

# A JOURNEY INTO JUSTICE

IS A "JUST SOCIETY" WITHIN OUR LIFETIME POSSIBLE IN CANADA?

JUST HOW SERIOUS IS THE PROBLEM OF ACCESS TO JUSTICE?

IS THE LAW A SYSTEM OF RULES OR IS IT MORE ?

SHOULD JUDGES AND LAWYERS EXPRESS THEIR FEELINGS ?

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A CULTURAL MINORITY DOMINATES THE LEGAL PROFESSION?

HOW TO LIVE THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM OF JUSTICE IN OUR TIME!

WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED BY

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## PREFACE

This is a true story, stranger to me than any fiction, of a journey I made in the summer of 1998 by bicycle from Vancouver to the steps of the Supreme Court of Canada courthouse in Ottawa. It is also about another journey, one inside my head, a journey into Justice. For that reason it is intensely personal. It contains poetry which I never intended to publish and wrote along the way.

The destination of my journey I wrote out long ago and put in my wallet. I read and re-read it daily :

*By the end of the year 2000 British Columbia will be the only place in the world that promises access to justice within a year at reasonable cost. That means a litigant or accused has a right to a trial in accordance with the glorious traditions of our heritage within one year of commencement of proceedings and be given the same level of justice regardless of income.*

I would like to thank all the friends including lawyers, judges and colleagues who have supported me in my journey and, at risk of offending those I have left out, I would like to specifically thank Major Reader of the Salvation Army, Doug Page, Ian Campbell, Doug Robertson President of the B.C. Bar Association, Barry and Jack Hyman and Jerry Winkel.

Above all I would like to thank my children for their love, understanding, sacrifice and wholehearted support for all this seeming craziness of their old dad. Then there is the woman behind it all, the woman without whose fire, insight and love my journey would never have begun, Karen: I have no words that can express my appreciation!

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CHAPTER 15.

ANGLO-SAXONS SNORING.

As soon as I arrived in Ottawa, I changed into a suit borrowed from my brother-in-law and spent the next week living as I had been accustomed before I quit the practice of Law. I visited and dined with old friends. It was a week of bliss and old memories of my youth revisited. I cycled to my old school, Lower Canada College, in Montreal. I spent time with my sister in our old family country cottage in the Laurentians where we had spent holidays as children. I visited old neighbors and forgotten class mates.

I had dinner with a lead reporter of the Globe and Mail whom I had known since a boy. Our families had been closely connected since the war. He is a brilliant, warm- hearted and very entertaining man. Because he is one of the most respected reporters for the country's largest newspaper I thought he would provide a heaven-sent opportunity for a column on my great crusade. Unfortunately it was not to be. He explained with the best goodwill in the world that his paper would not print my story because it did not publish stories about people who set out to draw attention to themselves! Had I known him less well, I would have been insulted but he was simply telling me what is! It was valuable information! We had a delightful evening talking about everything under the sun but hardly a word on access to law or my crusade!

I noticed the same phenomenon that week in Montreal and Ottawa in people I used to think were just ordinary. Now that I live off Skid Row in Vancouver I see them quite differently. In true dimensions they are the rich and powerful! Most of them come from old Anglo-Saxon stock that still runs the nation. I could see now that they form an exclusive club with membership rules and those rules are not just racial. I love my friends dearly and in a way I feel I am betraying them in describing some of their characteristics but I know that is not so. If I am a little rough on the Canadian Anglo-Saxon "Club" it is only because I was once a member!

The first rule of the Anglo-Saxon Club is never to draw unnecessary attention to yourself. Another is to master the power of the understatement and not to exaggerate. For example, a witness who is somewhat flamboyant in his evidence and embellishes here and there for dramatic effect is not going to be believed at all by an Anglo-Saxon judge. Another qualification is not exactly wealth but class. The Anglo-Saxon must at least meet his or her own needs. Poverty is rarely genteel and is not in. People who present themselves as frivolous (they need not actually be frivolous) are welcome to the club providing they have the other credentials. Wit of a light and breezy kind is desirable. Anglo-Saxon Canadians must be suspicious of and avoid all display of emotion, especially in themselves. On no account should an Anglo-Saxon speak in earnest for longer than is absolutely necessary. The key to all this is not to take life too seriously for two reasons: it does not pay and secondly it is highly questionable whether reality really exists! Persons on life crusades are therefor rightly to be judged harshly.

I repeatedly break every one of these rules. I draw blatant attention to myself. I love the flamboyant. I boast of my poverty. I frequently speak in deadly earnest and am unashamedly emotional. I constantly speak and act on the faith that what I perceive

and feel are reality and not just the private world of Dugald Christie. Above all I am on a life crusade! It is therefore not surprising to me that I be politely ignored by many of the conservative stock who still tend to run our nation. There is much of the foggy bottom in Anglo-Saxon Canadians and unfortunately the Anglo Saxons snoring tend to rise to the top.

I compiled these observations into a synopsis as is my style

### ANGLO-SAXONS SNORING

The Anglo-Saxon Club  
Is still in very good shape.  
And it is worth the occasional snub  
To snip through its membership tape!

Master the understatement!  
Speak in a measured tone!  
If you want to be rich and powerful  
Be an Anglo-Saxon clone!

Never focus attention  
On yourself or on your deeds,  
And never, never mention  
Your love or emotional needs!

Frivolity is another requirement,  
But pretending is good enough.  
You have Anglo-Saxon refinement  
If you resemble a ball of fluff!

Never speak in earnest  
Or show an axe to grind.  
Adopt the ways of the butterfly  
With a light and witty mind.

Under that irrelevant surface  
Your heart can beat as steal  
For only if you not show it  
Can an Anglo-Saxon feel!

Keep your mind neat and tidy,  
Each "I" must have its dot.  
Just like an English garden  
Loose ends will make it rot!

Which leads to the ultimate lesson  
On how the world goes round!  
Learn these basic principles  
And your character will be sound!

**What is** is too confusing!  
**What seems** is good for biz.  
**What is** is not important!  
**What seems** is all there is!

So to an Anglo-Saxon it is boring  
To hear a man with a cause.  
And that explains the snoring  
When I crusade on Canadian laws!

*Lawyers like to use acronyms and for the sake of brevity I propose henceforth not to keep using the words "Anglo-Saxons snoring" but its acronym, A.S.S.!*

It is well known that members of the legal professions, both bench and bar, have disproportionate representation from the Anglo-Saxon population. "Anglo-Saxon" should be used in the broad sense to include persons of British or Northern Europe hereditary or someone who has been thoroughly assimilated by those cultures. There have in recent years been many well intentioned efforts to change the composition of the profession including articles highlighting the problem in law periodicals, government and large firm hiring policies and Human Rights legislation. It is now evident that all these measures have had singularly little effect on the predominance of Anglo-Saxons in positions of power in the bar and bench.

In my view the situation cuts deeper and the consequences are far more serious than is commonly supposed. The situation is made worse by an ancient shibboleth unthinkingly accepted as an eleventh commandment by the typical A.S.S. It is poor taste to discuss matters of race or culture in a partisan way! To reproach a cultural or racial group, as I do in attacking our A.S.S. hegemony, is considered simply "not in".

In order to be appointed as a judge or to become a senior partner in most large law firms in Vancouver it is usually necessary to adopt the A.S.S. characteristics. The A.S.S. phenomenon is not so much racial as cultural. Only a few non Anglo-Saxons are prepared to sell the exuberance, the hauteur or whatever might be written on their cultural birthright to join the Anglo-Saxon club. The few dark skinned lawyers that the Government has managed to scrounge together from the ranks of the profession for judicial appointments have almost all, in my thirty years of experience, dropped their accent, dress and other distinguishing cultural hallmarks. If you were to speak to them on the telephone you would never know they were not of Anglo-Saxon extraction. For all intents and purposes they have been assimilated!.

One of my best friends whom I named in my will as the alternate guardian of my children was appointed a Judge a few years ago. I thought to myself that although he was born English he did not take himself too seriously and of all people would not disappear into the power club. Though I have suggested we meet several times we have never met since he was appointed! I can see why! He had to make his choice and being a judge was not consistent with keeping a friend with attitudes like mine. The club rules are strict and unyielding. In my mind there is no way that a person who is not a politically correct A.S.S. has a chance of being appointed to our bench. They may be wonderful people, be absolutely brilliant and have a sense of humor but they must think and act like an A.S.S. If they were otherwise there might be meaningful change and the A.S.S. dominance of our society would be at risk. In my view no policies, laws or moral suasion will ever change the situation until the issues are out in the open and the bitter truth examined.

Prejudice is always clothed with articles of faith and is invariably disguised behind a universal untruth! The article of faith that we Anglo-Saxons have is that there is only one correct way of thinking and that is the A.S.S. way. Its hallmarks

include class consciousness, a phobia against over-statement, an unquestioning loyalty to our institutions, a passion for the neat and tidy, a loathing for the incomprehensible and a hedonistic conviction that appearance is more important than reality. The universal untruth to which the typical A.S.S. adheres, as do all who are incurably prejudiced, is that he or she is free of prejudice! However, it is one of the infuriating paradoxes of life that our only chance of freeing ourselves of prejudice is to acknowledge that we are prejudiced! These are no esoteric theoretical observations. In my view they go to the root of what is wrong with our justice system.

I once tried in court to persuade a provincial court judge of solid Anglo-Saxon stock that he should guard against the influence of prejudice in weighing the evidence of the witnesses. I would not have been so bold but for the fact that His Honor had been visibly impressed by the evidence of the other side's witness, a loveable looking blond urchin. This child had mastered the art of under-statement and never went beyond "the facts" and could not on cross examination be drawn into giving opinions or anything other than his original story which he claimed to have seen with his own round eyes. I had two witnesses, mother and child, who testified in a way that completely contradicted the blond urchin but unfortunately were from India with dress and accent accordingly. My thesis was that we can only attempt to deal with our own prejudices when we are aware of them. I carefully avoided suggesting to the judge that he was any different from the rest of us but that only made the situation worse. His Honor clearly took my remarks personally and pronounced judgement that my witnesses were not to be relied on. I would be surprised if there was one moment in that judge's life when he faintly considered that he was prone to the effects of racial prejudice!

Recently I had a conversation with a senior and very well respected defense litigation lawyer on the subject of fraudulent claims. He maintained that over fifty percent of motor vehicle accident claims he saw were fraudulent and maintained that some of the worst offenders were from Eastern Europe.

I do not consider it prejudice to observe that in my experience, witnesses from certain countries in Eastern Europe are likely to report events in terms of their own experiences. It could be argued that that approach is quite sanguine. However an Anglo Saxon is likely to see it in terms of his or her own culture and conclude that the witness is fraudulent, is a hypochondriac or a malingerer. It is not just judges that are guilty of unwitting prejudice. A n orthopaedic surgeon o British ancestry once told me while waiting to be called that in his view almost all Hungarian Plaintiffs were malingerers! I have heard many a lawyer speak in the same unthinking way of national groups and particularly of Eastern Europeans. I shudder to think of the cases thrown out because of such failure to consider cultural differences !

For example, a Plaintiff from Germany with typical Teutonic thoroughness carefully lists his recollections and memorizes his summary complete with the relevant dates. He makes sure it all fits exactly with what he is recorded as saying to the Doctor and with the police records as to measurements at the scene of the accident. At numerous meetings with his counsel he revises and reconsiders his evidence again and again.. Basically he does not remember any of this! It is all a masterful self serving tissue of hearsay! He testifies not as to what he recalls but as to what he thinks must have happened. What "seems" triumphs over what "is". For my A.S.S. friend he is the dream



client, the model of honesty and integrity! Then there is the Hungarian Plaintiff who has an honest loathing of all this reconstruction and keeps in his mind's eye the memory of that terrible "accident", the oncoming car and the feelings of pain and horror that he strives to relive every day so that he may speak to the judge in honesty and dignity .....I can now hear my A.S.S. friend making a derisive gesture of a violin being played! But that is the way that particular Hungarian thinks! In my mind he is every bit as worthy of respect as the evidence of the German. To brand him as a fraud artist is terribly unfair!

How we treat Native Indian groups both in criminal and civil law is an untold story! It is so bad that even the Supreme Court of Canada has commented on the unfair treatment of Native peoples in our criminal courts. Unfortunately, that court applied only a band-aid to remedy the situation. The root of the problem is not just the widespread indifference within the legal professions to the fate of the poor at the hands of the law but the problem is compounded by a subtle prejudice

Until very recently our courts have uniformly maintained that the native peoples, by an act of "conquest", have been reduced to a subjected race. The Supreme Court of Canada's recent decision has by no means put the matter to rest and many lawyers and judges still maintain the "conquest" position although they are too politically correct to call it that. They blame the forceful taking of Indian lands and resources on our forefathers while insisting on the right to continue to enjoy the fruits of those same conquered people's lands and resources. I think that approach is somewhat debatable! However, what we can not do, without defying all reason and compassion, is to now impose on our native peoples a "justice" system that they cannot afford or understand. Let us at least look after our own sins made by our own generation and then perhaps we can look our native peoples in the eye and discuss aboriginal rights over a treaty table that is round and level, not a mile long and tilted with the Anglo-Saxon elite at the high head of the table.

I was present at the banquet of the Nisga'a band after their treaty was signed in Terrace in the spring of 1999. There was no spirit of celebration! The grim faces of the families silently eating in that bare gymnasium spoke more eloquently than any court judgement. I think I had some insight into the reasons for the atmosphere of dignified despair that I could feel all around me. The issues go far beyond the price of "Indian" land as is supposed by the general public.

One of the many Native People's problems is that of the forced separation of mothers from their infant children by our Provincial Government. I have recently had first hand experience of the inaccessibility of justice to native peoples in my many journeys to native communities in the North of our province. What is allowed to happen there daily would cause a public outcry if it happened in West Vancouver. Agents of the Government move in and forcefully remove children from the family on grounds of abuse. The parents often have no lawyer to help them until too late, after the child is apprehended, and once that has happened the child is held hostage until various conditions are met. To bring the case before a judge is meant by law to take less than three months but in reality by the time the red tape is unraveled the time is frequently six months or more. Usually the problem is liquor. The government representative insists that the parents sign a court consent order that all liquor be

removed from the house and the child is returned.

To the Anglo-Saxon Appeal judge in Vancouver or Deputy Minister in Victoria, the persons who are ultimately responsible for these travesties of justice, nothing is remiss! The liquor is removed and the story has a happy ending! If those same persons were to have their infant child kidnaped by the Government and told to sign a court order promising never again to allow liquor into the house; if the cause of all this was that the judge's daughter had told her teacher that the bruise on her wrist was caused by her father and that her father had been drinking; if all these things were to befall, which of course they never would, it would all be explained in a twinkling. If the matter were ever to get to court, which it never would, the wheels of justice would move like greased lightning and the child returned the next day. The thought of the judge having to surrender his thirty bottles of the finest malt Scotch and his wine cellar for anything short of murder is too ludicrous to contemplate.

It is not just a cash settlement that our native peoples need . It is justice! They are as proud as we are and do not like to be treated like cattle! Even if their land claims are settled the problem will remain, a festering sore that will not go away until they win justice!

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In my view the unresolved disparity between the Anglo-Saxon majority that runs our country's legal system and our minority cultural groups is the main reason for the extraordinary length of court proceedings and the apparent impossibility of bringing it under control. Change will not happen because the status quo suits the Anglo-Saxon litigants and lawyers ! We have created a system of "Virtual Justice" that gives the Anglo-Saxon an advantage over his adversary. The plaintiff who has the hallmarks of the A.S.S. has all kinds of advantages. If he has a dread of exaggeration he will be believed. If his reality is based not on observation but monetary success his evidence will be carefully tailored to other evidence and because he is prepared to say he remembers what he does not his evidence will be consistent. If he has a passion for what is neat and tidy he will stay up late into the night writing and re-writing his evidence until it is so neat and tidy his English great grandfather would be proud and his enemy will be confounded. If he is well tuned to the things that drive an A.S.S. up the wall, like drawing attention to himself by granting an interview with the press, the judge will hear his words. If he guards his emotions and never lets drop a smidgen of delight when the enemy runs into difficulties if he can restrain the slightest sign of irritation at any adverse comments coming his way from the bench and if he can steal himself from all sign of emotion until after the judge has both pronounced judgement and dealt with costs, if he can do all this like a well programmed robot, any Anglo-Saxon judge will fall in love with him!

However, if the trial is heard before everyone has forgotten what happened all kinds of unexpected things can happen! The worst nightmare for the Anglo-Saxon

plaintiff is the trial that is held soon after the events in issue. Witnesses can say all kinds of unexpected things! There is no time for adequate pre-trial depositions or proper preparation of witnesses. Their evidence can not be molded while there remains in their minds the glimmerings of real memory. Witnesses at that stage have a most annoying way of ignoring surrounding evidence and relying on their unadorned memories. While his client is giving evidence the lawyer may have staring him in the face, an engineer's report that the distances could not possibly be as his witness is testifying. The nightmare unfolds as some little old lady that he never knew existed steps up to the stand and proclaims that the light was green for the other car and not red! She gives her evidence as if she saw it all yesterday! By the standards of the law it was almost yesterday, just a year previous. If it were four years after the event as is the well established custom the little old lady if she lives that long will probably have to admit on cross examination that she really could not now recall much of what happened. The client would give evidence as it should be and not as he remembered it! The net result would be that the trial would be won!

In the mind of the A.S.S. lawyer it is not a question of delaying proceedings until everyone has forgotten what happened so that he can mold and shape the evidence. It is simply a matter of "preparation." He has no difficulty looking at himself in the mirror! I know because I used to do all these things and would delay like crazy, all in the name of "preparation". I did so without a qualm in the world! It is the price of being brought up as an Anglo-Saxon. We see things through a filter, our own self serving cultural heritage, just as fallible and prone to prejudice and greed as any other culture! We are like the Serbians in Bosnia, no better and no worse!

Fortunately there are many Canadians of British or Northern European stock who rebel against the A.S.S. ruling class. An old friend of Anglo-Saxon origins who practices law in Montreal took the major step a few years ago of removing his children from a classy private Anglophone school. I have a copy of an essay one of his daughters wrote a few months after the change. It describes in childlike simplicity the blessed relief she felt in her new life at a state run school where the cut of her clothes or all the other status symbols that had previously been so important now meant absolutely nothing. We condition our children early and it is sometimes difficult to avoid the temptation to give up what is important, to help others or be with the family. For the sake of the high paying job or "opportunity" we let go of what is really important to us. In the last analysis that opportunity is often just the opportunity to collect a lot of meaningless status symbols and join the snoring stereotype, to become another A.S.S.!

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As I proof read this chapter a number of questions come to mind. The Boswell in me asks: How can this man criticize his own friends? Has he an ego the size of a mountain? How can he claim he alone practiced law for years on a 19% contingent fee while others labor to make a living sometimes on twice that rate for easier claims? By attacking his own kith and kin is he not replacing one racial prejudice for another? Who does he think he is?

Similar questions came to mind last Christmas and I received an answer from an unlikely source, an overfed pigeon ! I prepared an article describing what transpired. I went on a Christmas fund raising expedition to the Court House:

### A CHRISTMAS DING-A-LING

About a year ago, after thirty years practising law in downtown Vancouver, I resigned from practice to work for the Salvation Army. I had various ambitious plans to bring access to the law to the poor and disabled. I admit that though I had quit practice for such lofty goals I continued to exhibit lawyer-like tendencies from time to time.

For some reason as this Christmas approached I had an irresistible urge to volunteer for the Salvation Army in downtown Vancouver standing next to one of their "kettles" and ringing a bell. In particular I wanted to do so outside the courthouse and jingle a Salvation Army bell under the noses of various judges, Q.C.'s and other local legal potentates with whom it was my privilege to mix in my previous life as a litigation lawyer. With the benefit of retrospect I now have to question the purity of my motives!

I made the arrangements with the Salvation Army for a Sally Ann officer to meet me with the necessary equipment at 8:45 in the morning outside the courthouse. I wanted a see through kettle so that I could plant in it some twenty dollar bills to promote the spirit of giving. The Captain told me he had no such kettles! He said he would provide me with his own which he would set up for me outside the Court House. Notwithstanding these difficulties, I managed to scrounge up from elsewhere a splendid transparent kettle. It was given to me by a friend with a bag full of tracts from scripture which I was to give out by way of receipt. That part worried me because I knew that in that particular location scripture tracts would go across like a lead balloon! I did however take the envelopes for tax receipts.

Thus armed I ventured forth on Tuesday morning (Dec 22 nd ) at 8:45 a.m. and there sure enough was the Captain with the Red Shield stand and his kettle set up for me outside the courthouse on 800 Smythe St. It was cold but I had on a thick coat and various undershirts. I did not foresee any problem. The Captain was ringing a bracelet of four bells with great aplomb. There was my first qualm. I rather fancied a full-blooded bell, the type that is depicted in Oliver Twist movies, one that clangs and can be directed if not aimed, at individuals. Unfortunately there was a no-nonsense attitude about the Captain and he gave me this feeble jingling loop of bells to me as if it were a prized possession. I felt like a ten-year-old that is given a carefully wrapped baby's rattle for Christmas!

Then I proudly produced my see-through kettle and reached for my wallet to produce five crisp twenties as ground bait. But the captain pointed out that my see-through "bubble" did not have the right attachments to hang it from the Red shield stand! I am not a quitter and was about to suggest that he return to headquarters to obtain the necessary chain when I noticed that his red kettle had a substantial looking padlock to prevent access to the money within. My see-through bubble had no padlock and no way of attaching one. From the rather stern look on the Captain's face I think he was

questioning my motives in preferring my lock-free money container. Deep down I knew he was right in his suspicions though for the wrong reason. Arguing with him obviously would not be productive!

He left me and there I was, left all alone with this ridiculous string of baby's bells to shake in front of the city's sharpest minds! My "kettle" could not be properly baited and had a miserable little opening at the top that could hardly accommodate a tooney, let alone a twenty dollar bill. The project was now stripped both financially and musically of its grand design! I had an uneasy feeling somebody up there was humbling me!

For the first ten minutes not a lawyer, let alone a Q.C., came in sight. One lady passed with an extremely hyper boxer on a leash. I made the mistake of trying to pet him while she rummaged through her purse. The dog seized my mitt and for a moment would not let go. Fortunately it was eventually distracted. I had to work hard for that first quarter!

I felt such an utter idiot rattling those stupid bells and trying to smile like a hypocrite when the cold was slowly penetrating my marrow. The only way to keep warm was to move and so I started jogging on the spot. As I jogged the bells rang the louder. Pretty soon one fell off! A while later another followed. Obviously I was jangling them much harder than necessary. That may have to do with the fact that I am a little hard of hearing and could not hear the true volume of the sound I was creating. In any event I noticed a remarkable thing: when I ran on the spot people seemed to notice and give more. They were less prone to walk by as if I were a lamppost. I do not know whether this was because of the extra noise from the bells or because the sight of a fifty-eight year old man running on the spot to some people is a funny sight. The point is that it worked! I warmed up and money started flowing in though admittedly in small denominations.

At last I spied a Q.C. with his junior counsel and student in tow complete with gown bag, trolley and clients trotting behind. There is nothing more splendid than the sight of a properly organized charge into the courthouse by senior counsel. To accost him at such a moment would have been an obscenity! I stood frozen with bells mute at my side while the great man sailed past me into the courthouse. I prayed that he might win. I have noticed how amazing it is that the flush of success will sometimes make people, even of Scottish heritage (like myself), give away all kinds of money!

As ten o'clock, the time for court approached, the lawyers and an occasional judge walked by. Those who recognized me were surprised, to say the least. Most were in a rush. Besides they were cold and did not want to undo coats and drop briefcases to search for money. I would have to wait patiently till they came out nicely warmed, relaxed and hopefully successful. In the meantime I enjoyed their various double-takes.

It occurred to me that "working the street" as I was, in a more or less respectable way, was not as simple as I thought. Each passer-by presented a special challenge. Children, for example, required a different technique. Quite a few mothers were taking their children shopping, presumably to buy them Christmas presents for fitting or for pre-approval, or perhaps to see Santa at Eaton's. These mothers were after the early morning bargains and were almost impossible to stop. The best way was to bend down and jingle the bells vigorously at the child's eye level while looking as cold as possible. This could be done by keeping the spare arm deep in the coat pocket and shivering in a rigid kind of way. I got quite good at it and in 75% of cases the child would ask his or her mother: 'What is that man doing?' Like a boat with dingy in tow that missed the bell-boy, she would flash a look behind and slowly come about dropping her bags to locate

some change for the child which was duly deposited in the kettle. These amounts were negligible but for some reason felt good, as good as a twenty-dollar bill from a Q.C!

I had to admire pan-handlers who can keep smiling on a success ratio of about 1%. I was averaging a 20% success rate for those who passed by and yet I was becoming discouraged! However, lawyers coming out of the courthouse began to increase the success rate. It was easy to tell the winners from the losers and that had some relevance to their giving. I have to say that I was amazed at how generous they were!

Eventually as the morning wore on it was evident that the chambers list was not long and the lawyers wanted to get back to the office and wind up for Christmas. I know what hard work it is being pushy at Christmas and it is impossible for a lawyer to win in court without being pushy. Thank goodness I was out of that rat race!

As the lawyers thinned out I had to redouble my efforts to extract money from the non-lawyer population. There were quite a few bicycle couriers around. They know well the pain of cold and how to beat it by keeping active. They really responded well to my rigid shiver. Though I know that couriers have to work hard for long hours and are usually as poor as church mice they gave loonies and toonies in grand style.

I noticed a particularly glossy and well-groomed dove (*Since preparing this report I have learned that it was probably a pigeon*) pecking away next to me. He looked cold too. Discouraged, I asked myself, as the donations waned in amount and frequency; what really was my motive? I was cold. There was no doubt of that, but I was pretending to be even colder than I was! I felt rather like a vulture praying on mothers and innocents. I also noticed that almost every woman that passed by would smile at me. I have to admit that gave me a very pleasant feeling. I was cashing in on the good reputation of The Salvation Army in all kinds of indecent ways! Furthermore, I was rivetted on the amounts given. I was not meant to notice such things! Then there were the lawyers! Not too long ago in the media I had attacked some of the leaders of the profession for being heartless, if not plain evil! What was I now doing soliciting money from the same people? I was not out of the lawyers' rat-race at all! I had created my own version of the rat race which was every bit as bad as theirs! If the Captain had some instrument for reading my mind I would be fired on the spot!

Just then I noticed that the dove was pecking at the pavement furiously. However, there was not a speck of food on the pavement! He seemed to be circling around me, from time to time casting an expectant, pleading eye at me. He was shivering a little notwithstanding his glorious plumage. Then he would again peck furiously at the foodless pavement as is to say; "Can you not see I am wrecking this beak of mine looking for food? I am cold and hungry! Can't you give me something to eat?"

I had a very nasty feeling that I was looking at myself! I realized the bird was a fraud but for some reason I had an almost irresistible desire to give the stupid animal some food. He deserved nothing except perhaps a boot in the rear feathers but he was so ridiculously and loveably human it was impossible not to love him and forgive him!

I laughed and I marvelled! How could I so easily forget what Christmas represents? I continued my nefarious activities until the Captain returned. I was humbled but no longer ashamed. I am as big a scoundrel as that dove but, like him, I am loved and forgiven!

That to me is what Christmas is all about!

## DING-A-LING.

Ding-a-ling

Ding-a-ling

Ding-a-ling

Ding-a-ling

Ding-a-ling me!

Ding-a-ling me!

What am I doing?

I may be crazy

Am I out of my tree?

Is that money I see?

Here comes a Q.C.

I coax and I wheedle

With a student behind,

And I study each face

A man with a purpose,

All for the winning

Great things on his mind.

Of my own rat race!

His thoughts are in Chambers

What have we here?

On a very tricky point.

A dove on the make!

To greet the man now

This must be God's message

Would put his nose out of joint!

Of what is really at stake!

So I give up on my quarry

In truth I am no better

And pray that he win,

Than lawyer or bird!

For the flush of success

We can all be forgiven

Good things can bring!

Though that's utterly absurd!

One hour later

Christmas is the message

He emerges with a smile.

Of who God most loves,

I ask if he won

And why there is hope

And he surrenders in style!

For lost lawyers and doves!

Ding-a-ling

Ding-a-ling

Ding-a-ling me!

I know I am guilty

But now I am free!