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# the mitre

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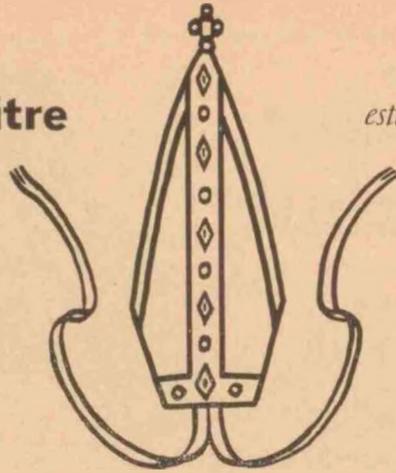
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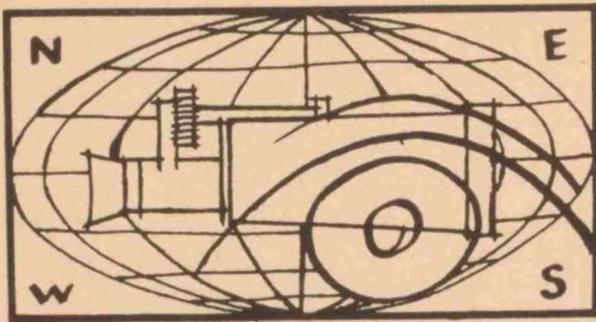
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# Editorial

*In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity.*

— Pope, *Essay on Man*.

Ecologically speaking, the distribution of Man upon this earth leaves a great deal to be desired. There are many places where he is crowded and starving, and there are some areas where he is relatively well dispersed and yet possesses an excess of food. This situation has persisted for a long time now, but it is not a static one. One does not have to be in complete agreement with Malthus to realise that Man's increase in numbers does not compare favorably with that of his available food supply.

Regarded on a long term basis, then, the state of affairs becomes one of the utmost concern. The imbalance cannot continue to exist; there is no doubt at all that the day will come when Canadian and American wheatfields will have to feed many more people than they do now. With all his technological and scientific advancement, Man has not yet reached that stage in his development where he is no longer dependent on the land

and what it can produce. In China today, there is less than half an acre of arable land per person; two and a half are required to sustain an individual adequately.

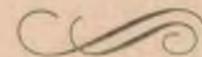
The problem is simple and the solution can be regarded in two lights; what must happen eventually, and what can happen in the meantime. What must happen is that there will be a more even distribution of food among all mankind, either by a distribution of the earth's population, or of its food resources, or both. This can be accomplished through the giving (or selling) by those who have now to those who have not, or through the taking by those who have not later on, or through a combination of both. The major Western Powers and certain others hold the cards right now while most of Asia starves. This is our era, our hand — what will happen to us when the play is over and the cards are dealt again cannot be conjectured; it may well depend on what we have done to remedy the world's hunger problems.

We of the West, for our part have made a modest beginning, whatever have been our motives, and the Communists too, whatever have been theirs. But much more remains to be done. In North America vast quantities of food lie rotting in the storage bins. The economic and political problems seem insurmountable, and yet in time they will have to be overcome. The struggles of nations against nations for power or civilised rights and liberties are of little significance compared to the struggle of Man against Man for food.

Here at home much can be done. The public should be acquainted with the problem and all its facets, moreover it must be a public satisfied with its own well-being. In addition, we, especially those of us who work the land, must come to realise that in a sense we do not actually own the land in that we cannot do whatever we please with it. It is our responsibility to use it to the best possible advantage with the maximum care and the minimum waste. Land is priceless in the very truest sense, for it cannot be exchanged for any sum when considered in the light of its long term value, and the earth's land must feed many mouths — for an indefinite period of time.

So to all our other worries, there's this to add. In a way it is the most important one, because it affects not a nation, nor a group of nations, but all mankind. To us, at least, the matter is not pressing, to others it may be.

We'll have to work on it.



## In This Issue . . .

WE ARE very fortunate in being able to publish W. H. Drummond's entertaining ballad "The Battle of St. Christophe" in this year's first issue of *The Mitre*. This poem first appeared in print in *The Montreal General Hospital Bulletin* (July, 1955), and our acknowledgement is hereby tendered to the editor, Dr. H. E. MacDermot, for his permission in allowing us to reprint it. The story behind this poem is of interest to Bishop's students, for the late Dr. Drummond was an alumnus of our University (1884), and served on the staff as professor of Medical Jurisprudence. He wrote these lines to be sung at the anniversary banquet held at Queen's Hotel, Montreal, in 1895, marking the 25th session of the Bishop's Medical School. Dr. E. H. Bensley ("Bishop's Medical College", *The Mitre*, Lent 1955) subsequently found a copy of the verses amongst the contents of a safe at the Western Division of the General when the building was vacated last spring. Our thanks also go to Dr. Raymond, who obtained copies of the poem from Dr. Bensley.

Reed Scowen's (B.A., Bishop's 1952) article "Teaching by the Case Method" is well worth noting, and constitutes a refreshing change from the usual sort of material. *The Mitre* is always ready to welcome contributions from former students, especially when they are of such quality as this.

The reader will notice the relative lack of illustration in this issue. This is due to the fact that a number of the articles are quite long and conservation of available space rendered impossible the use of much artwork. Roland Hill's excellent drawing, "St. Mark's — Venice", and Don Kuehner's illustration of Beverley Aitken's story "The Apathetic Mr. Craig", however, help to relieve the monotony. While on the subject of illustration, it is hoped that the volume of photographic response will be larger in future issues than it was in this.

The reader, we think, will find this a somewhat lengthy issue, but an interesting one. Several of the articles and poems are quite different from anything we have had in the past two or three years. The issue has been compiled with the ultimate aim of including as much variety as possible, so that those interested in contributing to *The Mitre* for the first time may gain an idea of the scope of our University's literary magazine.

G. S. D. C.

## THE BATTLE OF ST. CHRISTOPHE

By W. H. DRUMMOND, M.D.



The Freshman's life is a life of care,  
Upidee! Upida!  
As all the world is well aware,  
Upidee! Upida!  
But really it is hardly right  
To send him a-hunting "stiffs" by night.  
Chorus

And this recalls a tale of woe,  
A tale of the old time long ago,  
Of a band of callow freshman youth  
Who fancied they knew it all forsooth.

"Draw near, my braves, and list to me"  
Said he of the Chair of Anatomy,  
"It grieves my soul to declare to you  
That the session is short and  
subs are few.

"So if you'll plunge into the breach,  
Secure all the stiffs within your reach,  
Your names forever in letters of gold,  
On the College walls will be enscrolled.

"I know a place where such things are,  
Just near the church at Ile Bizard:  
He's an old friend of mine,  
Bedezu Leclair,  
And a five dollar bill will make  
him square".

So a chosen few of the noble band,  
Set out on a trip to the promised land;  
The moon had veiled her silv'ry light,  
'Twas a glorious "Resurrection" night.

Across the plain they sped away,  
With fiery steeds and an express sleigh;  
And ever the mettled chargers flew,  
Till they reached the home of the  
Old Bedeau.

That ancient guardian of the dead  
They found reposing 'n his bed,  
For the wind blew shrill, and  
the night was cold,  
And the sexton, alas! was growing old.

But he roused him up and said "Sacre,  
is de church blow down?  
W'at you want wit me?  
I dream bad dream las' night for sure,  
Please tolz me your biznesse, Messieurs."

Then when the chief explained himself,  
The old man took his gun  
from the shelf;  
Quoth he, "You tink dat's Ile Bizard  
W'ere dey sold dead man for  
five dollerre?"

' You mak' de big mistak, bigosh!  
Ma name dat's Jean Batisse Meloche,  
Dis place she's call it St. Christophe,  
An you better look out  
or de gun go off!"

So they turned away, ere dawn of day,  
To resume their weary homeward way.  
But, sad to say, the sexton's son  
Got a little ahead with his  
"Papineau" gun.  
He fired one shot at the  
vanishing throng,

But the charge was light and the  
range was long,  
It merely took the "Chief" in the rear,  
And rendered his pants unfit to wear.

-----

Now a word to the noble  
freshman band,

"Stand fast for your college and  
native land,

And when senior men are inclined  
to scoff,

Just mention the Battle  
of St. Christophe."

## PSYCHIC PHENOMENA . . . . James Craig

WITH the conquest of the physical world almost in sight, science has begun to turn its interest and its methods on a group of facts which are commonly known as psychic phenomena and which lie outside the realm of the measurable in time and space. The study of psychic phenomena is known as parapsychology, and the facts which parapsychology examines are generally organized under the headings of telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, psychokinesis, and materialization. Parapsychology also tries to make some evaluation of ghosts, but this lies outside the scope of the present article which is concerned with the power of the mind rather than with the peculiar psychophysical make-up of the human being. The purpose of this article is to try and acquaint the general reader with some idea of the potentials of the human mind.

Telepathy is the "extrasensory perception of the mental activities of another person." Apparently language is no barrier to telepathy, for telepathic thoughts are transferred in meanings and not in word symbols. In his book, "Creative Realism", Dr. Rolf Alexander writes: "A series of experiments conducted by this writer . . . . seemed to demonstrate that a telepathic message may be transmitted by a person speaking one language and received intact by a trained telepathist who speaks a different language . . . ." L. F. Cooper, in the "Journal of Psychology", 1952 (Vol. 34, pp. 257-284), states that the dreamer understands a conversation in a foreign language although he is unable to repeat what he has heard.

Hypnosis is often an aid to telepathy. S. Guaita and Dr. A. Liébault, in their book, "Le Sommeil provoqué et les états analogues", gives the following example:

"Mademoiselle Louise L., while under the influence of a hypnotic sleep, was informed that she would be expected to answer a question put to her mentally, without word or sign. Dr. Liébault then placed his hand upon the subject's forehead, and, collecting his thoughts, concentrated his own attention on the question he wished to put to her: 'When will you be cured?'

"The lips of the sleeper moved suddenly.

"'Soon,' she murmured distinctly.

"She was then asked to repeat before all present the question which had been asked of her mentally, and she repeated it in the same

\* All terms defined in quotations are from the Journal of Parapsychology.

terms in which it had been formulated in the mind of the experimenter."

In his book, "The Reach of the Mind," Dr. J. B. Rhine tells of one of the many possibilities of telepathy:

"One of the most dramatic of the early telepathy tests was hypnotisation at a distance. Several French physicians, including Dr. Janet, induced hypnotic trance in their subjects from distances great enough to rule out any possibility of sensory communication. In the better of two series of tests, Janet succeeded completely in 18 out of 25 trials in putting the subject into trances at the time attempted, and partially in 4 others. The hypnosis was induced at irregular and unexpected intervals."

In concluding this section, I might point out that anyone who has to "see it to believe it" only has to journey to Duke University in North Carolina where experiments in telepathy, clairvoyance, psychokinesis, and precognition are being carried on every day.

Clairvoyance is "extrasensory perception of objective events." Clairvoyance often occurs in dreams. Camille Flammarion, in "The Unknown", has collected many case histories. Here is one of them:

"I was living at Cette with my wife, her mother, and my two daughters, in a villa on the slope of a mountain. I went every morning into the town in a carriage that I hired by the month, and which came for me always at 8 A.M. Now one day I awoke at five, after a horrible dream.

"I had seen a girl *fall out of a window*, and she was killed on the spot. I told this dream to my family. It was seven o'clock, when the carriage would come for me as usual. But it did not arrive until half-past nine. I was much annoyed at this delay, which would interfere with my business. But the driver told me that the reason he had come instead of his master was because that morning at five o'clock his little girl (ten years old, I think) had *fallen out of a window* and was dead.

"I had never seen the child.

Martin Halle

"19 Rue Clément-Marot, Paris".

Thousands of such cases have been collected and published by research workers all over the western world.

Here is an extract from an article that was published in "The New York Journal." These facts were verified by John S. Flagg, M.D., Frank L. Burt, M.D., and William A. Barnes, A.M., all of Boston. It describes the clairvoyance power that manifested itself in eleven-year-

old Leonel Brett after he had been hypnotised by his father, a Boston physician:

"Outside clothing, linen, underwear, the human skin and flesh itself, are as nothing in his sight. The bones of the subject stand out in bold relief, and the organs of the person upon whom he may be looking are spread before him as though on a chart. Furthermore — and most important of all — these miraculous eyes behold the human anatomy in its true colors, red, white, brown, even to the blue of the venous blood. This is impossible with X rays." (Quoted in "Hypnotism" by A. W. Bacon).

Precognition is the "cognition of a future event which could not be known through rational inference." No one yet has put forward a satisfactory explanation of precognition. When you read the following examples, you may understand the difficulty. Unfortunately, I am forced to give you examples that take up a small amount of space. The longer illustrations include more detail and are generally more spectacular.

The following example is quoted from the "Journal of Parapsychology" from an article by Louisa E. Rhine on "Precognition and Intervention", March, 1955.

"When about nineteen years old I got a job that I had been after for a year. The night before I was to report for work as fireman in a steam plant, I dreamed the same dream three times of a steam explosion in which I was blown out of the building and died in the hospital. I thought that I read the account in the paper. I did not take the job.

"About a week later the accident occurred. The man who took my job was blown out of the building and died. One was scalded to death, one was lost for some time by being blown under a huge pile of coal. I do not know how the fourth man escaped. I helped repair the firebox on the Sterling boiler that let go."

Here is a letter that is included in Camille Flammarion's collection of naturally occurring psychic phenomena in "The Unknown". It is from an ecclesiastic, Groussard, the Curé of Sainte Radegonde.

"I was at school in Niort. I was fifteen or sixteen years old. One night I had a singular dream. I fancied that I was at Saint Maixent (a town that I only knew by name) with my school-master. We were on a little square near a well, opposite to which was a drugstore, and we saw coming towards us a lady of that place, whom I recognized, because I had seen her once at Niort, in a house where I was staying. This lady when she accosted us began to speak of such extraordinary

things that in the morning I mentioned the matter to my master. (The head of that school was called "le patron".) He was very much astonished, and made me repeat the conversation. A few days after, having to go to Saint Maixent, he took me with him. Hardly had we arrived there before we found ourselves on the square that I had seen in my dream, and we saw the same lady coming towards us, who had with my master the same conversation, word for word, as in my dream."

In the first example given, because the situation to be encountered involved death, the percipient of the dream changed jobs so as to avoid any possibility of being hurt. In the second, no attempt was made to avoid the situation dreamed about. Unfortunately, some people do not act on their premonitions. Here is an example of such a case, again from the book, "The Unknown".

"On the 25th of November, 1860, having gone out to sea in a fishing-boat, about four in the afternoon, we were coming back, and were not twenty yards from shore, when one of my friends owned to me that in a dream the night before he had been warned that he would be drowned that day.

"I reassured him, telling him that in ten minutes we should be on land.

"A few moments after this our boat capsized, and two of my friends were drowned, one of whom was the one already mentioned. We did all we could to save them. The brother of my friend, L. (the man who dreamed the dream) is still a lawyer at Havre, where the sad accident took place. (You could consult the Havre newspapers of November 26, 1860.)

"78 Rue de Phalsbourg, Havre.

"E. B."

Materialization is the extrasensory creation and destruction of matter by the mind. There is some evidence for support of this notion, but it is very little. Because of the rare occurrence of materialization, very few people believe that such a thing is possible. The following books cover most of the published evidence on the subject: "Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena," "Spiritism and Psychology," "The Autobiography of a Yogi," and "The Holy Bible". Perhaps the most famous examples of materializations are those of Jesus Christ. According to the Bible, he created loaves and fishes, changed water into wine, and withered a fig tree.

Psychokinesis is "the direct influence exerted on a physical system by a subject without any known intermediate physical energy or instrumentation."

Upton Sinclair in his book, "Mental Radio," describes a levitation by a "psychic."

"In our home he gave what appeared to be a demonstration of levitation without contact. I do not say that it really *was* levitation; I merely say that our friends who witnessed it — physicians, scientists, writers and their wives, fourteen persons in all — were unable even to suggest a normal method by which the event could have happened. There was no one present who could have been a confederate, and the psychic had been searched for apparatus; it was in our home, where he had no opportunity whatever for preparation. His wrists and ankles were firmly held by persons whom I know well; and there was sufficient light in the room so that I could see the outline of his figure, slumped in a chair. Under these circumstances a 34-pound table rose four feet into the air and moved slowly a distance of eight feet over my head."

Here is another example of psychokinesis. This experiment was verified with a series of pictures which were taken at one minute intervals. These pictures, along with articles, were published in several newspapers and magazines.

On September 12, 1954, in Orillia, Ontario, Dr. Rolf Alexander gave a demonstration of psychokinesis which was attended by more than fifty observers, including the mayor of Orillia and representatives of the press and radio. For his demonstration, Alexander selected a group of cumulus clouds floating in the sky more than ten miles away. He designated a single cloud among this group as "target"; the other adjacent clouds served as "controls." Dr. Alexander narrowed his eyes and breathed deeply. The target cloud enlarged slightly, then suddenly contracted and commenced to dwindle rapidly until nothing was left. In eight minutes, the cloud had disappeared. This demonstration was repeated three times with different groups of clouds. The results were the same in each case — the target cloud was disintegrated, while the adjacent control clouds remained substantially unchanged.

If the reader has been left a little bewildered and incredulous after reading these two examples of psychokinetic phenomena, it might be a good idea to illustrate the type of experimental work that is going on in many countries today. Perhaps the most important center for experimental research is carried on at Duke University in North Carolina. There, under the inspired leadership of Dr. J. B. Rhine, experiments such as the following take place.

..... "A set of 30 small-sized dice measuring  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. along the edge were used throughout the series. They were commercial dice of plastic material, with spots set in excavated holes.

"The dice were mechanically released. They were placed randomly in an inclined chute. On release by a press-button, they rolled down a 22-inch slope, angled at approximately 45 degrees, into a padded box, of dimensions 22 in. by 27 in."

The experimenter, on release of the dice, attempts to influence what sides of the dice will turn up. In this experiment, which "was carried out in the summer of 1954 in the Parapsychology Laboratory, Duke University," the following results were obtained:

"The total of the whole experiment was 12,000 die-throws, or 500 runs . . . . There were 6,287 hits or coincidences between the dice released and the target face (the face called by the experimenter). . . . This leaves a positive deviation of 287 . . . . The odds against a score this high or higher as a chance occurrence are five million to one." (from "A PK Experiment with Thirty Dice Released for High- and Low-Face Targets," "The Journal of Parapsychology," December, 1954).

Again, it must be remembered that this experiment is just one of thousands which indicate the real power of the mind over matter. If the *untrained* mind can influence a few dice, why can't the *trained* mind disintegrate clouds, or lift tables?

Now that we have examined these strange phenomena, what can we think about them? Perhaps we would think wisely if we followed the advice of Thomas Huxley: "Sit down before fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing."



## Cocktail Hour

Unsanforized sky,  
Shrinking into itself,  
Looking for a little lost sun  
To warm its rain-wet ribs  
Marks the coming of  
The cocktail hour.  
Horns of taxis  
Radar forth sharp shoots of sound  
From which the fog steals  
Even the energy to echo.  
Neon dancers  
Above a street of nightclubbery  
Weep together in the rain,  
And neon commandments —  
EAT HERE; SMOKE PLAYERS —  
Become damp hieroglyphics  
As the reds and greens and purples  
Coalesce, streak, and merge.

But here, up here,  
Seventeenth floor  
Apartment eight,  
Windermere Gardens,  
(Dogs and children not allowed)  
There is clear dry light,  
The only rain the rain of tongues  
Talking into a vacuum.  
Steam heat,  
View of the park,  
And the drapes  
(Darling, I love them)  
Enclosing (like an impressionistic sea)  
An island of the literati,  
Island of Culture,  
Island of DuMauriers,  
Island of Haig & Haig.

Seated in a crafty chair is  
Mister Maximilian Montgomery.  
The Reason for our gay gathering,  
A novelist of note.  
"Tears for the City" he wrote,

And it was made into a film.  
(He has not read it, but has seen  
The film, and thus is able to impress.)  
His reputation,  
I believe, is based upon the fact  
That he has damned civilization  
Because it is Effete.  
And there he sits enthroned,  
Avid listeners eddying about him  
In little gusts,  
Ice in his glass  
Clinking a morse code demand  
For a refill,  
Hair curling limply over his collar,  
Speaking from slack lips  
With the tongues of men and of angels.

And degage upon the chesterfield,  
A Poet is unburdening his soul  
To a sympathetic sculptress  
Who at regular intervals  
Dispatches small coos  
Down the black tube  
Of her ebony cigarette holder.  
Someone has placed  
Upon the phonograph  
A Bartok cacophony in E flat minor.  
The atmosphere is thick  
With agonized esthetic concentration,  
Propped up by buttresses of smoke.  
The timid man who muttered  
That he rather liked Tschaikovsky  
Has been banished to the hall.

This group is quoting Dylan Thomas,  
That engaged in measuring Eliot  
In coffee spoons.  
And in one far corner  
Is a forgotten Mother or Aunt,  
An error in the guest list,  
Gravely knitting  
A neat argyle rut.

And the ice clinks,  
And clinks again,

And the sound is hungrily swallowed  
By the abstract drapes.  
Olives impaled on toothpicks  
Wink through glasses,  
Each an angry red eye through a window.  
And sardines, laid in state  
On little bitty crackers,  
Go round and round and round  
On plates passed from hand to hand  
As if in primitive ceremony.  
Mrs. Wilmington is drunk again.  
Mister Montgomery  
Is cursing effete society,  
And outside,  
Up and down the darkening streets,  
The taxis crawl forward  
By the radar of their horns.

Elizabeth Home



## sonnet

how do i love thee? let me itemize:  
i love that sleek ferrari that you drive,  
i love you for the dior mink you'll give;  
but oh how easily i could despise  
if you had not those oil wells in your eyes.  
you're rich, and why should i your life deprive  
of love when you have all i need to live  
content, my millionaire to idolize.

oh, betty barrett browning, how clever  
of you to claim you loved him with your heart.  
i'm sure rob thought, "how sweet!" and ran right out  
to buy a golden coach and you would never  
admit that's what you wanted from the start.  
yet could a normal woman ever doubt?

anon.

## Night Out

Lustily and without calm, listlessly  
we celibates, we celebrate.

But as for me, my flesh refuses to respond  
to these modern artificialities:  
fag-fumed low roofed public houses,  
dementedly aglitter with their inbred hues.  
Why is it that in these gilded lily days,  
the wanton and the horror-fed find nothing  
but familiar dread and stainless steel?  
Here the oily one, Satan,  
runs a skinflint trade.  
There's no more fire, no brimstone.

Parboiled execrables, we simper and loll;  
death hath no sting and hell no future —  
rhymes have no ring and life no leisure.

Anon.

# TEACHING BY THE CASE METHOD

. . . . *Reed Scowen*

WHAT would you think of a course at Bishop's in which the professor did not lecture, there was no assigned reading and no papers to write? Could such a course possibly be of value to anyone? Well, a great many universities are coming to the conclusion that it can. In the following few pages I would like to discuss its possible application to our own University.

Everyone knows that at Bishop's there are a lot of things to do besides study. Sports, clubs, committees and social activities are all vying with the professor for the student's time. I think there is considerable feeling that in most cases academic work suffers at the expense of those extra-curriculars; that the students give too much time to the latter and not enough to the former.

It seems to me that the most likely reason for this is that extra-curriculars offer more satisfaction to the undergraduate than do studies. They are more exciting, more glamorous, carry more prestige in university society and give the student a sense of responsibility which studies do not.

The most usual reaction to this is to say: "This may well be, but a college student is supposed to act like one, not like a school kid whose whole life must be planned for him. He should be mature enough to balance his daily schedule properly". But this is usually just not the case. A college freshman was a school boy only three months before and despite what he **should** be it is very doubtful if he matures much between June and September.

But in any case this simply begs the fact that students often do find extra-curriculars more interesting, more exciting than their courses. To me this should be the real challenge for university educators. There is no inherent reason why history or chemistry should be any less interesting than campus politics or ice hockey. To put it into business terms: the professor is in competition with sports and clubs. He can find a good reflection on the quality of his 'product' in the amount of 'business' he gets from his students. Of course, there will always be students whose passion for learning will not be deterred no matter how the material is made available. At the other end of the scale there will always be a few (admission boards being human, too) who will remain unmoved by any efforts to awaken a curiosity in them. But between these groups lies the great majority of students who enter college ready

to be drawn into, and influenced by, whatever activities offer the greatest personal satisfaction. This fact should lead the educator in a never-ending search for new ways to arouse their interest and stimulate their minds.

Today the scope of extra-curriculars is wider than ever before. New clubs and new facilities for student recreation appear nearly every year. Movies, cars, television and bridge are but a few of these factors with which the educator must compete in his struggle for the student's time. A professor who has been delivering the same lectures in the same manner for the past ten years **may** be meeting this competition in the best possible way. But he is not doing so unless he has searched for and examined other possible ways and rejected them as being inferior for his purposes.

One answer to this problem may be the case method. It is a method of teaching which is becoming increasingly popular in colleges today, and I would like to devote the rest of this space to it.

The case method has had its widest application to date in professional schools. Law, medicine and business administration students are now generally familiar with the technique of learning by this system. However, it has not been widely used in undergraduate courses and perhaps a word of explanation would be helpful.

In a case method course there are no lectures. Before each class students read and think about a given 'case' which describes a situation and/or problem in the field which they are studying. During the class they discuss the case, with the professor acting mainly as a moderator. The professor does not give his opinions or comment on those of the student. This is the essence of the case method. In practice there are about as many variations as there are professors. But the basic principles remain the same; preparation before the class and dependence on the student and not the professor to dig out and develop the significant areas in discussion.

What is achieved by this kind of course? At this point I must speak subjectively up to a point, for two people hardly ever agree exactly on what the case method has done for them.

It is widely used, as I have said, in professional schools. The theory here is that the case method is better for **developing skills** while the conventional method is better for **learning facts**. The prospective doctor, lawyer or business administrator is not primarily interested in facts, which are constantly changing anyway. What he must learn is a way of applying facts in practice, effectively and responsibly. For instance, the lawyer can easily obtain the exact wording of any law.

His success will depend upon his ability to interpret and apply that law in a specific situation with due regard for the welfare of society, his client and his conscience. The case method develops these skills so far as is possible by presenting him with a real situation where such a decision must be made. The professor does not give his views because students are apt to confuse the views of professors with facts and use them as a prop on which to create or hang their own opinions. The fundamental purpose of the case method is to develop skills, the ability to analyze a situation, to think out a course of action and to apply this course of action in a practical way. The case method is as close to actual experience as we can come in a classroom.

Are there any other advantages to the case method? Speaking from my own limited experience, it is a daily lesson in getting along with people, for a good classroom discussion comes only after the students learn to listen, to respect other points of view, to speak clearly and to the point, and to profit by their own and other's mistakes. These seem like simple things and quite commonplace, but after even a few classes most people are surprised to discover how much they have to learn, for instance, about the simple art of listening.

Perhaps most important of all from the undergraduate point of view the case method is exciting. Instead of sitting passively attempting to absorb the ideas of a lecturer, the student is required to play an active part, to think, to defend his ideas against those of others. If he can be intellectually stimulated at all this is as likely to do it as an argument on football. The method itself is almost invariably the subject of a lot of discussion among students using it. Some are violently opposed, but they soon realize that to be listened to they must present their criticisms in a logical, understandable form. And so this, too, can accomplish something.

The question of applying what to this point has been mainly a teaching tool for graduate schools to Bishop's undergraduate courses is a big one. The most frequent criticisms of the case method centre around the question of student maturity. Many people believe that the undergraduate does not possess the self-discipline needed to prepare faithfully for each class or the self-control needed to make a class discussion 'go'. Furthermore, the argument goes, undergraduates need to be told, to acquire a body of knowledge on which to base a career. But all these arguments fall before the stimulated student. If the student finds the case method exciting and interesting, preparation, self-discipline and an individual search for knowledge are sure to follow. And it has been the experience of many colleges that the case method does provide the stimulation.

Furthermore, the use of the case method does not require the abolition of conventional systems. Even in graduate schools today it is rare to find a total absence of lecture courses. It is simply another educational tool which must be examined and used where it can do some good. The particular courses to which it is best adapted is a controversial question. Probably its most successful use to date has been in the teaching of human relations, a course which Bishop's does not have at present. The teaching of human relations by the case method is a subject in itself and a fair amount of reading is available on it. At this point I will merely quote a paragraph from an article by Harriet Ronken, a case method teacher, entitled: "What One Student Learned":

"The case method is peculiarly adaptable to a course which deals with the relations of people, regardless of context. In the very act of participating in discussion, responding to one another's ideas, or ignoring them, denying their validity or helping to develop them, the students are engaging in human relations. They have, therefore, in the classroom a laboratory in their subject."

Some other subjects to which the case method, or a variation of it has been adapted are history, English literature and philosophy, and the list of possibilities is as long as our ingenuity can make it. Indeed, the possibilities and problems are virtually endless and this, to my mind, is another great virtue. No one has said the last word on the case method. It is damned, praised, re-examined and modified by all who meet it. A university which uses it is bound to be an uncomfortable place for students and teachers and that, I think, is a good way for a university to be.



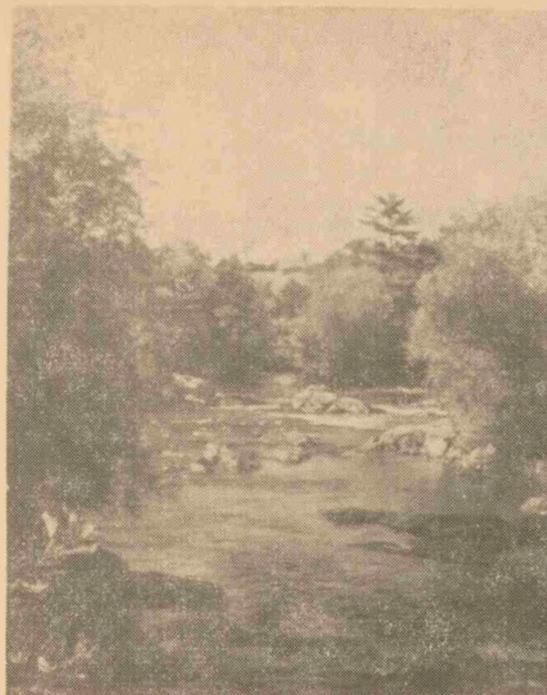
## A Sandalwood Box

*A sandalwood box is laid in the earth  
In the blaze of a noonday sun,  
And the trees in that old graveyard bend  
Their buds where the teardrops run;  
For an ash-filled box with a copper plate  
Lies small in the grave's dark yawn,  
Though a larger past spills over the space  
Where the sigh of a life has gone.*

*And clouds float white above the stones,  
High like the wings of the day,  
And the crickets creak in the shiny grass  
And the blades sweep back in play;  
The world is alive and bright in May  
And the sky shouts loud in blue,  
And a sandalwood box carries all that stays  
Of the loves and the life I knew.*

*No crowd of mourners to shuffle lament,  
Only the tombstones nod,  
And bask in their moss in the golden day  
Over a sandalwood box in the sod;  
No bell tolls out a funeral beat,  
No choirs intone a chant;  
The spring's shy touch on the wide, bare earth  
Breathes a hymn with a living chant.*

**C. Hugh Doherty**



**River Scene**

R. Bidgood



**Tropical Evening**

S. C. W. Armstrong

## The Plight of a Labman

The alarm rings.  
It stings  
him out of bed  
with groggy head.  
The day's die is cast  
and he must fast.  
Gulps coffee black  
and hurries back  
to the lab.

Open the grey little drawer,  
discard that old apple core,  
for though it served as lunch in the past,  
today things must be done fast.  
No food has our labman time to eat  
as he scurries about on flat feet.  
The subject is Biology three-fourteen,  
problem — sex life of an American Bean  
in the lab.

First,  
for thirst,  
the Bean is submerged in a three percent solution of  
Aqueous Sulphur Dioxide as prescribed by Ivanov.  
Heat gently and agitate,  
then introduce the Bean's prospective mate.  
They lie there at opposite ends of the pot,  
daring not,  
in the lab.

More warmth is introduced,  
still Lady Bean is unseduced.  
Quivering with rage our future Curie  
adds chemical stimulants in his fury —  
hormones and carbon and alcohol too,  
wintergreen, carrots and powdered moo,  
apple juice, hydrogen, schweppes . . . .  
"Beans will not take necessary steps"  
in the lab.

Finally, tearing his hair,  
— it's sixteen hours he's been there,

the labman rants and raves,  
nerve shocks hit his brain in waves.  
He begins breaking things,  
believes he has wings.  
Making the most awful racket  
when men in white arrive with straight jacket  
and remove him from lab.

A fellow scientist  
of similar twist,  
but with a year of liberal arts,  
cleaning up the broken parts  
sees the two beans lying untouched in their tank.  
Pulling both out with a yank  
and realizing their plight,  
flings them into the night.  
There they mate.  
(outside the lab)

Andrew Little



## The Gold, the Glitter and the Glamour

. . . . Elizabeth Weiser

TODAY Hollywood is as famous as Rome, Athens, Paris, or London. Who can deny that it has as great an influence on modern society as the cities of old had on ancient society? Hollywood is a city of yesterdays, todays, but most of all of tomorrows; like all great cities it has its legends and wonderment. Here dwell all manner of people; at every turn there is confusion, contrast and contradiction.

Hollywood is the focal point of California and indeed of America itself. The United States has been likened to a giant melting pot in which elements from every nation have been mixed. Hollywood by the same figure of speech could well be called the mold which that heterogeneous mixture produced. Perhaps mold is the wrong word to use since it implies a fixed, distinct, unchanging character. Hollywood is anything but unchanging; anything can and will happen.

People often tend to think of Hollywood as an entirely separate city; in truth it is linked inexorably to the thirty odd communities which, with Hollywood itself, constitute the county of Los Angeles. Pasadena, Altadena, Beverley Hills, Sierra Madre, and San Pedro are but a few of the neighbouring communities which contribute so much to the daily life of Hollywood. Life between them flows without barriers; that magic indefinable something which is the spirit of Hollywood lies like a sweeping mantle over all the country. It is impossible to live in Hollywood for any length of time and not feel this strange spirit which permeates every aspect of life. Here, things are reckoned by their abnormality rather than by their normality. Where else would smart shops be filled with bathing-suit clad customers? Where else would dogs be seen wearing glasses?

Everywhere there is contrast. The orient and the occident meet here; the world of the past and the world of the future clash. Here, too, the east and west of America meet in a fascinating and weird jumble. Every nation is represented and gives of itself. The Mexicans, once rulers of this region, still retain their old customs, and still speak their own language. Near the great railway station stands the oldest of the many mission churches which dot the Californian district. (The Christian missionaries constructed these churches, and converted the people to their religion way back in the 1700's). The noisy curious of the modern world shuffle through the mission church which breathes the never dying odour of incense and unshaken serenity. Alvera street is the centre of the Mexican quarter, here "red-hot" tomatillas are eaten

among the sickening, waxed scents wafted from the numerous candle factories located along the street. Candles are the chief product of this paper-strewn street; the candles are of all sorts, shapes, sizes, and shades; some are sculptured into animal and figures.

Not far away, is the Chinese section brilliant with flashing neon lights. Strange is it not how the modern always manages to triumph over the old? The music of the old Chinese world with its weird and compelling tones strikes a strange note amid the glittering lights. A little monkey with rapid, blinking eyes surveys the scene with a wisdom-lined face; he only takes off his hat when a penny is placed in it.

To the architect Hollywood must be a nightmare. Victorian mansions, modern ranch houses, Spanish haciendas, Italian villas, and Chinese pagodas crowd each other. A dilapidated shack is the neighbour of a stately mansion. Great bridges cross mud-filled, stagnant streams which only for a few weeks a year are swelled by the rain to roaring, rushing rivers.

The rain, when it comes, is turbulent as if it seeks to make everything forget its long absence by sheer force. The parched earth breathes of life renewed, the driving water shatters the crusted earth and pocks it. Then the sun again obtains control; the streets, houses and ground offer up a vapour of mist as an offering to Apollo — the rain might never have been.

As summer arrives the vacant plots between the houses turn a crisp gold. Soon men come with fires, and the long grass burns, withers, and dies. Creatures of all sorts driven from their homes seek refuge. Green lizards with quick eyes and whirring forked tongues dart across cement walls, and hang panting there. Shuddery toads appear startingly among gay flower beds — the ugly and the beautiful side by side.

The flowers are luxurious and exotic; their fragrance is unbelievable. In the spring the brilliant desert flowers are brought to life by the rains, and carpet the floors of the worn valleys of the Mojave. The strange Yuccas stick up from the surrounding foliage and lift their great, white, pointed, heads high to the cloudless sky. In the urban communities the white, pink, and pastel coloured walls are a suitable background for the riotously-coloured blooms.

Hollywood might never have been the centre of the film industry for all that now remains. Over the top of a high fence surrounding the old Fox studio on Sunset Boulevard peep bits of scenery blanched by long exposure. What a wealth of memories these painted boards bring

back, what glories and heartaches they must have witnessed! Outside the irreverent traffic passes by. In the San Fernando valley the new, glittering, movie studios lie in the torrid heat.

There is a profusion of oil wells scattered around the vast metropolis. Ugly and sinister they rise upon the horizon. Night and day the machines thud the wedges up and down, while others having fulfilled their purpose bear mute and mournful testimony of having robbed the rich earth. All along the coast they lie, pathetic sentinels which mar the rocky shore.

There are nearly as many oil wells as there are used car lots.

The night belongs to Hollywood. It is then that she really lives. From the top of Mt. Hollywood there is a wonderful view. For twenty-six miles in any direction there are lights — hundreds, and millions of them, an unbelievable sight. Bright searchlights stab the dark to show that yet another star has been born. The stars high above are insignificant amid this gleam and dazzle of life which makes the night nearly as luminous as day. With the night unpleasantness, ugliness, the exotic all fade, and the scores at bright, harsh, bitter, individual blotches of colour and light mingle in one wonder. This is the real Hollywood, the Hollywood which has so many parts, but is one great whale, a paradox within itself.

A thousand years from now will Hollywood be but a memory, a city remembered? Will people visit it, as now they visit Athens, Rome or Naples, to gaze at the wonders past and tell stories of the great days? Will they see only the great ruins and never know of the little ones? Will they admire the beauty and not notice the ugliness which time with gentle hands has smoothed away? Will they ever know, can they ever understand all of the gold, glitter and glamour which is the heart of Hollywood?



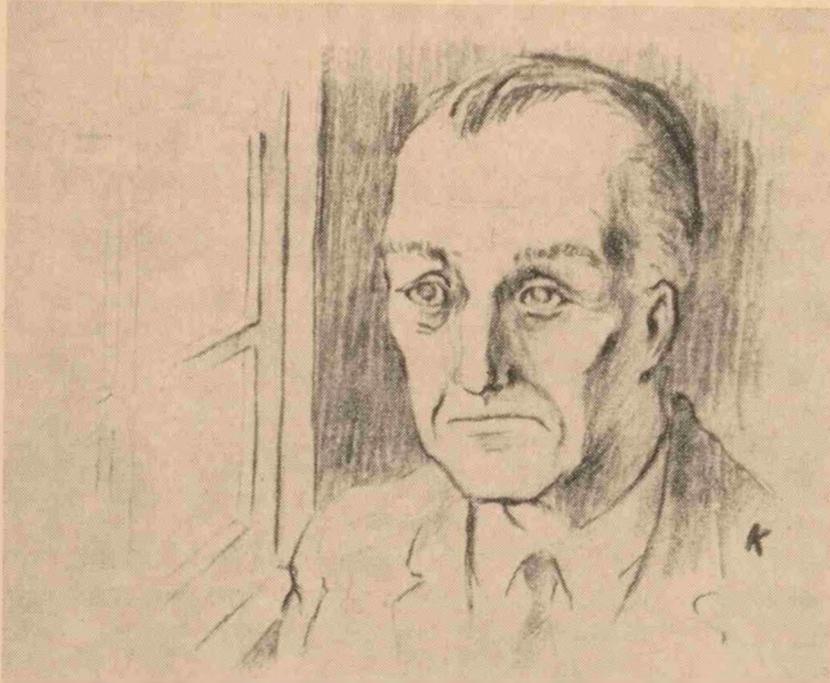
## Chartres

*Massive browngrey stone  
Straining its finely arched back  
Upwards  
Into a dim Gothic vaulting  
Of age and of cardinals' cobwebs.  
Soft chants  
Filtering  
Through the years in the vacant nave  
To one standing just inside,  
Dwarfed by the Godlike hugeness.  
Volcanic colour  
Erupting into the grey,  
Lit only by the grey rain outside  
Yet looking as if lit  
By a westward sun.  
A breaking heart, throwing itself at the feet  
Of two much glory  
Held together in the Rose window  
By black lead.*

**Katharine Cantlie**

## THE APATHETIC MR. CRAIG

. . . . Beverley Aitken



The rain drizzled monotonously in grey lines. The muddy water ran down the gutter, carrying paper and old cigarette butts. The people hurried along St. Catherine Street, a white raincoat here, a muddy trench coat there, a multitude of umbrellas sheltering the crowd from the wet.

When it rains on St. Catherine Street in Montreal, the drops splash carelessly onto the pavement, mottling it and finally drenching it in the godly cleanliness of water. The filth of the street is quickly erased and the air is freshened; the sink of corruption is rinsed; the thirsty traffic is tantalized with the touch of a shower.

But when a man's soul is thirsty, it takes more than water to quench the ache of emptiness there. Mr. Craig sat by the window and listened to the tinkling of the pane as it greeted the rain. He laughed

bitterly. What a contrast this hole was in comparison to the beautiful cathedral where he used to spend his time. He turned over thoughts in his mind; the funeral, the cemetery with its tombstones, and that one in particular that marked the resting place of his wife and his two small sons. This rain would moisten the earth; the flowers would drink and grow on the grave.

But others around Mr. Craig were oblivious to the weather and to the melancholy which was concentrated in that one corner of the lounge. They laughed, they drank, they told jokes to their friends.

"Funny old geezer over there," said one, "look at him, Sam, just sitting there. He looks too sad to be in love and he's too young to dream of Heaven — wonder what he's got on his mind. See the way he stares as if he weren't seeing.

"Ah, him — Craig's his name. I see him in here often, never touches a drink, just sits down and seems to lose himself. Say, I heard an interesting story about him the other day. Seems he used to drink a lot. Something happened to him about two years ago that made him quit. Seems he'd had a lot to drink and was driving home — met up with an accident, I don't know the details but his wife and his two little boys were killed. He was badly hurt himself, but I guess his conscience is the only thing that's scarred now. Funny thing, that — he comes in here every night for an hour or so and sits there as if he were communing with the departed souls or something. Guess he's a little touched. I know I would be — oh, waiter, waiter . . ." the waiter paid no attention " . . . the service here is bad. If you don't tip them fifty cents every time then they treat you like you were invisible. What a joint!"

But Mr. Craig was alone. He listened to the sounds he knew so well: the murmur of many voices; the occasional outburst of rancorous laughter; the keys on the piano wandering in a casual melody. He could feel the heavy smokiness of the atmosphere. He thought of the Church where he had been many times since the accident.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord.

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

There is always a tinge of sadness about the past. We pity ourselves, he thought, because of the sorrows we have endured, and we think no one has suffered in the same way. We look back on the good things with sadness because we regret their passing. Life holds nothing for me now but sleep and food and cigarettes. I have even lost touch with my friends, if they were my friends.

But like the black and red of the checkerboard, so the lines between the different atmospheres of the club were sharply drawn. Sam called out in his strident voice "Waiter". More drinks, and with the effect of numbness on the brain come deeper philosophies and more clever gems of wisdom. "You know, Mac, old Craig really ought to get hold of himself. You'd think after two years he'd snap out of it. I know I would. If I was him I'd take a trip around the world or get married again — something like that. It's a disgrace the way he's in mourning all the time."

"Yeh, you're right, Sam. There's a lot to see in this world. I've heard the French broads are really dynamite. If I was him now, I'd pack right up and go to South America or Africa. You know, I've always wanted to ride on an elephant . . . That accident must have shook him up bad. Poor old geezer. Still, you can't pity these guys all the time. He's probably living on sympathy from his friends. Hey didja get that waiter? Where did the crumb go? Hey Mac, Craig's leaving — Look."

Mr. Craig was raising unsteadily on his feet. Slowly he faltered across the room. Sam saw the back of his head bent between his shoulders, the dilapidated coat, and the tired body leaning on the white cane.

"Hey Sam, you didn't tell me he was blind."



## Lethe

*The river flowed  
In glassy greenness though the trees  
And mirrored in it  
Was the voice of countless lives.  
I watched the voice and soon it spoke:  
Go back, small fool, and seek your fellows —  
Return to sanity; continue your life  
Of sorrows, loves, parties, and gods;  
Harden yourself to putting up with platitudes  
And to sipping sherry in society.  
For if you stay here too long  
You will be forced from yon bank  
Into opaque cold —  
The eternal opaqueness of Oblivion.  
I considered the words of the glassy voice  
And observed the countless lives  
Writhing between reflected trees.  
No, I thought. I do not want to return  
To sip sherry in society.  
Better far to renounce my carnal gods  
And wreath myself around a milk-jade reflection  
To flow on past eternity,  
With weeds between my toes  
And cloudy verdure flowing  
In and out my ears —  
Nothing between them: no more Godless loves,  
No holy longings for peace,  
And most of all, no aching, searing memories.  
Yes!  
I plunged in.  
Now all is gone.  
The river flows  
In glassy greenness through the trees  
And mirrored in it is the voice  
Of countless lives . . .*

Katharine Cantlie

## HIS END

. . . . *John Cook*

“NO, as I recall it now, I did not see His face. It is hard for me to recall exactly . . . it was a bad day you know. Everything was confused. I did not see His face, no, but I know it was Him.

“We entered the bunker for the last time around 10 o'clock that day. We had been with the others for a few hours but they were preparing to leave the city and had no room for Him in their thoughts. He was their leader no longer, His country was dead and His Cause was dead. They must fly before they were dead too.

“You know that day was the first time He realized that He was beaten? He was sure all along that the Cause would not fall. As long as He was on His feet so would be the Cause. To Him they were indivisible; they were not He and the Cause — He was the Cause. Now we were walking down the corridor to the map room and He was alive while outside shells were falling on the city.

“When we got to the map room He stopped and turned to me for the last time. I saw that He was tired and the strength had gone out of Him. His face reflected that His brain, His ever seething brain, was stumbling. I was shocked because I knew He was dead. I asked Him if there was anything I could do and He shook His head loosely on His shoulders. I saluted him in the old way and then He turned and entered the map room.

“I believe that I turned left back down the corridor. I must have waited a long time but I have no sure recollection of whether it was a few minutes or just a few seconds. The corridor was narrow, it was just wide enough for one man to walk comfortably.

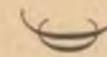
“There were no lights because the electrical power plant was dead, but I could see everything by the dusty grey light which filtered through a small window at the end. There was thick planking over the concrete floor and I could see the gouges taken out of it by the heel plates of many confident young men. Always there had been young men about us. For twenty years He had been making speeches from wooden platforms in halls and arenas about the country. We always arrived twenty minutes late and the young men would be there lining the walls. The crowds were jammed buttock to buttock within their cordon and the young men would lead them in the throbbing patriotic chants. The hall would be dark and when He finally stepped out on the stage, spot lights would cut through the smoke and the breath of the people and fall upon His shoulders like a brilliant mantle. He would raise his arm

in a salute and the people would raise their arms and then from the bottom of their throats would come a screaming roar which would fill the whole arena and make it quiver. I never got so that I could take that calmly in all of my twenty years with Him.

“Then He would tell them of His plans for them, and how they were His people, and that they were chosen to rule the world. They would listen to Him as though they had never heard anything before. His words spun in their minds and He ranted and waved His arms above His head and the words came from His lips as though they were being spun off the edge of an insane whirlpool. He drew all the love and the hatred out of their souls and they worshipped Him. He saw their place in destiny and to them He was their Christ.

“Once I had heard the shot I turned back towards the map room. The sound of it rang in my ears and the blood seemed to run out of my head. When I entered the map room I could smell the acrid smoke. He was sitting slumped over the deck, His face resting on His arms. I could see the hole where the bullet had left His brain through the gack of His skull. There was a blanket on a couch on the other side of the room and I picked it up and placed it over His back and His head. I did not want anyone to see His face. Later we carried the body out into the yard and burnt it.

I never saw His face, but I know it was Him, and I know He was dead. They were indivisible, He and the Cause .



## Hallowe'en

Guttering candles  
Within the twisted smirking faces  
Of flaming Jack o' Lanterns  
That peer eerily from jet windows.  
Howling sleety wind lashing torn sheets  
About tiny forms  
Scudding criss-cross the wide black streets:  
Gusty older brothers,  
Small sisters, tiring quickly.  
violent costumes, shouts,  
Clanging doorbells, worried parents,  
Hot excitement. Bursting paper bags  
Of squashed gooey candy,  
Bruised apples, rotting peanuts,  
And a few treasured pennies.  
Stony facade of the house  
Whose doorbell rang unanswered.  
Sore throats the next morning,  
And small puppies chewing candy  
And being sick on the hall carpet.

**Katharine Cantlie**

## Christmas

Christmas is a spirit —  
A spirit which is in the stars  
On a frosty night,  
And in the tears throbbing in your throat  
At a midnight service;  
It is in the eyes of loving spaniels, too,  
And in the golden smile of a cherished one.  
It fills your heart when children laugh,  
And when bells are ringing,  
And when a stranger's eyes light up, like yours,  
From the joy which is everywhere.  
It is the cold silkiness of icicles  
Hanging from snowy eaves,  
And it is the soft breathing of a candle  
In a window.  
It is the spirit of celebration —  
The celebration of that Birth so long ago  
Which was the Birth of Love . . .

Christmas is Love.

**Katharine Cantlie**

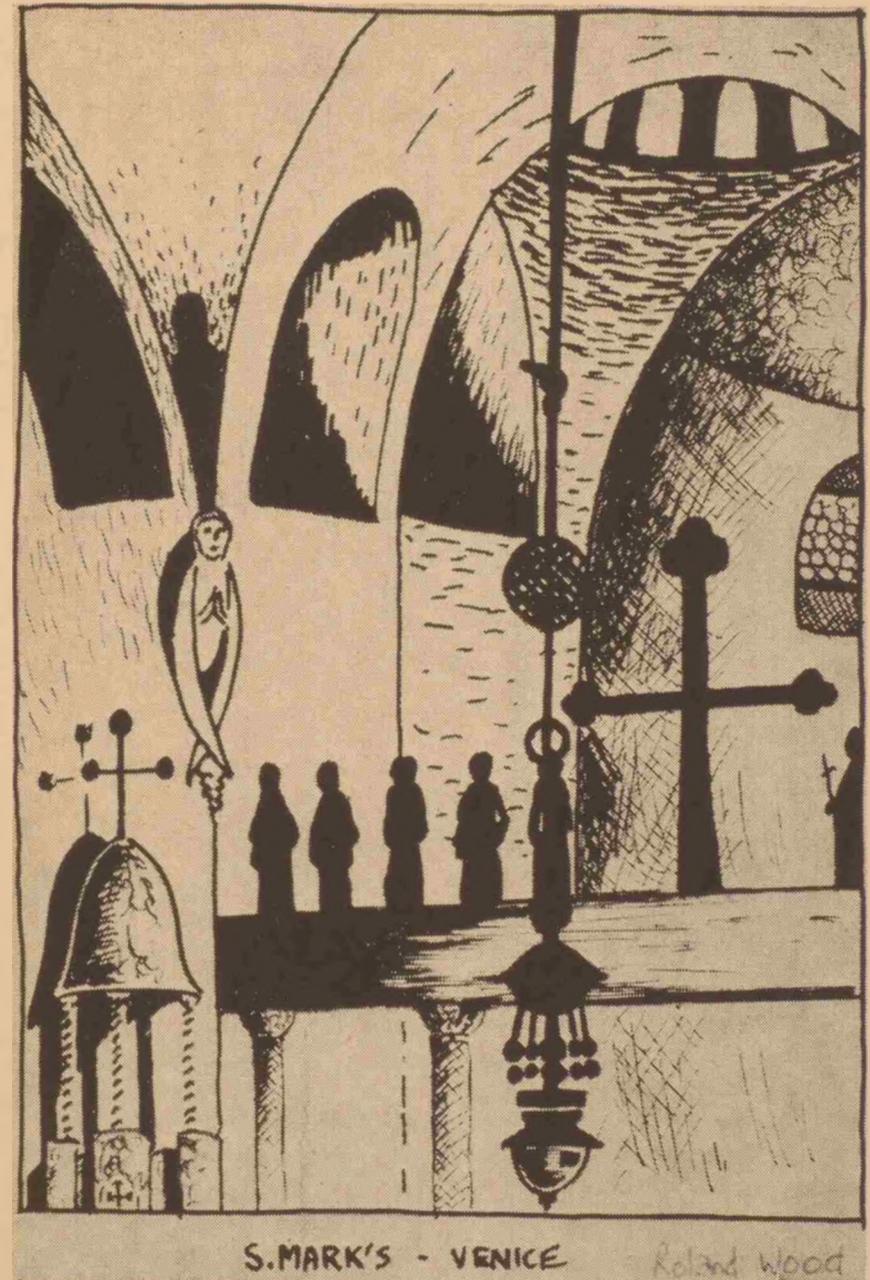
## Song of Twenty

*I must wing high  
Beyond the sky  
To the lake where the star rays stream;  
I must ride the crest  
In the fiery breast  
Of the sunset's stain'd glass beam.*

*I must pierce the crown  
Where the blaze sprays down  
And bathe in the frosty haze  
I shall dabble my feet  
In the blinding sheet  
Of a torrent of yesterdays.*

*Then I'll soar with the moon  
Across the noon  
And peer through clouds of grey  
To see below  
In luster'd flow  
The rippling mem'ries play.*

**C. Hugh Doherty**



S. MARK'S - VENICE

Roland Wood

## Poetry ?

Modern poetry

is

not

art.

Where does it start?

And how does it end?

In

    a  
    line                      and    a  
                                  with    knot  
                                  a

It has

no rhyme

no time

nor thought

it's

wrought of nought

It's

ridiculous

per

pen

dic

ulous

And this

is

a

dilly;

It's

so silly!

**Nola Ryan**

## First Snowfall

Soft on the steps and the slope of the roof,  
Soft as the spray of the moon,  
Slipping and swishing soft on the road,  
Swirling soft in the gloom;  
Whispering, shimmering soft by the lamp,  
Settling soft in its glow;  
Sigh upon sigh sifts on the pool,  
Sifts through the light on the snow.

Soft, silent, shivers the snow,  
Shivers soft as it breathes;  
Soft on the steps and the slope of the roof,  
Soft on the limbs of the trees;  
Breathes as it shivers and powders the air,  
Soft in the corners it clings,  
Rustling soft through the cool night wind  
And the soft, dry sigh it sings.

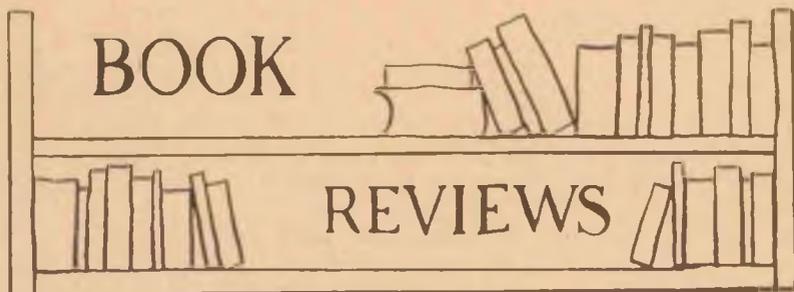
**C. Hugh Doherty**



## Afternoon Tea

Hell red rings glimmer; transitory vapours rise.  
Clouds blacken into a lump of coal and day dies  
Wearied of earthly strivings . . . .  
Bubbles burst angrily then fall into silence.  
Within grimy onion grey hole of tankard  
Transferred to a Norman cup, the hot liquid  
Is suffused with dregs from a bag and darkens  
Into a rosy brownish hue, awaiting its end  
Placidly: vesuvian lights bounce upon panes.

**Ross Heward**



## A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX

by BRUCE COTTON

New York: Doubleday & Co., 1954

A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX is the third and final volume of Bruce Catton's saga of the Army of the Potomac and follows the distinguished MR. LINCOLN'S ARMY and GLORY ROAD. It is one of the highest ranking literary works of the Civil War, as well as a splendid historical achievement.

The author traces the action of the last desperate, heartbreaking, cruel year of the Civil War through the winter of 1864, to the final stillness at Appomattox where two opposing armies meet, while the Yankee band played "Auld Lang Syne".

Mr. Catton's tremendous penetration into the scope of that final year is truly amazing. He recreates the contemporary atmosphere, not only of the military battles that blooded both armies, but also the political and domestic aspects that greatly influenced the outcome of the war. He clearly shows the profound changes that swept through the Union armies, from a tradition of quality and pride, to a disillusioned group of callous men. To this sad core, mercenaries and embittered bounty-jumpers added their useless weight. We are taken from Washington's Birthday Ball, to the sanguinary battles of the Wilderness, the Crater, Bloody Angle, and this contrast is staggering; staggering because the soldiers never conceived the actual brutality of war, the fallen comrades, the disease and mutilation to be anything like the Civil War produced. The glory of arms became a myth, and violent death substituted glory for gloom. This severity in contrast, between imagination and reality, produced a desire for victory at any costs, and all codes of chivalry gave way to ruthless atrocities. Yet, in spite of the grimness of this historical account, it is equally amazing for its humanness. Mr. Catton portrays General Grant, Meade and Sheridan, with such clear precision that we are able to regard these men, not merely as leaders, but as personalities.

Nor does the author disregard the soldiers; (for the author maintains that generals made their reputation over the bodies of their men) a wealth of intimate views are studied through contemporary letters and diaries.

which add greatly to the realism of this historical account. The negroes also played a vital part. Mr. Catton includes the anecdote of a negro sergeant in the Union army, given an argument by an unruly private, leaned forward and tapped the chevrons on his sleeve. "You know what dat mean?" he demanded sternly. "Dat mean guv-ment!" It was sadly humorous to hear these negro sergeants refer to their men as "lambs".

Mr. Catton's book is certainly the product of intensively comprehensive research. The finished product is a masterpiece of historical insight that stirs the imagination of anyone interested in the chaotic times of the Civil War.

ERIC CLARK



## MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR

by HERMAN WOUK

New York: Doubleday & Co., 1955

Herman Wouk is rapidly gaining a reputation as one of America's most promising novelists. THE CAINE MUTINY enjoyed enormous popularity, while THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL was one of Broadway's biggest attractions of 1954. His latest novel, MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR has come as rather a surprise, but a pleasant and refreshing one.

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR is a distinct departure from THE CAINE MUTINY in that it reflects more of the author's attitude towards life, and towards his Jewish background. Indeed, it is a story for people who do not appreciate the Jewish race as a rich cultural stronghold, as well as a religious and social foundation.

The plot is distinctly simple, but around it Mr. Wouk weaves a poignant story of a hopeful, stage-struck actress, Marjorie Morgenstern, who adopts the stage name of Morningstar. The author actually represents Marjorie as the epitome of her generation. Dogmas and religious barriers are forgotten. Marjorie is like any other young girl of her generation, confused between traditionalism and modernism, and growing up in both. The plot, which is her story from adolescence to marriage, is developed through her growing awareness to society. Mr. Wouk, with keen insight, captures the atmosphere of Marjorie's environment, and with this complicated background, develops a story of tremendous authenticity as well as pathos.

The author's minute attention to the details of his characters' personalities adds greatly to the strength and enjoyment of the novel. He richly supplements this with intimate descriptions of Jewish traditional ceremonies, such as the Bar-Mitzva, and the Seder. These help create the atmosphere of traditionalism that Marjorie is attempting to reconcile to her own life, while they add warm insight to the richness and beauty of Jewish customs.

In spite of the rather great length of this novel, Mr. Wouk never loses control over his characters or situations, nor does the movement suffer from moralizing or become artificial in its portrayal of life. The author closes the story, but does not end it. One feels that it is simply an intermission, yet a fitting way to close a penetrating story on living.

ERIC CLARK



# exchanges

by HEATHER MAGGS

Among the exchanges this term was a compact and very potent magazine called **The Serpent**, just a nice size to fit in one's pocket. It is the official magazine of the Manchester University Union. There were three outstanding contributions of interest. An article by W. Neville Harlock entitled "Thoughts on a Wilderness" deals with the problems of today's "brick university". The student comes to college in idealistic clouds; as it is, what is in store for his soul and mind and is met by the "bureaucratic indifference of the modern university evident in the ordeal of registration, long winding weary wordless lines of shy new students 'interviewed' by unsympathetic academicians uninterestedly allocating courses to uncomprehending freshmen". The clouds eventually dissolve and the glaring truth breaks through. The author says that the staff in general feels that the most important purpose of a university is research, while the students have a 'desire for better staff - student relations'. As has been suggested before, the obvious answer to the latter question and towards the development academically and socially of each student is a Tutorial system. He suggests that research people and post-graduate students, as well as regular lecturers, could be employed in this system to their own advantage as well as to that of the students. While the student would gain insight to his subject, the post graduate would gain invaluable pedagogical experience. The author deals with residence and food

problems, too, suggesting separate flats or apartments where the student may be independent and informal away from the domestic influences of home, yet provide himself with the foods he needs and prefers. The author concludes by making a few critical comments on his own university, Manchester.

An essay of topical interest in this university and in, I think, all universities of our day, namely "The Value of Jazz" drew my attention. The author, T.W.G., felt it necessary to define the term jazz because as he so well put it "the name of no other art medium excites such fantastic enthusiasm, guarded approbation, blind prejudice, or ignorance." Jazz is so often falsely opposed to 'serious music'. "Appreciation of jazz has a name". He defines it as "a spontaneously improvised music played against a basic harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic pattern." This spontaneity gives a "form of expression to musically illiterate people" e.g. "the emancipated negro slaves of the Southern States of America". "Although, in average jazz, the need for technical brilliance is withdrawn, good jazz, of course, demands complete mastery of the instrument. Moreover, a rarer virtue, and one not gained by practice, is required — a fertile, inventive mind, and ability to rapidly translate his ideas into musical phrases". Jazz is deficient intellectually which is shown by the lack of mental application and in its place a "vacuous, emphatic boot tapping" and complete "emotional surrender" of its audience. "Jazz, like Thomas, is the luxury of a strong orchestrated tradition". However, jazz "is limited to two primitive emotions, joy and sadness — and is so far incapable of expressing more subtle and complex emotions". "These limitations are imposed externally by the rhythmic and harmonic pattern", but to produce subtler emotions there must needs be orchestrated music and a larger variety of instruments" which would not be jazz. A compromise must be made. "Less imitation and more thoughtful experimentation is required from the jazz musicians of the present day".

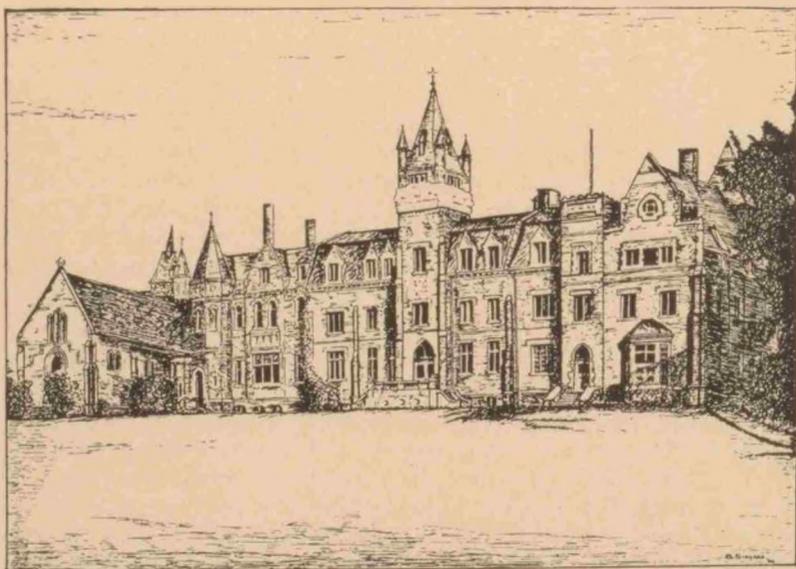
The third and most outstanding article "To Reap and to Mow" by Francis Hoganberry, was a graphic and sensitive story beautifully written, almost poetic in content and images. It is the story of a boy who at eighteen fell in love, lived in love, lost in love. I shall just mention a few of the phrases, almost Dylan Thomas-like in their unusual words. "In the beginning was the word. The precise, the articulate word. Despairingly he wondered how to be precise about houses that seemed to grow out of the earth".

"The feeling of family heavy as apples on the bough."

"At night he lay on his licorice stick bed watching the panels of moonlight on the walls - -".

"There was no shade in the fields and the orange and blue tractor rocked in the glare of the sun."

The editor would like to express her gratitude for the Exchanges received this term, and would like to extend the offer of mutual exchange to any university or other publications that might be willing to co-operate.





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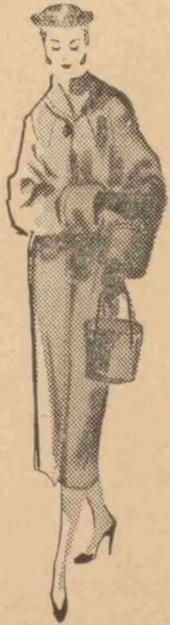
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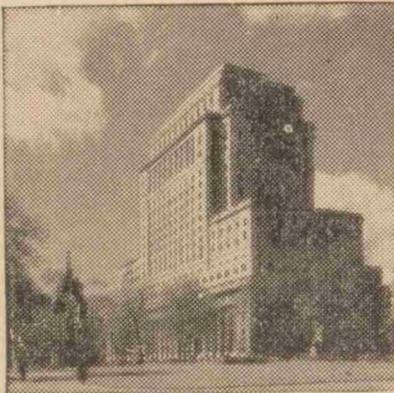




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