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lent 1956
In This Issue...

Our writers' responses to this term's issue have been poor, compared to the volume of contributions received for the Michaelmas Issue. However, as the reader can readily see, we are not nearly as badly off for photographic material as we were at Christmas. The fact that we are publishing almost as many contributions as last time attests to the higher overall quality of the works tendered to the Literary Board, for this body at its Lent meeting received only two-thirds of the volume of material submitted in November.

For the first time in a long while, the number of prose articles and stories exceeds that of the poetry. "The Realist", by John McVittie, a frequent contributor and old friend of The Mitre who writes from Australia, constitutes our full-length short story. Ian Hamilton's (B.A., Bishop's, 1954) descriptive piece, "Out of the Night", is welcomed as coming from a graduate who during his stay here was much interested in The Mitre. Roland Wood's "Grand Tour—Hostel Style" should prove interesting reading, as well as providing timely propaganda for those contemplating a voyage to Europe this summer. The article is nicely illustrated by two of the author's own sketches.

In the line of poetry, we have Ian Hamilton's well-executed "Sonnet on a Loss of Love", along with two pieces each by Bev Aitken, Vals Horsfall, and Kate Cantlie, three frequent and successful contributors. Nola Ryan, David Bonyun, and John Cook complete our list of poets for this issue.

As hinted above, the plea for more photographic material made here in the last issue was eminently successful. Bishop's two excellent and recently acquired photographers, Charlie MacInnes and Joe Armstrong, obliged generously, and samples of their art will be found within.

It is sincerely hoped that the Easter Holiday with the accompanying advent of the spring weather will provide ample time and inspiration for the production of a quantity of Mitre material for our third and final issue this year. We are very glad at any time to hear from new contributors; do not think that because you have not written for the two previous issues you are excluded from contributing to the third. It is our earnest wish that the year will end successfully for The Mitre; that Bishop's students will continue to support their long established literary magazine.

G. S. D. C.
Editorial

O Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Please, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts the' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.
— Pope, Essay on Man.

This quotation has been selected in a spirit of irony, for Pope was referring to the rare, philosophical variety of happiness — “Happiness sincere” — he called it, while we shall concern ourselves with the more common, mundane form of this sought-after state. Would it be exaggerating and unfair to say that for the average healthy North American youth, Happiness today consists in having (a) money-in-the pocket, (b) reasonably free access to members of the opposite sex, and (c) a “good time” — that is, maximum opportunity for hedonistic pursuits coupled with minimum opportunity for exercise of mental powers?

Before proceeding farther, let us clarify our position in this matter. Firstly, we speak of youth. We speak thus because we are students writing for a student magazine, and as such are comparatively youthful. We are adult enough, however, to be able to divine fairly accurately what is going on at the level occupied by the older generation. Noting that these our elders in their daily lives invariably indulge in the very mildest forms of hedonism, and that those of them that are engaged in the Business of Entertainment place little emphasis on the chase-after-pleasure — noting this, we realize that youth alone, particularly high school youth, is solely responsible for the formation of its own brand of happiness.

Secondly, are we as college students maintaining that this is also our sort of happiness, and if so, do we specifically, the writers of this editorial, wish to signify our disapproval? In answer to the first part of the question, it may be said quite definitely that the average college student is happiest while hedonizing. If he is at all seriously minded, and desirous of making any sort of worthwhile contribution to society upon graduation, he will devote some of his time to studies, but while studying he is at most interested and appreciative.

In answer to the second part of the question: we the editors do not wish to signify our disapproval of this kind of happiness. It is a good, practical North American sort of happiness, and we personally like to experience it as much as our fellows. We realize that we cannot devote all our time to the pursuit of it; to do so would be disastrous. The fact is, we just do not find it hard to accept the current popular dictum that for the normal man, happiness is to be found in the pursuit of physical pleasure.

When we take our places in the world without the ivory tower, we shall, contrary to the statement made above in a spirit of mild cynicism, still continue to practice a considerable amount of hedonism. Though much of our energy may be directed towards family affairs, we will still have time left to consume prodigious amounts of cigarettes and alcohol, spend millions of dollars on TV sets and movies, and to wait for the day when we may be the ones to answer the $64,000 question. All this will have a marked effect on our teenaged children.

This idea of happiness will also have an effect on the college students — a lesser effect, certainly, because they, like we, are adults and able to think.

But why think? We and they are adults, and for adults most of all, the Cup of Life is fullest and tastes best.
LE GRAND TOUR — HOSTEL STYLE

. . . . Roland Wood

On June 24th, I stood on the sun-deck of the S.S. Columbia about to embark on a Canadian Youth Hostel tour of Southern Europe. Ten people, all members of the C.Y.H., and from all parts of Canada and the U.S., had been planning for this trip for six months, buying the necessary equipment: bicycles, panier bags, maps, camping utensils, foreign language phrase books and a host of other items. Now that the day of departure had finally arrived, it was hard to believe we were on our way.

At noon, we were jolted into reality as whistles hooted, horns honked, bands played, and relatives and friends waved goodbyes to passengers. We quickly pulled away from our berth and the ship in which we would traverse the Atlantic for the next ten days, left Montreal and headed down the St. Lawrence.

The ship was not a luxury liner, but as nearly every passenger was a hosteller, we all enjoyed our crossing and created our own entertainment from day to day. Most of our group was located on 'D' deck. It was very comforting to know that our portholes were never opened, as they were at a level of only several inches above the pounding sea. Beside our own activities, individuals could amuse themselves by trying to play shuffle-board, walk the deck in foggy 50° weather, frequent the two bars (if one was strong enough to inhale smoke rather than air), or sleep. Those who indulged in the latter usually found that they lost any ambition to do anything else, and, with the exception of the odd excursions, stayed in their bunks for the remainder of the voyage. The odd dance was held. Odd is right! As the ship listed from side to side, and dipped from stem to stern, all the dancers as well as the orchestra moved en masse to this side of the room and then to that side. The movies were quite interesting too. During one tense scene of a melodrama, a huge wave crashed through an open port-hole and half the audience was literally "carried away".

We docked in Southampton on July 3rd, but our trip was yet to begin. Naples was our starting point. By the 6th we reached Napoli and booked in at the hostel. This hostel was situated in an American hotel and was to remain in our memories as the first of three places to have hot water for our entire two and a half month tour.

Naples by night is breathtaking in beauty. By day, however (at least that section through which we passed), the sights are not so pleasing. There are hundreds of unemployed who do nothing but line the streets, there are ragged, uncared-for gangs of orphans that roam the city living a hand-to-mouth existence. Rows upon rows of laundry hang on lines strung across the street from third storey windows. Outside the city, we were told, people lived in caves. Later we saw this with our own eyes. Yet with all their poverty, the people of Naples were the most happy, carefree people we were to meet during the course of our entire travels.

The Roman city of Pompeii, where we spent four hours walking through the ruins, was full of interest. We were amazed to have a laundry pointed out to us; still more the blue water lines encircling the great marble tubs. On the walls of some of the buildings could be seen Latin inscriptions. They were political posters. A political campaign was apparently in progress when all life was snuffed out in 70 A.D. by Mount Vesuvius.

Before going across to Capri, we spent the night at Castellamare di Stabia (a few miles from Sorrento), the original palace of the Bourbon kings of Naples. We arrived in our rooms just in time to say good-bye to the previous occupants, - bats! After a meal of spaghetti and vino, we walked out on to a great porch surrounded by a colonade of classical columns. From our height we could see the city of Naples far to the north, its lights twinkling, its harbour outlined to our left, while closer to us on our right the huge bulk of sleeping Vesuvius. Below the palace, in the little town, Italian music drifted up to us.

The next morning, after a two hour ride across a choppy sea in which nearly everyone was seasick, we docked in Capri. After a pizza pie and a glass of wine, we took the funicular to Upper Capri. At the top we made our way to the ruined villa of Tiberius Caesar. It was here that the Emperor would have been notified, among the minutiae of the Imperial business, of the crucifixion of a young Jew from Nazareth. As we walked toward the villa, we passed houses constructed in the Biblical style, set among flowers of every description, cacti, palm trees and Cyprus trees, and vineyards.

Before descending, we ate supper in a café, "The Buca di Baco" ("Something new, something old"). Drawings, snatches of poetry, and signatures decorated the walls and ceiling. The owner was very good to us: "You are studentia? For you I cut the prices in half!"

After spending the night sleeping on the board walk of the "Pizzeria Napoletana" (with the proprietor's kind permission) we were rowed out to the Blue Grotto. A deep blue light bathes the interior and its waters. Our guide flicked his paddle and every drop of water
became a tiny light. This phenomenon is due to sun's rays striking the floor of the Grotto, seventy feet below the surface of the water. The rock formation is phosphorescent and the light is hence deflected up to the Grotto's roof.

Our next point was the city of Rome. We spent four days there and not a minute was wasted. We took in such sights as the Castel S. Angelo, a fortress built by the Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 117-138), and now a museum housing the world's finest collection of Medieval armour; the Pantheon, a former pagan temple, and now a Christian Church; the famous "Spanish Steps" which lead up to the Church of Trinta dei Monti; the Roman Baths of Caracalla; the Arch of Constantine and the Colosseum wherein stands a rough wooden cross raised "in perpetu" of the Martyrs who died there 2,000 years ago. Entering the side door of a building which I took for a Byzantine church, we discovered ourselves facing a group of doctors and nurses. By chance we had entered the oldest hospital in Rome, and indeed all Europe, for it was none other than the Hospital of Santa Spirito, which was built by the Order of St. John of Malta in the 12th Century for the pilgrims of the Crusading era.

As we were in Rome over a weekend, we "saved" Sunday for attending St. Peter's Basilica. The immense size of the building is somewhat destroyed by the fact that the architectural proportions are exaggerated. The base of a column alone is about five and a half feet wide. A door which leads into the cupola or dome is thirty feet. Two causeways encircle the dome and from the lower one, a person looks down over the great balda — china of the high altar around which scores of people like so many ants cover the marble floor of the nave and transepts. On the top of the dome's exterior we caught a view of Rome in panorama: hills, domes, churches, ruined temples, columns, new apartment blocks, business houses, all interspersed with tall cypress trees. That evening, for an equivalent of thirty cents, I spent listening to the Santa Cecilia Symphony Orchestra play selections from Brahms, Stravinsky, Dvorak. The stage was the apse of the ruined Basilica of Maxentius in the Forum. The audience sat under the open sky, the roof having fallen in long ago, leaving only the massive walls standing.

Six members of our group were taken on a very exclusive tour by the Bursar of the Augustinian Order for the world. We were conducted through the Papal Chambers and the Sistine Chapel. In the Chambers we saw the gorgeous vestments, the mitre, the two three-crowned tiaras, the rings and crosses, the simple golden paten and chalice of His Holiness. We viewed the chapel where the Pope holds his retreats, Holy Week meditations for the Vatican staff, the Christmas
Eve Mass for the Diplomatic Corps to the Vatican State. As we stood talking in and around a doorway, we had unwittingly kept a patient little priest waiting. He turned out to be no less than Monatini, the then Papal Under-Secretary (and now Archbishop of Milan and potential successor to the present Pontiff) and the busiest man in Vatican State.

From the riches of Rome we travelled north to the poverty of Assisi, built almost because of the life and witness of one man, St. Francis. In the Church of Santa Maria degli Angelli, we saw the Chapel which Francis and his first followers built and where he died. High above the village on top of a mountain where mists block out the world below, is the Hermitage of St. Francis and the Convent of St. Claire. In the Basilica of San Francesco we viewed the tomb of the Saint (only re-discovered during the last century) as well as the brilliant frescoes of the first of the Renaissance painters, Giotto. Monks were saying their office in the choir of the Upper Church of the Basilica as we left. Fortunately, commercialism has been excluded from this truly holy place.

Florence is a city which still preserves its Renaissance beauty. There are to be found the so-called "formal" Italian gardens, the Uffizzi Gallery and Pitti Palace which contain some of the greatest art treasures in the world. In Pitti Palace, for example, one may see displayed Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair", Murillo's "Madonna con Gesa Bambino", or Tiziano's "Un Concerto Musica". Behind the Palace in the Grotto of the Medici is the figure of "Venus" which was executed by Giombombo, the professor of Michelangelo. We crossed the Ponte Vecchio which spans the river and still standing as it did in Dante's day. The 12th Century blue and white marble Baptistry of San Giovanni which faces the West End of the Cathedral of Florence stands out amidst the rusty buildings that surround the Piazza. The somber Medici Chapels, the work of Michelangelo, can be seen.

After so much cultural activity during the day, some of us decided to go to a movie. We were very surprised to find that "Tarzan" spoke Italian so well. Well, I always thought he had difficulty with the English language anyway!

Our next port-of-call was the city of canals, Venice. Everything in Venice naturally travels aqua-style, yet it did seem strange to see fire-brigade boats, police boats, ambulances, hearses, and plain water buses making their way up and down the "streets". Stranger still was it to see traffic lights at certain intersections!

We stayed at a Students' hostel and had some very interesting conversations with people from Egypt, Columbia, Yugoslavia, and Denmark. A number of our group slipped away one morning and took a bus trip to Trieste for the day.

Stepping on to the Piazza San Marco for the first time the newcomer receives the scare of his life. Thousands of pigeons fly by him from all sides. However, there are no "accidents". Phew! At the far end of the Piazza stands the 11th Century Basilica of San Marco with its Campanile, and the Doge's Palace, a scene unchanged for nearly 1000 years. Every evening in the Piazza, the "Banda Municipale di Venezia" can be heard playing anything from Gershwin's "An American in Paris" to Verdi's "March Triomphale" ("from "Aida").

No trip to Venice is complete without a visit to the Lido and its ornate casinos, and the Murano glass works. The latter is open to inspection and one may watch the artisans at work glass blowing anything from miniatures to gigantic chandeliers.

There were three things to see in Milan: The Cathedral of Milan is the only Gothic Church in all Italy and its simple perpendicular lines contrasted sharply with the heavy Baroque style which dominates most Italian churches. Opposite the Church square is the most famous opera house, the "Scala". The interior is magnificent with deep red carpeting, and delicate chandeliers. In the Opera museum we saw manuscripts of Verdi, Wagner, Puccini, Paganini and others. The pianos of Liszt and Verdi were on display along with countless other treasures of the musical world. In the restored Chapter House of the Church of Sta. Maria del Graza we gazed upon Leonardi da Vinci's "Last Supper". During the last war a bomb struck the House and everything but the wall bearing this masterpiece was destroyed.

PART II

Genoa marked the end of the first phase of our trip. From Genoa we were to cycle over some of the toughest hills of our lives and pass through one of the most beautiful parts of the world — the Italian and French Rivieras. As we cycled along, towering cliffs rose up on our right, while on our left the bank fell down to the clear turquoise waters of the Mediterranean Sea. Tropical flowers of every colour and description sprang out of the rocks, as well as such trees as the palm and cypress.

We reached Savona the first night; Imperia the next; Monaco (Monte-Carlo) the following day (I was sick so I didn't get to play any bingo); then on to Cannes. By the time we reached Cannes we were completely exhausted, so instead of cycling on the next day to Marseilles, we boarded a train and passed through that port taking
our last look at the sea before swinging north through Avignon, Lyon, Valence, and into Geneva, Switzerland.

Sailing from Geneva the following day, we travelled further north along Lake Leman to Montreux. There stands the Castle of Chillon, where Byron was held prisoner. A signature carved on to a stone pillar in the dungeon of the Castle bears the name of the poet-patriot.

From Faulensee we sailed across Lake Thun and visited the Caves of Beatus, Apostle to the Swiss, and spent nearly two hours under the leadership of a guide who showed us the wonders of stalactites and stalagmites. From the Caves we journeyed on to Interlaken. The following day was Swiss Independence Day and fireworks, parades and dances were held throughout the city. One parade featured shepherds and their flocks, oxen slowly moving under the ponderous weight of their bells, a cavalry of soldiers dressed in the costumes of the 16th century, and a patrol of modern Swiss soldiers. The rifles carried by the latter interested us very much as they seemed to symbolise Switzerland's attitude to war. Out of the mouth of every man's rifle protruded a small bouquet of mountain flowers.

At Grindelwald we took the longest chair-lift in Europe. The ride to the top took half an hour. As we ascended we caught a panorama of Switzerland: valleys, pasturelands, Evergreen trees, chalets, mountains, glaciers, and waterfalls.

On our way to Lucerne we paused at the little town of Brieny, which is the centre of the wood-carving industry. We passed house after house and could see the wood-carvers at their work; — here a man creating old Wiliam Tell; there a man almost finished his work on a wild boar. In one store we saw a display of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Trailing behind the two-inch figure of the Piper were the rats, carved so minutely that several of them would easily set on a man's smallest fingernail.

Many interesting things are to be seen everywhere, but space permits only a few of the highlights. Suffice to say that in Lucerne one may cross a covered wooden bridge which was built in the 14th century; or eat a meal in such a restaurant as "The Wild Man" which has been in operation for nearly 500 years!

We crossed a bridge in Basle and rode into Germany. The area through which we passed is largely agricultural. Wheat, apples, plums, and grapes grow aplenty. Such places as Friburg, Ortenburg Castle, the Black Forest and Baden-Baden, as well as Heidelberg were on our itinerary.

Heidelberg in the old days must have been quite the place. In the Castle of that town, there is a wine-vat, which in the "good old days", we were told, once held 55,550 gallons. It was so large that a special room had been constructed for it, and a wooden ramp built around its middle.

Worms and Mainz are still skeletons of the war, and little work appeared to have been done, save that of clearing the rubble from off the roads and sidewalks.

Boarding the "Bismarck" at Mainz, we sailed north on the Rhine River. On both sides of the river we passed castles, vineyards, towns and towers. At Bacharach Castle (a mile south of Kéblenz) we disembarked and spent the night, though long before dark we rode out a few miles to view the rock associated with the legend of "Lorelei".

We left Germany behind and travelled west to the Saar and the town of St. Wendel where we attended a Youth Rally. Nearly every non-communist country was represented, — Japan, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, Western Europe, and North and South America. Hundreds of hostellers had gathered together to become acquainted with each other through skits, folk songs and national dances. After taking part in a torch-light procession through the streets of the village, we boarded a train for Paris, the last point of our tour.

Our lodgings were located in the Maison des Mines on Rue St. Jacques in the Latin quarter. Even our window faced an interesting sight: an old building with dozens of chimney pots of every size and shape. Unfortunately cultural fatigue had set into the writer's bones, and many sights were allowed only a passing glance.

We did a good deal of walking, however, and saw every type of humanity. Along the Seine River below street level are hopeless cases hunched over their tin-can meals. Along the Champs Elysees are the wealthy who wine and dine in luxury.

On a Sunday afternoon, I stepped into Notre Dame and found myself attending a Pontifical High Mass. In the evening we watched truckloads of fruit and vegetables arriving in the market area.

It "passes all understanding" how any pedestrian ever manages to cross to the other side of the street, — alive! I attempted to get across to the Arc de Triomphe and found cars, trucks, buses, and bicycles bearing down upon me from every direction. I swear to this day that I heard all the first three vehicles accelerate when the drivers saw me!
On the second last evening of our stay in Paris, we all trooped down to Pigalle. The whole district is built strictly for the tourist. We entered one night club, "Les Naturistes", and found the entertainment of a very original nature.

The final day we took in views of the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, and riding the Metro getting business cleared up for our sailing. We ate a farewell supper at a café under the shadow of the Church of the Sacré Cœur in Montmartre district. The café was so "arty" that the lamp shades were covered with oil paintings as well as the window panes! The "Folies Bergère" provided the wind-up to our celebrations, — a truly spectacular show and extravaganza.

Some sort of conclusion must follow. Though it sounds pedantic, the trip was truly an education. Two and a half months is actually a very short time to spend in four countries (it is said that it takes a year before one can begin to know the city of London alone), yet we all felt that the trip was invaluable. We saw how Europeans worshipped, worked, and played. It is true that many of our prejudices were broken down and a small understanding was gained of their peculiar situation, as a result of our Grand Tour — Hostel Style.

--- Dutch Landscape ---

Smell of salt sea,
Soft sky shimmering,
Gull swoop and rise,
Drying nets blanketing the sand,
Line of Don Quixote's adversaries,
Outlined on the distant horizon,
Fishing shacks on the shore,
Dikes militant against the sea,
All coloured in delft blue
By a Dutch boy painter.

Vals Horsfall
Agnus Dei

There is a darkened, blighted place called Sin
Where, amid the din,
Of fetid demons, serpents' nests, and such,
Lie mutilated souls, deep-sunk in clay.
They lie, so piteous, and some try to pray —
Some who yet can feel shame's sober touch.

Some pray, but others still do not —
Smelling hard of rot,
They, like too-old leather, stiff and dry,
Turn dirty brown and reek of long decay.
Strange sadness, this — old brown and weeping grey;
The sort of thing that makes one wonder why.
A sickly smell of incense burning there
Fills the tortured air;
And everywhere a slimy mist seeps in
Which seems to be composed of rank, stale tears
And victims' blood. This place —

Hark! A shout has issued forth!
They rise together
Shakily, and point to the East.
Sunrise, perhaps? Well, it must be
A Very Great Sun.
And then they ope their twisted mouths
And the sound of a choir of angels is heard.
“Agnus!” they chant.
“Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi . . . ”

The sun rises in blood-red glory.
“Miserere nobis . . . ”
And then they kneel, heads bowed.

He comes.

Katharine Cantlie

OUT OF THE NIGHT . . . . Ian Hamilton

I t is very late at night, and the tired city is settling down to rest
on its asphalt bed. The cars, whizzing by, become fewer and fewer
and the last pedestrians scurry home like ants to their nests. A quiet
silence falls slowly on the scene as the street lights glare unblinking at
the darkened houses. Then the night sounds slowly make themselves
heard. First, there is a rustle of discarded newspaper, lying in the
shadowy gutter. A rat scurries across the road, its claws making little
clicking sounds as it hurries across, looking neither to the left nor to
the right. It is bent on some midnight foray, destination unknown.
Far off in the night, a diesel locomotive hoots forlornly as it struggles
with its load. A steam engine's shrill whistle answers it with scorn as
it rushes loudly over hollow bridges and around the bend into the
darkness.

Somewhere up the street, a motorized street-cleaner is making
important noises as it sweeps away the accumulated dirt of the day.
A lonely taxi prowls quietly along the avenue, its headlights casting
weird shadows across the grey sidewalk. Down the other side of the
street shuffles a stoop-shouldered old man, in a tattered, black over-
coat, looking for a place to sleep. His vacant eyes don't even blink as
a foraging alley cat knocks over a cover of a garbage can.

The last streetcar rattles down a far off boulevard and clammers
up the incline to the car-barn, its operator anxious to get home to bed.
There is another interlude of silence, and then the noises start again.
Somewhere in the vicinity, a door slams, and footsteps hurriedly walk
away past the street-lights into the gloom. High above the city, a
plane drones on endlessly into the night, its flying lights blinking off
and on, off and on. Somewhere, the cold snaps a tree branch, distur-
boring the birds roosting in the tree. After a twitter or two, all is
quiet again.

The scene lacks all traces, now, of living humanity. It is like a
ghostly lunar landscape, devoid of all movement and life. The moon
shines impartially down on the city, bathing it in silver shrouds. It
is like a mumified giant, sprawled across the silent city, stiffing all
movement. Suddenly, a squeal of tires and the low moan of a siren
starts, rising to a harsh pitch, falling again and rising, rising. The spell
is broken as the siren wails down, up and down the streets. The
moonlight fades gradually at this intrusion and the city begins to stir.
In the ease, an orange sliver of light heralds the approaching dawn.
The trees begin to stretch their arms, and one by one the street-lights
go out as the first clip-clop of the milkman's horse echoes along the
deserted street. The sunrise comes, out of the night . . . .
EVERYONE IS HIS OWN MARLON BRANDO .... A. Ross G. Heward

A YEAR ago I wrote an essay in which I commented on the rapid whirlwind of women’s ever changing fashions. I observed that a fad or vogue of a certain month was likely to be discarded in less than a year, nay half-year. My critical observations then passed into an inquiry into the history of women throughout the ages. The essay ended with a lament that the average modern woman had lost hold of the meaning of her womanhood and the responsibilities that went with it in her attempt to emulate qualities or appearances of men, for instance, wearing trousers (a masculine affair) in order to stress the wearer’s ‘femininity’.

Whatever my criticisms were, they were not confined to the fair sex alone. Saying this, I cannot be accused of being a misogynist in the mildest sense of the word. However, at the same time, I could scarcely tolerate Thomas Hardy’s excessive generosity towards his heroines; he was often generous to the point of smiling uncritically and benevolently at their whimsies.

A French seminarian set foot in London not a few months ago and, accompanied by a churchwarden of a London parish, took a stroll through Somers Town and Camden Town. They saw a group of adolescent boys in late teens, dressed in flashy black suits, with black shoes having thick St. Moritz style heels and fancy shoeaces. The boys’ white shirts were tieless and unbuttoned at the top. Their hair, blond and dark, were thrown back in a loose manner as if their heads had been dipped into a basin of water and jerked backwards. The Frenchman asked his guide whether the boys were from a theological college.

“Oh, no!” replied the embarrassed churchwarden, “our theological students wear sports jackets and gray flannels. Those boys over there are known as the Teddy Boys, as they dress themselves after a pseudo-Edwardian manner.”

Clearly this churchwarden was hard put to task explaining to his continental visitor the strange fashion to which several adolescents and many young men were addicted. Even certain psychologists had come forward offering an analysis of this phenomenon, which had set tongues wagging.

However repugnant such a fashion is, the male sex, nevertheless must be congratulated on its assiduity in following the pseudo-Edwardian innovation. During my last two summers in England, I observed that the vogue was already established. Needless to say, I look forward to the day of its disestablishment.

Vogue in fashions, irrespective of either sex, is quite universal and possibly timeless as well. Chaucer’s The Canterbury Tales will testify to this, as will other books. Nothing can be done about the situation — it is irremediable. If you are to believe that time is a great healer or more accurately, a modifier, you may safely conjecture that in the next generation or two the most conservative dresser, unless he be a hopeless rococo, will be wearing what he used to dismiss as a vogue several years ago, but in a modified form.

But this thought brings little comfort, if any at all. I am thinking of a group of boys in Montreal and elsewhere. Each of these boys is his own Marlon Brando. He must wear blue-jeans, which should cling to his legs as tightly as an orange-skin adheres to its orange, and black square-edged shoes. The most striking article of his wear is the shiny black leather ‘wind-breaker’, which is incomplete without the essential stainless steel or tin badges and stars. And the zipper (which ought to be prominent) must be placed not at right angles from the waistline to the esophagus, but from the mid-waistline to the farthest end of the right shoulder. For his hands, turned-down gloves of dark leather, preferably black, are to be had. Or gauntlets will suffice. A head-piece is unthinkable, even in extremely cold weather. The prequisites of his hair style are the crew cut and the long swash-buckling types of hair and nothing else.

But mere dress will not do. An essential is the Marlon Brando crawl, offspring of the Texan cowboy’s swagger and the gorilla’s swinging gait. (Once a peripatetic philosopher sees such a walk, he may hastily revise his educational methods.) The feet must be set apart as if they were to symbolize vigilance. The cigarette must be held in a gloved hand, preferably between the thumb and the index finger as a Humphrey Bogart-like character would hold it.

For him, Sunday is an opportunity to break down the well-worn horses by galloping them on mountains, fields and hard highways. Saturday and Friday nights will find the ‘everyone is his own Marlon Brando’ character indulging in his Terpsichorean activities with bobby-soxers clad in blue-jeans and sweaters ....

That seems about all I really know of this interesting character. Harold Nicolson once wrote an essay on clothes, in which he advised men approaching middle age to dismiss from their thoughts the problem of how to keep young looking with suits. He said the clothes cannot retard the approach of middle age. I should like to know what dogma or advice he can pronounce on sanity in dress for these boys' (and consequently, girls’) benefit. After all, I believe the feminine sex is easily susceptible to and responsible for men’s fashions.


**Metamorphosis**

I remember
Jumping in the hay in the dark, damp stable;
Chasing after chickens in a cardboard tank;
Yelling at the hired man, old Frank Johnson;
Playing in, hiding in, smothering in dead, brown leaves.

I remember
Hugh, the baker, coming every morning in his panel truck
With the spider crack in the windshield.
"Look at the spider," I said to my brother. "Look at the
mon-struss spider."

Then: "Granny, buy us some doughnuts, Granny"
"All right. But only one before lunch."

I remember
The endless summer dressed in maples and tall poplars, and
Thick, green carpets that Frank kept trimmed,
The sweet-smelling, warm, nice-on-the-bare-feet, brown earth
And the pumpkins I grew, tenderly,
All yellow and heavy, and mine.

I remember
Last summer, how different, quiet, changed, dead, it was.
They tore down the stable, a part of me.

There is still a crack in the window of the baker's truck, but
Not a multi-lateral, spideral crack. The doughnuts are too-
fresh-from-the-city, daily-fresh.
The tired earth is hard, dehydrated, hard, with lines.
The hired man is dead.
Gran is dead.
My childhood is dead.

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**THE REALIST**

Reluctantly Beaver put his last coin down on the bar
counter and when he had finished his drink he wiped his lips
with the back of his hand and went out into the street. It was almost
dark and there was a crowd of people rushing in all directions along
the streets — all intent on going home. Beaver had no home. Every
park, every tree and every bench was familiar to Beaver. He boasted
that he had slept on every blade of grass in Sydney, and Beaver in his
sober moments joked that there was not an ant in the environs of
the City that had not crawled over him. He wandered along the street,
weaving his way through the crowd until he came to a doorway of a
shop that he knew was always shut by that time. In the doorway he
stood, took out of his pocket in the inside of his ragged coat a whistle
—a tin whistle that is sometimes called in academic circles a flageolet.
He played Irish airs, Welsh airs. — anything that came into his head,
simple tunes vying with the noise of the traffic and the jostling
of thousands of feet. He put down his hat on the ground beside him at
his feet. In half an hour Beaver had collected in threepences and
pennies a shilling — enough to satisfy his hunger for that day and
give his bones a little warmth to combat the chill of the night.

Old Beaver went to a shop where he was known and he bought
himself a packet of chips — a packet of potato chips and a slice of
bread and sat down in an alcove near the door of the dingy restaurant,
and ate the chips and watched the crowd pass to and fro along the
quay. On the newspaper round the chips he read the headlines about
the new Budget and the basic wage but Beaver was not interested in
the basic wage and there was no sales tax on potato chips. In that
newspaper too there was an advertisement for razor blades: "The girls
will love you if you shave with Sharp's!" — but the nearest Beaver
had ever come to a razor blade for many years was when he had found
the rusted razor in a rubbish bin one day in the park when he had
rummaged for food. Beaver had shaved his scraggled beard in a public
toilet in the park. And now when the paper was opened out to yield
him the last small morsel of the chips he read in a patch of grease that
one Thomas Henry Beaver was wanted by a firm of Solicitors in
Melbourne; it made it clear that this man was wanted urgently and
that it would be to his advantage to make himself known. Strange
that another man should bear his own name! Another man? — Could
it really be he himself — could it be Beaver himself for whom they
advertised? — for truly indeed the newspaper mentioned that the
matter was in connexion with an estate of the late William Beaver —
and it happened that William Beaver was the name of his father with whom he had long ceased to correspond.

So for a month from then Beaver played his whistle in the streets where the crowds were but where the police were not. In the space of a month he had the money sufficient for his fare. Beaver took himself and his tin whistle by train to Melbourne but he arrived in the City on a Saturday afternoon and to his disappointment he discovered that solicitors did not work on Saturday afternoons.

Beaver strolled around the City and the parks in the afternoon of the Saturday and all day on the Sunday. Because there was rain and a great deal of it Beaver collected only sixpence for all his puffing on his whistle for those two days. For sixpence he purchased a couple of buns and fed them to his starving body, and he slept that Saturday night and that Sunday night on the ground under a tree where there was at least a little shelter from the rain. On the Monday morning, chilled by the cold climate to which he was not accustomed, hungry because he had barely had a morsel of food since he had left Sydney on the Friday, tired because he had barely slept, he sat in the waiting-room to the solicitor's office, sat in his dirty tattered clothes and waited for the lawyer to arrive at his office.

At half past nine the lawyer with his brief case under his arm strode through the waiting room and into his office and settled him down for his day's work. The lawyer had finished reading his mail at ten o'clock when he called for Beaver to be ushered into his room.

Beaver sat himself weakly in the chair in the lawyer's room and waited for what the lawyer had to say. The usual enquiries were made — his name — his family — and all the rest of them; and Beaver's identity was beyond doubt established.

"Then," said the lawyer, "Mr. Beaver, I have pleasure in telling you that you are by one thousand pounds a richer man."

If Beaver had become a millionaire he could not have been happier. But the excitement was too great for a man with enfeebled heart and who was suffering from exposure from weather and from the ravages of malnutrition. Beaver shook with excitement, then lapsed into unconsciousness in the chair upon which he sat.

The lawyer was quick to see what Beaver's greatest need at this time was. It was for food. He called his clerk and at the firm's expense he asked the clerk to take Beaver to a restaurant and to give him ample food.

And when Beaver had gone the solicitor made up his mind what he would do. To give the money to Beaver in Beaver's state of health and state of mind was a foolish act. To place the moneys in trust for Beaver as Beaver should need it would be wise. To expend a little of this money on clothing and medicine for this man was too a wise decision for which Beaver would, he knew, in saner moments — be grateful.

On the next day when Beaver came to the office after arrangements had been made for him to sleep at a hostel, for him to be clean shaven and well clad, Beaver was already beginning to show signs of reform.

The lawyer handed Beaver a hundred pounds of his legacy — counted it out note by note in cash. Beaver's eyes glistened as he took the money and put it in his new note case and put the note case in his pocket.

"Don't you think," said the Solicitor, "Mr. Beaver, that it would be a good idea if we could get you a job?"

Beaver laughed: What need would there be for a rich man to get a job. So Beaver said, "I'll think it over," and he left and did not come back until his money had run out.

When he did come back he was rum soaked, desolate, and bewhiskered, the old broken man that he had for many years been.

They went through the process again and Beaver was sent off again with a hundred pounds in his pocket and with instructions to be wiser, more prudent and careful with his money, — above all with the advice to get himself a job.

Then in three weeks Beaver was broke again.

The lawyer wanted to help Beaver but Beaver would not help himself. There was only one other solution . . .

"Have you any relatives, any brothers or sisters, or even any close friends that you would like to meet again?"

Beaver thought.

"Think carefully, Mr. Beaver."

Beaver looked up and his dirty face smiled.

"Maybe," he said, "Maybe there is."

So they arranged for Beaver to meet his sister. Again they cleaned him, and dressed him up again and made him look presentable and his sister came in from one of the suburbs to meet Beaver. It was a happy re-union after thirty years. The sister was well-to-do and had brought up her family equally so. She was not ashamed to meet her errant brother. Beaver would not go to stay with his sister. Beaver said he had grown used to other ways than hers, that therefore he would not like to stay with her.
Thereupon Beaver with a hundred pounds once more in his pocket went his way. Again he came back penniless. Again and again, until the last hundred pounds was counted out in notes to Beaver. Those were the terms of the will; that was what had to be carried out. There was no option — there was no other thing to do, so Beaver went his way.

In six months from then the solicitor heard the miracle on the radio news. An old vagrant well known in the City of Sydney had in a hotel bar invested fifty pounds, had bought five thousand shares in a speculative gold mine, sold to him by a city business man who wanted to be rid of them and who probably was aware that in any case Beaver, who was known well to him, would waste the money in his wallet on liquor until the last penny of it was gone, and Beaver now that the shares had boomed on the striking of gold, was a wealthy man.

Beaver heard it too and again Beaver appeared in the solicitor’s office in Melbourne in his usual state of disarray. And so it is that every week old Beaver comes in his dishevelled state and draws a thousand pounds from the lawyer’s Sydney agent whom he retains to protect his affairs. They say that there is a hospital named after and endowed by Beaver now.

If you want to find Beaver you will find him either asleep in the park, eating fish and chips in an out of the way city restaurant, or else playing contentedly his tin whistle in some shop doorway.

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**Sonnet on a Loss of Love**

I did but seek a farewell kiss to taste  
The tears of sorrow and of helplessness  
Which marred her wasted cheek in time of stress  
And stained her countenance so pure and chaste,  
But then her face with pangs of pain was laced  
And slowly did her breast heave less and less,  
Too soon I felt her hand no longer press  
On mine with urgent but unspoken haste;  
Her eyes, those sunken pools of sad despair,  
No longer held me, living, in their sight  
But sought a higher goal, and one more fair  
Than mortal love and passing earthly might;  
So then I knelt and said a humble prayer  
And took my lonely way through paths of night.

Ian Hamilton
"Once upon a time there was a princess"
From this towered chateau certain she gazed.
In that turret looking o'er the river,
She saw the regal swans go sweeping by.
Down the long arch of the poplar lined drive
She saw her prince astride the black warhorse
Galloping in time with her beating heart.
Toward the lowering drawbridge and her.

Down the long halls, through tapestried rooms,
Has echoed the step of La Poupadour,
Her laughter tinkling like the chandeliers,
Rich brocade rustling, sunshine of her smile.
Were those rose gardens, that hidden arbour
The scene of royal love's rendezvous?
Perhaps "Louis Quinze" did walk in rapture
Where tourists now pick rosebud souvenirs.

Vals Horsfall
QUE SERA SERA

Beverley Aitken

ONCE upon a time there was a man.
The man was looking for the meaning of life.
“What is the meaning of life?” he said to people.
The man thought that happiness was a good answer, so he began to ask people how to find happiness.
“How do you find happiness?” he asked people.
The man thought all these things over carefully, and because he was an egotistical man, he decided he would try to be a SUCCESS with money.
So the man tried to shut himself up like a hermit while he formulated plans for piling up money.
His friends (who were wise friends — the right kind to have —) said: “Money isn’t everything.” “Money won’t bring you happiness.” “Friends are more important than money.”
“Not for me, they aren’t,” he said firmly. “I don’t need friends. I am sufficient unto myself.”
So his friends left him because he was sufficient unto himself.
For twenty years the man collected money. He collected all denominations; he was not prejudiced. He did not practise the theory of segregation of green-backs, blue-backs, and orange-backs. In fact, he had a huge coal bin which he used to store money in after he had pressurized all his coal into diamonds. He did not market his diamonds; he did not want the price of diamonds to depreciate, so he used them to make diamond cocktail glasses and a diamond house; he burnt diamonds in his fire-place instead of wood, because they made such a pretty flame.
And after he had become financially successful (for he was a very determined man, and he knew all along that he would get what he wanted), he tried to make friends again. He found a lovely young girl who was just as determined as he was; she had always wanted to live in a diamond bungalow where there were diamond flames in the fire-place.
So she became his mistress. (They were sensible people and they realized that marriage would take all the fun out of living together.)

They lived happily ever after until something happened.
One evening when they were burning diamonds in the fire-place and drinking manhattans out of their diamond cocktail glasses, they heard a low rumbling, and then a crackling which increased, according to the variable constant “k”, to a loud sizzling.
“Dear,” she said casually, “I think your money bin has burst into flame, because the noise which increased according to the variable constant “k” suggested to me that there might have been a spontaneous combustion initiated by the mildewed bills at the bottom of the bin.”
But she was too late because he had already gone down to look at his insulated, fire-proof, non-insured money bin. There was nothing left except a carpet of warm grey ashes.
The man was emotionally injured. He was moody for the rest of the day. He even went so far as to insist on burning rhinestones in the fire-place, instead of the usual diamonds.
His mistress was very understanding and she did not mind his sulkiness; she understood how much his money had meant to him.
But one day he came to a decision.
“My dear,” he said slowly, “I am afraid we shall have to part. It will take me another twenty years to refill my money bin, and I don’t want you to share the struggle with me. It is better for you to go now while we are still rich enough to burn rhinestones in our fire-place. Good-bye forever, my dear.”
“But I love you,” the girl answered, “and I will help you to regain what went up in smoke last week.”

However, the man was a very egotistical, determined man, a man sufficient unto himself. When his mistress realized that he was sufficient unto himself, she left him, and went south to rub sun tan oil on the shoulders of millionaires; the ones lounging on Miami beach gave her the best business.
Eventually, the man realized that he needed her. He was a little hesitant about asking her to come back because his money bin had been taken over by the Communists as an election campaign stunt. Nevertheless, he sent her a special message explaining the situation and she returned to him at once.
They were married.
They managed to scrape along on only two cars and one yacht. Of course, they had children. Now the man is satisfied because he has discovered the meaning of life. The girl is happy because the man is happy.
Obviously, there is a moral to this story.
Obviously.

lent 1956
The Loss of An Instant

If the man who with respect for me
handed me a chunk of granite,
handed me a chisel,
a carver,
and said, you,
you carve your own epitaph;
your thoughts are winged —
the right is yours.

I'm afraid I'd be nonplussed.

I am waiting for your chisellings;
my respectful breath is baited —
come on now,
as a man who knows
for me who doesn't.

I'd want to,
I'd pick up the chisel to please,
eager to decipher
and transmit the deep scribblings on my heart.

Write down:
I have sorrow for the beauty on the grassy
green of the valley floor which I saw once
and now, yes and now.
But I wouldn't for bitterness is foolishness.

Or again:
How tears?
For I am happy.
Happiness was boiled into this, the indestructible
is not by time or place or scene destroyed.
But yet I am happy.

My respectful friend would be disappointed.
I could only carve, in honesty,
the date.

John Cook

PAGE FROM A
STUDENT'S NOTEBOOK...Anonymous


The Byzantine style as found in St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, is
excellent contrast to pseudo-Byz. of later periods. Wide use of alabaster
& much veined marble; to extent that I am sitting in the front row
& must pretend I am taking notes I must pretend I am taking notes
I must pretend I am taking notes notes goats the prof. is a goat goate.

2. Pretend. Life is a pretense; said La Bruyère (or Roche-
foucauld???): "Il faut rire avant que d'être heureux, de peur de mourir
sans avoir ri." Mourir = to die (olde Anglo-Saxon word meaning to
starve, I think.)

a) "On meurt deux fois, je le vois bien:
Cesser d'aimer et d'être aimable,
C'est une mort insupportable;
Cesser de vivre, ce n'est rien."

— Voltaire.

Pause while Prof. Gabri (GAB for short) effects a pseudo-humorous
digression.

Seconds later (I ROARED with laughter): The four bronze horses on
the façade were obtained when Constantinople was captured I wonder
who he was the Pope at that time decided to go now there's a word with possibilities:

GO GOING

go going no that's bad — this gap must
go gone look suspicious from where he is.

20 more minutes till the bell. Per te coraggio they said to me —
avanti!

"On, to the bound of the waste, On, to the City of God." Matthew
Arnold?? It must be — no one else could be so bilious .

Now I lay me down to sleep. Must cultivate faculty of sleeping while
sitting erect, eyes open, pen in motion, etc.

Unlike the later Gothic, the Byz. has few & small stained glass
windows, due to heat of climate; so no need for flying buttresses
WHO ever saw a buttress fly. Who ever saw a buttress, for that matter.

3. Matter: "Time has no meaning here And space is relative . . ."

Letter from Afar by Sydney King Russel.

lent 1956
Seven more minutes till the bell. Seven sept sette sieben septem 7 vii VII

“The durfew polls the tell of knitting cay,
The hoeing lerd sind lowly ore the wea....”

Perhaps this will never end, and I shall sit here atrophying and living a lie for years and years. Yeers.

Nineteen hundred and fifty-six,
I began to die. Hey nonny-no no no no it doesn’t rhyme
2 more minutes till the bel. He NEVER lets us out early. My kingdom for a cigarette. Blah Blah Blah Blah Blah

STOP! STOP! STOP!
the bel at last

The Candle and the Cigarette

The stately flame stands there, quivering;
The crying candle sheds its tears
Down the thin, tall stem of green,
And weeps itself to nothingness.

The careless, weaving, drifting, running smoke that
Spreads into an airy sheet of silk,
Smoothes itself conceitedly, and
Disappears.

I watch the flame. I watch the smoke.
Their quiet nonchalance
Is like a love you once enjoy
Before it
Disappears.

Beverley Aitken

A FRAGMENT

THE train clicked and dragged over the silver tarnished rails; the lounge and glasses jingled rhythmically, and the old lady knitted. Twelve hours out of Chicago the Santa Fe express rolled with erratic gyrations past a fleeting haze of trees, fields, and houses. The giant yellow-lit face of a mountain peered over the shoulder of shadowed hills. The five o’clock winter sun had begun its reddened descent; the self same sun which ten hours ago witnessed the blasting, roaring departure from blizzard ridden Chicago. Now with a scintillating jangle and protest from the bar glasses the Santa Fe rounded a curve.

Suddenly the door was thrown open. Men swayed uproariously to the bar. There was much back-slapping and shouting. The car was suddenly full of humanity, chatter, and smoke. The jokes of prosperous men filled the air. The bartender was very busy; the express was about to enter a “dry” state.

Imperceptibly the train slowed. With a last forlorn and long-drawn clack it settled itself in the middle of a bridge. Outside the window a group of men propped themselves on their tools and gazed half mournfully, half irritatedly, at the express. The river which flowed beneath them was sluggish, ugly and dark; pregnant with mud it moved with unregal slowness, and lazily shoaled over hidden, rippling, rocks. One of the men spat with contempt into the turbid flow. The workmen smiled over an inaudible joke as the express continued on.

The lounge car quickly emptied, the bartender wiped his glasses, the old lady kept on knitting. The Santa Fe soon left the Mississippi River far behind. Far down the line of cars a group of soldiers, Korean-war bound, sang with the uncontrolled roar of unskilled singers. Their song was killed as the big leaden compartment door shut with a quick, decisive snap. The train sped on as the red sunset bled incarnadine froths of cloud into the insatiable, inevitable darkness.

The Mississippi glided seaward past generations of men’s deeds; the river receded and expanded, conquering but never conquered. The river rolled on to the sea and the eternity of the deep, while others travelled on to yet another fragment of life, and to the end of the journey which has to come.

lent 1956
A Sequel

1. A cat
    sat
    his eyes
    round;
    no
    sound;
    on the mat.

2. His tail
    did
    twitch
    and flail;
    he watched
    a niche
    in which
    sat
    a rat.

3. The rat
    sat;
    his eyes
    shut — dreaming;
    but
    the cat
    sat — beaming.

4. He pounced
    and
    bit — the rat
    bounced
    and
    hit the pit
    of
    the cat's
    wide
    inside

5. The cat, now
    fat,
    sat . . .

Nola Ryan

Random Thoughts
On the Coffee House

SOME legend tells us that a few ages ago a flock of sheep in
Abyssinia browsed accidentally among wild shrubs with the result
that they became elated and sleepless at night. Whereupon the Abyssinians realized the beneficial properties of the plant and made full use of them. A certain beverage was concocted from the plant and rapidly grew in popularity. Yes, so popular it was that it created a ferment in Moslem circles. The beverage's value as a devotional antisoporific led the strictly orthodox and conservative section of the Mohammedan priests to regard it as an intoxicating drink and therefore contrary to the percepts of the Koran.

Today some highly Puritanic people frown on this beverage. But we all drink it. It is coffee. Apparently it is a necessary element in our lives; one cannot conceive of a breakfast in Germany or France without the Café or Kaffee. However the history of the consumption of coffee is a relatively late one as regards European civilization.

Constantinople claims the honour. The use of coffee was first recorded in that city by European travellers. Venice later handed out quantities of steaming coffee to her citizens. That occurred in the seventeenth century.

After the Restoration of King Charles II, coffee houses sprung up along the Thames River, gained headway through Fleet Street and established themselves in the numerous alleys of Charing Cross Road. The earliest English coffee house is said to have existed in 1652; that was St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill.

A few years ago, standing in an ancient coffee house, soon to disappear, I read an original copy of the declaration of Charles II ordering the suppression of coffee houses on the grounds that they were the resort of disaffected persons 'who devised and spread abroad divers false, malicious and scandalous reports to the defamation of His Majesty's government and to the disturbance of the peace and quiet of the nation'. The existence of coffee houses as points of congregation was apt to cause trouble for those in power, but the fact that people did gather at such places can be inferred as a testimony to the appreciation of the beverage itself. Which then brings us to the following decade.

Parallel to the establishment of coffee-houses was the introduction of chocolate houses, to which only the well-to-do could resort as
chocolate was then a luxury on the same footing with spices. The coffee house naturally survived over the chocolate house; still it could not undermine the sturdy yield of the tavern over the Englishman's palate. The tavern was the coffee house's ultimate Waterloo.

Addison and Steele made frequent mention of coffee houses; indeed, they could not do without them. The habitués of the coffee houses formed the readers of The Spectator and The Tatler. Wits and literary men lounged in coffee houses. To these several writers hurried to learn the news and the 'latest lie of the town'.

The tone of the coffee house of Johnson's England was far removed than that of Charles II. No longer did the government frown on the flourishing coffee houses, for they had by then become a vague embodiment of respectability or good breeding. Many gentlemen took upon themselves to be habitués of their favourite coffee houses, and even breakfasted there in slippers and dressing-gowns. Many letters at their own request were sent not to their residences but to their coffee houses. When it chanced that Boswell or any contemporary Englishman lacked an invitation to breakfast at the house of Lord So and So and Whatnot, he would repair to his personal coffee house for the meal.

A number of canons, though unwritten but rather accepted as a matter of gentlemen's agreement, amounted to this much: no noise must be heard; everyone must speak low so as not to commit a breach of etiquette by disturbing others; newspapers and especially fresh numbers must be on hand; twelve copies at least of each number are to be had, as they constitute a positive necessity for the English; each habitué is to regard his coffee house as if it were home and as a place for making appointments and for correspondence, incoming or outgoing.

All these canons point to a distinctively English air about the well-frequented coffee houses. Samuel Johnson lent his weighty authority to this insularity when he complained to Boswell that after he had repaired to a continental coffee house on St. Martin's Lane, where artists and Frenchmen mingled, in order to obtain a smattering of French, he could not help feeling 'foreigners were talking loud about little things'. To this observation he added a judgment — a quotation from Meynell — that "For any thing I see, foreigners are fools".

Historians attribute the beginnings of the Stock Exchange in London indirectly to the coffee house. At least, we can hardly doubt that Lloyd's Stock Exchange might have fared for the worse, had it not been for a certain coffee house called Lloyd's. Such are intricacies of history.

Today we are wont to regard the English people as essentially inveterate tea-drinkers. I doubt the veracity of this. In Johnsonian times, tea drinking was more or less a domestic affair. Coffee drinking occasioned, as we have seen, the formation of new societies, particularly in London. However, as I have said, the coffee house as a separate entity stood little chance of survival against the tavern. Among the various taverns stood the noted one, The Mitre on Fleet Street. Johnson, agreeable to its 'orthodox high church sound', occupied much of his time here, may more time than at the coffee houses.

The tavern's or pub's superiority is emphasized by Johnson's words: "The tavern chair is the throne of human felicity." No doubt, this still holds true in England and it is high time we dismissed from our minds the delusion of Englishmen being inveterate tea-drinkers. Any casual observer will notice Englishwomen without a twinge of conscience walking in and out of the Pub.

The coffee house is, at most, a rarity. Cafés of French or Italian origin are beginning to dot London's streets. Soho is replete with tiny cafés. Is it not a matter of irony that a coffee house right in the vicinity of St. Paul's Cathedral is still standing upright when practically the whole adjacent area suffered during the Blitz? Not even the men dedicated to the preservation of historic buildings can lift a finger against the gradual but inevitable demolition of England's remaining coffee houses.
The One Who Lived

"Play your hardest, son," she cried,
And shut the door to hide the tears.
He left without e'en turning round.

She had not wept for years or more
But simply couldn't control it now.
He'd been so like this long ago.

At that time, her other son
Had been of like age and of spirit.
He'd gone to play and ne'er returned.

"You mustn't pamper the one that's left."
How could he know just what she'd felt?
"One loss oft leads to much more pain."

Her husband dead, she had but one
To succour and love with all her heart.
How could she but pamper him, she thought.

"Hey mom, I'm home," a voice called out
And broke the long train of her thought.
"The game was cancelled; when do we eat?"

"Soon dear," she said, her heart still aching.
If only the other had said this too.
Was she always going to worry
About the one who lived?

David Bonyun

I Sat Alone

I sat alone with midnight on a log
Amid the quiet snow.
I lit a cigarette
And thought deliberately,
While contemplating stars,
Of perennial whys, and hows, and Who —
But thought as such trailed off
Into idleness,
Dispersed like the smoke rising from my hand;
And in its place came dreams —
Dreams of things like gilded Christmas trees
And laughing children,
Of fat dripping candles
And polished satinwood;
Of knotted trees and white sand,
And horses steaming in the rain;
Then the bronze horses greening in Venice,
And pigeons;
Of soft leather and gold filigree,
Of Capriccio Italienne;
And le coquetel à six heures
With jewelled fingers tapering,
Holding Sobranie cigarettes . . .
I looked again at the cold, cold moon
And the colder bright stars
So far away now,
And sang to them of these gods —
The gods they cannot know.

Katharine Cantlie
This term The Mitre received eleven exchanges, two of which I was unable to read satisfactorily as they were not in my mother tongue, and two of which were not student publications.

The Leoparden, a product of Queen Mary College in London, England, had two features which might make interesting fixtures in our Mitre. One, in which a member of the faculty is invited to write an article, is called "From the Other Side". The first contributor was well chosen. Marjorie Thompson, Lecturer in the Department of English, wrote a graphic and amusing article with the appropriately vague title, "Confessions of a Lotus-Eater". She rambles along writing down thoughts as they enter her mind. She wonders if the near extinction of the absent-minded professor is due to the rising cost of hats and umbrellas. She compares rattling along in the London Underground to her city college with strolling or cycling leisurely along the Backs towards the dreaming spires of the traditional seat of learning.

The second feature which might add something to our magazine is a short story contest. A prize was given for the best; and the first, second, and third were used in the publication. The Trinity University Review, running somewhat along the same lines, gives five dollars for the best contribution in each issue. This gives the potential contri-

butors some initiative and the competition leads to that higher standard of material which The Mitre so obviously lacks.

The Northerner carried an article on an attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards art; it was entitled "Blasphemous Art". The author Joseph Finn points out that art - historians often make the mistake of saying "I told you so" to the Church when a piece of art rejected by her is later acclaimed by the world as a masterpiece. It is not upon aesthetic grounds that the church accepts or rejects a painting (although she recognizes that art is useless without the aesthetic), but on the grounds of the philosophy of the art. Contemporary schools tend towards distortion or abstraction. "In principle this is never an arbitrary distortion or abstract of things seen; rather it is an attempt on the part of the artist to identify his own philosophy with the visual object." The philosophies, therefore, and the fruit of the philosophies (distorting the form of Christ and man and nature) are often completely opposing and heretical to the church. There are a few Christian artists "who aim at producing art more moral and spiritual than material"; to the untrained eye there is little difference between their works and those of the materialists. "Many churches particularly in France and Italy have, through the mistaken zeal of the parish priests, been decorated by artists openly hostile to the teaching of the Church." In the past the church as patroness to the arts has been well educated as to the meaning of art: if she would continue in this role, she must become as well informed concerning present day art forms as were her Benedictine and Jesuit ancestors in their day.

The editorial of The Trinity University Review concerned the scepticism about life in the future which has prevailed in the world since "The Waste Land". The idea that the future existence of the world we have inherited is doubtful seems to be ingrained into this generation of the atomic bomb. We therefore tend to be void of ambition and our philosophy is one of disinterestedness and acceptance. "Do we not realize that other people have had problems as frightening for them as total destruction is for us? It is because they were able to face their problems and solve them that their ages seem so attractive to us."

The inspiration for this editorial came from a sermon given by Dr. Cosgrave at the Consecration of a beautiful new chapel on the Trinity campus. The building, designed in uncluttered perpendicular Gothic, seems to represent a symbol "of faith in the continued existence of everything around us". Dr. Cosgrave's remark "that now again Trinity has a Chapel of its own in which men and women will worship for generations to come" and his reminder that we are still members of history and of some future child's history book, serves to awaken
us from our apathy and start living (we have already used up one of the designated scores).

In the Quebec Diocesan Gazette was found the following uninhibited description of creation written some years ago by a child of eight:

“The Macking of the Wold”

God was bord as he looked out into spas. “I want to do sumthing. I think I will do sumthing with all that spas, so he sat down to thing. I know he said jumping up Ill make a wold. So he lit up hafe spass and then he got to slaming stones and hit one so hard that sparks floo out. Then he throo the stons away and that made the stars moon and sun. That is good said God picing up som mud and macking hols in it. Then he put leevs and bits of stik and then he put two of ene fish in the holes and two of evrs anemal. Then he called to an Angel to get him some water. He pored it in the hole and flung the hol thing away. — The End.

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 he willing to co-operate.

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The Review (St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ont.)
Leopardess (Queen Mary College, London, Eng.)
Caravan of India (I.S.I.)
Poly (Polytechnique, Montreal, Que.)
Mermaid (Birmingham University, Birmingham)
Scopus (The Hebrew University, Jerusalem)
leaves us without such relief: there is only destructive innocence on one hand and the orderly evil of a Chinese funeral parlour on the other. Between lies only a world of despair, characterized by opium busts and indifference to life. Mr. Greene was always sour; now he is bitter as well.

Apparently a critic once claimed that Mr. Greene’s *The End of the Affair* was likely to be “his last novel that did not demand a theologian to review it”. The publishers may exult in this if they wish, but Mr. Greene seems to have missed the heart of the matter in the human dilemma.

PAUL GIBSON

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MARITAIN ON THE NATURE OF MAN
IN A CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY

by NORAH WILLIS MICHENER, Ph.D.
London: William Heinemann Ltd., 1955

Dr. Anton C. Pegis in his preface says of the author, “Mrs. Michener has a wide knowledge of Maritain’s works. She writes clearly and simply. For those who are students, her book will be a balanced presentation of the main texts of Maritain’s political philosophy drawn from the whole range of his works. For the general reader, her book can serve as a stimulating introduction to Maritain, the Christian thinker, the dynamic Thomist, the convert who has loved truth and man, and whose life is a pilgrimage in this love.” Her book is “written for serious students of philosophy” and “presupposes a reading knowledge of French” yet for those who have neither a formal philosophical background nor an understanding of French this work will provide a satisfactory philosophy for democracy for many who are seeking to answer for themselves the pressing and fundamental problems of this day.

Dr. Michener is well equipped to handle her task. Born in Manitoba, she lived in Vancouver from her earliest years where she attended the University of British Columbia. After her marriage to Roland Michener, an Alberta Rhodes Scholar, barrister and present member of the House of Commons for St. Paul’s, Toronto, she continued her studies at the University of Toronto under the late Dean Brett and Professor Fulton Anderson and at the Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies under Maritain himself, as well as Gilson, and Dr. Pegis. She obtained her M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in philosophy from the University of Toronto.

Dr. Michener introduces her book by stating that “the most fundamental and most pressing question of our time concerns the nature of man. Only when we know what man is, can we say in what type of society he should live and what institutions should serve him.” Modern man is faced with the eternal, age-old questions which faced the first thinkers in the dawn of philosophy, but answers given must be reinterpreted in terms of modern scientific society. Dr. Michener believes Maritain has these answers based on “a conscious and sound philosophy of the nature of man.”

The book includes some description of the early life of Maritain and the various influences in the development of his philosophy. Henri Bergson, Leon Bloy, and Humbert Clerissac formed, she says, the three

“spiritualisms” of Maritain’s formative period. But it was in the study of the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, she points out, that Maritain came to see his vocation in philosophy and Thomistic discipleship.

Bergson had a profound influence upon Maritain but in many points these two hold widely differing points of views. The followers of Bergson, Maritain claims, will “end up in a world of phantoms where ‘toutes les notions intellectuelles’ become ‘un sort d’imagier rudimentaire et confus’.”

The influence of the Angelic Doctor is no more evident than in Maritain’s discussion of the “person as rational”, though as Michener remarks “Maritain is by no means a slavish follower of Aquinas”. With regard to the freedom of the will, Maritain posits a priori for its existence, though he is willing to define what the will is and “to show that an intellectual being is of necessity endowed with freedom”. That the problem of evil does not exist as a valid philosophical enquiry, Maritain denies, but he believes it is “a metaphysical monstrosity”. Because man has intellect and will, he has a social nature, and Maritain argues for a “theocentric humanism” against our present “anthropocentric humanism” which is, however, not simply a return to the Medieval conception of man in society. Although “the principles which were applied in a given way by the sacral civilization of the Middle Ages always hold true . . . . . they are to be applied in another way in modern secular civilization.” Maritain states, “It is not a question of a material return to the Middle Ages, but of drawing inspiration from their principles”. Why modern society has failed is that it has lost sight of social democracy. For Maritain the position of the Christian with reference to Antisemitism is clear: he can have no part in it whatsoever. “Spiritually,” he insists, “we are Semites”. Maritain endeavours to provide a basic philosophy for democracy when he says that it must not rely “on the weak foundation of pragmatic argument, but be grounded firmly on rational principles,” being “organic, pluralist, personalist and theocentric.”

Dr. Michener concludes that “if it was the task of the Angelic Doctor in his day to insist on the importance of this world in the life of man, it has been the special mission of Maritain in our time to rectify an opposite balance and to stress that much as man is committed to the life of this world, he is yet not a part of it according to all that he has and is”.

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