

Will we betray our trust we who have stayed
at home,

Safe from the bullets whistle and the
bombers angry moan

Will we slide softly back ^{return} to our pillows of ease
Thinking not of those others, but of only ourselves
to please

Shall we forget the challenge flung by a shattered
hand

Turn aside from ^{our} the duty and spurn peace
down into the sand

Shrug aside the warrior to answer "we paid you
and paid you with ease,
well

~~Spurning again the chance as we spurned it once
before~~

Forgetting that once ^{on a wooden} at the foot of the cross Christ
gave his life for thee.

This ^{a poets} is a very grotesque answer to those too idle
to think

To those who would dance and be merry and laugh
on Hell's very brink

Play and be happy and care not, spare no thought
for the morrow

Condemned you stand and it shall be you shall
laugh at another's sorrow

Parlers and pre to indulge in ~~an~~ enterprise ~~from~~
claiming to be well

Which ~~if~~ carefully planned and carried out
will send their grandsons to hell
Back to the hell and the battle ~~waiting~~ ^{to} in torture
and pain and disease
For high on the cross on the ^{Calvary} ~~moorland~~ Christ gave
his life for these!

H. L. Lumbell.

Feb. 27th '44.

1

A passer by would have paid little attention to the three men at the restaurant table. But to the three concerned two were absorbed in the conversation of the third.

"I'm telling you, fellows, nothing can break the friendship between Johnathan and David!" "Not even a girl and you know what women do to two men friends."

"That's all right," one of the two listeners spoke up. "But I notice that John is getting the winning this month with Lynne."

Yes and when you twig him about it he says he's just looking after her for Dave. The first speaker ~~remained~~ acquiesced. The third member of the trio said nothing. He was nicknamed 'Silence' round the air port and behind in his name.

Johnathan and David, so named for their friendship that had remained unbroken through years of ground work, and still held good now that both were pilots, were friends indeed. Their names were not given by chance either. John Palmer and Dave Boyd had come to this field together, worked together and battled their way to their pilots seats together. Now their comrades laughingly said that if Lynne Thomas had been twins everything would be perfect. Some shook their heads and felt sorry when things finally did come to a head between the two friends and the girl.

The three in the restaurant rose from their supper and headed toward the flying field. It was time for the big mail ship to come in from the south

The lights flashed on along the landing field and above the bustle of a busy airport could be heard the steady hum of at last approaching the motor plane.

"She's sounding sweet tonight!" Silence startled the other two. He seldom if ever spoke. "Dave sure knows his engines, they just act for him like they knew his thoughts." Silence's two friends looked at each other; perhaps he had had too much to drink back there, but just then the big ship flashed into the lights, the engines quieted to a throttled murmur as she skimmed over the landing field and then cut to silence as she rolled toward the waiting trucks and hangar.

The three friends waited a short distance away. Dave usually left his ship last and his co-pilot was always with him. Suddenly, excited voices broke out round the plane, someone ran to the hangar office and a passer by called to the three men "Dave Boyd's dead, the pilot's dead."

Shocked into mute silence the three rushed toward the mail ship. A stretcher had been brought from the hangar and Jamieson the co-pilot and the company doctor were bending over it. "Do you know what happened, was he sick at all?" The Doctor questioned Jamieson.

No, I noticed he was quiet, but then I was making out our log -

"You what!?" The doctor fairly shouted. Do you know that this man was dead when the ship came down to the field?

Wh - what's that? Why he couldn't be. I didn't have the controls. Word of crashed!"

"That doesn't alter the fact that this man was dead. He
been dead for the best part of half an hour. Heart failure, it
looks like, some of you fellows carry him to the office till the
ambulance comes."

"Just a minute! What's all this about Dave Boyd?" A
tall young man strode through the group around the stretcher.
"Why - Why!" Dave old fellow! Dave - my God it's true!
The onlookers moved away. Most of them knew of
the friendship between John and Dave. The former
was kneeling beside the still body of his friend
and there nearly caught the half mayer half
plea. "Dave, my Dave you'll always be with me,
you'll never leave me alone!"

Two hours later a man and a woman
stood in a darkened room. The woman's form was
shaken with racking sobs. The man's lips trembled
as he bent over the still form on the bed and from
his friend's neck unfastened a light gold chain with
a small locket on it. ^{He fastened it} fastening it ^{to his lips & slipped it} around his own
neck ~~and~~ tucked its locket under his shirt.

"Come on Lynne, let's be going. We can do
no good here and I have to take the night mail
out at eleven. Dave would want it that way."

"You go John, I'll be in a minute if you'll
wait for me outside! The sorrowing girl waited till
the door closed and then bent over the bed. Softly
she kissed the still lips and whispered "Good bye Dave!
Safe landing!"

The big big motor ship thundered its way south.
~~Theriotown~~ ^{Cairo} ~~British~~ ^{Gairo} ~~Guiana~~ had been left behind and the
endless ~~Panorama~~ ^{Panorama} ~~front~~ stretched below. As the big
plane hurtled above low lying thickly piled clouds
occasional rifts in the feathery mass gave glimpses

OVER THE TOP
FLOUR

G. W. SPEARMAN & SON

« FLOUR MILLS »

HAMIOTA and ROSSBURN, MAN.

CEREALS
BRAN
SHORTS

March 5th 1936. 19

The Strong-Scott Mfg. Co.,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:-

Your advice to hand quoting sizes of Flannel
for dust collector stockings. The 30" size will be
best suited to our needs so please ship fifteen yards
of this material and oblige.

*for mail
to demand*

of waving frost far below. Like dark wells
these rifts, and ^{the pilot} me could well realize what would
happen to any ship and its passengers if it
crashed in the stormy ^{gandy, plain} ~~first~~ below.

Two years had passed since I saw Bayard
died. John Palmer was pilot ~~now~~ on this ^{English} ~~South~~
^{American} ship. He wished fervently that his old
chum was beside him now. It looked stormy
ahead and a storm over the ^{desert} ~~savannah~~ was no
joke. It was a long hop to ^{Khartoum} ~~Brooklyn~~. To make
matters still worse Lynne Thomas was a passenger in
the cabin behind. She had begged this trip with him
and when they returned to ^{London} ~~New York~~ they were to be
married. The very thought gave John a thrill despite his
worries. Every minute they clipped off brought them
nearer to ^{Khartoum} but also brought them nearer to a threatening
mustard colored horizon, purple tinged and ^{and threatening} around
its edge.

Frank Raymond

John's co-pilot stirred uneasily. He was busy
watching instruments and taking radio messages.
Suddenly he tensed. To his alert ears came the message

approaching clouds echoed back. They gained altitude rapidly but even the clouds piled above them.

"We will never make it John" Frank was fairly worried, his motor pushed to the limit the ship ~~was~~ now entirely enveloped by stormy clouds. The air was full of a ~~fair~~ dust. Both men knew what that meant to engines consuming hundreds of cubic feet of air.

Suddenly the sound of the engines ceased. The ship pitched violently. Both men stared at their instruments while both fought automatically to keep the ship on even flight. The engines were working their limit yet the gauges showed that the ship was practically at a standstill.

"The wind, the wind," yelled John. "Frank, we cannot hear the engines for the wind, stop what's wrong. My God what a storm!" The last sounded more like a prayer to Frank.

"We'll have to try going with the wind," said Frank. They swung the plane around but it was little better. "We must be in the very centre of the storm," Frank called John. She won't stand too much of this."

As he finished speaking the ship gave a fearful plunge and rolled badly at the wheel. Frank glanced quickly back at the passenger cabin. All passengers had

last week and the hour
have had of answering it as we were willing most of
me last Tuesday. Today is about the first chance I

Your very considerate letter reached

Dear Mr. Small - and Miss Mason

we are doing our best to keep things straight. The turmoil

outside was ~~very~~ and they were losing altitude

rapidly. John was fighting with the controls. All color had

left his face and his desperate glances at their instruments

told of the strain he was under. They had seven

passengers besides the two pilots and three of the passengers

were soldiers wives going to join their husbands at Khartoum.

Funny John fought the ship through the storm. Without a moment's warning the centre engine died. Beads of sweat broke out on the foreheads of both men. They knew the ship had already stood more pounding than ever she was supposed to. The air all round was murky, it couldn't last many moments now.

Frank Raynard reached over to his side of their small cabin and tried to join up the circuit for their radio generator. The ~~center~~ ^{engine} ^{worked} operated it and he was going to give one more call ^{on hopes} so that some station might pick them up. When he turned back there was a strange man sitting beside John. Frank glanced hurriedly into the cabin. Yes, the brightly lit cabin showed all passengers in their places. Old par-jumped him, now, as never before. John was still trying to control the ship, and didn't seem to be paying any attention to the stranger. Were they all crazy, or was this some monstrous dream?

Suddenly the ship went into a steep dive. Frank clutched his seat and prayed. Funny John didn't seem as nervous now, but the sweat was pouring off Raynard's face. He glanced at the instrument board, down, down, six thousand, five, four, three - all at once the centre engine started. The ship bucked off and even above the terrific roar of the storm the engines ~~started~~ roared their rhythmic crescendo. And such speed. The instruments marked up the miles. One hundred and twenty - forty - sixty and when Frank glanced at them again they were touching the two hundred mark. The engines were roaring like demons let loose.



THE WRITERS' STUDIO

DONALD G. FRENCH
36 Castlefield Avenue
TORONTO 12, CANADA

Notes re. CHAFF FROM THE WHEAT

I'm afraid this is not much of a success as a story . On the face of it , it is all too apparent that you are making up a story. It doesn't just unravel naturally.

There is far too much detail . All this about the buying of the dynamite and old Abe's fear of it and the putting it away

All that matters so far as the story is concerned is that the dynamite was bought and stored away at the farm.

I have made pencilled notes ~~XXXXXX~~ throughiut the MS. This doesn't cover every case where you use too much detail, but if you go at it again and try to cut out all unneccessary repetition, explanation, etc., I think you will find that you can tell it all it at least half the present space.

Why is it necessary to make a sad ending . Couldn't the girl recover?

The story is practically ended at the close of Chapter V. A few sentences more would round it out.

If you re-write it you may send it for another reading , no charge.

D.G.F.

Wishart, Sask. Feb. 17th 1936

My Dear Grace:

Thank you so much for the darling little dress. Now in the loomed did you ever get time to do all that stitching by hand? No, it's a little long but I won't attempt turning it up because my stitching wouldn't rhyme with the rest. Thanks ever so much I intend keeping it for her. Haven't we had a wicked winter? And all the way trouble, as if the cold weather and poor crops weren't enough to contend with. You have sworn loyalty, I suppose. Don't be sweet? You know I always had a weak spot for Ed. VIII. I have sent for a Pattern Crocheted from that new stitching they are using or lining the hat poor of those "Tunelytops" I believe something like that. I intend to do it in beaver skin. I intend you like the pattern too? Also have a nice pull-over sweater blouse, but don't think I'll use it as I'm too short. You can have it, if you care for it. Well I thought I was going to have time to write you a

long letter but Jim is starting
for town now So I'll have to
love you and leave you
give my love to the family
Yours Lovingly

And thank you very much again
Gracie
Yours Lovingly

Shirley had blood poisoning in her
face from an extracted tooth
otherwise we have had no
sickness

Yours

A day at a time
And all the moments
in that day eternities
Each one a jewel; and all
The jewels a crown, that
Designates achievement

K. L. J.

Shunned from factory office, shunned from
 door to door,
 No where to eat or rest except on a filthy
 floor
 Kicked awake in the morning they rise from
 their 'couch' of disease
 To start on their aimless travels. yet
 Christ gave his life for these.

Sullen angry suspicious from years
 of living alone
 They grumble in boxcars and feed lots
 and in them hate is sown
 Hate of the idle wealthy who have thrown
 wealth's trust to the wind
 Who pay their taxes in blood and think
 themselves being kind
 Who complain to their fellow tipplers 'the world
 is a pretty place
 These unemployed' filthy beggars they should
 cumber the grass
 These untidy unwilling workers whom
 nothing can ever please
 They should force them to manual labor, yet
 Christ gave his life for these!

Across the many borders, far different
 countries from ours
 The same cruel tale is repeated of empty
 wasted hours
 Governments all are haunted for on them
 the blame is laid
 Of turning jobless millions, neglected and
 becoming afraid.
 Find them work to do! Ah yes and what
 a pitiful dole
 More is found for the working beast than a man
 with a human soul
 No future in work of that sort no one
 can they ever please
 Their eyes are clouded with torpid despair, yet,
 Christ gave his life for these!

1939. A tale comes out of Europe of millions of
 marching feet
 martial men
 Of burning stunder of factories supplies for
 Mars to eat
 Of work for the countless millions who had no
 work to do
 That might still prevail and right and love
 be ever hidden from view.

The clang of mighty armor forged in a
furnace of hate

Reminds the peaceful nations that compromise
comes too late

Hymns of anger and passion rise on
^{diplomacy's}
a diplomat breeze

The young are marching to slaughter, yet Christ
gave his life for these!

Soon breaks the roar of battle and nations
like asters fall

Broken bending and twisting no national
shape at all

Governments resign and falter dreading to
enter the dust

The dust of the awful battle brought on by their
broken trust

Get fed by the actions of people who
lip service democracy's rule

Who elect their men to a party; ^{that} first party
~~that party~~ ^{but} is only a tool

Of great financial interests who condemn whole
armies to freeze

On the bitter slopes of Russia, yet Christ
gave his life for these!

5
How where are the men that were homelers
unwanted and full of fear
Who could find no food or employment who
wandered far and near?
You'll find them where you travel in every
armid force of the land
Doing their sworn duty with mind and
heart and hand
Doing it with smile or a curse, but doing it
just the same
For the folks that laugh and chatter and
try to shift the blame
Pressing themselves on their effort to buy bonds
with the pretence of care
While the boy in the battle gives life, as Christ gave
his life for there!

No rancour or bitterness now in the hearts
of the unemployed
But I find a question unanswered for the answer
is not enjoyed
By those who should think and should settle these
problems by force of will
What will we do for these men, when marching
home over the hill

They find the selfsame problems as faced them
 long before
 of employment, shelter and food and homes
 they dream'd of yore
 And the crippled blind and poisoned, wounded
 and sick with disease
 These men are our own true problem for Christ
 gave his life for these.

They have left on the fields of battle on frozen
 icy steppe
 Comrades they loved and treasured whom they
 can never forget.

They have fought on the field of battle such a fight
 man never has seen
^{Do this million}
~~thousands~~ of wounds in every clime are slowly
 turning green

They have given their youth and manhood once
 Red in the rivers in blood of
 more on freedom's plain
 Spent their blood in rivers died on their beds
 of pain

Fought this fight that for nations wars forever
 should cease

They have done it willingly gladly, for Christ
 gave his life for these.

The mile, which to little feet
seemed such a distance is now to
age but a short step.

At sixi heaven was so far away
At sixty it is here!

R. L. I.

There is beauty in all life if
we but look for it. It can not
always be seen in an instant.
It does not always flash
upon us unawares. Some
forms of beauty have to be
looked at over the seasons to
be truly appreciated. It takes
more than one season to
discover the association of
colors on a prairie landscape

— — — — —
J. H. T.

The Great Adventure.

We start on a life of adventure
On the day that we are born
We traverse this old earth's vastness
Some merrily, some sadly as of yore.

We gather ^{some} greatness on the road
Be it ~~a~~ way for the poor or the rich
We grow in stature as we work
Whether building a mansion or digging a ditch.

Not much from life do many ask
As they toil on their way ahead
Yet many gain much who ask for less
And many who grasp more are dead.

For though they move and have a thing
It is long since their heart was glad
For they have lost their zest for adventure
Are grasping for yet more to be had.

In vain do we turn to the pleasures
That pass time and beguile us the now
The sense of a adventure has left us
We have broken a pledge and a vow.

An alien land

There is a lone land where few may enter in
A land of far horizons dream filled and benign
To where the weary soul may journey in its search
For truth and all the secrets of the unknown universe
For those who really search whose mission is sincere
This alien land becomes a home without a peer
Where rest is found, where peace is always sure
And that most desired of all the pathway of thought secure.

Why fret o'er trivialities, with wrinkled Trouble's brow
Away with care, no entrance value here but now
Abide a while in search for that fair land to see
Come, leave behind the worried world and ^{me} ~~in~~ ^{with} me

The world of thought a happy reasoning clime
Where mind meets mind and never watches time
So that swift villain with visage speeding past
Has no effect, in truth seems standing still at last

While on its outside hurried harried men
Shout one another by and over now & then
Trampling some poor soul into a nearby gutter
His tortured screams all drowned in hurry's mutter.

Come into this seldom land & rest the tortured brain
Sit with thy friends you may not meet again
Share with each each problem's passing care
And rise refreshed and journey out to greatly do & dare.



LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
WINNIPEG

These are things the soul but dimly comprehends
Of mighty movements wrought by unseen hands
That take the nations mould them all afire
Each one a pattern piece each fair to view

Knowledge comes at last with crowning might
Man strives not for glory but escape the night
And cares not should he be beneath the rod
As long as he has not lost his faith in God.

As God will, each nation moves in majesty
Their systems and their thrones they alter every day
Yet like the sand the altering pattern clime
At last is perfect the Great Creator's dream.

P

I stand with in the sound of the great Pacific's roar
Behind me the city tall the swelling sea before
She is my heart, nor heated by the gulls wild cries
For in a grass close by my feet my lovely Erid lies,

Back o'er the years my unwilling memory turns,
Conscience not quelled, winter me even burns
Could those years be backward ever collect
Then forward since what different tale unfold

Entombed then young valours shield and light,
Youth walking forward into ever rising light,
No thought of darkness, present ever best
One true friend and tried when on to rest.

A parting of the ways from this little cause,
Quick flashing temper, words without a pause,
No thought of hurt to each so safely given,
~~Love's friendship by passing presence given~~
Sweet friendship parts by passion given.

When tempers flashing sword unsheathed swings high,
Friendship's blades linked soon all turned lie,
Not contrite words nor conscience sore
Will mend the breach then made before.

Though thousand miles shall yet between us lie
Death becoming one may be so fit to die

Too late, too late there.

Remorse like a reeking flame leaps up
And comes



7. 12. 1904

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prand
o.

guard

10

60 H.P.

6 1 lb. fuel oil

7 2 1/2 lbs

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Dr. J. J. J. J. J.

Learning in French

to be on the way to
a memory for provided by sources

to work on this on only 2 weeks

Across an ~~ocean~~^{ever} wide, two friends may ~~never~~^{seldom} meet
yet fleeting words, on paper penned, brings distance to our feet
All wealth all power will some time turn as surely into dust

Notes on Guiana. Geography.

Chief Rivers. Waini, Essequibo and tributaries, Magaruni and Cuyuni, the Demerara, the Berbice and Courtyou. Essequibo rises in the Acarai Mts. Flows East. Magaruni rises in the Merume Mountains. Kaituma Falls on Potaro R. Tributary to Essequibo. Falls 822 feet into valley 741 ft sheer. Other tributaries to Essequibo are Separuni, Burro Burro, Rewa, Kuyuwini, Kassi Kudji. Other rivers, Pomeroon, Mowma and Barima. Color of water dark brown. Through savannas water is milky.

Forests = guenthart, and mora (shipbuilding & W. Lanes) substantially for all kinds of boats. Cedar & crabwood for cabins. Flora. Flowers, orchids, vines, palms, bananas and mangoes. Oranges, pineapples, star apples, guaras. Water lilies. Cayman alligators marouiti (wild turkey), leguana & large lizard. (fisher crabs and shrimps chief food of natives along with iguana flesh. Blacks call their chief meal foo-foo).

hills of the resting place of one. The other? If one could
 journey far up the Elleguib River in British Guiana
 then up its tributaries to the head waters of the Potaro
 and then arriving there could be find a certain tribe
 of natives he might still find as there chief a white haired
 blue eyed giant of a man whose skin and features are
 plainly those of a European. If is a small word yet
 there are many in the more northern parts of Manitoba
 who still have good cause to remember James Anthony
 and remembering him they will remember his partner
 Robert Dinsdale.