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OCT 1936
VOLUME 44 NUMBER 1

THE MITRE
Established 1893

President, K. H. ANNETT
Editor-in-Chief, S. J. DAVIES
Adv. Manager, M. ROSENTHAL

ONE OF the questions which makes the hair of editors turn gray is what they should write about in the Editorial. Our difficulty is not lack of material but what selection we should make from the mass of news on hand.

First then, let us say a word of welcome to our new Dean of Divinity, Rev. Basil Jones, and Mrs. Jones. Dean Jones has come to us with an excellent record of past accomplishments and we are indeed very fortunate to have him with us. We hope that he and his wife will enjoy their work here and will be with us for many years to come.

We must welcome, too, that important body of people who are here for the first year. For many of them this business of coming to college, perhaps leaving home for the first time is a trying ordeal, and after the traditional initiation over we feel it is only fair that Seniors should endeavour to make the newcomers feel very welcome and not drive them to desperation by constantly reminding them of the fact that they are "lovely worms."

To the first year students we would give a word of advice (not that you will take it of course!) It has often been said, but is none the less true for repetition, that you will get out of your college course just what you put into it. We have a great number of activities in the College and there is a chance for you to develop any talents you might have. Therefore our advice is to choose carefully those activities to which you feel you can contribute most or those which will be most beneficial to you when you graduate. But, choose something—take part in some activity—the plea of constant study is not accepted as an excuse here. Then, having chosen, take a real interest in that branch of College life—the difficulty which team managers and presidents of activities have to face here, is the indifference shown by people who have signified their willingness to participate in some activity. Do your best to show your enthusiasm for your particular sphere by turning up for practices or going to meetings, and you will probably never regret it in the future.

So much for the "Frosh"—wait, not quite all: You will find in this issue an article about initiation which speaks for itself. To be perfectly frank our object is to stir up a controversy about this matter which is certainly a very pertinent question at the moment.

As a former editor of the "Mitre" has wisely said despite the fact that such questions as the activities of the Germans, Italians and Spaniards and many other phases of international life do concern Bishop's students, we feel it wiser to deal strictly with Bishop's activities in this editorial and leave other questions to daily papers and to those who contribute to the "Mitre." In this connection we would recommend that every student read Prof. Burt's article on "Commonsense"—you may not agree with him, but you must admit he has presented an excellent case. If you disagree with what he writes, nothing would please us more than to have an article in reply.

As most of us have now discovered, this is rather a poor year from the point of view of the rugby team. There is no need, however, in our opinion, for undue pessimism. What we have discovered is a good deal of very fine material for the next two years. Our team may be inexperienced but they have shown that they can fight—any who saw the fourth quarter against McGill will vouch for that.

The team is young and many of them are playing rugby for their first season. It is so easy to criticise from the sidelines, but our feeling is that if all the energy wasted in criticizing were put to the use of the cheering team on, we should encourage our players a great deal more. It is hardly fair to say "they don't give us anything to cheer about." Perhaps if our cheering section was a little more active we should see a different brand of football. The "Mitre" wishes to congratulate the team on their fighting spirit against such heavy odds and the best of luck in all future games.

We suppose some sort of apology is necessary because the "Mitre" is late. Well, you are welcome to the apology if you feel you need it—but don't blame the "Mitre" board. The stark truth is that we have to delay publication for the same old excuse—lack of material. We think it is time that the students of this College realised that this is primarily a student publication and, as such, comes
THE MITRE

in for a great deal of criticism. If the "Mitre" is dull, whose fault is it? the students, that is your fault. If it is late, whose fault is it—your fault. Surely there are enough literary-minded people in College to supply us with enough articles for a publication every two months. Or are there? Is the "Mitre" published too often? Don't be afraid to say so if you really believe it is.

Let us clear up, once for all, the fallacy that is current in the College, that anything "radical" will not be published in the "Mitre"—radical means getting to the root of a subject. We guarantee to publish anything that is not merely trivial, deliberately offensive, or obviously personal. We plead for and need student opinion—there is no need to sign your name. Every article and letter will be carefully considered by the "Mitre" board and published if that body sees fit.

It will not be very long before the spectres of exams will be haunting us—let us be happy while we may! To me, this is the only way to have a happy and successful year.

The Editor of the Mitre.

Dear Sir:

I know how impossible it is to-day to escape the individual who is championing a cause. The world is full of them—individuals and causes, each individual thinking his cause to be of the most vital importance. But my cause is the most—. Well, there you have it. I, too, have become the protagonist of what I think is a weighty cause of local significance at least. I'm referring to the library, Mr. Editor, which, though you may not agree with me, constitutes a cause that merits much more student attention and support than it receives. Why, only recently I actually heard a student claim that he came to the library only when driven thither in desperation. And between us, I fear it is a student claim that he came to the library only when driven thither in desperation.

I'm sure that there is no end of interesting and varied material available. From time to time the "Mitre" has published book reviews, but outside of this the library has seldom received a mention in the vox populii of the University. These book reviews could be included in the library column. New books could be listed, with comments and brief criticisms. Bits of information about rare editors or unusual books could be worked up. From time to time professors might be prevailed upon to contribute short articles of bookish interest. Students could express their literary tastes and opinions as well as their imaginative fancies.

The column needn't be devoid of humour or of human interest; in fact I think it should avoid at all costs dullness and that dry-as-dust quality that is associated with libraries in most people's minds. I have found humour in abundance in the library, because wherever students gather together plottsterians and amusing incidents are bound to occur. There is ample scope too for the philosopher and the psychologist here where the temperamental actions and reactions of the college man and woman are always revolving. Then too, humour has always had it that for apparent reasons Bishop's has provided more than a mere intellectual education for her students. Romances have budded, bloomed and flourished under the delightful influence of co-educational privileges, and the benign blessing of Old Gargoyles. You mightn't think that libraries with their serried rows of stuff books like stern sentinels were amenable to Cupid's purposes, but on the other hand books have a discreet way of turning, their backs, and libraries are comfortable and meeting places . . .

The column could be useful in so many ways. Student suggestions both as to books they would like to see on the library shelves, and as to improved methods of using the library, should be included. Perhaps Miss Brilhart would be good enough to do a cut or two to illustrate the material appropriately. A member of the Mitre Board or an interested student should be appointed to edit and direct the section, which if it proved successful would be mutually beneficial to the library and the Mitre. These are only suggested ideas of course, but I do feel that the column might be worked into a fine feature column. I hope that it will not be alone in my enthusiasm.

Sincerely yours,

Grace Jackson.
absurd? But what else can we depend upon? If all lose their heads the result will be confusion worse confounded.

What, then, should be our attitude toward war? Two groups clamor for our countenance and approval; the Jingo and the pacifist.

The former, who may or may not be inspired by Nietzsche, claim that war has ever been and ever must be. They even claim it is a "biological necessity." This sounds scientific, but it contradicts all true science, because, in the first place, evolution involves not only the taking on of new qualities, but the laying aside of others that no longer minister to the organism's necessary adjustments to environment—hence the twenty-odd vestigial organs "Homo sapiens" still possess, once useful, now occa­sions a source of trouble, such as the appendix. In the second place, the so-called "biological necessity" view is based on the Darwinian "survivial of the fittest." But the conditionss are not the same ss they were in the good old glorious life" and so forth. But the glory has departed—God is dead. Still he goes—to fend off worse evils.

To get right home, would it be shall we say "ethical" to feng the weak, to humiliate the bully, to cease to turn the other cheek where right is trodden under foot of wrong.

There may even yet be some truth in the old saying: Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

And to return to the subject of our essay, "The Play's The Thing" is not extremely naughty for the Ethiopians to behead Italian soldiers; Peter Greenwood promises to be a very servile steward; Poulengey, the absent-minded lymphatic gentleman-at-arms; Peter Edgell in the role of Robert de Baudricourt, whose penchant for military roles is well established. Wm. lard, "whom age cannot wither," and Roberta Richardson famous as the first and finest Joan of Shaw's script.

The Bishop's Little Theatre movement, which in recent years owes so much to the initiative and imagination of Gerald Cameron, now Director of Dramatics at River­side Church, New York, is part of a world-wide renaissance as intense as that of the Elizabethan era. It is a movement of force, with none of the marks of an ephemeral cultus about it. In this decade we are witnessing striking proof of the fact that the second-hand screen talkie can never displace the legitimate stage art. To act is a necessity of our creative being, and Art, of which the stage play has always been a spontaneous expression, is a nine qua non of true culture. But the drama is not a fenced field of gamblig eurstheses. Some very solid look­ing sportsmen are numbered among this year's players. They are in it for the fun of the thing; they find that it pays substantial dividends.

The selection of plays worthy of the University is always a protracted and onerous business. Bishop's, as the home of good drama in the Eastern Townships, can hardly attempt anything but the best, and so it is right that the process of selection should be as exhaustive as possible. This year the Society secured the help of Dr. Owen as play­reader, while Professor Raymond of the English Depart­ment has been as ready as ever with sound advice. Now after weeks of research and try-outs, plays and players of some merit have been found. G. Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan" will be under the direction of Jean MacNab, who first came into prominence as Audrey, in the 1934 production of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." At the present time some sections of the Roman Church are registering disapproval of the whole cultus about it. In this decade we are witnessing
to be drunk, but in perpetually being "called to the bar." Eldon Davis has the part of Rev. Duke, a young and sincere clergyman. Other senior members of the Dramatic Society who make up the cast and who will contribute substantially to the degree of success achieved by an ambitious play, are: Fieda Brillhart, as the spirited Mrs. Midget, a cockney charwoman; Sydney Davies, as Lingley, the hard, the elderly former employee; Helen Legge as Mrs. Cliveden Banks, the harridan of London's high society life.

Little Theatre-goers will have the opportunity of pronouncing upon the general standard of the plays and performers by means of an audience ballot. The programme interleaf, a detachable form, will invite comment upon individual acting, staging, lighting and will, for general suggestions. These signed ballot slips will be collected by ushers at the close of each performance.

The Executive is anxious to effect certain much-needed improvements in the equipment of the Little Theatre. A stage entrance through a window on the North side of the building would avoid the rather ridiculous and often embarrassing "discovery" of players before the curtain rises. Richter have waited in a sweating group inside the little box room by the entrance, and then crept furtively down the aisle in the semi-darkness, tripping over themselves and extended feet, much to the amusement of the audience, which in the meantime tried to read the programme. Also, the substitution of a ceiling for the present uneven borders will give the effect of a lazier, roomier stage and improve its acoustic properties. These improvements will be carried through, it is hoped, before the opening night of the one-act plays.

Song of the Highways

We are moulded of madness and dream,
We are more than the concrete we seem,
We are youth that must follow the gleam,
We are age that may never be still.
Not for fear do they ride us, nor gold;
Not for love, nor their goods to be sold;
Yet our lures, ever new; ever old,
Still beckons them over the hill.

From the beaches first conquered for Spain,
To the edge of her western domain,
Gray lines are flung over the plain,
A web not too carefully spun;
And caught in the web is its prey,
With wheels whirling daylight away,
And tossing it back to the sun.

We hold them more surely than bars—
Each season they take to their cars—
Out under the sun and the stars they ride,
For they may not delay;
As long as the wheels will go round,
They will course with the zeal of a bound
Who has caught at the scent with a bound,
And is over the hill and away;

We are seared by a merciless heat,
We are bitter with slashings of sleet,
We are seared by a merciless heat,
We are seared by a merciless heat,
Not prudence may catch them nor doubt,
Their cares they are putting to rout,
Not prudence may catch them nor doubt,
Their cares they are putting to rout,
With a song in their hearts and a shout,
And the rain and the wind in their hair.

—Pat Wiggett

OCTOBER, 1936

A Trip to Gaspé

(Exclusive to "The Mitre")

LAST SUMMER, planning to spend a month on the Gaspé coast, two of our co-eds, Betty Brewer (since departed for King's Hall with a High School Diploma) and Nancy McDougall, set out from Quebec on bicycle. "The Mitre" intends to tell you their story just as it was given in a special interview with our correspondent, who heard it while these enterprising sightseers still glowed with happy memories of their trip.

The first part of the journey lay between Quebec and St. Flavie; here, the road was close to the St. Lawrence, and there were few hills, but a multitude of small uninteresting villages. "Our heroine"s were supplied with a knapsack each, containing all necessities, and these were strapped on the handlebars of their bikes. The back of one of the bicycles carried a tent, and the other, a pack of cooking utensils. Each girl had two blankets and a raincoat.

The first hitch in proceedings occurred the second night out, when there was some difficulty in finding a spot to stop for the night. Finally both gave up, and spent the night on a peculiarly uninviting patch of rocky ground about twelve feet from the road. Speaking feelingly of this night, Nancy said, "If it had rained that night, we should have gone straight home." However, when morning came, the girls awoke in a more cheerful mood, roused, so they say, by the happy songs of oblivious farmers passing by. They bought such provisions as bacon, eggs, bread and tinned stuff as they went along, and carried a frying pan and a tin in which to boil water. They tell of lovely moonlit nights when they stretched out on the beach or curled up in hayricks. This reminded Betty of one awful morning when they woke up to find that a small change purse, containing their all, was missing. However, fate was kind and it turned up, unlike the proverbial needle.

After a visit of some days with friends at Port Daniel, they went on as far as Fox River where Nancy and her bike had an accident, and she was unable to cycle further as her leg stiffened up. Had a boat come in that day, they could have gone home, but it was only Tuesday and the boat was not expected until Saturday, and they could not afford to wait. Within fifteen minutes they had planned their course of action, and, without further delay, they shipped their bikes and excess baggage. They went as far as Gaspe that night, and were extremely happy, which seemed to be unnecessary as there was heaps of wood with which to build better homes, and people did not even try to have attractive gardens. They spent the night in Gaspé.

Next morning they set off in a delivery car which deposited them seven miles on their way. As they were debating what to do next, a coal truck slowed up, and a cheery voice bade them, "Come a 'runnin'," which they did, and proceeded for some way, a bit the worse for coal dust. Next an obliging American tourist and his wife took them the rest of the way to Percé, whence friends drove them to Port Daniel. Here they were fortunate enough to meet a man and his wife who kindly offered to drive them back to Quebec, which they reached safely, in due course, under police escort, for the man turned out to be Toronto's Chief of Police.
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DIAMOND DRILLING

ON VARIOUS occasions I have had the good fortune to meet numerous, well-educated persons who were at a loss when conversations on drilling took place. In such a mining province as Quebec proves to be, a topic of this sort is quite apt to pop up during friendly chats. Therefore it becomes rather necessary to know something about drilling, the forerunner of mines, as it were. Frequently I have explained the functioning of a diamond drill, revealing facts about the work that actually amazed my listeners. Fortunately the "Mitre" offers me this golden opportunity of putting its readers wise to this sort of work, which plays such an important part in developing our mining sections.

The first things I might mention are the various uses to which diamond drilling is put. First and foremost in our minds is the instance which occurred at Moose River mine, in Nova Scotia. Upon this occasion the diamond drill can be credited with saving the lives of two of the three entombed men. Needless to say that is not the first time that lives have been preserved in this way. Ventilation holes are frequently put down into the stopes and drifts in mines.

In connection with the operating mine the diamond drill is used extensively to explore the nature of the rock beyond the faces of the drifts. Engineers and geologists depend on the drills entirely to plan the future work of the miners.

Large cities often find use for the diamond drill in plotting their water lines. I know of various cases of this type. The city of Toronto had drilling done for this reason. The city of Los Angeles has been using diamond drills during the past two years in connection with the building of their huge aqueduct from the Colorado River.

In the various oil producing countries these machines are effectively used in finding the oil beds. They also provide a means of attaining the oil through the hole thus bored. Churn-drilling is also used for this purpose.

Canada, especially Quebec, is not only a 'land o' lakes' but also, a land of minerals. As the prospector is heard to say, "That's gold in them there hills." Before a company can go ahead and set up provisions for a mine it must have proof that there is sufficient mineral in the ground to make it worth while. How is he going to get this proof? In no other way can a man feel confident that the earth in that particular section contains enough ore to support a producing mine, than by first having hundreds of feet of diamond drilling done on the property. No mine has ever been established merely as a result of surface showings.

Diamond drilling is done throughout this continent, Quebec, Ontario, from east to west of Canada, Alaska, Mexico, Europe, Australia, Africa, South America and in many other countries. We hear about various means of doing this work, but, fundamentally they are all very closely related.

Now a mine company wishes to do some drilling on a property, say, in Northern Quebec. The geologists previously plan just where each hole is to be put down. Their idea is to strike, if possible, the ore carrying vein in the rock below the surface of the earth. Engineers are sent out to survey the property, do trenching and other assessment work, and "spot" the drill hole.

The various contractors in drilling submit their bids on, for instance, a three thousand foot contract. One company has a bid in of two dollars and a quarter a foot under certain conditions as specified by his contract. This man proves satisfactory and is awarded the said contract. His work begins immediately.

The average person who has never had any connection with drilling will probably imagine the drill as being all set up ready for work. Surprising as it may seem the most strenuous work is performed, generally, before the machine is ready for action. Such things as cutting roads through the bush; finding a nearby water supply, and getting the heavy equipment into the set-up, never enters into the minds of those not acquainted with the work. Often these preliminaries take weeks. However, finally the drill is set up, the connections are made to the boiler (if it is a steam outfit), the steam pump is fitted and the supply pump ready for its work. It might be appropriate to say here that there are times when the water has to be pumped three thousand feet.

Before we continue with the work itself I shall first tell you about the average crew necessary on a job. The total number of men is generally about ten. These are as follows: 1. The "setter," foreman. This man sets the diamonds in the drill bits and is responsible for the work done. 2-
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3-4, are the "runners." It is their job to keep the drill
running, making the best footage they possibly can
without wrecking the machinery. These three men work shifts
of eight hours each so that the work goes on night and day.
All the core, the diamond bit and the machinery are hand­
led by the runners. Now, 5-6-7 are called "helpers." They
actually work harder than anyone outside of number 8,
the wood cutter. The helpers also work eight-hour shifts
with their partners, the runners. They have to keep the
steam pressure in the boiler between eighty and ninety
pounds all the time. When the water runs low the helper
has to start the supply pump. He also has to assist in low­
ering and raising the drill rods. Then, number 9 is the
teamster whose name explains his work. He merely does
the work with his horses that is necessary, such as hauling
equipment, drawing wood, etc. Last, but definitely not
least, is the cook, the good friend of the camp.

Now to get back to the actual drilling. The cutting
of the rock is done by a steel bit set with diamonds. In
some countries, and still in parts of Canada these diamonds
are what we call, the black diamonds, or "carbon." How­
ever for most of the drilling done in Quebec and Ontario,
the "Bortz" diamonds have been found more efficient.
These are much smaller in size and are various shades of
colour, generally kind of a yellowish rust colour. Of the
Carbon, only twelve or fifteen are set in each bit. Of the
Bortz, moreover, sometimes fifty or so stones are to be
found in a single setting. It must be remembered that
these diamonds are not cut, such as you see in rings. No,
they are the rough diamonds just as they are found in the
diamond mines; hence they are not nearly so expensive as
the others.

The diamond bit is tightly fitted on to what is
called a core barrel. It is in this barrel that the core or
rock that is cut out by the bit, is lodged. The core barrel
is quite a complicated affair that would be rather monoton­
ous to explain. All that is necessary to know is that, as
the bit cuts into the rock, there is a round stick of rock
that keeps pushing up into the core barrel until such time
as the drill stops and the core is taken out.

Let me go back to the start again where we have the
drill all ready to run. Many times the place where the hole
is to be does not reveal bed rock on surface. Perhaps there
are from ten to a hundred and fifty feet of earth, that is
dirt and boulders, covering the solid bed-rock. If this
proves to be the case it will be necessary to drive a large
pipe down into the ground until it reaches this bed-rock.

Generally we use a three-inch pipe. The earth that goes
inside the standpipe, as it is called, is washed out with a
strong current of water forced down by means of the steam
pump previously mentioned. Quite probably the pipe will
be stuck in the earth and not move either one way or another.
In this case dynamite is lowered down to its bottom and
ignited. The blast serves to loosen the pipe or break any
boulder that may be interfering with the lowering of the pipe.

When the three-inch pipe is felt to be on bed-rock,
then another pipe is put down. This second pipe is called
the casing pipe. It is drilled into the bed-rock about two
feet then fastened in solidly. The casing is usually 1 1/2 or
2" pipe and is put down to keep sand or gravel from get­
ing into the drill hole.

Now we are ready to start the actual work of dia­
mond drilling. The bit, as I have said, is screwed tightly
in to the core barrel. This barrel in turn is screwed on to
ten-foot rods until the total length allows the diamond drill
bit to rest on the bed-rock which is probably fifty or sixty
feet down. It is not often that bed-rock is much farther
below surface than eighty feet. Of course, these rods are
slowly lowered into the hole inside the casing pipe by
means of a clamp, as the ten-foot sections are added.

When the rods firmly in the swivel-head of the
diamond drilling machine and start it going. The rods whirl
around at a tremendous rate of speed. There are two dif­
ferent feeds on a drill, the 300 and the 450. The number
merely represents the revolutions per inch that the bit cuts
into the rock. All the time the drill is running there is
water being pumped into the rods. This water keeps the
bit cool and washes the hole clean.

The average number of feet made or drilled in each
shift depends greatly upon the nature of the rock. Average
footage runs about thirty feet in eight hours. This neces­
sitates the pulling of the rods at least three times since the
core barrel is never more than ten feet long.

When the barrel is full of core it must be emptied
and lowered again into the hole before drilling can con­
tinue. All the core is laid in a specially grooved box just
as it comes out of the ground. It is logged, samples are
taken, these samples assayed and the rest stored away for
future references. It is the assay results of this core that
determines the possibilities of a future mine.

If the "Mitre" will allow me space at some future
publication I shall tell you a few of the tremendous diffi­
culties with which the driller has to contend.
Introducing . . .

George Mitchell Armstrong—Sherbrooke first greeted this lad on the 18th of February, 1918, and received his education at Mitchell School and Sherbrooke High. His attention here seems to be directed towards aeronautical engineering in the future.

Bruce Edward Gragg—Born in London, England, on March 28, 1918. Later moved to Ottawa where he attended Glebe Collegiate Institute. He has already put in a year at R.M.C., but is now taking an Arts course, preparatory to entering McGill for medicine. Numbers tennis, rugby, O.T.C., and dramas among his activities.

James Crockett Davidson is a brow Scott lad, having been born in Aberdeen on September 8, 1918. He seems unwilling to divulge the date of his arrival in Canada so we have no indication of how "Scotch" he is. He has received the fundamentals of education in Lawrence, Mitchell and Sherbrooke High schools. He, like many others, hopes for a B.Sc., then he would like to become a mechanical engineer. His spare time will be devoted to basketball and the track. (must mean the race-track!)

Donald K. Dawe—Hails from Montreal, the place of his birth on March 9, 1918. After spending six years at T.C.C. he spent last year at the Lille Institute in Switzerland. (Lucky man!) Naturally he skis well and this is his favourite winter pastime, but he also plays hockey, rugby, tennis and golf. His course is B.Sc. and we thought the name was familiar! his hopes to be a brewer.

Robert C. Eggleston was born in the "hub of the Empire" (one guess only). Had the good fortune to attend an English Prep school for one year and later studied in Montreal. He did not tell us what his aim is but perhaps the list of activities he gives us makes him rather shy of prophecy: soccer, badminton, basketball, dramatics, O.T.C. (claims to be a "crack shot") and whatever boating and fishing he can get in the summer. He is also very interested in Scout work.
and is active in rugby, hockey, tennis, badminton and golf. His future, uncertain.

JOHN N. PATerson—Also from Fort William, was born August 22, 1920. Attended Ravencourt School, Winnipeg, for last three years. Has chosen rugby, hockey and skating as his activities, and hopes to study law.

Art. A. Planche—Whose heart first throbbed on St. Valentine's Day, 1918, comes from East Angus, Que. He attended High School there and has come to Bishop's to get his B.Sc. degree. He is best known as a golfer, but also plays tennis and rugby, and has an interest in debating and dramatics. To be an Industrial Chemist is his hope.

William Edmond Powers hails from the West (wild man? we hope not!). Vancouver, B.C., was the place of his birth in 1911. He moved to Westmount later and attended Grey Gables Prep School in Welland, Ontario. In preparation for a career in the world of commerce at McGill he is taking Arts here. Football, hockey, debating, dramatics, the “Mitre” (Hurrh!), and the O.T.C are going to occupy quite a few of his spare moments.

John Starkes—Yet another from Montreal. Was born there on February 5, 1918. He has to T.C.S. for four years, so he should be pretty useful. His interests lie mainly in the field of sport; rugby, hockey and golf; plus an interest in the “Mitre” (which we hope will manifest itself soon). Questioned regarding the O.T.C. he was very polite, but very determined, “definitely no, thank you!” He hopes to be a journalist.

Andrew H. “Bud” Vissers—Born in Quebec City on April 17, nineteen years ago, but now lives in Thetford Mines. Says he is interested in all sports (not as a spectator only, we hope). His aim is a good one—Medicine.

Rolando Voisard—Aha! Looks like a genuine product of Quebec. Born in North Hatley on August 28, 1918, he has been to school at North Hatley French School and St. Pat’s Academy in Sherbrooke and to finish up he went back to North Hatley High School. B.Sc. is going to claim his attention for the next three years. He says he is going to play hockey, golf and tennis. What, no O.T.C.?

Kenneth Richard Wilkins—Carrying on the family tradition of “Charlie”, Ken comes to us from Sherbrooke, where he arrived on April 1, 1919. He has been to Mitchell School and Sherbrooke High. Another B.Sc. aspirant he hopes to become an Industrial Chemist. Activities are confined to the major sports of rugby and hockey.

Walter D. Wood—Twenty years of age (and very nice too!). He has done some travelling around; born in Montreal, he has lived in Shawinigan Falls and now resides in Thetford Mines. He tells us he is interested in badminton and basketball and may join the O.T.C. He intends to be an electrical engineer.

S. S. Worthen—Born in Ayer’s Cliff, October 9, 1917; went to school in Ayer’s Cliff; still lives in Ayer’s Cliff; will probably retire in Ayer’s Cliff. Course B.Sc. and has the ambition of becoming a metalurgist in the future. His activities seem to be mostly of the individual nature except for hockey; he plays tennis, golf and badminton.

W. R. Wright, better known as “Dick,” was presented to the world on March 21, 1919. Has absorbed a lot of elementary education in various places including T.C.S and Westmont High. Likes water sports (cold baths!) also takes an interest in tennis, skiing, soccer and golf. O.T.C. Says he’s a pacifist! But that’s no excuse—that’s what they all say! Future uncertain.

THE FRESHETTES

Frances Helen Baker was born in Sherbrooke on July 3, 1918. She was educated at Mitchell School, and then moved to Lennoxville, where she continued her studies at Lennoxville High. She likes to skate, swim and ski, and intends to play badminton and basketball, as well as indulge in dramatics, while she is at Bishop’s. Medicine is her career.

Frances Elizabeth Crook is the baby of arts’ 19. She was born in Beebe on September 9, 1920, but she has lived in Ayer’s Cliff and attended Ayer’s Cliff High School since 1926. Her favourite sports are swimming, skiing and skating (we hope this means hockey!). She wants to play basketball, and later intends to spend her life instructing the young.

Dorothy Cullen was born on September 16, 1910, in Montreal West. She gives her present address as Orms town Station. She has attended Fairmount School, Montreal, Ormstown High, and also Macdonald College. Softball and skating are among her activities. She intends to teach.

Vivien Shirley Howie was born in Pike River on January 6, 1918, and went to Bedford High School. She skates and rides, intends to play basketball and badminton, and hopes to pursue the study of medicine at some future date.

Ruth Emily Hunting was born on April 8, 1917, at Huntingville, Que. She went to Lennoxville High School, and likes to swim, skate and walk. In future she (also) wishes to become a teacher.

Norma Alberta Huting was born on November 5, 1919, also at Huntingville. She went first to Aucot Consolidated, and then to Lennoxville High School. She skates, skis, swims and dances (the Highland Fling, if asked). She intends to teach.

Dorothy Louise Martin arrived on July 12, 1919. She lives in Gosticcok, where she attended school after a short interval at Lennoxville High. She says that her activities include reading, as well as sports of all kinds, while she is aiming to obtain an M. D. eventually.
An Hour Is Only 60 Minutes Long

SHEBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

Consultations Invited

OCTOBER, 1936

Jean McNiece Montgomery was born in Sawyerville, Quebec, on July 23, 1918, and there she went to school. She says sports and reading are her activities. In future, she plans to become a dietician.

Vivian Dorothy Park was born on June 20, 1919, and attended Mitchell school and the Sherbrooke High. She likes to swim and skate, and intends to take part in Dramatics. She is also going to play hockey. She has chosen Journalism as a future career, and may we suggest that she "keep her hand in" with the Mitre in the meantime.

Roberta F. Richardson was born on March 2, 1919, in Sherbrooke. She went to Mitchell School and Sherbrooke High. Her favourite activities are riding, swimming, skiing and skating and she wants to play hockey. She has chosen nursing as a career.

Margaret Lois Wemyss Richardson was born on February 19, 1919, in Lennoxville. She has attended both Lennoxville High School and King's Hall, Compton. She is fond of riding, playing tennis, skating and skating. Badminton, Dramatics and hockey are her intended college interests. She hopes in time to follow the career of a commercial artist.

Janet Marian Spieid was born in Lennoxville on January 19, 1919. She was educated at Lennoxville High where she also found time to ride, skate, ski, swim and play tennis. She wants to play badminton and hockey as well as taking part in Dramatics while she is at college. She has chosen commercial art as a future occupation.

Joyce Stanush was born in Lennoxville on August 7, 1918. (She is of Polish extraction.) Later, she moved to Cookshire where she attended Cookshire High School. Her favourite sports are skating, tennis and swimming, and she intends to grace both basketball and hockey teams. She is another budding teacher.

Rosamund Berneke Staples was a little Christmas gift on December 21, 1918. She attended Cookshire High School where her range of activities included tennis, swimming, skating, hockey, basketball and softball. There are rumours that she plays both piano and organ. She hopes to become a French specialist and teach.

Wilma Evangeline Thompson was born June 4, 1919. She lives at Ayer's Cliff, P.Q., and received her schooling at Ayer's Cliff High. She likes to dance and wants to play basketball. She is going to get her High School Diploma and hopes to teach.

Patricia Anne Wiggett was born on February 19, 1920. She lives in Sherbrooke now, but attended Irving School, Maline, Illinois, for a time. She finished her school days at Mitchell School and the Sherbrooke High. She seems most versatile and likes to ride, ski, skate, golf and swim. She hopes to take part in basketball, hockey and Dramatics, as well as being a friend to "The Mitre." She intends to become a nurse.

Hats Off --

A Music Teacher

By O. Horace Seveigny

When we read history, we feel that it is the great man who is typical of his time and country; when we read biography, we detect the personal bias of the writer in favour of his subject; the man's achievements are magnified, sometimes the whole work of others is minimized in order that the heroes may shine. With this tendency of mind, how easy it is for us to attribute too much to the great man. We forget that back of him were other workers who helped him; but how seldom we hear of these silent, unsung workers.

In music-life the same conditions maintain. Human nature is alike in all fields of activity. We give undue praises to great pianists and musicians who engage the public eye, and accord scant recognition to the quiet toiler whom we meet day after day. We forget that one man, or two, or ten, or even a thousand cannot lift permanently the mass of the people to a higher level. The raising of a standard of appreciation of the cultivation of an art like music, is not the work of a few leaders, but is due, in large measure, to the united, constant efforts of thousands of humble followers, of silent workers who are not heralded by a burst of voices and a flourish of trumpets, but who labour simply because they have taken their place and are content to do good work.

Let us, then, honour the quiet man, the quiet woman, who teaches pupils to know and to love good music, who has no fame save in the community in which he or she works. Let us seek to know these people whose light seems to illuminate only such a narrow circle; a group of quiet workers each knowing and esteemmg the other. Here is strength to do great things. There is a great place for the faithful worker, even if the great public is not kept informed of his doings. His pupils and friends we know, that is the great thing.
I'm a Lowly Worm

by A. F. R. Eshman

"I'm a lowly worm, Sir, I'm a lowly worm . . ."

"Sing! Louder! Louder!"

"I'm a lowly worm . . ."

A freshman again; I say again because I have already been a freshman twice at school.

I went to boarding school at the age of eight, and, of course, was a "New kid," a very lowly worm, who must do the bidding of the seniors (aged about twelve to fourteen). In the course of time I became a senior myself, one of the mighty ones, with the new kids hopping to do my bidding.

Then I passed, and went into the upper school, where I was a mere new kid again.—What a come down! From senior to new kid. Again I had to "fag" for the seniors. This lasted for another year and then I became a senior again, and finally one of the mighty men of the matriculating class.

Having matriculated, I came to Bishop's where I was a freshman once more, a lowly worm. What a change from one of the lofty ones to a mere "fresh." Red finger nails, green tie, hair parted in the middle, budding moustache, lifting hat, running across the quad, bed dumped (it's tradition); all this, and more, reminds me hourly that I am a freshman, a lowly worm. But wait 'till next year. I'll never be a freshman again.


Does it never end? . . . freshman, senior, freshman, senior, freshman . . . what does it matter, anyway? Come on, fellows, sing!

"I'm a lowly worm . . ."
SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked." — The Lancet

Mid-Victoriana

The routine of the College was much the same then as now with regard to chapels, lectures, length of terms, etc., though the chapel having just been completed and not consecrated, the services were carried on in a Lecture room fitted up for the purpose.

College board cost 12s 6d per week in 1857; tuition, library, etc. £3 per term; the whole expense varying between £40 and £50 per annum. The number of students admitted averaged 6½ per year for the first 11 years, which the sketch pointed out to be equal to the average of many then flourishing universities at a similar period of their existence.

This sketch casts considerable light on life here in the '60s but is perhaps a trifle too statistical to be so entertaining as the "Students' Monthly" and "The Lennoxville Magazine" which were published, respectively, during the years 1867 and 1868—preceding "The Mitre" by some time.

The "Students' Monthly," the earlier of these two journalistic ventures, was, as its name implies, published by the students of the university, while "The Lennoxville Magazine" was of a more comprehensive character, calculated to serve the Eastern Townships and develop native talent. The latter periodical succeeded the former for several reasons, one of which was "the present dearth of writers of native talent, and more especially of that mental constitution requisite for magazine literature." Apparently even in that age of prolix penmanship it was no easy task to secure sufficient material to fill a college publication regularly.

The articles and stories published were not such as would be likely to recommend themselves to modern readers. Long stories, serial in form, melodramatic in nature and redolent of sick rooms of the Elizabeth Barrett type, occupied by far a major portion of the magazines, while the poetry was either in the "graveyard" style or else consists of translations from the classics.

The news of the month had usually a very ecclesiastical tone, and, while of value to the student of modern English Church History, hardly seems of such a nature as would interest Arts students. For the benefit of the few, however, some of it may well be mentioned. The first Lambeth conference is reported from its beginnings, for months ahead the writer of the "Church Intelligence" column having speculated as to the possible results of such a Pan-Anglican meeting. The prognostications made by this gentleman have, in the main, proved correct, and justified his broadminded attitude towards many of the pressing questions of the day, notably those of ritual, clashes with...
the Privy Council Court of Final Appeal, and the necessity of the freedom from state control of the Church in Canada. With reference to this last-mentioned point the writer says, "The decisions of the Privy Council in England in doctrinal matters do not bind or concern us. Thank God for that!" and, referring to the rather unscrupulous, but vociferous controversialists of the Evangelical school he declares "The Protestant faction are the best friends of the Romanists, the best friends of the atheist, and the worst enemies of the Church." Definitely a sound Anglican was the writer of the twenty-odd "Church Intelligences," and most Divinity students would find his column both refreshingly amusing and informative regarding the Church life of the day.

All features of interest, however, are not found in the works of the contributors. Some of the advertisements, doubtless typical of all such magazine essentials in the year of Confederation, have in process of time become faintly amusing. For instance, one of the seemingly numerous Lennoxville tailors of the day acquaints college gentlemen with the fact that he will "For Elegance of Style and Beauty of Fit, defy competition" and also that he is capable of making Collegians' gowns and caps "and all other articles worn in the present age." A dentist advertises as follows: "Teeth filled with pure gold and silver; ... extracted with the least pain possible. All operations warranted against natural wear." Another man claims to be a dealer in "Everything good and cheap," while Mr. ------ of College Street, "would also call attention to his well-stocked saloon, in which customers will find excellent articles at reasonable rates."

These few items quoted, when seen in their surroundings of weirdly archaic typography, (one advertisement of ten lines containing ten separate and distinct fonts and sizes of type) would suggest that Canadians of 1867 did not possess such well-developed senses of humour as do those of 1936; and the combined effect of all the articles, news, poems and advertisements is to establish the fact that students then were possessed of a naivete which not even the veriest worm of a freshman could equal today. This in turn prompts the thought, though, that students at Bishop's in the 21st century may find the modern "Mitre" excruciatingly funny.

Howbeit, these old magazines are worth inspecting. W. H. K.
THE MITRE

1786 ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF
MOLSON'S BREWERY

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO
A young man founded
a business in Montreal

His name was John Molson. It was a brewery he established, and he located it on the outskirts of the city in a district then called the Quebec Suburbs. It is still where he built it. His direct descendants have continuously operated it.

The city has expanded and surrounded the brewery. The road is no longer merely The Quebec Post Road; it has changed its name twice, and is now known as Notre Dame Street. The old brewery has almost disappeared (only its vaulted stone cellars are still in existence and use) but great modern buildings, filled with the most up-to-date equipment, have replaced it.

Through one hundred and fifty years the brewery has had only five heads; John Molson, the Founder, Thomas Molson, John H. R. Molson, John Thomas Molson and Herbert Molson. All have been outstanding citizens of their day; all have carried on the fine traditions so firmly established by the Founder.

DAY AND NIGHT 365 DAYS A YEAR

GAY'S TAXI
Telephone:
Lennoxville 100

★
Cars for all occasions. Cars that seat 9 passengers, with attachments to take trunks and baggage with comfort, no extra charge. All cars well heated.

You will never go wrong if you call for GAY'S SERVICE

★
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED

C. C. CHADDOCK

Groceries and Fruits
Paints and Oils

The Best Quality Always—
Full Weight and Measure
at a reasonable price
with good service

TELEPHONES: 271 and 272
LENNOXVILLE : QUE.

OCTOBER, 1936

Impressions of Cornell’s Campus

The Chancellor’s last words were, “I declare this Convocation closed.” Within an hour I was on a bus on the way to Montreal, to begin a very interesting and enjoyable summer. That was on Thursday. The following morning I again took the bus at Montreal for

The Best Quality Always—

The year is growing old and wise,
The giddy spring behind it lies,
Its stormy winds, its madcap skies—
Forgotten.

And summer’s glowing tale is told,
Its sultry ardours have grown cold,
Its fragrant dusk, its sunrise bold—
Outgrown.

An autumn wind blows sharp and clean,
Ahead the flames of bonfire gleam,
The brave year stands, proud and serene—
Completed.
Evening and Morning Thoughts at the Homestead

Thoughts on Nature at the Homestead

The waning day steals down the vale, out through the mountain pass,
And leaves its peace and benison on every blade of grass.
Softly falls the velvet cloak of night,
Enwraps the lovely shoulders of the earth.
All, all is still at such a beauteous sight,
Save unheard murmurings and silent mirth.
Nor life nor death in this mysterious hour
Is aught but fancy in the mortal mind.
Creation is transfigured by its power;
Nor life nor death in this mysterious hour
Is aught but fancy in the mortal mind.
Eternity in stillness broods, all-seeing blind.
With muted music hail the Queen of Night;
Sing now melodious silence! Vanish light!
Hush waters, beasts and birds, all moving things!

To show my way. O God, at what a cost
Through very depths of hell. Nor faintest light
With unmuted music brings the Queen of Night;
That God seems very near.

Dear God, with what great patience thou didst lead
My restless feet in thy mysterious ways.
In every danger thou didst intercede
And brought me safely through all these my days,
Who sought thee not — my seeking then was wrong.

And now at last, O Father, we have met.
I, in my darkness, kept thee waiting long.
Thou wert standing, beckoning me, and yet
I found thee not — my seeking then was wrong.
But here am I.

Morning — At the Homestead
From its lair afar creeps up the dawn, and spreads a soft-hued glow
O'er morning's sky, and bathes in light the slumbering vale below.
The old cock crow, and tethering birds announce a newborn day.
Then men take up their daily tasks, and life resumes its way.

Call to Work — At the Homestead
Behold a man, brimful of unnamed thoughts,
Each a vague fore-warning of the end,
Teaching him to love, to be a friend.

Prayer— At the Homestead
I stumbled long, dark years as in the night,
Worn and despairing, broken, blind, and lost.
Through very depths of hell. Nor faintest light
To show my way. O God, at what a cost
I chose my path!

Until that hour, I found no friend
With perfect faith in thy sustaining power.
And now in thee I trust until the end.
Use thou my utmost gift, this troubled hour
To help thy world.

Rise up O man! Cast off all dull despair;
Stretch forth thy arms, for you are love's sole heir.
Although you feel no urge to join the strife,
Time's current flows! Move with the stream of life!

Pushing, pressing, plodding, pushing pack,
Behind, before, beside — this maddening herd
That passes by me now to come not back
Unceasingly moves on without a word.
I hate it! Yes, and I could scream my hate
At these remorseless, trampling feet of men
That crush and care not, kill and are not sate
Mill 'round and 'round like cattle in a pen!

And yet I love this crowd, these moving feet,
For they are mine — belong to my own kind.
This mighty heart in its full rhythmic beat
Is one with mine — its every pulse I mind.
For all creation, every flower and star
Moves in the self-same tempo from afar.
Intensely loving all creation
You will be beloved
In wondrous life without cessation
By one power moved.

H. T. H.

INITIATION

THIS IS NOT AN ARTICLE ABOUT HOW WE
initiated the "lowly worms," but a genuine attempt to face the questions, what good does initiation do, or do we want to continue it at Bishop's? The editor has received a letter from a former graduate of the College criticizing this year's initiation ceremonies, he writes:

"You seem to have within your student body youngsters who as little boys were prevented from pulling the wings of off flies, and who have as a result of this repression developed a complex that now manifests itself in a certain viciousness (especially at initiation) towards fellow students."

He continues later:

"I admit that there are always one or two freshmen and freshmen who need to be taken down a peg, but there's a larger group that doesn't require quashing but a little boosting if anything; for the sake of this group an initiation should be made as agreeable and bearable as possible.

There has also recently appeared an editorial in the Ottawa Journal on the same topic which reads thus:

"First year students at Queen's University are to be subjected to a program of petty humiliations, according to the Kingston Whig-Standard. These have been substituted for the brutality of the old-fashioned 'hazing.'

Parents making sacrifices that their sons may have the advantages of university education may well wonder whether the childhood displayed by the older students at Queen's is an evidence of the kind of mentality created in that institution.

It is not easy to discover any humor in the spectacle of a sensitive youth, trying to find his feet in a strange environment, compelled to follow for weeks a stupid and inane ritual which reveals, on the part of those who devised it, a mental age of about nine.

And it is still harder to accept a rigid schedule of tomfoolery as a proper approach to the higher learning.

Some of the adjuncts of the much belauded 'college education' seem particularly out of place as a preparation for life in a world so muddled as it is today.

What is your opinion on this subject? Would it be fair to substitute 'Bishop's' for Queen's? There seems to be a strong undercurrent of feeling in this College that initiation should be completely abolished. The purpose of this article is to sound student opinion and to ask for correspondence to the "Mitre" on this subject.

It has been pointed out to the writer that there are no initiations, as we have them, in English universities and that many Canadian universities have abolished what they consider a poor legacy from the colleges in the United States.

Shall we abolish initiation here? If so, why? If not, why not? Let us have your honest opinion for the next issue of the "Mitre."
BROWN, MONTGOMERY & MCMICHAEL
Advocates, Barristers, &c.
Hon. Albert J. Brown, K.C.
Robert C. McMichael, K.C.
FRank B. Common, K.C.
Thomas R. Ker, K.C.
Linton H. Ballantyne, K.C.
C. Russell McKenzie, K.C.
J. Leigh Bishop
E. Angus Ogilvy
John de M. Marler
G. Featherston Osier
John G. Porteous
K.C.

WM. WRIGHT, Prop.

The Mayfair Room
at the
New Sherbrooke Hotel

A beautiful spot to dine and dance on week-ends at reasonable rates.
Dancing every Saturday night.
Come and enjoy yourself!

Do your EYES worry you?
Have You Experienced the Following Symptoms?

Headache, Nausea, Distress, Blurred Vision, causing you to disdain studying?
Consult a skilled optometrist. Our optical knowledge is at your disposal to correctly advise you for your eye troubles.

THOMAS H. BARNES
in attendance at Sherbrooke office
with WILFRID B. GERVAS, O.D.
664 Wellington St. N. Tel. 2417

The Mitre
OCTOBER, 1936
Notes and Comments

UPON returning to the University the residents were struck with the sight of a new cleanliness which had settled over the University. The Old Lodge and Old Arts were plastered, papered, painted, and repaired. Some cream paint seemed to find its way onto several pieces of furniture in the Old Arts, and a new hardwood floor was noticed in the girls’ common room. Even the New Arts was not entirely neglected, about ten rooms and one floor were painted.

The Professors’ residences took the brunt of the general upheaval. Harrold Lodge has been completely renovated for the new Dean of Divinity. The infirmary is no more, but is a residence for Professors Vital and Owen. The Senior man’s quarters have been appropriated by Mr. Preston.

A great commotion was noticed about the University one morning and upon close investigation the cause was found to be the erection of a building on the river bank. Could this be the new Science building or the much talked of Girls’ dormitory? But disillusionment was not long in coming; the next morning we hear that the equally long heralded new bridge was about to be commenced.

The initiation this year was one of the most successful in years, due to the ingenuity of second year and to the fact that we have a much larger freshman class than usual.

The students should take a greater interest in debating as it is the only inter-university activity in which we compete with the senior teams of other universities. For this reason a greater interest is anticipated in future debates. Bishop’s record has been creditable in the past and her debating teams deserve popular support by the student body.

May we take this opportunity of saying a word of welcome to Miss Knapp, our dietitian. We have all noticed with pleasure a great improvement in not only the quality but also in the manner of serving the meals. More power to Miss Knapp and may her stay here be a long and happy one.

C.O.T.C. SMOKER

The annual smoker of the Bishop’s College C.O.T.C. was held on Wednesday, October 14. The Principal opened the meeting by asking for the support of the whole student body, emphasizing the need of well-trained officers today.

The guest speaker, Lieut. Prince, of the Guika Rifles, India, gave an interesting and humorous account of the life of a British officer of the Northern Frontier of India. The Commanding Officer, Col. M. W. McA’Nulty, of Sherbrooke, welcomed the students, promising the long looked for uniforms by next January. He also added that attention would be given to practical details this year.

Others who spoke briefly were Serg.-Major Savard, Lieut. Tompkins, of the Sherbrooke Regiment, ex-second body, emphasizing the need of well-trained officers today.

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The following communication has been received from the National Federation of Canadian University Students:

A DEBATING TEAM of two debaters drawn from Edinburgh University and the University of London will tour Canada this fall under the auspices of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, meeting a local team on November the 2nd, 1936.

The debaters are Malcolm MacEwen, selected by the National Union of Scottish Students, and Bernard Unger, nominated by the National Union of Students of England and Wales. They sail from Liverpool on October 8 and land at St. John's, Newfoundland, on the 14th, where they will take the negative of "Resolved that the Elimination of the Profit Motive Would Paralyse Initiative." They will proceed to Halifax on the 19th, and for the following six weeks will face a barrage of teas, debates, dinners, luncheons, theatre parties, and bun fights (with— they hope an odd schooner thrown in) by which time they will have travelled some four thousand miles by train, and will be prepared to return to the Old Land knowing that Canada is a damn fine country.

The schedule calls for their appearance at Dalhousie, Acadia, Mount Allison, University of New Brunswick, St. Thomas College at Chatham, N.B., Bishop's University, McGill, Queen's, Toronto, McMaster, University of Western Ontario, Ontario Agricultural College, the Universities of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, and, in addition, public debates at Calgary, and Vegreville in Alberta, and Regina in Saskatchewan. They will make a side trip from Kingston to Ottawa to be the guests of the University of Ottawa for an alleged "rest-up," and will wind up their tour with a debate at International House, Chicago, on December 7. They sail from Halifax for home on December 13.

Much could be written about the visits of previous teams here (more could not be written) and their visit promises to be the highlight of this year's debating programme.

Before an interesting list of subjects was compiled much correspondence took place between the Secretary-treasurer of the N.F.C.U.S. and the team, which appeared anxious to delve into an even wider range of subjects than those finally agreed upon. The Old Country Debaters were "ready, willing and able" to prove that "marriage should not disqualify women from continuing at work." This was counted out by Secretary Davies, who is himself married, on the ground that when they do marry they are presumed to keep on working anyway. They were equally prepared to argue that "divorce should be as simple as marriage," which would seem to suggest, according to what some could claim, that they have no idea how hard it is to get married. Possibly, however, their side of this subject would appeal to some unsuspecting young engineers and medical students, who, well before reaching their third year, fully realize just how easy it is to say the wrong word at the right time.

The riotous nature of the visiting team is disclosed in their anxiety to debate the negative of the subject that "men should be paid more than women." One would judge that they have at some time or other "flunked," as indicated by the fact that they were equally anxious to take the affirmative of "that competitive examination is no test of ability." Incidentally, the psychology professor (who himself sets such examinations) is nearing the stage where he has convinced the President of most universities that this is so.

The young debaters are apparently no satellites of Lord Beaverbrook or they would not have suggested that they should be given the negative of "that Empire Free Trade is vicious in principle and unrealisable in practice." They are determined not to spend much time in Canadian Churches during their tour or it is extremely unlikely they would have urged the affirmative of "that religion is a barrier to human progress." Finally, one can conclude a broadens of thought is prevalent in their universities when it is remembered they suggested that they be given the affirmative of "that abortion be legalized." Canadian Universities have a long path to travel before it will be conceded that there is that freedom of thought which is essential to a true education.
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Mr. Bernard Ungerson, Vice-President of the National Union of Students of England and Wales, will be the representative of that organization on the visiting Debating Team which will debate here on November the 2nd, 1936. His college is the London School of Economics, which is a Constituent College of the University of London. His special subject is statistics, and as such he will be at home in “giving, gissing, specific statistics, as to the daily traffic between the Daily Graphic and the Telegraphic Office opposite.”

Mr. Ungerson is an accomplished sportsman, having won his College colours in association football and cricket. He has also represented his College in such diverse sports as rugby football, chess, and table tennis. As a member of the College Dramatic Society he has acted and produced dramatic performances.

He was for two years a member of the Students' Representative Council and represented his college on the Council and Executive of the National Union of Students. He was elected Vice-President of the National Union of Students in November, 1934, and re-elected in November, 1935. During that time his special department in the Union's work was debates and he represented the N.U.S. against a visiting American team in the summer of 1935.

In the same year he was one of a small representative delegation of students which toured the "New Germany" as the guests of the German Students Association.

Mr. Ungerson has represented the English N.U.S. at conferences of the International Confederation of Students held in Nottingham in 1934 and in Prague in 1935.

Mr. Ungerson is keenly interested in the peace movement and is now chairman of the British Youth Peace Assembly which co-ordinates the work for peace of the many youth organisations in Great Britain.

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Malcolm MacEwen was born at Inverness in 1911, the son of an Inverness Solicitor, who later became Provost of the burgh. A constant source of trouble to his parents, he was sent away to boarding school at the age of nine. His preparatory school was St. Andrews, where he was threatened with expulsion in his fourth year, and headed his class in the fifth. At 13 he had a scholarship to a Public School — a questionable promotion for a Scotsman. After a year his scholarship was confiscated on grounds of indolence, but he passed his university entrance examination at 15 and thereafter led a comfortable existence at the bottom of his class. Finally, when the teaching system had destroyed all his liking for English Literature, except Edgar Wallace, he decided to leave school when 17, and study French in the Touraine. He returned from the Continent with some knowledge of French slang, a considerable knowledge of French habits, and a complete inability to write a grammatical sentence in that language. This was the basis of his decision to enter Aberdeen, take a Forestry Degree, and go out East.

Aberdeen has never conferred that degree, but it has the distinction of having harboured young MacEwen for two years, during which time he made the discovery that a classical education is a poor foundation for a Science De-
Exchanges

E. S. Davis

As I BEGIN this article a monstrous heap of enveloped exchanges is dangerously poised on my desk. After digging into the smaller stack of delapidated envelopes I chose a diminutive specimen which turned out to be "The Crucifer" published by the College of Holy Cross. As most of them were published during last term, I find that they are one and all below their usual standard. Then perhaps to June exam fever, it contains one particularly interesting item, "Pit Dwellings of the Stone Age." The writer gives an account of the visit of a number of students to the remains of an ancient pit dwelling. A concise account in given of the history of these early inhabitants of England.

After looking through most of that vast multitude of magazines of which I have made mention before, I find that they are one and all below their usual standard. Then too the current events which are discussed are rather out of date, as most of them were published during last term.

Those students who are attending University for the first time will find in the exchanges a wealth of new ideas. By the system of exchanges we have a valuable connection with our fellow students in other Universities. The National Federation of Canadian Universities which arranges and sponsors the international and inter-regional debating activities of Canadian Universities is permitted a degree of idleness which gave him an even much firmer belief in Socialism. He graduated M.A. in 1934 and LL.B. in 1936. His principal recreations were the table. In pursuit of the last, he has visited France, Spain, and Portugal, all of which he found vastly superior to the table. In pursuit of the last, he has visited France, Spain, and Portugal, all of which he found vastly superior in cuisine to Britain, where the food is practically inedible, and will he hopes, be completely outshone by Canada. It is extremely doubtful, however, if at this date he would prefer the cuisine of Spain to the oats of Scotland.

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OCTOBER, 1936

Highlights of Sports

A RE WE downhearted? Why, most certainly not! But, you are at the bottom of the league. Well, what of it? We have discovered something more than victories. We have found a young inexperienced but enthusiastic team who are ready to fight to the last ditch and play the game like sportsmen until the final whistle.

When the term opened we had our usual gloomy prophets; it might seem that their fears were justified, but in our opinion this season is going to do rugby here a lot of good. Until this season we have been trying to keep up to the excellent standard set in the past. In the future our job will be to pull out of this depression (excuse the term) and that is perhaps going to spur on our fellows as nothing else would. So don't let us have any more gloomy prophets but rather enthusiastic fans who don't cheer a team because they are winning, but because they can play the game as it should be played.

We are fortunate to have with us again this year the "fiery Irishman" Len O'Donnell. He is a good coach and his pep talks are worth a great deal to the team (too bad we can't publish them in the "Mitre").

It is good too that we can depend upon such old hands as C. F. Fredericks, B. Knox, H. Trenholme, D. Bennett, P. McMahon, J. Hibbard and a few others around whom Len has had to build his team. A special word of commendation should be given to Peter Greenwood who has played exceptionally hard and well in all the games so far.

THE LOYOLA GAME

Loyola opened the attack with a strong wind in their favour. In the first few minutes of play Morley kicked a rouge, and a few minutes later despite Paul McMahon's fine running, Morley repeated his feat.

For the first quarter most of the play was midfield. Loyola's first major score came as a surprise. McKeown took a short end run around the left of the Bishop's squad from twenty yards out and left a string of unsuccessful tackles behind him. Morley converted the placement.

Bishop's attacked strongly but did not seem to be able to make yards when they did get the ball. The heavier Loyola line broke up play after play, and the secondary defence were badly smashed. On a third down Bishop's kicked and Shaughnessy, catching the ball on the fifty-yard line, ran it through most of the Bishop's defence men for a touchdown. This was without a doubt the nicest run of the game. Another end run by Brennan brought Loyola another touchdown. Morley was giving a very fine exhibition of kicking, and was able to score another point just before half time. The score was then Loyola 16, Bishop's 0.

In the second half a tired, badly battered and rather discouraged Bishop's team took the field. Loyola naturally took advantage of this first half lead and went to work with more confidence. Brennan passed the ball to McKeown in the nick of time, and the latter ran through for another major score.

At this stage Bishop's scored their only point when Johnny Hibbard kicked the ball over the Loyola line giving several players a chance to pull down McGovern before he could run the ball out. Bishop's tried hard to hold their opponents but Loyola's backfield was too good for them, and our line was crumpled by a succession of terrific charges through the centre. Brennan and Shaughnessy scored again for Loyola just before the end of the game Brennan made a spectacular forty-yard run and was only prevented from scoring a touchdown by Johnny Hibbard. However, Brennan had come close enough to the Bishop's line to enable McGovern to score another touchdown just before the final whistle. The score: Loyola 47, Bishop's 1.

THE B. C. S. GAME

Well, we were licked by a good school team. A good test of our progress, since that day, would be a return game soon. We prophesy a different result.

Two rouges put the School in the first half. In the second half the College had plenty of chances to score but never seemed to be able to make the last few yards. Robinson intercepted a College forward pass and ran for twenty yards to score a touchdown. The placement was not converted.

On the whole the School deserved to win; they played harder than any team we have seen for a long time; their tackling was very good, and their plays fast and efficient. It is perhaps some little consolation to think that a former College star, "Chic" Carson is coaching the School team. Good work "Chic."

AGAINST SHERBROOKE HIGH

The day after the B. C. S. game we played Sherbrooke High. This game was characterized by lack of pep in the Bishop's team, but that might be accounted for by their hard game the day before.

Many people seem to disparage the victory over the High School, but our own team is mostly composed of High School material, and we think that we should be thankful for one victory anyway.
This was a hard fought game and the College was able to complete several very good plays. The High School did not ask for or give any quarter, and put up a stout opposition.

Outstanding for the School were Bradley, Willis, and Fuller, who scored their touchdowns.

The scorers for the College were Bilkey and McMahon. Hibbard converted the second placement.

THE McGILL GAME

This game showed us quite definitely that the College had improved a lot since the Loyola game, and, after all, anything that can improve is surely worthy of support and encouragement. Bishop's did not deserve to lose by twenty-to-one. McGill deserved their victory, true, they were the better team—but the final score hardly reflects the real division of play.

The first quarter was an agreeable surprise to the Bishop's supporters; the College held the Redmen on every play and although we could not make many gains, we were always dangerous.

In the second quarter McGill had a little more organization. They tried several forward passes—three of them were successful and on the third Keefer raced over the Bishop's line for a touchdown. Not long after this, a quarter-back sneak around the short end brought McGill another major score. At half-time the score was McGill 11, Bishop's 0.

Bishop's came back in the second half anxious to wipe out the zero, but they were outweighed and outplayed. Time after time our plays were broken up, bucks were smashed, end runs were covered, and any forward passes were either intercepted, or missed by our own players. McGill kept up a steady pressure, and were rewarded by two touchdowns—Keefer and "Chuck" Smith, who played for Bishop's last year, both scored.

The College made their only point when Hibbard kicked and McMahon was able to tackle Cuke before the ball was run out.

Jocham took a long forward pass in the closing minutes of the game and raced away for what seemed a certain score, only a splendid tackle by Willis on the Bishop's fifteen-yard line prevented a further increase.

The final score was McGill 21, Bishop's 1.

Keep on fighting, team, and the College will be behind you!

SOCCER

The spadework of such soccer stalwarts as "Davy" Godwin, Bill Gray and "Hank" Harper has certainly produced some results this year. The most important result is the substantial grant from the Student's Council, with part of this money new sweaters and shorts have been purchased.

There is an abundance of good material among the freshmen, and we now have perhaps the strongest team that the college has ever fielded. To date we have played two games against our old rivals, the Lennoxville Bluebirds, and both have resulted in the same score, one goal apiece. In the first game Lennoxville deserved the draw, but in the second game the College should have won by a substantial margin. Two defects are very noticeable: weakness in front of the goal, and inability to clear the ball away from our backfield. However, more practice should rectify these matters. There is one feature of the game which the players have mastered well, that is the art of passing the ball.

We hope in the near future to have games with Cookshire, Asbestos, Sherbrooke, and Bury.

There is one point that we would like to emphasize, and that is the soccer team does not wish to run in any sort of rivalry with the Rugby team. We make it a practice of discouraging those who can play rugby from turning out for soccer. No soccer games are arranged when the intermediate Rugby team is playing at home. The chief purpose of soccer here is to provide a really good game for those who, for various reasons, are unable to play rugby.

There are a number of men in the college, especially freshmen, who do not play rugby, and these we most cordially invite to our soccer practices—experience is not necessary, none of us are good at the game and one more "greenhorn" will not worry us.

At a meeting early in the term J. E. C. Beatty was elected manager of the team and has since proven himself to be very keen and energetic. S. J. Davies was elected captain.
Graduates

AT THE opening of this new academic year, we, the present students of the University of Bishop's College, extend to all Graduates and former members our heartiest greetings.

This year it is our express purpose to edit a magazine which will be more appealing, more satisfying to the reader to whom this column is especially addressed can render us word: Please help us help you to enjoy this magazine. You wish others—your own friends, classmates, fellow graduates—to know. This column is read by former Bishop's College students from British Columbia to England; from the northern regions of Canada, to the islands in southern waters. What better chance is available for you to tell your views on any or all the current topics, or anything which you only of what you are doing, but where you are, your views will have concluded from this rather sketchy recitation, you will have drawn to these parts, where he intends to put into practice another new machine as well which will diagnose obscure cases of infection.

Inspired by the thought of similar success J. H. S. Geoghe, D. W. Henry, J. A. Scott have entered the Faculty of Medicine of McGill University. These three men are Bachelors of Arts, '36.

M. A. Rogers, b.a. '36, is also in McGill University, but to find him one must turn to the School of Dentistry.

Edwin Brakefield Moore, b.a. '29, m.a. '30, who has been on the Headquarters Staff of the Depot Division of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Regina for the past year, has been chosen by the Commissioner out of 2800 candidates to proceed to the University of New Brunswick to study Law for the next three years.

We wish to congratulate him on his outstanding success.

What of our Rhodes Scholars? We find that Christopher Eberts, b.a. '34, is planning to extend his visit in Oxford, taking advantage of the extra year offered to further his academic success. C. L. O. Glass, b.a. '31, has been in Africa since the end of August. It seems that a combined Oxford and Cambridge Hockey team, coupled with some outside stars, made this trip to Johannesburg, for the purpose of opening a new artificial ice rink there. A. G. C. Whalley, b.a. '35, passed through Lennoxville the other day, spending a few fleeting hours at the college, prior to his departure for Oriel College, Oxford. Thus, as this year opens in Oxford, we find all three of our Rhodes Scholars together.

John Basset, b.a. '36, has been with the Sherbrooke Record for the past few months, is sailing the middle of October for Berlin, where he will meet Harry Griffiths, a former student, and coach of Rugby and Hockey. "Johnnie" will study French there.

M. Ostenberg, b.a. '33, has completed his work at the University of New York and has obtained a position on one of the dailies of that city.

September found many changes in the ranks of those who earned their High School Diplomas from our Teach-er's Faculty. Among these changes are recorded Miss Joan Halls, b.a. '29, who is teaching in Kensington; C. Wayne Hall, m.a. '32, has been appointed principal of St. Francis' College, Richmond, Quebec; S. N. Pergaud, b.a.'26, has gone to be Principal of Three Rivers High School; D. S. Rattray, b.a. '29, has been moved from Asbestos to İstanbul as Principal; O. T. Pickford, b.a. '25, has accepted the Principal's office at Coaticook High after several years in Beech; R. A. Carson, m.a. '31, has left Sherbrooke High School to become Principal at Asbestos. G. A. McMurray,

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THE MITRE

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b.a.'33, has been enrolled on the teaching staff at Sherbrooke High.

Among the more recent of the teachers we find that
L. N. McCaig, b.a.'31, is on the staff of the St. Mary's College in the English and History department; K. L. Nish, b.a.'31, is in Cookshire; Miss Lila C. P. Parsons, b.a.'35, is at teaching at St. Bonaventure; K. L. Snook, b.a.'31, is in Montreal at Westhill High; Miss B. G. Brewster, b.a.'31, is teaching the young ladies of King's Hall, Compton; Miss V. M. Woodley, b.a.'32, has secured a position in Chertsey; F. D. Deane, b.a.'31, has gone to Ormstown High; W. L. Tomkins, b.a.'31, is at Lennoxville High, teaching, and acting as Rugby coach very credibly. E. F. H. Boothroyd, b.a.'34, is teaching in Montreal High. Miss Allison Ewing, b.a.'32, is in Commissionaire's High, Quebec; Miss F. A. Johnson, b.a.'35, is now principal of Windsor Mills High School.

Miss A. I. Rothney, b.a.s.a., m.p.p.'36, is at present teaching Household Science in three schools in Montreal. H. L. Hall, m.a.'32, has come to Bishop's College School leaving Montreal High. Mrs. C. T. Teale (née Marjorie Francis, b.a.'24) is teaching in Lower Canada College, Montreal. G. H. Hall, m.a.'34, is teaching in Verdun High. C. H. Bradford, b.a.'31, is teaching in Westboro College.

We are pleased to inform our readers that Johnathan Robinson, b.a.'29, m.p.p., has just been elected member of the Provincial Parliament for Prome County. He sec­onded from the House the address to the speech from the throne.

J. H. E. Carson, Class of '34, has gone to Humble, Southampton, England, where he has enrolled in the Air Service Training Corps. While there he will be with D. M. Munro, Class of '37, who has been studying there in the Mechanic Division.

R. B. Laid, b.a.'36, is in Montreal with the Ayer Advertising Company. He was among those who were visiting at the University during the Thanksgiving week-end.

John Parker, b.a.'36, has obtained a commission as Lieutenant in the Canadian Army and is in Wolsey Bar­racks, London, Ontario, while his brother, E. M. A. Parker, b.a.'36, is in Montreal with the T. Eaton Company. Miss E. R. Brown, b.a.'36, is in training at the McLean Mem­orial Hospital in Waterflew, Mast. She is under the supervision of Miss K. K. Atto, b.a.'17, R.N., who is a Direct­or of Nurses in the training school there. Miss K. H. Millman, b.a.'36, has secured a business position in Hamil­ton.

Cupid seems to have been doing his bit to help along this column during these summer months, for we find that there are several marriages among our graduates. Miss Evelyn Austin, b.a.'32, was married to C. F. McCul­lough, b.a.'32, in Grand-Mère, September 1. They are now living in Montreal where Charles is employed in the Bell Telephone Company.

Miss Thysa MacAuley, b.a.'29, was married to Mr. Ernest Jackson of Magog on September 26. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson are living in Magog.

Miss Eleanor Raymond, Class of '28, was married in Southsea, England, in February to Mr. E. G. Barrett, who is connected with the Civil Service. They are at present living in Taiping, British Malayia, where Mr. Barrett is employed.

Rev. R. T. F. Brain, Class of '31, and Miss Isabel Mc­Kee of Peterborough, Ont., were married on June 27 in the Church of St. Michaels and All Angels, Toronto. Fr. Brain is now Curate of St. John's Church, Peterborough, following his appointment the first of September. Prior to this he was Incumbent of St. Nicholas' Church, Lakevview. Dr. Donald Watson, b.a.'28, was married to Miss Evelyn Symons, of Sherbrooke, by the groom's father, Rev. Ben. Watson, b.a.'94, m.a.'98. Dr. Watson has set up his practice in St. Johns, Quebec.

Miss Harriet Wright, b.a.'30, was united by wed­lock to Mr. Cecil Champion during the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Champion are living in Three Rivers.

Miss Grace Hall, Class of '30, did not change her name when she married C. Wayne Hall, m.a.'2, on the 21st of July, at North Hatley. They are now residing in Richmond where he is Principal of the St. Francis College High School.

On the 22nd of August Miss Alice E. Lyster of Trem­bolme, Que., was married to H. E. Grundy, b.a.'27, r.c.c., at Kingsvy, by Rev. W. C. Dunn. This couple are living in Sherbrooke where he has his office.

Miss Marion Alice-Sherrick Hastings was married to the Rev. Frederick P. Clark, b.a.'32, on Saturday, Sep­tember 1, at Toronto.

Quite in keeping with the subject, we are very pleased to congratulate Professor and Mrs. Maurice Home on the arrival of a daughter, Alice Elizabeth, on April 25. Mrs. Home may be better known to some of you as Miss Phyllis VanVliet, b.a.'28, m.a.'29. Mr. and Mrs. Reed Naylor have left for Jamaica giving week-end and advises that he "will turn out for the Victoria Hockey team."

What of the one-time "students in Theology"? We find that the Rev. W. W. Davis, b.a.'31, b.d., has been ap­pointed rector of St. Stephen's Church, Cootswood. "Bill"

was duly inducted by the Lord Bishop of Quebec on Mon­day, October 12. Both he and his wife, nee Audrey Acheron, b.a.'29, were recent visitors to the University, being accompanied by their young son, Robert.

Rev. W. J. Belford, b.a.'36, will be departing shortly for the Magdalen Islands where he will spend the winter months. "Bill" has been working at Leeds Village during the past summer.

Rev. W. T. Gray, l.s.t.'36, is now in charge of Mal­bay, Gaspé County, where he was printed in July by the Lord Bishop of Quebec. "Bill" was married to the former Miss Catharine Currie of East Anglate last June, at her home parish, East Angate.

Rev. H. S. B. Harper, l.s.t.'36, was ordained to the Diaconate in St. Anne's, Richmond, in June, and has been in charge of Maple Grove during the past two months. Prior to his appointment to Maple Grove, "Hank" was as­sisting the Rector of La Tuque.

Rev. John Comfort, l.s.t.'32, has been appointed Priest in Charge of Sandy Beach, Gaspé County. For the past four years he has been doing splendid work in Mal­bay.

Rev. A. V. Ottewell, b.a.'34, has been appointed Headmaster of St. George's College, Belize. British Hon­duras, in August, for a period of two years. This appoint­ment accompanies his delegation to be Chaplain to the Bishop of British Honduras.

Rev. J. F. S. Ford, b.a.'33, has been raised to the Priesthood and during the summer months acted as assist­ant Priest in the Pre-Cathedral at Edmonton. He is at present in his charge, Westlock, Alberta.

The Rev. A. E. E. Legge, b.a.'24, m.a.'25, has left Cootswood and has accepted the rectorsip of Three Rivers. Rev. W. T. Elkin, l.s.t.'34, has been recently elected as Chaplain of the A.Y.P.A. in Edmonton. "Bill" is the Travelling Missionary in the Edmonton Diocese, and spends his time covering 70,000 square miles of territory.

Rev. James C. A. Cole, b.a.'32, of the House of the Good Shepherd of the Prairies recently underwent an oper­ation in Toronto. He plans to spend some time recuperat­ing in Toronto.

Rev. C. W. Wile, l.s.t.'31, b.a., m.a., '31, was ap­pointed to the Incumbency of Strathmore, Diocese of Cal­gary, a few months ago.

Rev. Russel Brown, b.a.'33, spent a day of reunion with Don Mason, Rev. John S. Ford, and Rev. W. Elkin, in Edmonton on his way north. Russel is with the Fellow­ship of the West for a period of time.

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P. P. Hutchison, k.c.
E. H. Clift

W. R. Eakin, Jr.
V. E. Mayhew, B.A. '36, is in Montreal where he has a position with the Northern Electric Company.

W. H. Powell, B.A. '36, is studying Law at Osgoode Hall.

A. J. H. Richardson, B.A. '35, is now working in the Archives in Ottawa, in the Map Department.

W. D. Page, B.A. '36, is in the employ of the Crown Life Insurance Company in Toronto.

It might be well to mention to the public that the senior man of Bishop's for the past year "put something over on us." L. A. Maven, B.A. '36, M.Div., was married to Margaret McFarlane in Toronto during the Christmas holidays. "Larry" managed to "keep it dark" until the Easter vacation, when rumor had it; however, it was unconfirmed until June. We send you our somewhat belated congratulations, Larry.

We are glad to welcome back to the college T. L. B. O'Neill, B.A. '33, who has returned to take the Teacher's Diploma course.

The Rev. A. H. Judge, B.A. '38, M.A. '31, D.D., has returned to his home in New York after a quiet summer in Upper Melbourne, Quebec.

A. P. Bissonnette, B.A. '36, is working in the employ of the Shawinigan Light, Heat and Power Company, Shawinigan Falls.

K. D. Ross, B.A. '35, after spending last year in the Teacher's Diploma class evidently found that he liked the Ministry better, for we hear that he is now in the mission fields of the Presbyterian Church in Stathcona.

J. J. Dinan, Class of '28, M.D., has been appointed to the staff of St. Mary's Hospital, in Montreal.

C. H. Carson, B.A. '35, has recently returned to Bishop's College School, where he is on the Teaching Staff, after having spent the summer in an extended tour of Europe.

Don G. Mason, Class of '31, has spent the past year studying Law at the University in Edmonton. Another Bishop's man is there in the Faculty of Arts, Colby Airins, Class of '35.

Lieutenant H. Bruce Munro, B.A. '34, was a member of the team from P.L.D.G. which captured the Merritt Challenge Cup for horsemanship in competitions with teams from all non-permanent active cavalry units in the Dominion. The winning team composed of Major M. D. Williams, Major Meredith Jarvis, and Lieut. Munro, scored 324 points against the 308 1/2 points of their nearest rivals. Bruce is living in Ottawa at the present.

Vincent E. Lyon, Class of '27, has left Price Brothers at Riverbend, and is now manager of the Champlain News Company Ltd., at Quebec City.

John C. Chappell, B.A. '36, has obtained a position with the Pedlar People in Oshawa.

Among those who will receive LL.D. (Honoris Causa) from McGill University this month, at the special Convocation during the Graduates' Reunion, we see the name of Dr. Maude Abbott, M.D. '94. Dr. Abbott is very well known in medical circles both on this continent and abroad.

George H. Montgomery, B.A. '93, D.C.L. (Honoris Causa), K.C., who is a Governor of Bishop's University, has received a LL.D. (Honoris Causa) from Dalhousie University.

W. L. Shortleff, LL.B. '34, A.M. '39, LL.D. '95, K.C., is celebrating his 50th anniversary as a member of the Bar of the Province of Quebec, and has been living in Coaticook during that time. Dr. Shortleff was the head of the college during a large dinner given by his fellow citizens of Coaticook a short while ago, and on the 17th of October he was guest of honour at the Bar of the District of St. Francis, of which he is past President, in Sherbrooke. He has had a long and successful career at the Bar, and is regarded as one of the outstanding lawyers of this district. We join his many friends in sending our congratulations.

Howard Bellinga, B.A. '27, has been appointed as Special Officer of the Department of Education in Quebec. Formerly, Mr. Bellinga acted in the capacity of a School Inspector.
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