

SS & EDGINGS

ATCH AND MURPH

has been quite an eventful week. Congratulations are in order to Bob and the first lady of the We're wondering now if let the S.R.C. to subsidize (stry Association!)

nt to thank the autho- responsible for ending our about drought, Fire Dang- dust bowls, etc. Water flowing on the third floor. beautiful sight!

eresting sidelight on the was the percentage of who voted. Foresters rough as usual with 86% highest being only 67% ts and Science faculties. iate Foresters by the way and as far as we know, est of all classes.

t Wednesday's meeting of estry Association, it was hat enough funds were e to permit the ordering of e. As a result three sets ered comprising, all told, ches and six upholstered

son gave an enlightening e history, geography and of B.C. after the business.

er successful learn-to- sion was held last Thurs- ning. This is the regular d any non-swimmers are o waste no time in getting e pool to learn. A few rs were seen there last d it should be brought out yone from any faculty is e.

claimed that except for s and parrots, wild geese ger than any other birds, tic records give them as s 70 years.

Monte Carlo night was a success, getting a good lively after the basketball game. x game tables were jammed acity most of the evening. ousands were won and lost e course of play. All in evening was successful from int of view of both sponsor mblers.

s hoped that foresters will again for the cause and extra coat hangers to be floor. The hangers will be to the racks to make their all more difficult. It would genuine pleasure to have a to hang a coat.

Reporter

school spirit and interest s it and what could be done

ter their freshman year stu- the same class. A fellow soon ear of his faculty. With such ests lie in his faculty rather t this situation, the academic nts in any one faculty could tudents from other faculties.

es. It is particularly apparent attendance at games is poor The general listlessness and e failure of the student or- ter interest in the university. re as fast as possible. I think

rganizing publicity and having his is done during freshman Why not keep it up and let that we're breathing.

e lack of sufficient residence tudents in different faculties ived in residences. We need dent centre where everyone ide variety of friends.

Yes. The students as a whole seem to be anything to excite here don't get a sense of their universities. A very low nat fraternities on the campus

ain things there is good school re is plenty of spirit shown in Carlo got lots of enthusiastic t is sadly lacking. If we can Black we can write songs and

es and enthusiam in general e freshman class this year has we will see a lot more school

# SUMMER PORTER

Frank Milligan

Sound—Confused conversation—Station farewells, continues under.

S.C.C.—(Off-mike) Train number eight now leaving for Medicine Hat, Moose Jaw, Regina, Winnipeg and Montreal—A-boo-ard."

Robbie—Better get aboard ma'am—leaving anytime now.

Lower 12—Thank you porter.

Robbie—All aboard sir.

Lower 10—Wassat porter?

Robbie—Time to go aboard sir—I've got to close up the car.

Lower 10—Lissen porter. I been travelling since you was a little picaninny

Sound—Laughter.

Lower 10—Pretty good, eh boys?—None of this phony "all aboard" stuff for me. When the train starts, I get on—not before. Ain't that right fellahs?

Voices—Sure thing pal—You tell him Jim.

Robbie—I'm sorry sir, but the Company says I've got to close up this car before the train starts, and the platform superintendents here in Calgary are always writing us up for things like that.

Lower 10—You send that platform guy to see me, porter. I'm staying here until we leave.

Robbie—Well now, sir, I would n't want to leave you behind—but the Company just don't like to have passengers jumping on a train that's already started.

Voices—Better get on Jim—Yeah, we'll be seeing you soon anyway.

Lower 10—Okay fellahs. So long now—Out of the way porter. I just don't like being pushed around, see.

Sound—Stumbling up the steps, followed by the porter. Platform slams down. Door slams shut.

Sound of train starting—fades under.

S.C.C.—I've met a lot of summer porters. In twelve years on the road as sleeping car conductor you're bound to. Mostly they're American boys from the colored colleges in the South—from Fisk or Howard, or Meharry Medical College. It's a nice summer job—get away from the heat and travel around a new country, all expenses paid and wages and tips to boot. Lay-overs in strange cities—St. John, or Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver. New people, new places, new voices—and railroading. It's the railroading that gets them most, that brings them back year after year long after the novelty wears off. On the spare board for a year or two, running wherever they're sent, whenever they're needed. Getting a little seniority—then a line run for the summer, running to schedule, same car, same train, Montreal to Vancouver and back it used to be. On every sleeper section out of Winnipeg or Calgary, any summer, I'd be sure of finding them back again—cursing the railway, the equipment, the passengers, cursing the life—and loving it. Like big Robbie Jamieson—the biggest, blackest porter I ever had. And just about the best.

Sound—Loud rumble of train wheels, 3 seconds, then quick fade with sound of vestibule door closing to a muted rumble which continues under the dialogue.

S.C.C.—Hello Robbie. Saw from the make-up sheet you were back.

Robbie—Yes sir, con. Round about exams I began to feel that old itch. Guess it's my last summer though.

S.C.S.—Here's the call card—there's a party to pick up at Gleichen. For Pete's sake don't miss him. You've got a . . .

Sound—Rattle of keys, cupboard door opening and shutting with a sharp click.

S.C.C.— . . . bad night too—Maple Creek and Swift Current both. Get Burke, back in one-eighty-eight, to handle one of them.—Going to be your last summer, it it?

Robbie—That's the way it is, con.

S.C.C.—Burke tells me he's coming on permanently with the Company this fall.

Robbie—Well, con, Burke, he's a year up on me for service. Looks like he can hold a line run all winter. I've got no chance of that—and I can't see myself going on spare board next fall. Anyway, I

figure on getting ordained next year and settling down in a little Tennessee church. Yes sir, I've just about had my fill of railroading with this Company.

S.C.C.—Well, good luck Robbie. But keep 'em running this summer. (Off Mike) Lower twelve, ma'am? I've got you down for Regina.

Lower 12—(Off Mike) That's right conductor.

S.C.C.—(Fades) Well, we should be there tomorrow morning about . . .

Sound—Wheel rumble fades with dialogue. Continues for three seconds, then out.

S.C.C.—I can still remember most of what happened that trip. It began like any other—the usual rat-race after leaving Calgary—checking the train and trying to write it up, with passengers begging "Please, conductor, can't you give me a tourist lower?"—or porters coming around in a flap "Say, con, I can't get any hot water in the ladies' room." The train soon settled down for the night, and the long dull haul to Winnipeg—eight hundred miles of prairie.

I checked the train once more that night, just before coming into Medicine Hat. That was when I ran into the first squall in Robbie's car. But even that wasn't anything special—just an argument with a drunk in the smoking room, all in a day's work. (Fades) I walked in on the middle of it.

Sound—Muted wheel rumble, continues under dialogue.

Lower 10—When I'm ready, porter. When I'm good and ready.

—Have another one, pal.

Lower 11—No more for me, thanks.

Robbie—You'd better turn in now, gentlemen. Some of the other passengers want to go to sleep.

Lower 11—Maybe we'd better call it a day chum.

Lower 10—Let 'em go to sleep!

Robbie—The lady at this end says she don't so much mind your talking so loud—but she sure don't like the things you say.

Sound—Wheel rumble up, then muted again with sound of door closing. Continues muted under the dialogue.

Lower 10—She ain't heard anything yet!

S.C.C.—Trouble, Robbie?

Robbie—Not exactly trouble con.

Lower 11—I'm turning in. Good night boys. Better come along chum.

Lower 10—I'm going when I'm ready.

Robbie—It's just that the passengers don't like the noise, con.

S.C.C.—Okay Robbie. Better get some sleep, mister.

Lower 10—Say! What kinda runaround is this? I was travelling this line before you birds ever heard of it. I know my way around.

S.C.C.—Then maybe you know we don't like a racket at night. Maybe you know you can't bring that bottle in here—maybe we don't see it sometimes, but other times it just isn't a smart idea like it. So whatta you going to do about it?

S.C.C.—That depends on you. If you play ball and get along quietly, I'm not going to do anything.

Lower 10—So I gotta play ball? You bother me pal.

S.C.C.—Well, if that's how you want it, it just takes a word from me to the train conductor up ahead, and you might find yourself spending the rest of the night in the station at the Hat—or in the town cooler.

Lower 10—What makes you think so?

S.C.C.—I've seen it happen before.

Lower 10—And suppose I don't want to go?

S.C.C.—Take a good look at Robbie, mister. There's plenty of beef there. If the conductor gives the word he could put you off with one hand tied.

Lower 10—Okay, okay. You don't have to get tough.

S.C.C.—That's more like it. The porter here'll give you a hand.

Lower 10—The porter can go to hell. (Fades) I can look after my-

self.

S.C.C.—(Sighs) Well, let me know if there's any more trouble, Robbie.

Robbie—Once he gets to bed, con, there won't be any trouble.

S.C.C.—Probably not.—Did you make that pick-up in Gleichen?

Robbie—That was the other gentleman who just left. Lower eleven.

S.C.C.—Okay Robbie. See you later.

Robbie—So long, con.

Sound—Muted rumble continues for five seconds, then out.

Music—"New World" theme—15 seconds, then fades under.

S.C.C.—Normally, I wouldn't have given it another thought. Lots of people like to tie one on a train, and some of them get a little ugly. But mostly it's nothing a good night's sleep won't cure.

And handling tricky passengers was Robbie's specialty. To start with, he was pretty sweet-tempered—and that means a lot on those three days and four nights between Montreal and Vancouver, especially when you remember there's only three and a half hours of scheduled sleep in every twenty-four. It was a grind for any porter—that's why they split the trip now at Winnipeg.

And on top of that, Robbie just liked people, and he had the right way of showing it. People get pretty bored on a transcontinental—read a little, play cards a little, eat more than they should, stretch themselves at the divisional points, and most of the time just sit looking out of the window with sore eyes, a dry mouth, and dyspepsia. But every now and then you hit a car that was different, just one big happy family. And Robbie's was one of those. He got them going—got them mixing—and kept them amused.

More than anything else, they liked his singing. He sang right through the day, from whenever he thought they ought to be getting up to whenever he thought they ought to be turning in. But this trip he was just jinxed, I guess. Anyway, it was the singing that started the next rumpus first thing in the morning.

Sound—Muted Train rumble, continues under dialogue.

Robbie—(Humming) "Oh what a beautiful morning"

Lower 12—That's what I like to hear—whistle while you work, eh?

Robbie—If it doesn't bother you ma'am.

Lower 12—Not in the least. In fact, I'd like to hear you sing it.

Robbie—I was working up to that. Just between us, ma'am, I sort of like to flex my vocal cords every morning about this time—just to stir my passengers up. That way I can get my car put away in good time.

Lower 11—(Coming on mike) I heard that too, porter. Shouldn't give your secrets away to the passengers.

Robbie—Well now, sir, if I've got a sick passenger or something like that—that's different.

Lower 12—I think it's a good idea.

Robbie—But if the gentleman doesn't like it, I'll just keep my singing to myself.

Lower 11—Who says the gentleman doesn't like it? I'll tell you one thing. It's a darn sight better that what some porters do—getting out all the pails and mops, bright and early, and turning the place into a boiler factory.—Anyway, I'm up—so who cares. Let's have the song.

Lower 12—How about a spiritual—"Deep River" maybe.

Robbie—I'd like to oblige, ma'am—but, uh, no spirituals.

Lower 11—Well, what about the thing you were humming?

Robbie—Sure thing, sir. (Sings "Oh What a Beautiful Morning"—45 seconds, then out under).

Lower 10—(Muffled) Cut out that damned row.

Robbie—Sorry, sir. But it's time to be getting up.

Lower 10—(Muffled) Not for me it isn't.

Robbie—Well, sir, we're past Moose Jaw already.

Lower 10—(Muffled) I don't care if we're past Brandon. I'm staying right where I am.

Lower 11—Come on, chum, turn out. Let the porter get his work done.

Lower 10—(Muffled) Say, who pays for this train anyway, him or me?

Lower 12—Guess I don't get the rest of that song, porter. You might as well let him lie.

Robbie—I would if I could, ma'am, but it would get me in trouble.

Lower 12—Trouble? Who with?—That sleeping car conductor of yours will listen to reason, won't he?

Robbie—Oh, the con's all right, ma'am—it's the inspectors that make the trouble.

Lower 11—There's always a fly in the ointment and he's usually called an inspector.

Lower 12—But what are the chances of an inspector turning up?

Robbie—Well, as a matter of

fact, we got the high sign at Moose Jaw—one of them is waiting at Regina now.

Lower 12—Well, that's different.—Hey! you in there. Get up so the porter can smarten this car up for the inspector. Don't be a stinker.

Lower 10—(Muffled) Oh, for Pete's sake. With all the row that's going on out there I'm not going to get any sleep anyway.—

Sound—Laughter from Lower 11 and Lower 12.

Lower 10— . . . Darned if I can see what's so funny.—Every trip it's the same.—Soon as I get on the train—the hired help starts pushing me around—conductors—porters—waiters—and the engineer drives like he was towing empty cattle cars.—Now you people start ganging up on me.—(Coming on mike) Porter! Where're my shoes?

Lower 11—Just about where you left them, chum. You just don't recognize them with that polish.

Lower 10—Okay, okay. (Puffing) Now, if the train crew aren't using the washroom . . .

Sound—Train rumble grows louder, then subsides to muted sound again and continues under dialogue.

Lower 10— . . . I'll go and shave. (Fades) And don't expect me back in a hurry . . .

Lower 12—Nice disposition.

S.C.C.—(Coming on mike) Good morning.—Good morning Robbie. All—Good morning—Morning, con.

S.C.C.—That sounds better. I just met our friend from lower ten and he didn't seem very cheery at all.—Say, Robbie, did you get the word about a visitor for us at Regina?

Robbie—I got it.

Lower 11—That's where our friend in the washroom got his sour look. We ganged up on him to get him out of bed so the porter could have his car ready for this inspector.

Robbie—But don't forget it was my singing that started it, though.

S.C.C.—Didn't it work this time, Robbie?

Robbie—It sure didn't, con.

Lower 12—Now that he's gone, porter, how about another song? And I'd still like a spiritual. I'm curious to know why you won't sing them.

S.C.C.—Come on, Robbie. The passenger is always right—well, almost always. Let's have a spiritual.

Robbie—Ever heard me sing a spiritual, con?

(Continued Col. 1, Page 6)

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