

Seapoems I

My world is a grey and silver world,
My lights are the stars, my sun the moon.
And I am in love with the Sea.
He is like a young Prince,
with silver seaweed in his hair.
Come to me Waves!
Caress my soul with your wild surf music
Ageless, Eternal
Now I see you shimmering in the flaming sunset clouds.
I have been won by the wayward rocks
and cliffs and glimpses of freedom.
I have been conquered by the Sea.
My soul is a boat, tossed upon the sea.
and I am at peace,
Sing to me Wild Waves,
Come splash upon my Rock,
Dash me below into your swirling waters,
into your foggy threads of iridescent blue and grey
Sea, your name is Joy!
And you are God's messenger,
Happy are they who walk upon the Sea
Happy are the Fishermen who go at twilight in their lobster
boats.
Happy are the cliffs that call me to your presence
Happy are "they who go down to the Sea in ships",
Never to return to the land of the dead
Swallowed up into your silver Being,
Swallowed up in the embrace of the Eternal Sea
Into Ecstasy

A Real Saint

GINELDA was a real saint. Yes, that is what they called her in the village, a saint. What a good girl she was, really, they were certainly proud to have her in their village. Yes, Ginelda was the nearest they had ever come to knowing a saint.

It was not just that Ginelda was such a good girl, and always willing to lend a helping hand, but she was different from the other young people in the village. She never wore lipstick or any of those flimsy, see-through clothes the other girls wore, and she cared little for dancing and things like that. Really it was just a pleasure to come into contact with a girl like her, such a contrast to the other young people, so wrapped up in wicked and immoral pleasures.

Ginelda spent her time in working for organizations like "Let's take the E out of UNESCO", or to improve the morals and bible knowledge of the poor working girl. She was also known throughout the district for heart felt denunciations of Communism, and of course, everybody eagerly awaited her annual money raising "do's" to send missionaries to the poor, unenlightened natives of EAST Cape Breton.

It was a pity though as the villagers always said, that Ginelda had never married. She was thirty-two, quite an old maid in those parts, of course as Mrs. Rafferty had pointed out, the young men were not good enough for Ginelda. Better that she did not marry at all, than marry a man that could not appreciate her, or, worse still, might not take kindly to having a wife so terribly engrossed in salvaging the spiritual life of the village, that she might have but little time for him.

"Ginelda was not really what you would call an attractive girl" said Mrs. Casey, but the only reply of the other women was something to the effect that a girl so good, and wonderful, and religious didn't even need looks. In fact, it just proved her real worth that she could not be impressed by all the gaudy displays of "Vanity Fair."

Ginelda herself, however, was not so averse to marriage as the neighbors might think. She had a sort of soft spot in her heart for one Todd Springer. Todd was not like the other men in the village. He was not a greasy, grimy boilerman. Todd worked in the office of McCauley's Construction Co., and always wore a white shirt. He made a nice little salary too, and drove a blue coupe.

Of course, the men that worked in the boiler works were fine men, she should know, why they were the ones who supported most faithfully her missionary lectures, and her efforts to have the theory of evolution banned. But then, they were not really up to her level at all, and Todd Springer was; and then too she had never had a great deal of money, not that one needed money for happiness, but then it would help her out with her work and all that.

So Ginelda began trying with all her might to get Todd interested in her work. After all it

was a shame to let a man like that go through life without any sort of spiritual guidance.

Todd, however, did not seem to take too kindly to new project of hers. In fact, he was rather annoyed. Mrs. Browney just could not understand how any young man could be so obstinate and pig-headed, and so pass up such a wonderful opportunity. But then a lot of the young men were like that. Only the other day she had been stunned to overhear a conversation between Todd and the general store manager, (of course she dared not repeat it). But Mr. Mersey had said, "That girl is the most self-righteous, egotistical prig, I have ever come up against", and added, "If she were my wife, I'd string her up from the rafters on my wedding night".

Now, however, things were picking up a bit. Todd seemed to be responding a bit to Ginelda's soul-saving devices. In fact, they soon seemed to be getting along famously, and it was no time at all before the wedding dates were announced.

The village ladies were delighted. They made a big "do" in the Rec hall of the church, and what was really magnificent, to show their appreciation of her long service record, they had quietly got together, pooled their resources, and bought the newlyweds a pretty little house just on the outside of town.

So after the wedding, they piled the two into Todd's blue coupe, showered confetti and good wishes upon them, and sent them off to their new home.

But as the car turned down the shady street Mrs. Rafferty turned to Mrs. Jones and said, "I don't like it. I don't think he loves her." "Why, on earth?" cried Mrs. Jones.

"Well, it's just his ways, I guess. I don't know, but I've got the feeling that he just hates the girl. Did you see his eyes? and the way he clenched his hands, and almost wrenched her coat off her back? I don't know, I don't like it."

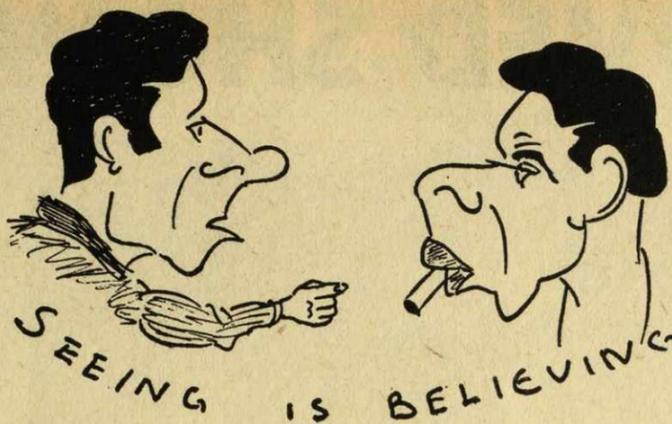
"Oh you always get feelings", was all that Mrs. Jones had to say.

After that many days passed and still nobody had seen either Todd or Ginelda since the wedding. They had not gone away. What had happened? Finally the ladies timidly banded together, and decided to go in a body and pay their first visit to Ginelda in her new home.

They rang the bell. There was no answer, but the door was unlocked, they walked in and immediately noticed a peculiar, sickening sweet odour, something like decaying flesh. It seemed to fill the hall.

There was nobody in any of the rooms, and a funny thing, all Todd's clothes were gone, his car was gone. There was absolutely no sign of him anywhere, although all Ginelda's things were intact.

Suddenly, Mrs. Jones came screaming downstairs. She flung herself on the sofa and collapsed in hysterics. "Whatever could be the matter?", they chorused and rushed upstairs. There in one of the unfinished rooms was Ginelda, eyes bulging, tongue out, swaying back and forth, dangling from the rafters



THIS IS A CRITICAL COLUMN. A deviation from the norm is the order of the day today. The writer is a little remiss in enlarging on the theme in mind but feels that it needs some perusal. To be an idealist in this hi-pressure materialist era is to be alone. At the small risk then of being alone, bear with me in the following passages.

In the past few weeks approximately fifteen hundred bodies from various walks of life, similar backgrounds and similar environments have funnelled into and become a part of this hallowed educational institution. The reasons for your being here are as varied as the colours on the presently falling leaves. I suggest that there are a select few with some definite purpose in view. A majority are floundering in the half light of confusion occasioned by their age, family pressure, and the false concept that a higher education is a must before it's safe to take one's place in this HARD? CRUEL? world we live in. At the other end of the scale is another select few who are here for yet another purpose, gaiety and idleness, kidding neither themselves nor anyone else, protected or excused from their conduct again by the fact that they're "going to college".

In whatever group you happen to qualify, fill your boots. The reasons leading up to your arrival are only important in that sense. What you do with you time while here is another matter. Anything you do, however, is part of your heritage. Unlike Rinso, heritage isn't a household word. What it amounts to in our case is this. During the evolutionary process of which we and now are a result, there was a time when students actually went to university to learn without benefit of co-education, sports, or any of the incidentals and rah-rah we consider so important in our immediate quest. Granted, times have changed, but the fundamental side must remain, curiosity, inquiry, absorption. How many people do YOU know who, by YOUR standards, are wasting their time. Imagine what greyer heads must think.

Another facet of our heritage; freedom, democracy, Christian spirit; the very essence of our way of life is a product not of fate dear reader, but of sacrifice. Men, women and children have died and there is no superlative for dead, in order that we might have this heritage that we accept so lightly and thoughtlessly.

In short, are you worthy of this heritage? Now is a time for serious thought and discussion.

Why Universities?

Did you ever sit down and ask yourself, "What am I doing here? What is this place for anyway? What can I get out of college? Possibly you have. Probably you are here for one or all three reasons.

(1) to get a liberal education, and learn to think and reason logically;

(2) to have yourself fitted out with some skill or trade whereby you can go out into the world and "make a lot of money";

(3) to have a good time.

There are a few people who are here to be educated. I am not concerned with these, they probably quite agree with what to say anyway. However, I feel pretty sure that 85% of the young women who come to college are here for a good time (whatever that may be), and 85% of the young men are here to pick up some skill. Hence each year the university turns out scores of high grade plumbers (disguised as doctors, scientists, and Indian chiefs), and first class social butterflies.

Well then, our story is apparently over. We have discovered what a university is for, or have we? If this is all a university is for, then, we can feel quite sure that most young people pass through the "gilded halls of learning", quite untouched by learning.

However, they do accumulate a large number of facts on how to get as much as you can for as

little as you can; how to fritter away one's time in common room and canteen; how to drink and gamble; how to crib and cheat; how to honour false values, and how to memorize.

One of the worst of these is the "just get by" attitude, and "flunking's alright because everybody does it". There is also too much emphasis on marks. Marks are relatively unimportant. Knowledge is of far greater importance. But mere knowledge by rote is of little value. Sheer memorization of notes and books will never, never prove as helpful as some good sound thinking on the subject at hand. Then too, everything the professor says is not the gospel truth, why copy it all down so scrupulously, and why, too, do not today's students ever raise their hands to discuss topics in the lectures. Don't college students know how to talk anymore?

I have so often observed situations in which the poor, bored, disgusted, disillusioned professor still allows himself to harbour one ray of hope that he can rouse the inert blob of matter in front of him to some sort of self-expression. Hardly daring to hope, he lets fall some

terribly controversial statement such as, "English 2 is a finishing school course", or "art is for children only". Then instead of a furious uprising, the only sound that is heard in the lecture room is the steady scratching of pens while the students laboriously take down these last rather queer (to their ears) declaration.

After four or five years of majoring in some sort of practical nonsense like psychology, or "infant care" the student is ready for his degree. Then onto year of greater specialization and he emerges a doctor, a lawyer, an economist, a physicist. Then out into the big world where he will "keep his end up", and make piles of money (God only knows what for), and this is university for the many!

In my opinion, our universities today are colossal flops. There is only a small fraction of thought among the great mass of students. Twentieth century sophistry is practised without the slightest qualms, in fact, it is considered quite correct. College student ignorance is absolutely notorious. Most sophomores cannot even speak their own language properly: they drop their g's, use double negatives, and more or less speak in grunts. In fact, they are a dull bunch, generally speaking . . . And what is really appalling, after taking 6 or 7 years of—say French, we are still forced to use books with such titles as "French for Beginners", etc., and most of us find this difficult, not being able to pronounce mere, pere, and le, la, les without errors.

The terrible thing though is the attitude prevalent that "things must be got out of things", e.g. one must get the best out of university, out of life, out of art, etc. In other words, we are little better than figurative vandals, and robbers. University is here to give you knowledge, (although you would never believe it). College life should not be approached with the idea of grabbing all you can, and then running off like a thief in the night.

If universities are corrupt, rather useless, and certainly obnoxious places where truth cowers in fright under the library steps, it is really not their fault, as they are only signs of the general decadence, ignorance and corruption and pompous self-righteousness of the times.

But there is one last abomination that I simply must and will condemn, even if it means being tarred and feathered, having my head lopped off and set upon the Eagle—Initiation. This is a perfectly ridiculous, unimaginative, infantile ingenuitless, unoriginal, and sadistic manifestation of adolescent mass insecurity. Sure, let's have initiation, but why goulash? Why crawling around on the floor, why wakings up in the night, why silly sayings on absolutely identical placards? One would never dream if one were not absolutely positive that it was a college institution. It is more like an eight year old's idea of the inferno. If one is going to have initiation, why not have a WITTY, intelligent and adult sort of initiations—if this is possible. Why repeat the same silly nonsense that was practised upon you, next year? Why not do something far more amusing than ordering Frosh to shine shoes or count window panes? It really is not so hilariously funny as all that.

Well, we're all finished. I hope I haven't upset you, or spoiled your cup of coffee . . .

—The Spectator.

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