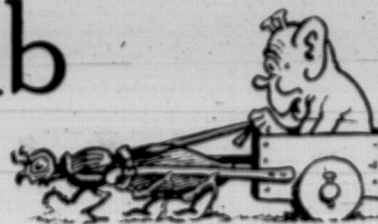


Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON



A FEW MORE POEMS

This week I am publishing a few more of the poems that were entered in the competition. Aren't they splendid? These members of the club have shown wonderful aptitude for writing poetry considering they are only from 9 to 14 years old. Each one of the poems is worthy of a prize, but where there are so many there are not prizes enough to go round. I hope those who did not win a prize will feel sufficiently rewarded by having their poems published.

I hope to receive a large number of stories in the next contest. As I stated last week, I want you to write on how boys and girls can do something to help the Allies win the war. This is an interesting subject and a very serious one, and I hope the boys and girls will try hard to write the best stories possible, the kind that people will want to read over and over again.

DIXIE PATTON

THE SEASONS

In the winter in ice and snow,
And the bitter north winds blow;
That's when children mostly are late,
For they stop on the ponds to skate.

In the spring the pussy willow
Opens from out its mossy pillow,
And the birds now homeward fly,
Soaring up toward the sky.

In the summer birds and flowers
Welcome all the summer showers,
And at night by the silver moon
There the happy lovers spoon.

In the autumn squirrels gabble
Gather in their winter store,
And the rabbits burrow deep,
While the bears lay down to sleep.

Each season alone is always the best,
Summer with pleasures and winter with rest.

We'll thank the Father in heaven for all,
Winter, springtime, summer and fall.

ESTHER JAMES

Man

Age 13

THE WHIRLWIND

Do you know the whirlwind's coming?
I can see it whirl the dust;
May a child is now a humming,
Come and stand in its rear with us.

Happy hours so many are spent,
Rompung in the wide green fields,
Joy to us by whirlwinds lent,
None can stop it by sword or shield.

Catch a glimpse at farther seeing,
See it through the valley fly;
Over the hills we see it fleeing,
O, play with us," the children cry.

After it has passed the village,
Passed the orchards and fields else-
where,

We can no more see our playmate,
For he's gone none of us know where.
CATHERINE B. DIEDERICHS,
Sask. Age 13.

HOLIDAYS

I wish the holidays were here,
For then we have such fun,
We'd play games and then a race we'd
run,

But then school started September the
fourth.

'Twas Tuesday morn at eight o'clock
When I first left for school,
For you would leave at eight o'clock
With twenty miles to go.

Oh my! I wished it would have started
Last instead of first,
But then when weeks I'd been to school
I liked it more and more,
But as the days go slowly by
I know I'll like it more.

ELLEN SPACKMAN,

Alta.

Age 10

THE DOO-DAD'S SUBMARINE

These Doo-dads are in no end of trouble. Hearing that their country was to be invaded by a hostile fleet, they fixed up a submarine by fastening a kettle on the back of a turtle. On their first cruise the turtle, seeing the bait of the sleeping Doo-dad, dived suddenly to get it before the crew of the submarine could get the lid down. Some of them are caught and some are diving for safety. The rescue party on the shore is rushing with Timothy staks to help them out of their plight in case they cannot swim. One of the aviators who was accompanying the submarine has also had a mishap. His dragon fly veered suddenly, so as to get out of the way of the splashing waffer, striking the Doo-dad's head on the limb of a tree, see how the little fellow on the spout of the kettle is trying to wake the sleeping fisherman, so that he will draw up his bait before they are all submerged. Some of the roguish little fellows seem to be enjoying the plight that the crew of the submarine is finding itself in.

THE LOST DOLL

I have a sweet little dollie,
She looks so dear at me;
She never goes to school,
And she knows as much as me.

She has a little house,
A garden, field and lawn,
And everything that she needs
Except her little one.

I lost my little dollie,
Out under the apple tree,
And never found her for a year,
And she is as old as me.

VIOLA MATTINSON,

Sask.

Age 9

WHEN AUNT DEBORAH COMES

My Aunt Deborah is coming tomorrow,
I think she's a stubborn mule,
That she should come when I'm at home,
And not when I'm in school.

There are cakes and pies, and all that's
nice,
Set out on the pantry shelf,
But Aunt Deborah is coming tomorrow,
So I won't get any myself.

My brother John will go to town
In our brand new car,
He'll make it hum (or she won't come);
Oh! couldn't she walk this far?

I'll not put on new pants. If I get a
chance

(Even if I miss my dinner)

I'll run away outside and play!

Oh! But she'll think I'm a sinner!

Oh, say, Mother! Here comes mother!

I'll tell her pretty soon

There'll be a fight if she'll again invite
My Aunt Deborah for noon.

ERNA HUMBKE,

Alta.

Age 14

TOMMY JONES

Tommy was a stalwart lad,
His age was twenty-one;
He joined up with the forces,
When his autumn work was done.

He was with some boys from Winnipeg,
When first he was in France,
A shrapnel took off his left leg,
And also the leg of his pants.

He lay upon the battlefield,
Among the noble slain,
He thought before he died of the folks
He ne'er should see again.

And when the saddest tidings
Came from France about the boys,
The air was filled with sobbing,
There were none that had one joy.

The Epitaph

Here lies the noble Tommy Jones,
He was a stalwart lad,
In action for the Empire
He gave up all he had.

PRESTON MILLER,

Sask.

Age 14

LITTLE PLAYMATES

When we lived out on the ranch a
cat and her little one came to live with
us. We put little paper boots on the
kitten. It would run all over the floor
and try to get the boots off. Sometimes
it would kick and they would come off.
They stayed with us all summer. The
kitten grew to be a large kitten. We
moved into town when winter came
and left the cat and her kitten on the
ranch to catch the mice. My little
sister wanted to see the cat, so we
came over and couldn't find the kitten
any place. When we moved back in
the spring the old cat and her kitten
were gone.

ETHEL PACKARD,

Alta.

Age 10

