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The Mitre
EDITORIAL

Bishop's is once again undergoing her "Revival of Learning," as our historian friends would say. The last one occurred in June—perhaps some of you remember it! All the excitement of the "Middle Ages"—the rugby, dramas, etc.—has passed away for another while, and students are getting down to serious study. The cause of this "learning" is as usual brought about by that worst of all yearly publications—the examination schedule—which suddenly came into existence a few days ago. But let us get our minds off this question of examinations for a moment; they will speak in due course for themselves.

Excitement was caused at Bishop's some few weeks ago by the publication of a questionnaire, the "Student's Poll," the answers of which are contained in this issue of the Mitre. For some time students have been expressing their individual opinions concerning such college matters as chapel attendance, and student morality, etc. Now, however, we are presented with college opinion as a whole. The questions relating to the co-eds are particularly interesting. As you will see from the article, the men students seem to doubt that the co-eds are coming to Bishop's solely because of academic reasons. In fact, eight of the girls themselves agree with the expressed male opinion. (We wonder who they are?)

This whole question of co-eds and their reason for existence has of late become a topic of universal controversy. One of our own professors not long ago seemed to question the value of female students at a university, pointing out that Cambridge still holds restrictions against such creatures. It is interesting to note that the November issue of the N. P. C. U. S. Monthly News Bulletin in speaking of this very matter of women's place in the different universities states the following:

"Varying in present importance, but growing with extraordinary rapidity is the position of women in the universities of India, England, France, Holland, Austria and Denmark, according to the February issue of the International Student Service Bulletin. Salient facts developed in the six articles point to the increasing significance of women in the academic and educational lives of these countries. The importance of women in Indian universities is diminishing caste-consciousness, and in aiding women to take their part during this great period of national transition is brought out clearly."

Perhaps there is no caste-consciousness for Bishop's co-eds to diminish, but there are certainly other things for them to do, and, despite our authority's opinion, the creatures are really of some benefit to the college. How could our dramatic society function properly without their assistance? But can't the co-eds do more? There is the Mitre, for instance. With the exception of a few faithfuls they seem to forget it entirely. How about some co-operation, Co-eds? How about an article now and again, if nothing more than to tell us how you got here and why you came? Note that our criticism has exempted a few of our friends, for we would like our readers to know that our Mitre board contains three energetic feminine workers—would they be better liked by them?

We are pleased to publish in this issue of the Mitre our new college song—the Alma Mater—which has been written by this year's Senior War. We should be further pleased if our students or alumni readers would submit to the Mitre any other song suggestions, parodies, etc., since this year's council is endeavoring to publish a college song-book, something which is badly needed at Bishop's.

Our readers may find that this month's issue contains many other interesting articles. Our college choirmaster has kindly offered to tell us something about music; the Mitre's President has given us an interesting account of his debating tour to the Maritimes; the subject of poetry has been excellently dealt with by one of our professors; the assistant editor gives us his impressions of Hitler Youth. We wish to thank these and all other contributors for their immediate response to the Editor's cry for material. May the February issue contain as many excellent articles. (Maybe a few more from the fair sex?)

The Editor and the Mitre Staff join together in wishing to all students the best of luck with examinations—to all readers, "A MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

Alma Mater

(Alma Mater, adapted from "The Taming of the Shrew"—M. W.)

Moderately...

Nestling among thy hills,
Vibrant thy spirit fills;
Our straining hearts are full
With courage strong.
When we must leave to go
Into life's fuller flow,
May "Duo Potans"
Still beat us on.

Bishop's we pledge to thee
Our faith and loyalty,
For thou wilt ever be
Our College home.
As year rolls after year,
Thine Alma Mater dear
Wilt be forever near
Where'er we roam.

H. T. H.
Well, but --
What is there to learn about music?

The answer, of course, is not a short, and, with luck, a bull’s-eye with some heavy object of convenient size. But the question was asked in good faith, and may serve to represent one of the erroneous attitudes towards music. The same attitude is expressed by the lady who says, when one has just done seven months hard labour on a composition, "Don't you find these things just come—you don't have to work on them. I remember my sister used to write poetry—just poured out—" and so on. And the error? That of making music something very mysterious, associated with "temperament" and an agitated expression. Assuming that when "the wind bloweth where it listeth," it obeys no laws at all. Certainly that phrase expresses the nature of spirit, but anyone who has ever tried it knows that there is a facet discipline to be applied in spiritual affairs. Music is at heart a mystery, but it has its laws, and those laws can be discovered by any who will take the trouble.

And that brings us to erroneous attitude No. 2, though this is an attitude more to the musician than to music itself. People get the idea that musicians want to fill them up with laws of harmony and counterpoint, and make them listen to music with a foot-rule. That's not so—but musicians do want to get rid of the people who say, "I don't know a thing about it, but I know what I like." If the first part of that statement is true, what right have they to the second? The true amateur of music—the soul of the musical earth, prized by musicians above rubies—will give music its due by listening to it always with concentrated attention. He will probably find out something about musical form so that he can anticipate the composer's intentions; and will, with experience, begin to listen historically, relating a given work to its composer's whole output, and to the period in which it was written. He will have his preferences, but they will be based on careful listening, and his taste will be catholic.

The other day a lady said to the writer: "I find music much easier to listen to when I know what it's all about." There didn't seem anything startling about that, till it became apparent that she thought all music had a story behind it. Now, that is a misconception, and probably a common one. "Programme music"—music which can be translated into words or action (perhaps one should say "which music" be so translated to be fully understood)—has always been a sideshow in music. A perfectly reputable one, but its condemnation in a form which has not duplicated the greatest music. The reason is not far to seek. Take as an example Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Flight of the Bumble Bee." Had Rimsky taken the opening few bars as a theme for abstract music, the resulting development might have been something quite big. But no, he is depicting a bumble bee, to whose, obviously, a full orchestra and extended development are unsuited. So he is limited by his "programme." This is not to say that Rimsky-Korsakov made a mistake in calling his piece "The Flight of the Bumble Bee." He wanted to write, and he succeeded in writing, a charming piece d'occasion, of limited scope. Some examples of programme music, such as Richard Strauss' "The Merry Pranks of Till Eulenspiegel," reach a very high level of musical interest, but still they are limited by the appeal of their programme (and, from the composer's viewpoint, by the conflict of the progress of that programme with the natural development of the theme), and their appeal is not as universal as that of abstract music.

"Abstract music" is a development of themes, by which the composer expresses a mood, which the listener must capture, and beyond which there is no significance in the music. For the composer, there are two factors in that expression. The first—an idea. The second—the clothing of that idea. This brings us back to the lady with the poetical sister. She's right, of course—it does "just come"—the idea. But the craftsmanship by which that idea may be expressed and developed is made up of artistic laws (not hard and fast, but none the less unalterable), hard work, and experience. And sometimes the theme thumbs its nose at the composer, and develops quite differently from the way he had imagined—and that's where a programme pinchers.

If we could persuade listeners to acquire some knowledge of these broad facts of the technique of music, perhaps we should be delivered from some of the sloppy thinking which degrades the art it tries to honour. There is no mystery about music, except the central one—that "out of three sounds, we make, not a fourth sound, but a star." Another source of grating to the lay listener seems to be the difference between harmony and counterpoint. Here is a simple demonstration. Get hold of a copy of "God save the King," and play everything but the tune. You will find that the under parts have no meaning apart from the melody. That's harmony. Now, get some gilded friend to write a tune that will "go" with "God save the King." That's counterpoint—because you can take either tune away and the other continues to have significance. In other words, harmony is one melody with supporting parts; counterpoint is the combination of melodies. (And for the benefit of the mathematically-minded or the musically-experienced, obviously counterpoint makes harmony, but harmony isn't necessarily counterpoint.) What is there to learn about music? Well, first of all, humility in listening. If you don't like a thing at first hearing, don't be too ready to place the fault outside. Music doesn't live unless it's worth something, and if, when you listen to music that has lived, you can't see anything in it—that ought to mean something.

And when you've mastered that, the first requisite, you will begin to learn the next thing about music—the balanced pleasure that comes from the satisfaction of emotion and intellect at once. It takes work, but a lot of people will tell you that it's worth it. Try it next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock—switch on the CBC and listen to the New York Philharmonic. And if it bores you to death, don't say "Aw, nuts!" and switch off, because, if you do, you're gapping yourself out of one of the keystone openings of the postures of the spirit. And everyone who is intellectually out of the nursery will agree that that's all that matters in this astonishing world.
Bishop's 'Students' Poll

Although it has been said that private opinion is weak, and that public opinion is almost omnipotent, yet a test of student views was held here merely to determine the Col-
lege's outlook on matters, which we hope will be of im-
cement. At least 112 students went in their answers, 
since that figure represents the largest response to any one 
question; in there were a few more who must have taken 
part in the poll, as some would not venture their opinions 
on all the questions, and we think all those who partici-
pated for their co-operation. The first of the questions was: "In your opinion should English rugger replace our Can-
dian rugby at Bishop's?" There were evidently not very 
many who shared the British enthusiasm for the English 
game as the results were: Males—Yes, 4; No, 77. Females —Yes; 1; No, 29.

(2) Is student morality improving at the College? Al-
though one lady wrote in her answer that they were "slowly 
but surely" , yet we regret to state that public opinion did 
not agree. Males—Yes; 31; No, 41. Females—Yes, 13; 
No, 28.

(3) Do you consider drinking an important part of a 
college student's education? The girls were very chatty 
and confidential about this one; a cautious female wrote that, "It's perfectly wrong", while another repmatly put that, "I wish that it had been part of my education" — 
there must be some unknown talent among the co-eds. But 
even the males put their collective foot down on im-
bibbing although there was some doubt about the answer. 
The results: Males—Yes, 30; No, 41. Females—Yes, 2; 
No, 26.

(4) Do you think initiative is on the whole beneficial? 
Even the freshmen seem to think so—but let the figures 
speak for themselves. Males—Yes, 65; No, 20. Females 
Yes, 12; No, 16.

(5) Should there be more social contact between the 
males and female students of this University? A sample 
answer was, "with certain females"; and "that depends." 
But the figures show that it is up to some enterprising 
young man to open a male date bureau here. We should 
not mention it but some individual wrote, "Good heavens no."
Males—Yes, 11; No, 27. Females—Yes, 27; No, 3.

(6) Do you feel that the first class bonzar student is a 
more valuable acquisition to a college than the all-round 
athlete of low academic standing? One answered thus:

"I don't give a damn," but opinion seemed to be divided 
on this question. Males—Yes, 31; No, 44. Females—Yes, 
14; No, 14.

(7) Are female students an essential of a really success-
ful university? "It depends on the females" said one evad-
er of the issue. "Undoubtedly," said an enthusiastic co-
ed, and on the whole the poll seems to bear out her comment, 
with the girls appearing very sure about the value of their 
premises. Males—Yes, 64; No, 32. Females—Yes, 24; 
No, 2. 

(8) Is travelling in the summer holidays more valuable 
to a college student than actual working? The co-eds 
seemed to prefer the easier method of spending the summer, 
but most of the men chose the industrious way. Males— 
Yes, 31; No, 47. Females—Yes, 31; No, 41.

(9) Do you think that the cuisine at Bishop's is as good 
as at the average Canadian university? A day student an-
ers, "If you call home a university, then no." The male 
residents students, though, seemed to think that the answer 
was no, and backed up their feelings with comments that 
had better not be repeated here. A lot of the girls dodged 
the issue because they did not eat here, but those who re-
plied were not sympathetic towards us students who have to 
exist on reduced rations. Males—Yes, 28; No, 47. Females 
—Yes, 31; No, 44.

(10) Is the real aim of the Bishop's co-ed an academic 
career? The girls were quite decided about this one; one 
said, "what else here?", and another "There isn't much 
choice at Bishop's." A very frank co-ed remarked "Prob-
ably not," while most of the men thought they saw their 
real intentions in this attitude. Males—Yes, 31; No, 47. 
Females—Yes, 22; No, 8.

(11) Do you feel that compulsory Chapel deepens your 
religious feelings? One student pointedly remarked, "As 
good as a bed." But the majority were very decided about 
their religious views and by the result left no doubt of their 
opinion. Males—Yes, 14; No, 61. Females—Yes, 84; 
No, 16.

(12) Should printed notes be distributed by professors, 
and should lectures consist of discussions on matter read, 
instead of the present system? The answers to this question 
showed that most of the students felt they were being 
treated too much as secretaries, and that the proposed sys-
tem would make for greater interest in lectures. Males— 
Yes, 31; No, 31. Females—Yes, 15; No, 17.

And on it was art! 

Dear reader, I am going to treat you to a brief lecture 
on art, and in treating such a subject I feel that it is es-
sential for you and I to be on the most intimate of terms. 
To further this I propose to open myself out to you and despite 
the monotonies of my modesty, to tell you what I am: I am 
an artist. I am an artist in the crass sense of the word: I love 
all art whether it is art or not. A modernist you call 
me then? In a sense, yes, but I would be doing myself 
a gross injustice to say that the works of the masters of an-
other age are superior to the out landish bewilderment and 
all-embracing superstition. 

Think then, how a temperament would fare in an 
atmosphere completely void of the aesthetic, completely 
empty in beauty, in appreciation of outline and perspective, 
and filled only with a blunted acceptance of what is and what 
probably will be. This may be hard for you to understand 
but my soul was starved and dined out. It needed sustenance 
just as the body needs milk. But it was not to be found, 
and just as the body begins to grow thin and to waste away 
when it cannot find sustenance on its own soil begins to 
shrink and to become as a shell when I realized that—here 
was no art! 

But I was wrong. I had not perceived. A surprise was 
awaiting me. For lo and behold one day I noticed a group 
of young men huddled together in a mirthful circle. In 
the rough hand of one I espied a small short sheet of paper. 
This was the object of their mirth. Torned, I drew closer. 
Horrified, I stopped. One quick glance at that piece of 
paper had sufficed. Art was on it! Art—! I had not beheld 
in fact, or witnessed such a work as this on my soul begin to 
shrink and to become as a shell when I realized that—here 
was no art! 

...
But as to the compositions themselves—Exhibit A affords an interesting point for conjecture—what is it? Two suggestions that seem the most plausible are 1. Mental Movement; 2. A Swing Record. Like most mental move-
ments the composition is a continuous, unevent spiral end-
ing in a hopeless, inextricable point. The utter abandonment and confusion that it is itself and the chaos that seems to emanate from it leave but little doubt as to the likeness between them. As to the swing record theory—I leave its ex-
position in the hands of Virtuoso Geoffrey Scott of Bish-

o's University. He may be found by just standing still and listen-

ning.

Exhibits B and D are obviously different parts of the same composition, and both afford the most striking and illustrative example of narrative in the whole work. This article being primarily for university students I think it fitting to suggest three explanations for B and D: 1. The freshman's; 2. the senior's; 3. the artist's. To a freshman it doubtless is delightfully reminiscent of a football field immediately prior to the first home game—lines, lines, lines. To a senior it bears a striking resemblance to a freshman, diligent and straight-laced, in the duties of each separate day, but discontinuous and uncertain in the long run. He, just like the painting, cannot achieve artistic distance whereby he might stand off from his daily routine and survey the general effect. The artist's conception of the work— a railroad track. (See Mr. James Flintoff.)

Exhibit C affords rather a nasty problem. The artist has left in the note to enable us to discover his motive, but I think that it could be reasonably supposed that he was inspired by Article 7 of the morning's agenda of which the canvas is a copy. This, of course, is only a hypothesis and too much credence must not be placed in it. A second suggestion might be, "A Face in the Morning Mirror;" but that, revered reader, is up to you.

Exhibit E is much more simple. It is obviously "Men Running," or "The Adjustment of the Meeting."

Exhibit F quite indubitably refers to Article 13, and it is the artist's conception of a member, when this "otherwise

business" has been thoroughly gone into and absorbed.

And so we come to the imitative section of the canvas. But before we make this extensive leap it might be wise to con-

consider Exhibit X, which appears to me to be a transition piece between the impressionistic and the imitative. It is impressionistic in that it is unintelligible. It is imitative in that I'm sure I have seen it somewhere before. The conclu-

sion to be arrived at, therefore, is that it is the artist's signature.
It is always interesting and sometimes most helpful to know what other people think about us. With such a purpose in view I wrote to one of my Scottish friends and asked him to put down on paper some reflections on Canada. In reply, he has sent the following article of which the notable point is, if I may say so, that he regards Canada as an heir to that glorious heritage of freedom which has been so characteristic of the British peoples. The writer, Mr. James Brown, is a graduate of Glasgow University in Arts, in Education and in Law.

STRAIGHT THOUGHTS TO CANADA FROM SCOTLAND

"The mist lifted suddenly. Over us towered a great monst,
er, which, at the last drifts of the mist bank vanished to leave a few minutes of clarity, revealed the indistinct out-
line of a line.

I was travelling on the Finnister Ferry across the Clyde on a morning in November. Being a November morning it was hardly a suitable time. Glasgow University student to be on board a ferry. But circumstances had been against me. On arrival at the Underground Station I had learned that the subway, as we Glaswegians term it, was out of commission. My informant was a pencilled notice "Subway not running." Examination of my watch showed the time to be 9.40 am., my class began at 10.00 am. As Glasgow University was on one side of the Clyde and I am on the other, there was nothing for it but to walk a mile down Govan Road to Finnister Ferry which is one of several transporting passengers regularly, and free of cost, across the river.

Hence my arrival at the landing stage adjoining the Anchor Line docks. There was a liner berthed, but she had steamed away. As I left the ferry I could see that the last ar-
ticles of her cargo were being shipped. I peered to see her name—a blanket of fog again! Ship, cargo, ferry, all had disappeared, and I was left to realise that time was passing and I must needs hurry to my routine of the day.

Somehow there was no routine that day. I could not settle. Always I had a vision of a liner, streaming down the river, past the Tail of the Bank, past the islands, through the Firth, and out to that ocean over which I have so often sat watching the sun dip. Yes, watching for hours. For

there is a beauty upon our forth which I have not seen else-
where in our islands, nor in Europe, nor even beyond. Such a beauty, in fact, that I know, no matter what fate may
lead me, I shall never see and never feel a beauty like that when the sun dips over the Cumbraes, or over Kintyre, burnishing the highlands and the islands and the seas as he goes on his journey to the West.

But there are other aspects of what that liner is leaving. I think of my home town outside Glasgow, I think of Glasgow itself, I think of Scotland, I think of Britain, and when I have thought of these I think of the country of the West—of Canada. When I think of the former I feel regret; when I think of the latter I feel hope.

Just as the liner is passing from the prison house of the
tow to the clear air of the west, so is it passing from the
cage of convention to the healthy atmosphere of a new
land.

Canada rises into my thoughts—a land where all men are alive, where men are brothers and where the struggle with primitive nature still continues. I hope for the sake of Canada that struggle will always continue, that Canada will always have another piece of land to take from Na-
ture, that there will always be this advance against Nature, for when a nation has conquered all the natural forces within her frontiers, then a great bond of union has been broken, and man, with the desires for struggle still within him, creates artificial barriers of social convention against
which he must always strive.

And so when I think of Canada I think of a nation, healthy, vigorous, braving an air as yet uncustomed.

Whether I think of it in summer when I think of the wide
freedom of the woods, or of it in winter when I think of the
frozen stretches of the North, I have always this same
idea. Perhaps it is an illusion. But somehow, I do not think
that it is. I am sure that it is just as I think of it. A great
stretch of land, almost a continent, with an abundance of
natural wealth, with a people, clean and vigorous, and
yet free from that system which sees a man fall back a rung in the social ladder when his income drops £10 a

DECEMBER, 1937

year, waging a struggle, but a happy though continuous
struggle with Nature, a land where all men are equal not
only in the skies above but in the eyes of their fellow
men, a land which is living well today that it may live
well tomorrow.

Britain has given much of her struggle to the world—
so much that she herself is spent, like a parent, ageing, who
has always striven to do the best for her family. She has
her faults and her virtues. But, in the new land of the
West, from which she can be looked at from a detached
viewpoint and a differentiation made between those faults
and those virtues, the people can imitate the virtues, adding
to these their own, and pass by the faults.

With the fog piercing into the lecture-room, with
the sirens of the ships on the river, with the noise of the traf
on the Dumfrieston Road, with the clang of hammers in the
yards of the factories, and the free and easy, or more or less badly, when
one concentrates on them, I let my mind wander again to
the clear open spaces, and the healthy air of the land of
West. Then, just as the sun sinks on the Scottish shore that it may rise in glory on the countries of the West, I
voice the prayer that the genius and virtues of a maturing
country may pass to the daughter nation of the West, which
with better natural advantages, with the experience of the
older nation to go by, may give a greater glory to her
virtues.

The mountains, the pine woods, the farmlands, the prai-
ries once again rise to a vision—this time they are
different—for they are beautified and eternalized by
the halo spread around them by the might of that people
who have risen from the land of today and are destined to
rule the land of tomorrow."

* * *

I am reminded of a few words which appear on the
chimney of my school. The words go like this: "May these
clusters, linking the old and the new, stand be-
tween a proud past and a glorious future." The future of
Canada will be far from glorious if we are not able to
hang on the "Torch of Freedom" and there is grave danger
that it shall perish in this generation. One fears that Mr. Brown's
conception of Canadian life is a mistake one even when he thinks of our freedom.

Mr. Morley Callaghan, the Canadian novelist, while
speaking in Toronto recently took for his subject, "This
Freedom." He chose that subject for two reasons. It was
suggested to him by a question from a listener itself
being free through the air in the autumnal breeze. He said his second reason
was because we were not likely to be in a position to dis-
cuss freedom much longer. Unfortunately such appears to
be the case.

Definite suggestions of a dictatorial regime have ap-
peared in three Canadian provinces. The most blatant and
bodious form has occurred in Quebec with the appearance
of the notorious "Poulock Law" under which several places
of business and newspaper premises have been "pouloked"
by the police. The Provincial Government, in a presumably
sinister effort, are endeavouring to exterminate Communism
by adopting that stupid, medieval method of the attempted
suppression of public opinion amongst the minority.
The attempt to suppress Communism by force, rather than
by educating its causes, is leading thinking people to fear
that the condition which exists in Spain will, within a few years,
extist in French Canada. At any rate, full freedom of
opinion does not exist in Quebec.

A less serious form of attack on freedom has appeared
in Alberta where the press is now obliged to publish state-
ments issued by the government press agent under penalty
doing of a £100 fine. Such a policy may well be
the beginning of the end.

In a recent Ontario election we have seen a man with
a strong and winning personality dominate the situation
and win an election much in the fashion of Herr Hitler.
Premier Hapern of Ontario and Premier Duplessis of Quebec
are agreed that labour should not be organized as the work-
men set for but as the government and the bosses set.

But let us turn to another sphere. Everywhere one
has heard of "It Can't Happen Here." That book was to be used at
Hollywood for a new production which was to be an in-
dictment of fascism. Sinclair Lewis was paid and all
arrangements made when pressure was exerted from Wash-
ington and the production was abandoned. That was in the
United States. "The Land of the free." We haven't a motion-picture industry in Canada, but we do go to the
talks and we do attempt amateur theatricals.

The works of Emile Zola are on the index of the Rom-
anic Church. One often feels that Protestantss might well be
advocates of social justice. They might well say, "Why not fight?"
but that is beside the point when we contemplate the ban-
ing in this province of the cinematic version of the "Life
of Emile Zola." The theme of that picture is the war
after Truth, which ought to be the theme of every uni-
versity course.

The Dramatic Society of this University was to produce
during the Michalinas term, "Twenty-five Cents," a Cana-
dian sociological play. The production was abandoned be-
cause pressure was brought to bear. I suppose the rebuke of the Mr. and Ubisoft all would be, "Why not fight?"
I think the answer might well be that the executive of
Dramatics knew that a large proportion of our prospective
audience would rather not, perhaps couldn't, face the facts
of modern life with the tragedy of unemployment, pov-
er and vice. Perhaps it's too late to fight anyway.

Culture is rapidly disappearing from Italy and Ger-
many, and if the Spanish Government is defeated there will
EXCRAMINITIS - A ballad

I'm going mad, O Mother dear
Examinations fright me!
O clap me to you Mother dear
And hold me to you tightly.

The winds of fate blow round me
Dread cramping's surges drawn me
This fearful night is half slight
With spectres gaze upon me.

My head is bursting, Mother dear—
With fire my brain's consuming—
And I know nothing Mother dear;
O catch me for I'm swooning!

Why did I leave thee, Mother dear?
To face exams' wild spectres?
They screech about me Mother dear,
They jee and jee and jeece.

The Mitre

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both Hamlet’s criticism and Sly’s damning comment, but the very soundness of their work suggested that they deserve some less bonomous medium of dramatic self-expression.

If the Dramatic Society’s purpose is to discover the new talent necessary to carry on the fine tradition of many years, all who took part in this year’s effort (not least the producers and those who worked behind the scenes) are cordially to be congratulated; while, for once in a way, amateur theatricals, in the course of providing a well-oriented satisfaction to the actors themselves, achieved the additional result of really amusing the audience as well.

IN THE
MARITIME COLLEGES

Having been fortunate enough to travel as far as northern British Columbia during the past summer it has now been my added privilege of travelling in parts of New Brunswick and of Nova Scotia.

The purpose of this latter trip was to be at the stations by the opposing team, be lavishly entertained by them, and then to contradict practically everything that they said in the evening.

My colleague was from Macdonald College, an Englishman, and one of the most pleasant travelling companions that one could wish for.

Having boarded a train in Montreal, we set out for St. Thomas’ College in Charlottetown. This is quite a small, but flourishing college, run by English-speaking Roman Catholic priests. Until the past few years it was an Academy, but now they are in a position to give their own degrees. The team and the debating manager came to Newscastle to meet us, and the first interesting visit we made was to the Court House. Not tough luck follows, we were not yet charged with any breach of the law; the chance for gossip may come later. One of the debaters had to act as interpreter in the preliminary hearing of a young woman who was accused of putting an unwanted child to death.

That evening we debated before a crowd of about one hundred and seventy people. The College turned out in full force—(Bishop’s students please note)—I rather rushed in where angels dare to tread while the judges were discussing the debate. I offered to tell a few stories and chose as an opener, one about an Irishman.

After a lengthy interval the judges came back and awarded the debate to St. Thomas by a small margin. Good work, St. Thomas! keep it up!

That night we went to a nurses’ party in Newscastle, and all we would be allowed to print is that we had a very nice time! The next morning our hosts took us to see the Dominion fish hatchery near Newscastle. They told us there were over 11,000,000 salmon spawn in the hatchery. Not having much time at our disposal we decided to take their word for it.

Next stop was Mount Allison in Sackville. There I met “Russ” Johnston who has made a big name for himself both in rugby and hockey. The thing that struck us most—besides the beauty of some of the co-eds—was the real college spirit that one could feel pervaded Mount A. They have quite a nice residence which includes two common rooms—one in the basement with a ping-pong table in it; the other in the main hall, very comfortable and with a new radio installed. They also have a very fine billiard table room.

The thing they were proud of at Mount A. was their new science building and they had a right to be. It is a well-equipped, up-to-date establishment. Perhaps the Bishop’s Science Building will be like that some day—here’s hoping!

The evening we arrived at Mount Allison we went to a Student Christian Movement meeting. There were about four hundred students present and a very fine talk was given by one of the faculty on the prospects of peace in the future.

The next day was spent in looking over the campus. This included going to morning chapel when we worshipped with about fifty students of both sexes—at a chapel service which was not compulsory. The debate was held that evening in the Buchanan Memorial Hall before a good crowd. Here they had no judges, but let the audience decide the issue. Much to my surprise the audience voted for—probably it was politeness!

Reluctantly we left Mount Allison the next morning and went on to Halifax. Here we had the pleasure of staying at the Pine Hill Residence. The Dalhousie students were very hospitable and they entertained us royally from Thursday evening until Monday morning. Unfortunately there is no men’s residence at Dalhousie, and unless the students live at Pine Hill or join a fraternity there is not much chance of associating with other students.

We debated on Friday evening and Dalhousie properly quashed any feeling of superiority we may have had as a result of our victory in Sackville. This was the most interesting debate of the whole tour. After the debate we were invited to an oyster party at one of the fraternity houses. We have never seen so many oysters eaten in one evening—not to say I did my fair share in making them disappear.

On Sunday morning we went to the oldest Anglican Church in Canada—St. Paul’s, Halifax. Monday morning, at much too early an hour, we left for Acadia University in Wolfville. They have a very fine residence at Acadia which includes a swimming pool. One of the greatest thrills of the whole trip was experiencing how when we had lunch in the large dining room with about five hundred men and women. They sit about ten to a table, five men and five women. It is considered that co-education, under the Acadia system, was not such a failure as we had thought it to be!

Having convinced the Acadians that “sit-down strikes were just as dangerous” we were invited to a party in the home of most of the girls’ residences. Our thanks are due to the Dean of Women who had the good sense to kick us out after eleven, we were in bed by twelve, the earliest hour for the whole two weeks.

At noon the next day we left for Fredericton. From Digby to St. John we cruised the Bay of Fundy in the luxurious S. S. Princess Helena. This was one of the nicest trips of the whole journey. We stayed in St. John that night. That evening we went to the Capital theatre—(We found that Sherbrooke is unique in not having a “Capital”)—and discovered that we were expected to take part in community singing that was broadcast. Some people in Fredericton swore that they recognised our voices, but despite the fact that I did start one song two bars ahead of everybody else, we had to doubt their word.

Next day, on to Fredericton—Ah, Fredericton! A fitting climax indeed to such an enjoyable trip. A note in the local paper may well have been: “Visiting theologian makes discreet inquiries regarding Divinity courses at Fredericton.”

We wonder why? One explanation may be—“Fredericton, where women are women and the men are glad of it.”

We really did have a most enjoyable stay in this pretty city and, but for the spectra of exams that constantly haunted us, we might have stayed a little longer.

Here we saw what it is perhaps the best men’s residence in Canada, the Lady Beaverbrook Memorial Hall. The dining room is the nicer, we visited in one residence. They have comfortable common rooms, a room for table tennis, a squash court, and the finest indoor swimming pool we have ever seen.

We debated that night about the relative merits of reformation of individuals and the reconstruction of society. The method of judging they proposed to adopt here was a novel one and might be used with benefit by the Bishop’s debating society. They had two judges and the audience voice was to be the third judge. This has two advantages; it does not put too much of a burden on the audience, yet at the same time would stimulate their interest in the subject matter of the debate.

From Fredericton it was not far to get back to the best college of them all. We were glad to get back, but we had many happy memories of the Maritimes. Generally speaking we found everyone very friendly and anxious to make us feel at home. There was not a hint of envy, or the oxford-minded than the average Bishop’s student, but perhaps that was only because we met other debaters and harbored hatred of students’ activities.

We found that Bishop’s is still a long way behind the Maritimes in late leave rules. They have no problem there, the doors are left open most of the night and strange to relate there is no curfew at all. People coming in between midnight and three in the morning; in fact we were told that only occasionally were students out after twelve.

As to the vexing question of food, we were quite interested. But I must confess, despite warnings that such a confession will lead to “standardization” of our meals, that the food at Bishop’s is just as good as any college we visited and much better than some.

In most colleges the students seemed to be very interested in politics, and we understand that a mild pink shade of communism is quite popular in some places. They take
THE MITRE

DECEMBER, 1937

BLUT UND EHRE

Blood and Honour... strange words to be linked together, we think in Canada—one the symbol of conflict and upheaval, the other standing for all that is best in man. Yet such is the motto of the Hitler Jugend, the all-embracing movement that has welded the youth of Germany into a solid body of ardent patriots. On the wreckage of a country disorganized by war a new state has risen, a state that is essentially the work of youth. Youth is Nazi Germany's life blood and Herr Hitler is assuring a constant flow by teaching German youth to believe in the great destinies of their land. The boys are filled with the desire to fight for their country; the girls to join the great motherhood to bear strong sons to fight for their country. The aim of all German boys is to be a fighting man. Blut und Ehre...

The Hitler Jugend has taken the place of the Boy Scouts and similar organizations in Germany. Their ideals conform with the national militaristic tendency. As scouting the world over emphasizes loyalty to country, so the Jugend movement is inculcated with intense patriotism. It is considered certain that the Germans will have to fight in the future, so their patriotism shows itself in intensive training to fit themselves for war. Membership in the Jugend is not compulsory, but is tacitly considered advisable for all boys from ten to eighteen. (At eighteen they graduate into the Labour Corps, and then enter the army for a period of military training.) Throughout the school year each Saturday is set aside for the Jugend. Unlike the Italian Balilla, which openly trains ten-year-olds as infant soldiers complete to uniform and rifle, the Hitler Jugend training is essentially athletic—run, games, P.T., and marching. Their uniform is comfortable and smart (see cut). Black corduroy shorts of bathing trunk dimensions, open-necked khaki shirt, black silk neckerchief and leather "turk's head" worn under the collar, black leather "Sam Brownish" belt, grey wool stockings—that is all. If it rains they yet wet, if the chill winds blow they feel them. The Jugend is trained to take it. Each year every boy spends a two-week period in camp, paying a fee of 11 RM ($3.75).

This last summer with a party of young Canadians I visited a youth camp for the Berlin units at Fürstenberg. Three hundred boys of the senior branch of the movement, from fourteen to eighteen years old, all from the Berlin slums, were in camp. Their aim was to qualify for the "sign"—a sort of Certificate—which requires a high physical standard and proficiency in various tests. An interesting sideline on their athletic training is in the Jugend version of the shot-put. The "shot" consists of a dummy hand grenade—a heavy cannonist on a wooden handle— which has to be tossed into a ten-foot circle at twenty paces. The same grenade is hurled for distance as the Scots hurl the hammer.

The camp at Fürstenberg was set in the centre of a beautiful pine wood by the side of a small lake. Two miles away were the buildings of a Labour Camp with dining hall and kitchens. We were quartered here, and here the boys came for their dinners and supper, singing as they marched from the camp. The camp itself was run on military lines. At the main gate was a rustic guard house with seven boys on sentry duty. When our party arrived the guard fell in and saluted us in Nazi style. The Jugend salute is the same as that of the army, with right arm fully extended at an angle of forty-five degrees. Civilians salute with arm bent, hand at shoulder level, palm outward. It is interesting to note that Hitler—Der Fuhrer as he is universally called—salutes halfway between the two with arm extended at shoulder level.

The main camp was divided into subcamps according to their political affinities. The boys are divided into political parties and the political activities are conducted as such.
to the age of the boys. Each section was raised off and included five or six army bell tents holding ten boys. These were lined with a foot depth of straw, the scanty belongings of the campers—a net blanket and the regulation pack—marking the owner's bed space. Each tent was lighted with electricity from the village. The leaders' tents and the guardhouse were connected with camp H.Q. by field telephone. There was also a complete field wireless station in the camp. All this equipment was army property, and its operation was part of the work for the "sign."

A striking feature was the elaborate decoration of the camp sites with moss and stone designs. "Blut und Ehre" recurred often, and a series of names—no more notable than John Smith. We inquired their significance and were told quite calmly that these were members of the Hitler Youth who had been murdered by the Communists! The Jugend is a serious business—no game of scouting.

Camp routine started with music at 6:30. Very strict discipline is maintained. One of the leaders told us that the younger boys bucked at first, but there is no getting away from the iron rule. Even the feeding was done on command. The boys filed in past the kitchen with their plates. For dinner they had a lump of boiled Hamburg steak and a ladle full of weepy gravy. On the tables were unlimited quantities of boiled potatoes and salt. That was the whole meal. When all were served and standing in their places the command was given and they settled down to eat. For supper—eye bread sandwiches with meat paste, and cocoa. For breakfast—eye bread and margarine, and eye coffee. The boys seemed to be thriving on this diet—indeed it was better than many of them got at home in their Berlin slum.

On the afternoon of our arrival we took on a team from the camp in a wild and woolly game called "rough ball." It is known over here as Stone Age rugby and is played with no rules and a football. Formalities of Olympic solemnity preceded the kickoff, with the whole camp singing from the sidelines. The crack German team wiped the field with us. We then tried them at soccer, but it was soon apparent that soccer is the German national sport. To add to our miseries it rained throughout.

That evening a closing "circus" was held in the Labour Camp hall, very little different from all such camp concerts. There was an inter-subcamp sing-song, a series of poetic recitations, a histrionic sketch, and the visiting Canadians sang "Old MacDonald had a Farm." The drum and trumpet band was given a chance to perform, and just about raised the roof with their traditional instruments (see cut). Among the visitors this evening was the local female unit of the Jugend. These "girl guides" wear open-necked shirt, chamois leather windbreaker with the distinctive Jugend arm band (black swastika on red and white stripes), and long black skirt. Their hair was, almost without exception, flaxen, long and braided!

A most impressive closing ceremony was dramatically set outside around a blazing fire. The camp commandant thundered to a silent hollow square for a good fifteen minutes. It was easy to see that he was telling Germany's glorious future, exhorting the boys to fit themselves to fight for their land. His voice rose higher and higher—suddenly he stopped. Then as the fire died down he pivoted slowly around and gave each boy present a penetrating stare. Dismissed—and in five minutes the companies were singing their way back to camp. An effective finale.

Blood and Honour? Yes, an unpleasant motto—but the spirit that those boys possess is justification for the means used to develop it. It is a grim outlook on life for boys in their teens, but are those young Germans so different from us? It is only the language that separates us—they smile the same smile and laugh with the same laugh, they look exactly the same...we are of the same stock. But the German youth has a fire in its veins that barely sparking into existence in the youth of Canada. Do we wait for another "Fuhrer" to come and pull us together?...to give us a motive...Blut und Ehre...?
In every library you will find a section devoted to poetry. But that there is, as a rule, comparatively little demand on the part of the general public for the volumes in that particular section. One gentleman, indeed, somewhat cynically remarked that the only occasion on which he had requested for poetical works was on the approach of the school examinations, at which time there was a considerable demand for annotated editions of Shakespeare's plays. Be that as it may, there is an undoubted tendency on the part of the general public to dispense with poetry as reading matter and to confine attention to prose; and I have sometimes wondered whether this tendency might not, at least in some measure, be due to a lack of appreciation of the real nature of poetry and of the pleasures it affords to its readers.

We have all met this form of literature during our school days; but many of us may, perhaps almost unconsciously, have formed the opinion that poetry was something written to be learned for repetition, or studied to pass an examination in English literature; and consequently that we have left school and are no longer required to stand up with our hands clasped behind our backs and repeat such classic pieces as "Friends, Romans, countrymen, and" and "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free," or to pass examinations, we have done with it, and may throw away our poetry-books as glibly as we discard our Latin grammars.

A moment's reflection, however,—if we care to indulge in it,—will dissipate this misapprehension. It will remind us that Shakespeare's play-goers entertained the Elizabethan play-goer before they became the subject of annotated editions for the matriculation class; that Tennyson's poems acquired such a popularity among the reading-public of the nineteenth century, that their author realized a considerable fortune from the sale of his works. Poetry, then, is something written for the general public, to give pleasure to the ordinary reader and not labour to the student. But what exactly is it, and what sort of pleasure does it afford?

When I first tried to find an answer to these questions some years after leaving school, I turned to the critical pronouncements of the poets themselves, and sought for a definition of poetry which might enlighten me as to its nature. But this is not a course I should care to recommend to others. Definitions of poetry by poets are as plentiful; but I found them far from enlightening. Here, for example, is Wordsworth's definition, "Poetry is the impassioned expression which is in the face of all science"—thrilling, no doubt, but not very lucid. Nor is Sir Philip Sidney's dictum that "Poetry is that which doth most delightfully teach knowledge of a man's self with a view to right conduct," much more explicit or alluring. Definitions of poetry, it appears, can only be understood by those who know what poetry is. For the rest of us the best method would seem to be to follow the advice of "Sapph". In the preface of one of his novels, "Sapph," after hinting that the book might be of this type or that, ends with the remark, "Oh well! Read the thing for yourself and find out." And so it is with poetry. The best, in fact the only method of discovering its nature is to read a poet and note the elements of which it is composed and the effect it produces upon the reader.

There is not time, in the brief space of this article, to follow that method in its entirety—the examination and analysis of a complete poem would take too long. But if it were followed out, I think the first element in the poem to strike the reader's attention would be the pictorial. As one reads poetry a series of pictures is projected on the screen of the imagination. Take, for example, the opening stanza of that spirited little narrative poem of Alfred Noyes, "The Highwayman;" the wind was a torrent of darkness among the giswy trees, the moon was a ghastly galloon tossed upon cloudy waves, the road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor, and the highwayman came riding—riding—riding, the highwayman, hearing up to the old inn-door.

In a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin, a coat of scarlet velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin; they fitted with never a wrinkle; his boots were up to the thigh.

And he rode with a jewelled twinkle, His pistol buts a twinkle.

His taper hilt a twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobble he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard, and he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred.

He whistled in tune to the window, and who should be waiting there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter.

Bump, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;

His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,

But he loved the landlord's daughter.

Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

There we have the landscape—the old inn among the trees with the white road stretching away over the heather-clad moorland; then the figure of the horsemann, a-glitter in the moonlight; the shadowy forms of the inn-keeper's daughter waving in the dark for her lover; the peaked face of the jealous ostler poring through the crack in the stable-door—a picture Hogarth might have drawn. Perhaps you have noticed that each picture carries the story on a stage like those of a soundless film—the setting, the coming of the robber, the waiting figure of the girl, the suggestion of future evil for the lovers in the spaying outler. And how simply and effectively it is all done.

Next to the pictorial, I think the musical element in poetry would attract the reader's notice. A poem cannot be read, even oneself, in the way in which prose is read. It has, in a fashion, to be chanted. Such lines as—

"And the highwayman came riding—riding—riding,

The highwayman came riding up to the old inn-door;''

go with a sort of fol-de-rol, like the chorus of a song, as indeed they do. Or take another lively little tune by the same author—

Go down to Kew in llac-time, in llac-time, in llac-time:

Go down to Kew in llae-time (it isn't far from London!)

And you shall wander hand in hand with love in Summer's:

Go down to Kew in llae-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry trees are sea of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,

The cherry trees are sea of bloom (and so, oh, so near to London!)

And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky

The caption, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

December, 1917
DECEMBER, 1937

up a poem casually to enjoy the sight of some new picture, or to refresh our memory of an old favourite; to listen once more to a familiar musical strain, or learn a new song. And

an occasional excursion into poetry will provide a change of literary diet, and allow us to return to our normal reading with a fresher interest and a greater zest.

SO YOU SAW

THE PLAYS!

"And who," they will all say, "ever told her she could write?" No one, I answer—and that is just the trouble. Give me credit for the fact that I have at least waited until my Fourth Year to submit an article to the Mitre. I might have snowed you under with bad articles three years past, but instead, the Mitre Board will have but one article of mine to condemn. My one regret is that I am such a long-winded writer, for I know how annoyed Board members will be at having to wade through this. However—I am going to write an article, the idea of which has tickled my fancy ever since I went into dramatics, namely—the plays as seen by a person behind the scenes. The plays are over again, and those involved are having a breathing space until such time as they can begin studying for exams. Without getting themselves talked about for indecent behaviour. The stage manager has crawled back into his shell of reserve minus the hammers and paint brushes he has been wielding of late. Foot-weary canvassers and advertisers are probably back in their respective armchairs reading Esquire and other weeklies. The harassed property manager can now visit his friends without their thinking that he has seen their horse-hair sofa and has an ulterior motive for coming. Producers' nightmares are becoming less violent with the lapse of time—they only recite half the play backwards now. The call boy's larynx is almost back to normal, and think how glad his radio audience will be to observe this. Actors still exhibit traces of make-up base behind their ears—but soon they will only have their still-frequent yawns to remind them that they were in the plays. One 'and all seem to be still catching up on lost sleep and lost shows. The morning after the plays, the most unhappily-looking individuals in the college were the three co-ed members of the Dramatic Society who turned up for first lecture—the other ninety and nine slept on, the lucky dogs!

I have often wondered if audiences realize how much they miss by having to sit in the front on hard chairs, when behind scenes people stand gnawing their fingers and feverishly turning pages to see "where in heaven's name the fool skipped to that tune?" And the thrill of seeing the actors at such close range! How charming they look with their faces aglow with melting grease-paint and healthy perspiration! And how beautiful is the heroine with her face all marked up with pencilled lines and blue shadows, her large, luminous eyes rimmed round with black slits, and her mouth enlarged likewise. Her dress is shining with a thousand sequins, and is so dirty you wonder if it could stand alone. Her costume fits her like a glove, and if you will observe closely she is sewed into her blue gown with large red stitches, while five horse-blanket safety pins lap the dress over about half a foot in the back. The hero looks muscular in his well-fitted red coat. (No wonder he looks muscular—his coat is so tight you can see every muscle and, the poor chap is afraid to inhale too deeply for fear two buttons will fly off.) An astigmatic gentleman shuffles in with two paunches—one above and one below the belt which is pulled tightly to keep the pillow in place.

I shall remember to the end of my days with what martial pomp and ceremony the Duke of Wellington's army marched beneath a certain hotel window in Brussels. Two members of the O. T. C. in windbreakers marched solemnly in single file under the gym window, armed with one bugle and one drum, and disappeared in the direction of the north.

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MITRE

THEIR LAUGH WHEN THEY SEE US COMING IN A SLEIGH—"
"THEY'LL CHEER WHEN WE HAND OUT THE SWEET CAPS!"
There were those who wanted them to play "The King's Horse and the King's Men," and on dress rehearsal night the hardly ancient elocution was "Colonel Bogey's March", instead of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." But all turned out all right in the end. On Saturday night it did sound as if the "Army" had been formed up outside for hours wait-
ing for Joseph's cue and the warning flashlight signal—but that, too, was corrected. Of course, there was the slightest awkwardness of the night Amelia said, "What's that?" in a dead silence, and the canon in the wings quickly bopped apologies for missing its cue.

And maybe you wouldn't have coughed naturally over cold tea those days old. Or perhaps you thought the dear ladies in Cranford really were rewarded for acting like sour-puss old maids by having real spirits. And oh, the agonies suffered by all when Peggy, in the latest, neatly made off with the oranges in necessary for the grand climax! Then there was the night Betsy Barker's cap fell off in the middle of a speech—and the lady calmly re-

"...But a line—" she said, looking through the haze, passing a leaf in the stalls. She looked as if she had a box of derelicts and everyone was worried. But after the dust cloud had settled on surrounding props and actor, who should it be but "Max," hiding behind "handlebar Hank" mastodon and under a shock of hair saturated with pow-
der. Speaking of mastodons—did Monsieur Victor nearly lose his, or was it emotion working his upper lip? "Sir, I box your eye!" and with each word wisp of mastodon face earthwards. Do you remember Shakespearean who, having heard what the, Conversations between the Misses Pole and Smith during Mrs. Forester's account of her pet humpbag? Well, yes, you have the thought they were speaking of the weather, but this is what they said: "Dear Miss Smith, you can get prepared to be heard. This is the most boring speech in the whole—"play!" You never spoke a truer word, Miss Pole. I never was so thoroughly bored with a play in a whole life!" Miss Pole tells us of the night she "bustled" past the front door during intermission. Caustic remarks such as: "Rumble seats are not fashionable" and "You've got something there," were hurled from the steps. Slash-
ing with mortification, she glanced around at her "trailing" and was relieved to see it just rounding the corner of the gym. You should have seen two of the more sprightly Cranfordians wiggle their butts to the tune of a snappy rhythm. It's an art!

The producers had a veritable "wailing wall" upstairs in the balcony room where they sat, hostile to the plays if so inclined, and trair their hair. They jabbered inco-
erent directions to deaf casts. Such ejaculations as: "My God, she shipped half a page!" and "Gag, you fool, gag!" muttered at intervals. We're glad that certain re-

And she? the night when right food relatives came from Quebec, Montreal and Sherbrooke to see their darlings—all in one play—perform. One of the reports a critic of a "delirium tremens," or the jitters, when, on making his grand entrance, he got tangled in the sparkling eyes of Mom and the kid sobs, who were seated no closer than the sec-

"...But Bunny, I've said that before!"

And oh! the night when right food relatives came from Quebec, Montreal and Sherbrooke to see their darlings—all in one play—perform. One of the reports a critic of a "delirium tremens," or the jitters, when, on making his grand entrance, he got tangled in the sparkling eyes of Mom and the kid sobs, who were seated no closer than the sec-

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THE BISHOP LOOKS DOWN

ON CHOOSING A BOOK IN THE LIBRARY

You can be reasonably sure of one thing when you enter any library, and that is that the book which you are looking for will not be in. This has its advantages sometimes, and leads to a happy evening with a novel, doubly justified, since the book which you meant to study is out. In this way, the inductious student can be a public benefactor.

The troubles of the faithful worker are few as far as choosing books is concerned. He diligently takes down the names of books to which reference has been made in lectures, runs up to the library directly afterwards, and loads up. His only thrill is that of figuring out where 270-G, 38 GE is, and of groveling before the ground floor of a bookcase, vainly, only to find the book awaiting him on the reserve shelf.

If you are one of those people who read principally for pleasure, do not be the sort of pig who spits a dozen new books on the shelf, takes home six, and who finds, by the time they must be returned, that he has only had time to read one of them, and never gives a thought to all the people who might have been enjoying the other five. Undoubtedly, there is a certain fascination about a new book; the very smell of it is alluring. Even in school-days a new text-book was viewed with interest not wholly from the fact that it was a temporary release from the old routine. To turn the pristine pages of a new book produces in almost all an irresistible impulse to read it.

A few years ago, the character of a book might be determined at a glance. Fiction alone was dressed in brilliant colours, while its pages were scattered with pictures of short-waisted heroines and young heroes in hard straw hats. The advent of the recent novel of the soul has done away with all such illustrations. Instead, there is a lurid design upon a paper cover which clacks the soul within, and a cryptic title. Always investigate these, or you will be disappointed. If you read "The Noon" (for instance) and expect to enjoy a good juicy hanging, it will probably turn out to be the tragic inner life of a Chinese cook. Likewise, weightier literature is no longer enclosed between brown covers with black lettering. Deepest philosophy can now be pink with designs in black and gold.

So do some experimenting. Read some of the old books as well as the new, and never leave the library with empty hands when the book which you came for is not in.

Miss J. Macnab.
The Mitre

December, 1937

You should not have too sensitive a stomach if you wish to read this book (so well documented and so restrained that every word seems true), and perhaps you will turn from it for a breath of fresh air even if you have curiosities inside. But the strongest reason for disliking the whole Soviet experiment comes not from the brutalities, famines, and sufferings recorded—these we have had recorded in other books ad nauseam—but, as Smith shows, it comes to us from the knowledge that fear is the modern Czar. Everywhere these two travelled they found that King Fear dominated all associations and persons, making its subjects object slaves. In Russia, as elsewhere, Fear breeds nothing but evil, cruelty, indifference to the rights and wrongs of others, intrigues and panics.

—Gerald Malfatt.

In a northern clime there's a particular charm about bright colourful flowers for Christmas.

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THE LAW OF THE WAITER

(With apologies to R. (sometimes non-existent) Service)

This is the Law of the Waiter, and even Bib makes it plain, "Send not your foolish and feeble; send us your strong and your sane.

Strong for the mad rush of serving; sane, for we barry them sorely.

Send us men gilt for the combat, men who can take—and give more.

Swift as the greyhound in dashing from kitchen to hall with the meat.

Eyes of an eagle for spotting the need of more good things to eat.

Send us the best for our feeding, (we are the chosen ones), Waiters to tend to our bonne—then will Bibs call her sons."
NOTES AND COMMENTS

As this goes to print there is already in evidence a growing interest in studies, and one wonders if the fact that exams are nearly upon us could have anything to do with it.... The OAK sign has become altogether too popular, in many cases being used merely to insure privacy, and not only for the purpose of indicating that the occupant of the room is studying. One lad is noticed to have nailed the card to his door, or should we say riveted.... The approaching exams are also indicated by the fact that the professors are winning their badminton games.... and there is a growing interest in afternoon teas.... the noises in the buildings have diminished and the professors are being treated with much more respect.... Too bad that winter has cut short interest in gardens, but there is always June. And with the approach of exams one hears the same resolutions that one hears before every exam, to quote a few: "By gods I'm going to get a first this Christmas.... And I won't cram the way I did last year.... Say those Christmas exams count a lot on the finals...." And from that point it would do me the world of good, then I could stay in at nights and study.... I'm going to settle right down to work.... If I'm studying when you come to wake me up.... A little more headache cure and less ice this time.... and so on ad infinitum.

Have the Norris boys grown homoeic and dig themselves a glory hole? Has Pharo been looking for material? Is Al Gay back, and finally missed his aim on one of his expeditions around the quad; or has someone done as has been so long threatened and set off a nick of dynamite in the quad? No, all that happened was that a car backed into the hydrant, and the resulting gusher required an excavating so that all might be brought under control. Some mud, by George.

Although things in the kitchen are admitted to be in the pink of condition, yet there is an opinion prevalent amongst those who eat at the University that the students don't seem to have enough pull with the cooks.

Oh, that Loyola week-end nearly had a disastrous end-

THE MITRE

DECEMBER, 1937

CLUBS

The O. T. C. or the U.B.C.C.O.T.C. as it is sometimes known, got away to a successful start this year with the Annual Smoker. The boys were fortunate enough to have Archdeacon Scott address them on pacifism versus militarism. The enrollment in the corps is somewhat larger than last year and it is hoped that there will be a larger percentage of A certificats.

The Political Discussion Group held its first meeting of the year in the reception room, on Thursday, October 21. The topic discussed was the Ontario elections; however, this did not bar a certain amount of criticism of Mr. Duf- fleas and his policies. The discussion was incited by N. B. Pichler, B.A., and the speakers were prompted by Prof- essor Boothroyd.

DEBATING

The first debate of the year was held in the common room on Thursday, October 14. The audience consisted of 3 professors, 21 male students, and horror of horrors, 3 co-ed's, yes and in the common room too. Geoffrey Murray was the chair.

The leader of the affirmative was Lincoln Magor, senior freshman, and the opposing was an occupant of the Purple room. He defined the terms of the resolution and explained how the Dutch Treat would minimize graft in politics.

The first speaker of the negative was J. Craig, who treated the social aspect of the case, his argument being that the Dutch treat would do away with a great source of satisfaction to the girls. W. Giles was the second speaker of the negative. He argued that the Dutch treat lawsuits are the social pariah, and he complained that now too much emphasis is laid on the car and on the money by the modern girls.

The second speaker for the negative, W. Talk, felt that the abolishment of Dutch treat was a step forward in civilization and that a Dutch treat was trying to have one's cake and eat it. J. Schellar was the last speaker on the affirmative side. He told the audience that Dutch treat would allow the girls to make dates, allowing such a bashful flush as himself to be dated. B. C. Winstead, the last speaker of the negative, dealt more fully with this point and pictured the previous speaker sitting by the fireside waiting for an invitation. He expresses admiration for the nerve and concrect of Mr. Carroll.

There was a short rebuttal allowed the affirmative, at the conclusion of which Mr. Magor stated that the negative arguments were like a pretzel—"no sense of direction and full of holes." The decision was awarded the affirmative.

The first in a series of Inter-University debates was held in Convocation Hall on Monday, November 1, when a team of debaters representing the MaritimeS, consisting of C. A. Mercer of Acadia and E. Ritchie of Mount Allison, met and defeated a Bishop's team consisting of D. F. Mc- Ouat and H. T. Holden. The resolution was: "Resolved that this house welcomes the existence of the Atlantic Ocean."

Amongst the points stressed by the negative were that the Ocean tended to isolate the continent from the culture of the Old World and they stressed the fact that culture could not be brought across in a fishing boat. They also argued that the present advantages that are derived from the Atlantic Ocean are small compared to those which would have been derived had the island of Atlantic not been submerged.

The affirmative maintained that the Atlantic has been responsible for the very existence of Canada culturally, politically and in every other way. The Atlantic put Can- ada in a position to view the European affairs from the proper perspective, and yet enabled her to benefit from all of the advantages that Europe has to offer.

The decision was awarded to the negative team by the judges: J. K. Flaherty, F. A. C. Diamond, and R. C. Ward.

The first Inter-Faculty debate of the season was held on Thursday, November 14, when an Arts team defeated the traditional winners of the Skinner trophy, Divinity. The Arts team was led by Pete Greenwood, the second speaker J. Starnes and, last but not least, the president of debating himself, Jeff Murray, who deserted the chair to lead his team to a victory. The resolution was: "Resolved that men's clothes are more practical than women's."

The Divinity team was led by veteran of many an inter-Faculty debate, E. S. Davis, followed by B. C. West- gate, and Will Robinson. From the very opening the de- bate promised to be an interesting one. Pete Greenwood first convinced us that the topic was a simple one to argue, stating: "The things that are nearest to us are the things that are the easiest to discuss." He drew us a picture of the average student in the University attaining himself in the garb of a co-ed, and told us of the disadvantages, prin- cipally that one would have to rise about five minutes earlier to adorn themselves in female apparel. This point obviously seemed greatly to swing opinion to his side. He continued to describe articles of female apparel ending up with uncomplimentary comments about the mode in wom- en's coats.

The second speaker was the leader of the negative, E. S. Davis, and from the moment he rose the audience real- ized that his arguments were too much for him to carry. He had his notes, and with evident effort he was repeatedly asked before he had said a word. His arguments in favor of women's clothes were that in the first place men got
their clothes from women, women being the first to wear trousers.

The high point of the debate was the talk given by Starnes, the second speaker of the affirmative. He had the spirit of the affair. He explained how trousers would camouflag the curse of "cavalry men's legs," and stated that there were a number of women who would benefit from wearing this article of men's dress. His arguments concluded with an enumeration of the advantages of the pyjamas over the nightdress.

Weerige, the second speaker on the negative side, told us that the constant changing of women's dress was due to the fact that they were sensitive to the necessity of change whereas men were not.

The last speaker of the Arts team was Geoff Murray who told us how much more practical man's dress was as compared to woman's both in cost and in durability, and showed how man's lack of desire to be different allowed manufacturers to supply clothes in bulk, and thus at a cheaper rate.

Robinson, the last speaker for the negative, approached the subject with the aid of a copy of "The Rotarian" from which he read quotations several times to prove that women's dress is more suitable to her than is man's evening dress, both from the point of view of convenience and comfort. He told us much of the zipper which he claims will cut down the length of time required by a woman to dress.

There were two short rebuttals by the leaders of the negative and affirmative team respectively. The decision was given to Arts by the judges, the Dean of Divinity, the warden of the Divinity house, and Professor Boothroyd.

P. D. G.

N. D. Pilcher

The Political Discussion Group has not blossomed forth as we might well expect it to do in these stirring times. While our freedom is being taken away from us and while our decadent civilization appears to draw near to its appointed end, we complacently regard the scene of war and struggle with the hope that somehow we shall escape it all.

In a recent news bulletin of the N.P.C.U.S. there is an article by that venerable gentleman Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, M.P., the leader of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. He points out with what misgivings the youth of Canada at present regard politics. Mr. Woodsworth urges university men and women "to throw themselves into a political campaign to save Canada." He believes that twenty high-minded, capable, young Canadians could do the job. Would that Bishop's could be represented among the twenty! A new dawn appears to be breaking in Canada. Soon our youth will regard politics with deep interest and some will choose it as a definite career.
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THE MITRE

DECEMBER, 1937

GOLF

Another grand golfing season has passed for those golfers making unfortunate to live in this part of the country, and so we will have to content ourselves with talking old man par for a verbal beating, whenever post-mortems are held over the highlights of the past season, and visions of greater golfing prowess during the next year are brought to mind. But despite the fact that the golfing season is over, those interested in the Royal and Ancient sport are optimistic over its future prospects at Bishop’s, since the golf tournament almost reached the semi-finals this year, and except for a little matter of the flags being removed and the holes filled in, might have been finished by the end of November. This indicates that it is not altogether unjustifiable to hope that some year it may be completed. The only way that the golfing Cup can be won by someone this year will be to adopt Professor Boochter’s suggestion that the remaining matches be played next term on snowshoes; at least, if he points out, there will be no rough to get out of. Failing this Oswald Pye, A. V. L. Mills, Ian MacLean, Jeff Scott, and W. Lunderville, who still remain in the hunt, will try to contend for honours in the summer when four-fifths of the students do four-fifths of their annual work, and thus make any organized sport almost impossible. So the Mere-ditch Cup still reposes in all its state and dust, under lock and key in a niche in the Reception Room, where it has remained for quite some time, the last occasion on which it left its stand being two years ago, when it was presented to the last winner, and then returned to its hiding place within five minutes. Since T. C. Stevens has practically guaranteed us to top the future "Trends in Golfing Fashions," Owen Carter on "The Preservation of Our Golfing Democracy," and R. A. Rivett on "How Liquor Has Influenced My Golf," it is suggested that a golfing banquet be held early next term for all those who are interested, either in golf itself, or in the subjects to be discussed.

FOOTBALL—POST-MORTEM

On the theory that a sleeping dog, put to bed by a very tame Rugby banquet, should not be awakened, we will let future ball sessions thrust out the good and bad points of a disappointing season, and as always, look forward to future years for more successful gridiron campaigns.

INTER-YEAR RUGBY

As the challenge of the Third Year powerhouse was not taken up by either the Freshmen or Second Year there were no Inter-Year rugby games played this autumn, and so the graduating class will have to be satisfied with looking forward to a win in the Inter-Year hockey competition, which they were prevented from winning last winter by rather dubious means.

SOCCER

S. J. D.

This seems to be Bishop’s bad year in the field sports, but each cycle has every team that has produced champions in the past. We have not been able to produce any victories of our soccer bag o’ tricks, but we have bad some very close games, and always finished with plenty of pep.

Last year we were fortunate enough to get uniforms; this year we entered a league. Cookshire and Lemnosville were our rivals. We played two games against each team losing to Lemnosville 2-0 on both occasions and to Cookshire by scores of 2-1 and 1-0. The scores indicate the closeness of the play. Our bitterer disappointment was losing the last game to Cookshire—we had slightly more of the play than they did and almost scored on several occasions—we hoped to get at least one point, but fate was against us and with two minutes to go Cookshire scored.

Lemnosville won the league and the trophy. Those who can play for Bishop’s next year are looking forward with high hopes for more tough games.

It would be difficult to pick out any stars in the team, because everybody played as well as they could for the full ninety minutes of every game. Barclay Weegate was a great source of strength in the first three games—unfortunately the old injury to his knee prevented him playing in the last game. Walter Wood played well in goal especially in the last game. Fred Bunbury was a capable manager and arranged all the details of games in a satisfactory manner. We hope, this year, to be able to present crests to those who have played in the ‘rugge’ games.


Final League Table

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Bishop’s

ROAD RACE

Each of the five members of the Second Year team was supposedly able to run a mile in less than five minutes, yet First Year came in the winner by a considerable margin, in a five-mile inter-year relay race held here on November 13, proving that hot air cannot win a contest of this sort. It was the Freshmen who proved themselves the ablest mountain goats, by the way in which they manoeuvred the hilly course, and who are thus daily ex-
DECEMBER, 1937

THE MITRE

I buy my clothes at ROSENBLOOM'S THE STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS in Sherbrooke

Rosenbloom's firmly believe that there is no better way of doing business than the simple method of giving better quality, smarter style and greater value.

pected to endorse the sodden cereal they eat for breakfast. So the Dunn Cup, emblematic of their victory, which has for several years reposed in all its tarnished glory under lock and key, deservedly goes to a First Year team composed of E. G. Smith, Schuck, Walters, Talk, and Cooper. A view of the fifteen contestants, struggling in at widely separated intervals, and clad in a ghastly variety of colours, gave rise to the thought that there were several who would find themselves at home in the cavalry. The run itself was just as much a test of endurance as actual speed, and as soon as the race was over most of the competitors began a hearty meal while the rest did just the opposite, if you get what we mean.

BASKETBALL

We asked our plump basketball manager the other day for a statement about the prospects of this year's team. He seemed very enthusiastic, which is unusual for anyone connected with sports at the College this year, and prophesied a successful season for his charges, who have already gone down to a 44-30 defeat against a combination of the T. M. C. A. Blues and Reds. As he points out the former were last year's champions and were augmented in this game; so he was in the close score of this encounter a token that basketball may have a moderately successful year, although he very wisely wants it understood that he is not prepared to make any great predictions, and suffer the fate of those over optimistic football prophets. We also understand that a few players who made the team when interest in the game was slack will be forced to earn their places this year. And who is the unsuspecting fellow who has taken on the task of teaching our female basketball team the finer points of the sport?

BADMINTON

Laughter! Tumult! Disorder! What is it? No it's not the McGill team attending a Bishop's tea dance—it's only the vice-President of the Students' Council presiding over a badminton meeting held in the middle of November, to decide as to who should rule over the destinies of this sport for the coming year. To start off proceedings Mr. Stevens was asked to leave the gathering, and then a badminton committee proposed by the Students' Council and consisting of Prof. Elton Scott, Miss A. B. MacDougall and Miss P. F. E. Baker, J. M. Gibeau and W. L. Delaney was elected by those present. Now that badminton is in full swing, perhaps the Christian examinations explain why the Professors are to be seen walking off the courts with smiles of victory on their faces more often than usual. As customary it is planned to send a team to outlying districts, but we hear that the girls will be left behind unless they are willing to pay their expenses, which shows what an evil effect this generation is having on the principles of badminton chivalry.

SKIING

Although it is the most neglected of all minor sports at Bishop's, which is saying a lot, skiing seems destined to become far more popular this year since great interest has been evinced in it already. With almost thirty devotees having declared their willingness to organize some sort of a club here, there is no reason why skiing cannot usurp the place of badminton as the most popular minor winter sport at the College. Since this pastime ranks as a major activity at most Canadian colleges it is hoped that it will get suitable recognition and attention at Bishop's. It has been aptly suggested that a skiing-week-end be held sometime this winter at a nearby resort, perhaps in the White Mountains, since they are so convenient, for everyone who has ever hobbled about on skis, or even for those who can provide a couple of old tennis racquets for use as snowshoes. Any one who has been on one of these trips can vouch for the fact that there is more to them than meets the eye.

HOCKEY

With the end of the examinations at hand, or with Christmas just a few days off, depending on whether it takes three or four weeks to print the Mitre, it is only natural that we should come to think once more of Canada's national sport. Muffled curses emanating from the battered old rink remind us that its able caretaker, Mr. Lefty Merrill, sixty-year old young, is hard at work uniting early in the morning, freezing his whiskers and trying to produce a sheet of ice that will measure up to the high standards he has set and maintained for over a quarter of a century at Bishop's. Our debonair young hockey manager, before retiring into his northern wilderness, repeats the familiar statement that a successful season is in the offing. But either he is very convincing or else there is something to what he says; it is somehow assuring to think that over twenty candidates are turning out for Junior hockey, and that quite a few of last year's Intermediate team will again be in evidence. Let us hope that quantity goes hand in hand with quality because we understand that there will be enough goalkinders to fill half a dozen nets, while no defence we have that stalwart centre and resolve law defier, John Starnes, from last winter's squad, the ancient capital's bloodhope, Le Mez. Carter, and that "veteran breaker of more things than rugby lines," Jack Martin. For the forward line are available captains Dago Knox, who we hope will have more success with a forest of sticks this winter than he did in the summer, those wild waterers, the Peterson brothers, and Norman Geff, that musical
TABLE TENNIS

Ping-pong is now hitting its stride. Bishop's since four bars have already been stolen and one broken over the table. The inter-building tournaments have been going strong this autumn, but the consistent victories of the New Arts representative over T. C. Stevens, who is doing his best to uphold the reputation of the Old Arts in indoor athletics, have made the competitions somewhat monotonous. It is announced that a ping-pong tournament will be held sometime next term if any opposition can be provided for the New Arts players; if not this building will hold a competition of its own. The vice-president of the Students' Council still refuses to believe that that golf field day was not a financial success, and so he has sported the kind of fees of its able sponsors to organize the ping-pong contest, and will conduct the affair himself; he has already expressed the hope for many entrance fees.

The Mitre

December, 1937

EXCHANGE

It has been noticed before than that at this time of the year the Exchange Department has had little work to do, the reason being that not many college magazines are published in the early months of the term. As there have been very few magazines received during the present term, our interests are, of necessity, monopolized by college newspapers—dailies, weeklies, and semi-weeklies.

The "McGill Daily," the most regular of the newspaper is, as usual, filled with articles of interest to us. Perhaps the one which created the greatest stir amongst the residents of Bishop's was the editorial "Years of Discretion." One feels that enough has been said about this article, but some statements certainly could well be used to describe resident life at U. B. C. Says the "Daily": "Smaller universities are the worst offenders. Their officials seem to have a downright distrust of human nature. The college student is frequently treated as if he were a smutty-faced, little prep-school kid." However this article points out to us that there are many universities which treat their students far worse than we realize, and compared to them we get off very well at Bishop's. A university in Texas forbids smoking, drinking, dancing, gambling, betting, attendance of movies, "coeds'" use of cosmetics, and even organized sports and games. And so we see that the conditions here are not so bad after all, even if sometimes we are made out to be school children under the guidance of a few who are not what we don't what we shouldn't.

In reply to the banning of the picture "The Life of Emilie Zola" by the Board of Censors of the Province of Quebec, the McGill Social Problems Club has drawn up a resolution, which should not be considered unreasonable in a democratic country, to be presented to the Board of Censors. In the resolution they point out that: Whereas the picture contains no scenes offensive to any religious or political group; whereas most reviewers consider the picture highly artistic and educational; whereas the picture has been approved in English-speaking Canada and the rest of Canada; and whereas no explanation of the ban was given, the Board should reconsider their decision. All those who have read this article will agree with me that the Social Problems Club should be encouraged as far as possible in this matter. The picture is undoubtedly one of the finest productions of the year, and has a considerable educational value. The banning of this film will cause just as much harm as good. There are many thousands in this province, including our handful at Bishop's, who are disgusted with the Board of Censors and who shall be greatly disappointed in having to miss this highlight of the 1937 film productions.

The Gateway from the University of Alberta must be congratulated for its fine variety of articles in which we always find plenty of humor. Almost every college paper in the Dominion has been reproving from this paper an article entitled "The Chemical Composition of Women." It is impossible to reprint all of it, but here are a few extracts: The element Women is found in the human family, and has been assigned the symbol WO. The accepted atomic weight is 120, but isotopes have been identified having a number of weights ranging from 93 to 400. It is abundant in nature, usually associated with Man.

Physical Properties: The colour exhibited by many specimens is a surface phenomenon, and is usually due to a closely adhering powder. It has been found that an unpolished specimen tends to turn green in the presence of a highly polished one. The boiling point of some varieties is quite low, while others are likely to freeze at any moment. All varieties melt under proper treatment.

Chemical Properties: WO absorbs, without dissolving in, a number of liquids, the acidity being greatly increased by alcohol. Many naturally occurring varieties are highly magnetic. In general, the magnetism varies with the cube of the age. Many variation, being highly explosive, are exceedingly dangerous in inexperienced hands. All varieties exhibit a great affinity for Ag, Au, and Pt, and for precious stones both in chain and ring structures.

Uses: Highly ornamental, wide application in the arts and domestic sciences. Arts as a positive or negative catalyst at the case may be. Useful as a tonic in the alleviation of suffering, sickness, low spirits, etc. Etc. Etc. Efficient as a cleaning agent, and to equalize the distribution of wealth. Probably the most powerful (income) reducing agent known.

Here's news for the science students . . . The Gateway says that, according to the Bureau of Educational Surveys, Organic Chemistry is the hardest subject of a college course. "According to the study, science courses as a group are a major source of difficulty, with history, particularly ancient, medieval, and European, not far behind. Study of Shakespeare's plays rates hardest of the English literature courses. The subjects most baffling, in order of their difficulty, are: Organic chemistry, statistics, physics, general psychology, inorganic chemistry, economics, political sci-
en, general biology, history of middle ages, history of Europe, English literature." Now we are convinced that Divinity students have a cinch course!

The Queen’s University Journal reprints an article on "The Originality of Dartmouth Students" which gives some points brought out at a quiet at that university. The subject was the Japanese invasion of China. The opinions of the students were divided; some were for China, others for Japan. One student said that we should let Japan go ahead because in former years other countries have expanded their empires by similar methods. Another said that since the yellow races multiplied as fast as white rats, the only solution as far as he could see, was birth control or war every twenty years or so, and since it isn’t birth control, it’s war.

Now that all controversy on Freshman Rules has died down we find from the Queen’s Journal that Queen’s has revised freshman regulations. At the beginning of this year Queen’s abolished all freshman regulations, but in the middle of last month they realized the error of their ways, and so the freshmen must now don their regalia and bow to Seniors. The Seniors of Queen’s realized that freshman rules are the only way to control the unruly first year. So, better late than never, its freshman rules once more as Queen’s.

The editor of The Silhouette, a small publication from McMaster University, makes use of his sense of humour in: "College men go through hectic cycles. As freshmen they are dumb and they know it. As sophomores they don’t know it but they are still dumb. Upon turning to juniorhood their professors proclaim they are dumb but they don’t care. In the senior year, they think the professors are dumb, and the professors don’t care."

In The Manitoban there was an intelligent editorial entitled "Armistice Day—A Condemnation and A Defence." In the condemnation the writer says that since the war humans have formed a habit of building monuments to their mistakes. "Why the day on which a starving and prostrate nation was finally brought to her knees should be celebrated we do not know. Armistice is the day on which the soldier tries to gloss over the horrors of war. The families of those men whom he forced to live like vermin, he tries to satisfy, by telling them that their loved ones made the supreme sacrifice. The sacrifice was useless for the war destroyed but gained nothing. The soldier needs Armistice day to commend himself. The soldier is destructive, the pacifist constructive. The pacifist does not always love mankind but he does not hate him enough to kill him. It will be a new mortality when people begin to attend to the big things, rather than the infinitesimal."

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In the Defence it is stated that the history of the last twenty years has the appearance of futility, inspired leadership that has misled its followers and failed in its aims. "No longer can we call it an armistice day—that aspect has ceased to have any practical value, but we can observe it as a remembrance day for those unfortunate idealists who believed they were contributing to the building of a new world. Neither were they entirely mistaken: the fault lies not wholly with their generation. Weakness and indecision in the modern race of peace seekers and negative submission is now the trouble. Our purpose is not served by saying that they died in vain or by regretting objectively to the faculty of their death. If this is all we can do to show that we appreciate the value of their ideals we must have become sadly degraded. It is up to us to do all we can to prevent war, actively and passionately, with a forward policy of enlightened international co-operation, and we must realize that in the last analysis we may find it necessary to fight for our own security—and hope to God that it will not be in our generation."

A little magazine "Acadia Athenaeum" from Acadia University is the best magazine we have received among recent Exchanges. It contains a well-balanced amount of material with good write-ups of the college activities and also fine articles of literary nature.

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GRADUATES

... to give some information about the graduates is the purpose of this column! But when little or no information is available, the column falls hopelessly in its purpose, and might as well be excluded from the pages of the Mitre. For this issue we have some material, but unless a great deal of information is received before the February issue, we fear it will contain no columns for graduates.

In view of the seriousness of this situation I beseech you to send in any and all information you can gather about other graduates and former members of your own class. Since so many of them are at present living in Canada (many even in Quebec), the task should not be too Herculean... Merry Christmas.

The Rev'd Canon F. R. Roy, M.A., LVI. '99, has been appointed rector of Waterville, and will also be in charge of North Hatley and Hatley.

We extend our congratulations to the Rev'd Canon R. H. Waterman, B.A. '34, D.D., who has been appointed Dean of the Niagara Diocese.

A. R. Ames, B.A. '34, has gone to England to take post-graduate work at the University of Leeds.

George Whalley, B.A. '35, has recovered from a partial concussion which he received last spring. He rowed on the Oriel College eight '37, and has every chance of making next year's Oxford eight. He spent the summer at the Scout Jamboree, Holland, on the Norfolk Broads, and in the Black Forest, Germany, and will be home for Christmas.

W. J. W. Hodges, B.A. D.D. '35, has associated himself with Dr. Wilkinson, Flemington and Bell in the practice of dentistry at 1224 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal.

Miss Geraldine Lane, B.A. '36, has received the appointment of Principal of the high school at Inverness, Que.

The Rev'd W. H. King, B.A. '37, is a junior curate on a staff of five in a parish in the East end of London. His address is: The Rector, White Horse Lane, Stepney, London E. I.

William Mitchell, B.A., B.C.L. '31, is now living at 1180 Bradford Place, N.D.G., Montreal.

J. H. Jeffers, B.A., M.D. '37, is Vice-Principal of Crescent School, Toronto. His address is A.P. 28, 135 Yorkville Ave., Toronto.

Mr. Hamilton Ryder, B.A. '36, and Mrs. Ryder (Miss Margaret Fuller, B.A. '27), have left Waterville for St. Hyacinthe, where Mr. Ryder has joined the staff of a large manufacturing plant.

Gerald Cameron, B.A. '34, is taking his M.A. in Speech at Columbia University, New York. He has also secured a position with Labor Stage, and is stage manager of a new play "Pins and Needles" which will be produced shortly.

H. Bruce Munro, B.A. '34, has been appointed one of the governors of the Sherbrooke Hospital.

D. B. Ames, M.A. '29, Ph.D. (Yale), has been promoted Assistant Prof. of Mathematics at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

Reg. Turpin, B.A. '37, has joined the staff of the Ste. Anne Paper Co. Ltd., and is working in the control room.

Rev'd J. Barnett, L.L.D. '29, former curate of the Quebec Cathedral, is now rector of Maple Grove, Quebec.

Rev'd R. C. Boyle, L.L.D. '37, sailed recently to England for a holiday trip.

D. H. Codjouo, B.A. '36, is in the employment of the Superheater Co., Sherbrooke, Que.

K. H. Annett, B.A. '37, who has just recovered from ill health, is at his home in Gaspe, Que.

A. P. Bishonnett, B.A. '36, is in the employment of the Shawinigan Power Co. He is stationed in Montreal.

I. P. Macintosh, B.A. '37, is now studying Medicine at Laval University.

H. B. Millar, B.A. '36, M.A. '37, was a recent visitor at the college. He was stationed at Eginae, Ont., in the Orono. Diocese, for the month of October, and is now curate of St. John's Church, Smith Falls, Ontario.

J. Mittenan, B.A. '37, is in the employment of the S. Rubin Co., Sherbrooke, Que.

Rev'd Russell Brown, B.A. '33, has charge of the Missionary work in the Peace River district at Fort St. John, in northern British Columbia.

John Michaelis, B.A. '35, after spending several months in Palestine, is now residing in London, Eng.

Albert Baldwin, M.C. '31, '34, has charge of the mission of Bala in the Diocese of Algoma during the summer months. He will spend the winter at Brachridge, and hopes to return here next autumn.

Among the recent visitors at Bishop's was the Rev. G. W. Caron, M.C.'22, who is now rector of the parish of Leeds, Ontario.

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Wishing you a Merry Christmas.

J. A. GERVAIS

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