitty waiting by the door. "Where did you come from, you funny little kitty?" said the grocery man.

"Meeow, let me out. I want to go home," cried the little gray kitty.

The grocery man opened the door for the kitty. "Run along home, little gray kitty," he said.

But the little gray kitty was afraid to cross the street. He sat on the curb and cried, "Meeow, meeow, meeow."

The mother cat heard the little gray kitty crying. How worried she had been. She hadn't slept all night and she had looked everywhere for the little gray kitty. "Mee-ow, meeow, mee-ow," she had called.

Now she came running to get the little gray kitty. She picked him up by the skin on the back of his neck and carried him home safely. When she dropped him down on the grass in front of the little pink house, the little gray kitty was so glad to be home that he kissed his mother all over her black and white whiskers. "Purrrrr, purrrrr, purrrr," he sang. "Next time, I'll remember not to cross the street. I'm sorry that I made you worry all night long."

Just then the little gray kitty heard something. It was a little kitty voice that said "Meeow, meeow, meeow." He turned around and there sat a little white kitty on the grass in front of the pink house.

"I brought you a friend," said the mother cat. "She has come to live with us."

Then the mother cat curled up in the warm sun and fell asleep. But the little gray kitty, who had a friend now, and the little white kitty, who had a new home, played and meowed and purred and rolled on the grass the whole day long.

#### *Notes for Parents:*

The story about "The Little Gray Kitty That Forgot" is a lesson in obedience.



Like most very young children, the kitten in the story did not disobey willfully. He suffered because he forgot. In the future, he is not likely to forget again since he learned an important lesson. Indirectly, the child is learning the same lesson, for the child can readily identify with the kitten.

Every teacher knows that if a child can apply self-rule, there is no necessity for discipline. If children are helped to realize their errors and are given the opportunity to assume full responsibility for them, there is no need for corrective measures.

When the child begins to dramatize this story, it is better if the dramatization stops at the point where the kitten is about to follow the butterfly across the street. From that point on, the child should be encouraged merely to tell the story. The child should be told that since they are a person, they are capable of better thinking than a kitten and so would not have crossed the street as the kitten did. It should be emphasized that the child would have remembered their mother's caution.

The child should also be helped to realize that not only the kitten passed through a night of suffering, but that the mother cat was subjected to a night of anxiety, also.

The next lesson will be a review of rhythmic activities and will also provide suggestions for a party.

## Lesson 8

### Review of Stories

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Today's Story Hour will review the sounds introduced in the stories so far. It will be an exercise in choral speech, or a concert in vocalization. It will also serve as a practice of the various rhythms. Background music should not be played and, instead, every effort should be made to bring out the pleasing sounds of the human voice. In doing the various refrains of sound, be it the saw or the wind, the tones should be varied—sometimes quite loud, followed by a lower tone, and then a whisper. The words may be spoken as a solo, then again as a duet or as a chorus. The younger the child, the more the child should be encouraged to make her own music.

If your child has siblings or friends who also participate in Story Hour, then this Story Hour can be set up as a party with all the children involved.

### **THE WIND AND THE PANSIES**

First, we shall pretend we are the pansy faces, smiling in the Sun. Suddenly, the whirlwind comes and stirs them up, but they are still smiling. They are having fun as they sway in the wind. Forward and back, they sway on their slender stems—to the left and to the right, to the left and to the right. They sway and they sway and they sway. They dance in the wind and bow and nod to each other. They nod and they bow as they dance to the wild, strong music of the wind. Hwiyou-hwiyou-you-you-hwiyou. Then they sway and dance to the soft music of the wind—who-o-whoo-o-o-who.

In the presentation of this scene, the child may dramatize the pansies while the storyteller plays the wind. Then, this may be reversed, the storyteller representing the pansies and the child, the wind.

If a group of children is present, the storyteller may simply do the reading and suggesting while the children are performing. The boys may be the wind and the girls the flowers; then the girls may be the wind and the boys the flowers. While the wind whistles, the pansies sway and nod and dance.

## **SKIPPING**

Now we shall pretend that we are the little boy skipping with the pansies in his hand. He is taking them home for his mother to put in a vase.

As he skips to the house, Ronnie chants and sings, "Purple and yellow and white."

"Purple and yellow and white," Ronnie sings, as he skips about the house.

## **PANTOMIME WITH NANCY**

Now we shall go through a scene with Nancy on her birthday. (*The child or children pantomime while the storyteller recites or reads.*) Nancy stands up on her bed in her blue pajamas. "Now I am a big girl. I am three years old," she says.

Then she dresses all by herself. She washes her face and hands and dries them on her own towel. She washes her neck, too. She brushes and combs her hair. She and Daddy have a game to see who can dress the fastest. She puts on her socks and shoes and laces them quickly. In goes the string through the tiny hole, in goes the other string through the opposite hole, cross the strings and in they go and out they come just so. The right shoe is done. Then Nancy starts with the left shoe. In goes the string through the tiny hole, in goes the other string through the opposite hole, cross the strings and in they go and out they come just so. Nancy is only three so Daddy ties her shoelaces. Next year, she will tie her own shoelaces.

## **THE SONG TO THE SUN**

Before Nancy eats breakfast, she sings to the Sun. (*Other children, if present, may join in chanting.*)

"Good morning, pretty yellow Sun,  
Good morning, big, round Sun,  
Good morning, nice, warm Sun," chants Nancy.

When Nancy finishes singing, Mother and Daddy clap their hands (*hand clapping*). They

like to hear their little girl sing and be happy.

When she opens her birthday packages, Nancy finds in them—what? A set of dishes, a xylophone, and a telephone. *(Have the child guess or recall what gifts Nancy received.)*

## **TELEPHONE CONVERSATION**

Nancy pretends the telephone is a real one. She picks up the receiver to talk to Luis. "Hello, Luis! Are you coming to Story Hour this morning? That's good. I'm coming, too. What do you think the story will be about? I hope it's about a little girl. I'll be seeing you. Good-bye." *(Have the child make up his or her own conversation.)*

## **THE XYLOPHONE**

Then Nancy plays on her xylophone: Ting-ting-ting; tong-ting-tong; ting-tong; ting-ting-tong. Sing a song or two or say a few rhymes. *(Use a xylophone here or any small musical instrument if available.)* .

## **MUSIC OF THE SAW**

When Daddy builds Nancy's playhouse and all of the little furniture, she learns the music of the saw. The saw makes music as it saws the lumber. "Shrrr-shrrr-shrrrshrr," goes the saw—back and forth, back and forth, as it makes the door of the little house. "Shrrr-shrr-shrrr," it sings as it makes the roof of the little house. "Shrr-shrr-shrrr," sings the saw as it makes the cradle and the table, the cupboard, and the bench. Back and forth it goes, back and forth.

## **MUSIC OF THE HAMMER**

Nancy learns the music of the hammer, too, as it pounds the nails to make her playhouse. "Rap-a-tap-tap. Rap-a-tap-tap. Rap-tap-rap-a-tap-tap," sings the hammer in Daddy's hand. Before Nancy can realize it, he has made a cradle, a table, and a little doll bed.

Here again the children (if a number of them are present) may be divided into groups. One group may dramatize the saw and the other the hammer.

## **DEBBIE AND THE TREE FAIRIES**

Debbie and the tree fairies are next.

The wind makes music in the trees, "Who-oo-who-who-oo." The leaves of the trees answer, "shhh-shh-shshhhhh."

The little fairies swarm down upon Debbie and sing their song as they scatter the seeds. "We are little helpers; we are little helpers; we are little helpers." Debbie rises and sings and scatters seeds as she dances about the lawn. Then "Who-o-o" goes the wind, and the fairies are suddenly gone.

## **THE DANCE**

To finish, *The Waltz of the Flowers* or another waltz of some kind may be played. The children should be encouraged to dance spontaneously as they imitate the scattering of the seeds.

To make this scene colorful, the boys may wear paper caps of various colors and the girls can wear long ribbons in their hair. It is a simple matter to make the caps out of crepe paper. The children may help to make them in advance.

After the scene of scattering seeds, the children may amuse themselves by blowing up balloons while the parents prepare to bring in refreshments if a party has been planned.

The activities outlined may be too numerous for children under three. For younger children, it may be considered advisable to omit a number of the scenes.

The story lessons of this course are intended to keep children of five or even six busy and interested.

We hope that you will enjoy this material as a party suggestion.

## Lesson 9

### Laura's Feet Learn to Dance—Mental Concentration

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Laura lived with her father and grandmother on the side of a hill in a beautiful white house with a green roof. She could look down the hill to see a school where little boys and girls went to play and study every day.

Laura wasn't old enough to go to school, but she knew how much the children loved being there. They called to each other and talked and laughed. She could see some little girls and boys go hippity-hop along the walk, jump rope, and play tag. She could also see the boys and girls climb trees, play games, and throw balls.

Laura had never learned to hippity-hop or skip rope. She could not even run fast. All the other children could skip and jump and even dance, but Laura's feet seemed heavy. They didn't seem to want to dance.

One day she went to her grandmother and said, "Grandma, what is the matter with my feet?"

"Why do you ask?" said her grandmother. "Are your feet different from other people's feet?"

"No," said Laura. "I have ten toes and my feet look exactly like Sally's. But she can dance and run and tiptoe. She can swing herself around and I can't do anything at all."

"Well," said her grandmother. "I think your whole trouble is that you forget to think with your feet. Why don't you ask your feet if they want to skip and hop and jump and tiptoe and dance? Sit down on the floor here and I'll play you some lovely music and maybe your feet will tell you what they think about it."

*(Music: Moment Musicale by Franz Schubert may be played here.)*

So Laura sat down and looked at her feet. The music was soft and sweet and made her very happy.

"Now, feet, what is it you want to do?" asked Laura.

Very soon, her feet began to feel alive and warm, and, before she knew it, they began to dance inside her shoes. Then before the music was over, they lifted her off the floor and danced her all around the room.

Don't you feel that way, too? Now see how many things you can do with your feet while

the music is playing. (*Play music*)

*(After the child or children have used their feet and legs to the best of their imagination, attention may be centered on their arms and hands.)*

Now ask your fingers and hands and arms what the music tells them to do. Close your eyes for a moment and listen.

Now do with your hands what the music tells you. (*Play music and allow time for the children to move their hands to the music.*)

Now ask the fingers on your right hand what they want to do. (*Pause*) Now your left hand.

*Note for parents:*

This selection is especially designed to provoke spontaneous movement in the child. Music is a natural means to help the child respond to rhythm by using the arms, legs, feet, and the whole body in general. Children will create their own steps and movements. .

The mental concentration on the arms, legs, and feet to give them expression is a splendid exercise to assist in the awakening of the Inner Self or consciousness. The power and importance of the Inner Self were explained in Lessons One and Two of Part 2.

For variation in music, waltzes or minuets may be substituted. *The Waltz of the Flowers* by Tchaikovsky would be fine. For variation, you may whistle or sing.

Some children have a tendency to strain their voices in singing, imitating sounds, or even speaking—especially when doing group work or where there is more than one child. Watch to see that the voice is kept natural. In singing, high notes should be avoided.

Our next lesson will be on choral speech.

## Lesson 10

### Choral Speech—Johnny's Farm

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In our introductory lesson, we promised to give you more information on semantics, a science that includes the study of the effect of word sounds on the nervous makeup of the human being. Through the various stories, as you may have noticed, we have introduced sounds or groups of sounds for your use in training your child. These had a specific purpose.

The spoken word, not only through its meaning, but also through its sound, has the power to awaken in the human being the realization of certain possibilities and stimulate a desire to act out or create that which has been glimpsed.

Like music, words may either relax or excite. A child lacking in imagination responds better to more stimulating sounds or activities. Educators have for many years used choral speech in the classroom. Such exercises promote emotional and speech development.

The most efficient tool for the expression of choral speech, or speech music, is poetry. The child's first interest in poetry is awakened by rhythm and rhyme. Children will always listen to words spoken musically, and they will do this long before they understand the meaning of the words.

To help children recognize rhythm and rhyme, jingles and nursery rhymes are used. In choral speech, jingles lead to story poems with repetitions, or refrains. And this, in turn, leads to group work in the sense that the work of speaking is divided into two or more parts. For instance, while one child does the stanza, the other does the refrain. Parent and child may do this cooperative work. The young child should practice interpretation of rhythm by bodily movement that is accompanied by speech.

In this part of the *Child Culture Series*, opportunities for bodily movements are provided in every lesson. The following jingles from Mother Goose give a variety of movements that can be recognized readily and interpreted:

Skipping - "Hickety Picketty, My Black Hen"

Tiptoeing - "Pit-pat, Well-a-Day"

Clapping - "Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake"

Rocking - "Hush-a-Bye, Baby"

Hammering - "Rap-a-Tap-Tap Tick-a-tack-too, This is the way to make a shoe."



You may try the "hammering" jingle by using one closed hand, or your fist, as a hammer to tap into the palm of the other hand.

A well-developed sense of rhythm is a foundation for good verse speaking. The Mother Goose rhymes are still considered excellent for this. It is said that things that serve some good purpose, unappreciated though they may be, can never be eradicated permanently. It may be that for this reason the Mother Goose rhymes have become timeless. They have served generations and generations of children in both luxurious and humble homes in the development of speech, humor, and a sense of rhythm, all of which are essential qualities for happy living.

For further practice in choral speech, we are including "Johnny's Farm." You may practice these sounds with your child. You may enjoy using tonal variations, also. For example, you may imitate a mother "coo, coo," a father "coo, coo," and a baby "coo, coo." Other ideas undoubtedly will present themselves.

When this selection was tried here at Rosicrucian Park, the children as their own idea began adding sounds from their personal experience. One child suggested the sound of an airplane; another, her dog's wuf, wuf; and another, her cat's meow, meow. No music as background was used since the voice is the music. The children also added their laughter, which indicated the experiment's joyous effect upon them.

You may have your child help you choose sounds out of his own environment so that there is a selection of his own to replace "Johnny's Farm." The sounds should be from the child's personal experience. Maybe the sound of an airplane, or the sounds of the family dog or cat: roar, roar; wuf, wuf; or meow, meow.

Poems should be repeated often but there should never be too many at a time, for the child will tire. Our aim at Story Hour is to delight children while teaching them.

In interpreting and presenting this lesson, it is to be appreciated that grownups as well as children seem often to be in need of sheer nonsense as a release from nervous tension. We trust, therefore, that you will enjoy yourself with your child. This lesson lends itself to many innovations and variations.

## **JOHNNY'S FARM**

Johnny had a little dove;

Coo, coo, coo.

Johnny had a little mill;  
Clack, clack, clack.

Johnny had a little cow;  
Moo, moo, moo.

Johnny had a little duck;  
Quack, quack, quack.

Coo, coo; clack, clack; moo, moo; quack, quack;  
Down on Johnny's little farm.

Johnny had a little hen;  
Cluck, cluck, cluck.

Johnny had a little crow;  
Caw, caw, caw.

Johnny had a little pig;  
Chook, chook, chook.

Johnny had a little donkey;  
Haw, haw, haw.

Coo, coo; clack, clack; moo, moo; quack, quack;  
Cluck, cluck; caw, caw; chook, chook; haw, haw;

Down on Johnny's little farm.

Johnny had a little dog;

Bow, wow, wow.

Johnny had a little lamb;

Baa, baa, baa.

Johnny had a little son;

Now, now, now!

Johnny had a little wife;

Ha! ha! ha!

Coo, coo; clack, clack; moo, moo; quack, quack;

Cluck, cluck; caw, caw; chook, chook; haw, haw;

Bow-wow; baa, baa; now, now! ha, ha!

Down on Johnny's little farm.

-H.M. Adams (From *A Poetry Speaking Anthology*)

## Lesson 11

### Hummingbird—The Police Officer

---

Did you know that the hummingbird is about the tiniest bird there is? If it could take off its coat of feathers, it would be no larger than a bee.

David was a little boy who had a ruby-throated hummingbird for a friend. The hummingbird's neck was covered with beautiful, shiny red feathers. On his head there were bright green feathers. Every spring, the hummingbird and Mama Hummingbird built a nest in the lilac bush that grew in David's backyard.

The hummingbird is a busy bird. It never rests. It beats and whirs its wings so fast that you can't really tell what the bird looks like. Its wings go "hummmmmmmmm, hummmmmmm, hummmmm, hummmmm" like a fan as it darts here and there. It is because the wings go "hummmmm, hummmmm, hummmmm," that it is called a hummingbird. The hummingbird flies so fast that it looks like a feather whirling in the air. David couldn't tell what his bird friend looked like until his mother showed him a picture of a hummingbird.

"Oh, look at the long needle he carries in his mouth!" David said.

"That's his bill," said David's mother. "It looks like a needle, but it is actually a long slender tube"

"What does he do with it?" David asked.

"He sucks honey from the flowers with it," answered his mother. "The honey is called nectar. Hummingbirds have nectar for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. In fact, watching them, one would think that they eat all the time."

"My hummingbird friend and Mama Hummingbird certainly do," laughed David. "If they aren't careful, the flowers will run out of nectar."

"Oh, no," said David's mother. "The flowers make lots of nectar. They have enough for themselves and the hummingbirds, too. Did you know that your friend the hummingbird is the flowers' police officer? With his long needlelike bill, the hummingbird hunts and picks up insects that hide in the flower petals. The flowers don't want insects to eat up their petals. They want to grow big blossoms, and, later, they want to make seeds. They don't mind the hummingbirds eating their nectar if in return they will take away all the insects."

"The flowers pay the police officer for catching and carrying away the insects by letting

him have nectar for food," David said. "That's because they don't have any money."

"Yes," David's mother agreed. "They don't have any money so they give the hummingbird some of their nectar instead."

"My hummingbird must be a good police officer since he is always around the flowers," David said.

"When the ants come to eat up our peonies, he will take care of them," David's mother said. "He will find the ants and carry them away."

"What else does he do with his long bill?" asked David.

"He weaves his nest with it. A nest is the home that he builds for his babies."

"Will he have some babies now?" David asked.

"Mama Hummingbird has to lay some eggs first. Then she will sit on them and keep them warm for many days before the baby birds hatch. But wait and see. Soon the birds will build their nests."

One morning, David's friend, Maureen, came to play with him. David took her into the backyard to watch the hummingbirds fanning their wings over the flowers and going, "Hummmmm, hummmmm, hummmmm."

Maureen had never seen hummingbirds before. "Oh, look!" she cried. "Are they gathering honey? What are they?"

"They are hummingbirds gathering nectar," said David. "That is what flower honey is called."

"Then do they eat it?" asked Maureen.

"Yes," David explained. "But they do more than that. They are police officers for the flowers, too. They pick insects out of the petals so that the flowers can finish their blooming and grow seeds."

"Do all birds work?" asked Maureen. She was only four and David was already five.

"Everything and everybody works," said David, "Birds and bees and rabbits and boys and girls and even flowers. Flowers work when they make their nectar to give to bees and hummingbirds."

"I work, too, when I pick up my room," said Maureen.

"Shh! They are both flying to the lilac bush," whispered David.

"Hummm, hummm, hummm, hummmmm," went the hummingbird's wings.

"Let's be very quiet and watch. Don't go too close, Maureen. The hummingbirds have a secret in the tree."

"Oh," whispered Maureen, "is the secret baby birds?"

"Not yet," answered David. "The secret is that they are building their nest."

"Aren't they beautiful!" exclaimed Maureen. "Look how fast they move!"

The hummingbirds were very busy. David's hummingbird friend whirled around the trees picking up bits of soft, loose bark. Mama Hummingbird whirled around, too, picking up pieces of dry grass and dead leaves.

After a while, Maureen got sleepy in the warm sun and her head began to nod. It was almost time for her afternoon nap.

David was getting tired, too. He forgot to watch the hummingbirds. Instead, he was watching his pink flannel pajamas waving in the wind where his mother had hung them on the line to dry. Suddenly, the hummingbird flew at the pajamas and pulled off a loose thread with his long bill. Then he flew back to his nest, but soon he was back again for some more.

David's eyes opened wide. The hummingbird was using his long bill to sew his nest together. He had picked a bit of loose thread from David's pajamas to help him make his nest.

Just then David's mother called, "Maureen! David! It's time for your naps."

David and Maureen were sleepy and so they were glad that it was naptime. They knew that the hummingbirds would still be there when they woke up.

#### *Notes for Parents:*

The suggested background music for this story is Beethoven's *Symphony No. 6, Fifth Movement*.

Happily, few children's environments are without the contact of bird life. Children should be given an opportunity to enrich their consciousnesses by obtaining a more intimate knowledge of the feathered kingdom. Discussing birds when visiting the park or sitting in the backyard may provide this. In this story, the cooperation between the birds and the flowers furnishes an indirect lesson for harmonious living.

Children should be encouraged to practice the humming music of the hummingbird since this sound has a beneficial effect on the nervous system. This is especially recommended for the nervous, restless type of child. Also, imitating the whirring and fluttering of the hummingbird's

wings is excellent exercise.

Opportunity is provided for dialogue. Young children need practice in speech and voice development as well as in learning new words to add to their vocabularies. After the story becomes familiar, children may assume the different parts.

Children may ask what will happen when the nest is finished. This will be told in next week's story. It is best not to arouse too much curiosity before you are prepared to satisfy it. The new story can always wait for a future time.

In this story, the police officer is presented as a protective force. This is an opportunity to explain the work of police officers. Children should know that their help should be sought in time of trouble and that they are public servants.

## Lesson 12

### The Hummingbird and the Spider

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A few days after the hummingbirds built their nest, David's daddy lifted him so that he could look inside. What do you suppose he saw? There was a tiny white egg about the size of a pea. Hummingbird eggs are very small because hummingbirds themselves are small. They are the tiniest birds in the world, and the inside of their nest is no bigger than a thimble.

"There will be one more egg," David's daddy said. "Then Mama Hummingbird will sit on the eggs to keep them warm until they are hatched. If we are kind to her, she will not be afraid of us. Then I'll lift you up again so that you may see the baby hummingbirds."

After Mama Hummingbird began sitting on her nest to keep the eggs warm, David's daddy explained to him that the father bird kept close watch so that no harm would come to the tiny nest. If another bird, a cat, or anything else should frighten him, he would use his long bill to peck at the intruder, and a hummingbird's bill, you know, is like a long, sharp needle.

David knew that his friend the hummingbird would not hurt him unless he ran up to the bush suddenly. Then the hummingbird might think that he was a big cat that didn't know any better than to catch birds.

One day, a big spider built a web in the lilac bush quite near the hummingbirds' nest. The spider didn't pay any attention to the nest because spiders don't know what a bird's nest is. All spiders know is how to make webs.

The spider worked hard all day long, weaving her beautiful web out of silk threads that she made in her mouth and body.

"This is a perfect place to put my web," said the spider as she worked. "The wind can't tear it down from this bush."

"Who-whoo-who-whooooo," sang the wind as it rushed high above the spider's head.

"You can't get at my beautiful web to tear it up," the spider said to the wind. "The lilac leaves will be my door. They won't let you in."

When the spider finished weaving her web, she sat on a silken strand to rest. She was getting hungry. A fly or a mosquito for dinner would taste good, she thought. So, she sat there, waiting for something to get caught in her web.

Soon a mosquito flew in between the leaves and caught its long leg in the spider's web.



"Mzz-mmzz-mmzz-mmzz," sang the mosquito. It struggled to get away, but it was caught tight.

Just as the spider rushed forward to get the mosquito, there was a "hummmmm, hummmmm, hummmmm," and the hummingbird whirred down and picked up the mosquito and carried it to Mama Hummingbird to eat.

"Oh," cried the spider, "my beautiful web is all torn up and my dinner is gone. Now I'll have to fix the broken threads." So, the spider got busy again and began to repair her web.

Spiders cannot see very far, and so the spider had not seen that it was the hummingbird who had taken her dinner. "That must have been a big horsefly or a grasshopper that got into my web and tore it up," said the spider. "But this time, I'll make a stronger web."

When the spider had finished mending her web, she sat down to wait, hoping that a delicious insect would be trapped. In a little while, a fly came buzzing by. Into the web went its foot, and it couldn't get away. "Buzzzzz, buzzzzz," said the fly.

But Daddy Hummingbird was right there again. "Hummmmm, hummm, hummmmm," sang his wings as he whirred down and picked up the fly with his long bill. The spider's web shook so that the spider fell out of it and the web came all to pieces.

"This is an awful place to live," said the spider. "The whole bush is shaking. I made a mistake when I wove my web in this bush." So, the spider hurried away to find a better place to live.

Just then, David's daddy came out to say that dinner was ready. He heard a little "ee-eep, ee-eep" sound in the lilac bush. "Why," he said, "the hummingbirds must have their babies now."

David and his friends were excited. "May we see them now?" David asked. "May we all have a look?"

"Well," said David's daddy, "now is a good time, for Daddy Hummingbird has flown away for some more food and it looks as if Mama Hummingbird has gone along to help him."

So, he lifted David up so that he could look into the nest.

"Oh," said David. "There are two little baby birds, and they are no larger than two peas. What funny little things they are."

"Let me see, too," cried Maureen.

So, David's daddy lifted her up and let her see the tiny baby birds. Then he lifted Janie, and then. . . *(the names of all the children present may be given since this adds interest to the story).*

David and his little playmates were happy because they had seen the tiniest baby birds in

the whole world.

*Notes for Parents:*

This story is a study of the consciousness lower than that of the human being. This lower consciousness does not reason and has no premeditated motives. This should be made plain to the child. The child should realize, however, that more is to be expected from the human mind.

The bird did not intentionally destroy the work of the spider, nor did he intentionally rob the spider of her food. His actions were motivated solely by the need for food. The spider follows an instinct when she weaves a web to catch a fly. When her web is torn, she does not understand the cause.

Perhaps if we knew more about the lower consciousness, we would have a better understanding of the consciousness of people in their various stages of evolution.

To start a discussion, ask you child, "Why did the bird tear up the spider's web?"

The bird saw the fly and, while he was picking it up, the web was torn. The bird has only little mind and cannot do much thinking. The spider has a little mind, also, and cannot do much thinking. But a boy or a girl has a big mind and can think and plan his or her work well. They are responsible for the things they do.

Children should learn early that there is something within them that is called the mind. It helps them to do things.

The spider wasn't angry. She simply mended her web and then later moved away. The bird didn't know that he had made trouble for the spider.

The music of the wind and the whirr of the hummingbird are excellent sounds for imitating. Although the sound of "z" as in "buzz" and "m-zzz" is not exactly pleasing, it is a part of vocal expression and is necessary in speech.

The same musical selection that was used for the previous story is recommended.

However, try occasionally to have a story without music to see if your audience misses it.

## Lesson 13

### Hip Hop, The Little Green Grasshopper

---

Hip Hop was a tiny green grasshopper who lived down at the edge of the garden walk. He lived with his sister, Skip Hop, and his brother, Slide Hop. They were wonderful hoppers and could hop right across the gravel walk and over the flower bushes. But Daddy grasshopper could hop the farthest of them all and often landed far out, by the plum tree. The children watched him and that is how they learned to hop.

The flowers liked Hip Hop, Slide Hop, and Skip Hop, because the grasshoppers would tickle the flowers' faces when they hopped by. The grasshoppers liked the flowers, because their tender leaves and petals were good to eat.

One day, Hip Hop, Skip Hop, and Slide Hop decided to play a new game. They stood in a row at the edge of the gravel walk to see who could hop the farthest. Hip Hop took a deep breath, shut his eyes, and hopped.

Splash! Splash! Splash! Poor Hip Hop!

There he was, right in the middle of the lily pool, with a big goldfish coming straight toward him.

Skip Hop, his little sister, skipped to the edge of the lily pool and Slide Hop, his brother, slid down the gravel walk to the edge of the lily pool. "Quick, Hip Hop," they called, "hop up on the leaf of the water lily."

Hip Hop hopped up on the leaf. He shook the water out of his eyes. He shook the water off his back. He kicked his legs and soon they were dry.

Hip Hop looked over at his sister, Skip Hop, and his brother, Slide Hop. They were so far away. How could he ever get back to them?

Skip Hop and Slide Hop were glad, though. Hip Hop was safe on the lily leaf instead of down in the water. "Let's skip and slide so that Hip Hop will know how happy we are."

Hip Hop laughed when he saw them skip and slide.

Then he felt happy, too. He forgot that he was sitting alone on top of a lily leaf in the water.

The big goldfish in the lily pool liked to watch the little grasshoppers as they swam around. It must be as much fun to hop, skip, and slide as it is to swim in the water, he thought. Then he swam under the lily leaf.

"Hello, little Hip Hop!" he said. His voice sounded so loud to Hip Hop that he almost tumbled back into the water.

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed the big goldfish. "Did I frighten you?"

"Yes," answered Hip Hop, "I didn't mean to hop into your home, really I didn't. My brother and sister and I were only playing a game. I closed my eyes and hopped right into your home. I'm sorry, Mr. Goldfish. Truly, I am."

"Don't be sorry, little Hip Hop. I'm glad you came to see me. I get lonesome just swimming around in the lily pool with no one to make me laugh. The lilies smell sweet, but they can't hop or skip or slide the way you Hop children do."

"Thank you, Mr. Goldfish," said Hip Hop. "We shall come to see you often now that we know you better, only I think I'm going to cry now."

"Cry, Hip Hop?" asked the surprised goldfish.

"Yes," sniffed Hip Hop.

One small tear came. Then Hip Hop said, "I want to hop on the ground. I want to play with my sister and brother, Skip Hop and Slide Hop." Another tear came.

"Dear, oh dear," sighed Mr. Goldfish. "Whatever shall I do now? Don't cry, little Hip Hop. I'll think of a way for you to get back on the ground."

The big goldfish stopped swimming and became very still and quiet. He was thinking. He was so quiet that Hip Hop thought he had forgotten all about him and had gone to sleep.

Hip Hop started to cry again. "Sister Skip Hop! Brother Slide Hop! I want my mama. I want to go home," he called.

Mr. Goldfish opened his eyes and smiled at Hip Hop. "Stop crying, little Hip Hop, I have a wonderful idea. I'll swim in the water to guide you, and you can hop from one lily leaf to another. Don't worry, you will soon be back on land."

So, the big goldfish started to swim and little Hip Hop started to hop. Swim and hop. Swim and hop. Hip Hop didn't know when he and Mr. Goldfish would ever stop swimming and hopping.

At last, Mr. Goldfish said, "Now, Hip Hop, do you see that long stem sticking out of the water? Well, you take a good long hop and hop to the very end, and when you get there, that long stem will bounce you right out onto the grass."

Wheee! What a high, long bounce that was! Little Hip Hop sailed through the air and landed on the grass. Then he hopped quickly to meet Skip Hop and Slide Hop. They laughed and

laughed because they were so glad to see Hip Hop.

"Now let's hop over and say good-bye to Mr. Goldfish," said Slide Hop.

"Thank you, Mr. Goldfish, for helping me back onto the grass," Hip Hop said to the big goldfish. "After this, I'll keep my eyes open and look where I am going when I hop."

Then away went Hip Hop with his sister, Skip Hop, and his brother, Slide Hop. They went hopping and skipping and sliding over the grass, and the big goldfish swam away to take a nap under the lily leaves.

#### *Notes for Parents:*

This story lends itself to loud reading. Little Hip Hop's predicament will arouse sympathy. At the same time, there is a lesson to learn. It is that people must curb impulsiveness and look where they are going; otherwise, they may invite trouble. That is the law of cause and effect. This is an opportunity to discuss the law of cause and effect, bearing in mind the age and comprehension of the child.

For example, the parent may explain that if children eat too much candy and become ill from it, it is because they broke a natural law. If they refuse to get their hair combed and wait until their hair gets badly tangled, combing the hair will be a painful process when finally it has to be done. If they refuse to go to sleep at their regular bedtime, they will be cranky and irritable in the morning.

Children need to be taught that their own acts are the cause of their problems and discomforts. This realization will bring about self-discipline, which is essential for character development.

When such effects as described above take place, the causes should be analyzed and explained to the child. Spanking children for acts which have definite and obvious causes only doubles their punishment and confuses them.

The Hop family of grasshoppers portrays a fine family relationship. The little grasshoppers are considerate of one another's welfare. They attempt to lift Hip Hop's spirits by being cheerful. Cheerfulness makes for a happy home life.

Below are some suggested questions for discussion:

1. Why did Hip Hop hop into the lily pond?

2. Who helped Hip Hop out of the pond?
3. Do you suppose that Hip Hop will ever hop into the water again? .
4. Can you show me how the little sister, Skip Hop, skipped?
5. How did the three little grasshoppers learn to hop?

Suggested background music for this story is Beethoven's *Symphony No.6, Second Movement*.

The next lesson will introduce a number of art activities. This aspect of the child's education is necessary for the unfolding of her creative potential.

## Lesson 14

### The Creative Urge and Art

---

The creative urge in children is strong. Pushed by that nervous inner power, they are prompted to act. In fact, they must act; they must do something. Unless activities are provided for them to use this energy constructively, they will use it in mischief. In other words, they must act because they cannot help themselves. If the child does the "wrong thing" and is continually stopped and blocked and even punished for doing this or that, the curbed energy will in time create a health problem and certainly a thwarted personality.

In this lesson, we shall utilize art to keep the child constructively busy. Get children occupied, and then leave them alone. When they tire of this play and become irritable, they will need relaxation, a nap, or another activity of an entirely different nature since a complete change means rest.

It is important that you know the temperament of your child. Timid children will need more help than aggressive children to find their skills or discover things to do. Naturally, the aggressive child is apt to find the wrong thing or outlet, while the seemingly quiet child may be a thinker. That child may be the type who thinks and plans as he plays. When the child finally finishes a task, it will probably be well done and complete.

The five senses (seeing, feeling, hearing, tasting, smelling) are the channels both for receiving and giving expression. These faculties should be kept healthy, exercised, and well balanced. Edison, the genius of invention, had his hearing impaired when a child. He was considered to be rather dull at school. Therefore, have your child's seeing, hearing, and speech tested to ascertain if any slowness on her part may have an organic cause. These are the three senses that often show abnormalities. Besides this precaution, encourage the normal development of these faculties. *The Child Culture Series* was developed to help you. Use it conscientiously even after you have finished your lessons. Decide which of the lessons are most needed by your child and repeat the stories and activities until your child is at least of school age.

If for no apparent reason a child seems slow or sluggish, that child may need activities of the more stimulating type. He may like and need brighter colors, louder and more exciting music, and intense types of exercise. For instance, the child's preference may be to jump rope rather than sway to waltz music. Try different activities and watch the responses. Allow the child

to participate in more strenuous exercises. However, gradually introduce some of the finer and milder activities so as to round out her personality.

In order to keep the excitable child emotionally balanced, the predominating activities should be with softer colors, music of a slower tempo, and the milder type of physical exercises.

Although most children around the age of three are developing a group instinct and beginning to feel the need of a companion, it is to be remembered that the sensitive, quiet child needs some solitude. To be conscious of self, to be able to analyze self, and to be able to reason out the relationship of that personal self to the selves of others are attributes that make him different from the rest of creation. Unless humanity discovers its will and learns to control and direct it, we are no better than a plant or some other lower creation. We are at the mercy of others and everything that constitutes our environment. We take what life offers instead of creating what we desire, and, thus, we make a prisoner of our soul personality.

A contented child is usually regarded as deriving adequate opportunity for self-expression, and a child who is a problem and difficult to handle is considered to be repressed. The child is the "square peg that is being fitted into a round hole," or vice versa. The same is true of an adult.

The principal purpose of this lesson is to provide constructive projects that will utilize children's creative energy and at the same time aid them to evolve their personalities. Such activities tend to awaken talents and sharpen the faculties that are already within the make-up of the child. Human beings are not machines to which something can be bolted or nailed to make them grow bigger. Growth—mental, spiritual, and physical—is an inner process. However, human beings need proper food and proper stimuli to help them grow. Like must be fed with like: the physical with the physical, the mental with the mental, and the spiritual with the spiritual. Anyone whose threefold nature is neglected or unbalanced is unhappy and a potential problem to themselves or to society.

In guiding the child, however, we continue to warn that adequate provision must be made for self-help. Over-attention hampers the growth of the Inner Self. As soon as a child is able to act on suggestions, a child should learn to be independent in playing, as well as in eating, bathing, and dressing. The self within the child is to be relied upon.

Perhaps your child has a playhouse or a tent, or, perhaps, in the corner of your kitchen, your child has a table for her own use and a few shelves or a cabinet in which to store her things. Your child may have a place in the open air on the back lawn where it is safe and where



you can keep an eye on your child through your kitchen window. Wherever your child may be, here are a few suggestions to keep them occupied:

## **CLAY MODELING**

Clay is an aid to muscular and mental coordination as well as to creative expression. Commercial clay can be obtained from art stores and a variety of retail stores. You can even find recipes, either on the Internet or in craft books, to make your own modeling clay using flour, salt, and water.

The play table should be low and wide enough so that things cannot be pushed off easily and so that there is enough room for a companion worker also. You may also want to explain to your child that the clay belongs only on the table and not on the rug or chair or some other piece of furniture.

As children work with clay, they will soon invent forms that have meaning for them whether or not they look like anything to anyone else. At first, perhaps, they will merely poke their fingers into the clay to make holes or roll it and make a rope, a doughnut, or small balls. They may flatten the balls and make pancakes. Let the children's imaginations direct their play.

## **DRAWING**

For drawing, purchase drawing paper or use sheets of butcher paper.

Crayons that are four or five inches long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter are a convenient size for a young child since they are easily handled and do not break when pressed upon. There should be an assortment of colors and they should be kept in an open box.

Allow children to choose their own colors and draw anything they wish freehand. Young children usually make dots, strokes, or circles. At the preschool age, it is thought best not to suggest that they draw or color forms unless they come to them as their own ideas. In this way, the individuality and originality of the inner personality is safeguarded. In other words, the child is not encouraged to be a copyist.

At times play music while your child is drawing. It is interesting to observe how music stimulates the child and influences the design.

Another activity is to create collages with construction paper of various colors. Have children cut a few sheets of construction paper into any shapes or forms they wish. Usually, they will cut long strips, squares, or circles, snipping the edges off to form triangles or merely "scraps." Then, allow children to choose from the shapes that they cut and paste on another piece of paper in any way they please. Sometimes they will paste them here or there or pile them up, pasting one on top of the other. Neat pasting is not to be expected.

The scissors are the usual short, blunt-pointed ones, about four and one-half inches long. A good quality pair will hold tension better.

You may want to save greeting cards and magazines for collages also.

When children reach the age of five or so, they may progress into scrapbook making. The pages for the scrapbook may be construction paper tied together with colored cord or ribbon.

## **FINGER PAINTING**

Finger painting is a relatively simple technique. Special paper and paint with accompanying directions may be purchased. The paint, of course, must be washable.

With these paints, butcher paper or newsprint can be used.

The table described for clay work is also suitable for finger painting. Children should wear smocks or aprons to protect their clothes. An old shirt with the sleeves cut off, buttoned in the back, makes a good protective garment.

Here again, the choice of colors, design, and procedure reveal the child's personality and afford an interesting study. Learn to know your children by watching them at work.

This lesson provides suggestions for simple activities that are open ended and allow for personal creativity. There are books and magazines that have many good suggestions for art projects, but remember to stick to ones that are less structured, which allow for the use of the imagination. Let children work with one activity for several weeks so that they become thoroughly familiar with it. For instance, try crayons for several weeks, then finger painting, then clay. Then go back and start over with crayons, and so on.

These activities are given as an addition and not as a substitute for the stories. As children

become familiar with the stories, they will choose the ones they want to listen to. They will also help tell them. As children become familiar with their artwork, they should be allowed to make their choices there, too. One day your child may desire to work with clay and the next with crayons, or your child may wish to do one type of activity for several days.

Before closing, we would like to suggest that any kind of blocks or building toys can also provide open ended and constructive play with many possibilities.

We hope you and your child derive much enjoyment from these activities. If your child seems to lack interest, his imagination may need stimulation and encouragement. That will be for you to determine. If your child does need stimulation, perhaps music will help. Experiment to determine what kind of music stimulates the imagination of your child. Prior to the art activity, perhaps reciting some rhyme that your child particularly enjoys will inspire creativity. Unless your child's imagination is developed, he may never appreciate or enjoy the finer things of life.

It is said that good teachers learn from their pupils. Here then is your opportunity.

## Lesson 15

### Tom Duck's Supper

---

In the pond at the park, there is a duck. There are really lots of ducks, but there is only one duck whose tail goes waggle-wiggle, waggle-wiggle every time he swims. This duck's name is Tom. You can always pick Tom Duck out from the other ducks because his tail waggle-wiggles when he swims.

On a cold day, Tom's tail goes very fast—waggle, waggle, waggle. On a hot day, Tom's tail goes slower—wiggle, wiggle, wiggle.

Tom Duck has a mama, too, just as you do. When Mama Duck swims in the pond, her tail goes swish-swush, swish-swush. It doesn't go waggle-wiggle, waggle-wiggle, or waggle, waggle, waggle, or even wiggle, wiggle. No, Mama Duck's tail goes swish-swush, swish-swush.

Tom Duck and his mama and all the other ducks do not swim all day long. They have to eat breakfast, they have to eat lunch, and they have to eat supper because ducks get hungry, just as you do.

One day, just before suppertime, a little girl named Allison went to the park with her mama.

They hurried to the low wire fence near the edge of the duck pond.

"Why, where are the ducks?" asked Mama.

"Ducks," called Allison. "Oh, ducks, where are you?"

Allison and Mama looked across the lake. There were no ducks there. They looked to the side where the waterfall was, but there were no ducks there. What had happened to the ducks?

"Quack, quack," said something nearby.

Allison and Mama looked all around. The ducks didn't seem to be anywhere. But all of a sudden, Allison heard another "Quack, quack."

Then she saw something. There were the ducks! They were swimming out from under a low-hanging bush.

"Hello, ducks," called Allison, jumping up and down and holding on to the wire fence with one hand.

What do you think the ducks said to Allison? "Quack-quack. Quack-quack-quack," said the ducks. "Look, Mama, there's Tom Duck!" Allison said. "Look at his tail. It goes waggle-wiggle,

waggle-wiggle."

"What a long neck Tom Duck has," Mama said.

"Oh! His neck is all curved into the water. Where do you suppose his head is?" asked Allison.

"It is in the water, Allison. He's trying to find his supper," said Mama. "How funny he looks!"

Then Mama Duck bent her long neck, too. Her head went under the water.

"Is the ducks' supper in the water?" asked Allison, puzzled. "Won't their supper get wet?"

"They like it wet," Mama said. "They open their eyes under the water and look at the bottom of the lake. Then they see plants down there that they like so they open and close their bills and gobble up the plants."

Now the ducks were all curving their necks and all their heads bobbed up and down. Allison stretched her head like a duck's.

"I'm a duck, too," she laughed. "Quack, quack."

"I'd rather be a little girl," Mama said. Then she remembered something.

"Allison," she asked. "What is that you are holding? Remember, you brought something for the ducks to eat."

Then Allison remembered. She was holding a paper bag.

What do you suppose was in the bag? Was it milk? Oh, no, it was something for the ducks and ducks do not like milk. Was it a big apple? No, it wasn't an apple because ducks do not care for apples. Was it corn? Yes, that's what it was. Allison had brought a paper bag full of corn kernels for the ducks' supper.

Tom Duck and the other ducks saw Allison waving the paper bag. They could tell that she had something tasty for them for their supper. Tom Duck was so happy that his tail went waggle-wiggle, waggle-wiggle, and Mama Duck was so happy that her tail went swish-swush, swish-swush, and all of the other ducks were so happy that they went "Quack-quack-quack."

The ducks went right up to the edge of the pond and quacked for their supper. Then Allison put her hand into the bag and drew out a handful of corn kernels. She threw them as far as she could. Some of the corn landed in the water and some landed on the edge of the pond. But the ducks didn't care. They grabbed the corn and went gobble-gobble-gobble as fast as they could. The corn disappeared.

Allison threw handful after handful of corn to the ducks. One duck was so hungry that he jumped up and almost nipped Allison's finger.

"Look out," said Mama, laughing.

Soon the corn was all gone. The ducks seemed to thank Allison for their supper because they went "Quack-quack, quack-quack, quack."

That's the story about the ducks' supper and Tom Duck whose tail went waggle-wiggle, and Mama Duck, whose tail went swish-swush, and all the other ducks who went "Quack-quack-quack" in the pond at the park.

*Notes for Parents:*

This story needs no music as a background since it furnishes word sounds as a substitute. Many children have had a similar experience at a park and they will relive it in the telling of this incident. Others will enjoy the adventure and novelty and will live the experience in their imaginations. A picture of a duck or ducks may be shown. This is another opportunity for drawing and coloring.

The story teaches thoughtfulness and friendliness to birds and animals.

## Lesson 16

### The Good Little Donkey

---

The little gray donkey was sound asleep on his bed. His manger was filled with hay for his breakfast. He was dreaming about the green fields where he played with other little donkeys on Sundays. Then he heard his master's voice. Suddenly, he was wide awake.

"Hee-haw, hee-haw," the little gray donkey answered his master.

But then he heard an unknown man's voice and other voices too. Up went one long gray ear. They were talking about staying in his stable. Now he became curious. Up went the other long gray ear. Never had anything like this happened before. The little stable seemed suddenly to be filled with joy and happiness.

The little gray donkey's eyes opened wide. Was it already daylight? Was it morning? No, there was a great star in the sky. The star was shining its light all around the little gray donkey's manger.

The little gray donkey did not go back to sleep. He raised himself up on his front feet. He perked up one ear. Then he perked up the other ear. He could hear better now.

Then he sniffed the air with his smooth pink nose. The hay smelled good. The air smelled good. Then he peeked into the manger.

What do you suppose he saw?

There, on his breakfast hay, lay a beautiful mother and her baby. Most little donkeys would have been upset. But this little donkey wasn't. He gave them a friendly "hee-haw, hee-haw" and looked at them.

The little gray donkey liked the beautiful mother and her baby. Down went one ear. Down went the other ear. Then he lay down to listen and think.

The days passed. The little gray donkey ate his hay from the ground, but he was glad to have the beautiful mother and her baby stay in his manger. They all became good friends. Each day, the little gray donkey went with his master to bring things back from the market place. He carried fruits and vegetables on his back. He didn't mind helping his master, but he was always happy when evening came and he could hurry home. It was fun sharing his stable with a mother and a baby.

Every night the beautiful mother sang a lullaby to the baby. The little gray donkey listened

happily:

Lullaby, Lullaby,  
Mother and Daddy are nigh.  
Lullaby, Lullaby,  
Time to close your eyes.  
Lullaby, Lullaby,  
God and the angels on high  
Look down from the skies.  
Lullaby, Lullaby.

One night, the beautiful light did not shine into the manger, and the beautiful mother did not sing her lullaby to the baby. That night the little gray donkey was very sleepy and tired, but he missed hearing the lullaby. He went to sleep feeling somewhat saddened.

He was surprised when his master woke him up in the middle of the night to put the halter on him and lead him out of the stable. The little gray donkey wondered what the matter was. He stood very still and quiet because he was thinking. He always swished his tail when he had something on his mind, so now his tail went swish, swish, swish.

Then the little gray donkey heard his master tell the strange man that the beautiful mother and her baby were in danger. The little gray donkey, he said, would carry them to Egypt where they would be safe. Now the little donkey's tail really did go swish, swish, swish. He was trying to remember all the stories he had heard the other little donkeys tell about Egypt.

Swish, swish went the tail again. None of the other little gray donkeys wanted to go to Egypt. The journey was far. The sands were hot. The little gray donkey began to wonder about going so far away. Would he get lost? Would the hot sands burn his feet? Would there be water to drink in the desert? Would he ever return to his own stable? Would he ever see his master again?

His tail went swish, swish as he stood there thinking. Up went one long gray ear. Up went the other long gray ear. "Hee-haw, hee-haw," he called but nobody paid any attention to him because there was so much to do to get ready for the long trip to Egypt.

The little gray donkey felt very sad. Down went his head, but he did not cry. "I shall be brave," he thought, "and go with the beautiful mother and the baby. Every night, I shall listen to the mother singing the lovely lullaby to the baby."

When everything was ready, the beautiful mother and her baby were helped on the little



gray donkey's back. The unknown man was standing close by. He shook hands with the little gray donkey's master. "I shall walk along by the side of the little gray donkey," the man said. The little donkey was glad because he knew that the man would be his companion on the long, tiresome journey. Together, they would take the beautiful mother and the baby to Egypt.

Now, a strange thing happened. The little gray donkey pointed both long gray ears up to the sky. Just then an angel came and whispered something into his right ear. This made the little gray donkey so happy that he said, "Hee-haw, hee-haw," and started on his journey with the man, the beautiful mother, and the baby.

The good little donkey never told anyone what it was that the angel told him but we do know this: the beautiful mother and the baby were taken safely to Egypt.

#### *Notes for Parents:*

This story was written by a nursery school teacher, who related that she told and retold it dozens of times with unfailing interest on the part of the children. They always want to know what it was the angel whispered into the donkey's ear. To exercise their imagination, she encourages them to think about it and imagine for themselves what secret the angel told the donkey. She suggests that if they are kind and helpful, possibly an angel may whisper a secret to them sometime. Children delight in being able to add something to this story.

Since children invariably want to know why donkeys don't like Egypt, this is a good opportunity to tell them about the Nile, the river that gave life to civilizations. It is an opportunity, too, to explain about the desert and the animals that are able to live there. Donkeys don't really belong in deserts, and that is why the little donkey was reluctant to make the long journey.

When children ask whether the lullaby put the donkey to sleep, tell them how even animals react to rhythm and to the various tones of the voice. The voice tells them when we are displeased with them or when we are praising them. Here is an opportunity to teach children that we must be careful how we use our voices so that we can be friends to animals and people.

There is never an end to questions, but each one deserves a thoughtful answer. This story generally elicits many questions.

It is needless to say that the chief reason for the inclusion of this biblical story in the *Child Culture Series* is its original presentation. It does not mean that the Child Culture Institute

considers the angels or the incident of the manger as being factual. The story is told entirely from the point of view of the little donkey who knows nothing about the mysteries. He is aware only of the "unusual" happenings to him in his particular environment. It is this element that charms the very young mind. If you feel uncomfortable with the story, feel free to change elements or words to your pleasing.

During your Story Hour, you might include with this story songs such as the "Cradle Hymn."

## Lesson 17

### What is Adventure?

---

Where do you suppose Allan is taking his nap today? It isn't in his bed, and it isn't out in the yard. It's in the back seat of the car.

Mom and Dad and Allan are going for a long ride, and Allan is asleep in the back seat.

Dad stops the car after a long time. Allan wakes up. "Do you want to go for a walk?" asks Dad.

They are on a big hill. Mom and Allan start down. Allan goes slip-slide, slip-slide, and Mom goes slup-slither, slup-slither because there is loose dirt on the trail. Here comes Dad, and he goes glup-crunch, glup-crunch. He is a big man, and he has heavy shoes, so, of course, he doesn't go slip-slide like Allan or slup-slither like Mom. Instead, he goes glup-crunch.

Dad has forgotten the camera. He turns around and goes crunch, crunch, crunch, back up the hill to the car.

Mom and Allan come to some trees. There goes a chipmunk with a bushy tail. He races up a tree and hangs there looking at them over his shoulder.

"Hurry with the camera," calls Mom.

"I'm coming," Dad answers.

But when Dad reaches them, the chipmunk has disappeared. Allan hopes that the chipmunk will come back.

Suddenly, the tiny claws of the chipmunk reach around a branch. There is the chipmunk! He is peeking at Mom and Dad and Allan.

Dad gets the camera ready. He holds the camera to his eye and walks quietly toward the chipmunk.

"See," whispers Mom, "we can show the chipmunk to Grandma."

They start down the hill again. Allan goes slip-slide, Mom goes slup-slither, and Dad goes glup-crunch.

What do you think is at the bottom of the hill? A huge waterfall, and the spray from the falling water sprinkles Dad, it sprinkles Mom, and it sprinkles Allan.

Now the trail is rocky and slippery. Dad stops by a big rock. He says to Allan, "Get up on

the rock and then climb on my back, Allan."

Allan hangs on tight because Dad has to use his hand to help himself over rocks and logs. Dad has to climb just like a chipmunk.

"This is an adventure," says Mom. She has to use her hands to help her climb, too, just like Dad. The spray is getting heavier, and it is cooler down here.

When they get to the edge of the stream, Dad sits down on a moss-covered log to rest. Allan throws a rock in to the water. The rock goes plop. Then Allan throws more rocks into the water, plop, plop, plop. He and Dad have a race to see who can throw the most rocks into the water. Sometimes the rocks fall on the ledge instead of into the water.

Now Dad goes off to find certain kinds of rocks to put in the little white sack he has tied around his waist. He intends to take them home for his rock collection.

When Dad comes back, he and Mom and Allan start up the hill. It's harder to go uphill than downhill.

Allan climbs on Dad's back again. He holds on tight.

"Yes, this is really an adventure," says Mom. She looks at the rocky hill.

Dad doesn't go glup-crunch now, Mom doesn't go slup-slither, and Allan doesn't go slip-slide. Allan just holds on, Mom pulls herself over the rocks, and Dad steps carefully. Sometimes, he says, "Uh."

Going uphill means that Dad and Mom must stop often to rest. Then Allan can look back and see the waterfall.

"Do you see what I see?" says Dad. He bends over and Allan almost falls off his back. Dad picks up a tiny, red wild strawberry.

"Oh, good," says Mom and she bends down too. Allan slides off Dad's back and starts hunting through the tiny green plants. He finds a red strawberry and holds it up for Dad and Mom to see.

"Eat it," says Mom. "Wild strawberries are good, but they are hard to find."

Dad, Mom, and Allan keep looking among the green leaves, but they do not find very many strawberries. When they get back to the car, Mom brings out some apples and nuts to eat.

Then they start back. The car goes uphill and downhill, zoo-oo-oom. Soon they are home.

*Notes for Parents:*

What made this story an adventure? An adventure is doing something different. First, Allan took his nap in the car. Second, Allan, Mom, and Dad went slip-slide, slup-slither, and glup-crunch down a hill. Third, they saw a chipmunk. Then they threw stones in the water, plop, plop. They found wild strawberries, and then, finally, the car went zoo-ooooom back home. .

The *Child Culture Series* incorporates family life incidents to stress parental affection, the security of home life, and the feeling that the child belongs. Such emphasis is essential for the balanced development of a child's physical and emotional nature.

This story has for its characters a father, mother, and child on a Sunday outing. Children can quickly fit themselves into this picture.

The preschool child, especially the one just learning to talk, will enjoy the sound effects of slip-slide, slup-slither, and glup-crunch. Many variations can be made by the use of voice volume and pitch: the heavy, deliberate step of Dad in glup-crunch; the softer, lighter quality of Mom in slup-slither; and the quick light step of Allan in slip-slide.

We have found with children at Rosicrucian Park that this type of vocalization is interpreted as humor. It results in relaxation and laughter. This exercise is especially helpful to the nervous, self-conscious child.

All stories for preschool children may be repeated until they become so familiar that the child is able to help tell them. In this story, a new word is added to the child's vocabulary—*adventure*.

## Lesson 18

### Mew! Mew! Where is Susie?

---

Boots was a big black kitten with white feet that looked like little boots. He was Susie's kitten. One day, when he was sleeping under a tree, down came a walnut and bumped him on the head. Boots jumped up. "Mew, mew!" he called. "Mew, mew! Where is Susie?" She had been sitting under the walnut tree stroking his soft fur when he fell asleep, but now she was gone. Where could she be?

The wind was shaking the tree. Bump! Down came another walnut right on Boots's nose. Bump! Bump! Down came two walnuts and one hit the tip of his tail. He thought that was funny. Then Boots reached out one paw and batted the walnut. The walnut rolled away. He batted it with his other front paw and the walnut rolled back again. Boots batted and batted the walnuts around. It was fun, but soon he felt lonesome again.

"Mew, mew, mew! Where is Susie?" Then Boots listened. Pit-pat. Pit-pat. Someone was coming. Click went the gate! Click. Click. There stood Susie in her white dress. She had blue ribbons in her hair. Boots gave one big bounce and there he was in Susie's arms.

"Oh, Boots! Were you lonesome while I was gone? You haven't any kitty to play with, have you?" Then Susie whispered in Boots's ear. "I have the nicest surprise for you. But you must first wash your face and get ready," Susie put Boots down on the ground.

Boots washed his face. He washed his right cheek with a stroke of his right paw. He washed his left cheek with a stroke of his left paw. Then he washed his ears and the top of his head. Now he was ready.

Susie patted his back. "Follow me," she said. "I'll take you to the surprise."

Boots rubbed his body against Susie's ankles. "Purr-purr-purr," he sang. "Purr-purr." He always purred when he was happy.

Click, went the gate. Click. Click. Pit-pat. Pit-pat. Pit-pat went Susie's feet down the sidewalk. Pitty-pitty-pat, pitty-pitty-pat went the kitty's feet down the sidewalk. Pitty-pitty-pat. Boots and Susie passed one house. They passed two houses. They passed three houses. "Mew, mew," said Boots. Where could the surprise be? "Mew, mew!"

"We will soon be there. You will see," Susie said.

"Mew, mew," said Boots.

Then Susie stopped. Click went a gate. Click. Click! "Here we are," said Susie. There on the porch steps of a white house sat a little boy holding a fluffy brown something that looked like a ball of fur. Could it be a little dog?

"Hello, Jimmie," said Susie. "I brought Boots."

Jimmie smiled. Then he lifted the fluffy ball of fur and put it right up to Boots's face. Boots jumped back. He wasn't sure that he liked little dogs.

"Mew, mew," said the fluffy ball of fur.

Then Boots saw that the fluffy, brown little something was a little kitten with a tail, whiskers, and ears exactly like his own.

"Her name is Fluffy," said Jimmie. "We are your new neighbors. We are going to live here all the time now. I can go to your house and bring Fluffy and you can come to my house with Susie."

Jimmie put his cat down on the porch steps. "Now," he said to Fluffy, "you will learn how to make friends with other cats."

"Shall we play?" asked Boots, and he placed his paw affectionately on Fluffy's back.

"Yes, let's play," said Fluffy. "Mew, mew." She called to Boots to follow her as she jumped off the porch.

The two kittens rolled on the grass. That was fun! Then they scampered off and played a game of tag. They ran all around the yard, under the fence, and, finally, into a cornfield. There they had a wonderful time playing hide-and-seek among the cornstalks. Then Boots hid behind a cornstalk at the other end of the cornfield and Fluffy couldn't find him. "Mew, mew," she called.

While Boots was hiding, he heard a noise. "Thump! thump! thump!" went the noise.

What could it be? Was someone coming to take Fluffy away? Boots didn't want to lose Fluffy. He began to call, "Mew, mew." Fluffy followed the direction of Boots's voice and found him behind the cornstalk.

"Do you hear that noise that goes thump! thump! thump?" asked Boots.

Fluffy listened. She heard it, too. "Thump, thump."

"Let's tiptoe quietly and see what it is," said Fluffy.

So off the two kittens went through the cornfield, their soft, padded feet making no sound. Soon they reached the edge of the cornfield and looked around. All they could see were trees. Then they heard the noise again. "Thump," went the noise, and in a little while, "thump" again.

The two kittens went closer to the sound.

"Thump!"

They both jumped. Something had fallen to the ground and landed near them. They approached the object cautiously and examined it.

What do you think it was that had thumped?

It was a big red apple!

"To think that we were frightened," said Boots. "It was only the apples that 'thumped' as they fell off the tree and dropped on the ground." Then they laughed. It was so much fun to have each other to play with.

"It was exciting, wasn't it?" asked Fluffy.

"Mew, mew," answered Boots. Then he pricked up his ears.

He heard Susie's voice calling, "Boots! Boots!"

"I must run along now. Susie has a treat for me. I had a fun time, Fluffy. May I come to see you again?"

"Yes, please do," mewed Fluffy. "I was very lonely until you came. Good-bye, Boots. Jimmie has a treat for me, too."

"Good-bye, Fluffy."

Fluffy went back to her own porch and Boots scampered home to Susie for his treat.

#### *Notes for Parents:*

In addition to its entertainment and rhythmic values, this story is intended to awaken feelings of kindness, sympathy, and understanding for living things.

Although too much emotional stress is not considered good for a child, constructive exercise of the emotional faculties engenders wholesome growth and balance. Loneliness and insecurity are to some extent a natural experience in any child's life. A story such as this one furnishes a proper outlet for these emotions since it provides the opportunity to understand and share these feelings.

Children associate themselves with animals, especially pets, and they learn much from



them. Children can easily imitate the words and activities of this story since the basic emotions of the kittens are similar to their own.

## Lesson 19

### The Spirit of Giving

---

One of the earliest things children learn is the "give and take" of life. If they give of themselves or of their belongings, they learn that others will give of themselves in return. They learn that if they are kind, understanding, and tolerant, this is the kind of behavior that they will likely get from others. And if they like to give orders, they learn that they may also have to take orders. If they like to give advice, they learn that they may also have to take advice. If they like to give others a bad time, they learn that they may also have to take a bad time from others. They learn about the necessity of balance. This is their introduction to karma, that as they give, so shall they receive, and it teaches them to do unto others as they would have others do unto them.

The spirit of giving is not easy to instill in the young, for they have little experience with the effects of karma. They haven't always had time to see the effects of their actions, nor to witness that for every action there is indeed an opposite and equal reaction. Because of this, parents often invent fictitious characters with which they either threaten or promise certain effects or consequences to their children. Examples of this in some cultures are ferocious creatures, devils, or the boogymen, who will "get them" if they don't obey their parents. These begin as play and can be harmless enough if not carried on too long. In the very early years of life, they may serve as better reasons for not doing something than an abstract explanation of natural laws that cannot be so definitively illustrated. Children should be weaned from such fantasies, however, as soon as they show signs of being able to reason about cause and effect. At this time it is possible for you to begin using illustrations from their own experiences to show how sharing and giving work in real life.

One aspect of giving and taking is often overlooked, and that is the virtue of taking. We often over-emphasize the virtue of giving, and give little or no instruction on the manner of taking. For every giver there must be a taker. The taker or the receiver is just as important in the whole process as is the giver. Thus, you must expect in your life that for every gift you make you will at some time or another receive a gift from someone else. This is essential to the balance of nature. Therefore, you need to develop some attitudes about taking, or receiving. Use the Golden Rule as your guide. When you give something, how do you want people to react? Then use the same standard on yourself. React to a gift in the same way.

As was mentioned earlier, people tend more toward giving than taking, and consequently we find that there's often a lot more giving going on than there should be. There are times when we don't want what someone is giving us. In these cases, we could refuse the gift, but, at that moment, we should take time to think of our own giving, and remember how we feel when someone refuses our gift. We are hurt.

Still, we should not dwell on being hurt, for although the spirit of giving is very commendable, we should never force our gifts, or impose ourselves on others against their will, just as we would not like others to force things on us that which we don't want.

So we have to remind ourselves that giving is not a one-way street, that whenever we have an impulse to give, we should always consider the other person's needs and feelings and respect them, as we wish they would respect ours.

## Lesson 20

### Poems

---

#### THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life and bade thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

-William Blake

#### SONG

The year's at the spring  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn:  
God's in his heaven  
All's right with the world!

-Robert Browning

## A DUTCH LULLABY

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe  
Sailed on a river of crystal light  
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"  
The old moon asked the three.  
"We have come to fish for the herring fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we!"  
Said Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew.  
The little stars were the herring fish  
That lived in that beautiful sea  
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish  
Never afeard are we!"  
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,  
Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam  
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home:  
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be;  
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea;  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:  
Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;  
So shut your eyes while Mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:  
Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

-Eugene Field

## **TREES**

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

-Joyce Kilmer

*Notes for Parents:*

Long before they understand the words, children enjoy the rhythm of poetry. The selections in this lesson may be read repeatedly to your child without any lessening of interest. The parent will see in the selections, too, many activity opportunities.

With these selections and your other favorite poems, have your child draw and color what comes to mind as they listen. Questions should be encouraged and answered with the intent of instilling and encouraging in the child an appreciation of nature. This lesson combines the elements of imagination and fun with thought-provoking material that should afford the opportunity for many discussions with your child.

## Lesson 21

### Penny Penguin

---

Penguins are strange birds. They do not live in a land of sunshine. Instead, many of them live in a land of snow and ice. The winds, the water, the ice, and the snow make strange sounds in this cold, cold land.

Baby penguins cannot see until they are nine months old, but they are able to hear. So, they listen and listen and listen to the sounds about them.

Penny Penguin could not see because he was only a baby. He could listen, though, and he did.

"Brump! Brump! Brump! Plump! Plump! Swee-e-e-e-e! Brump, swee-e-e-e-e-e-e, thump!" The waves of water played with the great big blocks of ice, some of which were as big as a house. The smaller pieces went, "Brump! Brump! Brump!" But the blocks of ice as big as a house went "Plump! Swee-e-e-e-e-e! Thump!" They made the ground shake when they bumped and thumped into the edge of the land. Penny Penguin stood very still and listened.

"Whee-e-e-e-o-o-o-o! Whee-e-e-e-o-o-o-o," sang the wind as it threw snow and ice as fine as sugar at Penny. His fine fluffy down coat could hardly keep him warm. Penny hid behind a rock. The wind whistled around the corner at Penny. "Whee-e-e-e-o-o-o-o!"

Penny could hardly stand still on his short stubby legs. The strong wind pushed and rocked him. Then he heard a sound that made his heart go flip-flop.

"Thup-tee-thup-tee-thup! Thup-tee-thup-tee-thup! Thup-tee-thup-tee-thup!" (*Repeat slowly and evenly.*)

Penny was happy. He knew those footsteps. It was his mother, coming nearer and nearer. She would keep the wind away. He opened his mouth because he knew that she would be bringing him something for his dinner.

Whup! A small fish fell into his gullet. Penny swallowed. He nuzzled his mother. But he was still hungry.

"Thup-ta-thup-ta-thup! Thup-ta-thup-ta-thup! Thup-ta-thup-ta-thup!" (*Repeat slowly and evenly.*)

Penny stirred. There was only one sound like that. He knew those footsteps, too. It was his father, coming nearer and nearer. Perhaps, he, too, would bring him a fish. Penny stepped closer to



the sound. He opened his mouth. Whup! Another fish dropped into his round white tummy.

Penny listened for more sounds. There were no new ones until his father cried, "Hee-e-e-aw."

Penny turned toward the sound, but, of course, he wasn't big enough to see anything yet. His down was still soft and fluffy. Someday it would become hard like feathers. He would be big like the father penguin then. His eyes would see things, and he wouldn't have to listen all the time.

One day, after a long time, Penny's eyes suddenly saw a little light. He became so excited that he waddled on his small feet and flapped his short wings. His mother and father hurried to him. Then for the first time in his life, Penny saw that they were covered with black and white feathers. Every day after that, Penny could see better and better.

Penny's father wore a black coat that fitted over his wings. His wings were like arms. The coat went from the shoulder down to the ground. Penny's mother wore the same kind of a coat, but hers was not as large. When Penny looked at himself in a big, shiny piece of ice, he saw that he, too, wore a long black coat. Like his father and mother, he also wore a long white vest that almost reached the ground. In fact, all the penguins wore long black coats and long white vests that were made out of feathers.

Penny was so happy to be able to see everything that he made a sound like this: "Hee-e-e-ah, hee-e-e-ah!" He sounded almost like his father only much softer. He knew how to make the sound, but it always came out in a funny squeak.

Penny looked and looked at everything. There was so much to see in the beautiful world of ice and snow, and he had waited a long time to see what made all the exciting sounds about him. He was surprised to see that all the penguins walked straight up and down like telephone poles. They rocked as they walked with a funny waddle, waddle, waddle, because their coattails dragged on the ground.

Penny soon met other baby penguins, and they had fun sliding down an ice chute. "Plop," they went right down into the water. They had to know how to tuck their coattails in behind them so that they wouldn't fall over when sliding down the ice. Down went the baby penguins. Sometimes one, two, three, four, five, six baby penguins went sliding down the ice chute.

Soon Penny learned how to use his arms as paddles to keep from falling. He fell once, and then all the baby penguins who were able to see twittered as he skidded down head first and went ka-sloosh into the water. He was more careful the next time. It was such fun that Penny's mother

scolded him for not spending more time learning how to dive for fish and seashells.

So, Penny went fishing with his father every day after that. But they didn't fish as humans do. They didn't need fishing poles and hooks and worms. They had a better way.

They would slide down the ice, ker-plop into the water. They would swim and swim until Penny's paddle arms would get tired from scooting over the water so far. Then his father would stop, slap the icy water with his flippers, and say, "Penny, now watch how I dive for fish."

"Ploop," Penny's father disappeared into the water. At first, Penny got excited because he thought that he was out in the ocean all alone. But, pop, his father would appear suddenly with a small fish in his bill.

Then it was Penny's turn to dive. He took a long, deep breath, stuck his head under the water, and worked his paddles very fast. Faster and faster, he went. Down, down, down, until it got dark. Penny forgot to look for a fish. He went down too far before he started up again. He thought that he'd never get to the top of the water where his father was waiting for him.

Just when he was about to open his bill for a breath of air, he came out on top of the water so fast that he went way up in the air and fell, plunk, right on top of his father. But he was so happy that he didn't even notice that his father was upset.

"Where is your fish?" asked his father.

Then Penny remembered. He was not merely to dive, but he was supposed to catch fish, too. He had to learn how to find his own food now that he could see. He must go only deep enough to reach the fish, and then he must get back quickly into the air so he could breathe.

Penny grew wiser each day. He learned how to dive. He learned how to get the right kind of fish and where to go if he wanted snails or crabs. He even learned how to preen his stubby feathers.

Penguins do not sit on their nests the way other birds do to keep their eggs warm so that the baby birds will hatch. They keep their eggs warm with their feet. Penny learned not to bump into a mother and father penguin who were nesting eggs between their paddle feet. When he did, they scolded him and he felt very bad.

One day, Penny heard a tiny noise in an egg. The father penguin who was taking care of the egg was so busy listening that he didn't even notice Penny. As Penny watched, he saw a little hole break open in the shell of the egg and soon a tiny baby penguin stepped out.

Now Penny understood why he must never bump into a mother and father penguin who

were on their nest. From that day on, he was careful not to do anything to hurt the eggs, for he knew that inside there were baby penguins who would break the shell and come out when it was time.

*Notes for Parents:*

It is needless to say, of course, that the purpose of this story is to tell about penguins. For the older child, supplementary material may be added. A study of cold regions, the animal and plant life there, and the ways of indigenous Arctic peoples will provide many interesting discussion periods.

This story emphasizes the importance of the sense of hearing. The sounds to which the blind penguin is sensitive will delight the child if they are presented well. Listening with closed eyes has a quieting and disciplinary effect upon children, particularly a group that has become overly excitable. You might suggest that your child listen with her eyes closed.

## Lesson 22

### The Picnic

---

What do you have in your backyard? In Anthony's backyard there was something made out of bricks. It was hollow on one side and had a hole in the top. It stood at the end of the lawn.

What do you suppose it was? It wasn't a house for Marty, the black cat, because she lived in the basement. Can you guess? Something made of bricks, hollow on one side, with a hole in the top. It was an outdoor fireplace, the very thing to help make a picnic.

Anthony saw Grandma, Mom, and Dad carrying trays with tomatoes, buns, relish, and dishes. They went down the back steps, walking carefully because their hands were full and they didn't want to drop anything. They went down the sidewalk and Dad almost stepped on Marty's tail. She said, "Meow, meow," and scampered away through the rosebushes.

Anthony was very curious. "Mom," he called from the back porch, "where are you going?"

"We're going to have a picnic by the outdoor fireplace," Mom said.

Anthony wanted to help. "What shall I bring?" he asked.

"You bring the white bundle from the kitchen table," Mom said.

So, Anthony reached up and got the bundle. It felt lumpy. He walked carefully down the steps. He didn't want to fall down and smash the bumpy bundle because who wants a smashed lunch?

As he walked down the sidewalk with the lumpy bundle, a little face with whiskers looked at him from the rosebushes. It was Marty, the cat, and she said, "Meow, meow" probably because she was hungry.

But Anthony didn't stop to talk to her because he was busy helping with the picnic.

"Here is Anthony with the most important part of our picnic," Dad said.

"What's in this package, Dad?" asked Anthony.

Mom pulled back the white paper and Anthony saw some fat, red hot dogs. Just the kind to roast over an outdoor fire!

Anthony helped to bring blankets to put on the grass. He helped to drag the garden chairs into a circle.

"Meow, meow," said Marty. She smelled the hot dogs.

Dad made the fire in the hollow of the brick fireplace. It sent out sparks and went crackle, crackle. What do you think the hole in the top was for? That's right. To let out the smoke.

Then everyone took a long roasting fork and put a big red hot dog on it. Anthony put his hot dog on his fork just like everyone else. Mom, Grandma, Dad, and Anthony each had a hot dog. Then it was time to roast them.

"Turn the fork around and around," Dad said, "so you don't cook just one side."

Anthony thought it was fun to stand there and turn the fork around and around. Sometimes, though, he had to move because the smoke didn't go through the hole in the top but came out in front. The wood smoke smelled nice but it did get into everybody's eyes.

Marty, the cat, lay down on a blanket to watch the hot dogs.

"The buns are ready," said Mom.

Anthony was so hungry that he put his hot dog, fork and all, in a buttered bun.

"Are you going to eat the fork?" asked Dad.

Anthony laughed. He held his hand over the bun and hot dog and pulled the fork out.

But just as he was about to take a bite, he saw Marty looking at him. He knew that she couldn't take a fork and roast a hot dog. So, he broke off the end of his hot dog and put it in front of her. He wanted Marty to have a picnic, too.

Then came the marshmallows to be roasted. Do you know what happened to Anthony's first marshmallow? He was so eager to roast it that he didn't put the fork in carefully. The marshmallow dropped into the fire with a plunk and burned up. But Anthony was more careful with the next marshmallow. He turned it around and around over the fire until it turned a golden brown. Then he gave the cat a piece of marshmallow, but she only went "sniff, sniff, sniff," and turned away. Cats do not like marshmallows.

Marty's idea of a picnic was hot dogs without marshmallows. But Anthony's idea of a picnic was hot dogs and marshmallows. So, Anthony gave her another piece of his hot dog, and then he helped Dad, Mom, and Grandma put away the picnic things.

#### *Notes for Parents:*

This is another story based on the actualities of home life. It portrays good-natured helpfulness, sharing, cooperation, and natural curiosity. It also lends itself to loud reading.

If your child is a girl, the character can easily be changed. Many children are delighted if the story character bears their own name. You may try the experiment of substituting the name of your child for that of Anthony if you wish. You may also want to substitute the hot dogs for your

child's favorite picnic or barbeque food.

## Lesson 23

### How Amy Wrote a Book

---

Have you ever wanted to write a story? Amy was a little girl who wanted to do just that. One day, while her mother was reading to her, she stopped her and asked, "Mother, could I write a story like that?"

"I don't know, Amy," her mother replied. "You are only four years old. You do not know how to read or write. When you are older, you will go to school and then, perhaps, someday you will write many stories."

"But, Mother, I want to write a story now," Amy insisted. "I know a story already. May I tell it to you?"

"Why, of course," her mother answered. "I shall write the story for you on paper."

"But I want my story to be in a book," Amy said. "Can't we find a book to write in?"

"Perhaps we can make one, Amy." Amy's mother gathered a needle, thread, and scissors. Amy brought a few sheets of white paper from the desk. Then she watched her mother make a book.

First, she folded the sheets of paper. Then she cut and trimmed the edges with the scissors so that the pages would open easily. Finally, with the needle and thread, she sewed the pages together. When she had finished, she handed the little book to Amy to look at. There were ten white pages, but there were no words on them.

"Oh, Mother, this is a real book!" exclaimed Amy. "Will you put my words in it and let me draw and color some pictures in it with my crayons?"

So, Amy and her mother planned the book. Amy's mother wrote Amy's words on the pages but left a blank space on each page for Amy to draw pictures on.

Amy told a story about two little brown squirrels that played in the trees near her home. They chased each other up and down the tree trunks. Then they chased each other up and down the branches. But sometimes when Amy threw peanuts to them, they stayed on the ground and cracked them. They held the nuts in their little front paws and cracked them with their teeth. "Crunch, crunch" went the shells on the peanuts. "Crunch, crunch." Then the squirrels chewed the peanuts and crunched some more.

Mother wrote the words neatly and carefully. She put the "crunch, crunch" in, too. But when the story was finished, there were only six pages of words written in the book.

"What shall we do with the other pages?" she asked.

"I shall make more stories," answered Amy. "My book will have two or three stories. First, though, I must draw the pictures and finish my first story about the squirrels."

"But it is time for bed now, Amy," her mother said. "Tomorrow will be the time to draw your pictures for the first story."

"Tomorrow will be the time to draw my pictures of the squirrels," sang Amy as she hurried to get ready for bed.

She took her bath and then put on her blue and green striped pajamas. Her mother hardly helped her at all. She got into bed and said her prayers. In a minute, the big clock in the living room said, "Ding, dong-ding, dong." But Amy did not hear the last "ding, dong," for she was fast asleep.

The next morning right after breakfast, Amy went to her playroom. She sat at the little table where her crayons were and began to draw. "This is the time to draw the squirrels," she said.

On the first page, Amy drew a tree with her green crayon. Then with a brown crayon, she drew a brown squirrel under the green tree.

On the second page, she drew another tree with her green crayon, but this time with her brown crayon she drew two little squirrels playing under the green tree.

On the third page, she drew one more tree with her green crayon. But guess what she did with the two little brown squirrels? She put them on the tree trunk with their heads up and their tails down. They were running up toward the branches, which were covered with green leaves.

On the fourth page, Amy drew another tree with her green crayon. But this time, guess where she put the two little brown squirrels? (*Child should be allowed to guess.*) She put them on a branch with their bushy tails up and their heads down. They were looking down at Amy.

On the fifth page, Amy drew two trees with her green crayon. Then she put one little brown squirrel with his head up and his tail down on the trunk of each tree.

On the sixth page, she drew two more trees with her green crayon, but this time she put the two little brown squirrels on the ground under the trees.

When Amy's daddy came home for lunch, the story about the squirrels was finished, but there were still four white pages left over. There were no words or pictures on them. Amy wanted



to surprise her father with the book, but it was not finished yet so she hid it.

"What have you been doing all morning, Amy?" asked her daddy.

"I have been making something. I shall finish it in two more days," answered Amy. "Then I shall show it to you."

Daddy was puzzled. What could it be that Amy was making? But Amy only smiled and did not tell.

The next day when it was time for the Story Hour, Amy told her mother the second story. It was about a little neighbor girl who sometimes went swimming with them. Her name was Sophia.

This story took four lines of words. There was one line on each page. It took four pictures to finish the pages in Amy's book. On the first page, Amy drew a swimming pool with her blue crayon. Then she drew a picture of Sophia standing beside the pool. First, she made a picture of her with her pencil. Then she colored her hair yellow. She colored her bathing suit red.

On the second page, Amy drew another picture of the swimming pool. She drew another picture of Sophia, too. But this time, she had one foot raised. She was stepping into the water.

Now what do you suppose the little girl was doing on the third page of Amy's book? She was in the swimming pool. She was swimming. Only her head with the yellow curls was above the water.

Guess what Sophia was doing on the fourth page? (*Another opportunity to guess.*) She was sitting on the grass beside the pool. She had a pink towel over her shoulders. The sun was drying her hair.

Amy's book was finished now. Her mother took some strong blue paper and made a cover for it. She stitched it on with a needle and thread. "Now what words shall we print on the front?" she asked. "The book must have a name."

"Do all books have names, Mother?" Amy asked. She would have to think of a nice name for her first book. Suddenly, she knew what to name her book. "I have the name! I have it!" she cried. "'*Stories for Daddy.*' Will you print the name of the book, Mother?"

Her mother printed the words in black ink. Amy thought they looked like strange pictures. Then she heard the door. Her daddy's feet were coming down the hall. Then there he was.

Amy held the book behind her back and ran to meet him. "It is finished, Daddy! The surprise is all finished!" she cried.

Daddy tried to guess what it was that Amy had made with her mother's help. He took three guesses: "It is a dog made of clay," he guessed the first time. "It is a train made out of spools," he guessed next. Finally, he guessed, "It is a house made out of cardboard."

"Three guesses are enough," Amy's mother said. "You will have to show your daddy what you have made, Amy. He will be surprised."

When Amy's daddy saw the book, he could hardly believe his eyes. He read it before he did anything else. He read every word and looked at every drawing. He looked at the trees and the squirrels and the swimming pool. He looked at the pictures of the little girl. "Why that is Sophia!" he exclaimed. He was very surprised and pleased. "Someday, Amy, when you are a grown woman, you will write a big book," Amy's daddy said.

#### *Notes for Parents:*

Like many of the Child Culture stories, this one was made long purposely so that it might be adapted by the storyteller to the needs of children of various age levels. For the very young child, a part of the story may be omitted. In its full length, it should interest even the child of school age.

The story suggests a practical way to encourage your child's artistic and literary inclinations. However, too much should not be expected of the preschool child.

This story not only encourages the development of drawing and writing skills, but also teaches initiative, patience, cooperative effort, and perseverance.

The making of a scrapbook may be substituted as an activity. The pictures may be cut out of old magazines or catalogs and pasted into the scrapbook.

If the child's imagination is sufficiently active, a line or two of story material for each picture may be written into the scrapbook.

During the making of the scrapbook, music may be played as a background.

This lesson concludes the *Child Culture Series*. We hope that you have found the series helpful and informative. Remember, repeat the stories often so that your child may learn the stories and help tell them, and also remember to allow your child to tell his own stories. As your child grows, you can eventually replace Story Hour with Study Hour, since your child will already have established a weekly routine. Study Hour can be a time for reading, playing music, drawing, studying nature, or any other enriching activity that your child finds interesting; the

possibilities are limitless. When your child is old enough, you may want to give him a journal to record his reflections during Study Hour. Remember also to arrange activities that help to develop the threefold nature of your child. By starting a designated time for Story Hour while your child is young, you will be instilling a quality of self-discipline into your child that he will carry with him into adulthood.