

SNOW

What shall I say of the down drifting snow
The heart catching wonder of nature's grand show
The sun darting glitter of snowflakes tin bright
The soft falling wonder of snow in the night

The grey writhing starkness of trees brown and bare
The cold crying winds whistling through everywhere
The tall stalwart pine trees that cling through the year
To the green summer colour their branches hold dear

And what may I say of sublime flying snow
That kissers one's cheeks as it drifts warm and slow
That dredges the world in a shimmering white
And makes the world breathless for Christmas tonight?

Camrose Canadian, Wednesday December 22, 1948, p. 6-A

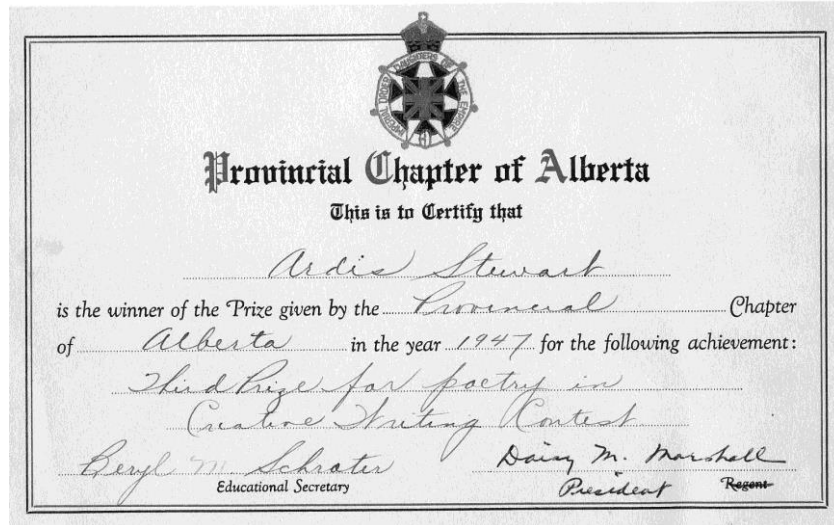
Maligne Canyon

Still I hear the call of the canyon
Where the water thunders by
And foam through stones is the music
Of the canyon's lonely cry

Still I see the foam in the sunlight
The waters scrambling, white.....
Hear the rush of the hidden rivers
Burst out in the starlit night

Down the valley Bonhomme Mountain
Gapes towards the sky
In his shadow the turbulent waters
Slow to everlasting sigh

1944



GEESE

I saw the geese come from afar

I saw them chase a silver star

And try to jump the moon on high

And glide the blue length of the sky

Then as they bathed in the sunset's glow

Heard them mock us, earthbound, here below

They seemed to say, "Oh can't you follow

Over field and hill and hollow

Can't you rise in the laughing breeze

And chase it gaily over trees

Can't you go up in the wild blue sky

And dive way down where the young ones lie

And when gales come riding from the seas

Seek the shelter of kindly trees

Or when it's hot find their friendly shade

And live a wild life free and unafraid

To never stay in the bitter cold

But return back south when the summer's old

We pity you earth-fettered-thing

That cannot swoop, nor soar, nor sing

Oh the young and the strong in line are falling

And they to the others are calling, calling

And it's up and off and away we go

And you, poor earthbound left below".

Camrose Canadian

**BOMBS AND BONDS
FOR VICTORY**

Keep the bombs of victory
Dropping through the night;
Help the bombs of victory
Keep bursting in the fight.

Help the bombs of victory
Keep dropping on Berlin
Let the bombs of victory
Help rid the world of sin.

Keep the Bonds of victory
Freeing enslaved peoples
And let the planes of victory
Keep safe our own church steeples.

You can help the bombs of victory
To burst throughout the night
By buying bonds of victory
To help preserve the right.
—Ardis Stewart, Gr. VIII (John
Russell School).

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Wednesday, May 23, 1944