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The Mitre
VOL. 49 NO. 2
DECEMBER 1941
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**DECEMBER, 1941**

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**J. WIPPELL & Co., Ltd.**
There have been two distinct epochs in the literary history of New England. The first epoch attained its meridian in the middle years of the nineteenth century. It is represented by such writers as Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes. These authors belong to the period aptly characterized by Van Wyck Brooks as the season of the flowering of New England. The second epoch has reached its height in our own generation. It includes amongst its writers, Frost, Robinson, Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Henry James, Howells, and Edith Wharton. Van Wyck Brooks has called the period the season of the island summer of New England.

So far as local colour is involved, the transition from the New England of the eighteens-fifties to contemporary New England, as reflected in literature, has been in some respects like a change from a clear and sun-lit day to an evening tinged with grey and sombre rather than with rosy hues. The old, stable order of things in the Eastern States has been replaced by the great Western migration. Rural communities in particular have had their strength tapped by the loss of their youth. As one author has expressed it, modern New England literature has depicted "the Yankee ebb-tide." It has delineated "a world of empty houses and abandoned farms, of shuttered windows, relics, ghosts, and silence."

Yet the darker shades of the picture should not be exaggerated. Van Wyck Brooks and ideals of New England struck their roots too deeply and for too long a time in their native soil to be easily eradicated. And there is sufficient proof in the old Puritan stock left to maintain these and to quicken any activity or enthusiasm which may come to them. For example, when the Puritan New England was in its prime of life, it was a failure. Frost's "Hired Man" is a failure. Frost's "The Death of the Hired Man" is an idyllic poem which ends the same as that of Wordsworth's "Michael," and he handles it superbly. At one point in this poem, Mary is talking to her husband Warren, a farmer, concerning the shiftlessness of the life that she has been led to believe is the life of a typical New England farmer. She says:

"Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk, And nothing to look backward to with pride, And nothing to look forward with hope."

And nothing to look forward with hope, is a line that echoes the words of Wordsworth, who said, "I am a failure."

Frost's poetry is not without its faults. His poetry is not without its weaknesses. But he has a unique way of expressing himself. He has a unique way of capturing the essence of the New England rural community.

The Poetry of Robert Frost

Prof. W. O. Raymond

THE MITRE

Editorial

We learnt a lot from our first attempt at journalism—most people do. The most significant thing that we learnt was that, while the editorial makes good filler, we could call practically anybody in the college anything we like, and they would probably go along with it, because we have a reputation of being good for the joke. We were a bit taken aback by the way in which the students of other universities had done much more towards the war effort than we had. And I must say, there is some degree of truth in it, but the fact remains that we are not doing as much for the war as other universities, sitting around and drinking coffee at Herb's. But, you say, we have a chance to do something before we actually have to. In fact we are getting somewhere in the neighbourhood of December 10, which, as someone so crudely put it, comes right in the middle of the exams; and so for once we are getting something done before we actually have to. In fact we are getting this done so far ahead of time that we are unable to state what kind of an issue the December one will be—however, if all the articles which we have promised material we should have a very successful number indeed.

Occasionally there comes to every man the realization that perhaps presently he is not living the kind of life that is going to do him the greatest good in the future. Such an idea has come to us at least in the past few years, but then we don't know where we're going anyway—exceedingly fortunate is he who does. But one thing most of us should realize by now is that the university is not solely the presentation of facts, but, more especially, the opportunity to manifest an essentially peacetime organization existing for the good of the commonwealth in wartime. Our own opinion is that Bishop's is not living up to this as well as are most colleges, not through any fault of the faculty but entirely through the "oasis fair" attitude of the students themselves. This is not intended to be a sermon—we do not mean that we think the whole college social calendar should be disrupted; what we do think is that our social activities should be matched, penny for penny, by activities of some sort or another which are going to do the country some good. Last year we did one or two of things of which we may be proud—among them, a demonstration against Canada's war effort—though I doubt whether we realized that the whole idea of a demonstration against Canada's war effort was—we thought that she was not doing her share. As usual the principal proved to be more far-sighted than the students with the result that we now find ourselves in the embarrassing position of having the case reversed. At that time one of our posters said, "Australians die while Canadians drink tea.

At the present time our country is putting forth a magnificent war effort—while the students of Bishop's University, sit around and drink coffee at Herb's. But, you say, what is there that we can do, we are preparing ourselves to serve our country in the best way possible, we are obtaining an education which will not only help us during the war but which will make us valuable cogs in post-war reconstruction. This all sounds very nice and may well have some degree of truth in it, but the fact remains that we are not doing as much towards the war effort as they should be doing in general.
almost imperceptibly into the sphere of a genuine romantic beauty and tenderness.

The mending of a stone wall between adjoining farms, the human and even philosophic significance. associated by Frost with generalizations which have deep arrive "in mud-time," the phenomenon of a New England splitting of a cord of wood in the presence of tramps who of outrageous fortune," Frost conveys to us in simpler guise in a poem called tolerant, whimsical, soberly optimistic, and wise vision of delity of perception inner qualities of thought and reflection, wait upon Nature. Yet, while he has a sensitive faculty of tive rather than active and passionate. He is content to descent. The dialogue between Warren and Mary continues: words the essence of what we mean by Home can be called a realism, if utterances which so poignantly voice in simple Then the poem descends to the lower ground of colloquial HUMOUR - Perhaps you think the idea is absurd. Per-haps you think it is funny, or perhaps, and even more likely, you wouldn’t even give it a thought. If that’s the way you feel, you will have to be satisfied with being called a moron. But today may not be so far off. Just yesterday I was contemplating a putch; however, we all decided to go to a movie instead. Nevertheless the fact that I have contemplated the step should be a warning to the wise. About the only thing that stands in my way is the ban placed by Democracy upon the only beer-hall within easy reach. This evil, the ban, would be the object of my first reform. Take heed!

The more I think of the idea, the more practicable it sounds. I can even claim that I invented "Day for Dictator." As a matter of fact, I don’t really think much of dictator­ships, so I may not go through with this, but all I say is, don’t annoy me. Don’t irritate me, or so-help-me! And while I think of it, the only tip for you people. Get hold of an old shirt and have it dyed mauve, because when the big day comes, when you hear of my coup d’état, you’ll want to put it on in a hurry, and it may save you all sorts of trouble. Don’t worry about anything; just do what you’re told, and you and I will get along just fine. No back-chat, I won’t have any, no sir! What I say is going to go from then on. And, furthermore, I won’t have any one calling me nasty names behind my back, especially when I’m spending the week-end with some of the boys in the Brenner Pass.

I’ve almost sold myself. Yes, sir. And the more I think of you poor squirming wreathes, trodden beneath my heel, (size 10 AA), the more I think I’d better tell you to take it easy when you’re dealing with a man of my potentialities, and, as I see it, I’m the only man for miles around with my potentialities.

You may ask what I’m going to do about it when I am the No. 1 man in these parts. Well, I’m going to build one of the most restful places you ever dreamed of—Taggart­ten, in the most peaceful part of the country. Hundreds of wards (all in mauve shirts), hundreds of guns (all in mauve too), and hundreds of walls and padlocks. I’m going to have fifteen or twenty double doors, if such is any­where to be found, purely for the sake of confusing me in order that my mind may be kept from any work that my stomachs may have overlooked. I’m going to have the best coffee in the land, and a system whereby I can have oysters out of season that will be the finest that the best oyster-
'Twas The Night Before Christmas

With apologies to Clement C. Moore

'Twas the night before exams, when all through the halls
Not a creature was loafing, not even my pals.
The books were all opened, and read cover to cover,
In hopes that the papers soon would be over.
Most students were nestled snug in their beds,
While visions of grade cards danced in their heads;
And the Deans in their bathrobes and caps,
Were just settling down for long exam naps—
When out in the quad there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutter and threw up the sash.

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
The cigarette holder held tight in his teeth,
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
And he looked like a peddler just op'ning his pack.
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
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The Football Game

(Author's Note. This is of course a completely biased account, due to the fact that I am madly in love with that handsome backfield man. Any reference to actual fact is intentional, but may be considered absolutely trivial.)

"It was a dark and stormy day, and the rain was falling in torrents. The Captain said to Alfonso,"

SPORT: You may well wonder what this has to do with football. Never mind, some day when you're older, come back and perhaps I'll tell you all about it. Anyway, as I was saying, it was a dark and stormy day, even if torrents was in bed where the rain couldn't fall on him. Dinner that day was little appreciated, in spite of the magnificent way in which it had been prepared, and small wonder, for that very afternoon THE football game was to take place. The College had been living for weeks in anticipation of the great event. At last the day was here. Analysis by many of the greatest football experts of the country had made it evident to all but a few pre-game dopes that THEY would almost certainly win. After THEIR stirring practice in the rink and in the rain on the football field, culminated by the sweeping attack on the opposing linemen who had rashly ventured down to see what THEY were practising, it seemed that nothing could stop them (it didn't).

Sharp at three o'clock (in the afternoon), THEIR mighty squad trotted smartly down to the football field to the frantic applause of THE spectator. After a quick warm-up they turned to see what the opponents (hereinafter referred to as the new 1891 Arts) might be up to. They too were approaching the field, but by now THE spectator had decided that it was going to rain, and hence there were no boos, Bronx cheers, or similar indications of affection, to welcome the boys.

Jack Spray, hom. president of the New Arts, opened the game with a mighty kickoff which nestled softly into THEIR quarterback's arms, and from there trickled gently to the ground. Fortunately this was only ceremonial, and so this embarrassing symptom of "doigts beurrees" was allowed to pass uncensured. THEY now tried THEIR hand, or rather foot, at kicking off. After two attempts Williamson succeeded in getting the ball to stay within the field, and THEY were off on THEIR triumphant march. After a few insignificant incidents THEY found themselves in possession of the ball on the NA 30. An end run seemed to be indicated, although the NA wouldn't believe it. Van Horn scored that touchdown standing up, with assists from Lindsay, Savage and Duval, in that order, and of course excellent clipping by Day. Not in the least nonplussed by this manifestation of power the New Arts immediately set about remedying things. A ferocious march down the field was started, with Hollinger and McLaughlin plunging to good effect. The effect however, was too good. When THEY finally got back the ball the New Arts had progressed too far from the safety of its own goal line. Van Horn broke loose on a short-end buck and in the 70-yard sprint no one could catch him. The convert, needless to say, was gloriously muffed due to the cross bar having been placed too high above the ground. Some where about this stage of the game the whistle blew for quarter time and refreshments.

The second quarter dawned bright and early (They usually do). By now the sun had thought better of it and was looming sensuously down on the mud, as though wondering whether or not. The decision was apparently not, for shortly after the game had started again, one of THEIR star inside, lanky not tubby, was heard to remark in a huddle that the particular area of mud from which he had just removed his classic features looked strangely familiar. This, however, was properly construed by the quarter as being propaganda to get him to try something besides bucks through the middle. Straining hard, the mastermind decided on a fake kick. It being by some strange coincidence third down, the New Arts were properly mystified, and the pass to Carpenter was completed without further ado. This set the stage for one of those famous Williamson frenzies. Dashing straight for the line with mud in his eye, he found a magnificent aperture had been aperted by Penfield, Lindsay, Torrance and Stevens. Having started in this direction he was forced to continue through the hole and hence the score became 15. By some strange coincidence third down, the New Arts were properly mystified, and the pass to Carpenter was completed without further ado. This set the stage for one of those famous Williamson frenzies. Dashing straight for the line with mud in his eye, he found a magnificent aperture had been aperted by Penfield, Lindsay, Torrance and Stevens. Having started in this direction he was forced to continue through the hole, and hence the score became 15. By some strange coincidence the convert was even worse this time. Stupidly been placed too high above the ground. Somehow managed to get the ball to stay within the field, and THEY were off on THEIR triumphant march. After a few insignificant incidents THEY found themselves in possession of the ball on the NA 30. An end run seemed to be indicated, although the NA wouldn't believe it. Van Horn scored that touchdown standing up, with assists from Lindsay, Savage and Duval, in that order, and of course excellent clipping by Day. Not in the least nonplussed by this manifestation of power the New Arts immediately set about remedying things. A ferocious march down the field was started, with Hollinger and McLaughlin plunging to good effect. The effect however, was too good. When THEY finally got back the ball the New Arts had progressed too far from the safety of its own goal line. Van Horn broke loose on a short-end buck and in the 70-yard sprint no one could catch him. The convert, needless to say, was gloriously muffed due to the cross bar having been placed too high above the ground. Some where about this stage of the game the whistle blew for quarter time and refreshments.

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cheering for the wrong team. We heard that dire things happened that night, but of course we don't believe a word of it. (See Author's note.) At this stage, as usual, a few moments were taken for refreshments and half time.

Strange things happened at half-time, but that is not properly a part of this narrative, so we will hasten on to further accounts of THEIR glory. Kicking off once more, THEY soon found themselves in New Arts territory and so were completely at their ease. Touchdown fever gripped them, and the quarter decreed that another end run would put their names forever in football's hall of fame. The ball was snapped with perfect form, and the great play began.

The quarter ran smartly to his right and passed the ball. The New Arts were completely at their ease. Touchdown fever gripped them, and the quarter decreed that another end run would put their names forever in football's hall of fame. The ball was snapped with perfect form, and the great play began.

Vive le sport (et la femme!)
he had just about everything that appeals to sensible young girls—but a few months told the story, and of course Howard had emerged unscored. Now the three were the best of friends—they went to parties together and were almost inseparable.

Things went on like this all winter (as they had for a couple of years in the past) and it is June that we take up our tale (we are not dinosaurs though) again.

It was the end of May, and spring was on the way out and summer was just getting up steam. Daisy’s younger sister Veronica was just home from school. Howard’s business had shown a tidy profit for the past two months.

After a date one evening, Daisy returned home blushing deeply when she faced her parents. Howard and I are going to be married in June," she breathed to them in excited but controlled tone. "Capital," exclaimed her father—one of the burliest dinosaurs ever to roam the earth; "too, too divine," murmured her mother, the social activity in her head.

"We must plan the engagement party and the wedding right now," exclaimed this excitable and gushing old girl. "Let’s see, now. We’ll have a cocktail party a week from today, then the wedding will be on the 24th, just five weeks from today. Incidentally, is that all right with you, Daisy? Good, then it’s settled. Oh, I’m so happy and excited!"

"Good, then it’s settled. Oh, I’m so happy and excited! Isn’t it just wonderful, Henry?" — for this was her husband’s name.

All this time, Daisy, the mild and beautiful could hardly contain herself, and finally burst out with big dinosaur tears (and if you think elephant tears are big, you should see dinosaur tears, you’d be astonished) on her father’s cheek. "You know this would be my mother’s way of handling things, so that did not bother her at all.

The engagement was announced as scheduled, and between the party and the wedding the couples were feted many times. Harold at this time met Veronica, and fell in love with her immediately. They were together constantly, and it was a poor night when they did not linger for a long time over their “good-night” on the front step, breathing sweet dinosaur nostrils into each other’s ears. So rapidly did this affair progress, that two days before Daisy’s and Howard’s wedding, the couple quietly left town and were secretly married by a justice of the peace in a nearby town.

They were torn between two desires then—should they announce the wedding before Daisy’s big affair took place to get a little tittery satisfaction out of being the first or should they wait until afterwards. They decided on the more conservative course, and kept their secret between them.

Daisy’s wedding was the biggest social event of the season. The church was packed with a large number of dinosaurs from all over the country. At the reception were seen leaders in every branch of dinosaur life. During the party, the blissfully happy couple stole away, and left on their wedding trip—they were to catch a boat for New York where they would meet another for a six month’s cruise holiday before returning. A few weeks later the second marriage was announced—a bit anticlimactically, but it was well received, and this couple were guests at many parties before leaving on a honeymoon.

When both couples, returned, Harold made arrangements whereby he became a partner in Howard’s firm, and the two couples spent the remainder of their lives happily married in their home town where they became society and business leaders—well-known and popular for their successful parties and their square business policy.

**Two Minute Reverie**

**IMPRESSIONISM.** The roll of the drums sounded like the beat of the drums at the last armistice celebration and had the same effect on him—they seemed to take him away from the common everyday feeling that there was something going on somewhere over which he had no control and which was none of his business anyway. The war never seemed very close to him no matter how hard he tried to realize that in the very near future he would actually be in it. With an effort he tore his eyes away from the spot at which he had been gazing—they say you go crazy if you look at the same spot too long, but that was absurd—this was only going to last two minutes. The monument caught his eye. He could just see where the names of the men who had fallen were written, he couldn’t make them out and he fell to wondering what they were, and then, logically, to what they stood for—empty places at the head of the table—probably long since filled up and soon again to be emptied, if not already so. To think that he had worried like a child that the epoch through which he and Daisy would live would be an uneventful one—what a selfish thought that had been, and yet was it not a common one? Who was it that had said, “War is a natural state for man to exist in?”

Whoever it was may have had something—the ancient Greeks usually had approximately thirty years of peace between their little squabbles. We’ve reached the point of rarely having twenty. How silly those thoughts during the silence in November 1919 seemed now, and yet how odd that he should be able to remember them—it was not very often that you could recall thoughts at a particular time two years later. Then few people would admit that the war would last much more than a year—the blockade would have Germany on her knees before the winter was over.

There go the drums.

**The Little Theatre**

The voiceries of one-act plays
Once more have set the world abaze.
The Gym was packed from stage to door,
Chairs covered every inch of floor.
Cars in a solid block outside
Brought patrons in from far and wide.
Programmes were handed out to each,
President Penfield made a speech,
The gramophone provided song,
The intervals were far too long,
But all three plays were played at last.
(See foot notes, if you want the case.)

"Good Medicine" set forth the life
Of struggling Doctor Graves* and wife. *
Through lack of patients, food and cash
Their wedded life's about to crash.
Things are set right by Mrs. Sage4
Who dominated half the stage.
Claiming by pains she was distracted
—Just to find out how Doc reacted—
And to their woes brought quick relief
(The fairy Godmother motif).
This play could not be termed a winner
For lines were thin, and plot was thinner.
Yet we applauded, with a will,
Some credible acting skill.
But 'twould have been still better, if
The cast had been a shade less stiff.

* * *

Complexes and subconscious fires
Were smouldering in "Suppressed Desires,"
Psychoanalysis its theme
And hanging on a curious dream
Which unappreciated Mabel*
Related at the breakfast table
To Henrietta,6 who enjoyed
The strange ideas of Doctor Freud
(And much annoyed her husband Steve7
Who shewed a most decided prude.)
There's danger for the married Brewsters
Because of hens, and eggs, and roosters.
But just as things are getting strong
Poor Henrietta sees she's wrong,
So sanity resumes its sway
And all ends in a normal way.
We liked this play the best of all.
The Three One-Act Plays

"Good Medicine"

There should have been a "curtain call";
Some of the lines were really witty,
And both the girls looked very pretty,
The cast played like a well-trained team
While Steve provided lots of steam.

*A Game of Chess"—a play of gloom,
Of hatred and impending doom!
Of Russia in the olden time,
(But Russian names are hard to rhyme,
To write them here we will not try
So let us call them X8 and Y8)
X is busy playing chess with Constantine8 his friend
The game is interrupted when the footman brings in Y.
Y produces firearms, and says X's life must end.
X is cold and haughty, says he'd like to see him try.
X, the icy nobleman, dares Y to "do his stuff"!
They argue and they threaten, till one's flesh begins to creep,
A poison pact's the ending of this little game of bluff
But X is not allergic; Y collapses in a heap!

Alexis, man of iron and ice
Covers the body in a trice,
And (feeling glad to be alive)
Sits down again to "mate in five."

X (with a foreign accent) brought out well his fiendish hate,
Y died most realistically; his acting was first-rate.

P. S.
The promptresses had very few
Occasions to supply a cue.
The props and settings were artistic
The New York skyline realistic,
So—thanks to Wright and Speid and Hall—
Quite a good time was had by all.

1 "Good Medicine", "Suppressed Desires", "A Game of Chess"
2 Gillings Goddard, 3 Margaret Aitken, 4 Dorothy Stafford
5 Helen Gagnon, 6 Elizabeth Davidson, 7 Warren Gale
8 X—Alexis Alexandrovitch, Donald Macdonald,
9 Y—Doris Ivanovich Staniakoff, Silvio Narizzano.
10 Peter Kingston, 11 Roy Pierce
12 Lydia Aboud, Madeleine Dupin, Helen Kelley
13 "Good Medicine" was directed by Catherine Speid,
"Suppressed Desires" by Kathleen Hall, and
"A Game of Chess" by William Wright.
YOUR BUSINESS — the real business of your life is the amassing of an estate that will provide to the best of your ability for the future financial safety and comfort of your family and dependents.

ON you rests the responsibility for the care and conservation of this estate during your lifetime and after; you alone can provide that it shall endure for the sake of those near to you.

OUR business is to carry out your wishes as expressed in your Will and to make sure your family need never feel the pinch of want. Our business is to carry out your wishes as expressed in your Will and to make sure your family need never feel the pinch of want. Our business is to carry out your wishes as expressed in your Will and to make sure your family need never feel the pinch of want.

HAVE your lawyer or notary draw your Will. Name this responsible and permanent Company— with its long experience and ample facilities— Executor and Trustee.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY
or, What Have You Got For a Week's Leave

DECEMBER, 1941

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

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

"Any loot, darling?"

"Yes, thank goodness—lots of Sweet Caps."

BILL JONES

DECEMBER, 1941

Blimey, Look, Can-i-dee-ans

or, What Have You Got For a Week's Leave

HUMOUR. Have you ever watched a young husband pacing madly up and down a maternity corridor, or perhaps the face of a financier at the stock exchange as he watches his investments gradually sink out of sight? If you have, then you'll have a good idea of how the last two or three days prior to landing are spent on board a troop ship.

Rumours are a dime a dozen; one day the German fleet is on your tail, while the next day you are on the tail of the German fleet. You are never able to find out anything authentic, and anything "authentic" you do hear is just another rumour.

Daily Routine Rumour No. 764357 informed you that you are to land on Friday. Expectantly you wait for what seems weeks till finally the great day arrives. Friday morning finds you stirring early from your bunk; nimbly you hop over the results of your cabin-mates' seasickness, and hike it for the top deck. You twist the knob of the door and the wind does the rest; you are greeted by a combination of wind, rain, and sleet—and no land in sight.

Indescribable gloom overtakes your whole being as you unexpectedly return to your cabin. As you reach your cabin door, your mates strenuously raise themselves enough to ask if—but before he has a chance to say a word he sees the mournful expression in your eyes, and promptly passes out for another twenty-four hours. Four or five days later you reach a port (if you are lucky).

"I wonder what dear old Blimey will be like?" you say to yourself. The latest D. R. R. reports that you will have to land in lifeboats, because Jerry has blown up all the docks. Once again your whole being is lit up with expectation. The news then comes around that the boat will have to anchor out in the bay for another twenty-four hours; then more gloom. Two hours later the boat docks and a finally the great day arrives. Friday morning finds you stirring early from your bunk; nimbly you hop over the results of your cabin-mates' seasickness, and hike it for the top deck. You twist the knob of the door and the wind does the rest; you are greeted by a combination of wind, rain, and sleet—and no land in sight.

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It was a matter of hours before we arrived at our training depot, and a matter of weeks before we left it. It poured torrents continuously; the sun shone twice—yes that's right—I remember now because one Sunday morning I was rudely awakened by a fellow Canuck who was madly gibering about "to-day being summertime, and if we didn't get up we wouldn't see another English summer till the following year." That incident happened twice because I remember numerous arguments on which of those two sunny days was England's summer.

When training came to an end the British Parliament went into session—it came out with this decision as recorded by rather unofficial representatives—"His Majesty's Government (in accordance with certain regulations of which we knew nothing) has come to the decision that a Canadian here and a Canadian there is less formidable to the welfare of His Majesty's Kingdom than a group of Canadians all in one place. Accordingly we were split up into groups of twos and threes and dispersed all over the British Isles—but not without first getting a week of leave. We went to London.

Now the first thing that will impress you in a London blackout is the lack of light. I don't believe there is anything more difficult to find apart from a pound note of course. The second thing that will impress you is the way in which people manage to cross the streets without getting knocked over by cars, which also suffer excessively from the lack of light; and the third (and on more than one occasion, nearly the end of the London's impressions for me) is the way in which they consistently drive on the wrong side of the road.

"Blimey that was a close one," said I from a rather uncomfortable position in an English gutter. I sat there for a few moments waiting for the proverbial pig to stir from under me but much to everyone's surprise he didn't turn up. Finally I reached an Underground—one of those tube affairs where you go down dozens of flights to get on a queer-looking electric train. Just what my destination was
I didn't quite know, and how to get there I hadn't the
faintest notion. On the first level I found myself encompassed
by the walls of the machine—rather disconcertingly—wholly enclosed, all
arranged in rows. There seemed to be quite a selection of prices, so I made my way to one of the cheaper. After dropping a bob's worth of pennies into the slot, the machine
rustled and shut the door. I was left staring at the narrow strip of paper that the machine had so ungraciously given up, and proceeded to select the wrong pas-
sed down to the trains. Every few minutes a gust of wind would whistle by, threatening to blow me back to my starting point or swish me down an escalator. Someone
said that the trains caused this, but I wasn't particularly
interested at the time. Finally I reached a long platform
in front of an adventure. There was a sign with "Paddington" written on it, but the place was so full of a smoldering fire that I didn't quite know what to make of it. In the distance a loud rumbling, a mighty roar, and a train was waiting for me to climb aboard—the doors opened, closed, and I was off at last on a week's leave.

(This article was taken from a letter to Morse Robinson
from Bill Jones.—Editor's Note.)

W. GALE

DECEMBER, 1941

Letter From England

2 Oct. '41.
In the Field.

Dear Mum:

I can start this letter "in the field" because it is literally true. We are now in the 6th of the most elaborate army manoeuvres that have ever been held in England. Half a million men are taking part — several divisions on each side. There are thousands of trucks, as well as carriers, scout cars, tanks, aeroplanes dropping bags of snot (we have not seen any): all the trimmings, in fact.

At the moment as I said, we were literally in a field. I am scribbling this in the cab of our truck: in the back the boys are playing poker. We are somewhere in the Midlands, exactly where I have not the vaguest idea. It is early yet—

we have had breakfast at 6.15, washed in cold water, and are now waiting hopefully for the sun to break through the mist and take some of the raw dampness out of our still rather benumbed limbs. After five nights we are rather grimy, and all longing for a hot bath, a warm soft bed and a hot water vase. Such is the life of a soldier. How often have I thought the last few days—if only you, my dear, could see me now!

For us the manoeuvres began on last Saturday morning. Revelle was at five, breakfast at 5.20, parade an hour later. We clambered aboard our trucks, stowed our equipment, and so, we were away. What we were in for remained to be seen.

That day we travelled south, through territory already well known to us. We skirted "G," travelled along the very lovely stretch of road between there and "D," though we were only within a few yards of "M" the whole day. We were part of a very big convoy. They told us at one place, in fact, that trucks had been passing through continuously for three days. At these stops we had a change to try the odd cake. People gave us apples, the odd packet of smokes and jug of tea, which meant a lot to them as these things are sharply rationed. My meat sandwich was most helpful.

We reached our last stop for part of the way — heading north now. North of "G" we advanced into territory where our convoys had never been before — through "D," "M" (which has very narrow crowded streets), "G" (we passed within half a mile of Mrs. Winthrop's place and I was hoping we would camp there) until finally we stopped for the night about 12 miles from "O." There we had our belted supper. I was once again on guard — there were more men at a time now, as the enemy were not far away.

I had the key post on the road, standing at the intersection. There was a lot of traffic all night long. I was kept quite busy. On Tuesday we spent all day there. I slept most of the morning being rather tired. In the afternoon we went out on a "job." There was a bridge on the main highway to be blown; the enemy were advancing, and could be expected at any time. We did not actually blow any bridge, of course. Our job consisted in bringing up the materials needed and skimming even when supplemented by blackberries that grew in profusion in the woods, and we were feeling the pang before long. So a few of us walked up to the little pub again and they served us tea, bread and jam, and sardines. For these sardines we paid sarsaparilla (12f). Then we went back to our own dinner (billy beef). Right after that a lady in a nearby farmhouse gave us each a cup of tea, and bread and real country butter—a treat in-

The next morning breakfast. Then a few of us went to the pub again where they gave us dripping toast and tea. While we were there a dispatch rider (D.R.) came in to say we were to eat at 10.30 and pull out at 11.00. I ate my potatoes and drank my tea, all the but meat and bread and the microscopically thin piece of cake that was our des-

So that evening I went to bed quite contented. We had a singing to a mouth organ on the back of one of the trucks first.
staying around until the time limit set for the job had expired. If the enemy arrived before this we would have to run and the bridge would not be considered blown. Some R.E.s provided us with a certain amount of defence. A machine gun unit were setting up a defence line on the other side of the river.

We put in our time, a considerable part of it in a tea-room and departed before the enemy arrived.

That night we "blew" another bridge and got to bed about eleven. Incidentally the R.E.s who were working with us had had their field kitchen captured, and the umps had declared no food for 24 hours. They were pretty miserable, poor devils, when we saw them. These manoeuvres were a terrifying experience. When we saw them the next day they were working their way up the convoy, feeding us all as it passed.

We settled down for the night about dusk, ate and went to bed under a bright moon and a clear sky. About 10 we got orders to move, but I slept peacefully through the night. When we get back—whenever that may be—I'll write you the rest of the saga of this scheme, in all its details.

TO the Student Who THINKS OF THE Future...

To you as a student, banking may seem a quite irrelevant matter. It shouldn't... for actually a banking connection can be of very real value to you.

Why not call as one of our Sherbrooke branches and establish your banking connection now by opening a savings account? It will serve you now as a depository for your money, and it will provide a financial connection that will be important to you when in later years you enter business or professional life.

BANK OF MONTREAL

"a bank where small accounts are welcome"

SHERBROOKE BRANCHES

Main Office, 13 Wellington St. - R. L. CURPHEY, Manager

Belvidere and King Sts. Branch - L. A. LABERGE, Manager

December, 1941

First Depressions

HUMOUR—In Mr. Roy's article First Impressions, the following statement appeared: "... there is not one freshman that would not agree that his first two weeks in Lennoxville were among the best that he has ever spent in his life." Surely this isn't so! Surely I am not the only freshman that at first wished to heaven that he was right back where he started from. I can't be the only shameful exception to Mr. Roy's golden rule. Frankly, I would like to be able to look anybody squarely in the eye and gravely say, "My first two weeks in Lennoxville were among the best that I have ever spent in my life," but oh, what a horrible liar I would be.

The night I arrived at Bishop's I was confronted with two fellow freshmen whose faces twisted sourly when I mentioned that I came from Toronto. I felt like an enemy alien. This sensation was nothing, however, to the one I experienced when I first saw, what was to be, "my home away from home." I thought at first that it was part of the initiation, and that they were, in reality, showing me a store-room. I was just about to say, "That certainly is a good one, but where do I live?" when I realized that after all, there was a bed in the room, and yes, there was something over in the corner that looked very much like a desk, and that in fact a liberal minded person might be persuaded that it actually was a room. Convinced that I was really intended to live there and that they were not just pulling my leg, I retired to my cot for the night, with many sweet memories of my real home in the much-hated city of Toronto. Suddenly these pleasant thoughts were dispelled by the appearance of an outraged senior, at my door. He said, incredulously, "My... a freshman in this room?"

"If you want me to move, let me know," I replied in an obliging voice as I could muster.

"Don't worry. You'll be the first to know." He answered amiably. That remark took the little remaining optimism out of me. The next few days and nights I spent in my room, listening to the happy conversation and songs of returning seniors. I was annoyed by their happiness and envied their feeling of assurance. I wished often that the noisy guy across the hall and the sophisticated ex-BCS boy two doors down were not so high-sounding, and that I knew some one who, at least, did not winces at the mention of my home town. At the end of these first two weeks, that no freshman could deny were among the best that he had ever spent in his life, I still thought of my room as a cell and still knew only the noisy guy across the hall and the sophisticated ex-BCS boy two doors down, and still wished to heaven (by this time a mild word) that I was right back where I started from. And so, when I am told that I cannot deny that my first two weeks in Lennoxville were among the best that I have ever spent in my life, I reply, THE HECK I CANNOT.

I am now living through my third week at Bishop's, and believe me, things are looking up. If anyone dares to call my room all the things that I have called it in the past I would probably say, "You're crazy! This is the best room in the college. Why, it's got everything. Size, heat, and a lovely view. If you don't like it, you can blow. I haven't got you chained to the radiator." The fellow who seemed about to throw me out of my room on the first night, now shows signs of having some of the milk of human kindness in his makeup. The seniors don't seem nearly so happy or full of assurance as formerly. They say that the exams have something to do with this. As a matter of fact I'm happier than they are now. Yes sir, things are really looking up. As a matter of fact I would say that I am just about the most important person on top floor Old Arts. I am the cheery little fellow who says to them in a hoarse, before-breakfast voice, "Rise and Shine." Maybe you can't understand how a humble freshman like myself could have risen to a position of such grave importance in such a short time, but that's the democratic way they run things at Bishop's.

In closing, I would like to amend Mr. Roy's statement to... there is not one freshman who would not agree that his third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth week in Lennoxville were among the best that he has ever spent in his life and that Be It Ever So Humble There's No-oh Place Like Bish.
My Christmas Gift List . . .

For Dad, Dressing Gown
And an ordinary one won’t do for my Dad! I’m getting him the best . . . a Welch Margetson English Gown, at Rosenbloom’s.

For Uncle Charlie, Hat Certificate
I never know what to get my favorite uncle . . . but this idea is sure to please him because it enables him to select his own hat.

For Bud, Pyjamas
It’s a good thing that Rosenbloom’s keep extra long pyjamas in such nice patterns, because this fellow sure needs ’em tall!

For Mary and Jim,
Hudson’s Bay Blanket
I didn’t have any idea of what to buy these newlyweds until the clerk at Rosenbloom’s suggested genuine Hudson’s Bay Blankets.

Saint Marks at Eventide

All that goes on within these aged walls
Smells of the dust, and leads but to the grave. But hark! near the bell to chapel calls
And leave me small time wherein to shave.

Oh, Pryde, Archangel of these sacred halls,
Gown’d cherubs you endeavour to enslave.

A demon—no, indeed a ghost,
Recording angel of a sleepy host.

Softly as calm before the storm doth reign
Sweet music falls upon my eager ear,
No more need I my restless soul to tame
Than music, Mirror of this life, to bear.

Three years have passed since first to you I came,
And till I die you always shall appear—
A fairy place where wooden seraphs sleep
Throughout long years in this most hallowed keep.

With sombre countenance and reverent air,
And attitude more “holier than thou”;
The theologies descend the holy stair,
And passing sacred altar meekly bow.

In pew select they kneel in humble prayer,
And lend their voices to celestial row.
Where others with a prayer-book prop their knee
They reverent bend in full humility.

Beneath a lion with its wings unfurled.
Who yet have visions of the outside world,
They reverent bend in full humility.

Sleep on, O Masters of our common fate—
A short half-hour free from your comrades prate.

Day’s last weak rays through stained windows break
Upon the sheltered fold of shadowy sheep.
Oh, leader of the flock you cannot make
Them list; (they are so rude) nor can you keep
These tired men, their restless souls awake.

Thou see these limpid lambs salvation seek?
Salvation! Yes, from wrath that would descend
From the commanding brow at the nave’s end.

A pathway sprinkled with the flickering stars
Leads upward to where a lone angel sings,
And joins a stairway to the throne of Mars
Far from these quickly waning earthly things.
Should I forget these brutal battle scars
Each day the futile strife of struggle brings?
Ye kneel—and to the God of Heaven pray:
Man is but dust and earth doth pass away.
Ode To A Senior

At night-time when I seek my bed,
Persuing restful sleep,
In towels I wrap my splitting head,
And curse my aching feet.
The causes of these maladies
That "Send me to the cleaners,"
The nearest freshman's booked
The phone's loud ringing fills the air.
We run to do their bidding,
It seems they like to make a noise.

They make vile threats we do not hear,
To find a stolen shoe-tree.
They make us run around the place,
And count the ones I trumped.
Into my mind so dreary,
Again I lay me down to sleep.

The Senior is our friend.
Though forced to bow and bend,
Instead our battle robes we girt.
And with the wild north geese a V had spelt?
Yet would he curse the day he first drew breath?
By and by he'd changed his tune,
A Canadian War Prisoner's V

In concentration camp, a living death
It seemed his lot would be from now till doom.
Should come with silent and with pallid gloom.
Yet would he curse the day he first drew breath?
Ah, no! This man's true heart no sorrow cleft.
His part was done, since now in prison he
Must linger long and naught of Freedom see.
His land for Freedom's sacred cause he'd left.
His faith was simple as was any child's.
He couldn't prophesy but still he felt
That Victory could the pangs of wounds make mild.
Had not a Christian's God his comfort dealt?
Had he not filled the sky with creatures wild
And with the wild north geese a V had spelt?
Hugh Apps.

A Mitre

For Those Who Were Forgotten

You've all heard the song called Jim and others
With whose names I wont youse bothers
And will get right down to brain tacks.
For some of the people who have been neglected
In the popular songs that are going around
And have not had their names reflected
And immortalized by the swing of musical sound,
We have asked our best staff-poet,
Who says he doesn't see how he can do it,
To write a piece of worth
That will be not lacking in merit
Mentioning some of the names of these poor souls
Whose appellations have not been honored by song-writing ghosts.
He objected most violently to this request
That for such a purpose he give his very best,
But agreed
We had him treed
And here is what he wrote poetizing
and immortalizing
a few of the names that have been forgotten thus far.
First spend several evenings in a bar
Until I feel in the proper mood
And can write poetry proper and good.
Then I retire to my study
With a case of bottles in my only buddy
Get out reams of paper, lock the door
And start to pour
Out both words and liquid.
The first name that came to mind was not Mary but instead,
Matilda.
I asked what rhymes with Matilda and then
Get out reams of paper, lock the door
And start to pour
Out both words and liquid.
The first name that came to mind was not Mary but instead,
Mariana.
I asked what rhymes with Matilda and then
Decided not to have it at the end
Of a line like I have just done
And then proceeded to give the men a try, like Theron.

Hugh Apps.

Dec. 23, 1941

Now, you see, here I've done it again,
I don't have to get a rhyme for that name
Because it goes with something in the preceding line.
Now for variety we return to Jacqueline.
This one's taken care of, but just to show
You it can be done, I'll illustrate how I can go.
I'll pick at random the name of Anastasia.
A girl whose charms will simply amaze you.
Now there, I told you I could do it
And now you've got to admit that I'm not such a bad poet.
To get back to my job of immortalizing names
Of people who can't through their own fame
Get any good poet to touch the work
And have to leave it to such a simple jerk.
I'll do a few more and show you how slick.
Incidentally this is getting just a bit tiring
As well as boring.
I'd like to take an easy one like Kate
For which I could pick any one of bate, base, crate, date,
Eight, fate, freight, gate, grate, abdicate, hesitate,
But agreed
We had him treed
And here is what he wrote poetizing
And immortalizing
a few of the names that have been forgotten thus far.
First spend several evenings in a bar
Until I feel in the proper mood
And can write poetry proper and good.
Then I retire to my study
With a case of bottles in my only buddy
Get out reams of paper, lock the door
And start to pour
Out both words and liquid.
The first name that came to mind was not Mary but instead,
Mariana.
I asked what rhymes with Matilda and then
Decided not to have it at the end
Of a line like I have just done
And then proceeded to give the men a try, like Theron.

Hugh Apps.

Milk, Cream, Ice Cream

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LenniXVilUe, Que.
"It's almost ten Boops, switch off the lamp on the table." "Hey, wait a minute! I've got a good hand, there's plenty of time to play it." "O.K. you can play it; and pay the fine too.

Will you toss me a cigarette, 'Swoon'—they're in that brass box." "I thought you weren't going to smoke for five days, Lulu?" "No, just not going to smoke my own." "There go the sirens—don't they sound eerie!" "Gosh, it's dark with the street lights out—a great night for a murder." "Stop it, I'm scared! Is that you Kitty?"

"S-sh, you kids, here comes a soldier—maybe he'll see you. Tiffy, where are you?"

"In the kitchen—and get out of the ice box!"

"Put out your cigarette Jennifer, they can see you.

"You're nuts—it's in my pocket and can't possibly be seen.

"O-oh, I'm sitting on something—who put the tarts there!"

"Will some one get off my head, I'm suffocating.

"Teddy, I'm hot, let's go outside. Hang onto me and we can crawl to the door." "Oh, you kids, here comes a soldier—maybe he'll see us!"

"No, he's got his girl with him!"

"Wonder what they are doing at 'Bish.' Too bad they aren't going. Hang onto me and we can crawl to the door.

"S-sh, you kids, here comes a soldier—maybe he'll see us!"

"No, he's got his girl with him!"

"What happened? What's up?"

"Look, some one is running this way—why it's Tally and even the trees looked menacing.

"I've hurt my arm—I'm bleeding to death! Oh!"

"Sit down Tally—no that's the wastepaper basket. Look out for the lamp!"

"Give her a whiff of the cork, that will cure her.

"I've ruined my new pair of stockings, and my poor shoe is out there with all those horrible men!"

"Do you want us to get it!"

"Oui! Speak for yourself— you Amazon, I'm staying here.

"Don't be such a baby—come on kids, after all there are ten of us!"

"Okay, but hold my hand.

"Where did she drop it Lulu?"

"In the gutter. There it is, let's go back now." "Stop running! Wait for me, don't leave me alone in the dark!"

"Is that you 'Swoone'? May I sit on you—O you are on top of Paddy—and Teddy is on the bottom?"

"Gosh, this is dull—let's sing!"

"No—not that!"

"Saved, there goes the siren. Now you can all write in my autograph book, Sister Souses!"

"Penny."

It was with some trepidation that we undertook the task of jotting down our observations on current activity in and about the college this month. There are a number of good reasons apart from our inherent sloth for this reluctance; namely, examinations. Also we have no real right to this column, and hesitate to tread on the ground which rightfully belongs to another. However, it seems that a few small raps, two large suitcases, and an omniscient professor changed the face of matters literary, and an editor threatened extinction unless ready compliance with his requests was forthcoming. So, bludgioned but still smiling, we comply, with secret hopes of our maladroit's assignments in purgatory.

Ergo we have summoned our muse from hiding under the seventh layer on our desk and invoking it in words of one syllable start the wheels of composition rolling.

Uppermost in every mind, both undergraduate and professorial, is the thought of examinations. The very word, at this season of the year sends our brain cells into a state of existence that cannot be neglected. Nor is the almost smug attitude of some of the professors, not to mention Miss Edgel's semi-annual furious procrastination, conducive to the scholar's peace of mind. But, as the tide recedes from this morose disappear, we turn with a shudder to more cheerful things.

This fall we have seen a good deal of interest in debating. In this field there have been two new departures; namely, the affirmative—decides the victors. The main debate was stiffly fought, especially on the speakers look from here like good material for future inquiries. The argument was supported by Elwood Paterson, Bob Smith, and Andy Roy, and the negative by Bud Walsh, Bob Gale, and George McNeillie. The argument was chiefly political, in which the speakers look from here like good material for future inquiries.

In the October debate was perhaps the most colourful one there. In this field there have been two new departures; namely, the affirmative—decides the victors. The main debate was stiffly fought, especially on the speakers look from here like good material for future inquiries.

In the November debate started off with the usual freshman battle, whose subject this time was that the Old School Tie is an outdated institution. The affirmative of this resolution was supported by Elwood Paterson, Bob Smith, and Andy Roy, and the negative by Bud Walsh, Bob Gale, and George McNeillie. The argument was chiefly political, in which the speakers look from here like good material for future inquiries.

In the December debate an item; against it, Gwen Weary, Jean McCallum, and Betty McCallum. The affirmative was supported by Elwood Paterson, Bob Smith, and Andy Roy, and the negative by Bud Walsh, Bob Gale, and George McNeillie. The argument was chiefly political, in which the speakers look from here like good material for future inquiries.

The affirmative was supported by Elwood Paterson, Bob Smith, and Andy Roy, and the negative by Bud Walsh, Bob Gale, and George McNeillie. The argument was chiefly political, in which the speakers look from here like good material for future inquiries.

In the January debate was perhaps the most colourful one that we have seen for some time at Bishop's. For years now the allegedly weaker sex have been threatening to invade this field of masculine endeavours, but this is the first year that the girls actually got up their courage to pit themselves against brother students—and a mighty fine job of it too. It gave us a thrill of pride to see girls whom we hope we can call our friends up there and say just what they thought in front of that large audience; a thrill, and at the same time an apprehensive feeling skin to what twenty years ago must have invaded the minds of our conservative fathers and grandfathers when they watched the advances of the advocates of women's suffrage. We think now, as they thought then—"Where will it all end?" In this debate we see a real challenge to one of the most hide-bound traditions so vitally a part of the University. Surely this is something very much like the beginning of a break from woman's time-honoured status inculcating as cardinal principles, minimum visibility and absolute inactivity.

We can see one of these denizens of the east end of the New Arts rising to her feet in a Women's Student's Association meeting (oh yes, didn't you know? They've been holding them for years, and it's rumoured that they started serving hard cider at them some time ago to bolster their already assertive nature)—we see her rising to her feet, fire in the eyes that peer from between long hair, and with the quiver of intense sincerity lending the touch of the sublune to the already beautiful voice, the immediate extinction unless ready compliance with his requests was forthcoming. So, bludgioned but still smiling, we comply, with secret hopes of our maladroit's assignments in purgatory.

In this field there have been two new departures; namely, the affirmative—decides the victors. The main debate was stiffly fought, especially on the speakers look from here like good material for future inquiries.
The last debate does not come strictly under the jurisdiction of the Literary and Debating Society, but was run on the same system. The subject, "Resolved that the insanity of the arm which in the end wins battles," was supported by No. 1 platoon and attacked by No. 2. Adams, Johnson, and Atto won the debate by a slight margin for the Skinner Trophy debate, but it was felt that the times were inauspicious for such extra-curricular endeavours, and hence it has been postponed until early next term.

Reg Turpin, this year's president of debating, has that position for the second time in his illustrious career at Bishop's, and is doing a fine job of it in spite of the demands made upon him by a rather stiff diversity course. So,新鲜人, see how this place gets you?

Dramatics got off to a fine start this year with three of the most successful one-act plays which have ever been produced at the college, if one may judge from financial returns. The talent unachieved has been poured into the productions of the next show, the annuals, and there has been so much hilarious enthusiasm and ability in a freshman class. We cheer in approval and satisfaction. Nice work, boys and girls! Robin Lindsay who has received far too little credit amongst the students, whose favorite relaxation and principal pastime, by themselves in a corner. Despite this awe-inspiring sight, we of the common herd had ourselves a capital time, though sartorially inferior and contemptuous to all concerned. Marching at night is a very important Marching at night is a very important contingent seems to be satisfied with the results. There has not been as much laughter. The Principal's traditional party was as usual a great success and a fitting climax to all the work and anxieties of the term. The cap is also off to the young ladies who have started amongst the students, the light fantastic has received much more popularity and support this past term than previously. Hardly a week has passed but some evening has seen the gymnasium packed with gyrating bodies in close embrace dancing to the music of Giz Gagnon's full-length ensemble or to the slightly more melodious strains of Dorsey or Miller (recorded to be sure). The council decided that the Wednesday dances might afford a considerable source of lucre for the coffers of anti-Heller entourage. So far only two of these have been held. Decorations are at a minimum so as to allow of as great a profit as possible, since the admission is small. Music is provided by the common-room gramophone and records are bought out of surplus profit. Those not so keen on rhythmic pursuits find diversion in bridge games. These dances have been a great success and next term it is hoped that they will be even more so. The plan for future dances is to sell war saving stamps for the price of admission, refreshments to be bought separately. Plans for certain improvements to the gym are being considered whereby the old pile will be made even more attractive for the Cinderella dances next term.

Since the Freshman Introduction Dance earlier in the term the only major dance was the O.T.C. dance which was well attended and where the music was supplied by the aforementioned Giz-G. The officers, resplendent in enhancingly-cut uniforms, some of them adorning their own partners for the first time, sat, exclusive and aloof with their girls and partners and the guests, by themselves in a corner. Despite this awe-inspiring sight, we of the common herd had ourselves a capital time, though sartorially inferior and considerably warmer in our delectable battle-dress. Naturally, we were there, though, no matter what the marks were, since the marks were very high. The marks were at a minimum at our end. The highest mark was scored by Jack Peake, 178 out of a possible 200. Congratulations! Five others passed. Most of the rest, who didn't pass but whose marks were not sufficiently low to warrant their being excluded from the impending examinations, were put on probation, but there were a few unfortunate ones who scored so low that it has not been deemed advisable to let them try the final test.

The Cap is on the Rocks again this year. Following the evening of production Dr. McKenzie's home again rang to the strains of dance music and dancing to the music of Giz Gagnon's full-lunged ensemble the college's officers, resplendent in evening dress, conducted a dance to which the guests were invited. There was another debate set for the end of this term, and there was a Skinner Trophy debate, but it was felt that the times were inauspicious for such extra-curricular endeavours, and hence it has been postponed until early next term.

There has been but one tea-dance this fall. This followed the inter-building rugby match which has been successfully won by the Class of 1940, and was the best organized and attended of all the dances this fall. The president of the Literary and Debating Society, Mr. Brown, has been given a lot of work to do, and it has been adequately carried out. The result has been a most successful and enjoyable evening. The dance was well attended and where the music was supplied by the aforementioned Giz-G. The officers, resplendent in enhancingly-cut uniforms, some of them adorning their own partners for the first time, sat, exclusive and aloof with their girls and partners and the guests, by themselves in a corner. Despite this awe-inspiring sight, we of the common herd had ourselves a capital time, though sartorially inferior and considerably warmer in our delectable battle-dress. Naturally, we were there, though, no matter what the marks were, since the marks were very high. The marks were at a minimum at our end. The highest mark was scored by Jack Peake, 178 out of a possible 200. Congratulations! Five others passed. Most of the rest, who didn't pass but whose marks were not sufficiently low to warrant their being excluded from the impending examinations, were put on probation, but there were a few unfortunate ones who scored so low that it has not been deemed advisable to let them try the final test.

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On the same afternoon the trained and qualified men were given a practical map-reading scheme. The contestants get together in groups and followed a trail from map reference to map reference. The first group to arrive back at the college, having successfully completed their course was comprised of geni Hap Day, Ed Stevens, Hugh Smith, and G. Watson. The last group came in, we hear, well after dark.

Not satisfied with that, the supreme local powers in the Church of the Good Shepherd took the initiative. We are happy to report that the result was a most successful and enjoyable evening. The dance was well attended and where the music was supplied by the aforementioned Giz-G. The officers, resplendent in enhancingly-cut uniforms, some of them adorning their own partners for the first time, sat, exclusive and aloof with their girls and partners and the guests, by themselves in a corner. Despite this awe-inspiring sight, we of the common herd had ourselves a capital time, though sartorially inferior and considerably warmer in our delectable battle-dress. Naturally, we were there, though, no matter what the marks were, since the marks were very high. The marks were at a minimum at our end. The highest mark was scored by Jack Peake, 178 out of a possible 200. Congratulations! Five others passed. Most of the rest, who didn't pass but whose marks were not sufficiently low to warrant their being excluded from the impending examinations, were put on probation, but there were a few unfortunate ones who scored so low that it has not been deemed advisable to let them try the final test.

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group. Their resistance has to date been more passive than anything else and there doesn't even seem to be enough gumption amongst them for them to get together and voice their grudges and try to have something done about them. Bearing this in mind it is difficult for us to entertain any sympathy for them, much less feel any anxiety about their threats, due to their lack of unity. Of course in both sections of the freshman class there are some very fine individuals, probably well over fifty percent, to whom all this silly-shallying must seem as petty as it does to us. Something must be done, and we feel sure that these better elements will be behind any moves for change. Unity and spirit in the freshman class is one of the greatest contributions to the success of college life and starts each undergraduate off on the right foot, making the best of conditions side by side with his classmates, and ensuring him of getting the most enjoyment and benefit out of his three years. There was an individual who is co-operating with his fellows. There was a first aid post, which did a rather slack business, and a police group which checked on all lights and which unfortunately also had very little to do. However, the blackout was a great success.

Badminton has been covered in another column, but there is one aspect of that activity that must be mentioned here—the badminton teas, on Sunday afternoons. There is always a great gathering of the clans for this occasion and the afternoon passes very fast. It is surprising how many games each player gets in, in addition to rubbers of bridge and there are quantities of coffee and (usually) doughnuts. Another event which should be mentioned is the blackout which was held here some weeks ago. That night the college became a isolated little community with its complete—though fact more than adequate—A.R.P. allotment. There was a first aid post, which did a rather slack business, a fire brigade which fought any number of imaginary fires, and a police group which checked on all lights and which unfortunately also had very little to do. However, the blackout was a great success.

Just rack your brains; we suppose that even this year's freshman body has the ordinary allotment of cerebral equipment; perhaps you can think of something better. (And seniors, be warned.)

We feel sure that all will agree with us that it is definitely a reason for jubilation that this is the last time that this desecrater of current English prose will set his warped mind and hand to this column . . .

In complete—what heartbreak if the navy should call soon, and we are assured that this is imminent, even though that arm has already had its chance once . . . There is of late a blissful look which has something of the ethereal about it adorning the countenance of one of our seniors—little rock seems to have gotten it bad as we hardy say—we trust that it will not interfere too seriously with his academic standing, which has always been the highest.

It is rumoured that one day about a month ago, first lecture coeds were petrified by the appearance of a large overstuff gentleman who had, disguised in a scarlet robe, involuntarily invaded their sanctum sanctorum where he was ensconced in state but horribly uncomfortable and frustrated . . . What Professor is not leaving right after Christmas? Two or the heart are reassuringly strong after all . . . did you know that in a certain quarter of the college, there are gargoyles and gargoons of it getting better and better while it waits for its owners to consume it? Wheel . . . The undergraduate body was shocked and pained to learn recently that two of our upstanding citizens were guilty of a criminal lapse of attendance at chapel—gentlemen, please! . . . Speaking of the navy (and we were, remember) it is a question of some speculation as to how many of our numbers are apt to be leaving these hallowed walls for a nautical life in the near future. Only one is certain. Happy Day, congratulationes, and may you never regret your presence. The O.T.C. will grive to lose one of its best corporals and tank hunters.

We feel sure that all will agree with us that it is definitely a reason for jubilation that this is the last time that this desecrater of current English prose will set his warped mind and hand to this column . . .

So, wiping a crocodile tear from the bleary eye, we bid you one and all a Merry Christmas and Bonne Chance!
Sports

We are in the third year of the war, and as in the beginning we still hear this familiar statement: "There are only two really important activities at Bishop's this year—academic work and C.O.T.C." In spite of this fact, and keeping our minor activities well within their bounds, we have managed to complete a successful athletic term. More than that, tentative plans have been drawn up for the next term. We hope that they will meet with your approval.

**RUGBY**

It was reported in the last issue of *Mitre* that there would be no football at Bishop's this year; however, the traditional inter-building game was played on Saturday, October twenty-fifth. Due to the weather a small crowd was on hand to see Jack Spray, the New Arts Honourary President, kick off. From the beginning of the game, the driving snow, the biting wind, and the opposing tanks from the Old Arts made it very uncomfortable for the New Artists. By the end of the first period Bill Van Horn had scored over for two unconverted touchdowns, and by half time Dean Williamson had made the score 11-0 in favour of the Old Arts. The second half was played in a blinding snow storm but this didn't stop the Old Arts from adding to the score on touchdowns by Dean Williamson and Bob Carpenter. The game ended deep in New Arts territory with the score 25-0 in favour of the Old Arts.

The game is written up in detail elsewhere in this issue. The teams: New Arts—Halves: W. Smith and McCammon; quarter, Savage; snap, Lindsay; insides: Penfield and Torrance; middles: Williamson and Stevens; ends: Day and Carpenter; sub, Miller.

Old Arts—Halves: Duval and Van Horn; quarter, Savannah; snap, Lindsay; insides: Penfield and Torrance; middles: Williamson and Stevens; ends: Day and Carpenter; sub, Miller.

**RUGBY**

The college field day which has been absent for the past few years was revived this year on October eighteenth. The event a great success, and it is hoped that this activity will continue next year. A strong team can be raised to the score on touchdowns by Dean Williamson and Bob Carpenter. The game ended deep in New Arts territory with the score 25-0 in favour of the Old Arts.

**GOLF**

The college golf team under the captaincy of Bill Van Horn was undoubtedly the star performer as he raced to decisive wins in the hundred, two twenty, and four forty yard dashes, as well as placing first in the high jump. Earl Templeton lived up to his expectations as a distance runner when he comfortably won the half mile and the mile; Jack Peake was second to Van Horn in the two twenty and the four forty, and placed first in the broad jump. Happy Day, a dark horse in the events, won the discus throw and placed third in both the shot put and the half mile, and Charlie Tanner came through with a fine performance to win the shot put. Everyone of the entrants made a fine showing, and with some extensive training we should be able to mould a strong team around Van Horn, Peake and Templeton.

**HOCKEY**

The hockey practices got away to a good start last Tuesday afternoon when the Bishop's squad under the
watchful eye of Manager Errol Duval held their first prac-
tice of the season in the Sherbrooke arena. About twenty
aspirants turned out, among whom were Savage, Von Horn,
Tyler, Lindsey, McKell, Templeton, and Atto of last year's
team. Manager Duval has not yet secured a coach for the
squard, but it is hoped that Russ Blinco, the ex-Maroon
star, will do the job. Errol has also informed us that he at-
tended a meeting of the Junior Hockey League in Sher-
brooke on November twenty-third and it was decided that
a league composed of Richmond, Windsor Mills, Sherbrooke
Red Raiders, Sherbrooke St. Pat's, Magog, Bromontville,
and Bishop's would be formed. Each team will play home
and home games. We should see a lot of good hockey played
at Eshco's this winter.

There is still no news about the basketball situation, but
Fred Wolters has assured Dean Williamson that there de-
nitely will be a league this year. It is unfortunate that the
team could not get any practice in before Christmas. We
have the makings of a good team, all we need is a lot of
good coaching and plenty of practice. Maybe Bob Dun-
more could solve our coaching problems.

The last issue of the Mitre contained a good account of
the skating situation, and since that time very little has
been changed. The snow that has fallen in the past two or
three days has made us think more and more about the
prospect of a good skating season. Jack Peake has informed
us that there will be a Zone meeting in Magog on Monday,
December first. From this meet it will be definitely decided
what events will take place in our skating world for the
next term. Last year Bishop's took most of the zone prizes,
and although some of our best skiers have left us we still have
Tomlinson and Peake for the basis of a team that should
again carry off its share of the honours. No definite word
has come from Major Church about ski patrols, but it is
hoped that they will center the outdoor activities of the
C. O. T. C.

The badminton teas have been a great success this term.
Every Sunday we have had turnouts of about thirty to
forty players, and our one court is used from two until
nine o'clock. All this indicates that badminton is gaining
greater momentum, and after Christmas we hope to con-
tinue the teas as well as arrange out-of-town games. The
ladder tournament has been going well, and many of the
better players havei solved to the top. Plans to turn the
O.T.C. Armory into a club sitting room have proceeded
favourably, and we hope to have it ready shortly after
Christmas. Further talk has reached us about improving
the lighting in the gym and painting the brick walls green.
We think that this is a splendid idea. It will improve the
building and help our game considerably. The great success
of the Badminton Club is due to the Badminton Committee,
and this column offers its congratulations.

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DECEMBER, 1941

The Bishop
Looks Down

Edited By
MISS KATHLEEN HALL

Every now and then Anatole France lets his fancy rove
into the ethereal realm and peoples one of his tales with
supernatural beings who discourse in a surprisingly human
way and present us with weighty thoughts in a singularly
palatable fashion. It is no new procedure, for all fiction
writers have loved to cloak the forbidding coldness of pure
debate with the shoes of living form—whether supernatural
or not—and to slip it over the unsuspecting reader before
he realizes what is coming over him. Anatole France,
thought, has a particularly charming manner in his materi-
alisations and le Réveil des anges is one of the most attrac-
tive of his works. Here he brings in the whole of the
heavenly hosts, most of them, indeed, a little bedraggled
and down to earth—in more ways than one—as some of
them plan a second Luciferian revolt with all the machina-
tions of the most earthly of political parties. Within the
angelic ranks the partisans of various philosophic and poli-
tical schools, notably the scientific idealist Arcade, the prag-
matic Esta, the anarchist Prince Istar, and the capitalist
Baron Everdingen—of once more noble name—bandy their
theories as they prepare to scale the stary heights of the
barb demure ladsbache.

Sojourning in human lands the angels mingle with hu-
man society and utter pungent remarks of a typical A.
France nature in the midst of their ludicrously human
activities. Thus we hear that Piety, daughter of Heaven,
has marked out the hearts of the generals of the Third
Republic as her chosen dwelling-place on earth, and we
catch a glimpse of the abbe Patouille "hobbling along with
a dignity that seemed to foretell a mitre."

Nectaire, one of Lucifer's oldest companions, talks of
Anatole France's beloved period of classical antiquity, his
Golden Age, and paints it, in the course of a thumbnail
sketch of comic history, as a Satanic introduction. For
here we are back in the midst of the old nineteenth century
diabolistic literary movement—Lucifer is indeed the bearer
of light, a Prometheus on a grander scale, who cherishes the
abandoned human race from the depths to which he has
been cast and who brings knowledge and intelligence to man.
Plunged among human beings, the angels feel the stut-
ifying influence of a weak-willed group, directed not by
intelligence but by sentiments. Yet Arcade leads on the
revolt until they are ready to attack the hosts of Paradise,
who have been chilled by their supremacy and security to
indifference and stagnation of mind, who are opposed to all
that Nectaire finds desirable and good—liberty, curiosity
and doubt. But the revolt ends on the realization by Luci-
fer that given power he would lose sympathy, become fixed
and conform the all-important gifts, that the "love and
pity unknown to Heaven," gained at the cost of so much
pain, would give way to the complacency and sterility of
unsurpassable achievement. France's Satan is like Goethe's
an ever-doubting, ever-revolting Contradictor, but his Heav-
en is not a place of ever-rising infinite progress.

Around the angelic chief figure of the story, persons
whose incarnated form represents a humanized interplay
of abstract forces on a human level and who thus symbolize
France's striving towards and attempt to define a new hu-
manism, we have the terrestrial inhabitants — the worldly
(Maurice), or on tangible art (Gaetan), the old fanatic
Sariette, the collapse of whose soulless world of figures and
Sarete, the collapse of whose soulless world of figures and
books drives him mad, the not very brilliant but physically
attractive Mme des Aubels, a fitting mate for Maurice, the
ascetic politically-minded President, and so forth — all fit-
ting into the scene. They cast a continual human comment
on an action in which the ideal and the real are already
increasingly mingled.

Stylistically, as always, France is apparently simple as
careful study can make him. Not by accident are the
rhythmic balance of the sentence and the unchanging choice
of the most juste maintained. More erudite in language than
in such works as Thés, les Dieux ont soif, la Rotisserie de
la Reine Pedauque, and of course the Pierre series, France
here still has the art of saying what appears obvious once
it is said, but yet never is obvious.

E. H. Yarrill.
Alumni Notes

Births

BANFIELD—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on 9th November, 1941, to Captain S. M. Banfield, B.A. '28, M.O. Royal Rifles of Canada (Overseas), and Mrs. Banfield, a son, John Martin.

BRADLEY—To Mr. Wesley H. Bradley, B.A. '34, and Mrs. Bradley, on 28th November at the Sherbrooke Hospital, a daughter.

Engagements

HUME—The engagement is announced of Flying Officer W. G. M. Hume, M.'41, to Miss Suzanne Cochrane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emile Cochrane of Sorel.

DELANEY—The engagement is announced of Kathleen, daughter of the late Hon. John Hall Kelly, formerly High Commissioner from Canada to Egypt, and Mrs. John H. Kelly, to Mr. William Lawrence Delaney, B.A. '34, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Delaney of Quebec. The wedding has been arranged to take place quietly in Quebec early in January.

Deaths

ARCHIBALD—The Mitre records with regret the death of Hebert Archibald, K.C., which occurred on Sunday, August 31. Mr. Archibald, who was one of the graduates during the early years of this university, was the oldest solicitor of Manitoba, and a prominent business man in that province throughout his life. The Mitre extends its sympathy to Mr. Archibald's relatives.

GENERAL

KESTELL-CORNISH—The Rev'd G. Kestell-Cornish, L.S.T., '32, is named a prisoner of war in the War Office's 266th casualty list. He was presumably in the Chaplain Service. A report reached the University some time ago that a Bishop's man, who was a Chaplain with the R.E.F. in Greece, had refused to leave with the men who were evacuated, and insisted on remaining with those who had to risk capture by the Germans. The report emanated from a British officer who made his escape after the occupation of Greece by the Germans. It is probable that Mr. Kestell-Cornish is the man to whom he referred.

GIFFORD—It is now reported that Sgt. Observer Randall M. Gifford, M.'38, who was listed as missing on October 23, is a prisoner of war in Germany. In September Sgt. Observer Gifford's brother, Pilot Officer Melville H. Gifford, was reported to be in the hands of the enemy.

BARNETT—J. I. Barnett, M. '39, is reported to be with the R.A.F.

G. C. BORLASE, B.A. '36, is with one of the Canadian Sig-}

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R. MACKIE

The Mitre extends its sympathy to Mr. Archibald's relatives.

The following Bishop's men arrived in Hong Kong with the Canadian Expeditionary Force in November:

Capt. E. B. DENISON, B.A. '30.
Capt. S. M. BANFIELD, B.A. '28, M.D.
Lieut. A. R. S. Woodside, B.A. '41.
Capt. R. H. STEVENSON, M. '31, D.A.P.M., 1st Canadian Division.

In last reports Capt. R. H. STEVENSON, B.A. '28, M.D., was with the 5th Canadian Field Ambulance.

Lieut. J. E. RATTRAY, B.A. '34, is with No. 2 Artillery Holding Unit (Overseas).

Lieut. J. C. CHAPPELL, B.A. '36, is with the Ontario Regiment ( Tanks) Overseas.

Hon. Capt. the Rev'd A. V. OTTISWELL, B.A. '34, is a Chap-
Capt. S. M.

Major C. H. L.

cipated after the invasion of that country by the Germans, has not yet been established.

was a former student of Bishop's University. His identity

Lt. P. H.

following students: Lt. J. S.

States Marines; Lt. the Hon.

W. B. L

J. E. C.

Lt. A. R.

'S0; Capt.

E. E. CARTER, b. '38.

Recent callers at the University have been Lt. J. S.

Ewing, b. '36; Lt. E. C. CODD, b. '35, of the United

States Marines; Lt. the Hon. Lord SHAUGHNESSY, b. '41;

Lt. G. S. STAIRS, b. '41; Lt. H. E. MacKENZIE, b. '41;

Lt. A. R. TUCK, b. '41; Capt. W. E. TULL, b. '40; Lt.

J. C. BEATTY, b. '37; Lt. F. S. MURRAY, b. '39; Lt.

W. B. LUNDEKIN, b. '39; Lt. J. M. CARROLL, b. '40;

W. C. MACVEAN, b. '44; R.C.A.F.; R. J. HARKWOOD, m.

'S3, R.C.A.F.

ALEX. K. AMES, b. '34, graduated from Leids Uni-

versity, England, in 1940, with first-class honours in Chem-

istry. He arrived in Canada at the beginning of October,

having been loaned by the Imperial Chemical Company of

England in this University.

's3, Lt. E. E. C., is with a Motorcycle Corps

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THE MITRE

inspection, drawing rations, digging ditches, and going on route marches have all assumed a night-marish perspective, not at all in keeping with the invigorating and healthy life at military camp, always provided that you have escaped the minor scourages of poison ivy, lack of sleep and undernourishment, plus of course having your skin peeled off in layers by the kind sun. Though it isn't really as bad as this, if you look at it in the right light. Also read and enjoyed in the Trinity University Review were "Dateline Moscow", "On Appreciating Music", and others.

In its issue of November 7, the "Gateway" came out with a not too harmonious edition, to celebrate what we fondly thought was the opening of the goose season in Alberta, not bothering to check up whether geese on their annual trip down South stopped over in that western province. Well, as I was saying, brushing aside all minor obstacles in our path and with the aid of a Chinese interpreter, we made our way down one long column of thick black print, not having the faintest idea in our poor innocent minds what it was all about. Such excerpts as, "Her Daddy knew that ducklings supposed to be goslings about to be ganders always go for the ducklings supposed to be goslings about to be geese who are ravishing at least; since his little duckling supposed to be a gosling was far from even ordinary, daddy decided that he would tell her to waddle into the world and ask a duckling supposed to be a gosling about to be a gander to go puddling", bewildered us, to say the least, and we began to suspect the sad truth. Well then, one of our bright up-and-coming young friends slips us a clue and we come to the round about conclusion that all this fuss and worry is over Sadie Hawkins week-end, which the Albertans have done up in feathers. Why couldn't they have told us so at the beginning. Ah, My! . . . The Mitre would like to acknowledge receiving the following:

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