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"Yes," I replied.

"I've lost my car keys."

"They're under the easy chair," I answered.

She thanked me and I heard the phone ring. I overheard her say, "Hello . . . Martha! There was a short pause and then "Why yes, of course we'll go, dear . . . Fine, about eight tonight then, goodbye." I heard her put the receiver down and then she shouted. "Dear, that was Martha. She's asked us over tonight. You will want to go, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, of course."

"Good. She's having a special guest over. Some sort of talk or something."

"Oh," I said, "Who?"

"Its a silly name . . . Kon Kanish, or something!"

Frank Barakett.

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Despite the rain, he opened the window closest the fire place. The wind had subsided somewhat, but it was still raining and the curtains fluttered in the fresh gusts.

Kon Kanish sat to my right, Alice across from me and Nicky to my left. Everyone else crowded in as close as possible. I began dealing the cards, placing every second one face down. I suddenly became aware—these were our cards! The devil take Kon Kanish, he must have been a smart one. It seemed to me he had never left the room. I began with Alice Morrison's background. How long could I fake my way, I was a boy playing a man's game, the hunter turned hunted.

"So far, sir," said Kon Kanish, "Your observations have been very elementary, show me something that would honestly prove your point, say, some concrete happenings of the future.

"If you're so smart," I heard myself say, "then explain how the cards emerged from the fire."

"I'll concede," he said, "How did they?"

"Magic," I said, realizing my utter state of confusion. "Magic power."

He smiled the devil's own smile. "In that case then, I shall be quite interested in your demonstrations."

"Alice, you will have a child within the next four years." I was not lying. I seemed to know it, as sure as I knew she sat there facing me. I thought of the key Nicky had lost this afternoon. How had I known where it was? They all stared, the flames dancing on their faces. Their confidence was in me. I was defying Kon Kanish. But how?

There was something else being forced out of me. "Alice, your sister is going to die from a fall down the stairs in a few minutes." No one spoke, not even Alice blinked. Then she dropped her glass. Its tinkle was muffled on the soft carpet where it fell. Alice screamed, "My sister, my sister." Kon Kanish stared in disbelief. Nicky's eyes filled with terror. She sobbed, "How could you, how could you? I know its true, you knew in the car, you know it now." She shook her head unbelievably. She blamed me! I turned to Kon Kanish.

"Is that concrete enough for you, sir?"

"This joke has gone too far," he barked, looking up into the group of sullen faces. The fire cracked and hissed once or twice in close unison. "You have used this atmosphere and your wife's ability for acting to frighten this poor woman seriously.

The telephone rang and Herb answered. His face whitened and he turned to Alice's husband. "You'd better come to the phone, Jim!

Kon Kanish struck his hand through his hair, shaking his head in bewilderment. "Tomorrow," he said, "I'll have an explanation for this." Some how I had in the few minutes initiated an intense hate for the man.

He turned from them to me. "What else can you tell us? Go ahead," he shouted "Play your silly tricks and I'll prove you're a fake!" He turned to the anticipating faces. "Don't listen to him," he pleaded. "Its not true! Not a word of it."

I looked into the fire, then back at him. "You're going to die too," I shouted. I wanted to run, but I could not move. I wanted to say no more, but I could not keep quiet.

"Your're crazy," he shouted wildly. "You're out of your mind. Who is going to kill me?" His chest rose and fell rapidly, and his face flushed.

"I will!" I cried, "I will!" Madness possessed me and I leapt at him, pushing him into the fire. Something inside me gnawed and twisted my mind. I reached for the poker and drove it through his chest as he tried to get up. He staggered on one knee for a moment, staring first at me and then at the poker in horrified bewilderment, while blood spurted out from under his shirt and began flowing out of his mouth, forming pregnant pools of blood on the Saroukan. I stood there petrified, not daring to look at them behind me. No one made a sound. Were they still there? Kon Kanish coughed and tottered backwards into the flames, sending the logs rolling and sparks flying. The fire, the blood, Kanish's face fixed upwards in the flames and his hair beginning to ignite, them behind me watching. I felt my knees rubberize as the fire disappeared in a whirling pool.

"Paul, Paul! Oh, Paul, say something," she sobbed hysterically.

"I'm all right." Oh God, forgive me, I thought to myself. "I'm sorry Nicky. I didn't mean it. It was like a nightmare, I swear."

"What are you talking about? Shall I call a doctor?"

"No! Where is everyone?"

"There's no one here, dear. Are you sure you're all right?"

Alright! I exclaimed. Oh Nicky, I love you and I'm still in the kitchen. It didn't happen, any of it." I struggled to my feet, my fogged mind churning madly.

"Paul . . . Paul, I thought for a minute that the shock had—had—" she paused, "Never mind, darling. Lie down in the livingroom for a few minutes and see how you feel then."

It was like belly flopping off a high diving board. I felt swollen and numb all over. She took my arm and helped me to the couch. As I walked, the lights seemed to flick on and off, and objects in the room disappeared and reappeared. Our once yellow kitchen turned orange, red and blue. I shivered in spasms even as I lay down. I glanced at the diningroom table and saw my fortune-cards. What a dream I thought. How horribly fantastic.

"Dear?" I heard her shout from upstairs.

the black veil in front of the car, but it was no use. It remained fixed, deep and solid. The roof was leaking over the back window in a regular flow of spurting drops that I could make out in my mirror whenever headlights shone from behind. The drone of the engine was relaxing. The occasional passing by of another car riddled the windshield with mud and made it even more difficult to see anything. Something must have been wrong with the heater. The dampness gnawed into my bone marrow. I shuddered and stiffened for an instant, then a spasmodic chill shot through me. My hands seemed to work themselves. I swerved sharply to the right and Nicky screamed. Just as we came to a stop on the soft shoulder, a transport careened wildly round the bend on our side of the road and shot past, leaving us in the ditch under a blanket of mud. For a moment the only sound was that of the beating rain on the cartop. Nicky was the first to catch her breath and say something.

"Paul, Paul, how did you know that truck was coming?"

Didn't I know what to say. "I didn't, I guess the car just happened to skid, that's all."

Nicky was frightened and I held her to me for a minute.

"It's all right," I reassured her. "It's all right." I turned the ignition key and the engine roared as I drove back on the road. I cursed the bumpy, muddy road and drove on into the night.

"Turn the radio on if you like," I said. I could see her hands shake as she groped for the dials trying to keep her eyes on the road ahead at the same time.

"Maybe we should have stayed home on a night like this," she quivered, as she turned the radio up as high as she could. We were getting closer and in a few minutes we would be out of this crazy nightmare and into the Willoby's fine, warm living room.

As we pulled into the driveway, I noticed that most of the guests had already arrived. Jim MacPherson's little red Fiat, Morrison's blue Buick and Currie's yellow Ford were parked in an irregular line of mixed car and mud.

"Hel-lo. Hel-lo" greeted Herb, "Come on in."

"Thanks."

"Let me take your coat," he said to Nicky. "Bad out there is it?"

"Yes, it is," I said.

"Hay, Paul boy, what's wrong. Rain get you down?"

"Tired I guess. Rather a hard day."

"Join the party, you know, get right in the swing of things."

Yeah, I thought, right in the swing. Nicky seemed to be a little more composed now and managed a smile as Herb showed us in. There were about twenty people in the living room and the only light was a blazing fire in the foyer. The chairs were all drawn around it in a semi-circle. Two or three people were sitting on the soft Saroukan, between the fire and the chairs, and one man stood leaning on the fireplace smoking a cigarette. I noticed him in particular, since I'd remembered seeing every one else at some time or another. I judged him to be in his middle thirties. He was slim, rather athletic, much in the manner of a swimmer,

and his scarce streaks of silver hair among the black, coupled with his bronze tan, gave him a striking if not captivating appearance.

"I don't really believe that's so." I heard him say, "Although, it appears to be physically, and sometimes mentally impossible, these feats are usually caused by something unseen by the audience."

Jim MacPherson beckoned to us with his hand and we tiptoed to his chair, the last one to the right. "Sit down," he whispered, "Kon Kanish is simply out of this world."

"Who is he?" I asked in a low voice.

"Reputed to be another Houdini. He is explaining his feats logically, but without going into detail. Wouldn't be good for his sake if he did. You know, trade secrets and all that."

"And," said Mr. Kanish, "trickery is the word for what people have through the ages referred to as Mysticism, sorcery and magic. There is in all these arts, and they are arts, the hand of deception. Fortune-telling, for example, is probably the most ridiculous of all arts."

"How dare you!"

Oh no, I thought, Alice Morrison is drunk again.

"I believe in fortune-telling and its true, what do you know about it anyway?"

"My apologies," said Kon Kanish, "had I known your feelings were that strong on the subject, I would never have mentioned the matter." He bowed gracefully.

"And what's more," continued Alice to everyone's embarrassment, "My fortune-teller is here." She pointed in my direction.

"Now, really," I said, "Let the man go on."

"No," she persisted, "Show him!"

The height of embarrassment had been attained. I was still quite dizzy and not at all myself. I couldn't possibly back down, yet I knew he would call my bluff. "I haven't my cards," I said, stretching out my hands and shrugging my shoulders. Then, incredibly, to my utter amazement, fifty-two cards sprang from the fire into my hands. There were cries of astonishment and surprise.

Alice tilted her glass for another sip, and put it down casually. "Chee, I told you. He is a magician, the best magician in the world!" Things just didn't make sense, then I thought perhaps Kon Kanish was on my side, and the cards were his trick—an attempt to help me out of a tight spot. Herb put another log in the fire and sparked a little more light.

"Let me get you a table," he said. I thanked him unconsciously. "Here, how's this?"

"Fine. That'll be all right."

"Tell me my forshun," drawled Alice.

"Just one moment please," said Nicky, trying to sound firm. The stab was vain, she was shaking worse than she had been in the car.

"What is it, dear?" Martha Willoby was holding her hand. "Do you feel well, dear?"

"Yes, yes of course."

"It must be the heat. Herbert, open one of the windows, darling."

Kon Kanish

"Son, close that door before you flood the house." Damn kids, I thought the don't even have the sense to come out of the rain and close the door!

"Darling, since when did you start calling me son?"

"Sorry, I thought you were Ronnie home from school."

"Well, I'm not Ronnie," she said, "but I am glad to be home. What weather! I guess the drizzle kept you home, eh? Too bad."

"I know," I said, "it was probably the last chance of playing golf this year."

"Okay. Don't be so grouchy, at least you're dry! What on earth are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm changing some of these wires leading into the fuse box. Now they won't stick out in the kitchen. This way the only thing showing will be the box. And we can paint it next spring along with the rest of the kitchen."

"Good, it's time you got round to it."

The last thing I remember is a cold ice-blue flash of exploding color.

"Paul, Paul! Oh Paul, say something," she sobbed hysterically.

"I'm all right," I managed to stutter. It doesn't sound like me, I thought, my voice still echoing in my ears.

She leaned over me. "Shall I call a doctor?" she asked.

"No . . . I'm all right . . . I'll be fine." I struggled to my feet, steadying myself and trying to clear my fogged churning mind. It was like belly-flopping off a high diving board. I felt swollen and numb all over. Nicky took my arm and led me to the living room. As I walked, the kitchen light seemed to flick on and off, and objects in the room disappeared and reappeared. Our once yellow kitchen turned orange, red and blue. I shivered in spasms till I reached the couch in the living room. Nicky went upstairs to change. A few minutes later she asked about the car keys.

"Dear . . ."

"Yes," I answered.

"I lost the car keys," she shouted. "Will you look for them?"

"No need to look for them, they're behind the easy chair."

"Thanks, honey."

Just then the phone rang and I heard her answer, "Hello Martha." I'm not sure just what they were talking about. I could hear bits and snatches of the conversation, but then I heard Nicky say, "Why yes, of course we'll go."

An hour or so later, Ronnie and Ellen came home from school, and feeling much better, I thought it would be best not to mention my accident.

"Do you feel at all like eating dear?" Nicky asked.

"Perhaps it would do me well," I said.

"What will you have? Anything, name it," she laughed and winked at me in that shy manner of hers, wrinkling her nose at the same time and forcing two dimples to her pink cheeks.

"A toasted tomato and coffee. Make it black," I added.

"I'll go up and change for Martha's party."

"You feel like going?"

"Not really. But I think it'll do me more good than harm."

"Fine, I'll phone Susan to sit with the kids."

Nicky left the supper dishes in the sink and dressed for Martha's party. I put Ronnie and Ellen to bed and desperately tried to fight off the remote feeling that was enshrouding me. It was not a color phenomena that was bothering me anymore, it was as if I were apart from reality altogether, as if I was from another world looking into this one, and unless I was doing something specific, such as putting the children to bed, I was in a trance.

Nicky called several times before I finally heard her.

"Paul . . . Paul . . . Paul!"

"Yes," I answered.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Well then, start the car up, honey, I'll be out in a minute." I rose from the couch and went to the closet.

"Ouch." I'd bumped into Susan. "I'm sorry Susan," I said. "When did you get here?"

"I've been here for the last five minutes, Mr. Hollaway."

"Oh . . . Well you help yourself to anything in the fridge you want now, okay?"

"Sure, Mr. Hollaway. Thanks."

Damn that closet, there, it finally opened. I put my hat and coat on and felt my pocket for the car keys. Then I remembered telling Nicky that she'd dropped them behind the easy chair. I looked there, and as I said, they were there. Outside, the car started immediately and I turned the heater on while the engine warmed.

Inside, Nicky was giving Susan the Willoby's phone number. The weather looked anything but promising for the ten mile drive. Nicky came out and got in the car. The rain battered and lashed the windshield and the wipers vainly fought the torrent off. Visibility was almost nil, and I could barely see the headlights of the on-coming cars. What a strange ride this was! It seemed to have no beginning and no end.

"Darling! Darling, please be careful. Paul!" she shouted. "Slow down. I'm afraid of bridges. Besides, they are even more dangerous on a wet night like this. Now please, honey, slow down."

Strange. How very strange. At the speed I was driving we should have been there almost an hour ago, yet she did not seem to be lost, and neither did I, for the little I could make out was familiar. How could Nicky think I was going too fast. I stared into the night, trying to crack

FICTION*Frustration*

He was sitting quietly in the centre of an empty room, resting comfortably on the cook oak. He was waiting. He had been waiting each day for four years. He had no doubt that he would wait for countless more years. But he was in no rush. Then she came into the room.

"Oh, not again," he thought, but he did not move. He noticed with disgust that she had **them** with her again. She put **them** down and put on her very scholarly glasses. She came over to him and without even noticing him she rummaged beneath him, where he could not see her.

"When will she learn?" he wondered to himself.

For three years now she had been doing this daily, except Sundays. Yet she had not, in his opinion, gained anything that would aid her.

"If only I could tell her," he said to himself, pondering the awkwardness of his situation. He thought of his own experience of life, how **they** had served only as the briefest of stepping stones to a concrete and fulfilled life. Would she miss all the pleasures, the sadness, the rewards?

She picked **them** up and took **them** over to the desk.

"I'd like to return **these** and to take out 321.71 f, *The Dialogues of Plato*," she murmured.

"Damn," said the library statue in his bronze privacy.

Peter Brigg.

Now That The Reeds Are Gone

An old man with steel rimmed spectacles and clothes as wrinkled as his features stood by the side of a road, looking:

Engineer: Quite a sight et old man? . . . yeah . . . water backed up from here to the islands — pretty impressive. . . .

Old man: The water is higher now, higher than when I caught my great muskie . . . I caught the great fish up in the reeds. . . .

Engineer: Higher is right, why hell, the potential force of the water behind that dam is enough to turn those dynamos from now to doomsday!

Old man: He was wonderful and strange, who knows how old he might have been . . . never have I seen such a strong fish, nor one who acted so strangely . . . he had been hooked many times before — I saw the scars . . . his fight had no panic in it, he jumped high and I saw the sun on his sides . . . God he had sharp teeth. . . .

Engineer: Do you realize that powerplant will generate 17,000 electrical horsepower an hour? . . . Why, can you imagine what this will do to this God-forsaken country? . . . there'll be industries and towns, why, people will simply flock here!

Old man: He fought hard and for over an hour, how could anything only 60 pounds be so strong? . . . I was only better than him through trickery, and he meant me no harm . . . his capture made me very sad . . . I butchered him promptly.

Engineer: Just think what this two million dollars of steel and concrete will do, why, old man, people in this region will prosper at last . . . this ground can now be productive.

Old man: It was in the spring, he liked my minnow, he tasted hard, but my hook fooled him . . . I think I am sorry I caught the great fish . . . I wonder where his grandchildren are? . . . perhaps they are past the islands . . . now that the reeds are gone. . . .

Requiem: Never let it escape you that for everything that comes, something must go, that which departs is eternally lost . . . perhaps carrying with it something of infinitesimal beauty . . . irrecoverable.

Ross Lemke.

pas croire que tout s'est produit du jour au lendemain. Le temps a fait son oeuvre, et après bien des générations de cette état de chose les maîtres se sont trouvés en possession d'animaux au lieu d'humains pour travailler aux champs.

Premièrement l'esclave a dû confronter un nouvel entourage physique. Afin de survivre, c'est-à-dire pour éviter les châtiments de ses maîtres et mériter sa portion de pain quotidien, il lui a fallu tirer la charrue à journée longue. Il s'est vite aperçu qu'il dépensait moins d'énergie en inclinant alors son corps à l'avant, et encore moins d'énergie s'il lui était possible de s'agripper à la terre avec ses mains à chaque pas. C'est ainsi qu'après un certain temps les enfants des esclaves furent nés avec des cuisses raccourcies de façon à ce que les jambes et les bras soient de la même longueur, et que l'être puisse ménager des efforts inutiles et marcher à quatre pattes. Au commencement, les doigts des pieds et des mains glissaient ou s'entraient en écartelant dans la boue et la terre, et les bébés esclaves en sont venus à naître avec des doigts collés ensemble et de la corne en forme de fer à cheval au bout. Après un tel changement il était bien plus facile pour l'individu de rester à quatre pattes pour manger, alors son cou et la partie inférieure de sa figure se sont allongés pour lui permettre d'atteindre le bol plus aisément.

Un ouvrage purement physique a contribué à l'abrutissement de l'intelligence aussi bien qu'au développement des muscles. Tout en conservant la manière fondamentale de raisonner dont nous parle Darwin, l'être en est venu à perdre les aspects de son intelligence dont il ne se servait plus.

Avez-vous remarqué que, de nos jours, le nombre des chevaux va en diminuant? aussi y a-t-il eu de moins en moins d'esclaves dans les derniers siècles.

Le fait que les changements physiques et mentaux mentionnés ci-haut se sont produits dans le passé amène la possibilité de leur réapparition chez d'autres hommes dans le futur; certains de nos descendants seront peut-être des chevaux. Il est en effet plus probable que l'on verra l'homme se détériorer et devenir un animal, et non pas un homme déjà déchu, par exemple un singe ou un cheval, redevenir homme.

Devant un danger aussi éminent je ne peux pas comprendre pourquoi les races ne s'intraident pas à demeurer des hommes plutôt que de s'exposer à l'anéantissement par un snobisme vain, des préjugés mal fondés, ou la soif du pouvoir.

P. A. Morency.



Wick 67

Sur les hommes et les chevaux

L'amour
cette main douce
et à la fois
meutrière
L'amour
cette caresse agréable
et à la fois
répugnante
L'amour
ce baiser passionné
et à la fois
écoeurant
L'amour
cette union naturelle
et à la fois
dégradante.

L'amour
qu'est-ce donc—
Pour l'homme
n'est-ce pas
un refuge
Pour la femme
n'est-ce pas
 simplement
un don d'elle-même?

L'amour
c'est le mot
qui fait pleurer les petits
et vire les grands.

Diane Codère.

Le snobisme et les préjugés raciaux paraissent bien vains si on considère qu'on aurait pu être des chevaux, que nos descendants seront peut-être des chevaux. Aussi incroyable que cela puisse sembler ce n'en est pas moins un fait historique et scientifique, produit à travers les siècles et dont la possibilité nous a été démontrée par les plus grands évolutionnistes de cette planète.

Darwin nous dit: "... dans un entourage changeant, la sélection naturelle résulte dans la production graduelle de nouvelles espèces (transmutation des espèces)." Dans sa théorie, Lamarck explique les faits énoncés ci-haut, et en énumère les trois phases principales. "Premièrement, en confrontant l'entourage physique, l'organisme a des besoins, recense des situations auxquelles il lui faut s'adapter. Deuxièmement, ces situations qui demandent un ajustement occasionnent l'animal à exercer certaines parties de son corps. Troisièmement, l'exercice d'une certaine partie de son corps font développer ce membre particulier jusqu'à un point suffisamment avancé pour causer l'apparition du changement dans la progéniture comme étant une caractéristique acquise."

L'aspect mental aussi bien que l'aspect physique du cheval a beaucoup de ressemblance avec l'homme. Darwin, dans *The Descent Of Man* appuie sur la similarité entre le raisonnement humain et les procédés similaires chez les animaux supérieurs, et d'après Buffon, l'homme et le cheval sont très rapprochés physiquement. "... prenez le squelette de l'homme, inclinez les os du bassin, raccourcissez les os des cuisses, des jambes et des bras, allongez ceux des pieds et des mains, soudez ensemble les phalanges, allongez les mâchoires en raccourcissant l'os frontal, et enfin allongez aussi l'épine du dos, ce squelette cessera de représenter la dépouille d'un homme et sera le squelette d'un cheval." "... que l'on considère que le pied d'un cheval, en apparence si différent de la main de l'homme, est cependant composé des mêmes os, et que nous avons à l'extrémité de chacun de nos doigts le même osselet en fer à cheval qui termine le pied de cet animal." (Daubenton.) Voyons maintenant de quelle façon le cheval, contrairement à l'opinion générale, est descendant de l'homme, et non pas l'homme de l'animal.

L'histoire de la race humaine est un défilé d'ascensions et de déclins, de victoires et de défaites, soit entre les peuples ou au sein d'une même nation. Les conquêtes des uns voulaient trop souvent dire l'asservissement des autres. Dans chaque cas, une bonne partie des esclaves était assignée aux travaux des champs: car avant la mécanisation des fermes tout devait être fait par les hommes et les animaux, mais avant l'existence des chevaux tout était fait par les hommes, les esclaves. Et ce travail de cheval a rendu l'homme semblable à la bête. Oh, n'allez

Ce qui doit être

L'heure sonne et tu n'arrives pas,
C'est l'aube où tout doit recommencer,
Le glas sonne, et personne ne meurt.

Et puis il y a la musique
Et personne ne danse
Et puis il y a la fanfare
Et personne ne marche
Et puis un moment de silence
Et personne ne cri.

Tout ce qui doit être, n'est pas,
N'a jamais été.
Cessons cette comédie.

Kathleen Andreson.

* * * * *

Naissance

Je pensais éclater
la douleur
semblait être un rasoir
qu'une main invisible
glissait
dans mon sein.

j'avais peur
je criais . . .
qu'allait-il arriver?
je criais
j'avais peur . . .

puis . . .
j'entendis un petit pleur—
j'avais donné vie!

Diane Codère.

Merveille de voir
au travers du duvet flêtri
parître une tête pastelle
Merveille d'entendre
au travers du feuillage nouveau
l'heureuse voix d'un oiseau
Merveille de sentir
au travers du sol humide
le parfum du printemps canadien.

Joie de voir
au travers des noir forêts
la petite vie tout éveillée
Joie d'entendre
au travers des noir es forêts
les gentils cris des bébés animaux
Joie de sentir
au travers de cette nature
les odeurs agréables de l'été québécois.

Tristesse de voir
au travers d'une pluie tombante
les feuilles multicolores joncher le sol
Tristesse d'entendre
au travers de l'air morne et gris
les appels des oiseaux migrants
Tristesse de sentir
au travers de cette nature morte
la décomposition de l'été des Cantons de l'Est.

Fierté de voir
au travers de la ville
une blancheur immaculée
Fierté d'entendre
au travers des rues avoisinantes
les exclamations joyeuses des enfants
Fierté de sentir
au travers de la fumée des usines
l'air pur de l'hiver sherbrookois.

Diane Codère

SECTION FRANCAISE

Fable

(Le mille-pattes)

Un jour,
Un homme vit venir
Un mille-pattes
Vers lui.

Dis-mois
Mille-pattes, dit-il,
Sur quelle patte
Tu marches

Quand tu
Te mets en branle,
Le vingt-deux
Ou deux?

Mille-pattes
Pensa bien fort,
Sans rien dire
De plus

Si long
Prit-il pour voir
Quelle patte, il
Est mort.

Kathleen Anderson.



I feel that same cold silence now
That hung about that hill
But colder now.

I knew that silent man
Standing in the doorway
In the cold sunlight of the doorway.
I know that man, I'm sure.
He smiles at me.
I know that man.
It was dark that night and he cried
As we walked down together.
He cried he cried—
I remember now.
I wanted to cry that night too
But I couldn't. He cried for me.
Afterwards he smiled and left me
Alone.
He smiles at me now.
—The sun is cold, I said.
—Yes, we knew it would happen.
He looked up and I cried.
I knew that man now.
I looked up too and then I smiled.
I looked down and still I smiled.
—What do you see, he said.
I, smiling, looked at him as we looked down.
He was crying that man.
I knew.
I cried too as he took my hand.
—It is better this way, he said.

They came forth to meet us.
Men with shaven heads and yellow robes,
Nuns, priests, Catholics, Protestants,
Moslems and Jainists,
Women in white and men black and yellow,
Old and young they all came forth to meet us.
Some I knew were atheists, deists, other saints.
Kant and Plato walked arm in arm with Marx.
There Darwin, Parmenides,
There Gautama and Confucius,
David Hume, Copernicus, and Donne,
Scientists, poets, philosophers,
They all came forth to meet us and none looked down.
There were tears in their eyes as they embraced us.

I looked down,
One last time I looked down
As they stood aside
Waiting with tears in their eyes.

The old doorway was cold and empty in the sunlight
And no soldiers stood along the silent ridge.

I turned away and joined them.
We went in together.

The Cold Sunlight

BILL HAMBLY

I knew that silent man
 Standing in the cold sunlight of the doorway—
 I knew him, I'm sure.
 That night I walked the silent ridge,
 One soldier sentinel, upright there,
 His carbine at the ready.
 Over there, barbed wire, Arab and Jew,
 Silent at the ready.
 Slender metal fingers poised in the grey light of dawn—
 In concrete shelters men smoked and talked—
 PEACE TALKS RESUMED—
 Men smoked and talked in concrete shelters
 Fingers at the ready—
 STALEMATE AT GENEVA—
 At the ready—
 Fingers punching slot machines—
 Fingers punching this machine
 Fingers punching that machine
 Cigarette machines—punching—fingers—
 That machine and this machine
 —Damn, wrong brand.
 —Well press the right one idiot
 Poised against the sky
 Silent against the sky
 In the grey light of dawn
 When I met him there.
 He walked by me
 (Soldiers at the ready)
 And made no sound.
 I knew that man.
 I'd read of him.
 He walked this way
 Two thousand years before.

(In the concrete shelters the soldiers smoked and talked.)

Who are we to judge and who are we to judge—
 The soldiers smoked and talked.
 We don't decide we don't decide—
 The concrete soldiers smoked.

PEACE TALKS RESUMED—
 —See, we're paid to smoke and talk.

(In the concrete shelters the soldiers smoked and talked.)

I knew that man who walked the silent ridge.
 —Come, follow me.
 We walked along the ridge.
 He stopped but once,
 Stood and looked about,
 Slowly looked about.

(A soldier at the ready poised against the sky.)

—For this, he said, for this—
 And he cried.

(Their carbines at the ready poised against the sky.)

—Had they guns then, I quietly heard me say.
 —No, my brother, but they stood like this,
 Like this, in just this way.

—Who are we to judge and who are we to judge
 We're paid to smoke and talk
 (With fingers at the ready)
 —Damn. Wrong brand.
 —You smoke too much.
 —You talk too much.
 —This waiting, I hate this waiting—
 STALEMATE AT GENEVA—
 —I hate this waiting, this waiting—
 —Push the right one idiot—
 —Damn. Wrong brand.
 —Change your brand.
 —Chirst. I can't stop shaking.

He cried that man
 As we walked down the hill together.
 At the wire he stopped
 And placed his hand,
 Strange hand,
 Upon my arm,
 And left me there,
 Alone.

Once I Knew . . .

Once I knew

Snowflakes were feathers
from God-shaken pillows.

Men were good
With giant-greatness inside.

Fairies danced
In a flower-land of joy.

All this—in a world
love-safe, laugh-tinged.

Now I have forgotten—
Lost in a cold white world

I have forgotten—almost.

Marilyn Page

desperate
in an anti-mist

they tried to make love in bamboo
but blinded by a yellow light
they sat in restaurant shelves
that separated the tables on the brow.

Judy Banks.

Nocturnal

like a whistle in the night
the long dark pain
wrapt lonely at the tree-crossing;
we were afraid
to walk naked in the night rolling
our lives like light bulbs
that wrench time out of mind-windowed
strapped to the shoulders of the ceiling.
The wall-paper was stained
yellow
but it does not matter she said for
the sun does not have to shine
in the black of the Vacuum Pit
pumped clean of god and man.
for
a saucer sucked into flat Eternity
has forgotten why
we wear wide roofs for crucifixes
and sanity grows cold in the mystery of a lie.

Judith Banks.

*Yes, I would like to meet your Father,
but . . .*

1

He is flaked in a urn.
—But how cruel to say it!
Perhaps it is a better way
Than lying in a black grave.

2

The grave allows more sentiment
By its size. A jar, a small space
And no geraniums; a few ashes on a shelf.

3

The ashes are braver. There is
Less to weep for. It shows
We have resigned to the
Finality of Death.

4

By fire we have left
Little for the imagination
To weep upon and defile
With self-pity.

5

I will not meet your Father.
He is flaked in a urn.
And the fire dance of Death
Is beaten out by the ash.

Helen Digby.

* * * * *

You talked my love away—
Words floating unheeded
Above my restless mind—
Love needs no words
Yet you found them necessary.
So now I never listen but only
Sit and wonder how you can be so verbal,
I, so fickle.

Sara Allnut.

Communication

Mouths talking
All over the world—
Words being written
At amazing paces—
Translations
Explanations
Negotiations
All over the world
At amazing paces—
Efforts frantic and desperate
For communication—
For communication
Clever mouths and diplomatic—talk—

While love
needs only
one look—

Silence is also a language—
Only louder.

Marilyn Page

to Them i guess

Well i said so i guess thats that
 this always happens you know
 but what can you expect
 From a world filled with people.
 but you and i arent people maybe thats why
 we can love and they cant
 but we always love Them and they
 dont even notice us.

Let us go away and tell each other merry tales
 about those like us
 who know what it is to love and feel
 and need and care.
 They are somewhere.
 Maybe we can find them.

Dorothy Gillmeister.

* * * * *

Lure

I look into the windows of your eyes,
 And like the little match-girl
 Must gaze until I burn my fingers.
 It is too late, too late;
 But it is such a lovely flame.

Dorothy Gillmeister.

You are the People

Yes, you are the people—
 You walk the streets like the dead.
 Your eyes are glazed and unseeing,
 Your pupils are opaque so I cannot look in.
 Is anybody home? Are you in there?
 (Perhaps I should knock . . .)
 When you speak I think I hear
 The scratching of the phonograph needle
 It is a bad record and I have heard it before.
 You love me, you say.
 You sing your love songs and play your kisses
 But why do you not pull me into your world
 (I'm really very light)
 Or enter mine?
 You don't know me at all
 And you go away and don't remember
 And maybe come back
 Or maybe not
 It doesn't really really matter which
 And give nothing
 And take nothing
 It is all so stupid, really
 (Why do I bother)
 Have you ever met a spyrogyra?
 The spyrogyra has the secret of life:
 It knows how to love; how to give and take;
 How to fuse into one.
 Everybody should meet a spyrogyra;
 It can teach us something.
 How can I teach you?
 I love you, do you hear
 (You are not listening again)
 I have always loved you.
 I do not think you heard me at all.

Dorothy Gillmeister.

Disease

Two hearts,
Three spades;
we play
and
the tables
have a hold over us.

Goren

Blackwood
Finesse,
all passwords,
all connections,
all symbols
of the downfall
for many students.

And why?

A status symbol,

no

relaxation,

no.

social intercourse,

no

A prolonged,
ever growing

Cancerous disease,

YES.

There is an answer,

and,

as Cancer—

no cure.

We will die

a fateful,

horrible,

death.

The disease of students—

BRIDGE.

Eric Detchon

Reflection

Love is in the minutes before twilight
when the features stand out in sharp
relief against the steel blue sky,
and the sun reflected from glass
blinds as a child shining a mirror.

Margaret Dawson

* * * * *

I am a city.

The wind, as dry and faceless as a vacuum,
Overtakes every obstacle in its way.

Scraping and slithering through the vast caverns,
Surrounding the stalagmites and stalactites.

And then it comes—

Hope!

Tiptoeing, peeping,

Then springing, surging,

Colliding, EXPLODING,

ROARING AHEAD OF ME!

but always ahead of me—

tantalizing me like a butterfly flitting before

a net

and I, i am doomed.

Joan Neufeld.

Childlife, it was raining

Childlife, it was raining.
 And all you knew of the sun
 Was the light of a circle
 Straining
 Through the raining air.
 It wrought the white comfort into
 Your several minds
 And it taught a shadow's sight to the sea waters
 Where the darkness voices silence like a mirror
 Reflects a void,
 And apeing the shape of the great sun's learning
 It sent you to sleep by the sweet sea waters.

But the treacherous light has a fierce burning heat by day
 The sea is dried and the shadows
 Fried and flattened on the barren land
 The rocks are rotting in the sun.

Maida Stewart

* * * * *

Take the Glass-Bottomed Sun

Take the glass-bottomed sun of the mint julep drinkers basking where
 the frog comforted mud cakes and cracks under the sunwashed
 murmur of cross eyed flies. The weather dropping overhead hangs
 hell's fires on the land and the air carries cinders from the
 the breath of the damned. Dusty timothy grass bakes
 in the field; the water walks, down the side of the mountain . . .
 and, great rain god, sing.

Maida Stewart.

May I Remember

What was that peace I knew when I was a boy?
 The gentleness I found in my father's meadows?

The brown beetle buzzing through the light ripe grass tops,
 The little brook making merry with the rocks and bubbles.
 And the broken twigs thrown in by boys of another year.
 Surely these were part of that forgotten calm.

But most of all, I think it was because of the things
 That only children can hear and see.

The little seed of the pine,
 The little one, that will one day make a thousand,
 Just like its father.

The soft wind that makes your hair askew
 Just as a boy's should be.

The wind that blows tears to your eyes, and says,
 "May your heart live forever."

And even one small snowflake — a tiny host
 Sent from God, just for me.

This was the peace I knew as a boy,
 Peace that fell upon me,
 As rain falls upon the unknowing grass,
 Mown by the deer of morning.

Jack Rose.

POETRY*The Glasses are now Broken*

When or where will we meet again,
My darling, you and I.
We'll love and die in this dark glen
When stars bed down the sky

The chariot draws the staggering steed
When love is fled and none will heed
The gravel slipping at the brink

Men lift their glass and drink their mead
And curse their host for lack of speed —
Impotence is the tax of drink.

Perhaps it's well they'll father none
So less will die beneath the gun —
Sterility is now the Word.

A carpet of curses has history spun
Embroidered with an old tradition —
Properties of the surd.

Smash your glass against the wall,
Shout it loud, Goddamn them all,
These the pigs that fill the stall
And drag their bellies as they crawl.

The glasses now are broken.

When or where will we meet again,
My darling, you and I.
In this dark glen will we meet again.
You lie, said I, you lie.

Bill Hambly.

One Poem Stanzas

One two three four
Tap it out clap it out
Square tables scraping chairs broken glass watch your—
"Hey paysan—two beers"
"Kiss me ah . . ."
"Wanta twist . . ."
Black hair golden hair
high skirts turtle-necks
black green black red
One two three four
Change of key, F C
Obscenities
Many people young people
Our people, rhythm people
Change of tempo—
Quick quick quick quick quick quick
Gotta keep it movin groovin
Drivin on the dance with people
kicking people banging people
drinking people party people
college people empty people

coda and out.

It's Saturday afternoon today
And collegiates move in twos and threes
Some by car and some by bus
(Dig man swing an chorus)
Boys alone and boys
(Ensemble)
The loud ones the drinking ones
(drum break—trade fours)
Who don't give a damn
And don't have a care
Except to shout and yell and swear
In front of girls who think it's smart
(From the top)
to wear black tights and shake their . . .

coda and out.

(one more time, once)

In front of girls
Boys ensemble
Some in cars
to shake their . . .

coda and out.

Bill Hambly

referred to? Do they mean children? Subnormals? An additional problem is the difficulty of proving such depravity or corruption, even when we have established the type of people with these open minds. And further, must we limit even the average intelligent citizen for the sake of a weaker minority group as adolescents or the mentally retarded?

The purpose or intention of the author is not recognized as criteria for the presence or absence of obscenity in Canada. Even literary experts often disagree on whether passages of a work are an integral part of its artistic pattern. Furthermore, even the experts can't say anything about the effect a book may have on this class of people to which the law refers and is protecting.

In the practical problem of censorship, a great care must be taken that attempts to control the written or spoken word do not reach out beyond the boundaries prescribed. It is often too easy for those with the power to ban books on the grounds of obscenity to extend their authority, and criticize literature that may seem politically or morally unsound.

The critic should judge a work on its literary merits, and try as far as possible to remain objective in the consideration of morality. He may criticize excessive usage of obscene words and phrases in an artistic sense, just as he may object to an overindulgence in flowery or sentimental expressions. It is of course much harder to remain passive to pornography, and many critics have understandably fallen in this respect. Human nature and conditioning have made obscenity a matter of positive disgust, and a critic may feel that it is his duty to the public to degrade a morally degrading book. He may express his personal literary opinion, but should, I think, refrain from passing judgement. This created a very fine line. To go against D. H. Lawrence, I do not believe that all critics are morons, but that they are basically well-intentioned. Their judgement of the moral value of a book is not really a pronouncement of sentence upon a work, although public opinion may, of course back them up.

In closing, I might add that censorship is a broad topic. I have been able to do no more than scratch the surface; there are many problems that I have not considered. But my case will have to rest.

Susan Andrew.



It is almost impossible to establish clearly the relationship between the choreographer's original idea and the music for it. He may have been prompted by a particular composition, or he may seek suitable music to express his idea. Whatever be the genesis, the course which the dance takes depends on the interpretation of each musical phrase.

The dancer, in her projection of this dual framework, must make it melt into a single thread of movement. So many times has the sequence of patterns been rehearsed, so familiar is the music, that her concentration is simply on the quality of the moment. She has freedom.

The relation of the music to her dance is again difficult to define. It forms the complementary background into which she moves, and it also draws her through the forms of the dance. Therefore, there is in each of her performances a recreation of the choreography and a new interpretation of the music.

This has been only a personal opinion of the art of dancing. Greatness and fascination I find in this artist's rare combination of strength and delicacy. Her ideals which, she shares with the sculptor, actress, and musician—the beauty of the body, the precious humanity of emotions, and the depth of a fleeting moment—are, I believe, the essence of the dance.

Sydney Price.

Censorship and Moral Judgement

In dealing with censorship in literature, we must first concede that it is certainly a debatable issue. Our law courts have tried to deal with the argument on numerous occasions, and it has provided subject matter for essays, pamphlets and articles through centuries of literary activity.

The control of printed matter in Canada was a mystery to me until recently, when I discovered that it apparently takes four main directions. Firstly, the Department of National Revenue had a say; it can reject at any point books or magazines considered unsuitable for the public. No list is published of rejections.

Secondly, once a book has entered the country, or is printed here, the courts can prosecute the distributor or vendor. Thirdly, the provinces — in Quebec, a board of censors, have a set-up to regulate the sale of printed matter. And last, there are often local pressures brought to bear on local booksellers.

In Canada, I think most censorships are evoked on moral grounds, with little concern with what we might read along the lines of political or religious philosophy. I understand that in the United States, the emphasis is more markedly upon material of a more questionable nature politically — if not by direct censorship, then at least by public opinion, notably books with strong Communist leanings. This raises a question: "How much freedom can a democracy allow its enemies?" But this is another realm, as is the question of religious censorship; I will confine my interests to censorship and moral judgement.

I will begin by noting that many men in history and at the present have written and published strong arguments against censorship in principle. In theory, it is regarded as a limiting of intellectual freedom. Milton's theory in the *Aeorpagitica* is a valid and valuable one on paper, one of the classic statements on censorship, although I think it a bit idealistic when one considers the practical problems involved.

Of the obvious dangers of censorships, the most fundamental appears to be found in defending "obscenity." The Criminal Code offers no definition, and it is difficult to interpret the law when it uses such words as "disgusting" or "indecent." It is obvious that what seems to be indecent to one may be considered mere earthy humour by another. What is required is some objective test by which we can apply these terms. What are our criteria to be?

The usual procedure seems to have been reference to a legal statement made in 1868 which labelled a work obscene, and thus libel to censorship if it had a "tendency to deprave or corrupt those whose minds are open to such moral influences." What class of people is here

"Glyndwr," when there is a rumbling behind you and the bus comes to a halt. You get in thankfully, but perhaps you feel that your wait on the corner has not been wasted. Perhaps you have caught a glimpse of Wales and felt something of the spirit of her people.

Stephen Thomas

* * * * *

lower case

e. e. cummings does it for effect.
so does don marquis.

we are so used to seeing capital letters in the proper places that their absence can generate a considerable amount of eye-appeal. above and beyond this lie the subtle alterations of meaning which can be suggested by missing or misplaced capitals. the study of the use of this device within its necessarily strict limitations can be very interesting.

e. e. cummings does it for effect.
so does don marquis.

i do it because the shift key on my underwood is broken.

j. f. hogg.

The Ballet as Art

Art, regardless of its form, must be a unique blend of technique, intelligence, and sensitivity. In this brief exposition, I shall try to show how I believe the ballet dancer achieves this blend.

To become an artist of the dance, she must work long and strenuously to develop her natural physical and mental gifts. She struggles, she fights, and she prays for her artistry.

The first gift is her body, the tool which nature must bestow carved in proper proportions, and gracefully carried. The steel strength, the control, the brilliance, and the fluidity, which she develops of this tool, is her technique. Without technique the difficult, quicksilver, or grandiose variation cannot appear effortless. Without it she can be no artist. Even the greatest goddess must often return with humility to the technique class of basic plies, portes de bras, and adages.

To desire to create such a perfect body, there must be a determined and self-disciplined mind. In repetition and practice, there is no boredom, only improvement. The simple can be more beautifully expressed and the difficult made to look more simple. It is also this same self-discipline which does not permit a trace of pain or exhaustion to reach her expression. Such weakness must never show. In forcing herself to rise above any physical anguish, she gains for a moment spirit-like detachment.

But without feeling, her technically perfected body is only a hollow shell. Through it the emotional and musical sensitivity of the artist must be projected. This projection, when it is very powerful and commanding, draws the audience sympathetically into the dance. Her eyes must lead them into the beauty of her line and into the nuances of the music. Only when she has touched them, has she created a masterpiece.

Whether the mood she caught was lyrical, vivacious, comic or powerfully dramatic, I am always left with a pang of sadness, a sadness that the beautiful could be held only for a moment.

There is another quality which the artist has—a sense of the dramatic. A ballet of any length is but a speechless play with personalities, story and atmosphere. Its players must create convincing characters in their movements. Anger, hate, madness, love, delight—the whole body must express the range of human emotions. I believe that the great dancer must also be a great actress.

The other two ingredients in the ballet, besides the artist, are the choreography and the music. Together they create the story, mood, or idea, which the choreographer has wished to express. They are the framework into which the dancers step.

linguistic medium. Music, to its hearers, is an experience rather than a thought process. It succeeds or fails because of the reaction it produces in those who listen to it. This does not mean that our rôle should be completely passive. We must forget for a while those pieces that we idolize, and regard music as a stream. We need not climb to the very source and begin our journey with functional tribal music, but wherever we do begin we must always feel the current. There will be time enough to return to the backwaters that have fascinated us once we have glimpsed the main course.

Roger Snape.

Bus-Stop

Have you ever waited for a bus in Abercymbaidd, on the corner opposite the Glyndwr? For one of these rickety "Western Welsh" busses with the beer advertisements on the sides and the notices, stuck above the driver's seat, warning you not to spit? If so, you've probably been late for work on more than one occasion. Perhaps the picture of the place flashes into your mind every time you get impatient at everything or feel frustrated. Maybe you try not to think of it at all. Personally, I've always enjoyed waiting there especially in the late afternoon. I have time to think and look around at things, or discuss yesterday's Rugby International with my neighbour in the queue.

It is not what one would call an attractive place. It is in need of repair and it is dirty, and from the bus-stop one can see some of the black slag-heaps and the gaunt pit-shafts that deface so much of South Wales. The monotonous rows of "jerry-built" miners' houses, each one with its full complement of washing strung up in the back garden, are eye-sores too. Yet when you see the grey slate roofs, wet with rain, and glistening in the last rays of sunlight, you can forget the ugliness and realize that even the more sordid products of the industrial revolution have a beauty of their own. The drab little Wesleyan chapel across the street looks less than a second-class pub and more like a place of worship, and everything is peaceful.

The people are different too. The miners coming from the pits and black as ebony with coal dust are romantic figures as they make their way up the hill singing lustily in Welsh and what voices they have! A hard day's work never quenches their instinctive thirst for song. Harmony relieves them of their tensions and anxieties; one shares the intensity of their feelings as their voices rise to a crescendo in 'Land of my Fathers,' or their fine sense of sadness as they fade out of sight with the plaintive strains of a Celtic Cament. Even the worn cobbles at your feet are less prosaic now.

Other familiar characters you are likely to see if you wait long enough are the town drunks on their way to the Glyndwr Arms across the street. They sing too, their voices improving according to the increasing amount of their intoxication. Take Emlyn Rhys, for instance, just twenty-three, he has one of the finest tenor voices in the Rhondda Valley. Not only did he win a prize at last year's Eisteddfod, but he also writes poetry and, like his hero, Dylan Thomas, he is drinking himself to death. If he ambles by in a condition to recognize you he may even sing 'Bells of Aberdovey' for your benefit—and an extra drink.

A tabby-cat walks by with her nose in the air, stops at the corner and strolls nonchalantly across. You start walking up the grimy pavement, wondering to yourself if you have enough time for a "quick one" at the

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

JOHN KEATS, *ENDYMION*

And for all this, nature is never spent;
 There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
 And through the last lights off the black West went
 Oh, morning at the brown brink eastward, springs—
 Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
 World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, *GOD'S GRANDEUR*

Keats believed in beauty, and Hopkins believed in God. When we judge the poet, let us overlook any bias which we may have about the man.

Samuel H. Miller in an article entitled "The Mystery of Our Calling" remarks that the modern non-religious writer of novel and drama recognizes him who is the essentially religious man and makes him the hero of his works. Miller cites the characters of Camus, Faulkner, Hemingway. The implication here is that man has not succeeded in losing his soul and that the sensitive individual acknowledges this fact though he may wonder at it.

We are left to conclude that the writer is an individual who may or may not have orthodox religious beliefs. If he is a believer, he will probably make this known in his writing to some degree. And this is not, in itself, a Bad Thing. It is only in the case of one such as me whose religion clouds the little art I possess that the would-be poet, playwright, or novelist should revert to writing sermons and just sermons instead. It's a matter of honesty as well as belief.

Shirley MacLeod.

Preconceptions in Music

Taste in music is shaped by what we become accustomed to. It is not difficult for us to believe the story of the oriental, who, after a symphony concert, remarked that he had enjoyed the performance until the gentleman started to wave his little stick. Needless to say, if eastern musicians tuned their instruments in a manner that suggested the scale that we are used to, we would more than likely make a similar comment.

Unfortunately familiarity in music tends to breed contempt not for what we know, but rather for that which we do not know. On a relatively unsophisticated level, we can all think of people—for some of us this comes very close to home—who avow that Rachmaninoff's C Sharp Minor Prelude is the greatest piece of music ever written. While, at the other end of the scale, there are those rare souls who will tell you that Bartok is the only composer whose works are worth exploring.

Much time is wasted by music lovers in trying to settle whether one composer or period is better than some other. Those who prefer the highly personal outpourings of Romantic composers like Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt will heap scorn upon their Classical predecessors—Mozart and Haydn. Not to be outdone, the purists will retort, perhaps, that Beethoven is organized noise. The pseudo-eclectics will spend their time romping in the ever-green meadows of the Baroque, and tell us that Vivaldi is the ultimate answer.

Let us pause for a moment and see whether it is possible to steer a sane course through this musical maze. To take a familiar example let us consider Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto. A simple explanation of this work, and of other concertoes of the Romantic school, is that it represents a struggle for supremacy between the soloist and the orchestra. Granting that this work is a very popular one, and that we fall under its spell, how will we react to a Mozart concerto? If we accept the Romantic view we could easily be disappointed. The essence of the Classical concerto is balance—a polite and spirited dialogue between soloist and orchestra. Unless we train ourselves to listen for the subtle variations that so often occur when themes are repeated, we are robbing ourselves of a potentially enjoyable experience.

Another very real danger lies in associating stock phrases with a particular work or composer. Try as I would in writing this, I still found myself indulging in clichés such as "highly personal outpourings." We must always be wary of such traps—other typical examples are "the soaring melodic line of Puccini" and "the forward drive of Beethoven." These tags have their value, but we should never place too much emphasis upon them.

The basic difficulty lies in attempting to apply language to a non-

COMMENTARY

On the Religious Man as Literary Man

Once, not long ago, I tried to write a play. Indeed I wrote it, beginning, middle, and end (with a most pathetic death for the heroine). Technically, I admit it was not particularly competent, but dramatically, it had even less merit, being rather static, and the dialogue — well, we shall come to that. The play, in script, was a flop. Semi-consciously, I had used it as a vehicle in which to set forth, and, in the process, clarify certain of my religious tenets. Whenever one of my characters spoke more than two words, he preached a short sermon. My religion inhibited me to the extent that I could not create persons who had wholly rejected the validity of the religious experience. My atheist spouted of love, acceptance, and forgiveness with an unfortunate ease. I had failed as an artist because my personal faith had intruded into my creative act: this was true at least in part.

Yet there are "professional" dramatics who might be charged with manifesting the same fault. The "message" is obvious in the plays of T. S. Eliot. Man is a pilgrim who must first find his special way through life and who then must travel it. Celia Copelestone of *The Cocktail Party* joins a religious nursing order and follows the road to martyrdom. Colby Simkins ceases to serve as *The Confidential Clerk*, and it is expected that he will eventually enter holy orders. The action of Graham Greene's *The Potting Shed* revolves around an event which is accepted by some of the play's characters as a miracle. These dramas may be criticized for too much talk and too much time spent in formulating *credos*; but when we consider that Archibald MacLeish's wonderful piece of theatre, *J. B.*, is a retelling of the Book of Job, we realize that a man's religious feeling need not interfere with his art: it can serve to enrich it.

The religious man has a literary medium which is his alone, moreover. He can express himself in devotional poetry whether he be a mystic as was St. John of the Cross or a "metaphysical" poet like George Herbert; he may write very readable sermons as did John Donne; he may even give to the world a memorable figure such as the loveable Don Camillo (for who we are grateful to Giovanni Guareschi). Thus, if the man of faith feels uncomfortable in the field of "secular" writing, he can still exercise his literary talent.

We do not leap to the attack when an unorthodox believer such as Shelley of Wordsworth expresses his feelings in a poem or play.

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Editorial

The Great Canadian Identity is a fallacy. Just what is it that we are trying to preserve from the insidious Americans? We produce the best of Shakespeare at Stratford, the best of Tchaikowsky at the National Ballet, the best of the States on the C.B.C. And yet, with ear-splitting cries and chauvinistic flag-waving (the Union Jack), we proclaim the Great Canadian Identity.

Quietly, behind the scenes, there is a national force developing. The French-Canadian, in an effort to preserve his race, is coming across with original material. He has built his own equivalent to the O'Keefe Centre, in the form of the Comédie Canadienne, and he is writing and producing Canadian plays. His television soap operas are his own; he has his own Canadian Hit Parade. To make his expression more readily available to the rest of Canada, he translates his work.

Perhaps what English Canada needs is foreign domination.

Saint-Denys-Garneau, a foremost Canadian poet, was born in Montreal. The greater part of his work was written in a three-year period, during a spiritual crisis which came about at the age of twenty-two. Garneau's poetry shows a preoccupation with children, death, bones and bird cages. His own death occurred at the age of thirty-one, in 1943.

Dedication

to Saint-Denys-Garneau

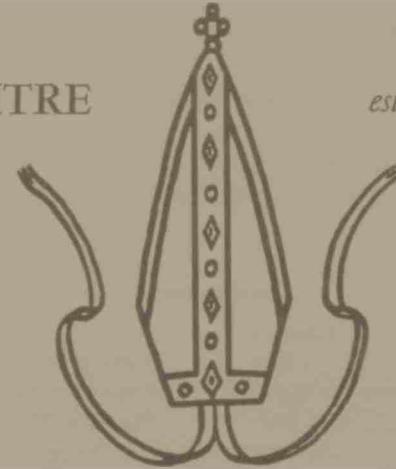
Voilà ma boîte à jouets

Pleine de mots pour faire de merveilleux enlacements

Les allier séparer marier . . .

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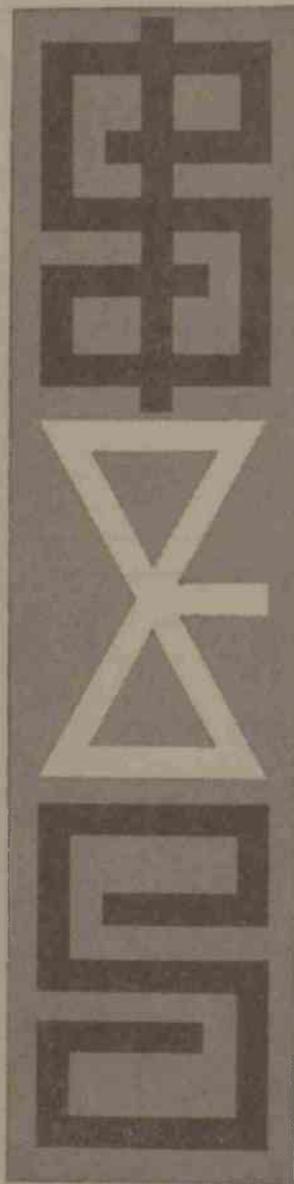
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I came creeping
Through the grass
Where roses bloom
And none had he

There was a little girl
I thought she would
I tiptoed near and—
She turned and sight

Bright was her face
Soft was her face
She looked at me, and I
Clay pieces at my feet

I left the doorned garden,
Slipped down beside the lake,
Where tender-footed, soft-eyed deer
Drew near their thirst to slake

Trembling with joy I gazed
They were so wild and free
I closer eyed—hey str—
L'— had

The Boat P

Mr. Banfi, II