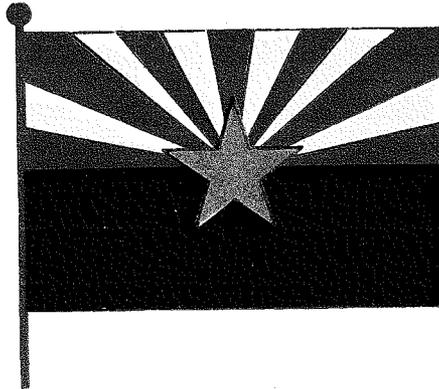


ARIZONA  
SPECIAL DAYS



*State Flag*

C. O. CASE  
STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

PJ 12 '563 / 1929

COPY 2

# Special Days



*Arizona*

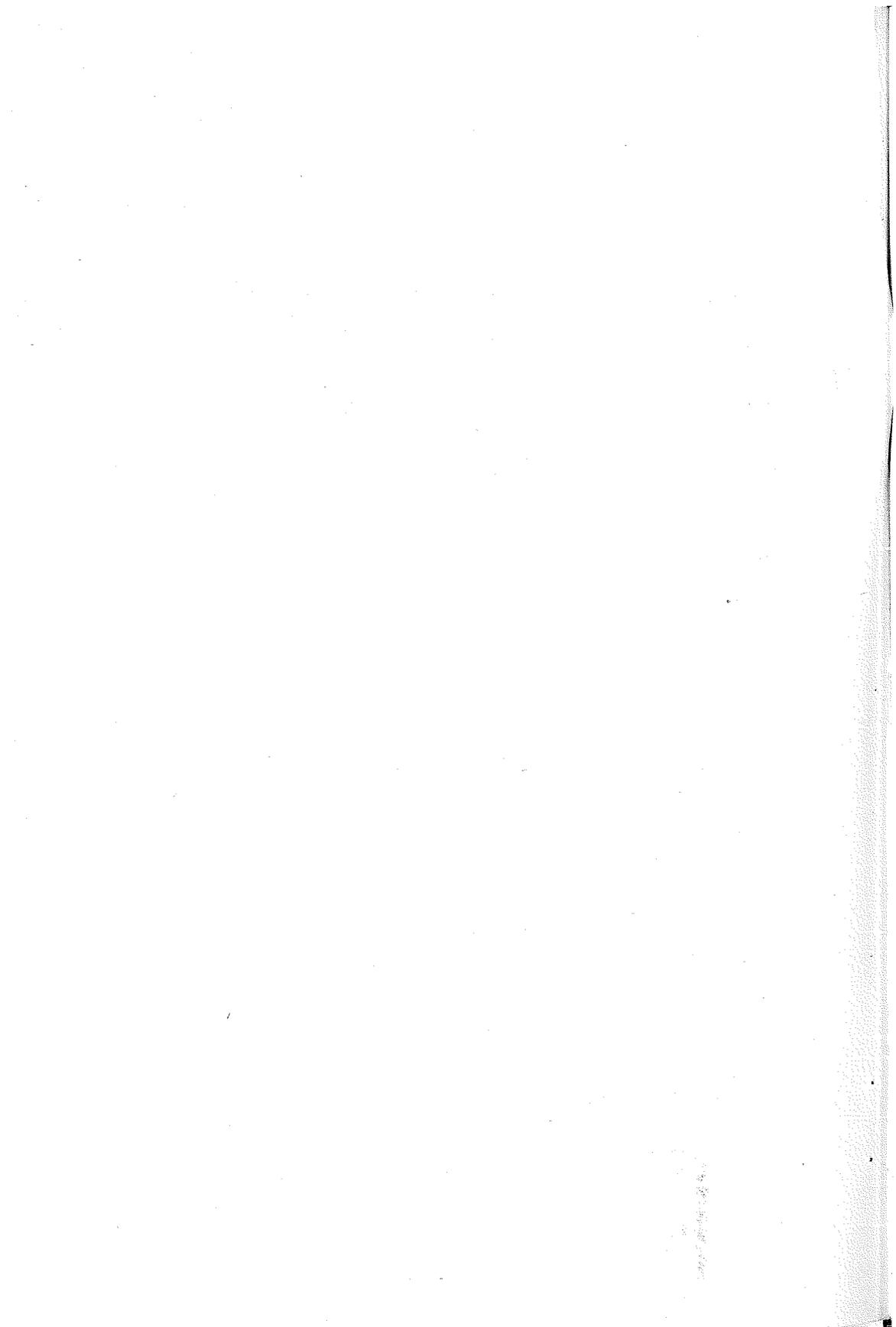
*1929-1930*

C. O. CASE

STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

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# Special Days

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Special Days are now well established in the schools in all the States. They are observed for the purpose of calling special attention to certain ideals that are not slighted and yet not sufficiently stressed in every day teaching.

Non-conformity or indifference to the observance of these days detracts from that which is universally regarded as essential to good school work. A response that is earnest and enthusiastic contributes to a worthy educational plan and purpose.

C. O. CASE,  
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

# Labor Day

FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER

Labor is the talisman that has raised man from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort, and elegance, instead of want, misery and barbarism. —John R. McCulloch.

All are architects of Fate, working in these walls of time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our todays and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build.

\* \* \* \* \*

Truly shape and fashion these.  
Leave no yawning gaps between.

\* \* \* \* \*

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of time,  
Broken stairways where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

—Longfellow.

The busy world shoves angrily aside  
The man who stands with arms akimbo set  
Until occasion tells him what to do;  
And he who waits to have his task marked out,  
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

—Lowell.

“Isn't it funny, that Princes and Kings  
And Clowns that caper in sawdust rings  
And common folks like you and me,  
Are builders of Eternity.  
Each is fitted with a bag of tools,  
A shapeless mass and a book of rules,  
And each must make, ere the day is done,  
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.”

A prayer more than the prayer of saint  
A faith no fate can foil,  
Lives in the heart that shall not faint  
In time-long tasks of toil

—Songs of the Toiler.

## TASKS

MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

And so I feel it cannot matter much  
Just what it is my hands are called to do,  
If broom or palette proffer to my touch,  
Or dear or drab the highway lies to view.  
For I believe that He who wove for each  
Upon His loom one silver thread a gleam,  
Shall read his heart beyond the need of speech  
And set his feet at last on paths of dream.

## THE THINKER

BERTON BRALEY

Back of the beating hammer  
By which the steel is wrought,  
Back of the workshop's clamor  
The seeker may find the thought  
\* \* \* \* \*

Back of the motor's humming  
Back of the bells that sing,  
Back of the hammer's drumming,  
Back of the cranes that swing,  
There is the eye that scans them  
Watching through stress and strain,  
There is the Mind which plans them  
Back of the brawn, the Brain.

Might of the roaring boiler,  
Force of the engine's thrust,  
Strength of the sweating toiler,  
Greatly in thee we trust,  
But back of them stands the schemer,  
The Thinker who drives them through,  
Back of the job—the Dreamer  
Who makes the dream come true.

## DON'T STOP

If you stop to find out what your wages will be  
And how they will clothe and feed you,  
Willie, my son, don't go on the sea,  
For the sea will never need you.

If you ask for the reason of every command  
And argue with people about you,  
Willie, my son, don't go on the land,  
For the land will do better without you.

If you stop to consider the work you have done  
And to boast what your labor is worth, dear,  
Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,  
But you'll never be wanted on earth, dear!

—Kipling.

## WORK AND PLAY

Work and Play by chance one day  
Met and talked along the way,  
And as people will who chat  
Fell to arguing this and that;  
"Which of us," said Play, "think you  
Is the better of the two?"

"Well," said Work, "look round about,  
See the dreams that I've worked out,  
See the gardens I have made,  
See the pavements I have laid.  
See the wonders I have wrought  
And the homes I've built and bought."

"Yes," said Play, "that's very true,  
But no man is fond of you.  
I'm the one they most desire,  
I'm their laughter round the fire,  
I'm the songs they sing, and I  
Am the twinkle in the eye."

"True," said Work, "but I'm their bread,  
I'm the blankets on the bed,  
I am everything they need.  
I supply the books they read.  
You, when all is said and done,  
Are their merriment and fun."

Came a gray old sage who smiled.  
"Boys," said he, "be reconciled.  
You are partners—hand in hand.  
Side by side you two must stand.  
Wise men always give the day  
First to work and then to play."

—Kansas City Journal.

If we could just corral all the energy that is wasted on no account activities and direct it along lines that amount to something the world would surely be much better off. The police stopped a marathon dance the other day at the end of the 481st hour. Just think of a fellow dancing 481 hours at one stretch. That's enough energy wasted to milk 1,000 Jersey cows, or plow 240 acres of Northwest Missouri corn, or preach 720 sermons, or attend 3,000 prayer meetings, or cook 1,000 good dinners, or chop down 2,000 trees, pitch 600 tons of alfalfa hay, or carry 5,000 bouquets to sick patients in the hospitals of this country.—Dekalb County Herald.

## THE PALACE

RUDYARD KIPLING

When I was a King and a Mason—a master proven and skilled—  
I cleared me ground for a palace such as a King should build.  
I decreed and dug down to my levels. Presently, under the silt,  
I came on the wreck of a palace such as a King had built.

There was no worth in the fashion—there was no wit in the plan—  
Hither and thither, aimless, the ruined footings ran—  
Masonry, brute mishandled, but carven on every stone:  
“After me cometh a builder. Tell him, I too have known.”

Swift to my use in my trenches, where my well-planned ground-  
works grew,  
I tumbled his quoins and his ashlar, and cut and reset them anew.  
Lime I milled of the marbles; burned it, slacked it, and spread;  
Taking and leaving at pleasure the gift of the humble dead.

Yet I despised not nor gloried yet, as we wrenched them apart  
I read in the razed foundations the heart of that builder's heart.  
As he had risen and pleaded, so did I understand  
The form of the dream he had followed in the face of the thing he  
had planned.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I was a King and a Mason—in the open noon of my pride—  
me aside.  
They sent me a Word from the Darkness—they whispered and called  
They said: “The end is forbidden.” They said: “Thy use is ful-  
filled,  
And thy palace shall stand as that other's—the spoil of a King who  
shall build.”

I called my men from my trenches, my quarries, my wharves, and  
my shears,  
All I had wrought I abandoned to the faith of faithless years.  
Only I cut on the timber—only I carved on the stone:  
“After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I, too, have known!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Reference: The Department of Labor, Washington.

#### SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Flag Salute.  
Song  
Essay: The Inauguration of Labor Day.  
Address: Work—Its Advantages.  
Responses on “The Work I Like Best.”  
Song

#### POEMS

The Builders—Longfellow.  
The Sons of Martha—Rudyard Kipling.  
Child Labor—Henry van Dyke.  
The Man With the Hoe—Edwin Markham.  
Two Sowers' Songs—Thomas Carlyle.

# Columbus Day

OCTOBER TWELFTH

"Columbus, our first pioneer. His spirit is the spirit  
that has made America."

## SPIRIT OF COLUMBUS

By ISABELLA R. HESS

(In Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

Characters,

Spirit of Columbus

and

Three Girls.

(Girls are seated at a table, school books outspread before them.)

First Girl—Goodness, I'm just sick of doing home work!

Second Girl—Sick of it already? Why, we've only been in school a few weeks!

Third Girl—Well, I was sick of it before we started! I think we can learn enough up to three-thirty, without sitting up till ten o'clock every night to learn more!

Second Girl—Why, Susie Brown! You know we could do all the home work we have to do tonight in a half hour! And anyway, my father says if we attended to business during the day we wouldn't have so much to do at night! I guess that's so!

First Girl—Well, *my* father says if my October card doesn't show any better marks than September's, I won't go to a movie until Christmas! I guess I'll study all October! And it's such a long month, too! Twice as long as September!

Third Girl—And there's hardly an interesting day in it, either!

Spirit of Columbus (dashing in)—Is that so! I suppose my day, the 12th, isn't interesting? Well, where would *you* be if I hadn't discovered America?

Second Girl—You! Are you Columbus?

Columbus—I certainly am! Anyway, I *was*! And I was born on the 12th! And if I hadn't been born I couldn't have sailed west and found America, could I?

First Girl—But you didn't *know* you discovered America! You thought it was India! It says so in the history! When did you find out?

Columbus—Never mind, little girl, *when* I found out! I always had a sneaking suspicion about it! Now I know! What I want you to tell me is, whether or not the 12th is interesting. If it isn't, I'll tell the School Board to keep the schools open next year!

All Girls—Oh, it *is*, Mr. Columbus! It is!

Columbus (leaving)—Humph! Humph! I guess it is!

## BACKBONE

"The man with backbone turns trials into triumphs, vexation into victories. He is not easily stumped. He dares act while others debate. His success is not an accident."

## COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas  
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"  
"Why, say: 'Sail on. sail on; and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak,"  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say, at break of day:  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
"Why, now not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget the way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone.  
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say——"  
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight;  
He curls his lips, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite;  
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word;  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leapt as a leaping sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he paced his deck  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! and then a speck—  
A light! a light! a light! a light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its greatest lesson: "On! sail on!"

## KEEP A-TRYING

(Selected)

Say "I will!" and then stick to it.  
That's the only way to do it.  
Don't build up awhile and then  
Tear the whole thing down again.  
Fix the goal you wish to gain,  
Then go at it, heart and brain,  
And, though clouds shut out the blue,  
Do not dim your purpose true  
    With sighing.  
Stand erect and like a man  
Know "They can who think they can."  
    Keep a-trying!

Had Columbus, half seas o'er,  
Turned back to his native shore,  
Men would not today proclaim  
'Round the world his deathless name.  
So must we sail on with him  
Past horizons far and dim,  
Till at last we own the prize  
That belongs to him who tries  
    With faith undying.  
Own the prize that all may win  
Who, with hope, through thick and thin  
    Keep a-trying.

### REFERENCES

- "American Anniversaries." Dillon: P. R. Dillon Publishing  
Company, New York.  
"The Diary of Columbus." Library.

### POEMS

- "America for Me." Van Dyke.  
"Opportunity." E. R. Sill.  
"Opportunity." J. J. Ingalls.

One storm-trained seaman listened to the word;  
What no man saw he saw, and heard what no man heard  
For answer he compelled the sea

To eager man to tell

The secret she had kept so well:

Left blood and woe and tyranny behind,  
Sailing still west the land new-born to find,  
For all mankind the unstained page unfurled  
Where God might write anew the story of the world.

—Edward Everett Hale

All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero, and apostle! We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by his adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monument, and unnumbered millions, past, present and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and happiness the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame.

—Chauncey M. Depew

#### SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Salute to the Flag.

Song: "America"

Roll Call: Incidents in the life of Columbus—The School.

Essay: "Columbus and His Work"

Recitation—A Pupil

Address: "Columbus the Man"

Three-Minute Talk: "Description of Columbus"—A Pupil

Song: "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"

Three-Minute Talk: "How America Received Its Name"—A Pupil

Reading or an address—Teacher or Patron

Song: "America the Beautiful"

# Election Day

General Election Day comes on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. It is the great day on which American citizens exercise their right of suffrage.

The Secretary of the Interior has given five reasons why foreign born immigrants within our borders should become citizens of the United States. They are as follows:

(1) Because that is the only method by which this country can remain a democracy.

(2) Because for America's sake we wish those here to think as we do, live as we do, and have the hopes that we have for this country.

(3) Because the presence of a large body of people who are not citizens in a country gives birth to enmity on both sides.

(4) Because we want the people who live here to feel a responsibility for the conditions that exist here and that their complaint is against themselves, not against another class in the community.

(5) Because if America is not good enough to hold the entire loyalty and affection of anyone, he should make his living in the country which has his affection and loyalty.

## THE BALLOT

As noiseless fall those printed slips,  
As fall the silent dews of night,  
Yet never words from human lips  
Had greater majesty and might.

Administrations rise and fall,  
And parties rise and cease to be,  
Obedient to the ballot's call,  
The weapon of a people free.

—William G. Haeselbrath.

## THE DUTIES OF AMERICANS

1. Every man, woman and child should be able to read and write the English language.
2. Every citizen should be acquainted with two great American documents: The Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States.
3. Every citizen should be acquainted with the general principles of the American government.
4. Every citizen should vote if entitled to do so. Great progress can be made through the ballot box.
5. We should be a nation of workers and savers and thus acquire property. This makes us economically independent, and adds to our national wealth.
6. We should eliminate waste.

7. Every citizen should be interested in his country and in the advancement of our national life.

8. Every citizen should help to give his country a large place among the nations of the world. This applies to our international relations, foreign commerce and integrity.

9. Every citizen should be cultivating a larger brotherhood. We are peculiarly blessed in this country by commingling of many nationalities. We have learned to respect one another; we have an excellent basis in our national life for extending the idea of brotherhood.

—Educational News Bulletin.

## THE RIGHT KIND OF AN AMERICAN

Here is the description of an American that all boys and girls should make themselves fit into:

1. An American must love liberty.
2. He must know how to use his hands and brains.
3. He must master the English language.
4. He must honor the United States above all other countries.
5. He must serve his country every day.

No matter where you were born, in America or Europe—if these five sentences describe you, you are an American.

—My Country.

### REFERENCES

Secretary of State and County Supervisors.

### SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Song

Essay: "Election Day and What It Means to Every Citizen."

Paper on "The Australian Ballot System."

General discussion on the workings of the election machinery.

# Armistice Day

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

Every school in Arizona should have an ex-service man on its Armistice program. None can bring to the school room a message of patriotism truer or more appealing than those who defended our Flag.

## AMONG THE ARGONNE HILLS

The Argonne hills are white with snow  
And through the valleys down below,  
Past icy banks, the brooklets flow  
The leafless woods are still.

Low mounds are scattered here and there  
And crosses raise their mute arms bare  
Like white robed nuns in silent prayer.  
Among the Argonne Hills.

## COVER THEM OVER WITH FLOWERS

Cover the thousands who sleep far away—  
Sleep where their friends cannot find them today,  
They who in mountain and hillside and dell  
Rest where they wearied and lie where they fell.  
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—  
Parent and husband and brother and lover,  
Think of those far away heroes of ours  
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

—Will Carleton.

## SELL ME A DREAM

LUN DEE

Ah, Maker of Dreams,  
Could you weave me a dream  
Of a home-coming soldier boy  
With the old sweet smile  
On his nut-brown face,  
And his eyes telling tales in their joy?

Could you send him back  
In his battered old plane,  
With a whir and a whiz through the air.  
To a dear little cottage  
In a wee western town,  
And have me waiting there?

Could you blot out the long,  
Lonely years that have gone,  
Since he fell and the best of me died?

\* \* \* \* \*

—Chicago Daily Tribune.

There's a little star in the window of the house across the way,  
A little star, red bordered, on a ground of pearly white;  
I can see its gleam at evening; it is bright at dawn of day,  
And I know it has been shining through the long and dismal night.

The little star in the window is aflame with living fire,  
For it was lit at the hearthstone where a lonely mother waits;  
And she has stained its crimson with the glow of her heart's desire  
And brightened its pearl-white heaven beyond the world's dark  
hates.

—New York Sun.

## YOU AND YOU

TO THE AMERICAN PRIVATE IN THE GREAT WAR.  
By EDITH WHARTON, in Scribner's Magazine.

Every one of you won the war—  
You and you and you—  
Each one knowing what it was for,  
And what was his job to do.

Every one of you, steady and true,  
You and you and you—  
Down in the pit or up in the blue,  
Whether you crawled or sailed or flew  
Whether your closest comrade knew,  
Or you bore the brunt alone—  
All of you, all of you, name after name,  
Jones and Robinson, Smith and Brown,  
You from the piping prairie town,  
You from the Fundy fogs that came,  
You from the city's roaring blocks,  
You from the bleak New England rocks  
With the shingled roof in the apple boughs,  
You from the brown adobe house—  
You from the Rockies, you from the Coast,  
You from the burning frontier-post  
And you from the Klondyke's frozen flanks,  
You from the cedar swamps, you from the pine,  
You from the cotton and you from the vine,  
You from the rice and the sugar-brakes,  
You from the rivers and you from the lakes,  
You from the creeks and you from the licks,  
And you from the brown bayou—  
You and you and you—  
You from the pulpit, you from the mine,  
You from the factories, you from the banks,  
Closer and closer, ranks on ranks,  
Airplanes and cannon, and rifles and tanks,  
Smith and Robinson, Brown and Jones,  
Ruddy faces or bleaching bones,  
After the turmoil and blood and pain,

Swinging home to the folks again  
Or sleeping alone in the fine French rain—  
Every one of you won the war.

\* \* \* \* \*

Every one of you won the war,  
You and you and you—  
You that carry an unscathed head,  
You that halt with a broken tread,  
And oh, most of all, you Dead, you Dead!

\* \* \* \* \*

O silent and secretly moving throng,  
In your fifty thousand strong,  
Coming at dusk when the wreaths have dropp'd,  
And streets are empty, and music stopp'd,  
Silently coming to hearts that wait  
Dumb in the door and dumb at the gate,  
And hear your step and fly to your call—  
Every one of you won the war,  
But you, you Dead, you most of all!

## JEFF HART BADGER CLARK

Jeff Hart rode out of the gulch to war  
When the low sun yellowed the pines,  
He waved to his folks in the cabin door  
And yelled to the men at the mines.  
The gulch kept watch till he dropped from sight—  
Neighbors and girl and kin,  
Jeff Hart rode out of the gulch one night;  
Next morning the world came in.

His dad went back to the clinking drills  
And his mother cooked for the men;  
The pines branched black on the eastern hills,  
Then black to the west again,  
But never again, by dusk or dawn,  
Were the days in the gulch the same,  
For back up the trail Jeff Hart had gone  
The trample of millions came.

Then never a clatter of dynamite  
But echoed the guns of the Aisne  
And the coyote's wail in the woods at night  
Was bitter with Belgium's pain.  
We heard the snarl of an angry sea  
In the pines when the winds went through,  
And the strangers Jeff Hart fought to free  
Grew folks to the folks he knew.

Jeff Hart has drifted for good and all,  
To the ghostly bugles blown,  
And the far French valley that saw him fall  
Blood kin to the gulch is grown;  
And his foreign folks are ours by right—  
The friends that he died to win,  
Jeff Hart rode out of the gulch one night,  
Next morning the world came in.

## AT THE PEACE TABLE

By EDGAR A. GUEST, in Literary Digest.

Who shall sit at the table then, when the terms of peace are made—  
The wisest men in the troubled lands, in their silver and gold bro-  
cade?  
Yes, they shall gather in solemn state to speak for each living race,  
But who shall speak for the unseen dead that shall come to the  
council place?

Though you see them not and you hear them not, they shall sit at  
the table, too;  
They shall throng the room where the peace is made, and know  
what it is you do;  
The innocent dead from the sea shall rise, to stand at the wise  
man's side,  
And over his shoulder a boy shall look—a boy that was crucified.

You may guard the doors of that council hall with barriers strong  
and stout,  
But the dead unbidden shall enter there, and never you'll shut  
them out.  
And the man that died in the open boat, and the babes that  
suffered worse,  
Shall sit at the table when peace is made by the side of a martyred  
nurse.

You may see them not, but they'll all be there; when they speak  
you may fail to hear.  
You may think that you're making your pacts alone, but their  
spirits will hover near;  
And whatever the terms of the peace you make with the tyrants  
whose hands are red,  
You must please not only the living here, but must satisfy your  
dead.

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN McCRAE

In Flanders fields, the poppies grow,  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved; and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you, from failing hands, we throw  
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die,  
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow  
In Flanders fields.

Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae was born in Guelph, Canada. In civil life he held the position of lecturer in pathology and medicine at the medical school of McGill University. Early in 1914, McCrae, who was in London at the time, cabled to the Canadian authorities, offering himself for service. He was at once accepted and appointed surgeon to the First Brigade of Canadian Artillery.

He was with the guns in the Ypres sector for fourteen months and there found the inspiration for his poems. His health was undermined by the strain of constant duty and he died in France from pneumonia, Jan. 28, 1918. "In Flanders Fields" is the best known of his war poems.

## THE DEBT

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

For the youth they gave and the blood they gave,  
 For the strength that was our stay,  
 For every marked or nameless grave  
 On the steel-torn Flanders way—  
 We, who are whole of body and soul,  
 We have a debt to pay.

For the youth they gave and the blood they gave,  
 We must render back the due;  
 For every marked or nameless grave  
 We must pay with a service true;  
 Till the scales stand straight with even weight,  
 And the world is a world made new.

\* \* \* \* \*

And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. —Bible.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Til the war drums throb no longer  
 And the battle flags are furled  
 In the Parliament of Man,  
 The Federation of the World.  
 —Locksley Hall, Tennyson.

## SUGGESTED PROGRAM

1. Flag Salute.
2. Song: "America"
3. Sounding Taps.
4. Addresses by the Teacher and Leading Citizens.
5. Song: "Keep the Home Fires Burning".
6. —Discussion—The Flag Code.
7. Song: "America the Beautiful".
8. Address by an Ex-Service Man.
9. Song: "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag".



# American Education Week

A National Institution

Programs for the observance of this week will be sent to the schools of Arizona as soon as received from the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.



# Constitution Day

September 17

On this September day in 1787, George Washington, President of the Constitutional Convention, signed the Constitution for the United States of America, which had at last been drawn up after four months of stormy debate.

In a little more than half a year after this date it was ratified by the requisite number of nine states and became the fundamental law of the land.

## PREAMBLE OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America.

## BIRTHDAY OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Let reverence of the law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, seminaries, and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits, and proclaimed in the legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice; let it become the political religion of the Nation.

—Abraham Lincoln.

## ARIZONA LAW

“ . . . . . all public schools in this state which are sustained or in any manner supported by public funds shall give instruction in the essentials, sources and history of the United States Constitution, and of the Constitution of the State of Arizona, including the study of and devotion to American institutions and ideals, and no student in said schools shall receive a certificate of graduation without previously passing a satisfactory examination upon such subjects.”

## FOR OUR COUNTRY—A PRAYER

Almighty God, we make earnest our prayer that you wilt keep the United States in thy holy protection; that thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large. And, finally, that thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that character, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech thee. Amen.

—George Washington.

"The Constitution is not a dead, dull document. It is the very substance of our freedom. Eloquently taught and interpreted by a teacher who knows and reverences its provisions, it will rouse any class to enthusiasm. The Constitution is not a thing of the past but is alive and more needful than ever. Behind this great document are all the romance, history and poetry of the American Republic; men have struggled and died for its provisions; great battles have been fought to preserve its principles, and the success or failure of popular government in the world depends upon our maintenance of our Constitution in all its integrity."

—Lloyd Taylor.

#### SOME OF THE THINGS THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES DOES

Establishes a stable and responsible government.

Makes one a citizen of the United States, if native born.

Makes one a citizen, if foreign born, when naturalized.

Allows one a voice in Government through the officiates whom he helps to elect.

Guarantees liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Defends one's rights against wrongs and violations of Law.

Makes all men equal under the law.

Confirms religious freedom and liberty of conscience.

Accords lawful speech.

Guarantees to all the right of peaceable assembly.

Permits petitions to the Government to right wrongs.

Prohibits the Government from taking personal property without due process of law.

Permits any one to hold any office in the gift of the nation, for which he is qualified.

Enables one to become a citizen of any state.

Prevents one from being held to answer to a complaint unless he has been lawfully accused.

Insures one the right of trial by a jury of his fellow men.

Grants one the right of habeas corpus.

Assures one a speedy trial.

Permits one to have counsel for defense.

Prevents one being tried again if once acquitted.

Permits one to have a trial in the State and District in which he may be charged with an offense against the laws.

Forbids excessive bail.

Forbids excessive fines or cruel punishments.

Protects one from slavery in any form.

Keeps any state from depriving one of his constitutional rights

Sanctions one bearing arms for the protection of his life and home.

Secures any home from search except by lawful warrant.

Guarantees that the legal obligation of contracts shall not be impaired.

Permits one to participate in amending the constitution from time to time.

Prevents one being denied the right to vote by reason of race, color or sex.

## OLD IRONSIDES

(The U. S. S. Constitution)  
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
    Long has it waved on high.  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
    And burst the cannon's roar:—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
    Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck once red with heroes' blood,  
    Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
    And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
    Or know the conquered knee;—  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
    The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk  
    Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
    And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
    Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the God of storms,  
    The lightning and the gale!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Note: The frigate Constitution, which had figured valiantly in the history of the United States navy, and had won the famous sea-fight with the English ship Guerriere in the War of 1812, was popularly called Old Ironsides, and had won a warm place in the hearts of the American people. On September 14, 1830, the Boston Daily Advertiser announced the Secretary of the Navy had recommended that the Constitution be broken up, as no longer fit for service. As soon as he heard this, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his poem, Old Ironsides, which appeared two days later. It immediately became a battle-cry; was repeated all through the country; and caused such a wave of feeling for the time-scarred frigate that the plan of dismantling her was given up, and instead she was rebuilt, and given an honored place among the veterans of the country's navy.

### TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION—COMPOSITION—READING

Uncle Sam's Birthday.  
How the Federal Constitution Came to be Written.  
The Historical Background of the Constitutional Convention.  
The Members of the Constitutional Convention.  
Our Charter of Liberties.  
What the Constitution of the United States Means to Me.  
The Supreme Law of the Land.

The Services of John Marshall.  
The Struggle for Ratification.  
The Federalist and its Mission.—James Madison and Alexander  
Hamilton.  
The Bill of Rights.  
The Three Great Compromises.  
The Duties of the President.  
The Duties of Congress.  
The Duties of The Supreme Court.  
How the Constitution may be Amended.  
How the President is Elected.  
How Congressmen are Elected.

# Thanksgiving Day

This world that we're a'livin' in  
Is mighty hard to beat;  
We get a thorn with every rose—  
But ain't the roses sweet!

—Frank Stanton.

## EARTH'S VACATION

By ALICE B. CURTIS

The earth is tired and wants a rest,  
She needs a long, long sleep;  
She's toiled through spring and summer  
That the rest of us may reap.

Her drowsy arms, so brown and bare,  
Are filled with summer's store;  
With golden flowers and shining fruit  
And rich grains running o'er.

Her tawny hair, strewn with the scent  
Of drying meadow grasses,  
On lonely swamps and far-off hills,  
Gleams where the sunbeam flashes.

Her gown is stitched with sumac-red  
And tiger-lily yellow,  
And aspen-gold and purple-oak  
Like autumn's sunsets, mellow.

She's covered with a misty quilt  
Of gauze, all spangle-bordered.  
Soon she will need her white fur coat  
God has already ordered.

(Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

## THANKSGIVING HYMN

By RALPH M. TWEEDY

(Tune: "America")

Thanks be to God above,  
Who, by His gracious love,  
Guides us today.  
Help us to sing Thy praise,  
Let us our voices raise;  
Help by Thy holy grace,  
This blessed day.

[27]

Thanks for sweet peace today;  
May strife be o'er for aye,  
Let peace abide.  
Thanks for our native land,  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Ne'er ruled by tyrant's hand;  
Our country guide.  
Thanks for our harvest fair,  
For earthly gifts so rare,  
For friends and love.  
Thanks be for this glad day!  
Oh, may its blessings stay!  
Bring, through the year, we pray,  
Help from above.

1. The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles.

2. The first English Thanksgiving was on Sept. 8, 1588, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

3. There were but two English Thanksgivings in the last century. One was on February 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other June 21, 1887, for the Queen's Jubilee.

4. The New England Thanksgiving dates from 1633, when the Massachusetts Bay Colony set apart a day for Thanksgiving.

5. The first national Thanksgiving proclamations were by Congress during the Revolutionary War.

6. The first great American Thanksgiving was in 1784, for the declaration of peace. There was one more national Thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving. Since that time the President has issued an annual proclamation.

By MARTHA HASKELL CLARK, in Scribner's Magazine

The little, wistful memories, they woke with me today  
Amid the pale lit primrose dawn that streaked the snow clouds gray.  
For when the first, wan light appeared upon my chamber wall  
The little, wistful memories, they waked me with their call.

Across my frost-ferned window pane a hint of wood smoke sweet,  
Adown the hallways of my heart the tiny, stirring feet  
Of dear and lost Thanksgiving Days, like children's ghosts astray,  
And little, wistful memories that woke with me today.

The little, eager memories, they crowded at my board,  
They stilled the kindly stranger-voice that blessed our simple board  
With low and half-heard whisperings in tones of other years,  
That thrilled my trembling heartstrings through, and stung my eyes  
to tears.

The lighted room grows strangely dim, and through my lashes wet  
I see in all its olden cheer another table set;  
O present, dear Thanksgiving joy, with heartache underscored,  
And little, eager memories that crowd around the board!

The little, pleading memories, I heard them where they crept,  
When warm upon the wide-armed hearth the dying fire-glow slept;  
They slipped small fingers into mine, and watched, while dimmed  
and gray.

There paled the last red embers of each past Thanksgiving Day.

Oh God, while here for present good I bring Thee grateful praise;  
I thank Thee too for all the joy of old Thanksgiving days;  
For voices stilled, and faces gone, in living presence kept  
By little, tender memories that sought me where they crept.

#### PICTURE STUDIES

Embarkation of the Pilgrims  
Landing of the Pilgrims  
Plymouth Rock  
John Alden and Priscilla  
Pilgrims Going to Church  
Miles Standish and His Soldiers.

#### ESSAY SUBJECTS

Origin of Thanksgiving  
The Pilgrims  
Home Life in Colonial Days

### A THANKSGIVING FABLE

(Selected)

It was a hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving morn,  
And she watched a thankful little mouse, that ate an ear of corn.  
"If I ate that thankful little mouse, how thankful he should be,  
When he has made a meal himself, to make a meal for me!

"Then with his thanks for having fed, and his thanks for feeding me,  
With all HIS thankfulness inside, how thankful I shall be!"  
Thus mused the hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving Day;  
But the little mouse had overheard and declined (with thanks) to  
stay.

### THE REASON WHY

(Selected)

We learned it all in history—you didn't think I knew?  
Why, don't you suppose I study my lesson? Course I do.  
The Pilgrim Fathers did it, they made Thanksgiving Day.  
Why? Oh, I don't remember; my history doesn't say,  
Or perhaps I wasn't listening when she was telling why;  
But if the Pilgrim Mothers were busy making pie,  
I suppose they couldn't bother, and so that is the way  
It happened that the Fathers made our Thanksgiving Day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, children all, both large and small,  
With grateful hearts we say,  
We thank Thee for the happy year  
And glad Thanksgiving Day.

—Primary Education

## BOBBY'S CHOICE

By G. V. R. WOLF, in Normal Instructor and Primary Plans

I wanted turkey for Thanksgiving Day  
And Father said, "Of course you may,  
For we want a turkey big and plump!"  
You should have seen me dance and jump.  
Then Father said, "Now, little man,  
Go catch the gobbler if you can."  
So out I ran into the shed,  
The place where all the turkeys fed.  
Old Gobbler turned and looked at me  
And gobbled loud as loud can be;  
He dragged his wings and spread his tail—  
I just could feel myself turn pale.  
I ran out fast as fast could be—  
Say, chicken's good enough for me.

(An Exercise for Six Children)

Tom—What did you do on Thanksgiving?

Bessie—Oh, I had a lovely time. I was helped three times to turkey.

All—So was I.

Ned—And twice to ice cream, and I had a quarter of a mince pie.

All—So did I.

Harry—And candy.

All—So did I.

Jane—And the next day I had the doctor.

All—So did I!

## SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Salute to the Flag

Opening Song: "America"

Reading of President's or Governor's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

Story: "The First Thanksgiving"

Recitation: "Autumn Fires" (R. L. Stevenson)

Song: "Over the River and Through the Wood"

Recitation: "A Turkey's Soliloquy" (Dora H. Stockman)

Recitation: "Thankful? You Bet" (Edmund Vance Cooke)

Essay: "How to Celebrate Thanksgiving"

Song: "The Corn Song" (Tune, "Auld Lang Syne"), Whittier

The school room should be decorated with flags, bunting, festoons of leaves, nuts, grains and fruits, tied with red, white and blue ribbon or strips of tissue paper. Golden pumpkins are to be much in evidence.

# Christmas Day

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

In the month of December, long before the 25th, children are inclined to think a good deal about Christmas, and teachers are inclined to take advantage of this inclination, and creditably so, in various ways: in correlation, for instance, with geography work; in correlation with the singing of songs, the writing of stories, the drawing of pictures, and especially, with its sentiment of good fellowship and good will, in the teaching of civics and in its practical application.

Thus, in getting ready for Christmas, we touch in advance the things we stress on the day itself and in a minor way are benefited by the contact.

## WELCOME

By Anita G. Pinkham

(In Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)  
We're very glad you've come, dear folks,  
To hear us all recite,  
And hear the songs and dialogues  
We're going to give to-night.  
We hope you like our Christmas tree,  
It will our joys increase;  
But best of all I'm glad you've come  
To hear me speak my piece.

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

—Phillips Brooks

## CHRISTMAS JOYS

Christmas! Christmas! Christmas!  
It's coming! It is here!  
How glad we are to greet it,  
The joy time of the year!

Christmas! Christmas! Christmas!  
Holly and mistletoe,  
And cedars trimmed with tinsel—  
Oh, what a lovely show!

Christmas! Christmas! Christmas!  
Such mystery in the air,  
Such secrets and surprises,  
Such whisperings everywhere!

Christmas! Christmas! Christmas!  
Sweet bells a-chime again,  
We know their blessed message—  
“Peace and good will to men!”

—SUSIE M. BEST

(Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

## KEEPING CHRISTMAS

HENRY VAN DYKE

It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his little watch now and then by the great clock of humanity. But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is keeping Christmas. Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness?

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open? Are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas. And if you can keep it for a day, why not for always? But you can not keep it alone.

## MY TREE

By Lulu Rokestraw

My Christmas tree is tall and straight,  
Its boughs grow thick and green;  
Upon its tip it wears a star—  
The brightest ever seen.

'Tis draped with webs of tinsel gay,  
And balls of colored light;  
And toys, and books, and dolls, and games  
I'll find there Christmas night.

My mother says the pretty things  
That deck my Christmas tree  
Are just the fruit of loving thoughts  
That folks have thought for me!  
(Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

Now, why should Christmas be so poky?  
And then when it does come.  
Before a fellow more than knows it,  
It's over and has gone!

I mean to try my very best,  
When I get big and stronger,  
To see that Christmas hurries more,  
And lasts a great deal longer!

—Daisy M. Moore

## A CHRISTMAS TELEPHONE

(Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

I wish I had a telephone  
With golden wires unfurl'd,  
And long enough and strong enough  
To reach around the world—  
I'd ring up everybody  
Along the line and say,  
"A very Merry Christmas  
To you this Christmas Day."

## CHILD'S CHRISTMAS

By MARTHA HASKELL CLARK, in Scribner's Magazine

Who has not loved a little child, he knows not Christmas Day—  
The wondered, breathless waking through fir-sweet morning gray.

White tropic forests on the pane against the dawn-streaked skies,  
The awe of faith unhesitant in lifted childish eyes;

The spluttered, spicy, teasing joy of kitchen fragrance sweet,  
The sting of frost upon his face, the snow-creak 'neath his feet;

The swish of runners, song of bells, the laughing echoed call  
From drifted hilltops, sparkling white; the blue sky folding all;

The holly-berried table top, the feasting and the fun,  
With Christmas ribbons strewing all until the day is done;

The hush of candle-lighting time, the hearth flame flickered red,  
The warm soft clasp of clinging hands up shadowed stairs to bed;

The crib-side talk that slacks and stills on stumbled drowsy note,  
The love that stings behind your eyes, and catches in your throat;

The hope, the fears, the tenderness, the Mary-prayer you pray—  
Who has not loved a little child, he knows not Christmas Day.

## LITTLE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS

MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

(in Scribner's Magazine)

Little House of Christmas, in your white lane set,  
Half-way 'twixt the highways of Remember and Forget,  
Once a year your windows wake with welcome taper-glow,  
Once a year your gate swings wide to feet of long ago.

Little House of Christmas, at your fragrant feast,  
All are bidden to the board, the greatest and the least;  
Silk and velvet-mantled Hopes rub elbows side by side  
With little, tattered, beggared Dreams that crept in wistful eyed.

Little House of Christmas, all drifted deep with snow,  
Holly-decked, and sweet with fir, and hung with mistletoe,  
All the roads of all the world, cheerless were, and drear,  
Were your blazing Yule logs quenched that beckon once a year.

Hands stretch welcome at your sill the years have thrust apart,  
Memories clasp their tender arms about each lonely heart,  
Long-lost faces gather close, voices loved of old  
Ring across the holly boughs beneath the taper gold.

Little House of Christmas, in your white lane set,  
Half-way 'twixt the highways of Remember and Forget,  
May each storm-blown wanderer, weary and alone,  
Hear some voice call cheer to him across your lintel-stone.

# New Year's Day

JANUARY FIRST

## THE NEW YEAR

HORATIO NELSON POWERS  
(In Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

A flower unblown, a book unread,  
A tree with fruit unharvested;  
A path untrod, a house whose rooms  
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes:  
A landscape whose wide border lies  
In silent shade, 'neath silent skies;  
A wondrous fountain yet unsealed,  
A casket with its gift concealed;  
This is the year that for you waits  
Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates!

## WHERE DO THE OLD YEARS GO

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Pray, where do the Old Years go,  
When their work is over and done?  
Does somebody tuck them away to sleep,  
Quite out of the sight of the sun?

Was there ever a Year that made a mistake  
And stayed when its time was o'er,  
Till it had to hurry its poor old feet  
When the New Year knocked at the door?

But I only wish I had kept awake  
Till the Old Year made his bow,  
For what he said when the clock struck twelve  
I shall never find out now.

Do you think he was tired and glad to rest?  
Do you think that he said good-bye,  
Or faded away alone in the dark,  
Without so much as a sigh?

## AN APPEAL TO BOYS

DAVID STARR JORDAN

"Your first duty in life is toward your afterself. So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual.

"Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He can not help himself.

"What will you leave for him?"

"Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, Boy, let him come as a man among men in his time? Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted; a mind diseased; a will untrained to action; a spinal cord grown through and through with devil grass of that vile harvest we call wild oats?

"Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own?

"Or will you fling his hope away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be?

"This is your problem in life—the problem of more importance to you than any or all others. How will you meet it—as a man or as a fool?

"When you answer this, we shall know what use the world can make of you."

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Just at the turn of the midnight,  
When the children are fast asleep,  
The tired Old Year slips out by himself,  
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,  
And the New Year takes a peep

At the beautiful world that is waiting  
For the hours that he will bring;  
For the wonderful things in his peddler's pack;  
Weather, all sorts, there will be no lack,  
And many a marvelous thing!

Flowers by hosts and armies;  
Stars and sunshine and rain;  
The merry times and the sorrowful times,  
Quickstep and jingle and dirge and chimes,  
And the weaving of joy and pain.

When the children wake in the morning,  
Shouting their "Happy New Year,"  
The year will be started well on his way,  
Swinging along through his first white day,  
With the path before him clear.

Twelve long months for his journey!  
Fifty-two weeks of a spell!  
At the end of it all he'll slip out by himself,  
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,  
At the stroke of the midnight bell.

## IN TIME'S SWING

(Words and music in Normal Instructor and Primary Plans, January, 1923, by permission of Houghton-Hifflin Company.)

Father Time, your footsteps go  
Lightly as the falling snow.  
In your swing I'm sitting, see!  
Push me softly, one, two, three—  
Twelve times only. Like a sheet  
Spreads the snow beneath my feet.  
Singing merrily, let me swing  
Out of winter into spring.

Swing me out, and swing me in!  
Trees are bare, but birds begin  
Twittering to the peeping leaves  
On the bough beneath the eaves.  
Look! one lilac bud I saw.  
Icy hillsides feel the thaw.  
April chased off March today;  
Now I catch a glimpse of May.

Oh, the smell of sprouting grass!  
In a blur the violets pass,  
Whisperings from the wild wood come,  
May flowers' breath, and insects' hum,  
Roses carpeting the ground,  
Orioles warbling all around.  
Swing me low and swing me high  
To the warm clouds of July!

Slower now, for at my side  
White pond lilies open wide.  
Underneath the pine's tall spire  
Cardinal blossoms burn like fire.  
They are gone; the goldenrod  
Flashes from the dark green sod.  
Crickets in the grass I hear;  
Asters light the fading year.

Slower still! October weaves  
Rainbows of the forest leaves.  
Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue,  
Glimmer out of sleety dew.  
Winds through withered sedges hiss;  
Meadow green I sadly miss.  
Oh, 'tis snowing; swing me fast,  
While December shivers past.

Frosty-bearded Father Time,  
Stop your football on the rime!  
Hard your push, your hand is rough;  
You have swung me long enough.  
"Nay, no stopping," say you? Well,  
Some of your best stories tell,  
While you swing me—gently do!—  
From the old year to the new.

## SELECTIONS

- "The Chambered Nautilus"—Holmes  
"The New Year"—John Greenleaf Whittier  
"A Big Resolution: If"—Rudyard Kipling  
"Jack Frost"—Selected  
"Now"—R. C. Skinner  
"The Year Is Going, Let Him Go"—Alfred Tennyson  
"The Little New Year"—Anne P. Johnson  
"In God's Keeping"—Arthur E. Haynes  
"A Happy New Year"—Margaret E. Sangster.

## A NEW YEAR PLEDGE

A life is measured by what we put into the world. I shall make this year more valuable than any previous one by crowding more service into it.—Commoner.

## PROGRAM

Program material and suggestions are easily obtained from school journals and magazines.

# Arbor Day

With its wreath of Southern roses  
And its spray of Northern pine.

—C. O. Case

In the counties of Apache, Navajo, Coconino, Mohave and Yavapai the Friday following the first day of April of each year, and in all other counties of this State the Friday following the first day of February of each year, shall be known as Arbor Day, and shall be observed as a holiday.—Revised Statutes of Arizona, Par. 2837.

Relate the day to the work of the schoolroom and the activities of the community. Press into service any subject taught and every helpful textbook, library book or magazine. Secure, by all means, the co-operation of patrons and citizens.

By a proper observance of Arbor Day you can set a good example for your school of proper respect for law—something in the way of practical school room civics that will be appropriate and desirable.

## THE LAW FOR ARBOR DAY

Revised Statutes of Arizona

Par. 2839. In order that the children in the public schools shall assist in the work of adorning the school ground with trees, and to stimulate the minds of children toward the benefits of the preservation and perpetuation of the forests, and the growing of timber, it shall be the duty of the authorities in every public school in the State of Arizona to assemble the pupils in their charge on the above day in the school building or elsewhere, as they may deem proper, and to provide for and conduct, under the general supervision of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, such exercises as shall tend to encourage the planting, protection and preservation of trees and shrubs, and an acquaintance with the best methods to be adopted to accomplish such results; and that the trees may be planted around the school buildings and that the grounds around such buildings may be improved and beautified; such planting to be attended with appropriate and attractive ceremonies, that the day be one of pleasure as well as one of instruction for the young; all to be under the supervision and direction of the teacher, who shall see that the trees and shrubs are properly selected and set.

He who plants a rose plants Splendor:  
Breathless rapture flung across the sod,  
A light to shake the soul and lift the spirit  
Up to the high white citadel of God.

—Grace Noll Crowell

(In Good Housekeeping)

## SONG FOR ARBOR DAY

By May B. Bryant

Tune: "Good-night, Ladies"

Happy children!

Happy children!

Happy children!

Glad Arbor Day has come.  
Round the tree we'll dance and sing,  
Dance and sing, dance and sing—  
What joy its shade to all will bring  
As the years go by!

Little children!

Little children!

Little children!

The tree we plant to-day  
Will live to bless for many a year,  
Many a year, many a year—  
Weary pilgrims, resting here  
'Neath a summer sky.

(From Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

## ARBOR DAY

By Myrtle Barber Carpenter

Arbor is a Latin word that always means a tree,  
And so when we have Arbor Day, its tree day, don't you see?  
And we should plant a tree, at home, by road or field,  
And then you know in years to come, its fruitage it will yield.

Perhaps 'twill give us fruit to eat, or nuts we love so well,  
Or maybe it will just give shade,—its mission you can tell;  
So spare the trees as years go by, be thankful for their shade,  
For when God made his nicest things, a tree was what He made  
(From Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

## GOOD COMPANY

Today I have grown taller from walking with the trees,  
The seven sister poplars who go softly in a line;  
And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star  
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.

—Karl Wilson Baker

In Poetry Review of America.

## RIVER ELMS

I love to sleep out doors beneath an elm  
Where spreads a canopy of frail green lace  
Between me and the moon—  
A fragile lace made silvery with stars.  
I lie in radiant dusk and watch the trace  
Of shadows on the circled realm  
Below the tree, till the warm dark unbars  
Each secret lure of June.

—Lexie Dean Robertson  
In Good Housekeeping.

## OCTAVE

By CHARLES G. BLANDEN

I never thought to question  
The robin why he sang;  
I never thought to question  
The bluebells why they rang.

I only drank their music,  
And went upon my way—  
As though I owned the rapture  
For which I could not pay.

—"Christian Century."

## THE FIRS IN AUTUMN

ANTOINETTE DE COURSEY PATTERSON  
in Literary Digest

Such gay old chaps, the firs, who in the fall  
Link arms with scarlet oak or golden larch;  
And stand, as though at some high carnival,  
Ready to lead the march!

Blow winds! and waft through all the rooms  
The snowflakes of the cherry blooms!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies;  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower, but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

—Alfred Tennyson

## THE REDBIRD

ANDREW DOWNING

When the summer sky is a tent of blue,  
And rosy June is the regnant queen,  
A crimson shuttle, he flashes through  
The leafy warp of the forest green.

And the thread of a sweet song follows him,  
In mazy tangles of shades and sun,  
And stretches away in the distance dim—  
And the bonny bird and the song—are one!

## THE BLACKBIRD

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

The nightingale has a lyre of gold,  
The lark's is a clarion call,  
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,  
But I love him best of all.

I hear from many a little throat  
A warble interrupted long;  
I hear the robin's flute-like note,  
The bluebird's slenderer song.  
—William Cullen Bryant

## THE MOCKING BIRD

Grace Noll Crowell

The moon-white blossoms are young girls to him,  
Who kneel at night to pray;  
The buds, their rosaries, the little winds  
Are whispered prayers they say—  
He thinks he is the whole cathedral choir.

## RULES FOR PREVENTING FOREST FIRES

1. **Matches.** Be sure your match is out. Break it in two before you throw it away.
2. **Tobacco.** Throw pipe ashes and cigar or cigarette stumps in the dust of the road and stamp or pinch out the fire before leaving them. Don't throw them into brush, leaves, or needles.
3. **Making Camp.** Build a small camp fire. Build it in the open, not against a tree or log, or near brush. Scrape away the trash from all around it.
4. **Leaving Camp.** Never leave a camp fire, even for a short time, without quenching it with water or earth.
5. **Bonfires.** Never build bonfires in windy weather or where there is the slightest danger of their escaping from control. Don't make them larger than you need.
6. **Fighting Fires.** If you find a fire, try to put it out. If you can't, get word of it to the nearest United States ranger or state fire warden at once. Keep in touch with the rangers.

## ARBOR DAY SONG

(Air: "Auld Lang Syne")  
ELLEN BEAUCHAMP

The winter storms have passed away  
And springtime now is here,  
With sunshine smiling all around,  
And heavens blue and clear.  
The gifts of Nature brighten earth,  
And make her gardens gay;  
They give a cheery greeting bright  
On this, the Arbor Day.

The birds with gladsome voices sing,  
Each its melodious lay,  
And music swells each little throat  
On this the Arbor Day.  
The trees put forth their greenest leaves  
To greet whoe'er they may,  
And welcome now the chosen tree  
Which we shall plant today.

## HOW TO PLANT A TREE

1. Take up as large a root system as possible.
2. Keep the roots from drying.
3. Trim to smooth ends all torn roots.
4. Prune the top to correspond with the root area.
5. Dig the hole wide and deep, that the roots may spread out naturally.
6. Do not put tree deeper in the ground than it was before dug up.
7. Sift the fine rich surface soil, free from clods, in about the roots.
8. Pour in water and let it settle away.
9. Fill the hole with dirt, tramping in each spadeful.
10. Water the tree frequently, soaking thoroughly.
11. Keep the soil loose about the tree, free from grass and weeds.

## IN THE MEADOW

FRANK DEMSTER SHERMAN

The meadow is a battlefield  
Where summer's army comes;  
Each soldier with a clover shield,  
The honey bees with drums.  
Boom, rat-ta! they march and pass  
The captain tree who stands  
Saluting with a sword of grass  
And giving them commands.

'Tis only when the breezes blow  
Across the woody hills,  
They shoulder arms, and to and fro,  
March in their full dress drills.  
Boom, rat-ta! they wheel in line  
And wave their gleaming spears;  
Charge! cries the captain, giving sign,  
And every soldier cheers.

But when the day is growing dim,  
They gather in their camps  
And sing a good thanksgiving hymn  
Around the firefly lamps.  
Rat-tat-ta! the bugle-notes  
Call "good-night" to the sky;  
I hope they all have overcoats  
To keep them warm and dry.

## THREE KINDS OF PLANTING

"Plant Trees; by all means, plant Trees. That's number one. But don't forget to.

Plant also the love of Trees. That's number two. For this kind of planting, the best soil is the heart of childhood and of youth. And while you are about it

Plant likewise Knowledge concerning Trees. That's number three. Not necessarily the forester's technical knowledge; just a comfortable 'working knowledge,' you know. The leading species

and how to distinguish them; how, and what kind, to select for planting—or to reject; how to set out a Tree; how to care for and protect it; and so on. Not very recondite knowledge, this, and easy to impart—also easy to take in. And useful.

## NEW LEAVES

ALICE NORRIS LEWIS

(In Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

Green and gold and misty pink,  
The baby leaves uncurl,  
Shake their crinkled edges out,  
Wave their tiny flags about,  
And fold on fold unfold.

Green and gold and misty pink,  
The tender colors shine,  
Little leaves all fresh and fair,  
Little new leaves everywhere,  
On tree and shrub and vine.

## THE BIRD SCHOOL

E. A. STEWART

(In Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

First pupil:

The sparrows' in the primary class sat down beneath the trees,  
Their little faces were upturned to listen to the breeze.

Second pupil:

The wind stooped low to tell them the big earth's history;  
A bee was their bright teacher in field geography.

Third pupil:

A butterfly taught numbers; a lily showed them grace;  
A shower gave them tests in health and washed each birdie's face.

Fourth pupil:

So apt the little pupils! But the lesson they learned best  
Was cheerfulness—a robin, good, lectured from his nest.

## MEMORIAL TREES FOR HERO-POETS

MARY ELEANOR MUSTAIN

(In Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

Let us make a part of our observation of Memorial Day the planting of "trees of remembrance." This is a beautiful idea, and one that should have the full support of every teacher and school child in the United States. Plant the tree where it is most needed—whether on school ground, in village park, along the highway, any place where it will bring blessing to mankind. In rural schools where the playground is large and space ample, set aside one portion as a memorial to the dead, and in this plot plant a tree for every soldier of the district lost in the recent Great War. If, happily, your district escaped fatalities, then plant a tree or trees in honor of the unknown dead—who sleep far away on the field of honor.

Plant trees in honor of our poets who were killed in the war. Just preceding the planting of the tree in honor of Joyce Kilmer, have a pupil read or recite his beautiful poem, "Trees."

## TREES

JOYCE KILMER

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

A tree whose hungry mouth is press'd  
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 hath lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

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

(In civilian life Joyce Kilmer was a member of the staff of the New York Times, for which he wrote literary criticism.)

Next plant a tree in honor of that other American poet who lost his life in the war—Alan Seeger. It was he who wrote the famous poem, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," which should also have a prominent place on the program of the day.

## I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS

I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes back with rustling shade  
And apple blossoms fill the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land  
And close my eyes and quench my breath—  
It may be I shall pass him still.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope or battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

He did not fail the rendezvous. On July 1, 1916, a great advance began. At 6 in the evening of July 4, the Foreign Legion was ordered to clear the enemy from the village of Belloy-en-Santerre. Alan Seeger advanced in the first rush, and his squad was met by the fire of six German machine guns concealed in a hollow not far distant. Most of them went down, and Seeger was among them, wounded in several places. But the following waves of attack were more fortunate. His comrades came up to him; Alan cheered them on; they left him behind, and they heard him singing one of the popular marching songs. They took the village, and drove the invaders out, but for some reason the battlefield was left unvisited that night. Next morning they found Alan Seeger, dead. Is it not fitting that we plant a growing tree for him?

## APRIL

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

(In Scribner's Magazine)

When leaves and buds have started  
In grove and garden-bed,  
Then April, changeful-hearted,  
Comes by with nymph-like tread,  
Half singing and half sighing,  
Half gay and half forlorn,  
With tears for winter, dying,  
And smiles for spring, new-born.

## APRIL'S ORDER

IAN TERRELL REED

Said little Madam April  
To the mighty Weather Man:  
"I'd like to have you send me  
As promptly as you can  
A billion yards of bluest sky  
A box of gentle showers  
(And please omit the Winter frost  
That bites the little flowers).

"I want a lot of sunshine  
I can sprinkle all around.  
It makes the people happy  
And fixes up the ground  
Where I shall start a million seeds—  
The garden kind, you know—  
And summertime will bring them up  
The way they ought to go.

"I've thirty April children  
That I'll pay you with this year,  
They're not exactly perfect,  
But much admired, I hear.  
Although they're temperamental, they  
Are pleasing, as a rule,  
And out of thirty children there  
Is only one a—fool."

## MY FRIENDS THE TREES

JULIAN M. DRACHMAN

(In American Forestry)

The oak is the King of the forest  
The birch is his Queen.  
The pine is a sturdy squire  
In garment of green.

Pear and apple are peasants,  
Gnarled old growers of fruit;  
And the poplar is a gentleman  
From nodding head to root.

The aspen is an actress,  
Who flirts with every breeze.  
There are all sorts of characters  
Among my friends, the trees.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR ARBOR DAY PROGRAM

Songs

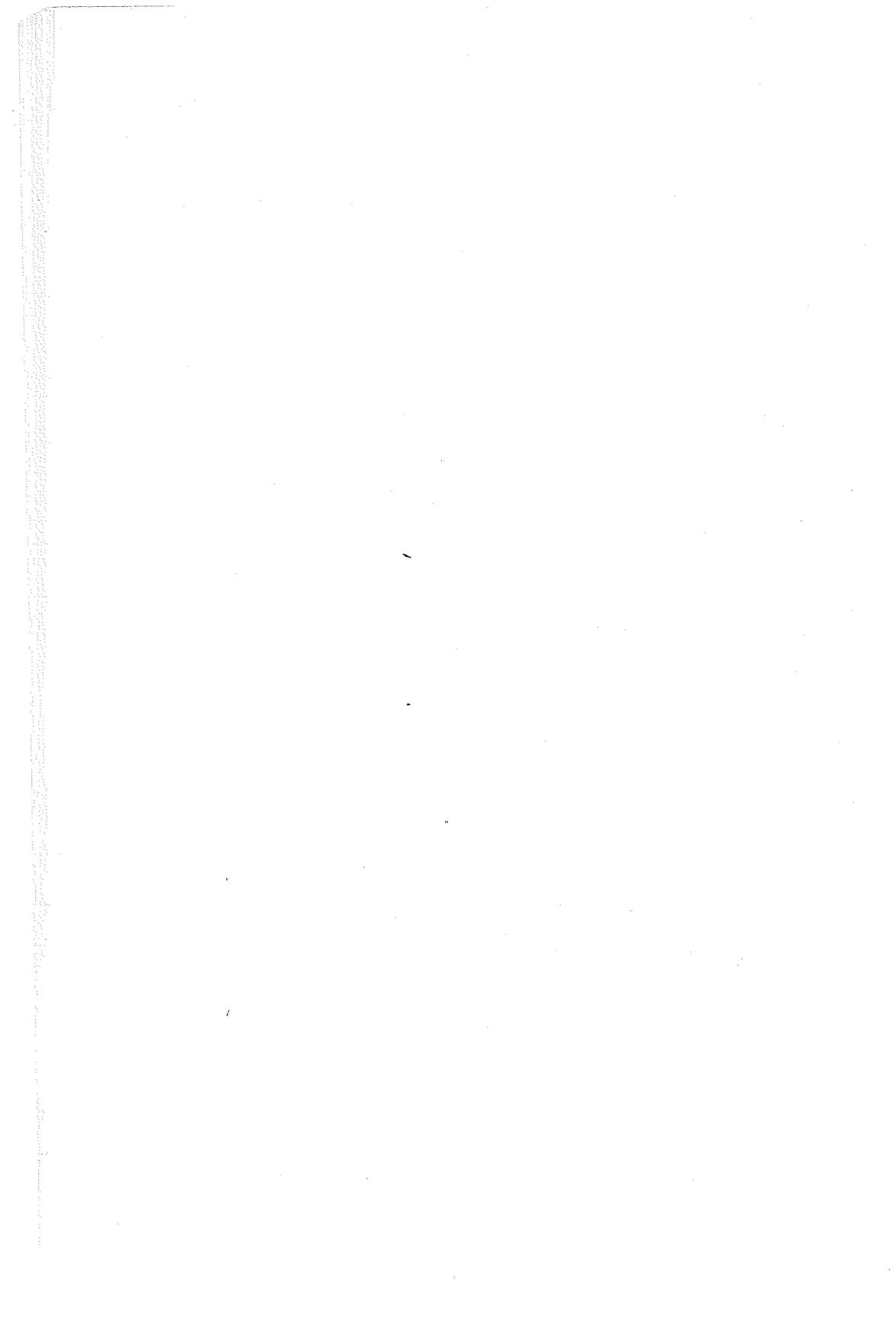
Reading of the Governor's Arbor Day Proclamation

Recitations

Planting of Trees

Talks and Discussions on Suitable Subjects, such as: The Purpose of Arbor Day; Plan for Planting the School Grounds; Our State Forests; Study of Trees of the Neighborhood; Birds Around Our Home, etc.

Textbooks, library books, school journals and magazines are full of material for Arbor Day. Then there is lots of latent Arbor Day ability and interest in your pupils and patrons—inspire and use it. Let's make Arbor Day this year the best we have ever had.



# Lincoln's Birthday

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

"He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from its cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing his traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life in which all types are honored, and in the common glory we shall win as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine."—Henry W. Grady.

## QUOTATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

No higher compliment was ever paid to a nation than the simple confidence, the fireside plainness, with which Mr. Lincoln always addressed himself to the American people. This was, indeed, a true democrat, who grounded himself on the assumption that a democracy can think. —James Russell Lowell

Not in vain has Lincoln lived, for he has helped to make this Republic an example of justice, with no caste but the caste of humanity. —George Bancroft

To him was the duty and responsibility of making the great classic of liberty, the Declaration of Independence, no longer an empty promise, but a glorious fulfillment. —William McKinley

On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
The glory guards, with silent round,  
The bivouac of the dead. —Theodore O'Hara

## QUOTATIONS FROM LINCOLN

Learn the laws and obey them.

Revolutionize through the ballot box.

No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.

Our government rests on public opinion. Whoever can change public opinion can change our government.

Whatever is calculated to improve the condition of the honest, struggling working man, I am for that thing.

You can fool some of the people all the time, or all the people some of the time; but you can not fool all of the people all of the time.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take, or touch, aught which they have not honestly earned.

We are not enemies, but friends; we must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the union when again touched, as surely it will be, by the better angels of our nature.

The Lord must love the common people—that's why He made so many of them.

A private soldier has as much right to justice as a major general.

This country . . . belongs to the people who inhabit it.

Government of the people, by the people, for the people.

Let not him who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently to build one for himself.

## A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

PAUL DE VERE

From humble parentage and poverty, old Nature reared him,  
And the world beheld her ablest, noblest man;  
Few were his joys and many and terrible his trials,  
But grandly he met them as only true great souls can.  
Our nation's martyr—pure, honest, patient, tender—  
Thou who didst suffer agony e'en for the slave,  
Our flags defender, our brave immortal teacher!  
I lay this humble tribute on thy honored grave.

## WE NEED A FRESH CROP OF LINCOLNS

We're never tired of talking about the glories of popular government, and very few of us admit that we're ever tired of hearing about them, but what definite thing do we ever do to keep alive that little sprig of democracy which is native in the heart of every American girl and boy? What do we do to feed it and tend it and water it? America depends for its life, its liberty, its happiness, on a wide-awake and conscientious citizenship; but what do we do to build up such a citizenship? What do we do to bring the individual sprig of democracy to flower?—Herman Hagedorn, in "You Are the Hope of the World."

## LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

EDWIN MARKHAM

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour  
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,  
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down  
To make a man to meet the mortal need.

She took the tried clay of the common road—  
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,  
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;  
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;  
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.  
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light  
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.  
Here was a man to hold against the world,

A man to match the mountains and the sea.  
 The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;  
 The smack and tang of elemental things:  
 The rectitude and patience of the cliff;  
 The good will of the rain that loves all leaves;  
 The friendly welcome of the wayside well;  
 The courage of the bird that dares the sea;  
 The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;  
 The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;  
 The secrecy of streams that make their way  
 Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;  
 The underlying justice of the light  
 That gives as freely to the shrinking flower  
 As to the great oak flaring to the wind—

\* \* \* \* \*

So came the Captain with the thinking heart;  
 And when the judgment thunder split the house,  
 Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,  
 He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again  
 The rafters of the Home. He held his place—  
 Held the long purpose like a growing tree—  
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise. ....

#### REFERENCES

- American Anniversaries, Dillon: P. R. Dillon Pub. Co., New York City.  
 Any American History.  
 Lincoln's Birthday, by R. H. Schauffler: Moffot Yard & Co.  
 Educational Journals for February of each year.

A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;  
 A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers;  
 A homely hero, born of star and sod;  
 A peasant prince; a masterpiece of God.—Selected.

#### SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Flag Salute  
 Song: "America"  
 Reading: Lincoln's Gettysburg Address  
 Recitation: Our Heroes (Phoebe Cary)  
 Stories told by Lincoln, or about Lincoln—Several Pupils  
 Camp Fire Songs  
 Recitation: Where Poppies Grow  
 Recitation: My Captain  
 Quotations from Lincoln, Several Pupils.  
 Talk by a soldier who has seen service in France  
 Flag Drill  
 Closing Song



CAPITOL BUILDING

# Statehood Day

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

## ADOPTION OF STATE FLAG

Sec. 1. Adopting Flag for the State of Arizona. The flag of the State of Arizona shall be as follows: The lower half of the flag shall be a blue field; the upper half shall be divided into thirteen equal segments or rays, which shall start at the center, on the lower line, and continue to the edges of the flag, colored alternately light yellow and red, consisting of six yellow and seven red rays; in the center of the flag, superimposed, a copper-colored five-pointed star, so placed that the upper points shall be one foot from the top of the flag and the lower points one foot from the bottom of the flag. The red and blue shall be of the same shade as the colors in the flag of the United States; the flag to have a four-foot hoist and a six-foot fly, with a two-foot star; the same proportions to be observed for flags of other sizes. The flag represents the copper star of Arizona rising from a blue field in the face of a setting sun.—Chapter 7, S. L. R. S., 1917.

## ORIGIN OF NAME

“Arizona” is derived from “Arizonac,” so called by the Papago or Pima Indians—the two languages being practically one and the same—meaning “little spring.” It was called Arizona by the Spaniards at least as early as 1736, and must have been known to the Indians by their name of Arizonac for probably many years prior to that date—how many no one may say. “Ari” means small, and “zonac,” spring.

## ADOPTION OF STATE COLORS

Sec. 1. Adopting State Colors for the State of Arizona. The colors known and designated as blue and old gold are hereby adopted as and shall be the State colors. The blue shall be of the same shade as that of the flag of the United States.—Chapter 30, S. L. R. S., 1915; approved March 9, 1915.

## ARIZONA STATE FLOWER

On March 18, 1901, the Saguaro was adopted as the Arizona State flower by a special legislative committee of the Territorial Legislature of 1901, on account of its being distinctively a native plant of Arizona.



## STATE SEAL

Sec. 20. The seal of the State shall be of the following design: In the background shall be a range of mountains, with the sun rising behind the peaks thereof, and at the right side of the range of mountains there shall be a storage reservoir and a dam, below which in the middle distance are irrigated fields and orchards reaching into the foreground, at the right of which are cattle grazing. To the left in the middle distance on a mountain side is a quartz mill in front of which and in the foreground is a miner standing with pick and shovel. Above this device shall be the motto: "Ditat Deus." In a circular band surrounding the whole device shall be inscribed: "Great Seal of the State of Arizona," with the year of admission of the State into the Union.—Article XXII, Section 20, Constitution of Arizona.

## STATE ANTHEM

(Chapter 28, Session Laws, 1919)

Sec. 1. That there is hereby adopted one certain march song, entitled "Arizona," words by Margaret Rowe Clifford, copyright 1915, and music by Maurice Blumenthal, said words and music to be designated as "Arizona's State Anthem," which are as follows:

Come to this land of sunshine,  
To this land where life is young.  
Where the wide, wide world is waiting  
The songs that will now be sung.  
Where the golden sun is flaming  
Into warm white shining day,  
And the sons of men are blazing  
Their priceless right of way.

Chorus:

Sing the song that's in your hearts;  
Sing of the great Southwest.  
Thank God for Arizona,  
In splendid sunshine dressed;  
For thy beauty and thy grandeur,  
For thy regal robes so sheen,  
We hail thee, Arizona—  
Our Goddess and our Queen.

Come, stand beside the rivers  
Within our valleys broad.  
Stand here with heads uncovered  
In the presence of our God,  
While all around about us  
The brave, unconquered band,  
As guardians and landmarks,  
The giant mountains stand.

Chorus:

Not alone for gold and silver  
Is Arizona great;  
But with graves of heroes sleeping  
All the land is consecrate!  
Oh, come and live beside us,  
However far ye roam.  
Come, help us build up temples  
And name those temples "Home."

## PROMINENT HISTORICAL FACTS

Arizona, south of the Gila River, was originally a part of Old Mexico. North of the Gila River, a part of the Territory of New Mexico.

The Gadsden Treaty of 1853 provided for the purchase of lands including the part of Arizona south of the Gila, all of this being then called New Mexico and the Mesilla Valley. Price paid, \$10,000,000.00.

In February, 1863, the Territory of Arizona was formed. The first Territorial Legislature convened in 1864, John N. Goodwin being Governor. Before the session convened Governor Goodwin divided the State into four districts: Pima, Yuma, Yavapai and Mohave, these being the four original counties of Arizona. Of these only Yuma remains with its original boundaries. Mohave was changed on the formation of Pah Ute County, but had the area taken returned when Nevada was given that part of Arizona lying west of the Colorado River, and later gained some territory eastward to Kanab Wash. The other counties of the State were created in the following manner:

Apache—Organized from part of Yavapai in 1879; part taken to form part of Graham in 1881; part taken to form Navajo in 1895.

Cochise—Organized from part of Pima in 1881.

Coconino—Organized from part of Yavapai in 1891.

Gila—Organized from parts of Maricopa and Pinal in 1881.

Graham—Organized from parts of Apache and Pima in 1881.

Greenlee—Organized from part of Graham County in 1909.

Maricopa—Organized from part of Yavapai in 1871; part of Pima annexed in 1873; parts taken to form part of Pinal in 1875, and part of Gila in 1881.

Navajo—Organized from part of Apache in 1895.

Pima—Part taken to form part of Pinal in 1875; parts annexed to Maricopa in 1873, and Pinal in 1877; parts taken to form Cochise and part of Graham in 1881, and Santa Cruz in 1899.

Pinal—Organized from parts of Maricopa, Pima and Yavapai in 1875; part of Pima annexed in 1877; part taken to form part of Pima annexed in 1877; part taken to form part of Gila in 1881.

Santa Cruz—Organized from part of Pima in 1899.

Yavapai—Parts taken to form Maricopa in 1871, Apache in 1879, Coconino in 1891; part of Pinal in 1875; parts of Gila in 1881, and later

## AREA OF COUNTIES

	Sq. Miles.
Apache .....	11,379
Cochise .....	6,170
Coconino .....	18,623
Gila .....	4,699
Graham .....	4,630
Greenlee .....	1,878
Maricopa .....	8,891
Mohave .....	13,390
Navajo .....	9,899
Pima .....	9,505
Pinal .....	5,380
Santa Cruz .....	1,229
Yavapai .....	8,150
Yuma .....	9,987
Total Area.....	113,810

First Telegraph, 1873—Congress voted \$50,311.20 for the construction of 540 miles of military telegraph line from San Diego, Calif., via Fort Yuma and Maricopa Wells, to Prescott and Tucson.

First Railroads—Atlantic & Pacific, now Santa Fe, crossed Arizona to Colorado River in May, 1883—length of road in Arizona, 393 miles. Paralleling the road was a land grant of every odd numbered section for forty miles on either side of the track, 10,058,240 acres in all.

Some of this land was later claimed by the United States Government for the creation of forest reserves and Indian reservations, and the railroad was given in lieu thereof, scrip, which authorized them to select Government land of equal value in any other part of the State. Title to many valuable water locations has been obtained by use of forest reserve scrip and title to many of the desert and homestead entries in Arizona has been obtained by use of the railroad scrip.

The Enabling Act of 1910 provided for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as two separate States.



# ARIZONA CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

(October 10, 1910)

The final passage of the act authorizing the people of Arizona to form a State government was passed by Congress and received the signature of the president on June 20, 1910. Following the passage of the Arizona Statehood bill and in accordance with its provisions, an election was held in the territory for the election of members of a constitutional convention. This election was held on Sept. 12, 1910, when the following were chosen as delegates from the several counties:

Apache, Fred T. Colter; Coconino, C. C. Hutchinson and Edward M. Doe; Cochise, E. E. Ellinwood, Thomas Feeney, John Bolan, A. F. Parsons, R. B. Sims, P. F. Connelly, E. A. Tovrea, D. L. Cunningham, C. M. Roberts, S. B. Bradner; Gila, George W. P. Hunt, J. J. Keegan, Alfred Kinney, Jacob Weinberger, John Langdon; Graham, Lamar Cobb, Mit Simms, A. M. Tuthill, A. R. Lynch, W. T. Webb; Maricopa, A. C. Baker, B. B. Moeur, Orrin Standage, F. A. Jones, Sidney P. Osborn, Alfred Franklin, John P. Orme, Lysander Cassidy, James E. Crutchfield; Mohave, Henry Lovin; Navajo, William Morgan, James Scott; Pinal, E. W. Coker, Thomas N. Wills; Pima, Samuel L. Kingan, William F. Cooper, Carlos C. Jacome, George Pusch, James C. White; Santa Cruz, Bracey Curtis; Yavapai, Ed. W. Wells, M. G. Cunniff, Albert M. Jones, H. R. Woods, M. Goldwater, A. A. Moore; Yuma, Mulford Winsor, Fred L. Ingraham, E. L. Short.

The constitutional convention met in Phoenix on October 10 and was organized by the election of the following officers:

George W. P. Hunt, President.  
Amos W. Cole, Secretary.  
Frank DeSousa, Assistant Secretary.  
W. C. Truman, Sergeant-at-Arms.  
E. J. Dillon, Journal Clerk.  
Harriet Jean Oliver, Journal Clerk  
Richard Humphrey, Watchman.  
Daniel Holloway, Watchman.  
Seaborn Crutchfield, Chaplain.  
N. H. Evans, Doorkeeper.  
J. C. Evans, Doorkeeper.  
A. A. Cohen, Secretary to the President.

State admitted Feb. 14, 1912. First State election held December, 1912. Parties elected took charge in February, 1912.

## HOUSE BILL No. 42

AN ACT TO REQUIRE THE TEACHING OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF THIS STATE, INCLUDING THE STUDY OF AND DEVOTION TO AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS AND IDEALS IN ALL THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Section 1. That on and after the beginning of the 1925 fall term, all public schools in this state which are sustained or in any manner supported by public funds shall give instruction in the essentials, sources and history of the United States Constitution, and of the Constitution of the State of Arizona, including the study of and devotion to American institutions and ideals, and no student in said schools shall receive a certificate of graduation without previously passing a satisfactory examination upon such subjects.

Sec. 2. The instruction provided for in Section 1 of this act shall be given for at least one year of the grammar and high school grades, respectively.

Sec. 3. That all persons who have taught one year applying for certificates authorizing them to become superintendents or teachers in the public schools and colleges of this State, shall, in addition to existing requirements and before receiving such certificate, be required to pass a satisfactory examination upon the provisions and principles of the Constitution of the United States and of this State.

Sec. 4. That willful neglect or failure on the part of any superintendent, principal or teacher or other officer of any public school to observe and carry out the requirements of this act, shall be sufficient cause for the dismissal or removal of such person from his or her position.

Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction to make due arrangements for carrying out the provisions of this act. For such purpose said State Superintendent shall prescribe suitable books adapted to the needs of the school as specified in Section 2 of this act.

Sec. 6. Repealing clause.

(Chapter 40, S. L. R. S., 1925; approved March 16, 1925. Effective June 11, 1925.)

## TERRITORIAL GOVERNORS

John A. Gurley.....	Appointed March, 1863 Died Aug. 18, 1863
John N. Goodwin (Republican).....	1863-1866
Richard C. McCormick (Republican).....	1866-1869
A. P. K. Safford (Republican).....	1869-1877
John P. Hoyt (Republican).....	1877-1878
John C. Fremont (Republican).....	1878-1882
Frederick A. Tritle (Republican).....	1882-1885
C. Meyer Zulick (Democrat).....	1885-1889
Lewis Wolfley (Republican).....	1889-1890
J. N. Irwin (Republican).....	1890-1892
N. O. Murphy (Republican).....	1892-1893
Louis C. Hughes (Democrat).....	1893-1896
B. J. Franklin (Democrat).....	1896-1897
Myron H. McCord (Republican).....	1897-1898
N. O. Murphy (Republican).....	Resigned to enter army 1898-1902
Alexander O. Brodie (Republican).....	Filled vacancy 1902-1905
Joseph H. Kibbey (Republican).....	1905-1909
Richard E. Sloan (Republican).....	1909-1912

## STATE GOVERNORS

George W. P. Hunt (Democrat).....	1912-1916
Thomas E. Campbell (Republican).....	1917—Contest of election
George W. P. Hunt (Democrat).....	Served 1917
Thomas E. Campbell (Republican).....	Elected 1919, served to 1922
George W. P. Hunt (Democrat).....	Elected 1923, served 1923-1929
John C. Phillips (Republican).....	Elected 1928—Now serving

## U. S. Government Agencies and Schools for Indians In the State of Arizona

Superintendencies and Tribes	Address
Camp Verde Agency, Tonto Band of Apaches.....	Camp Verde, Ariz.
Fort Apache Agency, Apaches.....	White River, Ariz.
Theodore Roosevelt Indian School, Non-tribal.....	Fort Apache, Ariz.
Fort Mohave Agency, Mohaves.....	Mohave City, Ariz.
Navajo Indian Agency, Navajos.....	Fort Defiance, Ariz.
Havasupai Agency, Supais.....	Supai, Ariz. (via Grand Canyon)
Leupp Agency, Navajos and Supais.....	Leupp, Ariz.
Moqui Agency, Hopis and Navajos.....	Keams Canyon, Ariz.
Phoenix Indian School, Non-tribal.....	Phoenix, Ariz.
Pima Agency, Pimas, Papagos and Maricopas.....	Sacaton, Ariz.
Salt River Agency, Pimas and Papagos.....	Scottsdale, Ariz.
San Carlos Agency, San Carlos Apaches.....	San Carlos, Ariz.
Truxton Canyon Agency, Wallapai.....	Valentine, Ariz.
Colorado River Agency, Mohaves.....	Parker, Ariz.
Kaibab Agency, Paiutes.....	Moccasin, Ariz.
Western Navajo Agency, Navajos, Moencopi Village Hopis and Paiutes.....	Tuba City, Ariz.
Sells Agency, Papagos.....	Sells, Ariz.

## ARIZONA'S TIMBER RESOURCES

It is said that the largest unbroken pine forest in the United States is located in Arizona. It is estimated that there are eighteen billion feet of standing timber in the state. There are thirty-one saw-mills with an average annual output of one hundred and sixty-eight million feet of lumber, valued at five million dollars.

## POPULATION ARIZONA

1890 .....	88,243
1900 Census figures .....	122,931
1910 Census figures .....	204,354
1920 Census figures .....	334,162
1925 Estimated .....	400,000
1926 Estimated .....	41,000
1929 Estimated .....	500,000

## SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Flag Salute.  
 Arizona State Song.  
 Recitation: "The Westerner" (Charles Badger Clark).  
 Essay: "Early Settlers."  
 Song.  
 Recitation: "Where the West Begins" (Arthur Chapman).  
 Essay: "Arizona Geography."  
 Essay: "Arizona History."  
 Song: "Star-Spangled Banner."

## ARIZONA

THERESA RUSSELL

Dun land, sun land, rope and spur and gun land,  
What is your enchantment that you haunt my dreams?  
View land, blue land, flash-of-every-hue land,  
Peak and plain and cañon-cradle dimpling gleam.

Sad land, glad land, poor old pagan bad land,  
Sometime to your castle we shall find the key;  
Wild land, mild land, slumb'ring, witch-beguiled land,  
Then you shall awaken, smiling, strong and free.

## ARIZONA'S FUTURE

C. O. CASE

We do not know what the future of Arizona is to be, but we do know that education is to determine that future. Education kindles every furnace fire of industry, writes every Magna Charter of freedom, creates all the difference between the gutturals of savagery and the lyrics of civilization. It permeates and promotes every phase of progress, dominates and determines the careers of men, decides the destinies of states and nations. And to you, the people of Arizona, is entrusted the constitutional right to control the great educational forces of your state. Regard that right as you would a sacred duty. Hold fast to that which is good. Use it well in the building of a State. Build true to the principles and the ideals of democracy. And building thus, who can tell to what eminence of greatness Arizona may attain? May it be, at least, our high ambition and our hope that native energy, native grit and genius, virile, versatile in its birthright, may be so schooled to think and do that Arizona, "the stone which the builders rejected," may yet become the head of the corner in this Republic of the West."

## WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE

SIR WILLIAM JONES

What constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No! Men—high-minded men—

With powers as far above dull brutes endued.

In forest, brake or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men who their duties know,

And know their rights; and, knowing, dare maintain,

Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain—

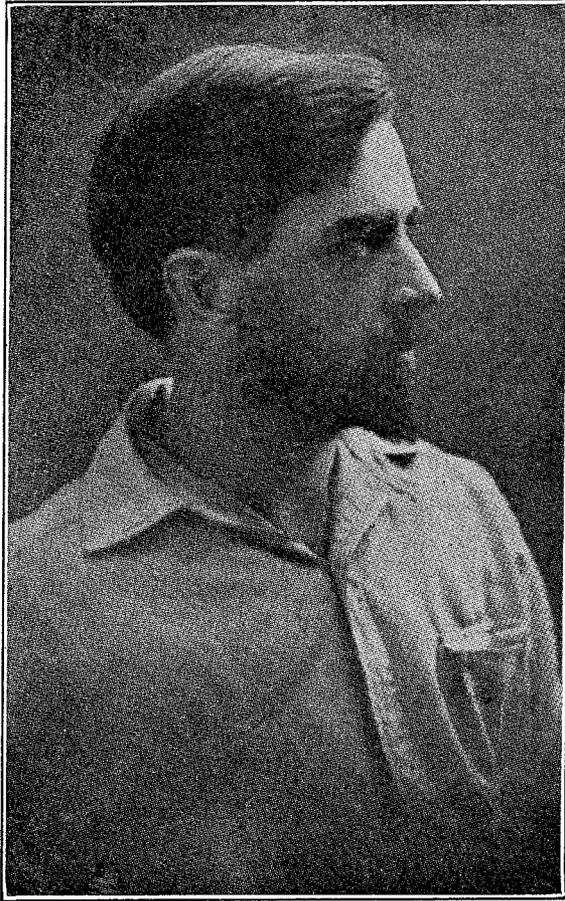
These constitute a state;  
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,

O'er thrones and globe elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

## MY PATRIOTIC CREED

I believe  
In my country and her destiny,  
In the great dream of her founders,  
In her place among the nations,  
In her ideals.  
I believe  
That her democracy must be protected,  
Her privileges cherished,  
Her freedom defended.  
I believe  
That, humbly before the Almighty,  
But proudly before all mankind,  
We must safeguard her standard,  
The vision of her Washington,  
The martyrdom of her Lincoln,  
With the patriotic ardor  
Of the minutemen  
And the boys in blue  
Of her glorious past.  
I believe  
In loyalty to my country,  
Firm, unchanging, absolute.  
Thou in whose sight  
A thousand years are but as yesterday  
And as a watch in the night,  
Help me  
In my weakness  
To make real  
What I believe.

—New York Times.



CHARLES BADGER CLARK

## ARIZONA POET

Author of "Sun and Saddle Leather"

Many of his poems have become the folk songs of the West. They were written in the saddle as he rode the range as a cowboy near Tombstone, Arizona.

His poetry has the simple beauty, local color, and universal appeal that Riley's has—it is real art.

The following is from his first poem "Arizona," published in the old Pacific Monthly:

"I don't need no art exhibits  
When the sunset does his best,  
Paintin' everlastin' glory  
On the mountains to the West,  
And your opery looks foolish  
When the night-bird starts his tune  
And the desert's silver mounted  
By the touches of the moon."

## THE COWBOY'S PRAYER

CHARLES BADGER CLARK

Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow.  
I love creation better as it stood  
That day You finished it so long ago  
And looked upon Your work and called it good.  
I know that others find You in the light  
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,  
And yet I seem to feel You near tonight  
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well,  
That You have made my freedom so complete;  
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,  
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.  
Just let me live my life as I've begun  
And give me work that's open to the sky;  
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun,  
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down;  
Let me be square and generous with all.  
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,  
But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!  
Make me as big and open as the plains,  
As honest as the hawse between my knees,  
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,  
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze!

Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget.  
You know about the reasons that are hid.  
You understand the things that gall and fret;  
You know me better than my mother did.  
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said  
And right me, sometimes, when I turn aside,  
And guide me on the long dim trail ahead  
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.

## PIONEERS

CHARLES BADGER CLARK

A broken wagon wheel that rots away beside the river,  
A sunken grave that dimples on the bluff above the trail—  
The larks call, the wind sweeps, the prairie grasses quiver  
And sing a wistful roving song of hoof, and sail and wheel.  
Pioneers, pioneers, you trailed it on to glory,  
Across the circling deserts to the mountains blue and dim,  
New England was a night camp, Old England was a story,  
The new home, the true home lay out beyond the rim.

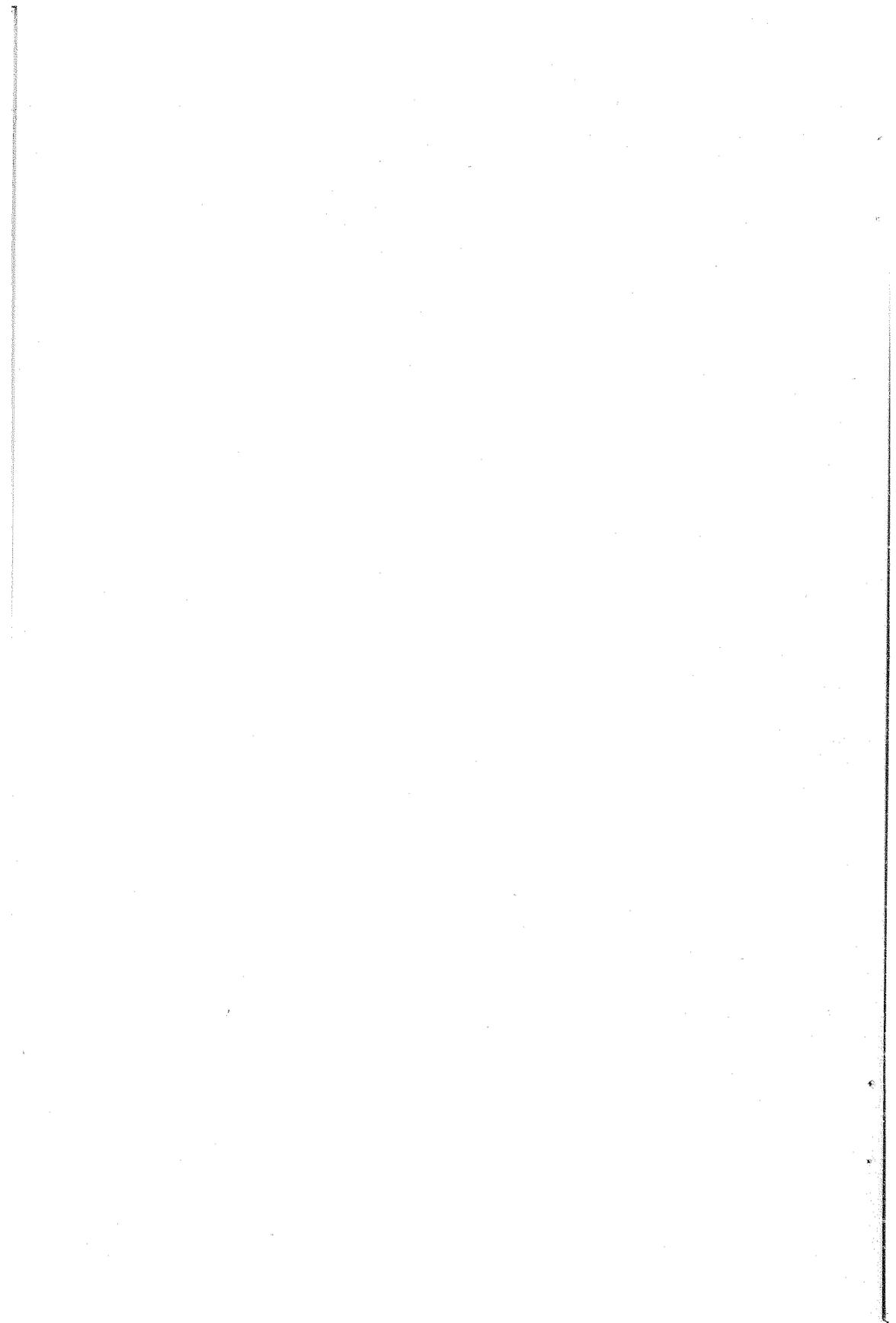
You fretted at the old hearth, the kettle and the cricket,  
The fathers' little acres, the woodlot and the pond,  
Aye, better storm and famine and the arrow from the thicket  
Along the trail to wider lands that glimmered out beyond.  
Pioneers, pioneers, the quicksands where you wallowed,  
The rocky hills and thirsty plains they scarcely won your  
heed—

You snatched the thorny chance, broke the trail that  
others followed  
For sheer joy, for dear joy of marching in the lead.

Your wagon tracks are laid with steel, your tired dust is  
sleeping,  
Your spirit stalks the valleys where a restive nation turns,  
Your soul has never left them in their sowing and their  
reaping

The children of the outward trail their eyes are full of  
dreams.

Pioneers, Pioneers, your children will not reckon  
The dangers on the dusky ways no man has ever gone  
They look beyond the sunset where the better countries  
beckon,  
With old faith, with bold faith to find a wider dawn.



# Washington's Birthday

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

It is our duty as teachers to bring the schools into closer touch with the life and valor of ex-service men. They learned on the battlefields what patriotism means, in peace as well as war, and they have something to say about the flag and civic duty that the schoolroom should hear, and DIRECTLY from them. The name of an ex-service man should be secured for every patriotic program, if possible.

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Pale is the February sky,  
And brief the midday's sunny hours;  
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh  
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,  
Not even when the summer broods  
O'er meadows in their fresh array,  
Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.

For the chill season now and again  
Brings, in its annual round, the morn  
When greatest of the sons of men  
Our glorious Washington was born!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Amid the wreck of thrones shall live,  
Unmarred, undimm'd, our hero's fame;  
And years succeeding years shall give  
Increase of honors to his name.

—William Cullen Bryant.

## QUOTATIONS FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Alone in its grandeur stands forth the character of Washington in history; alone like some peak that has no fellow in the mountain range of greatness.

Statesman, soldier, patriot, sage, achiever and preserver of liberty, the first of men, founder and savior of his people—this is he, solitary and unapproachable in his grandeur.—John W. Daniel.

Washington's is the mightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. On this name no eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington, is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked splendor leave it shining on.—Abraham Lincoln.

Marble columns may moulder in the dust, and time erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but his fame arose with American liberty, and with American liberty alone can it perish.—Daniel Webster.

## A NATION'S STRENGTH

Not gold, but only men can make  
A people great and strong;  
Men who for truth and honor's sake  
Stand fast and suffer long.

—Emerson.

### REFERENCES

Any library, public or private.  
Textbooks.  
School journals, February numbers.

### POEMS

Freedom—James Russell Lowell.  
The Concord Hymn—Ralph Waldo Emerson.  
The Birthday of Washington Ever Honored—George Howland.  
A True Soldier—Alice Jean Cleator.  
Then and Now—Eva Hamilton.

### SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION

Chronology of Life of Washington.  
The Home Life of Washington.  
Comparison of Washington and Lincoln.  
Characteristics of Washington.  
Washington's Athletic Skill.  
Washington About His Home.  
Washington as a Boy—His Home, Parents, Sports.  
Social Customs of Washington's Time.  
Washington City.  
Lafayette.  
Washington's Career as a Soldier.

### SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Song: "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."  
Flag Salute.  
Short Sketch of the Life of Washington.  
Recitation.  
Tableaux: Scenes in the Life of Washington.  
Chorus: Patriotic Song.  
Address by ex-Service Man.

# May Day

MAY FIRST

May Day programs in the larger schools of the State usually consist principally in the May Day Fete and all that it includes. In the smaller schools, singing, recitations, talks by teachers, patrons, appropriate to the day, can be readily prepared out of such material as can be obtained in the school libraries and in school magazines.

One selection for this day—a poem, "The Triumph of May," written by Mrs. Bertha A. Kleinman—deserves special mention. It is rare in its originality, sentiment and literary excellence. This poem received first prize for entry in the Jubilee Contest at Salt Lake City which commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of Mutual Improvement Associations in all the world. The prize was given by the Improvement Era Magazine.

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## THE TRIUMPH OF MAY

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

I am the May—the Triumph of the May.  
And every lilt is pulse of me, forsooth,  
Each strophied flight of bird and roundelay,  
Is voice of mine in ecstasy of Youth!

I am the Springtime sunning down the land,  
With hope atuned to every starling's song,  
With balmy blossoms snowing from my hand  
To grace the sward where children's footsteps throng.

A dryad flinging vesture to the tree  
Of jewels spun from April's chris'm'd tears,  
Where every leaf in magic palmistry  
Indites the vision of the promised years.

In every copse the holy interlude  
Of prismic dawn and glinting, golden day  
Proclaims for me in blest beatitude  
My sovereign right to childhood's Realm of Play.

The winter's rust may stain the lily's sheen,  
The petals tarnish and the stalks grow old,  
But Springtime turns the page of God's routine,  
And lo! His Grace hath turned the shard to gold!

The yester rose lies severed and adrift,  
The sear leaves tremble at the night's compline,  
Behold! the matin cleaves the cope arift,  
And all the wonder of the May is mine!

Her triumph spun in fragile monocarp,  
Redeems the waste of fel and moor and fen,  
Let bleak December twang her rusted harp—  
Beneath the rhyme-frost earth is young again.

The doubt of men may mar life's symphony,  
But flooding all is God's great sun of Truth,  
And heir to Godship and His imagery—  
I am the May in renaissance of Youth.

## SONG: ON MAY MORNING

JOHN MILTON

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth and youth and warm desire!  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Robins in the tree top,  
Blossoms in the grass,  
Green things a-growing  
Everywhere you pass;  
Sudden little breezes,  
Showers of silver dew,  
Black bough and bent twig  
Budding out anew;  
Pine tree and willow tree  
Fringed elm and larch—  
Don't you think that May-time's  
Pleasanter than March?  
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

## MAY

EDMUND SPENSER

Then came fair May, the fairest Maid on ground,  
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,  
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:  
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride;  
The twins of Leda, which on either side  
Supported her like to their sovereign queen.  
Lord! how all creatures laughed when her they spied,  
And leapt and danced as they had ravish'd been,  
And Cupid's self about her fluttered all in green.

## FROM "THE MAY QUEEN"

LORD ALFRED TENNYSON

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear;  
Tomorrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;  
Of all the glad New Year, Mother, the maddest, merriest day.  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen o' the  
May.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And green leaf and blossom and sunny warm weather,  
And singing and loving, all come back together.

\* \* \* \* \*

It's sumpin very simple that happens in the Spring,  
But it changes all the lookin of every blessed thing.  
The buddin' woods look bigger, the mounting twice as high,  
And the house looks kind o' smaller, though I couldn't tell you why.

Spring's lookin' down the hillside—the drifts is fadin' out,  
She's runnin' down the river—d'ye see them risin' trout?  
She's loafin' down the canyon, the squaw bed's growin' blue,  
And the teeny Johnny Jump-up is just a-peekin' through.

A thousand miles o' pine trees, with Douglas firs between,  
Is waitin' for her fingers to freshen up their green;  
With little tips o' brightness the firs 'ill sparkle thick,  
An' every yellow pine tree, a giant candlestick.

—Henry van Dyke.

\* \* \* \* \*

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,  
A little before it is day;  
So God bless you all, both great and small,  
And send you a joyful Mav.

—Sarah K. Bolton.

May is at the turning in a burst of tulip flame,  
With a spattering of cow-slip gold to show the road she came;  
There's a young moon's silver sickle-gleam through orchard boughs  
astart,  
And forgotten love-songs throbbing in a gray world's heart.

May is at the turning in a blur of hill-blue haze,  
There's a hint of leaf-smoke drifting down the dingy city ways,  
There's a flash of bluebird weather through a rift of rainy skies,  
And the dawn of dreams remembered in a gray world's eyes.

—Martha Haskell Clark.

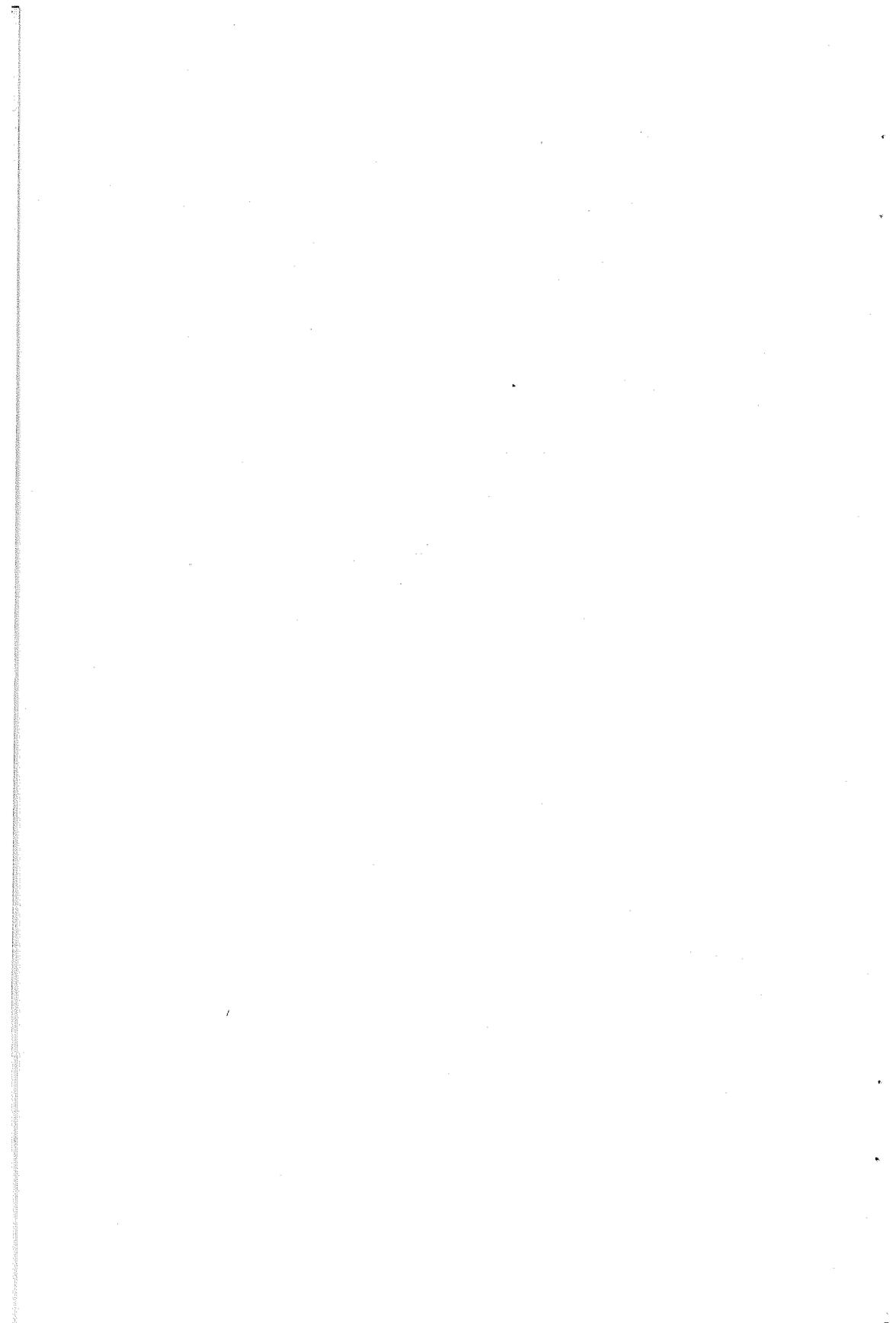
#### SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Song.

Talk—Story of Celebration of May Day (see "Days and Deeds," by Burton E. and Elizabeth Stevenson, published by Doubleday, Page & Co.)

May Pole Dance.

Crowning of May Queen.



# Mothers' Day

SECOND SUNDAY IN MAY

(The public schools observe the preceding Friday)

A movement, started by Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, resulted in this deserved recognition in honor of our mothers.

In 1914, Congress passed an act authorizing the President of the United States to issue an annual proclamation, designating the second Sunday in May as Mothers' Day and requesting the display of the American Flag on Government buildings and private homes. Under this act, the first national proclamation was issued by President Wilson on May 9, 1914.

The carnation is the flower worn on Mothers' Day; red if the mother is living and white if she is not living.

There are lessons that are taught in no schoolroom; that are found between the lids of no textbooks. Some of these, the most important, the most enduring, are the unwritten lessons of the home. And one of the reasons for the observance of Mothers' Day is to bring the school into a little closer touch with the best there is in the home.

## MOTHER

Mother dear, of you I'm dreaming,  
And your lovelit face appears  
In the golden sunshine streaming  
Through the window of the years.

—Clarence M. Burkholder.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,  
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!  
I know whose love would follow me still,  
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,  
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!  
I know whose tears would come down to me,  
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!

If I were doomed of body and soul,  
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!  
I know whose prayers would make me whole,  
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!

—Rudyard Kipling.

## WHEN MOTHER COMES TO TEA

VERA C. ROCKWELL, In Progressive Teacher.

We have the dearest playhouse,  
My Sister Sue and I,  
Where we work and read and play all day.  
My, how the time does fly!

Our little friends come visiting  
And play with sister and me,  
But the very greatest fun of all  
Is when Mother comes to tea.

We talk about our children  
And all their newest frocks,  
And how they suffer frightfully  
From croup and chicken-pox.

We serve her tea and cake  
(The tea is milk, you see),  
But you'd never guess how good things taste  
When Mother comes to tea!

## THE ECHO OF A SONG

J. W. FOLEY

(From Boys and Girls, published by E. P. Dutton & Co.  
To my fancy, idly roaming, comes a picture of the gloaming,  
Comes a fragrance from the blossoms of the lilac and the rose;  
With the yellow lamplight streaming I am sitting here and dream-  
ing  
Of a half-forgotten twilight whence a mellow memory flows;  
To my listening ears come winging vagrant notes of woman's sing-  
ing;  
I've a sense of sweet contentment as the sounds are borne along;  
'Tis a mother who is tuning her found heart to love and crooning  
To her laddie such a

Sleepy little

Creepy little

Song.

Ah, how well do I remember when by crackling spark and ember  
The old-fashioned oaken rocker moved with rhythmic sweep and  
slow;  
With her feet upon the fender, in a cadence low and tender,  
Floated forth that slumber anthem of a childhood long ago.  
There were goblins in the gloaming, and the half-closed eyes went  
roaming  
Through the twilight for the ghostly shapes of bugaboos along;  
Now the Sandman's slyly creeping and a tired lad's half sleeping,  
When she sings to him that

Sleepy little

Creepy little

Song.

So I'm sitting here and dreaming with the mellow lamplight stream-  
ing  
Through the vine-embowered window in a yellow filigree,  
On the fragrant air come winging vagrant notes of woman's sing-  
ing,  
'Tis the slumber song of childhood that is murmuring to me,  
And some subtle fancy creeping lulls my senses half to sleeping  
As the misty shapes of bugaboos go dreamily along,  
All my sorrows disappearing, as a tired lad I'm hearing  
Once again my mother's

Sleepy little

Creepy little

Song.

## QUOTATIONS

God could not be everywhere; therefore he made mothers.—  
Hebrew Proverb.

Nature's loving proxy, the watchful mother.—Bulwer Lytton.  
Poets sing of home, mothers sing at home.—Alfred R. Jackson.

Comparing one maxim with another,  
You'll find this maxim true,  
That the man who is good to his mother  
Will always be good to you!

—Fred Emerson Brooks.

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of the  
little children.—William Makepeace Thackeray.

Money builds the house; mother makes the home.—George Zell.

A mother's arms are made of tenderness and children sleep  
soundly in them.—Victor Hugo.

All that I am, and all that I hope to be I owe to my angel  
mother.—Abraham Lincoln.

A kiss from my mother made me a painter.—Benjamin West.

Who ran to help me when I fell,  
And would some pretty story tell,  
Or kiss the place to make it well?  
My Mother.

—Jane Taylor.

## CHILD AND MOTHER

By EUGENE FIELD

Oh mother my love, if you give me your hand,  
And go where I ask you to wander,  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—  
The dream land that's waiting out yonder.  
We'll walk in a sweet-posie garden out there  
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming  
And the flowers and the birds are all filling the air  
With fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,  
No questions or cares to perplex you;  
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you,  
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,  
And sing you asleep when you're weary,  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head  
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,  
And the wide awake stars shall sing in my stead  
A song which my dreaming shall soften.  
So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,  
And away through the starlight we'll wander—  
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—  
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

Mothers' Day, of course, is for Mother most of all, but the following tribute to Father on this day may not be out of place since he is so intimately associated with home and Mother:

## DAD'S LETTERS

My dad ain't just the letter writin' kind—  
He'd rather let the women see to that;  
He's got a mess o' troubles on his mind,  
And likes to keep 'em underneath his hat.

And p'raps because he isn't very strong  
On talkin', why, he's kind o' weak on ink;  
But he can work like sin the whole year long,  
And, crickey, how that dad o' mine can think!

When I set out from Homeville last July,  
He didn't bawl the way my sister did;  
He just shook hands and says, "Well, boy, good-bye."  
(He's got his feelin's, but he keeps 'em hid.)

And so when mother writes about the things  
That I spend half my time a-thinkin' of,  
There's one short line that every letter brings:  
"Father will write, and meanwhile sends his love."

"Father will write." Well, some day p'raps he will—  
There's lots of funny prophecies come true;  
But if he just keeps promisin' to, still,  
I'll understand, and dad'll know I do.  
—From Poems of American Patriotism.

Flag Salute.

Song.

Recitation.

Essay: "How I Could Help Mother"—Eighth Grade Boy.

Essay: "How I Could Help Mother"—Eighth Grade Girl.

Song.

Address: "Mother's Day"—Member of the Parent-Teacher Association.

Talk by Teacher or Superintendent.

Toast: "To Our Mothers."

Song: "Home Sweet Home."

## SUGGESTED SELECTIONS

"Mother's Day," Margaret Symore.

"My Mother's Knee," Samuel Lover.

"My Mother's Image," Matilda C. Edwards.

"The Quest," Endora S. Burnstead.

"A Mother's Birthday," Henry van Dyke.

"It Won't Be Long," J. W. Foley.

"We Must Send Thee Out to Play," Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Child and Mother," Eugene Field.

# Memorial Day

MAY THIRTIETH  
Observed by the Entire Nation.

Sacred to the memory of soldiers: of those who gave their lives for American Independence, for the Flag in 1812, in the war with Mexico, with Spain; of those who wore the blue, the gray, the khaki.

It is the great privilege of the public school on Memorial Day to rededicate the lives of the living to the high ideals of those who died for the faith they held.

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## MEMORIAL DAY THOMAS COLLIER

The wealth of beauty that flows from God's o'erflowing hand  
Clothes with a fragrant garment the field by death made grand;  
In the deep silence of the earth War's relics slowly rust,  
And tattered flags hang motionless, and dim with peaceful dust.  
The past is past; the wild flowers bloom where charging squadrons  
met;

And though we keep war's memories green, why not the cause forget,  
And have, while battle-stains fade out 'neath Heaven's pitying tears,  
One Land, one Flag, one Brotherhood, through all the coming years?

## THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue  
And the lilies we twined for the gray  
We have bound in a wreath  
And in silence beneath  
Slumber our heroes today.

Over the new-turned sod  
The sons of our fathers stand,  
And the fierce old fight  
Slips out of sight  
In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain  
That the new has washed away,  
And the sons of those  
That have faced as foes  
Are marching together today.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the rose we plucked for the blue  
And the lilies we twined for the gray  
We have bound in a wreath  
And in glory beneath  
Slumber our heroes today.

## THE NEW BROTHERHOOD

EDGAR A. GUEST

We are sifting out the selfishness that marred our olden creeds,  
From the vineyards where we labor we are throwing out the weeds,  
We are building for the future to a nobler, better plan,  
For the world has caught the vision of the brotherhood of man.

We have put the past behind us. As the sturdy pioneers  
Saw within the tangled forest all the glory of the years,  
So we face our trials calmly, for beyond them we can see  
The greater goals of freedom and the world that is to be.

Honor, then, to the American soldier, now and forever. Honor  
him in sermon and speech. Honor him in sonnet, stanza and epic.  
Honor him in the historic page. Honor him in the unwasting forms  
by which Art seeks to prolong his well-earned fame.—John L. Swift.

## THE PASSING OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

(From the New York Times)

He is the youth of America, taken untimely;  
Symbol of countless thousands who perished young;  
Sinew and bone of a Nation, crushed in the making;  
The poet, his song half sung.  
You, who dwell in a Liberty bought by his passing,  
It is your Son, your Brother, buried here.  
Pause for a moment, forgetting the day's occupation.  
Offer a prayer—a tear!

### TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

Our Government Cemeteries.  
Soldiers' Monuments.  
The Spirit of 1917.  
The Meaning of the Service Star.  
Influence of Memorial Day.

### SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Flag Salute.  
Song: "Star-Spangled Banner."  
Recitation: "Flanders Fields."  
Address by a War Veteran.  
Talks by Teacher, Superintendent, Patrons.  
Song.

# Flag Day

JUNE FOURTEENTH

The story of our Flag is one that every boy and girl in the public school should know. It is the story of our country, its achievements, its hopes, its ideals. The educating of children is sadly incomplete if it does not instill into the hearts of those we teach a love for the Flag and the country for which it stands. If our country is to endure, if its progress of tomorrow keeps pace with that of today and yesterday, it will be because the citizenry of tomorrow loves and protects, with patriotic fervor, the American Flag.

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## THE FLAG SPEAKS

FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Interior.

I am whatever you make me, nothing more,  
But always I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try  
for.  
I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.  
I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the  
most daring.  
I am the Constitution and the courts, statute and statute-maker, sol-  
dier and dreadnought, drayman and street sweep, cook, coun-  
selor and clerk.  
I am no more than you believe me to be.  
My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors,  
For you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in  
the making.

## A PATRIOTIC WISH

EDGAR A. GUEST

I'd like to be the sort of man the Flag could boast about;  
I'd like to be the sort of man it cannot live without.  
I'd like to be the type of man that really is American:  
The head erect and shoulders square,  
Clean-minded fellow, just and fair,  
That all men picture when they see  
The glorious banner of the free.  
\* \* \* \* \*

I'd like to be the sort of man the Flag's supposed to mean,  
The man that all, in fancy, see wherever it is seen.  
The chap that's ready for a fight  
Wherever there's a wrong to right,  
The friend in every time of need,  
The doer of the daring deed,  
The clean and generous-handed man  
That is a real American.

## STATE FLAG CODE

It shall be the duty of the school authorities of every public school in the several districts of the State of Arizona to purchase a United States flag, flagstaff, and the necessary appliances therefor, and to display such flag upon or near the public school building during school hours, and at such other times as such school authorities may direct.—Par. 2843, Rev. Stat. 1913.

### OUR FLAG

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Flag of the fearless-hearted,  
Flag of the broken chain,  
Flag in a day-dawn started,  
Never to pale or wane.  
Dearly we prize its colors,  
With heaven light breaking through,  
The clustered stars and the steadfast bars,  
The red, the white, the blue.

### SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Flag Salute.  
Talk: "Story of the Flag"—Teacher or Pupil.  
Address: "The Proper Uses of the Flag"—Ex-Service Man.  
Recitation: "The Flower of Liberty" (Oliver Wendell Holmes).  
Song: "The Red, White and Blue."  
Five-Minute Talks by Pupils.  
Flag Drill—Pupils.  
Song: "America."

### POEMS

"Our Flag," Margaret Sangster.  
"The Schoolhouse and the Flag," Frank T. Southwick.  
"A Toast," George Morrow Mayo.

### PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

In pledging allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, the approved practice in schools, which is suitable also for civilian adults, is as follows:

Standing with the right hand over the heart, all repeat together the following pledge:

"I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

At the words "to the Flag," the right hand is extended, palm upward, toward the Flag, and this position is held until the end, when the hand, after the words, "justice for all," drops to the side.

However, civilian adults will always show full respect to the Flag, when the pledge is being given, by merely standing at attention, men removing the headdress. Persons in uniform should render the right-hand salute.

## CODE OF THE FLAG

There are certain fundamental rules of heraldry which, if understood generally, would indicate the proper method of displaying the Flag of the United States of America. The matter becomes a very simple one if it is kept in mind that the Flag represents the living country and is itself considered as a living thing. The union of the Flag is the honor point; the right arm is the sword arm and therefore the point of danger, and hence the place of honor.

1. The Flag should be displayed only from sunrise to sunset, or between such hours as may be designated by proper authority. It should be hoisted briskly, but should be lowered slowly and ceremoniously. The Flag should be displayed on all national and state holidays and on historic and special occasions. (However, being the emblem of our country, it ought to fly from every flagpole every day throughout the year, weather permitting.)

2. When carried in a procession with another flag or flags, the Flag of the United States of America should be either on the marching right, i. e., the Flag's own right, or when there is a line of other flags, the Flag of the United States of America may be in front of the center of that line.

3. When displayed with another flag against a wall from crossed staffs, the Flag of the United States of America should be on the right, the Flag's own right, and its staff should be in front of the staff of the other flag.

4. When a number of flags of States or cities or pennants of societies are grouped and displayed from staffs with the Flag of the United States of America, the latter should be at the center or at the highest point of the group.

5. When flags of States or cities or pennants of societies are flown on the same halyards with the Flag of the United States of America, the latter should always be at the peak. When flown from adjacent staffs the Flag of the United States of America should be hoisted first and lowered last. No such flag or pennant flown in the former position should be placed above, or in the latter position to the right of the Flag of the United States of America, i. e., to the observer's left.

6. When flags of two or more nations are displayed they should be flown from separate staffs of the same height and the flags should be of approximately equal size. International usage forbids the display of the flag of one nation above that of another nation in time of peace.

7. When the Flag is displayed from a staff projecting horizontally or at an angle from the window sill, balcony or front of building, the union of the Flag should go clear to the peak of the staff unless the Flag is at half-staff. (When the Flag is suspended over a sidewalk from a rope, extending from a house to a pole at the edge of the sidewalk, the Flag should be hoisted out from the building toward the pole union first.)

8. When the Flag is displayed in a manner other than by being flown from a staff, it should be displayed flat, whether indoors or out. When displayed either horizontally or vertically against a wall, the union should be uppermost and to the Flag's own right, i. e., to the observer's left. When displayed in a window it should be displayed the same way, that is, with the union or blue field to the left of the

observer in the street. When festoons, rosettes, or drapings are desired, bunting of blue, white and red should be used, but never the Flag.

9. When displayed over the middle of the street, the Flag should be suspended vertically with the union to the north in an east and west street or to the east in a north and south street.

10. When used on a speaker's platform, the Flag, if displayed flat, should be displayed above and behind the speaker. If flown from a staff it should be in the position of honor, at the speaker's right. It should never be used to cover the speaker's desk or to drape over the front of the platform.

11. When used in connection with the unveiling of a statue or monument, the Flag should form a distinctive feature during the ceremony, but the Flag itself should never be used as the covering for the statue.

12. When flown at half-staff, the Flag should be hoisted to the peak for an instant and then lowered to the half-staff position; but before lowering the Flag for the day it should be raised again to the peak. By half-staff is meant hauling down the Flag to one-half the distance between the top and the bottom of the staff. If local conditions require, divergence from this position is permissible. On Memorial Day, May 30, the Flag is displayed at half-staff from sunrise until noon and at full staff from noon until sunset; for the Nation lives and the Flag is the symbol of the living Nation.

13. Flags flown from fixed staffs are placed at half-staff to indicate mourning. When the Flag is displayed on a small staff, as when carried in a parade, mourning is indicated by attaching two streamers of black crepe to the spear head, allowing the streamers to fall naturally. Crepe is used on the flag staff only by order of the President.

14. When used to cover a casket, the Flag should be placed so that the union is at the head and over the left shoulder. The Flag should not be lowered into the grave or allowed to touch the ground. The casket should be carried foot first.

15. When the Flag is displayed in the body of the church, it should be from a staff placed in the position of honor at the congregation's right as they face the clergyman. The service flag, the State flag or other flag should be at the left of the congregation. If in the chancel or on the platform, the Flag of the United States of America should be placed on the clergyman's right as he faces the congregation and the other flags at his left.

16. When the Flag is in such a condition that it is no longer a fitting emblem for display, it should not be cast aside or used in any way that might be viewed as disrespectful to the national colors, but should be destroyed as a whole privately, preferably by burning or by some other method in harmony with the reverence and respect we owe to the emblem representing our country.

## PROPER USE OF BUNTING

Bunting of blue, white and red should be used for covering a speaker's desk, draping over the front of a platform and for decoration in general. Bunting should be arranged with the blue above, the white in the middle and the red below.

## CAUTIONS

1. Do not permit disrespect to be shown to the Flag of the United States of America.
2. Do not dip the Flag of the United States of America to any person or any thing. The regimental color, State flag, organization or institutional flag will render this honor.
3. Do not display the Flag with the union down except as a signal of distress.
4. Do not place any other flag or pennant above or, if on the same level, to the right of the Flag of the United States of America.
5. Do not let the Flag touch the ground or the floor, or trail in the water.
6. Do not place any object or emblem of any kind on or above the Flag of the United States of America.
7. Do not use the Flag as drapery in any form whatsoever. Use bunting of blue, white and red.
8. Do not fasten the Flag in such manner as will permit it to be easily torn.
9. Do not drape the Flag over the hood, top, sides or back of a vehicle, or of a railroad train or boat. When the Flag is displayed on a motor car, the staff should be affixed firmly to the chassis, or clamped to the radiator cap.
10. Do not display the Flag on a float in a parade except from a staff.
11. Do not use the Flag as a covering for a ceiling.
12. Do not carry the Flag flat or horizontally, but always aloft and free.
13. Do not use the Flag as a portion of a costume or of an athletic uniform. Do not embroider it upon cushions or handkerchiefs nor print it on paper napkins or boxes.
14. Do not put lettering of any kind upon the Flag.
15. Do not use the Flag in any form of advertising nor fasten an advertising sign to a pole from which the Flag is flown.
16. Do not display, use or store the Flag in such a manner as will permit it to be easily soiled or damaged.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE FLAG

The Flag of the United States of America has 13 horizontal stripes—7 red and 6 white—the red and white stripes alternating, and a union which consists of white stars of five points on a blue field placed in the upper quarter next the staff and extending to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe from the top. The number of stars is the same as the number of States in the Union. The canton or union now contains 48 stars arranged in six horizontal and eight vertical rows, each star with one point upward. On the admission of

a State into the Union a star will be added to the union of the flag, and such addition will take effect on the 4th day of July next succeeding such admission. The proportions of the Flag as prescribed by Executive Order of President Taft, October 29, 1912, are as follows:

Hoist (width) of flag.....	1.
Fly (length) of flag.....	1.9
Hoist (width) of union.....	7-13
Fly (length) of union.....	0.76
Width of each stripe.....	1-13
Diameter of star.....	.0616

And wherever that flag has gone it has been the herald of a better day—it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. All who sigh for the triumph of righteousness and truth salute and love it.—A. P. Putnam.

# Independence Day

JULY FOURTH

But few schools in the State are open during the summer months, but teachers might select some suitable date during the time they are in session for the observance of Independence Day.

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“We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that, among these, are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.”

—Declaration of Independence.

## Preamble to the Constitution of the United States of America

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution.

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,  
Began the kingdom, not of kings, but men;  
Began the making of the world again.  
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set;  
Where all the people, equal franchised, met;  
Where doom was writ of privilege and crown,  
Where human breath blew all the idols down,  
Where crests were naught, where vulture  
    flags were furled,  
And common men began to own the world.

No progress which did not lift all, ever lifted any. If we let the poisons of filthy diseases percolate through the hovels of the poor, Death knocks at the palace gates. If we leave to the greater horrors of ignorance any portion of our race, the consequences of ignorance strike us all, and there is no escape. We must all move, but we must all keep together. It is only when the rearguard comes up that the vanguard can go on.—Thomas B. Reed.

The United States is the only country with a known birthday. All the rest began, they know not when, and grew into power, they know not how.—James G. Blaine.

Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,  
Ring out the thousand years of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

—Tennyson.

## “NOTHING SURVIVES SAVE RIGHT”

Systems and dynasties and nations rise,  
Awhile the destinies of men they sway;  
Anon a ruin staring at the skies  
Proclaims their littleness and their decay.

Vainly the monarch flings around his throne  
A shining armament of mail-clad hordes;  
Vainly, for lo, the centuries are strewn  
With wrecks of kingdoms once upheld by swords!

Nothing survives save Right—nor king nor throne;  
That nation, howso'er its strongholds stand,  
Which hath not Right for its foundation-stone  
Is like a house that's built upon the sand.  
—Denis A. McCarthy.

### POEMS

- “The Nation's Defenders,” Butterworth.
- “Poems of American Patriotism,” R. L. Paget (Page & Co.)
- “Song of Marion's Men,” Bryant.
- “American War Ballads,” Eggleston (New England Pub. Co.)
- “Centennial of American Independence,” Lowell.
- “The Concord Hymn,” Emerson.
- “A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party,” Holmes.
- “Paul Revere's Ride,” Longfellow.
- “The Ride of Jennie McNeal,” Will Carleton.

### SUGGESTED PROGRAM

- Flag Salute.
- Address by Teacher or Patron.
- Composition: “The Writing and Adoption of the Declaration of Independence.”
- Five-Minute Discussion on Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and other Revolutionary leaders.
- Address by ex-Service Man.
- Song.

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