

# Folio

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# FROM OUT OF THE NIGHT . . . AND INTO THE NIGHT

W. F. C. Thompson

“QUICKLY, someone. Janine has fallen in the water.”

So at last something had happened. Some of those by the river stopped whispering and clustered slowly on the river bank. What excitement, now the party might become interesting. But when Janine stood up quite steadily in the river, water running down her face and laughing accepted two of the hands stretched out to pull her up the bank, the flicker of hope died. It really was too bad: nothing ever daunted that woman; nothing ever happened to her; she caused events while they were left to stand around mouthing words and phrases that had lost their life many years before, and to glance under lowered eyelids at that woman. The instinct of the primitive was not sufficiently strong in them, nor was the herd instinct sufficiently forceful for them to band together to peck like sparrows at the golden canary in their midst; slumbrous in its age, in the control taught by the centuries the gathering reformed in the well worn but unrecognized pattern.

The night was warm, too warm. Nobody was drunk; nobody could get drunk, that would have demanded too much energy. It was all rather annoying if you stopped to consider it.

Janine was aloof on the grass, sheathed in the green clay water of the river and the former white of her dress.

“God, are you drunk, Janine?” somebody demanded, coming through the statues.

“I just tripped.”

“Why do you stand there? Go and change your dress: you’re soaked.”

“Don’t get upset, Charles, I am not cold.”

“Go in, Janine, everybody is looking at you.”

But nobody was looking at her any longer; those that had noticed her, had forgotten her—one can’t watch forever.

“Can’t you see?” he whispered through his teeth, “It’s your dress.”

“My dress? What’s wrong with my dress?”

“I can, one can . . .”

“Pouff, what does it matter, Charles? It is all nature—thank goodness.”

"Are you going to stay here then, like that?"

"Well, why not?"

"Oh, come in!" he cried.

"Don't bother me, Charles," she was beginning to feel a little upset and a little frown appeared between her clear eyes.

"Must I - - -?"

She cried her answer over the full range of rising intonation, "Oh, for heaven sake, Charles, don't be so petty!"

A momentary break while they stared at each other and recognition was swamped in murkiness.

"Are you coming in?"

"No," she said and shook the brackenish liquid from her hair and brain in emphasis.

"It is disgusting—all this. All the women are sneering at you and the men are studying you," he whispered. As a matter of fact, everybody was engaged in talk for after all they were bred to be polite.

Janine gestured regretfully as if to caress his arm.

"Last week you would not have been angry."

"How do you know?"

"You said so. You said that you were free of all that kind of thing; it is true, is it?"

"I told you that I was not bound by anything."

"But you were not free to love me . . ."

"I've . . ."

"It was not freedom."

"You know . . ."

"Ah, so!" Janine turned with a sweep to her guests. "Listen everybody, listen. Did you know Charles and I am lovers?"

There was silence.

Then a voice cried mockingly, "We knew it, all of us."

Again silence but deeper, a feeling of secret laughter in the garden. Then everyone started talking at once. No one looked at Janine; she must be mad, of course, so they became momentarily alert and sane. The air seemed fresher and so did life.

Charles was red, "Are you trying to disgrace me, or something?"

"Don't you understand . . . I am fed up with you. Go away."

"I am already leaving."

She shrugged her shoulders, "Goodbye."

She watched him go, however; then said aloud, "He's a hypocrite." And went into the house.

\* \* \*

Sometime between eleven and midnight she became infatuated with another man—it had its poetical overtones.

"How charming you are," he said to her.

"That's what they tell me," she smiled.

"Can't one say anything new?" he asked, giving her the age old look.

"Not to me. I've been told everything."

"Is it all worth nothing?" he asked her, letting his gaze probe her eyes.

"Nothing. I am bored with all that." And her pupils reflected back his fire.

"What interests you?"

"You . . . can't guess?"

"I find *you* interesting."

"Good then, that's finished." She looked away into space. "From the top there's only the descent; there's always a pose . . ."

"This isn't false—not *this*."

"I would like to believe it."

"I want to say - -"

"Don't say it."

They were standing above the river, looking at each other. It was rather dark, that night, but Janine did not fall - - she leaped into the water this time.

When her face emerged, she called softly, "It is not too warm and deliciously filthy . . . Come on."

## *Follow the Devil*

RONALD H. STACEY

Walking the street, we meet a friend,  
We cross a corner, and stop and wonder.  
Once in a while, everything,  
Something, nothing, never.  
What does it matter;  
Who goes there,  
Qui ca va la?  
Il fait un beau jour;  
And now is the springtime,  
When raindrops mix with tears,  
And nights we whimpered goodbye,  
The movie was bad,  
Your arm was the only aesthetic object,  
And your lips, too (using the word loosely).  
A paper bag beside a typewriter—  
Butts in an ash tray, and  
You must be drunk.  
I must make a telephone call  
To a girl I know, who likes me  
And I like her, but we will never come together.  
And there would be no use if we did;  
So I will long for her from time to time always,  
To tunes of drunkenness and  
Long for her sober, too,  
And she is wonderful.  
But the chorus of the Vienna State Opera  
Looks out a window.  
We write a poem,  
Are rivetted to it on the paper,  
We cannot break away without tearing ourselves;  
One focus is what we need  
And one is not enough.  
Where will we turn, or will we,  
To the line of least resistance,  
Play a few notes upon a piano,  
They don't sound right when we do it.  
And a train goes by, and  
The weather forecast come,  
Preceded by the news.

## FOLLOW THE DEVIL

The condition of roads in summer—  
The snow all melts away,  
Dissolution by hot and cold.  
The flux goes by unnoticed  
Until our consciousness  
Is drawn from the static  
And does it by the wine.  
The flux is life—  
But life is the moments of exhilaration  
With hell and the wasteland come between.  
Death is the peace we seek, but do not want,  
Not really.  
A poem should never end, because then life begins,  
And life may lead to death.  
What damn fools men are, to begin what can't be  
Finished, or may abruptly end, non in sua genera.  
The process of life must go on until the force of  
Stopping proves stronger at some point.  
And there is the ending — mute — there.



## *Polyphiloprogenitive*

RONALD H. STACEY

A young poet sat, pen in hand,  
Waiting to write.  
Totally unprophecied,  
Winter came, freezing his fingertips,  
His inspirational devices.  
Enterprising,  
The young poet sat, pen in hand;  
Soon he wrote this.

## *Winter Snow*

RONALD H. STACEY

There, a square, white canvas of snow,  
Newly covered whitely, and waiting,  
Anticipating the motion of day,  
The movement of bushes and branches by winds,  
To make dancing cut-outs in the sunlight,  
Sharp shadows superimposed on the snow.  
The snow glistens with little glasses  
And awaits the slow turns and deliberate passes  
Of despondent last cats — usually black or tawn.  
Perhaps a silly puppy, flops and wags  
A furrow through the snow like a floundered guppy.  
A businesslike old dog passes with intent eyes,  
Then casts a casual glance to the side,  
(Where a small child makes a curious noise,  
As if he had a feeling of unreality.  
The sun, bronze overhead, becomes coals and flames  
And fiery reflection, in its brazier the horizon.  
The fire then disappears and cools.  
The sun sends the moon for light.  
Rabbits, pale in the faded light of the distant moon,  
Hop and start and stop and greedily nibble,  
And bound with uncouth, frightened steps away,  
Jerking pale shadows behind them.  
And when the day is ended, the canvas is spoiled,  
The organization is horrible. A long, long time  
Nature has had to perfect itself, and has not.  
Our patience may not last so long. And yet,  
What can we hope for or say, but only  
Come the new snow.

# TIME ENOUGH

Maida Skene

TEN MINUTES had elapsed since Alden Roberts stepped from his car. As he climbed the stairs to the verandah, avoiding as he did so, the third step, his breath came in quiet gusts, like a rebelling breeze, and perspiration glowed on his forehead—the only outward signs of his anger, of an inner conspiracy between the regulators of the pancreas and the viscera to destroy his equilibrium. And ultimately, these strangled emblems of emotion were all that remained of Alden Roberts' youthful fire and passion. A sagging jowl hid an angular jaw—a structure with a once purposeful thrust, and the lithe corporeal vitality of thirty years past had long ago crept furtively into voluminous yardage. Alden sustained his life as it were on the quiet hum of a chord he had struck carefully in his youth. There had been time enough to absorb the exigencies of life; that is, until today, when it seemed to him that the sides of his meager twenty-four hours rationed from somewhere in Eternity were being pummelled and pushed beyond their endurance.

Alden pressed his nose to the screen and squinted through the hallway to the kitchen. Lunch seemed to be progressing punctually to the moment of 12.15. Five minutes to try to quell the inner disturbances and restore his composure. Alden slumped into the wicker chair, grasped firmly its corded, rough arms, and awaited for its five generations of personal history to charm him into that hazy land of the Roberts clan, "stalwart frontiersmen," and to create within him that magnificent sense of stature, which he was sure was possessed by all noble families.

But today his mind was overwhelmed by pedestrian images: the annoyed countenance of a traffic policeman, the spectre of the new inefficient stenographer, and the most repellent image of all, the man next door. The ten minute conversation with "the new man" as Mr. Roberts called him, was disturbing. Fragments of their talk echoed in his thoughts.

"Statitstical Department of Human Affairs. Oh Yes. Me? No, I have a business of my own. Only thing. Ottawa red tape can sure choke the life out of any worthwhile contribution. Nothing personal, mind, but don't you think that these fancy government jobs just furnish employment. Sort of a public works program."

How could he explain with the necessary urgency and pride the importance of his contribution. How could he explain the sense of helplessness and futility which engulfed him upon the bankruptcy of his small partnership that tenuous October of '29, and the gratitude at being accepted almost immediately by the government. Of the six that commenced work with Roberts, all were still with him except Alex Nagy. In 1933, Alex had ventured into a construction business. How

could he explain to this young mind uninitiated in the precarious ways of chance, his sleepless nights as he weighed the offer to join Nagy in partnership, or make him understand what a selfish mistress was Security, especially when it was she who was supporting a wife and two small boys. Besides, wasn't he, Alden Roberts, now chief of his department?

Alden sighed. It had never been necessary to explain anything to Tom Piper. After twenty-five years of harmonious living, these neighbours were, so to speak, branches of the same tree, bearing the same fruit. Each had politely observed in the other the effect of time's gentle massage, and had tacitly admitted it was but his own reflection. Tom Piper's departure to another city left Mr. Roberts in much the same state of mind as a man deprived of a leg or an arm. His bewilderment at his loss changed to resentment and then to anger. It was, Alden felt, the work of either an ungrateful God or a cantankerous Devil.

He struggled in his chair as with some physical force. He banged his hand on the arm rests, and made a decision.

"I should have been a builder. I should have built bridges, sky scrapers, vast monuments to my existence. Yes, I should have created, and built." He was almost shouting.

In his mind's eye he saw all of Canada, and an enormous steel ediface spanned the provinces from sea to sea. Alden licked his lips. He could taste the pleasure of public acclaim; his nostrils quivered as he smelled the gasoline from the millions of cars that covered its miles, and in his ears he could hear the sound of the warning bells . . .

"Alden, lunch is ready. I've been ringing for you, and here you sit, dreaming in the sun. Creating and building! Why, Alden, if you do't fix that front step before winter comes, I am going to break my neck. And if you'd like to create something, I wish you'd look at the fruit cellar . . ."

Alden's mind sought refuge in the crackling authority of his celery, and remained oblivious to the needs of the fruit cellar. He stared across the table. Who was this woman? He blinked his eyes. A mild, pretty bride looked down at her plate. He blinked again and . . .

"Excuse me dear," he wasn't hungry. He walked out on the back porch. Surely the warmth of the sun would help him come to his senses, at least dry his wet brow, his moist hands.

He puffed grimly on his pipe. The inner turmoil was giving Alden extra vision. He thought: for the majority of mankind, life consists of a narrowing of one's horizon, erecting barriers, of allowing necessity to jilt the large, whole truths, and of masquerading whims and fancies in the costume of essentials.

And Alden was no different from the majority. He looked at his watch. Nearly 12.45. Time to step into his car, and be at the bus stop a minute before the bus was due.

"Why thank you, Mr. Roberts."

Each time he rendered Miss Frey this small service, Mr. Roberts was transported back to the horseless carriage days, when of a Sunday young ladies with their mothers would gush (but with sincerity) over the gallantry of the young men. As Miss Frey got out, he would tip his hat, and roll up the windows, in order to preserve for a little longer her ebullient charm, and vitality.

“Alden, don’t leave without me. I want you to take me to the hairdresser . . . No, I’m not ready, I’ve been so busy this morning. But I won’t be a minute.”

Suddenly, the feeling that Alden had before lunch—that this moment was not his own—overwhelmed him, and the moment was *not* his own. All past time raced forward and future time stood still, and all time converged in this one instant. And the sides of Alden’s moment burst, and like a drunken man, he reeled and clung to the door jamb intoxicated with too much time.

Click, click, click. He heard the heels. Squeech. That was the air brakes of the bus. He became light-headed, and then it seemed no-headed, because before him in thick vapours of red, orange and purple was his head, and there was Tom Piper’s, and Nagy’s, and that of the man next door. Spanning the heads, were delicately designed bridges of cool silver, and each one had the Roberts’ stamp. Click, click, click went the heels. Screech went the brakes. Screeech . . . .

“Alden!” Alden standing in the doorway, tried to focus his eyes and attention on the kitchen. His wife lay crumpled on the floor. This was one of life’s exigencies with which Alden *was* familiar. Too much hurry, in too warm temperatures, created a weakness within his wife. Alden knew the treatment. Cold towel, pillow, smelling salts, a little hot water for tea. Forcing himself through the sea of color, avoiding the bridges, Nagy and the rest, Alden got a pillow and placed it under his wife’s head. He opened the smelling salt and began to untie the ascot tie which adorned her blouse.

Click, click. Heels. Screech, Airbrakes. Nagy bumped him on the forehead. Tom slapped him on the back. Click, click. Screeech . . .

“Al-den, your chok-ing me.”

As violently as time had pressured this one moment, it now began to expand. Past time retreated, future time abandoned the present, and Alden was left with his hour, this minute, now.

He stared at the red ring around his wife’s neck. What he had

been doing was inexplicable.

“Are you alright, dear?”

“Yes. You’re as white as a sheet, Alden. Now you should know enough not to be frightened by these fainting spells.”

Alden poured a cup of tea, and brought it to his wife, clear. He propped her head up, and she leaned against his shirt.

“Why, Alden, You’re soaking wet. You’d better change your shirt before you go back to the office.”

Alden helped his wife to a chair.

“Yes, I’d . . . I’d better change my shirt.”



## *Night*

CAROL WEST

The lamp hangs suspended, surrounded by black.  
Softly the wind whispers of mysteries hidden in the night.  
Rain adds its weeping witness in stiff cool drops.  
Everything is cold!  
Night lies in ambush; hush say the trees,  
Move not now, but wait a moment.  
All is soft, footsteps sound on dried grass and die.  
Everything is waiting!  
Suddenly I see him through the trees  
A moving silhouette, quiet and lithe.  
Is it only shadows playing hide and seek?  
No, it is he; I am in his arms.  
Everything is still!

## *A Tryst*

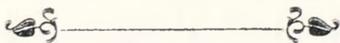
DAVID LUXTON

The tryst portends that they explore  
The restless purple, and the door  
Pass through, into ethereal gray  
    Hierophant of souls.

They cast aside the mordant chain of group,  
Put on the mantle of themselves  
Alone the shelt'ring leaves of blue remain  
    As will unsheathes.

What sweet compulsion sends  
The heavy draught of thought to lips  
To say and mold desire that bends  
    The rectitude of will.

What is the hold that binds these two,  
So different yet in part alike,  
Some urge to which suppression yields and grinds  
    Their difference to dust?



## *Bus*

PAUL POLAK

Blatantly  
It shifted its brown mass to the curb  
and stuffed people into its mouth,  
relieving itself at the same time,  
till it belched rudely—  
the doors slammed shut.  
Without excusing itself  
it blundered on.

# A CHRISTMAS TALE

George Todd

**D**ARKNESS had fallen out of the sky, but the light snow, drifting crazily down through the early evening glare of city lights, down past neon and brick into man-made crevice, brought with it no exhilaration for the stocky figure huddled in the brick doorways. A flux of Christmas shoppers, grim and grinning, hurried by, unseen by the bright and staring eyes. The man's unconcern was not contemptuous, but the result of peculiar inability to focus upon the surging mass.

For Cleaver Gilbert was drifting. His shabby appearance, glittering eyes, and sagging limbs announced to the world that here was no man. What could man say of the soot-heavy string of life which had neither beginning nor end, and from which the glittering beads had long since been lost into the various grimy cracks of the city. But this mortal lived; he ate, drank and slept. And the drift which carried the others down to the Birth of Christ carried Cleaver out beyond the stars to the infinity which had no beginning, and where the hope for death was not even a hope.

In that drift, night would shrink into day, and often an unfamiliar face would take the place of the stranger. Out of his drift there came a never-ending stream of things which must be done, but no way of doing them. And so he had to pass on. He would wander down Dundas to Broadway, amongst the angry strangers, down past the school and the red-brick building where Martha once lived, to the long-sloping hill where one would sleigh-ride as a boy, and finally back up Finkle to Dundas and the bright lights, which held no memories. You could not stop; you could not turn back.

As the snow whirled against the leaning figure, tiny flakes clung momentarily to the imperturbable face, only to melt and run down through a grisly stubble of beard. But Cleaver was unconscious of delicious coolness, for his mind was probing into the past for some experience which had the aesthetic quality of beginning and end.

It had been but a short month ago, but it now seemed like ages, since he had fallen senseless into the pool of his own vomit, violently receiving that final culmination of emotion, which had been becoming scarcer and scarcer, and which had now disappeared completely. Not even alcohol, the last desperate measure of the escapist, could any longer carry him beyond the pale of society, and so he sank deeper and deeper within the dullness that clouds the mind.

With the uncanny sensibility of the man for whom time had become meaningless, Cleaver pushed himself away from the doorway at exactly seven, walking east on the main street. His breath was rank with the smell of cheap wine from an empty bottle, now laying in the

alley behind Stacey's Drug Store, and his feet and legs were unsteady. But his mind bore no evidence of intoxication, for it was as heavy as it had been for a month, and his eyes were bright and unseeing.

As he walked, Cleaver Gilbert stared straight ahead, his mind trying to piece together consciousness, but his life had been caught, some time in the past, upon a distant nail and wrenched out into a world of no meaning. Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted as a boy darted out of a lighted store front, colliding with his lurching figure. The youth fell to the sidewalk, crushing the parcel, which he carried, beneath him, while Cleaver staggered back against the store front, his mouth open in silent surprise. He stared down at the huddled figure, bewildered and not understanding the tears streaming down the face of the boy, who was clutching at the battered parcel. Even if he could have seen into the shattered heart of this stripling, how could he have presumed to understand the exhilaration one feels in buying a Christmas present from a meagre savings?

Nor could he understand the angry crowd which gathered, pressing in on every side of him, gesturing wildly before his impotent eyes, their threats biting into the cold air. In his stupor, the cornered figure tried to push his way through the crowd, confused by his own lack of direction and only wishing to escape into the world of anonymity.

But he was not to escape, for rough hands seized him, jostling him, and finally a closed fist shot out of the circle, smashing him savagely in the face. He staggered back, falling to the sidewalk, and lay there watching the red blood dripping from his crushed nose into the white snow. And finally something moved within this lost man. The red mixed, before his eyes, with the white into a new pattern of anger. A spark had been struck in the darkness.

With new cunning he stared about. The crowd had dispersed, but he knew he must move quickly before the police would arrive. With an effort he raised himself to his feet and stood swaying precariously on the threshold of a gripping and terrible blackness. When at last the red, green and yellow of the city lights had come into focus, Cleaver moved off down to Perry street, turning south and into the alley. The first blaze of his resentment had now dissipated and it was necessary to fortify his anger, but the drunk was so unaccustomed to any action that he was not certain as to what to do next. Besides, he was not sure in his mind that he should do anything.

As he sat there thinking, the significance of the previous action came into his mind. After all, had not the crowd presumed to judge him, finding him guilty and had not they even presumed to punish him. Now he must have his revenge, not upon the boy, for he and his battered present had completely drifted out of Cleaver's mind, but upon the smug and uprighteous shoppers. With the craftiness born of his single vision, a plan began to form in his mind. It was not complete, but the spark had burst into tiny flames which were licking gently at the very entrails of his being.

He walked out of the alley, turning south once more on Perry

and past the Fire Hall, down to Henry street, where he turned west. The night had grown colder and he drew his worn coat tighter about his thin frame. On the trees snow was glistening and Christmas tree lights were softened by frosted windows, but their beauty was lost upon the intent figure.

At last the shambling gait came to a stop before a low, dimly-lit cottage, and Cleaver suddenly knew why he had come and what he must do. Pushing the back door open, he stepped into a shadowy kitchen, staring into the widened eyes of Annie's ebony face. Cleaver knew he could get the money here, for many times in the past he had helped the old negress, sharing money when he had it and his strength when he could. And Cleaver knew the gentle heart which beat beneath the ponderous brown bosom. Only those who have searched the bottom know that it is the lowliest who truly understand pity. Nor was his faith in vain, for he left the cottage with a ten dollar bill clutched tightly in his overcoat pocket.

Once again the shabby figure was moving slowly down the main street with its many lights but now the stumbling feet belied the surging blood which raced through his veins. There was a lift to weary shoulders and bright eyes were no longer staring, but shifting relentlessly from face to face, looking for that first sign of recognition and fear. Finding none, he rationalized their happiness with a cunning born of desperation: they were walking on the verge of his revenge, but in the bliss of their ignorance they still rushed forward.

At the door of Sam's Pool Room he turned in, crossing the outer room with bowed head and into the back room, where he sank into a dirty chair in a dark corner. No one bothered the familiar drunk and he was content to close his mind to the sights and noises of the pool room.

He waited. Cleaver could afford to wait because time meant nothing in his life. After a while the shouts and laughter of many throats subsided to a low murmur and Cleaver knew that the moment had arrived. He opened his eyes and watched the small, gray-haired woman in the Salvation Army uniform pass quietly among the pool players. As she went to pass him by, Cleaver stood up, his wrinkled hat in his hand:

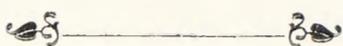
“Ma'am.”

She turned, and as he took the wrinkled ten from his pocket and placed it into the outstretched purse, her soft blue eyes stared kindly into his dark features. He lowered his head and from a long way away he heard her voice:

“God bless you, son.”

Tears welled up in his eyes as he watched the tiny woman disappear through the pool room door. On trembling legs he followed out

into the blustering night and turned west into the wind. Somewhere in the city church bells were ringing out "Joy To The World", and the crowd was hurrying gaily home, but Cleaver was completely unaware of anything but the choking feeling in his throat. Christmas had not reached his heart, but he would never forget the love that he had seen this night in his mother's eyes.



## *Why?*

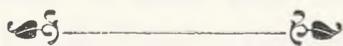
JOHN A. GIBSON

Why do you sigh when the moon dreams pale  
Its fading light on the silken sail—  
And swims in the sea like a sunken snail—  
Why do you sigh?  
Why do you cry when the sun fights free—  
And splashes bright hues on the faraway tree—  
Bathing the land in a rhapsody—  
Why do you cry?  
Why do you scream at the naked trunks—  
Frozen in fear like staggering drunks—  
Before a sun that throws heat in chunks—  
Why do you scream?  
Why do you cringe at the bright sun's flash—  
Fearing to stare at its fiery lash—  
By burrowing your belly in the sterile ash—  
Why do you cringe?  
Why do you die at the noon-day's birth—  
When every tree stands in bitter worth—  
And the gouges and scars leer from its girth—  
Why do you die?  
The night relieves what the day perceives  
With a cool deceiving hand—  
While deception calls in time it palls  
For truth is what weans the man.

## *Taps*

JOHN A. GIBSON

Now as the sun drops in the west  
And day glides to its close,  
The land in gentle shadows dressed,  
Lies 'neath the clouds of rose.  
Out in the square a lone man stands  
Among the drifting greys,  
He lifts his horn in rev'rent hands,  
And softly, sweetly, plays . . .  
A haunting tune, it floats on air  
That, for the moment, rests,  
In peaceful silence, for those fair  
Who gave their all, their best.  
We stand like statues—men full-grown  
Who weep — no word is said;  
Rememb'ring friends we once had known,  
Who now, through war, are dead.



## *Tears*

JOHN A. GIBSON

### THE TEAR

Grey streams of moonlight float between the mists  
That form a shutter for my tired eyes,  
And in my mind I see, held in the skies,  
A phantom beauty, waiting to be kissed.  
Her flowing hair cascades e'en to her wrist,  
And ripples as her breast heaves with the sighs  
That foretell sorrow, waiting in disguise  
Beneath a virgin heart, by Cupid missed.  
A fiery tear boils from my depth of mind  
And, rushing like a Hell-sent tidal bore,  
It carries off the fair Queen of my dream,  
And leaves me without ever hope to find  
Again the maiden who, one tear before,  
Had entered, swam, and left my life's swift stream.

## “PEACE IN OUR TIME”

Zina L. Hopwood

SEPTEMBER 1938; the place, “Elgin House”, on Lake Joseph; the occasion, an International Conference of the Young Women’s Christian Association.

Autumn that year claimed the Muskoka Lakes with a beauty almost indescribable. “Like a slow fire” the blazing glory of the trees crept from island to island. Grass, still verdant from heavy fall rains, showed in brilliant contrast to the low shrubs touched by September’s lighted taper. At the feet of the popular summer resort the waters of Lake Joseph fretted softly. Canada, gracious in her role as youthful chatelaine, bowed low before her global guests and cast before them her wealth of autumnal treasure.

Delegates to the Conference had come from almost every corner of the world. By train and boat and bus they came, by plane and automobile. Representative of many countries, of numerous creeds and varying colors, they thronged the buildings and overflowed to the lawns.

Each morning a sweet-toned bell summoned the “world family” to worship. Emblazoned across the front of the little chapel was the motto of the World Y.W.C.A., “Not by might or by power but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts”.

Inside, there was not room for everyone to be seated comfortably. No one complained. Great Britain moved over to give India another inch, Germany rubbed shoulders with France. Italy made way for China, Australia bowed to Japan, tiny Czechoslovakia shared a hymnbook with the United States. Canada smiled upon her guests. A deep and abiding sense of comradeship lay over all.

Evening meetings were not so devoid of tension. Far beyond the confines of Muskoka’s placid waters, a broiling tempest was seething in European affairs. By mutual consent, all conference matters were halted at 8 o’clock and delegates assembled in the Great Hall to hear the daily radio broadcast of world events.

Several times the belligerence of Hitler’s raucous voice, speaking from Munich, penetrated every corner of the Hall. It crashed its way into the very heart of the undenominational atmosphere, it tore at the core of justice, it mocked at peace, it rolled away into the darkness of adjoining rooms with fearful foreboding.

Horror-stricken, the pleasant young German delegate listened with blanched face and wide eyes. What was this her beloved Fuhrer was saying? Why did he sound so angry? Did the nations not understand that he was a fine and honourable leader? Not until her journey to Canada had Frieda heard anything whatever about the world situa-

tion. Her keen young mind was as completely unaware of Hitler's plans, as completely blank on matters of political importance as was her carefully zoned home radio. One wondered how she had been permitted to step over German boundaries at a moment of such international crisis.

The final evening of the Conference arrived. As usual, the delegates sat or stood in the Great Hall, listening with baited breath for the latest news. Three times a tall, slender man, stooped by ill health and the burden of Atlas, had flown to Munich. Armed with nothing more formidable than a tightly rolled umbrella, he had faced the demons of rage and war. Tonight he was to speak to the world.

The radio sputtered, cleared. An announcer with an English accent said, "This is London calling . . ." and made an introduction. In the great Hall the only other sound was the gentle sobbing of tiny Czechoslovakia. A quiet voice began to speak, a voice unutterably weary from long physical strain and mental conflict, ". . . there has come back from Germany to Downing Street peace with honour. I believe it is peace in our time".

Someone turned off the radio. No one spoke. For several minutes there was only the sound of Czechoslovakia mourning for her children. Then came the sound of a soft footstep. It was Frieda, the young German delegate, going to comfort her friend.



## *Busted on the Shore*

Weary, weary, weary,  
On a dull and stupid brain:  
And if I sail on the morrow,  
I'm sure that it will rain.  
I will arise and go now,  
And pay at the door as I leave;  
O' silly, nilly Milly,  
Will wipe her nose on her sleeve.  
Rise the sun as I go home,  
The snow is snow, is snow;  
Weary, weary, weary,  
And still the time must flow.

ANONYMOUS

*"I, Folded In The Thought of Love,"*

GEORGE HANCOCKS

On the bell-toll of time

On the timeless pool

rippled by the sea-deep green

and blue wave eternity:

flesh made full and golden,

golden flowing on the chime

and tone of green maturity,

Long for love.

As the lotus,

blue petal green and unfolding

still within its bud contains

the full flower's miniature moulding,

rounds in time to its perfect beholding

So I, longing, golden,

ripple in the sea's time-green pool:

As the swan,

white pinned and ruffled

drawn by the pool's polarity,

So I, drawn deep in time,

sounding the green depth's eternity,

golden and full in this thought-long love,

Pause,

in the mercy of time

in the timeless pool,

for a benediction:

Out of my life's breath,

The strange, sweet, and secret heart of me

Flows this one perfection,

Close and subtle as it is to me:

Time is Love, and Love is Circularity.

## *Where will you be, O Sinner?*

ANONYMOUS

Drunk and swaying,  
Weaving and falls,  
Splatter, in the gutter,  
And stares,  
Up and up, and still up,  
To the ivy tower,  
To the window coloured,  
And the window cluttered, with Figure,  
And His white whobbly lamb;  
White and whobbly, and pink-tongued,  
And crouching in arm,  
Thumbing his nose at the sinner,  
Who kneels in gutter,  
Raging into the roaring wind;  
And scream is torn from lips,  
To be lost in symphony of sound,  
And not even a whimper comes back:  
"Get down . . .  
Get down, you yellow-tailed anachronism,  
Get down, you floppy-eared fool,  
Get down and Follow;  
Why crouch there,  
Pressing bleating heart to Bleeding Side?  
Get down . . .  
And raise my head from the gutter."  
Clutching fingers curl on rock,  
Flinging it high,  
To project the night  
With fiery trail,  
Rising higher and higher on angelic sound,  
To bounce, with small clatter,  
The grey brick,  
And fall,  
Over and over,  
Down through the silent night,  
To the silent ground.

## *Your Master*

ANONYMOUS

Run down the black street, Sam,  
Where you must meet your master,  
Striding and stuttering,  
Long beneath the street light,  
With the fag in his hand.  
And you scrape and bow, and say:  
"Good evening . . . good evening";  
But he turns a cold eye in reply,  
And says, "Blast, your late,"  
Flicking the fag from finger,  
To fly and glow, and burst the night  
In a blurb of dull sparks, which die.  
"Why come now, at the end of time,  
When the rocket's gone to the moon?  
For love is lost,  
And all's been writ,  
Your friends are gone,  
And still you sit . . .  
And there's nothing left."  
Then your master is gone the circle of light,  
And darkness is all around,  
You flee into the angry night,  
Your scream the only sound,  
Crying:  
"Wait, master, wait,  
For I think . . .  
I think I shall follow you!"

## *"Silhouette 9"*

ANONYMOUS

Laugh  
at me would you,  
you rounded, staring  
sterile skull—  
your dreams and what  
creates your dreams have  
vanished  
with the red wind that blows  
white dust:  
you hideous homo sapien:  
your eyes are  
open  
and I can see the back of your  
skull:  
close your mouth, your teeth are black with  
dirt:  
what's that you say?  
of . . . . that's only  
my reflection  
in the glass  
case.



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