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.
in this issue

**poetry**

JANA VEVERKA
BOB HACKETT
DIANE CODERE
ERIC DOUBT
RALPH GUSTAFSON
DIANA HARRINGTON
DONALD COLLISON
KEN LIVINGSTONE
CHRIS MARSHALL
ANN MOLNAR

**prose**

J. D. F. ANIDO
ERIC DOUBT
JEAN BERWICK
JOANNA LYON
LARRY FLETCHER

**art**

ANNE HERRIDGE
TOM AU YEUNG

**cover**

GEORGE SIBER
acknowledgements

To Professors Gray, Gustafson and MacDermot for the interest they showed and the ideas they put forward.

introduction

In this issue of the Mitre the reader will recognize some familiar names and be introduced to new ones. The critic will perhaps sense that the talent displayed here stands on different levels of tone and quality. Our aim has been to bring a diversified group of writers, and to present a variety in material for your enjoyment.

Although you may criticize the rough style of the young, inexperienced writer, you cannot fail to feel the impact of his exuberance and sensitivity. This, you will find, is in contrast to the deeper perception, greater perspective and polish of the more mature artist. The sincerity of both can be appreciated and respected.

The reader will also encounter extremes of emotional and intellectual attitudes. Joy and optimism, disillusionment and bitterness are expressed in both poetry and prose. In one way or another the artists have become involved with life.

But there is one factor which many of the selections have in common: ‘Canadianism’. As you read you will dwell upon the experiences on a Montreal bus and in a Toronto tavern. Linger over descriptions of the Rockies “waiting with primeval patience” and of the Prairies’ “waves of wheat husky with summer luck”. Recall the sensations of autumn air and the “pressure of green spring”. Much of the writing has a pleasant and familiar Canadian ‘feel’ to it.

This is Mitre I 65/66. It invites criticism and we welcome it. No publication has ever improved without it.

THE EDITOR
A man cries because of gulls
alone in the wind
and a girl tosses her head
now and then
(testing to see if her earrings
are still there perhaps?)

In the early morning rain
a boy sings
nameless, a vagabond
with a cap on his head
he grins at me and
continues to play

barefoot I toss my head
and watch
— a silver ring
swinging in his ear

Pigeon droppings and
yesterday's smells
flood the square

A moment of rest upon the wind
and he's gone.

While he waited
the goatfooted lover
played his pipes to the lonely mountains
and insensitive gods,
(mocking their laughter with his tune)

The virgins fled in fear
from the sound
but Syrinx, lost in thought
came upon him, sitting on a rock
and was drawn by the sound.

The gods wiped their mouths in expectation
as Goat-Pan gave chase.
But one—in pity
(or jealousy perhaps?)
guided poor Syrinx to the pond
and she
fleeing in panic from the goatfooted lover
was turned into a reed.

The gods but one agree
that Pan now plays
sweeter music
on his new reed pipe.
we walked
through the snow
no sound but
our feet in the sunned snow
and the cool wind through the rocks

on
we walked
not a word

we circled the rim of a mountain bowl
and little balls of snow
left our snow prints
and tumbled toward the centre
like a five year old
painting the top inside
of a porcelain bowl
with dripping strokes

on we went
and left
our art
staring into the face of God.

A U T U M N  A I R

crackling leaves
cold wind

a whir
a dull clap of beating wings
a flock
of pigeons

pulsating
in a corrugated
metallic sky
AD ABSURDEM

three days of passion
and she cried on the first night

her skin was marred
her membrane dulled
yet out of love
she gave herself

crawled
He cried in the garden

He crawled
with a heavy weight
bleeding
to the skull's peak
pain
pang

we have forsaken

J. D. F. ANIDO

THE PRAYER OF AN EXISTENTIALIST

O Ground of all Being, basest of all that is base, than which no depth can be lower nor foundation more deeply seated; send up upon us the waves of thy fundamentality, that ceasing to partake of non-being we may awaken to the realities of existence, that so our relationships may be always person to person and our morality may be ever new. Enable us to live in the security of thy immutability, not for all eternity, for eternity is a mythological concept, but at least for the duration of the present ontological encounter.

Amen.

THE PRAYER OF CERTAIN MODERN THEOLOGIANS

"We must recognize that the death of God is a historical event: God has died in our time in our history, in our existence".

—An associate professor of religion
—As reported in a news magazine

O Secular Metropolis, Great Mother of our Society, who hast in our time slain the deity whose name is no more mentioned among us.

We thank thee for the freedom not to worship; for the ability to know and control all that is; for Time and for all publishers who propagate the writings for our profit.

Deliver us, we pray thee, from the un-American activities of all reactionary religionists, and bring to perfection the religionless cult of the orphan Man of our Time:

Through Dietrich Bonhoeffer our hero, who with the Father and the Holy Spirit lieth dead for ever and ever.

We hope.
FROM VANCOUVER

They were there again this morning
nothing yesterday
or the day before
just the rain
but this morning it stopped
and

I saw them

when I walk up the hill
I sense them peering over my shoulder
and I know they are there
even when I see
nothing

eye wait
with a primeval patience

I thought I could ignore them
but they still startle me
when I step outside
and find one looking at me
over a building

however
it can't last much longer
I'm just waiting
for the fog
when it's foggy

mountains go away

ON A BUS IN MONTREAL

Her breasts
are scarcely appreciable
and she is about to enjoy acne
yet her black sweater
fits as tight as the blue jeans
painted to her buttocks
and her eyes mock us
with no less defiance
than the one
they made a saint

He is less commanding
but more aware of his image
and the arm he hangs carefully
over her shoulder
is a pronounced declaration
and something of an explanation.

One is tempted to smile
but their assurance
is absolute and frightening
—they will grow.

Round his neck
he displays
a heavy wooden cross
and a heavier iron chain
the implications
outweigh the contradiction

and I return fascinated
to her eyes.
**PORTRAIT**

only eyes
and the smoke from her cigarette
climbing into the red light
clements of: suddenness warmth contact
a sprung hare/ quiver in tall grass
lava/ melting the villages
molding
the lovers
only a glimpse
eyes lips
hair (a suggestion of soft bronze)
together

leonardo's hands

---

**IN WAY OF AN APOLOGY**

One marvels at the precision of a swallow's nest
more precise yet its destruction:
three shots
a splattering of mud on the water and the dying swallow
screams its bewilderment
(a silent picture of gassed Jews)
the shattered wing like a filling sail slowly capsizes the bird and we shoot again quickly.

Our determination to be humane was quite genuine.
A CULTURED COMMUNITY

Somewhere in this suburban monoscape
there is, of necessity, a poem.
The uniform files of roofless cottages
pose like a graduation photograph
before a smiling pale blue sky
carefully hung with bits of cloud.
A nice sky, appropriate
as if it too conformed
to the artistry of the zoning committee,
it goes well with the aluminum diaper trees
now blooming in the afternoon yards.
No poem here — only the need.

But wait, there is a god
(perhaps behind the paint-by-numbers sky)
who with a wink upsets
the careful skittles of convention
for now a flick wind
betrays my tidy picture and
blaring outrageously against the sky
a splatter of colour defies the builder's pattern.
As deliberately disturbing as an extra nose
or Miro's sun
fly, innocent and unconcerned,
the red and white polka-dots
of my father's underpants.

The planning committee are throwing themselves
to the rush-hour traffic,
in the morning the contractor
will be found dead by his own hand,
and already, on either side, my neighbours
are packing their valuables and selling at a loss
surely the end is near?

Perhaps, but meanwhile: Vive la poesie!

JEAN BERWICK

LOLOTTE

Thousands of tourists scurry past her every day at le Louvre,
as they push each other toward the Mona Lisa, at the same time
consulting their catalogues, and wishing they had their cameras.
Lolotte looks out from the wall, her slanted eyes smiling eternal
wisdom, her painted mouth in a slight snicker, remembering.

She hurries down the tedious streets, half-deserted, her red hair
flying, her exaggerated heels tottering, her thin, blue frock blowing
up her legs. The lights of cheap hotels flash insistently in the warm
rain. Lolotte crosses the last street to a café. Pablo is there, lighting
his cigarette with an intense nonchalance, the young American negro,
Frank, in his dirty brown suit with the two buttons missing, and, of
course, Marie, fastidiously sipping her double Scotch. Her cheeks
flushed, and panting a little, Lolotte pulls up a wooden chair. She
is introduced to a very thin young man with dark hair. His name is
Amedeo Modigliani. She thinks to herself that his pale complexion
was probably meant to be swarthy. Her beautiful-cockeyed face, with
its flaring nostrils, badly pencilled beauty mark (like a fly crawling
across her face) and crooked mouth, belie her serenity. She smiles,
seeing a greatness in all of them; in Pablo, running his fingers through
his hair, in brown-skinned Frank, and even in the haughty Marie.
She looks next to Amedeo. And suddenly for the first time, someone
recognizes her infinite wisdom. Amedeo (although a little drunken)
sees the harmony of her golden tones — for a minute, he considers
brushing the fly off her face, then decides against it.

And now Lolotte is on canvas — immortalized. Once, two
people looked at each other, and understood.
In Memory of a Forgettable Incident

I remember sitting in a men's tavern on the corner of Yonge Street and Wellesley in Toronto, on a particularly wet and chilly late summer day. The air was thick with the smells of old beer and stale cigarettes rising from the bottoms of not quite empty glasses and smouldering ashtrays. A constant babbling came from every crowded, dirty table and the whole room was alive with this noise. It was like the noises that you hear in the background at large banquets or in a theatre before the curtain goes up. Business was good because of the rain. Two fat waiters were hurrying from table to table, each carrying a tray of six or eight glasses (beer slopping over the sides) above their shoulders. In the far corner at the back of the room I could see the open doorway of the washroom. It would be filthy inside.

The rain was streaming down the letters of the word NREVAT on the big window in front of me. I had an excellent view of raindrops exploding on the pavement outside. Every few minutes some unshaven and tired looking worker would rush past the window, throw open the door and step inside shaking the rain from his clothes by slapping and stamping. Finding an empty chair, crossing his legs and lighting a cigarette he would order a couple of beer by waving his fingers at a passing waiter. There was quite a bit of loud talking, laughing and swearing. A back was thumped or a fist was emphatically pounded on a table. Nothing of this was unusual though, and it struck me at that time that nothing really significant or important ever happened in a downtown Toronto tavern.

Yet, it is all these things that are so easy to recall; for when you are alone in a tavern, clean shaven, younger, better dressed than the other men, you can count on just sitting there quietly by yourself. Then there is nothing to do but smell, and look at and listen to, and wonder about the very ordinary people and things around you.

As I was getting bored with my social observations and thinking that I was being just a little bit snobbish in making them, I noticed that someone was coming towards the empty place which happened to be at my table. It was one of the only ones left in the establishment. He was a tall and very gaunt looking man in a brown faded suit of the style of the nineteen-forties. There was a shadow of a proud smile on his thin lips, reflecting what I thought might be a long standing bitterness. The cheeks were sunken so that shadows appeared in the hollows as the light fell at different angles on his face. I could not guess his age for he could have been simply old, but rather, he seemed aged before his time. He approached with a black mongrel puppy tucked and held partly inside his double breasted suit coat; and this was the only really peculiar thing about him. He placed a sopping, shapeless thing of a hat on the table, and sat down opposite me. Little puddles formed on the floor near his chair.

My guest remained quite still, his head was bent towards the face of the little lump of unhappy looking dog on his lap, and he stroked its wet head with a wet hand. A few men at the tables close to us looked around curiously at him, perhaps chuckled, and went on talking. I was trying to think of something to say to this shabby stranger, but I didn't get a chance to start a conversation for the waiter came over and said something about no dogs being allowed. The man at my table then stood up and tramped towards the door. He had looked directly at me for a moment and I had seen the beginning of a scowl forming in the corners of his eyes and mouth and on his forehead. As he slipped back out into the rain with his dog I obeyed a fantastic impulse to follow him.

In the street I quickly pulled on my rain coat and got in step beside him. I wanted to talk with him for the simple reason that he had brought himself and his dog out of the rain to my table back in that tavern. All I could think of saying to this poor fellow was, “It's too bad that you had to come back out into this weather so soon”. Having heard this he lifted his head just enough so that he could look at me as he spoke.

"Will you take this dog? We have no place to stay tonight".

He pushed the dog gently into my chest and my hands instinctively came up to hold it from falling. The man had spoken in a heavy whisper, the words falling from a nearly toothless mouth, and I almost did not catch them because of the noise of the rain. I stood confused holding the pup in my arm. He was walking quickly down the side street into sheets of rain, hands in the big side pockets of his suit coat, his head bent down far enough so that his chin must have touched his lapels. Two or three blocks down he turned a corner and I let him pass out of sight. Holding the dog under my coat I turned and splashed my way up to the subway at College.
The certainty with which this character had spoken and acted began to bother me. He had given me one question and one statement. They had been so put that they left no doubt in my mind as to whether or not I should have taken his pet. There had been no hesitation in his eyes when he had handed me the dog.

I started down the slippery cement steps of the subway entrance worrying over this incident. The dog was shaking violently inside my coat.

ESSENCE HAPPENING

the dawn comes on softly, silent;
and the night creeps out of nooks and corners.
imperceptibly the glow spreads from east to west,
awakening the world with a gentle nudge.

AN AFFLICTION

a still, silent moment lingers deep within man, waiting
it erupts, occasionally, and overwhelms
it diffuses throughout his being and leaves him naked
carrying him, helpless, into an inward infinity of darkness
inducing the agony of isolation
emerging, man weeps joyfully that his loneliness has passed.
CARTA CANADENSIS

The land starts dentelle, indented,
With tidemark of hills, broadens
Into dark green canting
Over rock eternal with loneliness
Northwestward tilting from granite
The ochre lakes. This
Is the great Shield clamped
On the place of love. Only
At the tide and inland littoral
Is there literal love. Wharves
Wash on the waves of wheat
Husky with summer luck,
In autumn harvested on the plains.
Fish and wheat, the promise,
Christ and bread,
Brought to the tables of
An iron land.

Backward
Up against the possible
East, the broken mountains
Of magnificence
Sheering the plainsoil northward
Out of sight, roses
Lean, provincial, burning
In their plot.

THE MORI: VENEZIA

The unadvised would think these four sculptured brothers
Attached to St. Mark's
Were the Babes in the Wood. They clutch each other
As though leaves were falling
And in their cloaks they would lay them down
Amid the cathedral of trees
The sun shining through
In one spot like the great burnished blade
Of Michael
Golden and glorious, the glance of God,
While the birds cover them forlorn
From the thin hot
Scimitars of Saladin flashing around
Jesus' tomb.
But they're not:
They're gazing dismayed
At Othello's snotrag dropped
On the Piazzetta as
He sweeps mad
Up the stairs.
They're out of tune,
Being born in the 4th century.
They sing 'Willow' for comfort.
One has lost a porphyry foot.
They guard the cathedral
But they are timid:
Christians embrace one another:
The Sunday afternoon with the doves
Goes up in a madness of colours.
Their four swords seem extra.
The Wicked Uncle in the dark woods, poking the leaves,
Picks innocent mushrooms.
THE COURTYARD

The court
Changes light.
Between the backs of buildings
Snow falls swiftly.
The sills of windows
Looking out on winter,
The white pavements,
Are without recall
Or observance
Or terror.
Death
Takes significance:
Edmund the Prince called-to,
Persepolis and all the helpless kings,
Héloïse
Taking off her pale blue dress.

Editor's Note: These poems by Ralph Gustafson are from his new book of poems, SIFT IN AN HOURGLASS, to be published this year by McClelland and Stewart Ltd., Toronto.

PHAEDO

The old Athenian's limbs stiffened
While his young friends faltered
At the junction of agnosticism
And belief

“Our birth is merely forgetting
Of that vast sea which brought us hither.
In a dry land, the prophet said
‘Let not your heart be troubled’.”

Beneath a crumbling pyramid
Rameses has lost an eye.
The ring of power has seized
Nine mortal men, and the
Melancholy Dane scrabbles
In the cemetery dust.

I paused before the wintry upland tarn.
Already rods of ice encircled
The stark reeds of shallow bays.
Far out over the darkening water,
Ruffled by a thin night wind,
A lone swan with muted thunder
Laboured slowly in the west.
Against the green horizon
His final aria echoed.
But swans do not sing when they are sad.
Solitary prophet! Apollo's bird!
The curse is shattered by your failing wings.
Unspeakable cold: the cold of space,
Fire-speckled,
Sits inscrutably upon our Himalayan spires.
I chant
Upwards
I watch my deliberate eulogy
Rise and join eight million
Previous recognitions
Which are frozen
In fragile ranked sequence
In the ice-pierced bosom;
In the womb
In the grave.

These hosts of significant echoes
Are ignored by practical, ambitious men.
But God's names are limited.

Beneath my feet I watch
Tension, apprehension and dissention
Rib the earth
Which grows fat and opulently proud.
The list is long.

Once voices whimpered in the night.
Once faces smiling at the front
Slavered through interlocking pointed teeth behind.
The spider swung replete.
But this has passed.
The age of gold has come.
All men are wise.

We saw
But did not cease our chant:
Our numbering.

Now I stand upon an isolated.
Insignificant peak
In a forgotten land.
I neither smile nor frown
But with uplifted eyes
I chant.
I build the edifice.

I cease.
Suddenly the tumultuous sky is silent . .
Naked! Naked!
God has paused
And looked at me.
I stare.
The stars blink back.
I look again . .
Ah!

I must find
A comfortable place to seat myself
And wait.
But not for long.
For above me in the thin, clear sky
The stars are closing
Like a lotus bloom before the night.
And I know that far
Beyond earth's rim
The sun at noon
Is going out.
FIDELITY

I used to look up at every movement
Which caught the corner of my eye
Until I became sure.
The sureness caused me to forget
The magic of anticipation.
I recognized the certainty of love,
Welcomed it, gave myself gladly
And ceased to yearn and dream.
I continued happily until on separation
The exquisite pain of yearning returned.
I realized that I had forgotten but
I pretended that all was well.
Soon I had neither certainty nor uncertainty.
Then I was taken unawares.
I began to watch for a grey coat.
It did not seem significant that
Her eyes also were a deep blue, and that
Her hair too, was touselled and fair.
But she looked at the moon, and
She walked in places of which
I was ignorant.
And now I look up at every movement
Although I know that certainty
Looms nearer with every ethereal encounter.
I do not know whether I should break
This circle, nor even if I have power.
A HOUSE IN A TREE

As a little boy he built a house in a tree because the rocks of the earth and the earth itself hurt his feet and the tree had exalted itself and stood above the land. Each day he would sit in his house and stare at the distance and if he sang or laughed or wept it did not matter because he was safe within his house.

And one day he invited his mother to come and see his tree house and she had said: “It is nice but it does need curtains”. She walked away and as she did the wind caught her skirt, held it for a moment, and then flung it against her legs and she was gone. The little boy stared into the distance.

Then, another day, later, he killed a lamb with his father’s hunting knife and smeared the blood across his forehead so people would know it was he who had done it. It congealed and flaked away after three days because his mother would not touch it.

Some days, he would walk into town and watch the river move slowly and earnestly and he would spin flat grey stones into it and follow their zigzag course to the bottom. Children pointed and women hurried past. In the evening he would walk home through the woods and watch the leaves and the streams. One day as he was returning he met another boy. They stared at each other and then went away in different directions. The next afternoon he came back but the other boy did not.

In a frenzy he ran back to his home and took the hunting knife and dug deep into his own veined flesh and the blood soon spurted out and began to cover the earth where he was lying. He poured dirt into it and watched the islands melt and sink, and suddenly within him there was an awful release and he began to laugh a thick hoarse laugh. His house crumbled and crashed about him and his head pounded with the sound of it. Yet he did not know how to leave a world where only he alone was sure, and everything else, like a bird, flew away.

Then a blackness covered his eyes and a warmth, not a stinking, sweating heat, filled him and he was once again in the womb begging to be born.

And they found his crumpled body and his mother wept for the child she had not known and then they buried him amidst the rocks of the earth and in the earth itself.

POEM

I thought I would go crazy just hearing the rain tapping lazily upon the window pane oh! to break it and let the wind blow me apart sending the contradictory parts of my being to all strange unexisting places where souls dwell in black tights disguised as skeletons where the storm rattles the bones of their conscience where God sits on a mushroom with dwarfs tying knots in his laces where the devil shoots an apple off Mona Lisa’s head where I will worry about nothing but keeping my skull shined.
**DIANA HARRINGTON**

**AND MAN NEGLECTS**

Crushed and uncared for,
It lay by the roadside;
Unnoticed and destroyed.
Covered by dirt, a quintessence of dust,
Unknown to man.
Lying without pity, obscure and forgotten;
Yet the essence of beauty—a flower.

---

**DON COLLISON**

**FOREVER**

Long have fields of grass rustled unheard;
Seldom has man cared to listen to their word.
Forever there has been the rising of moon and sun;
But the message is attended by no-one.
Birth, life, death—follow, never lead—that's all.
These are the ones who could never answer the call.

Some walk into the lounge alone
Walk where the sea and sand meet by shores of stone
Walk in the rain, and shiver to the bone.
Walk through dark streets to hear the houses moan
It is too late now; wake up and groan.
Don't look back; you know you are alone.
For the river has run forever to the sea,
And the wind has blown forever in the tree.
HOT BROWN MADNESS

The pressure of green spring to be born from all these brown doom-waiting hills slows my heavy blood

The white glaring sky menaces and the fresh growth is trapped as a held breath,

First green must come hard and long despaired of, a late birth, expulsion after tremendous waiting and tension untellable.

I feel in the pounding of blood in my ears an awful climax coming. From my own body it must be born, released—

with what explosion of the flesh?

WANTING YOU TO COME HOME

Wanting you to come home I've been singing in the street mornings seeing the mountain misty in the sun and a gathering of pigeons in thrusting hurry crossing shadow stripes.

Nights well there's such a difference in the way the air holds the moment and the white walls listen. So you see I sleep early holding my daughter keeping us safe from those dreams.
SOMETIMES YOUR NAME

Oh it would take
a hard rain
falling,
to drive into the earth
my guilts
concerning you
Both too needy
however we poured
our love,
it was never enough
to fill the emptiness
of our broken vessels.
And suddenly dry
as blown sand,
I turned
from you—
Today
I let my hair
fall
long
for someone else.
Yet sometimes
when I call
in joy
a name,
I hear my voice
and it is
your name.
Oh it would take
a hard rain
falling
to take that word
from my mouth.

STRANGERED

Who
is the new person
behind your eyes?

Looking
for someone
I thought I knew
I called to you—
my voice
went right past your car,
not in

Your mouth too
belongs to someone else now.
He holds the corners differently.

How lonely sad
to find a stranger!
I'll have to forget now
the taste of your skin,
if I can
and the smell of your hair
and how the skin is
on your sides—
all that stuff.
If I can
CITY LONELY WALK

Once you've hurled yourself out of the pattern, there are lonely moments when the sun hurts in brightness, and the shadows jump in contrast. Everywhere you look there leers an evil eye. All the city's edges are sharpened to threats against your vulnerable flesh. Fear of crystalizing horror holds the scream behind your teeth.

What could break crack open or release the dense menace of the silence? Perhaps just only perhaps just the sound of your own name spoken.
THE TURKEY RAFFLE

Anybody know how to make a delicious Christmas dinner out of old turkey raffle tickets?

That's what we've got at our house. No turkey. Just raffle tickets. Big raffle tickets, little raffle tickets, blue ones, red ones, yellow ones. My wallet is full of them. No money. Just raffle tickets.

The turkey raffle tickets cost more this year, too. Two bits each some of them. This year we paid more for the turkey we don't get to eat than we paid for the turkey we didn't get to eat last year. Never before have so few paid so much for sweet nothing at all.

I've had a book of raffle tickets to sell at a dime each. Every time I put the bite on somebody he bites back with his tickets at a quarter each. And some of those boys are awfully fast on the Christmas draw. I'm still reaching for my raffle book when they have theirs whipped out and are wetting the point of their pencil on my tongue.

For many years I have bought my turkey raffle tickets according to a system. The system is infallible. It never wins. Sometimes I buy the last tickets in the book. Sometimes I buy a ticket whose number adds up to three, the way I add. Once I bought a ticket from a girl because she had a nice round figure. That one cost me plenty before I was through. I could have bought a whole turkey farm with the big fat upshot of that ticket.

Anyhow none of these devices works. The turkey is always won by some playboy who didn't even consult his astrological chart before making the investment.

But I remember we did win once. That was about fifteen years ago, and we won two turkeys for the same Christmas. That wouldn't have been so bad if the turkeys hadn't weighed about forty pounds each. We tried to invite some people to help us eat the things, but we'd won them too late. Everybody had made plans for Christmas. So there we were, my mother, my father and I, with these huge birds lying naked in the kitchen.

We found we didn't have a pan large enough to hold the turkey, so we bought a new pan. Once we got the turkey into the pan we found it wouldn't fit into the oven. The top of the oven caught the turkey a good two inches below the crest of the breast bone, so for a while it looked like we might have to build a fire in the bathtub.

I think we finally got the turkey in by laying it on its side. Or maybe it was by laying the stove on its side. Anyway, we cooked it and stuffed ourselves with it and on Boxing Day it still looked in better shape than any member of the family.

That turkey was around so long we grew to hate all forms of bird life. After the first week Mother didn't even bother trying to camouflage it as chicken à la king or Irish stew. We just tore at the great carcass in cold fury, uttering low, inhuman cries.

I forget what became of the second turkey.

Well, that has never happened again. This year we had to buy a wild duck for Christmas dinner. It isn't really a wild duck. It's a tame duck that went mad with hunger. We found it hanging in the butcher shop with a note beside it explaining why it did it. "Life isn't all it's quacked up to be", the duck had written.

Some of you people won't believe that was what the duck wrote and will say I just made it up. These are the same people that don't believe in Santa Claus. There are too many cynics in the world, and too many raffle tickets. I'd like to see anybody disprove that.
NATIONAL COMMITTEE

Officers and Members
Immediate Past President
C. T. TEAKLE, '26 — Westmount

President
G. W. HALL, Q.C. '30 — Montreal West

1st Vice-president
DR. E. E. MASSEY '28 — Ottawa

2nd Vice-president
MRS. M. W. GALLOP '23 — Montreal West

Recording Secretary
MRS. STOCKWELL DAY '47 — Ottawa

J. C. BRODEUR '44 — Town of Mount Royal
ROBERT BURT '57 — Toronto
MRS. GRAHAM JACKSON '55 — Quebec
F. KAUFMAN '46 — Montreal
F. G. S. KELLEY '48 — Beaconsfield
JOHN E. M. LAWRENCE ‘52 — Westmount
ALLAN MAGEE '41 — Westmount
C. T. MANNING '46 — Montreal West
J. S. PRATT '58 — Lennoxville
GAVIN G. ROSS '56 — Montreal
D. F. WATSON '30 — Sherbrooke

Bishop's University Alumni Association

BISHOP'S ALUMNI
FUND COMMITTEE

Chairman
GAVIN ROSS
Deputy Chairman
W. H. BRADLEY, Q.C.
GEORGE C. HALL, Q.C.
ALLAN MAGEE
RODNEY S. MILLS
W. E. McLAUGHLIN
S. R. McMORRAN
THOMAS E. PRICE
LYMAN A. ROBERTS
PHILIP H. SCOWEN Jr.
C. T. TEAKLE

BRANCH PRESIDENTS

Toronto: ROBERT BURT
188 Raywood Drive
Don Mills, Ont.

Ottawa: DR. E. E. MASSEY
627 Churchill Ave.
Ottawa, Ont.

Montreal: C. T. MANNING
341 Ballantyne Ave.
Montreal West, Que.

Eastern Townships: H. E. GRUNDY, Q.C.
270 Quebec Street
Sherbrooke, Que.

Quebec: A. E. P. SCOTT
80 St. Peter Street
Quebec City, Que.
YOUR LIFE INSURANCE
MAN IS A FAMILY FRIEND

Your life insurance underwriter knows the modern uses of life insurance in building and protecting your family.

He is ready to consult with you on the kind of policies each family member should have and the question of . . .

- Providing cash to pay taxes, mortgages or other debts;
- How insurance held in Trust by a Corporate Executor can provide funds for family security;
- How best to fit the contracts to the needs of your beneficiaries.

Our Trust Officers are not engaged in selling life insurance but do co-operate with the family underwriter and attorney at any stage.

A well thought-out insurance estate program will have lasting benefits to your wife and children.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY
75 Wellington St. North
Compliments of

Hammond Lumber Ltd.
1564 Herron Road
Dorval, P.Q.

RAY'S TAXI
24 Hour
and Long Distance Service
LENNOXVILLE
Tel. 562-2411

Tel. 562-0643

Gendron Corset Shop Inc.
148, Wellington N.
Sherbrooke, Que.

Compliments of

Union Screen Plate Co. Ltd.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL
Lennoxville, Que.

130th Year

A Boarding School for Boys, in the Country
500 Acres of Grounds

Separate Junior Department

For further information apply to
Headmaster, F. Stewart Large, M.A.
Lessard's Bus Line Reg'd

"TO CHARTER A BUS
CALL US"

Lennoxville 569-3380

Est. 1863

H. C. WILSON & SONS LIMITED

"SHERBROOKE'S LEADING FURNITURE STORE"

Visit our new Record Department

61-67 WELLINGTON N. SHERBROOKE, Que.

Ansell's Drug Store

191 WELLINGTON N.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Art & Photo INC.

Framing

Plastic Models

HOBBY SHOP

Copper Crafts

107 FRONTENAC SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of:

FONTAINE et FILS LIMITEE

Bakers and Confectioners

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

**Star Pharmacy Reg'd**

Visit Our Cosmetic Counters
Satisfaction Guaranteed

---

Compliments of

**THE STUDENT'S UNION**

**SNACK BAR**

---

Compliments of

**HUNTING'S DAIRY**

W. W. I. Nichol
H. H. Nichol

**JOHN NICHOL & SONS REG'D.**

GENUINE DRY-CURED BACON
WHOLESALE & RETAIL MEATS

Phone 562-1531
Lennoxville, Que.

---

Compliments of:

**WHARRAM'S MARKET**

H. PRATT, Prop.
HOME CURED HAMS & BACONS
FRESH MEATS - GROCERIES

9 Depot Street
Tel. 569-9739
Lennoxville

---

**CODERE LTÉE**

EVERYTHING IN SPORTS
Ski - Hockey Equipment
Basketballs and Shoes
Broomballs and Brooms

TEL. 569-3601
111 QUEEN ST.

---

**CLARK'S PHARMACY REG'D**

D. M. PATRICK, L.Ph., Prop.

Your Friendly Family Druggist
"PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS"

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.
STUDIO SEARS
PHOTOGRAPHERS
139 Frontenac  Sherbrooke, Que.
Tel. 562-0900

Vaudry's Flower Shop
49 Belvidere St. Lennoxville
Tel. 569-3355

Printers of
The Calendar
The Campus
The Mitre
Students' Directory

Sherbrooke Daily Record
"Only English Daily in the Eastern Townships"

Newspaper  Commercial
119 Wellington St. N.  50 Camirand St.
Sherbrooke, P.Q.