

Suddenly a bright light appeared behind the fence at the other end of the garden and Agar came running to him, her face white, breathing with difficulty. "Father, father," she said, "Jesus is alive! He came out of the grave and now He is here along with eleven other men and wants to see you." Old Abacum's face became white, and as he stared at Jesus he stretched out his arms and said with a trembling but strong voice: "The eyes You gave me were anxious to see You, Son of the Father who is in Heaven. I will always follow the way You have opened before me."

Slowly Jesus and his eleven Apostles walked away, and as they went out of sight, the light behind the fence went out . . . To the day that he died . . . old Abacum remembered the smile he had seen on the face of Jesus. Abacum's wife and daughters had just returned from the well with a supply of water, and as he was lingering over these last memories of Jesus, twilight gave place to night. . .

—GREGORY A. LAMBROS '51

REVIVAL OF SOCIABILITY

It is generally agreed that within the past few years there has been a remarkable decline of sociable entertainment among the people of this province. This lack of sociability is notable not only in farming districts, but also in the towns. Some people blame the cars, others the movies, still others the war, but very few blame themselves.

Some may say that there is ample opportunity for social entertainment in the town: movies, games and dancing. This argument may have a certain amount of force, but such things do not make for a truly "sociable" life, or create sociability, which demands a free and intimate intermingling of people. This free mixing of people usually is not found in the types of entertainment mentioned above: couples, for example, or small groups, spend an evening at the movies, after which they disperse to their respective homes. They probably enjoy the evening, but there has been little, if any, sociability displayed. This is equally true of attendance at athletic games, where people pass the entire game without speaking to anyone, except perhaps to tell someone that he is standing in the way. The same is true for dances, where many individuals forego association with acquaintances and even close friends in preference to the company and diversion of one individual. If both of these individuals are in a position to retain this aloofness, very well; but it is a rare case when such dissociation can be perpetually maintained.

Man by his very nature is a social being and is inevitably going to have some type of relation with his neighbour. He should, therefore, realize that those whose association and company he needs to make his working hours profitable, he also needs and can enjoy in his hours of recreation.

A revival of sociability will come about only when men realize that an active social life is an integral part of their existence, and that such a social life arises from friendly intercourse with associates in recreation as well as in work.

In most rural areas, there is not even the opportunity, nor are there the facilities, for the commercial or ready-made entertainment available to town folk. In rural communities, however, any social activity that exists has more of a home-made and spontaneous character, and because it is created by the people themselves, it implies sociability and better entertaining qualities. It was in the creating of their own entertainment that the citizens of former generations developed and maintained their sociability.

As has already been stated, for a truly sociable environment, a free, intimate intermingling and association of persons is necessary. In order to have such an environment, there has to be a group of people with conversational and other entertaining attributes, a spirit of cooperation, and a common interest. Of these pre-requisites, common interest is the most important, for, in itself, it makes for conversation and cooperation, which are so necessary for sociability.

Now that common interest seems to be the essential element of sociability, is there not something which could be inaugurated in country districts which would create a common interest, especially among the younger generations? Such mutual interest could very easily be developed by means of a drama club. Why a drama club? Because the activities of a drama club can be numerous and varied. As the name implies, the main object of such a club would be activity in dramatics. This, in itself, would provide an abundance of amusement. It is generally conceded that the chief reason why amateur actors take part in dramatics is that they have so much fun in the rehearsing and presentation of a play.

The various other activities within the scope of a drama club would be the arranging and organizing of variety concerts, card parties, picnics, hikes, or other forms of entertainment in which all the members could participate, and which would be suitable to the particular locality and season of the year. Such varied activities would not only provide a great deal of group entertainment, but would also tend to stimulate interest in the club. Furthermore, an active drama club would give its members training in cooperation, and promote self-confidence, initiative and sportsmanship, all of which add up to good citizenship.

For those who recognize this lack of truly "sociable" life in country communities, and who have the desire and the energy to do something about it, the formation of a drama club is suggested as a practical solution. It appears quite possible that drama clubs could be formed which would arouse and maintain the interest of young people; and which would establish an attractive and stimulating environment for all in the locality.

Until people take the initiative and establish some form of group entertainment in their own communities, there will be no revival of sociability.

—CLIFFORD MURPHY '50.

MOLAR TROUBLE

I would take thirty minutes over enemy territory in a decrepit airplane of 1918 and face five million rounds of slack hurled at me, along with a blown out percussion valve in the port cylinder, in preference to five minutes in a dentist's waiting room.

You may think that this is silly: but reconsider; the fact is, my knees begin to buckle and I tremble all over whenever I see even a mild facsimile of either a needle or a pair of pliers.

My yearly check-up eventually arrives. I enter the dentist's waiting room with a dirge on my lips. Once inside, I feel that I shall never see the world again, nor shall ever care to, for that matter.

Hardly have I time to get settled among my waiting companions-in-fear when the dentist appears from his "Inner Sanctum" with a pleasant smile (I often wonder how such a fine man can operate such a terrible business). Seeing five of us waiting, he announces that one of us will have to come back tomorrow as he is very busy at the present. There is a savage stampede for the door. After picking myself up off the floor and bending my nose back into its original shape, I find that the large man (Joe, they called him) near the door, got out first. I take the resolution to sit much nearer to the door next time. Presently our friend Joe returns to claim his scarf, which he has lost in the tussle. No sooner has he stepped into the room than another fellow goes out the door like a jet-propelled airplane. The dentist, at this point, re-appears and nabs poor Joe as his next victim. My sympathies are very sincere for the unfortunate man who had made such a brave but unsuccessful attempt at escaping the pains that only a needle can administer, until I learn that Joe has only come to pay his bill. No wonder that he was in such a hurry to leave.