

made me smile. She was of enormous Wagnerian proportions and looked like a stray Brunnhilda; and goddesses, even big ones, do not swear.

The Iclander put up his hand.

"I explain. Geyser can be forced to go up. "(Sighs of relief) "But it take long." (Groans.)

"How is it done?" I asked.

"Soap." We all looked silly. The tone of the man suggested so much stupidity on our part.

"Come, I show."

We piled out of the restaurant all eager to arrive before the others. Erika made a dash towards the cone, camera in hand, while I remained near the man, taking notes. Unwillingly, I had become a reporter.

Once explained, the process of awakening the geyser was really quite simple.

When we arrived at the cone, the people sitting there stood up to greet us and commented as our unofficial guide expounded the mysteries of the geyser.

"Look, you see Olav, he put in big quantities of soap in cone."

We watched eagerly as great amounts of pulverised soap was hurled into the boiling water. Bag after bag disappeared into the now foaming water. Five bags later our guide spoke again.

"That melt and it make film. The film, it choke water and keep vapor in. Then vapor make pressure, and

A cry came from the crowd. The picnickers gathered their belongings in haste and scrambled to safety. The once still waters were now boiling furiously. Slowly the water started to rise and flow over the sides of the crater. Steam clouded all visibility so I did not know what had happened until a somewhat humiliated Erika stepped out through the dense cloud and announced pathetically that her shoes were wet and hot. It turned out that she had been taking pictures of the soap dumping, the film forming, and the inside of the crater at water level. Blinded by the steam, she had not run fast enough, with rather blistering consequences to her curiosity.

There was a sudden rumble like that of an earthquake and a water column rose from the crater. It fell back and all was still again. The moment was tense. Nobody moved. Then with ear shattering sounds the waters rose again, this time to their maximum height of sixty feet.

There was no danger now and I stepped closer. Everything was blurred in a dense cloud of steam.

Over the roar our guide informed us that it would last twenty minutes at least and that the temperature of the water was between 250 degrees and 300 degrees. Maybe his patriotic pride made him exaggerate, I never really found out.

Erika's camera never stopped clicking.

As the eruption started to die out the column of water spread into a large fan like structure. Slowly, by spurts, the giant collapsed and fell. A loud gurgling sound came from the crater and when all was clear, the cone was empty and it was dry as a bone.

I could see the inner galleries and made a quick sketch of them. Erika looked in but forgot to take pictures.

We walked back slowly with mixed feelings of fear and excitement, all of awe. We walked over a seeming deadland covered with moss and rocks.

It was then that I saw it—or rather heard it—the loud, choked, sound of suddenly released vapor. Over to my right a large section of land, limited by towering rocks, was covered with mud boiling in unison. The sight was fascinating and I stooped for a closer look.

"Do not touch! You want to burn your finger?"

I, said, "No", and kept on walking. The experience had been too much.

Nobody spoke. The strange silence of Iceland overcame us. Walking over the moss and occasional blade of grass, I thought of what one Iclander said to me:

"Iceland is a country that has remained in the third day of creation. It is as if God had forgotten to finish it."

Iceland is ever changing, ever striking in its primitive wild beauty—a land still covered with glaciers and volcanos, and laced with streams of boiling water. It is a barren land swept by surface winds, steaming with the interior fires of the unfinished creation. And the geyser, its chief attraction, is but one sign of the continuing process of geological evolution.

—RICHARD PATTEE '60

WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE OF CANADA

World University Service finds its origin in European Student Relief, E.S.R., which was established in 1920 in Austria to meet urgent material needs among University students, caused by the First World War.

The organization saw and was appalled by the desperate plight of European students and brought their sad story to countries which had remained untouched by the ravages of the war. By the end of that first year, the E.S.R. had realized large donations and grants from 19 countries in various parts of the world to help them in their all-important effort.

In this organization people of many different races and nations, religious people and agnostics alike were inspired to work shoulder to shoulder and in so doing learned that there was something to be said for the other man's point of view.

Aid was provided without any discrimination on grounds of race, creed, or nationality. Assistance to students and universities in need was not given out as thoughtless charity; it was administered along sound economic lines. Money was never given directly, but was used as capital to begin self-help enterprises.

By 1925 the most urgent needs in Europe were being adequately taken care of. But the desire to maintain contact and exchange ideas and experience with other countries prompted the European Student Relief Organization to expand itself into a completely independent international organization with headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland. This new organization became known as International Student Service in 1926 (I.S.S.)

From this time onward until the second World War, I.S.S. directed its energies and resources toward relief schemes which were carried out in Bulgaria after the earthquake, in China during the Sino-Japanese War, and for the benefit of university refugees from Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia, as well as setting up student-health projects and teacher training programs.

Then came the Second World War and with it again great hardships to student communities: loss of liberty, lives, equipment and buildings. Early in the war years it became apparent that the responsibilities to be faced were far greater and more wide-spread than those created by World War 1.

In order to cope with the situation, I.S.S. co-operated closely with such organizations as World Student Christian Federation and Pax Romana. I.S.S. established a war-emergency relief committee: European Student Relief Fund which later changed its name to World Student Relief when the war spread to the Far East.

During this war period, World Student Relief cared for student prisoners of war and refugees, supplying them with shelter, clothing food and books, giving these people a new hope for the future.

With the cessation of hostilities, World Student Relief began to help rebuild the war-torn universities and to repair the damage to people and property all over Europe, caused by five years of war.

In the post war era, beginning about 1946, I.S.S. and W.S.R. began to extend operations to the Indian sub-continent, Burma, Malaya and Indonesia, and to facilitate the work of the organizations, it was decided in December 1950 that the two organizations should merge to form one world wide organization which was henceforth to be known as World University Service or WUS.

WUS adopted new statutes and reformulated its principles in order to meet the vast new needs of its expanding activities more adequately.

Since 1950 WUS has continued to provide the means through which University men and women have been able to combine their efforts to help where needs are greatest.

Participation by universities communities in seven major regions of the world in joint activities to provide material assistance has increasingly led to important contributions through the process of education toward international understanding and collaboration.

In 1953-54, a new phase was begun when WUS extended its operations to younger university communities in East, West and Central Africa, and it met with great success in these localities.

In 1957 WUS began to explore the possibilities of extending its services to South America, and is at present focusing its energies upon the necessary ground work of educating Latin Americans to accept its services whereby they can aid themselves socially, mentally and economically.

The common objectives of all WUS projects and activities are:

(1) To help meet the basic needs of universities and other institutions of higher learning and their members.

(2) To promote the sharing of knowledge and experience in seeking out solutions to practical university problems.

(3) To foster development of International understanding between the university communities of all nations

These three objectives can be best achieved by:

(1) Student Exchange Programs.

(2) Sponsoring international summer seminars in locations where aid is needed.

(3) Setting up of WUS committees on each university campus which will act as a medium of information and correspondence between students and their national office.

It is hoped that this short resume of WUS, its origin and its work will serve to give a better understanding and appreciation of the necessary work which this organization attempts to do.

—EDMOND LECLAIR '59

THE DESERTED COTTAGE

It was in the last dazzling brilliance of the setting sun that I came upon the rustic little cottage cozily tucked in a grove of pines. The grey and weatherbeaten shingles, the fence with its missing pickets, the clumps of weeds and thistles—all gave eloquent evidence of former pride and careful tending. The complete desolation that pervaded the scene held me and I stood gazing at the boarded windows, the broken doorstep, and at the garden gate that hung dejectedly on one rusty hinge.

Turning, I looked back on the dusty road over which I had come as it wound like a narrow ribbon among the distant hills. The trees were casting shadows of giant-size over the green meadows, and the steel bridge that spanned the smallest river I had yet come upon glistened white. My eyes were drawn irresistably back to the deserted little cottage, and innumerable questions concerning it presented themselves to my mind.

At a sound I wheeled about. A farmer with a dog at his heels was approaching. As he came near, I perceived that he was of early middle-age, with the reserved and somewhat withdrawn countenance that is characteristic of those who spend a great deal of their time tilling the soil. Clad in faded overalls and a battered straw hat, he ambled leisurely along and, though he did not appear to be seeing me, nevertheless I knew that I was being subjected to the most thorough scrutiny since my army days.

When the man was abreast of me and it became evident that he was not going to speak, I decided that I would make the first overtures. I took a step forward and began with what I hoped was the proper mixture of deference and friendliness.

"Good evening, sir."

"Evenin'." He did not even turn his head.

"Lovely evening, don't you think?"

The answer this time was merely a grunt. I decided to try another approach. I patted the collie's head.

"That is a fine dog you have there. Pure collie, eh?"

This time the eyes focused directly on me and my worth visibly mounted.

"The best dog in ten counties," replied the farmer, proudly.