



# Bishop's University

Founded 1843—Royal Charter 1853

## The Mitre

Volume 66

No. 1 Michaelmas 1958

No. 2 Lent 1959

No. 3 Trinity 1959

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THE MITRE, MICHAELMAS 1958,  
A SPECIAL SECTION ON THE  
UNSILENT GENERATION AS  
WELL AS POETRY AND PROSE

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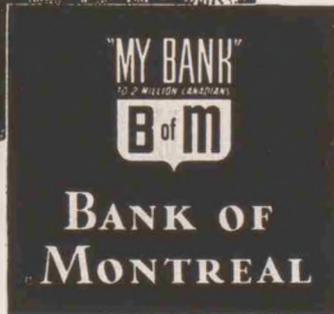
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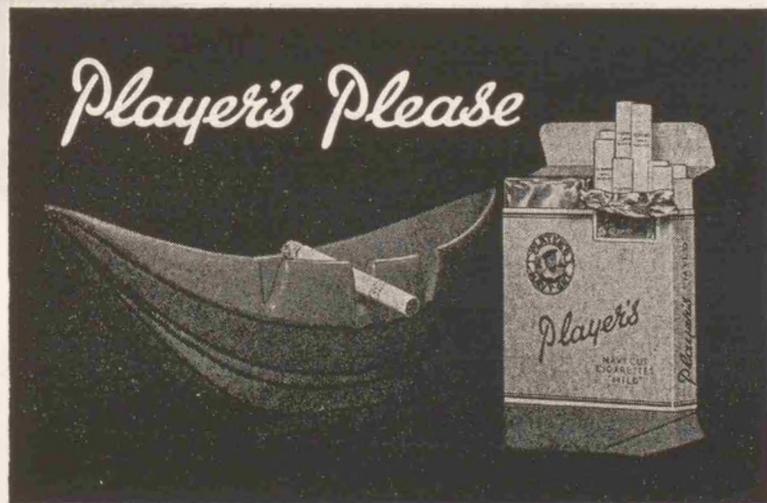
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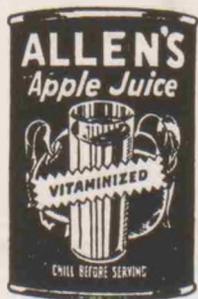


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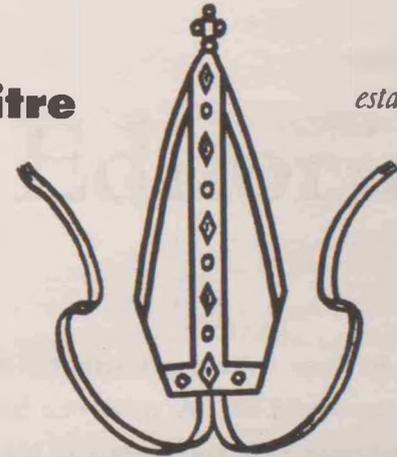
## *Dedication*

*To Boris Pasternak*

*Whose book, Dr. Zhivago is an inspiration  
to those outside Russia, and that it may  
someday inspire those inside.*

**the mitre**

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# Editorial

The *Mitre* expresses the creative spirit of the inhabitants of a small residential university. All the inhabitants experience the same environment, and as a result, would be expected to express the same views, that is, if what we hear from the sociologists is correct. However, the pre-university background of each student is different. Also, people think differently. That is what makes them interesting.

An individual's writing is an expression of his personality, and is a reflection of his environment — his family life, school chums (sociologists say as civilization develops, individuals are influenced more by their peers than by their parents). The Unsilent Generation section, as well as expressing the opinions on a number of questions by various students, show, in reading between the lines, the probable environments of the writers.

Reaction to the environment in writing proves the writer's heritage. And judging by much contemporary writing, reaction is manifest. We invite you to read on and see if the writers and poets express their environment.

# THE UNSILENT GENERATION

## ESSAY ONE

Magazine writers would have us believe that this is the lost generation, a generation without ideals or ideas, merely seeking sensation. Other writers would have us believe that this generation is marked by its conformity, rushing through college to get that diploma which entitles them to don grey flannel suits and join the organization men on James or Bay Street.

What one sets down on paper as an estimation of oneself may prove to be more idealistic than realistic. However, several students, who shall remain anonymous, were asked to write an essay, giving a serious look at themselves and the world.

**Instructions for the topic were as follows:**

**Write on the following theme: What do you want out of life? What do you want to contribute to life? How has your background affected you in this? What do you think of happiness, success, security, God, education, marriage, family, and your own generation? What, if any, moral problems have you encountered or do you expect to have to face? How do you relate yourself to Canada's future and to the future of mankind in general?**

The idea is not original; Otto Butz, in a remarkable book titled *The Unsilent Generation*, posed the same question for eleven Princeton college seniors to write about. Professor Arthur Motyer delegated the willing members of one of his English Literature courses to write on the same topic. Extracts from the more interesting essays were spirited away from students, who naturally have misgivings about seeing some of their very personal thoughts in print.

It is enough to consider, let alone answer, one at a time the questions which have been put to me, but to deal with them as a whole impresses the more with the inconsistency, contradiction and general lack of order in my thinking. I have nothing substantial on which I can build a neat system; logic, no matter how perfect, is useless without a truth and I cannot as yet make a sincere declaration of faith in any truth. The situation, of course, is temporary. It would be far less trouble for me if I were tidy, indeed much more comfortable if I could shut off certain areas of the mind and suppress various questions. May I make it clear that this lack of conviction does **not** torture me . . . I **could** be convinced—I could also be wrong . . . Although there is no reason for life, there is a reason for living. Suicide might, in the long run, be less painful than living and I am not afraid of death (not to be confused with fear of injury). On three occasions when I very nearly died accidentally, the predominant emotion afterwards was more the bewilderment of a surprised beneficiary rather than fear or great relief. My reason for living, however, is curiosity more than anything else. I like being curious, and I like the speculation, the hunt, and the triumph of the occasional satisfaction that it affords. As to my future, the incentive is not only the carrot on the string, but also the element of doubt. To be absolutely sure of success is next to being certain of failure. The secure prize transforms the striving to drudgery and becomes a clinker when attained. Ask any woman! Imagine the successful man's private Hell—Croesus amasses fabulous wealth, Napoleon conquers globes, Commodius, with nothing to interrupt him, bounds from hunt to harem—for eternity! Imagine their state of mind! Like Dante's lovers they are racked by oversatiety.

Therefore it is very difficult for me to say what I want out of life. "Taking out" suggests a passive plucking whereas what I have in mind comes from within. I never want to lose "the sense of wonder", for with it I should lose curiosity. Nor do I wish to lose the ability to discover my own challenges. Boredom is the individual's responsibility. The only way to escape it is through a certain amount of self control and effort. I want to acquire self control, especially emotional control, in order to overcome temporal setbacks and economize on the useless worries. . . .

Obviously my background has affected me in every way. It would be impossible to answer informatively because I am what my experiences and circumstances have made me, and I am not entirely sure what I am. But every person I have met, every experience in my lifetime has become a part of me. . . .

Success means to me the accomplishment of the end aimed at. Many people take success as a standard thing, and the judge of it as society. However, success, as far as I am concerned, means the attainment of that which I have mentioned I want out of life. If I keep working to gain and maintain these neither myself nor my children will starve. . . .

I often wonder which would be best, a marriage for love or a marriage of convenience. Whereas a marriage for love can often turn out dismally, a marriage of convenience may, if both parties are sensible, foster a more durable love. There is likely to be less incompatibility in such a marriage — and with what little I know I would imagine that the strongest part of love is a result of shared experiences, trials and so forth. . . .

It would be a mistake, I agree, to refer to the present generation as silent. On the contrary, there is ample evidence that my generation, the so called "beat" generation, is singularly uninhibited in expressing its opinions. Indeed, what other generation has been quite so self conscious? Nor can I blame it, for it appears to have received much more attention than its predecessors. It is reviled, rebuked, compared, cursed, flattered, praised and "sold" (as any merchandizer knows). Above all it has been polled, examined clinically and asked its opinion on anything and everything. Although I have little to go by as comparison, it would seem there is much talk and little said, but perhaps formerly those with nothing to say were less inclined and had less opportunity to say it. There are more people being educated, and there is an almost universal reading public in the western world. I should be surprised if we were very much different from anyone before us. The problems we have inherited make the difference — who would not be paralyzed by them?

One problem I have is the question of whether nowadays war of any kind, even in self defense, is justifiable. There has been a good deal of sloppy thinking behind pacifism in the past but the situation has changed somewhat. If I were to go into the Regular Army, which I have considered for some time, I would have to kill a part of myself.

## ESSAY TWO

Like a half-crazed, insensible bird flung against a torrential flood of wind, life propels itself to unknown destinies. How difficult it is to trace this flight through footless halls of time, and feel within our souls its trembling, throbbing pulse. How exasperating it must be for the artist to suck in its trailing tornado of thought and envisage its towering cliffs of Eternity. How much more exasperating it is for a student to be thrust into this violent storm, **and not know why!**

Two windows confront the student, through which he perceives an intricate pattern of activity.

Through one is seen the mystical kingdom of spirit and aesthetic. Here thought and feeling blend harmoniously into shimmering images of nature's splendour; a ruffled sea flexing its muscles in a radiant sun; a stalwart oak outstretching its arms to an open sky. Here idea and mind electrify the air with crackling theories of man — the complexities of rationalism and empiricism; the enigma of what is art, the disturbing question of who is God. It is a sphere sensitive to man's perpetual struggle with the universe.

Through the ether is seen the discordant kingdom of the physical. Here the constant throb of instability is felt — a massive structure where souls are dehumanized into an assembly line of lima beans. Here the twisting coils of a dollar sign strangle the manliness in a man, turning him into a hollow monster of deceit. Mere the mephetic odour of cheap perfume clings to a quivering limb feeling the hardness of a meaningless love. Here a syrupy evil sticks to the crumbling walls of a vanquished society, crushing the nobilities of a century into dust. It is a nightmare filled with the shrieking agonies of inexorable tragedies.

If some great force within me could mesh these incongruities into a plastic whole, then would follow an assurance that this cosmos has some meaning, some totality. If one ultimate reality could be discerned amidst these conflicting forces, then would follow a peace of mind, a final purpose.

It is **peace of mind** which I pursue. Without it such things as happiness and security have little value. The mind controls one's happiness.

Not through the futile struggle of obtaining personal wealth, but only through the sheer understanding of one's purpose can security be tenable. . . . Otherwise he is left dangling in a web of uncertainty, tasting the cloying pleasures of a peppermint ideal.

This is precisely what I want to avoid. Milton supplied a solution which some have jeered at, yet, which unmistakably has provided many with peace of mind — self-discipline. Using this as a guiding principle, an equation between what I want and what I can give can be found. No matter what vocation is rendered by the individual, self-discipline is invariably the root of all success. . . .

The writer is aware of the prevalent suffering surrounding his tiny universe. Amidst all the raucous shouts of laughter and gaiety can be heard the faint, but persisting echo of despair. This mournful dirge **must** be hushed. For someone whose interests lay scattered in the theatre and psychology, this necessity proposes difficulties. Channels of activity quite often are clogged by barriers of doubt and query. The deed is rebuffed by word. Thus, in order for the writer to contribute anything of value, a definite course must be chosen.

It is felt that the roots of despair can be found in the home. Women, compelled by the irresistible temptations of industry, have forsaken their domestic duties. This transition has been prompted by modern conveniences emerging from industry. Hence, it is a reciprocal action. The writer does not object to women exploiting their potential and offering their fruits of thought to society. What disturbs him, however, is that they are doing it for the wrong reason. Let a woman develop herself as a woman, not strive to equate her abilities with man. Dual tactics not only taint her femininity, but also weaken her position as a mother. The father is as much to blame. Consumed by his own ambitions he has the penchant to overlook his parental duties. . . .

It is insensible and hypocritical to entertain Christian thought, and then to thrust it aside when pitted against experience. For many the glimmering attractions of God's promises are cookies to munch on. Men can only fling open the portals of their soul and let the whispering voice of God reverberate, when such things as honesty and value are considered. God does not want to be admired and blessed with adulating ceremonies. Instead, he demands a written contract — a testimony to insure that inscribed within our hearts are **His** own commandments, not the com-

mandments of sacred cow. It is better to trample Tophet, itself, than to streak the divinity with a sugar coated worship.

To find one's God entails an evacuation of sluggish sentiment. No man can feel the comforting presence of a God without stripping from his body the tattered garments of bigotry. No man can apprehend the paradoxical creed of Christianity without vomiting up the purulent sores of pride. Humility is the salient note of celestial reverence. . . .

Growing prosperity has produced an excrescence of moral ugliness. Those things which were meant to be cherished by an intimate bond have been graphically described for public mockery. What was once beautiful has been devoured by a monstrous industrial mechanism. What was once natural has been twisted by a perverted mind. . . .

Before he closes this essay, the writer would like to quote a passage from the Bible, which to him ignites all truth. It has always been a source of inspiration:

" . . . whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if they be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

(Collosians, 1, IV:8)

### ESSAY THREE

What do I want out of life? I think my desires are fairly normal, but I know that all I want will never materialize precisely because of that human failing of "the more you have the more you want". Be that as it may, there are still certain things I want out of life, the first and foremost being a good, and well rounded education. I don't necessarily mean the formal sort of education that is now supposedly being given me here at Bishop's, although a degree of some sort seems to be essential today. I want to travel during the next year or two and thus receive what I would call an "education of the world". I wouldn't go on any planned tours but would stay in a place only if I found I liked it and its people. . . .

I want to see and understand, or at least make an attempt at understanding, the world and its people, why they do what they do and why they live as they live.

Following this rather nomadic existence I plan to return to Canada, complete my formal education, marry and raise a family. I would like to teach somewhere in Canada, preferably in Ontario or Quebec, and at a boys' school. . . . I hope to teach history, Canadian history, about which most Canadians are sadly ignorant.

My secondary contribution to life is one that I doubt will ever be realized, mainly because my character is not of calibre high or good enough to see it accomplished. I would like to have the means and influence whereby screening boards, severe ones, could be set up in theological colleges across Canada. Young men should be carefully and thoroughly screened before being allowed to study for holy orders and, if accepted, should be prepared to follow a rigid rule of life throughout their training and priested lives. I have not met many priests that I would call true men of God. . . .

I have been raised to believe in God and, as is generally the case with things we have been taught "from our youth onwards," I find this belief hard to get along without. During the past few years, however, doubts have arisen in my mind, some of which are hard to put down. I have gradually formed the opinion that nothing can be really accepted as a truth unless it has been rejected, questioned and proven to be right. If

the belief will not stand up under this sort of examination, we should be careful about accepting it as a truth. I have tried to do this with Christianity and have been only partially satisfied with some of the answers I have been getting. I realize, or try to, that faith plays a large part in such things, but to me, faith must be reinforced by a certain amount of concrete, unassailable proof. . . . I hope that someday God will become a living thing to me but until that happens, all I can do is pray for faith, in the meantime being my rationalistic, half-believing self.

My generation is a soft generation, mentally and physically. We are too engrossed in pleasure and in having a good time, suffering little or no hardship, and not being made, or taught to do enough things. We would appear to be the "easy way out group", always taking the line of least resistance. . . .

I do think my generation is more interested in religion, in finding more about life and why we all do the things we do. We are annoyingly inclined to demand proof for anything we are asked to believe. We are less reasonable about accepting things as so just because we are told they are so. This rationalistic outlook has, I feel, done much to introduce the scientific into our society and given it a too prominent place in our lives. We tend to be faddists, always changing our moods and tastes, sometimes because we want to, but usually because we are pressured into feeling it is the thing to do, or not to do.

We are spoiled, always having what we want and, as a result of being psycho-analysed, we become "neurotic" if we are thwarted in our desires. We seem to lack respect for our parents and for things around us that have always been objects of esteem and admiration. To abuse institutions, such as the Church, that have been tested and proved by time appears to be the smart thing to do. . . . We think we know all and are all wise, finding it hard to accept the fact that there have been great minds and great achievements before our generation came into being.

ESSAY FOUR

For the last four years I have, or at least I think I have, come a long way from my socialist views and this in a fashion that might be called a reaction. As of now my opinions, whether political or not, are such that my liberal friends, with their fondness for god-terms and devil-terms, would dismiss as 'reactionary'. Yet if, as Roy Campbell once said, a body does not react it is a corpse, then I accept the term. The term nevertheless has a bad odour for those who are accustomed to regard progress as the unalterable fact of history, and such a faith, for all the realities of human experience to the contrary, dies hard.

. . . . .

In the philosophical act, or philosophizing, I see man much as he is in his own nature and in relation to nature, thus barring any mechanized concept of man as found in Descartes's thought. But most important of all, I should remark, is that the world is to be viewed not as material for man to act upon, but as a Creation. Man's real wealth consists, not in becoming, as Descartes intended, 'the master and owner of nature', but in seeing things simply as being. The gift of contemplation is given to man, a gift which enables him to see himself as a being in relation to the order of the whole of existing things. To this might be compared the insight of St. Gregory the Great, as quoted by Aquinas: "What do they not see, who see Him who sees all things?" Aquinas himself has given the traditional Christian view of this, when he puts to himself the following objection: The end of man is, surely, perfect similarity with God, and the soul separated from the body will be more like God than the soul joined to the body, since God is incorporeal, and to this, he replies thus: "The soul united to the body is more like God than the soul separated from the body because it possesses its own nature more perfectly."<sup>1</sup> The really human thing is to preserve our apprehension of the universality of things in the midst of the habits of daily life and to see 'the world' above and beyond our immediate environment.

. . . . .

In philosophizing, man is exercising a freedom, for the act of contemplation can hardly be subordinate to the claims of the state without en-

dangering the person's freedom. Contemplation is 'useless' in the same way that the liberal arts are 'useless', but then this term is used only in a relative sense as far as the specific needs of society are concerned. Goethe has expressed himself well, and I cannot do better than to echo him, when he said, "I have never bothered or asked in what way I was useful to society as a whole; I contented myself with expressing what I recognized as good and true. That has certainly been useful in a wide circle; but that was not the aim; it was the necessary result."<sup>2</sup>

1. *Quaest. disp. de potentia Dei*, 5, 10 ad 5.
2. Quoted in Eckermann's *Conversations*.



## Phyllis Parham

### MY DARLING DAUGHTER

At last she forced herself to lock the door, shutting out the soft wind and the moonlight. The house surrounded her with its too comfortable darkness. A slim tentacle of light crept out from her mother's bedroom.

"Rowena!" commanded her mother, the deep velvet voice absorbing the silence.

Rowena slipped in through the half-open door. "I didn't want to wake you," she said, sitting obediently on the edge of the bed.

"Silly dear. You know I always want to hear all about what you did."

"It was a lovely shower. We gave Betty enough kitchen stuff to keep her cooking for fifty years."

"It must have been nice." The velvet voice became quieter, slower, a little more velvety. "It lasted quite late for a shower. Did you come home alone?"

"Betty's brother came for her and offered to drive the few extra blocks with me."

"Did Betty come all the way?"

"She was tired after all the excitement, so she got Mike to let her off at their house first."

Rowena's mother sat up straighter in bed. Her eyes became intensely serious.

"Darling, you know you promised me you wouldn't have anything more to do with Michael than is absolutely necessary."

"Yes, Mother, but this was absolutely necessary. After all, he was just being polite. If it hadn't been for him, I would have had to walk home alone."

"Perhaps. But still, after he got so disgustingly drunk that time last summer . . ."

"It was only once, Mother. I don't think he'll ever do it again. Besides, that was something I only found out because I was such a good friend of his. I should never have told a soul." Rowena spoke like a child regurgitating the multiplication table.

"You didn't tell anyone but me, and when a mother and daughter are close as we are, there is nothing we need hide from one another, is there?"

Rowena smiled and kissed her mother. "I know, Mother. You're wonderful to care so much about me."

In her own room, she stood with a mirror and one dim light and

thought a brief, sacrilegious thought, "Michael told me my eyes were much lovelier than Mother's." The light went out, and only the moon behind the curtains remained. "But everyone knows it is impossible to be lovelier than Mother. Michael is a liar."

With the moonless morning, Rowena found her father alone at breakfast. He emerged carefully from his cornflakes and newspaper. "Hello, Chick."

"Hello, Dad. Where's Mother?"

"Still in bed, I think. I haven't seen her." His sharp mouth twisted without smiling.

"Probably tired because she waited for me to come in last night," said Rowena, looking rememberingly at an elm tree beyond the window.

His eyes touched her for a moment. His mouth untwisted into a straight steel line.

"Listen, Chick," he said. "This is poetry." Unnaturally high, his voice interrupted whatever the elm tree was making Rowena think.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

Yes, my darling daughter.

Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,  
But don't go near the water."

"That's funny," said Rowena. "Mike once sang that verse to me. He said it was the words to a silly tune we heard."

"It has a fascinating theme. Good morning, Caroline." His wife had appeared suddenly, pausing vividly in the doorway. The perfume that never suited anyone else drifted smoothly ahead of her.

She smiled. "Such an endearing father-daughter scene! I hope you weren't conspiring against me."

Rowena said, "Oh, Mother!" and kissed her. Her father returned to his cornflakes and newspaper, explaining, "I was just commenting to Rowena on the true life significance of nursery rhymes."

"Oh yes." Caroline grasped the subject in her long white fingers. "Some of them have the most interesting historical backgrounds. Did you know Little Jack Horner was an actual contemporary of Henry the Eighth?"

The telephone interrupted her. Rowena ran to answer it, spilling her parents into a silence that lasted till she returned.

Who was that, Dear?" asked her mother, frowning a little at the unexpected life in Rowena's eyes.

Rowena sat down and looked uncomfortably at nothing. "Michael," she said. The name hung a little too long in the air above the breakfast table. "Bob Dawson is giving a party next Saturday, and he asked Mike to invite me."

Her mother became sad. "You mean Michael said Bob asked him to invite you."

"Of course. Why would Mike say so if it weren't true?"

"And you refused him?"

Rowena's eyes were begging and less alive. "How could I? He and Bob would have both been hurt. You said yourself that Bob was very nice and a good influence on Mike."

"True," said Caroline slowly, "It would not be good for you to insult the Dawsons. Besides, this would be a good chance for you to tell Mike you don't want to see him any more. He is obviously running a campaign in your direction."

Rowena tried to move her face into a protective shadow. "But Mother, he's not really. He's nice to me because we've been friends since we were children. How can I tell him I don't want to see him again? I've been trying to avoid him lately, but I don't see what reason I could give him."

Her father arose startingly from oblivion. "What is the matter with Michael?"

Caroline glanced confidentially at Rowena. "It's something rather private. I don't think he's the kind of person Rowena should know."

Rowena lifted her spoon to one side of her plate and dragged it back again.

"Rowena, dear, you know I only ask you to do this because I love you and I want what is best for you?"

"Of course, Mother."

"And you do love me?"

"You know I do. You're the most wonderful mother anyone ever had."

"Then you will do what I ask?"

The tenderness in the soft voice vanquished Rowena.

"Yes, Mother, I'll do it. I know you want what is right. I should never have argued at all. I'm very sorry."

"All right, Dear," said her mother gently. "It takes a while to realize things sometimes."

Her father put down his paper. "Mother, may I go out to swim?" he asked as he left them.

"What did he say?" inquired Caroline.

"I didn't hear," said Rowena. The tree beyond the window moved slightly in the wind. Its daytime leaves were strangely tinged with moonlight.

The night of the party was colour and lights that softened and brightened as the music changed.

"It's a long time since I danced with you," said Michael, his eyes reflecting her smile. "For a while I thought your mother had forbidden you to speak to me."

Rowena remembered then and stopped smiling. Why did there have

to be roses in the Dawson's garden? Roses made her forget things. Why did Michael's eyes insist on getting mixed up with the roses?

For no apparent reason they found themselves in a place where there was nothing but roses. Faintly luminous in the darkness, they surrounded her, tying her hands to Michaels'. Very quietly, she began to cry. Michael tilted her face upward so she had to look at him.

With violence enough to shatter the night into little pieces, she grabbed herself beyond his reach. "I hate roses," she said.

"Rowena!"

"I can't, Michael, I can't see you again . . . I can't," she stopped, choking on the music that rushed from the room behind her. "I promised my mother."

"Because of the time you and Bob had to rescue me from a brawl?"

"Yes." It sounded ridiculous. She expected the whole cruel garden to burst out laughing at her.

"Do you think I make a habit of such things?"

"Of course not. It was a long time ago, and it wouldn't matter even if you did, but . . ."

"Rowena, if you think it's all right, why can't you do what you want to? You're not a child."

He expected all this. His voice is made of steel.

"You don't understand, Michael. I love my mother. She'd do anything for me. I promised . . ." She was afraid Michael and his terrible roses would make her forget everything forever. She ran into the brightness where she had to remember.

That night she went home early enough to walk by herself. The tentacles of light beneath her mother's door reached further into the hall than they ever had before, wrapping themselves around her carefully silent feet.

"Darling," called the gentle, loving voice in the light. "Come in and see me."

She looked down at the light on the floor. A piece of rose fell from somewhere about her and was caught. Her mother called again. She kicked the petal into a corner and opened the door. Caroline's eyes probed velvety.

"Did you tell him?"

"Yes, Mother, I told him." Through a mist of steel and flowers she saw her mother hold out her arms and heard her say, "You realize now that it was right? And you still love me, don't you, dear?"

She shook away the mist and fixed her eyes on her mother's neat, grayless hair.

"Yes, Mother," she said, "How could I help but love you?"

## Iain MacLean

### SWEETHEART OF SIGMAN FREUD

The scene is a "Blue Monday" (9-12 a.m.) jam session at a club in the "village". A cool cat discovers his very cool chick at a table sipping a pre-breakfast Pernod.

dramatis personae

Zoot Gillespie

Genevieve Miller

- Zoot** Hi, doll, you're looking the puffy eyed one this A.M., what gives? This Pernod jazz before breakfast is for the birds, like.
- Gene.** Salud, I'm hung, man . . . there was a swinging scene at the Vanguard last night, then we went to Jill's pad for some ales and sounds. Got looped, so did everybody else, even Randy.
- Zoot** That square! man, he's out of nowhere; plays bongos with gloves; I mean, like I don't want to put you down, but that cat has got to go.
- Gene.** A beat type like you jealous, hah, you're like these squares in the short stories in The Saturday Evening Post. Life's just a stream, man, and you got to go along with the current.
- Zoot** I'm no square, Chickie, but this drummer bit, hell no . . . I guess you think I stayed at the club and gigged with Stan and Boots. But you're blowing flat if you think that. I met a real suave chick last night, after the set and we had a ball. I just left her pad a few minutes ago.
- Gene.** Man, you're goofing up the solo before they've named the tune. I didn't say I was with this Randy cat last night. All I said was we were at the same scene yesterday.
- Zoot** You're always giving the come on to the other cats.
- Gene.** It's my universal soul, dad, I'm in love with every man, I want to dig, dig, dig. You know, life is a many splendoured gig. I'm sleeping in the bedroom of eternity.
- Zoot** Don't hang me, doll, I didn't want to make this scene in the first place. I mean you have been listening to this poetry in the cellar jazz, I mean you're a psycho.
- Gene.** I'm not psycho, I'm neurotic, that's why I fit in with everybody, man, we're all neurotic living in the garbage can world of experience, driving our Thunderbirds on the road to Miltown.
- Zoot** A female Dylan Thomas floating on the beer foam fuzz of sense; damn, you've got me too on this poetry kick.

- Gene.** But you're phoney, like everybody's phoney except the soul seekers wallowing in the cesspool of convention.
- Zoot** Cut the rhetoric, kid. If you want to stick with a swinger like me, stop this catin' around. I'm makin' it now, and if you're along for the ride, you can cut out and make the scene another place.
- Gene.** What are you riding, the 6:10 to Westport? Get off your high horse. As they say on Madison Avenue, 'I like you but . . .' You are cool, man, but you don't dig, man. I mean you dig the cute chick on a record cover, but the jazz inside is too far out for you. I look up from the bottom of my personality at the "other side up" part of life.
- Zoot** By the way, did Randy take you home from the party?
- Gene.** No.
- Zoot** Who did?
- Gene.** I left the scene solo, like.
- Zoot** Alone? The cats will think I'm a real square, dating a chick no one will pick up.
- Gene.** A kick in the pants of life itself, eh?

## Iain MacLean

### BALL OF WAX

The men of mediocrity  
 With IBM precision  
 Lunched in Honey-Dewed magnificence  
 Gorging on fresh-frozen donuts  
 The men of mediocrity  
 Were mother-henning a plan  
 To sell  
 God  
 And togetherness  
 And Life Magazine for nine years,  
 A package deal  
 Grey flannel wrapped  
 In banality.

**Phyllis Parham**  
**WEST OF EAST**

Ripple patched river,  
sun soothed, unsinning,  
plush peace pretend.  
Silk safe in summer,  
forever forget  
the cedared beaches of blood.

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**Phyllis Parham**  
**SPRING NIGHT: MONTREAL**

More lurid than neon, Easter moon  
Advertizing nothing for the no-sale city,  
Cold diamond lights on the hotspots  
And the sensual moon splashed on the night.  
Yellow daub on infinite black.

Through the warm and throbbing freshness  
Comes a wind cooler than stars.

**Andrew Webster**  
**BEAT**

**Brett:** Nothing?

**Siebert:** There is nothing. The noise rings at my ears. It prevents me from going to sleep. (Yelling) Be quiet out there!

**Brett:** The noise is unceasing. You must learn to roll with the swell.

**Siebert:** There are people drinking in the hallways. I would like a drink, too.

**Brett:** You may drink until you become horizontal. . . .

**Siebert:** (in despair) But the noise.

**Brett:** . . . and they will let you drink with them but you will be missing something essential after the bottle is empty.

**Siebert:** What?

**Brett:** The little pieces of your soul will be scattered in remnants about these halls. (There is a knock and Siebert gets up from the bed and ushers in a third person.)

**Siebert:** The little pieces of my soul?

**Brett:** You will have trouble picking them up.

**Siebert:** (Slowly) If I was able to pick them up again, maybe I could put the pieces in the right place. I am looking for a harmony of something . . . I know not what.

**Kubas:** (Boldly) I have become unimpressed by people who profess to be in the process of finding themselves.

**Brett:** You are insensitive.

**Kubas:** And happy.

**Siebert:** (Anxiously) In what place . . . through what medium did you find this happiness?

**Kubas:** I have good friends. I drink with them.

**Brett:** False happiness.

**Kubas:** They all have interesting things to say. They are wonderfully obscene.

**Brett:** Happiness through friends and a bottle.

**Siebert:** Is it possible?

**Kubas:** Certainly it's possible, my boy. I used to be like you; wanted to

find myself; wanted to burn down the world with a firey torch. Believe me, boy. You'll go mad if you try.

**Siebert:** I am mad even now.

**Kubas:** I've been happy ever since I joined the club. We have fun. We go to the Rooster Room for mid-morning cocktails.

**Siebert:** (He lets out a genuine laugh) Mid-morning cocktails!

**Kubas:** The club may be just the thing for you, boy. Great bunch of guys. We just love it.

**Siebert:** (Captivated) What else do you do?

**Kubas:** Why, sometimes we throw it down all week-end. Ales in the bath-tub you know; that kind of thing.

**Brett:** Innebrates!

**Kubas:** Listen, skeptic. I've been through the mill. This is my last year here. (Seriously) You just can't do it and I know because I've tried. You'll crack up and there won't be any pieces to pick up at all. (Indecisively) Maybe you can. Jesus! I don't know . . . I tried . . . but you gotta have an iron will, and along with that a genius-type brain. I tell you it's no use. (Pause . . . and then sadly) It's no use.

**Siebert:** I'm confused.

**Kubas:** (Rising) Well, I gotta go now. Some guys are waiting for me. We're going down for a few quick ones.

**Siebert:** Wait!

**Kubas:** See you later, boy. (He opens the door to leave).

**Siebert:** Wait! How did you find . . . (he is cut off by a closed door. Loud voices drift in from the hall).

**Brett:** (Meditating) I don't know.

**Siebert:** (Brightly) I'm thirsty.

## Thomas Baker

### POEM ONE

From a window, high  
To the pouring grey-smoke sky,  
A silhouette or silhouettes of man  
And love in lost embrace  
As archetypal love since love began  
In dizzy falls of time and space.

Blaring bricks, crudely cast  
To shore up stick morale,  
Or useful long as bricks will last—  
Underpinnings of loose liquid, bent  
In day pressure, spent  
As the sum of millions capital.

Ledgers, pens, secretaries by the score,  
Men with muscle, orders and no more,  
Talking men to carry out the plan,  
Building in the rubble as men  
Built in the rubble since time began,  
Building to the order master's plan.

And the carpets, thick and soft  
As these who thought the basic plan  
And reared the strange monstrosity aloft  
To the smug and unresisting sky . . .

In the fornicary to and fro,  
The silent lovers come and go.

**Thomas Baker**

**POEM TWO**

Glass, stone, metal reared bravely  
To the silent waiting sky; and  
In the night when animal sirens howl,  
Lights of the living move in pattern  
Against the translucent sky.

In the channeled streets, mud from  
Myriad moving things flecks and  
Disfigures, crawling into building lords,  
Staining satin and pale lady legs—  
Retreating to the parent river flow.

From the rustling air high to the  
Squared lights of prison rooms,  
A sparrow's or a man's abortive flight  
Plummets to the black ribbon of  
Life absorbing asphalt, hate-cold.

**Thomas Baker**

**POEM THREE**

We as the worshippers of fire,  
Filling eyes with crimson flame,  
Now as in the fearsome face  
Of forest omens, then we  
Danced to dancing flame.

We as prophets of the  
Falling moment, casting  
Naked to the weather eye,  
Sealing sand or to the  
World of weather—  
Sealing dead men ere they die.

We have grown stale with beauty,  
With the sheltered ebb of love;  
And the flow of sheltered love  
Has grown stale with the  
Filtered sanitation of the years.

In the first place,  
In the primordial place of love,  
With the chorus of the ages young and free,  
And the fervor and the beauty—  
We bent to the happy chorus,  
We were the happy chorus young and free.

We wait for the face  
From the door-front  
With the patient wait of the  
Years, as the florid  
Bride of the ages  
Waits to the dropping of tears:  
Minutes fall from the aspect  
As time itself foretold;  
Winter freezes to winter  
In the frost of winter cold.

**Thomas Baker**

**DIVERTISSEMENT**

**For Two Trumpeting Elephants**

In the morning light at the wading pool  
We stopped to mud our bellies,  
Fat and pachydermatous;  
And even though the dark was gone,  
The tiny mouse-fears stayed to haunt us.

Cassandra told me many times—  
Beware the pool at morning;  
I killed a dozen lions once,  
I need not heed her warning.

In the waning light at the wading pool  
We lie with bloated bellies,  
Ponderously dying;  
And even as the darkness comes,  
The muddied pool is slowly drying.

Cassandra shouted many times—  
Beware the pool at morning;  
I nearly killed a lion once,  
But could not heed her warning.

**Scott Griffin**

**POEM**

Under a lonely cloud of bluish day,  
Under the air of triumphant sway,  
He stood in awful ignorance  
A trance of total daze  
Which sank with every breathing pore.  
Mother of God have mercy on us . . .

Then all the air was clear  
And how the heart did sear,  
He rose, in awful shame  
And cried as if insane  
At that which had been done.  
Son of God have mercy on us . . .

His tortured hair ran wild  
In a rage of blinding sun.  
His frantic eyes turned green,  
As he clenched his whitened hands,  
And all that stands . . fell.  
God have mercy on us . . .

He writhed in awful pain  
And cursed the mighty stain  
Of truth that beat upon his brain.  
Then with a tripping run  
He followed the reddened sun  
And raced with maddened force  
Along the inhuman course  
Of a fallen one.  
Lord have mercy on us . . .

Then in a cold and lonely air  
He sank to silence and despair.  
And with a step to falter  
He took the grimy halter  
And died a fallen one . . .  
Christ have mercy on us . . .

**Elizabeth Corden**

**TOMBSTONES**

My thoughts are hushed and peaceful, wandering  
Through this resting-place of other thoughts.  
How many memories, energies, and hopes  
Repose all quiet, powerless in this gate?  
Loved ones, enemies, dear friends, here separated,  
United in a common fault — the failing of mortality.  
Old, young, long-dead and recent-living,  
Hearts scarcely chilled, and old tired bones who'll not again feel spring;  
What wealth of life, and energies, and hopes, lie purposeless, cut-off,  
and unfulfilled?  
Yet all have had their times of living, times of love—  
The hopes they cherished, memories, thoughts of faith:  
Perhaps all have fulfilled a purpose; now  
They lie: a bond and still remembrance of the task.  
The task which always stood around them, giv'n them  
At their first quickening, to be fulfilled  
Or else forgotten.  
They lie forgotten; but were their lives in vain?

**Paul Jones**

**NOBLESSE OBLIGE**

I suppose there are few things as depressing as living alone in a foreign country with no knowledge of the language. A few years ago my bachelor wanderings brought me to a small French-Canadian town. My life was not too unhappy, much of the town was bilingual, but I missed the sense of being able to join in a casual conversation without everyone having to shift to a second language out of politeness to me. The hotel was pleasant enough, but the truth was that I had fallen victim to boredom. I found myself falling into finicky bachelor habits like taking an evening walk at eight o'clock every evening. I am British by birth and upbringing and I found I was fast becoming one of those people who is always yearning after home. I found myself subscribing to magazines which I never read in London, but now appeared entertaining just because they were from home.

One night on my way home from the movies — it was a film I had seen before — I met an English-speaking acquaintance of mine who very kindly invited me to his home. His wife and family were charming to me and it was in a much happier frame of mind that much later that night I was driven back to my hotel. My friend refused my offer of a quick drink and drove off into the night. I said goodnight to the night manager and went up to my room.

There was a lion lying on my bed reading the Montreal *Star*. He put his paper down and looked at me.

"I'm afraid there is some mistake," I began. "This is my room." The lion sprang off the bed. "My dear fellow, are you quite sure?" Oh yes, I'm absolutely certain." I produced my bill and he produced his. I was correct; he appeared most frightfully disturbed about this, so much so that I had to tell him it was not an unknown occurrence in that hotel when one was shown to one's room by the night porter. To prove the mistake, I showed him my clothes neatly stacked away in the drawers. Finding the right number from his bill, I showed him his room. He told me the night porter had let him in so he had not had a chance to use the key issued to him, which of course would have exposed the mistake at once. I had just taken off my shirt preparatory to going to bed when there came a knock at the door. I opened it. "I'm sorry to disturb you again," said the lion, "but I left a case of mine under the bed." He advanced into the room, produced a very attractive case from under the bed and very politely offered me a drink from a bottle he took out of the case. I did not feel like drinking at that time of night, but it seemed

churlish to refuse so I accepted. He sat down in the armchair while I fetched two cups.

"Do you know this part of the world well?" I asked.

"Fairly well," the lion replied, trying to settle himself more comfortably in the armchair. He was having great difficulty, lions you see have nothing to sit on, however at length he managed to settle himself in an upright position with his legs sticking straight out in front, his tail drooping over the side.

"I travel a lot," he continued. "I was in Montreal last week; there's a very good show at the Pigalle; I've got a new Chevrolet, gets me around quite a bit. You're English, aren't you? I thought so. Well, I hope you do well here, we Canadians need new blood." Abruptly he shifted in his chair, lost his position, and fell out. I tried to look the other way, but our eyes met. He laughed ruefully, "Do you mind if I lie on your bed, it's more comfortable." I told him to go ahead, and with a luxurious sigh he stretched himself in his former position. He started scratching himself, searching his hairy body methodically for itching parts, all the while he was talking. He had a wide knowledge of Canada and had taken the trouble to keep himself well informed on developments in Europe. He asked me to pour out the Scotch and I did so, apologising at the same time for the inelegance of the cups. He laughed, saying that Englishmen thought too much of appearances. Emboldened by the liquor, but nevertheless a trifle afraid of offending him, I said diffidently, "You're the first lion I've ever spoken to, socially I mean." His tail stopped its rhythmic twitching, he eyed me for a moment, shaking his magnificent mane. Then he spoke.

"Yes I know, some of us are terrible snobs, I'm afraid."

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## Paul Jones

### MRS. MAGENNIS

When I was ten years old, I lived next to a witch. Her name was Mrs. Magennis and I first learnt she was a witch when I saw her go flying past my window side saddle on a broomstick. She had a mouth like a shut door and eyes as beady as currants in a pudding. Her husband was a kindly man who had lost a leg in the first world war, a born innocent as you could tell by just looking at him. I am sure he never knew where his wife went of nights. Now even if she had not been a witch I would not have liked her, for she was not friendly like the other women in the street; she kept herself to herself and beyond a quick "Good day" to people she knew by sight, she was never known to speak. This was strange, for wartime London so far changed the national characteristics as to make people who had only exchanged the briefest of greetings in peace-time become quite garrulous when discussing the bomb five doors away. We children had the time of our lives; most of our fellows had been evacuated, so the survivors had a certain rarity value, strangers would pat us on the head, sigh over the times we lived in and give us sixpence. If the truth be told, much of the bombing thrilled us; of course there were moments of terror, but on the whole, the war meant that we were free of irksome restrictions. We went to school, but little was taught for the teachers were mainly old, retired patriots who had bravely returned to fill the gap. We were their enemy and most, feeling one war was enough, gave up the struggle and watched helplessly, while we did to the school whatever the bombers had failed to do. We were the die-hards, no scheme could drive us out of London, officers cajoled, but there was no law which permitted them to force us out. All this was in the period before night bombing became intensive enough to force people into shelter every night, and I was more afraid of Mrs. Magennis than I was of the bombing. For she somehow knew that I, alone of all the people in Cedars Avenue, was aware of what she really was. At night she would come and gently scratch with her long nails on the window pane, while I lay trembling. I think she was trying to tempt me out, but I never looked and remained hidden under the sheets until the air became foul and my body ran with sweat. Even after the tapping stopped, I would keep my head covered for a very long time in case she was trying to trap me. When I heard the clock strike half past eleven I knew from my reading that I was safe, for by then the coven would be gathering and she must be there. Then I would raise my head, take in a glorious breath of fresh air, and go peacefully back to sleep.

Her nightly wanderings never seemed to trouble Mr. Magennis. I would wake exhausted and go sleepily downstairs, often in time to see the witch

cheerfully waving her husband "Goodbye". When I went to school I always ran past her house, frightened by the knowledge that she was peering at me from behind her drawing room window. I became pale and listless and my mother became worried and gave me regular doses of Syrup of Figs. My father tried hard to jolly me out of my depression, telling me that I was too imaginative, and so one night I dared to look at Mrs. Magennis when she tapped at my window. There she was on her broomstick, black coat flapping, eyes not beady but long and shining, shining like those of a cat; she tapped with a hand whose nails were grown like claws. When she saw me looking, she stopped tapping and smiled. Her eyes grew larger until their radiance filled the room. I felt myself getting up and going to the window. In another minute, I would have unlocked and opened it, but someone came running up the stairs and on the instant Mrs. Magennis rode high to the scudding clouds, was silhouetted a moment against the racing Moon and disappeared from view. I crawled back to bed, shaken and trembling, and it was a long time before I was able to sleep again.

I wonder where it would all have ended if it had not been for my friend, Michaela. Michaela lived two doors away and was a year older. Had it not been for the war I doubt whether we would have been friends, after all young boys and girls do not usually play together. She was sturdy and self-reliant and I was rather the reserve. She was a Joan of Arc, without the saintly qualities, and I was her reluctant soldier. Soon I was cursing the day when I first told her about Mrs. Magennis, for now she had but one aim in life, to plague the witch. It was Michaela who laid a trail of aniseed to Mrs. Magennis' garden so that all the neighbourhood cats had a frolic on the front lawn, it was she who phoned Mrs. Magennis and made rude noises when she answered, it was she who rang her front door bell and ran away. I was always under Michaela's influence; she had only to say in tones of withering horror, "I believe you're afraid", for me to drive myself to do whatever she wanted. I would rather have jumped in the Thames than let her suspect I was not as naturally fearless as she was. After a while Mrs. Magennis ceased tapping at my window and Michaela took this to mean that she had had enough and wanted to make peace. Michaela had the right instincts, if Mrs. Magennis wanted peace she should have it. There were no more 'phone calls or aniseed trails and I for one was delighted, for I did not share Michaela's belief that the witch was vanquished, rather I believed that she was biding her time. After a few weeks had gone by with us only indulging in very minor mischief, Michaela had another idea. "Let's go out after dark." "How?" I said, very lamely. "Climb out of the window," said Michaela in a patient tone that belied her expression. "What about Mrs. Magennis?" "She won't bother us, she's made peace." Had I been older, I might have been inclined to question just when and where this peace treaty had been concluded, but as it was, I just lamely promised to be there.

The day seemed to creep by and yet fly all at the same time; by the time I was ready for bed the idea seemed impossible. I wooed sleep, hoping by this means to have an excuse for Michaela. Soon my thoughts were whirling so fast that I achieved my end and went to sleep. I was awakened by someone shaking my shoulder — Michaela! "When you didn't come I guessed you must have gone to sleep so I climbed in to wake you." She was dressed in a jersey and a short, divided, grey flannel skirt, with a pair of rubber soled shoes on her feet. Sheepishly I got up and dressed and carefully followed Michaela down the stairs. We climbed out of the window and were off down the darkened, deserted street. Momentarily, I expected Mrs. Magennis to sweep down and gather us up, but as time went on and I grew used to the dark and able to make out a few familiar shapes now transformed beyond their normal size by the all enveloping gloom, I became encouraged by Michaela's carefree spirits. She was skipping along as though it were the middle of the day. I began to enjoy the expedition. Once we heard someone coming and Michaela immediately grabbed me and drew me down behind a convenient hedge until they had passed. Michaela continued skipping down the street with me beside her. "I'm going to cross the golf course." "How?" I asked. "Go through Mrs. Cann's house." Mrs. Cann's house had been bombed some time previously and the entire family drowned in the cellar where they had been trapped by the falling masonry, for the bomb had broken the water main as well. The dangerous walls had been torn down but the others remained, gaunt and useless, with the wallpaper Mrs. Cann had been so proud of still fastened to the exposed wall. I did not like the idea of scrambling over this ruin, even though it was the quickest way, and I said so. Michaela never said a word, she just walked on, never deigning to look in my direction, while I followed miserably. At the gate, she stopped and looked at me challengingly, then she turned and started picking her way across the rubble; I followed, I felt I had no choice. The great wall loomed above me. A corner of the wallpaper torn free, flapped lazily in the slight breeze. We skirted the cellar steps, now exposed, and leading down to blackness, and I tried to look straight ahead at Michaela's back and forget what had happened there a few months earlier. Then, surprisingly, we were through and I think the strain must have told even on someone as supremely brave as Michaela, for she started running lightly down the garden path, which led to the golf course. A moment, and we were at the end and squeezing through the fence; I looked back at the ruin and vowed that I would never go there again. I think Michaela must have guessed what I was thinking, for she took my hand in a rare gesture of friendliness and whispered, "That was creepy, wasn't it?" and "We'll go the long way next time" then, perhaps regretting having said so much, she dropped my hand and started running across the springy turf of the golf course. I think we were a third of the way across, when I became aware of a soft droning noise and what seemed to be a weird thrumming like that of a drum. The night became as bright as day, a huge fire burned in the centre of the course; it blazed up silently but was so

vast that I remember thinking it must have been visible for miles. Nor was its silence the only strange thing about it, for it rose and waned, one moment it would be dull almost to extinction and then the next it would be licking upward like a giant flare. The flames were green and gold and were continually twisting into curious forms, sometimes like distorted men and women and at other times like those animal-headed creatures one sees on the walls of Egyptian tombs. People were capering around the fire and the flames so transformed them that I was hard put to it to distinguish between the dancers and the figures showing in the flames. I saw Mrs. Magennis, and then I was sure, the figure of a giant cat. All was so bright and yet so indistinct that I could make nothing out clearly for any length of time. I wanted to run and yet I could not; I took a step forward and fell, and lay where I had fallen, looking towards the fire. Michaela continued walking towards them, slowly, unhurriedly, as though she knew they were expecting her. The flames rose to their highest point yet, the thrumming stopped, the dancers were all still, all in their last grotesque movement, all stock still as though turned to stone, but their eyes were upon her. I saw Mrs. Magennis glide forward to meet Michaela; she took both her hands and drew her slowly to the fire. At this, I stood up and screamed "Michaela", "Michaela". I turned and ran and at once the fire was out, the night dark again. As I ran, I sensed that all around me were hurrying, flying creatures. I turned and turned again, seeking to avoid whatever was in the darkness with me. I did not know nor care what had become of Michaela now. I just ran until I could run no more and finished up near a telephone box which had a tiny shielded light. I opened the heavy door and collapsed upon the cold cement floor. The door closed slowly and I lay there trembling in the immense silence. Where was Michaela? and what had Mrs. Magennis done with her? I could see nothing outside. I looked in the direction of the golf course but there was nothing there, no glow where that vast fire had been, nothing but a slight lessening of the darkness where the sky began. How was I to get home? Without Michaela my courage had evaporated. Strangely, I never thought of the telephone; my thoughts were all on what was awaiting me outside. Perhaps Mrs. Magennis would arrive in a minute and begin tapping on the glass, her large eyes robbing me of all volition and drawing me out. At last when I had regained sufficient courage to stand up, I saw a shaded lamp coming towards me and slowly there grew out of the darkness, the solid reassuring figure of a policeman wearing a waist length cape. He stopped at the door and looked in at me, then he opened it and said, "Hullo, sonny, what's wrong with you?" I was so relieved that I just clutched him round the middle with my head buried in the shiny cape, while he repeated, "Now, now, now," at regular, comforting intervals. At last, and it took a very long time, I was able to explain what had happened to me. It sounded such a strange story that I was afraid he would think I was trying to have a game with him, but my distress must have been too evident, for he merely said "Ah!" or "I see" at the proper moments. "Where's your friend now?" he said, when I had

finished. I told him I did not know, but that I was very afraid Mrs. Magennis must have got her. He thought for a moment, then, "We'll look for her." It was impossible to feel afraid now, walking hand in hand with that large policeman. We walked to where, as near as I could judge, that unholy fire had been burning. The policeman swung his flashlight in a half circle. I cried out suddenly; the constable let go of my hand and started running forward. Michaela was lying on her back, her eyes wide open but seeing nothing, like the blind eyes of a dead bird. "She's still breathing," said the policeman, half to himself and half to me. "Son, run back to the box and dial 999, when the girl answers she'll say, fire, police or ambulance? You ask for the police and an ambulance and give the address written in the box; O.K. there's a smart lad." I ran. I had no room for fear. I did as he told me, and in a short time, Michaela, still unconscious, had been sent to hospital and I, taken home in a police car and put to bed.

The next day I was taken to the country. Mrs. Magennis was standing at her door as I left and I put my tongue out at her, a small gesture but all I could manage. She gave no sign she had noticed but just continued passively staring. In the country I soon recovered from the shock and almost came to accept the police version of "war nerves", but I knew from conversations I overheard that Michaela still lay unconscious in hospital.

As the months wore on and the bombing grew more severe, I received less news from home, for both my father and my mother were engaged on extra war duties which gave them little time to visit me or even to write, so it was only by accident that I heard the story of Mrs. Magennis' death. She was found dying in the centre of our road, her body scarred as though a shell had burst near her, but it was not this that had killed her, said the doctors, but a fall from a considerable height, and at that place there was nowhere to fall from. At that same time Michaela recovered and seemed none the worse for wear. I saw her once, when I returned home on one of my rare visits. She went by, as though she had not seen me and I called after her. She turned, looked at me, smiled and walked on.

I stood there, unable to walk any farther, for she had looked at me with eyes long and shining, shining like those of a cat.

**Elma Beall**

## **THE RE-CREATION**

Long shadow-fingers were slowly closing around the world as the sun hastened down its remaining arc of sky. (The people looked at each other and said, "The sun is setting but it will rise again as it always has.") Storm clouds, long in gathering, were clearly visible now; they swept forward as though stung by some unseen whip, rumbling deep in their throats and curling back blackened lips from their gleaming teeth. The sun backed swiftly out of sight, but the streets in the cities still ran with the dying red; they were not to cease for a long time.

There was very little light remaining now on the earth, and the rain began. It fell almost imperceptibly at first: a drop in Europe, a drop or two in the Middle East, a light spatter in the Far East. (The people looked at each other and said, "It is raining a little but it is only a shower which will soon be over.")

But the rain, locked in for so long, would not be checked once it had begun to escape, and the storm clouds moved in. (The people saw them at last and said, "We are in for some bad weather but it will pass; it always does.") Meanwhile, the last traces of light vanished and the long night closed down over the earth.

Then the rain began in earnest. It drove through China and the Far East, sliced across the Middle East and the great plains of Russia. Britain and all of Europe was swamped; the forests and cities that had been decaying for centuries swayed and fell with slight resistance. The Americas took a little longer, but the rain did not slacken and they too were eventually transformed into sodden pulp by the relentless pressure. Sometimes there were transitory flashes of lightning; tiny needles of fire stabbing through the blackness. There was a brief spark in Washington and another in Moscow, but they lasted only an instant, and the strange mushroom-clouds mingled swiftly with the storm-clouds.

The rain continued for some time after these tiny flashes had ceased, but its strength was nearly spent. Finally, the clouds drew back, panting, and for a long while there was only the silent night.

At last, little by little, vague outlines began to emerge from the shadows: the swamps that were forests, the lakes that were farms, the steaming depressions that were cities. The light increased; the mist slowly evaporated, and by the time that the earth was wholly visible once more there was no contrast apparent anywhere: the entire surface was white-bleached by the sun. (For the sun had risen again, as the people had said, but no one saw it.)

**Elma Beall**

## **THE STRAW**

Falling, falling, through unending space—  
Our little worlds, our little truths and fallacies  
Are but the vague impressions, dim, chaotic,  
Left by the glimpses of an endless series  
Of light and darkness, peace and bloody tumult,  
Slipping past as isolated globules,  
Only to merge in a mercurial chain  
Of fleeting dreams, distorted beyond meaning.  
The sequence is too swift for comprehension  
Of any single state—one truth to cling to!  
Now the fall seems but a weightless drifting  
Through eternal realms of spacious light;  
Now a whirling plunge through pain and darkness,  
Ringing with echoes of a ceaseless conflict,  
The age-old agonies of suffering millions;  
But always downward, downward toward destructions.  
. . . "And underneath are the everlasting arms."

---

**Shirley McLeod**

## **IMPRISONED**

The sky is weird in the twilight:  
A dusky rose glows dully in the west,  
While the ebony fingers of stark November trees  
Stretch heavenward to the volume of stern leaden clouds  
Which roll, ominous above.  
The world is cold and barren, wild and free,  
But I, on the wrong side of the window,  
Must draw the curtain,  
And face the smothering warmth of the room  
When I would 'front the elements:  
Such is the plight of the fettered soul,  
Chained by convention.

## R. Gordon

### NO ESCAPE

Mr. Shore sat back, lit a cigarette and took up his book. It was an Agatha Christie murder story, and it featured Hercule Poirot as the detective who ingeniously pieced a mystery together, and arrived quickly and accurately at a solution. Mr. Shore had an immense admiration for Hercule Poirot; and of the numerous mystery books he read, he enjoyed Agatha Christie the most. Hers were usually murder cases. Mr. Shore settled back even further in the vastness of the armchair. It was not that the chair was very large, but rather that Mr. Shore was quite small. At school he had been too small for football and hockey, but he had been a very fine tennis player. However, his talents in this field had passed almost unnoticed, for the other boys had considered tennis a sissy sport. This had angered Mr. Shore a great deal, and even as a man he felt a bitter twinge when he reflected on his school days.

Mr. Shore was an accountant for a reputable Boston firm. He had held the position for ten years, and though he was proud of his work, he rather envied his more fortunate friends who were a station higher in life. He refused to admit to anyone, of course, that he envied them, least of all to Mrs. Shore.

Nancy Shore was a large woman, with plain features whose most striking characteristic was the feeling of power and respect which she commanded in most people, including Mr. Shore. The couple had met while playing tennis, when Mr. Shore was attending university. He had welcomed an opportunity for friendship. Nancy had respected his ability on the tennis court and Mr. Shore had respected her ability to deal with people. He had always had trouble in mixing with people. He somehow always seemed to say the wrong thing or laugh at the wrong moment, and it worried him a good deal. He was also emotionally affected by small things, and embarrassed by the fact that he was often unable to refrain from weeping in movies which were not really very sad. Occasionally he had to leave a dramatic film because the tension affected him so greatly that he became afraid of losing control of himself. Mrs. Shore had provided a relief from these problems. In society he left the talking and doing up to her, merely agreeing with what she said. In films he felt confident when she was near by.

When he graduated they had been married, at a small wedding, much to the dislike of Nancy Shore, who wanted to invite all of her numerous friends. They had settled into a small house where Mrs. Shore had, despite her husband's protests, taken over the running of the family affairs. Nancy made all the big decisions and Mr. Shore let her do so, not

because, as he had assured himself, that he couldn't make them himself, but that she liked so much to run things her own way. Mr. Shore would not have dreamed of stopping her.

Things had gone well enough for a few years, but they had begun to have arguments over relatively trivial matters, which Mr. Shore had blown up to immense size in his imagination, and his anger had been almost uncontrollable when Mrs. Shore had triumphed in one disagreement after another. Moreover, Nancy respected him less and less. His tennis had become poorer and poorer; he had been forced to give it up because his few friends defeated him too easily. Now in the thirteenth year of their marriage Mr. Shore had come to the point where he detested his wife.

His cigarette finished, Mr. Shore put his book down and closed his eyes. As the house was silent, presently he fell asleep and dreamed.

Mr. Shore was transported to a scene very unfamiliar to him. He was walking along a back alley which he did not recognize, and in his hand was a heavy metal bar. He had no notion what he was doing there, other than the fact that some force in his mind seemed to be impelling him onward. Suddenly the force told him to stop before a run-down house, whose door was ajar. Mr. Shore entered, passing through a dingy hall into a squalid room. In one corner, bending over a woodstove was a stout woman, whose flaccid features showed no sign of animation or intelligence. She looked up and recognized Mr. Shore. He did not know the woman, and yet he had a feeling that she knew him well. He stared at her features and felt repulsed. Then she spoke.

"Have you been a good little man and done what I asked you to do?"

The words meant nothing particular to Mr. Shore, yet suddenly a great fury swept over him.

"I'm not so little and you won't boss me around any more," he screamed, and lunging at her with the metal pipe he struck her a fearful blow on the side of her head. She sank to the floor at his feet, and Mr. Shore sensed that she was dead. A great weight seemed lifted from his mind and the force which had driven him on was gone.

Mr. Shore awoke with a start, and to his surprise he was trembling as though he were under some stress. He lay back a moment to try to clear his mind, but somehow there was a persistent nagging in his consciousness which confused him. The trembling did not abate but became more acute. He reached for a cigarette and his hand was shaking so much he could barely light it; once it was going he inhaled deeply, but it was no use. He was conscious of a growing tension within him, a feeling of impulsion that could not be denied. And then the memory of his dream came upon him with startling reality.

He was on his feet in a moment, looking around, searching for something—he was not quite sure what. He was conscious that he had reached a critical moment, that his actions were all perfectly natural, and that he knew exactly what he was doing. His eye lighted on the poker by the fire-

side and he knew that this was what he was looking for. He reached over and picked it up, hefting it in his hand, enjoying the sensation of its solid weight.

Then he heard Mrs. Shore move in the kitchen and a realization flooded his mind with terrible intensity. He knew what the poker was for, it would free him forever from Nancy Shore. He stepped unsurely toward the kitchen door. A gigantic turmoil whirled in his mind, and suddenly he pictured that he was lunging for a tennis shot which was somehow just out of his reach, and, as he missed the ball, he fell. A roar of laughter seemed to greet this action, and it grew louder and louder until it was only a discordant crescendo of noise in his mind, obliterating everything else. Mr. Shore ceased to move toward the kitchen door. He rested faintly against the mantle-piece and let the poker drop. He was conscious that the anger of his dream was gone, and he knew that reality itself had defeated his purpose.

Mr. Shore was calm now, and he picked up the poker and returned it to its place among the other irons. Seating himself once more, he took up his book and returned to the fortunes of the successful Mr. Poirot.

---

## Marie Claude Meyer

### CHANSON

Arbre devant ta vaste fenaison,  
Je me suis arrêtée, te dédiant ma chanson.  
Chanson sans couplets qui vient du coeur  
Tandis que lentement passent les heures.

Tu lances vers le ciel, tes bras éternels,  
Mais sous la terre sont tes racines mortelles.  
Ton habit vert te suit, mais l'orange est mieux,  
Mais vert ou jaune jamais tu ne sembles vieux.

Arbre, tu est pris entre deux pièges,  
Dans l'azur tu es souverain liège.  
Mais sur la terre tu es un instrument  
Que les hommes usent très simplement.

Oh, arbre! As tu une âme,  
Qui vibre, languit et se désarme  
Devant les humains sans raison?  
Si oui. Je te dédie ma chanson.

## Ann Stockwell

### "SCOWL"

Philip II was a good man and a good king I hate men All men are selfish egotistical and a damn nuisance I wish I were a Zombie or a Vampire or something I wish I were dead and buried 6 feet under terra firma I'd rather be a rabbit than a turkey I can play bridge fascinating game I loathe it Of course I loathe most things especially Gorfs Johnny Mathis is a good singer I like him I don't know why I don't know why I like anything and maybe I don't I'm an angry young man and I'm beat The younger generation isn't going to the dogs They refused to take them and threatened to call the S.P.C.A. THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING AND KHRUSCHEV IS A SLOB when I grow up I'm going to be an Eskimo lady and marry Ingluc, the Archaic Arctic Answer to a maiden's prayer. The chapel bells are ringing for me and my gal but I haven't got a gal I don't even have a pal I don't got nothing I'm beat There's nothing to get anyway because nothing is real It's just an idea a crazy idea a crazy crazy idea Even the idea isn't really here There's nothing nothing nothing nothing nothing . . . and it's holy. I'm not crazy I'm mad as a hatter a mad hatter that is But that's only an idea too Maybe if I wake up and scream it'll all go away HERE COMES THE NAZIS I'm a motor car America is holy holy holy holy holy holy holy holy some idiot once said I'm plagerizing again that's cheating I like cheating it's fun My zip gun is broken and my razor blades have been stolen I'm unarmed and defenseless Shall we dance I could have danced all night except no one would ask me I'm a wallflower and I'm fading fast OLD WALLFLOWERS NEVER DIE THEY JUST WILT AWAY.

With Apologies to Allen Ginsberg

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**Malcolm A. Hughes**

**THE SEARCH**

In the distressed wanderings  
of my mind's  
unrest;  
I feel a pilgrim  
having no  
pilgrimage,  
a soldier with  
no fight  
to wage,  
spending my powers  
on attaining  
a goal — a goal so hazy,  
that looks to be  
a failure,  
searching for some  
hint  
of the Eternal Mind,  
the unexpressed Word  
which in itself  
is so  
inexpressible.  
Will I travail  
and gain  
no end?  
Do I fail to  
feed the  
hungry pilgrim?  
Or in my failures  
of comprehension  
do I lie within  
the bonds  
of that broken  
sacrament,  
within the  
vastness of  
eternity?

**E. H. Bensley**

**DR. GEORGE HALL:**

**Bishop's Wood Gold Medallist**

With the death of Dr. George Hall in June, 1958, Point St. Charles lost one of its most beloved citizens. George Hall was born at Ethel, Ontario, in 1872, but his parents moved to Point St. Charles a year later and thereafter "The Point" was his home. He was a family doctor in the best sense of that fine old phrase and his period of service to the families of The Point was indeed a long one. He commenced the practice of medicine there in 1899 and carried on that practice without interruption until his death this year. His work and his influence spread far beyond The Point and far beyond the field of medicine. He was a devoted member of the St. James Literary Society and had been its President; it has been said that his tenure of the presidency was one of the most rewarding in the Society's history. He was a senior elder of Centenary United Church, past-President of the St. George's Society, Member of the University Club of Montreal, Honorary Member and past-President of the Montreal Medico-Chirurgical Society, Senior Member of the Canadian Medical Association, Honorary Member of La Société Médicale de Montréal and a member of the British Medical Association.

To accomplish so much and to be so widely loved and respected, George Hall must have had an exceptional background. For this, Bishop's University can proudly claim a share of the credit. When George Hall was in his twenties, Bishop's had a Medical Faculty in Montreal. It occupied a building on the north-east corner of Ontario and Mance Streets. Here he enrolled as a medical undergraduate in the fall of 1892 and four years later he received his M.D. and C.M. He was a good student. At the end of his first year he won the Botany and Junior Dissector's Prizes and on graduation he received the highest honour of the medical undergraduate course — the Wood Gold Medal given annually to the student attaining the largest aggregate number of marks in all subjects. Dr. Hall's connection with Bishop's Medical Faculty did not end with graduation. On entering practice in Point St. Charles in 1899, he joined the Faculty as Demonstrator of Histology and later became Lecturer in Physiology and Curator of the Museum. He remained on the staff of Bishop's until 1905 when its Medical Faculty was merged with that of McGill University.

The Wood Gold Medal won by Dr. Hall in 1896 was recently presented to Bishop's University by his sons, George and Herbert Hall. This is the first such medal to be returned to Bishop's and a few comments about the history of this award will not be out of place here. Those familiar with

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### New Contributors

McGill University know the Wood Medal as a McGill award. This McGill medal was endowed in 1905 by Dr. Casey A. Wood, the noted oculist, ornithologist and historian. For over fifty years, it has been given annually by McGill University to the student graduating in medicine with the highest aggregate marks in the clinical examinations of the final year. Few realize that the McGill medal is the lineal descendant of a Bishop's Wood Gold Medal or that the Woods were originally connected with Bishop's University. The Bishop's medal was established in 1878 by Dr. Orrin C. Wood of Ottawa, Dr. Casey Wood's father. Dr. O. C. Wood's interest in Bishop's arose from the fact that his son, Casey Wood, had received his M.D. and C.M. from this University, and after Dr. O. C. Wood's death in 1884, Dr. Casey Wood continued the award on behalf of the Wood family. The medal was given annually by Bishop's Medical Faculty from 1878 to 1905. In the latter year this Faculty was absorbed by McGill University and, at Dr. Casey Wood's request, the Wood Gold Medal, suitably redesigned, became a McGill award.

Dr. Hall must have been proud of his Bishop's medal. It came to him through hard work and George Hall believed in hard work. His was a busy and useful life and it continued so even into his eighties. Brian Cahill of The Gazette has told a story of George Hall in his old age — a story which has given Dr. Hall's friends much pleasure. When Dr. Hall was 82, he was made a Senior Member of the Canadian Medical Association. Mr. Cahill interviewed him on this occasion and, following the interview, he decided he must phone Dr. Hall to check a detail. It was about 10 p.m. and he felt some diffidence about disturbing a man of 82 at such an hour. However the call was finally put through and a voice said, "Dr. Hall? Oh, he's out, I'm afraid. There's a meeting at the church. I don't expect he'll be back till quite late." Day and night were the same to Dr. Hall if there was work to be done and he could be of service. Work and service were his watchwords. After all, he had been the family doctor of The Point for more than fifty years.

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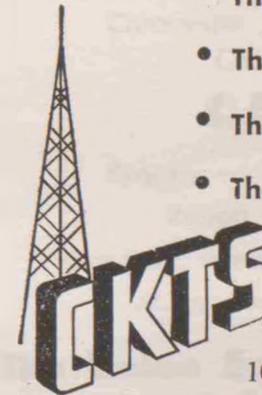
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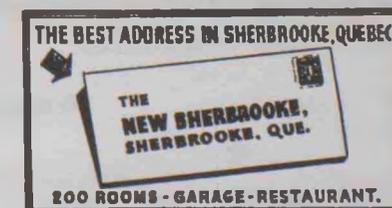
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