

MORE OF THE ARTS

Every year, for the past number of years, the Kinsmans' Club of Charlottetown has sponsored the visit here of The Canadian Players giving the finest drama in our language. Not only is the drama itself good, but the actors are probably the best in the whole of Canada. This is a fact for which the students at St. Dunstan's should be extremely grateful. However not always is it possible for the students to attend these performances as they would like; this year on the day on which the plays were being presented many of the "Saints" were over at Mount "A" watching the football game; while yet others were held off by the admission price. Nevertheless the plays were missed, and if this sort of arrangement continues, they shall continue to be missed in the future.

Now this fact is indeed to be lamented because as part of our cultural education, these plays and other entertainments which come to the Island should be seen by not a few of the students, but by the whole body of College students. This can be done only if there is some way in which these displays of fine art could be brought closer to us.

If some arrangement could be made with these groups to at least occasionally, give a presentation right here on the campus, it would more than likely stir the interest of people and give to them also a lesson as to what they are missing in not seeing these things. If you remember, last year on the occasion of the visit to the city of the Vienna Boys' Choir, the College authorities invited that fine group to sing for us. Many of the students went to hear them again that night having been given a taste of the group's singing in the morning.

It might be a fine example if the College were to investigate this matter and see if it is at all feasible to have some of these groups come here so that we, who are so far off the beaten track of such fine displays of art, may, on occasion, mingle with the greats of artistic achievement in our country, with the hope that a little of what they have may rub off on us.

—EDITORIAL

TERRY'S TROUBLES

High above him the bright sun was pouring forth its dazzling rays on a mild autumn day, and the air smelled clean and fresh, but even this failed to rouse his heavy spirits. Terry Brown, son of a coal miner, wandered aimlessly down the narrow trail through the small forest at the edge of the town to the quiet banks of a small stream. For a moment he stood there on the bank, staring at the clear waters; then, with a heavy sigh, he slumped down at the foot of a tree.

As he gazed into space, his thoughts turned to his family. He thought of his home, always bright and cheerful, and the aroma of his mother's cooking permeating everywhere. He thought of his family, happy and close-knit as they were, of his brothers and sisters with whom he enjoyed much happiness and contentment. And he thought of his father, a man who would work his fingers to the bone for his beloved family. Each morning in the early hours of dawn, Tony Brown had set out with his lunch pail and a miner's lamp and had headed for the cold, damp, dirty pits of the coal mine at the north of town. Each day he had laboured unceasingly, crawling on his hands and knees through the mud in the low, narrow tunnels, breaking through the hard rock in search of the not-too-abundant coal, and pushing his heavy, coal-filled cart a considerable distance to the storage bin. Each night he had trudged home, exhausted and a bit discouraged. The mines weren't too successful, and Tony Brown needed money badly to support his ever-growing family and to keep them in reasonable comfort.

Then one fateful day about three weeks ago, a terrible explosion occurred in the mine shaft where Terry's father had been working. No one was killed but Mr. Brown had received a spinal injury that completely paralyzed his body from the waist down. only an Operation could help him to recover, but operations were costly matters. If only I could find a job, thought Terry, so that I could raise money for Dad's operation. But jobs were scarce in town, nor could Terry leave his mother to seek work in another town. Oh, what could he do—suddenly his mind was snapped back into reality! The sun was now hidden behind dark, grey clouds, and an ominous silence prevailed on all. Terry was certain he had heard something. He leaped to his feet, and, for a moment, he stood motionless, scarcely breathing, behind the tree. Peering through the darkened woods, he saw a dark form slipping among the trees. Wide-eyed and bewildered, Terry crouched at the foot of the tree and waited. Moments later, he saw a man emerge cautiously and stealthily. Terry's eyes darted to the stranger's hand. He saw the gun, a small derringer! His heart began to thump wildly and he could feel the sweat on his brow.

As the stranger approached him, though quite unaware he was being watched, Terry's heart skipped a beat. It was one of the boys from town who had been Terry's classmate a few years back. Although they had been good friends, Terry recalled that the boy, Jack Smith, was always in a jam, one way or another. He had even been arrested once for stealing a car two years ago and had been placed on probation for a year. Since then, Terry had neither seen him nor heard from him. Now thoroughly stupefied, Terry rose slowly to his feet—snap! a twig broke under his foot. The visitor reeled around and nervously aimed the threatening pistol in Terry's direction.

"Who's there?" he called out in a muffled voice.
"Jack!" Terry called back, "don't be foolish! Put that gun away before something happens!" Cautiously he emerged from behind the tree.

"Terry!" For a moment, Jack stood in his tracks, both stunned and bewildered. "Terry, what are you doing here?"

"If you put that gun down, I'll tell you. But first, what are you doing here with a gun? Jack, what is it?"

Jack hesitated momentarily, as if in doubt whether to tell Terry or not. Then he blurted out, "Terry, I just killed a man."

"Oh no! Are you sure, Jack? I mean, are you sure he's dead?"

"He must be," said Jack, "anyhow, it was self-defence. This guy came after me in a dark alley and started a fight. We both fell down and a gun—this gun—fell out of his pocket. We both made a wild dash for it, but I got it first. He kept coming after me; I had to shoot him. Please, Terry, you gotta believe it was self-defence."

"Jack, I don't know what to think. After all, this isn't the first time you've been in hot water with the law," said Terry, shaking his head doubtfully, "but you can't run away from the law. If you run now, you'll always be running. Anyway, if it was really self-defence, like you say, then you've got nothing to worry about."

"But how can I prove it? You know they'd never believe me." Terry caught the note of contempt in his voice.

"Look, Jack, I have to get home, or Mom'll be worried sick about me, and she'll know there's something wrong. But since tomorrow's Saturday, I'll be back early in the morning with a little food if I can sneak it out. I still think you should turn yourself in."

All that night Terry twisted and turned in his bed. He had found out that evening that the man had been killed and a search party had been organized. A reward was offered to anyone who could give any worthwhile information concerning the whereabouts of the killer or any clue that would lead to his identity. Terry had dropped off in a fitful sleep, only to wake up feverishly and break out in a cold sweat. He knew the reward money would help considerably to pay for his father's operation, but he realized he couldn't just squeal on his friend.

"Dear God, help me!" he breathed a silent prayer.

Early next morning, he was awakened by loud noises outside. Springing out of bed, he ran to the window. To his utter surprise, he saw Jack between two Mounties being led towards the courthouse. Quick as a flash, he jumped into his clothes and darted out of the house. Jack turned and glared at him with a look of hate in his eyes.

"Jack! I didn't!"

Jack turned around and Terry dejectedly made his way back to his home. His mother, with the keen intuition of all mothers, waited for him at the door, and, putting her arms around him, whispered, "Your father is going to be all right."

—LAURA LeBLANC '63