

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.