

seeing themselves pursued, came close to the village and hid the treasure in the mountain in a little cavern. They then covered the entrance with rocks and fled. However the Spanish warship spotted and overtook the pirates. They sank the ship and kept as prisoners the plunderers.

"A few days later, three of the old pirates who had succeeded in escaping came to get the treasure but in place of the treasure they saw the devil sitting at the entrance of the cavern. The devil looked like a man but he had a tail and fire sprang from his mouth and his nostrils. In his right hand, he held an iron pitch-fork and threatened the three men with his implement.

The frightened pirates fled and told this fact to the nearby farmers. They went to get neighbors and a group of about fifty farmers was formed by these pirates. They took along with them guns, sticks and pitch-forks; and the group left for the cavern.

"But was it not the surprise of everyone that upon arriving both the devil and the treasure were gone! The surrounding trees were missing and the nearby grass was burnt. They were the first to see these large steps that you see.

"Since that time, everyone in the village believes that legend and it is transmitted from father to son."

You can be certain that my hunting trip was finished for the rest of the day for I couldn't forget the legend about the steps on the mountain.

—PAUL MICHAUD

### MEMORIES OF A SCHOOLMARM

In a Grade-one classroom anything can happen. The teacher with a roomful of uninhibited, irrepressible six-year-olds must be not only a teacher, but also a mother, policeman, nurse, fireman, actress, story-teller, and referee. Even without their Wheaties and Tootsie Rolls, the little angels are endowed with incredible amounts of imagination and energy, and my thirty youngsters were no exceptions.

I remember one morning when, as I wrote on the chalkboard, I heard a strange sound coming from the back of the classroom. I turned around, and to my utter amazement, found that while the remainder of the class worked arithmetically, Ralph had shimmed up to the ceiling, via the waterpipes! Imagine the heyday he'd have in the jungle!

Then there was the day Kenny arrived at school shyly wearing a pair of old-fashioned gold-rimmed glasses. It seemed an excellent occasion to point out to the children that eyeglasses are a wonderful invention which helps people to see better, and that we must be careful not to hit or to laugh at those who wear glasses. The children listened attentively, and for the rest of the morning Kenny was the proud centre of attention as he bent over his number-work and reading. In the afternoon, however, he arrived at school barefaced.

"Mom wouldn't let me take them," he explained. "They were my grandmother's!"

"Wasn't she angry with you for wearing them all morning?"

"No Teacher, she didn't say nothing," he replied. And added, "She's dead!"

Bobby, who will probably be an insurance salesman, had a habit of dropping into places, uninvited. One day he opened a door, and walked right into the principal's classroom. That imposing personage, hoping to intimidate the child, boomed sarcastically, "And what grade are you in—Grade One, or Grade Ten?" Bobby gazed steadily at him, unafraid, then turned back to the door. There he paused and said clearly, as he slipped out, "Grade Ten, Sir!"

Then there were the two sisters, Margaret and Mary, the dirtiest children I have ever seen. We had to keep them in the same classroom, for Margaret was the only one who could understand the gibberish Mary spoke. Their mother wrote delightful little notes, which read something like:

Deer Teacher

Worshenmachine broke, so my too girls smell so bad and I don't want youse teachers and them nasty kids to laff at my Margaret and Mary none they have bad colds too but I do not keeping them home because I hope youse all get their colds yours most sincerely in our Lord

Barry was the perfect example of the do-it-yourself type. One afternoon the children were all quietly cutting pictures, when suddenly the room was filled with sparks and blue light. As it turned out, Barry was responsible. He explained, "Well, I just wanted to see what would happen if I stuck the scissors into the wall socket." He did see.

David and Cecil were the entertainers of the class. David delighted the class at recess by giving a blow-by-blow description of his fathers recovery from an "evening with the boys." And when I overheard Cecil offering to demonstrate how his mother had thrown a chair at his father, I wondered what she would throw at him, if she could hear him. I have often thought that if parents could ever guess the things that their children repeat in school, then every compulsory education law in the country would be repealed.

Not all the children, however, were lively; some were unusually timid and retiring. Such a one was Dorothy. She seemed always to be trying to fade into the shadows, and never wanted to enter any discussion. Only once did she show any interest in any of the proceedings. One day I brought a baby turtle to class, in connection with a nature study lesson. All the children, with the exception of Dorothy, thoroughly enjoyed watching little Oscar, as they called him, walk around, and pull his head and feet into his shell. After the nature study class, we put Oscar in a glass bowl on top of the bookcase, so he would not get hurt. While Dorothy's group prepared to go home, I began to teach a reading lesson to a more advanced group. But while we were concentrating on the reading lesson, Dorothy came back to play with Oscar, and she quietly climbed up on the bookcase, which was behind my back. Before Oscar could recover from his surprise at finding two big black eyes staring at him, the bookcase toppled over. With a crash, the glass bowl broke into a thousand pieces, and Dorothy promptly burst into tears of anguish. Oscar poked his head cautiously out of his shell, looked around, and then indignantly picked his way out of the wreckage, and set off to find safer quarters. It was unfortunate, however, that Dorothy's one little adventure ended in this manner, for she became even more shy and withdrawn.

It seems that regardless of how often children are forbidden to play in the classroom at recess, there are always one or two who think that rules are made to be broken. But sometimes it is not the rules alone that are broken. . . sometimes it is arms or heads. I believe the children began to realize that rules **have** a purpose, on the morning when Linda bumped into a desk and cut her head as she fell. When I returned to the classroom a few minutes later, she was lying on the floor, blood streaming from a scalp wound, while all the children stood around, terrified yet fascinated. I did what I could to help the child, then went to phone her mother and a taxi. While I was phoning, a bell began to ring urgently in the corridor, and it was followed by what sounded like a miniature stampede, as everyone came racing out of classrooms and down the stairs. Someone paused long enough to call, "That was the fire bell! Get your class outside as fast as you can!" I, poor country bumpkin, had never before seen a fire drill, and I had absolutely no idea what to do. For the next few minutes confusion reigned supreme, and all the while the principal, the supervisor, and the fire marshal, who were checking the fire drill, frowned most disapprovingly. The children cried, but finally got outside, in disorderly array. Some of them took time to go to the basement for their coats; others thought it was time to go home, and they weren't seen until the next day. I forgot to take my register outside with me, and so couldn't check the roll. In the midst of all the confusion, Linda, who was still bleeding profusely, fainted. Then there came the taxi, which I had phoned, trying to honk its way through the throngs of children on the street. Mornings like that just go to show that in the classroom "it never rains but it pours".

The children are not the only ones who keep the classroom lively; there are also supervisors. I first met my supervisor one morning as I was saying. . .

" . . . Epaminondas remembered what his Mammy had told him, so he took the little puppy dog down to the river, and wrapped him in some cool green leaves, and cooled him in the water, and cooled him in the. . . " As I related the old familiar story, I noticed that my classroom full of lively, restless six-year-olds was strangely quiet. Usually their mobile little faces expressed delight at Epaminondas' antics, but now they were expressionless, and their eyes were focussed on a point slightly behind me. I turned slowly and stopped in mid-sentence, leaving Epaminondas with his foot "right in the middle of the first pie". Standing just inside the door and scowling ferociously, was my supervisor, a stern individual with beetling brows and gimlet eyes, the grim survivor of thirty years of classroom warfare. As I stammered a greeting, he thundered, "My dear young lady, my teachers do not use their valuable time to tell fairy tales to the children!" Need I add that Epaminondas never did get his other foot in the pie?

Believe it or not, the Grade One teacher has a busy day. She fastens overshoes, zips snowsuits, bandages heads, wipes tears, conducts fire drills, tells stories, acts as a policeman or referee. She must inspect drawings of kittens that look like cows, approve of guinea pigs and white mice, endure endless tales of little brothers and sisters and quarrelling parents. She must train rhythm bands, practice concerts, and incidentally work in reading, numberwork, health, history, physical training, drawing, geography, nature study, and on and on. Still teaching is a wonderful profession, and the Grade One classroom is a wonderful place in which to work. It is a busy place, a lively place. But would anyone want it otherwise?

## IN THE PROPER MODE

Have you heard any good choirs lately? Have you asked yourself honestly and without prejudicial leanings the question as to what constitutes a good choir? By what standard must we judge a choir? From the very sense of the term "choir", there is implied a united effort on the part of all its members. Yet does it not seem that we are too prone to label a choir as being of a high standard because of the fact that it sings loud, at the same time casting off the more important element which considers its value on the basis of harmonics; to label a choir as being creditable because of the proficiency of its soloists; to label it moreover as being of a high calibre because of the ingenuity and versatility of its accompanist. These are no valid standards by which we may judge a choir. Such traits or considerations do not stand under critical examination. A choir rather must be judged as an overall product. No individual must be permitted to be singled out as the absolute backbone of its composition. This is particularly true in the case of a liturgical choir. Why does Holy Mother Church lay such strong emphasis on this point through the guidance and the writings of its pontiffs? Opinions must not be formed too hastily. We should always ask ourselves the philosophical question: Why? Why does She shelter such a frame of mind? Well it is simply this. As Catholics we are aware that it is the Church's duty to create a milieu in which the faithful at large will be better disposed to acts of devotion. Now, there are certain customs which have been accepted in the past, are being accepted now and should not and please God will not be accepted in the future. These traditions have been that of having soloists sing during a Church service or of permitting a choir to keep and produce its repertoire of truly *unliturgical music*. These traditions are not in keeping with the true mind of the Church in such matters, for they mar rather than sustain the proper devotional milieu. The soloists takes away in some measure for some of the faithful and in great measure for others of the faithful, the true and essential devotion which they should have for the Holy Sacrifice, depending on the individual's taste for music. The same applies for much of the music that the Church has severely condemned, and justly. We must be honest with ourselves. Do we want to accept these customs because they seem pleasing to us? Should we sacrifice true devotion for our own selfish interests? The Church has a reason for legislating on such matters. Find out what that reason is. Think on it, give it serious consideration. If you have taste for really great music and music which would aid the cause of rendering the Church service more devotional, I am sure that you would agree that the Church is absolutely correct.

As a result of the "Motu Proprio" of Pius X, a valuable document and guide for the director and the organist in the selection of his music, there remains no valid reason why the old customs should not be cast off. Many great musicians and musicologists have arisen in defence of the Church. Today, there is a tremendous abundance of great music that is truly liturgical in every sense of the term. These are readily available from many music publishing companies. Pope Pius X has taught, as so many before him have taught, that the greatest form of Church music is Gregorian Chant. I offer no deception when I state that Gregorian Chant is considered not only by many Catholics but by many more non-Catholics as well, to be the greatest music that has ever been compiled. It is great because its melodies and harmonics are purely in keeping with the rules and norms of truly great music. It is sad when we consider the fact that so many Catholics have