

Can we turn back the clock? Is it possible to restore thirteenth century society in the world? Our answer must be that the complete social structure of the Thirteenth Century cannot be restored, for it was the result of the peculiar conditions of the time; but we must recognize that it is possible—and not only possible, but necessary—to restore the spirit of the Thirteenth Century. The civilization of Thirteenth Century was not the only possible expression of the Catholic culture; it was merely the expression that was most suited to that century. We may choose to express it in another way. The important thing is to express that culture. We must restore the organic state, the state that will achieve the happy balance between individualism and totalitarianism, the state whose center will be an animated Christianity. The clock of Western civilization cannot be turned back; but, if it is to continue running at all, it must be wound with the key of Catholic culture.

—MARK MacGUIGAN '51

THE ANGLER

Perhaps no individual is more misunderstood, more scoffed at, or more ridiculed than the angler. He belongs to that great confraternity of sportsmen who practice with great assiduity the ancient and glorious piscatorial art.

From all appearances, the angler would seem to be an ordinary and normal individual. For eight or nine months of each year, he devotes himself with energy to his particular avocation and pursues it with painstaking care and profound interest.

As I have said, for eight or nine months of the year, the confirmed angler acts and reacts as a normal human being. But for days and weeks before the federal or provincial authorities proclaim the date for the opening of the fishing season, the angler's attitude towards life undergoes a decided change. His interest in his business or professional life is of secondary concern; there is a far away look in his eye; he searches out his fishing rods, which he values almost as much as his casting arm, and his case of flies, which he guards and protects more jealously than his money wallet.

After gathering from attic or closet, garage or cellar, his cherished paraphernalia, his whole household is plunged into a state of turmoil, for the angler has cast aside or forgotten all the rules and regulations pertaining to a well

ordered home. He thinks nothing of littering the living room rug with lines, nets, and reels, much to the discomfort and annoyance of his family. Much to the consternation of his wife, the anxious fisherman has taken over her kitchen for the careful inspection of waders, fishing baskets, and the rest of his favourite outdoor apparel. And, despite all her protestations, he continues with stubborn perseverance his feverish preparations.

Very often, the angler is in individual who lives a life of comparative ease and luxury, a man who is fond of good food, prepared by a competent cook; and yet, during the fishing season, he will adventure to the wilds of the northland to fish in a far away lake, or whip a cascading stream, or tolerate an infestation of mosquitoes and black flies, and clean his catch to cook over hot embers—and glory in it!

During most of the year, the ardent angler may often complain of his susceptibility to colds, flu, and other kindred ailments brought on by drafts, rain and cold. Yet, once on the fishing grounds, this enthusiastic character appears to have become rejuvenated and immune to all the minor ills to which he was prey. For now he sustains the rigorous cold winds of the northland, frequent rains, and even the occasional tumble into an icy stream with few if any ill effects.

But these discomforts of nature never deter this sportsman. Whether he pursues the elusive speckled trout in a cold mountain stream, the lordly salmon in the great bays that are their homes, or the giant tuna on the foggy, stormy eastern coast; whether his catch is large or small—at heart he is then, and forever, an enthusiastic angler.

—B. F. '52

LAZARUS

When limbo was the lair of hope
Before the bloody Tree,
I left the living, there to live
In wild expectancy.

When Heaven was the home of harps,
Heaven walked the earth;
He soothed the sorrow of the throng
By bidding me, 'Come forth'.

In putrid rags I split the tomb
The timeless Voice to greet;
And earth was Heaven when I spread
Palms before His feet.

—G. K. '51.