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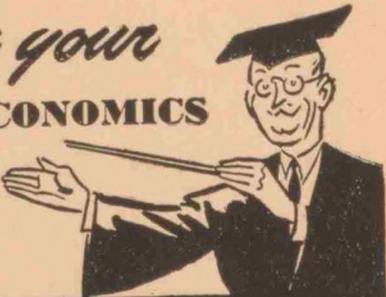
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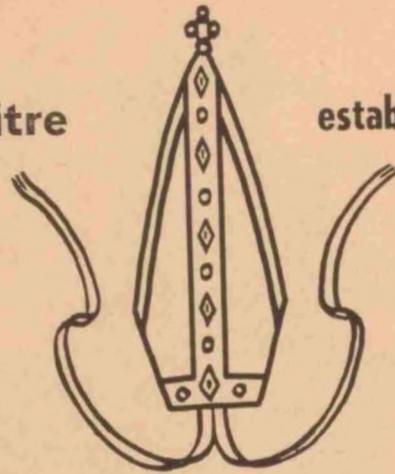
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Linoleum cuts, cover, by Donald Kuehner

FOREWORD

... W. O. Raymond

The publication of the first number of Volume 62 of **The Mitre** is an evidence of the tenacity of a literary tradition at Bishop's which is in accord with the humanistic ideals of the University. While such a record is praiseworthy it should not lead to complacency, since it is as true of a college magazine as of an individual that no achievement of the past can excuse futility in the present. As Emerson writes: "Life only avails, not the having lived. Power ceases in the instant of repose; it resides in the moment of transition from a past to a new state, in the shooting of the gulf, in the darting to an aim."

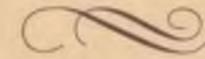
The Mitre needs wider support from the student body at Bishop's. There is a mistaken notion that the writing of articles for it can be left to a small group; and that the art of literary composition is a special gift which only a few people possess. It could readily be shown that, since words are the indispensable embodiment of thought, every man is compelled in some form or other to reveal the content of his mind through speech and writing. It is axiomatic that the sovereign road to the growth of the mind lies through self-expression; and, in this connection, the care, pains, and organization involved in writing make it a more effective instrument for the cultivation of the intellect than speech. Clearness, accuracy, originality, judgment are cardinal characteristics of the educated as contrasted with the uneducated mind. The nurture of these through the practice and art of writing is an unrivalled channel for the attainment of these qualities. It was not a classicist but a great scientist, Thomas Huxley, who wrote in his treatise, **Science and Art in Education**: "I would assuredly devote a very large portion of the time of every English child to the careful study of the models of English writing of such varied and wonderful kind as we possess, and what is still more important and still more neglected, the habit of using that language with precision, with force, and with art."

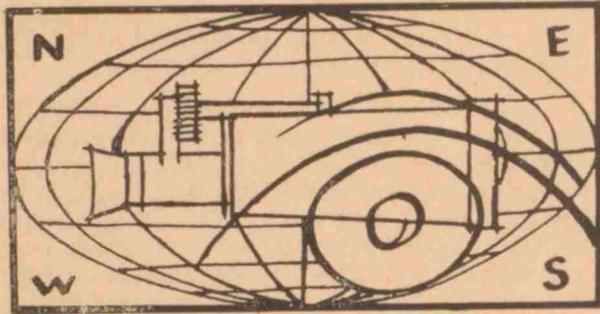
These words of Huxley are even more applicable to adult education. While technology has a legitimate place, the primary aim of a University is the discipline, culture, and enlargement of the mind as an end in itself. As Woodrow Wilson puts it in his fine essay, **What Is a College For**, "The word efficiency has in our day the power to tinker at the centre of it, the power of independent movement and initiative. It is not merely the suitability to be a good tool; it is the power to wield tools."

The Mitre welcomes contributions from all students. If any of

our B.Sc. undergraduates feel inhibited in writing for it, they should dip into the works of Thomas Huxley and Sir William Osler for models of clear, incisive, and graceful English prose.

There are two small and inexpensive handbooks which ought to be in the hands of every University student: Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's **On the Art of Writing** and Sir Ernest Gowers' **Plain Words: A Guide to the Use of English**. Amongst the multitude of precepts for literary composition, none is better than that of Cervantes in his **Preface to Don Quixote**: "Do but take care to express yourself in a plain, easy Manner, in well-chosen, significant and decent Terms, and to give a harmonious and pleasing Turn to your Periods: study to explain your Thoughts, and set them in the truest Light, labouring as much as possible, not to leave them dark nor intricate, but clear and intelligible."





editorial

Simplicity is a declining thing that seems to slip like a childhood cloak from the shoulders of growing up. Many of us are discovering that the time has passed when we could easily find joy and comfort in the simple things about us which have not changed as we have.

For we have grown in many senses; our fund of knowledge is larger than before; our share of responsibilities heavier, and our minds more mature. Our complex age demands of us complex skills and habits of living which in themselves become more complicated and ultimately more specialized within a tightly-meshed, many-sided social system. Our needs and wants now have far outstripped the needs and wants of a few years ago; they will pile even higher and more varied a few years hence. We have certainly gained physical weight and stature, and added the deep scars and indelible impressions of childhood to our store of memories.

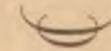
We have gained greatly as we have grown, but we have also lost in a large measure

the simplicity and the appreciation of the simple which used to be the essence of our personalities.

Where now is the child who clutched joyously at the sparkle of cellophane; the young lad who stood enchanted as an explorer at the wind among the long grasses; the little girl who exclaimed with vital fascination at a nest of tiny, open-mouthed young robins?

Can we marvel at the perfection of a single morning dew drop, the shimmering twinkle of an early evening star, or the glint of sunlight on a yellow autumn leaf? Do we shiver at the cry of a loon across an empty lake; can we shed an inward tear for the doll with a broken arm, or laugh still at the antics of a shy chipmunk? Are we still aware of the miracle of being, rejoicing more in the very fact of life than in its achievements and excesses? Can we wander alone and find ourselves, in a deep quiet apart from the heavy shrouds which other people spin about us in daily contact?

Perhaps most of us live too dependently on artificial theories and conveniences which no longer serve merely as ornaments, but as the essentials themselves. We seek too much to find the stuff of living within the trappings which have accumulated about the great simplicities, and in that search, too often become entangled in the outer layers, unable to penetrate to the core beneath.



In This Issue . . .

The Mitre is new this year. That much at least is evident at first glance; Don Kuehner's cover design is the first new thing, but there are other things new about **The Mitre**, too.

For one thing, there seems to be a renewed interest in **The Mitre** on the part of graduates, for this first issue of the year contains no less than three contributions from former Bishop's undergraduates. For an enjoyable bit of outside colour, you are referred to "Hark, the Sound of Tar-Heel Voices," by Clifton L. Hall, who is presently a professor at the George Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville, Tennessee. Mr. Hall graduated in Arts from Bishop's in 1921, and we of the Mitre staff welcome his unflagging interest in literary activities at Bishop's.

Mr. Grant Sampson, who graduated two years ago, and received his M.A. from Bishop's last spring has provided more food for thought on a problem that has been discussed in a series of articles in **The Mitre** for the past two years; namely, Canadian culture. His article, "Away from a National Culture," sheds new and scholarly light on the subject. It is hoped that thinking writers at Bishop's now will see fit to comment on Mr. Sampson's views, and the problem in general.

Also included in the issue is a poem by Ian Hamilton, who received his B.A. at Bishop's last spring. His "Grave-yard Shift" is an eloquent testimonial to the labour of the men who work by night.

New to **The Mitre**, too, are three poetic contributions from first year students here at Bishop's. John Cook's "Pride of Arabia," and Kate Cantlie's "Two Rainbows," and "Two Memories of Italy" show a talent for drawing imagery and expressing mature thought which augurs well for future work. It is our hope that other first students will follow the example set by these two in their high standard of writing.

One thing, however, is not new; and that is the aim of **The Mitre**. Dr. W. O. Raymond, in his excellent foreword has expressed this aim in a manner which is vital, and at the same time, which reflects the traditional Christian liberal spirit upon which Bishop's and **The Mitre** are founded. All undergraduates, whether or not they are in the habit of writing will find an invaluable thought in Dr. Raymond's foreword.

We are pleased to publish this term, too, Dr. D. C. Masters' authoritative review of the last four volumes of Arnold Toynbee's monumental work, "A Study of History," which appeared in the Montreal Gazette in November.

Here, then, is the first Mitre for the academic year. We hope that you will read it, comment on it, and most important, write for succeeding Mitres.

Letter from Tennessee . . .

Dear Sir:

My purpose in writing is to send you another small contribution to help with financing your magazine and to ask you to continue my subscription through the year 1954-55. Though I wrote only a few paragraphs for its pages during my years at Bishop's, I am still interested in **The Mitre**.

I have enjoyed every issue that has come my way: I have all for the past two years except that of Lent 1953 (vol. 60, No. 2). If you can spare me a copy of this, will you please send it along.

May I congratulate you and your contributors on the make-up of the magazine and the quality of the writing it carries. I was impressed by the contribution of Miss Heather Maggs in the Lent 1954 issue. She has undoubtedly an eye for significant detail and a feeling for the right word.

I was particularly interested in the poem and sketch on pages 56 and 57 of the Trinity 1954 number, entitled "Passion Flowers." The *Passiflora incarnata* is a common wild flower in these parts. It was the state flower of Tennessee until a few years ago when it was replaced by the blue iris — a no-count German importation. It was named by the Spanish explorers who thought that its stalked pistil and horizontal anthers resembled a cross, symbol of the Passion. It is a pretty pale lavender flower and grows on a climbing vine. The seed-pod is about the size of a small egg and when thrown vigorously against a solid surface it explodes in a manner to delight the children. Hence it is usually known by the prosaic name of May-pop.

With sincere best wishes for the continued success of **The Mitre**, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

CLIFTON L. HALL (Arts 1921)

Professor.

George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee.

"Hark, The Sound of Tar-Heel Voices!"

..... Clifton L. Hall

Different people have different ideas as to what sounds are the most soothing and restful. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow sang of "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks." William Butler Yeats longed for "lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore." Private Joe Jones, an author I read more often than I do Longfellow or Yeats, is happily surrounded by "the murmur of a lazy intermittent babel of Tar-Heel speech."¹ I agree with Joe. I can recline in a chair in a Chapel Hill barbershop and listen, completely relaxed and happy, to the soft, slow drawl around me. I don't care what is being discussed or with how much authority or understanding — baseball, fishin', sex, or politics, it's all the same to me. Nor does grammar or syntax concern me in the least.

North Carolina speech is not only soothing to listen to; it can tickle your ear or nudge your funnybone with its originality or picturesqueness. It also possesses a strength of its own resulting from the healthy growth that language shows when people use it to convey ideas rather than for rhetorical effect. Some words and phrases used every day in the Southern Appalachian region can be traced all the way back to the England of Elizabeth I. They have survived because they still impart, effectively and clearly, the same ideas that they imported in the sixteenth century. Others have sprung up and come into general use naturally, as the need for them arose; they have been borrowed from every imaginable source. The net result is a living, growing variety of English, agreeable to the ear and effective in use.

Every native of North Carolina is proud to be known as a Tar Heel. The origin of this name seems to be lost in obscurity. I have heard it explained in a number of ways. All accounts agree on one point: the name originated in the days of the Carolina pine forests that used to yield huge quantities of tar. The rest of the story varies with the teller. The important thing to note about this name is that it should be written as two words, "Tar Heel," with a hyphen between them as need be, but always with two capitals. Now and again

1. *1-B Soldier* (New York: Harper & Brothers 1946) P. 62

some Yankee editor prints it "Tarheel." In 1949 the *New York Herald-Tribune*, in an article on Charlie Justice, greatest of Tar Heel football players, referred to him as a "Tarheel." It is correct, of course to write some compound expressions thus. For instance, every Southerner knows that "damyankee" is all one word and he is always careful to write it correctly. But look at the front page of the daily paper published at Chapel Hill by the students at the Mother of American State Universities; it is "The Daily Tar Heel." And so the name should always be written.

In most parts of the world where English is spoken, a day of clear air, cloudless sky, and bright sunshine is called "a nice day," or "a fine day." But in North Carolina, and in most other parts of the South, the appropriate expression is "a pretty day." In the early spring, when the dogwood (the state flower) is in blossom everywhere, the expression is particularly apposite; the days are more than nice, they are really pretty. My taxi-driver remarked, one cool but sunny morning, "It's goin' to be a pretty day, but it's a little bit airish." A gift consisting of a trinket or other bright colored object is often spoken of as "a pretty." One afternoon not long since I was leaning against the wall in a somewhat undignified pose, enjoying a coke. Catching sight of me, one of my students remarked, "I'd give a pretty for a picture of you just like that."

"Holp," the archaic past tense of the verb "to help," is heard in all parts of the state. It is always pronounced "hope." I have listened carefully for a trace of the sound of the original "l" but I have never been able to detect it. Private Samuel W. Eaton of the 57th North Carolina Regiment wrote in his diary on May 8, 1863, after the second battle of Fredericksburg, "I however hope them (the 'wounded Yankies') what I could such as bring them wood and water." This word "hope" is reported to be used as a noun as well as a verb, although I have never heard this usage. Yet I have heard a spurious past tense "hoped." To signify that he had done everything in his power to aid a neighbor whose buildings had been demolished by a tornado, an Alabama farmer declared, "I hoped him out most much."

Any sizeable gathering, of community or family, is an "infare" — that is, all "fare in" to take part. This word is not used of "little bitty" groups; there must be "a whole bunchful" present before the event can be properly termed an "infare."

Really odd is the southern use of the verb "to hack." Any Tar Heel's account of "my most embarrassing moment" is likely to conclude with the exclamation "And was I hacked!" meaning, of course, "was I mortified!" The origin of this usage would probably be interesting, but I have thus far failed in all my efforts to trace it, and

have now and again been a trifle "hacked" as a result of my too insistent inquiries.

The verb "can" was long ago shorn of most of its inflections. Chaucer used it much more flexibly than standard English practice allows today. This seems the more odd when one considers that the corresponding French verb *pouvoir* is still inflected like any other. But southern colloquial usage performs wonders unheard of by outsiders with this word "can." "Why don't you drop in to see me tomorrow?" I recently asked a young Texan over the phone. "I may can, sure 'nuff," came back his reply. To hear numerous examples of this way of using the language you have only to listen to a group of Southerners in front of a county court house, in a barbershop, at the Post Office, or wherever else men gather for easy conversation. "I usta could handle a plane pretty good," reminisced a former Air Force Sergeant as a graceful Silver Falcon passed overhead, "but I aint hardly ever been near one since the War ended." As he said it, his "usta could" was entirely right and appropriate. Had he said "I used to be able to," it would have sounded stilted and awkward—in fact it sounds that way even when a Rhodes Scholar says it. Other very common forms are "ought to could," "shoul'da could," and "might could." All these expressions sounded very odd to me when I first heard them. Now I accept them as good native Southern, as the result of a perfectly sound and logical development of language brought about by a clear and definite need. They might well be used wherever English is spoken, although I am not yet ready to recommend the rather extreme "usta didn't."

When a bird, large or small, lights on the branch of a tree, on the ground, or anywhere else, it "pitches" there. The word may possibly be a corruption of "perches," but, whatever it is, birds "pitch" all over the Old North State, from big ungainly pelicans on the sandbars of Hatteras Inlet to little grey juncos on the top of Mount Mitchell.

The Osage orange is a common tree in North Carolina. Its round green fruit, known as hedge apples, are familiar to southern boys who like to throw them—to "chunk" them— at any tempting target, just as boys everywhere have thrown all sorts of missiles from time immemorial. The wood makes superior bows; hence the early French explorers named the tree *bois d'arc*, or bow wood. The French term has gradually been corrupted into "bowdark" and most rural people know the tree by this name, few if any of them understanding its origin.

With the coming of federal control and prohibition, "alky cookers" moved their stills into the Smoky Mountains in the western part

of the State and have ever since operated them in the open air, ready for quick transport whenever danger threatens. Some potent varieties of "drinkin' liquor" that they distil have really poetic names; "white lightnin'," "silver cloud," and "white mule" are all well known and "mountain dew" has ever been celebrated in song. One particularly vicious brew bears the innocent name "sweet Lucy wine." This fondness for pleonastic expressions such as "drinkin' liquor" can be noted in many parts of the South. For example, when one divides anything such as an apple or a watermelon into halves, he is said to "cut it half in two." Something or other is reported to have happened recently. "When?" you ask. "Oh, just the other day ago." In Eastern Kentucky a small stream is usually "a little creek of water."

In the Smokies an illegitimate child is often referred to as a "woods-colt," which sounds quite innocent and carries little or no suggestion that the bearer is under any sort of cloud. Possibly some of the eminent illegitimates of history would have suffered less handicap on account of their origin if they had been known as woods-colts. One thinks of the Emperor Constantine, William I of England, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Alexander Hamilton, the Right-Honorable J. Ramsay MacDonald - - - but discretion forbids me to continue! Anyhow, "William the Woods-Colt" certainly seems preferable to "William the Bastard." A neat simile, not infrequently heard, is "nervous as a woods-colt at a family reunion."

Striking comparisons give Tar-Heel speech much of its characteristic color. Some of these seem to be of ancient lineage. The blue-jay, a bird well known all over the eastern half of North America, is often referred to, but always as a "jaybird." "Sassy as a jaybird," "I don't know any more about it than a jaybird," and "naked as a jaybird" are all heard again and again. This particular comparison possibly came to America with the earliest settlers. John Skelton, an English poet of the time of Henry the Eighth and author of much scurrilous verse, sometimes addresses his enemies as "jayberd." Also in his "Ryght Delectable Tratyse Vpon a Goodly Garlande or Chapelet of Laurell" he writes,

For the gyse now adays
Of sum iangelyng iays
Is to discommend
That they cannot amend.

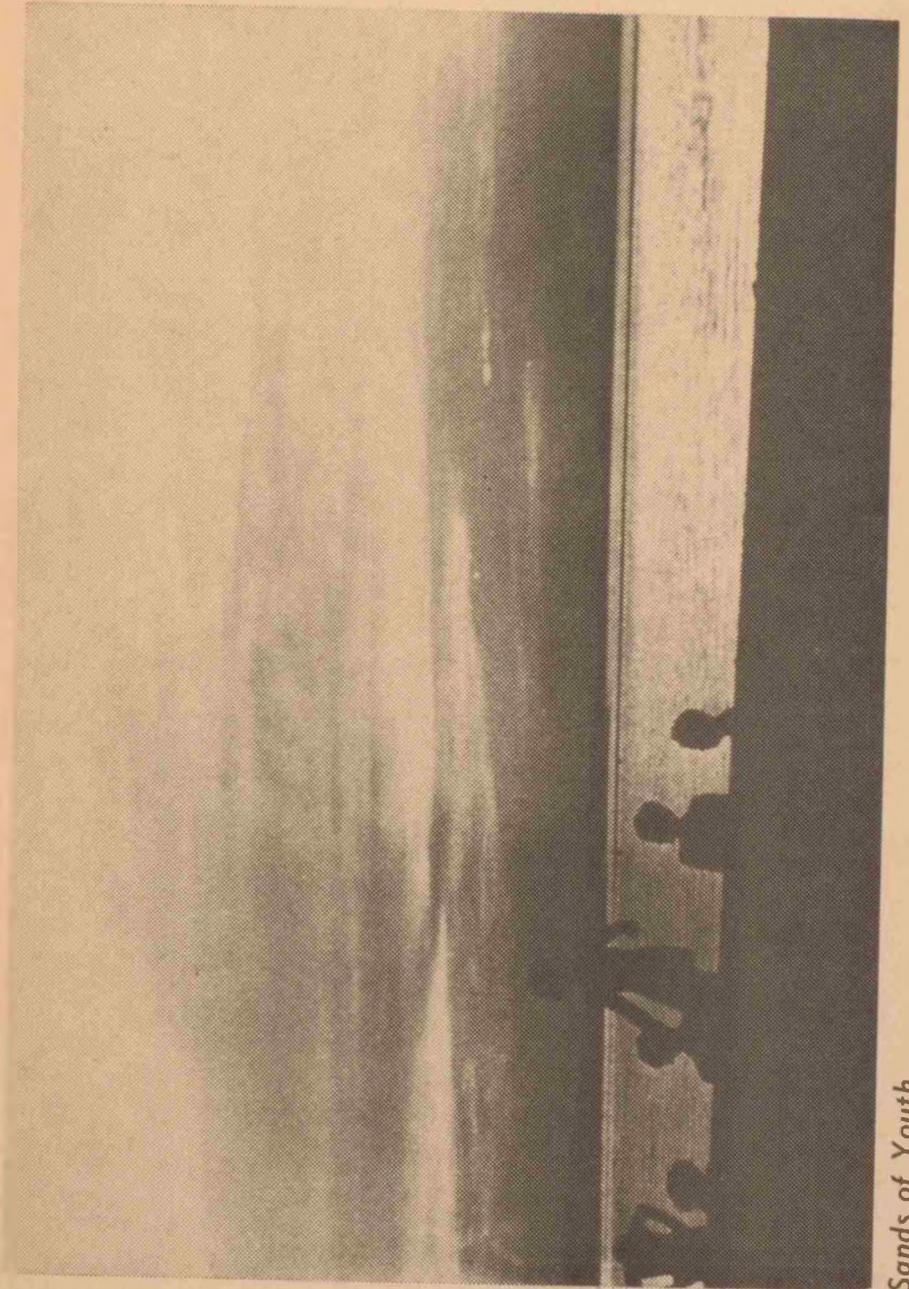
The names of other animals and birds are likewise much used in figures of speech. "He lit out of there like a bat out of hell," signifies a hurried departure. A person who smiles is said to "grin like a possum." If his smile is utterly radiant, he is perhaps "grinnin' like a barrel of possum heads."

Thousands of picturesque similes such as these have been collected by the folklorists, but I shall mention only a few of those which I found most original and vivid. Any smallish stream that flows into another is a "branch." The expression "branch water" carries definite overtones of contempt, and anything "weak as branch water" (or sometimes "weak as stump water") is about as weak as it can be. A veteran of the Pacific campaign in World War II was describing his narrow escape from a bout with some sort of tropical fever. "I just laid there in that hospital for twenty-five days, flat on my back and so weak I couldn't even pee branch water." I realized that he had had a very close call. To signify that everything was in order for the oncoming winter a farmer said, "At last I've got everything sawed square and painted." A mother (one who, naturally, has never taken a course in child psychology) will sometimes admonish her refractory offspring with the threat, "I'll smack you up the chimney!"

Pronunciation sometimes enables me to tell where a student comes from almost as soon as he has begun to talk. A Virginian is spotted as soon as he says "aboot" (about) or "withoot" (without) and "hoigh" (high) identifies a Carolinian from near Albemarle Sound—probably from "Hoide" County (Hyde) or from "Turl" (Terrell). The phrase "hoigh toide in Hoide County" has become almost proverbial, although I have not been able to discover the reason.

When I first arrived, several years ago, at the University of North Carolina, I was somewhat puzzled at being greeted everywhere with the salutation, "Hey! Haah yeew?" After some initial surprise at such a display of concern for the state of my health on the part of total strangers, I soon recognized that this was the usual Tar-Heel greeting, "Hey! How are you?" and that it was addressed to friends and strangers alike. I like the custom, yet I have never managed to learn to reply naturally in the accepted way, "Fahn. Haah yeew!"

The combination of easy familiarity with courtesy and consideration is a fine and distinctive trait. I still remember the warm glow that suffused my whole being when a bronzed and muscular ex-Leath-erneck, fresh from the Pacific, walked up to me, asked my name, and said in his soft, slow Tar-Heel drawl, "Well, Ah'm proud to know ya, Cliff." I liked him for it at the time and I still like him; I was a total stranger from a foreign country. We were both students, although he was my junior by several years, and the informality was quite appropriate. This was only one of the first of a great many similar incidents which have made me realize that the proverbial "Southern hospitality" is much more than a legend.



Two Stones

*A red and green stone
Intransient moss upon its back
Gouged in wind-worn rippled flint;
Component cloak reveals no crack
Between fold and core it shields;
Core of pink, translucent meat —
Aeon-stiffened stony soul,
Compressed and muted at the feet
Of a million ages' ebb and flow.*

*A soft white stone
Mottled scars pock its skin,
Abuse the chalky, surf-lapped curves
Melting out and smoothed within
To milky depths. The gods have ground
Its shapeless mass in hoary palms,
Have pulled and kneaded to the mold
Of ageless storms and ageless calms
This putty pebble, still unspent.*

*Two small stones
Slivers off a greater Rock; each one
Scourged and whipped in myriad salty sprays,
Swallowed in the wind's wild gulp, to the sun
Spat out to stretch and count again the rays;
Each to count the stars, and shrivel where the moon
Her pale soul exhales; where crashing thunder
Roars above the echoes of its creation tune
Each a shape eternal, together in eternity.*

C. Hugh Doherty

the mitre

THE WEB

A short short story by Andrew Little

A man lies unconscious, sprawled on the cell floor with arms and legs outstretched. His cheek lies in a pool of blood issuing from a battered nose. With a click the cell door opens and light floods the confinement. A uniformed figure looks in.

"Give 'im the water, Lou."

A second man enters, then sloshes a bucket of water on the prostrate form. As the prisoner stirs the guards glance at each other with obvious satisfaction and close the door.

The first sound he hears is the rasp of the bolt sliding into place. All is dark and silent, his own breathing is the only sound. A painful smile crosses his face as he remembers. In solitary confinement, for five days. It is not however, without its own prestige. If he can survive his time without ill effects, it will raise his position among the other convicts to one of great respect. And he has a system!

Pacing the cell, he determines its size, then explores each wall with the utmost care, feeling up as high as he can. The ceiling is beyond his reach. He sighs reluctantly and sits down in a corner. Fingers grope for a button on his tunic; he tears it off and carefully removes the odd bits of thread. Then he tosses the button into the darkness and waits poised. At the first click of the falling disk he scrambles toward the sound. In a few seconds his fingers locate it on the cold concrete. He repeats the procedure again and again. The button is his sole link with sanity. Each time he recovers it his heart lifts and his confidence is renewed.

Throughout the next two days he continues his game. His skill increases, the time required for retrieval diminishes. By pitching the button upward he has estimated the ceiling to be about ten feet high and concrete like the floor. Occasionally, exhausted by his endeavours, he falls asleep—but always with the button clasped tightly in his fist.

By the end of the fourth day his fingers are raw from searching the concrete; his ears are keyed to the slightest sound; he is blinded by the light which accompanies his daily issue of bread and water.

He wakes from a fitful sleep, rubs his knuckles into his eyes and over his four-day stubble. He thirstily gulps a cup of water, then

michaelmas 1954

resumes his game. He tosses the button, then crouches, waiting, muscles tensed to spring at the first sound.

Silence! No sound.

He shakes his head, listens again. Only his own breathing breaks the stillness. He wonders, did his ears deceive him? He begins searching the cell floor, slowly at first, then frantically tearing raw, sensitive fingers across the floor. He checks the water bucket, the doorstep, folds in his clothes, the walls—no button. Then, his body trembling with fear, fear of the unknown, he recedes to the corner of his cell.

Something must be in there with him, something with eyes that could pierce the blackness, something that stops breathing when he does, that moves only when he moves. Suddenly he springs screaming stretched, searching, groping for that something. He crashes blindly into walls and finally falls, exhausted, to the floor, sobbing quietly. Then at odd intervals he renews his frantic search. Each time the outburst is shorter and he lies motionless longer. Finally he stops searching and his sobs become less and less frequent. They stop altogether. His lifeless form lies twisted and stiff from the agonies of death.

High in one corner of the cell a spider curiously examines the latest captive of its web — a metal button.



Sometime in February

1954

*The sun peeped out from behind a cloud and waved
Its warming wand of light on the expectant earth;
Old hoary winter did not yield, but braved
The soothing breeze and fought the coming birth.*

James Craig

MASSACRE

... Janice Fairbairn

THE sun burned down on the field with a burning hot brightness, a brightness that made the eyes squint up into little narrow slits, and a heat that made the clothing stick to the shoulder blades, leaving large dark patches of sweat under the arms. A quiet of mid-noon heat hung over the field, with here and there, the despondent chirp of a listless grasshopper. The horizon was banked with pink and mauve tinged clouds, heavy with the promise of heat quenching rain.

The Ridout family lay in the shade of the one remaining elm, prostrate with the heat, and the after effects of the noonday meal. The only one who kept up any activity was Mrs. Ridout, as she packed up the remains of the picnic lunch they had eaten, mechanically wiping away the beads of perspiration that kept reappearing on her upper lip. The girls, she had sent away to lie down, when she found that she could no longer bear their endless quarrelling.

"Well, I guess we'd best be getting started." It was Mr. Ridout who spoke.

"But papa, it's too hot!" This was Cecile who whined out this complaint, but a sharp look from her mother silenced her.

Picking up their oversize sunbonnets, and tucking up the cumbersome folds of their dresses, the girls — there were four of them — took their places behind the men, as they settled down into the rhythmical swish-thump that accompanies the cutting of grain. No one spoke, too engrossed were they in the mechanical tasks of cutting the grain, and stooking it into bundles. Every now and then someone stopped, and lifting the big stone vinegar jug filled with water, that was lugged everywhere they went by little Claudette, tried unsuccessfully to quench the lip cracking heat that was everywhere in the windless field.

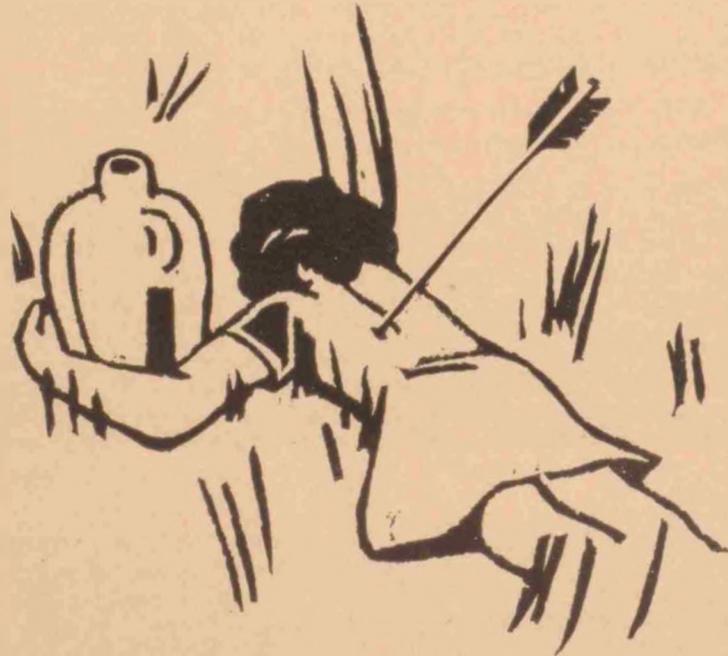
"Claudette, Claudette," someone called. "Come here with that water jug." There was no answer. "Claudette!" The voice became more imperative. Mrs. Ridout looked sharply, searching for the youngest child of her brood of children.

"That bad girl, she's probably hiding." This in the fretful voice of Simone, the eldest girl.

"Be quiet Simone," said her mother, and something in her tone

stopped the girl from saying any more.

"Claudette, Claudette, where are you?" called her mother softly, anxiety creeping into her voice. Then with her hand at her mouth to stifle a cry, she ran towards the crumpled heap of blue that marked where the little girl lay. She was on her face, the big vinegar jug still clutched by her child's hands. Sticking out at a jaunty angle between her shoulder blades, was a grey feathered arrow. Annette Ridout knelt helplessly beside her, feeling once again the helpless defeat. Always, it was the same, always. They moved to a new place, and got the farm cleared and in good working order, then that restless urge which would give her husband no peace, drove him on to wilder and lonelier places. In each they left a grave, once because the doctor was too far away, once when a marauder had mauled one of the children, and once when her eldest son had fallen through the ice trying to get home, one winter. And so it continued, as she watched the children she had born die helplessly, knowing that in no way could she help them.



"Annette" It was her husband speaking to her.
"Quick, we must get to the house."

He tugged at her hand, half pulling her and the dead child up, as if he would carry them both. Together they ran to the house, stumbling over stumps hidden in the long grain. Once she fell, and would have lain there had not her husband pulled her tired body once more to its feet, and hurried her along.

They gained the house, and when they entered, the heat hit them a physical blow. Simone rushed at once to the windows, pushing open the shutters to let in a little air.

"Close those shutters!" cried her father in a sudden flare of anger. "Do you wish to have us all killed?"

The terror stricken face of his daughter as she realized what she had done, was his only reply. Gasping with heat, they went about the job of loading the guns, knocking out the plugs in the gun holes bored in the chinks of the logs. The men were stripped to the waist, their bare skin shining with sweat, their hair matted to their foreheads. After the feverish work of priming the guns was over, they began to listen, listening for the savage screams, and the crack of gun fire that did not come. Everything was the same as before, the silence noisy with the very intensity of its silence. For an eternity they waited, with nerves that screamed out in protest. Annette sat in a corner, her lips moving soundlessly, the rosary slipping through her fingers, while Cecile sat cracking her knuckles mechanically, until Simone reached over and gave her a vicious pinch. She screamed in fright, and her screaming was joined by the startled screech of a Whiskeyjack.

"Ah," thought Mr. Ridout, as he cocked his gun, and steadied it to his shoulder. He wondered if his sons had seen the trembling of the long grass at the edge of the clearing. "I must cut that," he thought, "it was a good place to hide." He smiled wryly to himself, yes, he would cut it, if he ever got out of here alive. Again they waited, and as the afternoon passed, the heat of the sun abated a little. They all started, as Annette said: "You must eat," and began to move quietly about the silent house. She set out cold corn bread, smearing it with gobs of wild strawberry jam, and poured out mugs of milk that had been kept sweet in the dank depths of the root cellar. The men ate where they were, pausing now and then to mop their faces with handkerchiefs that were already moist. The sun was lower now, and long purple shadows were beginning to steal furtively out from the house. The air was tense with waiting, tense with unspoken fear, and fraught with grief over the limp body that was cradled in Annette's arms.

At last the sun sank down in the west, accompanied by an orgy

of reds, purples and pinks. The storm clouds that had been on the horizon were now banking up overhead, in black ominous piles. Here and there the sky was shot through with the sudden flash of lightning, and from far away came the sullen rumbling of the thunder.

It came before they realized it. There was a hoarse yell, and then the dull thud of arrows, accompanied by the whining ping of bullets. During the feverish activity of reloading the guns, no one seemed to notice that the room was full of smoke, until Joseph, burned by a cinder that fell from the ceiling, cried out: "Holy Mother of God, look at the roof!" His mother turned automatically to rebuke him, but she was silenced by the look of horror on his face, as he gazed at the ceiling. One corner of the roof had been set afire, and dried out by the summer heat, was now blazing fiercely. For a moment they looked helplessly from one to the other, until Mr. Ridout spoke: "One of you must go to the trading post for help. We cannot spare any of the boys, so one of the girls must go. Simone, you are a fast runner, get your mother to give you some of your brother's clothes. Now quick, we haven't a moment to spare." The other girls were set to beating out the sparks as they fell onto the floor, and with wet cloths were trying in vain to put out the raging flames in the roof. Mrs. Ridout set about getting out the clothing for her daughter, her face set, to prevent her agitation showing itself to the frightened girl.

"Here Simone," she said quietly, as she helped the girl to dress.

"Roger here, will help you get out through the little door in the root cellar," said her father, and with hands roughened by hard work, he clumsily patted her on the shoulder.

The trap door into the root cellar was lifted, and with the help of a lighted candle, the two made their way over the heaps of roots, to the small opening that led to the outside. As soon as the door was opened, Simone sank to the ground in a heap and began to sob.

"Get up, get up at once!" hissed her brother.

"No, no!" was the moaned answer.

Dragging her to her feet, Roger fetched her a hard slap across the face, and sent her staggering out into the darkness with a rough shove. Hunted animal fear was in his eyes, as he quickly closed the door, and groped his way back up to the inside of the house.

Seeing the door closed on her, Simone turned desperately to the woods fringing the clearing about the house. Blinded with tears, she fell over the root of a tree, but when she felt the grasping touch of

a bramble upon her, she scrambled in fright to her feet, and ran with eyes now adjusted to the dark, with feet completely familiar with the path. Each moving tree was alive, all the night sounds were human as she fled along. Her heart pounded against her chest, working with the speed of her running, and the added charge of fear at its height. As she ran something caught hold of her leg, and sent her sprawling on the ground. In incoherent panic she clawed at her leg, ripping with her nails at the heavy root which had pinned her ankle firmly in place. Wrenching and kicking, she tore her foot from its trap, and ignoring the sharp pain in her ankle, she continued, salt tears and sweat trickling down her neck. She was no longer running, but reeling in sheer exhaustion. She could taste blood as her lungs heaved, and the veins in her neck pounded with the exertion. Looking up with eyes hazed with a film she saw the welcome lights of the trading post in the distance. As she forced herself to go on, she felt the first welcome drops of rain on her fevered face. She reached the post, and with one last superhuman effort, pushed open the heavy door.

"Indians," she gasped, and fell to the floor in an exhausted stupor.

* * *

"Hey, Mac, come over here, will ya. Look what the bulldozer uncovered. Looks like a grave of some sort. Early settlers maybe. Didn't I hear tell of some kind of massacre around here?" And shaking his head in pity, the gang boss kicked at the yellowed bones he had uncovered, crumbling them into the dust underfoot.

★ ★ ★

The Grave-yard Shift

To crack of logs on groaning steel,
And water running 'round the wheel
Add scream of iron fighting wood
As log-pile grows where grass once stood.

The hiss of water turned to steam,
Like fancies forming in a dream
Mounds like smoke in spirals high,
Lighting up the languid sky.

The slap of bark against cement
Adds to the fray with sharp intent,
While hoses sob or gurgle low
Or spit with spite at logs below.

The motors hum or scream with pain
As loads impose their fearful strain.
Till lights grow dim and fade from view
As currents fall, then rise anew.

The sirens sigh in tune with gongs
Who both relate neglected wrongs,
Like pumps gone dry and sucking air
Or boiler pipes in need of care.

The whirr of rollers, wet with steam
To dryers strain to keep abeam;
Millwrights to paper-makers shout
While choking in the heat about.

The high-pitched whine of big machines
Unnerves all those who on them lean
While pausing just a moment there
Beneath a vent to breath cool air.

The rustling newsprint on the floor
Lies dormant till through open door
Comes noisy air from compress tank
And sweeps it into refuse dank.

At last through windows dark with grime
A ray of dawn begins to shine,
And now the men are glad to know
It's time at last for them to go.

For steel and steam and stinking sweat
No substitute is found as yet
And human toil must fill the rift
While working on the Grave-yard shift.

Ian Hamilton



Pride of Arabia

Eddying black then brown
Around in languid circles
around the cup; the dirty Nile,
eater of the silt, pharoahs, All.
Bodies of the people, rank, and file.

Around in kaleidoscopic whirl,
ermine, slaves and judges;
Arms and legs — of finest breed — but arms and legs.
— and someone's concubine.
Of this left nothing, save stones in little piles,
— all silt
To help to make a muddy Nile.

Wind across the desert sand
wiping clean the little grains
of sand
— all that is left,
not worth drinking up,
A stupid memory of a fleeting thing
— like sugar in a cup.

John Cook

"Away From a National Culture"

... H. Grant Sampson

THE ARGUMENT

Mitre Editorial, *Michaelmas* 1952 — "It is in the arts that we discover the heart and soul of a nation . . . It would almost seem that Canada has no soul . . . Canadian prose and poetry are sparse . . . Canadian music is not . . . it is a 'provincial' country."

The Land of the Philistines? by Isobel Thomas, *Mitre*, Lent 1954 — ". . . we find it impossible to dismiss the artistic achievements of Canadians in two or three sentences . . . The Massey Report . . . deplored the state of abysmal ignorance of their culture in which Canadians are allowed to remain . . . Before any country can have a national culture, its people must be nationally conscious . . . a result of conscious effort on all our parts . . . (but) Canadian schools are so occupied with educating Canadian youth about the achievements of other countries that our own is neglected."

In two recent numbers of *The Mitre* articles have appeared which drew attention to the condition of Canadian culture, and to "the state of abysmal ignorance of their culture in which Canadians are allowed to remain by their educational institutions, their government, and their own unsmitten imaginations."¹ The thesis implied in both the articles is this: we have been slow in developing a national culture, that which we do have being a derivative culture; it is quite possible that for some time Canada will continue to be a derivative nation, and therefore our national consciousness must be the result of a deliberate effort; consequently it is important that various educational institutions should, through the offering of instruction and general encouragement, arouse and satisfy an awareness and appreciation of Canadian culture.

This raises the problem, carefully avoided by both these writers in their articles, of the relationship between our national culture and our national consciousness. If a national consciousness is prerequisite to national culture (and Miss Thomas says, "It is axiomatic that before any country can have a national culture, its people must be nationally conscious"²), and if Canada has no national consciousness (and Miss Thomas talks of "the absence of a true national feeling"³), therefore we must conclude that Canada has no national culture. But this is not the conclusion of Miss Thomas, who says, "Those who have read the Report⁴ found somewhat to their surprise that such is not the case."⁵

This is an interesting inconsistency which has crept into much thinking and writing about Canadian culture. I suspect that it is

the result of two things: first, a false assumption about the relationship of national consciousness and national culture, and second, to which the first is probably due, a confusion of the meaning of the term "national consciousness." It is commonly assumed that before an artist can create, he must have at hand a certain national awareness from which he can draw inspiration and sustenance; that a national consciousness provides a sort of substratum for layers of national culture. On mature consideration this, of course, is seen to be a generalized over-simplification at best. A national awareness or national consciousness is quite a different thing than national characteristics, or language and custom. The existence of these characteristics, language, and customs, in any combination, does not necessarily imply a national consciousness, even should they be national. It is the artists of a country who in their work indicate the national consciousness; and when this is discovered in the work of an artist, it is the result of creative mind and material fused, not of simple inevitability. S. E. Smethurst has written:

We may observe, in the first place, that the artist is himself part of that society and helps to create what may be described as the national self-consciousness in terms that will appeal to or inspire his contemporaries. Indeed, we may go farther and maintain that the distinctive mark of any national culture is impressed upon it by its painters, architects, composers and scientists, not by the population at large. In deploring our lack of a national culture we are in danger of putting the cart before the horse, forgetting that it is our writers themselves who will determine by their work the precise nature of Canadian, as distinct from American or English, literature.⁶

Thus the distinctiveness of Canadian culture is seen to depend, not upon a pre-existent national consciousness, but upon the creativity of the artist and the material which he employs. This material only may be national.

Frequently the characteristics, language, or customs which provide material for the artist are **not** national in scope. In Canada, where many cultures exist independently, and where even the national emblem is not common to all the nation, it is highly doubtful that a set of national characteristics can possibly emerge for several decades. Thus Canada has no national characteristic, and if you assume that national consciousness is dependent upon national characteristic, and that national culture is dependent upon national consciousness, it is axiomatic that Canada can have no national culture.

But national culture is not dependent upon national characteristic; it may spring from a provincial position. Roy Campbell has pointed out that paradox in Garcia Lorca:

Though not by any means the greatest Spanish poet of his time, Lorca is the most intensely and nationally Spanish. This, however, he does not express in patriotism, as an Englishman would do were he so extremely English as Lorca is Spanish. He is also one of the most narrowly regional of Spanish poets; and at the same time, paradoxically enough, he is the most popular and universal in his appeal both inside and outside Spain. His appeal is never more universal than when he is writing, at home, about his native Andalusia. It is never more parochial and provincial than when he is self-consciously trying to be 'cosmopolitan', under the influence of Whitman, in the poems written in, and about New York and the Caribbean. ⁷

This singular combination of provincialism and greatness is what we must look for in successful Canadian art. Since national consciousness is the result, not the cause, of art, and since there exists no national characteristic, the artist must work from provincialism to that universality of significance which characterizes all great art. This is possible because for the artist, as for Lorca, the position is provincial, not the out-look. To an extent this is precisely what has produced some of Canada's best art. Neither a national characteristic nor a national consciousness was prerequisite. Thus, in 1881, John George Bourinot, at that time clerk of the House of Commons, was able to trace the intellectual development of the Canadian people, and to praise the writers whom Canada had produced, while at the same time saying, "But Canada has as yet no national importance; she is only in the colonial transition stage, and her influence on other peoples is hardly yet appreciable."⁸

From this culture a national consciousness, or "sense of identity," may emerge. But this is to restrict the concept of the term "national consciousness." From the semantist's point of view this is the only possible solution to the confusion. As early as 1864, three years before Confederation, Henry T. Newton Chesshyre wrote of Canada in terms of a growing national consciousness.⁹ And only seven years later, in 1871, sufficient national consciousness had developed to permit Thomas Hughes, in arguing against Canadian annexation to the United States, to write, "The traditions of the Dominion and the States have been for a century not only distinct, but to some extent antagonistic . . . if Canada should be absorbed, the traditions of her national life will be rudely severed,"¹⁰ and, "The constitution of the Dominion is that of an homogeneous and independent nation, dealing with its own resources for its own purpose."¹¹ Yet that homogeneity and that independence have since many times been challenged. This is what is meant by such phrases as that already quoted: "the absence of a true national feeling." Whether or not Canada, Canadian culture and Canadian consciousness have reached national status is dependent not so much upon historical development as upon semasiology.

The frantic attempts to be national which have characterized much of Canadian culture, the chauvinism and the narrow provincialism, are abating. Artists are realizing that nationalism is not the "end all and the be all" of a culture. This movement is reminiscent of what Howard Mumford Jones said about American culture in his Phi Kappa Address at Dartmouth College in 1937:

No one in this audience, I trust, wishes to be a chauvinist. No one can seriously argue that what the world needs is more nationalism. After certain performances by the self-styled patriotic societies, or the drive for teachers' oath bills, or our contemptible attitude towards foreigners, no one but desires less, rather than more, one-hundred-per-cent Americanism. ¹²

To conclude with an examination of the charge that abysmal ignorance of the existing Canadian culture is allowed by educational institutions, and that it is important that they offer courses in Canadian arts. Much evidence can be presented to support this charge: the scarcity of research being done in this field, the fewness of university courses, the fact that only three doctoral theses on Canadian literature have been accepted by universities in North America in the past ten years, one of them written for an American institution.¹³ I suspect that not many more Master's theses were done. It is shameful and lamentable.

But is it surprising? It was not until the thirties that American literature was generally accepted as a respectable field of scholarship in American universities. And that acceptance was in large measure due to the missionary methods of such people as Jones, who as late as 1935 found it necessary to emphasize the lack of research in American literature to the English Section of the Modern Language Association of America. Part of that address reads:

I do not premise any hostility on the part of the English department to American literature. But what is the professor of American literature expected to do? The field of the linguistic specialist is clear. The Renaissance man devotes himself to literature from Tottell's Miscellany to, let us say, Bacon, or the seventy-five years from 1557 to 1626; and if we add twenty-five years, he will still take in only a century, and he will leave the Elizabethan drama to the Shakespeare specialist. The seventeenth-century man specializes in Milton and his age; that is, he ranges from Bacon to the Restoration or beyond — three-quarters of a century. The classical authority goes from 1660 to 1780 or thereabouts — a little more than a century. The romantic man spends his time on the half century from 1780 to 1832. The Victorian specialist ranges from the death of Scott to 1900 or 1914 — some seventh or eighty years. The specialist in fiction or drama confines himself to a single genre. ¹⁴

He points out that in contrast the professor of American literature is expected to speak with authority on all genres ranging over a

period of three hundred years. This is much the position of the person whose field is Canadian literature. While Canada has been officially a nation for less than a century, her inhabitants both before 1867 and after have produced works in many genres which command attention.

It is encouraging to see the success of such essentially Canadian efforts as the National Ballet and Canadian Players. It is encouraging to see the increasing opportunities a Canadian artist has to be seen, read, and heard. It is more encouraging to discover an attitude suggested by, "Canadians must stop passing the buck of responsibility for the situation."¹⁵ National consciousness, government and educational institutions, these may assist in the promotion and development of a national culture, but it is not dependent upon them.

¹ Isobel Thomas, "The Land of the Philistines," *The Mitre*, LXI (1954), 18.

² *Loc. cit.*

³ *Loc. cit.*

⁴ Although Miss Thomas does not refer to it as such, I assume her to mean: Vincent Massey, chairman: Canada, Royal Commission of National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences, 1949-1951, Report. (Ottawa; King's Printers, 1951).

⁵ Thomas, *op. cit.*, 18.

⁶ "Towards a National Literature," *Queen's Quarterly*, LIX (1952), 461.

⁷ *Lorca: An Appreciation of His Poetry* (Cambridge: Bowes & Bowes, {1952}), 8.

⁸ *The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People* (Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Company, 1881), 109.

⁹ *Canada In 1864: A Handbook for Settlers* (London: Sampson Law, Son, and Marston, 1864), 150.

¹⁰ Harvey J. Philpot, *Guide to the Canadian Dominion* (London: Edward Stanford, 1871), xxx.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, xii.

¹² *Ideas in America* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1944), 157.

¹³ Magee, William H. *Trends in the English Canadian Novel in the twentieth century*. Toronto, 1950. (Arnold H. Trotein and Marian Hannan, edd. *Doctoral Dissertations accepted by American Universities*, Number 17. (1950), 202.)

Dale, Thomas R. *The life and work of Charles Heavyside, 1816-76*. Chicago, 1951. (*Ibid.*, Number 18 (1951), 223.)

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¹⁴ *Ideas in America*, 10.

¹⁵ Thomas, *op. cit.*, 23.

typewritery

. . . . by elizabeth

i felt an urge
to splurge
and cast away from me forever my pen
and typewrite.
although i cannot type right
and my fingers cannot go ticktickclack ticktickclack
like a real typist —
i am a snipist:
i creep up on the little black letters
and when the time is ripe,
i snipe.
some letters are favored.
very few have savored
the absolute beauty of a whole row of seldom-used Q's.
QQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQ
there.
i told you it would be lovely.
and isn't it?

i am rather like a Q myself —
one of me, seldom used, Q.
that's me.
You're quite right
a whole row of Q's is a sight
intolerable.
like me.
one of me is tolerable and at times rather interesting
(although Q's have tails and i have not
but then what would i do with a tail
perhaps wag it in gratitude when someone cast down a few
crumbs from his table)
but a whole row of me would be impossible
and i would fight with all the other me's
for being so much like me
for i am not particularly fond of me
and i doubt whether one Q is very fond of all the other Q's
probably not.
does the plight of Q and me
disturb you?
i wonder if it disturbs
Q?

Two Memories of Italy

It was a day in Venice,
A day of brightness, heat, and gaiety.
Sun was on the Grand Canal.
Dotted
With launches, gondolas, and such;
And on the tower and the two tall pillars,
Needle-like and lofty:
Their clearness shimmered in the summer heat.
But brightest of all
Was the gold.
The gold on that beloved church,
On façade and spires,
Was like no other gold:
It almost blinded as it flashed,
And surpassed in beauty the sun reflected in it.

People were laughing in the square;
I heard music; and a myriad of grey pigeons
I heard music; and a myriad grey pigeons
Greedily gobbled seeds.
People, pigeons, and music —
But, most of all,
The gold on the angels' wings,
High up against that bluest sky,
Pained my heart.

☆ ☆ ☆

A landscape took my breath away;
It was some mountains, rolling softly
Into one another, covered with green fields,
Tall slim trees,
And dusty vineyards interrupted
By chalky places.
The sun shone on this place, too,
Beating down on every plant and rock;
It had baked the little towns
To dry, grey clumps of square houses,
And had filled the air with sleepiness
And a slight haze. One house was very crumbly,
Palest of greys, and overrun with weeds;

The people were sunburned from hard work.
I memorised the hills, wanting to keep forever
This picture of this land.

☆ ☆ ☆

I saw those mountains breathe, I swear.
And a pigeon died in Saint Mark's Square.

Katharine Cantlie

Two Rainbows

*Warm wet sunlight struck my face
And there was a rainbow in the sky.
I watched in silence as it hazily shimmered,
Wondering how I could touch its silkiness
And hold it fast for just a moment.
It seemed to be a gaudy ribbon
Carelessly trailing from the hand
Of some drifting sprite —
So far away it was
That I could only gaze
And sigh a little as it vanished.*

*In later months, to my delight, I saw
More lavish colour, this time in the woods.
The air was biting, and against that same blue sky
There was a panorama of stark flame,
With pine-green shadows darkly poking up
Between the flickering red and gold.
Rugged flag of autumn was this,
Quickly gone with winter's blast.*

*So neither sight I held for long.
But in their death I saw
The promise of new birth in time to come —
New rapture for man's beauty-loving soul.
At the end of each, then, lay dormant
A pot of gold.*

Sacrificer

. . . . John McVittie

THE PRISONER STOOD between two constables. He was vehement in his denial. The constables held spears in their hands, wore tunics, brass breast plates and helmets. The three judges sat resolutely behind the bench—they were clothed in white, and each of them had a black beard. A scribe—a tiny fellow, bald headed and stripped to the waist sat beside the judges and carefully noted the evidence on a clay tablet. In the corner of the room was an incense burner and on the bench before the judges were painted goblets in the traditional Babylonian style; It was a colorful room, decorated with red, blue and white glazed tiles—all inset into the walls on the four sides of the room, and depicting various scenes from history, and various religious animal motifs. The light in the room came through two small apertures near the ceiling. They were square, and it might be thought, they would give not much light to the room, but they were built to catch the rays of the sun so that at the very time of the day when trials were held in the Court House the sun would fall on the exact spot where the accused would stand between his two constables.

This day the chief witness called upon by the Crown Prosecutor would not speak. She affected to be shy—a slim girl, coy girl, with dark black hair falling over her shoulders, and a brown cloak falling over her white tunic. She wore no shoes, her limbs being scantily clad, her gracefulness was all the more emphasized.

The girl was aware of the consequences of her silence—aware of what would be the outcome of the case, and of what would happen to her if the priest spoke against her and in his own favour—but this priest, for a reason unaccountable to her, had always been kind to her, had never taken her gift of flowers without afterwards rewarding her in some way—perhaps with the gift of some holy image or the advising of parishioners to buy flowers where she sold them at the city gates on the Procession Way. He had in the Temple made sacrifice to the god for her protection from strangers and for the gods to give divine beauty to her flowers.

The Public Prosecutor—a stern, hard faced man of middle age, who wore a half-turban, half cap affair, pointed his finger at the accused and said: "There is only one question, Priest. This woman was or was not found in your room at the Temple—a heinous crime under Babylonian laws. Do you say that she **was** in your room?—or do you say that she was **NOT**?"

The accused reluctantly admitted that she was. The judges in their high backed chairs exchanged glances. What more evidence should they need? What more evidence should they need to dismiss this priest—to defrock him, to bring dishonour upon him and his family throughout all generations. For it was a strict rule of his order that the priest should be celibate.

"Then do you deny," said the Prosecutor, "That this woman—that this girl here is your mistress?" — and the Priest replied:

"I deny it."

And the Prosecutor said:

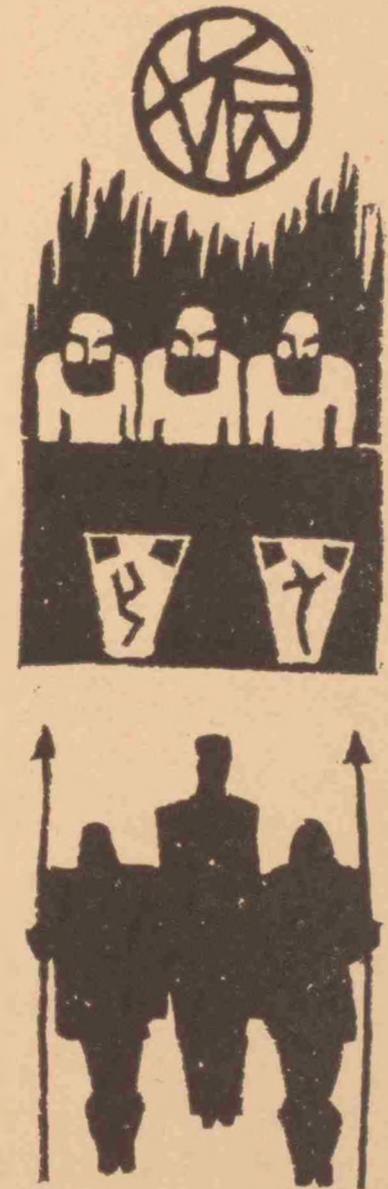
"Or that she was your mistress?"

And the accused said:

"I deny it."

The public in the gallery looked on sympathetically. Everyone of them in his mind wanted to be sympathetic because they felt sure that this priest would be defrocked. In fact they wanted him to be defrocked—probably because they liked to be sympathetic—probably because they enjoyed the consequent scandal.

"And," said the Prosecutor, "Do you know, fellow, that if this woman is not so, that she will, not having been taken to your cell by your own entreaties and enticement — she will be taken and fed to the lions on the next feast day because she has committed a crime — the crime



of invading the sanctity of a holy cell without the permission of the High Priest. You yourself could not help it if uninvited she presumed to attend you in your cell, could you? Therefore, Priest, the blame will fall upon the woman and she will be duly tried for her crime, and as the evidence will weigh strongly against her I have no doubt that she will ultimately be fed to the lions. And of course, Priest, on the other hand, you will not be defrocked, but will continue to administer to the glory of Bel."

The intense look on the accused relaxed, his eyes sparkled as he flashed them around the Court at the judges, at the Prosecutor, at the girl, at the constables, at the gallery, and down at the scribe. A look of peace took possession of his face and routed the fear that had previously been there. The whole Court then felt this man had with the help of the Prosecutor found a way by which he could preserve the honour of his family from indignity, and work on for the rest of his years to the glory of Bel.

The Prosecutor said: "Tell me, Priest,—WAS this girl your mistress?"

And the priest said solemnly and in a deep and resolute voice: "There always has been a great deal between us!"

The sentence was passed upon him; the robes of ecclesiastical office were removed from him and he was handed the robe of a beggar and ordered from the Court. He retreated humbly but there was no expression of regret upon his face. The girl ran after him and caught him at the door, and hand in hand they walked out into the street.

An hour later in Bigvai Feruga's wine shop across the road one of the judges leaned across a table to the Prosecutor as he sipped his wine and said.

"The evidence was irrefutable, but do you really believe that that girl was the Priest's mistress?—I have my doubts."

And the Crown Prosecutor said:

"Not for a moment would I believe that—as I have it on good authority, Judge, that she was his daughter."

Nightstaff

Clackety-clack, clackety-clack, clackety-clack . . .
Clack . . . clack . . .

He punched the keys once more — clackety-clack —
Squinted down to the little black letters,
Tore out the faint yellow sheet
And pushed back his chair . . .

The teletype muttered noisily on, then . . .
Ding! . . .

The silence flowed into the stale office,
Then out the door and down the stairs,
Pausing on the cold stone steps . . .
He sipped the 4 a.m. air,
Washing away the newsprint on his tongue,
And hunched his shoulders into the
Long, narrow street . . .

The wind whispered lost among the gray buildings
That jumbled high and thin into the city's gray mist . . .
A shiny little restaurant squeaked restlessly,
And blinked one red, bleary, neon eye . . .
The black street stretched in slumber,
And gurgled in its gutters . . .
Bleakness glazed a thousand lidless windows . . .

He listened as he walked . . .
His footsteps echoed on the empty sidewalk;
A train whistle mourned, and trailed away . . .
The morning's snore tugged a sleeping flag
Into unconscious flapping,
And frightened the damp dust into gray, ghostly shapes . . .
He turned a clean, yawning corner,
Stepping briskly into the piled vacantness of a
Tall tenement row.

The wind sighed behind him,
Picked up a crumpled newspaper on the city sidewalk,
And blew yesterday's headlines
Into a dark, blank alleyway . . .

In the stale office
The teletype muttered noisily, then . . .
Ding! . . .
And the silence flowed in again.

C. Hugh Doherty

Quasi-Intellectualism, or How to rival your Ego-ideal.

. . . . John MacNaughton

For the benefit of those university students who find studying anything less than a joy, I will outline my methods for accomplishing a rewarding evening of study.

After supper I hurry up to my room and greedily sit down at my desk. I assume a comfortable semi-horizontal position, and gaze upward at my inspiring library of books. They all look equally tempting. I feel like the mule that Aesop noted, that stood in suspended animation between two equidistant and equi-delicious-looking bales of hay, in perpetual indecision. I finally choose one, and open it. Knowing the superiority of part learning over whole learning, I keep an interesting program on the radio, so that I learn only a very small part of what I am reading.

Doors bang, and voices rise and die down again. A mass exodus of students from the residence seems to be taking place. The will powers of the soferim seem to be softening, to put it poetically.

I decide that my books look better in the shelf when arranged with the big ones on the left and the small ones on the right, rather than vice versa. Always quick to act when a decision has been made, I arrange them that way, *per saltum*. They don't look better after all, so I change them again, this time with the biggest ones on the ends and the smallest ones in the middle. It is now time for a psychologically necessary ten minute break. I wander into the room of a fellow student who is apparently taking a psychologically necessary evening off. I note with self-satisfaction his inferior book arrangement. By the time I look at my watch the ten minute break seems to have gulfed into a commanding half hour break. I go back to my room with renewed vigour, mentally multiplying the benefits of the ten minute break by three.

I relax and contemplate my visage in the mirror. How unfortunate it is that of all the people in the world I am the only one that can see myself only through a mirror. This starts me thinking how it is too bad that there is only one of me around. Getting carried away, I grab another mirror and treat myself to a side view, by ingeniously arranging the two mirrors. I pass some more time by arranging a doppelganger out of the mirror. This produces the effect of more of me being around.

I manage to drag myself away from the mirrors, and I look once again at the book which is lying open in front of me. I read a few lines. The author's air of superior knowledge about the subject begins to irritate me, and I shut the book. Anyone who can write nine hundred pages about a subject like that clearly knows more than he should. To know so much about one subject he must have neglected the rest of his education.-sic.

I remember that distributed learning is better than massed learning, so in order to distribute my learning I decide to take another break; this time for the rest of the evening. After all, *par praeium labori* (the reward is equal to the labour), and being my usual unselfish self, I'm not interested in a reward. This seems like the most conscience-appeasing excuse for stopping work that I've ever hit upon, so with a clear conscience I terminate another session of study.



dream

an alarmingly modern poem by elizabeth

i was with the duchess of dorset
drinking tea.
"i cannot stay dear madam
unless i find archibald"
i looked for him long and loud
running up the whistly corridors
at the top of my lungs.
(i later found that he had fled away
away from me — tea-soaked, crumpet-filled —
to drink creme de menthe with an anonymous duchess)
i think i wept a little then

i suddenly came face to face with a camel
red and dying from the knife edges of the needle's eye.
the eye of the needle never closes.
it is lidless, gray, steely, staring, probing

through the glass darkly
i saw the eye of the needle and the voice behind the eye.
i saw the voice swung between two trees (hammock-like).
it put forth tentacles;
(think of a funny story: octopus kissing his wife good-bye; no laughter
—sewn into a sack by the needle, discarded into the receptacle
of the sky)
the voice said as through a tube
lined with angel wings:
you are sounding cymbals
tinkling brass
a cacophony of sound
you are nothing . . .
hopeth all things
endureth all things

WAKE UP, MY CHILD

i woke and saw the duchess
pouring molted tea
from cup to cup as in a game.
she's quite mad.
look, there's a magical man,
sleight-of-hander from skye.
a smouldering half-moon fell from his sleeve and glinted at my feet.

it's quite all right
said the duchess,
didn't damage the rug
ah! the mohair rug from my pet mohairian spitz.

the moon lay dying, drowning
in the lakelet of tea.
what would we do without our tea?
said the duchess flutily.
she distributed cups
empty save for caterpillars
with little wings
who inquired the nature of the ceremony and left without further ado.

the rug absorbed the tea
we parched
sitting with our pockets full of needles
choking in the smoke
of the magical man's
dying half-moon.



A Query

*Again you come my brother, here,
In your eyes I see no sign of fear.
Blood and battle seem far away,
When you take me out to play.*

*And though I think I am quite grown;
Not a sign or word to me you've shown,
Of fear, or pain, no sigh
For the time you say goodbye.*

*Brother, answer me one question please,
Before you leave me, ill at ease.
Will I ever see or know?
The Hell you saw, but never show.*

Thomas Parry

"Sea Shore Rhapsody"

*In the creation of this our universe,
The sea is a thing unique.*

Poor dumb spirited creature.

*Rolling in tumult it writhes and rises,
Defying earth to reach the sky.
Tremendous heads with power rising,
Rising, rolling,
Pride of surging,
Mounting,
Forward falling,
Breaking troughwards,
Shoreward tumbling.
Frothing,
Spitting,
Tumbling,
Rolling,
Faster tumult,
Flatter flowing,
Grinding life force,
Beach flat flowing,
Rumbles, froths up to the shore line,
And upon the sand it dies.*

Donald Kuehner

Toynbee's Study of History

. . . . D. C. Masters

A STUDY OF HISTORY By Arnold J. Toynbee; volumes VII, VIII, IX and X. Oxford University Press, 1954. Pages xxx, 772; ix, 732; viii, 759; vi, 422. Price per set, \$32.50

The conclusion of Toynbee's monumental work has now been reached with the appearance of his last four volumes. Thus he ends the study of the twenty-one civilizations which he set out to consider. Toynbee's first six volumes were concerned with the internal histories of civilizations: their genesis, growth, breakdown and disintegration. In the new volumes he considers Human Society as a whole. As in the concluding part of his previous volumes, Toynbee is largely occupied with the pathology of civilizations. He describes the emergence of universal states, of universal churches and heroic ages, all of them phenomena which are apt to accompany a civilization in decay.

Toynbee sees the universal state (such as the Roman Empire during its last four centuries) as essentially the product of a civilization near its end. He has already shown that when a civilization breaks down the "creative minority" which had previously given leadership loses its resilience and becomes merely a "dominant minority." Universal states, he now shows, are the product of dominant minorities in decadent civilizations; they represent a temporary rally in a process of disintegration. They are thought by their creators and maintainers to be immortal. Sometimes they last for a long time and sometimes their ghosts live after them, like the Holy Roman Empire. To retain any real vitality a universal state must sacrifice its life for something beyond itself. It must give rise to a universal religion. For instance Western and Orthodox Christian civilizations sprang from the ashes of the Roman Empire which had been the Hellenic universal state. Unless the universal state is succeeded by the universal church the universal state must inevitably die.

Toynbee's increasing preoccupation with religion, already apparent in volume six but now accentuated, has involved an important revision of his ideas in regard to the relation between civilizations and the higher religions. There is a profound difference in emphasis between the earlier volumes and those just published. Religions have replaced civilizations as the centre of the author's interest.

Originally Toynbee conceived of religions as chrysalises out of which secular civilizations emerged. The role of religion was secondary: either to serve as a breeding ground for civilizations or as a

bridge between one civilization and another. From this viewpoint the role of the early Christian church was to bridge the gulf between Hellenic culture and that of modern western Europe. Toynbee now reverses his analysis and sees civilizations as the secondary institutions which prepare the way for religions, or which bridge the gap between rudimentary higher religions and the higher religions themselves. In a vivid metaphor he pictures civilizations as wheels which describe their appointed circle and which carry the chariot "religion" ever forward and upward. (vol. 7, page 423)

Toynbee continues his analysis of civilizations in decay with a description of so-called Heroic Ages. These are primitive civilizations which develop among barbarous peoples on the frontiers of the decadent state. Eventually the barbarians overrun the ancient civilization and set up succession states. The result is the demoralization and eclipse of the barbarians as in the case of the Huns after the death of Attila. Heroic ages have sometimes bridged the gap between the collapse of one civilization and the rise of another. The Minoan and Hellenic civilizations were linked by a post-Minoan Heroic Age.

Toynbee is not entirely preoccupied with the pathology of civilizations. He also devotes considerable space to the influence of civilizations upon each other. Here he is concerned with contacts between civilizations in space, i.e. encounters between contemporaries, and also contacts between civilizations in time, i.e., non-contemporary civilizations. An example of the latter connection was the influence of classical culture on western civilization at the time of the Renaissance.

Toynbee now undertakes a task which he significantly avoided in his first six volumes. He ventures some predictions about the probable future of western civilization. Western civilization, he sees, as merely one incident in a long and complicated story. Yet it is the only remaining civilization, he says, which does not show unmistakable signs of disintegration. He is haunted, like all of us, by the fear of a struggle for power between the United States and Soviet Russia. He can see hope for civilization only in the establishment of a universal state "under the control of some unitary political authority." (volume 9, page 555)

He cannot see any real hope for modern civilization unless there is a return to religion. The real struggle, as he sees it, is the conflict between theism and humanism. "A twentieth-century Western World might either return to a Christian worship of the God who is Love as well as Power, or it might succumb to a Narcissian worship of Man's own hypnotizing image." (volume 9, page 619) If the struggle between Russia and the West were to be a struggle between two types of

humanism (Russian statism versus western liberalism) Toynbee thinks that statism would win. Only the return to Christianity could save the western idea of personal liberty. "Either the Westerners must resign themselves to seeing the defeat of a Western ideal of personal liberty - - - or else they must reinstate this now gravely imperilled ideal in its original Christian setting, - - -" (volume 9, page 625) However he does not see salvation for the West in a hasty return to religious orthodoxy. The Church, he insists, must purge itself of many accretions including "Aristotelian theology, and Isiac or Cybeline mythology." (volume 9, page 636) In the meantime the agnostic West can merely show fortitude and suffer.

Toynbee hopes for the eventual emergence of the universal church. He maintains that the four higher religions (Christianity, Islam, Buddhism and Hinduism) share a body of truth in regard to the deity and he hopes that eventually the four will merge "into a harmony in which the unity of Religion would be made manifest." (volume 7, page 444.) This harmony may be achieved by the continuance of the great religions on a live and let live basis or by the victory of one over the others. However the two alternatives are very similar (volume 7, page 437) since the victory of one could be achieved only by accepting many of the beliefs, good and bad, of the others.

In the concluding volume is an illuminating section describing the motives which have inspired the writing of history. Much of this section is autobiographical. Toynbee regards his vocation as a call from God to "feel after Him and find Him." He regards history as a "vision — dim and partial, yet - - - true to reality as far as it went — of God revealing Himself in action to souls that were sincerely seeking him." (volume 10, page 1.)

Toynbee's **Study of History** considered as a whole is a great landmark in Anglo-Saxon history. In the study of the rise and fall of civilizations he has developed a method of analysis which he applies with great success to every period of human history. The work is of tremendous scope and possesses a great wealth of detail. Even points which are comparatively subordinate to the main argument are supported by a plenitude of material. Thus the section in which Toynbee discusses the probable willingness of the people of the world to fight is accompanied by a ten-page account of the effect of western military techniques upon non-European countries between 1500 and the present. (volume 9, page 503-513.)

Toynbee's work is also of vast significance because he combines impressive scholarship with insistence upon spiritual values. He constitutes a potent reaction to the humanism and the scientific materialism of the Enlightenment. Like another English historian,

Herbert Butterfield, Toynbee represents an important trend away from the position of such liberal "objective" historians as H. A. L. Fisher who professed inability to see any pattern in history.

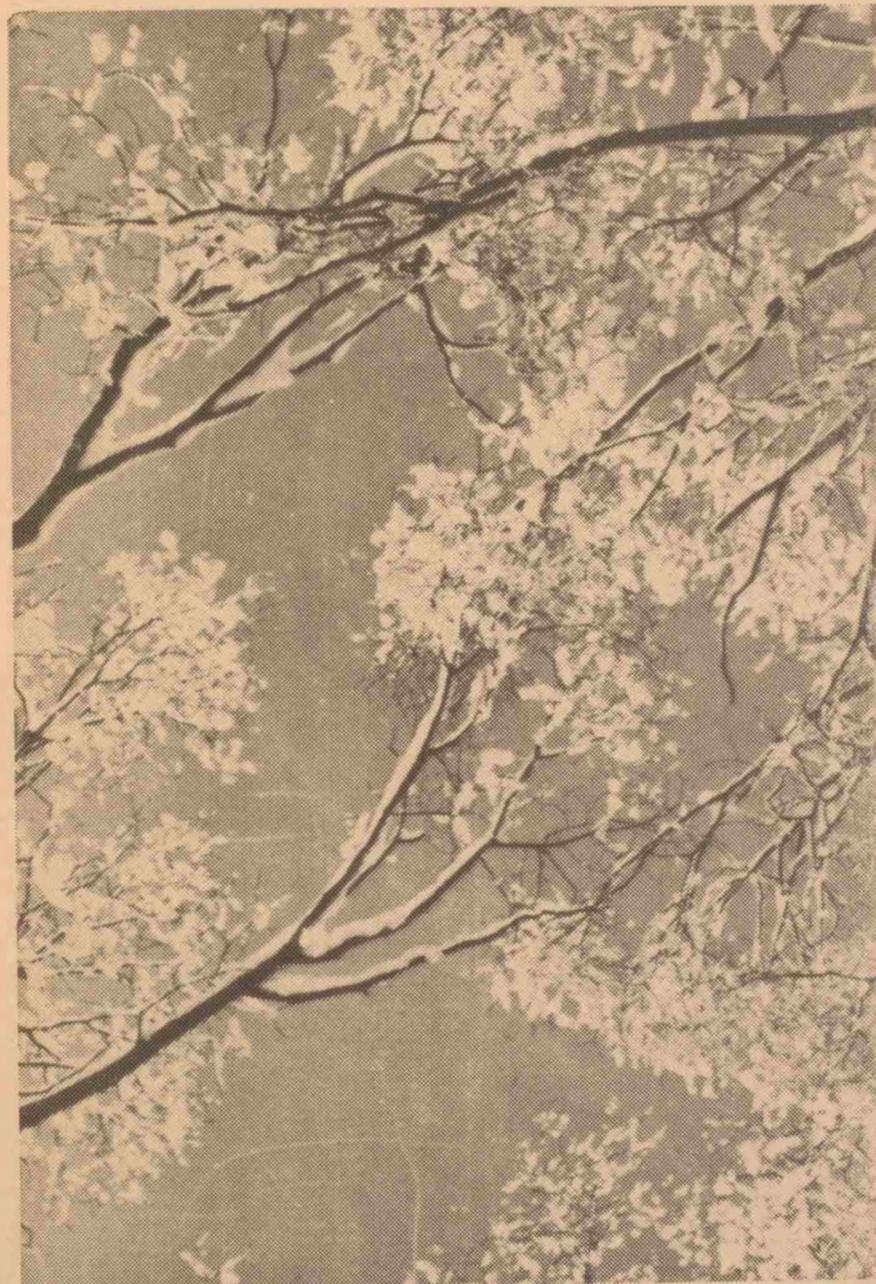
The pattern which Toynbee can now see in history is a religious pattern. "The guide-line of History is a progressive increase in the provision of spiritual opportunities for human souls in transit through the World." (volume 9, page 411.) This reviewer does not entirely approve of his theology. Toynbee does well to emphasize the Christian concept of God as a God of love who suffered in order to rescue man from sin; but he fails to stress the elements of justice and judgment which have been of central importance in Christian thinking. He tends to regard Christianity as merely one of a number of alternative routes which may be followed to salvation. This is in contradiction to much of the New Testament and to the vital part of the Christian tradition. Despite this it is of the most profound importance that an historian of his status should have laid such stress upon spiritual factors in history. He will be a tower of strength to all those historians and students of history who are in revolt against liberal agnosticism.



Old Age

*Saturn sneers,
And shines
On purple stacks of chopped wood.
And in the middle of the woodyard
A child's empty swing
Oscillates gently
On frayed, yellow ropes.*

C. Hugh Doherty



Winter Tracery

Clive Meredith



exchanges

by ELIZABETH WELTER

Our appeal for more exchanges in the last issue had the desired effect. We returned from the holidays to find a pile of exchanges awaiting us which represented universities and colleges in many countries. There were over thirty exchanges received in all; in cases where more than one issue of a particular magazine was sent we have found it possible to review only one — usually the most recent.

The task of reviewing all these exchanges seemed at first glance a hard one, but further perusal showed it even more difficult. The standard of all the contributions was very high indeed; besides this the variety in contents quite literally ranged from "the sublime to the ridiculous." Thus it was virtually impossible to single out the best articles. I had, therefore, a difficult, but extremely enjoyable, time picking out the selections which I thought worthy of particular notice.

So to work — and first things first. I should like to thank all the colleges who sent Year Books. They were all attractively laid out. The articles and photographs which were contained portrayed every aspect of college life, and gave a comprehensive account of the school year. Among those received was *The Rotunda* of Emmanuel College, Saskatoon, a Divinity College, which this year celebrated its Seventy-fifth Anniversary.

Now to discuss the literary creations which the mailbag brought us.

We received two issues of *The Mermaid* (University of Birmingham). In the March '54 edition was an essay entitled "Representations in Art". The author, John N. Chubb, asserts that a child is more capable of producing the mental image than an adult; the latter depends more on a direct visual image. He sees Modern Art as a type of art in which the visual image is replaced by the abstract image. Those students at Bishop's who are interested in art will find this article well worth reading.

In the same issue is "The Looking Glass" by Mike Hammond, a short story which contains remarkably good characterisation. The plot

concerns the conflict between a pompous and stubborn man, and his wife who sacrifices her self-respect in the vain attempt to retain her husband's love. The story is written in a mature style and with a deep insight into human nature.

The December issue of the same magazine contains a number of excellent articles in the fields of literature, music, travel, and the theatre. Another article on the theatre is to be found in *Q* (Queen's University, Belfast — Hilary '54).

Queen's University also edits *Pro Tanto Quid*. This fancy Latin name belies its real nature, since the magazine is composed of a collection of witty and humorous articles, cartoons, and nonsense verse.

Leed's University published a Jubilee edition of *The Gryphon* in honour of the university's Fiftieth Anniversary. In keeping with this a poem called "A Ceremonial Ode — Intended for a University" by Lascelles Abercrombie is included — a suitable inclusion which says of the work of a university.

*"This, then, is yours: to build exultingly
High, and yet more high."*

The article "What is a Student?" as its name suggests delves into student life, but as seen from the outside by the general public. This viewpoint is rather an unusual one, and is skillfully and humourously developed.

The Gryphon also contains two short stories worthy of notice. Both are well constructed, and possess strong atmosphere. "Ash of Wrath" by Cyril Jacob is full of dark undertones and symbolism; Martin Banham's "A Tree To Hang In" also aims at horror, but has a quieter if more fantastic means of achieving it.

The editor of *The Amphora* (Loyola College) states that his magazine aims at variety. Certainly his aim is fulfilled; *The Amphora* is perhaps the best all-round exchange received. The opening selection, "The Birth and Death of Spring" by Sjel Frenken, possesses excellent imagery.

*"And then, the dying sun, that bathes the woods
In blood—a golden splendour—demands all thoughts
In awe for the glory of its Death disguised in Beauty."*

Maurice Rangel's short story "Taps and Taps" is cleverly written with a surprise ending. Another story "Allah's Will" by Charles Martijn successfully creates the atmosphere of the desert and its effect on men, while "The Idol" by Rod Blaker is an unusual interpretation of Buddha, with obvious deep thought behind it.

Eric Jensen in "Diplomacy and the U.N." discusses the present role of the U.N. He takes the rather strong view that the U.N. is incapable of preventing a future war since it is beset by internal strife, and does not practice true diplomacy.

During recent months attention has been focused on a new menace — smog. In *The Unicorn* (Bedford College) Barbara Davies writes "The Yellow Fog" which describes with devastating reality the effect which such a fog might have on life. This essay shows great originality and imagination.

In a lighter vein is Evathia Mowle's "Hands off Homer", a satirical poem.

*"Oh, Homer, if you only knew
What the cinema may do to you,*

Buy heroes blood—the best red ink,

*And this "masochistic, mighty fable"
Will spot-light Helen—Betty Grable."*

Also of classical origin, and by the same poetess is a little piece of current interest to Bishop's students!

*"Does Helen sleep
While Menelaus strokes her graying hair?
For she deserves her rest."*

Billy Graham has been playing a noticeable part in present affairs. Arnold Rosen deals with this much discussed person in his article "Redressing the Balance" to be found in **The Leopardess** (Queen Mary College). Rosen sketches with bold strokes a picture of Graham, his associates, and his services.

A unique piece is also included in **The Leopardess**. It is entitled "Communism Speaks;" the author P. J. Hennessey uses the style of the Old Testament to produce a startling and effective piece of prose.

Although the Michaelmas edition of the '52 **Q** is obviously not a recent one, we would like to mention one story "The Great Parrot Scandal" by Lorna McDalagh. We mention this because it is a satire upon security precautions—an issue presently concerning our neighbours to the south. The satire concerns a science professor named Bankle who turns himself into — of all things — a grey parrot. In this guise Bankle is able to discover vital secrets by changing himself into a parrot at seventeen universities. Worse still — Bankle is finally discovered to have no academic qualifications whatsoever!

The Spring issue of **The Quebec Diocesan Gazette** is full of articles of interest to Bishop's students. For this Cannon Moffat wrote "Easter— and After". There are a number of pieces about "Go Down Moses", including one by our **Mitre** editor, Hugh Doherty, reviewing this play which was presented by the Canterbury Club last April. Mention is made of the Summer conference for Clergy held at Bishop's in July.

The Fiddlehead contains a number of poems of literary merit. One which appealed particularly because of its tone and imagery is "Abandoned Farm" by Margaret Cunningham, a verse of which is reproduced below:

*"The settler's rough axe is rested, sweat-handled and silent,
Propping open the cabin doorway to let in the sun;
But the doorframe sags inward, the windows are boarded,
And the moss sprcads quietly, steadily, evenly, over the earth
of the cabin floor."*

The Clare Market Review has tried a rather interesting experiment. Six students from this college, none of whom are English, were asked to

write on their impressions of London. As these students were from Czechoslovakia, India, Nigeria, Scotland, Spain and Wales respectively, a wide variety of ideas was obtained.

After reading so many short stories in which the protagonist is a human being, it was a change to find a story in which the hero is a fox. Such a story is "The Red One" in **The Cap And Gown**. Despite the difficulties which beset a story of this type, it is extremely well written with obvious feeling for, and keen observation of nature.

Mr. Huxley comes into limelight in "Opium for the Intellectual". Aldous Huxley some months ago published an essay entitled "The Doors of Perception" in which he describes the effects of a drug, mescaline, on the intellect. According to Mr. Huxley mescaline increases awareness and perception.

From Australia we received **The Winthrop Review**. The most noticeable thing about this magazine was the nationalism which permeates all the articles and stories. Australian life in all its aspects is reflected.

I am only able to mention a fraction of the material to be found in this term's exchanges. We hope that students who would like to read them will do so. All exchanges can be found in the Lower Library.

To all those universities and colleges who sent exchanges we would like to express our thanks. We were especially gratified to note several new names. In addition we received two letters, one from the University of Natal, and the other from Cyril Ritchie of the University of Belfast (which we decided to include in the **Mitre**). Congratulations to our exchanges on their high literary standard, which though it made my task a hard one, nevertheless, gave me many enjoyable hours of reading.

MAGAZINES :

The Exchange editor expresses her thanks to the following:

Mount Allison Record
The Ashburian (Ashbury College, Ottawa)
B. C. S. (Bishop's College School)
Stonyhurst (Stonyhurst College, Blackburn)
The Rotunda (Emmanuel College, Saskatoon)
Per Annos (King's Hall)
The Algoma (Sudbury)
Q and Pro Tanto Quid (Belfast University)
The Fiddlehead (University of New Brunswick)
Quebec Diocesan Gazette
The Winthrop Review (University of Western Australia)
The Serpent (Manchester University)
Clare Market Review (London School of Economics)
The Leopardess (Queen Mary College, London)
The Mermaid (University of Birmingham)
Echoes (St. Andrews University, Edinburgh)
The Unicorn (Bedford College)
The Gryphon (Leeds University)
The Amphora (Loyola College)
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa
The Gap and Gown (University of South Wales and Monmouthshire)

Dear Editor . . .

Dear Editor,

We have received the Trinity issue of *The Mitre*, for which we thank you. As our term is long since finished I have taken it upon myself to comment upon the circular enclosed with it. This I find very interesting, as a decreasing exchange seems to be the common experience — regrettably so, as I wholeheartedly echo the sentiments expressed by Elizabeth Welter in this latest issue (Page 64, paragraph 2). In the interests of furthering the bond the following information may be of interest for comparison.

In Queen's University, Belfast, the Students' Representative Council publishes the following: a fortnightly newspaper called *Qubist* (of which I am Business Manager and Acting Editor); a magazine called *Q*, which is supposed to appear termly (i.e., 3 a year), but the Trinity issue rarely appears. This is the result of the usual setbacks which hinder undergraduate publications (for example, lack of material, imminence of examinations, absence of enthusiasm). As you probably have not received any *Qs* from us I enclose two copies of each of the last four issues, firstly because they may be of interest to you — I say may—, secondly because we still seem to have plenty to dispose of. *Q* was first published about four years ago and replaced *The Northman*. The third S.R.C. publication is *P. T. Q.*, our yearly Rag Day magazine, and I enclose two copies of the year's issue. The name *P. T. Q.* stands for the initials of the first three words of the motto of the City of Belfast: *Pro Tanto Quid Retribuamus*.

None of our publications is what we would wish it to be, firstly because of student unwillingness to contribute, secondly because of a lack of funds. Efforts have been made of late to improve the quality of material (especially in *Q*), but as you will see they have not been very successful. All the publications are under the general (very general) supervision of the Publications Committee of S.R.C.

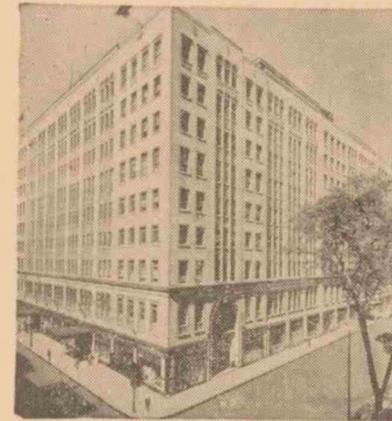
I hope this survey will be of some interest to you, although now I read it over it seems greatly to overstep the bounds of our wish to "create a bond". We shall be glad to hear from you at anytime on any matter. If there is any information or help we can provide do not hesitate to write.

With best wishes, I am

Yours sincerely,

CYRIL RITCHIE,

(Member of the Publications Committee
S. R. C.)



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