



# THE MITRE



University of Bishop's College  
Lennoxville, Que.

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# University of Bishop's College

Lennoxville, Que.

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# The Mitre

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LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

DECEMBER, 1932

THE EDITOR PRESENTS—

## HIS CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

The past year has been one of the most depressing that the world has experienced since the Great War. Many financial institutions have collapsed, industry has been at a standstill, public faith and confidence have perceptibly decreased, and a valiant attempt at furthering propaganda of an optimistic nature has practically failed. Economically speaking, the world has had a severe illness, and the recovery is very slow.

The recent Economic Conference at Ottawa, in spite of the pessimistic utterances of Mr. Ferdinand Taschereau in Canada, and of Mr. Lloyd George in England, would seem to justify our faith in British statesmanship. It is quite reasonable to expect that the careful attention that has been given to the exchange of articles within the Empire, and the remedies which have been suggested, will gradually improve conditions in the different parts of our great Commonwealth. The attempts which were made are worthy of commendation.

A country which has suffered a great deal during this depression is the United States of America. In this great republic millions of individuals have been unemployed, and industries which at one time were flourishing have closed down. The main reason for these conditions is the policy of maintaining very high tariffs. The people in that country have not awakened to the fact that such a system is economic suicide, though the recent elections would seem to indicate that at least some of them are aware of the evils in their policy. The Democratic party, while not promising

great tariff changes, nevertheless agrees that reforms should be made. How far they will go is a matter of speculation.

The efforts which the several countries are making towards the return of peace and prosperity are very good. Anything that can be done to prevent revolutions and the evils of war is in the interest of progress, but the time has come when the countries of the world must remove all danger of war. The League of Nations has done excellent work, but it would seem as if it has put the cart before the horse. Before discussing the question of disarmament, there is a more important one to be dealt with, namely, the removal of the cause of war. In the last century the main cause of war has been economic. The countries instead of co-operating, have acted along individualistic lines, with little regard for the welfare of their neighbours. The theory has been the survival of the fittest. Much attention has been given to exports, and a general attempt made to keep imports at the minimum. Great tariff barriers have been raised in order to protect the profiteers within the country, and crush outside manufacturers. The result has been retaliation, and in consequence the stagnation of trade and industry. If peace is ever to be attained, economic war must be stopped, otherwise it is foolish to talk of disarmament.

In the further discussion of this matter let us take as our example—Russia. The Russian system has been one which we cannot countenance, even though the Bolshevik

party hopes to bring about the ideal state. The principle of dumping goods in the markets in the world at a very low price in order to crush the manufacturers in other countries is wrong. If the Bolshevik party continues its policy, the inevitable thing is war. We cannot have peace when our own people are unemployed as the result of the selfish principles of Russia or any other country. The law of self-preservation is the greatest, and if it is necessary to take up arms, in spite of any disarmament pacts we may have signed, the old instrument of war will be employed.

Until the people of the world are educated to the fact that nations must respect each other and work together, there can be no lasting peace, even though a general world disarmament is brought about. Remove the cause of war and munitions will be unnecessary, but allow the economic system of the present to continue and war becomes inevitable.

The only remedy for the present economic evils or any future disasters which may arise, is the establishment of a court of economic experts, who will examine the natural resources of all countries, the industrial organizations, and the advantages relative to the transportation of manufactured goods, and in an unbiased manner regulate the exports of each country, so that all will have a fair share of world trade and commerce. Countries better adapted to the manufacture of certain articles would have certain preferences, and a general system of equalizing privileges would be brought about. Tariffs would in many cases be removed, while in others they would be maintained.

The question arises: How are we to evolve such a system? Is it not rather Utopian in character? Would it be possible for a group of men of different nationalities to work together without acting in the interests of their particular country? Would not the great money powers in the respective countries try to bribe their representatives to work in their own interests? All these things are quite possible, but if our goal is unselfish, it can finally become a success. The best method of operating this court is a matter for the experts to decide, but unless the nations do work together, the message of Christmas, Peace and Goodwill among Men, will never be realized.

#### THE NEW BI-MONTHLY PAPER

A number of students recently formulated a plan for the publication of a bi-monthly paper. This paper is to take care of college news in detail, as well as permit of a number of articles written in the lighter vein.

The great problem which has ever faced the Mitre has been that of producing a magazine which will satisfy both Alumni and Student Body. Up to this time the general feeling is that this has not been done. The Alumni wishes are of such a nature as to demand the best literary products of contributors, and little of the details of student activities. The undergraduates desire as great a prominence to activities

as that given to articles, and besides a certain amount of lighter reading. To combine all these requirements has been our aim, but we still feel that we have failed in many respects.

This bi-monthly paper, in taking care of the news, would permit of the summary of activities, and leave greater space in the Mitre for literary articles. Events, which command little interest *unless read about* immediately after they occur will be recorded in this paper; notices and comments on daily events which cannot be included in the Mitre, could easily be placed in this production.

There are certain dangers attached to a paper of this kind. First, there is the need of an organization, if it is not published by the Mitre Board. With the additional responsibility of the Year Book, it is impossible for us to take on this task. A paper produced by a separate group, independent of the publishers of the Mitre, might in time become a source of annoyance. If the publishers were subject to the Executive Board of the Mitre, it would be a safeguard.

Another danger is that the interest of the Student Body might become centralized on this paper, and the difficulty of obtaining literary contributions for the Mitre be increased. It is a known fact that anything new receives greater interest than something which has been existing for years. In certain issues of the Mitre it is often very difficult to get material, and the Editor has often resorted to the very detailed write-ups as a means of filling up space. In the future this will be impossible as all activities will be presented in summarized form, and if the number of literary articles lessens, then the problem will be very hard to solve.

Nevertheless, the idea is an excellent one and worthy of careful consideration. Anything that can be done to maintain the literary ideals of the founders of the Mitre, should be encouraged. The dangers can be overcome if the plan is carefully thought out by the organizers.

#### ANOTHER CLUB

With the growth of a University various needs arise, and in keeping with our expansion several societies have been formed by the Student Body. There is today a need for the formation of a study group which will deal with matters pertaining to economic, social, and political problems.

Early in the New Year the organizers of this new club will approach us on this matter, and it is hoped that the students who are interested in these subjects will avail themselves of this opportunity. The gatherings will be quite informal, and while a number of papers will be read throughout the year, it is expected that valuable opportunities will be given for the expression of individual opinions in the discussion periods.

J. F.

## THE NEW CHANCELLOR TAKES OFFICE

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The retirement of Dr. F. E. Meredith from the Chancellorship of the University took effect at a special Convocation held on October 20th, when Dr. Meredith handed over the robes of office to his successor, the Hon. R. A. E. Greenshields, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Quebec, whose photograph appears on this page.

In his final address to Convocation as Chancellor, Dr. Meredith reviewed the progress which has been made at Bishop's since his appointment six years ago. He said that



CHIEF JUSTICE GREENSHIELDS

the programme which faced the University at that time was a difficult one, not only because the Chancellor was called upon to live up to the standards of devotion and energy set up by his predecessor, Dr. John Hamilton (who held the office for 26 years), but also because the continually increasing demands of education indicated that expansion of the academic work would be necessary. Furthermore there were important financial readjustments which were imperative.

Dr. Meredith said that it had been a matter of much delight to him that in both spheres substantial progress had been made.

It had been possible to maintain and add to a professorial body of the highest calibre, and also to add to their emoluments, though even now he hardly considered that the faculty were adequately paid.

The speaker emphasized that for many years past the endowment fund of the University had consisted of investments of a very secure nature, which had not suffered through the depression.

Dr. Meredith pointed out the steady increase in the student body, and added that it was still possible to provide tuition, residence and board at a fee of \$450 per annum.

Emphasizing that improvements could not have been made without the generosity of the provincial government and other friends of the University, Dr. Meredith said that there was still an urgent need for increase in the endowment fund, and for funds for the improvement of the buildings, especially by the provision of a new dining hall and the extension of the library.

Chief Justice Greenshields, the new Chancellor, is a graduate in arts and law of McGill, and for many years was Professor of Criminal Law at that University. Afterwards he held the position of Dean of the Faculty of Law, which he relinquished on his appointment as Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Quebec.

In his inaugural address, he eulogized the efficiency, initiative and executive ability of his predecessor, and said that Dr. Meredith had blazed a trail which he might well follow. He expressed his joy at having the opportunity of co-operating with the Principal, Dr. McGreer, whose gifts as an administrator and as a counsellor for young men had always commanded his profound admiration. He ventured the opinion that no university in Canada was equipped with a better, more complete and more qualified professorial staff.

By permission of the new Chancellor, the Senior Student, Mr. J. S. Aikins, presented to Dr. Meredith, before Convocation closed, a leather-bound booklet containing the autographs of all the students. This was proffered as a mark of deep appreciation of the many kindnesses shown by Dr. Meredith to the student body during his term of office.

The occasion was further notable for the conferring of the degree of D.C.L., honoris causa, on the Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, K.C., High Commissioner for Canada in London; Sir Charles Blair Gordon, G.B.E., President of the Bank of Montreal; the Hon. J. E. Perrault, K.C., Minister of Roads for the Province of Quebec; and the Hon. Senator Smeaton White, President, the Gazette Publishing Co., Montreal.

In a special Canadian Pacific train, provided by Dr.

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## WEST INDIAN SKETCHES

Rev. C. Sauerbrei

One word sums up the character of the scenery of Bermuda: it is vivid. The sea around it is indigo, changing to a foam-flecked malachite in the shallows, the coral sands are only a thought less white than the waves that break on them. The green of its trees is splashed with the scarlet of hibiscus and bougainvillea. The houses, whether pink, or buff, or white, all have roofs of snowy coral. It is a gay and artless opulence gilded by a cheery and constant sun. There are no solemn distances, no brooding mountain backgrounds. I have memories of an old rambling house with its elaborate roof of coral designed to collect rain-water, and its lovely garden shyly inhabited by blue-green lizards, of a bathe in the surf, and of the bicycles. These glide along in companies, they appear unexpectedly around corners, they shoot past you downhill, their swift movement and the tinkling of their bells is in tune with the scene. Bermuda has taken the bicycle to itself, and wherever that happens the little machines become part of the very character of the place. This links the island with such diverse and distant towns as Coventry and Copenhagen. And I remember the fishes in the aquarium, especially the green moray; nine feet of ferocious eel, mildew-green, and thick as a big man's thigh, with a face of a peevish dog, and terrible snapping jaws.

There are eight hundred miles between Bermuda and the West Indies; towards evening on the second day of this traverse the sea achieved the magic of utter calm; the ship slid forward over a hyaline floor enclosed in a vast circle of turreted pearly clouds.

The West Indies lie in a great arc which stretches from Florida to the north-eastern point of South America. Those mentioned in these sketches all lie in the outer part of this arc where it bends eastward and southward. Belonging, now, to Britain, to France, and to Holland, they have often changed hands, and have been the scene of great adventures in piracy, in war and in commerce. Their names have the authentic ring of romance: Sombrero and Saba, St. Eustatius and St. Christopher (Kitts for short), Guadeloupe with Marie Galante (named after Columbus' ship), Martinique and Dominica, and the lovely St. Lucia, Grenada, Carriacou.

Islands are things of character, no two are alike; as the ship makes its way southward each day presents a new little world. First St. Kitts, a cluster of volcanic peaks whose flanks are covered with the soft, bright green of sugar cane; we go ashore, a negro chauffeur adopts us in a masterful way and takes us to a bathing beach, then for a drive to Brimstone Hill. This is a high, detached cone, crowned with a fortress which withstood a notable siege in 1782. Much

of the fort still stands, a fine courtyard with an arcade, guard-rooms, a bakery, a sinister pitch-black dungeon full of large bats, a great stone reservoir and so on. Standing on the ramparts the ascent up which the car has come seems impossibly steep, yet up those slopes came the materials for the fort, drawn, it may be, by the ancestors of the huge and splendid humped oxen we had seen in the fields below; and the slave ancestors of our polite and intelligent chauffeur may have laboured at the building. Everywhere there are reminders that these idyllic islands have known the hardest realities of life.



COCO PALMS, ST. KITTS

Next, Nevis, where Nelson was married, and where there is an absolutely unspoiled bathing beach, coconut palms, white sand, and the warm sea—nothing else. Then Antigua and Montserrat. In the latter island the negroes speak with a strong Irish brogue.

At least one great traveller has judged Dominica to be the loveliest island in either the Atlantic or the Pacific. Certainly it is marvellously beautiful. It is an island of high fantastic peaks and deep valleys, and much of it is still covered with the tropical forest. Here, under a constant pall of dropping cloud, nature runs riot. There is an infinite variety of form; columnar palms, rope-like creepers, great trees with hard glossy foliage and bizarre, contorted branches, slender bamboos, tree-ferns. There are numberless insolent epiphytes which attach themselves to the trunk,

to the branches, to the outermost twigs of their hosts. Beneath the impenetrable tangle of the larger trees the ground is covered with a strange and sumptuous leafage: there is no room in the jungle, it is crammed with life, flaunting, vivid, ruthless, rich in artifice. It is altogether gorgeous and a little terrifying.

But man triumphs even over the jungle, he hews himself out a place and grows some breadfruit and some yams, acquires a donkey and a wife and a roof. You can see them on the mountain roads, coming down to market, black feet in the red mire, bunches of plantains on their head, cutlasses in hand, moving like gods and grinning like children. The white man subdues the jungle on a larger scale, his plantings change the aspect of whole islands. He has introduced many useful trees and plants, and the produce of these he exports: sugar and rum, coffee and cocoa, nutmegs, vanilla, cloves, coconuts, sea-island cotton and mahogany, and mangoes, avocado pears, limes, bananas, oranges, a list of pleasant and fragrant things.

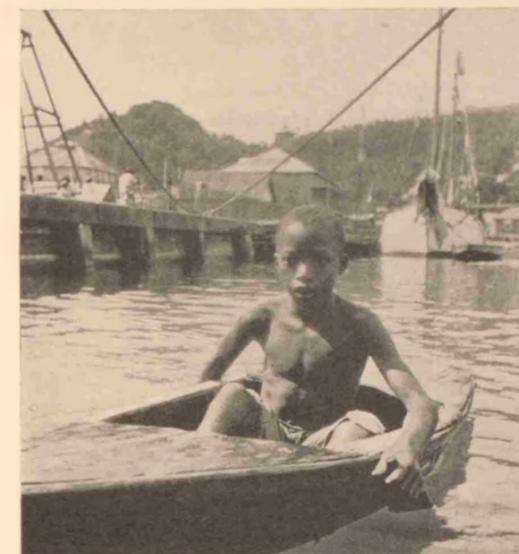
At Dominica they have great boats made of dugout logs which have been improved by building up the gunwales with boards and strengthening the whole boat with ribs. They are very efficient and seaworthy craft, and are also interesting because they represent a step in the primitive evolution of boats. At St. Lucia the boats have a curious projecting cutwater, this also seems to be a survival of a primitive feature.



DUGOUT BOATS, DOMINICA

In Trinidad and in British Guiana a surprise awaits the traveller, he finds himself in the atmosphere of the Far East. For India has spared from its millions some hundreds of thousands to work in the plantations there. These labourers

work under indentures and are entitled to free passage back to India when their time is done, but many prefer to stay and some become very prosperous. On the plantations in Trinidad the Indians live in tiny cabins of their own building often these are of wattle and daub with thatched roof. On the walls you may see the prints of hands in blue and red paint; these are made by the guests when there is a wedding



"THROW ME A BLACK PENNY"

Along the country roads the women walk barefooted, their slenderness and gravity contrasts with the burly cheerfulness of the African, their blue-black hair is parted above severe brown faces, they wear nose ornaments of silver and heavy silver anklets. The men may be seen leading the surly, lumpish, water buffaloes that come with them from the Orient to share their labours. Along the road are modest little temples of the many faiths of India.

The Great Pitch Lake of Trinidad is one of the commercial wonders of the world. It is fed by some subterranean source and supplies nearly pure asphalt almost as fast as the demand can take it away. It was on the way there that I got into the argument with the school-teacher from New York. Said she, to clinch her point, "Yes, I know that the Orinoco is a big river, we teach it as the biggest in the world." "Surely," said I, "you mean the Amazon?" "Oh yes," she agreed, "of course, I mean the Amazon." I left it at that.

In British Guiana I met a man who had seen Kaieteur, the perfect waterfall which is five times as high as Niagara. And another who showed me pictures of the interior forests and some of their strange denizens, the camoodie, a great constricting snake who unhinges his jaw to swallow his

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## WANTED A FLAG AND AN ANTHEM

Bruce Munro

What I am about to say will, I am aware, appear to many to be nothing short of sacrilege; yet say it I must. I am supported in my task by the thought that there are many who will agree with me, and by the hope that there are perhaps a few to whose muddled thoughts I may give definite expression.

I ask for a Canadian flag and a Canadian anthem.

How often do I get the exasperating answer that we have a perfectly good Union Jack and an excellent anthem in *God Save the King!* How much more often am I assailed with black looks and flashing tongues which revile me for my lack of patriotism to the British Empire! Seldom does any one recognize my patriotism towards the land where I was born.

Most of our people come from the British Isles, and it would take generations under normal conditions to instil in them a cis-Atlantic point of view; the unfortunate part is that immigration authorities continually see to it that there are plenty of recruits to keep alive the spirit of the Old Country. These comparative new-comers forget that a young nation has opened wide its arms to them; they forget that they owe to it above all others their loyalty and their lives. So strong is their influence that their forgetfulness is assumed by the descendants of those first families who settled in Canada as far back as United Empire Loyalist times. The very ones who should be nurturing a national spirit with their life's blood, if necessary, are holding it fast by the throat, crushing the life-giving breath from its lungs.

The world at large has failed to realize the gradual change that has taken place within the British Empire until today Canada at least is as free as air and occupies a position of equality with England in the British Commonwealth of Nations. The British Empire could once be likened to a *chain-store* system with all tribute going to England; now a more apt simile would be a *syndicate* of independent nations. The ignorance of the world concerning our present status has its grossest example in the suggestion of a prominent American of the better educated class, Mr. Ten Eyke, that a large part of the richest regions of Canada be deeded to the United States and charged against British war debts. The fault was not with this man entirely; we have neglected to make our position clear.

But I have not yet cleared myself of the stigma of disloyalty to the British Empire. In fact from the above it will seem that I have more firmly substantiated it. Allow me to explain myself further; it is always darkest just before the dawn.

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I have not forgotten the huge legacy we Canadians have inherited from the British Empire: the law, the language, the thousand other benefits. We got our start in life from the British Isles. All this demands from us the utmost respect and great loyalty. But because a father brings up his son and helps him to get a grip on life, it does not follow that the son should never lead a life of his own. The comparison is most exact. If we have progressed through the years, it is by realizing that our fathers had their faults and by striking out along different lines than those which they followed. The British are a remarkable race; but they are not ideal. Neither are we, nor is it likely that we ever can be; but we can try. The way to do it is to take all the good we have learned from our ancestors, add to it ideas of our own, and employ the mixture in a vigorously Canadian way. We should have a literature that is Canadian, music that is Canadian, *thought* that is Canadian; but before all this must come a national spirit undeniably Canadian.

Let us never cease singing *God Save the King*, but let the more stirring bars of *O Canada* take due precedence. Let us maintain the Union Jack, but let us place it in one corner of a flag of red with the coat-of-arms of Canada in another corner. And above all let these both receive official recognition.

We are a nation with a dual personality and a dual duty. First and foremost we are Canadians! I shout it forth. Then we are citizens of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The stronger is Canada, the stronger the Empire.

## THE NEW CHANCELLOR—

(Continued from page 5)

Meredith, the following guests journeyed to Lennoxville from Montreal and were present at Convocation. Sir Herbert Holt, Sir Charles Gordon, Sir Montagu Allan, Sir Arthur Currie, The Hon. R. A. E. and Mrs. Green-shields, The Hon. Howard and Mrs. Ferguson, Sir Thomas Tait, Grant Hall, Esq., Dr. and Mrs. Eberts, The Hon. Senator Smeaton White, Dr. Vertel, Dr. Chipman, G. H. Montgomery, Esq., Col. Herbert Molson, Walter Molson, Esq., F. N. Southam, Esq., John Bassett, Esq., Norman Dawes, Esq., W. A. Black, Esq., Aime Geoffrion, Esq., M. A. Phelan, Esq., C. F. Sise, Esq., J. C. Newman, Esq., A. B. Purvis, Esq., C. G. Heward, Esq., Jackson Dods, Esq.

It is a source of great satisfaction to all members of the University to know that Dr. Meredith has consented to accept an appointment to the Corporation.

## HISTORICAL PARALLELS

A. J. H. Richardson

It is a trite but true saying, as Henry Fielding would have put it, that History repeats itself. During the last few years this has been confirmed in a rather striking manner, for the general trend of world events since the Treaty of Versailles has been remarkably similar to the course of affairs after the Napoleonic Wars. There is this difference, however, the same parts are not taken by the same countries. Thus, France now holds the position held by Austria after the Treaty of Vienna; Germany is now the beaten country, hemmed in by her jealous victors, as France then was, with a group of small states controlled in policy by the conquerors; the United States seems to be the modern equivalent of Russia, with Woodrow Wilson cast for the romantic, if slightly erratic, role of the Czar Alexander I, and the League of Nations following the somewhat unfortunate precedent of the Holy Alliance, coming under the influence of France, the modern counterpart of Metternich's Austria. Communist Russia and imperialist Japan are, it must be admitted, an entirely new element.

Great Britain alone of the Powers bears the same relation to world affairs now as then; and it is her history which shows the most remarkable repetition of all, for when we come to examine the course of her home politics since the Great War we see a strong likeness to their course a century ago. In no other country do we find such a close parallel as I shall try to show exists in England.

For a dozen years after the close of the Napoleonic Wars, up to the death of the Earl of Liverpool, that perennial Prime Minister, in 1827, England was ruled by a Tory cabinet. It was the same ministry, for the most part, which had guided her through the latter half of the struggle with Napoleon. Now look at the roughly corresponding eleven years since the Treaty of Versailles—1918 to 1929. If we except the brief interlude of a minority Labour cabinet in 1924, we find a Conservative regime for the greater part of the time; the Coalition cabinet only continued in power after the Great War because of the natural desire, shown throughout history, to keep the men who won the war in the saddle.

After Liverpool's death came the two brief governments of Canning and Goderich, which correspond to the Labour government of 1929-31. For Canning, though calling

himself a Tory premier, was not supported by Wellington, Eldon, and the "pig-tail" Tories; he was the political idol of the people of England and represented the more liberal views of the country in place of the Whigs, who were disunited and broken as a party by long years of exclusion from office. Indeed, a large number of Canning's supporters in parliament were Whigs. His advent to power meant, as did Macdonald's, a more liberal foreign policy than had formerly been pursued.

The group of Whigs and Canningite Tories still remained in power after Canning's death while prime minister; their leader's mantle fell on the rather inadequate shoulders of Lord Goderich. The latter was unable to hold together his followers, and the government fell in 1828, weak and discredited like the Labour cabinet a hundred years later. This was thirteen years after the war, a time exactly corresponding to the break up of the Labour government in 1931.

The Duke of Wellington took office in 1828 and provided the strong government wanted by the country, the "dictatorship of patriotism" of Disraeli's vivid imagination half a century later. The Tory element predominated in his cabinet, but he reconciled the Canningites and induced their leaders to hold office. Here we see another parallel for the National Government, as formed in 1931, though mainly Conservative, included a good number of Liberals and Labour men.

It was only a few months ago that the Free-Traders in the present British cabinet resigned their positions after being less than a year in office. So we have the parallel brought right up to the present moment; for after Wellington had been premier for only a very short time, the Canningites broke with him, and Huskisson, Palmerston and Melbourne left the government.

Though we can make out such an unusual repetition of the course of history, we can also see that the whole trend of affairs has become more liberal. Macaulay points out that the Liberal of yesterday is the Conservative of today, and certainly the Conservatives of the present time are more radical than Gladstone. History has repeated itself so far since the War; will it continue to do so? Seventeen years after the Treaty of Vienna came the Reform Bill of 1832.

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## AT THE CAPITAL

J. R. Hodgkinson

(Continued from October issue)

## PART II

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM:—After such an ungraceful withdrawal from the chilling presence of Parliament's most formidable police officer, your ambition is naturally fired to examine some old fossils in their more ossified stages, and you direct your steps towards Ottawa's justly renowned museum. Unless you are furnished with an abnormally powerful mentality, five minutes alone in this building, spent in wandering about among the dinosaurs and pterodactyls, are sufficient to leave you in some doubt as to which is ossified—the observer or the observed. This much is certain: if there should be any among your acquaintance whom you desire very earnestly to cure of alcoholic habits, you need only introduce him, while under the influence, into the midst of this antediluvian atmosphere, and he will join a Temperance Union within the next four hours.

Besides sporting a complete and striking collection of Indian relics, the Museum possesses a unique aggregation of stuffed animals and reptiles. The latter category includes one curiosity which cannot fail to excite the fires of savage joy in even the mildest visitor. I refer to a simple (but inspiring) glass case which contains perforated specimens of the common house-fly, the mosquito, and of all the busy little insects and beetles that seem to delight in nestling around one's neck on picnic days. I say it is not possible, even if it were desirable, for any ordinary, sensitive human being to stand in front of that little glass case, and not experience the delights of enraptured ecstasy which come to mortals in their hour of supreme triumph. The sight has in it something at once both restful and fascinating, and if your spirit has never been moved to compose odes and couplets on the glories of nature, you will at least never lack the impulse hereafter. Poets have conceivably gone in to gaze for one fond moment at that enthralling collection, and then have departed, in various stages of coma, to compose master-pieces that have put Wordsworth and Shelley to shame.

By all means go to examine this unparalleled wonder, particularly if you happen to be harbouring any grievance against humanity and the world in general—it will restore your faith in the surpassing beauty and justice which governs the affairs of men.

In the same wholly admirable institution is to be found yet another means of restoring that cheery glow of contentment and of whole-hearted satisfaction, which puts man at peace with himself and with all he beholds around him. It is

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rarely that we find so much virtue in one place, and it is therefore fitting and proper that an adequate dilation should be made upon what, even when regarded from the most cynical stand-point, must be regarded as the quintessence of all that is lofty and noble in our existence.

To be ushered into the midst of this second store-house of heart-balm, one must first pass through a turnstile (which registers the event automatically) and enter into the domain of ancient and modern art. It is in the realm of sculpture that you are most likely to find the uplift that you are seeking. And what, if anything, can bring any greater sensation of uplift than to recognize some bust or sculptured classic, without first having to read the inscription on the little brass plate beneath? Surely no other human experience is equal to this. In your own mind, it clinches a long-cherished opinion that you have, after all, absorbed the elementary principles of education, and henceforward you are ready to go out into the world of scholars and ardent classicists, and to assert your ideas as firmly and with as much enthusiasm as the best of them. And if, by some freak or accident, you should also chance to recognize some of the portraits and landscapes that are next to undergo your inspection, you come away with the unflinching conviction that you have a career in art ahead of you.

THE FEDERAL ARCHIVES:—In order that I may pay the supreme tribute to these Archives, it is essential that I should first mention a certain trait which grafted itself upon me in my early High School days, and which has developed in intensity as the years have gone by.

For no apparent reason, history, as a subject, has always failed to arouse in me the breathless passions with which it is said to have inspired others. Some there are who can be thrilled ecstatically by an account of some mighty conflict in the lives of our valiant forefathers; and the more rabid specimens of the history-loving cult can be spirited away into enthusiastic transports (so I am told) merely by the narration of some exciting incident in the Seven Years' War. But, personally, I regard these matters in an entirely different light. A detailed description of a great Indian massacre fails to awaken even my secondary interest, and a minute-by-minute sketch of the taking of Quebec leaves me cold—positively cold. I suppose I am sub-normal or something, but I can't help it. I have always felt that history, like the measles, was something to be endured if necessary, but avoided whenever possible.

The fact, therefore, that the Federal Archives were able to claim my wrapt attention for several hours, is a matter for the founders of that worthy institution to go out and

celebrate with unrestricted festivity. For, if their aims and ambitions have achieved realization with an entirely unconcerned and apathetic individual like myself, there is every reason to believe that they will successfully impel all other visitors to go away and compile private versions of the History of Canada. In fact, unless the authorities care to have the markets glutted with an over-whelming excess of history text-books, based on all the periods ranging from Jacques Cartier to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, it would be well to render the Archives a little *less* attractive to the public at large. It is not often that one finds, as in this case, that a task has been too well done.

One of the first features to command my notice, on entering the Archives, was the exhibition of heraldic bearings, presumably belonging to the various lines of nobility who chose to transfer the scene of their destiny from the Old World to the incipient Dominion of Canada. Those who know me intimately, and who are acquainted with the rare difficulties which I have in finding anything that I look for, will not need to be told that I discerned every conceivable device but the one for which I was specifically searching. As I have expounded elsewhere, with lengthy elaboration, I have come to regard myself as the victim of a conspiracy, pledged to remove from sight any particular object that it is thought I shall be likely to seek next. Bearing in mind this suspicion, I took particular notice of one of the designs while I was there, and if, on a future visit, that coat-of-arms is not in view, I shall raise quite a fuss about it.

It would be wholly unprecedented, and constitutionally unnatural, if none of the objects displayed aroused me to open skepticism. I am unassailably prepared, for example, to establish a very plausible theory that the hole in General Brock's army coat was made, not by a bullet, but by moths and that the coat on exhibit belonged, not to Brock at all, but to his favourite aide-de-camp. I am not, however, prepared to explain what did happen to the original, genuine garment belonging to Brock.

Further criticism is elicited by the staggering number of trowels alleged to have been wielded by the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Even though I am outside the pale of history students, I cherish an inherent belief that Sir John was fundamentally a statesman. And I do not propose to have that belief shaken by any amount of evidence purporting to show that he spent most of his time following the pursuits of a stone-mason.

One word more. If any enterprising individual can come forward with testimonials to show that a building whose cornerstone is laid by a great celebrity, rests more firmly upon its foundations thereby, or can advance any other suggestion concerning practical benefits which may accrue from this time-honoured procedure, I will undertake to have him decorated with all the badges and medals which the Archives has in its possession.

There are, of course, many other places of interest to be visited in Ottawa, and Rideau Hall, Chateau Laurier, the Exhibition Grounds, and the great, central Experimental Farm are but a few of them. It is not my intention, however, to deal with each of these in detail: if I should ever receive the urge to compile a treatise of really voluminous proportions, I should prefer it to be in the form of a novel rather than in that of a tourists' guide book.

I do, however, wish to register one great grievance in connection with my visit to Ottawa. I was never once privileged to enter either the Mint or the City Gaol. I have since concluded that I had not enough money to command serious consideration from the former, and that I had just enough to preserve me from the tenacious hospitality of the latter. And it did not occur to me until too late, that by forcing an entry into the one, I could be assured of a hearty reception at the other.

That the Civic Administration of Ottawa are not yet satisfied with their City is abundantly apparent. If a transient visitor is any judge, it would appear that hardly a day passes without some process of demolition, or some policy of reconstruction going into force. Multitudes of buildings can be seen in the last stages of removal, and myriads of new ones can be seen springing into birth. My recent host facetiously remarked that citizens of Ottawa dare not absent themselves from home for any appreciable length of time, lest, on their return, they should find that their old homestead has evaporated, and a new one materialized in its place. Things have come to a pretty pass when a self-respecting family cannot venture out into the country for an afternoon's drive.

As I hasten towards my conclusion, I realize that, throughout the above, there has been no attempt made to avoid exaggeration. I feel, however, that nothing could be more fitting than to hyperbolize in registering one's first impressions of the Capital, since Ottawa is essentially a city of superlatives.

And if anyone should approach me with a question concerning the quality of entertainment and enjoyment to be obtained by a visit to Canada's Federal City, I could answer him with a single word:

"Capital!"

\* \* \*

## HINT TO CONTRIBUTORS

Contributors to The Mitre should observe the following simple rules:

Typescript should be double-spaced.

At least two inches of space should be left above the heading at the top of the page, for directions to the printer.

One side of the paper only should be used.

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## "HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM..."

Colin Cuttell

Coming out of Vancouver, B.C., one cool late September night on an east-bound freight, the strangest collection of human flotsam huddled along a box-car roof; as inanimate as frozen meat until a hobo on the next "fresh-air pullman" yelled "Hi—yer sittin' on ten bloody tons o' dynamite"—then we moved, as fast as the (by now) swaying train would permit.

I am a bum (or hobo) for a week; perhaps luckier than my hundred odd (very odd) companions in that I am armed with a bag of sandwiches, a blanket, and a dollar bill. In the dark I count this car's passenger list—a dozen bundles—and the bundle at this end, using me as a wind-shield, is a woman. I think it better to share my blanket with another; a young Swede, hungry for a sight of home, and vowing he will never leave the folks again. The rain drives into us, penetrating, freezing. The wind, too, searches us out, and makes me of all men the most miserable. My blanket—now so much sodden cloth—is small protection; yet the Swede and I, by the mutual warmth of our bodies, sleep, strapped on to the middle plankway.

In the grey light of dawn at Lytton, I saw my fellows—not any longer as spectres—but as real and altogether pitiable flesh and blood. One pleasant-faced fellow, proud of his connection with Regina jail (which institution he considered the best appointed in the land), pointed out in original language the deficiencies of C.P.R. service: By (blank), next time he'd (blanking-well) travel C.N.R., he was (blanked) if he wouldn't—and so on. Grateful for the train's 50 m.p.h., and a watery sun, I hung what garments I decently could over the rail of the tank car to which some of us had transferred; the draught worried me but dried the "washing". A bit later, I was taking stock of the men—whose company I frankly enjoyed, but whose department, apart from an occasional "damn" and the odd spit—I did not wish to copy.

The big brown "dago" explained a nasty head wound; some vicious trainman hit him with a sliding door (it was on its hinges)—he was wanting to get out of that refrigerator car "much a queek", because sometimes you went dead cold. Besides, there was a Cree Indian, wearing an "ear to ear" grin and a comedy sombrero—he was permanently tired of all work. The gentleman from Regina had about him six cronies of the same dye—a limited company operating a fascinating pool bumming scheme. Yet I happen to know that the majority of the transients are honest work-seekers—at the outset. In time, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick" and most tragically drives many a strong man—yes,

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and boy too—into this inglorious roving, cadging "profession". I met a rail-road snow-shed builder, recently "laid off" in Vancouver, where a missus and hungry family were longing for news of him—he had promised them good news from across the mountains, where he would surely find work—so optimistic was he.

Perched on the back running board of the tank-car, with my feet propped up on the moving couplings, I listened to some desultory exchange of confidences between the men who wanted work, and couldn't get it. There were tales, too, of rail-road horror—they told them with morbid relish; of two men who were trapped in a lurching car and pounded to quivering flesh by the unexpected movement of the timber load; and another described how a few hours before his pal had been cut clean in half—"and serve 'im bloody-well right fer not watchin' 'is step".

At this point the monotone of sleepy talk and the tune of the ringing metals below caused me to loose my grip on consciousness; but not so completely that I didn't wake to the warning pressure of the dago's large hand.

Visions of a messy end jerked me out of my somnolent state; I was scared and stood up behind the steel body until we reached the next divisional point.

Perhaps there is a sameness about that great western country of lake and peak, canyon and pine forest. Lit up by the sunshine its beauty is changing the day long; but today it was so different—half-hidden in gloomy autumn mists—that I longed for the prairie again.

At Kamloops, more rain of the wet kind. Forgetting my tell-tale clothes (which I now fitted quite unself-consciously) on Station St. I stopped a cleric (respectably Anglican from top to toe) to ask of him information about a mission-worker friend of mine once active in that district; but the priest, frowning, and hurriedly imparting some unwanted information about the City soup kitchen, left me "in the air."

I was cross—until I looked down at my old rubbers, frayed shiny pants, and faded sweater, then I—well, I roared with laughter; I was just one more bum.

Back at the yard, my engaging fellow hobos told me that the police had taken charge of the only female member of our party; I was relieved not a little. Dusk fell, and the re-assembled freight, with the providential addition of six empty grain cars bound for Revelstoke, carried us away over the steep grades of the Gold Range Mountains. Naturally, the entire passenger list had swarmed into the "empties",

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## SHOWING THE FLAG

H. J. F. Hibbard

Among the multifarious duties which fall to the lot of His Majesty's Fleet in peace time, is one which is known in official circles as "Showing the Flag."

This is usually looked forward to by the uninitiated personnel as being a pleasant change from gunnery and torpedo practices, but by the hardened veteran, it is approached in dismay fraught with past experience.

For reasons known only to the great, it would appear unnecessary for the furtherance of diplomatic relations to show the flag at many of the large seaport towns belonging to foreign powers, which the Navy delighteth to visit, when given the opportunity. For this branch of naval activity, the setting usually chosen by the great ones is tropical, and the country to be visited small and insignificant, boasting of a populace which may be black, brown, or yellow, and on occasion these three mixed with a sprinkling of white.

The flag-showing scene particular to this narrative opens up on board a first-class cruiser, shining with new paint and freshly holy-stoned decks, her cannon polished bright, gay bunting fluttering aloft from stem to foremast, from foremast to mainmast, and from mainmast to quarterdeck, with the white ensign majestically at the ensign staff, while aloft at the mainmasthead, ready to be broken out when the salute is fired, is the multicoloured piece of bunting so dear to the hearts of the Central American state about to be visited, and for which her many-hued inhabitants chop one another to mincemeat during fortnightly revolutions, or, when funds allow, unite in warfare against their neighbours.

Our cruiser steams out of the Pacific into harbour, and heads toward the town, which is distinctly marked on the large scale admiralty chart, but nevertheless could be found without this aid to navigation by any amateur yachtsman, whose sense of smell had not been unduly impaired.

All is activity on board, awnings are being hauled out, ropes coiled down, boats swung out ready for lowering, cable party clearing away anchors and cables, saluting guns crews closed up.

Down below, the gunnery Lieutenant is busily supervising the chaining of the rifles to their racks, bayonets are collected and locked away, everything moveable and of any value is being stowed out of sight, officers are seeing to the locks on their cabin doors, the more experienced can be seen removing such knick-knacks as they may prize from within reach of their cabin port holes, which must be left open to avoid suffocation in the sweltering temperature. Such preparations are necessary as the ship will soon be open to visitors.

In the Officers' mess the officer in charge of the wine catering may be seen poring over the wine books, and tasting from time to time with his finger tip a greenish-looking liquid out of a punch bowl the size of a wash-tub. The paymaster's resistance having at length been broken down, a small barrel of rum is sent for, and added to the contents of the bowl, and the paymaster departs to enter the rum into his books as having been washed overboard in heavy weather, an entry which he knows full well will result in correspondence with the stores department far from pleasant, and running into years, also winding up with the probability of his paying for it out of his private funds.

Finally after many remarks from onlookers, pertaining to the cost of living, and some rather pointed ones directed at the Lords of Admiralty (whose only contribution to the cost of flag showing is the oil fuel needed to get the ship to the required locality), a suitable concoction is arrived at, satisfactory as to quantity and potency, and the whole camouflaged by some innocent looking cucumber skins, a few sliced lemons and some cherries floating on top. Orders are then given to the Chief Steward, to guard against any officer being served with punch by mistake and so rendering him incapable of carrying out the arduous duties which will be required of him during the forthcoming entente.

As our cruiser comes to an anchorage, close enough to the town to make boat communication possible, yet far enough away in case of an off shore breeze, the salute is fired, boats lowered, and accommodation ladder placed. The ship's surgeon stands by to receive the local health officer, who is being rowed off to the ship by his dusky crew. As this dignitary approaches it becomes more and more apparent, that the best part of a bottle of scotch will be used up before the ship obtains pratique. After half an hour below, the local health officer reappears supported on one side by the surgeon, and on the other by the officer of the watch, is assisted into his boat and shoves off, urging on his crew to greater efforts by the efficient use of his walking stick. The quarantine flag is hauled down, and the show proper can begin.

By this time the ship is surrounded by boats holding reception committees, Military Governors and others, all of whom are escorted down below to the punch bowl, and courteously assisted back to their boats when it is seen they have had enough. There is much handshaking and back slapping, also not a few speeches, and loud cheers on the part of the visitors, as the local General announces his intention of returning the salute (provided, of course, he can

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WRITTEN IN KENILWORTH  
CASTLE

Ralph Gustafson

Stately they stand, these walls of Kenilworth,  
Ruined remains that breast the siege of time:  
Proud stones that yet refuse to bow to earth,  
Or yield the grandeur of their historied prime.  
Wide halls hold stranger beauty than of yore:  
Slim arch supports the splendour of the noon;  
Soft-shadowed green conceals forgotten floor,  
Where stairs wind safely to the midnight moon.  
Like tapestries of wind and sunlight spun,  
Thick ivy throws its wavy green and gold  
From casements that still face the friendly sun  
Though stars alone can glimpse the views they hold.  
High moated walls no warrior could pass,  
Stand breached by winds, besieged by vagrant grass.

## SHOWING THE FLAG—(Continued from page 13)

borrow the necessary powder from the ship, his own having been used up getting into power). The powder is forthcoming and handed over, an entry being made in the gunnery log to the effect that powder, black, tins, two, had been washed overboard in heavy weather, the Gunnery Officer's protests availing him nothing.

In high glee the visitors depart to fire their salute, every one on board much relieved, and urge the gunnery officer not to make himself unpleasant over a little correspondence, many promising financial assistance should he lose out.

On the Wardroom notice board has been posted a formidable list of officers who have been invited to the Official Ball being given by the country visited. This list includes everyone who is not on duty and there is a general movement toward the Captain's cabin for the purpose of explaining inability to attend this function. However, as the first few emerge looking rather crest-fallen, and with direct orders to appear at the ball, the remainder throw up the sponge and retire to their cabins to get into boiled shirts.

After dinner the quarter-deck is lined with officers waiting for the boat, fanning themselves with their caps in an attempt to keep their shirts and collars from melting in the sultry atmosphere.

On arrival ashore the party is met by the local band, some of whom still show signs of their visit on board earlier in the day. They are escorted to the ball which is being held in the local barracks, the soldiery having been turned out for the occasion.

After much formality the ball is officially opened. Then under the glare of the Captain's eye there is a movement on the part of his officers toward the whitest-looking of the

A SERIOUS SONNET ON YE  
OLDE YULE TYDE

Gerald Cameron

Thrice happy Feast! To thee I hymn my praise.  
And though my song may seem devoid of sense  
And but a brazen theft from that immense  
And ever-mounting store of fulsome lays  
That men have sung to thee in ancient days  
Be still, fair Feast. I would not have thee hear  
The song of hate that each succeeding year  
Is sung by men who deem thee but a craze.  
I would not have the voice of postal men,  
Lamenting corns or arches flat, ascend  
To wreck thy bliss. Nor would I have the cry  
Of counter-tending shopgirls, asking when  
Their peace will come, be heard, lest it offend.  
I must protect thee, though millions murmur why?

senoritas. Dancing begins. The Captain does not dance himself, firstly because he doesn't want to, and secondly because he dare not relax his vigilance, knowing from experience that his underlings would seize such an opportunity to sneak off to their ship. The sun being well down, the ballroom temperature has fallen to about 110° F, but nevertheless, what with the exertion of dancing, and the general excitement, shirts and collars soon melt, also beads of perspiration rolling down the ladies' faces quickly dispel any illusions their partners may have entertained as to their racial origin. Even the best talcum powder obtainable will not stand up against such conditions.

There is a general crowding up to windward in the ballroom, and junior officers are warned in no uncertain terms to get down to leeward where they belong. Conversation with partners is impossible and if attempted is likely to be misinterpreted, leading to complications.

Sitting out is not prevalent on this occasion, thus releasing the many chaperons from much mental strain. Officers seize the opportunity granted by the intervals to quench their thirsts, relating their experiences with their last partners, and enquiring as to when the Captain proposes to return to the ship.

The evening wears on until the local gentry, having refreshed themselves at the expense of the taxpayers, and becoming fed up with watching their senioritas flirting with the gringos, start loosing off their revolvers into the air, the ball closes amid much playing of the local National Anthem, and a poor attempt at "God Save the King".

As the revellers return on board, an entry is made in the ship's log to the effect that such and such a republic has been shown the flag.

## WITH THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society programme for the Michaelmas Term consisted of two formal debates, and several informal debates and papers. The formal debates are reported below, but the informal debates have covered too wide a field to allow for any detailed accounts. They embraced subjects on systems of education and governments of the present day. The papers which were extremely interesting, dealt with such topics as the depression, student life in Germany and Witchcraft.

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BISHOP'S DEFEATS BRITISH  
DEBATING TEAM

In the last issue of The Mitre we introduced the British debating team, but were unable to give details concerning the debate. Since the publication of the last Mitre the debate has been held, and Bishop's declared victors.

The resolution before the House, "Resolved, that democracy has been proved a failure in the last ten years," brought forth much spirited oratory, and Bishop's won by a very slight margin.

The British team (negative) was composed of H. McNeil (leader) and I. P. Jones, while the Bishop's debaters (affirmative) were R. Brown (leader) and J. Ford. C. Eberts, President of the Bishop's Debating Society, was chairman.

Mr. Brown opened the debate by modestly declaring as is usual with debaters, that he had not the "power of speech to stir men's blood." However, he proceeded to do his bit for the Alma Mater, and gave his definition for democracy. He endeavoured to show that it had failed (1) to meet the world's problems of the past ten years; and (2) to maintain its principles of liberty and equality. He pointed out how the capitalists had the upper hand in the political world, and were continually crushing the poor a little more. This did not speak very eloquently for the success of democracy. He concluded by stating that democracy had failed in Germany and Italy, and could not cope with the disarmament question today.

Mr. McNeil refused to accept his opponent's definition on the grounds that democracy could not be measured in terms of enfranchisement. There were many factors in the state which impeded an equality of vote.

Democracy could not truly exist until some satisfactory means of ascertaining the will of the people was devised; as yet such a device was unknown.

Mr. Ford stated that great financial influences had become so strong that they had been destroying freedom for the past ten years. Trade Unions were forcing the independent tradesman out of his niche, just as gangs were

forcing the small business man to the wall with their "rackets".

Mr. Jones asserted that the form of government was not necessarily at fault if unable to deal with the difficulties at hand. The Britishers then pointed out that democracy had never existed. As their opponents had already proved that democracy had not stood for liberty and equality during the last ten years, therefore it was not really a democracy. If democracy did not exist, how could it be a failure?

When the last speaker sat down, an air of tense anticipation filled the room. No matter which side received the decision there would be little room for dispute, so close did the arguments appear. But the decision was not long in forthcoming, and Bishop's was awarded the victory.

Mr. Eberts thanked the judges, and expressed the hope that the British team would enjoy their stay at Bishop's, and that their tour might be successful.

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INTER-FACULTY DEBATE IS  
WON BY ARTS

The first inter-faculty debate for the Skinner Trophy took place in Convocation Hall on Thursday evening, Nov. 24th, with the President, C. Eberts, in the chair.

The Arts Faculty was represented by E. Boothroyd, W. Bradley, and J. Ford, who took the affirmative side of the resolution, while the Divinity Faculty was represented by E. Osborne, W. Crummer, and M. Stephens.

Speaking on the resolution, "Resolved that the present jury system should be abolished", Mr. Boothroyd pointed out that the jury system had been organized in order to suit certain conditions in the past, but as it was not satisfactory it had been changed throughout the ages, and today it was unfit to cope with modern conditions.

Mr. Osborne pointed out that the jury system was founded upon the British standards of fair play and its fabric was woven about democracy.

Its abolition would necessitate the revision of the whole legal system.

Mr. Bradley showed that the juries of today were composed of people who because of their limited education, are unable to render true and just verdicts. He also claimed that jury-men are not interested in their duties, as in many cases they had been dragged from their employment and were anxious to return to it.

Mr. Crummer stated that it seemed incredible that the jury should be so inefficient and yet have lived so long and spread to the four corners of the globe. He also said that there were no persons so well qualified to judge the facts

(Continued at foot of page 16)

## THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society Executive this year consists of the following:—

Hon. President, REV. PROF. H. C. BURT, M.A.; President, S. E. A. SHERRELL; Vice-President, J. I. BENSON; Sec. Treas. C. S. WRIGHT; Business Manager, J. F. S. FORD; Stage Manager, W. ELKIN; Property Manager, H. PIBUS.

## THE THREE ONE ACT PLAYS

On November 17th the Dramatic Society presented three one act plays in St. George's Hall. The main interest of this annual performance is the discovery of new talent. Everyone will agree that the success of this term's plays augurs well for the future of the Society.

The first play, directed by G. J. Cameron, was Barrie's gentle satire on the pompous, masculine idea of success—"The Twelve Pound Look." Such drawing room comedies are not, however, particularly well suited to the needs of the amateur stage. Nevertheless the play went off better than might have been expected. G. B. Greene was quite satisfactory in his impersonation of Sir Harry Sims, a man so blinded with self-importance that he fails to see his own shortcomings. Miss Acheson, as the retiring wife, was, unfortunately, so retiring as to be occasionally inaudible. The onerous and difficult part of the first Mrs. Sims was played by Miss Helen Bayne. It is a part which demands more extensive range of voice than most amateurs possess. Miss Bayne played the efficient typist very efficiently, but in her big speech the need for more variety of tone was obvious.

"The Monkey's Paw" was the most successful play of the evening. This short story makes a clumsy one-act play unless the intervals between the scenes are cut very short. Furthermore, melodrama needs to be played very convincingly if the shuffling and the giggling of the average audience is to be silenced. J. I. Benson is to be congratulated for having succeeded so well in the last scene. The excellent lighting was partially responsible, but success was mainly due to the clear diction and dignified acting of Miss Eardley-Wilmot and A. G. C. Whalley who, as the old parents, gave undoubtedly the best performance of the evening. In the first scene B. A. Millar, a promising actor for character parts, made a valiant attempt at impersonating a Cockney Sergeant-Major. C. F. Carson was natural and youthful, and T. L. Carter was as serious as befitted a company official sent on such an errand.

J. P. R. Macaulay, the director of "Five Birds in a Cage" (a modern Morality) got over his initial difficulty of representing the sudden jerk with which the elevator begins once more to ascend by loud stage noises. It was a good idea. He might have moved his actors about the stage a little

more, and divided them into more sharply defined groups for some of the speeches. But in spite of this the play was much enjoyed. Miss Margaret Earle was cast for the difficult part of the Duchess who talks a great deal of brotherhood-of-man (and of women) nonsense. There were a few faults of pronunciation, but it was impossible to portray the character otherwise. Similarly Miss Savage as the dressmaker's assistant, was excellent when she adopted an accent; but she sometimes lapsed into too cultivated a voice for the part. E. S. D. Weaver gave his well-known caricature of the stage Englishman which was deservedly enjoyed. D. B. MacKay was a very nice—sometimes too nice—mechanic. J. N. Brough made the most of the very small part of the liftman by means of an excellent costume and a few well-spoken remarks.

The intervals were made considerably less tedious than usual by M. A. Turner's performance at the piano.

C. C. L.

## NEW EDITOR OF THE MITRE

We are very sorry to announce the resignation of Mr. W. R. Crummer as Editor-in-Chief of The Mitre. Because of the pressure of other work Mr. Crummer, who so ably edited the October issue, finds himself unable to continue. It is with much pleasure, however, that with this issue we introduce to the readers of The Mitre our new Editor-in-Chief, Mr. John S. Ford. Mr. Ford has had considerable experience on the Mitre Board and we feel confident that he will fill the position in a very capable manner.

ERIC OSBORNE, President.

## DEBATING SOCIETY—(Continued for page 15)

at hand than those persons intimately acquainted with conditions existing in the district where the crime was committed. This selection was nearly always made possible by the jury system.

Mr. Ford dwelt on the susceptibility of the jury to the appeals of the counsel, and showed how, through the power of influence, juries frequently rendered questionable verdicts. He explained that there was great difficulty in distinguishing the facts from the lawyer's plea.

Mr. Stephens lauded the manner in which facts were presented to the jury, nearly always being supported by experts, such as engineers and chemists. This, he said, gave the lawyer little chance to deceive the jurors.

The decision was given to the Arts Faculty after a discussion on the part of the judges, who conceded that the debate was quite close.

The Rev. A. Jones, Mr. Crawford Grier, and Mr. Wright Gibson kindly officiated in this capacity.

## THE REGIA MIRA

(Miraculous palace)

Loud thunders roar,  
Flames of fire flashing fall,  
And with a blast  
The world opens.  
A STONE,  
Scorched as a soul  
Passing purgatory,  
Reels round and round  
In an hysteria.  
Clouds burst,  
Noisy waters o'erflow all;  
The world is whole again.  
I heard a cry:  
Once a stone—  
Now the Regia Mira.

Then, with colours multiplying fast—  
The wide grounds reflecting—  
A palace stood complete,  
Surpassing any structure  
In present days or past.  
Beyond conception  
'Twas beauty amassed,  
At which a mortal  
Would stand aghast—  
As if a terrifying light  
Did pierce the naked eye—  
And shaking shout:  
O marvellous place,  
O glorious sight,  
Those arches high,  
That dome so bright.

The fine form  
Which out of a small stone grew  
Was tall and slender,  
Full of grace,  
And truth of proportion,  
Perfect in height and width;  
Forsooth it had no faults,  
But was an unknown style,  
With nothing clumsy, nor uncouth,  
From massive base to lofty height,—  
Climbing, towers  
To the sky.



It was an angel's home,  
A cherub's dome of air,  
Built by goblins  
And wrapped in mists of gauze,  
No human work  
Nor cautious craftsman's cause.  
But its regal splendour  
Was as supreme as a singer's pause,  
Whose solemn silence has sounds:  
A seraph serene  
Whirling with wondrous wings,  
Chanting psalms and songs  
In the whispering winds.

J. L. M.

## MY DIARY OF SPORT

Cliff Marshall



INTERMEDIATE TEAM

STANDING — H. W. GALL (Asst. Mgr.) C. F. McCULLOUGH J. ROBERTSON A. D. PORTEOUS L. A. BROOKS M. WISENTHAL  
W. J. W. HODGINS (Mgr.) G. J. TITCOMB H. B. MUNRO D. N. MUIR P. D. CURRY H. J. CHARD (Coach)  
KNEELING — G. A. OLMSTEAD P. S. BROADHURST K. D. ROSS C. F. CARSON D. N. MASSON (Capt.) C. L. O. GLASS  
W. B. BRADLEY H. H. PIBUS L. LANG

Well, dear railbirds (if one may call the wire that surrounds our football field a rail), and other sport enthusiasts, it is with a great deal of pleasure that I again busy my pen with the story of Bishop's sport activities. There has been quite a lapse of time since my last memoir, so come one and all with me and we'll board our magic carpet to delve into the highlights of the past.

October 12th, 1932.

OUR ALMA MAMMA OVERCOMES MCGILL 3-1

Jim Dewhurst was up bright and early this morning as the boys had to catch the 7.15 train for Montreal. To prepare them for the long journey, James brought out the same old hard or soft-boiled eggs, the same unpopular bacon, and the usual not pork sausages. Better food makes better football teams, Mr. Dewhurst, —get busy.

In Montreal, Hal Chard led his proteges to Molson stadium (not brewery) where they donned their armour and enthusiastically awaited the opening whistle.

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Bishop's		McGill
Glass	F. Wing	Grant
Munro	Half	Westman
Masson	Half	Wygle
Ross	Half	Edson
Bradley	Quarter	MacKenzie
Curry	Snap	Robb
Porteous	Inside	Fleming
Evans	Inside	Kayser
McCullough	Middle	MacDonald
Titcomb	Middle	Deacon
Pibus	Outside	Mowatt
Carson	Outside	Tate
Hal Chard	Coach	Herb. Murphy

Bishop's Alternates:—Wisenthal, Brooks, Broadhurst, Robertson, Lang, Muir, Olmstead.

McGill Alternates:—Mislap, Jacobs, Lowles, Black, Smith, Piper, Denny.

Officials:—Robertson, Wm. Mitchell and B. Talpis.

The final score indicates the play in every way. It was a close score, but the closeness was more real than apparent. An equal display of kicking, tackling and running back of kicks was presented by each team; but McGill remained very much in the shadow on line plays; almost every gain was purple and white. It was a grim battle with line play predominating. The firm, fast feet of Titcomb, Masson, Munro and Ross bit deep into that Molson gridiron and hurled off any obstruction McGill could roll into their pathway. These four trusty tanks went over the top for nine first downs in comparison to the Redmen's two.

Who says that Westman of McGill is supreme as a kicker in Intermediate football? I am not pugnacious by nature, but I would not hesitate to go as far as fisticuffs to back our own Oogie Glass. Oogie punted in beautiful style and at no time was Herb Westman his superior. The deadly and snaring accuracy of our outside wings and Curry and Titcomb who appear out of nowhere on every play, blasted the McGill hopes when they downed Westman and Edson after every Bishop's kick.

In the second quarter our stalwarts were somewhat jolted when Bill Bradley received a serious arm injury that will keep him out of the game for at least three weeks—so the doctor says. Can you fool the doctor, Bill? We hope so, for we need you. At this point coach Chard was forced to make an impromptu change in the team. Ken Ross was switched from the backfield to substitute for Bill, while Mac Muir went on to take Ken's place alongside of Bruce Munro. Bruce never fails to thrill us with those spectacular runs for which he is gradually becoming famous—and remember, the word "famous" covers a lot of ability.

Glass kicked two rouges in the first quarter and a third in the final period, while McGill's sole point came in the early moments of the second half.

October 13th—

At practice today, the railbirds, including two members of the faculty, were curious to know who would replace Bill Bradley at quarter. The problem was solved by coach Chard's recognition of Chick Carson's alert brain and smooth ball-handling. Go to it Chick, old boy; we are waiting to see you in the key position on Saturday when the Sherbrooke Athletics entertain you and your splendid teammates.

October 15th—

BISHOP'S OBLITERATE SHERBROOKE 30-1

Sherbrooke Parade Grounds:

You can't evade bills; you can't evade accidents; you can't evade class. It was this third contingency which enabled Bishop's to humble the S.A.A.A. by a margin of 29 points. Our boys were faster, smarter and more united, and showed better coaching than Eddie Wolfe's hapless Athletics. Surrounded by all the pomp of a Sherbrooke

crowd, the game brought out varied thrills, disappointments and fumbles which kept over a thousand spectators enthralled and amused, not to say agog.

With their usual smashing style, the purple and white went over the line for five touchdowns and made five additional points on converts and rouges. These major tallies were brought home by Ross, Titcomb, Masson and Broadhurst, the latter snaring Carson's pass on Sherbrooke's 35 yard line and soaring over for five points. Glass did some fine kicking. When he was penalized for apparently little offence, Wisenthal took his place and showed he was capable of assuming the duty by hoisting the shivering pigskin over for a point. Bruce Munro played a sensational game. Although he didn't make a touchdown, Bruce ploughed through for several extensive gains—all for our Alma Mamma. Then again, Ken Ross and Harry Pibus deserve great credit, Ken for his fine running back of kicks, and Harry for his expert tackling. We mustn't forget the insides and middles; it is hard to see them from the sidelines, but Porteous, McCullough, Titcomb and Wisenthal played like veterans.

Sherbrooke started out well but they lacked condition and technique. Injuries depleted their ranks when Harper, Dunsmore and others had to be taken out of the game. However, despite their disparity with Bishop's, they fought hard and tried their best. Their shining lights were Izzie Echenberg, Cook, Mitton and Bob Dunsmore.

Bishop's		S.A.A.A
Glass	F. Wing	Taylor
Munro	Half	Dunsmore
Ross	Half	Harper
Masson	Half	Cook
Carson	Quarter	McKenna
Curry	Snap	I. Echenberg
Wisenthal	Inside	Waller
Porteous	Inside	McNair
C. McCullough	Middle	Newton
Titcomb	Middle	Tomlinson
Broadhurst	Outside	Mitton
Pibus	Outside	S. Echenberg
Hal Chard	Coach	Eddie Wolfe

Bishop's Substitutes:—Olmstead, Robertson, Muir, Lang, Brooks.

S.A.A.A. Substitutes:—Gilbey, Ashford, Logie, Smith, Meade, W. McCullough, Hadlock, Blue, Armitage.

October 20th—

Meanwhile, many members of the college are playing badminton. Our well-known friends, M. E. Armstrong and Lionel O'Neill, are to be seen almost daily playing the game a la bare feet; be careful boys, splinters are not a rare thing on the gym floor. Mr. Lloyd and Kennie Simms (the boy with the man's moustache), are also keen enthusiasts.

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The football players are not turning out regularly for practices these days. They are either lazy, or else they appreciate the value of energy and hate to waste it. We want the boys to have higher spirits (no, not that kind).

October 21st—

### B.C.S. DOWN BISHOP'S JUNIORS

Hugh Gall, our energetic ass't. football manager, and his Juniors, have been working hard all season. They fought their first battle today at B.C.S. Lack of both experience and general football knowledge lost them the game. Ingalls and Bisson worked well in the backfield, while Cooper, Purdy and Whalley starred in the line.

I am said to have played a good game myself, thank you; but I fear that those who said so must have been either my creditors and debtors, or perhaps both!

October 22nd—

### McGILL HALTS BISHOP'S 15-6

Are we going to defeat McGill today? Well, we'll see. College Grounds:

No, we didn't.

The first half of the game was accompanied by a high wind and a brilliant sun which at times was shut out by dark, threatening clouds. Our stalwarts began with their usual push. Although Bishop's made several fumbles in the first half, they managed to ram that McGill line with Munro, Masson and Titcomb bullets to make the score 6-5 in our favour at half time.

At this point, however, the threatening clouds enacted their intention and down came the rain! The slippery ball had its effect on our halfbacks, who made only about two or three catches in the second half. Uncertain footing was also a major factor in enabling the Redmen to pounce on fumble after fumble and win by a margin of nine points.

Bishop's certainly went to pieces in that last half. Raggedness, non-unison and costly fumbles lost the game for them. The defeat was quite a shock and leaves us in a somewhat precarious position as prospective league champions. However, let's be optimistic and look for a victory over Loyola on November 12th. This would give us the championship.

October 25th—

Something new in the way of sports occurred today. Your sports editor and Henry Wright, a hunter from the Gaspé Coast, shouldered a twelve gauge shot-gun and left at 5.30 a.m. for the wilds just back of the Experimental Farm, in search of the odd rabbit, duck, or partridge. Needless to say, we shot nothing.

October 27th—

The Sherbrooke County Hockey League held its annual meeting tonight in the Chateau Frontenac Hotel. Mr. N.

Chartier was re-elected president, with E. S. D. Weaver, of Bishop's, vice-president, and Mr. Couture of Sherbrooke, secretary-treasurer. The meeting afforded opportunity for new clubs to join the league. The present teams are Canadiens, St. Francois, Bishop's and East Sherbrooke.

Among those present were E. S. D. Weaver, A. Porteous and C. B. Marshall of Bishop's, and Mr. Lalonde, Mr. Daigle and Mr. McGuire representing St. Francois, East Sherbrooke and Canadiens respectively.

### SHERBROOKE HIGH HUMBLE BISHOP'S JUNIORS

Sherbrooke Parade Grounds:

S.H.S. added another victory to their string of laurels today when they swept our junior collegians off their feet by dealing them a 23-1 defeat. Costly fumbles and again a lack of experience on the part of our youthful athletes brought about the result. Yet they fought hard, and took their beating with heads up—football makes the man, all right!

October 29th:—

### BISHOP'S WIN EASILY OVER QUEBEC 26-0

College Grounds:—

Our supporters are jubilant today, for the team has captured the championship of the Eastern Section of the Intermediate Q.R.F.U. There will probably be a "hot time in the old town tonight"—remember that tune? It's an old timer, and a very peppy one; I wish I could sing it for you, but my cough bothers me.

The teams:—

Bishop's		Quebec
Glass	F. Wing	Amy
Masson	Half	Doddridge
Munro	Half	Muir
Ross	Half	Price
Bradley	Quarter	Home
Curry	Snap	Webster
Wisenthal	Inside	Egan
Porteous	Inside	Taschereau
McCullough	Middle	Devine
Titcomb	Middle	Frawley
Pibus	Outside	Quinn
Broadhurst	Outside	Simons
Olmstead	Alternates	Evans
Robertson	"	Hughes
Muir	"	Power
Brooks	"	Munroe
Lang	"	Phillips
	"	Scott
	"	Woodside
	"	Nadeau
	"	Trakas

# TROPHIES



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MONTREAL

The purple and white clad warriors certainly rushed the aquatic men from Quebec. Gordie Titcomb starred for Bishop's. He romped over for two touchdowns and almost stunned every Quebec ball-carrier with his terrific tackles. Munro and Masson are also credited with major tallies. Pibus, Lang and Broadhurst did some excellent work in receiving Bradley's forward passes, and made many gains.

November 5th:—

BISHOP'S SIT ON SHERBROOKE 20-8

College Grounds:

This was a fine game to watch. Hal Chard's men again had Eddie Wolfe's pack at their mercy, only not so much as in the game at Sherbrooke on October 15th. Although the field was a sea of mud fumbles were few. Our touchdowns were made by Glass and Titcomb, while Glass' tactful toe accounted for a few points. Armitage hung up the Athletic's sole touchdown near the end of the game.

It was announced today that Bishop's will not carry on with the Q.R.F.U. play-offs. This means that either Quebec or Sherbrooke will travel to Montreal to represent the Eastern Townships in this league.

November 7th:—

The application of our Junior Hockey team for membership of the Sherbrooke Junior League, was accepted tonight. Bishop's was represented at the meeting by Messrs. C. B. Marshall and A. D. Porteous. Major Sanders was appointed vice-president of the league.

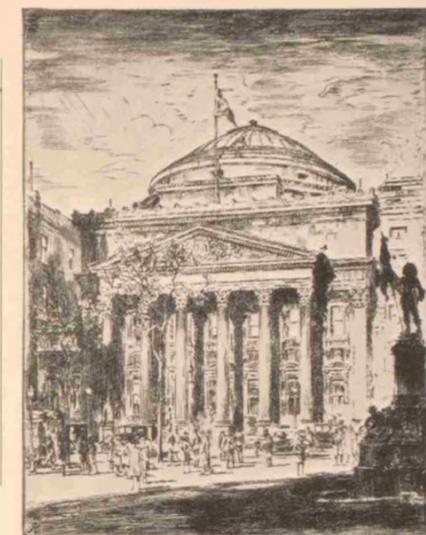
November 9th:—

Our newly-formed Soccer Club played its first game today against the Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A. eleven in our new field across the river. Bishop's are not well organized as yet, but they were spirited and energetic, and held their own against the Y.M.C.A. veterans. Greene, Stephens, and Norris starred for the collegians. The score was 4 to 1 in favour of Sherbrooke.

November 12th:—

LOYOLA WIN BY NARROW MARGIN—3-1

We lost the Intermediate Intercollegiate Championship, but our grief is silent and void of any sullenness because we know that the team did their best, and after all, what is better than a clear conscience, although we did lose? Every man of our purple and white aggregation was right in the game with all his heart and soul and fought with a driving energy right up to the last minute. We are proud of them, and words cannot express our appreciation of their efforts. Gordie Titcomb was again the outstanding player on the field. "Tick" plunged through that Loyola line like nobody's business, and time after time he nailed those maroon



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ball-carriers with his deadly tackles. During my sports-writing career I have seen many a football game, but never a one like this. Throughout the first half, both teams made little progress, as the play had settled down into a grim battle in centre field. But in the next period our boys put their shoulders down to the grind and pushed the fighting Irish back ninety yards on successive plays. On the last play in this sensational drive, two downs failed to bring a touchdown, so Oggie Glass was called on to kick for a rouge. The game continued with Bishop's leading by one point until the dying moments of the game, when Loyola booted the ball between the bars for three points.

November 16th—

The road race for the Mrs. McGreer shield was run off today at three o'clock. It was a very colorful gathering which saw sixteen participants at the starting line, and raring to go.

The results:—

1.—M. A. Turner, Arts.....	27 mins. 35 sec.
2.—E. S. D. Weaver, Arts.....	27 " 38 "
3.—F. Royal, Arts.....	30 " 3 "
4.—J. F. S. Ford, Arts.....	30 " 46 "
5.—P. S. Broadhurst, Arts.....	32 " 40 "
6.—B. A. Millar, Arts.....	33 " 40 "
7.—K. Norris, Arts.....	33 " 40.5 "
8.—E. Royle, Divinity.....	34 " 15 "
9.—T. Keefer, Arts.....	35 " 1 "
10.—R. F. Brown, Divinity.....	35 " 32 "
11.—A. J. S. Richardson, Arts.....	38 " 34 "

Also Ran:—P. D. Curry, C. F. Carson, J. I. Benson, J. A. McCallum, I. K. Hume.

November 28th—

To-night was a gala occasion at our Alma Mater, for we had one of the most successful rugby dinners ever noted in the annals of our Athletic Committee. You may be sure that every male student in residence was present, for a chicken dinner in our dining hall is an outstanding event. John Aikins, the President of the Students' Council, presided, and speeches were made by Dr. McGreer, Dr. Vial, Russell Brown, Don Masson, who is the retiring football captain, and Peter Curry, his successor.

November 29th—

The elements recently became strong contenders for both the Dunn Cup road race and the inter-faculty football games, and I am afraid they have won out. The postponement of these two activities is quite a disappointment to Bishop's students, as they have always been regarded with keen enthusiasm. It was hoped that a thaw would enable the events to be run off at least two weeks before the examination schedule began, but that is now impossible, as the dreaded day is almost here.

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HOLOCAUST FROM THE AIR

G. B. Greene, Jr.

On August 13th, 1928 the Air Officer Commanding the Air Defence of Great Britain organized a familiar tactic, known to military circles as a "sham battle". Only, instead of men, aircraft were used. The entire Royal Air Force was equally divided into "Battle Squadrons". Each of the two divisions had their allotment of fighter, bomber, army co-operation, and communication squadrons, so in reality they were two separate forces, acting on their own initiative and independent of Air Ministry orders. Each had its own Wing-Commanders, Squadron-Leaders and Headquarters, which were stationed at strategic points throughout Great Britain. The Home Squadrons were to act on the defensive, whilst the Attack Squadrons were to come in through the Channel and up the Thames.

At eleven o'clock at night the attacking aircraft, some seventy-five machines, each carrying five hundred pounds of "bombs", invaded England, arriving directly over London from the north-east. They were met by an equal number of defence aircraft, by batteries of anti-aircraft guns, by an extensive balloon system—by every known device for defence against an attack by air. But, within thirty minutes after crossing the coast-line, the defensive machines had been eluded; the attack had centred directly over London; "bombs" had been dropped on predetermined targets; the Air Ministry buildings, power houses, water works—indeed, all government and important buildings were in ruins; and the attacking force was wheeling back to the north-east without a casualty.

Every specified objective was bombed. Fifty thousand pounds of theoretical explosives were dropped through 20,000 feet, with the deadly accuracy of gun fire. Had it been that these twenty tons of bombs had been filled with diphenyl chloroarsine, half of the population of London would have been wiped out; 3,750,000 men, women and children, according to the rigid rules set down by the judges. Fifty tons of gas would have destroyed every living thing in the London area—an amount, frightful as it is to state, readily negotiable by a force of two hundred aeroplanes.

This whole drama, needless to say, was mimic warfare, but it was carried out with meticulous detail, and the above results were the answers set down by the judges. One can, only too well, imagine without any lurid details, what would have been the result had it been a force of some five hundred aircraft—a force which every one of the leading nations could mobilize at a moment's notice.

Perhaps no other country in the world except France could bring, at the call of a wireless message, some four thousand machines into action. She is prepared to drop one hundred and twenty tons of bombs in a single raid. The maximum tonnage dropped in any month of the war, was twelve. Yet five of these antediluvian aeroplanes broke up the entire Turkish Army on its march on Palestine.

Germany, at the present moment, although restricted by the Versailles Treaty, is experimenting with silent aircraft by muffling the exhaust. This experiment will, no doubt, like the majority of others similar, fail. Owing to the tremendous back pressure on the engine it has been found that such experiments do not justify the time spent on them. British aircraft engineers have built a machine called the "Ripon". Beneath the fuselage, slung between the pontoons, it carries a 2,000-lb. torpedo. It can attain a velocity of well over two hundred miles per hour in a vertical dive, pull out one hundred feet above the water and drop its missile.

There are at least two varieties of poison gas against which no mask can offer protection. Cacodyle isocyanide is in the possession of all the great nations. Government purchase agents can take their choice of bombs filled with deadly plague bacilli, or with anthrax for the extermination of cows or horses. Eight scourges are chemically available for germ bombs, yellow fever, typhus, plague, cholera, and typhoid fever. Cultures can be prepared readily and in great volume, chemical factories can get into uniform in less time than it takes to write.

War is declared—nay, war is only threatened. Somewhere in Europe a thousand men climb into the cock-pits of a thousand aircraft, and under each is a bomb which the pressure of a finger may release. Each pilot has instructions as to where and at what altitude, that pressure is to be applied. A starting signal, an hour or two of flight, a little veering and dodging as the defence aircraft rise, a casualty or two as the radium atomite of the anti-aircraft guns tries vainly to fill a space fifty miles square and three miles deep, one muffled roar after another as the bombs are dropped as planned, and to all intents and purposes, the civilization founded by William the Conqueror, which gave Bacon, Newton and Watt to the world, comes, in something like half an hour, to a close. London, Liverpool, Manchester, Lancaster, Bristol, Birmingham and Leeds—each had its appointed place on the code of instructions, and each is now duly removed from the list of habitable places on the

planet. Not even a cockroach can survive the entire lack of habitability. Every power-nerve has been cut by the explosives; every living thing has ceased to breathe by contact with diphenyl chloroarsine. Even the author of "Man and Superman," who had so often and so successfully defied whatever gods may be, lies prone upon a London side-walk, a ghastly smile on his fine white face, and a hand flung out upon which a burning beam has fallen . . . .

There is one fortunate thing about the next war; it will not keep us long on edge. We shall not have to worry about finding the money for Liberty Bonds; or whether George is going to get his commission; or whether Charles has been transferred to the front line. We shall not have to search our hearts to uproot vestiges of sympathy, or sometimes affection, for alien enemies. The whole business will be over in a few hours. With lungs full of diphenyl chloroarsine, we shall never again need to worry about anything.

The United States and Russia realize only too well what danger of air attack they lie exposed to; and owing to their wide expanse of territory, have tried to organize an efficient defence by strengthening their air services. They realize too, that they can both be obliterated with the same dispatch as can the other great powers. Particularly complete would be the destruction of New York City. With her bridges and tunnels bombed, with her super-congestion, citizens would hardly have time to seize their cheque books before being summoned to the waiting rooms of the recording angel; while at the same time her many tall buildings would be crashing down like glorified ninepins.

There is no possible way out. The technical design of the aeroplane—not the aeroplane of tomorrow, but the aeroplane of today—provides for precisely the results that have been chronicled. This is the ghastly destruction that aeroplanes with bombs, filled with gas or nitroglycerine, swung beneath them, pilot—or automatic—controlled, are perfectly equipped to do. Nor, as yet, is there any way to stop them. The bristling pictures in the Sunday papers, which are published, it seems, to stir the mind of the glorified school-boy, together with General So-and-So's account of their deadly accuracy, are an insult to the intelligent. These super-dreadnoughts, throwing up great walls of spume, beautiful as they are as pieces of engineering, are an even greater insult. These gas masks for every man, woman, and child are perhaps worst of all.

We know when we are beaten. We are willing to fight against as many peace-time mechanical appliances as may arise, with a hazy, but still-enduring, confidence in victory. Against a three dimensional war machine we have no confidence in anything, save that the unique association of electrons which comprises ourselves is about to

form new and interesting chemical combinations. This, to be true, intrigues our imagination, but no more than if we pointed a revolver at our head and were given three minutes to live.

It has been reported by over-zealous fanatics that there is a whole galaxy of war machines which have not yet been described—terrific affairs, but all operating in one or two dimensions. For all this documentary remissness, I think that quite enough has been said. Perhaps too much has been said. There may be a practical defence against the aeroplanes among the secrets of the several colleges of war, waiting for the opportunity to prove its worth. If so, it is a secret that has been remarkably well kept.

One final qualification there must be. One can readily visualize the destruction of two great nations in the next war; possibly of two coalitions; but hardly of the whole Western civilization, and certainly not of the whole world. It takes a great deal of poison gas and many aeroplanes, to kill two billion people. But it is the writer's guess that the war in the air between two great belligerents will result in the complete destruction of both within a few hours.

Those who visualize the holocaust in advance are so few, and of such slight influence—particularly in army and navy departments—that the world will not realize what it now faces until it has faced it in a "fait accompli." Then, and not until then, realization will come—possibly, as the "extras" bring one incredible horror after another, it will come very fast. Perhaps in a few days after the two belligerents have liquidated their accounts, the neutral world will be in a sufficient state of shock to realize that this sort of thing must stop, forever.

The surviving west, together with the east, will then ban the machine from war—which means, of course, the banishment of war.—Or so the conclusion hangs, neatly balanced between hope and belief, within my mind.



THE LATE DR. ROBERT NORWOOD

Dr. Robert Norwood, Rector of St. Bartholomew's, New York City, who died suddenly on Michaelmas Day, took a preparatory course at Bishop's some 40 years ago. Subsequently he graduated from King's College, Nova Scotia, and held charges in the Maritimes, in Montreal and in London, Ont., before passing over to the American Episcopal Church in 1919. He was famous as a preacher, a lyrical poet, and a prolific prose writer. "The Man Who Dared To Be God" was perhaps his most widely known book. R.I.P.

DE ALUMNIS

J. I. Benson

The Mitre wishes to thank those graduates who have helped us in this issue, by sending in more information about the old and new graduates. But even more correspondence between the Editor and the graduates themselves is needed to make this section of the magazine a success. We hope that before the next issue, we will have enough information of interest to use, to make this column a success from every point of view. In the meantime, we make a sincere request for more material of interest. We are sure that this material can only be secured from our graduates and we trust that the knowledge that they will be helping to improve this section for their fellow-graduates will repay them amply for their efforts.

BIRTHS—

Cooke. At the Parsonage, Marbleton, Quebec, on July 12th, 1932, a daughter, to the Rev. Frank and Mrs. Cooke.

Lyon. At Sherbrooke, on May 9th, 1932, a daughter, to Vincent Lyon and Mrs. Lyon.

Rider. At Sherbrooke, in September, 1932, a child to Hamilton Rider, B.A., '27, and Mrs. Rider (née Margaret Fuller, B.A., '27).

MARRIAGES:

The following marriages, which will be of interest to fellow graduates and friends, have been brought to our notice.

Scott-Oughtred:

The marriage of Jean Alexandra Oughtred, to Robert Bruce Scott, B.A., '27, both of Montreal, was solemnized by the Rev. E. H. Brandt, in Montreal, on October 1st, 1932.

Wright-Mallinson:

A marriage of interest to all graduates of recent years was celebrated on July 14th, 1932, in All Saints' Pro-Cathedral, Edmonton, Alta. Maud, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Mallinson, of Huddersfield, England, to the Rev'd. E. V. Wright, L.S.T., '31, of St. Mary's Vicarage, Clandonald, Alta.

The Rev. Canon J. M. Almond, M.A., C.M.G., has been appointed Archdeacon of Montreal, to succeed the late Archdeacon Paterson-Smyth.

We are pleased to note that Frank Scott, M.A., one of Bishop's Rhodes Scholars, and now Professor of Federal and Constitutional Law in the Faculty of Law at McGill, attended the annual meeting of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass., during the summer, and delivered a paper before that distinguished gathering.

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Hugh O'Donnell, M.A., of the firm of Cook & McGee, is President of the Junior Bar Association of Montreal for this year.

John Hume, B.A., is now practising law in Granby, Quebec.

Robert Stevenson, B.A., '27, is studying medicine at Edinburgh.

Douglas Cambell, B.A., '27, is on the teaching staff of the Montreal High School.

A. C. Church, B.A., '32, has returned to Bishop's for a year's preparatory reading before going up to Cambridge, where he will read for his degree in Theology.

Harry Grundy, B.A., '27, after completing a year's study at Paris and Dijon, France, under a Provincial Scholarship, is now practising law with the firm of Rugg, Mignault and Holtham, in Sherbrooke.

Russell Call, having graduated from McGill in Commerce, is now with the Accounting department of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal.

Ashton Tobin, B.A., '26, is practising law in Sherbrooke.

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### DEATH OF A BENEFACTRESS OF THE COLLEGE

With the death of Miss Anne M. Reid, daughter of the late Rev. C. P. Reid, a former Rector of St. Peter's, Sherbrooke, Bishop's College has lost a warm friend and generous benefactress.

Although a life-long resident of Sherbrooke, Miss Reid spent much of her time in travel, and knew the Mother Country as she did her own. She was rich in knowledge of its history and traditions. Possessed of ample means, she administered her resources wisely and well. Any good cause which appealed to her reason and her heart was generously supported, but she was more deeply interested in religion and religious education than in every-day philanthropy. During her life she gave freely of her income for bursaries and exhibitions to worthy students of Bishop's College, both in Arts and Divinity; and after their graduation she would follow with deep interest and sympathy the future of those she had aided.

It was therefore no surprise to her friends to discover that she had made rich provision in her will for religious institutions. Not only was St. Peter's, Sherbrooke, remembered, but the University of Bishop's College was further endowed, and monies were left for the establishment of scholarships or bursaries.

Miss Reid was a devout and loyal Churchwoman. She took little interest in Society so-called, but was content to pass her days in happy intercourse with a circle of real friends. R.I.P.

## THIS BUSINESS OF PASSING EXAMS.

M. Ortenburg

There comes a time in the life of every college student when he begins to hear vague, unconfirmed rumours that, somewhere in the near future, a set of exams are lying in wait for him. This in itself should not cause lines of care to furrow his brow, and his face to take on a haggard and forlorn look. Taking it for granted that he knows his professors by sight, and has intentions of sending away for one quarter of his required text-books very soon, there really should be no cause for worry.

Naturally, except for the first week, when he started out with good intentions, he has practically no notes. Even when he went to lectures, with no other purpose than to say, "Here, sir," when his name was called, he spent his time drawing pictures, and playing tic-tac-toe with himself. But this absence of notes need occasion no special worry. It is generally understood that there are in the college a few freaks who attend all their lectures, hard as it is to believe. The thing to do now is to institute a methodical search for these oddities. A few hours' labour will probably suffice. Or perhaps he may be fortunate enough to obtain one of those sets of notes left by model students of yesterday, which have been going from hand to hand for the last five or ten years. He also at this time generally sends away for one or two text-books.

Having arranged these little preliminaries, the problem now is to do several months' work in the space of a few days. At this stage our friend becomes despondent. How can he possibly do it all? The answer is almost too simple: why do it all? Let him look at it in this way. Suppose in a certain examination he has to do five out of the ten questions before him. That is, one-half of the paper. Out of this, he has to get forty percent. Now forty percent of one-half is one-fifth. Therefore you only have to do one fifth of the required work. The question: "Which fifth?" is too elementary to merit discussion at this time.

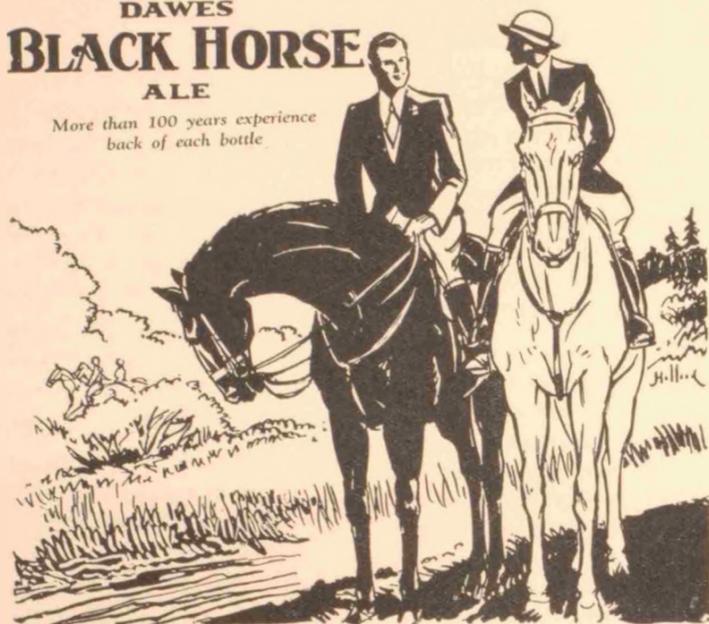
Therefore, having obtained one or two text-books, some mangled notes, and an idea of how little work he must do within the next few days, he has got off to a good start. All he has to do now is a little work. But our student has fallen into bad habits; he has consistently been wasting his time for months. He has forgotten how to work. Now he has to force himself to sit down with a book for as long as an hour at a stretch. The best system to use now is to plan his work, and stick rigidly, very rigidly, to his schedule. For the general benefit, I will give an example of a schedule which has stood the test of time.

- Dec. 1.—Make resolution to begin work immediately after supper. Eat supper. Go to show. Then to bed.
- Dec. 3.—Make very firm resolution to work immediately after supper. Have supper. Take a few minutes off after supper to watch poker game. Then decide to play just one or two hands. Then play all night.
- Dec. 5.—(Saturday). Decide very emphatically it was time you settled down to work. Have supper. Go out to celebrate something or other.
- Dec. 6.—(Sunday) . . . . BLANK . . . .
- Dec. 8.—Sit down at 7 p.m. to do six hours of steady, uninterrupted work. Run across doubtful point in notes. Go into friend's room to clear up the matter. Stay for two hours and discuss life, love, women, etc. Then go to bed. (Mustn't fall behind in your sleep).
- Dec. 10.—Examinations now four days off. Work from 7 to 3 with no time off. Smoke forty cigarettes in process. Sleep soundly.
- Dec. 11.—Sophie Smirch in an Extra-Super-Special Production comes to the local theatre. Mustn't miss it under any circumstances. Make up for time lost by sitting down to work all afternoon. Find Cosmopolitan on desk. Read three stories and do one cross-word puzzle (great educational value). Have supper. Show. Bed. Dream of Miss Smirch.
- Dec. 12.—Read ad. saying that stale rancid coffee keeps you awake nights. Smuggle some of Dewhurst's coffee up to room. Take 15 minutes off at 11 p.m. for coffee with friends. Drink plenty of it as you are going to work all night. Spend two sociable hours discussing usual subjects. Return to work. Fall asleep in chair. Wake at five. Find chair very uncomfortable. And so to bed.
- Dec. 13.—Examinations two days off. Work all afternoon. Work at night until ten. Get exceedingly restless. Get up and wander around corridors. Meet other restless students. Indulge in glorious water-fight, being careful that at no time shall the water on the floor exceed a depth of six inches. Change clothes and resume work. Bed at 3.
- Dec. 14.—Work all afternoon on next day's exams. Work all evening on next day's exams. Bed at 3.

(Continued on page 37)

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**C. O. T. C. HAS RECORD  
ENROLMENT**

It we are to judge by numbers, the interest in the C.O.T.C. becomes keener each year. We have over eighty members this year, which is the largest enrolment in the history of the Corps. It is to be hoped that the standard of efficiency will prove to be in proportion to the numbers.

Major S. Sanders, in spite of numerous other duties, still remains faithful to the Unit as its Commanding Officer, and one feels that the continued existence of the Corps is very largely due to his keen and able supervision. The officers this year are: Lt. A. V. Ottiwell, Adj.; Second Lt. E. Boothroyd, commanding No. 1 Platoon; Second Lt. D. G. Masson, commanding No. 2 Platoon.

The season was started again by a smoker, which proved to be as successful as last year's. The guests of the evening were:—Col. E. B. Worthington, Col. M. W. McA'Nulty, and Col. S. Echenberg, each of whom spoke very enthusiastically of the work of the C.O.T.C. The guest soloist was Mr. John Cook of Montreal. His songs were very well chosen and he sang them admirably, and it is safe to say that the success of the smoker was in a large measure due to his delightful contribution.

Another large class is enrolled for the "A" Certificate lectures this year, and in addition there are a number of last year's successful candidates proposing to write the examination for the "B" Certificate. Col. J. M. Prower, G.S.O.1, M.D. 4, is again giving the lectures, so we shall look forward to another record for successful candidates.

The first dance of the season was held in the gymnasium on Tuesday evening, November 22nd. The Decoration Committee, under the direction of the Platoon Officers and Sergeants achieved most excellent results and their work was the subject of much comment during the evening. The hostesses were Mrs. A. H. McGreer and Mrs. E. E. Boothroyd. The orchestra was under the direction of "Rod" Sterling, a former member of the Corps, who now seeks to entertain us rather than be entertained by us. As always, the dance was very enjoyable, and to those who are familiar with the C.O.T.C. dances, that is all that need be said.

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**THE LATE DR. FRANK CHARTERS**

The death occurred in Montreal recently of the Rev. Dr. Frank Charters, a former member of the College Corporation, who received an honorary D.C.L. from Bishop's in 1911. He received his L.Th. from the Diocesan College in Montreal in 1888, and spent the whole of his ministerial career in and around that city. In 1921 he became Rector of St. Stephen's, Weredale Park, Westmount, from which incumbency he resigned a few weeks before his death. R.I.P.

Dr. Charters has been succeeded at St. Stephen's by the Rev. H. S. Laws, B.A., '07, M.A., '11.

**WOMEN STUDENTS IN SONG  
AND DANCE**

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**GLEE CLUB BEGINS PRACTICE**

The Ladies' Glee Club has again been organized under the able direction of Mrs. Boothroyd, and at a recent meeting of the Women Students' Association, Lyndall Jackson was elected secretary. So far only one meeting has been held; this was at the home of Mrs. Brundage. The women of the University are showing more interest this year, and the membership has greatly increased.

The altos, who were very much in the minority last year, have been augmented to a group almost overpowering the sopranos. It is hoped that this enthusiasm will continue throughout the year, and that the Glee Club will be bigger and better than ever.

\*\*\*

**TEA DANCE**

On Saturday, October 22nd, after the McGill-Bishop's rugby game, the Women Students' Association gave a tea dance in Convocation Hall. The hall was very attractively decorated in both McGill and Bishop's colours, and the music was supplied by Rod Sterling's Orchestra. The dance was a complete success, and it is to be hoped that a similar entertainment will be forthcoming this year.

\*\*\*

**ALL SAINTS' DAY, 1932**

*So fast they fall, the sear and yellow leaves,  
The cold wind seems the messenger of death;  
And nature, late so radiant, now grieves  
Her former splendour stricken by that breath.*

*And thus there comes the sense which calm accord  
With all that faded leaf would indicate.  
Ah me! what memories does age afford  
Of dying youth and hope which must abate.*

*So dull these senses are; I cannot know  
Beyond this earth and circumscribing space.  
Do Thou, true light, give light, true insight show  
And change the dullness of my blinded face.*

*O give me sight to see, if dimly yet,  
Another realm, an ever glorious spring;  
A spring which cannot fade nor can beget  
The hopes which fail, the love which must take wing.*

*Take Thou the darkness from my troubled mind;  
Though comprehension may forever rest  
Beyond the veil, now bid my spirit find  
A home amid the regions of the blest.*

W. R. H.

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EXCHANGE COLUMN

DEBATES, DANCES AND DRUDGERY

M. A. Stephens

What is the best method of judging debates?  
Is a gym. a good place for holding dances?  
Is working your way through college desirable?  
Should students be their own lecturers?

These are a few of the questions discussed in the student newspapers from other universities which have reached the Exchange Editor during the last few weeks.

These papers illustrate the concern with which those connected with undergraduate publications regard their duty as disseminators of considered student opinion. Nearly every one contains at least one editorial on a matter of consequence to the average undergraduate, and the importance attached to such views is illustrated by the fact that each of the newspapers under discussion prints its editorials across columns double the ordinary width. Many of the ideas have an interest beyond the university which produced them, and for that reason almost the whole of the Exchange space this time will be devoted to introducing the readers of The Mitre to what appear to be the more important of them. Lack of space forbids the reproduction of them all.

The editorial columns of *THE ARGOSY WEEKLY*, the neat newspaper of Mount Allison University, nearly always contain interesting views of the kind under discussion. I shall take as examples two of the four issues I have received at the time of writing. On October 15th there appeared an editorial of especial interest to our Debating Society, in view of the recent change in the method of voting at the weekly meetings. The Argosy disapproves strongly of the system which obtains in inter-faculty debates here—of confining the debate to the teams, and having special judges—and advocates the practice which until recently was usual at our weekly debates—when the principals have finished the meeting is thrown open for any who desire to speak, and then the whole house votes. Two suggested advantages of the latter system are that it trains men to think on their feet, and that it creates more interest among the students.

The Argosy of November 5th comments on a new method adopted by some Mount Allison students as a means of earning money during term—that of selling peanuts. The writer goes on to quote from Harper's Magazine regarding the disadvantages of working one's way through college. The quotation says that it means that "the plastic years of young manhood are clouded by financial anxieties which haunt the soul and depress the spirit . . . It involves a denial of leisure moments at a time when these would be of

the greatest value. It compels the student to cut corners, to forego many cultural advantages which the college environment provides, and sometimes to undermine his health". I commend this matter to the attention of the Debating Society Executive.

The weekly issues of the *DALHOUSIE GAZETTE* Halifax, during October, provided an interesting account of a student controversy over the question of the right place to hold undergraduate dances. At the beginning of the month the Students' Council, apparently with the desire to reduce expense and bring the dances within the reach of the pockets of all students, resolved that in future all undergraduate dances should be held in the university gym, and not in hotels downtown. There were immediate protests in the Dalhousie Gazette, on the grounds that the gym. did not provide the right atmosphere; had no sitting out accommodation; presented catering difficulties; and did not possess the kind of floor to survive frequent dances satisfactorily. The Gazette itself protested that the general body of students had not been consulted. One by one four important undergraduate bodies, the Law, Medical, Commerce and Engineering Societies, met and decided not to abide by the Council's decision, and on Sunday, October 30th, the Council decided to rescind their resolution.

*THE BRUNSWICKAN*, the weekly newspaper of the University of New Brunswick, has an agreeable "Column Three" for reviews of new novels, and every week has one considered editorial on a matter of great interest to university students. On November 3 the leading article dealt with a recent innovation at U.N.B. whereby the Senior Science students prepare sections of the Physics lectures and deliver them to the rest of the class. The professor acts only as a guide and mentor in the more difficult parts. In suggesting that the system has "all the earmarks of a happy future", the commentator points out that knowing how to prepare a lecture covers most of the fundamental points of the better methods of study. He adds that under the new system the student ceases to play the role of a sponge and functions as a thinking individual; he exercises his own judgment; he expresses his own views; he is treated as a mature individual. Further the professor gets the students' ideas, and gauges their understanding of the subject more accurately than by tests.

*THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY*, of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S., has difficulties like The

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Mitre's over getting the general body of students to contribute to the publication. The editor of The Xaverian found it necessary to point out that the paper belongs to the student body, and not to the editorial staff, and proceeded to offer a prize for the best article published in the following four issues. Recent numbers of The Xaverian have featured special descriptive articles, beginning across two columns halfway down the middle of the front page, and continued inside next to the editorial column.

The Prairies evidently have similar problems to the Maritimes over contributions to student publications. *THE SHEAF*, of the University of Saskatchewan, has adopted a news policy which requires all university organizations to appoint their own publicity men to provide The Sheaf with news. It is suggested that this "will ensure more full and accurate reports than if the reporting assignments are handled through The Sheaf office"—an announcement that becomes ever so eloquent when put beside the fact that The Sheaf staff includes nine editors of various kinds and eleven reporters. It may interest the editor of The Sheaf to learn that The Mitre has recently appointed one of its staff as Activities Editor with the responsibility of seeing that the activity news gets in, as experience has shown that the method adopted by The Sheaf does not work at Bishop's. Of course, The Mitre is not a weekly newspaper, and it has the advantage of being the organ of a small and centralized university.

The Class of 1932 at the Lutheran College, at Waterloo, Ont., made a parting gift to their Alma Mater in the shape of a notice board, to be erected on the campus adjoining the highway, announcing that the grounds and buildings comprise Waterloo College and Seminary. The fortnightly *COLLEGE CORD* points out the value of such a poster as a publicity agent to passing motorists, and warmly commends the donors' choice.

An article on "The Modern Ego", condemning the avidity with which the youth of today strives after "that modern talisman—complete self-confidence and utter egotism", was a distinguishing feature of the October number of *ALMA MATER*, from the Roman Catholic St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.

*THE O.A.C. REVIEW*, from Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, being largely concerned with technical subjects, is not easy to quote from; but the October number contained an editorial discussing the lack of support proffered to many student societies. The writer attributes the decline in interest not to lack of college spirit, but to the failure of the leaders of the societies to do missionary work among the general body of students. "We fear", he says, "that in many instances the leaders exhibit too apathetic an attitude to awaken the enthusiasm which we are confident is not lacking in the student body, but is merely lying dormant."

This article may very suitably be closed with an extract from the short editorial in which *THE TECH FLASH* likens the new academic year at the Nova Scotia Technical College to a ship's voyage:

"After all, we weren't shanghaied, and this is a capable craft with an agreeable itinerary, so if we share ideas and then see the chosen ones through, the coming days should be satisfying ones . . . Avast there, you lubbers!—a healthy man can't be content to sag a deck-chair and brood over past misfortunes forever! On your feet and look to the horizon—it's bright with the possibilities of greater achievements".

\* \* \*

### THIS BUSINESS OF PASSING EXAMS.—

(Continued from page 31)

Dec. 15.—*Der Tag*. Rise at 5. Make a little book size of postage stamp. Fill book with notes in very small script. (We recommend the Zilch Biology Pen). Take little book surreptitiously into exam. room. Find notes are so sparse and written so finely that they cannot be deciphered. Despair. (Moral is obvious).

Dec. 16.—Latin examination. Enter exam room. Look over the Latin paper. Write in exam. book: "Veni, Vidi, victus sum". Sign name to exam. book and hand in.

Dec. 17.—Have shirt-sleeves starched half-way up to elbow. Fill with notes. Enter exam. room. Find that the 200 lb. Freshman who usually sits in front of you is not writing an exam. this morning. Therefore you have to write directly under professor's stern eye. Shirt-cuffs ruined for nothing. Tsk! Tsk!

Dec. 18.—Enter exam. room. Write about a dozen words of the first question. Simulate faint by rolling off seat into aisle. Great consternation. Get carried out. Get aegrotat standing for that exam. Success!

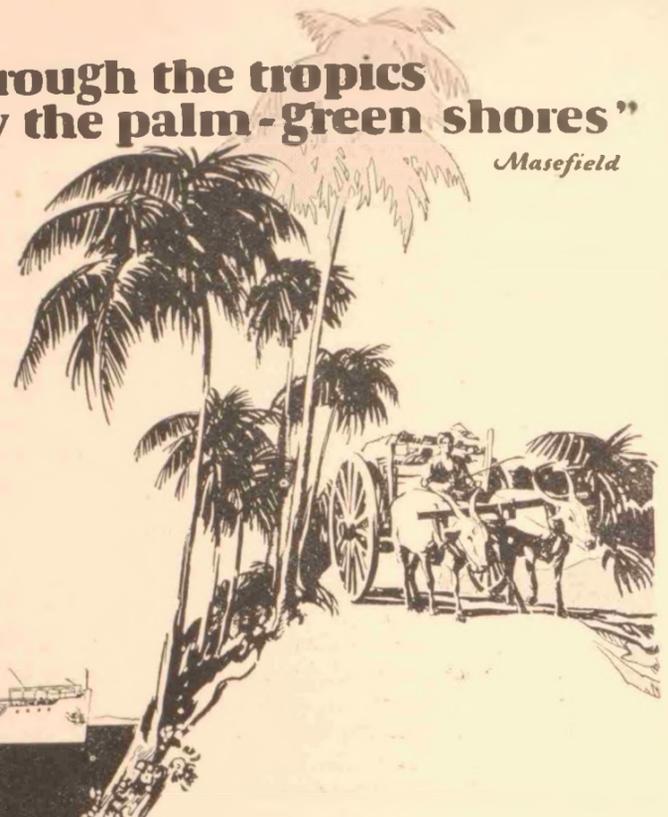
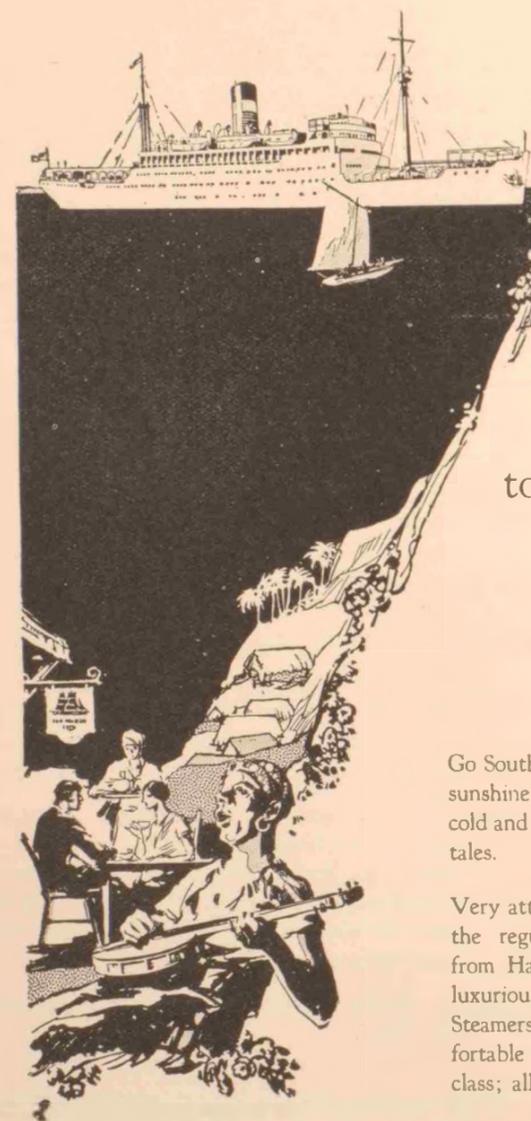
Dec. 19.—Last exam, and then freedom! Enter exam. room in very high spirits. Write very fluently. Fill three exam. books. Write anything and everything that occurs to you, whether it has something to do with the question or not. Be sure to work in the story about the travelling salesman.

Jan. 4.—Explain to Dad that the F's on your report stand for "Fair".

A free booklet on "How to pass June exams" will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Masefield



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THE MITRE, December, 1932

WEST INDIAN SKETCHES—

(Continued from page 7)

dinner, and the horrid perai, a small and sharp-toothed fish with a nose for blood; if you swim in certain waters with so much as a cut finger the perai will smell you out, he will come in his hundreds and eat you up. But these things are not for the tourist who stays three days, he must be content with the front lands which are low and flat. Georgetown, the capital, is actually four feet below high-tide level, and is protected by an elaborate system of barriers and drainage canals. But this alluvial flat with its countless lanes of water has a strange charm. For one thing, South America is one of those places where nature still seems to be carrying on experiments in evolution. Consider the Surinam toad who carries his young family in pockets on his back until they can shift for themselves; this ensures a low infant mortality and means that the female need not produce a wasteful abundance of eggs. Or consider *Tetrophthalmus anableps* ("Four eyes" to the vulgar), a little fish who likes to go for a walk ashore. He also likes to swim about half in and half out of the water, and has therefore modified his eyes; the upper part of each is adapted for seeing in air, the lower part of each for seeing in water.

The human scene has its charm also. Little cabins in bowers of palm trees and breadfruit, varied humanity trudging along the roads: burly negroes, and Hindu ascetics, some Chinamen, a Muslim funeral, a group of bronze bambinos in a pond against a background of lotuses. There is one drive that leads through miles of sugar cane, at last you come to the efficient refinery, opposite it there is a little feckless tavern surrounded by a lounging crowd of blacks, the sign reads: *Maria Hortencia de Figueira, Licensed Rum Seller*. (Another sign, this one from Georgetown: *The Elite Grocery, Francis X. Yhip*.)

Along the coast road, just before sunset, one sees the wading birds, long-legged and with snaky necks, standing

in the flooded rice fields, as still as Chinese pictures and as exquisite. I remember a snowy tree full of white cranes in the botanical gardens, and two scarlet ibises in a backyard, two incredibly fulgent creatures under the vertical sun, scratching for their dinner in the mud, quite unconscious of their own splendour. Of all the sights of British Guiana, the birds are perhaps the best.

The ship, all freshly painted, moves out of the Demerara River; we have begun the three thousand mile journey home. The islands are familiar now. I hope to see again certain things that pleased me on the way down and I am not disappointed. The vociferous and cheeky diving boys appear at St. Vincent, including the haughty youth who never dived but lolled superbly in the stern of a boat, showing himself off. The boys of St. Lucia once again hung on to the projections of the hull as the ship moved out, and were carried along in the water, a living frieze of Rodinesque bronze. And at Dominica the boats made the same wild race for the ship, bumping into her side amidst much shouting and gesticulation of the boatmen. At Montserrat there were no diving boys and we saw the two big sharks again. At Antigua the last swim in the Carribean and once again the little sand-coloured fish with black spots on their long fins came to inspect the bathers.

The last call is made at St. Kitts; we pass its Dutch neighbour St. Eustatius, a tiny island, once so rich that it was called the "Golden Rock"; and Saba which is nothing but a single volcanic cone rising very steeply from the sea. The industry of Saba is boat building; "the boats are built in the highlands and shot into the sea below, when they are ready for launching." As the sun sets a light winks out behind us, it is the tiny islet of Sombrero, population—five. We have said good-bye to the West Indies.

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TO A CANADIAN GIRL

(Strictly without Prejudice)

\*\*

When the sun is shining brightly and the sky is free of cloud;  
When the lark leaps up to heaven with his chant in treble loud;  
When my heart itself is buoyant at the coming of the Spring,  
An even greater happiness a thought of you will bring—  
You vivid, bright, elusive, fascinating thing.

When I wake up in the morning my thoughts take wing and fly  
To the girl whose radiant gladness lifts my heart towards the sky.  
Just to think of you is joy enough to make me want to sing,  
And when I can be with you I'm as happy as a king—  
You tousled-haired, hazel-eyed, fascinating thing.

M. A. STEPHENS.



*Player's  
Please*

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"HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM..."—  
(Continued from page 12)

and there were few who did not sleep long and blissfully on that eight hour lap; for myself, never were wagons-lits so sleep-inducing as that plunging, rocking, creaking grain-car. She (the drag, i.e., the train) pulled in at 4 a.m., and I followed my Regina friend into a Chinese Cafe, where I watched him dispose of a meal he hadn't the slightest intention of paying for—nor did he—whereas others of us sipped coffee C.O.D. and shared bummed sandwiches. On our return to the tracks, a "bull" made things unpleasant for us, but recovered sufficiently to join in a little game of hide and seek up and down the rows of stationary cars. So far as I was concerned, he remained "it", for I took to lying "doggo" on a flat-car loaded with some liquid stuff in glass flagons; where presently other bums joined me. A charitable brakeman—and there are few at 5 a.m.—came along and warned us off: "Look here, lads, there's a patch of bad line ahead, so I advise you to come off that acid before she starts; if there's a spill, you'll all be burnt up". On the other hand, we were blue with cold already, and the box-car roof was only good for sun-bathing; so the order was "stay put."

Between Revelstoke and Golden was a ten mile tunnel I didn't like at all—an eternity, it seemed, of inky blackness and choking fumes—and a time of terror for the boys who sat on that wicked acid which even now spilt out. The heavy drag laboured on through the valley of the Selkirks, crossing and re-crossing the murky Columbia River, which reflected the untimely desolation around; until eventually we got to Golden, B.C., where a gigantic oil-burning locomotive took over the train for even heavier hauling ahead. This clean monster provided warm seating for some twenty fortunate bums.

The Swede and I kicked ourselves for being blind fools; but the coffee was good, and we were better men for it—as it was we had to catch the drag on the run and zig-zag along the snaking top to our car for'ard. Could I have once forgotten the void in the region of my belt, I might have enjoyed the trip through Kicking Horse Pass to Field. Somebody warned me about an aggressive "bull" at that divisional point, but it didn't prevent my being "nabbed" outside the round-house—a nasty fellow, that "bull", with a red face, a heavy arm, and an uncompromising manner:

Bull:—"Say, what yer doin' around 'ere?"

Me (briskly):—"Just waiting for a train" (impudence of it)!

Bull:—"Huh! y'are, are yer—" (sinister pause), "where d'yer come from?"

Me (not so briskly):—"Vancouver—got a job to go to down East."

Bull:—"ow long might yer be there?"

Me:—"Oh, er, say, three months." (may I be forgiven).

(The interrogation proceeded until I was intimidated; and finally worsted.)

Bull (summing up):—"I guess I'd better lock yer up—It'll cool yer ardour for a few days".

Me (alarmed):—"Oh, but Constable, what about that job . . ." (I gave the facts and pleaded).

Pause.

Bull (forte):—"Now, look 'ere, you get to 'ell out of this yere yard—(threatening) g'wan, d'year?"

I did, and moved off rapidly in the direction indicated.

The lewd fellow! tut!

Honestly, I was getting tired of strategic travel; and now I had to make a long detour westward round the yard until a convenient hole in the fence brought me out by the tail end of the freight, about ready to move. Climbing on the last car but two, I repeated the plank-walking performance up the length of the drag to my flat-car; meanwhile the train had rallied sufficiently to make it safe for me, in passing, to salute my Constable after the manner of Huckleberry Finn.

The spiral tunnel is a wired performance; it lifts the train in three twists over the mountain wall, and you have the fun of seeing your own tail flicking into the lower hole as you emerge from a second tier hole.

No stop at Banff, and I am all but frozen. Luckily, a halt was made for water at Lake Louise, so down I nipped, and up onto the engine tender in a jiffy. The engineer's advice was: "Keep off them coals, Joe, fer a feller started sleepin' in that bunker yesterday an' he went through the automatic feed into the injin—we stopped bits of 'im—but for the most part he made mince-meat, he did; an' there weren't nothin' but 'is boots an' 'alf his pants left." I thanked him suitably, and stayed on the water tank.

It was on the third night at 10 p.m., that we pulled into Calgary, and on the fourth morning at 10.30 a.m. I left the Ranch City for Edmonton in a sand car; which was fine (the sand, yes!) as long as the train stood in the one place. At the next long stop, Red Deer, I went into a cafe to eat the lunch provided by a kind lady in Calgary. Half-way through the business, there walked in a little man marked "Chief of Police"—I thought, O Lor', what have I done this time—but instead of "10 days no option" I was offered a harvesting job, which I gratefully declined.

At 10 p.m. a hundred bums were slinking away into the bush fringing Edmonton Yards; and my last ten cents took me home on a street-car.



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### MEMBER OF CONVOCATION PASSES AWAY

\*\*

In Montreal, on 20th October, 1932, there passed away a well-known graduate, a loyal son of the University of Bishop's College.

Edward Archibald Robertson, M.A., C.M., M.D., took his arts course at Bishop's College in the late "eighties" of the nineteenth century. Subsequently he graduated in Medicine at McGill, and practised his profession in the City of Montreal for several years. He then spent some time in collaboration with his brother, Dr. Frank Robertson, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, but returned to Canada and practised for a considerable time in his native town of Lennoxville. During this period his elder son, Lennox, an undergraduate of Bishop's, volunteered with a number of his college friends in the Fifth C.M.R. and was subsequently killed, fighting desperately, in one of the fierce battles of the Ypres Salient.

Meanwhile Dr. Robertson had placed his medical experience at the disposal of the Government, and, working for some time overseas, was later given an appointment in the city of Quebec. After the Armistice he was called to the medical department of the Pensions Board, Montreal, and for some time before his death was head of that department.

Dr. Archie Robertson was a man of strong character and of the finest integrity. Sometimes impetuous of speech and action, he was withal generous and high-minded. Indifferent to public opinion, he was what that subtle politician, Mark Antony, claimed to be "a plain, blunt man that love(s) his friend(s)". Courage and loyalty were, to the writer's mind, his distinguishing characteristics, and those who were privileged to be his friends knew that, in colloquial parlance, he would never "let them down."

One of Dr. Archie's loyalties was his Alma Mater. He valued the medical training for which McGill University is so justly famous, but his heart was with the University of Bishop's College. For several years he was President of the Alumni Association, and that society was never keener and more enthusiastic than during his term of office. He also served on the Corporation of the College and was a member of Convocation. The welfare of the University meant much to him.

This loyalty to Bishop's College was a family tradition. His grand-uncle, the Rev. Dr. Lucius Doolittle, was one of the founders of the University, and it was due to his far-sightedness and tenacity of purpose that Lennoxville became a University town. His father, Dr. D. T. Robertson, son of a chaplain to His Majesty's Forces in British North America, was associated with the University and with

(Continued on page 44)

### Season's Greetings to Bishop's

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MEMBER OF CONVOCATION PASSES AWAY—  
(Continued from page 43)

Bishop's College School throughout his long and useful  
medical career.

Dr. Archie is survived by his wife, Edna, daughter of  
Captain Johnston of the British Army; one son, Thomas,  
now studying Law at McGill; two daughters, Mrs. Otto  
Maas, wife of a Professor of Science at McGill, and Miss  
Florence at home. Two brothers also survive, Dr. Frank  
Robertson of Grand Rapids, and Charles Robertson, K.C.,  
of Montreal, who won high commendation for the part he  
took in pleading the cause of Canada in the Behring Sea  
dispute. Both of these gentlemen are also graduates of  
Bishop's College.

No one could accuse Dr. Archie of being ecclesiastically  
minded, but his religion was very real, with the ethical  
note predominant. He loved and admired genuine good-  
ness, and his own life exemplified it. He was a kind and  
tender husband, a good father and a keen supporter of all  
good causes. His many friends will join his family in  
cherishing his memory. R.I.P.

BISHOP'S STUDENTS ATTEND  
TOC H. FESTIVAL

E. C. Royle

Two students from Bishop's were among those who  
attended the sixth annual birthday festival of the Montreal  
District Toc H, held at the Central Y.M.C.A., Montreal,  
on Nov. 6th - 7th. Members of Toc H from Toronto,  
Ottawa, Hamilton, Guelph, Sherbrooke and Montreal were  
also present.

The programme opened on Saturday afternoon with a  
conference, and a report of the past year's activities which  
included over sixty voluntary blood transfusions for people  
unable to pay for such service; radios made for the blind, and  
scout work—the Toc H Rover Group at Toronto, consisting  
of eight men, being responsible for the scouting activities  
of over 300 boys.

A sing song started the festival in the evening, the singing  
being led by "that well-known Professor Spittoffski,  
D.U.M.B."; and from popular (judging by the noise) songs  
turned to more serious thoughts, with the procession of  
Toc H banners, lamps and rushlights, through the hall to  
the strains of "O Valiant Hearts", culminating in the cere-  
mony of "Light". A short play was then staged with the  
object of bringing out the origin and main ideas of Toc H.

Founded by the opening of Talbot House at Popheringe  
during the war as "Everyman's Club", where general and  
private played pool, drank tea, and knelt together, it was  
refounded after the war by one of the original founders,  
Rev. P. B. (Tubby) Clayton, with the idea of being a  
family of all sorts and conditions of men, whose members—  
whether attached to any Christian denomination or not—  
endeavour to live the life of practical Christianity by pre-  
serving the spirit of fellowship and self-sacrifice found in  
wartime. The play closed with singing and family prayers.

On Sunday morning over 60 members attended the Angli-  
can corporate communion at St. Columba's Church. At  
11 o'clock a far larger number attended the festival service,  
and after the evening service a lantern lecture was given in  
St. Columba's parish hall.

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WORSHIP OF THE BALL

(With the kind permission of the Magazine Digest)

World religion of the Twentieth Century in the Judgment of the Hundred and Twentieth Century

By Hans Seiffert

(Condensed from Der Querschnitt, Berlin, June, 1932)

The religious system which dominated American and European culture of that epoch was not Christianity, contrary to the usual belief.

Christianity was steadily losing ground among the educated as well as among the masses, until it was definitely supplanted by a new religious movement, which we will call sport, using the original Anglo-Saxon term subsequently adopted by all peoples of that time.

The essential feature of every new religion is its rising symbol. The cross, which for nineteen centuries had remained the symbol of Christianity, gradually disappeared, and with it disappeared other more or less short-lived symbols, which had come into use in certain countries, such as hammer, sickle, swastika.

Symbol of the new cult was the ball, its spheric shape being interpreted as the emblem of the infinite, enclosed in the finite, and of perfection in form. This new object of cult was at the same time symptomatic of the worldly character of the new religion.

Excavations on the sites of the former European and American cultural centres have yielded balls of all descriptions, of various sizes and materials. From this variety we may deduct that there existed many branches or sects of the sport cult, this hypothesis being further confirmed by the religious texts of the epoch, deciphered with great difficulty, and by the ruins of the sport temples, laid bare from under their millenary blanket of debris.

In conformity with the general character of that period, in which men were divided according to their financial status, capital and income, also the sport sects varied according to their financial power and the resulting social position of their members. Common to all of them was the sacred rite of the ball game and a very rigid religious ceremonial. The single sects differed, however, in the accessories they used for their religious practices.

The numerically strongest sect, whose members belonged mainly to the poorer classes, were the footballers, handballers and rugby players. Rugby was a variety of the ball cult characterized by a slight deviation from the spheric shape of its object of cult. These sectarians worshipped the ball with their body and parts of the latter, without using auxiliary instruments. The culmination of the sacred rite consisted in pushing the ball into the sanctuary of the defeated rival. Very ancient memories of a prehistoric

cult of nature and of the eternal struggle between summer and winter may have accounted for this habit.

Another variety of the same sect were the waterballers, who worshipped the ball in a similar manner in water. This must have been a reminiscence of the amphibian stage of man.

The majority of the upper middle classes belonged to the sects of tennis and hockey players. They observed the sacred rites of the ball cult with the same ardor and devotion as the football players, but their balls were smaller in size than those of the cults calculated for the satisfaction of the brutal primitive instincts of the masses. The main difference between these sects consisted in the tennis and hockey players worshipping not only with their body, but also with certain accessories, which they called tennis racket and hockey stick.

One of the most interesting phenomena of that time was the evolution and in a certain sense the sublimation of the ball cult, as practised by the exclusive sects of golf and polo players. Their balls were smaller still, and, in addition to numerous and differently shaped accessories, the cult demanded many special arrangements. For golf, big stretches of land had to be specially prepared and kept up, and the greens and holes in them were used as altars. The accessories in the form of differently and curiously shaped sticks were carried in great numbers by ministers, called caddies in the ancient texts, about the so-called golf links, which were their sacred precincts. The most highly developed and most pretentious form of the ball cult was polo, for which the worshippers used animals, natural animals, feeding on oats, as well as those propelled by pedals and gasoline. From the backs of these animals they used to chase the idolized ball with specially shaped sticks.

All sects, the popular as well as the exclusive ones, observed the rule of general priesthood. Every faithful had the right to exercise the cult of the ball, but this principle was frequently abandoned in practice. Only a selected group of uniformly clad priests presided at the ceremonies in accordance with rigid rules, the strict observation of which was supervised by the officiating high priest, whom they called umpire. The masses of the faithful were merely onlookers. They broke into brief choir chants and responsories every time the celebrating priests, stimulated by the general enthusiasm, and guided by the divine spirit, fulfilled their responsible task within the sacred precincts.

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This issue of THE MITRE is from the press of the Page-Sangster Printing Co., Limited, Sherbrooke, Que., and is printed on Canadian made papers, the cover being Mayfair Cover, antique finish, grey, and the inside pages Velvalur super-calendared Book, blue-white, both papers being products of the Howard Smith Paper Mills.

The type used is Kennerley Old Style, cast on the monotype casting machine from matrices supplied by the Monotype Company of Canada, (Limited). The reading matter is set in 10 point face, leaded to 12 point spacing. Poetry is set in like size and spacing but italics of the same series. This article is in 10 point Italic solid. Running head lines are also in italics, whilst the titles of the various articles contained herein are generally in 18 point capitals, moderating to 14 point in the case of long and secondary titles.

An intelligent study of Italian models gave us the Kennerley type, so named because it was first used in a volume published by Mitchell Kennerley. Designed by Frederic W. Goudy, it is not in any sense a copy of early Roman letter: it is original. He has restored to the Roman alphabet much of that lost humanistic character which the first Italian printers inherited from the hand drawn letters of the scribes of the old Renaissance.

Kennerley Italic was designed to accompany Kennerley Old Style. The degree of inclination is very slight, a characteristic of the types of Aldus Manutius. His type, known as Aldine, lacked inclined capitals and when required he introduced the Roman form. Aldus' Italic type is said to be modeled on the handwriting of Petrarch, which Francesco de Bologna probably cut and cast for him.

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