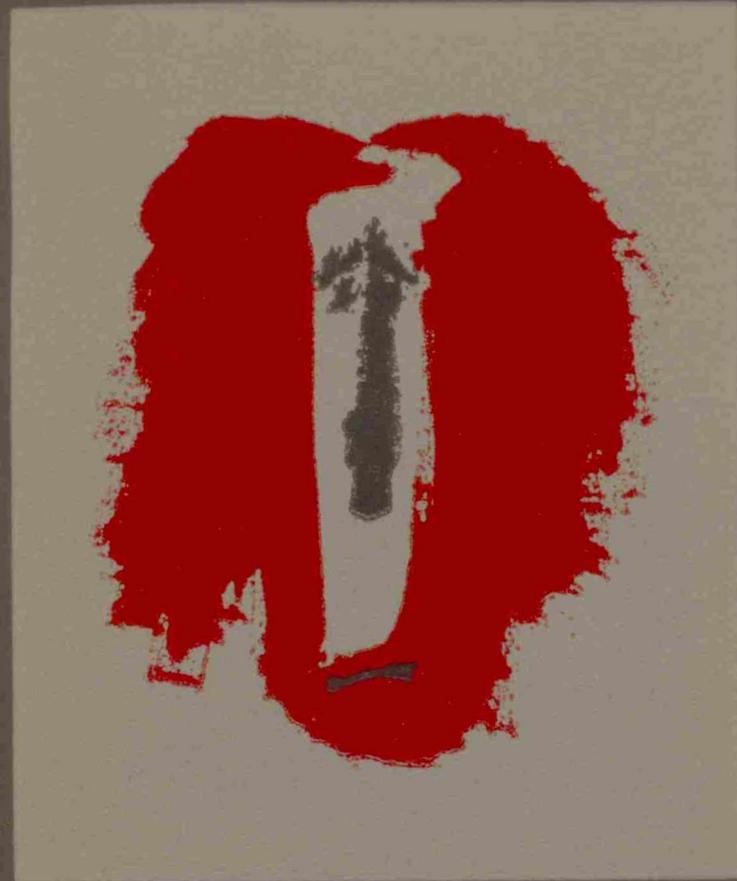




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## *I Stand And Watch A River Flow*

I stand and watch a river flow,  
And my heart opens to memories,  
Memories of past loves,  
Loves long gone,  
Too long.

No more hurt,  
For the river soothes  
and rustling trees are balm  
and star-light swathes the wound.

—Dagmar Wiss

\* \* \*

## *Song To Alfred Hitchcock And Wilkinson*

Flif flif flif flif: very fast.  
is the noise the birds make  
— running over us.  
A poet would say 'fluttering',  
or  
'seesawing with sun on their wings'.  
But all it is  
is flif flif flif flif: very fast.

Michael Ondaatje

*The Mitre* Vol. 1, 1963-64

Judy Banks — 4 Poems

1.

You are allowed only to be a memory that comes by  
on all hallow's eve when moons are low and crickets few

I hear you from my window  
run

by

(with candles in your eyes and a jackolantern for a heart.)

It may have been the night  
and the certain fog that came from behind the trees  
For I am sure I saw you there

under a green hat

Standing

for me to come outside

and walk awhile

and make all pumpkins smile.

—Judy Banks

\* \* \*

2.

there was a tumbling  
like the tripping on the top  
of the stone stairs that lead to the garden  
and we in the tripping of a moment  
stopped a memory in the dark of the hall  
and our match struck a star.

—Judy Banks

3.

on a beach near a road that used a snow bank for a sky  
we perched on a memory like two birds of the summer  
still believing that the snow was sand and the sun warm  
for there in our moment short in song  
the waves walked up the shore  
and a fish caught a rosebud in the ocean.

—Judy Banks

\* \* \*

4.

you are not alone she said  
for in spite of the fact we have  
sent back the sun and the fire-flies—  
in the dark of the day  
when the world is a pit

we will shut tight the door  
and in the attic of an old universe  
we will wrap ducks in tissue paper  
and teach crickets how not to cry.

—Judy Banks

## *Girl at a Party*

seesaw hips  
in a silk dress  
she danced with the urgency  
of making love  
and  
let down her hair  
the better to seduce me with,

a girl at a party  
faceless  
with no name,  
but

she had long black hair  
and when she danced  
I could feel her skin moving.

—Ken Livingstone

## *Death Of A Cat*

It roared; hurt, under the floorboards of the house where it had crawled to die, spewing grey poisoned blood from its shoulders; dust in its blind eyes soft and cough-ridden; an axehead jumping down like a mad piston; its head cracking as loudly as a microphoned eggshell; and later, its neck breaking, thudding croakily; (like a chopped giraffe somebody said); and I laughed at our kindness and still felt no pain, until I saw hands trembling through three sets of badminton.

Michael Ondaatje

\* \* \*

## *Gone the Wild Gull*

Gone the wild gull  
long the days,  
white lips kiss and melt  
on a grey sea.

Like morning fog  
or a black cat  
she's gone,  
and the dull clouds  
ring hollow.

Gone the wild gull  
long the days,  
dawn is red rimmed  
and the sea is black.

—Ken Livingstone

2.

In time blue herons will fall,  
And the down of young robins  
Will fade to the memory of children.

For who may withstand the reach of time?  
Or who may bind one green leaf  
To moonbeams of eternity?

All must go the way of ripples  
When pennies fall in wishing wells.

—Jack Rose

\* \* \*

3.

My world is richest  
when at night the darkness  
slides down oaken walls  
and frolics with the sputter  
of old candles.

Then crackling cedar logs  
upon my hearth explode  
their thoughts and sizzle  
secrets to my soul that I shall not  
remember tomorrow.

—Jack Rose

*Sea Dreams*

i have sat like an old man  
on a wharf  
making silver fishes  
from a piece of moon.

sunwind on a sea  
is  
fire limbs  
that leap and fade forever  
in a purple shadow.

—Sara Allnutt

*(3rd Prize — Poetry)*

\* \* \*

*song of a girl  
with a touch of madness*

i am a dance  
of the ages  
laughing, crying, loving  
dying:  
i sing to spring  
i weep to winter.  
my idols tumble  
in the fall;  
before him, before you  
i am a dance  
to dance to.  
his eyes, your hands,  
my feet;  
across a life, across a street  
near a shadow, near a night;  
i dance.

—Sara Allnutt

## *Pathétique (the second movement)*

How out of place the empty trees look,  
like skeletons of once gaudy sets  
after the play has closed  
standing forgotten  
in the cobwebs of a dusty theatre.

A sad wasted time this  
everything sags,  
and the world droops slowly into winter  
like a hollow aristocrat  
laying his head ignobly  
on an inevitable block.

From my window,  
I watch her scuffing the grey leaves  
that are rotting slowly along the riverbank.  
How frail she looks.  
In the red-gold fall the colours had burned  
in her cheeks and the frost had sparkled her eyes  
as we lay together  
in that gentle whispering autumn.  
Now fully dressed she is as naked as the trees  
and a cold wind shivers her thin branches.

As sullen as the year,  
I watch autumn die slowly  
on the six strings of a Spanish guitar.

—Ken Livingstone

## *Jack Rose — 3 Poems*

1.

On a green brook  
a May ago,  
I saw a bubble rise  
Like Omar's palace;  
frail and pale and  
conscious of each wind  
and flow of blue.  
It left no wake behind,  
and though it snatched all  
beauty from the steam  
and drew the sun upon its spinning  
dome—

It had no purpose but to ride  
upon the waning ripples.

And as it passed before my eyes  
I thought I saw upon its curve  
the face of Man.  
But 'ere I could cry, out for  
his hand—  
The bubble vanished  
as a tear upon the sea.

—Jack Rose

*(2nd Prize — Poetry)*

## *At Will Shakespeare's Grave*

Thirty years Will has mouldered more  
 Since first I tried  
 To jog his semblance from  
 His dust—  
 Poor tribute  
 To a poorer moulderer.  
 The doggerel marks the stone.  
 Who'd shift the bones?  
 Except my Love—  
 Who wished sweet Will  
 A better grave  
 Outside in the sun.  
 Even Death,  
 Love wishes better.  
 He'd agree,  
 Who knew most  
 About time and scythes  
 And cheeks,  
 And such harvest matters.  
 Let be . . . Let be . . .  
 The Avon flows,  
 Sun pours.  
 On the bank,  
 My Love sits happy,  
 The mustard skirt  
 About her.

—Ralph Gustafson

## *Scenes, After A Line By Thomas Carlyle*

I turned to a top of a branch  
 and gutted the happiness from me.  
 And then I watched.  
 I watched the drainpipes sweating,  
 and listened to the chirping girls—  
 neckless  
 and fat.  
 I watched the rats grow  
 long and rich  
 and then hide in wheat cellars  
 to sing dirty songs.

And I watched summer  
 who came  
 and died on our hands,  
 leaving just the grass smell of heat.  
 Snakes crawled into the river  
 to wash off their dead skin;  
 men would turn to nature  
 and look at the elephants  
 through a magnifying glass,  
 and then return to wash in the river.

Then I turned  
 and burnt out his words with a cackle.  
 Sun birds burst out of the grass  
 — as if fired from a cannon;  
 and I watched the dogs  
 who nosed all that remained of him —  
 ice  
 bleeding on the pavement.

I picked up the ice and felt it: strong, and still mocking at a heaven.  
 I turned and then realized that I couldn't see the elephants anymore.

—Michael Ondaatje

## Four Poems by Ralph Gustafson

A well known Canadian poet, editor, and anthologist, Mr. Gustafson has published several volumes of poetry including *Flight into Darkness*, *Rivers Among Rocks*, and *Rocky Mountain Poems*. He has also edited several anthologies of Canadian poetry including *The Penguin Book of Canadian Verse*. Mr. Gustafson has recently joined the staff of the English Department of Bishop's University, from which he graduated in 1929.

\* \* \*

### *The Swans Of Vadstena*

Alone she feeds the white swans.  
And could I know  
Her thoughts were not Leda  
Enfolded in that thrashing white?

My love encloses her in a strength  
Of singing white and the gold beak  
Of my violence holds her.  
How should she not know?

Where I stand apart, she leans  
On the grass by the white swans  
As they come to her on the surface  
Of the water. Where they move perfectly.

She turns from the violence  
To my violence, taken in the white  
Tumult, unbelieving, making known  
And whole the blemished god.

—Ralph Gustafson

## *Saint George's Monument: Stockholm*

Gorgeous above Storkyrkan  
Where nightly slays Saint George his dragon  
Dragged through the north where the North  
Wheels in its histories of war,  
The wood lance through the scaly throat  
Of evil, the Princess in her enormous crown  
Afraid, the star stays steady,  
His lance  
Lightly laid home hard  
In the slender throat  
Of the curled-over bay.

—Ralph Gustafson

\* \* \*

### *Vreta Kloster*

He is thought mad  
To have said:  
The moon stands over the sun  
And all things are as shade.  
A wise man's heart  
Is seldom glad.

—Ralph Gustafson

arms by her side and closed her hands tight. Her feet pulled along the ground and made the grass into dark furrows. She fingered the green stain on her skirt.

She didn't turn her head but kept straightening her skirt with her hands. She supposed they were coming now. They always came when she was happiest. They used to come up behind her and surprise her when she first came to the white room. She used to walk then along corridors where the ladies were all old and wrinkled. They would come then and take her back to the white room. She couldn't understand how they had found the Brown Door though. She was sure they didn't know it was Heaven.

—Judy Banks

\* \* \*

## *L'Escalier En Tire-Bouchon*

Toi qu montes l'escalier en tire-bouchon,  
Fille des rues  
Pas compliquée ta vie, non.  
Visage pâle, les yeux cernés  
Robe noire comme tes cheveux.

Un jour tu es née  
Dans cette famille là-haut  
Au bout de l'escalier en tire-bouchon  
Petite gamine des rues  
Qui dansait de la corde au soleil du printemps.  
Tu es devenue celle qui parcourt  
Les rues de la nuit  
Découvrant les mystères de la vie  
Sous les réverbères indiscrets.

Un soir l'Unique est venu  
Et depuis ce temps  
Tu montes et remontes  
l'Escalier en tire-bouchon  
Essayant d'oublier  
Les mystères de la vie.

—Kay Anderson

looking out of the window and had sat quietly in the corner of the room where they kept the winter coats.

She had forgotten all about the fields. They just did not make fields and grass and wind anymore. Except in the winter, that is. They started to make the wind in the winter because it would batter against the walls and the windows would be covered up, up to the second sill, with the wind that had been lost or left behind by the others. She hadn't known of the White Wind before she had come to this place. In the other time, there had been only sunshine and round brown houses, and yes, fields like this one.

She had forgotten about the fields . . . until today. If she had known that there were still fields she would have come sooner. But then, she didn't mean to come at all. She had been on her way to the coats when there was a terrible noise on the stairs. All of a sudden, everyone was running and crying and hiding the soap. When she came to the stairs, they were all in the white room crying and pushing and making the sounds she had made when she had been a dog. She was afraid of the noise and the pushing so she kept on going down the stairs. She was going to sit by the Brown Door for awhile but it moved away from her. At first, she was afraid to touch it because the Brown Door was Heaven. It was after she had stopped looking out the windows that she thought the Brown Door was heaven. It was heaven because the Man with the Black Book always came through the Brown Door and he knew all about Heaven. But now that she was here, she found it just covered a hole. She thought at first she should cry, but she crawled through the hole instead. After awhile, she stood up as the hole kept getting taller and taller.

She couldn't remember when she had first noticed the field. She didn't even know how she had got to the field. She had been afraid to lift her head for a long time in case a Giant was following her with a hoe to pluck out her eyes or chop off her head. She had even been afraid to look for the Brown Door again.

Something made her lift her head in spite of herself. Something was singing near her. It was a song like the sound the cereal made in the milk or the white thing that disappeared in her glass. Only it was a nicer sound. Yes, now she knew. It was the sound the green trees used to make before the winds came.

That was when the field came. It must have been there a long time for everywhere she looked there was field. Then she knew exactly what she wanted. To run and run to the very centre of the field and stay there and stay there like the piece of wood had stayed all that winter in the glue on her bedtable. She ran and ran, sometimes faster, sometimes

slower, pulling the grass along with her. When her hands became too full, she put the grass in her dress, and picked some more.

She wanted to laugh and laugh — like the horses used to laugh on the farm. The horses used to laugh on the farm . . . The idea of the horses came slowly, after days of running and pulling the grass. If there were fields, could there possibly be horses? She wasn't too sure about the horses. They were from the time before the white room. Horses were from the brown huts and the brown grass. They must be more than feeling like an egg for they could laugh. But then, so did the Giants that ate people. That was on the other side of the Brown Door though. The other side of the Brown Door.

Then, she knew. This was the Heaven side. She had gone to Heaven without even trying or looking for a way. This was so easy— not at all like the way you hid the soap in your stockings or the bread under your pillow. Horses must come with Heaven for they laugh the kind of laughs you only find in Heaven. She ran slower as she tried to think of the way horses laugh. They were brown alright, brown like the brown of the little houses and the grass. And they laughed too. Like water in the tap, only not really. They laughed like . . . like water in the tap and the cereal and the blind— all in one great laugh.

She tried to laugh like the horses. She made the water sound and the water bumped along her throat. Then she made the cereal sound and her tongue clicked against her front teeth. Even when she narrowed her mouth into a water faucet, she still couldn't make the snapping blind sound.

Suddenly, it came and tripped and toppled and flew from her lips like a chair whizzing down the corridor and sliding like bells clanging against the walls. The bells, the chairs, the laughing horses all ran from her mouth and caught a low-flying wind and cavorted down the field ahead of her. The grass rolled away from the sound and her feet raced after it while her hands tried to catch the left-over noise.

She ran after the laughing until it had flown too high in the sky. She listened to her heart chirping inside of her and lay some grass by her feet to sleep for awhile. She slowed down and thought only of the sleeping grass. Later on, she too would lie down and become the grass. But now she must walk and keep the wind blowing. It was tired now. The grass was too for it stopped moving back and forth and talking to itself. Maybe fields have afternoon rest periods?

Something could have frightened the grass and made the wind go away. The grass was standing still now, as the mice did late at night when someone came into the room. She walked slower and slower, laying her grass to sleep beside the grass that was so still. She hung her

Afterwards she sent me a poem by Apollinaire:

"Sous le pont Mirabeau  
Coule la Seine  
Et nos amours  
Faut-il qu'il m'en souviennne . . ."

\* \* \*

It is several days later. We are in a zoo near the Bois de Vincennes. Among the thousands we two are completely alone in our little world. We watch the almost human drama of the monkeys, only partly interested.

Tomorrow I must leave France to return to Canada.

A terrible sadness crosses her face and settles in her eyes. Where is my gay and sparkling little girl? She is gone now. There is left someone with a taste of bitter life in her mouth.

She says life has been unkind to her, that her father is cruel, and she will marry not for love but to escape.

I can read all this in her face.

"In these few days you have given me the freedom and childhood I was denied. I was never happy before."

It is over now. I say goodbye and watch the bus until it is out of sight.

\* \* \*

There has been a storm during the night. The train leaves in two hours, and I am ready. I leave the hotel and go into the Luxembourg Gardens for a last look.

It is deserted. There are no children sailing boats or fishing for imaginary fish in the fountain. There are no students engrossed in discussion, no white haired old men playing cards or croquet under the trees. Not even any lovers. No sunshine. No laughter.

Rain still falls, gently now. I go to my favourite corner of the park, where I have spent many hours reading or watching the life around me.

There are no little girls to feed breadcrumbs to the pigeons.

Even the pigeons are sad.

It is over, there is only a rose, crushed by the rain, and a sparrow dead in the grass.

—John Rapsey

## The Kind Of Laughs

### You Find In Heaven

It seemed she had been running in the grass a long time. The sun beat down upon her head and the wind blew in small thuds around her ears. The afternoon was warm and heavy, but she didn't notice. Before her stretched a field of tall sharp grass that was going to last for half a day at the very least. She threw her long legs up under her chin and let her feet drop like mooring stones in the grass. Then, when she would tire of this rhythm, she would let her legs snap far out ahead of her and turn her feet into quick scissors snipping through the hay. There was so much air, so much grass, and so much sky that she made her breath come in short careful gasps as if afraid someone would suddenly come by her bed and spin the blind and frighten the dream away.

But no one came. There was no crackle sound as the window blind hit the window frame and spun crazily on its head. There was no tired voice and tired hand pushing at her shoulder. Instead, there was only the field and the sky and the summer wind that made her forehead and the palms of her hands damp and wet. She slowed down and let her hands pull at the hay as she ran. Just in case this was a dream and the field was to turn back into the white room with the white bedsteads and the white windows, she began to run in semicircles and half-moons.

With the endless grass and the sizzling of the wind in her ears and the running around bushes that weren't really there, her head became very light and strange. At first, she felt like the eggs they used to get at breakfast time. She could feel her whole body from her feet to her ears dissolve into those yellow-white soft circles swimming in her plate. She wanted to laugh. She had never felt like an egg before. Once, she remembered, she had felt like a dog. She, in fact, was so sure that she had turned into a dog that she had been unable to walk on her two feet for a long, long time. She had barked and howled too; but nobody had laughed then.

But now! It had been so long since she had seen the world without doors and windows. She had come to believe that the world stopped with the Brown Door at the other end of the stairs and with the windows in the long white room. When she had first come to the place, she used to look out of the windows all day if she could and if no one came to bother her. She couldn't remember what she used to look at. There were many high green trees she knew; but that was all. Lately she had stopped

## Etoile Filante

FOR DENISE

She could have been too young, too old, sophisticated, heavily made up, even too beautiful.

But she wasn't.

How could I know? She was a friend's friend, an address, the only address I knew in France.

"Je m'appelle Denise."

She combed her hair and we went, with my dictionary, into the Luxembourg Gardens.

Beneath a statue of Paul Verlaine we traded information in painfully constructed sentences. I recited a poem by Verlaine that I knew:

"... Qu'as tu fait, ô toi que voilà  
Pleurant sans cesse,  
Dis, qu'as tu fait, toi que voilà,  
De ta jeunesse?"

Communication.

We walked the streets of Paris around the Panthéon. I danced, and saluted some policemen.

"Les gendarmes," I said.

She laughed.

"Non. Les flics."

The wind played with her hair. Her blue dress was luminous against the grey buildings.

We went back to my hotel. A sign above the door declared that Freud had lived here for a year.

"A dream," I thought, "Interpret this one!"

The metro took us across the city, standing, looking at each other. She caught her bus home to the suburbs and I went back to my room.

\* \* \*

That was Friday. Saturday she called and I couldn't understand her until she told me she was speaking English. Sunday I rode the bus out to her house. She was sitting in the window waving.

## The Mitre

I had never had shrimps before. Denise called them, "les petits bêtes." I ate them, and the family laughed when I broke the heads and tails off. I was full, I could eat no more.

"Je suis plein," I said, and we all laughed together.

In the evening we went for a walk. Denise, her brothers, Alain and Yvon, and myself. We pretended there was a puma hiding in the bushes, and I went in and killed it. We had a battle with freshly-cut straw in a farmer's field and then went home to bed.

\* \* \*

Someone standing over me, holding a bowl. It was Denise. Breakfast in bed.

We went to the Parc d'Ermenonville for the afternoon and Alain took a picture of us in front of Rousseau's tomb. We walked the forest paths and she was gay. She said I brought her youth back to her.

After supper we listened to Beethoven in her room with the lights off. I took the bus back to Paris.

\* \* \*

Tuesday she came to Paris. We were sitting in a movie, and I touched her hand. She took mine in hers, there were tears in her eyes. At the bus depot I kissed her cheek. She handed me a letter which I read on the metro, going back to my hotel. She told me about Claude, who was vacationing in Greece. She hoped to marry him in a few years.

I went to Aulnay again the next day and with several of her friends had a picnic at the Chateau de Chantilly. In the car on the way there, Denise drove and I sat beside her. Our elbows pressed together and I squeezed her arm. When we walked our knuckles brushed against each other. The others never knew.

In her room before supper I kissed her. After supper I said goodbye to her family and ran to catch the bus. I was leaving for Germany in the morning.

\* \* \*

My knapsack was packed and I was halfway down the stairs of my hotel.

"To hell with it. I'm staying."

I went back to my room and unpacked and then called Denise to tell her. She came that afternoon and we walked by the Seine, watching the boats and fishermen and lovers. She wore a red wool dress and her hair was blowing across her face.

or when he screams at poor Miss Haversham the English lecturer:

You taught me language, and my profit on't is I  
know how to curse. The red plague rid you for  
learning me your language.

Although Brown's choice of words cannot be compared to that of the greatest English Masters, there is often a burst of genius and wisdom. Take for example the advice his Faculty Advisor gives him as they stand looking over the countryside:

Yes, there are many fine views upon this  
Campus, but the most wondrous prospect a  
scholar ever saw is the high road to Toronto.

A good book and well worth the \$4.25.

—Tony Butler

## Germany, 1946

Bleak as lead. How else could it be after a war? In any case, that's the way I remember the sky of my childhood. . . .

My cracked shoes scrape over the cobblestones that glisten dully in the moist light. A dejected wooden duck tugs at my little finger as it rattles behind me on its three chipped wheels.

Toys are scarce.

Green uniforms are working in front of the stable on the other side of the farmyard. Only heads and shoulders show above the manure heap. Mother says they come from the sea and are bad. One of them killed the watery-eyed mongrel that had been my best friend.

I am lonely.

A green movement clears the blurry boredom from my eyes. A frog! Fascinating golden eyes with deep pools at the centres . . . so deep that I want to crawl in and get lost in them. It will make a better companion than my duck. I let the string drop and totter after it. I kneel beside it to look, but it hops away as I touch my forefinger to the pulse on its back.

I follow it—happy.

A huge dirt-caked boot suddenly tears into the haze that surrounds the golden eyes. The heel is hinged to the ground and the steel-capped toe suspended over the frog. I look up into the sneering face of the milk-er's son.

I am afraid.

Purposefully he begins to lower his foot. I scream but a sharp voice cuts in. A scowling green uniform stands beside us. The dirt-caked boot turns and disappears. . . .

Then I am alone with the frog again. I try to steady my mind on the quiet golden eyes . . . "mother says they are bad and come out of the green sea . . . green uniforms and gold buttons . . . they are bad . . . ?

—George Siber

(1st Prize — Prose)

## To A Dedicated Scientist

You, there, among the test tubes,  
 Baring the world's greatest secrets,  
 Do you not hear a sound  
 Which tells you of my presence?  
 You turn: you study me like an amoeba.  
 How interesting: it moves.  
 How intriguing: it speaks.  
 You know so much of the dead—  
 Know you nothing  
 Of the living?  
 Do you not hear the cry  
 Of a living soul?  
 But I am only an image  
 On your retina;  
 A tiny stimulation  
 In your brain.

Dot Gillmeister

\* \* \*

## Shadow

I saw her walk the sand  
 Beside a slumbering sea  
 As I had never done before.  
 —She always walked with me.

Her manner now was strangely changed  
 —Two years had left their mark.  
 My eyes, perhaps, see differently,  
 For her golden hair was dark.

Now her form obscured the sun  
 As it sank toward the sea,  
 She moved again along the shore  
 Her shadow stays with me.

John Rapsey

## Caliban — by William Foley Brown

McIntire, Sharp and Muir Co. Ltd., 223 pp. \$4.25

\* \* \*

William Brown's work is a triumph of subconscious transcription. His *Morely Caliban* is no ordinary North American Joe College. He has an extroverted egotism and shrewdness all of his own. The wild gyrations of Brown's paranoid freshman, cringing before the tormenting seniors on the Ontario University Campus, prove that true creative prose can be produced even in the over commercialised society of North America. *Caliban* is without doubt an important and positive step forward for the novel as a prose form in Canada.

Through *Caliban's* half crazed eyes we see a cavalcade of novel English Canadiana. There is the Chancellor and chief football nut who drinks himself to death during the third quarter of the McGill game, the lecherous deans of residence, and the demented registrar — whose fear of reptiles forces him to reject all applications from those born under the sign of Simmias the Snail.

*Morely* struggles desperately to make beer money by selling copies of English lectures he had laboriously taken down verbatim the year before. *Caliban* hardly pays for the paper and printing before he is threatened with prosecution for plagiarism by a Toronto publishing house. His pranks are subtle and often tragic. His vanity vast and overpowering. Yet, above all, the book is polite and profound.

Unfortunately William Brown's style does not match his characterization or plot. Like an undergraduate's essay it is rough and uneven, particularly in the drunk scenes when *Morely* grovels before his girl:

I prithee let me bring thee where crabs grow and I  
 with my long nails will dig the pignuts.

## *Alas!*

### Outside

Cool crisp snow crunches underfoot  
Glistening clouds hover in a steel blue sky  
Stark trees, stretching up to catch the clouds,  
Etch the horizon with a fretwork in black.  
In the still wood a trail waits to be cut.

### Alas!

### Inside

Chattering voices toss meaningless stillborn thoughts  
Into the air to catch and hang on a hook of petulance;  
Sullen cries are uttered.  
Disinterest stalks the classroom floors.

Who? cries the hidden heart  
Who will cut the secret trail in the wood  
That waits for me?

—Diana Rivington

## *Remember*

### Remember

The charmed intimates once we were  
What dreams we shared:  
Pillars of cloud and fire  
Led us alike.  
We stood enraptured  
In a world of brittle pink ice  
Already melting in our sun.

### Remember

Our tears, wet as we clung  
Then blazed a new trail together  
Through the sharp debris  
Of shattered illusions.  
But still the red sea parted  
And we crossed.  
New dreams, now, in a new land.

### Remember

The strangeness between us  
The pain of new longing.  
Bitter tears, now, as new reserve  
Curtained our rose-glassed window.  
Intoxicated by sweetness in lips and hands  
We spun together in a cotton candy machine  
And dared not look.

### Remember

The new plans we concealed,  
Like peppermints, under our tongues,  
Waiting for the old easiness,  
Waiting for a chance to speak.  
But afraid to walk on the water, we never spoke;  
The tossing waves drove us apart  
And we drifted on alone.

—Dot Gillmeister

*Moon*

The moon is  
ridiculous tonight  
Unreal  
An orange C pasted on the sky  
perhaps  
Or could it be sitting  
on that building there?  
But then how could it  
softly sink and start to float  
behind that skyscraper  
As it does now?  
It must be precariously suspended  
on one fine dark thread  
As is everything beautiful in life  
I suppose.

—Judith Mason

\* \* \*

*The Stamp Of Approval*

Life is like a Pinky Stamp—  
Worth less than you pay for it,  
But it's a rosy colour  
—If you like pink.

—Ann Fitzgerald

*In May*

In May  
an August night  
took the city by surprise  
and it sweated.

On the streets  
and in the buses  
the night-shift  
and the whores  
move sluggishly  
and stick to their clothes.

I walk slowly  
as through water  
my body still heavy  
with your love  
reluctant to admit I'm alone,  
like an old man with  
his leg cut off  
who won't admit its gone.

—Ken Livingstone

*Stephen Thomas — 2 Poems*

1.

Enough!  
 The game's over  
 And the haunting joy fled.  
 Fled!  
 Players sleep,  
 Shadows creep,  
 And flutter, without noise, about the corpse.  
 They sit ghostlike,  
 grinning.  
 This is their time, they know!  
 This is their innings.

... No moon;  
 I'll go,  
 Round the corner,  
 silently . . .

Stephen Thomas

\* \* \*

2.

Sails  
 Flushed in the dying sun  
 Sighing  
 quivering  
 Silent—  
 Down to my island of Desire.

—Stephen Thomas

*The Sows*

Only few survive the day—pink.  
 The dust's too luscious and cool  
 to compete with their beauty.  
 After lunch has clanged  
 and scuffed to a halt,  
 they gyrate a hole,  
 overcome a gargantuan sigh,  
 and close their albino eyes to sleep,  
 —an eyelid trembling in the air.

And there are ways of sleeping too:  
 dust collects on your wet snout  
 if you face the wind;  
 and there's the sun  
 streaming through the barbed wire  
 to worry about.  
 But it's cool in the dust  
 and flies don't like your pine-hard hair.

So these chinless dukes  
 sniff out the day,  
 pondering the heat like philosophy professors  
 humming about love;  
 watching the rain melting the dust,  
 or the sun  
 fingersnapping out the dying summer.

—Michael Ondaatje

## Thoughts For Thanksgiving

Tired butterflies resting on bloody poppies,  
queen bees ruthlessly managing their pliant flock.  
Status laden owls silting slightly  
behind their grassy couches  
dispensing wisdom to bewildered ants.

Ants, following their instinctual road,  
blasted to everlasting hell  
by skinny legs of conforming men.

Seven play a silent game,  
watched from a lonely cell  
high on the hill.  
The ant, who watches, playing  
with endless hallucinations  
of unfulfilled and repentent wishes.

Seven frogs play at leaping  
back and forth, back and forth.  
The poppy droops spilling  
anaemic blood over a  
dying butterfly.

The ants on couches  
follow the dizzying Rorschach  
of clouds, high over head,  
moving rapidly,  
spelling out eternal stories  
to the complacent owls.

A white dragon fly swoops  
down on the leaping frogs.  
A pyramid of frogs rises  
silently out of the green water,  
and swallows brutally  
the reason for being.

The yellow eyes and pointed ears  
of well trained owls  
are sated  
by tragic tales  
of endless vows sworn in the short night  
short lived in the endless day.

—Lee Beach

## To Find Oneself

She said  
you'd better  
cut the umbilical cord  
with a pair of garden shears,  
and go inhabit  
the hedge  
at the edge  
of the garden.

Or maybe you  
could put on a pair of jeans,  
and change your name to  
Jim.

And then it's been said  
you find yourself  
by losing yourself.  
(Remember, this isn't easy.  
You're not supposed to understand).

Actually,  
the best thing  
is a fast game of  
Russian roulette,  
winner take all.

—Lee Beach

## *Yellow Is For Stars*

I, the alien, must for a time  
put on your black skull cap  
and weep silently in your synagogue.

For you, old man of ten,  
how much easier to have been born an idiot,  
to never ask where it all began.  
But on that sultry, sunny day  
the line began to form very early.  
Yellow patches brilliant in the world's sun.  
Why did they deny to you the sun?  
All was quiet in the line, but  
for the tired weeping of the women  
which ended soon.  
There comes a time when there are no more tears.

*The young and the old lie on the ground in the streets:*

From behind that cruel fence,  
from all the silent, squalid, hideous huts  
poured your people.  
Your tall, grey haired father,  
your frail, bent mother  
holding her laughing baby.  
And you tried to march bravely  
toward what seemed a great pile of  
red earth in an empty field.

*They have cast up dust upon their heads;  
they have girded themselves with sackcloth;*

Your line stands quietly now behind that pile of red earth.  
Twenty people are dragged away,  
lives measured out in neatly folded piles of clothes,  
the last indignity before the final solution.  
And then comes your turn.  
Behind the earth . . .  
a grave, a cavern, a horrid ditch  
body upon body.  
Tears run silently down.  
O tiny, little one  
scream out your message to all the earth:  
a ditch of death, of blood,  
a magnificent memorial to hate.

*My virgins and my young men are fallen by the sword.*

And then you must lie down upon your dead,  
and you in turn are sprayed with biting fire,  
from the gun held by a man . . .  
I ask, "did a living, human being hold that gun?"  
and from your grave you answer,  
"It was a man."

I weep silently in your synagogue.

—Lee Beach

## Dance Rhythm

It takes complete possession of my being . . .  
 And I am but an infant in the heart of life  
 Caught up in something not yet fully understood . . .  
 A throbbing, pulsing motion  
 That robs me of my mind,  
 Of all my consciousness,  
 And pulls me down  
 Till I am nothing,  
   Nothing  
 But a creature  
   Submitted  
 To the primal force that mutilates convention;  
   Exulting  
 In the richer, purer melody of life.

—Gillian Palmer

\* \* \*

## Shared Memory

Together in the silence we would sway  
 And melt into the harmony  
 Of an existence justified  
   By Love . . .

Together court the passion that would rise  
 And would cascade continuously  
 Throughout our pleading bodies born  
   of Love.

Together in our urgency forget  
 The transience of melody,  
 And make a semi-sacrifice  
   To Love.

—Gillian Palmer

## The Sandshark

It lay still now, its belly  
 ruptured by the gaff.  
 Like a longshoreman's hook  
 in a sack of sugar,  
 the blade had spilled it  
 on our deck:

a sandshark  
 we were killing slowly  
 for the touristcamera.  
 Going over the side  
 it left a dirty red smear on the deck  
 a little sickening,  
 like a dead cat on the sidewalk.

A talented director  
 this Death . . .  
 Let it live,  
 a little.  
 Let it breathe the sea again  
 and swim  
 a yard or so  
 but,  
 tie a red string to its tail.

Then the winged jackals  
 cautiously at first  
 came with yellow eyes  
 down the crimson deathline.  
 The gulls fell stuka-winged from very high  
 and it was like watching an old newsfilm  
 of a past war.

The birds fed well  
 on the shark we'd gaffed,  
 and those who'd paid  
 were pleased to have it all,  
 in technicolour.

I hosed the sandshark off the deck.

Ken Livingstone

*Hush, Boy*

Hush, boy  
 and do not laugh  
 for I have seen  
 a river  
 from under an umbrella  
 while all the gods  
 were pouring down their wrath  
 and I have seen  
 that puddles  
 were made for looking into  
 after the last plunk  
 has been dripped  
 and the face is still again.

—Sara Allnutt

\* \* \*

*For J. B.*

When we were young  
 and pooh bear  
 came down  
 the  
 stair  
 people were gods  
 and carrots were  
 for magic eyes . . .  
 there was a kind of world  
 in puddles and clothespins.

—Sara Allnutt

*Prometheus, With Wings*

They splayed him, scientifically,  
 on the rock,  
 so that a limping sun would blind him until noon,  
 and crack his lips  
 and eyelids, white his hair,  
 and harden blood on bitten lips and thighs.

The birds would come,  
 peck at his puckered flesh,  
 lick his ribs  
 and peel the calloused skin  
 until the dusk grew fat and brown  
 and they left frowning.

His crackled knuckles then released their bite,  
 and hanging, he watched sea drown half his skin,  
 which stinging like peroxide  
 dulled the senses  
 and gave him demerol to grin again.

Zeus,  
 sitting with a bunch of grapes and gods,  
 spat out the pips  
 and puzzled,  
 watched this man,  
 who with a whitened eye and hectic lust,  
 wooed a host of mermaids after dusk.

—Michael Ondaatje

## These Are The Days

These are the days  
when clouds laugh  
and wine flows  
welling with bleary  
intensity from the mirthless  
depths of a rust carpet.

These are the hours spent on lonely sun-drenched terraces,  
sipping tepid beer, and watching waiters walk their memorized  
paths,  
a chair.

the universe will rock, and I will laugh, a little afraid  
of my own laughter, but never amused.

And I will leave, my tip placed carefully  
in an ashy puddle of beer.

Why?

The chair of course.

Yellow and black waver in a consciousness  
dulled by the inevitable  
minutes woven like slobbering  
tulips into a lattice-work of green and  
frenzied boredom.

And I will walk then down the dusty streets  
with my shoe-laces dribbling nonsensically  
through the bones of long forgotten  
saints;

And my shadow will stalk me until the  
sun goes down.

These are the days of youth  
gazing

in the pale arched dome of  
futility; trying to reconcile a legless beggar,  
sniffing and yellow toothed,  
with a leaf spiralling  
to an earth maintained by a grey drizzle.

Mr. Adams will knock at my door  
and ask mellifluously  
if I would like to join the firm (I had applied)  
investments I think. And I will laugh  
afraid no more, but only bored by

Mr. Adams;  
his checkered suit,  
slightly shiny  
his pointed shoes  
slightly scuffed.

And he will leave, catching his  
black and

slightly worn  
synthetic brief-case on the door knob.

And I will laugh, or maybe cry, I don't know.  
Investments . . .

Four quick upward notes, a cardboard cover  
slightly frayed.

"Mr. Adams don't come again, I listen too much"  
"Too little?"

These are the days that lead to the end,  
are the end.

A leafless tree stands stark against an aluminum sky  
It may die in the cold of the winter.

Alone.

—Patrick Starnes

*(1st Prize — Poetry)*

# Editorial

Bishop's University is growing up and it is time the **Mitre** started to grow with it. In a country experiencing a constantly expanding artistic development it is the university student who must take an active interest in this artistic growth and must, whenever possible, be encouraged to contribute to it in whatever way he or she can. In this respect the literary magazines published by the various universities are extremely important. They afford the opportunity of easy publication for the new writer and in the case of some of the larger universities they can at times set the trends.

In a university the size of Bishop's we cannot expect great quantity but we can strive for quality in the material we do print. With this in mind this year's **Mitre** is attempting to expand, both in size and in appeal. With this first issue we look a little different, we are a little bigger, and we leave it to our readers to decide if we are any better.

I am pleased with the large amount of material that was received for this first issue but as usual the newer members of the university were reluctant to submit and I sincerely urge them to do so before our next issue.

This year, for the first time, the **Mitre** is attempting to recognize the efforts of student writers by awarding prizes. Because of the amount of poetry published, it was felt necessary to award three poetry prizes as opposed to one for prose. However we strongly urge those interested in writing prose to do so in order that we may produce a more balanced magazine. Congratulations to all prizewinners, and keep writing! All members of the **Mitre** staff were ineligible for prizes.

I would add that these prizes were made available only through the generosity of members of the faculty. I wish to express the sincere thanks of the **Mitre** staff to those members of the faculty who made these prizes possible.

Here then is the first issue of the **Mitre** for 1963-64. We feel it does show "concern," the **Mitre** matters to us and it is obvious that what we have published matters to our contributors. I hope it will matter to at least some of our readers.

THE EDITOR,



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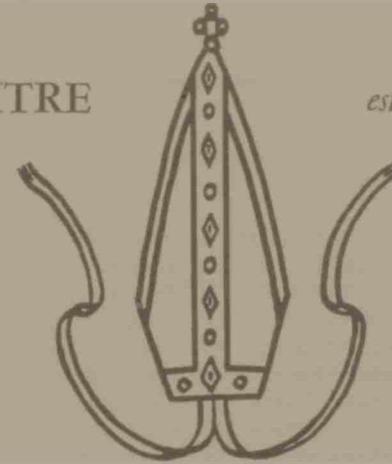
## Dedication To George Whalley

*"The most impressive claim that is made for art — and it is made very persistently — is that art bodies forth reality; that art is metaphysical in virtue of its special capacity to penetrate below the surfaces of things; that art illuminates reality and the nature of Being. From whatever angle we approach art there is no avoiding the element of personal engagement, of what the Quakers vividly call 'concern'. If art does not matter to a person, for that person there can be no artistic experience."*

from POETIC PROCESS

THE MITRE

*established 1893*



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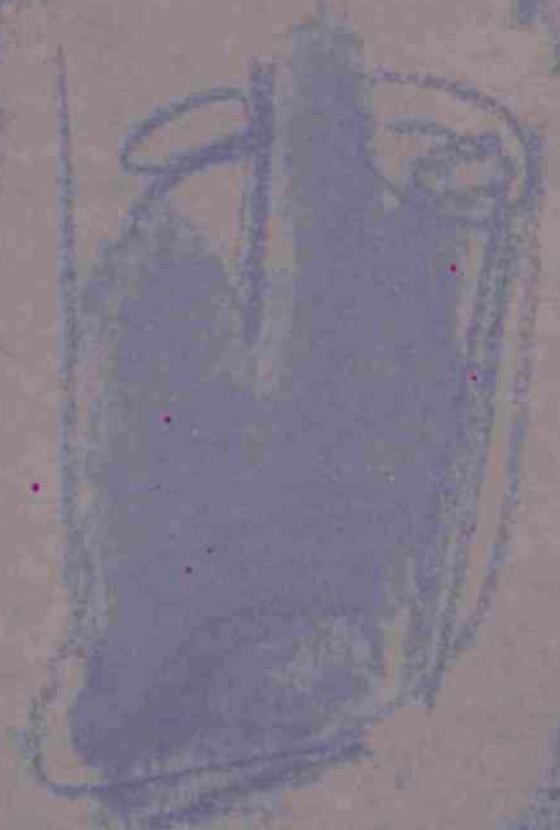
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