

would frighten himself. When home time came, he never could muster up enough courage to take the long walk in the dark. His host, knowing this, would insist that he stay all night. The wags made up a bit of doggerel about his habit of becoming an overnight guest:

"Johnnie Haley

Is the boy to make his ceilidh".

His favorite story was about a cat. It is a good example of his talent. This is the way he told it:

"I had a big tomcat one time, a lovely cat. Fat as butter he was, and a great ratter. Once when he was sittin' at a rathole in the barn, some water from a puddle in th' yard flowed in where he was asittin' on th' floor. The water froze, an' froze 'im to th' floor; but he still kep' watchin' th' rathole. Three days after, I found him still froze' to th' floor by th' rathole, an' 'longside uv 'im I found Forty-eight rat tails an' a bit uv weasel fur.

"But this cat uv mine started eatin' chickens, an' I knew I would hafta get rid uv 'im. I put 'im in a strong bag wit' a big stone fur a weight, an' tied th' mouth uv th' bag wit' a string. I tuk 'im back to th' big brook behind my place, an' threw 'im in. Goin' home, I says to meself; Yuh were a fine cat, Tommy.' Nex' mornin' he wuz at the door when I got up.

"That evenin' I took 'im to the railroad an' tied 'im to one uv th' rails. I was sure th' train wud cut 'im in two. An says I, 'That's all fur you, Mister Cat'. But nex' mornin' when I got up, he was at the door agin' limp-in' a little.

"I begin to think the auld divil must be in th' cat; so I tuk my axe, grabbed th' cat, went out to th' block, an' cut th' head off 'im. I threw 'is body in th' manure pile, an' said; That'll fix you, yuh vilyan! Th' nex' mornin' when I got up, I heard a noise at th' door. I opened it, an' here wasn't it th' dang' cat, carryin' 'is head in 'is mouth!"

—Francis J. Corcoran, '46

### A RAILWAY JOURNEY

I settled myself comfortably and leaned back, my feet resting on the seat opposite me. On the station platform the little cars, trailing long threads of baggage trucks, crowded about, their drivers listlessly needling a path through the maze of well wishers who thronged the narrow way. To the drivers this train was just one of many



which had to be loaded; it was number "53" and it left at 7.45. They were almost unaware of the people, oblivious to the sad farewells and hurried almost forgotten instructions being given at the last minute. To the throng, though, this was the train. On this train Susie, John, or Mary was leaving. I closed my eyes. I wasn't leaving; I was going. Home at last after four years. With a thrill of excitement I felt the train ease to a start. I was on my way.

I left Halifax just as I had found it. A light gray mist hovered above the ground and dropped down to blanket the water as we sped past the basin, shrouding the ships which I knew must be lying at anchor. I slid down further in the seat and closed my eyes again.

When I awoke bright morning sunlight was shifting through the soot gray double window by my head. I was hot and uncomfortable. I sat up and pulled down the blind. A middle aged man, with graying hair and a narrow earnest face, was sitting on the part of the seat which had not been occupied by my feet. He was reading the morning paper and tossed occasional glances out the window on his side. He didn't seem to know I was there at all.

The train changed direction and the sun stopped beating down on our side. I raised the blind. We were clickety-clicking along through the wooded Nova Scotia country side at the rate of about three seconds per telegraph pole. Every two or three miles we skirted small, tree bounded lakes, with cabins nestling on their shores and flat bottomed dorys nudging the gravel beaches.

My greying friend continued with his newspaper. I dug into my grip for a copy of the Digest I had brought along, put my feet up again, and started to find out what the atomic age had in store for us.

The trainman's call "Truro next," brought me back to the twentieth century. Silent yokum, I thought, had nothing on this character sitting across from me. He put down his paper and stood up. I laid my book on the seat beside me, and walked to the end of the car so that I would be able to get off quickly and dash to the lunch counter in the station.

In the station I gulped down a cup of coffee, and hurried back to make sure of my seat. Silent was gone and I was alone again in the seat. He had not been very friendly, had not even looked at me or bid me good day. "But what about yourself?" I thought. "You didn't make any



overtures of good fellowship towards him." Oh well! Why worry about that? I'd soon be home and then nobody would be a stranger.

I watched through the window as we slid out of Truro and began smoking through the level fields. We whistled past car crossings and every blast brought me closer to home. I felt good. I thought of the Bromo-Seltzer train on Vox-pop which says, "Bromo-Zeltzer, Bromo-Zeltzer, Bromo-Zeltzer." To me this train said, "Going home, going home, going home." It sounded fine.

—Ernest Hemphill, '49

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### SOCIALISM — CANADIAN STYLE

The people of P. E. Island situated far from the seat of their government, and still farther from the western provinces which have such a decisive effect on most social and economic legislation, do not often give much thought to the part played by our western citizens. People here are and always were, for the most part, conservative in their political views. Even though there were two political parties, they did not differ a great deal in essential political theory; the majority of Island people voted, and were expected to vote, according to family tradition. It was only in the last federal election that serious issues were set before our people, and we were made to realize that voting was no longer a matter of tradition, but rather a serious responsibility. The people of Canada had to decide whether they wished to continue to live as they pleased or whether they would prefer to have the government assume that responsibility. Let us try to find, if we can, the reason for our having to make such a decision.

The people of Western Canada are representative of many races. They have come from all parts of Europe, from England, Germany, Poland, Yugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia; not a few refugees from the Ukraine and other parts of Russia after the Red revolution. Many of them came from other parts of Canada to settle in the then fertile West. They brought with them their own habits and customs, social and political ideas. Strange as it may seem, they realize more than we that Canada belongs to the people. These western people, confronted by obstacles on every hand and discontented with the existing political parties, formed new ones to suit their needs and sometimes fancies. The Farmer's Party of the '20's was of short duration, but the Social Credit and C.C.F. parties of