

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

not tried in the least to appreciate the great treasure that the Church possesses in Gregorian Chant. In one particular parish for example, when as a result of the parish priest's demand that all the old singing books be burned and that Gregorian Chant take its place, many mentioned to me the fact that if what they're singing now is Gregorian Chant, they certainly didn't want to be buried with it. Can't you think of anything more ridiculous? They felt that Gregorian Chant for example did not have a "Liberation" sufficient to move them to sorrow at a funeral. What a false sense of values! The program did however come into effect despite the fact that many of the choir members left the choir loft. I thank God that it did and I have since observed that many of the parishioners have come to love Gregorian Chant very deeply. Granted it had a slow beginning, with a good choir director who had the tenacity to work and to work hard with a new group of men and young boy sopranos, his efforts have been amply rewarded.

In order to have a good liturgical choir, it is essential that there be cooperation first of all between the parish priests, and the choir directors and organists. There is no legitimate excuse why the Church's demands cannot be met. Let us cooperate with her. It is not difficult today to form a choir. Many parish schools are bubbling over with young boys who would make good prospective singers. Many of them have talent which only needs tapping, and an occasional choir practice would give them an occasion for blowing off some of their excess steam. If we are to succeed, we will need the cooperation of both the clergy and the faithful. We can start right now by trying to understand the Church's stand and by reading the "Motu Proprio".

—HENRY GAUDET '57

YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU

With the warm weather upon us another academic year is quickly drawing to a close! For some, this may be the end of their formal education as they leave their Alma Mater and enter into the outstretched arms of this modern world. No longer shall they be subject to the rules of College discipline; rather, shall they be "on their own" to face the consequences of being a man of the world. But for most of us, the completion of another academic year is not the end; it is but one more step on the road toward graduation. The closing of college for us means a four-month break in our formal college training, at the end of which we shall return to the campus to "pick up where we left off".

Whether we belong to the former group or the latter we should all pause for a moment to consider what the completion of another academic year at St. Dunstan's should mean to us. Putting aside for a moment the amount of work which we did or did not accomplish, (maybe we could have done more), let us realize how one more year, spent in the pursuit of knowledge at a Catholic Institution, such as this, has prepared us to take our place in the world, whether for a few months as in the case of the undergraduates, or for life in the case of the graduates.

Every minute that has been spent in the pursuit of knowledge has better equipped us mentally to play our role in the drama of life. And yet, every minute of the scholastic year that was not actually spent "at the books" has not been wasted. It has benefited us in many ways! The very fact that we have spent a worthwhile year here at St. Dunstan's has had its good effects upon us, and we

are much better off on account of it. We should thus go forth into the world this summer and let our words and actions portray the fact that we are college trained students and know how to act as such.

"To whom much has been given, much shall be expected". Hence, since we have been fortunate enough to spend a year or more, here at St. Dunstan's, and have received "much", it is true that of us much shall be expected. Therefore, when we leave the campus in a very short time, we should, take with us all that has furthered our moral, academic, cultural and physical development. We should remember and put into practice off the campus, that which we have acquired on the campus. Remember, **You Can Take It With You!**

—BOB DOYLE '59

OF TARTANS AND SUCH

"Yes," he said, "one of the nicest things you could do for any old Scotsman would be to entertain him with some fine Scotch music." His friends immediately obliged by bringing to his bedside Bill Lamey, one of Cape Breton's finest Scottish violinists. Bill spent over half a day at the bedside of the sick man, playing all the strathspeys, reels, jigs, hornpipes, clogs, marches, and slow airs he knew and many times, after he had recovered from his illness, the old man stated that his cure could be attributed to the generosity and skill of Bill Lamey.

This incident is one of the many that could be told to illustrate Cape Breton's love for Scottish culture.

I have always been an admirer of Scotch music. Before I was moved away from Cape Breton, I attended several of those Scottish concerts which reveal the Island at its best. I heard the many artists perform on the violin, bagpipes, and piano. I saw the highland fling, and sword dance, and I heard many Scottish songs sung in both English and Gaelic.

Why has so much of this culture been preserved in Cape Breton while in other places where the Scotch people have settled it is almost extinct? From my personal observations the Scottish people, in the first place, are grouped more closely in communities with almost no influence from outside national groups, and along with this there are various highland societies which are active in promoting highland functions. Furthermore, to promote their culture, they have established at St. Ann's a Gaelic college—the only institution of its kind in North America. Even more important, perhaps, is the admiration for the culture displayed by the more influential Scots. The late Premier Angus L. MacDonald was an out-standing example. His greatest wish was that a group of one hundred pipers, playing "The Road to the Isles", would be the first to cross the Canso Causeway, when it was completed. Although he did not live to see it, his wish was fulfilled. The clergy of all faiths, too, continually promote their Scottish customs and traditions; some Protestant ministers are even known to deliver sermons in Gaelic. Father Hugh A. MacDonald, Director of Church Music for the diocese of Antigonish, besides being a master pianist, is an ardent Gael who converses—and even prays—in the ancient language.

One time when Father MacDonald was parish priest at Grand Mira, he taught a group of men, most of whom had never before had any training, to sing in both English