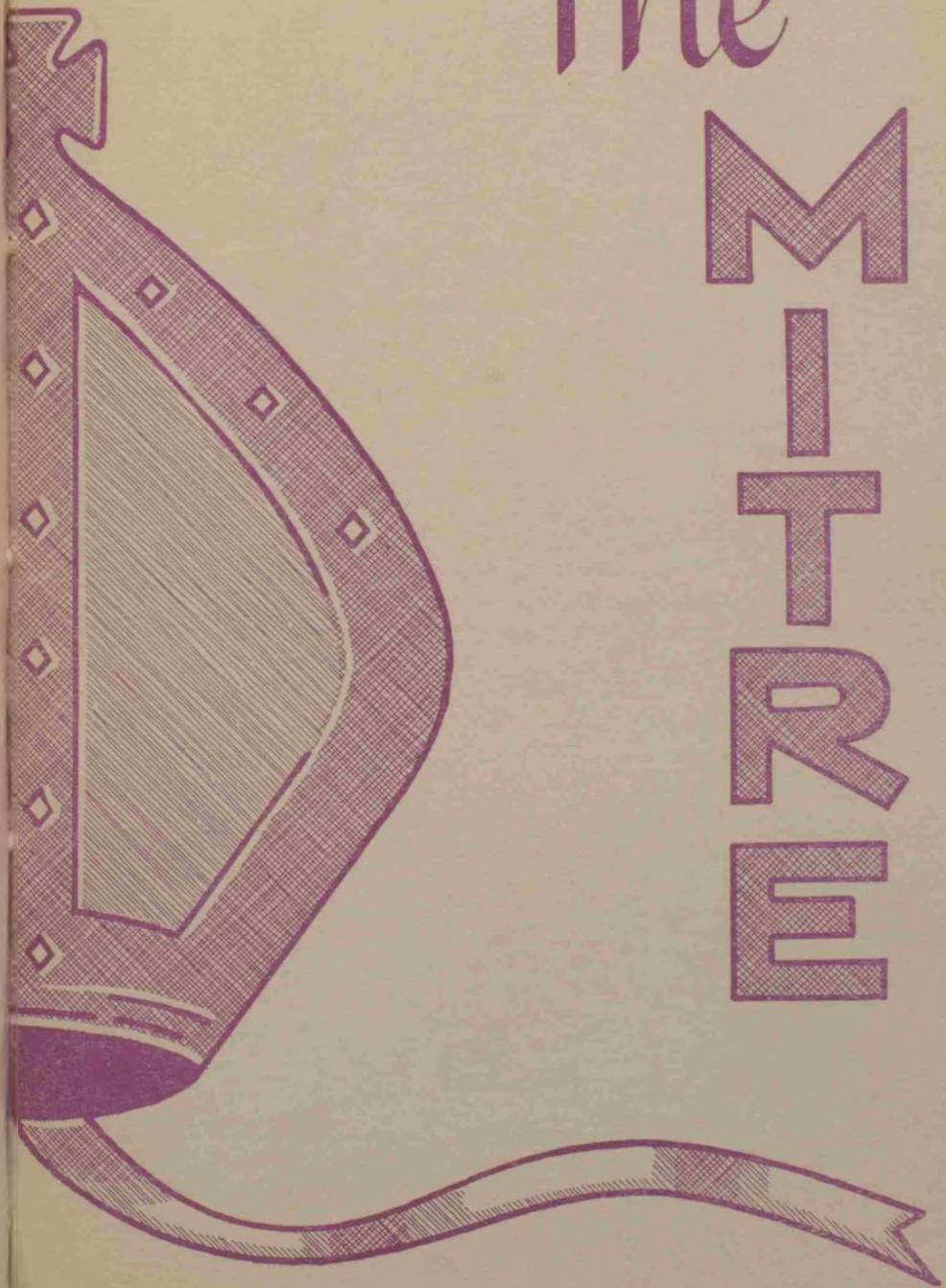




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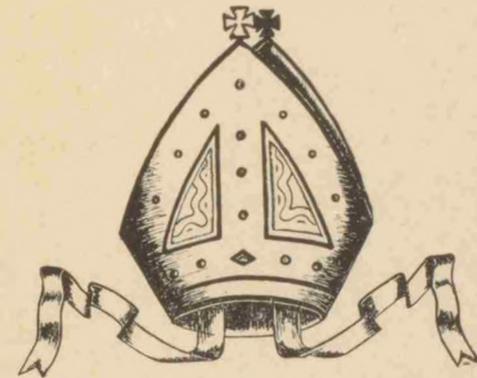
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Freedom

DURING the dark days of World War II, in the cold gray harbour of Argentina, a new U.S. leased naval base in southern Newfoundland, two cruisers of two great navies moored side by side, under the protection of camouflaged guns and flights of anti-submarine aircraft. There two apostles of freedom in the modern world put into four phrases what was the aim of millions of men under arms. History has called it "The Four Freedoms."

It was another event in history when men were formulating what they conceived to be the fundamental rights and liberties of man. It was a re-echoing of the Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights and the cries of liberty and equality of the French Revolution. It is at such times in history when freedom is being seriously threatened by oppression, either from without or within, that man reiterates his belief in the rights and freedom of the individual in society.

To-day we are very much concerned over the "Red" threat to freedom, and freedom from Communism seems to be the one great freedom to be achieved. The Red threat is undoubtedly real, but equally real is the threat to freedom that exists within. "There is no danger from an open Communist," said Dean Wilbur J. Bender, of Harvard, "that is half as great as the danger from those who would destroy freedom in the name of freedom."

Thinking people of to-day are forced to ask themselves the question: "Does thought-control, movie-censorship, book-banning, teacher-firing and loyalty oaths constitute parts of an intelligent defense of the democratic way of life?" The danger to our existing institutions to-day is not from the minority who do not believe in them, but rather

is it from those who would mistakenly repress the free spirit upon which these institutions are built. The miasma of thought-control that is continually spreading is, without doubt, the greatest menace to freedom that has existed since Hitler.

The greatest of all privileges in a secular society is the privilege of being a person, the first of all rights is the right to be treated as such. There is an inevitable devaluation of the personality of man in a society geared to mass production where men are mere numbers on a payroll. Man's individuality is further curbed by those who wish to control his thinking.

Those who would destroy freedom in the name of freedom may be compared to a mother who, wishing to preserve her child from the cold, ends up by smothering it to death.

THE GOLDEN MITRE

Last year the Student's Executive Council inaugurated a Golden Mitre Society which is to consist of five members of the Graduating Class "who in the opinion of their classmates, have done most for Bishop's during their years at the University." The election to such a society is to be a recognition of outstanding contributions to the university and in turn an incentive to undergraduates to give of their best to their Alma Mater.

What constitutes outstanding contributions is not defined. There is no need that it should be. Each graduating student should have some conception of the aims and purposes of a university and in terms of that can judge who has done most to forward these aims.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the merits or demerits of such a society as much as to comment on the conduct of the recent election held to decide who were to receive the honours in this graduating class.

The notice for the meeting of the graduating class was posted only a matter of an hour or so before the meeting was to take place. Furthermore it contained no list of the graduating class, and was posted in one building only, with apparent disregard for those who take lectures in other buildings. Many of the graduating class were thus deprived of their right to express their opinion and to use their vote as they were unaware that the meeting was taking place. Some in fact knew nothing about the meeting until the results were made known that evening. Some votes were polled after the noon meeting and before the S.E.C. meeting in an effort to cover up the sham. How could the person who collected these votes know who had not voted, as apparently no voters' list had been made by the chairman of the noon meeting? This is irregular to say the least. In fact the chairman

of the noon meeting admitted when asked that he did not know how many were present, neither did he know how many students were in the graduating class. He was, however, of the opinion that "those who were elected were those who should have been elected." This was the business of the meeting to decide, not the chairman, who is not a member of the class.

This is an obvious case of negligence and needs to be aired thoroughly. I am indeed surprised that it has not been aired before. It did receive some comment in some circles at the time but apparently no one cared enough about the principle involved to comment publicly. It is not too late even now for a statement from those responsible.

It is a shallow honour indeed to pay to the outstanding students of our class to elect them to a society by such an undemocratic vote.

To elect five members of a class to a select group above their fellows is serious business. I am not convinced of the usefulness or the purpose of such a society. Be that as it may. Our campus is not infested with Greek Letters. They still remain a puzzle for the Divines, having departed from the Classics department a long time ago. We only have the Brotherhood and the Frothblowers — selective groups for selective purposes — the usefulness of which I am again not convinced. But it remains that if we are to have a select group which the class wishes to honour let us give that society the prestige it deserves, so that the wearer of the Golden Mitre pin will be proud of it and in turn the pin will be the coveted thing it is supposed to be.

A suggestion. — At future elections of the Golden Mitre Society a list of the graduates should be posted for ten days together with a notice of the said election.

The election should be conducted with the respect it deserves. All morning should be devoted to voting by ballot in the usual way in the S.E.C. office. This would enable students who are at Oratory at mid-day, as well as non-residents, to vote.

THE MITRE CONTEST

It was disappointing to say the least. Short stories were few. We are publishing two. Poetry received a better response but was not of a high calibre with the exception of our published poems. The best by far was that submitted by S. W. Stevenson, *The Silver Spheres*, which received an award.

Photography was even more disappointing. We received only two photos. We wonder where are the camera addicts of the Photography Club.

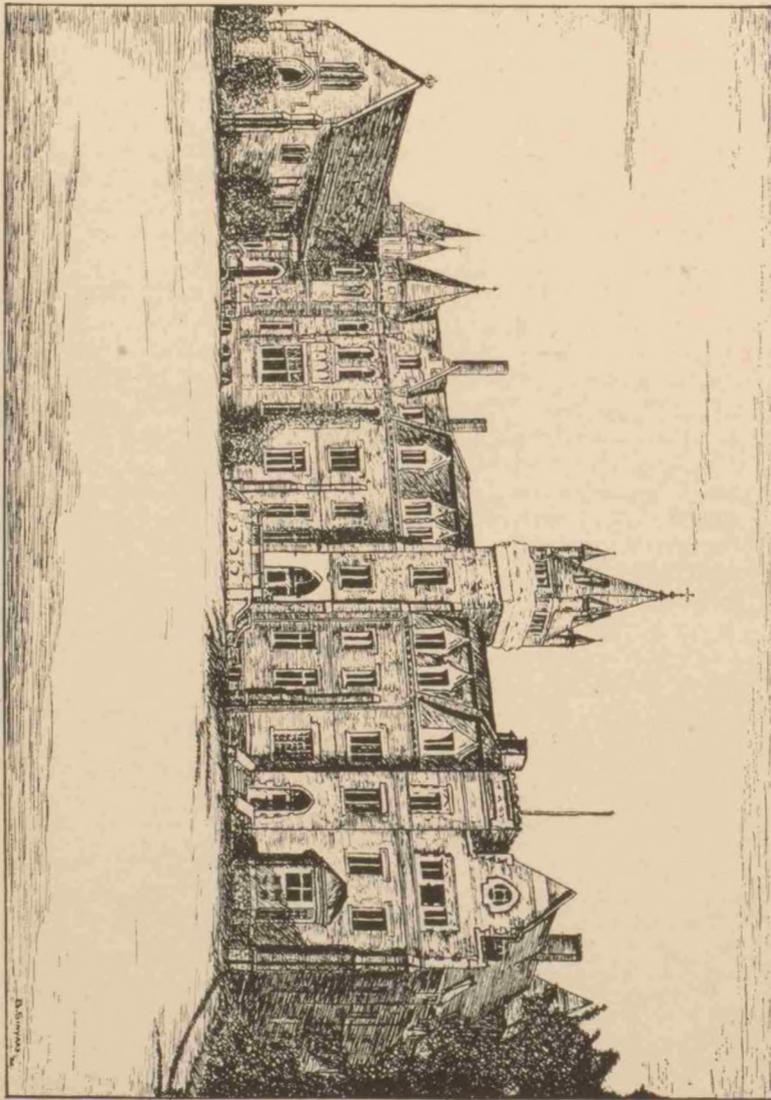
However we are pleased with the edition and hope our readers are too. We would appreciate suggestions but even more we would appreciate contributions.

Skepticism and the Realistic Myth

By F. Anderson

Twenty-five years ago, it was considered sophisticated, within a fairly exclusive section of Western society, to be disenchanted with the world and life in general. The heroic spirit, moral fervour, the humane values, religious inspiration — all such things were looked upon either as dangerously misleading, or as empty forms, which were perhaps worthy of profitable exploitation, by the disillusioned citizens of that ever so real world depicted by Fitzgerald, O'Hara, Aldous Huxley, and others. Today, after a mere quarter of a century, which has seen as the most shakingly vivid consequence of a drastic economic collapse a long and unbelievably disastrous war which has as yet given little promise of peace, — today, in sharp contrast with a decade or more of affected attitudes of disillusionment and of consequent indifference toward the world and society, there is no longer any need for affectation, since the feeling of emptiness is tormentingly real. What was once the artificial mood of a cult of rootless individuals, historically most noteworthy in Prohibition America, has become, in a very real sense, characteristic of the actual state of Western man. No longer is it solely the province of an élite of "realistic" novelists, journalists, and drama-critics, or of the confused lot of hard-drinking, middle-class hypocrites so vividly delineated by these writers, to be "disenchanted"; for at the present time, whatever be the real nature of man's dilemma, and whatever be the language employed in any particular attempt to diagnose the difficulty, it is becoming more and more evident that there is little of affectation or of superficially connected with the disillusionment and resultant confusion of our human situation.

The Existentialists emphasize again and again their belief that man must recognize and accept his aloneness, or what Heidegger calls *Geworfenheit*, by way of creating, rather than of receiving from outside himself, any meaning that life may possess. But Existentialism is one of many proffered solutions of what is thought to be an unavoidable condition of human life, and it represents, moreover, a particular philosophical attitude which has been, to a great extent, historically engendered by that same psychological sensation of futility which it



Alma Mater

depicts as native to the human situation. Hence, it is illustrative of one possible reaction to a broad apprehension of cosmic purposelessness, rather than definitive of the underlying dynamics of disillusionment in society. Quite apart from any philosophical solution or solutions there may turn out to be, the central fact is that man has been shocked, and his values have been dislocated, by the break-down of certain bonds and ideals whose objectivity he at one time took for granted, so that he is now too often occupied in finding some new outlet for a dogmatic compensation for this disillusionment, rather than in seeking to understand what lies at the basis of his plight. Priority must be given, then, not to any special cure or answer of a philosophical or of any other sort, but to an attempt to understand at least some of the general social and psychological aspects of the problem.

Those reappearing tendencies to look upon the individual as somehow responsible for his "loss of faith", or to castigate something called "science" for man's current feelings of futility and of confusion — presumably because "science" has been making unwarrantable inroads upon the untouchable province of religion — are, at best, oversimplifications. Further, it is misleading to consider this feeling of helplessness as simply a natural result of the historical upheavals — depressions, famines, and wars, — of the last fifty years. These surface events, important as they of course are, have been. I think, immediate occasions for, rather than the ultimate cause of, the rootlessness, and consequent moral confusion, of man in our Western culture today. I would like to suggest that a more fruitful approach to a long-range understanding of human motives and social causation might be indicated by a brief analysis of some of the less obvious, but extremely significant elements of this pervasive mood of disillusionment.

To be disillusioned is to be undeceived, to wake up to reality, to become conscious of one's error; and since learning largely consists of correcting our mistakes, all of human life that is even partially successful involves a continuous process of becoming "disillusioned" so that necessary adjustments can be made to new experience. But rejection of previously learned behaviour patterns does not always come easily, for myths, ideas, and laws, in terms of which human learning is directed and controlled, are objects of value, and they are valued in proportion to the degree in which that branch of human activity which they endorse and explain enhances and contributes to the total welfare of the group. Further, the process of valuation, or evaluating, tends to become an unconscious or habitual activity, so that the individual, whether acting more or less independently or in conscious conformity with group standards, becomes identified, in a very real sense, with those values which appear to protect and to guarantee the

satisfaction of his most inclusive and pressing interests. In other words, human beings don't always enjoy discovering their mistakes. In fact, human nature being what it is, people very often go all out to convince others and themselves, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that they have been right all along. Hence, disillusionment has come to connote disappointment, distress, and, perhaps, even humiliation; for, when basic values and ideals are at stake, the discovery that one's deepest trust and belief, hitherto, unthreatened and unquestioned, must be called into question for one reason or another, is apt to be, psychologically, much more than a simple discovery of error; such an awakening almost certainly will involve a shock of very upsetting proportions. Again, when the long-standing faith of an entire group of people, or of broad sections of a whole society, in the objective reality and worth of their shared norms and ideals is shaken, the developing reaction, which may be as gradual as the erosion of the central traditions of the group, may well be one of total disillusionment that threatens the basic bonds of the collective existence of that group. An eventual reaction may appear in the form of a dogmatic reversion to out-moded values and ideals, or in the form of a deep-seated skepticism that is equally dangerous. In any case, such disillusionment seems to be very real at the present time, when the rapid multiplication of institutionalized interests — economic, political, religious — and the confusing appearance and disappearance of fads, styles and lunatic vogues testify to the growing lack of any vital centers of interest that are socially anchored.

But what is the illusion of the popular mind which modern man is gradually, but ever so reluctantly, becoming aware of? If it is significant to say that a large part of the confusion of the 20th century citizen of the Western world consists of a far-reaching disillusioning process that, in some parts of our rapidly changing and many-sided cultural situation, goes to the very basis of our social existence, the illusion itself, however it is ultimately to be explained, must be real and verifiable. I am going to suggest that a kind of naive realism has been man's illusion, and that his confusion and his feeling of the fruitlessness of life can be explained to a great extent in terms of the difficulty he is having in adjusting to his growing realization of the limitations of such realism; it might also be shown, although it can only be suggested here, that the human tendency to survey the world through one's own eyeglasses, that is, to attribute reality exclusively to the limited vistas of one's own perspective, is, in its results, tantamount to becoming thoroughly confused with regard to what has been thought to be the basis of value and obligation. Ever since the Renaissance, man in Western society has been absorbing, quite un-

consciously for the most part, the effects of the gradual disintegration of his realistic myth, which, as long as it obtained within a fairly cohesive and isolated social group exhibiting something like unanimity with regard to ultimate values and extremely little in the way of experiment or purposive exploration, did not have to be called into question. Perhaps a short discussion of the popular attitude toward science and religion will illustrate, at least partially, how this realistic mentality works, and may thereby indicate some of the underlying reasons for man's current disillusionment.

* * *

It is quite obvious that the science and religion question has been very significant historically; that is, ever since the beginnings of modern scientific inquiry there have been extended and intense debates because of what was felt, and is still felt, to be the basic incompatibility of the two. Furthermore, these repeated discussions and debates have, as will appear, a distinct sociological significance, and in the sense that such disputes have represented, and still do represent, certain basically opposed motivations and fears on the part of different groups of people, it might be said that the science and religion question is also of great psychological significance.

Logically, however, such discussions tend to become verbal, and thus obscure both the real philosophical issues involved, as well as the social history and effects of the psychological disagreements. For example, it is quite true that there are scientists and particular scientific interpretations which are anti-religious in the sense that they oppose some specific tenets or special aspects of what they think religion distinctively is; therefore, in attacking certain historical forms or separate dogma, they too often conclude that they have shown religion as such to be nonsense. On the other hand, it is also quite true that there have been, and are right now, certain religious figures and particular religious points of view which, in attacking the agnosticism of particular scientists or the naturalistic implications of scientific theories, conclude that they have thereupon restricted the domain of scientific inquiry as such, and the accepted procedure at that point is to set up a righteous no-trespassing sign, having done away with certain special historical points of view. In other words, scientists, not often precise on such matters, are usually opposing dogmas and institutions when they think they are establishing the insignificance of religion, while religionists, usually much less precise, generally are apt to express not much more in such matters than their own instinctive rejection of what they feel to be the inevitable implications of scientific inquiry as such.

Despite a great amount of clarity in some quarters of higher-level

philosophical and theological thinking, popular disputes of this sort tend to become arguments, and therefore settle nothing in any logical, or objective sense, because nothing is agreed upon to begin with. But inasmuch as the assumptions that direct both sides of these controversies are, I think, of the same sort as those which formulate and guide the less critical attitudes of the popular mind as a whole, closer consideration of the nature of this type of disagreement might indicate a suggestive approach to the general problem of social disagreements in general, and to the related question of man's current disillusionment.

To the realistic mind of Western man, science not only has the complete understanding of the world as its aim or goal; it has already made great strides toward this end, through the special branches of inquiry which are thought to transcribe directly the actual, real processes of nature. If the man in the street were a philosopher, he would undoubtedly subscribe to the correspondence theory of truth. More accurately stated perhaps, on this level of philosophical reflection science is synonymous with knowledge of reality, and — barring historical developments that are completely unforeseen — it is just a matter of time until we know pretty much all there is to know about the universe. In this conception, though, the important thing is not the actual extent of our knowledge so much as the assumption that what we already know refers directly to a world *out there* that is simply waiting to be known.

The primary psychological impact of science, however, is undoubtedly of a practical, rather than of a theoretical, nature; technology, in other words, is much closer to man's everyday life than any abstract theorizing that makes possible the fabrication of particular machines, materials, or medicines. Hence, within a culture where concrete evidence of scientific enterprise and achievement is universally evident, and, indeed, where an orderly existence has come to depend, certainly in urban communities, on much more than a passing acquaintance with gadgets and appliances, science is first thought of instrumentally, in terms of the amazing things it has shown man how to do in the past, and, therefore, in terms of the vast potentialities of that liberal application of scientific understanding and control to all our remaining human problems, an application that will surely continue to expand in the future. But, whether science is thought of as theoretical or as applied on this level of popular reflection, the general attitude is characterized by a certain literalism that is suggestive; for the basic assumption of the central importance of science in our world consists of a rather vaguely defined notion of a *real* body of consistent know-

ledge that is progressively expanding as the scientist discovers more and more about a *real* world, and that eventually such knowledge will enable man to make a *real* settlement with nature within history. That the statements of natural science are hypothetical and experimental, rather than definitive of objective reality, may be readily acknowledged by many people, but as a verbal matter only. For, in the mind of that ubiquitous man in the street, the logic of science is correspondence, and not the operational logic of positivistic, experimental inquiry.

There is an important parallel offered. I think, by the way in which man wants to consider religion. It was once felt that religion is important because it systematizes and makes internally coherent and significant certain real truths about the mysterious realm that lies beyond experience, and that, if properly understood and acted upon, such truths would enable the individual to prepare himself for some real, supernatural, future life. Faith, the central category in Western Christianity, on its emotional side has amounted to a kind of hope, awful and submissive, that the truly repentant individual might *really* be forgiven his sinful nature, and might *actually* be transported, in some sense, beyond this finite world; and when held with true religious fervour, it has been taken literally to *indicate* transcendence and immortality; that is, faith, popularly, has generally signified "the evidence of things to come." The point is that, within the naïvely realistic mentality of Western man in general, religion has been thought to possess its own unique way of discovering and of organizing actual truths about objective reality, corresponding literally with the trans-empirical realm. In such a context, James' notion of faith as the will-to-believe, or Pascal's famous wager are, practically, quite meaningless and thoroughly incomprehensible; such conceptions of faith are strictly for philosophers. It is extremely difficult for the fairly literate, though confused, would-be believers of our age to make much sense out of any talk about the symbolic function of religion when some notion of universal, objective truth has been a positive value in our culture for so long. The common man does not want *myth*, or *paradoxes*, or *passion*, or *intensity of conviction*; he aspires to real knowledge whose meaning will not be simply pictorial, or emotional.

Within this total situation, which, culturally, has been getting more and more important, it is not hard to see why science and religion have been felt to be irreconcilable; for if the statements and theories of the scientist are looked upon as so many pictures of the real world, and if religion is thought to give mankind — when it is about its own unique and proper task — some notion of that real world beyond sense-experience, as well as of man's place and ultimate destiny in such a

world, is it not fairly natural that, interpreted literalistically, any statements of science that conflict with some religious tenets will be taken as typical of an ultimate abyss between the two? If it is thought, in other words, that since science and religion both attempt to go beyond our everyday sense-experience they are therefore both concerned with giving us *real* knowledge of the same *real* object, then there is bound to be a conflict that is psychologically undeniable, and that becomes sociologically structured in terms of collective fears and aggressions. Historically, certain extreme Protestant sects, e.g. the Fundamentalists, who were represented by such a man as William Jennings Bryan at the famous Scopes trial, were horrified by the Darwinian hypothesis a) because they had not learned to interpret the story in Genesis as a mythical explanation of our human situation, and not as a literal truth about man's history, and b) because they, like most of us, tended to interpret the evolutionary theory too literally and too uncritically.

* * *

This literalism, which characterizes the way in which religion has been interpreted in the past, and which still tends to express what people are wont to think religion *ought* to mean, has not been a restricted theory of meaning; for science is still thought of, popularly, in realistic terms, and, until relatively recent times, this attitude has been closely connected with all the other important human thought-systems, — economic, social, ethical, and political — so that man's world-view, generally speaking, has been thought to apply, quite directly, to actual independent reality. Further, it has taken some two centuries of steady secularistic development, expanded by the rapid growth of Industrialism, to impress upon our times the weakness of the realistic explanation, to bring man gradually to the realization that there are other factors influencing his ideas and conditioning his values, than the nature of the external world, and that his perspectives are *perspectives* that are related to his entire social and cultural background. A growing realization of this sort is not easy for the individual, or for the human group, to accept.

Inchoate feelings of insecurity that go along with the resulting disillusionment generally involve a misty awareness of what are feared to be ultimate and unbridgeable contradictions running through the warp and woof of the social fabric. But not all contradictions are of the same psychological importance, or traceable to the same bases in social reality. At this level of investigation, there is little that is yet known in any dependable sense, for much of human activity that is connected with the individual's reaction to felt conflicts in society is

certainly, in some sense of that much abused word, unconscious. But I think some general remarks can be made.

Historically, men first tend to develop some notion of the relativity of their own points of view — economic, political, religious — by coming into actual contact with opposed positions. Such oppositions or contradictions, though, are apt to remain, for the most part, external, in the sense that men are impressed by the strangeness, and therefore by the falsity, of these new, "foreign" ideas. At this stage of social development, men remain fairly secure within their own habits of thought; because their basic attitude are grounded upon cultural values that still have a fairly universal applicability and practical relevance *within their own group*, members of the society can continue to think realistically with some degree of safety and satisfaction. Moreover, the number of these "foreign" points of view can become quite large, and the observed differences quite remarkable, but as long as the contradictions are consciously perceived simply as clashes with the "backward" or "unenlightened" forces of a strange power, confidence and conviction of being in the right are apt to submerge any feelings of doubt or uncertainty. (Even when a real awareness of internal conflicts has revealed to the group or the individual more immediate contradictions of values or interests, emerging aggressions and fears, still unconscious, can often be temporarily submerged by redirecting attention, through collective action, to just such a *conscious* perception of what is felt to be a common danger or threat, in the form of some "backward" force, the existence of which, real or unreal, serves to create a sense of a higher unity and of a "righteous" cause. Hitler, for example, with the almost incredible ingenuity of an evil genius, successfully redirected the very real economic and political hostilities of particular groups in Germany by providing *all* the people with a *conscious* perception of a common threat in the form of anti-Semitism, which, with all that it implied and actually led to in fact, served psychologically to stifle incipient antagonisms and discontents by reactivating a Nationalistic spirit that was previously inundated by insecurities and rivalries. Hence, the *Germans*, not the Socialists, or the Bavarians, or the farmers, or the steel-workers, were motivated to act in the face of the "Jewish threat".)

Collective insecurities, in one form or another, can probably be expected to make themselves felt, though, when the element of external opposition is replaced or augmented by felt internal contradictions within one's own group; for it is at this point that man definitely tends to lose confidence, or to become confused, in the sense that he calls into question the objectification of his values, of his theories, and of his ultimate norms as somehow "more real" than those of another

state or society. The expansion and deepening of collective insecurities — which inevitably will affect the individual in his capacity as an interested member of society — have, I think, become forces of psychological torment and disillusionment in at least two ways.

The accumulation of striking contradictions between theory and practice, or between fundamental expressions of basic value-systems, has served of late to increase, and to make more universal, the very real conflicts resulting from the necessity of adjusting to a system of potentially inconsistent social and cultural commitments. There is, for example, the felt contradiction between religion and science discussed earlier, which in our day has far-reaching repercussions in society; further, certain general and, within our culture, almost universally acknowledged ethical ideals and the socially sanctioned economic practices of many parts of Western society are in obvious disagreement; and, no matter how effectively statesmen may make use of our current dangerous world-situation to justify the emergency policies of limited war and total rearmament which necessarily circumscribe some of our important cultural values, the immediate effect of such events upon those who become directly involved — as soldiers, for example, who are exhorted to kill in order to protect individual freedom — is one of confusion and bewilderment as to the meaning of those "democratic" values they are presumably fighting for. In other words, within a dynamic, expanding, secular culture, internal contradictions of values occur which are apt to confuse even the semi-reflective person and to shake his naïve faith in the literal correspondence of his own social heritage with reality.

Secondly, Western man has, I think, been more and more impressed by the practical inefficacy or the historical limitation of ideals whose truth had previously seemed almost self-evident. The bourgeois-utilitarian myth that the good society can eventually be pretty well actualized in history, given an ever-widening development of economic enterprise or of scientific inquiry so as to lay a rational basis for shared values and experience, means less and less even to its most ardent verbalizers as the years go by, despite the persuasiveness of constantly reappearing formulations of the naturalistic message. On another level, the traditional forms or organized religion have in general, I believe, come to connote an overwhelming sense of inadequacy to those masses of people who are caught among the perplexities of the contemporary situation. The objective reality of the good society, and of the religious world of faith and salvation has been called into question largely because of a new awareness of *other* ideas, and of *opposed* values which

have served to bring out, in the popular mind, some of the pervasive contradictions within our own culture.

Hence, confronted by the historical deflation of his ideologies — liberalism, inevitable progress, or natural law — and by the “scientific” demonstration of the “falsity” of his religion, all theories which at some time have been objects of a kind of total devotion, Western, democratic man literally does not know which way to turn. Sociologically, the stage is set for a deep-seated skepticism, which, whatever temporary disguises it may take on in the form of disenchanting cults, pseudo-scientific fads, or juvenile crazes, emerges from a mood of profound disillusionment.



Throughout history, men have tended to look upon their basic points of view — economic, social, religious — as somehow referring directly to the real objective world, and have therefore, for determinable psychological reasons, also tended to invest the particular, restricted values upon which such points of view depend with an absolute status. This has made it extremely hard to understand opposed positions, and thus to begin to face realistically a changing situation for what it is. Gradually, however, with the steady expansion of the secularizing process which has brought with it the ever more vivid perception of the progressive fragmentation of what was once a relatively unified institutional structure — whether religious, economic, or political — modern man is beginning to be vaguely aware of the very definite limitations of this naïvely realistic view of his place in the world, and in his particular part of the world; but he does not feel that he has been mistaken in over-emphasizing his own perspectives, or that he himself has falsified his own position by constructing a deceptively narrow conception of the world, because he *does* feel that he has *lost* something upon which his own life depended for its meaning and value. The prevalent mood, therefore, is one of disillusionment and skepticism.

Finally, what has been termed up to now the naïve realism of man’s psychological orientation is not *objectively* realistic, for it is a conditioned attitude which involves a process of *interpreting* the world and experience in terms of the cultural situation of the individual and the group. There seems to be increasing evidence, moreover, that, in certain areas of his thought at least, man cannot help *interpreting* experience so as to make it conformable, with some degree of coherence and harmony, with his basic system of preconceived ideas and values. Man in general has not been cautious, or humble, or *really* realistic in

formulating his views of the world because his observations have consistently involved one-sided valuations. Whether or not there is any pervasive or reappearing pattern to the way in which men and societies tend to interpret experience, itself an interesting question ever since Marx, is a matter for the sociologist of ideas and knowledge to investigate; and whether or not man is condemned to *selected* truths, and to only *partial* coherence, and hence can never completely transcend historically conditioned interpretations of the world in which he lives, as Reinhold Niebuhr so persuasively contends, is a more ultimate question which cannot possibly be considered here. In any case, Bacon’s aphorism is still quite sound:

“The human understanding is no dry light, but receives an infusion from the will and affections; whence proceed sciences which may be called ‘sciences as one would.’ Numberless in short are the ways, and sometimes imperceptible, in which the affections colour and infect the understanding.”

Novum Organum — aphorism 49.

The Greek God Sex

By R. C. S. Ripley

A Christian philosopher, discussing the emphasis desirable in contemporary religious education, has recently written as follows concerning sex: "Up to the end of the nineteen-twenties, we were in rebellion against Puritanism and against restraints and taboos. There was a brave battle for the right to free and fearless discussion of sex. . . . One has only to look at current popular literature to know that the battle has been won. Indeed, it may be said that the moral pendulum has swung to the opposite extreme. Today we are obviously a sex-conscious—one might almost say, a sex-crazy—people. . . . Our problem today is not to emancipate sex, but rather to civilize it. This is a time, not to get rid of taboos, but to recover moral restraints."

The "sex-conscious"—or, to use what I consider the more appropriate expression, "sex-crazy" character of our society confronts us on every side. To so great an extent is this true that we can easily fall into seeing the situation as 'normal', forgetting that we have exalted one of our natural appetites to a place far in excess of its actual importance, and have distorted it in the process. In short, our culture has become neurotic about sex.

This fact is clearly displayed in the commercial advertising to which we are so continually and unmercifully subjected; wherever possible, products are recommended to us in terms of their potentialities for awakening desire in the opposite sex. Women, for some reason, are the chief victims of this biological huckstering, which both addresses and accentuates their neurosis. They are urged: "Make yourself lovelier to love." They are encouraged to enhance their attractiveness through creating, by wearing "Nature's Rival", an effect of which Nature never dreamed. By donning a rubberized suit of armour, they are informed, they can achieve the Sensational sinuosity of a cat. And then, of course, there is Pond's, with each jar guaranteed to contain a man with a diamond ring. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Men, although less often the targets of this sort of attack, are not exempt from it altogether. The ads extol the glories of the Mennen or Barbasol shave, producing a facial aura which attracts females as honey does insects. To this effect add Wildroot or Kreml on your hair, and no female can possibly resist you! This note, however, is a

minor one: the principal type of biological cajolery to which men are subjected is that which depicts the passionate reaction of the girl who receives a gift of the Advertised Product. We see, for example, a Swiss watch superimposed upon a fond embrace, with the caption, "Time is the Art of the Swiss." For the sake of the lower income brackets, it is fortunate that a box of chocolates will do the trick just as well—in fact, egad, the clinch is closer! An amazing variety of products, it would seem, can serve as the instruments of a pleasant and innocent sort of prostitution.

Such are the advertisements. We cannot laugh them off; they are prepared by astute salesmen whose business it is to know the character of their prospective customers. The hucksters know as well as do our ministers and social scientists the depraved nature of our attitudes to sex. They make capital of what the latter strive earnestly to correct.

The idolization of sex, of course, is only one aspect (albeit a large one!) of the cult of sensuality which is the prevalent religion of contemporary Western man. A dominant value of our life, steadily becoming more dominant, is physical pleasure. We apparently believe our destiny to be the achievement of enjoyment through self-stimulation, causing our feelings to be played upon. The simplest form of self-stimulation, of course, is scratching oneself. Intense pleasure may be thus experienced—but not for long. One soon tires of it: one's skin becomes sore and red, and one realizes the futility and emptiness of the practice. The pleasure worshippers of our world must find their stimulation in ways more varied and complex than this—ways in which the harmfulness and meaningless of the quest are not immediately apparent. All their efforts, however, are logically equivalent to self-stimulation in its simplest form, scratching.

Such is our aim: we seek to have our appetites and emotions played upon in such a way that the maximum of pleasure may be enjoyed and the minimum of pain suffered. Kinsey shows us the extent to which we seek the pleasures of sex apart from the undesired responsibilities of marriage. When marriage comes, (as it must, if one is to be 'respectable'), we strive to make it as much 'fun' as possible, avoiding the pain of childbirth and the crippling ties and demands of parenthood. We escape a dull and dismal reality in mystical, alcoholic ecstasy, and minimize the after-effects with the merciful balm of Bromo. Since the pleasure and escape possibilities of alcohol are relatively limited, we are turning increasingly to 'stronger stuff': the incidence of the use of marijuana, morphine,

heroin, and similar panaceas, shows a steady increase. Such are some of the most notable aspects of our civilization's pursuit of pleasure.

This search for stimulation is the result of our inability to find meaning or value in the ordinary routines and processes of life. The common, workaday world is not satisfying; we find it prosaic and uninteresting, an unworthy place in which to dwell. Hence we must escape it if we can; each of us romantically longs to rise above its deadness and dullness to some enchanted plane of existence, a realm in which he can atone for his everyday boredom through ecstatic pleasures, and overcome his inferiority feelings by being the monarch of all he surveys. Where to find the magic carpet which can waft him into such a world, the brilliant and glamorous land of his dreams? How can he escape the appalling pressure and monotony of his life?

A magic carpet is essential to him; for our modern world lacks the spiritual resources, the creativity, to set himself in flight. The same emptiness which makes life oppressive to him blinds him to the possibilities which it offers. The sole apparent means of escape available to his impotence is the 'lift' of sensual pleasure.

There are many such magic carpets, some of which all of us use to some degree. They are means of stimulation, forces which stir up our emotions and cast a roseate hue over the world, masking its sterile ordinariness and making it a glorious place. One of these is alcohol, of which William Jones, writing fifty years ago, said, "It brings its votary from the chill periphery of things to the radiant core. It makes him for the moment one with truth. Not through mere perversity do men run after it. To the poor and the unlettered it stands in the place of symphony concerts and of literature; and it is part of the deeper mystery and tragedy of life that whiffs and gleams of something that we immediately recognize as excellent should be vouchsafed to so many of us only in the fleeting earlier phases of what in its totality is so degrading a poisoning. The drunken consciousness is one bit of the mystic consciousness." (*Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 378.) This type of "mysticism" provides the centre of meaning for uncounted millions of lives upon this continent; the weekday work is endured for the sake of the week-end binge, in which the heights may be ascended. Yet this magic panacea for all ills is truly a degrading poison; for the more frantically its devotees seek to escape to the warm comfort of their alcoholic dream world, the more cruelly does reality confront them and ease them into its depths. The beautiful heaven turns out to be a hell.

Sex, in our society, is widely used as a similar sort of magic

carpet. Instead of escape being achieved through use of an artificial stimulant, it is accomplished via the artificial stimulation, the perverted use, of a vital, natural appetite. The centrality (albeit not so exclusive a centrality as our society pretends), and ever-presentness of the sex function in human life, and the intensity of the emotions which accompany it, renders it peculiarly susceptible to being used as an escape mechanism. As might be expected, its use as such follows no single pattern; there are many different facets. I shall deal briefly with some of the most common.

The first, which is most prevalent among our younger citizens, is the ideal of romantic 'Love' (with a capital "L"), with which we are fed *ad nauseam* in Hollywood movies and pulp magazines. You know the type of movie I mean: it ends with hero and heroine entangled in an intimate clinch, while soft and sentimental music drips and drools stickily in the background. The credulous leave the theatre with the impression that the battles are over for John and Mary; all that now awaits them is a lifetime of passionate bliss in their Blue Heaven, clasped (presumably with an occasional intermission) in one another's arms. For they discovered that they were Made For Each Other. He realized it the moment he saw her get on the bus; she knew it the instant he rose to offer her a seat. Et cetera, et cetera—you have seen it many times.

Amusement at this romantic fiction is precluded by the tragic fact that it is taken seriously by a great many young people, and even by some who are not so young. Girl meets boy, and they are attracted to one another. The former, under the influence of the ideal of romantic 'Love', projects all her desires to rise above drab reality, all her longings to escape into a world of glamour, upon the young man, idealizing him to godlike proportions. He, in turn, does the same to her; so they are 'In Love'. They are married—and then, in a sickening succession of shocks, comes the realization that they are only ordinary people, petty and weak like the rest of us. A divorce often follows. To play fast and loose with reality, even in the spirit of innocent (or, more correctly, ignorant) idealism, is disastrous.

The second type of perversion, common to persons of all feasible ages, might be called the lustful or animal attitude. He who holds it sees members of the opposite sex as nothing more than possible instruments of pleasure—not as persons, but as animals. Interest is directed, not to character and virtues, to talents and skills, but solely to biological attributes. Strictly speaking, it is not correct to refer to

this attitude as "animal"; for the brute beast knows nothing of escape mechanisms, of augmenting his desires by artificial means to blot out the actualities of his life. His mate is incapable of being interested in euphemistic exhortations to "make herself lovelier to love." The neurotic world-weariness which underlies efforts to achieve satisfaction through an artificially 'hopped-up' sort of existence is possible only to men. He alone has received the precious gift of freedom: freedom to serve God, or to twist himself into an empty and distorted parody of personality.

The lustful attitude issues in the practice of necking and petting solely for the sake of the pleasure afforded to the partners. Such activity differs radically from genuine love-making even though the external manifestations may be similar. In lustful 'love-play' there is no respect for the personality of the partner: he (or she) is not an object of affection, but merely a suitable instrument of pleasure because he is 'fast'. An additional egoistic motive, besides the obvious desire for stimulation, is usually present in such relationships; a contest is carried on between the partner to determine which can make the other lose self-control. The winner's ego is inflated by the conviction that he is a superior biological specimen—although he would doubtless describe his prowess in more glamorous and self-flattering terms.

This pattern is most damaging by virtue of its superficiality. Just as (I am told) persons who have in youth been 'inoculated' with an inferior brand of Christianity find it difficult to 'catch' the real thing, so those who are habituated to shallowness in sex relationships find it difficult indeed to achieve the depth necessary to a successful marriage relationship. Those who are accustomed to behaving like a silver dollar find fidelity hard to maintain; their inoculation has immunized them to any strong motive for maintaining it. Habits and their underlying attitudes are more easily caught than dispersed; they develop easily and imperceptibly, but can be altered or removed only through pain of suffering. The clearest evidence of the retribution which overtakes the 'fast' person is the development of that atmosphere of 'cheapness' which is so easy to recognize and so difficult to define.

Such is the stimulation pattern which I have sought to describe and exemplify. It is so much a part of us that it is difficult to stand back from it and see it, in all its weird perversity. I shall close my description of its sexual aspect by citing C. S. Lewis, who has inquired what his readers would think of the state of the appetite for food, in

a society where men would derive intense pleasure from watching a beefsteak being slowly unveiled. (The price of meat being what it is, of course, this may yet come to pass.)

How different from the superficial mutual excitation of the 'fast' man and woman is the relationship based upon real, intra-personal love! Here sex is not an isolated function, abstracted from the rest of the organism and valued only for its pleasure-giving potentialities—somewhat as the jaw muscles are used in isolation for the chewing of gum or the respiratory system for smoking. It is, rather, a means of expression of the feelings and attitudes of the depth of the personality—just as, to continue our analogy, the jaw muscles and respiratory system may be so co-ordinated with the vocal cords to express verbally some deep and precious secret of the inner life. The attitude of the partners to one another is one of affection and respect; the love play develops together with a growing, spiritual relationship, as its expression. The kiss, for example, retains something of its original meaning. Originating when the soul or vital principle of man was conceived in terms of breath (see Genesis 2:7), it has traditionally represented a blending of spirits. To use it as the instrument of mere eroticism is to debase it.

Thus sex relationships, when possessing the depth and meaning which is possible to them, fulfil a sacramental function. The Anglican Catechism defines a sacrament as "the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."—which means "the overt expression of an attitude of love or spiritual fellowship." This is to use the term "love" in its full, Christian sense, which is quite different from the 'Love' of which I have spoken. Christian love contains an element of idealism fully as strong as that of its romantic perversion; but it is not an idealism which conceals the reality behind a glowing cloud of the mists of imagination. It loves while seeing with crystal clarity. Only when spiritually attracted to what it sees, can it appropriately begin the physical love play. When it does so, the relationship possesses satisfactions of a depth unsuspected by those acquainted only with its shallow, erotic parody.

The culmination of a real, personal relationship, which has passed successfully through increasing depths of intra-personal intimacy, is marriage—in the religious, not merely the legal, sense of the word. A relationship of 'Love', in contrast, ends in disillusioned disappointment; any marriage that it may produce is not real, since not based in truth. The liaison of lust proceeds to a bored termination, with each

party searching for a new and interesting partner. Hell is the end of the sexual, as of the alcoholic, mode of self-stimulation.

Why the urge for escape through stimulation? The answer is that we are spiritually empty. We project the shadow of our emptiness on the world around us. Just as an agreeable person usually finds his surroundings and associates to be agreeable and an unpleasant person sees his environment as distasteful, so the sterile personality lives in a spiritless and uninteresting world, poles removed from the exciting surroundings of his vital, creative neighbour. Our emptiness drives us to stimulation as the only apparent road to satisfaction and meaning.

This dismal impotence which is gaining ground among us must be explained in terms of the divorce of our culture from the vital forces which gave it birth. A great American Quaker has described ours as a "cut-flower civilization", the beautiful product of creative life, but now separated from the parent stem and doomed to decay. Our culture has become cut off from its Christian and classical roots. The interaction of the Hebrew-Christian and Greek classical traditions has given us our democracy with its much eulogized "freedom", our political and judicial structures which promote justice and equality. Much selfless devotion has gone into incarnating the insights of the great men of yesterday in the institutions of today. We are the heirs of their creative labours. But we are not their children; the springs of creativity have largely dried up. Few of us are acquainted with either the Bible or classical literature—and we do not care to become so. The Christian minister is an inhibited wet-blanket, who frowns prudishly upon harmless pleasure; the classical scholar is an incomprehensible antiquarian. Who cares what happened two or three thousand years ago? Let the dead bury their dead; we are living today, in this brave, new world! But are we living, we "hollow men"? The meaningful continuance of our individual lives increasingly depends upon shots of stimulant, and upon scratching ourselves.

Anton Tchekov

Russia's Great Story Teller

By Alan Bush

IN a lower corner of the fiction shelf in the library, a well-preserved volume stands in unused disgrace amidst its tattered brethren. It is the volume entitled "The Stories of Anton Tchekov." We were amazed to find that this simple little volume has been left untouched, while an infinitely more labour-demanding book, such as James Joyce's "Ulysses" is in a venerably tattered condition. This book contains short pieces of fiction which are superior to anything we have read by an English author. They are much changed from what they were in the original Russian, and yet they have evoked great praise from all English critics. They form a part of the Russian literature of that great movement which began in the middle of the nineteenth century, and which echoes down to the present day.

Anton Tchekov (or Chekhov) was a product of the new age in Russia. Today we tend to think of Russia's change as taking place suddenly in 1917 — but this is not the case. In the great revolutionary era of Europe Russia could not hope to remain completely aloof, and she was stirred to improve her degraded social and political organization. But the soul of Russia was too great to allow her to follow in the footsteps of Europe. She could not sustain both a revolution and her pride, for she was a country apart from the rest of Europe — a country with a completely separate heritage — a country more Asiatic than European — and Russian before either. And so it was that she chose a process of slow social reform rather than a revolution. All those who desired a new Russia saw that the first change had to be in Man's attitude toward his fellows. We are continually reminded that each man should be our brother, and that we should learn to feel our brother's misery equally with our own. The Russian reformers aimed at an understanding of humanity before a change of legal organization.

This was the atmosphere into which Tchekov, the son of a poor tradesman and grandson of a serf, was born in 1860 in the little village of Taganrog on the Sea of Azov. He went to the University of Moscow to study medicine, and while he was there wrote for the Moscow comic papers in order to support himself. While he obtained his medical degree he never practised, as the literary world held too great a fascination for him. It was not long before he became known

and loved for his short stories. Towards the middle of his life he became associated with the Moscow Art Theatre which produced his plays, and in 1891 he was enabled to buy a small estate outside Moscow where he lived with his parents for some years. Late in life he was threatened with tuberculosis and was forced to spend most of his time abroad. He married in 1901, and only three years later died in the Black Forest of Germany.

Tchekov was very highly conscious of the evils in contemporary Russian society and these appalled him tremendously. Not being a harebrained revolutionary, he undertook to improve only that with which he himself came into contact, and, through his writings, the minds of his people. He had an intense love of humanity and that which hurt his "brother" hurt him also. Nor did he merely talk. Witness a long journey across Asia to the Penal Colony of Sakhalin and the story produced, *Saghalein Island*, which did much to mitigate Russia's penal policy. Witness also the two years when he laid down his pen in order to use his medical knowledge in the battle against a cholera epidemic. Witness also his resignation from the Russian Academy in protest when Gorky's appointment to that body was barred by the Government. This is the man who wrote the simple, direct, and honest stories which charmed Russia in the nineteenth century and elicited unbounded praise from England in the twentieth.

If we are to understand these short stories of Tchekov fully, we must first put aside our conditioned ideas as to how such a literary form should be constructed, and how the story should be worked out. For here we will find no traditional completeness of plot. By our standards there is no ending to any of Tchekov's stories. If we read one without some such warning, we are apt to conclude that the author never finished it—that we are reading a fragment of a story, the last half of which has been lost. We are told in one story how two men meet, discuss a woman whose death they have caused; they visit her grave, and one sneaks back in order to commiserate with himself for his sins, but "the moment for weeping had been lost," and so he "waved his arm and went to look for Shapkin." And that is the end. There is no traditional ending in which all the loose ends are tied together—there is no marriage, no everlasting happiness, no death, no completion—only the idea that life went on as usual. A problem is posed but never answered. But this is the author's purpose—to expose and present clearly and simply the problems which faced man. He does not work them out to a satisfactory conclusion, for the problems of man are eternal. This non-completion will at first cause us to put down a story with a sense of dissatisfaction; we will feel ourselves at loose ends. But as we become more experienced readers,

we will find rather that the author has left us free. We will find that he has not bound our minds to his own by the shackles of a story.

These stories are more realistic than English stories, which leave us with a false sense of completion and satisfaction. Being incomplete, they are more like life, which is never complete. As one person has remarked, "As the tune sounded, so he has written it." And what he depicts is not a series of occurrences which happen to the characters, but rather a series of certain states of mind and how these are conditioned by certain actions. He starts out with a person, shows us what he is and what he thinks, and then proceeds to show what changes occur under the influence of the pin-pricks of fate. The physical action is incidental to the mental. Once these things are well understood we can read Tchekov with greater enjoyment.

The stories are simple, direct, and charming. It is possible that much of the simplicity is due to the impossibility of translating certain nuances of the Russian tongue into English, but despite this difficulty, much of the author's intent would still reach us. They have about them a certain air of quiet humanity which we will find nowhere in English literature. Shakespeare's plays, which are perhaps the most human of any English writings, are full of high passion, be it love, grief, or what have you. But Tchekov treats the passions in a mild, subdued way, which brings the stories more closely into line with the everyday reality with which most of mankind comes into contact. In "A Day in the Country" we are told a simple story of three poor people who spend the day together, walking nowhere in particular and talking about nothing in particular. And we are left at the end with nothing but a warm glow in our hearts. We are not stirred to anger by the villain, nor to admiration by the hero, not to loving admiration of the heroine. No, we are left to ourselves and our private feelings. In such a state we tend to examine our own attitude towards mankind, and to perhaps make resolution to "be nicer."

Tchekov's descriptions are as simple as are his plots. We are told that "a warm wind frolics over the grass, bends the trees, and stirs up the dust." There is no long description of how it all appeared to the author's eye, just a sentence telling what did appear. Again we are left free to form our own picture in our minds from the bare and simple essentials. The author has the ability, like Dickens, to portray perfectly a character in a few short sentences, but while those of Dickens are caricatures his are human beings.

The characters are portrayed psychologically and in this manner of treatment the author shows himself to be most expert. We can easily see that he knows mankind and all the little idiosyncrasies

which are mankind's. He is very observant of any little action which might portray character. ". . . He seemed to be a good-natured man, for he ate submissively whatever Auntie put on his plate." What other author would employ only this as evidence that a man is good-natured? Perhaps the author's only departure from reality is his tendency to portray people, not as separate persons, but as individual "watertight compartments" of the genus *homo sapiens*. This study and portrayal of the symphonious variations of personality was Tchekov's great love, and it was through this that he in great part achieved his aim of creating in the hearts of his countrymen a greater understanding of mankind and sympathy for the pains of others.

Tchekov's stories have about them an atmosphere of grave pathos. They do not breathe the passion of stricken grief, but rather a soft and deep sadness. They go hand in hand with a Tchaikowsky symphony in this regard. When we put down the book for a moment we remember Virgil's line "Sunt lacrimae res," and Shelley's

*"Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
saddest thought."*

Even when the story itself is not sad or tragic we are left with this impression of pathos. It is a pathos born partly of the long heritage of oppression and partly of the deep stillness of the cold North.

While we in Canada come generally from different stock, and from a totally different heritage — yet our environment, which is much the same as that of Russia places us in a position to understand Tchekov better than do our English brethren. For we too know the still North out of which is bred the simplicity, the pathos and the near naiveté of his stories.

In these years of our great conflict with Russia many people are taking an increased interest in that country. We find daily new economic and political reports, and such propagandist books as "I Chose Freedom." If we are interested in understanding our enemy we will probably read many of these reports. However, we can read every report that has even been published and still miss the mark. If our aim is understanding, it must be an understanding of the heart of the people; and I suggest, it is not in economic reports that we will find this, but in the arts produced by those people — an admirable example of which are the works of Tchekov.

The Inter-Varsity Drama Festival, 1952

By Arthur Motyer

There was nothing especially grand about the 1952 Festival at Bishop's — no street to rival Edinburgh's mighty Princes Street; no castle on a cliff illuminated at night to look like a brilliantly painted back-drop; no names of note to draw distinguished European patrons; no visions of the noblest arts man can create; nothing of all this. But in its place something just as important — the beginnings of such artistic achievements as lead ultimately to the glories of an Edinburgh or a Salzburg, the awareness of distant ideals, and the encouragement of their pursuit.

The name of *festival* for an occasion of this sort is apt to be misleading, for it suggests rather more a time of merry-making than a period of very hard work. No one would deny the joy which comes with labouring at a job one likes, but a university Festival of Drama is nonetheless an enterprise of the most serious nature. Young hopes are easily raised and easily crushed. Visions of splendour are turned to moments of embarrassment. And everywhere there is a mixture of comedy and tragedy in the very lives of the persons who create such moods on the stage.

And the moods created were many. The University of Western Ontario began with a piece called *The Valiant* by Holworthy Hall and Robert Middlemas, a play that belongs in mood to the '20's, a play of calculated sentiment and improbable situation, but, an effective theatrical piece. It gained for itself second place in the final analysis by the Festival adjudicator, Mr. Sam Payne of Ottawa, who thought it had a consistency of treatment and unity of aim. The young actor who played the part of Dyke (Mr. Dan Slote) was commended especially for his performance. The production itself was not without flaws, however; for while the setting looked effective, it was not arranged to increase the dramatic quality of the play, and the acting consequently suffered.

The second play was Christopher Fry's *A Phoenix too Frequent*, presented by Queen's University, a choice which, however admirable, automatically creates numerous problems for the amateur, problems

mostly of speaking. Mr. Fry is a poet of brilliant words whose very characters rejoice almost self-consciously in the abundance of metaphor. He creates neither distinguished characters nor dramatic situations, but his language is a reflection of all that is spontaneous and paradoxical in man. It must above all be spoken with a clarity which is almost wholly joyful. He who misses the language misses everything, for there is very little else. And in the Queen's performance, with the exception of one young lady, both actors and, as a consequence, audience missed the point of the play. No number of hiccups or exaggerated efforts at comedy on the part of Doto could lift the play back to the heights from which it so clearly fell; but Doto (Miss Joyce Beggs) was given the best actress award for carrying her own rôle and trying so valiantly to help the others.

The Browning Version — the Bishop's entry — is a fine study from the pen of a gifted English dramatist, Terence Rattigan, but another ambitious play for amateurs. The now famous film of the same play, starring Michael Redgrave, has made it even harder for amateurs to overcome the unfair comparisons which audiences wrongly make with the film, unfair because the two techniques of film and stage are vastly different from one another. It is a play which, furthermore, concerns the complex emotions of involved adult lives — it is more than the problem of "an unsatisfied wife and a hen-pecked husband" when the wife and husband are of the potential of Millie and Andrew Crocker-Harris — and, as such, is difficult for young people to create and sustain. But for his remarkably sensitive and intelligent performance in the leading rôle, Mr. David Conliffe was given the award for the best actor, and the play itself was well received by the audience.

Loyola College presented the final offering on the first night, *A Game of Chess* by Kenneth Goodman, and with it won the award for the best play. As the adjudicator pointed out, it is a play by no means in the same class as *The Browning Version* or *A Phoenix too Frequent*: it is melodramatic, dated and heavy, and carries a plot which, on later contemplation, if not at the time, seems nothing if not ridiculous. As a production, however, it was given with the most unusual strength and clarity: the setting was simple but in good taste; the lighting accurately directed; the movements few but sharp; and the speaking bold in tone. The actors were not called upon to run the emotional gamut, or to move in complex patterns around the stage. But what was needed they gave, and created with assurance that "willing suspension of disbelief" without which no play can be a success. The young director of this play was Mr. Dino Narizzano.

The three plays presented on the second night were again of vari-

ed interest, the first, *The Man Born to be Hanged* by Richard Hughes, given by McMaster University. Of all seven plays, this one had perhaps the cleverest and most imaginative setting, obscure in some particulars but wonderfully suggestive of the mood of the play. Both setting and mood were criticized by the adjudicator for their very indefiniteness; although, to my mind, the strange mystery created by the whole production was more than half the point of the play. Pater might have called it romantic for its strangeness and beauty, and I felt it was a thoroughly unusual and moving production. It had in it, furthermore, a very gifted and versatile young actor in the person of Mr. Art Masse; and a sensitive young actress who played Nell, Miss Beverley Strong.

Sister Sue, the Macdonald offering, was the unhappiest of choices. A thoroughly silly and pointless play about tiresome adolescents and their still more tiresome affairs, it had little to recommend it other than the sometimes engaging happy-go-lucky attitude of its players. Younger sisters squabble with older sisters, we all know; but few of us want to be reminded of it in the form in which Mr. John Hershey writes about it, quite devoid of wit and lacking any humour other than the most obvious. The players, however, seemed strangely to enjoy it, and the only thing which prevented the play from sinking completely into realms of the intolerable was that their enthusiasm was to a small degree infectious.

The final play was a presentation by Carleton College, *Words Upon the Window Pane* by W. B. Yeats, a play which seemed to miss in production whatever point it may have had originally in writing. And the point of this play which dabbled in the occult — seances, table-rappings, and voices chanting from the dead, all manner of strange and unintelligible things about Dean Swift and his private life — was clear neither to audience nor, it would appear, to actors. The general mystery of this production was heightened by the fact that the front curtain was not pulled back sufficiently to allow any member of the audience to see the window fully, and any words there may have been on its non-existent pane, which, indeed, there may not have been. At least it can be said that this play was an interesting experiment for proving that Yeats is a better poet than dramatist. But one hopes that it will not have to be proved again.

Thus went the 1952 Festival at Bishop's. It is not always easy for young persons to accept publicly the near-professional criticism of a well-qualified adjudicator; but it was, nevertheless, the sole purpose of the Festival to learn, at whatever the personal cost, the principles

which govern the presentation of good theatre. There was no hiding of sins or weaknesses: virtues and flaws alike were drawn to the attention of all; and there were failures and disappointments to off-set the successes. But in the last analysis, it seemed a worthwhile undertaking; for it had the natural enthusiasm and high spirits of youth to recommend it above all similar professional ventures.

Observations and Comments

*Bishop's — its place in the world of music.
Music — its place at Bishop's.*

By H. Grant Sampson

I, of course, am prejudiced. And what I write is going to reflect that prejudice. But it seems to me that at this beginning of the second Elizabethan Age — a time for “a hundred visions and revisions” — it is most appropriate to inquire into the present state of music in general, and at Bishop's in particular, and to offer some comment.

In my freshman year I remember I wrote a very vehement little essay deploring the lack of courses dealing with the fundamentals of music, its form and its history. I felt that “here the stone images were raised, here they received the supplication of a dead man's hand under the twinkle of a fading star.” Of course, I concede that my first impressions of the musical life were possibly “thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season,” but such they were, probably based on the story that at one meeting the members of the Music Club blew up balloons and chased them around the room. I can't say if this is true, but, if it is, I'm sure they were playing a recording of Schumann's *Soaring*, and executing with delicate precision a pas de bourrée. But, you will ask, what is the difference between then and now. I'm tempted to say, “Now they don't play Schumann's *Soaring*,” but I mustn't, because, of course, they don't execute pas de bourrée either.

Then, as today, in the university there were the two Glee Clubs and the Music Club active in the non-religious field of music. Then, as today, there was the series of recitals for the students. Then, unlike today, there was no excellent hall in which to hold concerts. But these are superficial similarities and differences, and there is a growing interest in music as an art which goes far deeper. It may be that this interest will perish amid the rock for lack of rain, but it does now exist, and I feel we have reason to be hopeful. Quæret quispiam: what difference does it make anyway? Why should we not continue to take our toast and tea, and talk of Michelangelo?

In the first place, Bishop's is advertised as a college emphasizing the “liberal arts”. Yet there is no mention of music (or any of the fine arts) in the curriculum. In a report on the humanities in Canada published in 1947 by W. Kirkconnell and A. S. P. Woodhouse we find that “Canadian universities recognized that music is an essential sub-

ject of education. There are a few which are as yet without formal instruction in music. But almost all others have succeeded in organizing music departments, and other professional courses for music students, or credit courses for Arts students, or both." And this book, which records Bishop's as having a faculty of music, as, I believe, it once did have, continues: "At the undergraduate level Canadian universities offer three distinct kinds of music courses: first, courses leading to the degree of Mus. Bac.; second, courses leading to an Arts degree with music as a field of concentration; and finally, music courses with Arts credits." "So we find that in Toronto and McGill, in the University of Saskatchewan and in Bishop's University the main subjects of instruction are harmony, counterpoint, history, form and analysis." Only we don't find these at Bishop's. We can only "look before and after, and pine for what is not."

A GAME OF CHESS

For the past number of years there has been a growing commercializing of music. Organizations have sprung up bringing music to the masses—music brought to the masses who would otherwise not have the opportunity to hear it, music brought to the masses "by way of partial compensation." The quality of recitals of all sorts given in cities of any size at all has greatly increased. This means two things: that people are going to more concerts, and more people are going to concerts. Thus it is that many, through no fault of their own, find themselves listening to music they neither like nor understand—listening because concerts are treated as a necessary part of everybody's life, as the solution to the problem of ennui, and the solution is usually as "ineffectual as make-up on an intellectual, or veneer upon veneer." I pity these people for they remind me of "hym that is y fallen into myserie" as they mutter with Sibly. *αποθανειν θελω*. Although at these recitals many of the "tones so clear are doomed to fall on cavern wall," from the artist's point of view it is financially rewarding. But from the artistic point of view should recitals be the answer to "What shall we do tomorrow? What shall we ever do?"

DEATH BY WATER

Another aspect of the modern musical horizon is the appalling popularity of music. No longer is the hearing of music a treat. It is a threat. People are being exposed to so much music, that they will soon fail to respond to any of it. Music is noise, organized noise, and as such it can be used as the background to our living—a background

which can become so common that it will not arouse any feeling in us at all, or no deeply emotional feelings at least. People turn on the radio or phonograph, and then ignore it. They find things to do while listening to the music as though they could digest a Schoenberg Quartet as easily as toast and tea. And it is through mechanized means that much of today's music reaches the people. Now I'm not trying to say that I think all records should be abolished. Not in the least; I think they're ideal for throwing at people, and besides that they do provide a good substitute for live music. But it must be recognized that they are substitutes, and that no recording, however good it may be technically, can ever catch the excitement and the immediacy of a live performance. I feel that as a result of this "music for the masses" mania, the people are being subjected to so much that the true values of it are lost. Too many are content to listen to a record of a piece instead of trying to play it themselves.

But what has all this got to do with Bishop's? That's an interesting question. In the first place it seems to me that here at the university, as in the rest of the world, there is a growing interest in music. But whereas the increase in concert audiences is often due to commercialism, here the interest appears to be genuine. There were no posters informing students of the values of belonging to the Music Club, but this year that organization has the largest membership it ever has had. This, I know, is an appeal to quantity as a criterion, but surely in a place where there are so many other activities numbers must indicate some genuine interest. At the college the students rarely play chess, but they do attend musical functions.

Another encouraging thing about music at Bishop's is the active participation of the students. For the past two years the combined Glee Clubs have presented a recital. Last year the Music Club held a "musical evening" at which the students themselves performed, and I believe this year the club is going to sponsor a public concert. It is only by actually performing music that the "metronomic melody can sublime the soul with purity profound." Through the Glee Clubs, the choir and the Music Club many are able to experience music.

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

If "time present and time past are both perhaps present in time future, and time future contained in time past" can we not suggest something about the state of music in this second Elizabethan Age? First of all, let us hope that music will be recognized as a vital subject for the curriculum here as it has in other Canadian universities. In a college such as Bishop's the study of the fine arts should be an

essential part of the student's education. May I also suggest that a better class of performer (artistically, not necessarily a bigger name) be engaged for the students' recitals. I don't think I need to quote examples to back this up, but insofar as the students are concerned, I do think that there is a growing and a healthy interest in music as an art. Bishop's is near the largest city of the Eastern Townships which means that it is located near a potential audience — an audience which can derive from the college a certain leadership in music. Bishop's is beginning to give that leadership. At present it may be that "in this I feel that we are, and will be more and more as time goes on, justified in chanting, "Shantih, Shantih, Shantih."

Education and Moral Values

By Keith J. Hall

IT is very important that we should think of the significance of moral values in education. Lewis Mumford, a Dartmouth college professor, has tersely expressed what we must do:

"We must ask, not what we can get, but first, what is worth having. When our values are established, once our goals are set, a large part of the present meaningless routine will fall away. And now the mission of education to-day becomes plain. It is nothing less than to prepare men and women who will be worthy of the great duties of world-wide co-operation and fellowship, upon whose performance the fate of our whole civilization depends. That is a task worthy of our utmost effort, and nothing less than our utmost effort will be equal to the task."

A great responsibility rests on educators with respect to morals and values. The most serious crimes against civilization are usually committed by educated and technically competent people. As an example of the idea that providing a good education does not discharge responsibility and should be directed to the development of high ethical ideals, we may examine Germany. She was one of the best educated nations yet Germany supported a completely immoral regime. Her universities were among the first institutions to be taken over by the Nazis and used to indoctrinate their youth. And her educational leaders lacked the character to resist. Education must be recognized as one of the most important features of a nation's life and one of the chief determinants of its destiny.

Individual as well as national examples show that education and intellect are not necessarily correlated with a virtuous character or disciplined will. In the universities of all western countries a decline has taken place in higher education consciously directed to the development of high ethical ideals. Some even maintain that the business of universities is solely with the intellect, and that they should accept no responsibility for moral training or character building but should leave them to other agencies.

In Bernard Shaw's play "Too True to be Good" he makes a character say: "I stand midway between youth and age, like a man who has missed his train; too late for the last and too early for the next. What am I to do? What am I?" Might this also be the mood of bewil-

derment which is reflected by the people of western civilization because it lacks purpose and a goal?

Western democracies have inclined all too much toward the materialistic viewpoint although it may seem to be ready to acknowledge the existence of a spiritual order. Our education in natural sciences and social studies has been more thorough than our education in ends and values. The fact that our culture has become permeated with the idea that man is a product of natural, economic, and social forces reveals how widespread is the process of secularization. Is man basically a creature of his environment? In our system of education we proclaim the right of every boy and girl to receive a thorough schooling. But do we stop to think what we mean by schooling or education?

Everyone should be educated but there is nothing in particular that the educated man should know. Has education no reference to character? How will students employ their new insights and knowledge? Has education no relationship to a world view?

If no world view at all should be taught to students, multitudes of students will wander through the maze of educational offerings with Theodore's Dreiser's words on their lips: "I catch no meaning in all that I have seen, but pass quite as I came, confused and dismayed."

The primary purpose of school and college is not the production of skilled persons as a tradesman is skilled, or the imparting of facts, but rather, the development of trained, informed, cultured people, who possess a philosophy of life and a faith to sustain their ideals.

The Honour System at some universities has been abandoned because of wide-spread class-room dishonesty. Even the Honour System of Chapel Attendance at Bishop's has not been successful. The magnitude of our problem is best illustrated by the most recent case where almost ninety cadets from the United States Military Academy at West Point were dismissed for cheating. The main reason for this weakness in ethical behaviour at college is that the students are without an integrated philosophy of life. We may sagely stop to ask, What kind of persons are our colleges producing? Has a man a right to act upon the distinction between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, honour and dishonour?

Thomas Arnold, headmaster of the famous school for boys at Rugby, England, defined his ideal of education as: "The training of a Christian gentleman." He was referring, of course, to a boy's school. Character building was given a paramount place at Rugby. Arnold be-

lived that the formation of character was more important than cramming heads with knowledge.

When we think of the character of a Christian gentleman, we think of truthfulness, nobility, honour, fair play, and public spiritedness. These qualities however cannot stand alone. So Arnold speaks of a "Christian gentleman," emphasizing the fact that a Christian worldview was imparted to his students, and the Christian ethic was kept constantly before them. Religion and a liberal education became the twofold basis of education. Thus Arnold saved the English public school system from moral corruption and gave it a place in the esteem of the people of England.

The weakness of modern education in moral training and character building has been attributed to various factors. Some maintain that the separation of education from the church has been at least a contributing factor. The inculcation of ethical standards has always been a primary concern of the church. In the field of higher education it should be remembered that most colleges were established as training schools for ministers and as such were greatly concerned with the improvement of the characters of their students and the teaching of methods by which they in turn could improve the characters of others. In Canada, such church-connected colleges were numerous: Bishop's, Mount Allison, Queen's, McMaster, Trinity, Western Ontario, King's, Acadia, Manitoba, Victoria, Wesley, Brandon, Regina, Mount Royal, Victoria of British Columbia, not to mention the numerous Roman Catholic colleges. However with the establishment of state universities and with the increasing cost of higher education, most of these colleges, except the Roman Catholic ones, gave up their church connections in order to be eligible for wider and less precarious financial support. Some gave up their work in Arts and Sciences and retained their church connections as purely theological colleges.

Another reason given for the failure of education in the realm of morals is the eclipse of traditional classical education. It is maintained by some that classical education constituted unique training for character and discipline. Its strength in this respect lay in the fact that it brought the student into constant, intimate contact with great literature which presented ethical problems in impressive, inescapable form. To-day material success can be greater without it, but this can be no substitute for its immaterial effects. Purpose and ideals can never be replaced by comfort and gadgets.

The present courses of study at university should be adapted to ethical training. University professors should not devote their whole

thought and effort to their narrow academic specialities. It is not enough to give students the knowledge needed to live in a highly technical society; they should be given a definite attitude towards life and the basis for a definite philosophy of life.

Furthermore, the neutral of the scientific point of view should not free teachers from any obligation to teach students to become better human beings. Neutrality should be abandoned and moral training and character building should be avowed and important educational aims.

Every intelligent man needs some philosophy of life. No particular philosophy should be taught by the university, but it should assist the student to adopt or formulate his own. It should train him to think hard on questions of personal and social ethics. And the teacher need not hide his own views for fear of violating neutrality, provided he makes it clear that the student is under no obligation to accept those views, and provided he is fair in the presentation of other possible views.

The inculcation of a scale of values is one of the purposes of education. It is not the teacher's business to teach people what to think but rather how to think, or at least to teach them some set of values to follow. If they live on the sea-shore then teach them to row with the lighthouse before them or else you take the responsibility for their drowning.

The Private Film Picture in Canada

By John Cox

Canada, a cliché says, is still a growing country. Another says that her resources are unlimited. Out of pride, we agree. Our native film industry, however, while growing uncertainly, has very limited resources.

Its facilities, by any standard or comparison, are poor. One could park Ste. Hyacinthe, Cotes des Neiges and the Toronto lots in a corner of Warner Bros. and lose them easily. Shooting in Canada's indoor studios, any producer will tell you, is pretty well a trial from the space point of view. In the whole of Montreal, remember — Canada's largest city, there are only a half dozen inside areas large enough and sufficiently free from pillars. Most of these are owned by people who are not the least bit interested in the film business and need the space for their own purposes. Toronto is little better off.

Talent is good where there is some. Most producers, actors and technical help are employed in adjacent fields which have first call on their time and energy. To make even a public interest film requires an intrusion into the demands of allied activities such as radio and amateur theatre work. It seems to be the same people doing all the film work in Canada because only a few highly skilled but side-line persons can afford to make film production of an entertainment nature their full-time livelihood. There are many Canadians employed in large U. S. centres who might conceivably be wooed back to their native land if industrial security seemed certain.

Movie-making means big money, big money men with more to sink into it before the first cent of profit can be returned to them — and not ploughed back into the company. Because there is restricted demand for production equipment, cost on even the most elementary items is high. And, most of it, because of availability and efficiency, comes from abroad.

The only individual source rich enough in Canada to back film

business is the Government, a prohibitive possibility and at any rate, an unwelcome one in a highly individualized and flexible profession. Private investors, looking for a reasonably safe dollar return, shudder at the memory of the number of Canadian film enterprises which have gone on the rocks.

The domestic market is very poor economically. The silly self-consciousness of Canadian film inferiority is gradually being overcome by such hard working private companies as Crawley Films of Toronto. This, fortunately, is becoming less of a factor in determining the saleability of the native product. With a small population, and an even lesser average film audience potential, Canadian box-office returns cannot hope to pay off any but the cheapest budgeted films.

The foreign market and its returns are the key to profit. The proof of this is the Hollywood dependence on such a market. This now brings in immediately the competition element which abroad directly lies on the quality of the individual product. Canada's reputation for selling good merchandise overseas has helped get many films admitted on a genuine commercial basis. The record of the Royal Couple's tour last Fall is the foremost example of this. It is guaranteed to make money in foreign theatres. Many more, however, must follow before an established market can be assured.

After all other obstacles have been dealt with, there still remains one about which we can do nothing: our climate. Let's face it. Aside from July and August, no movie maker would leave a dollar's worth of his expensive equipment outside overnight or even during the day if he could help it. The weather is definitely against feasible production plans. Countless Film Board projects have been held up for weeks because of no sun—and even no rain. Actors, technicians and ordinary helpers must be paid, rain or shine, shooting or not. Often days go by when all work is at a standstill waiting for clement weather to deign to appear. Payrolls meanwhile are running up. No backer wants any part of those troubles which can be avoided in other locales.

The situation outlined so far looks bad. One wonders how we have any film industry here at all. Overwhelming as these disadvantages seem, there are millions invested in Canadian film creation. Films are being made. In a way, it is a miracle that such good exceptions have been produced. There have been some very good ones too. The most memorable is the "Loon's Necklace", an

animated twenty-minute masterpiece which won an award at Bruges Film Festival.

The most activity, people employed and occasionally money being made today in Canadian film making is in commercial and sales shorts. The large companies make them to enlighten the general public on their activities, to demonstrate to salesmen new lines of merchandise or acquaint new personnel on the company's advantages. CIL, Imperial Oil, Hudson's Bay, Bruck Mills, the Aluminum Co., International Nickel and other mighty concerns are turning to this medium mostly through the salesmanship of the embryo industry's efforts and the lead taken by their American counterparts.

There are quite a number of animated cartoons being produced also. Again, however, they are being made with an axe — a commercial one—to grind. These activities are all to the good, though, for they build up a wealth of men and women with experience and enthusiasm for this medium.

Commercial entertainment films, where the money and the talent are, have been and seem at the present to be economically possible only on a shoestring. This shoestring can be defined as the one mentioned by press agents in describing Italian efforts — only cut in half.

There have been a few such efforts but their results are too few and new to set them in any pattern.

One aspect of private film enterprise has done remarkably well and will continue to do so indefinitely. It has been caused ironically enough by a technical deficiency of the movie gods themselves in Hollywood and England. French Canada enjoys Hollywood pictures with French soundtracks superimposed. The English moviegoer might snicker at the thought of Clark Gable wooing in French. But the results, thanks to diligent and persistent efforts, are quite good. French Canadian personalities of the radio world enjoy considerable extra revenue dubbing in their language. The only kinks in this system are the growing number of French Canadians who go to English-language pictures and the fact that the redone movies are usually a few years old.

Canadian film industry can expand and achieve a fair amount of prosperity and repute by thinking a little better of themselves. This way, more Canadian can be injected into films which appear on the Canadian and foreign markets. Our culture would take a big

step forward if it could enter one of the biggest media in the world today.

Quite a number of Hollywood films have had Canadian locales. Unfortunately few of them have been box-office wonders. What we need are pictures with more in them about Canada than Mounties, mountains, fishermen, snow and references to crooks "hightailing" it to Canada to escape the FBI.

Canadians already established in influential positions in Hollywood and other foreign film circles should start prodding their powers that be for more Canadian locations. These Canadians should act as authorities on what is genuinely Canadian and not what is sometimes a weird concept of our native customs.

When and if these production crews get here, they should be given useful, reliable and accurate information and assistance. Recently Columbia gave up a winter picture idea here because of the National Film Board's objections on a minor point. Jealousy, professional pride and interference can quickly subdue a commercial venture that was born in the first place to appease demands for more Canadian topics.

Getting Canadians and Canadiana into foreign made and released pictures seems to be our best bet to put the Canadian idea over abroad.

The most satisfactory and rewarding way in which a domestic film industry can thrive is to produce good, positively Canadian films for local and foreign consumption. Imitation rarely does its author much good. Combining this quality-Canadian policy with a vigorous campaign throughout the world—and especially in the United States—will invigorate local private film companies . . . and incidentally, will help the country as a whole to benefit.

The Irish . . .

And their contribution to the Canadian way of life

By Gordon MacFarlane

IT was a great day for the Irish," at least it was before this paper was started. But now that their virtues and vices are being balanced on the scales that tell whether these people make good citizens or not, the picture is not so bright and fresh. In fact, the shamrocks that good Irishmen wear on St. Patrick's Day will probably wither, turn brown, and die.

Irishmen came to Canada just like other people in search of new wealth, prosperity and freedom. In later years it was not so much the freedom as the immediate conditions in Europe itself. Stephen Leacock says . . .

"The Victorian Age would have seemed the brightest age in all history, but for the dark shadows behind it; the new poverty brought by new wealth; the new liberty of people free to starve and of others, free to let them do it; the stones in place of bread, the festering slum, the cry of the children in the factories, the *Song of the Shirt*, and the starvation under the new name of the survival of the fittest. Seen thus, the new pauperism of the 19th century makes the rude plenty of the 14th century seem a golden age and the plain meal at sunset in a log cabin a very glimpse of paradise."

This paragraph seems to sum up the reasons of emigration from a dim Europe to a bright new world as well as it possibly could be expressed. And with the mass of discontented people came the Irishmen, the Northerners and Southerners. The paradise they envisioned in the land of opportunity across the Atlantic took the form of potatoes, and more potatoes. This very cheap vegetable had managed to keep many Irishmen fed and reasonably happy and content, until the old friend of the "Green Isle" failed in the Potato Famine of 1846-47 and refused to feed anyone on a budget.

They came and settled, but there is little written about their early difficulties in the new land. They settled in groups that shared the same sentiments. The Northerners never associated themselves with the Southerners in the same community. The Roman Catholics were never to be seen with the Protestants. The split was wider in the case of the Irish than it was within the Scottish or English or any other race, for that matter. The bitter antagonism within the race itself

naturally showed in Canada where their talents and feelings should have been united to produce better and stronger communities. As it was, their great Irish patriotism seethed beneath the seams of their shanties, and they seldom really became good citizens.

There were exceptions. Many Irishmen, it is true have contributed to Canada, but they have contributed because they have forgotten their ancestry, and have buried the hatchet of antagonism and waved the golden wand of diplomacy. All this can be proved by studying some famous Irishmen in Canada and assembling the facts. But first, let us examine what they did in general, how they contributed according to their religion and the district from which they came.

The Ulster Protestants have had perhaps a more profound influence on Canadian life, chiefly because they survived longer, and grew to larger numbers than their Southern brethren. In New Brunswick Irishmen completed the settlement of St. John Valley and infiltrated (through) the older settlements. In Upper Canada, they went beyond the areas and boundaries previous settlers had formed, and made new outposts. Some counties today are almost wholly of North of Ireland descent. A little hall by the roadside with "L.O.L." indicates an Ulster countryside, except where Loyalists have changed it all to Orangeism. "For one hundred years," says Lower, "the Orange Order has been one of the strongest political forces. Ulster men came in a society already conservative to the point of Toryism: They brought British qualities. They re-enforced the Toryism and Britishism of the Loyalists, and added to Loyalist prejudices another, that of religion."

It is a little less bright but more amusing to study the southern Irishmen, and their failure as a whole to fit into Canadian life and produce anything worth while. Here again there are exceptions, but I feel that southern Irishmen have not shone in any particular field. They have been content to stay out of the limelight.

In the first place, their number was not great. A few of them have survived and now reside in the Ottawa Valley. The rest sprinkled themselves among the bigger cities of Montreal, Quebec, and Saint John; but most of them have gone to the United States. In 1941, there were only 404,000, and they do not seem to be increasing.

The best way to study these people is to see how they actually live in the Ottawa Valley. This is a dull, rather unproductive area, with the exception of the vicinity around Ottawa and to the north of it for about sixty miles. One often wonders why on earth they ever

settled here. The timber in the northern area provides fine clapboard houses for as many as *six* families in each town. The few fertile fields of the southern area produces perhaps as many as *ten* prosperous farms in each county.

Here you are an Irishman or a foreigner. To be an Irishman you must be a Roman Catholic. It does not matter whether your name is Hennessey or MacDonald. But if you do not speak English, or if you are not a Roman Catholic you are either a foreigner or an outsider.

In these communities that go along in a lackadaisical and listless way, there is little initiative and less ambition. An Irish brogue is as evident on the lips of nearly every soul, as it is on a newly arrived Irish immigrant. The Irish inflection and the peculiar sounding English has not been lost, even though the inhabitants' grandparents never saw the "Green Isle," or their descendants for the last hundred years! Here these people are ruled by the Roman Catholic Church and by the sentimentality one finds in the heart of nearly every Irish man.

What the Roman Catholic Church has done for these people cannot be overestimated. In their schools they have taught their children and are still teaching what little they can of the humanities, the arts, and grace, what little possible that can be digested by people used to bushwacking and general loitering. Their scope is narrow. They teach their sons to be doctors, lawyers, or priests; their daughters to be nurses, teachers, or nuns. The priests and nuns in turn pass on what they have learned, and what has been handed down to them, generation after generation, about the classics, and about literature and language. But when it comes to the sciences, they are lost, and this is where the Separate School System in Ontario and in most of the provinces fails.

The sentimentality common to nearly every Irishman has done more to hinder him from progressing than the church, as it so often has been accused. The church, instead of hindering its flock, has in some degree prepared it in the oldest and strictest way to face life and to exercise its mental equipment with all the dexterity Roman Catholicism advises. It is that underlying sentimentality, and appreciative and sympathetic attitude from one Irishman to another that hinders it from matching the other races in progress and prosperity. The story of the Irish dentist, whose name was O'Brien and who had been a brilliant dentist, is a good example. O'Brien had, through the years, because of several great failures, become dissipated and taken to drink. His office was no longer the meticulous one it once had

been, nor were his hands as steady. His reputation was going down and his name was blackened by the fact that he had once pulled a wrong tooth, and had stuck a freezing needle right through a woman's jaw. But a fellow Irishman went to him because he was a friend, even though there was a new dentist in town, but the new dentist was a Protestant. The fellow Irishman ended up with badly infected gums. He knew better, but O'Brien was an Irishman, and a friend.

In spite of all their faults and their laziness, Irishmen are witty, often clever, and good company. Their life is closely associated with the church. What should be somber events are made the happiest days of their lives. When there is a death, the sudden bereavement is soon lost, when the carpets are rolled up and the fiddle is brought out for the square dance. The coffin is pushed aside and after the whiskey has flowed too high, and the question is asked, "Where did we lay Minnie?" they are surprised to find her lying on the milk house shelf, and dead as she had been at the start of the evening. This is the holy ritual of the wake, and if Minnie was not properly wakened, her friends were not to blame.

In the more specific field we may find famous Irish Canadians and see how the great difference between Northerner and Southerner applies, and how each one succeeds or does not succeed.

In the case of Prime Minister Arthur Meighen, there is no Irish fire or sentimentality hindering him from success. He buried all Irish tendencies that might stop him and succeeded as a diplomat. He was hailed as a French hater, but he denounced it with as much enthusiasm as his Irish blood might allow, and his Canadian birth and experience told him to do. In fact, he made constant efforts to fuse the diverse elements in Canada. He was no Irish agitator as so many of his fellows were. In contrast Edward Blake failed in politics both in Canada and Ireland. He did not have the know-how to stay in power, nor did he know when to stop or start like so many Irishmen.

In the arts, Irishmen have shone no more brightly than their racial competitors. But here one should not make too sweeping statements, for a person with a Scottish name may have some Irish blood in him. If the case is to be one of division and separation, one is doing what Lower says Canadians have failed to do so far and so long, that is, call themselves Canadians. They are the Scottish, the English, the French, the Irish, but never the Canadians. A few names like Franklin Carmichael, Lucius O'Brien, and Paul Kane dot Canadian Art Galleries with seriously detailed paintings, with all the form and precision that their strict teaching gave them. In poetry, there are people

who have contributed nothing outstanding, but poetry that has taken from the masters what is most suitable for the Canadian theme. Isabella Vallency Crawford is one of the few who has infused into her Canadian poetry anything Irish at all, or has tried to depict the sentiments of Irish settlers. But these people have lost their ancestral tendencies through the ages. They have either benefited or lost in the process.

In the person of D'Arcy McGee there is a mixture; the straight Irish blood has been contaminated (as it would appear to an Irishman) with common sense. The common sense speeded him on the road to success, but a true bigoted Irishman would never admit this. In spite of influence and experience changing McGee there is a definite Irish personality shining through it all, that is hard to conceal, and reveals itself in his speeches and writing.

In his essays one finds his zeal and patriotism for Ireland and his sympathy for fellow Irishmen, almost a sentimental attitude. His speeches exhibit all the classical unities of oratory, that probably had been taught to him by some good Irish monk.

In his address on *Ireland's Place in the Literature of the World*, he compliments every Irish poet and author with insipid flattery. He quite rightly says that Johnathan Swift wrote some of the clearest and smoothest English ever written in his *Gulliver's Travels* and *Journal to Stella*. It is really typical of an Irishman to say,

"It was an age of Sterne, of Parnell, of Julius (admittedly an Irishman, whoever he was,) of Arthur Murphy, and a hundred other distinguished men whose names will be found shining like lesser, though still brilliant stars through the memories of that period." McGee, in proving a point, uses a list of Irishmen a Ciceronian mile long.

In emphasizing Irishmen's place in world society, he goes overboard in his ranting and all his Irish fire is exhibited. He claims Irishmen are discontented with their lot all over the world simply because they are not given a proper rating. He expressed the remedy in the exclamation,

"Try justice! Try Equality! Try Conciliation! Try to give Ireland her fairly-won place in the history of the Empire!"

In contrast to all this raving and Irish flag waving, we find slanderous statements in the Elgin-Grey papers, and the Irish flag flying at

half-mast. In history books anything Irish is listed under agitation. Surely Elgin felt the same way.

Papineau raised difficulties by evoking Irish and French sentiments. Young men met to get established a joint French and Irish demonstration. The next month of that same year there was another meeting, but this time a monster one. But the French and the Irish politely did not get along.

Later we find Elgin even more alarmed but his council not.

"Bear in mind that one half of our population is of French origin, and deeply imbued with French sympathies; that a considerable portion of the remainder consists of Irish Catholics; that a large Irish contingent on the other side of the border — fanatics on behalf of republicanism and repeal are edging on their compatriots here to rebellion" And Papineau is waving a lighted torch between these combustibles.

In the following months mass meetings went on at Bonsecours market in Montreal. Thunderstorms were raised over one thing and another and fiery Irishmen said a lot about not very much.

The next month American Irishmen would have attacked Canada by which their thirst of vengeance against England could be quenched. The attack did not occur because there was then political contentment prevailing among the French Canadian and Irish Catholics. It is a good thing that it did not occur for at that time there were only five thousand troops scattered in eighteen different stations.

There was talk, and in fact Elgin's ministers were even convinced that when the Irishmen came from the States, the French and Irish in Canada would greet them. The Irish in Montreal were all for annexation, but here again there was a split in their own ranks. The Orangemen were ashamed of them. The failure of the invasion and the Irish Rebellion in Ireland itself seemed to put a damper on the whole agitation. It strengthened the loyalty of the Liberal party in Upper Canada especially the third section of it. It had been disagreeable and agitated itself. The result of the Irish uprisings was only to strengthen their patriotism and stop any ideas they might have had for annexation.

Elgin, in his final discourse on the situation, gives the Irish a slap, in the lines that are between the lines, that stings as much as McGee's satire, and comes inevitably from a man who has been dealing for two years with this festering sore point.

"It is of great importance that good feeling and united action be

preserved in this which is the great leading and moving class of Upper Canada. There is of Upper Canada. There is more just and well considered political knowledge among the Scotch clerks and mechanics of Toronto than among double their number of pompous merchants of Montreal" (and we need not question of what nationality these merchants were).

He continues with a remarkable tribute to Scottish farmers, workmen and shop keepers, their initiative and stability. There is the undertone that the Irish are not ambitious, that they are unstable, and inferior to the Scottish.

Whatever the Irish contributions may be, Bruce Hutchison in his *The Unknown Country* sums it up pretty well, although he deals too much in the trivial and makes a lot of fuss over small contributions.

"We are the Irish too. Out of Ireland's famines came many of our ancestors and there were more of them than Scots at the time of Confederation. Always the Irish were great breeders and great people to stick together. Only an Irishman like Thomas Talbot could have conceived such a fantastic settlement as Port Talbot, Ontario, where in his castle of Malahide, like an eagle's nest on a cliff, this dashing soldier cooked, milked, farmed, baptized the babies, married the young folks, read the Sunday services, and made sure everyone came to church by sending a bottle of whiskey around after the services. We have had other great Irishmen in Canada — Baldwin, the real father of popular government, Edward Blake, our finest legal mind, D'Arcy McGee, the poet and darling of Confederation, who was murdered by the Fenians for his love of Canada, Thomas Shaughnessy, the railway builder.

"We had, in fact, a kind of Irish period, followed by a Scottish period under MacDonald, and Brown. One of the most pleasant relics of the Irish period, which Mr. Gibbon rescued for his book, is the series of advertisements published by R. J. Devlin.

'I have a lot of Grey Goat Sleigh Robes at \$6.00 each. They are lined and trimmed but if there is any worse lining or trimming in the whole country, I should like to see it. Of course, with a raging Protectionist Government in power, people can't expect much for six dollars and in this case I think their expectations will be realized.'

"But the Irish for all their whims, knew their business. Devlin's store . . . is one of the best in Ottawa . . . Up and down the Ottawa Valley you will find farmers talking in a rich brogue."

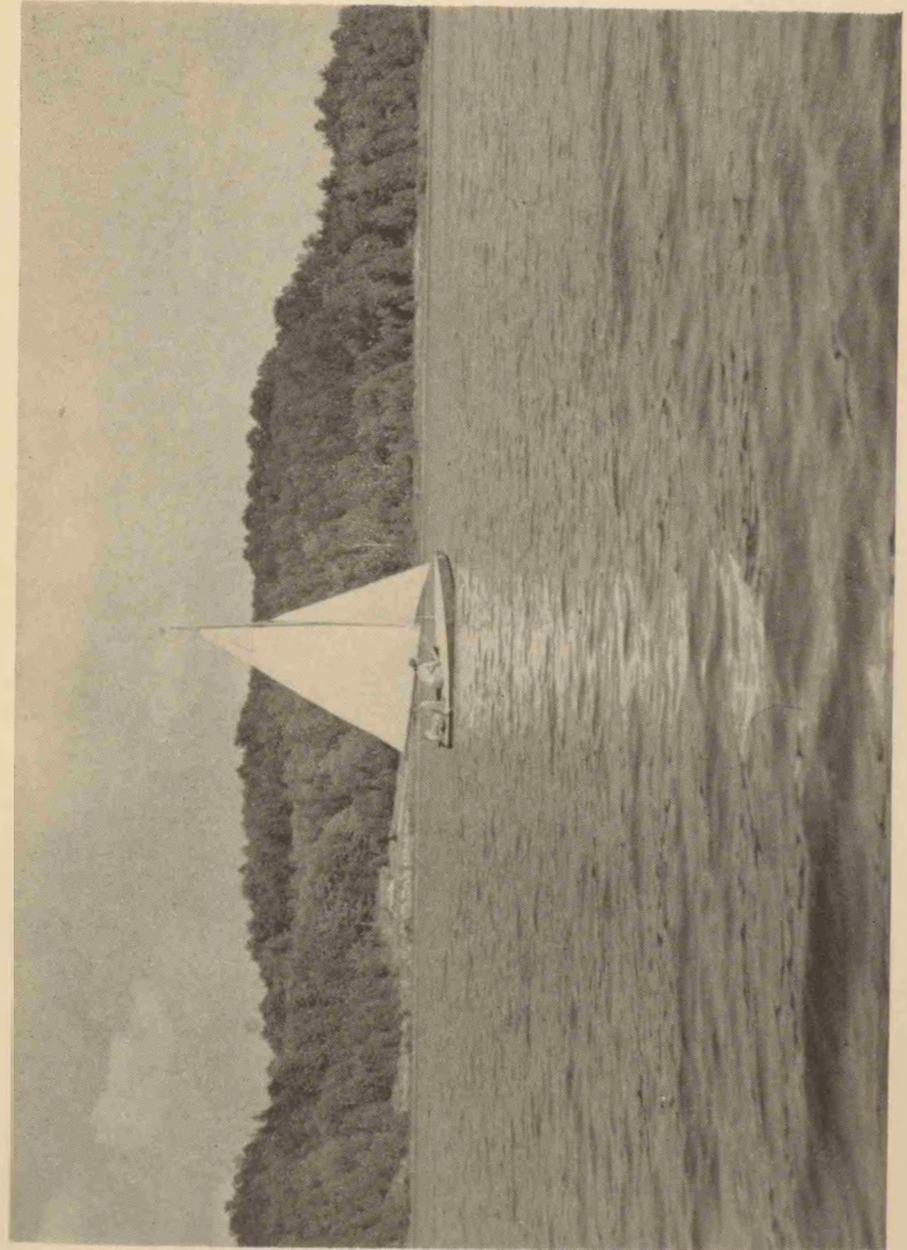
The Irish do seem to be becoming overshadowed. Devlin's Store

The MITRE

has been bought by Morgan's, and for an Irishman it will never be the same again. But as he would say in his final listless way, "Who the devil cares?"

Elgin has been unjust in estimating Irishmen's ability. As ordinary workers they are reliable. They are content with their every day tasks, whether they be the milkmen or the policemen. They are violent and unstable in their temperaments and likes and dislikes; perhaps this underlying make-up in addition to quick temper is what stops them from really reaching the top. The top to the Irishman is not the ultimate goal. It is, on the contrary, the fact that he is an Irishman, even though now he is supposed to be a Canadian; it is the Irish ancestry of which he is proud, not his Canadian citizenship.

LENT 1952



Keith Hall

'Sailing'

The Silver Spheres

By S. W. Stevenson

Man: Maelstroms of misery, abysses of despond,
Snow-shrouded peaks, and hoary promontories;
Yea, all afflicted elements in tedious travail
Were soon compelled to echo my o'erweening woe.
Then cried I: "Howl, ye demons who inhabit
Wind-tormented treetops, wail!"
And our commingled groans
Fled thrice around this mundane sphere,
Then hovered pendant here
On palpitating pinions of disembodied pain;
While from the fiend-infested caverns of despair,
Thorough the affrighted air
Arose one muted and miasmal moan.

Flora: Share this grief
Which no being long alone can bear.
Tell your sorrow
And thus borrow
Sweet relief.

Man: It was a sight most beautiful
Her face and form to look upon;
How, then or now, could I express
Her beauty, or my loneliness?
My sorrow, or her loveliness?
Shall it suffice to say that she is gone?

Silenus: Petal-like moments, soft falling,
Soon cover the ashes of memory.
The final breath of Hope has long since flown
To a land of listless shadows,
Where the wailing winds all wander
When at last the storm subsides;
Where faded dreams, meandering
Throughout a boundless wilderness
Of never-ending weariness,
Forever flit in futile search
For soft, eternal slumber.

Joy and despair, loss and gain are illusion,
For who can recapture a moment of pleasure
Or remnant of rapture unmeasured by pain?

Man & Flora: Day and night we have chanted proud anthems of praise
To the wandering winds, and in vain have we sung
To the lyre and the lute, to the timbrel and tabor
Of yesterday's labour, of leisure to be.
*Gone, gone are our gods
And all songs are forgotten,*
Save one unending monotone devoid of melody.

Silenus: Then listen to a story that was old when time was young,
For timeless is this storied allegory:
*Night departing, fear confounding,
Sun upstarting, joy abounding*
Regal condors, high ascending, scour an unfrequented sky.
Worlds rotate, while earthworms wait;
Aged condors, earthward waning, duly deigning, then,
to die;
*While night, negroid, cyclopic,
Senile, sullen, misanthropic,
Stares with one veiled, vacant eye.*

Man: He stares so even now, while I reel amid confusion,
Thoughts, like springboks, each o'erleaping
To an untoward conclusion.

Silenus: Then leave your leaden intellect entomb'd in a trance.
Come, let us countermand our fate;
We will, for once, manipulate
The previously undirected puppet strings of chance,
To thus induce the marionette
Of circumstance, to pirouette,
And do, as grand finalé, an eudaemonistic dance.

Flora: We'll drink an undiluted draught of sparkling spontaneity,
And there within the room,
On a loom of vagrant air,
We'll weave a wondrous tapestry of texture rich and rare
Wherein we'll see, or, dreaming, seem to see . . .

Silenus: Transported then beyond the zone of thought-enthraling
time,
When suddenly our joys and sorrows all return again,

Like a Bachanalian revel, or a comedie humaine,
To reassert their ancient squatter's rights withn the brain,
To reestablish tenantry within a tired brain . . .

Flora & Man: Like nothing more they'll seem
Than faceless, formless fugitives
From someone else's dream.

All: E'er shall the dawn (a demoiselle
With jealousy enticed) infuse the aureate east
That all might see
The ravelled remnants of our revelry,
Let us condescend to rise
Where, eternity expended, breath abandoned, being ended,
These incorporeal essences attenuate the skies.



Sonnet

*O matchless fair that held us each in thrall,
In eager hope we sped to share the chance
Tale of the passing day: and you to all
Gave back the lifting laugh and warming glance,
Not as with some kept for the handsome few
Whose speech with easy phrase is ever filled.
Lovely you were but more, much more: in you
Was all the best of womanhood distilled.
Yet when you went to start the fuller life
No vain regrets, self-pitying cries, no moan,
These that have slayed the soul with piercing knife—
Only the strangest joy, surging unfanned
Through every limb, for you and him, unknown
A spring new found soaking our arid sand.*

Futility

By B. G. S.

*He ate
and drank,
lay down and rested.
Recovering strength
and appetite
he rose
and ate again.
He worked
and toiled
to earn the wherewithal
that he may eat again.
Again he hungered
and again he ate
was tired and slept.
Again arose*

*He lusted
and begat.
He too
did eat and drink
that he might work
that he might eat and drink.*

*Then came the worm
whose appetite is death.
This too he satisfied.*

*The worm did eat
was satisfied,
grew hungry
rose and ate again.
It too begat
a worm
whose appetite was death
It too did eat.*

*A vicious circle
And it is said
the fire is unquenchable
and the worm dieth not.*

Consistency in Inconsistency

Jane Quintin

The Leaf;

One pulsing vein in green

Clinging to a branch.

The Raindrop;

Its rounded, crystalline coolness

Caught only for a moment.

A Snowflake,

With grace, guides her diamond points

To the feathery, bleached sheet below.

Carefully, slowly, pondering,

Each falls into place,

No depreciation.

Then,

Hurry, hurry, hurry,

A drunken fury is borne,

The fiery heat destroys.

A burnt brown, parched vein

Is torn away into blackness,

The Leaf.

Crashing, slashing torrents, like ropes

Break the transparent solitude

Of the Raindrop.

Searching a way,

Despite the broken, crumbling minute facets in the pattern,

The Snowflake falls.

"Gimme Less Ice, Skipper"

By John E. Ployart

The day, decade, year or century that saw the birth of the grand game of curling is something beyond most historians. Like all things that exist, it must have had, somewhere and sometime, its own particular beginning. Where or how that beginning took place is unknown. From its name and some of the technical terms used in the game, writers have ascribed its origin to the Netherlands. It has been asserted that Flemish merchants introduced the game into Scotland during the latter part of the fifteenth century. The first curling club was not founded until the year 1834. This first club was short lived and four years later the Grand Caledonian Curling Club was organized. The rapidity of its growth is evident by the fact that by 1880 more than five hundred allied clubs had been formed and by 1903 over seven hundred. Regardless of what land to which it may owe its birth, the credit for its development and popularity rests solely at the door of the Scot, and the game is as much a part of Scotland as the heather and the bagpipes.

Although Quebec means much to curling, curling means even more to Canada. Quebec City was the birthplace of curling on this continent, being introduced there over two centuries ago by a Scottish Regiment. Quebec is now the keystone of the arch of interprovincial curling which spans the whole Dominion from coast to coast. Two years ago Quebec witnessed another landmark in the field of curling in the establishing of the first All-Canadian School Curling Championship. It is estimated that close to ten-thousand schoolboys from seven hundred schools actually took part in the various playoffs to reach the fabulous School Championship of Canada. Each province was represented by one team which had first to win in their home club, then in some cases a district test of curling was required before they even entered the provincial final, the severest test of all excepting the Championship itself.

Curling is still in its infancy, although it has been played for over two centuries. The last twenty years have seen the most astonishing development in both the player's ability and the rapidly increasing number of people who have taken up the game as their chief winter amusement. People are realizing that curling is not just a game of skill, bearing great demands on both the mental and physical control

of the human energies. Contrary to many beliefs, curling is not an "old man's" game. It has been taken up enthusiastically by boys and girls of twelve to fifteen years old. In places where the younger generation are not able to secure regular granites, jam-tins filled with cement have been used. Sweeping is done with brooms that have had their day in Mother's kitchen and if these are not available, they sweep with mittens.

For those who are not familiar with the game of curling we can say that its basic definition is "the throwing of rounded stones upon a rink or channel of ice towards a mark called the tee." As I stated, this is a very basic definition of the game and gives no indication of the immense thrill one gets when playing or even watching it being played. Neither does it express the keen, friendly competition; the skill and science needed for playing the game, from its "Gimme Less Ice, Skipper" to the series of "Sweep, Sweep."

The great game of curling has a unifying factor, probably the greatest reason for its success. It promotes universal fraternity without a taint of professionalism. This is clearly seen out west where the farmers travel sometimes over thirty miles a couple of times a week, not only to have a game but also to talk over the problem of the day. In the west, although the more modern covered rink is found in the larger centers, the outdoor rink is still used. In some places you find a private house or a shed serving as the club house, other places you find baled hay being used for the walls of the club house and poles being used to hold up the straw roof. Often when the railway leaves box cars on a siding for the winter, in the spring the company finds that the doors of the box cars have been used for walls for the local curling rink.

Psychology plays a large part in the game and it is for this reason that every team has an equal chance. Many a first rate team has come up against a team that can match them shot for shot. Psychology has taken over, often with the first rate team losing the match. Physical strength and stature have nothing to do with the game.

The schoolboys are establishing curling as a game beyond compare. They have added new "twists" to the game. An example of this is the new type of slide delivery of the stone. This is used more in the Western Provinces of Canada than in the Eastern. This style has been much criticized by the "old-timers" but has finally been approved. The new style of delivery of the stone brings something graceful to the game, and something intriguing to the younger generation. It is smooth

flowing and a pleasure to watch. It does not aid in securing more good shots; on the other hand it is more difficult to master.

A good game of curling, as in any other sport, is extremely interesting to watch and if you think there is not much enthusiasm on the part of either the spectator or the players, I recommend that you watch a game or two some time. Perhaps somebody may even persuade you to throw a couple of stones.



Tunnel

By S. W. Stevenson

Bill rolled out of the bunk, put on his pants and shoes mechanically, then spoke through the open door to someone passing in the hall:

"Quelle heure qui'il est?"

"Sept heures moins cinq."

"Merci."

He kicked at the other bunk in the small room.

"Five to seven George. Come on, let's go. We haven't got time for breakfast."

George groaned reluctantly, rolled out, put on pants and boots, and grabbed a shirt. They walked heavily out of the bunk-house, dressing on the move. Once on the dirt road, they blinked in the slant rays of the sun, then began to trot towards one of several trucks that were loaded with men. They grabbed the side panel of a crowded truck, and swung up onto the moving vehicle. They were surrounded by labourers muttering in French and Italian. The truck arrived at the job just as the seven o'clock siren was blowing. Everyone jumped off, and dispersed into the jungle of machinery, half-erected conveyors, concrete crushers, and cranes.

Bill and George walked over to a small shack, entered, and lit cigarettes. After a few minutes, Tonguay, the engineer, came in.

"Where's Plante?" he asked.

"Don't know," said George, knowing that Plante was probably in some stage of drunkenness, and that on Monday mornings he didn't usually show up until noon, and that Tonguay knew all this as well as he did.

"They blasted in the tunnel at two o'clock this morning" said Tonguay, "and they're almost finished mucking, so get ready to go down there."

Bill fumbled for another cigarette. He had never been down in the tunnel before. Tonguay went out to inquire about Plante.

"I thought we weren't going to have anything to do with the tunnel," Bill muttered.

"Scared?" asked George.

"Well, no," he lied, "I just wish to hell they would get things organized around here."

Then minutes later, Tonguay came back.

"Get out the transit, level, 200 ft. chain, poles, pickets, and flashlights. Bill, you'll need a tunnel hat and rubber boots. Get them at the tunnel shack on your way down."

"What about Plante?" asked George.

"To hell with him. Get the stuff, and let's go."

But they wouldn't get anything done without Plante. Tonguay knew it, and George knew he knew it. While Tonguay and George were pulling on their rubber boots, Bill opened the plywood instrument cupboard, looked in, then said:

"Who, may I ask, is that?"

It was Plante, sprawled asleep on the floor of the cupboard, his face calm and innocent, his blond hair twirled up on each side of his brow like devil's horns.

"Lève-toi," said Tonguay, but Plante appeared oblivious to kick, curse, and cajolery. Bill and George were laughing, but Tonguay failed to see the humour of it. Finally, Plante groaned, got up sheepishly, and began muttering in French, still half drunk.

They assembled the equipment, then started off in single file towards the mouth of the tunnel, Tonguay leading, Plante carrying the transit over his broad, bronze shoulders. As they neared the tunnel, the roar of the river increased. They stopped off at the tunnel shack to get batteries and lights for their plastic helmets. From the tunnel entrance came a sullen, subterranean roar. Tonguay asked a driller who was waiting in the shack how long the mucking would take. He said half an hour, and added that they had blasted forward six feet. Bill studied a cross section blueprint on the wall of the shack, and saw that the tunnel was about fifty feet square and one third of a mile long at this point, blasted and drilled through solid granite.

They went through the rock entrance, out of the spring sunlight, and began the descent into the dark, clammy, roaring chaos. Water was dripping through fissures in the granite, falling in pools on the

rock floor. Halfway down, they stepped aside as a diesel dumper passed them, snorting and grunting like a frightened boar, bearing its load of mucked granite out to the crusher pile. The dumpers had to be driven out backwards, as there wasn't enough room to turn the vehicles around. Two days before, a dumper backing out that way had crashed over the embankment and had plunged into the river. No attempt had been made to recover the driver or vehicle, as the river was still in full flood, and time was precious.

Down at the face of the tunnel a giant diesel shovel was loading another dumper. The lights on the men's helmets winked and flashed as they turned and moved, like pale stars in the night. All the men in the tunnel wore helmets except Tonguay, who was too brave and unimaginative to bother.

About a hundred yards from the face, Plante assembled the forty-foot measuring pole, and raised it slowly into the darkness. When it touched the rock roof, some loose granite fell on his helmet, and one chunk hit his hand, cutting a gash.

"Quarante-et-un", Plante shouted, and Tonguay recorded the height in his field book, illuminated by George's flashlight. Another dumper grunted by, and an acetylene torch started up down near the tunnel face, throwing weird blue flashes and yellow sparks in all directions.

"I thought they had scaled the roof," said Bill, referring to the loose rock that had fallen.

"No," said Tonguay, "Parts of the roof haven't been scaled for weeks. The men are on bonus now, and away they go."

They continued to take measurements, Tonguay peering through the transit at various spots lit by flashlight. A caterpillar tractor was in the way, so Plante got in and drove it aside, causing a compressed air hose to spring a leak, so that the hissing jet of escaping air blew fragments of loose rock in a perilous spray.

When the last dumper was out, a tractor began to push down into the tunnel the "Jumbo," a three-tiered structure resembling a half-completed tenement, the highest platform being a few feet below the tunnel roof. On each platform the drillers were attaching air hoses to their jackhammer drills, in preparation for the onslaught. When the Jumbo reached the face of the tunnel, twenty drills began to bite and roar into the granite. The whole tunnel vibrated, and pieces of rock began to fall from the roof and walls. Bill shouted something, but couldn't hear himself. The cataclysmic roar continued for half an

hour, during which Tonguay calmly took measurements, directing his rod men in pantomime, by flashlight. Plante was sobering slightly, but still staggered as he raised the measuring pole. Bill struck a match against a dry crevice in the rock wall, then dropped it as he saw in the fissure half a stick of dynamite that had failed to explode during a former blast.

Finally, the drilling stopped, dynamite was inserted in the holes, wires were strung, and the drillers left. Tonguay wanted to take more measurements, so the four of them remained in the tunnel, which was strangely quiet now, like a tomb, Bill thought.

"When are they blasting?" as asked Tonguay.

"Soon."

In a half-hearted effort to provide comic relief, Plante began to sing softly:

"L'homme a dit à sa Marie . . ."

"I don't want to hear it, I've heard it before," Tonguay snapped.

They were working near the face now, tensely and quietly, taking care not to trip over the blasting wires. At last Tonguay said:

"O.K. let's get the hell out of here . . . before they blast."

That was about the extent of his sense of humour, Bill thought. They picked up the equipment, and walked wearily toward the far-off disc of daylight. Plante was muttering about the "soixante piastres" he had squandered over the weekend, drinking and gambling. When they reached the tunnel mouth, Tonguay, with a hard glint in his eye, said to Bill:

"Have you got everything?"

"I think so."

"Where's the other picket?"

"I guess I forgot it."

"Well, go back and get it."

For a moment, Bill contemplated quitting, then swore resignedly and walked back down into the blackness, sloshing through pools of water and oil. He began to whistle, then stopped as the sound echoed strangely, mockingly. His ears were still ringing from the noise of the recent drilling. As he played his flashlight along the tunnel walls, suddenly one particular formation seemed like a gigantic rock-hewn head, with its features contorted into a hideous grin. It was as though some prehistoric demon had been petrified in a moment of dying agony. Bill knew a fear that was beyond panic, as he reached the dynamite-infested face, and located the picket, all the time fully expecting the blast to go off with him in there. He turned, and walked

back out of the tunnel, refusing to give Tonguay the satisfaction of hearing him run. When he emerged from the tunnel mouth, someone signaled O.K. to the shack. A dull, earth-shaking roar followed, only half the sound escaping from the tunnel.

After a while, the diesel mucking shovel rumbled back down through the entrance, followed by a couple of dumpsters. Bill walked back to the engineer's shack, opened the door of the equipment cupboard to put away the transit. There, sprawled on the cupboard floor, was Plante, asleep, clutching his flashlight like a favourite toy.

Tobacco Row, Southern Ontario

By Tom McCarthy

Through the hot, dusty fields men sweat. Beside the kilns women's tobacco-tarred hands mechanically loop the broad tobacco leaves onto the slats. This is Southern Ontario — Simcoe, Delhi, Teeterville, Vanessa, Tetterville. "Twelve dollars a day, or leave me sleep," say the ubiquitous notes pinned to the clothing of figures sprawled in the public parks. Brawls, knives, beer, dice, a woman, park benches, a game of snooker, and, "I wish't I had a job," until twelve dollars a day, a sore back, bronzed skin, fists hardened on the tobacco, dust, sun-faded overalls, and "What a hell of a job." This is the life of a primer.

"Hop to it!" Four o'clock, eyelids heavy, cramped muscles stretching, as six men shudder in the damp dawn and swing their legs over the rack, while the tractor pulls them to the field. Black smoke climbs from the kilns into the grey sky. Sleep-filled brains are jarred by the din of the tractor. The dew on the leaves numbs the hands and soaks the trousers as the men work abreast down the long, long row. In the morning, the sun low across the field dries, but by midday the sun overhead roasts.

Work is rapid. The horse and boat keep in line with the men. The primers lay the leaves on the boat. They swear and they prime. The end of the row, not food, not twelve dollars, is their goal. The end of the row is a smoke, the jug of water, a laugh, and maybe someone telling what he did last Saturday night. The primer picks tobacco for the end of the row. Dust settles from the roads and mingles with the sweat on the brown, bent backs.

Sun and tempers rise. The water is hot, the horse is slow; the food at dinner was no good; the food at dinner never was nor never will be any good. Brows are raw from the rag repeatedly rubbed over them to sop up the sweat.

The day ends, and after that the season ends. The men return to the cities. The money's good — maybe you have over a thousand dollars if you are careful. That's a lot of money, and you don't have to work again until it's gone. Maybe it'll last 'til next summer.

A primer only sees to the end of the row.

Facts or Fiction?

by John Lawrence

It is somewhat disconcerting to realize the amount of untruthful literature one encounters to-day. It is, to say the least, great in quantity.

If we look only to our newspapers — those organs of information which provide the majority with their sole knowledge of world affairs — we can find ample evidence of this. But even more upsetting is the amount of pseudo-truths which come from the journals of undergraduate publications.

The Russians have astounded the world by many declarations. None, however, have been greater than the announcement of their many "discoveries." These announcements are interesting, but their lack of veracity is frightening. Consider the situation: a great mass of people inhabiting the world to-day live in an atmosphere and environment of pseudo-truths and blatant lies. These they believe for reasons best attributable to Siberia and to ignorance due to the lack of any critical faculty.

The Russians have changed the history of their country to conform to the Bolshevik concept of what it should be. It reaches the point where any distortion is acceptable insofar as it aids and abets the machinery of the Communist hierarchy.

The significance of this for the peoples of the Western democracies is not difficult to ascertain. It has reached the point where it is possible to say with frightening accuracy, that unless we maintain our conception of truth, it may disappear from the civilized world.

"Scrupulous honesty" is a phrase which is, to many, rather bitter-tasting. Our journals suppose that a distortion of the truth for effect is justifiable. For them, scrupulous honesty is an unknown term. Newspapers to-day are exceedingly adept at fabrication, either to safeguard personal prejudices or to give more "life" to what they write. The tragedy of this is amply shown by the Russian situation.

By distortion of the truth, by insidious half-truths, the Russian peoples have been taught to mistrust and, indeed, to hate their late allies. It has often been said that one should not be gullible in reading the newspapers. Yet, these organs have set themselves up to re-

port, ostensibly, the news of the world with the closest reliance upon the facts as they are. If one is not able to rely upon their presentation of the truth, then they have lost their meaning and should not attempt to fulfill such an increasingly important function in the lives of men.

Again, it may be that there are many who can discern the errors or discrepancies of the press; but there is a far larger number of people who are unable to do so. One suspects that this is the basic weakness of the Russian people. There, with a population largely uneducated in matters of criticism, the half-truths and fabrications of the journals are readily assimilated. But let us not deceive ourselves. There are many within the Western democracies who, through no fault of their own, are both uneducated and simple. And they believe, in toto, what little they are able to read.

Propaganda has had many exponents. Goebbels is a shining example; but he is a child in comparison with the mighty propaganda machine of Soviet Russia. Indeed, the Hearst papers of the United States exemplify propaganda in its worst form.

But, far more shocking is the fact that this insidious germ of half-truth and fabrication has become a prominent factor in the lives and writings of undergraduates. Any College newspaper will bear witness to this, and many of the students across Canada are prone to make report to their fellow students of things which possess only the faintest amount of factual evidence.

This is the more shocking because any expression of action or thought or word may quite easily become a habit. And, moreover, a habit which we no longer realize is bad, due to incessant use, is almost incurable.

Reporting of any incident, with close adherence to the facts or to the truth, is becoming a lost art. With it, we are losing one of the pillars of democracy; for our very existence is dependent upon our concept of justice, and justice can only be practised through the faithful recording of the facts, as they are.

To those journalists who feel that truth in itself is dull, we quote the old saying:

"Truth is stranger than fiction; and a thousand times more interesting."

It is, to-day, a thousand times more necessary than a well-rounded story. Certainly, we must attain to it or we are doomed to a life in which half-truths are so rife that we shall no longer comprehend the real truth. If this day should ever come to be, the consequences will be terrible — but will be of our own making.

Swap Shop Talk

By Mary Berdey

Our exchanges still appear to be in the embryonic stage. Although over fifty copies of the "Mitre" were sent out last term to various universities, the influx of new magazines into our campus was quite small. This statement, however, bears no reference to the quality of the magazines which were received.

From overseas arrived three excellent magazines — "The Dragon" (University College of Wales), "The Sphinx" (Liverpool University), and "The Leopardess" (Queen Mary College, London).

Mental anguish and frustration may beset the conscientious reader of "The Dragon." About half of the magazine is written in Welsh. Even for anyone steeped in Anglo-Saxon grammar deciphering the following may prove most baffling:

"Ysgrifennaf y geiriau hyn gan ystyried
y bu rhaid imi gynnwys rhai pethau o'r
gorffennol yn y rhifyn hwn o'r Ddraig,
am na dderbyniais ddigon gennyh chwi-
chychwi sydd, gobeithiaf, yn darllen"
(Darling!?)

A non Welshman would probably pass the remark in the editorial — "We hope that the reader will at last be able to read the magazine without contracting eyestrain" — as ironic. Seriously, the reader can denote a certain sensitivity and imagination in most of the articles. Perhaps it is the Celtic temperament. Some of the poems are of remarkable simplicity and yet convey a great deal of feeling. To quote one example:

SONG

*I would make of my heart a garland,
Entwined with the flowers of my love;
With opal lights glowing, like none on earth growing,
My joy in you so to prove.*

*I would make of my heart a chalice,
Filled with the tears of my grief;
Which you would see, and pitying me,
Stoop to afford me relief.*

The same can be said of an introspective analysis called "The Prodigal Daughter."

In "The Sphinx" are found articles of light and serious vein. A cleverly written and somewhat entertaining story, "The Three Bears" (A Tale For Frustrated Children), is printed at the end of the little magazine. It is hoped that the following quotation will create an incentive to read the article:

"Once upon a time, in a wood owned by the Forestry Commission, there lived three bears. The first drank, the second told crude jokes in company and the third collected pornographic literature. All lived very happily in their little house, for they had been psycho-analysed."

One day when the three bears were all at a cinema seeing a film on which the censors had filled seven foolscap pages with objections, Goldilocks (known locally as "Blondie") arrived at their house."

"MORAL: A Sympathetic adrenal organic state is a useful preparatory action."

An interesting article on the subject of "Laughter" is also recommended. Strangely enough, very few people think much about laughter. Most of us like to think we have a sense of humour. Often the first thing you notice about a person is whether or not he or she has this quality. The writer, J. Anthony Byers, starts his article very appropriately:

"Call the average man a liar, a rogue, a black-marketer, a scoundrel, or a good-for-nothing wretch and he will probably smile at the soft impeachment. But question this same man's sense of humour, and he is mortally offended."

He further comments on some theories on this subject:

"The gift of laughter, as Bergson has pointed out, constitutes the only difference of kind between man and beast."

Bergson also declared that man is the only animal that is laughed at. We do not laugh at a "ridiculous hat or the oversize boots on the clown at the circus but at the human caprice that could design them and their owner to wear them." (A fair warning to women!) Hobbes, 17th century, believed that laughter is due to man's lack of sympathy. In the 20th century McDougall revised Hobbes' theory and explains laughter as a check upon excessive sympathy:

"The things we laugh at, McDougall tells us, ludicrous and un-

dignified things, would be very likely to displease us, if we did not laugh at them.

* * *

For example, when an elderly and respectable gentleman takes an involuntary seat on a hard pavement after stepping on a banana skin, given only sympathy, we would be obliged to experience the angry misery of the victim himself. Instead we laugh, since the victim has injured only his excessive dignity."

Freud "explains laughter as a means of escape for repressed tendencies, an indirect expression for impulses, which, either temporarily or permanently, are forbidden direct expression by the conventions of society."

"In this connection is the tale of the boy who found himself slipping down the side of a roof on which, in his disobedience, he had climbed. Imminent danger lent him piety, and he prayed—"Lord, save me, save me." Then a minute later—"It's all right, Lord, I'm caught on a nail." Stories such as this usually win a louder laugh than their wit deserves. The reason for this is that at any thought or mention of the DEITY man's normal response is that of self-abasement, assertion being suppressed."

One wonders if these theories solve the problem: Do we laugh at the situation or the person?

"The Leopardess" contains a diversity of topics. "The Collapse of English Poetry," by David Nash, is an article of stimulating nature. The last paragraph gives a biased, if pessimistic, view of the problem:

"Because we have lost our imaginative faculty, and because we have developed a purely utilitarian language, we are unable to produce real poetry. In the same process of deterioration our appreciation of what was great in the past is clouded. The sole standards for poetry now are those of neurotic egoism and compromising complexity."

The fans of Christopher Fry will find "A Sleep of Prisoners" worth reading. This is a short evaluation of his latest play. "Some Reflections on the Music of Mozart" is also worth reading. In addition there are some very unusual photographs—one in particular, an eerie picture of a woman's (man's??) face.

From the United States came a copy of the "Profile" (University of Cincinnati). It has more of a local rather than a universal appeal. A great number of visual aids are used throughout the magazine. It

definitely is not in the same category as the English magazines which have been discussed.

After looking over a number of magazines one is greatly tempted to compare British university productions to Canadian. From the selections in "Acta Victoriana" (U. of Toronto), "The Review (Trinity)", "Stet" (University of Alberta), and the "Cord" (Waterloo College), one gets the feeling that Canadian writing is more simple and naïve. On the whole magazines from overseas seem more mature. Perhaps it would be easier to use poetry in illustrating comparisons. Comparisons are often odious. There is a certain freshness in the Canadian publications which is perhaps not so noticeable in the British.

COME ON'A MY HOUSE

Come live with me and be my mate,
And we will own a large estate
With cedar hedge and flagstone walks

And garden filled with flowers and rocks.
We'll sit at home sometimes, you know
To watch the television show—
The fighters and the acrobats,
The programmes sponsored by Labatt's

So baby, if you think I rate,
Come live with me and be my mate.

(Acta Victoriana, Feb. 1952)

MY TAPESTRY

'Tis full of wonderment to me
When I imagine this to be:
That all my works for God to see
Are woven into tapestry.

And when I meet Him face to face,
(If I should reach that Heavenly Grace)
My tapestry, with ill defaced,
Before His throne I then must place.

And if it still with silver shine,
And gleam with golden weaving fine
No thoughts of sin shall cross His mind—
Then shall eternity be mine!

(the review, Dec. 1951)

ON THE EVE

We talked and mused all that afternoon
Of flowers: Anastasia, Asphodels
And Flowering Judas. To the tune

"Gay Hussars" the cadets danced. Bells
Of the chapel celebrated the joining
Of our virgins to the soldiers. Knells

Later sounded in the twilight coining
Lead in the air for the aged dead;

But we went on with our conversing.

* * *

Owed the stillness of dusk, the chill
Of the air, the distant sound of artillery;
At night — hung Chinese lanterns on the sill.

And all the time, with blind impunity,
We examined the trellises of Arbutus,
Nativity, Nightshade, and Flowering Judas;

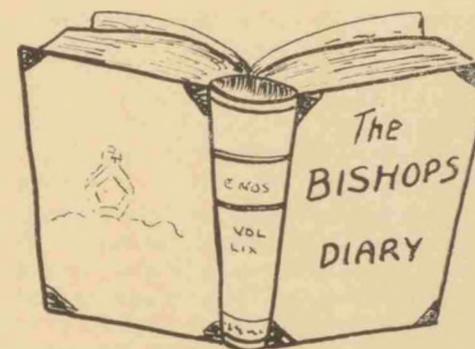
In the arboretum, we ignored the enemy:
Heard only music, refused the coming hours:
Our conversation turned nicely about . . . flowers.

(The Dragon — Michaelmas Term 1951)

Magazines

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following magazines:

- The Sphinx (Liverpool University)
- The Dragon (University College of Wales)
- The Leopardess (Queen Mary College, London)
- Profile (University of Cincinnati)
- Acta Victoriana (Victoria College, Univ. of Toronto, 2 editions)
- The Review (Trinity College, Toronto)
- Cord (Waterloo College)
- Stet (University of Alberta)
- Le Vieil Escolier (Laval)



By way of introduction to this section of my diary, I may say that it is only with great courage that I print the recordings of my private life. When I read N. F. Swen's diary in last year's issue, I realize what a complete extrovert he was, and how he had little feeling or sensitivity as he opened his heart and private life to all the world. I am rather shy and sensitive, and I must say, I worry terribly about others reading the records of my personal day to day activities. But I know you are all such decent people that you'll never throw mud in my eye or blacken my name, by spreading the details of my private life to too many people. So once more I throw back the cover and let you all peek in at my personal life.

Nov. 23. After relentless rehearsing and "many melloids," Harlequinade and The Browning Version are let loose. New talent finds its way with old to backstage celebration, as Mrs. Audet encourages thespians to "put up their drinks and begone."

Nov. 27. Meeting of the Association to discuss whether we would throw rotten tomatoes at Communist Students if they visited us. After deciding that only one third of the student body would be unable to control themselves, it was moved by RED Scowen and seconded by RED Evans that if the necessary protection to ensure the safety of the visitors could be provided, they should be allowed to come. Passed by 120 ayes and 60 vetoes.

Nov. 28. Flirtatious guppies purchased by well-known breeder.

Nov. 29. After a hectic hustle, Strings of the Solways, strung out an hour late, strangled their audience with strong sweet symphonies.

Dec. 4-18 A sombre silence broken only in the still of the night by a blood-curdling yell of a voice coarse with coffee grinds, as exams and all night parties begin . . . In the midst of hysteria, broadcasts from Moscow are heard . . . Some crack under the grinding blows of the learned . . . drugs are consumed at great rates . . . doctors are called . . . Finally one by one our colleagues limp to the station to flop into trains that carry them home. But we stay here. Day after day! Night after night! Hour after hour! Why? A scientist sets the timetable. To torture the God-fearing Arts men he makes them wait three extra days before writing their exams in advanced theology. But such trials are sent to try us and rather than be absorbed in to the "Modern Dilemma," the Cave men scratch their remarks and head for a room that WILL BURN their worries away.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS: Some I know spent Christmas at home with Santa Claus, and others spent New Year's Day dancing, sleighing, and engaging in other naughty New Year's practices. But, you know, I had a very sad holiday. In my last diary, if you remember, I challenged someone to a duel under the mistletoe on the Normandie Roof. Well I spent the whole holiday looking forward to and preparing for this manly combat. However each one of you readers thought the other would go and so I spent the whole New Year's Eve standing under the mistletoe with a mask on my face, a balloon in my hand, blowing bubble gum and waiting to be accosted. I imagine all the people on the roof thought I was a little peculiar sitting drinking Enos Fruit Salts on New Year's Eve to identify myself. When no one came, I just sat dejectedly and made the usual New Year's resolutions — know — no more wheat whiskey, no more chewing tobacco — and no more flushing razor blades down the . . . well anyway I've brcken them all so I might just as well have gone to a good party as sit up there. But I came back, so Happy New Year!

Jan. 10. An interesting debate on Wolfe's justification in writing Gray's elegy. The resolution seemed to be a terrible slur on poor Gray's character. After all, why shouldn't he have written it? No reason to bring him into Quebec just so that Wolfe could "plod his weary way" instead of climbing the plains of Abraham. However, even without "Abe" the Divines won and somehow proved that Wolfe should have been Gray.

Jan. 12. Home team scalps Indians and sends McGill chiefs home looking more like tenderfoot papooses. Non-profit public service bus is a tremendous help to all.

Jan. 16. Feminine athletes led by sure shmoo Magoo eke out victory over Sherbrooke fliers.

Jan. 19. Old Soldiers are serenaded onto Sherbrooke ice but soon fade away from the Bishop's magicians.

Jan. 23. Hundreds gather to pose as Geraldine "Karsh" Hébert and her merry helpers swap shots of every order of society from absolute Socratic philosophers to people who are philosophically taking four years to do something that takes three years, but are only on their third year of doing it, and therefore step forth for a photo.

One distinguished committee spends afternoon in "undertakers' home" and "head-waiters' dressing rooms" borrowing costumes to appear sophisticated.

Jan. 25. Flirtatious guppies are transferred to a divine aquarium where a naughty week-end was spent in frivolous fun.

Jan. 26. Soft slush slows speedsters as Loyola wins on home ice.

Jan. 29. Annual Bede Party sees Divines outprayed as "Seductive Sophomores" hit the ice and penalties are given for disturbing meditation. Sleigh ride is sped through as hundreds race back to hear the annual rendition of "Well I Swan." An excellent fiddler and a confused rustic combine later to conduct a rather "square" form of dancing.

Feb. 1. A changeable week ends in inflation.
Thursday — Crowds going to Montreal on many busses to see Hockey game. Price: \$3.50.
Friday — Dwindling mob travelling to town on train if weather permits hockey game. Price: \$4.15.
Saturday — Ten "of the roving kind" travel for no athletic reason at all. Price: \$5.70.
For \$2.20, a change of air!

Feb. 7. Campus announces unathletic athletes record. Statistics prove that "Parsons prefer Pool."

Feb. 8. I.V.D.L. debate caused confusion in the press as philosophy student discusses economics to the dismay of the government. We expect a change of policy any day.

Feb. 9. Somewhere, somehow, something secretly seductive crystalized a group on the crest of a Hill against a black and white background.

Feb. 13. Result of my recordings of Nov. 18 and Jan. 25 are finally made known. The Senior Man and Mr. Moneybags are proud parents

of 22 guppies. Weight unknown but "mothers and children doing well. Congratulations!

Feb. 14. A "poor wandering one" gives a delightful performance.

Feb. 16. We are invaded by dramatists whom the adjudicator enjoys but unfortunately finds sexless. Actor's Award goes to a Calypso Crocker—a great tribute to the colonies. Actress's Award goes to an alcoholic interpretation—a great tribute to Vin St. George (diluted.)

Well I really must go to bed now you know. I can't keep editing this diary, so I'll let you have it just as it is. Don't think any the worse of me for seeing things in the way I see them, and if you feel rotten, or you're not getting enough salt, or it's Thursday and things aren't going well, just remember.....

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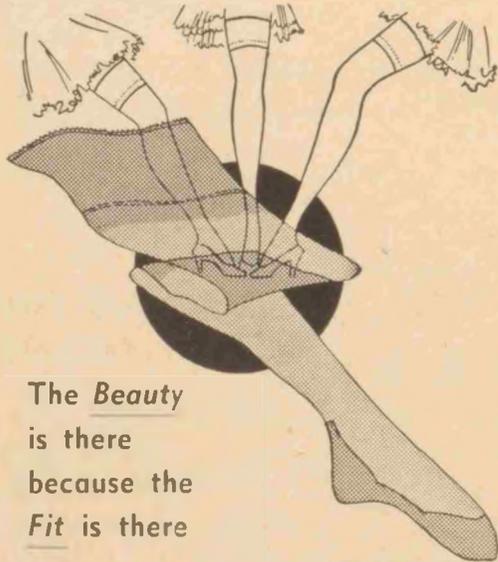
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