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The Mitre

VOL. 44 NO. 2
DECEMBER
1936
University of Bishop’s College
Lennoxville, P.Q.

Founded 1843
Royal Charter 1853

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The Royal Bank of Canada takes this opportunity of extending to all undergraduates, their professors and readers of this Journal. The Season’s Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.

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THE ROYAL BANK
OF CANADA

WINTER

1936

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

By the time you are reading this, the first term of the College year will be nearly ended. Our minds are lighter again, because having duly “cramped” for the past two weeks, the burden of exams is over until next June. Looking back over this term we feel that it has been a good one, if at times inclined to be dull, but some of the more venturesome souls have done their best to make things lively.

The football season is over and we feel that our Sports Editor has summed up the situation quite well in his column. It was a pretty bitter pill to swallow when we lost the last game to Macdonald, after we seemed to have the game well in hand. However, we can look forward next year to a really good team and we are confident that Bishop’s will not be in the cellar next year.

We have had two inter-University debates this term, and despite the fact that on neither occasion have we been successful in convincing the judges, we have been able to give the large audiences much enjoyment. We feel that as members of the College they should enjoy their first year as much as any other, and that our purpose should be to make them feel at home—at once.

If any member of first year rebelled against these jobs or two sooner than most of the newcomers, this was not because the seniors had the privilege of being born a year or two sooner than most of the newcomers, this was not going to constitute a reason for any feeling of lordly “superiority.” We feel that as members of the College they should enjoy their first year as much as any other, and that our purpose should be to make them feel at home—at once. In return we ask for their cooperation. It should be explained that certain tasks have been done for years by first-year men, such as liming the football field, carrying chairs, helping a vegetarian speaker could explain to the first-year students that merely treatment need and deserve the “taking down” business.

The Dramatic Society and so on. These tasks the first year to a really good team and we are confident that Bishop’s will not be in the cellar next year.

Mr. Jackson was assisted by R. Baglow and T. L. O’Neil and Chrome Plated Buttons - - 12.50 up
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THE MITRE
DECEMBER, 1936

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

Volume 44 Number 2

If any member of first year rebelled against these jobs and refused to do his share—he must expect to take the consequences. This is where the Initiation Committee comes in. Those who would not respond to this sort of treatment need and deserve the “taking down” business. We cannot help, but feel, however, that most, if not all, of the trouble between second and first year would be eliminated.

In this issue of the “Mitre” we have attempted to supply enough variety to suit the taste of most of our readers. We have a very scholarly article by Prof. Preston; an interesting account of a little known bit of Canada by a former graduate, which we hope will balance those articles of purely topical interest, contributed by the students. We have also included in this issue a new feature, called the “Library Column.” As Miss Jackson explained in her letter in the October issue, this column is not intended to be dull, but we hope it will serve the purpose of fostering a genuine interest in the value of the library.

Miss Jackson was assisted by R. Baglow and T. L. O’Neil in the compilation of this column.

Well, we asked for it—and we got it! We have received, as you will read, a good deal of material concerning initiation at Bishop’s. We started a controversy and we are not disappointed in the results of our campaign. We hope that this “disagreement” can be carried on without bitterness or personalities until some decision is reached.

This seems to be a good time and place to clear up the difficulty which now exists in connection with the words “completely abolish.”

One proposal is this, that instead of having the traditional initiation night, with its meaningless ritual, we would have a “smoker” which all freshmen would be expected to attend. This “smoker” would serve the purpose of introducing the freshmen to each other (far better than they can be introduced blindfolded); it could also be used in place of the “Pep Rally”—a small freshman smoker fee would cover the cost. At that meeting some competent speaker could explain to the first-year students that merely initiation at Bishop’s. We started a controversy and we are not disappointed in the results of our campaign. We hope that this “disagreement” can be carried on without bitterness or personalities until some decision is reached.

If any member of first year rebelled against these jobs and refused to do his share—he must expect to take the consequences. This is where the Initiation Committee comes in. Those who would not respond to this sort of treatment need and deserve the “taking down” business. We cannot help, but feel, however, that most, if not all, of the trouble between second and first year would be eliminated.
Bishop’s University Plans Campaign for $300,000

Appeal to be made to Graduates, the General Public and Friends of the University during the month of February, 1937

At the last annual meeting of the Corporation of the University of Bishop’s College plans were approved for an appeal to be made to the general public for a maintenance fund of $300,000 with which to meet the immediate needs of the University.

The appeal will be made to graduates, former students, the general public of the Province of Quebec, and friends of the University throughout Canada. Headquarters have been established at Room 32 of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, from where the campaign will be directed.

It is worthy of note that the present campaign and that held in 1924 are the only two occasions upon which the University has appealed to the public for funds since it was incorporated in 1843. The Corporation made this decision only after careful consideration both of general economic conditions and of the University’s urgent needs.

Many encouraging comments have already been received on their decision. The record of the University and its influence in the cultural life of Quebec have won for it a sympathetic following which augurs well for the success of the campaign.

While the main appeal will be made in Montreal from the headquarters in the Windsor Hotel, divisional committees will be set up in Ottawa, Quebec, and Sherbrooke for the Eastern Townships.

All members of the University, with the graduates and former students, will be asked to help in this effort.

December, 1936

For Initiation

Dear Mr. Editor:

Should initiations be abolished? Certainly not. Let me settle this question of childishness concerning initiation once and for all.

It seems that the Seniors at Bishop’s have been terribly brutal this year. In fact so brutal that we seem to have developed “a complex that now manifests itself in a certain viciousness towards fellow-students.” I’ve never heard of such drivel, and I am quite amazed that a graduate of Bishop’s has kidded himself into believing such nonsense.

This is a university, not a high school. It has been suggested that a guiding hand should be placed on freshmen upon their arrival here. In other words we are to continue spoon-feeding them and treat them like high school youngsters.

What a stupid idea! Lads come here to act like real men, Bishop’s men, not like children. Let the high-schools take care of their primitive intellectual development!

I can think of no better test of a boy’s character than to submit him to a severe initiation. The real lads will come through smiling and will have pleasant memories (yes, I mean that) of the day they were admitted “in.” And the idea that we foster a rigid system of initiation is quite absurd. Chaps who show that they can take it are seldom bothered. But the lad who can’t bear us, he must be taught how to. And in nearly every case of stubbornness, he learns eventually. What is so childish about this?

I think it is necessary for a freshman to feel lonely and out of place when he arrives at college. If he doesn’t pass through this period of floundering around, he can’t quite gain his footing. I am convinced that he won’t enjoy the full his later life here. And freshmen actually look forward to initiation. If they don’t get initiated they inwardly feel they have missed the fun and cherished memory of “boy, in my first year . . .” quite meaninglessly to them. And it is unfair to have freshmen do so many duties for a few months (at the most) when in turn they will be able to enjoy seniority for two or even three years? Now I ask you—

The essential idea underlying initiation is greatly misconstrued. Besides a small amount of harsh treatment, and a general awakening to the fact that this is a university and not a high school, the essential driving power behind initiation is a demand for a certain amount of respect. This may seem unreasonable but is never the less true that every first-year student should pay a certain amount of respect for seniors, whether they think this is necessary or not, because when they become seniors they will certainly expect the same things from the first-year class.

Against

Dear Mr. Editor:

This is but one more effusion on a much discussed subject. You may think that a newcomer should reserve his pen for a subject less connected with Bishop’s traditions, and not dare to comment on what is new to him. Let me point out that I am not unfamiliar with initiations, for they used to be traditional at Trinity, as I found out in my first year. But let us seek the reason for the controversy at Bishop’s.

Perhaps the most obvious objection to initiation lies in its possibilities. No one could say that the recent initiation, with which most of us are familiar either as participants or spectators, was violent or extreme. With reference to the chief event we can only say that, at most, it was an attempt to terrify, and it was carried out almost entirely by means of blindfolding as many pairs of eyes as there were freshmen. It was a mild business. The freshmen rules were mostly insane, hardly amusing and perfectly harmless.

Initiations here, as indeed everywhere, have of late diminished in their severity. The reason of course, is that public opinion in Canadian universities has reacted unfavourably, partly no doubt, because the University of Alberta was sued for several thousands of dollars when a freshman became insane as a result of his initiation. Such an incident, although rare, was bound to make future initiations become the milk and water variety, for no university could indulge in such expensive amusement, even if a man’s life and usefulness was not highly regarded.

The fact that initiations in Bishop’s are to some extent subject to control by the student body, does not insure that reasonable limits may not on occasion be exceeded, with possibly tragic effects. A potential source of such trouble ought to be abolished.

Many men of any second year would prefer to abolish initiations rather than to bluffer the freshmen, far to bluffer a first essential of current initiations. The whole business is usually undignified and completely unworthy of an institution of higher learning. It gives the impression that universities and their members are not to be taken seriously. The outside world may well be amused when we behave so foolishly. As long as we appear to be frivolous, we will be lightly regarded by the general public. A university should be leading the public, not amusing it. And one of our greatest frivolities is initiations.

It will be objected that to abolish initiations is to abolish a tradition, and traditions are valuable to a university, and ought to be retained. The initiation which we regard as traditional has never been so in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, where we so often look for leader-
The recent trend everywhere in this country has been to the abandonment of initiation, at least of the traditional type. No such initiation is permitted in the universities of Ontario. Such a policy was agreed upon at a students' conference which represented all the universities. Bishop's cannot lag behind. Those of us who love our Alma Mater must see that her progress is maintained. It is a case of mob-psychology when many men, as a group, do what they severally would never do, as individuals. The most objectionable feature of an initiation at Bishop's is not the form it takes, but the principle which would appear to lie behind it. The principle seems to be that of a large number of men to take another group, large or small, at a very distinct disadvantage, to laugh at them in their predicament, and to treat them as neither party would like to be treated. Not a healthy procedure, you will agree. In this case the principle is rotten. Coming at a time when a freshman is trying to adjust himself to a new environment, it is scarcely fair to make the job harder for him. And all we can say to the freshies, by way of encouragement, is that they can avenge themselves on next year's new men. This university is of a Christian foundation, and is composed of nominal Christians, with, we hope, a large percentage of Christians by conviction. It ill behooves such an institution to tolerate what has been described as a barbarous practice. Any man who claims to be a Christian, or even to have decent principles, cannot compromise on the matter of initiation. It ought to be abolished.

The end is worth the sacrifice. Surely the end is worth the sacrifice. Such a policy was agreed upon at a students' conference which represented all the universities. Bishop's cannot lag behind. Those of us who love our Alma Mater must see that her progress is maintained. It is a case of mob-psychology when many men, as a group, do what they severally would never do, as individuals. The most objectionable feature of an initiation at Bishop's is not the form it takes, but the principle which would appear to lie behind it. The principle seems to be that of a large number of men to take another group, large or small, at a very distinct disadvantage, to laugh at them in their predicament, and to treat them as neither party would like to be treated. Not a healthy procedure, you will agree. In this case the principle is rotten. Coming at a time when a freshman is trying to adjust himself to a new environment, it is scarcely fair to make the job harder for him. And all we can say to the freshies, by way of encouragement, is that they can avenge themselves on next year's new men. This university is of a Christian foundation, and is composed of nominal Christians, with, we hope, a large percentage of Christians by conviction. It ill behooves such an institution to tolerate what has been described as a barbarous practice. Any man who claims to be a Christian, or even to have decent principles, cannot compromise on the matter of initiation. It ought to be abolished.

Dear Sir:

When I was twelve, one chilly November night I was carried, apprehensive and trembling, to a certain hickory trough where four or five Senior Choir-school boys held me down in its scum until the water slopped over the brink. Thus was I introduced by water into a new state of society. Thus was I introduced by water into a new state of society. Thus was I introduced by water into a new state of society.

There can be little "esprit de corps" in an institution where the tradition of initiation in this university cannot be little "esprit de corps" in an institution where the tradition of initiation in this university cannot be little "esprit de corps" in an institution where the tradition of initiation in this university cannot be little "esprit de corps" in an institution where the tradition of initiation in this university cannot.
The Werewolf

by Prof. A. Preston

A MONG all the superstitious beliefs of man perhaps none is more terrible than that connected with the Werewolf. This ghastly creature, with its human eyes and its bestial form, has terrified the peoples of every country and baffled the intellects of every century. Catholic theologians and Protestant doctors have alike tried to account for it, great demonologists have striven to explain it, eminent writers have been glad to exploit it. It has been the subject of learned disputations, it has provided us with stories of extreme horror. It was known to the author of the Homeric poems, it has captured the imagination of Saki Munro.

The actual word Werewolf means man-wolf, as Vestergan or, to give him his proper name, Richard Rowlands, tells us in his "A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," published in 1695. Professor Ernest Weekley in his authoritative work, "More Words Ancient and Modern," agrees with this definition of Vestergan and explains that "were" is cognate with the Latin "vir," the Gaelic "fear" and the Sanskrit "vitra." It appears that "were," which was far more widely diffused in the Aryan languages than man, dropped out in Early Middle English in this particular usage. Thus we are able to refute the mistaken and particular usage. Thus we are able to refute the mistaken and false notion that it was gone to the devil from whence it came. For werewolfery at Bredburg near Cologne in 1590. He says, "Some wolves kill children and men sometimes; and to beware of them."

Among all the superstitious beliefs of man, perhaps none is more terrible than that connected with the Werewolf. This ghastly creature, with its human eyes and its bestial form, has terrified the peoples of every country and baffled the intellects of every century. Catholic theologians and Protestant doctors have alike tried to account for it, great demonologists have striven to explain it, eminent writers have been glad to exploit it. It has been the subject of learned disputations, it has provided us with stories of extreme horror. It was known to the author of the Homeric poems, it has captured the imagination of Saki Munro.

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In the British Isles werewolfry has had its place but not a very large one. This is in the main due to the fact that wolves were early exterminated and never particularly numerous. Tradition has it that the last wolf was killed near Buxton in Derbyshire and it is certain that after the reign of Henry VII wolves were unknown in the country.

Near Buxton in Derbyshire is a certain ground known as Harefield Close, the name deriving from the Harefield family, and it is interesting that this name should be given to this place. The name was so given because of the great number of hares that used to frequent the place. It is thought that the last wolf was killed here in the early years of the sixteenth century. The story of this event is given in the popular legend that the last wolf was killed by a huntsman named John Harefield.

The legend goes that the last wolf was killed by a huntsman named John Harefield. He was hunting in the Harefield Close and came upon a pack of wolves. He slew them with his bow and arrow, and the last wolf fell at his feet. He then killed the wolf and cut off its head. This head was then thrown into the nearby river. The story of this event is given in the popular legend that the last wolf was killed by a huntsman named John Harefield.

In this condition I stepped off the train at Lennoxville. Proceeding up College Street, I came to my Rubicon—the University of Bishop's College. Awed by the sight, I conducted myself as if I were a student of the first rank. I proceeded to take stock of my surroundings. I saw all, heard all, and was asked what we intended to do. This was where Bishop's was and why I was going there—as if I knew! Then I saw the students; large, middle-sized, and small; some dark, some fair; some fat, some thin; just like the rest of the world. In this condition I stepped off the train at Lennoxville. Proceeding up College Street, I came to my Rubicon—the University of Bishop's College. Awed by the sight, I conducted myself as if I were a student of the first rank. I proceeded to take stock of my surroundings. I saw all, heard all, and was asked what we intended to do. This was where Bishop's was and why I was going there—as if I knew!

The land you channel is still your own,
Brown river.
By the ceaseless press of a wagon track
And the rails that were laid in pain,
You have seen the savage pushed back and back,
Brown river.
You have seen the savage pushed back and back,
Brown river.
Brown river.

By the ceaseless press of a wagon track
And the rails that were laid in pain,
You have seen the savage pushed back and back,
Brown river.

On looking over my present situation, I find that I am nearly on a par with Caesar, except that he did not have to lower himself in order to conquer. Like Caesar I was a big shot in my own home town, which wasn't Gaul but St. Lambert. By the term "big shot" I mean that I was one of the lucky persons, who managed to graduate last June. As in most cases, the Grade Eleven of our school was the privileged class; we saw all, heard all, told all, and knew nothing. We wandered around with halos about our heads, and gave the rest of the school the low-down on life in general. In June we wrote our examinations, and everybody immediately announced that he or she had failed, but when the results came out in August, and it was found that all but three had passed, nobody was bashful about stepping up to be congratulated and patted on the back. Everywhere we went we received handshakes, and were asked what we intended to do. This was where I started. I would stick my thumbs in my vest pockets, throw out my chest, toss back my head, and proudly exclaim, "I'm going to Bishop's."

In this condition I stepped off the train at Lennoxville. Proceeding up College Street, I came to my Rubicon—the University of Bishop's College. Awed by the sight, I conducted myself as if I were a student of the first rank. I proceeded to take stock of my surroundings. I saw all, heard all, and was asked what we intended to do. This was where Bishop's was and why I was going there—as if I knew!

So the summer was spent, and then came the autumn, bringing with it September 22, registration day at Bishop's. The main feature of the day was the registration of the freshmen. I was registered by a very solemn-looking man, who gave me my registration card and said:

"You have seen the savage pushed back and back,
Brown river.
You have seen the savage pushed back and back,
Brown river.
By the ceaseless press of a wagon track
And the rails that were laid in pain,
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From Jim’s Diary

by Peter G. Edgell

As I grow older I am coming to the conclusion that the human race has gone mad. I suppose I am old-fashioned, but really—the things they do!

There was the most frightful uproar one night about a month ago. A crowd of noisy boys were playing blind man’s buff. Some of them were wearing these new-fangled scratchy brown clothes and little caps with a white ribbon, around and shout at each other. They are a very nervous people. I see the same boys every few days now. They wear porridge and feathers but that wouldn’t work. One chap had the right idea. He was using glue, but of course he didn’t enjoy himself for several weeks last month. First some men put up a platform, then they hung curtains all around and in front to hide what they were doing. They draped electric wires all over the place and hung two great sausage affairs up in the air. I didn’t know what they were for but they turned out to be a new kind of light bulb. When these things were all arranged a lot of people came and sat out chairs in the dark while some boys and girls in funny clothes sneaked in by a window and went on to the platform. They made faces and shouted at each other and walked around, while the boys in the gallery talked to each other, and then they went away and everyone was glad and clapped their hands with relief. It seemed an awful waste of time.

The latest foolishness is a game they play with a big ball. The idea is to throw the ball at a white board on the wall and knock it down. If the ball falls through a little ring they go back to centre and start over again. There is another funny game they play with a poor dead bird and a racket. They have developed a new form of swearing too. When they miss the bird completely and hit their partner instead they say “shut.” But no one seems to mind, except the partner, so it must be a very mild word.

Altogether these human beings are very ridiculous.

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DECEMBER, 1936

The North Country

by G. W. Doak, B.A., ’32

Mister Langlais: I return from the North. I am just back. Do you know what I think of it? Well, you asked me, so I tell you now.

We are very happy in Canada that we have mines in the North. Those mines are saving the industrial South, and the farms of it. Lewis Brothers of Montreal are a firm of wholesale hardware dealers. Lewis Brothers sold over three and a quarter million pounds of hardware since 1936—that is, they sold this in the Quebec northern goldfields. It takes no account of what they sold to Ontario mining. This hardware is made in the South: it is manufactured in Toronto, Ottawa, Hull and in Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec. The demands from the mines provides us with employment, and we buy raw materials abroad, and we get a trade preference from that. And we have money to spend, and so we buy from the farms. The countryside can sell its food, and they have cash to use, and they buy tools from us, and they grow more food, and they sell it for less, and their trade has given us means to buy it. But all of it starts in the mines, and our prosperity is founded in the ore deposits of the North. For mark you, we are rich.

I know this because I have lived with them up there, though I personally was poor; and I saw the way of it first hand. I travelled from North Bay to Cobalt, to Noranda, and northeast to Senneterre. I went to Kirkland Lake and to Timmins, and on to Cochrane and Kapuskasing in this north. This was the end of my road, and of the highway too. I came back to Ottawa, and down through Montreal to Lennoxville, and my factory in Sherbrooke. It is dull to be home. I wish I were travelling, for all that it was hard.

I tell you Langlais, these northern lands of ours are the North Country. It is their desolate, it is their desolate. It is not Canada. It is to “Les Canadiens.” It is their destiny; perhaps they are right. We protest that we are pushed out, and yet they have need of us. But we do not come here to live and to stay, and to make a home from it and become a part with it in our hearts, like the trees and the bush and the hills. Certainly if they come here and live because they choose to, they have more claim to belong here than we do. Thus my friend the Jew.

But the North is a hard country. They cut hay on the tenth of October. It has not grown until then. At Montreal they cut in July. The oats up here are not fully

shingles and board, in the shape and strength of a matchbox. They are very cold in winter. A colonist is provided a house and his land, he is given tools and a year’s feeding. It is in his own interest to raise a family. He gets his farm help for nothing. All of them are married. They do their best. In three years they will pay their tax, and the interest on it and then begin to pay for the land. A colonist will raise a cow and he will drink the milk. He will make butter and eat the butter; then he’ll eat the cow and use the skin of it. He’ll raise hens, and he’ll eat the eggs and eat the hens and keep the feathers to stuff a pillow. It is this way with all that they do: they consume what they produce. They have no cash crops and nothing to sell for ready money. In the winter they run a trap line. In this way they obtain cash in hand to buy more traps and a saw, or a plough or a stove—and they keep on producing something to consume. They are chained to the land. They will not get away until they are prepared to lose all they put into it, and to go somewhere else: older and poorer than when they came.

I saw a lot of this from North Bay to Noranda, and up from there. I drove with a clothing salesman. He was a Jew and he was selling neckties—of all things. He is very kind. He is vain, childish, likes to be praised, shrewd, not conceited in business (which means that he is very good at it, and difficult to deceive) and he was very good to me. He was talking of the feeling among the French, for he knows how the French people feel that we have no claim to belong here. We employ the French, which is good, but we are not of the same blood. We have no right to the soil—the square inches of this country and solid rock. It is not Canada. It is to “Les Canadiens.” It is their destiny; perhaps they are right. We protest that we are pushed out, and yet they have need of us. But we do not come here to live and to stay, and to make a home from it and become a part with it in our hearts, like the trees and the bush and the hills. Certainly if they come here and live because they choose to, they have more claim to belong here than we do. Thus my friend the Jew.

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ripened. They are let grow until the frosts kill them, and they are cut and threshed after that. I saw the crops in the fields at Kirkland Lake, and they were standing in two feet of snow. This was October the 22nd. They were cutting fields at Kirkland Lake, and they were standing in two feet and the pools would freeze in the ditch, and the cars off the road would freeze in the ground for the year. It is a they are content. You see it in the youngsters. They are day and all week and the next. The children of the city alive. They have excitements, and they find pleasure, but they have no abounding joy. They are mean, because they what someone else is getting. We all remarked it: that we shadowing the unpleasant countenances of our own brats. They are children. They make it easily and they sprinkle the man on whom I was calling. Isn't it fun?

The boarding place for a mining crew is very reasonable, for they house seventy or eighty men. I'd a happy the next day I was selling tents, and better dressed than a road is being built there come first the engineers. These mark out a straight line over the trees and the swamp. A and twenty feet broad, and on either side of the road. The road heaves and settles and sludges into the land like a stone intense space. But the country will not flow over it from the sides. It sinks only to the level of the basin. Then you have a canal. And so the roads are made.

We drove from Cobalt to North Bay, a tobacco pick-er. North Bay is a city of the North. I have never worse. They are very new, and they are provisional: they do not warrant expense. But this is how they do it. When a road is being built there come first the engineers. These mark out a straight line over the trees and the swamp. A crew of men cut a lane, and peel back the sod, like strip­ping a pig. They pile gravel on it. There is you road. Before wearing it, they ditch it—a great basin four deep and twenty feet broad, and on either side of the road. The road heaves and settles and sludges into the land like a stone intense space. But the country will not flow over it from the sides. It sinks only to the level of the basin. Then you have a canal. And so the roads are made.

The average cost is 5 5 cents. I call on each until I find And in Senneterre it is just as bad. The town has three a cheapskate. It is humiliating, though I know that it is a digression. We do not seem desolate—and every­where there are people; that is because we never leave the roads. But I drove in Pembroke with a gentleman from Philadelphia. He took me to North Bay. He thought that we have many people. I told him this: "Do you know that you are on the oldest road in Canada?" It follows the great canoe route from Toronto to the lakes. Yet a path to the Northeast would lead over the terrible desert of the Laurentians, and stretch away in desolate pools and deserts, and ponds and swamps and mounds and trees to the lands north of Chicoutimi and the Chibougamou to Baﬁnn Land and the Frozen straits, and out over the sea to Greenland. Then you come to a road; sure it is a ﬁne vacant country we live in. And from the Parliament in Ottawa, except for the rails at Hull, there is one railway line between you and the North Pole—and driving now, there is one line between you and the North Pole. It is not life to be selected. It is not, and it is tough, and it is fun, but it is all to secure the means to go and live somewhere else.

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Why I Like Teas

by L. H. Roberts

I REMEMBER well in awful moment of my life—my first tea party. This really was not my first tea, but my first appearance at a mixed afternoon siesta. By mixed, I mean, girls and boys, lads and lasses, or squaws and fellas—anyway, you know what I mean.

It all started this way . . . Some of the boys decided we were missing a lot of fun by not mixing in with the fair sex. So we all go to a dance one night—but that’s another story of human suffering. Anyway, we all got asked to a tea the next Sunday and we agreed to go.

Sunday morning the situation didn’t look so good. One of the boys figured he’d better not go. But we all cheered him up and by the afternoon we are all worked up to a fighting peak. In fact, such a high peak that we could peek over it lying on the ground.

Four-thirty p.m. finds us all gathered together—inside the front of the doorway of the house (yeah, where the tea is to be). We ring the bell, go in, and take off our coats. At this point, my knees were beating a jungle tap—chiefs wiping his now nearly extinct brow. Someone yells, “Ho, ho, old boy, you sit and I’ll pass.” We manage to up the set the plate and one of the girls remarks, “kicking the scone around, eh?” After a while I give in and return to my chair feeling as sheepish as any man ever did.

By this time I’m more than nervous. The next cup I passed starts to jiggle too, and by the time I get it to the girl it’s like sick bujiks, and they greet us like old friends. This is a setback for us. We’d figured on absolute formality here, and now we were ushered into the chamber of horrors.

Inside are four babies—for the four of us. We all look like sick bujiks, and they greet us like old friends. This in a way is a setback for us. By this time I’m more than nervous. The next cup I passed starts to jiggle too, and by the time I get it to the girl it’s like sick bujiks, and they greet us like old friends. This is a setback for us. We’d figured on absolute formality here, and now we were ushered into the chamber of horrors.

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At my second cup of tea, I achieve the highlight of the party; I am balancing my cup and saucer on my knee. In the saucer it is an extra lump of sugar. Now when I picked up the cup to drink, the sugar rolled down into the bottom of the saucer. I hadn’t seen this, so of course, I flipped the cup down on top of the sugar. I let go for a second, and before I knew it the cup, saucer, and tea were all in my lap. This is good, because it causes a mild sort of bedlam.

Eventually all is well again. But the party never really resumes normal proportions. Oh, the tea was good, and the girls were all A.K. — no kick there. In fact, one of the girls was a dark—Grant would have taken Banker Field a lot easier, if he’d ever seen her. Yeah, I know, maybe it wasn’t Grant, but it doesn’t make any difference.

About six o’clock the boys all leave, and I certainly was glad to get out of that death trap. To me it was an afternoon tease (quite feebly, but subtle). As time wore on, I grew to appreciate the merits of an afternoon tea, but that first one—wahoo, I shudder every time I think of it.
No More Money

by J. Starnes

As we drew closer we were able to see the marvellous carving that had been done by skilled workmen on the enormous gate that towered above us, depicting the founding of the college and the construction of the first building in the year 1843.

After passing through the first line of guards (automatic), we were met by the demonstrator who took charge of us and showed us through some of the two million rooms. There were none of the former things that we knew so well, the old floors with their creaking boards that never seemed to be clean (though heaven knows, they were cleaned often enough), the queer fire hoses were gone too, replaced by an invisible system we were told. One missed also the peculiar musty odour that always seemed to pervade the old buildings, in its place was a new kind of smell —like that of a hospital.

The rooms were one of the greatest changes that we noted. Instead of the small cozy rooms that they used to be, they now had three- and four-room suites with a bathroom. Another curious fact was that the windows seemed to fit, and one rather missed the familiar sight of an old nightshirt stuffed into the cracks to keep the cool winds from blowing in.

Towards one o'clock we had a note from the head-waiter asking us if we would prefer our lunch in the main dining hall or in one of the private dining rooms.

We decided that it would be nice to have our lunch with the rest of the student body, with the idea in the back of our minds, I think, that there at any rate we might see some of the former Bishop's spirit.

We were doomed to be sadly disappointed, our meal served in a small sort of alcove, literally surrounded by attendants, who waited on us while we reclined on couches. We missed too the meals that we used to love so generously served in a small sort of alcove, literally surrounded by attendants, who waited on us while we reclined on couches.

We missed too the meals that we used to love so much. Instead of the soup that we used to get they now gave us some kind of a hors d'oeuvre and some common species of bird, duck or maybe it was partridge. The desert too was a great disappointment, no longer the famous dish of tapioca, but some rare kind of fruit from an unheard-of island in the Pacific.

Hal I Like Not That.

Time: About 2 a.m.
Place: A room in the Old Arts.

Dramatis Personae (Cast):

Barwise—A pub-conscious lad.
Hooper—Not of rugs.
Ballou—The mighty stom.

(Shot by I. Miller)

"Say what's the difference between the Queen's football team and Joe's brain?"
"I dunno."
"Well, Queen's has a football team."
"Say, how about writing an article for the 'Mitre'?"
"No."
"Look, the editor said they were short of articles, and I for one am going to do my part and write something, even if it is only on initiation."

Cheers.

Song: "For he's a jolly good fellow."
"What are you going to write on, and don't say paper?"
"I dunno."
"You could tell about the girl who was afraid to go to the tea dance with the Noranda lad, because she was afraid of being arrested for picking up a miner. Ha, ha, ha."

Chorus: "It's rotten."
"Why don't you say something about those idiots who write on notices?"

DECEMBER, 1936

We left this place of gourmets trying our best to conceal our disgust, and turned as a last resource, to the chapel where we expected to find as of old, a large attendance. It was here that we received the final shock, when we found that there was no longer a compulsory system of chapel attendance; naturally, there being no more money the student was able to ignore this former rule concerning the endowment.

Now we made no disguise of our feelings, and walked everywhere with a glum and disapproving countenance, and it was not until after the afternoon that we were able to show any signs of approval; when we were shown the new English-rugger field, and the stadium seating some million fans (shortly after the disappearance of money they introduced this game as the national sport of Canada).

That evening as we took our several ways in the sky, we each thought over the terrible changes that had come over our former alma mater, and which, with the exception of the English rugby, were bound to lead us to certain destruction.

Give me that wind-swept building with its old red brick and the lazy Massawippi running by; give me the cold bitter nights with the wind whistling through the crack that I forgot to stuff; give me showers, taploca, chapels and even ten-thirty "gates," but above all give me learning . . . so what!
Greetings

Yuletide
Greetings

We extend to our Friends the Compliments of the Season, and in doing so express our appreciation of the confidence placed in us during the year now closing.

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DECEMBER, 1936

"Bring in the old crack that you can lead a college man to water but why disappoint him."
"Cut it out."
"Do you know what good, clean humor is?"
"No, what good is it?"
"I kicked the slats out of my cradle on that one."
"It should have been vice versa."
"Did anyone hear Eddie Cantor last night?"
"No."
"Well I have a new joke; what did Mae West say when Clarke Gable 'phoned her?"
"No dirty jokes, just clean humor."
"Let's get the title, an' next month we'll write the story."
"How about writing about 'Little Lord Fauntelroy'?"
"I can't, I don't know how to spell Fauntelroy."
"Anyway someone has already written it. In fact it's a movie."
"The cheelers."
"Hey, what did Jean Harlow say . . . ?"
"Shut up!"
"Write about Equals divided by equals equal equals."
"Why?"
"I dunno, but it sounds good."
"Say, what did Alice Faye say . . . ?"
"Cut it out."
"Say, didya hear the story of the guy who was in a hotel, so he calls the bell boy and asks him to get him a bottle of whiskey, a medium done steak, and a bulldog. So the bell boy says why the bulldog, and the guy says to eat the steak you fool."
"Shut up!"
"Yeah, an article for the 'Mitre',"
"Hey, lemme tell my story. What did Simone Simon (pronounced See-moon See-moon) say when Clark . . . ?"
"Didn't you hear us?—no dirty stories!
"Hey, write about the Esquimaux, after all, they are God's frozen people."
"Is that necessary?"
"No, but I thought it was good."
"Look, here's a title: A freshman's Saturday night, or For Gutter or for worse."
"I wish my Grandfather was here, he'd get a great kick out of these old jokes."
"O.K., funnyman."
"Thanks."
"Well, it's three a.m. and we've done nothing, I move we adjourn."
"I second the motion."
"Carried."
"Hey, fellows, do you know what Shirley Temple said when Clark Gable 'phoned her?"
"Go on, wise guy, what did she say?"
"Hello!

---

STARS

Though wise men come not, nor angels sing,
Still the stars shine for comforting.
Heavy hearts we shall lift again,
There is an ending to every pain:
Still are shadows, but still is light—
Look from your window to stars at night.
The sky is steady to lean upon
As if just now God had come and gone,
Leaving His quiet along the night,
And somewhere all has been always right.
Still are weariness, griefs, and wars—
But here is the sky. And here are the stars.

Patty A. Wiggett
Clergyman?

Whatever your calling in the years to come, your banking connection will play an important part in your daily life.

It is never too early for the student to form this contact. A savings account will be of immediate practical use for depositing money for college expenses; it will also help you to build up a "success fund" and to form a connection that will be of advantage to you when you enter business or professional life.

The Bank of Montreal — Canada's oldest bank—welcomes your account while you are still at college, and—with its long experience, great resources and nation-wide organization—it is in a position to give you helpful service wherever you may live in later years.

The branches listed below give particular attention to the accounts of students at Bishop's.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

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Belvedere & King Street Branch - L. A. LABERGE. Manager

TOTAL ASSETS IN EXCESS OF $109,000,000

THE LITTLE THEATRE

For several years it has been the custom of the College Dramatic Society to present during the Michaelmas term three short plays in the Little Theatre. The supporting public has generally gone to see these plays in an uncritical frame of mind, recognizing the fact that the primary purpose of the production was to give inexperienced players a chance to try out their talents before an audience, and thus reveal their fitness to take part in a longer and more ambitious play later in the year. Most of the members of the audience went to look for promise rather than for accomplishment and did not expect to find much of what is known in contemporary stage criticism as "good theatre."

The productions of this year, however, furnished a surprise, for not only was real talent revealed in the case of several newcomers to the theatre, but delightful entertainment was furnished as well, making, to the writer at least, the whole evening seem surprisingly short, and the hard straight chairs almost comfortable. The smoothness with which the plays were presented, the almost professional tempo of each performance, and the cleverness of the management and the stage hands in overcoming technical difficulties contributed largely to this feeling. The wisdom, too, of providing music during the intervals was amply proved. Not that the audience listened to it; for, audiences seldom do, but it gave a chance for relaxation and conversation, and covered with a veil of pleasant sound the mysterious but necessary noises of scene shifting.

The plays, on the whole, were well chosen and suited to the various talents of the players. Possibly the first scene of Act I of Shaw's Saint Joan contains scarcely enough dramatic situations to give the actors scope for real acting. Nevertheless the producer, Jean Macnab, and the actors drew all possible dramatic value from the material with which they worked, while the setting, with its Gothic windows and church tower and roofs behind it, made an effective background for a red-clad Joan, and presented a picture which it is a pleasure to recall. As Captain Robert de Baudricourt, Peter Edgell, in spite of a rather youthful appearance for such a valiant warrior, played convincingly and made use of a clear and well modulated voice. The Colonel, played with spirit by G. Blake Knox, afforded an opportunity to paint a good portrait of "an officer and an English gentleman." Douglas Rowe as the sodden ostler and Patricia Wigget as the landlady gave good character sketches, while William Gedgey was most amusing as the sergeant, never for once forgetting his cockney accent. As Alicia Pemberton, the heroine of the play, Vivian Parr gave a well-balanced performance, delivering her lines with poise and sureness, and showing admirable restraint in every situation. Miss Parr is a new student at Bishop's and should prove a valuable addition to the Dramatic Society.

The last presentation and by far the most ambitious and difficult was the first act of Sutton Vane's well-known play "Outward Bound," produced by Norman Pilcher. While the setting was difficult to design successfully on a small stage, and while the play called for present-day dress, always a handicap for amateur actors, the players performed the difficult task of making the audience take the play seriously. Only once did some of the younger members of the audience laugh in the wrong place—the love scene—which, however, did not seem to disconcert the players, Hugh Mortimer as Henry and Janet Spieid as Ann, but who played the whole scene with the pathetic fatalism that it demands. The sepulchral Scrubby was well played by George Mackey, Mr. Lingley by Sidney Davies, and the Reverend William Duke by Eldon Davis. Jim Wilson gave a fine performance as the drunken and disillusioned Mr. Prior and did not once overlap a role that was full of pitfalls. The character part of the charwoman was well performed by Fleda Brilhart, although there was a tendency to turn the pathetic figure into the comedy, and the snobbish Mrs. Cliveden-Banks found an able interpreter in Helen Legge.

The players and producers are to be congratulated on the success of the entire bill.

F. O. C.
Have The Past Five Years Caused You to Rewrite Your Will?

Has your financial status changed materially since your Will was drawn? Can increased Estate taxes and other necessary cash expenses be met easily, without sacrificing assets? Are your wife and children provided for adequately as your financial condition today permits?

Unless your Will expresses your present wishes under present conditions, serious injustices to your family or other heirs may result.

An hour or so spent in a critical review of your Estate arrangements may result in benefits to your heirs during their entire lives.

You should consult your own attorney or notary before making any changes in your Will. In your consideration of possible changes, perhaps our experience in the administration of Estate and management of Trusts will be helpful.

A talk with one of our trust officers places you under no obligation.

SHERRBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

Library Column

I have been asked to write a few words by way of introduction to a library column in “The Mitre.”

It is hardly possible to over-emphasize the importance of the library in connection with university education. If universities were not actually cradled in libraries, it is certain that from the very beginning they have been an essential part of their equipment. Books are the working tools of a student and without them he would be as helpless as the proverbial fish out of water.

No class notes and texts be regarded as an adequate substitute for a library. They provide rudimentary education, yet without wider reading they are apt to stop with the passive reception of facts stored up in the memory and regurgitated at the time of the December or June examinations. But the moment a student begins to read round a subject, he digs with his own spade, brings his judgment into play, and is on the way to acquire that enlightenment or enlargement of mind which Newman regarded as the central aim of a university.

Our library cannot compare in size with that of some of the larger Canadian universities. In 1933, McGill had a library of 411,000 volumes. However, as 102,048 of these books are in the Great Chinese Research Library, it is evident that a quarter of this total will remain a cabalistic mystery to the average undergraduate.

The library of Bishop’s University, though small in size, has certain decided advantages. It is readily accessible. This is one of the privileges we enjoy through being a residential college. Instead of muffling himself up for a mile walk in subzero weather, a student may slip into our library in the evenings in that care-free unconventional attire that he sports in his own private sanctum. Again the books are not entombed in the recesses of stacks, but are in plain view. We are fortunate in the possession of an attractive room for purposes of library reading and study. It is a place where one may realize “the friendship of books,” and the zest of intellectual interest and adventure which transforms a mere task into one of the keenest pleasures that life can offer.

W. O. Raymond.

Gazing down over the library from his perch above the door the bust of Bishop Mountain has seen startling changes take place below during the last four or five years. The first intimation he had that something new was afoot in the library was when someone climbed up a ladder and dusted him off. An unprecedented affair. Dust, the accumulation of years, swept away at one fell swoop. But this was only an indication of what was to follow.

For years the library had been furnished with two long tables, their tops gouged out and pitted with various names, dates and initials, the diligent carving of generations of Bishop’s students. It was not possible to write on them without the pencil or pen plunging through the paper into some cavity below. These old tables were now carried away (to be burnt, it is hoped) and replaced by the present ones of good solid oak.

Then began the long and arduous work of recataloguing and indexing the books. Until this time the library had been, for all practical purposes, a mere stack room. The arrangement of the books on the shelves and the manner in which they were catalogued was most unsatisfactory. To find what books were in the library, the best method was to spend a year reading titles and familiarizing yourself with as many books as possible and their location in the library. Now, if one has the slightest idea of the type of book wanted, it can be found by merely consulting the files. If one has not the least idea of what one wants, something suitable can usually be found after consulting the librarian. All that is required in order to find a book is a head for figures or else a scrap of paper and a pencil borrowed from the librarian.
The hours during which the library was open were also changed. No longer can the bishop complain of loneliness during the long afternoon and evening. Heretofore the library had been open only during the morning. To get in at any other time one had to borrow a key. But, as the usefulness of the library increased, so the number of those using it was augmented. As the library became more frequented, the hours were naturally extended.

One change the bishop must deeply deplore. The library has become silent. No longer do students tap out sweet melodies on the great lampshades. Everywhere in the library are notices bearing the legend in large black letters that "SILENCE MUST BE OBSERVED. If any attempt is made to speak above a whisper, it is almost certain to result in a reprimand from the librarian. The bishop must realize, however, that this has been done for the benefit of all. He must recognize the truth of the statements that "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy" and that "Silence is the safeguard of the soul." And he must remember those who retire to the library with the thought of comfort uppermost in their minds. "Le silence de chacun assure le repos de tous." For these reasons the bishop must be more than willing to forego his little musicales.

For the future, it is to be hoped that the bishop will soon see the addition of a few armchairs and reading lamps to the library. Think how it would please him to see the addition of a few armchairs and reading lamps to the library. The library could also be improved by the addition of a few armchairs and reading lamps to the library. But Huxley is aware that such a provision would be a temptation to speak above a whisper, and he must remember that "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy" and that "Silence is the safeguard of the soul." And he must remember those who retire to the library with the thought of comfort uppermost in their minds. "Le silence de chacun assure le repos de tous." For these reasons the bishop must be more than willing to forego his little musicales.

For the future, it is to be hoped that the bishop will soon see the addition of a few armchairs and reading lamps to the library. Think how it would please him to see the addition of a few armchairs and reading lamps to the library. However, if the library continues to progress as rapidly in the future as it has in the past few years, we do not consider these hopes to be vain ones.

Eyeless in Gaza

"You can do everything with bayonets, except sit on them," says Mr. Huxley. I say, you can do everything with Huxley's books except read them for pleasure. There may be readers whose minds do not react to that richly revolting paragraph on Proust with chilled and fascinated horror. There may be readers who lightheartedly judge something so close at hand: he distrusts eroticism, and he distrusts religion. Fate is the unseen hero of all his books. A Fate which says that effects spring inevitably from causes, and that the logical reason can understand those causes. In a society which believes in escape, he shows bitter and inescapable facts. For men who want only rest he exposes the futility and failure of metaphysical nostrums. To the unremitting optimist he shows the other side of life, which is the death of the individual: to the unremitting cynic he shows the other side of death, which is the life of the species, of all creation.

Men of science—men of Science fight today a battle which they cannot win with the hearts of men. When freedom is an intolerable burden, and the exercise of the intelligence is an uncomfortable restriction. But I must add that the last half of the antithesis of the optimist and the cynic above distinguishes this latest book of Huxley's from his previous works—those at least which this reviewer has read.

It is clear that in some way Mr. Huxley has advanced from his previous position. It is not clear just what this advance is and accordingly many puzzled critics have written of mysticism, and so forth. I will tell you what I suspect the mystery is: Mr. Huxley has simply decided how a reasonable man may act, where before he was only sure what a reasonable man might think. This is such a notable achievement in an insane world that I recommend it to your attention.
You Get What You Pay For

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We can give you the best possible job on
Dry Cleaning, Dyeing, Pressing, Hat Blocking, Laundry Work and Carpet Cleaning.

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DECEMBER, 1936

What can you make of the following jumbled words?
Each line of mixed letters contains the title of a well-known book of fiction, and as several of the books are also known as films, there should be little difficulty for puzzle fans to straighten out the words. Don't turn to the last page for solutions, because just to be provocative like all producers of contexts of this sort, we are withholding the answers till our next issue. Neither the idea nor the titles used are original, but we feel sure that the puzzle loses nothing by that. Perhaps you can think of some better jumbles than these, or perhaps you may have some original ideas or opinions about this column. If so do let us hear from you after Christmas. Here are the words:

1. Reystoamw.
2. Todhasceggrmeswifpbeethz.
3. Tillytriluranefrerd.
4. Ssosolnggngglihkhkoure.
5. Restunderacohblhbbfskvoekem.
7. Rensave.
8. Tttaaatereewannnddyhhouuulsterg.
10. Desetsnulauri.
11. Italictochtewef.
12. Daneseipoomenarp.
14. Quistteddruwann.
15. Dogsheinenzar.

The New Bridge

The old bridge which spans the Massawippi river and which has been a familiar sight to Bishop's students for many years, received its death blow last spring when unusually high waters caused it considerable damage. The girders were weakened to such an extent that the bridge has been condemned by government officials. It is to be torn down next spring. Good-bye, old bridge, we hate to see you go.

About four hundred feet farther down the river a new bridge is under construction. Through the kindness of Mr. A. Tremblay, contractor in charge of the construction, the major details of the new structure were obtained.

When asked if he had any difficulties as yet, Mr. Tremblay replied: "We ran into quicksand while digging the foundations of both piers and buttments. The sand reached a depth of seven feet in one place; under the quicksand, however a hard gravel bottom was found sufficiently hard to run the cement on. At only one place was a rock bottom found, and that was on the Lennoxville side of the river. We have also been delayed by high water and unfavourable weather conditions."

The contractor further stated that this job was a $54,400 contract, and that he will use 100,000 feet of lumber, 12,000 bags of cement, 40 tons of reinforcing steel and 140 tons of structural steel. He has 50 men in his employ, and has been running three shifts in an endeavour to complete the cement foundations before the river freezes over.

Since the operations have been held up for so long by high water and miserable weather the bridge will not be completed before June of next year. The official opening of the completed bridge will be 30 tons.

So far, two buttments and one pier have been completed, the second pier being under construction. Each one of these foundations contains 475 cubic feet of cement. Mr. Tremblay says that the piers will not be able to receive the steel girders before the first week in January. The distance between piers is 140 feet, with a 10-foot gap between pier and buttment, making a total length of 240 feet of steel structure. With the gravel approaches included the total length from road to road will be 400 feet.

The bridge crosses the river at an angle which forms a dihedral angle between pier and buttment, making a total length of 240 feet of steel structure. With the gravel approaches included the total length from road to road will be 400 feet.

The New Bridge will be 42 feet wide including both sidewalks, and 23 feet above the low water mark. An overhead reinforcement arch will be erected over the central span. The centre of the bridge itself will have an arch of three feet above the buttment. This system of arching the steel work gives added strength to the structure. The 140 tons of structural steel required for the bridge is furnished by the McKinnon Steel Company of Sherbrooke. The total capacity of the completed bridge will be 30 tons.

Since the operations have been held up for so long by high water and unfavourable weather conditions, the contractor further stated that this job was a $54,400 contract, and that he will use 100,000 feet of lumber, 12,000 bags of cement, 40 tons of reinforcing steel and 140 tons of structural steel. He has 50 men in his employ, and has been running three shifts in an endeavour to complete the cement foundations before the river freezes over.

Since the operations have been held up for so long by high water and miserable weather the bridge will not be completed before June of next year. The official opening will take place shortly after the construction has been completed.

M. C. P.
Highlights of Sport

Though the College gridiron's battle-scarred surface is now nestled beneath a soothing blanket of snow, and though peace once again reigns on the banks of the St. Francis River, football has by no means vanished from the thoughts of many of us. The gruelling season through which the team has just passed has given little in the way of actual victories, yet if it is regarded in the correct perspective we should be by no means discouraged. One glance through some of the old "Mitres" will confirm this statement, and prove that Bishop's has not been without her share of victories, yet if it is regarded in the correct perspective we should be by no means discouraged. One glance through some of the old "Mitres" will confirm this statement, and prove that Bishop's has not been without her share of victories.

Around these five men Len was compelled to build a new and inexperienced team, and he is to be congratulated for the undaunted perseverance, and patience which he put into their training. The improvement which this team showed towards the end of the season is enough in itself to make the future football prospects look most promising. Very few of this year's team will be lost through graduation and we may be certain that next year Bishop's will field a team with a greater knowledge of the game, plenty of fighting spirit and determined to avenge the defeats which we have suffered this season.

Among those whom we will sorely miss next year is Owen Frederick. "Fred" has represented the college for the past three years, and left little to be desired in his role as snap and captain of the team this fall. Though many of the points scored against us this season were caused through fumbles, very few, if any, were the result of poor snaps. The positions left vacant by Paul McMahon and Johnny Hibbard will also be hard to fill. Paul's sensational kicking and his services were indispensable, and it will be with a great deal of regret when we lose both Johnny's kicking and his fine handling of the ball next June. The two fighting divines, "Tarz" Davis and Arthur Perkins, also wound up their traditional rivals.

The Sherbrooke Athletics came out of their year of retirement with a strong team, which accomplished a feat that no Sherbrooke team has been able to do in the past. Three years ago the Athletics managed to tie the College, but this is the first year that they have been able to defeat us. Though the score of eighteen to nothing is rather inclined to indicate that the game was a one-sided affair, in reality it was far from this.

During the first quarter the play see-sawed around the centre field, with the Athletics showing a slight edge. Before the close of the period Sherbrooke's crushing line attack began to take effect, and they worked themselves into position for a successfully attempted rouge. This point was doubled early in the second quarter when the Athletics obtained another single. Though the Athletics obtained another single, trailing behind a two-nothing score Bishop's began to take new heart and pressed on the offensive. A beautiful end-run by Lyster advanced the ball to the fifty-yard line, and for a minute it looked like a touchdown for the College, but a costly fumble was recovered by a Sherbrooke player who ran it well back into our territory. Syd. Echenberg then carried the ball for the Athletics and succeeded in "crawling" over the Bishop's line for a major score, which was converted, leaving the score eight to nothing at half time.

In spite of several beautiful runs by "Dago" Knox, and Pete Greenwood's piercing line plunges, an intercepted forward brought the ball back into the College territory early in the second half. A series of line plays by our opponents finally ended in another touchdown, with Larry Brooks crossing the Bishop's line. Shortly before the close of the last quarter another fumble gave Sherbrooke possession of the ball on our ten-yard line, and captain "Izzie" Echenberg ploughed his way across the College line for an additional five points. Neither of the last two touchdowns were converted and the final score remained at eighteen to nothing for the Athletics.

Bishop's at Loyola

The fact that Brennan received the Bishop's kick-off and dashed through the whole team for a touchdown, which Tyler successfully converted, might partially explain the disheartening defeat which we suffered at the hands of our traditional rivals. It was certainly no disgrace for any team to lose to Loyola this year for they had one of the finest and best coached teams in the history of their college. "Dago" Knox caught consistently in the Bishop's backfield, and made several long gains running back the Loyola kicks, but the superior weight of our opponents, and the machine-like efficiency with which they carried
out their plays, soon showed to advantage against our receiver and the Loyola goal-line. A touchdown by Brennan and Tyler's convert closed the scoring for the Fighting Irish, not content with the thirty-seven to noth-

ing score. Although the whole team showed an entirely different spirit in this encounter to the games which preceded it, some deserve special mention: "Pete" Greenwood for his excellent work both offensively and defensively, and for his initial touchdown for the college, Paul McMahon for his fine work in the backfield, and "Hogey" Carmichael for his splendid shoe-string tackles, reaped the laurels in this game.

Though the College showed a decided edge throughout the greater part of the game they could not seem to throw off the jinx which had haunted them all season, when they got within scoring distance of the "Aggies" touchline. The first quarter went scoreless, with the College plunging through the Macdonald line time after time for yards, but any efforts to cross our opponents' touchline seemed futile. In the second quarter Macdonald moved into position to score a rouge and soon repeated this feat, to give them a two to nothing lead over the College. It was not until five minutes before the final whistle that Pete Greenwood com-

\[55 + 0\] }

\[55 + 0\] }

the score Bishop's 6, Macdonald 2.

Bishop's at McGill

Smarrting under the severe defeat of the previous week-

end the team journeyed to St. Anne's for their first game
with Macdonald College, determined to do or die and they
did. Although the whole team showed an entirely different

spirit in this encounter to the games which preceded it,
some deserve special mention: "Pete" Greenwood for his
excellent work both offensively and defensively, and for
his initial touchdown for the college, Paul McMahon for
his fine work in the backfield, and "Hogey" Carmichael for
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score a rouge and soon repeated this feat, to give them a
two to nothing lead over the College. It was not until five
minutes before the final whistle that Pete Greenwood com-
pelled a desperate and successful drive towards the "Ag-
gies" goal with a major try, which he himself converted.
The score Bishop's 6, Macdonald 2.

Macdonald at Bishop's

In the final game of the season the "Aggies" avenged the

defeat they had met at our hands the week before. In
the first quarter Bishop's had a decided edge on the play,
although they only succeeded in getting one point on
Johnny Hibbard's rouge. The second period was much the
same as the first as far as the play was concerned, but
neither team succeeded in scoring a point. The College
 commenced the third quarter with renewed vigour and
continued to push Macdonald down the field. They were
finally rewarded with a touchdown when Pharo gathered
in a loose ball that resulted through a blocked kick. The
"Aggins" saved their surprise until the final quarter, when
on a beautiful passing play from Eastman to Dunn the
latter sprinted to the Bishop's goal-line for five points;
these were soon followed by two singles, which gave Mac-
donald a seven to six lead. The College tried hard to over-

come this slight margin but the final whistle gave the game
to the "Aggins."

Before we definitely write the last word on this year's
rugby activities it is quite in order that we pay tribute to
the manager and his assistant for their valuable efforts.
Some do not fully realize the horrors of managing a team,
the drawing up of schedules, the shipping of equipment, the
trouble of attending practices and seeing that everything is
in order. Harry Scott and "The Count," Bill Bankerville,
carried out their thousand and one duties with the acme of
efficiency, and we take this opportunity of thanking them
for tireless and valuable services.
THE MITRE

The following players have been awarded major Bs. and Crests:

McMahon, Lyster, Knox, Bennett, Hibbard, Frederick, Davis, Perkins, Carter, Greenwood, Rogers, Carmichael.

These have been awarded minor Bs. and Crests:

Paterson, D., Pharo, Norris, Willis, Codere, McLean, Paterson, J. P.

Cragg and Morrison have obtained minor Bs.

* * *

BADMINTON

An earlier and larger turn-out for Badminton this year gives fair promise of a successful season. Over fifty players, consisting of members of the faculty, women students, and men students, have signified their intentions of playing and a committee made up of Prof. Scott, Nancy McDougall, and Reg. Turpin was chosen by the Council to look after all arrangements and details necessary to ensure favourable results. Two Ladder Competitions, one for the women students and one for the men students, have begun, and a friendly match, in which members of the faculty and students participated, marked the beginning of this season’s play. The Committee hopes to arrange games with outside clubs and will endeavour to give all players at the University an opportunity to take part in these matches.

Despite the handicap of possessing but one badminton court it is hoped that not only will the experienced players have an enjoyable season but also that those who are playing for the first time will benefit from the game as much as possible.

* * *

Owing to lack of space the account of the Soccer team’s activities is being held over for the February issue.

* * *

NOT MUSIC

"And have you music at your church?"
I asked the rural squire.

"Well, no," said he, "can’t say we have, —just singin’ by the choir!"

O. H. S.

Notes and Comments

On Friday, October 23, the Reverend Gilbert Baul Jones, M.A., was formally installed as Dean of the Faculty of Divinity. Officiating in the usual chapel service were the Lord Bishops of Montreal and Quebec. After the installation service a reception was held in the Convocation Hall. The guests were received by the Bishop of Montreal, the Bishop of Quebec, the Chancellor and Mrs. Greenhills, the Principal and Mrs. McGreer, the Dean of Divinity, and Mrs. Jones. Bishop Farthing, Bishop Carrington, Chancellor Greenhills and Dr. McGreer made short speeches of welcome. The Dean in a very pleasing manner thanked those who had made him and his wife so welcome at Bishop’s.

* * *

A team from the British Universities consisting of Bernard Ungerson, of the University of London, and Malcolm McEwen of the University of Edinburgh, successfully upheld the affirmative of the resolution that: This House would rather live in Moscow than in Berlin. The negative was upheld by L. H. Roberts and S. J. Davies. The debate was held in Convocation Hall on November 3, 1936.

The visitors were welcomed and introduced by Dr. Boothroyd who presided.

Mr. Ungerson pointed out that the political issue was the only one worth considering. Moscow, and Russia in general, is a sort of democracy, while Germany is a dictatorship. Russia’s one great desire is for peace. Germany’s policy is peace and Germany’s is war. Mr. Ungerson quoted from his own experiences in Germany to prove his point.

Mr. Roberts, though admitting the political factor to be of importance, was not prepared to consider it as the only point under discussion. He went on to show that the Germans as a whole are much more desirable neighbours than the Russians. Moreover their customs and culture are very similar to our own. There is no comparison between Russian and German music, literature and educational systems. Germany is far superior to Russia in these very human respects. Moreover Russia had been regarded as a menace a few years ago; might not Germany undergo the same transformation?

Mr. MacEwen, the second speaker of the affirmative, stated that while Germany was standing still in the realm of education and art, Russia was forging ahead. One can have freedom of action in Russia, in choosing one’s particular career, but such is not the case in Germany. He also used quotations from Stalin and Goering to prove that Russia’s policy is peace and Germany’s is war.

Mr. Davies, the second speaker for the negative, stated that the Germans were sacrificing their personal affairs for a short time so that their country might come out of its slough, while the Russians, a very illiterate race, were following their leaders blindly. He drew a very vivid picture of the slovenly, inefficient Russia as opposed to the intelligent, highly efficient Germany.

The judges, Mr. R. L. Young, of Bishop’s College School, Rev. F. A. C. Doxsee, Sherbrooke, and Mr. J. L. Peters, of Montreal, awarded the decision to the affirmative.

* * *

We very much regret that in the first issue of the "Mitre" we omitted a word of welcome to Mrs. A. Preston. May we take this opportunity of saying how pleased we are to have her with us. Mrs. Preston has already proved herself to be very popular, and we hope that her stay will be a long and happy one.

* * *

The second freshmen debate held dealt with the resolution that: Divorce should be made easier in Canada. The members of the affirmative were Messrs. Murray and Briedin. Those of the negative were Messrs. Malard and Gibeau. The decision was awarded to the affirmative.

* * *

A freshmen-freshette debate was held November 11, the subject being: Resolved that our present civilization is a Failure. The freshettes, Miss Martin and Miss Staples, upheld the affirmative. Mr. Murray and Mr. Gibeau represented the freshmen as supporters of the negative side. The decision was awarded to the negative. A criticism of the debate, on behalf of the amateur debaters was delivered by Prof. Boothroyd.

* * *

In the past few weeks the silence of the tomb has descended over the New Arts Building. The probable explanation is the near approach of the exams. It is rumoured that several gentlemen are even afraid to wear "loud" ties.
On Wednesday, November 25, two debaters from the University of Vermont, Mr. Caldwell and Mr. B. Lisman, defeated a Bishop's team composed of Mr. Beatty and Mr. Mackey on the motion: Resolved that the Emergence of Women from the Home is to be Deplored. Mr. Caldwell the leader of the affirmative stated that the emergence of women from the homes is not to be confused with emancipation. He further stated that women has always excelled in the home. However, from the time of James Watt more and more women every year work for their living outside of the home. The result has been that, woman has neglected her natural duties and caused a decrease in the birth rate and a great increase in juvenile delinquency. Work reacts on a woman herself, her family and society in general unfavourably. In the upper classes the birth decline has been particularly great, where it does the greatest harm. Woman is not suited for the work done by men. Her brain is smaller, she is more easily tired and more susceptible to industrial diseases.

Mr. Beatty the first speaker for the affirmative thought it to be a very good thing for women to get away from the home and take part in outside pursuits. The birth rate is due to economic conditions and conditions alone. Why shouldn't woman be at liberty to be independent and to better herself if she wishes? Especially when she has to support a family. Woman's deficiencies are due primarily to man's treatment of her. Women are really equal to man and the marriage founded on a basis of equality has been found to be generally successful.

The second speaker for the affirmative, Mr. Lisman stated that the discussion was not on women's emancipation but on woman's emergence from the homes into an industrial sphere. He showed that of the women employed in industry 63% were married and had children, to whom they could not give the proper care.

Family life, so important to a nation is not possible when the mother is working. Of the women in professions, very few were geniuses. But among them the marriage rate and birth rate was lowest and the divorce rate highest. It is the intelligent people who bear the brunt of civilization, when they decay the nation falls. Women can work for lower wages than men, consequently they are given the preference. Women are needed at home, man can take care of the industrial side of life much better than can the women. Any expression woman needs can find an outlet at the various women's organizations.

Mr. Mackey the last speaker for the negative, pointed out that if there were no emergence there would have been no emancipation. If a woman has a considerable amount of spare time, resulting from modern conveniences, why shouldn't she employ her time profitably? Delinquency is due not to the absence of the mother but to the low morality of the mothers. There is no reason why half the brain power of the world should be rusticated in the home, women are quite as well qualified as men to handle the everyday situations of life. Deplore, moreover means to bewail or bemoan, the affirmative had done neither of these things.

The judges, Rev. J. Allen of B.C.S., Mr. Wright Gibson and Mr. A. Reid of Sherbrooke, awarded the decision to the affirmative.
port the League of Nations' policy, or that of the United Kingdom, the first as a matter of obligation, in the latter case, with reservations. All but one or two were in favour of universal conscription if Canada were actually involved in war. The general opinion was also that we should be willing to support stronger armed forces especially in the case of air power and artillery. We would also favour increased measures of co-ordination on the part of the Canadian General Staff with the Imperial Army and also with the U.S. Army. The latter an entirely new suggestion, and one arising out of the possibility of an attack on the Canadian Pacific coast.

We would like to point out that since we are now able to meet in the Reception Room, the women of the University would be welcome guests. We hope for increased interest on a wider number of topics for the remainder of the year.

N. D. P.

DECEMBER, 1936

The Maths and Science Club

With the combined encouragement of recognition by the Student's Association, a grant of $25.00 from that body, the numerous first year of the new B.Sc. course, and the enthusiasm and interest already shown, the Maths and Science Club is looking forward to a year of increasingly interesting activity.

A word of explanation to the freshmen is in order as there seems to be some uncertainty about who are members of the club and what activities it offers. It was started as an informal gathering of maths and science students to discuss questions of interest with the professors. This idea has been expanded and we now have informal talks by both professors and students on various subjects, trips of inspection over local factories and industries, and we are hoping this year to invite some outside lecturers here to give us talks on interesting branches of science in industry; to provide more illustrated lectures, and to pay more visits to factories.

The Club's activities got away to a good start on Saturday, October 31, when, with the kind permission of Mr. Tomlinson, and thanks to the providers of transport, about twenty members "embussed" for a tour of inspection of the pulp and paper mills at Windsor, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone in spite of the rather odiferous atmosphere and we feel sure it wasn't only the paper in the packing room that was so interesting?

During the winter term we are planning to hold meetings every fortnight at least, including talks by one or more guest speakers, illustrated discussions on subjects of
**The Mitre**

1786

**ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF MOLSON’S BREWERY**

1936

**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.

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**Secret Wishes for a Merry Christmas**

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**FIRE**

Studies were interrupted here during the first period on Tuesday morning, December 1, by an unfortunate outbreak of fire in the duplex residence of Prof. Vial and Mr. Owen.

**Exchanges**

Wars are raging in three great nations of the world, which may well be the concern of every serious-minded citizen of this and other countries. Any one of these wars may at any time develop into a world conflict.

During the past few months, publications of all kinds have been filled with the advice and warnings of many would-be sociologists. We have the reformers who urge drastic changes in the whole social system, the conservative group who blame “the Communists” for everything, and last of all we have the great majority who do not know nor care, what it all is about. This latter group has learned by experience to distrust both of the others. The question remains that the present social system seems inadequate to meet the needs of the present, while as yet no really practical plan has been put forward by the those who would call themselves reformers. The Soviet worker feels sorry for the American labourer, whom he says is the tool of great industrial concerns. The American on the other hand, denies very truly this people be one of our best exchanges. “Le Croix de Feu,” and an article on “Jews and Palestine” are most interesting. The latter deals with the Arab trouble which has been of particular interest during the past few years. Too often we are prone to lay the cause of trouble to the unruly nature of this desert people. The fact remains that this people believe that they are being wronged, and the least we can do is to study their side of the situation. The Arab sees the land which he won by the sword more than thirteen hundred years ago being given to outcasts of other lands. In the article in question several possible reasons for the trouble are suggested.

To those students of our own University who are interested in these important questions mentioned above, I would say you will find a wealth of material in the different exchanges: “Radio and Visible Sound,” “Lumino and Phosphorescence,” “Soya Beans, Our Diet in the Next Ten Years,” “The Behaviour of the Stomach” (of topical interest). We also hope to organize a week-end excursion to tour the asbestos mines at Thetford.

We wish to point out to all students that there are no membership restrictions, if you are at all interested, we cordially invite you to come to the meetings.

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**The Fire started in the basement of that part of the house occupied by Mr. Owen and quickly spread through the partition to the attic. Fortunately the fire was extinguished before it could do much damage. Smoke and water caused most of the loss.**

The Faculty and most of the students assisted in removing all the furniture from both sections of the house.

Dr. Vial was removed to Dr. Raymond’s house, and he is now at the Principal’s Lodge. His friends will be glad to learn that he does not seem to have suffered any ill effects from this catastrophe.

We of the “Mitre” extend our sympathy to all those who dwelt in the house, with the hope that they will soon be able to return there, none the worse for this experience.

E. S. Davis
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The McGill Daily
The Manitoban (University of Manitoba; twice weekly)
Varsity (University of Toronto; daily)
The Ulsan (University of British Columbia; twice weekly)
L’Helbo—Laval (Laval University; weekly)
The Challenger (Vocational School, St. John, N.B.)
The College Cord (Waterloo College, Ontario)
Alma Mater (St. Jerome’s College, Kitchener, Ont.)
and the following are magazines:
Tamesis (University of Reading, England)
The Arrows (University of Sheffield, England)
College Echoes (St. Andrew’s University, Scotland; 2 issues)
The Northerner (Armstrong College, Newcastle, Eng.)
The King’s College Record
The Red and White (St. Dunstan’s University, Charlottetown)
The O.A.C. Review (O.A.C., Guelph, Ontario)
The Gong (University College, Nottingham, Eng.)
King’s Hall Magazine (King’s Hall, Compton)
The Record (Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.)
The College Times (Upper Canada College, Toronto)
The Gryphon (University of Leeds, England)
Chadonian (St. Chad’s College, Regina)
The Stonyhurst Magazine (Stonyhurst School, Blackburn, England)
Acis Ritaliana (Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.)

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The Heliconian (Mount College, Toronto)
The Voyager (Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.)
The Albanian (St. Alban’s School, Brockville)
Westmount High School Annual
The Howardian (Howard Gardens High School, Cardiff, Wales)
Technical (Ecole Technical, Montreal; 2 issues)
The Year Book of Kelvin Technical High School, Winnipeg
The Magazine of Codrington College, Barbados, British West Indies; 2 issues
Blue and White (Rothsay Collegiate, Rothsay, N.B.)
The Dinscun Gazette (Diocesan College, Montreal)
West Saxan (University College, Southampton, Eng.)
MacDougall College Annual
Harfield Hall Magazine
The Grobe Chronicle
St. Andrew’s College Review (St. Andrew’s College, Aurora, Ont.)
Lower Canada College Magazine
St. Francois Xavier University Annual
Lampadion (Delta Collegiate Institute Hamilton, Ont.)
Lantern (Bedford Road Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Sask.)
Argosy of Commerce (High School of Commerce, Ottawa, Ont.)
Commissioners High School Year Book (Commissioners High School, Quebec, Que.)
The Black and White Review (The Catholic High School of Montreal)

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Graduates

Once again cold winds and snow showers bring our thoughts to winter. However, these thoughts are pleasant; we think of Christmas, and its merrie cheer; we think of New Year’s celebrations; we think of moonlight-nights and skimming parties; of hockey; of winter carnivals; of the regions to the south of our latitude and dream of basking in the sun; yes, pleasant thoughts indeed! But, we seldom think of the Alumni section of the “Mitre,” which has to maintain a certain standard; or of the Editor of the “Mitre” nagging the various department heads to “hurry up and get that in, we go to press Thursday.” Not until the “Mitre” is a day or a week late do we begin to think about it, and then we remember that we were going to send in our bit of news, or our article, or our letter. But then it is too late for that issue, so we promptly stop thinking of it until the same procedure is repeated the next time. . . .

May I draw the attention of the readers to the note published with every issue: “The Mitre is published on the 10th of October, December, February, April and June . . .” That means that all contributions should be in at least three weeks prior to the date of publication. Please, readers, help us make the “Mitre” a magazine which you will be proud of! Give us news, letters, articles, anything; but send them in, on time!

I mentioned that in December our thoughts turn toward Christmas. May we, of the “Mitre,” take this opportunity to send Season’s Greetings to all Graduates and former students of the University of Bishop’s College, and wish them all a very Merrie Christmas and a prosperous and happy New Year.

* * *

An interesting letter has been received from RUSSELL BROWN, B.A. ’33, in which he describes some of the work which he is doing in the far West. He is with the Fellowship of the West, and at the date of this letter, was in the region of Fort St. John, B.C. He speaks of “Hudson Hope” as an old settlement, as far as age goes in this western country. A Northwestern Company Fur Post was established there early in the nineteenth century—one of the results of the exploration work of Alexander Mackenzie and Simon Fraser—but the population there is still very small. “There are two or three of these trap-lines in the autumn; but at the Hope there are no home-steaders, so the majority of men there divide their time between their trap-lines and gold-washing on the river. The trap-lines are often a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles long; the trappers have little log cabins eight or ten miles on their territory—these constitute their lines. The cabins are stocked with rations in the early autumn and the traps are set between cabins; and all winter long the trappers plod in the deep snow from cabin to cabin examining the traps as they go, and trying to secure their catches before the traps have been robbed by the wolves and the grizzlies—though more often the latter attack unoccupied cabins, hoping to secure some of the stores. Marten, fisher, and fox are the furs most eagerly sought after, and beaver in the spring, but usually a fair number of coyote, wolf, and some lynx skins are brought in. The chief revenue of the people at the Hope comes from these trap-lines. Gold-washing is not always profitable because of the cost of gasoline ($0.60 a gal.) which is required to operate the little washing outfits, though some have made fairly good money prospecting; in any case there is very little other summer activity for the men.

“The women at the Hope have rather a lonely time because of the absence of the men for so long, either on the trap-lines or on the river; but the summer is a busy time for them, for they all have gardens, and very good ones, too, and a great deal of their time is spent picking and preserving berries for the winter. Wild berries grow in profusion—saskatoons, cranberries, blueberries, strawberries, and raspberries—and these, with the vegetables, washing outfits, though some have made fairly good money prospecting; in any case there is very little other summer activity for the men.

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E. E. Mabey, b.a. '28, Ph.D., is with J. T. Donald & Co., Ltd., Chemical Engineers, Montreal.

Gerald Cameron, b.a. '34, writes to the University telling of a mistake in an article which was published in the last "Mitre." He notes that he wishes this corrected in the Alumni column. He is a director of dramatics at Riverside Church, New York. He has a class of 125 students from 14 to 18 years, and has written and produced a dramatic narrative, "Now Thank We All Our God," for the Thanksgiving service at Riverside Church on the 29th of November. Gerald is also continuing his studies with the New York Troupe, 41 East 25th Street, New York.

It is reported that D. F. Mason, Class of '33, who is at the University of Alberta, was the captain of the football team there this season. Still playing the noble game, eh, Don? Did the field echo with the cry, "Look out for the Horse!"

K. D. Ross, b.a. '34, is now enrolled in the Princeton University, where he is pursuing his studies for the Presbyterian ministry.

J. L. Heath, b.a. '31, M.A. '36, is at the present teaching in the Boys' High at Quebec.

The Rev. J. G. Holmes, L.S.T. '25, has been appointed Rector of St. Saviour's Pre-Cathedral at Nelson, B.C., in succession to the Ven. Archdeacon Graham.

Again we find that the philosophy of Empedocles (love bringing things together), still supplies us with news. Dr. E. M. Blake, b.a. '29, and Miss Edra Rice of London, Ontario, were united in marriage on the 23rd of May, 1936. Dr. and Mrs. Blake are now living in Vancouver, where he has a senior position on the medical staff of the Vancouver General Hospital.

Dr. G. B. Loomis, b.a. '28, M.A. '29, whom we mentioned in last issue, was married in December, 1935, to Miss Mary Carvell, b.c.l., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Carvell of Amherst, N.S. Dr. and Mrs. Loomis are residing in Sherbrooke, where he has his practice.

Rev. James Barnett, L.S.T. '29, was married to Miss Elizabeth Hay Stephens on the 27th of June, 1936, at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec, where he is the Curate. Mr. and Mrs. Barnett went to England for their honeymoon.

We are pleased to congratulate Rev. C. E. and Mrs. Ward on an addition to their family in August. Cecil Ward, L.S.T. '31, is Rector of Valcartier, Quebec.

We are pleased to announce that J. D. Jefferys, b.a. '27, M.A. Ph.D., will be married to Miss Elizabeth Spooner of Toronto on December 28th in that city. Dr. Jefferys is now Viceprincipal and teacher of Classics at Crescent School in Toronto, and will continue to reside there.

Rev. Douglas Forrest, Class of '34, was ordained priest by Bishop Lyons, Bishop of Ontario, for the Arch­bishop of Ottawa in St. George's Church, Ottawa, June 29, 1936. "Doug" is now stationed at Franktown, Ont.

Rev. Crompton Sowerbutts, who came to Bishop's for a while back in '03-'06, is to be in charge of St. Barnabas' Mission, Dunsmuir; and St. John's Mission, McCloud. Mr. Sowerbutts has been the General Missionary in the Diocese of Louisiana since 1928. He now lives in Dunsmuir, California.

Alan Scott, b.a. '36, who is studying Medicine at McGill, was a recent visitor at the University.

The Rev. R. H. Waterman, b.a. '14, L.S.T. '20, B.D., rector of Smith's Falls, Ontario, was conducting a Mission of Evangelism in Trinity Cathedral, Quebec, the latter part of November. He is being assisted with this work by the Rev. A. S. LeMoignan, L.S.T. '28, of New Carlisle, Quebec. Smith's Falls seems to be adequately under the supervision of Lennoxville men, as Mr. Waterman's assist­ant priest is Rev. R. Eric Osborne, b.a. '14, whose con­
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R. E. OSBORNE, B.A.'14, Rev. C. C. PHILLIPS, B.A.'12,
L.S.T.'14, Rev. LINLEY MACMURDO, L.S.T.'32, Rev.
FRASER WILLOUGHBY, B.A.'14, L.S.T.'26, Mr. HOWARD B.
MILLS, B.A.'36. This next part is a direct quotation from
the report: "The boys declared that it was just like college
days except that there were a number of Trinity grads
around as well. The enrollment at the conference was over
270, which compares favourably with any Anglican sum­
er conference ever held in the Canadian Church."

The Rev. A. E. CAULFIELD, B.A.'27, L.S.T.'29, priest-
in-charge of St. Margaret's Church, Eastview, continues
his active association with the A.Y.P.A. He was camp
leader again this summer at the Ontario Provincial Camp
at Whitehouse, and has just completed a very happy year
as chaplain to the Ontario Provincial Council.

H. M. PORritt, B.A., M.A.'32, continues his active
association with the Ottawa Drama League. He recently
appeared in an important role in the production of G. Ber­
nard Shaw's St. Joan, which (strange coincidence) was
held in the Little Theatre, Ottawa (also U.B.C.). Mr.
Porritt is still on the staff of Ashbury College, Ottawa.

Eric has won himself quite a place in the hearts of the boys of the
town by his interest in Scouting, which no doubt is some of the "fruit" from "seed sown" here. He is stepping high
at the moment over his recent achievement to the status of
uncle. Rev. A. S. LeMONGNA, L.S.T.'28, has completed an
addition to his church in New Carlisle. Under his super­
vision a chapel was built this summer.

This may be somewhat belated news, but the promin­
ence of Bishop's graduates at the very successful Summer
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R. E. OSBORNE, B.A.'14, Rev. C. C. PHILLIPS, B.A.'12,
L.S.T.'14, Rev. LINLEY MACMURDO, L.S.T.'32, Rev.
FRASER WILLOUGHBY, B.A.'14, L.S.T.'26, Mr. HOWARD B.
MILLS, B.A.'36. This next part is a direct quotation from
the report: "The boys declared that it was just like college
days except that there were a number of Trinity grads
around as well. The enrollment at the conference was over
270, which compares favourably with any Anglican sum­
er conference ever held in the Canadian Church."

The Rev. A. E. CAULFIELD, B.A.'27, L.S.T.'29, priest-
in-charge of St. Margaret's Church, Eastview, continues
his active association with the A.Y.P.A. He was camp
leader again this summer at the Ontario Provincial Camp
at Whitehouse, and has just completed a very happy year
as chaplain to the Ontario Provincial Council.

H. M. PORritt, B.A., M.A.'32, continues his active
association with the Ottawa Drama League. He recently
appeared in an important role in the production of G. Ber­
nard Shaw's St. Joan, which (strange coincidence) was
held in the Little Theatre, Ottawa (also U.B.C.). Mr.
Porritt is still on the staff of Ashbury College, Ottawa.

Eric has won himself quite a place in the hearts of the boys of the
town by his interest in Scouting, which no doubt is some of the "fruit" from "seed sown" here. He is stepping high
at the moment over his recent achievement to the status of
uncle. Rev. A. S. LeMONGNA, L.S.T.'28, has completed an
addition to his church in New Carlisle. Under his super­
vision a chapel was built this summer.

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THE MITRE

The following rather amusing extracts have been culled from a contemporary Ontario weekly paper.

Rear End Collision on Highway Tuesday Evening
Mr. ——— of ——— received injuries to his face and nose on Tuesday evening when the car he was driving from ——— crashed into a parked car on the highway...
Mr. ———'s car struck them on the rear left side and Mr. ——— received injuries to his nose.

Mr. and Mrs. ——— entertained the neighbours on Thursday evening to a husking bee. After the corn was husked Mr. ——— and Lizzie served refreshments.

Last week Coach ——— had a bunch of boys who are eligible for junior hockey up at the rink and put them through a period of calisthenics guaranteed to reduce the waistline and put wind into the lungs that will carry them up and down the ice without turning a hair. At present the big hole in the season's team appears to be between the goal-posts, as ———, goal-keeper for the past three years is now over age.

Then in connection with a reply to a correspondent concerning the danger of using an electric heating pad we found this gem: "The argument you offer that you have not had any trouble for the past few months does not excuse anything, because it is an explanation that does not guarantee the future. Many persons are dying this year that did not die before. Do not use the electric heating pad while asleep in bed."

DECEMBER, 1936

The President and Members of the Mitre Board wish to extend to its readers and advertisers a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

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