Contents

LITERARY

EDITORIAL ............................................. - 3
Bishop's Campaign - 4
Initiation Correspondence - 5

ARTICLES:
Feature Article:
The Werewolf, by Prof. A. Preston - 8
Brown River, by Patty A. Wiggett - 10
I Came, I Saw, I Stooped to Conquer by G. Murray 11

From Jim's Diary, by Peter G. Edgell - 12
The North Country, by G. Doak - 13
A Reform, by W. L. D. - 13
Why I Like Teas, by L. H. Roberts - 16

Hands Off, by M. Rosenthal - 17
No More Money, by J. Starnes - 18
Ha! I Like Not That - 19
Stars, by Patty A. Wiggett - 21
The Little Theatre, by H. O. C. - 23

Library Column - 25
The New Bridge, by M. C. P. - 29
Highlights of Sport, by J. D. Bilkey - 31

Not Music, by O. H. S. - 34
Notes and Comments, by J. D. Carmichael - 35
Exchanges, by E. J. Davis - 41

Graduates, James E. Pardy, B.A. - 43
Eavon Shidlo - 50

ADVERTISING

Bank of Montreal - 22
Beck Press - 20
Bennett, M. J. - 39
Birks, Henry and Sons - 46
Bishop's University - 1
Brown, W. A. - 44
Brown, Montgomery and McMichael - 36
Chaddock, C. C. - 39
Fisher Scientific Co. - 44
Gay's Taxi - 46
Gazette Printing Co. - 38
Georgian Hotel - 40
Gervais, J. A. - 40
Gustafson, C. O. - 33
Hunting's Dairy - 40
Imperial Tobacco - 42
Labuert - 43
Lavalier - 48
Magog Hotel - 38
Mathurin - 43
Meredith, Holden, Heward, Holden - 28
Mitchell, May - 48
Mitchell, J. S. and Co., Ltd. - 30

Molson's Brewery - 40
McFadden, R. C. - 48
McKendry, W. J. H. - 36

National Wallpaper Co. - 40
Neilsin's Chocolates - Back Page
New Sherbrooke Hotel - 51
Nichol, John and Sons Reg'd - 49
Pellerin, J. A. and Sons - 48
Quebec Maple Products Ltd - 34
Rosenbloom's Ltd. - 26
Royal Bank of Canada - 2
Thompson, Aft Ltd. - 33
Sherbrooke Fruit - 47
Sherbrooke Laundry - 28
Sherbrooke Pure Milk - 51
Sherbrooke Trust Co. Ltd. - 24
Smith, M. - 48
Southwood, P. J. - 47
Stevenson's, Florist - 39
Sun Life Assurance - 46
Wilson, H. C. - 48
Wippell, J. and Co. - 2
Greetings - 51
University of Bishop’s College
Lennoxville, P.Q.

Founded 1843 Royal Charter 1853

The only college in Canada following
The Oxford and Cambridge plan of three
Long academic years for the B.A. degree

Complete courses in Arts, Science in Arts and Divinity. Post-
graduate courses in Education leading to High School Diploma.
Residential College for men. Women students admitted to lec-
tures and degrees. Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions. The
College is beautifully situated at the junction of the St. Francis
and Massawippi Rivers. Excellent buildings and equipment. All
forms of recreation including tennis, badminton, and skiing.
Private golf course. Lennoxville is within easy motoring dis-
tance of Quebec and Montreal, and has good railway connections.

For information, terms and calendars, apply to:
THE REV. A. H. MCGREER, D.D., PRINCIPAL OR
THE REGISTRAR, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.
"PUT IT ON ICE"

It is simple to acquire the dangerous habit of "charging" current expenses. Even small amounts have the unfortunate habit of building up to serious proportions. You will enjoy greater peace of mind if you pay as you go -- budget your allowance to carry you through the term. You may even discover that you can save a little for those special occasions which always crop up.

In this issue may we draw the attention of all our readers to the excellent article on "Civilization" by Prof. S. Childs. This word, as the author explains, is one which we use almost daily and yet have little conception of what it means. This article is especially useful for those who debate, since civilization is a word which is prominent in many debating topics.

Unfortunately, or perhaps we should say fortunately, the December issue of the "Mitre" was in the hands of the printers when the abdication of King Edward VIII became an accomplished fact, so that no reference could be made to it in that issue. Much has been written, more has been suggested on this page in December, might be of interest to the students. This article originally appeared in the Brockville Recorder.

Once again our Sports editor has covered his ground pretty thoroughly and has given us a peek behind the scenes of all those rather mysterious meetings which decided the fate of this year's hockey team. The only remark we could think of after seeing the team in action on Saturday night is the team we consider withdrawing from the league! Never has a Bishop's team played with so much spirit, combined with good credit, we feel, is due to Mr. Stanley Baldwin and his Cabinet for the manner in which they handled such an important and delicate situation. The whole business has meant an increased loyalty to all that the British throne stands net for the manner in which they handled such an important and delicate situation. The whole business has meant an increased loyalty to all that the British throne stands for.

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

by Prof. S. Childs

Civilization is one of the most abused and overworked words in the dictionary. One of the fruits of a university education should be the habit of carefully examining and defining the terms which pass current in contemporary literature, journalism, and conversation.

Present world conditions and political turmoil call us to reconsider this term civilization. The term needs definition. What do we mean by it? The world seems to be lining up in opposite camps owing to differences of opinion on abstract principles of government or economics or sociology. Terms like Fascism, Communism, Collectivism, Individualism, are bandied about in newspaper headlines and club addresses as if they were self-explanatory and everybody understood them, and everybody meant exactly the same when they spoke of them. We are often told that the realities, for which the words are after all only the symbols, are dangerous things. We are told that if they become dominant they will destroy civilizations.

But what is civilization? What does the term mean? Therin lies the problem. For words are but counters, like coins. They are but symbols of something infinitely more valuable than the symbol itself. The real problem seems to lie in the fact that the world has not yet decided what it is that civilization involves and implies. This brief article is not an attempt to define the content of the term civilization but merely to suggest that we ought to think about it and analyse its significance and meaning before we can find ourselves in a position to discuss intelligently many of the modern catchwords and verbal tags, and ascertain their relevance to civilization.

The man-in-the-street (who is himself but a symbol often appealed to as representative of a dominant phase of opinion) is usually portrayed as deploiting "abstractions" and taking his stand securely on what are called realities.

Yet it is significant that the greatest realities can be indicated only by the use of abstractions. Honour and glory, democracy and liberty, king and country, love and hate, civilization and culture, are all abstractions and yet they are the symbols of the great realities for which men and women all through the ages have been willing to give their lives.
College Types by Peggy MacRae

The Flirtatious Man

A MALE flirt may be defined as a man who attempts to engage in amorous dalliance all the girls whom he meets. He talks to them in honied tones. He looks soulfully into the eyes of each, as if she alone of all the universe is enshrined in his heart. While he speaks to her, he possesses himself of her hand or even the tip of her finger, or if she will not allow that, he quietly and persistently strokes her arm. He describes to his friends, who are privately amused, the fervor he creates in feminine breasts. He boasts that none can resist him, and complaints that since his childhood he has been forced to flee the claying attentions of pursuing females. Yet he idles his time in the halls and spends his leisure hours in the library lest he should miss an opportunity to speak to any of his persecutors, and while he works glances about in order to catch the eye of any girl who is near. He frequents afternoon teas, invariably looking most carefully groomed and most peculiarly blank, and chatters about with sugar or a plate of macaroons. As a result of his courting speech and furtive strokings he spreads a sort of protective aura about any girl he takes out; he is practically insensible to insinuations that he is a "man of the world" and some- thing of a rake— to gain his approbation.

The Studious Man

The studious man is serenely conscious of his intellec­ tual superiority. He smiles complacently when he sees people in the library in blank despair over an essay; he hails them cheerfully and even throws out a few straws in the shape of suggestions to them. He always wears a confident smile. Suddenly, two weeks before examinations, his con­ fidence is shattered; he realizes that he is profoundly ignor­ ant; he is terrified of failing. He begins an intensive search for old examination questions; he is frantic because he cannot answer them; he begins to appear haggard. He concen­ 

The Loafer

The Loafer is one who exists with as little serious ef­ fort as possible. He never stands if he can be seated, nor remains seated if he can anywhere recline. Though bored he will not get up to get himself a book. He asks his friend to bring him a cigarette, since he is nearer the box, when he himself is nearer by twenty feet. He finds it trouble­ some to undress to go to bed, but once there has extreme difficulty in leaving it again. He keeps his alarm clock where he can shut it off without rousing himself and then go to sleep again. He skips lectures because of the labour involved in going from one building to the other. When he does attend, he passes his time by drawing pictures, star­ 

The Athletic Man

The athlete poses as a type of manliness, a hardy des­ cendant of our Nurse forbars. He greets everyone with a 

TRYST

A dim, far-reaching path of softest down,
With fading footprints light-pressed in the snow;
Beside the road a cedar in her gown
Of purest white, and in her train a row
Of withered shrubs; the street-lamp's fog-blurred light
Strikes with its sifted gleam each tiny flake
And turns it to a star; the half-dark night
Has touched the hill with shade, as if to make
Its height a vague projection toward a sky
Of ever-deep'ning mist...

Strange that, though you
Are gone, and here in solitude am I,
Your footstep echoes mine—as though you, too,
Went moving down this path! Strange that I feel
The touch of your cool hand upon my face
With each soft flake that falls! And as I kneel
Beside this little mound—this holy place
Where your dear body lies beneath the snow—
My loneliness departs. Although a tear
Points rainbow colours in the light, I know
That as this moment passes you are near.

V. D. Parr.
On Thursday morning, January 28, at his home in Sherbrooke, James Mackinnon died. He had taken breakfast and, as was his custom, said prayers with the members of his household. As he sat in his chair reading the paper his spirit passed away. There was no pain, no struggle. A great life came thus peacefully to its close.

"How dull it is to pause, to rust unburnished, not to shine in use!" The words were inspired by the vision of one who had the spirit of Mr. Mackinnon. Although he was eighty-six and a half years of age, he retained to the last the alertness and zeal for service which had characterized his long life. During the fortnight before his death he wrote letters to a number of friends with whom he was associated in good works, and an adventurous spirit of youth.

characterized his long life. During the

fortnight before his death he wrote let­

ters to many committees and always with

words were inspired by the vision of one

of his household. As he sat in his chair reading the paper that bank by the Canadian Bank of Commerce. The latter he served in an advisory capacity until the time of his death. He was a director of the Sherbrooke Trust Company for many years and latterly its President.

Within the University there is a feeling of sadness and a sense of irrepara­

ble loss. There is too, a feeling of gra­
titude for all that he did for us. As a

Trustee and a member of the Executive Committee, of which for several years he was the Vice-Chairman, he seldom failed to attend the meetings, and his advice and counsel were always sound and vital to every decision. He had a deep appreciation of the University and great confidence in its future. He was always eager to hear reports of the work of the students, and many an undergraduate found relief in the problem of financing his course through Mr. Mac­

kinnon's kindness. In many cases, per­
haps in the majority of them, the bene­
ficiary was not permitted to know the source of his relief. The silver cup for which there is annual competition in the inter-year hockey games was presented by him, and will remain a symbol of his unfailing interest in all the activities of the students. We cannot be too grateful for what he did for us.

At the funeral, which was held on Saturday, January 30, the University was represented by the Chancellor, the Hon. R. A. E. Greenshields, Mr. Justice C. D. White, D. C. Coleman, J. P. Wells, R. Newton, G. M. Stearns, mem­bers of the Corporation; the Principal and the members of the Faculty; and the President and members of the Council of the Students' Association. The Lord Bishop of Quebec and the Right Rev. Lennie Williams assisted in the service.

To his distinguished son, Mr. Justice Mackinnon, we extend our sincere sympathy and offer him the assurance of an abiding gratitude within the University for the life and work of a distinguished father.

Bank he carried heavy business responsibilities. He played an important part in the negotiations which led to the pur­ chase of that bank by the Canadian Bank of Commerce. The latter he served in an advisory capacity until the time of his death. He was a director of the Sherbrooke Trust Company for many years and latterly its President.

The general public is pretty thoroughly permitted to­
day with the idea that poetry is lovely thoughts, noble thoughts; a kind of nice confectionery of literature, in short the icing on the cake. Worse, the G.P., thinks that this icing is too rich for its stomach; it can live perfectly well on its everyday bacon and eggs, meat and vegetables of

writing, good ordinary novels (of course everyone likes a certain amount of spice in his food and make it

palatable) . . . Some people prefer hash . . . But anyway, good God! one can't live on poetry.

This is all thanks to the fact that most of us have been introduced to poetry by spinner high school teachers; or by high school teachers (male) who teach exactly what they themselves have been taught, because it doesn't take them so long to prepare (and their spare time for that is sadly limited); or by boarding-school teachers who may be damn decent fellows but who have been brought up in a tradition of life that doesn't even put it into their head that poetry might be worth looking into as a potentially vital part of our everyday existence. It's so much easier for all of us to look for the old expected words and phrases in poetry, deadened by continual use; but the poems we read don't give us any more courage and endurance to face life, simply because we don't see that they have much connec­
tion with life, with the cars, the buildings, the offices, our everyday routine. They don't treat of any of the emotions we experience during our day. They are, possibly, nice for us to read at home in the evenings, wishing we could think as fine thoughts as the poet, admiring but feeling no excite­ment in our hearts. So we shy away from poetry, and neg­lect all that is written in these days. Obviously, if we want to find modern verse that will help us, we must find new standards of poetic beauty.

We shall have to scrap our idea of poetry being beautiful because it is made up of nice-sounding and nice-meaning words (e.g. "God," "Love," "Beauty-Truth-Beauty," "the soul," "the fairies," etc.) put together in the best-approximated manner, proper and " isn't-­lovely?" reflections on music, art, love and life. Poetry, like all art, is beautiful because it is honest, because it has the strength of real emotion (and real emotion is a man­

sized thing), because it is as large as life, containing our hopes, our fears, our loves and hates, however unpleasant or dull they may be (also, it may be noted, our thoughts and ideas). "The essential advantage for a poet is not to have a beautiful world with which to deal; it is to be able to

to see beneath both beauty and ugliness; to see the boredom, and the horror, and the glory." Hence it is not something too lofty for the average man. Poetry's very function is to provide us with "consolation."

It is probably true that every human being seeks some sort of a harmony in his life (whether or not he is conscious of the fact), to weld his actions, thoughts and feelings into a structure which appears harmonious since all discords have been resolved; even those people who seem to strive towards a sort of disharmony (for there are a few) are merely seek­

ing a resolution of discords more complicated than ours as the result of the warring of emotions and thoughts. All this is merely the attempt to justify ourselves to ourselves, without which few people can retain their sanity.

Most of us must evade one or other aspects of our lives to achieve this self-justification. But good poetry, as all good art, can evade nothing; by perfect honesty, by the presentation of the truly significant parts of our ex­

perience, by showing the strings of human actions and their relationship in a whole, it justifies us to life and so "con­
soles" us, or it points out discords that can only be removed by action and so becomes a spur to such action; it is in this sense that poetry has a moral value. The only true harmony is thus explained by Art (whether poetry, art or music) or by Art completed by action, and it makes the everyday ex­

periences of our life "something rich and strange," and of profound value to us since we realize their meaning; we feel a conquest of experience. As Mr. T. S. Eliot has pointed out, such diverse experiences as reading Spinoza, falling in love, or smelling the dinner cooking, can all become the material of poetry (that is, if they represent currents or conflicts in our lives); all because the poet, being an unus­

ually sensitive person, can feel the conflicts in us and see their effect on our actions, more keenly than the ordinary

man.

If this is true, good poetry can convince us of the value of our existence even if it had seemed valueless to us before, or it can show how our lives can be made valuable (of course, because it looks at facts honestly, it may need courage to agree with its conclusions). Thus, when fully understood, it seems beautiful to us; more than that, it pro­duces joy and often at first the positive excitement of dis­

covery. It was a similar conviction of the value of all hu­

man experiences which pleasant, or unpleasant, that made Beethoven place at the head of the last movement of his last quartet the motto "Das schwer gefasste Entschluss!" (The difficult
A poet's means consist of phrases, which move us, cannot be adequate for our consolation. Which has no connection with our civilization, the emotions we lose our sense of frustration or the cynicism an important part to the expression of his attitude. Of course, a modern or a well-known subject helps the reader to appreciate a poem more quickly, though it does not affect the actual value of the poem. Michael Roberts has pointed out the similarity between Ezra Pound's "Exile's Letter" and T. S. Eliot's "Journey of the Magi," in what the poet is trying to say, although different subjects are used to express it; and Eliot taking the better-known subject, is more easily appreciated.

"A cold coming we had of it, Just the worst time of the year For a journey, and such a long journey: The ways deep and the weather sharp, The very dead of winter."

And the camels galloped, sore-footed, refractory, Lying down in the melted snow. The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces, And the silken girls bringing sherbet.

Then came men earning and grumbling And running away, and wanting their liquor and women, And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters. And the cities hostile and the town unfriendly And the villages dirty and charging high prices: A hard time we had of it.

All this was a long time ago, I remember, And I would do it again, but set down This set down: This: were we led all that way for Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly, We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death, But had thought they were different; this Birth was Hard and bitter ago for us, like Death, our death. We returned to our places, these kingdoms, But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation. With all alien people clutching their gods, I should be glad of another death."

(Journey of the Magi)

(Exile's Letter; translation of a Chinese poem)

If a poetry can be found which, unlike "Georgian" verse and the watery wertor written for most magazines today, does get to grips with our feelings and delineate them accurately, and so enlist our real interest, it may yet become again an important function of the race and be a factor in saving our civilization from decay."

"Whoever you are, it concerns you all And human glory."

An increased awareness of the true relation of our interweaving emotions and thoughts clarifies and intensifies those feelings and we lose our sense of frustration or the cynicism and drying-up of emotions we recet as a protection against it; we have the courage to live a full life.
Alarm Clocks

by W. H. King

Alarm clocks are symbols of the age. Shril, insistent, clamorous, nerve-wracking reminders of modern man’s subservience to hours and minutes, they daily jangle their tuneless discord from East to West, awakening their unwilling millions. Moscow mutters and groans under a cacophonous barrage as Montreal yawns and sets the alarm-hand. London o f rain-drops. Another rainy morning, while the Canadian prairies retire, is being shrilly reminded that it is time to look out at yet servience to hours and minutes, they daily jangle their tune arrangement of newspaper or theatre, is the alarm clock. Dollar alarm clock, rudely shattering the cold and chilly air of a wintry bedroom? What is better calculated to arouse a feeling of black, dismal hatred for all things great and eternity which first whisper and then shout, must occasion earthquakes, fires, battles and railroad accidents quite naturally ally reflect that the whisper is rarely heard, that the shout or an overturned bed. Also those who have tarried too long and untroubled minds who blissfully sleep through earthly which perhaps more than matter which perhaps more than
domestic revel the night before, perhaps inwardly at some Dionysian revel the night before, perhaps inwardly

A New Regime

The matter which perhaps more than any other concerns a thinking student at a university is the amazing amount of time which is wasted. I do not refer to the time wasted in casual chats which last for hours, but rather to the time wasted in our usual methods of study. Much of the difficulty lies in not being able to concentrate for any length of time on a given subject, but a good deal of trouble arises from the arrangement of the courses of study. To be very pointed, the arrangement of lectures, reading and discussion is usually ill-proportioned and most of us find ourselves getting through term as best we may and using all our energies preparing for examinations. Under present arrangements alternative is likely and we go on using the university as a school and never learning to think, or in the highest sense, to live. How many lectures have we attended which have been of no value whatever to us? Not a great many perhaps, but none of us can deny that we have attended far, far too many lectures which have been of little value. In short, we know a number of professors and a great many undergraduate s who have wasted many valuable hours, consciously or unconsciously. That surely is a tragedy when we realize what an infinite amount of things we might be doing in the world and also how short a time there is in which to do them. How many dry lectures have been prepared? Too many to take the matter lightly. How many lectures have we heard read from texts or from notes? Certainly more than we like to think of. Now if the faculty think we ought to get the information which they are giving us, and that is surely the reason for having lectures, why can we not be given access to the text itself or to the professor’s own notes? If the latter are worth delivering to any students, and we sometimes suspect that they are used for more than one set of students, they are surely worth being mimeographed and presented to each student. The cost would be small and most people would probably be willing to pay the extra expense and have the benefit of clear, concise and exact notes. Under the present dictation system we are likely to have notes full of errors and difficult to read. If we continue in the old conservative way, the calendar ought to state that shorthand is a prerequisite to any course mentioned. It is not pleasant to think that the university, presumably the home of learning, research and progress, should be also the home of an outdated and traditional system of study which would not be tolerated outside its cloistered sanctuary. It would appear that we have become stagnant. That is the view of the practical man, and our weakness that he is often right in his dictum.

The ideal university system is probably that in which a tutor outlines the special course, including the lectures and readings that each student pursues. The tutorial system is what we find at Oxford, that university where we in Bishop’s are proud to follow. It is obvious that conditions are not similar in the two universities, and it would be quite impossible to plan a course in all its intricacies for each individual where there is a small faculty and a comparatively large number of students. Nevertheless, something in this direction could be worked out for the Honour courses, and also it would appear, in the Faculty of Divinity where there are at the present time three professors and only about a dozen students. It is fairly obvious that any knowledge which a man has to dig out for himself is much more likely to stick in his mind than what he hears offered at a lecture; to say nothing of how much more interesting the process of research would be. Research on the part of the student, should play a large part in any renovated system of study. The man must draw the line somewhere. They cannot, as yet, control the nation’s unconscious cerebration—though, with alarm clocks they did have a good deal of fun.
value of general reading cannot be too highly emphasized, and it would be of even greater value if directed along certain lines by a helpful faculty. The discussion group is a method of teaching which is being used more and more in preparatory and secondary schools and above all else in the university stage. Many authorities believe that the ideal system is one of research by private reading alongside of university stage. Many authorities believe that the ideal system is one of research by private reading alongside of

This is meant as a plea for better working conditions in Bishop's and this in the interests of a better education. That may seem a trifle exaggerated, and boredom. is something wrong with the old way, the way of drudgery and boredom.

This death-bed confession comes from the daily journal of an intern at a Montreal hospital, and is dated July 1, 1936. Names, and certain unimportant details have been changed for obvious reasons.

"Along time ago when Dad and I were still living in Brazil, Dad grew very fond of a certain Mrs. Hutchins—my own mother died when I was born. Mrs. Hutchins had a son called Alan, who was a year older than I—funny enough we had our birthdays on the same day—and I liked him well enough. But then Dad married Mrs. Hutchins, and Alan called him Dad, and I did not like it. He was not the same as I was. He was strong, and good at games and school work, he was superior. I grew to hate my step-brother. I hated him, hated him . . . you don't believe it, do you? I hated him all the more because my father loved him. He was cheating me out of my father's affection.

"I think I would have killed him then if it hadn't been for his mother. She was a strange creature—as beautiful as a South American can be, but with evil eyes, like a witch. I was frightened of her. I dared not show my hatred of Alan. Oh, how I hated him! I would lie awake at night, and think of the pleasure of strangling him, or stabbing him, or poisoning him—yes . . . poison . . . that was best—alike as I would use would leave no traces. Alan would die a natural death, and I would be free of his hateful self-sufficiency and superiority. And then I would think of his mother, and those eyes would blaze in the darkness, and I would break into a cold sweat lest she suspect my hatred of her son. How I hated him! But I inquired into the matter of poisons, and I got some used by the Indians on arrows. They called it curari. I got some and kept it, for his mother? Something did. She and Dad were killed in a motor accident in 1934. I almost forgot to be sorry about it. You can guess
The Forgotten Will

Somewhere, breeding future trouble, is the forgotten Will. When it was made, many years ago, it suited the needs of the man who signed it.

But time has altered conditions. To-day it no longer expresses his wishes. Children have certain beneficiaries named therein have died. Values have changed—and the Executor named therein has passed away. The forgotten Will

...out-of-date, out-of-sight, out-of-mind.

Wills that are reviewed once a year do not become obsolete. They keep pace with the progress of the man whose signature appears at the end.

We urge you to reread your Will in the light of to-day’s conditions. At your convenience we shall be glad to discuss its business aspects for maximum financial protection of your family.

A consultation will not oblige you in any way and will be treated in absolute confidence

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

The Etiquette of Attending Lectures

A necessary evil of all colleges is lectures. There is a definite etiquette involved in attending these, and this traditional method has been found satisfactory. The proper time to arrive is exactly five minutes after the bell has rung; the professor has already arrived and has sorted his notes; thus you do not have to wait long before the lecture begins. You should be clad in a robe academically defined as a gown, and equipped with a fountain pen minus ink.

Upon entering the classroom it is common courtesy to greet any acquaintances in a loud voice, as “Hiya Frank,” or “Hiya Jack,” to which the addressed person replies in an equally loud voice, “Hiya Bill,” or “Hiya Dit” depending on the inquirer. This may cause the rest of the class to turn around and look at you but it is merely a sign of approval. In the best of circles the lecturer is not greeted. You should then attempt to find a seat at the rear of the classroom, which will of course prove impossible, for they will all be occupied by the early arrivals; the early bird gets the seat. Stalk ostentatiously to the front of the room, pick up a chair and carry it to the back row. You say to the occupant of the back aisle seat “Move over Frank,” “Move over Jack,” or “Move over Dit,” which is a signal for concerted action; each member of the back row proceeds to scrape his chair. The net effect is a slight shift to the left, thus making a space into which your chair should be dropped.

The next important event is the roll call. Pay no attention to this. Talk to whoever is beside you. When you hear the fellows signal you in low voices, call out importantly “Ugh.” It is sometimes good taste to burst into a high falsetto when each female name is called; this however is not obligatory. Your presence is now a matter of official record.

The lecture will now commence. The first procedure is to lean over and ask the fellow directly in front to lend you a piece of paper. The proper reply to this is, “Sorry.” You say “O.K.” You then call to the person in front of him, “Hey a sheet of paper?” He says “O.K.”, wrenches it noisily from his note book and passes it back to you. You reply, “Thanks.” The procedure for obtaining ink is similar to this except for the fact that a lateral movement is used. Experienced workers carry out this operation over Frank’s lap, thus protecting the immaculate floor. After a quick look around the room you comment on the remark-able herd instinct of the opposite sex. You are now prepared to take notes.

You should listen intently for a period of five minutes; by this time the lecturer will either have said something important or written something on the board. In the latter case copy it down being sure that all perceive you doing it. If you notice a word you think others might not have understood, immediately ask the professor to repeat the word. This will annoy both the lecturer and the occupants of the front row, but on the other hand it will help counteract any future inattention. Should the lecturer seem to emphasize any particular sentence one of two procedures is in order: (a) Say in a loud voice, “How did that go, Sir?” or (b) Saying in a loud voice, “How did that go Frank?”

what happened. That damned tiller had come back. I felt the prick at once, and then it began to itch, and I took a look underneath, and there it was, just where I had put it. Quite a shock! I guess I passed out — I can’t remember what happened, or how I got here, but it doesn’t matter — I’ll die just the same. I tell you I’m perfectly sane — you can’t explain everything in this life. It’s my own fault — I should have been more careful with that tiller — look, here’s the scratch on my finger.”

John Waterlow died at 7:17 p.m., July 1, 1936, from undetermined causes. The dinghy tiller was examined by the coroner, but no needle point, nor any traces of curari were found. A projecting splinter near one end was stained with the deceased’s blood.

Peter G. Edgell.
Make some semblance of copying down either (a) what Sir said, or (b) what Frank said. You have now fulfilled your duties as a student.

Your next concern should be for the comfort of your fellow students. Carefully choose a moment when the lecturer has the attention of the whole class. Now is the time to say, "Isn't it a bit stuffy in here, Sir?" To which he will reply, "I hadn't noticed it." This is your cue to walk to the window. Open it violently about two inches after several gallant but unsuccessful attempts.

Next comes the practical side of the lecture; you either perform an operation on your pen, read a book, gaze into space, blow your nose, cough significantly, or proceed to copy out notes from your previous lecture if you are feeling energetic and it is not Monday morning. Now is the time to make yourself comfortable; you loosen your tie, adjust someone else's chair to suit your legs, take off your gown for use as a cushion, and blissfully repose at right angles to the professor making sure your elbow is on someone else's notes. You suddenly remember that you thought you were catching cold last night, and by looking at the door you see you are in a draught. The window-opening process is now reversed; the professor is apt to intersperse some typically harmless remark but it is poor sportsmanship to engage in any repartee.

At this point you see by your watch that the lecture has ten minutes to go. Lean over and say, "Frank, what's the time?" to which Frank will reply, "I dunno I haven't got a watch." Then say, "Jack, what's the time?" Jack replies, "Ten minutes to go," to which you say "That long?" Now is the time to begin the general shuffling of feet and scraping of chairs that usually occur at this moment. The professor sometimes yawns in acknowledgement. You then approach the cleaning up stage; first you readjust your clothing, without movement of the arms, manipulate your chair so that you are parallel to and facing the professor; it is now good form to comb your hair, clean your nails, tear up the paper which you borrowed for note-taking, and if the lecture is practically over drop your books on the floor. Laugh loudly in appreciation to the fellow who picks them up. Sigh loudly when the bell rings. At once start moving your chair out of courtesy to the lecturer who may not have heard the bell. Increase the motion of the chair until the lecturer stops; under normal conditions this is not prolonged. Once he has ceased talking again resume a restful pose, and await the lengthy pleasure of the coeds, who at this point will finish writing last sentence, close note books, put away pens, put on shoes, adjust gowns, fix hair, and proceed leisurely towards the door. Allow all co-eds and the professor to depart—women and children first, as it were; then every man for himself.

A.V.L.M. & W.L.D.
March 31, 1917

Page 21

THE MITRE

J. S. MITCHELL & CO., Limited
78-80 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Distributors in the Eastern Townships for
SPALDING SPORTING GOODS

Special Prices to Schools, Colleges, and Clubs
Get our Prices on Club Uniforms

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
HARDWARE

Importers of Fine China, Crockery, Pottery and Glass

FEBRUARY, 1917

Highlights of Sport

A great number of the students seem to be in the dark regarding the hockey controversy which took place at the beginning of the season, but it may comfort them to know that many of the players themselves were certain as to the subject of their debate. At a consequence hockey looked at times as though it would no longer be regarded as a major activity, and at others, a world tour for the team did hardly seem out of the question. After everybody had given the stew a stir, it followed the general rule and was found unfit for consumption, with the result that we find the hockey team still in the Intercollegiate League and with prospects which look anything but pessimistic.

Several years ago the College was entered in the Sherbrooke City League, which is an intermediate component of the Quebec Amateur Hockey Association. The fine success which the Bishop's teams met in this league later led to our entry into the Provincial Intercollegiate League, where for several years our success still continued. Those, however, were in the days when snow used to fall in Canada and cold spells came in stretches of weeks instead of hours; ask your grandfathers about it sometime.

This year's hockey enthusiasts were prevented from returning during the Christmas vacation by the news that there was no ice, and as ice is a very important item in the playing of ice-hockey, an early return for pre-season training seemed futile. The scene which greeted them on their return was enough to break even Bishop's spirit. The beautiful little village wallowing in a sea of mud; the breadlines, the lone goal of the game. Play see-sawed from end to end following this Loyola tally until the bell again sounded to stop Veilleux, the visitors speedy winger, who scored at the end of the second period, but the fine back-checking of the college forwards, and the excellent work of Starnes and Norris on the defence, kept the Montrealers hemmed in their own territory until the bell sounded ending the period.

The third period began much as the first with a fine display of wide open hockey. Although the College appeared to have a slight edge on the period's play, both teams seemed to have a slight edge on the period's play, both teams fought their way through three dazzling periods of fast and brilliant hockey to emerge victorious in their opening league game against our spirited rivals from Loyola. In case anyone is still in doubt as to our entering the intercollegiate league kindly remember that this is Bishop's; a college that for years can turn out twelve to thirty at football practices and still win not only games but championships; a college that can practice hockey for a week and win its opening game against a team that has practised for months. You can try to figure out how they do it if you want, but remember luck hardly lasts a century.

Loyola at Bishop's

As the carved old clock outside Mr. Pride's "palace" vaulted nobly over the eighty-thirty period, a crowd of enthusiastic supporters rose to their feet to witness what, from Bishop's point of view was to prove one of the most exciting and glorious encounters in the annals of sport. Soon after the halfway mark had been reached in the first period "Dizz" Dawes opened the scoring with a low shot from inside the Loyola defence which Kelly, the opposing net-minder, failed to see. Loyola tried hard to overcome this lead but the fine back-checking of the college forwards, and the excellent work of Starnes and Norris on the defence, kept the Montrealers hemmed in their own territory until the bell sounded ending the period.

The honours in the second period went mostly to our opponents, who began an even more spirited attack to diminish the narrow one-goal margin which separated the two teams. Still the strong Bishop's defensive blocked their attack, until, weakened by an unfortunate penalty, they failed to stop Veilleux, the visitors speedy winger, who scored the lone goal of the game. Play see-sawed from end to end following this Loyola tally until the bell again sounded ending the second period. It was at this juncture that the two teams kept the crowd continually on its feet, and both goalers executed some brilliant saves before the end of the session.

The third period began much as the first with a fine display of wide open hockey. Although the College appeared to have a slight edge on the period's play, both teams...
You Get What You Pay For

Our charges may be slightly higher but our work is just that much better. Ask the chap who have their work done at our Laundry.

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

SHERBROOKE LAUNDRY
CLEANERS, DYERS AND CARPET CLEANERS
91 Frontenac Street

FEBRUARY, 1937

 basketball this year seems to have taken a turn for the better, as our medical friends would say. The members of the last year's team who are still playing are being very ably assisted by several new members from the freshman year.

So far this season the team have played three games. Of these three they have managed to win one. The first game was played in the Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A. gym against the Y Blues. This was an exhibition game and was played against one of the best teams in the league. The result, though not favourable to us in the matter of the score, did show that the team had some good material.

The second game was played in our own gym against the Sherbrooke Y Reds. Again the team was defeated by a score of 46-16. The early part of the game produced some very ragged playing by the Bishop's team and some very good playing by the visitors. In the second half Bishop's pulled themselves together and managed to hold their own.

The third game played in our own gym against Lensville High was more successful. The team managed to win by a score of 24-18. The playing by both teams was none too good but the Bishop's boys seemed to be getting the idea gradually.

On the whole with the assistance of a very good coach, Mr. Ted Loomis, we hope to make a fairly edifying showing in the league.

Basketball

We are hoping to have an even better team next season.

Those who played last season were: Goal, D. Wright; R. Fyfe, defence, K. Annett, J. Beauty; halfs, M. Rosenthal, S. Davies, F. Bunbury; forwards, N. Francis, W. Neilson, H. Holden, J. Barrette, P. Edgell; subs, G. Laird, J. Wright.

Soccer

The last game of the season, at home to Cookshire, was a fairly close one. The Bishop's goal scored the winning and final goal of the game.

Final score: Bishop's 2, Loyola 1.

It would be hard to pick any individual stars for either team as every player on the ice contributed his share in providing the spectators with one of the finest games ever witnessed in the college rink. Following is the line-up of the two teams.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D. Bennett</th>
<th>J. Starnes</th>
<th>D. Bennet</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. Seames</td>
<td>C. Norris</td>
<td>D. Carter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>defence</td>
<td>defence</td>
<td>defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. Thomas</td>
<td>N. Thomas</td>
<td>E. Tyler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Moore</td>
<td>G. Moore</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>centre</td>
<td>centre</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Kane</td>
<td>C. Kane</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>forward</td>
<td>forward</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Porteous</td>
<td>J. Porteous</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Sheridan</td>
<td>G. Sheridan</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Thomas</td>
<td>R. Thomas</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Patterson</td>
<td>D. Patterson</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Maguire</td>
<td>C. Maguire</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Dawes</td>
<td>D. Dawes</td>
<td>B. Veilleux</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This account was held over from the December issue. There is a good deal of cause for hope in the hearts of those who boost soccer in the College. We had a successful season. We did not always win, but the team always fought until the final whistle. We found several good players in the first year; Norton Francis, Fred Bunbury, Dick Wright, Peter Edgell, Neilson, and Barnett all played well during the season.

Our second game with Cookshire, in that pleasant town, was unfortunate. Before the game even started our goalkeeper Dick Wright hurt his knee, and was out of College until after Christmas. We missed Dick in that and in our other games. That accident seemed to upset the team, because we never really got organized and lost 3-0.

The last game of the season, at home to Cookshire, was played on a field covered with three inches of snow. This did not deter the team, however, and goals scored by Holden and Davies put us on the right side of a 2-1 score. Ron. Fyfe kept goal for us in this game, and did all he had to do in a creditable manner.

We are hoping to have an even better team next season; there is a possibility of entering a league, but this, of course, will mean more players and better attendance at practices than has been the case in the past.

FAME

He called it fame, that vision that he saw
Stretched in fair glory down the future land.
Golden with earth's success, it held no flaw,
And praises loud rose high on every hand:

He called it fame!

The years rolled by. There, in a humble place,
Toiling with humble hands at humble work,
The dreamer did his duty. Set his face
Against those longings to give up or shirk.
Men called his life a failure—half in shame.

The angels gave it quite another name—
Something heroic with a deathless fame!

Patty A. Wiggett.
Yes, the Bishop looks down, has looked down for years and years, on students and profs, dust and books. But he's an inconspicuous fellow, the Bishop, often isn't noticed. And thereby hangs a moral, for the Bishop—even though somebody did decorate him a little while ago with an orange touque and muffler—the Bishop, I repeat, sets imperceptibly the tone of the library; striking as he does the attitude of thoughtful, quiet, unprejudiced study. Accordingly we, the Editors of this library column, are indebted to Miss Brilhart for a highly appropriate heading, which from now on will mark our humble efforts.

"Travels in Arabia Deserta" and "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom"

The Story of a Pilgrimage

"A new voice hailed me of an old friend when, first returning from the peninsula, I paced again in that long street which is called straight, and suddenly taking me wondering by the hand, "Tell me," he said, "since thou art here again in the peace and assurance of Ullah, and whilst we walk, as in the former years, towards the new blossoming orchards, full of the sweet spring as the Garden of God, what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into fanatic Arabia?"

The great book of travel is written by the man who travels in far places among strange men, not so one always seeking some new thing, but as one who is driven to find there, and there only, the sense of humanity: such men are never happy in the country of their birth, yet always in their thought they pay exaggerated tribute to home, and the men from home.

Those who have read Sir Charles Doughty's "Travels in Arabia Deserta" will recognize, for they could not forget, the opening words of that book.

From Damascus there went in the year 1876 with the yearly haj this reticent and humourless Englishman; not indeed with the purpose of going down to the two sacred cities, for there he might not go; he sought the ancient inscriptions of the Medain Salih. A sick man, and a poor man, he went out among the Arabs as a guest, trying to maintain himself by the practice of medicine, and thus began his great series of travels in the Arabian desert.

"As for me who write," he says, "I pray that nothing be looked for in this book but the seeing of a hungry man, and the telling of a most weary man ..." and told it is in language as bare and magnificent as the country in which he rode; for everything he wrote he omitted geological observations, and the most painstaking descriptions of the people; in the gaunt style of the age of Spenser, and he records his opinions that all English prose since that day was degenerate and affected.

Masked as a Persian pilgrim, patiently enduring the insults which the Arabs heaped upon one who knew not their customs, he set out on the Derb el-Haj. He left the pilgrimage at the Medain Salih with no money, and but slight recommendation; dressed like the very poor, travelling like the very poor he struck out into the desert. On the return of the Haj he did not set his face to Syria with the pilgrims, "but rode with a friendly sheyah of the district Beduins, to live with them awhile in the High Desert." It is the exhaustive account of this life that makes up the greater part of "Travels in Arabia Deserta."

Perfectly objective, the author never intrudes either personality or sentiment into his work; yet the copious detail, coupled with a masterly restraint, give the richest affect. Nothing, one feels, could be added to his report: he has given all of the life of the nomads in a series of pictures—the pilgrim camp in the wilderness of Muzeyrib; the robber's supper; women praying; the Arab's leave-taking; a wedder of fifteen wives; evening mirth at the tentfire; the children's pastimes; Lenten supper at midnight; Zealots in Ramathan; evening with the Emir Hamud; an Arab dancing woman.
Here, then, are the Beduins; as the nomads, they are what the desert has made them. By long endurance of a parching environment, they have become a people of spirit: of great freedom in lust and in law. They are not imaginative, for hope has almost been crushed out of them, "yet always they look out towards those things in which mankind has had no lot or part." (Lawrence)

It is not Doughty's purpose or manner to say these things; but when he has told the full and exact account of what he saw, he sums up all in a sentence which, by comparison with the iron restraint of that which has gone before, is vibrant with the overtones of great reserves of power—"the Semites," he says, "sitting to the eyes in a sewer (cloaca), but with their brows touching heaven."

As Doughty begins the story of his pilgrimage his style is a struggle, rough, disjointed; but ever as his story proceeds it becomes the very form of the life of the story, and attains a pitch the more magnificent because it is so veiled.

"We remounted; and they said to me, with the Arabic urbanity, "When we arrive, thus and thus shalt thou speak (like a Beduwy—with a deep-drawn voice out of the dry wind-pipe) 'The Lord strengthen thee, O Governor! what be the camels worth here?— the price of small cattle?— and how much is the samn?" . . . We passed the gates and rode through the street, to the Sherif's palace; but it is of a merchant (one called his agent) who had lately built this stately house— the highest in all Jidda.

On the morrow I was called to the open hospitality of the British Consulate."

In 1878 Doughty returned to England; with some difficulty he had his works published; composed patriotic epics on the Boer War; continued in his studies of the Bible, and his fine disregard for modern prose. He died in 1926.

We report, after arduous research among library book lists, with the Librarian's help, that seventy-six new books have appeared since the last issue of the "Mitre." Here are a few of the more interesting ones under appropriate headings.

**Politics**
- Book, Frederik: An Eyewitness in Germany; Childs, M. W.: Sweden—the Middle Way; Travers, Pamela L.: Moscow Excursion.

**Fiction**
- Chesterton, G. K.: Autobiography; Duranty, W.: I write as I please; Day, Clarence: God and My Father; George, David Lloyd: War Memoirs, v. 5, 6; Mann, Thomas: Stories of Three Decades.

---

**FEBRUARY, 1937**

Here is your most popular treatment here? "Passing round the Sweet Caps!"

"What's your most popular treatment here?"

"Passing round the Sweet Caps!"

**SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES**

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

---

**Answers to Last Month's Puzzle**

1. Tom Sawyer.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.
3. Little Lord Fauntleroy.
4. Through the Looking Glass.
5. Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.
6. Robinson Crusoe.
7. Ivanhoe.
8. Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.
10. Treasure Island.
11. Tale of Two Cities.
12. Prince and the Pauper.
13. Count of Monte Cristo.
14. Quentin Durward.
15. Rose and the Ring.

We export two chief kinds of Englishman, ... he says, "Some feel deeply the influence of the native people ... They are like the people but not of the people, and their half-perceptible differences give them a sham influence often greater than their merit. . . .

Doughty is a great member of the second, the cleaner class. He says that he was never oriental, though the sun made him an Arab."

What, above all, makes "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" a great and rich history written by the maker of that history is not only that it tells how poor men, greedy men, selfish men, may forget their poverty, their greed, their selfishness, in a great quest, but that it reveals the torturing self-knowledge of one who was conscious of what poor tools he was using. Lawrence, wearing the mask of an alien people, thinking through their forms of thought, passed beyond good and evil, and it made him sick; terrible were his shame and self-consciousness when he thought of his race and his people.

When Shaw left Arabia he left behind him what poor pretence he made for living. In England he wrote his last tribute to a great and selfish people; translated the Odyssey; sought escape in hazardous naval experiments, and in terrible wild rides through the English countryside found that escape two years ago.

R. L. B.
MEREDITH, HOLDEN, HEWARD & HOLDEN
Barristers & Solicitors
215 ST. JAMES STREET WEST
MONTREAL

F. E. Meredith, K.C., LL.D.
A. R. Holden, K.C.
C. G. Heward, K.C.
R. C. Holden, K.C.
P. P. Hutchison, K.C.
E. H. Cliff

C. T. Ballantyne
W. C. J. Meredith
F. T. Collins
A. D. P. Heeney
G. Davidson
D. R. McMaster
W. R. Eakin, Jr.

C. C. CHADDOCK
Groceries and Fruits
Paints and Oils

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

TELEPHONES: 271 and 272

LENNOXVILLE : QUE.

THE MITRE
FEBRUARY, 1937

West, Rebecca: The Thinking Reed
History—Cambridge Ancient History, v. 11.
Cambridge Modern History, v. 13, 14;
Graves, Robert: Claudius the God.
Poetry—Housman, A. E.: More Poems;
Religion—Morton, H. V.: In the Steps of St. Paul;
Morton, H. V.: In the Steps of the Master.
Biography—Lloyd, Christopher: Penny Bunney;
Noyes, Alfred: Voltaire.

We wish we could tell you how delightful these are
—if only we could find time to read them!

Concerning the Library

We have a good library, but let's not leave it at that,
for there is room for improvement. Bearing in mind the
fact that as a university we lack adequate funds both for
the purchase of much desired books, and also for the pro-
vision of equipment, there still remain certain possibilities
of improvement. To begin with we shall assume that the
library ought to be the chief fount of learning for
every member of the College. That means that the library is the
chief department of any university and should be regarded
accordingly.

The rule of silence is essential, if a library is to be a
centre of study. We have the rule and also the infractions
of the rule. A sound-proof door, which was silent while in
operation, would be of great value to our library. The li-
brarian might very well be provided with a room outside
the library in which the necessary typewriting could be
done. Perhaps it would be well to add that the rule of
silence ought to apply without any respect of persons, and
it would be more appropriate for the librarian to fine an
offender in the library, than for the professors to fine an
offender in the dining room. After all, the latter offender
is merely being rude, while the former is making himself
an obstacle in the development of human knowledge.

It would appear that at present there is no limit to the
length of time a borrower may retain a book. All that
happens is that a neat little card is left with the porter and
we are casually informed that a book is due. There are two
classes of books in the library. Some are in great demand
and should only be loaned for one night. Others have a
lesser demand and may easily be loaned for a fortnight or
more. In order that the books may be returned in good
time, we should have a system of heavy fines. It would be
amazing how soon people would return books if they learned
that they were liable to a fine of fifty cents, if a book was
not returned on the day it was due. Non-payment of fines
would result in denial of the use of the library. Under a
system like this the books would be used a good deal more
than under the present easy-going methods.

To the uninitiated, it appears that the hours of opening
the library, especially in the evenings, are peculiarly indef-
inite. A more serious objection to using the library in the
evening lies in the lighting system which leaves a great deal
to be desired. Indirect lighting on each table is the ideal.
But perhaps this last suggestion is asking too much when
we need such a great deal in the way of university equip-
ment in general.

Here's to a better library!

News and Notes

The illness of "Pete" Roberts came as a great shock to
all of us. We did not realize what an important part he
played in College activities until he had left us. His office
as President of the Debating Society will be hard to fill. He
will be missed as a member of the committee of the Dra-
matic Society.

by D. J. Carmichael
First Inter-Faculty Debate

This was held in Convocation Hall on Thursday, January 22. Dr. Boothroyd, honorary president of the Literary and Debating Society, was in the chair.

A rather novel subject was chosen for the debate, "Resolved that this house would rather have a bee in its bonnet than its tongue in its cheek." Divinity upheld the affirmative side, the team being N. Pilcher, L. Gourley and W. Robinson. Arts team was D. McCouat, M. Rosenthal and W. Delaney.

Pilcher opened the discussion by defining the man with a bee in his bonnet as an enthusiast who was able to put his words into action with success, while the tongue in cheek type were cynics. "It is the triumph of enthusiasm over cynicism that has resulted in the tremendous expansion and progress of past centuries," the speaker declared.

McCouat disagreed most emphatically with the affirmative's definition and declared the man with a bee in his bonnet to be "mad on some point" or "a little crack-brained."

The affirmative was next represented by Gourley, who enlarged on his leader's arguments and cited specific characters from history as exemplifying the "bee in bonnet" type. He said that the pages of history are filled with men of this kind, but scarcely any cynic has benefited mankind, except perhaps in a very indirect way.

Michael Rosenthal, the next speaker, stated that his side was willing to grant the affirmative some petty points, but that on the main issue they remained adamant. He was still totally unconvinced that the blundering methods of the enthusiast could be preferred to the cool, calculated moves of the man with his tongue in his cheek. "Indirect methods are the more efficient. It is a well-known fact that the more a person is opposed in his arguments, the more stubborn he becomes in upholding them. We must therefore use tact," contended the speaker. A man with a bee in his bonnet to be "mad on some point" or "a little crack-brained." Divinity upheld the affirmative side, the team being N. Pilcher, L. Gourley and W. Delaney.

Pilcher opened the discussion by defining the man with a bee in his bonnet as an enthusiast who was able to put his words into action with success, while the tongue in cheek type were cynics. "It is the triumph of enthusiasm over cynicism that has resulted in the tremendous expansion and progress of past centuries," the speaker declared.

McCouat disagreed most emphatically with the affirmative's definition and declared the man with a bee in his bonnet to be "mad on some point" or "a little crack-brained."

The affirmative was next represented by Gourley, who enlarged on his leader's arguments and cited specific characters from history as exemplifying the "bee in bonnet" type. He said that the pages of history are filled with men of this kind, but scarcely any cynic has benefited mankind, except perhaps in a very indirect way.

Michael Rosenthal, the next speaker, stated that his side was willing to grant the affirmative some petty points, but that on the main issue they remained adamant. He was still totally unconvinced that the blundering methods of the enthusiast could be preferred to the cool, calculated moves of the man with his tongue in his cheek. "Indirect methods are the more efficient. It is a well-known fact that the more a person is opposed in his arguments, the more stubborn he becomes in upholding them. We must therefore use tact," contended the speaker. A man with a bee in his bonnet to be "mad on some point" or "a little crack-brained." Divinity upheld the affirmative side, the team being N. Pilcher, L. Gourley and W. Delaney.

The third speaker for the negative was William Delaney, who promptly discredited the statement of the previous debater by telling of the time when, to preserve peace, Louis Pasteur signed a statement to the effect that there were no such things as microbes, when he knew perfectly well that there were. With that act he definitely established himself as a "tongue-in-choker," the speaker said.

Mr. Delaney told several stories to achieve his end. He concluded his side's argument on a facetious note by presenting the affirmative with an ancient bonnet that they might realize the undesirability of wearing it even without the bee. Then followed two very good rebuttals by McCouat and Pilcher. The latter was particularly good and his rebuttal was quite the best speech of the evening.

The judges awarded the decision to the affirmative. The leader of the negative then moved a vote of thanks to the judges, Dr. W. O. Raymond, Dr. E. Owen and Rev. S. Childs, of the College Faculty.

Are Undergraduates Growing Childish?

In what some people term the "good old days," university undergraduates of the lower grades used to settle their difficulties at the commencement of every session by engaging in manly rough-and-tumble fights with tomahawks or anything else that might be handy as ammunition. The sophomores did their best to rope the freshmen and the latter did their best to prevent being roped. And after it was all over, the torn clothes had been removed, the cuts and scratches washed and other traces of battle eliminated, the members of the two classes shook hands joined in a parade with some trolley-pulling and brushes with the police thrown in, and settled down to their studies and other undergraduate activities. The whole business of this so-called "initiation" was got over within 24 hours without any one being very much the worse and with injuries much rarer than those incurred in the ordinary football matches.

There arose a new and softer generation which declared that this annual "scrap" was a barbarous piece of business which should be put down and very weakly and tamely, as time has passed, these practices have become almost in

The judges awarded the decision to the affirmative. The leader of the negative then moved a vote of thanks to the judges, Dr. W. O. Raymond, Dr. E. Owen and Rev. S. Childs, of the College Faculty.

Are Undergraduates Growing Childish?

In what some people term the "good old days," university undergraduates of the lower grades used to settle their difficulties at the commencement of every session by engaging in manly rough-and-tumble fights with tomahawks or anything else that might be handy as ammunition. The sophomores did their best to rope the freshmen and the latter did their best to prevent being roped. And after it was all over, the torn clothes had been removed, the cuts and scratches washed and other traces of battle eliminated, the members of the two classes shook hands joined in a parade with some trolley-pulling and brushes with the police thrown in, and settled down to their studies and other undergraduate activities. The whole business of this so-called "initiation" was got over within 24 hours without any one being very much the worse and with injuries much rarer than those incurred in the ordinary football matches.

There arose a new and softer generation which declared that this annual "scrap" was a barbarous piece of business which should be put down and very weakly and tamely, as time has passed, these practices have become almost in

The judges awarded the decision to the affirmative. The leader of the negative then moved a vote of thanks to the judges, Dr. W. O. Raymond, Dr. E. Owen and Rev. S. Childs, of the College Faculty.

Are Undergraduates Growing Childish?

In what some people term the "good old days," university undergraduates of the lower grades used to settle their difficulties at the commencement of every session by engaging in manly rough-and-tumble fights with tomahawks or anything else that might be handy as ammunition. The sophomores did their best to rope the freshmen and the latter did their best to prevent being roped. And after it was all over, the torn clothes had been removed, the cuts and scratches washed and other traces of battle eliminated, the members of the two classes shook hands joined in a parade with some trolley-pulling and brushes with the police thrown in, and settled down to their studies and other undergraduate activities. The whole business of this so-called "initiation" was got over within 24 hours without any one being very much the worse and with injuries much rarer than those incurred in the ordinary football matches.

There arose a new and softer generation which declared that this annual "scrap" was a barbarous piece of business which should be put down and very weakly and tamely, as time has passed, these practices have become almost in
rather neatly by a few astute misses who recorded their poundage in ounces or in stones. However, the last, heart-breaking straw was the ban upon cosmetics; they were obliged to go about the campus, during the awkward period, with shiny noses! This sort of stuff may be quite all right for women students, but what is to be thought of growing, and sometimes grown, men having to observe the following regulations, also reported by the Queen's Review: "Arts freshmen wore bright red fingernails, baby nipples on strings around their necks, and carried their books in potato bags slung jauntily over the shoulder. For the Science frosh the special regulations included a non-shaving edict and the order to drag their books behind them in baskets upon the pavement. Being mechanically inclined, some of them fitted these baskets with wheels, or even roller skates, to increase the ease of locomotion. In addition, the Science newcomer had to pause at all corners, toot an imaginary horn, and extend his hand in the direction in which he intended to turn. Medical freshmen appeared with large M's painted with mercurochrome upon their brows."

These regulations, it might be remarked, did not originate in the nursery nor were they applicable to individuals just learning to toddle. On the contrary, they were soberly— or approximately so—conceived by students approaching supposed maturity and those called upon to observe them— and, apparently, doing so without so much as a struggle or even a protest— were in most cases only a year or so younger.

With all the faults that it was said to possess, the old-time initiation was infinitely more manly, and certainly far less ridiculous, than such childish exhibitions and we wonder that any university students are willing tamely to submit to such faults without engaging in rebellion and demanding something with more spirit and flesh-and-blood about it.

There is now, we are glad to say, a movement in the direction of making for the student a better type of initiation. The students of at least one university are growing excessively weary of such namby-pamby nonsense and are prepared to set an example. They at least give us some hope of a better system in the not too distant future. And 'tis better late than never.

The "Alem bic," publication of Providence College, Rhode Island, is our newest exchange. It contains a number of interesting articles including the following poem which we have taken the liberty of printing.

With the compliments of

SMITH'S
RESTAURANT
HUNTING & LOACH, Props.

**Exchanges**

The "Gryphon," published by the University of Leeds continues to maintain a high literary standard. Two articles in this magazine are of special interest, "Men of Letters," and "The Church Militant."

The Canadian Academy of Kobe, Japan, is to be congratulated on the merits of its publication "Red and Gray." This magazine is well balanced and complete, and shows clearly that the Institution is a centre of remarkable activity, a representation of our country of which we may well be proud. May we suggest, however, to those in charge of its publication that in selecting light material for the magazine they avoid the use of purple as a form of humour. This is always dangerous and usually bad.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:

The Bate Student (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.; weekly)
The McGill Daily
The Manitoba (University of Manitoba; twice weekly)
The "Alem bic" (Providence College, Rhode Island, monthly)
The "Gryphon," published by the University of Leeds
The "Hunting & Loach" (Providence College, Rhode Island, weekly)

We are pleased to say that since last going to press we have received a large number of exceptionally good exchanges. "The Arrow" of the University of Sheffield is a very complete and interesting publication. It contains an excellent drawing in "Airmedness" and an interesting article on "Islam and Socialism." The writer has given a number of definite reasons why he believes the Muslims have a better conception of socialism than that which he calls western. We feel, however, that the comparison is hardly fair, in that it is incomplete. When we speak of western socialism, being Marxist, we must remember that the theories put forward by Karl Marx have been changed and exchanged by numbers of individuals. As a result we have many widely different types of socialism; some of which are atheistic, and others which are definitely not. In dealing with the Islamic social system the writer has failed to present both sides of the question. The subject is treated as if the present Islamic society had only fallen short of the ideals of Muhammad in as far as it had been affected by western imperialism. History leads us to believe otherwise.

It is not our object at this point to give a criticism of the Islamic social system, but we would suggest that if the writer would compare this system, faults included, with that of let us say Sweden, he might reach a different conclusion. In any case it would be a fairer representation of the best of western socialism.

The "Alem bic," publication of Providence College, Rhode Island, is our newest exchange. It contains a number of interesting articles including the following poem which we have taken the liberty of printing.

**Vox Es Umboris**

A white cloud rides across the purple sky.
Somewhere, a bird sings.
I hear faint voices in the night.
The stars are grave, sedate—
cold and proud as jewels on a queen.
The moon smirks at the sickly clouds
who bow and fawn upon her.
A slight wind plays
about the willow's struggling locks,
and all calm... a far cry,
and all is still.
A white cloud rides
across the purple sky.
Somewhere, a bird sings.
THE MITRE
by J. E. Purdy

Graduates

I had looked forward with great eagerness to compiling this column this issue, as I had pictured the many graduates and former students of this University gracing through the lists sent out by the Committee for the Graduates, and recalling many interesting items which they would promptly forward to me. However, this has not been the case, and I must say that I am terribly disappointed in the amount of material we have to present to you this issue. However, what material we do have at our disposal, we gladly give to you, for it is extremely interesting, even though it is scanty.

We are pleased to announce the marriage of Miss Margaret Hall, M'31, to Mr. Archibald Finlayson on January 26th, 1936, at the Church of Our Lady, Queen of Heaven, Montreal. The ceremony took place in St. George's Church, Lennoxville, with the Rev. Albert Jones officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Finlayson are living on Park Avenue, Lennoxville.

Mr. H. Pollock, nee Mrs. H. Pollock, was a recent visitor at the University. Mrs. H. Pollock, nee Mrs. Aikmann, was a recent graduate of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, with the Rev. Albert Jones officiating. Mr. H. Pollock was a member of '30.

The Rev. Arthur Dunn, M.A., B.D., 1904, D.D., 1917, who for many years was Warden of Divinity House and Mountain Professor of Pastoral Theology at Bishop's, has recently been appointed Archbishop of the West Indies. This item of interest is coupled with a note of sympathy. J. W. Y. Smith, B.A., 1900, M.D.P., died toward the end of last term. He was a member of Parliament from New Brunswick, and for many years a very good friend of the University. We extend our sympathy to all his friends.

J. A. McCaulum, B.A., 1935, who is now living in Thunder Bay, Ontario, was a recent visitor at the University. The Rev. A. P. Maclellan, L.L.B., 1917, has relinquished his charge at Sanford, Maine, for a period of four years. While he is resting, he is acting as assistant to the Bishop of Maine in Portland.

D. F. Watson, M.A., 1933, has opened an office in Sherbrooke as a Certified Accountant.

THE MITRE is published on the 10th of October, December, February, April and June by the Students of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada. Subscriptions: One year, one dollar fifty; two years, two fifty; three years, three fifty.

The personnel of the Board of Directors: Honorary President, Rev. Dr. F. G. Viall; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Dr. W. O. Raymond and Rev. E. Scott; President, R. H. Annett; Editor-in-Chief, S. J. Davis; Advertising Manager, M. Rosembl; Treasurer, R. Turpin; Circulation Manager, J. C. Beatty; University Assistant Advertising Manager, J. G. Gibeau; Assistant Editor, W. J. Robinson; Assistant Lady Editor, Jean MacNaughton; Art Editor, Fleda Brilhart; Exchanges, E. S. Davis; Graduates, J. E. Purdy; Activities, D. Carmichael; Sports, J. Bilkey; Lady Associate, Glenna MacKee; Gentleman Associates, P. Edgell, G. Murray.

FEBRUARY, 1937

WINGS

A thousand wings roar headlong through the air,
Filling the lonely emptiness of night,
Tasting a new, ambrosial delight,
Filling the lonely emptiness of night,

Not ready to believe that life's a jest,
Eager to meet the future face to face,
Of what has been untasted and unknown:
Of what has been untasted and unknown:

Mrs. J. E. Purdy, Miss Marion Goodhue, B.A., B.B.A., is now living in Toronto, Ont.
Mrs. H. Pollock, nee Mrs. P. Edgell, B.A., B.B.A., is now living in Belleville, Ont. Mr. H. S. Pollock was a member of '30.

The Rev. Arthur Dunn, M.A., B.D., 1904, D.D., 1917, who for many years was Warden of Divinity House and Mountain Professor of Pastoral Theology at Bishop's, has recently been appointed Archbishop of the West Indies. This item of interest is coupled with a note of sympathy. J. W. Y. Smith, B.A., 1900, M.D.P., died toward the end of last term. He was a member of Parliament from New Brunswick, and for many years a very good friend of the University. We extend our sympathy to all his friends.

J. A. McCaulum, B.A., 1935, who is now living in Thunder Bay, Ontario, was a recent visitor at the University. The Rev. A. P. Maclellan, L.L.B., 1917, has relinquished his charge at Sanford, Maine, for a period of four years. While he is resting, he is acting as assistant to the Bishop of Maine in Portland.

D. F. Watson, M.A., 1933, has opened an office in Sherbrooke as a Certified Accountant.

Compliments of A Friend

THE MITRE

by J. E. Purdy

Is there any specific section or part of the document that you would like to highlight or discuss further? Please let me know! 😊
CONTENTS

LITERARY

EDITORIAL ................................................................ p. 3

Feature Article:
Civilization by Prof. S. Childs ........................................ p. 4

College Types by Peggy MacRae ...................................... p. 6

Tryst by Vivian Parr ........................................................ p. 7

In Memoriam ................................................................ p. 8

Modern Poetry by A. J. H. Richardson ......................... p. 9

Alarm Clocks by W. H. King ............................................ p. 12

A New Regime ................................................................ p. 13

On the Abdication ............................................................ p. 14

Confession by P. Edgell ................................................... p. 15

Etiquette of Attending Lectures by A.V.C.M. and W.L.D. .... p. 17

Highlights of Sport by J. D. Bilkey ................................ p. 21

Fame by Patty A. Wiggett ............................................... p. 22

The Bishop Looks Down ................................................ p. 25

News and Notes by D. J. Carmichael .............................. p. 29

Are Undergraduates Growing Childish? ....................... p. 31

Exchanges by E. S. Davis .............................................. p. 33

Graduates by J. E. Purdy ................................................ p. 34

Etiquette of Attending Lectures by A.V.C.M. and W.L.D. .... p. 17

ADVERTISING

Beck Press Reg'd ............................................................ 24
Bennett, M. ................................................................. 28
Bishop's University ....................................................... 1
Brown, Montgomery and McMichael .......................... 2
Chaddock, C. C. .......................................................... 28
Complimentary ............................................................ 35
General Board of Religious Education ....................... 30
Imperial Tobacco ........................................................ 26
Kinehead, A. E. ............................................................ 30
Meredith, Holden, Heward and Holden ...................... 28
Molson's Brewery ........................................................ 22
Milford, John and Sons ............................................... 30
Mitchell, J. S. ............................................................. 20
National Breweries ...................................................... 18
Nelson's Chocolates ...................................................... Back Cover
New Sherbrooke Hotel ............................................... 30
Royal Bank of Canada ................................................ 2
Sherbrooke Laundry ...................................................... 22
Sherbrooke Trust Company ......................................... 16
Smith, J. B. ................................................................. 32
Sun Life Assurance Co. ............................................... 33
Wippell, J. and Co. Ltd. ............................................... 19