

his slashed and puffed lips and stuck out a trembling hand. I felt a million hours of misunderstanding, hate, and inferiority leave me as I shook it heartily.

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Canadian Wilderness

Conrad Dee Brown

As the slow train drew nearer to our destination of Anjigami, we began gathering our amateurish assortment of camping gear and fishing equipment. As we peered out the window into the vast forests of Canada, we knew nothing of our future that was to bring us sore backs, shoulders, and feet, and also a world of experience mingled with pleasure and work. About this time the conductor came swaying down the aisle calling, "Anjigami, Mile 148". Finally the train came to a jolting halt in front of a little sixteen-by-sixteen log hut. With a gasp we all said at once, "So this is Anjigami". We had expected at least a small settlement. About the time we were recovering from shock, we saw a true native of the region in a wagon which was drawn by a single horse. He introduced himself as Mr. Couto, our guide for next two weeks. He gave us brief orders to put our duffel into the wagon and follow him to the beach.

Here we caught sight of Lake Anjigami. It was seven and a half miles long and completely enveloped by birch trees and several thousand pines and cedars scattered around. The lake was shaped like a kidney, and Mr. Couto told us we would go to the west end of the lake for our first portage of two hundred yards. After an hour and a half of riding over rough water we came to our first portage and cleared it in an amateur fashion to Half-mile lake. We repeated our procedure to the next portage which was of equal distance, and after crossing Mile lake we came to the next portage, which was one-half mile in length. Burdened with food, clothing, outboard motor, and six hundred succulent worms, we came out of the bush to a boat landing of Pickeral lake.

This was it! After a two-and-a-half mile ride over water, we finally caught sight of our cabin. After a quick survey we questioned our guide as to how far it was to the nearest town. Mr. Couto said the first neighbor was fourteen miles away, and we were one hundred and sixty miles from the

nearest town. We finally beached our boat and carried our duffel into the cabin. The cabin was made of handhewn birch logs and was furnished trapper - style for four occupants. It had inside a table, four chairs, a wood stove, a cabinet, and two double bunk beds. On each bed there were five Hudson Bay blankets and two flannel sheets and a pillow. Outside were the usual saw-buck, axes, and buck-saw, while up the trail in back of the cabin was a rustic log "Chic Sale". Later in the evening as we stood in the front door of the cabin, we could hear the call of the loon, the hurried scurry of chipmunks and skunks, and occasionally we could see a flock of teal ducklings following the drake and trying to run on the surface of the water. As we stood watching the sun slipping away behind the vast forest, we spotted a flock of Canadian Blue Geese winging its way across the tops of the white-trunked birches and passing by an old, windblown cedar which for years has stood as a landmark for woodsmen. While we watched this first sunset and mused over the grandeur of this beautiful lake and wilderness region, we thought of it as a monument to the Almighty or maybe just as one of the seven wonders of the world. Standing there, we decided we were certainly fortunate to live in a free country and to travel into the land of a friendly neighbor.

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What's Wrong With the Movies

John Schneider

The trouble with the movies is that they are lacking in culture. The outer impressiveness of movies is very great—the perfect settings and costumes, and the skillful use of the camera; but most movies have an inner emptiness. That is, the plot is hollow and does not have any real meaning. The motives behind the action cannot stand up under closest analysis. Most movies appeal only to the eye and emotions and not to the mind.

The movie industry has substituted a commercial culture for a real culture. Producers are interested mainly in whether their pictures will make a profit; therefore they must make them appeal to the greatest mass of people. To do this, they must make the pictures as spectacular as possible, with famous stars, with much action, and with the usual, and very much