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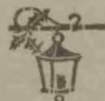
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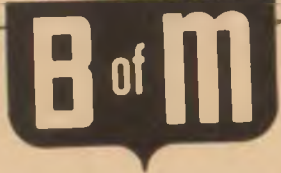
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## IN THIS ISSUE

The Trinity Issue of the *Mitre* goes to press with a new "skipper" and some changes in the "crew". We wish the retiring members of the staff a bon voyage in their new fields of endeavour, and extend a welcome to the new members.

The fifty-eighth birthday of the *Mitre* was duly celebrated at the apartment of Dr. and Mrs. W. O. Raymond in April. Both the new and old staffs of the *Mitre* were present. The Birthday cake was lit with fifty-eight candles and it was not without effort that your editor extinguished them with one blast. Fifty-eight is a large number, when reckoned either in terms of candles or years, and the *Mitre* is duly proud of its history. To have existed fifty-eight years is no mean achievement for a University Literary Magazine.

We are honoured in having the Chancellor of the University, John Bassett Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., accept the dedication of this issue. The student body listened with rapt attention to his address at Convocation in October, and will read his contribution to this issue with the same interest.

The *Mitre* is including, in part, an address by Lawrence Hunt delivered at the annual Convention of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, at Philadelphia, on April 17th, 1951. Some of you will recall that Mr. Hunt, who is an American lawyer of New York City, received an honorary degree from Bishop's in 1949, and for many years, particularly during the Second World War, he did everything he could to promote Anglo-American relations and to draw attention to the muddled thinking of the isolationists. This article on current affairs proves of interest to us all.

Fr. Farwell has given us a short historical sketch of *Queen's Theological College*, in Newfoundland, which is now affiliated with Bishop's. This follows well from the review of Dr. Masters' Book on Bishop's which we carried in the last issue of the *Mitre*. It is interesting to note that both institutions had their beginnings in the same decade, and were each founded by a great Bishop. Queen's is Fr. Farwell's Theological Alma Mater, as well as that of your editor.



Prof. Motyer's *Amateurs and the Theatre in Canada* is of timely interest in a day when the amateurs must compete with movies, radio and television. John Jordan, who is the director of the Girls' Glee Club, has contributed an article on the human voice "*The Living Instrument*". After listening to the thrilling concert of the Bell Singers, we agree with what John has to say, that the instrument God has given us has yet been unsurpassed by anything man has contrived.

Our readers will enjoy J. Angrave's "*The Oldest Form of Humour*". It is the result of quite a bit of research on his part and will merit our reading. The large number of artists brought out of their garrets by the *Mitre Art Contest* of the last issue will be interested in B. Darby's article on art collecting.

Lois Boast presents her second part of "*1608 and All That*". Everybody enjoyed Part I very much. For a new slant on Canadian History, don't miss Part II.

The *Mitre* is presenting in this issue some of the poems of the Poetry Contest — *Eternal Thought* by W. Prouty, *Tidbits* by Peter Mickles, *Gamut* and *Hypæthral* by S. W. Stevenson, and a Sonnet *All-knowing man descend* by Allan Meakin. Your Editor ventured into the Contest with a few sea thoughts entitled *Dog Watch* which won first place.

The Photography Contest was disappointing in the small number of entries. The winning photograph by Keith Hall we are printing. Surely the Camera addicts are not less keen than those of the Brush and Easel!

We have no less than five short stories for your reading pleasure. "*The Peach*" by Carol Coleman won the approval of the judges and is our prize story. "*No Cream in the Coffee*", by John Cox, "*Heaven and Julius Sneed*", by Beverley Dawson, "*The Return*", by P. Mickles, "*The Mouse*", by Pam Garland, we pass on to you without comment except to say, if you want to know what happens when a crack salesman crosses the Big Divine, read "*Heaven and Julius Sneed*".

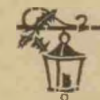
Exchanges — Though there is in the Library a pile of magazines from Universities in Canada and the United Kingdom, it is unlikely that anyone reads them very much. Rather than have a general comment

with a few quotations thrown in, we have in this issue taken the liberty of including a number of poems more or less completely. We would like to have done the same with some articles and short stories . . . but why not read them in their original homes?

A word about the *Mitre* and next year. Soon our Graduates will be leaving the Campus to enter the big world on the other side of the Massawippi. The *Mitre* wishes them the best. We hope that they will be regular contributors to the *Mitre*, and active members of the Alumni. A strong Alumni is a great asset to a university. Soon too, all the students will be leaving for the summer vacation; some to holidays and travels, some to work, some to Army posts, some to fly the clear blue yonder, the Divinity students to the far corners of the vineyard. We wish you luck. Take your pens, pencils, easels, brushes, paints, typewriters, cameras, or whatever happens to be your favourite method of expression, and bring back to the *Mitre* your impressions for publication.

Here is your *Trinity Mitre* — hope you like it.

B. G. S.



## MESSAGE TO THE STUDENTS

I have observed that those who write messages to students generally speak of their future. In these few words, I wish to speak about your present . . .

It is well to have vision for the years to come. But by thinking too much about the future, we may delude ourselves into forsaking the problems of today. Life is actually one continuing present. Tomorrow is only the today that is to come. And the management of tomorrow will require the same resolute attention to immediate problems.

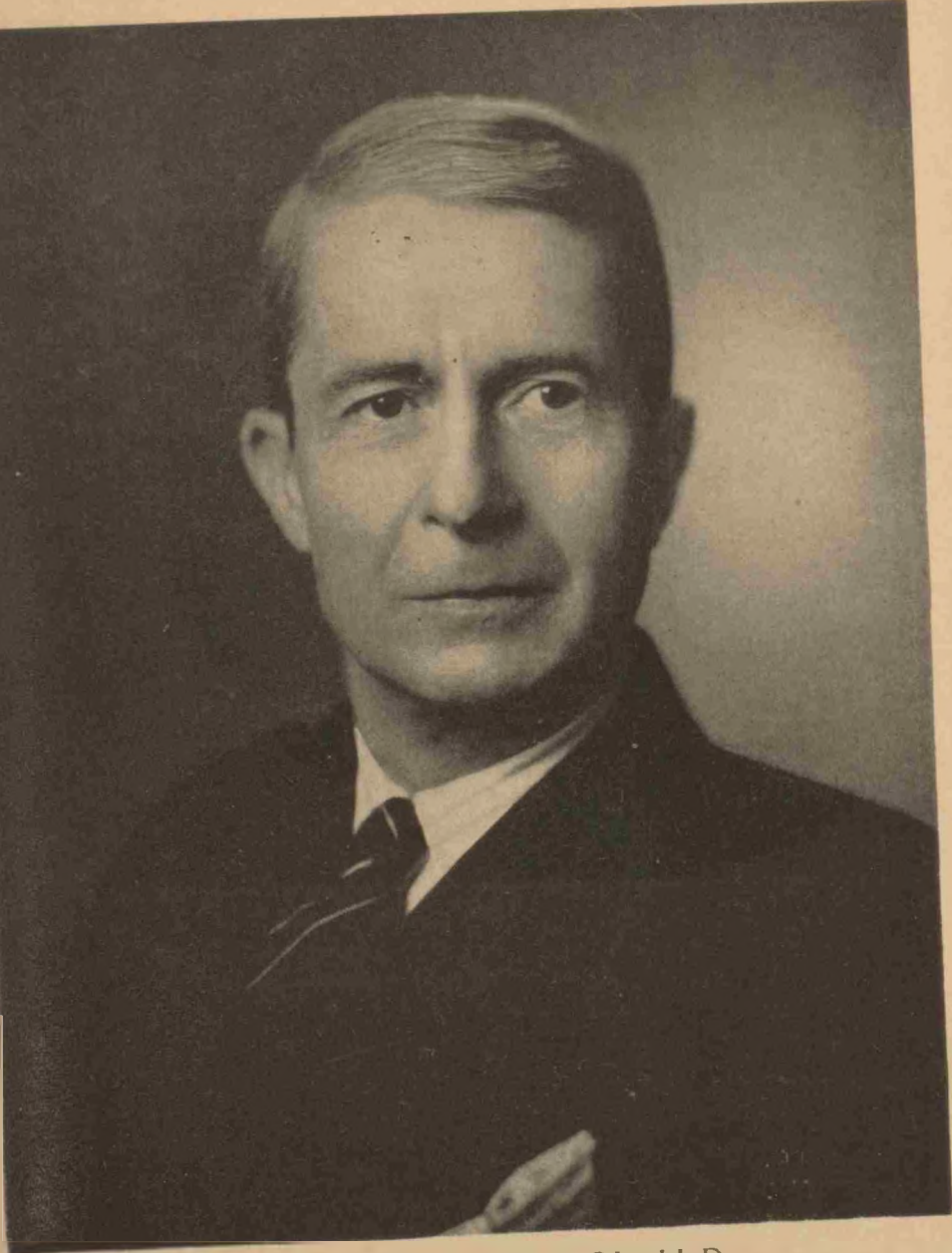
I have been reading Dr. Harvey Cushing's biography of the great physician, Sir William Osler, and I was impressed with a story about Sir William, in his student days. Osler as a student was much worried about his future, partly about his final examinations, and partly about what he would do afterwards. Then he happened to pick up a volume of Thomas Carlyle, and in it he read the sentence: "Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."

In later years Sir William Osler used to say that reading this passage was the conscious starting-point of a habit which served him well for the rest of his life. Thirty years later, in addressing the students of the Albany Medical College, he said: "If I have had any measure of success at all, it has been solely because of doing the day's work that was before me, just as faithfully and honestly and energetically as was in my power."

There is a great wisdom here for all of us. Not only the secret of success, but the secret of duty, is to apply ourselves to the obligations of today.

Let us have our dreams for tomorrow. But let us never forget that character is fate, and the best test of character is not what we say we will do with our tomorrows, but what we are prepared to do with our todays.

JOHN BASSETT



JOHN BASSETT, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D.

The Chancellor of Bishop's University

*To whom this issue of the Mitre is respectfully dedicated.*



## THE ANGLO-AMERICAN PARTNERSHIP

ADDRESS BY

LAWRENCE HUNT

of New York City

ANNUAL CONVENTION

of the

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND  
SOCIAL SCIENCE

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 7, 1951.

\* \* \* \*

One of the major lessons from Asia and the chief lesson of our times is the supreme necessity, for the survival of the free world, of our Anglo-American partnership.

Today, Russia has a great hope and a great objective — that Britain and America will fail to win the battle for freedom throughout the world. Her leaders shrewdly count, not only on their own skill, but on our follies, to disunite us; they count on the reactionaries who never learn; they count perhaps even more on the pseudo intellectuals, the doctrinaires, and the perverse perfectionists with their frantic lust for self-deception. The Communists today, like the Nazis yesterday, know that if they can divide Britain and America they can conquer the world. To divide Britain and America — that is their supreme hope, as it is the supreme hope of all the enemies of man's freedom.

Will the Russian Communists succeed?

\* \* \* \*

It is true that there is an extreme but very small left-wing group in Britain which does not like the Anglo-American partnership and is unfairly critical of America. But the responsible leaders of both the Labor Government and the Conservative Opposition have repudiated these extremists and have expressed, again and again and again, inside and outside of Parliament, their understanding and appreciation of America's efforts to protect the free nations against Soviet imperialism. They have expressed, again and again and again, the British people's gratitude for the help of their American partner.

Here in America we have been deluged in recent months with a constant stream of propaganda about Britain "trading with the enemy". Britain "appeasement" of China, and about the British "dragging their feet". There has been no serious effort here, comparable to that in England, by the responsible leaders of both our parties, to refute this valification and abuse which can only give aid and comfort to Soviet Communism; no real attempt by our leaders in or out of politics to tell the American people the truth about our British partner, to urge understanding and fair play, even when there are differences in methods about meeting the menace of Soviet imperialism.

\* \* \* \*

Now about Britain "trading with the enemy". That accusation is chiefly concerned with Hong Kong's trade with China and Russia. Let's face the facts. Hong Kong applies the same controls to trade with China as are applied by Britain. This trade is nearly all in goods and materials produced in many other countries. The export to Communist countries of nearly 300 articles, including munitions, chemicals, machine tools, etc. is absolutely forbidden, and the export of another hundred articles is carefully restricted, and the export of still another hundred articles is subject to the constant supervision of the British Government.

Many of the free nations are receiving in this trade with Russia and China materials necessary to their own economic strength and essential to their ability to re-arm and defend themselves against Communist aggression. It is helpful to note that the occupying authorities in Japan recently accepted Chinese conditions for the continuation of the import of coke coal from certain mines in North China in exchange for the equal value of Japanese cotton yarn on a barter basis. Such an exchange makes sense under present world conditions. Is this "trading with the enemy"?

Let's face the facts.

About one-third of Hong Kong's trade is with China. In the first eleven months of 1950, about 340 million dollars in trade went to China and about 144 million dollars to the United States. There are now about two and one-half to three million inhabitants of Hong Kong as compared with six hundred thousand in 1945. If that crowded little island, an outpost of democratic civilization, is not permitted to conduct legitimate trade, the consequent economic collapse and civil strife would make almost



certain its conquest from within. It is true that Russia is buying some rubber from the rubber producing countries, including some of the British Commonwealth countries. But the United States is taking eight times as much of the total world rubber production as Russia and ten times what China purchased last year.

\* \* \* \*

An economic blockade of China would be a major act of war, an act which would assume that war with China, a world war, had begun. Our British partner does not believe that such a blockade could be effective, and it would of course create more difficulties than it would solve.

\* \* \* \*

Our propagandists for a third world war and many self-deluded perfectionists are denouncing Britain's so-called "appeasement" of China, particularly because Britain has recognized the Communist Chinese government and has supported the admission of Communist China to the United Nations. Again I say, let's face the facts, painful though they be. The fact is, much as we and Britain dislike it, that the Communist Chinese Government is in control, as far as any Chinese Government ever has been, of the mainland of China. America recognizes, as Britain recognizes, the governments of Russia; of Poland, whose United Nations representative is on our program; of other Russian satellite countries; of Yugoslavia which boasts that its Communism is purer than the Russian brand; of Spain, Argentina, and other governments with an unpleasant odor. Why not China? Diplomatic recognition, as our British friends point out, does not mean approval, but simply means the recognition of a fact — even an unpleasant fact.

Russia and her satellites, and some other nations we do not like or admire, are members of the United Nations, which is a world organization embracing all kinds of nations, and not a defensive alliance such as the Atlantic Pact. If Russia and its satellites are members of the United Nations, why not Communist China?

Our British partner has no illusions about the Communists in China nor any hope that tomorrow, or next week, or next month, Communist China will become a democracy or will sever her present ties with Russia. But the British do believe — and I submit that we Americans should also believe — that in the long run there is a chance that China will become less dependent on Russia and that her national interests in the

future, as in the past, will keep her from becoming a vast Russian satellite without a life of her own — another Russian slave state. Hard as it may be, we should try to take the long view and not resort or succumb to the slogans and catchphrases of our propagandists for World War III.

\* \* \* \*

In proportion to her population — one-third of ours — Britain has today as many men in her armed forces combatting or restraining Communist aggression as has the United States. Her forces are fighting or are on guard at 19 key points throughout the world. Anthony Eden has pointed out in the April issue of Foreign Affairs that "these British forces are stretched in relation to the availability of trained men and modern arms more tautly than those of any other country, ally or enemy." The British were fighting in Malaya for two years before the Communist aggression in Korea last June. Britain has had universal military training for men 18 to 26 since 1947. We are still talking about it. The British people, for more than ten years, have voluntarily submitted to a rationing system, in some respects severer today than ever before unknown and perhaps even unbearable in this country. And why? — To repair the awful damage of war, to enable their country to pay its own way, to meet its obligations, and to play its part in the defense of the freedom of mankind. One egg and 8 pence worth of meat a week!

Who are "dragging their feet"?

The results of this self-restraint and self-sacrifice on the part of the British people should be reassuring to their friends and astounding to future historians. Our partner has achieved solvency at least for the moment. She has raised her industrial production 50% and her exports 70% above the pre-war level. Proportionately, she is doing at least as much as America in meeting the menace of Soviet Communism.

Nor is this the whole story. It is much easier for a rich man to contribute 15% of his income to worthy causes than it is for a man of modest means. In the one case there may be the sacrifice of some luxuries, in the other of bare necessities. The true test is how much a man is doing as compared with what he can do.

\* \* \* \*

Armament is not enough to save the world. That is one of the chief lessons from Asia. Our British partner knows that, and despite all the sacrifices and hardships of her people, Great Britain and the other

members of the Commonwealth are already making, under the Colombo Plan, the most constructive and statesman-like effort of our generation to preserve and to develop the democratic way of life in Asia.

The Colombo Plan, as you know, is a comprehensive six-year program for economic development in South and South East Asia which was drawn up by seven nations of the Commonwealth — Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, India, and Pakistan. The Plan was first proposed in January 1950, and after several other meetings was finally announced last November. It covers an area of 570 million people — one-quarter of the world's population. Its aim is to put 10 million more acres under cultivation; to increase grain production by 10% and electricity generating capacity by 67%. The total six year cost is estimated at about \$5,500,000,000, of which \$2,200,000,000 will be raised within the Commonwealth countries in Asia, exclusive of their sterling balances, and \$3,300,000,000 will be raised by external financial aid, including sterling releases and outright gifts. Britain has already pledged \$40 million dollars, including sterling releases of nearly 700 millions dollars, and will probably make an outright gift in the near future of \$150,000,000. A central agency known as the Council for Technical Cooperation, has already begun operations at its headquarters in Colombo, Ceylon. Representatives from other Asiatic countries such as Burma, Indonesia, Thailand and Indo-China are working in close cooperation with the Commonwealth countries. What have we done? We are appropriating about 35 million dollars for our Point Four program.

Who are "dragging their feet"?

We could participate in the Colombo Plan on a bilateral or multilateral basis and contribute the balance necessary to achieve its goal. Or we could, in a spirit of partnership with the British Commonwealth, work out some feasible plan for dovetailing a greatly expanded Point Four program with the Colombo Plan. What the American people must realize is the urgent need for such a great undertaking. The problems of Asia can't be solved by radio broadcasts, by dropping atomic bombs, or by letting hundreds of thousands of people starve to death because American politicians are piqued by the failure of Indian politicians to agree at all times as to the best methods of preserving a free and democratic world. The magnificent American effort under the Marshall Plan helped save Europe from Communism and helped restore her war-

damaged economy. In Asia, the Anglo-American partnership must work literally "from the ground up" to prevent hundreds of millions of human beings from sinking even lower in the scale of living and from becoming a prey to Communist propaganda. Our British partner and her sister nations in the Commonwealth are leading the way to meet the most pressing problems of Asia. What will we do?

\* \* \* \*

Much as some Americans would like to forget it, the record shows that, in the first two years of the last World War, we were a mentally confused and spiritually sick people. Our right-wing isolationists thought we could do business with Hitler, our left-wing isolationists thought it was an "imperialist war" until Russia was attacked, and most Americans hardly knew what to think. Even after the invasion of Holland and Belgium and the slaughter of Rotterdam, even after the fall of France, even after the Battle of Britain, even while nearly the whole European continent writhed under the torture of German tyranny, even while the British Commonwealth stood utterly alone, even then both the candidates for the presidency in the election of 1940, despite their obvious sympathies, deemed it politically necessary to assure the people, in the most fervent terms, that the United States would not enter the war "except in the case of attack".

And yet, throughout that dismal period of doubt and delay, the American people did slowly but surely come to realize their danger and their need of Britain for their very salvation. We knew, deep down, that if Britain were conquered, the very soul of Western civilization would be gone forever. British courage gave us good cheer and strengthened our hearts. Dunkirk, Britain's greatest defeat, helped us on the hard road to moral recovery. So did the Battle of Britain, her greatest victory. The Blitz helped. The fires of London rekindled the American conscience.

\* \* \* \*

If the American and the British peoples have faith in each other's purpose, hope in each other's future, and charity towards each other's shortcomings, then, as friends, as partners, and as allies, they can go forward together into the future, as far as the human eye can see, in dignity, in freedom, and, let us hope, in peace.



## NEWFOUNDLAND THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

Queen's College, the theological college of the diocese of Newfoundland, is located in the old city of Saint John's. It is only small in size but big in importance to the one hundred and one thousand Anglican people, who compose the Church in Canada's tenth province.

Those who have read the Calendar of Bishop's University have probably noticed that Queen's is affiliated with Bishop's. It also has an association with the Memorial University of Saint John's. For more than a century, Queen's, like Bishop's, has been engaged in the important work of education.

Bishop Spencer, who arrived in Newfoundland in 1839, founded the Theological Institute in 1841. It was a humble beginning because at first there were only six students in attendance, and they were instructed by the clergyman of St. Thomas's Church. This arrangement was not altogether satisfactory. Sometime later Bishop Feild saw the urgent need for a suitable building where students could live and work together.

When a convenient site for a college was acquired in 1947, Bishop Feild made known his plans, which would provide for the erection of a college large enough to meet the demands of a growing diocese. He was able to say this about the site: "I have purchased a very eligible piece of ground as a site for the necessary buildings. The situation is healthy and convenient, removed from the business and bustle of the town, and yet within a stone's cast of the church of St. Thomas. There is space enough for a college and a collegiate school with a useful garden."

The Bishop pushed on with the project and soon the institution was functioning under the name of Queen's College, after Queen's College, Oxford, where the Bishop had been educated. The work of the college was so successful that by 1850 it was found necessary to enlarge the buildings by the addition of a Hall and Dormitories. These buildings can be distinguished from the rest of the present college by reason of their age.

On opening the new building, the Bishop issued certain directions and regulations for the guidance of the students. If we were to compare them with some of the regulations that appear on the notice-boards here

at Bishop's, I am sure the contrast would be very interesting, as we may gather from the following remark of the good Bishop: "If it should appear to the student or others that some of the foregoing regulations and directions are stringent and disagreeable and that they might easily be modified to make them more comfortable, let it be remembered that it is one of the professed objects of the Institution to train young men for a life of hardship and trials; and for this reason it is expedient, if not necessary, to have some causes of vexation and inconvenience." These rules are long since obsolete, but simplicity has always been a distinguishing feature of life at the College.

To many modern students these rules would appear highly amusing—but not all of them!

The time of rising was six o'clock in summer and six-thirty in winter. Students were required to be "plain and neat in their dress. No fancy waistcoats, or fantastic hats, or novel neckcloths were allowed." All extravagance in dress and furniture was discountenanced.

Students were allowed to take part in games for physical exercise, but "shooting, with all use of gunpowder, was strictly forbidden—fishing was allowed." Tobacco was not allowed; no food or drink could be brought into the college without permission from the Principal and students were not encouraged to cultivate female or other acquaintances in the town.

Great emphasis was laid on the importance of the devotional life, both public and private—"Study, frugality, retirement will be of little avail or profit as to the missionary calling without devotion; while on the other hand, most true and wise is that pious saying "Bene orasse est bene studuisse."

Regulations for the guidance of present-day students of Queen's are in line with those of most Theological Colleges. There is an appreciation of the place that discipline ought to have in the training of young men for the ministry of the Church. These disciplinary regulations, while not unduly repressive, do place a check upon the common human failing of permitting 'liberty to degenerate into license.'

For many years Queen's was associated with Durham University where students went to complete the course for the B.A. degree. This association came to an end in 1949, owing to alterations in the course at Durham, which were no longer suitable for Queen's graduates. It was then that the College authorities turned their eyes to the Canadian

Universities. They succeeded in entering into an association with Bishop's, feeling, no doubt, that it represented standards of education and Churchmanship which, in some ways, ran parallel to those of Queen's.

The association with Memorial University was formed several years ago and it has proved a most valuable arrangement, by which students from Queen's are enabled to attend the First and Second Year in Arts, before beginning their studies in Theology.

Many of those who have entered Queen's as candidates for the ministry were formerly members of the Teaching Profession. It has been found that the experience thus gained is a splendid asset in their later work for the Church.

A close connection is maintained with the Teaching Profession, in view of the fact that several students attending Memorial University for the Teacher training course, reside at Queen's and enter to some extent into its life. While there, they receive some instruction in the work of Lay Reading. This enables them to give valuable service to Church and people in all parts of Newfoundland, but especially in the more isolated sections, where the clergyman can make only infrequent visits to his scattered people.

The course of study pursued at Queen's is a fairly comprehensive one as far as Theology is concerned. Students write the same examination as those in English Theological Colleges. It is called the General Ordination Examination, and the answer-papers are sent to England for correction.

Appropriate devotional exercises are given a prominent place in the daily routine of the College and students are trained to be regular and punctual in attendance. The Chapel rightly occupies the central pivot about which the whole programme of the College revolves.

There are opportunities for the students to take part in such activities as skating, skiing, soccer, basketball and table tennis. For the past few years the basketball team has been one of the finest in the city and undoubtedly the best that has ever donned the colours for Queen's.

The College Social Club functions very well every year and arranges parties and gatherings to which their friends are invited.

Visitors at the College are warmly welcomed and out-of-town clergy like to drop in sometimes to attend a service, have a meal with the students and perhaps a chat with the Principal.

From time to time various improvements have been made in the College buildings and to-day it is justly proud of its fine Chapel and attractive library.

The present Principal and Vice-Principal are graduates of the best English Universities and indeed the destinies of Queen's have been, for the most part, guided by men educated at Oxford or Cambridge.

A fact well worth noticing is that Queen's is maintained by the fees of the students and the voluntary donations of church people throughout the diocese.

I said at the outset that Queen's is big in importance. This is clear when we note that it has trained well over two hundred clergymen whose labours have not been confined to the island province alone. Graduates of Queen's Theological College can be found at work in many parts of Canada, the United States and England.

Through a century of service Queen's has carried on. It has often been plagued by financial worries, but the loyalty of Church people has always come to the rescue. Present-day indications are that under the wise guidance of the Principal, Canon J. A. Meaden, M.A., Queen's will continue its good work for the Church and maintain those sound principles of Catholic faith and practice for which it has been long admired.

R. FARWELL.





## AMATEURS AND THE THEATRE IN CANADA

We have all heard highbrows and purists from every realm of art and sport say at one time or another, "Oh! but I loathe amateurs", the tone suggesting that amateurs have no seriousness of aim, and that only professionals are to be encouraged. They seem to say, in other words: "Some of us who are in the know take this business seriously, but we are hampered in every direction by tiresome amateurs who don't know what they're doing and who merely play at or with or round the subject." I should like to plead for the good old Aristotelian mean, and suggest that in the world of drama what Canada most needs at the moment is a great many "serious amateurs".

There are, however, certain basic, rather general, issues involved which must be reckoned with first, the most fundamental being, "Why should Canada be made theatre-conscious at all?" It is possible, of course, that no one reading my question doubts how worthwhile the theatre is or can be; but what with the movies and now the prospect of television, it is no easy matter to plead convincingly for the theatre. Is it becoming a superfluous form of entertainment? Let us be honest and say outright it could easily be made so. No one nowadays has time enough to deal with all the distractions of an all too distracting world, and one thing less to worry about might not be a bad idea after all. We might then direct our efforts more successfully to peopling Mars with little Earth-men, and think where that would get us. But has not the theatre something special to offer, and should it be allowed to die unmourned or, at best, to live the life of a shut-in?

Now the only thing which the theatre can do which the movies and television cannot is to provide direct, personal, on-the-spot contact between actors and audience; and it is for us to decide whether or not this method has any distinct advantage over the more impersonal, less direct method of television and movie. I think it has, my simple reason — indeed, my only reason — being the very fact that the theatre is more 'human', and that we ought to cling desperately to anything 'human' in a world becoming all too rapidly 'de-humanized'. I must here take it for granted that my readers also affirm the value of things 'human', and

that I need say only that I use the term to connote the immense vitality and warmth of being alive.

To be brief, I think the theatre is more 'human' than the movie because the living presence of actors on a stage can convey and does convey a feeling of greater vitality, a sense of more active participation between audience and actor, a stronger impression of 'humanity' itself, than is possible on the screen. I may see a picture of a destitute Korean child among the rubble of Seoul, and be much moved by it, and be led to reflect upon "man's inhumanity to man"; but I *know* I would be moved much more if I visited the city of Seoul myself and saw this child pityfully crying in front of me.

In other words, there can be no substitute for the real thing. Though a philosopher might try to prove otherwise, I would still affirm that a man is greater than a picture of a man. And I think it good for us, good for the world, good for Canada, good for us at Bishop's, to be reminded of our humanity through the medium of the theatre. The stage is the place where life is illustrated rather than judged (or should be), and where the dramatist reflects upon the wonder and complexity of human emotions and affairs; and for us so to see ourselves, hear ourselves, and act ourselves upon the stage is a worthwhile experience. There is no guarantee that it will improve our morals — in fact, it is said often to do quite the reverse — but it will at least actively affirm the vitality of the human spirit, and in a spiritless world, this is something that needs affirming.

I have strayed far, it would seem, from my original statement about amateurs and professionals in Canada, but justify myself by claiming now that this important rôle for the theatre in Canada can best be fulfilled by "serious amateurs". Canada has not yet become so theatre conscious as to support many professional companies. There is still prejudice and apathy to be overcome in many parts of the country. The way must be prepared. Everything cannot be done at once. But what can be done now is to encourage amateurs to take their work more seriously; to devote to their productions care, research, and hard work; to practise writing plays themselves; to practise acting; to try their hand at directing; to acquaint themselves with every phase of theatre work; to build up

carefully a solid tradition for amateur plays; to persuade the public that what they are doing is worthwhile; and, in general, to prepare the way for the establishment of a flourishing professional theatre in Canada.

In conclusion, I venture to say that, at this point in our cultural development, the rôle of the amateur in Canada is of far greater immediate significance than that of the professional. But let us have amateurs who do serious work, and who are aware of the theatre's high calling.

ARTHUR MOTYER.

## THE LIVING INSTRUMENT

One of the most thrilling experiences a music lover enjoys is to be present at a symphony concert. There, he sees music being made. He sees many different types of musical instruments blending not only their tones, but also their tonal qualities, to express music as the arranger, composer, and conductor have interpreted it. For different effects, there are strings, woodwinds, reeds, brass, and percussion instruments, and each must be so played by the individual musician, that the final result of the shading and blending is pleasant and harmonious.

In recent times, conductors have felt that in many respects, the music as presented through the medium of manual or wind instruments has been inadequate, and lacking in the fine detail needed to make almost any composition a complete expression of the composer's dream. To accomplish the completed effect, the conductors have found that they must use in their musical "factory" an instrument that has been with man since the beginning of time . . . the living instrument of the human voice. No crescendo of strings and brass can equal the brilliance, no pizzicato can equal the cleanness, and even the most complete organ cannot equal the beauty of a full choir, using the human voice as the instrument, because while all other instruments must be played by man, before they produce music, the music in the voice comes from the soul.

Choral music is an expression of musical interpretation that cannot be achieved through any other medium. There is no greater example of teamwork and co-operation between conductor and musician, than

that which is found between the choir and its leader. Each word, and even each vowel has its own individual importance, and each selection must be practised in such a way that the proper effect will be achieved.

Because a high degree of quality can only be reached by any chorus when the music is inspired by a love of the work, no singer will ever reach success, and no chorus will ever be complete, as long as there is any mental reservation, or adverse thought in the mind of the singer. Since choral music is filled with the spirit from which it comes, those who would join in the production of choral music must be willing and able to lose themselves completely in the beauty of the music, and to forget all else but the harmony and tonal quality of the work they are producing.

After a certain degree of training has been established, the conductor of a choral group finds that he can forget trying to develop proper breathing, and enunciation. As the chorus develops, these things come naturally, and need not be mentioned further.

The true beauty of any choral composition and arrangement shows forth when the minds of the singers are in the proper mood for the selection. As a general rule, happy singers always keep pitch, shading, and vitality in the music they produce. If sacred music is being presented, then the mind is set to the mood necessary. In every type of music, and in each individual piece, if a choral presentation is to be successful, each member of the chorus must sing with heart and soul, as well as voice.

The human voice is an instrument in every sense of the word. In a chorus, these instruments blend in their different tones and qualities, to produce the desired effect. As in the orchestra there are violins, reeds, brass, and woodwinds, all producing music of a different quality, so in a chorus, there are the sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses. As the choir grows in size, so the sections in the choir grow in number. In a complete chorus of male and female voices, it is possible to have fourteen different sections. The descending order would be: first and second sopranos, first and second mezzo-sopranos, first and second altos, and first and second contraltos. These would complete the female section, and would be followed in the male section by the first and second tenors, first and second baritones, and first and second basses. Thus in a full chorus, the human voice is employed to cover a range of over four octaves, with qualities ranging from the soft and harp-like soprano to the rumbling



effect of the bass.

No method of musical interpretation can stir a listener as can a well-trained chorus. No instrument can express the shading and feeling as can the living instrument of the human voice. Choral music is presented as music through the natural medium, as it is meant to be presented, and can never be equalled by artificial instruments, because it originates in the same place as the original composition. The music of the living instrument can never fail to please, as it is music from the soul.

JOHN E. JORDAN.

## THE OLDEST FORM OF HUMOUR

The riddle is probably the oldest form of humour. All other forms of humour were derived from the riddle. The enigma, or riddle, came first; then the puzzle. From the puzzle, man derived the mathematical problem. It is strange that the source of our humour and intelligence is lost today. There is not a person who could consider the "Theory of Relativity" a form of humour. The form of humour that is now popular is the conundrum, which is a pun in the interrogative form. "The riddle sprang from man's earliest perception that there are such things as analogies in nature. Man observes an example of analogy, puts his observations in the form of a question, and there is the riddle ready made."

The ancient kings, ambassadors and important messengers used the riddle to dispute important truths, which it was not deemed safe or advisable that everyone should know.

The riddle now exists as the nursery rhyme or the fable. The greatest composer of children's fables, which are still read and known by almost everyone to this day, was Aesop. In the fourteenth century, Planudes, a Byzantine monk, recorded a riddle war between Lycerus, king of Babylon, and Nectanebo, king of Egypt, won by Lycerus through the help of Aesop, a resident of his court.

The riddle dates back many centuries before this "riddle war", however. The history of ancient Israel was influenced by it. The tenth chapter of the first Book of Kings, tells of the Queen of Sheba's "hard questions" to Solomon. Solomon pleased the fabulously wealthy

queen with his wise answers to her riddles, and she presented him a great amount of treasure with which he built the Temple of the Lord. Daniel's vision of the ram and the goat recorded in the eighth chapter of the Book of Daniel is one of the best examples of a riddle. Samson's riddle at his marriage is perhaps the more popular. "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Samson made a wager with the Philistine guests at his wedding that no one would guess the riddle. The Philistines enticed Samson's bride-to-be to make him tell her the answer to the riddle, and when she knew the answer, she gave it to the Philistines. Samson paid the Philistines their wager, but while he was away his bride-to-be was given to another man. Samson was enraged at this, so he burnt the Philistine grain-fields. This led to a long war between the Philistines and Samson until Samson destroyed the Philistine Temple of Dagon, himself and most of the Philistine nation.

"The Koran" offers many examples of the riddle in Arabic. The Arabians derived great pleasure by concealing truths in puzzling metaphors. This still exists in their language. "The Thousand and One Nights Tales" of Sheherazade are read and enjoyed in countries all over the world.

The ancient civilization of China had a most perplexing puzzle which is now used as part of Chinese pre-school education and also by intelligence experts in Occidental lands. This puzzle was called "Chi' ch' iao t'ue" by the Chinese, and is known universally as the famous "Tangram". The Tangram consists of a square of wood or other material cut into five triangles of different sizes, a small square and a lozenge, which can be so placed as to form three hundred different figures. By observing how long a patient takes to fit together a modified form of the "Tangram" a psychiatrist can calculate his intelligence quotient.

In ancient Greece, the composition of enigmas was a favorite amusement. Prizes were often given at banquets for the best solution of them. "The Oracle" is typically expressed in enigmatic form. By the fifteenth century B.C. the propounding of riddles had become a regular diversion of Greek society, especially at the symposium.

The Romans did not like the riddle. "The investigation of riddles", said the philosopher Clearchus, who divided them into seven classes, "is not unconnected with philosophy: a riddle is a sportive problem, and to

find an answer we have to use our intellect."

The most famous riddle was that proposed by the Sphinx and answered by Oedipus: "What is that which walks on four legs, and two legs, and three legs?" Answer: "Man".

In France during the seventeenth century, even great writers such as Boileau, Charles Riviere Dufresny, and J. J. Rousseau did not consider writing riddles beneath their literary dignity.

Even before this period, the puzzle had developed into the mathematical problem. In France, in the thirteenth century, Chuquet, made a collection of problems. Later in French history, in the seventeenth century again, another author Clavius, who wrote an early treatise on algebra, also made a collection of old problems and puzzles.

One of the most interesting of ancient problems is the "Tower of Hanoi". The following is the story of this remarkable problem.

A mandarin from Siam says that during his travels in connection with the publication of the works of Ter-Tam-Tam, he saw in the great temple at Benares, beneath the dome which marks the center of the world, a brass plate in which are fixed three diamond needles, each a cubit high and as thick as the body of a bee. On one of these needles God placed at the Creation sixty-four disks of pure gold, the largest disk resting on the plate, and the others getting smaller and smaller up to the top. This is Tower of Brahma. Day and night unceasingly the priests transfer the disks from one diamond needle to another according to the fixed and immutable laws of Brahma, which require that the priests on duty must not move more than one disk at a time, and that no disk may be placed on a needle which already holds a smaller disk. When the sixty-four disks shall have been thus transferred from one needle on which at the Creation God placed them to one of the other needles, then towers, temples, and priests alike will crumble into dust, and with a thunderclap the world will vanish.

If we suppose that the priests can make one transfer every second with never a mistake, they must work for  $2^{64}-1=18,446,744,073,709,551,615$  seconds, or 500,000 million years.

We can rest easy. The end of the world will not come to-morrow.

It seems odd that the riddle, from which all forms of humour have found their source, should have died and only exist in records and with savage peoples. The Course of civilization would probably have never progressed if man had not made the riddle, for everything in the modern world depends upon our intricate forms of mathematics and more notably upon our senses of humour.

JAMES ANGRAVE.

## ART FOR ARTS SAKE

The private art collector is, in general, a rich and powerful individual. He is usually a merchant or lord, who, after time and connoisseurship have established the values of works of art, surrounds himself with rare and costly objects. The first indication of this love of artefacts was shown when Roman consuls transplanted Grecian art treasures to Rome after their conquest of Greece. Napoléon Bonaparte, in a much cruder manner, enriched the Louvre with thousands of artistic objects which he had extracted from the peoples he conquered.

The contemporary artists of the Renaissance period furnished Italy with the earliest art collections. Such powerful families as the Sforzas, Gonzagas, d'Estes, and Medici adorned their palaces with fine pictures and sculpture. Cosimo, founder of the Medici fortune, also collected manuscripts, and ancient gems and coins; his successor, Lorenzo Medici, organized the first private museum to house his Greco-Roman treasures. This collection was more than a tribute to his wealth, for it was open as an academy to the most promising art students of Florence, and to some, Lorenzo the Magnificent granted subventions and princely encouragement. It was in this museum that Michelangelo received his first training in sculpture.

The Renaissance was one of those rare periods in history in which the collector was also a true patron of the arts. The titled banker, the duke, the cardinal may have been autocratic in his dealing with painters and his motives vain, but his main concern was with the art of his own time. The artist was often well paid for his services, and sometimes



earned a commission. Those of lesser means sought to imitate the examples of the wealthy, and absorbed the talents of the secondary artists. The overall effect of the relationship was that art was a well-organized industry, functioning with vigour in all sections, from the simplest manual crafts to the most complex forms of imaginative genius. The collector, no matter how great or small, was a dependable patron who bought goods, not for their scarcity, but for their artistic excellence, and the artist was assured a steady market for his goods.

Since the Renaissance, however, there has been an ever increasing divergence between artist and society. The history of collecting centres around the wealthy — in Europe, the royal families — in America, the multi-millionaires. In America, art collecting has become a mania for the "nouveau riche". As concerning the manual arts, such as ceramics, weaving, and furniture, the displacement of handicraft by machined wares may in measure explain this craze for antiques. Thus Byzantine enamels, for example, fetch enormous prices in our auction rooms; and colonial furniture is bought and sold by dealers for sums usually associated with precious gems. Of course one might say in defence of this traffic in small wares, that the consumer gains ultimately, when collections are dispersed. He genuinely desires to improve his domestic surroundings, and unable to find anything of the contemporary market that is rare, durable, and of good design, follows the fashionable pursuit of the antique.

The collecting of paintings, however beneficial it may be to American museums, has become a national menace. The spiritual value of a Raphael, or Rembrandt cannot be assessed in terms of money, and the fierce rivalry among modern collectors has distracted the public from the fundamental human purpose of art. Within the last ten years, the prices of old masters have been pushed to incredible figures. The bad effects of this type of situation are not merely confined to dealers and collectors. The public is led to believe, that it is a luxury which none but the wealthy may afford, and that its value is in proportion to its rarity. In addition, fantastic collecting of this sort enforces the snobbery of art. An example of this is that English portraitists such as Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Lawrence, whose sitters happened to be socially prominent, are more ardently collected than the works of painters of greater accomplishment.

The operations of art dealers are on an increasingly greater scale owing to the current tendency to monopolize works of art, and to hoard them as priceless commodities. It is the dealer more than anyone else who is responsible for the fabulous and exorbitant prices on all pictures, and instead of creating a market for contemporary art, holds his pictures for the higher prices which he knows he can receive. This gives the contemporary artist no outlet for his work, and aware that small prices in art are considered by Americans as indications of poorer work, can only find solace in the hope that his work may someday be famous.

Modern collecting has promoted much international rivalry and bad feeling. The director of the National Gallery in London, has warned that unless an embargo be placed on outgoing art treasures, Britain will be stripped of her art treasures by American wealth. American artists are considering a similar tariff on incoming French paintings, which is the only modern work that has an appreciable market in America.

The advantages of private collecting may be briefly stated. The collector is a man of strong prejudice and extravagant fancies in which he is prepared to indulge to the limit. Upon entering a field of art, he is not satisfied until he has swept it clean. As a consequence his collection will be extraordinarily rich and complete. Often his rare possessions are housed magnificently, with every convenience of light, space, and comfort. Even when opened to the public, it is not largely attended because of its situation, and atmosphere. The most valid excuse for the existence of private collections is that their priceless contents are ultimately bequeathed to public institutions.

B. DARBY.



## 1608 AND ALL THAT

## PART TWO

## CHAPTER ONE

## The American Way of Life

Not long after the signing of the Treaty of Paris, the Americans got the idea that they were different because they were red-blooded. This was the cause of the American Way of Life. In order to show what they meant, they made speeches and crossed rivers and cut down cherry trees. Someone suggested that they should put this all in writing, so they gallantly made a plan called, quite obviously, the "Declaration of Independence". It was all about being brave and free and red-blooded American. The Spirit of '76 was The Thing and the "stars and stripes" was The Flag and George Washington was The Man of The Hour. Everyone began saying famous last words like "It is impossible for me to prevaricate," and "America! America!" There were some who decided they would rather be brave and free and red-blooded in Canada. After much ado about tea, the British decided to let the Americans HAVE their old way of life if they wanted it. Since then, it has been proved that that was a Bad Move because it was the cause of the heavy accident toll on July the Fourth.

## CHAPTER TWO

## A Silly War

There were three causes of the next war between Canada and the United States:

- (1) The British were being too British.
- (2) The Indians were being too Indian.
- (3) It was the thing to do because:
  - (a) Napoleon was doing it.
  - (b) Wellington was doing it because:
    - (1) Napoleon was doing it.
    - (2) Nelson was doing it because:
      - (a) Napoleon was doing it . . .

The British won, as usual, and everyone decided that it was rather a silly war after all. The results of the war were three-fold:

- (1) The Americans became more American.

- (2) The Canadians began to think about becoming more Canadian
- (3) The Good Neighbour Policy was invented.

## CHAPTER THREE

## The Elgingray Capers.

By this time people in Canada were beginning to think about themselves again. They became very excited about the Problem of the French. The British found it all very boring and didn't want to be bothered. They sent several men over to see if they could understand it, but they all fell off their horses and died. Finally, they sent Lord Elgingray out with some champagne. This did the trick. The people were given rep by pop and pep by rop and pop by rep and rop by pep and sensible government, and everyone was happy — except Lord Elgingray, who kept complaining about the low cost of Canadian eggs.

## CHAPTER FOUR

## The B. N. A. and R.

There are two main characteristics in the history of the years that followed:

- (1) Everyone was called either Alexander or Casimir.
- (2) Everyone built a railway.

The roads apparently were not good even in those days, so it was decided that it would be better to travel by train. Therefore all the Alexanders and Casimirs formed companies and built railways. There was the G. T. R., the St. L. and A. R., the A. and St. L. R., the R. L. R., the P. Q. R., the R. R. R., and the R. R. and R. One Alexander did not go by that name at all. He was one of the first baggagemen on the C. P. R. His name was Johnnay MacDonald, but his initials were O. T. He worked on the theory that anyone who didn't want to travel C. P. R. today would probably be glad of the opportunity tomorrow. Along with Anne of Green Gables, he put Prince Edward Island on the map, for it was in Charlottetown that Johnnay held his first meeting of the Society for the Protection of Practical Politics and the Promotion of Amalgamation of Alexanders and Casimirs in Canada.

## CHAPTER FIVE

"I can do anything better than you . . ."

People began to get tired of the name Alexander and they decided



to start using the name Wilfred for awhile. This proved to be a Worth While Change because the first famous Wilfred to come along was Wilfred Laurier (not to be confused with Chateau Laurier, a famous hotel magnate) who was able to untangle all the problems left by the Alexanders. The problems in those days were not general ones like the Problem of the French, but straightforward questions, like "What about the schools in Manitoba?" and "Where would Little Bateese go if not to the States?" and "Who shot Dan McGrew?" and "What price Klondike?" Everyone became happy and prosperous in the next few years, and, not wanting to miss the chance to show what they were, they built railways and took train trips and had parties. These parties were called "gloating parties", and the idea was to go and gloat over how much more prosperous you were than your neighbour.

## CHAPTER SIX

"Be wiser . . ."

Meanwhile, in Europe, there was a famous man who has since gone into the silk and automobile business. He was responsible for The Great War, which has since become known more technically as World War Number 1. In this war, Canada made quite a good effort for her size. The war was really won, however, by an American called Irving Berlin. The peace was arranged by a man called Woodlot Wilson. The results of this war were:

- (1) World War 2.
- (2) Wall paper became popular in Germany.
- (3) The United States became stocked up with jazz but ran out of ticker tape.
- (4) Mackenzie King.

Canadian politics took a new twist at this time, and the history of Canada, like the old soldier, faded away . . .

## QUIZ NUMBER TWO

(After answering all questions, candidates, too, must . . . fade . . . away . . .)

- (1) Sketch roughly the Problem of the French as it would appear on television. (Be sensational).
- (2) Place in numerical order:

- (1) The Massacre of 7 Oaks.
- (2) The Gold Rush of '98.
- (3) Woodlot Wilson's 14 Points.
- (4) 20,000 Leagues under the Sea.
- (3) Discuss the relative merits of the Malamaloot Saloon. (Be rag-time.)
- (4) What kind of a man WAS Louis Riel, anyway?
- (5) Estimate the Family Compact's income tax exemption.
- (6) In words of not more than one syllable, describe the influence of Laura Secord on cultural life in Canada. (Be sweet.)
- (7) Digress briefly from the subject of how the following managed to fit into the Canadian scheme of things:
  - (1) The rise and fall of the Red River Valley.
  - (2) The Bush.
- (8) Draw a conclusion. Include in your drawing your impression of the history of Canada as it . . . faded . . . away . . .

LOIS BOAST.

## THE HAZARDS OF TRAVELLING

As I write from the Reading Room of the British Museum I reflect that it is a long time since that September day last year when my wife and I made for the gangway of the Empress of France at Pier 8 in Montreal; many things have happened to us since. They started happening right then and have abated only intermittently.

Handshakes and adieus completed, baggage in hand, we went aboard. But for one official it would have been easy.

OFFICIAL: Tickets, please.

STANLEY: Tickets?

OFFICIAL: Yes, please. Tickets, please.

STANLEY: Oh, yes, tickets; show the man your ticket, dear.

(I stand aside, contented and nonchalant, surveying the activity on the pier, a little impatient to be done with these trivialities and get on with the momentous voyage.)

OFFICIAL: That's right, Mrs. Stanley—D33. Straight on up the gangway. (As I go to follow my wife)  
Your ticket, sir?

STANLEY: My ticket? I haven't got one.

OFFICIAL: I beg you pardon, sir?

STANLEY: They didn't give me one.

OFFICIAL: Didn't they? . . . Did you pay for it?

STANLEY: No . . .

OFFICIAL: What?

STANLEY: (Annoyance becoming evident) I'm in the Lord Beaverbrook party.

OFFICIAL: I don't care if you're in the Lord Mayor's show — you've still got to have a ticket to get aboard.

You see, he had me. Some six 'phone calls and many minutes later I had the little white ticket in my hand and was waving it proudly to the friends gathered to see us off. Joan was relieved at not having to make the trip alone. Incidentally, two weeks later, in London, I received a registered letter forwarded from Bishop's) containing my ticket.

Except for a three-day gale which stood the Empress on her nose, we had a quiet crossing. Arriving at Liverpool, Joan and I just joined a queue for passport and landing clearance when in came a tall bespectacled gentleman in blue shirt and white collar — otherwise all in black — and wearing a worried look. He was calling out in staccato notes, "Mr. Stanley? Mr. M. H. Stanley?" I nudged Joan and whispered, "Pipe the derby and rolled umbrella, dear—say, that's ME."

GENTLEMAN: Mr. M. H. St . . .

STANLEY: Yes, sir, right here, sir. (Leaving the line)

GENTLEMAN: Ah, there you are Mr. Stanley. Are you in charge of the Beaverbrook party?

STANLEY: No, sir. (Getting back into line smartly)

GENTLEMAN: But you must be. You're Mr. H. M. Stanley?

STANLEY: Yes.

GENTLEMAN: Then you are. It says so here. Come, sir, what are you doing here?

STANLEY: Well, I'm trying to get ashore, and this is a passport inspection line — uh, queue — and . . .

In no time at all the rolled umbrella had us through the red tape

and whisked me off to a cabin to meet the welcoming party from the Manchester office of The Daily Express (Lord Beaverbrook's paper). One of these led off with: "Mr. Stanley, how many are there in your party?"

—I don't know sir. About fifteen, I'd say.

—You don't know? Aren't you in charge of the party?

—(Feeling the imposter) No, sir.

—Well, who is?

—No one, sir, as far as I know; unless it's Dr. Logan.

—Who's he?

—The Principal of London University. He's travelling First.

—No, we don't want him; we were told you were in charge.

Now, how many of you are there?

—I'm afraid I don't know. You see, I'm from Bishop's and the others are all from different universities, so . . .

We finally rounded up all the Beaverbrook students (twenty-five including wives and children) and I was given a list of names to check with the bodies. As they were hand-written and it was the first time I'd heard or seen most of them, I had a lot of fun singling them out. (SAMPLE: SHAFEITLAN, Miss R.)

That done, three reporters descended on me and hurled a barrage of questions at me about the group. I told them all I could about myself, but as that didn't seem to impress them they spread out and quizzed the others. I sat down to collect my wits while the reception men got to know the girls. Immediately another gentleman came running up wanting to know how many of the party had bought rail tickets to London.

—Good Lord. I don't know. I have.

—Well, you shouldn't have. We provide 'em. Now will you find out how many others have done the same and let me know.

I hadn't a megaphone so I skirted in and out of the mêlée to determine whether any had been as foolish as myself. The reception I got was akin to that accorded a criminally negligent parent. You could see it written all over their faces: "So he's supposed to have been in charge of us."

Eventually we got ashore. The customs barrier was leaped and we made for the train, a section of which had been reserved for us. But



some of the owners (since nationalization) had got there before us and wouldn't hear of being displaced. Nevertheless we got to London and were exceedingly well received. On the way we had passed through Rugby and Lichfield of literary associations, and caught a glimpse of our first English castle. Our big year was off to a good start.

Travelling is fun but it has its hazards and complications. First complication: foreign currency. At Christmas we flew to Paris. In exchange for £10 I got a pocketful of horrible decaying French bills the value of which escaped me. At the hotel the garçon was waiting to be paid off for handling our baggage and us into a pants-sized elevator and showing us to our room. I stood on the bags and clung to the wall. I looked at the money in bewilderment and asked what would be a fair tip. "Mais, ce que vous voulez, Monsieur," said he, taking no chances on losing a good thing. Spotting a bill with a "10" on it, I thought. "Ten-spots are good in Canada; they can't be too good here, and I seem to have enough of them to risk it", so I gave him one and he left. I did a fast piece of reckoning: 300 francs to the dollar . . . 3 francs to the cent . . . 10 francs . . . good heavens, I've given him three cents." Opening the door to call him back, I beheld the poor chap rooted to the floor outside the door, nonplussed, bewildered, staring unbelievably at his tattered and worn 10 francs note. He brightened considerably when I apologized for the error. "There you are," I said, and I gave him another tenner. Travelling is fun, but this eternal tipping certainly eats up your money.

Milan — A shady-looking little man slid up to us offering advice as to hotels. We said "No thank you, we had one" and he offered to get us a cab. We refused that too since we knew the hotel was just a couple of hundred yards from the station. But when we got to the street it was pouring — and Joan with a new Paris hat. So we hailed a cab. No luck. Looking around us we saw the dirty little man grinning and wearing an 'I told you so' look. He said all the cabs were gone (they weren't but they wouldn't come to us) 'but stay one minute and I fix'. He came back with a chap who gave us an umbrella and whipped our bags onto a strap and over his shoulder. Off we set behind him smouldering at the thought that the little man would reap his commission.

Florence — This time I was wise. As the horde descended I knew all the answers. But one chap insisted he had come to meet us. "What

hotel, please . . . ? . . . Bonciani? That's right; this way please," and he indicated a bus all ready and waiting for us. "It's a trap," I screamed, as I hung on to the suitcases he was trying to pry loose. "But, darling" said my wife, "hadn't we better go with him? He says he's from the hotel and it will look silly if we refuse." She had me; but I was determined. "It's a trap, I tell you. He's no more from the Bonciani than I am from Guadaloupe. I tell you it's a trap." In my excitement I had relaxed my hold on the bags and the alert chappie had rushed them into his bus. I sat glumly as we were driven around the corner.

"How much?" I asked when I got out. No answer. "Quanto quanto?" — he pushed by with the baggage and I followed him into the lobby. "How much do I pay this bloke?" were the first words. I hurled at the manager, who had his best Uriah Heep expression on. "Niente, signore — nothing, nothing; we look after that."

Joan had triumphed. Nothing — incredible, but there it was. I had a feeling something was wrong. After all, this was Italy. Joan stood silent and happy — a satisfied smile about her lips. Victory.

When we got the hotel bill the first item read: "Transportation 400 lire." Travelling has its hazards — especially in Italy.

## TIDBITS

### AN ARTIST PASSED BY

*The crowds that passed by night were gone by day  
A severed heart lay throbbing on the snow  
All moist and shiny, red and warm;  
Someone just threw it there  
Last night.*

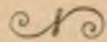
### THE INDIVIDUAL

*When cables break and lights go off  
They run away in huddle  
Round a candle,  
But one  
Remains.*

## ELEGY

*On beaches will I stand  
Pressing my toes in warm sand  
Watching my shadow lengthen,  
Feeling the sun's hand  
On my shoulder.*

P. M.



## THE DOG-WATCH

*The sea is calm to-night,  
The fiery spirals leap from out our rudder stem,  
And yet we do not speed  
But slowly lull our way to that far distant Light.*

*The sea is calm to-night,  
Reflecting to my soul the peace of God's own Face.  
I hear the compline bell,  
And feel the silence of the night,  
And see the day fall back upon its pillow dead.*

*To-morrow will be rough—  
And life will toss us on her billows wild,  
And foaming seas shall then assail our ship.  
We'll lash the helmsman to the wheel and try  
To keep her steadfast to the Light.  
The binnacle is lit, I see the Way.  
There goes the Bos'un's Bell, and then I know  
My watch is done.*

B. G. S.

## ETERNAL THOUGHT

*Where is man in accordance with his aims?  
He is grovelling at the foot of moonbeams  
Trying to scale their lengthy waves.  
He is as a grain of sand  
On the shores of oceans, seas — and more  
The timeless sands of all eternity.*

*Blame him not for this  
For he can see the beauty  
Of heaven-sent visions of perfection.  
He can marvel in such delights as  
Day and Night, Youth and Age,  
And other things eternal.*

*Man seeks a source divine  
And by the very reason of his doubt  
Man grants a graceful God  
Who guards his fortune,  
Weighs, balances, and rules,  
Gives life for life, and death for life eternal.*

W. P.



## HYPAETHRAL

*To-night a soul and body shall be parted.  
The one shall disenthralled be thereby,  
The other, to a charnel house be carted.*

*If Death be birth, then newly born am I;  
A sepulchre shall be my second womb.  
If Death be death, why then I duly die.*

*He waits without; within the anteroom  
He hovers in the darksome draperies.  
He enters; I at last abide my tomb.*

*Forgiven are my erstwhile enemies;  
My friends were few but firm, my joys withal.  
Forgotten are all maudlin miseries.*

*I shall await no trumpet call,  
No shadow shall enshroud my bier.  
Of lightest linen weave my pall;  
Thereon shall fall no brackish tear.*

*I only know*

*When I lie low*

*The soft night rain shall often lightly fall,  
And with the dawn, resplendent dew appear.*

S. W. STEVENSON.

## GAMUT (1951)

*Several thousand years ago,  
Below an oriental sky,  
Tibetan tribes, as you may know,  
Were locked in Asiatic war.  
The while, a mile or so away,  
A cavern in a culvert lay  
Where  
The spider in the spider web  
Was waiting for the fly.*

*To-night, upon far eastern fields  
Amid Korean rice and rye,  
The loser to the victor yields  
While wordlings tell them why.  
And on a nearby continent,  
Unmindfully malevolent,  
Before my fearful eye,  
Though oceans rise and oceans ebb,  
The spider in the spider web  
Is waiting for a fly.*

S. W. STEVENSON.

SONNET

ALL-KNOWING MAN DESCEND . . . .

*A candlelight is like the light of God  
In man, that flickers faintly forth and shows  
Mankind a way of life he ought to plod.  
It is the way of peace; and soon it sows  
The seeds of truth, of beauty and of love—  
Which ought to blossom forth and bring a full  
And everlasting life with God above.  
But man is such a complicated lot;  
He sweats and sweeps his life along the stage  
Of open space; And timeless time is sought  
To curb the fearful fate of curling age:  
All-knowing man, high-soaring like a gull—  
Descend to earth, repent and realize  
That 'neath this knowledge something deeper lies.*

ALLAN MEAKIN.





## THE PEACH

The beautiful Miss Austin dismissed class One A and then resumed her work. Her orange pencil travelled swiftly down the margins of the open scribblers, describing curling C's and small neat X's on the grubby pages. She glanced up, over the neat row of books and the boxes of meticulously sharpened pencils and smooth unbroken sticks of chalk. Smiling a small neat smile, she tapped the orange pencil against the green desk blotter in time with her thoughts. Yes, it must be all in her amazing understanding of children, she speculated for the hundredth time. The idea that she was making them so happy and easy to handle pleased her immensely — it was a great triumph.

Luke was the last one out of the cloakroom. He walked at the end of the line, watching the beautiful Miss Austin with his gray eyes full of intense devotion, oblivious to the scurrying children ahead of him. He was walking carefully to avoid stepping on their rollicking heels and he held the new red lunch pail close to him lest it bump against the shiny desks. He paused momentarily by her, fascinated by the sight of gold stars being pasted on the special pages and by the quick neat way in which she pressed them to the paper with her clean, clean hands. He wasn't quite sure that he wanted to be noticed yet he couldn't help standing there, on the outside edges of his shoes, half wishing and half fearing that she would glance over. Remembering the secret, his stomach bounded painfully and happily, and he walked from the room, closing the door carefully behind himself. The hall was full of children who laughed and ran and drank noisily at the gleaming water fountains. Luke kept to the opposite side of the corridor to avoid being pushed, climbed down the long staircase, and walked home in the autumn sunlight. Crashing roller skates and swift-spoked bicycles rushed past him. He walked through the piles of fallen leaves in the gutter, kicking them high in the air, his happiness bursting out with each kick. The moment he was home he ran to the garden, across the green grass to where the peach tree stood and he gazed, squinting against the sun, at one of the long boughs. At the end of that bough, hanging precariously, was a large golden perfect peach.

The smooth yellow sphere lay in the palm of his hand and his mother's eyes were as soft as brown velvet as she knelt down beside him.

This was to be a magic peach, she told him, as he had whispered to her days before, when they had discovered it together. But it was to be magic because it meant love, and when Miss Austin took it she would be filled with great happiness, partly because he had chosen such a perfect gift and partly because it was a magic peach and the most beautiful one on the tree. Luke thought of Miss Austin taking the peach in her clean hands. She would look at it for a long, long time and then she would put her fingers on his shoulder, as his mother did at this moment, and she would thank him as his mother had when he brought her lovely furry golden caterpillars from the spirea bushes in the garden. Now his mother stood up and took the roll of waxed paper from the high cupboard and together they cut a square. In the middle of the paper they placed the peach, handling it carefully lest it bruise. The peach was still warm from the sun and his mother said it was like capturing a piece of the autumn sunshine. After they had put the carefully wrapped parcel in a far corner of the refrigerator, Luke went outdoors with a great orange cat at his heels. His mother watched him, from the kitchen window, as he crossed the lawn. She saw that the sun had gone down behind the houses, and that her small son and the peach tree were in the shadow.

When the evening had come and the prayers had been said, his mother sat for a while on the edge of his bed and they talked together in the gray twilight. Looking up at her in that semi-darkness, a small thought came to him that she was almost as beautiful as Miss Austin. But mother was warm and brown and untidy while Miss Austin was black and white and all in place. He asked his mother if she thought Miss Austin would eat the peach or save it to look at and whether she would plant the stone in her own garden. His mother thought for a moment and then decided that Miss Austin would save the peach for one whole day and night and then she would eat it, but if he wanted her to plant the stone he must suggest it to her because often, she said, grown-ups throw things away without thinking of their worth. Then she left him, but before she reached the door he had asked if they might have one more look at the magic peach before sleeping time.

When she awakened him he had forgotten that this was the day, but as she opened the curtains the pale autumn sunshine came pouring over the carpet and he remembered. Downstairs he found the lunch pail

already packed but there was an empty place in one corner of it and the peach, still in its waxed paper, lay on the table waiting for him. As he left he turned his great shining eyes on his mother's face and suddenly she had a terrible yearning to hold him back from Miss Austin and all the world that lay before him, ready to chafe and puncture this delicate shell that held his vulnerability. But she merely cupped his chin in her warm hand, smiled, and let him go.

As he sat at his desk struggling with his long yellow pencil, and covering the virgin pages of his copybook with moist fingermarks, Luke would glance up at Miss Austin, time and time again, his stomach jumping with the conflicting emotions of fear and happy excitement. When the recess bell rang he remained quietly where he was, surreptitiously fumbling with the catch on his red lunch pail. In a moment the beautiful peach was in the palm of his hand and Miss Austin and he were alone, save for a few stragglers struggling into their windbreakers. He walked to the desk where she sat busily writing. Her pen travelled with amazing speed over the blue lined paper, under her immaculate fingers. Speechless, he tentatively pushed the peach on to the very edge of the desk. She glanced up, scarcely pausing in her writing. The peach was stripped of its waxed paper and lay in all its golden glory on the varnished wood. It caught her eye and she glanced up again, her slender black fountain pen poised over the page, its nib as sharp as a needle point. "Oh, you startled me Luke. I thought you were out in the school yard — a peach? How sweet, and it's a nice one isn't it?" Her clean fingers probed and probed at the smooth velvet sphere. "But I have a whole basket of peaches at home, so why don't you run along outdoors like a good boy and eat this one yourself?"

CAROL COLEMAN.



## NO CREAM IN THE COFFEE

Centre Street is not exactly the best location for a vet with a \$2,000 D.V.A. loan to start life anew. But the old district was my home. I knew every dark alley and every shed. Life had been tough but then it had toughened me up too. I wanted to come to stay — why, I could not say. Montreal was supposed to have been quite a town during the war. Down here by Victoria Pier the atmosphere had become different. Now, the small-time Charlies seemed important. Mike Czurkis had a new car. Outside Frank Penny's office two punks lounged continuously.

The Veterans' Affairs man had his civil service mind so glued into the government groove that he could not see anything but a poor risk for a loan to set up a business along the waterfront. 'Why not go out in the country where the air — and not the customers — is fresh?' he wisecracked. I told him a hundred times that I needed the money, had no savings and would be hanged if I would go back to running an elevator in the Stock Exchange. I explained until I was blue in the face that I wanted to stay in my part of town and as my own boss.

It took Ottawa and my old C. O. to have my loan confirmed. They lent me two thousand bucks. Wearily I went over the run-down beanery trying to shave down the contractor's figure. Ten years ago I had regarded two thousand as a fortune. Today the fortune was just not big enough. I still needed another five hundred. No bank would give it to me. Four and half years overseas and three medals were no collateral.

Then I met Louie. This boy had spent the whole Italian campaign looking up relatives and telling me how many contacts he had in Montreal. I primed him with a nickel cup of coffee. Coffee with no cream had always been Louie's soft spot. I asked him flatly for five hundred. He said he was broke — I could tell that. I kept needling him hoping he would know a 'contact' who could . . . .

An hour later I was climbing up a creaking ladder-like stairway in what I had always known as an honest pawnshop. Things had changed along Craig Street in five years — even the way the police looked.

'Five hundred? Sure, anytime at all fera frienna Louie's!' the sharp-featured young Greek whined at me through his nose. "But 'member nex' June fifteen, an' nona da wise boy stuff."



I signed up the store and the contractor even before eating.

The next ten months were tough ones. They were an education. I had to watch that pint-sized contractor with the baby face grin all the time. My experience with him taught me to deal with larger, honest companies who gave you the goods and a little service. Being a vet had got me a priority on a battery of six fluorescents; also a discount and credit service from some of my suppliers. Apart from that, fighting for my country did not do me much good. Not that I wished anything extra from anyone. Once, the old man had told me that after the first two boatloads of soldiers in '19, civilians were sick of returned men and their troubles — so I had expected it.

I got it too. Everybody's racket, large and small, personal or organized was out for me. Some mug wanted to put in pay 'phones free — and no questions asked. When the police closed the book up the street, those guys squatted down in my place until Mike the Mouthpiece got the keeper sprung and the padlock removed. Serving dime coffee and doughnuts brings in all kinds of clientele. My eyes had to be everywhere at once. So, with twenty hard-earned dollars, I installed some well-placed ornamental mirrors.

By tedious economy and ruthless scraping (sometimes at the customers' expense) I piled up dollar after dollar, slowly but eventually making all the payments on my D.V.A. loan. Ironically, making the extra five hundred and its "interest" had been comparatively easy. The C.S.U. strike had brought feverish excitement and nervous tension to the entire waterfront — and naturally more customers. It brought violence too on the nights of June twelfth and thirteenth; the people around here will remember it a long time. Business and tension were still high.

On the fourteenth after the lunch hour rush, I slipped over to the bank, withdrew the vital \$550 and cached it in the ice cream freezer. One of Louie's employees had dropped by that morning to announce that nine o'clock the next day was a "suitable" time for the boss. It annoyed me to keep the money on the premises overnight. With things as they were around the district, I fumbled and sweated through the evening, staring at each newcomer.

That night, business was slow at first; finally it petered out completely. An hour, then another hour crawled by. I had fidgeted with everything until there was nothing left to do.

I stared out at the street: gloomily silent, dark and empty. Nothing moved within or without. The clean front windows threw back a perfect reflection of my dream. Pastel-coloured walls, green tables, white ceiling and plastic-topped counter shining in the glare of the bluish-white lamps. Twelve stools stood straight, waiting for customers. Unspotted meal signs, decking the top of the wall mirrors, hung behind me. Shiny glasses of different sizes lined clean shelves. Cups and plates lay piled up like ammunition. Even the grimy toaster and tarnished milkshake machines looked their best. Everything stood at attention ready for instant action like an army waiting for battle.

A sickening silence had fallen over the store. The refrigerator motor gave a last hum and turned off. My slightest move made a faint echo.

A sound shattered the silence. It was the door opening. A greasy, grey fedora slid in. Out of work — and out of money no doubt. I can tell types by their hats. The slouch eased himself onto a stool opposite me. Two rough, gnarled fists closed together and several knuckles cracked. His dirty maroon jacket hid most of a frayed shirt. My eyes inched up to a cold, lined face with a hawk nose. A few days' beard shaded his sallow face. My eyes climbed up to his and they met for the first time. Over his left, a badly healed scar cut away half the eyebrow. His pupils were small and dilated, the whites were a little too red. There were ideas behind those eyes and one of them included me. My thoughts and eyes sprang to the ice cream locker and back in a hot, sickened flash. His eyes altered slightly. He had caught on fast. He had seen my fleeting expression and read my mind — and my fear. His two flabby lips parted.

"Coffee — an' no cream."

A cold sweat formed over my body as I slowly turned to the Silex. He could not get away with it, he just could not and yet how could I stop him? I was twenty feet from my souvenir Luger, the counter holding me in like a duck in a shooting gallery. Any cop around here would be down by the Pier. Ten months' toil so more flea-bag can cash in on me in ten seconds! I was really asking for it coming back to Centre Street. Those changes should have meant something to me and yet . . . .

The cup was full, and as I reached for a spoon, I raised my head over the cream dispenser to look at him through the mirror. Our eyes

met and froze. Suspicion and a trace of fear were what he must have seen in mine but I could not distinguish anything in his. My hand automatically moved on in the coffee operation.

"Okay," started out from my throat but got stuck somewhere before it reached him.

The cup slanted over and some of the black liquid flowed into the saucer. When I put down the coffee before him, a bit more spilt out onto the white counter. My hand retreated shakily and dropped to my side.

It would be coming any minute. His hands began to rise slowly from his pockets. I shook as I supported myself against the cutlery drawers. Here it comes, I thought.

His lips parted for the third time — "Cun I hav dis cup onda house? pay ya back nex' week."

I tried to hide my nervousness.

"Yeah." I gulped, hanging on to the counter edge with both hands.

"Thanks!" he grinned sardonically, draining the cup and shuffled out into the night.

I followed him to the front end of the counter and stared after him in confused astonishment. My arm steadied me against the candy rack, knocking over the NO CREDIT sign. I was too upset — and relieved — to care.

JOHN COX



## HEAVEN AND JULIUS SNEED

Heaven was in a state of furore, there was no doubt about that. The harps lay forgotten on the white cotton-candy like clouds, the Angelic voices were stilled, no longer singing hallelujahs and glad rejoicings, Angels were running hither and yon with anxiety written on all their faces. Not since the day Satan, the arch-angel, had fallen from Paradise had Heaven been in such a state. The reason . . . the trial of Julius Sneed was about to begin.

Now there had been absolutely nothing to forewarn Saint Peter of the consequences of the coming of this man to Heaven. If there had been perhaps Paradise would have remained the peaceful place we dream about and not the place of mad excitement that it turned out to be . . . after Julius Sneed's arrival.

It had all started a few mornings ago, when Julius Sneed, a small, paunchy, white haired gentleman carrying a big black suitcase had stepped spritely up to Saint Peter.

"My card," he had said, while placing a small white card into the hand of the amazed Saint, for no *card* is needed to enter Paradise. "I," he continued with a flourish of one hand, "am Julius Sneed, lately of Sneed, Sneed, and Sneed, Advertising Company! 'If you desire the public to buy, just give Sneed, Sneed, and Sneed a try'."

Saint Peter, after checking *twice* to see if this unusual man was to be admitted into Paradise, and finding that he was, with a doubtful air opened the gates, and Julius Sneed stepped inside.

Upon entering Paradise, he was greeted by a group of Cherubs singing joyfully the virtues of Paradise.

"Tut Tut" said Julius to himself, "what wonderful prospective selling possibilities this district has." Aloud he said, "Come lads, I have something for you here." Opening his suitcase he pulled out a big red box, the contents of which were well-known on earth, but unknown in Paradise. It was a box of soap flakes!

Now Julius had known that the only chore the Cherubim had to perform was the cleaning of their harps and halos. The Seraphin, being older, had no duties at all! To Julius this was unfair so he had brought some soap along . . . in order to help the Cherubs!



With the large and growing group following him, Julius went over to a nearby fountain. There he sprinkled the soap into the water, swished it around till suds appeared (to the astonishment of all) then taking a somewhat neglected halo from the head of an onlooker, he dipped the object in the suds while singing in a squeaky tenor,

*"Your halo comes out bright as new,  
With Drab it's all so easy,  
No wash, no rinse, no rub, no wipe,  
Drab makes it easy."*

Everyone gasped at the results, it was true . . . the tarnished halo was as clean as the new one on Julius Sneed's own head! Drab was wonderful, Julius was wonderful! Now none of the Cherubs would have to spend all day polishing their halos, Julius and Drab would do it for them.

Throughout the Paradise as the days passed, Julius Sneed's fame grew. He even made a new motto for himself, appropriate to his new surroundings . . . "Are you too busy to give your halos the care they need? Well just send them to Julius Sneed."

All this innocent helpfulness on the part of Julius Sneed might have turned out well, except for one thing. The Cherubs began to beg Julius to teach them new 'songs' and these they eagerly added to their already quite sufficient repertoires. Heaven began to resound, not with hallelujahs, but with commercials. Typical was the jingle:

*"Hmmm good,  
Hmmm good,  
That's what nectar and ambrosia is,  
Hmmm good."*

But to make matters worse the Cherubs began to make up jingles themselves! Those who were less creative, used their new found time in plaguing the older Seraphim. Finally the situation was desperate. Something had to be done.

Saint Peter sent a message to God who was during all this time on earth helping man through another crisis. The message read . . . "Come quickly, Heaven is turning into a giant advertising agency."

Julius Sneed all this time, unaware of the growing crisis in Paradise, continued to wash halos and teach new 'songs' to the eager Cherubs. Julius was completely happy, but the Seraphim were not!

Two faction had arisen in Paradise . . . the Seraphim against Julius Sneed, and the Cherubs for him. Their bickering was continual.

When the Lord arrived, the Seraphim rushed to tell Him of the terrible happenings. Even their perfect consciences were clouded with suspicion. "Julius Sneed" they said, "is not from Earth but from Hell, and we're betting even money that he has been sent to destroy the peace and tranquillity of Heaven . . . and what's more he's succeeding!"

Our Father, on hearing their pleas for action sent for this notorious angel who would dare disrupt the bliss of centuries. He was surprised to see how guileless the little man appeared pattering down the long hall to his throne.

"Julius Sneed" He boomed, "You are charged with disturbing the peace and tranquillity of your new abode. Is this true?"

"My Lord," squeaked Julius, quaking visibly, but still with his former, if somewhat diminished boldness, "I am an advertising man of *three* generations. All my life I have been trained to make jingles, and advertise. I cannot stop. I must advertise! If I have disrupted the peace of Paradise by helping the Cherubs with their work . . . I'm sorry." His voice cracked a little when he mumbled more to himself than to God. "I thought I was helping them."

God deliberated for a moment, then boomed forth His reply. "Julius Sneed," He thundered, "I shall give you your verdict in one hour."

So that is the reason Heaven was in this state of furore. That is why the harps lay forgotten on the fleecy clouds, and why the Cherubs had a look of anxiety on their once calm faces. It was an anxious time for Julius Sneed, lately of Sneed, Sneed, and Sneed, advertising company, who sat bemoaning his profession and his mania for it on the outermost cloud in the corner of Heaven furthest from all the bustle, still cleaning a few of the Cherubs' halos and harps that had been left from the day before.

At last the hour was up, and the Lord pronounced the judgment "Julius Sneed, you are to go down to Earth and sell Paradise to those who are unwilling to pay the price of entry."

Julius Sneed's face lit up with joy. He wasn't to be sent to the 'lower regions' at all, but was to do something he had been trained to do for three generations! A quiet peacefulness descended on the soul of Julius Sneed. All the heavenly Angels, both the Cherubim, and the

Seraphim, were pleased. The verdict was satisfactory to all the Angels . . . except one. From the moment Julius began his task, there was a marked decrease in the clientele of Hades. The fires were losing their neat for lack of fuel. The *Devil* was the only one who was not pleased with the verdict, for you see, Julius Sneed, lately of Sneed, Sneed, and Sneed Co., was a *good* advertising man!

BEVERLEY DAWSON.

## RETURN

A mottled gray sky slumped over a land of dripping water, blotting old grey boards, rushing in rivulets down the roads, and beating impatient fingers on the roofs. A gray dead land of naked trees whose outer extremities dissolved into the mist, and which gave the sky the appearance of a blood-shot eye. Wet gray grass lay limp like the clinging lusterless hair of the drowned, thudding on half-sunk rusted things, thudding on discarded festive dresses and twisted flowers.

In cars, they stared dumbly at the beating, ever beating windshield wipers, to and fro, to and fro, bulrring the past in flowing sheets of water, rendering more amorphous an amorphous sight.

Still he paced on the wet boards. A pick-up truck drew up to him and stopped. The former addressed the driver, "It's a strange day."

The driver looked down the road, at the walled land of mist, at the floating bodiless lights, squinted their rays towards him, lit a cigarette, became aware of the thudding drops about him, and from far away, like a sharp metallic disc of spreading sound, the cock's ghastly call echoed. "Yes, I think we'd better be going now," he answered.

The other clambered into the company truck, and at last it started towards its destination. Indeed it had been a strange day; it was a dream of a day crammed in between two other days. The world was walking in its sleep, and hollow-eyed speechless men huddled by weak lights. People answered you from their sleep.

The passenger felt a sudden wave of rebellion pass over him, but it subsided, and he stared blankly at the windshield wipers.

"Much farther to go?" asked the passenger.

"Some."

The middle-aged passenger was obviously a gentleman, for his features were fine, and his hands unblemished. His clothes, once good quality, now were wet and shapeless. An old college pin squirmed in its strange surroundings. On the dash-board was the usual clip of yellow bills.

The trickling rain rang melodiously on a loose mud-guard.

At last the truck stopped, and the driver led the man to a large field. A small group of people milled about, and labourers stared at the pair with apprehension.

The cock crowed again, and the passenger stared at the deep gray horizon. He clenched his hand in his pocket to reassure himself. Rain thudded on his hat brim.

"Well, here you are!" the driver sang briskly, as he whittled at a sore on his hand.

Another man handed him a shovel, and it was with a shock that he received its wet grasp. He had returned to this, this same shovel with which he had laboured twenty years ago. A black scum, accumulated by years of toil, bordered the worn handle. How well he remembered his fruitless job seeking, the labourers' endless series of crude jokes, the nights spent in drinking and whining musty memories.

"Well, are you ready?" someone asked.

"Yes, I'm ready," he answered, and he pressed his foot on the shovel. "Returned to this," he muttered.

It was on that rainy day of April that Mayor Johnston had turned the sod of the new county hospital.

P. M.





## THE MOUSE

He could feel the hot sun seeping through the soles of his scampers, making his feet prickle with the heat, and this fact made Mark quicken his steps almost to a run. An airy skip punctuated the walk every so often, for Mark had never been so joyful.

In his small chubby hands was concentrated all the hopefulness, eagerness, anticipation and at last fulfillment which had been growing up through the weeks. Lying quietly on his palms, with pink eyes and nose upturned, was a still, furry mass — a white mouse. For the hundredth time Mark leaned down and peered at the mouse, returning its glassy stare and then running his hand down the tiny fur coat. The pure whiteness of the fur reminded him of the evening jacket that his mother owned, and in sudden terror he clasped the pet to his heart, wondering if the jacket was made from the skin of mice, perhaps brothers and sisters of the now trembling bundle which he held next to his heart.

With sudden childish consideration for the little animal, he crossed the street where the tall maples were thicker and the heat less intense. The mouse must be terribly hot with its heavy coat, so Mark hurried along with one hand held umbrella style over its back to protect it from any sunlight that might filter through.

He was on his own street now and once more his steps quickened. Abruptly he stopped and called out, in a shrill voice, five or six names. From all directions small children ran and grouped themselves around Mark, and great exclamations issued forth. A spectator could almost imagine Mark as the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" and his friends as the unsuspecting rats. However, Mark, always conscious of the fragility of the mouse, would not let his friends hold his newly acquired pet or maul it for fear that the little thing would smother.

After he had showed off his prize with pride and his friends had finally run off, he raced into the house in search of his mother, his most severe critic. It had been she who had helped him save each penny, and had prevented him many a time from opening the jam-jar bank, to spend the money on a toy which had caught his eye. He found her at last in the sewing-room and with bursting pride he laid his prize in her sewing basket. Although it came as a complete surprise to her, she did not react in the conventional manner of women when mice are in the immediate vicinity, but placidly sat enjoying the happiness of her small

son. Mark's eyes became more brilliant with each second until one would scarcely know which were more dazzling, his eyes or his mother's diamond.

As the two of them sat watching the little animal first climb out of the basket, then explore for hiding places in the room, Mark's mother explained that dumb animals must be treated with gentleness and played with very seldom. She saw that this would be hard for the little boy, who was now lying flat on the floor reaching under a tall chest of drawers for his pet. At last he had him, and held him up high before a tall mirror so that the mouse could see himself. But much to his surprise the mouse only looked disinterested and the boy in mild disgust put him down and ran to his blocks. His mother sighed seeing her son so easily forgetful, but she realized that all children were the same.

During nap-time Mark, without his mother's permission, smuggled the mouse up to his room and spent a glorious afternoon playing hide-and-go-seek with it under the covers. This was great fun as the mouse was an easy fugitive to catch and toss in the air. That night Mark was put to bed early because of disobedience and a forlorn looking mouse was put in a box for the night.

Early the next morning when the usual boyish shouts could not be heard from Mark's room, his mother hurried upstairs and found her son with a sad expression on his face, poring over the box. There in the corner lay the little white bundle, all curled up and obviously dead. His mother had warned him, but that was in the past, and now she was handing him a chocolate box and a big spoon. He knew that a burial was expected of him. It was amazing how many other things Mark remembered he had to do, but, seeing the stern look in his mother's eye, he slowly picked up the equipment and the mouse and trotted outside. Suddenly, from above, a gorgeous butterfly breezed by and Mark thought of his butterfly net standing in the back of his cupboard. Down went everything and like a shot he was on the back porch. But those words, his mother's, kept repeating themselves and sadly he turned to do his duty like a man. All too soon he reached the box. The butterfly was still in the vicinity and if he hurried he could catch it afterwards. Like a flash Mark surveyed the house for his mother. She was not looking. Now was his chance. Up with the mouse by the tail and into the garbage can. Nobody would ever know and with a happy laugh Mark ran off to catch the butterfly with the golden wings.

PAM GARLAND.

## RAMBLINGS WITH THE ALUMNI

This being the last issue of the *Mitre* for the year, it is perhaps appropriate to pass on a few generalizations, possibly of some significance, that come to mind. The fact that a very wise man once said that to particularize was the mark of genius, but to generalize was the mark of an idiot, deters us not from our purpose.

Some of you members of the current graduating class may in your very idle moments ask yourselves, "Why join the Alumni Association next year?" Perhaps a more pertinent suggestion may come in the form of a polite letter entreating you to join — for a price. But why join? You may join out of a sense of duty; you may join because of a sentimental attachment to an institution whose name will call back pleasant memories; or you may join simply because it's the thing to do. Worse still, you may not join at all.

Most undergraduates have an idea what the Alumni Association is, and perhaps more important, a few may have an idea of what they want it to be. While taking the risk of saying things everybody realizes to be the case, it may nonetheless be profitable to suggest that the founders of the body, nor anyone with an ounce of common sense, has the idea that the Association's sole purpose is to build bigger and better Bishop's football teams. In many instances in the country to the south of us, powerful Alumni have done just that. They have reduced so-called educational institutions to little more than professional football teams surrounded by a minimal quantity (and abysmal quality) of educational tools. They have brought college football and other sports as well, to a position second only, in spectacularly sordid splendor, to the Roman Circus. Bishop's Alumni are interested in college athletics; they are willing to encourage them as being a vital part of student activities, but not as the focal point of college life.

Any Alumni Association worthy of the name should endeavour to give intelligent assistance to all phases of the student extra-curricular program, and I think ours does, to a point not far from the limits of its relatively meagre resources. They may not perform their functions in a way which will satisfy everybody; they may often be open to just critic-

ism; but remember — and this applies particularly to undergraduates — they are only human, and occasionally they deserve a little commendation as well. Remember too that the people connected with the Association in executive capacities work with relatively altruistic motives. They are not payed; for the most part they simply feel they owe something to an institution of which they were once a part; from which they acquired things that are as indefinable as they are immeasurable, and to which they believe they can give some little of their time and energy.

No group is bigger than the sum of its total parts. No group such as the Alumni Association can undertake work beyond which their numbers (and therefore resources) allow. A keen and effective executive is powerless without the active support of a large body of rank and file. If you the graduating class are interested in seeing more conclusive evidence of Alumni work on the campus, you have a simple solution — and that is to join. At least pay your fees.

If you are interested. And why shouldn't you be? Even the most unimpressible and cynical type could hardly spend three years in an institution such as this, without benefitting himself in some way — it only in the form of a degree. If the life you found here was worthwhile and reasonably pleasant, why not try to make it more worthwhile and pleasant for others? To crib the title passage from a book of poems by a Bishop's graduate: "No man is an island entire of itself."


One more point. For what my opinion is worth, I suggest that the literary efforts of the students of this college have not been receiving the external (i.e. Alumni) aid and encouragement they justly deserve. I am, of course, referring to *The Mitre* — and I can hear the howls of derision already about that "stale, dry, dead rag". The old rag has been far from stale, dry and dead this year, and in the past it hasn't been as bad as some illiterate Alumni and undergraduates have painted it.

The literary and artistic output of any community or social order in the wide sense of the term, is its heartbeat. Literary decadence reflects, and in a large measure contributes to the decay of a society. Once the opportunity for free artistic expression is lost, once the incentive for creative effort is removed, the community loses the cohesive, identifying factor of its life. At this small college *The Mitre* serves as a means to encourage and foster intellectual and artistic self-expression, whether we like to admit it or not. Its work may not be rated highly by the professional critic.



or by the modern illiterate to whom the highest form of art and intellectual achievement is derived from Cecil B. DeMille, L'il Abner and the sports page of the Gazette; it may be an insignificant droplet in the pool of the nation's literary achievement; but it does have a vitally important rôle in the college life. If this is taken as an appeal to the Alumni to support this magazine, then it is an appeal to them not only as Bishop's graduates, but as ostensibly intelligent members of society.

E. C. B.



## EXCHANGE

### BE DIFFERENT

See those carbon copied men  
 Manufactured by the thousand.  
 Processed, packaged all alike  
 Sold in dime stores by the dozen.  
 Inside dull, outside bright,  
 Thoughts, emotions, language, toys,  
 Come with them, no extra charge  
     Except for brains.

Do you call that thing a man  
 Who laughs and frowns upon command?  
 Dressed by Esquire, smokes by Players,  
 Dance, if at all, by Murray.  
 They feel by Freud and do not dare  
 To think a thought or dream a dream  
 That does not bear "Good Housekeeping's"  
 Stamp of approval.

.....  
 It's the man who's different  
 That leads the crowd;  
 It's the fools that follow  
 Who jeer aloud.

(Shirley Cunningham : "Muse" Feb. '51.)

### FRIEDRICH VON ORLANDE

Green ice-peaks of delirium, fever wastes  
 Leading to the inane — yet there went I  
 Alone and have brought back a glacial bunch  
 Of downy-crested eidelweiss, that grew

Above the horns of sunrise in a place  
 Suspended high athwart the unwall'd abyss,  
 Where deep below adown the blackening gulf  
 The waterfalls like long tails of white mares

Hung light in spray; there the lone eagle sailed  
 Against the morning, there I set my foot  
 And plucked these pale-furred flowers, and these I bring

Back to a land of reasonable men,  
 Who light their lamps at sundown, sip their wine.  
 And read their journals by the household fire.

(Wilfred Childe: "The Gryphon" Feb. 51.)

### SPECTRUM

Grey solitude  
 is broken by  
 children's laughter  
 and a cry

The laughter is a kaleidoscope  
 of colour.  
 The cry, a monotone  
 of blue and green.  
 There are more rainbows  
 unseen  
 in a tear  
 than after rain.  
 But in a moan  
 there is  
 white fear.

(Hope Arnott: Acta Victorianna Feb. 51.)

WADING

The eel grass sighed  
Above rusty tin:  
The teal-blue tide  
Rilled rippling in.

Among cat-tails  
Maria stood  
Watching the rails  
Dodge white drift wood.

Reflected tall,  
She seemed to care  
Not at all  
That I was theree.

(Robert Richards: "The Fiddlehead" March 51.)

ROADHOUSE WAITRESS

French-fried senses,  
Olive eyes,  
Brain of dough  
That failed to rise,  
Radish heart,  
Alumed soul,  
Shape blanc-mange  
En casserole,  
Lemon liver,  
Gherkin spleen,  
Passions fed  
By kerosene  
Boiled-tea blood  
Spaghetti nerves:  
Her lunches are  
Her night's hors-d'oeuvres.

(George Whalen: "The Fiddlehead")



We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines:

The Fiddlehead (University of New Brunswick)  
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa  
The Cornell Countryman  
Acta Victoriana (February and March)  
The Leopardess (Queen Mary College, London)  
The Mermaid (University of Birmingham)  
The Cord (Waterloo College, March and April)  
Alma Mater (St. Jerome's College)  
Profile (University of Cincinnati)  
The Gryphon (University of Leeds)  
Muse (McMaster University)  
College Times (Upper Canada College)  
The Queen's Review





## BISHOP'S DIARY

I write for this issue of the "Mitre" with a feeling of "humility and pride." Humility in knowing that I follow authors of great genius. Pride in knowing that I have successfully finished my career as a writer.

One year ago, I was put in Supreme Command of the Bishop's Diary. I was led to believe that I could write anything, about anybody, in any way and receive support from my Minister of Publications and his staff. I was led to believe that I would be reinforced with pens, nibs and paper at all times. I was led to believe that my long hours of toil would not be cut, would not be slandered, would not be changed, but would be printed as submitted, without interference from the absolute authorities. — "Without this support I knew I could not succeed." My pen has never been refilled. My diary was turned back to be rewritten last issue. My articles have been cut. With so little co-operation, with so much petty politics being played behind my back, with such little confidence in my administrators, neither I nor my successors could carry on. The carrying out of the Supreme Command of the Bishop's Diary has been rendered impossible.

I have been accused of writing articles, and using false material, at the expense of others, to receive the applaud of my public. "Nothing could be farther from the truth." I know laughter as no one else knows it. I know the sting of the bitter howl against one, as few other men do. "And I have been opposed to it, and called for its abolition on several different occasions."

To understand the Bishop's Diary in all its subtlety and in all its cleverness, you must have a thorough knowledge of University subversive activities for many years. To be able to feel the pulse of everyone from "Golf-Ball" to the Principal, you must have had close contact with them. To make decisions on what is decent and what is indecent for print you must have had experience with both decent and indecent people. "This experience I feel I have had." My decisions were backed by reason and experience. When these decisions were not upheld I could not continue.

I wrote of girls drinking. I wrote of professors being tormented. I wrote in order to support the poor, down-trodden student. When my articles were not printed, my people asked how long they would have to commit these atrocities, in order to make humourous incidents for my article, without any result, — "I had no answer."

When I last looked into the scene of college life, I was not happy. "Before I left your boys" and your girls, they were busy in the election of officers. Posters lined the halls. Pictures covered the windows. Cigarettes engraved with candidates' names were circulated. Speeches were being made. Drunks were being had. But still they were not making the column of N. F. Swen.

They tried harder. Dances were thrown. Chorus lines of a nature quite clever and quite outrageous enough to be printed in my column were put on. Clothes of an indescribably variable nature were worn. Broad-casts from Lennoxville to Granby were made. The party was called terrific. But still my remarks were too risqué to be printed.

They put on a play — a smashing success. After this performance I spoke to my people for the last time. I told them that without talent, without stage and without knowledge, they had grown in stature. I praised their Director. But because I saw two gallons of sherry departing down mouths of stage-hands and actors; because I saw electricians flirting with wardrobe attendants behind stage; because I witnessed every scandal and recorded it as such — my article was not printed.

So the disaster fell. Unable to attract my pen, as they thought, (not knowing it was the authorities that were prohibiting print) they went one step further. One morning when the warden pulled the chord—the bell did not toll. In the darkness of the night, my frustrated public had done the sensational, so that I once more could write of their deeds. The Campus featured the theft of this clapper. The Montreal Star gave an account. But once more, because I accused Divinity students of the act; because I suggested that more sleep would be had by all; because I applauded the act as one of bravery, daring, courage, skill, initiative, imagination and sacrilege — my article was not printed.

Before I wrote these articles, no one told me I could not mention the unmentionable. Before I went to press, no one told me that my articles would be compressed. When I was withdrawn, I only knew it from the black looks of the English department, the haughty looks of the critics, and the lost looks of my public.

When I heard of my resignation, I remembered the words of my partner in the days when we wrote for the "Timbuctu Independent Chronicle", and I say to you as he said to me then—"Old pens never die—the ink just fades away. Good-bye."

N. F. SWEN.





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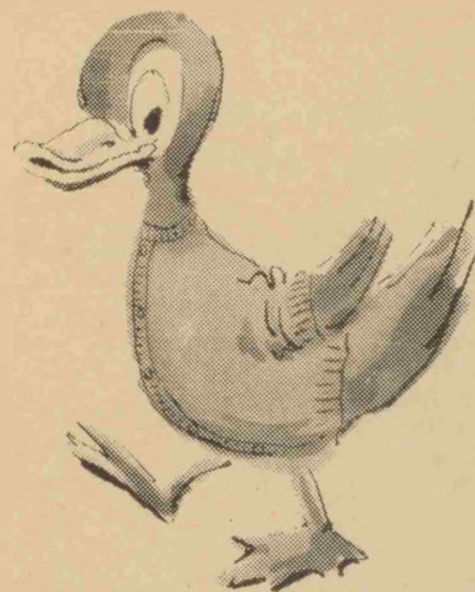
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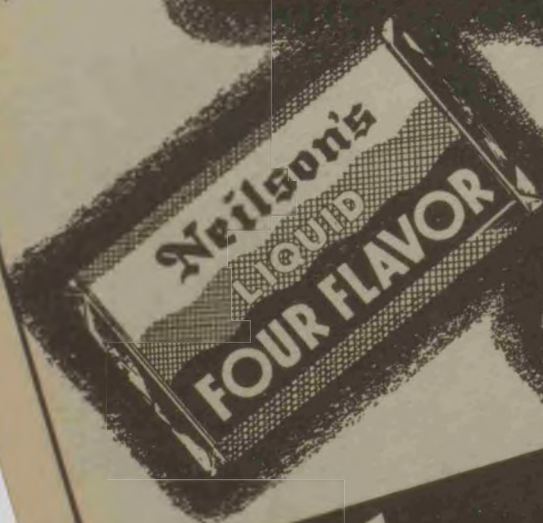
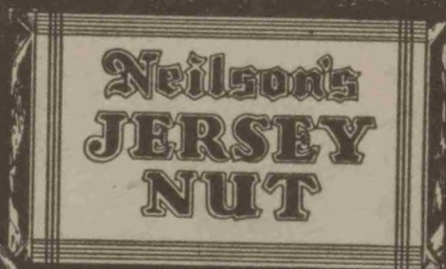
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