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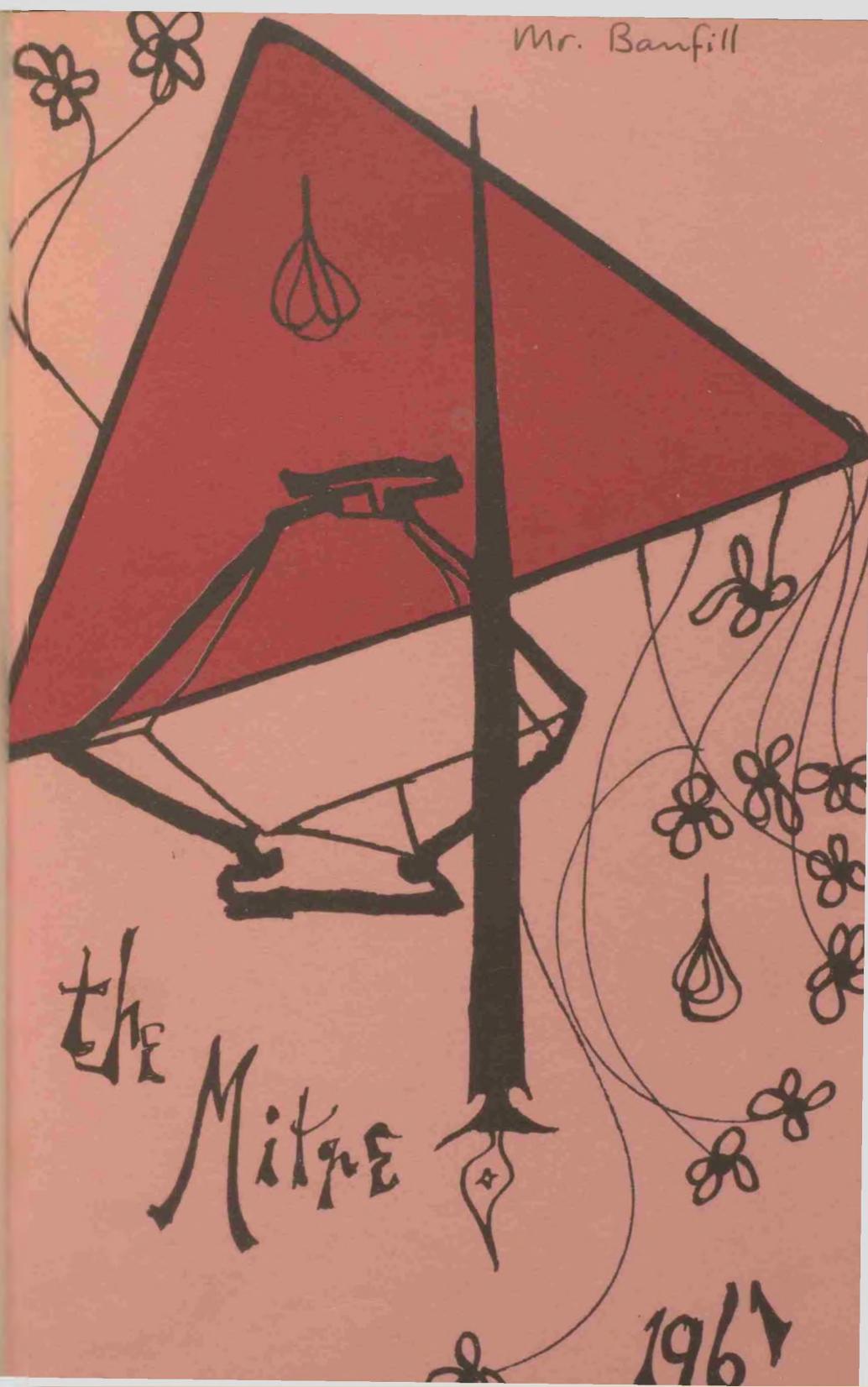
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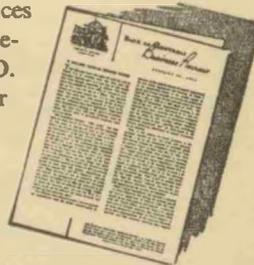
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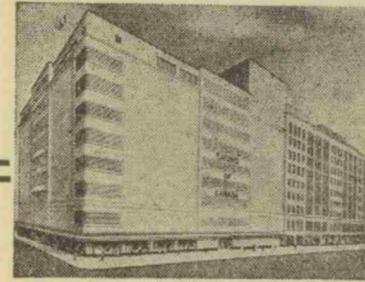
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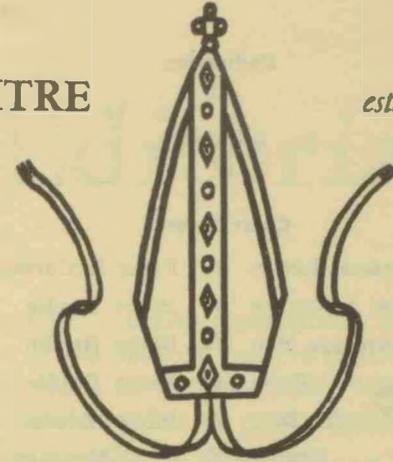
Dedication

to Edna St. Vincent Millay

*"Let us go forth together to the spring:
Love must be this, if it be anything."*

THE MITRE

established 1893



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Dedication

6

Editorial

9

Contributors:

Special Drama Section	10	<i>Peter McCarthy</i>
Across a Shadow	19	<i>Blake Brodie</i>
To an Average Man	19	<i>Blake Brodie</i>
Poem	20	<i>Blake Brodie</i>
The Dive	20	<i>Blake Brodie</i>
Strauss	21	<i>P. A. Morency</i>
Admire the Ochre Art	22	<i>Maida Stewart</i>
The Bridge	25	<i>Gail Angell</i>
Dark is the Heart	26	<i>Glen Higginbotham</i>
My First Honeymoon	27	<i>Paul P. H. Jones</i>
Christ on His Shoulder	30	<i>Ross</i>
Touch my Tongue	32	<i>Ross</i>
Old Women and Young Men	33	<i>Ross</i>
A Toast	34	<i>Ross</i>
To Elizabeth Taylor	35	<i>J. L. Wisenthal</i>
A Protest	36	<i>Dorothy Gillmeister</i>
To an Unchaste Poet	37	<i>Dorothy Gillmeister</i>
To a Sensitive Sensualist	38	<i>Dorothy Gillmeister</i>
Case K-73	39	<i>Bill Hambly</i>
It is Not for Nothing that We Go Down to the Pit	41	<i>Eve Norton</i>
Best Wishes from an Interested Observer	42	<i>Eve Norton</i>
Sign Post Wanted	42	<i>Eve Norton</i>
Song of the Sceptical Cynic	43	<i>Bill Hambly</i>
Postscript for Shelley	44	<i>Bill Hambly</i>
False Gods	45	<i>Walter Black</i>
The Eagle Waterfall	46	<i>Grant Johnston</i>
Eternity in my Presence	46	<i>Grant Johnston</i>
The Initiation	47	<i>Eve Norton</i>

Editorial

We who write — poetry, prose, drama, — tend to think of literature as the mode of creative expression. Yet the other artistic forms have equal validity with our “pet” as outlets for creativity. Let us pause, therefore, put down our pens, and consider the other arts

Music, we agree, is very pretty; it is something to dance to or relax by. But then we listen to the St. Matthew Passion, and the great genius of Bach overwhelms us. He had a vision to express, and words were not enough; in music he found a purity beyond the grossness of words.

To walk with a painter is to see the world afresh. Painting, we learn, is not just a matter of colour: it is lines soft and curving, delicate shading, and it is bold, sweeping strokes, an inner fire transferred to canvas.

The art of photography requires a loving care, a patience as enduring as that of a kindergarten teacher. We watch the photographer as he watches his subject, as he waits for the revealing smile or gesture.

And we have a truer concept of the worth of our words. Their place in the realm of art is a noble one, but the realm is vast: we are a little awed by its space. Which is a Good Thing.

PETER McCARTHY: *Special Drama Section*

I find it difficult to imagine myself not writing this play. The play, admittedly, began as an assignment, but somewhere in the "planning" stages there was a change; a change in attitude, if you wish.

Realization that there are so many, too many, who misunderstand and misinterpret that terribly sensitive age, adolescence, left me with a burning desire to tell them; show them. Although I feel I have fallen short of the mark, there is an attempt here to fathom the fears, joys, pain and finally love of the adolescent.

The style, as you will probably notice, is anything but smooth. I know that this is significant of that age. Every phase of life seems insurmountable and the questions posed harder and harder to answer. There is a search, indeed, an all-out pursuit for something, anything stable. The young hurl themselves forward day after day mindful of the future. They are capable of enduring extreme pain while absorbing a profound desire to love. (Just to mention only one of the paradoxes of this age.) How often has this expression been heard, "What's the use?" Well, it turns out eventually that they do find a great "use" in this world. What do you think?

Faith and Danny are faced with grave difficulties. They overcome them, as many of us do.

I saw this play in the streets. I saw it in their eyes and I heard it in their voices. Then I tried to look into their hearts.

* * *

BOUNDLESS DAY

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day. —TENNYSON

ACT I: SCENE 1

Set: A very old pine tree (thick trunk, huge branches) is found on a slight rise immediately left of center stage. It is autumn on a New England type campus; small, latter-19th-century buildings form the back-drop. A small path cuts its way through the fallen coloured leaves from upstage right, up the rise where it circles the old pine, and then wanders off left where the edge of a forest can be discerned. A green, gold lawn fades upstage towards the buildings.

The sun shines brightly across the scene from above left so that the old pine casts a shadow to the right across the width of the stage. A very mellow breeze occasionally stirring a rustling swish among the grounded leaves, mingles with a hushed gurgle from a small stream in the forest to the left.

During this scene students wander from wing to wing far upstage; some, I must add, scurry as if late for a class. From the number of students we see in the background we can only surmise that the enrollment is small.

The Mitre

It is approximately twelve o'clock noon.

As the curtain rises we see a very pretty girl about twenty or twenty-one leaning against the tree, facing the audience, with her eyes cast up and to the right towards the tops of the trees of the forest. She is quietly humming what can only be a school song. She is wearing a crisp white blouse and plaid skirt. She is about five foot three, and has soft brown hair, cut in a D.A. Her smile generates a calmness that can only come from a quiet, undisturbed, peaceful life. Adolescence has come and gone and left a young mature woman. Her name is Faith Armstrong.

From the upper right a young man suddenly bursts onto the stage. Before he reaches the tree, he jerks to a stop. A white turtle-neck sweater, too big for him, covers a frame suggesting "almost manhood." Black corduroy pants and moccasins complete the picture. His face discloses his restlessness. His glances, furtive, quick, search for someone who should be there but is not. He hangs his head, distressed, kicks at the dirt on the path and shoves his hands deep into his pockets. His name is Danny Craig.

At the sound of the kick the girl moves away from the tree, looks down at him and smiles warmly.

Faith: Hello.

Danny: (Looking up quickly, puzzled, then smiling. He is obviously relieved and his face breaks into a happy, child-surprised grin)

Hi! Where were you? I didn't see . . .

Faith: (She quietly answers him)

Oh, here behind the tree. I was waiting.

Danny: (As he skips up the rise to the tree beside her.)

Yeah! I got hung up. I'm sorta late. I know. Something about my courses. What an old grouch!

Faith: Who? (quietly as if to a small boy).

Danny: The math prof! (Sticks his chin out, nose up, struts back and forth, re-enacting the scene with the math prof.)

"Young man," he says to me, "how do you like it here?"

"Well sir from what I've seen, I like it fine." (This, acting himself, then out goes the chest, nose up.)

"You do, eh? Do you smoke?"

"No, sir."

"Well I'll be goddamned," he says, "well I'll be! You are a rare one. All the rest of them smoke. Uhhh! Don't imagine it'll take you too long to pick up the dirty habit. I'll be watchin'! No smoking in the halls. Remember that! What do you want to do when you get out of here?"

"I don't know for sure yet." I was thinking. . . .

"Don't know! What the hell are you doing in college?"

(Danny waves his fists in the air, bangs his head on the tree.)

"What are they doing to our kids? Get out! Hey! You need help, come and see me. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"OK! Scram!" (Stands there exasperated.)

Faith: (Quietly chuckling) So you've met old Rubenstein, eh? He's my favorite prof! I can remember when I first came here! He said the same thing to me.

Danny: (surprised) Ah! Your aunt's

Faith: Danny! (Sharply, raising her voice only slightly above the normal) I thought I asked you to watch your language?

Danny: Ha! Just who the . . . (Breaks off, hangs his head and mumbles, sulkily, becomes quiet. He steals a quick look at her, then hangs his head again. Her face is a little anxious at first; then she becomes her quiet self again, forgiving.)

Faith: (quietly) Do you feel henpecked?

Danny: Ahhh! NOOOO! (Begins to chuckle; he is happy again. He runs up to the tree and jumps up, catching the bottom bough, swinging himself back and forth.)

I like it here! You should see the city this time of year. Dusty! Dirty! Anyways I really don't like the city. Nothin' to do. (Becoming quite excited) When I was younger I used to go out to the golf course all the time with Dad! (Reflective now) Haven't seen him for years.

Faith: Oh? Where is he?

Danny: Oh, h . . . I didn't tell you before, did I? Mother and Dad have been separated for six or seven years.

Faith: (Surprised) Oh! Well I . . . I'm sorry.

Danny: Oh, nothing to be sorry about. I don't miss him. (We can tell by his expression that this is not true) He never got along with mother anyway — fight, fight, fight — all the time. At least there's no bickering now. It's quiet at home — in fact it's like a tomb. (By this time Danny is down on the ground, hands in pockets. Suddenly he takes his hands out of his pockets. He holds his hands forth in God-like fashion, palms up, gesturing at the scene before him.)

THIS! THIS . . . this is beautiful. Quiet and peaceful! Not like home! Everything here seems so natural and easy. Not stilted and warped! What I mean is . . . Mother, . . . well she pretends to love me and all that but . . . I know. Well the truth is, she barely tolerates me!

Faith: Danny! (sympathizingly)

Danny: No! I don't want your damned sympathy! (Pauses, uncertain of himself) Look! I . . . why don't you just leave . . . or hit me . . . or something. (Turns dejectedly away from her and starts to walk toward the forest)

Faith: Danny!
(He turns, looks at her. He is puzzled and hurt.) Why must you be

forever fighting? You act as if the whole world is against you. Not only that, but you act sore at me. I'm certainly not fighting you. I've known you two weeks and in that time you've done nothing but crab. The least little thing sets you off. You're your own worst enemy. I think the sooner you learn life can get a little rough you'll be a better fellow. (Stands, facing him, challenging him to answer.)

Danny: (Excusing himself bitterly) You don't know what it's like. If I told you some of the things I've done you would leave right now and never come back. You can't imagine what boredom and the thought of returning to our empty house can do. Nothing but a lousy, no good, nosey butler. My mother thinks she has fooled me. That butler is nothing but a private detective hired to watch me. Hell . . . I mean heck . . . I can't even . . . (bites it off.)

Faith: (Slowly shaking her head) Feel sorry for yourself much? Poor, poor, Danny! The end of the world approaches! What shall we do? Will our young hero be crushed by the evil forces? Will he . . . (breaks off, laughing.)

Danny: (Not sure, then laughs too. Then he roars with laughter, jumps up, catches the bough, begins swinging himself again. He is happy. His cares seem to vanish)

I . . . you . . . you do something for me.

Faith: (Kidding him) What! Smooth you, eh? You ruffled cat, you.

Danny: Ahh!

Faith: Shush!

Danny: Okey-dokey!

Faith: Oh, here comes Clark.

A tall, striking young man of about twenty-four comes from upstage right. He is immaculately dressed in the very latest college-type clothes. His manner is sure to the extent that he seems to be sneering.

Clark: Well, well, well! Look who's here. Hi beautiful, who's your little friend?

Faith: Hello, Clark. (friendly) This is Danny Craig. Danny, I'd like you to meet an old friend, Clark Roberts.

Clark: Hi, there, tough guy! I've seen you in action. You don't kid very easy do you?

Danny: Hello. (Reserved) He asked for it.

Faith: What happened? What are you talking about, Clark?

Clark: Oh, oh! Tough guy hasn't told you yet, eh? Well, well! What's the matter boy; afraid she'll spank!
(Danny glares darkly)

Faith: (Impatient) Please . . . Clark!

Clark: OK! Anyway I didn't come down here to talk about him. You

busy tonight? How about it? Dinner, dancing, walk in the moonlight?
Keen, kid?

Faith: That sounds wonderful, Clark. Eight o'clock?

Clark: Check. See you.

(Walks away the way he came)

Faith: Now, Mr. Craig. What's this about a fight? Not another one?

Danny: Yeah! Nothing to it.

Faith: I'll bet. You watch out or you'll be walking down the road one of these days.

Danny: Yeah! Look . . . (something is bothering him) do you have to go out with that guy? What I mean is . . . uhh, . . . why him?

Faith: (Surprised) Well I don't know. He's nice. We get along. Why?

Danny: I don't know. (Starts walking away towards the forest again)

Faith: Danny?

Danny: Uh —uhh?

Faith: What is it?

Danny: Nothin'! (Determined)

Faith: Danny, I don't understand. (She sets her jaw) Why have you never asked me out?

Danny: (He screams) I can't!

Faith: (quietly, afraid) But, why not?

Danny: (a little bit calmer but worked up) I just can't! You see . . . I never had many dates. I just wouldn't know what to do.

Faith: Please. I really don't mind. (She is relieved) There's nothing like trying.

(She is obviously sincere. In a very short time she has come to like Danny very much. She wants to help him)

Danny: All right, all right! You want to know why? All right! I'll tell you! You're nice. Really nice! (Hesitantly) I like you! But I can't, see, because I'm a father! (Stunned silence)
Yes, I'm the father of an illegitimate child!

Faith: (hurt badly) NO! (She can't believe it)

Danny: Yes! You know who the mother is? Karol!

Faith: (stricken) No!

Danny: (loudly) That's right, dammit — (softly — turning away from her) Karol . . . your roommate!

Curtain

* * *

SCENE II: Curtain rises

Set: Same as previously, only it is night, about ten o'clock, of the same day. Bright light from the moon floods the stage from above right so that

the shadows are cast to the left. The shadow of the old pine is swallowed in the murk of the forest. It is not entirely clear, for an occasional cloud dampens the bright light as its passage is traced on the faces of the buildings in the background.

It is completely still, a hush created by something mysterious, the aftermath of something unknown. One can only look upon this scene with mixed feelings, for it seems to convey a series of opposites. The light is bright but cold, and the leaves want to be brisk but are sodden and cramped. The boughs of the old pine seem to hang in despair as if weighted by something unwanted.

There is potential in everything, but the power seems to be repressed to the point of bursting by some unfathomable force. We are aware, unconsciously, that this scene could suddenly explode.

It is several hushed seconds before the dull echo of footsteps can be heard. The echo fades as Danny Craig appears from upstage right. Danny slides into the scene perfectly. He is everything the scene suggests. His dress is the same as before except for a black windbreaker, unzipped, clinging to his frail frame. He comes to a slow stop, on the path, about centre stage.

Danny: (quietly) Hah! (He is bitter)

(dramatically) The scene of the destruction of Danny Craig! (pause) He fought well, mind you! (quickly now) But defeat was inevitable! A losing battle! (— quite like him to dramatize his bitterness —)

(He walks up rise to tree, stands looking up at the moon)

Why did I tell her? If I'd only . . . I do it every time! I just can't settle down . . . so stupid . . . she's gone now.

(Faith appears suddenly, silently, from upstage right. She is wearing a semi-formal, knee-length dress. It billows down and away from her waist, suggestive of many crinolines. The top is modest with two slim string-like straps over her shoulders. There is fleck in her hair which is slightly dishevelled. The dress is white-white and her whole person shines. She is a picture of anxious loveliness. She walks slowly up the path, till she is very close to Danny. Danny is unaware of her presence. He is lost in thought.)

Danny: (continuing) Yes . . . now she's gone. (suddenly) Who cares! I don't. Got along without her before. Can now, too! Anyways . . .

(Faith, who has been obviously uncertain, turns away. The rustle of her dress is audible.)

Danny: (turning, at the noise) Who? . . . What? Who are you?

(Faith turns back — faces him — her face shining in the light — suppressing the tears.)

Faith: It's me . . . Danny.

Danny: You! (He can't believe it.) You came . . .

Faith: (Hardly audible) Yes.

Danny: I . . . but . . . your date . . . you came to see . . . me?

Faith: Yes. (She is searching desperately for words.) I left Clark at the dance. I took a taxi. (She is slowly walking up the rise. They are at arm's length) You see, I had to come because . . . now I know.

Danny: Know? (whisper)

Faith: I couldn't leave.

Danny: (Can't believe his ears) You . . .

(Faith suddenly sweeps into his arms. Danny is stunned. He crushes her to him.)

Faith: Danny! (She is crying, sobbing, her heart will surely break.) I thought this would never happen . . . not me . . . I was too sure of myself.

Danny: Don't cry. Please, don't cry . . . (Although uncertain, he feels very good.) You'll ruin your dress. (Holding her back.)

Faith: (not caring) Oh, to hell with my dress!

Danny: (kidding her) I beg your pardon, young lady. That's not the kind of lang . . .

Faith: Danny Craig! (She is smoldering, with a smile on her face.)

Danny: (He laughs, freely, no reservations.) Boy, do you look hot! Whew!

Faith: Danny, please?

Danny: (thinking — he frowns) Sorry. Look, (bursting ahead) I want to tell you about Karol. Maybe I'm wrong, but I must tell. You have given me . . . a little, faith. I just want you to know . . . that is . . . make clear . . .

Faith: I was hoping you would. I wasn't going to ask. It had to be up to you.

Danny: We met . . . well, last summer! Company picnic. Her father works in the . . . Accounting Department or something. This picnic affair gets quite informal. Access to the lodge was no trouble. We rowed across this little lake and proceeded to get *skulled*. Result — one baby. (Pause) Well, there you are! No excuses, even less reprimand. You see, Mother, being on the board of directors, quickly put her thumb on Karol's father. At least, I gather that's what happened. Money talks pretty big, I guess.

Faith: Danny, I . . . don't think . . . your mother?

Danny: Oh, mother. Great joke! "Well, Danny, like father, like son," she said. It made me angry.

Faith: What are you trying to say?

Danny: Well, Dad . . . he wouldn't have done anything wrong . . . he was helpless . . . harmless. (Trying to evade her)

Faith: I see, Danny. (Understanding he is uneasy.) You don't have to . . .

Danny: That's just it, Faith. You can't really see the picture. You see, Dad, he couldn't do things well . . . like his son.

Faith: Danny!

Danny: Dad was . . . good. He was small and he loved things . . . oh, children . . . animals and flowers. He'd get so excited when the dog would have pups or when his prize roses would bloom! One morning he dashed madly into my room.

"Danny, Danny, up boy, come on, pile out of there! I want to show you something." He romped around the room like a little bantam rooster. Could hardly contain himself.

"Lazy Dannieeee — wait'll I get some water."

Well, after a very short time, there we were, outside in the garden, me in my pj's and him too! (Slowly, shaking his head — remembering) "New roses, Danny. Look at that, son — new life. So delicately pure — unscarred, virgin, fresh — ah, Danny, I want you to remember this always. Cherish new life, birth, because you see . . . God is here, son. He's blessed us with these blossoms — trying to show us life is worthwhile after all. We must be thankful, Danny, you see . . . we must get down on our knees and thank the dear Lord for things . . . well . . . like these flowers." (Danny is thinking very hard now.) "I wish you could have had a brother or sister, Dan-boy." That's what he said. "Yeah, Dan . . . I wanted . . . but Mother, well she . . . she wasn't well when you were born. But I have you, boy. I want you to remember son, take real good care of your wife, for in her lies the reason, the pith, us . . . all of us . . . oh hell, what am I talking about. You've got college and a future (slaps him on the back) to plan . . . marriage! . . . long time yet, eh, son? Now I've got to go and see your mother . . . you know she's not well . . . and something about breakfast in bed." He left me in the garden looking at those flowers . . . (whisper) I'll never forget.

Faith: I would love to meet your father. (quietly, in admiration)

Danny: Yeah! (lame, nervously)

(We notice the stirring of the leaves. There are more clouds — their passage is hastened now, the trees stir, craning, something is in the air — a storm?)

Faith: Where is he now, Danny? Do you ever see him?

Danny: No. (sharply)

Faith: I'm sorry . . . you talk like he's still a great part of you . . . I can see you in him . . . (quietly) your love of nature.

Danny: Uh. (disturbed)

Faith: I'm beginning to see. The cycle of nature — spring brings the new life . . . Danny, that's why you told me you loved spring, isn't it? (smiling)

Danny: Yes (whisper, hardly audible above the breeze)

Faith: Well, you should . . .

Danny: Faith! (reeling back, cringing)

Faith: (startled) What is it?

Danny: He's . . . he's . . . I'm lying. (screams)

Faith: What!

Danny: My mother . . . she's a rotten . . . puritan. HAH! (The breeze becomes a wind — the trees come to life)

She killed my father! She murdered my father! My father is dead! Oh yes! . . . (Danny is getting into a fury)

We came back from the golf course. (All this very rapid — the leaves cling to Faith's dress, then are swept away into the black)

We were happy. We both ran upstairs and burst in on my mother — Dad had finally shot par — damn! . . . **There was another man . . .** he was right . . . with her . . .

My mother started screaming, "You dirty Catholic! You dirty Catholic!" She even held his religion against him. (The wind is now rustling, there is lightning, and a clap of thunder.)

Dad, he ran downstairs — there was a shot — I ran to him — Mother was standing on the stairs screaming, "Danny, don't touch him — don't touch him." He had **no face** — a big gun — a **faceless Catholic!** (Danny nearly hysterical.)

I ran away. Karol found me. She took me to the cottage — she seemed to know what was happening — everywhere I looked — a **faceless Catholic.**

(He is screaming above the storm — drops of rain begin to fall.)

Do you see! What irony! My dead father — a grandfather — he wanted so much — both faceless — **my child has no face!**

(He is sobbing, retching.)

(Faith is rigid. Danny falls to his knees, throws his arms around her legs.)

Faith: (As she grips his head in her hands) Danny. Danny. Danny. Danny. Danny. Stop, stop, stop! Danny, please, let me love you, let me love you . . . I do, I do.

(The rain pours down steadily as the curtain falls.)

* * *

Across a Shadow

Never step across a shadow,
Ringing back unthinking meadows,
Striking forth a passion's summer,
Winterized; a vagrant drummer.
In the strings of yesterdays
A knot of tears and lover's praise
Tangled with our bedroom feet,
A gently yellowed ice-cream treat,
Come to life a lacquered thing;
Seed lost without the "cakey" ring.

— BLAKE BRODIE

To An Average Man

He never lived;
He never died;
And when he learned,
He almost cried.
It cost him such
An awful lot
To be the normal,
Average sot.

— BLAKE BRODIE

Desire is my nether skin.
 As the snake sheds itself
 I cast it off,
 And flee to another town,
 But always I return,
 Full with the honeysuckle root
 Of unspent passion,
 My fondly elastic disaster.

— BLAKE BRODIE

The Dive

The rage is upon us,
 Slaughter in the night.
 Lautrec has lost his face,
 And joy has lost its step,
 While Dante burns from a small guitar
 And a small red light.

— BLAKE BRODIE

Strauss

L'âtre est pourpre et la flamme scintille,
 Les ombres dansent, émancipées.
 Dans mes veines le vin sec pétille.
 Il faut aimer, boire et valser.
 Tu viens mon cœur?

Les formes ondulent dans la brise
 Sous les archets ensorcelés.
 Strauss m'enchanté, le vin me grise.
 Laisse là ce corps fatigué,
 Réjouis mon cœur.

Cadences, musique à trois temps,
 Dois-tu te métamorphoser
 En un souffle, et, d'un mouvement
 Tourbillonner et t'envoler?
 Légère mon âme.

— P. A. MORENCY

Admire the Ochre Art

Admire the ochre art of the men of the ochre eyes.
 The coward is alone in a packaged sea
 Who clings to its own certain of the bind.
 He notes with mean eye the flatness of the dark.
 Addressed in all dimensions to the uncertain cold
 In the crevices of rock
 He stands constant to the ochre-eyed creation
 Bringing the set sun and the
 Flat dark sheltering shadows
 To hide the hand's errand
 From the absolute zero of
 The heart.

— MAIDA STEWART

Country Night-Walk

—Our being side by side
 is to me as
 the chanting of a holy-hymn
 May—spring
 Debussy and
 north-lights.
 Wonder!

—Catch my breath on moon-beam slides
 If you dare. It is infected
 With you and your life-world.
 Two minds interweave and produce
 A loom-worked understanding;
 And no one knows of it
 Save us.

—Préservons notre double identité.
 Il le faut.
 Sans elle, nous serons que deux âmes
 Perdues
 Dans un monde insouciant.

—We must care for one another.

— KAY DELANEY

Heaven is a State of Mind

God of my childhood,
 I take refuge in Your simple comforts.
 May I run to You,
 Burying my troubles in
 Long-bearded fatherliness.
 Help me, for this short while,
 To lay aside
 Adult conceptions
 Of the nature of Your very presence
 (Which they presume to understand!)
 Little-people faith is perhaps
 The more genuine.

* * * *

Yes, Lord, You know, I had a rather rough time with
 that English, this morning. Have You any idea of how
 hard Milton is? Oh, and thank You for the spring-
 weather. It's fun for walking in . . .

* * * *

I know: You are a spirit,
 And heaven is a state of mind.
 May I climb on Your knee, anyway?

— KAY DELANEY

The Bridge

To climb the long, high, wet, white slope
 That flows so steeply upward
 Mounting the cloud-crossed ebony; to hope
 For the eleventh-hour call
 That will bring back the faith in the mercy of man
 And allow to descend after all . . .

To brace for the wind on the tense shaking span
 And witness the blankness below
 In hard geometrics; to stare and to plan
 For the last freedom-journey and see
 The cool, restless motion, which, beckoning, can
 Make all the impossibles be.

The hard, harsh, cold metal beneath seems to throw
 The body-weight off as in hate.
 The weak try to fight it serves only to know
 That finality-oblivion waits.
 The falling through space to the last numbing blow
 Is a laugh in the face of the Fates.

— GAIL ANGELL

Dark Is The Heart

Dark is the heart among the young,
That's filled with constant strife,
Of endless wars, of negroes hung,
And worse realities of life.

Life's blanket covers the core that's hidden,
Of true love and of deep religion.
Why must we better what's to us given,
Than rest content in man-made heaven?

Joy still we have, but over all
Hangs that familiar mushroom pall.
Where to turn? What to grasp?
Youth tries to dodge the reaper's clasp.

Our neighbors, and our fathers too,
Gained freedom, and oppression slew.
But to preserve they failed to do,
And formed a demolition crew.

Each knows that he could die today.
We fight it now, but why not pray?—
For something to relieve man's sin,
Be it bomb . . . , or hand of Him.

— GLENN HIGGINBOTHAM

MY FIRST HONEYMOON

As we drove off, I saw Mrs. Cann wipe away a furtive tear. We felt a little shy of each other; a natural feeling under the circumstances. The car was an old three-wheeler. There had been some argument as to whether we should use it but our sense of adventure had triumphed. The wind blew through our hair as the needle showed that we had reached an indifferent thirty. I felt excited for it was some years since I had visited France. I looked at the sturdy yet supple fingers which held the wheel. I felt somehow that Gordon was the kind of man to whom I could entrust my life, as I was unable to drive, for the next fortnight I would have to.

I felt vaguely embarrassed. I felt out of place somehow, sitting in the bride's seat while the bride was probably crying her eyes out at home. Gordon had waited some time before breaking off his marriage. He had not made up his mind until two days before the wedding. I, who was to have been Best Man now found myself accompanying him on a trip designed to make him forget it all. Well, his mother was right; it was stupid to waste the tickets.

We were in plenty of time and the car was bowling along very smoothly. I felt as happy and carefree as Toad of Toad Hall. I noticed idly that we had now come twenty-five miles. I closed my eyes and at the same instant the piston came through the side of the engine. In silence we cruised to the side of the road. Gasoline was dripping on the hot engine with a steady hissing sound. A man came running up, smiling smugly as Cassandra must have smiled. "Broken has she? I thought she was knocking rather badly, I told my wife she was going to break." I ventured a joke, "Lucky it was me and not Dorothy who was with you." Gordon glared at me and I felt rather aggrieved, after all I had dropped everything so he could take someone along.

His mother's car had a good engine and it was more comfortable. The tires were a trifle old, the brakes were faded and the indicators would not work but all in all, we felt that this time we would get further than twenty-five miles. I felt rather hot, the left window was jammed shut. The transfer had taken time and it became clear that we might not make it to Dover before the ferry sailed. Gordon increased speed until the stump of the broken speedometer needle was quivering. We shot through the suburbs of Dover accompanied by an irate motorcycle policeman. He imperiously waved us to a halt. "You were doing forty, this is a thirty mile zone." I was disposed to argue but Gordon apologized profusely. He knew it was an additional offence to have a broken speedometer. The policeman leaned disdainfully on the rusty fender and finally let us go with a warning.

Our ferry made a fine sight as we stood on the dockside and watched her sail. The stars were out and Gordon looked morosely upwards. "This is a hell of a way to spend a wedding night." I tried not to feel hurt. The

later ferry took us to Dunkerque instead of Calais but as Gordon so wisely remarked, "one French town is very like another."

We juddered our way along the Belgian Pave as large American cars driven by the Congo rich Belgians hurtled by. Brussels I remember chiefly because we broke down in the main street during the rush hour. Willing hands pushed us to the kerb and I waited while Gordon sought out the nearest garage. I had not slept for over twenty-four hours and I tried to doze in the back seat. I opened my eyes to see a plump little face several inches from mine. A short fat woman was shouting at me in voluble but incomprehensible French. I shouted "English" at her but she did not seem to understand. She shrugged her shoulders and disappeared to reappear like Mephistopheles with a little Faust of a gendarme. He explained that I was parked where the lady sold fruit from a barrow. "Ne marche pas," I said and pointed helplessly at the car; he was equal to that problem, the three of us pushed it to a new location.

"I must have some sleep" I said to Gordon when he and the mechanic had finished with the car. "We can't afford a hotel now," he said bluntly, "we'll have to sleep in the car." We drove to a field far outside Brussels and prepared for bed. We removed the back seat, thus baring the trunk; into the trunk we inserted our heads while our feet were placed one atop the other between the front bucket seats. The latter were too firmly fixed to be removed. "I wish I had married Dorothy," said Gordon, "She wasn't a bad girl really." I tried to turn my back on the ungrateful churl but I could not untwist my feet. I looked up at the tattered roof. "Next time you break off a marriage, I hope the damn girl sues you for breach of promise."

Every third night we spent in an hotel. I tried sleeping out on the other nights but sooner or later the cold would drive me into our overcrowded home and we would spend the rest of the night swearing at each other.

Paris in the summer was a riot of colour. The ties of the American tourists seemed to be going through an Impressionistic phrase that year. We stumbled around in the clothes we had been sleeping in. Gordon called me "Dorothy" three times, he said it was by accident but I hit him in the Champs Elysées anyway. I regretted it at once; he picked himself up and we shook hands and started for home.

A rain from the left began to soak me. One of our garage friends had opened the window so that I might signal but unfortunately I could not close it. My temper increased with the damp, but Gordon was quite philosophical. He was fairly dry and even when he had to lean out to wipe the outside of the window only his arm got wet. I had suggested that the wipers should be fixed but Gordon had wanted to take a chance and save money. He started whistling while I cowered damply wilting. I could not help reflecting that his nerves had recovered from the traumatic break rather well while I felt like an Israelitish scapegoat.

A farmer allowed us in a barn for the night. I looked at the soft inviting hay. The farmer indicated the barking cur restrained by a

double chain and gave me to understand it was let out at night. Reluctantly I crept in beside my unwilling bedmate. All night the dog sniffed around while we stifled. With an old rusty wrench I had managed to close the window and I dared not reopen it.

The next day we caught the boat home. As we waited to embark I noticed a majestic Rolls Royce parked behind us. "Be funny if we couldn't start," I said idly. In that shipboard camaraderie which marks the end of a holiday, we grew tired of the endless people who came to us and said "Oh! You've got the car that wouldn't start." We had our revenge at Dover; last on were first off.

We drove warily home and after changing only one tire, arrived safely. My friend later married another girl; I hear he insisted on spending his honeymoon at home. Fortunately his bride hates trips.

— PAUL P. H. JONES

Christ On His Shoulder

Christ sat upon his shoulder all his life.
 Christ trailed him, constantly;
 So close, that he
 Could hardly take up fork and knife
 Without the thought occurring
 That in some stirring ancient line
 Christ had said
 You cannot live by bread alone—
 And then he'd hate
 The good food on his heaped-up plate.

Often in his work would he
 Remember some forgotten tale
 In which Christ had
 Denounced as bad
 Complacency.
 Making money made him sad;
 Utterly.
 For the young rich man became an obsession.
 Escape if you can
 That hand, damning ambition;
 Pointing squarely at you
 For ye have many possessions.

Somewhat oddly,
 He never thought drinking so very ungodly.
 Christmas blasphemy set him to thinking—
 But Christ never said very much about drinking.
 Nor had he stressed
 The subject (for women) of indecent dress;
 Curb the eye. Keep the mind steady. Or,
 (Christ would cry)
 You have committed adultery already.

Even the Church was no comfort.
 As a lad he'd been drawn
 and had gone;
 He'd attended until
 A Biblical phrase
 (Rather twisted) persisted, and finally ended
 His Church going days.
 I who religiously honour
 each mass,
 Not having Charity—
 I am as sounding brass.

But most bitter of all
 He considered vile
 The saying of Paul,
 Marry or burn.
 Not that he hadn't loved for a while,
 Not that his love hadn't been returned,
 But—Marry or burn!
 It seemed such an easy way out;
 Christ, he'd no doubt
 Would never have spoken it.

So he'd taken a pledge to stay
 single in spite of St. Paul,
 And never had broken it.

And yet the man wasn't unhappy.
 Christ was a load
 On his shoulders, you say,
 But his shoulders grew strong;
 He didn't stay stooped down and humble for long,
 He lifted his head and looked in your eyes
 "Christ was a practical fellow," he said;
 "With a dream, . . ."
 So am I."

By and by
 (Feeling strangely relieved, though He
 hardly knew why),
 Christ watched him die.

—ROSS

Touch My Tongue

Touch my tongue, oh imp of poetry! for I would sing
 Madly, effortlessly, all the myriad heart songs
 Which have ever left me wordless. Do I not
 Feel as deeply, dream as madly, love as strong
 As these my Gods - - - the competent new poets?
 But I, the clumsy footed crippled child,
 Wanting all their quick
 And boisterous play,
 Must stand aside. Must watch - - - -
 - - - and dream.

Touch my tongue, oh imp!
 Fashion words for my songs!

Oh guardian of all creative impulse,
 Cure your crippled child!

— ROSS

Old Women and Young Men

Though most of us are much too wise
 To trust in anything

Our eyes

Can't see;

Our hands

Can't feel;

Our lips can't kiss and know it's real
 And not a fraud!

Old women and young men
 Sometimes believe in God.

—ROSS

A Toast

Here's to the man who can't settle down
To the vagrant, the dreamer, the waster, the clown
With a proud strong heart and no love for the town;
Here's to him.

And here's to the girl who is fond of the city
Of its laughter, its lights,
and its nights;

For she's pretty
And winsome and sociable, eager and witty;
Here's to the city.

But come, don't forget him who can't settle down
Here's to him;
Come, wife, why not drink—there's no need for a frown;

To the strong, joyful heart with no love for the town
Come, drink! to your dreamer,
Drink deep! to your clown—
You slew him.

—ROSS

To Elizabeth Taylor: On Her Illness

You've been in bed with the best of them all,
With Hollywood's virile set;
You've lived the high life, from party to ball,
With many a lover you've met.

You've been in bed with the best of them all,
So busy that no one could phone you;
Your charms would even the strongest enthrall,
But now—you're in bed with pneumonia.

— J. L. WISENTHAL

A Protest

Nay, I protest, I do not share your love,
 You are misled; 'tis true that when we meet
 My silly heart flies with the gentle dove
 And soars, then plummets breathless at your feet;
 But I love you not.

'Tis fact that when we stand among a throng
 I fancy we're alone each time you speak;
 Each time you leave my side Time grows so long
 I live a hundred years within a week,
 But I love you not.

Whene'er we touch I feel a strange new Fire
 That burns me not, but gives me life anew;
 To dwell with you till Death is my desire,
 And Death will come the day you say, "adieu,"
 But I love you not.

— DOROTHY GILLMEISTER

To An Unchaste Poet

I could love him for his soul alone
 Although he keeps it buried 'neath a layer of filth
 And pretends to care not,
 And though he, sensual, scorches and burns it without remorse
 It rises Phoenix-like from its fouled ashes
 And waits to try the fire anew.
 He hides it as a guilty corpse
 And never dreams it is beautiful.
 Oh! How I could love him!
 And yet I fear him;
 For he is grimed
 And coated with a reeking mire, self-made,
 That soils and clings to all it touches.
 Ere I could reach his soul, he would besully me
 And kill mine.

— DOROTHY GILLMEISTER

To A Sensitive Sensualist

"I have no soul," he cries,
And does his best to prove it
Or kill it
With a potent poison brewed in Hell's heart
And nourished in his.
"The world is hate and horror and shame;
Man lives for nothing but disgrace
And sin and death and nothing."
But yet his very passionate utterance
Proves his convictions liars;
A soulless man could never see the Evil
Or despise it;
It would be as Good to him, and both as nothing.
He never could deny his soul had he none,
But his denying reaffirms its presence;
For if he had no soul
He would not care.

—DOROTHY GILLMEISTER

CASE K-73

(An extract from the minutes of a general meeting of
the estate legislators—area CVF-589R)

Sir, this case has been referred to us for consideration by galaxy K-73. It concerns the state of things on some planet called Earth.

Never heard of it. Where's galaxy K-73?

Here sir, I have a map of the area. It is this part here with one sun and a number of planets revolving around it. This enlarged photograph of the galaxy shows it more clearly. Earth is this little one . . . ah, right here under the magnifying glass.

Ah yes, I see it now. Looks rather unimportant. Why are we being bothered with it? Can't the galaxy heads look after it?

Well, it seems that Earth was given some brainchild of the regional planning committee which isn't reaching up to expectations. They say it is causing quite a fuss in that corner of the galaxy. They wondered if we could find time to give them a hand.

What's the trouble?

This is all I have at the moment. This brainchild was called Man. It was an attempt at placing intelligence in a minute organism which was allowed to mature with little guidance. Of course, the heads have stepped in once in awhile but on the whole there has been little interference and they have been left pretty much to their own devices. It was hoped that they would develop sufficiently on their own to assume some of the minor jobs about the universe. It is being tried in K-73 as conditions are favourable for the experiment and . . . well, the regional planning committee could go into all that if it is thought necessary.

This is along somewhat similar lines to that disastrous experiment in B-237 awhile ago, is it not?

Yes, I suppose it is now that you mention it. So much goes through our hands that I had quite forgotten. Probably the results of that suggested a renewal of the experiment in a smaller organism.

How far has this brainchild progressed in relation to the other.

Oh, from what I understand, not nearly as far. They have learned how to smash the atom and have begun to probe the area between themselves and their moon which is . . . let's see . . . well, it's there somewhere. Unfortunately they are hindered by an extremely short lifespan which was thought advisable to get rid of the unnecessary ones which was one of the main reasons for the failure of B-237 now that I recall it. But, rather unfortunately for their progress as well, the intelligent ones also face a short lifespan. I am afraid it has affected their thinking quite drastically. We have move from one extreme to the other. I believe the change was made at the very last moment and somehow it has been remembered. Anyhow, their real trouble is that they cannot co-ordinate themselves, there are opposing factions of organisms which

threaten to destroy themselves and disrupt the whole system in that part of the galaxy. They have been described to me as being in the position of 'knowing how to do without knowing how to use' if you see what I mean, and hence could be quite dangerous. K-73 says the little blighters are getting quite out of hand.

Yes, I understand. Quite. That regional planning committee had better start being more careful. Their attitude is getting quite sloppy. This isn't the first time they have done something like this.

What do you suggest should be done?

Well, I certainly shouldn't think the committee wants to throw away all that has been accomplished and I quite agree with them. Their policy is sound and it would be sheer waste. It would be a marvellous help if we could see this thing through; it would take the pressure off everybody. I suggest that we let Earth continue as it is and hope they work things out. However, you'd better instruct K-73 to take A-2 precautionary measures just in case. We can't be too careful. If these organisms can learn to co-ordinate . . . tell K-73 to keep us informed how they make out, I'm rather interested, and ah, wish them good luck.

Very good sir. I'll send the message off immediately.

— BILL HAMBLBY

*It Is Not For Nothing That
We Go Down To The Pit*

— *Dante's Inferno Canto vii*

Not for me your book-learning.
i will learn other ways &
with a passionate ignorance of dates.

Not for me your
safety belts,
your success,
for i have seen
the PIT

not for me your book-learning
big dry daddies
in basic black, with the pearls of your labour
hung round your neck like mill-stones:
i have seen the PIT

— EVE NORTON

Best Wishes from An Interested Observer

Misery in a face
shows the pain of scraping out a space
for God.

Homeless God, trying
to trick us into taking him in.
Lotsa Luck.

— EVE NORTON

Sign Post Wanted

Those who are the maimed never tell.
They never write
Books on how to lose friends and go
Out of your mind.

Those who are the maimed never tell
The secrets of successful lunacy
So that other idiots can study
How to get ahead.

— EVE NORTON

Song of the Sceptical Cynic

One and one is always two
Because the system says it's true
But if I disagree with you
That's too damn bad.

Your world is window'd in a frame
Which may be warped, and you're to blame
If this which is, is not the same;
That's too damn bad.

You contemplate a distant star
And think beyond what is a far
But notes can't jump beyond the bar,
Your mind must always bear this scar;
And you're going mad,
Ha, ha,
That's too damn bad.

Philosophy is just a lark
That keeps you ever in the dark—
Like the tree in yonder park
Where only dogs can make their mark,
They lift their leg and sniff the bark,
And that's damn bad.

Foolish and all questioning man
That dwells here such a minute span
And wonders how it all began
And where it's going—
Well you're going mad,
My friend,
You're just going mad.

So when you see that distant star
Don't think beyond what is afar
He may be there, he may be not,
To know such things is not your lot,
Don't shake your fist or drop a tear,
Fight on to death where all is clear,
And when they give you up for dead
Just laugh.

Now they're certain you are mad,
They shake their heads but they're not sad,
They're glad.

It's too damn bad, my friends, it's too damn bad.

— BILL HAMBLY

Postscript for Shelley

(This is the revised and extended version of a poem that previously appeared in *The Mitre*.)

On beat after beat
Inroads in the sand,
And the water laps delightfully
By offshore breezes fanned;
And the on beat forward beat
Recourses it to sea,
In this counterpoint of melody
Life to death decreed.

He lies upon a marble slab,
A goddess lies beneath,
And I've heard tell of Oxford lads
Who decorate with wreathes,
The on beat after beat—
A heart that would not burn
Is cast upon a dormant beach,
And rests within an urn.

Forward beat this final beat
A dirge with which to cry,
Raise the horns and improvise
The sea is running dry.
Get back, get back—respect your dead;
Oh God! Is this his promised prize?
(The sea has run all dry)
But wait,
A fugue is in the sky.
Yes.
The horns speak forth on high.

—BILL HAMBLY

False Gods

Out in the desert, far from other men
Far, so she thought, from God's allseeing glance
Israel raised up a golden calf and then
Worshipped the calf in frenzied prayer and dance
Like pagan folk before a heathen god.
Led by Jehovah tractless wastes they'd trod
Now He's forsaken in this desert place.
Half smothered by our dull complacency
Addicted to the opium of ease
We praise a new found god, Security.
Seek it and praise it often as we please
We serve a false god foolishly, as slaves,
The Temples of Security are graves.

—WALTER BLACK

The Eagle Waterfall

Breast-surging Eagle scythe
Feathers panting wind
Spears ruffled tears,

Cuts hand of cloud
To find sun day stare
The salmoning river
beak . . . eye . . . heart . . .
the all away

Where they can't meet
I am

The Eagle Waterfall

— GRANT JOHNSTON

Eternity In My Presence

I lean the sky
My two feet
Tomb the ground

— GRANT JOHNSTON

THE INITIATION

The fire was warm and a well-contented hush had spread across the lodge. Beatrice looked almost pretty in the fire's light, Jacques thought mellowly, before he drifted off into oblivion.

Beatrice sat stiffly on the pine bench and looked at her hands, which were squarish and chapped from the snow. She wished miserably that she were somewhere else. Anywhere but here and now with the head of this arrogant Apollo lolling on her shoulder. Beatrice was a good girl. She was seventeen years old and had never been kissed by any man until tonight. A mixture of mortification and immodest delight shuddered through her chaste soul as she lingered over the events of the afternoon in her mind.

Beatrice Lafayette had come to Stowe on the invitation of two girlfriends. They were slightly sorry for Beatrice on account of her self-conscious innocence and did their best to comfort her by offering advice.

"Lissen Beatrice, ya gotta loosen up. You're so shy you scare away any guy who ever looks at you." Not that many ever did look at Beatrice. The elusive males were invariably charmed by Ti-Rose and Suzanne and looked embarrassed or cleared their throats noisily if Beatrice ventured timid overtures. All things considered, Beatrice was a perfect companion for the two and an agreeable, (if somewhat wistful) sounding board for their adventures.

When the day's skiing was over, the three had returned to the lodge in the company of a gay group of tom-cats and even Beatrice was bathed in the warm glow of their conviviality. Eventually though she found herself sitting alone and she felt her back grow stiff with stupid resentment; even while her lips assumed an offhand grin and she puffed at a cigarette with studied nonchalance.

Beatrice Lafayette tried not to notice Ti-Rose, slumped mellowly in the arms of a flushed Hermes in a red sweater. She had decided wearily that it was time she went to the toilet to apply more of the florid pancake she affected, when she noticed Jacques advancing unsteadily towards her solitary lair. Beatrice was not reminded of a chiseled Greek countenance veiled in healthy French-Canadian flesh, when she saw him. She felt no bond with the ancient worshippers of Venus when she noted his symmetrical and muscular body clothed in rumpled ski-clothes. Beatrice Lafayette saw Jacques Pilon coming, and she wanted to hide.

He was obviously drunk. In fact he was probably the drunkest in the room. His face had been whipped crimson by the wind, so that to the abashed Beatrice he looked for all the world like a demonic messenger from hell.

Mumbling some gallantry he had sunk down beside Beatrice on the bench and grinned charmingly.

"I was just leaving," she said perversely, forgetting the careful

coaching of Ti-Rose and Suzanne. He merely stretched out one great arm to prevent her departure, and said abruptly looking full into her face with snow-bleached blue eyes:

"Kiss me, ma petite."

Beatrice lowered her eyes and reddened under her orange layer. She desperately wanted to struggle free and seek the familiar impersonal solace of the washroom, but at the same time a fierce song, a shuddery syncopation was roaring in the pit of her stomach and a languor suffused her limbs. For a time she simply sat, and then, when there was no longer anything else to do, she pursed her mouth into a small, solemn rosebud and pushed it against the damp lips of this stranger.

He drew back his head in surprise and blinked at her twice. And then this youth threw back his head and laughed. He laughed because he was young, and intoxicated and merry. He laughed because he was Jacques Pilon and had kissed more girls than he could remember; and he laughed most of all because this girl with her orange face and lonely look had never in her life been kissed, until he, Jacques Pilon had kissed her. He laughed at the sheer comic wonder of it and felt a little proud. And he laughed until the hard muscles of his abdomen were aching with the effort of so much merriment.

Jacques was startled when he at last looked at the girl and saw the raw misery written on her face and the furrows of naked skin exposed by her swift-running tears. He thought with a pang how ludicrous and miserably plain she looked, and at the same time, how defenceless. Awkwardly he tried to put his arm around her and grinned wryly when she sloughed it off contemptuously.

"I'm sorry kid," he said, "was that really the first time for you?"

"I've been kissed thousands of times," she lied, "and it was better than with you, At home all the boys would die for a chance to kiss me." Beatrice stuck out her shiny red chin defiantly, daring him not to believe her.

"Ah, I've misjudged you then, petite. Please stop crying. I hate that, to see a woman cry." Saying this, Jacques Pilon extracted a rumpled red handkerchief from his pocket and began to dab her face.

Beatrice's wounded vanity could not be soothed easily, but Jacques felt guilty enough to at least try to win back her good favour. Too he was secretly grateful to her for presenting him with her first pure kiss. Jacques, in spite of his loose and casual ways set great store by chaste women. To him they were original, fragile beings who should not be handled roughly but should be treated with respect and perhaps at a later date, married. This much had his *vielle maman* taught Jacques.

So he did his best to placate Beatrice and in time she was mollified by her handsome rogue; for he was very contrite. They began to talk at length and Jacques preached to his innocent one the way of wild joy and enchanted youth. And he told of his own delicious debauches

with an inward laugh at her credulity, in the way men have of confiding shocking secrets to those whom they consider ineligible.

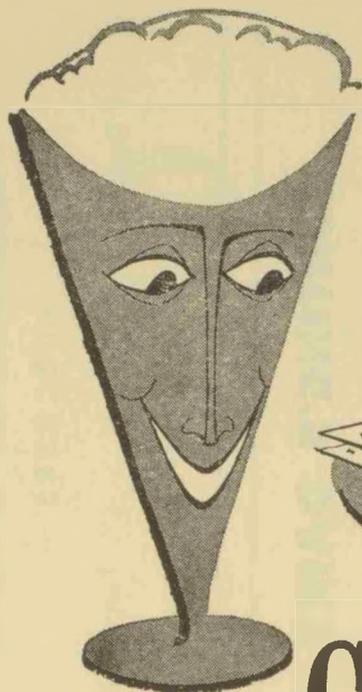
Then with characteristic male bluntness, Jacques went to sleep on the shoulder of Beatrice Lafayette. She sat straight and stony-faced. She was uncomfortable, but did not dare wake her sleeping Bacchante with his overpowering maleness. She sat there wretched and gazed detachedly at the almost sensual face of Jacques Pilon. Her mind dwelt fixedly on what Jacques had last said to her;

"Bebe, sometime I should really teach you how to kiss a man right. If you ever want to learn how, let Jacques know and we can practise the art together." Beatrice did not notice the slight tone of gay mockery in these words, but remembered them with painful clarity.

* * * * *

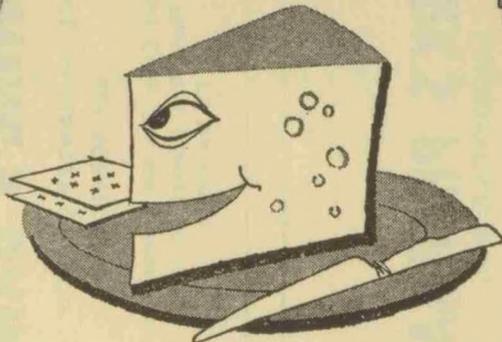
Jacques opened both eyes in surprise and the urgent whisper was repeated. "Jacques!" He attempted to straighten up and found her body was pressed intently against him and a tear-salty mouth was thrust against his. He felt the eye of the others on them and blushed inwardly for what he knew would come later from his friends. "Listen Beatrice," he said wrenching his mouth from hers, "we better go upstairs and have a drink." Jacques did not return his friend Jean's conspiratorial wink but followed Beatrice slowly and somewhat sadly up the stairs.

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