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### Snow Skates for Billy: A Regional Book for Primary Grades

Bertha Grotta Willett

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SNOW SKATES FOR BILLY—

WILLET

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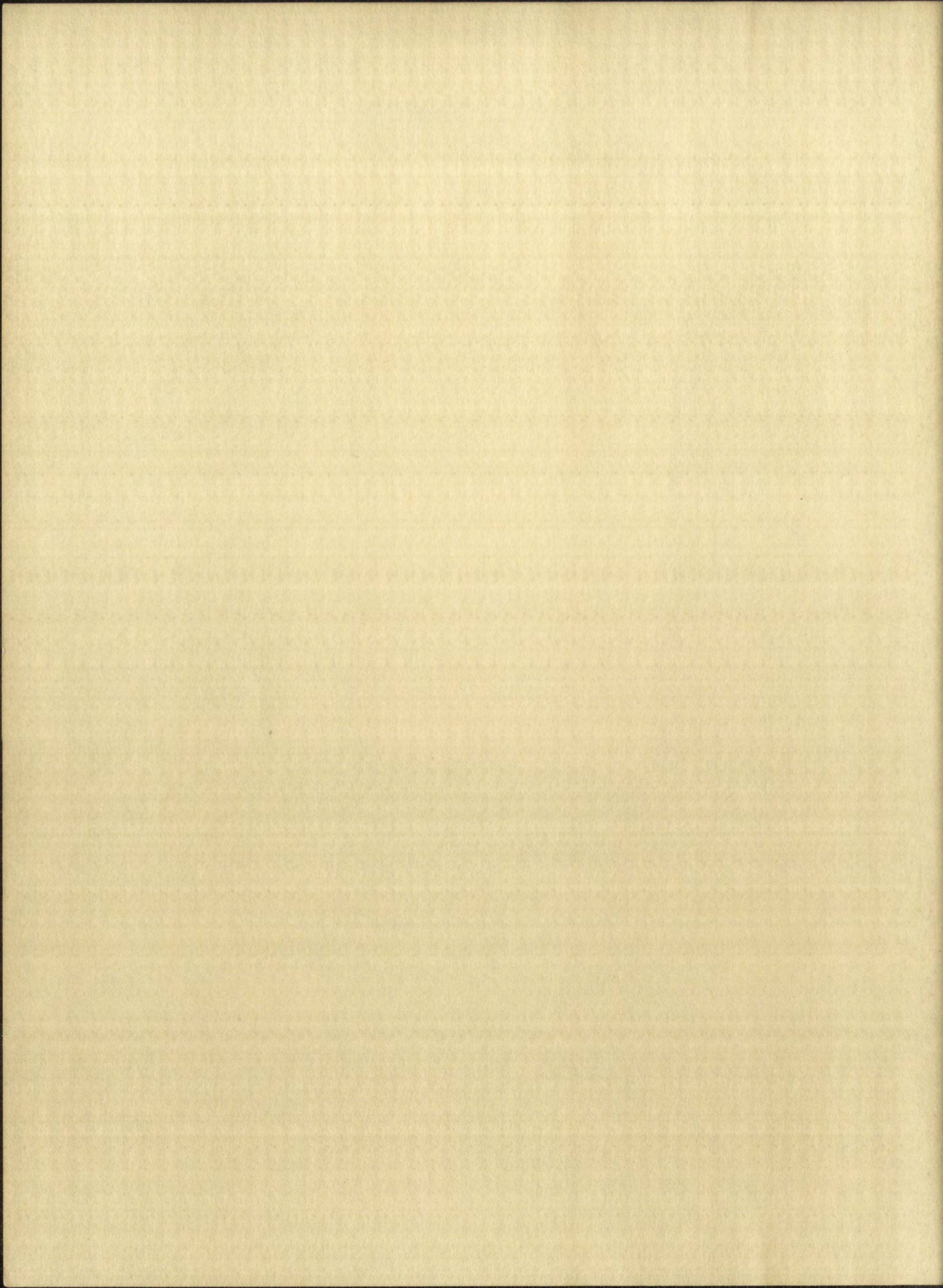
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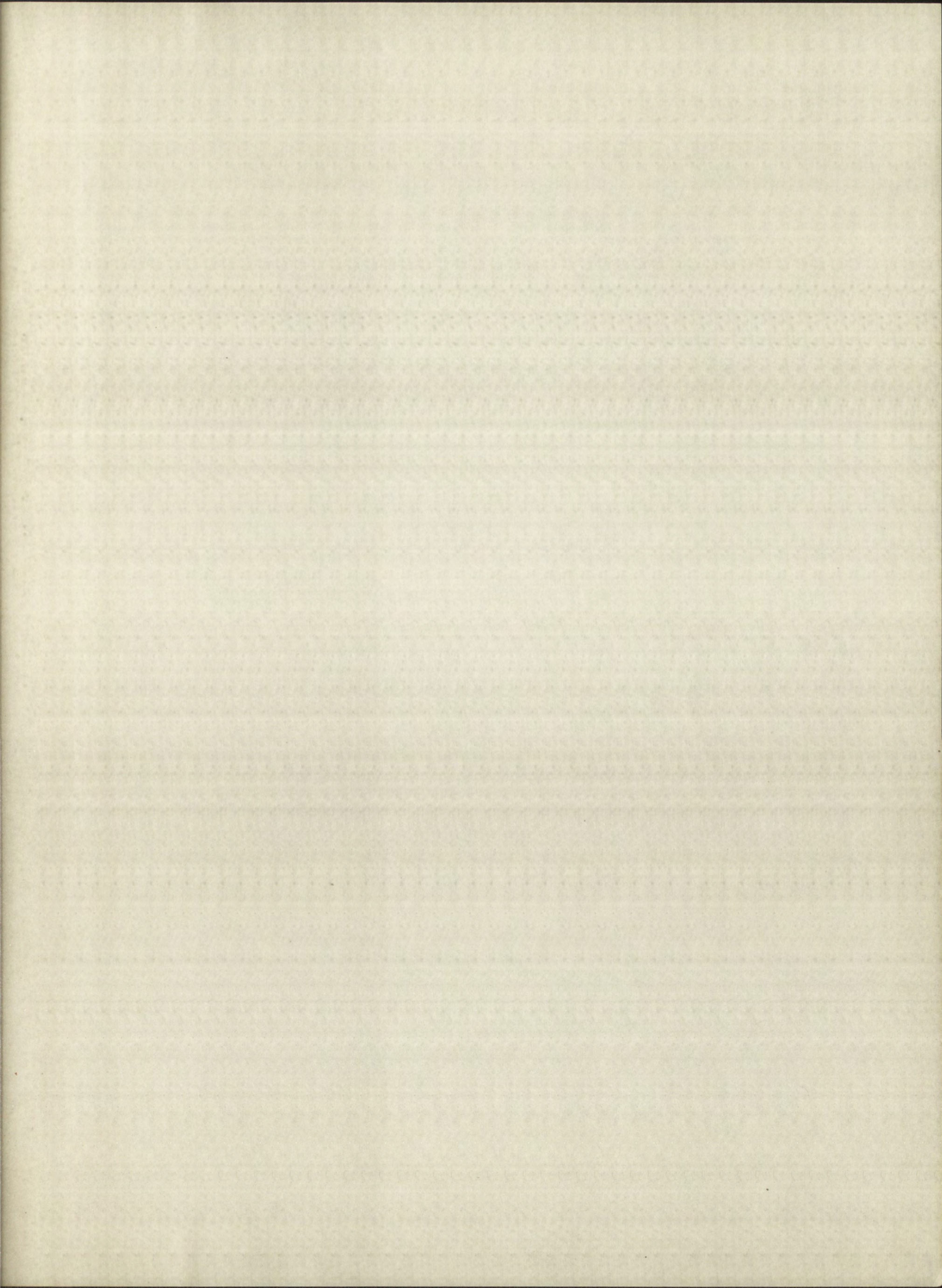
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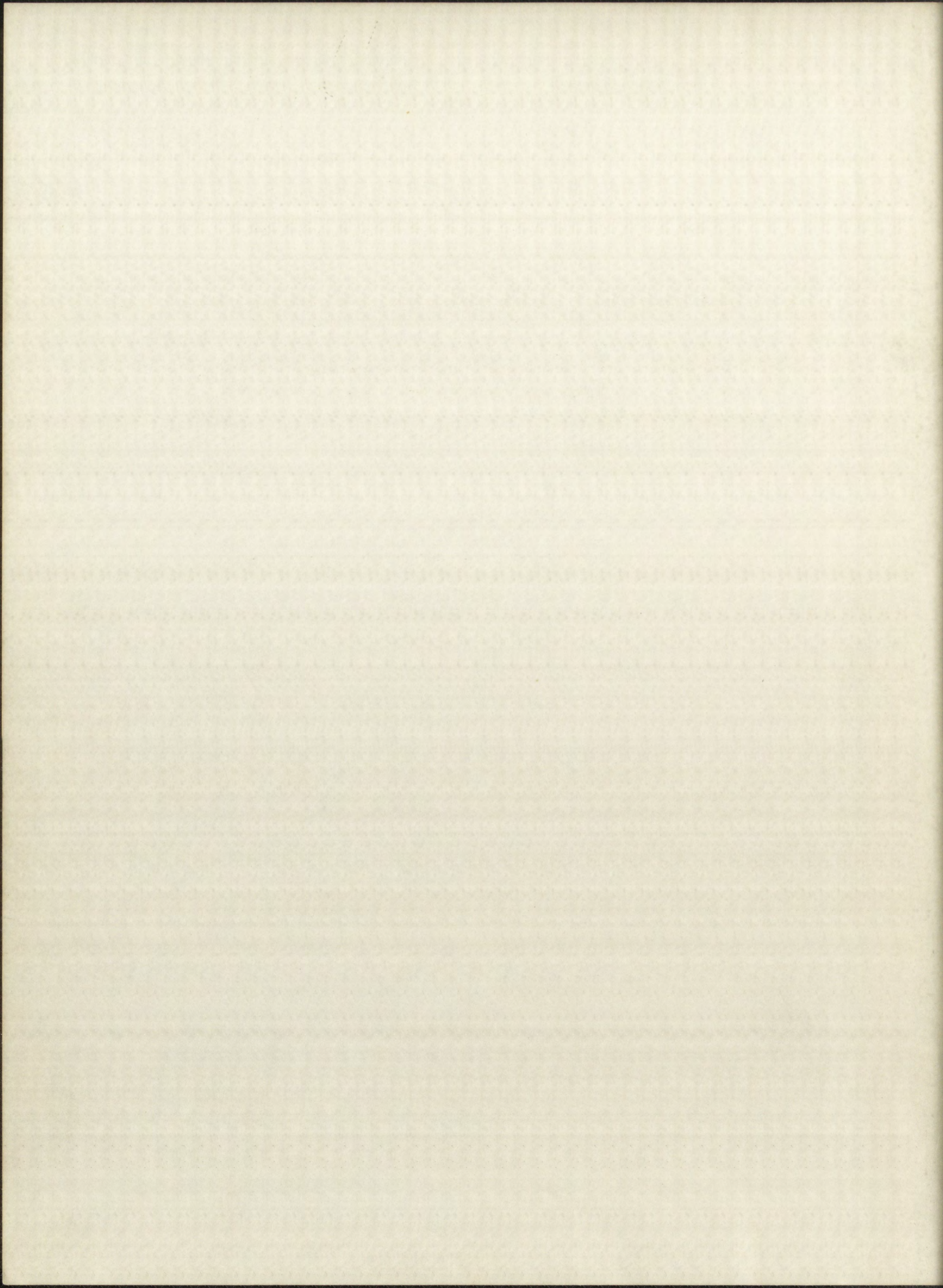














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SNOW SKATES FOR BILLY

A Regional Book For Primary Grades

By

Bertha Grotta Willett

A Thesis

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the  
Requirements for the Degree of  
Master of Arts in Education

The University of New Mexico

1955





HOW MANY NOT BORN

A Regional Book for Illinois

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

A Book

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the

Requirements for the Degree of

Master of Arts in Education

The University of Illinois

1911



This thesis, directed and approved by the candidate's committee, has been accepted by the Graduate Committee of the University of New Mexico in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

E. H. Casteller

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2/20/1956

DATE

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MASTER OF ARTS

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## CHAPTER I

### THE PROBLEM AND DEFINITION OF TERMS USED

May Hill Arbuthnot refers to a "sense of reading power."<sup>1</sup> She tells of a seven year old whose "sense of reading power" made him think that he could read Anthony Adverse! So long as youngsters use a highly controlled vocabulary, and read only text books in which a sequential development of vocabulary is stressed, they tend to be pleased with their "reading power." Their disillusionment may come, however, when they attempt to do independent reading.

#### I. THE PROBLEM

Statement of the problem. It was the purpose of this study to create a book with a local setting that might bridge the gap between text book reading and actual reading of library books. (Many young children enjoy library books chiefly as picture books and rely on adults to read the story to them.)

Importance of the study. Reading successfully from books makes a child feel very grown up and scholarly.

---

<sup>1</sup>May Hill Arbuthnot, Children and Books (New York: Scott, Foresman and Company, 1947), p. 559.



THE PRINCIPLES OF THE

Mr. Hill is... power... feeding power... vocabulary, and... development of... pleased with... any case, however, testing.

Statement of the

that study is... bridge the gap... of literary... chiefly as... story to show.

Importance of the

books makes a...

Scott, Thomas...



Lamoreaux and Lee<sup>2</sup> describe this as a "sacred feeling which should be cherished, guarded and preserved." Just at the time when children are most impressed with their new found skill of reading there is often a shortage of transitional books for independent reading.

There is a special need for regional books for beginners. Ruggles, in her study of The History of Children's Literature of New Mexico, found that:

. . . In age range, some groups of children have been entirely forgotten; for instance, most of the books about the Anglo-Americans were written for middle age or older children.<sup>3</sup>

She defines "middle age" as children in fourth, fifth and sixth grade levels.<sup>4</sup>

Ruggles further states

It is to be hoped, also, that many more writers will appreciate the great wealth of material which New Mexico provides, and will add to the store of books already written about this land of enchantment.<sup>5</sup>

---

<sup>2</sup>Lillian A. Lamoreaux and Dorris May Lee, Learning To Read Through Experience (New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1943), p. 145.

<sup>3</sup>Mina Bannon Ruggles, "The History of Children's Literature of New Mexico," (Unpublished Master's Thesis, The University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1954), p. 88

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., p. 4.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid., p. 89.



Laboratory and field investigations have shown that the  
should be characterized by a high degree of accuracy and  
time when compared with the results obtained by other  
skill of research. These results are in good agreement  
books for reference and research.

There is a general feeling that the results of  
these investigations are of great value and should be  
literature of the laboratory and field

... In the laboratory, the results of the  
have been compared with the results of the  
most of the results of the laboratory and field  
investigations are in good agreement with the  
results of the laboratory and field investigations.

The results of the laboratory and field investigations  
show that the results of the laboratory and field  
investigations are in good agreement with the  
results of the laboratory and field investigations.

It is to be noted that the results of the  
investigations are in good agreement with the  
results of the laboratory and field investigations.

All the results of the laboratory and field  
investigations are in good agreement with the  
results of the laboratory and field investigations.

Publication of the results of the laboratory and field  
investigations is recommended by the  
Committee on the Laboratory and Field Investigations.

The results of the laboratory and field  
investigations are in good agreement with the  
results of the laboratory and field investigations.

University of California, Berkeley, California  
p. 88

John F. Smith  
John F. Smith



Delimitation of the problem. This study involved the creation of a book for children of a specific age range (seven to possibly nine years) living in a specific locale, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Limitations of the problem. In its present form this book is not illustrated. In literature for young children illustrations play a large part in the acceptance or rejection of a book. If published, Snow Skates for Billy should be creatively illustrated with pictures that do "not restrict the meaning of words . . . but open up new vistas, wider meanings."<sup>6</sup>

## II. DEFINITIONS OF TERMS USED

"Regional" terms. Words of local origin and/or use are defined in the glossary of Snow Skates for Billy.

Independent reading. Throughout this study, independent reading has been interpreted to mean all reading done from non-text books. Books for such recreational reading might include both fiction and non-fiction and might be obtained from school libraries, public libraries, or might be available in the individual classroom or home.

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<sup>6</sup>Arbuthnot, op. cit., p. 525.







## CHAPTER II

### REVIEW OF RELATED LITERATURE

The problem of vocabulary control, a difficult problem for the writers of text books, is, by the very nature of creativity, still more difficult in the field of children's literature. In discussing children's books for a classroom library, Jacobs stated:

In literature there are no sure grade placements. Vocabulary cannot be neatly controlled in the creative art of writing. When children read for entertainment, they do not read by prescriptive word counts or assigned reading methods. . . . the fine writer knows that in literature the right word in the right place is what is important rather than adherence to a graded word list.<sup>1</sup>

Lamoreaux and Lee point out that vocabularies must differ with locales:

No one today can say that any particular list of words is the 'right' basic vocabulary for children. Authorities differ widely not only as to a basic vocabulary for readers but also as to the way in which it should be determined. If reading is to be functional, the vocabularies

---

<sup>1</sup>Leland B. Jacobs, "Building a Balanced Classroom Library," Adventuring in Literature with Children, Leaflet No. 1 (Washington, D. C.: Association for Childhood Education International, 1953), p. 4.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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of the various child-life situations of today must be considered. . . .<sup>2</sup>

For this reason, the vocabulary of Snow Skates for Billy is not scientifically controlled. No word counts were made. An attempt was made to control the vocabulary only so that it might be within the readable range of many children but not to the extent where all regional words and concepts were eliminated.

Gesell and Ilg state that:

Many Sevens were fair readers and enjoy reading what they can by themselves. They can get the sense of a story without knowing all the words.<sup>3</sup>

Arbuthnot<sup>4</sup> notes the need for the familiar. Young children need stories that are "as factual and personal as their fingers and toes and the yards and neighborhoods they are beginning to explore." She also mentions:

. . . a steadily improving selection of fiction about contemporary life in our

---

<sup>2</sup>Lillian A. Lamoreaux and Dorris May Lee, Learning To Read Through Experience (New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1943), p. 149.

<sup>3</sup>Arnold Gesell and Frances L. Ilg, The Child From Five To Ten (New York & London: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 1946), p. 152.

<sup>4</sup>May Hill Arbuthnot, Children and Books (New York: Scott, Foresman and Company, 1947), p. 361.







country . . . These stories are particularly valuable to children because they throw over everyday life something of the excitement and charm of fiction.<sup>5</sup>

Lewis, in Writing For Young Children, a book addressed primarily to writers and would-be writers for children, stresses the importance of realism. She says:

Stories that present, either realistically or symbolically, the problems and emotional situations faced by real children in and out of their families, at different stages of their growth; stories of warmth; of courage and tenacity that lead even the small and weak . . . to successful achievement; stories of the overcoming of fear and danger; stories that bring new perspectives and discoveries flashing onto the page . . . stories made for laughter and peopled with ourselves, as we are, and as we would like to be -- these are essentially what all children are looking for.<sup>6</sup>

Specialists in child development and educators who work with children in the primary grades agree that young children are challenged by both security and adventure. Reading material should be sufficiently familiar to allow the child to relate the new to the old. By relating the unknown to the known the child can see satisfying relationships.

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<sup>5</sup>Arbuthnot, loc. cit.

<sup>6</sup>Claudia Lewis, Writing For Young Children (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1954), p. 81.







### CHAPTER III

#### METHODS OF CONDUCTING THE WRITING PROJECT

Research for creative writing appears casual, but as Arbuthnot<sup>1</sup> says, "formulas and missions" do not seem to make the best in children's books.

Literature in the field of child development was first surveyed to find out the characteristics and needs of children in the primary grades. The characteristics and needs of age "seven" were particularly noted. Seven is described by Gesell and Ilg as:

It is an assimilative age, a time for salting down accumulated experience and for relating new experiences to the old.

.....  
His mental life is embracing the community and also the cosmos. He has a more intelligent awareness of the sun, moon, clouds, heat, fire, and the earth's crust. Heaven and earth are uniting. . . . the people who inhabit the earth take on more sociological meaning: the policeman, the grocer, the fireman.

.....  
Secretly or otherwise he entertains some skepticisms of the veridicality of Santa Claus (but not to the detriment of his Christmas joys and illusions).  
.....

---

<sup>1</sup>May Hill Arbuthnot, Children and Books (New York: Scott, Foresman and Company, 1947), p. 363.



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM 1776 TO 1876

BY

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He wants to find his place in the family group. He expresses his awareness of himself and his family in pride.

He does not want to experience new situations by himself.

He has the physical stamina to hold up better during the winter season and is beginning to enjoy sliding, skating and even skiing.

He also is aware of the passage of time from month to month and may ask in September how much longer it is before Christmas.

He does not yet take an interest in the far places of the earth, but his interest in various parts of the community is definitely expanding.<sup>2</sup>

The writer audited a class in Children's Literature at the University of New Mexico.<sup>3</sup> Criteria for judging children's books were studied at that time. According to Arbuthnot the following general criteria were useful in judging realistic stories for young children:

Substantial themes, plots with action, unity, logical development, economy of incident; truth to human nature; a style that absorbs and interests young readers.<sup>4</sup>

---

<sup>2</sup>Arnold Gesell and Frances L. Ilg, The Child From Five to Ten (New York & London: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 1946), pp. 131-158.

<sup>3</sup>Dr. Kathleen McCann, Instructor. Spring of 1954.

<sup>4</sup>Arbuthnot, op. cit., p. 394.







Arbuthnot further states that realistic fiction also must satisfy some of a child's fundamental needs. Books can directly and indirectly help children satisfy these basic needs:

The need for security: material, emotional, and spiritual.

The need to belong--to be part of a group.

The need to love and to be loved.

The need to achieve--to do or be something worthy.

The need to know: intellectual security.

Play: the need for change.

The need for aesthetic satisfaction.<sup>5</sup>

The greatest source of data and inspiration for the present writing came from direct observation in the classroom. This included observation of children (and especially those children "new" to Albuquerque) and reading text books available to them. For the past nine years, the writer has been a second grade teacher in the Albuquerque Public Schools.

Authentically illustrated regional books can make a unique contribution in the field of children's literature. It is hoped that when Snow Skates For Billy is illustrated

---

<sup>5</sup>Arbuthnot, op. cit., pp. 2-10.







it will show some of the influence that the blending of three cultures (Indian, Spanish, and Anglo-American) has had on Albuquerque's architecture, clothing, and food. Many fine and some beautifully illustrated text books are now available to children in the primary grades. However, because these are produced for nation-wide use rather than for regional distribution somewhat stereotyped illustrations . . . red barns, white churches, two-story frame houses . . . are frequently used.

The plot of Snow Skates For Billy developed as follows: Billy, an only child, comes to Albuquerque somewhat reluctantly just a few weeks before Christmas. In addition to leaving his old home, his grandmother, his school and his friends, the child also must become adjusted to a different climate. Unlike many adults, who appreciate the barren beauty of Albuquerque in winter, he longs for snow because he hopes to receive a pair of snow skates for Christmas. He therefore takes an unusual interest in the weather, for "who can ski on sand?". Billy's adventures as he discovers his new world in Albuquerque make up the story Snow Skates For Billy.

Billy is especially proud that he can spell "Albuquerque" and with childish spontaneity spells it throughout the story, much as children chant the letters of the word







"Mississippi." (It is interesting to note here a quotation from Ernie Pyle's "Why Albuquerque?", "We like it here because no more than half our friends who write to us know how to spell Albuquerque."<sup>6</sup>) The writer endeavored to incorporate into the story some of the regional charm, and also some of the traditional customs for which Albuquerque is famous, such as the beautiful Spanish custom of welcoming the Christ Child with luminarios on Christmas Eve.

In her book, Writing For Young Children, Lewis says:

A certain amount of ambiguity, or distance, seems to facilitate the process of emotional identification. Psychologists have found this true, in their use of projective picture techniques. The unstructured pictures, those with hazy outlines and meanings, are the ones that bring out the richest flow of personal emotional response.<sup>7</sup>

Lack of specific detail in the story is intentional. For example:

1. The Old Town cafe could be any of the three or four cafes and dining rooms serving Spanish food in Old Albuquerque.

---

<sup>6</sup>Ernie Pyle, "Why Albuquerque?", Special Ernie Pyle Issue of New Mexico reprinted June, 1945, from the January, 1942, edition of New Mexico Magazine (Santa Fe: Bureau of Publications, copyright, 1942), p. 6.

<sup>7</sup>Claudia Lewis, Writing For Young Children (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1954), p. 92.







2. The reason for the White family's coming to Albuquerque is not pin-pointed. It could be that they came for business or for health reasons, or because of an assignment by the armed forces. This has been done so that many children may feel themselves identified in the story.
3. For the latter reason, it has not been stated exactly where Billy lived before coming to Albuquerque. We know only that he lived in a colder climate.

Dr. Kathleen McCann of The University of New Mexico faculty reviewed each of a succession of rough drafts of the book and offered criticism.

Following Lewis' suggestion that:

The best test of the tempo is to read one's manuscript aloud. It is not hard to know if one becomes restless during the reading. It is sometimes a little harder to put one's finger on why, and where the remedy lies.<sup>8</sup>

The completed story, in an early rough draft stage, was read aloud to a class of second grade children. They were not told that their teacher was the author of the story and they freely indicated by attitude and comments which parts of it bored them and which parts amused them. They were bored and

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<sup>8</sup>Lewis, op. cit., p. 100.



2. The report of the committee on the subject of the

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confused by long descriptive passages. They were especially delighted when Billy offered his roller skates to his father. Following many of the children's suggestions another revision was made.

The complete text of the book Snow Skates For Billy is presented in Chapter IV. Because of the creative nature of this project, there are no conclusions or recommendations.



continued by long hereditary lines. The first of these  
families were said to have been established in the  
following way of the first of the families of the  
was made.

The complete list of the families of the  
is presented in the list of the families of the  
of this project, there are no other families of the



CHAPTER IV

COMPLETE TEXT OF A REGIONAL BOOK FOR THE PRIMARY GRADES

SNOW SKATES FOR BILLY







## SNOW SKATES FOR BILLY

"Snow! Snow! Snow!" cried Billy as he ran up to his Daddy. "Snow, Daddy, snow!" he cried.

Daddy lifted Billy high in the air as if he were still a little boy. "Don't worry about the snow," said Daddy. "It won't last long." Then he gave Mother a big hug and said, "I'm sorry about the snow. It was beautiful and sunny here until today."

"Billy isn't sorry," said Mother. "All he talked about on the train was snow. He wants Santa Claus to bring him snow skates for Christmas."

"Snow skates," said Daddy, "What in the world are snow skates?"

"Little skis, little skis!" said Billy, hopping around the suitcases.

Big fluffy snowflakes came down softly. Billy looked back at the train. In the darkness, he saw only its lighted windows. "It looks like a long row of television screens now," thought Billy.

"We'll come back to see the depot sometime when the shops are open. Billy will love the Indian displays," said Daddy as he and Mother walked to the car. Billy slid across the snow pretending that he was on snow skates.







"This is more like it," said Daddy when they were all in the car. "It has been mighty lonesome without my family here."

"Billy didn't want to move at first," said Mother, "but then he missed you so much that he wanted to come on ahead in the furniture van!"

There were many things to watch from the car window. Colored lights twinkling on and off made the street look like one long Christmas tree. Then they turned off on another street, and another, and another. Each new street seemed to have rows and rows of houses that looked almost alike in the dark.

Finally Daddy stopped the car in front of the new house. It was sort of square but the corners were not sharp. And it was so very low. In the dark, Billy could not be sure of the color.

"This is it," said Daddy. "It isn't at all like our old house. I hope you will like it."

He gave Billy the key and then stepped Mother out of the car.

Billy unlocked the door and went into the house. He turned right around and called to Mother. "Mother, Mother, Mother! There's a FIREPLACE!"

"It seems as if you say most things three times to-night," laughed Daddy.







"You should have heard him on the train," said Mother. "As it chugged along, he'd say 'Albuquerque, Albuquerque, Albuquerque'."

"I can spell Albuquerque," said Billy.

"Oh, can you now?" said Daddy.

"A-l-b-u-q-u-e-r-q-u-e," called Billy as he slid back up the sidewalk on make-believe snow sakes.

"Oh, Bill, it's wonderful!" Mother said to Daddy as she looked around the new living room. "Let's see the rest of the house and then Billy will have to go to bed."

"Bet my room is upstairs," said Billy.

"Can't be," said Father, "this house doesn't have an upstairs."

"No upstairs?" said Billy.

"No, not many houses out here have second floors. But you'll like your room. See the corner fireplace."

"Oh boy! A fireplace in my own room," said Billy.

"I've never seen anything like it," said Mother.

"That fireplace looks as if it grew right out of the corner."

"I thought Billy would like this for his room. There is lots of space to play here."

"Don't I have a playroom in the basement?" asked Billy.

"This house doesn't have a basement," said Father.

"No basement," said Billy. "Where do you keep the coal? Where is the furnace? Where . . ."







"Whoa, Billy," laughed Daddy. "The furnace is in the floor in this house. And it doesn't burn coal. It burns gas."

"Like the car?" asked Billy.

"No, the car uses gasoline. This furnace uses gas."

"You fellows better finish talking tomorrow," said Mother. "It's way past Billy's bed time."

Next morning Billy called, "Mother, where are you?" He ran through the new house in his pajamas.

"I'm in here unpacking our things," called Mother from her bedroom.

"Where's Daddy? I'm hungry. Let's eat."

"You are a sleepy head," teased Mother. "It is almost noon. Daddy went to work this morning. Get dressed quickly. We'll eat lunch and then you may play outside. The snow is all gone and . . ."

"The snow is all gone?" said Billy. "But Mother, it was snowing when we got here last night."

"Yes, it was, but the sun melted all of it."

"But how can I use my snow skates now?" asked Billy.

"You don't have them yet. Maybe Santa will bring roller skates now that you live in Albuquerque."

"I don't want roller skates," said Billy.

"Well, cheer up," said Mother. "Maybe it will snow again before Christmas."



"What, sir?"

"Not in this house, but in the house next door."

"Yes."

"Like the other house, sir?"

"No, the other house is a different matter."

"You follow me, sir?"

"What, sir?"

"Next morning, sir."

"He can't do that, sir."

"I'm in the house, sir."

"From the house, sir."

"What, sir?"

"You are a different matter, sir."

"Good, sir."

"We'll see, sir."

"All gone, sir."

"The door is open, sir."

"We are now in the house, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"But now we are in the house, sir."

"You are a different matter, sir."

"Police officer, sir."

"I am a different matter, sir."

"Well, sir."

"Again, sir."



Billy explored his new back yard. "Mother," he called. "There is a rock floor out here."

"That's the patio," called Mother. "Your father says that people in Albuquerque eat in the patio in the summer time."

"Like a picnic?"

"Yes, like a picnic," answered Mother.

"When will Daddy get home?"

"Around five o'clock. He asked me not to start dinner because he has a surprise for us."

"Oh, boy, I bet it is snow skates."

"I don't think the stores out here even sell sleds or snow skates," said Mother.

Billy waited on the seat by the big picture window to watch for Daddy.

"You look like a kitten curled up in the sun," said Mother.

"Could I have a kitten? Could I?" asked Billy. And while he turned to talk to Mother, a car pulled in the driveway.

"Hello, there!" called Daddy from the doorway. "How do you two like living in Albuquerque?"

Billy talked very fast. "The snow was all gone when I woke up. And our house looks like a partly melted chocolate bar, and I found a rock floor in the backyard, and the



called. "There is a...  
"That's the...  
that people in Al...  
time."  
"This is a...  
"Yes, this is a...  
"When will...  
"Around...  
almost because...  
"Oh, boy, I...  
"I don't...  
snow skates," said...  
Billy...  
watch for...  
"Yes, look...  
mother...  
"Could I...  
while he...  
way...  
"Hello, what...  
do you...  
Billy...  
I wore...  
face... and I...



ceilings look like logs, and Mother said maybe I could have a kitten." And before his Daddy could say anything, Billy went on again, "Mother said you have a surprise for us tonight."

"That's right," said Daddy. "We're all going out to dinner."

Soon the family was in the car and on their way.

"This is Christmas Tree street again," said Billy as Daddy turned onto Central Avenue. "We must be going to town."

They drove on and on until Daddy pointed to a billboard. Billy could read only the words "OLD TOWN" before the car turned off onto a dirt road. Billy noticed some mud houses but before he could say anything about them, Daddy said, "Look at those earth-colored houses. Those mud bricks are called adobe."

Soon Daddy stopped the car.

"This isn't a cafe . . . it's somebody's house," said Billy.

"Let's go in to see," said Father.

It was a cafe but it was not like any Billy had seen before. Real trees were growing right in the middle of the room. The tables had bright colored cloths on them and the chairs were made of leather over wooden frames. And there was a big corner fireplace like the little one in Billy's room.







"How many in your party?" asked the hostess at the door.

"Three," said Billy's Father, and the pretty girl in a long dress led them to a table. Billy watched the waitresses carrying trays of food to other people. It didn't look like any he had seen before either. Then all at once he said, "I saw some pancakes and an egg go by."

"That's pretty close," laughed Daddy. "You saw an enchilada with an egg on top. Is that what you want?"

"An enchilada with an egg on top," sang Billy.

"You'll have to order for me," said Mother. "I can't even read the menu."

"Can't you read?" asked Billy.

"Sure she can son, but this menu is written in Spanish."

"What's Spanish?"

But just then a girl came to take their orders. Daddy gave the orders and then said, "and a basket of sopapillas, too, please."

"Sofa pillows, Daddy?"

"Not sofa pillows--sopapillas," said Daddy. "A sopapilla is something to eat."

"These are so like sofa pillows," said Billy when their dinners came. "They are soft and fluffy like sofa



"How many times have I told you that?"

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"I know, but I can't help it."



pillows." Daddy showed him how to break off one corner and fill the sopapilla with honey. They all ate the fluffy fried bread.

"These sopapillas are like the fritters Grandmother used to make," said Mother.

After dinner Billy and his mother and father looked around the cafe. The floor was like the patio at Billy's house. The walls were very thick. The ceiling had big logs, called vigas, across it. Billy liked the big Mexican hats that hung on the walls.

"What's that string of red stuff on the wall?" asked Billy.

"Chili peppers," said Daddy. "It was peppers like those that made our food taste so hot."

Before they left Old Town, Mother and Daddy and Billy looked in the store windows and stopped at an old wishing well. Billy threw a penny in the well and wished for snow.

That night Mother and Daddy were talking before they went to bed. "I like Albuquerque," said Mother, "and Billy seems to like it, too. Do you think a kitten would keep him from being lonesome until he makes new friends here? He asked for one this afternoon."

"Why not?" said Daddy, "I'll see if I can buy one."



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The kitten that Daddy bought the next day was gray with black stripes. It had bits of white here and there on its coat. And it had a splattered orange spot on its head!

"You look as if someone dropped an egg on you," laughed Daddy as he put the kitten into the car.

Mother took one look at the kitten and said, "Let's call him Scrambled Eggs."

"No," said Billy, "his name is Enchilada. Look! He has an egg on top of his head!"

So Enchilada it was, and the window seat became Enchilada's favorite napping place.

On Sunday the family went to church. When Daddy drove up to the church Billy said, "This isn't a church, Daddy. It isn't white."

"Not all churches are white and not all buildings look alike," said Daddy. It was a church and on the inside it was much like the one where Billy had gone to Sunday School before he came to Albuquerque.

After church and while Mother was preparing dinner, Billy and his Daddy walked to the new school and back again three times. Then Daddy drove to the school and Billy walked home alone.

"But I don't want to go to school," said Billy as he was eating his breakfast on Monday morning.



The first time I saw him was at

with black wings. I saw him in the

the town. And I had a feeling

"You look like a ghost," I said

laughed. "You look like a ghost," I

noticed that he was looking at me

and his face was pale.

"No," he said. "I'm not a ghost."

has an egg on his face.

he thought it was a ghost.

and a favorite saying of his.

On Sunday, the day after

drove up to the house.

He was a little

"You all know me," he said

look like," said he.

It was much like

before he came to

after that.

Billy and his father

three times. Then

visited home alone.

"But I don't

was eating the



"Why not?" asked Father. "You always have liked school."

"Because I don't know anyone there," sobbed Billy.

"I know what you mean," said Mother. "We moved many times when I was little. I never liked to go to school the first day, but after that I always liked the new school better than the old one."

"You'll make it fine," said Father. "You already know the way home from school. Your Mother will go with you this morning. Maybe after that you will want to go alone or with a new friend. If not, one of us will go with you."

The outside of the school house looked different but inside it was just about like Billy's old school. There were ABC's above the blackboard. There were desks in a circle. And there was a reading book like the one he had begun to read before he came to Albuquerque.

This is better than I thought said Billy to himself. Miss Jackson was pretty like his Mother and almost as nice.

At lunch time Miss Jackson said, "Is your Mother coming to pick you up, Billy?"

"Oh, no," said Billy. "I know the way home already."

Billy walked proudly on all alone toward the new little house that looked like a partly melted chocolate bar.



"Why must I go to school?"

"School."

"Because I don't know how to read and write."

"I know what you mean, but you must go."

"When I was little, I was sent to school."

"First day, but after that I was there every day."

"Better than the old way."

"You'll make something out of it."

"Now the way home is much better."

"You this morning, when you were with me."

"Alone or with a new teacher."

"You."

"The outside of the school is very nice."

"Inside it is just as nice."

"We have a very good teacher."

"And she is very kind."

"Better than the old way."

"This is better than the old way."

"We have a very good teacher."

"And she is very kind."

"Better than the old way."

"This is better than the old way."

"We have a very good teacher."

"And she is very kind."



"Hey, Mom, I'm hungry!" called Billy as he ran into the house.

"Good," called Mother. "Wash your hands and then we will eat."

"May I go back and play as soon as I eat?" asked Billy. "Tommy wants me to play with him."

"Is Tommy one of your new friends?" asked Mother.

"Just one of them," said Billy happily.

"Does it ever snow out here?" Billy asked Miss Jackson when he returned to school.

"Oh, yes, sometimes it does. Do you miss the snow?"

Billy told Miss Jackson about the snow skates that he wanted for Christmas.

"Did you write to Santa Claus about the snow skates?" asked Miss Jackson.

"No," said Billy.

"Well," said Miss Jackson, "this afternoon you might find time to write a letter to Santa. I will help you spell the words that you do not know."



"Hey, no, I'm not going to the house."

the house.

"Good, I called to see."

will eat."

"And I'm not going to the house."

Bill. "Tommy wants to go to the house."

"Is Tommy one of the boys who go to the house?"

"Just one of the boys who go to the house."

"Does it ever rain in the house?"

and when he returned to the house.

"Oh, yes, it rains in the house."

Bill. "I don't like the house."

wanted for Christmas.

"Did you write to the house for Christmas?"

asked him to write to the house.

"No, I didn't write to the house."

"Well, I don't like the house."

and time to write to the house.

the words that you wrote to the house.



This is what Billy wrote:

December 9, 1955

516 Adobe Avenue

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Santa:

You were good to me last year. This year I live in a new house. I live in Albuquerque now. I have a fireplace in my room. Could you drop a pair of snow skates down the chimney?

Thank you,

Billy

Miss Jackson had to spell many words for the children but Billy knew how to spell Albuquerque. Miss Jackson was surprised when she saw that long word spelled right, but Billy just said, "I can spell Albuquerque."

Days came and went very slowly for Billy because he was waiting for Christmas, and he was waiting for snow skates, and he was waiting for snow! Each day, early in the morning and after school, he and Enchilada sat by the window and watched for snow. Cold winds came but no snow flakes fell.

Five days before Christmas Mother gave Billy a thick red candle in a big green stand. She had marked five rings on the candle. Each night Billy burned the candle down to



There is what I call a "ghost" in the machine.

It is a very old friend of mine.

He has been with me since I was a boy.

He is a very good friend, and I am very fond of him.

He is a very good friend, and I am very fond of him.

He is a very good friend, and I am very fond of him.

He is a very good friend, and I am very fond of him.

He is a very good friend, and I am very fond of him.

He is a very good friend, and I am very fond of him.

He is a very good friend, and I am very fond of him.

He is a very good friend, and I am very fond of him.

He is a very good friend, and I am very fond of him.

He is a very good friend, and I am very fond of him.

He is a very good friend, and I am very fond of him.



the next ring. As it burned, he and Enchilada sat and watched the flame flicker high and then low and then high again. As they sat, Billy talked and Enchilada listened.

"I guess Santa will get here even if it doesn't snow, but how can I use my snow skates in the sand?" asked Billy. Enchilada looked at Billy with big round eyes but didn't answer.

On the last day as Enchilada and Billy watched the candle burn way down, Mother was busy preparing dinner for Christmas Eve. The tree was lighted in the living room and shiny packages were under it. Billy could read the tags on every package.

"Back home there would be presents from Grandmother under the tree," said Billy.

"This is home now," said Mother. "But Grandmother did not forget you, I'm sure. Her box will come through the mail. The postmen are very busy at Christmas time."

Daddy came home early and took Billy to a pet shop to buy Enchilada's Christmas present. Billy bought a catnip mouse and before they left the shop they looked in all the cages. Billy liked the little brown monkey best of all but he laughed at a big green parrot that kept saying, "Hello, Good-bye, Hello, Good-bye."

When they got home Mother had the table set with a bright red cloth and red napkins. The napkins had real



the next day. As it was, we went to the  
vestibule and there sat down. The  
again. As they sat, I was  
"I guess that's all," I said.  
but now that I was here, I was  
Kathleen's father. I was  
answer.  
On the first day, I was  
candle burn was down, and  
Christmas Eve. The  
and shiny packages were  
tags on every package.  
"Back to the store," I said.  
under the tree, and  
"Write to me," I said.  
did not forget. I was  
the wall. The  
Daddy was gone. I was  
to my Kathleen's  
house and before long  
again. I was  
he laughed at a  
"Good-bye, Kathleen,"  
with my  
bright red cloth



bells at the corners. The best dishes were out and the table shone with silver and shiny glasses. Mother was wearing her best dress.

Billy put Enchilada's mouse under the tree and he and Daddy dressed for dinner. Mother put Christmas songs on the record player and they listened to music while they ate.

They had a happy dinner and then Billy and Daddy helped Mother clear the table and stack the dishes. Billy carried a tray with the coffee pot and three cups to the living room. Mother brought thin slices of fruit cake.

"Since it is Christmas," laughed Mother, "Billy will have coffee with us."

Billy laughed as Mother poured just enough coffee in his cup to color the milk! Then all three of them drank coffee and ate fruit cake. Billy was just finishing his third slice of cake when the telephone rang.

"It's for you," said Father, as he handed the phone to Billy.

"Is this Mr. Bill White, Jr?" asked the telephone operator.

"Yes, it is," said Billy.

"Go ahead, please," said the operator.

And then Billy heard Grandmother's voice saying, "Merry Christmas!"



believe at the corner.

Table alone with silver and glass.

waiting her best dress.

Billy got dressed in a hurry.

and Daddy dressed for dinner.

on the second floor.

etc.

They had a happy dinner.

helped Mother clear the table.

carried a tray with the coffee.

living room.

"Since it is Christmas,

have coffee with us."

Billy invited a friend.

in his cup to color the milk.

drank coffee and saw Billy.

his third slice of pie.

"It's for you," said Father.

to Billy.

"Is this Mr. White?"

operator.

"Yes, it is," said Billy.

"Go ahead, please."

and then Billy heard

"Merry Christmas!"



"It's Grandmother!" shouted Billy. "Oh, Grandmother, Merry Christmas! I had coffee in the living room and I saw a monkey at a pet shop, and I sure do miss you, Grandmother!"

"I miss all of you, too," said Grandmother. "Did your package get there yet, Billy?"

"Not yet," said Billy.

"It will soon," said Grandmother. "Now may I talk to your Mother, please?"

Grandmother talked to Mother and Father and then again to Billy before she hung up.

"Grandmother says there is lots of snow back there," said Billy.

Christmas Day was "Santa Claus Christmas" at Billy's home and Christmas Eve was "family Christmas." With only light from the Christmas tree and the fireplace, Billy and Mother and Daddy sat on the rug in front of the pile of presents.

"Ladies first," said Daddy. "What are you going to open first, Mother?"

"This," said Mother, and she held up the package Billy had brought home from school. "Oh, Bill, look!" she squealed as she pulled away the paper. "It is a shadow picture of Billy."

"That is Billy," said Daddy as he held up the picture. "How did you ever make it?"



"It's a long time since I saw you," said Billy.  
"I'm glad to see you," said Mother.  
"I'm glad to see you," said Billy.

"I wish you were here," said Mother.  
"I wish you were here," said Billy.

"I wish you were here," said Mother.  
"I wish you were here," said Billy.

"I wish you were here," said Mother.  
"I wish you were here," said Billy.

"I wish you were here," said Mother.  
"I wish you were here," said Billy.

"I wish you were here," said Mother.  
"I wish you were here," said Billy.

"I wish you were here," said Mother.  
"I wish you were here," said Billy.

"I wish you were here," said Mother.  
"I wish you were here," said Billy.

"I wish you were here," said Mother.  
"I wish you were here," said Billy.



"Miss Jackson helped me," said Billy. "She traced around the shadow of my face and then I cut it out of black paper and pasted it on the white paper. All the kids made one."

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," said Mother as she hugged Billy three times.

"Thanks, Billy," said Father.

"It's O. K.," said Billy.

"You're next," said Father, handing Billy a big long box from Mother. Billy tore off the papers and found a fuzzy dark blue bathrobe.

"Shake it out," said Mother.

Billy did and out fell a tiny wind-up car, a yo-yo and a cowboy handkerchief.

"Put it on," said Father.

Billy did and when he put his hands in his pockets he pulled out a silver dollar from each pocket.

"This is keen, Mother. Thanks!"

"Daddy next," said Billy and handed him a big long box from Mother.

"It's a bathrobe just like Billy's," cried Daddy as he opened the box. "Nancy, did you make these?" he asked.

"I sure did," laughed Mother. "I did my sewing while you were at work and Billy was at school."

"Look in your pocket," said Billy. "Did you get silver dollars, too?"







Daddy pulled a note out of one pocket. It said "Merry Christmas." A note from the other pocket said "I love you."

"Mother, you are wonderful," said Daddy as he handed her a long fancy package.

"It's another bathrobe," she cried as she carefully pulled away the pretty wrapping paper. "It's soft, and blue, and beautiful. Thank you, thank you!"

"It's for a beautiful lady," said Father.

"Hey, can I open that other package?" asked Billy.

"Your Mother may not like it, but go ahead," laughed Daddy.

"A drum, an Indian drum," cried Billy as he beat on it with the sticks. "Oh, Daddy, this is the drum I saw that night we went out to eat enchiladas."

"Speaking of enchiladas," said Daddy, "where is that cat?"

"Look, Daddy," cried Billy, "Enchilada opened his own package!"

There were bits of cardboard on the floor and Enchilada was playing with the catnip mouse.

"Guess Enchilada could smell the catnip and knew it was for him," said Daddy.

"Help me pick up these papers," said Mother. "We want Santa to think we are good housekeepers."







When the things were all picked up and the presents were laid out under the tree, Daddy said, "Let's go to see the Christmas lights. Billy may stay up late tonight because there is no school tomorrow."

"I'll bet he will be the first one up anyway," said Mother.

Daddy drove up one street and down the next and Billy pressed his face against the cold window of the car and looked at each house. Some houses had Santa Clauses on the roofs; some had reindeer on the lawns; some houses had rows and rows of colored lights outlining the roof tops. And some houses, like Billy's, had just big Christmas trees in the picture windows. Billy, and his Mother and Daddy liked the houses with the luminarios best of all. They had never before seen anything like them. Daddy stopped the car and they got out and looked at some luminarios that were on the ground.

"Look," said Daddy, "the men at work told me about them. See, it is a brown paper bag with a candle inside. The candle is in the sand in the sack."

"What a soft lovely light they give," said Mother. "It looks like golden light coming from a church window."

"It is a very old custom," said Father. "The Spanish people used them long ago on Christmas to guide the Christ Child to their homes."



When the children were all in bed, the mother  
went into the room and laid out the things  
for Christmas morning. With her finger  
she traced the names of the children  
on the stockings hanging from the chimney.  
"I'll see that each of you has a good  
stocking filled with presents."

Early in the morning the children  
awoke and found their stockings  
filled with presents. They looked at each  
other and then at the stockings hanging  
from the chimney. Some had stockings  
filled with presents, some had stockings  
filled with presents, some had stockings  
filled with presents. The children  
looked at each other and then at the  
stockings hanging from the chimney.  
"I'll see that each of you has a good  
stocking filled with presents."

"Look," said John, "there are presents  
in the stockings. See, it is a present  
in the stocking. The candle is in the  
stocking. What a good stocking!"  
"It looks like golden threads," said  
Mary. "It is a very good stocking."  
"I'll see that each of you has a good  
stocking filled with presents."



"What a beautiful idea!" said Mother.

The family drove on and saw more buildings with every roof top, wall, and side walk outlined with the soft yellow light.

Finally Daddy said, "It surely is quiet in this car."

"Oh," said Mother. "We had better go home. Billy is sound asleep."

Billy woke up early on Christmas morning. He went right to his corner fireplace. And there--sure enough--was a long package. It was wrapped in gay red and white paper. It was standing on end and had a few black streaks on it as if it had come down the chimney.

"Mother! Daddy! Look! See what was in my fireplace. Look!" Sitting on the edge of Mother's and Daddy's bed, he ripped the paper off a pair of beautiful little skis. "Snow skates! Snow skates!" said Billy softly as he turned them over and over. Then he ran to the window to see if there was any snow on the ground, but no, it was just as bare out there as it had been last night.

"Please bring us our new bathrobes," said Mother.  
"They are under the tree."

"New bathrobes," sang Billy as he headed for the living room. "Hey, get up! Get up!" he called. "Santa's been in here, too."



"What a beautiful night!"  
The family drove on, and the moonlight  
every foot step, and the moonlight  
yellow light.  
Finally they came to a small house,  
"Oh," said Robert, "that is the house where  
somebody is sleeping."

Billie woke up and saw that the moonlight  
right to his corner. He was  
a long package. It was wrapped in paper and  
it was standing on the floor. He was  
it it had come down from the sky.  
"Robert! Robert! Robert!" he called.  
"Look! Robert! Robert! Robert!" he called.  
He signed the paper with a pen and wrote  
Robert! Robert! Robert!  
over and over. He wrote it over and over  
was any more on the ground. He wrote it over and over  
there as it had been before.

"Please bring me the package," said Robert.  
"They are under the tree."  
"See Robert!" he said.  
living room. "Well, it is a beautiful night."  
been in here, too."



"Bring us our bathrobes so that we can," called Mother. "And put yours on, too, so that you don't catch cold."

Soon all three of them were again on the floor in front of the Christmas tree. Packages were scattered near the fireplace. Billy opened one. "Roller skates," said Billy.

"In case it doesn't snow, I guess," said Daddy.

Billy started to open the other one. "I'll bet it's another bathrobe," he said. "It's just about like that other long box."

But no . . . inside were three pairs of blue jeans and two plaid shirts and one long-sleeved T-shirt.

"Oh, boy, just like the fellows here wear to school. This little package is for you, Mother," said Billy.

"Oh, smell," said Mother. "It's perfume."

"Didn't Santa bring you anything, Daddy?"

"Guess I wasn't a good boy this year," laughed Daddy.

Billy looked real sad. "You may have my roller skates, Daddy," he said.

"Oh, no, Billy, Santa left them for you. Say, where is your stocking? Didn't you hang up one this year?"

Billy didn't answer, but ran to the fireplace in his room. He came back with a big, lumpy sock and tipped everything out on the rug. Candy canes, a ball, little cars,



"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.

"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.

"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.

"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.

"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.

"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.

"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.

"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.

"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.

"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.

"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.

"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.

"I'm not a very good person," said the boy.

"No, you're not," said the girl.



nuts, an orange, gum, and a package marked "Daddy" lay on the rug.

"Daddy, Santa got mixed up. This is your package. It sure is small," said Billy.

Inside was a wee little clock that folded into a little brown case.

"Just the thing to take on my trips," said Daddy. "It even has an alarm on it."

As Daddy was trying out the alarm, the doorbell rang.

"It's the mailman," called Billy, and he came back with a big package.

"That poor postman works even on Christmas Day," said Daddy.

"Oh, boy!" said Billy. "We had three Christmases! Our presents last night, Santa's gifts this morning, and now Grandmother's box! I like Christmas in A-l-b-u-q-u-e-r-q-u-e," spelled Billy.

"Poor little chap," said Daddy after Billy was asleep that night. "Christmas without snow is hard on him."

"Maybe it will snow before long. People say it does snow here, you know," said Mother.

"That boy is going to be hard to live with if it doesn't," said Billy's father.



nuts, an orange, gum, and a piece of candy. "Look at the pig."

"Daddy, Santa got mixed up. This is not a pig. It sure is small," said Billy.

Inside was a box with a picture of a little brown case. "That's the same as mine," said Billy.

"It even has an alert on it," said Billy. "Daddy was trying to get the money and the chocolate."

"It's the money," said Billy. "That's the money." "With a big package."

"That's the money," said Billy. "That's the money." "That's the money."

said Billy. "Oh, boy!" said Billy. "That's the money."

Our presents last night, Santa's gift was money. Now Grandmother's box is the same as the one I got.

"p-p-p," replied Billy. "That's the money."

"That's the money," said Billy. "That's the money." "That's the money."

"Maybe it will show where Santa is," said Billy. "That's the money."

said Billy. "That's the money." "That's the money."



"I wish school would start again," Billy told Enchilada the next afternoon.

"Enchilada doesn't wish so," said Mother. "He doesn't have anyone to play with when you are at school. Why don't you call Tommy to see if he can come and roller skate with you?"

"Tommy went away to see his Grandmother. He won't be back yet."

"Why don't you paint a picture with the new paints Grandmother sent you?"

"What can I paint?"

"Why not paint the mountains?" asked Mother.

Billy got his paints and then ran outside to get a good look at the mountains.

"Mother, the mountains are white on top today," he said when he came back.

"Of course, dear," said Mother. "That's snow on top of them."

"SNOW!" shouted Billy. "SNOW? Snow like we had back home?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mother.

"How far is it to the mountains?" asked Billy.

"Can't be too far," said Mother. "Your father said that we would go there for picnics next summer."



"I wish school would start earlier," Billy said.  
"The next afternoon."

"Everybody knows," Billy said, "that I don't  
have anyone to play with when I am at school. I wish  
you call Tommy to see if he can come and play with me."  
"You?"

"Tommy says he will see me at school," Billy said.  
"Back you?"

"Why don't you bring a picture with you?" Billy said.  
"Grandmother sent you?"

"What can I bring?" Billy asked.  
"Why not bring the picture of your mother?"

Billy got his picture and then ran upstairs to get a  
good look at the picture.

"Mother, the picture was with me today," Billy said.  
"Said when he came home."

"Of course, Henry," Billy said, "I said to you  
of them."

"Now!" Billy said, "I said to you of them."

"Now, I suppose so," Billy said.  
"How far is it to the school?"

"Can't be too far," Billy said, "I said to you of them."

"That we would go there for picture, Billy said."



"Next Summer? Let's go now! The snow will melt in summer."

"Why not talk it over with Daddy tonight?", asked Mother.

At last Billy's father came home. But before Billy could ask him about the mountains, Daddy said, "Look up there, Billy. Do you know what that white stuff is on the mountains?"

"Snow," shouted Billy, sliding around on make-believe snow skates.

"Let's go to the mountains tomorrow and see how those snow skates work."

That night Billy went to bed happy and dreamed of purple mountains with white tops and little boys and shiny snow skates.

"Seems funny to wear these winter clothes and rubber boots again," said Mother on the way to the mountains.

"It seems good," said Billy.

"You will need them up there," said Father.

Once in the mountains, Billy put on his snow skates and began to slide and slide and slide.

"This is keen," he said over and over, and he took long sliding steps with the wooden skates.



"Next summer, I'll be back here with you."

"Summer."

"Why not talk to me about it now?"

"Mother."

"At last Billy's father came home."

"Could ask him about the mountains, didn't you?"

"There, Billy. Do you know what the mountains are on?"

"Mountains?"

"Snow," answered Billy, "didn't you say so?"

"Snow skates."

"Let's go to the mountains tomorrow and see."

"Snow skates very."

"That night Billy went to bed happy and content."

"Purple mountains with white snow and blue sky."

"Snow skates."

"Seems funny to me that Billy was so happy."

"Boots again," said Mother, "the boots are the key."

"It seems good," said Billy.

"You will need them in there," said Mother.

"Once in the mountains, Billy gave up his boots."

"and began to slide and slide and slide."

"This is fun," he said, "and over, and over."

"Long sliding steps with the snow skates."



"When I get bigger, may I get real skis?" called Billy.

"Who knows," said Daddy, "maybe your Mother and I will learn to ski someday, too."

While Billy slid around on the ice and snow Mother and Daddy made a big funny snow man. They used the branch of a tree for the snow man's broom and rocks for its eyes and nose. With her own lipstick Mother gave the snow man a happy smile.

Just before they started back to town, Daddy put his hat on the snowman's head and Mother tied her scarf around its snowy neck. Then Billy, on his snow skates, stood close to the snow man and Daddy took colored pictures of the two of them.

"Don't forget your hat," said Billy as he got into the car.

"Nor my scarf," cried Mother as she ran back to get it.

Back in their own warm house that afternoon, Billy painted a picture for Grandmother. It was a picture of the new little house that looked like a melted chocolate bar.

While the paint was drying, Mother helped Billy spell words to write a letter to Grandmother. This was Billy's letter:



"When I get bigger, I'll get a dog."

Billy.

"Who knows, Billy?"

Will learn to ask himself, too.

While Billy did stand on the porch,

and Daddy made a big thing out of it,

of a tree for the snow and a tree for the snow

and nose. With her own little fingers she

a happy smile.

Just before they started back to town,

hat on the snowman's head and a tree for the snow

its snowy neck. Then Billy, the little snow

close to the snow man and a tree for the snow

two of them.

"Don't forget your hat," Billy said to her.

the car.

"Not my secret," said Billy to her.

it.

Back in their own house, Billy

painted a picture for the snowman.

new little house that looked like a real house.

While the paint was wet, Billy

spell words to write a letter.

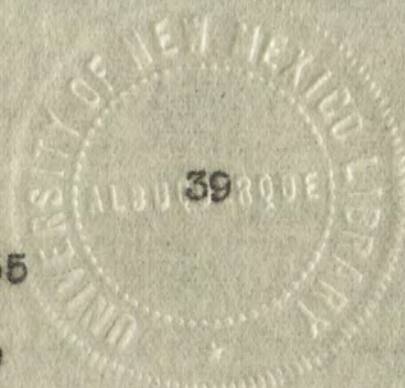
Billy's letter:



December 27, 1955

516 Adobe Avenue

Albuquerque, New Mexico



Dear Grandmother:

Thank you for all my Christmas things.

I miss you and I miss the snow.

Santa brought me snow skates and we found snow up in the mountains.

I have a kitten named Enchilada.

Our house looks like a chocolate bar.

I painted a picture of it with the paints you sent me.

Come to see us soon.

Oh, Grandmother, it's snowing right now!

Love,

Billy

P.S. I can spell Albuquerque





January 1914  
New York City  
Mexico

Dear Grandmother:

Thank you for all my letters.

I miss you and I miss the house.

Santa brought me some letters and I was

so happy.

I have a kitten named Lulubelle.

Our house looks like a school now.

I painted a picture of the house and sent it.

Come to see us soon.

Oh, Grandmother, it's wonderful!

Yours truly,  
L. E.

NEW YORK

P.S. I can spell alphabetically.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK



# GLOSSARY







## GLOSSARY

- Adobe . . . . . Adobe is sun dried mud bricks used in building houses and walls. Sometimes straw, grass or sand are added to the mud to keep it from cracking as it dries.
- Enchilada . . . . . Enchiladas are corn pancakes served with chili. Sometimes they are served with an egg.
- Luminarios . . . . . Luminarios are festive lights, made of brown paper bags, partly filled with sand, with a lighted candle inside, used especially on Christmas Eve.
- Patio . . . . . A patio is a court yard. Sometimes the "floor" is made of rock or bricks.
- Sopapillas . . . . . Sopapillas are puffy fritters served with honey. (Also spelled "sopaipia").
- Vigas . . . . . Vigas are beams or poles of wood used in the ceilings of buildings.



- Adobe . . . . . Adobe is a hard material and is used in building houses and walls. It is made of mud and straw and is dried in the sun.
- Enchilada . . . . . Enchiladas are made of corn tortillas rolled around a filling of meat, cheese, and sauce. They are served with beans and rice.
- Luncheon . . . . . Luncheon is a light meal, usually served between 12:00 and 2:00. It is often served in a restaurant or a club.
- Patio . . . . . A patio is an outdoor space, usually paved, that is attached to a house. It is often used for sitting and dining.
- Superstition . . . . . Superstition is a belief in supernatural forces or powers. It is often based on tradition or folklore.
- Village . . . . . A village is a small community of people, usually living in a rural area. It is often surrounded by fields and forests.



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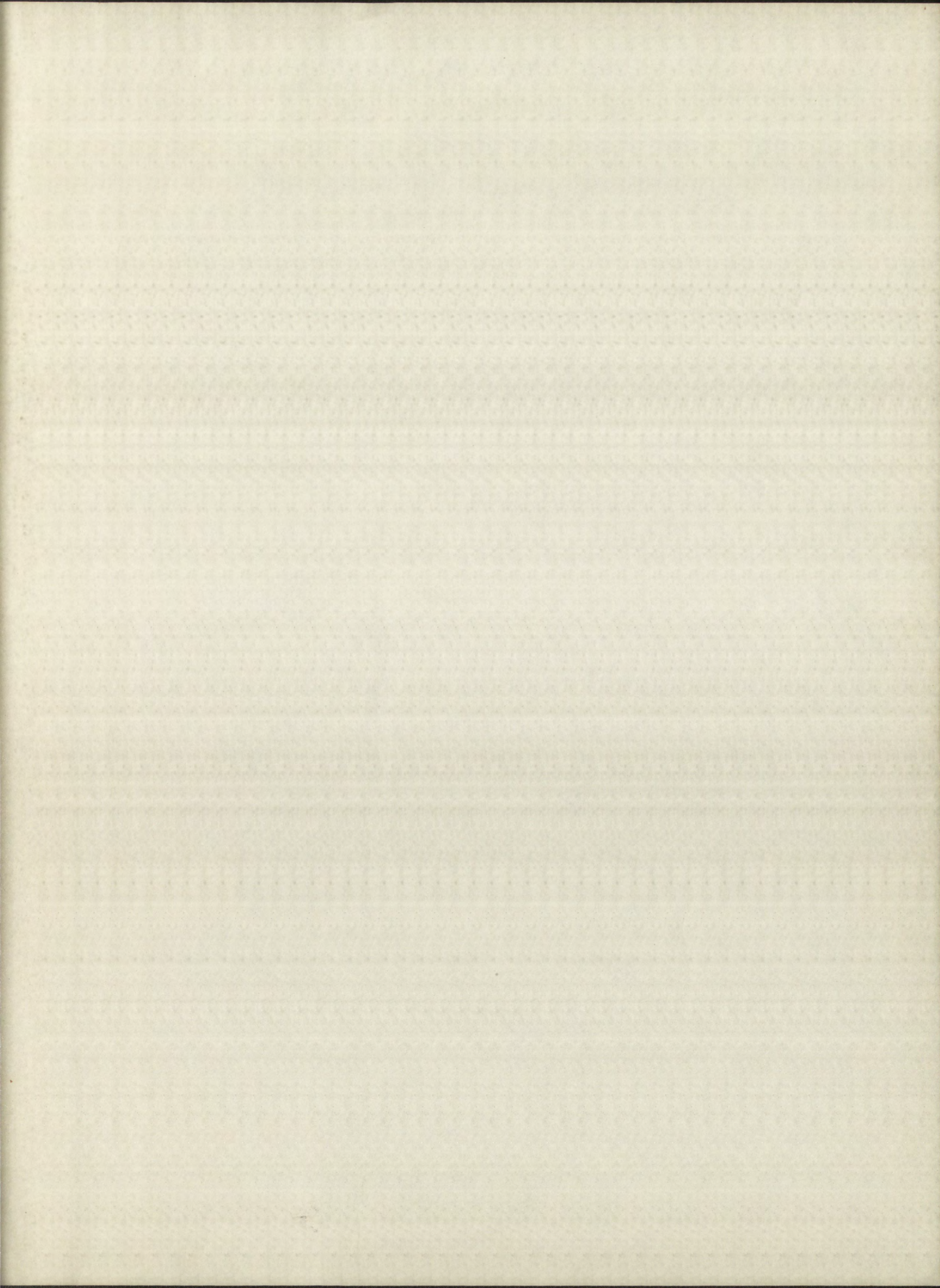
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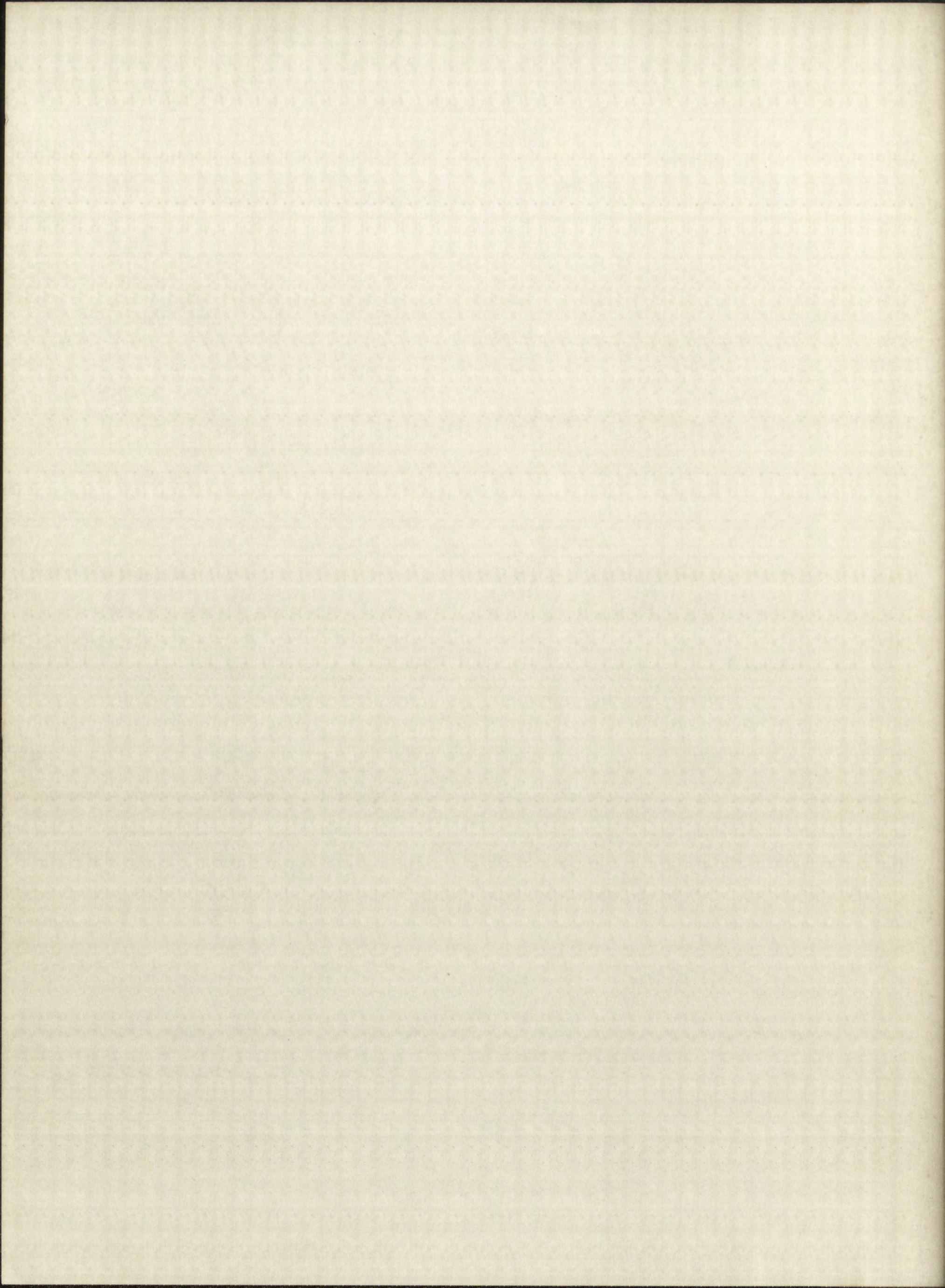
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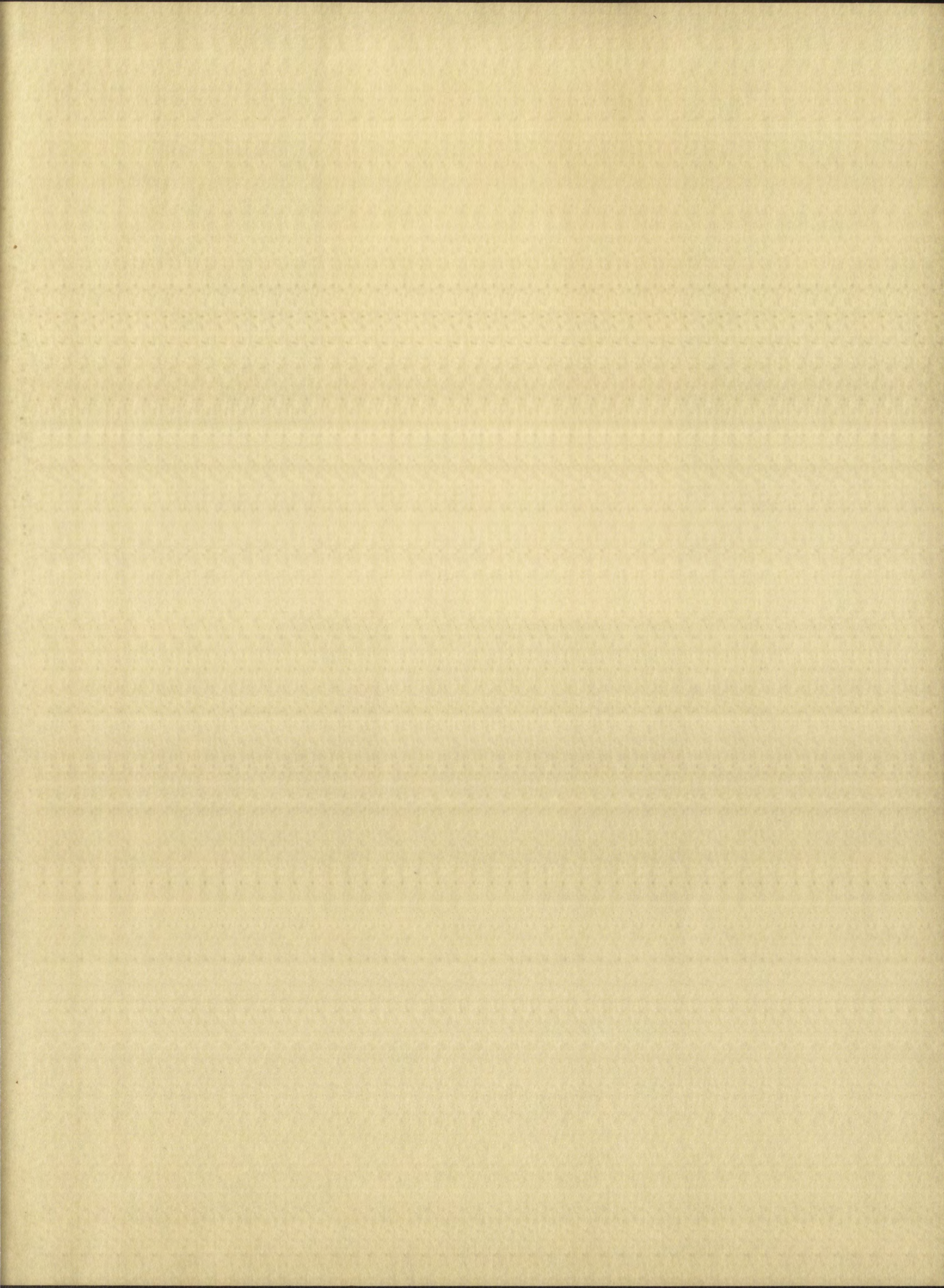














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