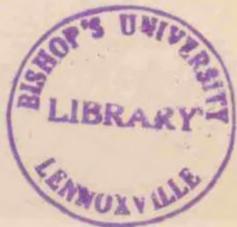


THE
MITRE
1953-54

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The Mitre

Michaelmas 1953

University of Bishop's College
Lennoxville

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Editorial

It was our original intention to dedicate this sixty-first opening term issue of *The Mitre* to the lowly freshettes and freshmen of Bishop's University in a true sense of dedication; that is by devoting the whole or at least the major part of the issue to First Year writing. We believed that if *The Mitre* were to continue for sixty more years and perhaps longer, it would be the guiding hands of those to follow us, the "seniors of tomorrow," which would of necessity preserve the continuity of creative writing at Bishop's. That belief we still hold true.

Our intentions, however, like the "best laid schemes of mice and men" went awry. First Year writers, if there were any, remained well hidden for the most part (except for the few that we managed to unearth and seat before a desk), or else found themselves swept up in the never-ending whirl of college activities, too preoccupied with extra-curricular action to spare time for extra-curricular thought. One obviously sincere freshman composed this little note to account for his inability to write anything here:

"I am sorry, but I find it impossible in my present mood to complete the two stories that I started for *The Mitre*. I have tried all afternoon to recapture my mood, but alas, it has left me. It would be stupid to continue under these present conditions. Thus, I have stopped. If I were to continue, the result would be absolute trash. I ask your forgiveness and hope that this does not cause you any anguish. I will do better given more time. I have been under the pressure of exams and also have had three essays to write. I hope you understand."

I think most of us do understand; that it is difficult for a student just out of high school to adjust himself, or herself to the new environment of campus life — lectures, clubs, sports, essays and the thousand and one other trifling but time-consuming trimmings of university living, and at the same time find the necessary quiet moments to put a few serious thoughts down on paper. We understand, too, that because of this deficiency, *The Mitre* unfortunately loses its relevancy not only for the average First Year student but also for those higher up on the university scale. They ask, as did one freshman, "Of what use is *The Mitre*?" expecting to see some tangible product emerge from the formation of each issue.

But they see nothing, aside from paper and print; no final answers, no material indications of something worked for and achieved; in fact, no single sign to point out that *The Mitre* is in any way "useful." They will never see such signs until somehow a few of those blessed "quiet moments" are salvaged from the general chaos and a few self-created thoughts are recorded either in the mind or on paper.

So we reiterate our intention, "to dedicate this sixty-first opening term issue of *The Mitre*" to all students of the First Year in the hope that in college terms to come they will find those few quiet moments upon which the very existence of *The Mitre* is built.

C. H. D.

In This Issue

Some mighty inspiration from the Muse must have crept into Bishop's during the summer, for we find that this initial Michaelmas Issue for 1953 contains no less than thirteen poems, while many more were considered by the Literary Board. It was noticed that the trend in a great many cases was towards free verse—in a few cases extremely free—but we have also been able to include some excellent ones into the gentle lyrical tradition.

Prose was at a premium this term for some reason, but the writings we were able to include should provide enough variety for even the most versatile tastes.

Recalling our dedication to the freshmen and freshettes, it was thought that it might be interesting to go "behind the scenes" and discover the "why's" and "wherefore's" of the First Year literary mind.

Present students at Bishop's and perhaps a few graduates, too, will no doubt recognize the title of Jim Craig's article, "**My Reasons For Coming to College**" as the initial First Year English essay topic of the academic year. Yet we feel that this particular article is more than simply a completed assignment; that it is a sincere and interesting revelation of a new student's personal reasons for seeking higher education. Perhaps it may help to clarify the thinking of many who have no idea why they did come to college.

We are particularly appreciative of Hugh Welsford's two photographic contributions to this issue, **Chateau Frontenac** and **Last Try**, especially since the supply of photographs has been most meagre in past **Mitres**. Hugh, a First Year student and incidentally, president of the very active university Photography Club, recalled that **The Chateau** was snapped as he was cruising down the St. Lawrence on his way to Prince Edward Island two years ago. You will notice that the left arm of the jumper in **Last Try** is heavily bandaged. It appears that the day previously he broke his wrist winning the high jump, had it put in a cast and went on to win this broad jump event, too.

Dick Levie has the distinction of being the only First Year poet in this term's **Mitre**. Readers will perhaps detect a faint echo of Lewis Carroll in his amusing **Heritage of the Sea**. Dick revealed that

this was because he was a great admirer of both that author and also of Robert Service, hence his nonsense verse.

Andy Little said of his **White Shirt** that he "was reading some stories of deMaupassant on a hot day in August" when he was suddenly inspired. Both influences are evident in the story.

We hesitate to announce that Miss Diana Robb's version of **Romeo and Juliet** is an example of either poetry or prose, or even literature; we leave that for the reader to decide. It may simplify matters to say that the setting is very local, the characters are most recognizable in that light alone, and the whole result is rather hilarious, if extremely undignified. Any similarity between Miss Robb and Shakespeare is purely ingenuity on the part of the authoress.

Most of the other material should be self-explanatory. We are pleased to have another of Rev. Clark's delightful articles included in this issue, and also a profound short story from a graduate, "B.S.K." whose interest in **The Mitre** we appreciate. For the rest, the reader may judge as he pleases, and the editors will be most receptive to any results arising from the judgments.

Letter To The Editor

The Editor,
The Mitre,
Bishop's University.

St. Mark's Rectory,
High Prairie, Alta.,
Sept. 4, 1953.

Dear Sir:-

On page nine of the Diamond Jubilee Issue of **The Mitre**, which was published last June, an unfortunate typographical error occurred. The name of the Exchanges Editor, Hugh Doherty, occurred twice while that of William Prouty, the Assistant Editor was omitted.

Mr. Prouty was a very able member of the staff during the last year and gave much of his time to the production of the Jubilee Issue. His enthusiasm and imagination were of invaluable help to the rest of the staff, and credit should be given to him for his assistance.

It is unfortunate that such a bad error should be allowed to pass, and I admit my own error in this matter. Time was getting short and this particular page was not checked.

I hope this letter will in some way make up for that error.

Yours truly,
ALAN F. BUSH.

diamond jubilee

*I have of course the greatest personal respect for mister gray
and doctor masters
and do not blame them for world war two television traffic
congestion in sherbrooke or other similar disasters
or even for the building of a womens residence on the campus and
whose fault that is someone else can determine
and some day perhaps you will try to do so when you have married
a coed whose education is so extensive that she feels that
she should be clothed in mink or in ermine
but I do feel that they have inflicted on me a humiliation and
no one enjoys less than I do an enforced humility
which makes life seem futility
because although they sit on its editorial board for some reason
they did not invite a
contribution from me in the form of a poem to be published in the
diamond jubilee edition of the mitre
you can see at once that I am a very modern poet because I have
abandoned punctuation and capital letters
except for the personal pronoun I which is still capitalized in
the verses of my betters
as a matter of fact I am really pretty hot stuff on punctuation
though when my wife isnt at home I still make spelling
mistakes queer
but so apparently did shakespeare
who wasnt even sure how to spell his own name while I always spell
mine correctly even though I dont claim to be th swan of avon
or the loon of massawippi
or any other of the local rivers which you will be wise not to
paddle in if your canoe is the least bit tippy
those last couple of rhymes put a bit of a strain on my imagination
which all goes to show its*

*quite a tricky business to qualify for inclusion as one of bishops
alumni poets
as I said I was very humiliated that I didnt but to show that my
frame of mind is properly meek
I am submitting this poem to the editorial board by way of turning
the other cheek*

j d jefferis



My Reasons For Coming To College

If someone asked me why I came to Bishop's there would be no difficulty in submitting several motives. Bishop's, for example, gives the majority of her students the almost invaluable experience of boarding away from home among a group of young men and women for three or four years. Bishop's has a good sound reputation and I have yet to meet someone who didn't enjoy the life that was offered here. Another enticement was the three year course. To save a year in the process of gaining a Bachelor of Arts or Science is an opportunity that no one should miss. Besides, it saves father the expense of an extra five months.

If, however, someone inquired as to my reasons for entering a university, I would be at a loss for an answer. That particular question requires a little reflection, especially if it is taken for granted all through high school that "the old man" is sending you to college after graduation. After a bit of concentrated thought on the subject, though, it isn't long before related material piles up, and before long, there is enough evidence to win a debate.

Naturally, the first reason that would enter the minds of the majority is that university offers the type of education of which no other recognized institution can boast. The mass of people in the world to-day now realize that without this superior knowledge, the individual is incapable of properly expressing his ideas. There are, of course, a few outstanding exceptions like Damon Runyon and Mark Twain, but on the whole, the ability to express oneself is only acquired after something extra has been put in after elementary raining. For "knowledge is power" and without that knowledge, the ambitious person will remain status quo.

Education broadens the individuals' outlook on world events, both current and historical. For as we study the subjects of history and geography, literature and religion, psychology and philosophy, we become more and more capable of understanding the actions of our parents, Maurice Duplessis' long term in office, the blind courage of the communists and the changing attitude of the Asiatic world toward the West. If our education is taken seriously, the student gradually distinguishes between various nationalities, religions and races, and

as these variances are noted, the similarities between these artificial divisions of the human race grow to such dimensions that the similarities soon far overshadow any differences. It is no wonder that the truly educated person is far less prejudiced about such topics than his unenlightened brothers and sisters.

Apart from the knowledge that can be had from the persistent perusal of the twenty courses which make up the basic degree is the extra-curricular set-up, which as most educators now realize from experience, plays an extremely important role in the educational orientation of John Doe. After grinding out essays, lab reports and equations that won't balance for seven days out of the seven days that make up one week, the average scholar is embittered, and anxious to do anything that is against the law, immoral or fattening. From this inevitable situation has arisen the well-known, controversial extra-curricular activities scheme in which the student should seek the "golden mean" between the extremes of too much or too little participation in sports and organizations of various natures.

These two constituents of an education lead to a third and comparatively important part of university life. This is, of course, the resulting friendships which are formed with both professors and classmates by means of the preceding pursuits. In the majority of cases, this will be the last opportunity for the making of close friends. For in the cold world of commerce and industry there is little time for the intimate relationships that were had so easily at university. Everything is business and there is no time for amity based on an individualistic basis.

Then why shouldn't everyone go to college? The answer is obvious. If this situation existed, our social structure would collapse. For it is on the foundation of the primary occupations, such as the labourer and the truck driver, that our financial, and unfortunately our social triangle, is built. Teachers and scientists, two absolutely indispensable professions, earn far less (and as a result are further down on the social register) than their training entitles them to be. But, in general, those finishing with one or more degrees earn far more than those who stopped their education before completing high school.

Thus, a university offers the serious student knowledge, " . . . the only instrument of production that is not subject to diminishing returns."

Poem

*The smile of Nature's contented hand
Is seen upon this golden land.
Which for this season of summer's end
Gathers greens and reds and browns to blend
Into a coat, colourful yet calm,,
To clothe the world with autumn's balm.*

*To soothe the landscape even more,
The sky her bluest cloak displays,
And forms the regal backdrop for
The countryside's triumph these glorious days.
The birds in friendly flock now gather
To celebrate this joyous sight.
The glowing land they leave at end,
And cross the sky with graceful flight,
As to the warmer climes they wend.*

JOHN PRESTON

Poem

*Autumn is a season of sadness,
Not silently she grieves
And sings of death.
I heard her soft, sad song.
Last night her sobbing breath
Passed slowly by my window.
She spoke of death, decay
And end of summers' day.
Before her fled the ghosts
Of yesterday's green leaves.
And naked, lifeless trees
Shivered in her cold, mean way.*

*The happy flowers have passed away,
And earth adorns her widow's weeds
of brown and grey.
Man, infected by her dirge
Seeks children of the helpless wood
To soak the land with precious blood,
the air with cries of 'kill'.
Bemoaning this, sweet nature sighs,
and clothes in mourning vale and hill.*

JOHN PRESTON

Crown and Commonwealth

Coronation Day is long past, the masses of spectators have dispersed, the captains and the kings (and the R.C.M.P. and the Queen of Tonga) have all gone home, and what sort of impression remains as Coronation Year nears its end? Of another 1937? For one who was then a teen-ager still at school the crowning of King George VI and his Queen is remembered for the whole day's holiday, the gift mugs, the street and neighbourhood parties it occasioned — and for little more. The events of World War II have obtruded too thick a veil of circumstance between those days and now. Or is the impression of another Festival Year, like 1951?

Then, indeed, all Britain was 'on show' both to herself and to visitors (though not to as many as she had expected), but the gala atmosphere seemed rather artificial — or so it appeared. Let Britons be festive, but for why? Because (we were told by the highest authority) it was our duty to rejoice that the challenge to our economic survival expressed in the slogan "Work or Want" had been so resolutely met. At the South Bank Exhibition in London thousands visited modernistic temples of homage to Science, Discovery and Invention; in giddily transformed Battersea Park more multitudes self-consciously abandoned themselves to gaiety. But what was lacking then amid the abstractions, the statistics and the graphs of increased production was uniquely present in the central event of 1953 — a unique personal focus of interest, devotion and enthusiasm.

For Britons, it has been well said, the wearer of the crown is 'part of themselves, their face to the world, their strength and their courage and power dimly felt and otherwise inexpressible.' It is by this close identification of the sovereign with the people that constitutional monarchy of the British pattern thrives; for, says a leading American commentator, 'its virtue lies in its capacity to symbolize the permanent will of the national community in distinction to the momentary and shifting acts of will which are expressed and incarnated in particular governments.' This identification seemed to be closer in 1953 than at any previous time in British history. The reason for this was not only that modern techniques made it possible for more people than ever before to view and participate in the actual Coronation ceremonies: it was surely because never before had the wearer of the crown been so well known to her people.

Before Coronation Day was out the voice and appearance of the Queen as she publicly dedicated herself to the service of her people in

the fear and strength of God had been conveyed by radio, film, plane and television to millions both at home and overseas. To arm-chair viewers, fireside listeners, movie patrons in every continent, 'E II R' was no more an algebraic symbol for a wholly unknown quantity, it stood for a young woman who had gone with steady calm and dignity through an exhausting ceremony, it suggested an inspiring image that would stay long in many eyes. But the person behind the image, the human individual symbolised by the royal cipher, had already become known to and identified with those over whom she was so swiftly and tragically called to rule, to an extent greater than any Queen before her.

Her great namesake, the first Elizabeth, came to her coronation unknown. Men might well ask of her, would she be a weakling like her brother, a fanatic like her sister, or a reprobate like her father? She passed through her reign, as she came to it, an enigma. Victoria similarly was an unknown quantity at her Coronation. Brought up in seclusion by a German mother, she emerged from obscurity to occupy the throne, only to return to obscurity for the long years of widowhood. Her present-day successor, on the other hand, has moved in the full glare of publicity since her childhood, and the more well known, so much the more loved she has become. Whether as school-girl princess romping with her sister Margaret in the little thatched roof cottage ('y Bwythin Bach Tô Gwellt'), presented by the children of Wales (including the present writer), or as servicewoman in the A.T.S. experiencing wartime hardships and mastering the trade of a motor mechanic, or as radiant bride of an obvious romance, the Princess Elizabeth increasingly endeared herself to the people over whom she would someday rule. Not only was this true of the people of the British Isles. The peoples of the Commonwealth too were getting to know her as one of themselves. Her twenty-first birthday was celebrated in South Africa in 1947: from Cape Town she gave her broadcast pledge of lifelong service to 'our great Imperial family to which we all belong.' A few years later Canada welcomed her and her husband in a coast-to-coast tour that introduced the royal couple to the greatest variety of scenery, people and experiences, from Parliament-square to square-dancing.

So she came to her crowning on June 2nd like a modern fairy princess amid mediaeval pomp and splendour. A year ago she had been summoned from a holiday in slacks in Kenya and flown home to succeed her father. Thus the pressures of the present and the traditions of the past met in her and were united. The ceremony in which she was the chief figure is best understood, perhaps, as 'a glorious mixture' of past forms and present realities, paradoxically yet inextricably blended. Thus in that breath-taking moment of the

Queen's entry into the Abbey, to the accompaniment of Parry's soaring anthem and the Westminster scholars' shouted 'Vivats', we saw the incarnation of the State, but a State whose real power lives elsewhere than in one royal person. In the Recognition and the Oath we saw safeguards of law and legitimacy being upheld which we perhaps no longer need in the letter but which in the spirit we still want for foundations, quite as much as they were wanted when the Saxon King Eadgar took the first Coronation oath of which we have written record, at Kingston-on-Thames in the year 973. In the forms once gathered from Rome, from obscure invaders, from individual contestants, and from improvisers and adapters of all ages we saw a means — perhaps not yet wholly effective — of setting forth the unity of the separate members of a Commonwealth; in the Anointing and the Communion Service the sanctions of a religion which not all present accepted, in the assembly and homage of peers the preservation of orders of society which, as their power has dwindled, have seen their membership and their use renewed (in Britain, if not in Canada!). Yet in this 'piling up of paradoxes' that comprises a democratic Coronation we have seen the **continuity** of British traditions, and so of all that in our 'Canadian way of life' is drawn from this source, more convincingly expressed than ever.

In the Oath, as we saw, Eadgar and Elizabeth II were linked by a thousand years of history. With that lengthy span the laws and institutions of the English-speaking peoples (Americans included) have grown up and expanded, covering the world, however thinly, with those original objectives of the Saxon king's promise, "true peace, justice and mercy in all judgments." In the Homage we were reminded of Elizabeth I, at whose death-bed in 1603 there were present men of the same name and family as those who now knelt before Elizabeth II. The Duke of Norfolk, today's senior peer and Earl Marshal, was senior peer and Earl Marshal when the first Elizabeth died. A Cecil was one of her greatest ministers: Robert Cecil, Lord Salisbury, is one of the ministers of the new Elizabeth. In the central act of Anointing, which precedes the Investiture and Crowning, the continuity of the Coronation ceremony is stressed more strongly than ever. Handel's accompanying anthem, "Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet" reminds us of the Coronation of George II, for which it was written. But the words and the action themselves come from the record of the anointing of King Solomon in the Old Testament. This is the moment beyond all others when we are reminded that the Coronation is not merely processions and pageantry. It is a religious service. The sovereign is **consecrated** as head of her people. The act of Anointing is the continuing symbol and instrument of the grace of God that she specially needs for her task.

So Elizabeth II went in procession from Westminster consecrated and crowned Queen 'of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, Pakistan and Ceylon', and 'Head of the Commonwealth' in republican India (and soon, possibly, republican Pakistan). Had she been crowned within another decade, she might also have been pronounced Queen of Central Africa, of the Gold Coast, of Nigeria and of the West Indies, since all these are now on the path toward independent dominion status. Another decade and Queen of East Africa, Malaya and Cyprus might be added to her title.

As we look back on the ceremony of the Coronation we are impressed more, perhaps, by its successful representation of continuity, than by its witness to the **unity** of the Commonwealth, symbolized in the person of the monarch. In making traditions drawn from the remote past appear once more significant and vital, the Coronation was superbly effective. That the Queen herself is personally more 'at one' with her people spread all over the world than any of her predecessors, we have granted. Yet the ceremonies of her Coronation were still the close preserve of one member-nation of the Commonwealth family and, indeed, of only one social group within that nation.

Voices have already been heard in the British press (with some Canadian echoes, but too faint for our liking) urging that immediate attention be given to this task of making the Coronation service more representative alike of the social groups within each country and of the different member-states that make up the Commonwealth. Those countries which enjoy a status like Canada's, for example, have already come into a relation with the Crown similar to that which Britain herself occupies. How is this relationship to be reflected in the Coronation ceremony? The suggestion has been made that the Assembly in Westminster Hall preceding the Service might be restored, (the last one was at the Coronation of George IV in 1821). In the historic setting of this great Hall the representatives of the whole Commonwealth might 'inaugurate' the Sovereign as Head of the Commonwealth, just as throughout mediaeval times the purpose of the assembly was to raise up the King 'with all gentleness and reverence' and place him upon the King's Bench or marble seat of justice. This was the necessary preliminary to the religious service in the Abbey itself. It might well be restored. The Homage, also might be revised so as to include a wider representation of the classes and countries—over whom the Sovereign is set.

We all hope that it will be many decades before the form of the next Coronation service is more than an academic question. More important now is the effective working of the monarchy in day-to-day,

The MITRE

or year-to-year relation with the Commonwealth countries. Mr. Patrick Gordon Walker, a former British Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, has argued that the United Kingdom "must in a new way share the Queen with the rest of the Commonwealth."

The Queen will have to spend considerable periods outside the United Kingdom, which is but one of her Realms. It will become as natural that she should reside, say, in Canberra or Ottawa as at Balmoral or Windsor . . . Before the end of her reign we can expect her to be, as none of her predecessors has been, the Queen of the Commonwealth.

It may well be true, in the words of the song, that 'There'll be some changes made.' But whether these changes are desirable, or even possible, is highly debatable. Is any ruler capable, we may reasonably ask, of playing the exacting part here outlined? "Ottawa or Canberra" may mean also Delhi and Kuala Lumpur, Nairobi, Lagos and Grenada. Can it be done? The monarchy is a symbol; but the monarch is not. He, or she, is a human being too. And we who love 'our' Queen Elizabeth are unlikely to forget it, in Coronation Year or after. If not, our 'God save the Queen' is merely pious platitude or vain repetition.

H. L. CLARKE



"LAST TRY" - - - - - Hugh Welsford

The Heritage of the Sea

*T'was midnight on the ocean and no water was in sight,
The moon was shining brightly yet there wasn't any light.
When from near and far and here and there, there came a fishy throng,
To determine if they possibly could, just what in hell was wrong.*

First up and spoke an elder shark, with spectacles on his snout,
"Good friends," quoth he, "I can't plainly see what this is all
about",
And then spake up an octopus that dwelt within a cave,
"Just show me who hath done this thing and I will eat the knave."

*(For his appetite was far from light just like a girl I know,
Though she's far away, she'll be back some day, with the coming of
the snow.)*

The herring he was swearing 'cause he couldn't make it out,
When from the other fishes there arose a mighty shout,
"The sea, the sea," they cried with glee, "the sea is back once
more."
And sure enough, why there it lay, surrounded by the shore.

*T'is midnight on the ocean and the water's all around,
And from somewhere in the midst of it there comes an angry sound,
If you listen close I'll tell you just what it's all about,
It's the herring, he's still swearing, 'cause he still can't make it out.*

DICK LEVIE

Folk Song

*Oh, off you go, you lucky lad,
To run the woods, with heart so glad.
A shiny gun, a bright blue sky,
I see the mischief in your eye,
The hunting days again are here,
My John's a-gone to catch a deer.*

*There's work to do this time of year,
The wood to cut, the land to clear.
The day goes quick, the night comes soon,
You know you should be home by noon
The hunting days again are here,
My John's a-gone to catch a deer.*

*A cold wind 'cross the lake does blow,
Murmuring something sad and low,
'Yes Mother, I'll keep the fire high,
The old farm's safe, and warm and dry.'
The hunting days again are here,
My John's a-gone to catch a deer.*

*And rain came with the fall of night,
'Don't worry Mother, your boy's alright.'
But came he not, and t'other day
They found him dead, in his youth's play.
The hunting days again are here,
My John's gone now, — you catch the deer.*

JOHN PRESTON

The White Suit

Another humid, hot, and oppressive day was drawing to a close. The denseness of the tropic undergrowth became lost in the rising of the night mist, diffusing the blackness of the jungle into a grey, sultry mass. There was a deep silence, charging the air with foreboding, the only sound was that of the softly falling rain which padded rhythmically on the bamboo walls of the construction shack.

He no longer noticed the rain; his senses were dimmed by the damp, clinging heat. His dull gaze was fixed on the half-full bottle of rum in his hand. After musing for an instant he downed the contents and dropped the empty bottle into a wastebasket. Overcoming his inertia he rose, undressed and hung his fine white suit with particular care. A fleeting expression of pride crossed his face as he surveyed the spotless garment. Even this degenerate, third-rate engineer, working in the foulness of South American jungles, had within himself that spark of pride, that last showing of civilized affectation which led him to take this near paternal interest in his white suit, this last link with the former life. It became almost an obsession with him, here, amid the stupid blacks and with only the cheapest rum to drink.

Soon his obese form tossed fitfully in a small canvas cot. Even his rest, such as it was, did not last. An incessant pounding on the door brought him quickly to his feet. Carefully slipping on his suit, he advanced to the entrance where he was met by a group of wild-eyed babbling natives. The gist of their frantic, incoherent speech was that the river, swollen by seasonal rains, had just taken down the newly constructed bridge. One of his men, was, at that moment, wedged in the wreckage which threatened at any moment to give way and plunge over the falls.

Hurriedly the group advanced along the trail. The rain had stopped. Upon reaching the water's edge, he realized the gravity of the situation; it was impossible to get a line to the stranded man. It was imperative that someone swim out and attach a rope to the entrapped worker. Appealingly the natives looked to their white overseer. He would have to go!

Every second brought disaster closer. With great care he disrobed, ignoring the pleas of the natives for haste. A stain from the water-soaked earth on the leg of his pants caught his eye as he laid the suit on the bank; he cursed the stupid blacks. Three minutes were spent in the removal of his clothes.

The last remaining timber groaned under the stress of the raging river. He slipped into the muddy water and fought his way to the mass of twisted debris. Working with utmost speed he attached a rope to the sobbing native. He freed the now unconscious worker from the wreckage and dropped the prostrate form into the water. With a sharp crack, which rent the humid night, the last remnants of the brace gave way and the wreckage of the monstrous structure crashed down upon him and he was swept over the falls.

The native, upon being dragged up to the shore, was the centre of a group of rejoicing blacks whose gay spirits were dampened only momentarily by the sight of the still spotless white suit which lay neatly folded and undisturbed on the river bank.

ANDREW LITTLE



Competition

A tree

*The top a screaming scarlet,
A hussy's head of wild dyed hair,
Stands alone,
Shouting defiance at a bold, blue sky.*

A chorus line of peroxide blonds

*Leer at the scrabble.
Their laughing heads block out all sight
For a thin, anaemic pine.
The air, like a shot of rye
Is sharp, dizzying,
Cutting the insides like a swallowed razor blade.*

The sky soon loses.

*Great blobs of cloud
Like smoke from an angry train,
Choke it into submission.*

JOHN PRESTON

There's Beauty In Its Breaking

HE studied philosophy at Edinburgh where the bitter snow and brisk wind threw out all logomachy and made him ask the cold black questions of the North Sea's waves. He was allowed no existentialism to which he might retreat. His face was crucified against the perpetual grey weather.

He had no desire to return to Canada, but he had felt a moral obligation to return. His parents and university were expecting great deeds from him. So he turned away from the philosophy of Edinburgh, a philosophy so severe that it made him ask all necessary questions but forgot to supply him with the courage and passion to sustain the answering of those questions.

He returned to teach philosophy at Queen's. How many men have said they would give their all and life again if only they could teach in a university. But they were already seeded within the deep business world.

The night before he was to begin teaching he decided finally. All his life had been a series of decisions, yet no real decision seemed to have been reached. He remembered his days in the open fields and under trees when unity had been in a flower and form precise in the wind going over the land's face. Now he saw only diversity and the isolated deep lines of travail in the earth's countenance.

The following morning he went to the bank and withdrew his account. The bank teller smiled and, thinking he must be moving somewhere, handed him a pink pamphlet with a list of all the Canadian and oversea branches of the bank.

"You know the motto of our bank is 'Service' so you can always feel free to call upon us whenever you get into some difficulty no matter where you are."

Tom smiled painfully and simply removed his share from a brass, stone and glass world. He passed through the broken city and returned to his room. His books he bundled neatly sorting them into philosophy, literature and miscellaneous sections. These he por-

tioned to members of his family, The photographs of the Edinburgh venture he burnt to save any unnecessary grief to his family. His few suits he tagged 'Give away'. He took all his clothing and put it in the various drawers of his bureau which he had labelled 'Father', 'Brother-in-law' and 'Give away'. All his notes and papers he burnt. His letters also went into the fire. He removed the pictures from the wall and the smooth shiny scenes of his youth went into the fire. The frames he piled on the desk and marked on them 'Mother'. The sheets and blankets he folded neatly and then rolled the mattress up to the head of his bed. He looked in his cupboard again and decided to polish all his shoes. He put on the very oldest pair. Then he shaved and put away his electric shaver in the drawer marked 'Brother-in-law.'

He combed his hair with utter care as if he meant it to stay eternally in place. Never before had the white definition been so carefully drawn along the left side of his head. He moved away from the little mirror with a glimpse at his outline, from the shallow back of his head over the trim top and down to the granite nose that seemed chiselled apart. His hand rested uncertainly upon his collar thinking perhaps to change a shirt or tie. But that was not important. What was important was that all should be as well ordered as possible.

The action he was to perform seemed entirely of his own volition and of no consequence beyond his own self. It was the one and true decision he should have made long ago to cut this nervous string. No matter whether he had had the best professors in the world, all Platos, Aristotles and St. Thomases this was his action determined by no former event. He cleaned and clipped his nails. He looked at his sharp nose in the mirror and then turned quickly away.

* * *

He washed his pen, filled it with ink, and sitting down at his empty desk began to write. At first only words and phrases came into his mind:

"What cannot be endured must be cured . . . those strange prisoners in Plato's cave who appeared from their gloom to look at the real figures dancing before the fire and turned back . . . I will not . . . I will look and must look hard.

The rain lands hard in the yard made of cement that dams the water and infects the miles-around land. They say it is better that way. All my life it has been landing hard in the yard thudding the flower's flame and splashing mud on the skirt of

the iron fence and blacking the building's heavy greysides. Rivers of rain do not run away but gather in the cement dam. Life held without meaning, without power to flow rapidly away. Not having the power to crack cement put up by human hands but only to shrivel and stink in one place. O for the honour of the waterfall, the decent crash of the shameful but manful gutter.

Nor the grave cross that has in its seeds the suffering of mankind could I bear . . . He was not rational. I think he was one of the greatest men on this earth, but we cannot expect a divine representative to have made all those mistakes. Besides it is not important at all, nor would it have affected my decision.

We don't even know if there is a God. We spend all our lives in finding out and then we do not know. It is an experiment perilous none of us understand although we are sometimes conscious of the clean laboratory method. We sometimes feel the nervous puppet strings that move our hands. The utter smell of formaldehyde comes down and we pretend not to be aware.

Yet I can feel the world's lean over my shoulder, its hot breath of anticipation and its sucked semi-tragic sigh of its newspapers. I can feel the shaking heads of the university professors, "Such a noble soul." And when I would have none of these they crowd and crush me."

His pen came to a silence and then rapidly he began on another sheet of paper:

"So long as one believes in a transcendent power that is the important thing, a spirit, a noumenon. But do not think that I am concerned about a transcendent power. As I approach my eschatology it is only natural these questions should arise. Please do not think they have anything to do with the decision I have reached. The decision, let us call it D-day, occurred some time ago when these questions were far removed from my mind. I think there is a transcendent power because I feel it in my body. I felt it as I shaved, and as I drew the white line along the left side of my forehead. Do not grieve but rejoice that I have found a way. Right or wrong I must draw back the curtains. I cannot live with these puppet strings."

His pen ceased and his finger went slowly up and down on the paper keeping time with his pulse. A few ridiculous memories still cluttered the clarity of his new vision. A wagon he had got when seven and which became his closest friend. His first experience with a girl and the frightening closeness that had come although they were

both in the full innocence of twelve. The panic he felt in the presence of girls after that when, by their unawareness, they threw him into a fit of repressed revelation. Or he would tell them the nature of the universe for he had known or at least seen it. The girls went through his days as solid objects that would go on living no matter what you revealed to them, even that the world was all a lie. Their indomitableness with food, making, issuing, serving, was immortality. Their continuous laughter seemed to make the happiness of the world a datum.

All the rain that landed hard in the yard effaced all the men, but the women came punctually at seven-thirty o'clock even in the heavy rain so that when you looked up you could not be certain if that was the blurred clockface or the girl face with minute hand ready to ascend to the supremacy of the hour. Point as he pointed to the rain and the hard yard where nothing would grow, they smiled or laughed which was worse for it turned his bowels into a painful rage. He wished they would say, "Lord, you've got a helluva of garden." The only thing to do was not to mention it at all. For the girls liked to think of flowers growing everywhere, thick, heavy, cloying the atmosphere, like beauty, lovely, pretty. One, couldn't, move.

He found the experience with others something terrifying and frightening, an encounter that could only be compared to death. He made friends slowly, painfully and then constructed a myth around them in which they found it impossible to live. So he kept to himself. Then an uneasiness would grow and he required the presence of a woman every so often to dispel a feeling he had about himself. His life was a constant retreat into women and a constant reaction from women. The women thought him queer although they attended him with a sense of duty. He did not stir up that long deep chain reaction within them that began and ended in the womb; that chain of events that was immortality and which would surely tick them off the earth magna cum laude.

"The waves came over the gunwale, and I gave up all hope and swam in a libidinous sea. Whose fault? Not mine. The conifers fell from evergreens and crunched underfoot. The squirrels scolded me. Tell me your religion. Dead men hung in all the trees and I was too frightened to look. Especially when the October wind threw the leaves away abandon and the cross trees blew their moving nailed bodies into the cave of my room and havoced on the white plaster ceiling. Morning brought sweet relief. The carved stone that blocked the night was rolled away so freshly there was no doubt that something had risen.

Then came the anxious afternoon and the women asked, How did you know? What did he say? Tell me your religion.

I slept by a land-broken stream and awoke later very refreshed. The voices had gone and so had the sun. I kicked my way back in the gentle dark. What hellish thoughts deep and dung did cling to myself. How untrue I to myself had been, building castles profusely. Now I had destroyed all castles, all kings and was going to destroy this single nervous tower of flesh. I was down to earth at last and had recovered from the strange feeling about women. The gulf between the I and Thou had been clearly defined. Not all vigilant vestal virgins could cross that boundary now. If life is but a wave, there's beauty in its breaking."

* * *

He took a queer-looking parcel from the cupboard shelf and unwrapped it reverently. Then he began practising knots with slow dignity. At last he found one that slid with great ease. Strange music of queer and endless chromatics with a sharp piano and many strings began pounding through his ears. It was an ancient form, yet it sounded so modern.

He looked down from his fourth-storey window onto the city below. The sun was setting behind the university chapel as it always did at this time of year. It was appropriate that the sun should be shining on the death of this day for he seemed to feel no sorrow. He had a warm comforting feeling to be committed to something which required a total assertion. All the old contradictions, tensions and paradoxes seemed resolved.

It was an early October evening. The long lines of people began towards the cinemas where the nervous marquee lights swept all vortex-like into the theatre. An endless procession of feet began through glass restaurant doors. The paperboys had their Huxtras Huxtras on the Korean war: such pale white faces for whom the daylight was too bright. Our hero could feel the artificial glow begin to corrode his skin. The deliberate and cruel movement of lips began in the glass where smoke slowly broadened down from restaurant to restaurant. Menus were toyed with by hands that longed to do something, no matter whether good or evil, but could find nothing. Nothing in which one could lose oneself body and soul. Who would raise the fist that would break the glass? Some impossible chain held the soul rooted to body. To do anything was to run the risk of being laughed at.

Into this world our hero had stepped. How wide were man's wings and how little space to fly. Our hero reached the other obvious conclusion, man was born to die. It was a savage thought from which he derived pleasure. It was always in his eyes and stirred up

laughs of queer feeling from all those who came into his gaze. In his eyes they felt the initial and ultimate curve of the spine, the friction that plucked them from space and rubbed them into a noise and the friction that would drop the flesh from bones to poise and skeleton's continual curved question. What is man that thou art mindful of him? His years three score ten are made intolerable by the scene of his own existence. His joy is the sorrow of raising children who trample their father's temple to the green grave.

"Not will I have a clergyman or officious priest bare me to the growl. I would none of their grind." So resolved our hero and hoped his family would pull him in a common cart some busy trifling noon-day and let the keys of his age fall. "Think well the Mary worn, used to the sereed three score and ten man, how pleased she'll be to be in my young bowels."

Our hero proudly placed his last existence in the grand porcelain. With all regal he pulled and the city clanked its bones together and soured him far out to sea. That was finality. He no longer belonged to the world. He had made his devotion. But the taste still lingered in his mouth. Now he stood in his room aware of the growth of the seed, its long slow suffering in the earth, the painful crack forced in the soil that was a visible scar all its days and then the towering uncertain brown leaves where the birds sat unaware of their slight anchor.

All the wooden crosses in the trees were both stumbling blocks and foolishness. His preoccupation with his own existence had become a problem. There was no man or thing to whom he might turn with his sores. O yes, there were the sciolists and psychiatrists of his age and an ugly host of social organizations all of which had supposedly proved man to be a social being. All modern philosophy also had begun with the world, knowledge, reality and missed the initial subjective truth of every human being.

Be beginning to despair, to despair, for with philosophic calm he turned from his room which was labelled into fragments and let the key keep signature to his action. Its hieroglyphs went through many complicated turns and finally sprang. A wooden wall lay between himself and his life. To what clear finality had it all come. One could not cry for one's own, but for someone else's growl one might groan.

He fell into the street where the laughing people jostled him. Lovers with nothing but themselves in their eyes about to capture the runnel prize forced him off the pavement. A blind man called out, "Any pencils? Any pencils?" And he heard someone reply. "No

pencils today, now go away." By the cinema he met such a host who seemed ready to laugh him to death. He looked at them with his message and they turned away. He went quickly into the hotel where a group of ladies looked at him in their gloat. And that was his last message. He ordered a single room and crawled up into his steel tower. All Kingston was visible below, all the brotherhood and objective truth. He unwrapped his oddly-shaped parcel. Fortunately the window was high. He uncoiled his rope and secured one end to the curtain rod bracket. He tried supporting himself on the rod and was satisfied. He brought the bedside table over. A drawer fell out displaying a small Gideon Bible. He measured the rope carefully, tied the knot and climbed quickly upon the table.

B. S. K.



One Damp, Still Night

A misty moon, they said —
 Not so for two.
 They knew her glories, that damp
 still night.
 For them, a soft smile glowed,
 A warm kind face, a special moon,
 Which, soon content, discretely slipped away.
 No, they did not see the rain.

And the bridge —
 That silly, simple, wooden bridge,
 Rivalled sisters of Seine and Tiber
 that night, that wondrous night.
 More graceful, grand, its crooked way,
 A mystic span of infinite beauty,
 Transformed when soft, slow steps touched
 its friendly back.

Tall leafless trees, cathedral arches,
 of majesty and grace, to line
 and guard with dignity and pride, their royal way.

And so it was
 The whole walk through.
 Where're their shy feet trod,
 As if by magic, —
 The ordinary was the great, the simple — grand,
 The old — the new.
 A spirit of sweet beauty, before unknown,
 Walked softly, too, that night.
 And Peace touched all their gentle way,
 That quite damp still night.

JOHN PRESTON

The Wild Wind

All the night the wild, wild wind
 The wild Autumn wind
 Sweeps whistling through the hollow streets,
 Sweeps whistling through the mind.

A cobweb caught in glimmering light
 Shivers in the whistling wind;
 Clothes like ghosts upon a line
 Flap in the whispering night

And leaves swirl high
 And rush and sigh
 In the wild whistling wind;
 Shadows alive
 Jump and dive —
 Whirling wraiths all blind.

And all the while the wild, wild wind
 The wild Autumn wind
 Sweeps whistling through the hollow streets,
 Sweeps whistling through the mind.

HUGH DOHERTY

"Of Man's Downfall"

a new treatise

Aeons ago in what was now the Laurentian Mts., there stood a droll-shaped rock. Atop this rock was a natural bed of sand, and in this sand were scrawled the words, in the hieroglyphics of the day (and I translate). "Association Meeting tonight, 8 p.m. All Neanderthal men, with their women in hand, must attend. Place—Tricerotyps' Cave. By Order. District Dispenser of Charms." That sand, dear reader, in which those simple words were scrawled, was the most momentous single patch of sand in all the vast accumulation of the proverbial sands of time!

As the blushing sun (in those days it was still relatively shy when in the public eye) hid its face behind the curly line of mountains, its rays tunneled, pink and blue, through the banks of mist rising from the swampland. A school of dinosaurs splashed joyously through the coagulated green of the swamps, feeding on the rich young ferns which towered in curving verdure to the height of thirty feet or more. Yes, the world was awfully pretty in those days.

Precisely at 7.15 p.m., Daylight-Saving time, the first couples began flitting through the Lepdodendron trees. The male would grasp a dangling creeper, seize his wife's long hair, and swing gaily across to the next tree, where he would first deposit his wife, and rely on her agility to haul them both to the security of its slender branches. At such colossal heights they swung too! The space between the swamp and Tricerotyps' Cave was covered in no time.

Hogger, as his name was pronounced, the official fire-lighter, performed his mystic rite as soon as a large enough crowd was assembled at the mouth of the cavern. From his seat on a squat stalagmite, Grogger, the District Dispenser of Charms, the chairman of modern Fines, began the opening oration, which to modern ears would resemble an intelligent exhortation from a garrulous sow.

"Dear people," he wheezed, "Tonight we are assembled to discuss the future of cave art and crafts. We all should realize the state of our inherent artistry at present. It is at a low ebb. Thus, with this in mind, the Association of Cave-dwellers, Panel 217, is open to suggestions pertaining to the conservation of modern art!"

With this, he returned to his seat. Neanderthal men, being of primitive mien, soon caused the fungus-ridden cavern walls to ring with rabid suggestions. The most radical suggested dissolution of art in favour of developing the natural resources of the swamp, originating the slogan, "Go back to the swamp," in all sincerity with no depreciation intended.

"Surely," barked a hairy red-head, "We are capable of dividing our time more evenly. Is art our only asset?" It was asserted that art in itself was valuable enough to earn complete attention. Another opinion, expressed by a teen-ager with the features of a wise ape, favoured a diversion in modern trends towards a futuristic style. "Let's forget animals," he bellowed! "and draw ourselves instead." Unfortunately for anthropologists, this suggestion was shouted down; all considered, and rightly too, that the animal looked pleasanter. A member of a then contemporary classics group expressed a desire to devote more time to making the intricate leaf and animal prints. In fact, to this group's itinerant activities we owe the presence of those aged phenomena scientists call fossils.

But like all meetings of mankind, primitive or nominally otherwise, little was accomplished. It was resolved, however by all that no one school of art could be favoured completely. But, now the historic part of the meeting occurred.

Just as the D.D. of C. was about to call the meeting to a close and retire to his favourite hole-in-the-wall, his mate, less vulgarly his wife, created a sensation by rising from her perch at his feet, tearing her raven hair from his podgy hands where it was accustomed to lie, and pulling his left ear off. Her "coup d'oreille" was complete, when in a loud, carving voice with a South Piltown accent (she was a war-bride), she unleashed these historic phrases. "Arise, females, to clubs. You have nothing to lose but the hair on your heads!" All the women in that crowded cavern arose. They found it hard to do so, as it was an accommodating caveman custom for the male to use his mate for an easy chair. Yet the women arose and clubbed all their men to death on the spot.

Led by the vindictive mate of the de-stalagmited D.D. of C., the fur clad women (all wore furs in that prosperous era) poured from the cavern into the velvetine darkness of the swamp night, missionaries of a new cause.

It happened aeons ago, and that, dear reader, is how man's downfall began.

PETER WILCOCK

The Novice

As she stood before me, I beheld the traces of great
sadness,

And yet lines of laughter had touched her face
Although her smile was there no longer.

She came to me and said,
"Please let me stay with you,
Serve with you,
For all my mortal joy is fled
And I desire to find a greater.

For many months I have considered this
So my decision is not one of sudden thought
But one of contemplation."

I drew her near to me and tried to find
a reason for her wish
to join us in our solitude,
Our service.

"When I was young," she said,
"My days were spent in thoughtless play.
My sister and myself were close as
The peeling and the pear.

For she was older than me by four years,
But I tried to do the things she did,
Was always crying, 'Wait for me'.

As years went on I loved her more.
Of times she saved me from mistakes;
Both by additional years and by her shrewdness.
She was serious,

Studious,
And she steadied me when I was wild
For as a child I loved adventure
and sometimes was too foolish.

In her I found a pattern,
and through the years I tried to alter mine
To fit on her example.

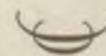
And then she went away
Leaving me alone.
To lose the loneliness I attempted many things:
I danced all night,
I worked at charity all day,
But nothing gave me satisfaction.

Then I discovered consolation in my fathers,
Both of spirit and of clay.
My mortal one was comfort unbelievable
And I revelled in my joyful duty.

Suddenly my father died
And left me with no hope.
With full heart and unhappiness
I called on God.

A year ago this was, and now
I know that I am ready
To give my life to Him
Who had sustained me,
Aided me,
In my travail."

HELEN FAIRBAIRN



September Illusion

*Gently lapping,
Softly slapping
Roll the sibilant waves;
From a sliver of light
A moonbeam bright
Over the water plays.*

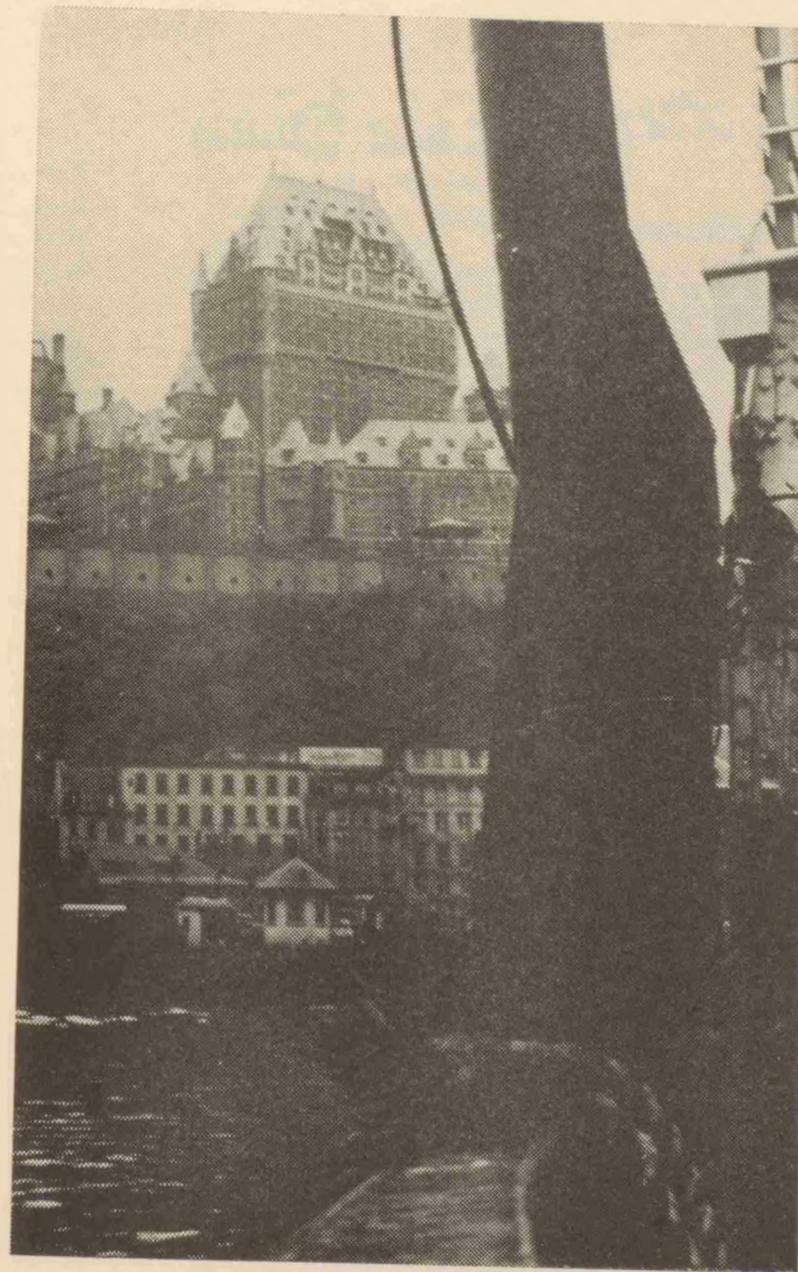
*But nothing is real, not even the moon,
All is an Autumn play
Where cut-out props of blackness loom
Above a painted bay.*

*And slate daubed clouds hang long and low
In front of a saffron drape;
And a cut-out coast with lights in a row
Retreats from a cut-out cape.*

*Silhouette boats at a framework pier
Jut their masts up high,
And black tree tops at the wings appear
Where a cloth cloud cloaks the sky.*

*And a moon ray bright
From a crescent floodlight
Over the water plays,
While gently lapping,
Softly slapping
Sound the sibilant waves.*

HUGH DOHERTY



THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC CITY
Hugh Welsford

Romeo and Juliet

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:-

Trib. — porter of Bishop's
Romeo — a freshman divine
Juliet — a freshette
Ben
Merv — two men of McGreer Hall
Balty — freshman of Norton Hall
Paris — senior of Norton Hall
Father Pat — senior divine
Assorted freshettes, deans, freshmen,- of both houses

Prologue:-

On Bishop's fair campus our scene is laid,
 To tell the tale of true love's course
 And of the man who would this bond divide.
 Two houses are represented here —
 Norton Hall the new, and old McGreer,
 With its outhouse known as the shed:
 Between these two great contention is
 Which brings about great social strife.
 But all turns out happy in the end,
 For fate smiles and does the evil mend.
 But on now with the action of our play
 We hope our tale of love will make you gay.

ACT. I Scene 1 The Georgian Hotel

Enter two men of Norton Hall armed with beer and pretzels. Ben and Merv are at a table in the back-ground.

1st N How's your course this year?
2nd N Quite good, indeed a snap.
1st N Then you need not crack a book?
2nd N Not unless I crack it over the head of some dog from McGreer Hall

1st N Well said, hey look, here comes some freshmen of that very house—let's call them over. Hey you.
Enter several men of McGreer Hall
1st M Are you addressing me, sir?
1st N Yah, where's your freshman cap?
1st M On my head, stupid.
1st N Oh, I couldn't see for your ears. (*laughs uproariously*)
1st M throws beer into 1st N face— wild fight ensues— chairs are hurled— more men of both houses appear from under the tables— a mirror splinters— Enter Trib accompanied by deans.
Trib. Peace, gentlemen?
 Three noisy bashes, bred of a drinking song
 By you, McGreer and Norton Halls
 Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our campus
 And made Bishop's wise and sleeping deans
 Rise from their rest to still the din
 If you ever enter this joint again
 Your year shall pay the forfeit of the beer.
 Away, expulsion is the fate of drinking here.
Exit all but Ben and Merv
Ben. Where is that freshman, Romeo?
Merv. Look where he comes, the smell of Renē's still upon him.
 His eyes downcast, his love is far away, at home — The Valley (1)
Ben. Hey, Romeo, what news?
Romeo The time lies heavy on my heart, 'tis three weeks till Thanksgiving.
Merv. Come, Romeo, no dame is worth such sighs. But come tonight to the introduction dance— there will I show you a chick to equal your true love— the Grapevine (2) tells us of this luscious babe.
Romeo I'll come, but just for laughs. The combined beauty of the freshette class is but passing fair beside my love. The greatness of her charm and beauty make the stars ashamed to peep from behind the clouds she does outshine them so.
Ben. Such beauty cannot be found in girls.
Romeo I'll along with you, with heavy heart
 To prove my love and I will never part.

The MITRE

Scene 2 A room in the Women's residence
Enter Juliet and Room-mate

Juliet What time is it?

Room-mate 'Tis now two hours since the chapel bell rang out through our fair quad.

Juliet Then I must rush, for Paris comes at eight. But tell me, what do you think of my date?

Room-mate A irue doll.

Juliet He makes me sick. A truer krej (3) never lived—and I am doomed to the Freshman dance with HIM. There I am ready, let us find two to play bridge while we wait.
Enter maid —

Maid Juliet, you are wanted at the door. Your man has come will you come right down?

Juliet Yes. (Exit maid) Let him wait.

Room-mate But Juliet, your true love waits.

Juliet Less, I couldn't care (Juliet starts through the door)

Room-mate Good-bye, we'll see you there.

ACT 2 Scene 1 The dining hall.

Dance music playing loudly

Enter Ben, Merv and Romeo who gets left to foot the bill.

voice(hayseedy) Paul Jones next, come on everybody.

Ben Come Romeo, let's try our luck, indeed the freshettes are a pretty lot.

Romeo My love seems fairer still, but let us go.
(They form a circle, etc. Music stops, Romeo dances off with Juliet.)

Romeo Has anyone ever told you that you have beautiful eyes.

Juliet Many sir, for men are good at lies.

Romeo No I do not lie, for you are beauty true.

MICHAELMAS 1953

Juliet And I have danced with no handsomer wolf than you.
(Music ends, and as Paul Jones starts up again Romeo joins Merv on the sidelines.)

Romeo Who was that girl, do you know? She interests me.

Merv. That is Juliet, but she is to another bound,
To one Paris, of Norton Hall our foe—
But what is this, what of your true love?

Romeo Her beauty has faded in my eyes,
Indeed, she has become as a senior
When the new freshettes appear.
As for her lover— I will deal with him
Let him look to himself, for I swear
To steal his love, prevent me if he dare.

(Exit)

Scene 2 The front of the Women's Residence time:- about 2 o'clock
Enter Romeo, in a state of intoxication

Romeo I'll call my love Hey, Juliet (at top of lungs)
Juliet appears in the fishbowl—

Juliet (aside) I thought I heard a voice call me, but I see no one
It must have been the imagination of my heart,
Wishing to hear again the music of his voice.

Romeo It is she, the apple of my eye. She gazes at the Shed
Maybe she thinks of me.

Juliet Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Are you in the Shed or out for beer?
Divinest divine, you have won my heart.
Paris, you drip, get lost, you bag of wind.
How can I ditch thee? Let me think of ways—
That with sweet Romeo I may spend my days.

Romeo That wish is also mine.
Speak but one word, and that dog Paris shall
By that word, be ground into a paste
With which I shall adhere your picture to my heart.

Juliet Oh Romeo, is it you that hears my doleful wish?

Romeo It is your true love, Juliet Come down.

Juliet Alas I cannot, for 'tis after one.

The MITRE

Voice within: Juliet, 'tis quiet hours. (*exit Juliet from window*)
 You have been warned to call from your window is not
 right
 A fine shall end the romance of this night. (*exit voice*)
Enter Juliet

Juliet Goodnight, goodnight, parting is such sweet sorrow
 And I must say goodbye . . . I'll see you at chapel
 tomorrow.
 (*Exit Juliet singing "The Last Time I Saw Paris"*)

Romeo Good night, my love. (*he staggers off in general
 direction of Shed*)

Scene 3 Father Pat's cell in the Shed. time:- the next evening
*Assorted divines, Romeo, Paris and others on floor playing
 poker*

F. Pat The hands of yonder clock have fast moved on
 Since we this game of poker first began.
 Let's play but one more hand, and then retire.
 Romeo, since you are newest here, deal the last
 And telling game. By the way, where were you last
 night.

Romeo That secret is my own.

F. Pat A woman, I'll be bound. Let's play—
 Fortune to him that wins this pot today.

Romeo Well, Paris, friend, what do you bid?

Paris I've not much left— it is your lucky night.

Romeo My luck will change. I'll bet you your date
 With Juliet for all my gain tonight.

Paris Agreed, no dame's worth all you've won.
 (*They Play*)

Romeo My luck still holds

Paris You have fairly won, but let's meet at the G
 To drink upon the deal, do you agree?

Romeo Tomorrow then. Goodnight to all. (*Exit Romeo*)

Paris (aside) He wins tonight, tomorrow he will loose
 The G is out of bounds for college booze (*Exit Paris*)

MICHAELMAS 1953

F. Pat Some trick I see engraved on Paris' face
 He would not loose a game with such good grace.
 A warning I will to Romeo leave
 For his rival has some trick still up his sleeve.

Scene 4 The Georgian Hotel
Enter Romeo-

Romeo Paris has not yet come
 I'll celebrate with a glass of rum.
Enter a DEAN

Dean What's this I see, a student out of bounds?
 I'll speak to him to let him tell me why
 He sits and drinks beyond the door
 Which to the campus crew forbidden is.
 Excuse me boy

Romeo Sir?

Dean This tavern is not lawful to the college crowd.
 Yet you so soon arrive to break the law—
 Report to me tomorrow— now go.

Romeo I see the cowardly Paris' trick
 To loose the game, yet to have the girl
 I'll be avenged today upon that louse,
 So he will see if I be man or mouse. (*Exit*).

ACT III Scene 1 The Women's Residence—a room. Juliet is studying.
Enter Room-mate

Juliet Who was it on the telephone?

Room-mate It was Benvolio, the bearer of bad news.

Juliet What's wrong?

Room-mate He says that Romeo has been expelled.

Juliet Why, what has he done?

Room-mate They say that he was drinking at the G,
 That tavern but a day before made sin—
 Paris was to meet him there at three
 But 'twas a trick by that small worm devised.
 Romeo had won your hand at cards.

The MITRE

Juliet Then it is because of me he went—
Yet too, the notice had not then been posted
Wait for me here— I go to see the dean.
Perhaps with my tale, he will not be so mean. (*Exit*)

Scene 2 The dean's apartment.
Romeo and the dean are sitting talking at the desk.

Dean And so, expulsion is the fate you see
Of all from here caught drinking at the G.
Enter Juliet

Juliet But, sir, he did not know . . .
No notice had as yet been set
To tell the campus of the latest law
Romeo did not join the brawl
That caused this legislation.
Paris, his rival, did this trap devise
To steal from Romeo his lawful prize. —
ME.

Dean So . . . innocently was he in that den
Then stay . . . but don't be caught again.

Scene 3 The Quadrangle
Enter Romeo and Juliet, holding hands. (4)

Romeo My own true love that saved me from my fate —
To the Freshman Formal will now go as my date?

Juliet By you, my love, has Paris been deposed
I'll await the night of that first freshman fling
With bated breath: the days will swiftly go
Till the time I spend dancing with my Romeo.
(*they have now reached the door of the Woman's Residence*)

Romeo Goodbye then love, o, by the way,
How about a movie, say on Saturday?

Juliet To be with you, a movie house a palace seems
Farewell, dear heart, I'll see you in my dreams.
(*They kiss as final curtain falls*) (5)

Epilogue: And so the way of love has run its course —
Man has won his maid, all is now serene.
Two hearts are joined upon our campus fair
As many have, and many more shall be.
Let us say farewell to these who joined in heart
Live now as one, we hope they'll never part.

MICHAELMAS 1953

NOTES:

- (1) *The Valley — Ottawa Valley.*
- (2) *The Grapevine — a mysterious means of communication at Bishop's.*
- (3) *Krej — a backward jerk*
- (4) *With apologies to Dr. J-----s*
- (5) *Deeper apologies to same gentleman.*

DIANA ROBB



Night

*Night crowds around me
And strange sensations press me;
The crushing air forces me
To gasp for breath;
And my heart beats fast
In my breast.*

*Then I ask that human company
Be near me,
To make me forget for a time
The powers of darkness,
For the warmth of mortality
Makes me less afraid.*

*Strange shadows form behind me
Like souls straining to grasp me;
Every tree, every rock is a living thing
And I shiver in fear.
Yet, as I feel the presence of man
Melancholy claims me.*

*The skeleton branches of the ghostly birth
Come at me;
Those craving fingers of fear
Are ready to fast me.
I flee to human arms
Because I fear them less than these.*

HELEN FAIRBAIRN

Poem

*The swamp
Stinks and sweats alone
in the cold night air.
The weeds,
brown and greasy,
Green, clotted water, smearing slime
On their decayed, tubercular bodies,
Fall over one another
like drunks in a futile brawl.*

*One aged, grey-bellied frog
Belches.
Like a fat, beer-drinking slob,
Interrupting the deathly stillness.*

*Somewhere else
An oily, black-skinned snake
Slithers onto a disfigured arm
of a fallen tree.
Wicked fangs strike and whip
a juicy bug into a greedy, venomous mouth.
Then silently it slides
back into the fermented, green, smelling stew.*

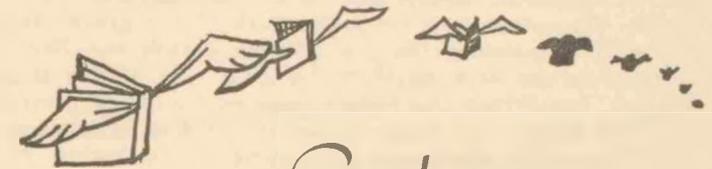
JOHN PRESTON

Mother Hubbard's Dilemma

*I spy
the seeming goodness
of your heart,
Mother Hubbard,
When you went to the cupboard,
Kindly humane,
To find your dog a bone.
But you found despair
For nothing was there —
Alas! Who would know
but you, the complexities
of hunger and pain
in a starving canine stomach?*

*Lazy Mother Hubbard!
How human,
Too late were you not?
For even the butcher
had closed his shop.
So your pup had
None.
Will you remember to-morrow?
Or is human hunger
Merely an habitual bone
On which to gnaw?*

JANE QUINTIN



Exchanges

BY GEORGE CANTLIE



Owing to the fact that the Jubilee issue carried no Exchanges, we find ourselves possessed of a fair amount of material to be handled in this column. It is hoped that the nature of the comments presented here will satisfy our readers, and that their scope, as far as possible, will satisfy all those connected with the publications listed in the "Acknowledgments."

Let us commence immediately by examining a noteworthy article 'Canadian Poetry', which appears in *Acta Victoriana*. This article is third in a series called 'The Arts In Canada', and is of particular interest to Canadian students.

The article divides itself into four sections. The first of these — 'The Dark Ages' — deals with the history and spread of poetry before the advent of what the author considers to be the true Canadian school. He points out that during this period, roughly from 1825-1880, the poetic talent of Canada looked to English standard of style and scope.

Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman and D. C. Scott are considered in the next section which is entitled 'The Big Four'. Roberts' works on Nature and rural life, that is, his simpler works, are held by the author to be the ones of most intrinsic merit. Carman's poems are treated much in the same manner; his elegaic poems are commended in addition to his poems of spring. Lampman's and Scott's nature poetry is favourably criticized, it being mentioned that most of Scott's contain an element of tragedy.

The third section — 'Era of Best Sellers' — discusses the works of W. H. Drummond, Robert Service, Tom MacInnes, and Wilson MacDonald. The author does not make much of this group; he accuses Drummond of widening the gap between French and English, and condemns Service as a balladeer. A great deal of this is perhaps, very true, but Wilson MacDonald receives too much adverse criticism. It is hardly true to say, as the author does in so many words, that the majority of MacDonald's works are colourless in meaning.

In the last section called 'Dawn Breaks', the author treats briefly the effect of E. J. Pratt upon Canadian poetry. Following this, he discusses the characteristics of the Montreal Group—A. J. N. Smith, A. M. Klein, Leo Kennedy and F. R. Scott. Their object, it is pointed out, is to set up a simpler style involving more direct language. Also mentioned in this section are A. A. Brown, Robert Finch, Dorothy Livesay, Earle Birney and P. K. Page. The author notes that not much work has been done since 1947 by these poets already mentioned, and lists the notables of the 'new crop', namely, L. A. MacKay, Roy Daniells, and James Reaney.

The summer edition of the *Quebec Diocesan Gazette* proved very interesting reading for one who had not previously been familiar with this informative little magazine. The Editor's Page points out that the issue was planned with the aim of presenting to its readers highlights of the recent meeting of the Diocesan Synod, and there are many articles relating to this in the body of the issue. Turning the page to the 'Diocesan Notes' column, we find many familiar names in the news, and later on, an article contributed by an Alumnus on the June 13th Convocation.

There is an interesting article in this magazine concerning the shortage of clergy in the Church of England in Canada. The article is based on the statements of the Archbishop in his Charge, and its views are supported further by the Archbishop's Letter which prefaces the issue. His Grace points out that the shortage is felt everywhere, but that this Diocese is maintaining 80% more clergy in proportion to its members than the Church as a whole. He hastens to add, however, that we should not be too proud of this record, and proceeds to outline the various ways by which we can hope to obtain more clergy. Bishop's University, and, to a slightly lesser degree, Bishop's College School, are mentioned as constituting a major supply factor.

Turning now to the United Kingdom, we may commence by examining *The Leopardess*. This is always a very much appreciated exchange, and, at the time of writing this article there were two issues available, those of the Lent and Summer terms.

This magazine has always had a fair selection of poetry. Here are two from the Lent Issue which are of suitable length for comment in this article.

C A M E O

*Lights are gleaming on the rain-shine road;
From his cellar in a back street
The old man shuffles; and stands dithering
In the streaming gutter. His clothes
Hang, mournful wet rags; screeching brakes
Utter sentence of silence.
A small crowd
Gathers.*

Here we have a simple piece of semi-suggestive description. We see the helplessness of the old and poor, the value of human life, the finality of death, and the typical reaction of human nature to a grim situation such as this.

Then, in another vein, we may quote this clever little poem, which requires a knowledge of Latin to be understood fully.

*The old man frowned and shook his head
"Reggie, lad, the king is dead."
The old man bowed his head and cried —
"Someone has killed him." Regicide.*

The poet's name is AH-WELL.
From the Summer issue, a brief, thoughtful poem:

THE WALL

*We who have sinned,
What will we see when we're over the wall?
Will it be all?
Or only a garden
Empty and grey
With no other sound than the whistling wind?
We who have sinned.*

Turning now from poetry to its first cousin—that 'strange' type of prose, we have:

THE INNER EYE AND OUTER EAR

I have torn the sun out of the sky. It is here now on my plate; so give me a knife to cut it in segments, and a teaspoon for the juice. But as yet you have achieved no synthesis, no balance or deeper meaning. As I thought the knife melted in the heat, and the spoon showered away in

atoms. It was a grapefruit after all, even though it had pips of lead. I have become somewhat hard of hearing.

A very informative article entitled 'Digression in Music' is to be found in this issue. It traces the development of music through the Anglo-Saxon and medieval lyrical stage up to the Elizabethan age where "poetry and music were more perfectly matched than ever before and perhaps ever after." Then, just previous to the advent of Mozart, music departs from poetry to become a separate art. The author now briefly traces the achievements of most of the great composers, and briefly sketches the complicated trends of mood and expression which are changing constantly as time goes by. He continues this discussion up to modern times, and gives his reasons for choosing Vaughn Williams as the next great composer after Brahms.

In the Summer edition of *The Leopardess*, we have a very revealing article entitled 'Physics and the Integrated Man.' This considers the essential differences and similarities between the methods and attitudes of Science and those of the Arts. The writer is a Physicist and selects his field to apply to the argument.

He points out that physicists must of necessity concern themselves only with the subjective elements of their work: they know there are certain infallible patterns of regularity, and base their science on these. It is not the job of the physicist to explain why there are these regularities, although their existences and invariable natures are verified from time to time. Realizing that those who deal with the creative arts are liable to consider a Scientist's job to be a very prosaic one, the author suggests that Physics can be enjoyed according to its own conventions, just as the various forms of art are appreciated — each by its own standard. Thus, an Arts man should not be surprised if he sees a Scientist enjoying his own work.

But should the Artist try to appreciate science? This question is answered by the introduction of the idea of the "integrated man." This is the hypothetical type of person that schools and universities are striving to produce. The author maintains that an approach to this being is desirable, and tells us that in order to attempt such an approach, "we must pursue most diligently our special studies in order that we may have the incomparable delight of creative and original work; secondly . . . we must endeavour to have a sympathetic feeling for studies not our special ones."

It is made clear in the body of the article, that as far as educated scientists are concerned, this is applying to their views on the creative arts. As to the question of versatility as related to education itself, the author makes his position clear, for near the end of

the article, there is a quote from Professor Max Born: "'Scientists are better educated than Artists, for they do at least know a little of the Arts.'"

The Northerner features an unusual article in the form of an actual letter from four students studying at Lomonosov State University in Moscow. Evidently a delegation of Russian students had visited King's College, and the editor of *the Northerner* had asked them to arrange a contribution to the magazine on their return. The resulting letter proves very interesting, but as it is strictly copyrighted, we cannot reproduce any of it here. We may say, however, that the general tone of the letter is very impressive; that is, it communicates a mood of prosperity in the material sense and otherwise. For example, the numbers of students are large; the buildings and the laboratories and library facilities are quite amazing. The general university system of education is outlined and the organization and variety of study are discussed quite thoroughly, as are sports and cultural activities.

Cap and Gown carries a very sensible article called "Faith and Fanaticism." Here the nature of the dominating psychological attitude of the present generation—that of fear, is discussed, and a measure is suggested for its removal. The proposed measure is a form of religious revival. However, the author makes it plain that no one religion can perform the task satisfactorily, for not all men agree with the ethical doctrines of one particular faith. The attitude of fear is manifested today in men's relations with each other, and a doctrine is needed which will appeal, and will apply, to everybody. This disagreement between religions is held by the author to be the key to the whole problem of misunderstanding among men. "From faith to fanaticism . . . from fanaticism to war."

The solution to the problem depends upon exercise of a doctrine called "The Will to Understand." This involves not only toleration, but also a complete willingness for a person of one faith to admit he is wrong in the face of another. This Will to Understand must not, however, be placed solely on a rational basis, but must be a transformation within each being, so that the whole outlook is altered. The article ends by emphasizing that The Will to Understand does not seek to eradicate faith itself, but only that brand of faith that is blind, unreasoning and absolute.

The Spring issue of *The Unicorn* contains a fair amount of rather good poetry. Here are two; the theme of the one is imaginative and seasonal; of the other realistic and like the city it portrays, timeless — the product of Man civilized.

SNOW

*An open door, and there,
Riding the wind's great surge in the lamplit air,
The small white horsemen of enchantment gleam;
A tossing stream
Of stubborn legions with one impulse hurled
On a grey world,
Drear, dark and dead, that flinches and had to yield
The hopless field;
And a lone flute playing,
Straying
Mockingly through the mazes of melody
Summoning, calling to conquest the hosts of the air;
An open door, and there —
Faery.*

PLACE DE LA PIGALLE

*Habitual calm spreads sulky wings
Over the city.
The girls are pretty,
But their blurred faces and cocktail glasses merge.
God! is it to these young creatures
That we owe the quarter's scourge?
The neon lighting glistens,
The bebop music whines,
And from the crowded cafes
Sensual scarlet fever climbs.
Here morals count for nothing.
Hairs fold and lips are red
And the breath of the century passes
Overhead.*

Our reader may wonder why so much material is taken from the British magazines. One reason for this is that the majority of the university exchanges received were from British universities. We had only three Canadian literary magazines, and one American one. Without injuring the feelings of any of our overseas friends, whose creative writing we enjoy very much, we would like to say that any Canadian university exchanges would be most gratefully received. We shall carry out our side of the plan.

Acknowledgments -

Received with thanks:

Acta Victoriana (Victoria College, Toronto)
The Review (Trinity University, Toronto)
Mount Allison Record (Mount Allison University, New Brunswick)
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa (Ottawa)
Quebec Diocesan Gazette
Profile (University of Cincinnati, Ohio)
The Leopardess (Queen Mary College, London)
The Unicorn (Bedford College, London)
The Northerner (King's College, University of Durham)
Cap and Gown (University College, Cardiff)
The Nonesuch (University of Bristol)
Echoes (St. Andrew's University, Scotland)
Perspectives (Intercultural Publications Inc.)
Stonyhurst Magazine (Stonyhurst College, Whally)
The Ashburian (Ashbury College, Ottawa)
The College Times (Upper Canada College, Toronto)
The Record (Trinity College School, Port Hope)
Per Annos (King's Hall, Compton)



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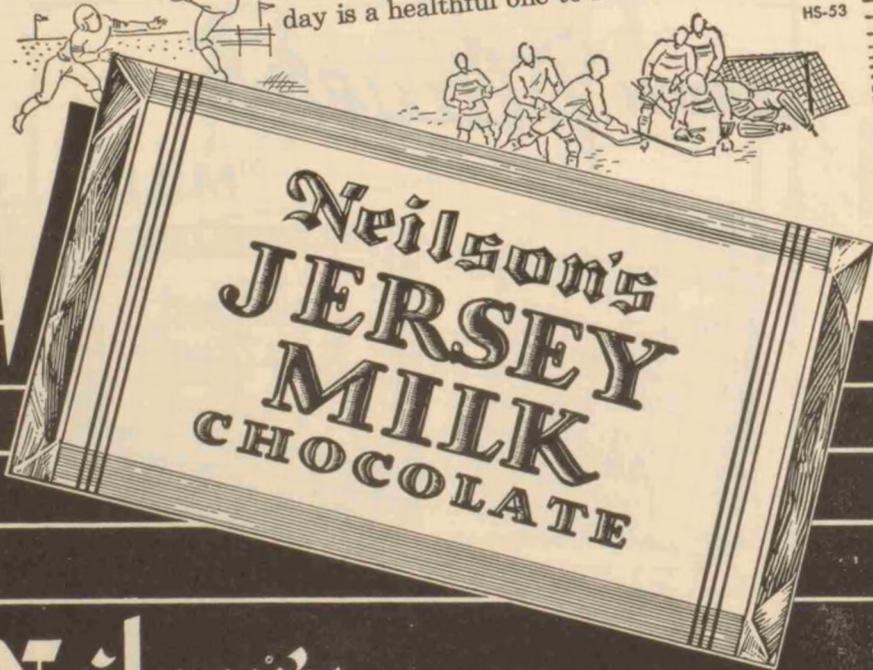
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