

They watched Benedick very closely the next few days. Someone asked him what the Conservatives were doing now, and instead of spouting the usual line on the greatness of Diefenbaker, he said he didn't know. Didn't know what the Conservatives were doing! And him a Tory so long he looked like Sir John A. with his long Scottish face and big nose. He was either sick or giving up the world in earnest. One of the boys reported that he was Benedick going into the Basilica about the first of November, all dressed up. Then one day the news spread that he finally had left and his nephew was driving his battered old car.

Murphy continued to paint and answer questions freely, happy in his new importance. They had thought him just another Irishman whose tongue was so silver he even believed his own tales; now 'twas different. He had ecclesiastical backing, you might say, living at the parochial house and all. Besides, the new housekeeper, who had replaced Nora, listened gravely to all he said. Soon Murphy could bring the glad tidings; Father Mac had a letter saying that Brother Ben would be home for Christmas.

At last the great day came. Father Mac drove to the airport to meet his newly reformed lamb. A whole carload of villagers drove in just to see him. The little plane landed and discharged its gay vacationers. With much confusion a member, with his attractive wife, and family got their belongings together and scrambled out; then came two Franciscans in brown robes and sandals, next the Honourable Mr. Hamish Mac somebody and his retinue, and last of all came Benedick, looking twenty years younger, with his bride Nora.

The villagers were a wee bit disappointed but someone recollected that George Billy Paddy was in jail for Christmas, so off they went to visit him.

—ELLEN REDDIN '63

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## REBELS

Grey smoke drifting,  
floating through the room,  
Walls hung with craggy art,  
Night air filled with sound.  
Boom of the bongo  
wail of the saxophone.  
Weird rythms,  
Cool, cool jazz,  
Twanging guitars.  
Broken seats and beer bottles,  
Mad joint, mad.  
This is the gas house.

Offbeat verses read aloud  
to the background of the throbbing drum.  
Bing, bam! Weird, man, weird.  
Crosslegged on the floor,  
Arguing in the corner,  
dancing and drinking,  
—people out for kicks.  
Sandals and shorts,  
Long hair and black rimmed specs,  
Beards and black sweaters.

Chicks with ponytails and shags,  
hose of black and dungarees,  
Mascara and white lipstick.  
Folk songs and whiskey,  
Politics, sex, religion.  
This is the beat generation.  
Beat, real beat.

Poverty's the answer, man,  
Philosophy and poverty,  
holy, holy here on the pad.  
Work? that's for squares  
All hung up.  
Cool down, Man.  
down on the weed.  
Dig that frantic jazz  
Marijuana and Madness.  
Go with the beat  
go, friend, go.  
Endless, endless, endless.

—M. J. M. '61

### LE GOELAND

Une mer bleue étendant sa mante argentée bien au-delà de l'horizon, un goéland immaculé, juché entre ciel et mer, toutes voiles ouvertes, l'oeil attentif, prêt à attraper sa proie; un gars, oui un gars comme tous les autres, l'oeil rempli de joie à la vue d'un tel paysage, mais le coeur vide, vide des déceptions que sa vie encore jeune lui a imposées.

Ce gars a cru en la vie, un jour, un an . . . Il distinguait, là-bas, à l'horizon, un monde à conquérir et à vaincre, un monde avec ses joies variées et ses plaisirs nombreux et qui sait . . . avec ses difficultés peut-être. Cette dernière perspective ne l'effrayait pas; il pourrait maîtriser les embûches et défier les dangers, même plus, il deviendrait chef de file, premier de cordées. Rêve d'adolescent! . .