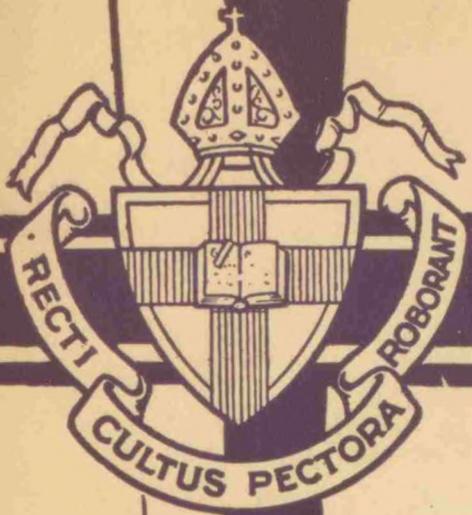
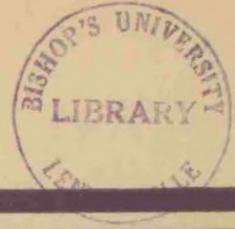


NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY



The Mitre

VOL. 45 NO. 4

APRIL

1938

University of Bishop's College Lennoxville, Que.

FOUNDED 1843

ROYAL CHARTER 1853

THE ONLY COLLEGE IN CANADA FOLLOWING THE
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE PLAN OF THREE LONG
ACADEMIC YEARS FOR THE B.A. AND B.Sc. DEGREES

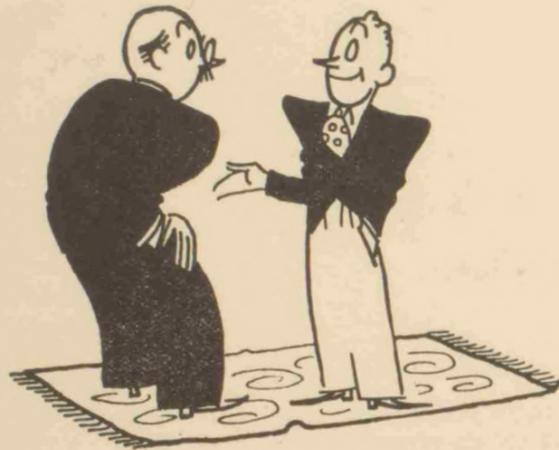


Complete courses in Arts, Science in Arts and Divinity. Post-graduate courses in Education leading to High School Diploma. Residential College for men. Women students admitted to lectures and degrees. Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions. The College is beautifully situated at the junction of the St.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

For information, terms and calendars, apply to:

THE REV. A. H. MCGREER, D.D., PRINCIPAL, or

THE REGISTRAR, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



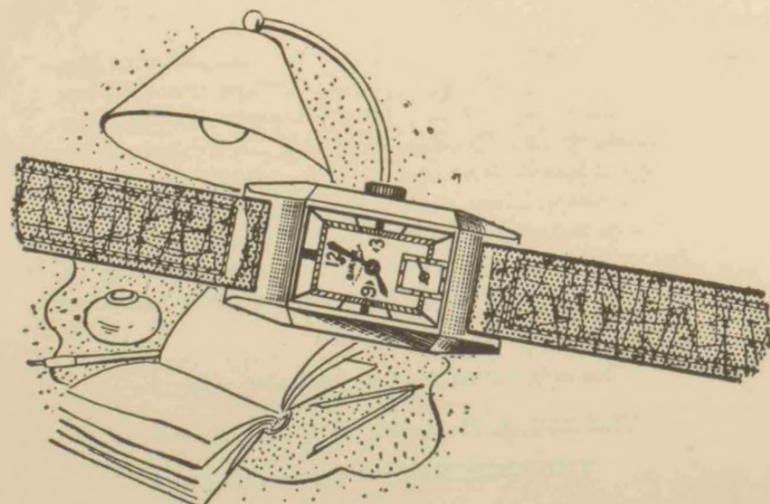
Students' Accounts Welcome

Take a Tip from FATHER

Fathers as a rule have quite a useful fund of knowledge . . . and much of the knowledge is fact. So next time you are home ask him whether he thinks saving money and establishing your credit with the bank is worth the trouble.

When, from his own rich experience, he has finished answering your question, drop in to our nearest branch and open a savings account. It's a wise move on your part and one that will please your Dad.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA



The Challenger . . . your guarantee of good time.
A sturdy Watch that will please the modern young man.

STRAP BRACELET, 15-JEWEL GUARANTEED MOVEMENT . . . 25.00

HENRY BIRKS AND SONS LIMITED

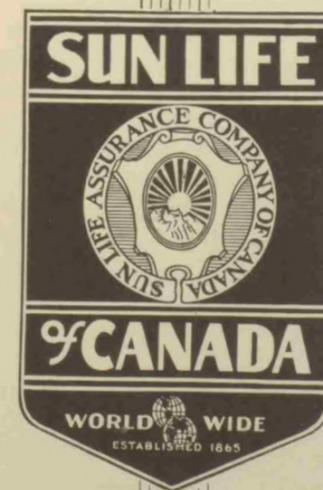
Brown, Montgomery & McMichael

Advocates, Barristers, &c.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Hon. Albert J. Brown, K.C. | George H. Montgomery, K.C. |
| Robert C. McMichael, K.C. | Warwick F. Chipman, K.C. |
| Frank B. Common, K.C. | Orville S. Tyndale, K.C. |
| Thomas R. Ker, K.C. | Wilbert H. Howard, K.C. |
| Lionel A. Forsyth, K.C. | Eldridge Cate |
| C. Russell McKenzie, K.C. | Paul Gauthier |
| J. Leigh Bishop | Claude S. Richardson |
| J. Angus Ogilvy | F. Campbell Cope |
| John G. Porteous | Hazen Hansard |
| G. Featherston Osler | John de M. Marler |
| George S. Challies | George H. Montgomery, Jr. |
| Charles M. Drury | André Forget |

Cable Address "JONHALL"

360 ST. JAMES STREET WEST, MONTREAL



HEAD OFFICE

MONTREAL

BOOKS from all Publishers

GIFTS for Everyone

CARDS for all Occasions



Rosemary Gift Shop

2 DUFFERIN AVENUE

Sherbrooke, Que.

The Mitre

ESTABLISHED 1893

DR. W. O. RAYMOND
Hon. Vice-Pres.

REV. DR. F. G. VIAL
Hon. President

REV. ELTON SCOTT
Hon. Vice-Pres.

EXECUTIVE BOARD

S. J. DAVIES
President

W. J. ROBINSON
Vice-Pres.-Editor

G. H. LAIRD
Sec.-Treas.

J. M. GIBEAU
Advertising Manager

R. M. FYFE
Circulation Manager

LITERARY BOARD

P. G. EDGELL
W. L. DELANEY

Miss G. McCRAE
A. V. L. MILLS

Miss F. BRILHART
Miss P. A. WIGGETT

F. M. BUNBURY
L. S. MAGOR

O. H. SEVEIGNY
G. H. TEMPLE

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

CONTENTS

| | |
|--|------------------------------|
| EDITORIAL - - - - - | p. 5 |
| FEATURE ARTICLE: | |
| Criticism Criticized - - - - - | Prof. E. K. Moffatt 6 |
| ARTICLES: | |
| A Squall on the Bay of Chaleur - - - - - | - Henry T. Tolden 8 |
| Mining Country—Sketches - - - - - | Gordon W. Doak, B.A., '32 10 |
| Gradualness - - - - - | - Norman D. Pilcher 13 |
| Berkeley Square - - - - - | N. D. P. 15 |
| "Pigs is Pigs"—Definitely - - - - - | Grenville H. Temple 16 |
| The International Status of Shanghai - - - - - | G. Maurice Durgan 18 |
| Thetford Ho! - - - - - | Peter G. Edgell 20 |
| Austro-German "Anschluss" - - - - - | John K. Starnes 25 |
| Bishop's Students' Poll - - - - - | A. V. L. M. 26 |
| Gems from Old Mitres! - - - - - | - Editor 29 |
| From a Hill Top (A poem) - - - - - | Miss Pat Wiggett 12 |
| DEPARTMENTS: | |
| The Bishop Looks Down - - - - - | - - - - - 33 |
| Notes and Comments - - - - - | William L. Delaney 35 |
| Sport from the Sidelines - - - - - | - A. V. L. Mills 41 |
| Exchanges - - - - - | - Fred M. Bunbury 45 |
| Graduates - - - - - | O. Horace Seveigny 47 |

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

EDITORIAL

Another college term draws to a close as this, the second last issue of the *Mitre* goes to press. Bishop's countryside (as Bishop's co-eds) is beginning to take her spring clothing from the moth balls and don that appearance which can only be appreciated by those of us who are fortunate enough to dwell in her midst. The ice break-up this year was slightly reminiscent of a few years ago, and if Mother Nature had only been kind enough to permit the St. Francis river to break at the same time as the Massawippi, all students might have witnessed a flood even greater than that of two years past. As it was, the water rose to a considerable height and several colossal cakes floated out onto the highway next the St. Francis, and had to be drawn away on the following day by teams of horses.

But as Spring approaches, the thoughts of examinations also begin to haunt us, and many are those who wish that they had attended lectures more regularly. However, if our Professors were to sell printed copies of their lecture notes to the students (as is done in many prominent universities) it would not only tend to lessen the consternation which is peculiar to exam-time, but would also provide our Profs with extra spending money—if that is to be desired. Of particular value would such notes be to those students who are in the habit of taking notes from a lecturer of medium velocity. By medium velocity we refer to that lecturing speed which prohibits the proper summarizing of material, but which necessitates the copying of each word emitted from the mouth of our superior. The result of it all is a sore wrist and some four or five or six pages of notes which are incomplete and utterly illegible.

The arrival of Spring also brings major sports to a close. Many of us, perhaps the most of us, feel that this year has been a failure in this realm, but we are not yet despairing our case, and we are still looking forward to the return of the high point in our sports' cycle—to bigger and better championship teams than ever before.

April 4 is an interesting and memorable date in the minds of those of us who are politically-minded for that day calls to mind the Mock Parliament which was held in Wesley Hall, Sherbrooke. The evening seemed to have been enjoyed by all visitors and much fun was had when the C. C. F. members appeared without neckties—one or two with pink ribbons pinned to their coat lapels.

In this issue of the *Mitre* we draw you attention to "Criticism Criticized"—an article by Rev. E. K. Moffat, in which he attempts to get a true picture of Lady Criticism. Also, in keeping with European affairs, J. K. Starnes gives us his impression of the situation in Austria as he saw it during a recent visit. But G. M. Durgan, in an effort to prevent us from focusing too much of our attention upon Herr Hitler and his meandering, recalls our attention to matters in Shanghai in the article entitled, "The International Status of Shanghai." Of particular interest also is N. D. Pilcher's article on page 13 entitled "Gradualness".

And now may we sum up with the old familiar cry—that of material for the June issue. In June students are busy with exams and are prone to forget that the Editor is tearing his hair in a search for sufficient copy to submit to the printers. Try your best and write that article!

A Happy Easter to all!



CRITICISM CRITICIZED

(I acknowledge and pay tribute to Mr. Lincoln Magor's 'Re Ridicule' which prompted this article, and apologize to my dictionary for any misuse of the word critic and its cognates.)

These last two decades have been styled The Age of Debunking. Whether such a description is justifiable concerns us little, because there is in it enough truth to justify a more important question: What harm or good is to come out of it? Every age—every country—has a genius or two who *must* level his barbed shafts at the foibles and follies of persons, systems, and society. Every age needs, and has, its critics. But many believe that the twenty years since 1918 have produced a critical temper among almost all sorts and conditions such as never was before. To attempt an exhaustive enquiry into the causes for this would mean an essay longer than the customary infliction. Whereas some attribute this tidal wave of debunking to disillusionment, others consider it due to enlightenment. Suffice it for this writer that criticism is a prominent personage who is by no means shy and who likes to be seen and heard—is she a lady of unblemished or doubtful virtue? Let us analyze her claim to chastity, though it be ungallant and at first sight despicable to do so. She herself asks for it.

What does debunking mean? How will this do for a definition: A tearing the veil from pose, pretence, unreality, cant, and falsehood, found in persons, systems, ideals, or records in the past or present? If you will agree to this as somewhere near your own interpretation of the term you will perhaps bear with a short speech for the affirmative, wherein there shall be no damning with faint praise, before you are asked to listen to the other side of the house.

Nobody can fail to be grateful to those who, in every epoch, have lashed the hypocrite with whips of scorn, exposed the dark ways of the crooked, pierced pretence and mocked affectation; to those whose hearts had a passion for truth, whose power of invective made the lie, spoken or acted, a universal laughing-stock; to those 'who waged contention with their time's decay,' whose satire is our heritage in the form of imperishable lines. We praise Isaiah, Aristophanes, Juvenal, Shakespeare, Pope, Johnson, Hogarth, Wilde, Shaw, and many another, unequal or unlike in spirit or talent, but all masters, when the need came, of debunking—if our definition holds good.

Can we thank the lesser fry who use talents to tilt at shams? Why not? Wherever, and from whatever policy or motive, shrewd attacks are directed against what the

majority conscience recognizes as abuse, false sentiment, smugness, pomposity, oppression, callous indifference, they are to be welcomed. We have no quarrel with the debunkers up to this point. Anyone who shatters illusions which had no basis in fact is our friend; he strips us of an unrealized dishonesty and for that we are his debtors; we need not abandon our ideals nor forego the comfort of our dreams just because he has shown our illusions to be silly, but we thank him if he points out the bad technique and poor art of our mind-pictures, because through him we may now draw better, since truer, scenes and portraits. If the debunker forces us to gaze at reality on earth, rather than squint at some light behind the clouds he may teach us how foolishly nebulous our idealism *can* be and how well within reach truth and other good things *may* be, though found in quarters hitherto unsuspected by us. If he convicts us of the folly of undiscerning praise and the viciousness of muddled sentiment, we may compute our debt to him at ten thousand talents. If through the critic (of ourselves and of society) we learn to harmonize reason and feeling, to see things as they are and our defects as others see them, why, he is an outstanding asset.

In another field the debunker labours to our general advantage. In all branches of knowledge theories abound, good, bad and indifferent. How often they are prematurely hailed as rays of new light until somebody detects the spots on their sun! How often has the world been saved from rushing to bask in a false glare by our friend with the red lamp! The ordinary man cannot do without his services.

Now if the debunkers were numerically as small a class as orchestra conductors or justices, all might be well. But for every good debunker, master-craftsman in a noble guild, there are today dozens of lazy apprentices and hundreds of unskilled workers who have no legal status in the guild, do not understand the subtle beauties of the craft, and even lack the necessary ambition to inform themselves of their proper duties and limitations. Against criticisms of this class we protest. Why trouble to protest? Because if they become more numerous we run the risk of losing some positive good and discounting the value of much public-spirited effort. Because we shudder at the prospect of this sort being the norm.

What is the nature of this judgment-attitude which the young and the not-so-young are adopting? Is it anything worse than the natural desire of youth to express itself by striking out? Our reply is that the debunking of which

we speak is not on all fours with the mental measles to which youth, as such, is peculiarly liable. We sympathize with those who 'catch' Byronic petulance or Swinburnian defiance or outrageous Swift-like cynicism; infectious or not, these fevers will hurt no one mortally. Nor do we mean reasoned censure of authority or organizations by those who offer alternative methods, since no system is perfect. Make any public venture and you invite exposure of your weaknesses. If your cause is well-chosen you are not unduly dismayed,

"Fear not the anger of the wise to raise

Those best can bear reproof who merit praise."

No, the nature of the criticism which we challenge is that of the cheap stuff made in mass and sold by the thousand gross through five-cent stores. Those who indulge in it are afraid to let well alone but cannot devise original attacks. We contend that criticism is becoming mass-folly, that it is not confined to youth and thus destined to mellow, and that the 'fools who come to scoff' are in danger of setting the standard, yet are unworthy, for

"Jibe and thrust and scorn and sneer

Ring false from those that fawn and fear."

As we see it, the nature of this attitude is a compound of pride, mental inertia, ignorance and cowardice. Anyhow, it is not sired by Sober Reason nor born of Open Mind.

From its nature let us pass to a consideration of its effects. Can it be denied that children are nowadays encouraged to kick other people's dogs, to repeat ill-considered generalities, to echo blanket-charges, to make subjective pronouncements upon what they suppose they dislike? The corrosive influence of destructive criticism 'gets' them in their early 'teens. That has been steadily increasing for twenty years until almost every other person is infected with a highly poisonous judgment-germ, and the resultant pains are sore eyes and swollen heads and snarled lips.

But if the effects are fairly obvious cannot we hazard some explanation of the causes? Here again we confess to a very limited knowledge. Yet we can point to certain precepts widely used by upholders of the democratic principle, precepts that carry a specious wisdom and freedom in view of the methods employed in Russia or Germany. Here is one: *Form your own opinions.* On everything? He who would proffer such advice is a humbug or a donkey. Who is sufficient for these things? Who has the data, background, and ability to form an opinion on half the problems that vex us? For all but the few, richly endowed with brains and leisure, a positive contribution to any one subject means

"To scorn delights and live laborious days,"

and does not mean to render snap verdicts. Can it be undemocratic to say humbly 'I don't know; I have no opinion on this matter or that'? Most of us need to rely daily on

the authority of others, and on a thousand questions our 'opinion' must be really a choice of authorities and nothing more. Accepting the dicta of experts, we should find it serviceable, not servile, to subject our minds to better men. There is nothing inherently shameful in taking another's ipse dixit. And if we have not the time, strength, and acumen to *construct* opinions on all subjects, is it not equally true that we are unfit to *destroy*?

Here is another piece of advice: *You have the right to express your views.* Is this true, even if you have views? At an election? Yes, and on political problems insofar as you accept the democratic concept of the state and believe that both ins and outs together represent the people and *are* the state. Granted such a belief which makes each voter the equal of each other voter, and each voter essentially a part of government, then political criticism is everyone's right. But can we infer from this premise that we all have similar rights in every phase of life which we may call non-governmental? Does this allow us to carp at hospitals, churches, universities, schools, music, art, literature, organized philanthropy, manners, as we do? Must not our right to express a view be won by constant trial and error, first practised in the chambers of our own souls?

Experience is by industry achiev'd

And perfected by the swift course of time.

Otherwise, our views are merely prejudice, our criticism just 'Chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough' for a world of magpies.

Here is another absurd bidding: *Say exactly what you think!* Fortunately this is but fitfully obeyed, nor can be, for very few think, the word *thought* being too often a hackneyed euphemism for hazy mental groping. A deadening evil of the debunking age is that the rank and file, the ninety percent of society's judges, have found it impossible to resist the pressure of manufactured concepts and the repetition of what others think—

"They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk."

This is nothing new—it is human nature. What is a danger is that non-thinkers, hearing the reiterated advice to be outspoken, will sink to depths of self-deception and imagine that the ideas they express *are* their own when they have never passed through the crucible of their own minds. Shakespeare's advice is much better, 'Be check'd for silence but never tax'd for speech.'

One more gem from our mentor's bag: *Remember, Jack's as good as his master.* Both Jack and Jill may be much better than their master, or worse, but never just as good. However, the tendency of some is to bring every Tom, Dick and Harry, every Jack, Jill and Master to one plane and to try to keep them there. Should they display signs of restiveness under this treatment, slap them hard, for they are opposing the most important principle of life,

that all men are equal! And of course the temper of the poor harassed levellers is frayed from having to slap so much. Won't this account for the peevishness of Vox Critica?

From a peep at causes we should turn to remedies. What ought we to do in the face of this epidemic? What should be the treatment? If we would be true to democratic ideals we must apply it—whatever it be—ourselves, since the fault is partly due to the poor ethical training of our modern democracies. We whose I. Q. is normal or thereabouts, who are not clever, who cannot boast

I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips
Let no dog bark!

It is we who must stem the spread of vicious debunking. Our counsel to ourselves is: leave the true art of debunking to those whom the gods have blessed to that end. Oppose plagiarism, catch-phrases, herd-suggestions. Ignore iconoclasts of the baser sort. Admire the former of a tenth-rate

thought which is genuine rather than the parrot-man with his brilliant clichés. Honour all men, however meagre their achievements seem. Remember that in that vast realm where 'mediocrities' abound there are ten thousand times ten thousand different ethical and intellectual levels, that what is dubbed mediocrity is not necessarily herd-mentality. Respect the individual. And where the disease is worst and shows the symptoms of personal resentment, exalt the spirit of Christianity which fosters reverence, awe, humility, and chivalry.

* * *

Lady Criticism seems to have had an illustrious career and while she was true to her Master Debunker her price was above rubies, and both he and she were trusted and honoured. But we don't like the look of this tatterdemalion crew we see nowadays emerging from her house in a continuous stream, Shibboleth-men, knockers, rebels, levellers, backbiters, evil-speakers, and slanderers. We are suspicious. Is she not leading a double life?

A SQUALL ON THE BAY OF CHALEUR

Hills . . . high hills; salmon-nets and fishing boats; lightbuoys and countless gulls; high tides and mucky-low tides; calm waters and seething waters—waters silken as the glossy back of a seal, and waters mad with infuriated lashings as from great white beasts; quiet skies, and sullen, lowering clouds; and sails—pure-white, dirty-grey, black, and multi-coloured. Picture these, and you will understand in part the fascination of the Bay of Chaleur. But experience, as we did, one of its wildest moods while in a small sloop far out in open water, and you will have experienced something so wildly beautiful that Chaleur will have a fascination for you that will never be lost.

A small dinghy drifted off during a storm one night. The next morning being fair and breezy, we decided to sail down the bay in a twenty-three foot sloop to try to find the derelict. Three of us busied ourselves with preparations, laying in food, hot drinks in thermos flasks, and oilskins, and soon we were ready for almost anything. We were in high spirits, for after all it was quite a lark we had ventured upon, and we fully expected to pick up the dinghy further down the bay. Our mooring was cast at about eleven o'clock, and having cleared the lee of a point, we made very good time, with both wind and tide following. The spinnaker was set and all the canvas was drawing well. In what seemed like a very short time, we were well below



where we expected to find the boat, but in spite of a powerful pair of binoculars we saw no signs of it. There were great islands of foam, porpoises playing about, and clusters of debris upon which motionless gulls were perched—but no dinghy. Still we kept on across the wide stretch of bay to New Carlisle, but then we abandoned the search, having decided that the boat had been picked up. So we set our course for Dalhousie Point—back across the bay in a long diagonal stretch. Ordinarily we would not have risked such

open water, but there was hardly a ruffle to disturb the calm surface, and the breeze was quite gentle. From Dalhousie down towards the Gulf the bay widens considerably, and if the wind should happen to be coming from the East, the full force of the seawind and water rolls down the bay. But we were pretty sure of our weather and did not anticipate that. Our craft skimmed over the water as gracefully as a swallow. We took advantage of the straight-sailing to satisfy our hunger from the supplies which we had brought, taking turns at "skipping". Thus occupied we did not notice that the wind had dropped to practically nothing, and that a greyish-blue haze was spreading over the water and sky. Then suddenly we noticed a quick gust of wind ruffle the bay. We knew that we were in for some sort of trouble, and looking towards the Gaspé hills, realized what it was. One of those quick, furious storms must be experienced to be understood. A sort of hell-broth is brewed in a few minutes, and within half an hour it is gone. We could not make the lee of the point ahead before the storm hit us, so we made ready to weather it out—if possible.

All was ominously still. In the distance I could see smoke belching forth in great clouds from the pulp mill. How completely isolated we seemed! For who could know what was happening away out on the bay? The air was becoming thick and sticky—and the smoke seemed to remain fixed in the air over the mill. Lower down on the New Brunswick side of the bay, a long stream of ribbon-like smoke seemed to rise suddenly from the trees and become suspended—the "Ocean Limited" was on its way down east. And the age-old Gaspé hills looked down upon the bay like a stern father trying vainly to keep his temper. Heavy clouds gathered above his head, and the very river valleys seemed to draw the hills together into wrinkles. And through it all, sickly-yellow rays of the lowering sun broke in shafts of ghastly light. How unreal everything seemed!

But it was not unreal, for we had hardly moved to make ready the gear when a burst of wind hit us broadside. It seemed like a gigantic battering ram hitting a flimsy panelled door. Over we went, but letting everything go, we came about into the wind—not without having shipped several inches of water. One of the boys took to the pump and went at it madly. The surface of the water changed its expression from sullen to scowling, then to rising anger, and on until it wore an expression like the devil incarnate. It raged around us in great cutting sweeps. Rain began to pelt down in gravel-like drops, and everything seemed to dance and careen under its stings. Our little sloop was leaping about like a thing alive, but we thought that with a couple of reefs in her sails we might be able to weather through. This proved impossible. Everything would have

to come down. Having fastened on life-preservers, we tried to lower the mainsail, but such was the force of the wind and the rain, she would not come. So we cut it away, and down she dropped. What a relief! But we were by no means out of danger, for by this time we could see nothing further than a yard away. The compass had been smashed to bits by the falling boom—the water was so disturbed that it was impossible to tell which way it was moving—we were hopelessly lost! Great, jagged jaws, all foam-flecked reached up with straining eagerness to snatch us. Clouds seemed like ugly faces close by, spitting into our faces. Between the two, it seemed as though we must be ground to bits. Cloud and water seemed like a huge set of deadly fangs ready to close on us, and the air between seemed to be charged with venom of the vilest sort. The noise was terrific—thunder, lashing water, wind screeching through the rigging, and the creaking of the boat, made it impossible even for us to hear each other shout. We had very faint hope that night!

Our only hope now was to try an anchor, for at the rate we were moving, we might smash upon a light-buoy, an island, a shoal, or even a steamer coming down the channel. We cleared the anchor-rope and made ready to cast. Knowing how bad the bottom of the bay was for anchorage, it was a tense moment as the rope ran out like a slimy serpent until it was all gone. If the anchor did not grip—we could do no more and would have to resign ourselves to the hands of fate. Suddenly—swiftly the stern began to swing around. I grabbed the anchor-rope and gave it a try. It was holding fast and we were safe! What did it matter now that the wind screeched about us in circles like a bevy of evil witches performing some foul rite! We sat down, and leaning our backs against the gunwales relaxed for a moment.

Then we set to work at clearing the decks and making things shipshape. We pumped the boat nearly dry, ate the rest of the food, and as the wind and water were quieting quickly, made ready to move on. Finally the sails were hoisted and made fast, and we sailed away. It was not easy going, but became easier every minute. Not until now did we realize that the day was nearly spent. The soft reflections of the setting sun seemed to pour out of the Gaspé hills like molten gold out of a great crucible. It flowed down the shadowed slope and over the crests of the choppy sea, until now it seemed as though a procession of all the brightest and gayest in creation were moving joyously over the water to meet us. We were silent.

As the water quieted, we moved rapidly toward home. It was dark when we passed Dalhousie Point, but beacon-fires had been lit along the shore, and after several minor misadventures we were able to make our mooring. What an adventure!

MINING COUNTRY . . . Sketches

The following sketches are an account of the Quebec-Ontario mining country found in letters to my family and my friends. They are describing what I observed as it appeared to me; and whatever I have to say is clearly one-sided, and very likely prejudiced.

G. D.

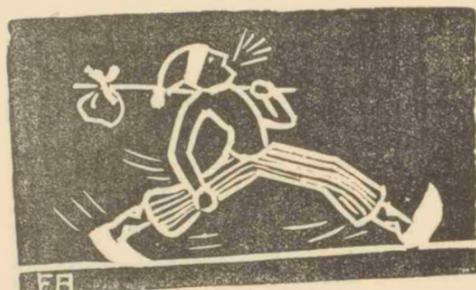
* * *

There is no district of people in the North, but only the knots of them where there are mines to be found; apart from these there is no reason to exist in the land. It may put a spell on you, and you may give your heart to it, but you never join with it, for it is not a country to live in. It is a land to go to and to send out from what it has of value, and to go away from with what you can get. There is only this reason to stay there, and the road nets illustrate that.

People in the North are pleased with themselves, and excited; they have defied the country, and they are yet alive. They feel themselves just a bit dashing, so the men all wear bush pants, very short, and if they are fat they hook a belt over their behind and loop it under their stomach, and they walk around this way. It gives a proper tilt to their swagger. The office boy dresses like the mill manager, who is better dressed than the general superintendent, who comes up from inspection repairing underground with a monkey wrench in his teeth. And the office boy will ask you kindly the Hell to wait while he tells the boss not to throw you off the place. I laughed for his having such a time playing at being himself, but I liked him for it. It is as if he and all of them were small boys who had been dreaming of being Red Indians, and oddly the dream had come true: they were real Indians after all. It is a fact that they are acting out their pretenses, and it is a part of the show that they don't give a damn for anybody: "We're from the North, we are. We're tough!" and probably it is true, but they have an awfully good time believing it.

The youngsters work hard for most of the time, especially those living outside of the towns, but their fun is interesting. They go along with prospecting parties, and do much of the work in order to see the country; or they go trapping or hunting or prospecting on their own, for they are a very hardy outfit. In Amos the little convent school girls run about in black uniforms, and after school is their time downtown before going home with the groceries. They can see the boys then, so they wear their very snappiest hats, made of green tissue, red felt, and four canary feathers. It looks comic on the dismal blacks, but rather brave.

But resources are few and imagination is crude. The



general ideas of amusement and living are uninformed. The postal rate is too high for a mail order profit, and Eaton's catalogue has failed to circulate and educate the country. So we find that in Amos the Hotel Relais provides every convenience for the boarder. There are two bottle openers and an ash tray by every bed. And empty oil drums are much sought after by the settlers. They collect from the mines, and they beat them flat and nail them on the roofs of their cabins. Six of these slates will tile a roof for a whole shanty. Yet the scheme of rough and ready operations is the only efficient one for practical affairs. The manner of living is not organized for permanency.

The sidewalk raising of these northern towns is an example of the "provisional expedient" mode of living. This activity is an annual event: it occurs the first week in October; then they jack up the walks a few feet off the ground to protect you from the roadway. They would not build a decent road, because that would be permanent and it would not pay: there might be no town at all in a year. So they construct a broad plank bridge like a railway trestle, about three feet off the ground. If you step over onto the road, you fall down a sort of cliff and break your neck. It is like the side of a dock, and you can sit down on a truck roof and rest your feet on the sidewalk. The idea seems to be this one: Flash! Winter sidewalks go up in Rouyn. People climb down into houses and fall off onto doorsteps. But they protect you from the mud, I will say; for once you are up on top it can only splash you to your knees, where otherwise it would get you shoulder high. They have been doing this for years and still it is in favour with the natives: it is cheaper, they explain, than fixing the road.

The towns of Noranda-Rouyn are typical of the North, where the varieties of housing and store displays are in energetic contrast. Along the main street in Rouyn are several log cabins, relics of trapping days, and in the stores between are well-mounted displays of goods for sale that could match quality with Birks' or Henry Morgan's. Next

these again are cheap restaurants run each by their particular Dan McGrews. Through the swinging door we look to see Mae West, and to observe her frounce and say "Hyuh Kid!" But they house nothing more vicious than a slot machine. Yet just the same the town of Rouyn is regarded by Noranda as a sort of unrespectable relation—acknowledged but not greeted—because it is safe to go there and get drunk. The towns are connected by a board walk, you see, and this walk is narrow and six feet off the ground. If you get drunk in Rouyn, you stay there, or at least, you can't come back. If you can come back, you are not drunk. This makes Noranda feel very virtuous; and the people in Rouyn expect nothing more of her.

But I was given the chance to learn odd ways of living, for I was very poor, and I was either camping outside of the towns, or staying in the cheapest hotels. It was very queer to be received by the trade as a company in good standing, and then to go out in the country at night and sleep on the ground in the woods. I was too poor to afford a 35-cent room in Rouyn. I had to contrive it though, and to buy less to eat, for even in September the season was closing, and the weather was very bad. You could sleep with rain on the tent, and wake to frost and the snow. If you were lucky you stayed in some empty cabin, and then the climate did not matter. But when it rained continually, it was awful. I can't describe how miserable it made me. Then I stayed in a hotel.

I don't like staying in the cheap hotels, and I can't afford anything else. Usually you try five or six before you find the best rate. This varies from 35 to 50 cents a night, with the occasional room at 25 cents. Usually there is no window. "What do you want a window for?" they explain, "it lets the heat out." A more interesting feature is the companions in your room, or bedmates, as the case may be. This depends on the town and the price.

A single room in Cobalt is 50 cents a night, and so in Amos. In Timmins and the Soo it is 35 a night, but in Copper Cliff and Kirkland it is only 25, sharing room and bed with anyone who comes. Perhaps you can sleep in the dorm: this is two in a bed, for 20 cents. You share with whoever is next, and the variety is interesting. You can always leave, and if you've only slept an hour you can get your money back. It is rather exciting fun; so you just say to yourself: "If this were happening to somebody else: my, it would be interesting!" and carry on from there. It is an idea that it is just as hard for the other fellow, so we make our common choice, and accept it fairly.

But we jump with anger, we do rebel, at the needlessness of persecution for poverty. It is a very painful humiliation to be despised by a Chinaman because you have not any money. "My house not good enough for you?" "Oh yes, it is good enough, but I am not good enough to stay

here." You learn not to give him that answer: he is eager enough to prod you. Ask him if he thinks it will rain, and ask him for a match. This takes him off balance. While he answers one and reaches for the other, walk off and leave him fumbling. But actually, he is justified. It is against the law, in this fine country, to be poor. If you are so damn hard up you can't buy a place to stay at night, then you have broken a law, and they throw you in jail. And they are not sorry for you, either. They take you to edge of town next day and boot you out. You are not regarded as an unfortunate: you are just another transgressor.

There is nothing funny about being poor; it is neither jolly nor humourous. It is a shame that it should be made a matter of humiliation, that a person is despised because he is poor, that he is appropriately a subject for torment—legitimate, too. It is evident that he loses his privileges and his rights and he is only a variety of an outlaw. There is also the moral shame; and his dignity must be projected for the tweaking of all "decent" citizens, and he must not object to this. It is clear that you find it appropriate to jeer at him, and to enjoy seeing him suffer, and to see him pained because he is deserving of bitterness. He has sinned. He has no money. I knew all the while that this really did not matter, and that they were not especially justified in despising me, but their expectation that I would rate myself at their value was very irksome to me, so I stayed where I could in cabanes.

The cabane is a log or board shack, built as a dwelling by a colonist, and abandoned by him when he failed to make a success of his farming. The cabane has quite a sound roof, and nothing else to recommend it. The wind blows through the floor, and there is enough draft from the walls to keep the fire going. I used to light my fires on an iron plate that I set up on some stones, but after burning holes in the floor, I changed to the cylinder part of a small oil drum. If you lit two matches in it, the metal would get red hot. I used to darn near melt it. The smoke would go roaring up until it met the roof, and come down like the black ceiling of doom. This approached until it met the top of the nearest window, and then it drifted out and sideways. If you poked your head up into the density, you were nearly suffocated, but below the pall all was clear, and the cabin was very nicely warmed. You slept, then, with your clothes on, and a hat, but only one pair of socks. You placed your feet to the fire, and if it lowered, they got cold first; then you wakened and put on more wood. This was an automatic device that worked perfectly except on the coldest nights. Then you were cold all over, and you did not awaken until morning, so that was all right also.

When trade is good in a town, I camp outside it, and drive to work every day; and if less time is required, I work until business closes and drive to the next town to be

ready the following day. Thus I travel most of the night, and it is a queer thing to be driving along and along, and to pass the little square rooms that are the poorest people's homes, and to envy the persons who live in them for they have somewhere to go at night. I see their lanterns shining onto the road, though the people using them don't know that I am passing, and I can see them sitting by their tables that nobody can take them away from, in homes that no one can tell them to get out of, while I have ninety miles to drive, and no place to go at the end of it. But I find an empty cabane, and when I've set up stove and had something to eat all is well again. So I sleep on the floor, and I breakfast, and shave at an hotel and the day has begun. But I've a perfectly good house in my own town, and while I'm wishing that I owned a barn to sleep in, I know that I'll be home again, and wonder at it all.

It is a problem to be camping as you live and be clean enough for business all the day, but I solved it through my use of the hotels. You know that I shave in a hotel, but I bathe there too, and do the washing. I will say that the hotel system in general, along with the service station, has done more for accepted politeness than all the harrying of all the teachers that ever prodded. They are considerate of us, and we know that they are glad to be, and we accept it all without feeling ourselves a nuisance. We are more apt to do things for the rest of them without being rude enough to assume they'll be grateful. So in the mornings I break camp and drive to the nearest hotel—the best one. You walk to the first floor as if to your chamber, and down the corridor to the wash room. Hang up your coat, and shave: who would think to question you? You have walked in with a parcel. Well, you take a bath, and then undo the parcel and wash the clothes in it in the lovely hot water—happy contrast to the roadside stream. You can use their soap too, and their towels. But don't take these away with you, because the chambermaids are penalized. I have my accounts to write and the books to keep, and I do them on the hotel desks provided for the purpose. In Noranda they offered me a typewriter for my convenience, and it wasn't sarcasm either. "Here was a chap who needed one, and they



had one for the convenience of the guests, so why not?" And they sent my mail and telegrams to the Queen's in Kirkland, and the Empire in Timmins, and I explained when I arrived that I did not know anything of the town, but that I had heard that these were the best hotels. So they were very pleased, and said: "Here's your letter." This scheme is an advantage, because the hotel is open all day and Sunday, where the P. O. closes. It gives a reason to be writing in their lobby. And they never mind your not staying there; they admit they are high-priced, and hope to remain so. But they assume that any day now you may be very wealthy, and then you'll go and stay in their chateau.

The time that I was camping I would dine in town at wherever I got the most to eat for the least to pay. You enquire at them all, and stay at the cheapest. You set out by cruising along the walks until you hear a noise like swearing. That will be the foreigners talking in their own tongue, so you look for the sign SOUMI or ROUKLA and enter there, a Finlander or Polish eating-place. If the noise of talk is like sharp small firecrackers, the place is Swedish, and also good. There is one such house in Rouyn, where you get a meal for 15 cents—stew, bread, tea. The stew is mostly juice, with potatoes and meat, and it comes in a sort of wide basin. The plate of bread has nine slices on it. You salt your bread, and dip it, and put away seven slices that way. Then you eat four whole potatoes and all the meat, and have the two slices of brown bread buttered with your tea. Then you pay 15 cents.

But I was very poor, and I'd butter the bread I could not eat, and take it out with me. They never liked that. It was mine to eat if I wished, was it not.—I had paid for it, had I not.—I could eat it at my own table, or at the next, could I not.—Then if it was mine, and they did not care where I ate it, or at what time, how could they object if I ate it outside and later.—Yes, but why should they give me extra butter to put on it. After all, why should they?

Along in October it finally grew cold, and I was obliged to move indoors. I began my round of hotels and rooms, and prepared my meals camp fashion, or in the car. The system had the defects of an expedient, but it was cheap. I tried it first in Cobalt, where it was raining one night with a pitiless indifference to discomfort. I took a room for 35 cents, and cooked what I ate in an empty mine house. Then I went over to the library to read. I happened upon "Northwest Passage" at the paragraphs on hot buttered rum. That was enough for me; and I hurried right out to see about it. I procured whatever it took, and hurried to my room to make a drink. Picture the surprise of the clerk to see me compounding hot buttered rum, with the little stove propped on the dresser, and the bottle leaning confidently onto the edge of the basin. But I shook a nutmeg at him, and told him to go away.

(To be continued next issue)

GRADUALNESS

Perhaps it is not promising to begin with a platitude but it is undeniably true that we live in an age of transition. We are living in an era comparable to that of the Renaissance or of the Reformation in its significance for the future of civilization. The vague reflections which follow come to mind as one looks about upon a mad, mad world where it is rather difficult to maintain a sense of direction. What we all seem to need so badly in this era is clear thinking and a true sense of values. Some of our most cherished ideas or illusions or ideals must be thrown aside, some must be retained at all costs.

"Communist" someone hisses. And what is meant? Is a Communist anyone who does not support, at least passively, the government of the day? That is the interpretation one sometimes suspects is held by supporters of a particular provincial government. Or is a Communist merely a progressive person? The use of the capital letter is a mark of some significance.

The Communist who supports and is normally supported by the Communist Internationale is a bad fellow and rightly to be suspected since he advocates violent revolution and the setting-up of a soviet in every country. I say he is a bad fellow because such a course of action seems grossly unnatural for this Canada of ours. But that kind of a Communist is a rare bird since such a policy on the part of the U. S. S. R. has long ago been abandoned.

But a man may rightly claim to be a Christian communist, and may even say that Jesus Christ was the greatest of all Communists if he interprets the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, verses 44 and 45, in a generally accepted fashion.

A Communist who is a member of the Communist Party of Canada is one who has adopted a strongly progressive platform. He apparently aims at a Communism which is native to Canada, if such a thing is possible. It is worth noting that in the last municipal election in Toronto the Communist candidates were the only ones who presented an orderly, constructive policy to the voters. It is also worth remembering that on the fall of the Russian Empire the Bolsheviks, as they were called, were the only party that had a plan to work with.

And there are other definitions of these dreadfully wicked people, but this is only one example of our muddled thinking. We get the idea that something is either all good or all bad. Notice what Dr. Michael Mackenzie of Toronto said to a graduating class of 1937:

"Possibly our grandchildren may be so unselfish and so

well trained to think sanely in political and economic matters that a truly communistic state may become possible in the future; but that would imply a change of human nature that, so far as I can judge from my own grandchildren, we are hardly justified in hoping for. We had better begin to study the theory of politics if we are to save the freedom that our ancestors won, and it might be well to look and see what has been accomplished in that land from which our ancestors came. There individualism has not been allowed to run riot. The line between social and private enterprise has been shifting for some years and new experiments are constantly being tried out in the hope of combining the energy and initiative of private effort with social guidance and control in the public interest. We should avoid making any one principle supreme whether it be Individualism or Socialism or Communism. These generalizations are too sweeping. Who was it said that 'He who generalizes, generally lies?' . . . The stupid political partisan spirit of fifty years ago is not nearly so much in evidence today, even in blind Tory Toronto! . . . We want freedom and justice and brotherhood and we must learn to curb any instrument of government which hampers our growth towards these ideals."

Perhaps I may be pardoned the lengthy quotation on the grounds of the weight of wisdom contained in the words of a graduate of fifty years ago to our generation who graduate at a time of extreme perplexity and confusion.

Two years ago I remember Canon Iddings Bell, one of the outstanding theologians of the American Church and an economist of no mean ability, pointing out that capitalism was dying. He observed that there was no use attacking a dying economic system. Certainly one can find few economists who believe capitalism can last much longer. There are soviets in Russia, Fascism in Germany and Italy, co-operatives in Scandinavia and the beginnings of Socialism in Great Britain. (Indeed it is said that Socialism could be introduced more easily into England than into any other country because of a splendid civil service and an intelligent Royal family. The civil service would be essential and the Royal family of great value.) Yet the future of "A world tottering on the rim of abysmal chaos" is not especially pleasant to contemplate. If we look closely at hand we see the evils of a decaying capitalism on every side. We have our slums, our poverty, our unemployment—these are not the heritage of a decadent Europe alone but of a continent which we used to think would long continue in "prosperity". The fact is that capitalism is finished but

before we venture to consider what may be next let us look at one or two of the more extreme and more interesting theories of why our present system is collapsing.

On the basis of Hēgel's theory of the thesis and anti-thesis coalescing to form the synthesis, Karl Marx taught that the old economic system, like feudalism, being joined by capitalism would inevitably produce communism, the synthesis, which it is presumed, will one day become the thesis of a further development. Hence the evolution of society. Marx was correct to a degree, in so far as we are now in the throes of a change-over but most of his theories have been proved wrong by later history and are seldom upheld by the economists. The usually accepted theory of what is happening today is that set forth in John Strachey's book "The Coming Struggle for World Power." Briefly, the theory is that capitalism flourished as long as there was a series of expanding markets for the products of modern industrial production. This situation has favoured in turn England, Germany and the United States. Each of these countries was in turn placed in the dominant industrial position and each one has relatively retrogressed as the lead passed to another. The markets of the world are now almost full to bursting. Further production on the basis of the profit motive has now become precarious. Hence the terrific struggle for the remaining markets as, for example, in China where the Great Powers are fighting hard for "rights" and the Japanese have the advantage. This partly explains the amazing increase of armaments of almost every country in the world.

Judging from the world situation, Strachey's view of things looks sound. One of the characteristics of capitalism has been the business cycle, that is, the variation of economic activity from year to year. On looking at a statistical chart we observe the periods of prosperity and depression. The statisticians were watching the business cycles during the last half of the nineteenth century and, lately, a great mass of people who have felt the effects of the last depression very acutely, have been looking at statistics too. It is clear that as capitalism has lasted longer the cycle becomes greater and more frequent. That is, the heights of "prosperity" and the depths of depression become greater and the periods of change instead of occurring on the average of every ten years tend to occur every two or three years. A few people benefiting from the heights of "prosperity" are able to carry on very well, but the majority of the people lose out in the struggle. The economic system of the United States, the most highly developed capitalist nation, almost broke down during the last depression. The temporary measures of the Roosevelt régime have enabled capitalism to survive on this continent to fight again. Recently business had great confidence in itself and asserted itself in no uncertain terms. The President of the United States is

still working for a modified capitalism but Fascist reaction and Communist agitation combine to block progress. It does not take much imagination to visualize the explosion which may occur presently.

The fact of the matter is that capitalism is on the decline even in its stronghold and Big Business blindly holds on in the hope of stopping the social evolution. The leadership of industrial activity has passed from capitalist America to Communist Russia. Unless we accept Spengler's theory of the Decline of the West, we who believe in the democratic ideals of Western civilization must put our house in order and discover ways and means of recovering economic leadership while retaining the highest principles we know.

If we are able to keep to the *via media* between reaction and rash advance while being content to abandon the status quo, we are likely to "hasten slowly" along the road of progress. This is the sort of thing which Professor A. C. Pigou appears to recommend in his recent book "Socialism versus Capitalism" which the Manchester Guardian calls "Gradualness". The Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge says "he would accept, for the time being, the general structure of capitalism; but he would modify it gradually. He would use the weapon of graduated death duties and graduated income tax not merely as instruments of revenue but with the deliberate purpose of diminishing the glaring inequalities of fortune and opportunity which deface our present civilisation. . . . All industries affected with a public interest, or capable of wielding a monopoly power, he would submit at least to public supervision and control." He would probably nationalize the coal industry and possibly the railways. Further nationalisation would proceed by degrees and, of course, a planned economy is accepted as essential. Professor Pigou is known as an orthodox economist but he makes this point "that gradualness implies action, and is not a polite word for standing still."

Change there will be but we need have no fear of the consequences as long as the change is a gradual one. To ensure a quiet change it is necessary that a great many people, and especially university people, learn something of the body politic and of the economic system. They must not only develop what has come to be regarded as an "intelligent opinion", but they must also endeavour to pass on such knowledge as they possess to other people. In an interview with "The Varsity" (University of Toronto) entitled "How to Avoid Fascism and Influence People" Dr. Salem Bland says, "It seems to me that if students who are thinking the right way attempt to diffuse correct ideas among their fellow students they are doing just about as much as they can . . . Canadian students should follow the example of their European cousins and take a keen interest in reform movements. If students don't catch some gen-

erous enthusiasm while they are at college, their life is going to be pretty commonplace." ". . . Yes, there are many people asleep in the university and out of it."

Society is always in a state of flux and especially at times like the present. The future state of our economic society in Canada cannot, of course, be prophesied. It will, however, be unique since it will be native to Canada. It will not be Russian Communism or German Fascism, in the ordinary course of events, because both are foreign to the Canadian conception of things. After all, our society is largely based on private property, and the Russians scarcely knew what private property was when they accepted Communism with its principle of collective ownership. And we do not admire the glories of German militarism and regimentation. The danger to Canada lies in this that the re-

BERKELEY SQUARE . . .

The Dramatic Society is presenting Berkeley Square on the evenings of May 2, 3 and 4. It is a play of no little merit. With Jean Macnab directing, the production is well under way as the *Mitre* goes to press, and there is every reason for believing that the Little Theatre will uphold its tradition of good work.

Concerning the play itself. "Peter Standish, a young American architect, has inherited, so it seems, an old English house in which one of his ancestors had played an important role. Taking up his residence there, he discovers that he can walk back and forth through time, that he can step into the shoes of his ancestor and live the life which that man lived in the eighteenth century. He accepts the challenge of the adventure; he finds himself entering the old drawing-room dressed in the costume of the time but still essentially himself, and he plays the game as well as he can. Much charms but much also shocks him. His knowledge of the future sometimes trips him up, but the platitudes of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are brilliant epigrams to those around him. He dazzles a statesman by saying that the sun never sets on the British Empire, and he amazes the Duchess of Devonshire with a few epigrams culled from Oscar Wilde. But despite his success he is not really at home. Those ghosts find something terrifying in him just as he finds something unreal in them, and at last he returns to the present carrying with him nothing except the memory of a girl whom he had loved."

Hear what the press says. "There is a magic in this play, enough to set it apart from the common traffic of the theatre, and to send dreams scudding in the wake of dreams.

actionaries may persist too long in holding on to ill-gotten gains, the natural process of gradual change having been interfered with, the parties of the Left may rise out of sheer necessity. We live in precarious times.

It must be very difficult indeed for the man who is without religion, or at very least a philosophy of life, to maintain sanity in these days. Sad indeed is the plight of him who thinks and cannot think through to a definite belief. So much depends on one's basic views of God, man and society and of the Christian doctrine of human solidarity. Those who live "in sure and certain hope" may carry on in faith.

Cool heads and sound thinking are necessary for the days that lie ahead; if there is not gradualness, there will be—trouble.



Therefore, first of all, let us welcome and rejoice in it, for magic is very rare."—The Times (London).

"One of the most completely satisfactory plays now available."—Evening Sun (New York).

"This is something to cheer about. 'Berkeley Square' is something to see and adore."—Walter Winchell in the Daily Mirror (New York).

The action throughout takes place in the morning room of a house of the Queen Anne period in Berkeley Square, London, in the years 1784 and 1928. Patrons of the Little Theatre will recognize a considerable number of familiar people who have distinguished themselves in previous productions.

The Characters

The Maid—Ruth Echenberg; Tom Pettigrew—Henry Holden; Kate Pettigrew—Helen Legge; The Lady Anne Pettigrew—Beverley Ames; Mr. Throstle—Guy Marston; Helen Pettigrew—Vivian Parr; The Ambassador—Peter Greenwood; Mrs. Barwick—Peggy Richardson; Peter Standish—Lincoln Magor; Marjorie Frant—Janet Spied; Major Clinton—Ian MacLean; Miss Barrymore—Kay Bancroft; The Duchess of Devonshire—Kay Davey; Lord Stanley—Hugh Mortimer; H. R. H. The Duke of Cumberland—William Delaney.

"PIGS IS PIGS" . . . DEFINITELY

According to Tennyson, this is the time of year "when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." However, strange as it may seem, my own turns to thoughts of that sport of sports, rugby. Not that I am a participant in the noble game (I wish I were), but I have always enjoyed the rôle of enthusiastic spectator — that is until last autumn.

It all happened when one or two of the illustrious Seniors, without giving the matter further thought, purchased a small pig to act as mascot for the rugby team.

On the afternoon before the Sherbrooke game, hearing some of the most unearthly and bloodcurdling shrieks that ever vented themselves upon human ears, I rushed to my window, expecting to see some poor mortal in the last throes of death, or at least a band of lamenting pipers. But no! All I could perceive on the green in front was a little pinkish pig about a foot in length. He was huddling to and fro as much as a cord tied about one hind leg would permit, and at the other end of the cord laughed a mighty Senior. I promptly dismissed all thought of the episode from my mind, thinking the porker was but one of the props for our forthcoming initiation. However, the matter was not to be dropped for long.

Standing in the hall after the evening meal, I was accosted by the fore-mentioned mighty Senior. He explained to me in a straightforward manner that I was no longer an ordinary common garden-variety freshman, but one especially privileged, for upon my shoulders was to fall the white mantle of "Guardian of the Mascot". This same Senior informed me that all of five dollars had been expended on the purchase of a nice friendly little pig, whose mere presence at the forthcoming gridiron battles would inspire the team on to victory. It was to be my job to guard the animal with my very life, and I was to have a personal lifeguard of six other unfortunate freshmen. Of course I agreed (outwardly) with the whole plan — what else could I do?

And so the afternoon of the twenty-fifth of September found me decked in a white coat on one end of a dog leash, a harness enwrapping a purple and white-coated pig on the other. My guards were near at hand, but their mere presence was not enough to drive away that certain sinking

feeling associated with oxo. Of course mobs of small children milled around the unfortunate beast, shouting gleefully and passing such remarks as "Is that the Bishop's team" and "that's his big brother looking after him".

The game progressed merrily, everybody cheered madly and the pig shrieked in tones resembling a band of blood-thirsty Iroquois. At half time I began to breathe more freely. So far so good. The little devil had not been attacked, and although he was by no means quiet, he did not seem to fly off the handle as easily as one might expect. Leading, or rather dragging the animal to where the tired Bishop's gladiators were stretched out on the ground was the one act which very nearly sealed my fate. The excitement of the afternoon and the high pitched shouts of the persistent mob of Sherbrooke's progeny seemed to be too much for the pink porker. He just gave one buck, dived out of his harness, and sped in a zigzag course across the field.

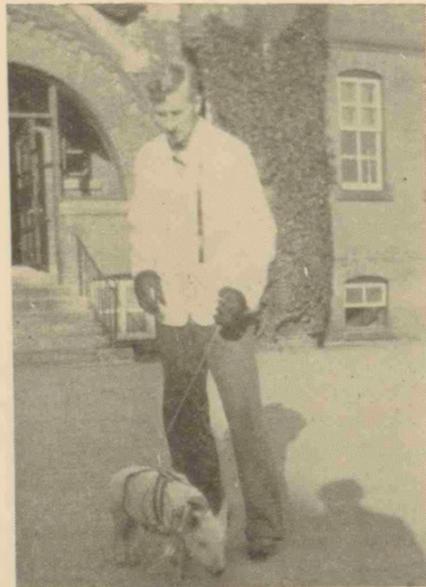
Visions of excommunication, boiling in oil by wrathful Seniors, and all conceivable tortures known to man flashed in front of me. For the worst had happened. I had let the beloved beast entrusted to my care escape on an alien field.

I immediately raced after the little wretch (which now seemed to have shrunk to several sizes smaller), followed by the throng of cheering children. After several futile attempts at flying tackles I finally managed to collar him amidst mixed grunts from the

pig and muffled oaths from myself. Once again he was secure, and my spirits rose considerably. The remaining half of the game passed uneventfully as far as the pig was concerned. He just kept backing up and sulking. It was a great relief to arrive back at the college without further mishap, the pig at any rate none the worse for his experience.

Then came the next Saturday afternoon, when we were to play Loyola. I was informed that since I seemed to have such a knowing way with pigs, I could again be "Pig Sergeant". I was about to protest, but thought better of it — after all, one is only a freshman once.

Unfortunately pigs grow at an alarming rate, and this one was no exception. He was a good deal stouter than he had been the previous week, and although I heard from reliable sources that he had been given a Lifebuoy bath, I



greatly doubted the truth of the statement. Certain scientists, I am informed, insist that the pig is one of the cleanest of animals if given proper care. Personally I place little faith in their assertions.

After a great struggle the harness and coat were in place and our mascot, beginning to get accustomed to his new life, started out in front of us. But not for long. He pulled backward, to the right and to the left but never in the direction we wanted him to go. Seeing that stubbornness was not going to get him anywhere, he reluctantly agreed to walk in a crab-like fashion, provided myself and the bodyguard were behind him.

Passing near the kitchen I got the brilliant notion that perhaps our porker was hungry. Accosting the chef and politely asking for one small apple to quieten the fears of our little friend, I was amazed to see his brows cloud over, and a look of horror and disgust spread across his swarthy features. After going through all the details of his life history, he informed me that it was a criminal offence to feed apples to pigs, that I was laying myself open to fine, imprisonment, or even deportation. Apparently apples give pigs severe tummy aches or intoxicate them in some way, and farmers found guilty of feeding apples to pigs are severely dealt with. I hastily retreated from the kitchen and decided the pig could go hungry, even though I discounted our lovable chef's statements.

The game progressed rapidly, our mascot making himself conspicuous by shrieking at a very high pitch if Loyola had the better of the play, and pivoting around on a piece of ground about four inches square if Bishop's made some brilliant play. Throughout the game he was fairly obedient and with a little gentle persuasion would go this way or that according to his whim. When the game was over he gave a sort of war whoop all of his own, and led the way back to his pen. Yes, he was learning, and learning fast.

From a Hilltop

I declare from the top of this hill,
From the height of this beautiful crest,
That nothing shall alter my will
To attain what is best.

'Mid the sweep and the daring of space,
I declare for the courage to bring
My life to the ultimate place
Of Glory and Spring.

The McGill game on the following Saturday found me well prepared—with gloves, cloths and talcum powder to try and sweeten our now rather greyish porker. He had definitely not had a bath this time. Unfortunately the silly little blighter kicked and struggled so much that powder and dust were strewn everywhere, and the originally pink skin was now blacker than ever. As the time was drawing near for the kick-off, we tied several purple and white ribbons to the harness and led porky to the field in a rather dishevelled state. His personal appearance did not seem to bother him in the least.

During the game he was very quiet, giving vent to his shrieks only occasionally and he seemed to be tired of tearing around in circles. He was led around the field at half time and behaved admirably, much better in fact, than many dogs I have seen. At the conclusion of the game he strutted in front of the team and seemed to just romp back to his pen.

Alas! this was his last game, for at some time during the next week he completely vanished. I would really like to know just what did befall the poor little beggar, as I began to take quite a personal interest in him. Not that I enjoyed his presence, not by a long shot, but he was beginning to get rather friendly with me, and in time we might have become firm friends.

The reader will notice that I have not made any mention of the animal's name. I think he was called after everyone in the college, but let us show no favouritism—no name has been mentioned.

As for next season, if I have anything to do with choosing the mascot, I am certainly going to have pity on some innocent freshman, and suggest to the committee in charge of purchasing mascots, that they invest in some peaceful, lovable and easily handled animal, such as a rattlesnake, porcupine, or even a young grizzly bear cub—but not, definitely not, a pig.

O sweet is the rapture of poise,
And strong is the peace of a hill,
Afar from the steam and the noise
Of furnace and mill!

And I stand on this wonderful slope,
An eagle abreast of the sky,
And the day is a bugle of hope—
I am glad I am I!

THE INTERNATIONAL STATUS OF SHANGHAI

With so much of the world's interest in foreign affairs settled for the present upon the recent developments in Central Europe where the unprecedented audacity of Herr Hitler may give rise to international complications, some are prone to forget that there are other conflicts of international importance going on in this troubled world. We are apt to allow yesterday's interests to be replaced by newer issues, for while the Sino-Japanese war has momentarily taken a back seat, it is nevertheless a far from negligible factor in the possible promotion of military engagements involving great powers in a repetition of the 1914-18 holocaust. Lest, moreover, the aggressiveness of the German Chancellor has caused us to forget yesterday's headlines: "Japanese Bombs Fall on International Settlement at Shanghai," and possibly our flare of anger at the apparently hesitant policy of Great Britain in this instance, it might here be interesting to discover exactly what the Empire's position is in the International Settlement, lest we be open to the suggestions of uncomplimentary rumours from across the sea that the Defender of Freedom is afraid of Japan.

For this a short outline history of the International Settlement must be given; but first attention may be drawn to two important points; first, that the territory on which the Settlement is situated is not withdrawn from the sovereignty of China, despite the fact that its administration is in the hands of an International Municipal Council; and secondly, that the neutral status it enjoys, and to which it has made good its claim over a period of 60 or 70 years, is not secured by any treaty or agreement, and is sanctioned solely by tradition.

The British Government has, in fact, no statutory right to question the action of the Japanese in, for example, landing their troops within the Settlement boundaries, and all that the local authorities could do was, first, to endeavour to prevent any fighting within the boundaries and secondly, to defend the area itself from any attack from without, from whatever quarter this might come.

Shanghai was opened to foreign trade in 1843 (by the Treaty of Nanking, signed on August 29, 1842), and two years later the foundation of the International Settlement was laid by the conclusion of an arrangement between the British Consul and the Toatai, the Intendant of Circuit and Superintendent of Customs. This arrangement, embodied



in regulations adopted in November, 1845, was merely one granting foreigners the right to lease land in a certain specified area, and there was no question of obtaining from the Chinese Government a "concession", or area of land to serve as a site for the trading establishments or residences of foreigners, as was done at Canton, Tientsin, and Hankow. The agreement concluded simply provided for the setting apart of an area in which British subjects might acquire land from Chinese owners, and it was arranged that a British purchaser, as soon as he had come to terms with the owner, should report his agreement to the British Consul, who, in turn, reported it to the Toatai. The latter would then issue to the British purchaser, through the Consul, a title in the form of a perpetual lease, under which a small annual rent was reserved for payment to the Chinese Government, the theory being that, as all land belonged to the Emperor, there could be no out-and-out sale to a foreigner, and the foreigners must, therefore, be content to be leasees.

The Settlement was at first regarded as British, and all the land transactions had to be registered at the British Consulate, but the maintenance of this position was not insisted upon, and the right of other foreigners to acquire land within the area was recognized, while each foreign consul, besides exercising jurisdiction over his own nationals, took part in the general supervision of Settlement affairs. An American and a French Settlement were established on similar terms during the following few years, but the former was amalgamated with that of Great Britain in 1863. A plan for amalgamating the French Settlement with the other two was agreed upon by the local representatives, but was not accepted by the French Government, which retained special jurisdiction over the area and established for it a separate system of municipal administration. It is administered by the French Consul-General and has been referred to as the French Concession ever since, although the agreement with the Chinese authorities was similar to that concluded by the British Consul, and no "concession" area was leased by the Chinese to the French Government.

The International Settlement began with an area of 138 acres, which was increased to 470 acres as early as 1848. By 1893, the addition of the American area and other fresh delimitations brought it up to 1,780 acres, and additions since have resulted in the total area amounting to 5,584 acres. Including the French Concession, of 2,525 acres, the total area is now 12.66 square miles.

The Settlement was originally intended to be reserved for foreigners; the land was to be gradually acquired by them and no Chinese were expected to reside within its limits, except those who kept shops for the purpose of supplying foreign residents, and those who worked as servants. It is interesting to note that the circumstance which was responsible for the disappearance of this restriction was the insecurity of life within the surrounding areas, which, as early as 1853, led to 20,000 Chinese taking refuge within the Settlement when the Chinese city was captured by the rebels in the Taiping rebellion. It is also of interest to recall that the presence of the armies, both of the Emperor and of the rebels, being considered a menace to the safety of the Settlement, the British Consul sent a message to the Commander of the Chinese Imperial forces in 1854, demanding the immediate removal of his camp to a site at a safe distance from the Settlement. The request not being complied with, a party of sailors and marines from British and American warships, assisted by local volunteers, attacked the camp and compelled the Chinese to move to the south side of the city. Again, in 1860, and 1862, the British and French forces assisted the Chinese forces to beat off an attack by the Taipings, and the disturbed conditions in the surrounding countryside resulted in refugees coming into the Settlement in thousands—in fact by 1862 the Chinese population was estimated to number half a million, though the majority left again when the rebellion came to an end two years later.

The danger to which the Settlement was exposed at this time was the origin of two developments of a particularly important character; in the first place it revealed to the inhabitants their weakness so long as they remained an unorganized community consisting of groups of foreigners belonging to different nations, each living under their own laws and subject to the jurisdiction of their own consuls. To quote the Feetham Report (published in Shanghai in 1931): "They found themselves in need both of organized provision for protection against dangers from without, and of improved machinery for purposes of internal administration, but before these needs could be effectively met it was necessary for the community to acquire some degree of unity under a Constitution which would be accepted as binding to all its members." Steps were accordingly taken to form the nucleus of an administration by the appointment, by the British Consul, of a small committee of three

merchants, who dealt with matters concerning roads and jetties, and by the institution of a system of election for a representative body, which subsequently developed into the municipal council of today. A police force was organized at the same time.

In the second place, as experience showed that the Chinese Government was either unable or unwilling to assume responsibility for the protection of the residents of the Settlement, the latter took it upon themselves to organize and conduct their own defence, and to declare the area neutral ground. There was no International law which could lend its sanction to such a position, involving, as it did, the assumption by residents of the responsibility of an armed neutrality, but, as the British Consul stated at the time: "It was based on an obvious necessity under the law of self preservation." As was also pointed out at the time, when civil war was being waged at the very door of the Settlement and no authority existed, there were but two courses open to the residents; either to evacuate the city and leave it to the mercy of the contending armies, with all the moral and material loss this would involve, or to remain, and with such military means as were at hand to defend themselves and their possessions from all aggression, and to do this it was necessary to declare the Settlement neutral ground. The prolongation of the civil war made it necessary to adopt further measures to regularize the position and consolidate the organization of the life of the Settlement. Legally, the consuls had no power to order the employment, even for self-defence, of the forces of the governments which they represented. By the terms of the Treaty of Nanking they could not take measures which involved the occupation of Chinese territory without the assent of the Chinese Government, nor had they undertaken by the treaty to protect their subjects on shore in Chinese territory. Once they had taken it upon themselves to do so, however, it was soon evident that the first necessity of security for the future was the constitution of a municipal body which could give sanction to measures of resistance, and the organization of a police force capable of maintaining order.

Thus was developed a special doctrine as to rights which, by virtue of its unique political status, the Settlement should be deemed to possess. These rights may be summarized under the three heads of self-defence, armed neutrality, and exclusion of Chinese armed forces, and to all of them the Settlement as a corporate body made good its claim. As regards the second point, the attitude of neutrality has been consistently maintained, even at the risk of collision with forces owing allegiance to the government recognized for the time being by the powers as the government of China, and the Municipal Council has not hesitated to call in assistance from foreign powers for the purpose of protection against aggression from no matter what quarter.

As to the exclusion of Chinese troops, the Chinese authorities have been invited to recognize the right of the Settlement in this respect, and have, in practice, recognized it since the events of 1852-53. At the same time the events of early 1932 showed how difficult it is to carry this theory into effect when one of the members of the Settlement is a belligerent. There is no separate Japanese section of the Settlement, and in the absence of any statutory provisions for its neutrality it is impossible to interfere with the Japanese when using it as a base for their forces, as in the operations in 1932 and 1937. In this connection it is interesting to note that in February, 1932, the Municipal Council issued the considered opinion of its Director-General, himself a lawyer, to the effect that the Settlement enjoys only a qualified neutrality for defensive purposes and that the Council is, therefore, not responsible for the disposition of the defence of the Settlement. This was understood in Shanghai to mean that the Council could not go much beyond friendly remonstrance with the Japanese for their use of the Settlement as a base of operations.

It should be added that an important development in the organization of this self-contained community is the admission of Chinese members to a share in the adminis-

tration. In 1920 a Chinese Ratepayers' Association was formed. In 1926 the ratepayers' meeting adopted a resolution approving the addition of three Chinese members to the Municipal Council and they took their seats for the first time in April, 1928; while in May, 1930, their number was increased to five (the number of foreign members is 9—5 British, 2 American and 2 Japanese). In April, 1927, the municipality of Greater Shanghai was established, and a mayor appointed who was Chinese, and in that year, and in 1930 new courts were established to replace the Shanghai Mixed Court. Apart from these changes, however, the Settlement is governed today under a constitution which dates from 1866, and has operated with minor modifications ever since.

In conclusion it is worth remarking that Shanghai is the largest industrial city, as well as the greatest port, in China. Its population of over three and a half millions includes many thousand foreigners, of whom the Japanese, estimated at nearly 25,000, are the most numerous, but there are some 9,000 British residents, and the value of British investments in the industry and trade of Shanghai has been variously estimated at from \$750,000,000 to \$900,000,000.

THETFORD HO I

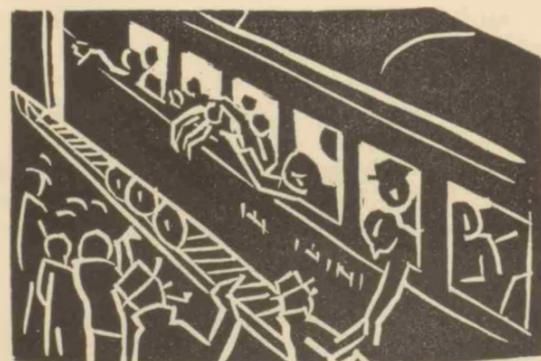
"Coffee will be served the resident students at 6.30 a.m." Beastly hour for serving anything, but believe it or not a petrified little group of students did gather in the kitchen in the grey of the dawn for coffee, and cocoa, and toast, and an orange.

The occasion—as most of our readers have already guessed—was that Odyssey of the Maths and Science Club, the Trip to Thetford, on March 5 to delve into the mysteries of asbestos.

By 7.15 the expedition was away from Lennoxville. At Sherbrooke a few more potential miners brought the tally up to forty. The scanty breakfasts were reinforced on the train, and after several failures a snapshot of the gang was secured . . . and so to Thetford.

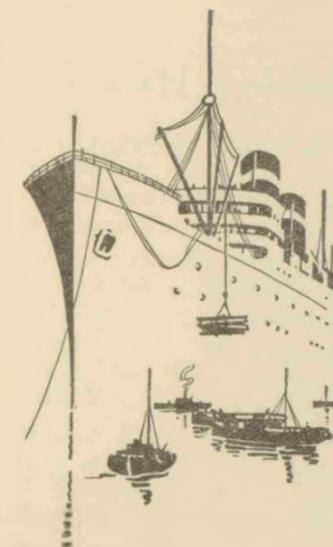
With a careful eye to the old maxim: "When in Thetford do as the Pharo does", the gang detrained and found a fleet of cars, complete with distinguished chauffeurs, waiting to take it to the Johnson Asbestos Company's plant. This is the "old original" outfit at Thetford and has perfected the process of extracting the asbestos fibres from the rock—a simple matter of crushing the rock, and then shredding out the free asbestos.

On this eventful morning our first move was to descend



the 284 steps on to the first level of the great open pit, which has been dug out in the sixty-one years of the Company's operation. From this point we could see the whole floor and watch the vaguely penitential work of the pitmen, drilling and breaking up the blasted rock and loading per bucket and electric shovel into pram-like ore cars. These were then shunted up an inclined tunnel in the side of the pit, and reappeared at the surface (so we were assured) and their loads dumped directly into the great crusher. Work in the open pit is the most dangerous job connected with the industry, due to falling rock and the possible carelessness of workers on the higher levels.

After sticking our noses into the forge where the drills are sharpened (just as well to offer an innocent explanation



PRESTIGE

Has been established through continual sale of high grade printing and careful service to the most discriminating.

Printers of Advertising That Sells

BECK PRESS REG'D

133 Main Street

Lennoxville

Telephone 133

Meredith, Holden, Heward & Holden

Barristers & Solicitors

215 ST. JAMES STREET WEST

MONTREAL

F. E. Meredith, K.C., LL.D.

A. R. Holden, K.C.

C. G. Heward, K.C.

R. C. Holden, K.C.

P. P. Hutchison, K.C.

E. H. Cliff

C. T. Ballantyne

W. C. J. Meredith

F. T. Collins

A. D. P. Heeney

D. R. McMaster

W. R. Eakin, Jr.

A. M. Minnion

G. R. W. Owen

Fisher Scientific Co., LIMITED

Manufacturers

SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS

LABORATORY APPARATUS and REAGENTS

for

CHEMISTRY - METALLURGY - BIOLOGY

904-910 ST. JAMES ST. MONTREAL, QUE.

for the rosy condition in which several students returned) and coveting the gigantic boilers in the heating plant, we proceeded to the crusher. This machine is simply a mortar and pestle with a corrugated interior, punctured at the bottom to permit the crushed material to escape. But the size of the gadget is such that it easily chews up chunks of ore bigger than a chest of drawers, and weighing several tons, with consequent noise and vibration. The cars from the pit arrive here by mysterious ways and the ore is dumped on to a feeder. A control cabin close overhead (sound proof and shock proof, we hope) accommodates an engineer, who judiciously feeds the crusher. The broken stuff dribbles out onto a belt conveyer, is twice more reduced by similar crushers, and is then run into the dryers. These long revolving cylinders are heated by a battery of furnaces. Several minutes of this, and the dry, crushed material is shot off to the 30,000 ton storage bin.

When demand justifies material goes to the separators, which remind one of the sifters in a flour mill. From the top of a six-storey building the mixed rock and asbestos fluff is shaken down over screens, that pass the coarse material and allow the light asbestos to be sucked up by a series of "vacuum cleaners". Thus the different grades are separated and bagged. Nothing of value is wasted.

Before coming out into the open again the party was denuded of its fluffy asbestos dust covering by a buffeting stream of compressed air. Though the dust is thick throughout the plant the workers are not troubled by silicosis or any other lung complaint, the fibres being so soft that they have no harmful effect.

After a spot of mountaineering on the asbestos in the storage sheds, we returned to look in at the high-grade sheds where 34 women were considerably amused to receive visitors. They were engaged in breaking up the best grade ore that is picked out by "cobbers" at the pit bottom and cannot be sent through the crushers. The longer the fibres of the mineral the greater is its value. The longest fibres spin into strong thread, the asbestos dust is used in fire resistant building board, and many are the intermediate uses.

The Johnson Company has up to the present taken all its ore from the open pit, but it has now embarked on a system of shaft mining. The new vertical shaft has reached the 100-foot level. We inspected this and the various workers' conveniences—wash house, first aid station, and dining hall. Our own dining was splendidly accomplished at the Commercial Hotel, as guests of Johnson's.

Immediately after dinner we turned our attention to the Asbestos Corporation. At their mine the ore is obtained by the revolutionary system of "block-caving", used nowhere else in Canada. A central shaft is sunk, and from this a maze of tunnels leads off at various levels. The boundaries of the quadrangular block to be mined are marked by vertical "stopes" and weakened by blasting in off-

shoot passages. Then the base of the block is shattered and the material spilled by funnel-like "grizzly drifts" to the bottom level of the mine. Here buckets are loaded by "muckers" and shot to the surface. As the bottom of the block is hollowed away the whole business drops, leaving a depression at the surface, which is kept filled with waste material. When the tell-tale sand appears in the drifts the block is cleaned out, and another one is tackled.

So, the party being split up into fiftens with an engineer guiding each, we concealed our identities under crash helmets, overalls and electric lamps and trooped to the shafthead. While waiting to engage for the lower regions we studied accident prevention placards, and were reassured by a delightfully blank "Accident Score Board". Then aboard the double-decker cage (16 men only) — and we were off for China at an angle of forty-five degrees. The cage humped downwards into the glistening, well-lighted shaft, suspended by the proverbial pack thread, but assured of an emergency brake if anything should go wrong.

First stop: 500-foot level—and we plunged off into the darkness. Those who weren't shod for wading cursed the cramped, dripping tunnel, and excelled themselves in balancing on the single line of rail—the others splashed along gaily and dodged the occasional push car bearing ore back from the stopes. Here we saw a couple of drillers at work with their pneumatic drill, and were in shockingly close attendance upon a small blast in a blocked drift. Compressed air and electricity are laid on throughout the mine. Then back to the shaft and down to the 600-foot level.

Here we walked cosily on comparatively wide and well-drained avenues, with an electric tram service carrying the ore. The trolleys are loaded with the rock drifted from the higher levels and themselves dump, to fill the buckets whizzing up from the bottom of the mine—another 60 feet down. These buckets have a vertical shaft all to themselves, which we viewed from a prudent distance with thoughts of decapitation. To these lowest levels the surface water seeps and is pumped out by an efficient electric plant.

And so back topsides, having been below for forty-five minutes. An interesting explanation with the aid of charts and a model clarified much of what we had seen. Then, having returned our borrowed plumes and brushed off the mud, we broke loose on Thetford. For the rest of the afternoon we explored the residential and convivial amenities of the town, until the crowd-bound 7.10 train hooted through the snow to return us to Lennoxville. The crowd on the platform was regaled with song and yell from the entire party, our Cornwall cheerleader making a big hit with the infant Frenchmen . . . And so far into the night.

To our hosts, the Johnson Company, thanks for a thoroughly interesting and enjoyable day; to the officers of the Maths and Science Club, congratulations on the best excursion yet.

The Old Idea

that making a Will was something to be put off until the last possible moment is now "out of fashion".

TO-DAY

women, quite as much as men, know that the necessity of making careful and efficient plans for the disposition of their Estates is not a matter to be long delayed.

Naturally these plans usually include the appointment of a Trust Company as Executor. We say "naturally" because the advantages of a Trust Company over an individual as Executor are so very obvious.

*Why not have a confidential talk
with one of our officers regarding
your Estate?*

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY



Many Successful Canadians

now leading in the business and professional life of the Dominion were college or university students not so many years ago.

Not a few of them became savings depositors of the Bank of Montreal during their student days, and today they are valued and important customers.

You, too, are invited to establish a contact by opening a savings account at Canada's oldest bank.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

*"a bank where small accounts
are welcome"*

SHERBROOKE BRANCHES

Main Office 59 Wellington Street
W. O. NICOL, Manager
Belvidere and King Streets Branch
L. A. LABERGE, Manager

AUSTRO-GERMAN "ANSCHLUSS"

Ever since I had the opportunity of visiting these two countries in 1935, I have followed with interest the American and Canadian views upon the subject. However, I was not prepared for the evident surprise expressed in the Canadian newspapers when Hitler's Austrian coup was made public. Each, and every editorial expressed the same note of surprise that Hitler had succeeded, and even that he had considered the idea of "Anschluss". I admit at first the idea that 60% of Austria was pro-Nazi did startle me, but after living amongst the people, and hearing their views I realized that Austria has been unofficially German for over four years. To better illustrate this I should like to tell of an incident which is typical of the whole country. While in Innsbruck one afternoon I went into a beer-garden (one of the largest), and ordered a glass of beer. As is the custom, the waiter brought a pile of magazines and newspapers. He put them carefully beside me, folded back the pages of the top one, and left me to enjoy the cool bitterness of my beer. Picking the paper up I saw the smiling face of Herr Georing. The whole pile was made up of German magazines and newspapers. When the man passed me again I asked him for the "Basler Zeitung", a paper definitely anti-Hitler, but he informed me that they didn't sell it in Austria, yet I only had to cross the street to buy one. That the man was a German was without doubt, for he even had the harsh accent of a Berliner.

I have some very good friends in the University at Vienna, and they informed me that at least seventy percent of the university is pro-Nazi; they even went so far as to proudly relate how they had been imprisoned for rioting in Nazi demonstrations. They consider "anschluss" with Germany would be a good thing for their country. Now, they are a poor people, they have lost all the splendour and the power that was theirs. Their great city with its magnificent buildings and sad music is half empty. Germany could give them new life, money, and self-respect. Nothing is so touching as the evident poverty of her people, not even the poorest South American country possesses so little wealth and so many charming people.

I was surprised that Hitler had not made this union sooner, but the Fatherland Front (the Government Party) have a potent weapon in Chancellor Dolfuss, dead as he is. Every mountain peak has his cross on it, every house has

his black flag. The government have played upon the people's sympathy to the fullest extent. This summer, in July, they had a day of mourning for him, and each house burned a candle at the window, while all the church bells pealed throughout the land for five minutes. One might even say that Dolfuss dead is more powerful than Dolfuss alive.

The German side is different again, they know that sooner or later the Austrians must give in, and they are trying to make it sooner. At the university in Munich they print a weekly paper in English for the benefit of the English-speaking students, and the following extract shows the relationship as it exists from their point of view.

"Clarification of the Political Position"

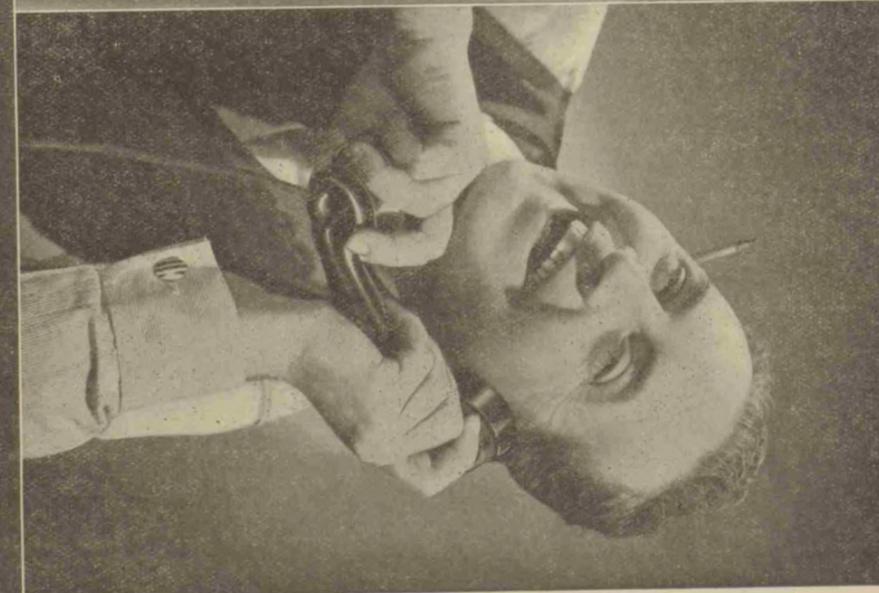
"The Austrian Government has consistently accompanied the German Government along the path of foreign policy. The effects of the agreement (Pact of Reconciliation, July 12, 1936) on the Austro-German domestic situation, however, do not show the same satisfactory result.

"It would be foolish to deny this, and by recognizing it frankly we give evidence of our good will to improve the situation. In any case only ignoramuses who understand nothing of the historical problems of the German race could have expected that twelve months would settle a question to which generations have devoted their best efforts. *If on the Austrian side doubt should still exist about the question of independence, it must be pointed out that the notion of union with Germany in the old, old sense of the phrase no longer corresponds to the historical conception of Austria's past.*

"This naturally postulates a relationship with Germany of the closest and most fraternal character possible. The discovery of a constitutional formula for this relationship may safely be left to a later epoch."

As can be seen, Herr von Papen considers this "relationship" of a more "fraternal character" a matter for the future. Of all the countries who had an interest, political or economic, in this union I imagine Austria was the least disturbed. It is remarkable just how disturbing an incident can be made to appear with a liberal use of printer's ink and imagination; perhaps if they had changed that date above the headlines from February, 1938, to February, 1934, then the statement would have been news.

BLACK HORSE ALE
REFRESHES AND STIMULATES YOU



**DRINK
BLACK HORSE ALE
FRESH AS A DAISY
IN THE MORNING
WORK WITH A
SMILE ALL DAY**

(11) *Do you think that a weekly paper could be made a success here?*

The pessimism greeting the idea of introducing a weekly paper at Bishop's is characteristic of the reception given any new proposals here. This is an important matter "because a news weekly might cramp the *Mitre's* style and curtail any literary efforts. Knowing co-eds feel that "the dirt gets around fast enough anyway", and "no, since Bishop's is already too proficient in spreading gossip", to which comes the male reply "It would be a great success if made into a gossip rag with co-ed editors".

Males—Yes, 24; No, 48. Females—Yes, 4; No, 26.

(12) *Are you making some sacrifice during the season of Lent with any certainty of maintaining this ideal?*

It would appear that there aren't a great number of students who believe that life's limited pleasures should not be curtailed "when they are not harmful". A female proudly confides that "I have given up skipping lectures for Lent," a student who evidently doesn't attend many divinity classes asks "Why especially in Lent?" and another male who wrote a humorous comment to each of his answers quips, "God only knows what I give up for His sake."

Males—Yes, 20; No, 51. Females—Yes, 9; No, 23.

GEMS FROM OLD MITRES!

One evening, not long ago, the Assistant Editor and myself spent two or more precious hours searching through old issues of the *Mitre* which are stored away on one of the shelves in our college library. The quest proved most interesting indeed. We found all sorts of queer publications—large ones and small ones, some bound with brown covers, some with bright yellow and green covers; some were without covers at all. But although the bindings of these magazines are in themselves interesting, still more curious is the wealth of information contained inside them. Would that we could publish some of the old pictures—pictures of the Old Arts building before the present tower was added; pictures showing the interior of the gymnasium in the days when it contained first-class apparatus which is unknown to, but much sought after, by the present-day student; and finally, pictures of former graduates, some of whom are almost as 'queer-looking' as our most recent ones! But since it is impossible to reproduce these pictures, let us pass on to other things.

One of the most interesting of all the *Mitres* through which we glanced was Vol. I, No. 1, published in June, 1893. It contained only fourteen pages, one of which was allotted to advertising—and queer advertising at that! It gives one the impression that the printers of that day were endeavouring to combine, on the page, all the many varieties of type which had been invented since the days of Caxton.

Here is an extract from the first editorial:

"In presenting to you, the many friends and well wishers of Bishop's College, this, the first number of our maga-

zine, we think that it will be well to give a few words of explanation concerning the causes and the purpose which have led to its production. As many of our graduates will no doubt remember, this, though the first attempt for some years past to carry on a University magazine, is by no means the first in the history of the College. Many years ago in the very infancy of the institution, there appeared a paper published by the students, under the very suggestive title of "The Frying Pan." This paper was issued with the avowed purpose of agitating certain reforms in the domestic economy of the college, and having gained this end it was finally discontinued. Our next literary effort was of a very different nature. In the year 1866 there appeared the first number of "The Student's Monthly", a magazine which was in every way a credit to its institutors, containing an excellent stock of original articles on Literary, Educational, Poetical and Classical subjects, as well as a most interesting record of college events. This magazine, owing to a scanty support caused by a small number of both students and graduates at that period and probably too by the want of proper financial management came to an untimely end. From that time to the present Bishop's College has had no public voice. From time to time the want of a college paper has been strongly felt, but until about a year ago, no definite steps were taken in the matter. In the early part of the present session meetings were held, the matter was discussed with the students, and at length the scheme began to assume a material form. Steps were taken to insure the support of the students and professors of the various faculties and overtures were made to the masters and boys of Bishop's College School. From all parts of the institution the scheme met with hearty approval. The next step was the framing of a constitution, which has been accepted by all the branches of

the university and provides for all the needs and requirements likely to arise in the publication of the paper. Officers were then elected by the various departments, and the real work of the undertaking began."

Such was the beginning of this *Mitre* of ours. The editor at that time was a certain B. Watson (Arts '94). It is interesting to note that Dr. F. G. Vial, now Hon. President of the *Mitre*, was at that time one of six assistant editors.

Now we shall look for a moment at the March issue of 1894. (It is well to notice at this point that the *Mitre* was originally published monthly. How the editor managed to secure enough material from the then small student body is a mystery to me!) Therein appears an article entitled "Forty Years Ago" which consists of numerous and scattered quotations from a diary of a student of 1851. The writer describes the buildings of that day, gives interesting glances at the lecture system and, last but not least, mentions the dining room. "The food was abundant, excellent in quality, sufficiently varied and capitally cooked", writes the author. Now perhaps we students know what is meant by 'the good old days!' Most interesting of all is the following extract:

"The afternoons and evenings we had to ourselves for study and recreation. As a general thing we took the afternoons for outdoor exercise and prepared our work in the evening. We found several organizations established among the students when we entered, a cricket club, the "Quinctillian" Debating Society, and an Agriculture Society, the latter being the somewhat facetious designation applied to such a few of us as were disposed to shoulder a pick axe and shovel and sally forth after dinner, under the direction of the Principal, to make improvements (sadly needed) in the college grounds and transplant trees, etc. However the "Agriculture" Society soon died a natural death, its members dropping off one by one as their enthusiasm cooled, until the Principal was the soul survivor, when he too gave it up.

"Next to cricket, boating was our favourite pastime. We had no boathouse, nor landing, and only a flat bottomed boat, but we had rigged up a mast and a sail for it, and when we had done with it, all we had to do was to haul it up on the bank and leave it there. As might have been expected this finally resulted in the loss of the boat which was carried off one night by a freshette and so our boatclub also came to an untimely end. But we had many a pleasant sail and many a desperate pull up the rapids of the St. Francis while it was in existence."

In its infancy the *Mitre* did not contain a "Notes and Comments" column as it does today, but news was published under the separate headings of "Divinity Notes", "Arts Notes", and "Medical Notes." The following are extracts from such columns:

"A long felt want will be shortly supplied by the erection of a brick corridor between the School and the Dining Hall. Some very handsome subscriptions have been

received towards this object, and it is expected to have the corridor completed before the winter."

* * *

"In the last issue the vocal powers of some of the Arts men claimed our attention. If some of those sweet warblers would please to remember the choir practice a little more frequently doubtless the choir-master will be obliged."

* * *

"The electric beacon which graced the college front, and came to an untimely end last term, does not yet shed its beams to guide the weary in at night. Fair, twinkling star, shine forth again in thy lucent orb."

"In our last issue we spoke of the possibility of having a rink in the 'quad'. The rink is now an accomplished fact, thanks to the unprecedented energy and perseverance shown by our much maligned friend, Tom Gill."

* * *

"Some of our juniors have developed an incipient fondness for the village of Compton. No doubt they have friends there whom it is incumbent on them to visit. Perhaps, too, the beauty (of the scenery) of that neighbourhood has awakened an answering thrill in their devoted hearts."

* * *

In the December issue, 1901, we find something which makes us realize that the present day students of the New Arts building are not really as bad as we sometimes suppose them to be. The article to which I refer is an extract from the Sherbrooke "Examiner." It is entitled, "Lennoxville Students Raid the Village." It reads as follows:

"A great many inhabitants of Lennoxville were no doubt surprised last Friday morning that there was nothing to indicate, as is generally the case on a morning following Hallowe'en, that the students from the College had paid a visit to the place. It was known to a few, however, that the authorities had taken the precaution to station men at the bridge to keep the students from entering the town in a body after a certain hour. The students on that night threatened that they would get even with the village authorities, and after several caucuses had been held a proclamation was issued from the leaders among the students that retaliation must be made for the defeat suffered last Thursday. They chose the time well and when their enemy, the authorities, were congratulating themselves that now all danger was passed, a well organized crowd of students fell upon the defenceless village, and in a few minutes, so well they had planned their attack, the town was in their hands. The villagers rushed indoors, while the invading party commandeered everything of a moveable nature from around the houses. The bandstand in the square looks as if a cyclone had struck it, for nothing remains but a few ruins. After occupying the town for some hours the students withdrew to the College, while the village authorities began to reckon up the cost of the invasion."

This was only one of the exciting excursions of the earlier student body of this college. Another is recorded in an issue of 1920. Evidently the 'Granada' of those days

was His Majesty's Theatre. One evening a theatre party was organized in which nearly every student participated. The students dressed themselves in such garments as were suitably for the occasion, and after much hilarity and fun, the party reached Lennoxville and boarded a street car. The play being presented that evening was "The Million Dollar Doll from Paris". "Since there was some delay in commencing the performance," states the writer, "the students took it upon themselves to present some turns of their own." The author continues:

"Some piled into the orchestra pit and played the instruments there available with the intention of producing music, but a listener would hardly have been inclined to term it as such. The College songs were sung and some of the popular jazz pieces of the day. Some of the boys displayed their talent to good advantage on the stage in such capacities as singers, dancers, but chiefly as comedians of the highest order. College yells were indulged in frequently. After much delay the students subsided their row sufficiently to admit the curtain to be raised for the evening's performance. In the interim between acts the College fellows lock-stepped up and down the theatre, eventually landed on the stage en masse where a huge row took place, ending up with considerable damage to one of the stage curtains. However, the actors with much difficulty managed to carry their performance to the end. The students then marched in lock-step up to the armoury where a dance was being held. They immediately took possession of the building, but after two or three dances decided to leave. From which place they went down to the Art Hall where a dance was also being held. A repetition of the Armoury occurrence ensued. The boys just succeeded in boarding the last train to Lennoxville."

It would be a shame to bring to a close our search without mentioning one more gem which also appeared in the same 1920 edition as above mentioned. The article is entitled "Literary Lapses of a Freshman"—A Playlet Staged at Bishop's College during the Present Academic Year, 1919-20. The caste consists only of one William Josiah Smith, a Freshman at Bishop's College, newly arrived from Windy Creek, near Lonesome Corners, twenty-five miles beyond nowhere. The stage manager is the Dean of Residence; property manager, the Bursar; villains, R. J. M. and W. M. S., and scene shifter, H. O. H. The play has four scenes but space will only permit us to print the first one. It reads as follows:

"SCENE 1—Room of William Josiah Smith, on top flat of Arts Building, at 9-27 p.m., October 8, 1919.

"Scenery consists of walls and ceiling, more or less papered; one door (split) at centre, back of stage; one bed (with or without sheets) on right side of stage; one small table, near centre stage; one chair complete with back, standing beside table; one washstand (without door) near bed; one mirror (with glass half broken to add reality)

hanging over washstand.

"N.B.—Two small hand towels may be hung on washstand if desired.

"Curtain rises to discover the hero, Smith, restlessly pacing the floor. He sits down at table and chews pencil (inadvertently left out of scenery). After chewing pencil furiously for one minute and seventeen seconds, he commences to write.

Dear Pa,—

"Have been here for two weeks and find it awful quiet. The fellows aint like those at Windy and there are lots more of them here. Some have just come but most were here before. None of them met me at the train, but this place aint much bigger than Windy and I didn't get lost. The college is as close to the station as our place to Si Gosling's red barn. There is one big man here they call the Senyur Man. He is leaving at Christmas and one of the fellows told me I might get his job. I hope so. All us new fellows is called freshmen. I don't know why. Perhaps the others is called stalemen because the work is stale to them or they are stale to each other. There are girls here, too, but tell Ma not to worry. I will be alright. One of them asks me in to sit down to-day but I says, says I 'No thanks. You're one of them women my mother told me about'. That's telling them, eh Pa? I don't know where the girls live. Don't see any around at night. I asked one chap to-day where the women lived and he said 'In the Old Lodge, most of them,' wherever that is, anyway Ma, I won't go near there. They play football funny here. They put a funny shaped ball between two lines of men, somebody does something and they charge each other and fight like our dog and Si's. Don't see no sense because when you get up, somebody has the ball running away over to one side. One big fellow charged me to-day like Uncle Josh's bull, when he put Ma over the back fence. Everyone tries to get hold of one man at once.

"It is very comfortable here, Pa. Every man has a looking glass of his own. There is not just one by a pail in the hall. We get water from taps here, and can take a bath whenever we like. I haven't tried yet, having forgot last Saturday, but will try next Saturday perhaps.

"I must close now. Your loving son, Josh.

"Closes envelope and puts on hat. Curtain descends as hero marches out to post letter. Sounds of heavy footsteps on stairs, fading in the distance."

Those of you who wish to follow up the subsequent college life of little Josh and his interesting adventures with the co-eds, we advise to visit the library some evening, take the 1920 Lent issue of the *Mitre* from the shelf, blow off the dust, sit down, and enjoy yourself.

And now we bring our retrospect to a close with the hope that some, if not all, of you readers may follow the example of the assistant editor and myself, and in your leisure hours (if such things are to be had) search through these ancient publications of the *Mitre*. It will be time well wasted.



"Give me a big build-up, George —"
 "I'll say you're as popular as Sweet Caps!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

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



The
Bishop



Looks
Down

BOOK REVIEW

MIRACLE OF ENGLAND

—M. A. Maurois

M. Andre Maurois needs no introduction to this or any other audience. His studies of Byron, Disraeli and Shelley have won him a worldwide repute. He is probably the most popular biographer on either side of the Atlantic. Whether he be read in French or in the excellent translations which have been made of his work, M. Maurois has a limpid simplicity of expression and a clarity of style which are the certain mark of a great writer. His history of England is a welcome addition to the literature of the subject and even the expert can learn much from its pages. To the general reader, whose dim recollections of history are a dull mass of detail and a nightmare of inconvenient dates, "The Miracle of England" is something of a revelation. It is a concise and vastly interesting account of the development of the English people. It takes its place quite naturally beside the works of G. M. Trevelyan. The author has great knowledge and great insight into the strange workings of the English mind. He accepts and appreciates that paradoxical mentality which prefers fact to theory and emotional bias to logical analysis. Unlike so many of his countrymen M. Maurois is ready to believe that the Englishman is not always a hypocrite, that Napoleon's sketch of the English in Shaw's "Man of Destiny" is not more than half the truth.

Albion has been often, but not always perfidious in her foreign policy. Men like Walsingham, Palmerston and Sir Edward Grey were occasionally actuated by higher principles than self-aggrandisement and self-glorification.

As the reader turns over the pages he finds several of the more popular misconceptions corrected. The early people of Britain were not, as even J. R. Green would have had him believe, a race of savages who made up with bright blue paint for their shocking scarcity of garments. Richard

I, always a popular hero with the young, is shown for the useless monarch he really was. Queen Elizabeth who has suffered so much from detractors in recent years is absolved of the cynical realism so often attributed to her. M. Maurois does not share Stefan Zweig's partiality for Mary, Queen of Scots, and he makes his readers realize that while Elizabeth signed the warrant for that execution at Fotheringay she did it with reluctance because it was the only logical thing to do. Particularly attractive is the description of Elizabethan England and special emphasis is laid on the tolerant attitude to Catholics and the Queen's perception of her country's needs.

The contest between King and Parliament is handled with an exemplary freedom from bias. It is shorn of some of its romantic trappings but M. Maurois points out the orderliness and good behaviour of the parliamentary forces. He may find their psalm singing dour and unattractive but he is impressed with the fact that they returned to their homes without looting and pillaging the country. Puritan England was not as bad as it has sometimes been painted and many of the amenities of civilized life were retained in the quiet and remote manors. Puritanism is an integral part of the English character and it cannot be dismissed with the Restoration. In it were the seeds of the so-called Non-Conformist conscience which has done so much to shape the destiny of England.

In the eighteenth century M. Maurois stresses the Dutch and German influence. English life took on a heavier tone. Port replaced claret at the tables of the well-to-do, and hereditary gout must be dated from this time. Gin was imported from Holland and brutalized the mass of the urban population. Poverty was rampant in the larger cities. The heavy Georgian architecture matched the heavier Geor-

gian silver. There was less restraint and less religion in the lives of most of the people. The clergy of the Church of England were many of them pluralists who had never seen their benefices. Beneath the surface were the seeds of revolution. The people looked for some spiritual guidance, some alleviation of their lot. It was John Wesley who was to turn this discontent into the fanatical zeal of his enormous following. Like that great historian of the English people, his countryman, M. Elie Halevy, M. Maurois realizes the great importance of the dissenting churches. M. Halevy has traced the development of the Non-Conformist bodies into the utilitarianism of the Manchester School under Bentham and the Mills. M. Maurois is equally alive to the social and political importance of the Non-Conformist classes.

In the purely political sphere the reader is introduced to all the great figures of the eighteenth century. Sir Robert Walpole is portrayed as the astute politician who retained his place by doing nothing, as the master who told his disciples never to say "never". The older Pitt appears in all his glory as the saviour of his country from political blundering and the driving force which leads the British arms to success in every corner of the globe.

In reviewing the nineteenth century the history is largely concerned with the social and economic consequences of the Reform Bill and the Industrial Revolution. The British House of Commons had ceased to be a club for English country gentlemen. The Liberal party replaced the Whigs and Charles Dickens did more by his novels to mitigate the sufferings of the poor than all the social and reforming legislation. The long peace furthered reform and the Chart-ist troubles were forgotten or rectified. Wars there were, but they hardly disturbed the placid surface of English life. At the turn of the century England embarked on a disastrous war with the Boers but wisdom presided at the tables of the peacemakers.

Edwardian complacency led up to the World War but here M. Maurois has little to add to the common knowledge. The post war years are fraught with trouble for Europe, but M. Maurois looks with optimism on the future of the British Commonwealth. Despite the recent depression the conditions of the masses have improved. Cheap tickets, cheap busses, the radio, the baby car, the dance hall, all these features of English life M. Maurois notes with approval. England he feels is once more Merrie England. The Silver Jubilee and the Coronation have shown that she still has the capacity to enjoy herself. Maurois is one of England's most successful propagandists. His rather pronounced Anglophilia makes him portray the English governing classes as they would wish to appear to themselves. And, what is far more important than that, he portrays them as they would wish to appear to the rest of the British Commonwealth.

Prof. A. W. Preston.

WIPPELL'S

World-Famed
CASSOCKS & SURPLICES



| | |
|---|-------------|
| CLERGY CASSOCKS | from \$10.5 |
| " SURPLICES, Cathedral Shape, Hand Smocked, as illustrated. | " \$7.75 |
| " SURPLICES, Slightly Gathered | " \$5.20 |
| CLERICAL CLOAKS | " \$13.15 |
| STUDENTS' S.B. CASSOCKS | " \$8.25 |
| " LINEN SURPLICE | " \$3.90 |
| CHORISTERS' CASSOCKS - | " \$3.60 |
| " SURPLICES - | " \$1.15 |

Duty, where chargeable, to be paid to the Authorities by the purchaser upon delivery.

Samples and Illustrated List No. 314 sent free upon request.

J. WIPPELL & Co., Ltd.
55/56, High Street, EXETER
ENGLAND

NOTES AND COMMENTS

It's beginning to look as though Spring is here, but at the time of writing the weather has not been the type that would inspire poets, as a matter of fact it is not the type to inspire anything; it appears to have quite the contrary effect. There is nothing to look forward to but a wet spring, a short holiday before Easter, and the June exams after a very short Trinity term. . . . The bridge has already cracked but the weather at that time was too cold to allow the boys to fully enjoy the spectacle and the flood proved to be a fiz in comparison with two years ago. Then there were the visits of the local constable who felt that the crime of bending the "Go Slow" sign in the village was a dastardly crime carried out by the University boys! Outside of these things, on the whole, the term has proven itself to be a dull one. No one has yet moved from the New Arts to the Old Arts so that they can more easily study.

These black "Anthony Eden" hats are quite the thing amongst the divines, but there are two who have been noticed wearing caps. We wonder if this could be due to the fact that they walked out of East Sherbrooke at a rapid rate, followed by a Sherbrooke police car (No, not number one, the other). . . . The elections have been held and Ronnie Fyfe was elected Senior Man. T. C. Stevens was elected vice-president, and there is little or no doubt that the speech that he made at the opening meeting of the Arts Club had some effect on the voting. It may be remembered that he intimated his disapproval of having all complaints and suggestions put in writing and then discussed by meetings behind closed doors. Ken Willis was elected secretary-treasurer, Les Gourley as president of athletics, and Waldo Tulk as president of second year; Sid Davies president of debating and Peter Edgell president of dramatics.

Well at long last a legitimate drinking song has put in its appearance at the University, and the boys have a song to sing as they progress downtown on their nightly visits to refresh themselves. Though the song depends more on the volume with which it is sung, than on the sentiment, still it is rapidly growing in popularity. A few notes on its origin would be in order, but to point out one composer would be a difficult job, as a matter of fact it would be almost equally difficult to tell the exact time that it made its appearance. We are told by an authority that the words and music bear a striking resemblance to a drinking song of another University, yet in the transposition it seems to have acquired a sufficient number of lines characteristic of this University, so that there is some justification in calling it a Bishop's drinking song.

There is little or no doubt that the song originated in



the Parchesi Club, and that it was on behalf of the efforts of this noble organization that it was popularized. Its popularity was further increased at a meeting of the Arts Club, and the final factor was the distribution of a number of copies to the members of the Glee Club.

The tune of the song is characteristic of college. This is a definite improvement over the lyrics written to the tune of "Ireland will be Ireland" or "Sweet Violets". It makes a fine marching song. The O. T. C. band should see what they could do with it.

The lyrics are interesting. The first line advocates beer for Old U. B. C. This in itself is an innovation in drinking songs. Isn't it Notre Dame. Then it mentions that this is to be supplied "As we stroll onward, down to the "G". (Advt.) Now in all fairness, could you call a group of boys seeking the "G" a strolling group? To do this justice it should at least be called a damned determined walk. As a matter of interest it was wonderful to see how much the marching of the O. T. C. improved when a visit to the above-mentioned institution was in prospect. The next line suggests that someone be sent out for gin. Now it seems that there was a verse that said beer before wine everything fine, or was it beer after wine . . . anyway how would that apply to gin. It sounds like a grewsome combination. The song continues advising that not a sober person be allowed to enter, exactly how much danger is there of this?

The chanty continues with a pair of idle boasts— "We never falter, we never fall." That's good. Maybe we should get witnesses. "We sober up on wood alcohol." Now that is a lie, isn't it froth blowers? The final windup is a little puzzling "As our loyal sons come marching back from the brewery." As far as we know the nearest brewery is in Montreal 98.7 miles from the university; some march. On second thought, how many loyal sons could march after a visit to the brewery?

Maybe it would be better just to sing, "There's a Tavern in the Town."

THE FORMAL DANCE

The long-awaited and much-talked-of Formal took place on Monday, February twenty-eighth, and proved to be a great success. Several important changes were made by a committee which proved its ability in handling the dance.

The dance was held in the Masonic Hall, which place proved itself to be more spacious and more easily decorated than the Mayfair room. Then there was no à la carte dinner as in previous years which also helped to avoid a certain amount of confusion.

The patronesses were Mrs. McGreer and Mrs. Kuehner. The reception line had shrunk by one patroness. Music was supplied by Rollie Badger and his band. Dancing was from ten to two a.m. with only a short intermission at about midnight. There were about fifty couples present, which is a larger number than of previous dances.

Noted . . . The patronesses remark: "At last a dance where we can see the dancers." We wonder what she saw on the floor to interest her? . . . The lad who went to the dance in his pyjamas . . . The few who knew of the sit-out room upstairs and took advantage of it . . . and Rollie's broken arm which prompted the remark "H-m-m-m- sling music tonight."

THE MATHS AND SCIENCE CLUB

On Saturday morning, March 4, thirty-nine members of the university arose at the crack of dawn, and were led to the C. N. R. station by Professor Kuehner where they embarked on the Q. C. R. train for Thetford Mines. The problem remains what was the attraction, the promised meal given by the Johnson Company, the party that Pharo promised to organize, or did they just want the ride? Anyhow the lads returned at varying intervals between Saturday evening and Monday morning, and as is revealed elsewhere in this issue of Canada's outstanding College publication a good time was had by all.

* * *

Now we have heard a great deal about ping-pong championship in the sports column. As a matter of fact one might even accuse Mr. Mills of sometimes boasting just a little about his ability at this game, especially since he had finally succeeded in defeating Mr. Stevens. Now it seems that a certain Foreign Secretary, a Mr. Lyster by name (Of the people's party), stepped out of retirement and defeated both of these pseudo-champions.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Three debates were held at the University this term. The first was the second of the Inter-Faculty debates, Arts having won the first by virtue of the oratorical ability of Mr. J. Starnes. This debate was not nearly so successful from the Arts point of view. Whereas they had won the

first by a score of six points, they lost the second by seven thus giving them one point disadvantage for the final debate which will be held on March 30.

The subject of the debate was "Resolved that in view of social and economic conditions in the country, Canadian policy ought to assume a more definite socialistic stand than it has done." The Arts team was made up of Magor, Tulk and Giles. Lincoln Magor's part in the debate proved to be the high point in the Arts' argument. The Divinity team was composed of N. Pilcher (B.A.), S. J. Davies and Guy Marston. Norm Pilcher supplied the facts, Sid Davies talked in his customary manner, and Marston supplied the comic relief.

The second debate was equally disastrous to the Arts and the Divinity faculty, when two thirds of the Divinity debating team, Pilcher and Davies were defeated by Loyola team composed of Sam Hutchison and J. Kennedy on the subject "Resolved that profiting by the sad examples of other countries Canada should prohibit by law the preaching of Communism and Fascism."

The third debate was held on March 9 when a team of two ex-Bishop's men, John Withall and Wes. Bradley, representing the Sherbrooke Public Speaking Society, debated against a college team consisting of S. J. Davies and Lincoln Magor. The subject was "Resolved that sit down strikes are a just weapon in the hands of organized labour." The College team successfully opposed the resolution. This was the return debate of one held some time after in Wesley Hall when Murray and Greenwood visited the Sherbrooke Public Speaking Society and debated before three judges and an audience of one. They also helped arrange the chairs for seating.

The last of the Inter-Faculty debates will probably take place on March 30 when we hear the much overworked team of Davies and Pilcher will represent the Divinity faculty with the aid of that star of stage and radio "Tarz" Davis.

On April 4 a Mock Parliament is to be held in Wesley Hall, the participants are to be members of the public speaking societies of Sherbrooke and as many of the University lads as wish to take part. To date Geoff Murray has the names of about nine students who wish to represent the University.

THE ARTS CLUB

We pause to salute A. V. L. Mills, T. C. Stevens and W. E. Power for their good work in organizing the Arts Club. To date there have been six meetings of the club and every one has been an outstanding success. We must note the outstanding speech of T. C. Stevens at the first meeting when he asked for verbal suggestions, not written notes to be read behind closed doors. We wonder if a cer-

BOOKS

FOR

PRIVATE READING
CHURCH USE
TEACHERS
COMMUNICANTS
CONFIRMEES
CHOIRS
CLERGY
STUDENTS

Hymn and Prayer Books

ALL PRICES

G. R. B. E.

604 JARVIS STREET
Phone MI. 3833

Lead in Appearance!

Sherbrooke's Finest Specialty Shop
for men can supply the most
exacting and conservative

See our prices

REMEMBER!! A 10% Discount
IS GRANTED TO STUDENTS

FASHION CRAFT SHOP

Corner King and Wellington

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS, HATS AND SHOES

*"The House of Service"*PAGE-SANGSTER
PRINTING COMPANY, LIMITED

PRINTERS - RULERS - BOOKBINDERS

OFFICE STATIONERY AND SUPPLIES

Set-up Paper Boxes

Planography

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

A Business Connection

The undergraduate of today is the business man of tomorrow. As such he will in due course require a banking connection, as depositor or borrower, as holder of securities and other documents requiring safekeeping, as a remitter of funds either in Canada or abroad. An early association, beginning with the opening of a savings account, no matter how modest, can be made the foundation of a lasting bank connection.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF
COMMERCE

FLOWERS



Remember Our
Flowers by Wire Service



TELEPHONE 1744

JOHN MILFORD & SON

138 Wellington St. N. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

R. C. McFADDEN, Reg'd

General Hardware

LENNOXVILLE

Phone 105

Compliments of

W. A BOWN

KILN DRIED WOOD SPECIALTIES

MILL and CABINET WORK

WALLBOARDS - ROOFING

PAINTS

LENNOXVILLE

QUE.

C. C. CHADDOCK

Groceries and Fruits
Paints and Oils

The Best Quality Always—

Full Weight and Measure

at a reasonable price

with good service

TELEPHONES: 271 and 272

LENNOXVILLE

QUE.

tain recent election has caused him to change his mind about this matter?

And then there is a notable piece of work by W. E. Power who visited Hon. J. Bourque to ask him to address the club. He came to the office in time for the appointment but a certain Sherbrooke city official was equally anxious to secure an interview, and started to charge for the door; however he had not allowed for W. E. Power in his calculations and was amazed when he received a push in his ample midsection from the aforementioned gentleman, and then watched him proceed calmly into the office. We have often wondered what to do when a burly individual seeks to purloin our appointment, and perhaps this action of Mr. Power will set a precedent.

The first speaker of the club was John Bassett, Esq., '36, who outlined the difficulties of newspaper work as a profession and outlined the peculiar difficulties of the "Sherbrooke Daily Record." As a second speaker the club was fortunate to procure Wes. Bradley, Esq., B.C.L., also a graduate of this university, who told us much about the difficulties of a young lawyer. At the following meeting the club was addressed by N. Hume, Esq., M.D., who spoke to the boys on social diseases. This talk was written up in the Sherbrooke Record, which matter caused Professor Owen, the speaker at the following meeting, considerable concern. He had visions of a headline, "Bishop's Professor spills the beans," which he deemed highly undesirable. His talk told us not only of the trials and tribulations of the college professor, but also of the more recent observations by the psychologist on the matter of education. He told us of several of the reforms that have proven themselves in the larger universities and that he anticipated would be universally accepted.

At the next meeting Mr. Pink our chef was the guest speaker and he spoke to us on some of the things that he had come across in his many years of travel.

The last speaker was Professor Boothroyd who told the boys of the present conditions in Europe and informed them on the backgrounds of the quarrel.

All of the meetings were favoured by music supplied by the Glee Club, under the direction of Dr. Medde. On March 10, however, an event of exceptional musical importance took place at the meeting. A jam session was held under the direction of Norman Goff, the orchestra consisted of a number of students who had hitherto kept their vices secret. Amongst those noted were Joe Wright, who favoured us with a rendition of "Limchouse Blues" on the trumpet, E. Davis who played a rather weak accompaniment to a chorus of the now famous "Beer, Beer" on a violin; Mac Hume and his guitar were a feature, and we must not forget S. J. Davies who rendered us several solo licks on a rather ingenious instrument of his own invention, being composed of a comb and a piece of utility paper.

Don Paterson turned up with an unnamed instrument of the guitar family, however, was too modest to appear with the orchestra. The session was a great success and it is hoped that it will be repeated in the near future.

O. T. C.

On Friday, March 4, the members of the University Officers Training Corps were subjected to the ordeal of inspection. The inspection took place in the gymnasium of the University this year instead of in the Sherbrooke armories as was the custom in previous years. The inspection was carried out by Brig. Alexander of Montreal. As a special feature this year Sgt. Jimmy Bredin exercised his machine gun squad and demonstrated the agility of the men in transporting it about the gym; any difficulty in making the members understand his commands were remedied by means of a slight kick when the Brigadier's attention was occupied with some other thing in the building. The band rendered the general salute in good fashion and then both platoons gave demonstration in platoon drill. At the conclusion of the parade the General complimented the members of the Corps on a fine inspection, and expressed the hope that in future years that an even greater interest in the corps would be noted, and emphasized the importance of such an organization in view of present conditions overseas.

On Friday, March 11, several members of the corps were noticed to be again shining their buttons and an investigation revealed that this was the day for the platoon inspection. An amazing enthusiasm was noticed, and despite the fact that number one platoon spent the previous afternoon in practice, they were defeated by number two.

This parade (Not a pay parade!) was the last until the promised trip to Valcartier Camp this June right after the exams. So the uniforms are stored away and won't be brought out of the moth balls 'till comes the time for the picture for the year book.

THE PARCHESI CLUB

The executive of the parchesi club reports the conclusion of a most successful term. It was climaxed by a kind invitation from the management of the Granada theatre to attend a performance of the picture "A Yank at Oxford" as his guests, of course making the stipulation that they wear their gowns.

The club, though a recent idea, has rapidly become a success, and although the plan to bring a cow into the dining hall went amiss, yet the marshmallow roast was something of a success, and the club is anticipating sponsoring a sugaring-off party in the near future. Thus although the main purpose of the club has been to create a time and place for a weekly get-together at which all the difficulties of the members of the New Arts may be ironed out, it has proven itself to be one of the more important organizations in the University.

J. S. MITCHELL & CO., Limited

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Hardware

Importers of Fine China, Crockery, Pottery and Glass

Distributors in the Eastern Townships for

SPALDING'S
Sporting Goods



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

78-80 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

SPORT FROM THE SIDELINES

HOCKEY

The First McGill Game—

In this, the second contest of the Intermediate Inter-collegiate schedule played on the College rink, Bishop's suffered a crushing 10-3 defeat at the hands of a McGill team which played a brand of offensive hockey that was very effective against the College's more orthodox type of play. Keeping four and five men up during practically the entire game, McGill tactics consisted in continually bottling up Bishop's in their own blue line, and peppering Ronny Fyfe with more than fifty shots, while whenever the College made a break away this was almost always checked in time by the Redmen who held a marked edge in their ability to outskate their opponents. Early in the first period, though, Cooper started a rush that caught McGill flatfooted and on a pass to Westgate at the blue line Bishop's went into a lead which they were to maintain for one and a half minutes, when the latter's shot burned into the corner of the net. A few plays later with eleven men inside the Bishop's blue line Brands drove one past Fyfe to equalize the score, and Emery followed this up with another tally on a pass from Tweedie to make the count 2-1. Shortly after this as Knox, bent over his stick, was attempting to skirt the McGill defence, he received a terrific shoulder on the jaw that sent him crashing to the ice with a compound fracture forcing him to leave the game. In the second stanza which opened shortly after this unfortunate occurrence, Westgate sniped two goals for the College as Bishop's for a time held an even share of the play, but these were matched by three McGill counters in quick succession, which gave the Redmen a 5-3 lead, just before the opening of the third period was featured by great applause for Dago Knox who had courageously returned to the ice, and was playing with a broken jaw. But even with the team at full strength again, Bishop's could not indefinitely withstand a McGill offensive that was growing more effective as the game progressed, and so the five goals that the Redmen scored in this period began to pour in despite Ronny Fyfe's periodically brilliant goaltending; thus the end of the contest left spectators a little disheartened from McGill having reached double figures, and from that regrettable incident which was to keep Captain Knox on the sidelines for the rest of the season.

The first Loyola Game—

Playing some of their best hockey of the year, Bishop's not only did not take the bad beating they were expected to, but according to some accounts were unfortunate that

the 1-0 loss was not a College victory. Especially impressive to Bishop's supporters at this game was the airtight performance of a defence that in this contest left little to be desired in effectively squashing any Loyola attacks which got past the fiendish backchecking of the forward lines. Play see-sawed swiftly back and forth for the duration of the first two periods with neither team holding any noticeable advantage, and when the third session opened the score was still deadlocked at 0-0. Although Bishop's had a slight edge in this last stanza yet Kelly in the Loyola nets was unbeatable, and so it remained for Kane to skirt the Bishop's defence half way through the third period to beat Fyfe with a fast drive, winning the game for Loyola, and adding still one more notch to the list of contests that the College has lost by one point this year.

The R. M. C. Game—

A slight though marked letdown in the standard of Bishop's hockey, and a decided crudeness in their method of making their opponents bodily aware of their presence which kept the penalty bench warm, resulted in a 2-1 setback from R. M. C. Intermediates in a crucial four-point game played the following week-end at Loyola, after the College had won from the U. of M. by default. With little to choose between them the two teams battled through two scoreless periods, and the third began with the cadets holding a slight edge which Holmes converted into a score on passes from Joyce and Palmer; at this point Bishop's began to put on the pressure, thus enabling them to miss several scoring opportunities. Finally with less than two minutes to go, John Paterson, assisted by Martin, flipped the puck past Somerville for an equalizing count that necessitated overtime. But this was not Bishop's night to shine, for after seven minutes of play Gauthier for R. M. C. spit the defence on a beautiful solo rush to score the winning tally, and give the cadets the game by a margin of 2-1.

The Second McGill Game—

With Jack Martin out of action due to a knee injury suffered the previous night, Bishop's thus slightly incapacitated, did well to hold the Redmen to a 3-2 lead for two periods, but succumbed to their opponents' usual closing drive, so that at the conclusion of the game the score read McGill 7 Bishop's 3. The Redmen started off with a burst of speed, but so did Bishop's and for most of the period it was a fruitless dog fight until a three-man McGill attack out-maneuvred the defence and gave Fyfe no chance on the play as Chalmers scored. Fast, and as clean hockey as could be expected, opened a second frame that saw Kennedy

and Tweedie score two goals in rapid succession, before Westgate, in brilliant form, split the defence on a solo effort to score Bishop's first tally. The Redmen fought back hard but were held off until midway through the period when Tweedie scored again, only to have Westgate shortly afterwards make the McGill defence look very foolish when he notched another unassisted goal, to keep Bishop's in the running. The final stanza, however, was McGill's all the way, as the Reds, functioning smoothly, ran away with the game, scoring no less than four goals, while the sole result of Bishop's untiring efforts was a long shot by Geoff Scott which somehow managed to squeeze into the corner of the net shortly before the final whistle sounded.

The Second Loyola Game—

On home ice again after two week-ends of games in Montreal, the Intermediates, although playing perhaps their very best hockey of the season, and this minus Martin, Knox, and Westgate, went down to a 4-2 defeat at the hands of the league-leading Loyola team. The goal keepers of each squad had outguessed the scoring efforts of their opponents for 15 minutes, when Porteous for Loyola finally beat Fyfe on a low drive to put his team momentarily ahead. Shortly afterwards a three man attack, led by Norm Goff, evened the score when the latter tallied on a pass from D. Paterson, only to have this goal nullified when Newton scored three seconds before the period ended because unfortunately the timekeeper was quite honest. The second stanza saw no letdown in the pace of the play as both teams kept on fighting their hardest for a score, and the period was young when Starnes, playing his best hockey of the year, came up from his defence position on a fast rush, skirted the Loyola defence and drove one past Kelly for the equalizing count. That there was no more scoring until halfway through the third frame was largely due to both goalies who were playing brilliantly; at this point McGuire for Loyola scored the winning counter, and Porteous put the game on ice as he dribbled the puck past Fyfe to make the score 4-2, a few minutes before the final bell brought down the curtain on one more hockey season.



Since this department believes the interest in hockey to be largely seasonal, and therefore of no great concern to mid-April readers, an account of the Junior team's games,

and a more detailed description of hockey happenings in general is being omitted for this reason. We regret that the *Mitre* cannot provide more timely sports news, but since this is obviously impossible it would be well to remember this factor, when and if it has to be decided whether a weekly newspaper should be introduced at Bishop's. From almost illegible notes taken at all exhibition games and from official reports of every league contest we have compiled the scoring abilities of this year's Intermediates which will perhaps prove interesting, though not wholly conclusive, because it must be remembered that chance plays an important part in point getting, and that a number of the players were forced to the sidelines with injuries. Of a total of 43 points scored this year, by Intermediates, then, Westgate accounted for 10, Cooper 7, Knox 6, J. Paterson 6, Martin 3, Goff 3, D. Paterson 2, Bradley 2, and Starnes, Willis, Schoch, and Scott one each.

Inter-Year Hockey—

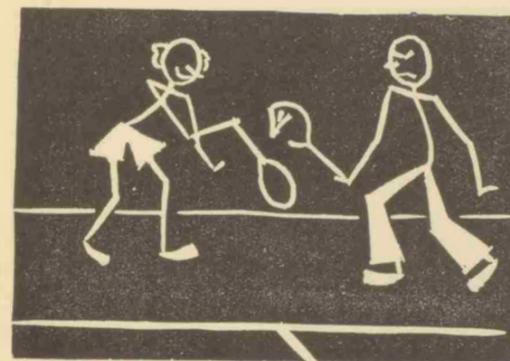
Three weeks after the *Mitre* was supposed to go to press the long-expected victory of the star-studded Third Year powerhouse finally became a fact, when in the second match of a two-game total-goal play-off series the Seniors won a convincing 2-1 victory over their Second Year rivals, on goals by Captain Ronald Rivett and Doug Carmichael the talented Noranda stars, after they had taken the first game with a crushing 2-0 shutout to triumph on the round 4-1, although adverse weather conditions had delayed the deciding contest for some time and had the ultimate losers claiming a verbal victory. And however much Second Year deserves some credit for heading the actual league standings by a one-point margin yet some observers feel that the 4-2 defeat which Third Year suffered in the first contest against them was perhaps due to good sportsmanship on the part of the losers, since in the return game they swamped their opponents by a 7-1 count. So the McKinnon Cup, emblematic of their supremacy, goes to a Third Year aggregation that intends to use it as something more than a mere ornament. But at any rate this winter's Inter-Year hockey has been a notable success despite the frequent and familiar shouts of unprintable abuse at game officials who had some interest in being prejudiced. The only regret of Captain Ronald Rivett, Frank Lyster, Doug Carmichael, Bill Robinson, Jack Rogers, Oscar Seveigny, Al Bryce, Roger Boothroyd, Curtis Lowry, Don Bennett and Manager Mills, Third Year's able representatives, is that they will not be back next winter to re-affirm their superiority over the Second Year outfit composed of Ian McLean, Merritt Pharo, Bud Visser, Eric Planche, Jim Bredin, Trevor Stevens, Harry Morrison, S. S. Worthen, Windy Miller, Fred Bunbury and manager John Paterson, but at least they will be available until the end of next term for a limited number of autographs.

BADMINTON

To close a season that has seen remarkably little activity on the badminton courts, the annual College championship is being held too late to be described in this issue of the *Mitre*, and a number of players have entered the Eastern Townships championships. Earlier this winter the Badminton Club sent a team down to Ayer's Cliff, where in a match with that community's badminton representatives the College was defeated by a margin of one game in nine. But apart from this, and the instruction periods which have been carried on faithfully during the past two months, there have been few happenings of badminton interest up till the time of writing, due according to some individuals of the sport's committee members to the frequent indecisions of the Student's Council and their characteristic though understandable lack of financial munificence, although naturally the shortcomings of the badminton season are attributed by some of the latter to inefficiency on the part of the Committee. But at any rate the comparatively unimportant place that the sport has held this winter among student activities is probably due in large measure to a lack of support from its devotees, and not to any fault of those concerned with badminton's administrative side.

However after the *Mitre* has gone to press come the results of the Eastern Townships which show that whatever the sport lacks in quantity of players is more than compensated for by the quality evidenced by Terry Giles, Ronny Fyfe, Nancy MacDougall, and Rosamond Staples when they won three out of the tournament's five events from a representative field for an overwhelming Bishop's victory. The first two played off in the finals of the men's singles, with the verdict going to Giles after a close battle, while the new singles champion and Miss Staples, who was runner-up in the women's singles, triumphed over Fyfe and Miss MacDougall to annex the mixed title, after Fyfe, partnered by Giles had taken the men's doubles. Trevor Stevens, Ian McLean, John Paterson and Bud Visser were also entered from Bishop's, and the showing of the College's representatives seems to merit the suggestion that more credit and support of a tangible nature be given to a sport that has not received much attention at Bishop's this year.

Fortunately the delay in getting the *Mitre* to press has unexpectedly enabled us to include the results of the College badminton tournament which was held from March 23 to 26. Ronny Fyfe, playing his best badminton of the year, retained the singles crown he won last season when this time he eliminated Terry Giles in the finals, although the runner-up had beaten him the previous week in the Eastern Townships. The Men's Doubles went to Giles and Bredin as they turned back Fyfe and Blatchford in the finals by a 15-10, 15-11 count, while the Mixed Doubles were won by



SKIING

Despite weather conditions that since the last *Mitre* was published, have at times made drinking one of the few sports which could be fully enjoyed, Bishop's has nevertheless been represented on three separate occasions in ski meets at North Hatley, these climaxed by the Eastern Townships Open Championships held on March 13. In the latter the College excelled itself by winning the unofficial team championship, while individually Geoff Scott led a large entry list to triumph in the downhill competition, in which he established a new course record, placed third and seventh respectively in the slalom and cross-country runs. John Starnes tied for first in the slalom, so that Scott ranked second and Starnes third in all the events combined, being beaten only by Tom Houghton, a member of the well-known Montreal skiing family, due to poor time in a cross-country race that demanded more condition than either of them possessed; and if it had not been for their relatively poor showing in this contest they would easily have ranked first and second in the meet. Other Bishop's entries, whose names are to be found not too far down the list, include the Patersons, Campbell Blatchford and Crasher Greenwood, and a few other College skiers were present in the less exacting role of critical bystanders. So this brings the first skiing season that has been at all organized to a regrettable close, leaving as do all sports many happy memories, but also the knowledge that skiing has progressed very noticeably at Bishop's, and that future years will see an added interest in a sport which should already have been an established activity at the College.

Giles and Frances Crook who triumphed over Bud Visser and Miss Standish 15-9, 18-14 in the last round. The Women's Singles title was taken by Nancy McDougall with a 7-11, 11-2 and 11-9 win over Rosamond Staples in the finals, and in the doubles Miss E. McDougall and Janet Speid defeated Misses Staples and Bancroft 15-12, 11-15, and 15-8 in one of the tournament's closest matches.

TABLE TENNIS

Although it has been held as possible that the dozen ping-pong bats which have been made to vanish and reappear at inappropriate intervals throughout the year by a few of our light-fingered fellow-students, could have voluntarily hid themselves in remote corners, yet the co-captains of the table-tennis team maintain that methods which are not compatible with the finest ideals of the sport have been used to facilitate their disappearance. Frantic efforts have been fruitlessly made to recover all the bats, including the vice-president's misspelled notices on the bulletin board, which state that no more shall be purchased this year by the Council, as well as deploring and appealing to the ethical principles of those involved. These tokens lead the Indoor Athletic Club to wonder if perchance there is more to the affair than meets the eye. The club members scoff uncertainly at suggestions that B. C. S. might have an interest in seeing that ping-pong dies an unnatural death at the College, that the managers of the major athletic teams should have been jealous of the success that table tennis has attained as Bishop's most minor activity, or that as a political move T. C. Stevens, next year's vice-president in charge of the sport, might have purloined them to win favour with his council by saving them the cost of new ones, but they are greatly hurt at the report that the other co-captain was himself the guilty one. And the thefts have been all the more provoking since they come at a time when transportation costs to the school had been raised by a magnificent private subscription, and training, by which is understood no smoking while playing, had been faithfully observed for weeks. But let us hope that the guilt

*I've heard a glorious angel choir
Sing to cathedral bells,
And restless ocean's moaned desire
Come from the smallest shells.*

of the culprits will overcome them, to borrow from the phraseology of our Deans of residence, and that they will openly confess their sins before their fellowmen. Until such a far distant time, therefore, ping-pong may be considered to have died in a practical sense, although to a select few its glorious memories will not perish till they have been reimbursed what they donated for that postponed trip to B. C. S.

BASKETBALL

By winning four out of the nine league and exhibition games played since the last *Mitre* went to press, Bishop's basketball representatives increased their batting average from a weak .333 before February, to a more healthy .444 during the remainder of the season, for a year's record of .416, which compares favourably with the results of other major sports this year, although only enabling them to end up in third place out of four in the Sherbrooke and District League. The first of these last nine games was a bitterly fought 39-35 win over Sherbrooke's Y. M. C. A. Blues, the second a bad 60-39 trimming from the Y. M. C. A. Reds; the third an unfortunate 45-39 setback at the hands of the Sherbrooke High School; the fourth a 28-16 comeback for a victory over the latter; the fifth a heartbreaking 33-32 reversal from the Blues; the sixth a 62-24 trouncing administered to the Lennoxville High School; the seventh a beating in the real sense of the word, as the Reds ran amok enough to squash the College by a score of 73-41; the eighth another triumph over Lennoxville High, this time by a 44-10 margin; and the ninth and last a 55-34 licking from the Macdonald Aggies. The dozen contests that the team has played this winter make it impossible to attempt a detailed description of any of them, so we will close this column by enumerating to what extent the individual team members have contributed to the 417 points that the College has scored in competition this year. Gray 198, Bryce 90, Pharo 68, Sutherland 33, Lane 26, Stevens 24, Visser 24, Davidson 20, Richards 20, and Frank Evans, who only played in a few of the games, 4.

EXCHANGES

Students may ask, "Why an Exchange Department?" The answer is not "to fill up space in the *Mitre*" — the write-up *is not* a filler. Neither is this department merely the vehicle for thanking other institutions for their magazines nor for criticizing them. The real purpose of the column is to pick out for our readers the best of the magazines, and from them to find the most interesting articles, poems, etc. After selecting the best from these articles this department attempts to give the reader some idea of the material in them, so that, when he goes to the Exchange Shelf in the Reading Room, he knows exactly what to read and what it is going to be about.

The dailies have come to the forefront lately, thanks to the newly-formed Canadian University Press. All the daily and weekly papers have been greatly improved since they have included on their pages news compiled by the C. U. P. No longer do these papers confine their pages to news from their own campus, but now are reaching out beyond the local cloisters so that their students can read from day to day the activities of other universities. For instance: A few weeks ago we found that every college daily, and many weeklies, were publishing almost as much as the McGill Daily about the situation at McGill over the proposed Tim Buck speech. Similarly, a few days before that, they were all publishing reports about the crisis at the University of British Columbia where the students were protesting the action of the Corporation to increase the fees by \$25 and to cut down on the numbers in future freshman years. Already the C.U.P. has proved to be a great success; it is one of the finest means of bringing the universities into closer contact with one another. May it continue to flourish!

The magazines are not so abundant this term. The spring issues are not out yet, and most of the magazines received were the late winter issues from across the Atlantic. The National Student from University College, Dublin, certainly sticks to its title by being very nationalistic in the spirit of its articles. This was especially noticed in the article "Are Students National?" in which the author demands more national spirit amongst the Irish students. "To be national has nothing whatsoever to do with politics. A national spirit is something completely superior to the petty nonsense of political parties. To be national in spirit is the sinking of one's own opinions and aspirations when they come into conflict with the national good . . . A national spirit is a very real need in Ireland, a spirit of a real and thinking people which will show the Irishman that he isn't

quite the all mighty person he believes . . . We can pull our weight and make our University a really national one, and a credit to Ireland." Such national spirit was also keen in an exceptionally good ballad, "Not An Inch". This magazine, like most others from universities across the seas, is published in two parts. One section is entirely of literary material, while the other includes only activities. Both are published at the same time and each section has the same cover.

There seems to be abundant material in the latest magazines and papers on German student life. The Manitoban says that the modern German student is no longer the Student Prince of pre-war times, but "he is now the sturdy, well-tanned young person with a serious interest in his work. The true scholarly attitude is now present. Somehow none of the 'rah-rah' spirit is evident. There is no such thing as what we call campus spirit. German universities grant but one degree—Doctor of Philosophy. If one is preparing for higher academic education, he goes to a preparatory school." No rigid system of courses is imposed; a student chooses his own lectures and goes at his own will. The success of a young lecturer depends on how the students like him. Exercise is compulsory and a system of health insurance has been inaugurated. Social life is different than ours. After an evening's entertainment a girl shares half the cost with the boy with no embarrassment to either party. There is no craze for dancing as on this side of the ocean. A boy seldom calls for a girl he has invited although he takes her home. German students are very anxious for a better understanding with young people of other nations.

The Student Voice contains a letter from the All-China Student Union asking for support for the Chinese students now at war. All university life in China has been upset and students have grouped little bands to fight, in spite of their poor equipment, for the future freedom of China. In this issue there is also a report of the present activities of Spanish students in which we are told that "you may rest assured that today in Spain, by defending our national independence, we (Spanish students) are defending the peace, culture, and liberty of the world."

Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa is a quarterly of much the same type as the Queen's Quarterly. We regret that since it is written entirely in French there are few of us who can enjoy its contents. The same should be said about L'Hebdo Laval which comes to us once a week. It appears

to have some good articles, and the student activities are well reported.

In the *New Northman* from Queen's University, Belfast, there is an article of interest to our students in theology entitled "The New Paganism." We also enjoyed "Rich in Children." The author seems to be complaining of the same thing as in Jonathan Swift's famous essay "A Modest Proposal." We are to understand that Northern Ireland is by no means suffering a decline in population like England. Instead they are "rich in children."

A very interesting editorial appeared in the *McGill Daily* entitled "To Subsidize or not to Subsidize." The problem of subsidizing athletes is now much discussed in Canada. Subsidation is the accepted code in American college circles where a subsidized football team brings glory to the campus and money to the university coffers, yet this team is called strictly amateur. "Canadians should be thankful that this element has not crept into our sports. A system which sanctions the wholesale importation of athletes lowers the educational standard of any university. Its effect in building up a name for the university is probably not nearly so effective as the encouragement and development of the students themselves—as with our hockey team. Our universities must continue to stand as institutions for the advancement of learning, and not as football factories."

The *Trinity University Review* suffers from the same fault as our *Mitre*—it is too staid. A little more humour would brighten things up considerably. I might mention that the *Northener* from Kings College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, says of the *Mitre*: "as its name portrays it is a rather staid production (1843 and still going strong)." The *Northerner* seems to have specialized in travel talks in its last issue. "Innocents Abroad", "Sagas and Such" (about Iceland), and "Expedition to Hebrides" are all commendable.

College Echoes has a department called the *Debating Forum* in which the month's best debates are published word for word as they were delivered from the speakers'

mouths. This signifies that there must either be a great interest in debating, or so little interest that the only way to make students realize that there are debates is to publish them.

We have read and enjoyed the following for which we thank the respective exchange editors:

Magazines—

The *National Student*, University College, Dublin.
The *Northerner*, King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
Acadia Athenaeum, Wolfville, N.S. (2 issues)
The *O. A. C. Review*, Guelph (2)
Technique, Montreal (2)
Trinity University Review, Toronto
The *New Northman*, Queen's University, Belfast
College Echoes, St. Andrew's, Scotland
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa
Codrington College, Barbadoes
Quebec Diocesan Gazette
The *L. C. C. Magazine*, Montreal

Newspapers—

The *Quill*, Brandon, Man.
The *McGill Daily*.
The *Varsity*, Toronto.
The *Gateway*, Alberta.
The *Manitoban*, Winnipeg.
The *Baites Student*, Maine.
The *Ubysey*, Vancouver.
The *Dalhousie Gazette*, Halifax.
The *Argosy*, Mt. Allison, N.B.
The *Queen's Journal*.
L'Hebdo Laval, Quebec.
The *Silhouette*, McMaster, Hamilton.
The *Brunswickan*, Fredericton.
Xavarian Weekly, Antigonish.
The *College Chord*, Waterloo, Ont.
Optimist, Townsend High School, Collins, Ohio, U.S.A.

Graduates . . .

Mr. E. E. DENISON, B.A. '30, is now the principal of the High School at Bedford, Que. His predecessor, Mr. H. L. RENNIE, M.A. '30, is occupying the same position in the High School at Granby.

Mr. M. J. DUNSMORE, B.A. '36, is on the staff of the Knowlton High School.

Mrs. H. M. AVERY, M.A. '36, is a member of the High School at Kenogami, Que.

Miss ESTHER FARNSWORTH, B.A. '22, and Mr. MACOLM A. TURNER, B.A. '33, are teaching at Noranda High School. At Three Rivers High School we find two of our grads in Principal S. N. PERGAU, B.A. '26, and Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, B.A. '33.

Seven others of our grads who have attained the rank of Principal are: F. J. A. ROYAL, M.A. '35, Windsor, Que.; B. A. MILLAR, M.A. '34, Cookshire, Que.; J. N. WOOD, B.A. '29, Cowansville; C. W. DICKSON, B.A. '32, Montreal North; T. L. R. O'NEILL, B.A. '33, Hopetown; Miss JOAN

HALLS, B.A. '29, Lake Megantic, and Miss C. E. GRIFFIN, B.A. '35, Peninsula.

Mrs. P. V. AITCHISON, B.A. '26 formerly (Miss Irene Aldrich) has been transferred from Hemmingford to the High School at La Tuque.

Mr. H. PIBUS, B.A. '34, is on the staff of the Lachute High School.

Mr. K. C. SIMMS, B.A. '36, is teaching at Drummondvill, Que.

J. S. EWING, B.A. '36, is with the Young and Rubicam Advertising Co., Montreal.

LARRY BROOKS, '34, is with the Lallemand Yeast Co., Montreal.

Mr. GERALD CAMERON, B.A. '33, recently returned to the college for an overnight visit. He is at present Stage Manager of the Current New York success, "Pins and Needles", a production of the Labour Stage Group (see recent numbers of "Time").

Compliments of

HUNTING'S DAIRY
MILK, CREAM, ICE CREAM

Jersey Milk a Specialty

"The Cream of them all"

Tel. 235

: LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Compliments of

J. A. PELLETIER & SON

FURS and FUR COATS

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of

FRASER BROS.
Department Store

121 KING STREET W.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

1835

1938

THE
STANSTEAD & SHERBROOKE
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
STOCK MUTUAL

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

| | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| Hon. Jacob Nicol | C.B. Howard, M.P. |
| M. L. C., Pres. | Vice.-Pres. |
| J. G. Armitage | W. L. McGannon |
| Sec.-Treas. | Supt. of Agencies |
| H. J. Kennedy | J. H. Bryce, C.P.A. |
| Accountant | Auditor |

Assets, December 31, 1937—\$1,253,270.23

This sound Canadian Institution has served its agents and clients faithfully for over a century

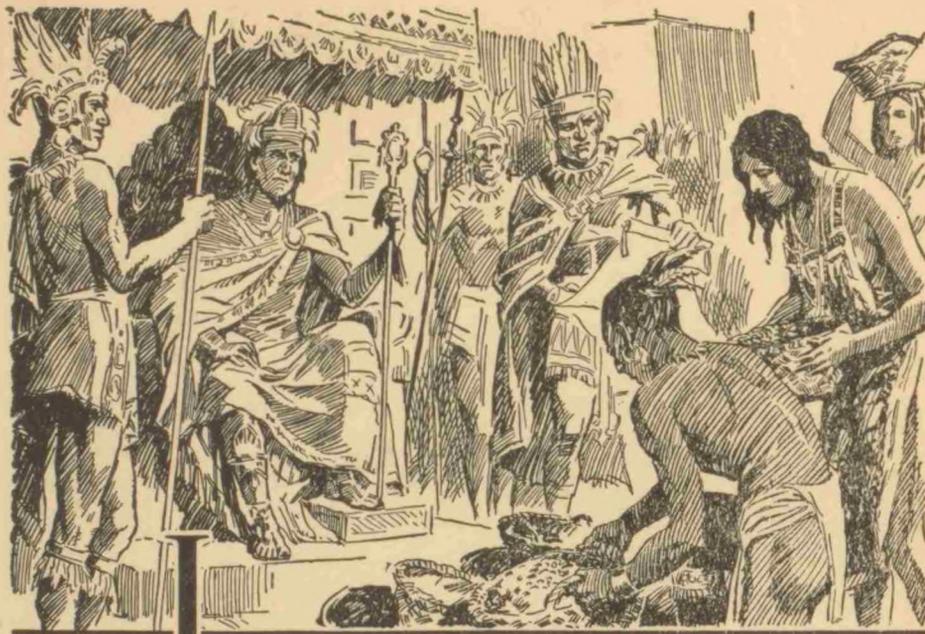
1835

1938



LIST OF ADVERTISERS

| | | | |
|--|---------|---|--------------|
| Bank of Montreal - - - - - | - p. 24 | Merideth, Holden, Heward & Holden - - - - - | 22 |
| Beck Press - - - - - | 21 | Milford, John and Son - - - - - | 38 |
| Birks, Henry and Sons - - - - - | 2 | Mitchell, J. S. and Co., Ltd. - - - - - | 40 |
| Bishop's University - - - - - | 1 | Molson's Brewery - - - - - | 48 |
| Bown, W. A. - - - - - | 38 | McFadden, R. C. - - - - - | 38 |
| Brown, Montgomery and McMichael - - - - - | 3 | National Breweries - - - - - | 28 |
| Canadian Bank of Commerce - - - - - | 37 | Neilson's Chocolates - - - - - | - Back Cover |
| Canadian Chain Stores - - - - - | 27 | Page and Sangster - - - - - | 37 |
| Chaddock, C. C. - - - - - | 38 | Pelletier, J. A. and Sons - - - - - | 46 |
| Fashion Craft - - - - - | 37 | Rosemary Gift Shop - - - - - | 3 |
| Fisher Scientific Co. - - - - - | 22 | Royal Bank of Canada - - - - - | 2 |
| Fraser Bros. - - - - - | 47 | Sherbrooke Trust Co., Ltd. - - - - - | 24 |
| General Board of Religious Education - - - - - | 37 | Stanstead and Sherbrooke Fire - - - - - | 47 |
| Hunting's Dairy - - - - - | 46 | Sun Life Assurance - - - - - | 3 |
| Imperial Tobacco - - - - - | 32 | Wippell, J. and Co. - - - - - | 34 |



In.....
Montezuma's Day
Chocolate was a favoured beverage

LONG before Cortez set out on his first voyage of discovery, chocolate or *chocolatl*—as it was called—was the national drink of the Aztecs, their Emperor, Montezuma is said to have taken no other beverage. So highly did the Aztecs esteem chocolate that they valued the cocoa bean above gold.

Introduced by Hernando Cortez to Spain in 1526, by the end of the 17th century chocolate was the aristocratic beverage of Europe. It was then that chocolate houses were first established.

The best cocoa beans are grown in the equatorial zones in the West Indies, West Africa, Ceylon and other countries. Many are the processes of refinement that have been discovered since chocolate was first introduced. Because Neilson's employ the most modern machinery and use only the finest cocoa beans, Neilson's chocolate is so smooth, so rich, so delightful in flavour and matchless perfection that it is indeed the best chocolate made.

Get a bar of Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate, bite into it and let it melt in your mouth—truly it is—"the food of the Gods."

Neilson's

THE BEST MILK CHOCOLATE MADE



HS37A