

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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THE LUMBERJACK

O, a restless soul is the lumberjack:
Through the length and breadth of the Maritimes
He harkens to the woodland, wandering chimes—
From Summerside, Truro and Tabisentac
Autumn calls him to the balsam track;
When the needles turn on the tamarack tree,
And the first frost sparkles like a soul set free,
Then from Tignish, Trenton and Tatamagouche
He's up and away and he's off to the bush.

O, he's young and he's old, is the lumberjack:
A young lad weary of the dull town days
With a roving fancy and a distant gaze
Who quits his companions as his whole heart fills
With the pain-sharp beauty of the hardwood hills;
Or a farmer, father now of tall-grown sons,
Whose restless feet take him once again
To that peaceful and hurryless world of men:—

To the neat camp tucked in the warm spruce grove,
And the deacon seat by the round red stove,
To the stories told and the laughter-hoot,
To the jigging of the fiddle and the old tin flute.
O from Lake Bras d'Or, up to Clair and back
The peaceful life of the lumberjack!

The shoulder-swing of the good sharp axe,
The well dropped tree and the great moose tracks,
The sawdust stream in the clean white snow,
And the chickadee dancing at ten below.
This charm of the woods can draw men back
(From the strawboss down to the old bullcook)

From Cardigan, Minas, or Memramcook;
From Summerside, Truro and Tabisentac,
Comes a man with the swing of the lumberjack;
With his fearless swagger and his laugh right free,
There's none so jaunty a lad as he;
With his high laced boots and his hat far back,
Ho, they all make way for the lumberjack!

Whether Miscouche Acadian or Lunenburg Dutch,
Irish or Scotch (with the clanniest touch)
Or a wandering Swede,
Or a lone Micmac,
They are brothers all—
Beneath the old knapsack
Is the wayward soul of a lumberjack.

Now if I get to heaven—may the good Lord please—
And dally with my harping under big-boughed trees,
I hope that I find right next to me
(His last logs tallied and his wangan paid)
Limply at ease there, and stretched on his back—
The smiling soul of a lumberjack!

—A. P. C

THE SUMMER SEMINAR IN HOLLAND

Yes, we have returned home and are back at our universities. One hundred and twenty students, representing nineteen countries have left the quaint and beautiful countryside of Holland, but we will long remember the many friendships formed and the happy impressions made during the five weeks of our seminar. Students here have heard considerable about it, but many other of our readers are unfamiliar with this new venture in international understanding. One of the purposes of the seminar is the fostering of a greater spirit of contact and friendliness between Canadian and European students. For your interest and information then, I should like to discuss, in a series of articles, the seminar itself and my experiences this summer.

The seminar was sponsored by the Canadian Committee of the International Student Service, which is a movement linking together students, faculty, and graduates on a world-wide scale. Its