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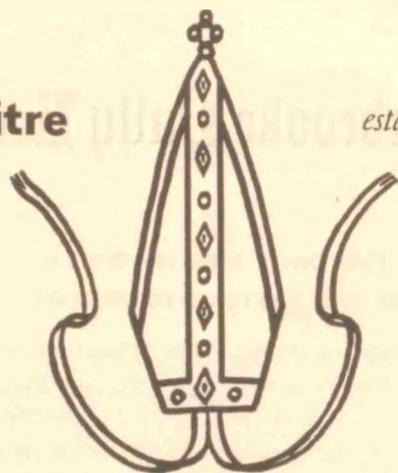
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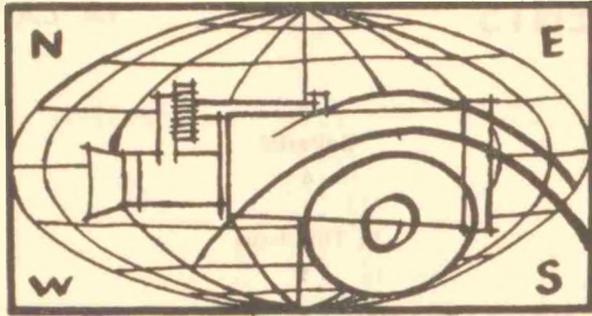
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# Editorial

*"Universities must frankly accept the responsibility for tolerating error, lest in misevaluation, in ignorance, prejudice or timidity, they mistake truth for error, and extinguish some new light in the darkness."*

— Henry Wriston, former president,  
Brown University.

There are many advantages to a small university such as Bishop's. However, there are, too, several rather important tendencies which are not advantageous and which should be fought.

The cloistered values of university life are fully realized in a small university. From the point of view of more than one educator, a quiet university is the ideal place for a young man or woman to mature in an atmosphere of comparative peacefulness, unharried by the trials and exigencies of earning a living. In this way, the student may realize the full extent of his natural potentialities; he may give free rein to intellectual growth, thus bringing to the fore those talents which are the strongest and the most valuable. But is it remembered that those talents need something upon which to feed and grow

strong? A university must live dangerously if it is to fulfill its task of maturing young minds, for it is only within an atmosphere of stimulation that the individual will have the opportunity to realize what is within himself. This dangerous atmosphere is easily subdued in a small university.

There is a tendency towards a peculiar "groupiness." Where a college is small, there are opportunities for a greater degree of personal contact between the professors and the student body than in a larger institution. Such close contact is encouraged, with the ostensible aim of providing the student with expert guidance in academic and even personal matters. Too often, however, this relationship degenerates into an instrument for serenity. The "friendly atmosphere" becomes of primary importance. The student soon begins to feel that he must maintain "friendly" relations with the faculty at any cost, and the vital flavour of the faculty-student relationship comes very close to that of a "glad hand" policy on both sides. A sort of university-wide neurosis sets in: problems are smoothed over with negative solutions, and a definite aversion results towards any movement which might disturb the comfortable status quo for even a short length of time.

Yet the university should not have a status quo. One of its prime functions is to be dynamic to the point of error, to be ever ready to examine, evaluate, and even instigate new movements, which, though they may be abortive, are yet stimulating, and as such valuable. Stiffness, even in the name of friendship, cannot be tolerated.

A small university may also be hard-pressed to make itself secure, for lacking sufficient independent resources of its own, it must be ever alert and malleable to pressures from without and from within its actual compass which serve to petrify the over-all smoothness of the university atmosphere. When this happens, the myth

of security and the struggle for it are perpetuated, and it is only natural that the students should reflect this struggle. Yet there is no security — it is a modern fairy tale served up to provide greener pastures for the masses to graze upon when they refuse to accept life as the unstable, ever-changing state that it is. Such a state is uncomfortable to those who seek finite goals, and by the same token, finite rewards.

These are tendencies inherent in the nature of a small university, and they must be minimized. Can a university afford to set its sights on finite goals, and still retain the name and principle of a university? Can it bow to the pressure of groups within and without its actual domains in the name of security, and still set itself up as a seat of higher learning? More important, can a mind mature in the fullest sense of the word in an atmosphere that is anything less than infinitely potential itself; can it develop without experiencing growing pains and the buffeting of troubles constantly in the wind? It is false to assure students that their minds can mature on learning alone: education demands that both the good and the bad be presented for choice, so that in the choosing, the mind may truly mature. To repress either the choice or the objects of the choice is a crime a university commits against its own name.



## In This Issue . . .

OUR third and last issue of *The Mitre* for the year displays a trend towards poetic interest which has been growing steadily and strongly for the last two years. A backward glance at the two issues which have gone before shows that both the quality and the quantity of the poetry submitted have been good. Good prose fiction, however, as in past issues has been at a premium; students invariably find that a short poem takes less time, and sometimes less effort than a well-organized story.

Once again, we are indebted to Bishop's graduates who have taken an interest in the progress of *The Mitre*. In this issue, we are pleased to publish five outstanding contributions from graduates.

Harry E. Grundy, Q.C., who graduated from Bishop's in 1927, has continued the historical series started in the last issue on Bishop's faculties with a fine, personalized study of Bishop's law school. The school was only in existence for less than a decade, but in that short span graduated one of the most imposing arrays of lawyers in Canada. Mr. Grundy has not only given an account of Bishop's law school itself; he has also followed the careers of many of its distinguished graduates, showing how firm, and how fine was the foundation the old law school provided.

Two graduate poets are included in this issue. From the University of New Brunswick, William Prouty contributed "The Infidel" and "Threnody", both warm, introspective musings, while from Northwestern University, Illinois, in the United States, S. W. Stevenson has sent us an admirable pair of villanelles; "The Muses," and "The Muses Reply." Where Mr. Prouty has demonstrated the more modern poetry form, Mr. Stevenson has provided us with some carefully wrought, delicately worded verses in an exuberant mood.

The *Mitre's* own Elizabeth Home has again provided a fitting anthology of her versatility. Her article on Nineteenth Century fashions combines a delightful sense of humour with excellent historical research; it has already provided many interesting moments in a history seminar, and will undoubtedly provide many more for *Mitre* readers. "The Ruby Hat of Homer Salaam," and two poems, one nameless, and the other a "Fable Concerning a Worm," are true pieces of that type of writing that *Mitre* readers have surely come to recognize as distinctively "Homian"; the tongue may be in the cheek, but the bite is still there.

A special word of mention must go to our only freshman prose

contributor of the year, David Bonyun and his philosophical fantasy on "Infinity." Mr. Bonyun writes with imagination and force which need but the rein of discretion to produce first rate work in the future.

Two old contributors we especially welcome back to **The Mitre**: wood-loreist Donald Sangster, and our exchanges editor, Beth Welter. Mr. Sangster has provided another intimate peek through the back door of nature with his "Northern Friends"; Miss Welter has returned after an absence of an issue to impart to **The Mitre** a bit of international flavour in her exchanges section.

A word about next year: the summer vacation will provide many opportunities to capture with brush, camera, or pen a few of your creative moments. We hope that you will save them, and bring them back to **The Mitre** next year.

C. H. D.

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## An Acknowledgement

**I**T is not one of the customs of **The Mitre** staff to wish publicly any of its outgoing members praisefully *adieu*. Nor indeed, should anyone accepting responsibilities expect to be effusively congratulated on their simple fulfillment in the course of doing the job.

We would at this time, however, wish to take exception on the basis of special appreciation for work done more than well. To our Editor, then, Hugh Doherty, who leaves us this year after two years in office, we offer our most sincere thanks. Heightened student interest in the magazine, preservation and extension of a high literary standard, and the initiation of a refreshingly new format number among the achievements of his term of editorship.

Another vote of thanks is due to Ian O. Leslie, our retiring Business and Advertising Manager. Due to his personal efforts over the past two years the financial condition of the magazine has been consistently sound.

**The Mitre** staff and Literary Board gratefully acknowledge the contributions made by these two officers towards the development of our University literary magazine: without their efforts, **The Mitre** would not have been what it was this year.

G. S. D. C.

## BISHOP'S LAW SCHOOL

. . . Harry E. Grundy, Q.C.

**T**HE recent death of Dr. W. L. Shurtleff, Q.C., distinguished Coaticook lawyer and the oldest practising advocate at the Bar of the Province of Quebec, marked the passing, it is believed, of the last of the graduates of the old Bishop's University Law Faculty.

The Law Faculty existed for less than ten years and during that period only about a score of students graduated with a law degree. But they were a remarkably successful collection of students and made a great contribution to the Eastern Townships and the Province in general, and it is well that a tribute be paid to them and to their professors before their existence as a group be forgotten with the passing of time.

Dr. D. C. Masters, professor of history at the University, in his excellent book, **Bishop's University, The First Hundred Years**, published in 1950, tells us that the Faculty of Law was established in 1880. The department was set up following consultations between a committee consisting of the Chancellor, Dr. R. W. Heneker, of Sherbrooke, the principal, Rev. J. A. Lobley, the Reverend Professor Scarth, representing the University, and the Bar of the District of St. Francis.

The Dean of the new Faculty was R. N. Hall, Q.C., a leading Sherbrooke lawyer who was for a number of years Member of Parliament for Sherbrooke and who later became a judge of the Court of Appeals in Montreal. He also acted as professor of Civil Law. The four other professors were Livingstone E. Morris, Q.C., Edward T. Brooks, Q.C., L. C. Belanger, Q.C., and H. B. Brown, Q.C. Like Dean Hall, they were all leaders of the Bar in this city. The name of Morris was prominent in legal circles here until recent years. Mr. Brooks was M.P. for Sherbrooke for some years and later became a Judge of the Superior Court for the district. Mr. Belanger was known as a master of civil procedure and Mr. Brown was the leading corporation lawyer.

Lectures were held in Sherbrooke and it is thus interesting to note that the University at that time, three-quarters of a century ago, operated in three centres with the Faculties of Divinity and Arts at Lennoxville, that of Law in Sherbrooke and that of Medicine (which continued until the turn of the century) in Montreal.

The first degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred in 1881, the recipient being Louis Edouard Panneton, of Sherbrooke. Five years

later he received the Master's degree in Law. Mr. Panneton became a leader of the local Bar and a member of the Quebec Legislature. He finally spent many years of distinguished service as a judge of the Superior Court in Montreal. His son, Judge Dorais Panneton, died in Sherbrooke last year.

Two years after Mr. Panneton's graduation, four young men from Sherbrooke received the law degree and all of them were destined to play a notable part in the life of the city. They were Augustin S. Hurd, Harry R. Fraser, Henry D. Lawrence and Edward B. Worthington. Hurd and Fraser were in partnership for many years, until the death of the former. Colonel Fraser served as mayor of the city, officer commanding the 53rd Regiment and was a leader in all civic, business, and professional matters, while both he and Mr. Hurd were among the most prominent lawyers of the district. Mr. Lawrence, at one time principal of the Academy, now the Sherbrooke High School, was head of another well known law firm and an outstanding citizen. Colonel Worthington had a large notarial practise, and like Harry Fraser, was both mayor and officer commanding the regiment. He had a noted career overseas in the First Great War, in which he was awarded the C.M.G.

The next year, 1884, saw four more students graduate in Law. They were A. E. Beckett, John Leonard, William Morris, already a graduate in Arts, and L. E. Charbonnel. Mr. Beckett had a noted legal career, becoming chief solicitor for the Grand Trunk Railway in Montreal. Mr. Leonard and Mr. Morris were leaders in their profession in Sherbrooke and both served as mayor of the city. Mr. Leonard achieved early prominence as one of the defence counsels for Donald Morrison, the "Megantic outlaw," whose avoidance of capture and subsequent trial are still famous in the annals of criminal law in Canada. Mr. Morris was the son of the professor above mentioned and grandson of Lt.-Col. William Morris, who donated the land on which the college buildings now stand. Mr. Charbonnel practised for many years in Cookshire.

The next year there were two graduates, Richard Fairlie Morris and J. C. Noel. Mr. Morris, brother of the previous year's graduate, became a stock-broker in Sherbrooke.

In 1886 there were five graduates. One was already a prominent lawyer here, William White, who took his Master of Laws degree. He soon afterwards became a judge of the Superior Court, a position held in more recent years by his son, Charles D. White. Another who took his Master's degree was G. E. Rioux, likewise a Sherbrooke lawyer, who later became District Magistrate. Henry W. Mulvena took the Bachelor's degree and he too became a Magistrate. Another Bachelor's

degree was conferred on U. K. Doherty. The fifth student, graduating with the Master's degree, was William Lewis Shurtleff, whose death in his ninety-first year occurred recently. Dr. Shurtleff was a member of the Bar for sixty-six years. He was an outstanding advocate, played a notable part in municipal, political and educational affairs in the Eastern Townships, and was universally loved and respected.

The year 1887 saw two graduates, F. Ernest Fontaine and C. H. Langlois. The following year the last graduate in Law received his degree, William Henry Leonard, younger brother of John Leonard. The younger brother served many years as Registrar of Compton County.

So the Faculty's existence was short and its graduates few. But from less than twenty students, two (William White and L. E. Panneton) became Superior Court judges; two (G. E. Rioux and Henry Mulvena) became Magistrates; one (Panneton) served in the Quebec Legislature; five (Panneton, Fraser, Worthington, John Leonard and William Morris) were mayors of Sherbrooke; one (Worthington) had a notable military career; one (Beckett) held an outstanding place in railway law; and one (Shurtleff) lived to hold the unique distinction of being the dean of practising advocates of the Province.

It is fitting that their names be remembered.

*(Reprinted from the Sherbrooke Daily Record  
"Annual Review of the Eastern Townships," 1955)*



## A Fable Concerning a Worm

There was once a worm,  
Living submerged in a grey-green stagnant pool  
Of slime, scum, and filth.  
The worm looked about him,  
Above himself,  
And saw the world through a window,  
A slated pane of filth, of rottenness,  
And said to himself,  
"The rest of the world is just like me,  
But inferior, Oh vastly so."  
Poor worm!  
He did not know that only over his head  
Closed the stagnant decaying water  
And that the rest of the world  
Was cool and green and fresh.

But one day a bird found the worm.  
He caught him mid-belly  
Ripping the thin grey skin,  
Pulling the worm from his pool.  
And the worm saw the rest of the world,  
Shining like a well-washed plate.  
His thin grey length contracted  
And in one last effort he clutched a spear of grass  
To pull the world  
Into the filth and rot of his stagnant dwelling.  
But he found it immovable.  
The bird, distracted, dropped the stinking grey matter.  
The waters closed over it.  
The worm died there,  
There in the stagnant pool  
Amidst a thousand other crawling things.

*Elizabeth Home*

## NORTHERN FRIENDS

*. . . Donald Sangster*



LIVING IN TENTS for thirteen weeks with four companions in rugged, rainy Labrador can become quite boring and one looks for new interests. That is why we ended up caring for a number of the wild's queerest creatures. Our purpose for being in the bush was to prospect for base metals and map all outcrops in an area twenty square miles surrounding a lake. There were five of us, the party chief, cook, a Senior Assistant, and two Junior Assistants (of whom I was one).

The first pet was an owl, caught on the day of the eclipse, June 30. We were walking along the edge of a lake when a medium-sized bird flew out of the tree over my head and into the water. Assuming that it was a partridge, and would afford at least one of us a tasty meal. I waded out to the bird which had fallen about twenty feet out. Imagine my surprise when I found it to be not a partridge but an angry hawk-owl which screeched and tore at my hands. Fortunately I was wearing leather gloves. Picking him up carefully I carried him back to camp and tied him temporarily to a branch of a tree where he sat quietly. Twice, however, when left alone, he escaped by untying the knot around his leg. He could not fly far, however, and we always located him again by the shrill chirping of the kingbirds which hovered around the owl constantly. During the day I kept him tied to a tree with a length of wire fishing leader and at night I put him in a cage constructed from a meat box which I nailed to a tree.

We fed him fish and raw meat three times a day or gave him the occasional mouse which he would swallow whole. Bones and fur he would regurgitate in the form of a small pellet after having digested the meat. The bird measured nine inches from tail-tip to the top of his head. By the end of the summer he would sit quietly on my shoulder or on the side of the canoe while I fished. I once put him on top of my head but hastily removed him when he scored a direct hit down the back of my head.

A week after I caught my owl, three of us took a day off to

explore a river which ran into the lake beside which we had camped. After paddling for about an hour over fast, shallow water we noticed a huge nest nestled in the fork of a tree and, above it, two large birds, wheeling and dipping lazily in the warm, summer air. They proved to be bald eagles, with a wingspread of six feet or over. After talking it over, we decided to climb the tree, armed with two paddles, a knife and our cameras. We edged up the tree, keeping a wary eye open for the parents who had, strangely enough, disappeared. We reached the nest and two of us sat in it taking pictures of the lone, ugly, naked eaglet. We soon decided it would make an ideal pet, and lowered it to the ground by means of a rope and my shirt and brought it home.

It was a light gray, having no feathers at all but possessing long legs, big feet, and a huge, wickedly-curved bill. It ate a pound of fish a day which it kept in a pouch just under its lower jaw. As the food digested, the pouch grew smaller until at last it was empty and the bird cried for more. It took about three hours for the pouch to empty and we were constantly feeding it. We kept it in a box lined with straw and burlap which stayed surprisingly clean because of the bird's clean habits.

The eaglet grew rapidly and was sprouting black pinfeathers and just learning to walk when a wandering bear killed it one night with a tap on the head.

The cook, meanwhile, had been having a grand time catching squirrels which were very numerous around camp and were becoming quite bold. They were caught very easily by inverting a cardboard box and cutting a small door in one side, leaving one edge to serve as a hinge. A trail of peanuts led to the door and when the unsuspecting squirrel stepped inside the door was pulled shut by means of a string. We managed to collect six squirrels in a wire cage before the bear, one moonlight night, heard their chattering and ripped the cage open with one blow of his paw.

A few days after the squirrels were freed by the bear, I killed a partridge by throwing an axe at it. It was not till then that I discovered she had two little chicks in tow. I wrapped them carefully in a handkerchief and brought them back to camp. We repaired the broken squirrel cage for the chicks and fed them dry oatmeal which they hastily gulped down amidst excited chirping. Two nights later however, it turned frosty and although we kept them near the stove, they caught cold and died.

By this time it was mid-July and families of ducks were beginning to appear on the lake in the calm evenings. Just a few hundred feet down the shore a mother merganser duck had hatched a brood of ten little ones. After considerable trouble we managed to net one of the ducklings and tied him with a long fish-line to the wharf. The little

fellow fought the string at first but soon became content to dive and swim around quietly all day. Every evening, when no one was around, the mother duck swam up and fed her captive offspring. We kept the little bird a week and then reluctantly let it go to rejoin its mother.

Besides being the hatching season, it was also the molting season and the pilot came in the next week and told us that another camp had caught nine geese, barely a year old. This was done by sneaking up on them while they were feeding on berries on shore and then creeping between the geese and the water. The birds, unable to fly, were caught in sacks and brought back to camp, where they were kept in a pond made by damming a nearby creek. The pond was encircled with a network of branches and the geese, their wings unable to support them, grew fat and afforded a tasty meal to men who were sick of two months of Spam, greasy bacon, and meat which turned green within two days after arrival.

Thus by capturing, feeding and observing the habits of these wild creatures we managed to keep out of one another's hair during the three months we were in the bush. I should not end the story without mentioning that we lassoed a bear and kept him as a "pet" for fifteen minutes.

Only our original friend, the little hawk-owl ever got a taste of civilization. Unfortunately it did not agree with him. Though I kept him all summer and brought him home to Sherbrooke after travelling eight hundred miles by plane and train, he died after four days of homesickness.

## The Infidel

*"And who are you," said the wide-eyed rose,  
"Who are you that approach me so  
With your stretched hand and burning eyes  
Pushing heavily through the dark?"*

*"I am force and desire,  
Wild, strange-hearted desire  
That loves passionately and spurns.  
I have pulled you out of the bush  
For a moment's pleasure and pain,  
And when I put you away  
You will be nothing but a length  
Of scattered petals on the ground,  
And all hot from your red lips,  
I shall walk away cold."*

William Prouty

## Villanelle :

### FOR THE MUSES

*Come, sing unto our bacchanal  
And pipe a simple roundelay  
Because we love you, one and all.*

*So let your winter wrappings fall  
And on this April holiday  
Come, sing unto our bacchanal.*

*Or make a merry madrigal  
(We will trip it while you play  
Because we love you, one and all).*

*Taste our nectar till you loll,  
Let us lave your cares away —  
Come, sing unto our bacchanal.*

*You may former lives recall  
While we listen to your lay  
Because we love you, one and all.*

*You will wear a coronal  
And we shall bear a myrtle spray.  
Come, sing unto our bacchanal  
Because we love you, one and all.*

S. W. Stevenson

## Villanelle :

### THE MUSES REPLY

*A poem will spring from the wedding of heart and brain  
Like a new-born joy in a bower of growing delight,  
Or a rainbow arising between the sun and the rain.*

*As a hymn shall be sung at the funeral-time of pain,  
With trumpets proclaiming the end of unnatural night,  
So a poem will spring from the wedding of heart and brain*

*Into fullness, and there like an aerial being remain  
Upon tremulous wings ever poised for empyreal flight —  
Or a rainbow arising between the sun and the rain.*

*As love from the lover; as wheat from the fertile plain;  
As ale from the barrel will burst, unless bunged tight;  
So a poem will spring from the wedding of heart and brain.*

*O rare are the charms that will make us immortal again:  
The songs we inspire; the laughter of children; the sight  
Of a rainbow arising between the sun and the rain.*

*When the bonds that shackle your spirit are severed in twain;  
When your body is drenched with the beams of invisible light;  
Then a poem will spring from the wedding of heart and brain  
Like a rainbow arising between the sun and the rain.*

S. W. Stevenson

# THE RUBY HAT OF HOMER SALAAM

*a visionary epic  
by an epicure  
with visions,  
namely Elizabeth*

IT HAPPENED, of course, when I was in Poonah. It was raining, and the fetid jungle was steaming like a warmed-up pancake, with watery syrup trickling off its edges. The natives had assured me that it was only a shower, but it had been going on for three months. There I lay in my sodden pup tent, writhing in the throes of jungle fever, with no one to care for me, no one at all. No one even seemed to notice me. One day an elephant tripped over me, but when I weakly (but bravely) asked for help, he hurried off with muttered excuses spoken scornfully out of the corner of his trunk. The tent was rather too short for my manly length, and to avoid wetting my argyle socks, I was forced to lie in an odd bent position, with my longitude hopelessly confused with my latitude. After a few weeks in this position, I could not unbend. They called me the human pretzel. The natives came from miles away to look at me, and as they filed past my tortured form, still writhing or trying to writhe, for writhing is rather difficult when one is permanently pleated into a pretzel, in the throes of jungle fever, I counted three maharajahs, five poojahs, seven rathermajahs, and one small pookah. Their beady eyes looked down on me as I lay helpless, and they spoke to each other in soft guttural monosyllables. Poog, frig guh raal poople?" they said. Then they said, "Zel loof dag borg borg," and they all laughed.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I opened my mouth to scream (in a hoarse, manly sort of way, of course) but my jawbone got hopelessly entangled with my elbow, and the oppressive silence remained unbroken save for the dripdripdripdrip of the rain and the primitive boom boom boomboom of the native drums. I felt my consciousness slipping gradually away; I made a futile grab for it but it slipped away on soft little pussycat feet. The jungle became a swimming sea of green before my feverish eyes, and I seemed to be just a little bit of flotsam (or possibly jetsam) tossed on an endless ocean of pain. Scenes from my past began to drift to and fro before my eyes. My mind went back, and back, and back . . . . .

I thought of my childhood. I could almost see my mother — a vast-bosomed lady with pudgy, violet scented hands and forgotten hair. Father liked her hair that way, for he was a biologist, and it reminded him of moss. She used to sing at all the church socials — "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer, and "Bushes" which she modestly acknowledged as her own composition. She used to knit endless white mufflers for people

until she began to look like a muffler herself, rather loosely knit and a bit frayed at the edges.

I could see Father too. Once he took us on an archaeological expedition, and we found a toe preserved in the rock. Father said that it looked very much like the toe of a pithekanthropos erectus. Mother said it was a sausage dropped by careless picknickers. Father was going to present it to the museum, but the dog ate it.

The scene before my glazed eyes changed, and I could see myself bagging my first elephant. Ah, I was a handsome young devil then! My curly hair was a becoming blond, and my rippling muscles were covered with deeply bronzed skin, tough as leather from the effect of the sun and the rain and the wind and even the stars. There I was, creeping up for the kill. And there I stood, my triumphant foot resting on the creased, unpressed side of my very first elephant! Ah, 't'was a glorious moment indeed.

Then through a fog of pain, I perceived myself in the uniform of the R.B.V.I.W.O.F.T.I.I. (the Royal British Volunteer Infantry Watching Out For Trouble In India). I wore my hair long and my mustache droopy and my upper lip stiff. I was such a handsome brute that all the other members of the R.B.V.I.W.O.F.T.I.I. were very jealous, and they had to send me away to a lonely spot to guard the vital pass of Bongahoo, singlehanded. It was there that I met the beautiful Princess Rondah Maroojah, daughter of the Rathermajah of Bundagore and grandniece of the Pookah of Punkle Hill. Ah, she was beautiful, the Princess Rondah Maroojah! She was tall and stately, with native grace and hot green eyes that reminded one of the impenetrable jungle during the summer rains.

It was from her that I heard of the ruby hat of Homer Salaam. The ruby hat was made of the tanned skin of a young boa constrictor, and inset with a hundred rubies, which gleamed like drops of blood. Rondah said they looked to her like AB type blod with a positive Rh factor. The ruby hat had been in the Salaam family for hundreds of years and had had marvelous healing power. It cured old Horace Salaam of double malaria with unheard of complications, and relieved Montague Salaam of itchy piles. But young Homer Salaam, as he lay dying in a pool of blood from a gaping rhinociferous wound, jealous of the wonderful powers of the ruby hat, cursed it. The native drums were beating out a solemn funeral march, and all the weeping whispering women were wailing.

"May you never heal again, O ruby hat!" cried Homer Salaam. "May you cast sickness on all who invoke thy power! And now, Die, O Homer Salaam!" And having told himself to die, he did.

That is the tale the princess Rondah Maroojah told to me in the lonely fortress of Bongahoo, and straightaway, I vowed to seek out the Ruby Hat of Homer Salaam. I boldly dyed my beautiful blond hair black and disguised myself as a native. Then for many, many moons and several stars I sought the cursed hat. Finally in a remote corner of India, a few miles from Poonah, I found it! Believing in the power of the curse, the natives had built an altar to the Ruby Hat to pacify the evil spirit. When I arrived, it was the Festival of the Ruby Hat, and the natives were doing a ritual dance about the altar. Boom boom boom boompity boompity boomboomboom went the drums. Oog oog ooglepoogle, sang the natives, brandishing their naked blades in the air. The scene set the blood pounding in my temples. Boldly I rushed to the altar and seized the hat. In the glow of the fire, the rubies gleamed like limpid pools of blood. There was dead silence.

Into the silence I cried: "Behold, O cowardly natives. This thing you worship is nought but a rather worn fedora. Give it to me." I was no ignorant native to believe in superstitions and curses, and I knew the rubies were worth a small, or even a large, fortune.

"I will show you how harmless is this worn hat of the House of Salaam," I cried, and I placed it upon my shapely head. A native woman screamed. Boldly I invoked the power of the Ruby Hat:

*"O wondrous hat of fascination!  
Heal my little laceration.  
I was warding off invasion  
And received a slight abrasion.  
In the cut, I got some dirt;  
It got infected, and it hurts.  
Tell me now, O hat of mine:  
Have you any iodine?"*

The world went black. I knew nothing more until I woke up in my pup tent, with my longitude all tangled up with my latitude and the whole of me rather damp from the three months' rain. So there I lay, writhing in the throes of jungle fever. The mystery of the Ruby Hat was still unsolved. It had disappeared again, and there was I back at Bongahoo, all alone except for the visiting natives, chanting their uncouth monosyllables and leering at my wasted body. The Ruby Hat was gone, and whoever I questioned in my fast weakening voice shrank back in terror. . . . .

Ah, dear reader, you are wondering how I found a cure for my mysterious fever. And well may you wonder, for I never found a cure. I died there.

## The Shadow of Yesterday

*When the mist has forgotten  
The hill on the moon,  
And the wind in the rose  
Has come home,  
The path in my heart  
Will be worn  
By the feet of a boy  
With a bow.*

*So the grass that was trampled  
Won't whisper again  
And the sand and the willow  
Are dead,  
But the star in the dark  
Is a million,  
And the crowd in the park  
Will return.*

*Through the dark and forever  
We've fallen  
Where musk and blood  
Sang songs,  
Where dusty wings  
Float ponderous  
On melodies  
Of dreams.*

Donald Kuehner

## Nightclub Trio

Flame lights face,  
Lighter-flicker yellow  
In the blue, thick haze;  
Features fire-carven,  
Momentarily frozen;  
Lips red and rigid,  
Chiselled in a Saturday night smile;  
But eyes that glint still,  
Bright, glistening in the lighter flare,  
Darting pinpoints, shifting,  
Sharp,  
And frightened . . . .

In the pale flood of a corner light  
Two boy-soldiers,  
Caps in shoulder straps tucked,  
Regimental buttons glimmering,  
Relaxed in folds of khaki;  
Old and hard in body,  
Soft of face,  
Drinking beer like men . . .  
And shivering with every gulp;  
Casual in a corner,  
With dark youth-hair  
Flopping over smooth foreheads  
In careless locks . . .

And then,  
Across the red and blue and purple of the room,  
In a neon-softened corner,  
Sits the lone observer;  
Single bottle,  
Single glass  
Upon a table ringed for four;  
Not lonely but outside.  
Outside the splashing of the talk  
And shadowy couples dancing . . . .  
Outside — yet caught within.

C. Hugh Doherty

## Quotidien

Simple breezes filter the green  
From the trees and pass it through  
Open windows.

Down, beyond the sloping roof  
The eaves obscure the crushing gravel  
On the drive.

A screen of bugs and sand flies  
Floats past the dormer window  
Harmlessly suspended.

A wilful draught streams wisps of  
Cigarette smoke over window frames  
Without touching.

A golden purple simmers through  
Birch leaves and sleepy crickets  
Creak sparingly.

Yellowing clay on the far path  
Darkens, passing light to the  
Glittering gravel.

Far down, the lake shimmers where  
Water spiders turn the ripples  
To scarlet.

On the other side, the sloping hill  
Slips down to the tree-lined  
Water's edge.

The green turns to chill ever so  
Slowly, and scarlet, to purple,  
To dark.

Nicholas Powell

## INFINITY

. . . *David Bonyun*

HE HAD PROVEN his point at last. He had found the answer to a problem that had puzzled philosophers and scientists for centuries. He would go down in history as the genius who came up with the astounding truth concerning the universe and its content. It was he — he alone — who would be remembered. His name — or, at least, his present name and personality — would be classed with those of the great thinkers, artists, and masters of creation who had proposed theories since the world began to be inhabited by intelligent beings; only he was different: he not only saw the truth, he proved it, to himself, if to no one else. He had seen what “great men” had only mistakenly conjectured.

The man who was sitting on the bed, his chin in his hands, was about forty and rather grey. He was six feet tall and well-built; he had been handsome, but his brow was now marked with deep trenches and the skin of his chin hung loosely, masking his Adam’s apple. His eyes were brown and cold; bushy eyebrows formed a continuous straight line across his forehead. His nose was large, but his wide face was not dominated by it. His mouth was narrow and sufficiently cruel in appearance to give the man an all-over air of maliciousness. He was clean-shaven although his hirsuteness was to be seen on his chest through his unbuttoned shirt. As he sat there, he could not but remember the events leading to his present state of mind.

A year or so ago, he had been a struggling novelist trying to secure his name for posterity. He had been a common citizen of earth, Peter Watson, born in England in 1981, to good and respected parents; in the world today, a third son, such as he, did not benefit from his parentage, however. He had had to fend for his position in the world, and was determined to leave his mark on it; he had a B.A. in English and Philosophy, after all, but degrees were cheap these days. He wrote novels and philosophical treatises, but the public was too busy to read. All writers had to contend with the newest means of mass entertainment that had supplanted television: the most recent scientific discoveries had made it possible for people to travel to almost any part of the globe in a short space of time and inexpensively. For the wealthier there was inter-lunar travel also available, which consisted of spending two days in a state of unconsciousness due to the tremendous speed.

Last year was the first year that the public had been allowed to visit the moon and, in the hopes of getting material for a story, Watson had gone on the third commercial flight. It was this flight that had launched the whole affair.

Before the ship left earth, Watson asked his twenty-three fellow passengers to remember their feelings on this forty-eight hour adventure and to write them down upon arrival. After one earth-week on the moon, the party returned to earth and Watson collected the reports of the trip. To his utter amazement, in each person’s recollection of the period of unconsciousness there was mention of dreams; more surprising, though, was that every dream contained one or an assortment of six symbols: these symbols were, 1) a heart, 2) a leaf, 3) an acorn or nut, 4) a snake, 5) a circle containing a square and/or some other design showing a multiple of four, and 6) a bell or castanets. His own remembered dreams also contained these symbols and he was sure that the reports he received from the travellers were authentic; he, therefore, decided to investigate the symbols thoroughly before writing the story of his trip to the moon.

His investigations had shown something remarkable about the symbols: all six sprang from time immemorial; all six had been known as symbols before the dawn of historied time. Four had descended to modern times, although modified, as the suits of playing cards: the leaf had become the diamond; the acorn had turned into the modern club; the bell had become inverted and was now the spade; and the heart is still the heart. The other two symbols have been in people’s dreams since their conception and are still the disturbing figures in man’s sleep. The circle of four had especially interested him, for it was the ancient Asiatic symbol for oneness, and of the six symbols, this one was the most prevalent in the dreams.

Watson did not know what to make of what his probings had uncovered. He lay awake at nights trying to decide what it meant. His mind was wholly preoccupied with an endeavour to find some reasonable reason for the peculiar presence of common dreams while travelling through the cosmos; he also strove to find another path of investigation to follow in the hopes that the problem be resolved before his span of life was up. He at last decided to interview other people who had taken the trip to the moon to find if the symbols were experienced in the sleep of all who had been to the moon.

His interviews with many of the pioneers in inter-lunar travel showed that the experience was universal. However, this added knowledge did not improve Watson’s sleeping. He lay awake all the more now, wondering, thinking, trying to see the reason for it. The ideas rushed into his brain and out again as soon as they were dismissed as not being the one which was being sought. Peter Watson grew old in one week; in that week he lost weight, became slightly grey, and appeared to have the world on his shoulders. At last he broke down. The strain had been too much, and, as a consequence to too much meditation and thought, he suffered a nervous breakdown.

## II

As far as he was concerned, he never forgot that it was the psychiatrist who gave him the leading clue to the mystery; to the psychiatrist, Peter was just another case of too much worrying caused by an overwhelming desire for that elusive substance — inspiration, and as such he gave him a list of other artists, musicians, and thinkers who had collapsed and been reinstated in the world. It was this list that had led to the formulation of Watson's theory.

He sought out the people whose names appeared on the list to have someone with whom he could discuss his difficulty. It was, the psychiatrist told him, partially his single status that had made him collapse; if he had had someone to listen as he discussed his problems, he would never have needed to see a psychiatrist at all. He avoided the musicians and artists because he thought that they could not help him. There were two philosophers on the list and it was with these two that he consorted after that.

The first question that he talked over with the two thinkers was how to think. He did not tell them about his discovery concerning the dreams; one of them might find an answer and take away from him the fame that was to be his. Therefore, he first found out how to think to the best avail. He wanted to know what the truly "Meditative Pose" was; how is someone who wants to think to hold his body? Should he stand, sit, walk, talk, write, gaze at the stars, or just let the ideas pervade his conscious as he went about his normal routine; was Rodin's **Thinker** the best pose for thought and meditation, or was the Yoga concept of painful (or painless) cogitation better in that it allowed the mind to leave the body, and to exist as an entity. To this question it was deduced by the three philosophers that the position best for receiving inspiration was variable, depending upon the individual.

From the information gained from these thinkers, Watson was able to concentrate more and more on finding a solution to the question which, although it disturbed him less now, still occupied his mind continuously. He found that he best concentrated when he carried out hypnotic practices on himself; he would concentrate on a little object reflecting light and when the drowsiness which such concentration would arouse had cleared his mind of other thoughts, he would close his eyes and lean back and his mind would think and explore and would grasp truths he had not seen before. He was never asleep, just, to all people who saw him, in a trance not unlike a practitioner of Yoga. He did a great deal of thinking, and one day the Truth flickered in his mind and he was the first man to behold it.

The instant he saw it, he knew that it was right; that it was the only answer to all the disturbing questions. The substance that fills

the universe, the ether that had been the basis for so many theories, the nothingness of Einstein, the sky, the heavens, he, Peter Watson, had now seen into and understood. The heavens were filled with A COLLECTIVE HUMAN MIND. It was this mind that had given to the passengers of the moon-flight the symbols it had housed for millenniums; it was this mind that explained such phenomena as Yoga, telepathy, and psychic individuals. Those who could gain entrance into this collective mind and could use their faculties in it had astounded the uninitiated with their extra-sensory perception since a road to this state had been found centuries ago.

No one, however, had been able to explain these actions; not even the practitioners of this art knew the theory behind it. Peter Watson alone knew the secret of the universe. As he sat on his bed he thought of the power over other people this knowledge gave him. He could now get back at those who had slighted him; he would have his revenge. He could influence people's minds; he could control, rule, overshadow; he and his knowledge would be omnipotent; no one could challenge him as he had access to everyone's minds through his entrance to the common mind. Omnipotent Peter Watson . . . He might even find a way to live forever . . .

His mind began to falter. It was not enough to sit here gloating alone; he must get out and tell someone. This secret was too big to hold. **He must tell someone.** He caught himself in time; telling this secret would make him less powerful. Surprise must be the keyword of his attack on men's minds for the glorification of Peter Watson. He decided that he must have some air.

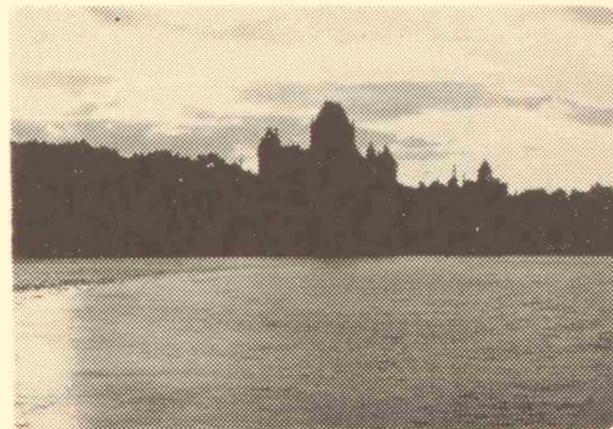
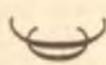
## III

The flat roof to his apartment house was enclosed by a single metal railing about two feet high. The tenants were told not to go onto the roof at night because the railing was insufficient to make it safe. Peter Watson often came up here at night; he liked being in the midst of the substance he had found; it made thinking so much easier. Here he could meditate, using the stars in place of the gleaming object to enter into his mind.

He was sitting on a little chair in a conscious state. He was looking at the stars. He remembered his two friends and what he was going to do to them when he put his plan into action. They had laughed at him when he told them that he, Peter Watson, had found the secret of the Universe; **they had laughed.** He began to breathe more quickly and deeply as he thought of the end he had prepared for them with his mind driving theirs. He saw them scream and laughed a very harsh, little laugh. Rest in peace; what hath been made hath been taken away.

Suddenly he realised what he had been thinking. Why had he said, "Rest in peace?" He didn't believe in God; man's mind and Peter Watson, the controller of it, were the all-powerful ones; not God. There was no God. The more he thought about it, the more he wanted to put the thought out of his mind. He stood up, his nostrils flaring. His eyes were opened wide and unseeing; the blood was rushing to his head. He began to reel. And then the question came to him: Who had created the present state of affairs? Had it always been like this, or HAD GOD CREATED MAN? He had to stop thinking such things. He was the omnipotent one; it was he who was all-powerful. His heart was beating like a machine gun as he fell to the ground. He was going to rule the earth; HE had the knowledge that made him mighty; HE was . . . He sank into unconsciousness.

The cool night air soon revived him. Still on the ground, all he could think of was, "What the Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away." He was unable to rise. He heard a voice say the same thing over and over. It was terrible: he the ruler of men's minds was being dictated to by someone else. His breathing began to accelerate again. He had to get away from the voice. He could put up a barrier around him if he could only concentrate. He had to escape that quotation. He had to escape. He began to roll away from it. He tried to stand. The metal rail should be just here; that would help him stand. He strained to reach it. He HAD to reach it. He moved along on his knees, still hearing the voice repeating that terrible quotation. He strained forward. He could see the rail now. It was all that mattered. He got on one foot, swayed slightly, and toppled over the edge of the roof twenty stories to the street.



Richard Lavie

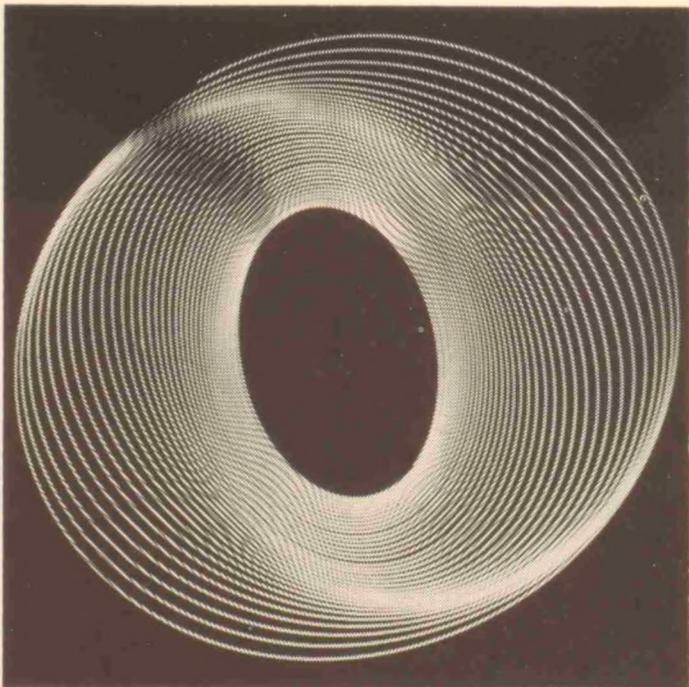
These be  
Three silent things:  
The falling snow . . . the hour  
Before the dawn . . . the mouth of one  
Just dead.

— Adelaide Crapsey (1878-1914)

These photographs were produced by suspending a swinging light above an open shutter.

*Cycloid*

*Graydon Woollerton*

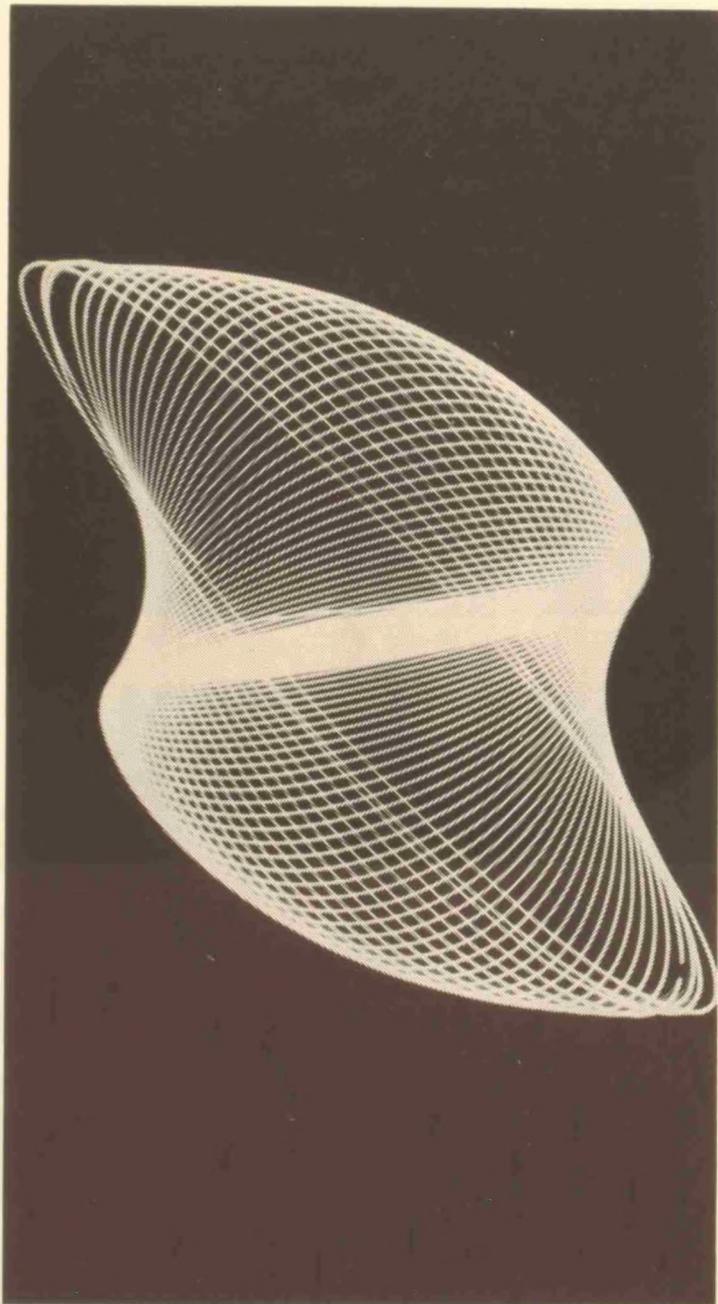


*Brian Steeves*

easy diapason  
fluted overtones  
rushing crescendo  
billowing pedal  
reverberating Open  
from trembling Grumbling bass  
and Throbbing Great  
To Huge, Full, Male Thunder

Drowning Power, Pushing under  
Bass weakens, less Swell  
down melodramatic scale  
to suffering  
wilting  
tremulo

— *Nicholas Powell*



*Disjecta Membra*

Graydon Woollerton

## See the Star

*See the star of your desire,  
See it shining  
High above your globe of wishes,  
Lighting up your sky of future  
With pale rays.*

*See the star and build your ladder,  
Climb its torturous rungs of years;  
Add the new ones, day by day;  
Retrace your steps where years break down,  
Mend the split with wires hard-drawn  
From within your spool of self.*

*Then climb again, higher closer,  
Ever up toward the rays;  
Climb, and reach at last the top,  
Perch upon the topmost rung  
And pluck your star from out your sky;  
Gather its rays within your arms,  
Possess its light.*

*And then exult, but not too loud,  
For as you perch on life's last rung,  
Tottering on infinity's brink,  
Star in arms,  
Look up again, and see another star afar —*

*A bigger jewel that lights a bigger sky  
With pale rays,  
And draws you on.*

*Then spread your arms, and drop your star,  
And try again to climb your ladder,  
And fall —  
Because your rungs are gone.*

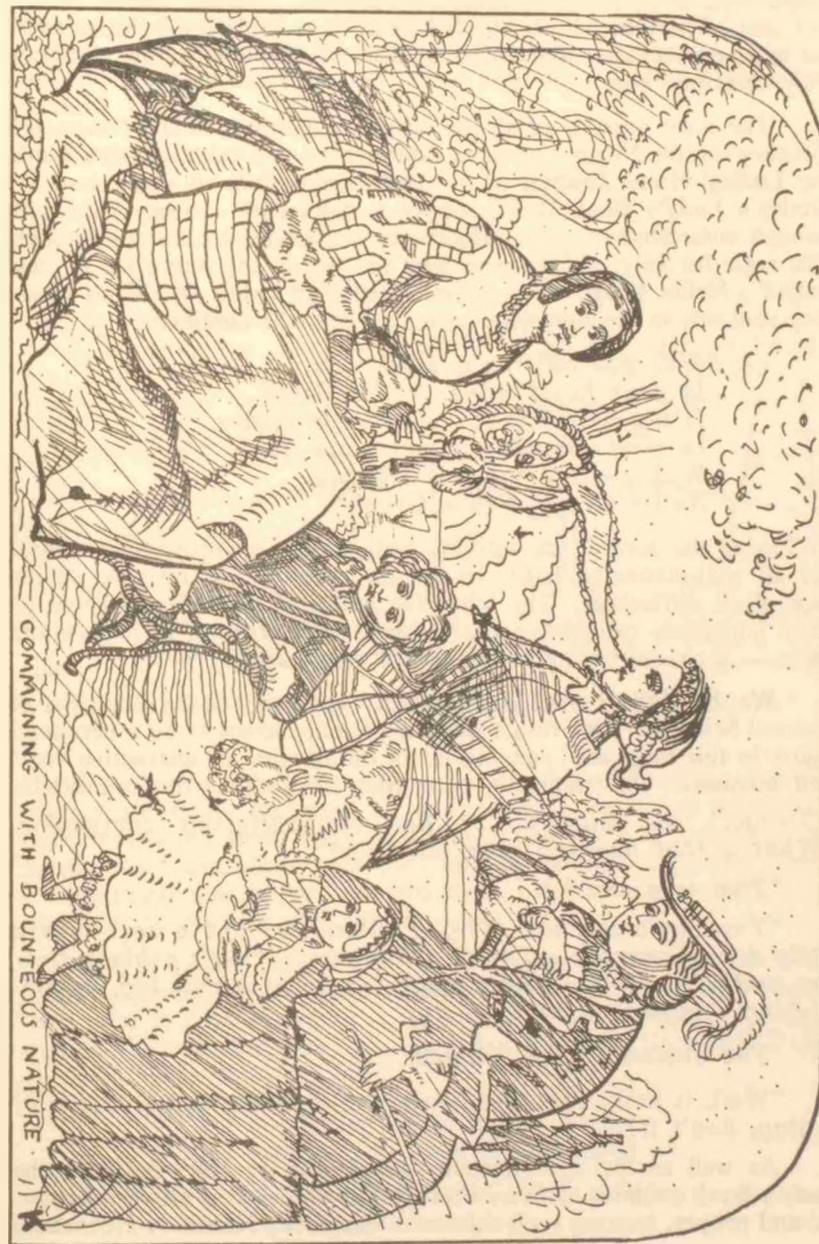
C. Hugh Doherty

# NINETEENTH CENTURY FASHIONS

. . . Elizabeth Home

IT IS A difficult age for us to understand, this nineteenth century about which we have read so much. We have never lived in a world that was sure of itself, and no matter how hard we try to imagine what it would be like, we can never really picture it, never really understand that immense feeling of security and certainty that characterized the Victorian era. Certainly as children, and even still as college undergraduates, we feel a certain amount of day-to-day security, but there is no widespread feeling that the world tomorrow will stand exactly as it stood to-day, and that it is ours to do pretty much what we like with. With the Eastern situation threatening to erupt into terrible violence at any moment, with the mushrooming clouds from bigger and better A-bombs and H-bombs still hovering over the Nevada desert, the very idea of holding such an opinion is absurd.

You may well ask, what has all this to do with fashions. The answer is, I think, a great deal. The fashions of any given period reflect the general climate of opinion prevailing at the time. For example, at the time of the French Revolution, the new feeling of freedom was reflected in the new style of dress — the “empire line”, with its loose fit and long free-flowing lines. The frantic and rather degenerate atmosphere of the 'twenties is obvious in the alarming styles of that period, when the outfit of the well-dressed young lady often bore a marked similarity to the uniform of Gunga Din which was “nothin’ much before, an’ rather less than ‘arf o’ that be’ind.” So the opinion that “God was in heaven, and all was right with the world” was reflected in the fashions of the Nineteenth Century. The average upper middle class woman of the Victorian period lived in a large (and usually extraordinarily ugly) house, run by a large staff of efficient domestics. How her banker—or merchant—or lawyer—husband earned his daily bread was no concern of hers; a “lady” was not expected to have any knowledge of or to show any interest in affairs of business. She was not even expected to bring up her own children; nannies and governesses with the best of references, and the most exclusive of finishing schools took care of all that. And so very little was left for her to think about beyond herself — her manners and graces, her entertainment, her social life, and above all, how she should dress. I am not suggesting that the modern woman who types or teaches all day and hurries home at five o’clock to cook supper for a family of four or five pays no attention to the latest styles. However, the lady of the Nineteenth Century had far more free time to pour over fashion



magazines, and to lavish attention upon the smallest details of her costume. The inactive life she led made it possible for fashions to be far more cumbersome and elaborate than they are to-day, and elaborate they certainly were.

The most popular of all the fashion magazines of the Nineteenth Century (on the North American Continent) was Godey's **Lady's Book**, the **Ladies' Home Journal** of the Victorian period. A single issue of Godey's **Lady's Book** could supply a nineteenth century lady with enough entertainment and instructions and advice to last for months. The issue for July, 1858, opens with the words and music for a "new ballad", **Nellie Grey**, which proper Victorian ladies would no doubt sing soulfully in their drawing-rooms all over the continent:

*"Will you tell me if I ask you,  
Is your heart mine, Nellie Grey?  
Is my name linked with your future,  
In your dreams by night and day?  
Will you tell me if I ask you,  
Nellie Grey! Nellie Grey?"*

Following the song is an uplifting little article on resignation, advising all well-mannered ladies to remain cheerful and resigned in the face of all difficulties. The Victorian ladies of Godey's magazine all seem hopelessly resigned; perhaps that is what irritates us most about them — their everlasting acceptance of things as they were.

We then follow one "Mrs. Daffodil" on a visit to the Academy of Natural Sciences. This rather alarming female seems to be a perennial figure in this magazine, running about on all sorts of instructive visits and missions. Unfortunately, poor Mrs. Daffodil is not too bright. "George," she inquires of her long-suffering companion, "What is that hanging over the bear?"

*"That is a seal."*

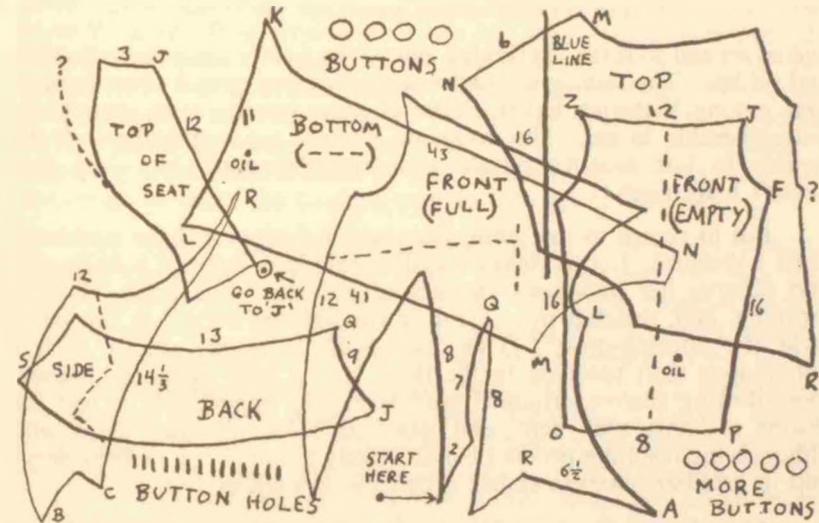
*"You don't say so! Why, I allers thought a seal was a little dab of wax on a letter! Oh, George, here's a black bear too, and a brown one, and a stag! Oh, what is that big, horrid-looking thing up there?"*

*"The skeleton of a reindeer."*

*"Well, it looks jest like bones put together in the shape of a stag, don't it?"*

As well as the miscellaneous adventures of Mrs. Daffodil, the **Lady's Book** contains assorted short stories and serials, all very domestic and proper, bearing such titles as "Margaret's Home: A Household

Tale", "Aunt Sophie's Visits", and "Worship in the Wilderness". Interspersed among these stories are articles giving advice and instructions for various household tasks and domestic amusement. One is entitled "Hints to Dressmakers and Those Who Make Their Own Clothes."



"Hints to Dressmakers and Those Who Make Their Own Clothes."

Another is an involved treatise on paper-flower making; when the ladies of the house had read of Aunt Sophie's visits and Margaret's home, they could settle down to a riotous afternoon of making paper flowers. One can almost see the alarming mounds of paper posies growing larger and larger, for even then, I don't suppose they knew quite what to do with such things.

And, of course, then as now, no women's magazine was complete without a poetry page. The poets who contributed to Godey's **Lady's Book** seem to have been almost without exception, hopelessly bogged down in Tennysonian swamps. An effort entitled "Darkened Days" by one Willie E. Pabor is typical:

*"My life has come on darkened days,  
And sorrow takes me by the hand —  
Leads me through unaccustomed ways,  
And into a secluded land."*

*I have a vision all the time  
Of far-off fields of asphodels;  
And faintly falls a solemn chime  
On ears unused to churchyard bells.*

*My Mother! Oh the darkened days  
Came on me when you left me here . . . .*

and so on and so forth. Sprinkled among the poetry are various puzzles and riddles. The solving of riddles seems to have been a favorite past-time among Victorian ladies. Most of these puzzles seem completely indecipherable to me. The magazine informs me cryptically that the answer to last month's puzzle was 'hippopotamus', but even that doesn't help much.

But to return to the point, from which I seem to have wandered quite a distance. Let us follow a fashionable lady through a single day and observe her numerous changes of costume. She arises at mid-morning, and, assisted by a maid or two, attires herself in the latest style of "morning-dress". This dress is made in two pieces, with a voluminous skirt reaching to the floor, and a tight jacket with long, loose-flowing sleeves, trimmed with lace. No opportunity is lost for sewing a dainty tuck here, and attaching a lace flounce there, and although the resulting product is attractively feminine, its endless detail and its cumbersomeness rather alarm the woman of to-day.

After lunch, the lady dons her "walking dress." This does not necessarily mean that she is going to do anything as vulgarly muscular as go for an afternoon's walk. More likely she will spend the afternoon driving about town in a handsome rig, calling and waving to her friends who are engaged in a similar occupation, and nodding distantly to those whom she considers rather below her social station. The walking-dress is more tailored than the morning dress. It has not one but two voluminous skirts, trimmed with flounces of a matching tartan. The material is rich grey silk, with velvet trim, and the inevitable bonnet is of "drawn silk of a plain shade."

In the evening, our lady of fashion decides to attend the opera. Dressing for this is a major operation, and requires several hours and at least two maids. Her evening dress is not unlike the modern "formal", except in degree of décolletage and in the amount of minute detail. It is fashioned of heavy white silk, with three flounces, headed by three close puffs of satin. It fits tightly to the waist, and has a high neck and long, close-fitting sleeves. Over her evening gown, the lady wears an opera cloak of white cashmere, with a bias border of mauve velvet, figured in black. The hood of the cloak is lined with quilted white satin; attached to it is a peculiar looking object which the

accompanying fashion note terms "a magnificent tassel of camel's hair, with moquette strands." The note adds that the coiffure suitable to this outfit has the hair "arranged in long full curls, entwined with star flowers, in drooping cordons."

One of the most astounding things about these clothes is their price. In a column in Godey's *Lady's Book*, entitled "Chit-chat upon New York and Philadelphia Fashions for July", the editors state that the prices of gowns similar to those I have described range from three dollars and a half to fifteen dollars. Incomes in the Nineteenth Century were of course less than those of the present day, and in proportion to the prices prevailing at the time. Nevertheless, the thought of obtaining a fashionable dress of good material for five or ten dollars is enough to make the modern woman turn green with envy.

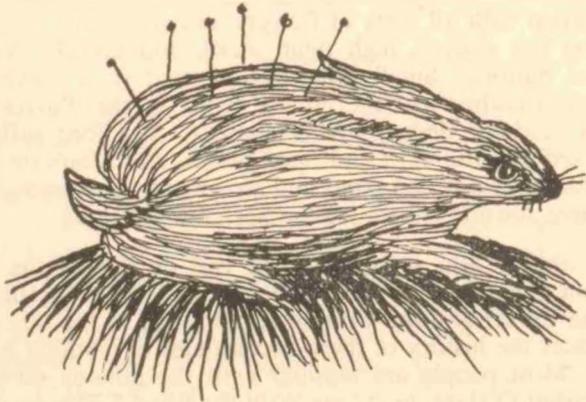
One finds it the most difficult to sympathize with the Victorian fashions for children. Looking at the illustrations for children's fashions, one's immediate reaction is "Poor wretched children with so many clothes on!" Every little girl is adorned with a bonnet, which in turn is adorned with all sorts of flowers and streamers. Girls' dresses all had long full sleeves, high tight necks, and literally hundreds of troublesome buttons. Small boys were attired in a similar fashion; I did not even realize that the middle figure in the illustration was a boy until I read the description beneath it. The long-suffering little boy is dressed in a full skirt and open jacket, and wears on his head a black felt hat with a broad band and streamers. It is enough to make one give three rousing cheers for the age of blue jeans!

It remains to add a paragraph or two on one of the most vital parts of nineteenth century dress, the corset. An enthralling volume entitled *The Corset and the Crinoline*, published in the late nineteenth century, traces the history of these two articles of clothing from primitive times. Most people are familiar with the famous seventeen-inch waist of Scarlett O'Hara, in "Gone With the Wind." This book (i.e. *The Corset — the Crinoline*) insists that such a waist was no rarity in the Victorian period. The Empress of Austria, we are told, was renowned for her sixteen-inch waist, while Catherine de Medici considered the standard of perfection to be thirteen inches. Lacing a fashionable Victorian lady into her corset was an operation resembling the preparation of a medieval knight for the wars. An accurate idea of the trials and troubles undergone to achieve a slender waist may be obtained from the letters and testimonials from Victorian ladies collected in "*The Corset and the Crinoline*." One lady writes that to please her husband, who apparently had a weakness for small waists, she bought herself a pair of stays measuring fourteen inches, although her waist measured twenty-three inches. "These," she writes, "with the assist-

ance of a maid, I put on, and managed the first day to lace my waist in to eighteen inches. At night I slept in my corset without loosening the lace in the least. The next day, my maid got my waist to seventeen inches, and so on, an inch smaller each day, until she got them to meet. I wore them regularly without ever taking them off, having them tightened afresh every day."

Another lady writes that her waist is only thirteen inches round. But of course, she adds matter-of-factly, "I am only four feet, five inches tall."

Another correspondent describes a boarding school for young ladies which placed paramount emphasis on producing slender graceful waists — a school of which Hilda Neatby would never have approved. "When I left school at seventeen," writes this correspondent, my waist measured only thirteen inches, it having been



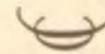
RABBIT PINCUSHION

formerly twenty-three inches in circumference. Every morning one of the maids used to come to assist us to dress, and a governess superintended to see that our corsets were drawn as tight as possible. . . . In one case, where the girl was stout and largely built, two strong maids were obliged to use their utmost force to make her waist the size ordered by the lady principal — viz., seventeen inches — and though she fainted twice while the stays were being made to meet, she wore them without seeming to injure her health, and before she left

school, she had a waist measuring only fourteen inches." This is a finishing school with a vengeance!

Nor were the women of the Victorian period the only cultivators of a small waist. One letter in "The Corset and the Crinoline" is written by an elegant young man of fashion who signs himself simply "Walter". Apparently Walter, upon being sent to school on the Continent, was immediately laced by a sturdy maid into a tight Viennese corset, and though he protested at first, he eventually became very fond of the garment, and never ceased to wear it.

Fashions have altered, times have changed, styles have been in turn honored and banished, only to reappear five or ten or more years later as the latest thing. Perhaps in twenty-five years' time we will once more be wearing hooped skirts and lace shawls. Perhaps the present reappearance of the crinoline is a step in that direction. Frankly, I hope not. Perhaps I am only falling into the common trap of considering the age I live in superior to all previous ages, but as far as fashions are concerned, I am quite content to live in the twentieth century, in a world of skirts, sweaters, nylons, and even bobby-socks.



## The Child

The child  
Ran down into the cottage in the valley,  
Left 'luctantly her rocks  
and earth and wide-flung sky,  
her wind to sweep alone  
and briefly to remember how it slashed her hair  
and filled her with a sadness, gladness, strength;  
and made her free.

The mother waited, silent at the door,  
Watching the child  
so wild  
and thin and brown;  
her small girl child of such undainty ways;  
of holstered hips  
and rather grubby feet.  
She shuddered.  
And yet she loved the dark, defiant eyes,  
the proud impenetrable carriage of this personage that was  
her daughter.

"Your brother's smallest son is weeping desperately,  
my child, I have not time to comfort him;  
perhaps you in my place could gently soothe him  
and put him back to sleep."

An overwhelming shyness swept the child;  
She searched her mother's face  
to find the truth there.  
A gentle thrust discharged her unbelief,  
and she went to the babe.

The little man  
lay crosswise on the vast bed,  
lost among cushions piled white like sandbags  
for his protection.  
She tiptoed to the bed on soleless feet,  
lifted away the silent pillows reverently,  
slipped onto the bed.

The babe  
was heavy in the small girl's lap,  
his damp, fair, silken head  
hard on her arm;  
the flushed and ruddy face was vibrant with the voice  
of tears  
sopped up by chapped cheeks.

The child's heart ached with each sob of the other;  
she sought in vain to quiet his distress;  
she gathered him to her,  
cried to him,  
and loved him  
with all her being.  
"My child,  
my little baby, darling cherub,  
your mommie's here,  
don't cry, please know I'm here,  
I love you so."

She woke to find the baby still asleep,  
her mother standing silent at the door;  
She caught at all those thoughts that she had spoken  
and felt ashamed.  
The dulled, defiant eyes  
lifted to meet those more mature ones; to find them  
smiling softly.

And the child smiled softly, too.

Heather Maggs

## Nameless Poem

It is the sun  
There, up there in the sky,  
Smothered, aching, straining  
To burst asunder cold clammy chains  
To warm my cold flesh —  
Cold with the cold of rain-wet caves  
With trees clutching, grasping,  
Slapping with angry wet leaves  
At flat dull faces,  
Trying to penetrate:  
Screaming with file-on-grate harshness  
Severing the silence  
Not cleanly, not knife-sharp, sudden,  
But clumsily, stupidly,  
Brutally crashing, slashing,  
Tearing the cool green silence.  
It is cold.  
The ice grows and increases,  
A green mountain, a mask  
Like the mask of a face;  
For all faces are masks.  
"Ah, how lovely!"  
(Smile)  
Cracked broken face  
Torn  
"Ah how lovely"

*For God's sake, go away and let me sleep.*

**Elizabeth Home**

## SCOTTISH GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

*... Jean Pryde*

THE fifteenth century was one of importance for Scottish education because it saw the first attempt in any European country to make education compulsory by means of legislative measures. An Act of Parliament in 1495 (during the reign of James IV) ordered all barons and freeholders to send their eldest sons to school at the age of eight or nine and to keep them at the grammar school until they "have perfect Latin." Upon leaving the grammar school, they had to spend three years at the school of art and law for the primary purpose of learning the law. The penalty for disobedience of this early Education Act was a fine of twenty pounds payable to the King. However, although the Act applied only to the wealthier part of the population, there is no evidence that it was ever enforced.

So it was that before the end of the fifteenth century all the principal towns in Scotland had grammar schools whose business it was to inculcate a very classical tradition.

Originally, the grammar schools grew up in connection with the monasteries, and where the abbey was in or near a town, the grammar school was often to be found in the town itself, as for instance, in Edinburgh. The grammar schools gradually passed into the hands of burgh or town authorities. At first, monks or secular clergy would be sent by the abbey or cathedral to teach the children in the town, and in turn, the burgh authorities would often provide the necessary accommodation.

At least 70% of the teachers in the burgh schools had some university training, and nearly 40% of the whole were graduates of a university in Scotland or England or the continent. It is easily seen that universities exercised a considerable influence on the standards of education in these schools.

While the salaries of the masters and the expenses of the maintenance of school buildings fell on the burghs, the appointment of the teachers and the management of the schools still remained in the hands of the Church. However, during the Reformation, the burgh's increased their control of the schools, until, eventually, they claimed the right to appoint the schoolmaster and to control the school itself. From the start of the sixteenth century, the church had less and less control of the grammar schools: the town councils were readily taking over this control. But the church was still allowed to exercise a certain amount of superintendence over the schools, although this right was finally abolished by an Act of Parliament in 1861.

Being in close touch with the people, the town councils knew about the educational needs of their communities and so, did not hesitate to initiate any necessary reforms. They, therefore, had a particular interest in the success and efficiency of the schools.

The burgh schools were attended by children from families all along the social scale; this was made possible by the low fees charged. Since members of all classes were allowed to attend school, the democratic tone of the community was increased. Sitting side by side in one classroom one might find the son of a duke and the son of a poor cobbler. However, this situation was not unusual for there was no class distinction in Scotland during this period, while in England, the opposite was true.

Most of the grammar schools in the larger burghs were exclusively devoted to the teaching of the classics, to the exclusion of even English. In the smaller burghs, the grammar schools taught a wider variety of subjects, including the classics, English, writing, arithmetic and religious instruction. The rector usually took over the teaching of the classics while a subordinate master, the doctor, taught the other subjects. A further difference between the grammar schools in the smaller and larger burghs which should be noted was that in the former case, the students usually included both boys and girls, while in the latter, only boys were taught, no provision being made for the education of girls out of the burgh funds.

Prior to the introduction of school boards and subsequent government inspection, there was no uniform course of study in these schools. Since there was no definite curriculums, parents often chose the subjects that they wished their children to study and then paid a separate fee for each subject. If a boy planned to go on to university, the subjects chosen by him to study were those necessary for university entrance, especially Latin, Greek and Mathematics.

Just as uniformity was lacking in the course of study, there was no formal organization of the teaching staff in the burgh or grammar schools. In some cases each master taught all branches and carried his class right up the school in these subjects. It gradually became a common thing to have certain subjects taught by separate masters and others combined under one master. Some schools were divided into four distinct departments, such as, classics, modern languages, English, and mathematics; others, into three, such as, classics, English, and commercial subjects. Much depended upon the teaching staffs available.

The most vivid accounts of the daily routine and internal organization of the grammar or burgh schools are to be found in the school directories which have been passed down to us. The earliest directory

of this nature is that of Aberdeen Grammar School, published in 1553. From this document, we are able to obtain the following description of a day at a Scottish Grammar School.

School work began at seven o'clock in the morning and each boy on entering the classroom had to repeat a prescribed prayer, and at the close of school at six in the evening, prayers were sung. The first duty of the headmaster after morning prayer was the punishment of anyone who had not done the required tasks (i.e. homework): this punishment was either an oral reprimand or in the form of strokes with a cane. Lessons continued until nine o'clock when the students were allowed an hour for breakfast; teaching then continued from 10 to 12, followed by an interval of two hours for dinner. During the morning classes, the headmaster often lectured to the highest class on Terence, Cicero, and Virgil.

From four to five, the boys had to repeat the day's lessons to their teachers, and from five to six, there was exercise in disputation or debate.

Strict regulations existed regarding discipline. The senior pupils were not allowed to speak in the vernacular, but could use Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French or Gaelic. Pupils were not allowed to play except under the supervision of an assistant master. All games of chance for heavy stakes, money, books or parts of one's lunch were forbidden, though the boys could play for trifles such as leather thongs. Punishment was meted out to those who were disobedient, came late to school, had not prepared their lessons, or talked during classes.

Most of the grammar schools followed a similar daily routine, though with some variations depending on the location and size of the burgh.

In 1754, the school hours in winter in some of the larger towns were shortened and pupils attended school from 9 to 12 and 2 to 5, and in summer, 7 to 9, 10 to 1, and 3 to 5. By the Education Act of 1872, the school day averaged 6 or 7 hours for the five school days, namely 9 to 3 or 4 with short intervals in the forenoon and afternoon, and a longer interval in the middle of the day.

In the 18th century, school buildings were generally unsatisfactory from both educational and sanitary points of view. Many were damp and had no fireplaces. In some cases, there were no desks and so the pupils were obliged to write kneeling on the floor. In still other cases, there was only one room in which all classes were taught and soon became so crowded that pupils could not be admitted. Schools were built by voluntary contributions, subscriptions, taxes, and sometimes, forced labour.

This poor condition of many burgh schools with regard to buildings and furniture continued until the middle of the 18th century. In 1868, out of 54 schools visited by educational commissioners, 19 were considered as good, 14 as fair, and the rest as indifferent or bad. With the passage of the Act of 1872, improvements did occur in this branch of education.

About the middle of the 18th century, a reaction against the classical curriculum set in. Since the trade and industries of Scotland were quickly developing, a demand for a type of education of a more practical nature was urged. The pioneer of this reform movement was the little town of Ayr (1746). The school at Ayr added geometry, algebra, natural philosophy, navigation, surveying, and literature to its classical curriculum, and also announced that its aim was to prepare the students "for business in the most expeditious and effectual way possible."

In some towns, the newer academy and the older grammar school continued to exist side by side, either in co-operation or, more often, as rivals; in other towns, the academy completely replaced the grammar school. In Edinburgh and Glasgow where the grammar schools had a great reputation, they continued in their original role as one of the leading institutions of secondary education in the community.

However, the rise of the academies did affect the status of the grammar schools considerably. The curricula of the schools were expanding and the size of the teaching staffs was also growing proportionately. In England, the problem was to introduce some flexibility into the rigid classical curriculums of the public and grammar schools. In Scotland, there was the problem of introducing some form of organization into the chaos and confusion into which misguided interests had led the grammar school. The answer now seemed to lie in the academy.



## Thoughts on Cats

Cats;  
Wonderful fluffy things,  
Their tails furled  
Round their heads, asleep  
By fire warm.  
Or creeping and pouncing  
On unsuspecting rats,  
Their sharp claws appearing,  
As if by magic, from  
Soft velvety sheaths.  
Or making curious prints,  
Like Crusoe's Friday,  
In the snow.  
Or on a sharp fall day  
Chasing kitten-like  
After multi-coloured leaves.  
Cats at night creep out,  
Their bright eyes shining,  
To prowl about  
In eerie shadows deep.  
Cats are curious creatures,  
The guardians of the night,  
Stalking the shadows  
In silence,  
Alone.

Vals Horfall

## Threnody

*"The soul selects her own society  
Then shuts the door . . . ."*

*I have laughed away a day of pain  
And deceived my clever learned friends:  
But now I have come into a dark place alone,  
Thrown off the glittering mask of hyperbolic wit,  
And sit, now unconsolated by intellect,  
Unable to drown the surge of searing pain.*

*Anchored down inside one is the knowledge  
That no prayer-craven paradise  
Can redeem our human suffering.  
The tears we shed for a man upon a tree  
Flow not so warm nor fast  
As those we spill for the man out of the multitude  
By whose eyes we're arrested  
And whose soul for an intuitive moment,  
Came like a torch in the darkness  
Bringing life to an empty house.*

*I have laughed away a day of pain  
Because no man can know the loss  
Of losing and being lost, left alone  
After being found.*

**William Prouty**



## exchanges

by ELIZABETH WELTER

**T**HIS TERM we received exchanges from some new as well as from some old friends. Once again the literary ability of university students holds much promise for the future. All the exchanges, however, were from British or Canadian universities and we would like to see more arrive from other parts of the globe.

The **Review** (Trinity University) contains two good lyric poems "And Love Was Beckoning," and "I Carried My Name," both by the same author, C. M. C. The short story entitled "Countess Anastasia Perini-Hughes" has as its background the Mediterranean town of Biarritz. An unusual feature is "A Dialogue" by R. C. O'Brien which is related to Joyce's "stream of consciousness" technique. "A Time and A Place," a short story, uses almost the same technique. It is a gripping story of a young man who, though deathly afraid of heights, attempts to descend the Grand Canyon in an effort to conquer his fear. Unfortunately, he slips and is trapped on a ledge and the story relates with great realism the numberless thoughts which run through his mind before he dies. The December issue of the same magazine carries an article on "Philosophy and a Scientist." The author shows why it is necessary for Science to isolate itself from Philosophy, but is forced to admit that all scientists are concerned at some time or other with philosophy.

One of the most effective short stories I have read as exchange editor is "They Walk Obscure" by James S. Lee featured in the **Gryphon** (August 1954). This story begins with the unusual sentence, "He told his mother that he didn't believe in God, and she sent him upstairs to his bedroom." The plot is simple and concerns the inward struggle of a young boy to believe in God. It is narrated with insight, feeling, and charity; altogether it is an excellent piece of creative writing.

"Mr. Dunstable's Dahlia" is a fantasy about a talking dahlia which sets the village of Downlea agog. The story is light-hearted and charming with some good characterisations of village folk.

The Winter edition of the **Gryphon** strikes an unusual note by printing an entire play, "Ruzzante Returns from the Wars" by Angelo Bealco which has been translated by Angela Ingald.

"Londinia 2000" is an imaginative conception of life forty-five years from now. The narrator returns from a stellar expedition, and finds his Alma Mater much changed as a result of the Academic Reform of '85. The piece, though perhaps too topical, is highly enjoyable by virtue of its humour and originality.

A discussion on the setting of James's story "The Turning of Screw" into an operatic libretto by Myfanwy Piper is included in the **Gryphon**. Brian Hepworth reviews the film "Desirée" in the Spring edition of **The Leopardess** as well as the Japanese production "Seven Samurai."

For the first time in a long while we received a copy of **The Northerner**. "Oxford Letter" by Stanley Eving is a witty commentary on the author's adventures at Oxford, particularly his tangle with the high brows of the Poetry Society. "Homage to Eliot" is a satirical poem concerning a banking clerk turned poet who becomes the rage of society.

*"The poet speaks — an oracle is he,*

*The poet writes — all read it at their tea."*

The moral of the poem is that

*"If amid the babel of its sound,*

*You think your own faint notes will not be found,*

*Sometimes remember, there comes victory,*

*To those who started, adding £.s.d."*

"Race and the United States" by Donald Pease is an article concerning the Negro question. Mr. Pease contends that the average

American is largely indifferent to the race problem; the Negro alone can fully appreciate it. He reaches the conclusion, however, that even for the Negro the race problem is a diminishing one.

"Karba or Virtue Ignored" is an ingenious little story about a Machiavellian schoolgirl, a student at a school à la St. Trinian's.

"Strata Florida" by John Haynes, published in the **Dragon**, is one of two excellent poems. The other entitled simply "Poem" is by Randa Jenkins.

*Come shall we walk tonight,  
Along the promenade, dreary in its winter loneliness,  
Where the long crashing sigh of the sliding sea  
Shudders ponderously against the high wall.  
Look down! The street-lights cast a yellow glow,  
But there the lurid courtship of the moon  
On the dark, unlovely water wears the night thin.*

"Portrait of an Old Woman" by Brian Way is a charming character sketch.

"How To Be One Up at Darts" by C. M. K. in the autumn issue of the **Serpent** is an article written in the style of Stephen Potter. "The Station" is an unusual story about a patient who is revived to life on the operating table, and who having glimpsed the hereafter, is unable to reconcile himself to reality.

"Fantasia" by Sapper is a sort of fairy tale which is all the more terrifying because it could be true. It is a fantastic story of a strange war conducted by umpires.

**Clare Market Review** contains a number of topical items including "The Situation in Kenya," "The Changing Structure of British Economy" and a "Visit to Russia."

Lawrence Apalara Fabunmi has contributed a poem styled after Kipling's "If" and bearing the same title:

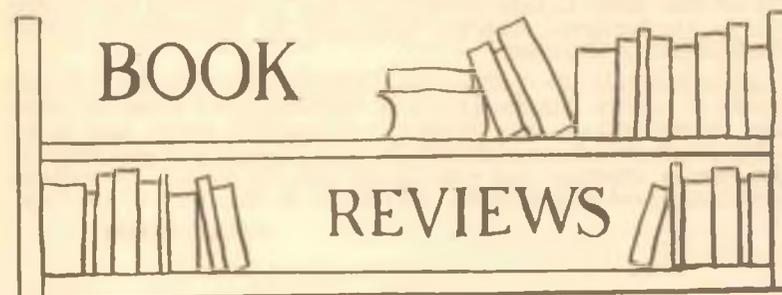
*"If you are divinely 'black' or 'brown' or 'yellow'  
If you have never met a Russian (another branch of the  
human race)  
If you are learning to know what people fear and call  
'communism'  
You are branded a 'Red', and a 'Commie'."*

Despite the variety of literature there were several definite trends noticeable in the exchanges. One such was the great number of psychological short stories. Most of the story writers seem to concentrate on a sole character, and there is virtually no inter-play of personality. There is definite isolation from the reality of life where

each person is an integral part of society, influenced by and influencing other people. Connected with this is the somberness of the stories in general, a note of universal depression and what can only be described as a troubled seeking for an answer to modern life. There was, however, a great deal of originality which helped make the above mentioned trends less noticeable. Certainly all the publications were thoughtfully prepared, and arranged in an interesting and colourful manner.

#### MAGAZINES:

- The Exchange editor expresses her thanks to the following:  
**The Gryphon** (Leeds University, Leeds, England)  
**The Dragon** (University College of Wales)  
**Clare Market Review** (London School of Economics, London, Eng.)  
**The Review** (Trinity University, Toronto)  
**The Serpent** (University of Manchester, Manchester, Eng.)  
**The Mermaid** (University of Birmingham, Birmingham, Eng.)  
**The Northerner** (King's College, University of Durham, Eng.)  
**The Review** (St. Andrew's College, Scotland)  
**The Leopardess** (Queen Mary's College, London, Eng.)  
**The Quebec Diocesan Gazette**  
**The Algoma**  
**Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa**  
**The College Times** (Upper Canada College)  
**Stonyhurst** (Stonyhurst College, Eng.)  
**The Fiddlehead** (University of New Brunswick)



### *THE MIND OF KIERKEGAARD*

by *JAMES COLLINS*

*Henry Regnery Company*

Prophets who lack respect in their own country frequently suffer the intellectual ostracism of their own age. Such a prophet is Soren Kierkegaard, who died in the midst of conflict with the established Church of his native Denmark, and waited nearly a century for acceptance and widespread appreciation of his writings.

The modern student who finds existentialism a confusion and Kierkegaard an enigma will welcome this work by the Associate Professor of Philosophy in Saint Louis University. Mr. Collins approaches Kierkegaard with appreciation and deep sympathy, but he never pinnacles his subject as the apex of philosophy. Mr. Collins is constantly striving to see Kierkegaard's philosophy within the framework of wider boundaries: he sets the philosophy within the context of Kierkegaard's life as well as within the context of contemporary and Christian thought.

In the opening section of the book Mr. Collins elaborates Kierkegaard's doctrine of the stages of existence. Readers who seek a brief but clear analysis of the basic concepts of the mysterious Dane, or an introduction to any of his own writings, will perhaps be content with study of this section only. The exposition here presented of the esthetic, ethical and religious views of Kierkegaard is readable and satisfying.

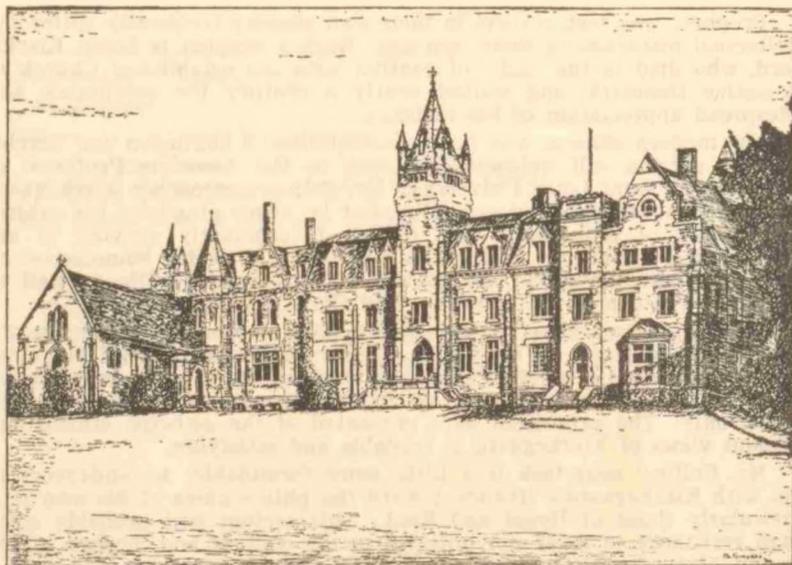
Mr. Collins' next task is a little more formidable: he endeavors to deal with Kierkegaard's attitude toward the philosophies of his own day, particularly those of Hegel and Kant. This section will probably offer tough resistance to those not initiated in the content and method of the thought of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Perhaps most interesting of all is Mr. Collins' attempt to set Kierkegaard within the stream of Christian thought throughout the ages, comparing him particularly with Augustine and Aquinas. Kierkegaard was acquainted with the Augustinian principles of Lutheranism, and had been led by his interest in Luther to examine Augustine himself. His contact with Aquinas was more remote, but they shared a common interest in Aristotle and held parallel forms of thought on some issues. Mr. Collins

makes no rash effort to turn Kierkegaard into a scholastic, but he does illuminate Kierkegaard's existence philosophy by displaying it against the background of Thomism.

One further note: Mr. Collins seems loath to lump his subject in with the group of modern thinkers known as 'existentialists'; rather he seems anxious to regard Soren Kierkegaard as a prophetic figure, who in his own day sought to influence thought even by exaggerating the problems of the current situation, and who in our day has deeply affected the existentialist school of philosophy, with which he has much in common.

PAUL GIBSON

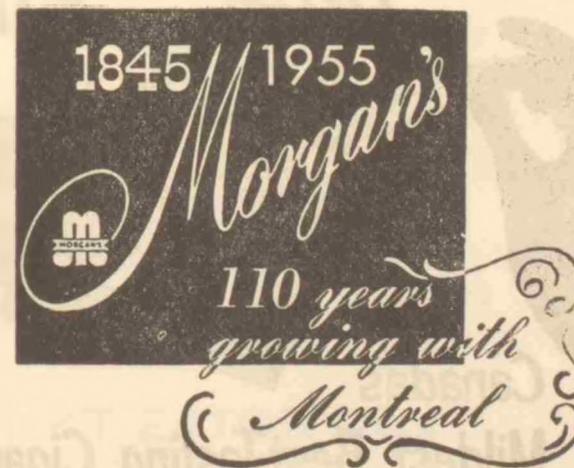


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