

way to the great new empire of aluminum and hydro-power, the Lake St. John district. This district is also the land of Maria Chapdelaine, the heroine of Louis Hemon's novel of that name. Today there are thriving industrial cities: Chicoutimins, meaning "up to here it is deep" at the head of navigation on the Saguenay; Arvida, the aluminum city; and Shipshaw, one of the greatest power sites in the world. The Lake St. John district is the centre of the paper industry of today, and of the cellulose industry of tomorrow. The Upper Saguenay is the site of great hydro-electric power developments, especially that at Shipshaw which was constructed in record time during the past war. The unlimited possibilities for future development in this district make it likely that the old Indian legends of a great, rich kingdom up the Saguenay River will finally come true in the world of tomorrow.

—EVELYN HESSIAN '49.

HOLD IT!

Cameras unnerve me. At the sight of a photo-album I turn pale, and at the click of a shutter I tremble. When people commence discussing things photographic I abruptly leave the room, and when I see some one peering into a camera lens I grow panicky. When people ask me if I've taken any good snap-shots lately, I deliberately change the subject; if they persist and change it back again, I crawl into the nearest dark corner. In short, I have a humiliating allergy to photography.

You see, it all started when I got the notion somewhere or other that it was easy to take pictures. All you needed was a camera, the proper film, willing (if living) subjects, and average intelligence, and there you were—an unbeatable combination.

Well, I started out with the first three; of that I am positive. I am not so sure about the fourth.

That first film—why must I remember it and its every detail? How eagerly I dragged my brothers and sisters from hedge to hill-top and made them stand stiffly, grinning six a-row! How I draped them, each in his turn, about the family pet, Bowser, and how flagrantly I interrupted the daily routine of our household!

Those first eight shots should have been good. Indeed, they may have been perfect examples of accurate timing and proper lighting. But I can never prove it. For across the centre of each and every one loomed a sinister shadow bearing an unmistakable resemblance to my own—it just couldn't be anyone else's—left thumb.

Oh well, a natural mistake for a beginner; I had been, perhaps, a little careless.

Film number two—a dud, or so I believed until it was pointed out to me that every film has an inside and an outside, and that, in inserting it, if one loses one's sense of direction there's a possibility (one in nine and a half thousand) of getting it so that the outside is where the inside should be and vice versa. And so you draw blanks. Oh well, some one had to be that one out of all those thousands. I had been, perhaps, a little unlucky.

But at this stage help came from an unexpected source. My brothers until this time had maintained a slightly aloof attitude towards me in my bungling. But now they were really going to help me. They developed an avid interest in my camera. And this interest grew to such an extent that there are still missing a few minor parts which somehow did not seem to fit in when they re-assembled the camera a few months later.

In the face of such reverses, I remained resolute. Some day I would be a great photographer. Such would be my reputation that I, with my camera, would be sought out by doting mothers who wished to record for posterity pictures of little Susan as she looked with braces on her teeth, or young Samuel as he appeared in his first long trousers.

Perhaps I should win a prize for my skill, or, better still, be asked to lecture before leading photo-clubs throughout the land . . . I would be the snap-shot authority, par excellence.

But mistake after mistake piled up to haunt me. I tried easy landscape shots, but got instead ragged fences or ugly, leering signposts. I took a time-exposure of my great aunt Jane and forgot to pull the gimmick which makes a time-exposure a time-exposure. Aunt Jane is very cool towards me lately. I believe that she suspects me of passing her picture about among the younger generation as a sort of joke.

But my nerves really cracked up after an episode involving one of my best friends. In my desire to get a rare shot, and with all my attention given to proper lighting and distance, I had her pose against a beautiful background of green shrubbery. But through the shrubbery, unnoticed by me, protruded at a level with her head a sign reading "Vacant". She hasn't spoken to me for ages.

I began to lose more and more friends, until I had lost as many as it is possible to make in one short life-time. I always seem to choose the most inopportune moments for showing people their unflattering likenesses.

Even my dog seemed to turn against me. Ever since I got Cousin Johnny to keep him from blurring a picture by sitting on him, he avoids me. And Cousin Johnny avoids both me and my dog.

Much later I learned tact. I learned not to exhibit my sad collection to anyone outside our family and then only on such sad occasions as when the Maple Leafs beat Canadiens, or when the Liberals almost lost a by-election.

Now I've come to that stage where I am forced to admit that I have failed miserably. Every snap-shot that I own is either hazy, off-centre, up-side down or blank. I am suffering from photographer's heart and filmosis of the vision. I am a nervous wreck.

I intend to sell my camera and burn my motly collection. Then, having finished forever with all things photographic, I shall make a fresh start. My next hobby will be something easy, like tight-rope walking.

—MARY O'SHEA '49.

CONTEMPLATION

Some say 'tis best to contemplate
A problem in the open spaces;
In narrow foot-paths filled with charm,
With trees around; in mossy places.

I tried to think
While walking through a solemn woods,
Where birches rustle, whispering low;
Where leafy ferns grow tall and cool;
And fireflies' lanterns faintly glow.
My mind was not on common things,
But on the florets by the way.
How could I think of anything,
But nature's forms and colors gay?

I tried to think,
While looking at the firmament,
The white, white clouds, the sky's deep blue,
Their vivid contrast made my mood
Aesthetic: beauty's inward view.
Then looking up, I saw a bird
Gliding on the autumn breeze;
Its cry recalled my straying thoughts
To earth from distant skies and trees.

—JAMES TRAINOR '49