

**THE GOPHER**

by Herbert Mimrichter,  
Age 11, Barthel, Sask.

The gopher dug his little hole  
Right beside the telephone pole  
He dug and dug with his little claws  
They are much smaller than a bear's  
or a dog's.

I tried to catch him but I could not  
He ran so fast—I'm sure he was hot,  
It took him a while to dig his hole,  
Why he almost dug out that tele-  
phone pole!

He has nice matching colors—yellow  
and black,  
And little dark stripes upon his back,  
Then in his hole he was at last  
I watched this fellow until the day  
passed.

Oh! When in the morning—guess  
what I found?  
Not a thing but many holes in the  
ground,  
Where had he gone? This little  
friend  
Could he still be digging, digging,  
without end?

NOTE: The "thing" in the following poem  
turns out to be a salamander. Persons inter-  
ested in salamanders and lizards should ob-  
tain the following publication now available  
upon request: "Check-list of the Amphibians  
and Reptiles of Canada and Alaska" by E. B.  
S. Logier and G. C. Toner, 1955, Contribu-  
tions of the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology  
and Paleontology No. 41.

**THE THING**

By Edward Hennon, age 10,  
Goodwater, Sask.—Prize winner

I was digging one morning  
I think in July  
When I dug up a lizard  
And, "Oh my!" said I.

What is this thing  
With the great big head?  
I really was scared  
And I had to dread  
The thought of holding it  
Near my head.

So I hit it a good one  
With the stick I was holding  
The lizard went squirming  
And a little bit rolling.

I went to the house  
To ask what it was  
And when I came back  
It was, it was,

A little old salamander  
With a great big head,  
And a few little beatings  
And then it was dead.

I shouldn't have done it,  
I know now it was bad,  
To kill just a lizard,  
My gosh what a lad  
I was.

**CROW OBSERVATIONS**

By James Liggett, age 10,  
Moreland, Sask.—Prize winner

One day last summer my friend  
and I spent the afternoon at a small  
grove of trees about a quarter of a  
mile from our house.

The plan for the afternoon was to  
climb a tree and see if there were  
eggs in the crow's nest. After try-  
ing for some time we resolved to  
climb a neighboring tree and then  
swing back to the tree where the  
nest was. After reaching the tree  
we were confronted with the prob-  
lem of getting past a thick growth of  
branches. Finally, bruised and  
scratched, I reached the nest.

In the nest there was a newly

hatched bird and four eggs. We  
watched them and then went home.  
For weeks we watched the bird.  
First the birds got their plumage  
which was rather scraggly, and then  
they got their eyes open. Finally,  
three weeks after the crows were  
hatched, I went over one night and  
found the birds flying, all except  
the oldest one—he had a deformed  
leg.

I took him home where we put  
him in with a lame chicken named  
Charlie. The crow was never really  
named, but we just fell in with  
Blackie. His staple food was bread.