

### A CARD FROM "UP WEST"

No other adjective but "eccentric" could truly describe him. He was as obliging as anyone could be, forever going out of his way in order to help a neighbor in need. But, oh my! He did and said some strange, unusual, but amusing things.

First of all, I'll tell you that he was married during the first world war. Employed in Charlottetown (where, I know not—he may have been carrying water to the men who were digging ditches) he met a very respectable young lady from that metropolis and soon married her. It was, as I have said, during the first world war; Sarah consequently became our friend's "war bride"—at least, that is what he christened her.

After the war was over the "veteran" returned to his home. During the following three or four years, he earned a living by working for his neighbors. He used to work sometimes for my father, who to this day often speaks of our friend's method of drying out his "gum boots" (he always wore gum boots in the winter). It appears that Jack (let's call him Jack—we know by now that he is, or was, our friend. He's dead now—God rest him!) after taking off his boots in the night, would without fail place them on the floor, against the farthest wall. Having witnessed this procedure for several weeks, my father finally asked him why he did not put his footwear near the stove. Very intelligently Jack answered: "Well, by George, Hank, it's like this: the heat from the stove goes up, hits the ceiling, follows along the ceiling and hits the wall, and then falls down into my gum boots." A most satisfactory explanation indeed!

Dissatisfied with the meagre wages which the farmer could dole, Jack decided on one bright day to try his luck in some big city. And so the next week saw him travelling by C. N. R. to Montreal. He made many obvious "goofs" on his journey, but they were all capped when, arriving at Grand Central Station at midnight and still in his gum boots, Jack calmly approached a red-cap and inquired of him: "Say, Officer; could you tell me where I might get a job?" Now, of all the — — —

Jack's success in Montreal must have been limited, for soon Lot Seven was graced by his person once more. The big question was: What will he do now? Not until the next spring did Jack answer this question. And he did just that when he began the enterprise of raising three hundred geese. All spring and summer he watched and cared for his flock, counting in his mind the dollars which would be his after sales and raffles were completed in the fall. But there were surprise and disappointment in store for Jack. He had forgotten to clip their wings, and one day they "up" and flew away. Ne'er did he hear honk or see feather of them again.

The unsuccessful poulterer passed the seven following months as a lumber jack in New Brunswick. Of course, he took his team of work horses, Bob and Duke, with him, for he knew that those unsurpassable beasts of burden would certainly prove their usefulness in his chosen field of work. And I guess they did just that, for the next spring saw driver with a full wallet and horses at Cape Tormentine—ready to return to the island and then make a stake at farming.

In connection with Jack's trip across the Strait, I must tell you that this was the first time that he had ever "caught" an Abegweit crossing. Not sure that the

new boat was capable of withstanding the weight of both his horses, he brought Bob, the lighter one, over first, and arranged to have Duke cross on the next boat.

Low prices were no incentive to farming, so Jack opened a small general store in Duvar, which, with a profitable, but illicit, business on the side, provided a comfortable living for the remainder of his days.

DRAWGOOD '59

### AN OBLIGATION

We at St. Dunstan's are among the relatively few Canadians who are fortunate enough to attend an institution of higher learning. During our stay here we have increased our knowledge and cultivated our intellect. When we graduate, when we leave St. Dunstan's with our degree in Arts, Science or Commerce we will be looked upon by our less fortunate fellows as learned men and women. As such we have an obligation to fill in regard to those who did not receive the opportunities we did.

When we leave we must not be a "dog in the manger". We will have gained much from St. Dunstan's that will make it easier for us to wend our way in the world. But will we be selfish? Will we go our way mindful only of our own well being or will we try to better the status of those who were not as fortunate as we? Undoubtedly many of us when we leave, will make a career of improving the lot of others. But there will be those, who, when they think about it will not be able to see how their chosen work will benefit their fellows. Of course if you follow the results of any job of work far enough you will see that it benefits at least a few people and in many instances a great number, but that isn't what I had in mind.

We can put to best advantage the principles we have gained during our stay here by being a leader in our community. This is especially true in a farming region like Prince Edward Island. We can take the initiative in projects we know should be undertaken and from which we know only good can come. We can become a reliable source of assistance, direction and information for those organizations that are already functional. There are so many ways we can help others by being a leader and a stable figure in our community that they need not be mentioned in these few words.

We will have the raw material: the knowledge and the intelligence, for such an undertaking when we leave and if we follow closely and support student organizations on the campus, we will have one of the factors that can convert the raw material into a useable product. We will have a knowledge of group organization. We have the machinery, what we need next is to have the machinery produce. You, as one of the machines can produce and the best way to accomplish this would be to communicate to others the knowledge and ideas that are yours alone. Communication is the key word and we are very fortunate at St. Dunstan's in having a program in public speaking that could make us masters at communicating to others, our opinions and ideas.

This public speaking program, a greatly revised version of that of previous years, also affords lectures and instructions on parliamentary procedure and the organ-