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.)
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
Here's how busy people save **TIME** and **MONEY**

They bank by mail the B of M way.
You can get full details without obligation at your nearest branch of the Bank of Montreal. Why not call in or write today?

**Bank of Montreal**  
Canada's First Bank

---

**One Thousand Dollars a Minute**

Every working day the Sun Life of Canada pays out an average of one thousand dollars a minute to its policyholders and their heirs. Since organization $3 billion in policy benefits has been paid by the company.

The Sun Life is Canada's largest life insurance company, with branches and representatives from coast to coast in North America and in many other countries.

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA**  
Head Office — Montreal

---

**Export**

PLAIN or FILTER TIP CIGARETTES

---

**Sherbrooke Daily Record**

THE ONLY ENGLISH DAILY IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIRPS

Designers and Quality Printers
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.)

WELCOME TO BISHOP’S STUDENTS!

CODÈRE LTD.
HARDWARE
MILL SUPPLIES
SPORTING GOODS

30 Wellington North
Tel. LO. 9-2501
SHERBROKE, Que.

INTERIOR DECORATING
DECORATIVE TAPES

Romey’s Restaurant
BIGGEST CHOICE OF MEALS
Reasonably Priced
75 King West
Sherbrooke, Que.

MacKINNON STRUCTURAL STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED
Sherbrooke, Quebec
STRUCTURAL STEEL AND PLATE WORK
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
P.O. Box 728 Phone LO. 2-4779

SOUTHWOOD, CAMPBELL & HOWARD LTD.
GENERAL INSURANCE
187 Frontenac St.
Sherbrooke, Que.
Phone LO. 9-3654

IGA
FOOD STORES Coast to Coast
Tel. LO. 9-0400
Dedication

To Stephen Spender

who finds room for idealism
in this Modern Age
Contents

Dedication 6
Editorial 9

The Age We Live In 10 James Gray
Reflections 11 Mike Lavery
Reflections 11 Anne Thompson
My Own Generation 12 Marion Ballantyne
The Possibility of World Peace 13 Nancy Bunge
Education 14 Peter Campbell
Television 15 Peter Campbell
Reviews 16 Andrew L. Webster
No Key 18 Eve Norton
Last Judgement 19 Eve Norton
Lovers 19 Blake Brodie
Just A Symbol 21 Marie-Claude Meyer
Awareness 22 Shirley McLeod
The Last Will and Testament of the Prodigal Son 22 Bill Hambly
The Circus 24 Scott Griffin
On A Bus 27 Blake Brodie
Living Dangerously 28 Andrew L. Webster
Acquittal 29 Shirley McLeod
Gut Red 31 Bill Hambly
The Shepherd and the Shepherdess 32 Eve Norton
The Newspaper Seller 33 Blake Brodie
A Poem 33 Bill Hambly
Malay 34 Paul Jones
The Music Maker 37 Anne Meredith

Editorial

Writing is becoming more universal in this modern age. Everyone feels he is capable, in some form or other, of literary talent. Thus the increase in the number of paper backs, short stories, compositions, newspaper articles, magazine specials and even the attitude, to print, has become addicted to the North American "production line." However, the standard of writing that may be called first class still remains with the genuinely inspired poet or author. The question arises, does this greater influx of material lower the American standard of writing?

Perhaps in America an increase in material does lower the standard, because unlike the British, the American author is interested in persuading his audience, attracting his reader, or in short: selling. Thus the inclination is toward trick writing, the quick sensation which will fool the buyer long enough to buy. This of course is a great generalisation which excludes a definite number of fine American writers. And yet it is a generalisation which is more prevalent in America than in Britain. This is a reason why I think intellectualism has been an asset to modern British poetry while it has detracted from modern American poetry.

There are certain fundamental advantages supporting the increase in the quantity of American writing produced today. The greatest advantage is the creation of enthusiasm. It is this enthusiasm that discovers potential talent, and supplies a purpose, that often appears lacking to both the poet and to his audience. It is the aim of the Mitre to create this first step.
THE AGE WE LIVE IN

FOREWORD

A university exists for many purposes, not the least important of which is the free exchange of knowledge and opinions among its members.

This year the freshmen in the English Composition course at Bishop's were asked to share, in a series of short essays, some of their knowledge and opinions of the age in which they live. The results so far have indicated that very few are satisfied with their world. Not surprisingly, many of them express their genuine discontentment with political leaders who talk of peaceful coexistence while preparing for a war of annihilation. They demonstrate the difficulty of finding a secure basis of faith and belief in a society that has been disrupted by a succession of global turmoils. But they are quick to acknowledge that anxiety is not the same thing as despair.

For all its faults and uncertainties, their age is one of exultant discovery, of unprecedented speed and excitement, of cosmic exploration and challenge.

I doubt whether they would wish to exchange their generation for any other.

James Gray

REFLECTIONS

The age in which I live has been labeled by historians as 'the atomic era'. It is, supposedly, an era of peace and prosperity.

However, this is, in fact, an age where vice, corruption, impenitence, improbity, impropriety, and the lust for power run rampant. Admittedly the world is not all bad, but the general trend is in that direction. The threat of a third world war, this time of atomic dimensions, hangs over our heads much like the famed sword suspended by the thread. We live from day to day with the constant threat of annihilation; the future, once bright, becomes dim as the development of atomic weapons and intercontinental ballistic missiles proceeds. The leaders of the major world powers cannot or will not come to any agreement on the peaceful control of atomic power. The situation is made even more tense by the continual rattle of small arms heard round the world from places such as Laos, Tibet, and Formosa. Is there no way for communism and capitalism to live peaceably side by side? What of internal strife? Will it never cease? The constant war of politician versus politician, of police versus the underworld: is there not a solution to these problems also?

The solution to these problems, it is said, lies in our hands. The question is, will we find the solutions to our problems or will we stumble in the shadows like our forefathers? This, then, is our age: what will we make of it?

— MIKE LAVERY

REFLECTIONS

This generation is growing up and exuding as it grows an increasing aura of defeatism. We are searchers for truth and rightly so. For in the world of today the niche that has been carved into the world of nature has only whetted our appetite for more knowledge. But there are those who feel there is no truth, no good; those who believe that mankind has degenerated to a point from which there is no return, but only further retrogression.

Many uncertain youths hide behind a facade of alcoholism, agnosticism, and mock-bohemianism. The world is doomed so what can they do? Except that it makes a good topic for conversation what do they care? It is so easy to say what a low state we are in, and the vogue is to seem deep and intellectual.

The world is in a turmoil, it is true; perhaps it is on the brink of a great new age. We are like the first grader who can read: "Look, see Sally run," in his shiny new reader, but who merely looks at the pictures in Daddy's encyclopedia, unable to grasp the fundamental ideas behind them. By splitting the atom we have unleashed the forces of the universe, and now we are at a loss to know what to do with this responsibility. We, like the child, must progress until the days of the paper backed
reader bring only a smile of remembrance at our confusion and our fumbling concepts.

Discussion and worrying are not enough. We must slip off our shades and sandals, emerge from the screen of cigarette smoke behind which we have been hiding, and take advantage of the countless opportunities which this planet, Earth, has in store for us. Now is the time to abandon the mantle of defeatism and to echo Ulysses in our purpose:

"To strive, to seek to find, and not to yield." — ANNE THOMPSON

MY OWN GENERATION

One of the basic and most important human driving forces is hope. A man could not face his practical, everyday problems if he did not know that time would pass and could not hope that eventually his difficulties would pass with it. He could not face world-wide problems without the hope and belief that human beings improve themselves and their planet. Many people could not stand up to the emotional and spiritual difficulties, changes, and upheavals that fill all our lives without hope for a better existence to come. Even the stoic, who insists that he overcomes setbacks by simply gritting his teeth and enduring them, if he told all, would confess that in his heart of hearts he too has the spark of hope.

Barring the "beatniks" and the juvenile delinquents who have no hope themselves and who seek to destroy it in others, think the present generation is one of the most blessed with this essential attribute. Part of its hope is felt consciously; part of it is incorporated in its upbringing and character; all of it is important and useful.

We have not the polish, manners, and savoir-faire of our grand-parents or parents but we are hopefully returning to the basic ideas of life, and so we are seeking the means to build a worth-while life and world. We are growing up with much less innocence, but, in exchange for this, we are developing very early a serious and often religious attitude towards existence. The majority of this generation are not debutantes and playboys, growing up to a social, artificial future but college students with their eyes set on the goals of a good education, a good job, and a sound, settled family life. Such aims are shown by the great increase in college enrollment and the wish of many young people to enter some worthwhile organization such as the United Nations, to practise some worthy profession, and generally to accomplish something, however small, that is worthwhile and constructive.

We have, most of us, been surrounded since birth by security and, often, luxury. We have been able to develop a sound attitude towards life but we must not let our aims of security lead us into intellectual numbness and physical sloth through too much luxury. We must keep ourselves alert, ambitious, industrious, idealistic, and, above all, we must guard our hope, which is an infinitely precious and God-given gift.

— MARION BALLANTYNE

THE POSSIBILITY OF WORLD PEACE

In this modern age, when man has achieved the dubious distinction of having the power to annihilate himself, he has had to consider seriously the question of world peace.

There are two opposing camps in the world today; the Russian-controlled, communistic group and the American-led, democratic group. Also, there are some countries, such as India and Switzerland, who profess neutrality and try to dissociate themselves from both sides.

The basic aims and beliefs of the opposing factions are so different, I sometimes think they can never agree. The aim of Russia, up to the present, has been on conquer the world. So far, Russia has done quite well for herself. The number of countries and peoples who have fallen under Russian domination is appalling. If other countries dare to protest or try to interfere, they are threatened with atomic war. The Western countries are in mortal terror of causing the destruction of mankind. Therefore, they do nothing positive to combat this insidious progression of evil. Their indecision and lack of unity results in the oppression and enslavement of millions of people — a fulfilment of Russian aims.

The American-led group believes in the freedom and self-determination of all men and nations. America aids underdeveloped, weak nations. With economic and technical assistance, she helps them to stand on their own feet. America thus makes the world a better place in which to live.

The West is constantly trying to reach agreement with Russia on disarmament and peaceful co-existence. Led on by Russian promises, the West begins to hope that, perhaps, a glimmer of sunshine is appearing in the dark clouds of the cold war. Then Russian hypocrisy becomes only too evident, as they start more civil wars and oppress more peoples. This prolonged cat and mouse game which Russia plays with the West is very disheartening. Even so, the West still keeps striving for understanding, hoping that the Russians will ultimately realize they can never subjugate the world, and that there are rights to which every man is entitled.

I do not believe that all men will hold the same ideology, but I see no reason why any nation should destroy us all for a mere theory. Although I find it hard to believe that total disarmament and world peace will be achieved in the near future, I have high hopes that Russia and the West will at least make a move toward partial disarmament, thereby lessening the danger of atomic war. This will be the first positive step on the rough road to world peace.

— NANCY BUNGE
EDUCATION

In my opinion, Quebec's education system is unwieldy and unmanageable. Why should there be two entirely separate and opposed systems of learning? Perhaps because of the language barrier, but I think not. Surely an education plan could be developed which would make use of both English and French in the "advancement of learning." Concerning the rather touchy matter of religious differences, perhaps both groups could learn something from the other, thus leading to a more moderate view in later life.

Having disposed of the two predominant difficulties which prevent the fusing of the two existing systems, let us consider the advantages of a single system. A common education would surely help to dispel the ill-feeling which undeniably exists between the French and English in Quebec. Another fortunate result would be the trading of educational ideas and principles. This would bring about a better opportunity to learn for all those concerned, and the aim of those in authority should be to provide as good an education as possible.

Let us suppose that it was agreed by the Cabinet of the Quebec government that the present dual system of education should be abolished. Think of the tremendous uproar which would follow such an announcement. The entire population would be split into two opposing groups, and one of the main topics under consideration would be the choosing of an official to organize the change: should he be French or English? The French would undoubtedly demand representation by population on any committee or board arbitrarily set up by the Cabinet, while we, the English, would claim equal representation.

The foregoing description probably will suffice to picture the chaos which would result from a rapid switch from two systems to one — much like changing horses in midstream. Consequently, I would advocate a gradual change, perhaps spread over a period of five to ten years.

One of the first steps might be to exchange a number of the more brilliant pupils of each system, subject of course to the approval of the pupils themselves and their parents. This would be accompanied by an appreciable increase in the amount of English taught in French schools, and vice versa, the aim being total bilingualism. Once a reasonable degree of bilingualism has been attained, a mixing of classes might be started, beginning with the lower grades in order that a mixed group of pupils might progress through the various grades together. The curriculum to be offered demands some thought, as does the question whether Geometry, for instance, should be taught in French or English. I think that a course in French literature and composition, and one in English composition should be compulsory. Beyond this, I suggest that a wide selection of courses be offered, in order that the pupil may pick and choose. Half the subjects could be offered in French and the remainder in English, these being alternated each year.

It may seem that the revising of the present education system is a lot of unnecessary bother, but I think that the dividends to be reaped from such a change are well worth the temporary confusion and conflict which would ensue.

TELEVISION

The news of recent weeks has contained various startling discoveries of illegal practices being carried on "beneath our noses". One of the mass media of our present day culture, the (American) television networks, have been found guilty of numerous atrocities. That organizations so influential should succeed completely in pulling the wool over our eyes deserves examination.

The laxity of control over the American television networks undoubtedly lies at the root of the trouble presently erupting. The networks virtually are free to do as they please, setting their own arbitrary standards. The high degree of commercialism prevalent in today's television leads those responsible for the establishing and preserving of these standards to cater to the companies sponsoring their programs. The concessions thus yielded have "snow-balled" until the supposed controllers of television are merely figure-heads. Pure commercial interests are now in the driver's seat, unencumbered by the moral or political codes governing most similar independent enterprises.

On the opposite side of the ledger is Canada's government-controlled Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Here is an excellent example of the other extreme, arbitrary controls hindering the development of a budding system of communication and entertainment. Perhaps if the C.B.C. were to be handed over to a private enterprise, operating under a reasonable code, limiting to some extent the amount of commercialism permissible, the quality of Canadian television programs would improve. Similarly, the removal of the existing regulation limiting the number of national networks to one would lead to productive competition and an improvement in the presentations offered for our entertainment and education.

This superficial examination seems to indicate that both the Canadian and American systems of "visual communication" could be overhauled for the benefit of the viewing audience. In my opinion, a happy medium between the lax and corruptible American network and its stagnant and oppressed Canadian counterpart should be our aim.

— PETER CAMPBELL
AN DREW L. WEBSTER

Andrew L. Webster, first year alumnus at Bishop's University, is taking a course in journalism at Columbia University. Andy has a vital interest in the progress of the Mitre, being last year's editor, and agreed to send us his reviews of the plays he has seen in New York during the Fall Term. The following section is devoted to him.

My parents showed up in New York last Sunday and I dragged them to Eugene O'Neil's "The Great God Brown" which just opened on Broadway. I was much impressed. Tynan and Atkinson praised the production but panned the last act. I think I agree with them, but enjoyed the last act as well, if only for the strange, unearthly atmosphere that was created. Of the O'Neil plays I have seen or read, this one ranks second after "Iceman Cometh".

I was disappointed with Williams' "Sweet Bird of Youth". Perhaps I could attribute the let-down to the horrible mood I was in at the time, but I think there really was something lacking. It seemed to me that in this play Mr. Williams was resorting to a kind of "sensationalism" which sacrificed a dramatic continuity, and thus led to the feeling that the play was constructed out of sharp dramatic events designed to create maximum impact, but sacrificing the quality of smoothness and flow which I had come to expect from the author. All this is very poorly expressed, but perhaps you get the sense of what I mean. Let me try to collect my thoughts. Maybe part of my objection stems from the fact that "Sweet Bird" leans slightly towards expressionism. He may have been able to use this effectively in "Glass Menagerie", but here it somehow doesn't seem to work. I have praised the author before mainly for his "realism", but this play, partly because expressionism doesn't work, mostly because the people and the circumstances he tries to portray are so blatantly black and ugly, it seems that all vestiges of that so-called "realism" are obliterated.

— 16 —

REVIEWs

In other words, the play lacks a dramatic unity. And I think that I would now agree with some critics who say that Mr. Williams is becoming repetitive. It almost seems as though Mr. Williams knew he was becoming stuck in this rut, so he had to intensify the whole ugly and degenerate impact of the play in order to keep the theatre-goer interested.

As you may have gathered by now, the image of Mr. Williams has been forced to step down my pedestal. This is quite a bad reversal of opinion.

A RAISIN IN THE SUN

Of late there has been some ominous rumblings from the rickety Belasco Theatre on 44th near Broadway which clearly throw out a challenge to the theatrical monopoly held by Eugene O'Neill and Tennessee Williams. I speak of Lorraine Hansberry's Critic's Circle Award winning "Raisin In The Sun".

It is a magnificent piece of drama about a negro woman and her family who face some very disturbing domestic and moral problems. The woman is played by Claudia McNeil who convincingly illustrates Miss Hansberry's main thesis: a family quickly falls apart when there is no back-bone or moral fibre to support it. She turns in an electrifying and stirring performance as the matronly old negress and head of the Younger clan which includes a daughter with a pretentious brand of agnosticism, a son who worships the almighty dollar, and his wife, who seeks abortion when faced with the prospect of another mouth to feed. All of them are housed in a stifling Chicago negro tenement, and cash is pretty hard to come by until Lena Younger, the mother, receives $10,000 worth of insurance money, the result of the recent death of her husband.

She has watched, with eyes full of tragic sadness, pity and disbelief, the crumbling away of her family and their rejection of the solid spiritual foundations which, she says, sustained the Younger clan through five generations of oppression in the South.

The $10,000 gives her hope for a solution; she invests part of it in the first installment of a new house with a small plot in the back-yard where she can plant some flowers and tend the garden; but she gives in to the rasping and bitter pleas of her son that he should be given the money; that he, as a father, should be entrusted with the responsibility.

Instead of putting the money in the bank as he had promised, he ploughs it into a shadowy liquor store investment. A friend betrays him, and over two-thirds of the money is lost.

Thus the crisis of the drama is reached, with the son struck down in hopeless defeat, the mother with her hands and voice raised skyward to the source of her strength in bitter anguish and despair, and the rest of the family disillusioned and defeated. Claudia McNeil's acting here sur-
passes anything I have ever seen. Her rich negro wail fills the Younger household with all the tragedy that has been the negro's lot in America.

The son, now devoid of all moral strength, seeks to rectify the disaster by giving in to the demands of a representative of a white "community improvement league" who had earlier sought to persuade the Youngers not to move into their new house in a traditionally white area by offering them more money than the house is worth.

Unaware of the deception, the white representative is called back and is prepared to make the money offering.

It is at this point that the massive, god-like negress summons up some hidden reserve of strength to sew together again the badly battered remnants of her family. As her son is about to accept the white money, she intercedes, and speaking with great power and purpose, she pumps back into him the pride of their rich negro heritage, causing him to order the white man away, of his own decision.

Miss Hansberry has written a classic of American literature which will endure against the wearing down of time. For she has produced, with the fine sensitive tools of her craft, a piece of theatre which not only makes sharp dramatic sense, but is filled with all the vibrant laughter, human warmth, deep sadness and rich pathos which is the result of what someone once called "our human condition".

No Key

For whether i am awake or asleep, two and three together
Always form five,
And the square can never have more than four sides.

But if the cataract blurs my eye
That square can cynically multiply
And how can i contradict the square
When he says that he's lateral, sidelong and collateral
Flanking, skirting, outside and inside
Occidental, oriental, and precociously parietal.

Peering and squinting in my myopic nausea
How can I dispute his cretin imbecility
And restrain him from his insane prism building,
How monsieur Descartes, how?

— EVE NORTON

Last Judgement

Listen lord, she said with a snap in her eye
And did a shapely-graceful pirouette.
And with a swan-swoop gesture of her little white hand
She squared her stance and looked him in the eye.
I have done a lot of things the others wouldn't do
The others couldn't do
The others shouldn't do
But my diction is correct when I say naughty things
And I sin with a fluid grace.
And she arched her back like the grass in the wind
Or a sea-anemone without any bone
And said:
Lord, you know I can make any tongue
Splash like crystal-honey drops down the fountain of desire
And the arch of my foot never touches the soot
Or the taint of the common mire.
Yass lord, when I sin it's like church-on-Sunday
In the nun-like dwelling of my eyes
And the forest-fern glade of my faun-like form
Cloisters many an anguished breast.

And the Lord, He looked at her big black eyes
And her arms slashed white across her black nun's dress
And He saw her toe a-tapping to the rhumba-rhythm of her
And she winked at the Lord
And he blushed.

— EVE NORTON

Lovers

To find an edge of solitary space
And draw invisible pictures on her forehead,
Or marvel that such power
Rests between two thumbs upon two cheeks.
They breathe in thin, thin air,
And furrow long
In passion's neon.
Then in their nakedness
They abandon loneliness,
And heal love's wounded flanks
As one surrenders and
The other overcomes,
To find perfected bliss,
Forgotten since our coming.

— B. BRODIE
The Mitre, Vol. 2, 1960

Prose

JUST A SYMBOL

The leaves were falling slowly, continuously; one or two sometimes made a slight movement, as in remorse of having left the mother tree, but attracted by the adventure they went down and posed on the grass with sensual movements like those of a woman.

Natasha went slowly up the road, she turned at the entry of the cemetery and went in. She walked slowly around every grave, learning gravely all the names until she reached a tall oak tree where she sat down.

There was nothing to tie her to the small, grey cemetery; all the relatives she knew were alive and she was supposed to be happy. Some people go to the movies for relaxation, for a moment of forgetfulness from this world; Natasha went to the grave-yard.

Under the oak tree, built to make a sort of niche, she sat down and read in a loud voice the poem of Wordsworth, "The World is Too Much With Us." She would read it over and over until all the leaves seemed to be nodding at her as if saying that they had learned it. But she would read over and over again.

The rain was falling slowly, continuously; the drops falling on the window pane were like tears falling on her heart, but Natasha went slowly to the grave-yard and read her poem to the rain.

Two new graves had taken their place in the cemetery. One was that of a child with a little cross on it and no name. Wordsworth's lines came flashing to her mind:

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar . . . .”

To the other grave she read her eternal poem.

The snow was falling slowly and continuously. Natasha was the only one to intrude on the brilliant white covering. There was nothing lugubrious in the sight of the cemetery. The white snow setting up the black tree made a beautiful landscape.

Natasha sat down on the snow-covered ground under the oak tree. Her body made a small whole in the niche. Natasha read the poem over and over again. The cold went up slowly from her ankle, marking its way slowly up the legs. The hours passed and the cold kept going up slowly, but Natasha kept her eyes steady, oblivious of the insidious cold.

Wordsworth seemed to warm her heart, and her physical envelope was forgotten. The cold finally reached her face. Then slowly her eyes closed, and she fell down on her face as if she wanted to protect her book.

They found her the next morning; her face was blue, but the book was not damaged.

The snow was falling slowly and continuously. A black coach made its way to the cemetery. A grave had been made under the oak tree. On the grave there was no name, but the opening lines of the poem:

"The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

MARIE-CLAUDE MEYER
Awareness

It is snowing—
Soft, white flakes
Drift
Through the air.
My cheek
Is cold and wet
Where they fall
And melt.
And I know
There is me
And the snow
And the world—
And God.

— SHIRLEY McLEOD

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF THE PRODIGAL SON

So this is how it all ends, this is the end of the path, the edge of the cliff. Of course, I expected as much, it was inevitable. I admit that I gave man too much, and this is my reward. Must I pay with my life the alimony of my prodigal ways, of the breaking of my marriage with the ways of the infinite void? Because I was made of nothing, must I return the way I came; must I with this last step crumble into dust? Just one step, one more step and it is all over. How complete it all seems. I cannot turn back, for that is not allowed, and principles must be followed. The heavens must follow their ordered paths, there is no room for error.

— BILL HAMBLY
THE CIRCUS

A grey cloud floated across the moon quietly and a night cricket chirped from under a piece of canvas. Somewhere in a far off yard a dog barked and the rest of the night held its breath under the paleness of the moon. A thin boy in faded yellow trousers and a brown sweater stood listening for sounds from the deserted park. He turned and began to walk carelessly, stepping over the guy wires which held the huge circus tents that heaved and panted like a water buffalo when there was a wind. Freshly cut chips of wood lay here and there in the grass which reminded him of his father's restaurant down on No. 9 pier with the oyster shells that lay about on the sawdust floor. He hated that place, it was always too hot and you could never see out the windows.

Across the yard he could see a thin light shining from one of the circus wagons and so he walked towards it, pulling at a thread that had come loose from a hole in his sweater. It was the turtle woman's wagon. He peeked in the window and saw her busily making her husband's bed; all the time her hard shell kept knocking the wooden hangers that were swaying from the upper bunk. He stared for awhile and then her husband came around the corner and slipped through the plywood door. He was a very thin man who had a cough like a whisper and a very noticeable twitch near his mouth. He went over to her and touched her skirt: they loved each other very much. The boy walked away from this wagon to circus wagons and so he walked towards it, pulling at a thread that had come loose from a hole in his sweater. It was the turtle woman's wagon. He peeked in the window and saw her busily making her husband's bed; all the time her hard shell kept knocking the wooden hangers that were swaying from the upper bunk. He stared for awhile and then her husband came around the corner and slipped through the plywood door. He was a very thin man who had a cough like a whisper and a very noticeable twitch near his mouth. He went over to her and touched her skirt: they loved each other very much. The boy walked away from this wagon to the end of the big tent near the river and sat and watched the moon. A grey cloud floated across the moon like a water buffalo when there was a wind.

The Mitre, Vol. 2, 1960

In the wind he shouted to the fat man who was having trouble starting the crank, and pulled impatiently on the grey horse's neck. In the dark shadows of the night, light gleamed here and there in the distance from the town. Slowly one by one the wagon lights flickered and then went out. Late that night two men were seen running across the circus grounds towards the merry-go-round. There they discovered the fat man perspiring and the boy laughing and bouncing on the old grey mare's back.

Prose

the fat man inside sitting on a green chair cooking a piece of toast under a yellow lamp. The toast was taking a long time to brown, so the fat man poked the stove and then rose and stepped outside and stretched his huge arms. He called to the boy to come inside, who he had seen trying to duck back into a shadow.

"Come in, come in!" said the fat man in a high voice, and the boy followed him into a wagon that was too hot and smelt of stale food.

"Where have you come from?"

"Oh, from the other side of town. I ran away from home tonight," said the boy as he sat on the corner of the bed, "but I guess I won't stay away too long; I'm getting lonely all ready."

The fat man laughed as he lowered himself into a large armchair.

"You're burning your toast," the boy said, sitting sideways.

"Yes, I know, I like it that way."

There was a long pause, the only sound was the noise of the gas jet. The fat man got up and closed the window and the boy began to ask questions about the circus.

Outside the wind rose, disturbing the wild papers as they rolled down the alleys between the empty stalls and the wires stretched from the wagons danced and swayed across the grey scratched night. The moon buried itself in a grey wool cloud and there lost its breath and died.

"I have never been on a merry-go-round in my life," said the boy, leaning further forward. "Can you take me for a ride tonight; nobody will know."

"Oh, I could not take you," the fat man said, "especially tonight when it is windy and dark." He rubbed his foot on the side of the chair impatiently.

"If we went tonight," the boy got up and went over to the stove excitedly, "you could tell me of all the places the circus has been and of all the people you've met. Nobody could hear us with the wind. And besides it would be my first time."

"I will if you promise me never to tell anyone and that means the boys across the tracks and your brother. Do you have a brother?"

"No, I have two sisters but I'd never tell them."

"OK, follow me and remember, not a word or I'll lose my job."

The boy took small, slow steps, because the fat man walked with such effort; together they passed the deserted booths to the other side of the circus. When they reached the merry-go-round the boy climbed up on the horse with one of its hoofs missing; he chose the grey one with the chipped paint on its neck.

In the wind he shouted to the fat man who was having trouble starting the crank, and pulled impatiently on the grey horse's neck. In the dark shadows of the night, light gleamed here and there in the distance from the town. Slowly one by one the wagon lights flickered and then went out. Late that night two men were seen running across the circus grounds towards the merry-go-round. There they discovered the fat man perspiring and the boy laughing and bouncing on the old grey mare's back.
On A Bus

The eyes melt over a hundred vacant looks
And care not who replies,
Unless a child
Who thinks you have a funny face
And says so,
And likes to sit beside the coloured lady,
Aunt Jemima,
And know everything about everything,
Until an adult hand
Curbs inhibition and its little friend.

A woman fat and squat, vulcanized to
The thinnish man who hides behind his cane,
A thin man thinking thin thoughts,
Marred by the passing architecture
Of humanity,
Profaned by shrewish woman
And her shrewish fat-assed ways,
Although he does not say so,
But sits gently,
His bowler fitting tight.

The dowager, the faceless queen without a kingdom,
The missing link in evolution,
Sits slumming it like a sport.
Her pancaked face belies a pancaked mind.
Chipping away,
Crumbling as the aristocracy
To liberal ideas and riding on a bus.
Still the paper comes on time,
And still the clerks wait first on her,
But brush aside a tell-tale smirk.

— BLAKE BRODIE
LIVING DANGEROUSLY

Stepping into a bathtub is more dangerous than the radiation hazards of atomic fall-out.

John R. Dunning, a leading United States nuclear scientist who helped to make possible the exploding of an atomic bomb on Hiroshima in 1945, used this argument to back up his central thesis:

Mankind, if it expects to make any progress in breaking open the frontiers of space, must reconcile itself to living dangerously.

He was speaking before a group of graduate journalism students at Columbia University early in November. Mr. Dunning is dean of the engineering faculty there.

Voicing his outspoken views in a tone charged with enormous vitality, Dean Dunning levelled a mushroom-shaped blast at those who oppose nuclear bomb testing because of the allegedly harmful effects of fall-out. He declared that more bomb testing, especially of the underground variety, would be absolutely essential for swift peaceful development of the atom. He described radiation effects so far as “negligible,” not even as dangerous as stepping into a bathtub or crossing the street.

The Columbia scientist, with an air reminiscent of some of George Bernard Shaw’s fire-breathing mouthpieces, asserted that he would be willing to stand right on top of an underground nuclear explosion. “You could almost work underneath cities if you wanted to,” he added.

According to Mr. Dunning, modern man could not have evolved from the simpler species if the forces of nature had not supplied the inertia for man to rise above. Thus supposedly harmful elements in nature force man to make a series of adjustments and adaptations which make him better suited to existing conditions of life. This is how man becomes physically and mentally more complex and advanced.

Radiation is one of these supposedly harmful elements. All forms of earthly life for millions of years have been subject to radioactive bombardment from the sun’s rays and from the natural elements in our own planet. The human race might not even exist today had our primeval ancestors not found a way of adjusting to natural radiation.

The substance of these arguments leads to some very important conclusions.

1. We should deplore irresponsible and emotionally-charged denunciations of nuclear bomb-testing which aim to whip up mass hysteria and cloud the truth.

2. Men grow weak, societies deteriorate and civilizations crumble when they avoid grappling with sources of danger. Thus it is extremely disheartening to witness the present philosophy of our Southern neighbour. President Eisenhower and his administrators prefer a balanced budget and a stable economy to a decisive effort to pierce the frontiers of space. Even the defence of the free world is sacrificed to this aim.

It is clear that the United States government prefers stability to progress.

To an observer of U.S. political philosophy such a tendency can only be a frightful indication of the growing softness of the American people; of their unwillingness to grapple with the challenges of our time and of their avoidance, in effect, of living dangerously.

— ANDREW L. WEBSTER

Why I Am Perfect

If the women I love would only love me
If the money would only come in
Then I would approach satisfaction
And satisfaction would sour into sin.

Perhaps the Good Lord hovers o’er me
For the girls won’t incite me to sin
Good keeps me in bankrupt misfortune
And perfection’s the state I stay in.

— PAUL P. H. JONES

ACQUITTAL

The doors of the little church on the Sunday-quiet street of the resort town were open wide in a gesture of invitation which attracted the woman, beckoned to her taut body and her bruised spirit.

She had paused before the church in her walking. There was a sweetness about being able to walk when she wanted, where she wanted, without having to fear the malicious, probing questions of her husband, — her former husband, she reminded herself. She was free now, she no longer had a husband; that was why she was here, — to recollect herself after the divorce. It had been his divorce really, for she had been the guilty person, the adulterous one, a stained woman in the eyes of the judge and family friends . . . the pain she had suffered in her degradation!

On an impulse she decided to enter the building before her. It was the whimsical streak in her which her practical husband had failed to understand. He had resented the fact that she was not completely comprehensible to him, and so he had stifled all that was elusive in her. Guilty she had been before the law and all respectable citizens, but in her heart she felt that he was equally guilty for her infidelity. Hatred surged through her, but its flow was checked as she crossed the threshold of the church and entered the sanctuary.

Organ music enfolded her in its swelling cadences. She slid into a pew near the windows and took note of her surroundings while she waited for the service to begin.

The church was small but narrow so that the communion table appeared to be at a distance. It stood in the centre of the chancel, a solid block of oak, beautiful in its simple lines. Upon it was a cross. To the left of the table and in front of it was the single pulpit.
Presently the choir proceeded into the church, followed by the minister.

The word “venerable” came to her mind; she thought it most apt to describe the white-haired old man in his black robes. She noted his voice, — gentle, but firm.

The congregation rose to sing the first hymn, and she felt a childish pleasure in recognizing the tune. She sang earnestly, attending to the words of the verses. She listened to the readings from the Scriptures. She followed the prayers, “All we like sheep have gone astray . . . ,” and the weight of her sin pressed heavily upon her. She could blame no one else for her downfall; there was no forgiveness for a woman who had done what she had done.

Then the old minister began his sermon. He announced his text: “… in the eighth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John,” filtered through her whirling thoughts, and she forced herself to focus on his words.

He spoke of the adulterous woman who was brought before Jesus by her accusers. He had drawn no complex theory from the story; he made no scholarly interpretations. His sermonizing entailed a paraphrasing of the Biblical account; he emphasized the important points and directed notice to the various attitudes of the persons involved in the tale, — that of the men who had dragged the wretched woman before the Master, hoping to catch Him out on a point of law; the woman ashamed in the presence of the Lord; and Jesus, not wishing to give an answer, standing with his back toward them and writing in the sand.

“And when they persisted in pestering Him, this was His answer:
‘He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.’
She held her breath, waiting for the minister to continue.

‘Then when all the men had slunk away, Jesus turned to the woman,
‘Where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?’
‘And she said wonderingly, ‘No man, Lord’.”

‘Then came Jesus’ pronouncement, ‘Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more’.”

“He had forgiven her, and yet that did not mean that He condoned her past behaviour. He said, ‘Go and sin no more’.

She drew in a deep draught of air as does a swimmer who has just reached the surface of the water in time.

The closing hymn and benediction followed, and then the various members of the congregation made their way to the doors. She reached the old minister and shook his hand shyly as she went out. On the sidewalk, she slipped through the groups of people who were standing about, discussing the service.

“Oh! Doc Harrison is just about all preached out,” declared one worthy gentleman, a staunch pillar of the church.

But she did not hear him for the words ‘Neither do I condemn thee’, were ringing in her ears like the pealing of bells.

— SHIRLEY McLEOD

GUT RED

To feel the knife run hot and flesh to rent
Not torn but twisted by the abstract blade,
To cringe with fear as frenzied thoughts invade,
Now uncontrolled once sheltered souls ferment.
To have a friend when mind’s with burden bent
Tormented and frustrated lacks for aid,
Soft words calm fevered nerves and troubles fade,
Held tight while trials wash out and tears are spent.
I went there once to be the guiding hand
And laid my fingers gently on her cheek.
Gut red ran love to fear as passion fanned
Behind in tumbling fire rose dying to the peak;
Of three the one who loses all but hope
Must see the star-hung moon and onward grope.

— BILL HAMBLY

— 31 —
The Shepherd
and
The Shepherdess

How rapturous to taste the parchment of
Your salty lips, my most beloved one!
(Like this)
What sweet and all-consuming bliss is love!
(To kiss)
Our Eden-ecstacy beneath the Sun
Gains Pheobus' warmth and something of his fire
Since you be willing dear, then so be I
(To love)
Let's fan the pastoral flame of our desire;
(Tra-la)
All on our bed of chlorphyll we lie.
(O Blah)
I stare into your blank-blue eyes my pet
(My pal)
And fixedly gaze upon your satin cheek
(You're dead)
I hate you woodenly; I can't forget
(But still)
In your Greek body there is naught I seek.
(I crush your cold corpse to me once again)
The infinite boredom in pink symmetry,
Thou psalm to Sex, beware thine ennui!

— EVE NORTON

The Newspaper Seller

A man of nickels and dimes,
His world is bought with nickels and dimes.
And time has written on his hands
In printer's ink,
And on his face
The problems of ten, twenty, thirty years,
A landmark on his corner,
While the world bends in hysteria,
Or merely comes and goes.
He stands while others understand,
Of a beginning, middle, end, and
Speaks only of nickels and dimes.

— BLAKE BRODIE

I smoulder as the fired grass
to beating blankets
And am destroyed.
I die in the heat of swarming flies
And fear to taste the water.

As the flower wilts to the coming of night
So do I
And am destroyed.
There is a cycle which turns us on the wheel,
And flowers open as they fade
To Lethe lotus reel.
Green grass will spring from spreading ash
And streams will run from high.
A deaf man never hears the crash
Nor even wonders why.
I saw a tree which looked so large
It seemed to nod to me,
But I know life is but a word
And my soul wanders free.

— BILL HAMBLY
There is a lovely view out to sea; a view of hundreds of green islands, with trees. I had been in Singapore for three months when a pal of mine suggested we go into the city to see a picture; they have some really good cinemas in Singapore. The “Cathay” and the “Capitol” are as good as any of the London places. I had bought some civilian clothes off a Chinese tailor, cheap stuff really but it looked good. A blue sharkskin shirt and some thin flannel trousers and a pair of shoes which I had been warned were made of cardboard. This friend of mine was named Jim. Jim was quite goodlooking and fond of the girls. Of course we being privates, the situation was not too good. The European women wanted officers and the Malay, Chinese and Indian women wanted their own kind. We were “poor whites” really, no one wanted us. The members of the Singapore Swimming Club wouldn’t let us use their pool which they said was the largest in the world, because we “splashed” too much. Poor Jim had been there longer than I had, he knew where the bus stopped and so on. I remember we sneaked out because Mr Williams, one of the nursing sisters, had ordered me to move some beds. I did not think I had been there longer than I had, he knew where the bus stopped and so on. I remember we sneaked out because Mr Williams, one of the nursing sisters, had ordered me to move some beds. I did not think I ought to do it, I was a trained orderly and they had plenty of general duty people for that sort of job. Of course I was only a third class orderly but a National Serviceman couldn’t get beyond second class. Any way we dodged out and got to the bus stop. Jim had a radio, one of those things you could hang round your neck on a strap. All our luck was bad that day, the radio was on the fritz and just howled. Jim said it needed a new battery. If that radio hadn’t been bad and if we had not ducked out of the hospital, we might never have got into any trouble.

The bus came along, stopped and we got on. Buses in Singapore have no windows so they can keep cool. There was the usual mixture of Chinese; I remember I winked at one little Chinese boy but he just stared solemnly at me, so I gave that up and listened to Jim. Jim was talking about girls, what he did to them and so on; I don’t want to speak badly about them. Jim was good at bargaining and if they wouldn’t meet his price he would just walk out. He wanted to buy her some material but none of the stores had what he wanted. Jim said it was because we were too near the centre of town. I had nothing to do so I agreed to go more into the Chinese area. Singapore really is a sight in the back streets. The shops have no windows and you can see everything that goes on. Sometimes you see a dentist operating with a crowd staring as he pulls and tugs and sometimes you can see a barber working right in the middle of the street. The whole place looks like a fair with flags. The Chinese women shove their laundry out of the window on sticks and it flutters over the road. Finally Jim found what he wanted and he started to haggle. Funny thing was the old Chinese didn’t seem particularly interested; didn’t seem to like having us there. He took our price, pushed us out with the goods and started pulling down shutters. When a Chinese practically gives you stuff, there’s something up. Jim was delighted with his bargain, he kept laughing and showing me the material; he didn’t notice how all the shops were closing up. Those Chinese left on the street were staring at us but not saying anything. We started along the street and I couldn’t help noticing how deserted the whole place was getting, only one old Chinese Coolie woman was following us, the rest had disappeared. Her face was that curious orange tint which the Chinese faces do turn in the tropics. Sounds funny but it’s true. She was dressed in a blue shirt and blue trousers; they all wear the same, and her hair was in a tight bun. She kept on staring at us and shuffling her wooden shoes as she walked. Jim noticed her.

“What’s the matter, ma?” he said. “We got two heads or something.” Suddenly she started talking to us, but it was Chinese so we couldn’t understand a word. She was talking twenty to the dozen and waving her arms. We just walked on and she continued to get more and more excited. A young Indian boy, about fourteen I would say, came round the corner running fast. He stopped when he saw us. Looked at us queerly then shouted something in Malay to the old woman. She shut up at once. The Indian boy grinned, then ran off where he had come from. Jim had noticed how quiet everything was, and we both started hurrying. We were both afraid but didn’t want to admit it. Suddenly the Chinese woman started talking again and grabbed my arm and started pulling me in the opposite direction. I resisted, I said “Piggy lakas, Piggy lakas.” I know it sounds funny but it means “go away quickly”. She was screaming at me, I could smell her sour rice laden breath. I pushed away. She looked at me and then sort of hunched herself up as though she had done her best and that was it. Jim tried to make a joke about my missing my chances but as I say we were both scared. We were trying to make our way to the centre of town as fast as possible but we had wandered away farther than we had thought. Neither of us said anything, but suddenly we both started running. All those streets were too empty, not a soul and it was only mid afternoon. Every shop was closed and there were no children playing around the monsoon drains.

We were making progress, we could see the Cathay building, we knew we would be safe there. We ran harder, turned a corner and ran right into a crowd of Indians and Malays. I saw the Indian boy. If we hadn’t been running we might have heard them. For a moment, they were as surprised as we were and then I heard shouting and a lot were on me, kicking, punching and clawing. I was separated from Jim, he had been running slightly ahead of me. I tried to keep my feet. I hit out and hit
out. I think it was because they were all so eager to get at me that I was able to fight, they got in each other's way. I knew these people wanted to kill me. One brute got me round the neck and I kicked him so he loosened sufficiently for me to jerk round and hit him hard, then I pushed him. As he staggered back, I charged away from him, smashed through the crowd, saw clear street and began running. Some were running after me, but they did not catch me. At the end of the street, I had to stop, I was covered with blood and my clothes were hanging in pieces. They weren't following me, one of them had seen the Chinese woman trying to hide in a shop doorway and they had grabbed her instead. I could see and hear the Indian boy shouting. I knew I had to get off the streets. I tried knocking at a shop, but there was no reply. I could hear the crowd in the distance. I tried to put a few streets between us but I felt I was finished. I remembered an old soldier telling me that during the war they used to hide in monsoon drains when there were bombing attacks. I dropped into one and crawled along until I came to one of the covers which allowed people to cross from one side of the street to the other. The stench was terrible but I was beyond caring. I could hear the crowd getting nearer. I lay there in the mud and watched them go by but they did not see me. They looked happy and peaceful, I did not know what they had been up to. After a while they all passed. The relief made me feel my injuries again and also to realise that perhaps I was going to live after all. I wanted to move but I knew I must not. Suddenly I heard some shots, then back they all came, running as hard as they could. They were scared this time so I knew everything was going to be all right. I lay there in the mud and watched them pouring along, running away. Some nearly got pushed into the monsoon drain, they were that eager to get going. As before no one saw me, though they were so scared that I do not think it would have mattered if they had. A few minutes after them came the Gurkhas, just quietly trotting along with an officer beside them. I crawled out and tried to shout. The officer looked back and saw me. He told the men to stop. He was British, a big chap. Many Gurkha officers are like that, he lifted me out of that monsoon drain in a second. I told him about Jim and he ordered the men to continue advancing. Two of the Gurkhas had to help me along. The officer wanted me to stay behind but I wouldn't, I wouldn't stay alone in those streets for anything and I told him that. He said he would leave two Gurkhas with me but I said I wanted to come along so he let me.

We found Jim, still alive, though they had poured petrol all over him and set it alight. The skin came off on your hands if you tried to touch him. He was conscious but only half aware, if you see what I mean. The Chinese woman was dead, she'd been beaten and pummeled and kicked until she died. She was an old woman so it wouldn't have taken long. They fetched an ambulance and loaded us on. Jim said something about the material, then he just became unconscious and died that night.

All that way back it seemed so pointless. Jim and I had only wanted to buy some things and see a picture. We hadn't hurt anyone or even wanted to, and all because of some Moslem girl turned Christian that crowd had beaten us up and killed Jim. The government wanted to give the Chinese woman a big funeral but no one claimed her so it wasn't quite the big splash they'd intended. One of the chaplains made it the subject of a Sunday sermon, he talked about "greater love". All I can say is, if all that was God's work he is either cruel or stupid and either way I don't want to know him.

— PAUL JONES

The Music Maker

Faces with mouths,
Mouths with music.
He took sound from the throats of sixty people
And toned it
And molded it into song.
And, as they sang, their voices began to creep from their hearts,
Sixty hearts sending radiance to sixty faces,
And confidence to sixty voices.
And the song became music,
Swelling and fainting with the motion of a hand,
Leaping and ringing on the windows,
Smoothing and caressing the walls,
Transforming, for an instant, personalities into voices.

— ANNE MEREDITH

A little bird hopped,
And hopped,
Stopped;
And seeing that it was soft October night
Flew once about the house
And coughed.

— 37 —
A Message from

EATON'S

Make *RETAILING* Your CAREER

We invite you to discuss your career with us. Please contact our Personnel Manager or Employment Manager to arrange an interview.

1. Job Opportunities are numerous.
2. Wide scope for the ambitious.
3. Plenty of avenues from which to choose a future career.

BUYING  SELLING  MANAGING
WRITING  DRAWING  SKETCHING
FASHION PROMOTION  PERSONNEL WORK

Retailing is an exciting field in which men and women have equal opportunities to reach Executive positions.

PHONE: VI. 2-9331
LOCAL 630 or 584

if you like GOOD clothes

Rosenbloom's

WELLINGTON STREET
SHERBROOKE

ROCKDALE CLOTHES
CHRISTYS HATS
WELCH MARGETSON
SHIFFER-HILLMAN CLOTHES
BURBERRY COATS
RESTERFLEX SHOES
NAT GORDON SKIRTS, SUITS
HURLINGHAM COATS
HUDSON'S BAY BLANKETS
LIBERTY SCARFS
BROWN'S SHAMROCK LINENS
OFFICIAL BOY SCOUTS UNIFORMS

ORCHID HOUSE INC.
ONLY TAKE OUT ORDER SERVICE
LO. 9-5144 — LO. 9-5145
FREE DELIVERY in Sherbrooke and Lennoxville
CHARCOAL CHICKEN BAR-B-Q — POULET BAR-B-Q
FAMOUS CHINESE FOODS — METS CHINOIS FAMEUX
JACK W. LEE, Prop.

225 Wellington St. S.  Sherbrooke, Que.

Quand vous mangez à l'extérieur
Rendez-vous au populaire restaurant

NANKING CAFE
When eating out go to
The most popular restaurant
We also prepare orders to take out.

2637 King St. W.  Tel. LO. 2-8255
**Page-Sangster Printing Co. Limited**

Printers • Lithographers • Stationers • Paper Boxes

406 Minto St. — Sherbrooke, Que.

LO. 2-3861

---

**M. W. Mitchell Sporting Goods Co. Ltd.**

P.O. BOX 730 — LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.

"YOUR SPORTING GOODS HEADQUARTERS"

Keep your eye on Route 5 for the opening of our new retail store.

SOON.....

---

**J. A. Pigeon Enr.**

Sherbrooke, Que.

MODERN SHOE REPAIRS

142 Wellington N. Tel. LO. 2-3424

---

**Mozart Sherbrooke Ltée**

The most important Dept. Store in the Eastern Townships

Tel. LO. 2-4767

200 Wellington N. Sherbrooke, Que.

Tel. LO. 9-2050

**Henry's LADIES' WEAR**

SPORTSWEAR — COATS, SUITS, DRESSES

LINGERIE — HOSIERY — HATS

Lillian Weinstein

103 Wellington N. Sherbrooke, Que.

---

**COMPLIMENT OF**

**J. GAGNE & CIE LIMITEE**

HARDWARE — PAINTS — BUILDING MATERIALS

CROCKERY, ETC. — SPORTING GOODS

Tel. LO. 2-2615

360 King West Sherbrooke, Que.

---

Compliments

**NEW SHERBROOKE HOTEL**

LT. COLONEL SARTO ROY

President
KOURI'S LIMITED
WHOLESALE LINEN SUPPLIERS
Hospitals, Hotels and Institutions
LO. 9-1260
190 Wellington North Sherbrooke