

Men Wanted



A Recruiting Booklet
For
THE COMPANY OF THE CROSS
St. John's Schools



*You may not see yourself as
an outdoor leader . . .*



. . . or a chicken cutter . . .



. . . or a teacher. But beware.

PROCEED WITH CARE . . .

What you're reading is a recruiting booklet for an organization known as the Company of the Cross. The Company has established two schools in western Canada and is seeking men to run these schools and develop others. Read the booklet with caution. It could cost you plenty — maybe even your life.

Of course you may not be the type that need worry. You're not a teacher to begin with and, frankly, the idea of the 110-hour work week simply doesn't appeal to you.

Neither, for that matter, does the idea of paddling a thousand or two miles every summer, nor learning chemistry nor history nor French, nor driving trucks, nor shovelling manure, nor hammering nails, nor snowshoeing 50 miles at a stretch, nor directing teams of door to door salesmen, nor making sausages.

Neither, finally, would you be interested in doing all this at a salary of \$1 a day plus room, board and necessities for your wife and family. No, thank you, you'll say. I'm quite happy where I am.

On the other hand, maybe you're the type for whom all this talk is very dangerous indeed. Maybe for some time now you've been looking around the office and asking yourself: Why? Where is it all leading? When I get finished here 40 years from now, precisely what will I have achieved?

Maybe you've found that you're not the Organization Man, that you've had it with cocktail parties and Chryslers, and that the executive suite turned out to be the one thing you never would have guessed, namely boring.

Maybe you're no poet, yet there is something within you that is disgusted with the values you see about you, something that demands nobler things, that wants real challenge, real purpose, real achievement.

If you're anything like the latter, beware. What you're about to read is very bad stuff.

The Joneses

The Jones couple drove north from Winnipeg, Manitoba, and the land around them was so flat it was almost charming. It was late spring. The vast green of the Canadian grain crop waved in the sun for a thousand miles to the west. They passed the little town of Selkirk, the road turned to gravel, the Red River appeared on their right, and before them a black and gold sign proclaimed:

"St. John's Cathedral Boys' School."

It was a pretty place. Great elms embowered the white houses that surrounded its central stone and frame structures overlooking the river. And across the Red, old St. Peter's mission church beamed with favor upon the fruits of a Christian endeavour.

Yet the whole scene was frightfully unkempt. Around the front door was a collection of rubber boots, on the lawns an abandoned pitch fork, inside the main door a pile of boxes and

A boy was feverishly pushing a mop.



a boy — tall, husky, clad in blue jeans — who reeked of chicken manure as he waited outside an adjoining office.

"Can I help you?" said the boy.

They just wanted to see through the school, Mrs. Jones explained. They had heard about it at Saskatoon. Someone had suggested they visit it.

"Any of us could show you through," said the boy. "I'd do it myself only I've been cleaning the barn . . ."

A sudden distraction from within the office brought the conversation to a halt. There were three resounding whacks. The door opened. Another boy, perhaps 16, emerged, rubbing his seat and with evident effort smiling. "A rule," said a voice from within, "is a rule."

The boy in the smell entered the office. "We've finished the second floor of the barn, sir," he said. "You said you might help us when we got this far. There's an extra pitch fork."

"Okay," said the voice. "I'll be there in 20 minutes. Don't feel obliged to wait. Keep shovelling."

"There are a man and woman outside who want to see through the school. Shall I get someone to show them around?"

"No," came the reply. "You do it. And when you're finished, meet me at the barn."

The boy reappeared. "Come with me," he said. "That's one of the teachers. I'd introduce you to him, but if he gets talking to you he won't help us."

He led them into the school and down the corridor. There was a steady din of activity. A boy brushed past carrying a pail. Another, feverishly pushing a mop, glared in exasperation at the dirty boots of the boy from the barn. Still another paced to and

fro, oblivious of the bustle around him, reading a history book.

"It's chore time," said the boy from the barn. "Things will be untidy. There will be a lot of noise. You'll just have to accept that."

As he spoke, he led them into the laundry where three youngsters, aged perhaps 12 to 14, were busy. One dumped clothing into a roaring washing machine. Another sorted socks. Another emptied a big dryer.

"The boys do all the laundry here," said the barn boy. "The laundry crew has to know how many minutes to wash everything and how hot to dry it."

"Do they ever make a mistake?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Yes," said the boy.

"What happens then?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"They wreck the clothes," said the boy.

Now they entered a large sewing room, lined with shelves upon which lay stockpiles of new clothes. Along one wall hung a line of heavy yellow parkas. The boy removed one of them. "The school parka," he said. "We designed it. We wear it snowshoeing."

"Snowshoeing?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"That's right," said the boy. "We snowshoe every Wednesday in the winter, anywhere up to 30 miles in an afternoon and evening. Then at the end of the season we have a 50-mile snowshoe race."

"Does everyone have to do that?"

"Yes."

"Doesn't anyone ever collapse?"

"Sure."

"What do you do about it?"

"We get them up and keep them going."

"What about the teachers?"

"They go with us. How could they expect us to do it if they weren't willing to do it themselves?"

"Isn't it unfair to the boys who are



Glorious and rowdy inefficiency.

not physically very strong?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"They're not the ones who usually try to quit," said the boy.

"Then who does?"

"It's the smart alecks. When the going gets really hard, they can't take it."

"Why do they make you do this anyway?" asked Mr. Jones.

"To make us stronger."

"Don't you think you're tough enough already?"

"I don't mean tough outside. I mean tough inside. They want us tough inside. They want us to know how to stick things out when we have to."

He led them now into the kitchen where in a kind of glorious and rowdy inefficiency and a deadly intensity of purpose the dishes were being done. From here they moved to the relative quiet of a chapel, bereft of pews and people.

"What do they teach you about religion here?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Oh, they teach us what the Christian faith is, why some people accept it and others don't."

"Do you accept it?"

"No," said the boy without hesita-

tion. "At least, not yet. But I'm beginning to get some understanding of it. Some of the fellows in our class accept it and some don't."

"Does the school want you to accept it?"

"Mainly, I think, they want us to understand it and decide. I imagine they feel that when we come to understand it, the chances are we'll accept it. But the main thing is they don't want us acting without thinking. At least, they keep emphasizing how they want us to think things out. I suppose they would say that's the object of the whole school program. To make us think."

"Look here," said the boy, "this will interest you." He opened a pair of swinging doors and ushered them into a huge butcher shop that roared with an industrial activity. The school, he explained, shipped its chickens and pigs to a commercial abattoir, brought back the carcasses and smoked and

packaged its own line of meat products.

A dozen boys, all clad in white butcher's smocks, were engaged in the program. The school took the products from door to door in Winnipeg and sold them, supplementing the \$1,000 annual fee paid by the boys' parents. Beyond the meat room, other boys in construction hard hats that bore the school crest were at work on a new building. Outside, still another group was running some commercial bee hives to produce the school's honey and yet another work force was busy repairing a fleet of enormous canoes.

"That's the school fleet," said the boy. "They're big seven and 10-man canoes. We paddle all over the continent in them. This year I'm going from Montreal to New York. Last year I went from Fort William to Winnipeg.

"Do you camp along the shore?" asked Mr. Jones.



The main thing is they don't want us acting without thinking.

"That's right. We paddle up to 16 hours a day, get up every morning at 4:30 and go to sleep at 10 at night."

"Who runs these trips?"

"The teachers."

"They ask quite a bit of teachers here, don't they?"

"They sure do," he said. "And the teachers don't get paid, you know. They only get \$1 a day plus room and board. Their wives work in the place too. Some of them teach. Some run the kitchen. Some work in the clothing room."

"With all this," said Mrs. Jones. "How do you ever have any time for school work? Do you have as much school work as in public school?"

"As much!" said the boy. "We have three times as much. We have far more books to read, extra languages, extra history, extra literature, extra everything. And we have to know how to speak French. They even find us jobs

down in Quebec and in our Grade 11 year we have to spend the summer down there."

The Joneses had arrived now back at the front entrance of the building. "Answer me one last question," said Mr. Jones. "Do you like it here?"

"Sometimes," replied the boy. "And sometimes I hate it. But you can get used to anything, even this."

"Do you ever ask your parents to take you out?"

"Often," said the boy. "But it never does me any good. My father says I'm here till I finish high school so that's that."

"Did you ever think you might like to work here yourself when you grow up?"

"Yes, I've thought of that too. But you'd have to be pretty tough to be a teacher here."

"Tough inside?"

"Yes, that's right. Tough inside."



*It was a pretty place.
Great elms embowered its central stone structure overlooking the river.*

"AT SOME FUTURE CRISIS OF THE SOUL"

St. John's Schools are run by a partnership of 53 people called the Company of the Cross. In addition to St. John Cathedral Boys' School in Selkirk, Manitoba, and St. John's School of Alberta, the Company runs a weekly newsmagazine and printing plant in Edmonton.

All of these endeavours have one purpose: the spreading of the Christian faith.

Despite the mass merchandising of the "new" morality, this faith has shown a remarkable resiliency, emerging again and again whenever reasonable men have a chance to examine its basic principles.

The function of St. John's Schools is to produce such reasonable men — to teach boys how to think and to introduce them to the basic principles of the Christian faith. The function of the Company's publications division is to once more bring these principles into the arena of news and public affairs.

The schools achieve their objective through a three-fold program. In the classroom, the school emphasizes thinking, at first through mastery of the basic disciplines and then by using each subject to exercise the principles of logic. Daily chore periods and a demanding outdoor program of canoeing and snowshoeing teach boys to work and to persevere through hardship. Finally, formal religious classes and the example of a Christian staff show boys the principles of the Christian faith, both in theory and in practice.

Few boys accept this faith while at the school. But all of them — if the Company has done its job — possess a disturbing persistence to think things out for themselves, a yearning for adventure, and a capability to work and to make sacrifices.

As with all men, they must sample the "new" gods of the 20th century; discover the same emptiness, ache with the same yearning for something nobler, feel the same boredom, the same lack of purpose, the same lack of meaning. And it is then, at some future crisis of the soul, that the lessons learned in a St. John's classroom or in a St. John's canoe will yield their true harvest.

To carry out this job in the classroom and in the canoe requires men of great vision. It is the purpose of this book to find them.

That horrid Jones boy

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were obviously concerned and responsible parents. They had done for Tommie everything that teachers, doctors, television, magazines and the neighbors could recommend. Before Tommie's birth, there had been the pre-natal clinic, then Dr. Spock, then the endless and sometimes baffling proposals of eight one-year subscriptions to Parents Magazine. Mr. Jones too had tried. He was Tommie's pal. He took him on hunting trips, out to ball games, everywhere the books had said. There had been numerous heart to heart talks in which Mr. Jones talked and Tommie yawned and Mr. Jones talked some more. A psychologist had recommended "love." They had twice changed schools. All was in vain. What Tommie was becoming could best be described as a bum. He was known in the neighborhood as "that horrid Jones child."

Mr. and Mrs. Jones now told this tale to a St. John's teacher. Tommie was now failing in two subjects, though his intelligence was high. They had come to St. John's reluctantly. People had said the school worked the boys to the point of mental and physical exhaustion. But at the same time it had turned out some impressive young men, and had scores of vociferous supporters; and the Joneses had been taken with the boy who had shown them about the buildings.

"Tommie is in trouble," said Mrs. Jones. "I don't know whose fault it is, whether it's ours or the school's."

"Maybe," said the teacher, "it's Tommie's."

The Joneses looked at one another. None of the articles had ever suggested that possibility.

"And maybe," said the teacher, "you

never really did take the psychiatrist's advice. Perhaps, in one sense, you did not love him. Perhaps there was something you actually deprived him of."

"I've spent hours talking to him," said Mr. Jones. "I just can't get through to him."

"We've given him everything," said Mrs. Jones.

"No," said the teacher. "Perhaps you've only given him the easy things. There are costlier things that you may not have given him."

"Such as?" said Mr. Jones.

"Such as values," said the teacher. "Such as principles. Such as some real and tangible criteria of right and wrong that would matter to him desperately."

"I don't see how you're in a position to know he has suffered this deprivation," said Mr. Jones.

"Let me put it this way," said the teacher. "If Tommie had not failed these examinations, would you be sitting here now?"

"Well of course," began Mrs. Jones.

But her husband interrupted her. "I'll answer honestly," he said. "We would not. We'd heard the place criticized. It was disorderly. It worked the boys to the point of exhaustion. Now that I've seen it I do not think these criticisms justified. But if Tommie had not failed I would not have acted."

"But do you not think," said the teacher, "that Tommie's attitudes alone were sufficient grounds for you to do something?"

"Those could have been mere personal differences between us," replied the father.

"You mean," said the teacher, "that you thought his attitudes were unacceptable. Tommie obviously thought them right. The difference between you could have been a matter of opinion."

"If you put it that way, yes. After all, Tommie has his own life to lead and

his own standards to establish."

"Were you allowed to establish your own values?"

"No, I certainly was not. But surely we've progressed since then."

"We've changed," said the teacher. "Whether we've progressed is another question. But see now. The thing that caused you to come was his examination failures."

Why certainly. If he fails in these examinations, he'll ruin his whole life."

"How will he do that?" asked the teacher.

"Are you, a teacher, asking such a question seriously?"

"Very seriously."

"Well obviously, without university training today, the boy's career is finished."

"And by that you mean," said the teacher, "that he will not be able to join the managerial class."

The father paused. "I don't quite mean that, no," he said. "But it's true."

"Do you not see," asked the teacher, "that what you've taught this boy by acting now and by not acting previously is the following principle: that questions of laziness, selfishness, indolence and the like are merely questions of individual opinion. Almost, you might say, of individual taste. The matter of achieving what was once called worldly success, however, is not a matter of taste. It is a hard moral obligation."

The Joneses were speechless.

"My husband," said Mrs. Jones, white faced and hurt, "my husband and I have always emphasized to Tommie the differences between right and wrong."

"But not, Mrs. Jones, to the point of what your husband called acting. When it came to a question of moral attitude, the boy was merely urged. When it came to a question of material success, he was compelled.

She looked at her husband. He was

silent. "The man," he said at last, "is quite right. I am no longer certain of these things. My parents were. But so much has changed. I am afraid my son is the victim of my uncertainty."

He turned suddenly to the teacher. "Will you take him?" he asked.

"It's not that simple, Mr. Jones," said the teacher. "There are two problems. For one thing, we'll have to turn down two hundred applicants this year and your son's two failures will count against him."

"Surely," said Mr. Jones, "he would be the very one you'd want to help."

"Do you mean that we should reject the application of a parent who has acted on time in order to accept the application of a parent who has not?"

"No, I see your point."

"Then there's the other factor. If Tommie were enrolled here, he would last about a week. The buses leave hourly for Winnipeg and he'd be perfectly free to get on one of them."

"You mean you think he'd run away?"

"I'm practically certain of it. And when he did the whole issue would be once more up to you. If you believe his behavior is a matter of personal differences between you, he'll never return. If you believe it's a matter of principle, he'll be back."

"I think," said Mr. Jones, rising and extending a hand, "that I understand."

As he departed with his wife, he saw framed on a wall an inscription, attributed to "the Anglo-Saxons." It read:

"Courage has got to be harder, heart the stouter, spirit the sterner, as our strength weakens. Here lies our lord, cut to pieces, our best man in the dust. If anyone thinks of leaving this battle, he can howl forever."

"What do you suppose they mean by that?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"I know," said Mr. Jones. And he did not forget.

COMPANY MEMBERSHIP

The Company of the Cross is a Christian organization, a part of the Anglican Church of Canada. As such, its full members belong to the Anglican Communion and its ultimate purpose is to spread that new life which Our Lord brought to the world. Its means of doing so are described on these pages.

Besides full members, the Company also includes initiate members serving their first two years in it.

The full members make promises annually before a bishop of the Anglican church to observe the Company's rules. There are three rules — a spiritual rule requiring attendance at chapel services, twice daily prayers and Bible reading; an economic rule, setting out the amounts the member is to be paid (described on page 21); and a social rule, requiring the member to eat one meal daily with the rest of the Company and requiring him to offer any criticism he may have of another member first to that member himself.

The Company is run by a council of all full members which meets once a year. The council can only act by unanimous motion. The annual meeting is usually held at Easter at one of the schools and enables staffs of the schools and publications division to discuss matters of common concern.

The activities of each school are run by the headmaster appointed at each annual meeting. A minister is appointed at each school to direct the community life of the Company. All initiate and full members at a Company school are responsible to the headmaster for school activities and to the minister for their life in the community. The headmaster and minister of each school usually act as directors of the Company, meeting with the directors of other branches of the Company through the year.

Initiate members do not make promises to a bishop but to the Company itself. They are required to take on the economic and social rule of the Company and arrange with the minister to follow as much of the spiritual rule as is compatible with their consciences. The Company does not require that initiates hold the beliefs of the Anglican Church. But they must be prepared to define what they do believe and to seriously examine the Christian faith.

Initiate members usually work at the school for a brief training period before any commitment is made. At the end of this period, they must commit themselves for their first year of service. After two years, if they believe they have a place in the work of the Company, they must apply for full membership.

The Company's community life should not be considered as a retreat from the stresses and distractions of contemporary life. The hours are much longer, the strains sharper and the responsibilities heavier than in most secular occupations.

However there are compensations too. There is a common purpose, common values, a common goal and a common source of strength to achieve them.

The Jones boy: Testing, testing, testing

The lights in the dormitory go out with the accustomed warning about talking. There is to be none of it. And none there is — for about three minutes. Then in the stillness came a voice:

"How did you come to get to this school anyway?"

No answer.

"What's the matter? You afraid they're going to spank you?"

Still no answer.

"They won't do it, you know. Not on our first night. They'll just warn us a couple of times and that'll be that."

Finally a reply: "Well they SAID they would."

"What they SAY they'll do and what they do, you'll find, are two different things."

"That's not what I've heard about them. And how would you know anyway? You're just as new here as the rest of us. They always bring in the new boys first to take them on this canoe trip before school opens."

"And do you know why they do that?"



I happen to know you'll find it's just so much more 'baloney'.

"Sure. It's just like they say. It's to show us the ropes."

"It's to brain wash you, that's what it's for."

"You seem to know quite a bit. Where are you from?"

"I'm from Saskatoon."

"What's your name?"

"Jones. What's yours?"

"Peters, and I'm from Montreal. I'm going to sleep because I do believe them."

"Do you believe everything they say? All this bit about the tough canoe trip and the tough classes and the rest?"

"I believe enough of it to shut up now and go to sleep."

"Well, I happen to know that you'll find it's just so much more baloney."

"How come you're here if you think that?"

"Mom and Dad made me, but I'm not going to stay. If you ask me . . ."

The lights go on.

"Okay, you fellows," says the teacher. "Who is it? Or do I cancel tomorrow afternoon's break and punish everybody?"

Eyes, sleepy but meaningful, peer from every bunk in the precise direction of one Jones.

"I was talking," says Jones.

"I was talking, SIR," snaps the teacher.

"I was talking, sir," says Jones.

"So was I, sir," says Peters.

"But it was my fault," says Jones.

"Down to the office," replies the teacher and the lights go out again. He disappears, followed by two figures in pyjamas.

"Tell me something, Jones," whispers Peters. "Is everybody in Saskatoon as smart as you are?"



SPOKANE GARRY

ENLIST: SEE SUNRISE AND GOLDEN SUNSET

It begins usually at 6:15, though some rise earlier to take advantage of the early morning quiet. At 6:30, a chapel service begins for staff members, followed by coffee and discussion of a daily Bible reading.

The duty man for the day leaves the meeting at 7 to awaken the school and the meeting adjourns some time after 7:30. Breakfast follows, single teachers eating with the boys in the school, married teachers usually at home.

At 8:15 the teacher may prepare his classes, or confer with the boys responsible for some other aspect of school life that falls under his jurisdiction. Each teacher has at least one area of jurisdiction in the running of the plant. Some have several.

Classroom procedure is a strange mixture of the formal and the casual. Students are expected to call the teachers "sir", stand up when they're speaking, make their points clearly and audibly. But both boys and teachers may be dressed much of the time in work clothes, the classroom furnishings consist often of rough-hewn tables and benches that the boys themselves made. It is not unusual for one of the school's dogs to be curled up in the middle of the classroom floor.

After lunch, there may be a meeting of the "retail sales committee" in which his work with a team of door-to-door school salesmen may be discussed. He may have a special class. He may want to tutor certain students. In spring, he may have to haul a 100 pound pack for two miles in training for the summer canoe trip.

Classes resume at 2:45 and continue until 5:45 when he will eat supper either at home or in the school.

His evenings vary. There are the customary papers to mark, boys to tutor, and committees to meet. There's a committee on the canoe program, another on the school finances, another on curriculum, another on clothing. He may belong to two or three. But the environment, while demanding, is also convivial and more than one committee meeting has been held in a local pub.

Once a week, he'll take the responsibility of "duty master", keeping an eye on the school all day, being on hand for supervision of the boys in unorganized periods, supervising a two-hour study at night, and turning the lights out in the dormitory. Also once a week, a general staff meeting reviews the activities of the school and the progress of staff members, particularly in their observance of the spiritual rule.

At 8:30 he'll go to chapel with the school and he will assume his day almost ended. But then there will be a tap on the shoulder. Someone must drive a truckload of chickens to the eviscerating plant at Niverville.

The following day, however, begins as usual at 6:15.

*From
breakfast . . .*



*. . . through the
day . . .*

. . . to lights out.



Mud, Water, Canoe and growing pains

The scene did not belong to the century. Yet there it was.

The Red River rolled on monotonously — grey, muddy, aimless, dank. The elms that flanked it had turned that hard green of September. And out of the glowering sky these past two days it had rained and rained and rained and rained.

Midstream on the river, so wet that they might have been part of it, the long canoes Cockran and Thompson rolled back the miles as assuredly as they rolled back the years. And within them, wetter still, a score of 12 and 13-year-olds, wrapt in the yellow slickers of St. John's, labored forever upon their paddles.

"Just think," said the boy called Peters, "we've gone 120 miles and we only have 420 miles left to go. We ought to make it within a week."

The remark was supposed to be funny. It was directed to the huddled figure whose arms moved mechanically beside him. But the figure made no reply. It only shifted its feet in the rainwater that filled the bilge.

"Why don't you guys bail some of the water out?" said Peters. "Jonesy and I baled the last time."

"Because," said a voice from up forward, "the human socks can only absorb so much water and after that it doesn't matter any more."

"It makes the boat lighter," said Peters.

"Dry up," said the voice.

"Bail the boat," said the teacher.

He was paddling in the stern and steering. The trip — Breckenridge to Winnipeg on the Red — was a typical trip for new boys before school opens. Among the teachers it was not a

coveted one. It was a dirty job. But it made or broke the new boys and it nearly always made them. The teacher's business was to find out what made them tick so that the academic approach to them in the fall could be more accurately planned.

He made a mental note, for instance, of Peters. This would be an excellent boy. His demeanour, usually obedient and subdued, might have been mistaken for docility. But here in the face of real adversity loud mouths had ceased and it was Peters who was emerging to buoy up the sagging morale.

The boats now rounded another bend in the American Red, coming suddenly upon a farm house, one of the few that fronted on the river itself. They were soon passing beneath its windows. Lights were on inside due to the darkness of the day. Inside all was warm and home-like, a fact that gave bleak comfort to the chill in the open boats. Faces pressed at the window as the boats hove into view and began to pass.

"Look at those poor devils in there," said the teacher.

"What's he mean by that?" whispered a boy.

"Look at them," said the teacher. "Poor, neglected people . . . deprived of all the sport and adventure that's lavished on you fellows."

There was a groan up forward.

". . . Have they got someone to worry over them," continued the teacher, "like I worry over you? Do they have someone constantly watching over them, catering to their every whim, vigilant and alert to their least necessity?"

"Brother," muttered Peters, "does



The canoes roll back the miles as they roll back the years. The scene does not belong to this century. Yet there it is.

this guy never give up?"

"Just look at those faces and think!" said the teacher. "That could be you! You could be locked up in that house, denied the privileges of the great outdoors, starved for fresh air, molly-coddled like a hothouse plant . . ."

A long, low, distant rumble of thunder brought the soliloquy to an end and silence fell upon the boat. For five minutes it reigned and then all aboard the canoe heard what was unmistakably a sob.

The teacher, professionally, did not hear it.

"Sir," said Peters.

"Peters," said Sir.

"It's Jones. Something's wrong with him."

"You all right, Jones?" said the teacher.

No reply. More silence. Then again, a sob.

"He's crying, sir," said Peters.

With a burst of unleashed emotion, the sob became a howl. Out from the water came his paddle. He slammed it

down into the centre of the boat. This broke the rhythm of the stroke. The boat lurched.

"Weigh up!" shouted the teacher, a signal to stop paddling. Behind them the Cockran saw the incident and hove to.

"I've had enough! I've had enough!" screamed the voice of Tommie Jones. "Get me out of here. Take me home. I can't stand this any longer. It's crazy. You're all crazy. The whole school's crazy. My mother and father are crazy. They have no business doing this to me. I won't stand it any longer. I'll quit. I'll quit. I'll quit . . ."

The whole river valley echoed the speech and as it died to a whimper, silence returned to the thunder-struck crews of both canoes. Jones, his head huddled in his hands to hide both tears and shame, sat in a dejected heap.

At last the teacher spoke. The words came firmly but without menace.

"Jones," he said, "pick up that paddle, get to work and shut up."

Jones obeyed.



... There's clothes to fit,
... office work,
... food to order ...



THE TEACHER'S WIFE

Her day, like her husband's, begins at 6:15. Unless she has very small children, she takes part in the chapel service and daily bible reading.

She usually must leave the meeting shortly after 7 to get her family's breakfast and send her children to school. Boys in Grade 8 or over, of course, are in St. John's and live in one of the company schools. Daughters and younger boys attend the local country school.

Her other responsibilities for the rest of the day depend entirely upon the age of her family. A mother whose children have grown up and are away all day usually puts in a full day's work in the school. She may take tutorial students most of the day, assisting one or two boys at a time through some subject in which they have fallen behind.

She may be in charge of the school's clothing program: supervising the boys' laundry crew during duty periods, fitting clothes, ordering and mending parkas, blue jeans, mitts and rubber boots.

Or she may direct the school's food purchases. That is, she has a \$60,000 budget to do the shopping for the boys and staff families. She must order food and might help prepare one meal a day in the school's kitchen.

Then too, she may spend her day in the school office: typing correspondence, answering telephones, helping with the school accounts. She may work in the school infirmary, taking the evening sick call, offering boys the right balance of sternness, sympathy and cough syrup.

Finally, she might spend a day each week driving to town to pick up all the items needed to keep the school running smoothly in its rural location: a new shipment of snowshoes, an emergency food item, a spare part for the boiler.

In almost all cases, she will find her role is not in the centre of the school's activities, but in helping to support these activities. She cannot be out on the snowshoe run, but she can keep the food ready, prepare the welcome home and add the special dessert that seems to make it all worthwhile for the men and boys when they return.

It is a difficult role. For her husband, there is reward, adventure, satisfaction. For her, comes only the knowledge that her support has made this experience possible, not only for her husband but for the other boys and men of the school. If she senses that her husband is finding a real vocation in his work, she must decide whether she can be happy supporting him in that role. For without that support, he will surely fail. It is only with that support that a man and wife can build a happy life together within the Company.

In the end, her hours will be as long as her husband's. Leisure time becomes practically unknown. But of one thing she can be sure. The "feminine mystique" problem of the purposeless suburban housewife who finds herself abandoned by her husband's circle and her existence an endless tedium is a problem she need never fear. Her husband's circle will be all around her. Her life will be both meaningful and rich.



At the end of a journey, there is reward, adventure, satisfaction.





Believe it or not history can become an absorbing subject.

Floors, dishes and one ghastly thought

It was April. The sun had returned. The fierce winds and snows of the Manitoba winter had gone. There was evidence that things would grow again. The river rolled past the school towards the lake. Gulls cried once more by day and towards evening long flights of Canada geese called wistfully and beat northward to their summer homes. Spring had come to St. John's and over the lacrosse field, burdened with books, trudged the figure of Tommie Jones.

It had been a terrible year. He had tried to run away and his parents had brought him back. There had been work from early morning till late night, all manner of it. He had washed so many dishes and scrubbed so many acres of floors that the prospect of

more dishes and more floors had ceased to even depress him. Surely his parents would feel that one year of this was enough.

He must definitely persuade them. His academic work, of course, would pose a difficulty. The disagreeable truth was that it had been improving. He had excelled in some subjects. Even mathematics had gone rather well. His father would naturally see these things as an argument for his return. This was bad.

Then in the back of his mind there lurked another fact that made things even worse, a fact that came to him in mixed humiliation and joy, a fact that flirted with him and taunted him, a fact which at one instant he wanted to embrace and at another to

destroy. It was simply this: in unguarded moments he found himself actually liking the place.

He found himself, for instance, secretly rejoicing in the amount of work he was now able to achieve. He found himself identifying with the school. There had even been one occasion when he had vehemently defended it against criticism. He found himself referring to it repeatedly not with the pronoun "they," but with the self-disclosing use of "we."

Finally, he found himself taking a keen interest in some of his subjects, in particular the one called history. Never had he imagined this possible. "So many names and dates," he had once scoffed. Now there were ten times the names and dates and twenty times the reading. Twelve volumes in a single year he had already covered and there were two more to go. The author of these was an American who had lived nearly a hundred years ago and had told in fascinating detail the foundation history of North America. His name was Francis Parkman.

Tommie had begun reading Parkman's books only upon pain of punishment if he didn't. But he had rapidly been ensnared by them, found himself engrossed by their penetration and detail — the reports of military expeditions, the diaries of colonists, the letters of missionaries, the spectacular descriptions of a wilderness revealed. The truth was that Tommie Jones of the twentieth century had become a fan of Francis Parkman of the nineteenth.

That's why he had been so embarrassed to be caught reading in bed at night by flashlight. What had he been reading? A history textbook. It was humiliating.

Furthermore he was obscurely aware that Parkman was influencing him. Actions and thoughts that he once

would have considered clever he now was despising, simply because Parkman found them despicable. Virtues he had once considered unsophisticated, he now regarded with genuine admiration. And Parkman's humor was becoming his humor. Yes, he was being got at. And despite all his efforts, he didn't really mind. Something deep within himself heartily approved.

Tommie Jones was over the lacrosse field now and turned into the school building with new resolution. This was all very well, he said to himself. But he was not coming back to this place, and that was that. Vague feelings about forests and honesty and courage could not withstand the harsh realities of floors, dishes and chicken manure.

He must get another letter off home immediately. He was not coming back. He was not. He was not. He was not.



Not 'they' but 'we'.

WHAT THE COMPANY PAYS ITS MEMBERS

All members of the Company and its initiates receive the same living allowances regardless of the work they do. For families this comes out to a sizeable sum. Single people make a real financial sacrifice.

A family, for instance, is given a home, heat, electricity and other services, food and medical care. Daughters usually attend the local country school as do sons below the St. John's age.

In addition husband and wife each receive a salary of \$1 a day, plus an insurance benefit, plus a clothing allowance of \$10 a month. The family allowance cheque is expected to cover the children's clothing costs.

A single man receives his housing and food, plus an insurance benefit, plus a \$10 a month clothing allowance.

On occasion the Company has assumed the responsibility to clear off debts previously contracted by members.

Thus for married people the system represents a considerable income. There is nonetheless some sacrifice of family autonomy. Decisions that would normally be made by one family alone — a privilege for this child, an afternoon outing, a special need for transportation — must be made with a view to the needs of the other families and to the effect on the total effort of all.

To prevent inequalities from occurring individuals or families with outside income must promise not to use it. Similarly no one owns his own car, but all use the vehicles that belong to the Company.

Food eaten by families is purchased by one of the women members who also does the buying for the school. She usually confers with the other women on the week's order. Jointly they try to keep their family's standard of fare roughly the equivalent of the school's.

The Company's rule calls upon members to eat one meal together a day. When the school is in session this is taken to be the coffee served at morning prayers. In summer and during the Easter and Christmas holidays, one meal is usually eaten jointly, prepared by the women members in turn.

The housing provided by the Company is far from luxurious. At the Alberta school there are seven staff homes: four older style houses and three trailer homes. However they are warm enough and compatible with the prairie countryside. Single men usually have their own room, although on occasion they have had to share quarters as new personnel arrived.

The greatest gratuities of course are all intangible. There is a strong comradeship such as exists in few secular occupations. There is a sense of achievement and a fascinating variety to the work. On these things, no price can be placed.

Are olives and murders just matters of taste?

"Do you see what I have in my hand?" said the teacher.

"It's an olive," said the boy in the second row.

"That's right, it's an olive," said the teacher. "Now tell me something else. Do olives taste good or bad?"

"Good," said the boy.

"Bad," said the boy behind him.

"Very bad," said a third.

"Do you see what we have here?" said the teacher. "There's a difference of opinion. Some say olives taste good; others say they taste bad. Now I've a question for you fellows: Who's right? The people who say they taste good, or the people who say they taste bad?"

Thereupon bedlam broke out in the class. With cries of "hold on" and "now just a minute" a consensus rapidly emerged. Neither side was right. It was purely a matter of personal taste.

"We're agreed on that then?" said the teacher. They were agreed. "This fellow thinks it's good, that fellow has a different opinion."

"I think," said a voice, "we are being sucked into something here." It was unmistakably that of Jones. "But I don't know yet what it is."

"Now I want you to look out the window. It's a typical fall day. The trees are in color. There are white-caps on the river. The sun is shining. Do you all see it?"

They did.

"Tell me now. Would you say it was a beautiful day?"

"I certainly would," said one boy.

"Well I wouldn't," said another. "I

don't like the fall. Sun or no sun, it means the winter's coming."

"I think it's what-do-they-call-it," said a third. "Tragically beautiful."

"Who's right?" said the teacher.

Another uproar. Obviously no one was right or wrong. It was all a matter of taste or opinion.

"Now," said the teacher, "another question. Boy A has a steady girl friend. Boy B goes out with different girls. Boy A thinks that going steady is a good thing. Boy B thinks that it's wrong. Who's right?"

A moment's silence. A hand goes up. "I know," said a boy. "It's the same as with the olives and whether it's a beautiful day. It's purely a matter of personal taste. Going steady is right for Boy A because he thinks it's right. It wouldn't be right for Boy B because he thinks it's wrong. It's whatever you happen to prefer."

There were murmurs of agreement throughout the class. That was it, all right. Just personal taste. "But I can't help thinking," said Jones, "that we're being led down the garden path."

"All right," said the teacher. "Let's consider marriage next. This man thinks that marriage is permanent and there should never be divorce. The next man thinks that divorce is fine. Who's right?"

"Purely a matter of personal taste," came the answer. "It's wrong for one man and right for another."

"Fine," said the teacher. "Now another case. This restaurant operator doesn't like Indians and won't let them in his restaurant. The next thinks Indians are great and lets them in all



It all leads somewhere. . .

the time. Presumably it's a matter of personal taste. The one who doesn't like Indians should keep them out and the one who does like them should let them in."

There were general nods of agreement from all but about three in the class, one of them Jones who looked both suspicious and baffled.

"Or with literature," said the teacher. "One man doesn't believe sexy novels should be sold. The next believes they should. So the one who doesn't believe in them shouldn't buy or sell them and the one who does believe in them should."

More agreement.

"Or with animals. This man believes it's wrong to beat horses, the next believes it's right. So it's all right if the first does it and wrong if the second does it. It's purely personal taste."

About one third of the class was still

murmuring approval; the other two thirds were thinking; Jones was jumping up and down in his seat and finally could contain himself no longer.

"What did I tell you? What did I tell you?" he shouted. "He's sucked us all in. You know what he's going to say next? He's going to say that this man thinks that murder's all right and the next man thinks it isn't. So it's all right for the first man to murder someone and it isn't all right for the second. It's all a matter of personal taste, just like the olives."

"Oh," said the teacher, "then you don't think that the fitness of murder would necessarily be a matter of personal taste. My, what an intolerant, narrow, bigoted bunch you are! You'd interfere with a man's right to commit murder just because you — whoever you are — happen to have been told by some divine authority that murder is wrong."

"But murder's against the law," said another youngster.

"So's cruelty to horses," said another. "So's divorce in some places. So is selling certain types of books. So is keeping Indians out of restaurants. The question is how do we decide what ought to be against the law and what ought not to be against the law."

"Who's to decide if everything's a matter of personal taste?" asked Jones.

"Look," said a boy. "Couldn't they do it this way? Whatever injures another person is wrong."

"How will that work?" asked Jones. "The guy who doesn't like the sexy books will think that anybody is injured by reading them so he'll want a law against them. The guy who favors them will say they don't injure anybody."

"And what about the horses? Who's injured when a man beats a horse?"

"And what about the going steady bit," said another. "Most of our parents would agree that might injure us. What are they going to try to do, pass a law against it?"

"What do you think they HAVE done by sending us here? We're not only not going steady, we're not going anywhere."

"Don't be too sure about that," said the teacher. "We'll continue with this in the next class. This one is dismissed."

They filed from the room. "You can never figure out why they call this class religious studies. I don't see anything religious about it. Where does it lead?"

"Be sure of one thing," said Jones. "It'll lead somewhere. It always leads somewhere. And usually at the end of the year it leads right back here."



... And in the end, it leads right back here.

WE ASK YOU TO PAUSE

Can any civilization be maintained unless all sane men within it recognize some things as right and others as wrong and pass these principles from one generation to another?

Do modern dictatorships rise to power when the people know what they think and why they think it, or on the strength of vast and purposeless mobs?

Can our society survive if a man's success is measured by how much he earns, by how big a house he lives in, and by what kind of a car he drives?

Is the revulsion felt by some adults at the modern teen-ager more than mere difference in years? Do you suspect that modern children have never had to meet real things — depressions, wars, calamity — and have therefore become over-enthralled by unreal things?

ABOUT EDUCATION

Are children today given the impression that they're in school to learn to think, or to train for the job market?

Does the ability to think logically come naturally by exposing a child to the proper balance of "options" — typing, movie making, social science and new maths — or is it a discipline?

Is the standard of education for a youngster as high today as it was 30 years ago? 20 years ago? Ten years ago? Why is it that a university degree seems so lowly regarded today?

Does your child have a better day when you give him a big job to do and help him do it, or when you leave him free to do whatever he likes?

ABOUT MODERN LITERATURE AND ART

Do you sometimes get the faintest suspicion that the reason you can't understand many modern novels, poems and paintings is not that there's something wrong with you, but that there's something wrong with them?

Does the thought sometimes cross your mind that perhaps man is not reaching a new height of clairvoyance but a new depth of lunacy?

Has the thought ever occurred to you that the moving spirit behind these things might not be artistic at all but (a) publicity and (b) money?

ABOUT RELIGION

Is the church likely to convert the world to anything if it is afraid to assert the teachings of Christ because they have become unpopular?

Is the dead God theology not a contradiction in terms? Would a theology without God not be like a sociology without people or a geology without rocks?

Is the new morality not, frankly, absurd? It teaches love to be the pivotal virtue, but is this new? It lays down nothing as really right or wrong. Is this morality?

ON ACTION

Do you think that all great changes come about through the action of governments? Or church synods? Or national committees?

Are not some changes worked by small groups of people?



An assignment in discovery.

How bees can teach themselves and others

The clatter, thumping and muttered oaths in the corridor meant only one thing. But when the teacher got there, what he found could not exactly be called a fight. Tommie Jones was pushing at arms length before him a squirming and flailing 12-year-old. "You're going into the office," he said, "and we're going to have this thing out right there."

"Let me alone," said the other. "Why don't you pick on somebody your own size?"

"I'm not picking on you yet," said Jones. "But I soon will be if you don't get in there." He now saw the teacher. "This is a discipline problem, sir," he said, indicating the smaller boy who stood dishevelled, panting, red-faced and mad.

"Parle-moi en francais," said the teacher. Since Jones had now passed second-year French he was supposed to address certain teachers only in French.

"But . . ." said Jones. He contained himself. "Ce mauvais petit a mis en liberte' tous nos . . . nos . . . what's the words for bees?"

"Les abailles," said the teacher.

"Nos abailles," said Jones. "Nos abailles bleus."

"What's he saying, sir?" demanded the smaller boy. "I want to know what he's saying. This isn't fair. I can't talk that language yet."

"I told him you set free all our blue bees," said Jones, "and I'm going to tell him a lot more too." He turned to the teacher. "Lui il fait encore et encore et encore des choses comme ça. Il a fort besoin du bâton."

"Now what's he saying?" said the smaller.

"I told him you've been nothing but a trouble-maker around that bee room and you don't belong there. And I told him you ought to be spanked. Spanked good."



Is the purpose of a bee to make more bees?

"Spanked well," said the teacher. "Bien battu."

"Bien battu," said Jones, eyeing the younger.

"But sir," said the boy. "All I did was clean up in there. I'm on the clean-up crew and I'm supposed to clean up the bee room. They always leave it in such a mess. All I did was move one of their stupid boxes and some of the bees got out. Now they're all sore at me. If they'd clean the place up . . ."

"Oh you little . . ." said Jones, clenching both fists and glowering. He turned to the teacher. "Et la dernière fois il a laissé ouverte la fenêtre. Et encore il a démenagé l'un des . . . des . . . what's the word for hives?"

"What's he saying now?" said the smaller.

"Aux intérêts de la justice, Jones, tu peux parler en anglais," said the teacher. Turning to the boy, he said: "I'm letting him speak in English for your benefit, Crawford. He says you've been leaving windows open and moving hives about in that room."

"Well how do they expect me to clean it, sir?" said Crawford.

"Crawford," said the teacher, "let's

hear Jones's story first. Then yours."

Jones slumped into a chair. "Oh, I guess it's not so much his fault," he said, "it's just that everything's going wrong in there."

"What are you doing?" asked the teacher.

"Well," said Jones, "our assignment was to discover how bees are educated."

"To discover what?" asked the teacher.

"How bees are educated. In a bee colony, you see, each worker bee has its own trade. There are pollen-gathering bees, nursemaid bees that feed the younger ones, cleaning crew bees that keep things in order in the hive. They each have a job to do. The point is how do they learn to do it?"

"Obviously," said the teacher, "because older bees teach them."

"Well it isn't all that obvious," said Jones. "We think it may be by instinct. We're trying to figure that out. And if it's by instinct, does this mean that a bee's occupation is determined before it's born?"

Crawford listened to all this intently, saying nothing.

"How did you tackle the problem?"

"Well we set up a bunch of hives in the bee room and as new bees were born each day we painted them a different color. We have black bees, red bees, yellow bees, green bees and blue ones. We only let them out at certain times and then we watch to see the way they work, whether the younger ones work at first only in company with the more experienced ones."

"What are you finding out?"

"Nothing," said Jones, "because things keep going wrong. We're afraid that the artificial food we're feeding them inside is affecting their normal growth pattern. The room isn't big enough to allow them to develop their skills properly. Then, of course, there are the avoidable problems." Here he looked hard at Crawford.

"Well I didn't know you were doing all this," said the smaller boy. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should we have to tell you everything? Why can't you just clean the room and get out?"

"Well I won't disturb them any more," said Crawford. "I didn't know."

"Does that satisfy you, Jones?" said the teacher.

"Yes," said Jones, "this one time. But if he monkeys around in there any more, I think he ought to be spanked."

"You heard that, did you Crawford?"

"Yes sir," said the boy. "Can I go now?"

"Go," said the teacher. And he did.

"Tell me something, Jones," said the teacher, "in your study of these bee societies, do you ever ask yourself: What is the purpose of a colony of bees?"

"Yes, I've asked that," said Jones.

"And what's the answer?" said the teacher.

"To make more bees," said Jones.

"And did you then ask yourself the next logical question?"

"Yes," said Jones, "I've asked that too: What's the purpose of a society of human beings?"

"And what's your answer?"

"I don't have one," said Jones. "But I do know this. If our only purpose is to produce more human beings, then why bother?"

"It's a good question, isn't it?" said the teacher.

"You bet," said Jones.



What then is the purpose of a human being?

INDIVIDUAL INITIATIVE

Within ten minutes of the time a newcomer enters a Company school, ten ideas will occur to him on how the place can be improved. He ought to write those ideas down, put them away for two years and then look at them again. He'll laugh and laugh and laugh.

One of the ten, he will think, might have worked. Four would have improved the place but would also have been impossible to fulfil. Five would have done positive harm. Then he will look back over those years and wonder why his own attitudes have changed so much.

In his first days, he recalls, every problem seemed so obvious and every solution so elementary. Simple administrative procedures could have worked untold improvement. Yet when he suggested them, they met at best indifference and at worst outright hilarity.

When responsibility was conferred upon him, it came at first in small doses. Instead of improving the whole institution he had been asked to administer an infinitesimal part of it. All had not gone well. The boys, he found, would not co-operate. Some were downright obstinate.

Then, just as he was beginning to control the situation, another responsibility had been suddenly added and then another. He found he couldn't meet them all. He'd work late and rise early and still not be finished.

He complained to the headmaster. The Company reviewed what he was actually producing, compared it with work being done by others, and reached a conclusion. His trouble was that he wasn't doing enough.

The result of course was a crisis. He became ill. He wanted to escape it all. The whole place was wild, he felt. How could one man do all this?

Then, for the first time, he began to really think. For one thing, he realized that his time was not being spent efficiently. This job and this one could, in fact, be combined. That job could be handled by the boys if he could watch carefully and raise the roof whenever it was done badly.

Slowly all his responsibilities began coming under control. He found himself working steadily, thinking out each day in advance, learning what had to be watched and what would run on its own.

He also found himself praying. Christianity, he came to see, was concerned essentially with these everyday things of life, with the practical, with the mundane. The Word had been made flesh, had become of all things a carpenter, had concerned itself with bills of lading and two-by-fours. All these things were the means by which God led men heavenward. It was equally wrong to despise these things or to make them ends in themselves. The right policy was to do them as best you could and laugh at your successes, at your failures, at yourself. This conclusion strangely relaxed him and, oddly, his students began to respect him for it.

Now he had nine distinct areas of responsibility and far more free time than when he had none — free, that is, to give away. He was what could be called "experienced" and he knew it. He had that inner assurance which only comes from successfully doing the job.

So he looks at his ten ideas and he throws them away. Does he get any more ideas? Yes! Only now, people listen to them.



Tell the lady what you're selling.

How to sell a ham and other things too

Four boys were gathered on the corner of a fashionable Winnipeg intersection. All wore the black and yellow windbreakers of St. John's. Each carried a metal basket, filled with meat packages. One, somewhat taller, was addressing the other three. His name was Jones.

"The reason you're not selling anything," he said, "is that you're not trying to sell anything."

"Ah look, Jonesy," said the smallest. "This is a lousy street. Nice houses but the people are too cheap to buy the stuff."

"That's how they got their money," said another, "by not buying stuff."

"I've had four doors slammed in my face in the last 20 minutes," said the third. "Do they make us do this every Saturday?"

"Fifteen Saturdays a year," said Jones. "I ought to know. This is the third year I've been doing it."

"Well, not all of us are as enthusiastic about the school as you are,"

piped up the smallest. "You just swallow everything they put in front of you, Jones. Me, I've got a little independence."

The urge to step upon and squash, Jones suppressed. He found to his amazement that he'd even learned to laugh at himself. "Well I'll tell you something," he said. "In the three years that I've been selling on the street, it's a funny thing but never once has a housewife come rushing out, fallen on my neck and begged me to sell her a chicken or a ham. Always the idea had to come from me."

The three looked on, impressed.

"Now in the last half hour," continued Jones, "I've taken in more than ten dollars on this street and you three have sold practically nothing. This tells me something, you know. It tells me that the three of you aren't half trying. So what I'm going to do is this. I'm going to go with you up to the door one at a time and see what you say." He picked the smallest first.



Tell her how we do the work ourselves.

"Let's go," he said. Together they waited on the next doorstep.

The woman answered. The youngster, head down, muttered that he was from St. John's and was selling smoked pork and chicken. Already the door was closing.

"Just a minute, Ma'am," said Jones. "Before you shut the door, I want to explain something to you."

The door reopened.

"This boy here has sold practically nothing all morning. I'm his captain. I'm trying to find out why and I think I know. But you're in an especially good position to tell him because you've just turned him down, like about 50 other ladies this morning. Now I'm wondering, would you do him and me a favor. Would you tell him exactly why you didn't buy anything."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said the woman. "I didn't even notice what he was selling. And I couldn't hear what he said."

"You see," said Jones. "Tell the lady what you're selling."

"Chickens and ham," muttered the other.

"Tell her where you got the chickens. Tell her how you raised them. Tell her how we package them. Tell her how we use the money to run the school."

"How do you raise the chickens, son?" asked the woman, looking not at the little boy but at Jones.

The little one answered. "We have a farm, ma'am. We run 3,000 chickens at a time. Then we put them in crates and send them to an eviscerating plant and they send them back and we package them."

"Let me see one. How much are they?"

"Sixty-nine a pound, ma'am. Here's a nice one. Look at this."

The woman bought the chicken. "Thank you, ma'am," said Jones. "That was a very good thing to have done."

The two returned to the sidewalk. "Now," said Jones, pointing to the next house, "go there and do it again."

While Jones prepared to work the same device with the second youngster, the little one bounded up to the next house. He was back within four minutes. "Jonesy! Jonesy!" he shouted. "Look. I sold one!"



The outdoor program is essential to the whole scheme of education.

*What makes the difference
between success and failure
is not physical strength
but attitude.*



THE DEMANDS OF THE OUTDOOR PROGRAM

We know from experience that the outdoor program is essential to the whole scheme of education at St. John's and that the program cannot be maintained unless the teachers are prepared to do themselves exactly what they require of the boys.

This makes the program compulsory in all but the most obviously extenuating circumstances and means that men in their 20s, 30s and 40s must achieve much the same proficiency as boys in their late teens. We have found that training makes this possible.

The program consists of snowshoeing in the winter and paddling in the summer. The teacher's preparation for the snowshoeing begins in December so that he can keep up with the senior snowshoe teams once they get under way in January.

These teams practise every Saturday. They consist of a group of five or six 16 to 18-year-old boys, one of them a captain. On a typical Saturday, they will leave the school at 2 p.m. and follow rivers, roads, railway tracks and prairie routes until 9, 10 or 11 at night, covering up to 30 miles in a run. The season ends in late February with a 50-mile race in which several men run as referees. The teams travel at 3½ to 4½ miles an hour.

Senior boys also take part in the school's dog sled program. Each school keeps a kennel of approximately 40 Siberian huskies and malamutes. For four or five weekends, boys are removed from their regular snowshoe teams and take the dogs on overnight runs through dense bushland near the school. The top boys in the school culminate their winter training with a week-long expedition through virgin wilderness, often at temperatures around 30 degrees below zero.

The canoeing is not so demanding physically, though it imposes definite psychological strains.

Expeditions cover up to 1,500 miles, begin usually about June 15 and they end by July 15. They call the boys at 5. The paddling begins at six and lasts until one o'clock, then begins again at 2 and carries on till perhaps 8 or 9. Camps are hastily thrown up along the way.

By far the hardest part of the day's work is portaging. Men are expected to carry up to 110 pounds on packboards over trails where the footing is frequently bad. The Methy portage in north-west Saskatchewan is 14 miles, the Grand in Minnesota is 9. The rest are up to 3 miles in length.

The man must consider his objective, not merely to endure these trips, but to act as a positive influence upon the boys in times of adversity. This distinction matters, since if mere survival becomes the motive, the man will look after himself first, and this will become obvious to the boys.

Though these requirements may seem impossible, particularly to men who have never had to do hard physical work, the experience has been otherwise. What makes the difference between success and failure is not physical strength but attitude.

Snow, wind, night and a compass

It was 9:30 p.m. when the telephone rang in the staff house. Outside the howl of the blizzard almost drowned the ring.

"It's Patterson calling from Matlock, sir," said a voice. "We were supposed to meet Svenson's team here between 8:30 and 9 and drive back to the school in the station wagon. They haven't got here yet. It's one hell of a night. I thought I'd better check in."

"Was there a teacher running with them?"

"No sir, they're on their own."

"How were they supposed to get to Matlock? I haven't got the route map here."

There was a pause.

"They're coming over the lake on the ice, sir. If they're out there now, it's going to be pretty bad. You can't see 10 feet in front of you, and it's 20 below zero. Their snowshoes will keep sliding on the ice or catching on the hummocks. What do you suppose we should do?"

"Set up lights on the lake shore. Do not go out on the lake to look for them. I'll be there as fast as I can get there. Do you know if Svenson's carrying a compass?"

"You'd think so, sir. I certainly can't imagine him NOT carrying one. But then this thing didn't blow up till after five. When he left the weather was clear. Maybe."

"Never mind," said the teacher. "Get down to the lake with the lights."

He snatched his parka, pulled on socks and moccasins still wet from his own run with another team that had ended not 15 minutes previous to



Was a teacher running with them?

the call. From a bulletin board, he copied a list of the Svenson team: Svenson, Letelier, Weston, Kopchuck, and Jones."

Outside, the gentle snowfall around the buildings, he knew would be deceptive. The woods sheltered the school. The racing smoke atop the chimney gave a hint of what things would be like on the lake. Out on the highway the wind struck hard, the car swerved in response, then held a steady course down the snow-swept road. Drifts were already forming between the windbreaks. It was a Canadian prairie blizzard. Men died in such things.

The questions of course that assailed him as he drove all began with the words: What if . . . What if Svenson had not carried the compass? What if they tried to make it over the centre of the lake instead of around the sheltered

shore? The lake was 300 miles long. What if one had fallen on the ice and broken a leg? What if Svenson had lost control of the team and they'd panicked?

Then there were the "why" questions. Why had a teacher not been assigned to accompany this particular team? Why had the compasses not been specifically checked? Why had the weather bureau failed to forecast the blizzard?

Finally the most fundamental questions of all. Was it right to put them out there, to subject them to this hazard, to demand that they run those distances, to deliberately bring them to the point of exhaustion?

And the answer, obvious even in the face of the crisis: Yes, it's right. Because without real challenge and real adventure we will not produce real men. Out there in that blizzard, it was true that lives could be lost. But it was also true that lives could be made. One policy sufficed. Take every possible precaution and the rest is up to God.

He swung the car off the highway and into the lakeside village of

Matlock. In summer it's a populous and laughing beach resort; in winter it sleeps in the snow, abandoned by all save a dozen or two permanent residents. Tonight its few lights flickered through the swirling gusts that buffeted it. There, where the street meets the lake beneath an obstinate street light, the Patterson team beamed the headlights of a car into the howling blackness of the lake itself. Their yellow parkas showed an eerie green in the glow from the lamp above. They could have taken refuge in the car, but didn't. Each boy strained his eyes lakeward. Each thought his thoughts. Each in his mind was there on the lake with the Svenson group.

Patterson himself approached, pushed back his parka and shouted into the hood of the teacher's: "Nothing at all . . . No sign whatever . . . What'll we do?"

The teacher motioned him inside the car. "Listen," he said. "He's now one hour late. There are three possibilities. Someone is injured or has collapsed, or they've lost their way. We have 25 boys ready to leave the school. We can put them out from here along a 500-

They beamed the headlights of a car into the blackness.



foot rope and sweep the course they'd take across the lake like a dragnet. We can send another team along the shore. If they're not on the lake they can take shelter.

"But what if they're lost? What do we do then?"

"We pray. You'd never find them out there till the blizzard stops. But somehow I don't think Svenson would lose them. He's been here quite a few years. He's no fool. If he didn't have a compass, he'd have taken the lake-shore. It's longer, but it's sure."

They left the car and joined the others by the lake.

"Look, sir," said a youngster.

"Look at what?"

"There in the snow. Don't you see something moving?"

Younger eyes see more, though not infallibly. Yet he was right. In the midst of the black there was a blacker, a cloudy movement in the snow, formless but real. Gradually it took shape and a flicker from the headlight beam showed a color in the gloom — not black, not white, not grey, but yellow.

"It's them!" shouted a boy, and the Patterson team swarmed towards the lake. The figures disentangled themselves now — two of them trudging steadily, a third supported on either side by the fourth and fifth.

The light revealed their faces. Brows were lined with snow. Icicles hung from the noses. The parka hoods were rimmed with frost. But all five faces, even that of the casualty, were grinning.

"Sorry, sir," said Svenson. "It was Weston. He wasn't feeling well when he left. He caved in at the river mouth. We had to practically carry him over the lake."

The school dining-room looked at its cheerful, though untidy, best. Around a table 10 boys and a man or two devoured the beef stew that had been left for them. Every face was that

ruddy red that is the gift of the Canadian winter. The dialogue ran as follows:

"A whole hour we waited for you guys out there . . . What do you think we were doing, fishing? . . . So then Letelier went down and I fell on him and Svenson said to watch where we were going . . . I just didn't trust Svenson's compass. I said we were going in circles. He just told me to shut up and keep walking . . . As long as I live, I'll never forget when we first made out that light . . . Here, finish up the stew; I'll go out in the kitchen and get some more . . . Anyway, that makes up for the time you guys dumped the canoe in the Manitou rapids and we lost an hour fishing you out of the river and then missed our break at Baudette . . ."

At the end of the table sat Patterson, Svenson and the teacher. "Anyway," said Svenson, "thank God they make us carry those compasses."

"Yes," said the teacher, "I do."

"Tell me something, Svenson," said Patterson. "Who helped you carry Weston across the lake? That must have been one miserable job."

"Oh, didn't you notice?" said Svenson. "It was my No. 1 man, the best guy on the team. It was Jones."



Every face that ruddy red.

THE TRAINING PLAN

Initiate Company members usually begin their first year of training in late July when the school is on summer recess and staff time is available to set their training in motion.

Single men move into the school dormitory or to the single men's quarters on the site. Houses are available for married personnel.

During the summer, staff members from all Company schools meet at the Selkirk school for a series of summer classes. In the course of a month, a new man will usually take four of these courses, doing all the assignments which he will be giving to the boys he teaches the following year. St. John's courses are highly structured. After the summer school, new teachers are expected to be proficient in the lower levels of all basic subjects, and will also take senior classes in any area for which they have shown a particular talent.

In the last week of August, the new men take a couple of the school's big canoes to Fort William, drop them in Lake Superior and paddle them back to Winnipeg. It's a rough trip. It has 55 portages, including the nine-mile Grand Portage.

When they return school is opening and their academic duties begin. They find themselves in class eight periods a day, often assisting the classroom teacher who in the course of the year gradually turns over to them the teaching responsibility.

As well as the academic duty, each trainee finds himself with numerous other obligations. He will be learning to direct boys in the farm or sales work, for example. He may be in part responsible for inspecting the housekeeping crew, or the construction or office crews.

When winter comes, he begins training on snowshoes in December. When the teams go into action in January he is expected to be in trim enough condition to keep well up with them and set an example to the boys themselves.

During his second summer, he will accompany one of the school's expeditions as assistant to the expedition leader, learning how to run his own expedition in the summer that follows.

In his second year, full classroom responsibilities are handed to him. He will be asked to direct the crews whose direction he had previously observed in the hands of another teacher.

He must learn to lead the boys. He finds that this is a matter of preserving a balance between infinite patience, understanding, humor and wisdom on the one hand, and a ready willingness to swat their seats on the other. He must know how and when to use all these qualities.

If he does not learn this, the peculiar vocation of the Company is not for him. If he does, he will have found purpose and wealth such as few men possess, and the path that God wants him to follow. He will never grow rich, yet his assets shall stand when others fail, and in the great balance sheet of time, it shall be written: This man made other men live.

Tom Jones tried, tested, passed

"Come on in, Jones," said the teacher. "Sit down. I thought I ought to say good-bye. You'll be leaving in a month or so. Five years is a long time."

"That's for sure, sir."

"Which university are you going to?"

"I'm not going to university."

"What?"

"I'm going up north, work in the mines, see the country, think things out, then go to university."

"A good idea."

"Do you think so? Nobody else does."

The teacher looked at him. He had turned out well. Tall, assured, just a little older than his years. "Well, I think it's a good idea. In fact, I would say that in your case this proves that we've got somewhere."

The boy grinned broadly. "Actually, sir," he said, "I knew you'd think that."

"I guess I don't need to tell you, Jones, that your last two years here have been very good ones. Your crews have worked well for you. Your marks have held firm. You've shown a concern for the other boys. You've been a pretty good influence."

"Thank you, sir."

"But it wasn't always this way. In fact, let's face it. This isn't the first time you've left here. You ran away twice, once in Grade 8, again in Grade 10. Your father brought you back both times."

"And I could have cheerfully throttled him," said the boy. "But, you know, he was probably right. I

suppose one day I'll see that I owe quite a bit to him."

"More than you know," said the teacher.

"You know, sir, you're not right in saying I ran away twice."

"No?"

"No, actually it was three times. The last time I came back on my own before I was missed."

"Were you afraid of what would happen to you at home?"

"No, sir, I can honestly say that I wasn't."

"Then why did you come back?"

"I don't know whether you'll understand. But I was afraid that if I quit, then I'd quit every fight I had to face."

The teacher looked at the old Saxon inscription that still hung in its dust on the wall. "Yes," he said, "I understand."

"It was about then," said the boy, "that I gradually changed my way of looking at things."

"How did you change?"

"More than anything else, it was the business of trying to get other

THE NAMES ARE FICTITIOUS THE STORIES AREN'T

The names of boys in these stories are fictitious, though the stories are not. If you want stories with real names, write to: The Minister, Company of the Cross, R.R. 2, Selkirk, Manitoba, Canada and ask for copies of the monthly Company bulletin or CHALLENGE IN THE WEST, The Annual Report of St. John's Schools of the Prairies.

people to do a job. I found that without rules — fair rules, that is, but firm ones — you simply didn't get anything done. If you were going to lead anything, you had to be prepared to lay down certain principles, stick to them yourself, and, well, require other people to do the same. It sounds horribly autocratic, but there's no escaping it. Not if you want to get anything done."

"It's pretty important, of course," said the teacher, "that you live by the same standards yourself. Otherwise your principles become an hypocrisy and people will properly despise you for them. Tell me, though, did your thinking stop there?"

"No, I found myself revising my ideas of democracy. I used to think this was a free country and the best way to raise citizens of a free country was to leave children free to decide things for themselves."

"And now you don't believe this?"

"I sure don't," the boy replied. "For one thing I've seen greater cruelty among children free to decide things for themselves than under any system imposed by adults."

"Yes," said the teacher, "I think that's right."

"And for another," said the boy, "our free society is not free. It depends for its survival upon all of us accepting some pretty hard and fast obligations. And these have to be taught. Nobody's going to learn them alone."

"What do you suppose will happen, Jones, if people don't learn them? Suppose we try to pass along our freedoms prematurely, before these lessons have been taught?"

"Then," said the boy, "we will lose the very thing we sought to save."

The teacher was silent. His income was supposed to be \$1 a day. Yet there were other compensations. A lesson had been taught. The class was over.

"Jones," he said at last, "you're finished here. You have discovered what we have to say. Your place now is in the university and in the world."

Once again Tommie Jones was close to tears. He remembered far back into the past, a day in a canoe in the rain when the story had begun. Now that it had come to an end, once more he wanted to cry. And as before, most of the journey still lay ahead. Somewhere from the past he heard a voice that said, "Jones, pick up that paddle. And work." Tears welled into his eyes.

"You see," said the teacher, "there are running through life certain principles that cannot be compromised. People want free thought, but you cannot have thought at all without first accepting the principles of reason and these are not free. People want freedom of action, but you cannot have freedom without having law so that one man is free only because another man is restrained. People want children who 'make up their own minds,' but no one can make up his mind until he has been taught some system of values and some rules for thinking and these must ultimately be absolute. People want a church that 'lets God go free,' but unless there are creeds of some kind there can be no church."

"Then," said the boy, "it is the business of the school to define these principles that must underlie everything?"

"No," said the teacher, "it is not the business of the school to define those principles. It is the business of the church."

"Then where does the school fit in?"

"It is the business of the school to teach them — with every method and technique that our ingenuity can devise."

"Is that why the school is here, sir?"

"That's why, Jones. There is no other reason."

YOU MAY NOT BE THE MAN — THEN AGAIN YOU MAY

The Company of the Cross needs men. If you find yourself intrigued by the life of the Company as revealed in these pages, you may be one of the men it needs. But many are not intended for the work and you must carefully consider your own suitability.

Ask yourself, for instance, the following questions:

Have you ever worked a 16 or an 18-hour day? Could you imagine doing it seven days a week? Could you imagine doing it for a whole year and then perhaps not getting a vacation?

Have you ever been unable to buy the things you wanted? Have you ever had to wear the clothes that other people gave you? Can you imagine being without your own car?

Have you ever had to do ten different kinds of work in the same day — say, public-speaking, teaching, truck-driving, carpentry, letter-writing, sausage-making, paddling, selling, accounting and praying? Could you move with ease and perhaps without warning from one to another? Could you do it though you felt yourself incapable of most of them? Could you understand what Chesterton meant when he said: If a thing is worth doing at all, it's worth doing badly?

Have you ever organized everything one way in the morning, then had to scrap it all in the afternoon and reorganize it, then change it again at night, and then not get it done? And not lose your temper? And not complain about it?

Have you ever been so tired you can scarcely stand, yet had to stand nonetheless, and had to work, and had to succeed?

Do you think you're too old to start all over again, to undergo a second novitiate, to be regarded once more as inexperienced, to learn a new vocation, to reacquire the humility of apprenticeships?

Consider well these possibilities and if the interest still remains write the Minister, the Company of the Cross, R.R. 2, Selkirk, Manitoba, Canada.

Then be prepared for a long journey, fraught with difficulty, with meaning, with frustration, with triumph.

We promise you no rewards as this world understands rewards, no fame, no fortune, no security, no comfort. Only life, and that abundantly.





PUBLISHED BY

THE COMPANY OF THE CROSS

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

CANADA