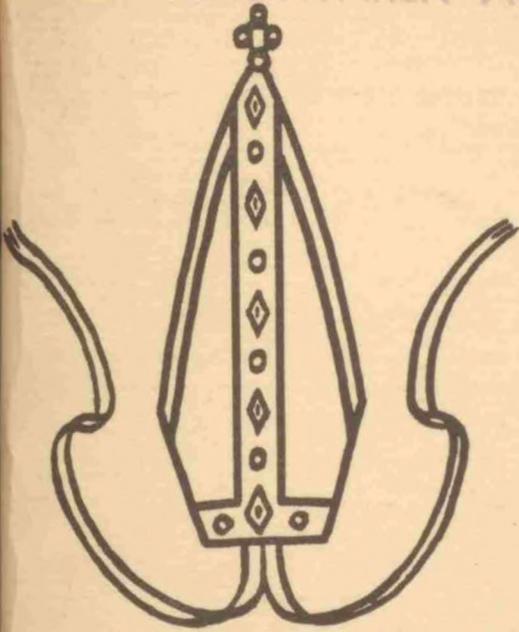


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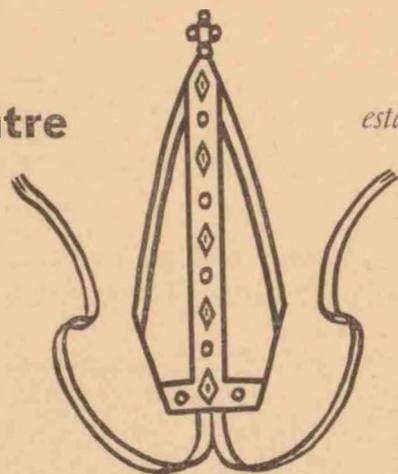
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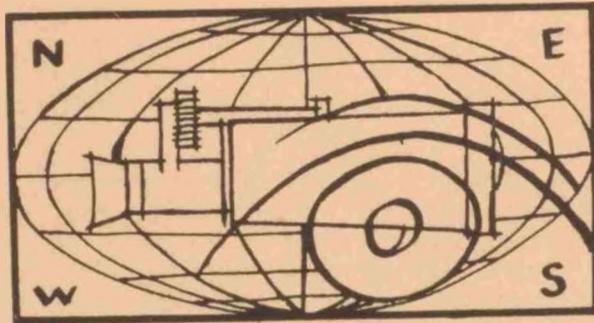
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Cover, illustrations, by Donald Kuehner



## editorial

### "THE MARKET ORIENTATION"

Shall we not, like so many subconscious Simon Legree's, sell ourselves, as he sold slaves, down the river. By all means, let us. Let us don our very best social plumes; let us preen ourselves in the oil of Others' approval; let us walk only those paths which well lead to self-sale.

You sir, do you like an aggressive, superficially cheery character, with a wide toothpaste smile, and a cold hand-ever-ready-under-elbow? We have not such a character — but let us change for you; let us abandon the comfortable and natural arm chair of our true selves and mount your dias for re-modelling. Let us be aggressive, not co-operative; let us charm with our mouths, not with ourselves; let us channel people discreetly but firmly in the Most Profitable Way for your sake, and our sake, not for theirs. Let us, above all, please you.

Let us be friends with you. We shall develop those talents that we possess in order to suit your needs and wishes, or submerge entirely those which you do not like, and will not buy.

Of course, we must package ourselves attractively to catch the attention of the Buyer. We

must do and be all things that Others desire of us.

We must be desirable.

This is a psychological state which Erich Fromm, in *Man for Himself* calls the "market orientation." It involves an attempt by the individual to assimilate himself into the social framework by adopting a shifting character structure which is sensitive to the value judgments placed on it by other People Who Count. It is a modern orientation, distinct from other types which exist, in that it is based on the exchange value of goods — the basic pillar of our capitalistic society, — rather than on their use value. In its psychological extension, people become chattels, and their personalities are bartered as goods of various values are exchanged.

The market orientation develops nothing that is potentially within a person for the sake of the potential itself, because one's faculties and talents are not what one wants them to be so much as what other people want them to be. Self-identity is thus forfeited.

A university education should be designed to counter-act this type of orientation; it teaches the use value of an individual and his talents, not their exchange value. Let us not lose sight of the individual-building qualities inherent in a university education. These are forces at work outside as well as within the lecture room, and should be utilized in both spheres. Here, while we have the opportunity, we should not fail to make ourselves what we would be, for our potentialities are boundless and valuable; too precious to be commanded by Others' desires.



## In This Issue . . .

THE response to the usual termly plea for literary contributions was far from overwhelming this issue; yet the work contained in this number of *The Mitre* possesses, we think, a quality and interest which more than compensate for the comparative sparseness of literary effort displayed.

We are very pleased to publish this term an article by Dr. E. H. Bensley on **Bishop's Medical College**, through the kind permission of the Canadian Medical Association Journal. Bishop's actually did have a medical school from 1871 to 1905 which was situated in Montreal, but little is generally known of its history here. Together with our own Dr. D. C. Masters', **Bishop's University, The First Hundred Years**. Dr. Bensley's article adds to the century old tradition that is Bishop's, and also paints a vivid and fascinating picture of an institution which flourished with all the energy of more famous medical centres, but whose story has remained for the most part unrecounted and unknown.

A new feature has been added to *The Mitre* this term in the form of a book review section. Designed primarily to inform students and other readers of recently published books of interest, the section also affords an opportunity for reviewers to develop some critical style. Three reviews are contained in this first section — by George Cantlie, Jean Pryde and Carol Witty — the first two of which deal with books which may be secured in the university library. Should any students wish to emulate the excellent work of our three initial reviewers, *The Mitre* will be most pleased to consider their work for publication in future issues.

Included in this issue too, is an article by Prof. P. Roberts entitled **Dollar-Scholar**. It reflects a dry, humourous spirit which can only be described as tickling.

As for the rest of the material, there seems to have been a sudden reversal of trend in this issue. Poetry — in past issues the most popular mode of expression — is at a premium this term, while prose fiction is fairly plentiful. The trend in most cases has been towards short stories, all of which display good image-building, and background material, but which tend to be rather superficial so far as plot and construction are concerned.

Visually, this term's *Mitre* may have startled the more conservative-tasted; the crimson blaze on the cover, however, is but an indication of the wealth of pictorial detail with which Donald Kuehner has enriched the contents.

## BISHOP'S MEDICAL COLLEGE \*

*E. H. Bensley, M.D.*

HISTORICAL accounts of the medical schools of Montreal assign the leading roles to the Montreal Medical Institution, L'Ecole de Médecine et Chirurgie de Montréal and the university faculties to which they gave birth. It could hardly be otherwise. The Montreal Medical Institution, founded in 1823, became within a few years the Medical Faculty of McGill University. The French School, founded in 1843, had a more stormy course but triumphed in the end. After an uneasy affiliation with Victoria University, a Methodist College in Cobourg, Ontario, L'Ecole established a connection with Laval and finally became the Medical Faculty of the University of Montreal. But there have been other medical schools in Montreal. The most successful of these was Bishop's Medical College or, to use its full name, the Medical Faculty of the University of Bishop's College. Notable contributions to medicine were made by this School. Its story deserves more attention than it has received.

Bishop's Medical College was founded in 1871. As an English speaking school and a rival of the McGill Medical Faculty, it played an active and prominent part in medical education for 34 years. In 1905 it lost its separate identity through merger with the Medical Faculty of McGill University. Although the parent institution, the University of Bishop's College, was and still is at Lennoxville in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, the Medical Faculty was always in Montreal. The first session of 1871-72 was held in rented rooms at McGill and Notre Dame Streets. The following year the College moved into a new building of its own on the north-east corner of St. George (now Jeanne Mance) and Ontario Streets. All subsequent sessions were conducted there. This building still remains but has long since been converted into stores and apartments.

For clinical teaching the School was affiliated with the Hotel Dieu, the Montreal Dispensary, and the Montreal General, Royal Victoria, Western and Woman's Hospitals. Its connections with the last two were especially close. Bishop's actively supported the establishment of the Western Hospital, now the Western Division of The Montreal General Hospital. When the oldest part of the Western Hospital, the Mills Building, was demolished a few months ago (1954), one of the items found in the cornerstone was a copy of the Annual Announcement of Bishop's Medical College for 1876-77. Most of the physicians

\* Paper presented at a meeting of the Osler Society of McGill University, October 14, 1954. From the Faculty of Medicine, McGill University and The Montreal General Hospital.

and surgeons of the Western Hospital held teaching appointments in the Bishop's School. The Woman's Hospital, now in greatly expanded form the Reddy Memorial Hospital, was under the direct management of Bishop's Medical School. Its Physician Accoucheur, Dr. Herbert Reddy, was Professor of Obstetrics.

246 men and women obtained their degrees of M.D. and C.M. from the Bishop's School — a substantial number for those days. The list of graduates contains many well known names. Three are selected for mention because they will be immediately familiar to members of this audience — Casey A. Wood, a noted ophthalmologist whose name is perpetuated at McGill in the Wood Gold Medal and the Wood Library of Ornithology; William Henry Drummond, famous for his poetry in the habitant dialect but also a distinguished physician; and Maude Abbott, whose contributions to medicine and to McGill are a matter of common knowledge.

Two special achievements of Bishop's Medical School remain to be mentioned — the admission of women and the creation of a dental department. In 1890, Bishop's took the advanced step of admitting women to its medical school on an equal footing with men. This was a bold experiment. At that time many experienced teachers at McGill and elsewhere were strongly opposed to co-education in medicine. In 1896, a Department of Dentistry was formed in the Faculty of Medicine by affiliation of the Quebec Dental College with the University of Bishop's College. Teaching was in both French and English. Bishop's thus became the first university in the Province of Quebec to provide a dental course leading to the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery.

This record of achievement is in itself sufficient justification for the creation of a new medical faculty in a city which already had two medical schools. But it is of interest to inquire more closely into the reasons for the formation of this School in 1871 and also to determine the cause of its sudden disappearance from the scene in 1905 after 34 years of active life.

The story of Bishop's Medical College is, to a large extent, the story of the ambition and effort of one man — Francis Wayland Campbell. Dr. Campbell was one of the founders of the College. He was its first Registrar and later became its Dean, in addition to holding a number of teaching appointments. Dr. Campbell entered practice in Montreal in 1862. His interest in medical education became evident at once. By 1864, he and Dr. G. E. Fenwick had launched a new journal — the Canada Medical Journal and Monthly Record of Medical and Surgical Science. Dr. Campbell was ambitious, energetic and able. He was not a member of the staff of the McGill Medical School. He wanted a more active part in educational work and deeply resented what he regarded as the monopoly of medical teaching, hospital ap-

pointments and even private practice held by the medical staff of McGill. He was not alone in his views nor were his views new. We are told that even L'Ecole de Médecine et Chirurgie de Montréal, ostensibly founded to meet the needs of French speaking Canadians, was established in protest against what was then considered the monopoly of teaching privileges and of appointments at The Montreal General Hospital by those in authority at McGill. Support for this statement is found in remarks made by Dr. William Sutherland in his opening lecture at the French school in 1844. Speaking of the McGill Medical School, he said "What exclusive right is possessed by this Faculty? What species of idolatry is it which ought to enforce us to blindly worship the memory of its departed founders, in permitting their representatives to hold within an iron grasp all the reputation derivable from such a source? What has rendered this place a shrine at which they alone are to receive homage?" Many years later, Dr. Campbell quoted these words with obvious approval. It is clear that the feeling grew stronger with the passage of time, until in 1871 it culminated in the formation of Bishop's Medical College.

It would be pleasant to relate that bitterness was now replaced by friendly competition and mutual respect. But such was not the case. Evidences of more kindly feelings are to be found here and there, especially in accounts of formal occasions, such as banquets, convocations and funerals. But the record shows that rivalry remained bitter, moderating only after the turn of the century. Reference has been made to the medical journal edited by Dr. Campbell and Dr. Fenwick. Within a year after the opening of the Bishop's School, the editorial partnership was dissolved and the journal discontinued. In its place there appeared two journals — the Canada Medical and Surgical Journal, edited by Dr. Fenwick and others of the McGill School, and the Canada Medical Record, edited by Dr. Campbell and others of the Bishop's School. One of the planks in the platform of the Canada Medical Record was declared to be "opposition to monopolies which unfortunately exist in the Professional as well as in the Mercantile world." Addresses and articles by protagonists of Bishop's reveal the temper of the times. Two quotations are selected as typical. "The narrow-minded and illiberal partisans of other schools predicted failure on our part, and judging us by their own standard, slandered the capabilities of our professors." "Has a medical school with such a record as this, no claim to have some of the hospital honors fall to its lot? If McGill can prevent it she will. Her history from her foundation has been one of monopoly. She has tried by every means in her power to crush Bishop's Medical College but unsuccessfully". This second quotation is taken from an editorial written in 1891, when Bishop's Medical College was 20 years old.

Knowledge of this bitter rivalry is necessary to an understanding of those times. But it must be viewed in proper perspective. No doubt right and wrong were to be found on both sides. Equally certain it is that both sides commanded the services of able and self-sacrificing men, devoted to the best interests of medicine. It is probable that the rivalry spurred Bishop's to greater efforts and that Dr. Campbell and many of his associates enjoyed a good fight. The tributes paid to Dr. Campbell, when his day of sorrow and grief came, showed that he was held in great esteem by many outside the Bishop's circle. He was styled by his contemporaries the leader of the Medical Opposition in Montreal and it was said that he counted among his best personal friends his most bitter political enemies.

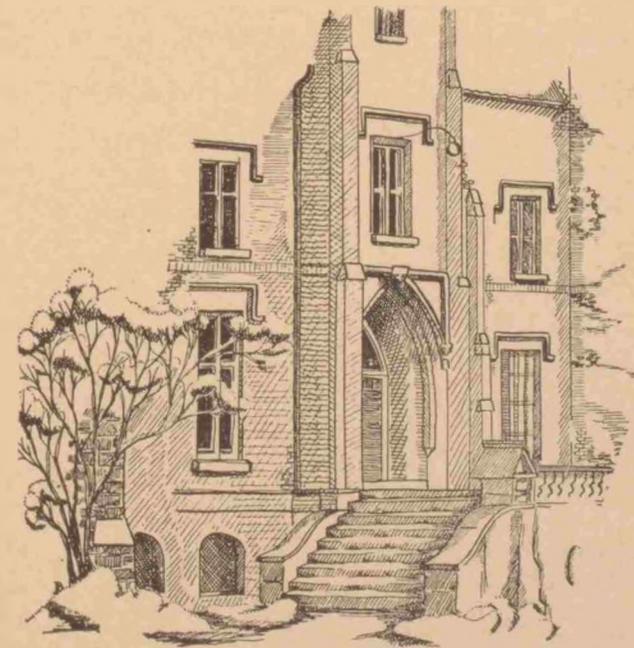
I have spoken of Dr. Campbell's day of sorrow and grief. It came in 1904. In that year, he lost his elder son. In April of the following year, ill health forced him to resign the deanship of his beloved School. The same month of April saw the loss of his only surviving son. In May, Dr. Campbell himself succumbed to his fatal illness.

With the death of Dr. Campbell, Bishop's Medical College lost not only a Dean but also its staunchest supporter. The College faced serious difficulties. The Faculty required reorganization under a new Dean, increased financial support was urgently needed and enlarged hospital facilities and college buildings had to be obtained. Bishop's took stock. It heeded advice given by Osler two years before in an address delivered in Toronto on the occasion of the merger of the medical faculties of the University of Toronto and Trinity University. Osler said, "The day has passed in which the small school without full endowment can live a life beneficial to the students, to the profession or to the public. I know well of the sacrifice of time and money which is freely made by the teachers of those schools; and they will not misunderstand my motives when I urge them to commit suicide, at least so far as to change their organizations into clinical schools in affiliation with the central university." Osler's remarks applied to Bishop's Medical School, and, in 1905, it joined the Medical Faculty of McGill University. In so doing, it sacrificed its separate identity. This was a wise and unselfish act. "To Bishop's, McGill brought the advantages inseparable from a larger and more powerful school. To McGill, Bishop's brought a band of devoted teachers and practitioners, who, having been tried in the furnace of adversity, had not failed, but had earned the respect of professional colleagues who at one time had not regarded the new School too favourably." \*

It is perhaps unnecessary for me to remind you that, although its Medical School ceased to exist in 1905, the parent body in Lennoxville

— the University of Bishop's College — has continued to serve the cause of education in other ways. Basing its academic tradition on a strong Christian faith, awareness of the importance of the humanities, and recognition of the role of science in the modern world, Bishop's University has grown steadily over the years. In 1945 it observed its hundredth birthday. In 1953 it celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the granting of its Royal Charter by Queen Victoria. Dr. D. C. Masters, Professor of History at Bishop's, has written an account of the first hundred years. In it he states that the story of the Medical Faculty is a bright, although sometimes forgotten page in the history of Bishop's University. I hope that my story has shown that the page, although not without its bitterness and tragedy, is bright indeed and deserves to be remembered with gratitude and pride.

*(By permission of the  
Canadian Medical Association Journal)*



\* This quotation is taken from the history of the Western Hospital. Its author is unidentified; probably it was the late Mr. R. C. Fetherstonhaugh.

# The Strange Case of Mr. Montague Beedle and the Friendly Faker

(Note:—A Friendly Faker is an RCAF term for a friendly plane sent out to act as an aggressor for exercise purposes, and not requiring interception.)

Once there was a little gentleman named Mister Montague Beedle.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Montague Beedle had always wanted to join the Air Force.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
He used to say to all the passers-by, "My, how I wish I could join the Air Force."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The passers-by would say "Oh" and hurriedly pass by.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
They were all very conservative people.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
One day Mister Montague Beedle decided to kick over the traces,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
He said to his wife, "I have decided to kick over the traces."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
He did so, and went and joined the airforce.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
He said, "Ah, this is really living."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The air force gave him some new traces which were more difficult to kick over.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Mister Montague Beedle said, "I want to fly in a plane and feel free as a bird."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The Commanding Officer said, "You cannot fly in a plane and feel free as a bird."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Montague Beedle was very sad.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
They made him plot things on maps, and learn many abbreviations for he didn't know quite what.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Montague Beedle said to all the passers-by, "My, I wish I had not joined the airforce."  
\* \* \* \* \*

The passers-by would say "Oh" and hurriedly pass by.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
One day Montague Beedle contacted an aircraft on the telephone.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
He said, "Hello, Hello, who are you, Roger, Wilco, Over, and Out."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
He liked the sound of all those lovely words that he had heard at the cinema.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The aircraft said, "I am a friendly faker."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Mister Montague Beedle did not believe that the aircraft was a friendly faker.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
He said to the Commanding Officer, "I do not believe that that is a friendly faker. I think it is a hostile aircraft that is going to drop a bomb or two on us."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The Commanding Officer said, "Nonsense" and had Mister Montague Beedle drummed out of the service.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Ten minutes later the friendly faker gently laid three bombs on the airforce station.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Everyone there quickly went from ashes to ashes and from dust to dust.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Mister Montague Beedle returned to his former position as a cutter in an undergarments factory.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
They made him an honorary Air Chief Marshal and set up a monument to him in the city park.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
He earned great fame and renown because he was the only man who could tell when a friendly faker was just faking to be a friendly faker and really wasn't a friendly faker at all.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
We should all cheer very loudly for Mister Montague Beedle.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Elizabeth Home





## CHICAGO SKETCH

. . . . . *Rupert Buchanan*

**I**N THE SKY, dirty steel mill smoke billowed, blurring the beauty of the fading sun. Lake Michigan was darkening. The gray, great city slumped down to the water's edge, where giant ore loaders waited to welcome the long ships.

The cool lake brushed up against the mass of concrete and brick and life called a city. Along the waterfront were grimy coal docks, towering grain elevators, long freight sheds and the city's pyramids—huge dirty-red mounds of iron ore.

There was a short space between all the industrial monsters, where the city had not yet closed in. Nature was backed into a corner here. There was a stretch of green woods—struggling, defiled, littered with orange peels and remnants from workers' lunches, cigarette boxes, old yellowed newspapers, and handbills announcing forgotten wrestling bouts. Between the woods and the water was a stretch of grass. It lay flat and brown and dead in some places, rank and weedy in others, here choked by cinders, and there worn to smooth-trodden brown earth. A vertical concrete wall rose to the grass from the lake. Its top was of smooth cement and the sailor had been sitting on it so long that it stuck to the seat and legs of his sweaty pants. His legs hung over the edge, dangling a few feet above the water. He looked at the lake.

Far out: a breeze, and cat's-paws shimmered across the water. In closer the water was motionless.

The sailor sitting on the edge of the lake wore clean, pressed dungarees, loafers, and black, satin-like jacket over a rough, white, high-necked sports shirt.

He thought of his shipmates who were "doing the town" on their weekly visit to Chicago. He felt beer pouring, glass after glass, down his throat, laughing loud, smoke filling night places, soft white woman flesh—every weekend all summer.

The sailor felt a lake breeze chill his body hot from the long, intense day. It was dusk. The water made sibilant sounds against the cement. He thought it amazing that the long, 400-mile lake should come up against his feet with no more than a murmur and a soft swish. He remembered the wild storms when under his hands on the useless wheel this same water tortured and twisted the ship beyond human control; and the next morning when the lake in restraint would caress the bruised ship and all the sailors would love her again, just as they loved the innocent girls in the Lake towns who clung to them with passion at night, then strolled the quiet, small-town streets in the morning, demure and shy and beautiful.

Blackness closed in, made him part of the lake. He loved the lake and the cooling breeze. He sat for two hours, then walked back to the ship and talked to the cook awhile and hit the bunk. Through his porthole he saw a few city lights and listened to the lake's quiet conversation against the side of the ship.



## The Builder

*He took his toys, the little boy,  
Beneath the cherry blossoms bright,  
And spread their tin upon a spot  
Worn smooth and bare and brown;  
And all about that flattened place  
The grass grew green, and maples  
Piled their spring lace to the sky.*

*He took his plow, the little boy,  
And scratched some roads that grew and traced  
His grubby engineering skill  
In spindly paths about that place,  
So where the soil was brown and smooth  
His child's imagination gouged  
A web of roadways for his toys.*

*And on the roads he set his cars,  
And on his rails his train he ran,  
And there beneath the cherry blooms  
He leaked a garden hose to make  
A trickling stream to be his river,  
And spanned a mighty bridge across  
Of twigs that rang his ears of steel.*

*And all day long he ran his world,  
In that bare spot ringed with grass,  
And steered his cars, and switched his trains,  
And loaded boats along the stream;  
And thought himself God that made this place,  
Though high above his ruling head  
The pink blooms waved, and maples spread.*

**C. Hugh Doherty**

## Dollar-Scholar

. . . . Peter Roberts

THERE were ten Canadians who went together that year, ship-board friends by the time we arrived, but all secretly resolved to obey our benefactor and to associate, not with one another, but with the English. Thus, said the handbook, would the ties of Empire be strengthened, the cause of Anglo-Saxon democracy furthered everywhere in the world. I believe something was said about "such manly outdoor sports" as rugger and cricket. I acquiesced in everything, but the English did not. They sauntered by, aloof, in the quad and on the street, leaving me ungreetered, unsolicited, unremarked. My nine countrymen had been swallowed up by their various colleges, and were, so I felt, forever lost to me. Thus, in profoundest silence and with growing melancholy, I passed ten of the most golden autumn days ever made by nature, days upon which, it seemed to me, the plain duty of man was to love his brother.

On the tenth day, a Saturday, I met in the street Leach, one of my ship-board friends. I feared him. He was a mixer, the kind of fellow who would, after ten days of college life, be intimate with everyone — perhaps he had adapted himself so well (he was that kind of fellow) that he too would refuse to speak. But he said hello — not, to be sure, in the way he would have said it ten days before, but nevertheless a real, articulated hello.

"Hello," I replied, careful to be nonchalant. He frowned slightly, confirming all I had feared.

"Like it?" he asked, looking very hard at something which I could not see on the opposite side of the street.

"Very much," I lied. "My college has a beautiful chapel, and quite a good beer cellar." It seemed unnecessary, at the time, to add that I had not yet found the courage to enter either.

"I'm well off too," he said carefully. "They've given me fine rooms." We occupied ourselves for a moment watching an elderly don in a gown lighting his pipe, and then my friend, speaking more loudly than necessary, as though he were not sure how I would receive his remarks, said that he had met Bailey, another of the shipboard men, that morning. "He suggests that all the men off the ship get together at the Blue Boar tonight — a little colonial party, you know." I opened my mouth to say yes, exhilarated at the prospect of speaking once again to my fellow-man, but closed it when I reflected that, beyond a doubt, all the other eight would, like Leach, be already props of society in their various colleges, friends with everyone, daily making faster those ties of Empire for which we were responsible. To spend

an evening with these people could only deepen my own gloom. But I said yes anyway, and agreed to be at the Blue Boar at eight. Leach said "Good", but without conviction, and we parted stiffly. As I returned to my rooms, I smiled weakly at my immediate neighbour, an effete young man with a lock of hair down the middle of his brow, and a medal for bravery in Korea (so the Porter said). I might have saved myself the trouble.

The Blue Boar at 8.30 (for I arrived late, not caring to ask the way) contained only two of my ship-board friends, one of them, Bailey himself, wearing an English-style cap, sure evidence that he was in the bosom of his college already, both of them looking slightly uncomfortable, and saying very little. We ordered beer, and blushed when we could not tell the barmaid what kind we wanted; she remained calm, and made the choice for us. Gradually the others arrived, murmuring something about having been kept late by an interesting conversation in the common room, until we were all there, and all working hard at talking rooms, chapels, halls, speeds of trains, and weather. These exhausted, we passed lightly over British politics, probed deeper into Canadian affairs, and could probably, in ordinary circumstances, have got through the evening on Mr. Duplessis, the Liberals, and the **Bloc Populaire**, then much in the news. But some strange nervousness afflicted us, and soon the talk sputtered out. Demoralized silence followed. Finding this unbearable, the man sitting next to me, Ducharme, from Quebec, said with husky emotion,

"'ow are you fellowes liking ze fellowes in your **collège**?"

Leach replied at once:

"Very nice chaps at my place," he said loftily. "Haven't spoken to one I don't like yet."

"Me," returned Ducharme sadly, "I 'ave not yet spoken to one at all. 'Ow can I tell eef I like zem or not? What 'ave I?" he demanded almost tearfully. "I 'ave no prejudice; I wish only to be a nice friend wiz zem. Am I smelling? Why do zey not love me?" He blew his nose gallically. "**Pas un seul mot!**" he cried, shaking his finger at his friend Lalonde on the other side of the table.

"You also," exclaimed Lalonde. "I tot eet was me only. Maybe eet is dat we are not speaking well English. What about de oder fellowes?"

"As a matter of fact," said Fraser, my neighbour on the other side, cautiously, "I haven't found them too easy to talk to either."

"Nor I," I heard myself saying shrilly. "Neither have I. I haven't talked to them either. Just the porter; he's the only one who'd talk to me. The rest just stare through you. They don't even raise an eye-

brow." There was a tumult of agreement, and the evening's first good humour. More beer was ordered.

"'Ey," said Ducharme. "'Ow habout Leach. 'Ee is making many friends wiz 'is **collège, n'est-ce pas?**"

"I never said that," retorted Leach. "I said I liked all the ones I'd spoken to."

"'Ow many is zat?" asked Ducharme quietly, as one expecting victory.

"One," confessed Leach miserably, "and he turned out to be the gardener."

"An' Bailey, eh, 'ow habout Bailey?" continued Ducharme. "Bailey, eef you buy an English cap, you are having English friends, hey?"

"I thought they might mistake me for one of themselves," sighed Bailey, "but they didn't."

The party was late breaking up. Of course a club was formed, and a club must be named. "The Introverts," suggested onc, "The Grits" another. Perhaps it was this political allusion that gave Ducharme his inspiration.

"Fellowes," he cried, standing on his chair. "Fellowes, I 'ave eet. I know ze name. We are "**Le Bloc Unpopulaire.**"

We drank to that.





"Ontario Squire"

Hugh Welsford

## A SECOND COMING? . *Nicholas Powell*

HE LAY quite still, not knowing what to expect after just regaining consciousness. Should he have felt different? Of course. Gradually became more and more exultant — only three days and the bandages would be coming off. The nurses walked quietly back and forth in the corridor pushing the lunch trolleys. No, he couldn't have a heavy meal yet, it was too soon after the operation, and besides he would have trouble controlling his excitement — his first meal since his release from blindness. The operation, the doctor had said, was certain to be a success — no chance whatever of failure.

It would be nice, he thought, to have someone in the other bed to talk to, to tell him of the room, what it was like, what was going on outside. No. Not that perhaps; people were always making him conscious of his blindness before, so would it not have the same effect now? Perhaps not. Still, it would be nice to have some company. The shade was down over the window — the only one in the room — and his bed was far enough away from it so any light coming through would not penetrate the heavy, cumbersome bandages over his eyes.

He was thirty-three years old and past his prime — he thought, but then one is always past one's prime when one is blind; sixteen years had passed since the accident which had cost him his sight. The first shock had not bothered him as much as one might think. Yes, he had had some difficulty in learning to find his way about the house, but nothing had been moved and soon the dark proved to be no serious handicap. He'd had difficulty in meeting people before, but in the dark he didn't have to worry about their worth or what he imagined they thought of him; on the contrary he was now the centre of attraction and quite proud of being able to do many things for himself: get dressed; light a cigarette; appear to be looking directly at the person speaking to him, and he smiled to himself at the thought of the little game he used to play on people: he would go to parties early and then meet the other guests in the living room, talking and joking, and then listen for the murmur of surprise when he let slip — quite casually — some little comment on his blindness. Yes, it was quite a lot of fun at first.

This sort of life had gone on for the next five years or so until just after his twenty-second birthday when it seemed to pall. The great parties he went to became fewer and fewer until it came to the stage where he scarcely went out at all. He began to get stodgy and flabby, for previously, in spite of his difficulties, he had exercised with weights and had gone on long walks with his father. He had been something of a novelty to his friends — 'You'd never have guessed he

was blind!" — yes, that's what they would say, "He's so very cheerful in spite of it all, he's really wonderful!" It made him tingle proudly as he imagined their comments about him. Yet gradually most of his friends began dropping away from him for no apparent reason; some just never came back to see him, and others just didn't come as often as they might. Oddly enough, he could sense their hostility towards him, even when he asked them to help him across a street. Certainly he walked surely enough as he went down the sidewalk with as little help as possible, but he enjoyed the little comments from onlookers as they realized he actually was blind. It wasn't because he was ostentatious because he never carried a white cane and never wore dark glasses; he never asked help from others unless there were many about to offer to help him, and even then (he thought proudly) he didn't give in right away but would hesitate (rather neatly too) before he consented. Then again, sometimes they would accept him and expect him to do the same things as they did, but then he came to be one of the crowd and no longer an individual, so he asked them to do things for him, small things he might have done himself, but he had to make them understand the greatness of his handicap. Oddly enough, it was in moments like this that friends became brief and gruff with him. It was this sudden brevity which caused him to snub old acquaintances and bestow his sparkling wit on others who were perhaps not on the best of terms with former friends. Even though he realized these new friends were not of more sustaining and upstanding character, it gave him the chance for support of some sort, and for a time he was their idol and hero. However, they too became tired of him it seemed and he gradually drifted into oblivion. It hurt him terribly to hear of the friends of his teens from his father and mother, yet there was no way in which he could repair the breach in their friendships without making a fool of himself.

Just after his twenty-fifth birthday Wilf began to call on him. He was quiet, entertaining, understanding, and seemed to be the solution to all problems. Together they discussed his problems, quite objectively, but to his dismay, Wilf kept pointing to little things which might not have happened, and how to rectify the situation should it occur again. Wilf was actually running him off his own grounds and telling him what to do! He didn't like it, and told Wilf as much, but he wasn't hurt and tried to help still further. Often they would go for walks, three of them, he, Wilf, and Sam — Wilf's dog — but the old greetings were always addressed to Wilf and Sam, not him. He began to withdraw from Wilf too; he would pick arguments for no reason, order them out of the house, until even Wilf did not return so often. Once Wilf had left, he felt terribly contrite, and yet each succeeding visit would end in an increasingly furious argument.

Some four years ago Wilf had stopped coming to see him and the knowledge of his treatment of his friend set him brooding. Now that he was to get back his sight, he would go and make amends to Wilf and would try to get off to a reasonable start once more; but he knew within himself that even Wilf would never help him again.

The following day another man was brought into the room and put in the bed beside the window. He was a jovial fellow with a laugh for all the doctors and nurses — even for him. At first he began to harbour a hatred for this sort and completely ignored him. Yet he did have an attractive manner and could not go unheeded all day, so finally in frustration, the blind man began to talk to him. Pete spent the whole day telling him what went on outside the window, and dislike him as he would, he had to listen to what he saw through Pete's eyes. It was a wide boulevard which went past the hospital with a row of small trees separating the two lanes. Lovely, spanking-new cars whizzed by, blue, green, two-toned convertibles, custom-built beauties, glistening with chromework, silvery hub-caps sprinkling reflections from the sun on the hustling pedestrians. Then there were the people, tall, short, wide, narrow, fast, slow, mostly dressed in their new Easter clothes. It was a Sunday Pete had said, and when the people walked by, the blind man's thoughts kept step with Pete's descriptions. A young couple were walking arm-in-arm, the late afternoon sun glinting in their hair, the gentle spring breeze spilling wisps of hair about the girl's face, laughing, smiling, looking into each other's eyes, he whispers something into her ear and she throws back her head laughing and then hugs him ecstatically. A solitary old man strolled behind them, a smile on his old grizzled face, his hat off, sniffing the breeze, smelling the cool green smell of the trees in the park beyond, swinging his cane happily at the old pieces of paper skittering across the sidewalks. He stopped to talk to a pretty, young mother pushing her shiny new pram, and coaxed forth a happy blush with his blithe comments, and waving his hat to her strolled cheerfully out of sight.

Night falls and while the supper trolleys pass the room. Pete described the night sights: cars pouring past, flashing dark reflections from the blue street lamps, headlights mingling with the trees along the boulevard, slowing to a stop for the traffic signals. It begins to drizzle rain, and the forming puddles shakily reflect the changing colours; green, amber, red; the continual stop and go of the traffic, cars ripping their way through the puddles sending up rainbows in the flying splash; taxicabs, their rooftop lights blinking beside the curb; others passing by, their coloured signs beckoning through the rain to soaking pedestrians; umbrellas reflecting still more light, umbrellas of various hues, plaids and occasionally a black one with a sharp point, no doubt protecting a conservative Homburg, smart cravat and spats;

an old horse, shod with heavy rubber shoes, towing a wagon, clumping down the boulevard, through puddles while little streams of water sprinkle out from behind the black rubber wheels of the wagon; longer silences as the traffic lessens and finally, only the occasional taxi hissing past.

He had to get to that window so he could sit there and watch those wonderful sights. Tomorrow would be the third day and the bandages would come off. He would be able to see again! See! All the world would be open to him again. But Pete! What about Pete! If Pete stayed here he would not be able to sit on the other bed and watch all day, looking at the beautiful sights, feeling the cool breeze coming in the window and smell the trees in the park.

Suddenly he hated Pete for seeing what he could not, for being able to describe so beautifully the things before his eyes in words the blind man could only just remember using. There was so much to see and he could not partake of the beauty outside the window. The window garnered all his attention; he had to get to the window bed and look out into the cool air beyond, at the wooded park, and closer, the boulevard divided by the lovely budding trees.

Through the night he thought of the sights he would at last be able to look at after all these years, sixteen long, dark years had passed. His many old friends he had given up because of their selfishness and their stupid attitude towards him. He thought of his parents; had they changed much? What would people be like now that he could see them? Would he have the same old trouble meeting them? No. He would brush them aside as he had done so many times in the past.

The morning scene which would be spread out beneath the window fled through his mind as Pete would describe it. A fairly light haze would lie over the distant park with some flickering of headlights showing as taxis poked through misty roads on their way to the hack stand; a glimmer of sunshine pushing back the haze and lighting on the sidewalks, the wet, black roads, and the little puddles in the gutters, spreading out a golden sheen across the paths and budding branches, showing silvery drops along the telephone wires; twittering swallows, darting from eaves to pole to bough, and upon alighting, shaking loose a score of raindrops which land on the shining, sparkling grass between the boulevard trees. The smell of spring would fill the air before the city really awoke to another Monday and the back alleys and the yards became splashed with lines of drying laundry. People would be hurrying to and fro, crunching small twigs lying on the paths through the park, scuffling along the sidewalks, looking at their watches, stepping in the oily puddles making them rock and ripple, and then assume their former sheen until another careless foot disturbed their beauty. He

did not want Pete to tell him of all this, he wanted to see the morning for himself, to look and see, see again and again! With Pete to tell him he wouldn't have the chance to tap the beauty for himself; and with these thoughts he fell into an uneasy sleep.

He woke suddenly. A voice was speaking to him, no several voices. Pete was saying goodbye. Now he could have the window all to himself! No Pete to interrupt this wonderful morning for him! He was all alone.

The doctors came in and began to take off his bandages while his own hands frantically gripped the edge of the bed in an effort at self control.

They were off!

With his eyes still tightly shut, he asked to be put in the other bed by the window. Yes, they would do it, but they pulled down the shade, he could hear it rustle down. Still keeping his eyes screwed up tight, he waited for them to leave the room; he was going to enjoy this beautifully ecstatic moment all alone! He put his slippery hands to his face and slowly opened his eyes — very slowly indeed — he was going to enjoy his own delicious torture; every second was his to revel in and by mercilessly teasing his strained patience to the utmost, so much the more would be the ultimate pleasure.

The room was fairly dark, but he could see the white walls about him — he saw, for the first time in sixteen years he saw! Slowly he looked at his old bed, down at his feet, at his hands, and finally at the window. A mad impulse screamed at him to pull up the blind and let it run up with a crash and a slap. But no. Slowly he reached out an excited, trembling hand, and slowly, ever so slowly, up went the blind, and now before his eyes he saw!

Just people, — nondescript — trudging through the rain; and mud, mixed with filthy, dirty, gutter water, gurgling down through the sewer grids.



## The Laughing Tombstones

I see you there,  
You laughing tombstones,  
But why are you not all the same?  
Why do you, tall, gleaming pillar,  
Reflect the years' glistening sweat  
In one long streak?  
And why, do you, black block,  
Stare bluntly at the clouded moon  
Like a dull, giant beetle?  
And what means that clanking  
Iron fence,  
Giant cross,  
That guards your massive,  
Flinty feet?

All laughing tombstones;  
Why that sly smile,  
Wee plaque?  
And you, tired chalky box,  
Why do you rest among the dank grasses  
Who was carved to stand  
For those who stand no more?  
And why, blank gray slab,  
Do you chant no more  
Your chiselled R.I.P.'s  
To the dripping rain.

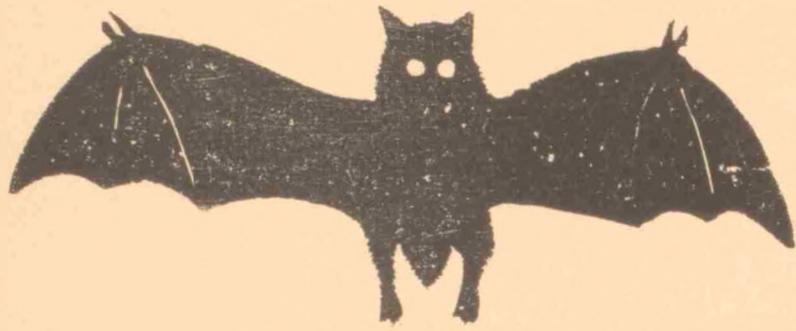
Oh, laugh you tombstones,  
Who jut and lean in jumbled variety;  
Who point a thousand different ways  
At the settling of so much dust.  
But why are you not all the same,  
You laughing tombstones,  
Whose shadows press  
A thousand equal ashes?

C. Hugh Doherty

## Fireside Phantasy

My heart sang a song,  
As the fire slowly burned,  
Of kings in purple robes and jewelled crowns,  
And yellow shooting stars exploding with a  
Bang.  
The two andirons, stiffly, hotly black,  
Seemed to be two rigid soldiers,  
Bearing towards me a flaming pile  
Of majesty and sacrifice . . .  
The heat grew tense,  
And underneath the logs  
Was a small, red-hot cave —  
Red-hot . . .  
Red-hot like the fiery sun  
That day in Italy,  
So far away, so very dream-like now . . .  
And the colour of one flame  
Was very like  
That living blue — Madonna blue —  
Of silver-chased Venetian glass . . .  
The kings came marching back,  
This time in bluest velvet,  
And horses snorted through scarlet nostrils,  
Stamping and pawing the ground . . .  
Then I looked and saw the logs again;  
I looked, and as a log  
Fell and  
Shifted position, there was  
A black, black cross outlined in flame —  
A Triumphant Cross . . .  
I closed my stinging eyes  
And tried to sleep, for I did not want to see  
This fire die.  
Then all that remained was the soothing roll  
Of the flames, sounding not unlike the sea,  
The blue eternal sea,  
Between me and Venetian glass . . .

Katharine Cantlie



## THE BAT

. . . . Ian Hamilton

THE NEXT cargo ship was due to dock in a few minutes. The long-shore men, sitting in their little tin shack, were waiting to unload it. It was evening, and the summer air was filled with bugs and beetles who swarmed around the glare of the naked lights. The sound of crude laughter broke through the open door of the shack as one man related a story to his comrades. Suddenly a small bat flew through the door and into the room. It circled several times above the heads of the men before alighting on a dark cross-beam. The men stopped listening to the story for a moment to watch the bat with fascination until it settled on its perch. Then one man, putting his finger to his lips, began to stalk the bat. He edged closer and closer, but the bat never moved. Suddenly he lunged forward and caught the bat in a crushing grip. The bat emitted a terrified squeak and struggled vainly for a moment to escape, then ceased to fight. Laughing with pride, the man who had caught it showed his prize to the other men, smoothing down the bat's rumpled fur with a rough hand. The other men all admired it, saying how beautiful it was.

Now that he had captured the bat, the man did not know exactly what to do with it. Still holding it firmly in his fist, he looked around the room. He spied a couple of push-pins on the notice board on one of the walls and called to a companion to bring them to him. When he had the pins, he spread-eagled the bat to the wall and crucified it, stretching its wings out each side as far as they would reach. The pins pierced the delicate transparent skin easily. The bat remained silent through these operations and only a momentary twitch of its ears gave any indication that it was alive. It was swarming with vermin that ran all over its face, in and out of its ears and across its unblinking eyes.

The man stood back a moment to admire his handiwork, then returned to the group of men who were listening to the story.

At that moment, the ship's whistle hooted, and the men all swarmed out of the shack, leaving it deserted. Not a glance was thrown in the direction of the bat, still pinned to the wall in the pitiless glare of the light. It gave a convulsive little shudder and drooped its head, while its claws slowly opened.

Three weeks later, the bat was still there, hanging on the wall. It was now all shrivelled and dry but the vermin still ran endlessly through the soft brown fur and over the sightless eyes.



## Dustbin

*There was a battered bin that I passed by  
Down where the street bends near the quay,  
Known to the rat, and to the cat's green eye,  
Its stench the blow-fly's luxury;  
That gray bin so bashed and batter'd  
Brimful of scraps and rotten mush  
Held perhaps the only things that matter'd —  
Things passed over in the rush;  
If in the darkness of its prison —  
If there were a seed, that loos'd from there  
Might in its ecstasy have risen,  
It held the whole world's beauty in its care.*

John McVittie

## On First Looking Into Shakespeare's Female Leads

Did you ever stop to think what makes people tick?  
Or did you ever stop to think?  
Why does a person do something  
He shouldn't do.  
And yet not have the slightest desire to do another thing that is  
within his bounds or limitations?  
There always seems to be some irritating little 'want'  
Etched 'way back in that 40-lb. chip you carry around on your shoulder  
'That causes more mishaps to the average (I won't say 'normal')  
human being;  
— Things like whipping down to the local emporium to have a fast  
ale at the ripe age of 17,  
Or the 15-year-old operator who cultivates some stringy 'gooper  
feathers' on his upper lip, chin and jowls  
Just to get a date with the local 16-year-old beauty —  
These things I don't understand.  
This world must just be undermanned  
With men who look like men, madam.  
What I think is that there should be 'beaucoup' dames grovelling about  
in droves, frothing at the chops (and generally creating a rhubarb  
that would put P. T. Barnum up a crick) peeking through keyholes  
at the males  
Just to get a squint addum.  
No, dear friends, I'm not a misanthropist, nor do I dislike men;  
no, it's just that DAMES BUG ME!!  
Take Marilyn Monroe for instance, the 'epitome' (ha!) of sex.  
As they say in Mexico (pronounced for the benefit of all Anglo-Saxons  
as MEH-HEE-COE)  
"She geev me de gran' apoplex'!"  
And by this masterpiece of understatement I do not mean the  
overstimulation of some wild drive we males invested in at  
the age of puberty.  
No, she just upsets me.  
I won't elaborate. Discretion (and her publicity agent) prevent me  
from doing so — but you know what I mean.  
  
I should now like to broach the breach, or brooch the breech —  
wait a minute — talk about freckles on dames.  
'Specially bringing under consideration those which adorn the nasal  
portion of the dial.

(Confidentially, dames are always fussy about their pans, and with  
good reason you might ask me why. Well, I don't know, but  
you go and ask Max Factor.)

Women always seem to think that the only way to catch a man  
is to have a beautiful, smiling dial.  
Well listen kiddo, it's no fun to spend the evening with someone with  
the linguistic capabilities of a Neanderthal or Pithy-can't-throw-  
paw, answering you in beautifully toned grunts ranging from C  
below middle C to C sharp.  
Believe me, it's quite a lesson in harmonics!  
Frankly, I like freckles.  
I have to put up with them myself.  
However, I will go so far as to admit that there are some males  
who walk rather a close parallel to this,  
But really, I don't like to go out with boys!  
Men like women to have nice teeth — not those happily supplied by  
the 'dental surgeon' who handles the mouth in much the same  
manner as a galley slave handles an oar, and not those liberally  
stained with betel juice (or Betelgeuse or something), —  
And nice hands — not like the gnarled old clubs of a stevedore,  
Just nice, soft, hairy hands!

To get to another important point, I must say that we men are really  
thankful that you dames don't dictate the fashions for men.  
Because if that was the case, every time you wanted to wear slacks  
we'd have to wear trousers — which is fine — but then, being  
women — and being obstinate — you would want to wear skirts,  
and that would mean that we'd have to wear kilts.  
I wouldn't go for that all during the winter — or in spring for  
that matter.  
Every time those old Ides rolled around, I'd have to load the hem with  
fishline sinkers to save face.  
You know, men have a rough time of it; half of it we're expected to  
be the aggressors and the other half we spend being suppressed by  
some squirt of a dame we could probably grind into hamburger.  
Then they start squalling something to the effect that you don't love  
them any more, and the only reason you go about with them is  
just for what you can get out of them!  
Now who am I to quibble if her old man's got money?  
On the other hand gentlemen, what would we do with **our** money if  
we didn't have any dames who were sane enough to go out and  
spend it for us.  
And so you see, men are just naturals for being hen-pecked husbands.  
But then I must confess that a woman certainly wouldn't make a good  
hen-pecked husband.

The drapes? Certainly modom.

*Nicholas Powell*

## Coffee, Peanut Butter and Oranges

Andrew Little



**T**HE BOY stood alone in the night. He watched the cold winds carry a crumpled newspaper down the gutter and tears filled his eyes. He wiped them away with a motion of his dirty gloves. The street was deserted, the great buildings rose on either side, cold, formidable. The street lights illuminated the streetcar tracks and he could follow the silver reflection of the twin rails until they disappeared around a corner. From the doorway where he had sought shelter from the cold wind and the fine diamond-like snow, which cut into his face, the boy shuddered. Pulling his plaid winter jacket closer to his body, he moved out onto the sidewalk, and began walking slowly towards a tiny pin-point of light farther down the street.

As he progressed along the street he saw a figure suddenly loom out of an alley way, blocking the light to which he was advancing. He stopped, then scurried close to a building, crouching beside a mail box. There wasn't enough snow to muffle the stranger's steps, and at odd

intervals the metal clips on his shoes would strike the cement of the sidewalk where the snow had been blown away. The boy waited, tense, his face pressed close to the cold metal of the box. The stranger passed. The boy shivered with relief. After the steps had died away, he left the shelter of the box and moved off again toward the warm light.

He had been watching this light for the past half hour because it was different from the cold streetlights, which illuminated the swirling crystals of snow. At first he resolved to stay in the doorway until morning, but when the clock in the jewelry shop across the street showed that he had been standing alone for more than an hour, he became restless. His stomach ached and he felt dizzy. The thought of his home, its warmth and security flooded his mind. He put it out obstinately, but it always returned. He would show them. Oh sure, they would be worried, but maybe after tonight they would stop quarreling and treat him like a grown-up.

He was closer to the light now and he could see that it came from a small shack at the sidewalk edge. He advanced cautiously, he could hear the sound of voices, and again he was flooded with a surge of loneliness. The light was coming from a small opening in the clapboards, where a metal chimney of furnace pipe protruded. Smoke rose from the top of this pipe, but was quickly swept off into the night wind. The boy couldn't see who was talking or make out the words. He was facing the back of the shack. He decided to wait. A church bell tolling the hour of four startled him, and he moved back into the shelter of another shop doorway. He listened to the wind whistling through the clapboards of the hut, and it seemed to be trying to reach its icy fingers to him.

The conversation stopped, and a man emerged from the corner of the shack and proceeded on up the street in the direction from which the boy had just come. From his doorway the boy saw that he was a policeman. Suddenly the boy felt longing sweep his whole body. He had only to call out and he would be safe, taken home. He couldn't open his mouth. Something inside of him, perhaps pride, prevented his speaking. He listened as the policeman's steps died away. Quiet tears rolled down his cheeks and his body convulsed with sobs. The tears froze.

The wind whistled on and the snow eddied about the shack. It dug beneath the posters which were thumbtacked to its sides. A tack in a large cardboard magazine ad loosened and parted from the wood. The wind as if sensing this weakness, increased, tugging at the loose corner. Soon another tack was wrenched out, then another, only one remained. But by some odd coincidence it remained firmly in the wood, resisting the wind. The sign flapped noisily in the gale.

It was this slapping of the cardboard against the wood which

roused the boy. He peered out from the doorway and saw what was causing the noise. He waited there, debating what to do, hypnotized by the sight of the poster in its battle with the wind.

Mr. Gilfuggan also heard the noise of the poster slapping against the side of his newspaper shack. It annoyed him, but the thought of opening the small door under the counter, which was closed down, and venturing out into that cold, prevented him from moving. He sipped his warm coffee, and patiently hoped that the sign would tear itself loose and blow away. Finally he gave up, grudgingly pulled his overcoat up about his throat and pushed back his thick set body through the tiny door. The wind attacked him angrily and he cursed softly to himself as he rounded the corner of his hut.

The sign suddenly tore itself loose from the shack, leaving the last tack still solidly embedded in the wood. It was swept up into the wind and deposited with high velocity against the boy who was still standing in the doorway.

He uttered a cry of surprise.

Mr. Gilfuggan heard it. He had just turned in disgust to go back into his hut. He retraced his steps, looked behind the shack and saw nothing, then he moved across the sidewalk to the doorway where the boy lay concealed.

"Hullo there," said Mr. Gilfuggan to the small dark shape which huddled in the farthest corner of the doorway.

The boy did not answer.

Mr. Gilfuggan tried again. "What are ye doin' in there lad?"

"O, nothing," replied the boy.

"Nothing indeed!" said Mr. Gilfuggan. "Come here lad, and let me have a look at ye."

The boy reluctantly got up and walked up to the man. He was afraid of the stranger, but he felt he couldn't have run even if he had wanted to. His legs were too tired.

"What are ye doin' out at this time o' night, young man?" queried the newsdealer, seeing the boy for the first time in the light. Mr. Gilfuggan guessed him to be somewhere about twelve years old.

The boy remained silent, shivering both from fear and cold. Mr. Gilfuggan, noticing this, invited him into the shack where he would give him some hot coffee. The boy agreed rather because he was too tired to do anything else and also because the thought of drinking coffee, which he was not allowed to have at home, appealed to him.

Inside the shack hung a single electric lightbulb, suspended by a wire from the ceiling. It was unshaded and lit the shack interior mercilessly. The boy looked about him, dazed by the sudden light. He sat on the counter between two piles of newspapers, still bound with wire, waiting for the morning sales. His back was against a wooden panel, which closed in front of the counter. In the morning the dealer opened this and hooked it to the inside wall above the counter so he could sell his papers from within the shack. The stove stood in the corner opposite the low doorway they had come in, and beside it, on an old kitchen chair with its back missing, sat Mr. Gilfuggan. There was a pot of coffee on the single element of the old stove and it was as black as the pipe which ran up the corner to the roof, serving as a chimney. Directly across from the counter the boy could see a myriad of magazines hung in a wire display bracket against the wall. Another similar bracket was on the adjacent wall opposite where Mr. Gilfuggan was sitting. The boy's eyes rested on the section of the bracket which housed a variety of comics. Mr. Gilfuggan looked up briefly from the stove where he was intently pouring fresh coffee into the perculator top of the pot and saw the boy's eyes flit guiltily to his then back to the comics.

"Go ahead," he said, "You can look at em."

The boy got down off the counter and picked out two of the books, and began absently thumbing through the first. His mother had never let him read comics so he felt vaguely thrilled at being allowed to look at them in an adult's presence. Mr. Gilfuggan paid no attention to him, being engrossed in his coffee-making.

At last he announced, "It's ready," and took down two enameled mugs from a shelf above his head. He poured equal shares of coffee into each cup, the boy watching intently.

"Cream!" he asked, adding some to his own cup.

The boy, obviously embarrassed parroted, "C-Cream?"

"In the coffee?"

"Ah, yes please."

"And sugar, one or two?"

"Two," blurted the boy.

Mr. Gilfuggan handed him the mug. Its warmth felt good on the boy's cold hands. He sipped gently, watching the newsdealer do the same. Its warmth surprised him and burnt his tongue, but he said nothing.

"How is it?" asked Mr. Gilfuggan.

"F-fine," answered the boy.

The two remained in silence sipping their coffee. A sharp knock on the panel at the boy's back startled him and he spilled some of his coffee on his coat.

"Easy there fella, it's only the missus with my lunch. You stay put."

Mr. Gilfuggan slipped out through the low door and the boy heard the muffled sound of voices outside the shack. He couldn't make out what they were saying. He felt sleepy from the warmth of the stove. In a minute Mr. Gilfuggan re-entered.

"Did you tell her?" asked the boy.

"What?" asked Mr. Gilfuggan.

"About - - - about me."

"Well, I didn't see why I should. It being of no real importance."

"Oh." The boy sighed with relief and resumed reading his comic. It didn't seem as interesting now.

"More coffee?"

"No" said the boy. He hadn't finished his first cup.

Mr. Gilfuggan pulled out of his overcoat pocket a large paper bag, with brown grease stains on it. He opened it carefully and took out a sandwich wrapped in wax paper. He unwrapped it, folded the wax paper and put it in his pocket. He bit into the sandwich hungrily.

"Like half?" he asked with his mouth full.

The boy hesitated, then reaching out with his gloved hand, he took the half sandwich. He nibbled at it and recognized it as peanut butter. He didn't like peanut butter, but ate it anyway, not wanting to be impolite to his host.

"More?" asked the dealer unwrapping another.

"No, thanks," said the boy. In spite of his hunger, he couldn't eat peanut butter, which his parents forced him to eat.

Mr. Gilfuggan finished his last sandwich, and noisily washed it down with his second cup of coffee. He then produced an orange and began peeling it with his dirty thumb nail. The boy watched and thought of his father, who also liked oranges, but whose nails were always clean.

"Sorry there ain't nowhere you can ketch some sleep," said the dealer apologetically. The boy yawned.

"That's O.K.," he said.

After Mr. Gilfuggan finished his orange he took a pair of wire cutters from his pocket and began clipping the wires, binding the two piles of newspapers on the counter.

"Guess we better open up," he remarked upon finishing the task.

"'Scuse me," he said, and undid the hooks holding the panel against which the boy leaned. The boy got down from the counter, and Mr. Gilfuggan raised the panel, rehooking it to the inside of the shack.

Cold air rushed in through the opening and the boy shivered involuntarily. It seemed as if the cold air banished the feeling of security he had found there. He felt loneliness again sweep his body.

Soon customers began to appear, bundled tightly in heavy clothes, most of them carrying lunch boxes. They were the laborers and factory workers, the first ebbings of civilization each morning. Mr. Gilfuggan was engrossed in selling the papers. The boy sat alone on the chair, below the sight of the customers. Mr. Gilfuggan cheerfully chatted with all the customers he knew. They asked him about his wife, his bowling and the weather. The boy felt more lonely at not being able to take part in this conversation.

About seven-thirty there was a change in Mr. Gilfuggan's attitude. It became one of cold business. The men who bought papers no longer joked with him. They seemed to all be in a great hurry. The boy noticed that the voices had changed too. The later customers sounded like his father. He suddenly resented Mr. Gilfuggan's change in attitude to them. He still sat alone, unnoticed.

As time passed, memories of his home filled the boy's mind. He fought tears back. After what seemed like ages, Mr. Gilfuggan turned to the boy.

"You want to come with me an' get some shut-eye, or stay with the missus?" he asked. "She takes over from me at ten."

"I think I had better be getting home," said the boy hesitantly. The words surprised and relieved him in the same instant. He had not decided to go home until the dealer had asked him.

"It's up to you," said Mr. Gilfuggan casually buttoning up his overcoat.

The boy got up from the chair and pushed open the small doorway. Once outside he turned and saw Mr. Gilfuggan behind the counter thumbing a newspaper.

"Bye," he said. "And thanks."

"O.K. fella," answered Mr. Gilfuggan, barely looking up from his paper.

After the boy had walked a block, he turned again to the stand. He saw Mr. Gilfuggan watching him so he waved. Mr. Gilfuggan waved back.

The door to the boy's home looked good. It seemed to welcome him. He hesitated instead of walking in, reached up and knocked.

About this time Mr. Gilfuggan's shack was also resounding with a similar knocking. He was nailing up a clipping from last evening's paper to the wall inside his stand. It was a picture of a boy with the caption "Missing From Home" and a story. Lacking a tack to keep the bottom of the clipping adhered, Mr. Gilfuggan went around to the back of his shack. He pried out the one which the wind had failed to tear free when his poster had blown away. The corner of the poster was still attached and when he removed the tack it flew away in the wind.



## Sonnet

*Born on a crashing thousand-crested wave,  
Thou shalt not die, O love: just as no death  
Awaits the burning sun and wind, no grave  
Shall dark thy light or smother thy quick breath:  
No gloomy underworld shall ever claim  
Thy gift to human hearts; nor shall it quell  
Their soaring, blinding hope, their fervent flame:  
By thee our lives escape such empty hell.  
Onwards and aloft our hearts are led  
By thee, and each heart spreads and shares a trace  
Of thy great presence; so men shall never shed  
The anguished ecstasy which is thy grace.  
For thou are life — life shall ever be:  
Life shall last until eternity.*

Katharine Cantlie



## Hurricane Moon

*Hurricane moon . . .  
You spray the sigh of the wind going by  
With shivering, silver spume;  
You light the pit where the shrieks conflict  
With a dappled, frozen bloom,  
And blink your face as the howlers race  
By your eye through the stormy flume.*

*Hurricane moon . . .  
You ride the blast from the caves that cast  
The frightened clouds away,  
Like ragged steeds in a herd that speeds  
On windbeats through the fray  
Of swinging stars and midnight bars  
That on their withers flay.*

*Hurricane moon . . .  
You watch the trees upon their knees  
In the tossing world below,  
And stain the sky with a last good-bye  
As behind the storm you go;  
And the rushing gloom, O, hurricane moon,  
Billows up to smudge your glow.*

C. Hugh Doherty

## PARTING — A HEAD?

inspired by PAINTING: A HEAD

by John Crowe Ransom

This head without a body  
Is smiling.  
If my head were severed from my body,  
Cleanly, smoothly unzipped,  
Or unscrewed as a jar-top,  
Would it be happy too?  
Would it be thankful  
To be rid of all this weary length of me?

This neat and simple unzipping  
Would be handy at times.  
I could unzip and send it to the dentist,  
Abandon it to that merciless mine-driller, well-digger,  
And go in comfort to a movie,  
A clean little temporary lid  
Zipped onto the neck crater  
To prevent awkward insects or other utensils  
From dropping or slipping in  
And causing Disturbances  
Of the circulatory, respiratory, or other clockwork systems.  
(Of course I could not see the movie —  
Perhaps absorb it through the pores  
With a little practice and concentration.)  
Shampooing would become an easy task —  
I could send the head alone to the dry cleaners  
(Those that specialize in 24 hour service)  
And get it back the next day,  
Not having wasted a moment  
Of this valuable time I have to live in,  
(Already one-quarter gone.)  
Hair-care would be reduced to a minimum —  
Hair all neatly bunched into a net —  
Head set neatly upon the dresser,  
Or perhaps hung carefully on the bed post.

I am, of course,  
Left with the burdening problem  
Of How To See What I Am Doing.  
But I daresay I could work something out —

Perhaps develop a reserve of brain,  
Plugged in among the vertebrae,  
And carried in a neat plastic case,  
Fastened by thongs to my shoulder blades,  
And controlling carefully constructed eyes,  
Attached to the tips of my fingers.  
And they say that grasshoppers hear  
Without ears; and I will not have it said  
That I am inferior to any grasshopper.  
At any rate, I think the whole thing has  
Distinct Possibilities.  
Don't you?

Elizabeth Home



## Mind's

Mind's a lumpy sponge where irresolution dwells;  
the mysterious home of the subconscious from which  
only dreams  
and psychoanalysts may draw the true desires  
and fears of its master.

A glass darkly,  
a paenonipotent substance,  
producer of uncanny ideas.

Mind's perhaps the ugliest piece of flesh within us.  
God knew that if he placed it  
in full view, we,  
— vain, stupid humans that we are —  
would more than likely cut it off  
— like tonsils.

Covered, hidden, protected, mind lies  
deep in its caverns,  
its frivolities, its small talk ever near the entrance.  
Never faith, never energy, never bother to search the Mind;  
never time, once we have cast off into the river  
of years after twenty-one.  
Never Time to Think.

Heather Maggs

# "BEAR IN CAMP!"

by

*Donald Sangster*



**B**REKFUSS!" shouted the cook. He sounded miles away as I struggled to rouse myself and face another day of prospecting in the wilds of Labrador. As soon as I had succeeded in prying my eyes open I peered out the door of the tent. Good, it looked like rain. That meant no work today. Still only half-awake, I crawled out of my sleeping-bag, pulled on damp, dirty clothes and soggy boots, picked up my tooth-brush and soap and groped my way outside the tent.

After washing my face with ice-cold water I felt a little more awake. Then, as I picked up my face-cloth, the bushes parted quietly about fifty feet in front of me and a black bear wandered into the clearing, swinging his head from side to side as he walked. I stood fascinated for about twenty seconds watching him. Finally I secured enough nerve to yelp "Bear! There's a bear in camp!" With a rather surprised and disgruntled "Whoof!" the bear turned and disappeared soundlessly into the bush.

My companions came piling out of their tents, but by this time the clearing was empty.

"It was just your imagination," they scoffed as I walked down to breakfast. After the meal, I picked up a roll of toilet-paper in one hand and a fly-gun in the other and proceeded to make my way to the latrine. As I approached the garbage dump, which one had to pass on the way, I heard the rattle of empty cans and, peering through the bushes, observed the bear picking out and eating scraps of fish and meat. I quietly retraced my steps back to my tent, grabbed my camera, and returned cautiously to the dump. By this time the four other men

of our party had heard him and were already snapping pictures. Among the five of us, we took over fifty pictures of the bear that day before the novelty wore off.

During the next few days the bear returned again and again but by now we merely glanced up and shooed him away if he came too close.

Sitting at the supper table a few days later, someone suggested it would be great fun to lasso our new-found friend. We all agreed and after hastily gulping down our supper, we quickly nailed a stout pole over the dump between two trees. A hundred-foot length of rope was fashioned into a lasso, thrown over the bar, and placed on the dump near an inviting tidbit of beef covered with honey. We withdrew about sixty feet and waited impatiently for our visitor. In a short time, the bear sniffed his way to the dump and, catching wind of the bait, put his front leg into the noose. Three of us quickly pulled back the rope and ran around a nearby tree thus securing the rope. The woods resounded with the roars of the surprised bear who had been hauled up so that just his hind feet touched the ground. Tin cans, rotten meat, potato peelings, and moss flew everywhere as the enraged animal thrashed around trying to escape the rope. Between roars he whimpered and cried much like a human baby. He sounded so pitiful and sad that we decided to let him go instead of killing him with the axe. Somehow I was elected to free the fear-crazed animal. Drawing my hunting knife I edged up to the rope, wishing I had sharpened my knife before as I had planned to. Stopping about six feet from the tossing body, I cut the rope and not staying to see what happened, dashed back to my comrades who had armed themselves with axes and shovels as a precautionary measure. They burst into laughter however as they saw the bear and me running as fast as we could in opposite directions!

That night a ten pound chunk of beef was stolen from our meat-box outside the kitchen tent. During the next two days over fifty pounds of meat were taken.

Not liking the idea of eating canned meat or fish until the next plane came in, two of us who had become quite accurate at throwing axes, decided to hunt the bear using three-pound axes as our weapons. Accordingly, one evening after supper when we heard the bear in the dump, the two of us picked up an axe and sneaked quietly out of camp determined to get "that thar b'ar."

As we approached the dump, Bill, my companion-in-arms, circled around until he stood on the trail on the opposite side of the pit which we knew the bear always took when he approached or left the dump. I gave Bill five minutes to get into position, then began crawling toward

the feeding bear. As soon as he caught wind of me, he turned and slowly walked to the other side of the dump and disappeared down the trail. I followed closely behind, hoping to keep him moving toward Bill. Suddenly I caught sight of them both. Bill was standing beside the trail with his axe upraised and the bear was walking steadily toward him, since, like all bears, he was almost completely blind in the daylight. He approached to within four feet of certain death when suddenly the wind shifted and he scented Bill. With a startled "Whoof" he turned and ran into the bush. Bill hastily threw his axe but missed. As the bear ran past me I threw my weapon and hit him on the head with the blunt end of the axe. The racing animal paid no more attention to the blow than he would to a fly bite as he disappeared into the bush.

Two days later we found it necessary to change camp to a spot six miles up the lake. Having one canoe capable of carrying a motor and the other one a double-ender, we lashed the two side by side with poles and were able to move the entire camp in two loads.

Having moved by water we thought we would get rid of the bear. But, three days after we had set up our new camp, we woke up one frosty morning to discover an entire side of bacon missing. When I returned from work that very night I found my tent torn in a half-dozen places, my sleeping-bag pulled, undamaged, outside the tent, and a hole bitten in my extra pair of boots which I had beside my bed. Agreeing that we would rather share our meat than our tents and sleeping bags with the bear, we decided that two of us would stay at camp with the cook while the other two went to work.

One hot, muggy afternoon, it was my turn to stay in camp, so I lay down for a nap in my tent, leaving the flaps wide open to allow what little breeze there was to air out the tent. I lay down with my feet toward the door and promptly fell asleep.

I woke up suddenly, feeling that something was wrong. Somehow I happened to wake up without moving and, upon opening my eyes, was horrified to find the bear standing in the door of the tent eating some candies I had accidentally spilled there. Letting out a shriek that would have raised the dead, I grabbed the axe I always kept under my bed and chased the bear into the bush in my stocking feet.

When the boys came back, I told them what had happened, and we decided there and then that things had gone far enough. We had ordered a gun from the company but the plane wasn't due for three days yet so we tried everything else in our power to discourage the marauder. We tried throwing half-sticks of dynamite at him which only blasted the contents of the garbage dump into the nearby trees. We even baited a hunk of bacon with blasting caps hoping he would chew down on them and blow himself to where all good (or bad) bears go. All these failed, however, and we eagerly awaited the gun.

It finally arrived, a .303 British army rifle complete with five each of soft-nosed and steel-tipped bullets.

That evening, after a fishing trip, I was standing on the end of the wharf washing my hands. I turned to walk back to the tent and, glancing up, felt my blood freeze in my veins. There, at the end of the wharf between me and the shore, was the bear! Neither of us moved for about ten seconds although it seemed like ten minutes. Not wanting to shout and take the risk of having someone else shoot the bear as well as scare him away, I walked slowly toward him. Just as slowly, the bear turned and walked along the shore. Once on the bank, I raced up to the cook-tent and grabbed the rifle from beneath the bed of the startled cook.

"Bear!" I gasped as I fumbled for the shells. I felt as though I had ten thumbs as I rammed home the bolt. Stepping out of the tent, I spotted my quarry about ninety feet away standing broadside to me. Raising the rifle slowly, I aimed at a spot behind his shoulder. I squeezed the trigger and prayed that the rifle was accurate. When I shot, the bear fell forward with a roar, rolled over on his back, and from there up onto his hind legs, his front legs dangling in front of him at queer angles. I had broken both of them with one shot.

"Not bad," I muttered as I fed another shell into the chamber, "only a foot away from where I aimed."

The bear stumbled down to the water and sat on his haunches facing me. I knelt on one knee and, aiming carefully, put another bullet just under his right eye. With an anguished groan the bear rolled over, dead. I stood up shakily with a sick grin on my face to receive the congratulations of my comrades.

The next day we skinned the bear, the pelt of which I gave to the cook. Upon measuring we found that the bear was four and one half feet long and weighed an estimated one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds.

As we buried the remains we all breathed a sigh of relief. Now we could be sure of real meat for our meals instead of trout or Spam.



## Harlequin

White-gloved hands clap  
As the golden curtain glides upwards  
And the harlequin makes his bow  
To a full house. For a brief moment  
The audience awaits his act.

In glittering semi-silence  
It whispers a word or two,  
Coughs haughtily, and settles back  
To be amused. It has paid well  
For these red-cushioned seats  
But money means nothing to it.  
It has come to be admired  
In its diamond-studded, silver-minked  
Grandiloquence; and it casually raises  
Pearl opera glasses to eyes that,  
Heavy-lidded with indulgence,  
Do not see Life.

The harlequin leaps about the stage  
In two-hued garb which is diverting  
In its contrast. Small bells tink  
And clink  
On pointed cap and shoes,  
While smaller bells riot  
On the scalloped jacket-hem.  
Amusing, indeed, this scrawny human  
Performing like an utter idiot, turning  
Head over heels, heels over head,  
Until the very sight makes one reel.  
A jangling, writhing climax is reached,  
And then the curtain slowly drops.  
He bows to the politely applauding audience  
Which begins to chatter and to turn away.

Slumping there behind the golden screen  
He is a faded heap  
Of wrinkled, smelly costume  
On the hard, dusty stage-floor.  
Silent are the small bells on shoes and cap  
And the smaller ones  
Fringed around the drooping doublet.

His make-up smears across his face  
In red smears of grease  
Wet with sweat.

The theatre empties as he sags there —  
The rich depart in purring limousines  
Fragrant with orchids and cologne.  
They have been amused and are gay,  
But for him there remains nothing.  
A short while ago he was sparkling laughter,  
Bright lights, and excitement;  
But now it is over and Life closes in  
Like a dread nightmare  
Which cannot be driven away,  
Hideous in its brash  
And garish display, its benumbing desperation.  
But it IS Life.

Slowly, limply he gets on his feet  
And, in his quaint and bedraggled garb,  
Walks away, leaving behind him  
The emptily echoing stage  
And the hushed rows of vacant seats.

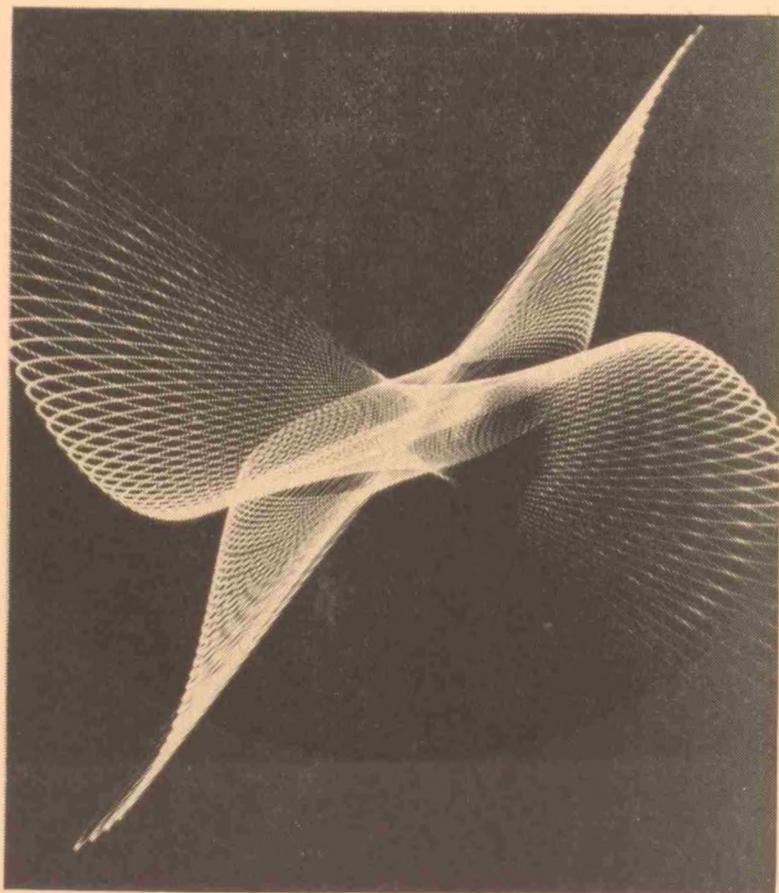
Katharine Cantlie



## Seasonal

A friend grew old and died  
And earth yawned for him,  
While no one mourned or sighed  
Past closed over him;  
— Trees cast their leaves  
And leaves rot on the ground  
And birds are fled the eaves  
For only the wind makes sound;  
White ghosts rise out of the sea,  
Charmed by gulls' wintry cry;  
But age-old sun reminds  
That old friends — do not die.

John McVittie



*Winged Flight*

Graydon Woollerton

## *The Old Order . . .*

*Slowly the mellow-flavoured colours  
Melt from one to the other,  
Softly spreading their gentle rays  
Upon the silent table legs.  
Gentle scintillating tones issue from within,  
Soothing sorrows, stimulating smiles,  
Touching sentimental notes so smoothly,  
Smothering one's troubles.*

*Another click, and follows a change in tempo;  
Gentle bumping feet vainly strain to follow  
The shadowy voice in its touching blues,  
Minor keys violently changing hands with majors  
Sift through the fascinating haze  
Accompanying any melody in a blues joint.  
Smart young things, neatly Tonied  
Associate with duck-cuts and vice-versa.*

*— Followed by another rumble, click;  
Another choice, quickly selected by divining networks  
In accordance with the originator's wish,  
Rises in discordant jazz. A wild young horn,  
Little sieved by the conceding amplifier,  
Blares its brassy message with deafening insistence  
Into the ears of the draped-pants crew,  
Who rejoin with rolling and glassy eyes.*

*The discordant brass leaves off.  
The horrid haircuts take their leave,  
And still the solitary stream of smoke curls  
Upward from the littered ash-tray.  
The loose-skinned, darkly-veined hand lets go of glass.  
Hand and master shuffle tiredly over to the machine  
For the sixth time.*

*Again the mellow-flavoured colours  
Melt from one to the other . . .*

*Nicholas Powell*

## PAUL GOES HOME

*Rupert Buchanan*

Before he came onto the cathedral job, Paul was a loud-talking, high-spirited Frenchman who loved amusement. He didn't make much more than \$40 a week, but he seemed to be sitting in the corner tavern whenever he wasn't working. He was young, he lived for the present, and he never saved any money. His immense store of obscene jokes was applauded by his friends. He was, as the English young fellows say, "one of the boys."

Then he and his crew of painters were moved to the cathedral job. The new cathedral was huge, and workers of all crafts swarmed around it and in it — plasterers, cement masons, hod carriers, bricklayers, labourers, riggers, electricians, stone masons and painters. It took all summer to paint the inside of the cathedral and during the summer his friends saw Paul undergo a strange change.

One day when they were tormenting a new apprentice, Paul suggested that they take it easy on him. The painters were amazed; and they soon realized that this was not just a whim of the moment of Paul's, for his jokes became inoffensive (and therefore ineffective) and he became reluctant to talk crudely about women. He was seen less and less at the tavern, and once a painter saw him walking by the river with a book under his arm.

"What's the matter with old Paul?" they asked each other.

"He thinks he's Jesus Christ because he's working in a church," said one of them loudly when Paul was within earshot. When he heard things like this, Paul would look at the talker and appear to look right through him. He remained always calm and serene.

One evening he was working late alone. The westering sun streamed through openings into the skeletal building's darkening interior. Paul seemed to be filled with a great love and he knelt in the wood-shavings on the dusty floor and talked with God in his mind. Then, when the keen presence of God had faded, he felt greatly happy; he wished his father were alive to be joyful with him, because his churchgoing father had been saddened by Paul's former free habits.

Like the owner of a great piece of news, Paul could not keep his discovery to himself. With fervent words he tried to share his wonderful new feeling with his friends. They were deaf to him. Those who were not religious declaimed him behind his back as a fool and busybody. Those who shared his religious feeling in a milder degree were afraid to show it lest they be laughed at like Paul.

Unfortunately, Paul had always been very gregarious. He yearned for the oldtime camaraderie with his fellow painters. But this was

impossible, because his words and his serenity made them uncomfortable. Not only did they scorn him, but they left him out of communal undertakings as much as they could. He had to carry his own ladder and stageon, and mix his own paint; they silently refused to cooperate with him.

In August a truck delivered a statue of the Virgin Mary. The lifesize figure was placed on a concrete step jutting out of the wall high above where the central altar would be. Cement finishers packed cement under the feet to make it fast and warned that it would take a day to dry.

However, the painters were being hurried to keep up to their schedule, and they were forced to work around the statue. One of them nudged it with his arm and the heavy statue leaned forward a bit. The Virgin Mary, arms outstretched in benediction, was poised to fall 20 feet to the floor at any moment.

The only way to keep the statue from falling was to secure ropes to it from both sides. A painter on a scaffold managed to toss a loop around the statue's arm; now a line was needed from the other side. The worried foreman shouted excited commands. Another line was thrown from the other side, but the painter who threw it lost control of the end he had been holding and it fell to the floor beneath the statue.

The Holy Virgin's serene face smiled down, as the statue teetered on the brink of its perch. Below, the assembled workers stood stock still around a space below the statue. They stared at the dangling rope. Who would throw it up and save the statue from falling? Who would invite death by going below the precarious statue?

Of one accord, many faces turned towards Paul Boucharand. Paul walked below the statue and picked up the rope. He raised his eyes to the Virgin Mary, who leaned forward as if to come close to him. She came down to him and his heart pounded high in him — that he should see the Blessed Virgin Mary — that he should feel the Blessed Virgin Mary —

"Holy Mary, Mother of G . . . ."

The workers sprang back as the ponderous statue crashed into his uplifted face and crushed him to the floor.





## SAINTS IN HELL

GILBERT CESBRON  
(trans. John Russell)

London: Secker and Warburg: 1953

In 1952, the time at which this novel was written, there were active in the working districts of Paris certain men who called themselves "worker priests". These were ordained priests in the Roman Catholic Church who instead of assuming the regular parochial duties, took on the garb of the common man and worked along with their "parishioners", meanwhile trying as best they could to carry out the duties of their calling.

The novel has as its central character one of these priests, Father Pierre, who establishes himself in a hypothetical district of Paris called Sagny. There is no definite plot; rather we are acquainted with various characters who vary in the extent of their development as the novel proceeds. The surroundings are typically representative of the extreme overcrowding and much poverty present in those outlying industrial sections of the great city rarely seen by the tourist. Considered in these lights, then, the novel is an interesting one, and makes good reading for those not adverse to trying something different.

The theme, though, is a somewhat disturbing one, for North Americans perhaps a little, for Europeans certainly a great deal. Cesbron says in his preface, "This is a book which runs the risk of displeasing nearly everyone who reads it." The question concerns the mutually sympathetic grounds between the worker priest on the one hand and the worker Communist on the other over the issue of better labour conditions. Indeed, it was the realization of such a state of affairs which resulted in the official abolition of the worker priest movement by the higher Church authorities.

In this story we have Henri, one of the local Party organizers, who at first will have nothing to do with Pierre and his soft-soap doctrine, but finally becomes quite friendly with him; both of them realise that they have something in common as leaders endeavouring to help the lot of their impoverished fellow workers. Neither, in this case, is influenced to any

extent whatsoever by the other, though Pierre later receives unjust criticism for having been to, and spoken out at, a Communist meeting.

Cesbron demonstrates the inefficacy of the established parochial system in a district such as this in his portrayal of the local Curé. This man is unaware of the necessary concessions to be made on his part in the interests of his many parishioners, with the result that his regular attendance at the local Church is only a fraction of Pierre's who must hold his infrequent services in one of the tenement rooms.

Pierre himself is portrayed as a very admirable man. He is sincerely concerned about the labour conditions and living conditions around him, and is on the Striker's Committee of the workers in the local factory when things come to a head. He is very much admired by those around him — Cesbron is perhaps a little unrealistic in his treatment of this virtually complete acceptance.

The novel, then, is wholly favourable to the worker priest system and all it stands for and accomplishes. In regard to the value of the book, the fact that the system has found official condemnation renders the subject a controversial one, and thus one worth investigating.

GEORGE CANTLIE

\* \* \*

## "THE STUNTED STRONG"

BY FRED COGSWELL

University of New Brunswick: Fiddlehead Poetry Books

Why do Canadian poets have such an enigmatic reputation? Admittedly they are a rather rare species of Canadian but rareness is no excuse for putting them in a box labelled "Curiosities to be examined later."

Take Fred Cogswell for instance, the 37-year-old Maritimer from East Centreville, N.B., who has published a booklet of his poems entitled *The Stunted Strong*. The title itself is an attractive one to Canadians. Most of us like the word strong because it coincides with a perhaps inaccurate mental picture we have of ourselves as rough diamonds, strong types, silent for the moment, but full of promise for the future.

Of course when we read poetry written by a Canadian we expect it to be about Canada or about Canadians. However, whether Mr. Cogswell has written about his countrymen is up to the individual reader to decide. Do his vivid portrait sketches coincide with our own ideas of our neighbours or are they universal types?

*The Stunted Strong* is a collection of sixteen of Mr. Cogswell's poems. Each one is a distinct portrait in itself, the phrasing so poignant that the vividness of the characters is almost frightening. First the poet describes his valley folk as a people, their unspoiled simplicity and the absolute lack of sophistication in the narrow patterns of their lives.

In fact pattern seems to be one of Mr. Cogswell's main themes. He is entranced by the pattern of human nature, and the miracles of creation and procreation which have become an unquestioned part of that pattern. He is thrilled by the period of rebirth in nature and in humanity to such an extent that he uses rather earthy allegories in comparing the two.

Strangely enough Mr. Cogswell is a bit of a moralist. He describes the rewards of the just, and the unrelenting fate which awaits those who go against nature's pattern, for instance the polygamous scarlet "Rose" who led a too gay life in her youth but died alone and lonely, and the faithful and acquiescent "Ellen Waring" whose life was always surrounded by her husband's love.

Nor has the poet missed any of the eccentricities and tragedies which visit these valley folk or the unwitting and inevitable influence they have on each other. Portrayed in the poet's strong young style, each is someone we know, their personalities so natural and easily understood that they are as much a part of our little individual worlds as we ourselves.

Although Mr. Cogswell comes from a somewhat enigmatic species, there's no mystery about him. As could be expected of a Canadian poet he is an English professor, his official title being assistant professor of English at the University of New Brunswick where he received his education. He is a co-editor of "The Fiddlehead," a university publication, and has contributed poems to various British, Canadian and American magazines as well as radio talks to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

*The Stunted Strong* is the first of a series known as the Fiddlehead Poetry Books which are being published in an attractive format at the University of New Brunswick to give the public a chance to read the work of new Canadian poets at little cost.

CAROL WITTY

\* \* \*  
*SPARE THE ROD*

BY MICHAEL CROFT

London: Longmans, Green & Co.: 1954

Fully equipped with ideals, hopes and common sense, though with little practical experience in the teaching field, John Saunders, a young ex-Naval officer, prepares to enter into the world of adolescents. From the moment he arrives at Wornell Street School, located in one of England's "tougher" districts, John's mixed feelings of hope, curiosity and excitement surge forth and only to be replaced soon after by trepidation and doubt.

Assigned to a class of "dyed-in-the-wool heartbreakers," John discovers that his illusions are to be shattered. He is about to deal with problems of reality in their grimmest form. Apart from carefully detailed instruction on the administering of corporal punishment, there is little advice which Mr. Jenks, the Head, can offer his new colleague.

He went over to John, and looked down at him with fierce, puckered eyes. "Your only hope there," he said, clenching his fist and jerking his thumb downwards," is to put the screw on. Put it on as tightly as you can. And once it's on," he jerked his thumb downwards again and puckered his eyebrows nearer together, "never take it off — unless you want to lose your sanity."

In these rather shocking words, doubtlessly more appropriate for a new warden in charge of a jail full of hardened criminals, young Saunders is introduced to his pupils.

In spite of the apparent severity of the Head's admonitions and all the other seemingly insurmountable obstacles which gradually arise to block Saunders' path of progress with his class, he still remains determined to make the best of what is rapidly becoming a hopeless situation. His good intentions, however, are soon hindered by the hostile attitude of his pupils who have already planned their course of action for quickly "disposing" of this new intruder.

Saunders repeatedly attempts to hold his pupils' interest, to cooperate with them, and to offer them his sympathy and understanding, only to have all such offers coldly and almost mercilessly rejected.

The climax of the story is reached when serious trouble arises between a cruel master and a boy whom John believes to be honest and intelligent. By now, Saunders has nearly given up his attempt to work with his class on a friendly and cooperative basis, and has instead had to resort to sever punitive measures. Though clinging only to faint hope, he faces the issue at hand and decides to support the boy he believes to be innocent, in spite of the inevitable results to himself.

"Children don't see with adult eyes, but they should be expected to glimpse adult values, as the adult must try to remember theirs. But the task is more difficult for them and they must not be held responsible if they fail. The final responsibility is with the adult."

It is with this thought in mind that John Saunders continues to support the human values in education.

Incidents after incidents, many of them unbelievable, have been clearly described by the author, who has not spared the true, and grim, details of the numerous problems of a similar nature, which face many British teachers today.

The author, Michael Croft, who is amply qualified to carry out the important task of informing the public of the complexity of some of the present educational problems, has had a varied career and is now an English teacher at Alleyn's School, Oulwich, England. His frank outlook on the situation in the modern secondary school is especially refreshing because of his own personal experience in that field. Indeed, his attitude seems to be aptly summed up by the school inspector, who says to John Saunders:

"There are many who teach without desire, simply because they want a job or because they're too lazy to do anything else, and they imagine

teaching is an easy way out. Or, because they're afraid of the adult world and must keep wandering back in a perpetual search for their lost adolescence. Many of them despise education even more than their pupils resent it — if, by education, we imply a certain dignity in living, a belief in people and a little brotherly love to help the belief along."

*Spare the Rod* will have special appeal for teachers, but it will also provide worthwhile reading material for anyone who is even slightly interested in the plight of modern education.

JEAN PRYDE



## LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND

POETRY YEARBOOK,  
Box 5121, Lambton Quay,  
Wellington, New Zealand.  
Editor: Louis Johnson.

Dear Sir:

Mr. John Cody, the editor of the literary issue of "Salient", has just passed on to me a copy of your publication in which was printed my poem, "A Woman's Work."\*

This was a pleasant surprise, and marks my first publication in Canada to date, though I have published outside New Zealand for a number of years — in Britain, in journals as Poetry London, Poetry Quarterly, Outposts, etc., — in the United States in Experiment, and Poetry Chicago, and in a number of Australian and French journals as well.

Your interesting issue contained an amount of hopeful work, and I have not yet exhausted its store. May I wish you every success with the publication.

Yours faithfully,

Louis Johnson

\* (Mr. Johnson's poem, "A Woman's Work," was published in the Lent 1954 issue of *The Mitre*.)

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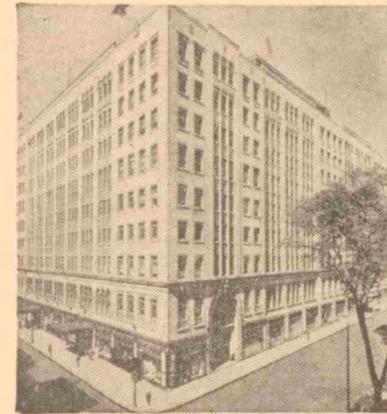
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