

The Farm Way of Life

One's standard of living can be what one wishes to make it: the problem then is to reach it. To most people it would seem as if the farmer has greater chance of reaching his standard than most city dwellers. Many of the things for which city folk yearn are commonplace to the farmer. Nature, with which the farm family has so close contact, is straight-forward and sincere. The farmer is accustomed to saying what he thinks and meaning what he says.

But the farm cannot hold its young people unless community life can be made attractive, social life agreeable, and income comparable with what would be earned in cities. There needs to be opportunity, too, for intellectual enjoyment, for health services and education.

Much has been done in the past quarter century by introduction to telephones, automobiles, electricity and radios to overcome the isolation of farm dwellers. The Church, as always, has been to the forefront in building up a wholesome social life and fostering mutual helpfulness, and the school has become, in hundreds of communities, the centre of planing and improvement.

It is only as farm people themselves catch a vision of a better community, and command the many agencies at their disposal to make it a reality, that farm life will reach its highest peak of happiness. There is no social legislation that can do it for them. The achievement must come out of the community itself.

Farming is a way of life as well as a business. Many farm homes, though having little to make them attractive are centres where young and old enjoy all that is most precious in family living.

There are hardships. Like pioneering, farming has always required unusual amounts of industry, thrift and stamina. The people are misled who think that because they have read of one hen that laid 300 eggs in a year, and of one cow that produced 10,000 quarts of milk in a year, therefore farming is a soft job. Life on a farm is a long drawn question mark between one crop and the next. The farmer must plan for next year before this year's crop is harvested, and for the year after that, and for the next year after that. He must do painstaking work today with no prospect of seeing a tangible result for years to come. But, for most farmers, all this is overcome by an ancient and single-eyed simplicity of purpose. There is as much dignity in tilling a field, as in writing a poem; the farmer more than all others on earth, takes the soil, the wind, the rain and the sunbeams into partnership.

—BRENDON MCGINN '59

COLLEGE

"Say, dad, remember that story you told me about when you were expelled from college?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was just thinking, dad, how true it is that history repeats itself."

A FAMILIAR FIGURE

May I acquaint you with Professor X,
A hard man, Indeed, to vex.
He sees every tap, hears every rumble—
Knows when your work is all a-jumble.

Despite all the wisdom they have taught,
Professors are an absent-minded lot.
Of course (with a twinkle), he remembers his first
prize pupil,

But couldn't remember to shave both sides of his face.
He frequently lit his hair, and combed his cigarette,
He wound up his key, and opened the door with his watch.
He consulted his students, and flunked the doctor.
He fed the mosquitoes crumbs, and slapped at the robbers.
He mixed the exterminator man a cocktail,
And told his guests to leave—he had no bugs.
He said his prayers when he entered the theatre,
And left the church for a smoke between acts.
Among the things one should tell him—
He should tidy up his cerebellum.

This particular Professor knows his stuff
And can times at be mighty tough,
But barring intrusive exams and tests
There's none so jolly as Professor X.

—THE SCARRED BARD

THE LONELY SEARCH

Far on a lonely shore-lined bay
Where bird or creature seldom stray.
I wandered here while riding by,
My steed, being tired from riding high,
Pulled up to rest his weary bones,
And broke quiet with his sneering tones.

Dismounting, I began to roam.
Thereupon I viewed a lofty dome,
And found in the offing a tower—
A lighthouse with no beam to lower.
Entering it, I climbed the stairs by flight
And scaled the pinnacle of its height.
For long since was there a light
Whose beam lit waves at night.

But as I gazed from this archaic tower
I felt within a surge of power.
For never had I a clearer view
Of what was so plain, yet so new.
O night that was my guide
Whose serenity did abide
More lovely than the dawn of day
And took my hand to show the way.

From my dark tower, the air
Blew lightly on each hair
And my soul tugged at infernal pride,
I felt a wound so sweet, it seemed I died.
Forgetting and forgot,
Abandoned to my lot,
I cast off all that I possessed
And lay at the feet of God, to take my rest.

—THE SCARRED BARD