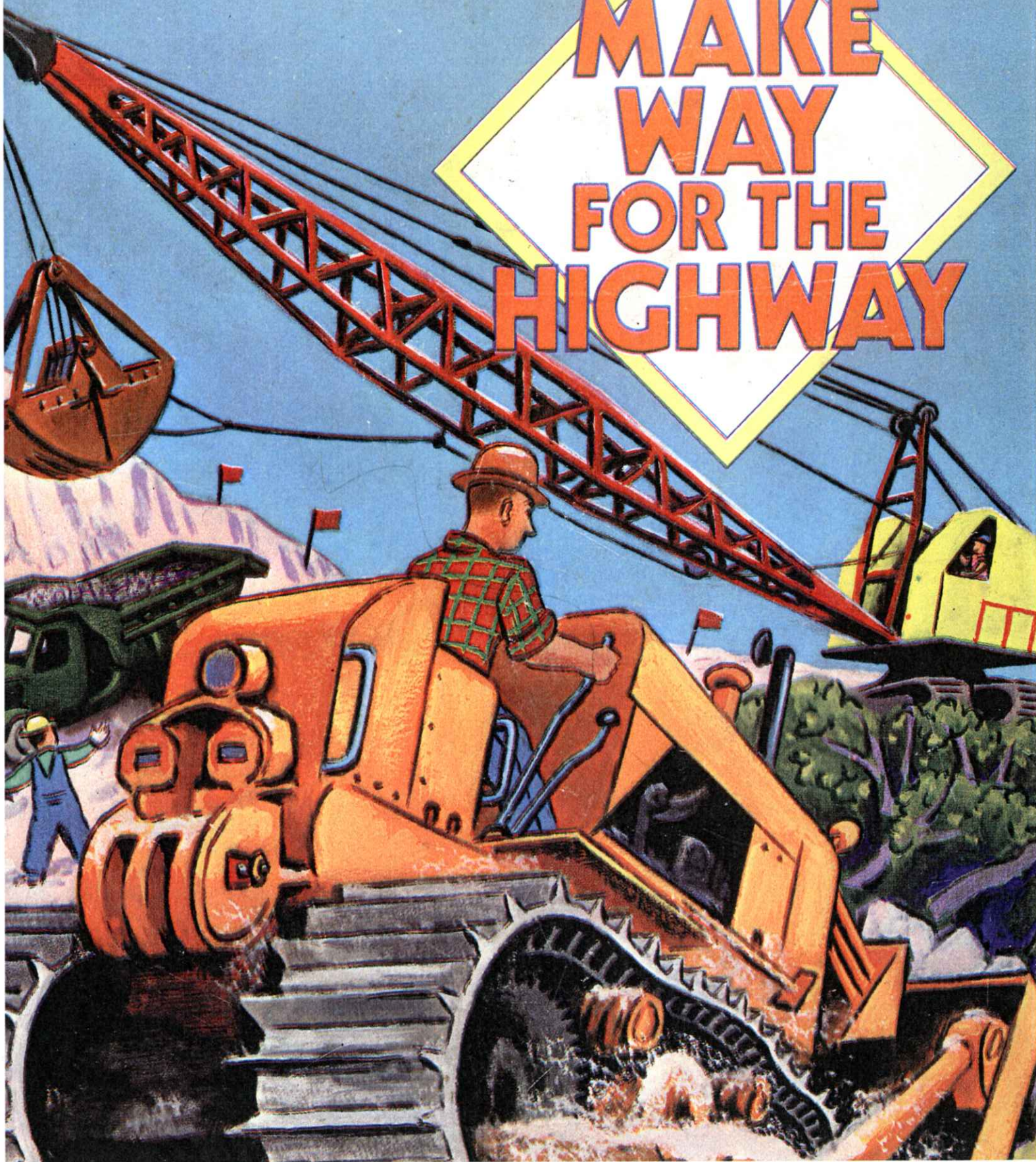




a Little Golden Book®

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MAKE WAY FOR THE HIGHWAY





Little Golden Books



Little

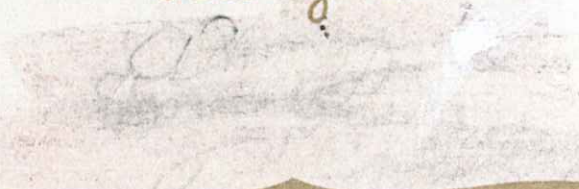
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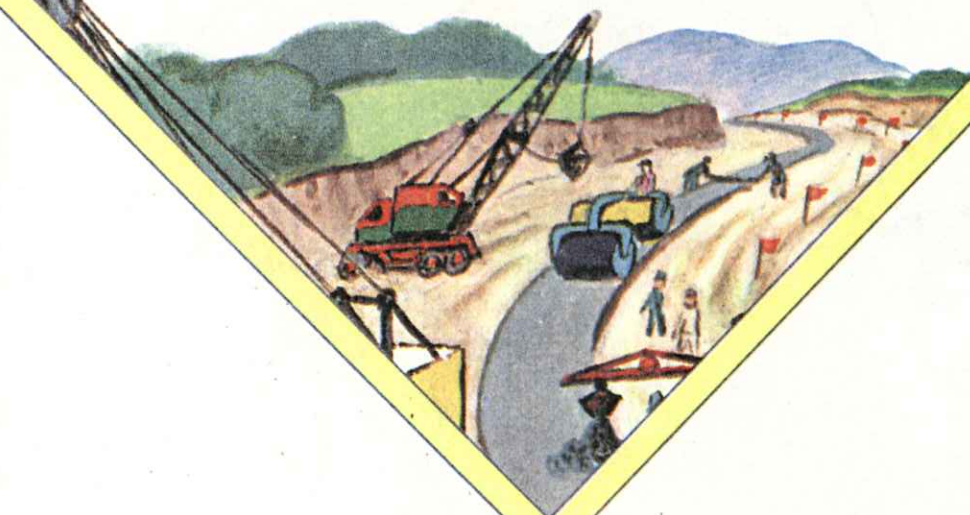
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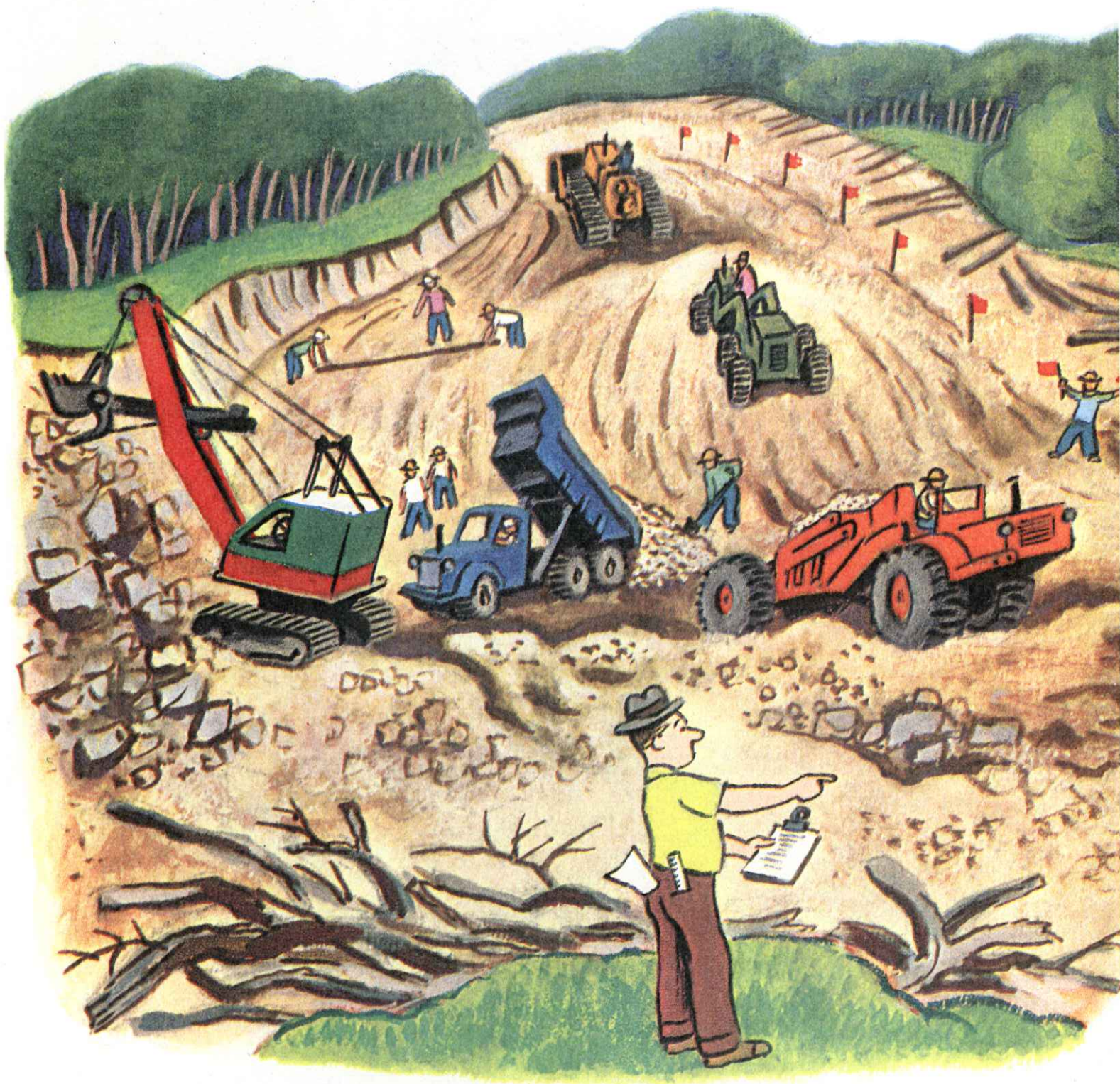
MAKE WAY FOR THE HIGHWAY

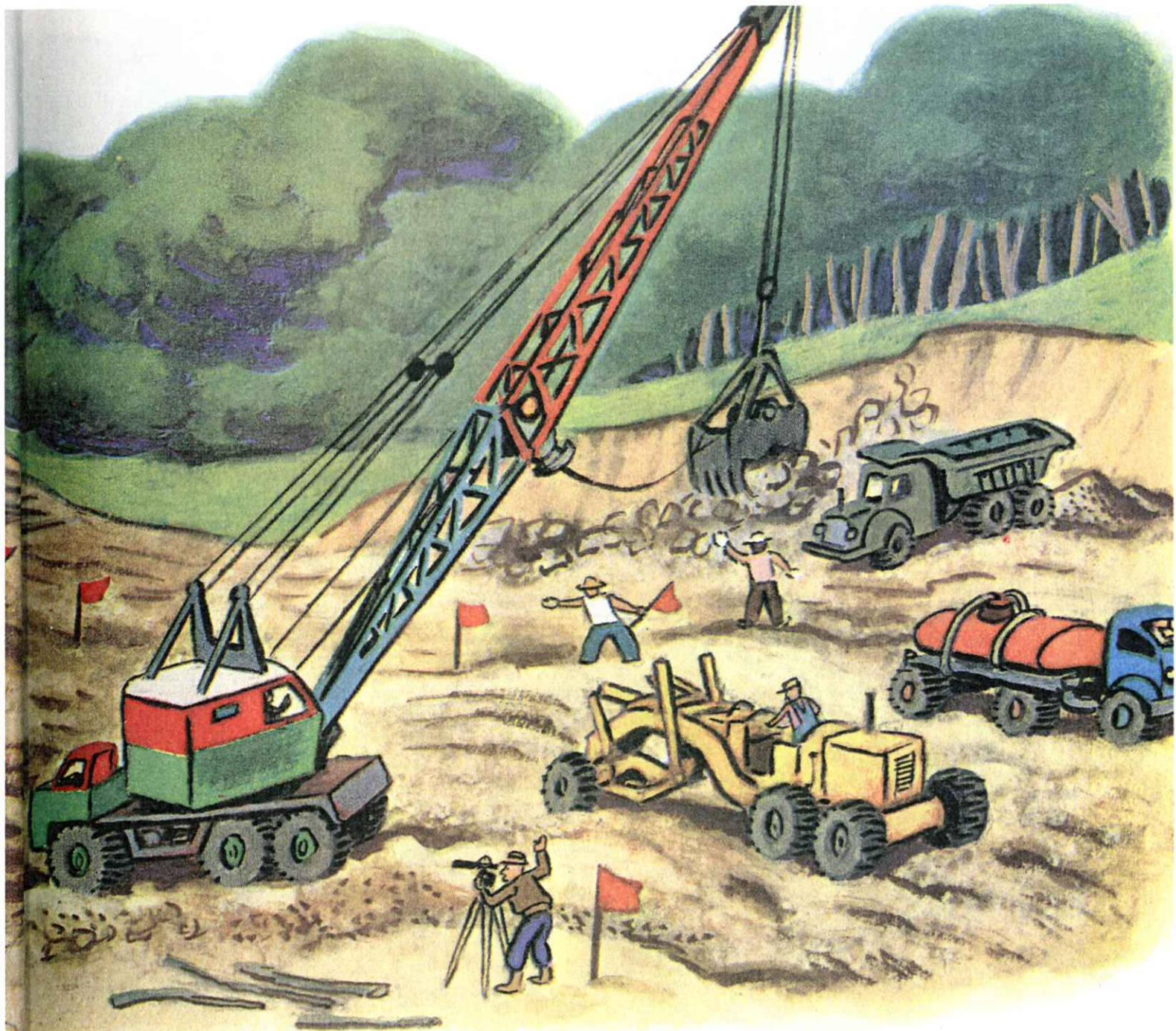


By CAROLINE EMERSON
Illustrated by TIBOR GERGELY

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A new highway was being built. People and machines worked day after day and week after week.

Rocks and trees had to be pushed aside. Hills had to be cut through. The new highway would go the shortest, quickest way.



First came the bulldozer. Mike ran the bulldozer. "Anything that can be pushed," said Mike proudly, "we will push."

He steered the bulldozer toward a big rock and began to push the rock slowly aside.



Under the rock lived a mother fox and her four babies. When the rock began to move, they got scared.

The mother fox and her babies dashed off toward the woods.

Next Mike turned his bulldozer toward a clump of bushes.

A cottontail rabbit who had his home in those bushes shook with fear when he saw the great machine coming.

Away dashed the rabbit as fast as he could.





Mike steered the bulldozer toward a tall elm tree. The tree had been there for a hundred years. But now it had to go.

Away flew a pair of robins whose nest was in the tree.

"Sorry," called Mike, "but the highway must go through!"



Behind Mike's bulldozer came a back hoe to scoop up the dirt.

Then came a crane. Tony ran the crane. "Anything that can be lifted," said Tony, "we will lift."

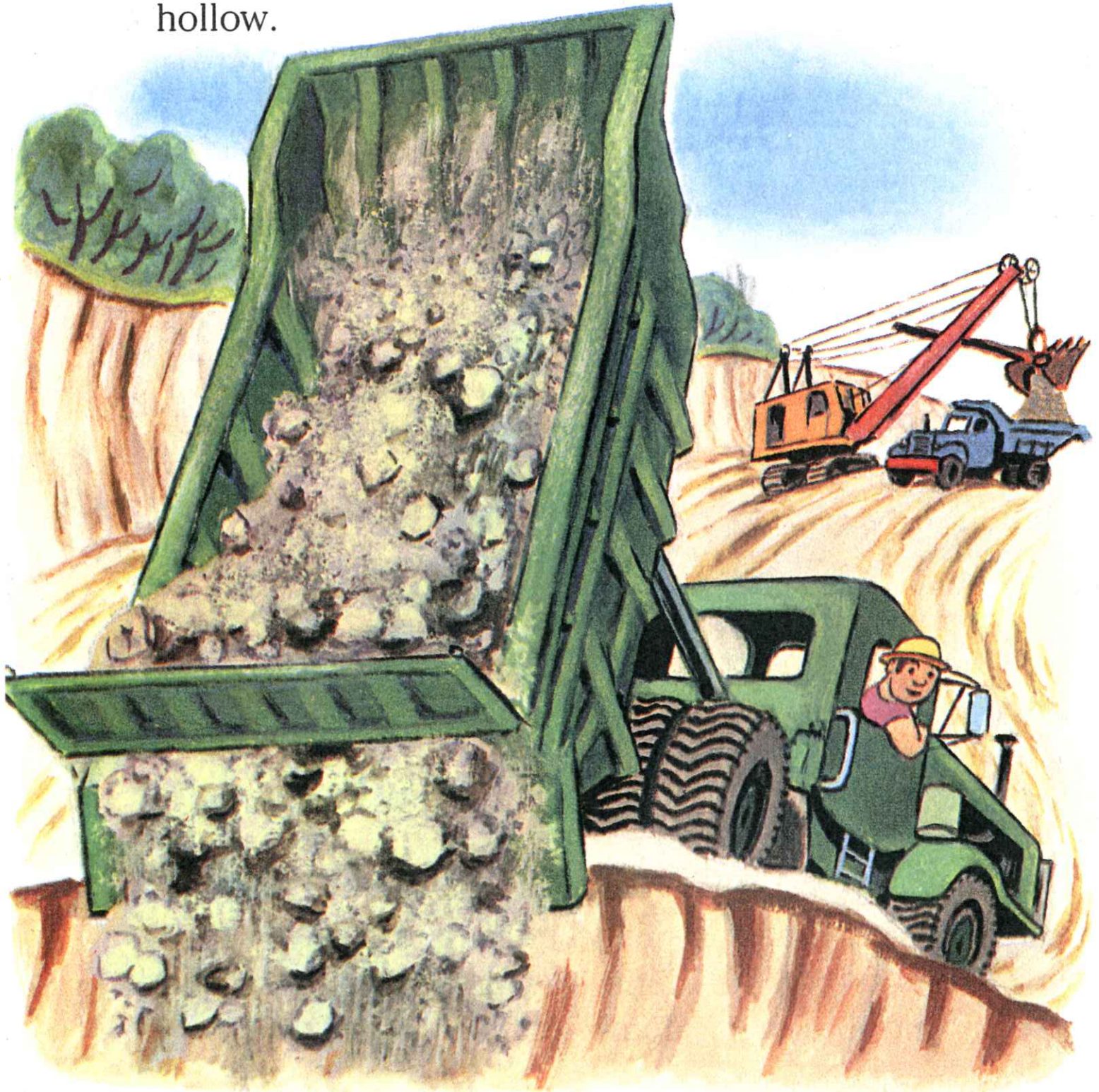


Tony pulled a lever. Down swung the two big steel jaws. Slowly the crane lifted rocks and dirt into the air. Tony swung the crane over and carefully set the rocks and dirt in the dump truck.

Pedro drove the dump truck. He was a good driver. "Anything that can be dumped," said Pedro, "we will dump."

He backed the load of dirt and rocks up to the edge of a steep bank. Then he tilted the back of the truck.

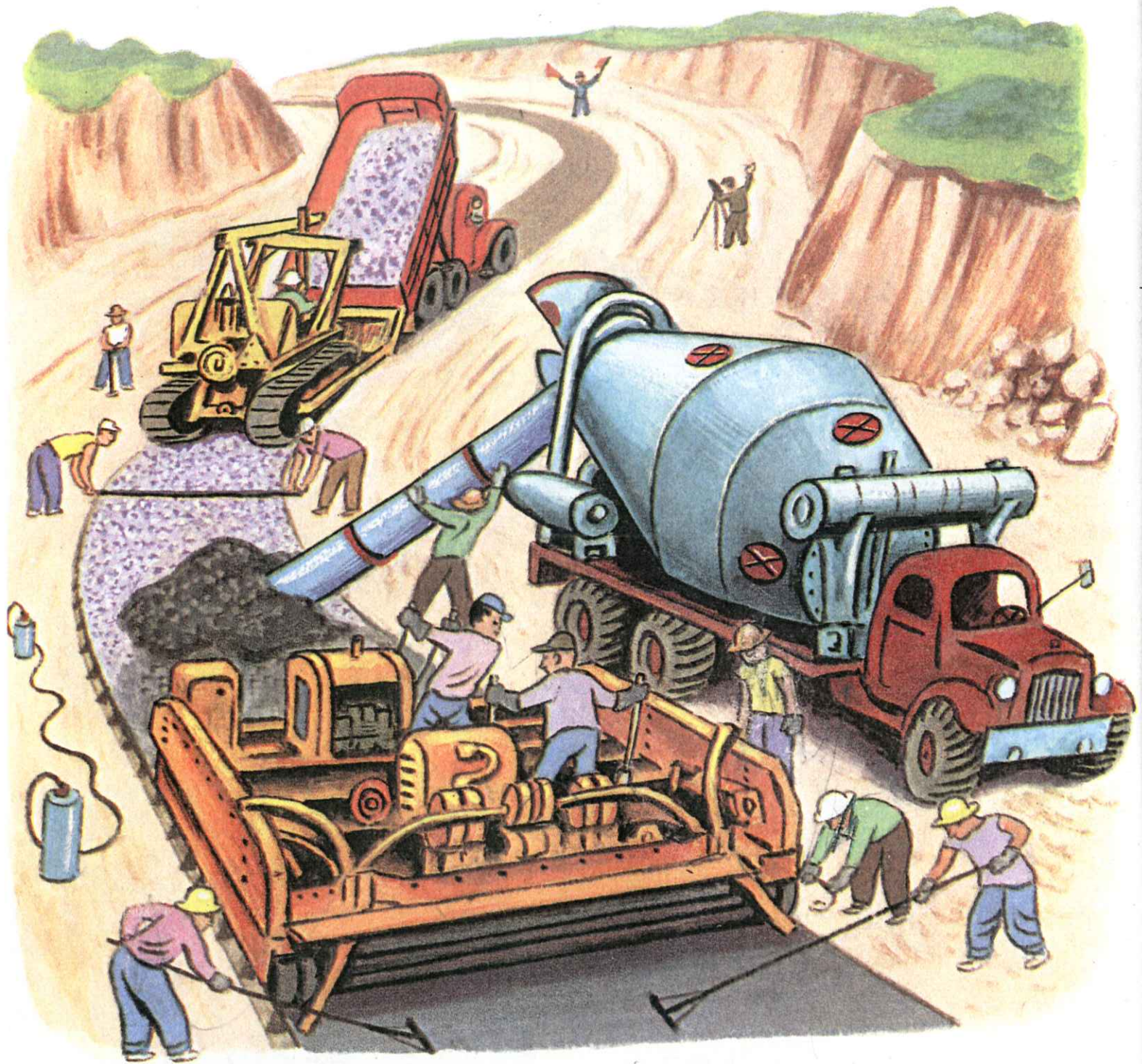
Crash! Bang! went the rocks as they filled up the hollow.





After the rocks and dirt were cleared away other machines came in.

There was a grader. It smoothed out the road.
There was a roller. It pressed down the earth.



There were trucks that poured crushed stone on the roadway.

There were spreaders that spread on the concrete top.

Mike and Tony kept far ahead of the other machines. "They do the easy work," said Mike to Tony. "We break ground. We're the earth movers."

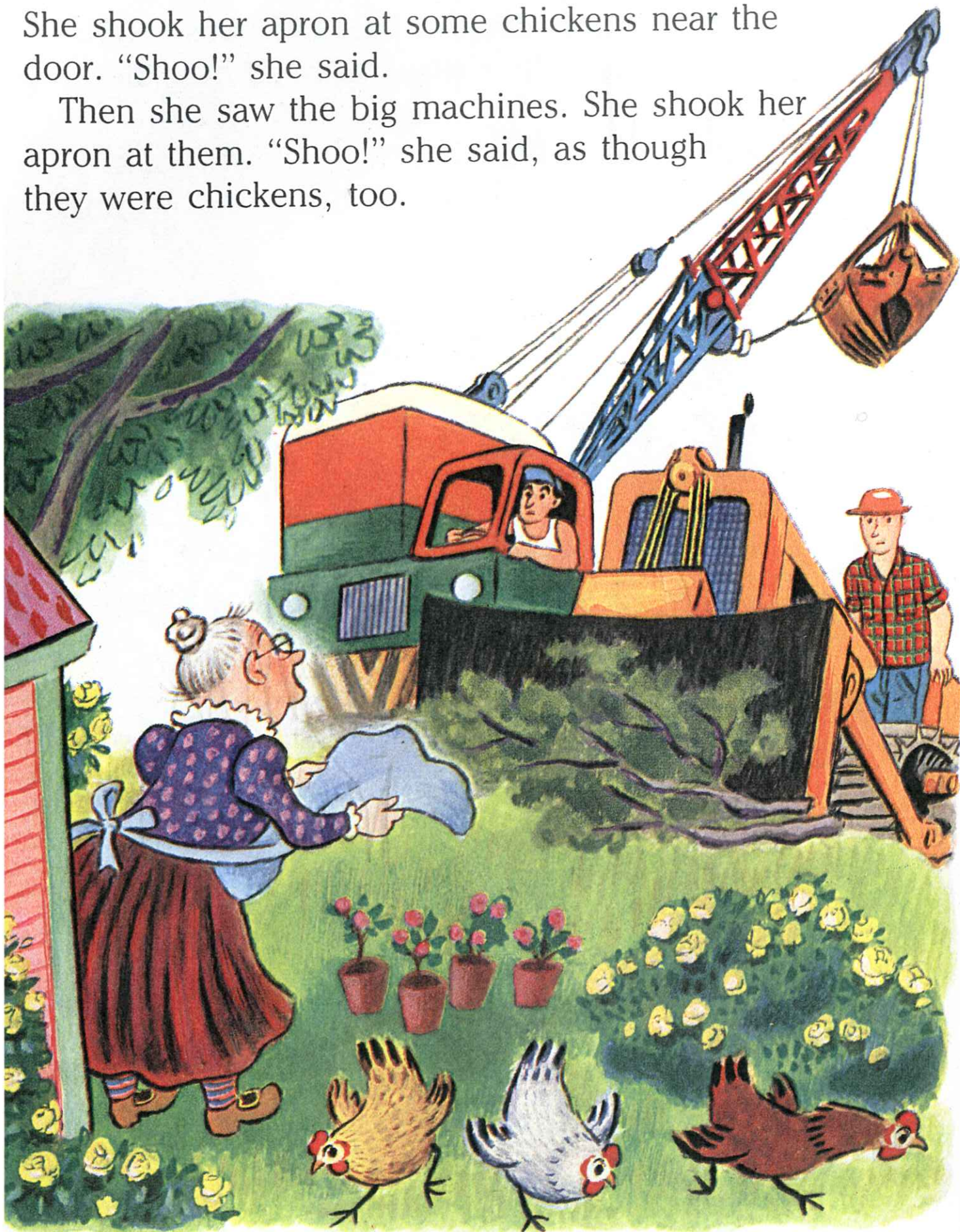
All at once Mike stopped his bulldozer. Right in the path of the highway stood a little old house. Tall trees grew around it. Yellow roses climbed over the front door.

"I guess we'll have to take that house down," said Mike. Mike's bulldozer could knock a house down in half an hour.



Just then a little old lady stepped out of the house. She shook her apron at some chickens near the door. "Shoo!" she said.

Then she saw the big machines. She shook her apron at them. "Shoo!" she said, as though they were chickens, too.





Mike climbed down from his bulldozer.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said politely, "but we have to take this house down."

"No, you don't," said the little old lady.

"The new highway goes right through here," said Mike.

"No, it doesn't," said the little old lady.



“You’ll be paid for your land,” said Mike.

“Money isn’t everything,” said the little old lady.

Mike scratched his head. “I’ll have to talk to the Big Boss,” he said. He climbed into his bulldozer and drove away.

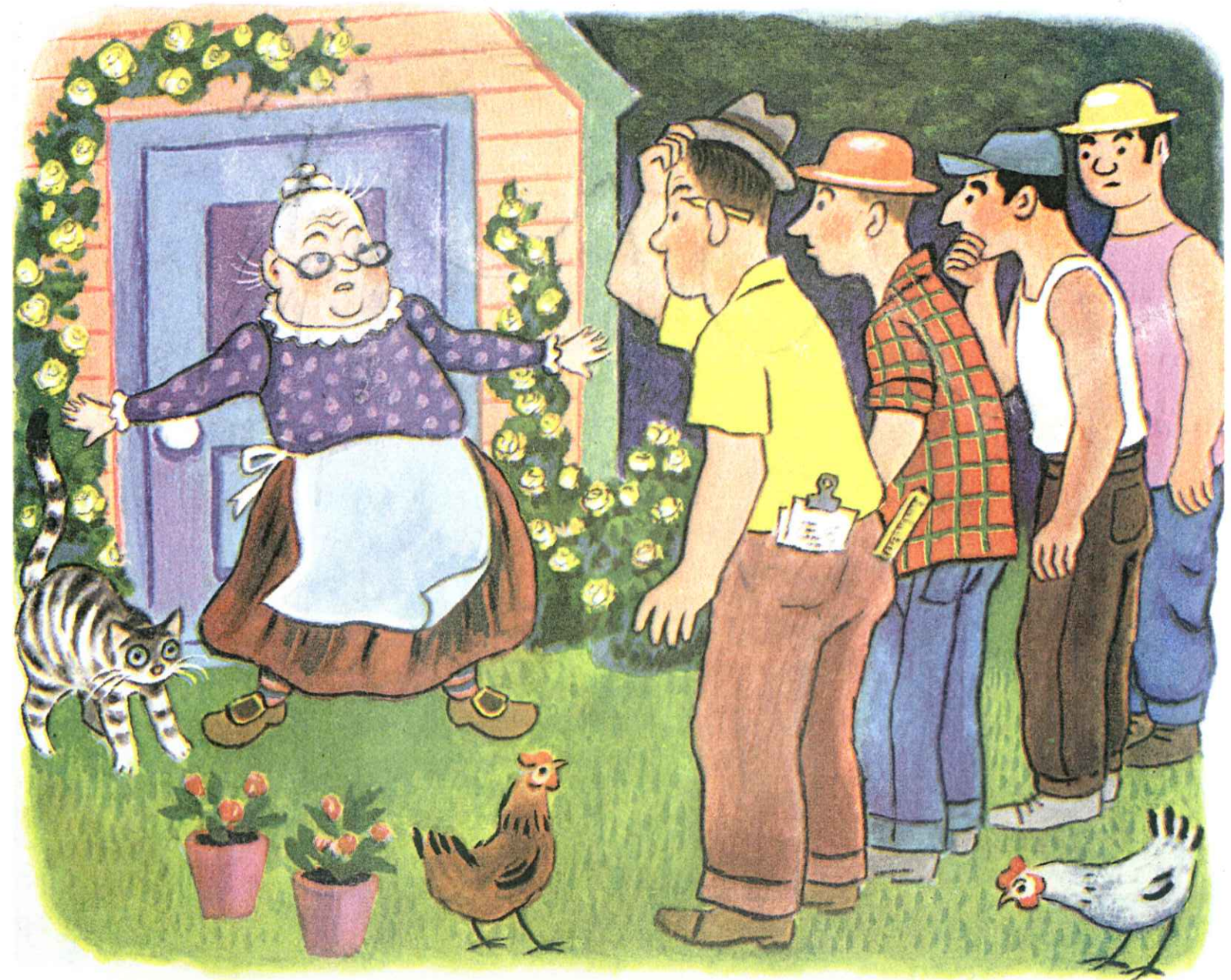
Next day the Big Boss came to the little old house. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said. "This house must come down."

"Young man," said the little old lady, "I've lived in this house for seventy years. I watched these trees grow. I planted that rose bush. I'm not leaving."

"But the highway must go through," said the Big Boss. "People want the shortest, quickest way these days."

"What's their hurry?" asked the little old lady.

The Big Boss shook his head. He didn't know.



The little old lady looked at her rose bush. Then she turned to Mike. "Does *your* mother grow roses?" she asked.

"Red roses grow all over her cottage," Mike replied. "You can smell them as you come down the road."

"Does *your* mother grow roses?" she asked Tony.

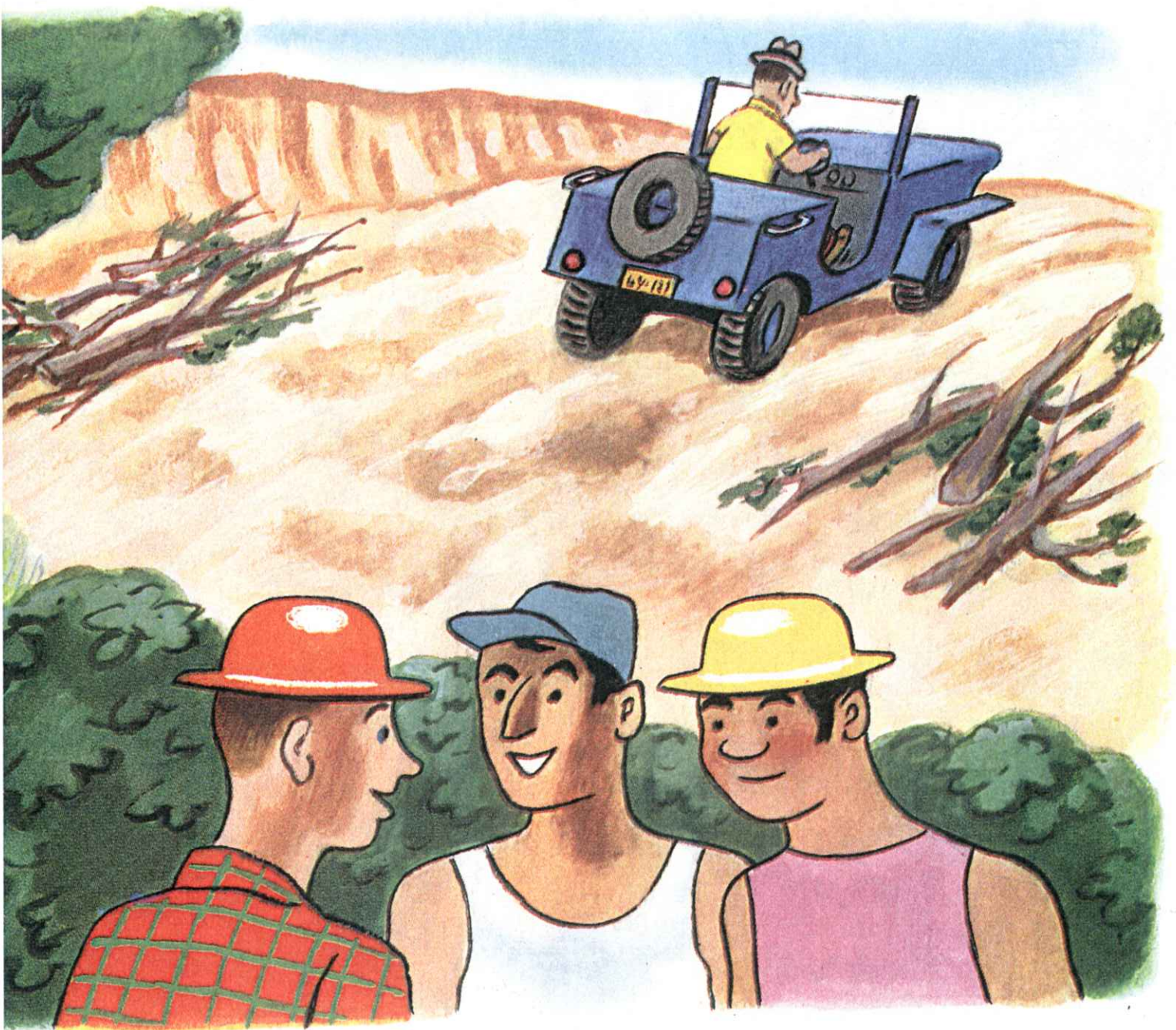
"You never saw prettier ones!" said Tony proudly.

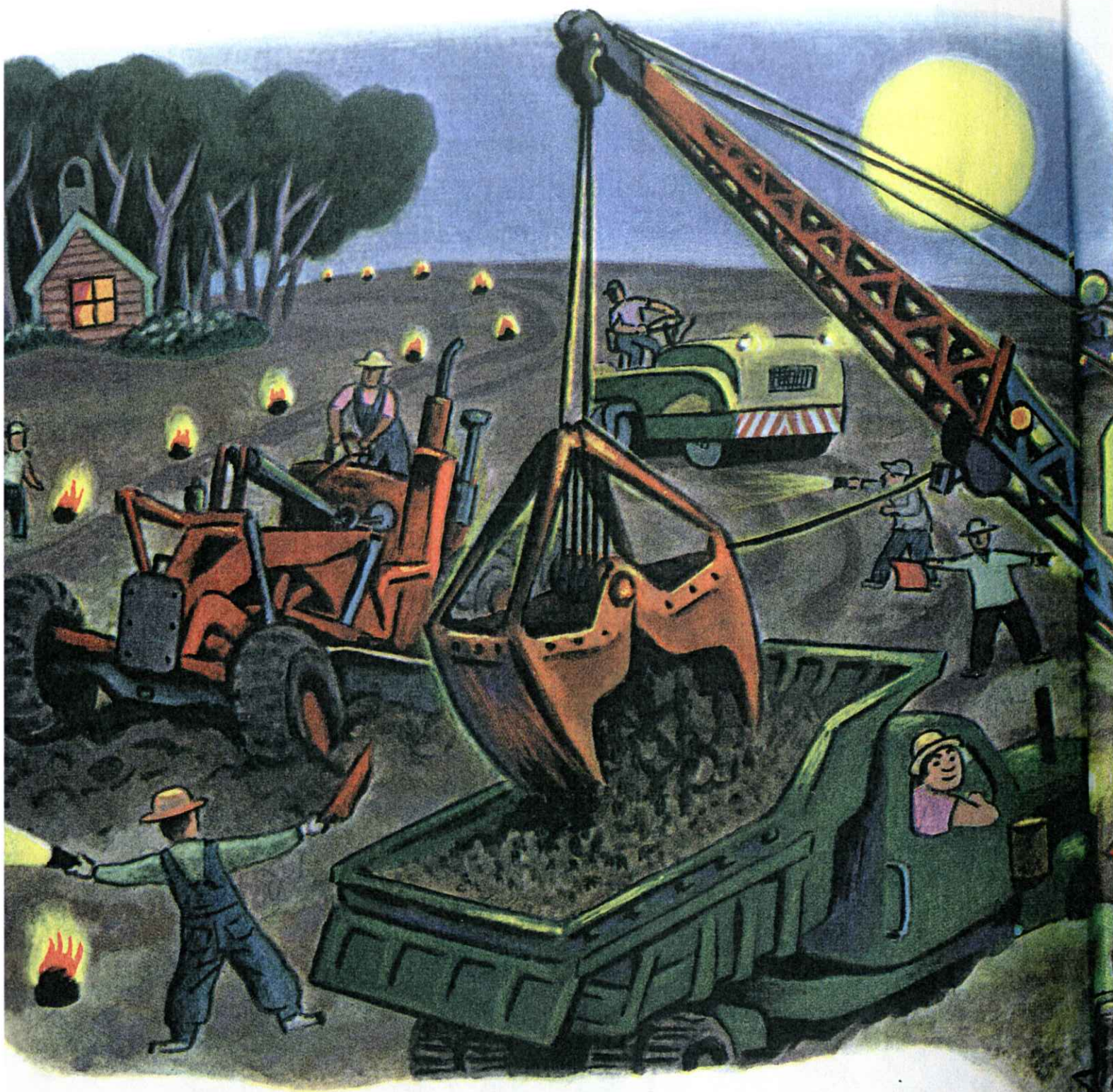


"The sweetest roses in the world are in Puerto Rico," said Pedro. "They grow in my mother's garden."

"You see," said the little old lady to the Big Boss, "those machines can tear things down, but they can't grow roses like mine."

"I'll have to talk to the Bigger Boss," said the Big Boss, and he drove off.





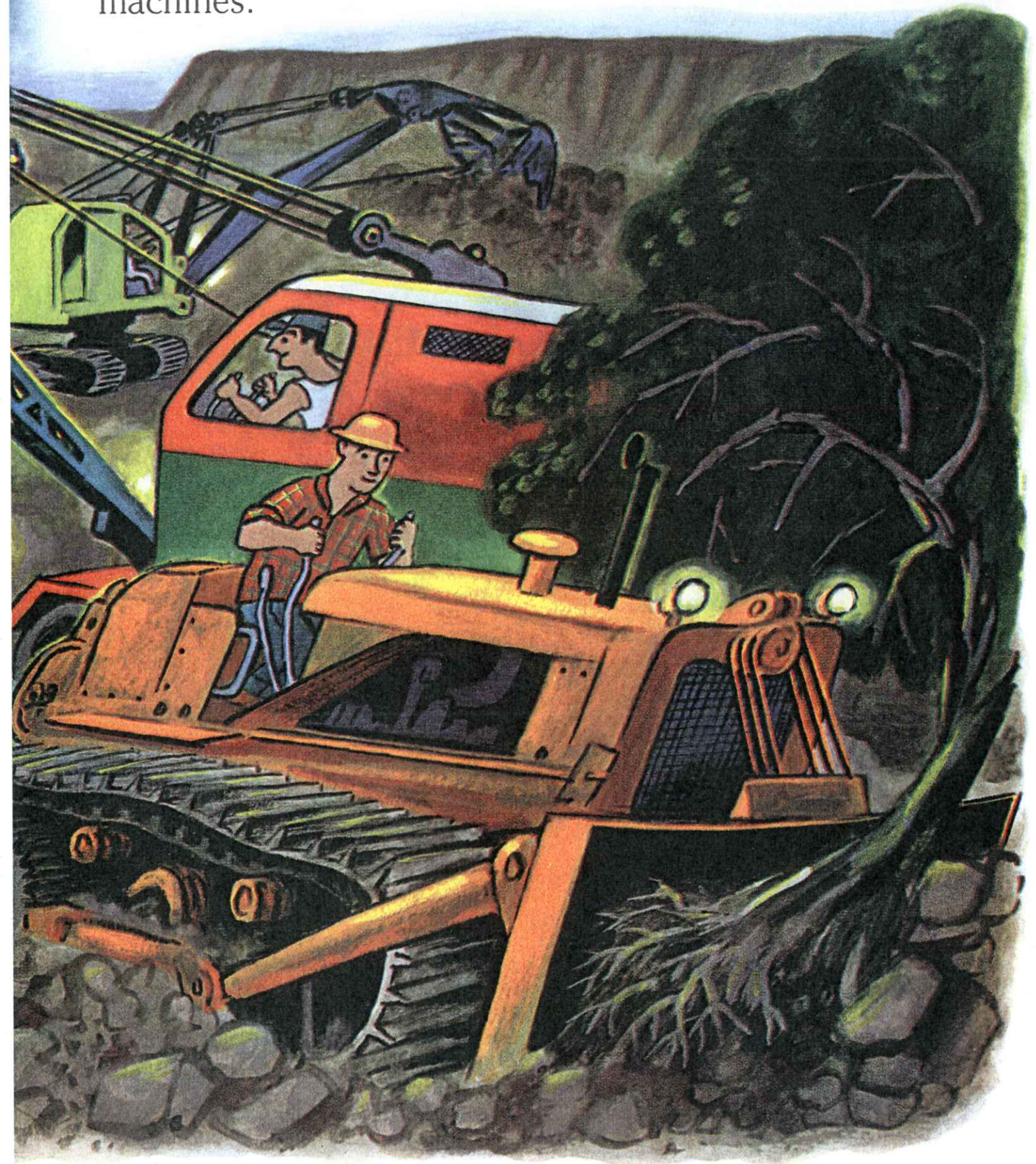
Mike and Tony and Pedro looked at the little old house.

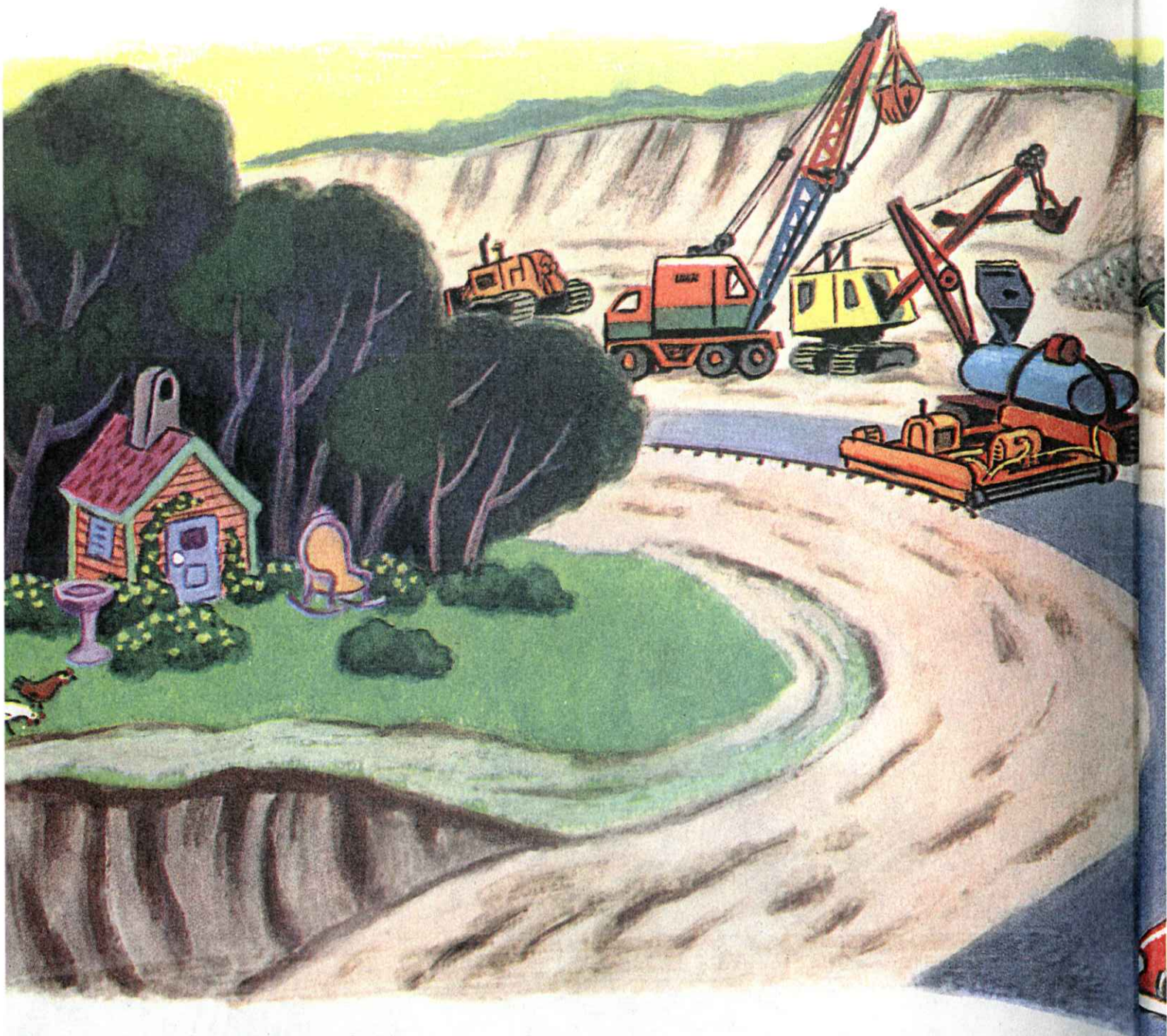
"You know," said Mike slowly, "the road *could* run a little to the right."

"People driving by would like to see the roses," said Pedro.

Tony nodded. "There'll be a moon tonight," he said. "We could work late."

And they did. They worked all night in their big machines.





Next morning, back came the Big Boss with the Bigger Boss.

“Here’s the house,” said the Big Boss. “It’s right in the path of the new highway—”

Then he stopped.

There ahead lay the new highway. The land had been cleared. The roadbed had been dug. The dirt had been smoothed.



The new road ran well to the right of the little old house.

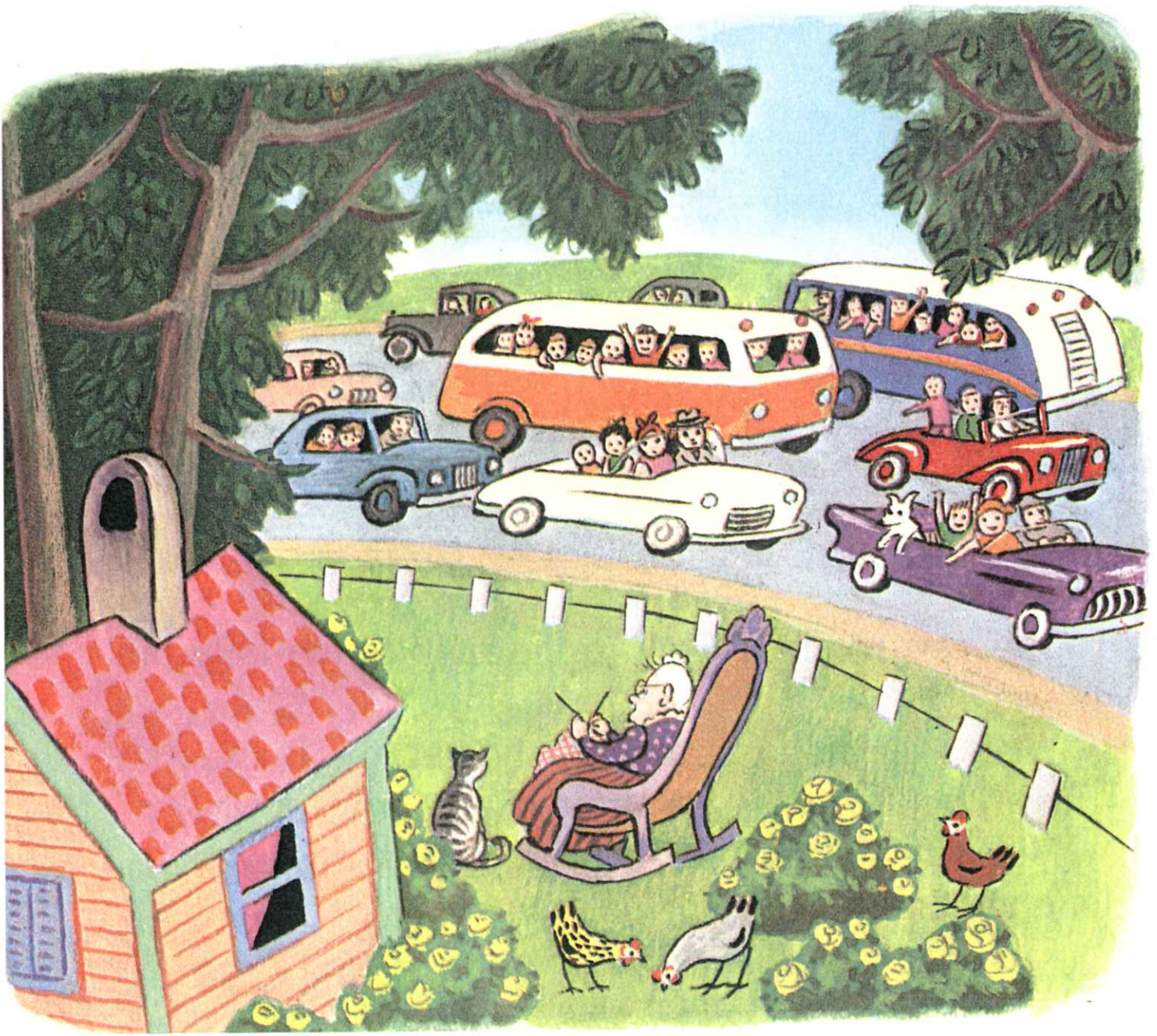
“What’s all the fuss about?” shouted the Bigger Boss. He turned his car around and drove away.

Mike and Pedro and Tony grinned and winked at one another.

Now when you drive along the new highway you can see a little old house where the road swings to the right. Tall trees grow around it. A little old lady sits in front. Over the doorway grow beautiful yellow roses.

"Oh, look at the roses!" people cry as they drive by. They slow up a little to look.

"Hum," says the little old lady to her cat, "they're not in such a hurry, after all."



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A Day on the Farm
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Donald Duck and the
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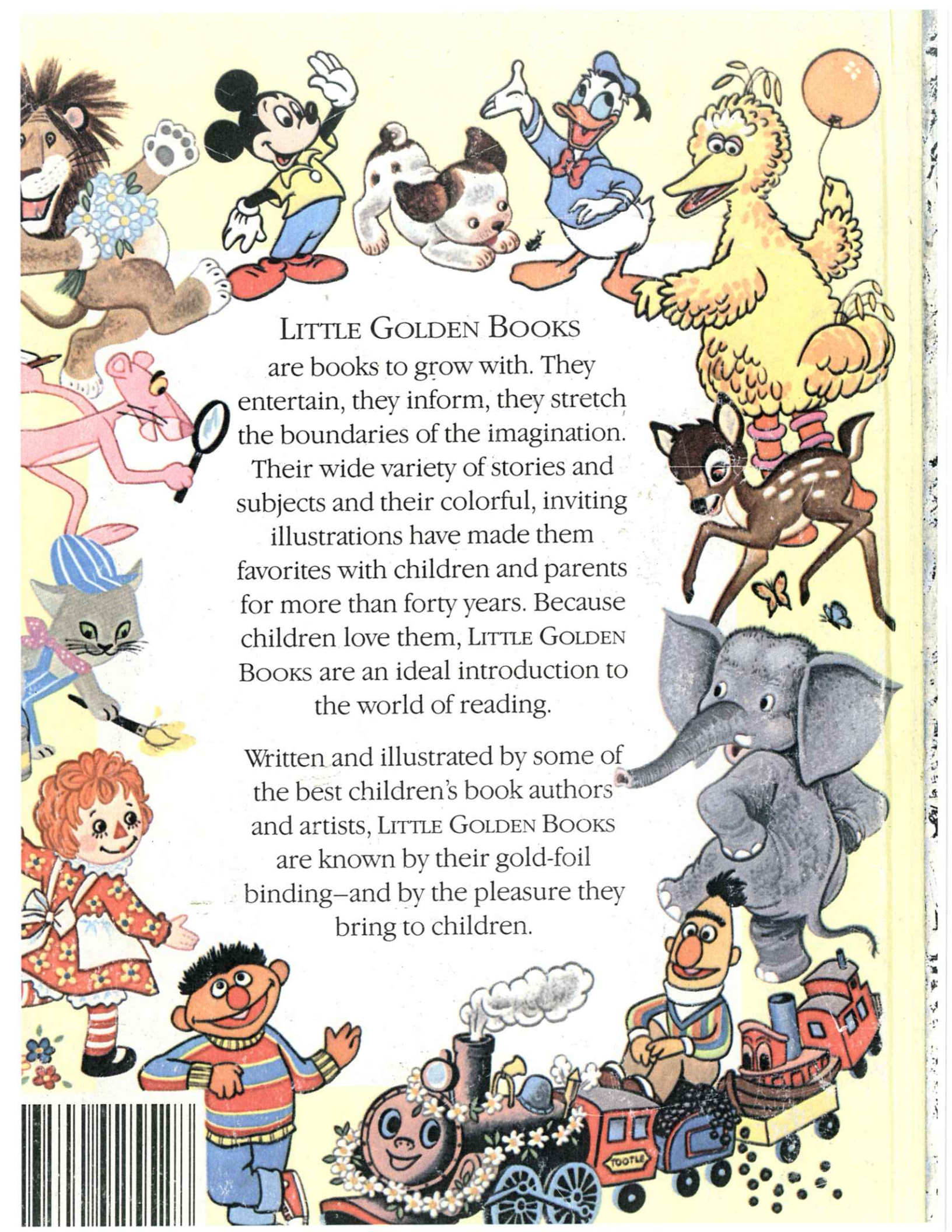
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