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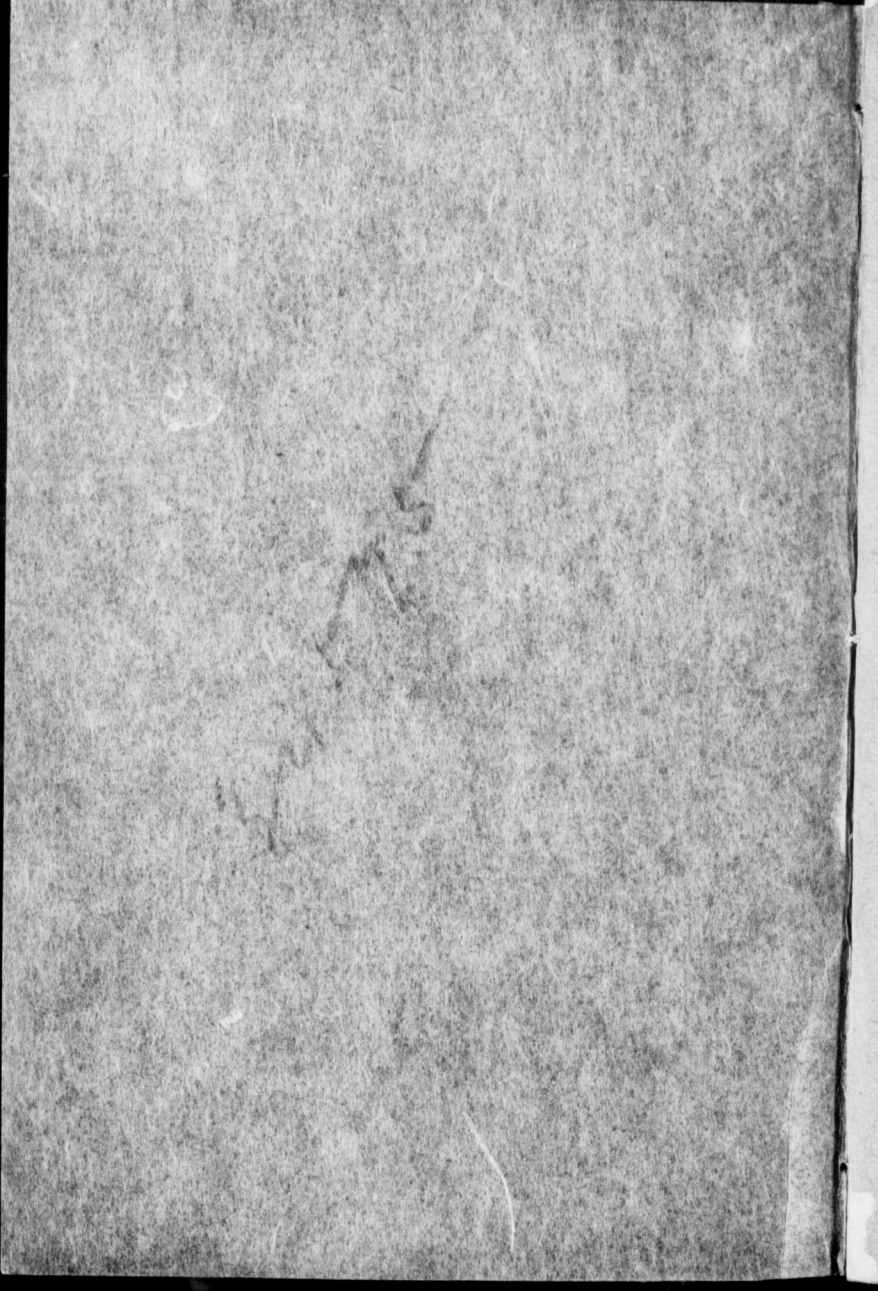
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## CANADA CALLS

(A Patriotic Play)

By Edith Lelean Groves

McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Publishers, Toronto



Cont. Groves, Edith L.  
Pam.

# CANADA CALLS

*A Timely Patriotic Play, Dedicated to the Children of Canada*

By  
EDITH LELEAN GROVES



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# CANADA CALLS

By Edith Lolean Groves

## A Timely Patriotic Play Dedicated to the Children of Canada

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### Characters

Canada.

Good Fairy Thrift.

Messenger.

Sailor.—(This character may be taken by either a boy or a girl in costume, or by a group of boys or girls in costume. The size of the group must be determined by the size of the stage.)

Postman.

Forester.

Miner.—(This character may be taken either by one boy, or by a group of boys.)

Red Cross Nurse.

Housewife.

Children.

Farmerettes.

Soldiers of the Soil.

Time.—This very moment.

Place.—Somewhere in Canada.

Scene.—A pretty Patriotic Setting. Plenty of bunting, Canadian and British Flags, and Flags of all the Allied Nations.

## CANADA CALLS

### Costumes

*Canada.*—White dress, prettily draped with the Canadian Flag.

*Good Fairy Thrift.*—Full white dress, short, plenty of spangles and stars. A star in the centre of her forehead. She carries a wand.

*Sailor.*—The regulation sailor suit.

*Postman and Messenger.*—The uniform of each.

*Forester.*—Corduroy trousers, flannel shirt, open at the neck, high boots.

*Miner.*—Much the same as the Forester. Vary a trifle.

*Red Cross Nurse.*—The regulation uniform.

*Housewife.*—Cotton dress, large white apron.

*Children.*—No particular costume.

*Soldiers of the Soil.*—Overalls.

*Farmerettes.*—Skirts and Middies, or Overalls.

## CANADA CALLS

### **Descriptive**

This is a timely Patriotic Play, dealing with the present day situation.

The curtain rises upon Canada, mounted upon a pedestal, from which she does not move all through the play. If there is no curtain, she slowly and gracefully comes on to the stage while the piano softly plays a patriotic air.

Introduce as many dances and drills as possible during the progress of the play. Wherever possible have patriotic songs, either solos or choruses, interspersed.

If the group of children taking part be too small to permit of drills and choruses, or if the stage accommodation be inadequate, the play can be very effectively given without either. But the variety of the different features suggested will prove a wonderful addition to the entertainment.

Choose Canada very carefully, and also the Good Fairy Thrift. Much of the success of the play depends upon these two.

Choose two tiny little tots to give the recitations about the Crusts.

If desired, a very pretty tableau may be arranged at the close of the play. Have the children group themselves prettily around Canada while the curtain is down, then have it slowly rise upon the tableau.



## CANADA CALLS

The banners with the slogans may be made out of soap boxes covered with white paper. Paint the slogans in large letters. They are carried at the ends of long poles.



## CANADA CALLS

### Canada Calls

*Canada.*—

A call is sounding, sounding, sounding,  
Is sounding in the air.  
Throughout our land this call insistent  
Is ringing everywhere.

It is a nation calling, calling,  
Yes, calling loud and clear.  
Listen! Hearken! to the calling,  
Canadians, can you hear?

Long has your nation stood for Freedom;  
And shall your sons now feel  
The weight of harsh and grim oppression,  
The tyrant's iron heel?

(Enter Good Fairy Thrift.)

*Thrift.*—Never, it must not be! The name of  
Canada has always stood for Freedom and never  
must the two words be separated.

Canada calls! the hills and mountains  
And rivers make reply.  
Canada calls! shall we be silent,  
Ay, silent you and I?

Silent? Nay. Her sons and daughters  
Throughout her whole wide land,  
They cry "Here take us, we are ready;  
Take willing heart and hand."

## CANADA CALLS

(Enter a Messenger with a wireless message. He hands the message to Canada. He salutes and retires.)

*Canada* (handing the message to Thrift).—Read it aloud, my faithful friend and attendant.

*Thrift* (opens the message and reads).—

Message received.—Your S.O.S. call

Has reached your sons on the sea.

List to the answer the sailor boys send,

“We’ll fight and we’ll die for thee!

“The land we call home, we love it well.

No foe on its sacred earth

Shall ever set foot. We’ll guard with our lives

This dear loved land of our birth.”

(Enter a Sailor Boy.)

*Sailor Boy*.—I thought it was about time that message came from the boys out on the briny deep. I’m glad it has reached you. I’m home on furlough. I’ve been working on a submarine. I just happened to be passing, so I dropped in to tell you that you have no more loyal sons anywhere than the boys who are braving the dangers of the deep for the sake of the land they love so well, the land we call Canada.

I’m a Sailor Boy home on a furlough,

A Sailor Boy happy and free.

And never a lad is so merry and glad

As the boy on the bounding sea.

## CANADA CALLS

Though dangers lurk round and about us,  
For the bright, blue sea, Yo, Ho!  
So we'll sing you a song the whole day long  
For what care we for the foe?

(NOTE.)—The part of the Sailor may be taken by a boy or a girl in costume, or by a group of either boys or girls. It would be very appropriate to have the Sailors' hornpipe danced at this point, either as a solo or better still by a group of children.)

*Thrift.*—Canada, you have no friends more staunch and true throughout your whole wide land than the Sailor Boys.

*Canada.*—I am convinced of that.

(Sailor Boys salute and dance off, or march off.)

(Enter a Postman with a registered letter. Have plenty of red sealing wax on it to make it look very official. Good Fairy Thrift holds out her hand to take it, but the Postman puts it behind his back and emphatically shakes his head.)

*Postman.*—Can you not see that this is a registered letter addressed to Canada? I cannot give it into your hands unless I know who you are and by what right you claim letters addressed to Canada.

*Thrift.*—Why Postman, I thought you knew all about me. I am the good Fairy Thrift, Canada's true friend and faithful attendant.

*Postman.*—I never saw you before. Have you always been her attendant?

*Canada.*—Alas, not always! In the past, too often, has the bad Fairy Waste danced attendance on

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Canada. But now this good Fairy has come to take up her home with us. The needs of our army overseas, the starving condition of our brave Allies in Europe, all these cry out against Waste. Never again must she be found within our borders. (Canada takes the hand of Thrift.) Good Fairy Thrift, stay with us, Canada needs you.

*Thrift.*—I shall. Never fear! And, do you know, people are beginning to like me. Those who once allowed Waste to take up her place in their homes have thrust her out and have welcomed me, instead, and now in those very homes Waste dare not show her face.

*Postman.*—Kindly sign. (She signs the sheet he hands her.) Here is the letter!

(Postman hands her the letter. Salutes and retires. Thrift tears open the envelope.)

*Thrift.*—Why this is a long letter. It is from the lumbermen who work in your forests. Listen to what they say,—

Dear Canada,—The world needs lumber and needs it in large quantities. So much has been sunk by the submarine plying its deadly trade on the ocean, so much has been destroyed by the enemy's guns that there is a great need for all that Canada can supply. We have no time to come and see you personally, we are too busy cutting down the trees of the mighty

## CANADA CALLS

forests, but the lumbermen send this message, "Canada depend upon us!"

(Enter a Forester, while Thrift is reading the letter.)

*Forester.*—I have but a moment to stay. I heard you read that letter and I have come to tell you that the Lumbermen are not working alone. We Foresters are doing our share. We are guarding the woods and preventing forest fires. We are ever on the alert to capture the bad Fairy Waste, who loves to take up her abode in the forests of Canada. Many a time have we driven her out, and still she comes again. But we shall get her yet!

*Canada.*—I believe you will. By your vigilance and your care many a forest fire has been prevented. Keep on! you are doing a good work, and Canada is grateful.

*Thrift* (emphatically).—How I wish I could meet that bad Fairy Waste. There would be little left of her. She is bad, bad, all the way through.

*Forester.*—All who have ever seen the destruction she has caused in the forests of Canada agree with every word you say. Good Fairy Thrift, we are glad you have come to stay.

(Exit Forester.)

(Enter Postman.)

*Postman.*—Good-day to you all. I am a welcome visitor, I know. A foreign mail is in. See! (Holds

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up the letter that all may read.) "Opened by the Censor."

*Canada.*—Take it good Fairy and let us hear the news. All are anxious to hear what word the dear boys overseas have to send us.

(Thrift takes the letter from the Postman. Exit Postman.)

*Thrift.*—Dear Canada,—To the dear homeland and the dear home folks we send our greetings. When our country called we marched away to the sound of martial music. And here upon the field of battle we are fighting for our loved ones at home, for God and for the Right. The Union Jack waves over the blood-stained fields of France and Flanders, and we Canadian boys will never "let the old Flag fall." Depend upon us. And by and by when the war is ended and Peace once more reigns in this storm-tossed world, we shall come back to you bringing with us, unsullied, the Flag that has always stood for Liberty. To you at home we send this message, "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Signed, The Canadian Expeditionary Force.

(NOTE.—At this point have a single voice or better still a chorus sing from behind the scenes, "Keep the Home Fires Burning.")

*Canada.*—We do not need any assurance from our dear boys overseas of their loyalty and patriotism; they have proved it by all they have given up. God Bless our Soldier Boys!

## CANADA CALLS

(Enter a Miner.)

*Miner.*—I, too, have come a long way to answer my country's call. Canada is rich in resources, her mineral supply is great. Show me a land whose mineral wealth is greater than Canada's. Gold and silver and nickel and iron and asbestos are found here in great quantities, and it is the miners who are going down deep into the earth to bring them up. They are sacrificing much—fresh air, sunshine; they are spending many weary hours underground that they may give to the world these precious Canadian minerals that now the world so badly needs. We miners are doing our bit.

*Canada.*—We are sure of that. What should we do without you?

*Thrift.*—Your work is hard, but it is for Canada's sake.

(NOTE.—The part of the Miner may be taken by *one* or by a *group*, each bearing a pick or some other tool used in mining. A drill of the miners would fit in here very nicely. Exit Miner.)

*Thrift.*—

Canada called: Then from the farthest  
Valley, mountain and hill  
Came the answer, "We are ready!  
What is Canada's will?"



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Her call was heard. Ah, here's another.

(Enter Postman, who hands Thrift a letter.)

This answer's come by mail.

(She looks towards Canada as if waiting for permission to open it. Canada nods and Thrift opens it and reads.)

Dear Canada,—Upon your farmlands  
The crops shall never fail

If we can help it. So we're working  
From morning until night  
To feed the boys who've left their homeland  
And gone to France to fight.

And so you'll please excuse our absence,  
But this we write to thee,  
O Canada! depend upon us.  
We're yours most faithfully.

(Thrift hands the letter to Canada.)

*Canada* (pressing the letter to her cheek in great delight).—I am so glad to get this letter. Never was one more welcome! I have been waiting for it. Good Fairy Thrift, write back to the farmers, by return mail, and say to them that from her heart, Canada thanks them for their splendid response to her call. This land we love is one of the great granaries of the world. Our brave Allies are turning hungry eyes towards Canada. We must help to feed them, for think of all they have done for us. It is they who

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have kept the foe from our shores. We, at home, must fight the enemy by supplying our own brave boys with food, and plenty of it. And we must see to it that none of our Allies suffer for want of food. We look to the farmers to do their best, and we thank them for their response.

(Enter Postman with another letter, he hands it to Thrift, salutes and withdraws.)

*Thrift.*—Another letter! (She opens and reads.)

Dear Canada,—Foodstuffs are scarce. All that can be produced are needed, and more too. Our boys must be fed. We Fishermen are busy on the coasts, on the lakes and rivers of Canada with our nets gathering in a rich harvest. We cannot come in person to assure you of this, we are too busy, but we are helping all we can. Please pass this word on to the people of Canada, "Eat all the FISH you can and save the meat for our boys in France."

Signed, The Fishermen of Canada.

*Canada.*—Another splendid answer to our call!

(Enter Red Cross Nurse.)

*Red Cross Nurse.*—

Have you heard of the Red Cross nurses  
Behind the lines in France,  
Who wait to aid with healing touch  
And kind and soothing glance

## CANADA CALLS

The dear brave boys who've done their best  
To make this old world free?  
They've given all for the sake of right,  
And the cause of liberty.

*Canada.*—Heard of them? I should think we have! Wherever the fight is the fiercest and the rain of bullets the heaviest, you will always find these angels of mercy. With the Red Cross upon her sleeve, she is ever ready to help in every struggle for God and the Right.

*Thrift.*—Heard of them? Yes indeed! Florence Nightingale, Edith Cavell, and numberless other such brave women will never be forgotten so long as this old world lasts.

*Red Cross Nurse.*—But some there were who could not go.

*Canada.*—All honour to those who remained behind and kept up the supplies for those who went! How earnestly they, too, have worked.

*Thrift.*—Socks, sweaters, scarfs, bandages, dressings,—in short everything that could be done for the comfort of our brave boys overseas, these splendid women at home have done. When Canada called they organized for service, and many a boy on the field of battle has thanked God for these women and the work that they have done.

## CANADA CALLS

(If possible have a Red Cross Drill here. Several girls in the uniform of a Red Cross Nurse may take part.)

(They march off to music.)

(Enter Housewife.)

*Housewife.*—We cannot go across the water to fight the enemy, but we can fight him, and fight him successfully at home. Our Battlefield—is the kitchen; our ammunition—food; our watchword—conserve; our faithful friend and true ally—Good Fairy Thrift. (Takes her hand.) Together, we will work. Together, we shall teach our households this lesson, that the success of an army depends upon its soldiers being well fed; that if somebody is to go without—well, it must not be our soldiers overseas; that nothing must be wasted in our kitchens. Let that bad Fairy Waste but once appear, and from the housewives of Canada she will learn such a lesson as will never be forgotten by her. The housewives of Canada are marshalled for service—

*Thrift.*—And I am their trusted leader!

(A Housewife Drill with rolling-pins will be interesting right here.)

(After the Drill they march to the back of the stage. Enter a group of children.)

*Housewife.*—And not only have we been marshalled for service with good Fairy Thrift as our trusted leader but we have also marshalled our children. Here they are! They too must help.

## CANADA CALLS

*Canada.*—Help? I should think so. Why,

The boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow.

The bright, merry, laughing, young elf,  
Brimming over with life, and with cheeks all a-glow,  
Will soon be a woman herself.

And Canada looks to the children to carry on the good work that you older ones have begun. Children, beware of Bad Fairy Waste! With Good Fairy Thrift as your faithful friend and trusted adviser you cannot go far wrong.

*1st Child.*—

Last night, I didn't eat up my crust.

I poked it in under my plate.

I fought 'at no one could find it there.

But when it got dark and late,

And I was in bed, all covered up tight,—

All covered but des my head,—

I saw that same old crust, I did,

Come walking up over my bed.

He'd two long legs and great big eyes,

And he grinned and he said to me,

"I'm the crust you poked in under your plate.

You couldn't hide me, you see.

## CANADA CALLS

"You must never, never do that again."

"All wight, I won't," I said;

"I'll eat you up to the very last crumb,  
If you'll please get down off of my bed."

He jumped off the bed and disappeared.

I've looked for him early and late.

But he comes no more, for I never poke

My crusts in under my plate.

*Housewife.*—So you see what happened to this wasteful child. Surely there are no others that leave their crusts.

*2nd Child.*—

I like to sit next to my Granny

At breakfast or dinner or tea.

If my crusts are too dry, I just heave a sigh,

And sneak them to her, don't you see.

But my Dad, he saw me one day he did,

And with words like a sharp sword-thrust

Said, "Son, none of that; I see what you're at.

You just eat up your own hard crust!

"Why, Granny, she bought her teeth at the store;

While yours are your own; that's plain.

I'll send you away from the table to-day

If you do such a thing again."

And now (whimpering) there's nobody to eat up my crusts, and I can't poke them in under my plate; and I just have to eat them up myself.

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*Children* (in chorus).—Well, that's what we have to do, and we don't like it any better than you do, but we are doing it for the sake of our boys overseas and our brave Allies.

*Canada*.—My brave little patriots!

*Thrift*.—I will never leave the children to the mercies of that bad Fairy Waste, I will stay with and ever remain the friend and adviser of the children of Canada. (Enter a group of more children, carrying banners.) Why who comes here?

*1st Child*.—When Canada called for greater production, the children replied by planting war gardens. They have learned that even children can help. (Each child reads the words on his or her own banner.)

"WE WILL SQUASH HIM FLAT."

"GIVE YOUR KALE TO BEET THE HUN."

"LETTUCE BEET THE KAISER."

"IN AN ONION IS STRENGTH."

"WE'LL CABBAGE THE ENEMY."

"LET ARTICHOKE HIM."

"I'D LIKE TO CAN HIM."

"WE'LL TURNIP AND PLANT HIM."

(At this point have all the children take part in some simple drill. A march or a dance to music will prove effective, or better still have a drill with hoes or some other garden tool. They march off to music. The housewives follow. Canada and Fairy Thrift are alone on the stage.)

(Enter a group of Farmerettes and Soldiers of the Soil.)



## CANADA CALLS

*A Soldier of the Soil.*—

When a ship's in distress a cry rings out,

A cry that all may hear.

It wakens the echoes, it startles the world,

This cry so piercing and clear.

Then the ships that have heard this wireless cry,

This cry of a boat in distress,

They rush to the spot from whence the appeal.

They know that call says, "S.O.S."

"We're sinking; we perish! Haste quick to our aid!"

'Tis thus that wild cry they translate,

Now who is so cowardly, pray tell me that,

Who would leave that poor ship to its fate?

The world it is threatened, the danger draws near,

A wild S.O.S. cry rings shrill,

"A famine is coming, you must *help ward it off*,

Hungry mouths you must all help to fill."

*Farmerette.*—Canada, that is what we are doing. Here we are! Farmerettes and Soldiers of the Soil. We cannot go overseas to fight, so we are fighting the enemy at home. Our gardens are filled with vegetables, and our farms are well tilled. We are freckled and sun-burned and weary, sometimes; but as long as the boys in the trenches can fight for us, just so long can we at home work for them in our gardens and in our orchards and on our farms. Our freckles are

## CANADA CALLS

honourable freckles and our blisters are blisters worth while.

(A Drill of the Farmerettes and of the Soldiers of the Soil will fit in very nicely here.\* When it is finished they march off to music.)

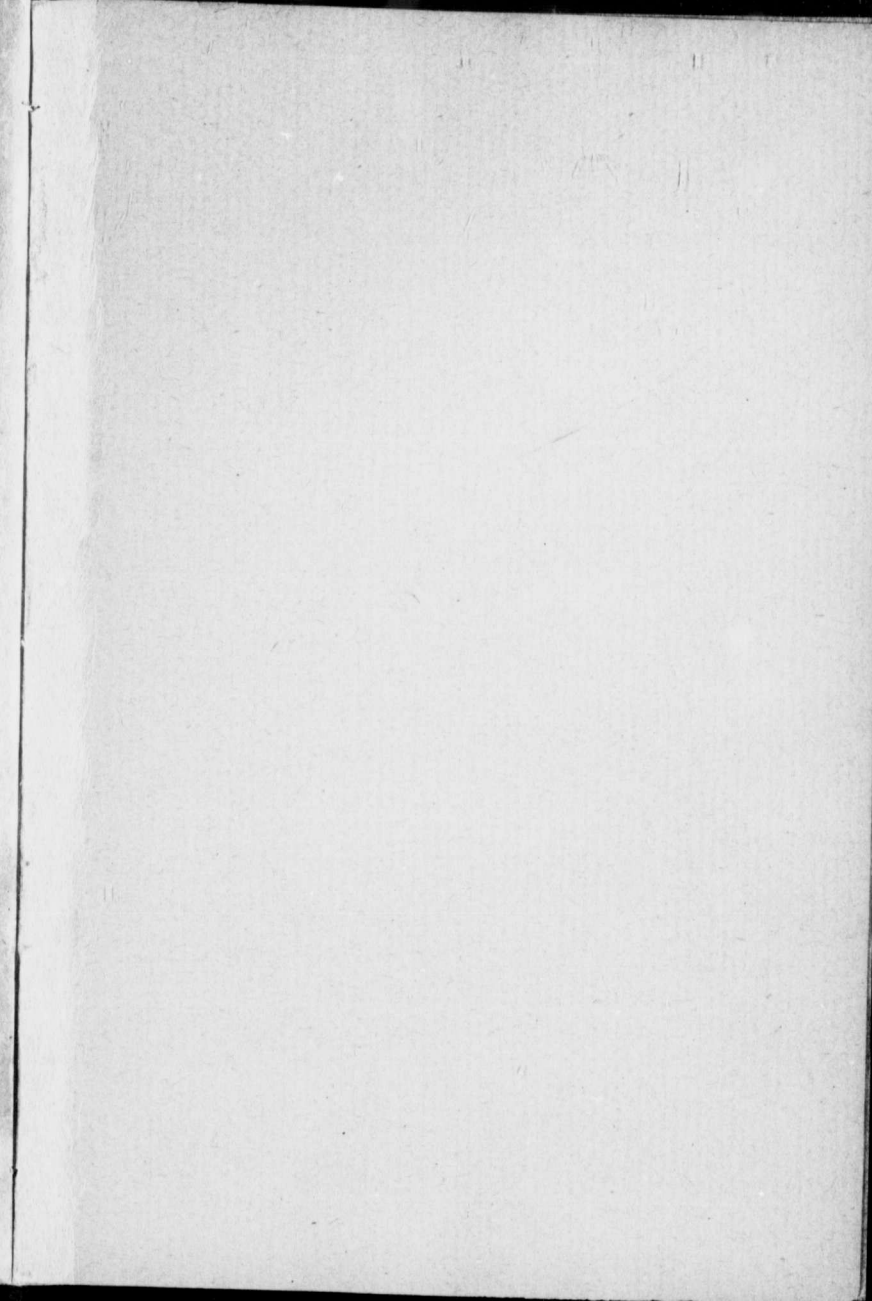
*Thrift.*—Canada, you have heard the response. A response that ought to gladden the heart of any nation. When Canada calls she never calls in vain. Your boys in France who have fought for your honour, what have they given up in order that they might answer your call? Wives, mothers, sweethearts, children, homes—even LIFE itself. They have braved the horrors of the trenches; they have sacrificed everything with a cheer on their lips and a smile upon their faces. And we who stay at home in safety and at ease, because our boys have gone, we should be traitors indeed were we to fail to respond to Canada when CANADA CALLS.

*Canada.*—Once more, Canada is assured of the loyalty of her people, and this is the message she sends to all, "Thank you for your loving response!"

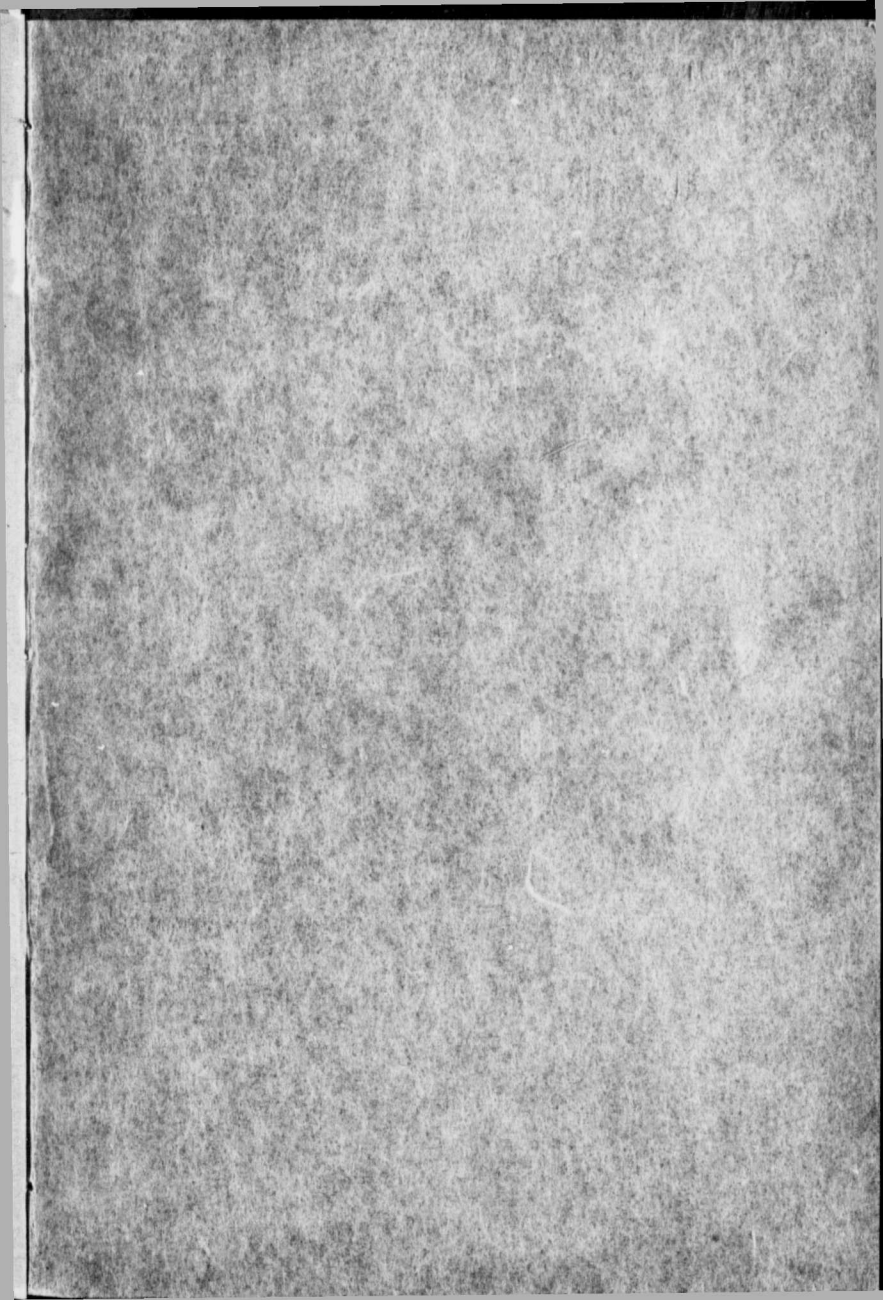
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\*Such a Drill may be obtained in the All-Canadian Entertainment Series, entitled The Soldiers of the Soil and the Farmerettes—A Dramatic Drill.



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