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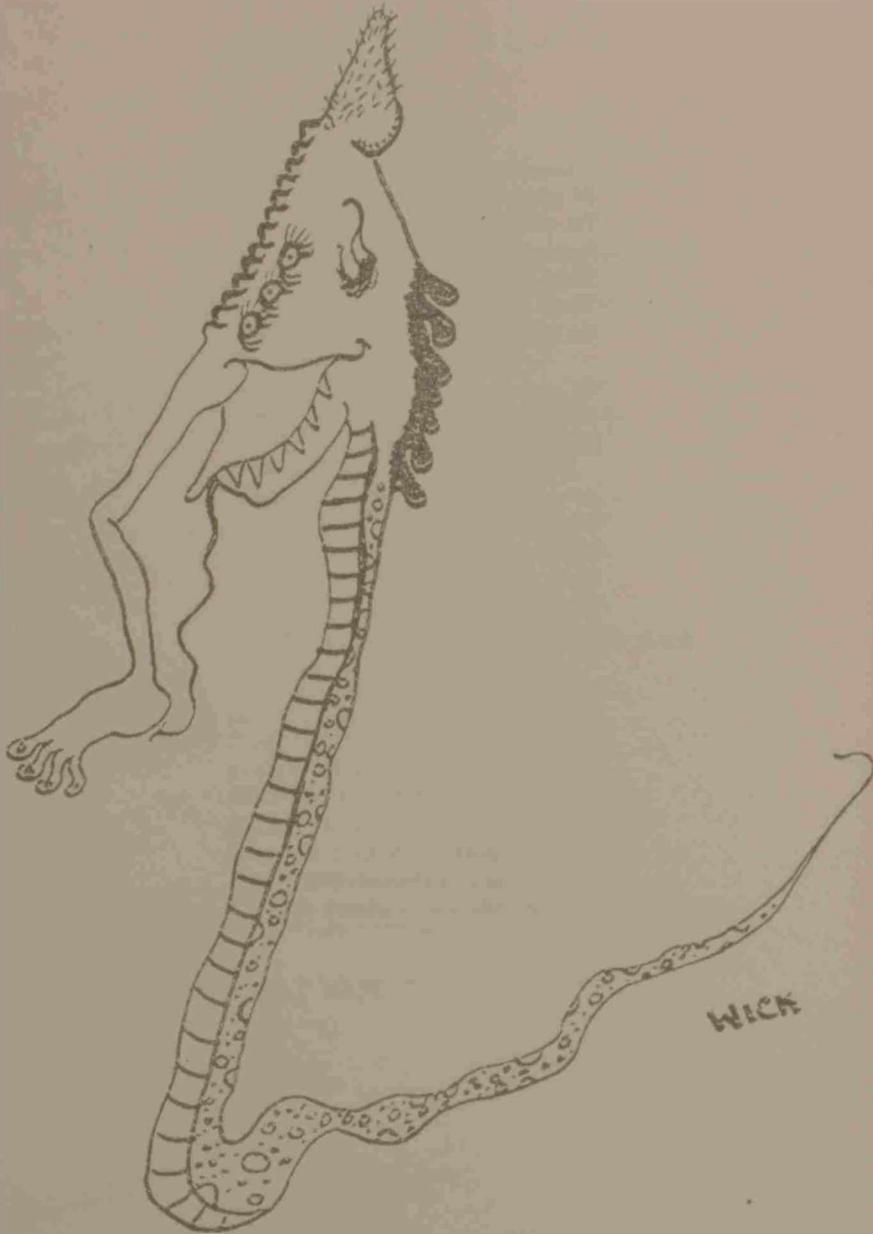
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The Bold Militiaman

Ten thousand miles from Tel-Akablir,
 Ten thousand miles from the land,
 The boys of the mounted militia were making
 A glorious stand!

We had just settled down in our camp, lads,
 (After dining on trotters and tripe)
 When a cannonball entered our camp, lads
 And out of my mouth knocked my pipe!

Bill Thompson, my comrade, fell wounded.
 "Jim," says he, "Remember my wife."
 Remember his wife! Curse her! Once she chased me
 Miles with a knife! Cut a lock of hair
 From my toothbrush . . .

"Tell her I died like a man,
 With one hand in another man's pocket,
 While the other held booze in a can."

Bill fell with his head on a toadstool,
 And we left him alone with his bride;
 The first (and the last) militiaman
 Who ever in battle had died.

As for me, I cried Vengeance!
 And of Arabs I killed quite a score.
 (And most of the men who died there
 Had not died before!)

We left old Bill in that country,
 And there in an old orange box;
 And if there's any odd smell in that country,
 If it isn't old Bill, it's his socks.

VIC SUTHREN.

Ecce Anglicana

1. The High Churchman (The Spike)

Altar white and chalice brimming,
 Crucifix and cleric trimming.
 Incense rising;
 God despising?
 Vested priests and sanctus ringing,
 Tabernacle, plainsong singing.
 Solemn prayer and vigil lights,
 Thurifers and acolytes.
 All these symbols earthly fraud?
 —All these symbols—and a God.

2. The Low Churchman (The Prot)

Altar bare collection brimming,
 Laity of minkstole trimming.
 Pious noses rend the air
 Seeking signs of incense there.
 Drone of minister unending,
 Gospel singing, not quite blending.
 Just one sacrament extend,
 The sacrament of let's pretend.
 —All these symbols earthly fraud?
 —All these symbols—plus a God.

JACK ROSE.

Je pleure
 Tu pleures
 Il pleure
 Nous pleurons
 Vous pleurez
 Ils pleurent

Et
 Peu à Peu
 Sans trop le savoir,

Je meurs
 Tu meurs
 Il meurt
 Nous mourons
 Vous mourez
 Ils meurent

Avec tout
 le bou
 le beau
 le profond
 le vrai

L'Ame étouffée
 Par le faux réalisme
 D'un monde qui n'admet pas
 Dieu.

JEAN LAFFERTY.

Walk with a Little Girl

Pig-tailed little mite, grasping my hand
as though it would run away,
don't squeeze so hard, for i
will not run from simple sense.

With you, i see the milkman's cowlick
shooting arrowlike from the crown
of his asparagus hair
(but isn't it odd that
a MILKman should have a COWlick?)

& i hear the howl of a train and
the waterfall of its passing;
and understand the pride of possession
that a "temperamental" filling gives one
whose dentist's drill resembles
a praying mantis.

Childlike, simple matters
but only the young seem to find them
to root them out
of their volatile subconscious.

Tiny one,
i feel so old!

KAY DELANEY.

Salute to Insanity

You are the mad one,
Yet, I think you more wise than most
Who claim to be.

you, insane;
i, inane.

Your world is prism-like
In its beautiful distortion.
No one locks up a piece of glass
Though some might try.
Accusing it of subversity!
But you are in a world aside
So it seems.
May I join you?

I like to walk in the woods. . . .

KAY DELANEY

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The Oldest Thing in the World

What was before mist enshrouded mountains,
And fields wrapped in green?
What was before angels
And the stars of morning? I asked the old man.
And the old man, he looked at me and said,
"Even in the beginning it was there.
Even as it was in the beginning, so it remains now,
Unchanged.
It lives in us silently,
Unnoticed.
Yet is vested in garments of sunset,
And it is wafted over the world on a breeze of stardust.
What is the oldest thing in the world my son?
It is love.
In the beginning was love,
And love was begotten of God:
For God is Love."

JACK ROSE

READERS DIGESTED

It rusts our iron . . .
 It corrodes our chrome . . .
 It causes explosions . . .
 It gives us life . . . but do we need it?

Oxygen - Friend or Foe?

Agnes Anderson lived in a quaint white cottage at the edge of town. The cottage was surrounded by many colourful flowers because Agnes loved flowers. On a sunny summer morning, Agnes' apron caught fire while she was preparing fried eggs for breakfast. Frantically she ran around the house, fanning the flames with oxygen. Mrs. Anderson's house burned down and so did Mrs. Anderson.

Sir Edmund Chivalry, prominent mountain climber of a few years ago, was reaching the summit of Mount Neverreach when he bent back for another breath of oxygen. Sir Edmund bent back too far and never reached the summit. He was found at the bottom of the mountain with a bent back and a handful of oxygen.

These are two actual cases showing the fallacy of calling oxygen a life-giving gas. Is oxygen really necessary for life or is it a tradition for life or is it a tradition?

The American Air Society reports the following events:

Recently in a mid-western town hospital, a violent explosion wrecked the oxygen system. At the time twenty-five patients were in oxygen tents. In the confusion that followed the explosion, seven patients were forgotten and lay in their beds for two hours without oxygen. When they were finally found, they were even more healthy than the average healthy man.

In a Swedish nursing home a few years ago, nurse Greta Garbo failed to replenish the oxygen supply for an eighty-five year old woman suffering from a severe heart attack and double pneumonia. The error was realized five hours later when the sweet old lady was found dancing from one bed to another throughout the ward.

These two examples show that oxygen is not always necessary for a wonderful, healthy life.

Oxygen *does* give us red blood. The air we breathe contains oxygen which enters the blood stream through our lungs. It comes in contact with the iron in the blood and immediately the iron rusts, turning the blood a rusty-red.

The rusting properties of oxygen cause havoc as well as pleasure. Oxygen can ruin the best of watches in a few days with nasty rust;

oxygen can break down the heaviest machinery; oxygen can cause the best food to rot, when thousands of orphans in a war-torn countries are starving. Oxygen (when not taken in moderation) can cause a man to burn out like a light bulb.

The dreaded gas is always with us. The air we breathe is one-fifth oxygen; the water we drink is half oxygen; car exhaust contains oxygen. Unless our ways of life change, oxygen will never be used up; man will have to put up with the strain of having oxygen around him.

Oxygen is actually the respiratory waste of many plants. As long as plants live, the air will be polluted with the filthy gas. Because of this, the Plant Destruction League has been recruiting members to help tear up trees and kill lawns.

Professor Edmond Willabald Gluk of Stranglehold University in Garten, East Germany has studied the problem of oxygen abatement for several years. He has issued the following suggestions: Fill balloons with the menace and burst them under water. Blow it away and burn it.

But Dr. Gluk is quick to add that these suggestions will take time to put into practice and finally rid the earth of the habit-forming blight.

"The supply of Oxygen will be with us for a few more years. We must be brave. Man will have to learn to live with this horror, as he has for the past few years."

DEAN PURDY.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Elaine

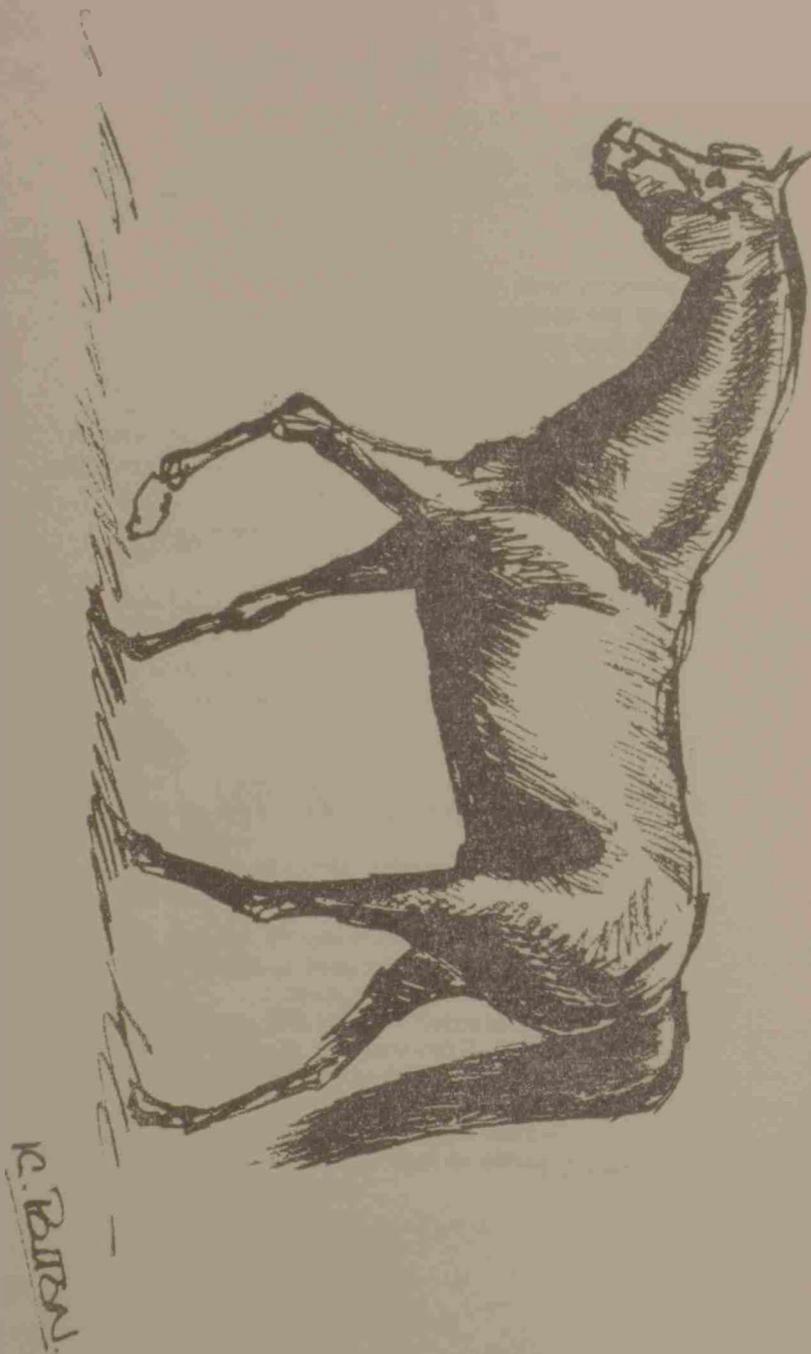
I

I did not know her well
 And yet it tears my soul
 To know she must die.
 Incurable cancer
 It eats at her body as it goes out my soul
 Will it kill us both?

II

She was quiet, and small
 Passed over by the masses
 Damn them.
 And my guilt and my sorrow
 Is that I followed.

PETER BRIGG.



deux semaines passent
 j'attends
 je me risque
 rien ne bouge
 les feuilles gisent par terre
 (mais c'est le printemps)
 je marche par les rues
 je me sens seule
 tout semble engourdi
 cependant le soleil parcourt le firmament
 son destin inchangé
 par le sort de la terre
 un silence terrible
 m'étourdi
 l'air me manque
 je vomis
 je me roule sur le pavé comme une déchaînée
 petit à petit la lueur du jour s'éloigne
 je crie le nom du meurtrier
 . . . Khrushchev
 je meurs . . .

DIANE CODERE.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

death looked me straight in the face
 and i trembled
 i trembled because my life projected itself
 on my black soul
 i realised the only reason
 for my being conceived . . . pleasure
 this i inherited
 for even when my womanhood was hardly noticeable
 i tried to show it off
 i gave and i took . . . pleasure
 the years had finally formed me
 i was beautiful . . . for pleasure
 i never feared consequences
 why should i
 this is the twentieth century . . . pleasure is safe
 time that will be for ever
 has caught up with me
 my pleasure seeking body is feeding the earth
 i am dead

DIANE CODERE

Walk

It is early . . .
 Dew-laden morning
 With a green carpet sweeping down
 To a wandering, ship-dotted water—
 I know the city lies behind me there
 With greyed-jottings into the sky—
 And far across the slow-moving river
 White horses dapple the green of tree—
 Man is stirring there.

But here, windswept green and dewy world—
 is peopleless.

It is morning . . .
 Innocent, new-born morning
 And this is all I need of peace—
 Dew-wet sponge of grass beneath
 And I know the wind caught in my eyes
 And driving moisture through my hair—
 While thoughts of Eternity and things infinite
 Seem close and depth-awakening—
 Life is precious here.

I'm glad for green-swept peace
 And solitude.

MARILYN PAGE.

Let Strangers Walk —

Let strangers walk the white walk—
 Sleep in the thorns of a thigh is
 A death deep creed of a wandering night
 in the face of an opiate wind.
 Moonflesh will rise caught on their breath and
 Hang on their necks binding them close to the sens unique;
 but moving before their committed feet is consent
 To the moon-dusty deaths they must die.

MAIDA STEWART.



The Mirror Is Man

The mirror is man
 Nothing is so worthy of my notice
 As the beauty of my animal pride
 The slow decided manner designed to take
 My eyes in awe to the solitary stand.
 Marionette only to myself and my own unerring hand
 Haughty, imposing, I condemn the common rind
 Indifferent and cold I simulate the charm
 While my derisive smile is hidden
 From the unversed edge of my eye
 Alone in the mirror of man.

MAIDA STEWART.

*Ode to the Good Intentions
of Mr. Krushchov*

Novaya Zemla rocked and roared
 And a mushroom cloud to the stratosphere soared.
 Calculations (all in good will)
 Revealed that the bomb would certainly kill
 a goodly number of capitalists.
 The scientists grinned and returned to their work
 Of adding more to the atmospheric murk
 and
 the
 fallout
 fell out.

JOHN F. HOGG.

Transition to an Insomniac

Quiet, quiet—
 Frost-tinged, autumn-scented
 Midnight
 Night bug'd tree and silenced
 House—lone vigil of night
 And all the world sleep_stopp'd.
 Quiet, quiet—
 Sun-bursted, red-golded
 Dawn
 Day-stroked sky and sheathed
 Earth—tender balm of day
 And all the thought_fill'd dark banished
 Quiet, quiet—

MARILYN PAGE.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Angels Singing

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings.

SHAKESPEARE.

Through the window—I see
 Star movement
 In a blue-black blanket of sky.

For a white sheet-haven—I know
 Moon-watched
 Peace—in a silent sliver of silver.

Beauty to know
 To know of the murmuring music—mood music
 Of spheres
 Star movement
 And moon-watched
 Peace.

MARILYN PAGE.

Great Minds Have I Admired

Great minds have I admired
And little ones ignored,
Great beauty oft desired
And ugliness deplored.

Wealth and fame attracted me,
I feared, resented poverty,
Youth and dreams were my existence,
No disillusion marred its substance.

But age has cured a mean profanity,
To greater aspects of humanity
I've set my goals, ideals and dreams,
For this I know as such it seems,

Life's treasures lie in the heart of Man
For me to discover when I can
Reach beyond external features
To the greater depths of my fellow creatures.

KATHLEEN ANDERSON



Chatter flies all about me—
It passes through my head
Like the slow drone
Of bees, and then it thickens.
I sit with idle hands clasped
And smile a secret smile
At the foolishness of words.

SARA ALLNUT

La Musique Cessa

La musique cessa.
Nous marchions dans la brume
Etouffante, sans se dire un mot.
Comme nous aimions penser ensemble,
Sans se dire un mot.
On ne s'aimait pas.
Mais nos yeux voyaient tant de choses,
Et nos coeurs ressentaient tant de choses.
Seuls, nous rêvions en extase.

Chopin nous avait ensorcelé,
Nos coeurs intoxiqués voguaient
Sur les airs de la Grande Valse Brillante.
Je ne t'aimais pas,
Tu ne m'aimais pas,
Mais dans ce silence brumeux,
Nous aimions.

Tu as brisé le silence.
Tes idées m'ont ébahit.
Comme tu étais profond!
Jamais je n'aurais pu penser comme toi
Mais tu as dit celà aussi, de moi.
Cette dernière nocturne nous a tant ému.

Tu es venu avec moi sur la montagne,
La brume nous envahissait.
Mais nos sentiments transperçaient l'invisible
Chopin jouait doucement pour nous—
Nous avons compris notre bonheur.

KATHLEEN M. ANDERSON

Beethoven — An Appreciation

Musical Vienna was aghast. The son of a poor court musician from Bonn had presented it with a symphony twice as long and involved as those of Papa Haydn. The stately Minuet had been replaced by a crude Scherzo, and the precisely balanced classical form had seemingly been forsaken.

Ludwig van Beethoven's Third Symphony ("Eroica") was given its first public performance in Vienna in 1805. Despite the fact that Beethoven had originally projected the work as a tribute to Napoleon, many people have seen much more of the composer revealed there than of anyone else.

Already in our attempt to come to grips with Beethoven we have stumbled, for we have only grasped at Beethoven the Innovator, the Heaven-Stormer. Undoubtedly this characteristic is what made him unique, and therefore it must not be ignored, but, together with all the stories of his deliberated disregard of the niceties of life, it creates a one-sided impression.

The first experience of Beethoven, for most of us, comes when we hear the Third or Fifth Symphonies — unless we happen to have studied the piano, and have suffered under a teacher who drilled us in the Minuet in G, while casually informing us that Beethoven was deaf for a good part of his musical life. A very different impression might have been made if we had heard the Sixth Symphony ("The Pastoral") first. This work gives us an insight into another man. Here he is relaxed. He takes delight in the wonders of nature and the simplicity of life in the country. The storm that he portrays in the fourth movement is no harsh intrusion, but a logical prelude to the finale — a deeply moving evocation of shepherds rejoicing after the danger had passed.

An acquaintanceship struck up with Beethoven over his Eighth Symphony would have left us with a still different impression. Here again he is relaxed, but this time shows the playful side of his nature, especially in the third movement, when the trumpets break in upon the dignified proceedings like exuberant children coming in from play.

What has all this personal opinion got to do with appreciating Beethoven, you ask? And what about all the sonatas, quartets, and concertoes? Answering the last question first, we have Beethoven's own word that he considered his symphonies his most significant works. He could do worse than follow his example, and launch right into an involved discussion of the late quartets and sonatas.

The first question, the one about the subjectivity of his appreciation, is a crucial one. There is no reason why you should summon up an image of exuberant children whenever you hear the third movement

of the Eighth. You are free either to let it affect you in any way you will, or to concentrate solely on its structure. You can combine the emotional and intellectual approaches, but the choice is yours.

It would be unfair to Beethoven, and to Vienna, to say nothing about his last symphony, the Ninth. He managed to bring together here, more successfully than in any other work, the elements of drive, humour, and intense lyricism that were integral parts of his nature. At the same time he introduced another significant innovation by calling upon the resources of chorus and soloists for the finale. Wayward Vienna responded with an ovation.

When Beethoven died in 1827, he had succeeded in making himself independent of the tradition of the court musician. He had begun by looking back to Haydn and Mozart, and finished by pointing the way for those who were to follow, but what he created himself is most important of all.

ROGER SNAPE.



La lune,
Austère sentinelle
Qu'aucune menace ne peut corrompre,
Jette son regard froid et détaché
Sur l'humanité qui la vise
De ses intentions banales—
Se moque de ce bruit.

La lune,
Dernier témoin de la folie humaine,
S'abstient de tout avis
Et patiente, sans émotions,
Sûre d'elle,
Sachant que nul ne l'atteindra—
Parfait exemple de confiance sublime.

KATHLEEN M. ANDERSON

Blandly
 I smile
 slamming the shutters of my mind
 tight
 carefully hooded
 my eyes stare
 serenely
 unseeingly
 pretending placitude.
 incessant voices like fast-moving motors
 batter my brain
 words rush on words
 stumbling
 crumbling
 against my gray-walled thoughts.
 useless
 senseless
 energy of useless senseless people
 left standing
 abashed
 in the wake of may racing pullman passions.
 carefully closeted
 cocooned
 behind silence sane.
 Externally
 I smear my madness with blancmanage
 blandly
 with insipid calm
 I console them
 the questioning eyes
 the expectant eyes
 by my egg-shell camouflage.
 While
 my soul burns.

JUDY BANKS

I found an island
 where leaves like orange peels rusted
 the grass—
 dew-acres in the sun.
 and my cricket hesitated a memory
 warm
 on windy banks
 we stood in midnight shine
 roping in the cannon's mouth
 lettuce under bare feet.
 city sounds scratched the door—
 running wheels on black pavement
 on black pavement
 and light bulbs leaned. . . .
 But the stone walked down the river
 for through the bamboo blind
 they could not see
 they could not see
 the fire
 like silent smiles touching in the shade
 pigeon-toed.
 and we were hanging headless in long trees
 mere shelves in the night
 preserved
 like reflections in the slow-talking stream
 uncertain in the day.

JUDY BANKS

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

You

The You I gave my all to
 Is no longer you.

While I loved all
 I saw not all. . . .

Now unseen things are You.

JOAN INGLES



Demain?

Puisqu'on nous exterminera,
Il faut rire, il faut s'amuser.
Le raisonnement ne t'aidera,
Il faut chanter, il faut danser.

La bombe 'H', on nous lancera.
Que sert a l'homme de s'inquiéter?
Sa destinée ne changera.
De joie il nous faut éclater!

P. A. MORENCY.



O. M.

Strangers
we hesitate a glance
and watch our Idols fall on the table
quiet

we see ourselves
a man
a woman

draining dry misery
out of hours passing
quickly

by
our silent faces—slow whispers for the night
unheard
the sun sits on the pavement
and we walk hand-burning.
Our memories tongue-tied
stare across steep gulfs
so we fumble with the knots that Time has tied.
Stone walls

begin to fall

But
the Mason laughs
aloud

we torture a smile
and turn away.

alone
the Rock walks down the River.

JUDY BANKS

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

I had a talk with death the other day
he was sitting in the fire and called to me
as I passed by

I was cold so sat I down and gazed transfixed
unearthly flames bit into wood
and made the bridges fall.

I saw them swallow my body whole and cough my
memories in smoke.

I froze under their blue-snaked stare
and death merely smiled. then walked away.

JUDY BANKS.

flapping in the wind. The water rose to his chest, and he tried to push it back as he advanced. The moon stopped chasing the clouds and fixed the intruder. There, always just a little before him was what he wanted. The figure smiled now, its revenge complete as the waves tumbled over his hair and swept it back.

There, just a little beyond where his last effort had gotten him, stood a woman, her eyes reflecting years of misery, hardship and longing. For only a second, she had appeared to him, and then, when she was no longer to be seen, disappeared again into the sea. It was as if they met and embraced beneath the dark waters. The waves smashed the rocks, the wind howled mournfully; the fire burned dimly, the door kept flapping, and the moon vanished behind the clouds of the on-coming storm.

FRANK BARAKETT.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

For —

In my little green eyrie I love you
In my safe little nest
Warm as the womb
Not needing to do:
At rest, secure.

Frighten me not to fly.

SHIRLEY McLEOD

A Reflection In Autumn

1

When I stare at restling autumn it is only a
Dying leaf falling with nature to the brown ground.
There it lies, bright and yellow, pretty with death
While we ugly and worn take death with reluctance and no thought
Of the inevitable.

2

Thanks Parents who took your trouble to have us—no not to
Man who begot us in a red night but to
Woman who carried us in gray days.

3

Steadily we quiver and resign like the leaves;
Incessantly till decade and each is dead from life,
But not from giving life—for we mingle with the leaf to give
Breath to the new-comer.

4

Cheated: Death missed me.
At a hundred and ten I breathe to be as my friends are
Give up carp guts and gladly feed my frailty
To its End.

HELEN DIGBY.

does not carry out thirty-nine successful such projects by sheer luck. He did not believe in luck. Luck was an emotion, a sentiment; perfection could only be attained by the process of long tedious planning and patience. He would wait behind the chair, till morning if need be.

His gaze went from the little rug where his slippers lay, to the bed and then back to the openings. He could visualize the swaying trees, the dark racing clouds and the rolling mountains of crashing surf. Who could know he was here? He had come across the continent from thousands of miles away and had changed his name. Surely there had been no slip ups. The crackling of the burning logs continued and with the rise of a roaring wind, the crashing of the breakers pounding the rocks became fiercely distinct. Suddenly, a different noise, a thud, this time closer to the door. What was it? He would wait in his dim surroundings and see.

Perspiration trickled down his temples and forehead. Tiny beads of sweat accumulated on his upper lip and the droplets forming on his chin were clearly visible. He found himself wiping his moist hands on the knees of his pyjamas. He pressed his face roughly to the back of the chair and clung to it desperately. Harder, his fingers dug into the upholstery, until it seemed they should bite through cleanly. For a moment he lost his balance, and the whole room spun and turned madly. His trembling hands reminded him of the flapping sails he had seen on his arrival that very afternoon. He stopped his shaking hands and tried to think. Perhaps there had been a change in plans? No, they never changed their plans. Maybe they weren't satisfied? That was not the answer either, or they would not have paid him for his last operation. Who was it?

He jumped from behind the chair and raced for the bed. In the ensuing *mélé*, clothes flew around the room. He found what he was looking for. It was loaded. He was still occupied at his bedside with his back to the door when he heard another sound. It was a slow creak, BUT HE HAD BARRED THE DOOR! How, HOW could it open? Slowly it opened, its rusty creaking hinges never once stopping for a rest. The sound was eerie and seemed to creep into his blood and every part of his body. The gradual grinding grew, and waves of chills shot through his body and bounced back up through his spine numbing his brain. It stopped. He could feel the rush of frigid air on his back, and hear the accentuated thundering of the sea pulverizing the rocks.

He spun methodically, dropped to one knee and fired. The movement was instantaneous and perfectly executed. The bullet sailed through the man in the doorway and into the dark pit of blackness behind him. The man laughed. He entered and the door closed itself. He shot at the old man again. The bullet smashed into the wood paneling behind him. The old man's face changed to that of a younger man. Renaldi screamed; his eyes filled with terror as he recognized the second man's face and shot again, and again, and again at the moving figure. With each shot a new face appeared on the figure, and bullets

ricocheted crazily off the stone of the fire place, directly behind the figure.

"No, no!" he screamed. Tears filled his eyes. "I'm sorry," I'm sorry," he sobbed. The faces kept changing even after he had ceased firing. Renaldi's own face bore the expression of a man suffering nightmarish anguish. The figure approached him slowly. It was more of a human mist than a living body. Each face had a mocking expression. He no longer could bear his own insane cries for mercy, instead his ears were filled with the throbbing of his pounding heart. He cowered before the on-coming figure. Now the face, a smashed appalling sight belonged to the figure of a woman. He remembered her vaguely, the witness whom he once had to prevent from appearing on the stand. He was no longer a man. He was a shivering piece of human flesh, his face distorted in agony at each new face. The figure kept moving and his screams pierced the smoky air, as the thirtieth face appeared. His own face turned white, and cold sweat poured from him to the extent that his pale pyjamas clung to him. At the sight of the thirty fifth face, he faltered and fell to his knees, his earlier thoughts on fear and conscience far removed from him now. He stared up at the figure; the face was changing once more. "No more," he pleaded. "No, no, no . . .", his voice trailed off into sobs. But the face changed again and an entire scene replaced it. For a moment he saw a body, its head removed, fold and hit the floor in a sickening crunch. The accusing faces kept changing. . . .

He stumbled, regained his footing, and bolted for the door. He hit it solidly and winced, as pain shot through his head and chest, stunning him. He could barely make the fire out. The whole room spun around him. Now he was on the floor, now on the wall, then back on the floor. He hung desperately to the door with one hand, trying to keep his balance, while he wrestled to force the bar off the door with the other. No matter which way he faced, the figure was always just a little in front of him, and the room careened wildly. Then, under his tortured efforts, the door sprung open.

Outside, the wind howled and screamed, and the breakers with their towering white crests blasted defiantly at him. He staggered, pitched forward and broke into a run, racing down the beach. Rocks liberally bit on his feet, and shells took the opportunity of cutting and bruising them.

On he ran, not knowing, not caring where, as long as it was away, away from the terror and horror he had experienced, remote from that dreadful cottage. Away, away from the hideous creature that persisted on pursuing him. The wind lashed out at his face and bare chest. Sand stung his eyes, but he pushed onward. He pitched forward, reaching out and found himself running hand in hand with the figure beside him. It seemed to float ahead of him, guiding him to the sea, where tongues of water reached for him among the rocks and along the sand. Cold water sucked at his warm feet. He kept pushing, farther and deeper to meet the watery torrent. Once and only once did he catch sight of the cabin, its door

"I have pills."

"You would die first?"

"I am life, I am death. There is no difference. Death leads to life and life to death."

"What's your price?"

"Five thousand, each time."

"We have your address. You will never see us or hear us again. You will receive your orders by mail. You will be expected to follow them to the exact letter. If you carry them out successfully the first time, we will mail you the money. There is no alternative; we keep our word. If the work is good, we will contact you often. Any questions?"

"No."

"Good."

That was all, and he was led from wherever he had been back to the car. They had given him a bus ticket, and after a much longer drive back, had dropped him off on a lonely road. A few minutes later he was on a bus travelling home. A few days later he received his first letter, and carried out his assignment successfully. All that just an instant ago. Since then there had been many assignments—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and many more. To be exact, this was assignment number forty. Thirty-nine so far, divided by three, that equaled thirteen. He smiled.

"I guess they like my work," he said out loud. The sound of his own voice made him conscious of the present.

In a short time the silver crests had mounted considerably on the rising waves and the muffled echo of their furious roar filled the room. In the background he could hear the trees whipping to and fro in the whistling wind. He closed the window, drew the curtain shut and walked briskly across the soft carpet towards the crackling fire. He looked at the book and suddenly threw it in the fire. He checked himself immediately. This was the first time he had ever acted on impulse! He stared into the fire. The book's edges blackened at first, then burst into a mass of red flame which momentarily filled the room with a bright light. Then, it was gone, and the small orange and blue flames continued their methodical licking of the gradually disintegrating logs.

He turned away from the fire, the tip of his left shoe tracing the outline of one of the red bricks on which he stood. Why had he been thinking of his past? He was hard, not a sentimentalist like the rest. He did not allow himself to fear. If there was one thing which he liked to pride himself on most, it was his fearless attitude in the face of anything. When was it he had first discovered how hard he really was? Was it when his father had died and left a widow and three young children, or was it the drowning of his brother before his very eyes. No, it was in the war, back there in Italy that he had found himself, "A real man." Yes, that was it, wasn't it? That is what the German officer had called him when he disclosed the hiding place of the underground, giving away his own sister and mother for the cause. "A real man." The words echoed in his ears.

It was not his conscience bothering him; the echo of dead voices had little effect now. What the fools called conscience he termed a morbid imagination, and he indeed credited himself as possessing a magnificent imagination. Who else but a genius could do the work he was doing? Some day they would remember him, some day they would say that he was the greatest mastermind that ever existed; some day, or rather, in another instant.

He walked away from the fire to his neatly made bed in the corner. Tomorrow, he thought, will be day number one. I shall scout the entire area and come back to plan my assignment. Why should I worry, he thought as he finished buttoning his pyjamas. The fresh clean sheet had a cool tingling effect as he pulled the covers around him.

The fire snapped and occasionally even hissed, as the smoke spiraled up the chimney. On the outside, the wind moaned. Strange, how very strange, that it should remind him of his mother on a very similar night. The night his father had died, the wind had moaned and his mother had comforted him. Such a stupid woman. Had she loved only herself, she would be alive today. To hell with her; to hell with them all! He had lived, and the war had proven a mild experience beside what had followed. Stupid, stupid! He had not thought of them for years, why now, why ever? He was perfect only because his body followed his mind, and his mind did what he wanted it to do. There was no sympathy no room for pity. Perfection did not allow it, not his kind of perfection. Yes, it was quite a comforting thought to know that he was probably the only human ever strong enough to exercise such a rigid control over the base desires the masses succumbed to. He was truly perfect. The rushing wind was comforting now, and he rolled over sleepily, his eyes heavy, and his mind obeying the order to rest.

He had only been in bed a short while when a sharp crack on his side of the cottage startled him into a sitting position. He was alert and very cautious, in his business one had to be. Silently he crept out of bed, and began putting his clothes under the covers. After carefully dummeing the bed, he hid himself behind his reading chair and waited.

He had checked the cottage on arrival; three windows and the door were the only entrances. The wall to his back was solid wood paneling on the inside and granite on the outside, so that he faced the door and a window. The remaining windows, one on each side of him, were clearly visible from his vantage point. The fire would prevent anyone from coming down the chimney. The advantage was his as always. A faint smile crossed his thin lips. He was very much the fascinating genius. He was constantly prepared for anything, and the word feeling did not exist in his vocabulary of thought. My employers must be captivated by my logic and unlimited capabilities, he surmized.

His eyes shot from one opening of his flimsy retreat stronghold to the other. Perhaps it was just a stray dog or some other animal that had stepped on a dry twig. But maybe it was not. After all; a man



Frogs

A wonderful thing
the frog
Are
when they sit
they stand;
Nearly.

MONK.

The Return

Quiet, a strange stillness enveloped the acrid air. Occasionally there was a crackling sound from the fire-place as flames leapt all over the neatly cut logs. It was just a cottage, a plain seaside cottage.

Renaldi folded the page of his book, put it on the table near his soft chair, and rubbed his tired eyes as he stood up and walked to the window. He turned the lights off, drew back the curtains, and stared thoughtfully into the night. The moon seemed to move swiftly behind the clouds, at first streaking their edges with silver and then letting them drift past into the darkness, while it hid behind another fleeting cloud. When it was momentarily free, it flashed a white streak of light across the sea that mingled with the breakers on the rocks below. As he opened the window the wind blew in from the sea and the sound of the breakers swished through the room. The curtains beside him danced in a frenzied way. The rush of cool air slapped him in the face, and brought him back to reality.

He laughed to himself as he thought of the rest of the world, steeped in its emotions, crying over the dear, believing in God, and falling in love. Some day they would realize how ridiculous their society was. Sentimentalist? No, superstitious was the word he sought. He believed in the present, the concrete actuality, in the products of idle imaginations he had no belief. Of what use was love or a Bible when history was strewn with corpses of Christians butchered by their fellow Christians. Foolishness, it was only for the weak-minded who needed a crutch to lean on mockery.

He remembered the meeting previous to his first assignment and the beginning of it all. They had picked him up in a bar, a pre-arranged rendezvous, blindfolded him, placed him in a car, and driven him to a place still unknown to him. That was a few years ago, or was it decades ago? He did not remember. To him time was a dimension. Everything took place at the same time; he believed only in different dimensions. To him time was an instant in space, an infinity of repetition, a cycle that repeated itself every moment. So, he thought the beginning of it all was just an instant ago. Yes, it was just an instant ago he had been questioned blindfolded. He knew the voice he had heard was disguised. In a high pitched voice he had been asked, "You do anything?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Why not?"

"What if you were to get caught? What then wise guy? We've seen the likes of you before." After a pause the same voice had asked icily, "Don't you talk?"

"Yes."

"Well, I asked what if you get caught?"

Dedication

6

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Editorial

There is, unfortunately, no organization regarded with more secrecy and suspicion on campus than the functionings of the **Mitre** Staff.

You do not have to be a beatnik or a T.S. Eliot to contribute. The **Mitre** is a student publication, mirroring the opinions of university people, in other words, you. The magazine is what you make it, by your contribution, or lack of it. We welcome your material, off-beat or conventional, for we can only work with what we receive.

Contributions are gathered together, given a code number, and submitted to the Editorial Board. As advisors and members, Professors Gray and Motyer read the material, after which the rest of the board rates the short stories, essays, poetry on a number system, from one to five. The fours and fives are "musts," the threes are "maybes." The sheets are gathered in, and a cross-eyed editor sorts out the morass of numbers in order to make a final selection. The **Mitre** goes to press, appears, and is (we hope) read.

This year, we are publishing only two issues, the after-Christmas issue to be larger than this.

We need you!

Dedication

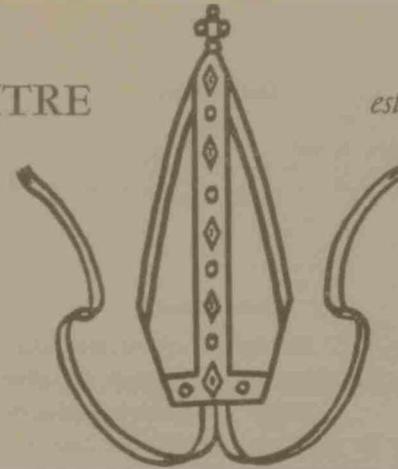
to James Thurber

True humor springs not more from the head than from the heart. It is not contempt, its essence is love. It issues not in laughter, but in smiles, which lie far deeper.

— Carlyle

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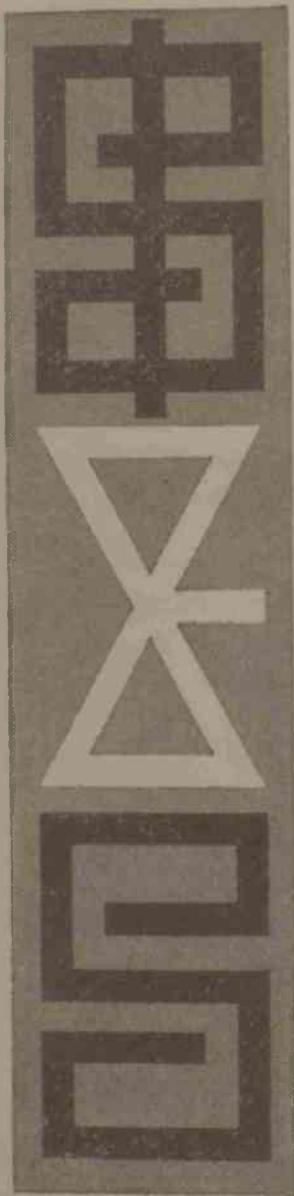
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THE REGISTRAR
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Leaves creeping
Through the grass,
Where I once stood
and once had to

There was a little girl
I thought she would
I opened my eyes—
she turned and fled

Bright was her face
Soft was her hair—
She looked at me, surprised, and to
Clay gazed at my feet.

I left the diamond garden,
Slipped down beside the lake,
Where tender loaves, pillaged deer
Drove me near their to slake.

Treading with my I gazed
They were so wild and free,
I closed my eyes— they star
I had

The Best P