

SQUARE PEGS AND ROUND HOLES

Have you ever seen a square peg forced into a round hole or perhaps more commonly a large bolt forced through a smaller threaded nut? If you have you know that in nine instances out of ten neither the bolt or the nut will be of any further use. The threads of both are ruined and they no longer do efficiently the job for which they were intended.

We've all undoubtedly seen this happen at one time or another and we all too, at some time in our lives, have seen the right man in the wrong job or the wrong man in the right job, which ever you will. If, where this has happened we have been observant we know that there is an unhappy man and a job poorly done.

We might contemplate for a brief minute then guess how many of those leaving St. Dunstan's this year will be round pegs that will force themselves into square holes. How many through their own volition will choose a career for which they are not suited? How many will sell themselves and their life's work short, for want of careful thought? There will probably be far many more than we might have thought.

It's a very difficult thing, indeed, to find where we best fit, to know for which job our personality, our temperament and our skills are best suited. So many are afraid to be cold and detached in a self analysis; granted it is one of the hardest things to do unbiased, they instead are tempted to paint an idealistic self-portrait. In this picture they paint themselves from the reflection of an image they have created and, embodied in this image, are all the things which have a romantic, emotional and often monetary appeal for them. This image which they use as a model for their self-portrait has very little that is realistic about it. It is composed of the magic of words: Doctor, Nurse, Engineer, Social Worker But all that these words signify is not known or understood. Sacrifice, patience, hours of work, though only a small part of all that which gives these words their true meaning, is glossed over. They picture themselves doctors but their interest in others is small; engineers but they are not attuned to mathematics; teachers but they lack the ability to communicate.

Choosing a career is one of the biggest things we will ever do, and it is something which should not be rushed into on a mere whim.

The qualities required for a job that has a certain superficial appeal for us may be the very qualities we lack. We may find that neither our personality, our temperament or our abilities are suited to it. Too late we find ourselves square pegs wedged firmly in round holes. Instead of the job complementing the man there is an opposition which spoils both.

The following lines of poetry express far better what I have been trying to say in these few paragraphs. It would do no one harm to take them very seriously at face value.

"It takes the person for the job, the man who fits the trade
To use the tools he has received, the skills before him laid.
So many choose their work in haste and do not weigh the
odds,

So many lay aside their faith and worship earthly gods,
Yet there are those who use the head, the heart, the soul,
the mind

To choose and pick their life time work, its happiness
they find.

So take your time and use your skill to find wherein you fit,
It's one thing you'll not regret and you'll better be for it."

—EDITORIAL

MY UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

For every man, it is said, there is always some unforgettable character whose memory he shall retain always while treading life's sometimes monotonous way.

My unforgettable character was my constant companion for several years, during which she stamped herself indelibly upon my memory.

Her name was Terry, but in contrast to her name, she was tall and graceful with a classic profile, and insisted on continually wrinkling her nose to push up her spectacles.

Terry had many abilities and never ceased to make use of them. She was extremely proficient in the art of cracking gum. The sound of that gum aroused me many a time from reverie, as, swinging her feet, she scratched her head in rhythm to the gum while she was doing her math. problems. Fortunately (for her room-mates), she was intelligent, and therefore did not have to spend an excess of time engaged in study.

If her brain was deep, her voice was light. She spoke in a cultured, authoritative way with a slight American Accent. Her voice was rather high-pitched at times, remarkably so when she beheld a mouse scurrying about the floor in the late hours of the night.

Terry was a veritable ball of fire when it came to rising in the morning. Sometimes it took the combined efforts of the so-called cow-bell, our voices and muscles to induce her to vacate the nest. Her first comment would usually be that she was freezing to death. The poor girl must have been anaemic, for it never failed to be warm in the mornings. Possessed of a vivid imagination and a vigorous mind (neither of which ceased day or night), she was frequented with grisly nightmares, the telling of which kept us in suspense all through breakfast.

This friend, Terry, was remarkably tidy. Her bed never supported more than a brief case, five scribbles, three books, two skirts, a blouse and scarf; her dresser never more than jewellery boxes, a purse, kleenex, a statue, innumerable jars and cases of inevitable cosmetics. It is with chagrin that I admit my dresser has been much less neat than hers.

Her emotional temperament was, regrettably, quite unstable. She ranged from heights of exuberance and gaiety, during which moods she flew about in the air, to levels of depression or pessimism, when she lay limp, and flat on her bed, or paced the room like a caged animal.

Terry's social was a constant round of dances, parties and shows, for she was very popular. Though perhaps not intentionally so, her heart was fickle; she preferred her admirers to be tall, dark, and there was a profusion about them.

Terry was, indeed, a remarkable girl. She broadened my outlook on life, my forbearance, and humour for those few years while she lived within my vision. One day she slipped out of it, with bulging trunks, suitcases and hat-bags, a smear of lipstick on her lovable nose, into the mist-filled past which is, in one way, so near, but yet so far.

—J. MacISAAC '61