

### A CARD FROM "UP WEST"

No other adjective but "eccentric" could truly describe him. He was as obliging as anyone could be, forever going out of his way in order to help a neighbor in need. But, oh my! He did and said some strange, unusual, but amusing things.

First of all, I'll tell you that he was married during the first world war. Employed in Charlottetown (where, I know not—he may have been carrying water to the men who were digging ditches) he met a very respectable young lady from that metropolis and soon married her. It was, as I have said, during the first world war; Sarah consequently became our friend's "war bride"—at least, that is what he christened her.

After the war was over the "veteran" returned to his home. During the following three or four years, he earned a living by working for his neighbors. He used to work sometimes for my father, who to this day often speaks of our friend's method of drying out his "gum boots" (he always wore gum boots in the winter). It appears that Jack (let's call him Jack—we know by now that he is, or was, our friend. He's dead now—God rest him!) after taking off his boots in the night, would without fail place them on the floor, against the farthest wall. Having witnessed this procedure for several weeks, my father finally asked him why he did not put his footwear near the stove. Very intelligently Jack answered: "Well, by George, Hank, it's like this: the heat from the stove goes up, hits the ceiling, follows along the ceiling and hits the wall, and then falls down into my gum boots." A most satisfactory explanation indeed!

Dissatisfied with the meagre wages which the farmer could dole, Jack decided on one bright day to try his luck in some big city. And so the next week saw him travelling by C. N. R. to Montreal. He made many obvious "goofs" on his journey, but they were all capped when, arriving at Grand Central Station at midnight and still in his gum boots, Jack calmly approached a red-cap and inquired of him: "Say, Officer; could you tell me where I might get a job?" Now, of all the — — —

Jack's success in Montreal must have been limited, for soon Lot Seven was graced by his person once more. The big question was: What will he do now? Not until the next spring did Jack answer this question. And he did just that when he began the enterprise of raising three hundred geese. All spring and summer he watched and cared for his flock, counting in his mind the dollars which would be his after sales and raffles were completed in the fall. But there were surprise and disappointment in store for Jack. He had forgotten to clip their wings, and one day they "up" and flew away. Ne'er did he hear honk or see feather of them again.

The unsuccessful poulterer passed the seven following months as a lumber jack in New Brunswick. Of course, he took his team of work horses, Bob and Duke, with him, for he knew that those unsurpassable beasts of burden would certainly prove their usefulness in his chosen field of work. And I guess they did just that, for the next spring saw driver with a full wallet and horses at Cape Tormentine—ready to return to the island and then make a stake at farming.

In connection with Jack's trip across the Strait, I must tell you that this was the first time that he had ever "caught" an Abegweit crossing. Not sure that the

new boat was capable of withstanding the weight of both his horses, he brought Bob, the lighter one, over first, and arranged to have Duke cross on the next boat.

Low prices were no incentive to farming, so Jack opened a small general store in Duvar, which, with a profitable, but illicit, business on the side, provided a comfortable living for the remainder of his days.

DRAWGOOD '59

### AN OBLIGATION

We at St. Dunstan's are among the relatively few Canadians who are fortunate enough to attend an institution of higher learning. During our stay here we have increased our knowledge and cultivated our intellect. When we graduate, when we leave St. Dunstan's with our degree in Arts, Science or Commerce we will be looked upon by our less fortunate fellows as learned men and women. As such we have an obligation to fill in regard to those who did not receive the opportunities we did.

When we leave we must not be a "dog in the manger". We will have gained much from St. Dunstan's that will make it easier for us to wend our way in the world. But will we be selfish? Will we go our way mindful only of our own well being or will we try to better the status of those who were not as fortunate as we? Undoubtedly many of us when we leave, will make a career of improving the lot of others. But there will be those, who, when they think about it will not be able to see how their chosen work will benefit their fellows. Of course if you follow the results of any job of work far enough you will see that it benefits at least a few people and in many instances a great number, but that isn't what I had in mind.

We can put to best advantage the principles we have gained during our stay here by being a leader in our community. This is especially true in a farming region like Prince Edward Island. We can take the initiative in projects we know should be undertaken and from which we know only good can come. We can become a reliable source of assistance, direction and information for those organizations that are already functional. There are so many ways we can help others by being a leader and a stable figure in our community that they need not be mentioned in these few words.

We will have the raw material: the knowledge and the intelligence, for such an undertaking when we leave and if we follow closely and support student organizations on the campus, we will have one of the factors that can convert the raw material into a useable product. We will have a knowledge of group organization. We have the machinery, what we need next is to have the machinery produce. You, as one of the machines can produce and the best way to accomplish this would be to communicate to others the knowledge and ideas that are yours alone. Communication is the key word and we are very fortunate at St. Dunstan's in having a program in public speaking that could make us masters at communicating to others, our opinions and ideas.

This public speaking program, a greatly revised version of that of previous years, also affords lectures and instructions on parliamentary procedure and the organ-



izing and functions of meetings etc. Closely associated with the Public Speaking is the M.I.D.L. and to a lesser extent the Dramatic Society. Then again as a means of communication and as a means of developing the communicative ability of the student, we have the **Red and White**. It has as two of its objectives: "a medium of communication, and a means to present student opinion on matters of current interest".

You can see that by not remaining passive while at S.D.U. that by participating actively in and supporting the various organizations you are preparing yourself more thoroughly for a job that will be expected of you, when you leave St. Dunstan's as an educated member of society. You have an obligation to fulfil and you will be expected to fulfill it.

—EDITORIAL

### A JOURNEY THAT NEVER WAS

Even though I am very tired I lie well awake in bed. My head is full of thoughts. I check my alarm-clock over and over again to make sure it works properly. I go over the contents of my luggage in my mind over and over to see if I may forget something for the whole things weighs  $31\frac{3}{4}$  pounds.

I am going higher and higher now; I feel as light as a bird, and my heart feels light with joy too. I am on my way home. One certainly has a strange feeling when going home after staying overseas for almost five years. I shall soon see my father, my mother, and many others that once were so familiar to me. I cannot think any more. I look out of the circular window and see the propellers are doing their best to carry us higher and farther. A moment later there comes the pilot's voice through the loudspeaker telling us that we are flying at an altitude of 12,000 feet and at a speed of 300 miles per hour; that the hostess is called Miss Roy. Here she is, handing me a package of beautifully wrapped chewing gum. I do not like chewing gum at all but this time I put it in my mouth before I notice it. It tastes good.

Here they are, the Hawaiian Islands—the dream land of tourists—where the coconut trees, tall and graceful; the pineapples, sweet and tempting; the Waikiki Beach, warm and refreshing; those brown-skinned girls, lovely and gentle; and the straw skirt dances, symbol of folk art, simplicity, assembled themselves together and give us this South Sea Paradise. All these I had missed during my last journey. We had asked the Captain to bring the ship down to the Hawaiian Islands and each of us was willing to pay one hundred dollars extra for the trip. But instead, he brought us to the Aleutian Islands—free of charge. This time, oh, I cannot miss this time. I think I am breathing the coconut-flavoured air already. According to the scheduled we shall have  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours in Honolulu, which is an extremely short period for such a place.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," comes the pilot's voice again, "here are the Hawaiian Islands; but owing to an outbreak of Asiatic influenza we will not land here for refueling. I am very sorry to make this change, but we were advised by the local government to do so for the safety of all of us. Our next stop will be Wake Island."

We are passing over Honolulu now. My heart sinks as the plane climbs up after giving us a bird-eye view of the attractive place.

Very soon we come to Wake Island. Here, Miss Roy leaves and is replaced by another hostess called something like Miss Wulimacha. She distributes to us the same kind of chewing gum, but it is tasteless this time.

We missed Honolulu, yet we hope to make up the loss in Tokyo. In Japan we shall have Fujiyama and kimono instead of Waikiki and straw skirt. But Japan has something more than that—she is the country where ancient oriental and modern occidental civilizations find themselves coexisting in harmony. Her capital, Tokyo, is a typical example.

Three hours is not a very long period. We return to the airport just in time to catch the plane; and before I can settle down in my seat we are already 11,000 feet up.

It is the fourth morning since our take-off and in a few hours I shall be home again. I keep my eyes on the far horizon. The propellers are still roaring with all their might and I can see the stretch of the Pacific Ocean through the slits of the clouds. Suddenly, there comes a jerk. Then the plane starts to tremble and I hear the pilot's voice again but I do not know what he is talking about. For all of a sudden the plane loses its balance and throws me out of the window, I hear the sound of a bell but soon everything is silent.

I try to open my eyes but I dare not. My whole body is sore and I feel cold. I hear the bell again. With some curiosity and some fear I open my eyes and see that I am still in my room and, to my surprise, I find myself lying on the floor.

I jump up and discover that I fell from my bed in my sleep and that it was only a night-mare. I was not going home, after all, but I am going away—to begin my winter adventures!

—ATLAS '60

### ONE MANLY MOUSE

Here perched upon an open hearth  
Thou, wee mousie—victim of dearth,  
Loath wert thou to skip away  
From that abode so safe at day.

In quest of that one need so dire—  
To sate the flame of appetite's fire.  
The feline foe did lie in wait  
For thee—choice morsel of his bait.

Little mousie treading sprightly  
Wert thou not made to travel nightly?  
Yea, but what a price for thy defiance  
Vainly to show thy self-reliance.

Man, the victim of self-pride,  
Why dost thou chance time and tide?  
Dost thou not take mousie's heed,  
And choose a means with each need?

But alas thy need was lost  
When thou denied the fee of cost  
To yield thy pride, and seek advice,  
Thou failest within, when thou ought'st unite.

—THE SCARRED BARD