

had decided upon some career or profession and for one reason or another they just wanted to keep it to themselves; well, that might be understandable. However, I just don't think that this applied in the majority of cases, I think that they just don't know what they want, so naturally they don't know where to look for it. I remember being told when I was just a green little fellow in high school that it was pretty near time I made up my mind what I wanted to do in life, granted that I might change my mind a thousand times before I was to die, but at least throw out an anchor somewhere. To find such indecision, then, at the end of college years strikes me as appalling. This state of indecision seems to be rather like that of a fellow getting on a train and not having the slightest idea where he wants to go. To make matters worse, it's as though he didn't even know where the train is going. And to twist the sword a bit in following the parallel to the present situation, it's as though the traveler suddenly decided to get off the train, not knowing where it was that he was getting off. If a person were to pull such a stunt in real life, he would be presently hustled off to the booby-hatch for a little cooling off — but this is real life, and this is just what is happening even though we had to trace it in metaphor. It sounds pretty ridiculous, doesn't it? Well then, don't let it happen in your case. Whatever your stage now in your training, even if you are supposed to have finished the college phase of it, stop and get out your map. At least trace out the course you have followed to this point; find out where you are; find out if you are a better or worse person than when you last took stock; see what your present qualifications are now that you have added some new experiences to your log; and then for goodness sake plan at least the next step in advance. To go back to our metaphor, find out where you can go on the fare you have, and make sure that it's a place that you want to go, a place that you might like for awhile — you might be there for the rest of your life.

EDITORIAL

M-A-N-T-L-E

You, no doubt, can think of a great number of words in the English language which have more than one meaning, and whose meanings are sometimes quite different from one another. For example, the word "vice" means something terribly bad, but some of the great idols of our modern youth are called "vice-presidents."

But the word with two meanings which I have in mind is the combination of the seven letters M-A-N-T-L-E. I knew that that title would attract 99 2/3% of RED AND WHITE readers who are sports-minded, to read this much of this article. But, sorry to disappoint you, my subject is not the Yankee centerfielder. When

you see these seven letters spelt out you, knowing that the essay is not about *Mickey* Mantle, probably envision a decorative shelf which generally covers the shoulders of a fire-place. Depending on your tastes the mantle you see in your mind will take on a diversity of forms. Some will picture a slab of white marble engrained with streams of red, or black, or gray. Others will see a four-inch-thick plank of mahogany reflected in a gold, antique-framed mirror of the same length. More will have above their imaginary fire-place a hand carved shelf of white pine supported by whittled brackets of the same primeval wood. There will be as many different mantles as there are different minds.

The title of this essay, however, refers to another meaning of this word. Perhaps the French word, *manteau*, which sounds something the same conveys more clearly the meaning which I use. My topic, then, is that loose sleeveless garment which we call a cloak or a mantle, which, for men especially, is gradually becoming extinct.

As a child I was captivated by capes. When all the people of the Allied countries were rallying around the paunchy Prime Minister, Churchill, with his "V" sign and his cigar, my eyes were turned on suave, elegant President Roosevelt, with his old campaign cape slung over his shoulders. Don't you find it peculiar that when the personally rich President appeared wearing an old cape the tongues (particularly, of the garment industry) did not start to wag? Perhaps they did; I was too young to notice, but old enough to admire. Churchill himself, of course, turned to wearing a cloak when he got the "Garter". But that mantle, unlike Mr. Roosevelt's, seems to detract from the wearer's virility.

Another hero of my childhood was also mantled. Like many imaginative, adventurous boys I was a Scout, and like most Scouts, I idolized the founder of that movement, Lord Baden-Powell. I remember quite vividly seeing a black and white photograph of him, becaped, during his Canadian tour. One person who remembered that visit told me that the cape he wore was brown in colour. But the point is: the mustached man with the "mountie" hat and the mantle moved me.

When I arrived at high school and trampled awkwardly into the precious garden of literature, I came upon another man, who also wore a cape. The *manteau* he wore was called an Inverness, and the reason he wore it was entirely different from the reason that Franklin Roosevelt or Baden-Powell wore theirs.

The President wore his because his country was at war, and he was its head, not only politically, but militarily, for he, like the

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first President, George Washington, bore the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States of America.

The old Scout wore his because he was leading a youth movement which was trying to give to average boys a sense of the greatness of the past, to make them chivalrous, — modern chevaliers. What piece of clothing represents the spirit of chivalry better than a cloak? The armorial bearings of St. Martin of Tours notify us of that fact. The heraldic symbol which decorates his coat of arms is a sword cutting a cloak in half. This reflects to the old legend, which relates that the soldier-saint (who, incidentally, later became a conscientious objector) severed his cloak to clothe a bare beggar. (Some ask, "What good would half a cape be to a naked beggar?" The obvious retort is that a half a cape is better than none. I would imagine, though, that half of Martin's military mantle would make a covering as ample in material as the modern overcoat.) The thought of chivalry brings to mind also the occasion (recently repeated) on which the gallant but piratic knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, threw down his cloak Elizabeth's sole to save from soil. The cloak is a magnificent garment and chivalry is a magnificent ideal.

Now to return to my literary hero. He is G. K. Chesterton—the multi-chinned, non-journalese journalist G. K. C. Now although I have said that G. K.'s reason for wearing a cape was different from the reasons of the other two, it was not entirely different; Chesterton had a cause — we know that from the bitter, but personality-penetrating description of him by Sean O'Casey: G. K. Chesterton is "the Hopalong Cassidy of the roman catholic church". To deny that Chesterton was chivalrous would be to deny that Chesterton lived. But the main and simple excuse for Chesterton's using a sleeveless overcoat was that he couldn't buy, off the rack, an ordinary one big enough: it would be too much bother for him to fuss with fittings in order to have one tailored—so he chose the pleasant alternative of wearing an Inverness.

Besides Chiang Kai-shek, what great public character of the day wears a cape? Where are our chivalrous Powells, our lordly Roosevelts, and our magnificent, merry Chestertons? The mantle has almost disappeared except from the opera houses, and St. Peter's in Rome.

JOHN WALSH '56