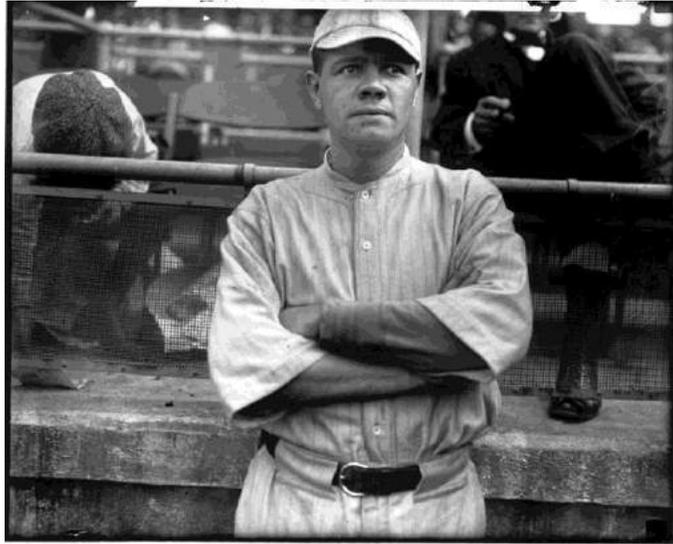


Babe Ruth

Babe Ruth's real name was George Herman Ruth, Jr. He was born on February 6, 1895 in Baltimore, Maryland.

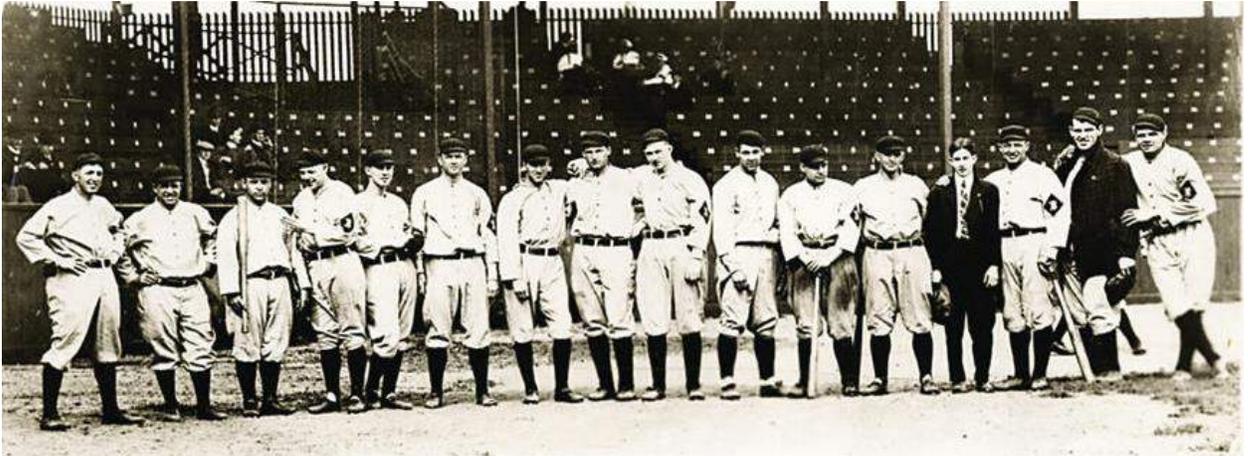


George "Babe" Ruth

Ruth's Love of Baseball

Ruth was seven years old when he fell in love with baseball. George went to a Catholic school and a monk, Brother Matthias, helped him improve his baseball skills. Brother Matthias was so impressed with George's baseball skills that he asked the owner of the Baltimore Orioles, Jack Dunn, to come watch George play. Ruth was too young to be on his own, so Dunn had to sign on as Jack's **guardian**.

Babe Ruth: Baltimore Oriole



Babe Ruth and his teammates, the Baltimore Orioles, in 1914

When George joined the Orioles he was so young that his teammates called him “Jack’s newest babe.” That is how George Ruth turned into **Babe Ruth**! Although he was young, he was quite large. He was 6’2” tall and weighed 215 pounds. He did so well as an Oriole, they sold him to the Boston Red Sox.

Sally Ride: First Woman Astronaut



Sally Ride in space

Sally Ride was born in 1951 in California. She loved science and tennis. She went to college at Stanford University where she earned multiple degrees in physics. In 1977, NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) began looking for women to become astronauts. Although Sally was a student at the time, she applied to be part of the program and she was one of the six women chosen!

American Astronaut

Sally Ride made history on June 18, 1983 when she became the **first American woman** to fly in space! Her job in space was to work a robotic arm on the space shuttle. She had to use the robot to put satellites into space. She went into space again in 1984 and that was her last trip on a spaceship.

Excerpt from
The Velveteen Rabbit
OR
How Toys Become Real

by Margery Williams, Illustrations by William Nicholson



The Skin Horse tells his story

The Skin Horse had lived longer in the nursery than any of the others. He was so old that his brown coat was bald in patches and showed the seams underneath, and most of the hairs in his tail had been pulled out to string bead necklaces. He was wise, for he had seen a long succession of mechanical toys arrive to boast and swagger, and by-and-by break their mainsprings and pass away, and he knew that they were only toys, and would never turn into anything else. For nursery magic is very strange and wonderful, and only those playthings that are old and wise and experienced like the Skin Horse understand all about it.

"What is REAL?" asked the Rabbit one day, when they were lying side by side near the nursery fender, before Nana came to tidy the room. "Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stick-out handle?"

"Real isn't how you are made," said the Skin Horse. "It's a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real."

"Does it hurt?" asked the Rabbit.

"Sometimes," said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. "When you are Real you don't mind being hurt."

"Does it happen all at once, like being wound up," he asked, "or bit by bit?"

"It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse. "You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter at all, because once you are Real you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."

"I suppose *you* are real?" said the Rabbit. And then he wished he had not said it, for he thought the Skin Horse might be sensitive. But the Skin Horse only smiled.

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