

2

THE MITRE, LENT 1959, DR. R. P.
THALER ON RUSSIAN LITERA-
TURE, A LETTER FROM BOSTON,
FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS, AS
WELL AS FICTION AND POETRY

Last chance to see your material in print, issue 3. after Easter

YOUR WILL

is probably the most important document you'll ever sign — as it is a job for a specialist, don't write your own.

The modest fee your lawyer or notary charges, may be the soundest investment you will ever make — his professional know-how will assure you of a valid transfer of your property after death.

We will gladly assist you in preliminary planning of your Will — without cost or obligation — and explain advantages of naming this Company as Executor.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

FOUNDED 1843



ROYAL CHARTER 1853

Bishop's University Lennoxville, Quebec

A residential University for men and women.
Faculties of Arts and Science, and Divinity.

Honours and Pass Courses are provided
for the following degrees:

Bachelor of Arts — B.A. **Bachelor of Science — B.Sc.**

Post-Graduate work is provided for:

Master of Arts — M.A. **Master of Education — M.Ed.**

Licentiate in Sacred Theology (L.S.T.)

High School Teachers Certificate

VALUABLE SCHOLARSHIPS AND BURSARIES

For Calendars, with information regarding entrance requirements,
courses and fees, apply:

THE REGISTRAR
Bishop's University
Lennoxville, Que.



BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

121st Year

A Boarding School for Boys, in the Country
500 ACRES OF GROUNDS

SEPARATE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

For further information apply to
Headmaster, Ogden Glass, M.A. (Oxon.)

For reports on

CANADIAN BUSINESS

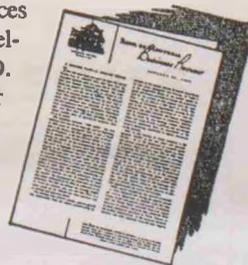
it's **"MY BANK"**
IN 2 MILLION CANADIANS
B of M

MONTH BY MONTH . . . You can keep abreast of the Canadian economy by reading the B of M's Business Review. Only four pages, it combines detailed surveys of industries and regions, with over-all analyses of national business trends.

Ask for your free copy at any of our 750 offices across Canada. Or simply write: Business Development Department, Bank of Montreal, P.O. Box 6002, Montreal 3, P.Q., and have your name added to the permanent distribution list.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Canada's First Bank



MacKINNON STRUCTURAL STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED

Sherbrooke, Quebec

STRUCTURAL STEEL AND PLATE WORK
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

P.O. Box 728

Phone LO. 2-4779

WELCOME TO BISHOP'S STUDENTS !

CODERE LTD.

HARDWARE — MILL SUPPLIES — SPORTING GOODS

30 Wellington North

SHERBROOKE, Que.

Tel. LO. 9-2501

Compliments of

Perkins
CANADA
LTD.

Preferred by

Particular People



BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

121st Year

A Boarding School for Boys, in the Country
500 ACRES OF GROUNDS

SEPARATE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

For further information apply to
Headmaster, Ogden Glass, M.A. (Oxon.)

For reports on

CANADIAN BUSINESS

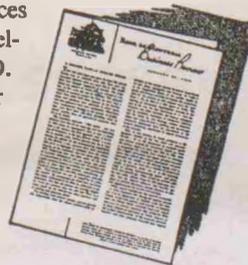
it's **MY BANK**
TO 2 MILLION CANADIANS
B of M

MONTH BY MONTH . . . You can keep abreast of the Canadian economy by reading the B of M's Business Review. Only four pages, it combines detailed surveys of industries and regions, with over-all analyses of national business trends.

Ask for your free copy at any of our 750 offices across Canada. Or simply write: Business Development Department, Bank of Montreal, P.O. Box 6002, Montreal 3, P.Q., and have your name added to the permanent distribution list.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Canada's First Bank



MacKINNON STRUCTURAL STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED

Sherbrooke, Quebec

STRUCTURAL STEEL AND PLATE WORK
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

P.O. Box 728

Phone LO. 2-4779

WELCOME TO BISHOP'S STUDENTS !

CODERE LTD.

HARDWARE — MILL SUPPLIES — SPORTING GOODS

30 Wellington North

SHERBROOKE, Que.

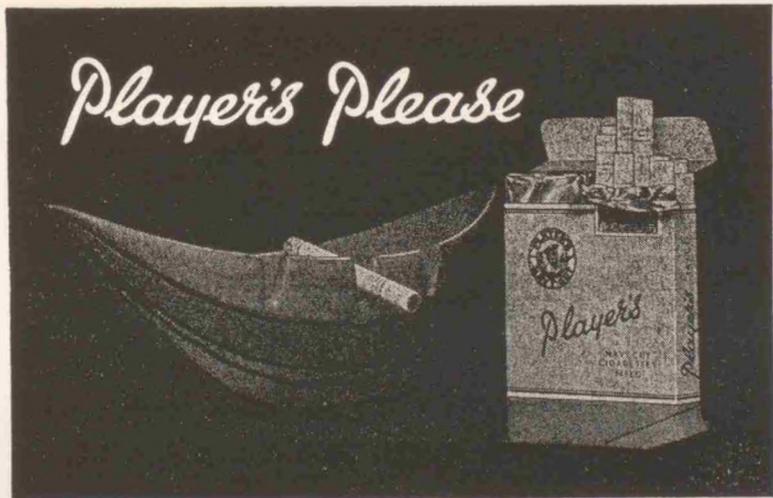
Tel. LO. 9-2501

Compliments of

Perkins
CANADA
LTD.

Preferred by

Particular People



THE MILDEST BEST-TASTING CIGARETTE



Time for a break . . .

make the most of it

with

MOLSON'S

Canada's largest selling ale

J. A. PIGEON Reg'd.

THE LEATHER GOODS STORE

Handbags — Baggage

Badminton & Tennis Rackets

Repaired With

Soranno Automatic Stringer

Shoe Repairing

142 Wellington St. N.

Tel. LO. 2-3424

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

JOHN MILFORD

and Son Reg'd



FLORISTS

Phone LO. 2-3757

Sherbrooke, Que.

MORE THAN

\$600,000

*paid out in policy benefits
every working day by*

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF CANADA**

Head Office — Montreal

contents

vol. lxvi no. 2

Dedication

6

Editorial

9

Pasternak: Notes and Suggestions 11 Dr. R. P. Thaler

Letter From Boston 13 A. Ross G. Heward

Special Section

Phyllis Reeve	16
Thomas E. Baker	21
Scott Griffin	26
Bill Hambly	29

Old Contributors

Two Women 38	<i>Iain MacLean</i>
The Governor 39	<i>Paul Jones</i>
What Price Victory? 41	<i>Elma Beall</i>
Cuba, 1959 43	<i>Robert Gordon</i>

New Contributors

A Cordial Farewell 46	<i>Blake Brodie</i>
Dissertation on Fear 48	<i>Andrew Farquharson</i>
Christmas 49	<i>Elizabeth Nicholls</i>

Editorial

A review in THE CAMPUS newspaper of last term was headlined "Mitre has Beat Tone." The review itself went on to say that much of the writing was representative of the so-called beat generation. The beats and the angries have recently been the subject of considerable publicity; first in the literary quarterlies, the intelligent magazines. Later, more general magazines and even soap opera characters find their errant sons and daughters joining the beatniks.

Who are the beats and the angries, and, more significantly, why are they receiving so much publicity? Why is the beat generation as much a topic of conversation, among people who call the **Readers Digest** intellectual, as the length of the new cars? The angry young men are represented by the novelist, Kingsley Amis, and the playwright, John Osborne, and the introspective Colin Wilson, author of **The Outsider**, and **Religion and the Rebel**.

Is this something new? Elements in any society can be said to be dissatisfied with their lot. There have always been rebels. Between the two great wars, the "lost generation" indulged in a spate of writing critical of contemporary society and the remnants of Victorian hypocrisy. They were writing against particular abuses in their world, such as the overburgeoning power of big business, and the closehanded relationship between organized crime and government.

Today, as always, people are angry, but the modern difference appears to be in that no one knows what they are angry about. More specifically, they have a desire to be angry but find life so complicated, world affairs so fast moving, that they are frustrated in directing their anger at anything specific. In short, they are angry at being angry, or, as is more representative of the "beats", they resign themselves to the world of their own, seeking kicks from things they can

themselves experience, ignoring the world of politics, and affairs in general.

There is also a difference between the angries and the beats. The angries, from England, though relatively aimless in their vehemence, are at least rebelling against the literary "establishment" of England, as represented by T. S. Eliot, and Cambridge and Oxford. The endowed students of the provincial universities are rebelling against the literary authority of the more famous universities. They are also rebelling against the mediocrity and philistinism of the English middle class, of which the angry young men are a part.

The beat generation do not appear to be battling any literary tradition, or any social activities, which came under satirical attack in the twenties. They, rather, are withdrawing from the world, "looking up from the bottom of their personalities," according to Allen Ginsberg, a contemporary American poet.

They are expressing a passive resistance, a shying away from a lack of values in a materialistic society. The beats are not interested in politics, world affairs or the girl next door. They are, according to Writer Clellon Holmes, author of the novel, *Go*, over-intently interested in "a feverish production of answers," without quite knowing what the questions are.

Critics of the beat generation accuse them, perhaps rightly, of trying to escape life, living in the belief that everything can be fixed, therefore they need not involve themselves in a vastly complicated world. They lose themselves in superficial interpretations of Buddhism in a selfish desire to find the source of personal salvation. One, however, can understand the quest for personal salvation in a world which is trying to blow itself up.

We feel it is a mistake to withdraw from the world, for it is through politics, world affairs that one can effect changes. To withdraw into a world of only sensation, expressed in jazz argot (a psychological return to babytalk?), solely interested in kicks, is akin to an ostrich burying its head in the sand in a hail storm. The warm, comfortable sand of personal existence is heady wine compared to the hailstones of inexplicable political and social strife. The beats and angries are expressing the symptoms of a malaise. We wait for something or someone more constructive to suggest a cure.

Dr. R. P. Thaler

PASTERNAK: NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

In recent weeks, *The Financial Post*, *The Montreal Star*, and *The New York Times*, among many other newspapers, have all published editorials to the same effect: that it is nothing less than folly for us in the West to underestimate the Russians. The immediate occasion for these editorials was the 21st Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, at which Mr. Khrushchev outlined his plans for the next seven years. Of primary concern to Western newspapers and governmental leaders were the military and industrial achievements and objectives of the Russians. But I should like to say a word about Russian achievements of another kind, and here again to suggest that we should not underrate them. Since the appearance of the first sputnik, some people have said that the Russians have done what they have in technology by subordinating everything else to it, that in literature and in the whole field of the humanities they are negligible. I should like to suggest the equal folly of this view. The October, 1958, number of the *University of Toronto Quarterly* has given us a most valuable picture of "The Humanities in Soviet Higher Education." Here I intend merely to look at a small part of the recent Russian literary development that might be of particular interest to Canadians.

It is interesting that, for weeks on end, Boris Pasternak and Vladimir Nabokov have been number 1 and number 2, respectively, on the American best seller lists. Nabokov, of course, is now living in the United States, but he was a translator, historian, and critic of Russian literature before he began to write novels in English. Pasternak has the wonderful richness of the Russian literary tradition back of him, and in him, and all through his work. And it is well to remember that no greater novelists have ever lived, anywhere in the world, than Turgenev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy.

In some ways, though, Pasternak reminds me more of Pushkin than of any of these three. Even when he writes in prose, Pasternak seems essentially a poet. Again, the form and structure of *Doctor Zhivago* are curiously reminiscent of *Boris Godunov*, Pushkin's famous play in Shakespearean blank verse. The sheer number and range of scenes, the way characters come together sometimes by blind chance, sometimes with the hint of more than merely natural forces moving them, are interesting and suggestive. Like Pushkin, Pasternak has a profound knowledge and appreciation of Shakespeare (much of whose work he has translated into Russian) and the Bible. Again like Pushkin, Pasternak is a patriotic Russian.

After the Revolution, when most of his family went to live in England (two of his sisters still live there), Pasternak himself chose to remain in Russia. Last fall, when he was expelled from the Soviet Writers' Union, some Russians urged that he should be expelled from the country, that

he should be made to go and live in the "capitalist paradise" which he obviously preferred to his own land. Pasternak begged that he not be driven out, insisting that he loved his country and wanted to stay in it. At that time, many people in the West felt that he said this out of fear, that he would really have liked nothing better than to leave. I think this view is a mistake. There is a more mature form of patriotism (or nationalism: call it what you will) than the crude kind which says, "My country (or party, or religion), right or wrong!" Pasternak, I believe, loves his country well enough to see its faults, to want to stay in it in spite of them. His love for his country is deep enough to give him courage to point out some of its shortcomings and, by calling attention to them, to suggest possible improvements. In this way he reminds me of a Christian bishop at an ecumenical council who, while loving his Church and working for the truth and purity of its faith, might question the desirability of burning other Christians whose doctrinal views were slightly different. Or of an American in the period of Reconstruction who, while believing that the Civil War was justified because it had freed the slaves and preserved the Union, still regretted the slaughter, the destruction, and the lasting hatred it had brought about. In Canada to-day, he reminds me of Frank Scott and Earle Birney.

Pasternak's reverence for human life (the very name "Zhivago" suggests it, all through the book), his feeling that the individual man is more important than the party line, have been denounced as bitterly in the West as in Russia. In its crudest form, such criticism is hardly more than simple anti-Semitism. Critics have asked what business has a Jew to write a Christian novel, to presume to understand and describe the partly Christian inspiration and motivation of some of his characters. The absurdity of this type of criticism is so obvious as scarcely to need refutation. Suffice it to say that another Jewish writer, Franz Werfel, in *The Song of Bernadette*, wrote an essentially Christian novel which is more than simply Catholic, more than simply Christian, which sets forth "the divine mystery and the holiness of man."

On a more intelligent level, this criticism takes the form of an examination of Zhivago's Christianity. Critics with a narrow sectarian bias and a lack of Christian charity fulminate against Zhivago's vagueness, uncertainty, and ability to see truth in more than one way. One critic has even gone so far as to denounce Zhivago's Christianity because it is "humanized." I must confess that, to me, any Christianity which is not humanized is meaningless: the Church without human beings, or a Monophysite Christ, without His Manhood. Of course, there are many ignorant people who, unaware of Erasmus, Colet, Linacre, Grocyn, and St. Thomas More, still maintain that all humanists and humanism are anti-Christian. Such critics naturally dislike Pasternak. For Pasternak has done for recent Russian literature what one of the best and truest Christians did for nineteenth-century American theology: "He breathed into theology a humane spirit, and proclaimed anew the divinity of man."

A. Ross G. Heward

LETTER FROM BOSTON

When James Curley, the last figure of the heyday of political bossism that flourished in the New Deal days, died last autumn, articles in magazines ranging from New York's *The Reporter* to *The Spectator* of London were unanimous in regarding his death as an obituary to an era. Visiting Boston for a weekend recently, I could think the point undisputable. One has only to walk along Beacon Street to take a look at the banking district and try to visualize the late Mayor threatening to call in the fire department to flood the area so as to force the hand of the bankers into submitting loans to the city before one realizes that it just can't be done nowadays. For one thing, obviously, Curley's era and the Mayor himself had been superseded a few years ago by rebellious Democratic insurgents led by John Hynes, the present mayor. The truth of the matter, however, is simply that the Irish Bostonians now have had their benefits politically and socially and desire nothing more than to approximate, at the most, the proper Bostonians. The brown derby hat, jauntily sported, for instance, by the paternal grandfather of Senator Kennedy and himself a leader of an Irish ward in Boston, is obsolete. The new Irish American generation is exemplified to some degree in the Senator himself who is capable of doing a review for page one of *The New York Times'* Sunday magazine or writing a series of portraits in history.

The trend is noticeable also in the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Boston; the status of Immigrant Church, a need in its day when the faithful were in the position of adjusting themselves to a predominantly Protestant pluralistic society, is giving way to a position that attests to its confidence as an integral part of American life. If any doubt is had about this point, it will be dispelled by a visit to the Holy Ghost Chapel below Beacon Street, a mission church largely staffed by Paulist Fathers of American Irish extraction, where several copies of *The Commonweal*, a leading weekly of opinion, are distributed. (To stress the point further, I have it on good authority that an American Irish bishop of some renown in another American city refuses to read *The Commonweal*.) Sir Arnold Lunn, who has unshamedly professed his conviction that the *Pax Britannicus* has had much to its credit, returned to the United States recently for the first time in twenty-three years and was widely advertised in Boston as one of the lecturers in a series of weekly lectures on 'Catholicism and Society', a program held under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers, incidentally reputedly the most American of the Roman Catholic Orders. Concomitant with the rise in prestige of the Church, however, is a growing spirit of self-criticism; the awareness of the lack of intellectual stature at Roman Catholic universities as compared to that of other universities is only a part of self-criticism in the making.

Outside Boston, at Harvard, the gain in prestige of the Roman Catholic Church might be discerned, if only indirectly, in the lately created Charles Chauncey Stillman Chair of Roman Catholic Theological Studies at Harvard Divinity School with Christopher Dawson, the British scholar, as its first occupant.

Though it may be news already, Protestantism at Harvard is steadily maintaining its theological reorientation; Paul Tillich at Harvard still commands wide respect for his teaching and this points to the evidence of growing interest in religion. Perhaps this interest has been given a helping hand by the attention given to *JB*, a play on the theme of Job and his sufferings, by Archibald MacLeish, another Harvard teacher. Martin Buber, the Jewish philosopher, is also widely read here. Internal evidence would suggest that liberalism in religion is coming to be less and less acceptable in Protestantism as the approach to theology than was its case some years ago.

Mr. Edward Weeks has complained in his column in *The Atlantic* some months ago of the American obsession with bigness ('How Big is One?'). He could hardly find fault, however, with the situation of his offices which border on Beacon Street in full view of the Boston Common. These offices, like practically every other building stretching along Beacon Street with little or no interruption, rise no higher than four stories, the limit also of nearly the whole of the district circumscribed by this street, Charles Street and Cambridge Street. The materials of the stately houses vary but retain alike the stamp of time; those on Beacon Street present an impressive façade with their various hues of stone and granite, while the majority of those behind and beyond are mostly of old brick. Beacon Street houses on the one hand, various organizations such as a Unitarian association and the Boston Club, and on the other the homes of wealthy but drably dressed old ladies. Buildings of greater height than the customary four stories are found at the eastern end of Beacon Street where the State building with its golden dome and department stores begin, and at the western end where old Boston gives away to the new. The occasional Beacon Street house has windows which hold one or two panes of a delicately purplish hue, something of a counterpart to virginal blue, which are highly prized and which would never be parted with at any cost. Such panes are to be found mostly in the houses built between 1818 and 1826, but it is said that the colour is accidental rather than intentional: the panes when originally ordered were like the rest but were then turned into the colour of lilac through some chemical composition wrought upon them by the sunlight. The transformation, in any case, makes for a suggestive symbolism of the spirit of old Boston.

Along Charles Street northwards from Beacon Street, little shops house florists, pharmacists, grocers, small business insurance companies, antique dealers and restaurateurs, becoming progressively dingy as one

walks further. The area, a huge hillside, comprise respectable, if not quite fashionable, homes inhabited by single families and, in the very next block, apartments created out of what were once residences of some respectability. Further towards the north and the east, the newer and not quite so narrow streets become less tidy; these contain buildings of later, though now shabbier, materials. Compared to the Georgian homes of London to which the Bostonian houses bear striking resemblance both in physical appearance and situation, the American counterpart naturally is built on a larger scale.

In a self-revelatory letter, Henry Adams wrote to his fellow Bostonian, Henry James, of the painful truth that all of his New England generation, counting the half-century, 1820-1870, were actually of only one mind and nature and that the individual was a facet of Boston. "We knew each other to the last nervous centre," he wrote, "and feared each other's knowledge. We looked through each other like microscopes We knew nothing — no! but really nothing! — of the world. **Type bourgeois-bostonien!** A type quite as good as another, but more uniform You cannot help smiling at them, but you smile at us all equally. God knows that we knew our want of knowledge! the self-distrust become introspection — nervous self-consciousness — irritable dislike of America, and antipathy to Boston." That was some eighty years ago, but it would come as no surprise, it seems, if the impressive façade of Beacon Street still provides a common form behind which lurks a void, a decent surface providing a cover over this void. The New Englander is reputedly skilled in concealing the rills of inner passions behind outward embankments of granite, but as the traditions of New England are becoming things of the past, the Beacon Street façade as a common form over the void may serve all the more as a symbol for the latter day Bostonian. Architecturally speaking though, neither Mr. John Betjeman nor Mr. Osbert Lancaster could object to old Boston as it is today.

SPECIAL SECTION

By Phyllis Reeve

DIGBY

There are too many of us here. We are waiting for an orange bus. Its insides are lined with green leather seats and deodorant ads. Gives you that clean, fresh feeling all day long. We will all be a little too fat, so that no matter how I shrink into myself I shall be pressed against foreign flesh.

Digby waited where he waited every morning. The impolite wind shoved through the crowd and rattled the lurid tin of the BUS STOP sign. The girl beside Digby enjoyed the tangled blowing of her hair. He wondered if she would look in a mirror when she was safe in the windless bus.

—The young priest with his skirts crinoling in the wind will go in before the women and take the last available seat. Whoever he sits beside will cross herself and imagine a confession.

—I confess. I confess that I alone of all these too many people would like to board the bus before the priest. But I am at the end of the line and he has somehow been moved to the front. My name is Digby. Digby is a ridiculous name.

Digby surveyed this representative portion of the great unwashed. He imagined himself making a speech. Announcing proudly.

—You don't understand me. You don't know me and I don't know you. Good. And yet if one of you fell and broke his neck, I would be expected to clean up the mess. No man is an island. I feel like an island that keeps getting bumped into by stupid ships. In the midst of others we are alone. In medias.

—Blank faces not my own. I don't want to know you, but I want to know what you are thinking.

The girl was searching her purse for a ticket. Her slim body swayed expertly with the wind, remained unbuffeted in gusts, even her hair untidy only as the rustled trees were untidy.

The book she was holding slipped from beneath her arm and lay defiantly on the sidewalk. All right, damn it, he thought, and bent a little creakily to pick it up. The title surprised him. He was amused at the image that unsummoned flashed through his mind. Intellectual boy meets intellectual girl waiting at windy bus stop for orange bus. Hackneyed. Trivial. Downright corny.

"Have you read much Dostoevsky?" Smiling. A very slight bow in her general direction.

—What are you thinking? Eyes untranslatable. That I have a rip in

the cuff of the right sleeve of my shirt? All right. You have a small red pimple beside your nose.

"Only a couple of things," she was answering with uncertain smile. "He's not overly cheerful."

"True," said brilliant Digby.

—Good Lord, how much longer might this nonsense go on?

Recklessly he prolonged it. "His people think too much."

"They think too much about themselves. Everyone thinks he is the only person in the world who ever really thinks about himself."

—Does she mean everyone in Dostoevsky? or everyone, period?

—Be careful. Be suspicious. Is the bus late? Contact with others is shaking hands and making conversation — only what is necessary. Her eyes say so much, something about the whole world.

"And really everyone thinks about himself all the time?"

"Some people are afraid and try not to, or else they think the wrong things and are afraid to find what is true about themselves."

—Go easy, Digby. She read that somewhere. She doesn't really think all the things you think she thinks. You're the only one, remember. Emerge unscathed. So far you have exchanged approximately half a dozen unoriginal synthetic propositions. In the midst of others.

—What is she saying now?

"Here's the bus."

Her tweed skirt swung slowly down the shortening line in front of him.

They both had to stand up. The cassock of the seated priest brushed his ankles. Clutched near its mother's shoulder, a small child wriggled and kicked protestingly at Digby's elbow. All around him other people's clothes touched his own. Eternally surprised by corners and red lights, the bus stopped suddenly, throwing the girl briefly against him.

—Foreign flesh. In medias.

They pushed their way out of the bus at the same stop.

—Does she always ride with me? I forget.

"I go this way."

"And I go the other. Thanks for picking up my book."

"You're very welcome. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

—Idiot. You might have asked her name or told her yours or found out where she works or something.

"I'm George Digby. Who are you?"

But to tell anyone your name is to provide a tag by which he can make a record of you. No. I am anonymous. I belong to myself.

There are too many people in this office. The calculations I calculate are indispensable to the company and therefore to the Canadian people.

—Does Arnold McFadden, who sits at the next desk and has freckles, think that his calculations also are indispensable to the company and the Canadian people?

"Numbers," muttered Arnold unexpectedly. "Do you ever begin to wonder if maybe there's nothing or no one in the world but you and numbers?"

Digby pretended he was concentrating. He was unapproachable. He heard nothing.

Another morning came, and Digby munched toast. It might seem rude not to speak to the girl if he saw her again. He could easily take an earlier bus.

—Idiot. Saying hello to a girl does not mean you're her lover. You're casual acquaintances, not even good friends.

—I've always wondered if I could be romantic without making a fool of myself.

—She knows too much about me. Her eyes will demand that I recognize her. She will insist on becoming part of my existence.

—You think too much. No one in the whole world but you and numbers. All figured out. No room for anything else. Some people are afraid.

The priest stood beside the yellow sign. He was terribly young and untouchable in his iron cloth.

—Who made up your mind for you, Father? Did you think about yourself too much and were you afraid? The world is large and too full of people.

The girl was there, too. She was reading, and the wind pushed around her. This made him angry, because it meant she was not watching for him.

Holding the book, she stood independently somewhere in the busline and watched for no one.

He could quietly take his place at the end of the crowd and remain unnoticed. Forever unnoticed. His recognition unclaimed by anyone, he claiming no one's. Invincible anonymity. Forever proudly alone in the midst of others.

He stood in front of her. His shadow drew her eyes up. A startled lightning darted in and out of her eyes, almost the lightning expression Digby felt on himself when he discovered the ridiculously simple clue to a long fought with mathematical problem.

The yellow sign rattled violently. The black priest billowed.

The clue. In the midst. In the midst of others.

—In the midst of others we find ourselves.

She waited for him to speak. A million words rushed to his tongue and died because she had already said them somehow silently. One answer she still demanded, one grand offering.

He gave it.

He said, "I'm George Digby. Who are you?"

THE CRACKED MIRROR

"I must get Arthur to do something about the lighting around this mirror," said Ethel to her shadowy, gilt-framed reflection. "It takes away all the colour in a face and shows up every wrinkle."

She turned her generously powdered wrinkles away from the glass long enough to find a comb. Patting the soft gray waves, she told herself, "That touch of blue looks real nice. I guess I'll do it again, as long as it doesn't turn purple, like Mrs. MacDonald's was in church last week."

She ran a finger over a crack in the left hand bottom corner of the mirror. The unmagical mirror hung with a spidery blemish in the unmagical light. In the distance the refrigerator began to hum.

Ethel walked slowly to the dining-room window and straightened a curtain. With the edge of the curtain still in her hand, she leaned a little on the sill and stared at the empty street.

"Well," she said, "She's gone off again in her big car. Might as well drag a house around with you as a car that big. My sister Audrey's girl. Eleanor, now there's a fancy name. A bit too fancy for my liking, but I guess when Audrey went to the city she had to put on airs, and even have her children's names in the latest style. Not that Robert had such a fine job either. I guess just being near all those fine stores and rich people makes a girl forget she's just Audrey Price raised in a little town."

The Buick-bare street stretched quietly away to the highway. Ethel left the curtain. The flowered walls waited for her to tell them they needed re-papering.

Peeling potatoes over the sink, she thought about Eleanor. "Just driving through, she told me. Nice of her to stop. Audrey probably told her to, though young girls now don't usually listen to their mothers. Nice dress she was wearing. It takes a young shape to wear these new styles. But her figure isn't really very good. A little too flat. If I were her, I'd buy some of those foam rubber things. They didn't have them when I was a girl." Glancing quickly at her own unpadded, button-straining bosom, she carried the potatoes to the stove.

The front door opened noisily.

"Arthur?" she asked, as if it were likely to be anyone else.

"Umm," he answered. Overall-enveloped, he sunk into a complaining chair.

"Eleanor was here today."

"Oh," said Arthur. His voice emerged with effort from his bowels. "Didn't stay long, eh?"

"She's on the way to some business conference in New York. Her boss is going to be an important speaker, and she has to be there. She was driving her own car. A Buick."

"Yeah?"

"She talks very nice. Her voice is awful deep for a girl. Sounds like the lady speakers on the radio." She began to set the table. "I guess Audrey and Robert eat all their meals in the dining-room. Even breakfast."

A spoon dropped from the side of the table opposite Arthur. Ethel bent slowly to rescue it.

"Do you think this blueing on my hair looks all right?" She turned carefully for him to see.

"Yeah. Sure. It looks real nice."

"Eleanor's hair is short like a boy's. I guess maybe Audrey talks deep like that too, now. There's something about the city that makes people put on airs."

Passing the window, she recognized her dim self in the glass. "With all the excitement and everything, I forgot to put on any lipstick. I must be as pale as a ghost."

Arthur was reading the newspaper deafly. Ethel fitted two cups to two saucers.

"Any mail besides the paper?"

"No, that's all. I met Mr. Walker in the Post Office, and he said he didn't get any either. Must be a bad day."

"Too bad you missed Eleanor. She was real nice. She didn't have a hat on. I hope she doesn't catch cold in the wind. Don't know why girls don't want to wear hats these days."

Carrying colds, the spring wind spun around the house. Ethel mixed food on two plates.

"Arthur?"

"Umm."

"Could you do something about the lighting around the hall mirror? The glass is cracked, too. I noticed it after Eleanor left. She must have thought it was funny that we had a cracked mirror by the front door."

POEM

Over the yearning miles their quick-breathed names
are soft hands touching me.
Because of them I laugh through my sobbing hours,
delighting in roses and organs,
and feeling the sunshot rain.
Because of them all my love long
the world spins on their axis.
Because of them someday I shall die,
wrapped in the warmth and smiling of their my life.

SPECIAL SECTION

By Thomas E. Baker

POEM ONE

Somehow we all missed the point
When the actors forgot their lines;
We forgot the clue someone had
Mentioned, we neglected to
Read the libretto, and that is
Why we could not understand

All the facts were there, the
Idea was at the back of our minds,
We knew all about it, but we
Failed to see it somehow;
And that is that — all the money
Wasted that the children had saved.

We sat through the rest of it,
But of course we could not make
Head or tail of the performance;
We got the point of pieces of the
Action, but the subtle theme
Was lost to us from then.

After, we read the reviews,
Listened attentively to the critics,
Tried our best to understand,
But it was too much for us:
The thing was over, and we had
Completely missed the point.

Father scolded us for wasting
All the time and money on the
Foolish enterprise, and we were
Thoroughly ashamed of ourselves;
But we knew that had we understood,
We would have been vindicated.

HAMLET AND I

Hamlet and I were waiting for the bus.
You know Hamlet—
With thick fingers and a
High voice like a pipe.
We stood without talking
For a long time, until he said,
“Damn thing’s late again.”
And I agreed,
So we waited.

He interrupted again with,
“Like the time it was so
Late I started to walk; and
Just after I left, it got there.
Funny how it works that way.”
And I agreed . . .

“Y’know I had a fight with Offie!”
He persisted even though
I was bored and couldn’t have cared less.
“I got a room of my own now—
Too small, but I got a little TV.
Good pictures late at night.
A lot of ’em are old,
But I can’t remember back anyway.”

Now I wished the bus would hurry;
I had had enough —
“Claude wants me to go in business with him.
The old lady’s trying to get me to do it.
But I don’t trust either one of them.
They’d take me for every cent I’ve got —
Even if she is my mother, it’s true!”

I guess he was still feeling
Guilty about Offie because,
“She’s not so bad —
It’s her old man, he’s always after me,
One thing or another, just talk
Talk talk all the time —
And Larry her brother,
Him and his women —
Makes you sick.”

It gets on a person’s nerves after all.
Still it was
Not as bad as the stage when
He was going to kill himself —

“Damn it, Horatio!
Aren’t you listening to a thing I say?”

POEM TWO

This has its compensations
In the few moments when
The moon-aura spreads
In silver to the
Barren blue of night;
This is the tiny jewel reward,
The diamond I earned.
Across the fevered wastes,
And waiting slowly under
The parched sun, like
Crystal time, like drops of
Liquid stars, and cool
Like midnight stars, this
Small and perfect ecstasy—
This is my reward.

POEM THREE

Three minutes more, the train would leave,
And it would all be over —
The fanfare and the bursting days
Now funnelled to
The farewell of a lover.

But this would not be patterned
After storybook good-byes,
Of Romeo and Juliet,
Of **True Romances**, July edition.

This was cinders to make tears
When tears could not be cried,
This was **Defense de Cracher** —
The crystal springs were dried.

The crystal springs were dried, my love,
The ivied bridge was down;
A signal lamp was star above,
And Troy a taken town.

POEM FOUR

After the joy and the beauty
Painted on women and men,
After the thick adulation,
After the moment — what then?

The quintessence of beauty is lacking,
And we were deluded it seems;
So we will retreat to our shelters
And dream our impossible dreams.

We froze our little fingers,
We burned our little toes;
They warned us all beforehand —
But that's the way it goes.

SMITH

The other day I met Smith,
Not that I had never seen him;
Indeed he and I rode the same bus,
Ate in the same restaurant,
Most of the time lived next door—
But I never knew Smith.

We were on the street, black with
Rain and wet wind; and when
He turned the corner, the gust
From the long street caught him
Off balance, and he crashed heavily
Into the broad brick building wall.

And while he stood there momentarily,
Dazed and looking quite foolish,
The swirling wind brought reeling
Reeling through the muddy gutter water
A torn newspaper from the day before,
Wrapping it moistly around his leg.

And in the moment that it struck and
Clung limply there in the rain, he looked
With fatherly compassion and pity,
With the suppressed hauteur of the gods—
And Smith tenderly picked the paper
From his leg and walked on.

SPECIAL SECTION

By Scott Griffin

IN MEMORY OF

An old man with a weathered face walked against the driving storm. He wrapped himself more tightly in his cloak which blew and tore about him and a big white icicle hung from his reddened nose. My brother and I watched him through the window with our noses pressed against the moistened pane. He made his way painfully, slowly up the windy hill and we laughed as we pictured Uncle cursing the hail and mud.

Downstairs, Aunt Margaret sat by the fire knitting, wrapped in her motherly shawl, while a dog lay at her feet drugged by the heat of the fire and the old bear rug. Father read in an armchair, smoking a pipe that had far more character than he. The smoke rose from his burning pipe and then was stifled by a knitted lampshade. The wireless babbled incoherently in the corner the news that was now seven days old.

Uncle entered the room stamping and snorting, brushing the wet snow from his felt cap and muttering inaudible curses — no one looked up! We rushed downstairs in our flannelette nightgowns and, hopping over the pool of water that had formed at his feet, asked if he would be so good to tell us a story, but he joked with us and told us not right now as he must have some food and a wee bit of rest, but that if we were good boys and said our prayers without pinching each other he might be up later, and so we left.

I had crossed the seven moors and had climbed six of the twisted great pines that swayed and sighed like a woman in love, I had shot seven pigeons on the wing as they flew in like spirits to roost, for which my father had given me a gun that still smelt of the store, I had fought and kissed my brother four times and told my mother to go to Hell before my Uncle banged on the door of our room.

His lobster face was fiery red and he smelt heavily of port. He made his way uneasily across the room and, breathing fire into my face, asked if I was awake, and then sat on the side of the wooden bed. Swaying as if he rode some wild beast, he raved of the woman in black who moaned and cried to the moon behind the parish church, and of the fat couple

on Tarnaby Hill who slept all day like two fat slugs under a stone, of the house at the sea - end of town where Jack the idiot boy cut off his double thumb with a pair of scissors. The wind howled outside and my brother cried.

Uncle prayed and muttered for another hour and then stumbled from the devil-spirited room, down the stairs and out into the night. We ran to the window and peered into the blackness. His voice excited by more drink, called to his imaginary woman who raced with him across the weathered moor and was lost in the saddening drizzle. Together they ran in high pitched love while the wind roared warnings of the midnight hours. Through the darkness we could hear Uncle's raised voice as he chased her over the country and into shadowed dream. It was raining now.

We crept downstairs fearing to wake Father who slept even more quietly than he lived. The radio was still talking of some far away land, the kind that no one has heard of and which is only spoken of when everybody is in bed. Father had forgotten to turn it off!

I sent my brother back to bed and then put on my old trousers and a pair of shoes and my mother's coat, and then took my shotgun from its rack. The gun had once belonged to my Grandfather; it was old and chipped and even today smelt of rabbits and tobacco. Easing out the door, I set out to find my Uncle. The rain swept over the moors in thin wisps and spat angrily at my Uncle's behavior and I felt more alone.

For an hour I walked through the storm calling for my Uncle as I went. After peering into clumps of bushes that lay about the moor like currants on a pudding, I finally spied Uncle huddled amongst the twisted heather praising a blind pup with only one ear. Uncle pulled me down beside him and whispered and coughed in my ear that I was to love his new friend with him as it was the only thing he owned (that and his sanity). His great hand gripped my coat and shook from exhaustion and drink; his eyes were so dulled and glazed in soft affection I could only nod in agreement to his pathetic pleas. I walked home through the wind and the rain which was beginning to cease now. Uncle promised me that he would follow, but I knew he would not. I guess I cried a little and felt much older.

THOUGHTS

I crept to her window and she whispered that she would come with me. In her nightgown she took my hand and we softly ran behind the old stone wall, while her grandmother yelled at me that I was bad and was never to come back. We ran in bare feet along the old dirt road and all the stars in the heavens whirled about and formed a hundred different figures in our eyes. The earth appeared around every corner and banged and shouted at us. I dared not look at her but held her hand tightly, knowing that if I ever let it go I might go crashing alone out of this life into some strange land and there perhaps become the wing of a crow flapping in a spring wind. A thousand voices were singing from the trees as we raced over a dying shadow down to the silver waters of a lake; but there was no boat! There seemed nowhere to go.

I had to return to the night-club and offer my date a light for her cigarette — what's her name? How well I know it and yet for a moment I had forgotten.

DANCE

The stately dress and youngish smile
Of a frightened girl pure and light
From her childlike isle of sky and snow
Where only fields of poppies grow.
Here handsome men with nervous hands
Spin moth-like dresses in giddy worlds
Forming patterns in the coloured sands
To disappear in the pagan night.
Just one light mind in all the whirl
Remains in this dread war a tiny girl
Who sees beyond a glass of wine
A running brook and a windy sight.
And all the darkening shades disguise
The enamel pearls and sympathise.

SPECIAL SECTION

By Bill Hambly

STUDIES IN SUBCONSCIOUS

Prologue

We spoke that day of many things, my inner self and me,
Of greed and lust and mankind's sin born of the fig-leaf tree.
We laughed and cursed then cried awhile for our stupidity.

In ignorance were we compelled

To wallow in the murky depths

While dreadful Night our path obscured.

Precariously we traced our steps

Among the thoughts that lurked between my inner self and me.

Thought 1 On Seclusion

The drifting mist-fringed radiance filters the shadowy stillness
of gently swaying boughs and creeps upon the lapping flood
with phosphoric fingers of stealth.

Often has a child pondered the pock-marked mysteries of the
Blackness

and the infinite void with tilted face pressed upon the
breath-fogged pane of innocence,

Or in rapt fascination followed the aimless nostoi of an
enterprising beetle returning from a quest for food.

There is no loneliness in a crackling blaze

which licks playfully at the nose of a slumbering dog
and primps bewitchingly before the oakwood shelves.

Remember the darkened doorway into which we stepped,

The lonely tree upon a hill,

Or the midnight walk in soft Spring rain.

In the hurly-burly of crowded streets

The up tempo pounding of the drums

Shuffling feet and shuffling minds

Touch only dirt

Monotonous earth

The greed of man

The seed of commence

The death of thought

The dirge of humanity looking

For the creator in the image of his

Conceited self.

There must be rest.
More than that—
Peace.

Old woman in thy murmuring lips and fumbling fingers
There is the presence of God.

Faith.

Dust whirls in the fast-fading spearlight which infiltrates
the web of leaded glass.

Only the flickering flames of countless sorrowings drip
upon the gathering gloom.

Prod the settling embers of youth and rise upon
the wings of unfettered imagination.

Seclusion knows the tranquility of reflection
and there is

Peace.

Thought 2 On Modern Poetry

The probing scalpel of the seething subconscious
tears and rips the inner shroud until the
boiling cauldron of emotion erupts and splays
the heart and anxious finger-tips.

Violent

Passionate

Powerful in its strength,

Yet beautiful in its intensity.

Why this form?

Then innocence, look and sea,

And sky untroubled—

But not the earth;

The clang, the clash of rushing millions in the world of

Bargain Basements,

Quantity for Quality.

—Lift your glass and we shall drink.

—To what?

—Freedom.

—Hell! Oblivion.

This we know for we are a part.

Why this form?

No rhyme no rhythm no reason.

Fool.

Look to your house. The same; snivelling hypocrite.

The past represents the past,

The present the present.

—Lift your glass and we shall drink.

—To Oblivion?

—Hell! Just drink.

This the form. Indulge the drunkenness of the mind;
The drug of quasi-realists.

Laissez faire.

Gold for Charon.

He can damn well go without, I'll spend it here.

Life the biggest lie of all.

Why this grudge. Because the form.

—Another?

—To what?

—Hypocrisy.

—Hell! Drink to yourself. I'll miss my car.

Thought 3 On Searching

Detached installments of the prude

Establish objective studies of the

Subjective pot-pourris of mobbish individualism.

Flying reflections,

Repeating image imagining genius.

The thin line, life, and the flashing prism

of the gaudy dance pavilion with its

Surging Sordidness

going round round

round—

The cycle—

A small boy sitting in the timeless dirt,

Knees scraped and body soiled

Watching the spoked wheel spinning—

A note repeating until the clear resounding sharpness

Evolves a frustrating dissonance—

The clashing chord.

Lost in the tangled forest of frustration breeding

Experience.

—Is there no certainty?

—The Nile has never failed to overflow.

Resolves.

Most likely yet not probable.

p1p2—the second trial—the pound of armies the first the last—

We hope and live accordingly,

And the fire roars with reds and yellows,

Conglomeration of thought unanswered.

—I see a light yet I am blind.

—Look to the future, says He.

—But the future is the past.

—Then reincarnation.
—But I am a Christian.
—Then look to the future.

There must be a light.
Immaterial materiality.
We hope in our ignorance.

Thought 4 On Questioning Abstracts

The sum total is zero—
Born naked die naked.
Where the beginning where the end.
Abstracts are abstracts
Yet they are questioned by material means.
If black is white
Then what are green and red?
There was no beginning
And we have not reached the end.
If two plus three are seven,
The truth of two and the triangle gives only
Superstition and Darkness.
Yet two is love and the cross is love;
Even if the last is hate then love is stronger—
So there is hope.

Thought 5 On Love

Flashing beauty of deep set pools of intellect;
Small dark emotion of the loved—
Yet loves not.
There is a pool of the past which casts up tangibles
with the burning intensity of its tar.
A mine of wealth which can be approached only
with great caution—
The result unpredictable as desire.
Why?
The humour of life, youth,
The sadness, the irony.
We wander unfinished,
Man's former image the wiser.
Pithecanthropus erectus—
The unquestioned animal who must feel as we feel,
The deep-rooted fear in our gut which is not fear.
The emotions the same.
Then fear is love

And love is what?
Nakedness knows no pride
The body or the soul.

Thought 6 On Friendship

Mawkish insincerity.
The essence of the ineradicable whirlpool
Rots the soggy timbers of belief and brings
Betrayal.
Who will stand with me as the quicksand of fear
drags at my throat?
Who will trust in the fidelity of God and share
the last drop of life being only enough for one?
The simple love of a dog who licks the sores
of despair and comforts his dying master;—
Who waits by the vacant chair for the one who
will never return.
Undying friendship.
The fickleness of man.
Who will walk with me by the sea
Finding comfort in the cleansing surf?
Who will sit with me on the wind-swept peak of
Frustration
And watch the creeping dawn dismiss the
Sentinels of Night?
The touch of a sympathetic hand.
The sharing of an ecstatic moment.
The neon glare reflects the beat
Of guttered minds and beckoning vice;
The dirt of time obscures defeat,
While Fate rides on the tumbling dice.
Empty steps echo a tormented heart
I fear the shadows from walking in the dark.
Who will stand with me in silence against a wall
and watch the arching ash fall lifeless in the street?
I grope my way alone,
The papers of another day swirl about my feet.
My eyes gaze wearily
I count the sidewalk cracks
Wet dust
The patter of gentle rain—
Lift your face and feel the droplets touch
The parched tongue.

The clouds dispersed admit the warming sun.
 The flywheel grinds
 The coggings mesh
 The world is out of gear.
 Yet the great doubt once forgotten
 Answers my soul's endless torment.
 Who will walk with me—
 There is One.

Thought 7 On Death

Casket Fin.
 The coffinwake which engulfs the bleeding
 Rotting dead interred,
 E—Internal ashplant swinging the Jesuit curse;
 No time for breathdread wading:
 He died.
 Atheist deist realist
 Liar
 Fool
 He died again.

HE WALKS AMONG HIS OWN

It rose and fell in gentle rhythm ever nearer, until heaving it rushed on the sands which sloped in smooth wetness to welcome it and the rocks broke it and coursed it scurrying into crags and crannies until it slipped back into the wave following and was lost in the constant pattern of sea and water upon water. The trawlers trailed behind them paths of white that widened and were lost in the restless wanderings of green ocean. The sea, a living thing, sometimes peaceful as it was now, sometimes seething and frightening but always beautiful, and it was loved and respected by those who gathered together their mended nets and ventured beyond the sheltering breakwater, and by those who stayed at home and prayed silently for the safe return of men and friends and loved ones.

How often had he stood upon these cliffs with wind tugging at his jacket and watched the tiny fleet float into the green and blue which do not meet on the horizon but blend in purple? How often had he stood long after the boats had faded into the early dawn and watched the sea lazily roll on the lighthouse point and crash into the jagged stone with only the rumbling surf and the cries of hungry gulls wheeling above and beyond to lie tossing in his troubled mind? Nine years he had grown and learnt the little that man is allowed to know of the sea. But of what good was this knowledge if his mother kept him by her side and refused him the right to become a man. Were not his friends allowed to sail with their fathers and older brothers? It was the right of the sea to interfere with these meddling ones who dipped their nets into its bowels and extracted its produce. It was for this that tides and winds were studied, it was for this that he had been taught. Yet an adamant mother and the reassuring pat of a father's hand did nothing but irritate the hurt. It was three years since his uncle had perished in a sudden gale with most of the other men of the village. A miracle they said that any had returned. Still remembered was the shrieking wind tearing at the gables, the terrified cries of children, the whimpering of frightened dogs, the slashing rain, the flash, and the rumbling heavens, but of all the most remembered was the thundering surf which for days tore at the land until all looseness was washed into the tossing sea. And then the quiet and then the tears. And black everywhere black and the breakwater gone, the harbour empty and he was kept from the sea.

And now he stood upon the heaving deck and surveyed the dawn. The nets dropped swiftly into the sea and corks bobbed in an increasing arc twisting amongst the trawlers. The engine was still now. They sat and smoked and talked of sea and sky, and they unwrapped food and ate in silence. He stood with his feet flexed to the swell and with shaded eye counted boats leaning to the rise of restless sea. Tired now he lay on coiled rope smelling of tar and lulled by the swish of carressing water drifted into sleep. A father smiled and thought of his youth and the first

days he spent upon the sea. A brother yawned and left to listen to the clicking of the wireless.

When he awoke there was stillness in the sea. The sun an orange ball resting deep in the western sky while a foreboding calm hovered about the fleet. He sensed fear in the contented lolling of the boat, and gazing into the darkening sky he knew his fear. The birds, those vultures of the deep, where were the birds. And the nets being hauled dripping onto the deck, too fast they slipped aboard for a good take. His father grim faced his brother rushing to him then away. The other boats were leaving and the sound of their engines drifted across the water. No wind stirred the silent surface of gently breathing ocean. But the sky warned, and the birds, and the swell whispered along the keel of bubbling froth cropped edges and fish gliding down down into the blackness. And in the belly of the ship there was the clanking of hammers and the sweating faces of toiling men but the engine lay quiet and it was coming and they were powerless. How long? One hour, perhaps two, or three. The sea empty of life deserted and they rested in terror with the creaking of the wood to remind them of the gathering ocean. One boat one fear. The sudden roar of an engine and the black exhaust and the boat was heeling around slewing across the wake and gaining headway and there was feverish activity, the lashing of rope the rolling of barrels and the course of worried men while anxious eyes scan the horizon. No sign. A cry from the bow, the cry of the sighting of a branch and seaweed and of the nearness of land still unseen but its presence felt in the gathering twilight. And at the same time behind them the ripples slurred across the distance and before they reached the boat the horizon had ceased to exist. It came. Gently it came. The wind first, touching the rigging and then the rain cool and refreshing then hard and driving until it mingled with the salt spray and burned the skin and eyes and bodies numbing from the cold. It came and it joined with the sea, the sea that had never caused this boat to falter and the wireless clicked the storm warning, it clicked of wind velocity and of direction and it clicked of warnings flying on the coast and the screams of dying men and floundering ships. They held onto the worn railing with white knuckles and they prayed silently and watched for the flashing beacon calling of rock and dead ships and the engine throbbed steady and now the first big wave forming in the cover of sheeting rain, the shock the blow of tons of buoyant water, salt water always buoyant, the racing of an engine turning air a shudder and the throb again. Always victorious with the creaking and groaning of jarred timbers they climbed and descended and twisted in the trough sliding twisting how long no way of telling and each wave slithered down was also one more passing up under the stern and the sideways feeling of broadside swamping and the scuppers boiled as they climbed and dropped and climbed until the engine throbbed no more.

A nine year old boy clung to something buoyant and the screams were gone and the fear and the tears had ceased to mingle with the water and

he clung there exhausted and unafraid, too tired to fear death, welcoming it, but fingers clamped mechanically to the tossing wood and there was a dream that would not leave his subconscious as he rose and fell on the rushing waves. There was a dream that took the choking fear from his heart and the numbness from his dying body. It flowed into his mouth and his guts warmed by it forgot the choking burning of the salt and the gasping for air. There was a dream which lifted him with the waves and carried him beyond his pain. There was a room, a room of stone and a window of glass and a door of solid oak. There was a room, one with a hearth and a roaring fire and flames cracking with reds and yellows devouring black woods. Within the flames there was a room, a room with an old man rocking before a fire and a pipe rested in his folded hands and his head lay back against the rocking chair and waves rolled through the flames and there was a dog, a dog with his nose resting on the grate and his body heaving gently to the waves rolling through the flames and there was a beach and a cove of gently washed sand and the fire roared on. And the dog stretched and looked into the flames and he rose and placed a paw in his master's lap. There was a room in which a dog started from a flying spark and an old man was awakened and smiled and rubbed a dog's ears while the dog wagged his shaggy tail and gazed into his master's twinkling eyes and the reflection of a grate and a roaring fire which burned on. The water beat against a window pane and the waves flowed onward through the fire and a dog sniffed the air, scratched, and wandered slowly to the door where he sat and looked back at the flames dying a little now. And when the dog returned to his master's side the old man left his chair and added another log to the fire and the bark caught and the flames jumped higher. There was a room in which a dog whined at a solid oak door and an old man rocked by a dying fire and his shadow swayed on the darkened wall and within the dying flames there was a room in which there was breath and life but they left when the old man took a coat from the peg by the solid oak door and the dog shook his tail and stretched and yawned and they opened the door and stepped out into the darkness the rain and the cold. And now there was a room which was empty of life and a fire was dying in the grate and the waves flowed faster and higher while the flames burned lower and lower until only the embers glowed.

Yet the thunder of surf seemed to roll back the sleep as the sea rolled on. There was a piercing rock unfelt in the numbness of his chest and his fingers were torn from his piece of wood and closed on sand gritty against his skin and there were hands touching him and he felt confused and he thought he was dead but he could feel a feeble pounding in his throat and the water licked quietly at his legs as his stomach cast up it tearing waste and there was something underneath him and those hands were turning him on his back and his fingers touched soft wool and he opened his eyes to an old man and the tongue of a whimpering dog licking away all trials.

Iain MacLean

TWO WOMEN

Tired, but with the warm giddy feeling of too much sun and too many hours at the wheel of a battered Morris Minor, we arrived at a suitable old inn, unsymmetrical and decayed in the waning Italian sun. A young thing, laughing and bubbling all in white, led us through a tiled court, red and dark in the light, echoing the hard click of dirty brown oxfords. A table, white cloth glowing in the half light, glasses, silverware reaching out to be touched, and confirming a long-held view that man's development is indicated by his table setting.

The candle-light shimmered in the filled and refilled glasses, the bottle often placed and replaced in its intricate wicker holder. The red of the wine blended with the white of the rigatoni and the warm giddy feeling from the hot sun stayed with us as we sat these tasting, drinking and talking. When one is tired, his senses are dulled, dormant; ply him with a little wine and food and his senses become very sharp, though not for long. Normal sensibilities are then very acute; the girl bringing plates becomes overwhelmingly feminine; the setting sun looks and feels like a Van Gogh canvas; the smell of cooking reminds us of ambrosia. Conversation flows and commonplace remarks are expressed with the fervor of a Socrates.

In the small dining room, only two other people were eating, an older woman and a girl who appeared to be her daughter. There are people who walk the streets and meet the trains. There are also people who seem to embody all their feelings and emotions in their appearance. Such were the couple at the table by the window, yellowed by the flickering candle and reddened by the almost set sun. Somehow, the entire reason for living seemed to be expressed by the two female faces, eating their red and white spaghetti and talking of life, love and the grocery bill.

The mother's expression was tranquil, sad, her face expressed a calm, which comes only from a hectic, tragic-ridden life. Her life was her daughter's, one could see her artistic, but calloused fingers, eating bread and pouring wine, her sad eyes understanding all; her sadness made our exuberance appear foolish, our youth appear infantile. The young girl, seventeen or so, in the full blush of southern smoldering attractiveness had the same sad eyes, but not the same calmness. Her sadness was that of passion, not care and time, and she was young, it would not take much to make the sad eyes smile.

We both commented on the two women, both in black. "Have they been to a funeral?" one of us asked. They looked too sombre to be going to a party. Most likely, they lived in the town and were merely having dinner out.

We were musing over these and other prospects while sipping viscous black coffee; the older woman rose majestically from her table and came over to ours. Too surprised to say anything, we could only marvel at her now obvious calm and pride. "Meester," she said, "the girl at the table, she is veery nice, and she is not busy for the next hour."

Paul Jones

THE GOVERNOR

The Governor picked up the cricket ball which lay on his desk. The familiar weight lay comfortably in his hand as he covered up the metal base so that the ball seemed to rest without support on his clenched fist. Of all his trophies this was the oldest and the one he valued most; a souvenir of the time he had scored a century against Dartmouth and saved Sandhurst from a crushing defeat. The ball had been mounted and presented to him by the team just before he left for India. That had been nearly fifty years ago. He opened his fist and read the inscription as he had done so many times before; an automatic ritual he went through daily. Usually he was unaware of it but today he did it consciously, deliberately seeking some comfort from the safe past. Then he put the ball down and walked over to the window. Just below him the gardener was watering the lawn. He looked watchfully away to the hundreds of square, flat roofed houses which formed the city just beyond the garden wall. The street outside Government House was deserted save for two sentries secure behind their miniature sandbagged emplacements. Everything was so quiet. Feeling the sun too bright on his eyes, he closed the shutters and stood behind them in the soft, barred light.

The telephone rang. He crossed over and picked it up. London was calling. He waited for a few seconds, looking at the picture of his long dead wife. The Minister's voice came on; hesitantly probing the certainty of his resolution. Did he want to be relieved of the responsibility? Had he changed his previous decision? His voice was firm as he assured the Minister that there would be no exchange. He could hear a note of admiration in the voice from London and also there was a hint of something else. His stoical qualities were admired that was clear, but they thought he was not quite human. He felt angry. They had no right to judge him, he was doing what they did not dare do. If he failed, policy would change, his successor would shake hands with these people who were about to murder his son. It was easy to be a politician. Morality was easy when you created it yourself. He picked up a piece of paper and began writing.

"The execution will take place. The young man is a terrorist convicted on clear evidence. The organisation's threat to kill my son in reprisal must be disregarded. We cannot treat with people who regard kidnapping and blackmail as easy ways to turn aside the course of justice."

He read his words and approved of them. He pressed the bell for his secretary. He watched the man narrowly as he came in and took the memorandum for immediate publication. The secretary looked at him as he took it. It was a perfectly normal look and the Governor was impressed. It took a certain kind of courage to look a man straight in the face when you knew he was about to kill his own son. He looked at the picture of his wife again. Pasteboard, but he thought he saw a change in her expression. If he felt unfit for the job, he should have given it to someone else. There was still time left, he could still carry out the exchange. No, he would not. He would carry on. He would behave as though he had no son. He would behave exactly as he would if it was another young officer. He could not play favorites. His hand reached out to grasp the cricket ball. They would telephone when the execution took place. He forced himself to turn and watch the jerky movements of the electric clock. As the minutes went by, tiny thoughts began to crevasse his solid front of officialdom; memories which he tried to put from him. He tried to be an automation, without feeling, divorced from other men. He stood at attention, his thumb automatically finding the crease. Pride, was he killing for pride? Had he forgotten Little David playing in the sands at Mundleseey? He had promised Margaret he would look after the boy; was this the bitter fruition of that promise? The thoughts come unbidden, staccato, like parade ground commands. Was he going mad? No, that mercy was denied him, he was sane. It was the world gave him his position, gave him the responsibility, if they were sane, he was. This was not the first man he had condemned. He had sent thousands to death before. Each man had a life; someone to be bereaved, a widening circle of despair. To admit a difference was to betray himself. He must face up to it or how those people would laugh. Would it matter if they did? He could pick up the telephone, cancel the execution. No, he had made his decision. He must stand still. At the hour he would salute. Grotesque! that too would make them laugh if they knew; arranging his son's obsequies. He stiffened; picturing the slow cortege, the grim ceremonial of military death and burial. Was he inhuman? He denied the charge. What was human? to make his nation a laughing stock? to let blackmail overtake order? to exchange this young thug for his son? Slowly the excuses petered out for his mind had stumbled upon the final, monstrous self truth. He could betray his son, but never himself. No, he admitted proudly, he was not human, he was not soft. He had chosen his path and he would follow it to the bitter end. The world might change but he could not. He must hold the ragged edges together as long as he could. For the final moments he stood there facing the world and part of himself; defying them. The minutes jerked nearer, came, went. The old

man stood there, his arms by his sides, his final gesture betrayed for he could not salute. He could feel the taut muscles of his face trying to corrupt. He was an old man and so weary. The telephone began to ring and in the emptiness of his victory he began to cry, then using the cricket ball as a weapon he began to flail the wall. The old leather cracked and twisted as the seam split under the repeated hammering until in the end it dropped, shapeless from his hand.

Elma Beall

WHAT PRICE VICTORY?

Satan was sitting cross-legged on the peak of the highest mountain in Hell, gazing moodily over his well-kept acres of burning lakes and frozen wastes. His gleaming horns were drawn together in a worried frown; he was thinking that those acres were not as well-kept as they had once been.

"Beelzebub!" he called suddenly. "Come here, you devil, I want to speak to you."

"Take it easy, man. Something gnawing at your vitals?" queried his companion in sin. (The vice-regent of Hell had a rather ghoulish sense of humour.)

"Beelzy, old friend, I'm sending you on an assignment. I want you to take a trip to Earth."

"Sounds OK by me. Things are getting kind of hot around here anyway — hah! hah!" Then, realizing that his superior was genuinely worried, the devil's tone changed to one of concern. "Say, something's really got you down."

"I'll say it has. Beelzy, we can't go on like this. With all the yelling those humans are doing about over-population, you'd think business would be booming. Now what's happening? Immigration has dwindled to a mere trickle, and the few souls we do get are so small they're practically worthless. The way this place is expanding along with the rest of the universe, I won't be able to reign in Hell much longer without more soul-power." The Satanic sovereign broke off abruptly in annoyance. "Hey,

you with the tail!" he called to a passing demon. "What's making that infernal moaning?"

"I think it's that poet, your Devilship," answered the demon respectfully. "You know, the one who tried to justify . . ." he put up a hoof to hide a diabolical grin.

"Ah yes, him. Well, try taking him to another climate, or something. How in Heaven can I think with that going on? Nevertheless, **there** was a great soul," continued the Head of the Horrors with a reminiscent glow in his eyes. "I wonder why those humans always think it's the small souls that come here? 'How are the mighty fallen!', to coin a phrase," he added with a satanic smirk. Then, suddenly recollecting the present sorry state of affairs, he whirled on his deputy. "What are you still floating around for? Get going, I said! Find out why there's been such a decrease in immigrants lately. This is no laughing matter. If we don't have more souls to keep the elements under control, we're powerless, through, finished! We've got to have more damned souls!"

Beelzebub, thoroughly frightened now, sped off through the surrounding shades of Plutonian night.

.

To the ruler of the underworld it seemed that centuries, nay, eons, must have passed before he finally spied his roving reporter winging homeward. As the hideous form drew closer, Satan thought he could detect a definite wavering in its line of flight. His subsequent fear was not diminished when Beelzebub landed beside him at last; the fact of his usually gleeful comrade was stricken with terror.

"Speak up, you devil!" cried the monarch in a voice that shook a little, "What happened to all the people?"

"The people are there all right, millions of them," gasped Beelzebub, his eyes rolling in his head like satellites in orbit. "But, oh Satan, we're lost, we're doomed, we can reign no longer! There are millions of people, but there are **no more souls!**"

Into the abysmal silence which followed, a tiny laugh trembled forth from the Poets' Corner. It sounded rather hollow.

Robert Gordon CUBA, 1959

The clouds of civil strife, which, like thunder heads had threatened Havana for several weeks, had finally descended, filling the city with a brawling riotous uproar, where mobs of rebels engaged the supporters of Batista in street fighting, and minor skirmishes broke out everywhere. When evening came the fighting became more sporadic, as friends became indistinguishable from enemies and the fear of shooting a comrade prevented further engagements. When the cool dusk settled down, Havana enjoyed a period of relative quiet.

Rebel Manuel Sala, lying on top of a deserted building, was able to rest comfortably for the first time in almost four days. His rifle, a tool of no little deadliness in his hands, lay at his side. The street below was silent and lifeless, the houses abandoned by their erstwhile owners driven out by the rebel forces. In his present condition Sala was a rather fearful sight. His face was smeared with grime which rendered his already dark complexion invisible by night. He had not shaved in three weeks and a bristling beard projected forth from his chin, making his lips seem smaller and crueler than they actually were. His clothes matched the rest of his generally tousled and battered appearance, and around one wrist was a brown-stained bandage covering a gash inflicted by the knife of a determined resister.

Manuel Sala the man was a contradiction of Manuel Sala the soldier. A rugged, tough-looking individual, he was in fact merely one of a hardy breed of farmers who had joined the Castro movement. He was a devout and courageous man, perhaps a little simple, yet strong in will and dogmatic in his determination to help overthrow Batista.

As he lay there, in comparative comfort on the hard roof, he reflected on his reasons for fighting. He thought back to his small but productive farm in Oriente province; what abuse he had suffered under Batista, what days of hardship he had known because of unjust laws and overtaxation. His youngest brother had been killed in a street fight with some of Batista's secret police three years previously. He remembered with what pleasure he had answered the call to take arms against Batista.

Two years of fighting had changed this man, at least externally. He had become hardened to the grimmest, most terrible types of guerilla fighting, and he had learned to kill quickly, effectively, and without remorse. There is a kind of spirit which comes over a man exposed to these circumstances which strikes the very heart of life itself. He no longer connects his outward actions with himself as a sensible human being; he is caught up in the tide of human affairs and he becomes almost

unconscious of what he is doing. He does not think himself a cruel man, or a killer, for human lives become mere obstacles which are blocking the way to a higher goal.

So it was with Manuel Sala. He could now look back on his actions with a feeling akin to satisfaction. He had done well, living from hand to mouth for three years, yet accomplishing what he considered was the most important task with which his life would present him. He now reflected with grim exultation how many times he had repaid Batista for his injustices.

Sala reached to light a cigarette, and as he did so a photograph fell out of his pocket. He picked it up and studied it under the light of his match. His face glimmering with an unusual warmth as he contemplated the face of his elder brother. He remembered with admiration and affection what a fine man his brother was, how strong he had been in times of terrible desolation on the farm. He had been the soul and strength of the Sala family. He was the one who had gone to university in Havana and who had returned full of wonderful ideas to improve the standard of living in his village. Here was a man who knew and understood men like no other Manuel had ever met. Three years previously, he had left the farm and Manuel to come to Havana to work for the government. He had done so very much against Manuel's will, yet Manuel had been persuaded that perhaps his brother was right in saying that the only way to correct abuses was to have honest and understanding men in the government, and that he, Manuel's brother, was going to see what he could do to improve the government of his country. Manuel remembered with a mixture of pride and bitterness that his brother had done well, rising to a position of no small importance. He had also remained uncorrupted by Batista. Then just as the rebellion started, Manuel had received another letter saying that his brother was tiring of his position and longed to return to the Sala farm and start life again in the pure country air. Then the revolution had struck, and no members of the government had been granted a release from their positions, so Manuel was very sure his brother was still in office. Manuel was also sure his brother detested his job and was merely carrying out what he supposed was his duty in fighting for Batista.

Manuel's thoughts turned to the future. Once the fighting was over, and Castro had been set up as president, he would return to his farm with his brother. Manuel was sure his brother would not be punished for being a member of Batista's government, for he had known Castro as a young man, and Castro knew he did not sympathize with Batista's cause. With the bloodlust gone, the two brothers would again settle down as peaceful farmers. With his indomitable spirit, zest for life, and love of his fellow men, he would add everything to the otherwise dull life on the farm. Truly the future rested entirely in his brother's hands, thought

Manuel; with him, all would be ideal and peaceful as before, the memory of past days blanketed by the joys of the future.

A sound of footsteps brought Manuel sharply back to his senses. He turned over silently to face the street. Below him scurrying along was a man, who now paused for a moment in a doorway, looking around furtively. Manuel recognized the uniform the man was wearing as that of a Batista supporter. It occurred to Manuel that this man was probably fleeing to the country to escape certain death at the hands of Castro. Manuel felt for his rifle, and grasping it he leveled it at the man standing opposite him in the street. In a brief flash Manuel recalled his younger brother dying in such a street as this, and the memory of it made him even more intent on the destruction of his enemy. He sighted carefully along his rifle and fired. The man crumpled, falling like a rag doll on his face. The rifle report reverberated flatly between the high walls of the houses. Manuel carefully got up, and made his way precariously down to the street. After studying the road, he walked quickly across to the body. He stood contemplating it for a moment, then he idly turned the body over with his toe. In the last light of dusk he stared into his brother's face.

Blake Brodie

A CORDIAL FAREWELL

Stanley Rutledge was one of those unnoticed clouds that floats over a town for perhaps seventy odd years and then unobtrusively evaporates. At the moment he had completed approximately half his stay. People would bid him a hearty "Hello, Stanley," but seldom encouraged the conversation beyond that. He had the reputation of being like a jelly fish, often poisonous if you got too close.

But, Stanley was smart. He knew exactly what people thought of him, and he made sure he never answered "Hello" back. In his own sweet way he would have considered it an awful defamation of character to do so.

He would enjoy the day if he really tried and today he was trying. Somewhere, though, in the back of his mind something was bothering him. It was a dream; he'd got that far. He didn't usually remember dreams. This one was beginning to get sore like a boil. He was trying to remember. The first thing that came to him was the impression of a card, a little like a formal invitation he'd turned down once when he was much younger. He knew there was supposed to be writing on it, but it simply glowed in the haze surrounding it. It was pure white. He decided he'd throw his attention on something else. It didn't last. The card came back clearer than ever. This time there was something on it, but it was still just so much scratch and gravel in the back of his mind. Then it hit him. The picture was perfectly clear. The penned inscription on the card read: "You are about to perish . . . A cordial farewell." It shook him momentarily. There was a signature . . . a blurr, but down at the bottom there was an R.S.V.P. Yes, he remembered it very clearly now. It had awakened him last night. It was even more annoying now. He turned the frightening sentence over and over. It might be some sort of message. The R.S.V.P. seemed ridiculous, but he didn't laugh.

This was Saturday, it suddenly dawned on him. He decided to walk one block down and see if anything was doing at the pool ball. He'd watch the game like an instructor but wouldn't talk.

Stepping through the door he noticed that no one was playing. The three men that were there sat around talking. He knew them all, and today they all seemed sympathetic. He wanted to talk to someone.

"Hello, Earl," he ventured forth timidly.

Earl only grunted.

"Say, uh, any of you people ever had a dream that frightened you?"

"When I was a kid," Earl grunted. "Real life's much worse now."

"I had a dream last night that I was going to die."

"I've been chased off a few cliffs in my dreams, too," piped up a man he knew as Grear.

"No. This was just in fancy writing."

"Abe Lincoln had one of those before he went," gargled Earl.

Stanley gave them the whole story, but it didn't excite them. They suggested he see a doctor, that it might be his heart giving him a warning, and went on discussing their own petty domestic problems.

He was really frightened now. He'd take every precaution humanly possible.

Over the next three days he saw three doctors. Everything's okay, they'd assured him. He walked very gingerly now; never ran. Often he'd look up, expecting something to drop unexpectedly from the sky. He stayed clear of tall buildings, of which there were only two, always on the lookout for "some idiot with a gun." Pouring over the freak accidents listed in the paper, his insides often leapt into hysteria. He no longer used the battered '37 Packard he owned. He talked a great deal more now, though, in a nervous staccato voice.

"I keep wondering how long . . . I'm not a hypochondriac, but . . ."

"As long as you can keep yourself in mothballs, Stanley," Earl grunted.

They continued a discussion on mortgage problems that was mutual to all. Stanley wandered off amazed that there wasn't something they could do. Every sharp pain was the beginning of appendicitis now, as everyone on the street was to be appealed to. The conversation was one sided.

The stroke that would eliminate him was coming. That was all he knew. How and from where were the two central questions he had repeated over and over to himself. Meals were stale and as tasteless as gravel. He only knew that he could expect wind after eating artichokes.

To be near people was his one small consolation. He could drape his black personality over them. He smiled for the first time in weeks when he thought of the damage he did business down at the pool hall whenever he wandered in.

"What does the condemned man usually have before his last meal?" became a form of silent Grace before each dinner. He became very pleased with himself when he realized he'd had enough sense not to take out any insurance. No messed up love life.

He spilt a bottle of ink over his hand, and his mind flashed "blood poisoning." His hand shook very noticeably, and music didn't help any

more. How long did he have to live? He used to watch the second hand on his watch sail on by, minute after minute.

At the pool hall, Earl patiently grunted as Stanley told how he'd almost eaten a large hunk of egg shell that morning, how he was waiting. Stanley noted that he hadn't seen the balls on the billiards table rolling and clicking now for a long time, since before his dream, in fact.

As he left the hall that day the third man in the group, the silent guy, Stanley thought of him as, stood in the door. Stanley could feel a storm building inside him. He wanted to know why and how his fate was rushing at him. "What and where are you?" he said to himself, closing his eyes.

Suddenly, the man in the door yelled. It seemed to Stanley serene for an exclamation. He saw that awful white card again, and he could see the signature at the bottom of it next to the R.S.V.P. It was his own!

At 3:45 in the afternoon, a baby blue taxi bundled itself around the corner of the main street in town, bumping a Mr. Stanley Rutledge into oblivion. He'd had his eyes closed, the driver remarked later.

Andrew Farquharson

DISSERTATION ON FEAR

Sudden, sharp, shock of suspense—realisation—fear.
Yes, fear. Slowly it dawns, you turn to flee, to run,
Scramble, climb — and fall back into the aching abyss of fear.
Falling fast, flying, floating — no, sinking!
Smooth, sickly, sweet and then sweat—
Predicament—you and fear in a closed cell.
Run to the wall, feel it—cool, damp, solid—
But out there is fear—you can feel him too.
Your bloated belly belches fear,
Your pounding heart rises into your throat—
It has you; beating, hammering, demanding to be set free:
Madness! It shrieks—Madness—Madness—Madness.
Eyes stare and sag . . . then madness!
The fires of delicious sensuous insanity burn high—
Sated with fear your feeble frame swells and heaves with hilarity
Hotly hysterical laughter rears its way, get through every pore
—Crawling in a living stream to set your very soul on fire.
The flames feed on fear, savouring the succulence of every sickly spark.
You shrink and shrivel, twisting and buckling in the embers—
Until the last point of light is wrung from the heavy,
Heaving turmoil of your heart and then . . . Death!

Elizabeth Nicholls

CHRISTMAS

Scene: A living room in a comfortable home, Christmas evening. The room is littered with Christmas wrappings and presents of various descriptions, some of which are hidden under the wrappings. A somewhat dishevelled Christmas tree stands in one corner. Alison, a middle-aged spinster librarian, is sitting in a chair reading a new novel as John, her brother, enters. She quickly puts down the book, but he is not really paying any attention anyway.

John: (as he enters) I knew I'd left my tobacco somewhere in that dining room. (He sits down.) (with deep comfort) Ah. (starts to light his pipe) Mabel is putting the kiddies to bed, is she, Alison?

Alison: Yes.

John: (with satisfaction) What a hell of a mess. Don't the kiddies love it though. Christmas is really just for the little ones. Gosh, it wouldn't be the same without them.

Alison: (goes around, methodically picking up papers, carefully folding them and putting them in a neat pile)

John: You don't need to do that, Alison. Mabel will fix it up later on. (assertively) You're our guest.

Alison: (quietly) Oh, I don't mind at all. Anyway, Mabel's been pretty busy today. She'll probably be glad of a rest.

John: Hmm. Well, go ahead if you want to.

Alison: Oh, here's the drum I gave Bobby. (Pause) (Then with a certain fear) Do you think he liked it, John?

John: Oh, of course, Alison. I'm sure he was very pleased to get it.

Alison: I hope so. (softly) When I was Bobby's age, I had a drum. It was my favourite toy — so shiny and tinny and bright. But you wouldn't remember. You weren't even born then. (Pause) It was so difficult to know what to give children for presents. (Pause) I hope little John likes the book I gave him. The librarian's bulletin, you know, says it's an excellent book for that age group. (Pause) But it's too hard to tell what children like.

John: The boys **always** like your presents, Alison, well just about the best of all.

Alison: I'm glad, if they do. It's so hard to choose presents for children when you don't have any yourself. You get so **unused** to children.

John: Well, don't you worry, Alison. You're doing a bang-up job. The boys are very fond of their Aunt Alison, you know.

Alison: Oh, I hope so. (Pause) Do you remember, John, what Aunt Emma was like? Do you remember what we used to think of her?

John: Ohhh yes. She was a stiff old lady, and her manners just too perfect, sort of awe-inspiring. Now there's somebody who didn't know anything about the kind of presents kids like. Remember that Christmas she sent me a book of Wordsworth's poems? (laughs) and how I hated poetry, too.

Alison: (pleadingly) But she didn't know, John. She never got married and she had no children of her own, so how could she? Oh, I know. I thought she was sort of funny myself at one time. But I see now that she wasn't. (Pause) She always lived alone in that horrid old house that our grandparents left.

John: Hmm. I remember how scared I used to be to go there. I used to think it must be haunted.

Alison: But worse than that it was musty, and lonely. Think how lonely she must have been there, John. And always when she left our home, she had to go back to that house, those empty, silent rooms. (shivers) How terrible it must have been.

John: Yes, I suppose you're right, Alison. Poor old Aunt Emma. She seemed pretty funny to us, but I guess we just didn't know what it was like.

There is a silence of a minute or so.

John: I guess you'll be wanting me to drive you home pretty soon, Alison. I seem to remember you always like to go to bed early.

Alison: (unwillingly) Yes, I suppose so, John. The doctor does say that I should go to bed early. (Pause) However, since I have a holiday from my library, I guess I can make an exception. Besides, I think Mabel could use my help in the kitchen.

John: Oh now, Alison. You've been working all day here. And you're supposed to be our guest.

Alison: Yes, I know I'm supposed to be your guest. But I like to help. I would have gone out there sooner, but I don't know exactly what Mabel likes done in the kitchen. And I guess a woman's kitchen is her castle.

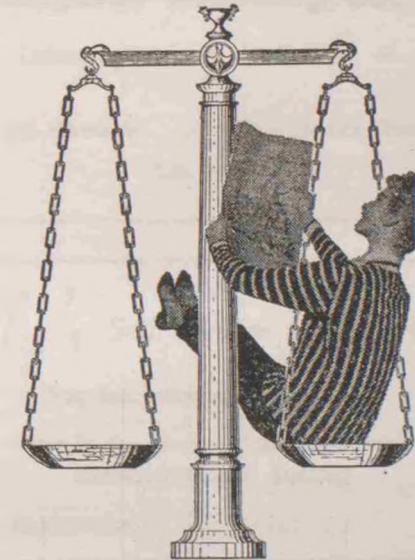
John: Pshaw. You women are all homebodies. And I bet you keep that room of yours in apple-pie order, don't you. You could teach Mabel something.

Alison: (quickly) Don't say that, John. Mabel has children running around and children make a mess. (lovingly) They come in from outside and they track mud on the floor, and when they play, they can't help making some sort of mess. But I don't have any children around to make a mess. (more quietly) So of course my room is tidy.

John: Yes. I see what you mean. No kids around to make a mess. Still, it must be nice and quiet for you.

Alison: It's too quiet. There aren't any voices just down the hall and there's never any young voice bursting in with his news about school. I'd rather not have it so quiet.

John: (reflectively) Yes, yes. I see what you mean. (brightly) Oh well, Alison. At least you're not like Aunt Emma.



WE WEIGH OUR WORDS

AN EATON AD

is one that you can put your faith in . . . in all that it says about goods and prices.

We believe that public confidence is our greatest heritage. Writers of Eaton's modern day advertising are dedicated to maintaining Eaton's time-honoured standards of integrity and customer satisfaction.

Whether you shop in person, by phone or by mail, you'll find that what you buy is what the ad described.

It pays you, too, to weigh these well-known words — Eaton's guarantee:

"Goods Satisfactory or Money Refunded"

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
OF MONTREAL

PLEASANT VIEW HOTEL

North Hatley, Que.

VISIT OUR PINE ROOM

GOOD T.V. RECEPTION on 4 channels

DANCING WITH ORCHESTRA

TEL. LO. 2-8556
LO. 2-8555

111 QUEEN ST.

Compliments of

CLARK'S PHARMACY REG'D

Your Friendly Family Druggist
Prescription Specialist

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

INDUSTRIAL PLATING

Chromium Nickel Copper
Cadmium Tin

CASTING

Bronze — Brass — Aluminum

Rough Cast or Machined

"Blue Seal" Semi-Machined Bronze Bushings

All popular sizes carried in stock.

The Union Screen Plate Company of Canada (Ltd.)

Head office
Lennoxville, Que.

Plants
Lennoxville and Montreal
Brampton, Ont.

Page-Sangster Printing Co. Limited

Printers • Lithographers • Stationers • Paper Boxes

406 Minto St. — Sherbrooke, Que.

LO. 2-3861

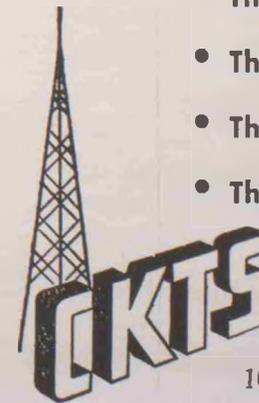
Wally's Self Service DISC + HI-FI

Buy ten records, get one free!

First in the Eastern Townships with
STEREOPHONIC SOUND

113 Frontenac, Sherbrooke

Tel. LO. 9-2146



- The BEST Programmes
- The BEST Entertainment
- The BEST Local Coverage
- The BEST Advertising Medium

1000 w. 900 Kc.

Telephone LOrraine 9-2525

"The Voice of the Eastern Townships"

Sherbrooke Daily Record

THE ONLY ENGLISH DAILY
IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS



Designers and Quality Printers

**PLEASE PATRONIZE
OUR ADVERTISERS
WHENEVER POSSIBLE**

*COMPLIMENTS
OF*

**R. E. STEWART CONSTRUCTION CORPORATION
GENERAL CONTRACTORS**

862 Wellington St. South
Sherbrooke, Que.
Tel: LO. 7-4866

P.O. Box 277



