



HOW YOU CAN HELP

How are the members of the Young Canada Club enjoying the Doo-Dad pictures? Aren't the mischievous little fellows amusing? But after all they are very much like other people. Some of the members have already written in telling me how much they are enjoying the visits of the Doo-Dads each week. But after all the picture occupies only one half of the Young Canada Club page. There is just as much space for letters as ever, and I want everyone to help in keeping the reading matter that appears as interesting as ever. Stories telling how boys and girls can help the Allies win the great war are already coming in. The letters are splendid and you will all enjoy reading them when they appear. Have you sent in your letter yet? If not, send it in right away, as I want to have the contest closed so that I can begin publishing the letters. I want to have a large number of letters to publish on this important work.

This week I am publishing a few more of the poems that were sent in in the contest, and as you will see they are all interesting and do credit to the members who have written them. The poem contest has certainly been a great success from every point of view.

DIXIE PATTON

INDIANS SEEKING FOR THEIR WARRIORS

The sun was rising in its glory
On the sand-hills of the prairie;
And it shone; Oh, so brightly,
And the morning was so lovely,
When the Indians did awaken
To prepare for a long day's journey.

Now they rodd across the prairie,
And they told the time by shadows.
While they rode across the prairie,
They caught sight of herds of buffalo;
But 'twas not buffalo they were seeking,
They were seeking for their warriors,
Who had gone three moons ago.

BETTY BRYANT.

Alta.

Age 10.

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON



ODE TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Oh, beautiful Rockies of the Golden West,
Deep is thy valley, high is thy crest;
Where thou stood'st many thousand years
ago,
Thou stand'st there now and will'st
always do so.

Oh, Rocky Mountains, I adore thy
strength,
Many thousand miles art thou in length;
Thy highest peaks are clad with snow,
While beautiful trees grow down below.

Oh, Rocky Mountains, down your sides
so steep,
The merry fountains dance and dart and
leap;
Down your sides, on their way to the
ocean,
The glaciers flow, but slow is their motion.

Through green valleys, the deep blue
river flows;
And along its banks the tall pine tree
grows;
The water mirrors the face of the sun,
Which shines so gaily and glistens with
fun.

In the water silvery fishes splash,
And through it like little lightnings they
flash;
Through the water you can see the golden
sand,
It really looks like a fairy land.

INGEBORG DOHLMANN.

WINTER TIME

When winter days are clear and cold,
The boys and girls, young and old,
Go out and roll about
In the snow with a merry shout.

They play on the glittering ice,
So smooth and nice;
They run up and down the ponds and
lakes,
With their shining skates.

Then with their shovels and spades,
They make a snow man of different shades;
On him they put a red coat trimmed white
With brass buttons so bright.

On his head they put a hat so tall,
Then the boys call;
What will happen on a sunny day?
The poor man will gradually melt away.

THE BIRD AND HIS FAMILY

There is a sweet little birdie,
Sitting up in a tree,
He sings all day for you
And for his little family.

He has a sweet little family,
He has his wife and all,
He worked days and days for them,
And gathered food for them all.

He does not have any sorrow,
I do not think at all,
And when the winter comes he flies south
And says good-bye, good-bye to all.

OLIVE MATTINSON.

Age 11.

MY ROAD TO SCHOOL

First along a woodland way,
Lies my road to school.
Those woods now so brown and sere,
In June were green and cool.

The tall trees stand up stiff and bare;
The dead leaves cover my way.
The blue jay flashes to and fro,
Calling and chattering every day.

Then my road takes another course,
It now across the prairie lies.
And as I step the frost-bitten grass,
I hear the wind as it whistles or sighs.

I follow this grassy road along
Until the wood again appears;
And there the old school stands,
And there it has stood for years.

MARGARET MACKAY.

Man.

Age 12.

THE BROOK

I know a pretty little brook,
Which is flowing through the nook,
And the water flows between
Beautiful banks that are quite green.

On the water the ducks do swim,
For there the coyote cannot reach them,
But I am sure you do not know
Where this beautiful brook does flow.

THE BLUE CROSS FUND

Dear Dixie: As I saw my last letter
in print, I will write another one. I
thank you very much for the nice pin.
I am very interested in the Blue Cross
Fund. I would like very much to help
the poor horses and other things in the
war.

I am so sorry for our soldiers and sailors
and also for all the poor horses in this
terrible war. Often when I go to bed,
I think of the soldiers who have to keep
on fighting while we sleep in our warm
beds. I am sending ten cents for the
Blue Cross.

CLARA KOPPERUS.

Sask.

Age 13.

THE DOO-DADS INDULGE IN THE GOOD OLD GAME OF BASEBALL

Things are looking pretty bad for the home team, aren't they? It really looks as though the visitors will make a home run of it. The bases were all filled when the batsman sent the ball to the outfield, and all might have been well but the two little fellows got too anxious. They both rushed in to get the ball but collided, and hopelessly muffed it. The two bats on the bases are making the best of their opportunities. See how they are getting around the diamond. The Red Cross stretcher bearers, always on the alert to help if anyone gets hurt, are rushing in to carry the muffers off the field. The supporters of each team are easily picked out. The athletic little fellow who is standing on one hand, will not be so joyful in a second. The ill-tempered little two-bad on the benchers has thrown a rock at him. The two-bad with the moving picture camera is getting a good picture but his helper don't seem to be enjoying his position very well. The reporter, safe in his cage in the tree trunk is getting the best baseball story of his life for the two-bad's Daily Clarion. When the game is all over, the two-bads will shake hands all round like the good little sportsmen that they are.

