

COMPLIMENTS OF

**ASBESTOS CORPORATION
LIMITED**

THETFORD MINES, QUEBEC

One of the leading industries
in the Eastern Townships.

◆
**PLEASE PATRONIZE
OUR ADVERTISERS**
◆

Compliments of:

FONTAINE et FILS, LIMITEE

Bakers and Confectioners



867 - 869 KING ST. WEST - SHERBROOKE, Que.

Sherbrooke Daily Record

The Only English Daily
In The Eastern Townships



Designers and Quality Printers

J. S. MITCHELL & CO. LTD.

164 Wellington St. N.
Sherbrooke

HARDWARE - CHINA - ELECTRICAL - PAINT
SPORTING GOODS

PHONE LO. 2-2662

W. W. I. Nichol

H. H. Nichol

JOHN NICHOL & SONS REG.

GENUINE DRY-CURED BACON
WHOLESALE & RETAIL MEATS

Phone LO. 2-1521

Lennoxville, Que.

Compliments of:

Page-Sangster Printing Co. Limited

406 Minto St., Sherbrooke, Que.

Sheffield Shop

Books - Gifts - Greeting Cards

LO. 2-0850

232 DUFFERIN AVENUE

SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC

Est. 1863

H. C. WILSON & SONS LIMITED

"SHERBROOKE'S LEADING FURNITURE STORE"

Visit our new Record Department

61-67 WELLINGTON N.

SHERBROOKE, Que.



*Now serving
our sixth generation
of young Canadians...*

HENRY MORGAN & CO. LIMITED

Compliments of:

KOURIS LTD.

SUPPLIERS OF *Linens & Household
Furnishings to Colleges, Hotels & Motels*



190 WELLINGTON N.
SHERBROOKE

- Tel. LO. 9-1260 -

HUNTING'S DAIRY

WE GUARANTEE QUALITY
and SERVICE

P.O. BOX 639

TELEPHONE LO. 9-5559

the **kiltie**

COMPANY LIMITED

96 QUEEN ST.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

QUALITY HARDWARE - PAINTS - TOYS & GIFTS

LENNOXVILLE BUILDING SUPPLIES LTD.

BENJAMIN MOORE PAINTS



Lennoxville, Que - Tel. LO 7-4874 or 7-4875

Compliments of:

LENNOXVILLE PRESS INC.

QUALITY PRINTERS

Office Supplies

P.O. Box 820 - LENNOXVILLE, QUE. - Tel. LO. 2-8522

Student and Modern Poetry

(If there is a distinction)

Once upon a midnight weary
 When I was so weak and tired,
 I contemplated over . . . poems
 in The Mitre, and found
 that student poets aren't.
 i read through poem arfter poem
 and came to the conclusion that style
 is so very personal that it doesn't
 matter if you conform to certain standards
 such as pentameter, rhyme, spulling,
 etc., etc., ad nausium.
 In fact! punctu'ation could be
 used: where-ever one

wished;?%)

The really most grammar brunged up the
 really most better.
 But wait: what was that rumbling sound?
 Perhaps it was Wordsworth upsetting his grave stone.
 Now that you've read over my poem
 It will be obvious that
 I didn't.

—Ross Paul



Montreal Trust Company

“. . . offering a complete financial management service
 to individuals and corporations—with offices located
 across Canada, in London, England and in Nassau,
 Bahamas.”

in the shade, by cool water. Why dehydrate out there in the sun? And Oliver Mellors, Lawrence's "natural" man can only cry out to the night and the wind—

Oh if only there were other men to be with, to fight that sparkling electric Thing outside there, to preserve the tenderness of life, the tenderness of woman, and the natural richness of desire.

- 1) 2) The Intelligent Heart—Moore,—letter from Gardiner
- 3) Lady Chatterley's Lover—
- 4) A Propose of Lady Chatterley—
- 5) Lady Chatterley's Lover—

This is the great Lawrencian chord. "The greatest need of man is the renewal forever of the complete rhythm of life and death, the rhythm of the sun's year, the body's year of a lifetime, and the greater year of the stars, the soul's year of immortality." We have feet of clay—why not plant ourselves in the universe again. The computers and soap-flake factories, the picket fences and contraceptives will not miss us as we sit on toadstools and feel the "streaming of the sun and flowing of the stars." Love should be taken out of "our civilized vase on the table" and grafted back on to the "Tree of Life."

And this is the man that old maids scorn and parsons burn on funeral pyres. This is the dirty old man that runs around pinching young thighs and writing "dirty words" on the sidewalk. This is a sad commentary on ourselves. Are we blind as well as insensitive? Will we only react to careful clinical analyses of the perverted or abnormal—and smear at what is normal, what is natural, what is right?

a world of made
is not a world of born—pity poor flesh
and trees. . . .

D. H. Lawrence spoke his personal gospel of the magic and wonder of life all his life. Lady Chatterley's Lover was his last plea. It is a tired and forlorn little book of a tired and forlorn little man. It aches in its big despairs and small hopes. The book indeed bears "a bruise of fear and horror" of our cold, cold world. The natural man and the awakened woman do not escape—their self and world communication is transitory. The overwhelming worlds of "insentient iron" and "cold minds" lets them play in the sun for a while, then drags them back. The "Mammon of mechanized greed" laughs at the futile energies of the make-believe angels.

The escape is important and the rebirth is central. Connie Chatterley and Oliver Mellors manage to come together with life—"the perfect heart-beat of life, systole, diastole."

And it seemed she was like the sea, nothing but dark waves rising and heaving, heaving with a great swell, so that slowly her whole darkness was in motion, and she was ocean rolling its dark, numb mass. Oh and far down inside her the deeps parted and rolled asunder, in long, far-travelling billows, and ever, at the quick of her, the depths parted and rolled asunder, from the center of soft plunging, as the plunger went

deeper and deeper, touching lower, and she was deeper and deeper and deeper disclosed, and heavier the billows of her rolled away to some shore, uncovering her, and closer and closer plunged the palable unknown, and further and further rolled the wave of herself away from herself, leaving her, till suddenly, in a soft, shuddering convulsion, the quick of her plasm was touched, the consummation was upon her, and she was gone. She was gone, and she was not, and she was born: a woman. (1)

1) Lady Chatterley's Lover—229

But the symphony is unfinished and musicians are sent home; the crowd cannot stand silence.

—Judy Banks

References:

- Harry T. Moore: *The Intelligent Heart*: Heinemann: U.S.A.: 1954.
Edmund Wilson: *The Shores of Light*: Farrar, Straus & Young: NY: 1952.
D. H. Lawrence: *Sex, Literature, and Censorship*: Collected Essays.

Death of a World

The thought of a wind
once stirred in the heart of a bird,
and it struck the air with whimpering wings
upon an endless night;
its feathered might riding
the arrows of the moon;
ever rising in swift anger,
as if its passage
could shatter the vaulted night.

Until at length, it reached
a broken star;
and with it
fell
in brilliant
glory,
and both star dust and feathers
were blown away,
by the thought of a wind.

—Jack Rose

simple and complex than that. Simple because psychology and sociology will never provide more than a partial answer to the human situation. Complex because each individual is composed of an infinite number of possibilities.

Pope was right. "The proper study of mankind is man". Squaring the circle is only a mathematical exercise --- nothing more.

—Roger Snape.

Strength

Where to find it?

Here and there and everywhere.

How?

In a tree, by the sea, with me.

Time?

Any, every, then, now.

Place?

Human race, a lazy cow.

For strength is a tree, a mountain, a song.

Strength is a smile, withdrawn, long.

Strength is a butterfly, a bird, a drink,

A lake, a hill, a thought to think.

Strength may be life, love, hate.

It is give, receive, help, take,

A human being, a handclasp true.

It is found in me and so in you.

—Christine Angin

The Naturalism of Lawrence

David Herbert Lawrence was a moralist and a humanist; a lamentable combination for an age which has outgrown humanism and morality. Jean-Jacques Rousseau wept that his mankind was in chains and he dreamed of golden men that ran around naked and free. D. H. Lawrence, as a tempered ancestor, looks also for his "natural" man. He is looking for:

... the wholeness of man, the wholeness of woman, man alive, and live woman.

His prescription is quite simple: dare to be born, alive. Unfortunately, it seems that we like to be old, civilized, and quite dead. Why life is so much easier to analyze and crystalize now that we have put out the fire. Man is well preserved in ashes. What shall we call our age—the great white-washing of body and soul? How redundant it is to attempt to contact life and the cosmos when it can be so nicely distorted on "artificially-lighted stages" or phychiatrist's mirrors!

Love, sex, all that sort of stuff, just water-ices! Lick it up and forget it. If you don't hang on to it in your mind, it's nothing.

And what strange creatures we must be to "exist" from "Void to Void"

What a strange creature, with the sharp, cold, inflexible will of some bird, and no warmth, no warmth at all. One of those creatures of afterwards, that have no soul, but an extra alert, cold will.

1) The Novel—essay—Sex, Literature, and Censorship.

2) Lady Chatterley's Lover—104

3) Lady Chatterley's Lover—189

D. H. Lawrence speaks out and dares "to disturb the universe." There is more to life than sanitation and the metaphysics of Plato. He dares us to throw away our coffee spoons—and to measure our lives as "Warm, white flames." "It was a nourishment of the mind that he affected, clothing the spirit with pulsing flesh and blood." (1) Lawrence dared to go "beyond the human individual, beyond social groups, to the landscape itself." (2)

The wood was silent, still, and secret in the evening drizzle of rain, full of the mystery of eggs and half-open buds, half-unsheathed flowers. In the dimness of it all trees glistened naked and dark as if they had unclothed themselves, and the green things on earth seemed to hum with greenness . . . Nothing made any sound. The trees stood like powerful beings, dim, twilit, silent, and alive. How alive everything was!

"Do you not see?" he seems to be saying. "We are bleeding at the roots, because we are cut off from the earth and sun and stars. . . ." "Mankind has got to get back to the rhythm of the cosmos and permanence of marriage." Mankind has to become human again. It is pleasant here

The world is covered with a big, black, plastic dome
 And there is no light.
 Beneath the dome there is a fog.
 This is the mist of myths.
 Being young is believing in them,
 Growing old is realizing that they are not so,
 The hurts pile up and that is dying.
 But, there is hope . . .
 For there are a few who scratch away at the blackness
 With their little needles.
 There may be light.

—Robert Wikstrom

i would rather
 stop and talk
 here on the Bridge
 a little while longer for
 i am told
 on the other side are spears
we can set an umbrella
 under the sun and whisper
 until the bitter and the wind
 blow
 the spark
 out.

—Judy Banks

Squaring The Circle

Another radio interview, an indispensable link in the chain of every lecture tour. Another intense young face mouthing the eternal question,

'What is the significance of your latest novel?'

Significance; the most abused of all words in contemporary criticism. All that some young entrepreneur has to do is to lock himself in a garret for twenty years and create abstracts from coat-hangers, and finally some critic will declare that his work is "SIGNIFICANT". Then comes the killing; the acclaim and the money. The secret is to find a gimmick and keep plugging away at it, as if you believed in it.

You may say that I sound bitter. It's not that at all really, but the thought of the pattern that my interviewer will follow. A lot of questions skirting the central issue in my novel. A multitude of tangents neatly drawn, so that if they were projected until they met, the circle would begin to look like a square at first, and then become even more polygonal.

A favourite line of attack is the psychological one.

'I admired the psychological perception that you displayed in drawing the principal protagonist. Tell me --- frankly --- did you hate your father?'

I hate myself because I usually mumble a reply couched in the same kind of jargon. Then I throw in a few remarks about Freud and the Oedipus complex, because it all sounds so terribly sophisticated.

Closely related to this is the creativity oriented question.

'What striking occurrence or illuminating idea compelled you to write this way?'

I balk at saying that my wife has run up bills which have to be paid, or that the power company is threatening to cut me off. I scratch my head --- and suggest that I was so fascinated by watching the happenings in an ant colony, that I had to pass my observations on to mankind.

This sort of answer usually causes my questioner to fix upon sociology.

'What does the position of your hero in the group imply about your attitude towards society?'

It would appear dishonest --- intellectually dishonest (that's even more impressive) --- to say that I never wanted to imply anything of the sort. Much better to infer that I resent the way in which society forces the individual to conform to its standards, and that my hero represents the ideal "individual".

By this time my analytical inquisitor is congratulating himself on having assessed my significance, and my audience believes that I subscribe to all the popular clichés. I don't, for I believe it's all much more

On The Fall of Man

Most pitiful image
of doubtful lineage,
casting your hate
in a pendant state
'twixt void and void.

Conquering all
with a pseudo pall
of unbelief
for things unseen,
unfelt,
unloved,
rejected!

I am not there
for all you care;
I never was:
unwilling son
of a god of none,
whom you insist
cannot exist.

Tread not my way
frail creatures of clay
and you will not stay
at the dawning of day
to know,
that
I AM!

—Jack Rose

High in a world
of rose-coloured dreams
I sit among vegetables
and gaze at my seams

—Sara Allnut

we could not love
for fear sat on long shoulders
and stole a dark to wait while
two hearts broke on a hum-line
and apated in a many world
we could have one-ed on a spider-web in
a wonder-world . . .
but that was a child's ago.

—Judy Banks

The steel universum
of yellow and blue
on the tandem bike
of God and the Muses
that is the vision
of the poet.

He paints on the water
the light of the windows
in the marvellous mirrors
on a fata morgana

Eternity caught
in an icon of music
which the close-up
of human infinity.

—Tom deHoop

"The ultimate in thinking as in communication is silence."

C. Jaspers, Reason & Existenz

Why then, my love,
We must be perfect in our communication
And we must think perfection.
For so seldom do you speak
That I am forced to wonder
If your thinking is at least as empty
As is our silence.

And if it is, my love
Why then the ultimate in our relationship
is reached.
And it is time to move to one
Less ultimate, but interesting.

—Peter Brigg

a silly little melody
will wing you back
to taunt and touch
me from across the table
so while teasing my heart-tips
you topple
the make-believe
in the world i sand-castled.

—Judy Banks

The Con

This damn degree is the last thing
I ever wanted, she thought,
Lifting her white dress to show
Her rounded knees.

No, I never dreamed this day would
come so soon.

Damn it all.
They always were my best feature—
Perhaps if I

Go on? Yes. I hardly feel I've had
the time.

To accomplish anything worthwhile.

I'll try Australia—they say there
The ratio is better. But all those sheep
And all those sheep ranchers!
I'm sure that man is staring.

You've tried personality and brains
Long enough; now employ
Other charms. And the skirt
(Lifted Again)

It would be a hellish life.

Oh, it does make me sad
To hear the Alma Mater for the last time

That ass is crying over it.
Those maudlin sentimental girls with their big fat
diamonds

And daddies. I could send them
Right straight to

He is staring!

Thank God they're round
Not knobby A sheep ranch. Lord!

But I'm sure I can
Put my little store of knowledge
To good use.

—Anne Thompson

"Yes," she said, "the river gives one a feeling of strength. It flows with a purpose. It knows where it's going."

We sat down on a bench, very close together, and felt extremely secure.

* * *

We left civilization behind when we turned off the highway and cut across the rough moorland towards the coast. Leaving the motorcycle at the top of the cliffs we scrambled down to the deserted beach.

As we chased each other in and out of the waves we washed away the smells of the city and of travel. Hand in hand we came out of the sea and lay down on the soft golden sand. Everything smelt clean and fresh. There we lay, all afternoon, relaxed, at peace with oneself and one another.

* * *

Strange how unrelated incidents will suddenly pop into one's mind.

It was the fifth time that we had been to the theatre together. As usual we had seats up in the gods — that is where young lovers were wont to sit, — the seats were unreserved, and cheap, besides one sat there for atmosphere.

We had trekked all the way down to the main floor and were drinking lemon and lime, waiting for the final act to begin. Everybody was standing around, and was either sipping a drink, blowing smoke rings, or discussing the play.

One voice, louder than the others, came from the centre of the room, "The two leads are not giving themselves to their parts. They act as though they were jealously guarding something that they had been promised, and intended to have. They are on guard the whole time."

* * *

It had not been a very satisfactory evening. It was noisy and hot in the dance hall. My feet would not keep in time to the music and we either stood on each others' toes or bumped into other couples. Besides I could not think of anything to talk about. Finally the last waltz arrived. A tired voice echoed through the dance hall,

"Now is the hour,
When we must say . . ."

"Come on, let's go."

It was foggy and miserable outside. I hailed a cab.

"No, I will walk back. Goodnight."

* * *

Yes, she was dead. Quite dead.

I glanced up at her window. The shades were drawn. Somebody was standing in front of the light. Automatically I gave the same signal as I pressed the buzzer. The light went out and footsteps came down the stairs. The door opened and a figure stepped out.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come."

She was of the same height, her eyes were the same colour, her hair had not changed.

I looked at her again.

Yes, quite dead.

We walked along the street, a leaf floated gently down in front of us.

"I am glad I put on a heavy coat," she murmured.

"Yes," I replied, "it is going to be a cold evening."

—Ray Clarke.

When Spring Rumbles

The soft spring rumbles away the last twilight of winter,
And the night becomes gentle with the laughter of rain
In stippled puddles.

The small grass wonders at this weak liquid—
(Sweet, warm tears from the hunchback rain-god)
Prying life from every dark corner of creation;
Humbly, silently purging the adulterous earth
Of the secret faults of Autumn.

Would that I could purge the white cobweb of my soul's long winter.
But I must wait until the crimson hill transforms the droplets
Into the red rain of Calvary.

—Jack Rose

I wish
I was
living
dying
laughing
crying
floating like foam
with eyes.

—W. J. Murray

Peace

Peace is a bird that sings,
 A bell that rings,
 A love that brings.

Peace is a star at night,
 A moon that's bright,
 A shining light.

Peace is a river so still,
 A garden, a rill,
 An ecstatic thrill.

Peace may be in you,
 Found in a shoe,
 In all you do.

Peace is love, and only love,
 A girl, a dress, a glove
 A church, a bell, love.

Peace is marriage perfect and true,
 For me and you imperfect.

Peace is a thought, a mind, care,
 For peace is everywhere.

Our world may be still and good,
 In nature, love, and food,
 In contemplation, the brood

May find peace in self the most;
 At home, at sea, the coast.

Peace is here and there, a ghost
 Of a breath or shadow.

A door, a chair, a silent window,
 A painting, a work of art;
 Found deep in the depths of the heart.

—Christine Anglin

La Ronde

Yes, she was dead. Quite dead.
 I remember her eyes — dark and round. We were never properly introduced — a corridor cleared through the smoky haze of the dance hall — “May I?” — Our first dance.
 “That’s a long way round — much quicker to walk — along a few streets and you’re there. I’ll show you.”
 Perhaps people saw a boy and his girl walking home. It was not us. With fingers entwined we floated along the deserted streets.
 “Goodnight.”
 “Goodnight.”
 “Till to-morrow”
 “Till to-morrow”

* * *

We stopped outside the coffee house.
 “Heaven or Hell?”
 “Oh Heaven is too bright and there is hardly anyone there. Let’s go to Hell.” Quickly we passed through Heaven and descended into Hell.
 We had to pause at the bottom of the stairs — it was quite dark. Red lights placed behind devil’s masks shed little light. Skiffle music provided a background — no-one listened.
 “Two espressos, please.”
 Sipping the latest craze we listened to the comments of our contemporaries.
 “Oh, I thought it was perfectly divine, didn’t understand a word, but the acting was simply too much.”
 “She went to L.S.E. and now she’s living with a Red.”
 “Did you get Tommy’s latest hit?”
 “Asked me to go to bed before he even offered me the part!”
 “I’m stuck on the opening chapter.”
 “Did you?”
 “The critics are way off the beam.”
 “He went home to mother so she had to get a job.”
 “Actually, I’m resting at present.”
 “They were like long lost friends on the telly but you should have seen them after the show!”
 “Oh, he is just trying to be an An Angry Young Man.”

Suddenly I wanted to get out of Hell. I took her hand. A little re-assurance was what I needed. Life lost meaning in such an atmosphere.

We left Soho and wandered down to the embankment. Our hands had clenched each other as we left the coffee house, now they were relaxed, enjoying the contact.

Sign On A Door

Call me poet
 or whatever you like
 But I don't sing of happiness
 I don't know of gloom
 The stars rivers moors are prose and
 hope— hope beauty love
 are forgotten my freedom or fright
 if that still makes sense.

So don't talk to me girls
 of women of boys
 don't talk to me men for what you know
 I will never reach and freshmen don't smile
 and don't make me laugh . . .
 don't call me a good guy you friends
 and don't call me a sinner for that
 does not touch me . . .
 I am the angel of stone.
 but stir when you touch me.

s.v.p. ne me parlez pas
 et ne riez pas mes amis.

Tom deHoop

I miss you not, my love
 and so to dream again;
 I fool myself
 and run to stop the empty
 with people, teas, and talk . . .
 But the others are so little
 in a you-remembered world.

—Sara Allnut

To A Negativistic Positivist

"It's getting rather late," I said,
 He gently cocked his ear,
 "You say you want to go to bed?
 Your meaning is not clear."

And so I gazed upon my watch,
 Still he sipped my beer,
 I yawned and stretched and held my head,
 My meaning was not clear.

"Get out! Get out! You hanger-on,
 Quickly get you hence!"
 "Your words have oomph and mood and tone
 Completely without sense."

He felt my foot upon his seat,
 He landed on his ear.
 "My name is C. S. Pierce," I said,
 "And now my meaning's clear!"

—Anne Thompson

it is a shame you are so
 insensitive for i saw
 slight-blossoms and tree-roots
 by the road and thought maybe
 you would like to know of apples and trees
 but then you are not the one i am looking
 for you are of the the surface-breakers
 that must miss the golden ring
 and life.

—Judy Banks

Johann Sebastian Bach

The grey desolate sea was my mood:
 Out of the mists the sea to my soul
 Shouted a grey song.
 Black pointed rocks spoke my regrets.
 The sea's noise with the
 Soprano shrieks of the gulls
 Were the tempest of my soul.

In chorus, sea, bird and rock cried:

Hope is as the wave poised on its
 Green translucent edge;
 It must fall and its frothy substance
 Passes away into the sand.

—Helen Digby

i love you he said
 and like sand dunes
 the walls of the city
 were swept aside by the snow-night
 letting the street lights like stars
 pour into the arms
 that held spring's laughter
 in the lilting of a kiss
 light-bound.

—Judy Banks

Bach?

Yes. Bach!

That mathematical old fogey!

You see the problem in trying to say something in defence of Bach. Not very much comes of telling people that he was the first and most important of the three "B's" --- the others being Beethoven and Brahms. Prejudice is so easily maintained and perpetuated that sometimes it is easier to say nothing, but, if musical tolerance can be passed on, certainly more people should learn a little about Bach.

Those who regard Bach as a mathematician, who ground out an almost endless series of dull fugues for the organ, should expose themselves to the variety and vigour to be found in the Brandenburg concertoes. Better still they should talk to an organist who knows Bach, and have him --- or her --- point out the many possible interpretations that can be applied to the fugues.

No dramatic moments in Bach! These declaimers might listen to "The St. Matthew Passion". One example is especially noteworthy --- the way in which the "halo" of strings, which accompanies the recitatives of Christ throughout, is silent when He becomes human and cries, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Bach's identification with church music may have proved a stumbling block to some. It is a mistake, however, to think of any of Bach's music --- either religious or secular --- as the dry offering of a self-righteous man.

Bach had a wonderful belief in God, and a firm conviction that earthly life was only a step to something better. Consequently any of his music that contemplates death has a serenity about it that defies description. But Bach lived very much in the world too. He had time to marry and to bring up sons --- Carl Philipp Emanuel and Johann Christian are two --- to take their own place in the stream of musical history. The "old peruke", as one of the sons called his father, was passing on the tradition of music that had been so important in the life of the Bach family for so long.

Recognition of Bach's genius did not come immediately after his death. Two men, Felix Mendelssohn and Samuel Wesley, did much to revive interest in Bach's work in the early nineteenth century. There is no question now as to Bach's right to be included in the front rank of composers.

Bach?

—Roger Snape.

Dedication and Editorial

6

Contributors

Like You Know	9	John F. Hogg
Poem	10	Helen Digby
Poem	10	Judy Banks
Johann Sebastian Bach	11	Roger Snape
Sign on a Door	12	Tom deHoop
Poem	12	Sara Allnutt
To a Negativistic Positivist	13	Anne Thompson
Poem	13	Judy Banks
Peace	14	Christine Anglin
La Ronde	15	Ray Clarke
When Spring Rumbles	17	Jack Rose
Poem	17	W. J. Murray
Poem	18	Peter Brigg
Poem	18	Judy Banks
The Con	19	Anne Thompson
On the Fall of Man	20	Jack Rose
Poem	20	Sara Allnutt
Poem	21	Judy Banks
Poem	21	Tom deHoop
Poem	22	Robert Wikstrom
Poem	22	Judy Banks
Squaring the Circle	23	Roger Snape
Strength	24	Christine Anglin
The Naturalism of Lawrence	25	Judy Banks
Death of a World	27	Jack Rose
Student and Modern Poetry	28	Ross Paul

... Like You Know ...

Well, I was jiving down the street
to a Kingston Trio beat
when the chick up ahead
stopped dead
and said:

Man, you are like not with it. Have you
not yet been clued to the fact that the
Kingston Trio is passé? Now it's like
the Limelitters.

Chick, said I
with a smile that was sly:

That I dig. But my theme for today is
nonconformity. Besides, I like the Kingston
Trio.

Man, said she
with a grin full of glee:

So do I. Shall we?

Let's

So we went jiving down the street
to a Kingston Trio beat
until the cop up ahead
stopped us dead
and said:

Look, bud, I can't stop you from wearing
a beard, long hair and sunglasses. But
when you start singing and dancing in the
street, I can and will drag you in for
being a public nuisance. So cut it out.

She looked at me
and I looked at she
and we both shrugged
and bugged
out.

Like, it's a conformist world, you know?

—John F. Hogg

Dedication

to Henry David Thoreau

*"If a man does not keep pace with his companions,
perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer."*

Walden, Conclusion

* * *

There is a time in each person's life when he feels that he should write. His ability is irrelevant — it is the fleeting moment, the side-ways glance, the newly-discovered irony that pressingly demand expression.

For the many, the time is short, and the desire soon lies buried in practicalities; for the few, the time is not an instant of life but the whole, and the urge is inextricably bound up with their being.

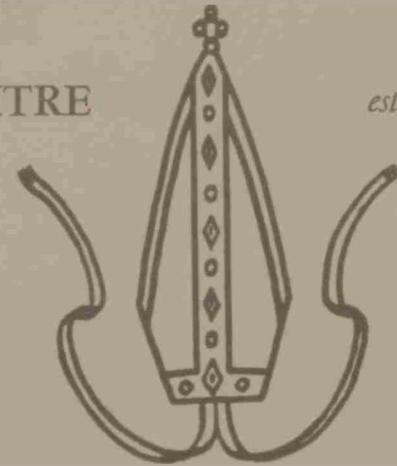
For most, the time is youth. Then only do they hear a "different drummer." Then only, perhaps, are the many free to listen.

The *Mitre* is for those who hear their drummer, however faint or insignificant the beat, and respond.

The Editors

THE MITRE

established 1893



J. Gray • Honorary Vice-Presidents • A. J. Motyer
Honorary President • W. O. Raymond
Editor • Anne Thompson
Assistant Editor • Bob Harlow
Women's Editor • Judy Banks
Business Manager • Ron Crowley
Circulation Manager • Jane Martin
Art Editor • Ann Cox

Literary Board

Judy Banks	Jane Martin
Roger Snape	Kay Delaney
Ron McIntosh	Marion Ballantyne
Gay Mitchell	Jean Cumming
Kathy Anderson	

A Student Publication of Bishop's University
Lennoxville, P.Q.

The opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the contributors only and do not represent either the views of the Students' Association or those of the University. Material may be reprinted without permission if proper source is acknowledged. Advertising and subscription rates will be sent on request.

Build for your future
by saving at



**CANADIAN IMPERIAL
BANK OF COMMERCE**

Over 1260 branches to serve you

**YOU
CAN
SHOP
WITH
ASSURANCE
AT
EATON'S**

Whether you shop in person, by phone or by mail, whether you are outfitting your family, or making important purchases for your home, you can count on value, selection and the all-out protection of Eaton's famous guarantee: "GOODS SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED."

Shop with assurance at Eaton's **REMEMBER**, Eaton's Will Not Knowingly be Undersold.

T. EATON CO.
OF MONTREAL

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED



The student who makes good use of the services of the B of M gives himself a big boost towards ultimate success. Regular deposits in a B of M Savings Account will build you a financial reserve for future opportunities; while proper use of a Personal Chequing Account will keep your finances in line. See your neighbourhood B of M branch soon.



BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817



BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

127th Year

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

SEPARATE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

For further information apply to
Headmaster, F. R. Pattison, M.A. (Cantab).

Compliments of

CODERE LIMITED
30 WELLINGTON STREET

- NFCUS Discount -

LO. 2-8555

111 QUEEN ST.

LO. 2-8556

CLARK'S PHARMACY REG'D

D. M. PATRICK, Prop.

Your Friendly Family Druggist

"PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS"

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Established
1875



"MEN'S SHOP"

33 King West

Sherbrooke

Compliments of

J. A. GERVAIS
BARBER
LENNOXVILLE

**WHEN IS
LIFE INSURANCE
MORE IMPORTANT?**

. . . When your Estate is small?
. . . Or large?

If a man has been able to accumulate a few other sizable assets, the importance of Life Insurance to his family's security is clear . . . it enables him to create an Estate that will provide for his family should he not be around to do it himself.

In a large estate the role of life insurance may not be quite so obvious, but it is certainly no less important, for life insurance can provide the immediate cash needed to pay debts, succession taxes, etc. It makes liquidation of other Estate assets unnecessary at a time when sale of securities and property might result in serious shrinkage of the Estate.

May we suggest a meeting with you, your Insurance man and one of our Trust Officers to discuss this important subject.
No obligation, of course

**SHERBROOKE
TRUST
COMPANY**

75 Wellington St. North

FOUNDED 1843



ROYAL CHARTER 1853

**Bishop's University
Lennoxville, Quebec**

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

Honours and Pass Courses are provided
for the following degrees:

Arts . . . Science . . . Business Administration

Post-Graduate work is provided for:

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

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

High School Teachers Certificate

VALUABLE SCHOLARSHIPS AND BURSARIES

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

THE REGISTRAR
Bishop's University
Lennoxville, Que.

Sherbrooke Daily Record

*The Only English Daily
In The Eastern Townships*

+

Designers and Quality Printers

Est. 1863

H. C. WILSON & SONS LIMITED

"SHERBROOKE'S LEADING FURNITURE STORE"

Visit our new Record Department

61-67 WELLINGTON N.

SHERBROOKE, Que.

J. S. MITCHELL LTD.

— 164 Wellington St. N. —

N. F. C. U. S. DISCOUNTS

◆
**PLEASE PATRONIZE
OUR ADVERTISERS**
◆

