

Schools AT WAR

A REPORT TO THE NATION



Independence Hall
PHILADELPHIA
1776

SPONSORED BY • • THE WAR SAVINGS STAFF OF THE U. S. TREASURY
DEPARTMENT, THE U. S. OFFICE OF EDUCATION AND ITS WARTIME COMMISSION



SCHOOL St. Mary Academy

ADDRESS Pottawatomie County, Sacred Heart, Okla.

STREET

TOWN

STATE

Sacred
Heart

WE REPORT TO THE NATION

We herewith submit a bird's-eye view report of our
SCHOOLS AT WAR Program. It includes factual and pictorial
accounts of our War Savings Program and other outstanding
war activities. It is tangible proof of the resourcefulness, skills,
activities and the will to win of every student, teacher and
parent enlisted in our SCHOOLS AT WAR Program.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Name of School St Mary Academy

Address Sacred Heart

Oklahoma

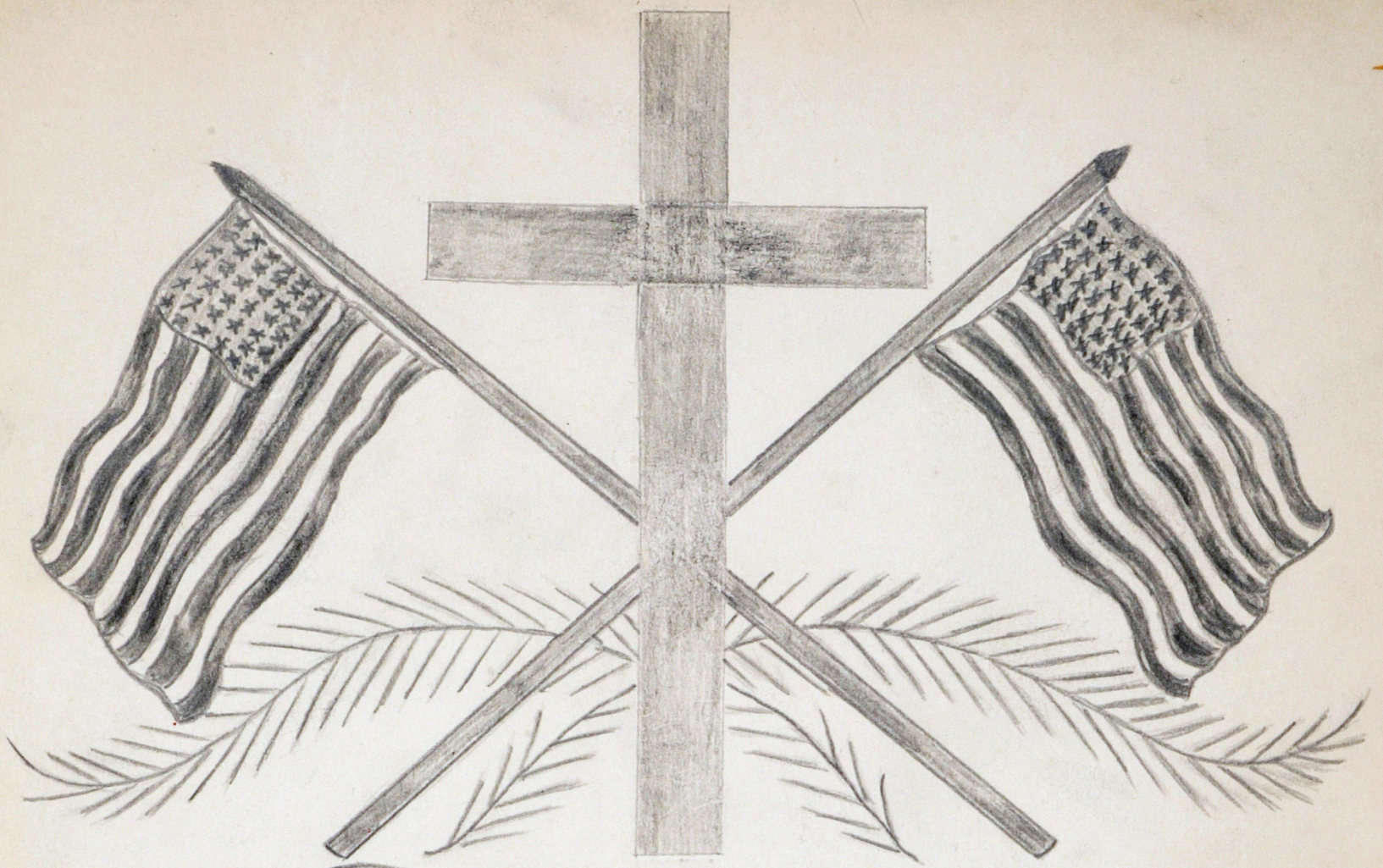
Enrollment 52 Grades 1-10

No. of Teachers 4 No. of Classrooms 4

Size of Community _____

Cash Value of War Stamps and Bonds sold during SCHOOLS AT

WAR Program \$ 1,474.00



PRAYER

PATRIOTISM

PEACE

*Alice Greene
Grade 8*



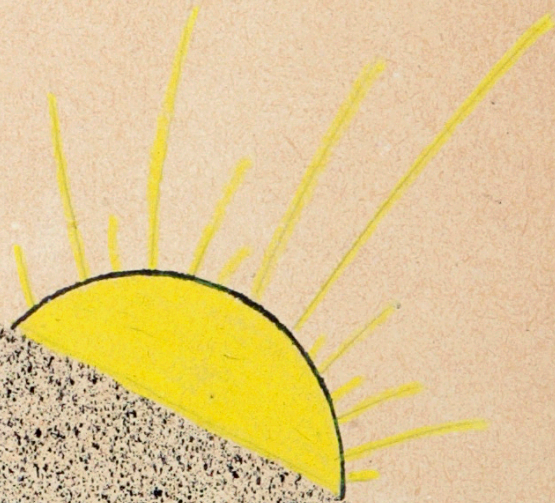
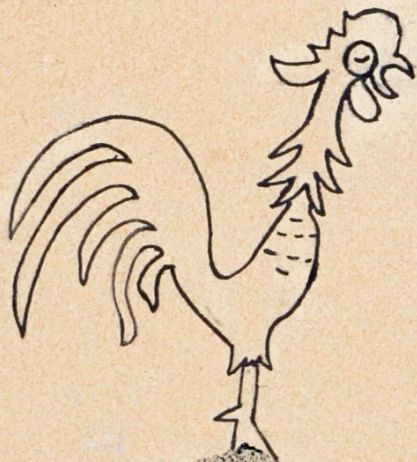
OB
BEY
YOUR
COUNTRY'S
CALL

*Edna Mae Johnson
6 Grade*

NIGHT



DAY



**WE OBSERVE DAY
LIGHT SAVING TIME**

*Pauline Lewis
Grade 7*



WE DO OUR
PART

Vito Ann Sneeze
Grade 6



WE
SAVE
GREASE
TO
HELP
WIN
PEACE

Corena Mae Tiger
Grade 6

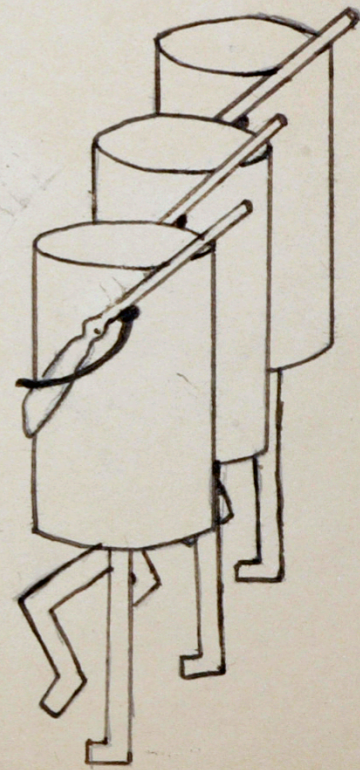
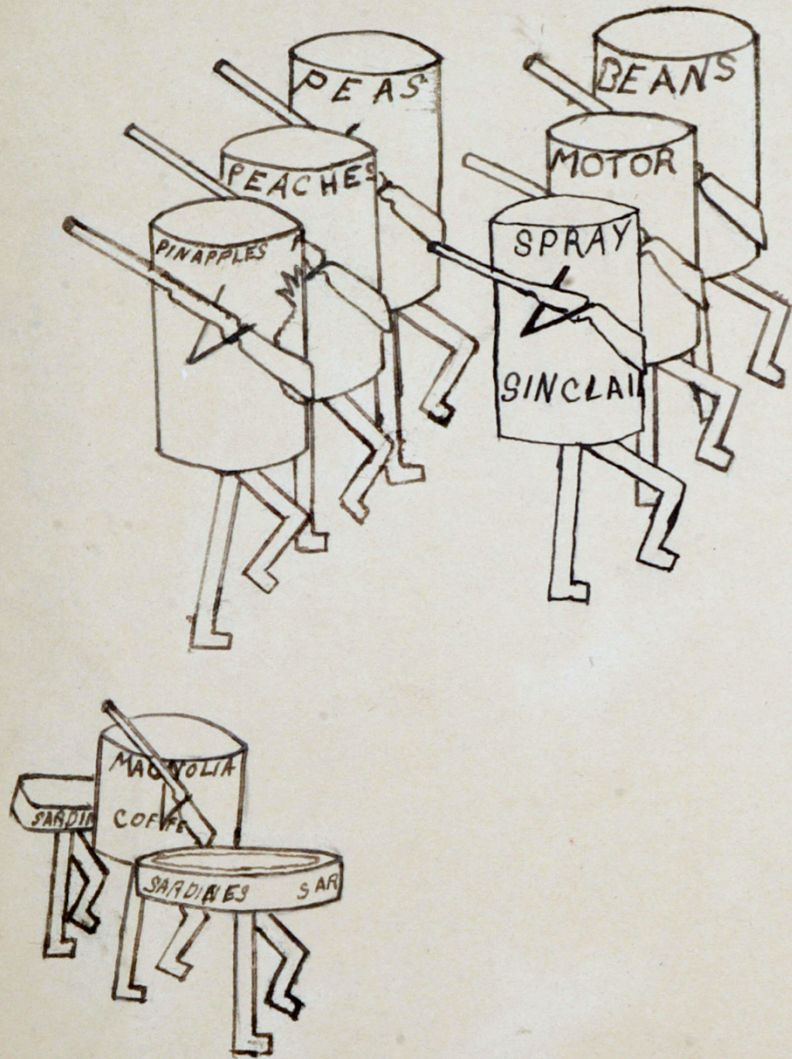
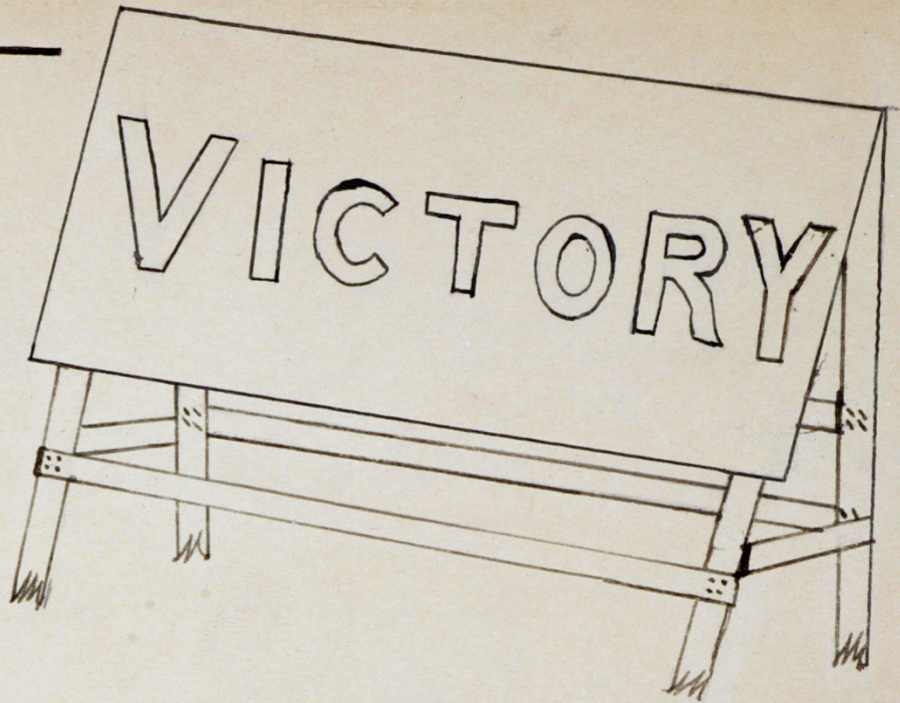
WE



STEP WITH
THE
TIMES


Betty DeLondis
Grade 6

MARCHING ON TO —



Theresa Grove
Grade 9

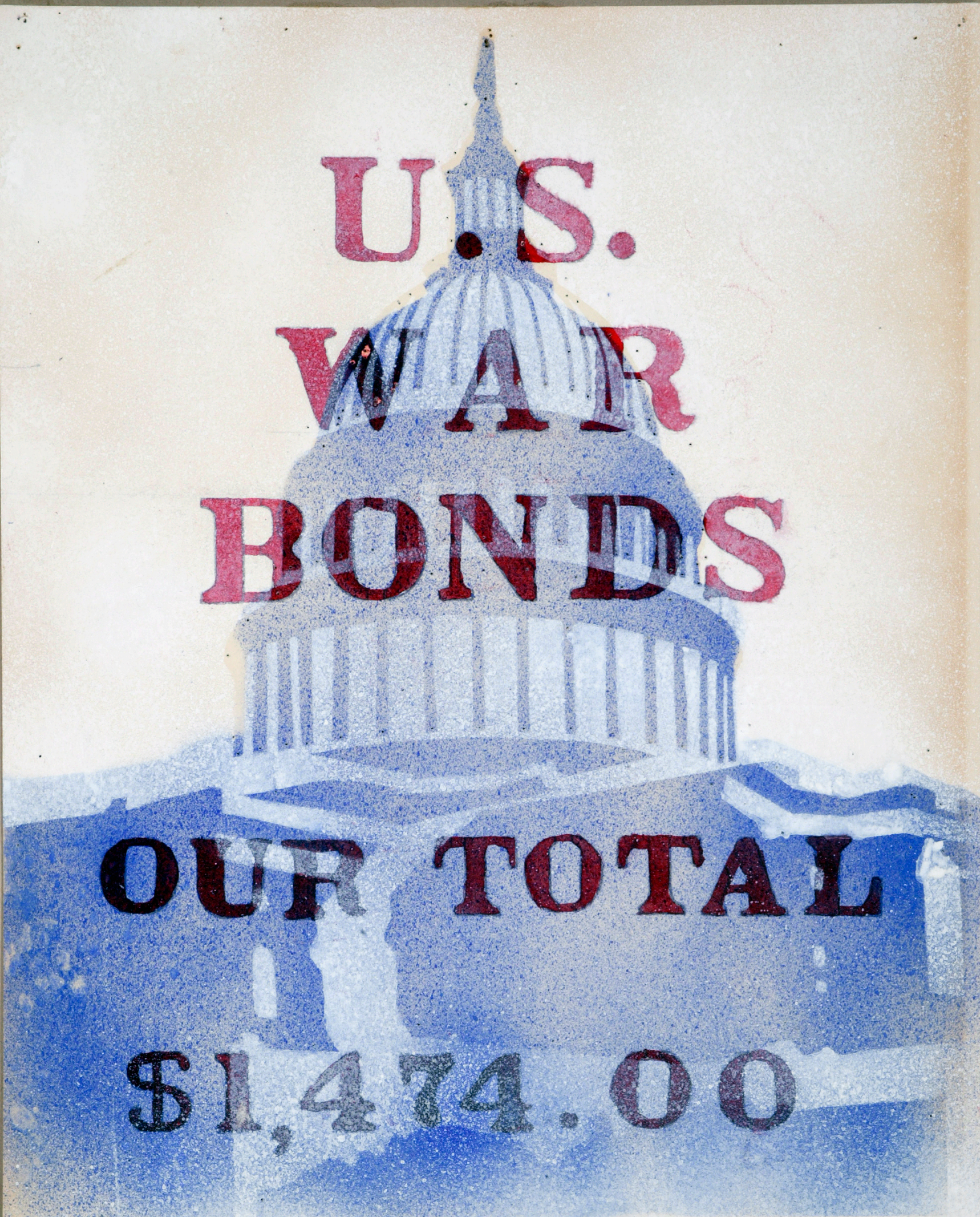
BOND AT

A simple line drawing of a chair is positioned to the left of the word 'BOND'. A shoe is drawn at the bottom right of the word 'BOND'.

WORK

A simple line drawing of a stick figure is positioned to the right of the word 'WORK'. The figure is holding a lightbulb in its right hand.

Pauline Lewis
Grade 7



**U.S.
WAR
BONDS**

OUR TOTAL

\$1,474.00



**P R A Y
D A I L Y
F O R
T H E
S O L D I E R
B O Y S**



Ammie Ann Dorene Allred.

PRAY

FOR

VICTORY

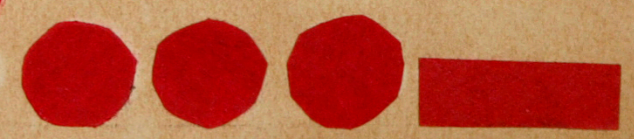
U.S.A.

WE ARE IN IT

LET'S WIN IT

PRAY

FOR



*Warrintha Lewis
Grade 8th*

Warrington Lewis
Grade 8th



IDLE GOSSIP SINKS
SHIPS

Vita Ann Greene
Grade 6

11" x 14"

“KEEP MAIL
IN THE AIR”



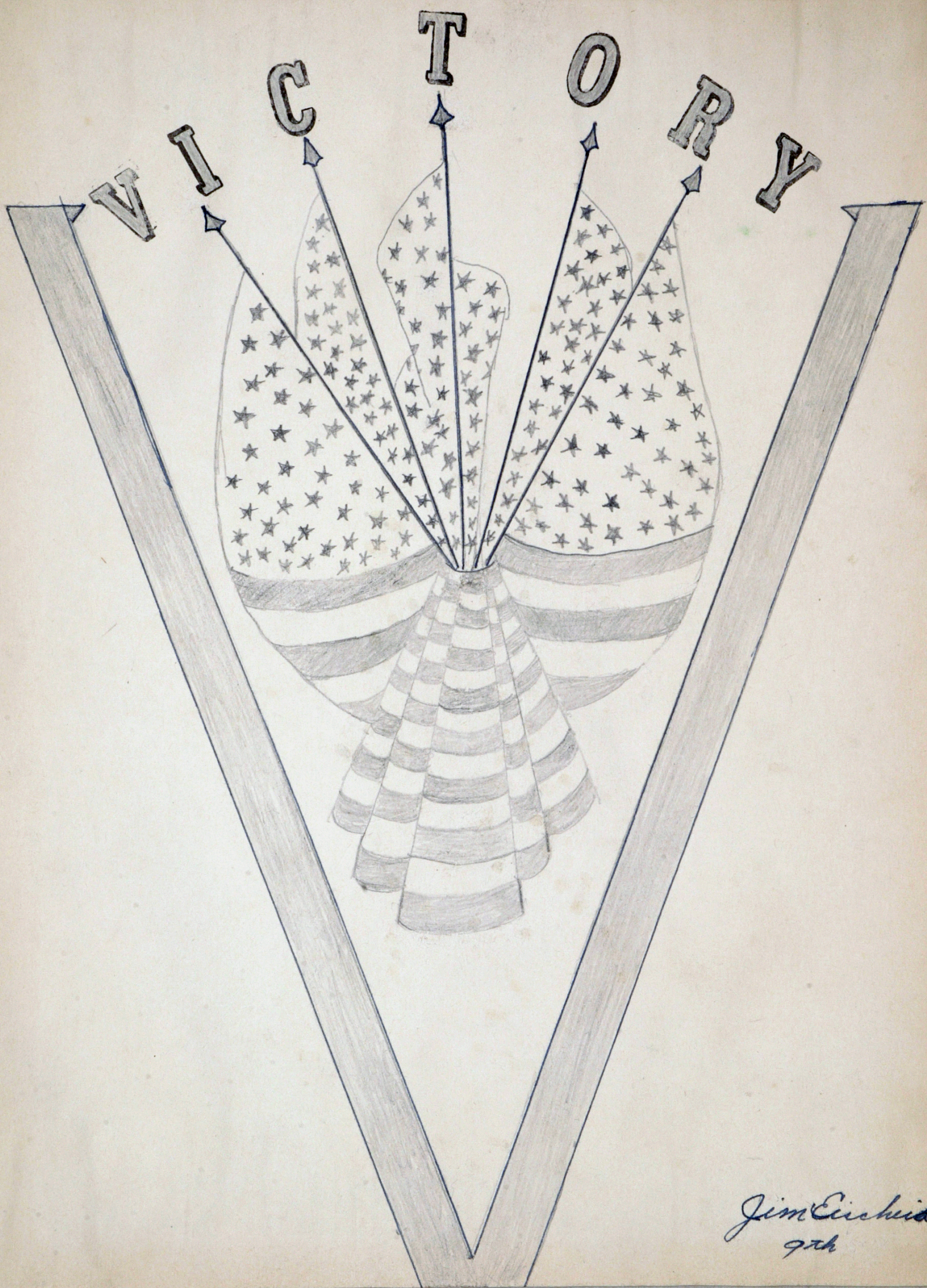
I RECOLLECT WHEN A LETTER
FROM HOME MEANT A
“HEAP TO A FELLER”

Irene Wapkinch
Grade 10

3,158

LBS.

US
CRA
IRON



Jim Eiskind
9th

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

A TOY TRUCK

I was born in a dark iron mine. My mother and father were two big pieces of iron. I was a smaller piece. Nothing ever happened around my home so we never knew there was such a thing as excitement.

But we were soon to find out, for one hot day there was a great rumble and noise. Soon lights came on all over the mine. We could hear something talking, and the language! I never heard anything like it before.

Soon the walls began to shake, and something hit me on the head, and that's all I can remember until the next day when I woke up from which seemed a long, long sleep. I found I was in a big wooden car rolling along all by itself. There were a few relatives with me in the box with whom I stayed until I got acquainted with the other people.

When I got pretty used to the place, I went to search for mother and father, but I could not find them anywhere, so I went back from where I started weary and homesick.

The next morning it was completely different. We were carried out of the mine into a beautiful world. Everything was green, airy, and what I liked most was a beautiful bright ball that moved along overhead with a pale blue sky for its background.

Soon it grew dark and the bright ball I had been watching all day began to disappear below the horizon. We did not go far after it had begun to get dark. We were dumped into a room with some other iron. I was so sleepy that I went right to sleep.

A great big noise woke me up about daylight, but I just lay in my bed and rested. I was dozing off to sleep again when I discovered we were being taken in large buckets and put into pots which were worked by machinery. All the dirt and other minerals were separated

from our bodies. This is called refining; I later learned from some of the better educated friends of mine.

After the refining was finished, we were put into some kind of machinery; I don't remember what you call it, but anyway, we were melted down.

Then we were put into molds that made us the shape of the molds. I was molded into a truck. You know, these kinds of army trucks. After I cooled, I was taken to a room with lots of other toys. I was put on a shelf with some toy trucks just like myself.

People came and people went. Some picked us up, but always put us into our places. Soon all the people began to leave. The only person in the room was a man who didn't pay any attention to us toys because he was going over a file of papers.

Everything was quiet, and I was beginning to wonder how long it would be before the man went out and we would be left by ourselves, when a little boy came in. He walked around and looked at the toys. Then he picked up a kit. He came over and looked at us. He picked up one of the other trucks and me and carried us over to the man at the file. They had a short conversation. Then the man gave the little boy a small brown paper sack into which the little boy put us. He carried us out of the toy store.

When the little boy got home, he took us out of the paper sack and put us into a box in which were a few of his other toys. The next morning he took us out of the box and took us outside. I surely enjoyed the sunshine after being in that old stuffy box. He played with us for a while, but when his little dog came along, he started playing with him and let us lie where he left us. When his mother called him to dinner, he gathered up his toys and took them with him. But he didn't take all of his toys, for there I was just as he left me.

Day after day, come sunshine or rain, I remained where I was. My paint was beginning to wear off, and I was getting rusty. Then one day I heard shouting and laughing and talking. Children were running around picking up something and throwing it into a pile, but I couldn't make out what it was.

Then a little girl who was walking around all by herself saw me and came over and picked me up. She threw me

into a pile which was just some old pieces of rusty scrap iron like me. When the children were satisfied with what they had, they put us into trucks and we were taken away.

We were melted down again like we were before, but we were made into different shapes. I cannot very well recall the shape, but it was rather square. Then we were passed along and pieces were fitted to us. The pieces soon became very large so we were taken into another room.

This room was very large and much different from the first. This one contained the partly finished bodies of airplanes. We were handed to some men who fitted large pieces around us and we were put into one of the airplanes.

Soon I saw that the large piece of iron that I was in formed the wing of an airplane.

Then we were painted, and I am very proud to say that one of the men painted a star right on my side! After everything was finished, we were taken out into a large field where some men took the plane up into the air.

This was continued several hours each day for a few months. Then one day we didn't take our regular practice, but instead we were checked over from head to toe. Then after several hours the pilot climbed in

.....

We have been flying several hours now, but I don't know our destination, but I can assure you we are flying within a few hours from Berlin!

Veda Greene
Grade 6

MY PLAN FOR VICTORY

I have a plan for victory, and think it is quite what we should follow.

The first and most important point is prayer. We should pray for the president, so that he may know what it is best to do and may see that it is done. We must pray for the boys in service, that they will have strength and courage to do their duties. We must pray for peace - not just a temporary peace - but for everlasting peace, which God alone can give.

The second important point, which combined with others means victory, is collecting scrap. From seven thousand seven hundred aluminum pots and pans can be made a pursuit plane. From one hundred pounds of paper can be made one carton for thirty-five anti-air-craft shells. A dozen old mowers will make a three-inch anti-air-craft gun. One discarded tractor will provide the scrap iron needed for five hundred eighty 30 cal. machine guns.

Third point: save money and buy bonds and stamps. Remember the saying Mr. McKee first put on the air, "Every time you buy a bond, you slap a Jap across the pond". Remember, too, there are millions and millions of Japs to be slapped "across the pond". One way to save money is to buy only necessary things. For example, a lady can get along without artificial fingernails. She could buy a twenty-five or fifty cent stamp with the same amount of money.

Here is my fourth, and last point, but there are hundreds of other things we can do. Working is important indeed. Do odd jobs; help on the farm. We need food for the soldiers more than ever, and the farm is the main source of food. Forty-five times out of fifty we find that our food comes from farms. Wheat, oats, rye, barley, corn, and many other things, such as dairy foods and meats, are used very much as daily food.

Theresa Grove
Grade 9

THE HABITUAL WAR HOBBIES AND RATION

War is a dreadful and horrible thing
That threatens the life of a nation.
Such as this has come to us,
With habitual war hobbies and ration.

It all started December the seventh
At a place that's called Pearl Harbor;
That Japan first asked for us to set
Her rising sun behind an arbor.

We are up against strong nations
One of which has never lost a war,
But they asked for it first---
And they'll get it---and some more!

But if Victory is to be ours,
Everyone must give his best;
No matter how large or how little,
With a united aim for the quest!

Uncle Sam has rationed dried fruits,
Sugar, coffee, milk, and meat,
Along with rubber, gas, and autos
And coverings for the feet.

The shortage of these is due,
More or less, to transportation lack,
Lend Lease, and needs of our fighting man.
What's left is what we get back.

So that is why it's rationed
There's not enough to go around,
But even at that,---look where it goes---
You get your needs,---Why? frown!

Everyone: men, women, and children,
Can help Uncle Sam win this war
If they hold dear, America,
And all that it stands for.

The men can help by working
In the war plants of production,
Or by joining those at the fronts
By immediate, voluntary, induction.

The women can help by giving
To any victory organization,
As the Red Cross, U.S.O., The Wacks, or Waves,
The best that they have for their nation.

The children can help by study,
Odd jobs, hobbies, and the like
As, by gathering papers, rags, and junk
Upon their Victory Hike!

All can help by saving money
To finance war production.
That is, by buying bonds and stamps,
With no desire of reduction.

All can help by keeping order,
And thus preventing accident,
And by spreading no false or true rumors
When or where a shut mouth is evident.

All can help the most by praying
For our enemies and our nation!
And giving Old Glory our mighty help
By save, serve, and conservation.
The habitual war hobbies for the duration!

by James Robert Elwell
St. Mary Academy
Sacred Heart
Oklahoma

Tenth Grade
Dec. 7, 1942

CLASS OF '42 BEGINS DEFENSE DRIVE

It was nearing time for senior week, and naturally, the Class of 1942, and, in fact, the entire high school, was planning on, and eagerly looking forward to a week of fun and merrymaking. Though the classes were small and the means of raising funds were few, they had worked hard all year for what they had finally accumulated, and the time was drawing near when they could enjoy it.

However, other plans were working, also, in the minds and hearts of these true young Americans. About four weeks before time for graduation, the Seniors, of their own accord, all came to the Sister Superior and said that they had talked it over among themselves and had come to the conclusion that they would like to give up the senior week activities and use the class funds to buy a Defense Bond for the school.

Knowing the girls as we did, we realized that many of them had struggled against themselves, and that their pleasure-loving natures had found it very difficult, but not impossible, to submit to their deeper feelings of love and loyalty. They were strengthened in their resolve by the thought of those, many near and dear to them, who were giving, not only a little money, but their very lives for their country.

We thought that this was truly a generous and patriotic sacrifice, and like the widow's mite in the Gospel story, it was not so much the amount of the gift as the spirit in which it was given that pleased us and must have drawn a great blessing upon them and upon their country.

11" x 14"

11" x 14"

