

THE MITRE



NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

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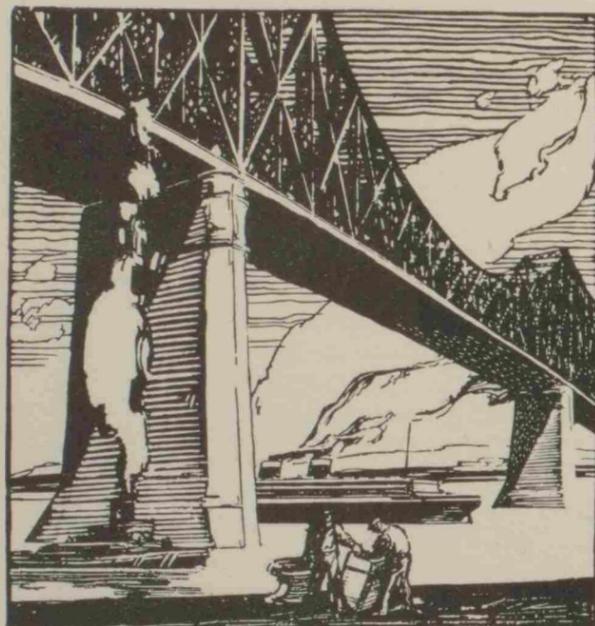


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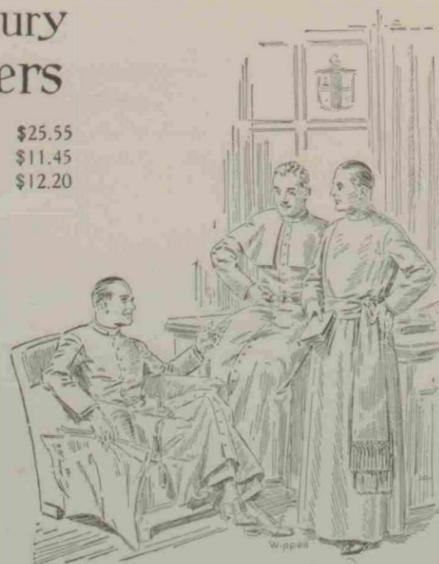
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The Mitre

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February, 1934

CAUSE TWO-FOLD The nature of the problems that face the world to-day is two-fold: moral and technical. They have arisen partly through the lack of any generally practised moral code, and partly because the national and international economic and political machinery seems unsuited to present conditions. There are those who blame the state of affairs entirely upon the machinery, and contend that if we introduce socialism or technocracy or remodel international relations most of the trouble will be automatically solved. And there are those who trace all our trouble to the lack of any moral standard which commands general allegiance. It seems to us that the two causes are interrelated, and must be treated together. Undoubtedly the capitalistic system was largely the cause of the wild spending and gambling and selfish preoccupation with money making which reached its climax in 1929. And undoubtedly also the prevalent individual and national selfishness did much to cause the breakdown of that system and the failure of subsequent attempts to reconstruct it. So both the system (as it stood then, unamended) and the attitude of the individual were to blame, and both must be changed.

GOOD WILL ALONE The most obvious example of the failure of good will alone as a solution is seen in the question of war. The vast majority of people throughout the world earnestly desire peace, and most of them support policies which are bound in the long run to lead to war. Their desire for security remains unfulfilled, not chiefly through any moral lack, but because of ignorance of the cause of war. What is needed is more specific knowledge of these causes, and the co-operation of those who desire peace towards some solution which is politically practicable.

UNITED CHURCH POSITION An instance of the other mode is afforded by the recent activities of the United Church of Canada. Last year the Toronto Conference passed a resolution condemning capitalism as un-Christian. It advocated the socialisation of industry and radical changes in such a technical matter as the banking system. The Conference was evidently of the opinion that a Christian state of affairs could be brought into effect in Canada more surely by attacking the system by which Canadians live than by bringing the individual Canadian to a deeper appreciation of Christ and a more resolute obedience to His commands. We believe that a change is needed in both directions. But the function of the church is to preach Christ to the people and to lead them to give up their lives to Him; and to strengthen and help them once that decision has been made. The ordering of our political and economic life so as to ensure the happiness and well being of the people, is the function of politicians.

TECHNICAL SIDE So, we repeat, these problems have both a moral and a technical nature. Any attitude which treats them as purely moral is liable to be ineffective, for a moral case can often be made out for both points of view in a certain question, of which only one can be correct. Non-resistance and self defence, a strong League of Nations and a weak League of Nations, prohibition and liquor control, all are supported by sincere Christians, yet all are not suitable policies. The distinction as to which is the most effective and least harmful is a technical, not a moral one.

MORAL SIDE Similarly, a solution which does not take into account moral laws is doomed to failure. No matter what form of government or social system we have, while there is graft and selfishness in high places, and a general lack of moral background in the national life, there can be no lasting happiness or prosperity. No international system will have more than

a temporary success until the peoples of the world learn to live together on a basis of friendship and co-operation.

In the last Mitre we named some books which will help in forming opinions as to THE ANSWERS the technical solutions of the world's troubles. That recommendation stands, and we advise those who have not looked at any of them to do so soon. And as to the moral solution? That, unfortunately, is more personal. For nearly all people, there can be no strong moral life without God. Even in Russia they recognize the need for some moral force greater than the individual. But the State, or the Communist party, which they substitute for God, remains man made; it provides a corporate ethical code, but not a religion. And those who have, in the past, resolutely put God aside and lived according to an individual moral standard have lived a lonely life of defeat. So, a whole hearted acceptance of Christianity is the most sensible and expedient basis for a moral life — as well as being the only true one. Once Christianity has been accepted, Bishop's, with its chapel,

its clergy, and its body of students devoted to Christ's service, provides a splendid opportunity for laying the foundations of a Christian life.

Bishop's is very proud to have Chris Eberts as one of the 1934 Rhodes Scholar selections. A picture of Chris and an account of his activities to date appear on page 23. Our warmest congratulations and best wishes for a successful two years at Oxford!

In this issue we publish three articles that deal with other universities. The first is a description by Dean Carrington of his visit to Pine Hill College, Harvard and the General Theological Seminary during the Christmas vacation. From British Columbia comes an exchange article from the University of that name. This is the first of what we hope will be an interesting series of descriptions of some of the more distant universities with which we exchange. Finally, there is our regular exchange column, which is intended to serve as an introduction to the papers and magazines which are regularly in the reading room.

EAST ANGIAN

[By this poem R. B. Lamb won the The Mitre Board competition for poetry. —Ed.]

The dark Saharan flees the red Simoom,
Dread wind of scorched and swirling clouds of sand;
Through the black noonday of a near typhoon
The Indian luggers hasten to the land.

Whistling its eerie dirges of disease,
The damp Sirocco sweeps Sicilian shores;
And strewing native kraals with fallen trees,
The Harmattan through Gambian jungles roars.

Trapped in a snow-bound Julian Alpine trail,
The weary climber hears, with bated breath,
The fierce, storm-bearing Mistral's cadenced wail,
And in the blizzard sees approaching Death.

Great Winds, stern visitors of a hundred lands
Whose trembling, awe-struck dwellers gave them names.
Each in a text-book, duly honoured, stands —
One in undue obscurity remains.

When the North wind round Quad and buildings sighs,
And windows slam, and scholars writhe in pain,
From room to room the fearful warning flies,
"Brothers, 'tis the East Anglian blows again!"

R. B. Lamb.

THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF ALBERT JOHNSON, TRAPPER

Colin Cuttell

[With this story Colin Cuttell won The Mitre Board short story competition. —Ed.]

My old-timer knocked out his pipe on the top of the stove, recharged it with a potent tobacco of his own blending, and cleared his throat; all of which indicated that "Uncle" James was in story-telling humour. Far from being an unwilling listener I looked forward with real zest to these after-supper western yarns of a man whose life had been colourful and adventurous above the ordinary.

"Did you ever hear of a time when a 'mountie' didn't get his man? — 'course you didn't — but I'm going to impart a bit of history that don't find its way into books, because the truth ain't always pleasant. If I remember rightly it would be in January of '04 I got to the Fort to trade in a bale of the season's finest pelts. Fort Saskawana weren't nothing but a lumber-yard built around a lock-up in them days. Tell me, is old man Anderson still running that hotel across from the jail what is?" I answered that there was an hotel in the town carrying that name. "He was all shrivelled up and bald as an egg even in my young days. A rum sort of shack, Anderson's, with a false front as ugly as the old man's face.

"It would be Friday afternoon — Friday was market day in the Fort, and you never see such a collection of settlers, and trappers, and Indians and bums and riff-raff of all sorts as used to hang around Anderson's, drinking home-made whisky till the last dime — Well, sir, eating there at the bar counter I got intimate with two young fellers — trapping for fun, so they said, though I could never see nothing in it but hard work and precious little returns — they were fresh out from the old country. I can see Andy Evengar sitting there now, tall and fair like any gal, and talked swell, like a toff. The other, of the name of Albert Johnson, was a wild Irishman, red hair an' all, and kind o'mad looking. Pals at school, so they said, and out to learn a bit of life in the wide open. I took a fancy to 'em both, though the red-headed guy had this mad look in his eye. I put 'em wise about things the old hands know by heart; the ways of trappers and fur values and such-like. See, I'd been in the game for fifteen years then. And when the party broke up I gave my location and the promise of a leg up when they got down. Next morning off they went into the bush, heading, I guess, for Bearberry Prairie. I did my bit of business with the fac-

tor up there, and headed east again for Lloydminster."

Uncle James stopped for another re-fill, and before proceeding, disposed his little fat legs comfortably upon the bare deal table. Clearly something good was coming.

"For about three months I was getting good prices along the lower Saskatchewan, and I didn't have no occasion to come West again until the spring of the year, when the ice was piling out and the red-winged blackbirds building in the bush. Before long I was sitting in the bar-room of monkey-face Anderson's agen — and sink me if a handful of dirty Crees didn't bring young Evengar into the Fort on charge of murder; said Evengar had shot his partner, and cremated the body."

My face registered the degree of astonishment required by the narrator.

"Yep! that's how I felt, shocked ain't the word, despite being a pretty good old seasoned sinner myself. These Crees come from way up Burnt Timber creek. Said they'd come across a few ends of charred bones in these fellers' camp. Then they followed up the line until they found Andy Evengar all on his lonesome, with part of Johnson's baggage — but no Johnson. I'll admit things looked kind o' tough for the youngster. Anyways, these injuns saw prospects of easy-earned money, so they tied him up and fetched him into the Fort, where he was jailed. Naturally, being on speaking terms with Sheriff Brierley (as was then) I didn't waste no time getting to see the lad. Well, sir, I'll never forget his face as long as I live; in a few hours, as you might say, he was all broken-up and old-looking.

"You see, he weren't grown up as we counted men, and I can see his kid's face now looking through that grill, as he was trying to tell what happened. And this is how it was: Johnson was temperamental like all these bloody Pats (you'll pardon my English) from the land of the Shamrock, and he took it into his red head he wanted to quit and try his hand at mining in California — Said he was everlasting fed with this freeze and snow existence and he was going right away where the sun shone warm and dollars were turned over easy.

"'Here', says Johnson to his partner, 'you can take all this doggone outfit for love-all and keeps. To hell with all traplines, amen. I'm quitting and you can tell Mayor Jones I'll be back in five years to buy up his bloody one-horse town twice over!'

"See, this feller had got bushed and melancholy — and off he went and never left word with nobody where he was headin' or what — only with this Evengar — and there it was, a-piling up hell for him.

"That's what Evengar himself told me in the jail that day. 'And it God's truth', he says, grabbing my arm through the bars, 'I swear it is, you won't let 'em hang me', he says, pleading, and hanging on to my arm like a scared school-gal. I took his hand, and said, 'Sonny, I believe you're straight, they won't lay a finger on you if Jimmy Crow can help it. It'll all turn out O.K.'

"Well, sir, I don't mind telling you I went out of that prison all in a cold sweat. I knew he'd hang for all I could do — hang and hang he did! — He hadn't got no evidence worth the mention, nor a friend in the whole town. All the same, I went straight over to see the Sheriff — his only son George shot himself accidental at Athabaska Landing last fall." I said that I had read a news paper report of the tragedy at the time.

"'Mr. Brierley', I says, 'Evengar's as innocent as a new-born babe. Go and take a good look at him. By god, if you hang him, you'll never sleep easy agen'. I spoke straight out, and I could see with my own two eyes that Brierley weren't feeling comfortable. He beat about the bush a bit, and then says: 'Mr. Crow, I'm not looking for no more trouble, and I've already handed the case over to the proper authorities at the barracks — it's too bad'. And he shrugged his great fat shoulders, and that's how he left it. I'll say it was too bad, hanging a lad that never killed nothing more than a sick hoss, and then out of pure kindness. O, I was mad! 'Specially after the police across the street told me to go quick as hell back to where I come from, as I didn't belong at the Fort, anyway.

"Mind you, I knew no more than what the boy told me himself, but I've knocked around a deal in this old world, and I sense straight off when a man's lying."

I experienced a temporary fear that Jim Crow's head would begin to nod. Asleep, its true, he was a complete entertainment with all appropriate choral effects, but I felt that the yarn ought not to end on so melancholy a note. However, that ancient pipe of his was drawing noisily, and the diligent chimney-sweeping which followed involved the concentration of all his mental processes for the next two minutes; by which time the crisis was past. Then the familiar preliminary cough and a fresh spiral of dense blue smoke told me that the end of the tale was not yet.

"Yes, he hanged all right. I hadn't the nerve to go anywhere's near that durned court house. It would be a Wednesday morning that Evengar collapsed, so they told me, when he saw them digging a grave across the yard by the little tin church. If he hadn't seen it he could have heard it, the ground being frozen that hard. Huh! what's all this racket about justice and mercy under the flag, I asked myself; and when the hanging bell went at eight

next morning I says finally: there ain't no such thing. When Brierley had seen justice done — and there ain't any such thing — he rolls over to Anderson's for bacon and coffee, while that poor lad 's rolled into that hole still warm. And they scraped the snow over, so as you'd think there had just been a dog fight, and that's all.

"Well, sir, you must understand that in them boom days, it was every man for himself, and the common run o' menfolk were hard as nails, so it was all forgotten and done with inside a month. Old Brierley took a shock and died next year, when they found a whisky plant in his cellar, which indicates he'd likely not meet Evengar; who got his harp straight off, or there ain't a god in heaven.

"Then my old dad died, which meant I stayed home with the old lady till she followed."

Another of those irritating periods of ruminative silence, punctuated only by long deliberate pulls at the juicy weed. There was a sequel, I felt sure, and I wanted to shake it out of him without another maddening interval. I tried to read a pair of squinting brown eyes half concealed under two tufts of iron-grey hair, but they were fixed vacantly upon the stove-pipe, and told me nothing. Presently he went on.

"It weren't till Christmas, '09, I happened on Fort Saskawana again. I well remember the Friday morning I came through from Meridian with a Government survey dog team, and put up at Mr. Monkey-face Anderson's. Friday being market day I had my bit of dinner in the saloon bar for the sake of company and scraps of news. As I was sitting there, there was a hell of a knocking at the door, rattling all the empties, and fixing fifty pairs of eyes. Well, can you beat it! In walks... *Albert Johnson!* Yes, sir! Now this Johnson guy was pretty well known all round, see, and he hadn't changed a whole lot for all his mahogany skin. But he hadn't red hair any more — it was pure white! Let me tell you, it was uncanny to see him standing there with his legs apart, looking queer and ghostlike. Can't you see that bar room crowd pulled up sudden at their drinks and poker, gaping at Johnson like as if it was a bad dream, or they'd all drunk too much? I could hear old Anderson breathing hard down behind the counter. Then Johnson spoke up, slow and deliberate: 'e had in his hand a yellowy newspaper parcel done up with a pair of braces:

"'So — they — hanged — my partner — on account of me — did they? god, what fools!' (Nobody moves an eyelash.) 'Why didn't — some of you — stop it — you blasted bunch of crooks?' (still nobody spoke). 'You — let them — hang my old partner — as never — hurt a living soul! damned be the lot of you to the everlasting pit. Be-jabers, you're all for hell fire eternal for a bunch of crooks and murderers — I'm going, and I'm not coming back'. Johnson was an Irish Catholic, see.

"And that was the last word. The door slammed

and he was gone. Nobody never saw him tie up or ride out so we figured he'd got a horse in-the bush along the Vermilion trail.

"That's not the whole pantomime, that newspaper parcel lay there on the boards. They fetched over Sheriff Pepper to open it, and — what d'yer think? — it was a solid wad of five and ten dollar bills, the whole amounting to ten thousand dollars. The paper was a Calgary Sun, five years old, with a write-up on the hanging of Andy Evengar."

Uncle James noted with satisfaction the impression his story had made upon me. The brier had gone out under the dramatic tension of its owner. Then came the tantalizing postscript in the form of a question.

"You were Peace River way in the fall of '31, weren't you? Now then, can you tell what you know about the Albert Johnson they tear-gassed and machine-gunned to death by aeroplane when a troop of police couldn't get him on the ground. It don't sound very glorious to me — but I'll admit I'm curious."

. . . IN 456 B.C., AGED 69

Roy Berry

It's a shame that encyclopedias, particularly the small ones, have to be so concise about things. They make such plain unvarnished statements, and leave the reader to build up as much romance as he likes around them. That's all very well for these birds with lively imaginations, but I should prefer a little more — more human interest, shall we say.

The unfortunate necessity of making stories painfully brief struck me the other day, when, on idly looking through an encyclopedia, I came across a short paragraph concerning one Aeschylus. I already had some vague notions that he died quite a long time ago, and that he wrote something or other before he did so. How he died I hadn't the slightest idea. But the paragraph helped a lot; it cleared up any doubts I had as to where and when he lived, and also stated how he is believed to have stopped living. This last story was rather interesting.

It appears that . . . but why state it boldly, as the encyclopedia did? At the risk of being called morbid, let's try to reconstruct his death so as to gain for it the interest it deserves. After all, Aeschylus was quite a boy.

Well . . . Some two thousand years ago he was walking in a field. The field belonged to a house, and the house belonged to Aeschylus. You see, due to the approach of old age and the strain of being popular, his health had been getting steadily worse, so he dodged all the reporters and cameramen, and went to his summer cottage to build

himself up to his old form. Every day he swallowed quarts of orange juice and tomato juice; he took sunbaths in a modestly walled-in enclosure — although perhaps, seeing that it was Greece, it needn't have been so nicely hidden; he paddled about in the refreshing waters of whatever sea his cottage was by; and he took long walks around the field at the back of his house.

It was during one of these walks that his death met him. He was ambling around the field at a fairly steady pace, sunk in thought. Pleasant thought, too. Why shouldn't it be? Nothing to do for another week or two, except take sun baths, orange juice, and gloat. He was gloating now. The acclamations of an admiring Greece ringing in his ears, a well-lived and eventful life to look back on — nothing to spoil his thoughts.

And so, wrapped in very comfortable musings, he paced up and down his little field, while behind the hedge naughty boys laughed at him. Why? The answer is important, for upon it the whole story hinges: Aeschylus had a perfectly bald cranium. Round and smooth and shiny it might have been compared to an inverted bowl — which was, of course, what the naughty boys did compare it to.

In a minute you'll see just why the dramatist's unfortunate lack of hirsute adornment has such a bearing on the story.

Having walked his customary four miles, Aeschylus discovered that he was tired; so he lay down on the soft grass for a quiet nap. And as he slept a smile crept over his face; his dreams were so pleasing, so comforting.

Now a third character comes on the scene. Across the vision of the naughty boys, and over the sleeping Aeschylus, flapped a huge eagle with a tortoise in its talons. This way and that it flew, as if looking for something on which to drop the poor thing so as to crack the shell.

As it passed over the sleeper below for the third time a beam of sunlight flashed in its eyes, reflected from his bald head. It glanced down, and not quite sure whether it was a stone or not, volplaned down and landed beside the shining thing. Examining it closely from every angle, the bird concluded that, in view of its hardness and temporary immobility, it would provide a pretty good substitute for a stone. So it picked up the tortoise, which was just making a vain effort to escape, and took off again, circling for altitude. Then, gauging the direction with a practised eye, it released the bomb.

There was a blur of whirling tortoise, a sudden dull boom like a roll of thunder, and when the dust settled the eagle found its tortoise conveniently disintegrated.

But Aeschylus, in spite of the hard skull sometimes attributed to dramatists, had unfortunately succumbed, and by that time was haggling with Charon over the price of his boat-trip across the Styx.

[This is not an advertisement for hair tonic —Ed]

FROM THE OTHER U.B.C.

[The following is an article by a member of the Staff of the "Ubysey", of the University of British Columbia. A similar article descriptive of Bishop's by a member of the staff of THE MITRE will appear shortly in the "Ubysey". —Ed.]

British Columbia's sole university, commonly known as "U.B.C.", is situated about two miles from the city limits of Vancouver at the extremity of the Point Grey Peninsula. It is thus bounded on three sides by the waters of the Gulf of Georgia, and looking northward has a background of majestic snow-capped mountains which rise from a few miles across the bay. The B.C. government completed the present buildings in 1925, although it had founded the university ten years before, and at present only two of these buildings — the Science building and the Library — are permanent. These are constructed of grey stone after the Tudor style of architecture, while the remainder are two-storey frame structures finished in stucco, but the surroundings, and the refreshing lawns which adorn the campus lend to the whole a very attractive appearance.

"Hard Times" have had a drastic effect on the activities of the university during the past three years, but in most respects the essential features of these activities have not changed. For this college has the disadvantage of being dependent solely on government grants and student fees for its maintenance, and both these sources have diminished until today the grant is less than half of what it was four years ago, while attendance has dropped from nearly two thousand students in 1931 to about sixteen hundred this year — of which approximately two-fifths are women.

Unlike its neighbours the prairie universities, U.B.C. has only three faculties — Arts and Sciences, Applied Science and Agriculture. Except in Applied Science the courses are evaluated in terms of "units", each of which stands for one hour's lecture a week, and the undergraduate course requires fifteen units every year for four years. Good students are encouraged by a number of scholarships which the University Senate awards each year.

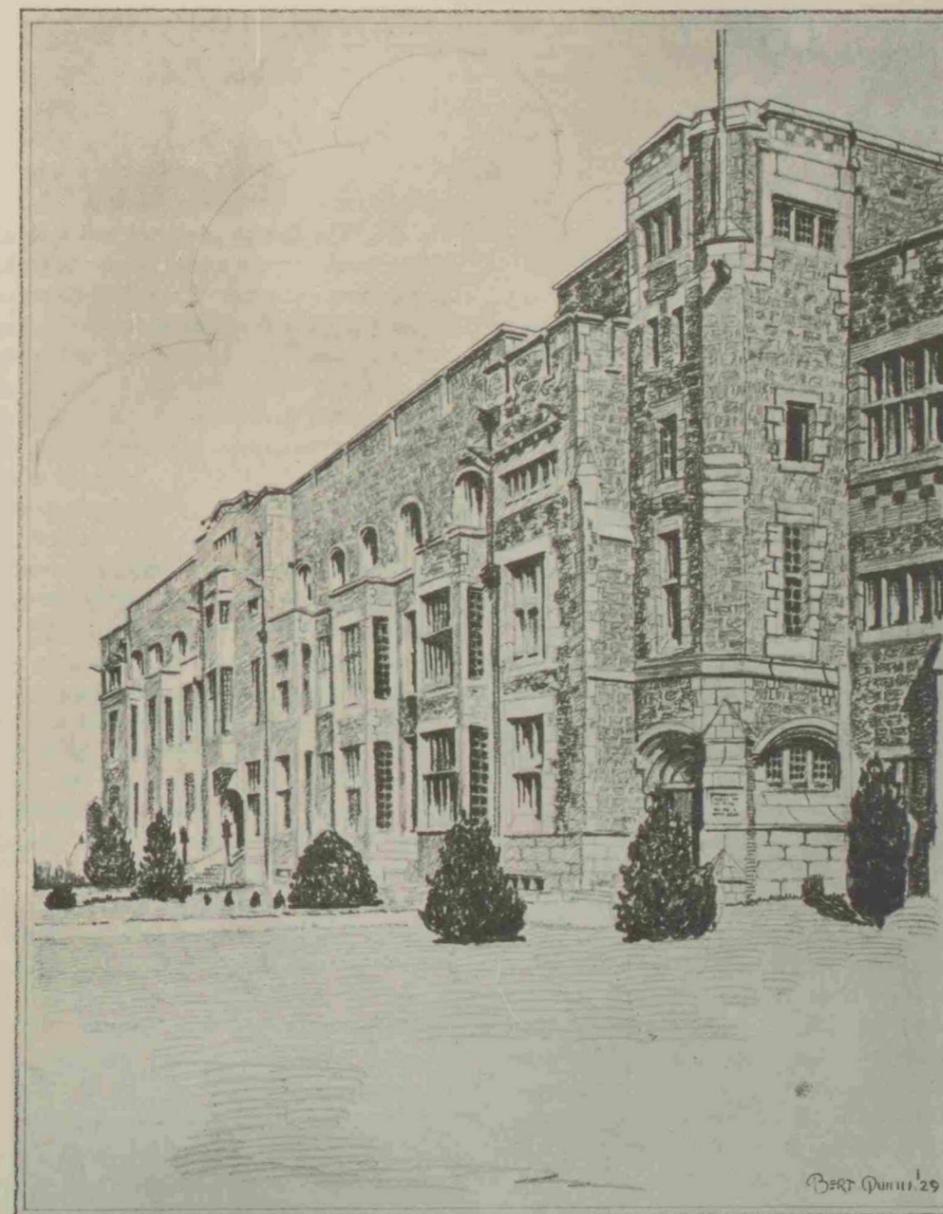
In the past two years, however, changes have been taking place which tend to put less emphasis on examinations and lectures and more on the student's individual work. Thus in some Arts subjects Christmas examinations have been abolished and the finals in April therefore cover the whole year's work from the end of September. And

in most of the English courses the number of lectures have been reduced from three to two per week.

In the diverse extra-curricular activities at U.B.C. the students themselves have control. The immediate controlling body is a Students' Council of nine members elected by the students each year. The most important of the organizations under its direct jurisdiction are the Players Club and Musical Society, and in each of these membership is limited to those who are admitted after tryouts which are held every fall. The principal functions of the first of these are four short plays presented in November to which students are admitted free, and one play in March for which they pay an admission charge, while the second, in addition to sponsoring recitals throughout the term, presents a comic opera in February. Other societies include the Parliamentary Forum which holds debates every two weeks — the debaters being divided into "government" and "opposition" and following parliamentary procedure — and a large number of minor clubs formed for the study of everything from chess to philosophy. The Publications Board is a semi-independent body, its editor-in-chief being appointed by the students' council on the recommendation of the retiring editor. It issues three publications — in September the Hand Book, containing information about student activities, in March the Totem, containing pictures of all the members of the graduating classes and of executives and athletic teams, and most important of all the * Ubysey, a four-page six-column campus newspaper issued Tuesday and Friday of each week and distributed free of charge among the students. Other indirectly-controlled student organizations are the fraternities and sororities. Of the fraternities five are international, one is national and the other six are local, while the eight sororities are all international.

Athletics likewise take a prominent place on the campus. Among there are included four major sports — Basketball, English Rugby, Canadian Rugby and Soccer; two sub-major — Track and Swimming; five minor — Badminton, Golf, Grass Hockey, Ice Hockey and Rowing; and five sub-minor — Boxing, Fencing, Gymnasium, Outdoor Club and Skating. According to the ranking of the sport and the merit of the athlete a special committee every spring awards big block, small block, or plain letters to those who have represented Varsity on athletic teams,

* Current numbers of this paper are to be seen in the Reading Room.



THE SCIENCE BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

and to accommodate these sports the students have constructed their own gymnasium and also a track and field. But athletics are put in their proper relation to university life by eligibility rules which require a certain scholastic standing before a student can play on a Varsity team.

In spite of the University of British Columbia's comparative isolation from other universities, particularly from those to the east, it nevertheless maintains outside contacts. Last fall U.B.C.'s Canadian Rugby team played two games against an invading team from Alberta, while the English

Rugby team played a Stanford-California team at Christmas. This year as usual the debaters are sending two representatives to the prairies, and basketball games with Washington College teams, as well as track meets, rowing races and swimming meets have in past years been arranged.

Thus although Canada's most westerly university is still a very young one, it can nevertheless boast already of being a very real one, whether in its academic work, its sports, or its social life.

THE YPRES SALIENT -- 1933

E. C. Royle

It was midsummer. The Belgian landscape quivered in the heat. The level, thickly populated plain, rich with the rapidly ripening harvest, slipped swiftly by the windows of the bus. The character of the country, with its villages nestling under the shadow of their churches, reminded me of Quebec Province, just south of Montreal. Ahead of us, in the east, the land tilted gently up, with Mount Kemmel standing out prominently in the South.

In company with a party of fellow members of Toc H, on pilgrimage to the "Old House" at Poperinghe, I was going up to the front. But now there were no signs of war, apart from a trim cemetery with a few well kept graves. Suddenly the bus stopped, and our attention was drawn to a small cairn by the side of the road. Half buried in tall grass and overshadowed on one side by standing oats, this stone, erected by the Ypres League, was inscribed in four languages: "Here the invader was brought to a standstill. 1918." The top was a sculptured "tin hat", the sides had reliefs of bombs and bayonets. Looking around at the oats, the hops and the farms, it was very hard to realise we were at the front.

We continued; on our left was a farm still in ruins, and the broken remains of a concrete machine gun post, known as a pillbox. Kemmel village is entirely new. We left the bus in the village and climbed Mount Kemmel, stumbling into shellholes near the top. Mount Kemmel is crowned by a concrete observation tower, admission 75 centimes (three cents), and is situated on the northern edge of the Salient. Its strategic and military value is obvious, as it is the only hill of any size for miles. Generally speaking the front line, apart from the Salient, ran North and South at this point. North East and further North stretched the Salient, rising ground like the lip of a saucer with the centre at Ypres. For nearly four years the Germans had besieged Ypres, holding all the dominating high land, North, East and South of the city; yet Ypres remained; the only Belgian city that did not fall. Kemmel was not captured by the Germans until 1918.

Our next stop was Lone Tree Crater. This huge crater was one of eighteen formed in 1915, when the British offensive on the Messines Ridge took place. This big push took eighteen months of preparation. Eighteen tunnels were driven under the enemy trenches and forty tons of high explosive placed at the end of each tunnel, immediately under the Germans. At the zero hour a key was depressed, and the German line literally vanished into

thin air. The British advanced and took eighteen square miles of land, but the Germans consolidated their line, and the war was not over. Lone Tree Crater was blown by a mine from the depth of eighty-eight feet, is one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and is surrounded by a wall of earth thirteen feet high. To-day it is a pretty pond bordered by rushes. It is an expensive pond; together with the crosses in Lone Tree Cemetery it is the only visible result of eighteen months of an Empire's effort, and an expenditure of five billion dollars.

A three mile drive took us to Hill 60. Crowned with a singularly unattractive monument to the Queen Victoria Rifles, is a mound; the Hill itself was long ago blown up. Here an enterprising farmer has preserved a section of the original front line trenches. This area, enclosed by chicken wire, is now a hen run. For 3 fr. 50 (fifteen cents) tourists are admitted to this chicken run. Tin hats, waterbottles, and rifles, the latter a sudden reminder of the O. T. C., lie around. Here is a rusty whizzbang, there the tail of an aeroplane. What are these white splinters, scratched up by the hens? No, they cannot be bones, but wait, here is a knuckle.

After Hill 60, with its chickens, and booths selling souvenirs, the Canadian memorial at Maple Avenue was a relief. On a slight rise stands a plain stone altar, surrounded by beautifully terraced gardens. Every shrub, flower, and stone came from Canada. The plants and the clear blue sky made me forget Belgium; I am on Canadian soil, for this land is the property of Canada. The air of tragedy that still hangs over Flanders fields seems momentarily dispelled; but my eyes fall on the Altar, symbolic of sacrifice. For what?

Our next visit was Hooge, a spot sacred to Toc H, for here fell Gilbert Talbot, after whom Talbot House is named. We visited his grave, our first entrance to a war cemetery. In the gate there is a book, recording the names of those who lie there. The cemeteries are all beautifully kept, the grass is like velvet, and the white headstones are nearly lost under a mass of red roses. Brushing aside the roses, beneath the cross carved on every headstone we read: "A soldier of the British Armies. Known to God." Those who were identified have their names and regimental crests. The cemeteries were erected by the Imperial War Graves Commission, and are kept by British gardeners, and the land is in British hands. The total cost of erecting all the British memorials and cemeteries on all battle fronts was

eight million pounds, a sum that would have financed the war for two and a half days.

We continue our journey. A gaunt row of pillboxes, part of the Hindenburg Line, has resisted the efforts of the Belgian farmers. Another now serves as a barn. Seven gaunt black crosses rise on the skyline. "That is a German cemetery", says our leader, "Each cross represents a thousand men." Across the road are four more huge crosses; just below them is a Belgian cemetery. We enter the German cemetery. Black crosses rise from the ground, one for every twenty-five men, whose names are on metal strips nailed to the crosses. In the centre is a square white stone erected by the Germans during the war. It is inscribed in four languages; "The sword divides, the cross unites". One side of the stone is cracked and scarred, the work of a British shell.

Another mile brings us to Tynecot, the largest of the British cemeteries. Surrounding the white cross of sacrifice, built over a pillbox, are 11,800 gravestones. Put a man for each stone, and one begins to realise the cost of war. Most of those men would have been living today. At the back of the cemetery is a great circular wall, recording the names of eight thousand missing.

We continued our pilgrimage to St. Julien, passing various landmarks named Toronto, Riverside and Winnipeg. This is the spot where the first gas attack was launched against the Canadian troops. At a cross-road stands a shaft of stone, surmounted by a soldier with reversed arms, and at the foot the inscription "Canada".

RIDING IN A TRAIN

Ernest A. Hutchison

A railway carriage is a good place to form casual acquaintances. Last April I was going from Ste. Malachie to Loretteville for the Easter holidays. Shortly after the train pulled out of Ste. Malachie I went to the smoker. Instead of the usual wreaths of smoke and chatter of tongues, the smoker was empty, with the exception of a small rough-clothed man, who sat there pulling thoughtfully at a short pipe. I sat down, took out a cigarette and rummaged through my pockets for a light. Searching proved vain, I didn't have one. This stranger noticed my predicament and offered me a match. I took it and thanked him. We both smoked away in silence for a while, then I began to take note of this ruddy weather-beaten man. His appearance impressed me; he wasn't the usual type one met in a smoker. He wore a pair of white rubbers with long leather legs, from the top of which emerged about three inches of red homespun woollen socks, mackinaw breeches, a grey flannel shirt open at the neck,

We returned to Ypres, here there are still more signs of war than elsewhere. Half a block still lies as the war left it. In the centre of the square the Cloth Hall is still a pile of ruins except for the central tower, just restored by an outside benefactor as a memorial. Every other building is conspicuously new. We went to the Menin Gate to hear the Last Post, which is sounded every evening at sunset by two Belgians. The huge arch of the gate, surmounted by the British lion, commemorates the fifty thousand who were reported missing on that front. The inscription reads: "To the armies of the British Empire, who stood here from 1914 to 1918. And to those of their dead who have no known graves. Ad majorem Dei gloriam. Here are recorded names of officers and men who fell in the Ypres Salient, but to whom the fortune of war denied the known and honoured burial given to their comrades in death." The traffic is stopped, the notes ring out, then silence. Ypres has said "Good night" to those who sleep around her.

* * *

The fallen are well represented in stone, in poetry, and in glowing words. This last Christmastide the world shuddered to read of the train wreck in France, nearly two hundred dead. The Great War took ten million lives; yet men talk lightly of "the next war". Much has been written of the present generation's duty to those who made the sacrifice. They died that we might live, they fought a "war to end war", they gave their all to "make the world safe for democracy". Are we keeping faith?

"No," I said, "About forty miles."

"Well I have only fifteen now and I'll be home. I have ridden ninety-five as it is and that seems far enough."

"Been away for long?" I asked.

"All winter" came the reply, "in Jackman, Maine."

A sort of compunction seized me about inquiring into this stranger's private affairs; he seemed communicative enough but I felt that if I pressed my inquiry further he might suggest it was none of my business. After all, wasn't he an absolute stranger? What interest could I have in his life, beyond satisfying a temporary curiosity? Thus musing — I held my peace; perhaps he would further enlighten me of his own accord. My surmise was right — "Yes, been working in the woods, a chopper," he began. "What do you do for a living?"

"Teach school." I answered.

"You're lucky, that's a lot easier than my work and pays better too." Hereupon he began to give an account of a lumberjack's life, the camp, his fellow workers, its hardships and its pleasures. His story interested me; I listened intently. He narrated some bloody accidents he had seen during his fifteen years experience: camp quarrels, the various types of characters he had met, his trials with rheumatism. "It's not so bad after all, if you get good grub," he said, "And you're sure of your pay." Thus he terminated his discourse and began to refill his pipe. There was something in his story that filled me with pathos, something that savoured of the bitterness of life. His lot seemed hard, still he faced it with admirable fortitude.

I then began to tell him of some of my experiences, the trials and worries of a teacher. He didn't seem much interested. Was my part of the conversational entertainment going to fail, after he in his artless way, had so impressed me? I was at a loss to know what to say. Finally I asked him if he was interested in history. "About the Injuns and the White man?" he echoed — I had struck the right key.

"Yes," I said, thankful to see that I had at last hit upon a topic which would interest him.

"Sure, sure," he ejaculated, his attitude entirely changed.

I then told him how the Indians had harassed the white man's home in the early colonial days; how dangerous and treacherous Pontiac had been to the British; how loyal Tecumseh and Brant had been in the war of 1812-14. He sat drinking in my talk, without hardly flicking an eyelash. Finally he asked, when I had finished rehearsing these stories, if I could tell him about Wolfe.

"Certainly," I said, whereupon I began to tell him of the Siege of Quebec. "Wolfe and his men scaled the heights under cover of the night, and when dawn broke Wolfe's army was drawn up on the Plains of Abraham ready for battle. Montcalm (he was the French general) was taken by surprise and —"

"Shaw—bridge," rang out the unmistakable voice of the conductor, which sudden interruption roused us both from our colloquy.

"I'd like to hear more of that," said the lumberjack regretfully, and the tone of his voice certainly did not belie his statement. "We may meet again — sometime." The train had stopped.

"Yes," I said, "I hope we do."

"Same here," he rejoined. He thrust out his hand to bid me farewell; I clasped it. There was something in the roughness and tightness of his grip that told me I had made a friend. "Goodbye." I said. "So long" came the reply. He stepped off the train onto the platform, turned around and waved me a farewell. He turned off the main road and up a hill. It was dusk by now and as the train pulled out of the station there was that solitary figure — my lumberjack — plodding up the hill and puffing away at his little pipe. The scene was quaintly touching. I felt that his trudging up that hill corresponded rather ironically to his lot in life. A peculiar sadness moved me, call it sentiment if you will. A curve in the road cut off my view. I left the smoker and went back to my seat in the car, all the richer for the experience.

HAVE YOU MET THE OXFORD GROUP?

Dorothy E. Wallace

I have felt that the first article on this subject to appear in *The Mitre* should be written by a male student. Therefore I have waited. As such a contribution has not appeared to date I take up the challenge to introduce to the students of Bishop's College Christ through the Oxford Group.

I am not writing as a casual observer, or as a cynical censor, but as a person definitely identified with the Oxford Group who has experienced a new and wonderful fellowship with God and my fellowmen.

I have been freed from the shackles of fear and worry. I have overcome self-consciousness and irritability, and the desire to be aloof and cold to people because I did not approve of all they might be doing.

But better than all this I am awakened to the power of God to guide and direct my life. I have met Him as a close friend. I can talk over anything with Him and He understands.

But now I must enlighten you as to that for which the Group stands, and clear up a gross misunderstanding which is prevalent. Some erroneously think it is a society in which the members stand up and confess numerically, so to speak, every sin in their life. That is exactly what it is not. The confession of sin is to God in the presence

of one person. The witnessing is not about sin but the fact that through the grace of God I (or whoever it may be) have surrendered these sins and achieved complete victory over them, and have found a new and lasting joy in life.

Sharing, or talking things over with a person in whom one has absolute trust, is one of the greatest reliefs one can find. Everyone knows its effects on a small scale; but can you conceive of its benefits when that confidant is God, who understands and sympathizes perfectly? A good thorough test is the best way to see for yourself.

We in this quality of life measure ourselves on the four great *absolutes*: absolute *honesty*, absolute *purity*, absolute *unselfishness*, absolute *love*, and when you think

of these do not forget the *absolute*. There is no half measure.

Take your life as you live it to-day. Turn these four huge X-ray lamps on it. Do you find a perfectly clear plate? (Be perfectly honest with yourself). If not, what is the cause of it? Are you out of tune with the Divine? Have you missed the high purpose for which God has placed you on this earth? If so, it is about time a reconstruction job was done before you have gone too far, before the path becomes any more difficult to retrace.

Are you absolutely certain that Christ in your place would have done as *you* did to-day? Did you live a life of maximum service for Him? If not, try the quality of life in the Oxford Group. It works.

Man was made,
Catullus said,
To Live and Love.
He was wrong.

I've seen
Man kill Man
Right in this
Polished Age.

Hate
And Strife,
And Greed
Run rampant.

People Starve,
They cry for Bread,
While Others
Eat Cake.

Pot-bellied Politicians,
Grafting Profiteers,
All live
In Royal Splendour.

That Poor Man,
Whose Children cry
For just a Crust,
Seeks Work.

Man was made,
Catullus said,
To Live and Love.
He was wrong.

Miles Wisenthal.

THE PAPER INDUSTRY

John Ford

In the early nineteenth century a number of Canadian Industrialists realized the importance of developing the paper industry which had been carried on by their English forefathers in the Old Land. A few small concerns were established, a number proved successful, whilst several others were forced to close down. The problems which always confront an industry in its infancy were not easily surmounted and had it not been for the tenacity of the few, no doubt the present position of importance would be an ideal yet to be realized.

To-day many large mills dot the country side, and in many cases towns and villages are entirely dependent upon them. The advent of English and American capital, together with the many mechanical improvements that have been made, has caused the Paper Industry to become a most important competitor in the world markets. Thousands of tons of paper are produced daily, and under ideal business conditions plants are operated day and night.

There are various grades of paper manufactured. The leaders in the Industry are the Kraft and Newsprint mills. In the Kraft mills the paper produced varies in colour, strength, and weight. In the Newsprint mills paper suitable for the newspaper is made. In a mill where coloured paper is extensively produced and where the finished article requires an elaborate process, a laboratory is maintained, in which department, as well as in the engineering, many university graduates are employed.

The first process in the manufacture of paper is the procuring of the raw material, namely, the wood. During the colder months lumber-jacks are busily employed in the forest areas hewing down the stately trees, sawing them into four foot lengths, and hauling them to the river banks. In the Spring the logs are floated down

stream to their destination. In the days of the Saw-mill this was a precarious operation as the logs, being usually cut in twelve foot lengths, frequently jammed. The only way to loosen a jam was for the Drivers to use their gaffs and then to race back to safety over the moving logs. With the exception of the trip through the rapids, the



THE RAW MATERIAL

process in these days involves little danger.

On arrival at the mill the wood is held in check by booms until it is removed from the river by means of conveyors. Passing from the river it usually enters the barking drum and is then carried to the wood pile where it is kept for use. From the wood pile the wood is transported either to the pulp mill where it is ground into pulp by means of either hydraulic or electrically driven grinders, or else to the sulphite mill, where it is chemically treated. Both chemical and mechanical pulp are necessary in the production of a sheet of paper.

At a later stage the chemical pulp is united with the mechanical pulp in a certain ratio of proportion and passed on to the several stages of mixing, straining, and texture regulating. Finally, the preparation is ready for the paper

machine. As the pulpy and wet looking substance passes from the wet end of the machine to the dryers, we realize that it is no longer pulp, but rather the future sheet of paper. The paper passes through the calendar roll, is wound on the drum-reel, is transported to the winder where it is cut into rolls of various lengths. The process at the finishing end varies according to the type of paper that is produced.

The final product is carefully wrapped, labelled, and shipped. Throughout the process great attention has been given to the quality, finish, and tensile strength in order to assure the marketing of an attractive article. Paper, though so commonly used, must meet with certain very high standards.



A MODERN PAPER MACHINE ROOM

Probably the most glorious period of the Industry was immediately after the Great War. The home market was excellent, the export trade was good, and the price of paper high. In keeping with such a period, a general spirit of optimism existed. New plants were built; smaller ones were enlarged; more efficient machinery was purchased. The idea of a rapid turnover in the least possible time was in vogue. In the Newsprint Section of the Industry the spirit of optimism was at its greatest peak, and few limits were set to the plans of expansion. Salaries rose to attractive heights, and employers and employees enjoyed unequalled prosperity. Then, all unexpected, came the depression, and this industry did not escape it. Many outstanding contracts were severed, the price of paper dropped, countries such as Russia and Scandinavia became

dangerous competitors, and a general gloom seemed to settle upon the business. Stringent measures had to be employed; some firms tried amalgamations; some joined a Paper Institute as a protective measure; rigid economies were advised which resulted in fewer officials, reduction in salaries, and every attention to overhead costs. In spite of these measures a number of firms went under, others operated part time, and others closed down awaiting a better day.

It is generally recognized to-day that the worst of the depression is over and many industries report greater sales. Can we say this in regard to the Paper Industry? Will it shortly return to a state of prosperity? Will this Industry continue to be one of our great industries? In

answer to these questions one might say that the change for the better has slightly affected the Industry. It is true that the market for Newsprint is much better and that the sale of Kraft moves along a fairly regulated line, but nevertheless, few paper makers feel that the industry is in a state of safety. It is generally felt that at some time in the near future many changes must be made in order to avoid overproduction and price cutting. Many measures introduced such as amalgamations have been shown as unwise, and the idea of rapidity in production is not so favourable. Undoubtedly the Industry will continue as an important one, but it is quite possible that many lean years are before it. Caution is the general by-word.

A visit to a modern paper plant should be contemplated at one time or another by all those who are preparing for some form of engineering. Two types of plants should be visited. There is the very large mill which has its laboratory, its elaborate electrical equipment, its steam plant, and its various types of paper machines, which presents to the student every opportunity of inspecting the latest improvements in mechanism. Then there is the small plant which is much less elaborate but which probably specializes in one kind of paper, and which affords a greater opportunity of grasping the main processes of manufacture. It is not always the largest mill which is the most efficient, so that in visiting both types an opportunity of comparison is offered.

POETIC LICENSE

Grant Deachman

This afternoon I wandered in to see Hargreaves.

Hargreaves is always interesting to talk to, and he is always willing to serve you tea or its equivalent when you drop in to see him. He doesn't work. At an early age he was left enough money to support him and his mad ideas for the rest of his life.

He might be described as a master dilettante. His hobbies are music, art, literature, science and medicine, with sudden and violent departures into any other field of endeavour which might attract him.

When I entered, his study was littered with books and pieces of paper. "I've just thought of a very brilliant idea," he announced.

"Go on." I prompted. "I am all ears."

"I have come to the conclusion that all poetry should be written in what might be termed an Onomatopoeic Language, so that it would become universal. Then we would understand a poem by the sound of the words, regardless of the fact that it was English, French or Sanscrit." I was somewhat relieved, as last week he had been interested in medicine and had regaled me with long tales of Bubonic Plague and Leprosy.

"I see. Like-

'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!'"

"No, no. Byron was on the right track but he lacked initiative. As good an example as we have is from Lewis Carroll. He broke away from all tradition and expressed himself in a language of his own. Listen to this-

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.'

He paused to let the depth of his words sink in, while the old lady who strove to keep his room clean came doddering in with the tea.

"That," he said, "is almost perfect. Aren't you seized with fear and foreboding at the mere sound of it? And then when we come to the part where the Jabberwock 'whiffled through the tulgey wood and burbled as it came' I feel shivers running up and down my spine. Carroll in these lines has achieved something that Milton, Bunyan and Cervantes missed entirely."

"So far you are confined to Jabberwocks and Dragons. How do you propose to fit your new language to such themes as love, lyrics and battles? It is hard to find more beautiful love language than-

'—neither the angels in heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Shall ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabelle Lee.'

Hargreaves cast a withering eye over his tea cup and mumbled something about mid-Victorian. Anything approaching the soul in love annoyed him, and when coupled with a name like Annabelle Lee it became positively unbearable.

"No, George. Love must be expressed in a language that frees itself from such personal elements as hankering for the little girl next door. A much better example, although it could be improved on by the substitution of more appropriate words is:

'You, with your rich, ripe, red lips, and your perfectly manicured finger tips.

You, with your heaving, panting, rapidly expanding and contracting chest,

On my perfectly ordinary shirt front and dinner jacket vest.'

He paused again for dramatic effect and glowered at me with his teeth full of toast. For a while I did not answer, but sat looking at this ephemeral literary genius. I noticed he had his sweater on inside out to-day. That means it is Friday. His sweater is always inside out on Fridays, Sundays and Tuesdays and right side out on the other days. The same applies to his socks; although when he is dressed to escort one of his legion of lady acquaintances to the opera he is the epitome of fastidiousness.

"Your ability to quote is amazing," I continued "but as yet you are only giving me examples of English verse and not this marvelous language of suggestive sounds."

"That is where the ingenuity of the poet is brought into full play. By words and meter he must suggest the theme of the whole poem. It is not as impossible as it sounds, the swoolulating of the wind in the trees and the flish of cars swooshing past on the highway."

"The hissonness of dancing figures, the cacatacle of dice on a table top," I encouraged, falling into the spirit of the thing.

"Orinoco antallioso no carinomansa e sponderocanza" Hargreaves answered.

"Yes. And — Yamatahama tenayata, yhea tteah hyonabama." I retorted.

We grinned at each other in uncontrollable glee at our discovery.

Hargreaves sunk back on the chesterfield and wrapped one gaunt leg about the other as he lighted a cigarette. He knew he had won his point, despite my lack of enthusiasm at the beginning. I too paused from our strenuous efforts and scanned his familiar room. The walls are garnished with framed prints of Picasso, Cezanne and Van Gogh. In equal numbers are designs for speed boats and racing cars, a Mohamedan prayer mat, a photograph of the Empire State Building (I can't explain that), and several originals done by friends and himself. The furniture is all old and very solid. The tables are covered with a multitude of things ranging from carved Ivory figures to broken test tubes. His book cases are by far the most interesting things in the room. Aside from a handful of classical works there is not a book of well known title or authorship. There are books on anatomy, Dionysiac ritual, dynamic symmetry, poison, botany, archery and evolution. All his volumes of poetry, some of them as you may have gathered, a trifle obscure, were either on his desk or on the floor. Hargreaves can't work unless he is entrenched behind a fortress of reference.

"It is all very encouraging," I offered, turning to

where he was comfortably sprawled, spilling ashes on his sweater and pants. "But what about those battle poems? It would be hard to make noises like rolling peas across a drum head in poetry."

"The sounds for battles are quite easy," he informed me. "Did you ever notice the little words on the covers of encyclopedias for listing them alphabetically?"

I admitted that I had paid very little attention to them.

"They provide an astounding list of words for use in battle poems. Listen—" Then very quickly and with an appropriate staccato he recited, "A-Bedl, Bedl-Cute, Cute-Dendr, Dendr-Fern, Fern-Gun, Gun-John, John-Mart, Mart-Numid, Numid-Prescr, Prescr-Sax, Sax-Ten, Ten-Zym."

"Yes, you certainly have won me to your cause," I gasped, rising to go.

"Perhaps you'll drop in again soon for a little chat? I've found evidence to prove that the lost continent Atlantis actually existed and was the original home of Babylonian mythology", he said as he walked with me to the elevator.

SOMETHING TO OFFER BESIDES CIGARS
HOW THE C.C.F. IS FACING THE FACTS

Miles Wisenthal

It was with a great deal of interest that I read Mr. Deachman's article in the December issue of THE MITRE "The C. C. F. Treats the Symptoms". He starts his interesting harangue by making a very noble effort to show how the C.C.F. is building a plan of destruction not construction. On this matter I am prepared to argue with him but I will not attempt to argue with a publicity agent for the Liberal Party. I fail to see how our poor, dear Mr. Bennett has anything to do with the C.C.F. After all one ought to have a little respect for age, and a D.C.L. from this University.

Mr. Deachman has outlined quite clearly, despite a few perversions here and there, the main features of the C.C.F. There is no need for me to repeat their platform.

His first statement is of interest; "the incentive to gain and keen competition provide shrewd and efficient management". He is referring to the socialization of industry as proposed by the C.C.F.

For whom does the incentive to gain provide shrewd and efficient management? For the worker? I feel sure that even such an ardent capitalist as Mr. Deachman is not so credulous as to believe that any large corporation

such as the Royal Bank of Canada or the Montreal Light Heat and Power Company is run for the benefit of the several thousand employees of these concerns. They are run for the benefit of the Presidents, Directors and shareholders. Then of what use is it to have a company run shrewdly and efficiently if from this shrewdness and efficiency the only people that receive any benefit are the directors and shareholders? The number of people in Canada who can afford to buy shares in large, profitable corporations is very small.

The ideal type of government exists where the greatest benefit is received by the majority of the population, not by the very small Plutocracy.

"Co-operation is to be remedied by an Act of Parliament." Thus the article continues and attempts to show that co-operation is entirely a matter of the heart and that no amount of legislation can make a person feel co-operative. Quite true. If Mr. Deachman had taken the trouble to read any of the pamphlets issued by the C.C.F. he would have seen that their platform intends to induce co-operation by means of education not by Hitlerising the people.

Their idea is not revolution but a mere hastening of an economic evolution, an evolution that will come about despite the continued opposition of "big money". At the same time they are fully aware of the dangers that face the country. Despite the continued talk of prosperity and that damnable corner there are still thousands upon thousands of men without work; men with families and children, children that are growing up faced with a future of idleness and the prospect of living on relief for a great number of years to come. Thousands of young men are being turned out of Colleges every year with no prospect of employment. What is to be done with these men? Has Bennett offered any feasible plan for absorbing these men into industry? He has not, neither has Mr. Deachman's friend the Leader of the Opposition. Woodsworth and the C.C.F. are the only people that have met the situation face to face and have presented anything that is at all workable.

What of the thousands of unemployed? True the Relief System has supplied them with about six cents a meal per family of four, but what else? Nothing, unless one can consider Mr. Bennett's little speech in which he told the people of the moral strength that poverty brings. How does he know? Has he ever had to live on five cents a day? I hardly think so. I imagine that the one dollar and twenty-five cent meal in the House of Commons' dining room is a great deal more to his liking.

There is the future of the men who are living on relief to be considered. People cannot go on living on the State indefinitely. Disregarding the enormous burden that it means for the rest of the taxpayers (and we really should not disregard it) think of the irreparable damage that it is doing to the morale and skill of these men and their families. No doubt this depression will pass as all previous ones have. But what is to prevent another?

To continue with Mr. Deachman's article, "We must find the cause of world chaos before we can find the path out of it."

From this I infer that the cause of world chaos has yet to be found. Again I take it upon myself to advise a little reading on the part of Mr. Deachman. The Editor of THE MITRE in the December issue presented an excellent list of books that may be read with enjoyment and profit. One has but to look about the country to see the cause. In the years from 1929 to date how many bank presidents were walking the soles off their shoes looking for work? How many executives of large corporations were feeling the winter wind through threadbare coats? No doubt many of them were down to their last Rolls Royce and had to reduce their household staffs to the very minimum of a mere six maids, two butlers and a chauffeur. But I hardly think that this put them in the class of the needy. When times were good they were making money as were their employees; when times got bad they merely

dismissed a large part of their staffs, reduced the pay of the remaining ones and continued to enjoy pretentious salaries.

Even Mr. Deachman agrees with me that there is something wrong with the world and with Canada. He sees salvation in a return of free trading and the Liberal Party. World peace and economic prosperity will never be achieved by means of trade pacts and peace treaties. Something greater is required. Something that our present form of democracy has failed to provide. Why then should we "beat about the bush" and elect parties on the strength of their whiskey and the mildness of their cigars? It is time that people realized the darkness into which the country is plunging itself. Time that they began to take an even greater interest in what socialized industry has to offer in place of a capitalized one and the sooner they do so the better for them.

MY COLLEGIATE TOUR

Philip Carrington

I left Montreal for Nova Scotia a day or two after Christmas. I was being imported by the S.C.M. for a conference at Pine Hill College. I had never heard of Pine Hill College. That, of course, was due to my ignorance.

There was a great deal of snow, and the cold was intense. Our train arrived at Halifax an hour late; but the previous train was only ten minutes ahead of us. Pine Hill College turned out to be an old Presbyterian College which had gone United. I pay it a tribute here. I don't believe I have ever been more comfortable, or better fed in any College I have stayed in; or received with more friendship. New Year in a college of Scottish traditions; enough said.

I must also note that a Dalhousie student who lived here (it has a large residential side) asked me if Bishop's was the College which produced The Mitre, which had attracted his favourable attention.

The Conference had delegates from "U.N.B.", Acadia, and "Mount A.", as well as Dalhousie. Nova Scotia is remarkable for these small Universities which, on the whole, pursue their separate existences with vigour and success. If I remember rightly, both Acadia and Mount Allison have between 500 and 1000 students. And then there was Prince of Wales College; this was represented by a group of students who persistently talked of "The Island", as if in all the world there were only one, and that one named after Prince Edward.

King's College, the oldest of them all, has of course united with Dalhousie, and I was privileged to see its

magnificent buildings on Dalhousie Campus. The combined enrolment is nearly 1000.

It must be firmly stated that no words can be too strong to describe Halifax *in the winter*; a grimy and desolate town made intolerable by Atlantic gales. A good deal of it burned down while I was there.

My next stop was Boston. When I crossed the border into Maine, the Immigration officer, after carefully searching my surplices (no, it was the Customs man who did that) gave me a short address on human nature. He said that in his experience he had found it inherently honest. I should advise all my friends to cross the border here.

At Boston I stayed in the Guest Room of the Cambridge Divinity School, an Anglican Theological College of about sixty or seventy men. I was very interested in seeing the new "houses" at Harvard. The Fraternity System is gone; and the students live in "houses" of about 250, each house with its Master and tutors. It is simply

the English system. Most of them are fine buildings; but one was a little ornate, "like a negro's idea of heaven" my guide suggested.

Then came a week in New York at the General Seminary. This is purely a theological college, and houses about 170 men. It has on its staff some of the most distinguished theological scholars on the continent. It has a fine chapel, splendid buildings, and a magnificent library. I spent a little over a week in this ecclesiastical atmosphere; but as I did much reading and much talking, there is little to write about here.

It was interesting to find how many of their professors were Canadians, and also to note that they appeared to hold Bishop's College in high respect. Indeed my collegiate tour, though it suggested to me many new ideas, in no way diminished my pride in this institution; and I returned to it, wiser and better-informed, but very well content.

CLIMBING MOUNT MEGANTIC

The day breaks clear and fair and bright,
Chasing the shadows away with the night.
Ahead of us rises to its glorious height
Old Mount Megantic.

It towers above us far into the blue,
While its crest is bathed in a purple hue
And a million colours reflect in the dew
On Mount Megantic.

Here at the foot in a shady dell,
A noisy brook flows forth to tell
All that it knows of the magic spell
Of Mount Megantic.

While farther up on its wooded slope,
A thrush pours forth a song of hope,
Encouraging us who strive to cope
With Mount Megantic.

Encouraging us along our way;
Bidding us never to delay,
As we toil onward far into the day,
Up Mount Megantic.

The sun sinks lower into the west;
But at last we're up, we've reached the crest.
Victory has crowned our long-sought quest —
Old Mount Megantic.

W. S. Laberee.

SPORTS - Christopher Eberts

HOCKEY

Judging from the numbers who turned out for the first practice of the season on Monday, January 8th, it was quite obvious that many felt they had had a good holiday and were only too pleased to return to College for a little conditioning before the term began again. By the end of that first practice, after being reminded *not* to upset all the hockey-sticks when choosing one, *not* to leave equipment lying about, etc., and when the players had heard the "Pope's" stentorian voice boom out "Come on, get off that ice!", all concerned were fully aware that "Vatican rule" was in force for another season.

During the next few days until lectures began again on the 15th, the two squads turned out regularly twice a day and made good progress in their skating and conditioning. In the evening when the resident students staggered downstairs to the dining hall, with creaking joints and aching muscles, they were unusually subdued and quiet, reserving all remaining strength to tuck in a colossal dinner before falling into bed again. They were hardly a picture of energy — though perhaps one of fun — but were to be sympathized with, for, when one, best known to the sporting world as Reed, remarked: "I'm so darn tired, it even hurts to change my mind," he expressed the feelings of all present.

Unfortunately for the two teams, when the flail of supplemental exams had swept through their midst, and some felt that mountains of work were piling up in front of them, not a few had to drop out. Thus the squads had to be sad but silent and carry on as best they could with the business of trying to build up a good team.

This year the Intermediates are only in the Inter-collegiate League. They have, however, had three exhibition games; the first, with Ayer's Cliff, on the College rink, was hardly encouraging, although it ended in a tie, 2 - 2; the second, with the Sherbrooke "Nationals", was decidedly disappointing, resulting in a rather spiritless defeat for the College, the score being 4 - 2; the third, a return game with Ayer's Cliff, was certainly more promising. On this occasion, the team, though not in full force, visited Ayer's Cliff and from all reports really put up a grand game, winning 6 - 1.

BISHOP'S (2) at LOYOLA (3)

Jan. 20th.

At the time that The Mitre goes to press, only one Inter-collegiate match has been played, and that on Jan. 20th against Loyola in Montreal. During the first period

of this game, Loyola scored twice on two of their swift rushes, with the help of accurate passing. Bishop's, however, were far from being asleep, and, working hard, brought the score up to 2 - 1 by the end of the first period. The second period was slow and somewhat ragged — in spite of one player's dashing emerald hockey-pants — neither team seeming to be able to get away together. The Bishop's team started the third period with a strong rush which brought them another goal. During the next 18 minutes neither team was very effective, probably on account of hard work and good checking on both sides. However, during the last few minutes Loyola broke away two or three times in a dangerous fashion and flipped in the winning goal just before the final whistle blew. This made the score 3 - 2 in favour of Loyola. Both Colleges certainly put up a good game and the Bishop's goaler is especially to be congratulated. It was obvious that the Bishop's team had greatly improved, especially in passing, but that they had still to learn to back-check more consistently and to break-away more rapidly.

THE TEAMS:-

<i>Bishop's</i>		<i>Loyola</i>
Hibbard	goal	Keyes
Christison	defence	Dubee
Norris	"	MacDonald
Glass	centre	Shaughnessy
Carson	L.W.	Aubut
Eberts	R.W.	Kane

Bishop's Subs:

Evans, Bassett, McHarg, Nichols, Williams.

Loyola Subs:

MacDonnell, Parker, Collins, Phelan.

JUNIORS

As most of the available strength has been reserved for the Intermediate team, the material left for the Juniors is naturally not over-imposing. So far the Juniors have had two games, one with B. C. S. and the other with Lennoxville High School, resulting in two very definite defeats for the College.

This season Harry Griffiths is coaching both the Intermediates and Juniors and in his work is showing just as much spirit and energy as he did in the football season. Mack Muir and Bill Belford have had to give up their positions as Manager and Assistant Manager on account of studies and their nagging charges are certainly sorry to see them go. There is no doubt, however, that Jack Rattray and Henry Wright will replace them adequately.

BASKETBALL

So many enthusiastic players have turned out this year that it has been necessary to divide the squad into two teams, a thing almost unprecedented in the history of basketball at Bishop's.

The first team is again in the hands of Turner, and manager Dick Rollit is in charge of the second team.

Bishop's was instrumental in the formation of a new Intercollegiate Basketball League comprised of McGill, University of Montreal, Loyola, Macdonald College and Bishop's. Unfortunately, due to financial circumstances, Bishop's will be unable to play home and home games, except in the final play-offs. The squad is also entered in the Sherbrooke City League.

And now a word about the team. Two of last year's regulars are playing again: Wisenthal, the captain, and Baird, as well as last year's sub-line, Hume, Medine and Rollit. The new material, which looks very promising, consists of Basil Stevens, Heilig and Cahoon (who played together on the Sherbrooke High School team last year), and Fred Royal.

Lest we forget, much credit is due to the manager, Dick Rollit, whose efforts on behalf of the team have reaped much benefit for it.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

The Women's Hockey team played an exhibition game against the Lennoxville Ladies' team on Sat., Jan. 20th. The score was 2 - 0 for the visitors. However, since the coeds had had only one practice, the defeat was not really overwhelming.

On the 22nd a team from Sherbrooke came up to the College rink. Again the coeds bowed down to their visitors. But the one goal scored in the last minute and a half of play was really only the result of better conditioning. The coeds need much more practice in skating alone, before they can hope really to equal their opponents.

The coeds went visiting to Magog on Sat. the 27th, and played their first game on an open-air rink. Again superior skating and stick-handling proved too much for them and the score was 6 - 0 for Magog. Betty Brewer, the goaler, deserves a cheer for her work in a difficult position. We hope to have the Magog team visit us within the next two weeks.

On Wednesday, Jan. 31st, the girls went to Montreal to visit the R.V.C. team, and to meet the redoubtable Babs Goulding again. Although as we go to press the idea of victory is rather a far-fetched hope, we can be certain that the team will have enjoyed their visit. R.V.C. too hopes to play a return game, though the date has not been definitely fixed.

The line up in the first two games was:

- Goaler — B. Brewer
- R. Defence — D. Wallace
- L. Defence — Clara Parsons
- R. Wing — G. Christison
- L. Wing — K. Savage
- Centre — K. Speid.
- Sub: — K. Morrill.

Coach — Hugh Gall

Referee — Harry Pibus

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

The Coed Basketball team started the season well by winning their first game on Friday, Jan. 26th, against the Sherbrooke Ladies, at the MacKinnon Memorial; Score 29 - 24. From all accounts the game was fast and interesting, and, more to the point, clean. We hope they keep up the good work.

Line up:

- Centre — K. Morrill
- R. Forward — J. Schwartz
- L. Forward — L. Jackson
- Defence — Betty Brewer
- Defence — D. Wallace.
- Sub: — G. Christison.

Coach — Miles Wisenthal.

Examination procedure in Argentine universities is strikingly different from our own. In the first place all examinations are oral. Each student at the beginning of the school year is given a list of topics in each course covering all the subjects to be treated in the year's work from which his examination at the end of the term will be taken. In November the student makes an appointment for his examination on one of the days open for his particular course and presents himself before his examiners. Upon the table in front of the head examiner is a large wire globe, inside of which are small balls numbered corresponding to the topics on the sheet he has had since the beginning of the term. The student gives the globe a turn or two, takes three balls at random, and hands them to the professor who can ask him anything on any of the three questions or topics whose numbers he has drawn. Such is the effect of the **Loteria Nacional** upon examinations in Argentina! If "the fault" lies neither in their stars nor in themselves the students pass on to join the ranks of their profession.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM,
January, 1934.

Spanish inquisitor (to person on the rack): "Don't get excited; we're just pulling your leg."

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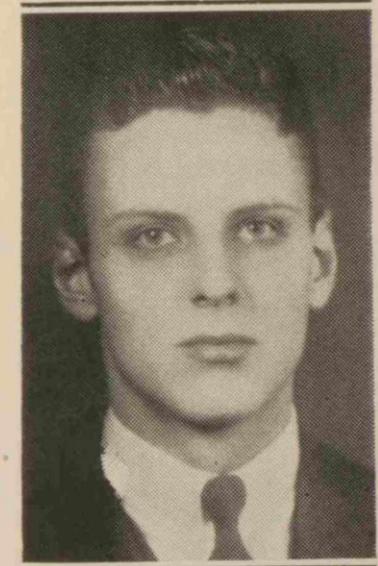
CHRISTOPHER EBERTS

After an interval of 6 years, Bishop's College has again won a Rhodes Scholarship in 1934 through Christopher Eberts. By carrying off this coveted award, Chris (as he is more commonly known) brings glory to his College as well as great honour to himself. Considering her size and the fact that she has the smallest enrollment in Canada, Bishop's has a record in Rhodes Scholarships of which we may well be proud.

Chris Eberts was born in Montreal on May 5th, 1913. He has attended Selwyn House School, Trinity College School, and the Institute Lilley in Switzerland. As he wisely decided to spend a year abroad after completing his matriculation at T.C.S., the forthcoming trip to England this summer will not be his first.

During his stay at Bishop's Chris has taken part in most of the College activities at one time or another. In his second year he was President of the Debating Society, and he achieved the heights with the Beer Conference. This year he has branched out as an actor with an admiring public and healthy fan mail, and as Sports Editor of *The Mitre*. He played Intermediate Rugby in his second year until he was unfortunately disabled. He has played hockey in all three years, and made the Intermediate team twice. When one realizes that, in addition to all this, Chris has led his year twice and shows every sign of leading it a third time, one begins to realize some of his capacity for work.

At the same time, however, Chris is not the type of person who is always working and never finds the time to relax and chew the rag for a while, or go out on a party.



He ranks high both as a rag chewer and as an asset for an evening out, and his imitation of Harpo Marx is reputed to have drawn tears into the eyes of that worthy. So we may well style Chris an all round man — one who works hard, plays hard, takes part in a great many different activities, and knows when to relax and attend to really serious matters. And, with all this, he is foremost a real gentleman.

ODE TO SUCCESS

Oh misconstrued director of mankind,
With what abuse have men thy great name borne;
For some in gold thy presence try to find,
Or armed with power seek thy name, forlorn.
Thus down the countless years of life's great chain
The frenzied mob have sought for thee in vain.
How long wilt thou these fruitless paths allot,
And watch men seek for thee, where thou art not?

How long wilt thou thy true name then withhold
From those who look for thee in halls of fame,
And strive on sun scorched desert fields for gold,
Or face the cannon's mouth to win a name?
But few there are who know that thou dost ride
As oft on tiny waves as billows wide.
Men who would win, read ye the lives who won;
Success is service true, a duty done.

E. S. Davis.

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VISIT OF 'BATERS

On Thursday evening, January 18th, a team from Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, visited Bishop's College to debate on the subject, "Resolved that this House deplores the rise of Fascism". This debate was sponsored by the National Federation of Canadian University Students.

Frank S. Murray and Theodore I. Seamon upheld the affirmative side for Bates while Wesley Bradley and Ogden Glass debated on the negative. Mr. Murray for the affirmative stated that the acceptance of Fascism had resulted in the withdrawal of the rights of democracy. Freedom of speech and of the Press and trial by jury were no longer permitted under the Fascist regime, he declared. Intellectual freedom was abhorrent to Fascism because Fascism flourished on ignorance. Organized labour had been suppressed while the right of religious freedom had been trampled on. The slogan of the Fascist leaders could be summed up in the phrase "beyond the state, nothing".

Wesley Bradley, upholding the negative for Bishop's, stated that Fascism had arisen to combat Communism and to relieve economic distress caused by the war. He pointed out the many benefits that had resulted from a strong Fascist rule in Italy.

The rise of Fascism meant world discord, asserted Mr. Seamon. He deplored the economic results of Italian Fascism, quoting figures on the loss of foreign trade and the increase in the number of bankruptcies and unemployment. International co-operation and world peace had been menaced, he declared.

Ogden Glass stated that Italy had been confronted by two great evils, on the one hand rank anarchy or Communism and on the other Fascism, and Italy had chosen the lesser. He derided parliamentary rule as ineffective and quoted Bernard Shaw in his support.

A departure was made from the usual system of three judges, and an audience vote was taken on the merits of the debate. Bates won the decision almost unanimously.

At the conclusion of the debate, the debaters were entertained at the Lodge by Principal and Mrs. McGreer. The following day they were taken ski-joring by two of the students, and they spent Friday evening in visiting a few of the Professors. On Saturday afternoon our guest debaters set out from Lennoxville on a trip which will take them across Canada to Victoria, B.C. Debates are to be held in various cities en route.

A letter from the debaters to the editor of The Bates Student says: "Our stay at Bishop's has been a very quiet and restful one. The doors here close at 10:30 p.m. and no one can get in after twelve except by means of the fire escape. There are only thirty-five co-eds here and

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BOOKS TO READ

MODERN GEOMETRY LEAVES EUCLID BEHIND

INVERSIVE GEOMETRY by Morley and Morley;
Ginn & Co.: \$3.50.

No one within reach of a newspaper or a radio is unaware of the revolutionary changes which are taking place in the various sciences to-day — especially in the realms of Physics and Chemistry. Distorted as are some of the accounts which reach us, seen through the eyes of the average reporter, at least we cannot be blind to the fact that the scientific point of view to-day is very different to that of the Victorian era. It is not so well known, however, except to the initiated, that the field of Mathematics is also an "expanding universe" — with much less publicity.

Geometry, in ancient times, consisted of the classification of the properties of definitely-shaped figures of common occurrence, and (such is the force of tradition) this is still the ordinary man's notion of the science. In reality, however, it has, after centuries of slumber, transformed itself, almost within living memory, into a vast field of enquiry demanding the aid of many other branches of mathematics for its cultivation.

The modern viewpoint, admirably expressed by Felix Klein some fifty years since, seeks to find what is relatively unchanged in some configuration, when it is subjected to a specific group of transformations. Typical transformations are "reflexions", "stretches", "twists", "inversions", each being symbolised by its characteristic type of algebraic expression.

Messrs. Morley and Morley have produced a remarkable book, a godsend for those who wish to absorb the vital ideas of modern Geometry, unencumbered by excessive detail — some of it elementary and easy reading, but also providing strong meat for the graduate honours student.

In the words of their Preface:— "We believe that the tradition that simple geometrical and mechanical questions are to be handled only as Euclid or Descartes would have handled them is very hampering; the ideas of Riemann, Poincaré and Klein have pleasant reverberations in the investigation of elementary questions by students of proper maturity."

Various types of geometries are here outlined from the viewpoint of "groups of operations". The eternal triangle is dealt with in a manner as different from Euclid's as is a symphony from a five-finger exercise. Other chapters on "Maps", "The Celestial Sphere" and "Flow" described in an illuminating manner the interrelation of Geometry

with Applied Mathematics. In many places the algebra employed is quite simple — it is the interpretation of it which demands the reader's close attention. Euclid's Geometry, a mere first approximation to the physical universe, takes its proper place as a description of the properties of one possible space out of many, and appears as a graceful and symmetrical, but very small tree, in a very large forest.

Altogether, one of the most stimulating scientific books which have appeared in recent years.

A. V. R.

PORTRAIT OF AN AVERAGE WOMAN

MARIE ANTOINETTE: The Portrait of an Average Woman, by Stefan Zweig; The Viking Press; 476 pp.; \$3.50.

A biography of Marie Antoinette is, of necessity, not merely a biography, but a resumé of the earlier part of the French Revolution and of the events which led up to it. As might be expected of an author with so keen a sense of history as Stefan Zweig, "Marie Antoinette" is not just "The portrait of an average woman," but an interesting commentary on her times. Indeed, the subject is dealt with from an entirely new angle; as Mr. Zweig tells us in his preface, lives of Marie Antoinette have been either extremely Republican and condemnatory, or written to please the Royalists; the queen has been represented either as an inhuman monster or as a martyr. The new departure in this biography is Mr. Zweig's very great reliance on the archives of contemporary governments, on the personal correspondence of the queen, and on the valuable evidence of the secret communications between diplomats which were characteristic of the times. The author's method of deriving his information is what makes the book so interesting historically; for he recognizes the impossibility of obtaining adequate facts from earlier books on the subject.

As might have been expected from an author with such reputation in the field of psychology, this biography "dissects" the character of Marie Antoinette. The subtitle gives the reader some idea of how Mr. Zweig approached his subject; he is of the opinion that the queen's character was built up by the colossal events of her reign, so that from being a quite ordinary woman with no special talent, she became, by the action of events upon her character, an exceptional person. The tragedy of her life lies in the fact that she did not become fitted for the position she occupied till it was too late.

At the age of fifteen, this hoydenish but beautiful

Frank after persistent detective work has seen but one on the campus. The debate was one of the best we have had so far and the decision was satisfactory.

"The reception after the debate was admirable in that, unlike most receptions, it stopped when it was through. The president of the University is called the Principal and the school is typically English. The students all wear gowns; in fact we had to wear them at the debate."

WEATHER NOTES

The Experimental Farm of Lennoxville reports that 29th December, 1933, was the coldest day for the month of December of which they have record. The highest temperature during the 24 hours was 23° below zero and the lowest 48°. During the month the thermometer dropped below zero on 14 days. From 1st to 21 January inclusive there have been 11 days on which the temperature was below zero. The lowest temperature during that period was recorded on the night of 20th January, when 34° below zero was reached.

RELIEF WORK

The members of the University branch of the W.A. wish to thank all those who contributed to the bale which was sent to a family in great need in Saskatchewan. The bale was a most valuable one, containing 7 suits, 2 overcoats, sweaters, and sundry articles of wearing apparel. A letter of deepest appreciation has been received from the mother of the large family for whose benefit the bale was packed.

It is interesting to note that there is in the College Library a copy of the Codex Sinaiticus, the famous fifth-century biblical manuscript, which was purchased last month at great expense by the British Museum. This copy was presented to the Library through the former Imperial Russian Legation in Washington.

The recent gift of Mrs. Greenshields to the Library was a set of tables, and not chairs, as was reported by mistake in the December Mitre.

"And the one about the Scotchman who, after eating a meal of asparagus, left the waiter a tip."

LOWER CANADA COLLEGE MAGAZINE
January, 1934.

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Archduchess, the daughter of Maria Theresa, found herself married to the heir of the French throne, for reasons of state that she could not understand. For she was entirely unfitted by nature and education to occupy the position of queen of France (and virtually ruler, owing to Louis XVI's weakness). How their unhappy married life warped the characters of both herself and Louis, and her indiscretions helped to make herself and the government unpopular, is the theme of the first part of the book. The follies of the little Trianon and the scandalous affair of the Diamond Necklace are masterfully described, and we are told how these and other like events increased the ill-feeling of the people towards the monarchy and especially towards the queen, and quickened the catastrophe which overtook them.

The second stage in the development of Marie Antoinette's character began in 1789, with the dawn of the Revolution. Her irresolution and feebleness gradually changed to a purposeful constancy, and her life was enriched by her love for the Swedish Count, Axel von Fersen; too late, she realized her mistakes and strove to combat the Revolution with a new-found courage. The king's uncertainty was in every point a sharp contrast to the resolution of the queen. Owing to the failure at Varennes, of the plot to flee the capital, the queen's efforts to save the monarchy were unavailing.

During her two dark years in prison her new-found character did not fail her; it was at the infamous trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal that the contrast between the new Marie Antoinette, with her flawless defence of herself, and the giddy young Dauphiness of 1770 was most clearly shown. The closing scenes of her life give the impression of an extraordinary woman, whom adversity has raised from mediocrity to greatness. It is thus that she was "average;" on the whole, her earlier and her later character strike a balance.

The reader lays down this book with a feeling not only of the author's dramatic powers, but of his fairness in his estimation of Marie Antoinette. He has made a fascinating character and an interesting epoch live again; and in spite of the fact that it is translated from German, one feels that here is a masterpiece of style.

A. D. B.

LOUIS BROMFIELD'S LATEST

THE FARM by Louis Bromfield; Harper Brothers; 345 pages; \$2.50.

A panoramic record of mid-western American life, this book is not a novel, but a masterpiece of descriptive prose, presenting a bird's eye view of the growth of the Western Reserve, scene of countless Indian tales, into modern Ohio. Almost a history, it is a saga, ending on a mournful note, of a bygone section of American life.



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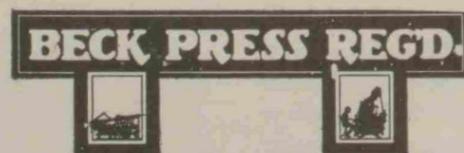
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LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

There is a plot of sorts, briefly thus: Over the mountains to Midland County, in the Western Reserve, comes the Colonel, veteran of the War of 1812, to build himself a home. With his wife, he cultivates "The Farm," and founds a dynasty. To The Farm, which gives the book its name, rides Scotch Jamie Ferguson, from Pennsylvania, Presbyterian, dour and young. He marries one of the Colonel's daughters, and takes over The Farm upon the Colonel's death.

Now we begin to see life through Jamie's eyes. We watch the Civil War come and go, view the growth of the Town, and the rise of the merchant class. Graft and corruption increase as McKinley enters the White House. Taft, Teddy Roosevelt of the Rough-Riders and Wilson take their places, viewed by Old Jamie, as he now is, with alarm.

Always the old man watches the turn of events, fighting to keep life sane and even, doing his share to help his beloved country grow, ever alert to on-coming progress.

Always The Farm is there in the background, playing its part in the cavalcade of years, watching foreigners take over neighbouring farms, until, with Jamie's death, that lot becomes its own.

Hundreds of characters pass through the pages of the book, each typically American, until every phase of American life from 1815 to 1919 has been presented. This is a wonderful book, powerfully written, with exceptional delineation of all its characters. It is truly Louis Bromfield's greatest work.

J. E.

THE HEIGHT OF VICTORIANISM

THE EIGHTEEN-SIXTIES: Essays by Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature; Edited by John Drinkwater; Cambridge University Press; 282 pp.; 12/6.

Introducing this collection of nine papers, the third of a series in which *The Eighteen-Seventies* and *The Eighteen-Eighties* have already been published, Mr. Drinkwater explains that "the intention of each of these volumes is to give nothing like an exhaustive survey, but a faithful impression of the period in question. . ." The contributors have been free to deal with any literary phenomenon of the 'Sixties, whether typical of the period or not, whether peculiar to it or not; thus, Sir Henry Taylor, of whose poetry Lascelles Abercrombie writes in the opening essay, is "chronologically *in* the period, but certainly not *of* it." The result is something more than a well-written sort of text-book on the literature of the Eighteen-Sixties; it is a delightful and stimulating volume that reveals a great deal that is little-known in the writing of that decade.

It follows from the scope of the book that some of the essays are attempts to re-create the atmosphere of the period, while others are mainly concerned with literary (or scientific) criticism. When the two aims are com-

bined, as in Harley Granville-Barker's paper on the theatre of the 'Sixties, "Exit Planché — Enter Gilbert", we get the most readable and one of the best-written essays in the book. Mr. Granville-Barker takes us back with surprising vividness to "that lost, loved London of gas lamps aureate in the fog, of clacketing hansoms and ladies' gowns that swept the muddy streets," back to the bright lights of the Royal Strand Theatre and to the Extravaganzas of the 'Sixties; and at the same time the important but little-known transit from Planché to Gilbert in the development of the English stage is critically and skilfully traced.

"Sir Henry Taylor", "Arthur Hugh Clough", "Eneas Sweetland Dallas" and "The Early Novels of Wilkie Collins", are all entirely essays in literary criticism. Humbert Wolfe makes out a very good case for Clough as by nature a satirist, though the influence of his mid-Victorian friends forced on him the melancholy and sentimental rôle of "honest doubter." This contention is supported by quotations from *The Bothie*, *Amours de Voyage* and *Dipsychus*, the last an astonishingly modern work which has something akin to the poetry of the Auden-Spender-Lewis group in rhythm and mentality. Eneas Sweetland Dallas is Mr. Drinkwater's own resurrection; and the short review certainly proves Dallas a "very stimulating" literary critic.

There has been quite a revival of interest in the work of Wilkie Collins during the last few years. Walter de la Mare's essay is a finely-written appreciation of one who, if not a genius, was at least a very complete master of the *art* of novel-writing — of close-packed description and strong psychological effect.

Frederick Boas contributes "Historians in the 'Sixties" — a study of the vitally important era of Buckle, Stubbs, Freeman and Froude — while Sir Oliver Lodge deals with the literature of "Science in the 'Sixties" in what appears to be a very skilful brief summary of the physical revolution brought about by the later work of Faraday and Clerk Maxwell's Memoir.

When the essays are written with the main intention of giving a picture and summary of conditions during the period in one particular field, they seem to fail (as C. L. Graves's "*Punch* in the 'Sixties" and Sir John Fortescue's "George Whyte-Melville"), probably because they lack art in the telling and depth in the treatment. But, on the whole, interest seldom flags; for the writers have succeeded in producing a book that is both delightful and stimulating.

A. J. H. R.

MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE, by Ralph Roeder.

This work is one of the best ever written of the Italian Renaissance and is undoubtedly one of the best

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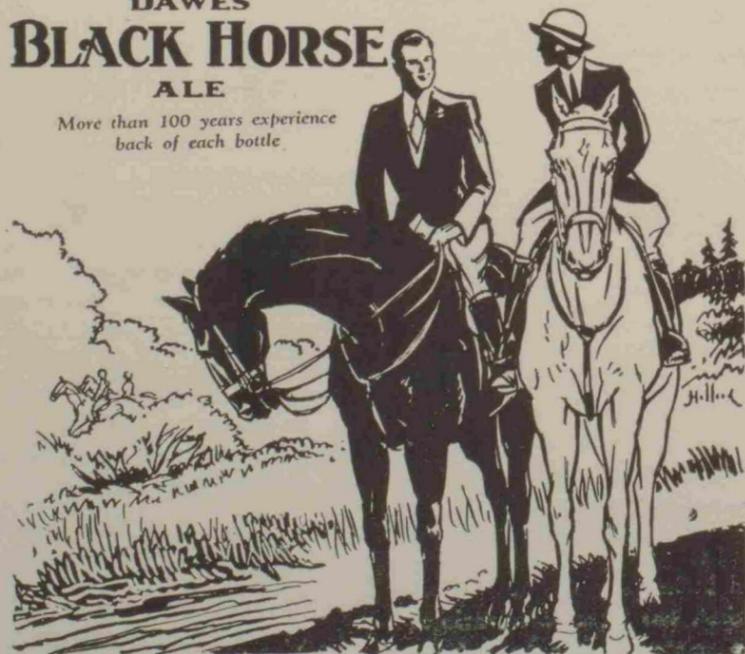
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books of 1933. Roeder takes not one man for his hero, but four: Savonarola, Machiavelli, Castiglione and Aretino, priest, diplomat, courtier and buffoon. Through the lives of this quartette we are treated to a magnificent voyage through a golden age.

MARLBOROUGH, Volume I, by Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill; Ryerson; \$5.; 612 pp.

Volume I is but the overture: it closes before Marlborough leads his own armies into Europe. Churchill presents his distinguished ancestor in a new light. He charges that a conspiracy of historians, in which Macaulay plays the arch-plotter, has unfairly portrayed Marlborough as a miserly traitor. Churchill does his best, a well-authenticated best, to reverse the verdict. The first volume is amazingly scholarly, betokening excellent secretarial work or unsuspected energy on the author's part. We envy Churchill his access to State and private papers hitherto unpublished.

MORGAN'S YARD, by Richard Pryce; Collins; 3/6; 288 pp.

A novel that begins extraordinarily well, but somehow midway the author seems to have lost touch. The earlier chapters have a subtle beauty that rapidly vanishes as the pages turn. From a quiet setting worthy of Hardy we are taken to a modern London stage, and finally we are lost in the wilderness of psycho-analysis *cum* spiritualism.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME, by H. G. Wells; Macmillan; 431 pp.; \$2.50.

Only confirmed optimists are advised to read this mighty tome — some 1,100 pages. Wells' well-known destructivism is at its best here, with a whole civilization and a century to slaughter it in! According to Wells — England's prognosticator-in-chief — the shape of things to come is a sorry one: we are heading directly into a new Dark Ages, and the rebirth of mass-intelligence after decades of savagery is none too bright. The book is heavy in parts and should be read with *Brave New World*, after which the reader will thank his stars he is living now.

W. D. H.

A: "I've had a terrible time with my car."

B: "Yeah?"

A: "Yeah. Bought a carburetor that saved fifty per cent of gas, a timer that saved thirty per cent, and a spark plug that saved twenty-five per cent, and after I had gone ten miles my gas tank was overflowing."

TECH SPARKS, December, 1933.

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GRADUATES SECTION

M. A. Stephens

If it is sometimes felt that the Graduates' Column has too theological a tinge, the reason must be that the Arts Faculty does not possess a society — which might perhaps be called the Brotherhood of Beowulf — to parallel the work of the Guild of the Venerable Bede. This Guild exists "to form a bond of union between the Divinity House and its past and present members", and does very effectively keep the present dwellers in the Shed in touch with others who are at work across Canada and elsewhere. A number of graduate members of the Guild from time to time write news letters to the Warden, Dr. Vial, for reading aloud at the meetings of the Guild, and student members are pleased to have these glimpses into the difficulties and joys of the ministry.

Some time before Christmas the Guild received a letter from the Rev. T. W. Sweeting, of the Arts class of '23, now vicar of Holy Trinity, Medicine Hat, a town in the midst of that part of Southern Alberta which has suffered terribly in the last few years. Fr. Sweeting is not actually a member of the Guild of the Venerable Bede, as he took his theological course at Keble College, Oxford, but he edited *The Mitre* while taking his Arts course at Bishop's, and he has shown a steady interest in the College.

His letter to the Guild described the difficulties of pastoral work in a parish which at present can do no more than meet the expenses of church worship, so that the vicar has no other income than about \$400 a year paid by the diocese of Qu'Appelle. The Guild listened with sympathy to the letter, and decided that they could put to a very good use some of their funds, accumulated from the alms at the Thursday Eucharists in the Oratory, by sending a subscription to the church endowment fund.

W. T. Gray, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Guild, recently received a letter of thanks from Fr. Sweeting, and I propose to quote a few sentences from this letter, so that readers of *The Mitre* may realize that those who go out from the Shed to work in the ministry of the Canadian Church by no means enter a life of luxury.

Fr. Sweeting writes: "It is most wonderfully encouraging to us on the prairie to enjoy the sustained sympathy and interest of our brethren at Lennoxville. The stipend for 1934 is \$25. a month in all, but people bring food quite often, and bread and potatoes and porridge and sometimes meat and beans and soup are a good diet. If there is not always milk for the tea, God yet gives us great happiness of heart, and we love to toil and suffer for the Kingdom".

May the same spirit of willing sacrifice be found wherever Bishop's graduates work!

In the notes in the last issue of *The Mitre* about the four Bishop's scholars to whom Dr. Carrington's most recent book is dedicated, the present writer inferred that one of the four, Dr. Harold Hamilton, was not actually a Lennoxville graduate. Further information which has come to hand since makes it clear that, although Dr. Hamilton received his B.D. degree from Oxford, he had already taken a theological course here, and is therefore every bit as much a product of Bishop's as Charles Mitchell, Dr. Abbott Smith and Dr. Vial.

The graduates' news item which has caused the most comment around the College this term is that Russell P. Blinco, B.A. '30, is now playing professional hockey with the Montreal Maroons. Although at the time of writing he has been with the team only a month, he has already made for himself an excellent record. The Principal — who is always most helpful to successive editors of the graduates' column — recalls that Russell represented Bishop's both at hockey and at football. He also played tennis and golf, and was recognised as one of the best sportsmen who ever attended the University.

The domestic adventures of P. D. Curry and P. S. Broadhurst, formerly of '34, and G. B. Greene, Jr., formerly of '35, have also called for comment. Pete, Phil, and Benny, who are all attending engineering courses at Queen's, decided to set up home together, and advertised for a housekeeper. There were seventeen applicants and Pete interviewed them all!

The Chancellor of the University, Chief Justice Greenshields, and Mrs. Greenshields left New York on the *Empress of Britain* on Dec. 23, for a brief holiday in the tropics. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Martin and Mrs. Charles Meredith were on the same ship.

The friends of Mr. J. C. Stewart, former university bursar, and his wife, formerly Alice Wilson, B.A., were delighted to hear that a son was born to them on Dec. 22.

Douglas Barlow, M.A. '27, B.A. Oxon., has completed the bar examination for the Province of Quebec.

A. C. Church, B.A. '32, who is studying theology at Selwyn College, Cambridge, has been elected a member of the exclusive Friars' Club. He organised the Freshmen's Concert, and is also rowing.

The Rev. W. W. Davis, B.A. '31, assistant priest at St. Matthew's, Ottawa, will be awarded the B.D. degree at the June Convocation.

The Rev. J. H. Dicker, L.S.T. '32, who has been working in the diocese of British Honduras, has returned to Quebec as assistant at Holy Trinity Cathedral. He was

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Please*

*Cork tip
or Plam*

**PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT**

ordained priest by the Bishop of Quebec on the Feast of the Epiphany, and Dr. McGreer preached the sermon.

The Rev. D. D. McQueen, L.S.T. '24, is now senior curate at Mortlake, S.W. London, England. He has charge of All Saints', East Sheen.

H. M. Porritt, M.A. '32, was a visitor to the College during the vacation, and left the writer a two-year subscription to The Mitre, with words of commendation for the excellence of recent issues. That erudite philosopher, James Hodgkinson, B.A. '33, has also become a subscriber; he accompanied his subscription with the remark, "My curiosity has triumphed over my better judgment!"

Other graduates, please copy.

The Rev. E. F. L. Thompson, L.S.T. '25, who met with a serious car accident last July, is still in the Western Hospital, Montreal. He has made sufficient progress to allow the doctor to remove the plaster cast, but the rate of progress is slow. His wife, formerly Blanche Roe, and his sister have been with him continually.

It is reported that Basil Urwin, L.S.T. '28, will succeed the Rev. F. P. Clark, B.A. '32, as assistant priest at the Church of the Advent, Westmount.

The Rev. Cecil Ward, L.S.T. '31, incumbent of Peninsula, Que., keeps on having adventures while travelling around his parish. In December he was crossing Gaspé Bay in a sleigh when the horse suddenly disappeared through the ice. "Ces" then decided to try ski-ing, and proceeded to sprain his ankle. Perhaps by now he has decided to follow the example of the Rev. J. C. A. Cole, B.A. '32, of Pelly, diocese of Qu'Appelle, who continues to do his parish visiting on foot — in 25 mile hikes.

N.F.C.U.S. MEETING

The Executive Council of the National Federation of Canadian University Students met in conference from December 26th to 29th, 1933, at the University of Western Ontario. The president, M. K. Kenny of Toronto University, presided and delegates were present from the Students' Councils of Dalhousie, Acadia, Mt. Allison, New Brunswick, Bishop's University, University of Montreal, McGill, McMaster, Western, Ottawa University, Toronto University, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. Bishop's was represented by Arthur Ottiwell.

The delegates discussed problems of student government, initiation, co-operative purchasing of athletic equipment, special student railway rates, the Exchange Scholarship Plan, debating tours, and the administration of the N.F.C.U.S.

A unanimous stand was recorded against hazing. A schedule of debating tours was drawn up, the feature of which is a tour of Canada by an Oxford-Cambridge team in the fall of 1934.

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EXCHANGES -- A. J. H. Richardson

Now that the last piece of Christmas cake has been eaten (or has fossilized on the shelf); now that the last mince-pie has been filched from the pantry; now that the last piece of holly has been removed from the farthest corner (and now that the last finger has been bandaged); now that the last piece of paper and string have been removed; now that the last — oh, I can't keep the sickening stuff up any longer. Anyway, after all the débris had been cleared away, we had discovered one or two very welcome Christmas cards for THE MITRE amongst the exchanges; we present them below.

The first is from the Christmas number of ACTA VICTORIANA, the magazine of Victoria College, Toronto:

"Besides the collegiate magazines, we have received two university publications, *The Mitre* (University of Bishop's College), and *The King's College Record* (University of King's College). *The Mitre* is by far the better of the two, both from the literary and technical standpoints. We are still chuckling over Grant Deachman's story, 'Tom Fearless Carries On', a delicious satire of the amateur imitator of O. Henry, Hemingway, and Callaghan."

The other comes from the December issue of the Nova Scotia Technical College's TECH FLASH:

"This publication of Bishop's University carries a good deal of worthy comment in its editorial column. Of particular interest is the appeal that the editor makes for student articles on political and social problems. Universities have always claimed to be making intensive studies of sociology and political economy. It seems to us that some conclusions should have been reached by now. If so, we would like to see them in print in the college magazines and newspapers.

"The October issue of *The Mitre* has a well written article in appreciation of Canadian football. The author states, truly enough, that the spectator can obtain a new thrill by giving undivided attention to the game, reasoning out why certain plays are made, and why they sometimes fail.

"The Exchange section is very well written. The editor has interesting extracts and pertinent comments about contemporary publications."

We are glad to be able to return this last compliment without hypocrisy. For some time we have considered THE TECH FLASH's Exchange section the brightest we have seen, coming nearest our ideal of a column which really tells its readers the best of what contemporaries are saying. However, if they will allow us a few impertinent

comments, we think that there is room for a great deal of typographical improvement. And then there is the cut at the head of the section — two figures of indeterminate sex blowing at each other through pea-shooters across the globe. Enough said!

The standard of college magazines is decidedly improving, if we would judge by several of our best recent exchanges. The REVUE DE L'UNIVERSITE D'OTTAWA has always been more like the *Dalhousie Review* or the *Queen's Quarterly* than an ordinary student magazine; but we find that THE NORTHERNER, 'TOBA and ACTA VICTORIANA are all aiming much higher than one expects in a college publication.

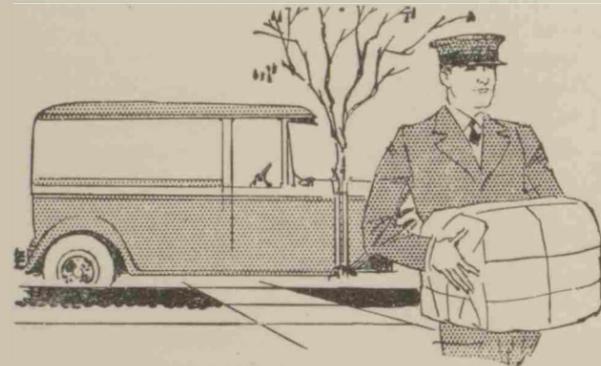
THE NORTHERNER (Armstrong College, Newcastle, England) more than mildly surprised us. This magazine really deserves superlatives, alike for contents and format. The apparent simplicity of the cover conceals real skill and inspiration in design and choice of lettering. The workmanlike impression given by the whole appearance of the magazine is confirmed by the contents. The editorial is gay and easy in style, while "Grey Feather Fan" displays almost professional skill — a story with cleverly touched-in details; "There is a Time" somehow fails to "come off" — perhaps because the theme, excellent in itself, is treated too baldly — but "Jazz Band" keeps up the standard of the number by a clever creation of atmosphere. The poetry is as good as the prose; "Kast" in his three poems shows a competent mastery of modern rhythm and, especially in "Lake of Darkness" expresses well and subtly the post-war spirit of doubt and indecision, still the spirit of many people — the feeling of the emptiness of indiscriminate and sentimental praise:

"Nothing is changed, but I have outgrown praise
which soars to fall the further, no golden fleece
can force new explorations of the old ways;"
the lack of sound spiritual satisfaction and the discovery of the greatest satisfaction in imperfection:

"Lady consider it not complacency
that I am satisfied, or foolishness
that juggling interests me, who may thus
surprise truth..."

One cannot help being somewhat ecstatic over THE NORTHERNER.

'TOBA, the new U. of Manitoba Arts quarterly, is a fresh departure in Canadian student journalism. The magazine is influenced by the modern American sophisticated magazine, such as *The New Yorker* and *Vanity Fair*. Certainly there is a general appearance of brightness, but



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the contents are disappointingly superficial. However, orchids to 'TOBA for innovations in format which we hope will have imitations in Canada, and for a clever cover cartoon.

The Christmas number of ACTA VICTORIANA is a notable production. "Parody", "The Art of the Novel" and "The Text of the Oath" are all above the average — the first two intelligent, thoughtful articles of a kind we should like to see in THE MITRE. Throughout this Acta and the November issue is a lot of really sensible comment and criticism.

A great contrast in outlook to ACTA VICTORIANA is THE GRANTA, from Cambridge University. The Canadian magazine is good, but too sententious; the English, too superficial. Theatre, music and book reviews, competitions and a 'gossip-writer' column (p. 27 of the October 18 issue) all contribute to give a general impression similar to the English reviews, but closer examination reveals little really worth-while matter. "The Undergraduate in the Witness-Box" is an interesting revelation of English student thought, and there is a good cartoon on p. 28, in the style of *The New Yorker* (a magazine rapidly gaining popularity in England).

ACADIA ATHENAEUM (Acadia U., Wolfville, N. S.) manages to get a surprisingly large number of student contributions. Unfortunately, the contributors sometimes hand in stories they have already published in another magazine; for example, "Phantom" first came out in the Ottawa VOX LYCEI last June. There is nothing actually unethical about this, but college magazines ought to be able to confine themselves to original material. But even worse things happen at Acadia; the issue before they accepted and published, before finding out their mistake, a story cribbed directly from *Collier's* and handed in under a changed name.

MCGILL DAILY is probably our best newspaper exchange; it contains very full reports of all activities, while "Cosmopolitana" (a review of current affairs) and "Micromania" (the radio review) are superior to anything else of their kind in Canadian student papers. However, as regards editorials, the DAILY must yield first place to THE VARSITY. The editor of THE VARSITY has recently been tilting against the present lecture system; an editorial on January 24 is in favour of abolishing lectures — which, it claims:

"in most courses are inadequate and of little value to any student desiring a full knowledge of the subject. Recourse must be made to standard texts for full information. The students who read them afterwards are amazed at the superficiality of the lecture-system. Furthermore, some of the professors, although expert in

their particular specialty, have no ability to present their material in an interesting manner."

In view of this discussion it is interesting to note, as the U.N.B. BRUNSWICKAN reports, that the Faculty of Applied Science at Queen's has abolished compulsory attendance at lectures. At the U. of Chicago, where this experiment was first made, attendance at lectures has increased.

Since the last issue of THE MITRE, we have received fifty different exchanges, which we acknowledge with thanks: the following regular newspapers — "McGill Daily", "The Varsity" (U. of Toronto; both daily), "The Manitoban", "The Ubyssy" (U. of British Columbia; both twice a week), "The Bates Student" (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.), "Dalhousie Gazette", "The Brunswickan", "Argosy Weekly" (Mount Allison U.), "The Xaverian Weekly" (St. Francis Xavier's, Antigonish), "The Falt-Ye Times" (Macdonald College; all weekly); "The College Cord" (Waterloo College, Ont.), "The Challenger" (Vocational School, St. John, N.B.) and "The Lanternette" (Bedford Rd. Collegiate, Saskatoon; all three fortnightly); three issues of "The Wesleyan Pharos" (W. Virginia Wesleyan College) and one issue each of "The Intercollegiate Digest" (N. Y.), "L'Hebdo-Laval" (Laval U.), "Alma Mater" (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener), "The Red and Gray" (High School, St. John, N.B.) and "Tech Sparks" (Hamilton Technical Institute, Ont.); the following magazines — "The Granta", "Tamesis" (U. of Reading, England), "The Arrows", "The Northerner", "The Gong" (Nottingham U. College, England), "Journal of the Malta University Literary Society" (8 issues), "Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa", "Acadia Athenaeum", "Acta Victoriana" (2 issues), "'toba", "The Tech Flash" (2 issues), "The O.A.C. Review" (2 issues), "Red and White" (St. Dunstan's U., Charlottetown), "Cap and Gown" (Wycliffe College, Toronto), "Diocesan College Review" (Montreal), "Quebec Diocesan Gazette", "The Pine Hill Messenger" (Pine Hill Divinity Hall, Halifax), "Chadonian", "The Stonyhurst Magazine" (Stonyhurst College, Blackburn, England), "B.C.S.", "Acta Rideiana", "The College Times" (Upper Canada College), "St. Andrew's College Review" (Aurora, Ont.), "The Voyageur", "The Albanian", "The Record" (Trinity College School), "The Howardian" (Howard Gardens High School, Cardiff, Wales), "Junior Journal" (Princeton Country Day School, N.J.), "Technique" (Ecole Technique, Montreal; 2 issues), "The Grove Chronicle" (Lakefield Prep. School, Ont.) and the Historical Number of "The Manitoban".

Again we remind the reader that these exchanges are always on the table in the Reading Room, outstanding articles being noted on the covers of the magazines. Why don't you c'm' up 'n' see 'em some time?

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