

# Uncle Ray's Mail-Bag Club Page

Motto: "O.U.R.S.—On Uncle Ray's Service." Club Colors—Red, White and Gold.

## Son Brings Souvenir With Picture Of Queen Mentioned in This Column

You nieces and nephews who keep a scrapbook of Uncle Ray's corner will remember we had an article some time ago about King Tutankhamen of Egypt and his beautiful wife Queen Nefertiti. You will find it in the History section of your scrapbook. Now comes a very interesting letter from Mrs. O. S. Estensen, who is the mother of three Corner Cousins, Arthur, Albert and Harry.

This is what Mrs. Estensen says: "In your corner a little while ago there was a picture of Queen Nefertiti of Egypt. I am proud to say that I have a son, too, whose wife has just brought me home from Egypt. It has the Queen's head engraved on it, and on the other side is a scene with pyramids, camels, Arabs, palm trees etc. It is a really lovely piece of work."

That is most interesting, Mrs. Estensen. Thank you very much for writing to tell us about it. Did your son bring any souvenirs for your younger brothers? Perhaps they will write, too, and tell us about them.

"Our boys" are bringing home many interesting things, aren't they? Uncle Ray has seen some lovely jewelry from France and quaint little wooden shoes from Holland. And just the other day he heard about a coffee table of beautiful inland wood which an Air Force lad had brought all the way from India.

You Corner Cousins whose daddies and brothers and cousins have been coming home from overseas can probably tell us about many souvenirs. Let's hear from you!

In Uncle Ray's mail there is a letter from an English girl who wants to write to a Canadian girl about the same age as herself. She is sixteen years old, her name is Joan Paul, and her address is 333 High street, Enfield, Middlesex, England. She says she'd like "a penpal," but I think she would be

**Keeps Uncle Ray Chats On Special Page of Book**



Hi There, My Valentine!

**Had Long Hours When Meeting Returning "Vets"**

DEAR UNCLE RAY: I am a long time since I have written you. Anyhow, here I am again. How are you? I am fine. Happy New Year. I would like to enroll a friend of mine, Frances Rabb. Her birthday is February 2, her age 7 years. Donnie's birthday is August 13, age 2½ years. I am in Grade Three in school. There are five in my class. They are Fran Rob, Norma Stett, Gary and Ronni Smit and myself. I am sending a page in my scrapbook for a letter from you. My teacher's name is Miss Stewart. There are 18 in my school. It is Sunday night and mother has gone to church, and I had to write a couple of letters so I thought I would write one to you, so I went ahead and did it. My birthday is June 2, and my age is 7½. Would you please send me a penpal from England, please, and some riddles and answers, too? I guess I'll do for now. Devotedly yours, JOAN PROUDFOOT, Ft. Coulonge, Quebec.

We are very glad that you went ahead and wrote us a letter, Joan. We are glad to have your friend Frances in our club. Will you tell her that we'd like to have a letter from her too? How does your brother Donnie like the snow? Uncle Ray often sees little boys two or three years old shoveling snow as if their lives depended on it! —UNCLE RAY.

## Studies British History Wants British Penpals

DEAR UNCLE RAY—This is my second letter to you. I would like to see a penpal. How are you and all the corner cousins? I was very glad to see my name in the birthday list on September 22. This year in school we are studying British history and geography. I think I shall like it. Will you please enroll the following in your birthday book: Joyce Bailey, 278 Bayswater avenue, who will be 13 on September 13; and Catherine MacDonald, 220 Bayswater avenue, who will be 12 years old. September 14. Will you please send me a leaflet on riddles and jokes and a penpal from England, Scotland, Ireland, Australia or New Zealand. Sincerely, ANNE BONNER, 274 Bayswater avenue, Ottawa.

Your birthday names are enrolled in our birthday book, Anne. We hope to hear from Joyce soon and from Catherine when she is enough to write. Please find me very interesting to write to English girls, since you are studying the history and geography of their country. Here are two penpals for you: Janet Milton, Colemore Farm, Ickwell, Bedfordshire, England; Janet is almost 13, and is interested in reading and writing. And Mary Devereaux, 242 High street, Clapham, Bedfordshire, England, who is also about 13, and likes swimming and cooking.—UNCLE RAY.

## Read "Lassie, Come Home" And Enjoy It Very Much

DEAR UNCLE RAY: I saw my letter in the paper a long time ago and did not answer it. I also saw a great number of children's names in the Many Happy Returns. I am getting along fine in school and hope to remain good in school. I received many presents at Christmas this year. I sent Lassie, Come Home and enjoyed reading it very much. It is a sad story and nearly makes you cry when you read it. Uncle Ray, I am sending you a few riddles to tell your cousins. —PHYLLIS MACKIE, 33 Main street, Ottawa East.

It is nice to hear you comment on the books you read, Phyllis. Did you see the movie in which the beauties did not sing well? Thank you very much for the riddles. We shall share them with the other cousins.—UNCLE RAY.

## Try These Riddles

How much is the moon worth? Four quarters.

What bee never stings?

A quilting bee.

What's the difference between 12 o'clock noon and 12 o'clock midnight?

12 hours.

—Sent by PHYLLIS MACKIE, 33 Main street, Ottawa East.

## Weekly Diary of Our Own Dopey

### CHAPTER 123 Cake Shop

Shopping on the whole is quite good fun, but is there is nothing to buy. It has improved down gradually until there is very little left but cosmetics and cakes. No stockings, shirts or pyjamas, not that I'm the least interested. I only have one shirt but it is all I need. It has a white front and only needs washing every two or three months. Cosmetics, too, are useless to me. The scents that interest me don't come down up in pink and blue boxes and can't be bought.

But the cake shops have a great variety of cakes which are especially behind glass. Look so tempting, arranged in neat little piles on paper lace and one can look through the glass case which is the right height from the floor to let me get my snoot and paw under. If the girl called Elsie is there she always gives me a whole one for nothing.

Elsie is the shop where we buy Belgian pastry and garlic sausage but we usually just get those when we are going on a picnic and we don't picnic in this weather. I keep a sharp lookout as we go through the shops and when we come to a glassed-in cake counter I spied a heaping dish of muffins. I didn't need a red traffic light to bring me to a stop.

## How Bobs Forgot His Duty

When Lil's Uncle Fred came to pay a long visit, he brought a most charming present for Lil. This was a real live doggie which was to be her very own.

It was at once christened "Bobs,"

as most doggies were at the time,

but it was not an ordinary dog for all that. Lil had a pretty little carriage for her dollies to ride in, and clever Bobs could pull them along all nicely harnessed just like a real big dog.

One day she took her three favo-

rites, Gwendoline Susan, Tommy Atkins and the Gollywog, for a drive. She was the driver, of course, and when she cracked her whip and shouted "Gee up!" off went the party at a nice steady trot. Lil was very proud when she saw Uncle Fred watching her from the drawing-room window.

The procession went six times up

and down the garden path without any accident, when suddenly a horrid strange dog barked the innocence to poke his nose through the garden gate. Bobs simply couldn't stand it. Quite forgetting his duty to his passengers, he tore after the intruder, barking furiously.

As for the little pleasure party!

Down the garden path galloped the angry Bobs, thinking little of his precious load behind him and of his young mistress who was driving.

All at once the front wheels

went bang against a stone that was

in the road.

And all this time Lil held on bravely to the reins. "Oh, Bobs, dear Bobs!" she cried. "Stop! Stop!"

But Bobs did not stop until the

strange dog fled in terror.

Then he came slowly back ashamed and for a moment he hid behind the bushes.

"Well, goodness gracious!"

said Lil, "I wonder what he's done now?"

And all this time Lil had on

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