

Anno Domini 1948 or (Twenty years after)

Clang of hammer, ring of forge
Is heard across the land once more
Not articles of peace are fashioned now
But dreadful ⁱⁿ ~~instruments~~ ^{machines} of war

Nor protest heard nor voice upraised
By church or clan or state
It seems as if the human race
Were careless of its fate

It maybe that man at last
Has forged the joining link
Has brought destruction on himself
Because he does not think

His life too easy soft and fat
His muscles slack & loose
His soul asleep his skin so thin
He shirks all life's abuse

It's easy then to fall asleep
And dream of better things
The while our science' nuclear dust
Its own destruction brings.

For man is reaching out to space
To find some better world
The while he leaves his work undone
His nation's flag still furled ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{direst} peril.

There are other peoples in outer lands
Who good food have never seen
Who through all of life have no resting place
From morning until e'en.

Are there men not our brothers
Though of different race or skin
Red blood courses through their veins
As it runs in yours or mine.

Just because we do not know them
Or care just what they are
We fashion deadly weapons
To pour on them in war.

We kill these starving peoples
Because we are told we must
If we ever stopped to feed them
They would multiply as dust

Become so many and numerous
No room on this planet they'd find
And of course of all the living
We are the supreme of mankind

We grow so used that is useful
To life as it lived on earth
That we throw it away in terror
Let it ^{encourage} add to another birth!

Oh God of the universe will ever
Man turn to your power & your plan
Forget himself for a moment
And show love for his fellow man.

Perhaps in some far ^{dim?} ^{distance} ~~far distant~~ age
Some humans will find ^{old} ~~some~~ remains
Of our sojourn here upon this earth
Of our use of all it contains

They will stop and ponder in ^{silent} awe
At the links of the fearful chain
With which we fettered our human brother
Left staring to death on the plain.

The Indians then were kinder
Their victims thrown to the ants
For only a day of torture,
And the bound had no more wants.

But we, we bind for a lifetime
And when the victim begins to rebel
Be fashion passion & war heads
To blast him straight to hell.

Repeat Top
verse.

With apologies to the author of "Maze at Corunna":

Not a sound was heard not a funeral note
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried
We dumped the blighted clean overboard
And returned not the least bit worried

THE SCIENTIST

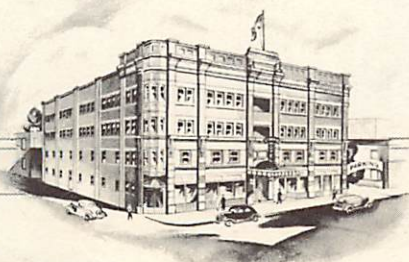
And Nature, the old nurse,
Took the child upon her knee
Saying, "Here is a storybook
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God".

And he wandered away and away
With Nature the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the Universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

----- HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



FIREPROOF

St. Regis Hotel

WINNIPEG, MAN.

This is my country, the wide sweeping land,
The frosty waste of winter bloom of flowering spring
Here I was born, lived, grew played in the sand
Watched the snows melt and heard the robin sing
When scarcely old enough to fully understand
Watched men march away my friends, and all the others
Men marched away, my friends and all the others
Later with blurred eyes paper held in shaking hand
Through tears I read the name of missing brothers
Still I grew and pondered many things
Tilled fields of stubble ^{the} finest wheat,
Sprout and grow until like waters running rings.
The whole horizon pulsed with golden fruit to eat,
In evenings I often stood in wonder at this golden west.

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Old Tin.

The rain was pouring down in torrents, and it was hard to see. The old girl was saoring right along at 25 m. p. h. Then, all of a sudden, it ~~th~~ happened. There was a comparatively small "Bang!" and the old bus sky-rocketed for a herd of cows in the ditch. I shoved in the back, put my hands over my ears, and yelled like old Nick was after me. I waited for the word to come, and it did.

The old cow never knew what hit her. She was the most peaceful cow I have ever seen. And the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals could not say that it had hurt her, or killed her painfully. But, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles should have seen what that ornery old longhorn done to my car. It was in a fine state. As was I.

I ran home seven and a half miles through bush and farms in an abbreviated suit of underwear. (Abbreviated in the wrong places, unfortunately.) My old tin I sold to Jim Shadwell for purposes of eliminating Japanese. I myself retired to mend my underwear.

Snow like a blanket lay on the fields
Clear the winter's night and cold,
The moon, hung in a sky of velvet
Made shadows in ^{hollow and} ~~in~~ ~~duft~~ ~~and~~ ~~bluff~~ unfold.

The coyote's cry rang wild and alone
A tree creaked, too full of frost to keep
Whole, until spring, and warm sunshine,
Would rouse it from ^{the} long winter's sleep.

And glittering on the snow, fresh frost
Shone like diamonds on a lady's breast
^{Pleasing the eye}
Free for the looking, free for the taking
Nature's evening dress at her best.

No trust nor color can yet fulfil
The beauty of nature awake and at rest
The greatest music in all the world
Cannot summon his notes at the call of his will.

H. L. T.
2/21/62.

The wild beauty of this windswept waste
Made hesitant my headlong haste
Marked not by track of animal or man
The snow lay virgin far as ~~the~~ eye could span.

? It seemed to me this trackless land
Was as the world when life was new.
When God held in his open hand
The gifts he now ^{gives} brings me & you.

G. S. Feb. 21/62.

May sold 1962.

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Grandad and the Duck Hunters.

Grandad was quite a boy. One morning I was helping him get his cows in. Grandma was getting an early breakfast because it was the first day of duck shooting and Grandad was taking me with him out to the big slough on the North East forty. We had just got the cows to the barn when a big grey car came up to the gate, a man jumped out and threw the gate open hard enough to make it swing half way shut again. The car roared through, barely missing the swinging gate.

A large man sat behind the wheel. He had a beefy red face ~~xxx~~ with chops that rolled over his coat collar. Two other men were in back and I could just see the ears of a dog. The guy that had opened the gate was sort of lean and grey with a hard face like our local banker. The car-everyone in it, shrieked of money. I just happened to notice that the licence plate was from another province when the beefy faced chap started talking.

"Say Old Man, they tell us in town that there's lots of ducks out on your slough, how d'y get there?"

Now I've known Grandad long enough to know that most folks still take him for fifty although he is almost seventy and he is not one to like being called "Old Man" in the tone Beefy Face used. I expected an explosion. When Grandad gets mad he uses very correct language and his eyes get a frosty blue that makes your back bone twitch. This time, although he did get a bit red in the face, Grandad just nodded and pointed out another gate to the North East.

"Yes, there's ducks out there. Just go through that gate and drive out that trail, you'll find the slough all right."

When Grandad uses that tone of voice I always know there is some hellery afoot. Grandad is quite a boy !

The car started with a roar but Grandad's yell checked them before they had got going.

"You'd better leave the car on that clear patch of short grass. You'll see it out there, it leaves some bushes between you and the slough."

"But Grandad--!" The look he gave me froze anything else I was going to say and with a "Be seeing you Grandpop," ~~xxxx~~ from the driver of the car they roared off. The guy with the face like money got out and opened the other gate throwing it wide and jumped in the moving car not even stopping to shut the gate.

"Go shut the gates, Bub. " Grandad was looking thoughtfully after the car as it faded from view in the early morning light. I was mad as all get out because I knew the shooting we'd planned was all off and we would have no ducks for Grandma's family gathering come Thanksgiving. I hate shutting gates that someone else has left open. I got madder and madder but when I got back to the barn Grandad was milking the roan cow and whistling what sounded like church music to me. I have known Grandad long enough to know that when he whistles those tunes some devilment is afoot. He was whistling a tune like that when he hid the cat in Grandma's washer early one Monday morning. When Grandma opened the washer the cat gave a screech and made a dash for the nearest window. It wasn't open but the cat was an old Tom and heavy with years but like Grandad, agile for his age. The window became permanently open till Grandma made Grandad go to town for a piece of glass. Grandma says there ^{are} ~~is~~ times when he is more plague than a boy.

But my duck hunting was spoiled. At breakfast we could hear bang! bang! bang! away off and each report seemed to be louder than the one before. It was going to be a

Grandad and the Duck Hunters.

lovely September day too; the radio weather broadcast was for clear with moderate temperature.

After breakfast Grandad said, "Bub, you can take the little tractor over to Ben Henderson's for those fence posts and try and get back by dark, supper time if you can. I'm going to take the big tractor out on the other farm and help your Dad."

Ben Henderson's place was twenty miles away. He is a good friend of ours and his boys and I always have a good time. They have a couple of sisters too but I'm not much for girls, at least not one of them.

All the way to Henderson's I kept wondering about Grandad whistling that tune. I knew Dad needed help too but the fence ~~posts~~ posts could have waited and we could have gone elsewhere to hunt ducks. Blackies had a slough about two miles away and a good barley field that had not been plowed ~~just~~ nearby; but it was not as good as Grandad's slough with bushes all round the edge. Why did he tell them to park their car on that short grass----? Oh, oh, I began to see daylight and I couldn't get to Henderson's and back quick enough. The Henderson boys, Dave and Carl, wanted me to stay all afternoon, something I would have done at any other time. Today I had ideas and wanted to see what came of them. Muriel, the girl I liked better than the sister I didn't like, was mad when I wouldn't stay. I didn't care, I wanted to get back to Grandad's and see what he was up to. It was about five o'clock when I got home and Grandma came and opened the gate when she heard the tractor.

"Your Grandad came in about half an hour ago and went off with those duck hunters, you'd better go out to the slough and see what they are ~~xxxxxx~~ doing. Your Grandad looked like he did the day the granary door slammed shut on the Parson

Grandad and the Duck Hunters.

and knocked him into the chop bin. "Grandma's eyes have a way of twinkling when she thinks there is something stirring afoot, and I lost no time in following her advice.

One of my hunches was correct anyhow. The duck hunters were still there and I thought I could guess why. With the tractor in high gear I bounced off up the trail to the slough. Sure enough, there was quite a congregation round that grassy spot. Did I say grassy spot? It had been a grassy spot early that morning, now it looked as if four mad bulls had staged a fight all over it. The big grey car was there as was a big towing truck from the town garage. The car looked kind of tired and lazy, like one of Grandad's big fat steers when it lies down. It was down in the grass to where the running boards should be. Only this model had no running boards, it was one of the classy kind that is all closed in, ^{running} ~~boards~~ and all. The tow truck with a fifty foot chain between it and the car was down at the rear. It reminded me of a big fat ground hog I once saw half out of his hole sunning himself.

Grandad and the garage man were looking at the four duck hunters. The fellow with the face like a five cent piece had lost his coat somewhere. Beefy Face had his off too, his shirt was all torn over one big fat shoulder. I got a good look at the other two. They looked kind of miserable as well. One had his pants leg torn from cuff to knee and the other had torn his hunting coat and one suspender end was hanging way down ~~beneath~~ beneath it at the back. The dog, a nice black retriever, was the only happy one of the bunch. He lay out on what little grass was left and I could swear he winked at me.

Grandad and the Duck Hunters.

I left the tractor running and walked over to where the men stood. Beefy Face spoke up.

"Hey, kid hitch your tractor on ahead of that truck and see what you can do !."

I looked at Grandad. He shook his head and said, "No, Bub you'd better go on back to the barn and bring us some hay. Hitch the rack behind the tractor."

"Why, you old fool," yells Beefy Face, "what are you going to do with hay, give it to us to eat or something ?" I could see Grandad was getting mad so I beat it off to get the hay as he told me.

When I got back Ed Brown, the garageman and Grandad had unhooked the chain from the car and had it on the front end of the truck. The motioned me to leave the rack at one side and hitch the tractor to the truck. It was'nt much of a pull to get the truck clear as I was on hard ground but I could'nt see how they were going to get the car free. The ground near the car was too soft even for the tractor with the grass all broken m up. Beefy Face must have been the owner of the car because as soon as we got the truck out he started to yell at me to come hitch on to the car. But Grandad just shook his head. The fat faced owner nearly exploded.

"You old goat, the kid could get us out easy as easy with the tractor!"

Grandad doesnt like names like that and I could see his eyes narrow abit but he did'nt say anything.

The car had run onto that greasy spot all right but we all knew round here how treacherous it was, It must have had two, three feet of spongy alkali soil underneath a thin lair of

of sod. The big car had just naturally settled down and prepared to wait while the hunters were away shooting.

Grandad went over to the rack and brought a forkfull of hay and spread it behind ~~thazza~~ each rear wheel of the car. I carried more and we made a path all the way back to where the truck had been stuck. Then Grandad told one of the hunters to hook the chain on the rear of their car. They looked at one another and the chap with the hard face gingerly picked up the muddy chain and made it fast to the rear bumper. Just as he turned around he stumbled over the retriever who had come to explore what was being done. The man aimed a vicious kick at the dog who gave a yelp and retreated out of danger. I could see Grandad's jaw harden a bit more.

With the chain stretched to the limit I wheeled the tractor round and we hooked on. As I backed up Grandad spread some more hay under the tractor wheels and Ed Brown spread some ahead of me. I let in the clutch and thought we were not going to make it. But things held and the big car rolled up on the hay. The four hunters didn't even try to push. Beefy Face got in the car, started the motor and backed ~~out~~ the rest of the way turning out quickly enough to pass the dug-outs made by the truck. Then he got out and came over to Grandad.

"What do we owe you for this work. Don't make it too much because ~~we~~ you told us to come here and how were we to know the ground was soft?"

Grandad stroked his chin for a few moments. He sort of hummed a little tune under his breath. It sounded like hymn music to me again and I sure figured someone was going to get it plenty.

"Lets see what ducks you have ." The garageman pricked up his ears at this and came over. If there is anything Ed Brown likes better than roast duck it is more roast duck.

One of the back seat fellows opened up the trunk and we counted twelve fine mallards. Grandad looked thoughtful.

"Let me see. You left two yard gates open this morning, that should be a duck apiece. You called me an old fool and an old goat, that should be another two ducks. And you"-~~xxxxxxxx~~ turning to "banker face", "kicked an innofensive dog. That should be four ducks ." Before anyone could stop him Grandad reached in and pulled all twelve ducks out on the ground.

"What about you Ed," turning to the garageman. "you've spent quite a bit of your time here."

Ed spoke up, "I guess five dollars will fix that up and---" Before he could get the rest of the sentence finished Beefy face had stuffed a five spot into his hand. Ed sort of looked wonderingly at it, "and those other four ducks". "he finished the sentence in shocked silence.

Then one of the hunters let out a yell, "You can't do that to us ! Those are our ducks ! "

"Oh," said Grandad, "I thought this was my property and you certainly shot these ducks on my slough. I don' t remember you asking permission to shoot any ducks this morning. You'd better get going before we change our minds, and remember the gates this time-- for other folks as well. Grandad's eyes were that frosty blue and the men didn't have a word to say. They gathered up their gear and got in the car, calling the dog. I heard a muffled yelp as they started away and I just bet that one of those meanies kicked the dog again.

8.

Grandad and the Duck Hunters.

Grandad looked at Ed and they both grinned. Then they went off to the yard in the truck and I followed with the tractor and rack. As I got into the yard I saw the car start down the highway in a cloud of dust and then it looked as though a coat was thrown out of one of the rear windows. I grinned and guessed one of those fellows ~~did~~ did not want to take a muddy coat home.

As I was putting the tractor in the shed a black retriever came limping round the corner. He looked as if he had tumbled from somewhere but he sort of winked at me as I stooped to pet him.

Grandma had her duck dinner after all. She and Grandad asked the Hendersons and we sure cleaned up on those ducks. I had a great time showing Dave and Carl the black retriever. I thought I'd call him ~~Car~~ too but we'd found we had to find a girls name for her. I guess I'll call her Muriel.

Invisible Partner

Dec. 10th 1965.

Death, the constant companion
Walks ever by our side
Accompanies us in our daily tasks
Travels our highways far and wide.

Then why are we shocked & saddened
When Death beckons a friend to come.
God had added up the columns.
Death is only the total sum.

^{Not} ~~the~~ end of being ^{Not} ~~the~~ end of life
Or Death has been close partner on every road he trod
Now that the sum of our efforts is totaled
Death opens the gate to God.

Mrs. W. L. Bell

Passenger.

M. v. "Brisbane Star"

To Blue Star Line (Australia) Ltd

Scottish House

17-19 Bridge Street

Sydney. Australia

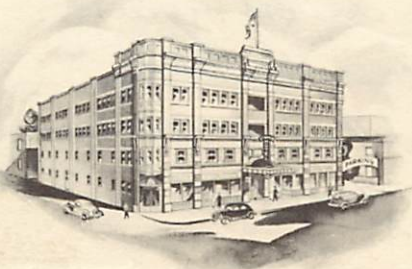
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European Plan
FIREPROOF



St. Regis Hotel

C.F. Stemshorn
MANAGER

Winnipeg, CANADA

The dogs of war are loosed again
The mauling men pile by
All the world aflame again
Mend all of God's wide sky

And oh the tortured hearts of it
The loneliness and pain
And oh the loss and hate of it
The destruction all in vain

Men have not learned to reason yet
Their courts speak words of wrath
The clash of arms is with us yet
As dew falls blood on every path

Manhood in due distress again
shall turn at last to thee
will find thy solace once again
As did Peter on Gallilee!

Thou never yet hast failed us Lord
Let this not pass in vain
Hear this our Prayer we ask thee Lord
Reign in men's hearts again.

Let all we do be in thy Grace
As thou wouldst have us do
May grief soon cease to fill thy place
Oh let men learn anew.

This then thy wrath on weakly men
We fight a cause that we think right
Though thousands of us die
The other side thinks they are right
Then one of us must lie

Oh what are our wildest ^{pleasures} fancies
But dreams & castles in air
Where we tread ~~the~~ the stateliest measures
And men and women are fair.

Where a friend is a friend, and a foe
Is not known in that land of flowers
When all ~~may~~ come as they wish & all may go
Without heed to the passing hours.

Crash! & our dream is ended!

Whose is the fault & to whom the blame?
Ours, for had ^{not} we been fast & attached
To our dreams, with seeking for same.

The result is ever disastrous
To the cause we seek to build

But not always do our castles crumble
~~Not~~ Some dreams do dust do not turn.
By the will of a love 'ere is humble
The stateliest towers are ^{light} ~~made~~ to burn.

And they go on burning forever
Whilst that love bids strong and true
Thou beautiful light dwells never
Castle? my home! My dream! just you

Oh a whiskered old warhorse
He sat on the ice
On the far off northern sea
~~And his great mistake it was his own~~
A real queer case was this, saw it 'ere.

The North Wind

I met the north-wind rolling down
Across the prairie plain.

Oh where are you from and where do you go
And will you come back again?

I come from a vast and frozen north
Where the icebergs form and grow
The snow lies deep on tundra wild
Where the reindeer seldom go.

I travel far, and far to the sunny south
Over cities, and farmsteads, hill and vale
And carry my child but never ill will
To the Gulf where the warm waters flow
^{return,}
I shall come again to the frozen north

With the kiss of the south in my heart

And the flowers and trees along northern seas
On their frosty sheet
from frozen death.

Will wake at my touch, and throb in their
native heart.

For I am the wind both cold and warm

That brings struggle and calm to the soul
of man. the

Ordained of God I blow o'er all his world

From North to South from South to East.

To the East, the West and return again
Perhaps not entirely?

I strengthen the tree as it bends in my blast

I move the grass with my softest breath.

A Little Person That I Know.

I know a little girl that lives out of town,
A very little girl with hair of curly brown.
Her eyes I cant describe them, but I think that they are dark;
Her flashing smile in unwary guile can seldom miss its mark.

This fine little girl with figure so straight ,
Is seldom seen around in hours that are late.
But one thing remember at the back of your head ,
Many of those hours are not spent in her bed.

No; she's a terror with a pen , and every now and then,
Stopping not to question Harry, Bill? or Ben
She will compile a little verse that may prove an awful curse,
To an elder sisters beau, who has a thought he's not so worse.

There is not one that she misses she gets them all in time;
While mutterings deep and bitter,
Never even seem to hit her;
She just laughs and grabs her pen to start another rhyme.

But this I'll have you know
that though time moves very slow;
It will catch her at the gate in an hour thats very late,
Saying "good night" to some chap that she thinks is "rather great !"

And oh wont it just be fun to remind her that when all's done,
Her very perfect squire
Is a very perfect liar;
And just another brother to Charlie ? Stewart? and John.

But to this little girl, whose sunshine and whose smile
Has made many a winters evening seem a very pleasant while;
I send the wish that I, for one, will never spoil her fun.
And with this I will suppose its' time my poem should close
If poem you would consider the above when done.

Anonymous.

Aug. 26th/58

1/ It is not what it costs a man to try that brings success. It is the trying again and again when every trial seems a failure. It is looking your mistakes in the face that makes the ^{next} effort less formidable. When something is earnestly and honestly attempted for God we are amazed that we notice no efforts are not tired or discouraged, actually feel that we need no rest!!

N.L.S.

When the final marks are
passed out it is not what
worldly goods that a man
has accumulated that will
count, but what he has
inside himself and how much
of himself he has given to
others.

A. L. Y.

Eunice

What life has to offer,
May you meet it with a smile,
The rough spots and smooth ways
Make ^{up} ~~an~~ ^{each} ~~one~~ ^{day} living mile

and as you journey you will find
The miles ~~will~~ ^{will} shorter be
If in all you meet or see or do
You share some good to me

Then as you grow in stature
And ~~try~~ ^{try} to your own goal
You'll find that all unknowingly
You've built a lovely soul

Copy for an Autograph Album
But who was Eunice and when was this written?
R. H. T. Feb. 20/63.

...they have not as yet done so, this Convention do request them to do so at the earliest opportunity.

COST OF EDUCATION

RESOLUTION NO. 54

That when families with many school age children live in dwellings that cannot be sufficiently taxed for school purposes, the Provincial Government should subsidize their education.

QUALIFICATIONS OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES

RESOLUTION NO. 55

That School Trustees should have the same qualifications for election as Councillors (Sub.Sec.2, Section 177, Public School Act).

CARE OF INDIGENTS

RESOLUTION NO. 56

That the Provincial Government enter into negotiations with the sister Provincial Governments on the matter of indigents and in the event of their not being able to come to a satisfactory arrangement, our Provincial Government shall assume the whole responsibility.

11111 Transcripts

I was sick, no, not actually sick, but I wasn't allowed near the premises of the door. If there is anything I dislike more than ~~Easton~~ oil it's being kept in the house! Every time I looked out a window something seemed to call me to come out. Even the school, the very school ^{not} ^{had.} three weeks ago I so gladly came from, called me to my studies.

There was a fresh fall of snow last night. Soft white snow that lost its brightness because of the warm gray ~~cloud~~-clouds that drifted above.

The telephone rang. It was a friend of mine phoning to see how I felt to-day. I felt fine. In fact I wanted to go out. I told my friend so. "You must be almost better" came the reply. "Yet I'm to be kept

captive 'til Sunday, or maybe
Monday. ^{12 exploded} If day it's Thursday!
Exam. time seems as though
it will never be through, but
this! Deliberately staying in
the house for no better reason
than Chicken-pox! Give me
exams. any day! Sunday
I will go out! Monday
back to school!!