

MOIRA MOONBEAMS

Happy Day #1

June 30/43

The Weather - To-day's weather reminds us very much of the nice November days. A little bit chilly and a few rain squalls. But what do we care? The roofs don't leak and we've got lots of blankets, so we 'll be alright.

Poem by the newspaper reporter from Cabin 2 -

Advice Fo' Chilluns
Chilluns what leave things lyin' 'round
Will someday find them in the "lost and found".

Financial Page

The bank did a roaring business to-day and in case anyone might be in doubt as to the safeness of the Moira Lake Boys' Camp Bank, we might say that it is as safe as the Bank of England - almost. At the moment of going to press our assets were in the neighbourhood of \$144.00 which seems to the bankers to be a heck of a lot of money for the campers to spend on their stomachs. But, however, they're your Stomaches, so we should worry. Or maybe we should worry, because ~~if~~ those stomachs get sick, we're the ones that have to hand out the castor oil.

Advertising Section

Anyone who has valuables such as wrist watches, diamond tie-pins or glasses may leave them with the banker for safe keeping. They will be returned at the close of Camp or at such times when you are in need of them.

Editorial

Well, to-day is the first day of the 1943 Camp. To the former campers we would like to say a big welcome, and hope that this year may measure up to the good times that you have had in the past. Apparently you have enjoyed camp other years, or you would not have wanted to come back. Since you have been here before, you know the ropes. And since you know the ropes, you can be of great help to the new campers. It is up to you to set a decent example to the new boys, and we sincerely hope that you will set this example.

To the new campers we like to say another even bigger welcome. This is a new experience for you. Some of you have never been away from home before, much less away to a Boys' Camp. Here you will be doing some things for yourself that you have never had to do at home. We know several boys who have never made their own beds at home. Well, here they will have to do that little chore themselves. Likely some of the beds will not be made very well at first, but in a few days, no doubt, we won't be able to find any fault.

You new campers have been looking forward to this holiday for a long time, and it is our sincere wish that it measures up to all your expectations. The members of the staff and all the leaders are going to try to make this the best camping holiday that you have ever had.

Just before supper to-day the editor took a look in each of the cabins and tents on the grounds, to see what he could see. Some of the cabins and tents he found in very tidy order; others were not so good. Outside of two of the residences he found some orange peel. This, of course did not improve the appearance. In one of the cabins, I think it was Cabin #5, we were amazed to find beautiful lace curtains up on the front door. At first we thought we had made a mistake and wandered into a girls' camp, but when we got right inside, lo and behold, we beheld the fair forms of several boys reclining gracefully on their bunks. The influence of those lace curtains must surely have got those boys down, for when I asked them the name of their tribe, the leader, or was it the little chief, replied in a sweet soprano voice, "The Noname Tribe". Oh well, all the other tribes are jealous because they haven't got any fancy curtains on their front door.

We were very glad to hear the remarks that Mr. Joe Shortt made at noon to-day. He gave us some very good bits of advice. If we remember all of his suggestions, I am sure that this year's camp will be a great success.

His announcement about Flight Lieutenant Ted Lewis receiving the Distinguished Flying Medal deserves some comment from the Moira Moonbeams, since we think this is the first former Boys' Camper who has received a medal in this war. One of the things a good camper learns is to be self reliant and we are sure that this asset of self reliance was one of the things which helped Ted Lewis to win the Distinguished Flying Medal. Congratulations.

THINGS WE WONDER ABOUT

We wonder who are the worst shots at target practice.

We wonder who put the gum in Barry Shapiro's bed.

We wonder which Indian tribe made the most noise at mealtimes to-day.

We wonder who was the first boy to have something in the Lost and Found department.

We wonder how many patients Dr. Locke has had to-day. And we wonder how many skeltonshe will be able to take home with him.

We wonder why Bill Holway chose the name Cree for his tribe this Year. (Perhaps he couldn't pronounce the name of the one he had last year - Ojibway)

We wonder which Indian brave of the Cree Tribe has lost his voice already. He said he had a cold, but we are inclined to think that perhaps he yelled too hard in the dining hall to-day.

We wonder which of the Blackfeet tribe got a lap-full of pudding to-night.

-0-

DIRTY WORK AFOOT - by J. Ed. Shortt
(Installment # 1)

Inspector Flint sat down with a sigh and stretched his long legs out in front of his easy chair. The case he had just finished had been a tough one. He had felt at times as if he could get nowhere with it, the clues were so faint and so badly muddled, and all those eager people who were so willing and so anxious to help by passing on tips had led him on so many side tracks and wild goose chases that the criminal had almost got away entirely. It was only through the almost superhuman and courageous efforts of the Inspector, working night and day with very little rest and practically no sleep, that the culprit was finally brought to justice. And to-day Bill Flint had heard the judge pass a life sentence and seen his man taken away to prison.

He had immediately gone to the Chief Inspector and asked for a couple of weeks holidays to rest up, and his request had been granted. And, now after a fine dinner, he was settling himself to an evening before the fire with his pipe and a good book.

"What a treat this is going to be," he said to his wife as he struck a match and applied it to the bowl of the pipe. "Just nothing to do but sit around the house and loaf in the garden for two long weeks." And he puffed a big cloud of smoke towards the ceiling and smiled contentedly. "Humph." Said Mrs. Flint. "A lot of rest you'll get. In about two days you'll be fidgety as the polar bear at the zoo, and you'll go down to the office to be sure that nothing is going on that you don't know about. Rest, indeed, Humph." "Well, my dear, you are wrong this time, nothing could tempt me to stir out of this easy chair right now - and as for going to the office, I won't go near it until my holiday is up - not even if the King of England wants to see me." And he contentedly smoked away at his old briar.

Hardly had he got these words out of his mouth when the telephone rang. Mrs. Flint went to answer it. "Bill", she called, "It's for you". "Just when I get myself comfortable, shucks, why couldn't I sit still for five minutes?" said Inspector Flint as he got slowly out of his chair and went to answer the call.

"Hello. Yes, this is Flint...What's that?...not if it can be helped....no, I'm on a holiday....yes, that's right, for two weeks starting to-night....well, I suppose I could if it's absolutely necessary....very well then."

Coming back into the room where his wife was sitting, he was already putting on his coat and hat, and he said as she looked up..."That was the Chief's office. Something has happened, and they want me to come down right away for a conference. I won't be long, but don't wait up for me if I'm not here when you feel tired." And with that he turned and went out of the house, little knowing that he would not sleep in his own bed for over a week.

(To be continued)

-00-

MOIRA MOONBEAMS

Happy Day # 2

July 1, 1943.

The Weather - Fair and warmer. In fact it was so much fair and warmer that we saw a lot of red noses showing up, including the editor's. And, believe it or not, the strongest thing we had was coffee.

Well, we understand from a reliable authority that everybody slept well last night. In fact everyone slept so well that nobody wanted to get up (?) Oh, I guess I am a little wrong there. I must have been thinking of another camp. No, it was the other way around.

Some of the Indians were so cold last night, that when the sun shot its first ray of light over the Hog's Back, we, in the Administration building heard the patter of childish feet running past the window in the direction of Ottawa. We thought at first that it might be a chipmunk running around, but we were mistaken, for one of the chipmunks said in a hoarse whisper, "He's still asleep." However, far from being asleep, the three of us were wide awake. We tried to get a little more sleep, but the sound of those feet running by the window kept up, till we began to think it must be the Canadian army marching by. Or maybe it was just a lot of taxpayers going to Ottawa to see their particular member of Parliament. Well, anyway after an all-too-short night's sleep, the 7 o'clock whistle finally went. As a matter of fact, we have a little inside information that the whistle actually went 15 minutes ahead of time. Several campers can vouch for this, for at least 4 of them heard Rod's alarm clock go off while we were down brushing our teeth.

Incidentally while speaking of brushing our teeth, some of the Indians got down to the water's edge later than others. One of these latter day ones was heard to remark. "Aw this water is dirty. Somebody must have put disinfectant in it."

There were several things in the Lost and Found department to-day. However, there was one thing which was lost and as yet it has not been found. The owner is very anxious to get this back and so he has inserted the following advertisement at the usual advertising rates: Lost - One perfectly good tenor voice. Finder please return to Doug Vandewater. When last heard was in fairly good condition, but expect by now it would be a little rusty.

LOST - Several hours sleep last night by the occupants of the administration building. Never mind returning them, because it is too late now. But if anybody swipes those hours of sleep from us to-night, believe me there'll be war in the camp.

We would like to congratulate the campers on their behaviour in the dining-hall to-day. We are sure that if Mr. Stackhouse were visiting us to-day, he would notice a great change. That doesn't mean that it is perfect yet, but the improvement is noticeable and we appreciate it. As for that little accident at noon with one of the dishes of rationed meat, we won't say anything. We are quite sure that the boy who dropped it feels very badly and won't do it again.

THINGS WE WONDER ABOUT

We wonder why Roy Richardson keeps standing up in his place in the dining room.

We wonder if Killer Cameron really killed that snake to-day or did he run away.

We wonder which two boys were practising a duet on the verandah this afternoon while

Big Chief, Ed Shortt was telling us about the handling of canoes. They were two rather tough boys we think because they were muttering something about wanting to be G-Men.

We wonder which boys were vaccinated with a talking machine needle.

We wonder who Dopey is.

We wonder who the guys were that were making so much disturbance during Bible Study this morning.

Somebody in Cabin 3 wonders who tied up Chuck's bags to the rafters.

We also wonder who tied Garrow's bags up so high.

We noticed this afternoon that most of the campers were giving close attention to Big Chief Shortt as he told us the right and the wrong way to handle canoes and paddles. Then, of course, the big thrill came when we were allowed to try out our new skill in a real canoe with a leader in the stern. To some of the boys, this was their first trip, and from all we could see, not a single one of them got sea sick. Of course, it wasn't very rough to-day, but maybe some day when the breeze blows from the southwest we'll see what we shall see.

The editor wants to know when somebody is going to come in with a fish. Or if nobody can supply us with a fish, surely someone can at least think of a fish-story for us to print in the paper. We had two or three good ones last year, so get busy.

Congratulations are due to the boys who passed their canoe tests to-day. The aquatic leader tells us that about half of the campers have passed this test already. That is a real good showing for the first full day at camp.

Special congratulations are due to the Siwash tribe for winning the camp's dining hall prize. This award, as you know, is donated by Mr. Stackhouse to the tribe who has the best table manners in the dining hall for the three meals of any one day. Even although the leader of the tribe was away for two of the three meals, the young Indian

braves remembered his advice and acted like real gentlemen. It is up to the rest of the tribes to give them a run for their money.

Moir Moonbeams would like to offer congratulations to Bill McCormick for reaching his 13th birthday to-day.

Sport News

The Leathernecks trimmed the spots off the Commandos this morning in two games of Volley Ball. The scores being 21 to 8, and 21 to 18. In the second of the two games, the Commandos made the Leathernecks work a little harder for their victory, but did not quite succeed in breaking their lead.

The Hawks pulled the feathers off the Vultures in their two games of Volley Ball this morning. The scores were 15 to 7 and 15 to zero. We don't like to see too many zeros in any of the games, but we suppose a few of them are necessary. However, we would suggest that the Vultures work a little harder and get something bigger than a zero even if they lose.

The baseball game between the Cardinals and the Boulders this morning was quite an evenly matched affair. The score was 7 to 6 with the winning run going to the Boulders.

Coming Events

On Saturday evening at approximately 8 p.m. Cabins #1,2,3 and 4 will present an evening of plays around the campfire. There will be no reserved seats, so you had better get there early and avoid the rush.

Late News

Cardinals lost out to the Boulders this evening in two out of 3 games in Volley Ball. The scores were 21 to 19, 21 to 5, and 15 to 10.

Whitewashers were whitewashed by the Typhoon in the late games to-night, the scores being 21 to 18, 0 to 21, and 21 to 16.

Leathernecks killed the Commandos in a death to the finish game of baseball, scores Being 11 to 5.

-0-

DIRTY WORK AFOOT - by J. Ed. Shortt
(Installment 2)

It did not take long for the Inspector to get to Headquarters, where he was met at the front door by an excited officer who showed him immediately into the office of the Chief Inspector.

"Ah, Flint, it's a shame to haul you away from your home so soon, please accept my apologies, but it was necessary, let me assure you, and when you have heard what we have ahead of us, I'm sure you would feel hurt if we had not called you in. Most of these men you know", he continued, waving his hand to include the assembled members of G. I. D., "But let me introduce Mr. Hugh Cranston, head of the explosive division of the Government Research Department, at whose request we are met here."

Introductions completed, the Chief called the meeting to order and outlined the situation as follows.. "Men, this evening right after dinner, Mr. Cranston called at my Club where I had been dining, and asked me if he could speak with me privately. We had a short conversation, and as a result of it, all of you have been called together. You represent the best brains of our service..and believe me, we will need not only brains, but bravery and tireless effort before we have finished what we are about to start."

"To go back to the beginning....All of you are aware that the Explosives Division have been working on a new and deadly explosive, so powerful that a very small quantity of it would do the work of a ton of T.N.T. Well, at last it has been perfected and a test made which has proved it to be even more powerful under actual working conditions than laboratory tests had indicated. This, gentlemen," said the Chief with a smile, "This is the most astounding discovery of our time, and can win the war for us very quickly. "But," and his smile disappeared, "Mr. Cranston has told me that, immediately after the test was made this afternoon, the secret Lab where the experiments have been carried out was blown sky high, and the chemist who had perfected the formula was kidnapped." A look of disbelief was on all the faces in the room. "We have not lost the formula, because Mr. Cranston has had copies of all the experiments safely hidden in a secret place, and they are still in our possession, but it is evident that agents of our enemies are the people who have done this work to-day, and we all know how ruthless they can be, and how tough their methods are by which they force information out of the people whom they capture. Now, our job is to protect Mr. Cranston and the formula which is in his possession, and at the same time to capture the saboteurs before they can get into the hands of the enemy any information about our new explosive."

There was not a man in the room who was not all attention by now, and Flint was sitting rigidly in his seat, taking in every word carefully and recording it in that filing cabinet he had for a mind.

"Flint," said the Chief, "This is a job for you...the apprehending of the saboteurs, I mean....and I am putting you in charge of that end of the work. Select the men you want to have work with you, and get on the trail without any loss of time."

"Thank you, sir," said Flint, "I am honoured indeed. Let me have Harvey, Jones, Cartwright, Fitzsimmons and Grimthorpe to start with...if I need more help, I'll call for it."

"Good," said the Chief, "You have them...and now, take Mr. Cranston to your own office and get organized while we set up the defense system. Call at the business office when you are ready and what money and letters of credit you need will be ready for you.. and good luck, and God Bless you and keep you all safe, for the C.I.D. cannot afford to lose any of you."

(To be continued)

-00-

MOIRA MOONBEAMS

Happy Day # 3

July 2

The Weather - Decidely hot. In fact it was hot enough to-day that nobody was complaining about having cold feet.

Early Morning News.

Promptly at 7 o'clock this morning all the campers assembled outside the huts for setting up exercises. Even though they had a longer night 's sleep than the night before, there still seemed to be a lot of sleepy-heads. The last of the exercises was the push-ups. From a casual glance up and down the line we noticed that some of the campers when they tried the push-ups just deflated like an empty balloon. All that, in spite of the rather windy night we had.

LOST - Several more voices. The owners feel very badly about losing them. If anyone finds them just put them on the piano and we'll hand them back to their rightful owners after the meals.

One of the campers when asked where he lost his voice, replied that he had lost it up on the Volley Ball field. Well, the Volley Ball field isn 't very large, so if you take a good look round you might find that particular voice under one of the blades of grass or near one of the few stones around there.

One of our special reporters brings in the information that some of the boys were seen reading other books rather than the Bible in Bible Study to-day. This is rather desrespectful not only to the leader but also to our Heavenly Father in Whose Name this part of the daily programme we meet.

Our congratulations go to Wes Caverly who did such a good job cleaning up the grounds around the Administration Building this morning.

We noticed that the tone of the piano was rather dull to-day when Uncle Alec was playing. We thought at first that he was not playing so well as usual. But when we took a second look, we discovered that the tone was muffled because there were so many sweaters, knives, tooth-brushes, handkerchiefs, sox etc. on it. And you know who can improve that situation.

We have been wondering if the Iroquois Tribe went to bed last night, or were they on the war path? We rather think that they must have been on the war path all last night. Then, of course, about noon to-day they were feeling rather tired, so they all put on their pyjamas and started to goto bed in their little teepee. Just then the gong went for dinner, so they had to come to the dining room in their pyjamas. Well, anyway we are glad that they staged their pyjama parade this early in camp, for if they didn't those pyjamas might not be s o clean and unwrinkled later on.

We understand that the Anderson boys think that Trenton is a pretty nice town. But however, we have it on good authority that there aren't enough girls there. In fact, girls are so scarce that the two Andersons have the same girl freind. She must be a pretty swell girl, though, because she took the trouble to write to both of them to-day.

THINGS WE WONDER

We wonder which of the leaders was found reading Buck Rogers to-day.

We wonder how many of the Indian Braves were looking for White Lamp Black this morning. We usually keep a large supply of White Lamp Black in the office, but we are just out of it to-day. However, there may be some of it on the grounds somewhere. We wonder which member of the Siwash tribe had no less than 5 articles in the Lost and Found department at noon.

We wonder who swiped all the Elbow Grease that we had in camp when we started.

We wonder what the attraction was in Madoc this afternoon that everybody was so late in getting back. Was it dames?

We wonder who put the gum under the table belonging to the Iroquois Tribe.

We wonder whom we heard snoring last night.

We wonder how many Indians fell asleep around the camp fire last night.

We wonder how much business Dr. Locke is getting these days.

The editors of Moira Moonbeams have been wondering who taught Don Nolan and Mousie Mondeville to wrestle. It looked as though they were murdering each other last night, but when they got through, neither one of them had a bloody nose or a black eye. However, Doug Bone seemed to get a fair pasting from both of them.

Poem by Sage -

Bobby Gray, one fine day,
Joined the Belleville Y.M.C.A.
Later on, the little scamp,
Came out to stay at the "Y" Boys' Camp.

Sports Page -

All of the reports have not been handed in to the reporter on to-day's games. But we heard that the Typhoons swept the wind out of the Cardinals in a 2 out of 3 game series in Volley Ball this morning.

Although the Whitewashers were whitewashed yesterday, they themselves did the whitewashing to-day, for they whitewashed the faces of the Boulders in Volley Ball this morning.

Late Flash -

Hawks picked the necks off the Leathernecks in Volley Ball in a 2 out of 3 game this evening.

Typhoons beat the Whitewashers 7 to 2 in a 4 inning game of baseball to-night.

-0-

DIRTY WORK AFOOT by J. Ed. Shortt. (Installment 3)

By the time the men from the C. I. D. got on the ground where the crime had occurred, it was almost midnight...and the night was so dark that they could hardly see their hands in front of their faces. Nevertheless, no time was to be lost, for already many hours had passed and with each minute, the chance of finding the answer to the mystery grew less.

All the Coast Guard had been notified, and cordons were being drawn around all the railroad stations; the airfields had been checked, and every way that the criminals might escape had been blocked as thoroughly as the many long arms of the law could block them. But no clue had come to light.

During their talk with Mr. Canston, very little had been learned beyond what the Chief had told them in his office. The Laboratory was in the centre of a 20 acre field, protected all round by a barbed wire fence, with an army detachment constantly on patrol day and night. Of course, lots of people knew of the Laboratory, though the knowledge of what was being done there was confined to the chemist and his assistant, both Britishers whose families had been living in England since the days of Queen Elizabeth, who were the only two who were allowed to enter the Lab., and three trusted officials of the War Department, Mr. Cranston and two others. The only hint they had, was that the guards had seen, one night about two weeks before, a man walking along outside the fence, who seemed to be counting to himself as he went along, and making little notes in a book. The guards had questioned him, and on looking into his book, had found that he was writing little verses of poetry in it as he walked, so they let him go. All they could remember about him was that he was a tall, thin man with a small beard, and that he limped as though he had a club foot as he walked. After the explosion, the book was picked up beside the fence by one of the men, and it was now in the possession of Inspector Flint. He had despatched one of his assistants to the address in the front of the book to see what he could find out...but he did not hope to get much out of a wandering poet who wrote such poor verse as this seemed to be.

Inspector Flint established his headquarters in a hotel near the Lab. site and set

There is a little saying which goes something like this, "A woman always has the last word." We think that one of the members of the Iroquois tribe ought to have been born a woman because he always seems to get in the last word. To whom do we refer? Why Chuck Delong of course.

Most of the campers seem to like the music which Uncle Alec played at noon to-day, but apparently it was too much for Bill Holway for about 30 seconds after Uncle Alec sat down Bill fell on the floor, chair and all.

We heard that young George Bongard went swimming this afternoon with his clothes on. At least we saw him walking around with his clothes all wet.

Fashion Page - The fashions in clothes, which are worn by the Indians vary considerably these days. At noon, one of the tribes came dressed as young ladies. We thought that their beautiful towel skirts were rather short, but, of course, we know that it is too hot to wear long skirts anyway. As for Barry Blaind, his skirt was so short that his slip showed all the time. We think he had better get his mother to let the hem out a little bit.

We would like to welcome to our camp to-night a new camper by the name of Glen Blair. He is the brother of Reg. Blair and we hope both of them will have a grand holiday while they are here at the camp.

THINGS WE WONDER ABOUT -

We wonder who had to go down at midnight last night to put out the camp fire with two buckets of water.

We wonder what kind of a horse G.G. Steed is - Race horse, Milk waggon horse, Farm horse, or a Glue Factory horse.

We wonder what kind of spider Bill Williams is. We hope he isn't a black widow spider.

We wonder who put the water on Bill Holway's chair to-night.

We wonder who got the most mail to-day.

We wonder how the junior campers liked their trip to Big Island this afternoon. We didn't hear any complaints so guess they must have had a pretty good time.

We wonder who Chief Scarecrow is.

Advertising Section -

FOUND - One brand new boy in Cabin 5 to-day.

FOUND - A lot of little voices we didn't need, in Bible Study to-day.

We have sold quite a lot of fishing tackle from the Administration Building the last two days, but as yet no one has produced a fish. However, Dick Stackhouse announces that he has worms for sale at the very low rate of 4 for 5¢. This really is a bargain price since it is very difficult to get worms in war time. As you all probably know all the worms have been conscripted to dig air holes in victory gardens this summer. The only reason we can get any worms at all is because some of the new-horn worms this summer hadn't grown their ears yet when the government sent out the message conscripting all the worms. And since they didn't hear the order, those nice fat juicy dew worms just stayed right on people's lawns for someone to catch for us to use in going fishing. Are we ever lucky. No telling what will happen next year though.

Just about 7 o'clock we heard a couple of shots from a rifle right on the camp grounds. We thought at first it was a bunch of parachute troops which had landed and were trying to capture our beautiful camp grounds. But when we looked out of the office window, we couldn't see any airplanes. We thought we saw one blimp, but it turned out to be Dick Stackhouse, so we knew that it couldn't be paratroops.

Then we wondered if those two shots were fired by a bunch of commandos from some nearby country trying to take the camp away from us. But on looking up the Sports Schedule, we discovered that our Commandos were down in the baseball diamond. By now we were just about stumped. We wondered if we just dreamed that we had heard those two shots. But we knew it was not a dream because we could still hear the echoes of the two shots reverberating against the walls of the buildings on the grounds. Then we wondered if somebody was using a revolver to shoot a couple of hawks, but that was no use, for we knew that all the Hawks were down on the baseball diamond, too. Mystery, mystery, mystery.

Just then we saw that old magician, Ed Shortt go by. He was walking in his bare feet, and suddenly he stubbed his big toe against a rock, and instead of saying, "Ouch" he said, "Oh Shoot". And very obligingly out of the thin air a revolver appeared and went BANG. Right then he stubbed the big toe on his other foot and, of course, he said "Oh Shoot", again. And, of course, a revolver appeared a second time and obligingly went BANG. Believe it or not..

To-morrow is visitors day and we hope that the camp grounds will look tidy and clean when our mothers and fathers and other friends come into camp. We notice that some of the cabins have made a great improvement in front of their cabins. We hope that the inside of these cabins looks as neat and tidy as the outside.

We did notice this evening that the recreation room is VERY VERY VERY untidy. We hope that some of the campers will see that this is cleaned up before our visitors arrive to-morrow, since sometimes visitors will take their little picnic lunch and eat in there. But if they saw it in the condition that it is right now, they certainly would not feel very hungry.

-0-

DIRTY WORK AFOOT - by J. Ed. Shortt.
(Installment 4)

"Can you loan me a telephone directory, please?" Inspector Flint asked the clerk at the desk of the hotel, and being handed it he hurriedly looked up an address and called for a taxi. "Drive me to 77 Chester Place quickly," he told the cabby as he climbed in and settled himself in the seat.

77 Chester Place was a large apartment house, and when Flint got there, he looked along the list of tenants until he found the name he wanted, then he pressed the elevator button and when the car came to his floor, he asked the operator who wore a hat with the words 'Janitor' on it, whether he could tell him if Mr. James Wilson was at home. The janitor was surprised that he enquired, for the hour was 4 in the morning, but he answered that Mr. Wilson and his wife had gone away three weeks ago on a short vacation, but that he expected him back the next day. Thanking him, Flint went out again to his taxi, and back to his hotel.

"I was right," he said to himself, "That was the only way it could be done. Now to get a description of Wilson..I'd better get in touch with Cranston at once..Driver, could you drive me to London at once? It is a matter of greatest importance."

Dawn was breaking when Inspector Flint walked up to the palatial apartment house which housed the temporary quarters of Mr. Cranston and his fellow officials. Giving the password to the guard at the door..dressed in the uniform of a doorman and showing his identification card, he was admitted to the foyer from which he was quickly whisked in the speedy express elevator to the seventeenth floor. Knocking at the door which looked as though it was a closet entrance, he was quietly admitted to an apartment literally filled with plain-clothes men who were taking turns at mounting guard over the various entrances and exits and the apartment itself. This was an apartment which was used by the G.I.D. whenever they had some important witness to keep free from harm or some person whose life might be endangered by being left at large, and it was here that Mr. Cranston was hiding out in safety while the men under Inspector Flint tried to trace the saboteurs who had blown up the laboratory and kidnapped the inventor.

"Good morning Inspector," said a red faced constable who looked very uncomfortable in his civilian clothes. "You are abroad early this morning. What can we do for you?"

"I want to see Cranston. Which room is he sleeping in?" and following the pointing finger of the constable, Flint entered a room and walked over to the bed and started shaking the figure lying in it. Getting no response, he shook harder and the head of the figure rolled idly to one side revealing a face set in a grim agony. "No. No." said Flint, it can't be." And yet there was no doubt about it. Cranston was dead. "Cold as a kippered herring," muttered Inspector Flint. But how could it happen here? We had as fine a group of men guarding him as ever took care of the King, but look at him. Now I can't get the information I want from him. I wonder who I can get it from?" And with this he came out of the room and called one of the guards to one side and told him to call the Chief and inform him of the presence of the corpse.

Inspector Flint sat down in one of the easy chairs that furnished the room and lit his pipe. His hat slid to the back of his head and off to the floor but he paid no attention to it, so engrossed was he in his thoughts. He sat there and puffed hard on his pipe, as if he might get inspiration from it. This was a hard blow to have to take. He had counted on getting some information from Mr. Cranston which was important to the course his schemes were running. And here was Cranston...dead...and what that might mean he did not want to even try to guess. He'd leave that to the Chief when he got on the job..he'd make a tidy go of it alright...But the information he wanted...how was he to get it? Of course he could wait until nine o'clock when the government offices would be open...but that was hours away yet and time was slipping by as if it were on greased skids down the side of a steep mountain. Flint was just about to apply another match to his pipe, which had gone out on him, when he jumped to his feet and slapping his hat on his head walked into one of the other bedrooms of the apartment. "I must be slipping," he said to himself. "Cranston's right hand man would know the answers just as well as he would, and he is sleeping here too...My, my, I've been foolishly wasting precious time. I must be getting old...first thing you know they'll be giving me a

MOIRA MOONBEAMS

Happy Day #7

July 6/43.

The Weather - Aren't we lucky to be having such grand weather? To-day we not only had the sun but also a grand breeze to ruffle up the water.

We have discovered a new kind of sickness. Big Chief Ed told us about it this morning. It is called morning sickness. Several of the campers seem to be suffering from it. It would be too bad if there was an epidemic of it, so if you see any signs of it be sure to let us know, then we can isolate the sick one early enough to keep the disease from spreading. These are the symptoms to watch for: the victim of this disease on awakening in the morning feels very drowsy. His upper eyelids cling very closely to his lower lids; his mouth opens and shuts and tremendous yawns form themselves; every movement is very slow and is accompanied by various grunts and groans of discomfort; the victim's hair usually appears to be ruffled and he shivers slightly from time to time. So if you have any of those symptoms be sure to let Dr. Locke know at once and if the disease is caught in time it can be cured with a liberal dose of castor oil. However, if the disease is allowed to go on for a number of days, it might become serious and then the cure is more drastic. It sometimes takes two and three tablespoons of castor oil to effect a cure when the disease has gone this far.

Were we ever surprised at noon to-day when soon after beginning our dinner, an Indian walked in wearing a long feathered head-dress and strings of beads trimmed with bears' claws. He made such an impression on all the campers that even though they were pretty hungry they forgot to eat anything for about five minutes. As for that stick that the beavers had gnawed, we are not quite sure where it is now, but we can imagine that one of the braves has managed to secrete it somewhere to take home as a souvenir.

Most of us knew that Big Chief Ed Shortt was a pretty clever guy. We know that he can swim, he can dive, he can play all the games that we know of, he can sing, he can write poetry, he can write mystery stories, and he can do a lot of other clever things that we haven't heard about. But to-day he blossomed forth in a field of activity that we had been quite sure he knew nothing at all about. But we were wrong. He did know something about it after all. He blossomed forth as a tonsorial artist. In case you don't know what a tonsorial artist is, it is a barber. Just after swim period this afternoon one of the leaders sat down very meekly on a bench outside the administration building and Ed got to work. The poor guy didn't even have a sheet put around him to keep the hair from falling down his neck, but however, he had to take it. The crowd grew thicker and thicker. Some of them even offered to help Ed do the job. And so the curly locks fell slowly down into the grass. First a nice brown curl would fall down on the right side, then a couple of curls would fall down on the left side, then a nice spit curl would roll down the victim's nose and drop into his lap. Just then another leader came along with his tomahawk with a wicked gleam in his eye, and proceeded to take off the scalp of the unfortunate victim. By this time everybody had made all the suggestions they could think of. Big Chief Ed however, seemed to think that none of them was good enough so he just went on cutting, cutting, cutting, and then the supper bell rang and the audience melted away like butter on a hot frying pan. At last, into the dining room the leader made his triumphal entry, looking more beautiful than ever before. Perhaps we had better call him Glamour Boy Cameron from now on and as for Ed, he can apply for a license to be a barber any day now. We can all testify that he did a swell job on Sliver. The only thing we want to know is - how much does Ed charge for a job like that.

THINGS WE WONDER ABOUT

We wonder which of the three members of the Administration Building went in for his morning dip with his glasses on this morning.

We wonder who broke the screening on the door of Cabin 3.

We wonder which of the Indians in the Noname tribe caught some fish to-day. And we wonder how he enjoyed them for his supper to-night.

We wonder who Butinski is.

We wonder Uncle Alec's camera broke this morning when he took our picture.

We wonder how the aim of the Indians is, now that they have all become members of the peerrage.

We wonder what sort of animal that was this morning that was crawling along the ridge of the roof of the dining hall.

We have received the official names of another of the tribes to-day. Here they are:

The Blackfeet Tribe

Big Chief Thunderbolt - - - Bill Gilbert

When he got there, Harvey was sitting at the table waiting for him. Harvey had been carrying on his on his investigations around the site of the laboratory purely as a matter of routine, but he had something to report. "Inspector" he said, "You are right about it being possible to pick up messages off the wire fence around the lab. yard. I have found the wire which ran through the ground from the lab. to the fence and Dick and I tried it with a little portable set and the reception was perfect when we used an umbrella to run along against the wire as we walked."

"Aha," said Flint, "So I was right. I wonder how nearly right I am on some other things?"

"Harvey," he continued, "Cartwright has been killed. I have been shot at. This is a dangerous piece of work but I would like you to take over where Cartwright left off." And the Inspector outlined the work Cartwright had been doing, told him what had been accomplished, gave him the description as far as possible for the men he was to try to find, and sent him out again on the job.

Harvey was hardly out of the room when Grimthorpe walked in. Perhaps we should say rolled in for he had spent many years as a seaman on sailing ships and had sailed the coastal waters of England with the section of the C.I.D. who act as preventatives for smuggling until a couple of years ago when he had been promoted and attached to headquarters. "Grim, old man, you're just the fellow I wanted to see. Can you tell me of a little bay where the tidewater floods a grassy plain and creeps 24 feet up the side of a cliff to within twenty feet of the top? I imagine there is some very clearly defined mark which would guide local fishermen part way up the cliff which is not visible at high tide and which is replaced by some other mark when the water is high. I believe there must be some such cove on the south coast, perhaps near Devon...or maybe in Cornwall. Do you know of one?"

Grimthorpe sat down and pushed his hat back from his forehead. "Well," he said, "I'm not quite sure right off hand but I believe there are about five places where there is a cliff about that height and about that rise of tide at times but before I would make a definite statement, I would want to have a chance to consult the Admiralty maps and some tide tables."

"Get on your way then men, get to London as fast as you can go and get back here with the information. If you find such a place get an airplane to bring you back and arrange for it to stay with us for a few days. Good luck...and hurry." And Grimthorpe went out.

Flint sat down and took out his pipe. As he struck a match to light it, he glanced into the mirror over the fireplace and he saw the door into the corridor opening silently and slowly.

(To be continued)

-00-

MOIRA MOONBEAMS (Military Edition)

Happy Day #8

July 7/43.

The Weather: The weather is a military secret to-day so we are not allowed to say anything about it. All we can say is that yesterday was a swell day and that we enjoyed to-day better than yesterday, so you can draw your own conclusions as what the weather was to-day.

This morning at setting up exercises, the camp had a very different appearance. Instead of the usual listless lack of enthusiasm, the various tribes came marching out in military formation. Most of the tribes got into position very well but at flag raising we noticed that the Sioux tribe got their right and left wheels mixed and for a while we thought that they were going to march right into one of the tents, but Captain Cameron finally said, "Halt" just in time to save the situation, so all was well. A little later the tribes marched in much better formation to the dining hall although as they passed Major Cameron we saw some pretty moth-eaten salutes.

After breakfast Colonel Shortt introduced the members of his staff, namely, Lieutenant Colonel Gordon and Major Cameron. Then he announced that each leader of the tribes would be known as Captain for the day. Each private was expected to salute his superiors. Various other rules for the day were explained, most of which were broken at various times during the day.

However, it was real fun to be on a military basis for one of the days in camp.

This afternoon the big event, of course, was the war games. The three defending tribes wondered if they would be a match for the five attacking tribes, but when the signal for attack came, the strategy of the defenders seemed to be pretty well complete and the fun was on. Some of the warriors seemed to lack much experience and were soon captured or killed. We thought the bigger and tougher the soldier the better he was in

battle but this afternoon it seemed to be the other way around for it was about the two smallest guys on the defensive army who were the last to be captured. We refer to Don Dolan and Bill Anderson. We have not had any official report from the umpires of the battle but two of the editors kept an eye open for the various developments. The naval battle seemed to be quite exciting. The various boats tried to capture the diving tower early in the attack yet in spite of starting early to capture it, it was not captured until the very last minute with Dolan and Bill Anderson showing conspicuous bravery in the face of a long and sustained attack from numerous directions. A number of soldiers and especially sailors lost their ammunition to the fishes so they likely won't be able to dry themselves for the duration of the camp unless they have an extra towel in their kit bag.

One result of the war games was the discovery of a cache of stolen goods. These goods were stolen from the Boys' Camp some time last winter. The cache included several kitchen pots and dishes and one good shovel. This was a welcome find and we thank the boys for telling us about it and later bringing back the things to the camp.

The camp historian did some more research work this afternoon into the background of the Indian tribes represented here this year. This time he looked up the origin of the Iroquois tribe.

Many years ago in the southern part of the state of New York, by the shores of Lake Iskibiskiwiskichoo, there was a tribe of Indians which was very very war-like. Frequently they went on raiding parties amongst their neighbouring tribes and always came back with a number of scalps. They would creep stealthily through the woods without making a sound. Not even an old stick on the path could be heard to crack. Then, at last, when they were just withing sight of the camp of the tribe which they were about to attack they would all give their war cry.

Now their war cry was the cry of a night bird and it went something like this, "Quaw, quaw, quaw" Then with this call of the bird ringing from one Indian to another they would descend on their unsuspecting neighbours and bring back two or three scalps. These other tribes would be sleeping peacefully in their wigwams when all of a sudden they would hear that eerie call, "Quaw, quaw, quaw." That call would send chills of terror down the backs of those tribes and they became to litterally dread the sound. And so the neighbouring tribes always referred to that war-like tribe as the Tribe of the Eerie Quaw.

Years later when the French people came to live in that part of North America they heard the tribes refer to this war-like tribe as The Tribe of the Eerie Quaw, so they naturally thought that was their name and since the Indians had no written language, the French did not know how to spell that name so they spelled it the way it sounded to them which was Iroquois.

THINGS WE WONDER ABOUT

We wonder why Benny Legate was sitting on the roof of the Recreation building to-night. Didn't he know that the war was over as far as our camp was concerned?

We wonder how many soldiers had morning sickness this morning.

We wonder if any of those same boys will have morning sickness to-morrow morning.

We wonder if those same boys enjoyed their castor oil.

We wonder if Roy Browning is thinking of becoming a professional boxer when he gets older.

We wonder how many boys got boxes from home and what was in them.

We wonder how many of the soldiers in Cabin 3 had to have their mouths washed out with soap to-day.

We wonder who upset Garrow's canoe.

We wonder who locked Colonel Shortt in his office yesterday.

We wonder if Captain Evans has taught anyone how to swim yet.

We wonder if he knows how to swim himself.

LOST - Ralph Neal's fishing tackle.

FOUND - Several uncombed heads of hair this morning.

We have received the official names of another tribe to-day. It is the Siwash Tribe this time.

Chief Running Wolfe - - - - -	John Milton Locke
Little Chief Thunder Cloud- - -	Bill Anderson
Medicine Man Deseronto- - - -	Ducky Claus
Brave Tomahawk- - - - -	Bill Jackson
Minnie Haha - - - - -	Lloyd Pigden
Little Daisy- - - - -	Harry Davis
Little Shortsmile.- - - - -	Don Dafoe
Little Skinflint- - - - -	John Dafoe
Little Silkshirt- - - - -	Terry McCormick

Eating Brave - - - - - Wes Caverly

Poem dedicated to one of the members of the Siwash Tribe:
 ... little chief that I did

There was a little chief that I did meet;
His name was little, short and sweet.
But because he talks so big and loud,
He changed his name to Thunder Cloud.

We were quite surprised to find a young lady sitting in the dining room to-day at noon. Boy was she a pip. And wasn't that a cute little hat she was wearing. We wonder if they were real water lilies.

We understand that there was a funeral this evening down by the cove. The corpse looked rather bloated and the large number of mourners cried and sobbed at losing such a dear friend. However, Jack Luscombe managed the crowd very nicely until Wes Caverly jabbed his knife through the cow's stomach. And then - - well - - confidentially, it stank. And with that we will close the story of the dead cow.

Sports Page

Sports Page
Whitewashers smear the faces of the Boulders in Volley Ball this morning in two games, the scores of which were 21 to 13 and 21 to 10.

The Commandos sneaked up on the Hawks and pulled their tail feathers out at baseball this morning in a score of 16 to 5.

Typhoon blow the wind out of the Cardinals this morning in a 2 out of 3 games, the scores being 21 to 4, 12 to 21 and 15 to 13

The Hawks picked the necks of the Leathernecks to-night in two games of Volley Ball, the scores being 15 to 6 and 15 to 7.

The baseball game between the Whitewashers and the Cardinals came out this way; the Whitewashers got three runs and the rest of the runs went to the old cow.

[illegible]

DIRTY WORK AFOOT by J. Ed Shortt
(Installment 8)

Slowly, without a sound, the door swung on its well-oiled hinges. Farther and farther it opened, and without moving, Inspector Flint gazed into the mirror and lighted his pipe as though nothing was happening. This was one of the secrets of his success. No matter what happened, he never lost his head..and he always tried to act normally no matter how exciting the situation might become. So he sat there, his brain keen, his eyes glued to the mirror, his nerves steady, yet poised and alert as a panther who is about to spring on an unsuspecting prey. As the smoke drifted up from his well drawing pipe, Inspector Flint threw away the match, and with the same movement dropped his hand toward the pocket in which his trusty automatic snuggled warmly against his body, yet he did not change his position nor take his eyes off the mirror.

Slowly..so slowly in fact that it was hard to believe that it was moving at all... the door swung farther and farther open. Inspector Flint still stood with his back to the door.

the door.

Finally the door opened far enough to admit a man's body, and Flint whirled with the speed of a falcon whipped his gun from his pocket, levelled it at the door and cried, "Reach for the ceiling, I have you covered." And with the toe of his boot he reached for the edge of the door and pulled it open wide. There in front of him stood.. a small black cat.

Flint sat down in his chair. As he

Inspector Flint laughed out loud with relief and sat down in his chair. As he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, he said to himself, "Phew. That was a funny one. I surely got all excited for nothing and he burst again into a hearty laugh which was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. He sat back to listen as from the

which was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. "Flint speaking," he called into it, and then he sat back to listen as from the other end of the line, in hushed and guarded tones came this report "Hello Inspector... following your instructions I proceeded to the address given and proceeded to reconnoitre. From the point of vantage in a house across the way, in which I had taken a room, I saw the person who had been described drive up in a small car, and go into the house. Shortly after, I saw him come out again carrying a valise, and following him was a tall thin man with a club foot, whose face was swathed in bandages. They got in the car and drove away. But I saw what was coming and hung on to the spare wheel and when the car went, I was with it. Just now the two have gone into a tea shop for a bite, and I got to the phone to advise you. We are at the village of Cushing on the road to Plymouth. Now listen.. If we turn off the road, I'll drop a red handkerchief into the grass by the side of the road to point the direction we take. I have about a dozen of them here, and I've picked up a car of my own to follow them in. I'm afraid I'll get jolted off

the back end of the car they have. Here they come out of the shop, so I'll have to let it...I'll phone through as soon as I get a chance to do so."

"Well," said Flint, "Things are beginning to move, and we are getting hot. I wonder if I had better go after Harvey myself or send Fitzsimmons. I guess I'll send Fitz. It might be better if I were here for further reports. Besides, I'll be hearing from Grimthorpe any time within the next 24 hours, and the Chief may be calling. Fitz is a pretty good man, and if it comes to fighting..he's the best of the lot." And so, Fitzsimmons was sent to follow Harvey's trail.

As Harvey followed the green car out of the little village of Cushing he sang a little ditty to himself. This was his big chance. He had been on the C.I.B. for several years, and while he had helped with a number of cases, and proved himself a valuable man, to have around when there was dirty work afoot, at the same time, he had always worked as assistant to someone else. He had had a good break when Inspector Flint had chosen him to help on this case. To be chosen by Flint meant that you were getting to the point where you were pretty good. And the, while he had liked Cartwright, it had been a big break for him when Cartwright had been killed and he had been placed in Cartwright's place. This again was a mark of high honour, for everyone knew that Flint had considered the dead man just about the brainiest investigator on the force. If he could only manage to cop this case off on his own he would be happy. It would mean at least a lieutenantancy for him, and that would mean a little house out in the country for Martha and the three little Harveys who were growing so fast. And so he hummed and sang and sometimes whistled to express his feeling.

Everything worked out smoothly for a while; the green car spun along the road at a good speed. It was a main highway, and in spite of rationing of petrol, there was a lot of traffic, and he had no difficulty keeping the saboteurs in sight, or at least what he thought were the saboteurs..and still not make it apparent that he was following them. Rapidly the miles rolled off, and it seemed no time until the little green car turned off the main highway onto a quiet country lane, rich with grassy walks down the sides and with giant elm trees that met overhead. Harvey got out of his car long enough to put one of his red handkerchiefs to show the way, then started after the runaways again.

Two or three miles along this road he went, trying to make it look as if he were not following the other car, when suddenly, as he rounded a bend, the other car was no longer in sight. As he slowed down to figure out his course, a cold circle pressed against the back of his neck and a deep voice said, "O.K. Buddy, turn in at the next drive to the left, and don't try anything funny, because I've got you covered!"

(To be continued)

-00-

MOIRA MOONBEAMS
(Special Junior Edition)

Happy Day # 9

July 8

The Weather - All we can say is this, that anybody who would want to be in town on a hot day like this would be absolutely crazy.

The heat must have got into some of the campers to-day, for at Bible Study there was such a disturbance from some of the audience, that The Big Cheese had to declare a Feel Day. Some of the boys know exactly what a Feel Day is, much to their sorrow. The rest of us don't want to participate in a Feel Day. We think it is better to be Good boys, and not feel anything.

Nursery Rhymes for our very young readers.....

1. Woof, Woof, brown bear,
Have you any fur?
Yes sir; yes sir;
At ninety dollars per.
It will make a warm rug
To lay upon the floor,
Or 'twill make an overcoat
If you are very poor.
2. Dopey, Dopey sat on a wall
Dopey, Dopey had a great fall.
All of the Indians of the Ojibway Tribe
Couldn't keep little Dopey alive.

Last night most of the campers had a new experience - that of sleeping out under the stars. All the seniors slept under the stars a way up the river beyond the upper lake somewhere. We, who remained on the camp site also had the chance of sleeping under the stars, too. There were not enough of the little cots to go round, so about nine of the juniors had to sleep in their tents or cabins. The night was just about the best it could be for such an occasion, and everyone seemed to enjoy the change, even to the two George's who kept the fire going all night so that the little juniors wouldn't be afraid of the Bogey Man.

We heard by the grapevine telegraph company that some of the seniors woke up very early, and as a result, most of them looked sort of half-asleep at noon to-day.

As for the juniors, the editors were awakened with a very peculiar sound coming from the direction of the camp fire. It sounded suspiciously like pillow-fights going on. But of course, we must have been mistaken, because we are quite sure that they were all asleep at that early hour. (Or were they?)

We have now received the official names of the members of the Mohawk Tribe. Here they are:

Chief Evening Star	- Ron Walmsley
Fleet Foot	- - - - Roy Richardson
Hiawatha	- - - - Morris Burke
Silver Foot	- - - - Dana Cooke
Hoot Owl	- - - - Bob Taylor
Little Deer	- - - - Barry Blaind
Lightning	- - - - Doug Walmsley
Raindrop	- - - - Harry Kemp
Little Beaver	- - - - Cecil Anderson
Silver Eagle	- - - - Harry Abbott
Little Bear	- - - - Bob Gray

We were glad to welcome Mr. Joe Shortt at dinner time to-day. He always has something interesting to say. We were also particularly pleased to see Mr. Lorne MacDougall with him. Mr. MacDougall has spent a lot of time working for the Y.M.C.A. and for the boys of Belleville. Visitors such as he are always welcome to our camp.

There are nine windows in the administration building, all of which are open. Sometimes when things are quiet here, which isn't very often, we hear some funny things as the boys go wandering by. You might be interested in hearing what the editors have heard from time to time.

To-day we understand a fish was caught, and as is the custom of some fish, the pesky thing swallowed the bait a long way down inside its insides. Well, soon after the fish was caught, this is what we heard just outside one of the nine windows:- "Well I don't care if it is your fish. It's My hook and I want it."

A few nights ago we had an Annanias night, at which we were supposed to tell the biggest lie we could. Since then we have heard some whoppers. Here are some we have heard:

1. Somebody pushed me in.
2. I didn't know I was supposed to wash the dishes.
3. I thought it didn't belong to anybody.
4. I didn't hear the bell.
5. I didn't go in for my morning dip because I had a cold.

THINGS WE WONDER ABOUT:

We wonder if the seniors had a good sleep last night.

We wonder how many wolves Vandewater fought off last night on the overnight hike.

We wonder which wolf threw the can or rock that bounced off Bill Gilbert's head.

We wonder which chief had his mouth washed out with soap to-night.

We wonder which are the two leaders who have the strength of ten and the appetite of 20.

We wonder who Mr. Lost and Found is this year.

We wonder who was the brave junior who was elected by a unanimous vote to raise the flag this morning.

We wonder which of the twams has already won the Volley Ball championship. (White-washers).

We wonder which of the scavengers said he was bitten by a snake this afternoon.

We wonder how old that great big snapping turtle was, which one of the Siwash tribe caught this afternoon.

We wonder how many of the campers had ever washed dishes before they came to the Boys' Camp.

Poem dedicated to Cecil Anderson. (Author unknown).

Little Beaver was his name

He tried to eat his way to fame.

DIRTY WORK AFOOT by Ed. Shortt
(Installment 9)

To say that Harvey was surprised to feel the muzzle of the revolver on his neck is putting it mildly. He was amazed for he was quite sure that he had no one in the car with him when he started out from Cushing and he had not stopped except for the second when he had thrown out the handkerchief...but there was no mistaking, the feel of that gun...someone was in the car with him.

Meanwhile, Fitzsimmons was speeding merrily on his way toward the side road where Harvey got into trouble. He was a great hulk of a man, six feet five inches in his stocking foot, weighed two hundred and forty seven pounds and was solid muscle from toe to head. He had been something of a boxer when he was a little younger and had won the British amateur heavyweight championship. He was a happy-go-lucky carefree sort of fellow who loved nothing better than to have to come to hand to hand fighting with the criminals he went after. He had been a member of the C.I.D. for some time now and enjoyed his work thoroughly. He was clever enough in his way, although not brilliant, and as handy a man to have around when the going was heavy as there was on the staff.

Fitzsimmons got back into his car and followed the tracks. So long as the road was dusty and smooth this was easy but after a time it became rough and ran over patches of rock...and these patches of rock had a bad way of turning up just every time there was a turnoff or a cross road and he had to take time to hunt the roads at the edges of the rocky bits for wheel tracks before continuing. This slowed him up a lot but it was the only way it could be done, so he kept at it.

bring. He was comfortably settled in a little depression filled with bracken and sheltered from view by a scrubby row of gorse bushes. The only trouble was that he did not dare smoke for fear of giving his position away. He busied himself setting up his portable radio set so that he could get in touch with headquarters as soon as he managed to have anything to report and still he managed to keep his eyes on the buildings in the clearing. Beyond the buildings he could see the ocean so he was fairly sure he must be someplace near what they were after, but where he was he didn't know for the road had twisted and turned so much since he had left the highway that he didn't have the slightest notion at what point along the deeply dented coastline he might be.

He had not long to wait for some action. Just as the sun was setting, a figure came out of the house and made its way across to the barn carrying what looked like a tray. He fumbled for a key, unlocked a door and went in. A short time later he returned to the house, locking the barn door after him. After about half an hour he came back and took the tray back to the house. Then lights began to burn in various parts of the house as darkness settled in.

Slowly, cautiously making use of every bit of cover he could find, Fitz made his way across the open space until he was alongside the barn, but on the opposite side to the house so that he could not be seen. It was a long chance but he felt that perhaps Harvey might be a prisoner in the barn. Think as he would, he could arrive at no other explanation of Harvey's disappearance... Yet, it might be some other answer entirely and he might be sticking his head into some real trouble. Yet he simply had to know... so, slowly, quietly, he inched his way along the wall listening for any movement there might be on the inside. What was that? Surely it sounded like a slight slipping movement... yet it seemed to come not from inside the barn but from behind him. Turning quickly, he saw behind him one of the biggest men he had ever confronted, arm upraised over his head, sharp knife in hand, poised, ready to strike.

(To be continued)

-00-

MOIRA MOONBEAMS

Happy Day #11

July 10

The Weather: The dictionary does not contain the proper adjectives to describe the weather to-day. We thought that yesterday was hot but we were wrong, it was positively cold compared with to-day. In the editorial office the thermometer stood at an even ninety degrees and that, we think is rather warm.

As you are all well aware, the whole camp went on an out-trip to-day; the strong, husky men called seniors did the walking and the weak, brittle, soft little juniors went in the boats. This lake is quite a good size and it would take a long time to explore all of it but to-day we have seen more of it than any time up to now. The seniors said that they discovered two or three springs along the south shore and although they didn't say so, we imagine they sampled them.

The only fly in the ointment that we could see was that the trip got off without taking much of the food. After the camp had all disappeared in the boats or on their feet, the editors found four big boxes of food on the floor of the dining hall. We thought at first that we would let you all starve to death but after a while we began to feel sorry for you and piled the stuff in Ed's canoe and started down the lake to bring it to you in time for your dinner. However, when we were about even with the Hog's Back, we saw the flash of paddles on the distant horizon so we figured the food had been missed and a search party was sent out to find it. On looking closer we could see three paddles dipping into the water from the other canoe. Boy oh boy, you must have been hungry to send three leaders to get the food. Boy, were they paddling fast. They paddled so fast that the spray flew out from the prow of the canoe so high that it swamped some old man fishing for mudcats just west of the island.

At last we got even with them and drew alongside. When we asked them where they were going, they told us that they had forgotten one of the boxes of food so they thought they would paddle back for it. ONE BOX - IMAGINE--ONE BOX. And we had no less than four boxes of food which had been left behind. Just think gang, if you had been left to the mercy of your leaders you would only have had about half as much food as was prepared for you. Ah well, it's a good thing the editors love you, so you got your full lunch after all.

Our bathing beauty contest last night was a fair success. Some of the tribes were slow in getting their entrees in and so forfeited their chance of getting the prize. However, the young ladies (?) who did turn up looked very coy in their rather daring bathing suits.

Miss Dolly Soule was the first to appear and looked very chic in her snug little suit. Her sleek form captivated the entire audience.

Miss Wilhelmine Muirhead was the next to appear and several of the young men in the audience were heard to whistle softly under their breath and one of them, we think it was Don Dolan asked her if she was dated up for to-night.

Miss Cuddly O'Flynn, who was Miss Boys' Camp of 1942 was the next to appear. She was a great favourite last year and judging from the applause, she has not lost any of her glamour. Her date book is filled up for the next two weeks boys, so it is no use any of you trying to date her for next Monday night.

Next to appear was a shy little thing named Miss Delicious Walmsly. She too was built on rather slender lines and looked a real interesting bit of femininity. They say her date book was filled up last week every night.

Last to appear was a red head, Miss Photogenic McCormick by name. When she appeared two of the leaders, who up to this time had been half asleep on the grass, sat up and blinked their eyes with interest. She had a great deal of poise and glamour and we would not be surprised if she gets a real swell boy friend in camp and is soon married.

By their applause, the audience was asked to choose a winner. The choice was a close one between Miss Cuddly O'Flynn and Miss Photogenic McCormick but finally it was quite

evident that Miss O'Flynn had won the honours of Miss Boys' Camp for two years in succession. If she isn't married by next year and if she returns again, she might even manage a three year run of winnings in this field.

The circus which was put on by the little chiefs and medicine men of the various tribes was very interesting. The stage which they put up was a credit to any theatre. In spite of the light going out before the proceedings really began, the show went on. The display of strenght that Bill Anderson put on filled us all with amazement. We all knew that he was pretty strong but we didn't know he was that strong.

The fat lady must be too well fed. We can see that the cooks have been giving us too rich food. We are going to recommend that Mrs. Dick Stackhouse be reduced to a diet of bread and water for the remainder of the camp period.

In spite of the numerous interruptions, the strong man remained the undefeated champion in the boxing ring. And as for the wild man from Borneo, if they have any wilder ones down there we don't want to see them, especially just before we go to bed.

As for Bonny Legate, we are ashamed to mention him in the same breath as the others. Really, at a Boys' Camp we are surprised that anyone could be found as drunk as he. We hope that the cop put him in the cooler for the night.

Advertisement

Miss Boys' Camp of 1943 will sell kisses at 5¢ a smack to any of the boys in camp. The money will be given to charity. Just see Uncle Alec and he will deduct the money from your bank account.

THINGS WE WONDER ABOUT

We wonder which of the campers had his hand in his pocket when he was supposed to be saluting the flag this morning.

We wonder if Miss Photogenic McCormick would be willing to date up some of the leaders to-morrow night.

We wonder who Mr. Lost and Found is this year.

We wonder why Bill Gilbert, George Garrow, Rod Cameron, Hugh Cameron, Charlie Delong, and George Wonnacott got such heavily perfumed mail to-day.

We wonder how many of the campers got sunburned to-day.

We wonder who forgot to take four boxes of food on the hike this morning.

We wonder how heavy that weight really was that Bill Anderson lifted last night.

We wonder how many blisters the rowers have on their hands to-day.

We wonder who picked the most berries to-day.

We wonder if our camp grounds will be neat and tidy for the visitors to see to-morrow.

We wonder which of the leaders came back from the hike looking as though he had as much anamation as a wilted lettuce leaf.

We wonder how John McCreary managed to grow so much hair on his chest all of a sudden.

We wonder if Ducky Claus is any relation of Santa Claus. If so we guess he gets lots of presents at Christmas time.

We wonder who Rosebud Gray is.

We wonder which leader didn't get much ice-cream for his supper this evening and what happened to it.

We wonder which of the 26 boys who completed the Across-the-Lake swim came in first (Don Dafce)

Speaking of the Across-the-Lake swim, we were very pleased and somewhat amazed that so many of the campers completed the swim. We figure that it must have been from a mile and a half to two miles that they swam. Some of the boys swam farther than others due to going off the course somewhat. Included in the list of swimmers we were delighted to see several junior campers.

Here is the complete list of boys in the order of arrival at the dock.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Don Dafce | 14. Doug Vandewater |
| 2. Jack Campbell | 15. Bill Jackson |
| 3. John Locke | 16. Bob Taylor |
| 4. George Garrow | 17. Lang Evans |
| 5. John Dafce | 18. Rod Cameron |
| 6. Benny Legate | 19. Ducky Claus |
| 7. Mouse Mondeville | 20. Gerry Bongard |
| 8. Doug Bone | 21. Gerald Burley |
| 9. Harry Abbott | 22. Don Dolan |
| 10. Billy Anderson | 23. Dick Stackhouse |
| 11. Calvin Rowe | 24. Hugh Cameron |
| 12. Brock Stackhouse | 25. Terry McCormick |
| 13. Bill McCormick | 26. Cecil Anderson |

With the lightning speed of a panther, Fitzsimmons leaped for the throat of his assailant, the very speed of his attack giving him the advantage. He got inside the knife thrust which was spent harmlessly over his shoulder. Seizing his adversary around his middle, he squeezed with all the might of those tremendous arms until feeling a slight relaxation, he let go and sprang lightly back, letting a hefty right go in the direction of the chin as he sprang. Again the speed of his action caught the other off guard and the punch which was not a heavy one, as he was going away, caused the big man to temporarily lose his balance and before he could regain it, Fitz was on him using all the skill that had won him recognition and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, he had laid his man cold. Picking him up on his back, he carried him to the copse where he had lain hidden and searched his pockets. First of all he took from him a bunch of keys and hid them carefully away, then his pocketbook and all his papers. He'd have to go back for the knife which had been dropped in the scuffle but he wanted to go back anyway and see if any of these keys would fit so he could investigate the barn...and he'd have to be quick for if they had sent one man to get him they would send another soon, when the first one failed to return. Stowing the fine automatic and the other things he took from the pockets of his captive safely away, he trussed him up securely and went back to the barn. It was fairly dark by now and he went right around to the door and took out the keys. There were quite a bunch of them but finally he found one which would turn the lever in the padlock which held it closed and he went inside.

Carefully closing the door behind him and slipping a bolt so that he would not be surprised from behind, he took out his flashlight and began a methodical search of the place. At first glance it seemed to be empty and if he had not seen a man enter with a tray some time before he would have left it quickly. However, he felt sure that someone was being held against their wills, so he kept on looking. Finally, in a dark corner, he spotted what looked like a loose board which on closer examination proved to be a door and behind it was an old grain bin in which he found the bound and gagged figure of a man. Yes, the man proved to be Harvey...and a more grateful copper there never was.. he almost kissed Fitz he was so happy at being released.

Fitzsimmons undid the gags and the cords which bound Harvey and taking care not to make any noise, they made their way to the door, only to find that someone had locked it from the outside and they were both prisoners.

(To be continued)

[illegible]

MOIRA MOONBEAMS

July 11

Happy Day #12

The Weather: The weather to-day has been a lot better than last Sunday, for which we are very thankful. It gave us a great chance to show the visitors from town just how we conduct ourselves in camp.

This morning we held our annual Boys' Camp Church service. Our dining hall presented a very different appearance when we entered it at eleven o'clock this morning. The dining hall was not the only thing which looked different. Even the campers were hardly recognizable. They were all washed and combed and in their Sunday best suits. So it wasn't any wonder that the service went off fine. The visitors from town also helped to make it so by their presence this morning. The choir sang very nicely and of course the preacher gave us one of his best sermons. During the service an offering was taken which will go to the World Brotherhood branch of the Y.M.C.A. It amounted to \$4.81. The order of service follows:

Piano Prelude - - - - -	Uncle Alec
Call to Worship - - - - -	Lang Evans
Holy, Holy, Holy- - - - -	
Invocation and Lord's Prayer- - - - -	Ron Walmsley
Hymn #5 (O God Our Help In Ages Past)	
Scripture Lesson- - - - -	John Locke
Prayer- - - - -	Rod Cameron
Choir Anthem- - (Don Dolan	George Bongard)
(Jim Arnott	Chuck Delong)
(Doug Soule	Skunk Mondeville)
(Victor Card	Barry Shapiro)

Announcements and Welcome - - - - - John Locke
 Offering
 Offertory Prayer- - - - - Ron Walmsley
 Hymn #21 (O Worship The King)
 Sermon - - - - - -Ed. Shortt
 (The Gospel According to You)
 Hymn #67 (Onward Christian Soldiers)
 God Save the King
 Benediction - - - - - -Ed. Shortt
 Piano Postlude - - - - - -Uncle Alec
 - - - - -
 Ushers - George Garrow Sliver Cameron
 George Wonnacott Bill Gilbert
 Bill Holway

The editor of Moira Moonbeams witnessed a very unusual game of baseball between the Punts and the Canoes last night. It was quite evident that some of the leaders and also some of the campers need to brush up on their game. We hesitate to mention names in this Scandal Sheet but we really think that Lang Evans ought to have been able to have hit the ball more often than he did. And as for Rod Cameron, we are quite sure his mind was not on what he was doing or he would have hit the ball more often. And as for the umpire, if he had been any smaller the crowd would have pounced on him. As it was he was thrown in the lake afterwards. Speaking of throwing the umpire in the lake reminds us that the editors saw two or three other boys thrown in the lake. We didn't think they were umpires at the ball game but maybe the editor is getting near sighted and could not really see how many umpires there really were. As a result of that ducking last night, we presume there were a lot of wet clothes hanging around this morning, in fact we have it on good authority that one of the members of the congregation this morning had nothing dry to come to church in but his pyjamas.

Congratulations are due to Don Dolan and Doug Soule for the nice duet sung for us in music appreciation period this afternoon. They are not only good singers but real good sports as well.

Our noon meal was rather disturbed to-day. Even though the food was just as good as it ever has been, we could not seem to concentrate on the job of eating. The trouble seemed to be the feminine scenery outside. Every once in a while some sweet young thing would amble by and naturally the boys had to turn their eyes in that direction. At last the bell for dismissal came and pell-mell all the boys bounded out the door to see the lovely ladies.

The staff, leaders and campers want to express their appreciation to the group of people who, at their own expense drove their cars out to the camp-ground to entertain us at the campfire last night. They not only put on the whole programme but they brought out enough sandwiches and doughnuts to feed the whole bunch. There aren't many people who will do that for us, and we want to say a great big thank you to all of them. As for the watermelon, that was a treat from Clarke James' father and Mr. Whytock, the store-keeper in Madoc, so we want to thank them too.

THINGS WE WONDER ABOUT

We wonder which member of the Ojibway tribe had his mouth washed with soap just before church this morning.

We wonder how many boys have lost their soap in the water since they have come to camp.

We wonder how we will ever get along without the Lost and Found department.

We wonder why George Garrow wore white pants last night.

We wonder who it was that taught those clowns how to dive this afternoon.

We wonder if any of the leaders strained a muscle carrying the piano last night.

We wonder which member of the Cree tribe did the most work this morning in helping to re-arrange the seats in the dining hall.

We wonder which two tribes got free drinks to-day and why.

We wonder how many of the boys managed to catch the water ball which Ed. threw to them yesterday and to-day.

We wonder if George Bongard ever sniles.

We wonder if any of the campers have Morning Sickness any more.

We wonder who Our Hero is.

We wonder which member of the Ojibway tribe kept crawling up close to the stage last night to have a better look at the girls.

We wonder what kind of a bee John McCreary is. Is he a honey bee, a bumble bee, a drone, or a black hornet.

in my place. That was before the Government called on me to assist them in preparation for what they could see ahead."

"Good," said Flint, "That makes it perfect, for you will have to speak fluent German to impersonate the man we want. I take it you are ready to help us then?"

"With all my heart", replied Wilson, "Just give me my orders and let me get to work."

"That will be within the next 24 hours", said Flint, "Pack as few things as you think you will be able to get along with and be ready to leave on ten minute's notice... and thank you for your help". And with that Flint left for his hotel congratulating himself on his good fortune.

Grimthorpe was waiting at the hotel for him when he arrived. "I think we can find the place all right", said Grimthorpe. "There are four coves which might be the one we want and they are all within 40 miles of one another along the South Coast."

"Did you bring a plane?" asked the Inspector.

"It's waiting just outside the town at a private field."

"Good. Phone your pilot to have it warmed up, then meet me in the lobby in five minutes. We are on our way", said the Inspector as he threw a few things into a bag and phoned Wilson that they would pick him up on the way.

(To be continued)

-00-

MOIRA MOONBEAMS

Happy Day #13

July 12

The Weather - The weather must be very cold because we distinctly saw one of the Indian tribes come to dinner in their heaviest blankets. We offered the leader of that tribe a hot water bottle to make him feel better but he declined; he said he was warm enough, thank you. However, if the Iroquois tribe feels cold to-night, we know several campers that would be only too willing to lend them some extra blankets.

At last we have a fish story:-

Yesterday afternoon, Edison Stairs' mother and father went out in one of the punts to go fishing. It seems that Eddy and his father were feeling rather tired so Mrs. Stairs had to do all the rowing. Well, after she had rowed the two of them around the lake twice, one of them got a bite. Whowas it? Why Eddy of course. Eddy had never caught a fish in his life before so he didn't know what to do so he yelled for help. His father was looking the other way at the time so when he heard the call for help he thought that Eddy had fallen into the lake and it frightened him so much that he dropped his brand new fishing line into the lake and it sank down, down, down, right to the bottom.

In the meantime the fish on the end of Eddy's line was beginning to show the stuff it was made of. First it gave a mighty leap and jumped about sixteen feet out of the water. In fact it jumped up so high that Harry Abbott, who was so scared when he saw the big fish jump so high out of the water that his hair turned gray all down one side of his head.

By this time, Mrs. Stairs had fainted and Mr. Stairs had to dip water out of the lake to try to bring her around. When he finally got her to consciousness again, Eddy was trying to reel in his line. But the fish was so strong and big that it just took the line in its teeth and began to swim all over the bottom of the lake to try to tire Eddy out. But Eddy still hung on, his muscles bulging out like humps on a camel.

Then the fish tried a new stunt. You know that even fish get modern on us. Each year they seem to try a new stunt. Well, as I have said before, Harry Abbott was out in a boat nearby and the fish saw that he had scared Harry Abbott pretty badly so the smart fish said to himself, "If I can only scare Harry so much that he will call for help maybe Eddy will let go of the pole and go over to comfort him. Then, while he is looking after Harry I will get off."

So, with that thought in mind, the fish swam just under Harry's boat then jumped out of the water on the off side and jumped right over the boat and swung the fishing line right around Harry's neck. However, the fish didn't gauge his distance quite right and instead of winding the line all around Harry's neck he just nicked the end of his nose so that is why the end of Harry's nose is a little red to-day.

Eddy, however, did not get rattled so he tried again to pull in the line. This time he was a little more successful and managed to pull in about 15 feet of it. The line of course was wound around Harry's boat and so when Eddy started to reel in the line, he not only had to pull in the fish but he also had to pull in Harry's boat and all the 5 people in it.

Would the line hold or would it break? It was only an old line at the best and a cheap one at that. Would it part and leave Eddy disappointed or would it hold together?

Luck seemed to be with Eddy for as he slowly and carefully reeled in the line, in came the boat and the fish on the other side of it. Just when Harry's boat was alongside of Eddy's boat, the fish gave a mighty heave and jumped right out of the water, over the two boats and landed right in Eddy's lap. This frightened poor Eddy so much that the side of his head that had not turned gray with the first scare, turned gray this time. So now Eddy looks like a gray haired old man. However, he did land the fish, an 11½ inch bass and the best part of the story is this, that Eddy was so scared of the fish that he was even afraid to eat the thing when it was cooked for breakfast this morning. However, Chief Ed. and Uncle Alec had no such fears and boy oh boy did it taste good. Thanks Eddy, it tasted swell.

We have finally received word from the Cree Tribe as to the names of the various members of the tribe. We are not quite sure if these are the official names or not. We have a sneaking suspicion that these names are strictly unofficial. Here they are:

Big Chief Lazy Mule - - - - -	Bill Holway
Little Chief Sleeping Sickness- - - - -	John O'Flynn
Medicine Man Greedy Horse - - - - -	Hugh Cameron
Brave Running Tortoise- - - - -	Keith Cameron
Brave Long Nose - - - - -	David Bews
Brave Little Papoose- - - - -	Edison Stairs
Brave Hiawatha the Second - - - - -	Jim Arnott
Brave Black Falcon - - - - -	Bert Faulkner
Brave Steady Flow - - - - -	John Road
Brave Swift Water - - - - -	Jack Luscombe
Brave Big Feet- - - - -	Pinky Hall

Heard from the office window -

"Hey, Benny, come over here. Here's a snake for you."

Mouse Mondeville, "Aw, it's only a snake. I thought you said cake."

THINGS WE WONDER ABOUT

We wonder how many of the campers heard the thunder this afternoon.

We wonder what colour most of our clothes are now.

We wonder who is the laziest boy in camp this year.

We wonder who those three boys were that were crawling along the roof of the recreation hall this afternoon.

We wonder when the weather man will turn off the heat.

We wonder which of the tribes has built the best camp-fire so far.

We wonder how many times we are going to catch Benny Legate drunk again.

We wonder how many kisses Miss Cuddly O'Flynn has sold up till now.

We wonder who was the first boy to get to sleep last night.

We wonder which member of the Noname tribe tried to knock himself out in the high jump this afternoon.

We wonder if anybody has found that left handed screw driver yet. Things borrowed from the administration building so often, that we can't keep track of them and that left handed screw driver is one of them.

AND NOW for the BIG NEWS we have been waiting for. At last it can be told. Yes sir, we are all suckers, every one of us including both editors of the Moira Moonbeams. Yes sir, suckers, every one. No, I am wrong. We are not all gullible suckers. There is one exception and who do you suppose that exception is? Ed? No. He was fooled. Uncle Alec? No. He was fooled. Roddie? No. He was fooled. The leaders? No. Every one of them was taken in too. The cooks? No. They were suckers like the rest of us. Was it any of the little chiefs? No. They were taken for a ride too. Was it the medicine men? No. They swallowed the story also. Well what the dickens is all this about anyway? I suppose we will have to tell you.

Here it is. Last week when the seniors were away on their overnight hike, the juniors went for a long walking-hike to pick berries. And did they ever pick them. They sure did. In fact they got so interested in their work that they forgot to come back for a swim and they were exactly one hour late for supper but we finally did sit down for supper. Or at least we all sat down for supper except one. One of the little juniors was missing. Five minutes went by and no Dopey appeared. Ten minutes went by and still no Dopey. Fifteen minutes passed and still no Dopey. Twenty minutes, twenty-five minutes and at last we could see poor little Dopey limping slowly and painfully across the path to the dining hall.

Naturally we wondered what had kept him so far behind the rest of the gang but we were quite unprepared for the tale that Dopey had to tell---No wonder he was late. He told us that as he was coming past Casa Loma there was a terrible accident. Two cars crashed into each other. A girl in one car was very badly hurt and a boy in the other car was badly hurt. Dopey being the only witness on the spot rose to do his duty and ran to the nearest telephone and got them to phone in to Madoc for the ambulance. He said later that

the girl's hair was on fire. My, oh my, it must have been a terrible sight for Dopey to see. It is a wonder it didn't scare him so badly that he would not be able to hobble at all. However, he did finally manage to reach the camp all breathless for excitement and we excused him for being late. And when Ed. let him tell the assembled boys his story they spontaneously gave him three big cheers for being the hero of the hour. Not only that but the next morning the boys insisted that he be the one to have the honour of raising the flag.

HOWEVER, to-day Dopey came into the editorial offices and told the editors that the whole story was a fake. There wasn't any accident at all. He just made up the whole story to try and have a good excuse for being so late. And the sad part of it all is, - we ALL believed it. Yes sir, all of us. Staff, Leaders, Cooks and Campers. We swallowed it all - hook, line, and sinker. Are we ever suckers? Yes sir, every one of us, except of course - DOPEY.

Incidentally, Dopey is wondering if he will qualify for the prize of being the best liar in camp. So are we.

-O-

DIRTY WORK AFOOT by J. Ed. Shortt
(Installment 12)

It did not take long once they got down to the coast to locate the cove they wanted.. the deductions Inspector Flint had made from the little poems were all correct and there was a cove where the tide rose the right height, where there was a clear mark on the cliffside which the local fishermen used as a guide at low tide, and a peculiar roof of a building close to the top of the cliff which they used at high tide when the tide covered the face of the cliff.

A lot of time had been taken up in discovering this cove which was not well marked on any of the maps and which opened from what looked at first like a little creek mouth. Once inside the mouth of the creek, the walls of the creek sides opened out into a wide flat grassy place with high cliffs on each side. The channel for boats was not wide, however, for the water was quite shallow in spots. At high tide, of course, anything that could get in the gap could float in the cove. It had been used by Cornish smugglers years back, and was an ideal spot for getting in and out of the country without being spotted, for a boat lying inside could not be seen from the sea.

"It is hard to believe that such a perfect spot for criminals from another country to use could exist except in a story", said Inspector Flint when they had checked all the signs and satisfied themselves that this was the place they were looking for. "The only trouble is that now we are here, we still don't know just what we are after. I imagine this is a spot designated for the saboteurs to meet and from which they will likely leave for Germany or whatever place they are going to head for. We know what two of them look like...unless they have changed their appearance in the meantime...but that's all we do know. But, since we're here, we will stick around and wait for something to happen, for I am sure we are on the right track."

Flint had a new set of men assisting him. He had phoned in to the Chief and reported fully on what had developed to date and asked for two dozen men who were used to rough and tumble fighting, were good rifle and revolver shots, and who could be counted on no matter what happened. He now started spotting them all around the shoreline and sent some into neighbouring villages to see what they could find out. Soon reports began coming in. One of the men told of finding Fitzsimmons car hidden in a bush some distance away, another told of seeing a man who looked like Mr. Wilson, wandering around the grounds of the house on the cliff top...and immediately Inspector Flint began to take an even greater interest in things and posted men to watch the grounds and if possible capture this man and bring him to their temporary headquarters. Still another made a report that the house and barn belonged to the Duke of Wormwood, the well known traveller and big game hunter. It was reported that he was at present away in Scotland and his house was rented to some Americans who were supposed to be American Secret Service men. It was also learned that these Americans had three very speedy autos in which they travelled around the country.

All this sounded very interesting to Inspector Flint who joyously rubbed his hands together with each new report, for he felt that his quest was nearing its end and that soon he would be able to get that holiday which he needed so badly and which he had had to interrupt almost before it could start.

Shortly before sunset one of the watchers made his way to the hideout where the Inspector was, bringing with him the man who had impersonated Mr. Wilson. Flint was in high glee...and calling Wilson to him said, "Now, my friend, here's your chance...Get up to the grounds and lie down near the barn on the grass. We'll make you look as though you were the victim of a robbery or something and they'll take you into the house...That way you won't go in and get into trouble at the start because you don't know your way around."

We saw some pretty swell dives this morning. We are quite sure that if we had had our aquatic meet the first few days of camp, the dives would not have been as good. What we are driving at is this: While at camp, many of the campers have improved their technique in diving and swimming. We know of 8 junior boys who could not swim more than a few strokes comfortably when they first arrived here and now all eight of them can swim out to the raft. Here are their names.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Bert Faulkner | 5. Roy Richardson |
| 2. John Read | 6. Harry Kemp |
| 3. Pinky Hall | 7. Doug Walmsley |
| 4. Skunk Mondeville | 8. Reg. Blair |

THINGS WE WONDER ABOUT

We wonder who was making the most noise after lights-out was sounded last night.
 We wonder who pretends he has something the matter with him so that he can go to see Dr. Locke.
 We wonder if Lang. Evans' girdle has a habit of slipping when in public places.
 We wonder how many of the campers forgot to come to attention when the flag was pulled down to-night.
 We wonder why all the campers wanted extra water to drink for supper to-night.
 We wonder who was a bad boy and had to stand in the corner in the dining room at supper time.
 We wonder which of the leaders slipped and almost entirely fell in the dish water just after supper.
 We wonder which one of the leaders stuttered in his act last night.
 We wonder which member of the Noname tribe told Frank Lee that he had to fertilize the dishes. You know sterilize and fertilize are two different things.
 We wonder who wakes up the orderly officer in the mornings.
 We wonder who has the biggest mouth in camp.
 We wonder who was the rottenest player in that volley ball game to-night.
 We wonder if the leaders enjoyed being the waiters to-night.
 We wonder if the campers enjoyed having the leaders wait on them.
 We wonder what Uncle Alec is going to do with all the money that we have left in the bank.
 We wonder who went to sleep while Big Chief Ed. and Uncle Alec were singing those 59 verses of that silly song at noon.
 We wonder which leader looked the silliest in those ladies' costumes last night.
 We wonder who got five post cards at noon.
 We wonder how many leaders dropped bread on the floor while doing their duty as waiters this evening.

How time does fly. It seems that there is never enough time to do all the things that have to be done. This morning there wasn't enough time to finish the aquatic meet. Then this afternoon we took so long tramping all over the country looking for buried treasure that we didn't have time for a swim. When we are having a good time, it just seems to fly with wings. And now, the two weeks of camp have slipped away all too fast and we have come to our last camp fire. I think we have all had a good time. Some of us took a little while to get used to things and others fitted into things right from the start. A few of the campers did some things which no good camper would think of doing but on the whole we have measured up very well to the ideals which we have had set before us.

We look back with decided pleasure at the excellent meals we had in the dining hall. We could not have had any better ones anywhere and the editors know because they have been around. The ball games have been hot ones, not only in temperature but in excitement. The volley ball games have been noisy and full of pep. Our special afternoon events have all been exceedingly interesting. Our swims have been the best of all, with the exception of the early morning dips which Morning Sickness prevented some from enjoying. We have enjoyed the camp-fire programmes. Each night there was something different. It would be difficult to decide which part of the camp programmes have meant the most to us.

In the less active fields of endeavour we have had our Bible Study periods which some of us a great deal from and others found it a time to throw sticks or talk out of turn. Comments overheard by the editors would lead them to believe that the music periods have been enjoyed by all of us, especially that little ditty that closed each programme.

And last of all, Moirs Moonbeams, our camp newspaper. Some of the boys have consistently brought in jokes and funny sayings, day after day but whether anybody brought in news or not, we went to press just the same and every night, rain or shine, we had our camp newspaper. Then, of course, just to tease us and make us mad, came the serial, "Dirty Work Afoot", which left off each night just at the most exciting part.

And so, the time has flown away and we have come to the end of our stay at the Moira Lake Boys' Camp for 1943. While here, we have come to know some folks whom we did not know before, we have made new friends and we have come to learn how to live with other persons of our own age. We have had to give and take. Some of us have taken a little too

much and we have not given quite enough, but that is past and gone now. And so, in closing, we, the editors, hope from the bottom of our hearts that you have all enjoyed your stay at the camp this year and if anything we have done to make that stay more happy for you, the pleasure has been ours.

AND now, as the campfire burns low, we lift our hearts in gratitude to God for giving us this beautiful, peaceful place in which we have had such good times for the past two weeks.

-0-

DIRTY WORK AFOOT by J. Ed. Shortt
(Concluding Installment)

Cautiously, slowly, worming their way through the grass and slipping from bush to bush, the raiding party made their way to the house. One man was stationed to cover each downstairs window and men, stationed a couple hundred yards away, trained their high powered rifles on the upstairs windows.

Finally, at the appointed second, groups of burly policemen broke down the doors and flooded into the house. It was but a matter of a second for the lights to be put out and a game of hide and seek was started through the darkened rooms. Flashes from the muzzles of the revolvers were the only light and as fast as someone would fire, he would move to one side so that the return shot would not hit him. Finally the shooting seemed to be all from the attacking party so it stopped and someone turned on the lights.

The house had been deserted by the saboteurs!

Dr. Keneshaw was left behind and Mr. Wilson had remained with the police, overjoyed to have been of help. But there was not a single member of the gang in the trap except one man who lay dead on the floor.

Suddenly, from the direction of the woods behind the house, came the sound of motors being started and they realized that in some manner the saboteurs had slipped through the cordon of police and made their way to those three fast motor cars which they had not been able to find...and now they were away again to start a fresh series of devastating crimes, unless they could be caught.

They were certainly clever, you had to admit that. They had constantly made the best brains of the British secret service look like a bunch of school boys and here they had, by some means or other, outwitted them again. How? Well, it really did not matter very much at the minute...what was more important was to get after them as fast as possible and try to overtake them. In all probability...and as a matter of fact this was the case. There was an underground passage from the house to the hidden garage and they had made their get-away through that.

Leaving a couple of men to watch the house in case anyone should return, and posting a squad to take the vessel they expected as soon as it showed in the little harbour, the rest of the men piled quickly into waiting cars and took to the highway after the fleeing saboteurs.

The fleeing men had speedy cars and daring drivers too but they were no better than the Britishers, who manned the pursuing automobiles and before long the leading car made out the distant tail light of the last of the escaping gang. Closer and closer they came...narrowing the gap between them until...CRACK...and a spurt of flame from the fleeing car and a jolt against the hood of the police car opened up a running gun fight that lasted the whole night and ran from one end to the other of the Plymouth Road. Two cars were shot into flames and two of the saboteurs were killed and one man from the C.I.D. died at the wheel of his car before the battle ended in the gray of early dawn on the outskirts of London itself.

But, in the end, Flint's men won the day and the saboteurs were all taken. The formula and the inventor were saved to the Allied cause and a great many promotions were made. Harvey got his lieutenantancy; Fitzsimmons was made a sergeant and Grimthorpe was made Captain of the Coast Guard division. As for Flint, he was decorated by the king for his outstanding work and given the George Cross. He was made assistant to the Chief of the C.I.D. and as soon as the trial was over and the saboteurs committed to Brixton Prison, he was given that long awaited holiday.

Inspector Flint drew a long sigh and settled into the deep comfortable armchair in his living room and took out his pipe. He filled it, applied a match, puffed a big cloud of smoke toward the ceiling and sighed again.

"Well, Mrs. Flint," he said, "It's good to be home again. That was a tough job we had on our hands but it is all cleaned up...and just in time too. And here I am now with nothing to do but sit around the house and monkey around the garden for a couple of weeks.. Boy, Oh, Boy,...what a treat." and he puffed away contentedly.

"Don't get too comfortable my dear," answered his wife, "for if I'm not getting hard of hearing that was the telephone that just rang."

THE END.

THEY SAY

June 30

They say that we campers must rise with the sun.
Must rise with the sun, must rise with the sun.
For if we rise early we'll have lots of fun,
We'll have oceans and oceans of fun.

They say that the water is terribly cold.
It's not very cold, it's not very cold.
But what if I'm stubborn and don't wash when I'm told?
You'll see ere you're many more days old.

They say that there's always our dishes to clean.
Yes, dishes to clean, yes, dishes to clean.
And will there be time to be selfish and mean?
No, never be selfish and mean.

They say that at mealtimes we must be polite,
You must be polite, you must be polite.
And at Bible Study don't whisper or fight,
No, don't ever whisper or fight.

They say we'll have treasure hunts, ball games and hikes,
Yes, ball games and hikes, yes ball games and hikes.
And will there be other things everyone likes?
Yes, lots of things everyone likes.

They say that there's a campfire each night.
A campfire each night, a campfire each night.
And is that the time when the mosquitos all bite?
Yes, that is the time when they bite.

They say that our leaders are pretty swell guys.
They're very swell guys, they're very swell guys.
And they say that Ed. Shortt is exceptionally wise.
Oh yes, he's exceptionally wise.

They say that it gets very cold every night.
It got cold last night and it may do to-night.
So pull up the blankets and you'll be alright.
With blankets you'll sure be alright.

July 1

They say all the campers had cold feet last night.
They were cold last night, they were cold last night.
And the mosquitos were too cold to bite.
Thank goodness that they didn't bite.

They say Archie Little has left camp to-day.
He left camp to-day, he left camp to-day.
And right back to England he'll soon sail away.
Yes, soon he'll be sailing away.

They say Garrow's boys made a step near their door.
Made a step near their door, made a step near their door.
And they used enough nails to make 3 or 4.
They squandered enough to make 4.

They say Patrick Shiels is an archery hound.
He's an archery hound, he's an archery hound.
Up to date he's the best in the camp to be found,
To date he's the best to be found.

They say Eddie Stairs is losing his voice.
He's losing his voice, he's losing his voice.
So when we want singers, he won't be our choice.
He certainly won't be our choice

July 2.

They say Bill McCormick's birthday was first.
 His birthday came first, on July the first.
 And if he eats candies much more, will he burst?
 Oh yes, I am sure he will burst.

They say that Bob Taylor's as mad as a horse.
 He's mad as a horse, he's mad as a horse,
 And who was it licked him at camp-fire by force?
 Why, Slaughter-House-Cameron, of course.

They say that Don Dolan can wrestle and fight.
 He can wrestle and fight, he can wrestle and fight.
 And he almost killed Mousie at camp-fire last night.
 He almost killed Mousie last night.

They say that Wes. Caverly worked very hard.
 He worked very hard, he worked very hard.
 And what was the reason he worked long and hard?
 To clean up the headquarters' yard.

July 3

They say that Dick Stackhouse has cut his fat leg.
 He's cut his fat leg, he's cut his fat leg.
 And when it's all cut off, he's gonna start to beg.
 For the rest of his life he will beg.

They say at flag raising in straight lines we stand,
 In straight lines we stand, in straight lines we stand.
 And when we salute may we use our left hand?
 Oh no, we must use our right hand.

They say Uncle Alec can tickle the keys.
 He tickles the keys, he tickles the keys.
 If he gets his hands cut off, he'll play with his kneew.
 Yes, surely he'll play with his knees.

They say that Bill Gilbert has got curly hair.
 He's got curly hair, he's got curly hair.
 But when he gets married, there'll be no hair there.
 His sweet wife will pull out his hair.

July 4

They say that the Siwashes lost all their clothes.
 They lost all their clothes, they lost all their clothes.
 They lost all their trousers, their shirts and their hose.
 Their trousers, their shirts, and their hose.

They say that Bob Best is a beautiful girl.
 He's a beautiful girl, he's a beautiful girl.
 The only thing wrong is, his hair doesn't curl.
 Too bad that his hair doesn't curl.

They say Gerry Bongard is growing a beard.
 He's growing a beard, he's growing a beard.
 When he kisses the ladies, it tickles, I heard.
 It tickles their cheeks, so I heard.

They say that this morning we all went to town.
 We all went to town, we all went to town.
 And on the way back was the rain falling down?
 You bet, it was pouring right down.

July 5

They say that Keith Cameron's ma and pa came.
 His ma and pa came, his ma and pa came.
 And did lots of other folks do just the same?
 Yes, lots of them did just the same.

They say that this afternoon we shall have fun.
 We're going to have fun, we're going to have fun.
 The hounds and the hares through the forests will run,
 Up the hills and the dales they will run.

They say that George Wonnacott's gone into town.
 He's gone into town, he's gone into town.
 And who was the guy that went with him to town?
 Bill Jackson went with him to town.

They say that this morning we had a grand swim.
 We had a grand swim, we had a grand swim.
 And did all the younger boys stay near the brim?
 Well, some of them stayed near the brim.

July 6

They say John McCreary has got a bad cold.
 He has a bad cold, he has a bad cold.
 And so have some others, at least so I'm told.
 Yes, several have colds so I'm told.

They say that Lang and Garrow went to Madoc last night.
 They went there alright, they went there alright.
 But when they got in there, 'twas all closed up tight.
 The whole town was all closed up tight.

They say that Bert Faulkner is one more year old.
 He's one more year old, he's one more year old.
 When he took all his candies 'bout 4 of them rolled.
 On the floor about 4 of them rolled.

They say that Ed's father's and Indian Chief.
 He's and Indian Chief, he's and Indian Chief.
 And when he gets talking, he's not very brief.
 When talking he's not very brief.

July 7

They say that Ken Allen got some letter from home.
 He got letters from home, he got letters from home.
 And gosh, did he blush from his feet to his dome.
 He blushed from his feet to his dome.

They say the Commandos' best man is Bob Gray.
 First base is Bob Gray, first base is Bob Gray.
 And due to his catching, the Hawks lost to-day.
 By his catching, the Hawks lost to-day.

They say that the Major writes letters at night.
 Writes letters each night, writes letters each night.
 And while he is writing, his eyes are so bright.
 While writing, his eyes are so bright.

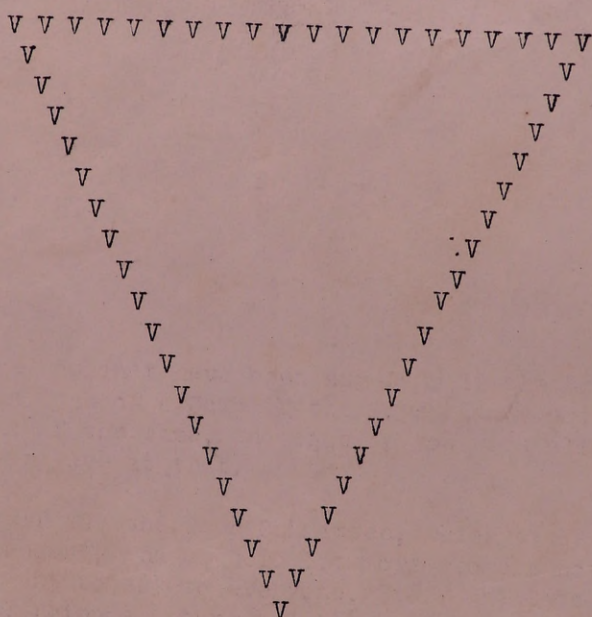
They say that the Colonel was locked in his room.
 He was locked in his room, he was locked in his room.
 And when he discovered it, gosh, did he fume?
 He tore out his hair and did fume.

They say that some campers missed out on their swim.
 Missed out on their swim? They welched on their swim.
 So they got filled with castor oil right up to the brim.
 To-morrow they won't miss their swim.

Of course, there wouldn't have been any Camp if the boys hadn't come, and it wouldn't have been much of a Camp if the boys hadn't tried to be good campers and you all were some of the time, and some of you were all the time..and most of you were first year boys at that.

And so, for myself and the Camp Committee, which takes in the Great Chief Joe Shortt, Mr. Stackhouse, and a whole lot more who are not so well known on the Camp grounds, I want to say to everyone, Staff and Campers alike.."Thank you all, my very good friends, young and older, for helping to make the 1942 Camp one of the best ever.

Ed. Shortt, Big Chief.



July 8

They say that Rod Cameron fell in the lake.
He fell in the lake, he fell in the lake.
The next time he paddles he should stay awake.
The next time he should stay awake.

They say that Bill Jackson dived into the lake.
He dived in the lake, he dived in the lake.
And what did he find on the floor of the lake?
He found Roddie's stuff in the lake.

They say that three seniors were singing a tune.
They were singing a tune, a nice little tune.
And so they got paddled by Edward at noon.
He paddled the three boys at noon.

They say Ducky Claus is a terrible liar.
He's a terrible liar, he's a terrible liar.
He out-did the whole bunch at Tuesday night's fire.
He out-did them all at camp-fire.

July 9

They say that George Garrow can eat lots of food.
He eats lots of food, he eats lots of food.
And Wonnacott at eating can not be out-do-ed.
He certainly can't be out-do-ed.

They say that the Juniors have had lots of fun.
They had lots of fun, they had lots of fun.
When the bell rang for meals, they all came on the run.
At mealtimes they came on the run.

They say that the Seniors went out on a trip.
They went on a trip, they went on a trip.
And rowing made sweat from their bodies all drip.
It certainly made the sweat drip.

The Seniors all say the mosquitos were bad.
They were very bad, they were very bad.
They took their big stingers and stung every lad.
They certainly stung every lad.

July 11

They say that the umpire was thrown in the lake.
He was thrown in the lake, he was thrown in the lake.
And oh, what a mighty great splash he did make.
Oh boy, what a splash Dick did make.

They say that Lang Evans cannot hit the ball.
He can't hit the ball, he can't hit the ball.
Oh what in the world makes the old slow-poke stall?
I cannot think what makes him stall.

They say that the Happy Gang came here last night.
They came here last night, they came here last night.
And didn't they make the most beautiful sight?
They made the most beautiful sight.

They say that our choir can sing very sweet.
They sing very sweet, they sing very sweet.
And two of them came to the church in bare feet.
Yes, two of them came in bare feet.

They say that some people came here from the town.
They came here from town, they came here from town.
When the leaders beheld them, they couldn't sit down.
Not one of the leaders sat down.

Right then the mail is given out
Out at the Y Boys' Camp,
And 'Lost and Found' brings many a shout
Out at the Y Boys' Camp.
Then for a rest we seldom take
Cause we're so very wide awake
And to lie quite still our hearts would break
Out at the Y Boys' Camp.

And then for a hike or a paper chase
Out at the Y Boys' Camp,
Or scavenger hunt or a swimming race
Out at the Y Boys' Camp.
Every day there's something new
Like defending the camp and attacking, too,
Or a trip in the boats on the lake so blue,
Out at the Y Boys' Camp.

And after the evening meal is o'er
Out at the Y Boys' Camp.
We go to the courts to play ball once more
Out at the Y Boys' Camp.
Last of all comes our big camp fire
At one of which we choose a liar
And mosquito bites we all acquire
Out at the Y Boys' Camp.

And now we are coming near the end
Of our stay at the Y Boy's Camp
And to-morrow our homeward way we'll wend
From our stay at the Y Boy's Camp.
And I am sure you will all agree
My stay at camp's been good for me
For I've had the best time that ever could be
Out at the Y Boys' Camp.

