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"What does the mind enjoy in books?  
Either the style or nothing. But,  
some one says, What about the thought? The thought,  
that is the style too."

Charles Maurras.

# Prose

ALICE LAIDLAW  
JACK COUGHLAN  
MARTYN TUFTS  
NORM IBSEN  
D. C. SLOTE



# Story For Sunday

ALICE LAIDLAW

**T**HE wind whipped fine snow into Evelyn's face as she hurried down the village street; she held her head down to avoid it, and to shield her eyes from the glare of the sun and snow.

At home they had said, "It's a cold day, you don't have to go to Sunday School."

She had not answered. Her father had remarked impatiently that she was a big girl to be trotting off to Sunday School; fifteen was time to grow up, and only kids went to Sunday School now.

"I'm a teacher," she said quietly.

"A regular teacher?"

"No, but I have to be there, in case they need an extra. Mr. Willens is counting on me."

"Who's Willens?"

"The new one", her mother explained wearily. "It's the new Sunday School Superintendent. You know—he's in the office, down at the factory."

Evelyn did not trust herself to speak, nor to look at them. They could talk of him so, as someone who worked in a factory office, say his name like any other name, and forget it. The glow of the secret trembled inside her, and she went away silent, holding it to herself. She was glad to leave her parents, the warmth of the stuffy living-room, the potted ferns and the drawn lace curtains. Outside was the clean, bitter rush of wind, the whiteness of the fields and hills and the pale winter sky, drained dead by harsh, joyless sunshine and, at the end of the street, the Church.

The Church was the only building in the village which was not squat and homely. It was built of stone; it had a square bell-tower where the pigeons nested, and carved wooden doors, and stained glass in the windows. The Church was the real place. The stores and the houses and the shabby room at home did not exist any more, nor did the days of the week. There was only the Church, and only Sunday; she cast everything else away from her.

When she was a child she had thought that Sunday had a different look, and was in no way the same as other days. The quality of difference was sensed, not seen or heard, and it was in everything: sun and shadow and dust blowing, the call of bobolinks in the grass. Now she knew that the only difference was in the emptiness of the long, crooked street, the odd look of locked and shuttered stores; dead places, now, with their foolish metal signs flapping in the wind. The houses, too, were not quite the same as on week-days; they had a queer air of stiffness and isolation. Each house was closed and tight, shut in upon itself in a Sunday-mystery, with the snow all around it.



She felt her cheeks warm as she opened the door of the basement; her whole body came alive in a new way and tingled with faint excitement. Her thoughts were a little dizzied, and for a moment it was hard to realize that she was here, and not living in a daydream.

It was quite early. There were only a few small children sitting on little wooden chairs at the front of the room, and two pale young men of the Bible Class sitting at the back. Some of the women teachers were there; they sat with their gloved hands folded and their eyes half-shut, their faces empty.

The room was very dark after the sunlight. Only two small yellow lights were lit; they burned like candle flames, one on each side of the platform. Evelyn made the platform an altar. The worn carpet with its dusty fern-leaves, the frayed velvet curtains became rich and mysterious, blood-crimson in the shadow. Behind the tall pulpit-chair was a text lettered in gold; she could read it by the little candle-lights *Blessed are the pure in heart*. When her eyes grew used to the dimness she could make out other texts around the walls of the room, and paintings; paintings with strangely misted landscapes and men and women in loose, vivid robes, and always the pure and passionless face of Christ, careless silken locks rounded by white radiance. When she looked at the pictures the room was hushed; the hush was palpable, soft, like the velvet in the curtains.

Today when she looked at the pictures it was not quite the same; even in the depth and stillness of the moment she remembered Mr. Willens.

Now other people came: groups of girls, one or two boys. The hot, motionless air became damp as the snow melted from their clothes, and the smell of wet woollen coats and rubber galoshes swallowed up the room's faint musty odour of holiness. Myrtle Fotheringay came in and seated herself at the piano. She began to play over the hymns they would sing that day, and Evelyn was glad when the hymn-tunes drowned out the profanity of whispered chatter.

She looked at Myrtle Fotheringay, noted the little plumed hat she wore, and the dainty, fur-topped boots, watched the small, delicate female hands on the keys. Myrtle was so consciously and completely a woman, so vividly feminine that Evelyn, even looking at her, felt herself to be a neutrality, a blob of nothing and everything, without shape or colour.

She looked down at her own large hands, her feet big in clumsy galoshes. Her body was too big, in every part, too boney, and uncertain of itself; all her movements were indecisive, constrained. Her hair had not curled right, either, and she knew that her cheeks and forehead were heavily flushed, with all the freckles showing. She felt dampened, and a little weary; she was only a lumpish thing, after all, not in the slightest way like the self of her imaginings.

It was hard to believe afterwards, that he would even notice a girl like that, but she knew it had happened; she was not pretending. She remembered it now, not with her senses, as she had remembered it all week, but with her mind. It was a real thing; it had *been*. It had been, and *here*, last Sunday.

\* \* \* \*

She remembered how she had gone back upstairs, to the little room beside the vestry, because she had left her gloves up there when they were having the lesson. Everyone had gone down; only Mr. Willens was still upstairs,



sorting out Sunday-school papers. She saw him standing by the table; he was very tall, silent and somehow liquid. His eyes were deeper, quieter than any eyes she had ever seen, his lips full and delicately-made, and tender. He was not handsome; his face in profile was somewhat flat, almost convex, not handsome at all, but beautiful.

“Evelyn!” he exclaimed gravely. He considered her for a moment, his head to one side. Then he said, “You forgot your gloves, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” she said breathlessly, feeling the blood beat into her face.

“Yes, they’re brown . . . ”

“I know.” He gave them to her. She saw his hands touch them; he touched everything with the suggestion of a caress, as if his fingers had some quick and magical sensitivity.

“I knew they were yours,” he said, “I was keeping them to give to you, in case you didn’t remember.”

“Thank you.” She was afraid, He must know the secret significance of his words, the lift and fall of his voice. When he looked at her, his eyes caught hers and held them, drawing them into depth and darkness and unreadable meaning, as if they were both listening to music which was in themselves, and could never be heard.

She could not go away. She stood awkwardly by the table, with the gloves bunched up in her hand. At last she said hurriedly, “I’ll do the papers if you like. You may as well go down.”

He laid a hand on her shoulder, “You’re very thoughtful, Evelyn. Always looking for something to do, trying to help . . . ”

“Oh, I don’t do anything - - ”

“You do, though. You do, dear. You’re very faithful.”

He must feel her trembling. This was the first time they had been alone together, talking, after all the Sundays when she had only gained a word or a quick smile. This would be stuff for weeks of dreaming.

“I like to come,” she murmured, “I do, really. I’ll see about the papers now - - ”

“Evelyn!”

He turned her gently to face him, drew her into his arms, then bent to kiss her and stroke her cheek with his long soft-tipped fingers. His face was pale, drawn tight, his eyes shadowed in a ecstasy of tenderness.

“You dear child. You dear, sweet child . . . ”

He let her go; he went out of the room without looking back.

Evelyn stayed beside the table, pressing her hands down on it for support. She was empty of everything but the sweetness of sensation. She did not even wonder at what had happened; she was not yet amazed or bewildered. She had been held by him, kissed, drawn for a moment into a strange, exquisite intimacy; now there was nothing else. She could not understand yet, but he would come and take her again, and she must wait for him.



Real things happened, after all, the things of dreams, and the things that were not possible were true. Only they were true.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the opening hymns, they had the long prayer. Mr. Willens led the prayer. He knelt by the lectern; he was a slender young priest in a black robe, and his compassionate, musical voice flowed out in rhythmic phrases. Evelyn shivered to hear him, and every word he said lingered in her mind, lost itself in echoes there, and haunted her.

*For we were but given our wills to make them thine . . . We must cast out ourselves and be born anew in the lamb . . . Cast out, cast out . . .*

Then he stood up, tall and stately, and set apart, and he led them in another hymn. He closed his eyes as he sang, and his voice could be heard over all the rest, passionate and clear. Evelyn too, sang with passion, her face lifted up, her whole body swaying slowly to the music. One of the girls beside her giggled.

She did not care. They were all whispering about the dance in the Firemen's Hall the night before, and the boys who had taken them home. Perhaps they felt sorry for her, because she had never walked home from a dance with a boy. They could not know; they were so silly and so stupid. She moved in a clear, cold flame of love which they could not even see.

She knew now that he must love her. It did not matter that she was only fifteen, and clumsy and homely, because it was not the ordinary kind of love, not the love she had read about in stories. This was a secret kind, that had perhaps never been before, a kind no one else would believe or understand.

He had not even looked at her this Sunday. They must be careful now; they had a secret. All through the lesson she was in a torment of impatience, so that once or twice she thought she was going to be sick. To be so close to him and so separated; she could not keep still and quiet any longer. She must go and find him.

It was quite easy; she simply hid her gloves in her pocket, and when the class went downstairs, she pretended to have forgotten them. In a moment she was running back upstairs; she knew that he would be there, in the same room by the vestry. Some instinct in them both would draw them back.

She heard his voice before she reached the door. He was there, then! But someone else was with him; she could not go in yet. She crept carefully along the wall; she listened, and she heard the other voice: it was Myrtle Fotheringay's.

"Of course, it takes a lot of time," the voice said softly, slowly, "but I'm glad to do it - - I like to, for you . . ."

"You're a wonderful woman," said Mr. Willens, with a gentle sigh, "you've helped me so much, I don't know how to thank you."

Evelyn heard a little trembling laugh.

"Oh, I'm always happy to help out, when it's something like Sunday-school."



“Not just the Sunday-school, you know. I feel you’ve been helping me personally. I really don’t know how to thank you.”

“You don’t have to,” the voice whispered, quivering. “You don’t need to thank me - - - ”

There was the sound of a movement, a long sigh, and rustle of a silk dress. Evelyn knew. She stepped forward noiselessly, and she could look into the room for a moment before she darted back. She saw them held close against each other, and on his face was the look she remembered: remotely, mysteriously tender.

She went down the stairs very slowly, because she could not walk quite steadily. This was another impossible thing. He could not have kissed her a week ago and forgotten her and never loved her at all. It was not true. She had dreamed it, or she had lived in a dream of his; they had no dreams together.

The worst thing was to know that it *was* true. He had kissed her last Sunday in the little room by the vestry, and now he was kissing Myrtle Fotheringay; He would kiss others too, many others. It was all quite meaningless. There was no secret, special love for her, no clear cold flame, nothing, yet she loved him so much that she could have nothing else in her mind, her life . . . .

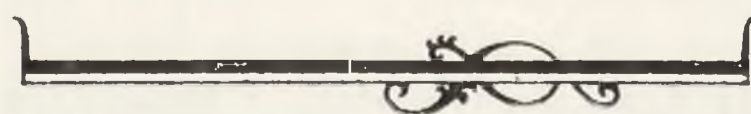
She must have got down the stairs again. She was standing with the others, a hymn-book open in her hand, and they were all singing. Mr. Willens had come down too, and his voice, as he sang, rang through Evelyn’s body like fever pounding in the blood. She tried not to look at him, but even with her eyes held tight to the book, she could see only him, black-robed and beautiful, with his face upraised and one hand flung upward to direct their song.

“Thou, O Christ, art all I want,” sang Evelyn fervently, “More than all in thee I find - - ”

*Thou of life, the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee!  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all Eternity!*

Now she understood. She had been wrong and stupid all the time. She had imagined that he could love her, only her, that he could make a circle around himself where only she could come; she had done that for him. She had forgotten that the others must love him too; no one love could be enough for him, who was so much above them all, so large in soul and wisdom and spirit, his own love surrounded every one whom he chose, bore them all away until they were wholly lost in it. The thing she had discovered was greater than a mean little private love, more strange and wonderful . . .

She lifted her head as the music fell away, and she saw him as if she were seeing him for the first time. All the people in the room, the velvet curtains and the emblazoned texts, blurred into a jumbled mosaic, and there was only his white still face. Pure light that was the centre of a flame around the face of the immaculate Christ . . .





# *Last Armistice Day*

JACK COUGHLAN

**H**OW well I remember every little detail of that incident; it was the sort of thing you don't easily forget.

Joe and I had donned our black berets as we had done some thirty times in the past, and lined up with our ex-comrades to march down Eighth Street West. The steady measured stride of countless legs beneath the burning, morning sun brought back to me the ceaseless shuffle of weary, mud-spattered limbs struggling forward to the lines; and when they laid the flowers at the cenotaph, you can be sure it was not the black-coated politicians, the gay wreaths, or the pleasant garden that I saw.

The Armistice Parade always sobered me. Joe and I stood in silence waiting for the street-car. That was when we first saw the drunk.

Yes, only eleven-thirty in the morning, and he was drunk—disgustingly drunk! Tieless and with no topcoat, his gray tweeds hid nothing of the bony angularity of his thin frame. Tufts of gray hair, glinting in the afternoon sun, hung from the folds of his emaciated, hawk-like face.

Swaying perilously, he tottered onto the street-car, just ahead of us. While groping in his pockets for some change, he clamped the talon-like fingers of his left hand on the conductor's shoulder. Despite the conductor's embarrassed attempt to shrug him away, the drunk retained his grip.

"Shay, Mac, let me hang on. Not as steady as used to be. Ushed to be in the army, ya know. Fought at Vimy. Wash steady then."

His right hand reappeared. The thumb was missing. Brushing past him, Joe and I exchanged significant glances. We didn't say anything; we knew we were both thinking the same thing. Joe and I, both infantrymen from the First War, knew what a missing thumb so often meant. I hadn't seen much action, but even from the smaller engagements I had been in, I had seen cases like this one: the night before you "went in," there was often somebody who shot a toe off while cleaning a rifle; and just before the big assault, somebody might wave his hand at "Fritz," and end up going back to the dressing station with a slug in his hand, while the rest of us were charging forward to get slugs in our belly. S.I.W.—Self Inflicted Wound! Unless the charge could be proved against them, and it so seldom could, their names appeared on the casualty lists and they got honourable discharges! But we hated them!

There were one or two people in all the seats, so Joe and I went back to the smoking-room. From there I could see the thin man staggering down the aisle. The street-car started with a jolt that made him grasp frantically for a seat to steady himself. Then he proceeded on down the car. The jerking motion so typical of Calgary street-cars combined with his own reel to make him look like a drunken sailor whose sea-legs had gone wild.



Spying an acquaintance, a middle-aged lady with a fur neck-piece, he nodded and his face brightened. His lips moved in some brief greeting, but the door of the smoking compartment being shut, I heard nothing. Then, as he was about to sit down in the empty seat beside her, she shuddered and turned to the window. Momentarily surprised, then hurt, he turned and tottered down the car toward us.

"Serves him right," said I. Joe, who watched the whole performance, agreed.

I felt little sympathy for the man. He entered the smoking-car; I wanted to rise and leave. I'm not too fond of ordinary drunks, but for this one I felt a special loathing. He probably spent half his time telling cronies about his daring war exploits but made it a point not to associate with too many veterans or to take part in Armistice Parades.

He plopped wearily onto the seat beside me. Though there were only the three of us in the smoking-room, it was suddenly crowded. His breath came in the short, gasping wheezes of the soldier who has just dashed a hundred yards of no-man's-land; yet this, I supposed, was probably something he had never experienced. The foul stench of decayed teeth, of alcohol, and of stale perspiration, which struck me when he turned and extended his claw-like thumbless, right hand toward me, brought back the fumes rising at the Ardennes Woods from a pile of rotting flesh.

"Shay, friend," he said hopefully, "got a fag fer 'nother old vet?"

"Sorry," I said gruffly, as I turned to the window. I'm smoking my last."

I could see the cars crossing Louise Bridge in a steady stream. Further away, a pair of young lovers, arms linked, strolled by the river. But I was ever aware of the thumbless drunk!

"Shorry," he mumbled apologetically. "No offensh intended."

Joe took pity on him. He pulled out his cigarettes and handed one to the drunk. The drunk grasped it hungrily and licked his thin and bloodless lips.

"Thank ya, sir." He patted the pockets of his shabby, tweed coat. "'Sfunny. Thought I had my matches." Joe brought out his matches.

The drunk grasped one between the first two fingers of his right hand and struck it on the wall. But the shaking of his hand, coupled with the jolting of the street-car, prevented him from lighting the cigarette. Joe, trying to stop the wind from blowing out the second match, cupped his hands before the thumbless one's face. It seemed to me altogether too much consideration for this beak-nosed man with the S.I.W.; this ex-comrades-in-arms business is O.K., but you don't want to carry it too far—'specially in cases like this drunk's!

He finally got the cigarette going. Leaning back and puffing it, he rasped at Joe. "Vet, huh?"

Joe nodded.

"'Dja get over there?"



Again Joe nodded.

“What outfit?”

“Calgary Highlanders.”

“Great bunch; great bunch.”

The conversation halted while the drunk took a few more drags on his fag. I had to admit he was at least a peaceful drunk. When they get as tight as he was, they usually either whined or growled.

“Yesh, shir,” he said, as though laying down an eternal edict, “the Highlanders a fine bunch. None Better!” He brought his right hand crashing down on his left to emphasize the point. “Fought myself with the Black Watch. With the Black Watch most of the time.” He waved his right hand in the air as though to illustrate his point. He seemed to like gesticulating with his right hand; was he foolish enough to think he could impress us with his wound?

“Yesh, shir,” he said, throwing out his thin chest. “Forty-Second Highlanders. The Black Watch. ’N I was a seargeant major, a company sergeant major.”

“Sure you weren’t a colonel?” I cut in. I made no attempt to hide the scorn in my voice. They were all sergeants and sergeant majors when the fighting was over. If Diogenes had ever found the soldier to admit he was a plain, ordinary private, the old Greek would have blown out his lamp and gone home!

“No, no, not a colonel. Just a shergeant major.”

“Fought at Vimy, eh?”

“Thash right,” he declared. “And lost my thumb at Hill 70.” He waved his right hand before us again.

I had heard of Hill 70. I had seen little action, but for an instant, I had a brief image of the hell that was Hill 70. For an instant, I stood there. I could hear the whistling scream of approaching shells; the crump of explosions; the whine of bullets; the ping of ricochets; the chatter of machine-guns; the cry of the wounded and the gasp of the dying. I could smell the acridness of burnt powder and the stench of rotting flesh. I could see a low, shell-torn swelling of the earth; zig-zags cut into the ground; scarecrows or rags strung in disorderly fashion on the long coils of barb wire; the flare of guns flashing in the night—a young officer leaps out of a trench, is briefly silhouetted by the sky as he waves his pistol in the air, then crumples before his men can leap out of the trench to join him!

Behind it all, I could see this snivelling coward, trembling in a trench, putting a bullet through his thumb, then scurrying back to the dressing station.

I stared at the thumbless hand he still waved before me.

“Is that all’s the matter with you?” I asked contemptuously.

The drunk, momentarily bewildered, blinked at me, then lurched to his feet, unbuttoned his coat and started to struggle with the shirt.



“Why, no,” he said. “Look.” I caught a glimpse of long, dark scars and brown areas where some mighty force had ripped his flesh, torn it, and gouged it deeply. “Heck, there’s more shrapnel in my stomach than groves in Flanders.”

He turned and, looking even more disheveled than before, again weaved uncertainly toward the front of the car. Again he spoke to the lady with the fur neck-piece. Again, she turned to the window, shuddering.

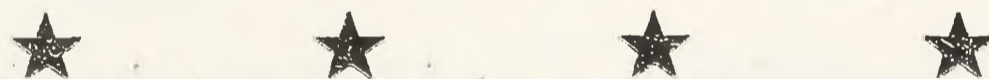


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To All  
for 1951*

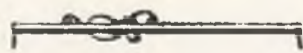
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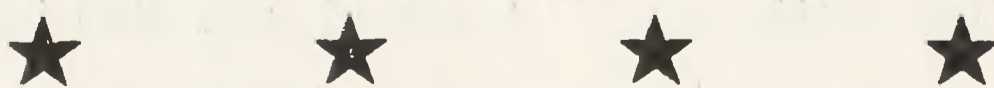


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# *Stairway To Hell*

MARTYN TUFTS

LIKE a furtive, nocturnal animal, the man descends the narrow stairs, his eyes fixed on the door at the bottom. He does not glance about, but he is conscious of the cracked plaster walls reaching above him to the ceiling and the feeble, yet harsh, light bulb. Half way down his breath comes easier, his features relax slightly and he straightens his shoulders under his dark-blue raincoat. A loud creak breaks the steady soft tread of his feet; his body stiffens but his feet continue down the steps.

The light is behind him now and his shadow merges with the pool of darkness at the foot of the stair. He relaxes again as his hand reaches out for the doorknob. He pauses, listening intently for any sound beyond the door.

His dry lips spread into a satisfied grin. He pushes the door open, steps forward, and nearly falls.

The man pauses, puzzled. More steps stretch down to another doorway below. He has never used this back stairway before, but he was certain there was only one flight. But there is no time to waste wondering about it. He hurries more now, still careful not to make much noise. Again he is startled as a step creaks beneath his foot.

This time, when he reaches the last step, his expression remains anxious—then his face collapses into panic when he throws open the door to reveal yet another flight of steps, the same flickering bulb, the same high, crumbling walls, the same narrow door at the bottom.

Desperately he tries to control his mounting fear. Without glancing back, he closes the door and starts to walk down the third flight. But before he reaches the bottom he breaks into a wild run, heedless of the dangerously steep stairs. All thoughts of caution are gone as he throws open the door. He does not pause to think now but continues his nightmare race down flight after flight of stairs—stairs that should not be there—that could not be there, because he was fleeing from the second floor of a house that was only two stories high.

Finally he has to stop and lean against the wall, panting and quivering like a beaten mongrel. But his fear will not let him rest. There is something wrong with these stairs. He must go back—back up all those ghastly steps—and risk the front entrance. Is it seven flights he has come down? Or eight? No matter. There is no time to think.

He reaches the first door and pulls it open. Instead of the next stairway leading up, there is the room—the squalid, dirty room he started from. His brain twists sickeningly within his skull as he struggles to grasp what is happening to him. He loses his balance and only saves himself from falling back by lunging forward into the room. It is all the same. The tall, curtainless window with two panes replaced by cardboard. The broken chair. The peeling,



garish wall paper. The floor littered with cigarette butts and liquor bottles. The broken down bed with its grotesque brass posts and, sprawled across it, the body. One hand still clutches at the gaping red slash in the throat.

He glances about as he crosses the room to the other door, leading to the hallway and the front stairs. The blood-smearred knife still lies on the bed. It might provide a clue. He reaches for it but stops suddenly. There are footsteps in the hall. Now the front stairs are cut off. If he is to escape without being seen in the house he must try the back stairs again.

He considers. Perhaps those endless flights of stairs are only a ghastly trick of his imagination. He only climbed one flight after going down several. That would be impossible. There can only be one flight . . .

He is on the stairs again. That step, half way down, creaks again but he is used to it now. He opens the door, expecting to step out into the alleyway.

But no, another flight of stairs stretches down as before. Quickly he glances up at the stairs above. He closes the door and hesitates for a moment, rubbing his hand over his damp forehead. He takes a deep, trembling breath and turns to the stairs below. Suddenly there is a slow rasping noise and a chill draught from above. He jerks around as the door swings open, and stares straight into the room at the corpse. His mouth opens to scream but only a choked gurgle comes out.

He turns and jumps head first into space. His body bounces and twists on the steps until it strikes the door at the bottom. The door opens with his weight and he lays there dazed, his head and shoulders in the moist night air. He sees a street light glowing at the end of the alleyway. Freedom.

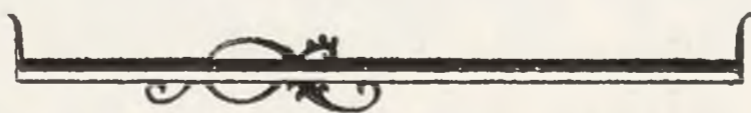
He hears heavy footsteps above - - entering the room where the corpse lies. An exclamation follows, then angry shouts and running feet on the stairway. He cannot move. Rough hands seize his body.

He walks down concrete steps. Beside him walks a black-robed priest. Uniformed guards walk before him and after him. It is only a short flight of stairs - - too short. He raises his head and looks into the room. A few serious-faced men stand around waiting.

He sees the electric chair and looks away.

The stairs stretch as far as he can see, merging into a point in the distance below. The ceiling is low so that he must walk always with his body bent. No matter how long he descends, the steps continue on as far ahead. A grey mist veils the steps above. Once, weary of his endless descent, he turned and walked up. Through the mist came a gruesome figure - - a man with a great red slash in his throat. Glassy eyes stared down at him, and through him.

Now he never turns back but walks down that gloomy stairway forever.





# *Southern Exposure*

NORM IBSEN

## PROLOGUE

He huddled in a corner of the boxcar, his body quivering spasmodically, as he could feel the muscles in the calves of his legs twitching and he groaned aloud unintentionally, becoming more scared. His clothes were soaking and stinking from perspiration and he was uncomfortable and cramped the way he was sitting. But he was afraid to move.

The smell of cattle was still strong in the boxcar and the straw scattered on the floor gave the car an atmosphere of a stable. He felt like vomiting but he had felt that way for several hours and he was no longer as aware of his nausea.

He began for a moment to breathe more regularly but then he heard men approaching across the railway tracks, shouting back and forth to one another angrily. The voices would die away for an instant and then rise again heatedly. His body began to tremble again in terror and in his fear he dug his fingernails into his hands until they cut through the flesh. Blood trickled through the cuts in his hands but he didn't notice it. His eyes were starting to water and he struggled against a certain incongruous desire to cry.

The voices were nearer now. He heard the tinkling sound of metal striking the steel railway tracks and he thought immediately of a gun. Somebody had dropped his gun, he told himself. And the one thought filled his mind, and he began to gasp and groan aloud, painfully, knowing the men might hear him, but without sufficient control of himself to stop.

He could hear the men coming closer until their conversation drifted clearly into the boxcar where he lay shivering.

"Where the hell could he get to?" Angrily.

A murmured reply.

Then, "He's still around the yards."

Voices mingled, sentences became incoherent, as other men joined the original group. He felt he was being surrounded but he was always too terrified to move. They would find him. Soon. He listened to the voices, grasped snatches of conversation.

"Them black boys know where to hide . . ."

"Probably scared to hell . . ." Brief silence.

"We're gonna search all the boxcars." The last in a cool hard voice, the kind of white voice that always frightened him.



It was dark in the corner of the boxcar, he thought. Maybe they wouldn't see him. Maybe they wouldn't. He huddled closer to the wooden frame of the car, clawing at the wood nervously with his fingers. The men were still talking.

"There's thirty-three boxcars and we're gonna search them all."

"The boy'll be in one of them. Somebody start at each end and me and Dave will start here. O.K. Dave? O.K. with you?"

"Them God damn black boys . . ."

And the voices trailed out of his mind as an onrushing current of panic flowed through him. They would find him in a few minutes. They would find him, hang him maybe. Kill him somehow. He stood up and thought of running, then crumpled to the floor sobbing. A black boy didn't have a chance. Never a chance. They would kill him . . . And he continued to sob and waited for them to climb into the boxcar and take him away.

Then suddenly they were there, one man sliding the door back and leaping into the car. Then stopping. He heard the sobs.

"He's here. God dammit Dave he's here." He let out a whoop, then a black figure hurtled at him and the two men fell to the floor grappling. The man called Dave climbed into the car, shouting to the others, and watched the figures on the floor momentarily. The black boy struggled to his feet and then his leg lashed out at the fallen man. A yelp, then a string of half-sobbed curses. And the man called Dave rushed the black boy as more men clambered into the boxcar. Then more.

But the coloured boy was pressing against the wooden wall of the car, his eyes rolling in terror. His face was drawn and streaked with tears as the man called Dave struck at him with his fists. He made no response, no efforts at retaliation as the blows pelted against his head and body.

The other men surrounded and watched. For a moment. Then they swarmed over him, swinging fists and clubs, and kicking. Shouting all the time. In a few seconds their victim was an unconscious pulp, motionless and bleeding. The men stood over the beaten coloured boy, saw their friend who had been kicked take his own back. All the time they shouted.

Then the men, about a dozen, dragged the still, bloody body from the boxcar and headed into town. Shouting.

Somebody cried, "We caught the damn nigger," and the cry became a chant. And so the men chanted. On into town, chanting.

The nigger would have a fair trial they said, but he had to be taught a lesson first. And so Dave and his friends dragged the mauled black body into town and chanted and sang and shouted. All the time.

## Part 1

### THE ACCUSED

Willie Davis was the black boy. Tall, flat-nosed and skinny, but athletic. He grew up in Fairtown, in a filthy, rat-infested hut on the town limits. The black people there hated and feared the white citizens of Fairtown and had very little opportunity to absolve their fear.



But the white people too were afraid. Partly because the coloured population was almost as large as their own. And so they tried to control the negro population through pressure and intimidation.

“The niggers aren’t hardly good for anything,” the white people would say. “They can’t learn much and they’re lazy.” That was what they said.

Willie Davis was just another black boy to the white population of Fairtown until he happened to stroll past a Fairtown grocery store about eight-thirty one summer evening.

He heard a shout from the store, stopped and looked about. Another shout and a white man rushed from the store, saw Willie in the dimming light.

Then the man shouted hoarsely, “Nigger, come here.”

Willie started. Scared.

“Damn nigger tried to shoot me.” And the man leaped frantically down the rotten wooden stairs and ran at Willie.

Willie was terrified, didn’t move. He glanced about again, saw two more men coming at him from across the street. And a woman in slacks.

One cried, “He’s the one.” Somewhat confusedly.

The coloured boy couldn’t think fast, but he ran. He moved quickly across the street and through a lane alongside the grocery store, outdistancing his pursuers. But he heard them shouting.

“The nigger has the money.” And more voices.

Some one cried, “He’s got a gun,”

“Damn niggers . . . ” And the white population of the town gathered, talked and organized a search.

The grocery man and the two others and the woman said they would know the black boy. He was wearing a red shirt, dirty. And blue jeans. Some one who said he knew claimed it was Willie Davis. And so the mob gathered.

They would hunt him all night. They did, and Willie avoided them. But he was scared. Terrified. And helpless. His mind was hazy and he told no one what had happened. Saw no one. He just fled from the mob, stayed away from his shack where his mother wondered what he could be doing. But he grew more panic-stricken and so more helpless. His mind became almost a blank with dread and as he attempted to out-stay the mob.

And the mob gathered force and anger against the black boy they couldn’t catch. The mob grew uglier.

They traced Willie to the freight yards and cornered him in a boxcar. They were in a vicious humour when they found him. Willie, paralyzed with fear, reacted unconsciously, striking out at the first man to clamber into the car.

Then Willie’s mind went blank.



## Part 2

### THE VICTIM

Arnie felt that twenty-two years was a long time to operate a grocery store in Fairtown. He had inherited the store from his father and kept it up because it was his only means of earning a living. He disliked the work and felt bitter and disillusioned because he had to put up with it.

He hated the coloured population of Fairtown and that was not unusual. But men like Arnie were especially tough and violent with the negroes. It was men like Arnie the coloured people hated and feared most.

Arnie forced himself illogically to believe the coloured people were the cause of his failure in life and although, like other merchants, he refused to serve negroes in his store, he still used them as scapegoats.

But Arnie was somewhat afraid of the coloured boys just as they were afraid of him. And Arnie felt badly about being afraid and so he talked a lot.

"I guess I'm likely to lose my head sometime and just kill one of them ousy niggers," Arnie used to say. "A man can take just so much." And then he would add, laughing, "But I guess no one would notice if one of them was missing. Who would bother to count them?"

Every body felt much the same way as Arnie about the subject. That kind of talk was common.

Then when Arnie was held up at gun-point in his own grocery store the climax was reached. Arnie was unmarried and he used to sit around his store after closing drinking beer. He never bothered to lock the front door since some of his friends occasionally dropped around. The coloured boy wasn't one of Arnie's friends but he walked in the front door. Apparently unseen.

When Arnie saw the coloured boy and the gun his nerves went. He dropped the bottle of beer. The bottle shattered and the contents spread out rapidly, running along the tiny cracks between the floor boards. But Arnie said nothing. His hands shook and he seemed to choke up in the throat. He coughed nervously. A rattling chain of phlegm. Arnie was too surprised, scared to think of shouting or even talking, but he tried to stop shaking. Unsuccessfully.

The coloured boy was nervous too but he didn't say a word, kept his face covered with a smudged cloth. He rifled the cash box and Arnie's pockets. Quickly, although the hands of both men were trembling. He stood behind Arnie for a moment and Arnie tried to turn his head and the coloured boy clipped him over the skull with the gun. Hard. Arnie rolled off his chair and lay on his back on the floor. And the black boy left through a back window. Unseen.

When Arnie revived it took him a few minutes to quiet his nerves and then he became mad. He knew he would never recognize the coloured boy and this infuriated him. He kicked over the table and ran to the front door, shouting. He paused. Then pushed open the door and stood in the door-way and in the dusk saw a negro in the street. A Negro, unrecognizable, wearing a bright red shirt and blue jeans. Arnie thought; a nigger is a nigger, and shouted



again so the people in the street could hear him. Then he raced down the crumbling wooden stairs and ran after the scared negro.

The chase after Willie Davis began and Arnie said vehemently he would recognize the black boy who held him up. Red shirt and blue jeans.

Two men and a woman backed up Arnie.

### Part 3

#### THE WITNESSES

There were three witnesses for Willie Davis' trial. Two men and a woman. They were all Fairtowners and they were all white. Besides, nobody ever believed negro witnesses.

They swore they would recognize Willie. By his clothes. They saw him run when Arnie shouted. Showed his guilt. Looked scared. Damn scared. And, one of the men added instinctively, he was sure he had seen Willie enter the store, only it was growing dark and he wasn't certain at the time whether or not the man entering the store was coloured. And naturally he didn't expect a nigger to be entering a white man's store. But now that he thought it over the man had looked pretty dark-complexioned from a distance and it must have been the nigger. He was almost willing to swear to it in court.

The other man, Dave, was also ready to vouch that Willie was the man they wanted. That red shirt gave him away. And Willie had tried to fight them when they found him in the boxcar. They had to beat him, Dave said, before they could get him to jail. Dave was a solidly built man, a garage mechanic with straight black hair who was proud of the fact that he had helped to capture Willie.

Dave always claimed the only way to handle coloured boys was by force. And this theory had plenty of support. The beating would teach Willie a lesson. Jail was no good for these guys, Dave insisted, they should be lynched. Fairtown used to lynch their niggers, he added, but he, Dave, was no law-breaker and he would abide by the law. And the law provided for a fair trial—even for black boys. So Dave merely shook his fists and squinted menacingly through glinting blue eyes whenever he saw a negro. But just wait until the trial started . . .

The woman had been with Dave the night they saw Willie. Sure, she would recognize him. She would stand up and swear to it on the witness stand. She prided herself on being able to remember nigger faces. Even though it was dusky and she was some distance from Willie. Not many people, she claimed could remember nigger faces like she could.

She was tough, vulgar. A loose one for the men on dull evenings. Not too well liked by the white population of Fairtown, particularly the women, but her word was better than a black boys word. She liked the idea of being a witness at a nigger trial; made her sort of a public figure. She had been pretty damn close to coloured people in her life, and she knew their minds, she proclaimed. She could tell a few things about them that would even be news in Fairtown. And she hinted that she might know a few more things about Willie Davis. She knew . . . very interesting.

And Willie Davis saw his mother once in a while in jail. Then the citizens of Fairtown decided that the two of them might be planning a jail-break. Or



something. And they refused to allow Willie any more visitors. The blacks couldn't be trusted. But Willie would have a fair trial. A fair trial. Nobody could complain about southern justice.

Meanwhile no one bothered to find out if Willie Davis might possibly be the wrong man. No money was ever found. Nor a gun. That was to be expected. Some coloured boys could be pretty sly. . . .

The citizens said Willie Davis should be thankful the days of strange fruit were gone and that he was getting a fair trial.

## EPILOGUE

Willie Davis entered the court room, walking uncertainly, hesitant. His mouth was parched and he could feel his teeth grinding painfully. He was flaming hot. And very scared.

Drops of perspiration were forming in the corners of his eyes and on his forehead, trickling down his face. Perspiration from fear. He closed his eyes and stumbled as they pushed him into the box. The court room was crowded, noisy, but he saw and heard nothing. In his own world of fear.

In the box he opened his eyes for a moment, then shut them tight. Tighter. He was trying to shut out the world of the court room and picture his one room shack on the town limits. His mother was in the court room. By special permission. But all Willie could see was the boxcar, and flying fists, feet kicking . . . He was terrified. More terrified than ever before. But it was the same old fear. . . .

And outside from the top of the court house flew a flag of the land of the free and the brave.



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# Death of the Moth

D. C. SLOTE

HERE comes the young man now. He is hurrying down the street, looking straight ahead, hands swinging loosely at his side. The street-sounds crash about him, but he is oblivious to them. He turns his head and watches his image in the store-window fronts. Sometimes it vanishes when the window ends, but always it reappears, composed now completely of a display of dresses; now filled with a bright rack of neckties. At other times he looks quite hollow when the window is nearly empty. A curious aspect of this window image is the great chasm above his nose; he seems to be looking at himself without benefit of eyes! The display of red dresses makes his mirror-body glow from within like a red votive light.

Across the intersection now. Down this street with the beautiful lamp posts; they are gaunt, aren't they, as they stand naked in the sun? The young man certainly agrees. You can tell by the way he watches them and thinks of their night-appearance . . .

"Don't pull me so!" she cried.

Their voices rang out on the night. The two figures, clinging to each other as they swayed through the streets, seemed blurred and quite vague. They enjoyed watching the intimate contact of their shadows; how they elongated and shortened as they approached and drew away from the lamp posts.

"Oh, you are young and drunk and twenty," she laughed at him.

"That's something from Wolfe. But first I have to be a poet before I can be 'young and drunk and twenty', remember? It is a poet's privilege I think."

They both laughed, their gaiety bringing the old trees to a silent awakening. Their Nearness was such a tangible thing, and yet, at the same time was an imponderable feeling. Both sensed the exquisite joy of this Nearness; each one, refusing to think about its eventual end, laughed loudly, pushing back the night noises and the street-sounds until they were pleasantly distant. The young man watched the lamp posts beside the sidewalk; they were indeed beautiful in the softness of the night. Her laughter was a perfect complement he thought, to the majesty of the posts as they stood quietly by the road-side. This laughter quickened the substance of the night which surrounded the yellow light-orbs, and sent it scurrying further from the small world of radiance that clung to the bulb. Her laugh seemed to enchant even the inanimate objects around their huddled figures . . .

There are no more store windows now, so of course his reflection is destroyed. On either side of his body there are empty lots and an occasional house.

He slows down, turns up a narrower walk which leads to a plain, white clapboard house. He has a fleeting thought of how similar is this house with



the others on the same block. But there is something special about this house, is there not; this house with its chimney, its small porch, its plain door, its ordinary design; this is *her* house.

He goes up to the small mat with the "Welcome" sign and begins automatically to dust his feet. Fleetinglly the leather of one shoe rubs against the other, making a slight, but definite noise. He had heard a similar noise when he had been with her one evening . . .

"How sweet it is when I am with you," she said. Her face was very close to him in the semi-gloom; how long they had been thus, he could not remember. Nothing was important except their actual Nearness and their extreme awareness of each other. As he kissed her, she relaxed completely, her whole body losing all its ordinary tenseness.

Slowly quietly, a disturbance gnawed at the end of his consciousness; at first he was not fully aware of it, but finally he recognized a slight leathery noise. He tried to forget about it as one so often does when an ugly blemish threatens to mar an otherwise beautiful experience. He kissed her again, but that hideous sound beat at his mind; it filled everything, usurped the beauty of their presence, and instilled him with a keen sense of disgust.

"What's the matter, dearest?" she asked quietly. He did not know how to tell her; it suddenly seemed quite silly.

"It's . . . what was that sound just now?"

"Oh, that. Silly! It was just my shoes rubbing together; I didn't even notice it . . . it only happens when you kiss me - - -"

"Stop it! For God's sake don't talk about it! Take off your shoes, will you?"

"Well . . . sure, I'll take them off. But what's the matter. It was just an unconscious reaction; I didn't know I was doing - - -"

"Stop!"

This time he screamed at her. Memories of a dingy little room came back to him where he used to eat his lunch at Public School. There were always many small children there who ate their sandwiches to the accompaniment of a rhythmic beat of their feet. Sometimes they swung their legs or merely jostled up and down. How it disgusted him! This girl's movements were similar, he thought, somehow atavistic and exceedingly annoying.

When he kissed her again, he tried to forget, but the image of the moving school boys and the sound of her shoes combined to destroy his sense of the beautiful. Gradually, however, the feeling of revulsion was forced back and down into a suitable limbo of his mind. If only he could relegate his dark memories and half-remembered shadows to this place forever! But always, just when he was least prepared and exceedingly vulnerable, a hideous, twisted shape of some former image would spring into his mind and destroy his sense of contact with the cosmos about him. He would be depressed, vastly melan-



choly, and would hate, if only for a few moments, himself and those about him. . . .

He finishes wiping his shoes as she opens the door for him. He is again struck by the fragile aura of beauty which surrounds her, and the almost immaculate glow that she always seems to emanate. Her purity is pleasing to him as he views her at this distance, but other times, when she is in his arms, he is strangely troubled by it. It is almost like holding a delicate moth: in capturing its beauty between one's fingers, the ineffably fine dust which covers the web of the wings is smudged and destroyed. He is so very frightened of destroying her beauty; now as he looks at her, the moth-simile seems startlingly real, so that he smiles at her, and ignores her half-raised hand.

They sit side by side on the small sofa. There is a deep glow in his eyes as they talk; first their words are slow and somewhat diffident, but gradually one word blends quickly into another. They never cease to be amazed at the magic in the simple repetition of their marriage-plans; as the realization grows in them that their marriage is very soon, a subtle feeling of their own mutual satisfaction becomes more and more pleasing. For so long now, their plans have conjured up a false door through which they stepped into a realm of fancies whenever they were together. Here and now, they become strikingly aware of how close is that actual life of which they have so long dreamed. He forgets about his unreasoning disgust with her on that one occasion, he forgets about his strange idealization of her beauty, and comes close to her.

\* \* \* \*

The display in the store windows has changed; instead of the bright colours of summer, the grey and sombre colours of overcoats, the blackness of rubbers and galoshes appear. Swirls of snow pluck at the young man's overcoat as he comes down the street.

He turns his head and looks at his image. The dark materials in the windows make his body appear very deep and seemingly endless. Sometimes he is not even conscious when the window ends, for his image is so tenuous, that the absence of the window does not seem to matter. In his mind's eye he can still see it, dark, bleak and profoundly hollow.

He hurries faster down past the lamp posts. The tops are snow-encrusted now, and a few gusts of snow eddy about them where once the leaves blew. The posts annoy him in a manner he thought impossible; somehow their beauty is not important any more; indeed, it seems to have been destroyed completely . . .

The two figures were huddled together, not so much from the joy of feeling the softness of their bodies, but because of the cold. They noticed their shadows were much feebler than they had been during the summer. Perhaps the snow atop the lamp posts stifled some of the light rays.

"It doesn't seem anytime that we were here in the summer," he said close to her ear.

"I know. and then, of course, we weren't married. I don't feel married at all, you know. Think of this time last year and even during the summer: we went blithely along; then you would kiss me goodnight and then you would



go home." She laughed at him; laughter that was unpleasant in its connotation. The laugh disturbed him strangely; he remembered how once it had awakened in him an intimacy with the world about them. At this time, however, her laughter with its suggestive lewdness, rasped at his nerves and made him acutely conscious of the change in her; a change which for some time he had refused to admit. It was during the night, however, and in frequenting places like this one where they had spent such happy hours before their marriage, that he realized her alteration. Her laughter had changed to a sort of profanity here in the night; it no longer plucked at the strings of darkness, but rather swept and fumbled over them, striking great dissonances that reverberated about their figures. He was intensely angry at her, at himself, and moved his head away from hers where he could not smell her perfume.

"Is there something the matter, dear? I was only trying to be funny. I remember how you used to say nice things about my witty sayings. You just don't love me anymore, that's all," she said with her lips projected forward in a pouting attitude. He could not remember her annoying him like this before their marriage. He tried to tell himself that it was all in his own mind, but even if he had merely imagined the changes in her attitude, he knew that the ideal she had once presented to him was destroyed forever . . .

He tries, as he walks down the street, to drive his thoughts from him. The task is almost impossible; there are the posts under which they had walked so often, here is the same wind they had leaned against, there the dead leaves that they had trod upon so many times. Then, of course, there is always the street itself which was for them a private symbol of their existence together. He scuffs his foot on a hollow in the pavement, then quickly regains his former pace. The same trees, the same frozen leaves, the same sidewalk, only now they are snow-encrusted, and he realizes slowly that it is the first winter that he has shared these things with anyone. Why, during the first winter of their marriage, must his former enjoyment of these items of his world no longer seem important nor possess a value of their own?

He hurries on, then pauses before the usual driveway which leads up to the door where she will be waiting for him. She will laugh of course; perhaps tell him about her activities during the day, or even some of the latest news . . . Now he suddenly starts to walk again, on past their door, down the street, past all these similar houses. His hands are jammed deeply in his pockets, his whole body is inclined forward against the rising wind. The duskiess of the day creeps slowly about him, but he is only conscious of it when the streetlights are suddenly lit. He casts a quick glance at the faint light coming from them as they stand silhouetted against the winter horizon. He had walked past his house! The realization of this fact is enough to make him shudder faintly, to quicken his pace, to force his hand deeper into his pockets. He has walked past his house! There is that strange, dry feeling in his mouth which always comes upon him when something important happens. . . .

The wind mocks at him, "What are you trying to do?" he hears it shout. The whole panorama of the posts, the winter twilight, the scudding leaves, the wind about his overcoat, unfolds before him as he smiles. "It's not her fault, you know," shouts the wind. "It's not her fault, only yours, only yours . . ."

He hurries on, watching his shadow and mumbling to himself,

"I know, I know . . ."



# Glen Allen Restaurant

(Wharncliffe Road South)

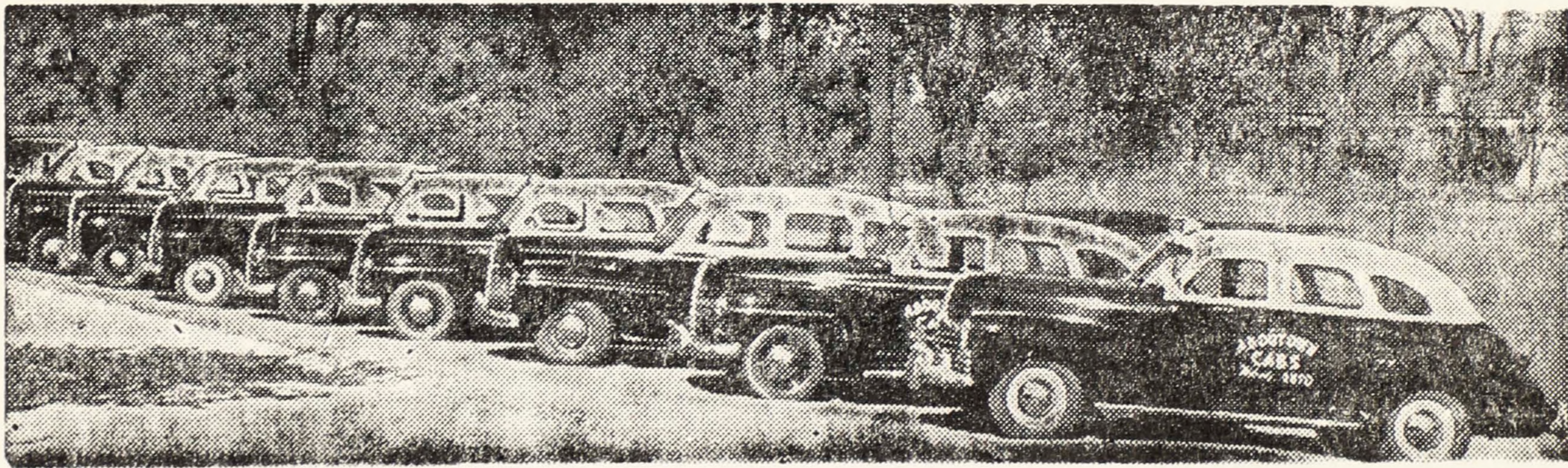
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# Poetry

Clifford Ballon  
Doug. Spettigue  
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Roger Gleason  
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Pat Moore  
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# The Waters of Siloe

CLIFFORD BALLON

*Have you heard the willows whimper  
As their roots in summer clay,  
Vainly suck for springtime coolness  
At the river's empty tray?*

*Have you heard the cricket's shriller note  
As the dewdrops cease to be,  
Or seen the succulent, growing grass  
Turn to amber like the bee?*

*Have you heard the frog with his banshee's croak  
As his throat to parchment turns,  
Or seen the flow'rs in dusty shrouds,  
As the earth on its spindle burns?*

*I, too, have heard my own small cry,  
In the midnight of the soul,  
As it seeks the waters of His great return,  
And strives for the perfect goal.*



# Pedestrian

DOUG SPETTIGUE

*They passed,  
Sharp heels, thick soles scuffing coarse concrete,  
Marking progress by five-foot squares,  
Measured clicks from a traffic recorder.*

*Senility,  
Picking pavements like the prick of conscience  
In shoes too old to be cast away  
Tick-tacked from this to that certain corner.*

*They muttered:  
Her shrunk feet add no weight to our marching  
Better drop out then retard, detract;  
Hold her there!*

*Senility misapprehending hold, said:  
Bless you my son.*



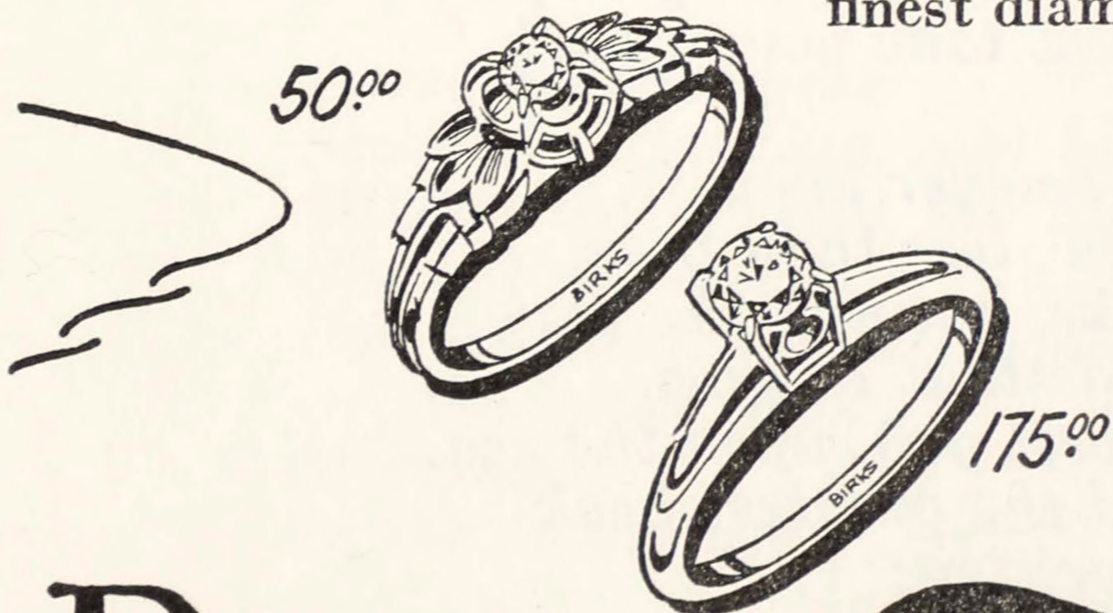
# Black on White

DOUG SPETTIGUE

*If I were an atom in a hollow egg shell  
In time's finite half-second of pain  
I should sweat out a frustrate existence  
Upedging to the dome of the cell  
And sliding down again.*



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# The Old Fisherman

ED. PROCUNIER

*They're gone, all gone, and here I sit,  
Idling the hour between life and death.  
The sun is gone; and yet the evening wears  
The petals of the morning like a rose.  
But how relentless creeps the cloud  
Over the eastern wave: relentless, like death  
Over the vigorous protests of a man,  
Still thinking of his strength. The sea is calm.  
The wind that drives the foam is lost  
Among the pines. The earth is dead.  
The echo of the pattering boats is dulled  
Against the hills. It is the time of death.*

*The northern folk who leave their old  
Upon the ice to die are cruel, yet more kind  
Than those who offer death with life . . .  
Lingering, lingering idle lonesomeness.  
I am not of the north, but of the sea,  
A second Ulysses, stemming my age,  
With vigour, falsely assumed, yet dear, so dear.  
And when the end at last must make an end,  
Then would I die, then would I go fearlessly,  
Like the Viking kings, or Arthur,  
Confident of some return . . .*

*Before they left, they cried: "Old man,  
Sit here and take your rest. Long  
Have you toiled, and eighty years  
Retain a lifeless worth.  
Others there are to take your place,  
Young arms, young hearts, young hopes.  
Old man, sit here and take your rest."*

*But is there rest? I never knew it,  
Never valued it; now, less than then.  
They bring me books, but dull the page,  
For all the meanings that I know,  
Have come, tragic and gay, upon the sea,  
Or under it. I read the greatest book  
Of all, the one unwritten;  
Viewed the greatest picture,  
The one unsketched. I yet would read,  
I yet would see, but words intrude  
Upon my rising mind: "Old man,  
Sit here, and take your rest."*

*My sons went forth, those that are left,  
And grandsons, stalwart men.*



*The little boy that curls about my knee,  
The third to come, looks up, and cries:  
"Tell me a story, 'bout the time  
You shipped to Spain." And I could tell  
Of bearded swarthy me, and flashing knives,  
But . . . Dream your dreams, my lad:  
You'll soon awaken, find them real.  
The old man I once knew could tell  
Me many, but he died at ninety-four,  
Battling a gale off Baccalieu . . .  
A Devon death off Baccalieu.*

*They'll soon be at the grounds,  
And then just after dawn, they'll surge  
The harbour, singing lusty songs:  
    "We'll rant, and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders,  
    We'll rant and we'll roar, on deck and below . . ."  
But I'll not hear them, for, with gaping mouth,  
I'll be in sleep, the waking sleep,  
In all the warm discomfort of a bed.*



## Smoke Castles

ROGER GLEASON

*Three Smokestacks  
Sombrely standing side by side  
Silhouetted against the horizon,  
Black Buttresses  
For mountainous, deep-piled whorls  
Of steel-grey smoke  
Motionless  
In the frosty air.*

*A vagrant breeze  
Sprang silent from the south,  
Scaled the inflated battlements,  
Breached the convolutions,  
Sent them pluming and swirling  
Beyond the town  
Northward—  
It knew not where.*



# The Tree of Life

RON TRENOUTH

*See it!  
Stark, naked beauty:  
"The living dead," it's called.  
"'Tis but a tree," you say?  
—Ah, no, you're wrong. It's more  
Than just a dormant tree  
Upon a lofty hilltop far, a  
Crest of land that's mantled o'er  
With fluttering robe of golden hue.  
Behold the leaves themselves;  
Were once a part, they, of this,  
Your "tree." And now they are pure beauty—  
Nature's beauty — silently supreme.  
Look where the pleading limbs  
Contrast the crystal air and sky!  
—Stretch forth to their Creator  
And cry out his glory  
To man, and beast, and screaming eagle:  
That untamed burst of energy  
That only Jupiter could fashion!  
And let thy hurried mind pause  
From its incessant whirl, and  
Imagine or recall the tree as it  
Has been. Let Fancy join your thoughts  
So you can see how like we are,  
And it to us, the tree; but note:  
We live but once, yet it is born again  
Each year.*

*Behold the greenness and gaiety of youth!  
The childish laughter of the pendant flags  
Undaunted by the breeze; the clean, fresh  
Faces, dew-laden, washed by  
Subtle Spring's sweet showers!  
See them as they peek beyond the cradle  
Of the bud! See how they grow, mature,  
And soon become sweet, joyous youth!  
O, that ever they could be thus! But no,  
It is not Nature's will, for soon  
The youth must lose its greenness and become  
Tanned by Summer's solemn sun.  
And now the gay frivolity is gone, and youth  
Settles.*

*Here! Can you not see maturity arising?  
Note the colours, as tones of character in men,*



*Developing where yesterday was naught but  
Careless green. And in the Autumn of  
Our lives, see how our colours change:  
The skin is pale and pink no more, but  
Now is brownish, darker, tougher than before;  
And see coloured character emerge  
Whence once stood most innocent being;  
But lastly, note the headdress of the two:  
See how the tree, like man, has lost  
Its youthful crop, and now the golden  
Colours creep across the crown.*

*But lo! The winds do blow.*

*No longer stays the headdress thick,  
Luxuriant and healthy. Now thin  
The leaves, and hair upon the head;  
And soon no leaves at all,  
But only hoary whiteness upon each limb; to man  
Yet one further stage remains: that  
When he's glorified with crown  
Of shining white and Knowledge joins  
With Age to reign supreme.*

*Soon follows death; and now your "tree" is but  
"The living dead."*

*—Dead, because it's lost all signs of life,  
Yet living, for we know 'twill rise once more.  
So here it transcends high above mankind:  
For man but liveth once to know  
The joys and trials of youth, maturity, and age,  
While yet the silent, simple tree lives long  
And, yearly, has a life much like to that of man.  
Each season equals one whole stage of life  
Each year brings forth a new-born babe;  
And when the year is ended, he, grown old,  
Steps down to yield his place.  
Now will you not agree with me?  
And see you, there, upon the mount  
Of land, the leafless grandeur—not  
A "tree" as you have coldly said,  
But this: the beauteous  
"Living dead."*





# Psyche

PAT MOORE

*Do you not see me as I loiter naked  
On the streets of Lebanon?  
Impatient searching for a friend  
With whom to share the loneliness,  
The griefs and joys of all the world.*

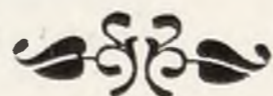
*Created from the restless cosmic tides,  
I walk on earth, a child of earth and sky  
Forever alone, the centre of the world of sense,  
Onlooker of the world of truth.*

*Can you not see my struggle to escape  
The pigeonhole of science?  
For you have named the nameless  
With a word.  
In vain the effort, for the butterfly  
Breaks its wings against the prison wall.*

*Do you not weep?  
For the walls are high  
And the moment of escape is short.  
Do you not hear my wordless song  
My melody without a tune,  
Without beginning and without end?*

*O child of Jupiter!  
O bastard born of virgin moon  
And lustful earth!  
You are my slave and master  
For only you are aware of me,  
Although you do not know me.*

*And alone I walk the streets of Lebanon  
Hiding behind the torn skirts of humanity.  
Do you not hear my voiceless cry  
In the stillness of the night?*





# Ferment

DOUGLAS SIFTON

*You brew a dangerous draught, my dear  
The bitterness outlingers sweet  
In wine of other years.*

*Inebriant, rapturous potions  
Bathe your eddying thoughts.  
You season your dreams  
With upcurling smoke  
Of nostalgic cigarettes.*

*Dark embers of half-languished love  
You fan to fight indifference  
As memory's dim unsteady flame  
Renews its agitated dance.*

*No more! Come, come, my dear and grant  
Forgotten hours oblivion's sleep;  
They will not live again for me.  
Disdain this woeful toxic cup.*

*But friends we'll be,  
Another time we'll meet again,  
Another time, perhaps, my dear.*

DIAMONDS

WATCHES

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# The Atoms

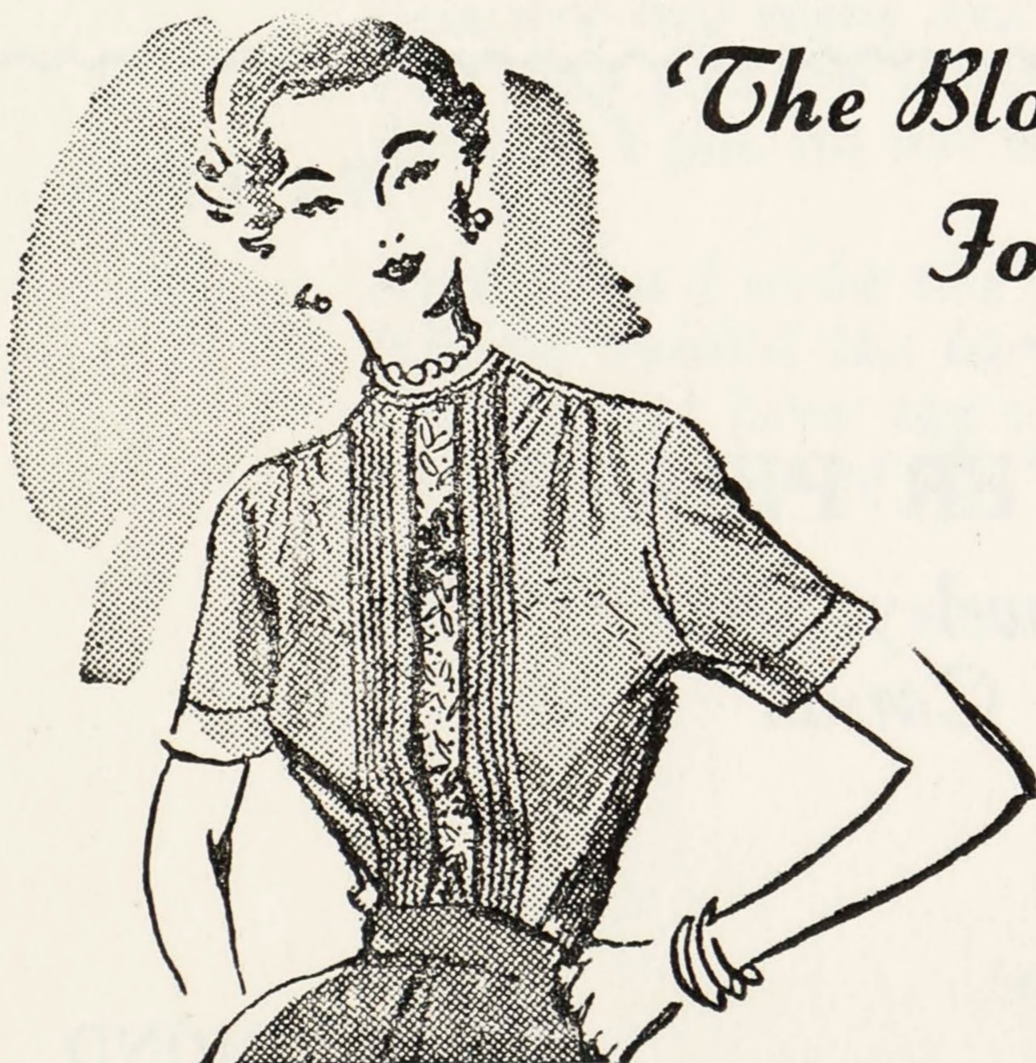
CHARLES FOURIEZOS

*Tiny, whirling worlds  
Part of Divine Device  
Whirling!  
Pop goes a neutron.  
Zip-zip-zip — a chain!  
Whump! — An atom bomb!  
Whirling, one-by-one, they shatter!  
Faster, faster, faster they shatter!  
A city's lost — a pile of atoms.  
A world's lost — a pile of atoms.  
Man is lost — a pile of atoms.  
Where is God?  
Whump! Whump! Whump!*

# Mostly Nonsense

*I was thrown into a spasm  
Because of the chasm  
Between my enthusiasm  
And my protoplasm.*

*When upon the bus I sit  
I always clamp my eyelids shut  
Because it grieves me much to see  
Old women standing up.*



*'The Blouse is the Thing'  
For your Swing to Spring*

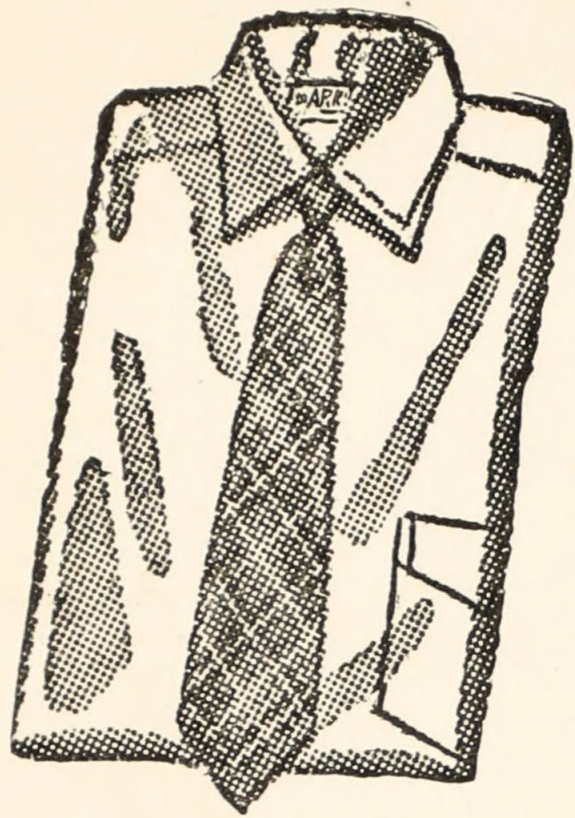
MARY SKIDMORE

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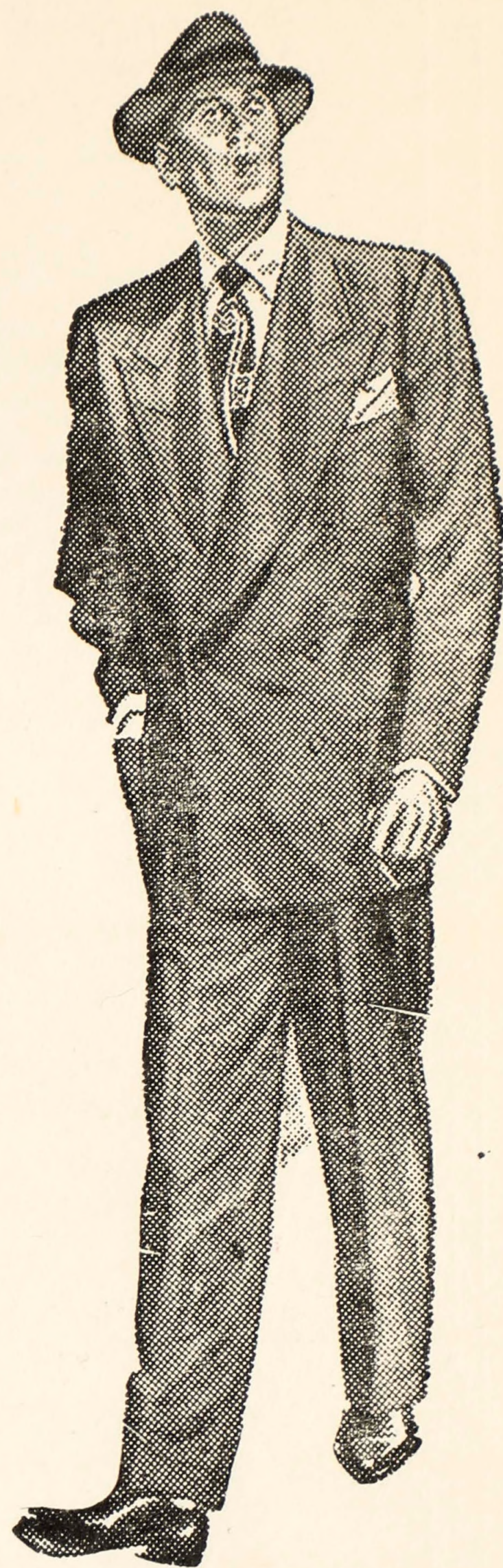
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