

form a homogeneous unit and are subject to further subdividing on professional, technical or functional lines. Secondly, it appears that white-collar personnel are overcoming their traditional reluctance to become part of a unionized group, something which previously they regarded as beneath their status.¹ In light of these factors, a broad revision of current labour legislation — tailored basically for the blue-collar segment of the work force — would seem necessary.

The author is Chairman of the Ontario Labour Relations Board and is able to present a first-hand analysis of white-collar bargaining units in Ontario. Although having only forty-six pages of actual text, the study contains the citations of all important Ontario cases touching the issue, as well as giving reference to pertinent legislation of the Federal Government and other Canadian Provinces. For anyone — regardless of province — interested or involved in this aspect of labour law, this booklet is strongly recommended as a, "must", in view of the importance of the subject and the paucity of other Canadian material.

KEN AYLUIA*

**RANDOM RHAPSODIES AND RIBALD RHYMES:
THE COLLECTED POEMS OF E. J. THOMAS;**

(Peguis Publishers, Winnipeg), 1969; 119 pp.

The Greeks had a name for it. Euphrosyne, or cheerfulness, was one of the three Graces. Perhaps a better equivalent would be "a sense of humour."

It is one of the greatest gifts of life, and Edgar James Thomas, M.C., Q.C., has been abundantly blessed with it. He has, moreover, the capacity for communicating it in pointed and memorable verse. The evidence is in his Collected Poems.

Sometimes, he specializes in the tall tale, as when a nine-foot boulder at Toniata Beach is gleefully presented as the original sling-stone used by David against Goliath and more recently dug up by archaeologists in Palestine

A hundred yards from Kedron's flood,
Half-hidden in the sand and mud,
With bits of skull; and tufts of hair
Still clinging to it, here and there.

1. See for example, *The New Industrial State* (1967) by John Kenneth Galbraith.

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Or he is capable of penning a 54-line apologia for the house-fly, the gist of which is

The House-fly's not a wicked cuss:
He's just too damned ubiquitous . . .

Many will prefer his treatment of that cheerful "stinker," the common skunk:

La bete puante's a sturdy lad;
(How apt some French cognomens be)
Next time he hogs the road, By Gad!
The ditch is good enough for me.

As a man who was a crown prosecutor for forty-two years, he has a natural scorn for avant-garde trends in painting and poetry. Of abstract painting, whose alleged aim is "To pry psychotic souls apart," he concludes;

"My eyes . . . Please God . . . have seen enough."

As for free-verse poets, he is equally pessimistic:

But like Sam Goldwyn, may I feebly shout,
"Thanks! Thanks, a thousand! Please include me out!"

There is much more than humour in this volume. Nearly half of it is made up of scholarly translations of French and German lyrics. In a poem like "Old Wine," moreover, Mr. Thomas shows an imaginative lyric gift of his own. But these commodities can be found in many other poets. His quality of humour is his own, and for this we must all be specially grateful.

WATSON KIRKCONNELL*

Editors' Note: In "A Note On The Author" Roy St. George Stubbs writes:

"Edgar James Thomas, Q.C., . . . has passed his 88th birthday. Born in Chesley, Ontario, he came to Manitoba, with his parents, in his third year. He has lived in this province ever since . . . Shortly after his return from overseas, Mr. Thomas was appointed a crown prosecutor. In 1924, he was requested by the Attorney-General to go to the St. Boniface police court for twenty days to help with arrears of work. The twenty days stretched into forty-two years. He retired as crown prosecutor of St. Boniface on July 1st, 1966. At age 85, he felt that it was time to call it a day . . . Forty-two years of service as crown prosecutor in the same court must surely be something of a record . . . This book is Mr. Thomas' offering to his adopted province on the occasion of its Centenary. It is his first book. The fact that he is publishing his first book at the age of eighty-eight suggests that he is not in the roll of the common man. Indeed, he is not. He is unique — the only one of his kind."

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