

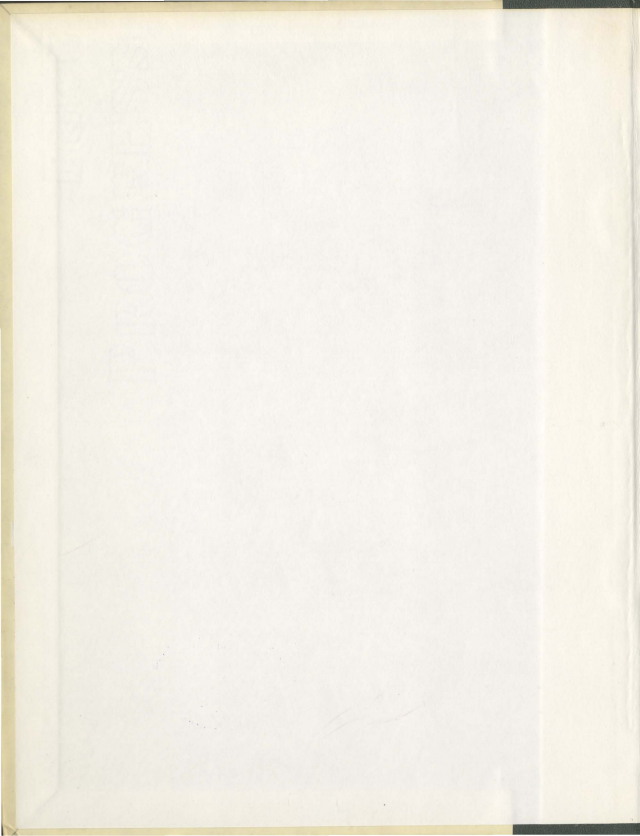
PREPARATION AND USE OF READING
MATERIAL WRITTEN AT
MORE THAN ONE LEVEL
OF DIFFICULTY

CENTRE FOR NEWFOUNDLAND STUDIES

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PREPARATION AND USE OF READING
MATERIAL WRITTEN AT
MORE THAN ONE LEVEL
OF DIFFICULTY

AN INTERNSHIP REPORT
PRESENTED TO
THE FACULTY OF EDUCATION
MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND

IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT
OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE
OF MASTER OF EDUCATION

BY



MAXINE C. GENGE

AUGUST 1974

MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND

The undersigned certify that they have read and recommended for acceptance an internship report entitled "Preparation and Use of Reading Material Written at More Than One Level of Difficulty" submitted by Maxine C. Genge in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Education.

Date: _____

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ABSTRACT

This internship was motivated by a desire to find a solution to the problem of teaching reading effectively in classrooms where a wide range of reading ability exists. The solution proposed, explored, and evaluated during this internship involved leaving the classes intact and using reading material with identical content but written at more than one level of difficulty.

Material written at more than one level of difficulty was provided by rewriting existing material to a lower level of difficulty and using this material together with the original material. The use of this material was explored in a classroom situation. This approach was then evaluated by examining the feasibility of classroom teachers rewriting existing material and thus providing two levels of material with identical content for use in the classroom, the original and the rewritten. The advantages of using reading material of identical content but written at more than one level of difficulty in a classroom situation and the effects that this approach had on students were also investigated.

Given the limitations of this report, there is clear indication that the rewriting of existing reading materials to a lower level of difficulty by classroom teachers is feasible, that use of this material together with the original

has many advantages when used in a classroom situation, and that there are benefits to students when this approach is used to provide for the range of reading ability in a classroom.

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CHAPTER I
PURPOSE OF THE INTERNSHIP
INTRODUCTION

Many researchers have shown that a wide range of reading ability exists in any given classroom under our present system of sorting children into grades by age. Durrell (1940) reported the reading scores of students in one hundred and forty-six classrooms. The study included grades two to six and the test administered was the Durrell-Sullivan Achievement Test. In each classroom there was a wide range of reading ability. A close examination of the scores for the thirty-eight fourth grade classrooms reveals a reading range expressed in grade norms of 1.4 to 6.5 years. Bond and Bond (1945) gave the results of the Gates Silent Reading Test, which was administered to a fourth and a sixth grade class near the end of the school year. The test measured four types of reading: reading to get the general significance of the passage, reading to predict outcomes, reading to follow directions, and reading to note details. In all the phases of reading there were marked differences in the abilities of the pupils. The grade scores on reading to get the general significance of the passage and reading to predict outcomes ranged from below 3.0 to 8.9 in the grade four class. A range of over eight years in ability to read to follow directions and in ability to read to note details was found among these same pupils. The

scores for the sixth-grade class showed a range of approximately eight and one-half years for each of the four types of reading tested.

Recent studies of reading range within the classrooms have produced similar results. A set of data presented by Harris (1961) emphasized the wide range within a grade and the increase in the range of reading ability as the children progress through school. The Stanford Achievement Test was used. Harris (1961) reported the grade-equivalent scores for grades five, six, and seven. Approximately forty thousand students participated in the study. The grade-equivalent scores ranged from below 2.0 to 11.9 for grade five and six, and from below 2.0 to 12.9 in grade seven. In grade five, only 20.9 per cent of the pupils were reading at their grade level (at 5.0 - 5.9); at grade six, 22.5 per cent (at 6.0 - 6.9); and at grade seven, 15.6 per cent (at 7.0 - 7.9).

Cook and Clymer (1962) gave the distributions of reading ability at the end of the school year for the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth grades of the elementary schools of a small suburban school district. The Gates Advanced Primary was used for the second grade and reading comprehension section of the Iowa Test of Basic Skills for the remaining grades. The range of reading scores for grade two was from 2.1 to 7.5; for grade three, from 1.6 to 9.0; for grade four, from 2.1 to 9.0; for grade five, from 3.6 to 9.5; and for grade six, from 4.1 to 11.0. Tinker and McCullough (1968) pointed out that when reading instruction is excellent the range of differences in reading ability

within the class is greater. In their study Cook and Clymer (1962) included statistics that support the findings of Tinker and McCullough (1968). They gave both the beginning-of-the-year and the end-of-the-year test scores for the third-grade classes involved in the study described earlier. A very effective reading instructional program had been organized and carried out during the year in which the test data was collected. At the beginning of the school year the range of reading ability, as measured by the reading comprehension section of the Iowa Test of Basic Skills, was from about grade 1.1 to 6.5. At the end of the year this range had increased from grade 1.6 to 9.0.

Since the graded pattern of school organization is used in Newfoundland, in the light of the research referred to above, it seems reasonable to expect a wide range of reading ability within the classrooms of these schools.

STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM

A number of studies and surveys of reading achievement have been conducted in Newfoundland schools in recent years. In accordance with the recommendations of the Supervisors' Conference held in January, 1964, achievement tests in reading were administered to approximately 1,300 pupils in grade four during the months of September and October of that same year. The Dominion Achievement Test, which has two sub-tests, one for vocabulary and one for comprehension, was used. The

grade scores of the students writing the tests ranged from 2.0 to 5.5 in the Vocabulary Test and from 2.0 to 6.7 in the Comprehension Test (Report of the Royal Commission on Education and Youth, Volume I, 1967, p. 43). Pollard (1970) reported the results of The Nelson Reading Test which was administered to 746 sixth-grade students in rural Newfoundland. The grade scores of the students ranged from 2.0 to 10.5 for both vocabulary and comprehension. In her study, Roe (1971) showed the same range for The Nelson Reading Test administered to 305 fourth grade male students under the jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic School Board for St. John's.

A province-wide reading survey was conducted by the Department of Education of the Province of Newfoundland and Labrador in May 1970 and repeated in May 1973. A report on the first survey (Jones, 1971) showed a wide range of reading ability. The school population from which the sample was drawn included all the students enrolled in grade three in the Province of Newfoundland and Labrador. The test used in the survey was the Gates MacGinitie Reading Test : Primary C, Form 1 (Vocabulary and Comprehension). The grade-equivalent scores ranged from 1.3 to above 7.1 for vocabulary and from 1.3 to above 7.0 for comprehension. A report on the second survey (Penney, 1973), which was conducted in the same manner, used the Gates MacGinitie Reading Test : Primary C, Form 2 (Vocabulary and Comprehension). The grade-equivalent scores ranged from below 1.3 to above 7.1 for vocabulary and from below 1.3 to above 7.0 for comprehension.

These studies and surveys provide sufficient evidence that a wide range of reading ability does exist within the classrooms of the schools in Newfoundland. Furthermore, they point to the necessity of making a determined effort to provide a reading program that takes this range of reading ability into account.

SOLUTIONS TO THE PROBLEM OF WIDE RANGE OF READING ABILITY

Durrell (1940) and Smith (1961) claimed that the advent and use of standardized tests first made educators realize that there were wide individual differences in the reading achievement of children in the same grade and in the same classroom. Since that time the problem of providing effective reading instruction in classrooms has been a major concern of educators. In their attempt to produce workable solutions to this problem they have put forth a number of plans for meeting the differences in reading ability among children in the same classroom.

Interclass grouping is one design that has many enthusiastic advocates. Under this plan students are grouped on the basis of reading achievement and assigned to one class for reading instruction. This type of organizational design was popularized by the public schools in Joplin, Missouri and has come to be known as the Joplin Plan though other school systems had tried this plan prior to its introduction at Joplin. Under this arrangement, a school which has one or more classes

at different grade levels classifies the children of these grades in reading ability. Standardized testing and/or informally gathered data are used in this classification. Reading classes are established in accordance with the number of reading levels found to exist in the different grades and the availability of teachers. The more classes there are in each grade, the smaller can be the range of reading levels within any one reading class. At a given time during the school day, the students go to their assigned classes for reading instruction. Theoretically, reading instruction is facilitated under this plan since the range of reading ability within the classroom is narrowed and the teacher can concentrate her efforts (Karlin 1971).

Team teaching is a second educational innovation that has been proposed as a solution to the wide range of reading ability within a classroom. This phrase is used to describe a number of organizational patterns in which teachers are joined together. Anderson (1962) defines a teaching team as "a group of several teachers (usually three to six) with joint responsibility for planning, executing, and evaluating an educational program for a specified number of children, which is 25 to 30 times the number of teachers in the team (p. 257)." Members of the team usually have abilities and skills that complement each other. Insofar as reading instruction is concerned, many more achievement groups can be formed with the combined classes than with a single class. These achievement groups can be supplemented by skills and

activity groups taught by one or more teachers. The strengths of each teacher can be utilized to the benefit of all students. In theory, this arrangement makes it possible for teachers to offer differentiated instruction in reading in a way that would be difficult to duplicate in separate classrooms.

Within class grouping was adopted several decades ago when individual differences were recognized and there began a greater psychological orientation towards the child (Marita, 1966). Under this plan, teachers divide their classes into from two to six groups, usually on the basis of achievement in reading. The basic purpose of this grouping is to provide instruction at the level of the child. It is reasoned that having a number of groups will make instruction possible on different levels.

An alternative solution. While the solutions examined above are all acceptable ways of dealing with the wide range of reading ability found within classrooms, a "new" solution to this problem is proposed. This solution involves leaving the classes intact and using reading material with identical content but written at various levels of difficulty. Many administrators prefer to have one teacher know well the needs and abilities of 25 to 45 students and let him/her have all day to work with them. They, like Ramsey (1969), see the self-contained classroom as the best organizational plan for the total development of the student. The competent teacher, working under this organizational

pattern, strives to make the most efficient and effective use of classroom instructional time. This can be accomplished by working with the whole class using reading material with identical content but written at more than one level of difficulty. Since the whole class is dealing with one topic, more time is available for developing readiness, developing backgrounds, developing interest, introducing new words, doing creative activities and discussing and evaluating what has been accomplished. At the same time all students can participate meaningfully in the actual reading since the material is adjusted to their reading capabilities.

This idea of reading material containing identical content but written at more than one level of difficulty is seen in certain reading materials that have been published. The Developmental Reading Series (Bond et al., 1962) has a regular edition of each reader and in addition a classmate edition. The classmate edition covers identical material but is written at a grade level below that of the regular edition. Developing Comprehension In Reading (Thomas, 1972) is a two-level series. The first level is written for the better readers who are reading at level or above. The second level is written for the slower readers who are below level. The story ideas are the same in the two books designed for a particular grade, but the material is written at different levels of difficulty. The same questions and suggested activities follow the stories in both books. Teachers are advised to vary the number of follow-up activities according

to the needs and capabilities of the individual students. The Canadian Reading Development Series (McIntosh, 1962) has one reader for each level, but each reader has two editions of the workbook, one easier to read than the other.

According to Mallinson (1957) many persons have suggested that three levels of the same textbook be prepared for every course. One should be designed for the "slow learner" and "retarded reader", a second for the "average student", and the third for the "superior". Thus the same basic areas would be covered, but the level of presentation and understanding would be differentiated for the student. Mallinson (1957) stated that the cost of publication of textbooks was the big obstacle to such an arrangement. Harris and Sipay (1971) have suggested that when a textbook is so difficult that only a few of the children can read it, the teacher write and duplicate a simpler version.

OBJECTIVE OF THE INTERNSHIP

The objective of the internship was to examine the feasibility of this alternative approach to the problem of teaching reading effectively in classrooms where a wide range of reading ability exists. The internship included the provision of material written at more than one level of difficulty, the exploration of the use of this material in a classroom situation, and the evaluation of this approach as one possible solution to the wide range of reading ability found in a self-contained classroom.

DESIGN OF THE REPORT

Chapter II of this report reviews the research literature in the field of readability and in the area of rewriting existing material. Chapter III relates the procedures followed in the implementation of the internship and the evaluation of the approach is given in Chapter IV.

CHAPTER II

REVIEW OF THE LITERATURE

INTRODUCTION

In order for this "new" solution to the problem of the wide range of reading ability in the classroom to be experimented with in a classroom situation, appropriate materials were essential. Since suitable reading material with identical content but written at more than one level of difficulty was not available for use in this classroom, following the suggestion of Harris and Sipay (1971), existing material was taken and rewritten at a lower level of difficulty. This rewritten material was used in the school together with the original material, thus providing material written at two levels of difficulty, the original and the rewritten version. In order to rewrite material to a lower level of difficulty, the factors that contribute to the difficulty of reading material had to be determined. The research literature in the field of readability and the precedents for rewriting existing material were examined with this purpose in mind. In light of this research a decision was made on the factors which, as far as possible, would be controlled in the rewriting of the material used during the internship.

READABILITY

There are literally hundreds of features of language, any number of which might be an important factor in reading ease. However, research has centered around vocabulary, syntactic, and content factors.

Vocabulary factors in readability

Word length. Concern about word length as a factor in readability appeared in research as early as 1921 in the work of H.D. Kitson (Klare, 1963). The amount of attention given to word length as a variable in reading ease has intensified during the past few years. In his research, Coleman (1971) found high correlations between difficulty and number of letters, number of syllables, and number of affixes, stems, and inflectional morphemes. Coleman (1971) used the traditional cloze procedure in this study. In using this method the investigator selects the passage he wishes to use, deletes every fifth word, and replaces the deleted word with underlined blank spaces of standard length. The test is given to subjects who have not read the passage previously. The subjects are instructed to write in each blank the word they think was deleted. Minor spelling errors are disregarded. Other methods of deletion and scoring have been developed. Bormuth (1966) used the traditional cloze procedure in his study which was designed to investigate five problems basic to the development of readability formulas. He found that words containing few

syllables or letters tended to be easiest.

Word frequency. It has long been known that people do not use different words equally often, either in speaking or writing. The extent of the repetition is much greater than is usually realized. Perhaps the earliest recorded evidence that frequency is related to readability came over a thousand years ago. In 900 A.D. a group of religious writers, the Talmudists, made word and idea counts of their manuscripts so that they could use frequency of occurrence to distinguish usual from unusual meanings (Klare, 1963). Included implicitly with frequency is the sub-concept of familiarity. In 1898 F.W. Kaeding constructed a word count and in 1889 N.A. Rubakin compiled a list of 1500 familiar words. This work on word count paved the way for the publication in 1921 of The Teacher's Word Book by E.L. Thorndike. Thorndike tabulated the frequency with which words occur in print and his book influenced the teaching of vocabulary in the schools (Klare, 1963). Word frequency continued to appear as a variable in some way in most attempts at readability measurement. After a thorough study of the research and a discussion on the role of word frequency in readability, Klare (1968) concluded that frequency of occurrence of words plays an all-pervasive role in language usage. He stated that "Not only do people tend to use some words much more often than others, they recognize more frequent words more rapidly than less frequent, prefer them, and understand and learn them more readily (Klare 1968, p. 15)."

Syntactic factors in readability

Sentence length. The length of sentences as an index of readability has been studied since the beginning of the century. McClusky (1934), Kessler (1941), Edgerton (1945), Lorge (1939), Flesch (1943), Dale and Chall (1948), Dolch (1948), Spache (1953), Tribe (1956) are among those who used sentence length as one of the factors in their readability formulas (Klare, 1963). Sentence lengths have been most commonly measured by counting the number of words in them. Bormuth (1966) and Klare (1963) noted the relationship between sentence length and grammatical complexity of sentences. Klare (1963) stated that "length of sentences remains one of the basic factors in determining readability (p. 170)." Ruddell (1965) stated that average sentence length, in combination with some measure of vocabulary, has produced the highest reported prediction of readability of written material.

Sentence structure. For a number of years researchers have noted the importance of patterns of language structure as variable in comprehension of written material. Dale and Chall (1949), Flesch (1948), Lorge (1949), Robinson (1947), and Steinberg and Jenkins (1962) emphasized the need for consideration of the organization of language structure in the development and control of readability of written materials (Ruddell, 1965). Strickland (1962), in her report of the language of elementary school children, showed that some language patterns were used with great frequency by all children participating in the study. She stated that this

indicated that these patterns were the basic building blocks of their language. The most commonly used pattern at all grade levels consisted of subject, verb, and outer complement or direct object. The filler of a subject slot might be a word, phrase, clause, or combination of phrases and clauses, though in most instances it was a noun with modifiers or a pronoun. The verb slot might be filled by a verb or a compound predicate. Outer complements were composed of single words, simple compounds, or intricate clauses. Examples of this pattern are: I have a bicycle.; A hunter came in and shot the wolf. Strickland (1962) reported the number of times each sentence pattern was used by the students in the different grades. In grade one the total number of times sentence patterns were used was 1,910. The most commonly used pattern which consisted of subject, verb, and outer complement or direct object was used 968 times out of a total of 2, 025 times that sentence patterns were used in oral language.

The second most frequently used pattern was composed of subject slot, a passive verb, verb of the to be class, or copulative verb, and the predicate nominative. Examples of of this pattern are: He is three years old.; It was about the robe that Christ wore when he was crucified. This sentence pattern was used 268 times in grade one and 395 times in grade six. Strickland recommended that the effect on reading ease of structural similarity in written language patterns and children's oral language be given consideration in readability research. Ruddell (1965) reported on his study which was

designed to investigate the effects of the similarity of oral and written patterns of language structure on reading comprehension of fourth-grade children. The cloze procedure was used to construct the comprehension tests. The results of this study showed rather clearly that children's performance in reading comprehension is partly a function of the extent to which the syntactic patterns in reading material are similar to the patterns in their oral speech, even when vocabulary difficulty is controlled.

Tatham (1970) reported on the study which she conducted in order to investigate the relationship between reading comprehension and material written with select oral language patterns at second and fourth grades. The findings of Strickland (1962) provided the sole source of information about the nature and frequency of children's oral language patterns for her study. Comprehension was measured by the child's ability to read a sentence and draw a line to one of the three similar pictures that best represented the sentence content. Significantly more children obtained higher scores on the test written with patterns that appear frequently in children's oral language than on the one written with patterns that appear infrequently.

Content factors in readability

Background knowledge. It has been generally assumed that a piece of discourse will be relatively easier for an individual who already has some familiarity with the content. Ausubel and Fitzgerald (1962) found that general background

knowledge in endocrinology facilitated the learning and retention of new material in this field. Klare (1963) reached a similar conclusion. He stated that "one characteristic of the reader which plays a large part in determining readability is background and previous experience with the subject matter in question (Klare, 1963, p. 177)."

Word length, word frequency, sentence length, sentence structure, and background knowledge are then factors which, according to research, are important in reading ease and for this reason they must be considered when one undertakes the task of making existing material easier to read.

PRECEDENTS FOR REWRITING EXISTING MATERIAL

The work of rewriting existing material in order to make it easier to read has been done mainly by professional editors. Zintz (1966) commented on a very early attempt at rewriting material to be used in teaching young children to read. In 1910 Harriette Taylor Treadwell and Margaret Free selected stories from literature and rewrote them at an elementary level. Until that time some authors of primers had thought it impossible to provide such material within the vocabulary that beginners could learn with ease. Free and Treadwell rewrote nine old folk tales, including "The Little Red Hen", "The Gingerbread Boy", "The Old Woman and Her Pig", "The Pancake", "Chicken Little", and "The Three Billy Goats Gruff", so that they could be taught as beginning reading

lessons by the first-grade teacher (Zintz, 1966, p. 332). Since the time of Treadwell and Free a tremendous amount of existing material has been rewritten for the benefit of less capable readers. Nealon (1966) examined the policies followed by editors and publishers in simplifying classics for use by weak readers. The most important considerations of editors and publishers seem to be simplifying vocabulary, reducing sentence complexities, clarifying obscure allusions, eliminating tedious passages, and preserving the original spirit of the work and its author (Nealon, 1966, p. 256).

In recent years several attempts at rewriting existing materials for the benefit of weak readers have been made by non-professional writers. Williams (1968) reported on a study which was undertaken to determine the effects of rewriting sixth-grade science textbook selections to a lower level of readability on reading comprehension and reading rate of sixth-grade pupils. A sixth-grade science textbook was selected and one unit was analyzed with the Yoakam readability formula. This unit was rewritten to a lower level of reading difficulty through simplification of vocabulary by substitution, amplification of technical vocabulary by the addition of phrases or complete sentences, and simplification of style by rephrasing and shortening sentences. Four hundred sixth-grade pupils were randomly assigned to control and experimental groups. The control groups read the grade level material, while experimental groups read the rewritten text. Subjects completed a comprehension test after reading each of

the three assignments. Using analysis of variance procedures, the mean comprehension scores and reading rates of the experimental group were found to be significantly higher (.05 level) than those of the control group (Williams, 1968, p. 204).

Pine and Neill (1970) cited an example of local teachers rewriting existing materials to fit the needs of poor readers in the Los Angeles, California, elementary schools. Roe (1972) reported on her experiment in getting teachers to rewrite existing materials for secondary school students. Under her guidance, teachers chose sections from the textbooks that were currently in use in the schools. They applied the Dale-Chall readability formula (1948). Then they rewrote the selection, simplifying the vocabulary and sentence structure. For any difficult words retained out of necessity, the teachers were required to explain how they would teach the concepts represented by the words. The readability of the rewritten material was assessed by applying the Dale-Chall readability formula to this material. Roe (1972) reported that every teacher managed to lower the readability level by at least two grades. Some managed to lower the readability level four grade levels. The teachers were very adept at producing sentences containing simpler vocabulary than that of the original book. They also did well at simplifying sentence structure. On the basis of this experiment, Roe (1972) concluded that "the development by classroom teachers of low difficulty versions of the material

used in school classes is not an impossible task. It even appeared to be a task which provided some enjoyment for the participants (p. 279)."

CHAPTER III

IMPLEMENTATION OF THE INTERNSHIP

INTRODUCTION

This internship was conducted in St. Andrew's Elementary School, St. John's. The school had fourteen self-contained classrooms and approximately five hundred students. The graded pattern of school organization was employed and the grades taught in this elementary school were kindergarten to grade six. This school operated under the jurisdiction of the Avalon Consolidated School Board. Permission to work in St. Andrew's Elementary School was sought and granted by the Supervisor of Elementary Schools for the Avalon Consolidated School Board. At the suggestion of the principal, a grade four class was selected for the internship. The principal and teacher believed that this class was heterogeneous with regard to reading ability. This belief was confirmed by the results of a standardized reading test which was administered to the class at the beginning of the internship in order to obtain a profile on the reading ability of the class. The Gates - MacGinitie Reading Test, Survey D, Form 1, (Gates and MacGinitie, 1965) was used. The grade-equivalent scores ranged from 2.1 to 8.4 for vocabulary, from 2.2 to 11.9 for comprehension, and from 2.4 to 11.8 for speed and accuracy. This range of reading scores was approximately the range found by Harris (1961) and Cook and Clymer (1962) in their

research studies.

The reading program in the grade four classroom centered around the Nelson Language Development Program. The material for this program is supplied by the Department of Education of the Province of Newfoundland and Labrador and is recommended for use in the schools of this province.

Work in the classroom proceeded on a daily basis and covered the period from April 22 to June 19.

REWRITING EXISTING MATERIAL

Once the decision to rewrite existing material had been made and the research on readability completed, the material to be rewritten had to be selected. It was decided that it would be in the best interests of the students to rewrite the reading material currently being used by the majority of the students in this classroom. Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes and Hearn, 1971) together with the Studybook to Accompany Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes, 1973) formed the core of the reading program for approximately eighty-five per cent of the students. Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes et al., 1971) is listed as level nine in the Nelson Language Development Reading Program and is presently being used in many of the grade four classrooms in the elementary schools in the Province of Newfoundland and Labrador. Since this classroom had been using a two-group organizational pattern for reading, it was decided that two levels of material would be used in the classroom. The original version of the stories in Hockey Cards and Hopscotch

(McInnes et al., 1971) formed one level and the stories in Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes et al., 1971) were rewritten at a lower level of difficulty and these stories formed the second level (see: Appendix B).

Five students formed a separate group for all reading activities and appeared to be making little progress in their reading. It was decided that in the rewriting of these stories an attempt would be made to make the stories easy enough for these students. Then they could be included in the total class reading activities. The scores of these students on the Gates MacGinitie Reading Test, Survey D, Form 1 (Gates et al., 1965) administered on the first day of the internship ranged from 2.1 to 3.3 for vocabulary, from 2.2 to 3.9 for comprehension, and from 2.6 to 3.3 for speed and accuracy. In the rewriting of the stories in Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes et al., 1971) the aim was to rewrite the stories at a grade three reading level. Stories written at this level were within the reading capability of the five students who had formed a separate group for all reading activities and nine students who had been using Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes et al., 1971) but were experiencing difficulty in reading this material. Certain factors which research has shown to be important in reading ease were kept in mind.

Word frequency. Words that are frequently used and are familiar to students are preferred, recognized, and understood more readily. The Dale List of 3000 Familiar

Words (Dale and Chall, 1948) was used as a guide. On occasion words not on The Dale List of 3000 Familiar Words (Dale and Chall, 1948) had to be included. When these situations did arise, either provision was made for teaching the word before proceeding to the reading of the story or context clues were provided so that the reader could unlock the unknown word.

Sentence length. Longer sentences tend to be more complex and as a result more difficult to comprehend. The Dale-Chall readability formula which has sentence length as one of its factors and is considered by Klare (1963) to be the most accurate was used to assess the readability of the rewritten stories. The original stories ranged in difficulty between fifth and eighth grade as measured by this formula. The rewritten stories were below fourth grade as measured by the same formula.

Sentence structure. Sentence patterns which are similar to children's oral speech patterns are easier for students to comprehend. In this regard frequent use was made of the patterns which Strickland found were most commonly used at all grade levels.

Twelve stories in Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes et al., 1971) were rewritten. They comprised one hundred pages in the original text. In the rewriting of the stories, the material was first examined from the point of view of rewriting it paragraph by paragraph. However, in most instances the ideas in the stories flowed sentence by

sentence and the rewriting was done in this manner. The rewriting of the stories was concurrent with the exploration of use in the classroom.

EXPLORATION OF CLASSROOM USE OF MATERIAL

The original versions of all stories in Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes et al., 1971) are above the fifth grade level as determined by the Dale-Chall readability formula. Students above grade level in reading as determined by teacher observation, the Emmett A. Betts Informal Reading Inventory (Betts, 1964) which was administered to three students from this group, and the results of the Gates MacGinitie Reading Test, Survey D, Form 1 (Gates et al., 1965) used this version of the stories. Students below grade level as determined in the same manner used the rewritten version of those stories. The total number of students in the class using the rewritten version of the stories was fourteen. Of these fourteen students, nine had been using the original version of the stories in Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes et al., 1971) until the commencement of this internship but were experiencing difficulty in handling this material. The results of informal and standardized tests indicated that they were working at their frustration level. Previous to this internship the other five students had formed a separate group for all reading activities.

Teacher observation and informal testing indicated that these students were making minimal progress in reading achievement. The rewritten stories were typed and the illustrations from the original version were pasted on the rewritten version in the appropriate places. The stories were then Xeroxed, stapled, and presented to the students in this format.

The teaching procedure generally followed during the internship included a number of steps.

Development of background. The importance of developing background in order to bring meaning to the printed page is well established. Films, tapes, photos, study prints, articles and newspaper clippings brought in by the students, excerpts from books, and discussions were used in building up both the conceptual background and the related vocabulary of the students so that they brought meaning to their reading. The students helped and sometimes assumed leadership in explaining, defining, dramatizing, demonstrating, and illustrating a concept or experience.

Setting a purpose. Most of the stories were long and the students tended to get lost when just an overall purpose was set for reading a specific story. For this reason a story was sometimes read in sections and a purpose for reading was set prior to the reading of that particular section. For example, the students were directed to read the first two pages of "Jimmy-Why and Noel" and to find evidence that Jimmy-Why's family liked and trusted Noel.

Silent reading of the story. Fourteen of the students read the rewritten version of the stories during this period and the remainder of the class the original version.

Follow-up activities. The follow-up activities included discussion of the story. Simple factual questions were often directed at the slower-learning students. Interpretation of the stories on different levels was encouraged. While some students were only able to read what was "on the lines", others could read "between the lines" and reading "beyond the lines" was evident in other student responses. Students were at times directed to locate specific expressions in both the original and the rewritten versions. These expressions were then discussed in terms of alternate ways of saying the same thing. Students using both versions of the story participated enthusiastically. An art activity followed one story which lent itself particularly well to that type of expression. Suggestions for activities found in the Teacher's Guidebook for Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes and Wheatley, 1971) were used selectively and adjusted to meet the needs of the students. For example, a true and false exercise was prepared in two forms, one was written and used the statements as they appeared in the guidebook and the other was printed and the statements were less difficult to comprehend. Oral reading was used to observe fluency and reading rhythm. Students who tended to disregard punctuation were helped with this problem. Oral

reading was also used to evaluate comprehension. Students were asked to read aloud passages which had certain meanings. On occasion one student read a passage orally and another student restated in his own way the meaning conveyed in the passage that had been read. During oral reading supportive assistance was given to the students by words of encouragement and praise. Several organizational patterns were used for oral reading. A section of the story which the students found appealing was selected and both versions were read and compared. The students were divided according to whether they were using the original or the rewritten version. The students then read orally under supervision. The students who were using the Studybook to Accompany Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes, 1971) continued to use that workbook. Other activities were provided for the students not using this workbook. Among the activities used were short stories with comprehension questions and questions on the stories read with the class.

CHAPTER IV

EVALUATION OF THE APPROACH

INTRODUCTION

This "new" solution to the problem of teaching reading effectively in classrooms which have a wide range of reading ability was evaluated by examining the reasons for and the feasibility of rewriting existing materials to a lower level of difficulty, the advantages of using this approach in a self-contained classroom, and the effect this approach has on the students who are instructed in reading using this approach.

REWRITING OF EXISTING MATERIAL

If an approach to the teaching of reading is to be successful it must take into account the similarities and differences of the students with whom the approach is being used. Students assigned to self-contained classrooms according to age are likely to be interested in the same things (Bond and Tinker, 1967). Each student within the class needs to be recognized as an important member of this little community in which he/she spends a large portion of his/her day. The poor reader as well as the good one must feel that he/she is an integral part of the class and that he/she has contri-

butions to make to the class. In the reading program, using the same material can provide for the similarities of interest of students of the same age. Allowing all students to participate in the same important reading enterprises can make each student feel that he is an integral part of the class. Involvement with class reading activities can give each student a feeling of confidence, security, and well-being and encourage comfortable, efficient growth for all students. However, all of this can be nullified by giving a student material that is above his/her reading level. The very nature of the reading process indicates that reading progress is impeded if the material used by the student is too difficult.

DeBoer and Dallman (1970), Harris (1970), and Goodman (1967) are among the many who have pointed out the fact that reading is a process involving meaning. Harris (1970) stated that "meaningful response is the very heart of the reading process (p. 4)." If the reading material presented to the student is too difficult, the student becomes so involved with the mechanical aspects of reading that he/she fails to get meaning from the printed page. A student who has to struggle with the mechanics of reading cannot become involved in searching for meaning in his reading. Gage (1973) pointed out the importance of active involvement in the reading process. Progress in reading also requires practice (Fry, 1972). However, reading practice is useless if the material provided for practice is too difficult. In such a

situation unrealistic demands are made on the student's reading skills and frustration results. A negative attitude towards reading develops if a student is constantly required to read difficult material. Not only is the student likely to develop an intense dislike for reading, but "the frustrations caused by years of unsuccessful effort and invidious comparisons with other children are practically certain to create severe feelings of inferiority which interfere with normal personality development (Harris, 1970, p. 4)." Using material with identical content but written at a lower level of difficulty can give poorer readers the benefits of working with their classmates and at the same time provide for continuous development of their reading.

Williams (1968) and Roe (1972) have demonstrated that teachers can rewrite material to a lower level of difficulty. Williams' (1968) study involved rewriting science material. He believed that the final responsibility for providing content reading material suited to the needs of the children rested with the schools and that the rewriting of existing science material was a commendable way to provide material suited to the needs of those children (Williams, 1968). Williams (1968) believed that the rewriting of existing science material was entirely within the capabilities of classroom teachers. He recommended that classroom teachers be encouraged to rewrite existing science materials to a lower level of readability for the benefit of poorer readers in their classrooms (Williams, 1968). He further recommended

that school systems give consideration to the possibility of conducting summer writing conferences for the purpose of preparing materials at a readability level suitable to the science reading needs of children (Williams, 1968). Roe (1972) demonstrated that public school teachers actively engaged in classroom teaching and at the same time attending a graduate class could rewrite the materials available in their schools on lower readability levels. The selections rewritten came from history, English, literature, and science textbooks. On the basis of her experiment, Roe (1972) concluded that rewriting existing materials to a lower level of difficulty would be a useful activity for inservice education in the secondary schools. Harris and Sipay (1971) also believed that rewriting existing material was within the capabilities of classroom teachers and recommended this practice.

This internship supplementing existing research, indicates that the rewriting of basal readers to a lower level of difficulty is feasible. Classroom teachers involved in this activity would need to be aware of the factors which according to research contributes to the difficulty of reading material. This information could be gained by professional reading, as part of inservice education, through summer writing conferences or a university course. Class preparation time could be used for rewriting small amounts of material. Larger amounts would probably be best handled on professional days or other occasions set aside by administrators for this specific purpose. During this rewriting time teachers would

be released from their regular classroom duties. Rewriting materials for a specific class and while engaged in regular classroom teaching has several distinct advantages. The teacher knows the needs of the students for whom she is preparing the reading material and can gear it to their particular needs. She has at her disposal a variety of material from which she can make her selection in terms of the interests of a particular class. The material that is rewritten can be immediately tried in the classroom and in the light of any findings adjustments can be made during future rewriting of material.

CLASSROOM USE OF MATERIAL

There are a number of advantages in using material with identical content but written at more than one level of difficulty. Bond and Tinker (1967) stated that "when children read the same identical content in material at different levels of reading difficulty, a more efficient use is made of both class and teacher time (p. 60)." More efficient use of class time and teacher time was one of the positive aspects of this approach noted during the internship. Since the whole class read on the same topic there was adequate time to develop background, to develop interest, to establish purposes, to introduce new words, to do creative activities, and to extend the reading of the students beyond the material at hand. This extended reading included both books read by

the students for information and enjoyment and good literature read to all students so that even the poorest reader would not be denied the experience of good literature for "if we teach a child to read, yet develop not the taste for reading, all our teaching is for naught (Huck, 1973)."

Marita (1966) stated that "because of time limitations for preparations, teachers frequently tend to rely exclusively upon the suggestions in the manual (p. 13)." The approach used during this internship takes into account the fact that "the teacher is a person whose time and energy are not unlimited (Bond and Tinker, 1967, p. 60)." It required the preparation of only one reading lesson at a time and thus that lesson could be planned more effectively. Preparation included finding ways of using the experiences and talents of particular students during the reading periods for the benefit of the whole class.

One additional advantage of this approach to the teaching of reading noted during the internship was that classroom management was simplified. Since students were all involved in the same activity, total attention could be concentrated on that activity and the students involved in it. In addition, extensions to the classroom reading period and other changes in classroom scheduling were easy to make.

EFFECT ON STUDENTS

In making a decision on the use of a particular

approach in the teaching of reading, the prime consideration is the effect it will have on the students. Indicators of the effect of this approach to the teaching of reading on the students in this grade four classroom in St. Andrew's Elementary School came from two sources. The first source was the results of an attitude inventory and the second informal observation.

The Primary Pupil Reading Attitude Inventory (Askov, 1973) was administered to the class at the beginning and conclusion of this internship. The scores of three different groups of students within this class were examined. The scores of students above average in reading ability as determined by teacher observation, the Emmett A. Betts Informal Reading Inventory (Betts, 1964), which was administered to a sample of students from this group three weeks prior to the beginning of this internship, and the Gates MacGinitie Reading Test, Survey D, Form 1 (Gates et al., 1965) were examined. This group continued to use the original version of Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes et al., 1971) throughout the internship. At the beginning of this internship these students selected reading activities for their leisure time activities on an average of 7.5 times per student. At the conclusion of the internship these students selected reading activities for their leisure time activities on an average of 7.6 times per student. The scores of students below grade level were determined in the same manner. Nine of these students had been using the original version of the

stories in Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes et al., 1971) prior to the commencement of this internship but experienced difficulty in handling this material. For this reason they used the rewritten version of Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes et al., 1971) for the duration of this internship. At the beginning of the internship these students selected reading activities for their leisure time activities on an average of 6.4 times per student. At the conclusion of the internship these students selected reading activities for their leisure time activities on an average of 7.3 times per student. The remaining five students in the below average group had formed a separate group for all reading activities prior to the beginning of this internship. At the commencement of this internship these students selected reading activities for their leisure time activities on an average of 1.5 times per student. At the conclusion of the internship these students chose reading activities for their leisure time activities on an average of 5.5 times per student. While it cannot be stated definitely that this change in attitude on the part of students below grade level in reading ability was caused by this approach to the teaching of reading, it is encouraging to see this indication of a change in attitude towards reading on the part of these students following their exposure to this approach.

All students reacted favourably to working together as a whole class using materials written at two levels of difficulty. Even the least competent readers joined enthus-

iastically in the class reading activities. They appeared to gain confidence in their own ability to make a worthwhile contribution. The better readers appeared to enjoy sharing information gained from extra reading on the theme of the particular unit being read. Certain of the students using the rewritten versions of the stories took the stories home to reread. Requests came from students using the original versions of the stories for copies of the rewritten stories. All students appeared to be actively involved in their reading. This active involvement on the part of the reader which Gage (1973) and DeBoer and Dallman (1970) stressed was aided by this approach which made it possible for all students to experience success in their reading.

The classroom teacher stated her belief that this approach did benefit the students in this classroom. She requested that the stories in Driftwood and Dandelions (McInnes and Hearn, 1970), level eight of the Nelson Language Reading Development Program, be rewritten for use in her grade four classroom in the fall semester. The rewritten version of Driftwood and Dandelions (McInnes et al., 1970) has been made available (see: Appendix C). This material, together with the original version of Driftwood and Dandelions (McInnes et al., 1970) and the original and rewritten versions of Hockey Cards and Hopscotch (McInnes et al., 1971), will form the core of the reading for that grade four class.

CONCLUSIONS

This internship and the research cited provide indication that the rewriting of reading material to a lower level of difficulty is feasible. There is also indication that this material can be used in a self-contained, heterogeneous classroom, in a school using a graded organizational pattern, to the benefit of all students in that classroom. It is therefore recommended that encouragement be given to classroom teachers to rewrite reading material to a lower level of readability for the benefit of their poorer readers. Further, it is recommended that consideration be given to providing help to teachers in rewriting material to a lower level of difficulty in the form of a university course or inservice education.

It must, however, be pointed out that this material even when effectively used, does not comprise the total reading program for any group of students. It is but one of many parts of a total reading program, all of which are important in developing effective readers. Nor is it suggested that this is the only solution to the problem of the wide range of reading ability in the classroom. It has already been noted that other solutions have been tried and found to be effective. This solution does, however, provide educators with one more option when they are seeking to meet the needs of students in the area of reading.

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APPENDIX A

Sample of original and
rewritten version of one
story in Hockey Cards and
Hopscotch (McInnes and Hearn, 1971)

Jimmy-Why and Noël

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George Frederick Clarke

Every year, for as long as Jimmy-Why could remember, Noël, his Indian friend, had come to the forest to get black ash. As perhaps you know, the black ash tree makes poor fuel, and is almost worthless for lumber. But to the Indian, it is a very valuable tree, for out of it he makes splints to fashion into baskets.

Neither the boy, nor his parents, knew when Noël would arrive. Sometimes it was one month, sometimes another. But he always came. One moment the doorway was empty of Noël, the next, there he was, pack on his back, his axe in one hand, and a little smile in his dark eyes. As Jimmy-Why's mother had said more than once, "It almost seemed as though he had dropped out of the sky."

This year it was the middle of September. The family was just about to eat lunch, when Jimmy-Why's father glanced out of the window and said, "Here's Noël."

Jimmy-Why was on his feet, his eyes shining. "May we have him in to lunch, please?" he asked his mother. "Certainly, dear," she said, and as Jimmy-Why bolted

through the door, she and her husband followed. They all shook Noël's hand, said they were glad to see him. Then Mrs. Barnes said, "Come in, Noël, I've just made tea." And Jimmy-Why said, "Yes, do, Noël." And Mr. Barnes added his invitation

So Noël set his axe carefully against the verandah, slipped the straps of his pack off his shoulders, stood it beside his axe, and entered the cabin.

Mr. Barnes asked Noël to sit down, which he did. Then Mrs. Barnes said, "How are your wife and children, Noël?"

"They smart," answered Noël. By which he meant they were in good health.

It is needless to say that Jimmy-Why was delighted that his Indian friend had come. He pulled a chair opposite Noël, almost as close as he could get.

Noël's face was lined with wrinkles, for in years he was well past seventy. Of course his eyes were black, and when he was amused they twinkled with little lights; and although he was so old, there was no grey in his straight black hair. He was about five feet eight inches tall, and had a thick chest and broad shoulders.

In a few minutes the lunch was quite ready, and they all drew their chairs up to the table. Mrs. Barnes poured Noël a cup of tea. "Will you have milk in it?" she asked. Then, before Noël had time to answer, she smiled, and said, "Oh, I should have remembered: you don't. But you do take sugar."

She had cut slices of bread, and with cold roast beef, followed by cake with frosting, they did very well indeed.

After Noël had finished his lunch, he said, "Thank you, Mrs. Barnes. I'll go now, and fix up my little

wigwam. Stay two, three days, maybe. Cut some black ash. Make splints for baskets."

"Oh Noël," cried Jimmy-Why, "may I go with you? May I sleep tonight in your little wigwam? May I, Daddy? May I, Mother?" Jimmy-Why fired his questions like firecrackers going off. He was a very excited boy.

Mr. Barnes looked at his wife, and she looked at him. Then they both looked at Noël. And Noël smiled at Jimmy-Why and said, "Yes. I like you to go with me, Jimmy-Why, if your father and mother say yes."

That was all that was necessary. For the boy's parents were quite happy to let him be in the company of Noël.

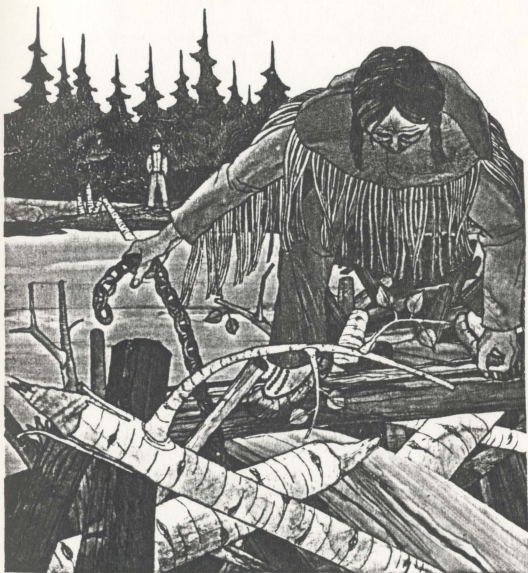
So while the mother was putting up a lunch, Jimmy-Why got his sleeping bag, his mackinaw coat, and heavy boots, and, of course, his bow and arrows, and was ready in no time. Then he joined Noël, who had gone outdoors with Mr. Barnes.

Noël's camping ground was a little open space beside the running brook, a few hundred yards below the pond and the beaver dam. Noël led Jimmy-Why along a little trail which branched off from that leading to the dam, and in a very few minutes had reached the brook. Here Noël paused, looked at the water, and said, "We go up to the pond, Jimmy-Why. Something wrong. I think maybe someone break beaver dam. Maybe that Bert Salt he try to take some beaver."

"Why do you think the dam may be broken?" asked Jimmy-Why.

Noël pointed to the brook, which Jimmy-Why now saw was much higher than usual. "Too much water," said Noël. "Not been rain for two weeks. We go look at

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dam. Leave things here. Get 'em when we come back."

He led Jimmy-Why up to the dam. And sure enough, it had been hacked through to the depth of two feet in the middle, and the water from the pond was rushing through the opening.

"That Bert Salt he do that this mornin'," said Noël.

"But why do you think he did it this morning?" asked Jimmy-Why.

"I tell you," said Noël, "if it done yesterday, beaver they fix it up last night; so it must have been done today. I bet you that Bert Salt he set beaver trap near there somewhere. I go see. You wait here, Jimmy-Why."

The boy watched Noël walk out on the dam, that had been made of sticks, stones, and sods. When he had reached the centre, where the water was rushing through the sluice-way cut by Bert Salt, he dropped to his knees, reached down, and lifted out a length of iron chain, to which was fastened a steel trap.

Noël brought it to shore. "It's against the law to trap beaver," he told Jimmy-Why. "That Bert Salt he know beaver certain sure to fix dam after night come, so he put down trap to catch 'm. Ah ha, when Bert Salt come tomorrow mornin', he not have trap, not have beaver." He flung the trap behind him among some Labrador shrubs, then said, "Now we go, Jimmy-Why."

Reaching the place where they had left their packs, Noël led the boy along the brookside. Finally, he stopped in a little open space, with white birch trees on all sides. This was Noël's camping place. In the centre stood the little lean-to he had made last year. It was a very simple affair: two forked saplings thrust into the ground, a pole between the forked uprights; and from this several small saplings had been laid.



They slanted backwards to the ground, and were overlaid with sheets of hemlock bark. On the ground beneath was a bed of dry boughs. In front of the lean-to was Noël's fireplace – stones he had carried up from the brook, and formed side by side in a small circle.

Noël and the boy dropped their packs. Then the Indian pulled out all the old dry boughs from the floor of the wigwam. Then he said, "You come with me, Jimmy-Why; we get fresh boughs to make bed." He picked up his axe. Jimmy-Why followed him deeper into the woods, where presently Noël stopped by a thick growth of fir saplings. As he cut off the soft boughs, he threw them back of him for the boy to pile one upon the other.

In half an hour enough boughs had been cut and carried to the lean-to to make a nice soft bed for both of them. Then Noël spread out his own blankets, and Jimmy-Why his sleeping bag.

"There," said Noël, "we're all ready for when night come. Now we get some firewood."

First he went to a big birch tree, and pulled off strips of the loose bark. Then he got some dry pine from an old stump. Now he felled a birch sapling, and cut it into two-foot lengths. When he had enough, he and Jimmy-Why carried it back to the camp and piled it beside the circle of fire-stones.

It was yet early in the afternoon. "Now," said Noël, "we go get some ash." He led the way down the brook a few hundred yards, turned off to his left, and entered ground that was low and swampy. In a few minutes he found a straight black ash tree. First he cut a deep notch in the trunk, close to the ground, then widened and deepened it. How the chips flew! Jimmy-Why was

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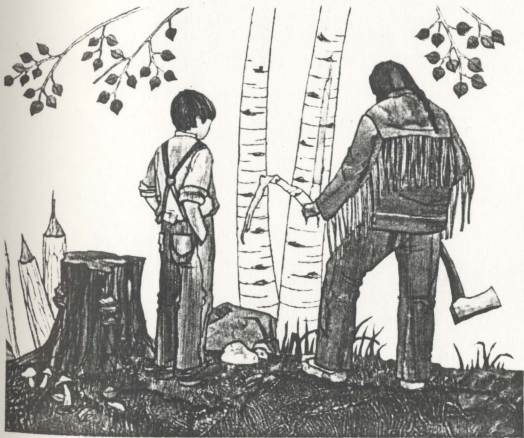
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delighted. He watched every swing of Noël's keen axe.

When he had cut half through the trunk on one side, Noël made another notch on the opposite side. Then he widened and deepened the first cutting.

"Now, Jimmy-Why," he said, "you go back to that hemlock; stand there. Tree she soon fall."

The boy obeyed. From where he stood, he saw Noël give a few more blows with his axe, heard the tree crack and go crashing to earth.



"Now you come," called Noël. And Jimmy-Why hastened back.

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In a few minutes Noël had cut off two six-foot lengths. Then, after he had peeled off the bark, he rubbed some black loam on the log from end to end, knelt on the ground in front of one of the pieces, and with the blunt end of his axe he began to pound it. After each stroke, he hit the log about two inches beyond the place where he had hit before.

In a very short time Jimmy-Why saw the wood begin to loosen in a long thin strip. Noël threw this to one side, then, as he put on more of the black bog loam, Jimmy-Why said: "Why do you put the earth on, Noël?"

Noël looked up, smiled, and said, "That's so I know where I hit each time, so I not hit in same place twice. Sometimes when I'm near a place where I have camp fire, I put on wood ash."

"Thank you, Noël," said the boy. And sitting down on a fallen log, he watched his dark-skinned friend at work. It was all very interesting. Later, he was to see Noël cut the wide thin strips into smaller ones about three quarters of an inch in width. Then Noël made a little roll of each section, and tied it together with a very small string of ash. "All ready for weaving into baskets," said Noël, his dark eyes twinkling.

Then Jimmy-Why said, "When you pound the log, why do the strips come off so thin?"

Again Noël smiled. "Because," he said, "each strip is one year's growth; so I loosen each one by pounding, as you see."

Back at the lean-to once more, Noël made a little fire between the circle of rocks, filled the kettle he had

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brought with water from the brook, and hung it by a long stick over the blaze. Then he cut a big strip of white birch bark, and laid it on the ground in front of the lean-to. "That's our tablecloth," he said to Jimmy-Why.

Now he got his frying pan and a slab of bacon from his sack, and sliced off enough for himself and the boy.

The smell of it, as it cooked, made the lad's mouth water. And he was as happy as a boy can be who has won a true friend.

And so, a little later, they shared their meal. Jimmy-Why's mother had packed an apple pie in the boy's lunch basket, and when the bacon and bread had been eaten, he cut two big slices of the pie. One for himself and the other for Noël.

Noël's eyes sparkled as he took the first mouthful, and as soon as he could speak, he said, "That pie is good, Jimmy-Why."

When they had quite finished, Noël took out his pipe and a package of tobacco. Slowly he filled the pipe bowl. Then he picked up a stick, one end of which was lying in the fire. He held the glowing end to the top of the bowl, and puffed at the stem. In a few moments the tobacco was alight, then he leaned back and smoked contentedly. After a little while he turned to the boy. "How you like to go up to the pond when dark come, Jimmy-Why? Maybe we see beaver when he come to fix'm dam."

"Oh, Noël," cried Jimmy-Why, "I'd like that! But how can we see it in the dark?"

"Ah," said Noël, "moon he come up bym-by about eight o'clock." He smoked a few moments in silence, then said, "That beaver he smart little feller. One time

I see where he cut down three poplar trees that grow all close to each other. They big ones, twelve inches through the butt. But that beaver he fall them each separate way, so he have no trouble cut them up."

"How many teeth does he have, Noël?"

"Well, he have four long front ones, two on top jaw, and two on bottom. They sharp, all same chisel. Then on back he have eight chewing teeth on both jaws for grind up the bark. He eat poplar, white birch, and alder bark."

"Doesn't he eat anything else?" asked the boy.

"Yes, Jimmy-Why. In summer he eat berries, grass, lily roots and thick juicy roots of rushes - what we call cat-tails. In wintertime, when ice it cover pond, he go to bottom and dig out big lily roots. He like 'm. But he live most of time in winter on bark of trees I told you about."

"Oh, I see," said the boy. Then he said, "Where does he keep the bark in wintertime, Noël?"

"Well, I tell you," said Noël patiently, "before winter come, he fall a great many trees, cut them up in short lengths, and float them to his wigwam. Then he sink them in bottom of pond, close to his door. I tell you about his wigwam, Jimmy-Why: he build it of sticks, stones, sods, and mud. He have two rooms. One it above water level, the other below. And it have two holes for doors, both under water. When he hungry, he go out, carry in log to the upper room, where it dry. That where he sleep too, with 'm family. When he eat off all the bark, he carry the log out, and bring in another. No, he not eat fish, or flesh of any kind." Noël paused to relight his pipe.

"How does he build his dam, Noël?"

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For a few moments Noël puffed at his pipe, then he said, "He find a good place that please him in brook with plenty of birch, alder and poplar. Then he fall branches of trees, float them to the place he want dam, and pile them one on other, and all together; lay on sods, stones, and mud. He make it just high enough so water it not flood upper room of his wigwam. I tell you, Jimmy-Why, man he not find better place to build dam, and not make it any better. One time I find beaver dam, it three hundred yards from bank to bank."

Jimmy-Why asked Noël a great many more eager questions, and Noël cheerfully answered them. "I tell you," said Noël, "sometimes old beaver make hole in bank of pond, or little river; or he use one made by otter long time ago. Don't know why he want to live alone by himself. We call him bank beaver. Maybe he get too old to work hard. Maybe he not find a mate, and not want to build a house. Can't say for sure,

Jimmy-Why. What he got such a big flat tail for? Well, that's to steer him by when he swim. That's his paddle - rudder, you call it. Muskrat use his tail for same purpose. So does squirrel, when he swim across pond or brook."

In September dark comes early. But before it settled down, Noël led the boy up the path towards the pond. He carried Jimmy-Why's sleeping bag, and a blanket for himself.

When they arrived, Noël found a snug place beside a fallen log a short distance from the dam. He broke off some boughs for the boy to sit on. So Jimmy-Why got into his sleeping bag, pulled it up to his shoulders, and sat down, his back to the log.

It was dark in a few minutes. The stars were thick and reflected in the pond. On the opposite shore the trees looked like a black wall. For a time there was no sound but the rushing of the water through the opening made by Bert Salt in the dam. Presently, however, an owl sent out his ghostly "*Ka-hoo-agh!*" Noël touched Jimmy-Why's shoulder. "That's Te-tig-el, great horned owl," he whispered.

Now the boy heard the quacking of ducks from farther up the pond, where they were feeding.

A half-hour passed. Jimmy-Why began to feel sleepy, and though he much wanted to keep awake, his eyes kept closing and opening, and his head nodding. But suddenly, a heavy splash in the water on the opposite side of the pond brought him fully awake. Noël had heard it also, for he laid a hand on the boy's arm in warning to make no noise.

Now the moon rose over the tree tops back of them. It lighted up the pond, the dam and the opposite shore.

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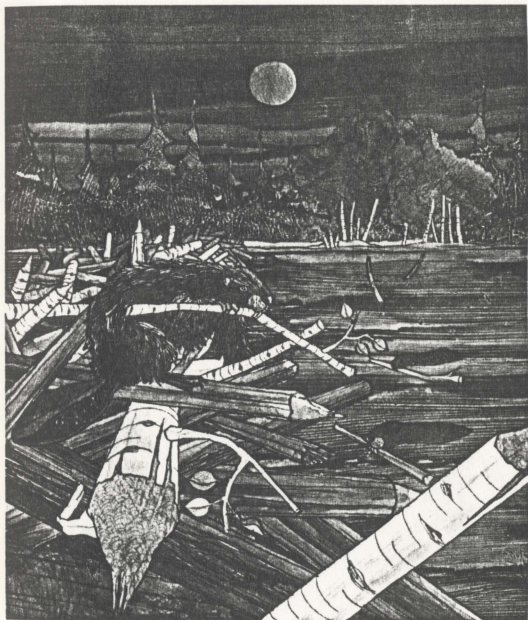
Jimmy-Why's eyes swept across the pond where the something heavy was wading in the water along the shore and breaking brush. And what he saw gave him the greatest thrill he had ever experienced. For there, now standing in the shallow shore water, was a great moose, perhaps the same one he had seen earlier in the year. The moonlight fell full upon its wide antlers, that spread out on each side of its great head. It fell on its body, and the ripples on the water at its feet.


Suddenly it barked, or grunted. The sound seemed to come not so much from its mouth, as from its deep chest, "*Waugch! Waugch!*" It seemed to fill the whole air. It caused the hair to rise on Jimmy-Why's scalp, and had not Noël been beside him, he would have found a tree to climb.

Just what caused the moose to leave the pond and go crashing deeper into the forest, Jimmy-Why didn't know. Later Noël told him it had probably got their scent.

There was silence again for a while. Then Jimmy-Why heard another sound from the pond, and looking, he saw a dark head just above the surface of the water; behind it was the branch of a tree. Both were moving towards the hole in the dam. Now another head behind the first, then a third, and a fourth, with branches following close behind. The little people of the pond were floating down brush to repair their beloved dam.

The boy saw them reach the hole and carefully stuff the branches into it. Then they went to the opposite shore. He could hear them land. The gnawing sound of their teeth came across the water as they cut more alders. He saw them return to the dam and force the branches into position in the break.





Thus they worked, and Jimmy-Why and Noël watched them for fully an hour. Then Noël whispered, "We go now." He rose to his feet. As he did so, Jimmy-Why heard a loud slap on the surface of the water, quite as though someone had struck it with a paddle blade.

One of the beavers had seen or heard Noël. And the sound Jimmy-Why had heard had been made by one of the little animals slapping the water with its tail in warning to its mates.

Noël helped the boy out of his sleeping bag, rolled it up, and carrying it and his blanket, led the way down the brook-side to the little wigwam.

"When Bert Salt he come in mornin'," said Noël, "he find dam all fixed. No beaver, no trap. He look around; see where we sit and watch. Think maybe it game warden. Go away quick!" And Noël gave a low chuckle.

Reaching the wigwam he spread Jimmy-Why's sleeping bag on the soft fir mattress he had made. Then he said, "You sleepy, Jimmy-Why?"

The boy yawned. "Y-e-s, Noël," he said. Then, as he crawled into his snug nest, he added, "Thank you, Noël. It's been a wonderful ex-ex-per-i-ence. A won-der-ful a-a-dven-ture."

The last thing he remembered was the dark figure of his Indian friend crouched before a little fire he had made, and smoking his pipe. Then, to the music of the brook a few rods distant, he drifted off to sleep.

Jimmy-Why and Noël

George Frederick Clarke

Every year Noël had come to the forest to get black ash. He was Jimmy-Why's Indian friend and he had done this for as long as Jimmy-Why could remember. The black ash tree makes poor fuel and is not good for lumber. But it is a very important tree to the Indian. He makes baskets out of the wood of the ash tree.

Jimmy-Why and his parents did not know when Noël would arrive. Sometimes he came in one month and sometimes in another. But he always came. At one moment the door yard would be empty and the next moment there Noël would be. He would have his pack on his back and his axe in one hand. There would be a little smile in his dark eyes. Jimmy-Why's mother had said more than once, "It almost seemed as though he had dropped out of the sky."

This year it was the middle of September. The family was just going to eat lunch. Jimmy-Why's father looked out of the window and said, "Here's Noël."

Jimmy-Why jumped to his feet, his eyes were shining. "May we have him in to lunch, please?" he asked his mother.

"Yes, dear," she said.

Jimmy-Why ran outdoors and his parents followed him. They all shook Noel's hand and said they were glad to see him. Then Mrs. Barnes said, "Come in, Noel, I've just made tea." And Jimmy-Why said, "Yes, do, Noel." Mr. Barnes also asked Noel to go inside.

So Noel set his axe down and slipped the straps of his pack off his shoulders. He stood the pack beside the axe and went into the cabin.

Mr. Barnes asked Noel to sit down. Noel sat down and Mrs. Barnes said, "How are your wife and children, Noel?"

"They are smart," answered Noel. He meant they were well.

Jimmy-Why was very happy that his Indian friend had come. He put his chair across from Noel, almost as close as he could get.

Noel's face had many wrinkles, for he was over seventy years old. His eyes were black and whenever he saw something funny his eyes would light up. There was no grey in his straight black hair even though he was so old. Noel was about five feet eight inches tall. He had a big chest and wide shoulders.

In a few minutes lunch was ready. They all pulled their chairs up to the table. Mrs. Barnes poured a cup of tea for Noel. "Will you have milk in it?" she asked. Before Noel had time to answer she smiled and said, "Oh, I should have remembered- you don't take milk. But you do take sugar."

Mrs. Barnes had cut slices of bread. They had cold roast beef with this and then cake with frosting.

After Noel had finished his lunch, he said, "Thank you, Mrs. Barnes. I'll go now and fix up my little wigwam. I will stay two or three days. I will cut some black ash to make baskets."

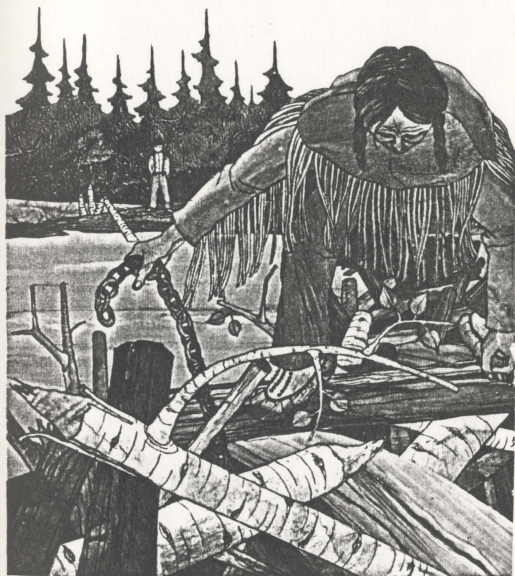
"Oh Noel," cried Jimmy-Why, "may I go with you? May I sleep tonight in your little wigwam? May I Daddy? May I Mother?" Jimmy-Why spoke very fast. He was a very excited boy.

Mr. Barnes looked at his wife and she looked at him. Then they both looked at Noel. Noel smiled at Jimmy-Why and said, "Yes. I would like for you to go with me Jimmy-Why, if your father and mother say yes."

Jimmy-Why's parents were happy to let him go with Noel.

Mother made a lunch. Jimmy-Why got his sleeping bag and his warm coat. He also got his heavy boots and his bow and arrows and was ready in a short time. Noel had gone outdoors with Mr. Barnes. Jimmy-Why went out where they were.

Noel's camping ground was a little open place by a running brook. The pond and the beaver dam were a few hundred yards away. Jimmy-Why followed Noel along a little trail. In a few minutes they had reached the brook. Noel stopped and looked at the water. Then he said, "We must go up to the pond, Jimmy-Why. Something is wrong."



I think someone broke the beaver dam. Maybe Bert Salt is trying to catch some beaver."

"Why do you think the dam may be broken?" asked Jimmy-Why.

Noel pointed to the brook. Jimmy-Why saw that there was a lot of water in the brook. "There is too much water," said Noel. "There has been no rain for two weeks. We will go and look at the dam. We will leave our things here. We can get them when we come back."

Noel led Jimmy-Why up to the *dam*. Noel was right. The dam had a hole two feet deep in the middle of it. The water from the pond was rushing through this hole.

"Bert Salt did that this morning," said Noel.

"Why do you think he did it this morning?" asked Jimmy-Why.

Noel said, "If he had done it yesterday, the beaver would have fixed it up last night. So he must have done it today. I bet you Bert Salt has set a beaver trap near that hole. You wait here Jimmy-Why. I will go and see."

The dam was made of sticks and stones and sods. Jimmy-Why watched Noel walk out on it. When he reached the centre he knelt down. The water was rushing through the hole that Bert Salt had made. Noel reached down and pulled up a piece of iron chain. A steel trap was on the chain.

Noel brought the chain and trap to the shore. "It's against the law to trap beaver," he told Jimmy-Why. "Bert Salt knew that the beaver would fix the dam when night came. So he put down the trap to catch the beaver. When Bert Salt comes tomorrow morning he will not have his trap and he will not have the beaver." He threw the trap into some bushes behind him. Then he said, "Now we will go, Jimmy-Why."

They came to the place where they had left their packs. Noel led Jimmy-Why along by the side of the brook. At last he stopped in a little open place. There were white birch trees on all sides of them. This was Noel's camping place. The little lean-to he had made last year was in the middle of it. The lean-to was very easy to make. Two young trees were pushed into the ground. At the top these trees were divided in two parts. A pole was placed between the two trees. Several small young trees had been laid from this pole. Sheets of bark were laid over these trees. A bed made of dry branches was on the ground beneath the lean-to. Noel's fireplace was in front of the lean-to. He had carried stones up from the brook, and put them side by side in a small circle.

Noel and Jimmy-Why put their packs down. Then Noel pulled all the old dry branches out from the floor of the wigwam. Then he said, "Come with me Jimmy-Why. We will get some fresh branches to make a bed." He picked up his axe. Jimmy-Why followed him into the woods. In a little while Noel stopped by a lot of young fir

trees. He cut off the soft branches and threw them behind him for Jimmy-Why to pile one upon the other.

In half an hour enough branches had been cut and carried to the lean-to to make a nice soft bed for both of them. Noel spread out his blankets and Jimmy-Why spread out his sleeping bag.

"There," said Noel, "we're all ready for when night comes. Now we will get some wood for a fire."

First he went to a big birch tree and pulled off strips of the bark. Then he got some dry pine from an old stump. Then he chopped down a young birch tree and cut it into pieces of wood. Each piece of wood was two feet long. When Noel had enough wood, he and Jimmy-Why carried it back to the camp and put it beside the fireplace.

It was early in the afternoon. Noel said, "Now we will go and get some ash." They went a few hundred yards down the brook to some ground that was low and wet. In a few minutes Noel found a black ash tree. First he made a deep cut in the trunk of the tree. Then he made the cut wider and deeper. The chips flew! Jimmy-Why was very happy. He watched Noel swing his axe.

Noel cut half through the trunk on one side of the tree. Then he made a cut on the other side of the tree. He made this cut wider and deeper.

"Now Jimmy-Why," he said, "you go over there.

This tree will soon fall."

Jimmy-Why obeyed. Noel gave a few more chops with his axe and then the tree went crashing to the ground.



"Now you can come here," called Noel.
Jimmy-Why came back.

In a few minutes Noel had cut off two pieces of wood. Each one was six feet long. He took off the bark and then rubbed black mud on the log. He knelt on the ground and began to hit one of the logs with the dull end of his axe. Each time he hit the log about two inches away from the place he had hit before.

In a short time Jimmy-Why saw a long thin strip of wood come off. Noel put this strip to one side. Then he rubbed more black mud on the log. Jimmy-Why said, "Why do you put the mud on the log, Noel?"

Noel looked up, then he smiled and said, "That's so I know where I hit each time. Then I do not hit in the same place twice. Sometimes when I am near a campfire I put wood ash on the log."

"Thank you, Noel," said Jimmy-Why. He sat down and watched his friend at work. It was very interesting. Later Noel cut the wide thin strips into smaller ones. Then he made a little roll of each piece and tied it together with a small string of ash. "This is all ready to make into baskets," Noel said.

Then Jimmy-Why said, "Why do the strips come off so thin when you hit the log?"

Noel smiled again and said, "Each strip is the amount the tree grew in one year; I hit the tree and make it come off."

They went back to the lean-to and Noel made a little fire. He went to the brook and filled his kettle with water. He hung it by a long stick over the fire. Then he cut a big strip of white birch bark and put it on the ground in front of the lean-to. "That's our tablecloth," he said to Jimmy-Why.

Noel got his frying pan and bacon from his sack. He cut off enough for himself and Jimmy-Why.

The bacon smelled so good as it cooked that it made Jimmy-Why's mouth water. Jimmy-Why was very happy. He had won a true friend.

A little later they had their supper. First they ate the bacon and bread. Then Jimmy-Why took an apple pie out of his lunch basket. He cut two big slices of the pie. One for himself and the other for Noel.

Noel's eyes shone as he ate the piece of pie. "That pie is good, Jimmy-Why," he said.

When they had finished supper Noel took out his pipe. He filled the pipe. Then he picked up a stick. One end of the stick had been lying in the fire. He held the hot end of the stick to his pipe and puffed on it. Then he leaned back and smoked happily. After a little while he turned to Jimmy-Why and said, "Would you like to go up to the pond when it gets dark, Jimmy-Why? Maybe we will see the beaver when he comes to fix his dam."

"Oh, Noel," cried Jimmy-Why, "I'd like that! But how can we see the dam in the dark?"

"The moon will come up around eight o'clock," said Noel. He smoked for a few minutes without speaking and then he said, "That beaver is a smart little fellow. One time I saw where he cut down three trees that all grew close to each other. They were big trees. But that beaver made each tree fall a different way. Then he had no trouble to cut them up."

"How many teeth does he have, Noel?"

"Well he has four long front teeth. Two on the top and two on the bottom. They are very sharp. Then on the back he has eight teeth for chewing up the bark."

"Doesn't he eat anything else?" asked Jimmy-Why.

"Yes, in summer he eats berries, grass, lily roots and cat-tail roots. In the winter there is ice on the top of the pond. Then he goes to the bottom and digs out big lily roots. He likes them. But in winter he eats the bark off the trees most of the time."

"Oh, I see," said Jimmy-Why. Then he said, "Where does the beaver keep the bark in the winter, Noel?"

"I will tell you," said Noel. "The beaver cuts down many trees before winter comes. Then he cuts them into short pieces and takes them to his home. Then he takes them to the bottom of the pond and puts them near his door. His home is made of sticks, stones, sods, and mud. It has two rooms. One is above the water and the other is below the water. His home has two holes for doors. Both of these holes are under water. When the beaver gets hungry he goes out and gets a log. He carries it into the room that is above the water. The log will get dry there. That is where he sleeps with his family too. When he eats off all the bark, he carries the log out, and brings in another one. He does not eat any kind

of fish or meat." Noel stopped to light his pipe.

"How does the beaver build his dam, Noel?" asked Jimmy-Why.

Noel puffed at his pipe for a few minutes. Then he said, "He finds a place where there are plenty of birch, alder and poplar trees. Then he cuts off the branches of the trees. He takes them to the place he wants the dam and piles them one on top of the other. He lays on sods, stones and mud. He makes it just high enough so that the water will not get into the top room of his house. I tell you Jimmy-Why, a man can't find a better place to build a dam. And a man can't build a better dam. One time I found a beaver dam that was three hundred yards long.

Jimmy-Why asked Noel many more questions and Noel answered them. Noel said, "Sometimes an old beaver makes a hole in the bank of a pond or little river. I don't know why he wants to live alone by himself. We call him a bank beaver. Maybe he gets too old to work hard. Maybe he can't find a mate and so he doesn't want to build a house."

"Why does he have such a big flat tail?" asked Jimmy-Why.

"Well, the beaver uses his tail to steer by when he swims," said Noel.

Noel led Jimmy-Why up the path to the pond, before it got dark. He carried Jimmy-Why's sleeping bag, and a blanket for himself.

When they got there, Noel found a nice place

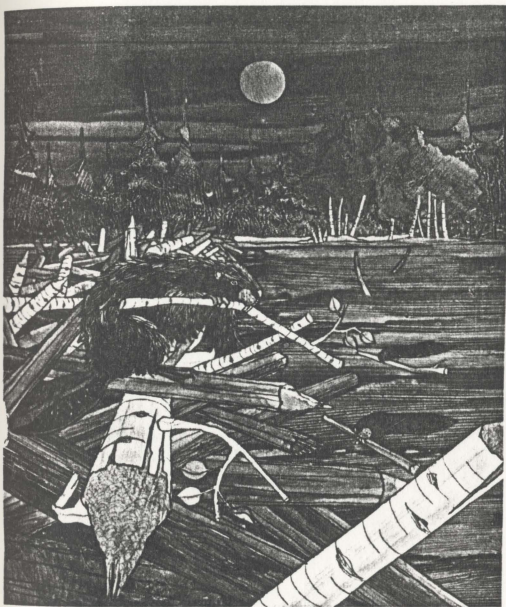
by a log. It was not far from the dam. He broke off some branches for Jimmy-Why to sit on. So Jimmy-Why got into his sleeping bag. He pulled it up to his shoulders and sat down with his back to the log.

In a few minutes it was dark. There were many stars. The trees, on the other side of the pond, looked like a black wall. The only noise was the water rushing through the hole in the dam. Then an owl made a noise. Noel said, "That's the great owl,"

Jimmy-Why heard ducks quacking. A half-hour passed. Jimmy-Why began to feel sleepy. He wanted to stay awake. His eyes closed and opened and his head nodded. Suddenly there was a hard splash on the other side of the pond. Jimmy-Why was awake now. Noel laid his hand on Jimmy-Why's arm to warn him not to make any noise.

The moon rose over the tree tops behind them. Now they could see the pond and the dam and the other side of the pond. Jimmy-Why looked across the pond. He saw something big in the water. What a thrill he got! There in the water was a great moose. The moonlight shone right on it. Suddenly it made a loud noise. Jimmy-Why's hair stood up on his head. If Noel had not been there he would have climbed a tree. The moose ran into the forest.

Everything was quiet again for a while. Then Jimmy-Why heard another noise from the pond. He looked and saw a dark head and a branch of a



tree. Both were going toward the hole in the dam. Then he saw more heads and more branches. The beavers were fixing their dam.

They went back and forth from the bank to the dam. Each time they cut branches and put them in the hole in the dam.

Jimmy-Why and Noel watched them for an hour. Then Noel said, "We will go now." He got up. As he did this, Jimmy-Why heard a loud slap on the water. One of the beavers had seen or heard Noel. He slapped the water with his tail to warn the other beavers.

Noel helped Jimmy-Why out of his sleeping bag. Then he rolled it up and carried it with his own blanket. He led the way to the little wigwam.

"When Bert Salt comes in the morning he will find the dam all fixed," said Noel. "He will find no beaver and no trap. He will see the place where we sat down. He will think it may be the game warden. Then he will go away quickly!" And Noel laughed.

When they got to the wigwam he put Jimmy-Why's sleeping bag on the soft branches. Then he said, "Are you sleepy, Jimmy-Why?"

Jimmy-Why said, "Y-e-s, Noel." Then, as he lay down, he added, "Thank you for a won-der-ful a-a-adven-ture."

The last thing Jimmy-Why could remember was his Indian friend smoking his pipe by the little fire. Then he fell asleep.

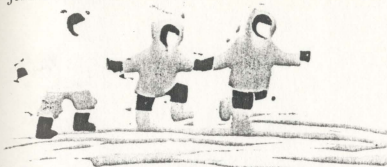
APPENDIX B

Rewritten stories in

Hockey Cards and

Hopscotch (McInnes and Hearn, 1971)

Jean Rutherford



Virginia, Marion and Robert were the children of a bush pilot. They lived in Yellowknife. Their life was different from the lives of other children who lived "outside" far to the South. The children liked to think of the things that happened to them just as most people remember "the good old days".

They lived on an island not too far from the shore. A bridge joined the island to the mainland, where the town of Yellowknife is built. On one of his trips their father brought them beautiful mukluks and gay caps. In the winter, the children would put these on and go to the air base or to the store for their mother. It was dark all day in the middle of winter. The moon shone instead of the sun. It was cold, but the children had plenty of clothes on and they loved to skip along over the snow.

First they would stop to talk to Silver. Silver was an old sled dog and he belonged to Pierre, the trapper. The other dogs were kept behind a high wire fence. These huskies were very fierce and they were tied to stakes so they could not fight each other.

"Hi, Pierre," called the children. The big man turned and waved to them.

"Do not put your fingers through the fence," he shouted. "The dogs will eat them." Pierre threw the fish to the dogs. They jumped and growled at him and made a lot of noise.



Robert yelled to Mr. Pierre, "When are you going away to set out your traps?"

"I am going tomorrow before you are out of bed," said Mr. Pierre.

"Will Silver be the lead dog?" asked Marion. Silver was old and gentle now and Marion loved to smooth his long white fur.

"No, little girl. Silver is too old now. He will have to run along behind if he can keep up to us. We can't wait for him."

"Poor Silver," Marion said. "He'll be sad. He won't have a pretty harness. He's a good, nice dog."

"I hope he can keep up with the other dogs," said Robert.

Virginia was older than the other children. She knew about a lot of things. Virginia said, "In the old days the Eskimo people who got too old to move were left behind to die. It seems bad to us, but the Eskimos had to do it."

"How could they do such a thing!" cried Marion.

"I guess they had to move from one place to another to find food. The old people moved slowly. They could not keep up to the others. The old people knew they had to be left."

"They must have been very brave," said Robert.

"Poor old Silver," Marion said. "I wish we could keep him."

Robert shouted, "We could ask Dad. Let's ask him right now." Three children ran down the road and over the bridge to the air base. Many bright planes were parked on their skis. Dad and some other men were busy

putting fuel into a green plane. This plane was going to bring in gold bricks from a mine. The mine was only several hundred miles away.

All the children began to shout at the same time. "Dad can we keep Silver? Tell us before you go." Their father could not understand them. They stopped talking and began again, one at a time. "He's too old to go now," Marion said. "Mr. Pierre goes hundreds of miles. Even he said it was too bad Silver might not be able to keep up."

"I know you like old Silver," Dad said. "But he would want to go. He could smell their tracks for days after. And he would follow the team even if we tried to keep him behind. Silver has to make up his own mind."

"But he's only a dog. He can't make up his own mind," said Virginia.

"I guess you are right," Dad said, "but we can't stop him from going with Pierre."

Dad had to go now. "I'll see you at supper time," he said. "Get away from the plane before I turn it on." He waved them toward the buildings.

They stood back and watched the plane turn and go up in the air. Their father flew the plane in a circle and dipped each wing once. That was how he waved good-bye.

As they walked back home, Marion asked, "Could we put Silver in our room tonight? He wouldn't know Mr. Pierre was leaving, would he?"

"I don't think Silver has ever been in a house all night," Virginia said. "He would want to be outside. He always sleeps in the snow. He has a lot of fur and he'd get too hot."

They were on their way home. When they reached the bridge, Robert said, "We forgot to get the groceries for mother." The children turned back to go to the store. They still talked about Silver and how they might tie him up until he would not try to get away.

"I'd go down to the lake every day. Then I'd chop a hole in the ice to catch fish for Silver," Robert said.

The children came to the store. They climbed up the steps. Some Indians had furs. They wanted to buy things with their furs. The storekeeper said, "These furs are not very good. They must have been trapped before the cold came."

An Indian girl opened her tin of jam. She put her finger in the jam and then said she liked it. The children watched her. She smiled at them and said, "I like jam."

"I do too," Marion said. "The best thing I like to eat is bread and jam."

"Mother thinks Marion will have some bad toothaches because she eats so much jam," said Virginia.

"I don't like toothaches," the Indian girl said. She put the cover back on the jam can.

The storekeeper had picked up the things on their mother's list. They divided up the load and called goodbye.

At supper they talked about Marion's plan to keep Silver in the house that night. No one would agree that the plan would work. They got out of bed the next morning and looked at the trapper's yard. It was empty. Silver was gone.



The days went by, one after another. Some were very stormy. Marion often looked out the window at the northern lights before she went to bed at night. She imagined a place far away. There Mr. Pierre would have put up his tent in the snow and tied up the huskies. Was Silver still with them? She could not see the end of her story about Silver. Marion always said a little prayer for Daddy and for Silver. They both had to go far away where no people lived and where there were no roads. Their journeys were dangerous.

The three children went to school on the bus every day. They were busy and that made the long dark days seem shorter. It was fun at school. The one thing they did not like was the cod liver oil. The teacher gave each pupil a capsule full of cod liver oil every morning. She said that the sun didn't shine enough in winter to give them vitamins. The capsule would help to keep them healthy. Sometimes Marion and Robert and Virginia did not swallow the capsule. Marion wondered how dogs got along when the sun did not shine.

"I will keep my vitamin capsule each day to give to Silver if he comes back," she said to herself.

"Maybe Robert and Virginia will save theirs too."

As Marion got into bed she said to Virginia, "How can Silver keep healthy without vitamin from the sun?"

"Maybe the vitamin is in the fish Mr. Pierre gives him," Virginia said.

One Saturday afternoon the three children were looking out the window. They were watching for their father's plane. They were going to race down to meet

him when they saw it.

"What's that noise?" asked Robert. "Is it the whistle at the mine?"

"No, it isn't the whistle," said Virginia.
"There it is again."

Mother called, "Come to the back door. You have a visitor."

The three children ran to see who was there. They stopped in surprise. Marion's eyes were very wide. She could not speak. She put her arms around old Silver. He was so tired that he looked as if he would die.

"This is the first time Silver ever came right to our door," Virginia said. "He must want us to help him."

"I can't see Mr. Pierre," said Robert. "Silver must have come back all by himself. He is a smart dog."

"Welcome home, Silver," said Mother.

When Father came in he looked very surprised. "Virginia," he said, "did Silver decide it would be better to come home than to try to keep up with the team?"

Silver lay on the floor near the door. He thumped his tail. Everyone laughed. "I wish he could tell us about it," said Virginia.

A Day to Remember

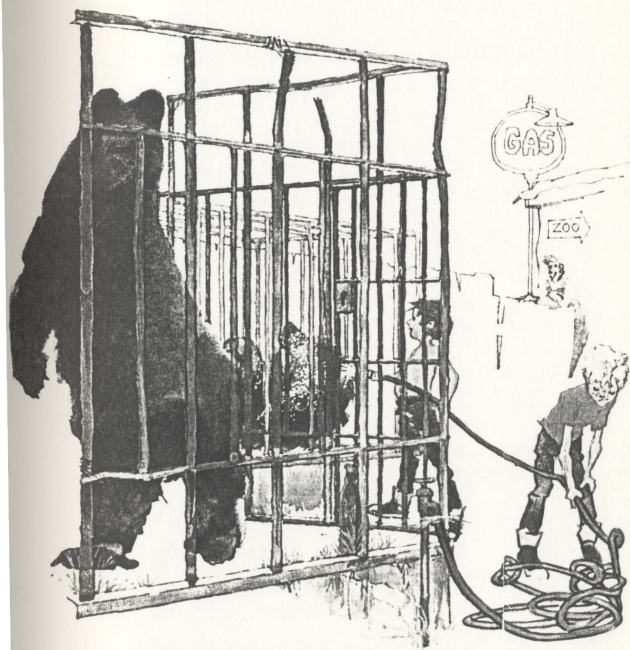
Eric Cameron



My family moved to a little town when I was small. There was an old garage outside the town. Beside the garage there was a small zoo. An old iron fence was around the zoo. Pictures of monkeys, lions, tigers, and birds had been painted on the fence. The zoo looked ugly but my brother, Tommy, and I wanted to see what was inside it.

We kept after Dad until he took us to the zoo. Mr. Wills owned the garage and he also owned the zoo. He was tall and thin and he looked like a giraffe in overalls. He took our money and let us in.

Nero the lion didn't look like the King of the Beasts. His mane was dirty and there were flies around him. He looked over our heads. He seemed to be thinking about the tall grass he had grown up in.



The first time he looked at me I was very excited.

"He sure looks bad," my father said.

Mr. Wills said there had been a tiger in the cage next to Nero's. The tiger had died.

"I got them from a small circus," Mr. Wills said. "I always wanted to work for a circus but my wife wouldn't hear of it."

We looked around the zoo. A dusty black bear was drinking a bottle of pop. An old wolf lay in his cage with his head on his paws.

My father took us to the zoo every Sunday. Mr. Wills let us hose out the cages for him. The animals seemed to be waiting for us to come. Nero liked the scraps of meat and bones my mother saved for him.

We went to the zoo every Sunday in September. Then the second week in October there was a snowstorm. Tommy and I were having a snowball fight when Dad came home from work. He wouldn't join us. He brought us into the kitchen.

"What is it, Don?" Mother asked.

"That lion down the road is out."

"How did it get away?"

"I guess Wills forgot to lock the cage door. Anyhow he's out and the town is scared. There's talk of closing the school. But only until they shoot the lion," he added.

"They can't shoot Nero!" I cried.

"The fellows want a real lion hunt," Dad said. "They've never had anything more dangerous than bears around here."

"Can't they catch it in a net?" I asked.

He shook his head. "The town had been trying to close that zoo for years. Now the farmers are afraid for their animals."

Are they looking for Nero tonight?" asked Tommy.

"Nobody around here is that brave!" Dad laughed.

"What will he eat?" I asked.

"Rabbits?" Mother said.

"I don't think he can catch rabbits," said Dad. "Anyway a rabbit or two would only make a mouthful for a lion. I guess he'll freeze to death if they don't find him first."

"I suppose they'll use dogs," Mother said.

"No. The police said dogs might only make him mad. The Chief ordered all dogs tied up. He says they can track the lion in the fresh snow tomorrow morning."

The next morning, large snowflakes were coming down. We knew that Nero's tracks would be covered.

"No school for you today," said Dad.

"And no playing," Mother said. "You'll study just as if you were in class."

Dad said that as we were going to be home all day, we could bring in some wood.

Dad went off to work. Tommy and I made a path

to the woodshed. The door was open a little.

The inside of the shed seemed very dark. After a moment my eyes got used to it. I thought I saw a black rat running back and forth near a sack of potatoes. Tommy put his small hand on my arm. Suddenly the "sack of potatoes" became a lion. It was Nero! He seemed to be ready to spring.

Nero lifted his head. Tommy made a noise but he was too frightened to move. Nero's mouth opened wide. We could see his teeth and his big red tongue. Then he let out a great sneeze. The shed shook. Nero's head went down and his eyes closed.

"What are we going to do?" Tommy asked.

"He smelled out tracks and came in here last night," I said. "He must be very hungry.

Tommy cried softly.

"Don't make a fuss," I said. "He won't hurt us. He hasn't even growled. But we'd better get him something to eat."

We backed out of the shed and closed the door. We knew if we told anyone, Nero would be killed. But we had to feed him.

We went into the house and got four pork chops, a half loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, nine eggs and a quart of milk. We went back to the shed.

The lion moved his tail and made a funny noise.

"He's purring!" Tommy whispered.



I put the food on a shovel. Nero ate it quickly. I had to get close to give him the bowl of milk. I reached out and patted Nero's head. He was too busy drinking milk to notice.

"What do we do now?" Tommy asked.

"Carry in some wood like Dad said," I answered.

We went to work and filled the woodbox. Then Mother made us settle down to our schoolbooks. We hoped the lion wouldn't roar.

Mr. Allen made his morning call. He warmed his hands over the stove. Mother went to get the milk bottles.

"It's the strangest thing, Mr. Allen," she said. "Last night I was sure I saw a quart of milk, two pounds of cheese, and nearly a dozen eggs. But they aren't there now."

"I'll be glad to get what you need from the truck," he said. He took the empty bottles and went out.

Tommy and I kept our eyes on our books. When I looked up I saw Mother staring into the yard. She looked frightened. Nero was walking along the path. Seconds later he was looking through the glass in the kitchen door. Mr. Allen's truck roared away.

"Quick! Run upstairs!" Mother screamed.

She pulled Tommy with her. I waited to see what Nero might do next. He stood with his paws against

the door for a better look. It came open. He walked into the room. The door shut with a bang. Nero sprang to one side with a snarl. I stepped into the front hall and closed the door. I bent down and peeped through the keyhole.

Nero looked around the kitchen. Then he lay down with a sigh. His tail moved back and forth across the floor. It sounded like a small broom.

It wasn't long before Mr. Allen's truck was back. Several men with guns got out. My father was leading them. Mr. Wills came behind. One of the men was the Chief of Police. He was a fat man and he waved a gun.

"Where's the lion?" my father asked. "Mr. Allen said he saw it in the yard."

"It's asleep in the kitchen," I answered.

"It's like I've been trying to tell you," Mr. Wills said to the surprised Police Chief. "Nero's as harmless as a house cat. Just let me take him home."

The Chief's little blue eyes shone. "It's a danger to the people! It must be killed!" he cried.

"What Mr. Wills says is true," I said. "We found him in our woodshed this morning. When we fed him he purred like a cat."

"I don't care what you do with the lion," said Dad. "But don't do anything in our kitchen. The house is cold enough now. We don't want any



bullet holes."

The Chief looked at Mr. Wills. "Wills you get that animal out where we can shoot it," he said.

"Leave our lion alone," I cried.

"You can have him sonny," Mr. Wills said.

"Get that animal out of my house," Dad snapped.

"Don't let them shoot Nero," I cried.

"You've said enough for today," Dad warned me.

The Chief sent three men to the yard. He ordered Mr. Wills to drive the lion out through the back door.

Mr. Wills went into the house. Moments later we heard him coming back towards the front door.

"Stand aside!" the chief barked. He cocked his gun.

Mr. Wills fell over the mat and landed on the porch. We expected to see the lion on top of him.

"He - he's dead! Poor old Nero's dead as a door-nail," he said.

"Well, that settles that," said the Chief.

"Are you sure he's dead?" my father asked.

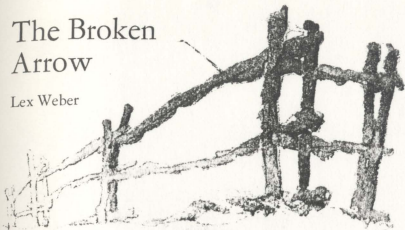
"He's dead all right," Mr. Wills answered. "He must have been almost dead when he got here."

The newspapers printed pictures of Nero and Tommy and me. The paper said the lion was a fierce animal that frightened everyone.

Of course, that's not how Tommy and I remember Nero. After all, we were his best friends.

The Broken Arrow

Lex Weber



The old power wagon nosed into the ford across Petisko Creek. The wagon was battered and it gave a last happy whine. The silver-grey buildings of Broken Arrow ranch could be seen beneath the cottonwoods.

Jerry and Herb let out a whoop as the wagon stopped. This place looked just as a ranch should look.

As the boys took their bedrollls from the trunk Jerry said, "Boy! What a lucky thing that my dad met Mr. Cairns at that meeting in Calgary last winter and that he asked us to come down for the holidays."

"I can hardly wait to get a pony," Herb said. "Do you think we will get to go on a roundup while we are here?"

Mr. Cairns walked from one of the large grey barns and came to meet them. "Welcome to the Broken Arrow ranch boys!" he shouted. "Come on down to the corral. We will get Slim to cut out the ponies that you will ride during your stay at the ranch."

The boys leaned on the corral fence and watched the quarter-horses moving around. Jerry felt

something sharp in his shoulder. He looked down and was surprised to find a flint arrowhead in the soft grey rail.

"Did you know that this was here?" he asked Mr. Cairns. "I thought there weren't any Indians around any more."

Mr. Cairns smiled, "That arrowhead was in the rail a long time before I was born," he said. "In fact that arrow gave this ranch its name. Every time the corral fence is rebuilt that rail is saved. Then it is given a special place in the new fence. You can see that the rail is much older than the others. It is held up in a special way so it won't get broken. Would you like to hear the story of how the arrowhead got there and how the ranch got its name?"

The boys were anxious to hear the story. Mr. Cairns suggested that they get to know their new ponies. Then after supper he would have time to tell them how the arrowhead got in the rail and how the ranch got its name.

That evening, after everyone had been filled up with roast beef and gravy, Mr. Cairns lit up his pipe and led the boys into the huge living room. A crackling fire burned in the huge stone fireplace.

The walls were dark with smoke. There were hides and trophies from all kinds of western animals. On one side of the fireplace there was a grizzly bear pelt. It was nine feet tall. On the other side, the head of a great plains buffalo was hung.

There were pelts of wolves and cougars on the other walls.

As the boys sat down in the huge chairs which were covered with hides, the hustle and bustle of the city seemed far away.

Mr. Cairns settled back in his chair and puffed on his pipe to make sure it was going. Then he started his story.

My grandparents left Calgary more than eighty years ago. At that time Calgary was only a little place on the Bow River. They carried things for a house and went toward the foothills. They also took a few cattle to start their own ranch here in the valley.

There was plenty of buffalo and game. But my grandparents had a hard time for several years. Then they got their herd started and had a small piece of land ready for grain and a vegetable garden.

One evening they were sitting by their small log cabin. A band of Indians ran from the cottonwoods down by the ford. They were wet and untidy. Before grandfather could get his rifle which was in the cabin, they were standing in a half circle in front of the doorway.

The Indians made motions and held their lances and bows in a threatening way. Grandfather could see that they were in an ugly mood. He knew that



if he made an unfriendly motion they would shoot their arrows.

Grandfather raised his hand slowly and spoke the few words of Blackfoot that he knew. He asked if he could help them.

The leader of the band of Indians was surprised by the friendly welcome. He spoke for the band and said, "Mazeppa and his people took many beaver pelts from the waters of Petisko Creek. These pelts were going to be used to buy guns. Then we would be great hunters and our people would not be hungry.

"Two days ago the white traders from Calgary came into my camp. My people gave them a welcome. We smoked many pipes of friendship and we ate much good food. But while the traders spoke their men stole our pelts and we were so hungry that we had to leave our camp like dogs.

"Now Mazeppa will have his revenge. From this day on, all white men who cross the trail of Mazeppa will die."

Grandfather knew that there were many Indians and that they were dangerous when they felt this way. He spoke in a firm but friendly voice. "Mazeppa has come to a friend of the red man. You may put up your tepees here. You may eat the fat beef in the corral. This is the way I will show my friendship to you.

"When your women and children are not hungry any more, I will take you and your braves to the

soldiers of the White Queen. You may tell your story to them. Then the soldiers will punish those who cheated their red brothers."

The hard faces of the Indians became a little softer as they heard this welcome. And when they saw the fat beef that was let out for them, they ran toward the ford with whoops of joy. Soon the Indians had set up their tepees and cooking fires on the banks of the creek and the smell of roasted beef was in the air.

The next day Grandfather took Mazeppa and his braves to the Mounted Police at High River. There they brought a charge against those who had stolen their pelts. In a few days a policeman wearing a red coat rode up to the ranch. He was leading two pack horses. On the horses were the furs that had been stolen from the Indians.

The young policeman told the Indians about a good trader in Calgary. After everyone talked and shouted and smoked many pipes of friendship, the happy band of Blackfeet Indians left to take their furs to the trader in Calgary.

Life went on as usual at the ranch. Summer went and fall came. The snow came down from the Rocky Mountains and met the winter snow that blew across the brown prairies.

The winter of 1891 was long and hard. Many feet of snow filled in the gullies. A warm wind

blew once in awhile and made the crust of the snow as sharp as a knife.

By the middle of April there were only a few supplies left at the ranch. The snow was just starting to melt. Grandfather set out on a two day trip to High River. He was going to bring back the supplies that they needed so badly. Grandmother did the work and kept the ranch going while grandfather was away. Although they had no ranchhands at that time, Grandmother didn't mind doing all of this.

on the evening of the second day Grandmother fed all the animals and gave them water. She was just going to close the barn door for the night when a warning of danger made her freeze in her tracks. She could not have moved even if she tried.

Grandmother stood there frozen with fear. A terrible scream broke the stillness of the ranch yard. She turned around quickly and saw a thin and bony cougar who was crazy with hunger held to the corral fence by a moving arrow. The cougar had been lying on the ground ready to jump up on her.

Mazeppa, the Blackfoot Indian chief was standing on a little hill on the banks of the creek, seventy-five yards away. He was putting a second arrow into his bow.

The cougar was still pinned to the corral rail when Grandfather came home that night. Mazeppa was just ready to leave his white friends. He had

a beef which had just been killed hung across his saddle. He would take this back to his hungry band in the hills.

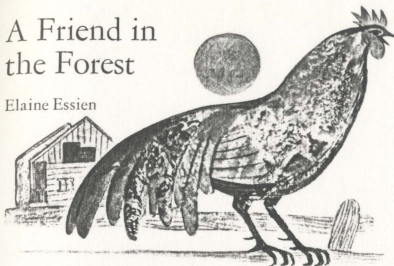
The arrowhead has been in that rail to this day. Each year the desendants of Mazeppa's band visit the ranch on their way to the Calgary Stampede. We have a barbecue and powwow together. The Indians feast and dance and tell stories about the days of the buffalo.

Mr. Cairns stopped for a moment, then he turned to the boys. "It's getting late now fellows. If you look out of your windows at six o'clock tomorrow morning you will see many tepees among the cotton-woods. The band will come tonight for our Broken Arrow roundup."



A Friend in the Forest

Elaine Essien



The red rooster was standing on the rail fence. He said, "Cock-a-doo-da-doo. Get up. Get up. A new day has started."

Joey Wright opened his eyes slowly. He opened his mouth wide and put his arms over his head. Joey and his big brother Ben slept in the same room. The sun was coming into the window. Suddenly Joey remembered that this was a very important day. He jumped out of his bed. Joey stood on the rug in front of his bed and got his pants and shirt.

Ben was still under the covers. He called, "Hey! Where's the fire? It's only about five o'clock in the morning."

"Come on, Ben, hurry," said Joey. We can't be late today!" Ben sat up. Joey climbed down the ladder in his bare feet. Father was in the big kitchen downstairs. He was building a fire in the stove.

When father saw Joey he said, "How is the carpenter this morning?"

Joey smiled proudly. He liked to be treated like a man. Today Joey would almost be a man. Today Joey was going in the wagon with Father and Ben. They were going to help their new neighbours to build a log house.

Joey had two older sisters named Alice and Jill. The girls were unhappy because they couldn't go. Joey remembered that his father had said, "Alice, you and Jill will have to look after the farm and baby Mary. Your mother will be busy helping Mrs. Kruger. They have to cook the food that the men will eat. Ben and Joey have to go because we need them to help with the logs. Now help your mother with the baking. I do not want to hear you speak about going with us any more.

Alice knew that when Father made up his mind about something she could not change it. So all that day Alice and Mother had baked blueberry pies and loaves of bread. They cooked a big pot of beans and rabbit soup to take to the new family.

Joey had been very happy. He heard his father talk to mother about the new family. The Kruger family had come from Germany. They had come across the ocean on a ship. Then they got on a train and rode for many days. At last they came to the western forest. Mr. Kruger had been given a part of the forest where once the Indians had hunted and fished. He would build a farm on this land. The family couldn't live in a tent when winter came. So the first thing the family needed was a house. The Wright family would help the

Kruger family build their house. Other families would help too. They would build the house out of the logs they would make from the tall trees in the forest.

Joey was very interested in this story about the Kruger family. He wished that he could ride on the train. He tried to think what it would be like. Joey's family had come to the West two years before. They rode for many weeks in a covered wagon. Sometimes it's hard for a boy who is six years old to remember what happened two years ago. But, if he closed his eyes, Joey could still feel the wagon go bumpy-bump and he could still hear the wagon wheels making a noise. He could remember that his mother cooked their supper on a campfire after the wagon stopped. Joey wondered if the train stopped to let Mrs. Kruger cook on a campfire.

There was only one thing that Joey could not understand. Joey's father had told them that when the Kruger family spoke no one knew what they were saying. His father said that was because they came from another land. Soon they would know how to speak English. Then they could talk to their neighbours.

But father told Joey one thing that made him very excited. He said that Mr. and Mrs. Kruger had a boy called Hans who was six years old. When they were alone, Joey talked to his dog about Hans. "Oh Patches," Joey said, "just think! I'll have a friend of my own. I've never had a friend before, only you. You're all right, Patches, but sometimes

a boy likes to have another boy to play with. I've never had a boy for a friend. It's going to be great Patches, just great. But, Father says Hans doesn't know how to speak English. Do you think you can have a friend if you can't talk to him? How will I tell him that I want to be his friend? What will I do if he doesn't know what I mean?"

Just then one of Patches' pups ran past them. The pup was chasing a frog. Patches started to follow her baby. She wagged her tail to say goodbye to Joey.

So today Joey was proud because he could go with his father. He was excited about having a new friend. But he was worried about how he would talk to Hans.

Joey followed his father to the barn. Reddy and Bossy were waiting to be milked. Joey sat down and listened as Bossy's milk hit the bottom of the pail.

"Dad?" said Joey. "How does someone know that you are his friend when he doesn't know what you are saying?"

"Are you thinking about Hans Kruger?" said his father.

"Yes," answered Joey.

"Well, it's not what you say that tells someone that you are a friend," said Mr. Wright. "It's what you do. Only a friend does kind things. So if you do kind things, then the other person knows you are

his friend much more than if you tell him with words."

Joey thought about what his father had said. He thought about it when he took the cows to the field. He thought about it while he carried wood to the kitchen. Joey knew that his father was wise.

And that his father always knew the right thing to do. Joey tried to think of a way to show Hans he wanted to be his friend.

After breakfast Father brought the wagon to the house. The horses were tied to the wagon. They were ready for the trip. Joey walked back and forth from the house to the wagon. He carried the baskets of pies, beans and soup for Mrs. Kruger. Ben put the axes and hammer into the wagon. Then he climbed in.

"Come on, Mother. We will have to leave now," called Father.

Mother came out of the house. She was wearing her new dress. The tail of her dress touched the ground. Jill and Emily came behind her. Emily was holding baby Mary.

"Now remember, girls, you're in charge of the house," said Mother. "Be sure to watch Mary so she won't crawl to the hot stove. Jill, I want you to make butter this morning. And you will have to bring the cows from the field before it gets dark. Don't forget to bring in the eggs and obey Emily. Goodbye now."

Father was just going to drive off when Ben



saw that Joey was not there. "Now where can Joey be?" asked Ben.

Ben called out, "Joey, come on! We are ready to leave."

Joey came around the corner of the barn. He had a sack in his hand. Something was in the sack and it was wiggling.

"What's in the sack, Joey?" asked Ben.

"Something kind that I want to do," said Joey. He saw father wink at him.

The girls waved goodbye while the wagon bumped out of the yard and along the trail. Soon the trees along the trail hid the wagon. The two girls went into the house to do their work and to take care of baby Mary.

It was a beautiful day. The horses tossed their heads and danced along. They seemed to know that something nice was going to happen. They went through the woods and around the bends. The trail was narrow and bumpy. At last they reached a clearing in the woods.

"Whoa!" called Father, and the wagon stopped. Joey looked around. He could see the tent in which the Kruger family was living. He saw the large pile of logs that had been cut. The logs would be used to build the house. He saw some of their neighbours. They had come to help build the house. A tall man walked over to Joey's father and said, "Welcome."

"That man must be Mr. Kruger," thought Joey.

He saw a strange lady. "She must be Mrs. Kruger," thought Joey. Then he saw two big boys. Joey's father said they were Willie and Fred Kruger. But where was Hans? Joey could not see Hans anywhere. Maybe his father had made a mistake. Maybe the new family didn't have a friend for him after all. A lump came up in Joey's throat.

Just then a boy came out of the tent. He had yellow hair and he was about six years old. Joey became excited. "That must be Hans," he thought. "There's my friend! I hope he knows what my kind act means!"

The boy with the yellow hair walked over to Mr. Wright's wagon. He was shy and he walked slowly. He put his bare toe around some bits of grass and pushed his hands into his pockets. He looked up at Joey. Then he looked down at the ground. Joey sat in the wagon and held his sack.

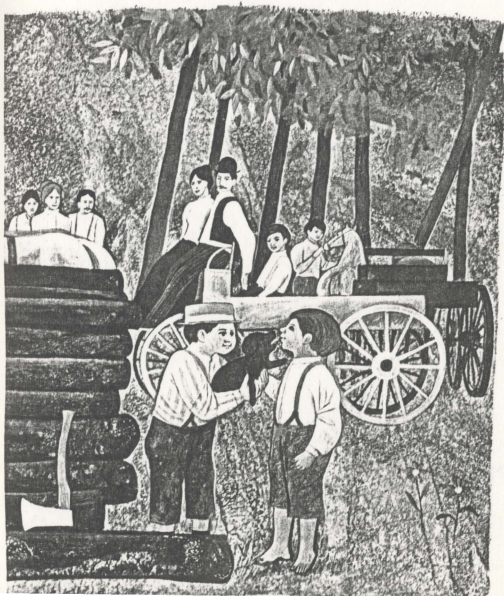
"Go on, Joey," said his mother. "Go and meet Hans."

Joey stood up. He climbed down from the wagon slowly. He stood in front of the boy who could not speak English. Then he remembered that his father had said, "When you do kind things, everyone knows you are a friend."

All at once Joey smiled and said, "Hello. I'm Joey Wright and I want to be your friend. I brought something for you." Then he held out the sack and said, "Go on, Hans. Take it. It's for you."

Hans seemed to know what Joey said. He put out his hands to take the sack. A noise came from inside the sack. Out jumped a brown puppy. He had two floppy ears and a waggly tail. The puppy put out his long wet tongue and kissed Hans, right on the tip of his nose.

All at once Hans and Joey began to laugh. Hans hugged his puppy and laughed with his new friend.



Furry Finfoot

Emily Hearn



It is late in the month of May. In the far north spring is just beginning. The ice in the sea is breaking up. Everywhere you look there are large cracks. It looks like a giant jigsaw puzzle.

Green water can be seen in the cracks. Every once and a while grey heads bob up from the water. Then they go under the water again. These are the fur seals. They are going to their summer home. Their summer home is on some islands near Alaska. The fur seals swim a long way. They swim under the ice and they come up for air every ten or fifteen minutes. They come to the rocks and climb out on them. They hold on to the rocks with their front flippers and pull their bodies up. Their bodies are shiny and fat and they get up slowly.

The bull seals get there first. They have stayed in the waters in the north all winter. There are many things to eat in the sea. They have been eating all winter. Now they weigh about six hundred pounds. Most of this is blubber and

and fur. They take a place on the beach. There on the stones they wait for the female seals. The female seals are small and the colour of their fur is grey-brown. The female seals get to the islands in the month of June. They have come six thousand miles from the warm waters of the Pacific Ocean.

Soon the rocks are covered with seals. The seals bark, bump into each other and climb over each other. Baby seals are born. The baby seals are covered all over with black fur. Their fur is soft and they have whiskers on their noses. They have big blue eyes and little round ears. Furry Finfoot is one of these baby seals. He weighs about ten pounds. Furry makes a noise like a lamb. He is hungry. He drinks milk from his mother. Each day he gains three pounds. Soon he is as round and fat as a black ball. He walks about on his flippers and keeps close to his mother. Furry's mother is getting hungry. She has not left him since he was born. The warm sunshine has melted the ice in the sea. One day while Furry is sleeping she leaves him and dives deep into the sea. She swims far out to where the codfish are. For almost a week Furry's mother eats codfish. Furry cries when he wakes up and can't find his mother. He is lonely and afraid. He does not have her to keep the big bull seals from walking on him.

At last his mother comes back. Now he is not hungry. He is lively and happy. She takes him to

play with other seal pups. Furry walks over to another seal pup. He taps the pup with his flipper and runs away. The other pups follow Furry and they play games together just like children. Their favourite fun is wrestling. Soon they are playing with each other all day long. Now they are not lonely when their mothers have to leave to get food. They splash in the pools of water. The bull seals roar, the gulls scream and the wild geese honk all around them.

In all of this noise Furry grows bigger and stronger. He is ready to learn how to swim. When he is two months old his mother takes him to the shore of the open sea. He goes into cold water for the first time. He cries because he cannot feel anything hard under his flippers. He turns around and comes right back out! But he gets braver each day. Soon his flippers are stronger. He can go through the water very fast. He plays sliding games with his friends in the waves.

When the end of summer comes Furry's mother takes him on long trips out to sea. He watches her catch fish. She is getting him ready to look after himself. One day she swims out to sea and does not come back. All the mother seals leave at the same time. They are going to a place where the water is warmer. The mothers have given the seal pups milk and made them fat. They will not starve while they learn to catch fish to eat. The mothers have taught them things to keep them

safe. They have showed the seal pups how to sniff the wind so they can smell the polar bear. For the polar bear will hurt them. How to listen for noises that people can't hear. How to come up out of the water several times and look for danger before getting out of the water to lie in the sun. The mothers have showed them how to swim so that they can get away from sharks and killer whales who eat them.

Furry and the pups cry out when they know their mothers are gone for good. They are hungry for milk. But when they see they are alone they swim out to chase the fish and catch their own dinners.

It is October. Furry's coat is now a soft grey colour. The cold winds blow down from the north. One day something inside the seal pups tells them to go away from this place. They dive into the water and swim for miles out to the open sea. For many days they swim towards the south. They come up for air and go down deep for fish. There are dangers on the way. They watch out for whales and sharks. They are careful when it is stormy. Sometimes storms hit them against sharp rocks.

Furry is caught in a storm. He is taken away from his friends. He is tossed about in the waves. At last he is thrown upon the beach. The next morning the weather is good again. Some children come down to the beach. They find Furry. The



children run for their dad. He takes Furry in his arms and carries him to their house. Furry is scared but he is too weak to move. He is laid down on the floor in the kitchen. Soon he feels hot milk and oil going down his throat. The children pat his head gently. He feels their kindness. The milk makes him stronger. He begins to wave his flippers. Then he stretches and turns his body. Then he rolls over and moves about on the strange floor.

The family catch fish for him. The boy and his dad go out in a boat. They put out a net. When it feels heavy they haul it in. The silver fish shine in the sunlight. Furry gets stronger. He plays with the children. They swim in the water. He plays tag with them the way he used to play with the other seal pups. He comes out of the water when they come out. He barks and walks across the beach for his fish dinner. At first he remembers the storm and he is afraid to go out in the open sea. After a while he goes farther and farther. He remembers the fun he had swimming in deep water.

Furry makes noises under the water and that tells him where the fish are swimming. When he is hungry he dives hundreds of feet to catch a fish. Now he is gone for several days at a time. The family know that he is getting used to a seal's life again. They are sorry but they are not surprised. Then one day he doesn't come back to

them. Out in the deep green water he hears a lot of barks. He sees young fur seals like himself. He goes with them to the warm waters in the south.

He lives in the south with the other young fur seals for two years. Then something inside the young seals tells them to go back to their home in the north. In the spring they go back to the Arctic with the wild geese and ducks and gulls. On the way a killer whale chases the seals. Furry leads the other seals towards the beach where the whale can't follow.

The seals are getting close to their home in the north. They are swimming under ice six feet thick. The sun shines through the ice. The seals can see plants growing on the underside of the ice. The plants are green and pink and brown. Little fish and worms nibble at the plants. Furry watches the underside of the ice for thin places. He can tell the thin places because a lot of sun shines through where the ice is thin. He also watches for cracks in the ice. The cracks are made when the ice breaks up. Furry must get air. He must be careful when he comes up. A polar bear might be near the hole he has found.

At last Furry comes to the place where he was born. He pulls his body up into the icy rocks. The old bull seals roar at him. They send him far behind them on the beach. He is still too young to have a wife and his own seal pups. He stays with the other young bull seals. He has a lazy life. He swims and catches fish and lies in the sun.

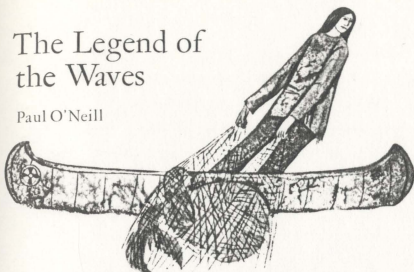


Thousands of birds fly over their heads. The birds honk and call out. The old seals roar. The young seals bark. The new black pups make noises like lambs. They stay close to their small mothers. The rocks are full of seals again. Furry will stay in the north forever now. In the winter he will go under the ice with the other bull seals. There they will live and get fat.

In a few years he will have his own place on the shore. He will be Old Fur Finfoot. He will roar so that he can keep a place for himself, his wives, and his little black pups.

The Legend of the Waves

Paul O'Neill



In a far away arm of one of Newfoundland's wide bays an Indian called Unahtok once lived. He belonged to the Beothuck tribe. This happened in the days when the earth was young. Then the great waterfalls were just small streams. The tall forests were only little woods. Unahtok pitched his wigwam on the empty shore and fished alone from his small canoe. His family were all dead. Unahtok wanted to spend the summer by himself. He wanted to be away from the tribe. He liked to be alone with his thoughts.

One day Unahtok pulled his net into the boat. He saw a fish with a wide tail in it. The fish was almost as big as himself. The young man was frightened when he saw the large fish. He grabbed a paddle to kill it. He was just going to bring the paddle crashing down on the head of the fish. Then he saw a bit of hair. It was the colour of gold.

Unahtok stood there with the wooden paddle

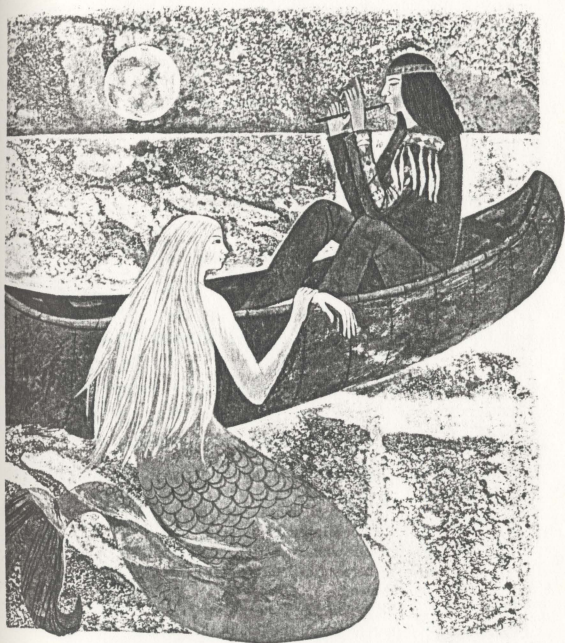
held above his head. The strange fish turned its head. He saw the face of a beautiful girl. Many old men had told him that mermaids were evil and that they must be killed right away. Unahtok tried to get all his strength into his arms so that the first blow would kill her. Then the mermaid spoke.

"Please," she said. Her voice was soft and sad.

Unahtok did not kill her. He got her out of his net and helped her back into the sea. He watched until he could not see her anymore. She swam deep into the waters of the bay. Unahtok had caught Finmara. She was the Queen of the Eastern Ocean.

Finmara was very thankful to the poor fisherman who had let her live. She knew that people killed mermaids when they caught them. Every day she filled his net with fish. Sometimes at night she would swim to the top of the water. She would leave a gift in the small canoe that was near the shore. Unahtok wondered where the things came from. Sometimes he found a shell that was beautiful to look at. Other times he found a shell with a lovely pearl inside.

One night in summer Finmara was swimming on the top of the water. She was looking at the beautiful sky. The moon was full. The northern lights made the sky look like a curtain. Suddenly she heard a strange sound. Finmara had never



heard music before. She swam in to find out what it was.

Unahtok was sitting in his canoe. He was playing a soft Indian song on his wooden whistle. The moon was shining on the waters and the canoe was moving up and down. Finmara wanted to know what the sound was. She swam up to the side of the canoe and looked in. Unahtok was surprised to see a beautiful woman come out of the dark waters. He stopped playing. Finmara forgot that she was afraid. She asked the young man to make the sounds again.

Finmara lived in her palace beneath the great sea banks. Every night after that she would swim from her palace to the quiet waters. Unahtok would play his whistle for her. She was always very happy while he was playing. When it came time to put the whistle away she would become sad. The next evening when the music started again she would be happy.

The days began to get cold. The fish started to move south to warm waters. The trees had been green. Now they were red and gold.

Unahtok said, "In a few days I will pull up my canoe. Then I will go to the people of my tribe."

Finmara loved Unahtok. She was afraid that she would not see him again. She was afraid that she would not hear his music again.

"How can I be happy if I can never hear your whistle or see your face again?" she cried.

Unahtok did not know what to say. He was sad because he had to say goodbye to Finmara. But he knew that she could not live out of water.

"If only you were a real girl, I would make you my wife," he said.

"I am better than a real girl. I am Queen of the Eastern Ocean," Finmara answered.

"It is not enough," Unahtok said, very sadly.

Finmara had an idea. She went into the deep water and swam away to her home in the sea. When she got there she called two of her palace guards. They were mermen.

"I have a job for you to do," she said. She told them about the place where the Indian fished. "Tomorrow he will go to pull in his net. I want you to upset his canoe and bring him here to my palace. Do not fail me."

The mermen went away. Finmara smiled to herself.

"Unahtok loves me as much as I love him," she thought. "But he is afraid of the sea. That is why he has not asked to come and live in my palace under the waves. And maybe he is afraid because I am queen and he does not have royal blood. I will show him that nothing matters but our love. I will make him my king."

All the treasures that were in the ocean belonged to Finmara. They made her palace very beautiful. She swam to the treasure room and took out her crown. Then she found a crown of gold. It had belonged to a king and had been lost at sea long ago. She would give this crown to Unahtok.

After she had chosen the crowns, Finmara had a rest. In the morning she went to her throne room. It had starfish all around. She sat upon her throne and waited for the mermen to bring back the Indian. When the mermen came they were alone.

"Where is the Indian?" she asked in surprise.

"Forgive us, Your Majesty, but we lost him," the younger of the two mermen said.

"Lost him?" Finmara cried.

"We upset his canoe and took him as you told us. He tried to get free. But when we carried him down with us he stopped trying and became very still. On the way we met a giant squid. He was very hungry. He told us to give him the Indian to eat. We would not give him the Indian. Then the squid attacked us with his long arms. We had to put the Indian on the bottom of the sea so that we could fight the squid. When we went to get him, he was gone."

"Oh, you stupid fools!" cried Finmara.

"We will keep on looking for him," the

older merman said. "We have already told all the fish in these waters to look for him. We are sure to find him again."

Two Beothuck braves had been hunting ducks along the shore. They had seen Unahtok's body. At the very moment they were pulling his body from the ocean. Unahtok had drowned. Finamara had forgotten that people cannot live under the waves. The two braves covered the young body with birch bark. They carried it to the place where Indians put dead people. The body was placed in the branch of a tree far away from the sea.

The mermen told her that the Indian could not be found anywhere in the ocean. Finmara finally knew what she had done. She cried for days and days. She was so sad that she could not forget Unahtok. She would find his body. Then she would put it in the cave under the sea where the great men who drown at sea are placed. She said to the waters of the ocean.

"The Indian's body must be somewhere on the land. I want you to look for it every day and every night and keep on looking all through the year until it is found. You will keep looking forever if you cannot find him!"

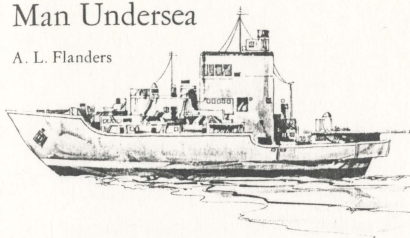
This all happened long ago. The sea is still looking for the body of Unahtok. It can never be found because by now it is just so much dust blowing in the wind. The ocean does

not know this. It keeps hitting the shore. It is trying to look further inland. And when you see rolling waves you are looking at the waters of the world jumping as high as they can. They are trying to find the body of the Indian fisherman that Queen Finmara once loved and will never find again.



Man Undersea

A. L. Flanders



I wanted to dive. I came to the ship NEPTUNE just in time to hear the siren. Something was wrong. A man in a diver's suit was being pulled up out of the water and onto the deck. About twelve divers and crewmen were standing around. A helicopter had been sent for. It came in low over the waves and landed on the deck of the ship.

I went to see Dr. Valteau. He was the head of this work. I asked him what had happened.

"This diver had to come up too quickly. He has the bends. He could die if he doesn't get help," the doctor told me.

"What are the bends?" I asked.

"This diver was breathing the special air from his tanks. In the air there is a gas. When you are undersea the gas goes into your blood. If you come up too fast, the gas comes out of the blood and forms bubbles. It's the same thing that happens when you open a soft drink.

It's very painful. The bubbles can stop the blood so that it cannot get to the brain. Or a bubble can get into your heart and kill you.

They carried the diver to the helicopter. The helicopter took off and went towards the shore and the hospital.

Dr. Valteau said, "We're flying him to a special room. In this room the pressure is the same as under the sea. The gas will go back into his blood again. Then we will slowly bring him back to the pressure that is above water. The gas in his blood will go away bit by bit."

"Why isn't there a room like that one on this ship?" I asked.

"This is a small ship. A room like that would take up too much space. But mainly because we don't need one very often. This is the first time we've needed one in over a year."

"How did this happen? Was there something wrong with the gear he was using?"

"We have never lost a diver because of the gear he was using. It is more likely that he made a mistake. He forgot to watch his time. He got careless and ran out of air. Then he could not come up slowly because he had no air."

"Will he be all right?"

"I think so. It only takes ten minutes to get to the hospital. They have the special room there."

"That kind of makes me afraid," I said. "I plan to dive with you, Doctor. What should I do to make sure that I don't get the bends?"

"You must come up very slowly," he answered. "The longer you are down the more slowly you must come up. Someone will give you tables. They will tell you how long to wait at each place you stop on the way up."

"I'll have to get used to working and thinking under the sea," I said.

"The only rule is to be careful. Always think straight. Stay calm."

I wanted to ask questions about something else. I had come to the NEPTUNE to see what they were doing.

"Was this diver checking your undersea house, Doctor?" I asked.

"Yes, that's right," he answered. "He was looking at the lines that hold the undersea house. He was making sure the tide doesn't move it."

"Does this mean that you are planning to live under the sea? In an undersea house?" I said.

"Yes," answered the doctor. "We plan to stay down for about a month. We have the place where we are going to live all ready. There is a place to work, a living space, a kitchen, a wet garage for the undersea scooters, and a place for the mini-sub."

I was very interested in all of this. I knew that a free diver can only stay down for an hour or two. I asked, "How will you be able to stay down there for a whole month?"

"The house is joined to the ship. They will give us air and power. If anything goes wrong they will help us," said the doctor.

"Get into your diving gear. Let's go down and have a look," he said.

So I was going to have my first dive then and there.

"You put on the black suit. I'll wear the silver suit." The doctor was already climbing into his rubber diving suit. I wondered about its silver colour.

"Jacques Cousteau started the idea," said the doctor. "He is a great undersea man. The silver suit marks the men who will live under the sea. They are called oceanauts."

"If I see a diver wearing a silver suit, what does it mean?" I asked.

"It means that if something happens to me you must not let me go above the roof of my undersea house. The diver on the silver suit has the most gas in his blood. I am safe when I am down deep. I will die if I come up to the top of the sea," the doctor told me.

"Don't let him come up or he'll die of the bends," I said.

"That's right," the doctor answered. "It takes a long time to come up, after you've been down for twelve hours. Once you've stayed down for twelve hours, it doesn't matter how much longer you stay down. After that you can stay down for a day or a month. It still takes the same time to come up."

By then I had my gear on and I was ready. But it was dark. Night had come while we were getting ready.

"That doesn't matter," the doctor said. "We have lights. Let's go."

The silver suit of the oceanaut made him look as if he were from a different world. We got into the water, breathing air through the mouthpieces. Under the water it was wonderful. There were searchlights, and lights for taking pictures of the dive. The undersea house had lights and there were rows of lights to help us find our way. It was all very strange. This was another world. I got used to being weightless, and breathing through the mouthpiece. Then it was exciting. It was just like flying. I kicked my flippers. I moved smoothly and easily into the strange glowing world. I was free. I was an undersea creature.

"I'll show you something," the doctor said through the radiophone.

He shone his light at a fish and- what a surprise! The fish did not move. It only stared.

The doctor seemed to know everything about the undersea world. "This kind of fish usually stays away from man. But the light does this to the fish. I can pet it like a puppy. I could put it in a special fish pen. We have the pens for studying undersea life. But we already know a lot about this fellow. I'll let him go."

Dr. Valleau turned off his light. The fish shook its head. Then it swam away as if nothing had happened.

"Be careful," he told me. "Everything seems peaceful here. But never forget that you are in a different world. Anything could happen."

But I was too excited. I felt so good. I felt at home. "I'm going deeper," I thought.

"No, don't!" cried the doctor.

But his words didn't stop me. Something strange was happening to me. "It's wonderful down here. I love it. It's free and happy," I thought. I laughed to myself. "It's great. It's so much fun." I was talking to myself as I made passes at the fish. I laughed out loud. I could hear myself. "It's like a party," I thought. "The fish are so funny. Like people at a party." It was very funny. "Here fishy, fishy. Have some air."

I could hear the sound of bubbles.

"Your mouthpiece. Don't lose your mouthpiece."

The doctor was yelling at me over the radio-phone. I didn't even hear him. I was drowning



and didn't know it.

"Here. I've got you. Mouthpiece back in. Breathe in now." He held on to me. I started to breathe again. Slowly I came back to my senses.

"What happened?" I said. "I don't remember a thing."

"You had that strange feeling people sometimes get when they go down too deep. A diver who had been down many times would have known what was happening. He would have gone where the water was not so deep."

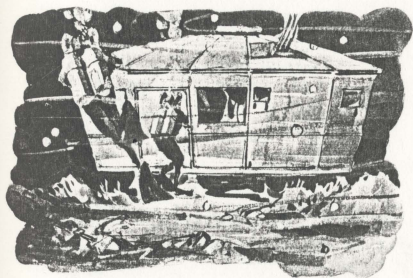
"I almost drowned," I said. "Thanks, Doctor. You saved my life."

"One thing about undersea," the doctor answered, "when a man is in trouble, everyone helps. Come on, let's get into the undersea house."

He took me into the house. It was small but it had all the things a house should have. I stayed for awhile. All too soon I had to go up. If I didn't go up then I would have to take a longer time going up so that all the gas would go out of my blood.

"Remember, take fifteen minutes going up," the doctor said as I left the house.

I was waiting at my first stop on my way up. I felt the first bite. It was small. It didn't hurt. It just made me mad. Then another one.



That hurt. Then another. Then two at the same time. Then many more. There was a bare place between the bottom of my suit and the flippers. That was where it was hurting. I called for help on the radiophone.

"A diver is on his way," they told me. Then they said, "The sea flies are biting you. Don't let them drive you up. The gas is not out of your blood yet."

The diver got there. At that moment I saw a shark. "Sharks," he said. "Your blood brought them here."

I was surprised that blood was coming from me.

"Just a little bit," the diver said. "It is coming from the bites. But the sharks can smell blood for miles. I've already called for the shark cage. They're letting it down. Here it comes now. Get in."

It looked like a jail. "Only it keeps the sharks out instead of people in," the diver said. He seemed to be reading what was in my mind. We swam into the cage and closed the door behind us.

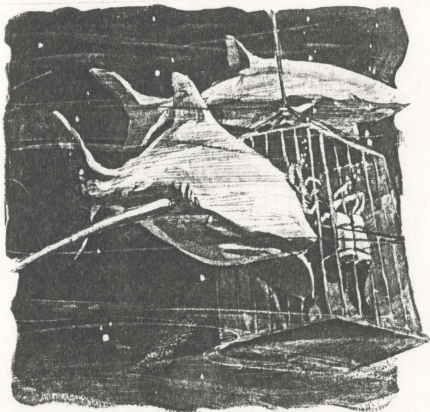
"Just in time. I'm sorry but you'll have to put up with the flies for three more minutes," the diver said.

The hundreds of little bites kept on hurting.

"Hang on!" the diver cried. "Here come the sharks!"

"Whew! Are they ever mean looking! Shiny and grey. Just like bullets. And fast. Will they break through?" I asked.

The diver told me that we would be safe. But the sharks came towards the cage. They made a loud noise as they hit the cage as hard as they could. I was very frightened until we came out of the water and were lifted onto the ship. I didn't know if it was worse to be bitten by the flies and have to wait before I could come up, or to watch those twenty-foot sharks coming at me. Thank goodness for the shark cage. The doctor was safe in his undersea house anyway. He planned to stay there for a full month.



I stayed with the ship and watched the men and their undersea home. I made many dives. I became a good diver, even if I do say so myself. The doctor lived undersea for the whole month. He said that he liked every minute of it. Now, it was time for him to come back up.

The diver who had saved me from the sharks came over and said, "We need your help."

"Sure, what do you need me for?" I answered.

"Dr. Valteau won't come up."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"He says that he likes it down there. He won't come back up."

"What's the matter with him? Does he have that strange feeling people sometimes get when they go deep down?"

"No, it's just something in his mind. This happens to some people. They fall in love with the sea and want to stay."

I was surprised. "But the doctor knows that he can't stay down there always."

But the diver told me it was true. "Down there, things look different from the way they do up here, I guess," said the diver.

"Has he gone mad?" I asked.

"Oh, no. But he's having a bit of a breakdown. Sometimes this happens. He has lived in a very different world for a full month. He's got

very interested in the world under the sea. Maybe he can't even remember what it is like up here. Maybe he wants to get away from the worries he has up here. We all do. He's just not thinking clearly."

The diver kept on talking, "We can't let him stay down. There is going to be a storm here. It could pull our ship away from the undersea house. That would cut off his air. The captain has already ordered the house to be brought up. That's why we need your help. We've got to bring him up."

"But that means we don't have time for him to come up slowly," I said.

"That's right," he answered.

"Can I talk to him?" I was really worried now.

"I'm afraid it won't do any good. He won't answer us. We will have to go down after him. Here, I brought your suit."

We put our suits on and jumped into the water. After a short while we found the doctor.

"Let me alone. I want to stay down here. I love it here. This is my home now. You can't take me away." He was trying to swim away.

I talked to him. "You've got to come back with us. You've got to come up."

"I don't like the world above the sea. It's not interesting. It's ugly. It's full of bad

people and dirty places. I like it here. It's quiet and peaceful here. I'm happy here."

"You can't go back to the house. You've only got the air that is in the tanks you're wearing. And you've used a lot already." I knew we were in a bad spot.

"Never, never, never! I'll never go up! I'm an undersea creature. I'm an oceanaut. I live here. The sea is my home."

There was only one thing we could do. We grabbed him and pulled him with us. He tried to get away.

"What about getting the gas out of his blood?" I asked.

"There is no time," the diver answered.

"But it will kill him," I said.

"The helicopter is waiting up there. They'll take him to the special room at the hospital."

"But he's been down for so long!" I cried.

"We have to do it. If he stays down here, he will drown. His air is almost gone."

So we took him up. He kept on trying to get away. He fought even when the bends started and the pain came. They carried him to the helicopter right away.

"I loved it down there," he said.

The helicopter took off. The diver told me

that he would be all right. We had got him in time.

"I'm glad," I said. "He saved my life once."

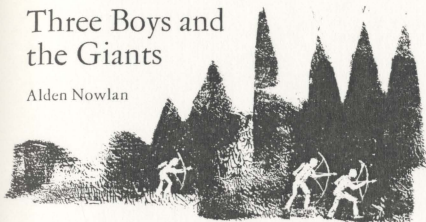
"Well, now you're even," the diver answered.

Somehow, the sea makes you closer to people. I wanted to tell the diver that. But he had gone back to work. I guess he knew it already.



Three Boys and the Giants

Alden Nowlan



A long time ago giants lived in the land. They hunted men the same way as men hunted animals.

One day a giant was hunting for his dinner. He came upon three boys. They had gone into the woods looking for birds.

When the giant saw the children, his mouth began to water. He licked his lips as he thought of the feast that he and his brother would have when he took these children back to his wigwam.

He got down among the small trees so that the children would not see him. He thought about how he would get them to go deeper into the forest. The village where the children lived was near by. The giant knew that if he tried to take them while they were near the village the fathers would hear the children crying. They would drive him away and maybe even kill him.

The giant thought for a long time. Then he got an idea. It was a good thing for men that the minds of the giants were as weak as their bodies are strong. If this had not been so, giants would now rule the land.

The giant thought that his plan was the best one that anyone had ever thought of since the world began. He would make a noise like a bird. The boys would follow him deep into the forest. Then he would take the boys and the fathers would not hear them crying. The boys would think they were going to get their game. But instead the giant would be going to get his!

So the giant made the sound of a bird. The three boys followed the sound, deeper and deeper into the woods.

At last the boys were far from their village. The giant jumped out of the trees. He took the screaming children by their feet and hit their heads against what he thought was a stone.

The boys were lucky. It was not a stone, but an anthill. They were not killed, but only knocked out. The giant was too stupid to know this. He laughed to himself and dropped them into the birch pack that was on his back.

Ah! We will eat well tonight!" he said. "The legs of these little birds will taste good!"

And he started off toward his wigwam. He walked very fast.



The giant had not gone very far when the boys woke up. The youngest one saw where they were and where the giant was taking them. He was going to cry out but the oldest boy put his hands upon his lips.

"Hush," he whispered, if the giant finds out that we are alive he will kill us. As long as he thinks that we are dead, we may be able to get away.

The boys had dropped their bows and arrows on the ground when they were surprised by the giant; but the oldest boy had a knife. He cut a hole in the birch pack. The giant walked through the forest. One by one, the boys got through the hole and jumped to the ground.

The giant was very strong. He did not know that his pack was getting lighter and lighter. He was so strong that he could pull up an oak tree as easily as he could pick up a nut. He could carry a dozen children on his back and not feel them.

Even when the pack was empty, the giant did not know that his birds were gone. He came to his wigwam and asked his brother to look into his pack. He saw that he had been tricked.

"You fool!" cried his brother. "We have nothing to eat and our birch pack is no good to use any more! I would eat you but your meat is too hard and my teeth are old! You say that you are a hunter but even young birds can trick you!"

At first the giants were going to try to catch the children again. But it was beginning to get dark. They decided that they would do without their

dinner. The giants began to fall asleep beside the fire.

The children had found their way back to the place where the giant had jumped out at them. Their bows and arrows were on the ground.

The oldest boy picked up his bow and arrows.

"Now we must find the giant and kill him," he said.

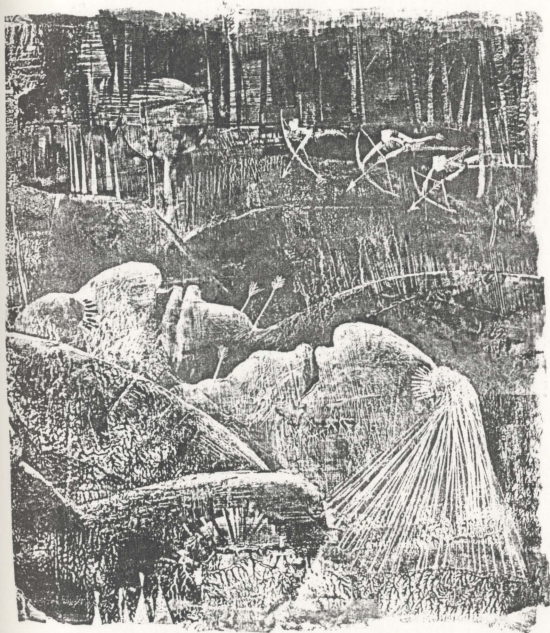
"Don't be foolish," said the youngest boy. He wanted to go home to his father's wigwam. In the wigwam he would be warm and safe. "We are too small to kill a bear. We can't kill a giant. Only the greatest fighters try to kill giants."

"The little one is right," said the third boy. "Let us go back to the village. Tomorrow the men will hunt down the giants."

"Do you want to have children's names all your lives?" said the oldest boy. "Do you want to sit with your legs out in front of you? That is the way children sit in our wigwams. Or do you want to take men's names? Then you can sit with your legs crossed. Only men are allowed to do that."

The two younger boys became quiet. They would not say that they were afraid. They did not want anyone to say that they were not brave. They said that they would go with the oldest boy to the wigwam of the giants.

Much later, the three boys came to the place where the giants were. Each boy had his bow in his



hand and his arrows by his side. It was dark. The giants' campfire made a circle of light. The boys lay down a little way from this circle of light.

The giants had not gone into their wigwam to sleep. They had gone to sleep outdoors by the fire.

The oldest boy shot an arrow at the giant that was nearest to him.

The arrow hit the giant but it did not even wake him up. He moved in his sleep and scratched at the cut. He acted like he had been bitten by a fly. The boy shot an arrow at the other giant. The other giant acted the same way.

The third arrow hit one of the giants. He slapped at the spot where it had hit him and said, "Those hateful flies!"

"Yes," answered the other giant. He had been hit by the boy's fourth arrow and he was half-awake. "Those hateful flies are biting hard tonight."

Soon the youngest boy got brave enough to shoot at the giants.

Clouds of arrows hit the giants. The air was black with them.

"Ah!" said one of the giants. "Those are not flies, but hornets. Somebody must have been at their nest."

"Hornets or bees," answered the other giant.

The boys shot at the giants until their arrows were almost all gone. Every arrow hit the giants.

"These must be the largest hornets in the world," said the first giant.

"Bees, not hornets," said the other.

"It doesn't matter if they are bees or hornets," said the first giant, "they will not let us sleep. Let us go into the wigwam. They are less likely to bother us in there."

The giants started to get to their feet. The boys were hiding in the dark. They were afraid. Now they had no arrows. At any time the giants would see what had happened and come after them.

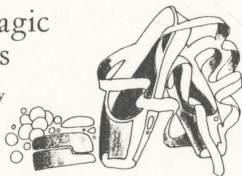
The boys were ready to throw down their bows and run for their lives. Then the giants stopped trying to stand up. They fell back and lay still.

The giants were dead. They had been killed without even knowing that the boys had shot at them.

The boys ran out of the dark and into the light of the campfire. They shouted and danced for joy.

The Magic Slippers

Wayne Carley



"All right now, children, let's do it again," said Madame Olga. Alicia stood beside the ballet bar and waited for the music to begin. She was thinking about what Madame Olga had told the class today. She must keep her back straight and move her arms the right way.

"Now, children," Madame Olga said, "keep your arms high over your head. Please begin the music, Mr. Parker."

Mr. Parker was an old man with white hair. He played the piano for Madame Olga's ballet classes. He never looked at the children. He only looked at Madame Olga or down at the piano keys. He began to play.

Alicia began to dance. The steps were hard. She tried to keep thinking about what Madame Olga had said, but the music kept getting in the way. Soon the music was the only thing she heard. And dancing to the music was the only thing she wanted. She loved to dance. Oh, how she loved to dance. It made her feel light. Sometimes it made her so happy that she felt she could fly. She felt that she was carried up, up by the music from Mr. Parker's piano.

She was so deep in the music that she didn't hear Madame Olga call her name.

"Alicia, come here please," she said.

Alicia went on dancing and dreaming. "If only I can become a good dancer," she thought. "If only I can make Aunt Maria proud of me..... if only I can please Madame Olga..... if only...."

"Alicia! Don't you hear me?" Madame Olga called again.

"I must become a good dancer," Alicia was thinking to herself. "I must, I must."

Madame Olga called to Mr. Parker, "Please stop the music." Mr. Parker stopped playing. Alicia stopped dancing.

Madame Olga spoke to her, "Didn't you hear when I called your name?"

Alicia hung her head. "I'm sorry, Madame Olga, I...."



"Why were you not listening?" Madame Olga asked.

"I was listening to the music," Alicia said.
"I just didn't hear anything else. I'm sorry."

"Come here child," Madame Olga said.

Alicia went and stood in front of Madame Olga's black wheel chair.

"Do you like music, Alicia?" Madame Olga asked.

"Oh yes, I love it!" Alicia said.

"And Mr. Parker plays beautiful music. He makes it very easy to dance."

Mr. Parker looked at the black and white keys on his piano.

"Did you hear that, Mr. Parker?" Madame Olga said to him. "Someone loves your music."
Mr. Parker did not look up or speak. A girl in the class named Marge Owens laughed. Madame Olga looked at her.

"There will be no laughing in my class. We are here to work not to play," she said.

Marge Owens' face turned red. "I'm sorry," she said.

Madame Olga looked at Alicia. "What do you think of when you dance?" she said.

Alicia did not want to speak. She wondered if Madame Olga would think that she was silly.

She began to answer in a very little voice. "Well," she said, "I try to remember what you have told us. Then the music seems to get louder. Soon the only thing I am thinking about is the music."

"Does dancing make you happy?" Madame Olga asked.

"Yes, very happy," Alicia answered.

"Why?" Madame Olga said softly. The class was quiet. The girls waited for Alicia's answer.

"I don't know," she said. "I guess it's the only way I can show how much I love the music. It's so beautiful that it makes me want to be beautiful too. And I'm only beautiful when I dance."

"Did you hear that?" she said to the children. "Miss Alicia dances so that she can be as beautiful as the music." The class was quiet. The girls did not know if Madame Olga was going to make fun of Alicia or not. Madame Olga kept on talking. "You can learn something from what she says. You must dance with your heart too. And you must believe in something. Then you can dance with your heart. Alicia believes that the music is beautiful. That is good."

She looked at Alicia and smiled. "If you keep on thinking that the music is beautiful you will be a good dancer. Maybe you will be as good as your aunt. But you will have to work very hard."

Alicia was so surprised by what Madame Olga

said that she could not say anything. Madame Olga turned away before Alicia could say thank you. She clapped her hands and said, "That is enough for today, children. Please be on time for class tomorrow. I will have something important to tell you."

Madame Olga wheeled her chair to the door and went out of the room. The children all began to talk at the same time. They all wondered what Madame Olga was going to tell them tomorrow.

Alicia walked to the room where the girls change their clothes. She was in a kind of dream. Madame Olga had said that she could be a good dancer. As good a dancer as her aunt! She sat down and began to take off her dancing slippers.

All at once someone spoke. It was Marge Owens. "Miss Alicia dances as that she can be as beautiful as the music and that is good. Fooey!" Marge kept on talking. "Alicia can dance because she has an aunt who is a great ballet dancer. That's all. She's no better than anyone else in the class."

Tina Martin was Alicia's best friend. She began to speak. "Oh come on, Marge," she said. "Alicia can dance well. She can't help it if she dances better than you do."

"She doesn't dance better than I do," Marge said. Her voice was getting louder. "It's because of her aunt. And it's because of those slippers. Madame Olga would like my dancing better

too if I had those slippers. Alicia tricks people. It's the slippers that make her dance."

"That's silly and you know it," Tina said. "Don't be so dumb, Marge."

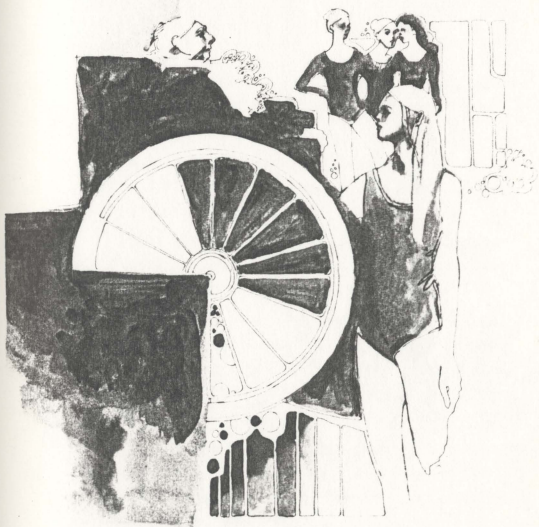
"It's not silly," Marge said. "Ask Alicia."

All of the girls turned to Alicia. They wanted to see what she would say. Alicia looked down at her slippers. They were pink. Aunt Maria had given them to her as a special present. Her aunt had laughed and said that the slippers were magic. And that they would make her dance like an angel. Alicia often wondered if what her aunt said was true. The slippers seemed magic. They made her feel as light as a feather. Alicia had never told the girls how the slippers made her feel. She was surprised at what Marge said. She didn't know what to say.

Alicia did not speak. Marge pointed to her and said, "You see, she thinks that they are magic too. If she didn't think that they were magic she would have said something. It's the slippers that make her dance. Alicia can't dance any better than the rest of us."

Tina was getting very mad. "You be quiet," she said to Marge. "You are being stupid and you know it."

Just then Madame Olga opened the door. She wheeled her chair into the room. "Girls, girls!" she said. "What's all this noise about?" The



girls looked down at the floor. No one said anything. "Be quiet now," Madame Olga said. "I want you all out of here in ten minutes. If you feel that you must shout at each other, please do it outside of this building. I will not let you act this way in my school. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Madame Olga," the girls said. They began to change their clothes. Madame Olga went out of the room.

Aunt Maria was getting ready to go to a show. "Hello, dear," Aunt Maria said. "How were your classes today?"

"Oh, pretty good," Alicia said. "Madame Olga told me that I may be a good dancer some day."

"Did she?" said Aunt Maria. She looked surprised and pleased. "You are lucky. She never said anything like that to me when I was in her class. You must be a very, very good dancer."

She came over and gave Alicia a kiss. "Yes, you are a good dancer," she laughed. "I've known that all the time. One day you will be a better dancer than I am."

"Oh, no," said Alicia, "I'll never dance as well as you. You're the best dancer in the world. Everyone says so."

Aunt Maria gave Alicia another little kiss and said., "I'm not the best dancer dear, but I am the luckiest, because I have you. Now I must go or I will be late." She blew a kiss to Alicia and went out.

The next day everyone was early for class. They were in their places when Madame Olga came into the room.

"Children," she said, "you have worked hard this year. I think it is time for us to do a show. We are going to put on a ballet for your parents and friends." The girls were excited. "Mr. Parker has written some beautiful music. I think it will be a lovely ballet," Madame Olga said.

She rolled her chair over and put up a piece of paper. "This will tell you the part you will have. Tomorrow we will start work on the ballet. But right now we must do our work for today. Let us begin, please."

When it was time for a rest, all the children looked at the piece of paper Madame Olga had put up. Alicia saw that she was to be the princess. She was surprised. Tina came over and said, "How wonderful. You are going to be the star. Are you excited?" Alicia nodded her head.

Just then Marge Owens came over. "It's not fair," Marge said. "Madame Olga picked out the one she likes the best again."

Alicia tried not to hear what Marge said.

She turned to Tina and asked, "What part did you get, Tina?"

Tina laughed. "I'm going to be a buttercup," she said. "I wonder how a buttercup dances."

"I have to be a stupid old tree," Marge said. "If I had those slippers I could be the princess." She pointed to the pink slippers on Alicia's feet.

"I'm not going to talk about that any more," Tina said. "Alicia is the princess because she's the best dancer. That's all there is to it."

"We'll see about that," said Marge. She went to the other side of the room and sat alone.

"What do you think she is talking about?" Tina asked Alicia. Then she said, "You should be careful of Marge. I think she could do mean things."

Alicia had dinner with her aunt that night. Alicia told her about the ballet and her part in it.

"You are a star already," Aunt Maria said. "I am very pleased with you."

"We begin to work on it tomorrow," said Alicia. "I hope that the music is nice."

"I'm sure it will be beautiful if Mr. Parker wrote it," Aunt Maria said. "He's a nice man. He has been playing the piano for Madame Olga ever since I was a little girl. He used to play for

my classes too."

"Did he ever look at you?" asked Alicia.

"Never," laughed Aunt Maria. "Sometimes I think that he does not like ballet. And that the only thing he does like is to play the piano."

They both laughed at that. Alicia felt happy and close to her aunt. She thought that maybe she could tell her about Marge Owens and the slippers.

"Do you remember the slippers you gave me?" she said.

"Yes, dear," Aunt Maria said. "Is the magic still working?"

Alicia didn't know what to say.

"You know you must take care of them or the magic will go away," she said. "You must wear them for your show. The first time you are a star! The magic must be working."

Alicia didn't know what to do. She didn't know if her aunt was playing with her or not. And she didn't like to ask. So she didn't say anything more about the slippers. She began to talk about something else.

The girls began to work on the show the next day. Alicia was happy to know that the music was just as good as her aunt had said it would be. She fell in love with the music right away. She

worked very hard to get her part right.

Every day Alicia worked harder and harder. She was working so hard that one day Madame Olga had a talk with her.

"I know you love your dancing," she said. "But I think you are working too hard. Your dancing is good, very good. But I think you should begin to take it easy."

"Oh no, I must get it better," Alicia said. "I need to work on my part more."

"The thing your part needs is for you to rest," said Madame Olga. "You work so hard that your dancing is a bit hard. You must take it easy and move softly."

Alicia put her head down and looked at her pink slippers. "I will try, Madame Olga," she said.

"It is not very important. Only someone who has taught many dancers would even see it," said Madame Olga.

"Thank you, Madame Olga," Alicia said. She turned and walked slowly into the dressing room. Everyone had gone home.

On the morning of the show it was cloudy and rainy. Alicia woke up late. She was tired. She had danced the night before. Everyone had said that her dancing was beautiful. But she was not happy with her dancing. She thought that Marge

Owens was looking at her all the time. This upset her. She still felt upset this morning. She stood at the window and looked out at the wet garden.

After breakfast Alicia got dressed and went out with her aunt for a walk in the rain. They went to the park. There was no one there. It was beautiful. The rain turned the grass a bright green colour. For a while they just walked. No one spoke. But then Alicia turned to her aunt.

"Aunt Maria, what do you think talent is?" she asked.

Aunt Maria said, "I guess it is to be able to do something well."

"But where does it come from?" Alicia asked.

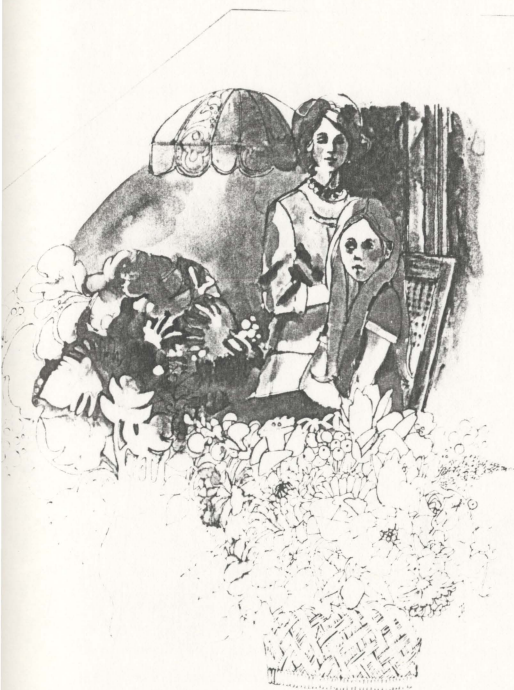
"Madame Olga says it comes from your body, your mind and your heart. I think that she is right," Aunt Maria said.

"Do you believe in magic?" Alicia asked.

"Yes, I guess I believe in some kind of magic," Aunt Maria answered.

"Like the magic in the slippers you gave me?" Alicia asked. She looked at her aunt's face.

Aunt Maria laughed. "You're thinking about tonight," she said. "Well dear, the magic in the slippers will be there tonight. I'll see to it myself. Now let's go home for lunch. I want you to rest before you go to the show. I'll race you!"



Alicia left to go to the show very early. She wanted lots of time to get ready. Since this was a special night, her aunt called for a taxi. Alicia raced through the streets. She was on her way to her first show.

Alicia went into the dressing room. She got out the box that she kept her slippers in. She was wondering if the magic was still in them. She opened the box. And then she stopped breathing.

The slippers were gone. Gone! The slippers were gone. Alicia looked around the room. Where could they be? What could have happened to them? Oh, she must have them back. She couldn't dance without the slippers. She ran to the door and called, "Madame Olga! Madame Olga! Come quickly!"

Madame Olga came into the room. "What is it? What's the matter?"

Alicia began to cry. "My slippers are gone," she said.

"Are you sure?" asked Madame Olga. "Maybe they got mixed up with the girls' slippers. Let's look."

"No, I've looked," Alicia said. "They're gone and I won't be able to dance."

"Won't be able to dance?" Madame Olga said. "Of course you will be able to dance. We'll just get you another pair of slippers."

"But the magic won't be in them," Alicia said.

She was still crying. "And without the magic I can't dance."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Madame Olga. "Now come and get dressed while I go and get some slippers."

Madame Olga went to the door. Alicia sat down and began to get dressed. "It is silly to get dressed," she thought. "As soon as Madame Olga sees that I can't dance, she will stop the show."

Tina spoke to her, "Are you all right, Alicia?" Alicia turned and saw that all the other girls were there. She did not hear them come in.

"Our little star doesn't look very good right now. What's the matter. Do you think you're going to make a mess of it?" said Marge Owens. She was standing behind Tina. She was looking into Alicia's face and smiling.

"Leave her alone," said Tina. "She's just thinking about the show."

"It looks like more than that to me," said Marge. "It looks like she lost her best friend." Marge looked down at Alicia's feet and saw that she didn't have her slippers on. "Maybe she lost both of her best friends," Marge said. She laughed. "Where are your magic slippers, Alicia?"

Alicia looked at Tina. "The slippers are gone," she said.

"Gone?" Tina said. "But what has happened to them. Where can they be?" Then she turned to Marge. "You took them," she shouted. "You took Alicia's slippers. Give them back right away!"

"I didn't take them," Marge said. "But I'm glad they are gone. Now everyone will know that Alicia can't dance any better than we can."

Marge Owens turned away and began to dress.

Alacia walked to the door. "I'll go and see if Madame Olga has found me some new slippers," she said. "I'll see you later. Good luck."

"Good luck," the girls answered. She opened the door and went out. She saw Madame Olga coming with a pair of white slippers.

"Here," she said. "They are not the same colour as your dress, but they will do very well, I think. Try them on."

Alicia put on the slippers. They looked ugly. She knew that she could never dance in them.

"Do they fit?" asked Madame Olga.

"Yes," answered Alicia.

"Good. Now you must do some steps. There isn't much time." She wheeled her chair to the dressing room and went in.

Alicia was alone now. She went over to the darkest part of the wings. She didn't feel like warming up. It wouldn't matter anyway. She couldn't dance a step without the pink slippers. She had

never felt so bad in her life. Her mind was far away. She almost walked into Mr. Parker. He was sitting in the darkest part of the wings.

"Hello," he said.

Alicia jumped. "Oh! Oh, hello. I didn't see you there," she said.

"I like to get away by myself before a show. It gives me time to think. I see you like to do the same thing," he said.

Alicia did not speak.

"Madame Olga told me about your slippers. I'm sorry about them. But the ones you are wearing look fine. They should be all right."

Alicia started to cry again.

"Here, here, don't do that," Mr. Parker said. "You have to go on soon. We can't have a wet ballerina."

"I won't be going on," said Alicia. She told Mr. Parker what had happened. She told him about the slippers and their magic. When she stopped talking, she looked up at Mr. Parker.

"You dancers are funny people," he said. "I've watched dancers for years and years. They keep on surprising me."

Alicia was surprised. "I thought you never watched us," she said. "I thought you just played the piano and didn't look at the dancing."

"Oh, I watch the ones that are good," said Mr. Parker. "I love the ballet. I love to see good dancers dance." He stopped and looked at Alicia. "I've watched you," he said.

"Me?" said Alicia.

"Oh yes. You can dance well. And you love dancing. I could see that."

"I used to," said Alicia. "But I guess that's all over now."

"I know how your dance can be beautiful tonight," said Mr. Parker. "And I can help you."

"How?" asked Alicia.

"With my music," Mr. Parker said. When you come on the stage, look for me. And listen for my music. My music will be talking to you. Let the music take you along with it. And your dance will be beautiful.

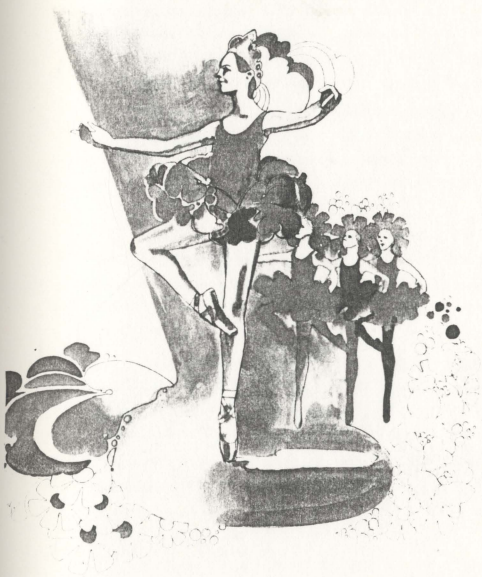
Alicia wasn't sure. She put her head down and said nothing.

"Will you try?" Mr. Parker asked.

"Yes, I'll try," Alicia answered.

Soon Alicia was standing in the darkness waiting to go on the stage. The music started and the other dancers began the show. It was exciting. Soon she would have to step out on the stage. What if she couldn't dance? The time to go out got closer.

Now it was her turn to dance. Before she had



time to think she was out on the stage. A bright light was shining on her. She couldn't see anyone. Everything was black. And then she saw someone that she knew. It was Mr. Parker.

He began to play. The music came up to the stage and made her move. She started dancing. It was so easy to dance to it. Soon she forgot everything but the music. When her dance was finished, the music stopped.

There was a great noise. It was very loud. It was louder than anything she had ever heard before. She wondered what it was. Then she knew that the people were clapping. They liked her dancing.

Many people came to the dressing room. They told the girls that their dancing was beautiful. Many people spoke to Alicia. She thanked all of them. She looked around for someone she knew.

The the room became quiet. Aunt Maria came to her. "My dear, you were beautiful," she said. She took Alicia in her arms. "You were so beautiful that I cried."

Madame Olga came into the room. "You danced very well, child. I was pleased with you."

Alicia's face turned red. "Thank you, Madame Olga," she said.

Madame Olga turned to the rest of the girls. "Your dancing was beautiful," she said. "Every one of you danced well. Thank you."

Then Madame Olga turned to Aunt Maria. "Have you told her yet?" she asked.

"No, not yet, but I guess I should tell her," Aunt Maria said. She turned to Alicia.

"There's something I have to tell you dear," she said. She gave Alicia her pink slippers. "I took them, dear," she said.

"You!" Alicia said. "But, why?"

"I wanted you to know that you can dance," Aunt Maria said. "I knew that you were worried about something. And then you talked a lot about magic and slippers. I guessed what was going on in your mind. So I asked Tina and she told me that I was right. Madame Olga and I thought it would be best to show you that the magic was not true. The only magic is the magic that is in you. And that is a great magic."

Aunt Maria stood up. "Now hurry and change," she said. "I'm going to take you and Tina out for a big dinner."

"Wonderful," said Alicia. "I will be ready in a minute."

Then Alicia saw Marge Owens. She was standing at the back of the room watching. She walked over to her. "I thought you danced very well, Marge," she said.

Marge looked down and said, "You were great,

Alicia. I'm sorry I was so silly. I hope I didn't give you too hard a time. Can we be friends?"

Alicia smiled. "Of course we can," she said. Then she called to her aunt. "Can we ask someone else?"

"Of course, dear," Aunt Maria answered. "You can ask as many as you like."

"Will you come with us Marge?" Alicia asked. "I'd like it very much."

"Thank you Alicia," Marge said. "Gee, dinner with a ballerina. Do you think she will give me her autograph?"

"Sure," laughed Alicia. "Why don't you ask her right now?"

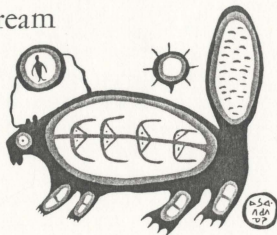
Then everyone was laughing and talking. Alicia looked through the door. Mr. Parker was standing there. He was looking at her and smiling.

Alicia smiled back, and winked.



The Dream

D. R. King



There were rocks all around him. Big rocks! They were high above him. It seemed like they were going to fall upon him at any minute. He sat near the cold grey wall and shut his eyes. It was not so much the rocks that made him afraid. He was mostly afraid because he was alone. He would not be afraid if his father or his brother were with him. He thought of his father. He sat up straight and wiped away the tear that ran down his face.

His father would not want him to be afraid. "Be brave and you cannot fail," his father had told him as he left the tepee. He had set out two suns ago. His father's tepee was far down the valley and out on the plains. He had left the camp and come alone into these great rocks.

His father had said, "If you wish to be a man, you must go away and have your Medicine Dream." His father had told him about this Medicine Dream many times. Every boy knew that he would have to go to a place alone and have a Medicine Dream. Maybe he would have to do this more than once. He knew that he would have to do this so that he would become a man. He knew what happened to the men who could not or would not have Medicine Dreams. They had to help the women. They had to bring the wood and get the skins ready. They had to cook food for the hunters and fighters. He did not want to help the women. He wanted to be a hunter like his father.

His brother had often said, "Before you may be a hunter, you must have your dream. You must go to a place alone. You must live on what you find there. You must sleep there and wait until the Great Spirit comes to you and shows you your Dream."

So little One Horn had found his way to this canyon. He looked back at the little path that came between the high rocks. He looked in front at the high hills that were in his way. He was all alone. He knew that this was the place for him to have his Medicine Dream. He took a piece of meat out of his bag and sat down on a stone to eat it. It was the only piece he had left. He would have to find game in the next few days or he would go hungry until he went back to the camp.

As he sat and ate the meat he thought about the last few days. He had seen thirteen summers. He was old enough to be a hunter. The Great Spirit must come to him. He must have his Medicine Dream.

It was getting dark. He sat in the shadows and looked up. There were red drawings on the grey walls. When he saw them, he put his hand in his sack. He wanted to find the little piece of red paint he had put there. He would use it to make marks on the wall after he had his Dream. He tried to go to sleep. He wondered when the Great Spirit would come to him. He wondered what the Great Spirit would look like. He wondered who had been to this place before him. The red drawings gave him hope. They showed that some other boy had become a man here. The Great Spirit had been here before. The drawings on the rocks told him this. He thought about this and went to sleep.

The sun was shining when One Horn woke up. He was cold. He began to walk up the path to warm himself. There were marks of red paint on rocks even high up here. He could just see the marks. The sun had almost taken them away. But he could see pictures of men and animals that he did not know. He climbed about the rocks for some time until he got hungry.

One Horn walked down to the floor of the little valley. He lay down and got a drink from a little brook. Then he began to think of food.

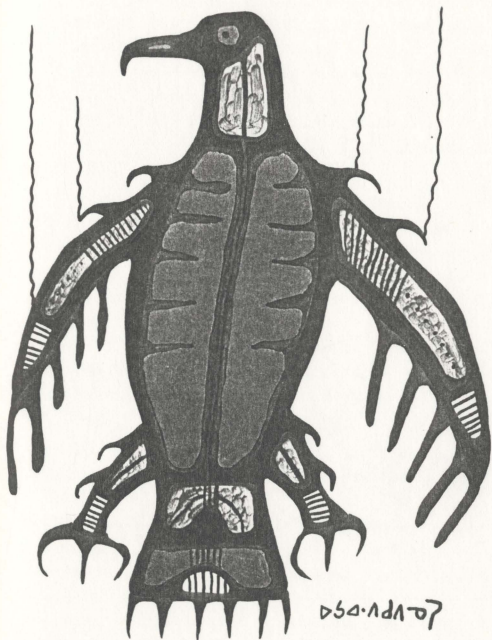


His meat was gone. He knew that sometimes it was good to go without food while looking for a Medicine Dream. But he was very hungry and he thought that he had not eaten much the first day. It would not hurt to catch a squirrel or a rabbit. He might be there for many days and nights if his Dream did not come soon. He would just catch something so that he would feel better.

He looked and looked but he could not find anything. He would not go out of this valley to look anywhere else. He picked a handful of red berries and ate them.

Then he began to look at the paintings on the rock near him. He saw one that had been done a long time ago. It was as big as a man. Higher up there was a large rock nearly covered with red lines. "Rain," he said to himself. He looked up to make sure that the sun was still shining. Someone had been there when it was raining. Then he saw a bright red picture. He went closer. It was a Thunderbird.

Someone had dreamed of a Thunderbird. Of all the dreams there were to dream, this was the best. The one who dreamed this could say that all the powers of the bird were his. Nothing was greater than this bird which made its home in the high rocks. Nothing moved more quietly or hit more quickly or could see better than the great Thunderbird. He put out a finger and touched the picture. Then he pulled his hand back. He hoped that some of the power had come from the painting to him.



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It became dark suddenly that night. The sun went down behind the hills. At the same time a black cloud covered the bright stars. Cries could be heard and the cold wind came down through the valley. The boy got into the corner of the rocks as far as he could. He stayed there under his robe. He was hungry and afraid but somehow he fell asleep.

It was still dark when he woke up. He could still hear his own cry. This noise frightened him even more. He listened but he could not hear anything else. He looked but he did not see anything. Where was it? Where was the thing that had chased him into this place? Where was the great black animal? Then he remembered where he was and how he came there. He knew that nothing had chased him. It had been only a dream. A DREAM!

That was his Medicine Dream! He jumped to his feet. He was very excited. Then he sat down again and tried to remember what had happened. In his dream he had been walking across a great plain. Then the great black animal came out of nowhere. It roared and stamped. Its eyes were shining and water was flying from its mouth. He had run away but the great animal had followed. It made terrible noises and the ground shook under its feet. One Horn had run away from the animal but every time he turned and looked it was behind him. There seemed to be many animals coming behind him. They were all the same. He had run and run until he felt that he was going to die. Then he was in a

canyon. The animal was catching up to him but the boy's feet would not move. He cried out. This was the cry that woke him. The boy saw that he was sweating and shaking at the thought of the dream. What did this dream mean? Was this the sign he was waiting for? Was this the Great Spirit who had come to him looking like an animal? Was this the Great Spirit testing him? He thought about all of these things as he lay back against the rock and fell asleep.

In the morning the sun was shining. He saw that the rocks were the same as before. Something brown ran up the side of the hill. A rabbit. Food. It took him about half an hour to catch and kill the rabbit. It took him half that time to clean and cook it. He waited only until the skin was brown. Then he took it and ate the meat from the bones. In a minute it was gone.

He wiped his fingers through his hair and began to think about other things. His Medicine Dream. He took the piece of red paint out of his bag. He found a smooth rock near the Thunderbird and began to draw his Dream.

He pushed hard on the piece of paint as he drew the outlines of the animal. It was like a buffalo, but without a hump. There were horns on the top of its head. In front of the animal he drew himself. His legs were flying over the ground and his hands were in the air. He wrote his name in the only way he knew. He made one short mark on the head of the picture he had made of himself.

One Horn. There! It was done! He dropped the paint on the ground and wiped his fingers across the grey face of the rock. He had had his Medicine Dream. He was a man, a hunter, a fighter. He did not know the meaning of his dream but he would go back to his band. He would tell them about his dream and dance it out for everyone to see. The Wise One of the band would tell him how to paint his body. He turned away from the rocks and began to walk quickly down the path into the valley. He was going home.

To Grow into a Man

Maxine Brandis

The eight-year-old boy stood at the top of the stairs. He was wearing his night clothes and his red hair was combed straight on end. He yelled, "Mom! I'm ready."

He could hear mom sigh. She answered, "Coming, my pet!"

Then dad said, "Can't that boy go to bed by himself? You were just sitting down resting."

He heard his mother's slow footsteps as she headed for the hall. She answered, "You know I like to see the boy settled for the night. I like to see that his window is open and his clothes are ready for tomorrow."

"But the boy has to grow up into a man," said his father.

Angus turned away from the stairs and went into his bedroom. Dad always wanted him to grow up into a man. But you could be a man for a long time. You weren't a boy for very long. Jacques lived next door. He was sixteen. He worked in the sawmill and smoked and drank beer. But he did not climb trees or play at Indians any more.

Angus climbed into bed. He listened to his mother coming up the stairs.

"All set, my love?" she said. When Mom was in the room it seemed brighter. She sat down on the bed. "Well then, say your prayers."

As soon as he finished, he opened his eyes wide. "Can I have the lunch box tomorrow, Mom?" he said.

She looked surprised. "What for?" she asked.

"Tom and I are going to the beach. The teacher says you can find a lot of things on the beach after the winter. You can find shells and other things. We will use them at school."

"But you and Tommy have never been at the beach alone."

He smiled, "I have to grow into a man, you know."

Mom smiled back. She got up and fixed the clothes around his back. She kissed him by his ear.

"All right, then. But don't go into the water."

"I won't," he answered. "It's much too cold."

He pushed his face into the pillow. He heard her open the window and put his clothes on the chair by his bed. When she closed the door behind her he was almost asleep.

The next morning the sun was shining. The boys left the little town. They walked down the dirt road that went toward the beach. Sometimes they ran with their lunch boxes swinging in their hands. Then they would slow down and talk and talk. After half an hour they turned left and took a sandy road that went right on to the beach. There was a small wooden bridge just before the end of the road. They stopped for a minute and jumped up and down. They liked to hear the noises that the bridge made at each jump. There was higher ground on their right. It came down to the beach. At the beach it ended in a high cliff.

At the end of the sandy road there were piles of sand. The wind had blown it there during the winter. The boys had to push their way through this until they got to the hard part of the beach. Then they raced each other to the water. They shouted for joy.

It was spring. Nature was cleaning up the place. The wind blew in from the southeast. Large white clouds cleaned the blue sky. The waves carried the winter dirt away from the beach. The boys opened their arms and ran around in circles. They shouted



and yelled at the sea gulls. The gulls yelled back at them. They took in the sea air and let out the dust of the long winter.

But soon they got to work. They walked along by the **water** and picked up the things that they liked. They found some shells. One was a pretty pink colour. One was broken only a little. And one was a double knife shell, but part of it was broken. They found something that Tom said was the tooth of a whale. But Angus thought it looked like a chicken bone.

They walked for two miles. Then Tom said they should turn back and walk along by the bottom of the cliff. The teacher had told him that she found some fossils there last year. It was harder to walk there. The sand was soft. They found some stones and rocks and the bones of a dead bird, but they did not find any fossils. At last they came back to where they had started. The rocky wall was not as steep there. Tom walked up to it and put down his lunch box. Angus put his lunch box by Tom's. They both looked up at the rocky wall.

"The teacher said she found some fossils in the cliff," Tom said. He walked up to it. "I wonder if there are some a little higher up." He found a place for his feet and held on to a rock to pull himself up. "You try over there Angus," he said. He pointed to a spot a little way down the cliff.

Angus walked over to the spot. He looked for a place to put his foot. Tom had already climbed

up so far. After a while Angus found a place for his feet and something to hold on to. Then it happened.

Angus had always thought that you knew when an accident was going to happen. But this accident happened before he even knew about it. He heard rocks falling and a noise behind him. He looked back slowly so that he would not fall. He saw Tom lying on his back. His arms and legs were out just like you do when you want to make an angel in the snow. There was a sharp piece of rock by his head.

Angus jumped down to the beach and ran over.

"Get up, Tom," he shouted. "Don't act so silly!"

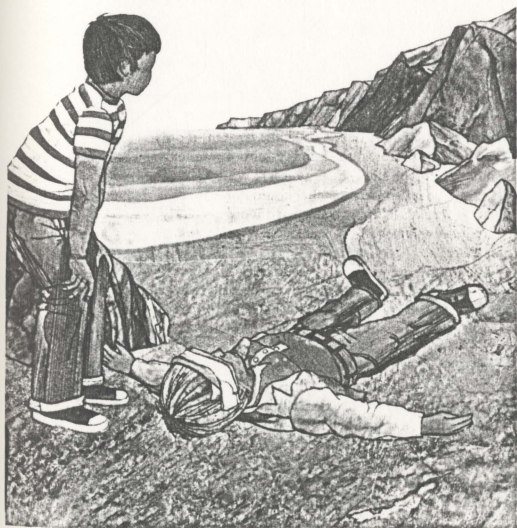
But Tom did not move. Angus shook him. "Don't fool me, you fool," he said. But Tom felt like a rag doll or a sack of potatoes. Angus let go. There was a cut by Tom's ear. Blood began to fall on to the white sand of the beach.

Angus got up and put his hand to his mouth. He wanted to run to Mom. But he knew right away that this was too far. He looked up and down the beach. He could not see anyone. He looked at Tom. Then he ran over the beach towards the sandy road.

He was in luck. He was almost to the dirt road when a truck passed by. The driver stopped and called through the open window, "Want a ride?"

Angus was out of breath. "My friend!" he said, "he fell...."

The man looked. "Where?" he asked.



Angus pointed towards the beach. "There..... off the cliff."

The man looked at him for a minute, then he said, "Hop in." He reached over to open the other door. The driver backed up the truck and turned on to the sandy road.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Angus McMillan."

"Is your dad Malcolm , Angus?" The man looked at him.

"Yes," answered Angus.

"Who's your friend?"

"Tom Fraser."

"One of Dr. Johnny's boys?"

"Yes," said Angus. "He.....looks....DEAD!" The man went faster. The truck made a noise as it went over the little wooden bridge. At the end of the road the driver turned the truck and jumped out. He let down the tail gate and fixed some sacks in the truck. Then he followed Angus. They found Tom just as Angus had left him.

The truck driver got down and opened the boy's coat. He felt his heart. He put his ear close to the boy's mouth, then he got up. Angus looked at him.

"Is he....is he dead?" Angus asked.

"Not yet....I think," the man answered. "But

I must not take him along in my truck. I'll get the doctor." He turned and ran up the beach toward his truck. Just as he was going to jump into the truck, he felt someone holding his arm. He looked down into Angus's big eyes.

"I want to come with you," the boy said.

"Oh, no, you can't leave your friend alone," the man answered. "Wait a minute." He looked for something in the truck. He came back with a rag.

"Here," he said, "make this good and wet in the water. Then put it on his head. Be sure to keep it cold." He put the rag into Angus's hands. The boy bit his lip.

"But what if he dies when you are gone?" he asked.

For a minute the man stood still. He looked out over the sea. Then he put his hand on the boy's head and looked into his eyes.

"You say the Lord's prayer," he said. "That's all a man can do for now."

He jumped into the truck. Above the noise he shouted, "Be sure to keep the rag cold."

Angus watched the truck go down the road. Then he turned and ran to the water. He wet the rag and ran to his friend. He got down and put the rag on Tom's head. He looked at him. It didn't look like Tom at all. It was the face of someone he didn't know. It wasn't Tom any more. Was he... dead?

Angus put his hands together. Then he remembered what the truck driver had said. Oh, if only he had listened better to the Sunday-school teacher! She had taught that prayer to the class last winter. But the class said it together and the teacher could not tell if every child knew every hard word.

He began, "Our Father who art in heaven....."

What a noise the waves and the sea gulls made! God would not know what he said? He began again. He shouted above the noise, "Our Father who art in heaven.....Hello! What be your name?.....Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us today our daily bread...."

He opened his eyes. His lunch box, where was his lunch box? What did he do with it? He looked one way and then the other. Then he saw them. His and Tom's were side by side near the cliff where they had put them. He looked at his lunch box. What was in it? He was sure there would be cookies in it. He had heard Mom take the top off the cookie can. Maybe, maybe there was one of those cakes?

No! No! No! He would not think of that now. He turned his head away quickly and shut his eyes. Where was he? Oh yes, "Give us today our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses...."

Tom's brother had caught a rabbit in a trap a few days ago. He had told Tom and Angus that he would show them how to do it.

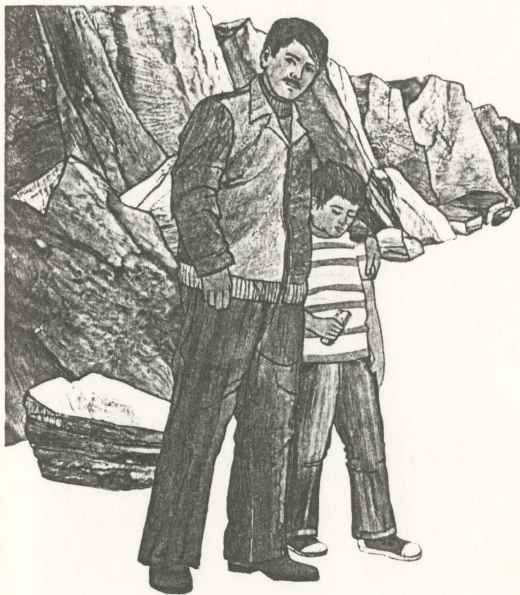
Did he hear a sea gull? Or did the noise come from Tom? Angus opened his eyes. He looked at the rag on Tom's head. He thought about what the truck driver had said. He jumped up. He took the rag and ran to the water. When the rag was all wet he ran back to Tom and put it on his head. The cold rag made Tom wake for a minute. His mouth began to move. "My head," he said, "Oh, my head! Mom!" and then he was quiet again.

Angus pulled in his breath. Tom had said something! Tom had become alive again! Then God had heard his prayer. Maybe he was listening.... ..right now. Angus put his cold, wet hands together. He would pray once more! But just then a car came over the little bridge on the sandy road. Another car was right behind it. A minute later the doctor was on the beach. He was followed by the truck driver. The doctor ran up to the boys. He put down his bag and got down by his son. He looked him all over. He looked at Tom's eyes, his **neck** and the cut. Then he opened his bag and began to get a needle ready. Angus put his hand over his mouth and shut his eyes.

When the needle went in Tom made a noise.

"It's all right, Tommy," the doctor said. "Daddy is here. Soon you'll feel much better." They could just hear Tom answer, "O.K., Dad."

They heard the ambulance coming toward them fast. Soon the truck driver came running on to the beach. Two men came behind. They took Tom



and carried him over the beach. Angus watched them put Tom in the ambulance. He would love to go along for the ride! He watched the ambulance drive away. The doctor's car was right behind.

Someone's hand was on his arm. "Well, big man," the truck driver said, "you sure did a great job there. Come along, I'll take you home."

Angus followed the man until they were almost to the truck. Suddenly he ran back, "The lunch boxes! I almost forgot the lunch boxes!"

That evening Angus's mother was sitting in her chair with her feet up. She was reading the paper. She felt a small hand on her arm. Angus stood beside her. He had on his night clothes and his hair was combed straight on end.

"All ready, my pet?" she said. "I'm coming right up. You must be tired after this day. "She took her feet down. But Angus was holding her back.

"You don't have to come up any more, Mom," he said. "I can go to bed by myself now."

"Are you sure you can?" she asked. "You have to open the window and...."

He looked at her.

"I opened the window already. And I put my Sunday clothes on the chair."

"Well, I never!" she said. "And I forgot that tomorrow is Sunday! But it was such a day today. I am so happy that Tom will soon be better."

He kissed her and then went over to his dad.

"Good night, son," Dad said. "I'm very proud of you today."

The boy's face became red. He turned away.
"Good night, good night," he called.

"Don't forget to say your prayers," Mom called after him.

"No, I won't! Good night!"

He closed the door of his bedroom. The room looked cold and dark without Mom. Quickly he climbed into bed. He tried to fix the clothes around his back as Mom used to do. He put his face in the pillow. Then he **thought** about his prayers. But he had said them once today. He did not want to ask God to listen to him again. And he still wasn't sure about those hard words. He would ask..... Sunday-school teacher.....tomorrow.....

APPENDIX C

Rewritten stories in

Driftwood and Dandelions

(McInnes and Hearn, 1970)

How Fog Came

Helen Caswell

Once there was a bear who went down into the villages to steal meat. Every night more meat was gone from the place where it was stored. At last one of the men said that he was going to catch the thief. In the evening he went to the place where the meat was stored. He lay down to wait for the thief. The man waited and waited. At last he fell asleep. Then the bear came. The bear saw the man and thought that he was dead. The bear picked the man up and threw him over one shoulder. Then the bear began to go home.

The man woke up just as the bear was throwing him over its shoulder. The man saw what had happened. He thought the best thing to do was to play dead. He made himself as heavy as he could. Every time the bear passed a tree, the man would hold onto the branches and the bear would fall.

The bear was very tired when it got home. It dropped the man on the floor. Then it lay down and went to sleep. The bear's wife went out to get some wood to make a fire.

The bear's children danced around the man. They were happy. They thought of the dinner he would make. The man opened his eyes and looked around.

"Look! Look, father!" the bear's children shouted. "He is opening his eyes!"

The bear woke up but he only said, "Silly!" and went back to sleep.

The man jumped up. He killed the bear and its children and ran out of the house.

The bear's wife saw something running. She thought it was her husband.

"Where are you going?" she cried.

The man did not answer. He ran on faster than ever. The bear's wife ran after him.

The man looked back. He saw that she was getting closer to him. He said some magic words:

"Rise up!

Rise up, mountains!"

Some mountains rose up between the man and the bear's wife. It took her a long time to get up over the mountains. The man got ahead of her. But soon she was getting close to him again. He saw a little stream. He jumped across it. Then he spoke some more magic words:

"Overflow!

Overflow, stream!"

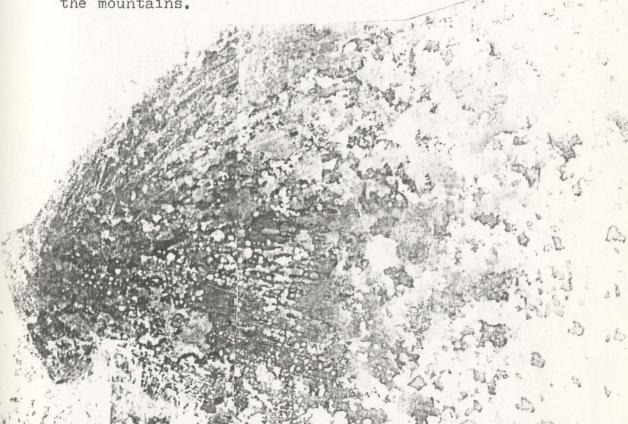
The little stream got wider and deeper. Nobody could get across. The bear's wife stopped. She called to the man, "How did you get across this stream?"

The man called back, "I drank the water!"

The bear's wife began to drink the water. She drank and drank. She became bigger and bigger.

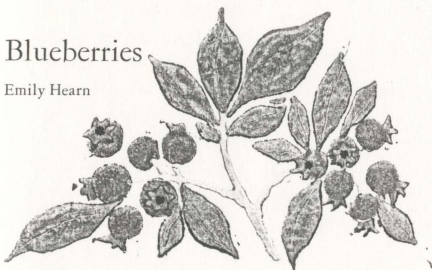
Suddenly the man shouted, "Look at your tail!"

The bear's wife wondered what was the matter with her tail. Quickly she bent down to look between her legs. But she was so full of water that she burst. The water came from her in many drops just like steam. There drops became fog. Ever since that day there has been fog between the mountains.



Blueberries

Emily Hearn



"Can we go berrypicking, Ma?" asked Bessie.
"Violet went yesterday. She says that there's lots of blueberries on the barrens."

The children thought about the juicy blueberries. Their mouths began to water.

"The baby is sick. How can I take you berrypicking?" her mother answered.

"We can go alone, Ma," said Bessie. "We know our way up the cliffs."

"I can climb them with my eyes closed!" said Derek. He was Bessie's younger brother.

Their mother laughed. She was thinking how quiet it would be if they did go off for the day. The

baby would get a long sleep. But she didn't feel that she should let them go alone.

"This is the last dish Ma. My work is done," said Bessie. She dried the plate with the pink flowers on it and put it in the cupboard. Then she went out to hang her dishcloth on the line.

"Oh, Ma," said Bessie, "the air is so soft, the sun is so warm and the wind is so lovely. Can't we go? I'm big enough and I can look after Derek."

"I don't need anyone to look after me," said Derek.

"We'll bring you back pails of blueberries Ma. About five pails full each, I guess, eh, Bessie?"

"The most we'll get will be two pails full," said Bessie. "How can you climb rocks with your hands filled up with berries? You'll spill them all and the foxy-toms will have a feast."

"Who are they?" said Derek.

"The birds, silly," answered Bessie.

"It takes a long time to pick that many berries. You'll do well if you pick two pails full," said mother. She was beginning to think that she should let them go berrypicking. She knew that she had to let the children start sometime. Bessie was ten years old. She could look after Derek. They knew their way around up there. They had gone berrypicking often other summers. But then they had gone with Helen or the older boys. Now Helen was away in St. John's. The older boys were working with their dad in the



fish plant until school started again. Why should she worry now? Maybe she was upset because the baby was sick.

"See if Cindy can go," she said.

"I'll go and ask her," Bessie cried.

Derek was already looking in the shed for the large pails. He tried to whistle but the air came out through the hole where his two front teeth had been.

"Find a bottle while you're there, Derek," his mother called. "You can take water in it."

Bessie ran down the hill. She saw Cindy's brother pulling an old tricycle up the lane. He was six years old. "Where's Cindy, Billy?" she called out.

"In the house," Billy answered. He went down the lane on two wheels. He had found out how to do this. Now he tried it every free minute. Stones flew out from the wheels.

"You'll kill yourself," Bessie yelled. She pushed open the kitchen door. Cindy was sweeping the kitchen floor.

"Can you come berrypicking, Cindy?" Bessie asked. "Ma will let us go if you come along."

"Oh, that would be some nice," said Cindy. "I'm tired of working. I'll be glad when Ma comes home with the new baby. I'll have to go over to the store and ask Dad. He'll let me go if we take Billy. Did you see him?"

"Who?" asked Bessie.

"Billy," answered Cindy.

"I just saw him going down the hill," said Bessie.

"Well, I'll get him the next time he climbs up," said Cindy. "We will be ready soon."

"Don't bring a lunch. Ma will make enough for all of us," Bessie called as she left.

Cindy and Billy came to the door with their berry pails. Billy had a new bandage on his nose. He began to tell Derek about his fall. Bessie put her finger to her mouth and said, "Ma just got the baby to sleep." The children picked up their lunch. They held their pails against themselves so they wouldn't make a noise. Ma came into the kitchen. She closed the door softly behind her.

"Now don't stay up there late or the fairies will get you!" Ma said.

"Fairies?" asked Billy. He opened his eyes wide. "Do they hurt you?"

Ma laughed quietly. She thought about when she was a little girl and went berrypicking on the barrens. "That's what my ma said when I was a little girl, Billy. She told us to turn our sweaters inside out, or put a different colour sock on each foot, or turn our caps backwards. She said if we did that the fairies couldn't take us away to live with them."

"Did you believe her, Ma?" asked Derek.

"Yes, I did. Everyone believed her. Everyone knew where the fairies lived," said Ma.



"Where did they live?" asked Bessie.

"They lived under the ferns," said Ma.

"Did you ever see any?" asked Billy.

"No," laughed Ma. "Now stay together up there. Don't eat all the berries. Bring us back some. Remember to start coming home when the sun is still high in the sky. Don't be late for supper."

"Or we will be eating with the fairies," laughed the girls. But Billy did not say anything.

Derek took the pails. "Come on Billy," he said. "We'll beat the girls! Good-bye Ma!" The boys ran off. They chased each other up the path that went between the houses on the edge of the village. Then they went from rock to rock like mountain goats.

The girls climbed more slowly. They talked about new babies and sick babies and the cares of being a mother.

"Have you got a name for the baby, Cindy?"

"Dad wants to call him Enoch after his dad. But Ma doesn't want to call him that."

Two black birds flew above them and made a noise. The girls looked up. Their brothers were already at the top. They were pushing a large rock that was on the edge of the cliff.

"That's dangerous!" Cindy said.

Bessie knew that her brothers and even her dad and Uncle Tom had tried to move these huge rocks. But even where the rocks were on the edge of the cliff they could not be moved.

"It just seems like that," she said. "But we had better catch up to them before they get away on us."

Bessie put the lunch in her other arm. The girls went up higher and higher. Then they stood on top and looked over the sky and sea. The houses of the village were together on the rocks far below.

"It's some nice up here," said Cindy.

"Yes," said Bessie.

They ran off to join the boys. They went around the edge of the cliff and over the small bushes. The boys had stopped pushing the huge rocks. They were throwing rocks down over the cliff and into the green water. Derek saw the girls.

"Here they come!" he called to Billy. "Run!" They threw down their stones and ran inland. "Here's your pails," he called to the girls. He waved them in the air. "The last one to the blueberries is a rotten egg!" he yelled.

"You wait for us," called Bessie. "Ma said you have to stay with us!"

"The fairies will get you," shouted Cindy.

Billy slowed down. Derek said to him, "You don't believe that stuff about fairies, do you Billy?"

"Your mother told us so," answered Billy.

"I think she was just fooling," said Derek. "She didn't want us to be late for supper."

"They'll pull you under the ground," called Cindy. "Only your hair will be sticking up."

Derek wouldn't give in. But he did slow up so that Billy could keep up with him. Billy went slower and slower. Soon the children were all together.

"I see blueberries!" said Bessie.

"Where?"

"By those big rocks," she answered.

Derek ran and the others were right behind him.

"Look at all the berries!" shouted Derek. The green bushes were filled with blueberries. The children knelt down and began to pick. They put some into their pails but most of the berries went into their mouths. They ate until they had to find another spot.

"There will be millions in further," said Bessie.

"Hey, look at Bessie's teeth," pointed Derek.

"What's the matter?" asked Bessie.

"They're all blue!"

"So are yours," said Bessie.

"Are mine?" asked Billy.

"Smile," said Cindy.

Billy gave his sister a blue smile.

"I guess all our teeth are blue. Are mine?" asked Cindy.

"We are monsters," said Derek.

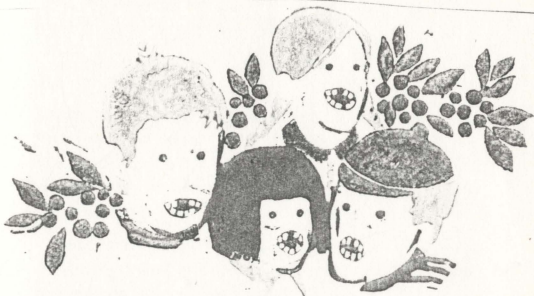
"With blue teeth," said Billy.

"We have fangs," said Bessie.

"Oh! That's beautiful!" said Cindy.

"Monsters with Fangs of Blue," Derek named them.

"Yes," Bessie said. "We'll scare the fairies with our hullabaloo!"



They picked up their pails and their lunches and water bottle. Then they took off across the barrens. They shouted and laughed. Their pails were swinging and they let the wind push and pull them as they ran.

"Fairies won't bother us," Derek sang.

"Why?" asked Billy.

"Because fairies don't like blue!"

"I don't know, but we'll put a blue spell on them. We'll show them our fangs if they look at us. I will take care of you Billy. If anyone comes to...." And that was the end of Derek's brave talk. He

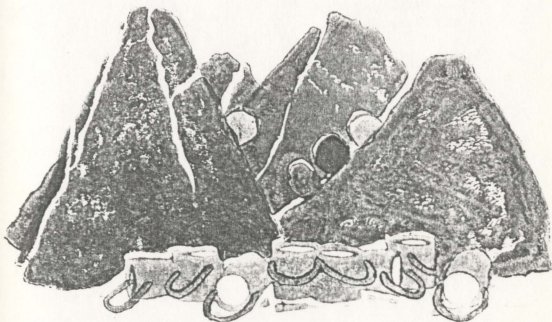
tripped and fell up to his knees in bog water. Some of the water went into his mouth and he made a funny face. The other children laughed as they pulled him out. He shook himself like a dog to dry off.

"I'm getting hungry," said Bessie. "Let's find a place that's out of the wind?"

"There's a pile of big rocks over there," pointed Cindy.

The rocks were in a circle. Derek felt better as they came to them. The ground was soft inside the circle of rocks and the wind could not get in. "Blue Monster Cave! Come in Monsters!" said Derek. "No fairies allowed."

"You are always thinking about fairies, Derek," said Cindy. "You should do what your mother said and turn your sweater inside out."



"Should we?" asked Billy.

"I'm not scared," said Derek. "It's just fun. Eh, Billy."

"Maybe," said Billy.

"Let's eat," said Bessie. She opened the lunch and they began to eat. Once in awhile they took a drink from the water bottle.

"This tastes better than bog water," said Derek.

"I guess so," said Bessie. "We'll have to watch where we walk around here. The weeds cover the bog and stone. Everything looks the same."

"Don't go yet," said Cindy. "What does that big cloud make you think of?"

"A big fat white sheep," said Bessie. "Look at that long grey cloud. It's a wolf. It's going to eat the sheep."

"It's a battleship!" said Derek.

"No it isn't. It's the top of houses when the fog is rolling in."

"Yes! It's changing, just like fog changes things. The other night dad scared me. He was walking up the road in the fog. I thought it was the Booman coming after me. It didn't look like dad at all."

Billy started to move around. "Come on," Derek said. "We've got work to do. We told mom that we would fill two pails each."

"All right, all right," said Bessie. She looked up and saw that the sun was still high in the sky.

"It won't take us long. I saw piles of bushes on the other side of these rocks. They're over there by those ferns." Bessie pointed to the place.

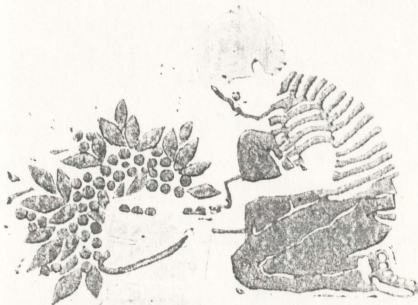
"Ferns," said Billy. "I'm not going there!"

"There's ferns everywhere, Billy. If you're going to pick blueberries you'll be in them," Cindy said.

"What's the matter with ferns," asked Bessie.

Billy looked like he might cry. "The fairies live there. They might come after us and take us away."

"They won't take us if we turn our sweaters Billy," said Derek. The girls went off to the bushes. The boys took off their sweaters and put them on inside out. Then they followed the girls and began to pick berries. It took a lot of picking to fill two pails each. They kept on picking all afternoon. They did not notice the sun. They did not worry about fairies.



At last Derek shouted, "I'm done! I'm going to the cliff to throw stones!"

Bessie looked up. The sky was filled with clouds. She wondered how she could tell where the sun was. She thought that it must be high in the sky. It didn't seem like they had been there long. Even Billy would be done soon. They could have some fun at the cliff with Derek. Then they would go home. The wind had gone down. She felt cooler. Maybe that was because the sun was behind the clouds. This beautiful day was almost over.

Cindy said, "Too bad this day has to end."

Then they saw Derek running towards them as if a giant were chasing him.

"Bessie!" he yelled. "Bessie!...."

They couldn't make out what else he said. Billy was scared. He hid behind Cindy.

"Bessie.....fah!"

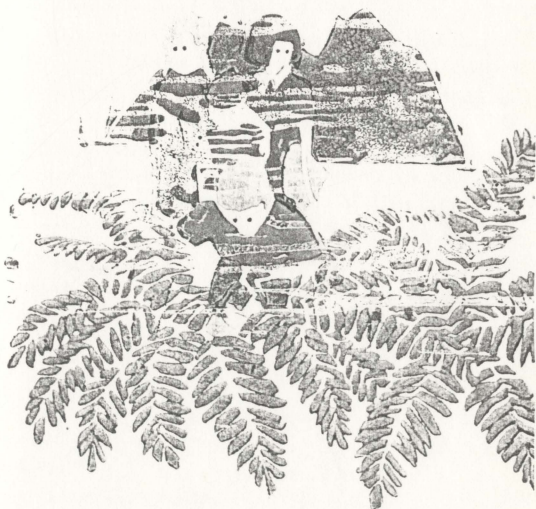
"What's he saying?" asked Cindy.

And now they heard the word FOG!

Bessie thought fast. We have to go down right away. He must be seeing it come in over the sea. We have to get down before it covers the path. "Come on!" she said. "Get your pails. Hurry!"

Derek ran up. He was out of breath. "Bessie!" he said. "I can't even see the water. It's covered the houses. It's almost to the top of the cliff!"

Now Bessie was afraid. "Let's go see," she said.



The fog came in quickly. They didn't reach the cliff. Now it covered the rocks that the boys had been trying to push. They couldn't go home.

Cindy said, "We'd better go to our rocks."

"Yes, we must go before the fog comes all around us. Then we won't see our way."

"I want to go home!" said Billy.

Cindy took his hand. "We can't go in the fog, Billy. We'd fall on the cliffs. We'll be all right."

"We have to stay together," said Derek. "Look at the fog coming in over the ground already."

The children went back to the rocks. Billy almost fell once. Cindy held his hand. "You don't want to drink that old bog water, do you?" she said.

"I want a drink!" said Billy.

"There isn't any water left in the bottle," Derek answered. "We can only get bog water."

"I'm hungry. I want my supper," said Billy.

"We have blueberries," said Bessie.

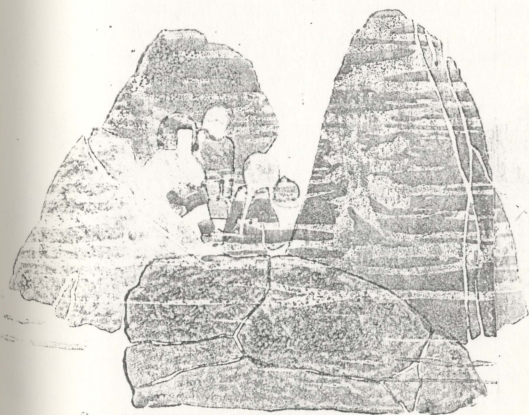
"Lots of them," said Cindy.

"We won't starve," said Derek. "Bog water is not too bad. I'll fill the bottle while I can still see to find it."

"Yes," said Bessie.

They waited while Derek filled the bottle.

"Push away the ferns," said Derek. "I can get some under here."



Billy heard the word FERNS. He began to cry. "Now the fairies will get us for sure," he said.

"You turned your sweater, Billy," said Cindy. "That will work."

"But you didn't! Bessie didn't! I want my Dad! I want my Ma!" he cried.

Cindy put her arms around him. "Dad will be up for us soon, Billy," she said.

Bessie and Cindy turned their sweaters. Billy did not cry so hard now.

"Oh! It's some cold!" said Bessie. She tried to button her sweater from the inside. It was later than she thought. It began to get dark. The children stayed close together to keep warm. They ate some blueberries and tasted the bog water. Their voices sounded different in the fog.

Bessie began to sing. The others joined her. They felt better. Then they heard a far-away sound in the dark. It stopped. And then it started again. Stopped. And started again.

"It's the fairies," said Cindy. Billy held on to her. He was too scared to cry out.

"Will they take us together?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," said Bessie.

"There's one thing we haven't tried," said Derek. "Let's trade socks. Maybe that will keep them away."

They traded socks and then began to listen again. They did not hear anything. After a while Billy fell

asleep. Cindy lay down beside him on the ground.

"I'm going to lie down and wait for Dad," said Derek.

Bessie knew that the men wouldn't be up until morning. They would not be able to see through the fog until it was light. They would know that she could look after the others. She was the oldest. She was ten. She began to sing again. The other children went to sleep. Then she heard that noise again. But she did not wake the others. The noise came closer. She shut her eyes. Then she heard whoo-oo and Bessie knew that it was an owl. She put the water bottle and the pails on top of a rock. She couldn't do this when the others were awake. They might think that she was showing the fairies where they were. The men would see them when they came up in the morning. They would know right away where to find them.

The next morning the men climbed up the cliff. They called the children's names. Soon they saw the bottle and pails. They looked inside the rocks and found the children asleep.

They went down in the morning light. The men didn't see that the children's sweaters were inside out and they had odd socks on until they were in the kitchen. They winked at each other. But they never said a word about it.

No one spoke about blueberries for awhile. Then Cindy's mother brought the new baby home from the hospital. That same day a neighbour brought a pail of blueberries to Bessie's house. Ma set about making blueberry puddings. Bessie helped her mother make them, and one went to Cindy's house.

Petros the Pelican

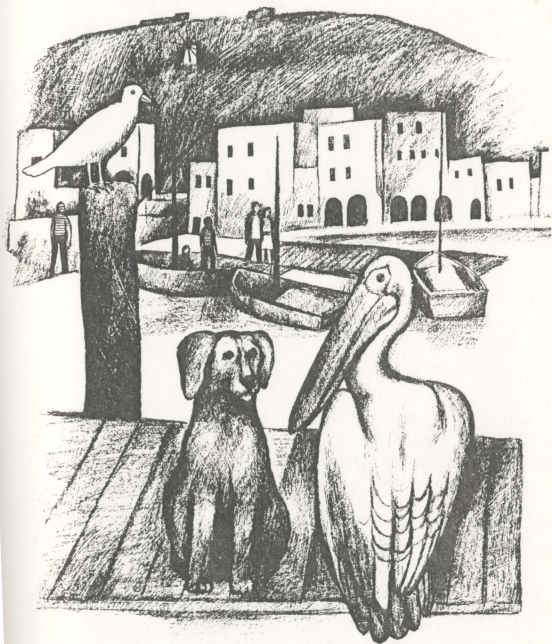
Joseph Braddock



Pelicans are very loving birds. They like to play too. And they remember things for a long time.

Petros was like that too. He lived on the island of Mykonos. Everyone in the little white town loved him.

He was great friends with a small black dog called Marcos. They would play together for hours on the dock at the opening to the harbour. Marcos sometimes played tug-of-war with the pelican's huge bill. The visitors would stand around and watch. Petros helped Marcos to get rid of his fleas. The visitors went home in winter. Sometimes the dog got cold. Then the bird would try to cover the dog with his wing and warm him.



Petros was a beautiful pelican. His back was grey and the rest of him was rosy. His huge bill was yellow below. The tip of it was red. A blue line went down the front to the tip.

Most mornings he stood on a boat that had been turned over. Or walked around the chairs and tables of the cafe. The visitors petted him and took pictures of him.

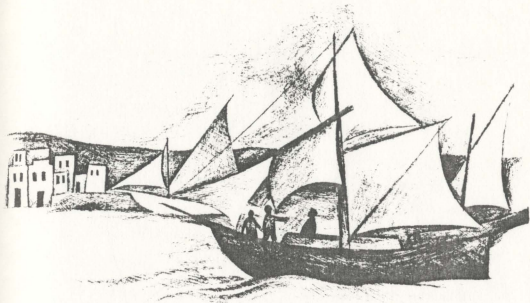
Sometimes he went to the beach of St. Stephano for the day. But every evening Petros would come home to his bed. He slept on a rug in the house of Vassilis. This fisherman was his friend.

Petros was old now. This story is told about when he was young. One day he flew over Mykonos with a flock of pelicans. He was so tired that he dropped down on the beach. Vassilis found him. He carried the bird to his house and made him well again. This bird did funny things on the docks. Each year more and more visitors came to see him. The visitors spent money and the island grew richer.

And then Petros did a bad thing. One day he flew away. No one saw him go. He went only a few miles. He landed on the island of Tinos. He soon began to walk about the new harbour.

The men of Tinos were very happy. They told each other, "Now the visitors will come."

The men of Mykonos heard of the pelican in Tinos. They became very angry. "The men of Tinos have always been thieves!" they said. "They have stolen Petros. We must go and get him back."



Marcos the dog was very sad because his friend was gone. He would not eat anything. He wanted to die. He just lay down all day and closed his eyes.

The boats from Mykonos came to the harbour. The men of Tinos had already hid Petros away. They would not even show the bird. One man said, "Yes, we have a pelican. But he is not your pelican. This one was sent to us by Zeus."

The men of Mykonos could do nothing. They had to sail back to their island. Vassilis cried and Marcos would not eat.

But Vassilis would not give up. The next day he went to the Chief Judge of the islands. He told him the story. The judge said that he would help them. He thought that he would enjoy a few days on Mykonos. He ordered the men of

Tinos to bring the pelican to Mykonos. He would make a test and settle this matter.

Petros came in a boat full of fishermen from Tinos. The crowd on the harbour waited.

The judge said, "Is it true that when a pelican lived in Mykonos he had two special friends? And were these friends a fisherman called Vassilis and a dog called Marcos?"

"Yes," said a voice.

The judge went on, "Now let the pelican stay with the men from Tinos for a moment. I want some men to make out that they are hurting Vassilis while the bird is watching!"

Three men started to beat Vassilis about the head.

The pelican made a loud noise and flew at the three men.

"This bird is Petros," said the judge.
"Now bring out Marcos."

The black dog walked out slowly. But when he saw Petros his tail began to wag. He ran toward his friend. Petros nibbled at Marcos with his beak. Marcos barked with happiness.

The judge smiled. "Well that is settled," he said. "The bird is Petros and he belongs to Mykonos."

Peter and the Catbirds

Ann McKechnie



Peter was a beautiful cat. He was large and orange in colour just like marmalade. His eyes were bright green.

He lived with Mr. and Mrs. McAdam and their son George. They lived in a big red house. The big red house stood in a beautiful garden. Mr. McAdam loved his garden. He worked in his garden almost every evening. He would trim the trees, or mow the lawn, or tie up the roses.

Mrs. McAdam would wash the dishes, or mend socks or talk on the telephone.

George would make roads in the sandbox, or fly his toy plane, or sit in the apple tree.

Peter would sit under the dining room window and watch the maple tree.

The maple tree wasn't very big. Peter was a small kitten when Mr. McAdam planted it. George wasn't even born. But, it was a strong tree. It had hard branches and plenty of leaves. It was a wonderful place for birds. They liked to sit on the

little grey twigs. They loved to hear the leaves move in the wind. The birds felt safe when they sat there.

The birds did not know that Peter was hidden behind the marigolds in the flower bed. He would lie close to the ground like a tiger. He would stay very still. Only the tip of his tail moved. He always forgot about the tip of his tail. It would go flip, flip above the flowers. His eyes would be very wide-awake.

One morning Mr. McAdam said, "Something will have to be done about That Cat." He always called Peter "That Cat" when he was cross with him.

"He caught another bird last night," said Mr. McAdam. "He's spoiling the flowers too."

"What a shame!" cried Mrs. McAdam. She didn't care about the flowers. She was sorry about the bird.

"He really is a pest," said her husband crossly. "If he keeps on like this, Something Will Have To Be Done!" He went to the office looking very mad.

Mrs. McAdam sighed and started clearing the table. George looked at Peter and set off to school. Peter was sitting on the blue pillows on the window seat. He was washing his face. He looked very beautiful this morning.

Two strange birds flew into the garden that morning. They were a little bigger than the sparrows.



Their feathers were a beautiful grey colour. They flew into the maple tree. They made happy little cries. Soon they decided it was just the right place for a nest. The birds started to build a nest right away. Most of the work was done by evening. It was an odd-looking nest. It was made of twigs and paper and bits of rag. It looked like a scrap basket.

After supper Mr. McAdam saw the nest. "George! Alice!" he called. "Just come and look at this!"

George looked up from the sandbox. Mrs. McAdam put her head out of the kitchen window. "What is it dear?" she said.

"Two catbirds!" cried Mr. McAdam. "I haven't seen any for years! They're building a nest in the maple tree."

"What's a catbird?" asked George. Mr. McAdam pointed through the leaves. Now George could see them.

"That's the male," said Mr. McAdam. "He's bringing bits of grass and leaves to put in the nest. His wife will stay there when it's finished. She will lay the eggs. Most of the time they build their nests in low bushes or vines. But the maple is small and thick. It is also near the house wall."

"Yes," said George. He was looking at the marigolds below the window. Something kept flipping above the flowers. "Whay are they called catbirds, Dad?" he asked.

"Well," said Mr. McAdam, "they have a strange call. It sounds a lot like a cat. I just hope That Cat leaves them alone." He looked towards the flowers. Everything seemed quiet and still.

The next morning was bright and sunny. Peter went to his spot beneath the window. He lay down very low. His tail didn't even show.

He was very interested. What were those strange things in the maple tree? They looked like birds. They smelled like birds. But they made a noise like cats! And they were much bigger than sparrows. He would be very careful. It was no good to rush things.

The catbirds were thinking about Peter too. They had seen the tip of his tail in the flowers last night.

"Don't worry dear," Mr. Catbird said. "We've handled cats before. Do you remember that cat in Baltimore? I dived at him three days in a row. He never gave us any more trouble."

His wife was crying. "I know," she said. "But you could SEE him. This one is so hard to pick out. He's just the same colour as the flowers." She looked down through the leaves. "Half of the time you can't tell if he's there!"

"Well, I'm going to show him something right now," said Mr. Catbird. He flew out of the tree and down across the flowers. His wings fluttered and he made a noise like a cat. Peter ducked quickly. He broke two more plants as he did so. My, what was it! A



bird or a cat. He was going to be careful from now on.

That evening Mr. McAdam said, "There are two plants broken in the bed below the window. They'll all have to come out. That Cat is becoming impossible.

"But he hasn't caught any more birds," said Mrs. McAdam. It seems like he's scared of something. He came running in from the garden today. He was in a big rush. It's not like him at all."

"He's going to be sorry when I catch him anyway," said Mr. McAdam. He looked at George, "Take this dollar and go to the nursery. Buy a box of marigolds. This is Peter's last chance."

George took the dollar and set off. It was too bad Dad was getting the same kind of flowers. It seemed like he was helping Peter to catch the catbirds. George shook his head. Then suddenly he had an idea.

George came back with a large box of plants. Mr. McAdam was just pulling out the last flower.

"Good boy," he cried. "You were very quick." He took the box from George. "Why, what's this? These aren't marigolds!"

"I know," said George. "I thought purple flowers might be nice for a change."

"Mmmm," said Mr. McAdam. "Maybe you're right. They're nice and bright anyway."

"Yes, they are," said George. He was watching

Peter. Peter was walking down the path towards them. When he reached the flower bed he stopped. He looked at a pile of orange flowers. He looked at the empty flower bed. And he looked at the purple flowers beside his orange paws. Then he turned and walked off towards the house. He knew that he was licked.

Almost every evening now Mr. McAdam works in the garden. Mrs. McAdam works in the kitchen. George plays in the sandbox or in the apple tree. The cat-birds and their family have fun in the maple tree. And Peter usually curls up on the window-seat. He looks very beautiful, very marmaladey, and a little bit wiser.

Percy— —Coast to Coast

Wayne Carley



Mrs. Gray was working in her garden. She was enjoying the afternoon sun. Percy, her parrot, began to make a loud noise. She looked at her watch. "Oh dear," she said. "It's two o'clock. I guess he wants his television."

Mrs Gray hurried into the house. She tried to make the bird stop. "I don't know why you carry on this way, Percy," she said. "You know television isn't very good for your eyes. Wouldn't you like to take a little nap?"

Percy made a very loud noise. Mrs. Gray gave in and turned on the set. Percy began to make cooing noises. "It's a lovely day. It's a lovely day," he said to Mrs. Gray.

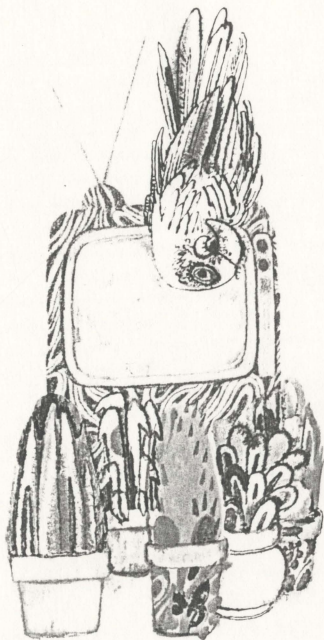
Then Percy began to look at the television. His

favourite show was just beginning. It was called "The Afternoon Show". He watched it every day. It had talks with interesting people. It had a weather report. And it always ended with Miss Darlene's Cooking School. Percy liked the cooking part best of all. He never got tired of Miss Darlene. She baked pies and cakes. She made lovely new dishes with fish in them. Mrs. Gray started to go outside. Then she heard the man on television. He said that their first guest was Mr. Hawkins. And that Mr. Hawkins knew a lot about growing roses. Mrs. Gray sat down and watched.

Mr. Hawkins did know a lot about growing roses. Mrs. Gray agreed with almost everything he said. But she thought that he left out one or two important things. He showed them some of his own best roses. They did not look as healthy as the ones in Mrs. Gray's garden. They were quite a bit smaller too. Only that morning she had given a bunch of roses to Mrs. Adams. They were much larger than the ones he was showing.

Mrs. Gray watched the weather report too. Percy made happy little noises at this part. He seemed to like to watch the man working. The man worked behind a glass screen. He talked and drew little pictures of the sun and rain clouds on a map. He marked on the glass with white chalk. Mrs. Gray was surprised that he could do all of this backwards.

Miss Darlene's Cooking School came on next.



Percy made a happy noise. Today Miss Darlene was going to bake something special. It was her own up-side-down pineapple cake. Mrs. Gray thought it would be a fine cake to take to a church party. She hurried into the kitchen and got a pencil and a piece of paper. Miss Darlene began to read the recipe. She spoke very slowly. Mrs. Gray and thousands of other ladies had enough time to write things down. Then Miss Darlene started to make the cake. Miss Darlene could break an egg and drop it right into the bowl without even looking down. She whipped and poured without slipping a drop. Mrs. Gray looked at Miss Darlene's clean, neat kitchen. Her own always looked terrible after she baked a cake. "Oh well, I still grow better roses than Mr. Hawkins," said Mrs. Gray. She turned off the set.

Now Percy sat quietly and cleaned his feathers. He had seen his favourite show. Mrs. Gray broke off a bit of biscuit for him and smoothed his head.

"It was a fine show, Percy," she said. "Now I have to get back to my garden. Maybe I should send Mr. Hawkins one of my roses. What do you think?"

"It's a lovely day," said Percy. Mrs. Gray laughed and went back into her garden.

Mrs. Adams lived next door. She had just finished watching the show, too. She saw Mrs. Gray go back to work in her garden. Suddenly she had an idea. She went to the telephone and rang the television station. She asked to speak to the person in

charge of "The Afternoon Show". She was put through to a young man.

"My name is Mrs. Adams," she said. "I watch your show every day. I think it's wonderful. But today I was a little disappointed in that Mr. Hawkins."

"Why?" asked the young man.

"Well, his roses were so small," answered Mrs. Adams. "A lovely little old lady lives next door to me. She grows roses twice as big as his. This morning she gave me a bunch of roses. Every one was bigger than any of the ones Mr. Hawkins showed. Her name is Mrs. Gray. I think you should have her on your show."

"That is a good idea, Mrs. Adams," he said. "But we won't be talking about roses for a while now. We like to get new things all the time."

"But you'd love her. She's so sweet. She lives all alone in a little cottage with her parrot," said Mrs. Adams.

"Did you say a parrot?" the young man asked.

"Yes. His name is Percy," answered Mrs. Adams. The young man seemed interested. "We're always looking for people with interesting pets," he said. "We may have your Mrs. Gray on after all. What is her address?"

Mrs. Adams gave him Mrs. Gray's address. She told him that everyone would love to see Mrs. Gray and

her parrot. Mrs. Adams decided not to tell Mrs. Gray about any of this. They might decide not to use her.

Almost a month passed. The television station did not call Mrs. Gray. Mrs. Adams decided that the show was not going to use her. She forgot about the whole thing. Then one beautiful morning someone knocked on Mrs. Gray's door. She opened it and found a well-dressed young man. He seemed upset.

"Good morning. Are you Mrs. Gray?" he asked.

"I am," said Mrs. Gray.

"And do you have a parrot named.....I have it written down here." He started to look at bits of paper he was holding. "Here it is," he shouted. "Percy! Percy. A parrot named Percy."

"Yes, I have a parrot named Percy. But what's this all about. Has he done something wrong again?" Mrs. Gray looked worried.

"No, no," said the young man. "I just hope that you can help me. I work on 'The Afternoon Show'. Do you know it?"

"I don't watch much television. I like to be outside. But Percy watches your show every day. He loves it," said Mrs. Gray.

"Does he?" the young man asked. "May I see Percy?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray. "But he's full of tricks

today."

She led the young man into the living room.
"This is Percy," she said.

Percy didn't look up. He was busy trying to hang upside down. It wasn't easy for him. He held on and slowly came forward. When he got halfway around he fell off and landed on the floor. He cried and flapped his wings. He walked over to the young man and pecked his shoe.

"Boy, bring me my coffee," he said.

"He's a cute little fellow," said the man.
Suddenly he looked surprised. Percy was trying to walk up his leg.

"Very cute!" said Mrs. Gray. She picked Percy up and put him on his pole. "Now be still, Percy," she said.

The young man took a deep breath. "Mrs. Gray," he said, "will you go on television with Percy this afternoon?"

"What? Me on television?" cried Mrs. Gray.

"Yes," said the young man. "Mr. Jones was going to talk about animals in Africa today. But his pet monkey ate all his notes. He phoned and said he could not come. Now we're in a jam. There's no one to take his place. I found your name and decided to come out and see you. I think you'd be a great hit. And so would Percy."



Percy had his head turned to one side. He seemed to be listening. He cooed and said, "It's a lovely day today."

"Just look at him," said the man. "I know everyone will love him. Please say yes, Mrs. Gray."

"I don't know. It's all so sudden," she said. "I don't have anything to wear. I should have my hair done." Then she looked at Percy. He was playing with the man's finger. "And most of all I'm not sure about him. He's been funny all day."

"Oh he'll be fine," said the man. "Look how good he is now. Please, Mrs. Gray. I have a car waiting to take you. We'll get a lovely dress for you. And we'll do your hair. Everything will be fine."

"Well, all right," said Mrs. Gray. "You take Percy to the car. I'll get my hat."

"Thank you," said the man. He put Percy on his shoulder. "If we hurry we'll be in time to go over the show."

Mrs. Gray and Percy were taken to the television station. They arrived just in time. They met all the people in the show. Percy greeted Miss Darlene with a whistle. Miss Darlene didn't like this. It was clear that already she didn't like Percy very much. She said, "How do you do," to Mrs. Gray. Then she went to see that her kitchen was set up right.

Percy was good during the rehearsal. Mrs. Gray sat at a desk with a man. Percy stood quietly and cleaned his feathers. Mrs. Gray told a few funny stories about Percy. She told about the time that Percy followed her to a garden party and spoiled it. Percy began to walk about proudly as she talked. Mrs. Gray saw that Percy was good. She began to enjoy the show. She was rushed into a room. They found her a pretty blue dress. They did her hair. She looked nicer than she had looked in years. Percy whistled when he saw her.

It was just ten minutes before show time. Everyone was getting excited. She watched people rushing around getting things ready. A man told her to take her place. She put Percy on her shoulder and walked to the desk. She was getting more and more nervous.

"Two minutes," said a voice. They turned on the lights. Mrs. Gray was nearly blinded. Percy cried and jumped down on the desk. Mrs. Gray could just see people rushing around behind the cameras. She could hear a voice counting.

"Thirty seconds."

"Oh dear, I wish I didn't do this," she thought.

"Twenty seconds."

"Oh, I hope Percy is good."

"Ten seconds. Five. Four. Three. Two. One. You're on."

A red light went on in the camera. They were on the air.

Thousands of people watched the show that afternoon. Mrs. Adams was one of them. She was only half listening. She heard a man say, "Hello everybody. Welcome to 'The Afternoon Show'. Today we've got an interesting guest for you to meet. We have the latest weather report and Miss Darlene's Cooking School. Today we have a lovely recipe. Something we'll all want to learn to make. But right now you will meet our guest. This is Mrs. Gray and her pet parrot, Percy. Welcome to 'The Afternoon Show', Mrs. Gray."

Mrs. Adams was very surprised. She almost fell out of her chair. Why hadn't Mrs. Gray told her that she was going to be on the show? It was a good thing that she turned the set on. She went over and turned it up.

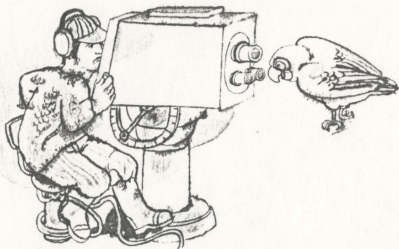
"Thank you, I'm happy to be here," Mrs. Gray was saying. "And so is Percy. This is his favourite show."

"Does your parrot watch television?" the announcer asked.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Gray. "I always know when it's two o'clock. He makes a big noise asking me to turn on the set."

The man at the camera thought this was a good time to get a close-up of Percy. He slowly came

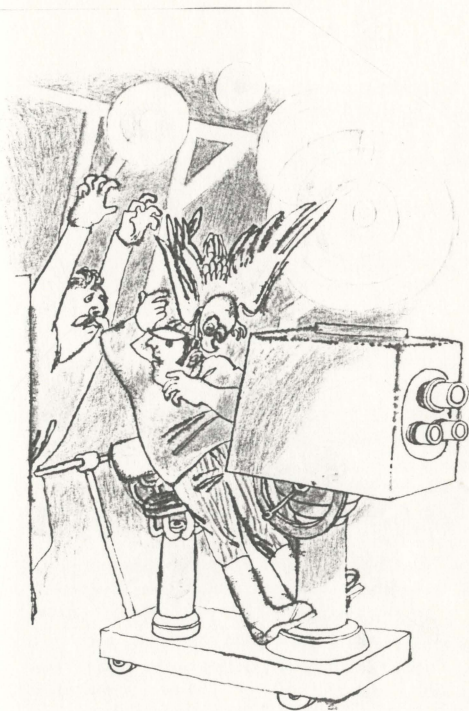
nearer and nearer the desk. Percy watched. Then he walked slowly towards the red light.



Mrs. Adams saw the picture switch from Mrs. Gray to Percy. Percy came closer and closer. His head filled the screen. He came closer still. There was a great big spot and then just the empty desk. Percy was gone.

Right away Mrs. Gray came on the set. She was talking about how she got Percy from an old sea captain. But as she talked she kept looking around. Where was Percy? "Oh dear, please don't be bad, Percy," she thought.

A man was looking for Percy in the darkness behind the camera. "Where is he?" he whispered.



"He's over here," someone whispered back. "On my head." It was the man who had tried to get a close-up of Percy. The spot that Mrs. Adams had seen on her screen was Percy as he hopped on the camera. He had then walked over it and landed on the man's head. He was now dancing around and pecking at the man's ears.

The man tried to grab Percy. But Percy took off. He flew around in the darkness. Nobody could catch him.

Mrs. Gray still smiled but she was worried. Then Percy made a loud noise and landed on the desk.

"I'm afraid he isn't very good today," said Mrs. Gray. She put out her hand to Percy. But Percy wasn't ready to be caught. He started to walk up the announcer's arm. He reached the shoulder and then jumped on the poor man's head. "Run for your lives, ladies. There's going to be a storm," he cried. Then he flew away.

The announcer put a smile on his face. He said, "Thank you, Mrs. Gray. You have been a most interesting guest. And now here is the weather."

The weatherman smiled out from behind his glass map. "Good afternoon," he said. "It looks like a very good day coming up." He talked and drew on the glass with his white chalk. Percy could see the chalk. He wanted it. He flew down towards the man.

This weatherman had a little habit. Everyman



watching the show knew about it. He would throw the chalk up in the air and catch it as he talked. Today Mrs. Adams watched as he threw the chalk up. A strange look came over his face. He waited for the chalk to come down. It didn't. Mrs. Adams laughed. She thought that Percy was still loose. And she was right. Percy was flying back and forth in front of the weather map. The chalk was in his mouth. The weatherman couldn't do anything. He was still smiling. But Mrs. Adams could hear him whisper through his teeth, "Get that bird out of here."

Things got worse. Every time the weatherman picked up a piece of chalk Percy would try to get it. This upset the poor man. He started to draw everything right way around to him but backwards to the people watching the show. He put things in the wrong places. His sun didn't have a smiling face. His rain clouds were raining upside down.

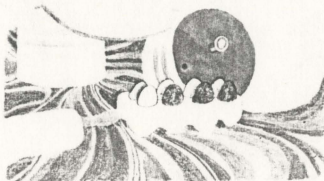
"That's the weather for today folks," he said. And with a queer look on his face he went off the screen.

"And now ladies, get your pencils ready. It's time for Miss Darlene's Cooking School."

Miss Darlene was in her kitchen. But today she wasn't smiling. She was talking and waving her arms to someone off to one side. "I want that bird caught. No bird is going to spoil my show." Someone told her that she was on. She turned around and smiled.

"Good afternoon ladies," she said. "Today we have a treat for you."

She walked over and pointed to some bowls. "The things you see are very simple," she said. "First you need fresh eggs." She took the cover off a bowl of eggs. "Then you need baking powder." She took the cover off the bowl of baking powder. Then she screamed and backed away. Percy flew out covered in white.



Miss Darlene's fans still talk about this show. Percy only appeared once more. But he kept on flying over Miss Darlene's kitchen. Miss Darlene was very upset. She broke the eggs with one hand as usual but sometimes she missed the bowl. She knocked over pots and pans. She kept bumping into things. She was always watching to see what Percy would do next.

After awhile Miss Darlene didn't look so upset. She began to beat the eggs. Then she turned away to get her pan. Percy flew into her kitchen and landed on the counter. He hopped on the edge of the bowl and tasted the eggs. Then with a loud noise he fell off the bowl. He rolled over on his back with his feet straight up in the air. Miss Darlene tried to hit Percy but he flew away. "Run for your lives, ladies, there's going to be a storm," he cried.



Miss Darlene's kitchen looked terrible when the cooking lesson ended. Pots and pans were turned over. There was a mess on the floor and smoke came from her frying pan.

The show was over at last. People rushed about everywhere. Some tried to catch Percy. Others helped Miss Darlene and the announcer to their rooms. Everybody was yelling. It was awful.

Mrs. Gray walked towards the door. She whistled softly. Percy heard her. He knew the fun was all over. It was time to go home. He flew down to Mrs. Gray. The young man who had brought them to the show appeared. He hurried them to a car.

Mrs. Gray said that she hoped he wouldn't get into too much trouble. He told her not to worry about it. Then she saw that he was laughing.

"I can't remember enjoying the show more," he said. "Even if I lose my job, it was worth it. I enjoyed every minute."

"What a nice young man," thought Mrs. Gray.

The car stopped in front of her cottage. She saw a lot of people waiting for them. They all started to clap when she got out of the car with Percy. Mrs. Adams rushed up to her. She said it was the best show she had ever seen. And that Percy was the star.

"He may be a star to you," said Mrs. Gray.



"But to me he's just a bad bird. I should have known better. I should never have let him go on the show."

She took Percy into the house. The children stood outside the window. Percy spent the rest of the afternoon bowing to them.

Mrs. Gray was very busy for the next week. The show had been a great hit. One station wanted to give Percy his own show. Mrs. Gray would not let Percy go on television again. She said that she had had enough trouble in one afternoon to last her a long time. Newspaper men wanted to talk to her. Mrs. Gray said no. She wanted to get back to her quiet life.

And that's what happened. After awhile people forgot about the show and so did Percy. Mrs. Gray was outside one afternoon. At two o'clock she heard Percy making a loud noise. She went in. Percy was hopping up and down.

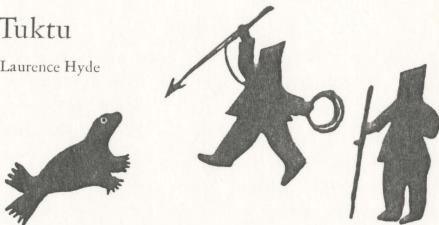
"No, no, no," she said. "I am not going to turn on the set. So just stop your noise."

Percy hung his head. He looked sad. Mrs. Gray laughed and said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll turn on the radio for you. I don't think you can get us into trouble with that."

She turned on the radio and went outside. Percy made noises in time to the music. Now he was happy.

Tuktu

Laurence Hyde



Many years ago an Eskimo named Tuktu lived at the top of the world. Tuktu hunted for seals and bears in winter. He killed caribou or caught fish in the summer. Tuktu always had food for his wife and children. His sled dogs were strong and they obeyed him. He made the best bows and arrows. He made the best spears and the sharpest knives. Tuktu made everything that he needed with his own hands. He even made his sled and his boat. His wife made clothes for all the family from the skins of the animals that Tuktu killed. After awhile Tuktu was called the greatest hunter of all. Everyone in the land knew about him. Tuktu was happy living at the top of the world. He had five sons.

After a while Tuktu became too old to go hunting and fishing. He could not stand in the cold waiting

for a seal to come up through a hole in the ice. He was not strong enough to hunt caribou. His sons loved him dearly. They asked the old fellow to stay in the warm igloo while they hunted and fished.

"It is our turn to get the food," said the oldest son. "We are young and strong. You have taught us how to hunt and fish. You must rest and enjoy the gifts of others."

"You are kind," said old Tuktu. "I am proud of my sons. But I am sad. I am not strong enough to kill a seal or a caribou. I do not wish to live any longer. My life is now over and done with. What good is a man if he cannot hunt? What good is a man if he cannot do his share of the work? What good is a man if his eyes are too weak even to do the work of women? I would rather die than stay in the igloo and let others look after me. Soon I shall die and go to my friends in the spirit world. Then I shall be happy."

"You must not leave us yet," said the oldest son. "your words make us sad. Please stay with us for a little while longer. We are happy when you are here. If you leave, who will be left to tell stories?"

"You have lived for many years," said the youngest son. "You have seen many great wonders. We need you to tell us what to do."

All the people of his tribe and his sons begged

Tuktu to stay with them. They wanted him to tell them stories when the hunting was done.

Tuktu decided to stay. When it was stormy outside and when everyone was tired of the long dark winter, then Tuktu would tell a story.

"I want to tell you a story of the old days," he would say. "People were different then."

They would listen to Tuktu. His words would carry them to another world.



The Enchanted
Igloo

Long ago there was a terrible famine. A young boy lived through it. But everyone in his village was sick or dead. His own parents had died. The igloos were cold because there was no seal oil for the lamps. Only a few men were alive. They were too weak to hunt. Soon everything would be gone.

Early one morning, the young boy left this sad place. He took his father's spear just in case he found a seal or a small fox. The young boy walked a long, long way. He was very hungry and his legs were weak. It began to get dark.

At last he saw a lonely igloo. He slowly made his way towards it. He came to the igloo and crawled inside. He was almost dead. He looked around. The igloo was empty. A lamp burned brightly. There was seal meat cooking in a pot.

Then a voice welcomed him to the igloo. "Eat all the seal meat you need," said the voice. "Dry your mittens and boots above the lamp. Sleep under the warm skins. Do not be afraid. Nothing will hurt you."

The starving boy did not need to be told again. He ate the seal meat. He dried his mittens and boots over the lamp. Then he went to sleep under the warm skins.

When he woke up in the morning, he was cold. The lamp, the seal meat, and the warm skins were gone. He left the igloo. A sled and six fine dogs were waiting for him. A voice told him to ride the sled and let the dogs take him on a long journey.

The boy rode on the sled all that day. The sled went very fast. The dogs were quiet. They did not look on one side or the other. They did not rest at all. On and on they ran. Just as it was getting dark, they came to another igloo. They stopped outside the igloo. The dogs and sled disappeared. Then the voice told the boy to go into the igloo.

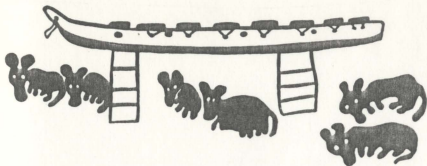
"Dry your mittens and boots over the lamp," said the voice. "Eat all the seal meat you want. Sleep under the warm skins. Do not be afraid. Nothing will hurt you."

The same things happened as the night before.

When he woke up in the morning he was cold. The lamp, the seal meat and the warm skins were gone. He left the igloo. The dogs and the sled were waiting for him.

"Go, for the last time," said the voice. "Ride on the sled. The dogs will take you on a long journey."

The boy rode on the sled all that day. They went fast. The only sound he heard was the wind. On and on the dogs ran. They never looked to one



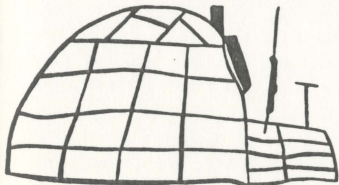
side or the other. They never stopped. They never got tired.

Just as it was getting dark, the boy saw many igloos. The dogs and the sled disappeared when they got near. All the people of the village welcomed him. They had a big feast.

"Come and live with us," they said. "There is no famine here. There are many seals and caribou. Stay with us and become a great hunter. Tell us stories of your land."

The boy stayed in this magic place. He became a great hunter and had many children.

Maybe he lives there yet.



The Hunter and
the Caribou

One day a hunter found a caribou at the crossing.

"Kill me with your spear," said the caribou.
"you may kill me because you are hungry and you must eat. But I ask you to do one thing. Keep my bones beside the crossing place. Then my spirit can pass over the water and join my friends in the after world. Do not break my bones. Do not put them in different places. Then may your spear always be lucky."

"The world is full of sadness," said the hunter.
"I will do as you ask so that you will be happy. I will leave your bones at the crossing place. May your spirit always be thankful."

Then he killed the caribou and took the meat home. His family ate the meat. He made a fine tent with the skin. But his sled needed to be fixed. His wife was cross because she needed sewing needles.

"What you say is true," said the hunter. "But I made a promise. The bones of the caribou must be left at the crossing place."

But his wife had a bad temper. She spoke in

a cruel voice. The hunter grew tired of her talking. He agreed to use the bones of the caribou. He made fish hooks, sewing needles, and knife handles. He broke the bone and used it to fix his sled.

From that time on the hunter had no luck with his spear. His fish hooks caught no fish. When his wife used the needles her sewing was bad. The runners of his sled wore away quickly. The hunter became very poor. At last they went to a place far away. No one ever heard of them again.



Sara and
the Magic Fish

Once there was a hunter named Komak. He had a step daughter but no sons. Komak was a quarrelsome man. They said he was touched by evil spirits.

His wife died. He was left to look after his old mother and his stepdaughter. Her name was Sara. Her face was round like the moon and very beautiful.

Komak did not like his stepdaughter. He wanted to get rid of her. An evil voice told him lies about Sara. He listened to that voice.

"She must die," he said. "She has brought bad luck. My wife did not give me any sons to look after me when I am old. Sara took all her strength away. Sara put a spell on her mother and now she is dead. Maybe she will try to kill me too."

Komack's old mother listened but said nothing. She watched her son and waited.

One day she called Sara to her side. She told the girl to listen carefully.

"Your stepfather plans to hurt you," she said. "My son is mad. His thoughts are not his own. There is an evil spirit in him. That spirit tells him

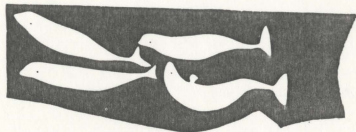
lies and orders him to do things. He plans to kill you tomorrow. You must leave this igloo. You must go before he comes back from hunting. You must never, never come back."

Sara began to cry.

"But where will I go," she said. "Komak will come after me on his sled. Maybe if I am lucky he will not hurt me. If I go away the cold will kill me. Or I will die of hunger. Why is he planning to kill me? I have always fixed his clothes and dried his mittens over the lamp.

"I have always cooked the seal meat," said the old woman. "But he is cruel to me too. There is an evil spirit in him. You must run away if you wish to live.

The old woman gave Sara four small fish. They were made of ivory.



"Now listen and do what I tell you," she said. "these fish are magic. At the end of the first day you will come to a small stream. The water is not deep. Go across the stream. When you are on the other side, throw the smallest fish into the water. Then you will see what you will see."

"At the end of the second day you will come to a hill. The hill will be covered with berries. Climb this hill. When you reach the top, throw down your second largest fish. Then you will see what you will see."

"At the end of the third day you will come to a crack in the ice. Jump across it. Do not be afraid. Then drop your third largest fish into the crack. Then you will see what you will see."

"What must I do with the largest fish?" asked Sara. "And how can I pay you back for your kindness?"

"I only ask this of you," said the old woman. "Take the largest fish. At the end of the fourth day give it to the first person you meet. Now you must not forget anything I told you. You must obey me or great evil will happen to you."

"I will," said Sara. She put the four fish inside her fur hood and left the igloo.

At the end of the first day she came to a small stream. Sara was just going to step into the stream when she heard a great noise. It was Komak coming after her on his sled. He shouted and the



dogs were ready to tear poor Sara in pieces. Sara hurried across the stream. Then she threw the smallest fish into the water. There was a loud clap of thunder. The stream became very deep and fast. Komak could not cross. He had to turn back. Sara watched until his sled was gone. Then she made a small snow house. She rested until the next day. Then she went on.

At the end of the second day Sara came to a hill covered with berries. This was strange because summer was a long way off. Then she heard angry dogs and the voice of her stepfather. Sara looked back quickly. Then she ran up the hill as fast as she could. But the dogs were faster. By the time she reached the top the dogs were right behind her. She threw the second largest fish down. There was a loud clap of thunder. In a moment the berries were gone and the hill was covered with ice. The dogs could not go ahead. The sled went backwards down the hill. Sara built a snow house on the hill-top. She rested until the next day. Then she went on.

At the end of the third day Sara reached the crack in the ice. She was tired and hungry.

"I cannot even jump across this little crack," she cried. "If only I could lie down in the soft snow and have a rest."

Sara forgot about the orders of the wise old



woman. She lay down in the snow and closed her eyes. Komak was now close behind. It was lucky for Sara that his dogs were noisy. Their howling woke her up. She was so frightened that she forgot how tired she was. Sara jumped over the crack and dropped the third largest fish down into it. There was a loud clap of thunder. The crack got wider and Komak, the sled and all the dogs disappeared.

"That was a narrow escape," thought Sara. "But Komak is dead now. No more harm will come to me."

Sara found a small cave. She rested until morning. Then Sara walked on and on towards the Western hills. She was very weak and hungry. At noon everything became dark. Sara was very frightened. She remembered the last fish. It was the biggest one of all. Sara held it in her hand.

"Fish keep me safe," she said.

As she finished speaking a dark figure stood before her. It was dressed in caribou skins. The hood was so large that its face was hidden. Sara became very frightened. She fell to her knees.

"O spirit, have mercy upon me," she cried.
"Take this fish and let me go."

The being took the fish and threw back his great fur hood. It was Komak.

Sara cried out in fear. "The old woman fooled me. The magic of the fish was evil. Komak is going to kill me!"

But Komak smiled and shook his head.

"No Sara," he said. "The fish has taken the evil spirit away from me. The magic of the fish is powerful. Go in peace. May all your days be happy."

Komak looked at Sara. There came a great flash of light and a clap of thunder. Then Komak was gone. Sara never saw her stepfather again.

Before the sun had set Sara arrived at another village. There she was made welcome and after a time she married a great hunter.



Stolen Ride

Michael Barnes

Charlie lives at Moose Factory. It is an island in the Moose River. Charlie has never been to a big city. He has only been to Moosonee a few times. It is only three miles away across the Moose River. Some of his friends have been on the train to the south. But Charlie has never gone yet. Charlie nearly did go once. He did not quite make it. But he had a wonderful adventure.

Every day Charlie went down to the river. He sat on one of the docks. He liked to watch the canoes bringing things to the island. There were also motor boats. He thought the Police boat was very smart. It was black and white and had a small flag in the bow. Best of all, he looked for the float planes as they landed on the busy river.

Sometimes Charlie helped pull on the ropes when the small planes came in. Other times he

helped push on the floats when they left.

There was one pilot Charlie always helped. His name was Lindy. He was an Indian like Charlie. Lindy had been born when Charles Lindbergh had stopped at Moose Factory to get fuel. His parents had called him after the great pilot. Lindy had worked hard in school. Now he was a pilot too. Lindy was Charlie's hero because Lindy seemed free like the geese. Lindy could fly.

Early one afternoon Charlie went to the dock. Lindy's plane was there. It was a red and white float plane. The letters CF-MRA were on the wings and tail. The wind made the plane move in the water. It was just like the plane was alive and wanted to go on a trip.

Charlie heard someone coming. It was Lindy. The pilot was dressed in jeans and a check shirt. He had high boots and a peaked cap.

"Hi Charlie," he said. "Looks like a good day for flying, doesn't it?"

"It sure does," said Charlie.

"Would you like to give me a hand? I have to pump the gas," said Lindy.

Charlie knew what to do. He ran to the big gas tank on the shore. He began to pull the long black hose right to the plane. Lindy took the hose and started to fill the tank.

I'm going to Timmins to pick up some people,"

Lindy said. "Two hunters want to go to the Bay to shoot geese." Charlie knew how the sportsmen liked the geese.

"Is it a long way to Timmins?" he asked.

"About 200 miles," said Lindy. "It will take me about two and half hours. It depends on the wind." He opened the door and climbed into the plane. There were four seats and a tiny place in the rear.

"What's that box?" asked Charlie.

"That's a special box," said Lindy. "It has food, a first aid kit and even fishing line. If I ever made an emergency landing it will come in handy."

"Would you really need it?" asked Charlie.

"I sure would," said Lindy. "There are no towns for 150 miles. There are no roads for most of the way either. Suppose a plane crashed and the radio went dead. It might be days before a search plane found it."

He jumped down onto the dock. "I forgot my jacket," he said. Lindy walked up the path to the office.

Charlie looked at the plane. Oh, how wonderful it would be to fly, he thought. He climbed the ladder and looked in the open door. Charlie remembered a story he had read at school. It was about a boy who hid away on a ship. He looked inside the plane. It was too small for anyone to hide.

Or was it? What about the little place in the



back behind the curtain. Charlie climbed over the seats and pulled back the curtain. It was a very small space. Just for fun he got inside and turned around. He just fitted in the space behind the curtain. When he pulled the curtain down it hid him. But he could see through a slit in the middle. Charlie was just going to get out when the plane moved. He saw Lindy get into the pilot's seat. Lindy shouted, "Hey Charlie, give me a push off the dock." Charlie looked through the curtain. Lindy was not looking at him. He was looking out of the open door at the dock.

"The kid's gone," said Lindy. Before Charlie could say anything, Lindy jumped out onto the float. He took the paddle and pushed the plane away from the dock. Then he climbed in and shut the door.

Charlie meant to tell Lindy that he was behind the curtain. But he was busy watching Lindy get ready to take off. He stayed quiet behind the curtain. Charlie could feel the plane move. He could see Lindy working switches. Suddenly there was a noise as the motor started. Then the propellor began to spin. The plane seemed to come alive as the motor warmed up.

Charlie knew that float planes did not take off at once. They had to warm up. He had seen them in the river many times. He could see the pilot was getting ready for takeoff.

Suddenly the plane started to move. Charlie could feel the floor move beneath him. The plane was rushing along now. As it went through the water

everything shook. Then the shaking stopped. Could the plane be off the water?

Charlie looked through the curtain but he could only see the sky. If only he could get up and look outside. But if he did, Lindy would see or hear him. He would really be in trouble then.

The pilot began to talk on the radio. D.O.T. Timmins, D.O.T. Timmins. This is CP-MRA at Moose Factory. Do you read me? Over." He waited and then spoke. "Roger. Can I have the weather now please? Over."

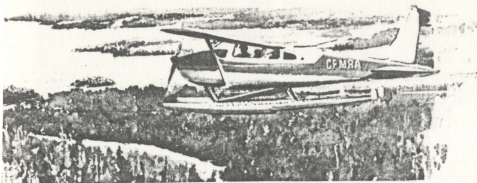
Charlie found this strange. He could hear the pilot but he could not hear the answers. He did not have earphones like Lindy.

Lindy spoke again. "Roger. There is a ceiling of 2500 feet in the Porcupine area with some rain. Over and out."

Lindy began to whistle a tune. Charlie felt that the weather must be good for the flight. The plane flew on. As it grew warm Charlie's head began to nod. He could not see out of the windows. There was nothing to do. Finally he fell asleep.

He woke up with a start. He leaned against the curtain and fell into the cabin. Lindy turned his head in surprise. "What an earth are you doing here?" he asked.

"I'm sorry Lindy," said Charlie. "I got on the plane while you were getting your coat. I hid in



the back. It was too late to stop you when the plane was taking off. Then I fell asleep."

"So you hid away!" said the pilot. "If you were on a ship, Charlie, you would have to work."

"Can I work for you?" said Charlie.

Lindy laughed. "No," he said. "There's nothing to do here. Come and sit next to me."

Charlie did not need to be told again. He climbed up front and sat next to Lindy. Now he could see everything! Below him were trees and lakes as far as he could see. There were tiny streams and two big rivers. It seemed that they were not flying too high.

Lindy seemed to know what he was thinking. "Small planes don't fly very high," he said. "We're about 1800 feet right now."

"How do you know we're going the right way?" asked Charlie.

"Well, I have a compass," said Lindy. He pointed to it. "There's a railroad below us. We follow it so far. Then we turn and go southeast."

May I listen through the earphones?" asked Charlie.

"Sure," said Lindy. "There's a pair right above you."

Charlie put them on and listened. He heard voices.



"I can hear another plane," said Charlie. "The weather he's getting seems to be different from what you heard." Lindy took his earphones and listened. There was a lot of noise. But he heard the weather station say there would be thunder storms in the Timmins area.

The pilot spoke, "D.O.T. Timmins. This is CF-MRA. Do you read me? Over." He made the same call over and over again. "I can't get through," he said. "We may have to turn back."

He turned on the radio. It made a noise. Then a voice came over the set. "Warning to all small planes near Timmins. Ceiling dropped to 950 because of storm. May drop to 400 feet..." The voice was gone. Lindy could not get anything else out of the radio.

"It's a good job we heard that Charlie," said Lindy. "We're lucky we haven't come to the point of no return."

"What's that?" asked Charlie.

"That's where it's shorter to go on than it is to go back," said Lindy.

The pilot turned the plane and started to go back. It seemed strange to Charlie. The sky looked clear.

Lindy seemed to know what he was thinking. "Look over there Charlie," he said. "Do you see the

dark clouds? They have built up in half an hour. The weather changes fast in this part of the world."

Lindy pointed things out as they flew. "Do you see how some trees look darker than others. Men look at pictures taken from a plane. They tell what trees can be cut down."

But Charlie was looking at the clouds behind them. It seemed like all the clouds were coming together. Lindy tried to call again. He did not get an answer.

Then it started to rain. "We have thirty minutes of flying time," said Lindy. "I don't want to set down on the lake. I want to go on. I must pick up those sportsmen tomorrow." Charlie could see that Lindy had a job to do. He was not as free as Charlie thought.

The rain kept on but it did not stop the small plane. Soon Lindy pointed below. "Look," he said. "There's the Moose River." Charlie could see the great river. He could see Moose Factory Island. He could see the big hospital.

The plane started to go down. The tops of the trees came up fast. Charlie saw that they were flying low over the water. They were just about in the middle of the river. Lindy wasn't talking now. He was busy putting the plane down. The floats missed a canoe. Then bump, bump, bump... Charlie saw the water come up as the plane landed.

The plane did not slow down. Lindy laughed.

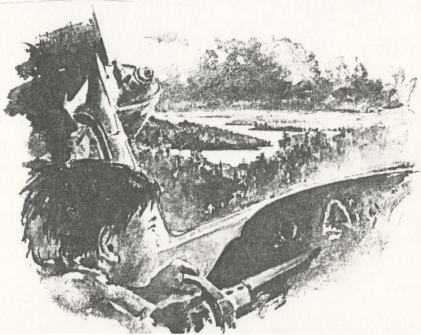
"We're not a bird any more, Charlie," he said. "We're back to being a boat." He pushed the plane quickly over the water. Then they saw the dock. Lindy cut the motor. The plane went toward the shore. "I'll swing her in to the dock. You jump out and tie us up," said Lindy. Charlie climbed out and jumped onto the dock. He tied the rope and the plane stood still.

"Next time I go anywhere, I'll look behind that curtain," said Lindy.

"Thanks for the ride," said Charlie. He began to walk up the path.

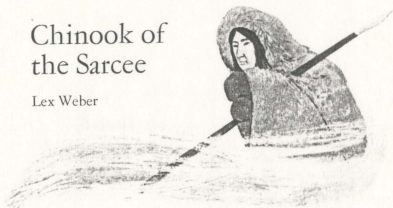
"Hey Charlie," said Lindy. "I guess you brought me luck today. You heard that second weather report. I'm flying up to a lake on my day off to go fishing. Would you like to come?"

Charlie began to smile. "Thanks, and good-bye," he said as he ran off.



Chinook of the Sarcee

Lex Weber



Many years ago the North Wind ruled the forests and the plains. He whistled through the houses of the Sarcee. Each day he would breathe on the clouds. The little flakes of his breath would fall on the land. The land would be covered with deep snow.

It was cold for many moons. There was not much food left. There was not much wood for the campfire. A brave hunter named Chinook set out to find the home of the North Wind. Chinook planned to kill him.

He walked for many days. The cold wind blew in his face. He walked on. The snow became deeper and deeper. The cold grew worse. It seemed that he could go no further.

Finally he came to a high mountain. Clouds covered the top of the mountain. The icy wind roared down the sides.

"Aha!" cried the hunter. "This must be the home of the North Wind. I shall catch him in his house."

Chinook crept softly up the snowy mountain. He became lost in the grey clouds.

Finally he came through the clouds. He found himself in a warm and sunny land. Green grass grew in the fields. Deer and antelope ran through the tall, leafy forests. At the top of the mountain was a large house. It was the home of the North Wind.

The brave hunter went up to the door and called out, "I am Chinook of the Sarcee. I have come to kill you O North Wind. Then your icy breath will not bring hunger to my people."

Suddenly there was a noise. In the door of the house there stood a beautiful girl.

Chinook was surprised. He had been ready to fight with the North Wind. He spoke again. "Who are you that lives in the house of the wind gods?"

The girl answered, "My name is Gentle Breeze. I am the daughter of the North Wind. My father sent me to find out why you came here."

Chinook forgot all about his fight with the North Wind. He could only think about beautiful Gentle Breeze.

He took out the last of his dried meat and showed it to her.

"I am a hunter who has lost his way," he said. "I would like to stay here to hunt food for my journey back to the land of my people."

Gentle Breeze liked this tall brave. He had walked without fear into the land of the wind gods. She begged her father to let him stay and hunt for a few days.

Gentle Breeze and Chinook hunted in the green forests for seven days. They feasted in her father's house at night. Each day they grew more fond of each other.

Finally Chinook went to the North Wind. "I would marry your daughter and go back to my people," he said. "But she is not used to the cold winds that you send across our land."

The North Wind loved his daughter. He wanted her to be happy. He said, "If my daughter wishes to go with you I shall not blow on your people for six moons. These shall be the moons of good hunting. Your people must store up food. Then for the next six moons my daughter must come to visit me here in my house. My winds will blow across your lands again."

Each year now Chinook and Gentle Breeze go to the land of the Sarcee. The cold and snow

disappear. There is feasting and dancing in the villages of the Sarcee. They store up food in their houses for the time Gentle Breeze has to visit her father. For then the icy winds again blow across the prairie.



The Ghost That Went Away

Robert Lebens

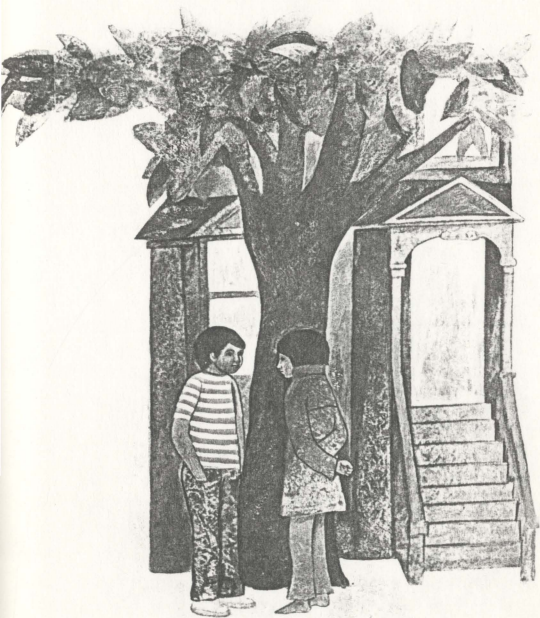
Paul jumped out of the elm tree. Judy came running around the corner of the house. She had nothing on her feet. And only a coat over her night clothes. "Paul," she shouted. "Paul, where are you?"

"Over here," he whispered. "Over here." He was in the shadow of the tree.

"We're leaving. We've got to go. Dad says we must." The words came out quickly. He couldn't hear all she said.

"But you just moved in two months ago," Paul said. He remembered when they moved in. His father had fixed the floor at the top of the house. He had cut the rest of the house in half. Then he had rented the part they didn't need to Judy's parents. "This spoils everything. You were going to the shore with me this summer."

"I know. I'm sorry. But Dad says there's a ghost in the house. I just had to tell you." She



was out of breath now. She stopped to take in some air. "He says...."

"Shhh," said Paul. A light came on in the back porch. Judy's mother put her head out the door.

"Judy," she called. "Judy."

Paul pulled Judy into the shadows. They stood very still. Then they heard her mother call back into the house, "Check upstairs, dear. Maybe she's hiding because I sent her to bed." The light on the porch went off. Paul let go of her arm.

They went into the greenhouse and got down by the oil burner. The heat from it helped the plants that Paul's father was trying to grow. Soon Judy was ready to answer questions.

"Now, start at the beginning," Paul said. He was almost eleven, a year older than Judy. He thought he could make some sense out of what had happened.

"Dad says that there's a girl on the stairs. A young girl with long hair just stands there. She looks at him when he turns the landing."

"But you live alone," said Paul. Then he asked quickly, "What else did he say about her?"

"Nothing. Mom told him to be quiet before I could hear any more. Then they sent me to bed."

"They were just trying to frighten you," Paul said.

"No. no, they weren't," Judy said. "I saw her too."

For a moment Paul did not speak. "When?" he whispered.

"Do you remember the day it rained. And I got so wet coming home from school?" she asked.

"Yes," said Paul.

"I stopped to take my wet shoes off on the landing. When I looked up, I saw a young girl. She had on a white nightgown. She tried to say something to me. But I was so frightened that I ran down the stairs."

"Where did she come from?" said Paul.

"I think she came from upstairs," answered Judy.

"But the door at the top of the stairs is locked. And there are boards across it," he said.

"I know," Judy answered, "but ghosts can't be locked up."

"I don't want you to move away," Paul said. "We've got to go up and look for her."

They were frightened now and happy to go inside.

The next afternoon they met in the greenhouse. Paul didn't tell her where they were going. Then she saw the hammer and keys. She knew where it was.

"Dad told your father that we're moving away," she said. "He wouldn't go upstairs last night. He slept in the living room."

"But you're not going away," Paul answered.

"The ghost is going away. We're going to find it. I

found these keys in Dad's desk. I took the hammer from his tool box." He wasn't so frightened now. "Come on," he said. "Your mother is over at my place."

They walked across the open yard. Then they ducked down behind the bushes. They did not want to be seen going into Judy's house. They crawled along the edge of the yard until they came to the porch at the end of the house.

Soon they were inside. They climbed the stairs to the landing. It was dark. There was a door in front of them. It had boards on the top and the bottom. "Get a chair," said Paul.

Judy rushed down the hall. Soon she came back with a chair from her room. Paul placed it in front of the door and began to pull at the nails. Suddenly the boards came away in his hands. They heard a noise and the wind blew clouds of dust on the landing.

"What was that?" whispered Judy.

"Shh, I don't know. It must be the wind," answered Paul. "Be still."

Everything was quiet. Minutes passed. Nothing happened.

Paul took a deep breath. "We can't stop now." He put a large key into the lock and turned. The door opened slowly.

"Judy, are you upstairs?" her mother called. Paul jumped. He leaped through the open door and



pulled Judy in. The door closed slowly. They were inside.

Paul and Judy stood for a moment. They were very frightened. Large pieces of paper hung down the stairs. It made strange shadows on the wall. The dust was all around them.

"I'm scared," said Judy.

"You don't want to move away, do you?" asked Paul.

"No," Judy answered.

Slowly they went up the stairs. Judy pushed Paul from behind. Paul remembered the time he was lost in the woods. The trees had seemed to jump in his way to trap him. But Judy kept him going.

They walked down the hall and into a large room. Paul stopped.

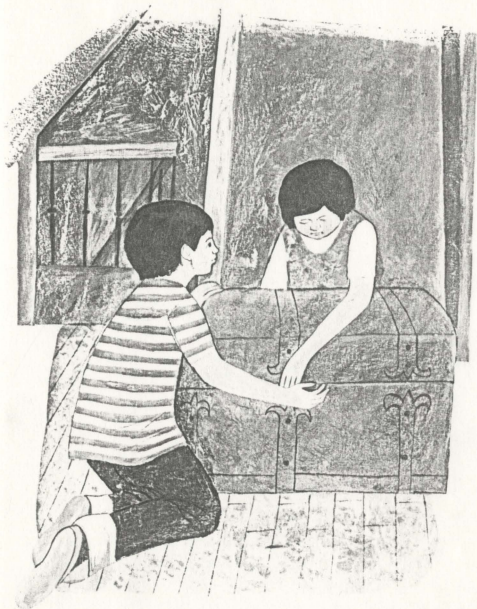
"Go on," Judy whispered. Her voice sounded loud because she was so close to him.

"But, it's empty," Paul said. He sounded disappointed.

Suddenly they heard a noise. Paul yelled and jumped forward. The blind at the window went up. The bright sunlight came into the room.

"Who did that?" Paul asked.

"Look over there!" shouted Judy. An old trunk stood in the corner of the room. It was half hidden by an old blue curtain.



Paul crossed the room and threw back the curtain. "Let's look inside," he said.

He put both hands on top and pulled. It wouldn't open. "Help me. I can't get it open," he said.

They pulled at it. At last the top came up.

"Why, there are only newspapers," Paul said. "Look at the funny picture." An old woman was in the picture. She wore a long dress and a large hat.

"Look at the date," Judy said.

Paul picked out May 1, 1912.

"What's that?" Judy asked. She pointed to something in the corner of the trunk.

Paul reached down and pulled it out. "It's a doll," he said. Paul was disappointed. He passed the doll to her.

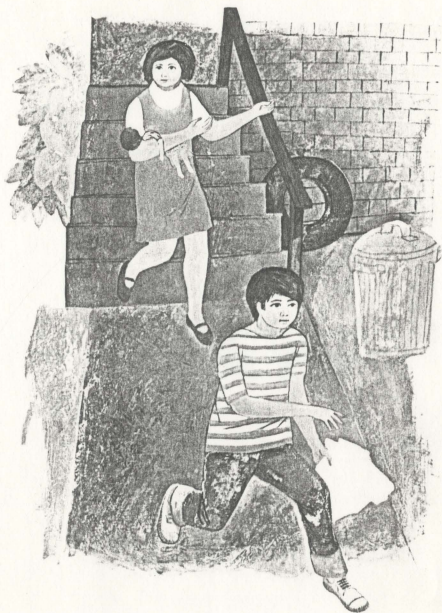
"But it's pretty," she said. The doll's face was cracked. It had on an old green dress.

Suddenly they heard a sob and a noise against the roof of the house.

Paul and Judy froze for a moment. The room began to get darker. Paul ran to the door. Judy was right behind him. They didn't stop running until they got to the greenhouse. Then they saw that Judy was holding the doll and Paul still had the newspaper.

Nobody spoke for a long time. Then Paul said, "I wonder who she is? Did you hear her sob?"

"She didn't cry before," Judy said. "I wonder

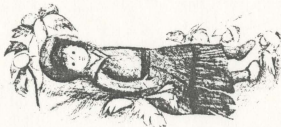


why she was so sad."

"Let's find out," said Paul. "our teacher says we should go to the library when we want to find things out. I bet they could tell us."

"Yes, I bet they could," Judy said. "Let's go. We can be back before supper if we hurry."

Judy and Paul went out of the greenhouse. They ran down the street to the library. Paul still had the newspaper in his hand but Judy had dropped the doll.



They went into the library. A lady smiled at them. "Can I help you," she asked.

"We want to know why there's a ghost in our house," said Judy.

"What?" the lady asked. She was surprised. Paul told her what had happened.

"Let me see that newspaper," she said. She looked right through it. "There's nothing in here," she said. "Let's look at the newspapers for the same year. Maybe we can find something in them."

They went into a room at the back of the library.

There were big books on the shelves. The biggest books that Paul had ever seen.

"I came with you," she said, "because I don't think you can lift these books." She pulled down a large book.

Soon Paul and Judy saw a newspaper like the one they had found in the trunk. The old woman looked up at them.

Paul turned a few pages. He looked carefully. Suddenly he saw something. "Here it is," he shouted. He began to read:

**YOUNG GIRL
MYSTERIOUSLY
DISAPPEARS**

ST. JOHN'S. The twelve-year-old daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Samuel White of 2205 Bonaventure Avenue disappeared during a picnic on the Brigus barrens yesterday. A search is presently underway, but little hope remains that she will be found.

Judy stopped him. "That's where we live," she said.

"It must be her," said Paul. "It must be her," he said again.

On the way home, Judy was sad. "Now we will have to move," she said. "I'll tell Dad about the girl. He will want to move right away."

"Don't tell him," said Paul. "We still have a month to do something about her. I'll go upstairs and lock the door again."

"No, we can't do anything," Judy answered. "Anyway, I still have the doll. I'm going to keep it." Then she remembered she had dropped it.

"Don't tell anything yet," Paul said. They came to Judy's house. Paul went in to lock the door. Judy went to get the doll. Judy looked in the greenhouse. She couldn't find it. The doll was gone. "Maybe I left it on the landing," she said to herself. But she knew she had dropped it in the greenhouse.

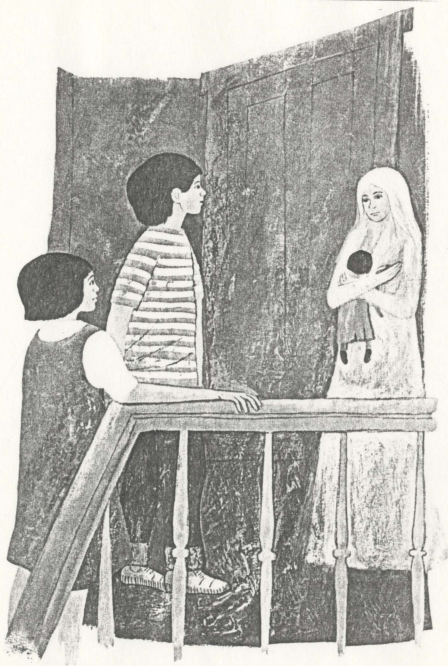
She ran across the yard and into her house. She could see Paul standing on the landing. "Paul," she shouted. "Paul, the doll is gone."

"I know, I know," he whispered. She ran up the stairs. Paul was standing on the landing. He had the hammer in his hand. But he was white with fear. He was looking straight ahead.

In front of him stood a young girl with long hair. She had a smile on her face. She looked down at the doll in her arms. It had a cracked face and an old green dress.

"She came back for the doll," he said. "She came back for the doll." He looked at Judy. His eyes were opened wide.

Suddenly the girl looked up. "Thank you," she seemed to say. "Thank you and good-bye." Then slowly she went away.



Ghosts Are Braver than People

Wayne Carley



Betsy Morningstar ran down the street. She could hear the thunder. It wasn't raining yet but the clouds were getting bigger and blacker. She wanted to get to her grandfather's store before the rain started. But just as she was going down grandfather's street, down it came. It poured. Betsy ran as fast as she could. She stayed close to the buildings to keep dry. It didn't work. She got soaking wet.

At last she came to grandfather's store. She opened the door and went in. Grandfather wasn't there. "He must be down in the basement," Betsy thought. "I have time to say hello to the ghost." She went over to the old clock and said, "Hello.



It's Betsy."

"I'm not coming out," said the ghost. Betsy was sad. She had found the ghost last week. They had played hide-and-seek. It was wonderful to know a real ghost. She wanted to play again. "Please come out," Betsy said.

"No," said the ghost. "I'm afraid of the storm."

"The storm can't hurt you," said Betsy. "Ghosts aren't supposed to be afraid of anything. Please come out."

"Oh, all right," said the ghost. He flew out of the clock. "Hello, Betsy, it's nice to see you again."

"I came over to play," Betsy said.

"Where is your grandfather?" he asked. "I don't want him to catch me. You haven't told him about me, have you?"

"No, I haven't told anyone about you," said Betsy. She looked around the store. "I think grandfather must be in the basement."

"I wouldn't go down there," said the ghost. "It's too scary."

"No, it's not. I've been down many times," said Betsy. She remembered that she was still wet from the rain. "Look at my hair," she said. "I'd better get a towel."

Betsy went and got a towel. She started to dry her hair. She put the towel over her head and rubbed.



She kept on talking.

"It's silly for a ghost to be scared," she said. "You're supposed to scare people. We must think of a way to make you brave."

"Who are you talking to, Betsy?" said grandfather.

Betsy gave a little cry. "Oh grandfather. I didn't hear you come in." She took the towel off her head and looked around. The ghost was gone. "I was talking to myself," she said.

"I thought only old people talked to themselves," said grandfather. But I see that young people do too." He gave Betsy a comb. "Comb your hair now. I want you to look after the store for me."

"Oh good," said Betsy. She loved to look after the store. She loved to look into dark corners and find all kinds of old things. Today she could play with the ghost. She wouldn't have to worry about grandfather.

"I have to go down into the basement," said grandfather. "Answer the phone if it rings. Call me if anyone comes in." He looked out at the rain. "I don't think too many people will be out this afternoon."

"You go back to the basement," Betsy said. "I'll look after everything. Just then there was a loud noise."

"Are you afraid?" asked grandfather.

"Oh, no," said Betsy. "It's only a storm."

"Good girl," he said. "Storms can't hurt you. But they make a lot of silly people think about silly things like ghosts. I don't understand it. Do you?"

Betsy thought about the ghost in the clock. She laughed. "No I don't understand it grandfather. It's the silliest thing I ever heard of."

"Well, I must get back to work," said her grandfather. "Call me if you need me." He went into the basement.

Betsy ran over to the clock. "You can come out now," she said.

"I'm not going out until you stop the thunder," said the ghost.

"Thunder can't hurt you," said Betsy. "Please come out. We can play all afternoon."

"Well, all right," said the ghost. "But you'll have to stay close to me." He flew out of the clock. "What will we play?" he asked.

"We can play tag," said Betsy.

"No I don't want to," said the ghost.

"We can play hide-and-seek. It was fun last week," Betsy said.

"No, I don't think so," answered the ghost.

"Do you want to play house?"

"No."

"Twenty questions?"

"No."

"I spy with my little eye?"

"No."

"You are feeling bad today," said Betsy. Then she stopped. "Do you know what? I don't even know your name."

"I don't have a name," said the ghost.

"Everybody has a name," answered Betsy.

"Well, a ghost isn't everybody. It doesn't even have a body," said the ghost.

"But even ghosts should have names," Betsy said.

"Let's make that our game for this afternoon," said Betsy. "We can find a name for you. Let's go under our table and think of one."

Betsy crawled under an old table and sat down. But the ghost stayed where he was. "I don't like that game," he said. "I'm not coming under your silly old table. I'm going to stay here."

There was a loud noise. "Eek!" cried the ghost. He flew under the table. He held on to Betsy. "Maybe your game isn't so silly after all," he said.

"It will help take your mind off the storm," said Betsy. "What kind of a name would you like?"

The little ghost thought for a minute. "I should have a good, strong name," he said. "A name like Tiger." Betsy laughed. "What's funny about that?" asked the ghost. "If you laugh at me, Betsy, I'll fly back into the clock. Then you'll have to play by yourself."

"I'm sorry," said Betsy. "But I've never heard of a tiger who was afraid of thunder."

"I'm not afraid of it," he said. "It just makes me jumpy."

"I know," said Betsy. "Storms make a lot of people jumpy."

"There is one name that I would like," he said.



"What is it?" asked Betsy.

"Champ," said the ghost.

"Champ, doesn't seem right for you," said Betsy. "You don't look like a champ. What about a name like Leopold?"

"I don't think I look like a Leopold," he said.

"Maybe you're right," said Betsy. "Would you like a good short name like Bob or Ted or Dick?"

"No," said the ghost. "Don't you like Tiger?"

"It's not beautiful enough for such a beautiful ghost," said Betsy.

The ghost laughed. "Do you really think I'm beautiful?" he asked.

"You are the most beautiful ghost that I have ever seen," said Betsy. And she was telling the truth. After all, he was the only ghost she had ever seen. "A beautiful ghost should have a beautiful name," she said.

"Wait! I've just thought of a very beautiful name."

"What is it? Tell me quick," he said.

"The name is Oliver," said Betsy.

"Oliver," said the ghost to himself. "Oliver. Yet, it is a beautiful name. Do you think I look like an Oliver?"

"Oh yes. You look very much like an Oliver," said Betsy.

"I have to try out my new name," said the ghost. He flew out from under the table. Betsy could hear him talking. "Hello, chair, my name is Oliver. Good afternoon, table, my name is Oliver. Do you like it? It's raining hard today, isn't it clock? Oh, by the way, my name is Oliver."

He flew back under the table. "Yes, I like my name," he said. "Thank you Betsy."

The storm was getting worse. Suddenly the thunder made a loud noise. Lightening flashed around the store. Oliver got closer to Betsy. He began to shake. "Oh Betsy, make it stop. I don't like it," he said.

The noise of the thunder got louder. The rain hit the windows. The wind howled down the street. The lightening made a noise as it flashed across the sky. Even Betsy began to feel afraid. But she had to show Oliver that she wasn't afraid.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," she said. "We're safe here under the table."

Suddenly Oliver was very quiet. "Betsy," he whispered. "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" answered Betsy. "I didn't hear anything."

"It was some kind of a noise," Oliver said. He pointed towards the basement door. "It came from over there," he said.

"You just thought you heard something," said Betsy.

"Shhh! Listen," he whispered.

Betsy sat very still and listened. Clump! It came from behind the basement door.

"Did you hear it that time?" Oliver asked.

"Yes," said Betsy.

"I told you there was a noise," he said. "oh



Betsy, what could it be?"

"I'm sure it's only grandfather," Betsy said.

"But it wasn't coming from the basement. It was coming from the stairs," said Oliver. "It didn't sound like your grandfather. Maybe it's a bogey man!"

"Oh, Oliver, there's no such thing," said Betsy. "But there is a noise. We must see if grandfather is all right. Come on."

"No. You go. I'll wait here for you," said Oliver.

"Oh Oliver, you're afraid," said Betsy.

"I'm not afraid. I just want to think up a new game. You go and see what the noise is. I'll have a new game ready for us to play when you get back."

Clump! They heard the noise again. Crash! The thunder made more noise. There was a flash of lightning. All of the lights in the store went out.

"Betsy, Betsy, where are you? I can't see," cried Oliver.

"It's all right. I'm right here beside you," said Betsy.

"What happened to the lights?" Oliver asked.

"The storm must have done it," said Betsy. "I must get a candle for Grandfather."

"Don't leave me," said Oliver.

"Then come with me," Betsy said. She walked over to her grandfather's desk. She found a candle and some matches. She lit the candle and walked towards the basement door. Oliver stayed close to her. Clump! The noise was close now. Betsy stopped and looked at the door.

"It's right behind the door," said Oliver. "Come on, Betsy, let's hide."

"No," said Betsy. "I have to get this candle to Grandfather. He won't have any light down there. Maybe the wind is making that noise."

She walked towards the door again. Then she stopped. The basement door was beginning to open!



Oliver began to shake. Betsy was scared. She was so scared that she couldn't even run. She just stood there looking at the door.

The door came open. A flash of lightening lit up the store. Betsy saw someone standing in the door. It was a large metal man!

Betsy and Oliver screamed. Betsy started backing away from the door. Oliver flew around the store. He put the candle out. Betsy ran towards the table. Clump! Clump! She heard the metal man coming. She got under the table and put her hands over her eyes. Clump! Clump! She looked between her fingers. She could see his long face. It was all metal! He had no eyes. He only had two black holes for eyes. Two long metal hands reached out for her.

Betsy was frightened. She closed her eyes and said, "Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh."



Suddenly Betsy thought she heard someone calling her name. She looked and listened. Yes. Somebody was calling, "Betsy. Betsy." It was her grandfather's voice! She crawled out the other side of the table and stood up. She could not see her grandfather. The metal man put his hands to his face. He began to lift his face off! Betsy was frightened. All she could do was stand and watch.

The metal man had a black hole for a face now. Grandfather's voice came out of the hole. "Betsy, don't be frightened. It's only me."

Betsy looked closely. She saw her grandfather's face inside the hole. "Grandfather!" she cried. "What are you doing in there?"

She was so happy to see him that she almost cried. She ran to him and put her arms around his cold suit.

"Help me get this off," he said. Betsy helped him take it off. He told her that soldiers used the suit a long time ago. He had put it on to give her a little scare. But the lights went out and made it more scary than he planned. "I'm sorry dear," he said. "I hope I didn't frighten you too much. It was a silly thing for me to do. Are you all right?"

"Oh yes," said Betsy. "I'm fine now, thank you."

She looked at Oliver's clock. It was still shaking a little bit.

"Well, I think I need a cup of tea," said her grandfather. "I'll run next door and get it. Look

after the store Betsy. I won't scare you again."

As soon as grandfather left the store, Betsy went over to the clock. "Are you O.K., Oliver?" she asked.

"Of course I am. Why shouldn't I be?" said Oliver.

"Oh, I thought grandfather might have scared you," said Betsy.

Oliver came out of the clock. "I wasn't scared at all," he said. "I knew it was your grandfather. Ghosts are braver than people."

Crash! The thunder and lightening began again. Oliver flew back into the clock.

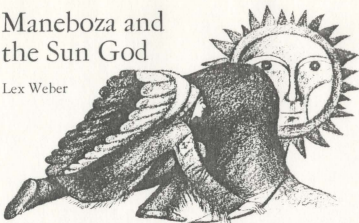
"Call me when the storm is over," he said. "I think I'll stay right here until then."

Betsy laughed. "All right, Oliver, I'll call you," she said. Betsy went to her grandfather's desk. She sat watching for him to come through the storm with his tea.



Maneboza and the Sun God

Lex Weber



Long ago a band of Hurons lived on the shores of a great lake. Large fish swam in the lake and many deer drank from its waters. Each morning the great red Sun God rose from the edge of this lake. It gave light to the houses of the Hurons. Maneboze was the chief of the Hurons.

Maneboza did many great things. The hunters were looking for food for the tribe. A great serpent sent giant waves over the waters of the lake. The waves upset the canoes of the hunters. Maneboza's people were sad. Maneboza hunted this serpent and killed him.

A giant eagle carried many of the bravest hunters to its nest in the mountains. Maneboza killed this eagle with his bow.

Now he sat in his house. He was dressed in soft skins and eagle feathers were on his head. The chiefs of the tribe came to him for help.

The pipe was passed around the circle of chiefs. Then the oldest chief spoke.

"Each night when the Sun God goes to his tepee

the houses of our people are cold and dark. Now the North Wind is visiting our villages. The women and children cry from the cold.

"Oh mighty Maneboza find the Sun God. Then ask him to stay near our houses and drive away the North Wind!"

Maneboza took his bow and arrows and set out across the prairies. He walked toward the mountains where the Sun God had his home.

After many moons he came to a great cave. The Sun God returned to this cave each evening. Maneboza hid behind a large rock. He waited for the Sun God to come home. Then he jumped out and cried, "Come with me to our villages and drive out the North Wind. Even now he is making my people cold!"

Maneboza had on his war paint and eagle feathers. The Sun God saw him and was afraid. He turned and ran deep into his cave. Maneboza ran behind him. Sometimes Maneboza could only see a tiny light as the Sun God ran along the long, dark tunnel. After a while Maneboza began to get closer to the Sun God.

Maneboza was about to catch the Sun God. Then the cave opened onto a tiny island in the middle of a great lake. Maneboza leaped after the god as he was going into the sky. The Sun God pulled himself free. The giant hunter fell back to earth. He had only one flaming feather in his hand.

Maneboza saw that this feather gave off heat and light. He gave it twigs and branches to keep it

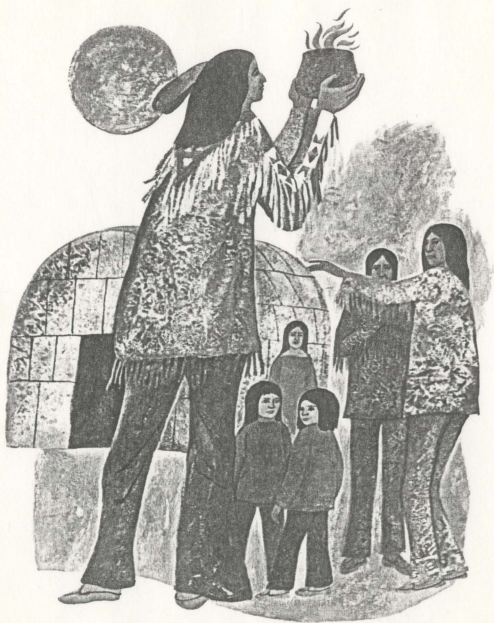
burning. He built a canoe so that he could go back to his people.

He put the fire in a pot and placed it in the bow of his canoe. Then for many days and nights he travelled toward the west.

Finally he came to his village. All the braves ran down to the shore to welcome their great chief. He had set out one way many moons ago. Now he came back the other way. They were surprised.

They all went into the main house. Maneboza brought out the pot. He placed it in the middle of the house. The women and children brought birch bark and wood. Soon a bright fire warmed them.

The mighty Maneboza had brought the fire of the Sun God to his place. And so, from that time on, the houses of the Hurons were warm and bright.



Scotty's Fire

A. L. Flanders



Scotty was a black dog with a long head, short body and fat legs. He was a Scottish terrier, and he was my dog.

But he almost wasn't. My mother didn't want a dog in the house. But the moment I saw Scotty I loved him and wanted him. He wanted me, too. I could tell by the way he ran to me. He licked my hands and face. He jumped up and down. He seemed to be saying, "Take me."

"Can I, please?" I asked my parents.

"No," said my mother.

She wasn't mean but she worked hard to keep our house neat and clean. That wasn't easy in a mining

town. Mothers didn't have many things to help them with their work. That was the summer of 1911.

"Every boy should have a dog," my father said. And since his word was law, Scotty was mine.

But my mother didn't like Scotty. She wasn't mean to him. But the look on her face always seemed to say, "Some day we'll be sorry we have that dog. You wait and see."

I think Scotty knew she didn't like him. He would watch her with his big eyes. He would try to be very good so she would like him. He was very clean. He never gave her any reason to be mad at him. When his paws were dirty, he would wait at the door so he wouldn't get mud on her clean floors. I would have to wipe the mud and dirt off.

"He's trying to please you," I told her.

The look on her face seemed to say, "He'll have to do more than that to please me."

Scotty learned all kinds of tricks. He would do them for her. But she still didn't notice him. It was just like a game. My mother was sure she wasn't going to like Scotty. And he was sure he was going to win her over.

I didn't mind. As long as I could have Scotty, I was happy. We walked around town and found many things to do. Once we went to the circus. It was the most exciting thing we had ever seen. There were elephants and clowns. There was a fat man, a lady



with a beard, and a man with snakes. Scotty watched all of it. Every time he saw something he liked, he would bark. All the people in town came to the circus. Even the Indians, who carried the mail up North, stayed to see it.

Scotty and I often watched the men building something. It seemed they were always building a house, or a store, or an office. Our town was new and many things had to be built. The best building to watch was the new station for the railroad. Sometimes we went into the bush. Scotty would chase rabbits or squirrels. But he never hurt one of them.

One day I heard my mother scream. "What on earth!"

I ran down the stairs to the back door. Scotty! White as a ghost!

"That dog will do anything to get attention," said my mother. She went back to her cooking. I had to take care of Scotty.

I found out that many people in town had been painting. They wanted their new houses and stores to look good. Someone had dropped a bucket of white paint on Scotty. It took me hours to get the paint off. My mother seemed to think he was a dumb dog to let someone drop paint on him.

"Maybe he couldn't help it, Mom," I said.

"You always say he's a smart dog. He doesn't look smart to me." And then she laughed. Scotty didn't like that. He wanted to show that she was wrong.

Tuesday, July 11, 1911 was a hot day. My father was away on a trip. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. My mother was in the kitchen cooking meat for supper. I was in my room reading. Scotty was lying on the floor. Everything was quiet and I was sleepy.

Then Scotty jumped up. He pointed his ears and sniffed.

"What is it, boy?"

Scotty paid no attention. He seemed to know something that I didn't know. All at once he barked. I jumped.

"Hey! Stop that!" I yelled at him. I knew his barking would upset my mother. She was already mad at Scotty. I didn't want her to be more upset with him.

He ran to the hall and barked and barked. They were the loudest barks I had ever heard. I went after him. As soon as he saw me coming he ran down the stairs. He kept on barking.

"Get that dog out of here!" my mother screamed.

I ran into the kitchen. Scotty was barking and running from the door to my mother and back again. My mother was holding the meat in a pan. She was trying to walk across the kitchen to the table with it. Scotty wouldn't let her. Every time she took a step he was under her feet. Then she almost fell. The meat slid off the pan and onto the floor.

My mother screamed. Scotty grabbed the meat and ran out the back door.

"I told you that dog would be trouble," she yelled. She grabbed the broom and ran after Scotty. I ran behind her. I didn't want her to punish Scotty.



Scotty ran down the street with the meat in his mouth. My mother ran behind him with her broom. As I ran I yelled for them to stop. Scotty ran straight down the street to the lake. There he stopped and put the meat down. He looked up at my mother and wagged his tail.

My mother lifted her broom to hit Scotty, then she stopped. We both turned around and looked back. The town was all ablaze.

Fire!

People were running everywhere. The forest was burning. The stores and houses were all on fire. In

a moment our house was gone.

Mother, Scotty and I jumped into the lake. We went out as far as we could. Scotty swam near us as we watched the town burn. The noise was very loud. Most of the buildings were made of wood. They caught fire and blew up.

The people ran as fast as they could. The men helped the women and children and the horses to a safe place. The railway yards burned and several coal cars caught on fire.

Smoke rolled in over the lake and we could hardly breathe. But mother tore pieces of her shirt and we put it over our faces to keep out the smoke. She even tore off a piece for Scotty and held it over his mouth and nose. She knew that Scotty had saved our lives.

**DISTURBING NEWS
FROM THE NORTH,
FIRE SPREADING**

Breaks Out North of Cochrane
Where it Had Not
Been Expected.

MATHESON IS IN DANGER

Relief Not Going to Some Places
Where It Is Needed—Money
Is Asked for.

**COCHRANE, A TO
AND MANY OTH.
BY FURIO**

Porcupine and Pottsville Wiped

We knew we had lost everything we owned in the house. But we were happy to be alive.

In three hours the fire was over.

The town was wiped out. Nobody was killed in the town. But three thousand people had no homes, no clothes, and no food.

A camp that had not caught on fire took many people. The railroad hurried in food and clothing. We slept on beds which were set up in the new station. It was brick and had been saved from the fire.

E, A TOWN OF 2,500, BURNED, NY OTHER PLACES DESTROYED Y FURIOUS NEW ONTARIO FIRE

Pottsville Wiped Off the Map—Seven

TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES

My father rushed back from his trip and found us safe.

"I told you," he said. "Every boy should have a dog."

My mother tried to make up to Scotty. He seemed

to forgive her. She promised him a special piece of meat every Sunday for the rest of his life. He seemed to understand.

But then we heard the bad news and saw how lucky we were. In one town hundreds of people got into boats to get away from the fire. But a storm came up and many of the boats tipped in the wind. Over two hundred people drowned. Many more people were killed.

"What are we going to do?" my mother asked my father. We had lost everything.

Mrs.
Cl

200 TO 500 LIVE

CROWDED LAUNCH UPSET WITH 22 PERSONS IN THE MAD FLIGHT FROM FIRE

EN

Upset Canoes Floating On Every Hand—Fog So Thick
Could Only See a Few Feet—Fire
Porcupine Have Reason

"We'll start over," my father said. "We'll build a new house and have new things. We'll get the business going again but we won't give up."

Help came from all over Canada. In one month 250 buildings were finished. Most of these would only be used until better ones were built. But they gave

our town a new start. Electricity arrived. Cement and brick buildings were built. The town was alive again.

We got our new house. Mother kept her promise. Scotty got his special piece of meat every Sunday. And as she often said, after that fire, "Every boy should have a dog."

S. CITY
in On
ills

**IMMEDIATE AID GIVEN,
FUTURE HELP NEEDED**

Continued from Page One

of the unfortunate inhabitants of the burning area who are sick or injured. of the women and the children, will be brought out in the T. N. O. trains free of the cost of this the women and the children. mentioned in connection with the cost of this the women and the children. mentioned in connection with the cost of this the women and the children. mentioned in connection with the cost of this

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Toronto Relief Fund
Totals \$14,685

