



ACTIVITY
BOOK

The title "ACTIVITY BOOK" is centered on the page in a large, brown serif font. It is flanked by two decorative flourishes, one above and one below, which are symmetrical and feature intricate scrollwork and a central diamond shape. The flourishes are connected to the text by thin horizontal lines.

Home, Sweet Home

(Manual, p. 263)

John Howard Payne

Henry R. Bishop

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, — give me my

hum - ble, there's no — place like home! A charm from the skies seems to
low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain! The birds sing - ing gay - ly that

hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where.
come at my call; Give me them with the peace of mind, dear - er than all.

CHORUS

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

Harvest Home

(Manual, p. 182)

Mary Root Kern

Mary Root Kern

1. Hark to the hum of vi - ol and drum! Down thro' the valley the
2. Barns full of store from hayloft to floor Tell of the blessing our

harvesters come. Ox - enstrain the tow - er - ing wain
la - bors bore; Riches of health to joy in the wealth

Full to o'er-flowing for Har - vest Home. Voic - es we raise in
Nature has lavish'd for Har - vest Home. Voic - es we raise in

songs of praise And hymns of thanksgiving for Harvest Home.
songs of praise And hymns of thanksgiving for Harvest Home.

Good Night to You All

THREE-PART ROUND

I
Good night to you all, and sweet be your sleep. May si - lence sur -

II
round you, your slum - ber be deep. Good night, good night, good night, good night.

III

Aa Bb Cc Dd

Ee Ff Gg Hh

Ii Jj Kk Ll

Mm Nn Oo Pp

Qq Rr Ss Tt

Uu Vv Ww

Xx Yy Zz

101

does build violet here

(Dictate): "What does it mean when the bluebird comes
And builds its nest, singing sweet and clear?
When violets peep through the blades of grass?
These are the signs that spring is here."

Spell another word that sounds like **here**. Write sentences showing the use of both words.

102

place unless rides uncle
tongue tearing vacation master
shooting whenever automobile fishing

103

104

yard wheel wound early
wrist again blade mixing
upset ankle sword whether

105

106

leave sweep hang
left swept hung

Where did you **leave** your overshoes?
I **left** them at Aunt Ella's.
Hang your overcoat on that hook.
I **hung** it with the others.
A new broom **sweeps** clean.
The boys **swept** and the girls dusted.

107

WORD BUILDING

step rain taste listen
paste pull dance finish
climb race clean whisper

108

WORD BUILDING

Write the new words made by adding **ed** and **ing** to the words in Lessons 107 and 108. (Rules 12, 18.)

JRC nickels and dimes



illustrated by Lou Nolan

Written by Ann C. Wood, JRC Director in Richmond, Va., this lively play was presented by JRCers in that city.

(Scene: *The living room of Tommy's home. Tommy and Joe are doing their arithmetic homework.*)

TOMMY—Six and four are ten and seven are seventeen. Carry one and one are two, and two are four and one are five—fifty seven. Whew! That's the last one!

JOE—Wait until you get to these multiplications. . . .

(*Mother enters.*)

MOTHER—Keep struggling, boys. I want you to be able to handle my affairs when I inherit a million dollars.

JOE—Oh, we could handle them OK. First, I'd get a red convertible—then maybe a yacht—and then. . . .

TOMMY—I hate to bring you two down to thoughts of measly little dimes but that reminds me, I've got to take some money to school tomorrow for the Junior Red Cross. That's a worthy cause to rate a dime, isn't it, Mom?

JOE—But, Tommy, the Council representative said we were to earn the money, not just ask our parents for it.

TOMMY—Oh bosh! Why?

MOTHER—Well, you figure it out. (*Leaves*)

JOE—(*Looking at watch*) Gosh, it's late! I'd better be hitting the road home. See you tomorrow, Tommy.

TOMMY—OK, I'll see you. So long! (*Joe exits.*)

TOMMY—(*Yawns—stretches—groans.*) Add, add, add. . . . Multiply, multiply—Six times three is eighteen, nine times—Gee! I'm sleepy. . . . (*Yawns and drops off to sleep.*)

* * * *

THE DREAM

(*Coins come in right, laughing.*)

QUARTER—He can't multiply. Ha!

NICKEL—He can't even add without a struggle.

DIME—Why, we can do those easily. (*Looks at audience.*) Let's tell them who we are.

NICKEL—I'm a Junior Red Cross nickel.

DIME—And I'm a Junior Red Cross dime. Mary made me by washing dishes. How'd you get to be a Junior Red Cross nickel?

NICKEL—Oh, Jack made me by emptying the ash trays and trash baskets.

DIME—Add us and you have 15 cents.

QUARTER—I'm a Junior Red Cross quarter.

Mac made me by raking leaves.

HALF DOLLAR—I'm a Junior Red Cross half dollar. Helen made me by sweeping the fronts of four different houses.

QUARTER—Add me. . . .

HALF DOLLAR—And me!

DIME—That makes—ah—90 cents.

(*Enter 2 cents.*)

2 CENTS—Let me put in my 2 cents' worth.

DIME—That's 92 cents. Now all we've got to do is add some Junior Red Cross money until we get \$3,000 by the end of the year.

NICKEL—Whew! That's a lot of money! What will we do then?

QUARTER—That's not so much considering what we've got to do. We've got to stretch.

HALF DOLLAR—First we must divide.

NICKEL—How?

HALF DOLLAR—Well, let's see. . . . A third would go to help people right here at home. Come over here and I'll show you.

(*Coins go to left behind Tommy and look to right. Man in wheel chair is rolled in by nurse. He has an afghan over him, wears a party cap, and holds a checker board.*)

HALF DOLLAR—Take McGuire and Camp Lee Hospitals, for instance. . . .

PATIENT—Well, I guess that ends the checker game. You can take this board now if you don't mind. (*Looks at bottom of board.*) Say, this checker board was made by the Junior Red Cross, too! I thought those favors and menu covers (*holds them up*) were the only things.

NURSE—Oh, no! I'll bet you can see at least 8 things without leaving this spot that Junior Red Cross has made.

PATIENT—OK. Let's see. We've already said the favors, menu covers, and checker boards. That's three right there. Oh, I know, the trash basket.

NURSE—That's right. Now look—something very close to you.

PATIENT—(*Picks up a comic book.*) This?

NURSE—They didn't *make* that, so it doesn't count. Look closer.

PATIENT—Not this afghan?

NURSE—Sure.

PATIENT—You're kiddin'! Say, this is beautiful! Now, I can expect almost anything.

Next thing I know you'll be telling me they made that floor lamp.

NURSE—They did, and the ash stand, too.

PATIENT—Well, what do you know! That's seven. . . .

NURSE—There's also something that's staring me in the face, but you can't see it.

PATIENT—(*Looks behind him and his cap falls off. Both laugh and nurse picks it up.*)

My head doesn't even make a good hat rack. That's eight all right.

NURSE—There are a lot of other things that you can't see from here. Take the play in the auditorium, for instance.

PATIENT—Don't tell me the Junior Red Cross is giving that?

NURSE—Yes, and a high school is sending a glee club out next week.

PATIENT—Doesn't it take a lot of money for those juniors to do all of this? Where do they get it?

NURSE—Oh, they make it all themselves by doing odd jobs.

PATIENT—Sounds good. It's swell of them to do so much for us, isn't it?
(*Patient and nurse exit.*)

* * * *

HALF DOLLAR—Well, that's where part of us will go.

NICKEL—What about the other part?

HALF DOLLAR—Look!

(*Child dressed in pajamas has entered right and is lying on bed at right rear. Reads scrap book and laughs. Mother enters.*)

MOTHER—You seem to be enjoying that scrap book the Junior Red Cross sent you.

LOUISE—I am. I've almost finished it.

MOTHER—For the fifth time. (*Doorbell rings off-stage.*) Oh, there's the mailman. I'll see what he has.

(*Louise goes on reading and laughing.*)

MOTHER—(*Returning.*) Well, Miss Popular, look at all this mail.

LOUISE—For me? Oh boy! (*Looks at mail.*) It's from my Junior Red Cross pals. They don't forget, do they? This is next best to being at school.

* * * *

HALF DOLLAR—No, the Junior Red Cross doesn't forget. (*Exit Louise and Mother.*) They want to do all they can for their shut-in pals.

DIME—Are we still dividing? What about the other two-thirds?

HALF DOLLAR—We go to our friends across the seas.

* * * *

(*Enter children of many nations. They group around a large globe or map at back of stage.*)

BELGIUM—The children of Belgium wish to thank you for the clothing and sewing materials you sent.

FRANCE—*Merci beaucoup* from France for the bookbinding, photographic, and watch-making materials. We also thank you for the sporting goods.

GERMANY—We German children are grateful for the school supplies.

ENGLAND—The boys and girls of England appreciate the art and sewing materials.

GREECE—For the paper you sent to Greece we are thankful.

AUSTRIA—Austrian children are busy knitting with the yarn you sent us.

ITALY—From Italy come warm thanks for the sun glasses for the sick children.

MIDDLE EAST—The refugees in the Middle East are enjoying the layette and educational supplies.

NETHERLANDS—We in The Netherlands thank you for the cotton flannel and handicraft and health articles.

JAPAN—Not only in Japan but boys and girls in 22 nations thank you for your gift boxes and correspondence albums.

VENEZUELA—We and 13 other countries are enjoying your art work showing life in the United States.

D.P.—I speak for the displaced persons in all the war-torn countries of Europe. *You* have sent us useful presents. *You* have sent us the first toys we have ever had in our lives. *You* have sent us love and hope. Thank you with all our hearts. Long live the Junior Red Cross!

(*Exit nations.*)

* * * *

HALF DOLLAR—So you see, that is the way we divide.

QUARTER—And that is the way we multiply. Why, we're worth twice as much when we're used for the Junior Red Cross.

(*Tommy moves, rubs his eyes.*)

NICKEL—Oh, Oh! Tommy is waking now.

(*Coins exit left.*)

TOMMY—(*Stretches and sits up straight.*) Gee, I must have fallen asleep. I dreamed about money talking—huh! It sure told me a thing or two. (*Rises.*) Hey, Mom! Do you know of any jobs I can do, say for a small sum for the Junior Red Cross?
(*Exits right.*)

A PLOUGHING SONG

A growing day and a waking field,
And a furrow straight and long,
A golden sun and a lifting breeze,
And we follow with a song.

Chorus:

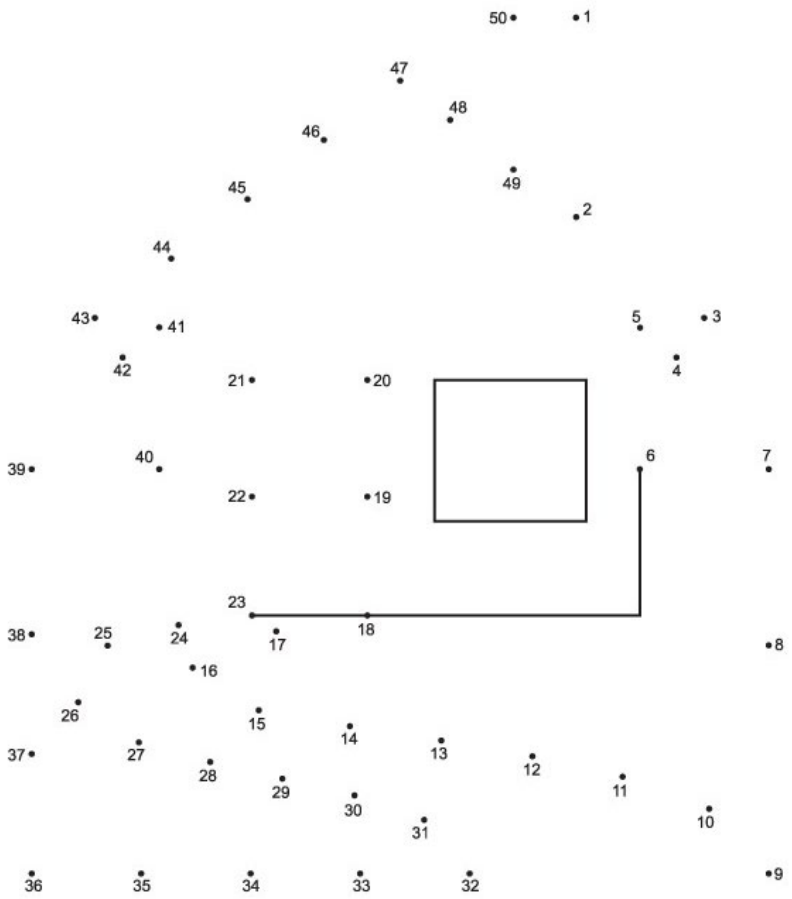
Sons of the soil are we,
Lads of the field and flock,
Turning our sods, asking no odds,
Where is a life so free?
Sons of the soil are we,
Men of the coming years,
Facing the dawn, Brain ruling brawn,
Lords of the lands we'll be.

4-H FRIENDSHIP SONG

Everybody needs a bit of friendship
Friendship that is tried and true.
Everybody needs a bit of friendship
Whether skies are gray or blue
Everybody everywhere must have it
Everyday the whole year through
Everybody needs a bit of friendship,
And I need you.

DREAMING

My home must have a high tree
Above its open gate.
My home must have a garden
Where little dreamings wait.
My home must have a wide view
Of field and meadow fair,
Of distant hill of open sky
With sunlight every where.



GOING HOME
Hidden Histories
of the Flint Hills

A decorative graphic of a branch with several leaves, rendered in shades of brown and tan, positioned below the text and partially overlapping the words 'Hidden Histories' and 'of the Flint Hills'.

KANSAS STATE
UNIVERSITY