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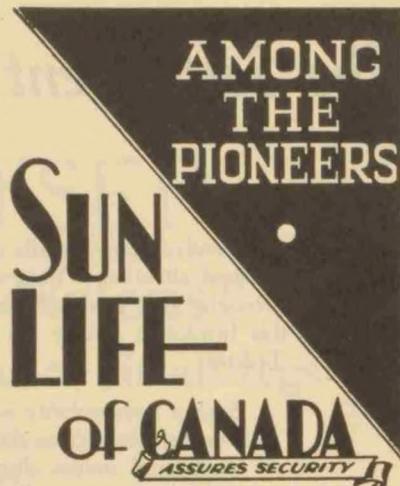
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The Rev. A. H. McGreer, O.B.E., M.C., M.A., D.C.L., L.L.D., D.D.  
Principal of Bishop's University 1922 - 1947

## DEDICATION

*We, in common with so many others, heard with deep sorrow the tragic circumstances surrounding the presumed death of Dr. A. H. McGreer, Principal of the University and Director of the School. We sympathize profoundly with his family and the University in their irreparable loss.*

*Having known and esteemed Dr. McGreer since his coming to Lennoxville in 1922 we can, unhesitatingly, pay tribute to the admirable constructive work that he has accomplished in so many different spheres, deftly weaving all, with his wide experience into a masterwork. From outward and inward viewpoints the University presents now a most decisive stride forward, due to his understandingly creative genius and co-operative appreciation of everybody and everything connected with the University and its history, of which he forms an integral part.*

*Dr. McGreer had many windows to his mind, and was equally at home, pleasant and entertaining on the sportsfield or discussing an obscure point of logic, climbing a mountain or by a lilypond or on the back of a horse, at the post of duty or on the 'village green', on a transatlantic steamer or in the reception room.*

*He showed a very comprehensive human understanding and insight in discussing the problems of the average student and the outstanding genius; he had the pleasing faculty of being completely at ease with people, whether of his own race or from the utmost bounds of the Empire. Statesmen, diplomats, artists, writers, singers and musicians were hospitably entertained at his model hearth, and nature lovers in his beautiful garden. Such a man sets something in motion, the effect of which is incalculable — and a benison.*

*Reprinted from the B.C.S. Magazine.*

## THE MITRE

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## EDITORIAL

Your editor was accosted last week, by an undergraduate, who wanted to know the reason for the existence of the MITRE. The CAMPUS reports news of a vintage not altogether obsolete, and for the benefit of those who do not like reading the YEAR BOOK provides page after page of pictures of our undergraduate and his friend. But what is the reason for existence of the MITRE?

When we informed our friend that the purpose of the MITRE was to encourage literary activity and appreciation, he was momentarily

stunned into silence. When he had recovered he informed us that he didn't think this any reason, and that the whole venture was a waste of time.

If we were sure this attitude sprung from superior critical ability, that our undergraduate was so saturated with Shakespeare, Keats, and T. S. Eliot that he could not bear to offend his aesthetic sensibilities by reading the MITRE we would not object to his position. Unfortunately this attitude is the result of indifference to literature, art in general, and sometimes we suspect of a complete lack of intellectual life of any sort.

Aesthetic values are not some sort of a superfluous after thought, they are part of the very fibre of life. While we have no desire to enter into a discussion of philosophy of art, the following by Dr. A. N. Whitehead, perhaps the greatest of modern philosophers is worth considering.

*"Great art is the arrangement of the environment so as to provide for the soul vivid, but transient, values. Human beings require something which absorbs them for a time, something out of the routine which they can stare at. But you cannot subdivide life, except at the abstract analysis of thought. Accordingly, the great art is more than a transient refreshment. It is something that adds to the permanent richness of the soul's self attainment. It justifies itself both by its immediate enjoyment and also by its discipline of the innermost being. Its discipline is not distinct from enjoyment, but by reason of it. It transforms the soul into the permanent realisation of values extending beyond its former self. This element of transition in art is shown by the restlessness exhibited in its history. An epoch gets saturated by the masterpieces of any one style. Something new must be discovered. The human being wanders on. Yet there is a balance in things. Mere change before the attainment of adequacy of achievement, either in quality of output, is destructive of greatness. But the importance of a living art, which moves on and yet leaves its permanent mark, can hardly be exaggerated."*

At this point my reader may remark that while great art may be necessary, he can see no reason for the MITRE. The reason is a belief that any attempt towards developing some kind of a reaction to art is worthwhile. If after reading this issue of our periodical you decide you don't like blank verse, perhaps you will read some Keats.

And the record of the MITRE has been an honourable one, Archdeacon Scott, F. O. Call, F. R. Scott, Ralph Gustafson have all written for it. The MITRE in the past has encouraged such as these to write, perhaps in the future we will find other Canadian poets, and writers, of the first rank who have written for the first time within its covers.

J. R.

## IN THIS ISSUE

This, the final issue of Volume 55, is presented with a feeling of satisfaction, for the past year has been a successful one in every respect. There have been changes initiated in the design of the cover and in the type of paper used, advertising revenue has been adequate and the quality of material published has been of the highest order. Contributions to this last issue were many and varied and it was with the greatest difficulty that the editors were able to make this restricted selection.

In this issue we take pleasure in presenting an article by Professor A. V. Richardson entitled, "Is There Anything New under the Sun?" The reader will see very quickly that many similarities and parallels exist between our present day life and the days of the 18th century.

Sandy Mills continues his "Travels with a Bicycle," keenly painting his impressions of Oxford and the surrounding country, before taking you, the reader, north into Scotland. It is to be hoped that even after leaving this university, Mr. Mills will continue as a contributor long enough, at least, to complete his travelogue.

Pertinent problems are dealt with in three articles, two concerning the pros and cons of I.U.S. by Ray Setlakwe and Douglas McVie, and the other, "Canada, Africa and 'the Great Fear'" by Max Seeley. Mr. Seeley gives a penetrating analysis of what we can expect in the 1950's and 1960's. He predicts no war in Canada but points to Africa as the bone of contention between the great powers.

"Money for Jam" by Steve May and "The Bullet" by Ronnie Robertson will be enjoyed by readers as short stories, the first, fact, — the second, fiction. We shall say nothing of F. O. Lajoie's "The Truth about Time Travelling", leaving it for each reader to form his own opinion.

In the poetry division, Don Wilson has come forward with a work of momentous length and excellent quality. "The Hollow Moment" is realistic yet lyrically written and Mr. Wilson, we feel, is to be congratulated for attempting such a poem.

"The Oxford Plan" will delight Bishop's students, present and past alike. Ronnie Robertson, cleverly and with unoffensive satire, gently pokes fun at our institution in a truly delightful manner.

"Early Night in Spring" and "Lines of a Poem" are also worthy of note for the descriptive powers displayed by both authors.

"The Eternal Symphony" by Bob Jervis-Read is a subjective study of moments spent in the chapel, and as such will undoubtedly appeal to all readers. And finally "Lines Inspired by the Fiddle Player in a Honky-Tonk" is a brilliant satire on Whitman.

J. A. S.

"IS THERE ANYTHING NEW  
UNDER THE SUN?"

A. V. Richardson

Anyone who has looked over correspondence of vanished generations is well aware of what charming and fascinating sidelights on social usages and methods of life may be contained therein. Some family papers (mostly covering the period from the middle of the eighteenth century to the 1830's) which are in my possession, are of the time when some of my forbears remained in France (after one branch had emigrated to England before 1700) and give a few vivid glimpses of the "ancien régime", the Revolution, the Consulate, the Napoleonic Empire and the Restoration.

It is naturally the personal letters, as apart from those on business topics, which are most interesting and amusing, and a few are almost worth quoting in their entirety.

Let us start off with two both addressed to Richard Warren, "Colonell d'Infanterie, Aide-de-Camp à M. le Maréchal de Saxe", and dating from the war of Austrian Succession. Richard Warren, it may be said, achieved the distinction of being mentioned in the Dictionary of National Biography and was mixed up in the affairs of "Bonnie Prince Charlie", being apparently a fervent Jacobite. Here is what two of his correspondents have to say to him — the first letter, with its queer mixture of English and French, is worth quoting in full.

Rouen, 27 June 1747.

"I think, my dear Colonell, our letters play hyde and goe seek. I answered your first letter to me ye 4th of last month, which I received butt above 15 dayes after its date & I finde by your favor of ye 26 ditto — which was alsoe long by ye way, that myne did not reach you tho' it was directed au quartier général, this is very unusual. Your silence I certainly would never attribute to want of friendship, butt to ye occupations inseparable of your present station. I can reasonably expect to be favoured with some lines from you butt when your leasure will permitt it then they will as they have beene, always welcome, more to know that you are well, saif and sound than to have fresh news of wch I am always greedy. We have heere a political circle, militaires, gentilhommes, ro-

bins\*, avocats, négociants, tout le monde, rag tag and bob taylor and are ever dabling on that subject, of 20 reports scarce one to be depended upon and every one holds forth according to ye bent of his heart; this wrangling tribe is divided into Loyalist and Pandour, ye latter are the disaffected and perpetually in contest and at jars with one another, when I have anything I give it amongst them piping hott & become auditor to some few judicious reflections & many out of ye way giddy ones; voilà un de mes amusements en ces quartiers, la table, la bouteille ni le jeu n'ont rien qui m'invitent ou qui me conviennent dans l'état d'infirmité où je me trouve encore. Ye nervous vapors continue by intervals and lye heavy on my spirits, I struggle to dissipate them the best I can — I am advised to stir about & change aire soe I intend soone to goe to Flanders & passe some time with my brother ye chanoine in Ypres & renew in Lille and other partes my olde acquaintance soe I hope if my health permitts are ye campagne is over to have the pleasure of embracing you in one place or other.

This is what I propose butt for ye present I am not in a condition of removing. If you'le oblige me with a letter please to direct it heere, chez M. C. Garney, who gives you his hearty thanks for your kind remembrance and presents you his best salutes.

Our friends in Paris are pretty well as to health butt entangled in broyles and chicannes, our antagonist has of late published an infamous memoire full of calumny and of every thing that fury and revenge is capable off & a sort of a repetition in print of what he has this yeare past been spreading about by word of mouth all over Paris; it will be noe hard work to answer it to ye purpose butt it's a plague to have ones life & time taken up in papier timbré besides ye expense that lyes heavy in ye present circumstances. God send an end and that justice may prevaile soone.

En attendant it's very hard on our abbé and Peggy whose share of ye succession is in rents on ye towne house & stopt most unjustly these many yeares pas. Here's too much on this disagreeable subject soe adieu—"

The other epistle dated "au camp de Villers, le 23 août 1746" gives some account of the military position near Liège, and one realises that there was no such thing as military censorship two hundred years ago.

"Nous rencognons l'ennemi actuellement entre la Méhaigne et la Meuse. M. de Lowendal s'est emparé avant-hier de Huy et par là ôte la communication de l'ennemy avec le pays de Liège. — nous sommes campés sur quatre lignes: l'eau et le bois sont fort rares ici. M. le Comte d'Étais est posté de façon entre nous & M. de Lowendal que la communication avec Huy, le long de la Méhaigne, est libre."

\* slang word for "petty lawyers".

Here is some more plain speaking from a camp . . . this time in 1758.

"L'armée partit de Neuss le 15 et vint camper à Osteradt en conséquence d'un courier de la cour qui veut que nous cessions de reculer et que nous marchions à l'ennemy. La marche fut belle, le camp mauvais, mais ignorant la force de l'ennemy que nous avons à combattre et l'endroit où il est, il est bien difficile de manoeuvrer. — Ce matin on a donné le pain et les viandes aux troupes et nous devons aller camper à Crefeldt mais comme on ne peut prendre aucun party icy il a été décidé à 6 heures qu'on resseroit et que peutêtre on ne partirait pas demain attendant les mouvements de l'ennemy. Pour couper le mot, Monsieur, je défie le plus habile de vous rendre compte de nos manoeuvres. Le mécontentement est général et malgré celà on brûle du désir de se battre et nous enrageons tous de voir qu'en fuyant nous faisons des marches de sept lieues et plus et en marchant à l'ennemy nous faisons une demi-lieue . . . Monsieur de M——e notre général en chef est abhorré.

Adieu, Monsieur, je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur, donnez moy de vos nouvelles et de celles de votre moitié\* que j'embrasse des deux côtés. Bonjour, il pleut à verse et fait très froid."

There follows a postscript with a delicate touch of eighteenth-century snobbery (or is it possibly sarcasm?)

"M. le prince Xavier est arrivé hier, ainsy nous avons quatre princes à l'armée, vous conviendrez que cela est bien honnête."

The stately, leisurely movements of the eighteenth century changed to the quickened tempo of the Revolution . . . now all the formulae of courtesy, such as "Je suis, Monsieur, avec un profond respect, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur" vanish with the wind, to be replaced by the terse "Salut et attachement" or "Salut et fraternité, citoyen." Two printed notices from the Committee of Public Safety, with the dates in terms of the revolutionary calendar, with allegorical heading of the figure of Liberty bearing the fasces!! and with the words "Égalité, Liberté" (was it significant that by 1794 "fraternité" had apparently fallen by the wayside?) show very clearly to what extent regimentation was in force and how meticulous Robespierre and his colleagues tried to be in matters of detail.

"Il est des Administrateurs et des Agents nationaux qui, pour former le tableau de leurs opérations d'une décade, emploient jusqu'à quatre ou six feuilles de papier, tandis qu'avec de la méthode, de la précision, et en évitant des répétitions toujours inutiles, une demi-feuille ou une feuille tout au plus, pourroit suffire" (15 germinal, an 2 . . . April 11, 1794).

And again — "Les Agents nationaux des districts n'ont pas saisi

\* Just imagine! the phrase "your better half" dates back to the mid-eighteenth century!

l'esprit de la circulaire que le Comité leur a adressée le 14 ventôse, concernant la disparition de tous les signes de royauté et de féodalité. La plupart ont répondu que ces signes étaient détruits depuis long-temps. Le Comité est instruit de la manière plus qu'imparfaite dont il a été procédé à cette destruction. Il existe encore, sur les monuments publics, des vestiges très-visibles de la servitude dont la République veut effacer jusqu'au souvenir: par exemple, le relief des fleurs de lys a été détaché; mais l'œil républicain s'indigne encore d'en appercevoir la configuration et les linéaments. Les armoiries ont disparu, mais leurs attributs figurent encore d'une manière trop reconnoissable sur les murs qui en étoient souillés; ainsi, la Loi n'est pas strictement exécutée, et le triomphe de la liberté n'est pas complet." (6 messidor, an 2 . . . June 24, 1794.)

Anyone who has read that finest and most convincing of all novels dealing with the period of the French Revolution — Anatole France's "Les dieux ont soif" — will not find it hard to see, in imagination, the republican eye flashing with indignation at the worn vestiges of the Royal Arms still apparent on public buildings, and to conjure up the picture of semi-illiterate sans-culottes, dressed in a little brief authority, laboriously making up their weekly reports and — like the heathen — using many vain repetitions.

As everyone knows, the French Revolution ended in a dictatorship — that of Bonaparte. Passing over a number of letters of the period of the Consulate and the Empire, among them being a short autographed letter from the Third Consul, Lebrun — a pale and shadowy figure compared with the mighty and omnipotent First Consul whose name is known to all the world — we come back into more peaceful and stable times. In conclusion, let us quote a charming and significant little missive addressed to a young lady in 1816—

"Si vous n'avez rien de pressé à faire, ma chère enfant, je vous prierais de passer chez moi, parceque j'ai reçu le paquet de la dame dont je vous ai parlé, elle est très infortunée et je serais charmée que par votre complaisance je puisse la bien débarasser de ses petites inutilités. Je vous donnerai le paquet et je vous prierai d'en tirer le parti possible.

Je vous assure, ma chère enfant, de mes bons sentiments pour vous."

How vividly one can picture the "unfortunate lady" attempting to sell those "small and useless articles". In some respects the world has changed very little. In those far-off days, too, letters were filled with small-talk; military "grousing" about conditions in camp is nothing new; life was regimented to the smallest detail under a quasi-totalitarian regime; people went round with hard-luck stories trying to sell articles which no one really needed or wanted. Human nature, at bottom, remains much the same over the centuries.

LINES INSPIRED BY THE FIDDLE PLAYER  
IN A HONKY-TONK OR

WHITMANIA

*J. M. Evans.*

I rejoice in the manly sweep of your arm, my friend, my comrade, my  
new-found bosom companion.  
My analytical eye discerns the play of muscle fibres beneath your coat  
sleeve.

I strip away your coat sleeve with my analytical eye and lay bare your  
shoulder

That I may more perfectly feast my eyes on — what? A pimple?  
A subcutaneous eruption marring the perfect, wholesome virility of your  
shoulder?

I hasten to replace your coat sleeve. The pimple  
Gives rise to a slight but perceptibly disconcerting feeling  
Of intestinal discomfort. In a word,  
I feel a bit sick.

I will concentrate instead on watching your supple, pregnant bow,  
I follow its movements as it glides swiftly over the E string.  
I follow its movements as it glides swiftly over the A string.  
I follow its movements as it glides swiftly over the D string.  
I follow its movements as it glides swiftly over the G string.  
There are only four strings on a violin.

I watch the rise and the fall; the to and the fro; the ascent and the dip,  
and I find

The strong rhythm of life in its movement.

I consider it symbolic

That the gut of a cat stroked by the hair of a horse  
Should produce such bold, clear tones. At least,

Tho others may not be aware, I

Am aware of the boldness and clearness inherent in

The God-forsaken squeak you make, you drunken thing, you!

Not that I reprove your heady carousal.

I feel a bit whistled myself.

I lose myself in the sweep of your bow. You are not aware of the fact, but I  
Am your bow. It is me whom you drag over the strings.

Over the E string.

Over the — but I observe that a jovial glass-blower has severed your A  
string with the neck of a bottle. However

I feel the remaining strings pulsate in turn beneath me.

I am sensitive to every compression and rarefaction.

Faster and faster sweep me over the strings! I exult in the motion, in the —  
STOP!

My nose is caught between the D string and the G string!

Oh, my nose! My aquiline, dominant, assertive, most masculine feature  
Caught between two cords of quivering cat-gut!

The shame of it! What will my twenty-eight young comrades think?

Twenty-eight glistening bodies rhythmically moving as the sea breathes.

Twenty-eight noses, superb, entire. Fifty-six nostrils

(I am confident of my arithmetic)

Intact,

And I, the twenty-ninth, come noseless.

Yet I rejoice, giving my nose gladly that my music may kindle the hearts  
Of broad-shouldered, red-blooded, long-drinking, hard-swearing,

hot-loving MEN

Whose solemn task on earth it is to arrange

Displays of ladies' night attire in downtown store arcades.

Yea, let them hear the music sprung from me!

(Their girl-friends, too, may listen if they like.)

Me vibrant; me presto agitato; me molto vivace; me treble fortissimo  
ad nauseam.

## PRO I. U. S.

R. C. Sellakwe

In these difficult and trying times any attempted affiliation with  
an international body composed of Communists is likely to incur the  
wrath of many elements within this country. Such was the case when  
Bishop's voted in favour of the resolution that the National Federation  
of Canadian University Students should join the International Union of  
Students. In the light of recent events in Czechoslovakia and elsewhere,  
the doubts and apprehensions of these people seem to have been justified.  
However, it is my firm and sincere belief, that when the facts, both pro  
and con, have been investigated, the intention of Bishop's to join I.U.S.  
will bear creditably upon this University.

At the annual meeting of National Federation of Canadian Uni-  
versity Students at Winnipeg during the Christmas holidays, the represen-  
tative students of the majority of the Canadian Universities, fully aware  
of the present inefficiency and political chicanery of I.U.S., voted fourteen  
to four in favour of affiliation. Three universities abstained. Their  
decision was influenced largely by the reports submitted by the three  
Canadian students delegated to observe the I.U.S. Conference held at  
Prague last summer. These were Camille Laurin, University of Montreal;  
George Robinson, University of New Brunswick; and Robert Rambusch,  
University of Toronto. All three did not fail to stress the existing  
imperfection of I.U.S. Nevertheless, they were convinced that the  
present constitution of I.U.S. was fundamentally sound and that it would  
be to our detriment if we abstained from affiliation, thereby weakening the  
chances "of intergrating university students throughout the world into a  
progressive Union."

In the words of Camille Laurin: "The I.U.S. will live . . . . .  
in spite of the suspicion which it justly arouses in a great many countries.  
It will live because it corresponds to a need, because, once firmly estab-  
lished, it will be of precious assistance to all students of the earth, because  
its constitution is sound at bottom, because students constitute a homo-  
genous and intelligent class, which, gropingly, it is true, but surely, will  
reach the syndicate organization which suits it. To bet on the I.U.S. is  
to bet on a good horse, whether success comes tomorrow or in a few years."

The major counsel given by these three delegates was that N.F.C.  
U.S. should do its utmost to curb the political atmosphere in I.U.S. fo-

mented by the Russian delegates and their numerous satellites. The Communists talked of a unified world, of lasting peace, of a real democracy and the elimination of fascism and imperialism. These objectives were all very fine and noble, but it was felt by our delegates and many others that the Communists were capitalizing on the pain and hatred evoked by these words — that behind it all, there was an ulterior motive, namely, the diffusion of Communist propaganda against the Western powers. In the past few months we have come face to face with this cunning, deceiving, and false propaganda. It is a weapon which each country uses today, but none with the effrontery and cynicism of the Soviet Nations.

I have stated this unfortunate fact, and there are many others, so that I may not unwittingly convey the impression that to affiliate with I.U.S. will be as pleasant as lying in a bed of roses. I also want to make it quite clear that the N.F.C.U.S. delegates at Winnipeg were fully aware of this. They realized that Communist infiltration and domination of I.U.S. had reached considerable proportions. They also realized that the only way to combat this infiltration effectively was to participate in I.U.S. activities, fighting for the attainment of a just and equitable solution to any problem which might arise. Our conception of a world student union is one which should be capable of fulfilling the common needs and objectives of university students throughout the world, and of promoting understanding and goodwill between them. This, I.U.S. has not yet done. On the contrary, it has participated in political attacks which were neither for the specific benefit of students as such nor for the safeguarding of their basic rights. To remedy this obvious defect, the N.F.C.U.S. delegates realized that non-partisan political action was necessary to defend the "rights of students, as well as their legitimate and specific interests."

With this in mind, the delegates accepted a resolution, formulated by Livingstone of the University of British Columbia. I feel that this resolution should be quoted in full. It reads:

*be it resolved:*

A. That N.F.C.U.S. join the International Union of Students conditionally for a period of two years, the condition to be:

1. The clear definition of its legitimate political activities embracing basic rights of students and means of gaining purely student objectives by non-partisan political action and the total, constitutional, exclusion from it of all other political activities or purposes.

2. The establishment of an equitable system of representation.

B. That if these conditions of affiliation have not been achieved at the end of this two year period, or at such intermediate date as the Canadian delegation, with the consent of the Executive committee may determine, N.F.C.U.S. commits itself hereby not only to disaffiliate — but further to actively promote the formation of an alternative world stu-

dent union which will satisfy the functions of such a union as defined above. Towards this end, N.F.C.U.S. reserves the right to disaffiliation without the required notice of one year.

That because of the N.F.C.U.S. constitution which states that decisions of N.F.C.U.S. cannot bind its constituent members, the decision of I.U.S. cannot and shall not be binding in any way on N.F.C.U.S.

The qualified approval of the French Central region delegates representing Laval University, the University of Ottawa, and the University of Montreal is worth noting. They made it quite clear that they did not "accept in any form or fashion the actual politics — doctrinary and orientation of I.U.S.; that they do not accept in any form or fashion the I.U.S. constitution inasmuch as this constitution may presently indicate an anti-Christian state of mind." But they did favour affiliation with I.U.S. "in the hope of attaining wholesome international student collaboration; in a spirit of Christian justice and charity; and with a view to full-filling the sine qua non condition for the survival and progress of an international society — a durable and frank PEACE."

The point — the very important point — which most people miss when discussing affiliation with I.U.S. is that our conditions are qualified, as stated above, and that if I.U.S. accepts, it will be accepting a drastic revision in its constitution. It will mean that I.U.S. will finally be able to function as a truly representative world student body.

With regard to finance, it was decided at Winnipeg that in view of our own unstable financial position, our obligations to I.U.S. should not exceed four hundred dollars. The delegates will be paying their own expenses as all of them intend to be in Europe next summer.

The present executive of I.U.S. is Communist dominated — there is no doubt about that. They hold permanent positions with headquarters in Prague. If they refuse our conditions, we can appeal to the conference of the I.U.S. Council which is held annually. That is one reason why I feel it is imperative that we should be there because the Council is presently composed of a majority of non-Communist countries who could easily elect a new representative Executive.

The big question is whether or not the Executive will accept our terms. If they do, we can join along with the Western European countries, the United States, the South American countries, and some of the Asiatic countries in a working alliance with the Soviet bloc. If, on the other hand, they refuse our conditions, which I must admit, is quite likely, then N.F.C.U.S. can have recourse to the Council, and failing that, we can "actively promote the formation of an alternative world student union." N.F.C.U.S. hopes that this will not happen, that we will still be able to work effectively with all nations. If not, there will remain only one solution — to form a separate student union — and that will not augur well for the future peace and prosperity of this strife-ridden world.

Our efforts towards amicable cooperation must be our guiding principle.

We must never let it be said, especially by the Communists, that by abstention we signified unwillingness to cooperate or fear of defending our ideals before those who upheld a different ideology than our own.

To reject and slander I.U.S., however, amounts to sheer stupidity. Any other alternative is better. We are not in a pre-war world when isolationism and recalcitrance were national philosophies. Our civilization is at the edge of the precipice. Either we accept the fact that *attempted* international cooperation on all levels is the wisest course, or else we shall rush headlong into an engulfing abyss.

In the light of present conditions, this may be termed idealistic and impractical rubbish. It is neither. If we have neither the courage nor the fortitude to fight for what we cherish and hold most dear on an international forum, then we are not worthy of "the ancient heritage bequeathed to us by the architects of our magnitude and renown."

*The Winnipeg Free Press* in its leading editorial on April 6th replies to criticism levelled at it by the *Montreal Star* and the *Ottawa Journal* for its attitude towards the treatment of Communists in this country. Its assertion is that there are sufficient provisions in the criminal code to deal effectively with any subversive activities within this country. The *Montreal Star* states that because of recent events in Czechoslovakia, Canada should "seriously consider wholesale measures of repression." *The Free Press* replies that it is "criticized as being idealistic and impractical. On the contrary, the policy here argued" it affirms, "is hard-headed and practical. It cannot be stated too often that ideas or words cannot be crimes. Crimes are actions. No one can be jailed for thinking but only for committing a crime. Communism, as we have said before, is not a crime. It is a word, an idea, a political theory. It cannot be outlawed, it can be defeated by argument in open debate."

We cannot and must not reject I.U.S. by asserting that the only way of combatting Communism is by "wholesale measures of repression." To do this would be to use the same weapon used by Communists in their suppression of political and religious opinions. No ideology that is based on fear can exist, and that is why we can go to Prague next summer armed only with the faith of our convictions and the belief that freedom-loving students will rise to defend their universal rights.

Recently Bill Ellis resigned as American Vice-President of I.U.S. because of the failure of the I.U.S. Executive to protest the "brutal and undemocratic" treatment of Czechoslovak students during the Communist coup. Because of this and because of the possible misunderstanding of the press and public, Bob Harwood, the President of N.F.C.U.S., has written to all members of Canadian universities urging them to reconsider I.U.S. affiliation more thoroughly. With this in mind, I should like to

quote parts of the accompanying letter submitted by Grant Livingstone, Chairman of the Canadian delegation to I.U.S. "The absolute necessity," he writes, "for the exclusion of partisan politics from I.U.S., that is the conditions of affiliation as expressed in the Winnipeg resolution of N.F.C.U.S., is the chief conclusion which I draw from Mr. Ellis' letter. In fact, he makes this issue crystal clear. In his words, 'the fact that you have refused to support Mr. Smith's resolution . . . . . means that you have acted in the past only because principles and politics coincided . . . . . Since September, it has been evident that I.U.S. has been taking sides in the present world crisis . . . . . You have attacked the United States, France, and Great Britain, but you have at no time . . . . . dared to speak against Russia.' In this twelve charges (Mr. Ellis) confirms for any reasonable individual judgment that I.U.S. is a partisan controlled organization. This makes our conditions virtually necessary if N.F.C.U.S. affiliation is not to mean supporting a purely Communist front organization.

"The second conclusion drawn from Ellis' letter is more on the practical plane. The practical political possibility of achieving the reform of I.U.S. . . . . is reduced, firstly . . . . . by the hardening attitude of the Communist party against any concession to a compromise with Western opinion . . . . . Secondly, if the National Student Association (United States) confirms its withdrawal, the chances of achieving our conditions will be almost nil . . . . . While the chances are reduced, however, clarification of the issue on lines of democratic morality makes it a much stronger case in the end. This incident, in effect, has created a test case, the settlement of which will be decisive and which can be achieved this summer."

It can be achieved as Livingstone states, because the issues are not yet settled in I.U.S. or N.S.A. "in as much as only the Communist dominated Executive has refused so far to uphold the constitution, I.U.S. as a whole has not yet given a final decision. With regard to N.S.A. it has not yet made a final decision concerning the Ellis resignation and will not do so until its Executive meets in April. Livingstone has contacted Mr. William Bivenbaum of the University of Chicago, one of the American delegates elect to the I.U.S. conference. "His view on the matter is that N.S.A. should reconsider its Staff Committee's repudiation. He feels that I.U.S. can still become a non-political organization." It might be remembered also, that last summer the American delegation to I.U.S. was Communist dominated. If N.S.A. does repudiate I.U.S. what will stop American Communists from going to Prague as American University representatives? For that matter, what will stop Canadian Communists from going to Prague and posing as Canadian student representatives if N.F.C.U.S. repudiates I.U.S.?

The refusal of any individual university or national federation to join I.U.S. would only weaken the chances of the democratic countries

in obtaining their aims. Certain universities in Canada, during the present panic, have rejected I.U.S. affiliation, and rumour has it that Holland has disaffiliated. This is unfortunate for our cause. I agree with Livingstone when he says that N.S.A. support would be vital to our successful reformation of I.U.S. "We must make common cause," he states, "not only with N.S.A. but with the British Union of Students, and the Australian, and all possible other student Unions in the democratic camp, in order to succeed in this undertaking . . . Regarding N.S.A., B.U.S., and others if possible, there is one more important argument for a common stand. We shall want as many as possible present in the event of failure to reform I.U.S. since this would lead to the establishment of an alternative world student union "to which we would then stand committed by the Winnipeg resolution . . . . . Personally, while I must say my estimate of the chances of objectifying I.U.S. have greatly diminished, I feel a strong attempt should be made, if for no other reason, than to know we tried our best." Mr. Vasquez, the Cuban delegate, has sacrificed his studies this winter to tour the South American countries in an effort to inform and interest them in I.U.S. affiliation.

It is becoming increasingly evident that we should at least go to the I.U.S. conference and find out if there is any possibility of achieving our conditions. Failing that, we should appeal right in Prague to the students of other countries to join a democratic federation of students devoted to the same admirable goals which we want in I.U.S., namely, the exchange of information and literature, the exchange of students, reduced travel rates, aid in reconstructing war devastated universities, an increase in the number of international scholarships, free access to libraries, laboratories, and scholarly archives, the establishment of health services, sports festivals, etc., etc.

In a recent editorial appearing in the *Ottawa Citizen* it was stated that the University of British Columbia students thought that "the best way to learn is to go to Prague. Then if they find that the International Union of Students has indeed become a political tool of Communism, the Canadian delegates can recommend that affiliation be discontinued. That surely seems the commonsense course."

## I. U. S. OR REALITY

*W. D. McVie*

Since the recent conference of the National Federation of Canadian University Students (N.F.C.U.S.), at Winnipeg in December 1945, three letters have been the keynote to trouble in all Canadian universities. These three letters have been I.U.S.

I.U.S. is the abbreviation for the International Union of Students, which organization was founded in Prague, Czechoslovakia, in 1945, immediately following the end of World War II. This organization of university students was given its start by the World Federation of Democratic Youth, which is the present incarnation of the notorious and infamous Young Communist Internationale. This is not a charge but an acknowledged fact, as both groups have interlocking executives by constitution and I.U.S. recognizes W.F.D.Y. as "the only youth organization."

In the summer of 1947, I.U.S. conducted a World Youth Congress in Prague which was attended by delegates from almost all countries. It was at this Congress that the true nature of I.U.S. was fully revealed and its purposes made clear. Motion upon motion was introduced attacking the democratic nations of the world. The "Report of the International Union of Students Held at Prague" (1947) gives repeated evidence of the purposes of I.U.S. As the report puts it "But if Russia, in the United Nations, sustains check after check, in Prague she emerges triumphant in all disputes".

Further glances at the report amply support the above quotation as we notice phrases such as: "The Americans were beaten hollow", and "Russia and the colonial nations had gained the point in spite of everything." One of the concluding paragraphs foretells the future history of the I.U.S. when it states:

"One can then foresee, in another year, a flood of anti-fascist and anti-imperialist resolutions, which will be adopted by the Assembly, unless Russian and colonial pressure relaxes in the meantime". It must be noted that "anti-fascist" and "anti-imperialist" imply the Russian definition.

Since the turning of the year, further evidence has pyramided to demonstrate the real purpose of I.U.S. Dr. Kotrly, the former Czechoslovakian Consul General in Montreal, who resigned in protest against the Communist seizure of his country, has stated, in an article prepared for the British United Press, that:

"The Youth Congress in Prague last summer — was to serve only one purpose, and that was to school the youth, thus recruited, in Communist thought and Communist tactics and in general to enlist their sympathy for Communism."

The Communist seizure of Czechoslovakia, where the permanent headquarters of I.U.S. are located, has made it impossible for future Congresses to change the control, by a fair vote, to democratic hands. In recognition of this 'fait-accompli' two countries, Holland and Switzerland, have withdrawn from I.U.S. and the United States has indicated its intention of doing so. The American representative has resigned already from the I.U.S. executive because its actions have been plainly biased in favour of the Russian bloc.

Even the President of N.F.C.U.S., who recently toured the country to win support for I.U.S., has been forced, by the parade of circumstances, to change his policy and his convictions and has advised all member universities to reconsider the question of affiliation in the light of recent events. Only three groups still support the affiliation of N.F.C.U.S. and I.U.S. One of these groups is formed by chosen delegates to I.U.S. who do not want to miss the opportunity of being important. A second group is one composed of idealists who came out strongly in favour of the affiliation when it was first proposed and hate to admit a mistake, honest though it may have been. The third group, "although certainly not Communists themselves, seem to attract the same type of following that is characterized by the Wallace Party in the United States."\*

The arguments for affiliation presented by the three groups follow the same idealistic lines of fake idealism that one is continually faced with in dealing with Communism. Ever since the end of World War II, the democratic nations of the world have attempted to deal with Communism on the idealistic platform of persuasion and discussion. In recent months, however, all the great statesmen of the free world have been forced to drop idealism and become extremely practical. In place of discussions on the floor of the United Nations Assembly, we find the Marshall Plan, the proposal to return Trieste to Italy, Western Union and practical aid to China and Greece.

Students, however, seem to feel that they have more ability to deal with Communists than have thoroughly trained and carefully chosen statesmen. While old and tried soldiers like General Marshall and Winston Churchill are forced to drop discussion as a method of dealing with Communism, while Communists shoot at the United States Consul in Windsor, Ontario, and, while thousands of Czechoslovakian citizens are tortured and murdered, a delegation of Canadian students, chosen merely because they happened to be going to Europe anyway, is sup-

\* J. Woods — Macdonald College, 30 March, 1948.

posedly going to go to Czechoslovakia and change the I.U.S., which the American Embassy has termed a "propaganda institute", into a fair-minded, honest, union of students!

Some of these rabid supporters of I.U.S. claim that we must have an international union of students of some sort and that this is the only available vehicle for that necessity. Two possibilities give the lie to these claims. First we find that the United Nations, through U.N.E.S.C.O., is attempting to form a real international union of students and needs only the support of such groups as N.F.C.U.S. to make it a reality. Secondly, if we do not wish to support U.N.E.S.C.O. for some unknown reason, we can unite with Switzerland, Holland and the United States in forming a union of our own to which delegates from all free nations would gladly flock.

The fight against Communists allows for no weak-spined, half-hearted action. Everywhere signs of their work are at hand and, to oppose them, we must use direct methods. The time for compromise alone has passed. Let us not submit N.F.C.U.S. to the fate of Jan Masaryk, of whom it was reported recently:

" . . . . . whether suicide or murder, Jan Masaryk had become enmeshed in the kind of thing his father, the founder of the Czech Republic, had warned him against: he had been destroyed by trying to compromise with forces with which there was no compromise." \*\*

\*\* Time Magazine. March 22, 1948.

## Don John and his Capture of Bold Bill, or I Fixes 'em, I Does

*J. Pearce*

One sunny day, I'm sitting in my castle, surrounded by my courtly coutiers and listening to the latest minstrel swing, when in flies one of my humble peasants. "Sir John," he gasps, almost drowning in his tears, "Bold Bill is again on the rampage, your honour, he is!" "Oh", says I, proper brave-like, "more trouble, but I'll fix his goose, I will." So with no more ado, I buckles my trusty sword on, bids ado to several swooning ladies speechless in utter admiration at my calm, and gallops away on my faithful 'hors de combat', Horace.

We speeds across the cat-walk, we does and dashes to the meadows. I rides no-handed so as to play my favourite tune "Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to fight blackguards I go", just as any champion would all eager for the fray. Bold Bill hears of my dashing approach, though and, shaking in his hip-boots, slinks off to the royal forests. But am I outwitted? No no. So I spurs my steed, passes Beowulf's Bay, bashes a few bothersome dragons and climbs countless trees in my search for the renegade.

Comes the night. I hitches Horace to a small stump, finds a small rock for a pillow and partakes of my rest, one ear open and one eye cocked. Well, break my broadsword, if about 3 hours in the morning, by my pocket star-gazer, if I don't hear a stealthy footstep in the woods. Jumping up with a double back-flip, I picks up my *équipage* and I'm off to see who it is. What ho! and it's Bold Bill alright, out to pinch some of my grub. Clutching my 11 foot spear-pole, I flings it with stupendous force at my adversary. He's a wily one is Bill, though, he ducks quick as a flash and comes charging at me and Horace. Bill gives me a hefty wallop on the bean with his mace but, hah, that's where I don't feel anything. Dropping his broken mace, he tries to stick me with his sticker. I'm up to him I is though, and I jumps from Horace just like that, grabs hold of Bill and drags him to terra farmer. Bumping him a few times in the chompers with my iron knuckles, I picks him up by the little left toe, whirls him around fan-fashion, and whips him into the nearest oak. Poor Bill is somewhat exasperated at this and lies spread-eagled over a few branches. I fetches him down though, ties him to his stallion with a double reef, hoists my victory pennant and off we rides.

In triumph, I returns to my castle, receives the thunderous cheers of my grateful subjects, collects the sack of corn I have offered for Bold Bill's capture and retires to my chamber. Another day.

## THE HOLLOW MOMENT

*D. H. Wilson*

### PROLOGUE

Someone is couched in a doorway  
Someone is heaving a sigh.  
Someone's in bed with a lover,  
Someone is going to die.  
Someone is crying by moonlight,  
Someone is telling a lie,  
Someone has broken a rotting branch,  
Someone is going to die.

OLD MAN (standing in a doorway with peaked cap pulled down,  
and dressed in dirty, nondescript clothes):

See—

The bleeding sun has sunk  
below the skeleton factories,  
Pouring blood upon the heights of steel,  
And grimy workers hear the screeching whistle  
That brings the listless day to a piercing close.  
The iron monsters die and  
Pencils are put aside.  
From the offices come men  
shackled to time —  
Guiding their movements  
by a punch clock.  
The weary faces all the same,—  
All the same.  
All alike in routine  
Which fastens their bodies  
To a revolving O;  
Round and round,  
Slowly— slowly,  
And the only escape  
Lies in the twisting rabbit runs  
Of the mind,

Where all desires can be fulfilled  
 Without the sneering neighbour.  
 Where there is no time but infinity—  
 No straight gray years,  
 But a single moment  
 Stretching down an endless hall.

CRACKED BELL (on steeple with bent cross):  
 Toll the black bell  
 For the gray time  
 In the gray town  
 For a tired man.

OLD MAN:  
 The fog comes rolling in now  
 With sibilant whisper,  
 And sluggishly winds about the bell  
 To silence its voice—  
 To listen for eternity.  
 WITH THE CLICK OF A KEY  
 IN A LOCK  
 Eternity begins  
 Its flight down the crying moment  
 (So much to be done in a moment  
 So long to live in a dream  
 Who can tell the length  
 and breadth of a moment  
 or eternity?)

A young man has stepped from an office door and WITH A CLICK OF A KEY IN A LOCK turns and walks down the grey-fogged street. He stops for a moment, not knowing why, to look up at the bell on the steeple, (now silent for many years due to a crack in the casting which has consequently destroyed its effectiveness).

BELL:  
 He walks so  
 Slowly from his office,  
 Down the echoing sidewalk  
 Where nothing lies ahead  
 But darkness.  
 Can he *know*?  
 Say no—he cannot.  
 Only the echoing pavement,  
 Only the silent mists and a man

Walk hand in hand  
 While the world of man  
 Is dead.

MAN:  
 "What dread is ahead?"  
 ("Only dream lies ahead  
 The answer comes back,  
 The rest is all dead  
 Only dream lies ahead").

MAN:  
 (He thought to himself  
 As he walked down the dream)  
 No! This is no dream,  
 Why think it so?  
 It's just a plain fog  
 Playing tricks in my head.  
 Only another day, and home  
 From the office againt;  
 But this feeling of evil,  
 and dream,  
 I can't shake it off!  
 It must be the whispering mist  
 Sending thoughts through my head  
 Like a wail from the dead.

BELL:  
 No wail from the dead,  
 But a weeping from life:  
 A wail from your wife  
 Who thinks she  
 will die.

MAN:  
 Was it someone who spoke?  
 Good Lord! these thoughts in my head!  
 Stop this nonsense.  
 Shake this feeling of evil,  
 Think of Ann, darling Ann  
 Dearest Ann, all my own.  
 I'll be home in a moment  
 To kiss you my Ann.  
 By the fireside I'll kiss you  
 And tell you the feeling

That I had on my way  
 From the office  
 to home— and we'll laugh  
 And you'll say;  
 "How silly you are,—  
 But I love you despite  
 Your strange thoughts  
 In the night,  
 From the office to home—  
 Thoughts of evil from office to home."  
 Thoughts of death for my Ann  
 From the office to home.

BELL:

Look about you  
 Are you not lost?

MAN:

Where am I?  
 I am lost!

BELL:

The hand of the mist leads  
 His footsteps astray  
 From his home and his wife,  
 From his Joan—  
 Leads his footsteps astray  
 from the paths of the day  
 To the wastes of a dream  
 You are lost  
 All is lost  
 look about  
 You are lost  
 lost  
 lost!

MAN:

I'll ask my way  
 At the house I see,  
 By the only light  
 on the street.  
 They'll direct me to home  
 To my Joan  
 And I'll tell the

strange things that befell me  
 From office to home.

BELL:

Strange things that befell  
 From the office to home.  
 Yes, walk to the house,  
 (through the white and the black),  
 The house by the light.  
 Why do you stand there  
 To look at the house  
 By the light (in the black and the white)?  
 Have you been here before?  
 Have you been here before?  
 To THIS HOUSE?

MAN:

It's a house by a light  
 It's a house by a light  
 And I've seen it before  
 As if in a dream  
 I've seen it before;  
 But I've never been here!  
 Yet I've seen it before!

BELL:

All is lost  
 All is lost,  
 Lost!  
 When you open  
 the door  
 The large oaken door  
 With the knocker of brass—  
 When you open the door.

MAN:

Oh God! Why have I this feeling?  
 My head hurts so!  
 I feel so weak and light  
 I know I'm awake—  
 In a nightmare world  
 Where hollowness lies  
 Down the black path,  
 And echoes come  
 Screaming from eternity

To this twisted moment  
 — this crying, hollow moment  
 To be lost in the giggle of time  
 Stop! — Christ stop!  
 Say to myself  
 This is only a day  
 Like the rest  
 (Yet I'm lost at the house  
 With the large oaken door  
 and the knocker of brass).  
 It's the heat of the day,  
 and I'm ill—that's it!  
 I'm ill and I've lost my way.

BELL:

Ah no!  
 Step up to the black oak door  
 And slam the yellow knocker  
 Like this — and this!  
 Listen to the echo  
 die to hollowness  
 In the hollow house.

The door opens and a young man answers, who is the image of the lost one. The latter looks startled in the weeping moment, at the face, but does not realize the resemblance. The host asks him in.

MAN:

I've lost my way  
 Pray tell me my way  
 I've lost my way  
 from the office to home.

The host smiles — it is not a friendly smile, but a grin of evil — HE KNOWS.

HOST:

Ah yes my friend,  
 I've waited for you  
 In the hollow moment.  
 I'll show you your way.  
 My wife will direct you  
 For you see I am busy,  
 And she knows  
 Your way,  
 Even better than I.

The host leaving the lost man goes into a parlour, and kissing a woman, points to the lost one and vanishes. The lost man does not see the host vanish for he merely seems to lose himself in the shadows of an adjoining room. The woman turns to the lost one with a welcoming smile and for the first time he really sees her. He turns white with horror.

NO — NO it can't be!

Yes it is!

You're my wife

—My Ann

Oh Christ — Oh God!

What does this mean?

I thought you were mine,

Yet I find you here

In the house and the love  
 of another.

In this familiar house  
 of the familiar man.

I don't . . .

I don't — understand

Have you left me  
 forever?

BELL:

Now comes mighty, red  
 dripping hate  
 Shrieking and laughing  
 —Screaming with laughter  
 down the black time  
 To this hollow moment.  
 Rising from the oozing well  
 of bleary madness  
 to rip and tear  
 this lost one  
 with talons biting deep  
 Into the eyeballs  
 and throat  
 and heart;  
 Turning stunned silence  
 Into a raging hell of  
 fury,  
 And drooping hands  
 to bands  
 of crushing steel  
 — crushing steel

- hammering steel
- black steel

The man leaps to the fireside and grabbing a poker, turns and hits the woman again and again.

MAN: (Drawing back in unbelieving horror.)

Oh Christ — She's dead

She's DEAD!

She lies in dark red death

And liquid life.

(He stands stunned)

Remember the time we

Slept upon the purple hills

under the red maple

Remember our lips together

and our love—

Remember our love Ann

Remember your white death Ann?

Lying with white hands

On your white breasts

In the white chapel

On the warm, green hill.

I looked upon your stillness

With unbelieving eyes,

Until a red petal

Dropped upon your throat,

And the petal turned into

Shiny blood,

And in the reflection of life

I saw my face distorted into hate

by the ripples

With a black poker in my hand!

There's something black

in my hand now, Ann

What is it?

Please tell me what it is.

Surely you died quietly

In the white chapel

On the warm green hill —

Not lying before me,

Not lying in a halo

Of golden hair and redness

On the black carpet? —

Trying to crawl towards me

And say you were sorry,

But you really can't understand

Why I killed you.

Shall I tell you darling;

Darling Ann —

Darling harlot, —

You were in the arms of a shadow

With a familiar face

In the familiar house —

The hollow house.

That's why I killed.

I killed you as well,

Because I loved you so blindly,

And couldn't stand seeing you

Turn from me

With a sterile love held tightly back

From blue eyes.

But the red love I saw

Come out of you,

And I could find nothing but hollowness

In you.

No more loving with familiar shadows Ann!

You can crawl towards me

From your twisted position

Because you know now

Why I hit you

With my black love again

And again,

And again!

See my black love in my white hand!

Hear me screaming,

As I hit you again

And again,

So you can't crawl towards me,

And lift your white hands

to me;

And lift yourself by your red nails

To my shoulders,

And kiss my dry yellow lips

With your soft, torn mouth

And look into my eyes

From black holes—

Keep away!

So back to your twisted sleep;

I fear you and hate you now —

I'm afraid of you

Red Ann.  
Keep away!

He runs out of the house screaming, dropping the poker just inside the half opened door. Down the street he races until he bumps into a policeman. (He does not realize that he has come back to reality.)

POLICEMAN:

Sure, an' what's this yer after doin' now! Runnin' down the street like a foin fool. You'll be wantin' to kill somebody if you don't whatch your step me boy.

MAN:  
I killed her!  
I killed her!  
Come with me  
Oh God! — She's dead,—  
dead, —  
dead.  
I didn't mean to,  
But she stood in  
the familiar house  
with the familiar shadow  
and I killed her.

The policeman goes with the man to humour him; thinking the lost one quite drunk, and arriving at the one light on the street, the lost one stops — falters and a dull glazed look of utter incredulity comes into his eyes — there was

NO HOUSE THERE - ONLY AN EMPTY LOT!

MAN:  
is . . . .  
there . . . . no house . . . .  
. . . there.  
Oh Christ! Tell me  
Quickly, quickly.

POLICEMAN: Bejabours and yer really full to-night me by. I'll be after takin' ya home!

MAN: (Reality flooding back, and his adventure is now but a grim nightmare.)

Thank God  
But a dream!  
I must have been ill!  
Thank-you very much officer, but I'm alright now.

(He looks about him and recognizes that he is only a street away from his own home.)

I'll be going now. Thanks again!

POLICEMAN: Well I'll be damned. That was the quickest recovery I ever did see! Goodnight sir!

(The man runs up the street)

BELL:  
But the bell has not  
Tolled for the gray  
man  
In the gray town,  
The hollow moment  
Has not ended!

(He turn and runs up to his house, He stops suddenly, His face turns ghastly white, and he falls down gasping and glassy eyed.)

BELL:  
The giggle of time  
Turns to peals of laughter!  
Ring the cracked bells  
And scream at their harsh chimes!  
Grit your teeth  
And laugh until the  
tears roll down  
the skull faces  
of the horseman!  
Laugh Old Time  
For the hollow moment  
Is ended in reality,  
Not nightmare,  
For the lost one  
Suddenly knows  
— he knows  
clang.  
He knows!  
Why has he fallen?

Because he saw at his home  
 the oaken door open  
 and the brass knocker gleaming.  
 The house he remembered  
 In the nightmare—  
 He had seen in a dream —  
 The dream of waking.  
 It was his own house.  
 CLANG!  
 We laugh  
 At our funny joke!  
 Do you know what he  
 saw? What he  
 Remembered?  
 He saw a black poker  
 Lying in the  
 open door —  
 That's what he saw!  
 And what he remembered?  
 Clang!  
 He remembered that the shadow with the familiar  
 face,  
 That he saw in the familiar house,  
 Kissing his wife  
 Was  
 HIMSELF!!  
 Clang!  
 The hollow moment is ended.  
 Toll the cracked bell  
 For the gray time  
 In the gray town  
 For a dead man.

## CANADA, AFRICA AND THE "GREAT FEAR"

*M. J. Seeley*

During recent months many news analysts, writers and political and military speakers have been sowing unnecessary seeds of fear. American and Canadian readers and audiences have in their usual naive, receptive, unquestioning belief in writers and speakers, accepted what they have had to say. As a consequence fear stalks our continent.

Few people on this side of the Atlantic can imagine any fear more terrifying than the fear of invasion and a war fought on their farms and in their cities. It is a fear which may well cause people to panic! But it is not the "Great Fear", which is fear of a world-wide war for survival, a war which will see the worst elements of destruction invented by man, used against his fellow man.

An analysis of the factors involved in an invasion of this continent convince this writer that our present wave of what we term 'selfish' fear is unnecessary. The real "Great Fear" is something quite different and something which should drive all selfish fear from our minds at this time. Look at the world, look at the factors involved in an invasion and see how futile this 'petit peur' really is.

This article is not written to give Canadians and Americans a feeling of false security. God save us from that! We wish to make people more alive to their responsibility in weighing their facts carefully before allowing any selfish fear to sweep them off their feet.

We maintain that Africa, and not Canada will be the arena of the coming war. It is this alternative which we would like to hear discussed a bit more these days, by people who will not let the facts condition their lives and thinking into selfish complacency. It will help, because it will make people a little more conscious of the fact that war is inevitable, that it will be world-wide in scope and effect, and that there can be no neutral power. We say this because it is surprising the number of people who feel that Canada or Britain should be neutral in the coming conflict. Such a thought is unrealistic and unsound. In a world where Russia is playing the Geopolitical game with all resources at her command, there can be no neutrals. There can be no alternative. Nations have to be for or against the aggressor. No nation could evade the issue.

But first, why do we believe that our Continent will not be invaded by Russia? Perhaps the best reason we could give is the fact

that there is over 5,000 miles of wasteland, ice and tundra between the inhabited areas of Canada and the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The problem of transportation or moving huge armies capable of invasion, over such a route dwarfs the imagination. Invasion by air over this frontier area would be an impossibility. (i.e. invasion by anything but the odd paratroop platoon.)

It is over 3500 miles by air to Vladivostok from Fairbanks, Alaska, and another 1400 miles from Edmonton to Fairbanks. Invasion by this air route is therefore almost impossible with present aircraft size, fuel and design. How Russia could transport by sea or land any army capable of offensive operations against this continent seems equally incredible. Progress across the snow and ice cap of the Arctic is slow and tedious. Soldiers would have to travel light and what use is a modern army without heavy offensive equipment?

The Canadian government recently conducted a military experiment north of Churchill, Man., where weather conditions are temperate compared to those across the roof of the continent. Their special equipment, snowmobile troop carriers, etc., found the tundra snow-covered wasteland a tremendous obstacle to progress. They could not have completed their short jaunt without the aid of supplies dropped by air from planes operating out of nearby bases "if and when." The "If and When" is a question of no little importance. It concerns the meteorologist and the weather! Flying conditions in the Arctic are extremely dangerous as well as uncertain. For every day when flying is possible, there are two or three when aircraft are grounded. Sudden weather changes often force planes to discontinue flights, too.

What would have happened to the few hundred soldiers near Churchill, Man. if they had been dropped by parachute near the Arctic Circle or on a tip of Alaska . . . on the edge of the wasteland and not near convenient airfields and supply points?

By land, sea or air an invasion of our continent seems improbable, too, because of the lack of inventive mechanical genius among Russians. They can copy indifferently excellent equipment but they neither know how to maintain it nor produce maximum serviceability once it is in running order. Reports of the recent war in Europe convince us that although the Russians may have had large numbers of aircraft they were ineffectual for large-scale offensive purposes. Russia showed us nothing about bombing in the last war; her air power was used for troop support and home defense. That is another reason why we even doubt the feasibility of any effective bombing of North American cities by Russian bombers.

No we need not fear an invasion. Russia has not the mechanical ability or the industrial capacity to produce enough to equip and transport invasion forces across the Arctic Circle. Her store of man-power

is vast, yes, but paltry men can be helpless against the fierce terrors of the Arctic elements. This goes for men singly or in armies. An army can freeze to death and starve in breath-freezing 70 below weather just as easily as have brave, well-equipped scientists in the past.

Do not forget, too, that in terms of armies, which have to move by land or water, the 5,000 miles from inhabited Canada to the Trans-Siberian Railway is distance as the "crow flies". By land that distance could easily be increased to seven or eight thousand miles.

Ever the Yalta-smiling, sinister Stalin knows how impossible an invasion of this continent via the Arctic would be. They do not possess the navy required for an invasion by sea anywhere along the west coast either, a point which many forget. It seems reasonable, then, to discredit the stories and calm the fears of those who have been persuaded that Canada and the United States will be the future battle-field in the war which faces us.

We are strongly convinced that in Africa will be decided the fate of the world of the 1950's and 1960's. Russia, just as was mistaken Germany, is a keen, practical student of Geopolitics. She realizes that the nation which controls the land mass of Eurasia must control the world. And what has she done about it?

She won her point at Yalta when she was given control of Eastern Europe. She has been capitalizing on it ever since. Having won the industrial Silesian area, the food-producing fertile plains of eastern Germany and Poland and the man-power and strategic position of Austria, she set about waging her "cold war" on Europe. Today, as this is being written, the Italian elections are two weeks away. They will decide the immediate future of the world. Czechoslovakia, the industrial centre of the great Bohemian heartland has recently fallen under Russian control, and her dominion over the economic and political life of Central Europe is assured. Only Greece and Turkey remain free, of all the eastern European nations. Today pressure is being exerted on them. Greece is fighting a bloody defensive war; Turkey waits for the inevitable move of her traditional enemy. Readers of this article will already know what has happened to Italy.

Will she remain free? Will the forces of reaction win, by democratic means, the right to enslave that over-populated, class-torn country? If she does remain free will a civil war result in her eventual overthrow?

Stalin's recent victory in Finland has bolstered up Russian morale and the morale of Russian political agents in Italy. The recent financial scandals brought to light in the Papal household have materially aided the Communist workers among anti-clerical Italian industrial workers and the millions of unemployed who look with envy on the numerous individuals and institutions in Italy which live luxuriously amidst un-

speakable misery and poverty. If the anti-democratic forces win, what next?

It is obvious that the Mediterranean would be a Soviet sphere of influence, that Turkey would have to sue for a *Pax Russica* and that the whole Arab world would be threatened . . . and Africa would now be open to Russian penetration.

The "Cold War" front we are speaking of is only one of a number of Russian fronts. How long will Norway and Sweden escape the rough embrace of Stalin? How would this outflanking move affect British-French strategy? How about the Benelux countries? How about Germany? To look further east, how will Russian strategy in China change? This poor encircled, war-weary people have already lost a considerable area to Russia and it looks as if the United States has only managed to salvage part of Korea from the grasp of the Russian's "victorious" army!

But to return to Africa. If the Italian elections are won by Communists, Britain, France and the United States, along with their areas of Germany must prepare for war . . . in Africa. Britain has already been doing the spade work (as usual) and has opened up heavy industry in Rhodesia and developed highways, railways and airfields across Africa . . . bordering the southern extremities of that excellent defensive area, the Sahara. This is where Russia can fight her coming war to advantage, for here her enormous reserves of man power will count most. The Russians are a vigorous northern people and can fight a desert war as well as can Germans, Britons and Americans. Their tanks and infantry could fight to advantage on favourable terrain. What a fine location for an all-out war!

Britain and her allies will have to develop a Maginot line of air fields and supply dumps, camps and troop concentrations, and sit back and wait. If the allies do not act, then Russia, in the meanwhile, by taking advantage of unsettled economic conditions in France, by taking advantage of the depression period which many predict is about to come (barring all-out preparation for war), can engage in a vicious "Cold-War" in France and perhaps win an election. This step may have been foreseen by the Benelux-French-British economic union move recently completed and may prevent immediate Russian pressure on France. However that may be, the fact remains that war must come! If Italy has gone to Russia it must come soon, whether by way of France or by way of possible Turkish or Arab resistance to Russian demands for "agreements", economic or military.

Even if Italy does not vote for Communism the battle field will still be Africa, for pressure will then undoubtedly be put on Greece and Turkey. Russian armies could quickly overrun Europe as did the armies of Germany. Russia has mobilized to such an extent that

resistance to all-out Russian pressure in Europe would be impossible. With all Europe and Asia as a base for operations Russia could sit back and take her time preparing for her battles. When hostilities commenced, England would again be the target for mass rocket and bombing raids and the resources of the Western World would again have to be mobilized for the final phase of the war which started in 1914, and more particularly in 1917 when Communists took over Russia in an ideological civil war.

These are my reasons for thinking that we should not fear invasion. A good healthy fear of the inevitable is natural. The "Great Fear" is just such a fear! Like death, it is inevitable! It will come to all Western Civilization soon if we lose Italy. It should be an ever-present thought in the minds of men, but unfortunately, human nature being what it is, primarily selfish and living only for 'today' without much thought for 'tomorrow', men just don't think of, and prepare for, emergencies, physical or emotional.

This war will be a struggle for survival and that is why we call it the "Great Fear". No person living today will be unaffected by it. It is a sad commentary on our civilization, it is true. All men can do now is to cry "Awake, Awake! The struggle may start sooner than YOU think!" In the meantime we should try not to make too much of a mess of the opening stages of the war . . . the war of nerves, the "Cold War". Try not to let the enemy, or any false prophets sap your strength and your courage by instilling a useless, unhealthy, selfish fear in you. It is, next to the Russian menace, our greatest enemy today.

## ‘‘THE BULLET’’

R. Robertson

Flattened against the stone parapet he took careful aim with bleared red-rimmed eyes, fired, and then laughed harshly as he heard a ringing curse from the building opposite.

‘‘That made him jump,’’ Dimitrios mumbled conversationally from his left and he nodded.

‘‘Yer blasted right it did. But what good 'ld it do if I did nail him? There'd only be another there as soon as they found him out of things, and—’’ The sharp sting of flying stone cut his words off as a bullet ploughed a twisted scar in the wall beside him.

He slapped a rough and calloused hand against his burning forehead and held it there, pressing tightly against the pain, trying to kill it as he would a flea. He rubbed his temples wearily and, lowering his arm, stared at the smear of blood across his grimy palm. He played with it listlessly, rolling sweat, dust and blood into little clots. His thoughts wandered.

‘‘That hurt! I'd like to get him properly . . . I wonder if . . . if I've still got that Snider .303 I took off the American? . . . Queer, that.’’ He fumbled through his pockets and finally produced the cartridge — long and deadly, the gleaming brass case ending in a delicately notched steel percussion cap—a cap that had been carefully, skillfully designed to blow the largest hole at the greatest distance, that would mushroom out only after penetrating its target, when destruction was so much more assured.

‘‘What a hole that'd make. Wouldn't want to use one of those hunting . . . even stop a bear though. Better than a human . . . Funny damn thing this whole affair. Take a man from his farm, conscript him again, as if Germany wasn't enough, tell him he's volunteered to fight in Greece and ship here before he has even time to get home for a last fling. What do I care about these greasers and who runs their blasted country? . . . Never saw such land! Not a farm left whole for fifty miles, fields wasted . . . it'd take years to get one running again, but then . . . some wouldn't be half bad. Why . . . if I could only get her out of the country we might make something of a living here. Better off than last year anyway. Seed tolls — they bleed you dry . . . But there's the Police and comrade Beria's boys too. Still, none of these kind work. Olives indeed, they make me sick . . .’’

‘‘Imagine the nerve! Sending me here. What right had they, what right? Answer me that, eh!’’

But there was no one but Dimitri so they talked quietly, cursing the heat, the bugs, the whole rotten set-up. There they were, stuck in a fort just outside the town gate, and there, just within the town walls, sat the Royalists. You were almost spitting distance apart and could do nothing, with only the small arms you had, to change matters. And tomorrow it was rumoured that They would send over planes. That would be the end for them, and he and Dimitri were both scared, and brave enough not to hide their fear.

The morning slowly passed, the blazing globe of the sun rose higher and higher into the brazen sky, burning down on them, shrivelling them, stifling them in the dust and their sweat. Flies buzzed ceaselessly — plump, metallic, well fed — and the nauseating stench of dung and corruption rose in a fetid cloud from the quadrangle below them. The distant hills shimmered uncertainly in the glare and even the other fort danced and swayed languidly in the heat.

The colours were harsh and flat, the ceaseless glare burnt into the eyes, conjunction contrasts of brilliancy and pastel shades formed the motif of the scene. The grey of the rolling hills, the bright sparkle of a distant arm of the sea, the crowded village struggling up a dusty valley, its white-washed walls and dark slate roofs, the gleam of shattered glass, the contrast between the faded brown of uniforms and the brighter hues of the town girls' dresses, a single blaze of flowers which still bloomed before the gutted town-hall — all this might have stirred the soul of an artist, but was wasted on the men, who, in their misery, felt only its raw cruelty, its harshness fired by their own turmoil.

Dimitri swore bitterly — at the heat, at the stink, at the creatures that crept and bit and stung in the raw soreness of his arm-pits. Still grumbling he stretched, yawned prodigiously and rose to flex his stiff muscles.

Crack! His short gasp was cut off by the rush of blood from his throat. He glared perplexedly across the street and then gradually collapsed. He folded up in sections: his jaw dropped imbecilely, he doubled over into himself, his knees buckled, and he tumbled backwards. His heels kicked as he slithered over into the littered courtyard.

The other cursed wildly, glaring malevolently toward the Royalist. ‘‘Damned b—.’’ He had lent Dimitri over an hundred Denarii on their last leave and now not even his clothes would be worth the trouble of repairing — a dead loss. He could see the swirls of smoke that drifted over the sand-bagged wall opposite him. He shot at them fitfully, and then amused himself by throwing stones at a thrush which hopped about the rubble seeking the stray straws, bits of cloth and other trivia which attracted it. Having hit it, and still feeling bored and nerv-

ous, he decided to clean his gun. He stretched out on his stomach, dug his kit out of the satchel slung over his shoulder and, wiping his hands on his shirt, set to work. He handled the rifle tenderly, lovingly, and worked quickly and easily, losing himself in his task, forgetting fear, hunger, anxiety in the pride of possession, the associations of familiarity which the cleaning embodied. He dismantled the breech and carefully cleansed and oiled it, wrapping it in an old rag while he swabbed out the barrel. Finally he had it reassembled, and paused to wipe his dirty and bestubbed face with a tattered handkerchief.

The Royalist shot again. This time the bullet plucked the cloth from his startled grasp. Enraged, he pumped shot after shot across the alleyway, saw only the spurts of dust and mortar which hung motionless in the heavy air before drifting apart. He groaned, the agony of his hatred twisting his belly into knots of rage. He thought of the Snyder again, and of the Royalist, and a fleeting grin twisted his face in a gar-goyle leer. He broke open the gun. As he blew through the barrel he watched the spiral of the rifling twist and merge into the glare of the sky; he slipped in the shell and stooped over to retrieve the bandanna.

As he did so the stock of his rifle rose above the wall and the Royalist, seizing his chance, aimed carefully and fired. The bullet smacked into the carved end, tore the gun from his hand and sent it spinning into the square below. He watched it as it fell, thinking sadly of how he would miss it and was shocked to see the butt crunch into Dimitri's face. He saw the flash as it went off, and even had time to see the cloud of flies rise off the corpse before the heavy slug tore through his chest. Still in a daze he watched the courtyard rush up to meet him; his eyes glazed, and he was dead when he smashed into the cobbles.

## THE ETERNAL SYMPHONY

*A Meditation on the Windows of St. Mark's Chapel.*

*R. S. Jervis-Read*

### THE PRELUDE.

There is music. A glint of the afternoon sun shining down through the west window, with its three Old Testament scenes, seems to be the source of the sound. There is something haunting and elusive in it, a wailing Jewish melody, which has neither beginning nor end; as though it were seeking, striving for an unknown goal. But it expresses an unconquerable belief. The Passover lamb has been sacrificed and the blood carried away to mark the posts of the door, yet even as he completes the sacrifice, the High Priest seems to ask, "Why does God thus deliver a rebellious people?" But the question is too much for him, and he can only give thanks for the deliverance. Now the music swells to a new intensity; Moses has lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness and God has healed his people. And once again out of the music comes the cry, "Why does God thus deliver a rebellious people?" But the question is too much even for Moses, and he can only give thanks for the deliverance. Then a calmer strain emerges, a flowing melody, with more assurance and equal faith. The spies are returning, bearing with them the first fruits of the Promised Land. Once again God has delivered His people, this time from the Canaanite, and though now they are beginning to see his plan, they still do not understand His bounty.

### THE FIRST MOVEMENT.

A moment of silence, then a new sound from the double window of the Annunciation and Nativity. The Angelus rings introduce to the First Movement of the Symphony, and as the bell fades, an unseen choir chants the responses. The melody, beautiful beyond human comprehension, expresses a clear meaning: "The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary", sings the choir, "and she conceived of the Holy Ghost." The answer comes in flute-like tones: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy word." Then all the Heavenly host bursts forth singing, "Glory to God in the Highest," and an earthly choir answers: "And the Word was made Flesh and

dwelt among us." The main theme of the Movement is caught up by the second and succeeding pairs of windows, each adding to its glory, each developing and explaining it.

At the Epiphany window comes the first hint of a flowing counterpoint, which carries the answer to the questioning of the Prelude. The Stranger had expressly been excluded from the Jewish Passover, but now he is admitted and welcomed. After listening to the Christ Child questioning the Doctors in the Temple, the counterpoint becomes recognizable for the Work of the Incarnate Word, and at the same time it is realized that the main theme of this movement has been from the beginning the Love of God. But still there is a questioning: "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?" In response the counterpoint asks, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Suddenly a long silence. But an answer must be given to both questions. It comes at the next pair of windows: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." With great assurance now the music progresses, the melody and the counterpoint somehow become one, and the Baptism of Jesus and the Call of the Disciples give certain answer to all questions, that the Love of God demands the co-operation of men, as fellow-workers with Him.

A moment's pause and there is announced in a clear treble voice the subject of a Choral Fugue describing the Work of the Word. "A Sower went forth", it sings at the window of Christ preaching the parable of the Sower; then as an alto voice takes up the subject, the treble continues with a counter-subject: "He healeth all thy diseases", and attention is drawn to the Sick of the Palsy, let down through the roof to Jesus' feet. At the bass entry the subject is slightly altered and the words are, "I am the bread of life", as five thousand have their bodies nourished and the Seed sown in their hearts. There is in this last statement of the subject a reminiscence of the Prelude, and the bounty of God through the return of the Spies. The development of the Fugue is intricate, and it becomes almost impossible to distinguish the voices one from another; then it is understood that the three aspects of the Work of the Word, preaching, healing and feeding unite into a single expression of the Love of God.

Of a sudden, before the Fugue is finished, it is overcome by the voice of God once more proclaiming, "This is my Beloved Son", and at the Transfiguration window a great swelling cadence expresses the glory of "the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." After this it seems that there can be no more questioning, the Love of God expressed in the Work of the Word was manifest in Christ's earthly days, but now through Moses and Elias is revealed that it has been His work from the very beginning. The High Priest's question is answered.

There follows a brief restatement of the opening theme of this

First Movement as Jesus takes up in His arms the little children, weak and helpless as he had been at Bethlehem; and then without warning a new and unintelligible melody as Lazarus is raised from the dead; but the explanation of this is to come in the Second Movement.

#### THE SECOND MOVEMENT.

"Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord", peels a mighty organ, and the brasses and cymbals cry out, "Hosannah in the Highest"; a lowly beast of burden, with a shouting in his ears and palms before his feet proudly bears the Lord of Heaven and Earth into the Holy City, to the doors of His Temple. But an ugly, wordly theme intrudes now, and the Temple is found unworthy and must be cleansed, and sinful man must cower before the awful wrath of God. The Hosannahs die away before the voice of condemnation, "My House shall be called the House of Prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

But listen! What is this familiar melody? It is the opening bars of the Prelude over again, only now the tune is clear and comprehensible. "The Feast of the Passover" is at hand, and the Lamb of God is preparing for the Sacrifice. Types and shadows give way, and inward vision is clear as the majestic Latin of St. Thomas Aquinas is chanted with all the grandeur that Mediaeval plainsong can lend:

"Tantum ergo Sacramentum  
Veneremur cernui  
Et antiquum documentum,  
Novo cedat ritui:  
Praestet fides supplementum  
Sensuum defectui."

At the Gethsemane window the chant becomes sorrowful and heavy, and the Word keeps His solitary watch whilst men sleep; and after that the music probes the depths of human shame as the Holy Son of God is mocked and spit upon. The shadow of the Cross appears above the Altar and the music seems as if it will rend itself with its agony and the pounding of its rhythms. A great cry goes up, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." The very nadir of despair appears to have been reached, and all seems lost. On this low cadence, full of tension, the Second Movement closes.

#### THE THIRD MOVEMENT.

The music bursts forth in a song of triumphant victory, and at the Crucifixion window the Passover is complete, and the Prelude answered once and for all. For as Moses had lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so is the Son of Man lifted up, and being lifted up will draw

all men unto Him; for herein is love, "not that we loved God, but that He loved us: and sent His Son to be the Propitiation for our sins." All at once the choir is singing a new song: "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the Feast." The glorious Easter Anthem stemming in unbounded joy from the Resurrection window — Christ, "The Firstfruits of them that slept", raised from the dead in a much more wonderful way than He had raised Lazarus (for Lazarus would die again), in order that He might return to the Promised Land at the Ascension, to prepare a place there for us. And at the Ascension window is a half cadence followed by a short pause.

High in the string section begins a new melody which gradually grows into a sound like a mighty rushing wind, as at the window of Pentecost, tongues of fire descend upon the Apostles' heads, transforming them from the tired and timid men who had slept at Gethsemane and fled from the Crucifixion, into bold and tireless soldiers of Christ. Their Adversary quickly appears. The same theme of worldliness and pride which had been cast out at the cleansing of the Temple, returns to cast out St. Stephen and make him the first Martyr. But God counters this theme by converting to His own use its chief singer. And so Saul, "yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter", "saw at mid-day a light above the brightness of the Sun." And though his horse might kick and rear against the spurs, Saul had no strength to resist but followed obediently his Lord's commands, and being converted became St. Paul and "laboured more abundantly than they all."

## CODA.

The music dies away and the Symphony seems ended, but then from the window of St. Mark, halfway down the south wall, arises a new melody. It is the Coda, showing how the Work of the Word is being carried on on Earth, through the Holy Spirit speaking in the lives of men. St. Mark, the first Evangelist; countless early (and later) Saints, "of whom the world was not worthy", who bared their necks like St. Alban to feel the sword, or went to the wild beast or the stake as they followed in the steps of St. Stephen; St. Patrick, "earnestly contending for the Faith" before the Irish kings, and helping to fulfil the promise of the Epiphany; and finally St. Aidan the Celt and St. Augustine, the Roman, whose preaching brought the music of the Symphony to Britain, and thence to the Western Hemisphere and all the World — the Work of the Word as manifested in all these is sung in the Coda.

The Chapel is almost dark by now, and as the windows fade on the sight, so the music fades out of hearing. But the Symphony is not ended — it can have no ending, for its rhythms and themes are of the texture of the deep undertones of suffering and Creation. It is the Eternal Symphony.

A list of the windows on which this is based follows:—

## West Window—

The Passover.  
Moses and the Brazen Serpent.  
Return of the Spies.

## The North Wall—

The Annunciation.  
The Nativity.  
The Epiphany.  
Jesus found in the Temple.  
Baptism of Jesus.  
Call of Disciples.  
Christ Preaching from the ship.  
Healing of the Sick of the Palsy.  
Feeding of the Five Thousand.  
The Transfiguration.  
Jesus Blessing Children.  
Raising of Lazarus.

## Sanctuary—

Triumphal Entry.  
Cleansing of the Temple.  
Last Supper.  
Gethsemane.  
Jesus Mocked.  
Crucifixion.  
Resurrection.  
Ascension.  
Pentecost.  
Martyrdom of St. Stephen.  
Conversion of St. Paul.

## South Wall—

St. Mark.  
Martyrdom of St. Alban.  
Preaching of St. Patrick.  
Preaching of St. Aidan.  
Preaching of St. Augustine.

## MONEY FOR JAM

*Stephen G. T. May*

"It's quite easy to cash a cheque in England — when you know how!!"

This thought occurred to me the other evening as I stood in the lower hall outside the Porter's Office catching up on my co-educational conversation with a fair wench. As we chatted, my glance fell upon a large packing crate which proclaimed in large black type that it had come from W. Horner, Chester-le-Street, England. A chord of memory twitched in my brain and I began to think where I had come across the name Chester-le-Street before.

"Are you listening?" my companion asked at length as she sat herself upon the crate.

"Frankly no; I'm thinking", I murmured.

"About what?"

"Chester-le-Street!"

"Chester-le-Street", she queried, "what on earth made you think of that name?"

"The name is printed on the side of the crate upon which you're sitting", I answered, still pretty well wrapped in thought.

She got up from her seat and looked at the crate.

"So it is! Well, what of it?"

"I believe I have it now. I knew there was something in that name that brought back memories".

She jumped up and re-seated herself upon the crate.

"Continue", she said, "you interest me strangely!!"



"Chester-le-Street is not a large town, just a commonplace British town tucked away in the Midland Country. It doesn't produce much save the wares offered by Mr. Horner, and I wasn't there long enough to discover just what his wares are. Had it been a big town I should never have seen it because we stopped there in convoy one day and the higher ups were always careful to see that convoys steered clear of the bigger towns and cities. As a rule we made our stops outside small towns or out in the country but never within walking distance of a fair sized town.

On this particular occasion our Regiment was returning after a week at firing camp and we had been driving all morning with just the usual two hour halts. Just on the outskirts of Chester-le-Street we made an hour and a half stop for lunch. It should, by rights, have been a two hour stop but, just by chance, our cook discovered some cans of corned beef which required no cooking and we were thus able to chop half an hour off our lunch time.

In view of the corned beef and hardtack it was not difficult for me to round up a friend who was willing to set out for the village on a search for a tea shop where we could buy something more substantial, and agreeable, than bully beef.

"It's going to be an awful dry homecoming with no cash in the pocket when we hit camp!", Bob remarked as we strolled along, "I could do with a good bender too!!"

It was then, stirred by these words and the prospect of a gay time to be had at the Grapes of Wrath when we reached camp, that I thought of my bank account. It was a fairly prosperous account nestled safely in the vault at Barclay's Bank in Purley not far from Croydon. That however was now many miles away from us.

"I suppose I could offer four pounds at this stage but I'll have to cash a cheque first", I ventured.

"Some hope you've got", Bob muttered, "might as well try to get blood out of a stone!" "Still", he added, "you could try. They can only say no". How about identification, got any on you?"

"My pay book and my cheque book are the only things. I must have left my bank book in camp".

"Well, let's have a go anyhow", Bob said and without further ado we headed for the bank.

The town had only one bank and, as luck would have it, it was a branch of Lloyd's Bank.

"This makes it worse", I said as we stepped into the lobby, "but now that we're here there's no sense turning back".

There were no other customers in the place and I went over to the desk to make out my cheque. Bob took up a stand by the Teller's cage and waited. I completed my cheque and handed it to the Teller.

"It's not on Lloyd's Bank but it's good", I said hopefully fumbling through my pockets for the Pay Book.

"Yes sir", replied the clerk, "quite all right sir". He peeled off four crisp new one pound notes and handed them through the cage to me.

"There you are sir".

I blinked at him and turned to glance at Bob. He smiled broadly and, dumbfounded at the ease with which I had cashed my cheque, I pocketed the money.

'Thank you very much', I said to the Teller and, together with Bob, left the Bank.

Outside the Bank I turned to Bob.

'Why that was phenomenal', I said, 'that's the first time I've ever cashed a cheque that easily. It can't be done as easily as that even in Canada let alone this fool country'.

'Couldn't possibly be due to our friends here could it', Bob replied still grinning broadly.

I looked at him and then glanced at my own left shoulder. Hanging quietly by their slings our Tommy Guns glistened in the sun.

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"It's quite easy to cash a cheque in England — when you know how!!"

## THE TRUTH ABOUT TIME TRAVELLING

F. O. Lajoie

Few if any of H. G. Bells' readers ever thought that his novel, *The Time Machine*, might have been inspired by actual events. Nevertheless, as proven by recent occurrences and discoveries, the truth is that it was. All the proof needed has now been collected by the Royal Society of British Scientists, and is presented in its current Monthly Report. This report, which is destined to become more epoch-making than the atomic bomb, is here reprinted in full.

### THE BYRD DINOSAUR

Some time ago, there was received by this Society a number of unusual objects together with appertaining documents, the whole being a bequest of the late Mr. H. G. Bells. This Society, at the time that Mr. Bells' bequest was received, was inclined to consider it a hoax and to return it to his executors, but owing to an especially strong plea on the part of the donor that the objects and the documents in question be retained, they were stored away.

These objects, when first examined, seemed no different from ordinary bullets, excepting that they were of an incredible hardness, and multicolored, the colours running in streaks as in marble. Later examinations followed by minute experiments revealed that the single metal of which these objects are composed is an unknown element, and further, that the various colours of the metal can be reproduced by heating it at different temperatures. It is obvious that these objects are not of contemporary or of ancient manufacture, nor that they are the products of an accident of Nature.

The documents which accompanied the objects mentioned in the above paragraph consisted of a letter from Mr. Bells' executors, informing the Society of the bequest, and another, over Mr. Bells' signature, principally informing the Society of the circumstances in which the donor became possessed of the bullets. In view of recent events and of Mr. Bells' interesting revelations regarding the Time Machine of the future, the text of his letter is hereafter reproduced in its entirety.

Sevenoaks, Kent

Royal Society of British Scientists,  
London, S.W. 1

Gentlemen:

Together with this letter you will have received a small parcel containing five metallic objects. The nature of these objects and the manner of my becoming possessed of them is explained in this letter. It is my request that your Society become the Guardians of them. These objects must be safeguarded and must be preserved for posterity. For the sake of the advancement of science, I beg you, gentlemen, not to deny my request. I fully realize the unusual character of this whole matter, and for this reason wish to emphasize the fact that a refusal of my request, with the subsequent and inevitable loss of the objects in question, will deprive Science of invaluable knowledge, invaluable knowledge which will be gained sooner or later provided my request is granted.

In 1895, I published a work entitled *The Time Machine*. This is not a work of fiction. It is based on actual events, although a part only of them is recounted. The rest of the story is this.

The Time Traveller, on his way back to his guests, experienced some mechanical trouble with his machine. The full nature of this difficulty was, for obvious reasons, not made known to me, but it had something to do with the quartz rod. At any rate, this caused the machine to begin to stall as it was going through the eighty-ninth millennium, and it came to a stop in the year 89,410. There the Time Traveller was received by some scientists who informed him, in Russian, that the Forward Time Machine had been known and in common use ever since the beginning of their millennium. They also told him that they had but recently completed a Two-Way Time Machine of exceptional range.

The Time Traveller explained to me that his own Time Machine belonged to the former type, which can only travel into the future from its time of departure, although it can of course return to this point. The Two-Way Time Machine, which in motion looks somewhat like a huge tea cup saucer, is capable of travelling into the Past Time Sphere or the Future Time Sphere from the time of the original departure, and afterwards by-pass this point if the Time Travellers so choose.

In addition to this Two-Way Time Machine, the Time Traveller was shown some equipment specially designed and manufactured for use on expeditions planned with the newly developed Time Machine. Among the equipment, the Time Traveller noticed especially the metallic objects in question owing to their unique colouring, and upon asking for permission to examine them more closely was given the five now in your possession. Some other less durable objects, such as concentrated food pills, were also given him, which together with the flowers mentioned in the epilogue to my *The Time Machine* have now perished.

The new friends of the Time Traveller strongly entreated him to remain with them and participate in their experiments, and he would have done so had it not been that he had an appointment with us. So, repairs were made to his Time Machine, and he came back after promising to return as soon as he could. The Time Traveller returned to the eighty-ninth millennium because he felt he belonged to that age.

These things were told me alone, after the other guests had gone, for one thing because the Time Traveller owed me his life, and also because I was the only one among his intimates to credit his account of the events recounted in my book, and to ask for the flowers.

There is no more to tell.

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) H. G. Bells

And now to return to our report. More recently, a member of this Society, a British zoologist on loan to the American Government and whose identity must remain undisclosed at the request of both Washington and London, made an astonishing discovery, while serving as a member of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. It will be recalled that it was during this expedition that an immense ice-free area was discovered in the Antarctic, and that it was thought at first that an oasis or eternal Garden of Eden had been found. The zoologist in question, in company with other scientists who were also members of the Expedition, was sent into this area for a first-hand study of its characteristics, and it was then that the fossilized remains of a dinosaur were found. This dinosaur has since been named the Byrd Dinosaur, in honor of the commander of the Antarctic Expedition, and also to distinguish it from all other dinosaurs.

The Byrd Dinosaur which belongs to the carnivorous variety is in a very good state of preservation, but the remarkable thing about it is that its skull has a hole in the left parietal bone, and that a metallic object similar to those given to this Society by the late H. G. Bells, was found inside the brain pan.

With the permission of the American Government, the discoverer of the skull returned to this country with his find, and immediately entered into consultations with specialist members of this Society, a great number of foreign experts being also called in. The result of all the research undertaken is that it has now been established beyond the shadow of a doubt that the metallic object found inside the skull of the Byrd Dinosaur is identical with those bequeathed to this Society by Mr. Bells.

It is the considered opinion of a majority of the distinguished members of this Society, and of the foreign scientists consulted in the matter, that the Byrd Dinosaur, which lived on the Antarctic Continent some forty million years ago, was shot and killed by a Time Traveller who will set out on his journey approximately 87,000 years from now.

## URBAN TRANSPORTATION

A Survey of the Development of Public Transportation  
in Some Typical Canadian Cities.

*Francis N. Gooch*

The expansion and progress of any modern municipality is closely bound up with the condition and operating efficiency of its essential public services. The importance of such services as water supply, sewage disposal, disease control, electricity or gas supply, which have direct effect on the health or comfort of the community, is obvious. It is not always recognized however, that still another essential public utility — transportation — is of considerable influence in the business and social life of the modern city or town.

The ever increasing tendency to centralization of business and industrial properties in the past four decades of Canadian municipal life, together with the high costs of improvement of traffic facilities, has demonstrated clearly the utter impracticability of the private automobile, no matter in how great numbers, for mass public transportation. For while such vehicles have a proper role in the field of transportation at large, that role is not in the carrying of city dwellers to and from their offices, stores and factories, since the passenger capacity of the conventional automobile is insignificant in comparison to the street space required. Then too, the fact that the majority of owners of such vehicles expect to use available street space for both traffic movement and convenient parking, only results in dire traffic congestion which in turn often calls for drastic remedies and is detrimental to business in congested areas. The only practical alternative to the use of the private automobile is the unhindered use of the types of vehicle best suited to mass transportation, the street car, the motor bus, and the trolley-coach. The capacity of such vehicles in proportion to the street space occupied is a definite advantage in their use in city transportation.

Urban transportation has grown from humble beginnings to a nation-wide industry in the space of less than a century. While local circumstances have varied according to population trends, those most directly concerned in the management and operation of transportation services, whether under public or private auspices, have learned that dependence upon the good will of the travelling public is a larger factor

in such a business enterprise than in many others. No matter what type of operation, public ownership or private franchise, may pertain in any particular community, the same governing principle holds good; i.e., provision of the best possible service at the lowest possible cost, consistent with revenue sufficient to provide for adequate maintenance and a reasonable return on monies invested. Some transit systems have failed to recognize that necessity and have had to cease operation, or have passed under new control, or have undergone long periods of financial stress. To-day there is demanded of any local transit service, if it is to be a successful, courteous service, adequate provision to meet the requirements of the travelling public, together with a constant maximum in efficient management and operation. The transportation industry generally is becoming more and more alert to such necessities and is making earnest attempts to serve the needs of the travelling public in such a way that their services will be used by preference rather than merely by necessity.

It is the purpose of this article, while glancing back over the history of Canadian urban transportation, to indicate along general lines how this is being done in some typical Canadian municipalities. For such purpose, four cities in Eastern Canada, two large and two of moderate size, and two in Western Canada similarly, have been selected.

### QUEBEC

In the development of its public transportation system, picturesque, old Quebec affords a story quite in keeping with its civic history. To-day, when citizens and tourists alike benefit by an up-to-date transit system, it is rather difficult to visualize conditions which pertained over much of the past three-quarters of a century.

Until a few years prior to Confederation the city was without any kind of transportation service. Those not fortunate enough to own "horse and buggy" had to travel about the city on foot. It may have been that the winter season of 1861-62 was unusually severe but the fact that the city was completely snowbound throughout the Christmas — New Year's holiday, gave the first impetus to the organization of public transportation in Quebec. In January of '62, an enthusiastic group of citizens took the first steps necessary to provide transportation service in the lower section of the city. However nearly two years elapsed before the Quebec Street Railway was incorporated under letters patent, authorizing capitalization at \$100,000, on October 15, 1863. Further delay ensued and it was not until early in 1865 that permission was gained to lay tracks. This work, begun on July 3, and completed on August 17, made possible establishment of service over three and one-quarter miles of line, on St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Joseph and St. Valier Streets.

Service was provided with horse cars purchased in New York. These rather primitive vehicles were unheated in winter but for the com-

fort of the passengers a deep layer of pea straw was spread on the floor. The drivers and conductors were, of necessity, hardier souls, being compelled to brave the elements on the open platforms of these cars. Although the fare collected was only five cents this company continued to serve lower Quebec for over thirty years, when it was amalgamated with the system then serving Upper Quebec, to form the Quebec District Railway.

In 1878 the citizens of Upper Quebec had obtained incorporation of the St. John Street Railway. Fewer delays were experienced in this project, and the track work was completed through the spring and summer months of 1878. This Upper Town system extended from the corner of Fort and Buade Streets, along Buade, Fabrique and St. John Streets to the St. Foy Gate near Maple Avenue. Three years later the Quebec, Montmorency and Charlevoix Railway, forerunner of the present electric suburban railway serving the Beaupré shore, was organized. In 1895, under Dominion Government jurisdiction, this company was authorized to generate electricity at Montmorency Falls, acquiring the assets of the Montmorency Electric Company, and also to assume control of the two urban transit systems serving Quebec. This merger led to formation of the Quebec District Railway, and it was decided to utilize power produced at Montmorency Falls for the city transportation system.

The electrification of both the Upper and Lower Town sections was carried out in the early summer months of 1897, and in July electric street railway service was inaugurated. Service was provided on the following lines: Marché Champlain to Aqueduc Street; Crown Street to Côte d'Abraham; St. John's Gate to de Salaberry Street. Later in 1897 the Maple Avenue belt line was completed. Two years later the system passed into new hands when the Quebec Railway, Light and Power Company was organized. This company still operates the public transportation facilities in Quebec, but now as part of the gigantic Shawinigan industrial empire.

The earliest horse drawn cars were succeeded by closed platform electric cars, although open-body "summer cars" were also popular. This equipment was supplied principally by the Ottawa Car and Manufacturing Company which has continued to supply the bulk of the company's rolling stock. Steel-bodied cars were introduced in the 1920's, and during this decade the smaller single-truck (or four-wheel) cars were replaced by large, double truck cars. Apart from this variation in size and design of equipment, there was no radical change in the mode of city transportation in Quebec for nearly forty years.

In 1939 the first motor-busses were placed in service on the Kent House route. Since then, and at increasing tempo in this post-war period when transit equipment is more easily obtained, the Quebec Railway, Light and Power Company has pursued a policy of transformation of all city and district routes from street cars to motor-busses. This

change-over, affecting all but the heavily-travelled suburban line to St. Anne de Beaupré, is expected to be completed within two to three months. At present service is provided by upward of 150 modern, rear-engined busses and less than fifty street cars. In 1947 this equipment served nearly 45,000,000 passengers.

Quebec City may well be proud of its efficient public transit services, which now give promise of a capability to serve the growing needs of the city for safe, speedy, comfortable transportation in years to come.

## MONTREAL

Dating back to 1642 when it was founded by Maisonneuve under the name Hochelaga, Montreal is now Canada's largest city with a metropolitan area population of one and one-quarter million. It is the leading industrial centre of Canada, and as a focal point for inland and ocean water-borne commerce has become one of the world's greatest ports.

Public transportation in Montreal dates from 1861, when the Montreal City Passenger Railway was incorporated and six miles of track were built for horse car operation with eight small cars. The population of the city and suburbs was then 101,000. Service with horse cars continued for thirty years although in severe winter weather horse-drawn sleighs were used. The system was extended from time to time, until by 1892 thirteen miles of track were in operation, and this despite gloomy prophecies that it would be quite impossible to operate any kind of wheeled vehicle in winter.

Electric street cars, when introduced in 1892, proved a tremendous success. The system expanded rapidly and municipal growth was aided by the flat fare principal. Improvements in equipment followed rapidly, especially following the introduction of air brakes which permitted the use of larger cars with speed and safety. In 1905, the pay-as-you-enter system of fare collection was introduced and car design was radically changed to provide a long rear platform on which the conductor was stationed to collect fares and to give the starting signal. Provision of a front exit resulted in much improved handling of large crowds with shorter stops, fewer missed fares, and fewer accidents. Many cities in the United States adopted this system and it remains in use in Montreal except for some modification with respect to operation subsequently of one-man cars, trailers (in rush hour two-car trains) and busses.

By 1910 Montreal had a population of over 600,000 and the tramway system operated over 500 cars. New lines continued to be built into new residential areas and the development of equipment was continued with such devices as pneumatic folding doors, multiple-unit control and various safety innovations. The transportation picture for Greater Montreal was now becoming confused since three other companies in addition to the Montreal Street Railway Company were providing service.

An Act of the Provincial Legislature in March 1911, created the Montreal Tramways Company, which was granted power to acquire the four companies then existing, in order to establish a unified system of transportation which would meet the future requirements of the growing metropolis. After careful study of the situation by an independent commission, a co-ordinated service-at-cost contract for service in Montreal was ratified by the Quebec Legislature in January 1918. This contract which is still in effect, provided for private ownership, subject to the control of an independent body appointed by the Provincial Government and called the Montreal Tramways Commission. The outstanding provision of this service-at-cost contract is that all revenues derived by the company from the operation of the entire system constitute the gross revenue of the company, and are to be disposed of for the following purposes and in the following order:

- (1.) Payment of operating expenses and taxes
- (2.) Payment to Maintenance and Renewal Fund.
- (3.) 6% Interest on Capital Value.
- (4.) Payment of \$500,000 per annum to the City of Montreal.
- (5.) Payment to Contingent Reserve Fund.
- (6.) Division of Surplus: To the City 30%, to the Company 20%, to the tolls reduction fund 50%.

It is of interest to note that the only remuneration received by the company is not dependent upon the net results of operation, but is limited to a payment of 6% interest on the Capital Value invested, plus an "operating profit" of  $\frac{1}{8}$  of 1% on the total average Capital Value for each year, to be paid when the company has not exceeded by  $2\frac{1}{2}$ % the operating allowance budgeted by the Tramways Commission at the beginning of the year.

The two chief factors affecting public transportation services in the Greater Montreal area are topography and climate. With growth the city has extended northward, from the relatively flat but narrow area along the St. Lawrence River, around the flanks of Mount Royal, until to-day a solidly built-up area encircles the mountain and extends a considerable distance beyond. With the business district confined between the mountain and the river, and on different levels, very few main thoroughfares are available for transit operation. Consequently, routes entering this area overlap and must use the same track facilities and this results in extremely close headways, on some sections of track in the down town area as little as 24 seconds. This calls for intensive working at key intersections such as St. Catherine and Bleury Sts., where during a busy period of the morning rush hour, as many as four hundred street cars pass in all directions.

Climatic conditions are severe. With the exception of the city of Leningrad, Russia, no other city of comparable size to Montreal, has so great an annual average snowfall. Long experience has taught the

wisdom and necessity of close co-operation between the snow-fighting services maintained by the Tramways and the civic works department. The fleet of snow-fighting equipment maintained by the Tramways to deal with the average annual snowfall of nearly ten feet, consists of 34 sweepers, 21 plows, 8 salt cars, 2 brine cars, 3 freight cars with one way plows, 2 freight cars with graders, and 2 heavy motor graders. In addition to such mobile equipment generous use is made of salt mixtures by numerous hillmen who maintain steep grades in safe operating condition no matter what the temperature.

Other equipment and facilities necessary to furnish Montreal with transportation service are comprehensive. Thirteen power stations and fifteen sub-stations furnish power at 600 volts d.c. The power required to carry the rush hour service on a winter evening is about 70,000 h.p. Passenger service is provided by street cars, motor-busses and trolley-coaches, for in a system so extensive all three may be employed, each type applied to the service for which it is best suited. Buses were introduced in Montreal in 1925, and since that date the number of busses has steadily increased with the conversion of several routes in outlying districts from trolley to bus operation, and the extension of service into new districts. The trolley-coach was introduced in Montreal in 1937 and this type of vehicle still serves the busy Beaubien route in the north-central section of the city. At the beginning of the current year, the Tramways had in operation 998 street cars, which total includes more than 650 cars arranged for two-man operation, nearly 300 one-man cars including some 30 PCC streamliners purchased in 1944, about 50 multiple-unit control trailers (for train operation), and two articulated two-car trains. There were also 463 motor busses. A large proportion of this fleet consists of modern rear-engine or engine-under-floor type busses. The original group of ten three-axle type trolley-coaches, built in England, were replaced early this year by a new fleet of Canadian built equipment from the Canadian Car and Foundry Company, totalling 47 vehicles. This new equipment enabled the Tramways to extend their trolley-coach service. The maintenance of this extensive roster of passenger equipment is carried out in six divisional car barns and in six garages. There is also one group of general repair shops and one general bus repair shop. All heavy or major repairs and alterations to equipment is performed in these latter places. Regular inspection and complete general overhaul for each and every vehicle is carried out on a mileage operated basis. This equipment is used in operations over 278.63 miles of street car track, and 209.63 miles of bus routes, to serve an area of 82.03 square miles. Traffic volume has continued to increase since even the abnormal war years and the latest figures available show a total of 396,480,489 revenue passengers.

The present extent and condition of the public transportation service in Montreal and district is due directly to the wise and careful

administration of facilities and financial resources, that has characterized the operations of the Montreal Tramways in periods of both boom and depression, and in the abnormal years of World War II. It is no valid criticism of the management of this vast undertaking that they seek increased revenue from fares as the only answer to spiralling costs of operation due to higher wages and greatly increased prices for necessary materials. For under the service-at-cost contract by which the Montreal Tramways is obligated to serve the Greater Montreal area, the municipalities concerned stand to gain all and lose nothing. Those who have so long, and to such great extent, reaped the benefits of successfully operated public transit services, are now making a political football out of vital civic issues. Whatever may be the outcome of the present fare dispute, it cannot detract from the praise that is due to the officials of the Montreal Tramways for maintenance of dependable transportation service, in a game where the cards have been nearly always stacked against them.

## T O R O N T O

Toronto had attained its fifteenth birthday as a rugged pioneer city before it experienced its first vigorous urge to the expand under the stimulus of a local public transportation system. In 1849, Mr. H. B. Williams, an enterprising cabinet maker, inaugurated an omnibus service on the main streets of the city. During the next decade omnibus routes were extended to serve all the outlying districts, and as formerly remote, inaccessible properties became desirable building sites, the population grew and these earliest public transit services attracted increased patronage.

In 1861, Alexander Easton, encouraged by the successful operation of horse car street railways in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, obtained a thirty year franchise for similar service in Toronto. The agreement between the newly formed Toronto Street Railway Company and the City of Toronto, provided for operation of a street car service on the principal north-south and east-west streets over distances that are now well within the downtown area of modern Toronto. Other provisions were that the cars were not to exceed six miles per hour, that a headway (or time between cars) of not more than thirty minutes be maintained and that the cars were to be operated sixteen hours per day in summer and fourteen hours per day in winter. A five-cent fare was collected on each of the three routes and no transfers were issued. After the introduction of horse cars, the omnibus services put up a brave but futile struggle for existence but were bought out by the street railway in 1862.

The horse cars used by the Toronto Street Railway Company were of wooden construction and sixteen feet in length with open front and rear platforms. Drop windows afforded the only ventilation and a

layer of pea straw scattered on the floor the only protection from cold. If service with these cars should be hindered by storm the company was required to furnish sufficient sleighs to accommodate the public. These cars were run on thirty-pound per yard iron strap rails, spiked to long timbers set on wooden ties at intervals of six feet. The space between the rails was paved with cedar blocks. To avoid the difficulty of having other vehicles travel on the right-of-way with one wheel on a rail and the other making a rut close to the opposite rail, the gauge adopted was that of the English wagon — 4' 10 7/8" — which gauge is still in use and peculiar to Toronto.

During the thirty years that horse cars provided its local public transportation service, Toronto enjoyed a period of development and expansion. The area of the city increased from nine to seventeen square miles, and the population from 45,000 to 170,000. The services of the Toronto Street Railway Company were extended as necessary into new districts and provided stimulus to civic growth. After the expiration of the franchise in 1891, the city embarked upon an ill-timed and unpopular experiment in public ownership but after four months the city granted a new franchise to the Toronto Railway Company, again for a period of thirty years. This company, under presidency of William (later Sir) Mackenzie, agreed to provide service at the same scale of fares as had prevailed under the old franchise, to introduce a free transfer privilege and to electrify the system within three years.

While operation of electric street cars was opposed by horse fanciers and a few who feared the debacle that would be caused by electric cars rushing madly along crowded streets, the balance of public opinion was favourable and the company proceeded with the work. The first electric car was placed in service in August, 1892. Some of the first electric cars in service were electrified horse cars with controls installed on the open front platform. As new cars were required, open and closed interchangeable bodies were built to meet the demand for summer and winter service without having to duplicate the electrical equipment. Small round stoves were placed now in these cars to provide some greater warmth than the use of pea straw in the horse cars.

The Toronto Railway Company continued to experiment in car design and equipment. Double truck cars, constructed in their own shops, were placed in service at various times between 1895 and 1915. Front platforms were enclosed, and doors to enclose the front entrance and rear exit were added about 1915. Air brakes were adopted as standard equipment for all double truck cars in 1908. Nearly all this equipment remained in service at the expiration of the franchise in 1921 when the city, with the overwhelming approval of the electors, exercised its privilege to take over the system.

The vast improvement in its public transportation services by the electrification of the system had given new impetus to the city's growth

toward the east, west and north, and the population had grown to 350,000. However the Toronto Railway Company declined to provide any service past the city limits of 1891, in which position the company was sustained by the courts. As a result, and to provide necessary services for new districts which were being seriously hampered by lack of transportation facilities, the city commenced in 1911, construction of the Toronto Civic Railways. Other areas were provided with service by the Toronto and York Radial Railways and the Toronto Suburban Railways. As each of these systems collected fares on its own routes, and there were no inter-system transfer privileges, it was often necessary to pay three or more fares to travel within the city limits. In effect, when the whole area of the city was considered, nine separate transportation systems were in operation. The citizens of Toronto voted to put an end to this wasteful, useless service and in 1921 the first steps were taken to provide economical service, convenient and adequate for all parts of the city, by placing control of all transportation services under a commission of three resident ratepayers appointed by the city council. From that beginning, a little over twenty-five years ago, the services of the Toronto Transportation Commission have been built up to a point where their place is second to none among such systems on this continent.

The Toronto Transportation Commission was incorporated by an Act of the Ontario Legislature, passed on request of the City of Toronto. This Act established that the Commission was to be a corporate body, separate and distinct from the municipal corporation, with the same legal status as other corporations in that it can own property and sue or be sued. The Commission's administration is entirely removed from the interference of political expediency yet there is adequate protection for the municipality in the Commission's responsibility to the municipal government. The City Council appoints the members of the Commission and determines the amount of capital that may be borrowed on the city's credit to be placed at the disposal of the Commission. The Commission presents to the City Council and to the public a complete financial statement and a detailed report of its operations for each year. The system is required to be entirely self-sustaining on its earnings from the services operated. No taxation has been levied at any time, nor may such action be taken, for the support of the TTC. Since 1923 the Commission has not applied to the city for any new capital but has continually reinvested a large portion of its earnings in capital improvements while at the same time retiring an increasing percentage of its original debenture debt.

While jealous eyes have been cast towards the enviable tax-exempt position which Toronto's publicly owned transportation system enjoys, the wise investment of earnings in continuous improvements to the services and facilities of the Commission have more than justified the granting of this privilege. In addition the application of vigorous and

progressive policies have kept the Toronto Transportation Commission in the forefront of the best systems on this continent. It is far cry today from the moribund services of the Toronto Railway Company, and the several extra-fare routes which then served the newer districts, to the present single-fare service covering the entire thirty-four square miles of the city's area. For provision of that service, plus those operated under various contracts with suburban municipalities at separate fares, the Commission now operates 266 miles of track, and 72 miles of bus routes. Passenger services over this system are provided by 967 street cars including nearly 400 PCC streamliners purchased between 1938 and 1947; 471 motor-busses and 75 trolley-coaches which type of vehicle was re-introduced to Toronto passengers in 1947. The service facilities behind the operation of these street cars and other transit vehicles is comprised of 6 car barns, 6 garages, 1 group of general repair shops, and 8 power stations. On an average week-day the 24 street car routes, 14 bus routes, and 3 trolley-coach routes carry 970,000 passengers, and operate about 115,000 miles. In 1946, the last year for which figures are available, 310,115,600 revenue passengers were carried on the city system, apart from suburban services.

In the scope of its operations, in the modern condition of its rolling-stock, in its sound financial position, the Toronto Transportation Commission affords an outstanding example of the real benefits of efficient and vigorous administration, under public ownership, of essential services.

## HAMILTON

In this busy industrial centre of Southern Ontario, public transportation service has had a chequered history in successive ownerships by the Dominion Light and Power Company, the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario, and now under private operation under franchise granted by the City of Hamilton to the Hamilton Street Railway Company.

Here local transportation service, which now extends over the entire area of the City of Hamilton and part of the adjacent Township of Barton, had its inception in the year 1873. At that time horse cars were placed in operation, running upon iron rails spiked to a wooden platform. The electrification of the system followed in 1892, and the first type of track and roadbed gave place to steel rails laid on wooden cross-ties. The track allowance, or space between and immediately alongside the rails, was paved with creosoted wooden blocks.

For the next thirty or thirty-five years the only major changes made were in the extension of service into new districts and the periodic modernization of rolling-stock. The extension of transit facilities into new surveys, especially in the now heavily industrialized area of east

Hamilton, where street car tracks were laid long before pavements, has been a vital factor in the growth of the municipality. Modernization of the rolling stock has been featured by the introduction of busses for service on feeder routes in 1926, and a year later by the purchase of a new type of front-entrance, rear-exit trolley. Necessary operating economies, due as much to declining revenues in the depression era as to unregulated jitney competition, compelled one-man operation of street cars over the entire system in 1931, and later substitution of busses for trolleys on even main routes.

In 1947, the Hamilton Street Railway Company operated, on the average, 200,000 car miles, and 250,000 bus miles per month, in carrying approximately 2,000,000 revenue car passengers and 1,500,000 revenue bus passengers per month. This service was provided by 61 street cars and 115 motor busses. This was the second year of operation under a new franchise, granted by the City of Hamilton to extend until 1963, after the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission, successor to the Dominion Light and Power Company, finally sold the system. This new franchise grants exclusive local public transportation rights. The company is liable to the City of Hamilton for ordinary real estate taxes, and a 4% levy on gross earnings but the city exercises no other control over the company.

After weathering several periods of financial and operational difficulties, the Hamilton transportation system under good management is in a position to offer service commensurate with the needs of a still expanding industrial centre.

## WINNIPEG

Winnipeg, the "Gateway of the West", offers a unique example in the operation of public utilities, in that its transportation systems is operated under exclusive franchise in Winnipeg and surrounding municipalities, in conjunction with two other essential services, gas and electricity, all supplied by the Winnipeg Electric Company.

This company's operations have been expanded steadily since the granting of a charter in 1891, in order to keep pace with the rapid growth of Winnipeg and its suburbs. In this area of approximately thirty square miles there is, at present, a population of 340,000. The company has followed consistently a policy of developing services in all new industrial and residential districts in the Greater Winnipeg area, thus contributing to municipal progress, although this policy suffered necessary curtailment under war-time and post-war conditions.

Winnipeg affords an excellent example of the co-ordinated use of the various types of public transit vehicles available for service. Here use is made, according to traffic density and other relevant factors, of

street cars, motor busses and trolley-coaches. For supplying the transportation needs of Greater Winnipeg, there is in operation 44 miles of street car routes, 104 miles of motor bus routes, and 11 miles of trolley-coach routes, which mileages represent 7 street car routes, 24 bus routes and 3 trolley-coach routes. These several routes were serviced by 213 street cars, 197 motor busses, and 74 trolley-coaches, operating a total of 16,376,495 miles in 1947, carrying 103,000,000 passengers.

Winnipeg's future transportation needs may be built upon a secure foundation, that has been put in, and is being maintained, through sound economic policy and wise, efficient administration.

## REGINA

As is the case with Winnipeg, operation of public transportation services in the prairie city, Regina, considerably post-dates the era of horse car operation. Then too, this local system is further distinguished by the fact that from its inception it has been municipally owned and operated.

The Regina Municipal Railway commenced operation in July 1911, after the electorate had vetoed a proposal to grant a franchise to a private company. The development of the city in the years immediately following was rapid but the services of the Street Railway Department were expanded at an even greater pace. This rapid expansion on a low fare structure led naturally to several years of deficit operation in order to provide the citizens with necessary service.

The area of the city presently served is 8,408 acres or 13.13 square miles, and under its provincial charter the department may not operate outside the city limits. The present operation constitutes a monopoly on mass transportation with any profits paid into the city's general funds toward tax reduction.

One-man street car operation was begun in 1921. Additional street cars were purchased in 1928 and 1929, and the first motor bus was placed in service in 1931 when the present car barn and repair shop was built. More motor busses have been added to the roster from time to time, and in 1947 the first trolley-coaches were placed in service. It is proposed to convert a second route to this latter type of operation in 1948. The department's vehicles were operated a total of 1,430,310 miles to serve the requirements of 14,077,549 revenue passengers in 1947. Apart from these passenger services, the railway also provides freight haulage in transporting coal to the Provincial Legislative Buildings power house, and the municipal power house, and also in removing refuse to the city incinerator.

The Street Railway Department of the city of Regina can claim considerable credit for the development of the municipality as it

has always sought to provide adequate transportation at the lowest possible fares in Canada, for a city of its size. However rising costs of operation, and the necessary replacement of equipment worn out in the war years when public transit vehicles were virtually unobtainable, and the purchase of needed additional vehicles, have meant the end of the five-cent fare in Regina. The new fare structure, recently announced, of four tickets for twenty-five cents, or ten cents cash, is necessary to enable this publicly owned transportation system to maintain its excellent record. While possibly many citizens of Regina will hold, as the purchasers of such service, a quite different view from its sellers, of what constitutes a service-at-cost, their city is possessed of a local transportation system of which they may well be proud.

## EARLY LIGHT IN SPRING

J. C. Murray

*Did you ever catch the sky at early night,  
When the last blue streaks of dusk  
Are being o'er folded by the heavier shrouds  
Of midnight blue; and in the background  
Massive mountains loom as heavy veils,  
Shutting from our eyes the new tomorrow?*

*Because it's spring the air is warm and soft,  
The slumberous birds have ceased their roguish songs,  
But yet we still have music — of a shriller tone;  
From nearby stagnant ponds the night is filled  
With frog songs, now and then combined  
With nasal croaks, but still in harmony.*

*What variant smells the atmosphere contains!  
Some which the ever-greening earth exudes  
In her labours to produce her spring attire;  
And even at this early date there is a hint  
Of coming foliage, from dew-perspiring buds  
Which strive to force their Mother's hand.*

## TRAVELS WITH A BICYCLE (Part II)

*Sandy Mills*

In beginning this second installment of TRAVELS WITH A BICYCLE, it is probably best to start off by saying something about that subject of endless discussion in Britain, food. Having been misled by some of the grossly exaggerated stories appearing in our press on the state of near-starvation in Britain, and determined that I should do nothing to add to the country's misfortune, at great inconvenience I had brought with me fully fifty pounds of food.

This proved to be quite unnecessary, and of use only in bestowing on the various people one visited. During that summer at least, although the variety was noticeably limited, there appeared to be plenty of food especially in the country districts. Those with gourmet tendencies had only to pat their pocket books reassuringly and slip into hotels like the Dorchester or Grosvenor House to taste meals whose quality it would be hard to beat even in Canada. If the meal, limited throughout the country by governmental order to three courses, failed to satisfy, those with a real lust for food had only to enter another restaurant and begin the whole process again. All during that summer British restaurant meals were not rationed, although, curiously enough, they were in little Switzerland, land of happiness and plenty. Perhaps, then, this topic can best be summed up by remarking that for those who could afford to eat in restaurants, and everywhere the price of meals was limited to a maximum of five shillings, there was lots of food. But now to return to our original point of departure, grimy London.

I think it is true to say that nowadays a visitor's impression depends very much on whether he was fortunate enough to have seen London, in its happy pre-war days, when despite the fog and grime it was a wonderful, sprawling, mystery-filled city abounding in endless diversity. A city which could fit the whims of almost any temperament, something which thriving New York, despite its huge opulence and breath-taking magnificence, could not do. Indeed there are psychiatrists who are convinced that the frenzied drive of a New Yorker's life has a tendency to drive people to drink. In the old days if a choice had to be made between living in one city or the other, most discriminating people would gladly have exchanged the relentless hustle of New York for the reassuring calm and romance of London. But obviously the post-war world is the reality with which we must deal.

London, the heart throb of Great Britain, is today possibly the best illustration of the real tragedy which the aftermath of war has brought. In the hectic days of falling bombs and shrieking sirens there was death and heroism in the air. Life had about it a reckless uncertainty. The present was all that mattered, and the scars of London seemed only an heroic part of that present. Now there is only the wreckage of war. Now life has about it a dreary uncertainty. Now instead of bombs there are cold economic statistics, just as meaningful and just as pitiless, and yet so very much more difficult to understand. Today the truth is that for those who saw it before and loved it then, London will be a heartache and a place from which to flee. The tragedy which its blackened ruins and desolate shabbiness reflect so starkly is almost overwhelming. That at least is the way I felt about it. The London of 1947 was a place from which I passionately desired to escape. After only a short stay I was overcome by a curious mental blackness whose sole relief was moving into the green and pleasant English countryside.

And so it was that after a few days, restless to buy a bicycle and begin my travels in earnest, I found myself boarding a train for Oxford, and mercifully speeding away through London's coal-blackened slums into the country. Never before as on that journey had I realized so forcefully the phenomenal extent to which coal dominates British industrial life. In America, oil and electricity are now virtually as important as coal, but in Britain coal is literally the life-blood of the nation. Its evidence is everywhere. It lies piled up in great dumps. Wherever a railway runs quantities which have dropped from the innumerable little coal cars are scattered about the tracks. In towns a veritable forest of chimneys stand ready when winter comes to blacken the sky with its outpourings.

Even in the form of soot the coal problem impressed itself upon me as from the railway carriage I watched immense clouds of smoke streaming by, and watched its sooty particles generously sifting through the windows of the compartment and onto both me and my dignified, uncomplaining fellow-passengers. But now we were nearing Oxford, and the gritty feeling of soot became something very minor.

Oxford struck me as a city which is vainly striving to keep up the pretence of being a strictly university town, as indeed it was during the Middle Ages. But now Lord Nuffield and his busy factories have somewhat changed matters. At five of an evening the celebrated High Street, where for seven centuries so many of Britain's future great have strolled, now becomes a torrent of bicycles, a torrent which streams along in full flood for fully an hour and a half before finally washing out into the surrounding countryside.

By the time of my arrival in the second week of July, the regular Oxford students had "gone down". Consequently, in spite of all the medieval beauty, the mouldering buildings, the cloistered walks, the springy, weedless lawns as near perfection as lawns can be, quiet

quadrangles, and gently flowing Isis. In spite of the peaceful college canals winding along beneath massive walls centuries old, in spite of well-filled bookshops, of the pervading atmosphere of thoughtful academic calm, Oxford out of term was no place for a long stay save for earnest-minded scholars who could desire nothing more than to browse away their lives amid the mouldering beauties of Oxford. I can sympathize with them. I too found it a Utopia until familiarity and the desire for new sights and sounds began to assert themselves.

Like most tourists, I suppose, I boated on the Isis drifting quietly along beneath the willows idly trailing my hands in the water and listening to its rush and gurgle as it trickled through my fingers. In a seventh heaven of contentment I looked up at the dreaming spires of Oxford and dreamed with them until my thoughts were shattered by the snarl of traffic and the furious clanging of bicycle bells. Another Oxford day had ended, and another rush hour begun. Gazing at the ancient college buildings with their bell towers and floating spires, caught now in the glow of the evening sun, I somehow felt that, like me, they did not approve.

Not wishing to surfeit myself with Oxford, especially when I had every intention of returning, I spent part of an afternoon bicycle-hunting. The result was an expenditure of five pounds and the acquisition of a second-hand Raleigh bicycle which I still have with me at Bishop's. Shortly afterwards, I left to pass a week-end in Surrey with a Canadian friend of mine who was profitably spending his summer working for a former Winnipegger named General Critchley. This man, Critchley, proved to be the prototype of the highly successful executive. Having made good in Britain, he was doing his best to uphold in that country the waning traditions of capitalism by living in the grand style in an enormous 16th century mansion.

After cycling some three miles across country from the station with two packsacks draped over the carrier and a third over the handlebars, I arrived outside the imposing entrance — an enormous, intricately carved stone and wrought iron gateway guarded in the approved manner by two upreared lions savagely clawing the sky. Pedalling a trifle self-consciously through this, and through the unsocialistic six hundred and forty acre estate, I eventually found myself in front of a magnificent Elizabethan pile complete with ghost-ridden wing, swimming pool, stables, Japanese garden, and glossy Rolls Royces.

Inside, the magnificence was continued. Graceful halls and staircases, priceless paintings, mahogany tables dark and beautiful from four centuries of polishing, carpets inches deep in pile, immense oak-panelled rooms, and dominating all, and dressed like a country squire, General Critchley himself. He obviously enjoyed playing the part, and played it well. He had even acquired the florid face, robustness, and genuinely tweedy look of the typical country squire. For him all this was merely a

means of relaxation. Actually he was a razor-sharp industrialist, like Lord Beaverbrook a dynamic man whose Canadian aggressiveness and efficiency had produced impressive results in England, and who therefore in business life was considered a very notable figure. He had just acquired an air line, and so during the week-end I saw only glimpses of the great man. The last encounter was at breakfast just as he was leaving for Hong Kong on a tour of inspection. He hurriedly entered the dining hall to kiss his children goodbye, and then, seeing me, proved he had a heart of gold by clapping me on the back, at the same time thrusting three pounds into my eagerly-outstretched hands and hoarsely whispering: "I like Canadians! Here's a little something to help pay your hotel bills."

The memorable week-end over, there followed a leisurely return to my headquarters at Oxford, and then I was off via London to Bonnie Scotland, home of the true and the brave. I was to visit some Montreal friends who, yearning for the Highlands, had rented a summer cottage near Grantown-on-Spey, deep in the heart of the Cairngorms. Catching a train to the North meant a reluctant return to London and a hectic bicycle ride from Paddington Station to King's Cross. It was no easy feat cycling at noon hour half way across a relatively strange city with definitely strange traffic rules, my two packsacks dragging on the carrier, and a large blue suitcase uneasily balanced on the handlebars.

A disbursement of six pounds bought a Third Class return ticket to Grantown-on-Spey, some 550 miles north of London. With my luggage checked I was now free to bicycle through as much of London as I cared to see. However, I had been warned if I wished a seat to arrive at the station a good hour in advance of train time. Also I had to keep a restraining hand on any spendthrift tendencies, for what with the bicycle and the train ticket to Scotland, I had in a short week gone through the appalling sum of over twenty-six pounds. Fortunately, Britain was to prove to be the most expensive country of any I visited.

Since the train was scheduled to leave at 7.05 that evening, I arrived back at the station before six. With a 550 mile trip before me I was taking no chances on having to stand all the way. And a wise precaution it was too, for when the time came for departure I was securely wedged into a corner seat. Even though eight other people were crammed into the little compartment, it was infinitely better than standing in the aisle or sitting on the floor as so many others were doing.

The trip that long night was made considerably more interesting by the presence of some charming Scottish wenches with the most delicious accents. And yet it was not the sort of journey one would deliberately have chosen. At best it was simply a means of getting there. At every stop the train became more and more filled with homesick Scots willing to endure any discomfort to return to the land of the thistle. I marvelled how the train could hold them all. To get to this God-forsaken place

near Grantown-on-Spey, where my friends were staying, I had to board no less than three trains. The first change was at Aberdeen a little after seven in the morning. Unfortunately, by the time we arrived we were more than half an hour late. It was deemed that heavy baggage would have to be transferred to a later train, and so with inflexible Scottish determination it was announced that the new train on the adjoining platform would be leaving in exactly three minutes.

As far as the passengers were concerned this was not unreasonable. By virtue of the fact that each compartment has a private door opening onto the platform British trains can unload all their passengers in less than a minute. In my case though it was going to be touch and go, for I was determined to bring my bicycle with me. It was easier said than done. Transferring it from one train to another meant dashing up to the "goods van" at the front of the train, locating it, wrestling it out from underneath a pile of baggage, and with the bicycle in one hand, a pack-sack on my back, and the blue suitcase in my right hand, running down the platform again, up a long flight of stairs, across a narrow bridge, and down an equally long flight of stairs leading to the different platform. Then a sprint to the baggage car, manoeuvring the bicycle in, and somehow an exhausted run to the Third Class compartments at the back of the train. It had begun to move, but weak and wet with perspiration though I was, I made it. The intense effort was worthwhile too even if I was the only passenger who thought so. By my struggle I had avoided the possibility of never seeing the bicycle again, or, at the very least, having to wait hours, perhaps days, for it when I arrived at my destination.

Another change at a delightful little place called Craigellaichie, another three minute ultimatum, another desperate exertion, and we were off for Nethey Bridge, the closest the railway line went to Grantown-on-Spey. I finally arrived after over seventeen hours of steady travelling. Still, the journey through the Highlands that morning had been fascinating. I had gazed with delight at the shaggy-haired, massive-headed Highland cattle with their great curled horns, at famous, remotely placed distilleries all emphatically warning the thirsty traveller to "Keep Out!", and at swiftly flowing streams where flashed the silver glint of salmon and trout, and whose banks in the old leisurely days had enticed many a sport-loving Prime Minister.

It was raining when I arrived, but there was nothing for it but to bicycle the seven miles between Nethey Bridge and Achnahannet where my friends were staying, a lonely little place some four miles from Grantown-on-Spey. As I started out laden down like a pack-horse the discomfort and exertion were soon forgotten in the wild magnificence of the scenery. Great, rolling clouds bulging with rain hung low and dark over the Cairngorms lending the last air of enchantment to the sort of romantic, mystery-filled scenery which only the Scottish Highlands can offer. I drank in the beauty like a thirsty wedding guest gulping cham-

pagne. In the distance were the snow-covered Cairngorms, below me the valley of the Spey with its ruined castles and darkly-winding river. The castles standing crumbled, desolate and lonely, seemed in perfect harmony with the loneliness of the scenery. They had been destroyed by the English in retaliation for the Jacobite rebellion of 1745, and their remains had mourned there ever since, untouched. Looking down at those ruined castles as I bicycled through the hills I had the feeling they were really thousands of feet below me, and that I was cycling along the shoulder of some great mountain. Actually it was the illusion caused by the short, brown bell-heather which grows in vast profusion everywhere in the Highlands making it extraordinarily difficult to gauge distances.

Small wonder then that in spite of the rain, in spite of the burden, in spite of the hills, those seven miles between Nethey Bridge and Achnahannet passed as in a dream. I found my Montreal friends, named appropriately enough, the Scots, comfortably ensconced in a large stone farmhouse owned by a sturdy Scottish couple of the Gordon clan. They had chosen wisely. Here was the perfect peace of the Highlands, here shortages were unknown, here was magic in the air and happiness and laughter aplenty. In these surroundings a week passed by, an unforgettable week, spent soaking up the rich atmosphere of the Highlands like a sunflower the sun.

Achnahannet is situated a little above the fifty-eighth parallel which runs through Alaska and Hudson's Bay. At night it never grew dark; there lingered on a grey half-light which made reading lights unnecessary. Often during that week I tried to gather to myself the mystery and romance of the Highlands by walking over the hills and moors in the grey twilight of the dew-laden hours before dawn. Sometimes when only a gentle wind rustled the grasses I could imagine that all about me in the greyness were the shadows of those who at nearby Culloden had vainly thrown down their lives for the dashing Prince Charlie. And sometimes I could almost imagine I heard the thin wail of bagpipes. Or was it only the sighing of the wind? And as I walked I would muse over these strange Highland people. Dour is not the right word. They are lonely and self-contained, but at the same time open, generous, and warm-hearted. Their lives have taken on some of the characteristics of the beautiful, mystery-filled glens and hills among which they live.

But now the MITRE deadline has relentlessly pursued us even into the depths of Scotland. And so it is quite useless to try to cram what remains into a few hasty pages. Better by far that this time we leave the tale in the north of Scotland, a place so much more desirable than grimy London. Perhaps when next the MITRE is published we will together journey down the length of Britain, across to France, and through France to Switzerland, the marvellous oasis of Europe. Then back

again to France, across the Channel once more, cycling through England, lured north by wonderful, wonderful Scotland, then down to sordid Liverpool, fifteen tedious days aboard a wallowing tramp, and then Canada once more, a land strong, free, thriving, and ever so fortunate. Remember then, we meet in Scotland!

## ALUMNI NOTES

The Alumni Association annual meeting was held in Montreal on Thursday, May 6th.

The Alumni Association are also planning a Bridge Party to be held in September.

No news has been available of anything in vital statistics among the Alumni and Alumnae, however we have been able to obtain a list of all the graduates in Education of Bishop's who hold positions as Principals of High Schools and Intermediate Schools in the Province of Quebec. This list is accurate and complete to the best of our knowledge, with the exception that the names of some ladies who have married subsequent to their graduation may have been omitted, due to our not recognizing them under their married names.

## HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPALS

R. O. Bartlett, B.A. '23	Westmount Senior High.
H. H. Calder, B. A. '29	Arvida, P. Q.
R. B. Carr, Ed. '40	East Angus, P. Q.
R. A. Carson, M.A. '31	Bury, P. Q.
E. E. Denison, B.A. '30	Knowlton, P. Q.
M. J. Dunsmore, B.A. '36	Granby, P. Q.
W. W. Gibson, B.A. '25	Sherbrooke, P. Q.
F. D. Heath, M.A. '36	Kenogami, P. Q.
J. L. Heath, M.A. '36	Coaticook, P. Q.
W. W. Heath, B.A. '44	Bedford, P. Q.
S. L. Hodge, B.A. '27	Thetford Mines, P. Q.
S. J. Olney, M.A. '31	Magog, P. Q.
S. N. Pergau, B.A. '26	Riverbend, P. Q.
O. T. Pickford, B.A. '25	Waterloo, P. Q.
D. S. Rattray, B.A. '30	Hudson, P. Q.
C. L. Rothney, B. Sc. '43	Asbestos, P. Q.
R. W. Rowse, B.A. '32	Noranda, P. Q.
F. H. J. Royal, M.A. '35	Lachute, P. Q.
G. E. Samson, B.Sc. '42	Scotstown, P. Q.
C. H. Savage, B.A. '23	Westmount Junior High.
L. F. Somerville, B.A. '28	Richmond, P. Q.
G. F. Watts, B.A. '24	Mount Royal, P. Q.
F. A. Williams, B.A. '23	Howick, P. Q.
J. N. Wood, B.A. '29	Cowansville, P. Q.

## INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL PRINCIPALS

B. F. Beaton, B. Sc. '39      Dalbeau, P.Q.  
 Miss E. Farnsworth, B.A. '22      , Cookshire, P. Q.  
 Mrs. S. B. Gage (Miss V. L. Boomhour, B.A. '40) Waterville, P. Q.  
 Miss H. M. Griffith, B.A. '25      Fitch Bay, P. Q.  
 K. L. Nish, B.A. '35      Baie Comeau, P. Q.  
 R. Owen, B.A. '47      Inverness, P. Q.  
 I. Stockwell, B. A. '32      Pointe Claire, P. Q.



## LEAVES IN TWILIGHT

D. H. Wilson

*Crimson autumn leaves  
 glide slowly through the dusk.  
 Whirling, now turning, drifting,  
 Slowly, turning, whirling,  
 gently gliding to the pool of calmness.  
 As the silent circle spreads  
 comes the music of the cold, rippling creek  
 babbling into the murky pool  
 from green-mossed stones.*

## "THE OXFORD PLAN"

R. Robertson

"Bishop's University . . . the only residential college in Canada  
 following the Oxford-Cambridge plan . . ."



*At Oxford one is woken  
 by the entrance of one's Scout  
 who bumbles 'round the fire-place  
 and soon has smoked one out.  
 One twiddles with the flues awhile  
 and hops back into bed—  
 the room grows warm, one sleeps until  
 "Get up you sleepy head!"  
 or words with equal meaning drag  
 one out to find one's ham  
 and other breakfast tid-bits  
 (even aunt Dehlia's jam)  
 disappearing down the gullet  
 of a neighboring young man.  
 And one thinks of dear old Bishop's—  
 Ah! the good old Oxford plan—  
 as one sips at scalding coffee  
 and one looks around one's rooms  
 and one knows that Bish. and Oxford  
 must have come from different looms.*

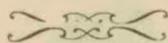
*For there one's rooms are multiple  
 and mellowed with old age:  
 And here they are decrepid  
 and have broken 'neath Time's rage.  
 And there one toasts marshmallows  
 in a cheerful fire-place:  
 And here one blows out fuses  
 and one's burner's in disgrace  
 for overloading wires  
 that were put in with the Ark—*

that succeed in heightening daylight  
 but expire with the dark.  
 And there one's windows overlook  
 at least a space of lawn:  
 And here one stares at gravel  
 which the cars must drive upon.  
 And there the central areas  
 by flowers, founts are graced:  
 And here, delight to every eye,  
 A hydrant has been placed.  
 And there one dines in lofty halls  
 of oaken panelling true,  
 while here the green-beige plastered walls  
 look down with ghastly hue  
 upon the plastic table cloths,  
 and ever-aweful stew.  
 And there one wines with luncheon—  
 'tis civilised— while here  
 one's liable for expulsion  
 at the slightest trace of beer.  
 Alas— the good old Oxford plan  
 rings sour in my ear.

And there the ancient lecture halls  
 may gather dust in peace  
 while the mumblings of the lecturer  
 die down and softly cease  
 and a meagre band of scholars  
 dreams of boating and the crease.  
 And there one's led by proven ways—  
 One's tutor in the lead—  
 to guide one carefully in one's choice:  
 to help you as you read.  
 While here the Tutor ne'er is found  
 and lectures, though a bore,  
 are the be-all and the end-all  
 which, if missed, lead to the door  
 that is marked with but an exit—  
 "Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'"  
 And there the terms are eight weeks long  
 (this totals twenty-four)  
 while here we work for thirty-two  
 (which is one whole term more).  
 And Oxford lies in Oxford town  
 while we're in Lennoxville:



the first has won world-wide renown—  
 old Bish. is struggling still.  
 And Oxford's stream winds softly  
 between each tree-fringed bank  
 while here the Massawippi rolls,  
 malodorous and dank.  
 And Oxford's zephyrs linger pure,  
 one breathes a cleaner air:  
 while here the stench of Angus  
 is enough to grey the hair.  
 Alas! The good old Oxford plan  
 has sadly dropped away.  
 Perhaps with the extension fund  
 will dawn a brighter day.



## LINES OF A POEM

J. D.

Cool darkness deepens round his bed.  
 A figure bows to kiss the sunny head,  
 Image of love untainted.  
 Listen softly, silent night,  
 Listen softly, night to the pulse of his heart.  
 Stop, slither of brightness: lest you make him start  
 And rob the robber bed.  
 Bed and slumber, the robbers, sweetly keep  
 Ward on him: only the angels give him sleep  
 And keep him for me.  
 Sweet morning bring his voice to me again;  
 Soft velvet hands to hold and rid all pain  
 From arms of aching jealousy.  
 Silence, heart, away and give him to the gloom,  
 A figure darkens the slither of brightness. Dark room,  
 My son is yours till morrow.



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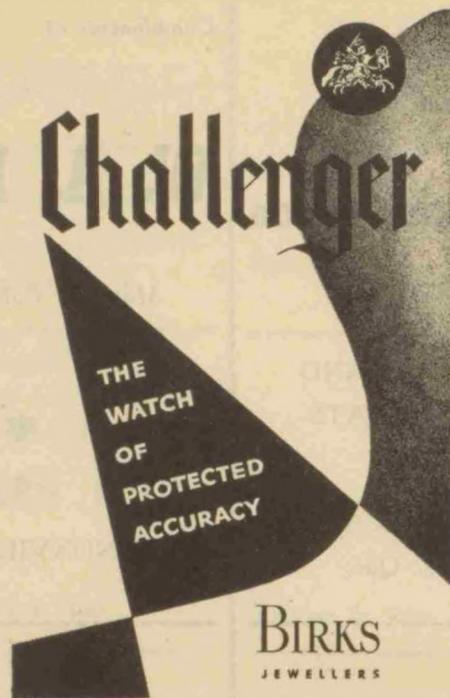
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