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BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

SCHOOL AGAIN

There is a school house quite near my home, and this morning I heard a great tramping and clatter outside and I could not think what was the matter. I went to the window and there were great numbers of children, laughing and talking and walking toward the school, and they did not seem the least bit sorry that holidays were over and they were going back to work.

After most of the children were gone and the school bell rang, I saw a woman walking toward the school holding a small boy by the hand. At the beginning of every term we see some woman and sometimes a number of women taking little folks to the school. They are just starting and their mothers are going to see the teacher and see them started on the road to knowledge, at least the kind of knowledge that children learn at school.

As I saw that little boy I thought of the time I started to school and how frightened I was. I was afraid I would do something that would make the other children laugh at me, for I had never played much with children of my own age, and how I did hate to be laughed at. Then I was afraid that I would not be able to do the work, and I did appreciate it if any of the children were kind to me and asked me to play with them.

Just this week there will be a lot of little folks starting to school for the first time, and when you see them strange and nervous, just think of the time you started and be good to them. Take them out to play with you and make them feel at home. They will soon be just as much at home as you are, but at first it is hard. I remember one little boy who came to school to me, and his parents and brothers and sisters had told him such dreadful things about what the teacher would do that if he saw me walking down the school in his direction he turned pale and began to slip out of his seat to get to the door. It is dreadful to tell children such things, but it is sometimes done and starting to school is made harder than it should be.

DIXIE PATTON

THE FLYING GIRL

At many fairs this year there has been a young girl with an aeroplane who has given exhibitions of flying. Miss Kathleen Stinson is her name, and she is young—almost as young as some of the members of this club. She is only nineteen, and she wears her hair in curls down her back and looks quite as young as she is and perhaps a bit younger.

I had dinner with her one evening, and I asked her what made her learn to fly. She said that one year her mother was not very well and the doctor told her that she must stay outside all the time. They talked the matter over and decided that if they had an automobile and travelled around it would keep her mother outside better than anything else. So they got a car and Kathleen offered to take her mother, altho she had never run a car, but she was sure she could learn. She did learn, but she says she made many mistakes. She ran the car one night many miles on a flat tire and she did not know what was the matter, but that was in the first part of the trip. She soon learned all there was to know about that car, the engine especially, and she was not afraid to do anything with it. Her mother was getting better all the time and Kathleen told her that she would like to learn to fly, and she was sure she could for the engine management in a car and a flying machine are much the same.

You may imagine how her mother felt about it. She said "no," emphatically and decidedly, but Kathleen would not give up the idea and finally when her mother saw how well she could manage the car and realized that she wanted so much to fly she gave her consent.

Then the trouble was to get anyone

to teach her how to fly, for most of the aviation schools had never had a girl apply to be taught and they thought it was not a thing for girls, anyway. But Kathleen thought it was a thing for girls to do, and she kept on begging them to let her learn until one man consented, and he was glad he did, for she learned quickly, she was not afraid but she was careful, and she soon made a name for herself.

When she was flying in Brandon at the fair she heard that a lot of the soldier boys down at Camp Hughes could not get up to see her and they were much disappointed. She could not have that, so she got her machine ready and flew down to the camp and showed the boys what she could do, and she had dinner with them, and said she had a splendid time and they certainly had a good time watching her.

I asked her if she did not feel lonely away up in the sky so far away from people, and she said that the first time she went up alone she did feel very lonely, but that after a while she did not have that feeling, but liked to be away up there above everyone.

I asked her if she ever got lost up there in the sky. She said she did once. She was flying at a fair and she had a machine that she had never used before. She said it went up much faster than her own. After she had gone up for about five minutes she looked down but could not see the people who were watching her from the fair grounds. She said she flew down lower and lower and looked for them, but all she could see was fields of wheat and corn, just wheat and corn and farm houses, and she knew the people at the fair were sitting waiting for her to go back.

She did not know what to do, then she thought that if she flew in a circle she would find them. She did that, and after about twenty-five minutes she saw the white dresses of the women in the fair grounds, and you may be sure she flew straight for them. When she returned she said they were all laughing at her, and asked her if she was trying to show the farmers out in the country how she could fly instead of the people at the fair. That was the only time she was lost.

She is very anxious to go to France to help in the war, for a number of the young men she trained to fly are over there, but they will not let her go yet, as they are afraid something dreadful might happen to her. She thinks flying is a nice occupation for a girl and wishes more girls would learn to fly. Her sister is going to learn, but no other girl has ever asked to be taught at her school. Of course there are other women who can fly but not many.

WANTS TO BE A COWBOY

Dear Dixie Patton:—This is my first time to write to your club. I am going to tell you what I would like to be when I get to be a man. I would like to go to some big ranch in Alberta and be a cowboy. My pony would be black, with a white face, and the saddle and bridle to match her. I would live in a little shack near the river. I would like to play catch after supper with some of the other cowboys. I would train my pony to stay near and come to me when I called her by name. I would not whip her, and she would have no faults for not coming to me. I am a farmer out in Saskatchewan. My father has eight horses and seven oxen. He's got no hired man, for I stay home from school to drive the horses while he drives the oxen. I have driven four horses to town twice. I have six miles to go to school and ride horseback. Papa said I could have to stay home from school this winter and help him haul grain to town. I am a boy of twelve years of age and my weight is ninety-two pounds. Well I guess I will close this time. I am sending you a two-cent stamp and envelope for one of those little pins.

WILLIE RICE.

Demaine, Sask.



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