

"The Chapel" C. Sandberg

D. Raymond



The Mitre

VOL. 43 NO. 2

DECEMBER

1935

UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE
LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.

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Established 1893
THE
MITRE

PRESIDENT, B. W. STEVENS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, W. H. KING
ADV. MANAGER, C. H. BRADFORD

DEC
1935

VOLUME 43 NUMBER 2

The Mitre Board declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.

What is the use of publishing "The Mitre" anyway? (We turn a deaf ear to the chorus of student voices saying "No use!" and continue our soliloquy.) Why do we publish it? Is it merely to give the Mitre board something to do? Is it because a few people like to pretend to be journalists? Is it because "it's always been done", and is now a tradition that can't honorably be broken? Is it because some students want something after the style of "Esquire" to which they themselves can contribute for the edification or otherwise of their fellow-students? Or is it because it is felt that student thought should have the opportunity of expressing itself in some other form than that of the "bull-session"?

We quite honestly can't make up our minds as to which of the above answers is the right one. Of course, officially, the last listed is the only reason for "The Mitre's" existence — but actually — ! ? !

We know the literary board comes in for a considerable amount of criticism for not "livening up" the magazine. We know that the literary contents of "The Mitre" do not suit a number of students. We also know, however, that the literary contents of some of our very best exchanges would not suit some Bishop's students if they read them. So what! ?

This business of everlastingly trying to please people is a bad thing. Quite definitely a bad thing. Only the worst types of public speakers, politicians and clergymen

spend all or most of their time pleasing people. It softens both the person doing the pleasing and the person or persons pleased. Look at Bishop's students and "The Mitre" as an example. For some time "The Mitre" has attempted to please people, viz. Bishop's students, and the result is a group of self-appointed critics on the one hand, who show a remarkably consistent disinclination to submit any of their literary efforts to a board meeting, and on the other hand to a small group of people more or less interested in the welfare of the magazine who keep it supplied with enough material (barely enough) for periodical publication. If anyone thinks this untrue let him enquire of any member of the literary board.

If this "softening" process stopped at the students concerned it would not be too bad, but it doesn't. It has affected "The Mitre" to such an extent that many previous Editorials have pleaded and begged for contributions and have almost apologized to the readers if none were forthcoming. The idea of apologizing to Bishop's students for "The Mitre" is a highly amusing one, in view of the fact that it is their magazine and not the literary board's. If they refuse to take even a decent interest in it the solution is obvious and simple. Either discontinue publication or curtail the number of issues per year.

We hope we displease you intensely.

And now having attempted to make it clear that if "The Mitre" fails in its duty, that of expressing student thought, it is only because there is apparently no student thought for it to express, we feel we must pass on to other subjects.

The Rugby Team, which is, of course, more fully praised and blamed on the Sport pages than here, should nevertheless receive an Editorial bouquet for its hard-fought battle of a season's duration. Weakened as it was by graduations it did a noble work in twice defeating our ancient rivals, Loyola, and the new League member, MacDonald. No one will deny that the McGill team deserved the championship but our men were fighting all the time.

The feature article this month is by a graduate and former member of the Faculty and literary board, Rev. Claude Sauerbrei, now of Rangoon. We feel that even those of the student body who dislike, on principle, compulsory chapel, cannot but admire our Chapel of St. Mark as undoubtedly the greatest asset, from an architectural point of view, which Bishop's possesses. Assuming this, it seems not unreasonable to believe that an article concerning the building, particularly when written so well as is this one, deserves the feature position. Incidentally the cut accompanying it is also by a former graduate, Ralph Gustafson, mentioned elsewhere.

We have always had difficulty in understanding why it is that students, not only of Bishop's, but of all Universities (if we are to believe our Exchanges) have such

difficulty in getting down to serious work any earlier than a month prior to examinations. Of course there are exceptional cases — as of the student who breaks a leg early in the term, and can do nothing but read for some weeks — but we are talking of ordinary people, the students who get anything from a second class down on their year's work.

It has been suggested that one of the major contributory causes is a strong distaste for work in any form whatsoever. A number of students strongly protest such a calumny, pointing to the Rugby games, both Intermediate and Inter-year as a striking rebuttal. Someone else thinks that students spend too much time on extra-curricular activities for their own scholastic well-being. Those in charge of the various activities think otherwise. "Bull-sessions!" chimes in another voice. "So-and-so never leaves his room to take part in one" is the answer, "and he has two Supps to write off."

Not having been gifted with omniscience, we find it extremely hard to judge which of the above suggestions has the most truth in it and strongly incline to the opinion expressed by "Supplementia", on page 13 of this issue. We suggest that you read it and form your own opinions.

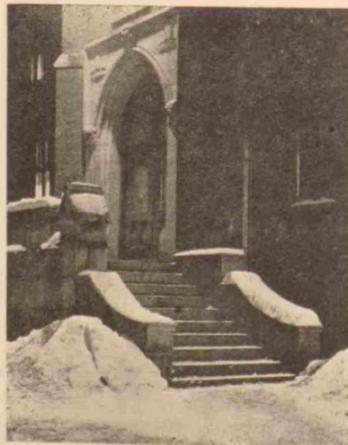
It was really inevitable that the subject of examinations should arise at this time. After all, isn't everyone worried about the things? Don't we all plunge into the valley of despair together every first of December? And don't many of us remain in the valley of humiliation on their account until the following June? Then why blink at facts? Here's to a short and sweet examination timetable — a confident beginning and a happy ending, capped off by an early getaway for the freedom of home!

Since the more vitriolic lines regarding contributions, or rather the lack of them, were typed, a host of literary efforts have poured in — many of them two hours before the dead line — naturally this somewhat mollifies those deputed to do the worrying about such things, but it is too late to alter the tenor of the Editorial which must remain as is. It will serve as a spur to conscience during the long-looked-for vacation.

And, (we're really extremely sorry to serve our readers this low trick but we feel it's absolutely essential) while we are safely ensconced in an easy chair, reading our favorite novelist and smoking our various gift tobaccos, let us not forget entirely our Alma Mater and our duties to her. What we're getting at is this: If, as we have said before, in slightly different words, "The Mitre" is considered a desirable and necessary adjunct of University life, if the will exists among the student body to continue it as a more or less reputable magazine, if they have no desire to read more Editorials of this exhortatory variety, then let them write an article, story, poem or other such literary effort during the holidays, and submit it for the February issue. Only in this way can the Editorials of the magazine be raised above the standard of contribution-catching sermons, or the publication of an issue be assured.

And now, having ground out a sufficient number of lines, we push the typewriter away and reach for a textbook. But let us not forget before doing so, to wish readers of "The Mitre", one and all, a light-hearted holiday, spent amid festive surroundings, accompanied by seasonable weather, and in the cheerful company of their closest friends.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!



THE CHAPEL OF BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

by
Rev. C. Sauerbri

The chapel of Bishop's University is one which need not fear comparison with any other building of the same character in Canada; indeed in some respects it is probably unique. It owes its air of rich and sober distinction chiefly to two features: its woodwork, and its stained glass windows.

The history of the building seems a little uncertain, as it has suffered destruction in two fires, but the shell of the present fabric consists of the walls which were left standing after the fire of 1891 — a long rectangle of choir ending in an arch which opens into a large chancel — brick walls pierced with pairs of simple lancet windows framed in freestone — a high-pitched timber roof. It was an interior that must have been austere, even to dreariness, but it was of good proportions: and we cannot be too grateful to those who saw its possibilities, and who determined and carried out the present noble scheme of decoration.

Between the years 1891 and 1899 the present woodwork was installed bit by bit, replacing the pine flooring, the kitchen chairs, and the other meagre necessities of worship which had been made to serve after the fire. The scheme was an ambitious one and was carried out by George Long, a Sherbrooke contractor, to whom — with the anonymous craftsmen who actually did the work — must go much of the credit of creating a work of art which has probably very few parallels in the Dominion. The chapel was entirely surrounded with a high wainscot of Gothic panellings which reaches to the sills of the windows; and the three entrances were provided with beautiful doorcases, also in the Gothic style. The seating was arranged in the traditional manner around three sides of the rectangular choir, leaving the eastern end open. The western wall was adorned with a most elaborate screen against which are set the seats of the College dignitaries. If this woodwork — which is carried out completely in the local brown ash — had nothing more to commend it but its solidity, its good proportions and its excellent craftsmanship, it would still be remarkable: but in fact there is much more. At the period at which the work was done, there must have been in the Eastern Townships one or more woodcarvers who possessed in a very high degree, not only a traditional competence in woodcarving, but also an inventiveness and an exuberant fancy that would have held their own in the Middle Ages. This craftsman — or these craftsmen — must have been responsible for the many excellent carvings that lift the chapel woodwork

out of the sphere of mere good carpentry, and make good its claim to be considered as a work of art. First there are no less than twenty-eight bench-ends — "poppy-heads" as they are somewhat mysteriously called in the Gothic glossaries — and each one of them is an independent work of the wood-carver's fancy. To say that they are all different is to do them scant justice; they are really remarkable examples of the infinite variety of the Gothic mind that could go on repeating the same form without ever repeating the details of it.

Then there are seven angels on the arms of some of the principal seats. Here again there is variety, but there is also something else. These angels are not the slick productions of an ecclesiastical artist working in a style. They are the efforts of a craftsman who seems to realize his boldness: quite possibly he had never attempted large figures in the round before, and they have their faults in consequence. They are, to put it plainly, quite plain and homely angels, a bit dumpy and not at all aloof; but one likes them all the better for that. They are honest and unpretending country angels — but their wings are magnificent. Possibly the most ambitious of our craftsman's work are the four creatures which symbolize the four evangelists. These are placed in the western screen which seems to have been the last part of the woodwork to be completed; an angel for St. Matthew, a winged lion for St. Mark, a winged calf for St. Luke, and an eagle for St. John. Here again there is heaviness, but nevertheless the carver has attacked these four difficult problems of composition and anatomy with boldness and his usual imagination, and the result is striking. The four creatures are lively embodiments of the glowing, verbal imagery of the passages in the Revelation which inspired them.

All in all it is a very fine piece of work, and there is just reason for pride in it when one remembers that it seems to owe nothing but style and inspiration to the mother country; it must have been the result of an enthusiastic co-operation between the College authorities and the workmen, and they made it here out of the materials that they found at hand.

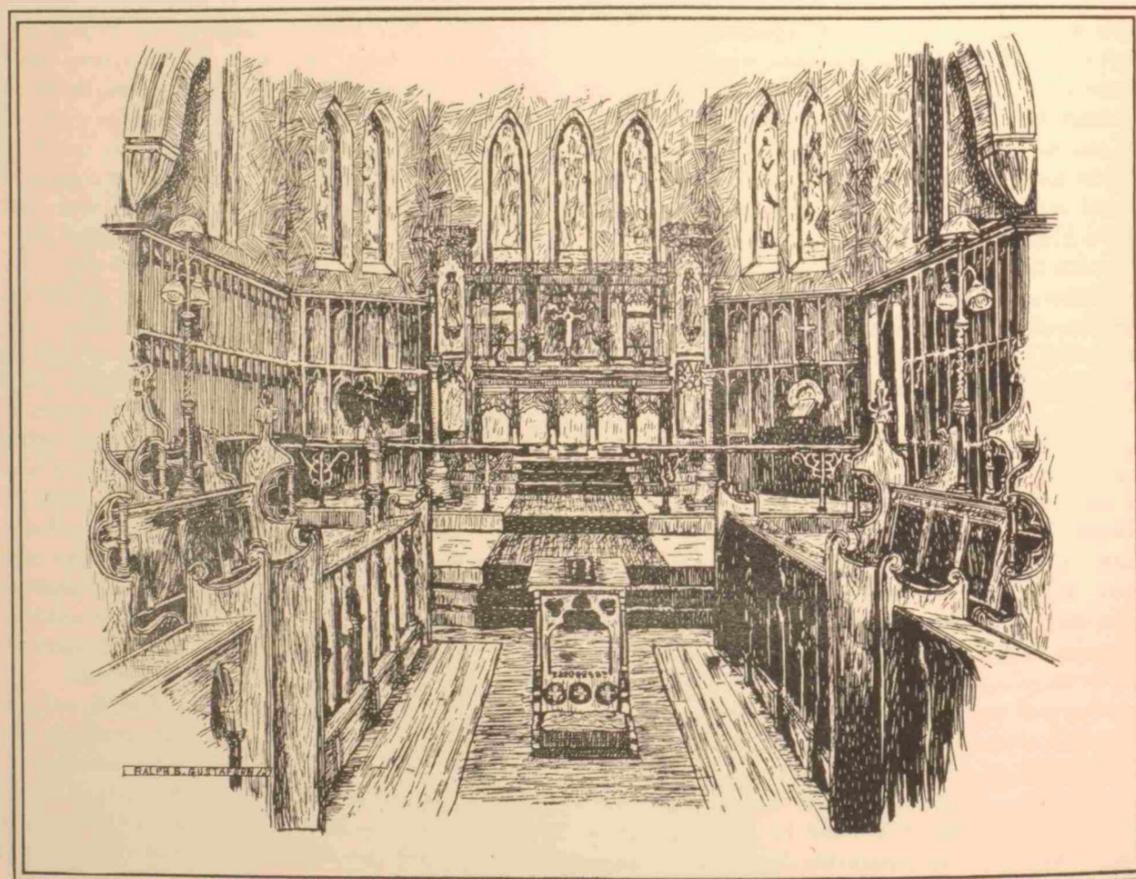
The stained glass windows are perhaps less remarkable, but they form an excellent foil to the dark wood below them. They were made in Montreal by Messrs. Spence & Sons, and were finished about the same time as the woodwork. They are in memory of Dr. Nicolls, the first Principal, and of various other benefactors of the University.

The drawing and colouring of the windows is, on the whole, very good, although they have the usual fault of the windows of the period — they do not admit enough light. They are a uniform series, and show the principal events in the life of the Saviour, but the west window represents Moses raising up the brazen serpent in the wilderness, and the last few on the north side show the bringing of Christianity to the English. They are designed therefore to present in pictures a summary of the history of our religion.

In 1912 a new altar and reredos were placed in the chapel in memory of the Ven. Archdeacon Roe, a former

Dean of Divinity; and lately a bishop's throne was added. This is a handsome and massive chair of English oak, and is placed there in memory of Dr. Allnatt, also a former Dean of Divinity. It was purchased out of a fund subscribed by his former students and friends.

It was the belief of the founders of Bishop's that religion was an integral part of life, and therefore they believed that training in religion should be an integral part of education. This was the tradition that inspired the building of the chapel; and to-day the tradition still carries on, the chapel with all that it stands for is still regarded as an essential part of university life.



THE CHAPEL

PLAYS

by
H. L. Roberts

When a play is produced in London or New York, it is generally selected and cast with a view to satisfying the public and its everchanging demands. Yet the theatre has survived these idiosyncrasies by staging for John Public's entertainment, a variety of plays, musical comedies, and tragedies.

Last season in New York, the three biggest hits were "Personal Appearance", a satire of Hollywood, "The Children's Hour", a tensely dramatic play about a little girl who wrecked the lives of two young women by spreading false reports of the Lesbian relationship, and "Three Men on a Horse," a hilariously comic farce about a little man who has clairvoyance in the picking of horses, and the trouble it got him into.

"Ten-Minute Alibi", a murder mystery play, commenced in January, 1933, and ran for nearly 30 months in London. "The Wind and the Rain," a charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, ran for two years, also on the London stage.

It will be noted that these are five distinctly different types of stage plays. But, the trend is not backward. Shakespeare and Shaw have been omitted. Modern playwrights, Clemence Dane, P. G. Wodehouse, Noel Coward, and others, have received "the call to arms", in preference to "the old masters". This is not meant to point out the fact that modern plays are more popular than those written in the nineteenth or eighteenth centuries. On the contrary, things are just the opposite. Shakespeare and the other great names of the dramatic stage will live forever. The point is that the modern playwrights are beginning to receive some of the public's attention — which was for a long time denied them; the same playwrights, who, a few years ago were criticised and scorned.

Last year, the Dramatic Society presented "As You Like It", which proved a great success. The year before, it was "The Dover Road", which was also well received. This year it is going to be — who knows? (It is to be hoped that those in charge will not be so misguided as to choose such an insipid fiasco as Captain Applejack). At any rate, why don't the selectors seriously consider a really modern author — Noel Coward, Keith Winter, Robert Sherwood, Clemence Dane, to mention only a few.

At this point, there creep across the footlights the questions of royalty, staging and lighting. The first is, of course, of primary importance. Royalties on modern plays are generally high, but with careful selection, a suitable one could be found. The staging and lighting are

factors which can always be successfully navigated, even at high tide. Plain back and side drop curtains, with appropriate furniture, have often been used by amateurs for anything from a banquet scene to a battlefield. Lights, with their proper colouring and toning, can usually be taken off either by some ingenious stage-director, electrician, or the producer.

Perhaps it might be well to mention just a few of those modern plays which have been successful and which amateurs have produced.

Clemence Dane's "A Bill of Divorcement" is excellent. It achieved great success in London and New York, and later in the movies. "Moonlight is Silver" a drawing-room comedy by the same author might be considered too. Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall's "Admirals All" is a comedy about complications aboard a British warship. Noel Coward's "Hay Fever" and P. G. Wodehouse-Ian Hay's "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" are guaranteed to make a crowd of mummies laugh (that's not an ambiguous statement either). Robert Sherwood's "Reunion in Vienna" is a fast-moving comedy of the Hapsburgs, but with some fine acting by the four principals. Keith Winters' "The Rats of Norway", a story of an English prep. school (with nothing about the school-hats) and "The Shining Hour", a drama on a Yorkshire farm, are very tensely written dramas which impart their tenseness to the audience. Casella's "Death Takes A Holiday" is a master-piece, and achieved great success last winter by the Trinity Players in Montreal.

These are only a few — there are countless others. A suggestion would be "Reunion in Vienna" or "Death Takes a Holiday". The former requires a brief bit of music in the second act, which could however, be done away with. In the latter play, Death leaving the earth is like a great shadow, which steals across the stage and finally disappears; this necessitates added lighting facilities, which could also be arranged satisfactorily.

Both these last two mentioned have been performed by amateurs recently and with a great deal of success. Why does not Bishop's Dramatic Society consider one of them — or for that matter, any such as have been mentioned?

Consider it, please — excluding any slight inconvenience or financial head-scratching which might be encountered in the staging, lighting, or royalty — and you will be well pleased with the result.

MORE POST-ELECTION COMMENT

The National Government in Great Britain has been sustained by a plurality of but 1,500,000 out of a total of 21,700,000 votes cast. In the matter of seats in the House of Commons, however, the unionists fared better. The Conservatives together with their National Labour and National Liberal allies, under the leadership of the easy-going but shrewd Premier Baldwin, were able to elect over 435 members as against an opposition total of 175. The large Liberal group of ten years ago has inevitably been swallowed up by the two larger parties. The few who remain follow either Sir John Simon in blindly supporting all the policies of the government or emulate Mr. Lloyd George in condemning practically everyone who refuses to support the Welsh Wizard's newest love, the Council of Action. These opposition Liberals, whose political life depends on their leader's personality, are the pitiful remnant of a once great party whose usefulness is past. Their attempt to mobilize Nonconformity against the Government met with the fate it deserved.

The defeat of Ramsay MacDonald, till lately Prime Minister, was not unexpected. The under-nourished coal miners of Seaham had not forgotten his desertion in 1931 and suspected, not without reason, that their former hero had conveniently forgotten the plight of the distressed areas. Though it is generally realized that he was but a puppet in the hands of a Tory cabinet his former supporters could not help feeling that Mr. MacDonald had an excellent chance to impress his colleagues with the need for social reform, particularly in the matter of housing, which opportunity he neglected.

The Labour party entered the fight under two decided disadvantages. The resignation of George Lansbury, the Grand Old Man of Christian Pacifism, from leadership of the party because of his disagreement with the Trades Union Congress over their support of League Sanctions against Italy, and the choice of Major Atlee in his stead was an unfortunate if necessary move. Secondly, owing to the international crisis, the attack on the government home policy was not as consequential as it might have been had there been no Italo-Ethiopian war. One distinct advantage the Labourites had. Gone is the middle-class fear of socialism. Gone is the idea that Socialism is not compatible with Christian ideals. The spectacle of poverty amidst plenty has destroyed what remaining faith some people had in Capitalism. Perhaps the fact that the Socialist movement in Great Britain has never been Marxist in either its phrasing or its ideology has helped to dispel a large amount of suspicion; at any rate more people voted

for Socialist candidates than ever before. Socialist members in the new House of Commons will include Herbert Morrison, whom many people see as Prime Minister in the near future, J. R. Clynes, A. V. Alexander and H. B. Lees-Smith. It will be hard to replace Arthur Henderson, whose death removes one of the League of Nations' strongest advocates. In a tribute to Mr. Henderson, Professor Harold Laski says: "In the political history of British Labour three men have played fundamental parts. Keir Hardie taught it the necessity of independence, Sidney Webb defined its intellectual principles, Arthur Henderson organized its forces."

Had the Italo-Ethiopian crisis not arisen, the National Government had every intention of basing its appeal to the country on its record during the past four years. It is extremely doubtful if it could have succeeded. The overwhelming majority it obtained in 1931 was due to an abnormal state of affairs in the country's economic life. The crisis which elected the government has passed, the depression has not. The unemployed number two million. The appalling state of the depressed areas, something about which the government has not said a great deal, the hostile attitude of the Church towards the government's educational policy, and the amazing lack of diplomacy displayed by J. H. Thomas as Secretary for the Dominions all would have told against Mr. Baldwin and his followers.

The next five years will be difficult ones. Christian people are perplexed as to what their attitude should be towards war and armaments. In this instance one cannot do better than to quote Mr. Lansbury and Canon Sheppard, two men who are perfectly sincere in their beliefs and who are looked to by many for guidance. Speaking at the Church Congress on the subject of "The Christian Attitude Towards War," Mr. Lansbury said: "From one end of the world to the other a most terrific race in armaments is in full swing. Whatever happens in Abyssinia, this race is to go on. It is said these armaments are needed to secure collective security. Just fancy: all nations are pledged against war; all claim to be ardent and sincere in their desire for peace; and at the same time each sets to work piling up all the most bestial and effective means of pursuing war. This is called being a realist. I call it lunacy of the worst description because it is conscious lunacy." Said Canon Sheppard: "My pacifism begins with the overwhelming conviction that the law of Christ cannot, in any circumstances and for any reason, permit me to kill my brother. I renounce war and all its ways, now and always, and I will never take part, directly or indir-

by

C. C. Campbell

ectly, in another, God being my helper." Would that all Christian clergy were to follow Canon Sheppard's example!

The generally higher calibre of candidates from all parties in Great Britain probably accounts for the fact that British politics is a more pleasing study than anything of a political nature in Canada. It seems that either the British members are quite above any suspicion of corruption or else concern themselves at election time with vital questions rather than indulging in attacks upon the characters of their opponents. Such is not the case in Quebec Province, (one of the few remaining places in the so-called civilized world where women are not enfranchised). The recent election, while encouraging in some respects, does not promise to dispel the fog of provincialism which has shrouded us for so long.

The Taschereau "machine" has recently received a severe jolt. Although not defeated (after the election of a speaker the Liberals will have a majority of five) the fact remains that Mr. Taschereau and his followers must walk warily indeed if they hope to continue in office for very long. General dissatisfaction at the method of patronage distribution coupled with the disgust at the way in

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH

[A Sonnet]

"You're very young. You'll soon get over that."
Glib words too often mumbled from a chair
By two-legged paunches, sleek and round and fair,
Too sleepy in their self-contented fat.

Because you failed or never dared to try,
Because you've gained the things you touch — by luck,
Because you grovel, noses in the muck,
Your highest aspiration is a sigh.

It's young men's blood that stained the fields with red;
It's young men's courage that has built the race.
Whenever Age has quickened in its pace
It is that young men's spirit is not dead.

You seek for nothing more than Chance can give —
And Death can take away. We seek to live!

George Whalley.

which the departments of Labour and Colonization were run — both the Minister of Labour and the Minister of Colonization lost out in their election battles — helped to defeat the government. The desertion of Mr. Paul Gouin and his following of malcontent Liberals from the parent organization and their eventual "unholy alliance," as many called it, with the Conservatives under Mr. Duplessis, considerably strengthened the opposition's cause. Their combined strength in the new house will be 42, of which 16 are Conservatives. Both opposition leaders are young, both are able speakers, and both can be counted upon to cause the government a great deal of unpleasantness. This will be very good for Mr. Taschereau who may before long find himself wandering in the "Valley of Humiliation", explored not so long ago by his friend Mr. King.

The campaign was a spirited one and a large vote was cast, though as usual English-speaking electors remained apathetic. In Westmount only 35% of those entitled to vote bothered to do so. Both the Montreal Gazette and the Montreal Daily Star regarded with alarm the alliance between the Conservatives and Mr. Gouin, taking care to warn the voters of the dire consequences which might result were the government defeated. It is not difficult to see in this policy the hand of St. James St.

HOMESTEAD

In a sheltered vale, far, far from strife,
nestling 'mong ancient trees,
Is a rambling house of time-worn stone,
with birds' nests under its eaves.
The walls are covered with creeping vines,
and borne by every breeze
Is the homely smell of wood smoke,
and a whispering of leaves.
H.T.H.

SO LIFE MOVES ON

Ah happy youth! You stand and steadfast gaze
Upon life's panorama brightly spread
Before your hopeful eyes; there is no haze.
For you great worlds unconquered lie ahead.

But as you gaze —
Relentless years close in, there comes a change.
Visions yield to dreamings, — youth to age.
Full view fades to vista, — dimmed the range;
Then life, worlds still unconquered, turns a page.

H.T.H.

CATTLEBOAT!

The car came to a standstill in a confusion of rearing horses, heavily laden carts and cursing drivers. The short remaining distance I was obliged to complete on foot through the milling throng of humans, animals and vehicles that crowd Bonsecours on an early morning. Under a blue sky and a brilliant sun I crossed a deserted area of cobblestones and railroad tracks to pass into the dark echoing cavern of Shed 16. The vast floor of the shed was intersected by several cattle runways with high board sides. Into these runways long lines of cattle cars were disgorging a ceaseless stream of western steers who reared and plunged their way along the narrow passages and disappeared into the side of the S.S. "Manchester Jailbird", a freighter of some three thousand tons whose white superstructure I could see through the open side of the shed. Following the instructions of an ugly little one-armed gnome who cursed me for being late, I scrambled over two runways and attached myself to a small group of individuals clustered round a little heap of baggage who were gazing in anxious silence at the tide of agitated beef sweeping past them. They were a motley assortment, whose one common quality seemed to be the anticipation of two weeks' discomfort in the cattle decks of the "Manchester Jailbird". In a nearby office we handed over our passports and signed articles and a few minutes later we trooped down the gangplank on to the deck of the ship. Upon arriving at the door of the cattlemen's bunkroom we were forcibly struck with the ingenuity of some unknowns who had skillfully contrived to install eleven bunks in a space originally designed to accommodate five or six, and then had sent thirteen men to occupy them. After some considerable amount of negotiation, room was found somewhere else for one man, and the remaining twelve carefully edged themselves into the bunkroom. The smallest of the crew was immediately voted night-watchman, which left his bunk available for the twelfth man during the night.

The main bulk of the cattle was carried in the 'tween decks, although a small part occupied stalls in the after-deck, and our immediate business consisted in making the animals fast to headboards, in well defined, easily handled groups. The 'tween area stretches from the bow nearly the whole length of the ship, and the stalls, each holding six or seven steers, line each side and occupy a space in the middle. In these dank, dimly-lit alleyways the cattle were pursuing an each-man-for-himself policy with characteristic western enthusiasm when we descended from the sun-

by
Ruston Lamb

light above to quell the demonstrations of five hundred and thirty-five resentful steers. The cattle foremen, advancing boldly, swung their lassoes with professional skill, and followed with less temerity by their minions, they advanced into the thick of the cattle. There followed two days of lassoing, tail-twisting, hauling, cursing combat during which stubborn steers did their best to choke themselves to death, and stubborn cattlemen got their feet stepped on, their hands torn and their wind knocked out. During the first hour I saw the top of a harbour elevator slide across the patch of blue sky over an open hatchway, and knew that we were on our way. And again, during a brief truce we watched the masts seem to menace the Quebec Bridge as we moved beneath it, and we saw the lights begin to twinkle in the city. But these glimpses were only brief holidays from the dim electric bulbs, the heat, noise and rapidly increasing smells of the cattle deck.

Discouraged by the straw and sacking, the heat and foul air of the cattle bunkroom, several of us spent the first night on bales of hay under the forward hatch gazing up at the square of night sky and stars above our heads and trying not to feel uncomfortable under the steady scrutiny of seven pairs of eyes from a nearby stall. After a thousand miles of jolting railroad, after all the noise and terror of the trip east, the eyes of these five hundred and thirty five horned travellers had lost all the fire of anger or resentment. Their dull expressionless stare indicated an awful resignation to the helplessness of their position, a complete inability to comprehend the meaning of the jolting, roaring cages, the continual terrifying noise, the heaving stalls and yelling humans who stabbed them with pitchforks, beat them with sticks and strangled them with ropes. They cared no longer. Further torment and indignity meant little.

Off Father Point the pilot clambered down the side to a little launch that bobbed about like a cork in the waves and gave a cocky flip of its stern to the "Jailbird" as it scuttled shorewards. We sailed away into the Gulf and colder weather, a succession of grey days during the course of which the last of our private provision store disappeared and we were cast helpless upon the desolate rocks of the cattlemen's fare. Three times a day battered blackened tins filled with cold greasy messes or senseless accumulations of dried scraps found their way to the bunkroom. Much was cast away, but of necessity some was eaten. At four in the morning, when we were jolted from sleep by the raucous cries of the foremen to face the

freezing misery of a grey dawn, we were fortified with a potful of boiling black coffee, so hot that it was impossible to drink it, so unpalatable that the most hardened of the crew shrank at the prospect of drinking an entire cupful. Protests to the chief steward, who had been eulogised by some of our more talented predecessors in several verses on the locker door, usually resulted in a reduced bread, sugar or margarine allowance.

As we emerged from the straits of Belle Isle the weather grew much colder. We spent a day of thick fog and long swells feeling our way through a sea scattered with growlers, while the fog horn roared throatily and we shivered to the feel of the ice in the chill air. Several large growlers leered suddenly at us from the fog and shrank back again into invisibility. On that day, too, a greenish tinge began to color the gills of several cattlemen who became strangely affected at the sight of food or the mention of salt pork. The indifference of one of them to the joys of this life very nearly ended in a complete renouncement when he neglected to release his grip of a heavy bale of hay as it swung away from him, and in consequence plunged headfirst down a hatch. He was retrieved intact though he didn't regain consciousness for some time. Hauling the heavy bales and bags of grain from the hold and distributing them about the cattle decks for the next feed became a fascinating deck game in a heavy sea. Any one was eligible who could balance on tiptoe on a hatch coaming and heave up one hundred and eighty pounds of hay by means of a rope and a single pulley, contriving to swing it so cleverly that when the rope was released it would barely topple unto the deck instead of back down into the hold, while the ship was trying to slap a wave with her masthead. Players falling down the hatch were disqualified. Players attempting to take time-out were liable to disqualification by being pushed down by the foreman.

During the first four days in the Atlantic every member of the crew was thoroughly sea-sick. As the dark ill-smelling alleyways in the bow of the ship heaved up hard under us and then fell away in a sickening drop we thought furiously of green fields and solid pavements. Because of our habit of dropping down and sleeping through every rest period the days seemed to go in sudden confused rushes without the regulating influence of scheduled meals. At night the two portholes in the crowded little bunkroom were closed to keep out the intense cold, and eleven unwashed cattlemen lay on their dirty sacking in unconsciousness due as much to asphyxiation as fatigue. The sailors had a whimsical little trick of turning the hose on our bunkroom ventilator when they washed down the decks in the early morning, and it was not unusual for the three men nearest the ventilator to be awakened before dawn by a sudden precipitation of cold salt water.

Gradually a renewed interest was taken in the food sent down from the galley, and one of the worst features of the trip began to lose its prominence. Several of us sat in the galley after the cook had gone at night and listened to the conversation of sailors who were waiting to go on duty or had just come off. They were all afraid of the cook, who was shell-shocked and a little too free with a butcher knife when sufficiently roused. Usually we spent our free time in the bunkroom, reading and rereading ancient newspapers and magazines, or playing cards at the small wooden table covered with the carved initials of generations of cattlemen. A big Russian named Satinovsky amused us by telling our fortunes and reading our palms. He was on his way to England to make a name for himself in British films as an actor of the more tragic variety. He showed us photographs of himself as Mr. Hyde, and three times daily gave us an inspired characterization of that gentleman. Three weeks after I left him in Manchester with twenty-five pounds and a mine of self-confidence I met him quite by accident in a Lyons off Trafalgar Square. He had an agent, he told me, who was sure to get him a good job, and was turning down all sorts of smaller offers waiting for it. He also had a brief case full of photographs of himself and a batch of cheaply printed cards, which he exhibited with great pride. He had used most of his money to buy an expensive suit with which to impress the British movie magnates. Two weeks later I met him again the day before I left London. He had a job in the stokehold of a Baltic freighter and was setting out to look for his mother, somewhere in Russia. He hadn't heard from her since he was fifteen.

There was also a little cockney going back home in search of a job; an almost toothless cowboy from Alberta who wanted to know which way the sea flowed; an attendant from a lunatic asylum in Ontario on a holiday visit to his native England; and ex-street car conductor from Lethbridge who was by far the oldest of the crew, and who from his bunk below mine, sent up clouds of smoke from the foulest tobacco I've ever gasped at. A third engineer from an American oil tanker who had recently lost his ship was going home to his wife and daughter for the first time in twelve years. He had serious doubts about his wife, but what occupied most of his thoughts was the possibility of meeting his own daughter on the street of his home town without knowing who she was. Two tanners were planning to go into business together in England. I spent a few wasted hours during the trip in a futile attempt to teach them how to write. A little, unobtrusive man remained an enigma to us until the secret slipped out, by way of Satinovsky in whom he had confided, that he was a clergyman from Ontario. This startling discovery caused somewhat of a sensation in the bunkroom, and during meals, the only time of day when he was with us an unnatural air of restraint was very evident. He slept

in some obscure niche in the bowels of the ship, and was the only member of the crew who attempted to shave during the voyage. On the first Sunday at sea he held an outdoor service on the improvised deck which roofed the stalls in the after well-deck. The congregation was made up of cattle men, seamen, apprentices, stewards, officers and passengers, the only occasion during the entire voyage upon which all the elements of the ship's company came together. Unfortunately, the man of God made an ill-considered attempt to point out to several members of the crew, during the dinner interval in the bunkroom, the extreme folly of their exceptionally lurid language. He sank swiftly from popular favour, and was suspected of entertaining a secret contempt for his less polished fellow workers. From popular favour also sank swiftly two students from the University of Michigan. One of them was a big husky lad, his friend smaller and darker, and both made a practice of shirking as much of the heavy work as they could. They were also fond of waving their college educations and general brilliancy in the faces of their less fortunate associates. These two habits weren't calculated to endear them to the rest of the crew, and by the end of the voyage they had become complete social outcasts.

The foremen showed a good deal of respect to the dark, well-built good looking French Canadian, registered on the life-boat station list as Bousquet, better known to the public as Del Fontaine, ex-champion of the Canadian ring. He knew he was tough, and everyone else on the cattle decks knew it before the end of the voyage, but he did his work without protest, and beyond knocking one of the cattlemen between the legs of a surprised steer, he controlled himself fairly well. I remember one sentence of his very vividly. He paused as he was pitching some hay into one of the stalls, and shook his head. "What a lot of trouble you've taken", he said to the placidly munching steers, "just to be killed by some bloody Englishman." Not long after making that remark Bousquet got a job as a waiter in a London restaurant, and fell violently in love with a pretty young English girl. She told him, one afternoon, she intended to marry someone else, and Bousquet shot her dead with his revolver as she ran screaming into the street. He collapsed in the prisoner's dock when the Judge sentenced him to die. A few weeks later England's wealthy and eccentric widow sat outside an English prison in her limousine on a wet grey morning while her hired band played a mournful hymn, and men moved through the shivering morbid curious with placards denouncing capital punishment. In the prison Bousquet stood on the scaffold, his suit neatly pressed, a flower in his buttonhole; he was quite cool, and he said to his stricken manager with a smile, just before the black hood was dropped over his head, "Tell them how I died." And in the end, the cattle had really taken less trouble.

We crossed the Atlantic under leaden grey skies, and without seeing many ships. As we neared the northern tip of Ireland we ran into a dense fog before we sighted the land we'd been straining all day to see and to our intense annoyance, our speed was slackened considerably. That night "channel fever" swept the bunkroom, and no one got much sleep. The fog grew thicker, and the ship was creeping into the traffic of the Irish sea with her horn going in long blasts, while we walked vigorously up and down the deck, and imagined that we saw lights off in the fog. Once the lights of a big freighter burst upon us out of the heavy mist with a jangle of bells and the indignant roar of a foghorn. The ex-conductor, the cowboy, and the two tanners were much impressed by this, and assured each other for some time after of the great possibility of collision, and of their complete inability to swim.

The next morning the sun blazed out of a blue sky and the sea was a broad green calm, and we worked like slaves hauling bales of hay and straw out of the holds and piling them on deck ready to be taken off at Liverpool. Soon the rugged blue coast of Wales rose out of the sea off our starboard side, and shortly after noon we hove to beside the little red ship with the big white letters "Liverpool Pilot", took on our pilot, and wove our erratic course between the long path of buoys into the harbour. Ships bound for every corner of the world passed us on their way out, and a crowd of big trim gleaming liners and small dirty freighters elbowing each other about the harbour, and little, incredibly crowded ferries, like children at a grown ups' party, dodging under our stern, scurrying across our bows. As soon as we were tied up five of us were sent down onto the dock to handle the bales as they came down the long chutes from the deck. In their eagerness to clear the deck, the men sent the bales toppling down the chute end over end, with the result that many of them left the chute just after they started their slide. Bags of grain were bursting like bombs on the deck around us, and while we exercised all our agility to keep from being crushed by the heavy plunging bales, at the same time rolling the others away from the foot of the chute, the cattle stampeded down the dock as they emerged from the hold, and nearly swept us away in their mad rush. For a hectic period of time we dodged flying bales and charging steers in choking clouds of dust, tearing our arms on the wire of the bales, and filling our eyes and throats with the swirling grain dust. When the cattle and hay had been safely unloaded we cast off and turned inland towards the great Manchester ship canal. All afternoon we sailed through the heart of the English countryside, through towns and past farms and villages, while those of us who had never been to England before marvelled at the rows and rows of little brick houses, the checkerboard country, the shrill whistles and toy freight cars of the railway trains, and the fact that two big freighters could actually

pass each other in what seemed such a small ditch of a canal. That evening we tied up at Irlam, and a few of us went ashore and across a half mile of gravel and weeds to the village of Cadishead, past big furnaces that cast a fiery reflection on the night sky. The village was almost completely dark except for the flaming lights of two fish and chip establishments. "Don't use American slang here. They don't like it", whispered one of the crew, and a minute later two girls passed us wearing American sailor hats on which I glimpsed in bold letters a sentence beginning with the familiar English colloquialism, "O.K., Big Boy!" We returned to the ship by the same path, the row

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"Why? Why? Why have I two of those * & (ff &! Supplementary exams to write? why didn't I get down to work before the exams began? Why did I waste simply hours of precious * & (* } ¶ ¶ * time for months on end? Oh!!!! [Z * & * d — Oh!!

These agonized questions, voiced to the accompaniment of perhaps a little more verbal decorations than this in the way of expletives, are problems that have annoyed students of dear old Bish for generation upon generation. The tragedy giving rise to them is a fairly common one — the "loss" of one or more "papers" to the grim god of all students. (even Divines) — June Examinations. It is of small avail to say that this god is undefended by modern apologists, that his day is done, that a few more generations will see his joyfully acclaimed demise. He still claims huge numbers of victims annually. He still strikes fear and terror into the heart of the kindergarten child, the High School youth and the more or less mature University man. For some time at least we must be ready to conform to his worship or perish miserably in any attempt to make our way in the world.

Since this is so, (and a preponderant weight of evidence points to its being so) let us examine ourselves according to the rule of this god, to see whether it be possible for us to avoid the extreme discomfort and disgrace which an unthinking world attaches to the failure of a student to render proper homage to the grisly deity.

We must first ask ourselves why it is that our offerings at his altar prove unsatisfactory. A cursory glance suffices. His high-priests, the professors, refuse them. Our efforts, which have taken at least one night to prepare, are rejected as summarily as though we had gone to no trouble at all! "They do not contain" say the examiners "any evidence of work accomplished, or of work attempt-

of tall chimneys by the furnaces standing like great columns illuminated by the fitful glare of dying flames which had swept their Roman town to destruction. I awoke next morning to the clatter of winches and looked out upon the oily water and grimy sheds of the Salford Docks, and beyond them saw the smoky city of Manchester. Two of us made a bee-line for the nearest hotel, where for a while we alternately bathed and ate as hard as we could. When we could bathe and eat no more, we emerged, feeling like new men, from the hotel, to begin our struggle with English currency and the Lancashire accent.

by
Supplementia

ed. Let them be lost."

It is work they want. Work. WORK!! This at any rate solves our problem as to why our efforts proved un-availing. There just weren't enough efforts. We now have a new problem. How to make our poor, unwilling selves work.

This is extremely difficult. How to make ourselves work? Work? Yes, unalterably, undeniably, unavoidably, — work. But — but we're college students. Added to the ordinary difficulty of overcoming purely physical inertia we face the disconcerting fact that we enjoy not having our work done. Enjoy being two months behind in our Latin. Enjoy not even knowing what our textbook is until a month before the exam. Take a weird delight in our ignorance of chemical formulae. Simply gloat over the fact that our knowledge of the J E and P documents is confined to what we happened to write in our notes on the first day of lectures. Boast of our ignorance of New Testament and the fact that we thought Paul had written Acts. It is a thrill which few things equal, to feel desperately afraid we are going to fail. The danger of losing a year throws us into a trembling ecstasy of blind panic. Even so must the thrill-seeking parachutist feel as he makes his first jump. True, his disaster would be but slightly greater than ours in the event of mishap. But the thrill!

No! Let us do as we have ever done. Let us cram twenty hours at a stretch. Let us enjoy to the full the feverish insanity of examination week. Let us continue unhindered our mid-year boastings of ignorance. And above all, let us continue to tremble before the sacrificial stone of the June examinations. Where would this life be without its thrills? There's the answer to the first paragraph!

ANONYMITY — WHY NOT?

I was told recently that the Mitre board was in dire need of material for publication, and that its members were willing to consider any article submitted, signed or unsigned. It was just that last clause that made me decide to become a budding author. You see, like many young literary hopefuls I'm a bit shy about affixing my signature to my written efforts. I'm sure I'd much rather disown my brain children than see them all branded with my name, and doomed to obscurity perhaps because of their vague parentage. Decidedly, in making my literary debut I'd prefer to remain anonymous, and why not?

Anonymity has much in its favour. I find anonymous writers most interesting because they excite my curiosity and stimulate my imagination. I find myself wishing that XYZ. wouldn't be so anoyingly secretive about his personality, even while I realize how wise he probably is not to obtrude that very personality upon his work. I fancy I see Mr. XYZ. standing aside, quietly listening to and learning from his critic, and smilingly hugging his identity to himself. I like this reticence which anonymous and pseudonymous authors show, the more because the tendency to shrink from publicity is so rapidly disappearing to-day. For it is sheer love of publicity that makes a man flourish his name, and attach it like a trade mark to every idea which he expresses, whether it be in the writing of a poem, or in the designing of a flower pot. It does seem as though nothing created can be spared the ordeal of being advertised, labelled and pigeon-holed if it is to bring honour to its originator. Every ideal or emotion revealed must be identified and tagged to merit its due praise, and this seems to me such a mistaken attitude, such a 'look-on-my-works-ye-mighty-and-despair' point of view.

Of course there are certain types of literature that must be signed to be authoritative and to carry conviction. Articles of a technical nature, books on science, history, politics or religion are naturally of this class, and everyone wishes to know the author so that praise or blame may be given where it is due. Again in the case of controversial matter, admitted authorship is desirable if not necessary, and it is only a small percentage of men or women who fail to identify themselves with their cause. The few who do, through fear of censorship or criticism, are usually fighting a losing battle and are taking refuge behind the shield of anonymity.

Literature is probably the one field where anonymity or pseudonymity, which is in effect the same thing, is of especial value. To quote an unknown author, 'it is in the

realm of personal experience and poetry that I suspect many a lovely thing is lost because there are so few clearing houses for the thoughts of that small handful who are still reticent enough to want to remain nameless.' It is here that the imaginative minds of men and women are most productive, and only the assurance of anonymity would induce many of them to give their thoughts to the world. As the anonymous author quoted above has pointed out again, it is certain that Pepys never intended his diary for publication, else why should he have written it in a private short-hand code. Yet it is just because he had no fear of publicity that he wrote with the imaginative freedom and naivete that has made him so permanently delightful.

I wonder why so many people scorn anonymity as a weakness, a lack of self-confidence and an unnecessary timidity. A person giving anonymously of his wealth to some worthy cause is admired for his modesty and graciousness, then why should not a person giving anonymously of his mental and spiritual wealth be equally praiseworthy for his unwillingness to parade himself before the face of all people. Yet the omnipresent public has been known to force men to seek protection behind anonymity because their views were too radical or too advanced for a complacent, hide-bound people to understand. Such men as Defoe, Dryden, Hardy, Bridges and D. H. Lawrence have used this mask because only through it could they speak freely to a narrow world. Perhaps too these men realized with E. M. Forster that in the anonymous statement 'the collected wisdom of the universe seems to be speaking, not the feeble voice of a man.'

Very few publishers to-day print much material by the author who wishes to remain unknown. A man must be well advertised, and a paying proposition before the successful publishing house will take him up. He can then produce second rate literature which his publisher will thrust down the public's throat at an astonishing rate, while the anonymous author with perhaps some real literary gem for sale is pushed into the background or ignored.

Such seems to be the case for anonymity from my point of view. However, to sign or not to sign becomes a question for each writer to decide for himself, as he is the one vitally concerned. It only remains for me to say that in my case the real reason for anonymity lies in none of the above sober and serious arguments. My trouble is that I'm just plain bashful.

TOGA ERUDITA

The first obstacle to confront the freshman is the problem of acquiring a college gown. This difficulty may be solved in several ways — the lordly, after inspecting a variety of mouldy heaps of cloth, pass on, and proceed to order a new one, or they may even have arrived with one, carefully wrapped in tissue paper; others carry on family tradition by wearing the relics of grandfather's days at college, but the majority endeavour to snatch up bargains second hand. This is really the most fun, as you never know what you will get. You hurriedly grab a marvellous bargain (that really looks like a gown, from about twenty feet) put it on, and then, one day in lectures, while you are abstractedly pulling at one of the threads which hang out here and there, you find that it is detachable, and a bit surprised to find that the old gown has collapsed about you. However, there is hardly ever any need to bother fitting it together again (unless you are interested in jig-saw puzzles) as there is usually an arm-hole or so left intact by which it can stick on.

We have probably all wondered at one time or another just why we have to wear these shrouds. Apparently it's been done ever since the days when all scholars were clerks. Perhaps they are supposed to give us a solemn and dignified mien, becoming the pursuit of knowledge, but people seem to be able to look quite as vacuous within as without gowns. It may be that some early and extinct brand of college professor decided that as poor students have to get up so early, something ought to be done about facilitating the matter of dressing. Why, you can get away with practically anything underneath a gown, as long as you brush what sticks out on top, and don't forget

the projections beneath. Some people do, of course, and that is why the latest fashions in bed-socks spread so quickly. Dressing, to be true, used to be an easy matter, because up to the fourteenth century, all scholars had to have tonsures, so they only had to pat down the edges and lace on their sandals. Of course gowns supply a certain degree of warmth, which is received gratefully while scuttling across the quad in winter, but not so gratefully during the June exams.

Again, if in our excitement as we listen to a thrilling lecture, we feel the need of showing our interest and absorption, we can always go on shredding our gowns, whereas a similar treatment of our clothes might prove disastrous. Some have achieved very novel and artistic streamer effects, I might say. For the odd chat while sitting on the stairway, gowns are not useless as dust-sheets, but as yet they have never been employed as winding-sheets, I understand, although suicidal symptoms have been known to appear in those about to write first year Latin.

One unfortunate characteristic of these gowns is their habit of melting just when you are on the point of putting them on. Your attention wanders a moment, then you turn back to climb into your gown, find suddenly that it is no longer there, and, if you look up quickly, you are quite likely to see the last traces of it flapping out of the door. Naturally, the obvious thing to do is just to go down and take one from a hook in the girls' cloakroom. There is something mildly pathetic about the way in which the girls embroider dainty names, and stitch them neatly and clearly on their gowns. It is a futile gesture.

MOVEMENTS

Ever watched a tide come in with sweeping swirl,
 Living and dying, dying and living, ebb and flow,
 Inward creeping, flooding, sleeping, outward go,
 Zeloso, crest full-laden flowing, ebb with purl,
 And leave tide-harried pools, and debris beached to die?
 But tides return to deathless ocean; God knows why.
 Eternal in their mighty motion waves do curl
 To bear life's barque in on a flood, then backward glide
 Home to the deep on fulness' peace to tranquil ride.

— H. T. H.

AND YET MORE APOLOGIES - -



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A DEBATING TOUR

by John Bassett

The tour started rather inauspiciously as I rose at 6.30 in the morning to catch the train to Montreal. That night I boarded the Ocean Limited, still without having seen my colleague; however we met in the smoker and after a few moments of anxious appraisal of each other we introduced ourselves.

The trip to Halifax was uneventful except that we became acquainted with Jack Mahar a former Allan Cup finalist who brought out a "bunch of beer" as he called it and talked of pre-war hockey days.

On our arrival at Halifax we were met by Charles Manning, the President of Dalhousie's debating society, who brought us to our quarters where we went straight to bed being somewhat worn by the day and night on the train.

The next day Smith and I were invited out to lunch but Smith being unable to go I went alone. In the afternoon Manning, Smith and myself after a sight-seeing tour through Halifax went to a cocktail party and a supper party at the home of one of Canada's most genial hosts. Unfortunately Manning had arranged for us to speak that night at a public meeting on the Italian Ethiopian question. After an excellent supper, not to mention the cocktail party, the three of us went down to the Nelson Hall to address a goodly crowd. You may take my word for it that our three speeches are still being discussed, but not for their wisdom on the African crisis.

On Monday we were taken to lunch at Sherif Hall, the woman's residence at Dalhousie. In the afternoon we were shown over the citadel at Halifax. That night we had dinner at King's College, the men's residence. Later we debated in the gym, a wonderful building which will hold 800 people; however there were only about a hundred at the debate. We left for Wolfville and Acadia with many pleasant memories and one victory stored away.

Dalhousie has a registration of about 750 students and is the largest University in the Maritimes. "Rusty" Baird is there taking law and I had a long talk with him. He likes it very much but confessed to an occasional loneliness for Bishop's.

We arrived at Acadia in time for supper and that night I had one of the greatest thrills of the entire tour. We were shown over what they call "University Hall"; on the ground floor there is a theatre complete with sound equipment which will seat 2,000 people. On the next floor there are lecture rooms and on the top floor a com-

plete broadcasting station. Smith and I were asked to say a few words over the radio and it was very exciting. They broke into a regular program with a special announcement and then called upon us to speak. Afterwards we saw the production of their three One Act Plays which were very good. The next day we were taken for a drive through the country and saw Evangeline's chapel and the spot where the French were forced to leave the land. That night we debated before our largest audience of the entire tour, there were nearly 500 people there and it speaks highly for the work of Robert Rose, the manager of debating, who had spent a great deal of time on advertising.

After the debate there was a banquet and at it a gramophone record was made of the speeches and Rose is going to send me one.

We left Acadia with genuine regret but with another victory for "Upper Canada" as they refer to Quebec and Ontario.

Acadia has a registration of 450 students and all are in residence. The co-eds have their meals with the men and take a very prominent part in the college life. They were much amused when I told them that our co-eds were not even on the council. Acadia has wonderful equipment including their own laundry to which each student pays .50c a week and can have all his laundry done. They have a fine gym with a swimming pool and indoor race track. Charlie Willis is at Acadia and plays three-quarters on their second rugby team. It is a beautiful college although to a person used to life at Bishop's it seems overrun with co-eds.

The day after our debate at Acadia we motored to Truro with Gordon Barss, one of our opponents of the previous night. We stayed the day and night there on our way to Mt. Allison, and at Truro saw the rugby game between Acadia and Mt. Allison for the Intercollegiate Championship of the Maritimes which is to them as the Loyola trip is to us. Each college had sent down a special train and there was a huge crowd. Russ Johnson played full back for Mt. Allison and is looked on as one of the most promising players that ever went there. It was a thrilling game, very fast but with very poor kicking as compared to ours; Mt. Allison won 3-0.

The next day we arrived at Mt. Allison where we spent the week-end. Here we lost our debate by a margin of five votes; the decision being arrived at by an audience vote. At Sackville we saw Fort Beausejour which was captured by the English in 1775. After an excellent sup-

per at an old-fashioned inn we motored over into Nova Scotia to see the relief map of the province worked out on a huge signboard. The next day we left for Fredricton and the University of New Brunswick.

Mt. Allison has a registration of about 250 students and the Principal is Dr. Truman, a former headmaster of Stanstead College. Besides Russ Johnson, I saw Fred Matthews and Alf. Campbell of Lennoxville.

We arrived at U.N.B. on Monday night and were put up at the really luxurious Lady Beaverbrook residence. After a game of squash and a swim in the largest pool I have seen we went wearily to bed.

The next day we went through Fredricton and saw the Parliament Buildings, and the old Government House, now headquarters for the R.C.M.P. That night we ended up the business end of the trip by winning our last debate. After the debate we were officially initiated into the famed Maritime society of "*The Black Diamond Consumers*", but I am not allowed to divulge to you the mysteries of this society. The next day, which was the last of our

EXPERIMENT IN VAGRANCY

His face was not a vagrant's face. But then, it was a very large city, and the ants scurrying and scrambling along the mid-July pavements all had their eyes either closed or turned to the ground. He was handsome, if handsomeness consists in having the conventional number of features. If the dust on his shoes and his two days' beard were drab, his walk and expression were anything but that. The glazed and distracted eye of one of the ants would not have revealed that the next day was the stranger's birthday, that he had expected to be home (some 1,000 miles away now) for the occasion, that he was eagerly expected (by a green parrot as well as some other people), that some trouble with his machine had delayed him for two days in this same large city. It was annoying, very annoying; but these circumstances had not crushed his spirit, for he was of a reflective turn of mind.

What had a few hours ago been light, with dark outlines against it, was now dark, and strange coloured outlines had flashed out like strange nightmares. He walked into the hotel. His expensive goggles, no longer new, failed to compensate for the rather unprepossessing effect of the oil stained trench coat and once-white helmet. The fact that he wore blue shorts, that the blue rucksack on his back was coated with dust, that his fawn-coloured socks were spattered with black, had not altered *his* outlook in the slightest. It was a great adventure. "It is ab-

stay in the Maritimes, we went over the University and were particularly impressed with the library which is all done in glass, in case of fire. We also saw the famous Audobon books which are in the possession of U.N.B. That night we started home and ended a most interesting and enjoyable tour, and I would like to take this opportunity to thank publicly, all those who helped to make our tour so successful, especially Messrs. Manning, Rose, Howard and Horner.

The chief thing that one learns from such a tour as this is the realization of the benefits of University life; for one can tour the country and meet people on common ground. If you will allow me to become sentimental I should like to close by saying that although I came into contact with finer University equipment and much larger student bodies, Bishop's stands in the vanguard for her spirit and achievements under difficult conditions, and she alone can give to her men the feeling that they are an integral part of her development and that their own personalities are forever entwined with hers.

by
George Whalley (B.A. '35)

surd to think that the outward appearance of a man can affect the essence of the inner self," he thought.

The manager could not tell that this strange looking person was the son of the Dean of a Cathedral, that he had plenty of money in his pocket, and that he was making an experiment. Those grimy hands certainly did not look as though they were passionately fond of playing the piano. "It was that damned clutch —" thought the stranger. But hotel managers are singularly downright and materialistic breed of men; for them the criterion is wealth or the appearance of wealth. But then they, poor pedestrian fools that they are, have not the blood of adventure coursing in their slowly hardening arteries. So the hotel manager said "Yes, bad weather for that sort of luck. No, I'm sorry, sir, we're all booked up for to-night." And there was a great deal more irony in his "sir" than he realized.

"I scorn your hovel. There is a stink to it. I shall play the tramp, then. It is far more comfortable sleeping on the ground than in one of your filthy beds." That is what the stranger thought; but he merely smiled "I understand." But the hotel manager did not understand. The stranger stalked out, a trifle wearily, and the manager thought the blue rucksack drooped from those shoulders in sympathy with the heaviness of the bearer's spirit. But he was wrong.

An hour later the dark was more dark and the stranger was a thing of ghostly appearance — an apparition, one moment of livid red, the next a ghastly green, and then for some seconds a part of the darkness; for there were weird crackling tubes of glass of man's making which struggled incessantly with the night. But if he appeared incorporeal and trifle diaphanous, he thought, as he shortened his pace, that his two feet were probably the most real things in the universe. As he came to the door of the police station he was wondering whether his experiment were not more senseless than thrilling — now. It was a big city. He felt an emptiness, a horrible aching loneliness, in spite of the myriads of ants scurrying and scrambling past him. "No," he thought, "the experiment is a success; a glorious success;" and then added "a complete and bitter success." The sergeant on duty looked up from his dingy records of dingy crimes, a little surprised at the difference between the voice and the man.

"Naw! Ya can't sleep here. Wadda ya think this is? The bloody Ritz? Ya can try No. 1 Station on Ste. Antoine des Trois Chiens. They got beds there. Naw. Only 'bout a half hour's walk. Ya go down two blocks, then right. till ya come to —"

"Right. Thanks. I'll try there," said the other; but he did not mean it. There were two centres of the universe shrieking loudly that in half an hour they could cover an imponderable infinity of space. "Yes," he thought, "a great and bitter success." And he passed out of the dim station light which seemed oddly indicative, he thought, of the narrow sphere of feeble human endeavour and kindness. Then he began to think of the ants.

"The king's face, and the cur's face, and the face of the stuffed swine . . ."

There was a church standing back from the bustling, grovelling street. It was a large church — and it only took a moment to jump over the fence when nobody was looking. On a patch of sickly grass, which the street lamps shining through the palings seemed to make impossibly bright, he spread his oily trench coat and was asleep.

Beyond the palings there was only an occasional car passing when he awoke. It seemed so bright on the grass that surely, he thought, he must have been seen — and he felt like a hunted man. He certainly cannot have looked his best as he blinked at the light in the doorway of a small café. A clock face was leering at him. He brought his eyes into focus with it. 3.15! The beard, now lengthened into two and half days, did not impress the proprietor particularly — he lived, like a bat, in the night-time, and he had learned that it was safer not to be surprised. But the fellow was not like the usual run. "He is a queer one," he reflected; "he isn't drunk — leastways, not at the moment; he talks like a dude (he pronounced it 'dood') but be damned if he doesn't look like a cross between a

grease-monkey and a stevedore." The queer one drank his tea glumly, because his eyes were heavy, and he felt intolerably dirty. Shortly after that he was spreading his coat under a white thorn in the garden of one of the 'Seats of the Mighty, ("mighty rich," he mused because he was too sleepy to think of anything better) but his bad pun did not keep him awake for long.

It was broad daylight. He was out on the sidewalk with pack and coat, rubbing his eyes, before he suddenly realized that he was awake and that the ants had started to scurry and scramble again.

About four miles later he was ringing at one of the doors of an unimposing suburban terrace. A woman appeared: "Time? About fifteen after eight." "Thank you," he said. Fifteen minutes had passed before he rang the same bell again, but there was no answer this time. "This success is almost insufferably bitter," he thought; for he felt, rather cynically, that he had a foreboding of what would happen next. A few minutes later he tried again and this time an angry face mouthed words through the lace that shrouded the glass-panelled door. "Go away!" said the face. Then a car drew up and a man "bloated with self-importance", thought the cynical youth, approached him.

Threateningly: "Here you! What are you doing here?"

Interested: "Mildewing."

"None o' that! Where d'ya come from?"

Wearily: "Does it really matter?"

"Well, where ya goin', then?"

Savagely: "Hell! Coming?"

This last remark produced the rather valuable information that the bloated gentleman was an "officer of the Law." He blustered and fumed and would not leave until he had written down all the wrong answers to his fatuous questions.

The door-bell was ringing again. The angry face, the appearance of disembodiment being even more alarming than before, was thrust through the lace and "Go away!" it mouthed; and there was fear in the eyes.

"I wanted to say that I am sorry I frightened you. You needn't have called the police. I merely wanted to use the telephone. You see, I . . ."

"I know all about that. Go away, or I'll call the police again."

The face disappeared. "Faut etre philosophe," he said resignedly to prevent himself from shouting in no uncertain tone what he really felt.

"Here I come to your door, ring, speak respectfully, without offence — and you gibber with fear and send for the police. Just because my clothes are a little odd — just because my hands are black with grease, my pack dusty, my hair towzled — just because I haven't shaved for three days — does that change my essence? Is my inner

self any different?"

These brave new thoughts filled him with fire, and he turned and walked away. He had not gone a hundred yards along the street where the waggons were noisily striving to drown the chatter of the ants, when he stopped and his eyes gazed directly in front of him and there was no sight in them. "Does that make my inner self any different? he thought, turning the words over in his mind again and again until they became a part of his reverie. With his question still unanswered he awoke and walked on again. He had not gone far when suddenly, as though with a flash of inspiration, as though he had found something for which he had been looking a long time, he said aloud "By Jove! I'm not so sure about that!"

And then the army of ants engulfed him.

THE OTCUS UNIVERSITY

On the fifth day before the Ides of November, the body of troops which had been recruited four days previously when they gathered together at a great feast, and when they were urged on to great deeds of valour by the chief-man, and exhorted to show courage by the new commander-in-chief who held forth promises of great rewards, and new togas, they set out on the winter campaign. Imperator McA'Nulty, the new commander-in-chief, brings not only good luck and authority, but also valour and a great knowledge of the military thing, to the legion. Doublets and armour having been given out, those who had experienced the previous campaign under S. Sanders, commander-in-chief, were exercised in marches by centurion B. Stevens. Those who were unused to carrying arms were taught by centurion J. Parker. Under the difficulty of the great cold, the entire army made a march about the campus, and dispersed.

Later, to the extent of seven days, the troops were summoned together and again drilled in two parts; the soldiers who were more experienced in military affairs having been supplied with weapons. Once again the army marched around the campus, and disbanded.

Eight days before the Calends of December the army boarded the transports and set out for the "little river of Sher" three thousands [of] paces distant. Having reached that place the troops entered the "Great Circus" with glittering brass and clanging cymbals. Exercises in marching took up most of the day's work, and were followed by a march around the Circus, staff-officer L. Tomkins having been put in charge. After it was announced that there would soon be a gay festival and that the instruction for

"A" and "B" distinctions would begin within a few days, the troops returned whence they had come, and though impeded by the weight of their arms, they quickly scattered to the barracks.

by: Julius "C" Caesar

DINNER TIME

by W.D. & D.C

Brr--rr--rr-r-r

A rush.

"Freshmen — Precedence!"

"Jim — Can I have eggs?"

"NO. They keep — Have some meat."

"Oh Reg — give me two pieces."

"Why did Larry get a better piece of meat than I did?"

"He didn't. He got a sharper knife."

"The meals were better in the first two weeks."

"Yeah — they had to get in a fresh stock then."

"Freddy — ther's a hair in my soup."

"There's absolutely nothing in your soup."

Chorus: "We know it!"

"Is this chicken soup Tommy?"

"Not exactly — But it's what we boil the eggs in."

"Gee, I got a swell piece of meat Wednesday."

"Why do you fellows drink so much water?"

"It's the purest thing around here."

"Things are certainly made soft for us around here."

"More jam in the jam this time Jim."

"LOOK! Gourley's eaten his meat."

"How do you know?"

"His fork is bent in two."

"Hey fellows, look — the coffee corrodes my spoon."

"Jack, help Tarzan pass the cake."

"Pass the salt, Peter".

"Where are you going to eat Saturday night."

"How about another dessert?"

"I'll complain to the bursar."

"You guys shouldn't kick. We get this tomorrow night."

"Soon things will keep better — winter is coming."

"Look at the fly in the jam."

"That's nothing. Last year Hank found a snail in his lettuce."

"See you at Smith's after the Grace."

"I wish he'd say the Benedicto."

"Gee! The Profs eat slowly."

"Now we can leave."

.... Rush

"Freshmen — Precedence!"

"Say you wouldn't have a cigarette, would you?"

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LENNOXVILLE,

QUEBEC.

EXCHANGES

The exchanges received since our last publication have been few in number, and in many instances, as in our own, the threat of coming exams has depleted somewhat the material of the respective publications. However we have received several articles which are worthy of particular notice.

The great problem of the League of Nations concerning Italy has been discussed at length by several of our contemporaries. The student of today seems to show persistence in his faith in the League, by supporting Sanctions against Italy. It is interesting to note that the pessimism of the last few years, with regard to the League as a safeguard of world peace, has been supplanted by a steadily growing confidence of the future. Although it has failed in several tasks, although many regard it as an utter failure, although it faces a desperate situation in Europe at the present time, many publications recognise the League as the only hope of world peace. There is space for vast improvement in this body, but until such time as international relations are improved the League is very necessary.

Striking evidence of the concern of the students regarding world conditions, is shown by the launching of a Student Peace Movement in this Province. This movement is represented in many countries of the world. A conference was held at McGill which had representatives from a large number of Universities and Colleges. Confidence in the power of the student of the present day to find a solution for the problems which face the world was the keynote of the discussion. The following is an extract from one of the speeches:

"Though reared in an atmosphere of war and chaos, in an age that seems to be leaderless, nevertheless the students of today are not cynics."

The speaker went on to state that the Student Peace Movement has brought to light, the reality of the world wide desire of students for peace. This was verified, he said by the fact that students from militaristic countries were willing to risk expulsion from their respective countries in order to attend one of the conferences. The message of these students, said the speaker, was that however warlike the country, the student mind deplored war.

College Echoes, the St. Andrews' publication is of particular interest. However, we do not agree with the author of "For Men Only", which contains too much of that "one geared" pacificism which we thought had been discarded by all thinking people: truly no one desires war, but to say:

by
E. S. Davis

"I renounce war, and never again, directly or indirectly will I support or sanction another"

is at the best a well-meant outburst of uncontrolled emotion. The author fails to realize that the people of the world do not all hold his pacific views. Until that time when men can be taught the futility of war, unreasoning pacificism is so dangerous that it stands out as a real menace to world peace. If peace is to be maintained at the present time, direct or indirect force must be available to the League of Nations at all times. With this as a safeguard, the causes of war can be examined and readjusted.

The author of "Middle Muddle" is to be congratulated. Here we get something which is lacking in most college publications. From among the numerous bits of humour we found this:

Gem from the Nat Phil department:

"I listen to volumes of gas
As I sit in the Nat Phil class
Its flow never ceasing,
Its pressure increasing,
It tends towards infinite mass.
But a note-book accompanies me,
And encloses as much as may be,
And with pleasure of swotting
The volumes of jotting,
I shall get a dp----- dv!"

In the same publication we gather this:

Pearl from the Philosophy Department:

"Should you falter at Logic Seduction
And rejoice in maze of Induction,
Though you master Stuart Mill,
Mace, Johnson, and Whewell,
That you're odd is the only deduction."

The Journal of the Malta University Society is one of our better exchanges. In the last publication of this magazine we recommend the following articles: "B'Tifkira" an interesting historical poem, and especially "The Flame Today". Here is an article of remarkable literary value, it has a soothing influence to the mind which for years has heard modern art derided as being shallow, and lacking in real beauty. The author answers this accusation.

"The reason the poetry of today shows such a marked tendency to sing about subjects, which would instil holy horrors in the heart of a poet of the past ages, is that we have keener, more developed sense of beauty, and that we can not only find "tongues in trees, books in the run-

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ning brooks, sermons in stones" but also feel the rhythm of the locomotive, the music of propellers, the sense of the infinite in solitary railroads, the full-blown richness of life and energy in a noisy factory."

The consciousness of man to the reality of the condition of the world and his feelings towards his fellow men is shown in the lines of modern verse. To the poet of the present day verse does not have to be lifted to the heights of lofty subjects, but as Masfield puts it,

"Others may sing of the wine, and the wealth, and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates, goodly of girth,
Mine be the dirt, the dross, the dust, the scum of the earth.

Theirs be the music, the colour, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.
Of the maimed, and the halt, and the blind, in the rain and the cold,
Of these shall my song be fashioned, my tale be told."

The author criticizes the poets of earlier times for covering up reality in gilded words. He attempts to trace the descent of the general spirit and outlook of the twentieth century. The spirit of active sympathy, understanding, and love of truth, are becoming manifest; man is actually becoming concerned with the welfare of his fellows. The poet shows this sympathetic feeling in the following verse:

"When ye've got a child 'ats whisht for want of food,
And a grate as grays y'r 'air for want of wood,
And y'r man and you ain't nowise not much good,
Oh
It's hard work a Christmassing,
Carolling,
Singin' songs about the Babe what's born."

The Quarterly of McMaster University contains a number of excellent wood-cuts, an interesting article, "Mexican Glimpses", and also several good book reviews, "The Isles of Greece", "Love on the Dole", and "Christ's Alternative to Communism".

We have received several new exchanges this term. Notre Dame is of particular interest. This magazine has an attractive cover, and contains a number of really well written articles. There are also a number of excellent wood cuts in it, which add much to the appearance of the magazine.

"The Mitre" renders apologies for any omissions in the following list of exchange newspapers.

- The Brunswickan* (University of N. B.)
- The Queens' Journal* (Queens University; Kingston, Ont.)
- The Dalhousie Gazette* (Dalhousie University, Halifax)

- The Argosy Weekly* (Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.)
 - The Quill* (Brandon University, Brandon, Man.)
 - The Xaverian*
 - Canta* (Canterbury College, Christchurch, N.Z.; weekly)
 - The Bates Student* (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.; weekly)
 - The McGill Daily*.
 - The Manitoban* (University of Manitoba; twice weekly)
 - Varsity* (University of Toronto; daily)
 - The Ubysey* (University of Brit. Columbia; twice weekly)
 - L'Hebdo — Laval* (Laval University; weekly)
 - The Challenger* (Vocational School, St. Johns, N.B.)
 - The College Cord* (Waterloo College, Ontario)
 - Alma Mater* (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ontario)
 - Honi Soit* (University of Sydney, Australia; weekly)
 - Failt-ye Times* (MacDonald College, Que.)
- and magazines:
- College Echoes* (St. Andrew's University; Scotland)
 - Journal of the Malta University Literary Society.*
 - Revue de L'Universite d'Ottawa* (2 issues)
 - Trinity University Review* (2 issues)
 - The King's College Record.*
 - The O.A.C. Review* (O.A.C., Guelph, Ont.)
 - The Algoma Missionary News*, (2 issues)
 - Technique* (Ecole Technical, Montreal; 2 issues)
 - The Quebec Diocesan Gazette*
 - Pitman's Journal*

HIC!

If our professors only knew
The agony that we go through,
The light we burn, the sleep we lose,
I'm sure they all would take to booze.

We waste our youth in their employ,
In reading Wordsworth, Burns, Tolstoy,
We copy wholesale and it's risky,
If they knew half, they'd take to whiskey.

No wonder when such hours we keep,
In lecture time we have to sleep!
Each yawning face and vacant grin
Will help them on the road to gin.

The report we get at the end of term
Makes every son of us feel like a worm.
Of course we fail, and they wonder why --,
Oh Jiminy! Pass me another rye.

(Composed at 1 a.m. by D.F. and N.G.)

They say that round thing on the Japanese flag is a rising sun. It isn't a sun. It's a bowl of rice. And underneath it is written, In Hoc Signo Vinces.

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LENNOXVILLE, - QUE.

SPORT FROM THE SIDELINES

by
Les McCaig

Act. III. Scene, Bishop's Rugby Field.

The time, Sat. Oct. 19, at 2.30 p.m.

Dramatis Personae - MacDonald, Bishop's.

As far as the writer is able to discover MacDonald played against Bishop's for the first time in history. Mac is to be congratulated. Oh no, not the way you think; they are to be congratulated for the very creditable exhibition of rugby. In college magazines of this type it is customary to laud the guests with compliments that mean little or nothing but in this write-up we are going to disregard the precedent: we will be content with saying that Mac will certainly be a team to contend with after they get properly organized.

And now for a play by play description until we get tired of pounding a typewriter with two fingers and run short on the scanty supply of paper the "Mitre" has supplied. To begin the story Bishop's kicked off to Mac. (In future we will refer to Mac as the "Aggies".) Taylor made about five yards on the first buck. The second down gained no yards and Stothart kicked. Ross fumbled on receiving and the Aggies recovered the ball. The "Aggies" made yards after two downs. Mac tried a buck through left which netted about one yard. An attempted end run got them nowhere. Stothart now kicked and Mac got a rouge after four minutes of play. This gave Bishop's possession of the ball, Ross and Dunsmore made eight yards on an end-run. A buck by Knox gave Bishop's first down. An end-run and a quarter-back sneak by Dunsmore gave Bishop's another first down. Smith bucked for three yards and an end-run got away for fifteen yards. This gave Bishop's their third consecutive first down. Dunsmore sneaked through centre for five yards and an end-run gained another three yards to bring the ball up to the Aggies' thirty-five yard line. Dunsmore kicked over the goal line but the Aggies ran the ball out. It was now MacDonald's ball on their own fifteen yard line. An end-run was unsuccessful. Chaplin bucked through right for about five yards and Stothart kicked on third down. Bishop's tried an end-run, then kicked on second down. Stothart kicked on first down and Ross again fumbled but this time the ball was recovered by Bishop's. Dunsmore tried to kick for a point but the ball was again run out. The "Aggies" completed a forward for about twenty-five yards—Stothart to Taylor. As soon as the "Aggies" had their first down the whistle blew for quarter time.

To begin the second quarter Stothart kicked. Dunsmore tried an unsuccessful pass to Ross. Knox made about seven yards on a buck through centre and Dunsmore kicked.

The "Aggies" made about four yards in two successive bucks and Stothart kicked on third down. Hilton received a penalty for tripping Dunsmore. A Bishop's end-run and incomplete pass forced Dunsmore to kick. The "Aggies" tried a pass that was knocked down, a buck advanced them five yards and Stothart kicked. Bishop's now completed two forward passes in a row for two first downs. On both of these plays Dunsmore passed to Carson who pulled the ball out of the air and tucked it away safely. Another end-run, Dunsmore to Ross to McMahon resulted in the first major score when Paul tore across the goal line. The touch was not converted. Dunsmore got a placement about forty-five seconds before the end of the first half. Stothart tore around the Bishop's ends on a fake forward and the whistle blew for the end of the second quarter with Bishop's leading eight to one.

The third quarter started out with the same type of play that had predominated in the first half. End-runs and bucks were very much in evidence and Bishop's pushed the "Aggies" back to their twenty yard line. Powell blocked a kick and Bilkey grabbed the loose ball for a touch. Dunsmore converted. On an end-run McMahon was clipped by a MacDonald man and he dropped the ball which the "Aggies" recovered. In clipping McMahon, Stothart and Snilner collided and both were badly shaken up. MacDonald attempted a placement from forty-five yards out but were unsuccessful. Bishop's now began a steady march down the field for three first downs. The "Aggies" seemed to resent this and finished the quarter with a much stronger defence.

Until the middle of the last quarter there was little excitement, when Carlyle booted the ball between the posts for three points. MacDonald seemed to take a new grip on life after this. Stothart broke loose around the Bishop's ends for about forty-five yards and Taylor made ten yards on the next play. This brought Bishop's on the defending end of their two yard line.

The "Aggies" tried to get through the Bishop's line for a touch but in vain. Bishop's line held as it has never done so far this year. Stothart tried to carry the ball over on the third down but as MacDonald had failed to make yards the "Aggies" lost the ball. Bishop's immediately kicked the ball out of the danger area and a MacDonald backfielder fumbled the ball which was quickly picked up by Bassett. From this on to the end of the game there was no sensational work with the exception of a short pass from Stothart to Taylor. The game ended fourteen to four in favour of Bishop's.

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The game was handled by Eddie Wolfe and Harry Pibus with Lyme Tomkins acting in his official capacity as head-linesman. We are sorry that we had to ask Harry to be umpire, not that he wasn't quite satisfactory, but we had hopes of getting the price of admission from him. On the other hand if he had not been an official he might have joined the ranks of those who saw the game from the road. (No offence meant Harry). At this point we recall that there is a wall around the campus at Oxford. If we had such a convenience at Bishop's the Council might benefit as well as the college authorities. There would be no coming in after midnight but there would be no complimentary seats by the wayside for rugby supporters.

At this point the writer contemplated taking a little nap before going on; *BUT* the sense of duty and the noise of the piano in the common room decided against such refreshment and he made up his mind to vent his spleen on those players whom he considered had played a good game. We are pleased to say that Bilkey and Martin showed up much better. Due to a quarrel the writer has had with Dunsmore and Ross he has decided to say that they were playing — well. Powell turned in a stellar game, a hard fighting lad this Powell. As a matter of interest (and pain) he hurt his shoulder quite badly in this game and stole a few college towels with which to make a sling. Trenholme impressed us with some very effective defensive work. McMahon kept his eyes open and was the final spurt of speed on the end-runs that were so popular in this game. Oh yes, we nearly forgot Carson. We forgive him for missing a couple of tackles after grabbing those forward passes out of the air. These plays brought the crowd to their toes. Johnson came nearer his old form in this game and Fredericks has improved his snaps. We are glad to say that Knox was able to play in this game — it's too bad that he isn't eligible for regular intercollegiate competition.

MacDonald's triple threat in Stothart kept his opponents on his heels. This man was quarter, heaver of forwards and kicker — and that isn't all, he is one of those big boys that is hard to stop. Snilner and Taylor made their presence felt in no mean manner, while Carlyle and Chaplin are not to be disregarded.

THE LINE-UP.

MacDonald		Bishop's
Stothart	quarter	Dunsmore
Musset	f. wing	Martin
Taylor	half	Ross
Carlyle	"	McMahon
Chapin	"	Bilkey
Beaupre	snap	Fredericks
Pope	middle	Powell
Hilton	"	Smith
Cooper	inside	Trenholme
Jackson	"	Purdy

Snilner	outside	Johnson
Kidd	"	Carson
Dunn	alternates	Bissonnet
Smythe	"	Lamb
Eastman	"	Bassett
Gibb	"	Davis
Robertson	"	Knox
Templeton	"	Scott
Houghton	"	Chappell
Franchon	"	Davies
	"	Perkins
	"	Bennett
	"	Seveigny
	"	Timmons

Act IV. Scene - Loyola Rugby Field.
Combatants - Bishop's and Loyola,
Attendants - cheer-leaders, water-boys, managers and cigars.

(The date, for those who are interested, was Oct. 26) Due to excitement and a number of other interests the writer must apologize to "The Mitre" for depending on the Montreal Standard to report the game. However we have re-cast the whole act and will console ourselves with the thought that the Standard reporter does not depend on graft for remuneration.

The Bishop's contingent arrived at Montreal West via C.P.R. with a number of supporters and supported in the rearguard. The players had lunch at Loyola and from all reports the Loyola kitchen staff put the Bishop's staff to shame. Instead of putting poison in our meat they heaped coals of fire on our heads by turning out a meal that was just what is wanted before a game. In this column we will take it upon ourselves to express appreciation of this friendly spirit.

And now for the game itself. Loyola kicked off and Bishop's returned the kick. Loyola made yards on the plunging of Tyler and Dubee. Two bucks failed to gain the ten yards and Morley kicked. Bishop's ball on their own thirty yard line. Dunsmore attempted a pass but was tackled before he could throw the ball. Dunsmore kicked the ball out of the danger zone on second down. Loyola ran the kick back about fifteen yards and a forward pass from Tyler to Dubee brought the ball up to the Bishop's ten yard line. Dubee made about five yards on a buck but Loyola was penalized for interference. Morley kicked to the dead-line for the first point of the game. Bishop's now had the ball on their twenty-five yard line and after an end-run and a buck Dunsmore kicked. Loyola attempted a forward pass; Bilkey rushed in and tackled the passer, he dropped the ball and Carson scooped it up and tore forty yards for a touch. The touch was not converted. While the crowd cheered (a good many groaned) the quarter ended, Bis-

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hop's 5, Loyola 1.

Loyola came back strong in the second quarter and for a time it looked like they would sweep Bishop's off their feet. Ryan recovered a Bishop's fumble. Morley kicked to the dead-line for Loyola's second point. Bishop's ball on their twenty-five yard line. Dunsmore kicked. MacDonald gained a few yards and Morley kicked. Ross was rouged in attempting to run out this kick. For a time kick was returned for kick and finally Dougan blocked one. Loyola recovered and Brennan made yards on a powerful buck. Morley attempted a placement but the ball went wide of the posts and Ross ran it out. At the end of the half the score stood, Bishop's 5, Loyola 3.

The play in this quarter became rough while each team waited for a break. The play remained near centre field but in the kicking duel Morley had the edge. Loyola recovered a Bishop's fumble and it looked as though the Maroon team had the break for which they had been waiting. Dubee and MacDonald were doing some very effective work but the Loyola advance was halted when Bassett recovered a fumble at the end of the quarter.

The atmosphere became tense as the last quarter began. Bishop's moved into a scoring position but Dunsmore's attempted placement went wide and Dougan ran the ball out. Morley attempted a forward which was knocked down by McMahon. Bishop's played cautious football as the quarter neared an end. Dunsmore was determined to keep the lead by retaining possession of the ball as long as possible and then kicking it out of his own territory. Near the end of the quarter Morley threw a pass to Dubee which brought the ball to Bishop's five yard line. Bishop's seemed to be in danger of losing their meagre lead. On two downs Loyola advanced to Bishop's two yard line but fumbled. Smith recovered the ball for Bishop's. Dunsmore took the ball himself for two successive plays merely trying to keep it in front of his goal line. The whistle finally blew after some very tense minutes and the game was over. Final score, Bishop's 5, Loyola 3.

From many points of view this was one of the most interesting games of the season. It was the old, old story — Bishop's vs. Loyola and you never can tell what the fighting Irishmen are going to do at the last moment. We can assure you that there were spectators just as worried as the players.

Since the last game the writer has patched up his quarrel with Dunsmore and to keep his faith is obliged to say something about the brainy little quarter. But all joking aside we sincerely admire Mac. He knows exactly what his team can do and governs himself accordingly. Bishop's will certainly miss him when he graduates this year (Prof. Kuehner willing). As for Ross we can quite frankly say that he played the best game that he has ever

done since coming to Bishop's, Kenny wasn't running back to avoid anyone and saved several points by running the ball out from behind the fatal goal line. McMahon was tackling like a fiend — apparently he wanted to show that Bishop's had some Irishmen too. Bilkey and Carson were together responsible for Bishop's touch. Bilkey tackled so hard that Morley dropped the ball and Carson didn't have to wait for instructions as to what he should do. This play was an excellent example of knowing what to do and when to do it. The writer is almost sorry he reported that crack about radio-controlled players in the last issue of the Mitre. Despite a very painful shoulder Powell turned in a stellar game. As a matter of fact every man turned in a fine game individually but from the critical point of view, co-ordination was lacking. When one man was shining the others were just ordinary and so on. What we mean to say is that every man wasn't at his peak at the same time. And furthermore the dressing room was like a morgue at half time. Len was talking and nobody was arguing, the players weren't even swearing at the managers and that is something that the managers look forward to. What we need is a little spirit — we are not saying this for amusement or just to be disagreeable. The team has more fight in it than it has shown to date and it is up to every man to give the coach and the captain all he has. Space will not allow us to continue and if we keep on in this vein the editor will have something to say about it also. And with a promise of more criticism we fold up the typewriter until the McGill game.

THE LINE-UP

LOYOLA		BISHOP'S
Macdonald	f. wing	Martin
Morley	half	McMahon
Dougan	"	Ross
Brennan	"	Bilkey
Tyler	quarter	Dunsmore
O'Brien	snap	Fredericks
Slattery	inside	Bassett
Coughlin	"	Purdy
Verdicchio	middle	Powell
Hammond	"	Smith
Kane	outside	Carson
Haynes	"	Johnson
Dubee	alternate	Bissonnet
McGovern	"	Fenton
Ryan	"	Trenholme
Lebarr	"	Page
Moore	"	Scott
Melvin	"	Lamb
Thomas	"	Perkins
MacKay	"	Chappell



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THINGS WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT THIS WEEK-END

Why Carson came back Sat. night . . . What possessed Larry Maven at the game . . . maybe he did not like the water-boy . . . Why Bishop's was so glad to see a certain Mr. McTigue . . . why Harry Pibus was late for the game . . . what made Russ Lamb so depressed Sunday night . . . why Len O'Donnell took all the exercises himself on Tuesday . . . how any one could be so affectionate to the lamp-post in front of the Windsor Hotel . . . why three person began writing languishing pamphlets as soon as they got to Lennoxville . . . who was the last to get a reply and was he sore . . . who took out the friends of a friend of a friend of Mac Dunsmore's . . . where did all the cigars come from at the game . . . maybe Ted Bissonnet distributed them . . . if the only place Mac-Callum could get to sit down was in theatres and if he went alone . . . how a certain member of the Education class was so extravagant with his pennies on the train . . . why there are not more excursions to Montreal during the year . . . how we can get around mentioning the crowing of a certain person on the train coming back . . . who influenced the Freshettes into going into the game . . . or did they really go in to see the game . . . how anyone can get away with writing this drivel.

Interlude, Sat. Nov. 3rd.

Duty requires that we report this game but laziness makes us restrain our efforts. In short, this practice game was played with the Lennoxville Old Boys (everyone of them over seventeen years of age). Bishop's completed quite a number of forward passes but all in all they played little better than old maiden aunts with rheumatiz. The score was somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty for the College and six for the Lennoxvillians. A very indifferent game — not worth writing about — and now we take you to McGill on Nov. 6th.

THE LAST ACT.

Scene, Molson Stadium.

Dramatic Persons, McGill and Bishop's.

Properties, A vast number of empty seats, a few Bishop's Grads, a number of students who wended their way to Montreal by divers means.

The score of this game was fifteen for McGill and one for Bishop's. Bishop's thus missed their chance for a championship; incidentally, McGill Freshmen won the Eastern Intermediate Intercollegiate Title. Since "The Mitre's" representative was not given an expense allowance to see this game we have decided not to give a play by play description. It was an interesting game to watch — a big heavy team against a light and sometimes fast team.

McGill ploughed through the Bishop's line with very

little difficulty and made a large number of first downs. At the end of the half the score was three to one. At the end of the third quarter the score was still the same but Bishop's was unable to stand the pressure and McGill secured two touches and successfully converted them. The only effective weapon Bishop's had was the forward pass and this was used to advantage.

What do we think about the season? Frankly we are pleased that McGill won the game and the championship. They are the best team in the league and Bishop's need not regret having been beaten. We just didn't have the material and it is surprising that Coach O'Donnell was able to do as much as he did with it. There was no consistent spirit among the players; the new men coming to the University have obviously come to study and not to play rugby.

Enough of such harsh words . . . tsk . . . tsk . . . if we are not careful we will have our room disturbed. And now for a few words about individuals in this game. Before we get any farther we feel compelled to recognize the brand of rugby played by McConnell and Merrifield. These boys certainly made their presence felt and McGill Seniors should find some good material among this Freshman team. The McGill Daily and The Montreal Star have done justice to the Champions so it is up to "The Mitre" to recognize Bishop's merits.

Let us start out by saying that Martin played his best game of the season. Jack intercepted a forward and from then on the opponents were forced to keep their eyes on him. If Jack's four hour study plan holds out we should hear more from him next year. Smith and Fenton improved over their last game; when these boys finally get into the swing they will be able to go places and do things. Bilkey improved considerably during the season and was a very useful man on the secondary defence. Near the beginning of the game Ross hurt his shoulder and as a result did not show up as well as he did against Loyola. It certainly is too bad that we have to say anything about Dunsmore — that is we will have to say farewell to Mac's rugby at Bishop's. Mac was on his toes from beginning to end — we hear that he has been walking home for three days, there are rumours that Coach O'Donnell has a hold on him. McMahon did some fine tackling but his playing was not as consistently good as when we played Loyola. Fredericks stood up quite well under the brutal pounding of heavier opponents — again we have hopes for 1936. Purdy is another man who leaves a vacancy which will have to be filled next year. Powell and Carson will be missed next year as well — they could always be called upon to give their best. Johnson strikes out for other fields too, another position to be filled.

There are a number of unsung heroes that no one



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wish to extend to its readers and adber-
tisers a Merry Christmas and a
Prosperous New Year.



ever notices — we mean those who did not make the first twelve. It may be a rather empty reward to feel after all you are useful although you did not actually participate in a game. We are not going to get sentimental but we would like to say we appreciate the work of the men who did not receive a letter or a crest. What would the practices be like without the men who were willing to go out and take a beating in the hope of getting into a game sometime and contributing their bit? They did not get awards but they made it possible for the team to try out new plays and really get along as well as it did.

There is another group that is forgotten after the season is over and often are not even recognized during the season. We mean the manager and his assistant. Gall and Scott may have been taken for granted but see what would have happened without them. We feel that we can quite justly say that the management was all that could be asked for; they devoted time during practices and many weary hours at night working over budgets, schedules and shipping equipment. And now for the Freshmen (with a capital 'F'), — their services are appreciated — where are the water-boys, the white slaves (lime is white) and the cleatcleaners of tomorrow? The answer is freshmen with a small 'f'.

Before we forget it we had better give the line-up of the McGill game. By this time you will be convinced that Jello's six delicious flavours don't mix with sports writing — oh well, one excuse is as good as another.

MCGILL		BISHOP'S
Hamilton	quarter	Dunsmore
Christie	f. wing	Martin
Merrifield	half	Ross
McConnell	"	McMahon
Dodd	"	Bilkey
Neville	snap	Fredericks
Donnelly	inside	Fenton
Bartram	"	Purdy
Turfus	middle	Powell
Telford	"	Smith
Keefer	outside	Johnson
Perowne	"	Carson
Sutherland	alternate	Page
Kerr	"	Bissonnet
Herman	"	Scott
Davies	"	Davis
Gibb	"	Trenholme
Collier	"	Perkins
Draper	"	Chappell
Tabah	"	Davies

Here and There from Montreal to Sherbrooke.

It's too bad that the boys find a train ride so boring, believe it or not. They have a number of complaints — attention C.P.R. — paper cups cost a penny and on a

football trip too — there are locks on train doors — weary players are not wanted in diners — the station platform at Lennoxville comes up to meet the boys — women go to sleep on trains and cover themselves completely with overcoats — what a surprise someone got — trainmen are excellent things to jump on —

Comments by the way —

"I want to make a speech" "Isn't it awful"
"I hate the b - - - -" . . . "Shake pal, we're buddies, aren't we" . . . "I'm not tired and I don't want to go to bed"
"I'll never play rugby again, my last game and we lost" . .
"I have a lot of bruises I didn't get in the game" . . . "I wonder what the dizzy sports editor will have to say about us".

(Curtain of Intercollegiate Rugby).

Before we definitely write the last word in this year's rugby activities it is quite in order that we should pay tribute to the work of the coach. We have no intention of saying the usual drivel about winning a moral victory although we didn't win a championship. Far from it, on the contrary we did much better than was anticipated when we first took stock of the material in September. The measure of success we have attained is largely due to the work of Len O'Donnell. The proposition he had to face was by no means enviable; he had a late start and a new club with which to work. Let us say that we hope that Len's freshman year was not entirely wasted and that he will be able to be with us again next year.

GOLF

After considerable discussion at a Students' Association meeting it was decided to hold the annual golf tournament in the fall. The idea was that Freshmen would not be very familiar with the course . . . ah, but fate took a hand and a perfectly good plan was wasted. First year has the honour of having the Meredith Trophy rest with a gentleman of that class. Lennox Mills is the gentleman who defeated all comers and decidedly showed his superiority. He has a powerful drive, and his putts are well timed, while his accuracy and style are worthy of a pro. Congratulations Lennox.

SOCCER

Without a doubt there are some mean people in the world and they are not all members of the faculty either (EXAMS!). The Lennoxville Blue Birds, whom the college aggregation had firmly decided to defeat 'ere the end of the season, had the audacity to disband before this could take place. This is hardly cricket. Of course not, it's soccer. Hatley's return game did not materialize either, so another possible victory was forestalled. Just to be original we will say that we won both these games; it will make our year's record look a little better at least besides filling up space.

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October 19th wasn't exactly what you would call a tea party either. Incidentally Cookshire beat the college 1-0. The game was quite close and Bishop's had the edge on the play in the second half, but poor shooting never got a goal yet. When Bishop's was awarded a penalty-shot hopes were buoyed up — O well! The Gods weren't with us. Another good penalty shot gone west.

Cookshire had the grace to allow the Bishop's men to have an opportunity to wipe out the former defeat but something went wrong with the plans and the wrong team won again by the score of 1-0. Poor shooting and too many short passes were the college's nemeses (sic). At several stages of the game a long pass would have changed the complexion of the whole affair but — alas and alack— our faces are still red — from exertion.

The season has definitely proved that soccer is here to stay and within a few years a very presentable team will be evolved. A little experience will improve the game of some new men and more practice is never out of the question for the old hands either.

As accurately as possible the following is the soccer squad:-

- Goal — Rosenthal.
- Left f. back — Boothroyd.
- Right f. back — Turpin
- Left half — Annett, Baldwin.
- Centre half — Davies, R. Smith.
- Right half — Beatty, Farley.
- Out. left forward — Lyster
- Out. right forward — Carmichael
- In. left forward — Berry, Rivett.
- In. right forward — Harper (Capt.)
- Centre forward — Gray (Coach)

MISCELLANEOUS

The minor sporting activities have scarcely gotten under way yet, for which the writer is thankful. However, we might say that Badminton has been receiving some attention and that there are rumours of hockey and basketball meetings. Another sport has been brought to my attention — Prof. Scott's disciples of the Divinity house have been seen grouped about Esquire in the reading room at regular intervals. Since this may possibly come under the art department of the Mitre we will say no more.

INTER-YEAR RUGBY

There is a time in the rugby season when a new set of plays are introduced but unfortunately it is then too late to use them in Inter-collegiate games. By this we mean that the inter-year games this season have packed the expected number of unexpected plays and misplays. Before we give results of these games we would like to say that there were several players on the field who should

have turned out during the year — if they had, there is little doubt that a Junior team might have been fielded.

Ladees and Gen'lmen — the champeens — GENTLEMEN OF THE FIRST YEAR. In the first game First year defeated Third and Grads by the score of 6-1. We still maintain that the game was stolen by the referee — attention Mr. Knox.

In the second game the Developing Divinity Disciples went down to defeat (nobly) at the hands of second year by the score of 11-0. This now put the Sheddites and the Seniors out of the running.

First and Second Years played off for the championship and the Frosh came through on top by the score of 15 to 7. Needless to say this was rather surprising but the elementary wizardry of the Carter-Bennett combination was too much for the Second Year students. We don't grudge the Freshmen the victory but we are rather annoyed that some of them didn't turn out for rugby during the year. We sincerely hope that they will take this hint and turn out next year and with these words we write finis to Rugby of 1935.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

(An Ancient Drinking Song)

Here's a health to the king and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase.
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found,
And may confusion still pursue,
The senseless woman-hating crew;
And they that woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men, etc. — let them lie!

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to Love.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men, etc. — let him lie!

May love and wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign;
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford.
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men, etc. — let them lie!

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THE ONE-ACT PLAYS OF 1935

The three one act plays recently presented by the Dramatic Society of Bishop's University were happily chosen and, despite the short time available for preparation, creditably produced and enacted. They were, in the main, plays of incident, involving exciting action as well as clever characterization, yet avoiding sameness. The romantic fantasy of "All Hallows' Eve" with its eighteenth century background and flavour of piratical adventure on the high seas, the realistic dialogue and effective climax of "The Last Drop", the amusing bourgeois comedy of "The Grand Cham's Diamond", were sufficiently contrasted dramatic motifs to provide varied entertainment, and the favourable reception of the three plays was an evidence of the success of their performance.

The first play on the programme, "All Hallows' Eve", was directed and acted by members of the freshman class. The setting of this play with the simple resources available in our "Little Theatre", was particularly good. The portraits, especially the Queen Anne lady, were a decorative background. Mr. Roberts, as the redoubtable pirate Blackheart, of the ilk of Sir Henry Morgan and Captain Flint, showed decided promise as an amateur actor. His voice is pleasing — clear and resonant — and his rendering of the part was marked by dramatic animation. By contrast with his spirited performance, there was, perhaps, a little stiffness and constraint in the enactment of the other roles. The play was the most ambitious of the three dramas, and as the performers were making their initial bow in theatricals at Bishop's it was inevitable that there should be certain imperfections in the technique of their acting. Miss MacDonald was a pretty and graceful heroine, but her lines might have been spoken with more vivacity.

"The Last Drop" gave opportunities for characterization, of which Mr. Knox and Mr. Cuttell, both of whom have had previous experience in college theatricals, skil-

fully availed themselves. Mr. Cuttell's representation of Sam Shane, the blackguardly and drunken ex-soldier, was graphic in its realism. His part was one which it is difficult not to overact, but the portraiture of the successive stages through which Shane reaches his maudlin and unguarded moment at the climax of the play was, on the whole, well graduated and convincing. Mr. Knox's impersonation was not that of the hectoring colonel who has become a stock type, but the calculated restraint of his acting up to the point of the dramatic denouement of the "The Last Drop" was an effective foil for the violence of the ruffianly soldier.

The laughable semi-burlesque, "The Grand Cham's Diamond", was the popular hit of the three one act plays. This was, in no small measure, due to Miss Brillhart's capital impersonation of the indomitable and high spirited Mrs. Perkins, whose bourgeois exterior belied her romantic soul. Miss Brillhart is a real 'find' in college dramatics. She has the right instinct for a character part and enters into it with gusto. From first to last her vivacious rendering captured her audience, and her jaunty attitude, literally and metaphorically with arms akimbo, was in the true vein of Cockney comedy. Even when the stage properties tottered about her, threatening to collapse like the walls of Jericho, she remained undaunted. Mr. Henry's hesitant tones and feeble gestures were admirably representative of the role of Mrs. Perkins' ineffectual spouse, and Miss Reid gave a good interpretation of her nervous and hysterical daughter.

At times there was a slight tendency to out-Cockney Cockney in the play, which made some of the lines difficult to catch, but this is inevitable in an acquired accent.

The One Act Plays of 1935 have served their purpose in revealing new talent for University theatricals, and their directors, Miss Speid, Miss Millman, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Holden, are to be congratulated on their excellent work in connection with the production of these three enjoyable little dramas. W.O.R.

THE HART HOUSE QUARTET

Bishop's was once again favoured with a musical treat of the first order when the Hart House String Quartet visited the University on November 5th.

This was the first performance under the new leader, Mr. James Levey. Mr. Levey showed not only that he is able to keep up the fine tradition of music for which the quartet is famed, but that he is a vigorous and artistic leader, and at all times kept the music perfectly synchronised.

The programme was a delightful one, beginning with Mozart's Quartet in D Minor, No. 13. This quartet is one of Mozart's most delightful works, and held the aud-

ience spellbound.

Of the shorter works, The Lonely Shepherd, by Speight, was fascinating, though mystic; and the Red Murdoch by McEwen, brought applause which demanded an encore.

The concluding quartet by Beethoven, while demanding more understanding than the other works, was for true music lovers the gem of the evening. The perfect rendition brought out the skill and amazing technique of the master, while the touch of sadness in the composition did not leave the heart unmoved. We all look forward to an early return of the Hart House Quartet. E.S.



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NEWS AND NOTES

by S. J. Davies

VISIT OF WESTERN DEBATERS

On November 22nd a team of debaters from Western Canada defeated a Bishop's team. J. R. Gould of British Columbia and Maurice Western of Saskatchewan successfully upheld the motion: "Resolved that the menace of Japan is a myth", against K. Annett and G. T. Mackey.

Mr. Gould, leader of the affirmative, stated that according to the resolution they did not have to prove that Japan was not a menace to China. He said Japan's problem was now solved since she had all the land and raw material she desired in Manchuria. There was no need, for many years to come, for any thought of expansion in the Western world. Ignorance of facts had influenced world opinion against Japan.

Mr. Western maintained that Japan was doing much good work in colonizing Manchuria. He defied the negative side to prove that as yet Japan had made any effort to obtain territory belonging to any country outside China. He added that because Japan had a powerful navy there was no reason to suppose that she threatened world peace, since most of the other nations of the world were armed in the same way.

Mr. Annett, leader of the negative, claimed that economically, and socially Japan was a threat to the stability of the world. Her actions in Manchuria were to be condemned. The present rate of increase of population in Japan only served to prove that sooner or later expansion in the West would be essential for her existence.

Mr. Mackey said that Japan had entered the World War only when she was fairly sure that the Allies were going to prove victorious. She had withdrawn from the League of Nations after having obtained all the benefits she could as a member. All her actions showed that she was self-centered and cared nothing for world peace. The menace of Japan, he claimed, far from being a myth is very real.

This debate was one of a dominion-wide series, sponsored by the National Federation of Canadian University Students. Reginald Turpin, President of the Literary and Debating Society was the chairman and introduced the visitors.

The judges were Mr. Rugg, Mr. A. W. Reid and Mr. W. Gibson, all of Sherbrooke.

FIRST INTER-FACULTY DEBATE

The first Inter-Faculty Debate was held in Convocation Hall on October 30th before a large audience. The

subject before the house was: "Resolved that the present expansionist policy of Italy is unjustifiable."

The Divinity men upheld the affirmative and the Arts men the negative.

R. Turpin, President of the Literary and Debating Society was the chairman, and opened the proceedings with a few remarks about the subject.

S. J. Davies, leader of the affirmative, pointed out that in 1906 Italy, France, and Great Britain had signed a treaty in which they promised to consider Ethiopian interests. In 1923 Ethiopia was admitted to the League of Nations with the full support of Italy. He held that the League had afforded Italy ample opportunity of exercising economic control over Ethiopia by peaceful penetration, but Mussolini, blinded by the lust of conquest, was afraid to face another winter of Italian discontent.

W. H. King, second speaker for the affirmative, advanced the opinion that Italy was poverty-stricken and harassed by internal trouble to such an extent that Il Duce had undertaken this military campaign as a measure of insuring his own political safety.

The final speaker for the affirmative, E. S. Davis emphasized the peril of the black race as a whole. He was prepared to admit that conditions in Ethiopia were bad, but could not see that Italy's armed intervention against the weakest member of the League was justified.

J. C. Beatty, opening the reply for the negative, maintained that Ethiopia had repeatedly broken faith with Italy, and had repudiated many treaties and agreements. The question had now resolved itself into one of Italy's very existence and not merely one of national safety.

T. Bissonnet reviewed social conditions in Ethiopia and stated that the Emperor could not abolish slavery because he had no absolute control over many of the turbulent tribes. He pictured Ethiopia with two million slaves and fifty thousand lepers as a cesspool of human suffering.

R. Lamb, final speaker for the negative, pointed out that Italy's reason for invading Ethiopia was not to be found in the social evils there: but these would be eliminated as the result of Italian control. He mentioned that Italian supervision would result in good roads, control of slavery, and the segregation of lepers.

At the conclusion of an interesting and keenly contested debate the judges, Rev. A. Jones, Mr. A. Aikman, and Mr. F. Hawkins, awarded the decision to the Divinity Faculty by a small majority.



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Our present sextet, small as it is, has been achieving a "howling" success, but consider what greater accomplishments would be made with an addition of several members.
Both drummers and buglers are in demand — the latter especially.
It is certain that a bugler requires much wind, and because of this I see no reason why such musicians should not be found in great numbers. There are many persons in our midst who possess this required lung capacity, and I feel sure that if they were to take up bugling they would truly find something "to blow about".
Bugling is a worth while practise. It not only helps those involved to develop a straight back, but also teaches them to keep a stiff upper lip.
Therefore again I say — "Join the O.T.C. band." It may require a bit of brass, but after all we would much rather hear a person tooting an O.T.C. horn than his own.

FRESHMEN V FRESHETTE DEBATE

On November 14th, in Convocation Hall a lively debate was staged between two freshmen and two freshettes. The topic for discussion was: Resolved that woman is as yet incapable of friendship.

Leading the affirmative side, W. Baskerville declared that history has proved that women are motivated by desires other than friendship in their relations with men.

G. M. Durgan continued the argument for the affirmative by denouncing the various ways in which women won men's confidence and then deserted them for more profitable game.

Miss G. M. Nixon opened the case for the negative by remarking that she was glad the resolution read "as yet", since it implied that there was still a slight chance for women. She went on to say that there were many instances of staunch friendships between the sexes, and saw no reason why such a state was impossible.

The second speaker for the negative, Miss M. E. Clarke, said that friendship had always existed between women, and since friendship was such a strong characteristic in the female it was quite conceivable for her to be friendly with men.

An audience vote gave the decision to the affirmative team.

DEBATING COUNCIL

Reg. Turpin, President of the Literary and Debating Society made a trip to Ottawa on November 9th, to represent Bishop's at the annual meeting of the Inter-University Debating Council.

On his way back Reg. attended a meeting of the Student Peace Conference in Montreal and on his return to Bishop's had many interesting features to report, among which was the fact that we may have an opportunity to hear a speaker on the subject of student efforts for peace.

O.T.C. SMOKER

The annual smoker of the Officers Training Corps was held in the Common Room on Monday, November 4th.

The Principal spoke briefly, emphasizing the need of adequate defence in a personnel of well-trained officers able to take charge in case of emergency. He asked that all students support the Corps.

Major Stuart Sanders, retiring officer commanding the Corps, presided and introduced the newly appointed Commanding Officer, Colonel M. W. McA'Nulty of Sherbrooke, who addressed the students calling for support to the plea put forward by the Principal. He added that he would do his utmost to procure new uniforms for the Corps. (Applause). Lyman Tomkins, second in command also spoke briefly.

Enthusiastic singing was under the capable direction of "Wing" Gall.

After partaking of the free smokes and refreshments, thoughtfully provided by the officers, about forty students signed up for the coming period of training.

N.F.C.U.S. NEWS

We have received the following communication from the N. F. C. U. S. Fourteen Canadian students have received Exchange Scholarships this session from the National Federation of Canadian University Students.

- They are:
- Lewis J. Downing of Manitoba to Ont. Agric. College
 - Ressa Waisman of Manitoba to Toronto (Arts)
 - Blanche Sparling of Manitoba to Toronto (Arts)
 - Nicholas Hunchak of Saskatchewan to Toronto (Arts)
 - Thomas R. Crawford of Alberta to Toronto (Arts)
 - Douglas R. Crosby of Alberta to Toronto (Arts)
 - Allan P. Fawley of B.C. to Queen's (Applied Science)
 - Thomas Irving of Toronto to U. of Montreal (Arts)
 - Kenneth Roth of the U. of Western Ont. to Alberta (Arts)
 - John W. Jenkins of U. of Western Ont. to B.C. (Arts)
 - Helen Troop of Mt. Allison University to Toronto (Arts)
 - Bernard Graham of Dalhousie to Toronto (Arts)
 - Elwyn O. Hughes of Dalhousie to McGill (Science)
 - Patricia Hatheway of Acadia to Queen's (Arts)

Under the Exchange Plan a student may spend one year at a university other than his "home" university without paying any tuition or Student Council fees. The scheme was devised seven years ago by the Federation with the cooperation of the authorities of the Canadian universities.

- Exchange Scholars must agree to return to their home universities for the year following the scholarship year. The following, who studied under Exchange Scholarships in 1934-35, are now back at their own universities:-
- Edith Blair back at Dalhousie from Queen's
 - Thelma Hermanson back at Manitoba from Toronto.
 - Leslie Allen back at B.C. from Toronto.
 - Leonard W. Harper back at Alberta from Toronto.
 - Evelyn Buxton back at Alberta from Toronto.
 - Vivian Hood back at Alberta from B.C.
 - Winston D. Porter back at Alberta from McGill.

ARMISTICE DAY

Armistice Day was observed by the faculty and the students of the College in a brief but impressive service in the College Chapel. The Principal conducted the service.

Before the two minutes silence was observed, the names of the Bishop's men who fell in the Great War were read. Prayers for peace and for the League of Nations followed the silence. The service concluded with the National Anthem.

MORE ABOUT RALPH GUSTAFSON

Readers of last year's "Mitre" will remember a review of Mr. Ralph Gustafson's "Golden Chalice" which was rather severely critical in tone. The following review of this Bishop's graduate's work is being published in order that our readers may have the opportunity of hearing both sides of the question of his literary abilities. This review is printed verbatim, and is, as the footnote explains, by Mr. S. Morgan Powell.

"It is not often that one has an opportunity of praising the work of so promising a poet as Ralph Gustafson, whose book of verse, "The Golden Chalice", (Saunders, Toronto) has recently been published both in London and Canada. But here is a young man in whom the true spirit of poesy glows, who can write with rhythmic charm and with a rare beauty of melody, and at the same time express, in phrases that linger in the mind, sentiments that grip the imagination and compel to thought. He is an adept in the choice of the inevitable word, in the moulding of a perfect line to convey just one definite idea with exquisite clarity.

And whether he is writing his sonnets of love— for a young man, he writes as though he had either had much experience or has a very a very vivid imagination — or is telling a tale of mediaeval Italy, or in reminiscent mood recalls October in Quebec, or sings of emotions that have moved him on various historic spots, he is unfailingly the singer, the artist in words, the thinker whose thought finds expression in fluid, fluent poetic phrases of purest melody and fascinating rhythm. He is young, and has yet to learn the full value of restraint. But he has given such splendid promise of greater things that we shall look forward to his next volume with keen anticipation."

S. Morgan-Powell in The Montreal Daily Star, Saturday, August 31, 1935.

ANCIENT EGYPT

Under the auspices of the Literary and Debating Society, Professor Childs presented an interesting paper on November 7th. The speaker traced the history of the Egyptian people from their earliest days until the times of the Pyramid builders. He pointed out that it was very difficult to obtain evidence for the history of this period; what information archaeologists have, has been pieced together from the remains found in the shallow graves. In conclusion Professor Childs pointed out that we should remember that ours is not by any means the only type of civilization which has existed.

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ALUMNI

by
W. J. Belford

The Old Gargoyle has not said so much this issue. Perhaps it's because he's ashamed of telling me that Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Stockwell are in Quebec teaching, when they are in Buckingham looking after the High School there; but he has said quite a bit of some of the old gangs. Of course he started off about weddings again telling me how Doug. Argue '29 married Honor Bright '30 in Toronto this Fall and were around Lennoxville shortly after. Then he mentioned Jimmy Barnett '29 being engaged to Elizabeth (Betty) Hay Stephens. He told me Janet Margaret is the name of the child born to Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Naylor last August.

School teachers, he said were beginning to collect in bunches throughout the Province, notably in Noranda where R. O. Bartlett '23, C. W. Dickson '32 and Esther Farnsworth '22 are on the High School staff. E. G. Wiggett '32 and Gladys Christison '34 are in the High School at Thetford Mines, where they can keep in touch with Jane Smith '35. E. A. Hutchison '34 has left his native school to take a teaching position in Verdun High. Don Rattray '31 has Everett Denison '30 as an assistant at Asbestos and Hobart Greene '28 as a neighbor in Danville. Chic. Carson '35 is sticking close to the college in the capacity of Junior Master at B.C.S. Esther England '27 is at Inverness.

BOOKS TO READ

WOMAN'S MYSTERIES. M. Esther Harding, M.D., Longman, Green & Co.

This interesting book is an attempt to show that a psychological interpretation of the anthropological data of primitive religion and mythology may be of the greatest service to the people of today. Dr. Harding's thesis is that a higher understanding of various taboos and ritualistic practices will demonstrate their lasting value and that some kind of modern adaption of them is necessary to our social well-being and our real understanding of each other.

This book, as its title shows, is principally concerned with women. The moon and the moon Goddesses have always been peculiarly revered by women and the moon is the symbol of the feminine principle or anima. Mystery has always surrounded its worship, mystery has always been associated with women. Men were excluded from

In the higher arts we notice with pride that Orson Wheeler's ('27) display at a recent Montreal exhibition aroused much favourable comment and that Sydney Meade has won a Scholarship at the McGill Conservatory of Music. In the realm of Science we point out another Ph.D. from McGill in the person of G. H. Tomlinson '31.

Athletically, we congratulate Bill Bradley '33 on leading the Law Lions of McGill to a football championship, Gordie Titcombe '33 on making himself an asset to the Royals in the Montreal Senior Hockey Group, and Oggie Glass '35 on an approaching hockey tour of Europe with the Oxford team.

Old Gargoyle is also happy to be able to tell us that Don Mackay '35 is enjoying his work at the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and that G. O. Rothney '32 is improving in health at home in Sherbrooke.

I might mention that O. G. thinks the country is much safer now with R. B. Fraser m'33 in the Royal Canadian Signal Corps at Camp Borden and J. A. Stevenson '31 added to the R.C.M.P.

Among the Clerics, Doug. Christie '35 is flourishing at Bury, Que., M. A. Stephens is now the assistant at St. Columba's in Montreal and John Ford '33 is very busy doing excellent work in Northern Alberta in the Diocese of Edmonton.

the worship and rites of the moon, men are still excluded from any real part in the peculiarly feminine world. In these moon rites the feminine principle was projected into the ritual and the mythology, therefore a study of the mythology and the ritual will bring us nearer to an understanding of the feminine principle.

In the first half of her book, Dr. Harding discusses the various rites which are connected with the moon. She takes the different moon goddesses in turn, considers the main characteristics of their worship and demonstrates their essential identity one with another. There is much interesting material about Ishtar, Isis, Astarte, Diana and the great mother goddess or Magna Dea. The relation of the earth to the moon is discussed, the function of the moon as the bringer of fertility, particularly in hot countries. The different aspects of the moon in its course are related

to the different aspects of the goddess, Diana in her three roles and the three Bridgets of Celtic mythology. An interesting light is thrown on the Old Testament story of Noah. Noah of the Chaldean story, on his mission to fertilize and repopulate the earth, after the deluge, is the moon man sailing in the ark or crescent shaped moon boat. There can be little doubt that there is more than a mere accidental connection between Noah and Nuah, a Babylonian moon goddess.

This information is given in a handy and readable form, well documented and clearly presented. The reader is never under the tedious necessity of having to refer continually to such monumental works as Briffault's "The Mothers" and Frazer's "Golden Bough."

In the second half of her book Dr. Myers is more concerned with the inner meaning of these stories and a psychological interpretation of their symbolism. Here she is on less certain ground but her suggestions are stimulating and instructive. As a pupil of the great psychologist Jung she finds convincing evidence for the close relation between the symbolism of the past and the symbolism of our dream life. Her contention is that the average anthropologist has ignored the psychological side of his material and that it is this side that is so important for us to understand. Without such understanding many of the difficulties and irritations in human relationship are inexplicable.

All of us, as is generally recognized, are part male and part female and unless we reconcile these two opposing sides to our nature we get nowhere. The Odium Amor conflict of the Freudian psychologists exists not only between men and women but in every man and in every woman, and thus, only by understanding this fact, can we understand what at certain times is happening to us and why it is happening.

Dr. Harding's book offers suggestions of a constructive nature. She does not answer all her questions but she does point a way to their probable solution. She feels quite obviously that only upon such lines as she follows is there any real possibility of men and women rising above the essential childishness of their natures and achieving the Greek ideal of knowing themselves.

A. W. P.

THE ENJOYMENT OF LITERATURE

By Elizabeth Drew.

There are few books which inspire me with the desire to write, and still fewer that give me the feeling that even my humble efforts are not without value. Miss Elizabeth Drew, in her "Enjoyment of Literature" has performed this miracle.

It is not through the beauty of her writings alone that Miss Drew has done so, though her style has an excellence born of long practice and much reading. Her language possesses true classic simplicity. "The Enjoyment of

Literature" would be a delightful book to read aloud, and that, surely, is one of the most difficult tests.

Neither is it the clever epigrams with which the book is peppered which give it its chief charm. Miss Drew possesses the knack of expressing thoughts most compactly. The following remark with which she ends her appreciation of Dr. Johnson, speaks for her:-

"It was his peculiar happiness that he scarcely ever found a stranger whom he did not leave a friend; but it must likewise be added that he had not often a friend long, without obliging him to become a stranger".

More powerful than the beauty of her language and the keenness of her wit is her marked affection for all whom she mentions. Miss Drew seems to have a personal fondness for each writer, and a special delight in his writing. She is extremely interested in all types, and has the genius for showing the lovableness of a man, without overlooking his deficiencies. I am so sure of her sympathetic understanding that I would not hesitate to ask her to judge my own writing, — and that is why she has given me the desire to write. It is her kindly attitude which took from me that fear of the pen, which is common to so many of us.

On the flyleaf is the motto of the book.

"The only end of writing is to enable the reader better to enjoy life, or better to endure it." — Dr. Johnson —

This is not the most modern conception of the aim of writing, but surely it is more desirable than that conception which insists that literature should be a mirror of man — more often than not, a mirror of his baser self.

Through sheer affection for those she portrays, Miss Drew enables the reader "better to enjoy", not only literature, but life. I feel instinctively drawn to Miss Drew, and would count it a very great honour and a very great delight to have her for a friend.

V. M. W.

A HISTORY OF EXPLORATION by Sir Percy Sykes, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G., Macmillan, 374 pages.

Here is a book which should have a special appeal not only in view of its outstanding merits as a handbook on exploration but particularly because of the fact that its noted author was a visitor at the University here last year under the auspices of the National Council of Education. Sir Percy who was a staff-officer with Allenby during the Great War and a close friend of Kipling's "Stalky", is one of that select band of Britishers who have played such an important part in the history of the Near, Middle and Far East. It was this noted soldier, author and explorer who held Persia for the Allies during the war and he is also noted as being the first European following the same route to cross the Great Desert of Persia, since Marco Polo in the thirteenth century.

"PEACE ON EARTH, TO MEN OF GOODWILL"

The shepherds heard the angels cry
As they were singing in the Sky,
Those words of praise as they drew nigh —
(Hark!) "Glory be to God on high."

This message often has resounded,
Across the oceans it has bounded,
Many people it astounded
When its meaning was expounded.

The Babe was in a stable born
Who ushered in that peaceful morn —
Tho' many millions yet do mourn,
Still looking for the vanished dawn.

O why do men still turn aside
And all the ways of God deride
When walking closely by their side
Is He, who fought, and bled, and died?

He shed for all His precious blood,
He died to teach us how to love,
He brought to earth the Peaceful Dove
To show to man God reigns above.

Then why will leaders look askance
When asked to give the Christ a chance
To forward with the world's advance,
To lower every war-like lance?

God grant to men of every birth
To join the song of Holy Mirth
That echoes clearly through the earth —
The song of Angels — "Peace on earth."

W. T. Gray.

The book itself is not merely a clear cut history of exploration but rather treats the subject more from the angle of adventure in keeping thus with the adventurous career of its author. It is written for the general reader and no attempt is made to include every explorer or every journey. His plan has been to set the stage when necessary, and to allow the chief actors to speak for themselves as far as possible, touching lightly upon the better known countries and devoting the greater space to the more remote lands of the world.

A detailed analysis of the contents would be impossible here. In the opening chapters he deals with the first principles of exploration and traces them from their earliest beginnings when primitive man depended for food partly on berries and partly on roots but more especially on hunting. Hunting led to travel far and wide in search of game on which he not only depended for food but also in the colder regions for pelts. The early agriculturalist lived a pastoral nomadic life covering great areas in search of new pastures. At the dawn of historical times exploration developed with trade and both were for the most part followed by great conquests. The author mentions Alexander the Great as the greatest of the early explorers and the first scientific geographer.

From this beginning the feats of the world's greatest explorers and adventurers are traced in most interesting detail. The author has an excellent command of the English language and make his characters live again in graphic word pictures so that it is possible for the reader to catch that spirit of adventure which predominates throughout the book. It is replete with personal experience told in an unassuming manner, as he traces the steps of those who have gone on before and this is so particularly of the closing chapters which he devotes to his own explorations and discoveries in the comparatively unknown regions of Persia and Arabia. A wealth of maps and photographic illustrations makes it possible for the reader to follow even more clearly this detailed history of exploration thus described.

G. T. M.

HAVE YOU ?

I dreamed that William Shakespeare's ghost
Sat for a civil service post.
The English paper in that year
Was on the subject of "King Lear".
William answered rather badly —
You see, he hadn't read his Bradley.

The Periodical, Oxford University Press.

THE MITRE is published on the 10th of October, December, February, April and June by the Students of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada. Subscriptions:— One year, one dollar fifty; Two years, two fifty; Three years, three fifty. The personnel of the Board is: Hon. Pres., Rev. Dr. F. G. Vial; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Dr. W. O. Raymond and the Rev. E. Scott. President, B. W. Stevens; Editor-in-Chief, W. H. King; Advertising Mgr., C. H. Bradford, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, Allan Scott; Circulation Manager, K. H. Annett; Assistant Advertising Manager, M. Rosenthal; Assistant Editor, J. E. C. Beatty; Art Editor, Fleda Brillhart; Exchanges, E. S. Davis, Graduates, W. J. Belford; Sport, Les McCaig, B.A.; Activities, S. J. Davies; Women Associates, Jean McNab, Helen Legge; Gentlemen Associates, H. T. Holden, H. L. Roberts.

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To Friends Old and New

Friendships are windows — all the day long
 They let in the sunlight of laughter and song,
 They banish the gloom from the house of each heart
 And oh, the good cheer that those windows impart.

Friendships are windows — life's joy cannot fade
 From the house of our hearts 'till we pull down each shade,
 To all of our friends — the old and the new.
 So we'll fling them wide open each morning, anew,

— Selected.



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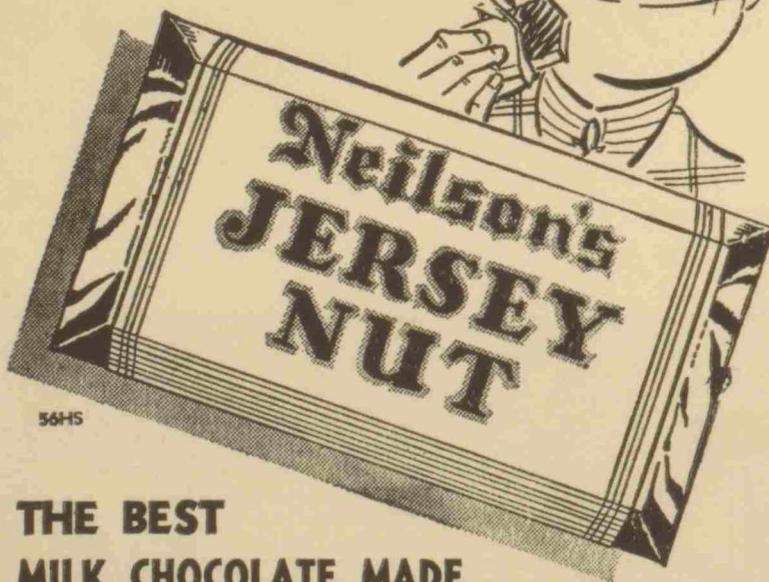
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