

These statements, if true, are dynamite, and something should be done about it; if they are not true something should be done about Carr's work and it is difficult to quarrel with that. But "Pawns in the Game" has been branded as anti-semitical ravings and ignored—certainly the best way to fight it!

Personally I do not believe all of Commander Carr's claims, but the book is too well documented and too logical to dismiss. I consider this book a "must" for anyone with the curiosity and initiative to do more than blame everything on the "big bugs" and let it go at that. After all it will be our world.

—JAMES M. REDDIN '60

OBSERVATIONAL TEACHING

Of all the experiences I have had in the past not one is so full of vivid impressions as the day I observed a grade three class of boys being taught. I remember quite clearly the dislike I felt for these little ones as they stood outside the school in ranks and gazed up at us as we entered the building. But it was not really they or their bright shiney eyes that I disliked but the newness of the situation and that can be a bit frightening.

After meeting the principal who was a very friendly and friendly looking person, we were allotted the classrooms. "Grade three, Miss Longaphie". So up the stairs I went to meet the teacher.

How should I best describe her? She wasn't friendly and she wasn't reserved; perhaps what I noticed most and what seemed to come from deep within her was her interest in grade three, not this particular class of pupils but the age level, that is, all those who would pass through grade three in her lifetime of teaching. As she later explained to us grade six she found were at the stage where they were beginning to lose interest and grade one also had its difficult points. This would seem to support the theory that the mean halfway between two extremes, is the best. However, introductions were over and the pupils were beginning to filter in. From the teacher's remarks I gathered that one little fellow was always a little late, the others being there between ten and fifteen minutes before belltime.

I must explain before I go any further because this seemed important to me. That particular afternoon was two days before Hallowe'en and they were promised a party if they behaved properly. So I take it that, all in all, they were a bit quieter that day than perhaps a usual Thursday afternoon.

After the spelling lesson the English lesson was begun. This was indeed a novelty to see. Previously, they had read stories about various animals and they were now reading one about the raccoon. With the teacher taking the lead the beginning of the lesson was really a spirited conversation. One little fellow, barely giving the teacher time to finish her say, stood up and told us that a few evenings ago he, his father, and uncle had gone for a drive in the country and had come across some raccoons. He couldn't tell us how many there were or if they were all big or little, but he seemed as satisfied with his say as a man who had just given a detailed dissertation in which everything that could be said, was said.

Another striking thing about this class was that when asked questions as to how Baby Raccoon climbed down from his house and other similar ones they all had their own opinions and only an odd one would search the reader to see what it said concerning the matter.

All the while every little fellow would get a glimpse of the stranger seated at the back of the class, he and his neighbour would giggle for a second and then the stranger would be forgotten for perhaps another five or ten minutes.

After this discussion each pupil would go to the front of the class to read. I remarked that there was one extra good reader and I must add that his extra ability did not limit itself to this one field but seemed to permeate all the other studies. After this there were about five good readers and the remainder were average with two below this group who had difficulty in pronunciation and in expressing the thought of the story.

This was indeed a long process and the pupils towards the end were showing signs of unrest. But everyone must read, for, as the teacher explained, if all of them did not get a chance to read, no matter how poorly they did, their feelings would be hurt and I entirely agree with your wisdom, little ones.

The next lesson was drawing and each little fellow emerged himself completely in his work. They drew an Indian camp with three tepees and a canoe from a sample the teacher had drawn on the board. Each one had his own idea how he would do it and there was not one word spoken at the beginning of the lesson. One little fellow's book was held up for us to see because he had made a very good job of it. This was the same little fellow who had told us about the raccoons and again he was quite serious about the whole thing and wasn't a bit embarrassed when we looked at his work.

It was now coming onto three o'clock and a little traffic was beginning at the back of the class and halfway up the aisles. One little fellow, whose desk was just in front of me, was also tired sitting down but whenever he had to face me on leaving his seat he would hang his head, for he seemed just a little embarrassed on being so near the strange visitor.

To take up the few remaining minutes they sang a few songs and although some did a bit of giggling all enjoyed singing and watching.

Then it was time to leave. They left in ranks and bid us good afternoon. The class was empty and soon all the pairs of shiny eyes would be home very likely to beg some cookies or other sweets.

Although I didn't realize it then I know now that this experience, simple though it was, was one of the most enjoyable and heartwarming I have ever had.

—RHODA LONGAPHIE

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN

A young man, of medium size, with large hands and feet, outstanding ears, and a total lack of sophistication, strode into the Dance Hall. He was a new student—very selfconscious and very scared.

As he stood on the sidelines, he has the strange feeling that he had shrunk into himself, that he was not really there but saw, as from afar off, through two holes in his skull.

So this is the place—large, exciting—and frightening! The people—sophisticated, smart—movie people. Wiseguy from class . . . twice as sinister . . . even that nice boy seems fast and dangerous . . . Girls, lovely, . . . and terrifying . . . painted, bespangled . . . talking brightly; laughing brittlely . . . a sweet tinkle sound . . . at me?"

It shouldn't happen to a dog, but he picked a lulu that time—a real hard doll. She froze him! His stock headed for the nether regions.

Then he met a senior from home—an unknowable here. This great man kindly persuaded him, as one man of the world to another, to resume dancing. He did, with a nice girl who grew up too fast and then stopped. After he stumbled about for a while (foot and mouth) she became fed up and made with the cold shoulder. He seemed so miserable, however, that she took pity on him and tried to cheer him up. By the time the dance had finished, a small germ of his self respect had returned.

Back at the stagline he saw his like number among the girls, but the inverted snobbery of the trampled prevented him from going to her. Instead he asked a coed . . . she must have been at least a junior!

One of the goddesses . . . Where did I get the courage?