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G: whose shoes?
 B: and a blue dress and a heart that is never sad and oozes life at every pore.
 G: why You are the poet!
 B: and laughs at all i say, and sings, and is so full
 G: of life and love and youth and sunshine and magic Because of an Us.
 B: see! i knew you would save me. i was about to disintegrate into the conventional, you say things so much better.
 G: speak to me in formulas, rhapsodize Dalton and Einstein in my ears.
 B: then Beethovn took the little girl by the hand.
 G: he was a mechanic.
 B: and said i love you.
 G: i can't hear you, the static is terrible on this sunbeam, shall we move to another one? as i was walking here over the rainbow tonight i said
 B: i wonder if he has remembered to wash his teeth tonight
 G: we will skip pebbles
 B: ad infinitum
 G: across the pond and speak to goblins that have bare feet and dangle from tree-tops.
 B: and dry your clothes on a hickory stick.
 G: you are deteriorating again, we have to keep this conversation on a high poetical level, this is not at all correct, speaking as an expert.
 B: poetry suits you, it becomes you, it is wrong for anyone else, in fact that is all you should wear, poems.
 G: for i am a tree in the garden of Arden, Orlando . . .
 B: Gardenburg.
 G: i knew i could always depend on you! why
 B: are you so different?
 G: different? all i am is a talented exuberant exciting sintillating anglo-saxon of hong kong origin
 B: and i a dark dangerous russian
 G: don't say it, for i am going all the way to nowhere so let us stop in now and laugh and sing and tell sad tales of the death of kings and i know laugh at gilded butterflies for lets away to prison.
 B: not now, for we will away to Outer Mongolia where i will breed billy goats and apples and play my recorder from the mountain tops and you will sit in the bottom of a lily pond and write your completely chaotic stuff
 G: but what will Aunt Minnie say? and the Gardenburgs? and
 B: nothing why nothing for i won't be just sitting on my mountain top, i will be making apple cidar and we will send Aunt Minnie and the Gardenburgs a jug every christmas
 G: Yon Kipar.
 B: who is he, a friend of yours?
 G: the Bagels? How did i like them? i don't quite remember being introduced to them . . .
 B: quick, you were tasting love a minute ago.

G: and sitting on a sunbeam even though it's night and
 B: there is only for now is forever and foot-loose and fancy free
 G: we will sit forever in now on our sunbeam and laugh
 B: at your butterflies and your pigeons
 G: but i hate pigeons
 B: and your pigeon pies
 G: you darling boy
 B: she said it, she loves me, she has committed herself, adoringly, forever and forever she said until death do us part
 G: that's what they all say
 B: okay, that does it, i hereby cut you out of my will.
 G: i bequeath to you a jar of crickets, a lily pond, one powdered sunbeam, a room near springtime, and two snowmen in july
 B: two snowmen in july?
 G: that's us.

—Judy Banks.

* * *

Enough! or Too much.

—W. Blake

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- Be flattered—at least I am not speaking to you with right subelavian arteries and vagus nerves as quotation marks.
- F: Here is my daily ration of sympathy. Now that I have done my duty where's your father?
- B: What do you want to see my father for? Right now how I envy him! He is so completely unconscious. I am sure life to him is the paths in the park and the most vital purpose in life is to avoid these paths. He is so fortunate and free.
- F: While your mother . . .
- B: I know. He is driving everyone else around him mad. But to be him. He putters an existence around himself. My mother must be to him a persistent magpie—when he can no longer avoid her he passes her a few crumbs.
- F: And he's happy?
- B: No. I can't say that. But if there weren't all these birds and reminders.
- F: God who wouldn't be happy on a palm-treed island! Hey Boy this doesn't sound like you at all. At the bottom of ice buckets! And oceans overhead.
- B: Okay Okay so let's run around your block nude. Those two birds across the way need it. They have hated me ever since we got venetian blinds.
- F: I've got a better idea. A much better idea. She
- B: Oh no! Sorry Buster not this time! The last one raped me before I got in the car.
- F: This time it is different. This one is cool and collected. I have warned her of your weak constitution and she promises to wait at least two dates.
- B: Sorry Friend the call of pathology is stronger than crepe de chine.
- F: I have to sit down to take this! I never thought that I would live to see the day when.
- B: You aren't being the least consistent. Here you have just been applauding my futures.
- F: But—Diversion. All work and no play
- B: Go.
- F: This one is special. Look I would take her for myself but she doesn't like the colour of my eyes.
- B: Last time . . .
- F: Different. This time it's different. You two are perfect. Come on what can you lose?
- B: My virginity.
- F: I am serious. Just meet her. Maybe she will even laugh at your jokes. She is not very discriminating. Look all you have to do is meet her, buy her coffee, and lose her on the subway.
- B: Duty calls.
- F: Half an hour?
- F: Pathology.
- F: She is waiting in the car downstairs.

- B: You son of a.
light fade. The next scene is in night and blue lights. Some time has passed. Days even. The Boy and Girl glide together. There is sheer delight in their words simply because.

Act I: Scene 3.

- B: how long have you been here?
- G: a year and a day. what has taken you so long?
- B: people places things. come let's not talk about them. did you hear what has happened?
- G: no! tell me quick
- B: there has been a disasterous flood. a hideous castastrophe. i can't.
- G: ass!
- B: the torrid heat of yesterday . . .
- G: humm?
- B: has made all the glue. you must sit down. on trading stamps melt. it has been flowing through the streets since lunchtime. sixteen have drowned.
- G: you mean?
- B: it was bound to happen. it will creep and crawl through the windows and shades. none of them will be spared. this is The day of judgment. the great end. soon there will be no one but
- G: you and i.
- B: and us. "in a world of ordinary people."
- G: oh my god he is going to sing. i can't take it. you were right. it is utter and absolute and complete torture to put me through this.
- B: i am so glad
- G: that the glue melted. you are so sensitive you know.
- B: madam so this is you first taste of love. will you tell our listening audience in ten words or less how you happened upon this profound realization in your dull humdrum form of existence?
- G: what do you mean dull humdrum?
- B: madam you are avoiding the issue. i am pluming the deep dark depths of your black heart.
- G: oh no you're not. well, you see i first noticed this terrible pain in my back. then it crept to my sides. then i found that my vision had fogged. then a certain palsy overtook my hands and then i knew my time had come
- B: you were pregnant?
- G: immaculate i tell you. there was this flash of light and out of the clouds a voice thundered Samuel Samuel and i ran to my uncle who was sleeping in the hammock across the hall. this all took place in a chemistry lab. and
- B: a manikin turned around and said "Do you see that all handsome Jew coming down the escalator?"
- G: but a Chinese professor came to my rescue for he had two trained crickets in his pocket And
- B: he said "Look at that girl with the laughing eyes and shining hair"

Two Snowmen in July

This is a play that, I suppose, is traditional in theme if one can be sure of things like properly defined themes. A play of young people looking into the two sides of tomorrow: on one side there is the dream-life of the mountain side in Outer Mongolia where Shangrilas are realized, and the other side that is with the world and in the world of houses with windows and streets with side walks. The dilemma, and I believe there is one, is not an unquestioned acceptance of quote the "unconventional" in life or the "conventional" but an uncomfortable looking into oneself to see what is important, what will have to be given up. The girl in my play is the greatest dreamer for she tries to "pull" a both—and, and tries to show how important are moments—no matter how transitory.

I suppose this may be loosely called the "philosophy" behind my play. But this does not imply that this effort wears the trappings of grandeur. It is an attempt to talk of two young people very much in love with their youth and the sunshine and their worlds. It is a happy play in spite of words like "dilemma" and "philosophy" and it just speaks. Here are a few excerpts from Act I: The first scene tells something of the world and the responsibilities of the world the Boy is committed to and also tell of his dream and his temptation to escape that is about to enter his life. The following scene, the Boy and the Girl are together in their dream world twenty stories high.

Act. 1: Scene 2.

The Boy is alone on the stage surrounded by his books. The most obvious prop is his desk. His Friend and confidant comes in and speaks first.

F: Greetings!

B: Fellow Romans Etc I didn't hear you come in.

F: O Deep Thoughted Distant One. I worked up this phrase all the way up here. You don't think I could let it pass do you? What is it tomorrow?

B: Pathology. Hey, I didn't expect to see you until Wednesday. What brings you into the finer atmosphere today?

F: I refuse to take offence. I have decided to have an unlimited tolerance for medical students. In fact, I have even decided to become interested in your welfare. I have decided that I am going to take you under my wing.

B: Good God!

F: And look after you and protect you from this biting snarling world. Well? What do you say to that?

B: What can I say? Friend—and I use the word with care and licence—thank you but . . .

F: And now that I have taken control of your future and destiny.

B: I knew it. You couldn't be satisfied with one of your own.

F: I think you need a change.

B: A change? It's coming . . .

F: Why are you so suspicious of me? What have I ever done to you?

B: Now that you mention it . . .

F: Retraction. Secretary scratch that statement from the records. No seriously Chum you are depressed lately. As if you had the whole world sitting on your shoulders.

B: I do.

F: God how can you complain

B: Complain?

F: Good looks talent a shifty scapel and a golden road stretching into tomorrow.

B: Your damn golden road seems to be winding itself around my neck!

F: Your Mother has been talking to you again.

B: It's not only her. Only I am feeling overwhelmed—like I am in a ten foot tank that has suddenly got a layer of ice on top. I don't know. Maybe a hundred others feel this way. I just don't think I can do it.

F: Man if you can't do it—nobody can!

B: Every once in a while you sit down and realize how unalone you really are. It was once so nice to look over your shoulder and be convinced that no one was following you. That you were responsible To You. But now. It seems every time I look over my shoulder a whole tribe starts clammering.

F: Sure the whole tribe of Israel.

B: No it's more than that. It is not only the fact that They are with me—it is also the fact that they must follow my steps in the snow.

F: This is normal.

B: I don't care if it's normal. Right now I am talking about me! I have enough people in my present without you bringing in all of mankind with the word normality! I am having enough trouble managing those who feel they have an a priori right!

F: Simmer down. I am complimenting you. Three-quarters of mankind don't realize that they aren't truly alone, that life is not one glorious run around the block nude.

B: It is just that with all of these fine expectations around me I just don't feel I can live up to them to sound perfectly conventional.

F: Momentary depression in life number 81652.

B: I am so afraid that I am going to disappoint them and as a result disappoint myself. I don't know. Like this pathology. What am I doing wanting to be an M.D.? It seems this stuff is lead. It is bound and determined to stick to that page. Definitely not to any of my gray matter. Do you realize that I have been here for three hours three damnable hours and nothing rien blank!

F: See I was right. I knew you needed me right about now. A change says the G.P.

B: The only changes I can understand are the decaying of nerve cells.

Social Call

He had come down and drained a vein.
 It had no function;
 I still could smile; and even
 run . . . when it was useful.
 I could see all His reason now
 and understood success.
 And I laughed at children in their small distress.
 I still could see flames at a hearth,
 pouring their gold upside-down;
 I still could feel the warm air
 rising off scarred water;
 I still could sense the shiver
 caused by blackening suns in winter;
 yet I laughed at children in their small distress.

Sometimes i saw those who burst their freedom
 in my face,
 and sometimes smiled at the fool
 who ran the road, unnecessarily.
 My quietness shunned the dreamer.
 But the scar was still there,
 although the vein had had no function.

—Michael Ondaatje

i would very much like to take your hand
 before you go
 and swing a night lighttime from a tree top
 leafed in stars and white frost

and talk
 or sing
 then drop
 a kiss like honey

and
 vanish with the goblins
 at sunrise.

—Judith Banks

* * *

the word

the word
 is written
 on
 tenement walls
 and picket fences
 it brands
 the dusty flanks of
 passing streetcars
 and
 little boys use it
 in ignorance
 while those
 who know
 blush
 and do it

—Ken Livingstone

we will steal a park out of the world
 and a day out of life
 and sit in a moment by grass roots
 and wonder why
 we still bring out paper ducks
 in a room near springtime
 when the sun meets the wind
 and there are crickets.

—Judith Banks

* * *

Life

Life may be cherries, a robin in a tree.
 It may be coals, a miner beneath the earth.
 It may be roses, a bride's happiness.
 It may be thorns, a widow's sadness.
 It may be fun, a clown's amusement,
 Or laughter, a child's entertainment.
 It may be despair, a restless soul,
 Or pure content, a lover's bliss.

—Chris Anglin

A Prose Lyric

And I went down to the edge of the sea, down where the jungle trailed away and was lost in white sand. The sand was scattered with jungly places, and I heard again the song of the cockatoo. The sea was whitecapped and the waves suckled the rocks. There was a moon.

And I stood on a sandy place that was an island between two green jungles, and the cockatoo sang in one and I saw the seagull white-winged above the other. I went down to the water's edge and it was cold and there was a wind from beyond the reef.

In a flash of lightning she stood naked against the storm and her hair leapt in ragged strands from her tossing head. She laughed, and the beach was a million crunching pearls under her running feet.

Afterwards she came to me and the wind was in her hair and I stopped counting the stars above the tangled trees. We launched the skiff and the wind sobbed in the sails as we went out among the dancing white horses, while the surf boomed along the reef.

Once a wave broke across our bows and she laughed as the water trickled from her hair, and I steered the boat to where the white foam chased the pebbles up the beach.

We made love on the sand with parrots screaming above us while the sea came and went and the sand was hollowed out where we lay. Later when we walked back along grassy paths, the drums were in our ears and the fireflies lit the way. In the jungle, life slithered on its belly and crawled on its knees and in the trees, it cried to its maker.

—Ken Livingstone

known to people of Bishop's University. A native of the Eastern Townships, he has always taken a strong interest in contemporary affairs as well as historical events in the region. He is a member of the Executive Committee of the Corporation of this university and Chairman of the Building Committee. At present he is collecting a number of valuable documents relating to the early history of the area for presentation to our library, and as the library now contains the sum total of three catalogued items on the Eastern Townships (including the book under review), the great value of Mr. Scowen's contribution may be realized.

Mr. Edgar A. Collard, Editor of the Montreal *Gazette*, has written a foreward to the book, and the authors have supplied a concise and helpful historical background. For those whose interest is aroused by the prints and the historical summary which precedes them, a 78-item bibliography is included at the back of the book.

Any resident of, or visitor to, the Eastern Townships, any person curious about the past, and all students of this university should look through this book, *The Eastern Townships, A Pictorial Record*. It is now on the shelves.

—W. Gillies Ross.

* * *

A Generation Speaks

Angular, alone—far from conformity—
A sinewy hawk he leans
Over the doorway.

He is speaking but ears are closed.
He tries to make his point
But it comes flat, unadorned,
In haste and unheeded.

He knows and shifts.
Long arms fall and he whispers away
To the wall and turns.

—Helen Digby

aimless,
we flee, shrinking from the
clammy choke of paralyzing irrationality;
blood-flecked hollow eyes flicker
with murky distrust,
and screaming streaks of fire
and purple throb of crimson agony
and dull thud of dark finality
wrench our ringing ears from ashen skulls,
grasping hands freeze white outstretch'd, and fingers,
itching for the Real,
crumble all they touch into the powder
of elusiveness.
our eager senses, panting after certainty,
are ruptured in the strain of panic,
disembowelled
by gnawing fear;
we are but grey grasshoppers rotting in an Eagle's land.

—Paul Gooch

* * *

Qui es tu qui ose d'interrompre
Notre quiétude
Ne vois tu pas?
Ne vois tu pas
Notre complaisance
Et ces questions qui nous mene
A penser?
Ne vois tu pas
Notre course dans un sens-unique
Et toi qui veut qu'on se retourne
Vers nous-même pour réfléchir.
Il ne faut pas arreter le trafic
Des gens 'sérieux'.

—Kathleen Anderson

Book Review

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS, A PICTORIAL RECORD, Charles P. de Volpi, F.R.P.S.L., and P. H. Scowen, D.C.L., Dev-SCO Publications Ltd., Montreal, 1962.

Mr. Ross is a lecturer in Geography at Bishop's University.

Students who have visited Tom Beattie's barbershop in Lennoxville will perhaps be familiar with Felton's 1832 sketch of the crossroads where the traffic lights now hang. Tom acquired a photographic copy of the sketch a few years ago, being a collector of things relating to the old days in the Eastern Townships; he has other sketches hanging in his small shop, as well as a large aerial photographic mosaic of Lennoxville in modern times, to bring the record up to date. It is no longer necessary, however, to submit to the shears in order to see Felton's 1832 sketch, for it is contained in this pictorial record of the Townships, along with 120 others, and you may own a copy of the book for \$15. If, rather than a sketch, it is really a haircut you desire, then there is no substitute for the barber.

This book contains reproductions of important drawings, paintings, and engravings done in the Eastern Townships between 1830 and 1880, and before the publication of the book it was not possible to see all of these prints together at any institution in the world, a fact which goes far to emphasize the real value of the document for those interested in the past. It is also important that the years covered by the collection were the formative years of these Townships, years in which the "Waste Lands of the Crown" remained waste no longer but were colonized by Scots, Irish, English, Loyalists, and finally French Canadians.

Look at Bouchette's sketch of Sherbrooke, done in the year 1836; it shows better than any descriptive writing the style of architecture, the function and the distribution of the buildings at the junction of the Magog and St. Francis Rivers. The location and appearance of the cultural features of the landscape are valuable knowledge in themselves, even before one stops to consider and appreciate the artistic merits of the sketch.

Of course, Sherbrooke was different in those days. For one thing, it was attractive. In 1830 it contained not more than 350 inhabitants, and judging from the sketches by Bouchette, Felton, and Bartlett, it was a settlement of some quaintness, a quiet village of considerable charm. And yet the present industrial concentration along the Magog River had its beginnings in the first days of settlement, for Hyatt's grist mill was built before 1800 on the left bank of the river, just opposite where Steinberg's stands today, perched on pipestem legs above the swift-flowing waters. By 1834, the time of C. B. Felton's sketch, and 1836, the time of Bouchette's sketch, Hyatt's mill had disappeared and one on

the same site was owned by Wm. B. Felton. Today Southern Canada Power is there.

The scenery of the Eastern Townships has long attracted and pleased both residents and travellers. The large number of landscape sketches in the book record the restfulness and tranquility for which the area is famous, through the eyes of several artists. The best known of these artists is certainly William Bartlett, a roving Englishman whose many drawings of Canadian scenes appeared in 1842 in the book **Canadian Scenery Illustrated**. No fewer than 21 of Bartlett's prints appear in this book, including views of Bolton, Owl's Head, Orford Mountain, Magog, Georgeville, Lake Massawippi, Stanstead, and Sherbrooke. Among the local artists represented in the book is William Hunter, born in 1823 at St. John's and buried 71 years later at Stanstead after a Jack-of-all-trades sort of life in which he is known to have worked as "artist, illustrator, and designer . . . mining broker . . . and . . . a manufacturer of boots, shoes and harness." Another local artist was Allan Edson of Stanbridge, charter member of the Royal Canadian Academy, who died at Glen Sutton in 1888. Works of these and fifteen other artists are reproduced in this book.

In contrast to landscapes, sketches of mills and railways indicate the rise of industrial activities, a less tranquil aspect of the region's history. Included also are prints depicting occasional catastrophes, such as the train collision of 1879 on the South Eastern Railway near Waterloo (plate 84) and the explosion in the same year of the Kingsey Falls paper mill (plate 83).

Interesting too are four sketches done at the Vermont border during the Fenian Raids of 1870 by Adolphe Vogt of the Canadian Illustrated News. This journalistic assignment probably makes Vogt one of the earliest Canadian war artists. The Fenian Raids were not much of a war by modern standards, but the Eastern Townships have not sponsored any more impressive military exercises. It is true that General Arnold and a small army paddled, capsized, waded, and straggled down the Chaudiere River to Quebec in 1775, and true that there were moments of excitement, if little more, during the War of 1812 and the rebellion of 1837, but the Fenian Raids saw the repulse of an enemy force from Eastern Townships' soil at the Battle of Eccles Hill, an encounter which well deserves space in this pictorial record.

And so it is not only landscapes which appear in **The Eastern Townships, A Pictorial History**, but also buildings, boats, covered bridges, roads, railways, vehicles of all kinds, people and events. Of direct interest to students here, and especially those who have read Dr. Masters' book **Bishop's University, The First Hundred Years**, are the several sketches showing the University (plates 29, 39, 45, 65, 75, 104). Of these the earliest is that by George Mountain, D.D., done within a year of the opening of the institution in 1845.

Mr. Scowen and Mr. de Volpi deserve great praise for the collection and publication of these old prints. P. H. Scowen is especially well

Fairy Tales

Take a ride on a rainbow, climb a beanstock way up high,
sail in a peageen boat, and chase a cloud across the sky.
Wet an eyelash with a drop of dew, match the robin's song,
and dream my friend, oh dream, yes dream the whole day long.

Slay a fiery dragon, mock a giant's wrath,
dance within the fairy ring, and ramble with an elf.
Count each tiny twinkling star, and sail the milky way,
and dream my friend, yes dream, for life is not so gay.

Voyage the tossing oceans in search of pirate gold,
match with sword, and spear, and shield the warriors of old.
Savour every precious drop from out the cauldron's brew,
for in a world of sadness, such drops are scarce and few.

Yes frogs are frogs and castles air,
and thorns grow high about the princess's bier.
For passing years the spell destroys,
and life is but a once-upon-a-time, a dream of ancient joys.

—Ken Livingstone.

✱ ✱ ✱

quick
let us go to the wall
while our coats are red and our hearts like grass
to walk in the white magic
of snow spread like a sea
and on the hill

we will stop
and slip a sunset from our pockets.

—Judith Banks

In Search of Happiness

It was hot today. The spluttering surf woke us up among the empty wine bottles and full ashtrays still steaming their dry dust all over the room. We dragged the useless sheets off the floor and onto the bed at last feeling that now we were going to get some sleep.

Someone had lit a cigarette on the other side of the room and I watched its sensitive, flickering line rise and bound on and off the ceiling, caterpillaring across its sky. I fell asleep, loosing the tune of a sad song.

The sun must have oiled its way through the green shutters and it settled quietly on my feet. I watched this warmth for a long time and would have remarked how pleasant it all was when someone died on the pavement outside. Wild screams got us out of bed and into the street, and we watched them carry the body away. The man had been very rich. Someone walked over to where he had fallen to see if he had dropped any money.

And then I went back to bed, but by now the sun had moved and was no longer at my toes. I tried to move the bed but a table was in the way.

—Michael Ondaatje

✱ ✱ ✱

We are the trivials
in sound proof chambers
striving to be heard
but walls don't talk.

—Sarah Allnutt

Pastoral

Babbling at me through
Four seasons now,
This two-bit creek makes
Sense at last.

Even if we
Don't survive, even if the birds and bees,
The plants as well,

Fade upon some final blast,

The water will remain,
And rock.

One feels a new respect for
Metals, rare-earth, salt—
And, that relatively immortal blue gas,

The sky.

Oh, one can't
Ascribe much virtue to
Solid, liquid, gas—those elements.

They can't make mistakes.

Yet,
Like water, they
Refresh.

Let's not be too proud.

Listening to this babble gives me hope—
Even for the tiny jet,
Which disappears,

Like a needle in the cloud.

—D. G. Jones

At The Edge of The Garden

Water runs down through the rock
And over the boards where the children
Were making a bridge.

The moon
Has slipped through the net of the fir trees—
Out in the foam.

The children are sleeping.

All through the village there are rooms that are empty,
The students have gone,
And down in the valley evening comes on

Like a slow sea.

Sappho alone in her garden on Lesbos
Watching the moon as it rose over Sardis
Tuned her thoughts to the sound of the sea . . .

The water runs down through the rock in the darkness
Here in the garden,
And Sappho again

Longs for a dark-eyed daughter of Lydia,
Paler than ivory, walking tonight
In the gardens of Sardis . . .

O slender Selene!

The water is running through rock in the darkness
Here in my garden—
The moon has gone like a fish in the sea.

—D. G. Jones

Mr. Jones is a lecturer in English at Bishop's University. His writings include two books of poetry, The Sun is Axeman and Frost on the Sun.

To the Editor:

I enclose several poems which you might be able to use in *The Mitre*. They have grown out of relatively ordinary moments of experience during my year and a half at Bishop's. They are not revolutionary in character, but they are as carefully fashioned as I can make them at the moment.

I should like to see *The Mitre* encourage more students to write.

To write a poem—a story or an essay—requires an extra effort, I admit, and the student may not feel that it is worth the extra effort just to see his name in print or to feel that he is mixing with the literati. In all probability he is also justified in thinking that his contribution to *The Mitre* will never appear in an anthology of Major British Writers or even Major Canadian Writers. But such motives for writing, if not altogether rare, are irrelevant. It is not for these reasons I would suggest more students write.

To write a poem one must give one's experience shape, and to do this one must, to some extent, come face to face with one's own inner life. Such an encounter is always worth a little effort, and in an age such as ours, when men and women are notoriously out of touch with their inner lives, it may be worth double the price.

Further, to write something that is not just a fake, one must put the language on trial. At a time when we are deluged with language, much of it counterfeit, it is surely healthy now and again to put every word to the test, to try each coin with one's teeth, making sure that it rings true in the context.

We tend to look upon art as a luxury. To some extent, no doubt, it is. But it is not just a cultural adornment which we "wear with pride" and occasionally lend to the state department to display to our neighbours. The art or literature of a country is a record of self-discovery. Those who produce it are making articulate the nature of their encounter with the land, with their fellow men, and with themselves. Everyone, in the measure that he would know himself, must do the same. The results may not be of universal or perennial interest, but if they differ in quality they do not differ in kind. Not a little in the literature of any country is the work of men and women who set out with no intention of creating a work of art but who wished simply to articulate to themselves and to others, in diaries, in letters, or in journals, the implications of their experience.

The process is unending. Every man, like every age, is faced with the challenge of defining his experience in his own terms. No matter how well an experience may have been expressed before, whether it is falling in love or learning to accept a defeat, one must find one's own words to describe it if one is to make it intimately his own.

Most of the writing of any age will pass into oblivion. That does not

mean it is of no consequence. It may be of great value to the men and women of the time. Contemporary writing, the work of the avant-garde, is not just the record of what people have thought and felt, but an exploration into the ways of thinking and feeling that are necessary or possible to the people of that age. What may be felt as an obscure urge is gradually defined as the writing proceeds. It is the work of individual men and women who are not simply writing to tell others what they know, but who are writing in order to discover more clearly for themselves what it is that they know.

So why shouldn't everyone write, not to contribute works of art to some literary showcase, but to realize more fully his own inner life—to articulate more clearly, in jest or in earnest, the potentialities of human experience.

There was a time when a man of parts was expected to manage his voice as well as his horse, to handle a sonnet as well as a sword. As a rule, today, he can handle neither. He tends to take more pride in what he can possess than in what he can do. And rather than write a line on his mistress, he prefers to pay the copy-writer for a quatrain on soap. It may be easy to let others define the shape of our experience for us, but I submit that in the long run it is cheaper to write.

Yours very sincerely,

Douglas G. Jones

* * *

Alchemy

It lay in the snow,
A roll of candy, like a bar
Of amber or

Of cinnamon.

I picked it up, remembering
How slowly we become
Callous to loss.

I roared

And two small boys
Stopped, still not aware
Some pocket in their winter clothes

Had played them false,

Still needing to be told
Why something in my hand
Had turned to gold.

—D. G. Jones

Jacques Prévert (1900-)

Jacques Prévert, as well as being one of France's most popular poets, is the author of over forty scenarios and film dialogues with *Quai des Brumes*, 1938, *Les Enfants du Paradis*, 1944 and *Les Amants de Vérone*, 1948, among his most well known.

His surrealist poetry had been recited and sung in French night-clubs and had gained wide acclaim long before their first publication in 1945.

The following taken from his first collection of poems *Paroles*, published in 1945, are indicative of his aversion to social order and convention and of his own inventiveness.

✱ ✱ ✱

I've Seen Many

I saw him sitting on another's hat
 he was pale
 he was trembling
 he was waiting for something . . . anything . . .
 war . . . the end of the world . . .
 impossible for him to act or speak
 and the other
 the other who was looking for 'his' hat was paler still
 and was trembling too
 repeating
 my hat . . . my hat
 and he felt like crying.
 I saw another reading the newspaper
 and another saluting the flag
 and another in black
 he had a watch
 and a watch chain
 a wallet
 the legion of honour
 and a pince-nez.
 I saw another dragging his child by the hand
 Screaming
 I saw another with a dog
 and another with a sword-stick
 I saw one crying
 and another going into a church
 and another coming out . . .

—Jacques Prévert
 (J'EN AI VU PLUSIEURS)
 tr. from French—Kathleen Anderson

The First Day

White sheets in the closet
 Red sheets on the bed
 A child in its mother
 The mother in labour
 The father in the hall
 The hall in the house
 The house in the city
 The city in the night
 Death in a cry
 And the child in the world.

—Jacques Prévert
 (PREMIER JOUR . . .)
 tr. from French — Kathleen Anderson

✱ ✱ ✱

Quick Sand

Fury and awe
 Winds and tides
 In the distance the tide turns
 And you
 Like a reed gently touched by the wind
 Dream in the sands
 Fury and awe
 Winds and tides
 In the distance the tide turns
 But in your eyes
 Two small waves remain
 Fury and awe
 Winds and tides
 Two small waves and I drown.

—Jacques Prévert
 (SABLE MOUVANTS)
 tr. from French — Kathleen Anderson

The Indian Summer:

You walk your shorts show the tan you
acquired during the summer your feet in
loose sandals.

The air is bright it is warm and cool at
the same time just enough to make your
skin curl a little.

The wind hisses and leaves are falling
gracefully, and you stand and let
the flying leaf touch your face.

You walk up the road and suddenly
you are fresh and teasing like the wind.
You kick the heaps of leaves
and you hear them crunching under
your feet to golden dust. And you
open your mouth and can't stop giggling.

The shadow is in the bright golden
light and you stand under the tree
and it is your golden palace.

No branches, but golden skies.

A beautiful leaf catches your eye, you
lift your hand and catch it . . .

And you have just ruined a dream for in your
hand you see a dead leaf, shaken
you look up and another moves softly
on the branch and again your hand follows
your eye. You take it and look through it, here, you capture
your dream of the beautiful bright and gold around
you and the shadows that whisper,
Not knowing you giggle again.

You are wrong you should be sad, with
the dying leaves around you, you should sense
the coming frost, but right now you
can't imagine it, it simply can't
disappear. There you lie
your face on the grass and you smell its
warm sweetness and your ears
hear the golden red symphony of the
whispering leaves.

—Judith Rotem

Jam Tomorrow

Waiting one two three four five . . .

Will I always wait?

Next please

I get so tired

Sorry nothing today next please

Maybe tomorrow will be different—

"All things come to those who wait"

Everything happens tomorrow.

I've been waiting a long time

Sorry Miss we're closing now

But you said—oh.

I've waited so long.

Work now, play later

Sorry it's too late

We are too young—don't rush things

Wait till we're older

(Sorry you're too old)

Sorry you'll find someone else some day

All things come to those—

You are too young, too early, tomorrow, next year

Sorry Miss, too late now

Next please

All things come

All things . . .

Sorry.

—Dot Gillmeister

* * *

I loved a glance, a smile,
a touch, blue eyes
and lovely words.

I loved a young spring day
and a splendid dream.

So blame me just a little
I never loved you.

—Sarah Allnutt

in return for security? We ourselves, in a situation not nearly so difficult underwent government by Orders-in-Council during the years 1940-45, a period during which individual rights amounted to very little.

I have not answered yet what the people are like. Why, they are like any other people, gay, thoughtful, happy, resourceful, intelligent and plucky. The students sing, drink, twist, jive, and play bridge. They range from devout Christians, occasional conformers, to non-religious. They discuss world politics, western fashions, and the latest movie with equal vigor.

Poland is a young people's country; a challenge as great and as real as that of the North American west of the nineteenth century. For the young and ambitious there is no limit to the potential. And fortunately for Poland there is a large number of young and ambitious, filled not with the bitterness of the past but with hope for the future.

—Dilys Francis

* * *

surely you do not think
i could walk away and let
the thunder of the water on the rocks
and the noise of the people meeting tomorrow on the stair
swallow up the sound of your eyes in a smile
or your laugh

for surely

we will pause in our futures
and unfolding your memory like a handkerchief
i will slide down the banister
to meet you for
a pebble-skip

into a night-sky

of sunsets.

—Judith Banks

* * *

Maiden's Lament

I am I;
You are you;
We are we
And we were two.
Then you said,
Come on, it's fun
And someday soon,
We will be one.
Now we
Are three

—Dot Gillmeister

the love story

It is quiet. The room is dark and tired and silent. I can see nothing.

The roof is square and squares and all is symmetrical.

I was smiling when I met her I remember thinking of a drawing of mole in Wind in the Willows. Drums came splattering into the foreground. I picked some tobacco off my tongue and reverted the smile back onto my face.

how would you smile on an occasion like that?

no. everything's too callous that way, make it love.
make it love or something . . . they like it that way.

I was smiling when I met her I remember thinking of a drawing of mole in Wind in the Willows

. . . I was talking to the girl. It had been a week of cigarettes and liquor fumes and socially appraised raindrops.

. . . and discussing an idea I wanted to get started in England. I think I was in France at the time. It was hot. We were alone. one and me. She had become interested in the idea and we found ourselves agreeing more and more.

the window had been left open and everyone was too cold to get up and close it. patter patter patter
goddam rain dossing around get on you fool . . . and stop keeping on about the weather

We shook hands on the idea although we had arranged nothing. She would get some money. I gave her a cigarette. now the scene merges into cold thinness and clouds and dust and somewhere here I lose control

it is very cold

In the sterile sunshine of nothing I am standing outside an arena of sawdust boarded by tall green railings. There is a crowd and I think my brother is somewhere near. He wants to meet the girl. The sawdust kicks in the air. Inside there are lions golden and beautiful and now there are people there with short swords, killing them. She is in there. I know she is fighting but I cannot see her.

I think my brother comes up to me now and we talk of her.

someone hurts a lion and after pausing the lion limps up to the man. The man drops his sword and goes forward towards it. the lion breaks his neck with one blow. another lion comes up to the first one and they fight for the body of the dead man.

She comes out and towards us. I give her a cigarette and light it.

I turn around to look at my brother. I cannot remember if I was smiling.

—Michael Ondaatje

Softly, madly, insistently
 Yet without cognition;
 Unknown longings seemingly begun in fantasy—
 In an ancient world of passion and forgiveness,
 In the simple fable of a rustic love,
 Ending, inevitably, in fulfillment.
 ... A pretty tale, but how far from life!
 —The muted pipes of Pan still sound for me,
 But in pale echo of their former tune.
 I am lost in the wood, the wood of realness and unrealness,—
 Yet I must seek on, driven by the subtle madness of futility,
 By the mocking laughter in the velvet night.

—Stephen Thomas

✱ ✱ ✱

She is gone now.
 Let rain fall upon my heart
 'till apples cease,
 and thunder strips the night of loneliness.

I would die now.
 Let lightning fork upon the pines
 'till night birds fly,
 and the world turns green with mould.

—Jack Rose

Poland

Poland—what can one say of her? She is the land of yesterday and tomorrow—yesterday killed her young men, ravaged the country; tomorrow may bring another tragedy. The neutral among Soviet satellites, her policy is determined by two factors; an irremovable distrust and fear of Germany, and the dependence of her economy upon the U.S.S.R. Seldom is her voice raised except as in 1957 when she proposed the Rapacki plan for partial disarmament. Poland's interests are at home.

Poles are not ideologists, they are a practical people. What other kind would have rebuilt a nation after the loss of six million of her most courageous and intelligent citizens? after her cities were destroyed brick by brick? after her industries were dismantled and hauled away by "friendly" forces? Poland survived and is recovering without the benefit of Marshall Aid, and while occupied by hostile forces.

What kind of people are the Poles? They have had twenty years of freedom since 1785. They have been used as pawns by world powers up to the present day. In the last war their suffering exceeded that of any other nation. Who can forget Auschwitz, the Warsaw Ghetto, the destruction of Wroclaw, and the wholesale massacre of the Warsaw population?

For them the peace did not bring relief and release—they were under the dominance of their "liberator"—the Soviet Union. Nobody in Poland today will deny that the years 1945-55 were difficult and grim; anything good that happened in Poland has happened since 1956.

The children born and growing up with this heritage—how have they been affected? They are the university students of today—our contemporaries. They form the young Communist clubs, run a student organization which puts NFCUS to shame, and are the most carefree students of the world. They have not forgotten but they will not remember. It is tomorrow which is important—today and tomorrow. "We are not as free as you," they frankly admit, "but things will be better." Freedom after all is a luxury.

"Can one eat freedom, can it keep one warm? After all, how can one build out of nothing, food and shelter for twenty odd million people? State socialism is obviously the only answer unless one is heavily financed by an outside wealthy power." West Germany with half the war damage, twice the resources and backed by U.S. money, has made a stupendous recovery. Today she is again a major threat to Poland's security. The "irrendists" of Germany are a vocal group clamouring for the return of the Eastern provinces. No one—but Russia—actively supports the Polish position. What to do? How can anything but a state of national emergency exist? What country has not denied itself individual liberty

Dedication and Editorial

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The Cycle

I hear the children laughing,
I see the seagulls swoop
across the yellow grass that's swaying
before the haying
causes it to droop.

And when the singing blade has cut its swath
and when the grass has laid its head upon the block
and all the shoots are off,
then ravens cough
while grubbing in the stems and in the stalks.

Now stained with green the sickle halts its rape
and ravaged strands of trampled corn
lie weeping in its wake,
for few escape
the reaper's scorn.

But when a man falls victim to the blade
and blood runs red
amid the stubble all decayed
and stains the earth whereon he's laid,
no tears are shed.

For when the oozing of his veins
is sucked beneath the earth,
a thrifty nature taps the source of all his pains
and, as before, life reigns
while screaming birds announce the birth

And corn grows high
and seagulls fly
and children dream their lives away
upon those fields of blood red clay.

—Ken Livingstone

Dedication to Vachel Lindsay

*Let not young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.*

* * *

An editor is a person who begs and coerces, and who watches his mailbox.

An editor is a person who occasionally slips something of his own among the offerings, sometimes because it is good, sometimes to pad the number of pages, and sometimes because he can't resist the opportunity to see himself in print.

An editor is a person who writes an editorial, which all editors know has never proved to be a great stumbling block for those eager to read the rest of the issue.

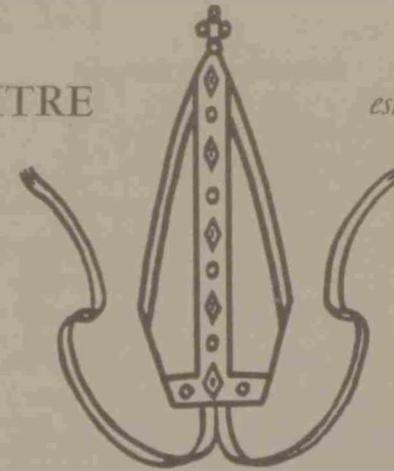
And in this editorial he is supposed to outline his policies, to give a brief resumé of what the reader is to expect, to justify himself, or to mount a soapbox.

Instead I am going to let the reader discover **The Mitre** by himself, and measure it by his enjoyment. He will find sincerity, and a certain amount of originality. The contributors seem to care and feel. Whatever they are, they are not leaden-eyed.

The Editor.

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Lennoxville, P.Q.

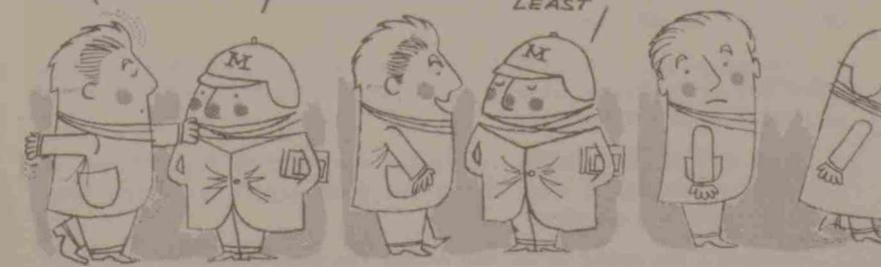
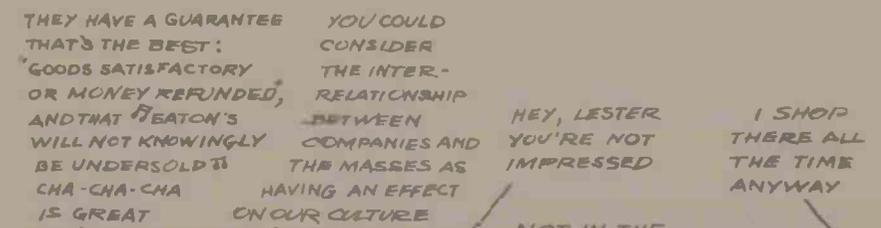
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