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by the pupils of  
**KENNETH R. HARRISON**  
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MONDAY, JUNE 6th — at 8.15 p.m.  
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## The Adventures of Flitt the Butterfly

by Robin Wynn

### FLITT AND DAVY JONES

Flitt the Butterfly awoke with a feeling of being in a strange world. It was a few moments before he realized that he really was in a strange place for a butterfly. He was in Father Neptune's castle at the bottom of the ocean!

Flitt lay in the cosy bed Mrs. Neptune had made for him, wondering what he would see on this, his first day away from his beloved Green Forest. Just then he heard a gentle tapping on his door, and the kindly voice of Mrs. Neptune said: "Breakfast is ready, Flitt."

"Before you could say 'Gee Whizzers' backwards, Flitt had dressed, hung up his pajamas and had washed and brushed his wings until they fairly sparkled. "Good morning, good morning," he said cheerfully as he entered the breakfast room.

After they had eaten their breakfast, Flitt helped with the dishes while Father Neptune told them that he had planned a trip to Davy Jones locker. Flitt's eyes fairly shone for he had always wondered what Mr. Davy Jones was like. He knew that Mr. Jones had the very important job of taking care of all the ships that have been sunk in the ocean. What a tremendous job it is, too! If it weren't for the help of the sea nymphs, he would never be able to keep the brass polished and the paint all fresh and clean. The sea nymphs were very mischievous little fellows and loved to play pranks on Davy Jones. But they were such willing little workers that he didn't mind their pranks at all.

"I believe we're ready," said Father Neptune. As he spoke, a large powerful sea horse trotted toward them, ready for Father

Neptune to ride. "In less than half a jiffy, there was a swirl of foam and down the sea lane came Flitt's special baby sea horse. He skidded to a stop beside Flitt in a cloud of sea dust (which of course soon settled) and winked at Flitt as if to say "I'll give you a merry ride today."

Father Neptune tried to scold the tiny sea horse, but he couldn't keep the twinkle out of his eyes, and finally he burst out laughing. As they passed thro' the gates of the castle, Flitt called "Good morning, Elmer" to the octopus, and they were on their way to see Mr. Davy Jones.

They passed many strange little people of the sea, but all of them waved and flashed a bright smile to Father Neptune and his tiny visitor.

"Look ahead of you, Flitt," said Father Neptune. "Off in the distance Flitt could see row upon row of ships of all kinds."

"What a tidy place!" said Flitt. "Every ship looks so shiny clean. May we go up closer to them?"

"Certainly," said Father Neptune. My friend, Davy Jones, would be disappointed if he didn't meet you."

As they arrived at the gates of Davy Jones locker, they were met by a whole band of the shy but mischievous sea nymphs. Each one had a tiny trumpet. Flitt learned that as each ship came down to him to be stored, Mr. Davy Jones took the ship's whistle and cut it down to make a tiny trumpet for the sea nymphs' band.

There was no doubting Flitt's welcome as the band played the liveliest tune you could ever imagine. The tiny sea horse reared up and pranced up and down in time with the music.

With a rattle of chains, the great gates to the Locker swung open. Davy Jones came forward with a big smile for Father Neptune and Flitt.

"Welcome to our land below the sea, and welcome to my Locker," he said to Flitt.

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," said Flitt. "I've heard about Davy Jones Locker for a long time and it is a privilege to be able to see it."

In the centre of the Locker stood the largest ship of all and this was Davy Jones' home. As they were walking up the gang plank, Flitt noticed some mischief going on behind them. Some of the sea nymphs had tied a stick across Davy Jones' coat tails, so it would get stuck as he went aboard. The sea nymphs were tip-toeing along behind him, holding the stick very carefully so that Mr. Jones would not notice. Flitt could hardly keep from laughing but he wouldn't give the secret away. He could tell that Mr. Jones was a good sport and wouldn't mind.

All the sea nymphs waited outside to see Davy Jones get stuck. They held their breath as he walked up the plank, but instead of getting stuck, he reached behind him, turned the stick sideways, and walked straight aboard! Then he turned around.

"Ha, ha," he cried. "I fooled you, didn't I? Now run along and play while I show my visitors around the locker."

You see, he had known all along what the sea nymphs were doing but he didn't want to spoil their fun. Now the joke was on them, but they didn't mind. They skipped off to play hide and seek among the rocks.

Flitt had a very pleasant time looking thru' Davy Jones' home aboard the beautiful ship. They travelled up and down the long rows of ships and he saw all the treasures that had come down to be cared for by Mr. Jones. He noticed with what special care all the brass was shined and all the woodwork painted.

"What a wonderful place this!" Flitt remarked to Mr. Jones. "You and the sea nymphs are doing a splendid job here."

By this time, it was getting late so Flitt and Father Neptune climbed aboard their sea horses. They waved a happy farewell to Davy Jones and his little helpers and were off on their trip back to the Castle.

### MASONIC CHAPTER OF INSTRUCTION HERE

Rolling Principals of the nine Chapters of District 4, Royal Arch Masons, met in Georgetown one evening last week for a Chapter of Instruction presided over by Rt. Ex. Comp. E. V. MacCormack, Grand Superintendent. Rt. Ex. Comp. J. A. M. Taylor of Hornby, Grand J., was present and gave a talk to those in attendance.

Teacher: Who can name a liquid that won't freeze?  
Jimmy: How about hot water?

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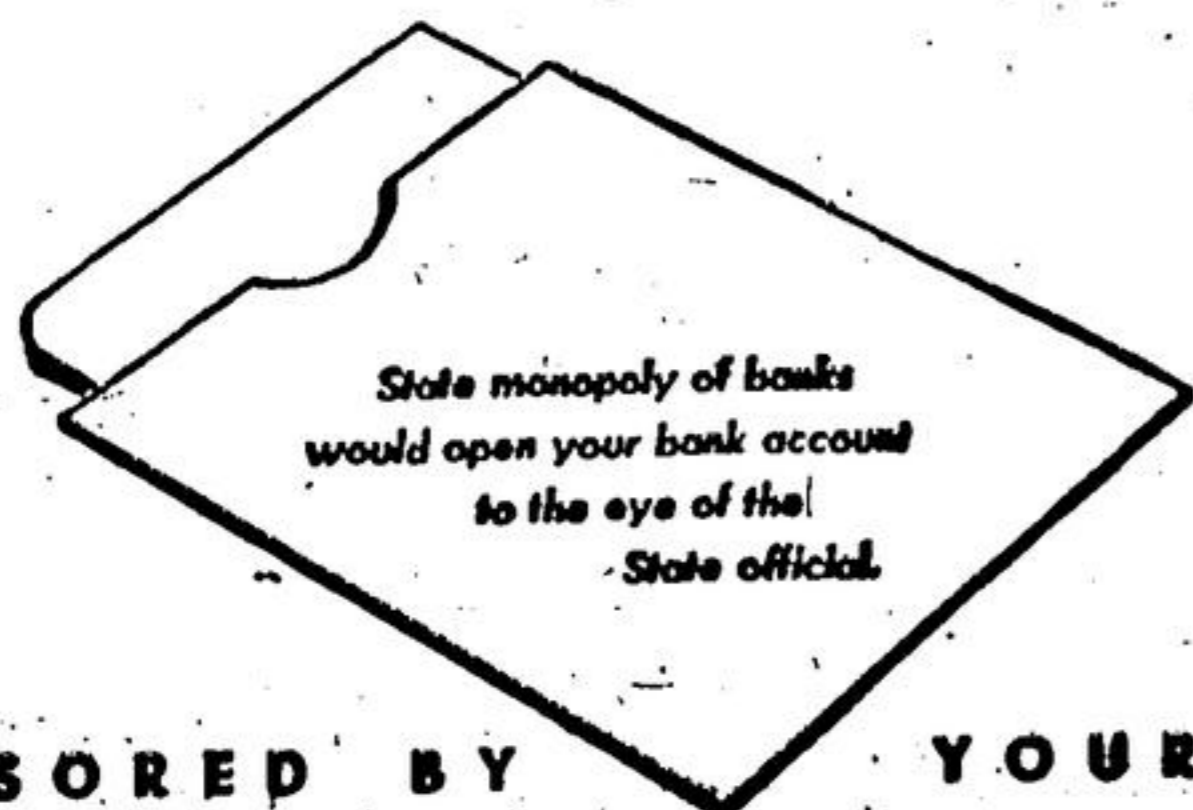
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