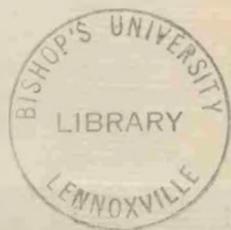


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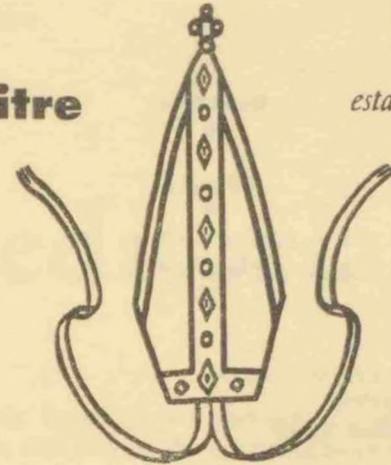
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Dedication

*To Ayn Rand
who holds out a vision
of truth before her.*

the mitre

established 1893



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editorial

MANY people have romped through life giving to charitable institutions and playing the good Christian without adding one single iota to the furtherance of the human race.

The greatest institution we have, believe it or not, is the independent self. Our nation was built on this premise and man's right to be his individual self was its single theme. But everywhere: in the churches, in the schools, in societies and groups we hear egoism denounced and the group exalted.

In principle individualism should flourish and the right to pursue one's happiness is revered. In reality all men are slaves to the group not being able to exist independently. Such is the true nature of man.

But the people who have added most to our civilization are those that have rebelled against this nature and have existed for and by themselves having a perfect vision of truth before them. They are blessed with this vision because they are untouched by that which makes the group sterile:- the interchanging of primary ideas which only serves to scramble and to cloud the vision before them.

The highest goal in life is the achievement of something worthy among the present generation or the creation of something to advance the generation which follows.

Foreward

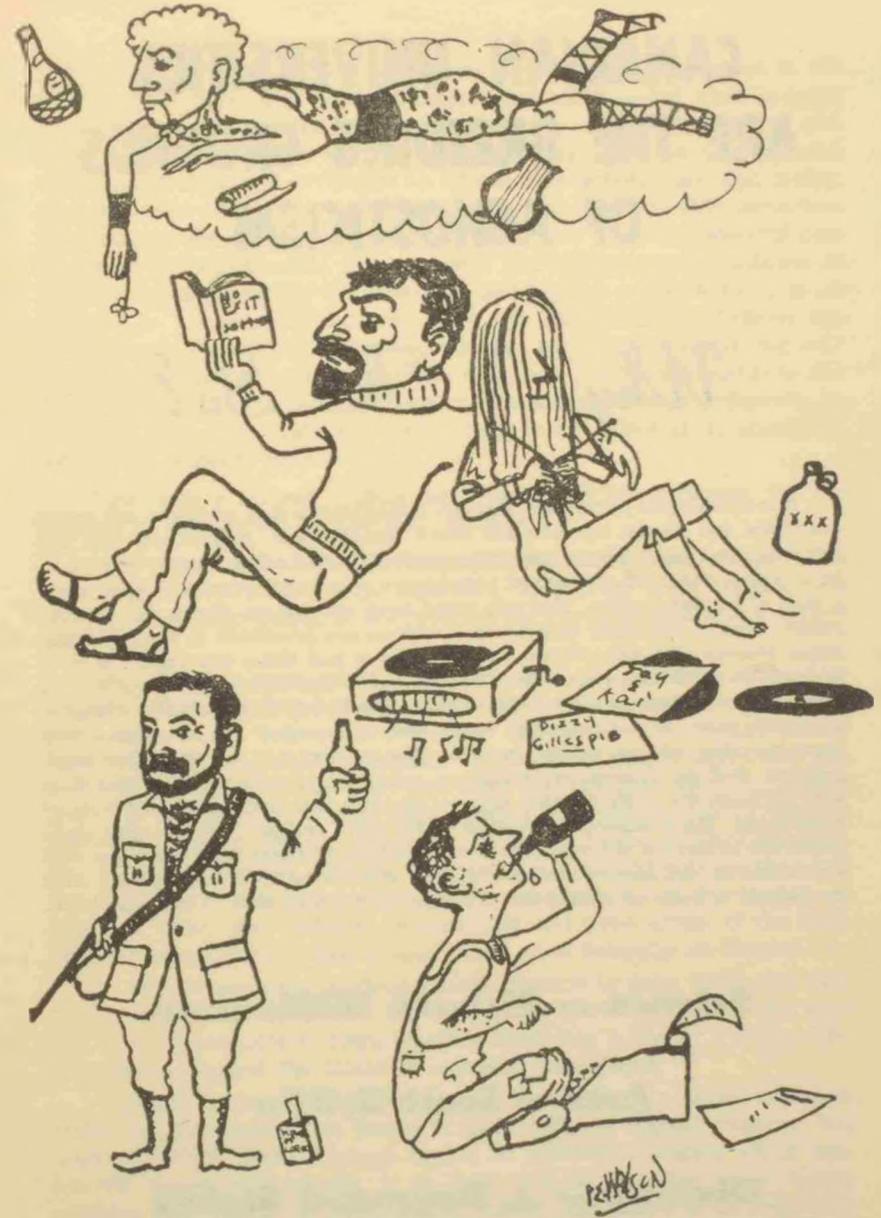
It is fatalistic to talk of our own age as being an intellectually and artistically barren one. I am always rather suspicious of golden age men who pride themselves in their iconoclastic pronouncements. It is too easy a way to cover up their own lack of artistic courage, or rather, their lack of courageous artistic endeavor.

Most of the people who write for this book, either consciously or unconsciously are looking ahead to future Shakespeares as well as back on our past ones. And this does require courage. They will be damned for years as pseudo-intellectuals. The best and hardiest few will survive and their last laugh will be proportional to the extent of their success. The majority of them will become successful businessmen or lapse into some other form of obscurity.

I am one of those individuals who believe in the dynamic and potentially productive quality of our age. I also believe that no artist is able to develop without hard work and encouragement. And that is why I believe in **The Mitre**. **The Mitre** provides a medium of endeavor and a means of encouragement.

But the question that the thinking reader will ask himself is what standard of criticism must we adopt? And it is a question for which I have not been able to find an answer. Nevertheless modern art and attempts at modern art have need of a critical audience. That is why this book needs critical readers . . . critics who will make the writer reach higher and perhaps someday become an artist.

— F. D. D. Scott



MITRE WRITERS AND OTHER PSEUDO-INTELLECTUALS

CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES ARE THE BREEDING GROUNDS OF AGNOSTICISM

Why Is This So?

It is an integral part of the student-philosopher's way of life to ask many questions and search beneath the many theories and conventions that are imposed upon him. Many university students today agree that it is good to be a realist and have a true and uncoloured vision of the world before us:— a map of perfect reality. Has this trend been carried too far in our universities? Two of the three writers whose views are presented in the following pages believe that agnosticism is essentially a bad thing but regard it as a normal transitional period. The impetus of a university life disturbs the roots of any belief we may hold and this seems especially true of religion. In many cases it appears that these lost values find no substitutes and there remains only an empty vacuum. The science man, on the other hand, believes that an agnosticism based on reason is acceptable, and that it is very difficult for one's religion to keep up with the much increased flow of knowledge. Many students refuse to think about religion. In the next three pages are presented the views of three thinking students with the hope that undecided or unthinking students will be stimulated to a point where they can supply a basis of reason for the type of attitudes and values they hold.

Science — Richard Williamson

Arts — Scott Griffin

Divinity — J. Raymond Stokes

YOU have told me that man, to live at his best, cannot exist in the narrow confines of our four dimensional world — but what he longs for is communion with the infinite. To meet his ends you have given him a deity that is endowed with all the attributes which in your opinion excite admiration and reverence — who is omnipotent, just, and loving. But you must admit that in this world of imperfections this perfection seems somewhat remote and doubtful. Why may I not be properly content with an object, while it is certainly real and present, is infinite in magnitude, inexhaustible in its variety, and beyond comprehension in its fullness — I mean, our universe." Do not its marvels overwhelm the imagination, its riddles baffle the intellect, its beauties shame our art? Will this not suffice? "I am one who devotes my days and nights to the pursuit of knowledge and truth, sustained in this arduous endeavour by the hope that when truth is found it may be an object great enough to satisfy my noblest aspirations."

Thus may a science student have presented his argument for the defense of his neglect of Christian religion.

In a recent poll of thirty freshmen chosen at random, it was found that approximately 10% were agnostics, 60% were truly devout, and 30% were atheists, deists, or still seeking for a religion that would satisfy their needs.

The students were asked why they were not satisfied with their parents' religion if they had one, and a variety of answers were received. Some had already begun the process of self-interrogation found prominently in places of higher learning. Some asked that if God made the universe—then who made God: and were not satisfied with the answer that God was infinite. Others were disturbed by the mercenary interest and outlook of the church. Many had doubts as to the Biblical miracles, and had developed the attitude that seeing is believing and, as they had not seen, why should they believe. Many were repelled by the traditional forms in which their religion is enshrined and were weary of the well-worn liturgical phrases that greeted them each Saturday or Sunday.

In frustration some of these people decided to form their own religious beliefs from their own experience and were inclined to the view that it was impossible to know whether there was a God or a future life, or anything beyond the world of everyday experience.

Through their new philosophy they hope to find a creed unembarrassed by the perplexities found in most religion, logical, modern, but most important, lucid. Though barren of spiritual elements which supposedly purify and console, it at least will be moulded upon visible realities, conforming to sophisticated reason, and claim to be scientific; standing upon reason.

— Richard Lee Williamson

It is quite apparent that in the universities today there is a high percentage of agnosticism among students. Is there an obvious connection between universities and these people? Does university life provoke indecision and doubt?

Before answering these questions we must first examine exactly what agnosticism means. The Oxford dictionary defines the agnostic as, "one who holds that nothing is known or likely to be known of the existence of a God or of anything beyond material phenomena." This definition must be kept entirely separate from the atheist who emphatically states that God does not exist.

Agnosticism may be divided into at least three different categories. The first of these and probably the most common is displayed by the person who is too lazy or unconcerned to think about religion, and for the sake of convenience has adopted the title, 'Agnostic'. Agnosticism seems to fit his purpose admirably, leaving him free of any moral impositions and allowing him to remain silent on the subject.

The second category belongs to the neutral agnostic who maintains, "all that is known is a product of the mind." This type of agnosticism proves a treacherous ally for naturalism and ends by undermining its dogmatic foundations. For every theory he produces, there is an argument against it, and so he remains in a state of indecision. In order to clarify the invalidity of this theory it is necessary to study the ideas of such men as T. H. Huxley and Hume, and deal with the many different aspects of monism.

The third type of agnostic often lives by an undefined ideal which, sooner or later, degenerates into pragmatism. T. H. Huxley, who may easily be called the scientific champion of agnosticism and who had very definite leanings towards idealism, stated that, "our one certainty is the existence of the mental world." This is a perfect example of the principle which this type of agnostic may hold, yet it has no relevance to the problems of daily living. The values by which he lives are, in fact, purely material.

A religion should supply both the values that one bases his life on and show the way to giving these values practical expression. In other words, one cannot be too much the idealist and still live at ease in reality. His agnosticism, in regard to moral principles, explains the reason for the great number of agnostics who are simply drifters.

A university is essentially a place of learning, and this in itself helps to produce the agnostic. An increase in knowledge will result in the asking of many questions, and if these questions cannot be answered there is room for doubt and indecision ultimately leading to confusion. A great many students explain their agnosticism by simply saying that they are unconcerned.

The liberal spirit of university thought, which follows the natural course of modern time, being confused, troubled and uncertain, supplies in this 'Age of Anxiety' a perfect setting for agnosticism in Canadian universities.

— Scott Griffin

AGNOSTICISM is a blanket term. It covers far reaching thoughts and meanings and at times, can be said to be no more than a lack of understanding. In short, what the term really means is the point that the individual ceases to believe in anything that he cannot see. His world then becomes the world of materialism. Agnosticism is a position occupied by the lesser of what appears to be two evils. One, the falsifying of a God that cannot be seen and two, the platform from which hell and insanity are only a step away. Too many people regard this as a position of rest — a place of solace — where by some mystifying means an upsurge of an unknown power will take them and place them in a peaceful state. For after all, peace of mind is paramount in our modern rush.

To this writer, agnosticism is a form of liberalism; part and parcel of education involved especially in higher education. This is why universities, while the breeding grounds for changing values, seem very prone to offer a high rate of Canada's agnostics. When we were children, our thoughts, actions, our very lives were governed by the directions of others — namely our parents. When we throw off childhood and take the responsibilities of manhood, we enter into a period of great change involving many disillusionments, disappointments, frustrations. At this period, our thoughts—good or bad, actions—right or wrong, our lives must be governed, not by outside forces, but by ourselves. We are forming and laying the foundations of manhood. In the effort involved in this process, anything filled with the unreal, the intangible, the mystical is thrown aside in the effort to achieve new values of manhood that each of us must make.

Agnosticism occupies a high position in this transition period. It is a period of natural development. When new values have at last been attained it is regrettable that this blanket term must be and is applied to those who neither deny nor affirm the existence of God.

— J. Raymond Stokes

Cities

There is a place in the minds of each one of us that stands out distinctly from all others; a village to which we yearn to return and share again in its memories.

A village set on the banks of an emerald lake; a rich, green, pine forest and a winding turbulent stream or a fertile farmland that effects our soul so deeply that it remains an image in our minds for all time.

A city with old world charm and a night-club that brings back fond memories of a girl and the wine you both drank freely. The remembering of a person who has hurt or uplifted you, so that it hurts to remember the sadness or elation of the moment, and the memory sometimes seems so vivid and important to us that we base a part of our lives on the principle it has taught us.

The writers here attempt to convey to the reader the characteristics that make their choice so meaningful to them.

Havana — Ian Pemberton

Montreal — Andrew Webster

Guatemala — F. D. D. Scott

HAVANA

"HEY, meester, this way to the chick-en palace."

"Thanks, we had chicken last night."

"Na, meester, I mean wi-men, gerls, you know. What you say, eh?"

"No thanks, friend."

The seedy-looking individual crawls away and waits for a more willing tourist to come into his grasp. Slouching on the nearby park benches are others of his trade, ready to show the curious outsider anything he so desires. Most of them assume that the average tourist's main interest will be very simple for them to satisfy.

This is Havana, once one of Spain's greatest Caribbean strongholds. Now it seems to be the melting pot for all the vermin of the tropics. Beggars of all sizes and descriptions, some dressed in little more than rags, hobble around the picturesque park in front of the capital. Down at the waterfront, children, usually half-naked, ask for five centavos or an American cigarette. Women lounge on verandas looking at the passing crowd of males with more than an average interest. Automobiles are driven at a mad speed through the narrow, dirty streets. It is a perpetual game of chicken, for stop streets don't exist in Havana.

Unrest lies heavily on the city, like a great blanket threatening to smother it. One hundred miles to the south in Cienfuegos, history is being made by the rattle of bullets, the roar of tanks, and the screams of the dying. In Havana, such things are mentioned only in a whisper. A secret policeman, disguised as a cab-driver, listens intently to his passengers' discussions. Nine policemen, standing in front of the Royal Bank of Canada, die very suddenly as a machine gun speaks to them from the window of a passing sedan. The occasional explosion at night may be thunder. In reality, however, it is probably a bomb which a "Fidelista" has left ticking away in a prominent place.

In Havana's pleasant suburbs, the fear outwardly seems to lessen. The air seems cleaner and the people seem happier. Then, one hears of a friend who has been spirited away by the secret police because of "suspected relations with the forces of rebellion". It comes to the attention that the president of Bacardi rum has fled to Mexico. "I have my passport and I have made all the necessary arrangements should I be compelled to leave Cuba in a hurry," one gentleman declares in a low voice. The fear is everywhere; it permeates through everything, touching everyone from the executive to the beggar. It may be seen in the actions of the people, so many of whom live a day-to-day existence, never knowing and always fearing what tomorrow's dawn may bring. Security is dead, and its successor is a great shapeless monster called civil war. It is a beast of many forms and guises, appearing everywhere one looks.

Several buzzards fly in wide circles over the dome of the capital — the great center of "Cuban Democracy".

MONTREAL

I SPENT two weeks re-acquainting myself with the people and the streets. I observed things that I had not taken the trouble to notice before. I saw again the church spires reaching high above ancient stone and brick buildings in the centre of town. As I walked towards the brewery on Notre Dame street, I passed aged decrepit men and women in the streets and wondered what reason they had for existing.

I noticed leather jacketed toughs with long, greasy hair, sideburns and pimply faces, forcing their way past congested intersections on their motorcycles, machines which had been elevated to the rank of a deity by them. To each fanatic, his motorcycle was supreme god; ruler of the asphalt jungle.

I walked up two flights of red stairs and into a multi-coloured night-club, seated myself by the window and looked out across St. Catherine street at the red, yellow and green neon lights. It was a dingy night club, I thought, with no character except that which was generated by the people who drank there.

I walked down a boulevard in the better section of the city, and I witnessed the rebirth of the year. Fresh, green foliage sprouted from the newly awakened perennials, and tulips and hyacinths pushed, struggled up into the sun's warm stream above the softened earth. Proud people, in appreciation of nature, planted richly coloured flowers in their spacious gardens.

I turned my head to watch rich capitalists driving down the boulevard in their Capris and El Dorados, bought, no doubt, on the dividends of thousands of invested dollars.

I gave a nostalgic glance to the boys on three-gear bicycles who talked to girls sitting lazily on the sidewalks.

I saw people of all shapes, somatotypes, personalities and characters in an endless sea of faces, a never ending crowd. Yet I saw within the wide range of those who made up the character of Montreal the manifestation of an intangible quality; a quality that inheres in all the people of my city.

I saw, in fact, the spirit of Montreal; two races, French and English, existing together:— not really mixing, but a little bit of character and personality from one race mixing in with the elements of the other, making up, building, constructing all the time the inescapable and distinctive spirit of Montreal.

GUATEMALA

THEY call it the Paris of Central America . . . I wouldn't know. It looked more like an oasis town to me. If it's a Paris, that's only by virtue of the poverty of the surrounding country. You drive out of the mountains and the Pan American dirt track and onto a clean macadamized road . . . then into a city of white, low, square buildings with people everywhere, everywhere.

After finding your hotel you emerge into the street and struggle with the crowds as a bubble struggles to find the surface of a liquid. Everywhere there is sunlight, blue sky, light-coloured buildings that reflect the light, and people. Soon you are shot out into the main square and the old buildings. Out comes the camera to prove that you were there and the brain stores up brilliant comments on the Spanish colonial architecture of the inevitable basilica.

In the evening there is a tour of the smokey, black life. Through the haze you remember the wooden harmony of an eight man marimba organ and the Castillian complexion of a beautiful girl you ask to dance . . . but she can't speak English so you retire, defeated. And you remember the dives where you go to see how they live . . . and come away glad that you are not bound by their bonds. You remember the man that gulps down your beer and tells you how to pronounce *Guatemala* as if he means to spit the first four letters out onto the red tiled tavern floor. And the whole evening is soaked in sweet tequila and lime juice.

But here is Guatemala . . . on Easter morning. The bright sunlight so your shutter is shut right down . . . the bells ringing into the clear blue sky . . . thousands of people dressed in deep purple from head to toe and converging on the procession . . . a handsomely equipped Roman army leads in red and yellow uniforms and cardboard painted faces . . . a hideous likeness of the Blessed Virgin looking down on the crowd as she passes through the city . . . and a scene of the crucifixion tottering precariously — miraculously balanced by a hundred purpled bearers. Preceding the Christ scene go six children spreading clouds of incense. The tight packed crowd shuffle back in awe. You try to get your camera above the heads of everybody and a good natured old fellow gives you his place in front.

So the heat increases in the morning and you take off your coat to stop the sweat. The tide of people bears you back and forth like a cork on a wave. They watch the procession. In their brown eyes is proud satisfaction and reverence. Their faces reflect earnestness and a terrifying sincerity, an alarming conviction.

You leave Guatemala that day. You leave because you are afraid that your illusion of a people will be shattered. You want them to be a whole. You want to remember that they are proud people united in the strength of their convictions.

Old Contributors

Black Water

— Andrew Webster

IT had been cloudy all day but now it was clearing in the west behind the mountain and the last rays of the sun shone brightly through the stark red frame that stretched skyward. Steel girders were being swung into place by a giant yellow crane and the frame of the new building was almost complete.

A man stood near the base of the structure and stared into the black water that had filled the excavation two days before when it had rained heavily. His eyes penetrated the murky pool and it seemed almost as if he was looking through the surface of the water into its depths searching for an unknown object.

.....

He sat in his favourite chair smoking a cigarette and reading the evening paper. Footsteps sounded on the stairs leading up to his second floor tenement and a high pitched excited voice called, "Dad, come and see the big crane at the new building down the street. It's lifting up those big, red, steel bars."

"Not now, Jimmy. I'm reading the paper."

"You should see the big hole. It's all filled up with water now."

"Don't bother me."

"Where's mum? She might want to see it," he said hopefully.

"Be quiet and leave me to my paper. Your mother and I have already seen the building many times on our way to work."

He started to protest, then knowingly turned away and went outside and down the street again as if some mysterious attraction pulled him towards the structure.

.....

Now it was two days later and he stood on the bank, his eyes fixated on the black, murky water. The sun sank behind the mountain and he shivered in the cooling air and wished that the men with the long steel hooks on the opposite bank would complete their job so he could go home to his wife.

He hated the black pool. It had greedily snatched away a part of him, something he felt belonged to him. He could not turn away and his eyes remained fixed.

A boy clad in tight blue dungarees and T-shirt drove up beside him on his two wheeler and watched the men at the top of the structure walking precariously along the girders, and listened to the loud beating

Old Contributors

rhythm of the riveting machines. "Gee, mister! That's some building."

"Yes." He answered without expression.

"I guess that's a pretty dangerous job up there where those men are."

Without looking up he replied, "Yes."

"Say, what are those men doing over on the other bank?"

"They're dragging for the dead body of my son."

The boy laughed. "That's a pretty good joke, mister." He put his bike in low gear and spun his wheels through the soft mud, chuckling to himself.

The lonely figure stood by itself and soon darkness came and the men on the night shift above were lit up by brilliant lights. Below the steel frame, other men worked on into the night, prodding the bottom of the pool with their steel hooks. He turned away, finally, and walked slowly down the sidewalk. Out of the darkness above the banging of the rivets he heard a jubilant cry. "I've caught on to something, Harry." A sob caught in his throat and he continued on down the block.

Autumn Smoke

Phyllis Parkam

*My restless heart curls like October smoke,
Shuffling through the wind-brown leaves
In the crisp red lyric mist.
Walk lost through heart-stabbing October rain
I with naked trees shivering
In the drizzle of old dreams
And kick my acorn soul in the dust.*

Beatrice and Mr. Snelle

Andrew Webster

"POOPSY. Will you please, once and for all, get out of that bathroom. I have to wash my nylons."
"Arrright. Wait a minute."

Exactly one minute later Poopsy emerged from the bathroom in her yellow dress which came down to her knees. "I was having fun sailing my motor boat and you hadda interrupt," the little girl complained. She was ten years old and very forthright and always complaining when her privacy was disturbed.

"Look," Aunt Murill said sadly. She always seemed sad. "Why don't you go down and have a swim? You can be the boat and the lake will be the whole wide ocean. O.K. Honey?" It was a poor attempt at being childishly funny.

"The water's too cold." Poopsy was right. It was the beginning of October and the leaves had started to turn. "Besides, I'm not a boat," she added indignantly. She turned a full circle like a ballet dancer so that her dress floated upwards, revealing her white cotton panties underneath. Then she skipped out the door singing 'God Save the Queen' very triumphantly. A very strange child, Murill thought. Oddly enough, Poopsy thought the same thing of her aunt. Poopsy, at ten, was not stupid and she had very mixed feelings about her aunty Murill ever since she had seen her eating raw fish one day. She had heard vaguely in some history class that the Eskimos ate raw fish but never had she for one minute thought that this habit had been extended to aunts.

Poopsy had come up to visit her aunt at the lake because school had shut down on account of the flu. She had been with aunty Murill for nearly a week now and their relationship had become somewhat strained.

Poopsy pranced out of the house gaily and into the warm autumn afternoon air. She went for a short walk along the road in her bright yellow dress which matched beautifully with the red and yellow leaves fluttering down and covering the road with soft underfooting. She walked quickly, looking straight ahead and not noticing the colour-splotted hills that liked the lake, as though she had a definite purpose which clouded out everything else.

"Hurry, Beatrice," she whispered loudly to the not quite full-grown cat that was following her. The cat had a broad, white streak down her nose and between her eyes and on her chest that contrasted with the rest of her black fur. Murill loved the kitten and thought it was exceptionally cute. Poopsy was really indifferent for a girl of ten and never bothered much about cats, kittens or puppies. At this moment, though,

she seemed quite concerned whether the cat was going to follow her down the road. Beatrice followed her, though, and watched curiously while Poopsy gathered some leaves together in a pile. Beatrice, apparently delighted, sprang into the midst of the pile and dashed about wildly trying to grab the runaway leaves with her four flailing paws. She seemed to be having a great time until Poopsy suddenly took out four matches, struck them on a stone and lit the fire very decisively and all the time holding Beatrice's wriggling body amid the burning leaves. The cat made a very loud screeching noise when her fur started burning and when the fire got too hot, Poopsy released her grasp and Beatrice ran, burning fur and all, down the road for a few yards, then expired after letting out a terrific last screech.

Poopsy lifted up her head and laughed so hard that she fell down by the side of the road and dirtied up her clean yellow dress. Then she got up still laughing, and this time holding her nose she marched swiftly down the road, back to the cottage, singing 'God Save the Queen'.

Murill was still washing her nylons when Poopsy entered the house and she called, "Poopsy. Did you let out that terrible scream?"

"No. Beatrice did."

"Oh." She came out of the bathroom. "Why?" she asked.

"I burnt her."

"That's nice. Did you eat her too?" she asked in an unusually gay tone.

"I thought I might, but the smell was too bad," Poopsy explained.

"What smell?" she asked, curious.

"The fur burning," Poopsy answered. "It smelt awful." She held her nose again to emphasize the smell. "Aunty Murill. You don't look too well."

"Nonsense; I feel fine. Run along now, you foolish bird." But Poopsy stood there observing her aunt. Murill, surprisingly enough, looked younger than she really was. She was no beauty, of course, but she had a very pleasant smile that Poopsy didn't like. Poopsy distrusted pleasant smiles. As a matter of fact Poopsy distrusted everything and anything. Now she looked intently at her aunt who was now smiling very hard and the little girl sensed somehow that the smile didn't extend below or beyond her mouth. She looked at the eyes and they didn't seem to smile at all, she thought.

Then she stopped smiling all of a sudden and asked Poopsy if she would prepare Beatrice's dinner.

"O.K. Where's the catfood?"

"Where it usually is, dear." Her voice sounded sad again. She even looked sad. She started walking away. "What would you like for dinner tonight, Poopsy?" she asked sadly. Poopsy didn't like it when other

people were sad. She was never sad herself and so didn't understand the sadness of other people. Sadness got on her nerves something terrible. Poopsy answered the question.

"Catfood."

"Catfood?!"

"Beatrice used to eat it all the time."

"Beatrice is a cat, dear."

She was a cat, Poopsy thought; then she laughed very hard. She laughed so hard, as a matter of fact, that she was screaming uncontrollably.

"For God's sake! Cut that noise," Murill yelled. Poopsy kept on screaming and Murill yelled again so that the both of them were screaming. Murill yelled louder but Poopsy made a more piercing screeching sound. The little girl was very amused, not only by what had happened to Beatrice, but because Auntie Murill was screaming at her. Poopsy laughed like this quite frequently. She did it in Sunday School once when her Sunday School teacher, Mr. Snelle, was saying the Lord's Prayer. Mr. Snelle went right on saying the Lord's Prayer, though. He was a very religious type, Poopsy thought, and even though nobody could hear him he still righteously repeated his prayer. Mr. Snelle thought he should have Poopsy barred from the class, but instead, with a true British heart — he was very British — only called up Poopsy's parents and recommended a very stern punishment. "Don't let her ride her tricycle for a month," he had suggested.

When Poopsy was reprimanded by her parents she thought of Mr. Snelle trying to say the Lord's Prayer over her screams and she started laughing again.

Poopsy went to bed that night and she had to concentrate very hard to control her rampant sense of humour. This was somewhat unusual because Poopsy never before tried to control the uninhibited screeching noises she made. She remembered that her parents were coming to pick her up the next morning and even that didn't make her sad. It should've though, because Poopsy, in spite of her aunt, had had a very good time and wasn't anxious to leave.

Auntie Murill came to her room that night to say goodnight. She said it in a very sad tone and Poopsy had to put both hands over her mouth to stifle a giggle. She left the room muttering something about the fact that Beatrice had not shown up for dinner.

Poopsy sat on the wharf watching the morning mist rise from the lake and she dangled her bare feet into the cold autumn water of the lake. She never looked back to see the remains of the house but she

held her nose when the wind blew the smell over. It wasn't a very nice smell, Poopsy thought. It reminded her a little of the burnt cat.

Her parents drove up at ten o'clock that morning to see the remains of the house still smouldering and their small daughter dangling her feet in the water. Poopsy ran to them when she saw the black Ford approaching and in her mother's arms, between uncontrollable sobs, she blurted out, "I didn't want her to find out about Beatrice."

Going

Daphne Winslow

Two sparrows hopping,
On the bent beige grass.
And the sky is a-burning
With a day that has past.
Clouds floating heavy
With a lost and golden thing
Going south followed only
By two sparrows on the wing.

Her Freedom

F. D. D. Scott

SHE looked out on the trees that had once been hers:— tall and reaching for heaven. And she looked down in the street and saw men in chains and men who were free.

To be a free thinker she once had thought; to be free of the shackles of man's convention; to break loose with those of her kind who despised man's subservience to the whims of that great beast — society and convention.

A new left bank on Dominion Square? A studio on Sherbrooke where those of her kind could gather — with her own paintings on the wall — her own expressions in the abstract? A place where writers could discuss atheism and sophisticated creeds. And all to show how freedom from society could be . . . to prove convention wrong . . . was this the answer?

So she had existed. She proved a freedom. She established a new intellectualism. Men and women followed her way and she had bathed in her success. At last her goal had been reached.

Her writings were read secretly behind newspapers as a Long Islander reads a Spillane shocker. And like Spillane's, her writings were best sellers. Only through freedom from the mores of society could man obtain freedom to think clearly, her philosophy ran. And free intellectual activity was the new god . . . freedom from the harness of restraint . . . away with the superego and damn society!

There were people who had disturbed her. It was not those who looked down from their Westmount heights or sneered from Bayview Avenue. It was the publisher who offered the contract or the reporter hound that was turned away from the front door. It gave her the vague feeling that all was not right, that ARS may not have been all GRATIA ARTIS.

But she was the success, her movement the sensation of the moment, her following growing daily.

Yet ascending skywards now she looked back and saw that all people had been born free. But when she looked on her own body she saw how she had chained herself and how a thousand others had followed her.

The Magic Stump

Phyllis Parham

THE little girl stood alone under a giant tree in the depths of a great forest. Of course, it wasn't really a great forest at all; it was only a patch of trees between the street and the golf course. If she opened her eyes wide and concentrated on looking with her real self, she could see the house where she lived when she was not a wood sprite. But at this particular moment she was using her pretending eyes. She was a creature of the woods, who had nothing to do with streets and golf courses and houses where mince pies were being made.

The trees stood around, brown and hard and distinctly individual. Some were terrible gaunt dragons, or friendly grotesque creatures from Alice in Wonderland. Some were bent, gnarled old men, stern and secretive in their immense wisdom. The best were erect and powerful soldiers or slim and graceful princesses. They swayed and bent towards each other, their leaves whispering secrets and gossiping with the wind.

There were many stumps, cheated, dwarfed relics, but one stump was different. It could never have been a tree. From the beginning of time it had been like this, bridged and turreted and cool under the ferns. When she saw it, a thrill of incredulous delight shivered through the little girl. This would show those smarty boys who wouldn't admit the existence of goblins and elves and all the creatures she could never believe were not real. Even the most stupid older brother could see at a glance that this stump could not be anything but a slightly disguised fairy castle.

She lay flat on her stomach and looked inside. It was very dark, of course, because magic people always sleep in the daytime. She could dimly make out a spacious entrance hall branching into all kinds of wonderfully mysterious corridors. She imagined tiny silken rooms where winged royalty slept and dreamed of tricks to be played on hapless mortals.

The hall was very bare. Perhaps the king had forgotten to order any furniture for it, or maybe he and the queen couldn't agree on the right type of chairs. The little girl got up carefully, so she wouldn't fall onto the castle, and ran as swiftly as Puck himself to the house where she was merely a human being.

On her dresser, still in their neat square box, were the pieces of wooden furniture her uncle had carved for her only last week. There was an elusive, but definite glow upon them, a light that lurked in the corners and twinkled on the lovingly polished surfaces. Delicate, perfect. They were made to fit people just as tall as her little finger. Enchantment

surrounded them as it surrounded the castle in the woods. It seemed almost irreverent to touch them, but she reached out and held the box in her trembling fingers.

She picked her way back to the magic place with cautious, breathless steps. She passed indifferent through the usually irresistible aroma of mince pie and chocolate cookies. Deep within her was a fear that the castle might have vanished while she was away.

But it was still there, real and mysterious and beautiful. She lay down before the entrance again, loving the soft, damp moss beneath her. Tenderly she removed each table, chair and cupboard from the box and set it down within the royal hall. The result completely charmed her. Never had a palace been so appropriately furnished. She would have given a million dollars to watch the fairy queen find her gift.

From a thousand miles away, across the street, her mother's voice called her to supper. High above the branches the sky was thinking of evening. Sighing, the little girl dragged herself out of the woods into the world where no one ever believed anything.

She saw someone she played with occasionally, who sometimes believed and sometimes assumed a superior, grown-up scepticism. Bursting with her secret, the little girl told it and glowed at the other child's enthusiastic response.

Supper was good, but all she could think of was her castle and her fear that it would vanish before she could return.

She stole back to the woods after supper, the senseless terror swelling into her throat and choking her. The world was going to fall apart; something fragile was about to be destroyed.

The moss on which she had lain such a short time ago was strangely brown and faded. Through burning tears she saw the stump, no longer a castle, crushed and torn into ugly pieces. Ants crept horribly over it. The furniture was gone. There was no magic or beauty anywhere.

A cold fury overwhelmed her, making her body rigid and her eyes suddenly dry. She stood very quietly and watched the ants swarming across the crumbling wood. At last she stumbled from the little bunch of deformed trees, back to the house where mince pies were warm and reassuring.

From a porch down the street came the mocking laughter of the other child, and the shrill voice screaming, "You thought an old hollow stump was a magic castle!"

The little girl picked up a stone and threw it very hard at the voice. She ran inside and shut the door against the darkness and the woods that were enchanted no longer. An echo of laughter followed her, struck at her, and faded away.

White Bucks

— Phyllis Parkam

ST. Antoine Street is probably the dirtiest street in the city. It regards anything white as an insult and is not comfortable until it has covered the intruder with its distinctive uniform of gray. Neither the starched summer dresses of the smart secretaries nor the shiny Cadillacs of American tourists can hope to escape unmarked from St. Antoine Street. The garbage cans, the torn curtains no one bothers to wash, the chipped, smokey brick walls conspire to wound the strangers' pride. Dust settles on the whiteness; trains roar by and wrap it in cinders; cars rush out from narrow streets and startle it. And St. Antoine sits back on its thin heels and laughs. It is a bitter, cocky, undernourished laugh that makes the stranger quicken his step in the sunlight and stay away after dark. It defies the proud cement skyscrapers and the sturdy shrines of business that surrounds it. It sprawls at their back doors and clutters up their tidiness.

It is inconceivable that anyone could like St. Antoine Street. People who do not live there can think of few things worse than having to stay there after working hours, and the people who do live there lean grimy elbows on grimmer window sills and think of lawns with bird-baths and pansies, if they think at all. But the Street has a tight hold on its inhabitants. It teaches them to spit at the world, instead of knocking their heads against it. It gives them a sense of pride in themselves to see how the strangers fear them. Retreating into the protective shadows, they shout at fat businessmen and whistle at girls, and laugh with scorn as the clean faces redden.

Jacques lives on St. Antoine Street in a small damp room between the mission house and an institution somewhat less religious. He worked in a garage with cracked glass in the windows and gaudy red and green signs all over it. Once, for a short time, he had left St. Antoine. It had been his first job. A skinny boy with a little round wizened freckle of a face, he had eagerly picked up his tin of Brasso every morning and polished the uncompromising plaque that proclaimed the hallowed existence of MacKay Steele, Brokers. But St. Antoine Street had soon called him back to do its work in turn for the privilege of hiding in its alleys.

One night, Jacques picked up the shoes he had just kicked off and examined them ruefully. They had reached the stage when no amount of newspapers stuffed into the soles or padding with old bits of socks around the toes would make them fit to be worn.

The next day he set out on his momentous expedition. He found a store with a red and white sign in the window announcing a clearance

sale that had been going on ever since the store opened five years ago and was likely to continue until the building fell down. Jacques surveyed the haphazard display below the sign and tried to decide between a pair of scuffed black shoes with fancy laces and a pair of green loafers.

And then he saw the white bucks.

They shone among the drabness of the other shoes, and basked conceitedly in their strength and clearness. Jacques wondered for the first time what it would be like to own something that might be worth keeping clean. He pictured himself tenderly rubbing the cheeky dirt from them every night and striding with gleaming feet into the garage every morning. Straightening up in delight at his sudden decision, he walked into the store as confidently as if he were already wearing the white bucks, and claimed them as his own. He handed the money across the counter without begrudging the number of sober Saturdays it signified.

From then on Jacques changed. He had something to think about besides the present satisfaction of his immediate needs or the requirements of the work at hand. There were always the special shoes to keep out of harm and display happily before the green eyes of the world. There were other pairs of white bucks on St. Antoine, but these invariably lost their whiteness after a few days, while Jacques's were always as white and sleek as new. When he looked down and saw them smiling contentedly up at him, he glowed with the capitalist's pride of possession.

Sometimes he would wake up in the night and see them gleaming in the sickly light from the lamp outside, and he would fall asleep to dream of continents of whiteness all belonging to him.

He was careful not to brag about his white bucks. Even if there had not been the danger that someone would laugh at him, his pride in his shoes was so tied up with their very substance that he could not bear to share even the feeling with anyone else.

One day Mac, who worked in a pawn shop and had a moustache, told Jacques his brother had bought an old car and was coming to take him fishing. "You may as well come along. There's plenty of room," he said. So Jacques agreed to go fishing. No sense passing up a chance to get away from St. Antoine Street.

But, as the car turned on its way to the bridge, he felt St. Antoine leering at him from all the alleys and garbage cans.

He forgot any misgivings when they reached the river where there were supposed to be fish. There were trees and grass on the bank, and a cool, dustless breeze of which St. Antoine never dreamed. They left the car by the road and started to climb down to the water. "Better leave your shoes in the car," said Mac, removing his own. "They're liable to get soaked."

Loving the grass between their toes, they clambered down and settled

themselves with fishing rods dangling. Sunshine, ripples, pebbles, laughter, sandwiches. The excitement of a fish would have spoiled the calm joy of it, Jacques felt vaguely, as he listened to Mac's brother telling a joke. No one got the joke, but they laughed anyway, and St. Antoine Street was forgotten.

Mac blew at his moustache and gazed lazily up at the road. "Look at that fool car," he said, "going to hit something any minute." His brother looked up. Then he jumped to his feet and began to stumble up the bank, sending showers of pebbles into the water.

"God!" he said, "it sure is going to hit something. It's going to hit my car!"

"Stop, crazy," cried Mac, "you can't stop him now."

The three of them stood watching stupidly while the mad car crashed into the other. They watched the sudden spurt of flame, and then they came to life.

"I bet the darn fool's dead," panted Mac, trying to find a way through the fire.

"White bucks!" screamed Jacques suddenly, "my shoes are in there." Mac looked at him unhappily.

"Mine too," he said. "Guess there's not much we can do about it." And he ran to where his brother was trying to find the driver.

Jacques watched the flames curl into the grass. The heat brushed his bare feet.

"Come on," cried Mac's brother, beating at the fire with his fist.

"I bet the darn fool's dead," said Mac.

New Contributors

Bottoms Up

Iain MacLean

AS the door opens, the sound of jazz, relaxed, swinging, danceable jazz flows out the opened door into the dusk. The room is almost as dark as the outside, but inside the air is friendlier, warmer, smokier. You see couples dancing closely; at least, they were couples when they entered. Inside, they are one. The leader gives the combo the downbeat and a slowish blues pulsates through the smoky air to the dancers who adapt the mood of the blues as their own. The warm tones of a tenor sax blend and interweave with cooling notes of a trumpet, the bass, and drums, act as a sounding board to send the music to the listeners and dancers. Soon your attention turns from the bandstand to the people. Black sweaters and beards break up the monotony of shaggy blond heads eyeing the Molson-topped tables; beside each beard sits a Françoise Sagan, white lipped and waiting. But a girl with red hair sits alone, no beard beside her, no beer on the table. The music fades into the background as you contemplate the girl, her unruly red hair taunting your eyes. Rather than think, you act and join the girl with the red hair, who returns your smile with an amused but interested smirk.

Your conversation flows with the drinks, talk of books held commonly in esteem fills the surrounding air. But the talk, like the books comes to an end and the mood of the jazz takes over. Without a word you both rise and dance. You too, like the others dance to the blues and you both become one. Soon the music stops, and giddy with the rum and moved by the sweaty dancing, you look at her, then you both leave arm and arm to your open car. She murmurs an address and your car is cutting the night at 70 miles an hour, a straight line between a night club and a girl's apartment. In spite of the night air rushing through your hair as you drive the open car to the waiting chamber, the effect of the rum does not wear off, your driving is aggressive, extremely fast but not weaving. Full of rum you stumble through the cut away door of the green Jaguar and arm in arm, you expectantly enter the building. In the elevator ascending slowly you realize she will not say "Thank you very much for an enjoyable evening," ten minutes later.

You try to remain calm, try to show in a suave manner that this is not an unusual occurrence, but in vain. Nervously, you accept the offer of a drink in spite of an already enveloping fog of drunkenness. As she pours the rum, you manage with some difficulty to get some Beethoven

out of a jacket onto a record player. Cigarettes lit, you both soon forget the music, the cold air outside. Two issues confuse your mind, the thought of imminent dalliance fights the progressing feeling of nausea. Soon, you understand ruefully that this is not a question for the mind; the surfeit of rum results in a quick, embarrassed farewell at a time when farewells should be slow and sweet.

Mothology

Lonella Pond

*Hoard*s of mad moths
Encircle a lamp.
Nearer and nearer they crowd,
Beating and thrashing and
Mutilating their neighbour moths,
Shredding their wings to fragments in
A crazy dance from darkness to light
Oblivious to the futility of their efforts.

Dawn
And the spectral rays of the street-corner lamp
Are extinguished by the district hydro-commission.
And all that is left of the frenzied moths
Is a mass of frail, jumbled corpses —

A weak flutter and all
Are now papery bits of nothingness
Cluttering up the sidewalk,
Inverted wings that winced and cringed
At their mistress' feet.
Cold and dead they have succumbed —
Victims of a false god.

Back to Back

Iain MacLean

THERE once was a young man who lived in a smallish town and worked in his father's dry goods store. Although he had lots of friends and an old car to use on Saturday nights, he was not happy; he was stifled in the small town, in spite of the car, his friends, and the store. The young man, as well as dress the store windows, read a great deal and one day said to himself, "Why should I sell black leather jackets to long sideburned hoodlums in a backward town, when I could be travelling the world like Somerset Maugham, or could be delving into the arts like a student on a fellowship?"

So the young man told his father, who was much chagrined, that he was leaving the dry goods store and taking the car that he used on Saturday nights to go to the large University in a large city. "There," he thought to himself, "I shall learn about life, and I shall eat in exotic restaurants, and read T. S. Eliot in my spare time, and study metaphysics."

To the city came the young man who traded his old car for an Italian motor scooter, swapped his black oxfords for a pair of desert boots, his serge jacket for a black turtle-neck sweater. He registered in abstruse courses and asked himself questions like "What is consciousness?" He ate sukiyaki for lunch and escargot for dinner, washed down with some venerable old chablis. He joined the music club, which sponsored a Baroque string quartet. His career at the University was brilliant and he was elected president of his fraternity. He took out the most beautiful girl on the campus and even organized a panty raid on the women's residence.

After a year, elated by his success, the young man thought he had learned all the University had to offer. He said, "New York could use a brain like mine; I shall leave this big dull Canadian city for New York with Greenwich Village and cheap taxis." Down to New York he went, where he swapped his black turtle-neck sweater for a Brooks Brothers suit. He had a little money but he spent much of it in New York; a play every night, subscriptions to obscure English periodicals, dinners at Le Faison Bleu.

"As I want to see more plays and concerts, I shall have to find a job," he concluded one day. Although he could describe the plots of every play on Broadway, and mix a good Brandy Alexander, nobody was interested in hiring him. One cold morning there was a letter along with his new **Art Today** and **Talisman Review** in the mail box. He was so shocked reading the letter, that he almost poured cream into his espresso

coffee. "This is to inform you," read the letter, "that as an alien residing in the United States for more than six months, you are liable for induction into the United States army."

Back to the large university city in Canada went the young man. "Just because you've seen a few plays in New York doesn't mean you can write reviews," said the unctious manager of the newspaper, ushering the young man to the door.

Donning turtle-neck sweater, he went to the university which formerly praised him. "Not interested," "Tight money policy." Back he went to the smallish town where his father still owned a dry goods store. He took off his turtle-neck sweater, put on a serge coat, and served his first customer, who wanted a black leather jacket.

"But," said the young man, "in New York everyone wears three-button suits and I have a beautiful, slightly used Brooks Brothers suit for sale, and, tell your sister, I have an escargot dish for sale as well."



Death of No Consequence

Dick Knapp

"SAY, Fred! Have you seen Ron's new three-gear bike? It's tremendous. It beats anything we got."

"Yeah," admitted Erik. "I knew that Ron would come through with the best again. Do you remember the bob-sled he built last winter? There wasn't anybody around who could beat him in a race."

No one had ever outclassed Ron at anything. He had the highest marks in class, he had the nicest clothes to wear, not because he was wealthy but because he knew how to choose his clothes and they fitted him well. He was a god to all the kids. No-one disliked Ron, everyone admired Ron; Ron was the best.

As the years went by, Ron became very handsome and even more brilliant. He excelled at university, winning many of the top scholarships and prizes; and freshmen at Oakville University are still reminded of the great "All-American" end Ron Rath.

When he was 22 years old Ron joined the navy as an officer cadet.

In Cornwallis, on that Saturday morning, the sun was beating down on 260 sweating seamen as Lt. Commander Johnston was inspecting the Midshipman class. He was in a hurry to finish the inspection and get back to a cool drink at the bar.

"Parades," he muttered, "Hell, you'd think that I had nothing better to do but walk around looking at a bunch of runny-nosed kids who think they're naval officers . . ."

He stopped in front of Ron. He noticed how Ron's Wellingtons sparkled like black diamonds in the sunlight; how Ron's trousers were pressed with a knife-edge crease; how his tunic was brushed with care so that no dandruff lingered on the square, clean cut shoulders. Ron's hat peak was flickering with fire, and the brim of the cap was placed exactly one inch above Ron's eyebrows. Ron stood at ramrod attention; like a great general before a firing squad.

"What's your name?"

"Rath, sir, Ronald Rath."

"Good work Rath, keep it up."

"Thank you, sir, yes sir."

As Lt. Cd. Johnston hurried back to the wardroom and a cool Tom Collins he thought to himself, "By God that Rath's got something on the

ball; make a fine officer that one. Yessir that's a young man that our country can be proud to have in uniform."

After Ron had won the Captain's sword for being the outstanding and most promising officer cadet of number 9 course, he was transferred to London, England, to act as assistant to the C.O. of Anti-Sub warfare. Ron walked down the long shiny hall and paused before a door which was marked Commodore James Buffing. Ron straightened his tie, cleared his throat and knocked on the door . . .

"Come in—"

Ron Rath entered and stood at attention.

"Sub Lt. Rath, reporting for duty, sir."

"By God, Rath! It's good to have you aboard; we've a frightful pile of work to get done. Those women down the hall pound their typewriters all day long and still I can't keep my desk cleared. I don't imagine it will take you very long to get things straightened out. I've had some pretty high recommendations concerning you, Rath."

In the nine days Commodore Buffing was away with his paramour for a holiday, his department had miraculously become an efficient machine under the skillful hands of Ronald Rath. Ron sat at his desk listening to the clacking and clinging of the typewriters down the hall as he waited impatiently for quitting time.

If you've ever been to Richmansworth in Buckinghamshire, near London, looking eastward along the Prince River that lazily drifts its way along the hills to the south of the town, you would notice a half-hidden path that twists its way slowly upward to the top of Prince Hill, from which thousands of photographs have been taken of the tiny, pleasant English town. You would also notice a young man and a young woman, hand in hand, strolling up the path.

"Oh Ron, it's so beautiful, I feel very happy and warm inside . . . you're different from all the other boys . . . you're kind and you enjoy nature like I do." She thought to herself, "Imagine me—Ann Rooke—out with the most popular boy in all London."

At the top of the hill they paused, silent and breathless.

"Ron!" exclaimed Ann, "we forgot the camera."

"Yes," said Ron, gently taking her into his arms, "we forgot the camera."

Three weeks later, Ron, driving his newly purchased Austin-Healey, crashed into a bus outside London. He was killed instantly.

Four young men sat at a green table playing poker.

"Hey, fellows, did you hear about Ron Rath? He pranged his car into a bus in London — guess it took two hours to pick up the pieces."

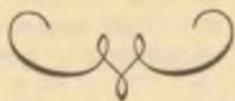
"That's too bad, he was a nice guy — come on Dean . . . hurry up, it's your deal."

A clean cut young man walked nervously down a long shiny hall and paused outside a door marked "Commodore James Buffing". Knocking timidly on the door, he stepped in, snapped to attention, saluted, and spoke.

"Sub Lieutenant Charles Grier, reporting for replacement duty, sir."

"Splendid, Grier, glad to have you aboard; good job you're on time. We have work to do. Here, sit down."

And the typewriters were clacking noisily down the hall.



exchanges

Russell A. Kirk, a leading American conservative thinker, discusses in his *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice* (Henry Regnery, Chicago, 1956) the problem of the decline in the standards of journals, magazines, and weeklies, as well as the death of many, since the beginning of the twentieth century. This disturbing trend, Mr. Kirk observes, is not merely restricted to American publications; it includes the British ones also. Even such eminent journals as *The Spectator* and *The Month* (edited by English Jesuits) are in a precarious financial standing, for lack of a sufficient number of readers who appreciate the high standards maintained by these publications. *The Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Kirk tells us, though still maintaining a comparatively high standard, nevertheless is written "with an eye to the *Reader's Digest*." Mr. Kirk declares that not even the university journals have entirely escaped the growing hegemony of 'crowd culture' (to use the title of Bernard Iddings Bell's scalding work) with the result that such publications are increasingly difficult to maintain nowadays, especially if high standards are to be sustained.

The Students' Union of the London School of Economics and Political Science is therefore to be congratulated on its Michaelmas, 1956 issue of *Clare Market Review*, in which a high standard of writing is found throughout its pages. Though I have reason to believe that many of its writers are either in advanced studies or beyond them; it is refreshing all the same to see that such a university publication can exist in these hard times.

The main substance of *Clare Market Review* is naturally devoted to economics and political science. The journal is not, however, devoid of interest to the student of literature or of philosophy. In drama, Bertolt Brecht is the subject of Ludwig Haber's article, which is, in the editor's words, "of almost hysterical dimensions". Albert Moravia's latest work *Roman Tales* provides Lloyd M. Bennett with an occasion for a brief study of 'The New Moravia'.

Two articles, one by Ralph Samuel and the other by I. Cyril Cannon, are devoted to Marxism. Mr. Cannon's review article of newly selected translations of Marx's works gives him an opportunity to present a view of Marx as the philosopher of history. Mr. Cannon's 'Marx, Alienation and Class' discusses what Marx actually thought and wrote as opposed to what has been commonly ascribed to him through the fault of mistranslations. In this attempt, he is given a helping hand by Mr. Samuel. The latter in his 'Rethinking the Marxist View of History' takes to task quite a few of present day Marxist historians, who, in his opinion, have allowed

the true Marxist approach to history to be vitiated by Stalinism. By this he means that a spirit of polemic has diverted recent Marxist historians from the objectivity of, say, E. H. Carr's history of the Russian revolution to a conception of Party-minded history, which refuses to acknowledge any other interpretation of history. The merits of the Marxist view, Mr. Samuel thinks, consist in three things: first, its materialist view of history gave a tremendous impetus to the study of economic history, secondly, Marxists have placed special emphasis on the interconnection of all historical phenomena, such as religion, literature and the sciences, and thirdly, Marxism as a dialectical view of history serves as a useful corrective to the crude economic determinism (represented, for instance, by H. Trevor Roper) and bureaucratic determinism (represented by G. R. Elton) of historical studies. Mr. Cannon and Mr. Samuel, it appears, agree that Marxism has suffered from a drastically over-simplified sociology, which is wrongly ascribed to it. May it not be worthwhile for *Clare Market Review* to essay one day an attempt at assessing a recent and quite different approach to history which may be expressed in the saying, "History is the revelation of the way of God with man"¹ and which is exemplified by historians such as Christopher Dawson, Professor Herbert Butterfield, Reinhold Niebuhr and Eric Voegelin? An attempt in this direction will be welcome as this 'school', as of now, is gaining in influence, and is quite significant in that it reacts in part against the Toynbee approach.

To assess recent philosophical movements is not an easy task. André Moussoulos gives a clear and summary account of Catholic Existentialist (whether Christian or atheistic) philosophies in France, and gives an outline of the differences between, for instance, Maritain and Blondel on one side and between Camus and J. P. Sartre on the other. Ortega Gasset and Miguel de Unamuno are outlined well along with others in Anwer Mooraj's article on Spanish philosophy. Bertrand Russell's figure looms largely in Jitendra Singh's survey of British philosophy. C. D. Broad, F. H. Bradley and R. G. Collingwood also are given some attention. Mr. Singh points out that Einstein's Theory of Relativity created an impact on British philosophy.

In the Spring/Summer issue of *The Leopardess* (published by Queen Mary College, London), Professor G. O. Jones, Head of the Physics Department at Q.M.C., contributes an article, "The Jolly Existentialists". His own generation, Prof. Jones says, is more or less represented by a 'movement' in literature, by writers such as Kingsley Amis, Malcolm Muggeridge, C. P. Snow, John Wain and others, who wrote novels about people who "have their own codes, to which they stick, if not to the death, at least to the point of losing their jobs." Thus, "the job lost, the promotion refused, and the job regained, are constantly recurring themes among the authors." Prof. Jones, however, denies that these represent

the attitude of students today; rather they have pledged their loyalty to the Outsider. If that is the case, writes Prof. Jones, then the students have slipped back several generations.

Thanks are extended to the editors of the following magazines:
Northerner, Easter 1957, King's College, Univ. of Durham.
Gryphon, March 1957, University of Leeds.
The Dragon (y ddraig) Summer 1957, U.C.W., Aberystwyth.
Cap and Gown, 1957, University College, Cardiff.
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa, Octobre-Décembre, 1957, Ottawa.

— A. R. G. H.

1. *Israel and Revelation*, being vol. 1 of *Order and History* (6 vol.) by Eric Voegelin.

BOOK REVIEW

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH, by Philip Carrington.

Published by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press and the MacMillan Company of Canada.

In two volumes (520 pp each).

Price, £5. 5s. 0d. or \$17.50, complete.

Publisher's comments on dust-jackets are notoriously misleading, but here it must be admitted that they are accurate. "Archbishop Carrington does not offer this book as a conventional history for the scholar . . . It is a personal view . . ."

It is not a conventional history because it deals exclusively with the first two centuries of Christian Church history, ending at 230 A.D. with the passing of the fifth generation from Christ's crucifixion. This artificial *terminus ad quem* is chosen by the author because of his "personal view" that church traditions passed on from one faithful person to another can be trusted as good evidence, and that even two hundred years is a comparatively brief period when considered in relation to the people who lived through it as members of the Christian community. Conventional church historians must spend so much time tracing the development of doctrine and church order that the persons in whom the Holy Spirit was at work are usually left on one side as relatively unimportant. Archbishop Carrington has noted this and, as a twentieth century successor to the apostles, has reached back into the past and has illuminated it with his own episcopal experience in a pioneer diocese, in the course of which he has discovered that the corporate memory of the Christian community is long and trustworthy. Accordingly, he has reversed the procedure of the conventional historian, placing his emphasis on the persons, "the living stones" out of whom the

Catholic Church has been built, with the result that these people from the past, of whom we have been accustomed to speak as mere names and purveyors of theological ideas, come alive in his book, both as real people, and also as essentially trustworthy links in the chain of a living tradition.

The biographical sketches are produced with a sureness of touch that is always admirable, and often brilliant. Especially is this true of Volume I, in which the comings and goings of the apostolic age are woven into a thrilling narrative which moves from person to person with the pace of a first-rate adventure story (reminding us that this is the greatest story in the history of mankind). The reader who does not know the book of Acts (the first Church History book) will be inspired to read it carefully; and the student who has tried unsuccessfully to unravel the problems connected with the lives of St. Peter and St. Paul and their lieutenants, will be grateful for an illuminating and moving reconstruction. Archbishop Carrington proves himself to be not only a scholar who has mastered and marshalled the massive researches of others, but also a strikingly original and inspiring teacher in his own right.

There is little which calls for criticism. The author's complete acceptance of the existence of the hypothetical document 'Q' will not find as much support today as it would have done five years ago (Vol. I, pp. 161, 211ff). The phrase "Easter Sunday" appears in both volumes (Vol. I, p. 466; Vol. II, p. 11) rather than the more correct "Easter Day". The Holy Spirit is spoken of as "it" (Vol. I, 452; Vol. II, 92ff). The presentation in the last chapter of Volume II, which has been added to bring the reader up to the not-so-artificial *terminus ad quem* of the Council of Nicaea (325 A.D.), is not of the same quality as the rest of the book, since it covers a period as long as those which have been presented earlier in almost five hundred pages each. This leaves an unfortunate impression at the end of so excellent a work. Finally, the reviewer wonders if the value of the work has not been reduced by the refusal of the author to include footnotes for the guidance of the serious student. If this was done in order to make the work more attractive to the lay reader, it has only succeeded in making it less useful to the scholar, while still remaining perhaps too technical for the casual reader.

But these are passing thoughts and of little worth. This is a thrilling book, and whoever reads it, scholar or no, will find much to enlighten, and may well be converted, God willing, from an undue scepticism with regard to the early traditions. Bishop's University will take a special pride in it, for the author spent some of his formative years as Dean of Divinity here; and no doubt much of what it contains was tested and tried in lectures presented to our predecessors.

— Ronald Reeve

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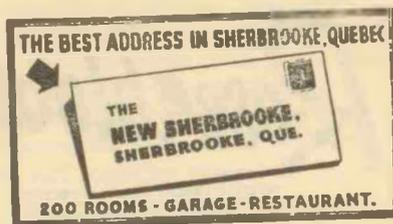
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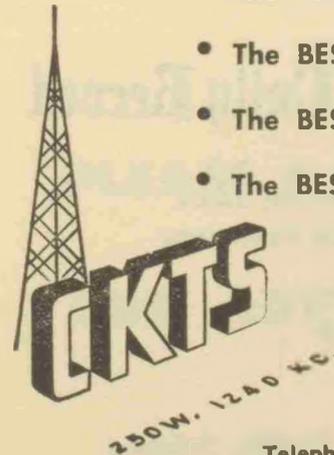
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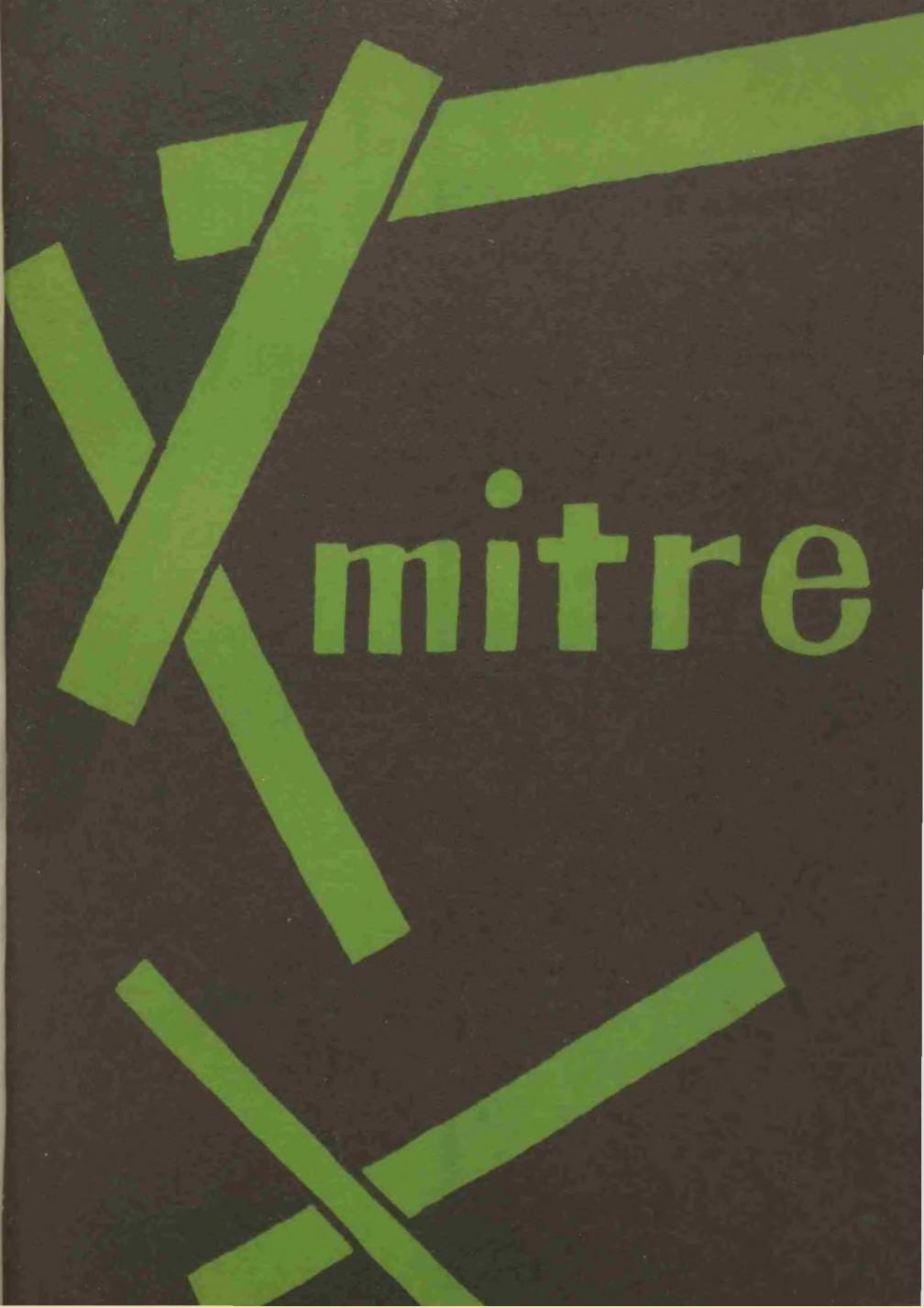
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