



The Mitre

Trinity 1954

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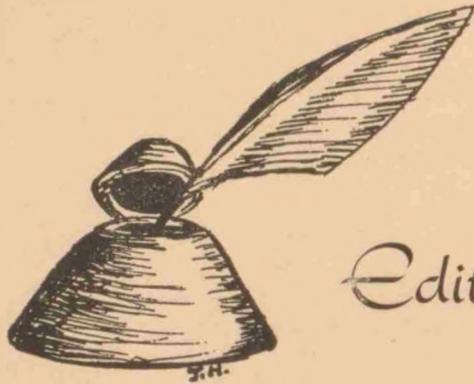
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Editorial

"Hic est aut nusquam quod quaerimus" (Horace)

ON the cover of the October, 1896, number of *The Mitre* appears the motto which early editors quoted to apply to the nature and purpose of their young, but rapidly growing publication: "Here or nowhere else is what we are seeking." As we come to the end of yet another full year at Bishop's, we can look back over the months and see that this motto, though no longer emblazoned on *Mitre* covers, lives still, in a larger sense. We at Bishop's have sought and found in an atmosphere rich with cultural and academic diversity. We have attended lectures and passed courses, but more than that, we have benefited in individual measure from other events and in other fields.

As members of a Canadian university, we participated in the national conference of the National Federation of Canadian University Students held at McGill in October, and gained from it a new awareness of student principles in the Declaration of Students' Rights and Responsibilities. This awareness was emphasized in February by personal visits to Bishop's from the honorary president of NFCUS, Dr. Garnet T. Page, and from Mr. Tony Enriquez, national president of the Federation.

Early in the academic year, we heard a fascinating talk by Roy Campbell, the South African soldier-poet, and in November were invested with yet different fascinations by the famed Arctic explorer, Dr. Valhjamur Steffansson. Musically, too, we have benefited from new experiences; the songs of the Leslie Bell Singers in September, the "vocal jousting" of the Four Knights of Song two months later; and this spring we were treated to a comparative musical rarity in the form of a harp recital by Miss Lois Bannerman.

Our debaters lost to McGill in the Inter-University Debating League debates in February; our dramatists reached new heights, first in the minor plays in November, then in the successful new Drama Night staged at the end of January, and finally in the February production of *Romeo and Juliet*, where new stars were born, and where an expert and popular director was bid fond farewell. The university contingent of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps was once again very active, and two officer-cadets will be leaving for Europe this summer to represent the contingent in Germany.

We have joined many campus clubs, with the Canterbury Club establishing itself this year as perhaps the most active among a group of active organizations, with its church decorating, its interesting discussions, and its premier production of *Go Down Moses* at St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, in April. The members of the Glee Club were enjoyable in their annual spring concert, and the Biology Club held its sixth public Biology Exhibition with noteworthy success.

We have been very active in sports as well; the rugby team enjoyed its best season in several years, while renewed interest was evident in the other major sports as well, as in all phases of minor and intramural athletics.

It has been a busy year for *The Mitre*, too. We of the staff view the spring with mixed emotions. We see, one and all, new horizons beyond this last number of the session, but we shall miss "war and rumour of war" and all the other demands the job has made on us. There is perhaps more that we have failed to see realized than what we have actually accomplished. We have struck up a friendship with a New Zealand magazine; we have published more student poetry than has been amassed in many a day; we have increased our outside circulation almost one hundred and fifty percent; and we are hopeful that *The Mitre* this year has been as well received as it has been submitted.

To all those who have taken part in our publication both on the campus and away, we give our thanks. There have been many articles submitted by the faculty and by men and women who have graduated, and it is our earnest hope that such interest will continue in the years to come.

And now that we have arrived at the end of the road for 1953-54, we can't help adding a note of hail and farewell: to those who are soon leaving, but who we know will be with us in spirit, we bid fond farewell; and to those who will continue in their place, to seek and to find, we extend our best for the future.

The Editors

In This Issue

ANOTHER literary year has gone by, and as your tennis rackets and swim suits come out of the cupboard, **The Mitre** will retreat to the cool recesses of its filing cabinet gathering strength and ideas for another session — its sixty-second — of creative display. Summer will in most cases bring variety, for as always "variety is the spice of life," and we have tried to imbue this last **Mitre** with a bit of that spice in the hope that it will provide pleasant reading after college activities cease.

Visually, this term's **Mitre** is a little different than usual, for besides an excellent and in many ways remarkable photograph taken in St. Mark's Chapel by Hugh Welsford, we have also included Jane Quintin's oil painting which won the NFCUS Art Contest at Bishop's during the winter, and which has at long last returned to Bishop's after an extensive tour of Canadian universities in company with other winners. It has unfortunately lost some measure of effect in being reproduced in black and white, yet it still holds its essential attraction in the wild sweep of colour tones.

Don Kuehner has displayed in this issue a double genius as both a poet and an artist. Should there be any doubt as to the meaning of his pen illustration, the accompanying poem, **Passion Flowers** will prove enlightening; conversely, the meaning of the poem is born out by the illustration.

Throughout the year there has been evidence of a renewed interest in poetry; this issue is no exception and contains in rhymed and free verse contributions which will suit every and any mood.

If you feel playful, try Elizabeth Home's **Nature Study**, and if your playfulness gets the better of you, read through Nick Powell's selection, **Goodness, But What's This World Coming To?** Both of these depict rather ordinary events in an imaginative and highly humorous manner. If you want to meet someone new, read **Sir Christopher Fopp**, by Jane Quintin, whose re-appearance on the literary scene after an absence of two issues will be welcomed by all who have read any of her previous contributions. In the realm of romantic nature, both **The River** by John Preston and **The Moon** are among the more purely descriptive lyrics, while **Contrast** by Elizabeth Home and **Town Tree** by Vals Horsfall attempt to explore the more philosophical aspects of the world around us.

If, however, our poetry section is varied this term, then the prose

selections constitute a veritable mine of variety, for they describe everything from music to television and from atom physics to college romance. One of the most interesting articles is one on modern music and the future of music by George Morgan; an article sufficiently authoritative to interest the avid music lover, and yet sufficiently fresh and free from technicalities to delight the average reader.

We are pleased, too, to include this term the Mackie Prize Essay for 1954, **Milton's Views on Education** written by Elizabeth Home, who has not only demonstrated her versatility by several poetry contributions, but has also presented an altogether different view of Milton's work in her **Paradise Mislaid**. Seldom do two such entirely opposite articles on a famous author by the same person appear in a single publication.

And for the lovers of the outdoors, among whom most of us are numbered at one time or another, we have included a bundle of **Bushland Sketches** by Don Sangster; a bundle, incidentally that was accumulated last summer the hard way — through personal collection.

We are also very pleased this term to publish an authoritative book review by our honorary president, Dr. W. O. Raymond, on Edgar Johnson's monumental biography, **Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph**, and two most intriguing selections by our ever-constant alumni contributor, B.S.K. His descriptive piece, **Saturday Afternoon**, is remarkable for the intense "earthy" mood which the author manages to create through the most vivid of images.

Our new exchanges editor for next year, Elizabeth Welter, has shown considerable critical acumen in the exchange section of this issue and reflects a keen interest in the publications of other universities. She promises "Exchange Muses" for next year, who should covort through the exchange section with something more than the usual abandon.

This is the "summer" issue. We hope that you will enjoy it, and that no matter where you are during the summer months; whether you will be a student at Bishop's next fall or not, you will capture a few of your memorable moments with whatever your favorite mode of expression is, and bring them back to **The Mitre** next fall or send them to us from time to time.

C. H. D.

LETTER FROM FLORIDA

Olds Hall,
340 Ridgewood Ave.,
Daytona Beach, Florida.

Dear Sir:

Mercy knows how much I owe *The Mitre* but I haven't seen an issue of it in several years. I enclose a couple of dollars I happen to have handy, and hope you can send me a few of the coming issues.

I was a student in Lennoxville from 1903 to 1909, graduating in Arts in 1906 and in Divinity in 1908. Look me up. And for the years 1906-08 I was alumni editor of *The Mitre*. Those were great years, but perhaps yours are greater now.

I was on the Labrador Coast for seven years after my ordination. Then I went to Japan and spent the remaining 35 years of my active ministry in the Orient — first Japan and later in Honolulu — and chiefly as a missionary to the Japanese. (*Followed some Japanese characters not reproducible here.*)

In December, 1951, I had to be retired, not because of decrepitude, but because I had reached the retiring age for foreign missionaries. But I am still allowed by the pension board to be actively employed for three months each summer. Last summer I was "locum tereas" for St. Mary Magdalene's Church in Toronto for July, August and September. I spent the summer of 1952 in St. Clement's mission on the Labrador Coast which I hadn't seen for 33 years and which had changed considerably in that period.

I beg to remain,
Yours very sincerely,

HOLLIS HAMILTON AMBROSE COREY

EDITOR'S NOTE—We looked Rev. Corey up as he suggested, in some of the old Mitres and discovered quite a few interesting things about him; things which he himself may have forgotten. As he mentions, Rev. Corey graduated from Arts in June, 1906 — with an Honours B.A. in Modern Languages, and received his L.S.T. two years later. Throughout his academic career at Bishop's, Rev. Corey maintained a high standard and took several prizes in Hebrew.

He was Alumni Editor for *The Mitre* in two successive years, 1906-07 and 1907-08, during which time it was his duty to pen those little news items, "Mr. So-and-so ('05) visited friends, etc.," which now occupy double-column "em's" in the *Campus*.

Rev. Corey was also an active debater during his stay here, and in 1907-08 was president of the Basketball Club under the jurisdiction of the Bishop's University Amateur Athletic Association. We also discovered that he was quite a runner in his time — in fact, in May, 1907 he won the very first running of the Dunn Challenge Cup by covering the 6½ mile course in 39 minutes, 43 seconds out of a field of eighteen. Initially, the cup was awarded to both the winner of the race, and to the year whose first three men home had the best average time.

Since graduating from Bishop's, Rev. Corey has led a very active life as a missionary and as a churchman, as he mentions in his letter, and has contributed articles to the *Canadian Churchman* and to the *Living Church*.



Mackie Prize Essay — 1954

Milton's Views On Education

by

ELIZABETH HOME

"WHEN I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." This is one of the miracles of human existence, that the mind of a child can absorb the intellectual, cultural, and moral training that represents the finest aspect of our civilization, and through this training, may mature into the adult mind. This is the miracle of education, of a "leading out from" the little world of ourselves into the vastly more complex world that is the home of the whole human race. Educational theories have been debated by thinking men and women since the earliest phases of civilization, and many views as to how knowledge may best be offered to the enquiring mind of the child have been expounded. Education was a problem in Athens and Rome, centuries before the birth of Christ. During the Dark Ages, Alfred the Great and Charlemagne struggled to keep alive the lamps of learning, and to protect their cultures from the northern barbarians. In France, Jean-Jacques Rousseau devoted one of his novels, *Emile*, to the problems of education, while in England, educational methods were expounded by such great literary figures as Samuel Johnson and Daniel Defoe. In the present day, the state of education is one of the world's most pressing problems. In Canada, a sensation has been caused by Hilda Neatby's indictment of modern education in her recent book *So Little For The Mind*. One of the most important treatises on education in the western world was published anonymously in England in 1644 by the man who perhaps best understood the real meaning of education, John Milton.

Milton too had an indictment to make of the educational methods prevailing in his time. When he entered upon his college career at Cambridge, he was contemptuous of the subjects he was forced to study. He regarded scholastic logic, then the favorite subject in universities, as a waste of time, and condemned it as "inhuman, unpleasant, and useless". He opposed the usual method of teaching arts, and accused the universities of being "not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of the barbarous ages". Milton deplored the great leap between school and university; he considered that young men entering university were simply cast adrift on a turbulent sea of logic and metaphysics which would eventually lead to a hatred and contempt for all learning.

The chief aim and purpose of education, says Milton, is to "repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge, to love Him, to imitate Him, and to be like Him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue." He seems to have felt, however, that such reunion with God should only be made possible for a select few, the "sons of gentlemen". He avoids the greatest problem of modern education — how to afford some training and knowledge for every child above a very low intellectual level — and offers an aristocratic plan, designed for the training of the youth of the upper classes for leadership in peace and war. From among these young men, he hopes to create, by the correct system of education, able and accomplished senators, judges, and generals. He has no wish to provide a basic education for common or needy students whom necessity would call away from their training before it was completed. Milton has no doubts about his educational theories, and optimistically predicts that it will be impossible to pry loose from study even the dullest and laziest youths. Undergraduates had previously been "mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements"; now they were to be given "worthy and delightful knowledge".

Like John Henry Newman, Milton believed that an educational institution should be a place where a fairly small number of instructors and students may live and work together in a small, compact group. He suggests as a site for a school a "spacious house and ground about, fit for an academy, and big enough to lodge one hundred and fifty persons". To avoid the dangers and pitfalls inherent in the gap between school and university, Milton makes this "spacious house" both school and university, providing for boys between the ages of twelve and twenty-one a complete and satisfying education.

Each day spent in this college should be divided, suggests Milton, into three parts: one devoted to study, another to exercise, and the third to diet. The first and basic subject to be learned is the rules of grammar, accompanied by instruction in diction and pronunciation. Lectures and explanations should be supplemented by "some easy and delightful book of education" which will teach correct grammar and at the same time be valuable for its subject matter. For this purpose, Milton suggests the works of Cebes or of Plutarch, or some of the Socratic discourses. At the same time, the basic rules of arithmetic and the elements of geometry should be taught. Several hours of the day should be devoted to the study of religion, not the arid scholasticism so popular in the Middle Ages, but the direct teaching of the Bible.

The fundamentals now mastered, the languages of other lands and other cultures should be learned. Milton himself understood many

languages, but he has the profoundest scorn for the pedant who learns languages for the sake of the languages alone. He regards languages as merely the instruments of knowledge, the tools by which men can avail themselves of the knowledge of other lands and other times. For this purpose alone, the youth should learn Greek, Latin, Italian, and Hebrew. A language should be taught not by means of memorization and the composition of "themes, verses, and orations", but by the reading of a short and pleasant book which should be explained by the instructor. By increasing the range of reading, the youth would soon have the entire language under his power.

Interest should be quickened by such subjects as history, geography, and astronomy, accompanied by the examination of globes and maps and the study of meteors and other heavenly bodies. Natural science should be studied, the nature and anatomy of all the living creatures of the earth. Milton considers knowledge of the fundamentals of medicine as necessary to a complete education, for with such knowledge, a man might aid himself and his friends, and perhaps save an army. All this knowledge, which Milton classifies as "natural philosophy", should be studied in the works of the finest Greek and Latin poets — Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Vergil. Thus the way to a well-rounded education is through an understanding of the civilization of antiquity, not as a dead or remote thing but as a real and living experience applicable in almost every point to modern life.

By means of these studies, learned with interest and pleasure, the mind of the youth will mature, so that he will be able to use wise judgment in distinguishing between moral good and evil. This is the very core of all Milton's writings — that man must know both good and evil, and must use God's greatest gift to mankind, reason, to choose the good. Herein lies man's liberty, liberty to choose what is right. By the studies he has outlined, Milton hopes that youthful, indecisive minds will be molded and strengthened to choose the good.

The next subject for study suggested by Milton is politics, which in Milton's age was studied as a science. With high hopes for human nature, he declares that young men will learn what no man can ever really know or completely understand — "the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies". The pursuit of knowledge on this subject will direct the youth towards good citizenship, and will make him a "steadfast pillar of the state". Law and legal justice should also be studied from the sources of antiquity, beginning with Moses, Lycurgus, and Solon, and passing on to the Saxon and common laws of England. Sundays should be devoted to theology, studied in its original Hebrew tongue. Last in his list of studies, Milton places the

art of writing and of discourse, and a limited amount of logic, formerly the favorite subject of study. This study should be supplemented by reading the works of the greatest poets, which will illustrate to the youth what wonderful use may be made of poetry.

So much for culture of the mind. Part of each day — about an hour and a half before the midday meal — should be devoted to culture of the body. Exercise and sports should be indulged in to keep the body well and the mind clear, and to inspire courage, fortitude, and patience. Military training is invaluable for this purpose, and Milton outlines a scheme rather similar to modern officer training programmes. The mind should be relaxed by the "solemn and divine harmonies of music". Milton's own love of music becomes evident in his description of the many delights which it affords, both in the tract on education and in the poem "L'Allegro", in which he writes:

*And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out . . .*

On the subject of diet, Milton has little to say. He merely suggests that the students should take their meals at the college, and that the fare should be plain, healthful, and moderate.

Thus the unformed mind becomes the mature mind; thus the boy becomes the man who is able to perform all the offices and duties of peace and war. Milton himself knew all these subjects and more, and had only contempt for most of his fellow undergraduates at Cambridge, whose intelligence he regarded as at a distressingly low level. As a result of his superior intelligence and his naturally sanguine temperament, he makes impossible demands on ordinary human nature. His scheme of education includes all the sciences and humanities which civilization has to offer. That all this can be absorbed by a youth between the ages of twelve and twenty-one seems beyond the realm of possibility. This is the chief objection to the plan — that it is too extensive. In other respects, the scheme is deep and comprehensive, well-fitted to produce the Renaissance ideal of the well-rounded scholarly gentleman.

In the light of the present state of education, Milton's scheme seems impractical and impossible, and in the extreme width of its range, it probably is. As I mentioned before, the scheme does not meet the problem of providing a basic, compulsory education for every child, which is the greatest problem of schools today. But surely there

is a meeting-ground between the classicism of Milton and the pragmatism of such modern "experts" as John Dewey. Dewey preaches the gospel of "progressivism"—that education is a natural growth involving no pain and very little effort. Although he would probably object strongly to the idea, he is anti-intellectual. He ignores all the things that Milton emphasizes most strongly — the development of wise moral judgment, of a sense of beauty and appreciation, of the ability to make use of God's gift of reason. Milton's dream that all men are naturally intelligent and reasonable has undergone a gradual death. It is to be hoped that the daydream of such men as Dewey, that in an atmosphere rather like that of a hothouse, "children should be allowed and encouraged to grow, with no distinction of mind and body, and certainly with no distinction of the soul", will also pass away, and be supplanted by a theory somewhere between the two extremes. This meeting ground might, however, be advantageously closer to Milton than to Dewey, for Milton understood, as many modern "experts" in education do not, that the real meaning and purpose of education is to give intellectual preparation for citizenship, and to provide through knowledge of the world, knowledge of God.



Bare They Gape

*Bare they gape, the crumbling hills,
Dun their skin from baldness spills,
Wrinkling dry to crease and fold,
Pinched to dust 'mong rocks gray-cold.*

*Dead they pile 'neath streaks of slate,
Iron-blue metallic plate
Bending o'er where clouds should float,
Cloaked in shimmering, steely coat.*

*Tattered fringe of spruce flaps green,
Wind torn rags of summer's sheen;*

*Stark they point, the tortured trees,
Limbs like dying ashes freeze
Gnarled and writhing, granite-skinned,
Mutely praying while nature sinned.*

Hugh Doherty

Nick Powell

Goodness, But What Is This World Coming To?

Drivers
Can be grim;
'Specially those who can't see worth a damn,
But who think they can.
Most troublesome!
The way they drive a car
One might think they derive a disgustingly sadistic pleasure out of
successfully attempting to dislodge some poor old lady from her
wheel-chair and spreading her all over the adjacent buildings.
Its too bad really.
You've often seen the chronic alcoholic drive
A car — he's o.k. if you let him race about on an air-strip,
But don't forget to warn the air lines —
Only give him an oz.
Or two in his tank
'Cause when he's tanked
He'll boz.
If he hits anything
At all.
My, my!
The cure for that type does not come in large king-size 40 or 26 or
13½ or 10 ounce bottles.
No indeed, — it comes in coffee cups,
Black coffee cups — and Alkaseltzer.
I know of a type like this;
Every night he comes in squiffed and when he sees his wife, he
doesn't kiss her, oh no,
He Beltzer.
Then downs
One stiff shot
'Cause he knows that when the little woman comes round again and
proceeds to slap the bejabbers out of him he won't feel so perky,
The jerky!
I think the guy I hate most of all is
The Sunday Driver.
He goes out every Sunday P.M.

The MITRE

For a drive — the white collar type of course who's somewhat pluto-
cratic — unlike me — who doesn't live from hand to mouth — as
I do — diem per diem,
Cruising down the left-hand lane
Of a twelve lane highway
In his Crosley convertible;
— Plugged to the hatches with fourteen kids and a wife —
Tearing along at 32 M.P. Hour.
I tell you, he's the type that makes me
Grapefruity.

Then another type that gets my goat
Is the twerp who
Insists on carrying umbrellas, bowlers, spats and morning coats,
And is generally all spiffed out.
But even he cannot compare with sharpies,
The Harpies!
They are the bane — the dust bane — of our
Modern World.
They are disgraceful
And to say the least, they're "most."
— A truly ape-shape drape-shape
With his yellow pork-pie
Black coat,
Black pants,
Hollywood shoulders,
30" knees, 5" cuffs,
White shirt, black tie,
And Fruit Boots
These revolutionists I cannot abide,
And as far as I can see — which is as far as the eye can possibly
see — the only possible method of saving this continent from
absolute chaos is the continual and indiscriminate practice of
Euthanasia
Because
These
Hopheads
Oughtta have their heads read.
The other day I went down a particular
Street.
I met a Gone Guy.
Reet.
He was swinging a long chain.
— A long Sweet

TRINITY 1954

He got me.
Was I brassed off!!
And then he has the unmitigated gall
To tie a large economy-size iron ball on me and send me off looking
as if I'd beat it from
St. Vincent de Paul.

Haircuts
Need examination
For never have I seen such a conglomeration of
Coiffures — some types have so much
Dandruff that it makes me coif.
Check the dames!
They have wonderful names
For their coughures: pixie, Dutch boy, page boy — talking of buoys,
I suppose that's what holds the men up when they're waiting for
their dates —
We are the fish.
They are the bait(s)
But the whole issue's very vague.
Its also very irksome to be wanting to
Mumble some sweet nothing
Into a fair dame's
Ear,
And to
Have hair
Get in your ear, eyes, nose, and throat,
And then you have to call off the dogs.
Its also tiresome
Waiting.
We've all heard of bear-baiting?
Well, that's what we are for punishment,
And that's what it is!
I'm tired.



Carl MacCallum

Vilas

A BENT, mole-like structure of a man — Vilas M. Tate. A human coagulation of repressions, frustrations and open submission to his betters, who happened to be anyone with a barking voice and crushing glance.

Vilas Tate never admitted in all his thirty-seven loyal years at the plant office that his middle name was Marmaduke. If anyone asked him what the "M" represented he was going to give a streamlined answer like "Marty" or "Mugsy" with a smug twisted smile. That was the way the celluloid heroes at the Bijou did — but no one ever asked.

He disliked his work which forced him to sit Bob Cratchet-like eight hours a day in his cubicle. He wanted to leave but where could he go? What else could he do? Only three more years to wait for the pension. Then he could retire on his weekly contributions and squirm out from under the thumb of Mr. Dalton, Big Voice of the Upper Office. How he hated that man who called him upstairs several times a month for the sole purpose of receiving pleasure from watching him cringe. Mr. Dalton would issue a barrage of disparaging remarks about Tate's work and character, loud enough so that those in the outer office could hear. The result produced an echo of servile snickers that fell cuttingly on those stooped shoulders, and they sagged just a little more.

One Thursday a large air mail letter came for Mr. Tate. He opened it inquiringly and began to read. The shock made him slightly sick with stunned joy. Now he could quit his job tomorrow if he felt like it, and he did! His first impulse was to spread the news, but no, he thought. Tomorrow he would make the announcement with studied vengeance and superiority.

That evening after a bachelor supper of rye bread, cucumbers and tea he took the calendar off the wall and began to write on the back with a pencil stub. This was his inauguration speech for the most exciting chapter in his life. There were to be no slip-ups in what he was going to tell the boss in the morning.

Friday morning V. M. Tate sauntered into the Upper Office noticeably late (through the front door, mind you!), sporting his go-to-funeral suit. Voluminous clouds of smoke trailed behind him from a cigarette, his first since he was fifteen.

Without knocking, he entered Dalton's office, leaving the door open.

"What are you doing up here?" asked Dalton, incredulous.

Gaining confidence Tate sneered "I quit", in the best Alan Ladd tradition. Quickly, in a shaky manner of practised superiority, the tale of the inheritance of his uncle's prairie farm and oil rights was told. Proof in the form of the lawyer's letter was haughtily displayed.

"Yes, I remember you mentioning this man," said the manager, very very seriously. Then, with a bark like a St. Bernard he burst out laughing, spraying the large blotter on his desk with flecks of spittle as he fought for air so he could laugh some more. The swivel chair squeaked rhythmically as he shook. Vilas looked on owl-eyed, his confidence gone.

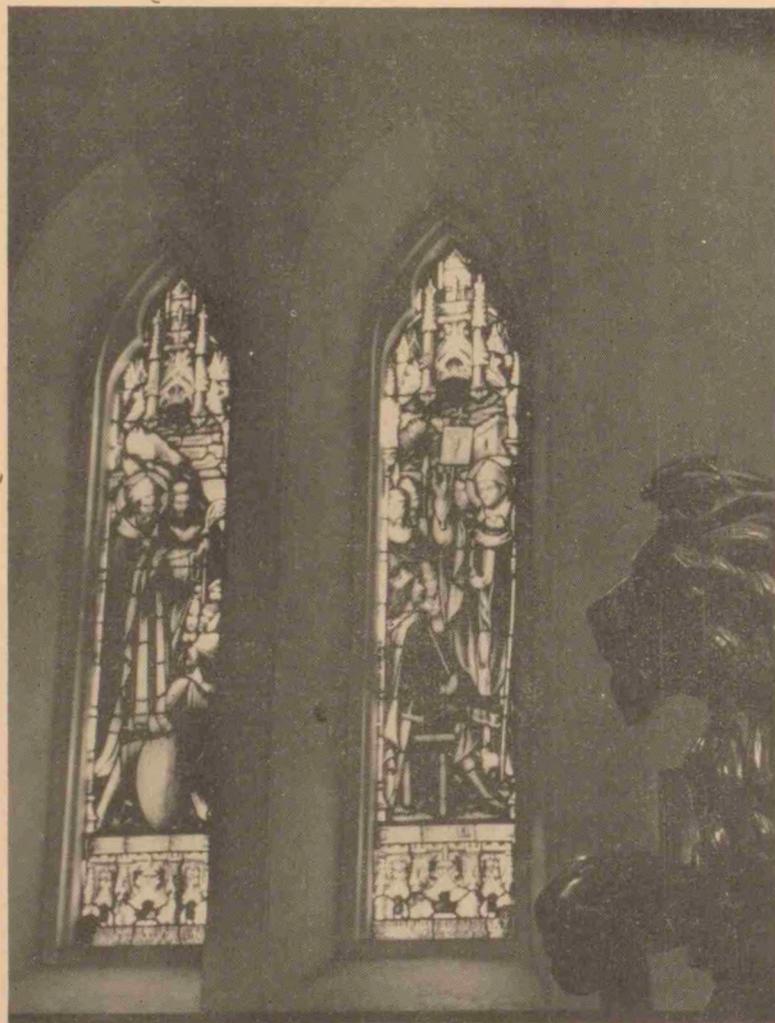
"Boy, are you gullible!" chanted "I-came-up-from-the-bottom" Dalton through the last few trickles of laughter.

"I happen to be your 'J. P. Botts, Q.C.' A friend of mine re-addressed the letter to you from out west. You don't mind, eh, Tate? After all, it's just a joke." Again the liquid hissing sound of air exhaled through clenched teeth as the annoying laugh erupted. A cadenza of supporting snorts drifted in from the eavesdroppers in the outer office.

"I won't fire you Tate, you're a good morale builder," chuckled Dalton. Now seriously, "But you've wasted enough time this morning, get back to work."

Naked to the derisive glances of the obsequious prisses and yes-men, Vilas shuffled through the office and descended the stairs. His mind was numbed with thoughts of his eager stupidity and the cruel humor of the manager. He mounted to his perch on the stool, blinked, picked up his pen and began scratching away as the four cubicle walls shrank in about him.





Windows, St. Mark's Chapel

Hugh Welsford

The Moon

*In the hush of sullen dusk
I watch as daylight goes;
And as the stars come one by one
The moon with silver glows.*

*She trips among the stepping stars
All shining bright with gold;
The timid ones shoot back in fear
And her in awe behold.*

*She lights the fountain in the square,
And sprays of silver leap
To purge the silver birds of love
Who flutter in their sleep.*

*She shines upon the silver sheep
Who graze against the wall;
And gazes on the little lambs
Within her shadows tall.*

*She slowly glides through silent space
Her lofty height to gain;
And as she rises there on high
The world is silver-stained.*

— Anon.

Elizabeth Welter

The Product of An Age

DO you know Mr. T. V. Bore? You probable do as every neighbourhood possesses at least one of these characters.

Let me introduce you to this gentleman. If you were to meet him on the street or in the business world, he would seem just like an ordinary person. In his own habitat, however, he is a bore of the first degree and is known all over the district as such. The neighbours scatter at his approach; his wife and children (poor souls!) dread the sound of his footsteps.

At night he enters the house with a rush and a bang; he stuffs his overcoat and hat into his wife's arms (if she's not around his path through the house may be traced by a trail of cast-off clothing). He jerks the kids away from the T.V. set and settles himself in his favorite chair. He answers his wife's greeting with a muttered "h'mmm," then turns to more important business, namely, the latest episode of "Space Patrol," which he enjoys with childish pleasure.

He manages to tear himself away long enough to walk to the table which is conveniently placed so that he can watch while performing the necessary task of eating. Since his mouth is full of food, he waves his knife wildly to display disapproval of commercials, and beats time on the crockery with his fork to indicate approval of the latest jazz numbers. Table-talk being an unknown thing, he gobbles down his food and slurps his coffee while, all the time, his eyes are unwaveringly fixed on the screen. As a result of hasty eating, he punctuates the announcers' speeches for the next hour or two with approving burps and rumbling belches; he ends the one-man show with a series of staccato hiccups.

Mr. T. V. returns to his chair and picks up his paper. He now spends a few precious moments away from the lure of the screen while he thoughtfully picks out his programme for the evening. The paper having being thrust aside he concentrates once more on the set. He rides his rocking chair as cowboys flash across the screen; an appreciative look transfigures his countenance as a chorus line shimmies into view; he pulls faces at news commentators and offers advice to the hero of the love story during the clinches.

The climax of the evening arrives when the wrestling starts. Mr. T.V., though only a viewer, takes an active part in the fight; he recoils

from every blow delivered on the screen and fights back with flying fists at his imaginery foe (this causes frequent damage to nearby objects). He stamps approval, roundly curses the referees and lets out yells of "slaughter the bum, kill him, you??&%\$%" "!!!"

He goes regretfully to bed when T.V. finally shuts down at midnight. His greatest joy comes when some unusual event causes the stations to operate beyond that hour; at such times, he retires happily at two o'clock for a well-earned rest.

Mr. T.V. has few friends. When he does go visiting, he spends the evening sitting right in front of the set, thus blocking everyone else's view. From time to time, he jumps up to twiddle the dials in an effort to get a better picture for his friend. He insists on seeing his favourite programmes; if the host unwittingly puts on opera, concert music or a serious talk, the bore mimics the singers, cracks loud jokes at the expense of the conductor or contradicts everything the speakers say. When friends drop in to see him, he never rises from his chair or greets them lest he miss something important. The visitors must either suffer in silence, leave the room, or attempt to compete with the T.V. set by shouting at the top of their voices.

Mr. T.V. is never satisfied with his set. In a roaring blizzard, he is to be found on a slippery roof adjusting the aerial; later, he finds that the reception is infinitely worse. His face is familiar to all the T.V. agents in town who go on long extended trips when they see his familiar figure appearing or when they hear his demanding voice on the telephone.



Atom Physics and Poetry

The well-known atomic scientist, J. Robert Oppenheimer, was in Brazil last year. During a press reception there, the representative of "Correio da Manhã" asked him for a poem. Non-plussed, Oppenheimer said, "Really, this kind of thing hasn't happened to me at any press reception in all the world so far." Yet he sat down at a table, lit a pipe and jotted down the following lines:

CROSSING

*It was evening when we came to the river
with a low moon over the desert
that one had lost in the mountains
forgotten.*

*Wet with the cold and the sweating
and the ridges barring the sky.
And afterwards, remember
we had the hot winds against us.*

*There were two palms by the landing
and the vines by the hut were in flower.
Far off, a dog barked.
Then we heard the oars creaking and later
the boatman called to us.*

We did not look back at the mountains.

When he was later questioned on the relationship between atom physics and poetry, Oppenheimer laughed and said, "Physics seeks to express in a simple language something that nobody knows; poetry seeks to say things that everybody knows in a language which nobody understands."

(from the "Student Mirror," No. 41)

B.S.K.

One Saturday Afternoon

THE clocked star drew us together to the Saturday wedding with an orange bus marked "The Short Route to Saint John." The paradise day was sun and wind. The barn roofs wore their armour and squint was in the people's eyes. The land was stretched out like an ideal map and a finger drew us along precise roads. Autumn was dyeing the trees red and colouring cold the cheeks. I remember on the bus were many children robust and crying. The women's large hips were in the land and the apple trees were full of red small babyish apples. All life was beyond death and the smell of birth was in the air.

I closed Rousseau's *Emile* and gathered all the flowers and boxes together. Flowers grown in the country, sold in the city and to be used in the country. "W-h-a-u-k" the driver called in his thick voice as we passed over the thin road. The village bore the image of the river. The houses flowed silently and slowly as moored driftwood. Not once did I see the curtains move that prisoned the door window.

The bus stopped under a blossom of signs and I pushed my way out. He greeted me and in the empty truck we bounced out to Michell's place where he worked. This was the day that the Lord hath made. Frogs were in their very song and their voice came from the swamps and nervous places where water had gathered. The winter was over for two who had waited out patiently green the summer. Flowers appeared on the autumn earth that was dark and heavy. The apple tree put forth her fruit. A voice was in the stairway of the air and the smooth land, told flat, sheltered in its high cliffs the secret of countenance.

"This is Doug's place. The barn used to be a big stable. But now it's fallen into disrepair as you can see."

"Why don't they use it for cattle?"

"Because there's plenty of room in the other barn. They run this farm jointly. Well, I'll have to quit working for them soon and begin on my own farm."

A group of Van Gogh farmers were gathered around some machinery. Arthur also stood with them in a grey suit. These men were part of the land. The rush of heavy wet grass struck me, the stream flowed

gently as a woman's arm and the wind blew strong the willow's long soft hair: the strength all unforeseen as in the locked arm of woman binding night.

On the veranda were two young kittens and children's paraphernalia. In the kitchen was Mrs. Mitchell and a silent helper Annie, not too bright, but whose breasts and leopard thighs surprised the eyes, yet who was all whiteness. The black sun had never felt his courage on her arms.

"I'd like you to meet, and I'd also like you to meet." Annie's face was white but her eyes looked out blue sudden clear like two thawed softnesses in a lake's ice. The kitchen was hung up with baby diapers, quilts and flannel sheets smelling of hot babies. Annie went back behind the washing and continued her job. We passed the baby in its chrome carriage kicking out its kingdom and singing with a tilting voice.

We went up the narrow painted stars to his rented room to get changed. Long cracks drawn across the wall. A new light socket had been pushed through the wall and some lathe was evident. The iron bed with brass knobs could have told him the tarnished ages. Across the thick green fields one could see as flat as the earth. The elms only stood in the eye's way. There the clouds began singly sailing. It was a Joseph-coloured day. Infinity shone in the bedroom window and was nailed to the linoleum floor.

Andy and Allen, husky as food with plenty swelled over their bodies were eating when we came down to dinner. Mitchell served the pork chops and we helped ourselves to everything else. It was a heavy meal, a meal you could remember for several hours and more: white food on white plates on a white table in a white kitchen, black tea and brown pie with cheese. Andy rolled his pie crust into small pieces between his pudgy hands.

"Don't," said Mitchell. Andy laughed and continued his grist. "Stop it," said Mitchell. "Cut it out," he said. Mrs. Mitchell just sighed and lifted a corner of her mouth.

"Well I guess you go through the last test of manhood today," said Mitchell. "I guess I won't give you much to eat."

No song could have described that day. All beautiful was the world. Even the truck seemed to ride smoothly as we bounced back to the church with white carnations in our buttonholes.

Bottom holes were dropping out of my world. My feet shook. We abandoned the truck with its key and walked to the church. Up the

steps and into the church we went. The Reverend F. W. Gladly greeted us. He uncovered our pasts and we gazed in amazement at what the dust told. Yes, we had been at one for a time. For a time we had walked together through the pasture of childhood. That was easy in the close-cropped grass. Then we came to the fence of sixteen and the next field was of tall rushy grass. Here we had parted, he to act on the single seed's growth, and I wondering somewhat uncertain looking for the reason for the single seed's growth. He looked for the buttercup and found it. That field he cut for winter hay. Now we met at the hump of the next fence and gazed into a pasture where two could see two.

Right now, this was the small united church where the sun shone on the manger and the Magi came along the road in two's and three's. See they return, ah, see they return with anxious feet as if the zenith of life were getting married.

"How do you do. I'd like you to meet. How do you do. Well, will you come this way." The vestry was cool, but spotless, and the sun and leaves rushed across the stained glass like a mountain brook. "I always say that I think there is something spiritual when two ministers' sons get together and as I see you stand there I think of that." Dar khair, dark robes and a Godly face were the speaker's.

Roots sprang from our hands and toes and the bladed grass blinded us. The altar was flowers and green fern that obliterated the altar. We fell down before the mystery and worshipped. We worshipped the strange flowers and not God. Not God but flowers and ferns. The smell of earth and life was in the chancel.

With a measured step the bridesmaid came up the heron-priested shore crinkling her nylon. Her lips shone like light out of larkness and her magnet eyes drew out from the congregation the negative male. With funeral march pace the bride came up the aisle and ravished as she came. If the paint might have slid off these walls—but the two clergymen stood above warning. So we stood in the spring rite air expectant.

The ferns grew taller and the flowers denser. Their perfume was woman with fern hands. They reached and touched tickled my face.

Nihil obstat, and the ring came from my flannel pocket and glittered although it seemed to be a weight I scarcely could lift. A millstone was that ring and glued to my fingers. I shook it and the ring nearly fell off the prayerbook. Then on to the fourth finger, left, anniversary, a slave sign, on the artery finger that flower direct to the

heart. Every purse, a beat was locked and his. Society was satisfied. One wife, one wife for all life. One wife for man who is interested only in conquering, not key keeping. My fist smashed might have through the ferny forest, the deer call of the altar, the prism of the flowers where the linked light locked.

The adults, serious in years, had cut up small bits of coloured paper and then guarded them carefully in tin cans. At the church door the rain fell from their rainbow open hands. O rain that fell on head, shoulders and between the bride's breasts shaken by hungry males). O this was a day for adults.

"This is Mr. and Mrs. N. I'd like you to meet. How do you do. Hello, Mitchell. Guess we don't need any introduction. How's your mother? She's away on holiday. Oh, I'm so glad. Please send her my best wishes. How's your father? Oh, good. I always remember him at two A.M. when the Archdeacon and myself had to get him out of bed for last rites. Guess this will be the last chance to do this." He kissed the bride. "Ha, ha, ha," the people laughed to cover up the squirm that they felt beneath their spine. "Ha, ha, ha," the males bellowed as they stamped the hoofed ground.

The smell of cattle and calves, warm smells, came from the neighbouring field. The garden was heavy with the birth of vegetables, now lying on the earth with smooth firm skin and smelling crisp and hard. We moved into the house where a herd of women relatives stood in the kitchen. Tea, speech and cakes: the cake, punch and speeches, all so orderly. The image returned of orderly heifers and young bulls in the pasture. Then after two years their sudden disappearance and precise reappearance as cows with their heads locked eternally to the grass. The bull is shut between bars and a brass ring inserted through his nose. Killed is the philosopher very neatly.

The bridal cutting of the cake had just been performed. Then, as if by magic, pieces of already-wrapped-in-waxpaper wedding cake were brought forth from the kitchen and all about the orderly ferny room were they passed.

Town Tree

*It's budding again
Now that it's spring,
This lone tall elm,
Standing so straight and proud in its small circle of earth.
Cement is hemming in on every side;
Buildings loom up all around,
Too high for even a tree's slender arms to reach above.
Here there are no friendly nest-building birds,
Save meekly cooing doves dawdling on sandy sidewalks.
Here there are no soft springlike noises,
Only a cacophony of honking horns and screeching brakes.
The smells, too, are not right;
No scent of fresh grass and new loamy earth,
But gasoline, french fries, and acid smoke.
Only in the country are there birds,
Spring torrents, growing sounds and smells.
The city of cement is not arable.
But, oh, lone tall elm,
How beautiful you are!
How fresh and green your buds!
How clean your branches against dirty-stone!
Your very aloneness brings you notice;
Massed with your brothers you might prove
Stunted, unworthy of a second glance,
But here you are unique, strange, new, interesting,
A link between us and nature, earth, peace.
You are oblivious of crows, high prices, and the atom bomb,
Your only aim to stretch towards the sun.
You rejoice in spring showers and breeze blowing,
While we worry of strikes, another war, and
If we shall be late for work,
No longer capable of true enjoyment.
Oh be a beacon to us, lone tall tree,
A sign of the new life all around us,
An admonition to waste it not.*

Vals Horsfall

The River

*Lazy river
Rests his chin upon
The banks,
Kisses his green gay
Paramour,
Then yawns into noontday rest.*

*Waving arms
And pointing fingers
Criticise his informal ways,
With gossip talk between
The stiff back trees.
But he only smiles,
Curls his moist full lips
At the puritan old maids
And shocks them all
By sleeping in the
Silky, sinful sun.*

John Preston

K. B.

It's In The Stars

THE door of room 220 was shut, its placid brown countenance marred only by a gaily decorated sign firmly tacked. In short it read "Deep In Study—Please Do Not Disturb," which was **not** so gay. A glance inside would have revealed a fairly attractive young girl seated at the desk industriously studying page 528 of **Ferguson and Brunn**. Suddenly she sat bolt upright . . . yes, there it was again . . . and in less time than you can say 'jimony cricket', room 220 was bare of its occupant. Leaving in her wake two sheets of looseleaf, one optimistically-sharpened pencil (with a chewed-off end), and one well-worn 'scuffie', she scurried down the stairs and around a corner.

"Hello? (this in breathless anticipation) . . . oh! (this in a low voice) . . . Just a minute, please (this in her 'formal' voice) . . . Gail, 'phone!" Dejectedly she trudged upstairs picking up her scattered possessions on the way. Several minutes later found her standing in the middle of her room, staring out the window at nothing. Then, with a determined air, she put on her 'scuffie', and returned to page 528 and Louis XIV. Three pages later she realized to her dismay that she could not remember a word she had read since the 'phone call. She started back over it again, making a real effort to concentrate, but her mind kept drifting back to the night before.



Even though the dance floor was crowded out at Hillcrest that evening, she noticed him the minute she walked into the room. She dared not look at him again after that first glance, in case one of her friends would notice; but she could see him clearly in her mind's eye. Because he was a total stranger and she would probably never see him again, she mentally kicked herself for thinking about him. However she remained in a semi-dazed state, the buzz of conversation about her reduced to an annoying, unintelligible hum. Suddenly, miraculously, he was standing beside her, exchanging greetings with her friends, and she was being introduced to him. After chatting with George for a while, he asked for a dance. She waltzed ovr pink clouds for five heavenly minutes; then he left! The rest of the evening dragged on and on interminably—all she could remember about their meeting was his expressive brown eyes.



She recalled with horror that, although she had been vivacious and conversational, she had been struck dumb when they were dancing. What must he think of her? How foolish she was to hope he would phone! The shrill voice of the telephone echoed through the residence once more. Her heart beat rapidly; her stomach took a tumble down into unknown regions. "Stop it, silly!" she reprimanded herself. "You know it couldn't possibly be for you. He wouldn't phone in a million years."

A knock on her door made her start visibly! Sheila opened it, poked in her head, and said, "It's for you, you lucky dog — a ma-a-an!" She pretended not to be in the least excited; she walked sedately downstairs and picked up the phone.

"Hello . . . yes . . . No-o, no, I'm not . . . Why, that sounds very nice . . . about 8.00 then . . . bye." She felt like jumping up and down for joy, or yelling at the top of her lungs, or doing something equally foolish; but she didn't. Instead she went slowly up the stairs, trying to keep the grin off her face.

"Well, who was it?"

"Oh — it was what-cha-ma-call-it. You know; that guy I met out at Hillcrest last night."

"Did he ask you out?"

"Ya, he asked me for the dance next Saturday."

"Hey, that's fabulous! Do you like him?"

"Oh, I suppose so. He's not bad. Well, back to the old grind. See ya." She turned and walked into her room, shutting the door after her. With a sigh of complete contentment, she sank down on the bed, and stretched her arms luxuriously. Happiness welled up inside her and bubbled over, so that she could hardly contain herself.

Twice that week she saw him. Once was in the hall between lectures; she nodded shyly and hurried past. Friday night he phoned unexpectedly about 8.30. He picked her up a few minutes later, and they went out for a milkshake and a hamburger. To her the evening was one wonderful dream. They talked about all sorts of things; the time flew by, and the eleven o'clock deadline rolled around far too soon.

The whole of Saturday afternoon was spent alternately doing a million-and-one little feminine things, and dreaming of the fulfillment of a hundred day-dreams. The Crystal Ball—one of the three formals of the year—was coming up in two weeks, and she hoped he would ask her that night. In her imagination she could picture the fun they

would have—how delightful it would be to go with a 'guy' she really liked!

When he called for her, she was just putting the finishing touches on her glossy auburn curls. With a last-minute look in the mirror, she went down to meet him, groomed to perfection, eyes dancing, and cheeks flushed. They arrived at the dance as it was beginning to get into full swing. She felt so proud to be walking beside him, and she was sure that all the feminine glances sent in her direction were glances of envy. Lost in the wonder of being 'his' girl, she found that she could not think of anything to say. He remarked on her silence once or twice; and when he did, she would search desperately for interesting tidbits of conversation in her thoughts. Soon she would lapse back into silence (though, satisfied just to be sitting with him or dancing in her arms. Because every moment was a paradise in itself for her, it never occurred to her that he might like her to be a little more lively and talkative.

When the dance was over, they drove to F. L.'s for a short midnight snack. The moon winked mischievously at her from behind the black velvet folds of night; the stars twinkled brilliantly (for her alone, she felt). Back at the residence they walked hand-in-hand up the path. He kissed her lightly before she went inside, and went whistling cheerfully down to the car. In a sort of seventh heaven she gazed ecstatically out of the window. As she watched the car draw away—all of a sudden, for no reason at all—she was overwhelmed by an undeniable premonition. A sharp pang shot through her, and the tears streamed down her cheeks. Then, she knew!



Poem

*Dreams are my drummers
we shall not be seen to cry.
A little while, seeding the parade route
with "seek-a-windshaken-reed" people
rounding eyes to unexpected colour.
A little while
a few hours
against those days in the heart's armory.*

B. S. K.

Sir Christopher Fopp

*Christopher Fopp
Was on the top
Of the world,
When the King
Began to sing
Of his valour.*

*No persuasion
On this occasion
Did he need
In order
To be sold
For a medal of gold
To the court.*

*Amid much profusion
And confusion,
The ceremonious purr
Of Society
With propriety
Knighted him "Sir."*

*He was taught
By his lot
To cry
And sigh
In despair
For crimes
Beyond repair.*

*Subtle wit
Was made to fit
Discreetly,
And neatly,
By an alert
Royal Expert.*

*And —
Fopp had learned
To be concerned —
He chattered and clattered,
Tittered and twittered,
Guffawed and haw-hawed.*

*Then one day
They say . . .*

*He mumbled,
Fumbled,
And tumbled
Into the shroud
Of the crowd
Unnoticed.*

Jane Quintin



Timothy

*Timothy comes running,
Breathless in his game,
Life,
And eager to play.
His speech is laughter
The echo of deeper goodness
Foreign souls can catch.
For a moment of light
He stays
Then flies away
To brighten other shadows
All blond and beautiful
His innocence
All gold and green
His rich young way.*

*But Timothy will grow
To die
As we are dead.
Forfeit this divinity
To learn the ways of men.*

*The world might wish for childhood,
Its second and its saving.
For He will suffer children
To come again to Him.*

John Preston

Elizabeth Home

Paradise Misaid

THE soft light of the setting sun fell diagonally across the garden, touching the yellow roses and bathing them until they looked as if Midas himself had brushed by them. It turned the little stream at the far end of the garden into a cascade of diamonds, and came to rest on the freshly shingled roof of the little house, just visible beyond the trees. Working in the tulip bed, Adam Smith could not remember when he had not lived in the little house in the garden. Sometimes in his dreams he remembered Mr. Dominus who had sent him there and had introduced him to the woman who was to be his wife. He was very happy in the garden, and so, as far as he knew, was Eve. He could hear the hum of the vacuum cleaner as she cleaned the rugs, and above the sound he heard her soft whistle, mingling with the chorus of birds' cries. The garden was Adam's whole world. It gave him peace and contentment, provided all his food, and satisfied his longing for beauty. The garden was like a person; at times it even seemed to talk to him. It supplied his need for companionship, which was good, for, of course, he was the only man in the world.

He tossed down the hoe and made his way up the crooked flagstone path, stopping to gather a bouquet of mignonette for the mantelpiece. "Hi, darling, I'm back," he called in the direction of the kitchen. Eve backed through the swing door carrying a laden tray, which she set down upon the little maple coffee table. He kissed her perfunctorily on the cheek, and settled himself in the battered leather chair to watch the angels on the T.V. set that Mr. Dominus had just sent. "Gabriel's batting today," he remarked, adjusting the controls. A raucous commercial filled the air with an advertisement for a new variety of ambrosia. Suddenly the tempting dish of ambrosia vanished from the screen, and a long red and black streamlined bus whizzed back and forth before Adam's eyes. A wheedling voice from behind the T.V. began to speak in honeyed tones:

"You see before you the latest addition to the fleet of streamlined buses of the McSatan Rapid Transit Company. Do you see it, Adam Smith? Do you see it, you there, confined to that tepid garden where ages pass without excitement or activity? Ride on this bus, Adam Smith! It will take you far from the sickening smell of carnations and roses to places of excitement and adventure where wine is served in water-coolers, where there are many beautiful women, clothed in . . ."

"No, No, No!" cried Adam, pressing his hands to his temples. Her face white, Eve snapped off the set. Adam sat silent, shaking violently. Eve quietly served the ambrosia sandwiches with little cups of weak tea. "Darling?" she said inquiringly, setting the tea before him. There was no reply. "Darling," she said again, more positively this time. He raised his tear-streaked face, and noticed for the first time that she was all dressed up, wearing fig leaves he had never seen before, with one frivolously frilly leaf at a rakish angle over one eye.

"What are you all dolled up for?" he grunted suspiciously, thinking to himself that she was about to try to get something out of him.

"Well dear;" she hesitated, fearing to go on, yet wanting to with all her heart. "Well dear," she began again, and then with a rush — "I have two tickets here and since it's such a lovely day and I have the cleaning all done and you have the tulips all weeded, I thought we might go for just a teensy-weensy ride on the new bus, just this once, just a little ride . . .;" her voice trailed off.

Adam felt the horror of it steal over him like numbness. Hadn't Mr. Dominus expressly forbidden them to use the McSatan Rapid Transit Company? Hadn't he commanded them to stay within the garden, and given them all they could possibly need?

Mistaking his silence for approval, Eve went on more quietly. "Mr. McSatan came around this morning himself, and he was so polite and kind. In fact, he gave me these tickets, and it didn't cost us a thing. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Eve, Eve, what have you done?" thought Adam with a sinking sensation at his heart. His previous righteous indignation was slowly giving way to an idea that perhaps a little ride wouldn't be so bad after all. Mr. Dominus couldn't complain if they just took a little sightseeing tour and got back in time for supper. Anyway, who was Mr. Dominus to say they couldn't use the McSatan Rapid Transit Company? Half-heartedly he said, "No, Eve," and walked sadly out to the tulip bed. The sweet smell seemed oppressive now, and the cries of the birds seemed mocking. He heard the backfire of a bus outside the wall, and the inviting, entrancing sound of a horn. He turned and saw Eve waiting quietly at the door. "She knows," he thought, "She knows that I want to go. Hell, I will go."

He strode to her side and grasped her arm angrily, almost pushing her along the walk ahead of him. She said nothing, but smiled with the air of a woman who has won her own way. They stood at the bus stop without speaking. Adam was beginning to feel the excitement and adventure of their escapade. When the bus came swinging

down the road in all its splendour of red and black and gold, he caught Eve's eye and smiled in anticipation.

They climbed on and handed their tickets to the driver. With a little apprehensive shiver, Adam saw that it was Mr. McSatan himself. "See here, McSatan," he said with an attempt at brusqueness, "my wife and I are just taking a little ride and want to get back for supper at six." He paused. McSatan didn't answer, but only smiled, his eyes gleaming beneath his bushy black eyebrows.

The Smith's took their seats quietly, both a little surprised at the enormity of what they had done. Adam wondered why the bus didn't start, and then suddenly he saw the reason. A blue coated policeman was standing before the bus, his arms outstretched. Both Adam and Eve saw at once the quiet sad face of Mr. Dominus. They both knew with amazing clarity that they were being given another chance, a chance to get off the bus, to return to the garden, and to start anew. They knew this; yet they both sat glued to their seats, not moving. Mr. McSatan turned to look at them with one eyebrow crooked inquiringly. Still they did not move. They saw Mr. Dominus' arms drop to his sides, as if he were too weary to hold them up any longer. The bus started with a jarring noise, and silently gained speed, leaving Mr. Dominus a mere blue speck in the white ribbon of the road.

With sudden fear, Adam and Eve together, almost involuntarily pulled the cord. The bus came to a quick stop, and Adam asked for a transfer. Eve was now quiet, defeated, and ashamed, and she stood docilely beside her husband. With a sneer, Mr. McSatan handed Adam a great sheaf of transfers, and with relief in their faces, the Smith's got off the bus and watched it disappear into the distance. Then they began to look for a bus returning to the garden. But each bus they climbed onto only took them farther and farther away, along dusty roads through grey and lifeless fields. Adam searched with a growing hopelessness for the cool greenness of the garden. Eve, huddled in one of the shiny red seats, wept quietly.

And in the garden, Mr. McSatan tore down the little house with the freshly shingled roof; his great black and red and gold busses rolled mercilessly over the tulips and the yellow roses and the mignonette; and all the horns blew in the joy of his success.



Wind and Stumps

Jane Quintin

TRINITY 1954

George Morgan

Music Of The Future

“No one knows how to play the damn thing anyway,” was Ravel’s retort to the unprecedented result of *Bolero* when first presented before the public. Infuriated, he described the orchestral *tour de force* as “seventeen minutes of orchestra without music.” The electric effect of *Bolero* is produced by the development of a monotonous dance theme by a process of repetition until the effect on the hearer is almost hypnotic. This piece has met with such success because most people who have heard it have enjoyed it. “What is musical enjoyment?” you ask. Musical enjoyment is an emotional experience of some kind within the individual listener.

There are many kinds of music listeners. Of them, three are most important. First, there is the beginner who enjoys music but does not consciously detect any differences in performance or interpretation. Secondly, there is the listener who is not unsatisfied by any performance, but is hardly satisfied by any performance. Then there is the person who is never satisfied with any performance, and who resorts to score-reading and the mental ear, but he is to be excluded from this discussion. Thirdly, there is the listener who, although hardly ever satisfied with ordinary performances, does not resort to reading scores, but rather to the search for novelty. This type of listener receives greater pleasure from new music because he is unfamiliar with it and cannot criticize it in comparison with other renditions. However, after a certain period of time the emotional experience it affords becomes less and less, and it is put on the shelf along with the classics. Listener number three is once again on the look-out for more new music. Thus, we have a constant demand for composers and creators of modern music.

It is impossible to define the limits of modern music and those who attempt to do so are committing a serious fallacy. There are no obvious lines of distinction between the various periods of art. Modern music simply evolves out of preceding forms. Even Beethoven was revolutionary in his day. Before his death the light of a new era had begun to dawn and he himself used some of its new devices in his later works. Most recent music is generally unpopular because there are no brilliant composers to create examples of new ideas. Wagner, for example, was able to present concrete illustrations of his ideas. At first, his music seemed so strange that he was criticized and ridiculed but now he is considered one of the towering masters. Liszt

The MITRE

is never considered revolutionary, in the strict sense of the word, but he was the first to use dissonant chords for effect, as is seen in **Les Preludes**. Debussy carried this idea still further and became the founder of the impressionistic school. Then he was looked upon as a heretic, but now he is extremely popular.

Some of today's composers achieve the appearance of originality by employing devices that have been discarded by the great Masters. So they are not as revolutionary as we may think. The radical destroying of the old order and musical-partisanship, if any took place in the first part of the Twentieth Century, and anything produced today is conservative in comparison. Schoenberg shocked the world of music with his **Erwartung** which was actually finished in 1909. **Erwartung**, a monodrama for one woman singer and orchestra, portrays the anguish in the mind of one waiting for her lover and was first produced in 1924. For pure strangeness of sound it is more advanced than anything written in the last few years.

War has been an important factor in this lack of public recognition, especially the First World War. People had other and more important things to think about and it would have been unpatriotic and impractical to present them with such musical novations. Consequently, what people thought to be contemporary in the early 1930's was actually an aftermath of the music produced in the pre-war period. We ourselves are in a similar situation as our progress of contemporary music has been disrupted by World War II. It is rather discouraging to the "novelty-seeker" to learn that today's composers are really not so modern as they had previously thought.

There will always be reactions against existing systems whether they be musical or otherwise. As I have already mentioned, Beethoven himself attempted to free himself from the system to which he was indebted. Grieg, like others before him, discovered rich resources in his native folk music. Experiment upon experiment has been made, most of them tending towards a freer conception of harmony. New scales have been used, some borrowed from the Orient and some manufactured. The result, of course, what we generally think of as modern music, is nearer artificial imitation than anything else.

This raises the question of the future of music. What will it be like in twenty-five years? It is impossible to imagine anything evolving out of the present form. Perhaps, there will be a revival of the classical system, and there is even the possibility of a school of music arising that will be able to completely separate itself from established ideas. Perhaps the greatest composer living today is Jan Sibelius, but then he has used traditional material to gain new expressive results. His influence is doubtful because his works differ so

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much from each other that it is difficult to tell that they come from the same man.

There are many young composers striving to express their ideas in music and certainly not all of them will be successful. Canada's talent, until recently, has remained relatively unexploited and we have not as yet produced any composer who will live through his music. Just as we have been slow in developing a National Literature, we have been slow in developing a National Music. Even our folk songs are derived from those of other countries. Consequently, it is just as important that our Universities and Schools offer courses in music, as well as courses in literature and other arts that are important to the development of the Culture of our Country.

One of the reasons for this lack of progress has been the difficulty of obtaining, until recently, a good musical education in Canada. Previously, most of our musicians had been trained in Europe and returned to Canada with a foreign attitude toward music. This situation has been remedied, however, and several excellent schools have been established. Radio, of course, has been an additional factor in discovering and spreading national talent. Nation-wide competitions have also discovered a wealth of talent. Yes, Canada seems to be awakening culturally and as far as music is concerned, we should look to the future with no lack of anticipation.

The Singing Maidens

(The Wyandot Indians believed that the Pleiades consist of six stars only, and accounted for their origin in a myth of six maidens.)

*Six lovely daughters, sang the Wyandot seer,
High up in the sky to the Sun and Moon were born;
Gentle, loving children, fair as wind-blown corn;
Singing Maidens were they called, sky-land's sweetest birds,
Heaven's favourites, twinkle-toed and tinkling kindly words;
Six young hearts, full of goodness, without fear.*

*Tearful with compassion on the world they gazed,
The Wyandot Great Island where a famine stalked.
Braves came home with empty hand, forests faintly talked,
Blasted corn upon the fields lay withered up and dark.
"Let us dance and sing," they said, "upon this land so stark,
Let us leave our heaven for that isle so rudely razed."*

*"You shall not go," replied the Sun,
"To sing for Man, or dance in fun:
You have your home and he has one;
Be content with heaven!"*

*Children though of light these lovely maidens were,
Saw the Sun their father leave to light the world;
Silently they crept abroad and saw below unfurled
Wyandot villages peeping from the trees,
Watched unbounded waves that glittered in the breeze
Stroke the pebbles on the beach with brush of liquid fur.*

*Autumn stains flashed bright upon the mirror lake,
Gulls and geese and swans upon its bosom rested,
Soared on high triumphant, lazy, sun-encrested,
Fished among the lilies where the great Crane waded.
Merry on the sands, children small paraded,
Swam and splashed in joy, and laughed for laughter's sake.*

*Enchanted watched the maidens, and youthful wills gave way,
Down to the shining sands they came to dance and sing,
Joyful with the children round them in a ring.
Rippling waters, wooded banks their footsteps tapped,
Music floated through the trees and softly wrapped
Village Wyandots within its tuneful sway.*

*Dark fell then the Little Turtle's dull Black Cloud,
Heh-noh, the First of all in thunder accents spake,
Rolled in deepest anger over the tossing lake.
The Keeper of the Heavens plucked the maidens home,
Took them to the Sun, wrathful they should roam:
Great Island never would they see again he vowed.*

*"In the Land of the Sky your home shall be
In a distant circuit where none can see
Your shining faces, or hear your glee.
There you'll live — forever!"*

★ ★ ★

*Yet still in the velvet of midnight
The Singing Maidens peep down,
And sing in a tinkle of star-light
From the points of a heavenly crown;
And still in the lowering twilight
When the wind is a soft warm breeze,
The Indian mother hears them
As they dance in the leaves of the trees.*

Hugh Doherty



Don Sangster

Bushland Sketches

THROUGH the train smoke and fine, misty rain that was falling, I caught a glimpse of what I had come so far to see — the wilds of Northern Ontario, more commonly called, the "bush." Walking down to the car, I must have looked like what I actually was, a college student, employed for the summer months by the Spruce Falls Pulp and Power Company and as the train pulled into the station at Kapuskasing, I felt some misgivings about working in a locality where late spring showers were as cold as those now falling. Stepping off the train onto the platform, I was met by a man with a smiling mouth, blue eyes and thin, blond hair. His face had that permanently tanned look which made him appear older than he actually was.

"I take it you're Don," he said, speaking in a easy friendly tone.

"Yes, sir, I am, but how did you know?" I replied, rather perplexed.

The man chuckled. "Your father told me you were a college student and somehow I can always pick them out of a crowd. By the way, my name is Bonner, Ed Bonner. I've known your dad from 'way back. I've got my car here. Throw your luggage in the back and I'll take you to the Kap Inn. Don't worry about the bill. The company pays that."

As we drove slowly through the wet streets, Mr. Bonner explained how the town had grown up around the company mill, where the pulpwood was processed. I noticed that almost every store, shop, or garage bore the prefix "Spruce Falls" on its sign showing that practically every major business establishment was owned or operated by the company. We passed rows of houses with board sidewalks in front.

"Homes of the company employees," explained Ed. "You see," concluded Ed as we pulled up before the Inn, "if the mill closed down, this whole town would fold up and become an authentic ghost-town. Well, here we are. I'm sure you'll find your room comfortable and the meals here are pretty good, too. I'll leave you on your own now till tomorrow. Report to the woods office at nine. It's that big white house there with the green truck in front, see it?" I nodded and thanked Mr. Bonner for the lift and explanation of my new surroundings.

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I. — BUSH MILES

At the woods office the following morning, I was briefed on a number of elementary safety precautions necessary in the bush. I was given, in addition, a list of essentials indispensable for comfortable living in the "sticks." By ten o'clock that night I was twenty-five miles from Kapuskasing (the foresters call it Keep-us-cussing), having travelled by boat (resembling a small tug), by miniature railway, by canoe and on foot. I was travelling with two other men and we were to meet the main party next day. Our job, I learned, was to take out trees and clear the ground for the proposed lumber roads. We stayed overnight in an abandoned trapper's shack and set out next morning at 6:30 with a six mile hike ahead of us, each carrying about sixty pounds of clothes and personal belongings on our backs.

After walking about an hour through wet, mossy ground which gave one the impression of walking on mattresses, the two men stopped for a smoke. By this time my feet were wet through, blisters were forming on my heels from the constant rubbing of wet, stiff, new leather boots, and the straps on my shoulders felt like cast iron through my sweater. I innocently suggested that we had come two and a half miles. The men, Walter Bascynski, a Pole, and Bob Briggs, a third year Forestry student at Toronto, both roared with laughter.

"Tourist," they howled (it was their pet expression for me), "bush miles are much longer than city miles. We've hardly gone a mile."

I was astonished, surely, my throbbing feet and aching back told me, we had come farther than that! We slogged through ice-cold water over our boot-tops (the snow had just left 10 days before, though it was the first week in June), fought our way through tangled alders and cedar swamps and crossed a swollen stream by precariously balancing ourselves on a makeshift bridge. Many weary hours later we finally reached the shore of a wind tossed lake. I glanced at my watch and was astounded to find that it had taken nine hours to hike six miles though to my aching body it felt like sixty.

Bob and Walter, in the meantime, had uncovered a concealed twelve foot canvas canoe into which we eased ourselves with many a groan as aching muscles relaxed. With fatigue showing in every movement we began the paddle to the main camp. Three miles against the wind up the lake where three hours later, we met the cook and two professional cutters who, in addition to three of us, constituted the party. Then I unpacked in my tent, crawled into a hastily made bed, and immediately fell into a deep ten-hour sleep.

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II. — GRAVEL HUNTING

For the next three weeks, Bob and I searched for gravel, a necessary material in building roads and as scarce as gold in that low, wet country. Gravel hunting consisted of tramping the woods with a five-foot, T-shaped pipe over one's shoulder. The end of the pipe was shaped much like a wood drill and this was bored down into the ground in the hope of striking gravel.

Three weeks and 150 holes later, after finding nothing but clay, we hit gravel on Dominion Day, July 1st. We estimated the find at thirty thousand cubic yards. As one cubic yard of gravel weighs one ton, this strike was one of the finds of the summer, and we carefully preserved samples of the gravel to send back to the head office for analysis. Imagine our joy when word was received that it was of a fairly high grade and could be used on the road.



III. — MOOSE AND MOVING

So far I had seen many signs of moose but had never actually glimpsed any of the huge mammals. Gradually, however, as the heat of the summer increased and the number of black flies grew greater, the massive animals began to appear in twos and threes around the shores of the lake. On one memorable day, thirteen of the monstrous creatures were sighted. We saw everything from ten-year old bulls with a four foot spread of antlers to week-old calves laughable with their long, ungainly legs which were often as long as their bodies.

About this time, the P.C. (as we called our party chief) elected to move camp as the road line was by now quite long and we were walking two and a half to three miles to work and back again. It was obvious that we had to move our camp-site nearer to where we worked.

Accordingly, one bright, warm day, we were awakened at 6:30 sharp by a lusty bellow from the cook. By 8:30, the entire camp, except a few provisions which were to remain behind as stock, was loaded into innumerable packsacks which had to be carried two and a half miles over land, most of which was cedar swamp. Weighed down by heavy packs, we often sank up to our knees in the soft muskeg or fell into numerous hidden pot-holes filled with ice-cold water. Falling into one of these often entailed unloading the pack-sack, grabbing hold of the nearest sturdy, anchored branch or root, and pulling oneself out by sheer force since the bottom of these holes was nothing but mud and entangled branches.

After the packs had been carried overland, they were loaded into two canoes, (also carried through the woods, and paddled four miles down a small, narrow, twisting stream broken by old beaver dams, each of which had to be "shot" if they were broken open or portaged around if they were not. All this packing, paddling, and portaging was done, of course, under the constant attack of swarms of black flies which at times became so unbearable, that besides three layers of fly dope, men tucked handkerchiefs under their caps, after the fashion of the Foreign Legion, to protect the back of their neck from the bugs. Some of us found them so bad that we tied scarves around our nose and mouth much like a Western Bandit in order to prevent our breathing in the little black monsters. As a result, at the end of the day, our eyes would sometimes be swollen almost shut from innumerable bites around the eyelids.



IV. — RELAXATION AND LOVE LETTERS

Counterbalancing these many discomforts during the day were the quiet evenings spent in camp when one could relax in the tent (which had been thoroughly sprayed of course) and sharpen his axe, grease his boots, sew torn clothing or listen to the person in the next tent playing a lively tune on his violin or harmonica. When the flies were not too bad, we often held axe or knife-throwing contests which always provided amusement. One man became so competent at throwing his hunting knife that he could place it, at eighteen feet, into a three inch circle carved in a tree.

If we were not doing any of these activities we were playing cards which activity provided many amusing incidents during the summer. There was, in the party a young Pole, Johnny, not more than twenty-one at the most. Having been in this country only about five months he was able to speak English with some degree of fluency but, alas, could not write a word of it.

It was while I was watching a lively poker game that he mentioned me outside with a furtive nod of the head. Outside the tent he showed me a letter, obviously written by a member of the opposite sex. He haltingly explained to me that he had met the girl in Kapuskasing and she had written him. He wished to answer her letter but was unable to write a word of English. This, he made me understand, was my job. Recovering from my first initial shock, I agreed to write a letter and between the two of us we managed to compose a fairly presentable love-letter. It was my task to "translate" his broken English into easy-flowing terms and add such thoughts and

sentiments as I thought necessary. When it was finally completed he insisted that I sign his name, Johnny Kaszarek. In doing so I spelled it wrongly and had to re-copy the entire letter lest the girl suspect he couldn't write his own name properly.

I often wonder what he will do the next time he wishes to write her. The two letters will not be written in the same handwriting, of course, and it is amusing to think what the girl will suspect when she compares the two. I never mentioned in the first letter that Johnny himself had not written it.



V. — THE HARD SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

Living and working with the same men in close quarters for three months, I learned much of how they lived under the conditions existing in northern lumber camps. One lesson I quickly learned was that each man lived independent of his neighbour. Loaning or borrowing of any kind was carried on to a very limited extent and even then reluctantly. As a newcomer I was given very little advice or hints from experienced men towards making life easier in the bush. Anything I learned, I picked up through experience or by observing others. If a man needed help in any given situation, unless it was dangerous, no one offered aid in any way unless he asked for it, which again was rare, owing to the complete independence of the individual. On one occasion it took me a good five minutes to wrestle a heavy, awkward pack onto my back. By the time I had proceeded a mile, I knew I had taken on too much. At the end of the journey I commented on how heavy the load was and the cook, overhearing my remark, replied that he knew before I started out that it was too heavy for me. He let me find out by the iron hand of experience how much I could carry safely and comfortably. A short, wiry cutter standing nearby told how he had pulled apart his stomach muscles by carrying a 120 lb. pack for seven miles.



VI. — RAILROAD GANG

Once, after a brief two-day holiday in Kapuskasing, we were moved to a new location beside a company railway line upon which ran a small diesel engine which brought supplies to ours as well as other camps along the thirty-five mile route. We had, in camp, a railway pump-car, the kind used by repair gangs, which we used to

carry our water from the next camp. Our camp had no water supply since it was on relatively high ground.

On one occasion, movies were being shown at this camp to which we had been invited. So it was that one night, the six of us pumped down to the camp for the show. There were, besides us on the pump car, a gallon of root beer in the conventional little brown jug, the cook's dog, and the cook's ancient .30-30 as protection against wandering bears or a surprised moose which might charge the car. To a stranger happening upon the scene in the brilliant moonlight, we had the appearance of a group of hill billies coming down out of the hills for the monthly hoedown and square dance. When someone noticed the similarity, there was a general roar of laughter and whenever the expedition was mentioned thereafter, it never failed to bring a chuckle.



VII. — ISOLATION

Communication in the north is slow and varied. Once, a member of the party suffered a severely cut finger which required immediate medical attention. The wounded man and two companions had to walk two miles, then paddle two more back to camp where the wound was treated by such means as were available. The two men then paddled four miles in the pouring rain, walked seven torturous miles through swampy country and then paddled two more to a telephone only to find it out of commission. They proceeded, after a brief rest, another mile and a half to a fire-ranger's tower where a radio was in operation. The radio at this station was only strong enough to be heard by the next tower which was, by now, off the air for the day. The two men spent the night in the operator's shack and early next morning radioed the other tower which in turn relayed an appeal to Kapuskasing for a plane to carry out the injured man. Since no amphibious planes were stationed at Kap, word was flashed to a dock, twenty miles away, to send a plane to the lake on which were situated. So it was, that two days after being cut, the injured man was treated in a hospital in Kapuskasing where seven stitches were required to close the wound.

While waiting for the plane, the party chief, being in an optimistic mood, related to us the time he had spent four days with a broken leg waiting to be taken out. Further complications had arisen when the leg had become infected and he, with two other men, had paddled four miles downstream to a place wide enough for the plane to land on the narrow, twisting, and swift river.



VIII. — THE BUSHMAN IN TOWN

However, the woodsman does not live always in the bush; on an occasional Saturday night he will pay a visit to town. Almost invariably, the first thing a bushman does is to get a haircut for he is curiously vain about his "town" appearance. Then, after a meal and shower, he proceeds to spend his hard-earned money on wine, women and clothes. Bootleggers and houses of shady repute are the main attraction but no bushman forgets his personal appearance. He buys expensive and loud clothes which he may wear three or four times before throwing them out or selling them at a ridiculously low price. By the time his holiday has ended, he is broke, suffering from a tremendous hang-over, and anxious to return to a less complicated life in the bush.



The life of the lumber jack attracts men from every level of society. I've either heard of or met personally Gaspe coast fishermen to former lawyers and engineers who, for one reason or another, had ceased their former occupation and had become followers of Paul Bunyan. Many refused to talk of their past and became surly and unpleasant when the subject was mentioned.

The woods and the woodsmen showed me many more facts: how the woodsman cares for his axe as one would treasure a new car, of how a work party travels down streams so overchoked with alders that it is necessary to get out into chest-deep water and pull the canoe upriver. I still remember with a chuckle the time that our cook was almost killed by an enraged cow moose, but most of all I remember the thrill it gave me to be living in the free, open north-land with all its wetness, flatness and flies.

*Nature Study*

*My wondering child,
Behold the leaf!
In fact behold
A sheaf of leafs!*

*Behold the little birdy
Who perhaps will make you dirty.*

*Behold! Behold!
My little squirt,
The lovely, lovely,
Dirty dirt.*

*O Come, O Come,
Behold it now!
The quaint and curious
Mooney Cow.*

*And behold,
Of course,
The horse.*

*Behold, my wandering child
The bug.
Ugh.*

Elizabeth Home



Passion Flowers

*Soft, violet, urging,
Whimpering, fur-like,
Hidebound, underfur,
Growing with meatiness,
Growing and warming,
To succulence growing,
Round-firm pulsation,
Heart-beat and palm-warm,
Exuberant delicacy,
Igniting identity
Flaming
Incendiary*

Donald Kuehner

Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph.

by Edgar Johnson. New York: Simon & Schuster 1952

W.O. Raymond

AS has been recognized in authoritative reviews, Professor Johnson's life of Dickens is one of the finest biographies of our time. The only work on the great Victorian novelist which can be compared with it in merit is the three volume *Life* by John Forster. Forster, a writer of unquestionable literary talent, was an intimate friend of Dickens; and his biography is enhanced by this close association and a wealth of personal anecdote. It is a tribute to Edgar Johnson's work that on account of the range of its scholarship, literary excellence, and sympathetic insight, his *Life* challenges comparisons with Forster's as a definitive biography of Dickens

Comprising two large volumes, Johnson's survey of the life and work of Dickens is written on a comprehensive scale. He has had access to sources unknown to Forster, including over three thousand hitherto unpublished letters and other documents. He is not, however, overwhelmed by his plethora of material. Details, though abundant, are subordinated to the larger aspects of Dickens' life and literary genius.

The planning of the book is skilful and original. Instead of placing his appreciative comment on Dickens' novels at the end of the biography, Johnson discusses these in separate chapters, inserted at those stages of his life which correspond with the publication of each of them. This method has the advantage of illustrating the close nexus between Dickens' life and work, and the way in which the evolution of his novels is linked with the development of his mind and spirit.

The life of Dickens is as dramatic and full of human interest as any of his great works of fiction. It exhibits, in the first place, his prodigious vitality. Even for a writer of his genius, it might seem that the creation of such a world of infinitely diversified characters as are represented in his novels would tax his powers to the limit. But Dickens was unsatisfied with the outpouring of his energies into a myriad of imaginary characters. His ambition was not merely to create, but in his person act his own creations. The accounts of his public readings from his books, given in Edgar Johnson's biography,

are entralling. Had he devoted himself to the stage, his histrionic gifts would have won him a place amongst England's distinguished actors. He held his great audiences in the hollow of his hand. After listening to one of these readings, William Macready, the foremost tragic actor of his day, was speechless and tearful with emotion.

The struggles and vicissitudes of Dickens' life, surcharged with intense vitality, illumined by genius, and played upon by the fluctuations of a sensitive, magnetic temperament, are in themselves a moving drama. As the title of Professor Johnson's book indicates, the life and work of Dickens are at once a tragedy and a triumph. Over against his dazzling success as a writer must be placed his bitter memories of a boyhood of poverty and family ignominy, his unhappy married life, and the guilt of conscience that followed his love affair with the youthful Ellen Ternan. Even in the heyday of Dickens' fame and worldly prosperity, his inner life was clouded by restlessness and dissatisfaction. Objectively, this personal unhappiness was deepened by the ever growing pessimism of his outlook on the whole social fabric of Victorian England; his burning conviction, as revealed in his later novels, of its greed, hollowness, and materialism. Yet the tragic elements of Dickens' life were transmuted into the triumph of his art. The tension and suffering of these are the hard school of experience in which he acquired insight into the depths of human nature and knowledge of the heart of man. These flower into the generous humanity of his novels, unsurpassed, and perhaps not equalled, in the whole range of English fiction.

While the choice is difficult, the chapters which Professor Johnson devotes to a concise survey and sensitive appreciation of Dickens' novels will appeal to many of his readers as the most valuable and fascinating portion of his admirable biography. In times when the debunking of great Victorian men of letters seems a primary aim of certain modern biographers, it is refreshing to find a writer who combines with keen critical insight a love, sympathy, and admiration for the author who is the subject of his work.

In his book review chapters, Edgar Johnson, while discussing central interests of plot and characterization, keeps in close touch with Dickens' novels by frequent citation. He stresses their evolution from the light hearted gaiety of *Pickwick Papers* to the trenchant criticism of specific social evils and abuses, beginning with *Oliver Twist*, and culminating in the sombre indictment of the whole structure of Victorian society in *Our Mutual Friend*. Some reviewers of Professor Johnson's biography feel that he presses his thesis too far and exaggerates Dickens' social pessimism. Yet there is ample recognition in his work of the humane comedy that unceasingly plays through Dick-

ens' great works of fiction. Even as in Shakespeare's grimmest tragedy, the Fool is always by King Lear's side in the night and storm of tragic circumstances, so Dickens transfigures his darkest pictures by the laughter that humanizes tears. His tragedies are transmuted into triumphs through the alchemy of his tender sympathies, dauntless courage, faith in the elemental worth and dignity of man's nature; and above all by the perennial and ever-bubbling fountain of his humour.



A Contrast

Joy

*Is in a Christmas tree.
It is in the ecstatic wagging of a dog's tail
It is in a thousand silver birch leaves
Laughing coquettishly in the wind.
It is in the sun, diamonding the snow,
Or tickling the dignified waters of a resting lake.
It is in the music of an orchestra
Paying mighty homage to the God of Sound.*

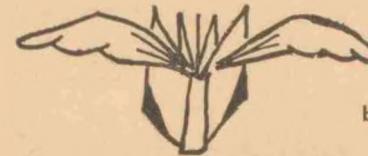
Sadness

*Is in the branches of stricken trees
Holding naked arms to a November sky.
It is in a soul that yearns to create
And can only destroy.
It is in the death of a little dog,
And in the pinched smile of the wallflower.
It is in lost opportunities.
Sometimes it is lying silently in Truth.
It is in a home
Where love has died.*

Elizabeth Home



Exchanges



by ELIZABETH WELTER

Trinity Term

SEVERAL magazines remained from the last issue, and with the new exchanges received within the last few weeks we have a grand total of eight publications to discuss. All the exchanges were of a high standard, and provided enjoyable reading. Poetry seems to be very popular since in nearly all the magazines poems far outnumbered other contributions.

Let us start with *Review*, issued by Trinity University, Toronto. A poem entitled "Sonnet" is particularly interesting since it possesses a high quality of imagery. In the first few lines the authoress, Elizabeth Clelend gives an extremely vivid picture of eventide:

*"One crimson glow still lingers in the sky
Upon whose face, from hill to distant hill,
The night has hung a velvet canopy
Of clouds. The sun yet burns amid the chill
And dusty mists, as though his heart recall'd
A former majesty."*

Several good short stories were included in the magazine, but the best was one entitled "The Firmament of Time". Not only was the setting of the story itself unusual and somewhat bizarre, but the climax was unique, swift, and effective.

In *The Dartmouth Quartrely* (Dartmouth College, New Hampshire) is a humorous article called "The Sociological Implications of Mother Goose and How They Got There" which is written in a satirical vein. Commenting on the nursery lines

"Jack and Jill
Went up the Hill"

Professor W. F. Kehoe writes:

"Now it is implied here that they did not go separately but together, their togetherness being dependent on and expressed by the word "and", which is a semantic symbol of mutuality and co-operation in the pursuit of common social ends and goals. We should take also especial note of, and pay particular attention to, the fact that their common cultural effort was to climb or ascend a hill which is indicative of and should be construed as a mountainous environment, which would naturally give rise to a banding together of individual human organisms in a socio-political struggle to control Nature."

The author then goes on to discuss Miss Muffet whom he calls "The Ethnocentric Guilt Complex".

A note of current interest is struck in *The Quarterly* by two poems dedicated to the late Dylan Thomas; unfortunately these tend to the sentimental side.

The Lent edition of *The Quebec Diocesan Gazette* contains an article which will be of special interest to all students of Bishop's University. R. J. Berryman, who is President of the Canterbury Club for the current university year has contributed an article which outlines the history of the Club, describes its aim "For Christ on the Campus", and which urges the continued support of the Club not only by the students, but by all the members of the Quebec Diocese. We at Bishop's have heard much about the church-painting expeditions and play undertaken by the members, and we are glad to see that the Club, and its activities are being brought to the attention of the Diocese.

The editorial in *The Muse*, a publication of McMaster University, states that owing to the interest shown by the students *The Muse* can compare favourably with the magazines of other universities. We are happy to support the truth of this statement. All the selections were of merit and we had difficulty in selecting the few we had space to discuss. On the whole the trend was towards vividness, and what could be considered ultra-modernism while all showed great originality. Earlier in this exchange section we commented on a poem in *The Review* which described evening. In contrast we quote from "Sonnet" written by C. H. Williams, written on the same theme, but in a different style.

"I saw a finger touch the clouds tonight
And quickly trace a circle through the gray

Embossed on heaven's worldly side

Then transient circles glowed in instant flight
To show the compassed tracks".

This selection is reminiscent of the defined shapes usually associated with modern artists.

Mention should also be made of "The Tilsey Thunderbolt", a short story which describes in a humorous manner the effect which the accusation that one of the subjects taught is communist originated has on an imaginary university. Certainly this story is of topical interest!

St. Andrew's University, Scotland, has published a joint issue of the *College Echoes and Blast*. Not only does this magazine contain literary works, but there are a number of excellent photographs. One article in it tells the life story of Maurice Denton Welch who was a promising writer. Unfortunately his early death in 1948 after years of agonising illness prevented his talents from being fully developed. He did, however, write a number of books and poems which included *A Voice Through A Cloud* and *Maiden Voyage*.

All the short stories in this magazine were well constructed; "In Kenya" by Apollo Kilelu is an excellent descriptive story with its setting in Africa—obviously it was written from first hand experience and is, therefore, all the more convincing.

The *Clare Market Review* published by the London School of Economics uses photographs as well as sketches to gain effect. We note another poem dedicated to the memory of Dylan Thomas, which is of good quality.

"A Symposium on British Universities" occupies a large portion of the magazine. Professor Bellington of Oxford contrasts American and British universities; Professor G. D. Cole, also of Oxford, discusses how a university may prepare its students for their part in life; Mr. D. MacRae of London see the university as a "carrier" for civilization and Mr. C. F. Therlby also of London, urges the university to be a leader and not a follower. The Symposium is well arranged, and picks out points which are of interest not only to British but also to Canadian students.

The last magazine to be reviewed is the *Gryphon* at Leeds University. In one selection called "Spotlight on National Service" four students put forth their views on conscription. The four students, however, seem to agree that two years training in the forces is in the long run an advantage. For those who are thinking of making the Armed Forces their career this article will be of interest.

The MITRE

We also received *Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*. Unfortunately, as the articles are rather long, we regret that we have not sufficient space in which to do full justice to them.

Once more we should like to issue an invitation for further exchanges. It gives us great pleasure to read other publications and thus create a bond with the universities throughout the world.

Magazines

Received with thanks the following publications:

- The Review** (Trinity University, Toronto).
- The Dartmouth Quarterly** (Dartmouth College, New Hampshire).
- Quebec Diocesan Gazette** (Quebec).
- The Muse** (McMaster University, Hamilton).
- College Echoes and Blast** (St. Andrew's College, Scotland).
- Clare Market Review** (London School of Economics, London, England)
- Gryphon** (University of Leeds, Leeds, England).
- Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa** (Ottawa University, Ottawa).



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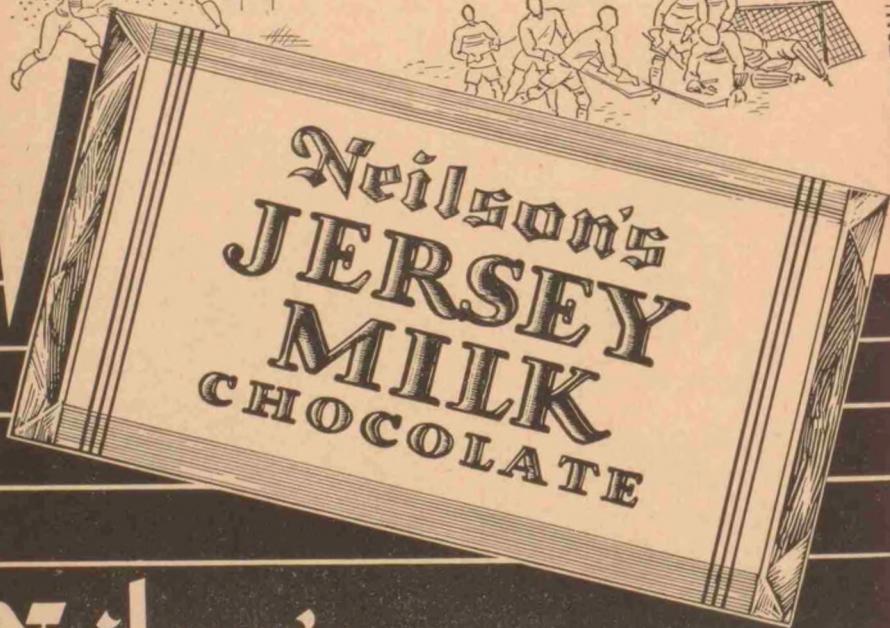
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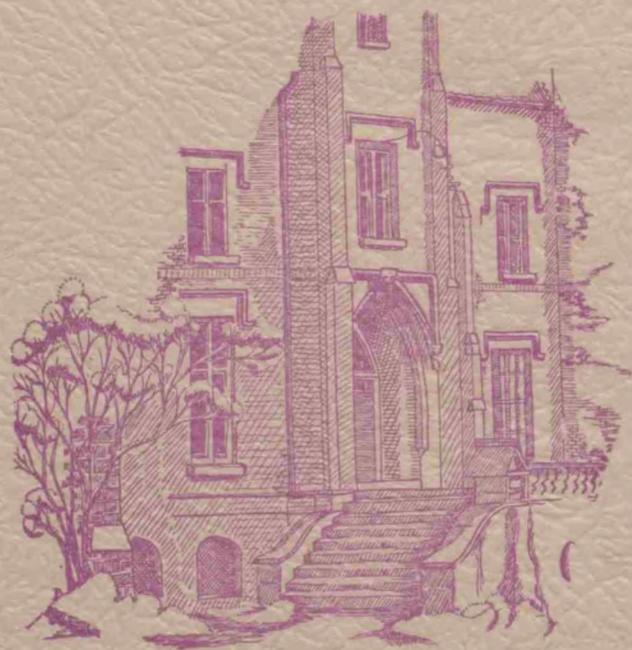
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