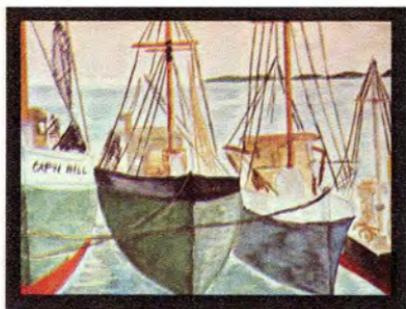
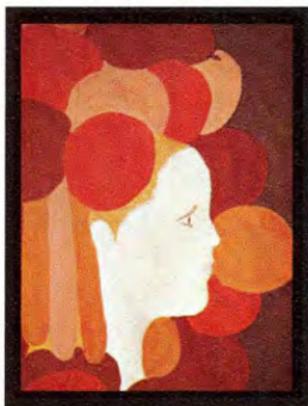


ARTS AND LETTERS



Mary Tremayne



Dale Rice

Paula Greenberg

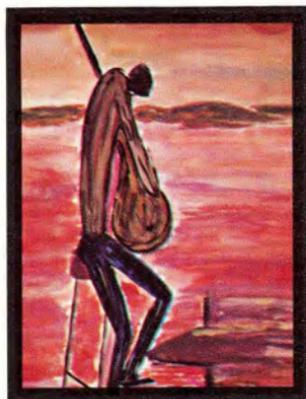


Margaret Douek



Heather Smith

Suzanne Woods



Debbie Lee Simpson



Diane Liebling



Douglas Kuebler

Terry Owens



WESTWARD HO!

On both sides of the trail, broken husks of wagons, and the bleached bones of the oxen that had pulled them, lay abandoned. An occasional rude cross, fashioned from the only wood available — the slats of a barrel, the rocker from a prized chair — marked a human resting place.

For three weeks, the Cades had been haunted by this scene. Like many other easterners, John Cade had deserted his farm in Scranton, Pennsylvania for the promise of better land and a more prosperous life in the west.

The temperature on the prairie rose as high as one hundred and ten degrees, but none of the travelers could be seen to perspire. The thirsty air greedily absorbed the moisture and left only the whitened salt stains on the fading homespun. The arid wind tossed tumbleweed and whipped the sandy earth at the faces of the ramblers. Each gritty cup of water only seemed to increase their thirst. Mile after mile bumped by as the oxen plodded over the uneven terrain. Rounded and shaped by the flying earth, the tortured mountains promised a spring of refreshment; but as yet they were still far in the distance.

Elizabeth, the youngest, lay whimpering in her mother's lap. All this adventure was new and unpleasant to her — she only wanted it to be over. Jeremy, an inquisitive thirteen-year-old, was the opposite of his younger sister. Seated proudly on the family nag he seemed lord of all he surveyed. Judith, the young lady of the family, had been put in charge of driving the wagon. Her set face and determined attitude added stability and unity to this lonesome group. Mr. Cade looked weary, but extremely hopeful. The days of sun had changed his sickly complexion to the healthy brown of a well-worn glove. Mrs. Cade was also worn out, but her eyes still sparkled with the hidden laughter that spurred the group onwards. In all, these were the Cades, only one family of many seeking a better life across the mountains.

By nightfall, the group had reached the foothills of the mountains. Here, a small increase in the fertility of the land foreshadowed the promise of green valleys on the western coast. Small trees of unknown varieties pecked among the crowded foothills. Just after extinguishing the lantern, Judith looked up at the diamond stars twinkling in the prairie sky. A moon had risen and was casting its rays down on an unusual sight. Radiated by the soft white light stood a lonely tree, its branches growing at angles uncommon to the other trees. This little tree, the Cades' symbol of hope, had grown in the shape of a cross.

Sally Bushe
Second Prize — Senior Contest

CRYSTALLIZATION

I don't know why
Intangibility and enigma of life
Stretch beyond horizons.
The dictates of my chromosomes
Moulded an individual who found reality in
reflections.

When my fresh brain carried
Thrilled thoughts of tomorrow and
My limbs were free
Of the drapes of
Responsibility,
Life was the world.
I looked around me, and saw externally from
the centre

Of a sphere that had no limits.
Time brought change. With bloated ideals
The sphere swelled and I knew that I didn't know
But I didn't realize my vantage point.
The awkwardness of adolescence coated
my uncertainty with

Thick darkness, for though I looked
I saw

Only from without, and light found home in limits.
As watchhands turned invisibly,
As day darkened in the late afternoon imperceptibly,
So time brought change,
Detectable and appreciable only in retrospect.
Fermentation.

Maturation of motivation.
The new life, the new world was a refinery which
yielded more palpable sensations,
More introspective sentiments,
A purification of thought from a hot bath of
experience.

An overhaul of desire,
Understanding through specious logic,
Syllogism without premise,
Youth thrived on a soft culture of unsavoury method,
Nurtured by the appealing bourne,
The novelty of naughtiness,
The light, refracted by the newly distorted lens of
living.

Found sombre, fetching, drunken, sensual
Colour
Through the predictable prism.
It was a revolution of the goody-goody to the
cowboy,

A good guy in himself.
The increments of time were inescapable;
An audience laughed and jeered in a play that
Fud reality and illusion. There was no time for
Disillusionment.
The prize is ahead;
The hope is not smothered by the want.

Albert Rosengarten
Third Prize — Senior Contest

L'ETRANGER

par Albert Camus

Dans la morgue on avait allumé les lampes, et la pièce était inondée d'une lumière dure et aveuglante. Meursault a fermé les yeux contre l'éclat de cette lumière et des murs trop blanchis. La tête lourde, il écoutait à peine ce que disait le directeur. Il était à moitié-endormi quand il a entendu se glisser dans la pièce les amis de sa mère: des hommes maigres et croûtants de faiblesse, des femmes aux gros ventres et aux yeux durs et hostiles. Toute la longue nuit ils ont veillé dans la lumière blanche, et le matin Meursault est sorti dans la lumière presque plus crue, plus écrasante encore du jour . . .

. . . Le soleil, la chaleur cruelle, la mer étincelante, l'écat du sable sec et jaune — tout le poussait vers la source fraîche, vers l'ombre douce du rocher . . . L'Arabe y était encore. Il a tiré son couteau et Meursault était entouré de chaleur et de lumière aveuglante — derrière lui la plage brillante, devant lui le soleil giclant sur l'acier. Il a fait un pas en avant,

il a tiré, et la grande paix, le silence profond de l'après-midi a été brisé d'un coup sec et assourdissant. Il comprenait alors qu'il avait détruit l'équilibre du jour, terminé pour toujours le bonheur . . .

. . . Meursault a écouté, étonné mais sans aucune révélation d'émotion, la sentence de mort. On l'a emmené, et il a retrouvé pour un moment la joie douce de la nuit d'une vie qu'il ne connaîtrait plus jamais . . .

. . . La vie ne valait pas la peine d'être vécue. Qu'importait s'il mourait aujourd'hui ou dans vingt ans? Qu'importait si, accusé d'un meurtre, il mourait pour ne pas avoir pleuré à l'enterrement de sa mère? . . .

. . . Devant sa grande solitude, devant la paix indifférente de cette nuit d'été chargée de signes, "il s'est couvert pour la première fois à la tendre indifférence du monde," et il a senti qu'il avait toujours été heureux . . . qu'il l'était maintenant . . .

Jane Findlay
Hors concours

WHO AM I?

Who am I? I don't know. I can only guess. My parents know me; I am their child. My teacher knows me; I am her student. Mankind knows me; I am a person.

I look at myself in the mirror and see two faces. One is young while the other is mature. I am confusion. I also have two hands. One is greedy and takes all. One is generous and gives freely. Am I giver or taker?

People tell me who I am. Different people place various masks upon my face so I appear to them what they think I am. They don't know me.

Why do people always think they know who I am? How do they know I'm the neighbour beside them and not the thief behind them?

I shall never know who I am. No mortal shall ever tell me, nor any gods. But I shall always know one thing: I exist, therefore I am.

Marcy Goldman
First Prize — Junior Contest



EXPERIENCES OF A STRUGGLING MOUNT ROYAL HIGH VOLUNTEER

Last August, when I first considered offering my services as a volunteer in a local rehabilitation hospital, my motive was to "test" my newly-discovered ambition — medicine — and to acclimatise myself to hospital routine. In the artificial, confined world of the handicapped children's ward, however, I found a new meaning and perspective to life itself.

My adventure began at one o'clock on a bright afternoon, in the dressing-room for volunteers. Three "old hands" were there to show me around, and began by thoroughly scaring me: "You have to play with them, and do whatever they want, but keep them out of trouble. Don't coddle them, but let them do whatever they can for themselves. If you give in too much, they'll take advantage of you," and so on. I was considering taking a course in child psychology before walking into a ward inhabited by "them", but the girls pulled me along.

It took several days to become acquainted with the children. All had heartbreaking handicaps, such as arms and or legs amputated or missing from birth, or paralysis in various limbs. Each had his or her own way of breaking the ice; one wheeled herself up to me and asked me to help her practise walking. One sweet little seven-year-old took my hand and kissed it. A few playfully hit me, bit me, and almost tore my cap to shreds. Soon, however, they were calling me "auntie" and had me doing everything from

taking them to treatment rooms to feeding them to serving as a mattress for them to jump on. I found my initial fears groundless, for what the children really wanted was love. Success as a volunteer in that ward was proportionate to the amount of love you had to give. I discovered, to my astonishment, that all that was necessary to comfort a wailing baby was to cradle it in my arms and speak to it in a low tone. It was like being mother to an entire ward.

After I had spent several weeks on the job, someone asked me how I could bear to work with "deformed" people. It was then that I realized how completely I had forgotten (or accepted!) their physical shortcomings. I loved those children for themselves, and their handicaps were meaningless. These children, however, will mature and will have to leave their friendly community. What will happen to them in a world of people who judge every book by its cover? I had found something sweet, tender and priceless — called love — and now must expect to see it repressed and trampled down by those who believe the children's spirits also "deformed".

Everybody has heard, and has agreed with the statement that a person's character is more important than his appearance; but how many have learned this by experience, and how many conduct their lives by this principle?

Pauline Brock
First Prize — Senior Contest

THE FIELD

All was silent. The snowflakes floated gently to the ground, which was already packed deep with snow. The frosted plain stretched away into the distance until finally it disappeared among the towering mountains.

And on this snowy field lay a jacket and a hat. And in these was a man lying prone with pale face and frozen lips — dead. And by his side were his fellows, lying frozen on the ground. And they were also dead. The whole field was covered with these men — all frozen, all dead. And all around the field lay the rubble of buildings of times gone by, unseen by any human eyes, untouched by any human hands — empty and forlorn.

This was the picture of the plain. It has not changed and will not change; it will forever remain as a final example of what man's destructive nature has done. And all around the world it is the same. The people are lying dead everywhere, everywhere around the world.

It is all man's own doing. It was his war that destroyed the world, and himself. And it will now forever remain dead, uninhabited by human beings.

And on the plain the men all lie in deep-packed snow, with the snowflakes floating gently to the ground — where all is silent.

Sheldon Goldfarb
Second Prize — Junior Contest

BARRY

I met Barry for the first time at camp. He had a magnetic personality that drew to him friends of all ages. But it was our group, boys ranging from fifteen to seventeen years of age who liked him most and Barry was our counsellor.

That summer was the best of my life. I was the youngest of our group but I was accepted. I could play baseball and basketball as well as the older boys - because Barry had taken extra time to teach me and made me practise. I always thought that he liked me more than the others, though probably all the boys had this secret thought. Barry became an idol to me. I have respected and admired many persons during my life, but in some aspects they have all let me down, probably because the image I had of them was one of near-perfection, and few can live up to this standard. I worshipped Barry before I knew him; after I got to know him, my opinion of him was raised. This had never happened before; I doubt that it ever will again.

The friendship between Barry and the group did not end when the summer finished, though we all had many happy memories to ride us over. We all met every weekend. Barry would take us in his Ford to the races or the beach or, in winter, to the hockey games. On Sundays he would take us to the 'Y' and instruct us in basketball skills. The time passed quickly. I achieved high marks in school for the first time because Barry took the time to tutor me.

Riding back from a hockey game one night, we were in a joyful mood. Our team had won and had

advanced into the play-offs. Though it was a cold eleven degrees and the snow was avalanching down upon us, our spirits refused to be dampened. As we were driving along a near-deserted street, we skidded and hit a parked car. No one was hurt. Barry's car had only a broken light, but the other car had been severely dented.

"Nobody's around. No one saw it. I can fix the car light myself. You guys haven't seen anything, OK?"

"Sure, Barry!" in unison. One voice had remained silent.

As it happened, someone had seen the accident, or rather had heard it. He had seen our car go by and had jotted down the licence number. But he could not be sure if it was our car involved in the accident, because Barry denied it. The boys, questioned one by one, also denied it. Finally my turn to answer came.

Before answering, I remembered the good times I had had with Barry and my high opinion of him. "It was our car, sir."

One day, days later, Barry came to see me. My first impulse was to run away from him. But how could I, after all the happy times we'd spent together? I faced him, like a man. He had a look on his face that I had never seen before - almost quizzical.

"I'm proud of you."

After that it was Barry and I who went to hockey games, played basketball, went to the races.

Donald Gordon
Second Prize - Senior Contest

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS

The last rain of the season came gently to the red and grey counties of Oklahoma. The soft rain barely moistened the cracked earth, but nevertheless it was sufficient to raise a crop of hardy young corn. But just as suddenly as it had begun, the rain ceased and obese cumulus clouds fled the sky. And on the heels of the departing clouds came the wind. Armed with dust, it ravished the corn whose leaves turned in colour from rich green to crisp brown. The corn dead, the wind ripped the stalks from their rows and deposited them in nearby furrows. When the dust had settled from the air, the farmers emerged from their sealed homes to assess the damage and to curse the wind and its instigator for their adversity.

John Palmer looked upon his dead corn, his straw-coloured six-year-old son, and thought of his wife who had died two months before of typhoid fever. Before he could formulate a suitable curse, he saw, through the dust, the all-too-familiar sight of the black sedan of the finance company.

"Palmer?"

"Ya."

"Your mortgage was due a month ago. You got the money yet?"

"Ya know damn well I don't," replied John.

"The company will take your land away if you don't have it in a week."

"I ain't got 'nough food to last a week, never mind a truck. And where'll we go if ya throw us off?"

John walked slowly back to the house, sat down on the stoop and gazed vacantly at the rows of fallen corn.

Within a week the impossible had been accomplished: some furniture had been sold and an old battered truck was bought. As John was lashing two mattresses to the top of the load, he saw the cloud of dust

down the road that announced the arrival of the finance company man and the sheriff.

"OK, Palmer. Time's up. Hit the road."

"Ya, sure. Just as soon as I spread this tarp."

"Ya better watch those ropes. They're most rotted through."

"They'll hold. Come on, Billy," he called to his son. Billy ran across the yard and hopped up on the tailgate of the truck, while John climbed into the cab. John pushed the starter and the ancient truck trembled and began to move hesitantly toward the dusty road. As the sheriff had prophesied, the load was too heavy for the old ropes that held it. One rope snapped and then another. A massive chest containing clothes avalanching down on Billy, hitting him on the back and head, folding him over, breaking the tailgate. John leaped from the cab and ran to the back of the truck. Billy's body was twisted, crooked as though seen through a faulty lens. The sheriff bent down and felt for his pulse.

"Kid's dead," he said. John pushed the sheriff aside, gathered his lifeless mound in his arms, and carried it toward the small hill beside the house. At the top of the small hill, he laid Billy down beside an unmarked bulge in the earth, the grave of his wife. He walked slowly back to the truck and climbing into the cab, said to the sheriff and the finance company man, "You do it." Then he drove out to the road and turned west.

"Damn stupid farmer," said the sheriff as he mounted the hill.

About two miles up the road, John stopped the truck, got out, and sat on the running board and gazed vacantly at the fields of fallen corn.

Evelyn Adler
Third Prize - Senior Contest

NOUS SOMMES JEUNES



**M. R. H. S.
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