

**BILL'S MISTAKE: A STORY
OF THE
CALIFORNIA REDWOODS**

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Bill's mistake: a story of the California redwoods by Robert Gale Barson

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ROBERT GALE BARSON

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BY

ROBERT GALE BARSON

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TO THE REDWOODS

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BILL'S MISTAKE

I.

THE LAST BELL.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

It was a warm day in early June; one of those days when you just simply cannot stay in; a day that was never made for a school-room or for study; when a dip in the surf or a hike among the redwoods would be far more preferable than a drowsy school-room; a day that meant you **MUST** be out of doors. But it was all over, anyway—for a time, at least. The last bell was ringing. Vacation had begun for the students of the Santa Cruz High School.

Groups of boys and girls came pouring out of the doors, laughing and chattering, with happy, smiling faces; only occasionally a long-drawn face appearing among them—no doubt that of some child who had failed to be promoted. But they were all glad to be free for a long two months to come; all were glad to get out into the beautiful summer day.