

has been quite an eventful  
ant week. Congratula-  
t off, are in order to Bob  
and the first lady of the  
We're wondering now if  
et the S.R.C. to subsidize  
stry Association!)

nt to thank the autho-  
ponsible for ending our  
out drought, Fire Dang-  
dust bowls, etc. Water  
lowing 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,  
rest of all classes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Reporter . . .  
e 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  
ne failure of the student or-  
ter interest in the university.  
re as fast as possible. I think

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

e lack of sufficient residence  
students in different faculties  
ived in residences. We need  
udent centre where everyone  
wide 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  
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 enthusiasm 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 un-  
der.

S.C.C.—(Off-mike) Train num-  
ber eight now leaving for Medicine  
Hat, Moose Jaw, Regina, Winni-  
peg 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—Listen 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 writ-

ing us up for things like that.

Lower 10—You send that plat-

form 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 un-

der.

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 Col-

lege. It's a nice summer job—get

away from the heat and travel

around a new country, all ex-

penses 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 Vancou-

ver and back it used to be. On

every sleeper section out of Win-

nipeg or Calgary, any summer, I'd

be sure of finding them back

again—cursing the railway, the

equipment, the passengers, curs-

ing 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 clos-

ing to a muted rumble which con-

tinues 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 sum-

mer 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, cup-

board door opening and shutting

with a sharp click.

S.C.C.— . . . bad night too—Ma-

ple 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 com-

ing on permanently with the Com-

pany 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 sum-

mer. (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 beg-

ging "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 in-

to Medicine Hat. That was when I

an into the first squall in Rob-

bie's car. But even that wasn't

anything special—just an argu-

ment with a drunk in the smok-

ing room, all in a day's work.

(Fades) I walked in on the mid-

dle 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 you

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 any-

thing 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 pas-

sengers 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.

Lower 10—Okay . . . you don't

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 any-

thing.

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 your-

self 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 be-

fore.

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?