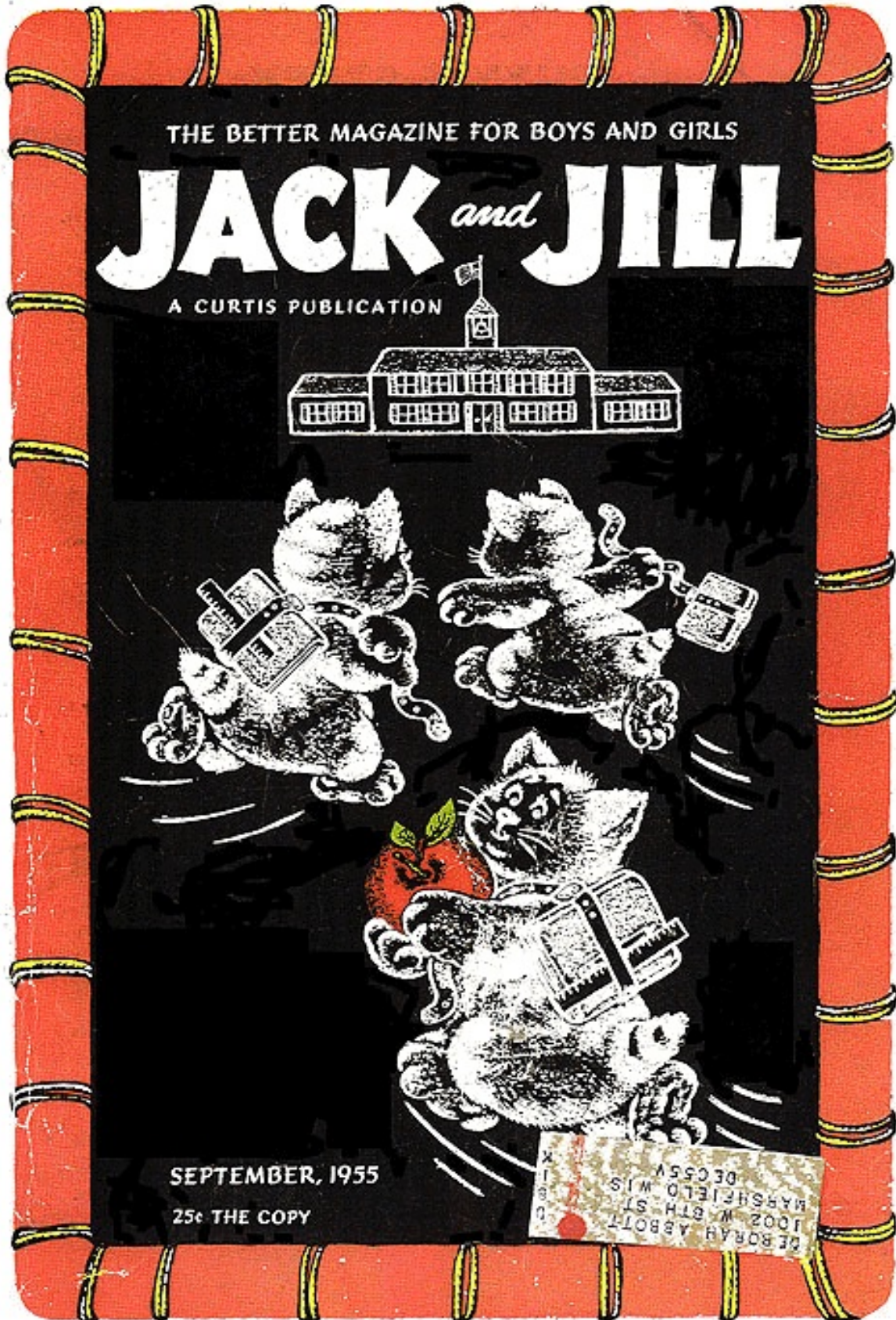
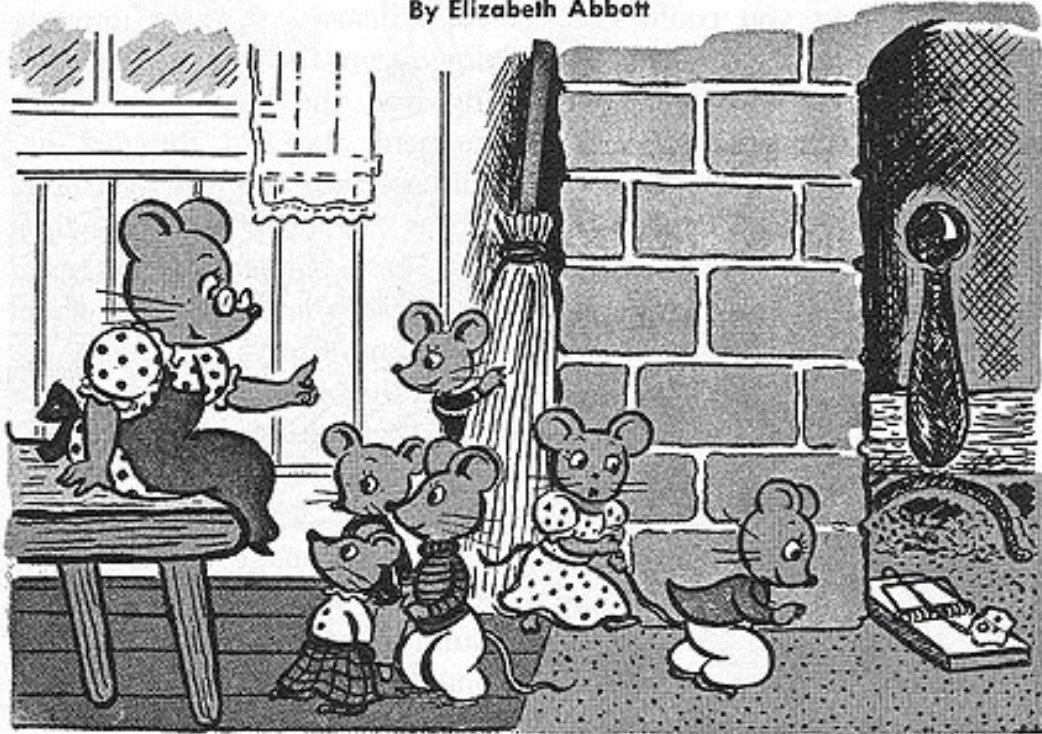


The Collected Writings of
Elizabeth Wheeler Abbott



TAKING TURNS AT QUAIL COTTAGE

By Elizabeth Abbott



Mrs. Mouse settled herself on a cushion with a sigh. "Well, at last **THEY** have gone back to the city!" she said. "**THEY** never stayed so long before. I really was starting to worry that we wouldn't be able to get this place straightened up before winter."

Mrs. Mouse was talking to her daughter Belinda and her sister Lulu. All of the Mouse family—parents and children, aunts and uncles—were together in Quail Cottage, on the shore of a big blue lake. The people who owned the cottage came each year in the summer and stayed until fall. The Mouse Family

lived there the rest of the year. When the people closed the cottage for winter, they covered the windows, shut the closets, and cleaned the shelves in the kitchen, then locked the door and went home. Right after that Mrs. Mouse always started her preparations for moving in, and all of the family would help her.

"Belinda, please call the other children at once," she said now. "I have something I must tell them. Get them all in here."

Belinda scampered off as fast as she could, dashing into closets, thrusting her little head around corners and calling, "Timmy, James, Sammy, Georgie, girls!

Come at once. Mother wants to tell you something."

Immediately you could hear the mice running toward the living room, and what a noise they made! When they were all there Mrs. Mouse jumped up on a low coffee table and said, "Now, children, the people who own this cottage have gone for the winter, and we must get ready for cold weather. But first I must warn you of something dangerous." She pointed toward the fireplace. "Do you see that over there?"

The small mice looked and saw a piece of wood about as big as a mouse. On it was a piece of cheese attached to some wires.

"Oo, cheese," said Sammy. "Can I have it?"

"Indeed not," answered Mrs. Mouse. "That is a TRAP. Don't any of you get near it, no matter how good the cheese smells. There are several of those traps around, and we must be careful of them. But now we will get to work. Belinda, how would you and Lulu like to use the same mattress you had last year? It is full of soft cotton, and with a few evenings' chewing you could make a lovely nest."

Lulu Mouse and Belinda agreed that the mattress would make a fine bed. "Very well," said Mrs. Mouse, and then she

suggested places for the other mice to sleep. "Now let's unpack our suitcases," she said, jumping down from the table and scurrying into the hall closet. In a moment she had dragged her suitcase into the west bedroom, where she opened it. She took out her slippers, toothbrush and comb, and arranged them neatly on a table.

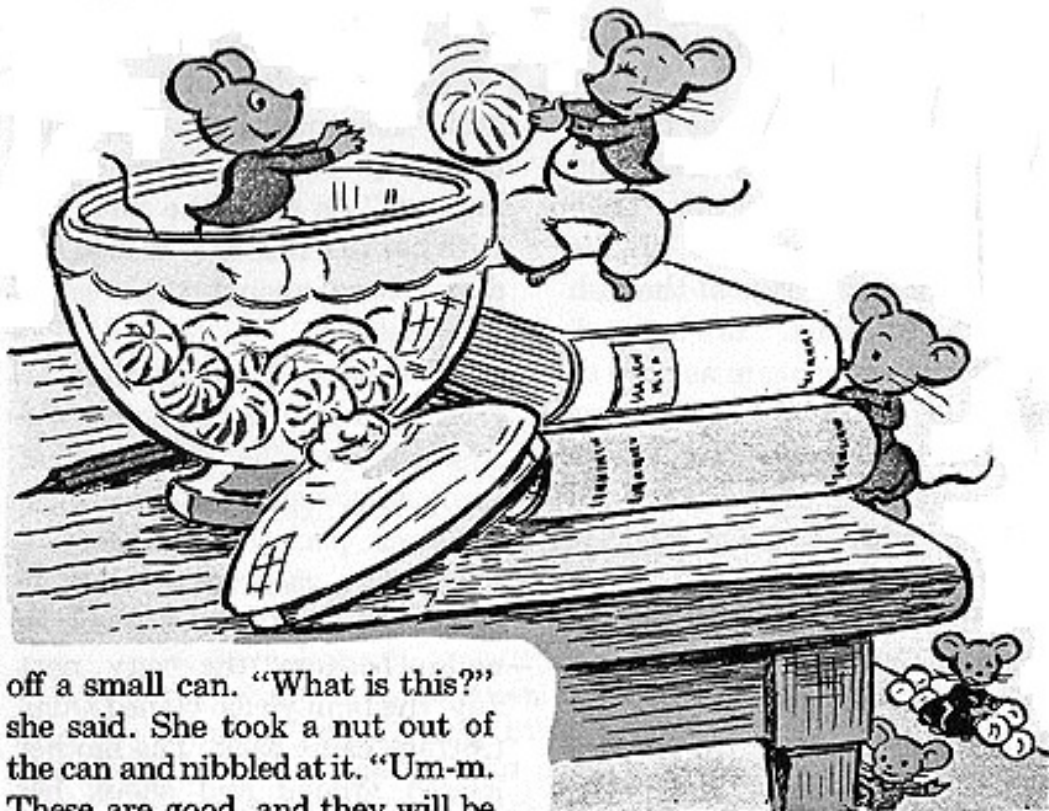
All the other mice then ran to get their suitcases, and soon everyone was settled.

After a while Mrs. Mouse decided to make a trip to the kitchen, and the rest of the family scampered after her. In one jump she was on the counter, and another took her to the shelves. There she found some boxes. "I wonder what this can be," she said curiously, pushing her nose against a cellophane bag that was filled with navy beans. "These things smell good but they're rather hard. Perhaps we can eat them later if we can't find anything better."

Leaving the cellophane bag, Mrs. Mouse pushed the cover



PICTURES BY MILT GROTH



off a small can. "What is this?" she said. She took a nut out of the can and nibbled at it. "Um-m. These are good, and they will be nice for dessert. We will save them for Christmas dinner."

With Belinda's help Mrs. Mouse moved among the cans and packages, checking to see what the people had left. When she had looked over everything in the supply cupboard she said, "There is plenty of food to last through the whole winter if we don't waste anything and if **THEY** don't come back and use it up. **THEY** do come sometimes and **THEY** set more of those horrid traps."

Just then there was a great noise in the living room and Georgie, the oldest mouse boy, came running to find his mother.

"Ma, you should see what I've found!" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Mouse scampered out of the kitchen after Georgie, who pointed to a low table, and on it she saw a glass dish with a tight cover. In this dish were some hard peppermint drops. Georgie just loved peppermint drops, as do all mice.

"But how can we get them?" asked Lulu.

"I know how!" piped Sammy. "Let's put something against the side of the dish and I'll climb up on it." He pointed to a pencil on the table. "Georgie can take this long pole and push off the cover. Then I will drop into the

dish and hand the peppermint drops to Georgie.”

So a pile of books was pushed up against the candy dish, and Sammy stood on the pile. Then Georgie put the point of the pencil under the edge of the dish cover and pushed. “It’s heavy,” he said, pushing again as hard as he could. “Maybe I can’t move it.” But then he gave a great big push, and the cover came off, landing with a crash on the table.

“Children, be careful,” warned Mrs. Mouse.

Sammy clambered into the dish now and tossed the balls of candy out to Georgie, who threw them onto the floor. There the other mice caught the pieces of candy and piled them up. What fun they had! Mice love sweets, and they were thinking of the good time they would have eating peppermint drops all during the long months ahead.

And so the long winter passed. The winds howled around Quail Cottage, and it snowed and snowed. Mounds of ice were formed on the sand beach, and the mice could hear the boom of the waves as they hit the ice. But they were snug and warm, and had plenty to eat. At night they nestled into the mattresses

and never felt the cold at all.

Then one day Mrs. Mouse said, “Dear me, I think it must be spring. Isn’t it getting warm in here?” So all of the mice ran with her to a hole that was in the door. Sure enough, the snow was melting.

“We haven’t much time to lose. **THEY** always come with the first warm weather. We must get ready to go back into the woods. Children, pack your things.”

It was a good thing that the mice got ready to leave the house because, the very next day, the family who owned Quail Cottage came back. The mother looked around and shook her head. “We have a lot of cleaning up to do here,” she said. “The mice have gotten in again. Just look at this kitchen.” And then she went into the west bedroom. “Oh, dear, they even got into our best mattress!”

THEY all got busy, and such a lot of sweeping and dusting and airing as they had to do!

Outdoors, the mouse family watched the rugs being brought out and the mattresses dragged into the sun. They had found a hollow tree for their summer home. “Well,” said Mrs. Mouse,

“I guess it is **THEIR** turn now. But we will be back next fall.”



JACK *and* JILL

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA 5 • PA.

ADA CAMPBELL ROSE
Editor

January 6, 1958

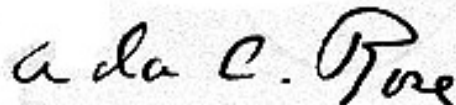
Mrs. Elizabeth Abbott
1002 West 8th Street
Marshfield, Wisconsin

Dear Mrs. Abbott:

We have had an inquiry from Miss Georgia Lockwood, 2125 Santa Clara Avenue, Alameda, California, concerning reprinting of your story, "Taking Turns at Quail Cottage", in a forthcoming book. We enclose an assignment of book rights for this story, leaving you free to make any arrangements you wish for book publication.

We have given your address to Miss Lockwood with the suggestion that she write to you.

Very sincerely,



ACR:z
enclosure:
assignment of book rights

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

IF SATURDAY EVENING POST • LADIES' HOME JOURNAL • JACK *and* JILL • HOLIDAY



Children's

MAY 1963

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GOOD READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS 6 to 12 *magazine*

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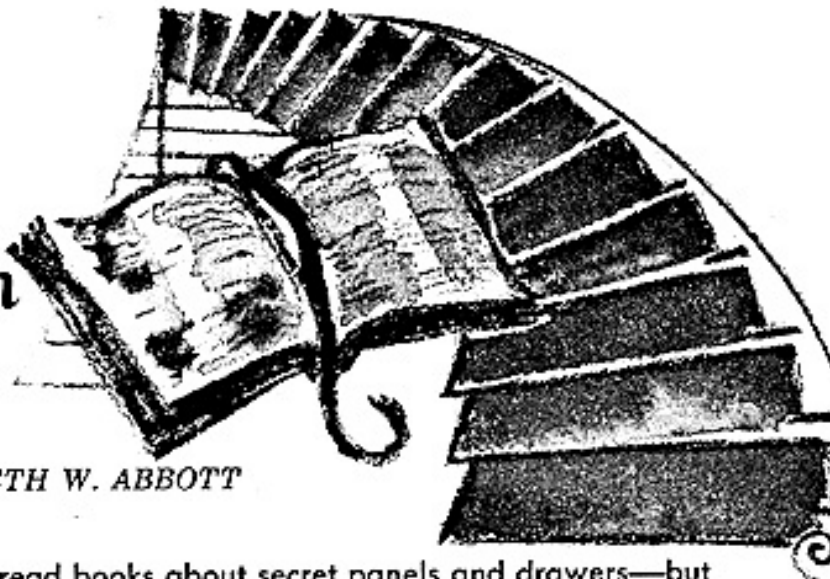
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IN THIS ISSUE—

**CRAZY LOVES KIDS!
NINTH STAIR MYSTERY!
MAKE A FISH KITE OR BEANBAG!**

The Ninth Stair

By ELIZABETH W. ABBOTT



Gerry had read books about secret panels and drawers—but she never thought she might discover one all by herself!

PART I

It was my eleventh birthday and the moment I opened my eyes that morning I had the feeling that something wonderful and special was going to happen. When I came down for breakfast Mother said that she and Father had a surprise for me. It would come this morning.

I could scarcely eat any breakfast. "It will come in a van," Mother said. Finally at about eleven o'clock, (I had been watching all morning) I saw a truck stopping.

Two men got out and lifted a large object covered with a big cloth from the truck. Then they carried it to the front door. Mother and I were there at the same moment. She told them to take it upstairs and put it in the front room between the windows.

That was my room.

As soon as they left I was there. It was a desk. The top part was bookshelves and below these were many little drawers and cubby holes. Mother came in. "This is your birthday desk. It is a very old one, and it came from River House. They are selling off some of the old furniture."

I knew that River House had been there a long time. It was out in the country on the bank of a small river and I had often passed it with Mother in the car. It always looked rather romantic and exciting.

That was a busy day. I carefully dusted the new desk and polished and rubbed it with furniture wax till it shone. Then I sorted out and arranged my many books on the shelves. I carefully sorted my letters and notebooks and pens and pen-



cils and arranged them in the small drawers.

It was going to be wonderful to at last have a place to put everything.

I ate my lunch in a hurry to get back to my sorting. By four o'clock everything was in place. I pulled out the last of the small drawers and dusted it carefully. Then I ran my dustcloth into the opening to dust that.

Suddenly, I felt a small button-like object on the bottom of the space. I

pressed it. There was a sudden snap and a small drawer shot out of the front of the desk from a part that looked like carved decoration. I could hardly believe my eyes. The wood inside looked almost new, as though it had never been opened.

There was something in it; it looked like a small diary or journal.

My hands shook as I took it out. I had read books about secret panels and drawers but I never imag-

What could it be?





ined that I would have one. I opened it.

The little book had a faded blue cover. I read the first page. It was a journal and had been written in on various dates. The first page began, "From time to time, I, Lucretia Green intend to write of my life here during this year that I must stay."

The first date was 1870. I read on. There were about a dozen entries. The last one was May, 1871. This meant that it had been written more than ninety years ago!

I read—"This will be my last entry. Tomorrow we leave here and Auntie and I will make the Grand Tour. They seem to think that a trip to Europe is what I need to forget you, Ned. I could tell them that it is a waste of time, but on the other hand it might be interesting to tour the continent. I shall leave this journal in the secret drawer of this desk. My Lovett Waldo miniatures and your butterfly locket, Ned, I shall put in the ninth stair and pick them up on my return."

This was too exciting! What could have happened to the Lucretia Green who

had written this so long ago? Why had she not taken the journal out of its hiding place when she returned? What did she mean by the "ninth stair"?

I wondered and wondered. I thought of telling Mother, but after all this was *MY* secret. No, I could tell no one, not even Sandy my best friend.

I spent all of the next day in my room. I read the journal through several times. What an unhappy girl Lucretia had been. She was only 16 and not really so much older than I. She had been sent to River House to live with her aunt. Her parents disapproved of the Ned she so frequently mentioned. They felt she would forget him if she were far away and lived a different kind of life. I felt as though I really knew her. I wondered if I would ever write such things on this desk.

At supper that night I said to Mother, "Do you know who lives out at River House now? How long has it been there?"

"Actually," she answered, "I know very little about it. I have met the present owners. They are distant rela-

*She read the secrets of
the old blue journal.*



tives of the family that originally built the house.

"There was a big lumber mill there which they owned, and even a town. After the timber was cut the town and mill disappeared. The original owners lived there for thirty years. Then it was used as a large farm and a younger branch of the family took over. I believe that this is the fourth generation. Why do you ask?"

"Oh," I said, "I'm interested because of my new desk."

My mind was made up. I was going to get out to River House one way or another. I must be careful not to excite anyone's curiosity.

Luck came my way. One day, not long after this, Mother said to me, "Gerry, you asked about River House the other day. I am going to drive out there this afternoon to see the new homes being built near there and if you like, you can come along." This was my chance.

What happens at River House?

*Don't miss the next exciting
chapter in your June issue!*

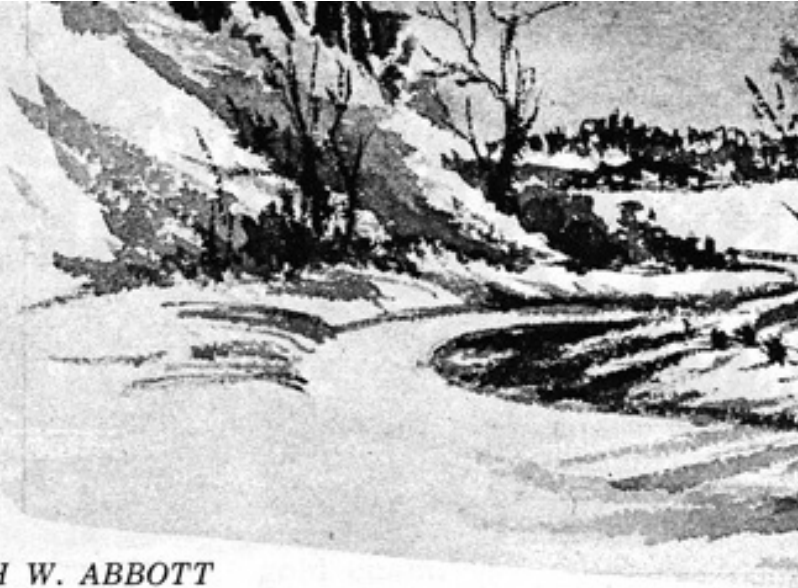


PLAYMATE'S 34th BIRTHDAY!

Haunted Mansion Mystery! - PLAYMATE on Parade!
Homemade Ice Cream! - - Rollo, the Rocking Clown!
and — The Ninth Stair Mystery ends in this issue!

Mystery!

The Ninth Stair



By ELIZABETH W. ABBOTT

The Story So Far

Gerry found a secret compartment in the old desk from River House which she received for her birthday. In a faded blue journal from the compartment, a secret "Ninth Stair" is mentioned. Now she is actually going to River House—will she find the secret? Read on and see!

PART II

We left soon after lunch. I slipped the faded blue journal into my pocket. As we rode along I decided to ask Mother to stop off at River House. I was still pondering over what Lucretia had meant by the "ninth" stair, and I meant to find out. "Mother, you said you know the people in River House. Couldn't we stop off just a moment? I would like to see where my desk used to be."

"I guess so Gerry, if it really means so much to you. Mrs. Horn is very pleasant and I am sure she would not mind."

River House is on River Road. You come around a long curving driveway and there it is, white and big and stately. It looked as though it might hide secrets.

Mother stopped the car and we walked across the lawn to the front door. She rang the bell and presently a pleasant-appearing woman came to the door. Mother began, "You may not remember me, Mrs. Horn, but I am Geraldine Johnson from town. We have met several times.

"This is my daughter, Gerry. She wanted to stop and see your house. You see we bought her a desk from among the things you recently sold from this house. She is so interested in the house now."

Mrs. Horn invited us to come in, and I looked as hard as I could. The house had high ceilings and was



quite unlike anything which I had ever seen. What really caught my eye was the curving staircase to the floor above!

I could see that the ninth stair was about half way up and was one of the curved ones.

The stairs were polished and looked slippery.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Horn, "you would like to look around while your mother and I visit." This WAS luck!

I stepped out into the large front hall. Then I went over to some windows that had a view of the river. I walked over to a funny little fireplace on one wall and quietly slipped over to the staircase and began to go up.

One, two, three.

Four, five, six.

Seven, eight, and nine. This must be the one.

I backed down a couple of steps and sat. Mrs. Horn and Mother were busily talking and they could not see me from where they were. The step looked like all of the others. I ran my fingers beneath the rim carefully.

What was that? I did it again. There seemed to be a flat button, like the one in the secret compartment of my desk. I felt again and pushed hard. There was a snap. I lifted on the stair. There was a strange creaking noise, like a rusty hinge being opened.

Mrs. Horn and Mother heard it too. "Gerry, whatever are you doing?" said Mother sharply. They came into the hall. I was frightened. The step had opened like a hinged box. Mrs. Horn looked shocked and I



could see that Mother was very angry.

"Mrs. Horn," I said, "did you know that this stair opens?" I could see by the expression on her face that she did not. I knew that I had to explain so I took Lucretia's faded blue journal from my pocket and held it out to her.

"I found this in a secret compartment of my new desk — the one that came from this house. I have read it all. Lucretia Green wrote it a long time ago and she said she had put some miniatures and a locket in the ninth stair. I think that they are still here." I looked into the opening and saw several packages wrapped in faded paper.

"Lucretia Green's Journal," said Mrs. Horn. "I didn't know she wrote one. Of course I have heard of her. My grandmother used to tell us about her often. She was very talented and beautiful.

"Let's look!" She raised the stair and carefully lifted the two packets from their hiding place.

The paper was brittle and yellowed with age. She carefully unwrapped the larger of the two. It proved to be two small pictures,

one the head of a young woman and the other a young man.

"Those must be the long-lost Waldo miniatures!"

They looked clear and bright. Then came the smaller packet. There it was, Lucretia's butterfly locket strung on a heavy gold chain.

"Let us sit down a moment," said Mrs. Horn. "This quite takes my breath away. You have stumbled onto some family heirlooms that disappeared nearly a hundred years ago. Grandmother often talked about the miniatures and how they had disappeared into thin air. The locket must have been Lucretia's."

"Oh yes," I said, "it was. She got it from her lover, Ned. It is all there in her journal."

"Gerry, I think we are all indebted to you," said Mrs. Horn. "I would like the journal. It should be with the family papers. I will tell you a bit more about its writer. I don't know too much. However she went on a trip abroad as a young woman.

"While away, she fell madly in love with someone who lived on one of those islands near Greece. They

were married and on their way back to his home; their boat sank in a storm. It was a smallish boat. Lucretia became a glamorous memory. I am afraid the family only produced one Lucretia."

Mother and I had a quiet trip home. I felt very sorry for young Lucretia and I was sorry to lose her journal. However I knew it really did not belong to me.

About a week later the telephone rang. Mother

called me. "It is Mrs. Horn," she said.

I went to the phone. "Gerry, we are really very much indebted to you for discovering the ninth stair. The family has talked it over and we would like you to have Lucretia's locket. I am sure no one would appreciate it more than you will. Have your mother bring you out soon to get it."

Needless to say, we went that very afternoon!

Gerry lifted the Ninth Stair!





General Washington's buckle

By: ELIZABETH W. ABBOTT

Oral reading time: 10 to 12 minutes



Editor's note: While this story is fiction, the background is historically accurate - the

Continental Congress did meet in Princeton from late June until November in 1783, with General Washington arriving in August.

Martha shook a long lock of blonde hair from her eyes and looked down at her basket. She had nearly enough strawberries for supper, gathered from where they grew wild beside the road on a warm late June day in the year 1783. Looking up, she saw a great cloud of dust in the distance. That would be the fast stagecoach from New York. It came through Princeton every other day about noon on its flying trip to Philadelphia.

"My! What a dust they make," she said to herself, "I don't know why these coaches have to come so fast." She covered her basket with her apron and turned her head to avoid the cloud of choking dust.

After picking strawberries for a few more moments, she climbed onto the road. Digging her bare toes into the sand, she walked toward the outskirts of the village, thinking about the city from whence this stagecoach had come and wondering about all the excitement that a big city must hold.

For a long time she had made up her mind that she would visit that city some day soon. After all, she had an uncle, an aunt and some cousins living there and she could stay with them. She had heard of the great bustle of the

seaport, the shops with fine brocades and silks, the hostels, theaters and churches. Yes, she would go there some day - and in just such a fast carriage. The question was, how? Martha was 12 and although she lived in a neat, brick house and her father had a prosperous printing business, she was one of six children and not much money came her way. However, she had a feeling in her bones that "something would turn up."

Approaching Nassau Street, she saw young Jeremy Fletcher on a ladder working busily at the sign on the Red Horse Tavern. It had needed red paint for a long, long time. She stopped and looked up. "Hello Jeremy, what are you doing?" This sounded rather silly as she could see what he was doing. "I mean, why are you painting that today?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Martha Ann, this town is going to be the capital and the Continental Congress is going to meet here. Or maybe you didn't know. You see, there has been trouble in Philadelphia and some of the troops nearly took over the Congress. And so, the President and the Congress are to meet here on June 26th. That doesn't give us much time. Even General Washington might come!" "It is exciting, Jeremy. And think of the people who will come here. It will be just like Philadelphia or New York."

Martha held her skirts high with one hand and ran swiftly down the street, her basket in the other. She arrived home to find her family in a state of great excitement. They all had heard the news. Mother and Father were talking about finding lodging for the great numbers of people who would soon invade their sleepy village.

"Elias Woodruff says he can take ten and John will feed them at the Inn," said Father. "What is more, he says he will have fish, crabs and lobsters sent live from New York on the fast stage, three times a week." "Dear me," said Mother, "imagine having such grand things to eat right here in Princeton."

Those next weeks moved very fast for Martha. The shops were soon fitted with luxuries she had never seen before - satins, lace and silver. One might meet a famous man like Baron Von Steuben or John Paul Jones on the street. They became used to the sight of French

noblemen in their elaborate clothes, and even hawkers selling such things as oranges, lemons, and pineapples. The Red Horse Tavern was busy night and day and the noise and bustle was fun to watch. One had to be careful on Nassau Street because of the many carriages, carts, and stages. "This must be just like New York," thought Martha.

Then in August there was even more excitement. The news that General and Mrs. Washington would arrive the latter part of the month became known. Martha heard many discussions in her home as to where they might go.

"I think," said Father, "that Rockingham is far the best. It is large, has fine stables and a coach house and a beautiful view. We will have to find servants to staff it. It's a large place and I know General Washington will do much entertaining."

"Perhaps I can help with that," said Mother. "I can get some of our local girls as serving maids and I am sure we can find boys for the stables. Let me think about it a while." Martha was reading quietly in a corner but she pricked up her ears when she heard this. She had an idea. She was large for her age and strong. She had helped in the house since she was seven. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be in the same house as the great General Washington! And she would earn some money, too. She thought about this for several days and then decided to talk to her mother.

"Mother," she began, "I heard you tell Father that you were looking for one more serving maid for General Washington. Can't I go? You know I can clean and tidy things up; I have churned, and surely I could help the cook. Please, Mother, can't I try?"

Mother said nothing for a few moments. "Why I guess so, Martha. I had not thought of you, but you are a big help. Besides, I have had trouble finding someone else. You might do very well, indeed. Of course we would miss you here, but Priscilla can help more. She is nearly ten."

So it was arranged and soon Martha found herself at Rockingham. She rode the three miles from the village with several other girls in Tom Morse's wagon. It was fun, and they all were

excited to see the many chimneys of the great house silhouetted against the sunset. The house was on a hill surrounded by meadows.

Martha marveled at everything - from the elegant mahogany furniture to the huge kitchen fireplace and ovens. The apartment set aside for General and Mrs. Washington contained a small sitting room lined with books, with a Turkey red carpet on the floor that Martha especially loved. Both rooms contained fireplaces. And in the bedroom Martha saw a handsome four-poster bed and, over against the far wall, several large chests.

The housekeeper assigned Martha the task of keeping the Washington quarters clean and orderly. This meant that the fireplaces had to be cleaned, and a fire always laid because August could be cool. She also helped the cook in the kitchen where there always seemed to be pies and bread in the great ovens. The smells of all this food was sheer delight to Martha.

One morning, after she had worked at Rockingham for several days, Martha was on her way upstairs when she spied something shining half under a rug. She picked it up. It was a silver knee buckle - the sort that gentlemen wore for dress. She slipped it into her pocket.

Several days later near the Washington's apartment she overheard the General say to his wife, "Martha, I seem to have lost one of my silver knee buckles, the ones presented to me by General LaFayette." Young Martha jumped. Then she realized that he was not speaking to her, but Mrs. Washington.

She knew she should tell them that she had found the missing buckle. But she wanted to keep it - so that she could sometime tell her grandchildren about General Washington and show the buckle to them. So she said nothing...

The next week was an unhappy one for Martha with her conscience bothering her more and more each day that slipped by. She had trouble keeping her mind on her work, and the cook had to speak to her sharply more than once. Finally one morning she made up her mind. When the General came down for his breakfast she would stop him, telling him the truth. She hoped he would accept her apology.

He might ask that she be dismissed, but this was a chance she would have to take. The General, she knew, liked the truth.

As she heard him coming down the stairs she came forward, curtsied and said: "Sir, I have a confession to make." The words tumbled out one on top of the other. "I have your silver knee buckle that General LaFayette gave you." "You have my buckle?" General Washington looked at her in a puzzled way. "And where did you get it?"

"I found it, sir. I heard you say you had lost it, and I thought I would keep it to show to my grandchildren. But I couldn't. I am sorry, sir. . . it was wrong and wicked of me. Perhaps you should have me dismissed for my dishonesty." General Washington's expression softened somewhat. "How old are you, lass?" he asked.

"I will be thirteen in December, sir. I am old enough to know better." "I am sure of that," said the General. "I thank you for the return of the buckle and now we shall both forget it."

The weeks wore on. In early November the household at Rockingham learned that the Congress was to adjourn and that Washington would return to his former quarters. There was a strange quiet in the town. For Martha it was the end of an exciting adventure - one which netted her six Continental dollars, more than she had ever dreamed of having.

On November 9th, the household staff was assembled to say goodbye to the Washington's. They graciously thanked them all for making their stay in Princeton such a pleasant one. As they were about to depart, the General pulled a small packet from his pocket. Smiling at Martha, he said gravely, "May I present this with my compliments."

Martha blushed and curtsied and took the packet. Stuffing it quickly into her apron, she managed a few words of thanks. But she didn't open her package until she was alone. Then she carefully unwrapped it. Inside was a small note: "With best wishes to a young maid who decided that 'Honesty is the best policy.' G. Washington. " Beneath the wrappings was a pair of the handsomest silver shoe buckles she had ever seen.

Stories, Games, Projects for Springtime

Children's

MARCH 1967

PLAYMATE

GOOD READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS 6 to 12 magazine

40¢





By *ELIZABETH W. ABBOTT*

The February sun was shining very brightly into the room where Dominique slept. He knew when he opened his eyes that this was going to be a very special day. And why not? It was the Monday before Carnival and his town was a beehive of activity. This was the most exciting time of the year, better than Christmas or any other holiday time. There were parades with bands and floats, and everyone dressed up in all sorts of fancy clothes and there would be dancing in the streets and a Queen and her Court, as well.

Dominique lived on a far-away island in the Caribbean called Dominica. His island was very beautiful and green. There were mountain streams and beautiful sand beaches, and the water around his whole island was the deepest blue.

He swam nearly every day with his friends. When they were tired they would crawl up under the palm trees that lined the beaches and take a nap or eat their lunches. This was of course in the time when they didn't go to school. Their island was named by Columbus. He discovered most of the islands in this part of the world. Because



he first saw it on a Sunday he named it Dominica which means the Lord.

Dominique's hair and skin and eyes were black. Because his island is always warm he needed to wear only a pair of shorts, except for school or church, and then he added a shirt and shoes and socks.

But there was no school that day and he jumped out of bed and pulled on his shorts. His mother gave him two small bananas and a hard roll for breakfast. He ate the bananas and stuffed the roll into his pocket. As he walked down the cobbled street he munched it. He made his way to the wharf at the water's edge. From there he could see the big white ship anchored out in the harbor.

He was thinking very hard all of this time as to how he could make some money. He wanted two dollars. The day before, he had been in Mr. John's store and he had seen the most beautiful red, striped shirt. He was quite sure it would fit and Dominique thought to himself, "If I only had *that* for Carnival!"

Just then he saw his old friend Jacques at the end of the wharf in a small rowboat. "Dominique," he called, "Want to earn some money?"

"Yes, how?"

"I'll row out to the ship and you can dive for money. *They* always toss it into the water and you are a good swimmer. You can get it. Give me half of what you pick up and it's a deal."



Dominique could think of only one thing — the red striped shirt.

"Sure," he said, "I'll do it." He climbed into the boat. There were choppy little waves and the small shell of a boat bobbed like a cork. Jacques was good with his oars and soon they were near the gleaming white ship. Dominique looked up. He could see a crowd of people at the ship's rail. Then something bright splashed into the water, and he was after it like a flash.

He came up and tossed the shiny 50-cent piece at Jacques' feet. The people at the rail clapped and soon another coin hit the water. That too he threw into the boat. Now come a shower of dimes and quarters and Dominique got some of them before they even hit the water. Jacques grinned and moved the little boat into a better position.





"Here, Mister, Here, Here," called Dominique to a new group that had gathered at a lower rail. More coins flashed into the water. He could almost feel the red shirt around his shoulders now, but he was becoming very tired.

Finally Jacques said, "Dominique I think this is enough. The people are getting tired and so are you."

Dominique climbed into the boat and Jacques rowed to the shore. They gathered up the coins and put them into a pail and clambered onto the wharf. There were four half dollars, eight quarters and eight dimes. This meant \$2.40 for each—a lot of money. Men worked all day on a plantation for that much money.

Dominique pocketed his money and made his way to Mr. John's store. Mr. John was busy with a customer, one of the tourists from the big white ship.

Finally he was finished and Dominique said, "Mr. John, do you remember the red striped shirt you had yesterday, the one I liked?"

Mr. John settled the glasses on his nose and answered, "You may be just too late. A lady came in here and took it home to try on her boy. If it doesn't fit she will bring it back in the morning."

Dominique's heart sank. The shirt had so nearly been his, and how much he wanted it for the Queen's parade tomorrow. He went home sadly, jingling the silver in his pocket.

That night seemed the longest Dominique had ever known. He was up early the next morning. He ate his banana and roll very fast and then ran to Mr. John's store. Mr. John was just raising the front of his store. He saw Dominique.

"You are a lucky boy, she just brought it back." He went over to a table and picked up the beautiful red shirt with the white stripes. He unfolded it and held it up to Dominique.

"Perfect fit," he said. Dominique counted out the two dollars and gave it to Mr. John. Then Mr. John put the shirt in a bag and said, "Thank you, Dominique."

That afternoon as the Carnival parade wound its way out to the park where the Carnival Queen was to be crowned, amongst the great crowd that followed her float, and very near to it, was one small but proud and happy boy. In fact you would have thought that he owned the whole Carnival. You have guessed it. It was Dominique in his lovely new red shirt.



Read — **Secret of the Haunted House!**

(begins on page 46)

Children's

MARCH 1968

PLAYMATE

GOOD READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS 6 to 12 *magazine*

INSIDE —

SHIP of the DESERT
LIMERICKS for LAUGHS
PRIVATE MUSEUM
and Contests, Puzzles, Jokes!

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The last snowfall
will soon be here—
Have Fun! Be Careful!



By ELIZABETH W. ABBOTT

Part II

"Aw, no, we don't want to go in there. I've been in there lots of times and there isn't a thing but dirt and an old chair. Come on, let's go home and get our kites. There's a good wind." The girls hardly breathed until they could no longer hear the voices.

"It's a good thing we hid our bikes in the tall grass," whispered Lili. "What do you see?"

"It seems to be a cloth sack." Corinne reached in as far as she could, and managed to draw out a dirty, white cotton sack with a draw-string at the top. She handed it to Lili, who dropped it to the floor. "That's all. Now help me down."

The girls scrambled on the floor after the shower of coins Corinne had swept from the shelf. Some were quite bright and shiny. Others were not so much so. They put them into their shopping bag and then opened the white sack.

On top was a fat roll of bills. They could see at a glance that they were mostly \$10 bills. In the bottom of the sack they found more gold of various sizes. There seemed to be a lot of it.

"Oh, dear," said Lili. "This is a lot of money and who do you think it belongs to? What are we going to do now?"

The girls sat on the dusty floor and looked at the contents of the bag. They had not thought that far ahead. It was very scary.



"It's cold here," said Corinne with a shiver. "Let's get this together and get out of here."

They gathered the bills together, then the goldpieces and silver half-dollars and put them in the bag, drawing the string tight. They dropped it into the shopping bag with the hammer and extra spike. Then they left, pulling the creaky door closed behind them, and found their bikes in the tall grass.

They pedaled home as fast as they could go. Finally Corinne spoke up as they neared home. "What do you think we better do with this? It must belong to whoever owns the old house. We will have to find out who that is. We

had better tell our parents. This is an awful lot of money. Let's get them together tonight and show it to them."

"I guess you are right," answered Lili. "Why don't you come over to our house?"

Lili took the shopping bag into the house and went immediately to her room, where she dropped it into an empty drawer—just in case her small brothers and sisters might come in. Then she went downstairs and found her parents. "You are going to be home tonight, aren't you?" she asked her mother.

"Why I think so, Dear. We don't usually go anywhere on Monday evening. Why do you ask?"





"Mother, Corinne and her mother and father are coming over if it's alright with you. We have something we want to show you."

"Fine," said her mother. "We will be happy to see them. What is it you want us to see?"

"I just can't tell you now," answered Lili. "But you will see."

That evening, with both sets of parents settled comfortably in the living room, the girls brought out the dirty, stained white bag, and dumped the contents onto the rug. The gold glittered in the lamp-light, and they separated the silver half-dollars from the bills, making a neat pile of the latter.

All four parents sat electrified by what they saw before them. Then, almost in unison, they said, "Where did you get this?"

Lili began the explanation. She told of their exploring the old, tumble-down house, of finding the first coin, of their trip back that day. She ended her explanation with the words, "and now we don't know what to do."

Corinne's father was the first to speak. "There appears to be a lot of money here and a good part of it is gold. This means that it is collectors' items and probably worth a great deal more than face

value. Of course, gold is now illegal. I believe that the estate which would include this property, is still in litigation. I think we had better contact the lawyer who is handling it and tell him about this. Then we can get it to his office to have it counted and appraised."

The parents all agreed with this and the girls felt that they had done the right thing. So the next morning the lawyer was called and they all met him at his office. There was nearly a thousand dollars in goldpieces and over \$500 in silver and bills. As Corinne's father had suggested, the goldpieces would have to be appraised and would amount to a good deal more.

The lawyer thanked the girls and their families in behalf of the heirs, and finished his little speech with the words, "And perhaps they can show their gratitude in a more tangible way, soon."

Corinne and Lili were not quite sure what he meant by that. However about a month later each of them received a long, white envelope through the mail, with the lawyer's name in the corner. Each was delighted to receive from the estate, a check for one hundred dollars with a letter of thanks. So ended the secret of the haunted house.

PLAYMATE has two big contests this month!

You and your friends (they need not be subscribers) will want to enter the new April Pot of Gold Contest on page 52.

After you finish your Pot of Gold entries, you will want to enter the Springtime Contest on the inside back cover!

climb

September 19, 1971



THE TWO CAVES YOU SEE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PICTURE ARE LOCATED NEAR THE DEAD SEA IN ISRAEL. THEY ARE KNOWN AS THE QUMRAN CAVES. THEY CONTAINED A SECRET FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. BE SURE TO READ "THE SECRET OF THE CAVES" IN THIS ISSUE AND FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS.

THIS STORY BEGAN ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO AND IS A TRUE ACCOUNT OF A WONDERFUL HIDDEN TREASURE, NOT OF GOLD AND SILVER, BUT OF STRANGE WRITINGS ON LEATHER AND PARCHMENT

The Secret of the Caves

By Elizabeth W. Abbott

It happened this way. One day some Bedouin shepherd boys were tending their goats as they grazed on the hillsides near some rocky cliffs not far from the shore of the Dead Sea. You will remember that the Dead Sea is in Palestine, which is the land where Jesus lived two thousand years ago. The boys amused themselves by throwing rocks at the side of the bluffs and then listening for the sound. Suddenly one stone didn't make any noise! The boys stopped. One said, "That's funny. What happened to that one?" So they quickly climbed up the hill to look around. They soon found that the rock had gone into a small opening. What would you have done then? That is what the boys did—they wriggled through the hole! As soon as their eyes became used to the dark, they found that they were in a large cave.

The sides of the cave were lined with tall, earthen jars, something like the ones you have seen in Bible pictures. These jars had covers.

It didn't take the boys long to get those covers off. Then they plunged their arms deep into the jars, hoping to find gold and silver. But they didn't. Instead they lifted some strange-looking rolls from the jars. Each roll was covered with a black, sticky stuff which smelled badly. The boys were disappointed and couldn't imagine what they had found. They decided, however, to take as many of the rolls as they could carry back to Jerusalem with them.

When they finally returned to the city they went to a shop where they knew the owner bought old things of this kind. They showed him the scrolls. He gave them a small amount of money for the lot and the boys went away happy.

However, the man in the shop was not at all sure what he had bought. He knew the scrolls had strange writing on them but he did not recognize the language. Very old and frail the scrolls crumbled at the slightest touch. So he showed the scrolls to some scholars and learned men whom he knew. These experts discovered that a thin leather and some sort of parchment had been carefully covered with a layer of wax to preserve them. This was the black sticky stuff the boys had found in the jars. Evidently the scrolls had been put away carefully by someone who had treasured them very much.

The mystery was: Who was it? Why had they done it? And when?

That brings us to another part of the story. While the scholars were examining and studying and photographing the scrolls in museums and universities, something else was going on in the country where the boys had found the rolls. The people who lived in the vicinity heard that such things had been found, and would bring money. So many of them began searching the hills and found many more caves and jars. Here were more scrolls, also coins, cooking pots, and household things. In one cave they found several very large scrolls made of thin, copper sheeting. The writing upon them had been done with a sharp instrument. Scholars now think that these may tell the location of gold and hidden treasure, but they are not sure.

There is still another part to this story. There lived in Jerusalem a monk who was greatly interested in digging out old ruins. He had heard about the scrolls that the boys had found, and he remembered something—nearby there were a

lot of mounds which people said were the remains of an old Roman fort. But Pere de Vaux, for that was his name, had another idea. He got permission from the government, found some men to help him, and went out to dig up this old fort.

It was hard work. For a long time they did not find anything. But one day they made an exciting discovery. This wasn't an old fort at all, but a sort of monastery where a large number of people must have lived. They uncovered one large room which was a sort of meeting hall; another was a refectory or dining room. There were stacks of bowls and more of the same kind of jars that the boys had found. There was a large kitchen and an oven for baking bread. On top of the buildings they found large cisterns to catch and preserve the rainwater. This is a dry country and water is precious. There are few wells and springs. Perhaps the most interesting part of the monastery and the part that concerns this story, was the writing room. In it were great stone tables and inkwells with dried ink in them. Here it was that many of the scrolls and books had been copied. What they copied, as we now know, were books of the Old Testament and some books of their own. The room was called the scriptorium or writing room.

Then these scholars wanted to know who these people were and why they had lived off by themselves away from the towns and cities. One writer who wrote about these people, about one hundred years before Christ, was Josephus.

He tells how they wanted to live a good, pure, simple life. They spent much time studying and copying Old Testament books. They worked in fields and vineyards. When a man joined this group he had to give up all of his money and possessions. It was a Brotherhood and once you belonged, you were always taken care of. They were called Essenes.

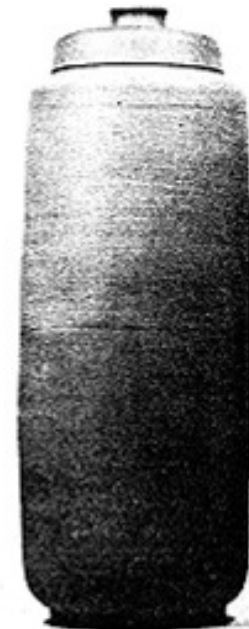
That part of the land was under the Roman government which finally decided to overcome everyone in the land. The Essenes knew that the Roman soldiers would come and destroy their precious library, so they sealed the scrolls in jars and hid them in the nearby caves.

This treasure story will go on for a long time. It will be many years before we know all the secrets of the scrolls. They are frail and hard to handle. Also they are written in a number of languages, Hebrew, some in Greek, and a few in Aramaic—the spoken language of the time of Jesus. So expect to hear more, as time goes on, of the Scrolls of the Dead Sea. Their value is beyond measure.

Photo by John C. Trevir



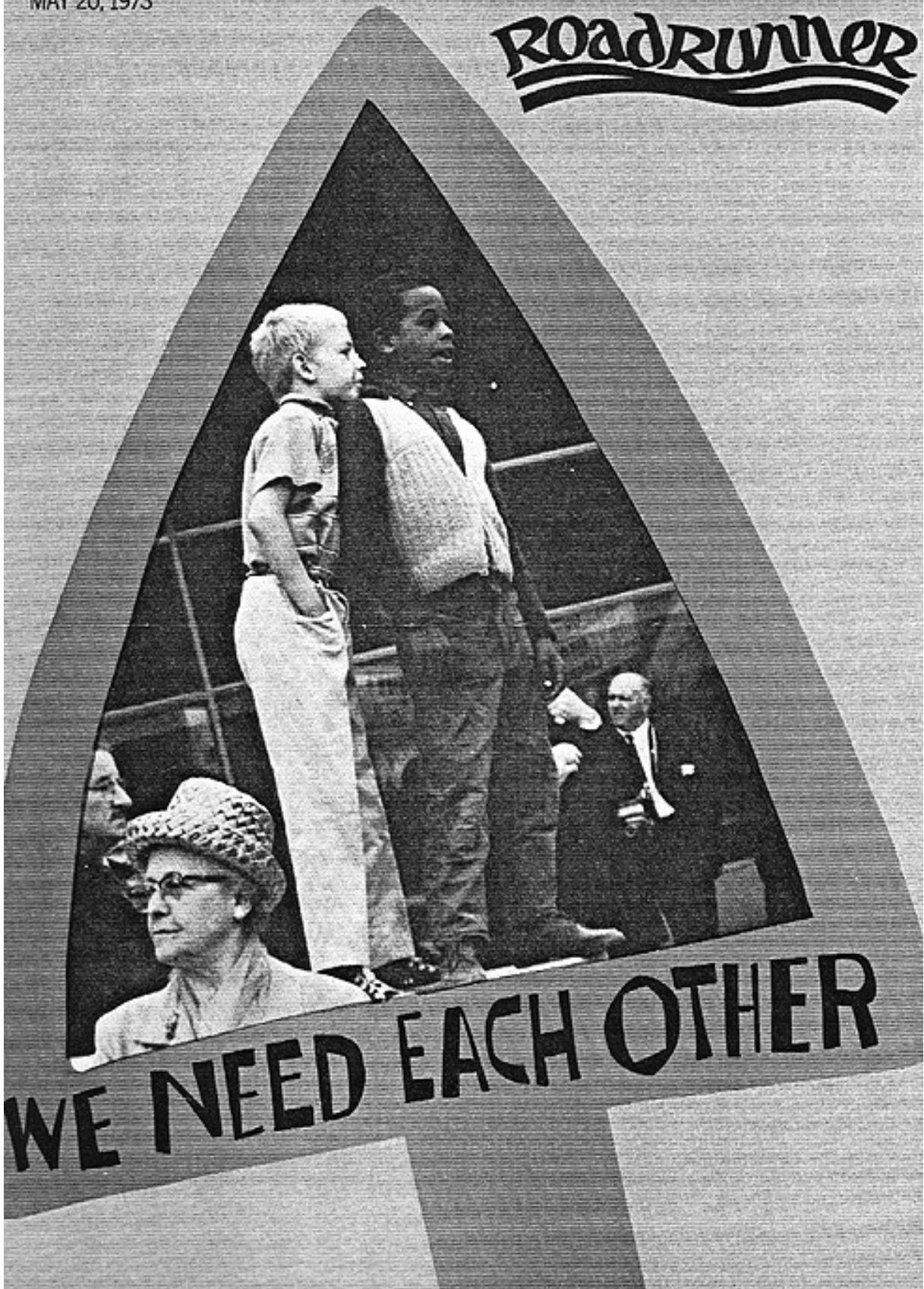
—The complete Isaiah scroll opened to Isaiah Chapter 40. This scroll was found in a cylinder like the one on the right.



—Type of clay cylinder in which Dead Sea Scrolls were stored.

MAY 20, 1973

ROADRUNNER



WE NEED EACH OTHER

Willy Worm's Adventures

by Elizabeth W. Abbott

Willy A. (Angle) Worm lived in a large pot in the dining room window of a white house with blue blinds. He was happy in his home in the dark dirt of the red geranium plant. Often, after someone had poured water on his plant, he would poke his head out and come up into the sun and look around. But Willy was wise, too. When he heard any of the children who lived in the house coming, he would quickly wriggle back into the dirt. You never knew with children. They might POKE.

One day Willy was feeling very good indeed. He stretched and stretched and stuck his head out. He decided to come out all of the way and take a sunbath. He thought, "I wonder what is on the other side of this pot." He crawled to the edge and

looked over. Suddenly he lost his balance and went tumbling down, down, down. He landed on something soft. He wasn't hurt at all. It was a gray rug. Willy stretched from his head to his tail and thought to himself that he would like to stay there forever.

Just then he heard the voices of children. He began to wiggle and squirm. One said, "Oh, Mommy, Mommy, come quick. There is a big, long worm on the new rug." Mother came.

"Oh dear," she said, "let's take him out into the flower bed. He will help keep the earth healthy for the plants." Then she picked Willy up by his tail and took him out into the flower garden. She put him under a plant. Believe it or not, it was another geranium!

ROADRUNNER

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Willy was upset. He was not at all sure that he would like living out-of-doors. He knew it would be cold at night. He was very unhappy. He missed the warm dining room and all of the water the children poured into his pot. It kept the dirt soft around him.

One day when he came up to enjoy the sunshine, he had a VERY narrow escape. He turned his head just in time to see a big, fat robin looking for his dinner. The beady eyes of the robin turned to Willy. Willy dived into the soft earth, head first. Mr. Robin had just time to take a fast, hard nip at his tail. It hurt!

Several days later he heard

someone talking out in the grass near his plant. He thought he recognized the voice of the mother of the children. She was saying, "Now here is a fine plant which will go well in the flower box; let's take this one too." Willy felt himself going up, up, up. Then down he went in a lump of dirt near the roots of the geranium. "Oh me," thought Willy, "another new home!"

When everything was quiet, he decided to go up and look around. WHAT do you suppose he saw? It was the very same window where he had lived before, only this time he was in a window box on the OUTSIDE. He was home!

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49

AN EASY TOMATO FRAME

FOR THE HOME GARDENER or householder faced each year with the problem of how to keep tomato plants off the ground, here is an easy and effective solution—wooden frames you can make yourself.

Use very coarse scrap mesh about 48 inches wide with squares of about three inches. Measure and cut off the amount needed for a frame two feet in diameter. Bend into a wire cylinder and secure

the ends together with balling wire. Cut the bottom row of the horizontal wire; that should leave vertical wire legs which dig into the soil, giving the frame sturdy footing.

The frame is placed over the plant when it is about a foot high. As the plant grows, the stems and leaves are supported as they spread through the coarse mesh.

ELIZABETH ABBOTT
Marshfield, Wisconsin