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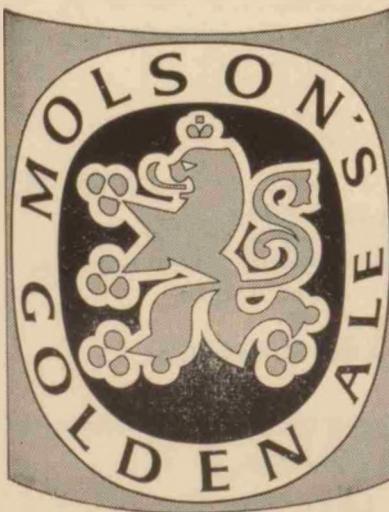
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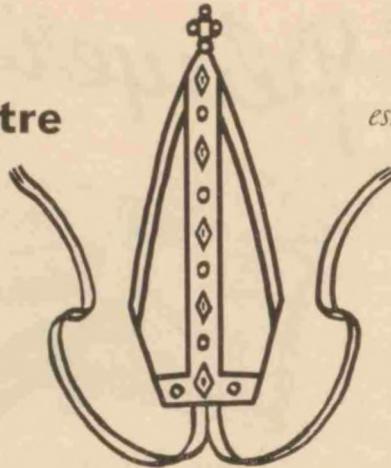
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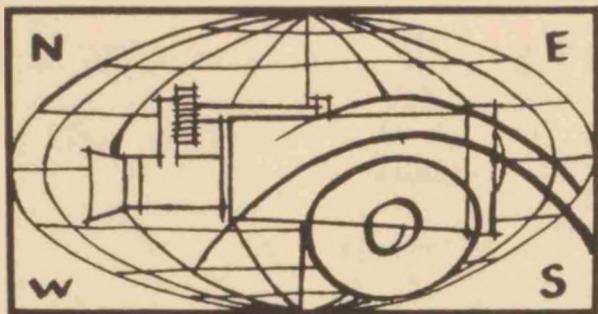
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Editorial

With the advent of the year's last issue, vol. LXIII of **The Mitre** is completed, and with its completion passes an eight month session of student effort in the creative arts of writing and photography.

This year has probably been no better or no worse than previous ones in the matter of quality of contributions, though the volume of material this year was somewhat reduced. It is of this we wish to speak.

The Mitre depends for its existence on the efforts, very largely, of a small group of contributors. Since the students at this institution for the most part are transients, and quit its walls after a relatively short period of time, the composition of the vital group is slightly different from year to year. In addition, and because of this dynamic arrangement, the numerical membership of the group is subject to fluctuation, depending on who and how many have arrived to take the places of the departed supporters. When the group is small, or when some of its members are not overly prolific, the size and general success of **The Mitre** issues will suffer.

This situation, it should be realized, is not

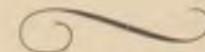
peculiar to Bishop's, but is common to almost all Colleges and Universities which sport a literary magazine. Bishop's, indeed, probably has a greater relative membership in the supporting group for its literary magazine than do those of other larger centres. On these latter campi, one can often hear —

"Oh, you mean *that* magazine. I don't know much about it, really; I never met anyone who has written for it."

Why do not more people write for **The Mitre** and for these other college literary magazines? Is it because the contents are not to their liking, are too 'arty', perhaps? We have stressed many times in print and private conversation that **The Mitre** is what you — the student — make it. If you don't like Odes to Violets, then write us your opinion on the situation in Egypt, and if it's reasonably good, we'll print it, or anything like it. Meanwhile, if The Ode to a Violet is reasonably good, we'll print that. If you don't like **The Mitre**, in short, change it.

For those who have other artistic bents, there are the media of photography and drawing. For those who have no artistic bent, and they are surprisingly few, it is true **The Mitre** holds little attraction.

But by far the largest element here and anywhere else is composed of those who are either capable but uninterested, or capable but lazy. This is the undergraduate "norm", and without being pompous, it can be stated that its attitude is constantly before the eyes of those other than us who are particularly concerned in eliciting student interest in student creative work. It was to this group, that the **Sherbrooke Daily Record** was referring a week or so ago, when on their Editorial Page they mentioned that for the first time they could remember, they had received a "Letter to the Editor" from a Bishop's student — an inquiry as to why the Li'l Abner Comic Strip was missing in the last issue of that paper.



In This Issue . . .

THE last issue of **The Mitre** for 1955-56 includes many articles of note. Chief among them is a dissertation on the Byzantine Empire by Dr. Roderick Thaler, Dept. of History. In this very learned piece of writing, he treats a little-known subject with sensitiveness and feeling. We hope to have the honour of printing more of Dr. Thaler's fine work in **The Mitre** in the future.

A summary of points from the debate which saw Bishop's reach the semi-finals in the Inter University Debating League is also included. Frere Kennedy, the creator of the arguments as they herein stand, supported the negative side of the question, "Should Canada have a separate codified Bill of Rights?"

An alumnus, Ron Robertson, (B.A. 50), has written an article on the relative merits of Bishop's and Oxford as an institution of learning. We feel, however, that his comparison is a little unfair as the only thing that the two have in common is the title *University*. The editors hope that this article will provoke a stern rebuttal for the next issue.

Other contributions to the present issue which are of special interest are: a letter from past editor Hugh Doherty from Canterbury University College in Christchurch, New Zealand; a poem from him also; a new manuscript of the last scene of Shakespeare's *Othello*, as conceived by Peter Hennen; a very provocative article on **Precognition and Determinism** by James Craig; and a sonnet entitled and dedicated to Jets by Phyllis Parham. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Ross Heward for illustrating two of these contributions and extend to him our hope that he will continue to do so in the future.

D. A. B.

NEW ZEALAND LETTER

Editor's Note: This communication was sent to The Campus earlier in the year by Mr. Doherty (B.A., Hons., Bishop's '55), past Editor of **The Mitre**, who is studying in New Zealand on a Rotary scholarship. The Campus was unable to print the letter, and we take the liberty of publishing it here. Mr. Doherty has also taken care to acquaint New Zealanders of life at Bishop's — his article concerning life at our University appeared in the March 29 issue of *Canterbury University College's Canta*, a bimonthly paper of which he is now Assistant Editor.

* * *

Christchurch, N.Z., Mar. 3 — Eighty-three year-old Canterbury University College here is going to fight the pressing problem of overcrowded universities in New Zealand by moving in a few years to a new spacious, 135-acre site some five miles from the present downtown city block it occupies.

And if far-sighted university spokesmen have their way, the college will there embark upon a university planning scheme that will be regarded as a pioneering educational step in New Zealand. The progressiveness of their plan lies in the fact that it calls for a fully residential college. If it is built, it will be the only such college in the country. Bishop's students in particular will be surprised to find that the project is an innovation.

At Bishop's, the great majority of the student body lives on the campus, contributing to a sort of "esprit de corps" that has become a Bishop's trademark. In addition, students are full-time in the sense that they are able to devote as many hours as they wish to some phase of student life. At Canterbury College, exactly the reverse is true. University residences, termed "hostels," can accommodate only 307 students. And of the 2,430 students here, approximately half are part-time students. Generally speaking, college authorities say that this situation prevails in colleges throughout New Zealand.

All New Zealand's colleges are overcrowded — even more so, it seems, than Canadian universities. Canterbury College's buildings occupy only the space of a city block, hemmed into the centre of this third-largest city in New Zealand. The college has no room for expansion. Yet, since the war, the increase in college enrolment has been phenomenal.

Today, ugly buildings of corrugated steel squat in every nook and cranny between the venerable university buildings of carved stone. They house the geography department, part of the physics department,

several engineering lecture rooms, several labs, part of the college administration staff, and the biology department. Built following the Second World War as temporary accommodation, they have since become distressingly permanent.

Residential facilities are in an even more woeful state. Rolleston House and College House, the only two university hostels, accommodate only 159 students. And conditions are far below those of even Bishop's Old Lodge and McGreer Hall. Both the Canterbury residences were converted from private dwellings 25 years ago. Few changes have been made in the hostels since. Rooms are bare and draughty; paint peels from the ceiling; shower facilities are comparatively primitive. Connon Hall for women will accommodate only 68 students. Conditions there are slightly better than in the men's residences, but still far from ideal. In addition, Anglican and Roman Catholic church residences have room for 75 more students.

Canterbury students complain little about this situation. They are accustomed to it, and have only recently realized that something better can be made available. Meanwhile, they band together and rent whole houses, or live singly in flats. The joys of college life have not been in any way dimmed by living conditions, but they tend to be individual joys, with none of the solidarity of spirit apparent at Bishop's.

The large number of part-time students in New Zealand has, in part, been responsible for the chronic lack of concern regarding a fully residential college scheme. College authorities estimate that about 50% of all New Zealand college students are part-time. Many of them hold down regular jobs during the day, attending lectures and studying during the night. Labour is in constant demand throughout the country; thus employees have little difficulty in getting time off from the regular work day to attend lectures during the day, too. In addition, New Zealand's statutory 40-hour work week ensures an abundance of leisure time during which higher education can be pursued.

An indication of the importance of part-time students at university here can be seen at Canterbury College, where the President of the Students' Association (a graduate) works regular hours in a law office, and attends post-graduate lectures and other college functions in his off-time.

Another contributing factor to the increased flow of students to New Zealand's colleges is the system of free education instituted in 1911. University scholarships were made available at that time, but since the Second World War, an increasing number of national bursaries have enabled more and more students to enter college. Ordinary national bursaries, as opposed to the more restricted scholarships of various types, are available to all students qualifying for university

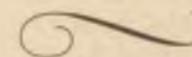
entrance. High academic standing is not a prerequisite for obtaining these particular grants. In 1953, there were 10,273 students attending New Zealand's four university colleges, and four university colleges; more than half of them received free education of one type or another.

At Canterbury University College, reaction to the combination of part-time activity and over-crowding has been perhaps more forcibly apparent than in other New Zealand colleges. Professors complain that to accommodate the part-time students, lectures are crowded into the latter part of the day, when both students and lecturers are tired and inattentive. The heaviest lecture load at Canterbury is scheduled from 3 p.m. to as late as 8 p.m. What are regarded as very progressive voices have advanced the ideal of a large residential college to combat the overcrowding ills, while at the same time, they have deplored the part-time habit. Opinions range from complete assent, to violent disagreement, but Canterbury is going ahead with the scheme just the same.

By 1960, college authorities estimate that Canterbury's highly-regarded School of Engineering will be completed at the new, spacious Riccarton site. But they say that it will take many, many years to move the whole college out of the city. Part of the facilities, meanwhile, will remain at the present out-moded site.

When (and if) the whole project is completed, Canterbury University College will be born as New Zealand's first fully residential college. It will then operate along the same lines to which Bishop's has been dedicated since its founding 113 years ago.

C. Hugh Doherty



ON BYZANTIUM'S BIRTHDAY

. . . Prof. R. P. Thaler

SOME sixteen and a quarter centuries ago — to be exact, on the 11th of May A.D. 330 — the old Greek city of Byzantium was re-christened Constantinople. What could be deader, more remote, less interesting? you ask. Almost everything, I would answer. For Constantinople became the capital, the fountainhead, the focal point of strength of the Byzantine Empire. And the Byzantine Empire is at least as important in the development of Russia as Rome is in the development of France. And Russia is of some interest even to-day. Not only Russia, either. Christian doctrine, the most basic doctrine accepted by churches East and West alike, was worked out by Byzantine theologians, mostly in Constantinople and its immediate suburbs. Chalcedon is as near Constantinople as St. Lambert is near Montreal, and far more subject to its influence. Again, the Greek classics, such as we still have of them, were preserved almost entirely by the Byzantines. A great part, possibly the greatest part, of the credit for the intellectual movement of the Renaissance in the West, goes to Byzantine refugees who brought West with them the knowledge of Greek and the manuscripts of the Greek classics.

The Byzantine Empire was at once Roman, Greek, and Christian. The Roman Law, the basis of the law of most of Europe and Latin America, was codified, put into manageable form, preserved, and given to the world through the work of the Byzantine Emperor Justinian. The Code Civil which prevails in the Province of Quebec to-day owes more than just its name to the Codex Iustinianus in the Corpus Iuris Civilis. The Byzantines delighted in the name of Romans. Right down to the Fifteenth Century they called themselves Romans, and their city, Constantinople, "New Rome." And when it finally fell to the Turks, Moscow, its cultural and spiritual heir, was proudly ready to take over as the "third and final Rome."

For all its Roman name and legal system, the Byzantine Empire was largely Greek in language and became increasingly more Greek in thought and feeling. One of the supreme Byzantine achievements was the preservation and enjoyment of the pagan Greek classics in a Christian setting. How utterly different from Hitler's attempt to purge the works of Mendelssohn and Heine! How at odds with the feeling of some even among ourselves to-day that it is perhaps not quite loyal to enjoy the works of Pushkin and Tchaikovsky! There was an incomparably higher rate of literacy in the Byzantine Empire than anywhere else in all the mediaeval world, and one has an uncomfortable feeling that

Homer, Sophocles, and Plato may well have been better known among the Byzantines than Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth are known among ourselves. It is certainly interesting that modern Greeks look back, for the golden age of Greece, not to the Athens of Pericles, but to the Byzantine Empire of Basil Bulgaroktonos, when (about the time of King Canute in England) the Empire, firm and solid, Greek-speaking and Greek-administered, embraced the whole Balkan peninsula and Asia Minor, stretched from Hungary to Palestine, from Armenia to the Adriatic. And among modern Greeks the best-loved hero is neither Achilles nor Hercules, but Digenes Akrites, who, like some Byzantine Roland or King Arthur, defended his homeland (probably somewhere about the time of William the Conqueror in England)

against overwhelming odds.

Constantinople, the new Rome, unlike the old was Christian from its first foundation. Unlike old Rome which has always kept Latin as the language of her liturgy, Constantinople has always permitted and encouraged the translation of her sacred writings from Greek into the languages of her converts, while insisting on the immaculate purity of her doctrine. Russia, the spiritual heir of Constantinople, has followed her, even to the present day, in this as in so many other ways. And it is a rather pleasant accident that the saints' day of Cyril and Methodius, apostles to the Slavs — who translated the liturgy into Slavonic and helped convert several of the Slavic peoples, and whose name is still preserved in the name of the Russian alphabet, Cyrillic — is celebrated on Byzantium's birthday, on the 11th of May. The religious centre of Constantinople and the Byzantine Empire, the cathedral of the holy wisdom, St. Sophia, has often been called the most beautiful building in the world. It is interesting to see the impression it made on a group of Russian envoys late in the Tenth Century. The Russian Primary Chronicle, under the year 986, tells how Vladimir, Prince of Kiev and All Russia, sent a number of his courtiers to examine various religions in different lands. They watched and studied carefully the Moham-





median service among peoples to the east of them, and the Roman service in Germany. "Then we went on to Greece," they reported to Vladimir, "and the Greeks led us to the edifice where they worship their God, and we knew not whether we were on heaven or on earth. For on earth there is no such splendour or such beauty, and we are at a loss how to describe it. We only know that God dwells there among men, and their service is fairer than the ceremonies of other nations. For we cannot forget that beauty."

Two nations at the present time remind one curiously of Constantinople and the Byzantine Empire: Russia and England. In the case of Russia it is reasonably obvious: for her religion, her attitude toward the correct relationship between church and state, her works of art, her alphabet, her legal system, among many other things, Russia is deeply indebted to Constantinople. As Toynbee has brilliantly shown, this is no whit less true of Russia since the Revolution. Indeed, since 1943, and more especially since 1953, this has become steadily clearer.

In the case of England, it is much less clear, at first sight, what possible similarity it could have to the Byzantine Empire. But I would

suggest a very real similarity in character: both have drawn vital strength from their own history. By all the rules of war and logic, the Byzantine Empire ought to have fallen, ought to have been smashed and ruined, time and time again. It wasn't. It was outnumbered, out-generalled, outfought, besieged, surrounded, many times over. But men who looked back upon Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis, Plataea, and countless more recent struggles, as a living part of their own history, could not bring themselves to surrender. And always, somehow, when the going got the roughest, someone came along to pull them through. Their names are less well known to us than Drake, the Pitts, and Churchill. But their work was similar, and they deserve some honour, too.

Of Constantinople, as of another great beauty, it may be said in very truth: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety."



When Memories Divide The Heart

*When memories divide the heart, the tears
That drop so endlessly in anguish mar
The precious Book of things gone by; the smears
Upon each page, blue-wet and shining, are
The marks of self-inflicted pain, which we
Let fall upon this work of art, this book
Of beauty. All we loved is there to see
And we would rather weep than calmly look.
There is no turning back into the past,
And so, my love, sob not for that which you
Cannot retrieve; depart from it at last
With grace, and play the game. And I must, too.
Together forward, then. We must not part
And have such memories divide the heart.*

Katharine Cantlie

Who's Dead

Ye tired, little men
Concerned not with skies, with beauty
Of pine trees naked 'neath a sunset sky,
With mossy pine-carpeted paths, or
Happy, living streams.

Concerned with trivialities of bridge
"I pass", you say, — "with interest. Two no-trump."
And outside tiny birds sweet-sing,
Free to leave the darkness of the trees,
And soar to pink blue heavens.

"I love your shoes," you say,
"Too bad, I hear you've broken up."
And in the grassy fields the daisies dance
In rhythm with the careless wind —
Alone, not often seen by man.

The grimy sweat-soaked city eats
The souls of busy men.
Concerned no more with skies and trees
Ye tired little men !

Beverley Aitken

Rain

The gentle rain, as wonderful as sunshine
Lightly dropping to the upturned blades of grass,
Fills the pools, once caked-dry empty hollows,
Until they overflow, clean and wet.
Flicking the faces of open flowers,
And slipping among the leaves, the drops
Of cool, life-giving water
Brush moistly, as a lover's kiss, reddening
The dusty brick, polishing the stone-grey paths
To a gleaming black. With quiet ardour the rain
Caresses the soft brown earth, filling it until
It is bursting with life and love.

Jane Bartlett

ON THE NATURE OF A UNIVERSITY

. . . Ron Robertson

THE importance of university life to any undergraduate depends on two things. First are those qualities—of intelligence, wit, knowledge and discipline—which have been acquired during the preparation for college and which constitute his mental resources upon his arrival there.

Also there are the qualities of the University itself—the scholarship and enthusiasm of the faculty, the facilities available for study and research, and the social and cultural matrix in which he will have to work and live.

As long as these two factors are in harmony he will benefit. As he matures, however, and his tastes and interests develop and he acquires direction and purpose, so necessarily will the student's requirements change, and thus the necessary harmony may be disturbed.

Speaking personally, and in view of the interests I then had, Bishop's served me very well when I was there. Dr. McGreer was still principal in my first year, and it was an even smaller university then it is today, with a faded seedy chime which pleased me, and which was lost when it was rebuilt and its anglican - victorian - old world atmosphere largely disappeared.

The library, though woefully lacking in many respects, and neither as large nor as catholic as graduate work or real research would have required, was sufficiently diversified to assure my never being able to enter it without finding something new to interest or enthral me. The faculty were friendly and interested in our progress. The small size of the student body enabled everyone to participate in what student activities were available to the full, and the work done in relation to these activities was useful training in itself.

As I enjoyed the semi-rural life as well, there were few grounds for dissatisfaction, and if one occasionally grew bored with the rather unexciting topics usually studied about one could always pick up a book instead. Only Prof. Gray had sense enough to realize that for some of us life was too lazy and easy, and that we lacked the spur of competition and the self-discipline that the acquisition of a worthwhile education actually requires.

When I went to Oxford in 1950 I soon discovered that fact for myself. When I graduated three years later my interests and habits had greatly changed. I could still appreciate Bishop's good qualities, but

from an entirely different perspective, and I could see that in comparison with a real university it was only a poor and inferior copy.

Here I suppose I must try to say what I mean by "real university"—a thing a lot of people have been trying to do for a long time with differing degrees of success. Briefly, and at the risk of ambiguity, let me suggest that it is essentially a community of the mind—a true center of learning and knowledge and the gathering place of an international intellectual elite who are assembled for their own mutual benefit and who only incidentally benefit the students who come to study with them and under them and who can hope to acquire intellectual stature with their assistance and by their own efforts.

A university is not a trade school, or a place where one learns to use anything but the mind itself.

The graduates should ideally be either students who as scholars will continue to pursue learning as an end in itself or persons who will go out into the world fortified by the training they have acquired, able to analyze, to think on any matter clearly and impersonally, to grasp the essentials of any problem, to apply their assistance as the need arises.

Above all they should be able to find pleasure in their own intellectual pursuits, and satisfaction in developing them. They will be mature individuals, and no matter what field they may have chosen, will be sufficiently cultured to find common enjoyment with others like themselves everywhere.

Judged by such standards the most Bishop's can claim to be is a stepping-stone, cut off from much that is really important for the acquisition of the quality of the mind necessary to acquire a real education, and not a part of the intellectual pulse of the nation in any real sense. Nevertheless it is doing its best with the raw materials it has to work with—students who by many standards are entirely unworthy of the name. With high school education in Canada in its present state it is impossible for any university in this country to do more than try to smooth the roughest edges and thus prepare those of its students interested in going on to higher things as best it can. Once that is understood, then Bishop's can better be evaluated, for McGill also has the same problems, and in some respects it is dealing with them less successfully.

At the present moment, in the undergraduate schools, there is considerable dissension as to what is to be done. From all appearances it would seem that McGill is to abandon the role and status of a university in the traditional sense, and instead develop into a series of trade schools with some instruction in the rudiments of the Arts to be appended thereto. It is already much too large in student numbers for

a university as such—where the ratio should be about one-in-seven to one-in-ten of dons and faculty to undergraduates—and its refusal to raise its standards indicates that it will continue to expand and that the burden of educating—in the primitive sense—its students will never be returned to the school system where it belongs.

Bishop's, in so far as it has maintained its original intentions of functioning as an Arts college rather than a technical one, has therefore perhaps potentially more to offer the earnest student in some respects. Unfortunately it suffers from two great drawbacks in its turn. It is too small, absolutely, and lacks the necessary element of competition and intellectual stimulation that make a larger body exciting both to faculty and students. It is also too remote from any major centre, and therefore deprives its students of the benefits to be derived from such places. It offers **The Granada**: Montreal has **Her Majesty's, Plateau Hall** and, the **Theatre St. Denis**. Oxford has London at its doorstep and all Europe at its beck and call.

I think I can best summarize my feelings by saying that as a place in which to acquire a minimal standard of education Bishop's has much to offer. To an already half-way educated person, one whose interests run to music, the theatre, and the arts, one who was not prepared to do without these things, or also intended to do work of a fairly advanced standard, however, it would be hell!

Drink Deeply From A Broken Vessel

*Solitude on wind-swept hill,
Thinking by the lonely sea,
I hear the hungry sea-gull cry,
And throw away a memory.*

*Thoughts are deep where water lies
Disturbed not by the restless wind;
The angry waves can make me free —
Can rob me of a tortured mind.*

*Why must I wait till death to die?
The sea has failed to heal.
But dream, you fool, be laughter's friend,
For only these are real.*

Beverley Aitken

Saturday Night In Christchurch, N. Z.

Light bulb bare
Shedding a pale pool
where tea-words flare
from mouth to mouth.

"Isn't it hot?
A perfect bore."
"Um-m-m-m."

"Only nine per cent of humidity
in South Canterbury, you know."

"Oh, really?"
"Um-m-m-m."
"Um-m-m-m. Yes, frightful!"

Another cup makes the trade
between pourer and drinker.
("Never take sugar, thank you.")
Small dry hunks
of orange cake lumps
go with the tea.

"The fire hazard is really acute
they said over the wireless this afternoon . . ."

"Oh, really?"
"Um-m-m-m."
"Um-m-m-m. Isn't it terrible?"

Yellow conversation
in the hot Febraury night.
And on a homemade set
("Yes, my son was rather good at electronics.
Um-m-m-m.")
Brahms and Humperdinck LP's
fill the dry brown flat.

"Such variations in tone and shade, you see."
"Um-m-m-m."
"Yes, I do think it's remarkable, and . . ."
"Um-m-m-m."
"Um-m-m-m. You'd think it was really Gretal."

But it isn't.
Only the bare light bulb
and threaded music
in the dry brown flat . . .
and a rattling at the window shades.

"It's just the wind . . ."
"Um-m-m-m."

Just the wind
and a light bulb bare
unwinking there.
Glaring for unknown television sets,
night clubs whispered of across the sea
where abandon grins,
low caste jitterbugs,
moist, warm couples in dark corners,
neon lights,
and hot licks on a drum.

Just the wind
flitting among the tea cups,
the Brahms
and the orange cake hunks.

I thought it was you, love,
whispering,
lingering for my kiss,
tingling the back of my neck.
I thought it was you.

But they shivered.

"It does seem like a cold-nor'easterly, doesn't it."
"Um-m-m-m."
"Um-m-m-m. Do shut the window."

C. Hugh Doherty

Now I Am Old

I felt moths along my spine
when I was young.
But in those days my beauty
was as the roller-coaster's.
Now I have wrinkles on my feet.

The cry of the dear diary
is heard no more,
And the milling of the millions
sings of Stardust by Glenn Miller.

Donald Kuehner

Twilight

Gloom and evening
Shroud the landscape.
Moths' wings dust the chimney-tops.
Senile trees, beguiling time,
Stand motionless in idleness.
Soon it will be night.

Donald Kuehner

Earlier Than Usual

It's rather an odd silent sunlight in the morning.

There are sleepy echoing footsteps on the pavement
breaking sharply on my sandy-eyed mind
like a dark green shadow on the dew.

Now they have gone
and left the air and sunlight
to the birds, whose insatiable gossip seems to blend
with the cool efficient earliness.

Heather Maggs

CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP AND HUMAN RIGHTS

. . . Frere Kennedy

SINCE the time that "Civus Romanus sum" and "jus" were the marks of citizenship, up through the era of medieval and class groupings past **Magna Carta** of 1215, and the 1688 "Bill of Rights" of William and Mary, and finally to the **Constitution of the United States of America**, citizenship, and the rights and duties attached to it, has been a matter of growing concern, particularly in the face of increasing governmental powers. A citizen in a twentieth century democracy, viewing the trends toward socialization and centralization, may well ask: "Where do my rights lie? Where are my rights protected?"

These questions have been, and are being discussed regularly in the Canadian scene, within Parliament, in various civil rights groups, and in the press and over the air. Those who discuss this matter — and how vital it is for all citizens to be concerned — fall roughly into two camps: those advocating a Bill of Rights, and those advocating a fuller realization and use of the common law system.

The first group states that the rights of the Canadian citizen are at present negative ones, comprising only those powers which the government has not taken away; that the citizens' duties are defined in statutes and regulations, but nowhere can he point and say: "These are my rights"; further, that Canada has obligated herself to pass a Bill of Rights under the **Universal Declaration of Human Rights** of the United Nations; and that Canada, with a written constitution and a federal system, like those of the United States and unlike those of Great Britain, should have a federal Bill of Rights incorporated into the **British North America Act**. Nowhere, it is stressed, is there set out a statement of first principles for our law makers; and law-making is reduced to a pragmatic groping and testing in experience.

Advocates of such a Bill point to numerous instances where human rights have been circumvented in Canada: the Russian spy case in 1946 when persons suspected of espionage were held before charges were laid and temporarily denied counsel; the misuse of order-in-council powers under the **Emergency Powers Act**; the Blair Fraser libel case in which a journalist was fined for contempt of court for refusing to divulge the sources of his information; the **Immigration Act** amendment, during the 1919 Winnipeg strike, providing for the deportation of

persons not Canadian citizens convicted of seditious offences¹; s. 98 of the **Criminal Code**, passed mainly as a result of the Winnipeg Strike, providing that property of any association proposing or defending the use of violence to bring about political or economic change, could be confiscated on suspicion without warrant, with penalties for membership, and onus of proof of non-membership on those attending such meetings¹; the Ontario **Charitable Gifts Act**, 1949, which provides that no charitable foundation can remain in private hands after seven years, the act made retroactive to apply to the Toronto newspaper, *The Toronto Daily Star*; the arbitrary removal of orientals from British Columbia in 1942 without just compensation; and the "Padlock Law" of Quebec empowering police, without having to be answerable in the courts for a period of one year, to enter, seize documents from, and padlock private homes in cases of suspected communist activities.

As further indication that Canadians wish and should have a Bill of Rights there are cited, by those advocating such a law, the fact of the Roebuck Commission on Civil Rights which entertained many more delegations favouring a Bill of Rights than not; the fact of a poll of Canadian newspapers voting 86 to 2 in favour of a Bill of Rights; and the fact that thirty nations in the world today have separate sections in their constitutions on civil rights. Parliament is supreme, it is contended, and the courts have no means of checking undue use of Parliament's powers, and an address from the Canadian Senate and House of Commons to the British Parliament could achieve the necessary amendment to the **B.N.A. Act**. There is no hue and cry, it is further noted, to remove the human rights amendments to the U.S. Constitution.

Those who oppose the addition of a Bill of Rights section to the **British North America Act**, on the other hand, reason in a different vein. Civil rights do not originate with Parliament and therefore do not have to wait for Parliament to "grant" them before they exist or are exercisable. Original powers lie with the people and Parliament exercises only those powers delegated to it. Citizens are free to do anything except where denied by public opinion as reflected in law. Further, rights as well as duties of citizens are set out within the specific subject matter of individual statutes of Parliament and of the provincial legislatures where they can be interpreted most conveniently and applied — Collective Bargaining Acts, for example, set out rights of employees and employers, taxation acts set out rights of taxpayers and taxing authorities. Individual statutes, regulations under statutes and decisions of the courts therefore declare the rights of citizens in detail. The advantage of the common law system, it is urged, is that rights and

1 — Both the Immigration Act amendment and s. 98 of the Criminal Code were subsequently repealed. The first, although never fully used, had been passed, given royal assent and made law within forty-eight hours of its being introduced, June 6, 1919.

duties are worked out as situations arise, whereas a general charter of rights would be theoretical and general in nature and difficult to apply. It is not so much any real need for a general charter, as ignorance of existing rights under existing laws that causes a minority to press for such a charter, the second group observes. Further, to introduce a Bill of Rights would be to superimpose the French Civil Code system which sees all law as defined within one written law, on the common law system which reduces to legislation only that part of the law which has become tested and fixed, leaving the remainder still uncodified, to be worked out under the principle of precedent in actual cases before the courts. The "Bill of Rightists", this group continues, appear to overlook the right of appeal in cases of circumvention of rights, forget that one set of rights must be balanced against other rights in each individual case, and that the extra-legal checks of lobby groups, government delegations, and free expression of opinion such as Canada enjoys, provide a much healthier and a more vital protection of rights than would a general document. Protection of rights depends, in any event, on the quality of the judges and the spirit in which the laws are interpreted, and the passage of a Bill of Rights would not affect the quality of administration of justice — rather, would it bring an unnecessary repetition of rights already afforded, and would not enhance, and could easily encumber, the present administration of the law.

This view further holds that every right declared by the U.N. **Declaration of Human Rights** is already part of the law of Canada, and that no additional laws need to be passed in order for there to be compliance with this charter. In addition, they note that Canada enjoys all the rights currently applicable and set out in the U.S. Bill of Rights; and that Canada's **B.N.A. Act**, as seen from its preamble, does not purport to be a constitution in the full sense of the word, but essentially a statement of division of powers between federal and provincial governments. Examples of circumvention of human rights, similar to those in Canada, are drawn by this group from the U.S.A. where, in spite of the existence of a general charter of rights, such cases as the Rosenberg, Alger Hiss, and Oppenheimer investigations occurred, and where rights of citizens called up before the McCarthy Commission, rights of negroes in the south, and rights of immigrants and others under the McCarran **Immigration Act**, did not appear to be protected overly well by the U.S. Bill of Rights.

The common law school of thought also notes that the U.S. courts still are obliged to work out their civil rights cases under the principle of precedent as in Canada, and observes that the Bill of Rights was originally inserted in the U.S. Constitution basically to reflect Thomas Jefferson's outlook on individual rights as a balance to Alexander Hamilton's centralization view, and was an effort by the then non-

propertied class, fresh from minority hardships in Europe, to achieve protection from the propertied class of the colonies. Further, were a Canadian Bill of Rights introduced, there would be an increase of often petty attempts to insist on rights and the processing of regular cases in the courts would be needlessly slowed. Parliament is not supreme, this group asserts, for there is a balance of checks among the executive, the legislative, and judicial branches of government; a government in Canada may be overthrown at any time when it loses the confidence of a majority of elected representatives, and the courts may and do declare legislation *ultra vires* where contrary to the **B.N.A. Act**, where outside statutory powers, and where contrary to common law principles of legislation — indeed, by a specific common law doctrine, "contrary to public policy", judges have thrown out agreements as being against the right thinking of the community. Protection, therefore, is already afforded citizens under statutes and common law. In the United States, on the other hand, there is a special need for protection from misuse of executive powers, because there the cabinet is personally selected by and responsible to, the President and not answerable to the elected house, and a government cannot be defeated by the elected representatives during its term of office. The common law group point to Australia, with a federal system similar to Canada's, where a Bill of Rights experiment was thrown out.

The conclusion made is that in Canada, the jury system, the system of appeals, and the system of legislation by elected representatives, provide a sound balance between the experts and the people, and that these principles already bring protection of rights. A Bill of Rights would be a source of discord between the provinces and the Dominion; it would be difficult to interpret and would hamstring the judicial process.

* * * * *

These then, are the two main schools of thought on this public issue: there are (1) those pressing for a separate written statement of individual human rights within one section of the laws of Canada, and (2) those who contend that these rights are already protected and that a formalized statement of them would only be a source of friction between Dominion and provinces. It is interesting to note that this matter was the subject of a resolution (which was not passed) in the House of Commons, Ottawa, as recently as January 30 of this year.²

What exactly is one to conclude? Is it correct to say that the introduction into the **B.N.A. Act** of a human rights section would not do harm and might conceivably do much good? Why did the authors of the **B.N.A. Act** not include a civil rights section in the first place? What can be done to avoid further infringements of human rights?

Why was Australia's experiment a failure? And why, if we are already fulfilling our obligations under the U.N. Declaration, is it necessary, as it is said, to make explicit what is now implicit, through the passage of a Bill of Rights law?

Under section 92 (1) of the **British North America Act**, the provinces possess the power: "The amendment from time to time notwithstanding anything in this Act of the constitution of the province except as regards the office of lieutenant-governor."

Under section 92 (13) and (14) the provinces have the further powers to legislate upon "property and civil rights" and upon "the administration of justice".

Consequently, under the present terms of the **B.N.A. Act**, a Bill of Rights can be passed by a provincial legislature on matters within provincial control. The fact that each of the provinces have had this power since their respective dates of entry into the Dominion — in some cases for 89 years — and yet only two of them (Alberta and Saskatchewan in 1947) have endeavoured to pass Bills of Rights as such, would seem to indicate that there is no widespread need or desire within the provinces for separate civil rights legislation.

Further, it would be politically necessary, particularly with respect to this topic, it is submitted, for all ten provinces to agree on the necessary address to the British Parliament, before an amendment incorporating a federal Bill of Rights in the **B.N.A. Act** successfully could be made, just as unanimous provincial support was sought and obtained for the **B.N.A. Act** amendments in 1940 permitting Dominion legislation with respect to unemployment insurance. In the case, for example, of Quebec, with its property laws and laws with respect to the status of women in the **Civil Code** — laws which are quite different in development and effect from those in the other parts of Canada — it would be unlikely that such a province could agree on a national Bill of Rights, or be willing to accept one. Assuming, however, that unanimous provincial approval were possible, it would then become necessary for the provinces, under their administration of justice power, to administer such a Dominion charter of general rights, and the problem of the consistent interpretation of such a broad document would present itself.

When one sees the original, dated, reasons, for the inclusion of a Bill of Rights in the United States Constitution; sees that these rights are largely part of the U.S. common and statute law as it is; that it is difficult to prepare a general charter which will anticipate satisfactorily all the increasingly complicated rights of future years (as witness **Magna Carta** and the 1688 statute of William and Mary, both of which were in any case parliamentary or quasi-parliamentary attempts to curb

royal, not Parliamentary, powers) — when one considers the failure of the Bill of Rights experiment in Australia where there do not exist the federal - provincial and ethnic problems of Canada; and when one appreciates that all the rights set out in the U.N. **Declaration of Human Rights** are already guaranteed under existing Canadian law, one is driven to ask: is the risk and probability of discord concomitant with the passage of a Canadian Bill of Rights really worth an attempt to consolidate existing rights in one document? The rights of the Canadian citizen compare, in reality, more than favourably with those of his counterpart in the U.S.A., and Canada has, in the U.N. Declaration, a guiding statement of first principles, to which she has agreed, and with which she now complies while avoiding the pitfalls inherent in her political and constitutional nature.

There is always a "growing edge" to the common and statute law, and it is here that formulation of rights is being improved upon and created as needs arise. The lessons of history warn against reliance on the false security engendered by a written document. True rights are living, changing, growing, effective powers which are most advisedly kept active in the forefront of the courts, legislatures and administrative tribunals of a nation. The principle of precedent, and the U.N. Charter, provide our stabilizing guides, the courts and legislatures the means of flexible application.

2 — Mr. M. J. Caldwell (Rosetown-Biggar) moved:

That, in the opinion of this house, consideration should be given to the taking of whatever steps are necessary to amend the British North American Act so as to include therein the following heading and sections:

"XII Human Rights

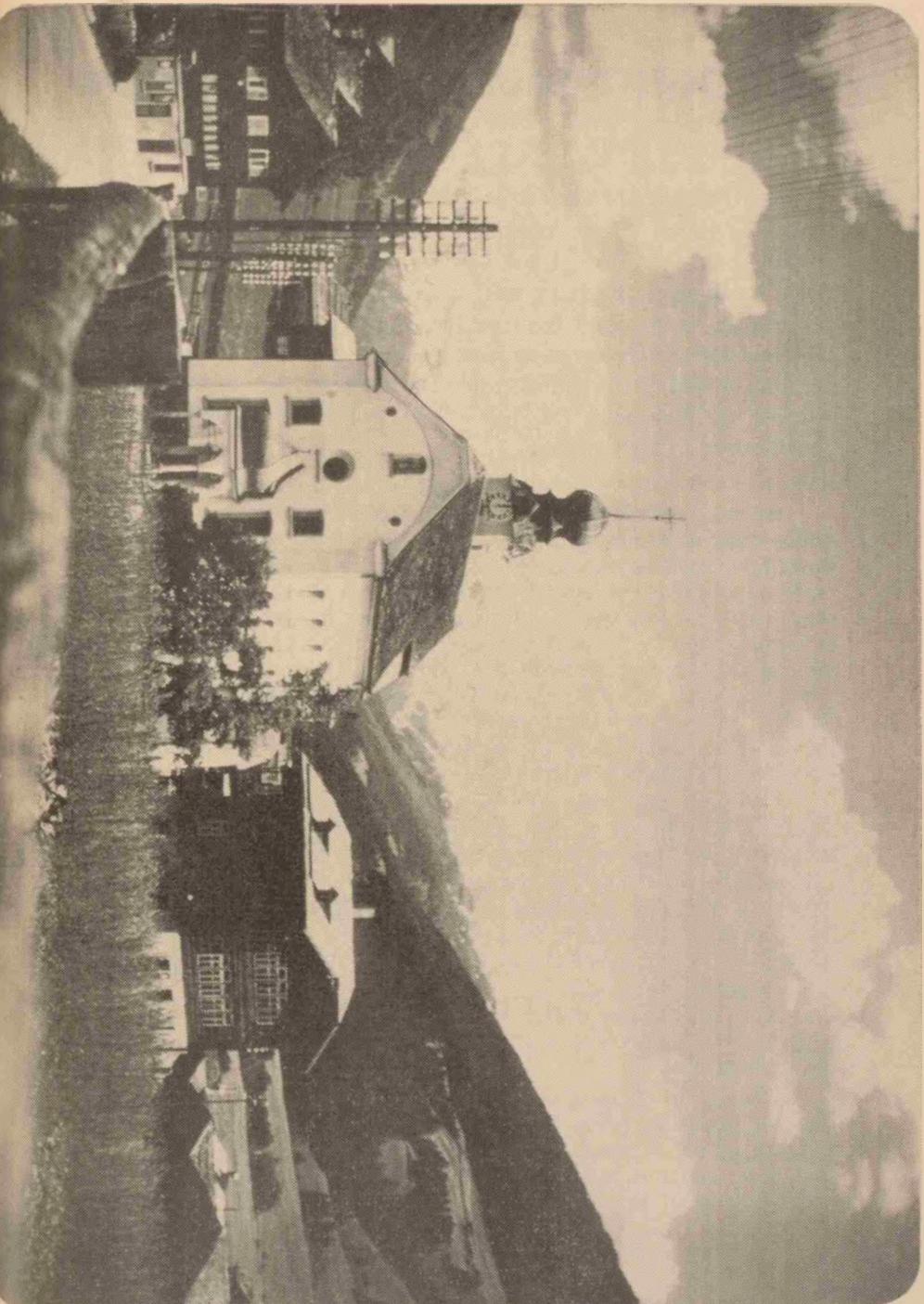
148. Notwithstanding anything in this act, it shall not be lawful for the parliament of Canada or the legislatures of any of the provinces to make laws:

- (a) Abridging freedom of speech and expression, or freedom of religion, or of the press or other means of communication or the right of lawful assembly, association or organization.
- (b) Depriving any person of life or liberty by arbitrary or abusive measures, or denying to any person the equal protection of the laws.
- (c) Requiring or imposing excessive bail or cruel or unusual punishment or exiling Canadian citizens.
- (d) Subjecting any person to unreasonable interference with his or her privacy, family, home or correspondence.
- (e) Subjecting any person to arbitrary arrest or detention or denying to any person the right after arrest to be informed promptly of the charges against such person and to trial within a reasonable period of time or to be released.
- (f) Suspending the right to habeas corpus or depriving any person of a fair trial or the right to be represented by counsel.

149. The rights provided in section 148 shall be enjoyed without distinction of race, sex, religion or language and the right to vote in any election of members of parliament of Canada or the legislative assembly of any province shall not be denied or abridged on account of race, religion, language or sex.

150. The rights conferred by sections 148 and 149 hereof of this act shall not be deemed to abridge any existing right of any person."

(From House of Commons Debates, Volume 98, Number 15, 3rd Session, 22nd Parliament.
January 30, 1956.)



Swiss Village

J. C. W. Armstrong

PRECOGNITION AND DETERMINISM

. . . James Craig

In this essay I will attempt to prove that of all the behaviouristic interpretations of the universe's components, determinism is probably the best one. First, I will discuss precognition and determinism. Then, I will show that *free will* (the doctrine that we make choices partially or wholly apart from the causal process) and *fatalism* (the doctrine that our destiny is as inescapable as is the rigid pattern of an unrolling carpet) are both inaccurate conceptions. Finally, I will try to disprove the arguments for free will presented by William James in his **Dilemma of Determinism**.

I

Science contains the largest body of correlated facts in the world. It has discovered the general theories underlying these facts on the assumption that the universe is a cosmos and not a chaos, that nature is uniform, and that the laws governing it do not change but remain constant. This assumption is notoriously known in and around religious denominational circles as determinism. It is the doctrine that all events are caused whether these events take place between a few atoms, among the galaxies, or in human behavior. It is a curious psychological fact that although certain people will admit determinism in the universe, they will not admit it in the actions of the people living within the universe. As Norbert Wiener says:

"Without faith that nature is subject to law there can be no science. No amount of demonstration can ever prove that nature is subject to law. For all we know, the world from the next moment on — might be something like the croquet game in *Alice in Wonderland*, where the balls are hedgehogs which walk off, the hoops are soldiers who march to other parts of the field, and the rules of the game are made from instant to instant by the arbitrary decree of the Queen."¹

In beginning our analysis, let it first be established that precognition is a fact. If any reader is unacquainted with the nature of this supernatural phenomena and doubts its reality, I suggest he consult the bibliography.

Here is an example of precognition. Suppose person A dreams that an injurious event B will take place sometime in the future. Suppose person A avoids injurious event B. Afterwards, person A sees that if he had not been warned by the dream, he would have been injured in event B.

How did A see event B before it had happened? Take an analogy of two billiard balls. If we roll one against the other, we know that they will bounce off each other at a certain angle and at a certain velocity. We also know that if we continue to roll the balls against one another in exactly the same manner, they will continue to bounce off each other at the same angle and at the same velocity. From past observation, we can infer the nature of a future event, even before that event occurs.

Here is a probable explanation of how precognition occurs. On a much larger scale, imagine a consciousness 1 which is omniscient and which completely surrounds the planet earth. It observes everything which happens from the decaying of a lump of lion manure at the edge of the Sahara to the wails of a new born child in an igloo on an ice flow in the middle of Hudson's Bay. Because consciousness 1 sees all, it knows all, not only the present, but the future, just as we, by observing two billiard balls and knowing the nature of their reaction against one another, are able to predict their future behavior.

Let us explain person A's avoidance of injurious event B, then, by supposing that somehow he shared consciousness 1's awareness of what was going to happen to him in the future.

II

Now, if we had free will, that is, if our ability or faculty to make decisions lay outside the causal chain, our behavior on this principle would be incapable of being predicted, for it is impossible to predict uncaused events. Therefore, precognition would be impossible because it would be impossible to predict future events. But future events are predictable. Here is a typical example.

"Spontaneous extra sensory perception experiences are often not so easily verified as the following case which was received by Dr. Osis of the Parapsychology Laboratory. During the summer of 1955, a tailor named Joseph Barzal who lives in Gmunden, Australia, wrote to the Laboratory for information about ESP tests. He was interested, he said, because he often had spontaneous experiences. Dr. Osis sent general information and instructions to him and later, in the course of the correspondence, received from him the following details of another experience.

"In the fall of 1955, Barzal said, he bet three shillings in a soccer pool which was organized for charity. The participants had to guess the outcome of twelve games which were to be played in various countries. Three other games were listed in case any of the original twelve dropped out. Barzal, who says he tried to apply ESP according to the information he had gathered, guessed the original twelve correctly and two out of the three alternatives. (Italics mine.) He won

17,969 shillings, the equivalent of about seven hundred dollars. Dr. Osis wrote to the Austrian Sporttoto, the organization which handled the pool, and verified the facts."²

From the example given, it seems fairly obvious that there is a causal chain from which it is possible to make predictions of the future. It seems incredible that there is a "will" outside the causal chain if it is possible to predict everything that "will" will do within the causal chain. How could person A at point T-1 in time predict what would happen at point T-2 in time unless every event leading from T-1 to T-2 was causally determined. No one can predict that which is unpredictable.

It is true we do what we desire, but it is just as true we desire what we do because of what we were born with and what we have lived through. We are free because we do what we desire, (or A equals B; this proposition is synthetic and therefore meaningful.)

The free will doctrinaires say we are free because somehow, somewhere, there is a "will" which is apart from the world and its causal chain, and that it is this "will" which makes do what we do. We are free because of our free will, (or A equals A; this proposition is analytic and therefore meaningless, that is, we are free because we are free.)

III

The fatalists deny all freedom, in either the deterministic or the free will sense. They say we are compelled to do everything, even those things which we do not desire to do. But as Bertrand Russel notes:

"An action is necessary when it will be performed, however much the agent may wish to do otherwise. Determination does not imply that actions are necessary in this sense."³

Because we are determined does not mean that the end of our life is known, that the writing is on the wall, and that no matter what we do, we cannot escape future events. The ability of person A to avoid event B proves that a future event can be avoided. The only way the future of the world could be known would be if there was a consciousness 2 who was aware of consciousness 1 plus the planet earth, aware of the causal relations between the two, and thus able to predict the future with just as much accuracy as consciousness 1 predicted event B for person A. If consciousness 2 did exist, true fate would exist because there would be something, somewhere, which had complete and utter knowledge of our end. However, we have no evidence that consciousness 2 does exist, as we have evidence that consciousness 1 exists. And since consciousness 2 is necessary for the existence and validity of fatalism, we can reject it with no more thought than we might have concerning the possible existence of a rain god. No

consciousness 2, no fatalism, for if we did know the future through consciousness 2, we could change the future as we did with consciousness 1. Thus the possibility of more consciousnesses can only lead to an infinite regress.

Like consciousness 2, the Christian God stands apart from nature; thus, like Calvin, the Christians logically should all be fatalists.

As far as we are concerned, the knowledge that we can choose between two alternatives should be enough for us, even if we know at the same time that ultimately our choice is determined. As John Dewey says: "Insistence upon a metaphysical freedom of will is generally at its most strident pitch with those who despise knowledge of matter-of-fact."⁴ It must be a curious paradox to the free will doctrinaires that the more we know about the laws which determine us, the more freedom we have within those laws.

IV

One of the classic defences of free will was made by William James in his **The Dilemma of Determinism**. He argued for free will on three main grounds: factually, ethically, and theologically. I propose to show from the previous analysis that his arguments are invalid.

Factually, James takes us to the corner of "Divinity Avenue and Oxford Street" where he tells us that he has complete freedom in willing which one he will choose to walk on; "there would be absolutely no criterion by which we might judge one necessary and the other matter of chance."⁵ However, according to our analysis, we do have a criterion, and that criterion is precognition. For if I dream that James will take Divinity Avenue instead of Oxford Street, but do not tell him until after he has taken it, we can prove to him that his choice was determined by past events.

Ethically, James describes a crime and then analyzes it to try and prove his argument.

"Hardly any one can remain entirely optimistic after reading the confession of the murderer at Brockton the other day: how, to get rid of the wife whose continued existence bored him, he inveigled her into a desert spot, shot her four times, and then, as she lay on the ground and said to him, 'You didn't do it on purpose, did you, dear?' replied, 'No, I didn't do it on purpose,' as he raised a rock and smashed her skull."⁶

James is right when he says: "But for the deterministic philosophy the murder, the sentence, and the prisoner's optimism were all necessary from eternity"; but he is wrong when he continues "and nothing else for a moment had a ghost of a chance of being put into their place," for had we been aware of the crime before it happened and

knew exactly when and where it was going to take place through precognition, we could have stopped it.⁶ James is committing the fatalistic fallacy which many people make when they are discussing determinism; he is equating determinism with fatalism. As we have shown, we can change the future if we know what the future is going to be like.

It might be worth while to point out here that twentieth century society possess a much more humane criminal code than our ancestors for the simple reason that we are gradually beginning to realize that causes have effects and effects have causes, that many criminals are neurotics, but, unlike neurotics who express their illness in socially harmless ways, these criminals express their illness in socially harmful ways. The harmless neurotic goes to the hospital; the criminal neurotic goes to the penitentiary. We have come a long way from an eye for an eye and the inquisition, but we still have many reforms to make. The greater hold determinism takes on legal experts, the better will be the resulting laws. Of course, the denial of free will does not deny the obligation of each citizen to be responsible for his activities. Actions have consequences as every one knows.

Theologically, James vainly tries to extricate God from the embarrassing situation of having created an imperfect universe.

"Suppose Him (God) to say, I will lead things to a certain end, but I will not now decide on all the steps thereto. At various points, ambiguous possibilities shall be left open either of which, at a given instant, may become actual. But whichever branch of these bifurcations become real, I know what I shall do at the next bifurcation to keep things from drifting away from the final result I intend."⁷

If God started the universe, if God was the unmoved mover, then he must have started the evil within it, because as we have shown, every effect has a cause, and here God is the ultimate cause. Of course, James waives God free of the responsibility of having created an imperfect universe in supposing that God did not know what some of the results of his creation would be. It reminds me of a story I heard of a sixteen year old boy who started a newspaper printing press to see what it looked like when it was going. Unfortunately, some damage was done before he finally got it stopped.

V

In conclusion, then, any one attempting to embrace the doctrine of determinism for the first time may find the awful necessity of the universe almost unbearable. However, like all new ideas, it rapidly gathers dust in the library of the mind where it gradually becomes decreasingly noxious and increasingly useful. For if determinism is seen in the right light, it can be used as an effective, conceptual tool in

increasing our knowledge of the laws of the universe so that the position of the human race within those laws may be more fully understood and more creatively acted upon.

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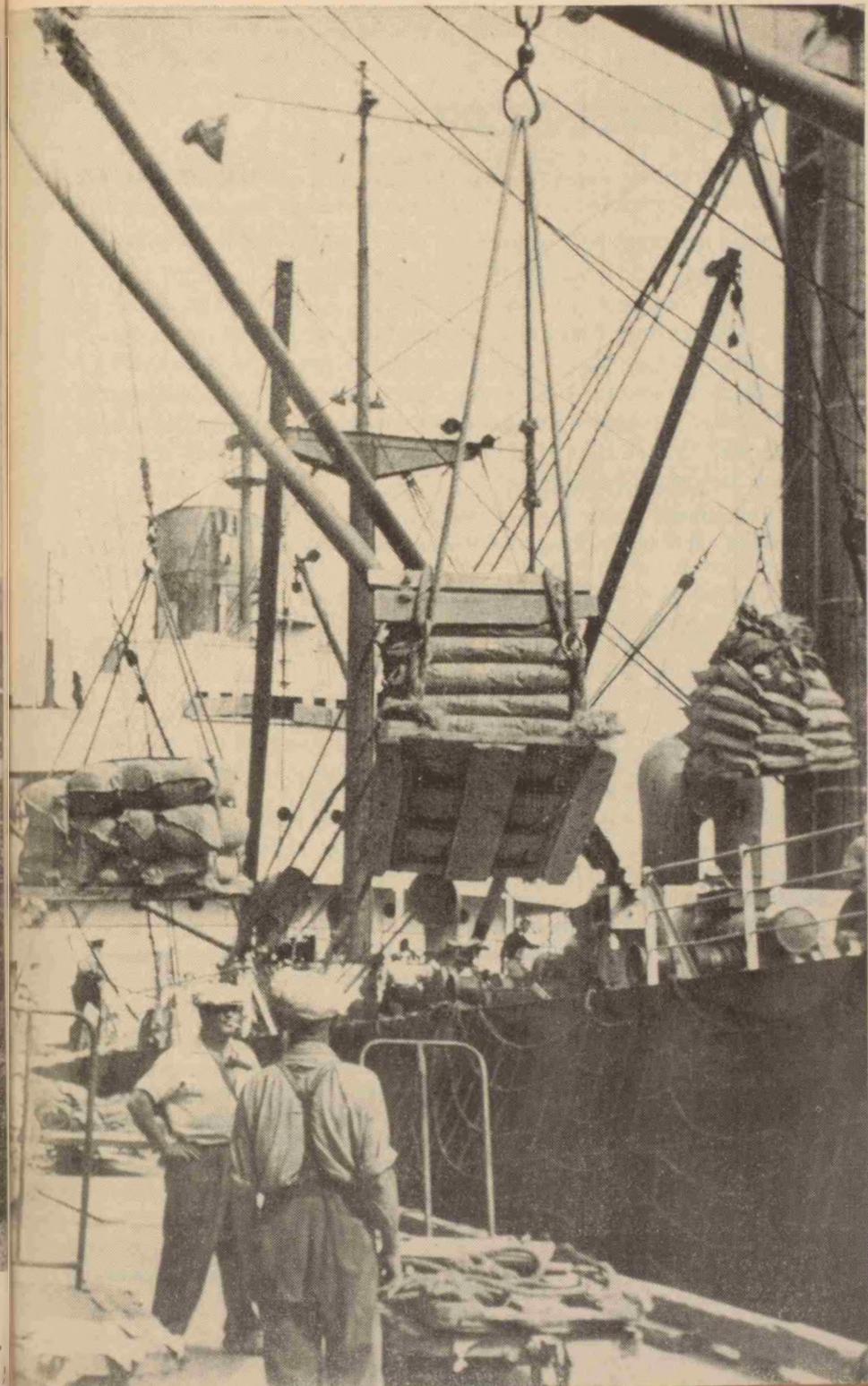
May Night

Deep in the night-black grassy marsh
A thousand minute voices
Warble and inter-warble,
Singing to the weeds, the slime,
The lonely trees, the sky,
And to each other
About this May-ness.
They join in fevered chorus,
And their throats distend in ugly
Bubble form,
A thousand strong.
And then it dies, fades for a moment,
To one insistent voice,
A lonely
Bursting
Liquid.
And then again, a tempo, full choir,
The serenade floats high above the marsh
And wafts in the window where I sit.
Time and time again my tired mind
Jerks from German grammar
As cacophony invades my intellect.
What can I do?
I can only wish
I were a frog.

Katharine Cantlie



Edinburgh
(above)



W. J. B. Gallop
Port of Call
(by L. L.)

SEVEN TIMES TO DIE

. . . *Elisabeth Welter*

FOR a great many people seven is a lucky number, but for Alexander Romanov it was not; on the seventh attempt made within a two-year period, his opponents finally managed to murder him; luck, it seems, was not with Alexander but with his assassins. Murders, however, are a commonplace thing, even ones as strange as Alexander's; so perhaps his death, tragicomedy that it was, hardly seems worth much notice. Alexander Romanov was not an ordinary man, however, for he was Tsar Alexander II of Russia, and his death was destined to have far-reaching effects.

The drama really began in the summer of 1879 when a group called the "Will of the People" sentenced Alexander II to death during a secret meeting at Voronezh. Zhelyabov was the leader of the group which aimed at a series of political assassinations culminating in the death of the emperor; they hoped thus to terrorize the government into granting much-needed reforms. This particular group was small in numbers, but its members were highly devoted; there was probably only 500 members scattered throughout Russia in conspiratorial cells. Twenty-eight were in the executive council, and of these nine were women. Zhelyabov organized small units composed of ten members controlled by their leader. Kibalchich, a bomb expert, was detailed to give these groups lessons and practise in the use of bombs. By the autumn of 1879 the actors were all ready for the seven-act drama.

The first two acts took place in the fall of 1879. For these the conspirators tried the old trick of mining railway tracks. As it happened, on the first attempt the emperor's train had already passed over the track before the mine exploded. Next time the plotters were more careful, and the mine wrecked the train, killing a number of innocent people — the Tsar, being delayed, missed the train, which left without him.

Since the use of mines had proved so unsuccessful, the conspirators decided to strike nearer home. Accordingly, they got one of their number engaged on the staff at the Tsar's Winter Palace. With a great deal of enthusiasm the new staff member proceeded to take up the dining room floor and deposit a bomb. The bomb blew the dining room sky high, but the Emperor, again fortuitously detained elsewhere, was not there at the time.

The group, thwarted again, went back to mining the railways, but on this fourth attempt the Emperor became sick at the last moment and did not go on his proposed trip to Poland. Despite these four attempts on the Tsar's life the secret police seemed unable to deal with the situation, and indeed their behavior bears much resemblance to a Gilbert and Sullivan farce.

Having tired of railways, bridges were the object the plotters decided on. The Police Bridge in St. Petersburg was mined, but the mine remained unexploded for a whole year; when it was finally exploded, it missed the Tsar's coach by several minutes.

Perhaps the most interesting attempt of all was the sixth one. Zhelyabov bought a dairy shop in St. Petersburg, but it was a most curious shop, as nothing was ever sold nor was there anything to buy, despite great activity inside the shop which the neighbours found intriguing. The police didn't pay much attention, but the neighbours became so suspicious that eventually the conspirators were forced to abandon it. On investigation it was discovered that the conspirators had excavated a huge tunnel under the street, which they doubtless hoped to mine again.

Despite these escapes, time was running out for Alexander. The conspirators now decided to use hand bombs and arranged that two people should be stationed on every possible route to and from the palace, each equipped with a bomb. Zhelyabov even went so far as to hold a sort of rehearsal, but he was arrested. He refused to reveal the group's plans, and as the police felt secure at having captured the leader, little torture was used. Zhelyabov's place was taken by an able girl, Sophia Perovsky, who speeded up the process. As fate would have it, on March 13th, 1881, the Emperor signed a manifesto moving far in the direction of the much desired constitution. He had dinner with his aunt the Grand Duchess Helen before returning to the palace. As he rode along the Catherine Canal, Sophia dropped her kerchief, and at this signal a bomb was thrown at the royal carriage. Miraculously the Tsar was uninjured and stepped out to talk to some of his soldiers while the criminal was arrested. At this point the second assassin threw his bomb, fatally wounding Alexander, who died at the palace some hours later.

The major assassins were quickly arrested amid a general public reaction of horror at the murder. Some revolutionaries of a lesser calibre remained, but the revolutionary movement subsided. As a finale the revolutionaries wrote a letter apologizing for the murder to Alexander's son, now Tsar Alexander III. They expressed their determination to carry on unless reforms were obtained. Another letter was written to the United States Congress, expressing the group's horror at

the assassination of President Garfield (also in 1881), which they felt was unnecessary in a democracy and hence a blot on the good name of revolution and assassination. On the fifth anniversary of the assassination, a group of students, in memory of the occasion, tried unsuccessfully to kill Alexander III.

From a practical viewpoint the assassination of Alexander was a failure, as it sparked a reactionary period during which the proposed constitution actually signed by Alexander II was abandoned. Instead of hastening the reforms, the assassination delayed them for many years. The assassins called themselves the mouth-piece of the peasants, acting in the peasants' interest, but the peasants were so ill-informed that they believed the assassins were landlords revolting against the Emperor's emancipation of the serfs.

The death of Alexander II reveals the queer quirks which history plays upon men, for the Tsar's death was a serious mistake which had just the opposite effect from that intended. Each attempt that failed perhaps showed fate's unwillingness to allow the mistake to be made, but perhaps fate was in the end unable to overcome the lucky number of the assassins.



Jets

Through vast blue air the jets, bright silver streaks,
Come, ripping clouds apart, eager to rend
The sky to pieces, and laughing suspend
In silent space the horror of their shrieks.
Fierce man-made birds, darts of precision, sleek,
Too dazzling-sleek. Unnatural, they bend
Their noses to the earth and rise to send
Straight smoke lines trailing far behind; but, weak,
I cannot rise and fly with them, or know
The glorious release that they must feel
Who fly alone above unclimbed-to snow,
Forgetting all that once seemed firm or real;
Mighty conquerors racing out of sound,
While I stand wingless, fastened to the ground.

Phyllis Parham

OTHELLO, ACT. V, SC. 3

. . . Peter Hannon

Chislehurst, Eng., March 15 —(Reuters)— An interesting and long-awaited ceremony took place here recently in the parish church of S. Nicholas. In the presence of Mr. John Marsham-Townsend, Lord of the Manor, the Vicar, representatives of the Consistory Court of the Diocese of Rochester, and Mr. Calvin Hoffman, notorious Shakespearean critic, the tomb of Sir Thomas Walsingham was finally opened. True to his speculation, Mr. Hoffman found a paper in the hand of the corpse, but it could hardly be claimed that his theories were vindicated by it. The manuscript was that of a last scene for the tragedy *Othello*, and it was written in Shakespeare's hand, on Bacon's notepaper, using Marlovian spelling. The body was hastily re-buried, and it is reported that a distraught Mr. Hoffman, wrapped in burning thatch from the roof of Anne Hathaway's cottage, has cast himself from the top of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre into the river Avon at Stratford.

The text of the Manuscript is reproduced below. Reputable scholars, after a cursory perusal of it, have declared that it is definitely not the work of the immortal Bard - - or, if it is, then it is most unworthy of him.

The background of the newly-discovered scene is apparently this. Roderigo has died. Cassio, as governor of Cyprus, has sent Iago home to Venice for trial, feeling incapable of giving him an unbiased hearing himself. Iago is very ill with the wound that the Moor gave him in the last scene of the play as it now stands.

* * *

The Palace of the Duke of Venice. The Duke discovered sitting in judgement, with the nobles of the state. Iago, in chains, lies on couch aside.

Prosecutor Most noble Duke, and you, my noble Lords;
 I cannot think that this my present task
Is a necessity, nor have I aught
That I can add to those avowed truths
Which witnesses have here before you all
Upon th' Evangelist's bones, giv'n oath unto.
Yet once again I rend your wearied ears
With final summary.

I could my case on one lone motive build --
That the Moor defiled his friend Iago's bed --
And this sufficient reason and excuse
For th'ancient's vindication would appear
I duly grant.
Yet, noble Duke, who knowest more than you
The nobleness and virtue of the Moor
Whose tragedy you must yourself e'en now
Give judgement on? That such a crime
Belies his well-known continence in life
I need not dwell upon. No, my good Lord,
Upon another rock I'll build my case,
Defying Iago's wiles to make it crumble.

The state of Venice to the noble Moor
The conduct of her wars did all entrust.
His men, his officers, his plans -- what'er he did
Was in her name, and with her confidence.
For his lieutenant, Peers, he chose good Cassio,
Approved by all, now Lord for us in Cyprus.
Approved by all, I say, save by his ancient,
The man Iago, whom, seized by jealousy,
Didst damn Othello's choice, and thereby damned
Not him alone, but our fair state as well,
Which to the Moor such trust of choice had given.
And so, my Duke, I here accuse this man
Of threefold crime before the eyes of God:
Of jealousy, of perjury, and of treason
Against the state which had empowered the Moor.

But not so much, my Lords, that he demurred
From him our noble General had picked --
For in all honesty I do confess
That rivalry is natural in man --
But that, dissentient, he acted thereupon,
And foul revenge devised, of basest kind.
In which lives, honour, reputation lost
To him meant nothing, if not grimmer joy.

Ah, my good Peers, I beg you to attempt
The virtuous Desdemona to see in Cassio's couch!
-- You cannot, yet upon such sland'rous lies
This 'carnate devil built his sweet revenge.
In her place, Lords, would you have wedded one
Not of your race or hue, except for love,
Out of a score of suitors? And yet this man,
This beast, I say, would have us to believe

That virtuous Desdemona, not two nights from
The consummation of her love for him
Whom all our state revered, his bed defiled
With Michael Cassio, and of the white-souled Moor
Did a poor cuckold make. Does Cupid's shaft
So quickly pull from one appointed mark
And lodge within another? And yet, good Duke,
This villain would have it so.

And furthermore, when that Iago's wife,
The faithful maid of grieved Desdemona,
At last his foul ignoble crimes desried
She to her mistress' honour martyred fell,
The victim of Iago's perjured sword.
If she'd but fables told, he'd naught to fear,
But fearing truth, he stopped the oracle's mouth,
Sealing his guilt, and leaving still in air
Her dying words as his own Nemesis.

And lastly, sirs, as written witnesses
To th'ancient's deeds, you have yourselves perused
The letters of his poor and doting tool,
The simple Roderigo, and his words
From's proper death-bed giv'n, have heard re-told --
Now that, beguiled for Iago's ends, himself
The means of vengeance was to be,
And, like Emilia, fell at the villain's hands.

And thus, good Duke, I close my righteous task
Of bringing down upon this devil's head
The terrible justice of th'affrighted state,
Confident that love for dead Brabantio
Your fellow-peer, and Desdemona his child
(To both so many here by blood being bound),
And pity for the poor misfortuned Moor
Who Venice served so nobly and so well,
And reverence for the state, her trust betrayed,
And due respect for truth, and hate of lies --
Confident all these, throwing up their voice
In pious horror at this dreadful beast
Will with that voice decree that all the arts
Which cruelty of torture can devise
Shall on his earthly body be enforced.
And when his guilty soul shall fly for rest,
It flies in vain, for Hell's its only end,
Where torments thousand-time more dire and dread
Eternally their ghastly vengeance wreak

In endless expiation.
Like Dives thirsting heavenward for relief
He shall perceive his victims' happiness
In Abram's bosom, and doubly shall lament.
Good Duke, to this my plea affix your seal,
For Justice, Honour, and the Common Weal.

Nobles murmur their approval, until the Duke speaks.

Duke

Iago, thou hast heard the noble speech
Which now petitions for your timely end.
Hast aught to say before we sentence pass
Textenuate, or plead for mercy's grace?
If thou hast not, Themis brooks no delay,
For thou must die, and that this very day.

Iago

Most noble Duke,
I thank my God that life is spared to me
To appear before you.
Most cruelly hath Othello's hasty wound
Torn this frame, and now so weakened is it
That I must stay abed to speak my case.
And yet 'tis fitting, for now I prostrate lie
Before your Grace in body as in spirit,
Asking not mercy's condescending word
But that blest Themis truly shall reign here.
O, may the blindfold goddess present be,
And triumph Justice, Truth, and Equity.

Yea, sooth, my Lords, my wound is grievous sore,
Yet blame I not the Moor; his eyes were dulled
By what uxorious eyes desired to see:
The innocence of's wife. So with you all.
But Lords, for what befell do not blame me;
I said but what I saw.

You will remember on that very night
The Moor both wed and forth to Cyprus sailed,
The good Brabantio in this self-same hall
Strove might and main t'invalidate the match.
Quoth he, 'Twas 'gainst all natural laws of love,
And's words are even now before you proved.
This your wise peer, your friend and counsellor,
Spake truer than ye wist.

Why did they wed? The Moor himself did say

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them."
What union, sirs, can stand on such a base --
Not true love's base, but pity and gratitude?
Both these like summer's flowers must pass away,
Blown by the autumn wind of circumstance.
On such a base a union made by night,
Quietly, secretly, against her father's will
Was doomed to fall.

And fall it did, by nature predestined,
As good Brabantio said, for Hymen did
His blessings and his graces all withdraw,
Beholding th' unnatural yoke of black and white.
Could such abortion more than once persist?
Is ever seen upon our civil streets
A misformed, bastard gnome of colour grey?
My noble Lords, picture your own fair maids,
In skin and honour both as white as snow,
Linked with a coaly, dark, and midnight form,
Black save grinning teeth and lascivious eye,
Clutching, as doth jet Satan for a soul,
At the chaste daughters ye revere and love --
Looming and leering from the surrounding gloom
Which vain essays th'unnatural crime to hide.
Picture it, my Lords,
And think on good Brabantio's sorrowing words.

Small wonder, then, that nature should rebel;
And Desdemona too, from her black Africk groom
Pawing like ravening beast, should tear away,
And seek the natural fruits of love with Cassio,
A man well-favoured both in wit and looks,
And hued identical with th'unhappy maid.

Think you I say this out of spite for him?
Nay, nay, good Duke. My rival, that he was,
But having lost, I did so with good grace.
Several times while we the watch did keep
I slept with him alone, yet killed him not.
His love I could have spoiled in Desdemon's eyes
By hinting to her of his bawd, Bianca,
Yet did I not. And if to do him hurt
In such a simple way I did refrain,
Why then should I concoct a tale so mad
That's has brought me to this pass?
Ah, no. The love th'illicit two did share

Has ample word 'sides mine.
Montano heard Cassio speak in raptured terms
Of Othello's wife when first she came to Cyprus;
Did see them fondle and hold each other's hands,
Whispering and walking closely side by side,
Before that e'en her marriage to the Moor
Was tested in the fateful bed's embrace.
And when the drunk lieutenant struck a man
She with wondrous persistence did his case
Before her husband plead.

Think you, good Duke, I could in two short days
Have stirred up murder in the General's heart,
And driven him to smother his poor wife
If true love did exist between the two?
I'm but a man, my Lords, and two days marriage
Needs more than mortal man's insidious hints
To drive the groom to murder.
Nay, 'twas something more substantial made him do't.

I was his honest friend, good Peers; you know
How oft with true affection he called me thus,
His honest Iago.
And thus the triple bonds of honesty,
Affection, duty, prompted me to tell
What I had seen and heard to's wondering ear.

The midnight Moor's proud pagan soul was stung,
Refusing to accept stern nature's word
That aboriginal beds can ne'er attract
A cultured maid within strong wedlock's ties:
The sons of Ham can never bed-mates be
With Eve's fair daughters.

So thus rejected, and a cuckold too,
The Moor his nuptial couch so foully stained
Most justly venged by smothering her upon't.
And me, his honest friend, he sent to kill
The amorous Cassio, whereat I scrupled,
But having Roderigo in my debt
He deputized for me.
I followed him to see the job well done,
And when he failed, mistaking him for Cassio,
I held t'Othello's orders, and struck out
Killing my friend instead.
That this is very truth with nothing cloaked
I swear upon the gospeller's shrined dust.
For Emilia's death I only can repent.

I'd heard ,but was unwilling to believe
The tales of her illicit Moorish love;
Yet when she, frenzied, stoutly swore to all
That Desdemona's husband was not horned,
I thence inferred that she desired to prove
Not Desdemona only to be true,
But also, by reflection, her own self.
For me, distraught, this was sufficient proof
Of all th'adult'rous rumours whispered me.
Thus did I think, and both in passion raged,
She wild with grief, and I with jealousy,
Egging each other on, till in a fit
I drew my sword, and slew her.
And Othello too, likewise wild with grief
At having lost his wife, faithless or no,
And quick to clutch at aught that might restore
Her purity, if not her life, all else
Forgot, and railed against me, word and sword
Searing both soul and body of's honest friend.

And thus, good Duke, I here do close my case,

He begins to rise

The ill-lucked victim of your just surmises.
'Twas natural that Othello and the maid
Should be drawn close by mutual sympathy,
And natural too, that nature should rebel
Against their hasty and ill-founded union.

'Twas natural that poor Desdemona, despairing,
Should turn to Michael Cassio for that love
The Moor's bed ne'er could give her.

And natural that Othello, in a rage
Should slay his wife, and seek revenge, through me,
On Cassio's lust.

But two things were unnatural, good my Lords:

He stands

The first the marriage so perverse and brief,
Which could not last its dreadful nuptial night;
And then, and most unnatural of the two,
That honest Iago should be blamed withal,
For on their unhappy couch, and not on me,
Doth lie the guilt.

Brabantio's prophecy hath been fulfilled,
And honest Iago was but th'astounded monitor,
Not the cause.



I need not cry for mercy, nor repent;
In very truth, I stand here innocent.

O Lord! My wound; it kills me -- worst on worse.

He clutches his wound

A plague on those who brought me to this pass.
Let Hades' angels take 'em to their doom,
And He recoils, as from an attacker
No, no, Satanic Lord! Thou'l not have me?
What's this -- thy purpose comprehend I not.
I've served thee well, thou god of regions dark.
What recompence is this, what due reward.
For all my services, to burn in Hell?
Away, you grasping fiends, you fiery visions --
Avaunt, away! -- nay, I'll not with you yet!
In vain -- Dragged down, and deeper still;
Iago's traduced by his faithless lord.
Where's Justice now? The treach'rous Prince of Hell
No loyalty to his own cohorts knows.
Too late I see -- Iago's life is gone,
While pious Venice wond'ringly looks on.

He dies

Noble He's dead, my Lord, though if 'twas act of God
 Or mere coincidence that he should die
Upon his statement of his innocence
I know not.

Duke Methinks the first rings true,
 For he departed into th' infernal realm --
Or rather, to his home, for surely none
But devils could have plotted as he did.
I had thought to trust his false but clever tale
Until the Lord of Hell from our just hands
Upon his perjury did snatch him down.
Right glad am I that this hath fallen out
And spared me from stern Justice' sharp rebuke,
For else, in truth, so excellent was his speech
I would have sent to Cyprus for our Cassio,
And had retrial on his arrival here.
But higher courts than ours his sentence fixed,
And thus befall to all of equal bent,
Who, tempting all for their own selfish ends,
'Fore God and man of nothing do repent.

Come, drag him hence; his soul now rots in Hell,
And soul nor corse shall have ne'er Mass nor knell.

Exeunt omnes

You Have Not Died

*You have not died, I know; for wise men say
That death is but a journey from this world
Of toil and sin to the Eternal Day
Where love is all supreme. With sails unfurled
Your ship has crossed the straits, and reached a land
Of everlasting peace in which each year,
Infinitesimal as a grain of sand,
Means naught; there is no pain, no waiting there.
And you have left to me, the shipwrecked one
On chaos' shore, all that I knew of you
So that I may not grieve: your love, that won
My love; your eyes, born from the sky's own blue . . .
You left me all. You live. And that is why
This grave, so stark and grey, must watch me cry.*

Katharine Cantlie

SEQUOIA SILENCE

. . . Elisabeth Welter

CALIFORNIA is supposed to be a Paradise on earth, but Los Angeles is definitely not a Paradise on a hot, smoggy day. We raced along the Hollywood Freeway towards the San Fernando valley and the city-heated air blasted through the car. When we began to climb up the highway from the valley the hot air was chased away by the cool of the mountains. Huge trucks rumbled ahead with tires humming over the heated surface; the blue-gray exhaust smoke twirled behind them as they lumbered along the grapevine highway over the San Bernadino Mountains. Dusk had passed by the time we reached the crest overlooking the Majava valley. At the top of the crest a neon-lighted restaurant twinkled at the shadows of the desert below. The blue early evening of the desert and the humped-indigo hills brooded over the dead cold desert. The valley floor was flat; nothing moved except the endless band of red-tail-lights and glaring headlights which stretched ahead into dull eternity. All the way down into the valley the trucks roared by, their huge frames rattling in the stream of air and their brakes screaming. The noisy traffic cut through the age-old silence and deserton of the desert.

Next morning we began the tortuous climb from the valley into the Rocky Mountain and the Giant Forest on Sequoia National Park. At first the rounded hills were low and covered with sun-bleached golden grass which emphasized California's title of "the Golden State." Soon small pines appeared by the road until we were forced by the winding road to stop beneath the shade of huge pines to collect water from the rushing streams for the boiling, protesting car radiator. Overhead sharp jagged cliffs slashed the air while below lay the uneven forest tops.

By the time we had struggled up to the seven thousand elevation mark we were in Sequoia Park. The Giant Forest Village, the centre of the park, was composed of huge redwood log cabins which housed shops, post offices, cafeterias and dining rooms. The buildings with their green roofs, the colour of tarnished copper, were dwarfed by the huge magnificence of the Sequoia trees whose tops were invisible through the thick umbrella of branches.

The Sequoias are of enormous height, often over two hundred feet high. The warm red bark of the trees, split and splintered by

thousands of years struggle, has the soft look of long-boiled wood which has become soft and fleshy. In the warm summer air the rich pine smell of the trees was overpowering.

We rented a small hut in Camp Kaweah just opposite the village. The log hut was definitely in keeping with the wild natural splendour of the forest for there was no running water and no electricity. Inside there were just beds and bureaus but it was obvious that everyone lived outside for beneath a burlap canopy attached to the cabin was a wood stove, a table, and several chairs. A desk-like contraption had a flap which when let down formed a mixing board, while inside food and dishes were neatly stacked.

All around the camp, deer, chipmunks and squirrels wandered unfrightened and visited their human friends. While sitting at the table I was surprised to feel a tap of my leg and had just time to look into the brown, striped face of an equally astonished chipmunk before he hopped off the seat and fled. One night we heard a loud breathing and rustling and on looking cautiously out of the window we saw a brown bear with soft paws and cruel, long, slender nails playing with a piece of soap we had left out. Next day we found the rest of the soap complete with teeth marks. One mother bear caught by the early arrival of dawn was forced to boost her two cubs up a tree in the middle of the camp. All day the little cubs slithered precariously up and down the trunks or hung from the lowest branch which was at least fifteen feet off the ground; from their position they glared and spitted at the curious faces below. Next night they disappeared; mother bear had come to rescue them.

Evening was a restful time. The smell of the blue smoke wood fires, of good food cooking, and the pines was intensified by the cool night. In cleared spaces the Forest Rangers built huge crackling fires; everyone sat on logs and sang old favorites until night fell; then against the natural background, coloured slides of the Park were shown. The more energetic passed the rest of the evening in the panelled recreation hall where to the tune of old fiddles a dancing instructress clad in a pioneer dress of red and white guigham and lacy white pantaloons demonstrated square dances which everyone present tried faithfully to copy. With bobbing flashlights we stumbled back to the camp, hoping that we could induce those quaint storm lamps to shed light instead of soot.

There was so much to do and see. Every morning we left the camp and from the parked car started to walk many of the trails. We drove to Crescent Meadow and from there threaded our way through tall, waving underbrush to Log Meadow. The meadows were well named; the rich lime-green tropical like grass dotted with vivid flowers

was framed by the enormous darkling trees; some giant hand seemed to have shoved shapes out of the forest. In Log Meadow nestled Thorpe's Cabin, named after a pioneer who spent successive summers in a fallen, hallow Sequoia tree. The tree, fallen on its side was large enough to accommodate a six-foot man standing upright. A piece of canvas was the door, and windows cut in the log were similarly protected. From pieces of wood Thorpe had fashioned himself a rustic bed and table; from these he could survey the curving length of the meadow wit hits sunlit grass full of the mutter of insect life.

On yet another occasion we set out by Takopah Creek. After tramping through the shadowy forest we suddenly emerged into a sunlit valley. Here amid rich foliage the melodious song of birds, the rustle of water and the indescribable silence of beauty seemed untouched by human life. Two rock guardians, Watch-Tower and Indian Profile, rose gauntly from the valley. Their harsh, worn rock-sides were a savage contrast to the lush greenery below. The talkative Takopah Creek led us regretfully back to civilization by way of Lodgepool Camp with its rustic bridge where the fisherman pulled gleaming fish from the silver cold river.

We did not neglect to dutifully visit the General Sherman Tree, which is three thousand five hundred years old, during which time it has reached the height of two hundred and seventy feet (or in other words if fifty, six-foot men were to stand on each other's shoulders they would barely reach the top); twenty-five men with arms outstretched can just go around the trunk at its base. We drove through a tunnel cut through one of the trees and crawled through the "Tree House". We visited the rocky plateau atop Moro Rock which overlooked the hills and trees; we trudged up grumbling and complaining at the steep rocky path until we emerged on the rocky top where the beauty of the scene silenced us.

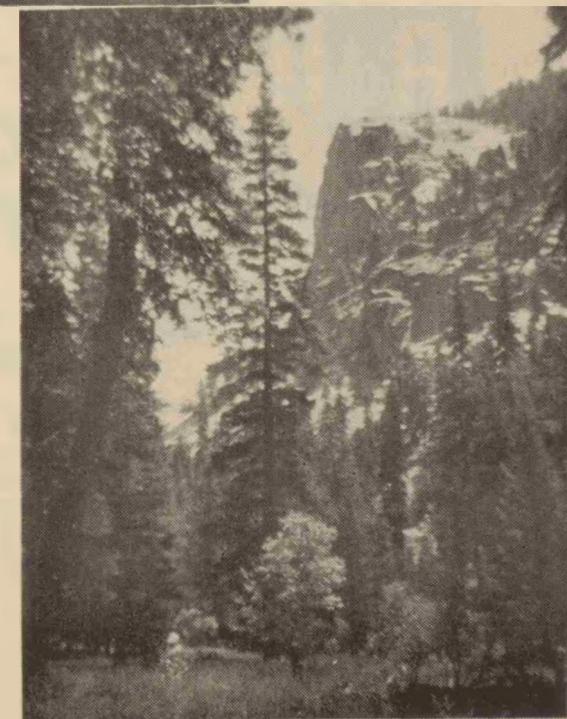
On Sunday outdoor church services were held among the trees which formed a natural cathedral. The tall trees spired God-wards and their thick branches were a roof; in the cool silence below the incense of the pine hung; the sun now and then pierced through a "window" to bathe the cone-strewn ground with light. The music was the music of the birds and of the eternal roar of falls dashing over the cliffs veiling the sharpness of the cliffs. Above all there was the silence of a church; not the silence of the desert full of death and destruction nor yet the suspenseful silence of a subdued, expectant city but the silence of growth, at peace and at harmony. Wherever one went there was always silence — a silence which expressed the things words left unsaid. As sunset approached people began to collect at Beetle Rock; from there the whole Park was visible. When the sun began to sink, the music



landscapes

sequoia
national
park

E. W.



of Bach and Beethoven rang out; the rich, wonderful music of mankind was but a poor compliment to nature's wonder as the sun died into the cradling silent arms of the Sequoias.

All of California might not be a Paradise but the Sequoia National Forest with its rouch, natural splendor and its warm richness could easily lull the senses into believing that this was Paradise.



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