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# The Mitre

VOL. 46 NO. 3

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1939

## University of Bishop's College Lennoxville, Que.

FOUNDED 1843

ROYAL CHARTER 1853

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THE REGISTRAR, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

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## EDITORIAL

The past year has been one of misfortune and happiness, war and peace, as have been some two or three thousand years preceding it; but it was different in this respect, that it added one more definite step towards world rapprochement when the Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain stood up in the House of Commons and said, "We shall not pledge ourselves to come to the aid of Czecho-Slovakia. At the same time if France becomes involved in a war over this issue it is only right to state that we shall almost certainly be drawn into it, and our intervention will be on the side of those countries with whom we have a common interest." It was both a bold and a far-seeing statement the repercussions of which are still being felt.

It has always seemed deplorable to us that newspapers should be permitted to misconstrue the importance or actual meaning of news in such a manner as to excite public opinion. By this we do not mean that the freedom of the press should be curbed, far from it, but that the editors and owners should, instead of considering their pockets, consider the minds of their readers and the power which they sometimes wield so unwisely. This past year saw an increase in this lack of propaganda conscience, but at the same time there was also an increase in attempts to give an unbiased, honest view of such critical situations as did arise, and which were chiefly sponsored through the medium of radio. It is these unbiased accounts that will in the long run have the most influence on public critical opinion. In a large number of countries and in the United States in particular this will have far-reaching effects. We specify the United States since being a young country, trying one of the most daring experiments in the history of Western civilization, she incorporates all the ideals and hopes that tradition-bound Europe has been trying to perfect for centuries. The people of these United States are composed of almost every conceivable race and nationality, yet they live in a state of harmony and enjoy a standard of living which is probably the highest in the world, and it is no mere journalistic phrase to say that they hold the future of the world in the palm of their hand.

There seems to be a great deal to be said for the so-called totalitarian point of view. Britain, Russia, France

and the United States hold financial and territorial control of three-quarters of the world, and quite naturally the "have-nots" such as Germany, Italy and Japan are jealous. They are proud peoples, every bit as deserving of this control, or a share in it as the "haves". It is true that the democracies founded these empires years ago, but the mere passage of time offers no valid excuse for the manner in which they were obtained. If Britain and France object to the methods of Herr Hitler on the grounds that they are mediaeval, then they too, professing such civilized ideas, should make amends for any "mediaeval" clauses in the Versailles treaty. It is an easy matter to forget that Germany as a unified country is still very young, and Italy in a modern sense is equally so, while the "westernization" of Japan has occurred within the last seventy-five years. They are untried in government, their forms of rule are as yet in embryo; as one has patience with a child we must make allowance for any mistake or any hasty, headstrong actions they might take. Merely because their development along certain lines has been somewhat arrested there is no reason to lose our tempers since almost all wayward children can be educated.

Even the most belligerent nations are beginning to realize that war is not the lucrative business it used to be in the time of Napoleon and Caesar. Instead of a game that affected but a small majority of the world population, it has become a force with the power to disrupt not only a nation, but a universe; not one family, but myriads of families; in other words it has become the personal worry of almost every man and woman alive today, and for this reason I believe, despite the recognized idiosyncracies of the human make-up, that war will be in the next fifty years a thing of the past. Shelley's words; "The world's great age begins anew, the golden years return", may not presage this new year, but I feel sure they do presage the next ten or twenty. The cobwebs of mistrust and ignorance are being slowly but surely swept away, and if this magazine adds but one small bit towards the attainment of that goal then it can have been said to have accomplished a useful mission, which we feel should be the aim of every college publication.

—J. K. S.

## Meanderings With My Muse

There was a time when my contributions appeared in these pages with alarming frequency; perhaps after ten years' silence I may venture a reappearance. In those days I seem to have tripped lightly from one topic to another with an abandon which now seems careless in more senses than one. Perhaps I was covered with that particular mantle of omniscience providence spreads for the editor of the *Mitre*, if so that garment has long since passed to worthier successors and I can ill afford now to play fickle with Clio.

G. K. Chesterton once wrote, "There is a great deal of difference between the eager man who wants to read a book and the tired man who wants a book to read". Perhaps it is because we are more often tired than eager that the book we want to read is so seldom history, and yet there is a fund of amusement buried in the past that even a tired man can enjoy, nor in most cases does it need much spadework to bring it to light. Although it may be rank heresy to advance such opinions these days, I cannot but feel that history has lost some of its attraction since discipline and scientific methods of research have hedged it in so closely. Who would dare now to follow the example of Herodotus in his light-hearted description of Egypt? And yet it has been suggested that we compare this self-same description with the painstaking and scientific work of Prof. Flinders-Petrie to obtain a measure of historical progress through the centuries.

If modern methods have robbed the historian of some of the pleasures of writing, historical research, as it is practised these days, does have its amusing side, even though it be confined to the very few. There is one particular form of medieval record written on parchment sheets, front and back, which measure about two feet across and five long. Some forty or fifty of these sheets are gathered together at one end, making a cumbersome bundle extremely difficult to read. To lighten the student's task the Public Record Office authorities have constructed a kind of scaffolding over which the bundle is draped, the spine being fastened at the top. The unfortunate reader has perforce to stand on a step-ladder to read the first lines, progress through all intermediate postures and finally kneel in a kind of adoration to decipher the end of each membrane. One side having been thus dealt with he must throw that particular sheet over the scaffolding and scamper around to the other side to continue his reading.

Legal methods in the sixteenth and seventeenth cen-

turies were, to say the least, tortuous, and the records left behind reflect the spirit of the time. One set of examinations is written very finely on squares of parchment which may sometimes measure five feet across. Imagine following a line of manuscript that length, and at the same time reducing its verbose latinity to workable notes. One unfortunate gentleman who had not taken the precaution of counting his lines lost his place midway through the document and spent the rest of the day finding it again, only to discover then that the remainder was a resumé of another examination already copied.

Few workers in English history are able altogether to avoid the patent rolls, if only because the rolls themselves run almost unbroken from the earliest period of English history to the present day. Sometimes a worker will find that, all other sources failing, he must turn to the patent rolls for some elusive detail. The original purpose of these rolls was to record the issuing of patents or certificates for grants or employments under the crown, which meant of course that the name of every public person is to be found over and over again so long as he was active in public affairs. Useful as they may be as sources of information, the patent rolls are among the most exasperating of all records to use. Generally the whole text of the original patent was copied out on sheets of parchment about ten or twelve inches wide and fifteen inches long. Each of these when completed was sewn to a similar sheet, making a continuous length of many yards. These were dolled tightly into a bundle about eight inches in diameter, with a very thick and unwieldy piece of parchment forming a protective cover on the outside. Almost invariably the entry for which one is seeking is concealed near the core of the roll. Now obviously one cannot peel off yards and yards of parchment in an overcrowded search-room *ad lib.*, so it becomes necessary to roll up with one hand while unrolling with the other, and, if this manipulation permits any surplus attention, to read between the two rolls. The very hard covering already mentioned now becomes the core of the new roll imparting to it a very disconcerting source of locomotion. One unwary woman reader became so absorbed in her reading that she allowed the refractory end of the roll to escape; immediately yards of fifteenth century patents sped across the room involving dozens of readers and bringing officialdom in the person of the supervising officer down upon the flustered culprit. Unfortunately the thread binding the sheets

together do not seem to have withstood the ravages of time so well as the sheets themselves, and it is no uncommon thing suddenly to find oneself possessed not only of one, but of two distinct rolls, along with various fragments. The thrill of the chase usually drives one on to the end without thought that what is unrolled must also be rerolled before returning to the desk. It is a wrist-breaking job going back over that whole roll, and it is a deeper feeling than mere disappointment one experiences when the roll that was originally eight inches in diameter is now nearer double that size, bulging and threatening destruction at every turn. Something resembling a patent roll should be provided by every teacher of an honours course in history, so that practice in rolling and unrolling might be made a part of every student's equipment.

My own personal *bête noir*, however, was the series of port books in the Public Record Office. Thin books of parchment bound in conventional manner, and resembling outsize copybooks were kept at each port in the kingdom to record incoming and outgoing ships, together with the kind and approximate value of their cargoes. The exact system observed at various times is not yet too well understood, but vast numbers of these books exist both in the central archives and at various coastal centres throughout the kingdom. Apparently those now to be found in the Public Record Office in London were sent thither early in the nineteenth century and it was thought then that their information was already contained in other records, notably those of the Customs House. Consequently little attention was given them although their numbers were considered an embarrassment in a space already too small. Economy measures on the part of the Office of Works, however, seemed to provide a way out of the difficulty, for when the roof of the office in Chancery Lane began to leak officials promptly moved the offending port books to a position beneath the eaves where they served admirably as a sop for the leaky roof. Indeed, so efficient was their performance in this function that they were eventually forgotten, and it was not until economic historians realizing the value of those that still remained in the outports began to inquire into the fate of those known to have been sent to London that the present series was discovered.

Those who have had experience with the English climate will have no difficulty in imagining the state of these records now. In many cases the whole centre of the manuscript has turned to powder leaving a margin of two or three inches round a gaping hole; in others, only a tattered fragment of four or five inches remains of a twelve-inch page. Volumes where destruction has been so very nearly complete are not nearly so embarrassing as those which from

the outside seem in good preservation. One finds, however, that either the leaves have stuck fast together, the book thus forming a solid block, or else mildew has played the part of artist, tinting the pages a variety of hues, but with fine disregard for what was once written there. One wonders sometimes where port officials learned their Latin, and what they used instead of pens and ink to put their words on record.

Other papers that have suffered by water are (appropriately enough) those of the Navy Board. Originally housed at Greenwich, it was decided about 1830 to bring them to London, and the Greenwich officials engaged barges to carry them up the river. Load after load made the journey safely until only the records of the victualling commissioners remained. Then disaster overtook a string of barges, and most of the records were consigned to the Thames. Perhaps it is unfortunate they were all eventually recovered, for one is reminded when using them now of the debates that took place in the House of Commons about the year 1838 on the subject of the Thames foreshore, when it was claimed that the stench arising from the mud at low tide interrupted the business of the House. With this in mind, the dust that arises from the victualling papers takes on a unique flavour, and the collection of sand and gravel that falls from these early eighteenth century ledgers and letter-books must be fairly representative of the Thames bottom a century ago.

Once upon a time Clio may have dressed and conducted herself sedately, but in these later days she has followed the daughters of Eve, shuffled off her graceful though cumbersome draperies and assumed a dress fit for rougher encounters. Her devotees are led a merry dance, turning over strange material, and dipping their quills in the most unlikely places. We suspect the lady has become a hoyden, but not the less attractive because of that. I have always thought the perversity of Clio is best illustrated by the case of the white-haired scholar in the British Museum manuscript room. For days he had been patiently studying minute fragments of papyri, so fragile and wasted that they had to be sandwiched between glass. At intervals he would consult the catalogue, select new titles, and present his tickets. The return was invariable, always these little glass plates with their precious fragments. There came a day, however, when two of his tickets did not meet with the usual prompt response, and enquiries at the desk were apparently unavailing. Finally, from far down the corridor, came the sounds of labour and in due course six stalwart workmen appeared dragging upon a little truck two huge granite blocks—our friend's documents for the day.

## Britain's Safety

The people of Britain feel that they are not safe. They are afraid of Germany and of fascism. As was inevitable, the crisis of last September caused every individual in the country to reflect seriously on the exact extent to which he and his dependents would be affected by the outbreak of war with a nearby nation. Even the most unpolitically-minded were forced to realize that their very lives, and those of their relatives and friends, depended upon what their government did or did not do—that politics are not the private preserve of a few professional politicians, but a matter of vital concern to every citizen.

The most elementary desire of human nature is to feel secure, to be free from fear of any sort. The primary duty of a government is to provide those by whom it is appointed with this sense of security.

Sir Thomas Inskip recently reminded the United Kingdom House of Commons of a great Imperial Government which, at a critical stage in its fortunes, adopted the watchword, "Carthage must be destroyed". He preferred, he said, a less warlike motto, and that was: "Great Britain must be safe". Coming from a Chamberlain cabinet minister, this statement was duly greeted with ministerial cheers. There is no doubt, however, that it represents equally the sentiment of the nation as a whole. Opinions differ as to the best way of achieving safety. There is no difference of opinion about the desirability of being safe.

Faced with the betrayal of the League of Nations, and the occurrence of repeated acts of aggression since 1931, the majority of people in Great Britain, rightly or wrongly, have come to believe that another war is not merely possible but probable, and that they should prepare to meet force with force again, as they did in 1914. This policy having been decided upon, the feeling is that the preparation should be as efficient as possible. A demand has grown up for the creation of a ministry of supply. By this is meant the appointment of a cabinet minister whose job would be to see that adequate materials are obtained with all possible speed to supply the needs of the country's defences and of rearmament.

On November 17 the Liberals moved in the House of Commons that a Ministry of Supply should be created. With regard to the defences, both military and civil, they pointed out that the Government had admitted deficiencies. Furthermore, the War Ministry, the Admiralty, and the Air Ministry had stated a certain programme of rearmament to be necessary for the safety of the nation. Yet, here again, the Government admitted there had been serious delay in



getting on with the programme. Obviously such a condition is not satisfactory. A Ministry of Supply, said the Liberals would secure efficiency, and prevent waste and profiteering in the future. By these means the deficiencies in defences and the delay in rearmament could be overcome. In this contention the Liberals have the support of two men who were prominent in the Asquith Cabinet of 1914, and who obviously must have gained unsurpassable experience in these matters during the last war, namely Lloyd George and Winston Churchill.

The proposal for a Ministry of Supply received the support also of Lord Swinton, Mr. Chamberlain's late Secretary for Air, and of the Labour Party. Yet, for some almost unaccountable reason, the Government turned down the suggestion. Having consulted leading industrialists, said Sir T. Inskip, the cabinet had decided that at the moment such a ministry would be an unnecessary interference with supply.

During the course of the debate the question of buying aeroplanes from Canada was raised. There is a good deal of unrest about the arrangement for the supply of Canadian aircraft, and a Liberal spokesman declared that the Hampden machines which are to be manufactured in the Dominion by 1940 are already out of date. He contended further that if Canada is to be used for strategic reasons as the place of production for British aeroplanes, that production should be on a big basis from the beginning, because it could not be suddenly increased in a single day when war came.

The Government replied that Hampden machines were being ordered to educate Canadian labour in the production of aircraft, and that when that had been done, planes of



other types could be competently produced. In this connection the Minister for the co-ordination of Defence (as reported in the *Times*), said that,

"Canada was practically beyond the range of any bomber of a hostile country, and if we could establish a wealth of experience both of management and of labour which could build machines which could fly across the Atlantic in never-ending streams, from a country beyond the reach of the enemy bomber, we should have established a range of power for which we should be extremely grateful if the emergency arose."

In view of the fact that the British minister undoubtedly has the benefit of the most expert advice this statement is worthy of the attention of those Canadians who have been supporting the policy of spending millions of dollars by the federal government on anti-aircraft and other defences within the Dominion.

It is of course not only the shortage of defence supplies which is causing uneasiness regarding the safety of Great Britain. A growing proportion of the population view with concern the whole trend of the nation's foreign policy in its relation to British security. The reasons for this were summed up with remarkable clarity by Lieut.-Commander R. T. H. Fletcher, M.P., late of the Royal Navy, in the Large Theatre of King's College, University of London, on November 15.

Addressing a gathering of students who could hardly see him through the fog which filled the hall, Lt.-Com-Fletcher spoke of the manner in which British security was being diminished by unchecked Japanese aggression in the Far East, by the Italian threat to our vital communication lines through the conquest of Abyssinia, by the German threat to our economic position in the Near East and to the balance of power in Europe through Czecho-Slovakia, and finally by our policy of "non-intervention" in Spain.

A Fascist victory in Spain would obviously be followed by great concessions to Germany and Italy who had made that victory possible, and who are our potential enemies. The compensations to Mussolini and Hitler would of course be kept secret, but would in all probability be composed of promises regarding the supply of raw materials, trading privileges, submarine and air bases in case of war, use of ports in wartime, and the placing of Germans and Italians in key positions in Spain. All of this would be of tremendous advantage to our opponents in a major war.

Two other factors to be kept in mind regarding the significance of Spain, according to Lt.-Commander Fletcher, are: (1) That mobile batteries aimed at Gibraltar from Spanish territory on either side of the Straits can't miss, whereas the garrison would have great difficulty in locating

and returning the fire of a mobile gun; consequently the passage of the Straits in time of war by British ships would be difficult; (2) That British security is bound up with that of France, who would become a liability rather than a valuable ally if the fascists gain control of her Spanish, as well as of her German and Italian frontiers.

Yet in the face of these facts, the Chamberlain Government has signed the Anglo-Italian agreement, while large numbers of Italian forces are still assisting Franco, and steadfastly refuses the Spanish democrats their legitimate right to purchase war supplies. There is grave danger that belligerent rights will soon be granted to the Insurgents, and that this will be followed by a blockade of Government Spain. The Spanish people, who have for two years resisted the armed intervention of Germany and Italy, may yet be starved into defeat as an indirect result of British foreign policy.

So impressed was Lt.-Com. Fletcher's student audience with his argument that the battle for Spanish democracy is also a battle for British safety, that before dispersing, they set up, on their own initiative, a permanent organization for collecting food and sending it to the Spanish Loyalists.

A few days earlier delegations of London professors and students had visited the House of Commons and Downing Street to urge upon the Government a change in foreign policy. The fact that similar feeling in the country is widespread is, of course, obvious from the remarkable increase in the anti-government vote which characterized the by-elections following Munich. To assist the enemy to achieve his maximum strength before he attacks is not common sense.

The people of Great Britain are concerned about the security of their country because they identify it with freedom, liberty, and democracy, possessions without which they believe life would not be worth living. There is no doubt that the bulk of the people in Canada are devoted to the same ideals. Unfortunately for the native of Quebec in the Mother Country, however, he has repeatedly to undergo the humiliation, upon naming the Province from which he comes, being greeted with the remark, "Oh yes, that's the fascist place!" When the news was received recently of the sentencing of a Quebec citizen to two years' imprisonment for breaking a padlock which had been placed on his home solely because of his political activities, there were indignant protests in the editorial columns of London dailies. It seemed incredible that such a thing was happening under the British flag. In Britain a padlock law would be unthinkable, as would be any government restriction on the freedom of workers to join the labour union of their own choice. In France, any attempt at legislation of that

sort would cause a revolution. It is to prevent that type of tyranny being imposed upon them that the people of Britain and France are willing once again to go through the unthinkable horrors of modern war. But for a Canadian to think of risking his life for freedom on the battlefields of Europe, at a time when fundamental liberties are being undermined at home, would be the height of futility. Enemies behind the lines are more dangerous than those in front. It is perhaps well not to use the term "fascist" too freely, but there is not the slightest doubt that Quebec is easily the nearest thing to fascism which exists in the British Commonwealth, and the following quotation from Kurt G. Ludecke's "I Knew Hitler", illustrates this:

"We were in a happy mood when we drove to Montreal to keep an appointment with Adrian Arcand, the fiery leader of the 'Ordre Patriotique des Goglus'. This was a violently anti-Jewish, in the main Catholic folkic movement which at that time was growing rapidly in French Canada, with three publications, all very demagogic and clever.

"I liked young Arcand at once—his vibrant, intelligent fine-featured face, his genuine fighting spirit. He was greatly pleased when I gave him an autographed photograph of Hitler. We understood each other perfectly, and agreed to co-operate in every way."

(This refers to the autumn of 1932, when Ludecke was sent to represent the National Socialist party in North America. Arcand is known to possess the patronage of Premier Duplessis and edits the Union Nationale paper, *L'illustration*, of Montreal.)

Therefore, the first essential duty of the Canadian democrat is to set his own house in order. And that doesn't mean merely denouncing the individuals who happened to be in office when dictatorial legislation was passed. It means looking deeper, finding the basic causes which led them to pass such legislation, and eliminating those causes.

That is the best contribution which Canadians can make at present to the ideals for which our brothers are dying in Spain and for which they may soon be dying in other parts of unhappy Europe.

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## Love's Song

I move in strange, alluring ways  
To work my subtle plan;  
I shape the destinies of worlds,  
The destiny of Man.

I sweep the heavens,  
I roam the earth,  
To try the heart of Man.

I live in just a trivial glance,  
A laugh, a tearful sigh;  
I hide in worlds invisible  
To Man's far-searching eye.

I play in snow  
And in the beam  
Of Man's too-restless eye.

I blush in sunset's broken sky;  
I smile in golden-rod.  
I dwell among the rain-washed hills,  
The vales and hills of God.

In heaven and earth,  
I am supreme,  
O Man, for I am GOD.

Leon Adams.

## Trivia

They were such little things to make me glad;  
A moonbeam dancing on a lily pad,  
A scarlet flower nodding in the breeze,  
And dappled sunlight through the willow trees,  
The brittle splendour of a wintry day,  
The happy laughter of a child at play,  
And crisp blue curtains in a sunlit room,  
A bowl of tulips bursting into bloom,  
My terrier's whiskers clipped and curled—  
Such little things to so enrich the world.

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## Youth Takes A Holiday

### An Illiterate Soliloquy To The Younger Generation

I ain't been in business long. Don't get me wrong! I ain't a working man by nature. My idea of living is to be a gentleman of leisure—and I was well started on such a career until . . . well, I might as well start from the beginning. I'll tell you exactly how it happened; how such a self-respecting guy as me can get landed in such a predicament. Before I start, I'd like to make it quite clear that I ain't dumb by any means. I know what the score is; I ain't no incubator baby, or a hot-house plant neither. I grow'd up in a very respectable neighbourhood and got the full benefit of a high school education. Though I never was much of a brain-trust, I managed to slide through every year—once because I was so unpopular with the teacher. "Anyways, learning ain't everything," I always says.

Well, to get on with my story . . . I graduated from school, and in due time got my diploma with all the trimmings. I never had no idea of going to college, and it was a good thing, because the old man told me in no uncertain terms that there was already too many bums in college. Besides I didn't want to follow in the footsteps of my big brother, who considers himself "one of the intelligensia"—whatever that is. Almost as soon as I quit school the old man comes out with, "Well, young man, now you can find yourself a job."

"What?" says I, stunned by the very thought of manual labour, "Don't you realize I gotta rest after those tough exams"—so I spends the summer playing games, swimming, and courting my "wife". Along about fall the big brother departs for college with the unpleasant reminder, "Now's the time for you to do something to justify your existence."

"You try minding your own business," is the only thing I can think of at the moment. But his going don't end the stream of wisecracks and sarcastic insinuations that keep coming my way. My old man keeps me busy sending in applications to different business houses in answer to ads for vacant jobs; but (thank God) I never land anything and the whole thing turns out to be a waste of postage stamps, ink, and elbow grease. And so it goes for another month or so. I keep in condition by playing football with my pals on the local sandlot; I even get my name in the papers—"maybe that justifies my existence," I figures to myself. My "wife" ain't particularly anxious for me to get a job either 'cause she is still a schoolgirl and needs me to carry home her books. Life as far as I can see is a bowl of cherries.

But even the best things come to grief. Every day I find that the old man's remarks get more and more pointy; he says he can just see me as the successor to "Daddy-push-barrow", or the rival of Joe, the shoe-lace peddler; and I have to swallow these cracks or else the old boy will cut down on my cigarette money. One day I was sitting by the radio just after lunch (it was my day off from washing the dishes) and I gets a phone call from my pal, Spike. It appears that he has some idea for getting me and him a job. Well, I tells Spike that I can't talk business over the phone, and we agree to meet at the "Academy", which is a flossy name for the local poolroom. So after hearing "Big Sister" I kicks on my rubbers and rolls off to the snooker parlour.

Here I finds several "cowboys" hanging around, but I don't pay no attention to such riff-raff. After a while Spike sails in with a great smirk on his face, though I don't see nothing funny. "Our troubles is over," he bellows, smacking me on the back.

"I'm glad you think so," I mutter skeptical like. "What happens now?"

"Well," he beams, "you and me being great sportsmen (Spike too plays on the rugby team) my old man figures that we can land a job in a sporting goods store."

"Sure," says I, "even the papers say we're good, but what store wants us?"

"Well, me old man says (just between you and me, I don't see why he's always quoting his old man, because the old boy is slowly drinking himself to death while the missus scrubs floors.) that any of these bigger stores would be glad to take the likes of us on as department managers or travelling salesmen."

"Yeah!" says I, liking the sound of the last job.

"Sure," says he, "so I figure that you and me better go and interview some of these guys."

Well, thinking that it would be a good idea to surprise me old man for a change, I decides to go with Spike. The next day we hitch-hike into the big city, and start our business deals. We begin with the big department stores first but we don't seem to get very far there. It seems that the bosses ain't got the time to see "star" footballers, or anybody else. Finally we start in on the smaller stores, ending up at a joint labelled "Sam Finklestein, Sporting Wear and Leather Goods, Positively No Credit." Here we finds a real business man, who welcomes us like a long-lost brother. "Sure I want a coupla assistants. Sure I need some help.

Sure I seen your names in the paper — You're ping-pong champions, ain't you?"

"Not exactly," says Spike, while I clear my throat in disgust.

"Well, that don't matter," says Finklestein with a smirk. "You're clever-looking kids anyways."

This makes us feel good so we decide to stay. It turns out that Sam will hire us, and he tells us to start on Monday. "In the meantime, boys" he suggests as a parting shot, "you'd better practise wrapping up things." This don't sound so good to me but I don't say a word—I guess I must be self-conscious.

Well, I tell the old man about my new job, and the first thing he wants to know is how much do I get. Of course this is a minor detail that we had forgot to discuss, but I cover up with the quip, "I'm doing all right."

When Monday morning comes around I find that I have to get up in the middle of the night—at least it seems that way to me after sleeping in till eleven-thirty every morning—and I go off on the local "jitney" with the rest of the business class. Arriving at "Sam Finklestein, Sporting Wear and Leather Goods, etc.," I find that Spike is already there, but I can hardly see him because he's working way at the back of the store.

"Come on there, sunshine," grates Sam, "you ain't got all day"—and I find myself standing in front of a small mountain of cheap sportswear that has to be covered with price tags. So I spend the rest of the morning sticking pins in imitation leather, pricking my fingers in the bum light, and trying to console myself with the thought that prosperity's just around the corner. With half-an-hour for a "hamburger and a coke" I find myself back in the same hole, only this time I'm wrapping up boxes with cheap brown paper that rips nine times out of ten. Was I weary that night when I arrived home late for supper! So weary that I couldn't go out and see my "wife". But I don't let on that anything is the matter; so the family asks no questions, and nothing happens.

And that's the way it still goes—two weeks later. I'm still sticking on price tags, wrapping up boxes, or running errands—and what for?—for seven dollars a week. Take out carfare, lunches, and fags, and my net profit is about half-a-buck. By now the old man catches on, but he says the experience will do me good. So I carry on to the best of my ability—justifying my existence—but it's tough, plenty tough. What am I going to do about it? . . . Nothing . . . What can I do about it? . . . Nothing. I remember once hearing in school about Napoleon, or somebody, who was a victim of circumstances. Well, that's what I am—just a victim of circumstances.



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## Lake St. John

Having crossed the wilderness which separates the Lake St. John region from the towns of the St. Lawrence valley, the train passes along the south shore of the lake and then turns down southwards to Chicoutimi and the Saguenay. This road has served as a basis for the development northward around the lake and the upper part of the river. Everyone knows of the superb grandeur of the canyon of the lower Saguenay and Lake St. John itself has its peculiar attractiveness. It is a lake comparable in size to the smaller of the Great Lakes and is liberally provided with sandy beaches which suggest the possible development of tourism and summer resorts as a future industry.

There is a series of towns beginning with Port Alfred and Bagotville at Ha-Ha Bay on the Saguenay and known to all who travel on the Saguenay boat. Higher up the river is Chicoutimi, a city of some 10,000 people, which is the capital of the region. Here are the headquarters of the Roman Catholic bishop. The city has its pulp and paper industry as have all the towns in the district, with the exception of Arvida. It was a surprise to me to discover that tidewater comes up as far as Chicoutimi. Next comes a group of three towns: Arvida, Jonquière and Kenogami. The first is a model town owned and operated by private corporations and is the centre for a growing industrial development. We are told that a population of 50,000 people is being planned for in this attractive place. Jonquière probably has the worst slums of the district, although perhaps we should not brand any town in particular, for almost all showed the extremes so characteristic of our modern industrial society. Kenogami is the main English centre and is the headquarters of the Church of England in the Lake St. John district. There, too, is the magnificent park arranged in memory of Sir William Price whose grave is situated on a hillside overlooking the Saguenay, with its great power development, while as far as the eye can see are the blue-green hills of an area still relatively unsettled. At the head of the river is found St. Joseph d'Alma, a source of supply of unskilled labour, very similar in appearance to Jonquière; and across a part of the river is Riverbend, a sort of paradise (it would appear at first sight) where the sidewalks are pink and where is congregated the brain-power of the nearby mill. Here is a tiny community where the bosses and much of the skilled labour necessary to a great industry may be found. Life there revolves about the Staff House, a large and glorified boarding house. I was

exceedingly well treated whenever I stayed there, but I must refer interested readers to Peter Greenwood who lived there much longer than I did. He, too, can tell you of the short three miles to Isle Maligne where there is a power plant which, I am told, produces more power under one roof than any other plant in the world. The plant is certainly most impressive to the layman. The town-site at Isle Maligne appeared to me the most attractive of all the settlements in the region. Here again a tiny model, a garden city, is being attractively arranged in a relatively remote and unsettled district. The houses and public buildings are well-built and attractively designed. It is the intention of the company to house all its employees there. It is an example of what modern industry could do for all workers if the powers that be so desired. Actually, skilled labour is not plentiful in the region, so that pleasant living conditions are a necessary attraction. On the western side of the lake there is Roberval and on the north, Dolbeau. Of course, the map is dotted with names familiar to the readers of Maria Chapdelaine which, by the way, one must read to grasp the spirit of Lake St. John.

The district is one of tremendous contrasts. There is agriculture contrasted with industry. There is the mediaeval contrasted with the capitalistic. There are the benefits of modern industry contrasted with its gross evils. There is the beauty of the countryside and of a few homes contrasted with the ugliness and squalor of the towns and most of the dwelling-places. Perhaps the contrasts are all symbolized by the towering mass of churches, sometimes ugly, sometimes beautiful; and by the towering mass of mills, sometimes idle in unemployment, sometimes hives of industry as the workers give their lives to the services of industry. Both churches and mills cast their shadows on towns and villages. It is a suggestive picture.

Class-consciousness must be considerably accentuated in this relatively new industrial area by the religious and racial issues. For here we find on one side labour, Roman Catholicism, and the French language; and on the other side, capital, Protestantism, and the English language. Of course, there are a considerable number of exceptions to this division of interests, but the situation is by no means pleasant to regard, the more so when the policies of companies involved are revealed. It should be understood that most of the companies are in rather wide control over life generally. Just one case in point. In a certain town there was a com-

pany doctor. Two men in that town were electrocuted or they died of heart failure, said the doctor. But these men were working in the plant and the doctor was asked to state definitely that the cause was heart failure. He refused. Presently he was relieved of his post. It is one example of company politics. But enough of reality, for the moment.

1938 was the centennial year of the first settlement of the Saguenay district by the "vingt et un." All summer there were celebrations of one kind or another including the Cardinal's visit, pageants, dances in the streets, banquets, and all the other appropriate festivities.

The Anglican clergy were invited to attend the centennial pageant presented before a natural amphitheatre at Port Alfred in honour of Cardinal Villeneuve. His Eminence was received like a prince. Indeed the title "Prince of the Church" is so common in Lake St. John that I have heard one of our own bishops referred to as such.

The pageant in question illustrated the history of the Saguenay-Lake St. John district from the coming of the first settlers until the present. There was shown the grow-

ing up of the tiny settlements and the surrounding farms. Next came the lumber trade and Sir William Price with the pulp and paper industry. The whole development of agriculture, lumbering and industry was pictured by representations of various scenes, interpretative dances and descriptive songs. It was a creditable performance enhanced by the background of Ha-Ha Bay reflecting the myriad lights of land and water. The performance began at nine o'clock in the evening and when we left the scene, five hours later, it was still going strong. They really do things at Lake St. John!

Although the region exhibits the crudities of an economic and social frontier, the evil results of modern capitalism and a somewhat antiquated religious system, yet Lake St. John has charm all its own. Perhaps it was the delightfully cool summer, or the hospitality of its people, or the beauty of the country, but my visit in the country of Maria Chapdelaine will remain primarily one of pleasant associations tinged only with indignation at some things to be discovered there.

### In A Lonely Glen

I strayed into a lonely glen,  
Where drifted snows lay deep,  
To leave behind the noise of men  
And hear the breezes weep;  
To listen to the birches sigh,  
And see the white clouds lazing by  
The hills in winter sleep.

I saw long shadows twist across  
The hidden woodland trail,  
And felt the shifting breezes toss  
Aside a silver veil.  
The leafless maples lifted high  
Their blackened fingers to the sky  
Above the silent dale.

I clasped the valley to my heart,  
God sang His masterpiece—  
And oh, the joy it did impart,  
The loneliness release!  
I took all heaven as my bride  
And wed the virgin countryside  
And kissed the lips of Peace.

Leon Adams.

## Will She Always Be A Nonentity?

Recently there have been vague rumours of agitation among the co-eds. These rumours may have reached some ears outside the Girls' Common Room and the Women's Students' Association Executive meeting (every second Thursday—tea served in the Club rooms); but there are many disinterested ears whose owners would be very much surprised if they knew just how much agitation is in progress.

The girls blame no one, nor are they actually complaining. They realize that in the past, the co-eds at Bishop's were perfectly satisfied with their lot—to deem it a privilege to be allowed to attend lectures and to have no say in anything else—but this immediately present group have a democratic idea that more rights should be theirs. They have discussed quite sanely and seriously and reasonably what they believe these rights to be, and they have come to the conclusion that if Bishop's is to be more than a theoretically co-educational college, they must be able to feel that they are an actual part of it.

Just what is the co-ed's future at Bishop's (speaking impersonally)? Will she always be a nonentity, a necessary evil, with few other functions but to supply sandwiches and cake at sports parties, or will she eventually (the sooner, the better) have some authority, not merely as now, in her own sphere, but in the whole university? It is toward the latter that the present body of women students is working. Some slight progress has been made, and the girls are in some measure satisfied with their success, for they realize that any change made in their status must be gradual. The change cannot, naturally, be effected all in one year, but the co-eds of the class of '39 are certain that if this mildly revolutionary spirit continues, some day Bishop's may be truly coeducational.

Last year the Senior Man helped to revise the constitution of the Women's Student Association, and in this way aided the Association to get started in the right direction. The Women's Council compiled the new constitution during the first term of this year and in the Christmas holidays the constitution was put into printed form, a copy being presented to each co-ed at a Saturday noon Association meeting. Now there is something tangible to turn to when any question arises. How many members of the Men's Student Council have any idea of the content of this new constitution, or how many are even interested enough to know that it exists? The general opinion seems

to be, "Let the girls govern their own activities and interests, and keep them out of our business."

This is the very thing the women students are trying to overcome. They have no desire whatever to take over any of the now-existing authoritative posts. However, they feel that women have as much executive ability as have men, and they want to put their ability to some real co-operative use in the college. An amalgamation of the two councils would perhaps be unreasonable and unsatisfactory; but a representative element from the Women's Council to sit on the Students' Council would seem very plausible to start with. Then, if the girls showed up to good advantage in this primary capacity, provision might be made for an even more representative element to take part in the student government.

If one considers what a great deal the girls of Bishop's do for the college without any sort of awards or recognition, and even without aid from the college, in some instances, it would seem that the lot of the co-ed is being sadly neglected. Take girls' athletics, for instance. Both the hockey and basketball teams are winning combinations, but they have annual struggles for existence. There are scarcely enough girls to make up the teams, and those who are interested supply their own uniforms and equipment. When there are some winning teams in the university, it seems that they should receive some help. In all the other activities, the co-eds are enthusiastic participants. The Dramatic Society would be non-existent were there no leading ladies and fillers-in; there would be no mixed doubles entries for badminton tournaments were the girls not active and interested in this growing sport; the "feminine touch" on dance committees is certainly an essential thing; and even the *Mitre* would find it difficult to carry on without occasional contributions from the co-eds. There have never been athletic awards for the basketball team which has been second in a six-team league for several years, and which is almost certain to win the championship this year. It is such recognition, insignificant to some, but very gratifying to the girls, that would make them feel "in the college".

Then, too, there is the question, "Will there ever be a girls' residence at Bishop's?" Of course, the girls alone can do nothing to remedy the situation as it now is. This must be left in the hands of the gods, or of the authorities, perhaps. Women come to Bishop's because of its scholastic standing and its different "English" atmosphere—because

it is quaint and real, rather than hey-dayishly modern. Its merits are many and attractive — a degree in three years instead of four; convenient location near a city, and yet not in the very midst of city life; modern instruction in Oxford-like surroundings, etc. They have heard that Bishop's does something to a person, so that he can never forget his days spent there. And yet, how much more wonderful would the staid old haunt be with a women's residence, or "hostel". There could be no mistaking then how much a part of the college the girls were. They would have the *real* college life enjoyed in most coeducational colleges in-

## A Plea In Defence of Minor Sports

Minor sports, which have given Bishop's its only championships this year, are being strangled by the Athletic Committee. Not adequately financed last year, badminton and skiing are receiving even less support now.

Our skiers went to North Hatley and won the cup for the highest aggregate; one member of the team winning the individual championship. Another skier won at Waterloo and placed seventh among ninety skiers in the well known Taschereau race. The total amount granted to these students who have put Bishop's name high on the skiing ladder, was about five dollars, and this was paid for their registration alone. No entry fees and no travelling expenses were paid for by the Athletic Committee. Surely it could afford to pay the taxi fare to Hatley for its fine skiers, and even transportation for two of them to enter a northern ski meet.

The Badminton Committee is faced with an absolute lack of funds. It is true that the Athletic Committee gave three dollars towards entry fees in the Eastern Townships' Tournament, in which Bishop's won three out of five championships. Also the Athletic Committee has agreed to pay one half of the travelling expenses in two out of three proposed out-of-town trips. Thus the proposed annual expenditure for the Badminton Club's activities is, at the most, eight dollars. The Badminton Committee has been refused money for providing the visiting teams with the customary refreshments. It must then either send its guests away hungry, or tell its players they are to play in a tournament and that they must pay about seventy-five cents for refreshments. For a trip away it will be necessary to chose a team and inform them that they will pay half the expenses. Last year's players did not have to pay for transportation and food. Why should they do so this year? Surely this is not the way to encourage badminton. Interest is lacking as it is, and with the Athletic Committee gradually

stead of being scattered around at different boarding houses in the village.

All this must not be taken as anything but an attempt to clarify the situation. If it is absolutely impossible to do any more for the co-eds, then let it remain as it is. But there appears to be lacking no more than interest and co-operation on the part of the other members of the university. Surely there can be no harm in at least trying some new system. Bishop's is dear to the hearts of all the girls, but it can be dearer still. May it be!

withdrawing its support the future of college badminton indeed looks dark.

Minor sports do not need a large amount of money in order to be well financed. From the notice posted last term it was seen that rugby cost about five hundred dollars; hockey costs almost as much. Surely skiing and badminton deserve one twentieth as much as these sports instead of the one sixty-sixth which they are receiving now. There are as many students interested in skiing and badminton as in rugby and hockey; and each one pays an equal amount towards the financing of college sports. The benefits, physical and otherwise, derived from these minor athletics are fully as great as those afforded by the so-called major sports. In fact, considering the number of athletes taking part in the minors, it may be said that this division of Bishop's sports provides more general benefit than the major one. Everyone in the college capable of walking, and who can afford a little equipment, can ski to his heart's desire, and play as much badminton as he wishes. Can persons not at all proficient in playing hockey or rugby, play nearly as much as they want? It will be said that they can go skiing without any financial assistance from the college; but who is going to take part in a sport in which his college is showing an almost complete lack of interest? Even now we have Bishop's men wanting to enter competitions as members of some outside club rather than of their own college which has given them a negligible amount of support. This is indeed a deplorable situation and one which ought to be remedied without delay.

Let us have then, a more proportionate financing of our college athletics; and although we must at all times put intercollegiate sports before all others, is it right that we should do so to a degree where these last are strangled out of existence?

## Successful Hypocrisy

"Yes Jane, I saw him. No, I didn't get no money, well it's like this you see. Now don't get that way Red." I always call her Red when she gets crusty. "What did I do? Well, after I got his letter to come and visit him, and you decided I was going. You say that it was me that decided? Well, it doesn't matter now, I went, didn't I?"

This place Charlottetown isn't any bigger than Tampeka, but it somehow looks bigger. As I get off the train a crowd of these niggers tries to grab my bag, but they soon stop as the guy behind me, who looks like some senator, begins moving his six or seven pieces. I start right off looking for Bill, but I don't see him nowhere. He used to be kind of skinny, with a shifty look like he never had enough place to hide, but there isn't anyone there that looks like him, and pretty soon the platform thins out leaving some niggers, and a fat white-haired old gentleman wearing one of these Panama hats. First thing I know he comes over and says: "Why, you must be Daniel Greene, I'm certainly glad you were able to come, my boy." I suppose he means me, as nobody has called me anything but Dan for thirty years. So I pump his hand, and he steers me towards a big car, one of these new kind like the factory boss has. A guy in foreman's pants takes my bags, and Bill and I get in; he offers me a cigar and tells the chauffeur something.

"Well Daniel, my boy, this certainly is a surprise, you're looking well, I would have known you right away," he says, puffing his cigar slow like.

"You don't look so bad yourself, Bill, things must be pretty good," I says, meaning the car and all.

He sort of waves his hand and smiles, "It's all in how you go about it Daniel," he says, patting me on the back.

Pretty soon we stop and Bill gets out. "Well, here we are Daniel, this is our little home. Martha calls it Westvale. Not much to speak of but we like it."

You know these pictures you see of Southern houses with big white pillars, Colonial they call it; well that's what it was, only bigger than any I'd seen. I guess I must of gaped a bit for Bill kind of has to drag me inside. Next thing I know Bill is introducing me to his wife, Martha, he calls her. Have you ever seen a clipper ship in full rig? Kind of impressive, well she's like that, kind of leaves you becalmed.

"So this is Mr. Greene. William (he never got called that in Tampeka; even Miss Elizabeth, the school teacher

called him Bill) says that you are an old school fellow of his. When I heard he had a letter from you I simply insisted that you come. I do hope our little community life will amuse you. I'm having a tea for you this afternoon, I'm sure you will enjoy it. The rector and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Dodds, he's one of William's managers, and a lot of interesting people from the Point. You must excuse me, there is so much to be done, you and William can play golf. Oh, I know you're just being modest Mr. Greene, William can lend you some clubs."

Sure Red, I wanted to ask him, but what with her being so impressive like and him being so kind, I was that embarrassed I just didn't. Yeah, I guess maybe you should have gone. Well Red, I never did take to this game much, I played a couple of times when me and Bill used to caddy. I never knew Bill played much either, but it seems he was the president of the club, so we got in his car and drove out. Sure we played; after I had lost all the balls he gave me, and all the ones in his bag, we walked back. Everyone seemed to know him, and he introduced me to a lot of fellows. No, I didn't talk much, they were arguing about some utility corporation, and Bill seemed to be the only one who knows what is right.

After lunch Bill says he has to go down to the office, and would I like to come with him?. Honest Red, I never saw an office like that. Yes, even better than Caleb's new one. You've seen the same thing in the movies, indirect lighting, telephones, he even had a room to keep his secretary in. What does he do? Well, he's a banker, but it seems he owns pretty near everything in the town. He's the mayor too, been mayor for fifteen years. He signs a couple of papers and smokes a cigar or two, then we go back to his house, and pretty soon I find myself sitting beside this Rector, who starts asking me what I think about theology; yeah, that's his name for Church I guess. Well, I begin to say I don't know much about it not having gone except Christmas, when Bill interrupts, asking him something about the Scriptures. Pretty soon they get so wound up they forget all about me. This kind of surprises me as Bill never even knew which church he belonged to on account of how his father, being drunk one day got thrown out, and his mother, who was the laundress, worked all Sunday, and then the only time she went was at Christmas, when they give dinners out. Then one of the people from the Point, that's the fashionable place, you know, like Beverly

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Hills in Hollywood, asks if Bill and me didn't have some pretty good times together when we was young. I look quickly at Bill, but he is just sitting back smoking and talking to someone, so I don't say much just "yes" and "no". I don't tell about the times that Bill's father came home drunk and started beating his mother and Bill had to shinny down the drain; or the times Bill and I got pinched for stealing chickens.

After everyone had as much tea and cake as they could, Martha, that's his wife, gets up and raises her hands like one of these railyard men, and we all stop talking.

"I have a surprise for you today," she says, impressive like. "Professor Turner, our well-known musician, has kindly consented to give a piano recital in honour of the occasion."

Everyone claps, and Bill leans over toward me, "One of our finest musicians Daniel, my boy, quite a composer too, I'm sure you'll like him."

I murmur something, and a wizened little man steps up to the piano. He looks sort of like a bantam rooster we used to have, only his voice is higher. He plays a piece that some foreigner wrote, and every time he moves his little head bobs up and down like a fishing buoy. Pretty soon they all start leaving, and Bill and I go upstairs to get tidied up for some bridge party they're giving. Now Red, you know I never did play much, well it seems that they got me hitched up with their best player, if she had only had an axe I wouldn't have lasted as long as I did.

The next morning being Sunday, Bill lets me sleep till nine, but it seems that they want me to go to Church, this Rector guy Bill argues with the other day is the preacher. So I puts on my blue suit, yeah, the one you bought at Kresge's, and off we go. Bill says that the church being only a short way they usually walk. As we get near there are quite a few people going in the same direction, and they all seem to know Bill. Martha keeps asking me which I think is the nicer, the early service, or the eleven o'clock, course not having ever been up that early Sunday, I say the eleven. Yeah, this guy shows us to our pew, that's what Bill calls it; you'd have thought we was the Roosevelts. No, it wasn't ny different from Tampeka Church, maybe the seats aren't quite so comfortable. In the sermon I open my eyes once, and see Bill sitting there like he is enjoying it, which kind of surprises me even more, as Bill's father when he wasn't drunk nearly always snored through the sermon. When they pass the plate around I see Bill put five dollars on it. Yeah, sure it was five, he held it up so every-one could see. No, I only had two bits, but nobody seemed to notice.

After it was over we stand talking on the steps for a

while until the Rector comes out, and Martha tells him how impressive, and how forceful his preaching was. It seems the Rector is coming back to dinner, but first Bill says we must go for a drive, which we do. Maybe I should have asked him then Red, but I couldn't like with the Rector there; he was the kind of guy who don't talk about money on Sundays, and this was more like what they call "blackmale" than straight business. Yeah I know I had my rights, but you understand don't you Red? You don't. Well, don't get that way now, I couldn't help it could I? At dinner, along with the Rector and his wife is another fellow, something to do with pictures and art. As soon as dinner is over this art fellow goes off with Bill to the back of the house where Bill has a lot of pictures hanging on the wall. Pretty soon Martha herds us all in there to look at a new picture Bill bought. At first it is hard to see, there being only those lights like they have in store counters, but Bill and this art fellow are at the end of the room so we all join them, and Bill asks us how we like it. I don't see much, just one of these women with no clothes on, like the young draftsmen at the factory draw on the edge of their plans in springtime, only this one is coloured, and she looks kind of plump. I stand there while Bill, this art fellow, and the Rector argue about it. Bill does most of the talking while the other two just seem to kind of agree.

In a while Martha remembers my train is going in half an hour so she orders the car, and pretty soon Bill and me are saying goodbye at the station. "I won't forget your visit Daniel, my boy, we haven't enjoyed ourselves so much since the President came through here. Remember me to your wife." Yeah, that's you, Red. When the train began pulling steady like, the conductor asks me: "was that Mr. Lewis I seen you with, a friend of yours? A fine man, I hear the college, that's Charlottetown College where my boy goes, is going to give him one of these here degrees, kind of an honour." I don't say much, and after a little he moves on. It was only then I had time to think that I hadn't asked him. Yeah Red, I guess you wouldn't have done that but he was so kind like, and there was so much doing that I mostly forgot about it. Sure your sore Red, but I got to thinking on that train, and even if he did swipe my old man's money I couldn't have done it. "Blackmale" is what they call it, well maybe it wasn't exactly "blackmale" like, but you know what I mean. You say I'm a fool Red? Well, maybe I am; but look what he's gone and done, besides I wouldn't feel right with all that money. You say you guess I'm right Red. Yeah I'm glad you see it that way Jane. Oh say Jane, he's asked us, yeah you too, up there next Saturday. Yeah I guess I will go to bed kind of tired after all, and the shift goes on at five. Yeah, good night Jane.

# The Story of Amateur Radio

Amateur radio represents to upwards of fifty thousand people the most satisfying, most exciting of all hobbies. Forty thousand of these enthusiasts are to be found in the United States. The remainder are scattered over the entire globe. The devotees of amateur radio, among our neighbours to the south began the movement, and have been our stronghold and defender ever since.

When radio broadcasting was first introduced to the public not so many years ago, it immediately caught the fancy of countless millions of people all over the world. It thrilled them to tune in a program direct from a distant place, to hear music and speech being transmitted from a point hundreds, or even thousands of miles away. The entertainment value of radio has been uppermost in the public mind for a long time, but has been superseded in the minds of hundreds of thousands of people by the thrill of foreign programs, aviation, police, and amateur reception.

The joy of hearing a distant station is basic with the amateur. His activities, however, do not stop there. The greatest lure is the thrill of talking with these points. His home-made radio station is ready at the throw of a switch to contact other amateurs in every corner of the world. Even the most simple of transmitters enables one to make friends in every portion of the country. High power and expensive receivers are not absolutely necessary to achieve success and to receive the full benefit from amateur radio. Patience and experience are the sole prerequisites. The personal enjoyment does not stop there. The pleasure of creating with ones own hands something that really works leaves an enduring satisfaction. The process of designing and constructing radio equipment develops real engineering ability. Many an engineer or executive in the commercial radio field got much of his practical background and training from his amateur work. The radio services are rapidly expanding and require technicians, engineers and executives in increasing numbers, and a background of amateur experience is regarded as valuable.

How did this all start? What developments brought it to its present organization?

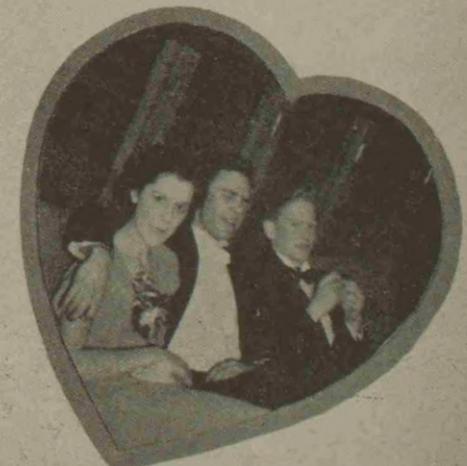
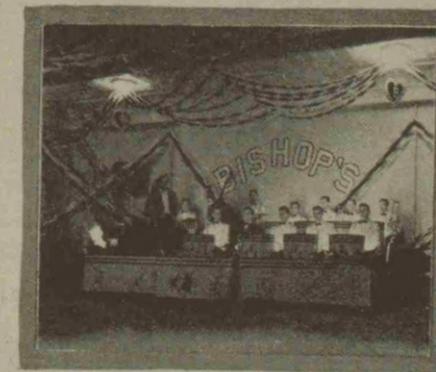
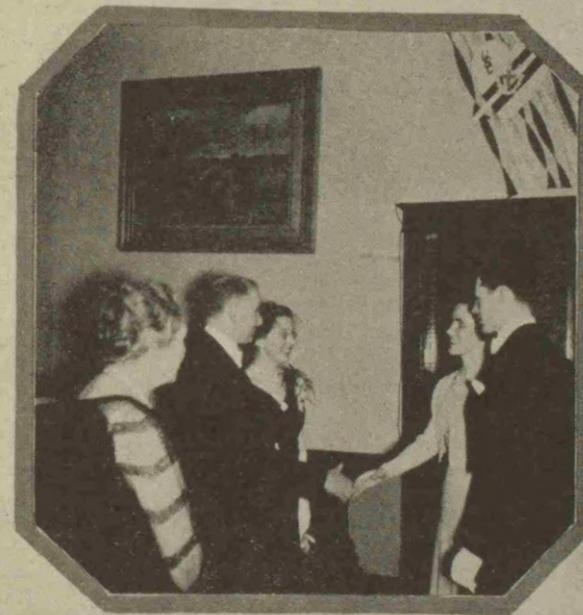
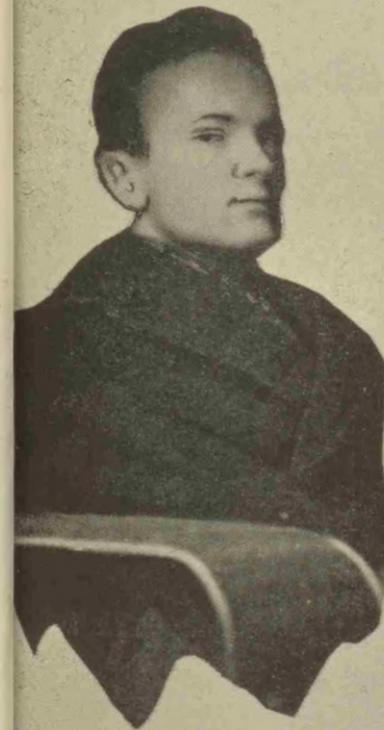
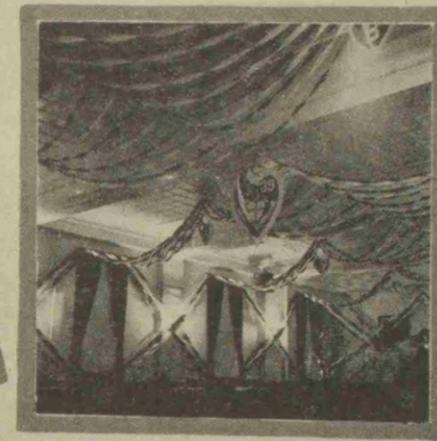
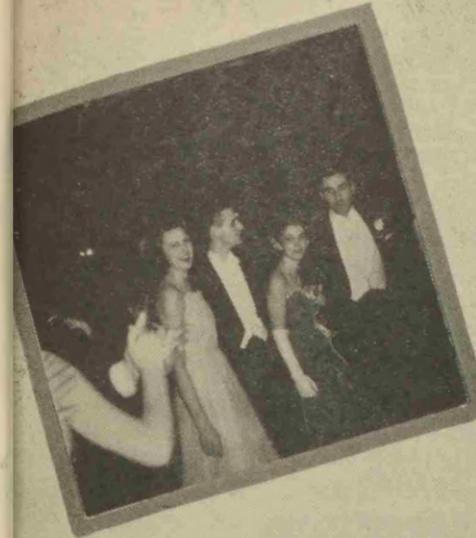
Marconi was perhaps the first amateur, and his first astounding experiments paved the way for our present knowledge of radio. But amateur radio was truly born when private citizens first saw in this new marvel, a means for personal communications with others, and set about learning enough to build a home-made station, hoping that one of their friends would do the same so that they might

have someone to talk to.

Forty years ago the equipment bore little resemblance to what it is today. Those were the days of the crashing rotary gaps, sparking antennas, a myriad of wires, excellent ears, and a very good imagination. The range of even the most high-powered of transmitters, under the most favourable conditions, would be scoffed at by the rankest beginner today. A transmission of a hundred miles was considered marvelous. Transcontinental transmission was accomplished in relays of stations. Foreign reception was a dream. "Short waves" meant 200 meters; all wave lengths below (200-0) were a vast, impenetrable silence—no signal disturbed it.

By 1917 in the United States the number of amateurs was 4000. They just bought equipment and went on the air. The governments had to consider radio laws, licensing, and wave length allotments for various services. "The amateurs?—oh yes—stick 'em on 200 meters and down; it's no good for anything; they'll never get out of their backyards with it." 200 meters and down was exploited by the amateur. His patience brought amazing results. He discovered by experimentation, with the then little thought of radio tube and suitable radio circuits, that he could transmit 500, and sometimes a 1000 miles. He learned what times were best for transmission, what antennas were the most successful, he discovered new tubes, new circuit designs, new uses for old equipment, and originated and designed new apparatus.

After the Great War amateur radio made tremendous strides. The pressure of the war had stimulated technical development in radio. New things were coming out every day, and the amateur was quick to adapt them to suit his purpose. Distance reception and transmission jumped from 1000 to 2000 miles. Amateurs wondered if they could get across "ole debbil" ocean. All this work had been carried out on 200 meters. What about those higher frequencies? Tests were carried out between amateurs in different parts of the United States. The results were encouraging. Circuit design and equipment was changed over night. The short waves became a bag of tricks. And one day the dream of the amateur came true—international exchange of signals. But better things happened. Daylight international communication became possible with the correct choice of frequency. Transmitters and receivers became things of wonder in comparison with yesterdays. Also the amateurs organized themselves into the American Radio Relay League, with headquarters in West Hartford, Conn., to protect



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amateur rights. Commercial interests, however, realizing the value of short waves gobbled up the "useless" frequencies which had been given the amateurs (generally called "hams") years ago. The hams were left with just a few bands to work in, and as the years go by these allotments of frequencies seem to be gradually disappearing.

Today amateur radio is a fine art. Technical qualifications to own a station are high. Radio is such a large field that months of study are required to make a beginning. To keep up with its advancement is a job in itself. The hobby can completely absorb all one's interests, time, and money—and does.

This hobby has a great tradition behind it. Most of the

technical advances in radio have come from the amateur's experimentation. Many of these developments are the most valuable contributions to the art. Thousands of amateurs gave their services in the Great War as signalers. The public service record of the amateur is very high. In emergencies and expeditions he is invaluable. He has been the sole means of communication in dozens of storm and flood disasters. He has saved countless lives and thousands of dollars in property. His services are rendered, as they always have been and always will be, without hope or expectation of material reward. His is the spirit that will live on years after the hobby has vanished. May he live long!

### Yellow Tapers

Yellow tapers fling black shadows  
On the frosted windowpane.  
Silently a shadow-dancer,  
Waltzing to a phantom strain,  
Spins a web of old devotions,  
Shuttered light and spent emotions  
Round about the yellow flame.

Yellow tapers tell the tale of  
Spectres standing on parade,  
Silhouettes of ghostly warriors  
In a deathly cannonade.  
And within the darkened corners  
Rest the motionless performers  
Of the midnight masquerade.

Cast a weird ethereal glow  
Like the silver of the moonlight  
Falling on the crusted snow.  
Lurking in the deep recesses,  
Spectral women in old dresses  
Walk a shadowy chateau.

Yellow tapers guide the spirits  
Down an avenue of ghosts.  
Yellow tapers shoot their arrows  
At the grim, unearthly hosts.  
Yellow tapers burning brightly  
And the taperlight uncovers  
Cloistered secrets for its lovers,  
Knowledge of the mystic coasts.

*Leon Adams.*

## ARE THIS YEAR'S WISHES IN LAST YEAR'S WILL?

LIKE ANYTHING ELSE, WILLS  
ARE LIKELY TO BECOME  
OUTMODED.

Are there any bequests in YOUR  
Will that should be changed? Taxes  
are heavy and your estate may be  
smaller.

Has birth, death or marriage  
changed your family situation?

Are you disposing of your insur-  
ance wisely, taking into account the  
problem of its future investment?

Does your Executor and/or Trustee  
meet your present requirements? The  
settlement of Estates is becoming more  
and more complex.

We suggest that now, at the begin-  
ning of a new year, you consider the  
advisability of having your attorney or  
notary bring your Will up-to-date.

And we invite you to discuss with one  
of our officers the advantages of nam-  
ing this experienced trust institution as  
Executor and Trustee.



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## Young People, Neurotic Nincompoops

There's something I must get off my chest. It has to do with young people around the ages of eighteen to twenty-one. There is something definitely wrong with them. At eighteen they should be finished with adolescence and its accompanying lack of balance, its excitability and its emotional and physical stresses. They ought to be comparatively mature and solid. They don't seem to be. Most of them between the ages given are slightly psychopathic and many of them definitely neurotic. They are excitable, somewhat hysterical, unbalanced and irresponsible. They are so infantile one thinks of the succinct description (by an authority) of babies: Nothing but an alimentary canal with a loud noise at one end and no responsibility at the other. I'd be going too far, if I suggested that this statement accurately describes our youth of 18-21; but one must admit that they are amazingly irresponsible and childish in most of their thinking and doing.

It is positively unnerving to move among them. They are "on edge". They play-act, chatter about nothing, laugh artificially and conduct themselves (male and female) like a bevy of wornout, middle-aged women on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

The sole explanation for this sad state of affairs, I believe, is this: They have a terrific fear of appearing to be serious about anything and of being taken seriously. To avoid this Scylla and Charybdis combination they resort to all sorts of tomfoolery and artificiality.

You've seen a group of young people talking animatedly with one another at some time or another, haven't you? It would appear that the topic under discussion—judging by the vivacity, spirit, even vehemence with which the youths are conversing, that the question they are settling (to their own satisfaction) must be a very momentous one. If you join the group you're in for a big let-down. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the conversation is revolving about the subject of the last "hop"; the latest "binge"; whether Myrna Loy is going to marry Clark Gable; if the Black Hawks will trim Detroit. You've seen young people laughing uproariously (yet somewhat hollowly) at something or other? It must be a "wow" of a joke! The joke turns out to be something a moron or near-moron would find amusing.

The resultant nervous tension seems to tell on our youthful subjects. They resort to mild drugs, solid and liquid, to help relieve that tension. It is that tension that seems to make most of their vocal and physical activity so

spasmodic, disconnected and aimless; they are compelled to do something, say something, anything—it usually means absolutely nothing.

The current fervour of many of our young people for jam-session-jazz, jitterbug rhythms and dancing, is explained (I think) by the fact that it epitomizes their own inner urge for wild, uninhibited, unreasoned activity.

Harmful physical and mental tensions are being built up in the victims of this neuroticism, which is symptomatic of a peculiar and foolish desire to avoid the stigma of seriousness. But not only are the youth doing themselves harm; their irresponsibility can and does harm others. They "hit" sixty on the highways and gloat over and boast about the "close-shaves" they have; they ignore the fact that in those "close-shaves" they are endangering the lives of others as well as their own. It wouldn't be unfair to claim that 97 out of 100 of these individuals are the stuff that hit-and-run drivers are made of. These same people will soon be exercising the franchise; our present governments are nothing to write home about but our future ones may be even worse (if that is possible) when we have nervous nitwits electing other nervous nitwits to parliament. These same individuals, provided nature takes its course, will soon be marrying and taking on the responsibilities of parenthood. In their present lightheaded condition they are not fit to be trusted with the bringing into the world and the training of a human personality.

Why this irresponsibility, this neuroticism among the majority of our supposedly mature and "educated" youth? A great deal of the blame for this disposition can be laid to an inadequate and antiquated educational system; to the tendency of the older generation to excuse irresponsibility by deprecating it as youthful "high spirits"; to the older generation's reluctance to allow youth to shoulder any burdens personal, civic or national until they are "older". ("Older" is interpreted very broadly and may mean any time after fifty-five; when one is over fifty-five the powers that be are then prone to denounce one as senile and decrepit. Coming or going one doesn't get much of a show.)

However, I can visualize a day when given more enlightened pedagogy and more enlightened oldsters, young men and women of eighteen to twenty-one will be urged and allowed to assume the privileges and duties which should be theirs — with consequent gain to them and to the state.

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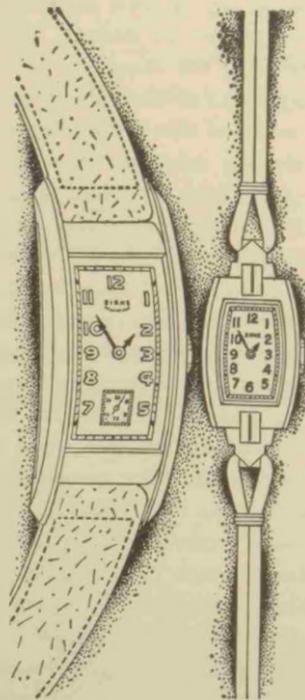
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# BIRKS



## Exchanges

As I look over the large assortment of university and school publications scattered over my desk, the Christmas number of the *Argosy Weekly* immediately draws my attention. Instead of the usual weekly paper, Mount Allison University published a forty-eight page magazine that is most creditable. The magazine consists mainly of literary contributions, among which a playlette entitled, "Something Suitable for Him" was quite good.

The old question of snobbishness among college students has again arisen, this time in the *McGill Daily*. The *Daily* says,

"From time to time we hear the complaint that college students are snobs. The grievance is voiced by both the non-university man and the serious college student or graduate. The demonstration of this vice takes many and varied forms, but in the final analysis the causes are the same. It is time that we thought a little more seriously about the merits of these causes.

"The average university student feels that after many years of study and preparation for a university career he is entitled to a certain amount of consideration by virtue of his admittedly superior attainment. He believes with the psychologist, that a certain definite intelligence is an essential towards the attainment of university status. This higher intelligence entitles him to mix in what may be termed the upper strata of intellectual society. He consequently expects a certain minimal amount of respect from those less fortunate than himself in the matter of giftedness.

"Such an attitude must not be encouraged. We should not lose sight of the fact that 'many a flower is born to blush unseen', and that many people who might be mentally qualified to attend the university have not the means to do so. We might fall into the habit of looking upon them as beings of an inferior mental capacity. The dangers inherent in such a practice are evident.

"On the other hand, it is just as inadvisable to advocate wholesale hobnobbing of university students with every Tom, Dick and Harry. The stamp of a university, be it ever so humble, carries with it a certain undeniable degree of prestige which must be preserved. True, the university student must come into contact with the people who make up the greater community and share in their problems, that is his *raison d'être*—to help them solve these problems, and incidentally his own—but he must never lose his objectivity by fostering the type of familiarity which might, in the end, breed contempt for him and his ilk.

"We should not like to reiterate the old adages about striking a happy medium, although they bear repetition. It may, however, be good practice for the university student and graduate to get to know his fellow men as well as possible without losing sight of the fact that his university training has placed upon him the responsibility of leadership."

The *Dalhousie Gazette* printed an article to establish a "down with snobs" course. We print four of the type of snob given, and wonder just how many of these could be found in our own university.

"The 'omniscient' snob: the person who knows all the answers to the most troublesome problem. Nothing phases him, not even the question of religion and belief in another world. He looks with disdain on the poor stupid fools who express a faith in anything as old-fashioned as religion. Often a scientist deep in studies of physical phenomena, he becomes blatantly atheistic and announces at every opportunity: 'I am a scientist; I cannot believe in God'. And with this declaration the 'omniscient' snob revels in his position which he considers has elevated him above common humanity.

"The 'intellectual' snob: the person who prefers to conform to the rules of a certain critical audience and to make his tastes subservient to their choice. He frequently gushes to the professor 'I do so enjoy this class', and openly scorns the student who dares to say 'But what good will Latin be when I'm a stenographer?' The intellectual snob joins the literary society, the art and drama group, but in discussion rarely commits himself. It would be dreadful if a remark, not very intellectual, betrayed him. He is the type who verbally eschews the comic strips and criticizes but secretly enjoys the gossip column of the university paper. In later life he will substitute a Reading Club for the literary society, an antiquarian society for art and drama, and 'True Detective' for the college gossip column.

"The 'scholastic' snob: the student who, buried in his books, gazes with critical eye at the foolish group who spend their time at the university store, the Glee Club shows, hockey games, and parties. The scholastic snob never participates in extracurricular activities, and justifies himself with a 'They'll-be-sorry-when-the-exams-come' air. In years to come he is the person of whom someone will say 'But he was a brilliant graduate. I wonder why he seems so dull?'

"The 'executive' snob: the person who considers that

## A Printer's Prayer

To the GREAT PRINTER

who prints in all the colours of the rainbow and whose type faces are stars and clouds, autumn leaves and sunbeams, snow flakes and flowers, THIS IS MY PRAYER: § That I may SET UP my life to the MEASURE of a man; § That I may have the courage, win or lose, to follow the RULES of the game; § That I may POINT my life toward the things that count; § That I may LOCK UP within my heart idle tales, gossip, and words that hurt; § That I may MAKE READY for the opportunities to serve that come my way; § That I may REGISTER in my memory the splendor of sunsets, the glow of friendships, the thrill of great music, and the mental lift of inspiring thoughts; § That I may PRESS forward in the spirit of adventure toward new horizons of achievement; § That I may WORK AND TURN out worthy accomplishments; § That the IMPRESSIONS I make on the white pages of time may encourage, cheer, and inspire all those who cross my path; § That I may BIND together in my own life all those positive qualities that make for happy, creative, triumphant living; § And finally, O MASTER OF PRINTERS, help me avoid the disgrace of making PI of my life and guide me safely around the yawning mouth of the HELL BOX.

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no one is worth a fig unless, like himself, he holds a number of campus offices. Dashing hither and yon, from meeting to meeting, on the surface this small-town-mayor-in-embryo bubbles over with executive ability, while a faithful Friday does the work."

"This Collegiate World", an article reprinted in the University of Manitoba's *Manitoban*, gives an excellent description of the college man of 1938. The article reads as follows:

"The college man is a living paradox. Most people cannot understand him and those who do come to their conclusions by indirect proof. He talks of the future but worships the past. He is liberal in his conversation but conservative in his action. He is radical in his opinions on politics, but elects stand-patters to the class offices. He demands freedom of thinking but defends with all his strength the traditions of his institution. He takes wild stands on religious theories yet attends colleges and universities that are created and maintained by orthodox creeds. He preaches democracy yet supports the most rigid campus caste system. He demands that his university maintain the highest athletic standards yet in the same breath also demands a professional football team. He scoffs at his profs yet defends them strenuously when they are criticized. He rebels against rules but sets up more rigid ones when given the opportunity. He hazes the high school graduate who comes with a Boy Scout badge on his coat, but he covers his own vest with medals and keys. He invents and uses the most outlandish slang on the street, but reads and writes pure English in his room. He clamours for self-government but doesn't want it after he gets it. He laughs at convention but insists upon it. He cuts classes the day before a vacation but comes back three days early.

"You ask, 'What are we going to do about it?' We are going to praise the Lord that we have him and that he is just what he is, a walking contradiction of himself."

Once again we turn to the *McGill Daily* as we reprint "Grading Professors", an editorial from the *Christian Science Monitor*. Says the *Daily*:

"The *Christian Science Monitor* recently printed an editorial based on the fact that students in certain eastern colleges were conducting polls to determine the ratings of faculty members. *Monitor's* comment was that it was quite reasonable to assume university professors might be graded, as are students, by marks of A through F.

"Possessing a Ph.D or an M.A. degree and a professorship doesn't necessarily mean the instructor is a good teacher, the *Monitor* suggested. Such things as preparation of material, knowledge of material, handling of subject matter, class delivery, personality, good sportsmanship, student

understanding, aid to the individual student and participation in student activities were suggested as qualities upon which to grade the professor.

"Is it too much to expect that a professor put forth the same effort to teach as the good student does to learn? We think not. And yet, there are some few professors who are not interested enough in the subject they teach to prepare and deliver the material well enough to arouse even the slightest suspicion of interest in the student.

"Although we do not recommend going as far as some universities did in conducting polls and giving actual grades to the professor as an instructor, we do believe there is food for thought in the idea. We suggest the professor take an occasional inventory and see if he himself, in his teaching, is doing what he would expect of his students as students. Perhaps he might give himself an imaginary rating such as he might receive if one professor, superior and supreme, gave an examination to all faculty members and upon this basis accordingly dealt out grades A, B, C, D, and F.

"One thought strikes us? Would some professors flunk?"

As usual, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, from Blackburn, England, contained many fine photographs of their various activities. Saint Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, P. E. I., put forth a very creditable magazine whose literary section is, perhaps, above the average. The Christmas numbers of the magazines from Bishop's College School, Ridley College, Ashbury College, and Trinity College School were all of general interest, and present a high standard of school publications.

We have received with thanks, and read with pleasure, the following publications:

The *McGill Daily*, Montreal.

The O. A. C. Review, Guelph, Ontario.

The *Stonyhurst Magazine*, Blackburn, England.

The *Argosy Weekly*, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B.

Quebec Diocesan Gazette.

The Magazine, from Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec.

The *Ashburian*, Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ontario.

Acta *Ridleyana*, Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ontario.

The Red and White, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario. Review de L'Université d'Ottawa.

The *Felstedian*, Felsted School, Essex, England.

College Echoes, University of St. Andrew's, Scotland.

The Record, University High School, Parkville, Australia.

The Gong, University College, Nottingham, England.

The Gryphon, University of Leeds, Scotland.

- The Annual, Huguenot University College, Wellington, South Africa.
- The New Northman, Queen's University, Belfast, Ireland
- The Magazine, from Natal University College, Durban, South Africa.
- The Magazine, from Codrington College, Barbados.
- The Bates Student, Lewiston, Maine.
- The Manitoban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.
- The Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie University, Halifax, N. S.
- Queen's Journal, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.
- L'Hebdo, L'Université Laval, Quebec.
- The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton.
- The Brunswickan, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton.
- The Silhouette, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.
- The Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.
- The Xaverian Weekly, St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish, N. S.
- Technique, Montreal.
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## Re Sports

### INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY

Hockey started this year with the usual set-up, with Gerry Wiggett as coach—and not many days for practice. The line-up consisted of veterans, with nothing startling in the way of new material from the Freshman year. Fyfe returned to his position between the goal posts; Starnes, Martin, and Schoch made up the defence; while the Paterson brothers and Goff, and Willis, Cooper, and Bradley were the forward lines. Early in the season a practice game with Lennoxville intermediates gave the team a 6-4 victory and a certain amount of confidence.

The week-end of January 20 found the team in Montreal with a doubleheader engagement. The first game with R. M. C. was a 5-3 defeat for U. B. C. with Martin, Sonny Paterson and Don Paterson doing the scoring. On the following night the team took another beating at the hands of Loyola . . . score 3-1. John Starnes scored Bishop's only goal. Too many penalties weakened the defensive side of these games, and the forwards just failed to click at the necessary moment for a scoring punch.

Two weeks later a postponed U. of M. game was played in the College rink. Injuries kept both Martin and Starnes out of the game. Substitutes were found in Scott and Flintoft of junior hockey fame. The U. of M. game supplied real thrills for the spectators. The game opened with the teams battling back and forward on equal terms. At the fifteen minute mark Couvrette scored for U. of M., but a minute later the Paterson boys tied the score, Don getting the goal. In the second period U. of M. scored after two minutes of play, but at the six-minute mark the score was made equal again after a lone rush by Sonny Paterson. Five minutes later Bishop's scored again. Bradley netted the puck assisted by Willis and Flintoft. Willis scored the fourth goal for Bishop's five minutes later. In the last few minutes of the period Schoch was boarded heavily, injuring his thumb. In the last period U. of M. scored twice, tying the score. The last goal was netted after the U. of M. goaler had been replaced by a forward in the final minute of play.

In the overtime period Sonny Paterson scored the winning goal for Bishop's, assisted by brother Don and Norm Goff. This game was a joy to behold and both teams deserved the applause of the assisting Joe Public.

Another doubleheader week-end in Montreal on February 10-11 resulted in more losses for Bishop's. U. of M.

avenged their defeat of the week before by a victory of 3-1. The following night at the Forum, McGill defeated Bishop's 5-3, with Jim Flintoft, John Paterson and Doug Bradley doing the scoring for the visitors.

With Martin and Starnes still out of the line-up Bishop's faced Loyola in the College rink on February 18. In the first five minutes the team failed to organize itself with the disastrous result of four goals for Loyola. The team tightened up the defence for the remaining time in the first period, and the score remained 4-0.

In the second period Loyola continued to force the play into Bishop's area, and scored four more goals in close succession. At the end of the period Goff scored the first goal for Bishop's. A quick attack at the opening of the third period netted Loyola's tenth goal, but Goff scored again in the same minute. Two more goals for each team completed the scoring. Goff and Scott accounted for Bishop's goals.

The final game in the intermediate schedule will be played in the College rink against McGill on February 25.

### JUNIOR HOCKEY

As usual, Junior hockey prospects were only fair—with a heavy schedule and not a very promising turnout. Nothing spectacular was expected by the local critics. On the line-up were the familiar names of Scott, Flintoft, Lunderville, Waldo Tulk, R. Walters, hangovers from last year, while the freshman year supplied Kirwin, Mackie, R. Tulk, Peabody, and Tomlinson. Dan MacDougal deserted the ranks of the inter-year stars to assist the juniors on the defence.

The first game against East Angus was a 1-0 victory for the Juniors, providing a shock for the skeptics. In the next game against St. Pat's the Juniors continued to show promise despite the score of 2-1 in favour of St. Pat's. The return game with East Angus proved to be a defeat of 3-1 (with each team sharing the credit for two goals!). The Juniors slipped badly in the next two games, losing to Bromptonville 4-0, and to Windsor Mills 9-0. Windsor Mills in the return game in the College rink handed out another defeat, score 4-3; Flintoft scored Bishop's goals.

With the assistance of Bradley, Paterson and Cooper (eligible for Junior Q.A.H.A.) the Juniors defeated Bromptonville in the College rink by the score of 2-1. The last game against St. Pat's will wind up the Junior schedule,

## INTER-YEAR BASKETBALL

As was implied in the December issue of the *Mitre*, Third year won the Inter-Year basketball. The play-off games with First Year were interesting to say the least, First year winning the first, and Third the next two. The last game brought forth an amazing aggregation of basketball talent. Since the regulars of the college team were ineligible, both teams were drawn from "also rans" of the worst calibre. But even the worst players for Third year proved too much for the First year team—with the resulting aforesaid victory. Among those who represented the victorious Third year team from time to time were Davidson, Willis, Visser, Wood, Blatchford, Lunderville, Bowen, S. S. Worthen, Fyfe, Murray, Bredin, and Codere.

## INTER-YEAR HOCKEY

Inter-year hockey started last week according to schedule. Teams representing First, Second, and Third years, plus Westgate and several Divines comprise the league. The first game between Third year and First was the usual victory for Third year. First year thought they had a fighting chance until Bredin scored the winning goal in the last seconds of the overtime period.

## ET AL

The Eastern Townships badminton tournament in the

## Alumni Notes

At last the far call to the Graduates of Bishop's seems to have been heard, and it is with many thanks to the contributors that we submit to you the news budget for the past few months. We trust that in the last issue, no one found cause for any libelous suits, and we hope that in the future, we may have the pleasure of printing more news that you, the Graduates, send in.

We wish to extend our thanks to the Principal, Dr. A. H. McGreer, for the many items which he contributed, including the report on the Consecration of the Bishop of Fredericton. We also wish to thank Mr. George W. Hall of the Graduates Society in Montreal for his many donations. Miss Edgell, in the Principal's office, has also assisted us greatly in the compilation of this column. To these, and to all other contributors, thank you very much for your help.

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Mr. F. B. EVANS, B. SC. '38, has left McGill University in order to take a business course at O'Sullivan's Business College, Montreal.

Sherbrooke Armory on February 17-18 provided an opportunity for Bishop's enthusiasts. Bishop's had entries in the men's singles, the men's doubles, the mixed doubles, and the women's doubles, and Bishop's won all but the last. Giles, Fyfe, and Miss C. Thompson ended up on top of the draw in their respective events.

Skiing has had a very fine record this term. John Starnes and Hume Wright started the season auspiciously by doing well at the New Year's meet at St. Sauveur. At Waterloo the college was represented by Wright, Tomlinson, Blatchford and Neilson, with Wright winning the slalom. At the important Taschereau meet at Mont Tremblant, Wright placed seventh in a field of some eighty class C skiers and in addition his time was better than all but two of the entries in class B. Tomlinson placed eleventh in the same race in spite of being in very poor condition from a forced ski over twelve miles of ice.

At North Hatley the University, skiing against six other clubs including the favoured Connaught squad, carried off top honours. Tomlinson won the aggregate prize taking the McGannon trophy. Wright won the slalom and our team of Wright, Tomlinson and John Paterson, won the team competition. The College was also well supported by Don Paterson, Greenwood, Morrison, Cross, Shaughnessy, Perkins, Starnes, and Blatchford.

Mr. JOHN E. CHADSEY, who was a member of the University in 1937-38, has gone to Belleville, Ontario, to take up a business course at the well-known business college there.

W. B. SCOTT, B.A. '08, K.C., President of the Montreal branch of the Alumni Association, was elected recently to the Westmount City Council.

HUGH E. O'DONNELL, B.A. '21, B.C.L., and JOHNATHAN ROBINSON, B.A. '20, M.L.A., were both appointed King's Counsel a short time ago.

Mr. JOHN N. WOOD, B.A. '29, is now principal of the High School at Cowansville, Que.

Mr. MALCOLM TURNER, B.A. '33, is teaching in the High School at Noranda, Que.

The Rev'd WILLIAM R. CRUMMER, B.A. '33, is Curate at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal, Que.

A letter from the Rev'd JOHN COMFORT, L.S.T. '32, who is now in Sandy Beach, Gaspé Co., P. Q., contains the following:

"The Gaspé Deanery is quite unique in its way. All

the clergy are graduates of Bishop's and, with two exceptions, were all at Bishop's together for a while, at least. The Rev'd A. A. LEMOIGNAN, L.S.T. '28, is now at New Carlisle, Que., while the Rev'd C. E. WARD, L.S.T. '31, is stationed at Port Daniel, Que. The Rev'd G. F. HIBBARD, M.A. '89, who is the 'Skipper' for the Deanery, is at Cave Cove, Que., and the Rev'd MACKLEM BRETT, B.A., L.S.T. '29, has just moved down to Malbaie. The Rev'd A. E. W. GOODWIN, M.A. '35, is at Peninsula, Que. The other two members who are Bishop's Graduates are the Ven. Archdeacon J. W. WAYMAN, M.A. '97, Gaspé, Que., and the Rev'd S. R. WALTERS, L.S.T. '09, Shigwake, Que.

It has been announced that Mrs. Stuart P. Elkins of Riverbend, Que. (VIVIAN M. WOODLEY, B.A. '35), has been appointed Book Adviser for Lake St. John, by the Oxford University Press.

In this capacity Mrs. Elkins will give advice concerning the publications of this firm and the eight British and American companies represented by the Canadian branch. She will be pleased to give suggestions from the wide field covered by these firms. The field includes popular fiction, children's books, dictionaries, reference books of all kinds, Bibles, hymn books, etc. The *Mitre* congratulated Mrs. Elkins, once a member of its staff, on her appointment.

Mr. R. R. McLERNON, who was a member of the University in 1933, has taken his B. A. at Cambridge University, England. He now has a position with the Dominion Corporation of Canada, with offices at 360 St. James St., West, Montreal, Que.

The Rev'd H. H. COREY, M.A., L.S.T. '06, is in charge of the Church of the Holy Apostles at Hilo, Hawaii.

Mr. IAN K. HUME, B.A. '33, is now teaching at Bolton, Que.

J. D. JEFFERIES, M.A. '27, PH.D., Professor of Classics in Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont., had an interesting article in *The Classical Journal* of January 1939, on "Juvenal and Religion."

The Rev'd C. H. GIBBS, L.S.T. '32, is now in Montreal, where he has been appointed Curate of St. John's Church. Mr. Gibbs spent the greater part of last year in England, where he had an operation on his left eye. During his convalescence, he spent considerable time on the Continent, and was in Germany just prior to the crisis in September, 1938. Later he went to Bermuda for six weeks, and assisted the Ven. Archdeacon Marriott, whose curate he was for two years after ordination.

The Rev'd E. C. ROYLE, L.S.T. '35, and Mrs. Royle paid a brief visit to the University on the 9th of February, on their return trip from New York City.

Miss E. M. CROSS, B.A. '37, was a recent visitor at the

University. Miss Cross is now in Ottawa, Ontario.

The Rev'd J. G. HOLMES, L.S.T. '25, is now Rector of Nelson, B. C.

The Rev'd J. R. BURROWS, L.S.T. '28, recently at the Mission House, Bracebridge, Ont., has been transferred to the Diocese of Edmonton.

The Rev'd C. S. WRIGHT, L.S.T. '34, has returned to Canada from England, and is now Incumbent of Wooddale, in the Diocese of Kootenay.

The Rev'd A. R. EAGLES, L.S.T. '34, has returned to Canada after several years in London, England, and is now stationed at Golden, B. C.

J. H. CARSON, B.A. '37, has completed his training in the air force at Southampton, England, and has returned to Canada.

C. C. EBERTS, B.A. '34, and a 1933 Rhodes Scholar, has recently been appointed assistant secretary of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs in Toronto, Ont.

The Rev'd MACKLEM BRETT, B.A. '29, and Mrs. Brett (NANCY WOOD, B.A. '30), have returned to the Diocese of Quebec, and are now living at Malbaie, Que., where Mr. Brett was instituted last autumn by the Archdeacon of Gaspé.

Mr. M. W. GALL, B.A. '37, has entered the Air Force and is now in training at Trenton, Ontario.

The Rev'd W. T. GRAY, L.S.T. '36, has been appointed Rector of Scotstown, Que., succeeding the Rev'd Sidney Wood, who was a member of the University in 1932. Mr. Wood has been appointed Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Coaticook, Que.

Miss M. CATHERINE SPEID, B.A. '36, is spending the winter with relatives in Scotland.

The Rev'd W. W. DAVIS, B.A. '31, and Mrs. Davis (AUDREY ACHESON, B.A. '29) have taken up residence in Quebec City, Que., where Mr. Davis is now Rector of St. Matthew's Church.

Miss B. R. EARDLEY-WILMOT, B.A. '35, has successfully passed the examination for Registered Nurses in the Province of Quebec, and is now taking a special course at the Sanatorium at Ste. Agathe, Que.

The Rev'd J. BARNETT, L.S.T. '29, is temporarily in charge of the Missions of Adderley and Inverness.

Dr. MEYER M. MEDINE, B.A. '31, is now attached to the Royal Army Medical Corps in Palestine.

The Rev'd W. E. WALKER, B.A. '37, is in charge of the Mission of Leeds.

From Oxford University, England, we hear that Mr. A. G. C. WHALLEY, B.A. '35, and Rhodes Scholar, has obtained his Trial Cap for his rowing in the Oriel College boat. The Trial Cap entitles Mr. Whalley to compete for a place in

the boat to row against Cambridge in the annual race this year.

The Ven. Archdeacon J. M. ALMOND, M.A. '94, D.C.L., visited the University in February, and was the guest of the Principal and Mrs. McGreer for two days.

Miss ELSA BURT, B.A. '31, accompanied by Miss GRACE JACKSON, B.A. '31, our popular Assistant Librarian, is spending the winter months at Fort Lauderdale, Florida. We extend our good wishes to Miss Burt for a swift and complete restoration to health.

During Miss Jackson's absence the Library will be under the supervision of Dr. W. G. BASSETT, B.A. '30, M.A., PH.D., assisted by Mrs. Bassett.

The Rev'd ARTHUR E. CAULFEILD, L.S.T. '27, who has been assisting at Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, Ont., for several months, has been chosen to go to Amsterdam, Holland, as one of the representatives of the Church of England at the World Conference of Christian Youth, to be held there this summer.

A recent issue of the *McGill News* made noteworthy mention of some of its first women graduates. Among these first graduates were two Bishop's alumnae. In 1888, out of eight graduating women, one was a Bishop's alumna. Dr. GRACE RITCHIE ENGLAND, B.A., '27, M.D., was her class valedictorian, graduating with first class honours in natural science. She graduated with an M.D. from Bishop's College, and continued her studies abroad. She later returned to Montreal and married Dr. Frank England, a well-known surgeon. She became deeply interested in the social welfare and health of the community, and was instrumental in carrying out a number of reforms through the Local Council of Women of which she was president from 1911 to 1917.

Another Bishop's alumna who distinguished herself was MAUDE E. ABBOTT, B.A., M.D. '94, L. R. C. P., F. R. C. P. (C). She was student editor of the *University Gazette*, class valedictorian, and Lord Stanley Gold Medalist. Graduating from Bishop's in 1894 with an M.D., she studied abroad and on her return was appointed Curator of the Medical Museum. Her work with and for McGill University was widespread. As a result of this work, she has had two degrees conferred on her by this college: M. D. hon. causa, 1910, and LL.D., 1936. She also holds honorary membership in the American Association of the History of Medicine, in the Osler Society of McGill, in the California Heart Association, and the Cardiac Society of Great Britain, and is an Honorary Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine.

#### ENGAGEMENTS—

The engagement is announced of Mr. CHRISTOPHER

EBERTS, B.A. '34, and Miss Martha Magor, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Magor, of Montreal, Que.

#### MARRIAGES—

Hutchison-Turner—The marriage took place in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on the 3rd of February, of Miss FLORENCE DOROTHY TANNER, B.A. '23, daughter of the Rev'd and Mrs. J. C. Tanner, Dixville, Que., to Mr. H. Jeffrey Hutchison, of Quebec, Que. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev'd Lennox Williams, M.A., D.C.L., and the Rev'd Mr. Tanner. On their return from the wedding trip to New York, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison will reside in Quebec City.

Royle-Ross—On the afternoon of Wednesday, January 25, 1939, the marriage of the Rev'd E. CECIL ROYLE, L.S.T. '35, Curate of St. Matthias Church, Westmount, Que., to Miss Alison Elisabeth Ross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Ross, jr., took place. The ceremony was performed by the Rev'd Gilbert Oliver, Rector of St. Matthias Church. Mr. L. R. D. MURRAY, a member of the University in 1923-24, acted as best man for Mr. Royle. The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of St. Matthias, of whom the bridegroom is Scoutmaster and the bride Captain respectively, formed a guard of honour. After a honeymoon trip to New York City, Mr. and Mrs. Royle will reside at 725 Melville Avenue, Montreal, Que.

#### BIRTHS—

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Stephen J. Olney of Danville, Que., on the birth of a daughter on December 9, 1938. Mr. Olney was a member of the University in 1930, when he received an M. A.

We congratulate Mr. John Bassett, jr., B.A. '36, and Mrs. Bassett (Moir Bradley, B.A. '34) on the birth of a son at the Toronto General Hospital, Toronto, Ont., on February 5, 1939.

#### DEATHS—

Following a short illness Sir ANDREW MCPHAIL, M.D., died in the Ross Memorial Pavilion of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on September 23, 1938. Sir Andrew had been suffering for some time from a heart attack which he had had at his summer home in Prince Edward Island. He had been in a critical condition ever since that time, and was finally brought to the hospital in Montreal where he passed away.

Sir Andrew was born in Prince Edward Island, and was educated at the Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, and at McGill University, Montreal. Later, he studied medicine in England. After he returned to Canada, Sir Arthur was appointed Professor of Pathology at the Uni-

versity of Bishop's College and taught here for some years. Later on, he was appointed to the staff of the Western Hospital, and finally took a post at McGill University. He was subsequently elected a Fellow of McGill, of the Royal Society of Canada, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. He was an outstanding figure in Canadian medical circles, and his loss will be felt deeply.

On December 7, 1938, one of the University's most distinguished graduates passed away. JOSEPH WELLINGTON ALEXANDER, B.A., was born at Fredericton Junction, N.B., and received his early education there. He was later employed by the Intercolonial Railway for some time, and finally entered Bishop's College and graduated with the degree of B. A. He was the first principal of Strathcona Academy, Montreal, and at the time of his retirement from the teaching profession, was principal of Fairmount School. He enjoyed the best of health, and was able to lead an active life until his illness a few weeks ago.

One of the pioneers in dental education in this province, Dr. D. J. BERWICK, passed away during the Christmas season, 1938, at his home in Westmount, Que.

Dr. Berwick was born in Farnham, Que., and received his education at Stanstead College, Stanstead, Que. He took up dental surgery in the dental school of the University of Bishop's College, and when Bishop's gave up this phase of its work, Dr. Berwick was influential in getting the Faculty of Medicine at McGill University to establish a Department of Dental Surgery. Dr. Berwick headed this department until 1918, and for his outstanding work he had received the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery. During his lifetime he was also recognized by the College of Dental Surgeons of the Province, the Montreal Dental Club, of which he was an honorary member, and the Montreal General Hospital, with which he was associated for many years.

At the time of his death, Dr. Berwick was still a very active man. He was president of the Granite Curling Association, and a member of long standing of the Royal Montreal Curling Club.

## THE BISHOP OF FREDERICTON

On January 25 last, the Feast of the Conversion of Saint Paul, the Right Reverend William Henry Moorhead, M.A. '09, D.D., was consecrated fourth bishop of the Diocese of Fredericton, in Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton. The service began at 10 a.m. and the beautiful cathedral was filled with a congregation representative of the clergy and the laity of the Province of New Brunswick. The Consecrating Bishop was the Right Rev'd John Cragg Farthing, Bishop of Montreal, and Senior Bishop of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada. Assisting him were the Most Reverend J. C. Roper, Archbishop of Ottawa, the Right Rev'd Lennox Williams, formerly Bishop of Quebec, the Right Reverend Benjamin Brewster, Bishop of Maine, the Right Reverend John Hackenby, Bishop of Nova Scotia, and the Right Reverend Philip Carrington, Bishop of Quebec. The preacher was the Reverend A. H. McGreer, Principal, Bishop's University. The beauty and dignity of the ceremonial and the solemnity of the service made it an unforgettable occasion.

The ladies of Fredericton provided lunch for the bishops and clergy in the Cathedral Hall at one o'clock. Happy speeches were made by the chairman, Archdeacon Cody, by the new Bishop who replied to an address of congratulation from the students of King's College, Halifax, and by the Archbishop of Ottawa, the Bishop of Maine, and the Bishop of Montreal.

During the service of Enthronement which began at 3 p.m., various presentations were made to the Bishop. These included a private communion set which had been the possession of the first Bishop of Fredericton, the distinguished and Right Reverend John Medley. This set was given to the Reverend A. H. McGreer by Mrs. W. R. Butler, when he was ordained priest, and Dr. McGreer has given them to Bishop Moorhead and his successors in the See of Fredericton for ever.

By no means the least delightful feature of the occasion was the graciousness of Mrs. Moorhead, who, like her husband, is a graduate of this University.

The *Mitre* extends heartiest congratulations and best wishes to the new Bishop and his charming wife.



## Notes and Comments

This is the time of the year which is usually given over to comparative idleness. The exams seem distant and life is pleasant. However, contributions to the *Mitre* are still few and far between. We have been entertained by various debates and lectures as well as by the revived Glee Club, and there have been two dances. Bull sessions are as frequent and enlightening as ever, and freshmen are acquiring the proper air of sophistication and understanding.

On February 20 the Dramatic Society presented very enjoyable entertainment in Convocation Hall. Mr. Dickson-Kenwin gave a series of short representations which were admirably done, and much appreciated by the audience. Between the various sections of the performance the much improved Bishop's Glee Club rendered several selections.

They opened with the singing of the "Alma Mater" following which Mr. Dickson-Kenwin gave a few cameos from Shakespeare. He showed his great versatility by taking such opposing parts as Hamlet from the play of that name, and Caliban from "The Tempest". Also included were Cardinal Wolsley's farewell speech from King Henry VIII, and a humorous speech of Falstaff from King Henry VII. The actor seemed to lose all his own personality, and submerge himself completely in the character which he portrayed. This was particularly noticeable in the difficult part of Caliban.

A scene from "The Bells" followed, in which Mr. Dickson-Kenwin was assisted by Miss Peggy Richardson. This was a highly dramatic sketch concerning the workings of conscience on the mind of a murderer. With a swift turn of characterization Mr. Dickson-Kenwin then presented a series of extracts from Dickens, enacting the roles of those well-known cockney English characters, Bill Sykes and Fagan. Following this a representation of Sydney Carton from a "Tale of Two Cities" was given. The actor chose that memorable scene in which the wastrel decides to lay down his life in order to save that of Charles Darnley. Mr. Dickson-Kenwin's final performance was a humorous take-off on various typical after-dinner speakers.

This performance was without doubt one of the finest evening's entertainments that one could ask for and it was disappointing to find that so few people attended. The Glee Club was invited to the Lodge for refreshments following the performance. Several delightful classical recordings were heard.

The Glee Club has greatly improved this year under the capable direction of Syd Meade. He has spent much time

in writing the arrangements for many of the selections. He has, moreover, improved the practices by splitting up the tenors and basses into two sections with one common meeting per week. The remarkable range of his voice is shown when he sings with equal facility with each of the four sections in turn. His brother Cec, the noted basso-profundo and ex-president of the Glee Club, was on hand to lend his assistance at the Dickson-Kenwin performance.

The selections sung on that occasion included the "Alma Mater", "Flow Gently Sweet Afton", "Robin Adair", "The Spanish Levi", "Integer Vitae", "Fill the Flowing Bowl" and "Down the Field." Incidentally there is some talk of going on the air over CHLT and the seeking of commercial backers has been suggested.

There have been two inter-university debates and one interfaculty. Both of the inter-university contests were on the subject, "Resolved that in view of Canada's future a policy of Pan-Americanism is preferable to that prevailing at present." At Loyola, Bishop's was represented by Tulk and Magor, while at home Marston and Murray defended the resolution against two brilliant orators from the University of Ottawa. Our teams were both strong, and gave a good account of themselves although they were defeated in both cases.

In the interfaculty debate the Arts team, consisting of McQuat, Greenwood and Shaughnessy, broke a long series of Divinity victories by defeating a team made up of Parker, Robinson and Meade. Thus the two faculties have broken even, since Divinity won the first contest. The third and deciding debate for the Skinner Trophy will shortly take place. It is also proposed to hold a mock trial.

The C. O. T. C. is enjoying a record attendance of almost seventy cadets completely outfitted with their snappy new uniforms. 2nd Lt. Fyfe has organized a band, and reports progress, although one is sometimes tempted to ask what they are progressing toward. The shooting team under Lieut. Edgell has won all its matches and should do well when the time comes to shoot for the league awards. They have been granted the use of the B. C. S. rifle range and it is expected that all members of the corps will shoot their annual classification test shortly.

By the time this issue is off the press about thirty candidates will have tried the practical portion of the A and B certificate examinations. Those who pass this part will be qualified to try the theoretical on March 7. The work after that date will be a preparation for the annual inspec-

tion which will be held on March 24. The uniforms will then be packed away until June 12 when it is expected the King will visit Sherbrooke.

The Dramatic Society has been fortunate in securing Mr. Dickson-Kenwin as director of this year's major play. He has had an important career on the London stage appearing with Sir George Alexander, Sir Gerald Du Maurier, Sir Herbert Tree and numerous other well-known artists. He came to Canada in 1925 where he has portrayed a series of Shakesperian characters in several Canadian theatres. He has lectured and written extensively on dramatic art. He produced the first Canadian talkie in Toronto in 1931 and appeared in this as Matthias in "The Bells."

The play is entitled "Laburnum Grove" and is by J. B. Priestly. The central character is George Radfern, a rotund householder of Laburnum Grove, a quiet London suburb. Into the placid family existence a bombshell is dropped when Radfern announces that he is not the retiring, conservative director of a respectable paper trade, but a scheming counterfeiter of wide practice and wider success. Mr. Radfern is to be portrayed by Hector Belton whose voice and experience make him particularly suited for the part. Mrs. Radfern is to be taken by Vivian Parr who appears for the first time in an elderly rôle, but whose great success in former Bishop's productions, particularly as Helen in "Berkeley Square" recommends her strongly for this important part. The rôle of Radfern's light-headed daughter is to be taken by Marjorie Morrison, while June Graham will portray the crusty but comical aunt. Rex Nickson again sketches youth, but this time as being pompous, useless and all very fatuous, while Bert Baldwin does the part of a bombastic, sponging uncle. Pat Boyle appears as a police inspector, Hugh Mackenzie as a police sergeant and Tony Carlyon as a thug in Radfern's employ. Rehearsals have been frequent and intensive, and one of the best productions of the Bishop's Little Theatre is expected.

A Sports Party was held two weeks ago which proved to be a lot of fun. The organizers were certain divine gents from the shed. Some of those attending skated in the college rink while others essayed the treacherous (by night) slopes of the golf course. Pete Edgell's boy scout training stood him in good stead as he built a blazing bonfire at the foot of the hill. Dancing in the gym followed, with dress strictly optional—some even held out for bare feet.

The Formal dance committee, consisting of John Starnes, Bill Lunderville, Geoff Murray, Janet Speid and Frances Baker, are to be complimented on the formal which was a great success in spite of certain dire prognostications. Music was furnished by thirteen members of Rolly Badger's orchestra. The dancing took place in the Masonic Hall, while the Magog House and the New Sherbrooke were the popu-

lar eating places. The party was moderately sedate with the scattered exception. Dancing continued well into the night, and indeed some of those present in true festive fashion danced in the streets when no other horizontal surface was available.

Three nominations have been made for next year's slate of student offices. For president the candidates are Linc Magor and Ed Parker; for vice-president, Doug Bradley, Bill Power and Nick Schoch; for secretary-treasurer, Waldo Tulk who was given an acclamation.

Our librarian, Mr. Bassett, proved himself an interesting speaker when he traced the history of the British Navy a few nights ago in Convocation Hall . . . Bishop's grounds will soon be filled with feathered songsters when the word is passed around that a bird sanctuary is to be set up . . . Prof. Home applies Inverse Square Law to a certain first year co-ed, "half the distance twice the danger" . . . Following Dickson-Kenwin's vivid portrayal of Matthias in "The Bells", the Shed seriously considered posting a guard at Amey's bedside to prevent him going to sleep . . . Cec Meade is an excellent chaperon as two third year men can testify . . . A moderating influence has arrived in the New Arts . . . "Casanova" Wright the eminent skier was seen doing his stuff at the E. T. meet . . . Our goat is well protected against any immoral influence . . . Pharo for poet laureate . . . "Tommy" Tomlinson must now hold some endurance record at least—12 miles over ice on skis, toting a heavy pack and sleeping bag—a fitful sleep in sub-zero weather, and 11th place in the Laurentians' most gruelling downhill race . . . Pete Edgell gets the palm for diplomacy . . . The Georgian's hallowed precincts echo as of old with good cheer and friendly rivalry between Parchesian and Froth Blower . . . Meetings of the Parchesi have been large and enthusiastic but treasurer Ken Willis reports tardiness in payment of dues . . . That funny noise you sometimes hear around the New Arts is Bredin disputing with himself when he can't find anyone else to argue with . . . Au Revoir, and in the words of Confucius "May you prosper and grow fat, and win your heart's desire."

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