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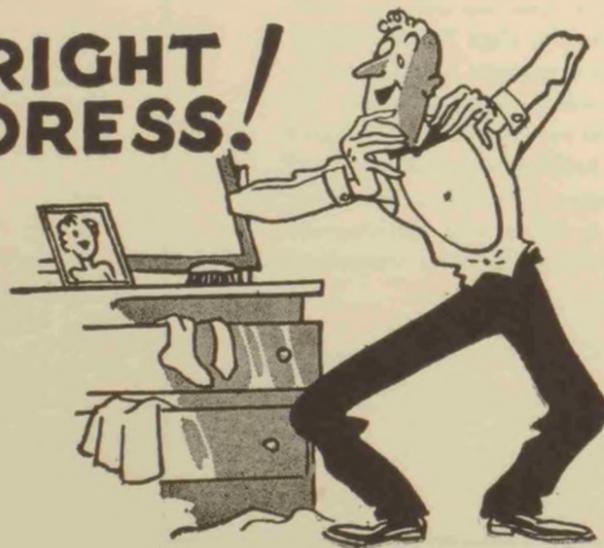
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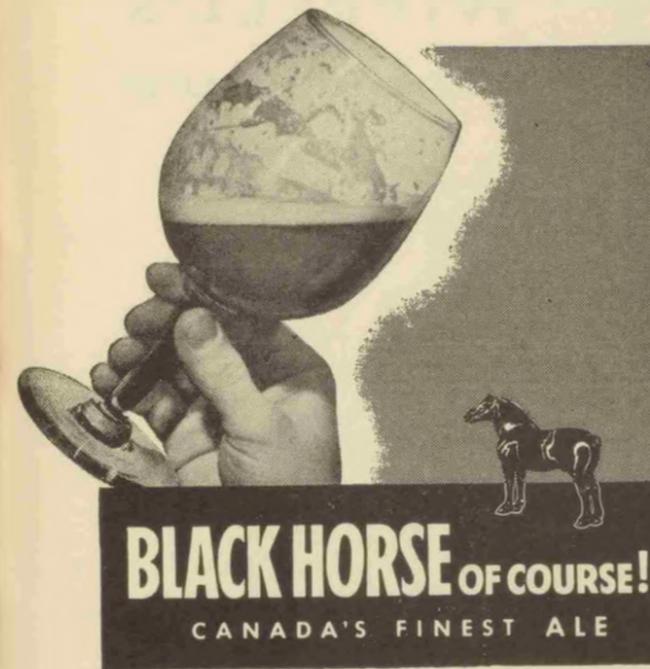
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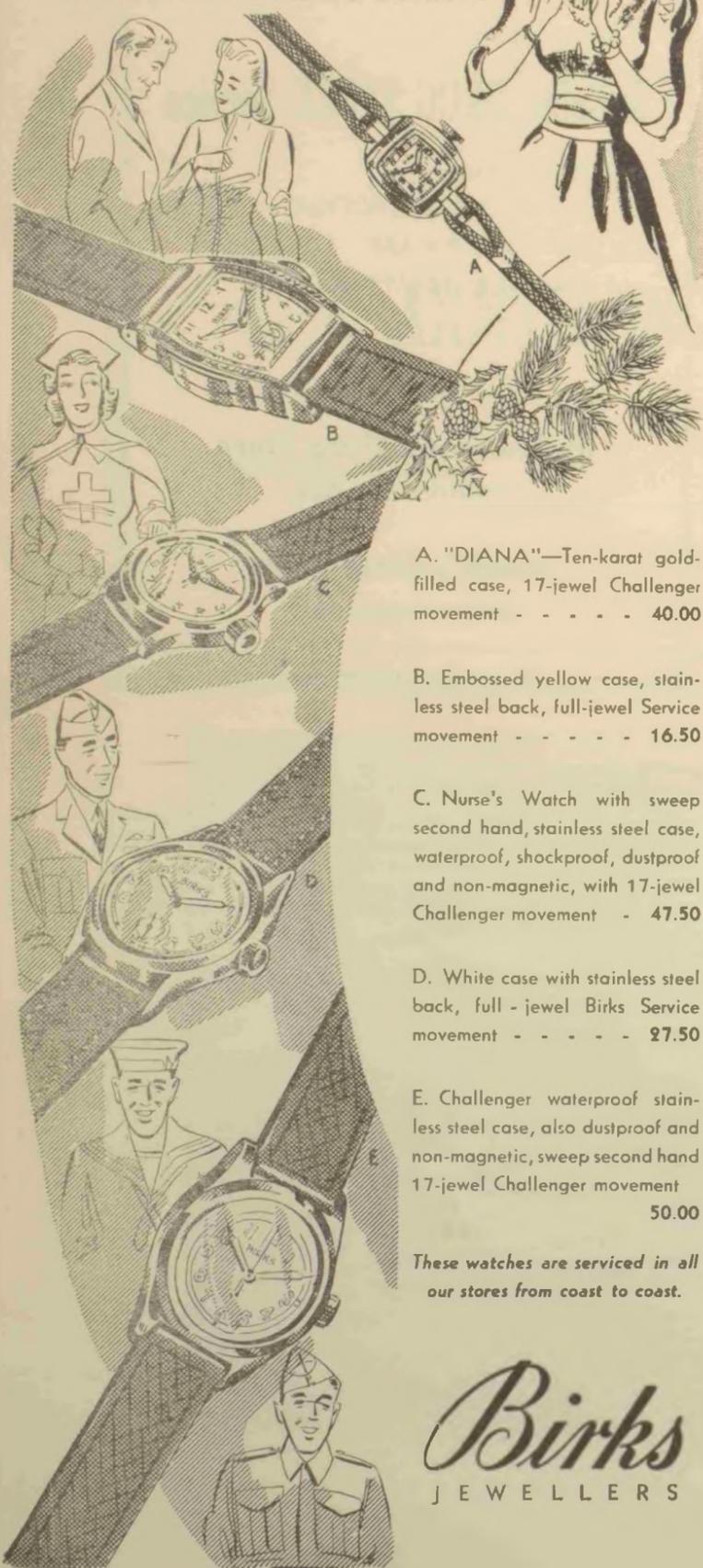
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## Editorial

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 get away with it. However, we firmly believe that we have a message to deliver to an unheeding world, and deliver it we will—even if the only person who has to suffer is the poor soul who has to set up the type. This evening, yes you guessed it, someone mentioned calmly at the dinner table that lectures stop on December the 6th. By a careful process of elimination we came to the brilliant conclusion that examinations must start sometime in the too near future. Then we remembered that the *Mitre* was supposed to come out somewhere in the neighbourhood of December 10, which, as someone so crudely put it, comes right in the middle of 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 been promised materialize 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 most good in the future. Such an idea has come to us several times 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 present conflict is not going to stay something in the distance, which, no matter how much we talk, seems very unlikely to ever effect us. In 1940 we, the students of Bishop's University, nearly precipitated a riot because the principal refused to allow us to demonstrate against Canada's war effort—we thought that she was not doing her share. As usual the principal proved to be more farseeing 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 we, 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 are the

students of other universities. The whole trouble lies in the unpleasant fact that too few of us realize the rare privilege it is for us to be able to attend an institution of this kind during wartime. While we go on living our normal, happy, sheltered lives within these tradition-aged walls, men are dying that we may go on living this very type of life. Do we show our appreciation of this fact by any useful demonstrations such as a salvage drive or a charity campaign such as most of the other universities have done, some of them more than once, since the war started? Yes—I believe that we have donated the magnificent sum of some \$100 to various war organizations in the last three years—a sum which we think nothing of spending on a couple of dances. To use the jargon of modern diplomacy, we may say that every university has a mission to fulfill in holding up the best attainable exemplar of an essentially peacetime organization existing for the good of the commonweal 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 "laissez faire" 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 do one or two things of which we may be proud—among them was the sending of material aid to Greece, and in this issue appears a letter from the students of the University of Athens thanking us. It is a stirring letter and one which would do us all a lot of good to read.

As we stated in our first paragraph, we have learned a surprising amount from our first attempt at journalism, and it seems fitting to now have some sort of a declaration of principles. The ideal of every journalist should not be solely the presentation of facts, but, more especially, presenting those facts in such a way that the reader could not possibly be biased by the method of presentation. It is our firm belief that this is one of the most vital aspects of democracy—that the people be told the truth in such a way as to allow them to form their OWN opinions. One of the worst features of party politics is that a liberal's account of an event probably does not bear even a recognizable similarity to that of a conservative. Usually the actual truth lies somewhere between the two, and it is up to the publications of this or any other democracy to determine *what the truth is and to present it to the people in an unbiased*

(Concluded on page 32)

## The Poetry of Robert Frost

Prof. W. O. RAYMOND

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 this period the season of the Indian summer of New England.

So far as local colour is involved, the transition from the New England of the eighteen-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 roseate hues. The old, stable order of things in the Eastern States has been broken up by the great Western migration. Rural communities in particular have had their strength sapped 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. The traditions 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 of the old Puritan stock left to maintain these and to quicken a new birth, after the incoming aliens of different breed have been grafted into it. If we seek a true and comprehensive portrait of rural New England, we must turn not merely to the stark record of Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*, where the glowing lava of tortured human passions seems to smoulder in the crater of a dying volcano, but to the pages of Robert Frost's poetry, where lights alternate with shadows, and the core of country life is revealed as still sound and wholesome, despite worm-holes that infest the rind.

Since the death of Edwin Arlington Robinson, the position of Robert Frost as the foremost living American poet is unchallenged. There are other poets who equal or surpass him in the breadth and variety of their themes, but no one who rivals him in the fidelity, depth, and native power with which he handles his poetic material. He combines descriptive and reflective faculties in a higher degree than any of

his contemporaries.

The first note of Frost's poetry is that of unswerving sincerity. Whittier's romanticized portrayal of the New England country-side, combined with his tender Quaker mysticism, has its own charm. But Frost sees Nature without the intervention of rose-coloured windows. He is realistic, and his eye, like that of Wordsworth, is right on the object.

With respect to poetic form, Frost is a modernist without being a radical. He has never experimented with free verse. His favourite metre is blank verse, but blank verse differing in some ways from conventional models. He is particularly sensitive to what may be defined as speech tones and rhythms, aiming to reproduce without the use of dialect the racy, idiomatic, colloquial speech of rural New England. He has always been an attentive listener, and he has called his verses "talk poems." Yet he has not been trapped by the snare of a drab, flat, mechanical realism. He is a pictorial rather than a photographic realist. In homely but inimitable fashion, Frost has described his conception of art.

There are two types of realist—the one who offers a good deal of dirt with his potato to show that it is a real one; and the one who is satisfied with the potato brushed clean. I'm inclined to be the second kind. . . . To me, the thing that art does for life is to clean it, to strip it to form.

The test of such a realistic type of art as that of Frost is the ability of the poet to treat a rustic theme without making it trite, dull, and commonplace. Modern idyllic poetry is difficult to write, since elevation of style and content must flow naturally out of and not be incompatible with the seemingly humble though elemental character of the pastoral subject matter. To transmute such material to art requires native sincerity and penetrative insight on the part of the poet, deprived as he is of the specious advantages of a glittering rhetoric or a pseudo-romantic veneer. Wordsworth's *Michael* is a triumph of idyllic poetry, while Tennyson's *Dora* is a failure. Frost's *The Death of the Hired Man* is an idyllic poem based on as lowly a theme 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 has been led by Silas, the hired man.

Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,  
And nothing to look backward to with pride,  
And nothing to look forward to with hope,  
So now and never any different.

The warm-hearted compassion of Mary for Silas is to be illustrated. Note how the verse glides spontaneously and

almost imperceptibly into the sphere of a genuine romantic beauty and tenderness.

Part of a moon was falling down the west,  
 Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.  
 Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw  
 And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand  
 Among the harp-like morning-glory strings,  
 Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,  
 As if she played unheard the tenderness  
 That wrought on him beside her in the night.  
 "Warren," she said, "he has come home to die;  
 You needn't be afraid he'll leave you this time."

Then the poem descends to the lower ground of colloquial realism, if utterances which so poignantly voice in simple words the essence of what we mean by Home can be called a descent. The dialogue between Warren and Mary continues:

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?"

It all depends on what you mean by home.  
 Of course he's nothing to us, any more  
 Than was the hound that came a stranger to us  
 Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail."

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,  
 They have to take you in."

"I should have called it  
 Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

The genius of Robert Frost is receptive and contemplative rather than active and passionate. He is content to wait upon Nature. Yet, while he has a sensitive faculty of observation, he is not a mere recorder. He adds to this fidelity of perception inner qualities of thought and reflection. There is an underlying philosophy of life in his poetry, a tolerant, whimsical, soberly optimistic, and wise vision of reality. Individuality of voice is linked with individuality of viewpoint. Often a general truth of life is illustrated through a common and homely occurrence. What Shakespeare has in mind when he refers to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," Frost conveys to us in simpler guise in a poem called *Birches*:

It's when I'm weary of considerations,  
 And life is too much like a pathless wood  
 Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs  
 Broken across it, and one eye is weeping  
 From a twig's having lashed across it open.

The mending of a stone wall between adjoining farms, the splitting of a cord of wood in the presence of tramps who arrive "in mud-time," the phenomenon of a New England brook running westward instead of eastward, are themes associated by Frost with generalizations which have deep human and even philosophic significance.

During two of the years of my residence in Ann Arbor,

I had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Robert Frost, who at that time held a sort of peripatetic professorship of poetry at the University of Michigan. I still have a vivid impression of a man of absolute sincerity of character and manner, self-controlled but sympathetic, with a quiet level voice, greying hair, and keen but kindly eyes. I recall the unconscious charm of his approach to college students; and how, chatting with them in a perfectly informal way, he had a genius for arousing and quickening their interest in poetry. I can never read his verses without mentally hearing the cadences of his voice.

In conclusion I will cite two of the shorter poems of Frost. The first, entitled *The Runaway*, is an example of the interfusion of simplicity and realism in his poetry.

Once when the snow of the year was beginning to fall,  
 We stopped by a mountain pasture to say, "Whose colt?"

A little Morgan had one forefoot on the wall,  
 The other curled at his breast. He dipped his head  
 And snorted to us. And then he had to bolt.  
 We heard the miniature thunder where he fled.  
 And we saw him, or thought we saw him, dim and gray,  
 Like a shadow against the curtain of falling flakes.  
 "I think the little fellow's afraid of the snow.  
 He isn't winter-broken. It isn't play  
 With the little fellow at all. He's running away.  
 I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes,  
 It's only weather.' He'd think she didn't know!  
 Where is his mother? He can't be out alone."  
 And now he comes again with a clatter of stone  
 And mounts the wall again with whited eyes  
 And all his tail that isn't hair up straight.  
 He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies.  
 "Whoever it is that leaves him out so late,  
 When other creatures have gone to stall and bin,  
 Ought to be told to come and take him in."

The second poem which I will cite, is an example of the way Frost can conjoin magic, wisfulness, romance of utterance, with the representation of an ordinary and familiar experience of rural life. It is called *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*.

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
 His house is in the village though;  
 He will not see me stopping here  
 To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
 To stop without a farmhouse near  
 Between the woods and frozen lake  
 The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
 To ask if there is some mistake.  
 The only other sound's the sweep  
 Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
 But I have promises to keep,  
 And miles to go before I sleep,  
 And miles to go before I sleep,

## If I Were Dictator

G. H. DAY

*HUMOUR* - Perhaps you think the idea is absurd. Perhaps you think it is funny, or perhaps, and even more likely, you won't even give it a thought. If that's the way you feel, you had better be careful, because the day may not be so far off. Just yesterday I was contemplating a putsch; 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 hear them shouting now. "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, here is a 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 anyone 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 wretches, 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—Tagsgarten, in the most peaceful part of the country. Hundreds of guards (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 doubles, if such are anywhere to be found, purely for the sake of confusing me in order that my mind may be kept from any work that my stooges 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-

beds the land can produce. All my ash-trays will be emptied as soon as they contain the remnants of one cigarette, and my beer shall have a bead not exceeding one-quarter of an inch in depth. When I get restless, I will invade something or have an all-out anti-Christian campaign. When I become weary with the world, I'll spend the evening in my opera house, listening to Tchaikowsky, or, if I feel so inclined, snap my fingers for my dancing girls. When I feel in need of someone to talk to, I'll summon my ministers and give a five-hour oration on anything that comes into my head, and when I can't think of anything to say myself, I shall call upon my minister of propaganda to say a few words for the general enlightenment of the people.

All my baked potatoes will be injected with butter while they are still hot, and I'll have a palmistry expert to guide my every move. My bedroom will be hung with mauve tapestries, and I'll have several mauve ties with my symbol (ever-decreasing concentric circles) embroidered thereon. I'll anoint my head with oil several times a day, and all my cups will be provided with saucers for when they run over.

There are also a lot of things that I'm going to do for the general good. It has always been a source of worry to me that a multitude of things have been put in our way apparently just for the sake of confusion. Repeating decimals, for instance. Or, why is a circle? The Japanese came pretty close to clearing things up when they issued an edict decreeing that from then on the value of pi would be 3, instead of 3 point something that never quite worked out, despite the fact that a large number of men had spent their entire lives trying to find where it stopped being just something and became a number. This however was but a half-way measure. They still had a number. I will have no numbers. I will abolish numbers. Not only numbers, but also facts. No longer will two equal things be equal, nor will two rights make a wrong, and whether rolling stones gather moss or not will remain uncertain. Thus the sordid will be removed from our lives (if we have lives), and the aesthetic will fill our souls. Labour and capitalism will be forgotten things.

This has all been merely a first warning, but as there may not be a second, you had better get rid of your treasures on earth before I set the moths and thieves on them, because if I decide to take over there will be only one guy who is going to do any dusting around here and that's me.

## '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.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But a black Chrysler car with eight cylindeers,  
With a little old driver, so calm and so still,  
I knew it must be the man from the hill!  
More noisy than rhinos his horn he blew,  
He whistled and shouted and called all he knew.  
"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder! and Blitzen—  
To the top of the Lodge, to the top of the wall,  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky.  
So, up to the building top, car and man flew,  
With a car full of marks—and that gentleman, too.

And then in a twinkling, I heard 'way up higher,  
The sliding and slipping of each little tire.  
As I drew in my head and was turning around,  
Down the chimney this gentleman came with a bound:  
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
But his clothes weren't all tarnished with ashes and soot:  
A bundle of marks he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just op'ning his pack.  
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the frost on his chin was as white as the snow.  
The cigarette holder held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly  
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf:  
And I shudder'd when I saw him in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know that I had plenty to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled in all marks: then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his car, on his horn gave a blast,  
And away they all drove as he shouted, "Avast!"  
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

## Ode To Herodotus

The work of the ancient Herodotus  
Means nothing at all to a lot-of-us,  
And the quickest of looks  
At one of his books  
Will show what absolute rot-it-is.

—G. H. Day.

R. J. CARPENTER, JR.

## Fall Camp

**HUMOUR** - Ker-choo! Who in blazes opened that tent flap?

"Good morning, sir," a cheery voice called from outside. At least it was meant to sound cheery—we know this because on warm mornings it did sound cheery.

The figure in the sleeping bag stirred reluctantly and muttered imprecations which might be translated to mean that the batman was released from duty for the rest of the morning and for the rest of camp. But alas the batman was an old soldier and used to the queer ways of junior officers on cold morning-afters. Instead of gracefully taking his departure he unconcernedly went on undoing the tent flap and placed the tray with the two cups of coffee on it so that the fragrant aroma would be wafted gently to the nostrils of the two sleeping "looies." This time the one on the right, he was the proud owner of a cot, was the first to weaken. With a great effort he managed to get his head off the pillow—or what had once been laughingly termed a pillow—and wondered aloud whether if he put his arm out to take a cup of coffee anything would happen to it. The rather discouraging reply from the lump in the sleeping bag was to be sure to let it know the results of the experiment. At this point the batman saw fit to intervene with the untactful remark that it was only a few degrees below freezing that morning and that it must be at least several degrees warmer than that inside the tent. Thus encouraged he off the cot gingerly put out an arm and seized the cup nearest to him. The lump was beginning to snore comfortably again but was rudely awakened by the batman shouting in its ear that the coffee was good only while it remained lukewarm. With a sigh I opened my eyes and wearily took a cup of coffee meanwhile gently maligning Hay (the occupant of the cot) for not having got me to bed earlier. Hay, "our cute little orderly officer," as the colonel's wife insisted on calling him, replied indignantly that it was I who was to blame for getting them entangled in that bull-session in the officer's mess.

Just then a loud, raucous, voice bawled from the next tent not to forget that the colonel expected all junior officers to do 15 minutes P. T. before breakfast—at 7.30. The sleeping bag exploded, the cot collapsed, and two seconds later two more pyjama-clad figures were going through the exercises designed to "bring out the best in man, and get rid of that sleepy feeling."

On parade that morning the officer in charge of training informed me joyfully that I would be O. C. of the 27th. Field Brigade for the day—I was to have them do fieldcraft. Trying to look properly flattered I said, "Yes sir." Saluted smartly, turned about smartly, and fell flat on my face as I remembered that I didn't have the foggiest



R. E. DUVAL

notion as to what fieldcraft was. Heading for the nearest sergeant major I was soon informed that fieldcraft was a sort of manoeuvre whereby the troops were got out of sight of all nosey officers and allowed to repose blissfully from mealtime to mealtime. That day was a great success—and so was I until the officer showed up at the tent somewhere in the early evening and remarked graciously that he hoped the men had profited a great deal from the practical application of what they had been studying in theory for such a long time. While Hay listened admiringly I told the officer how much we had accomplished during the day. I even went into detail. When I ran out of breath he looked at me and said, "How do you define fieldcraft?"

"The science of getting men out of the way of nosey officers," I replied without thinking.

Hay solemnly—"That isn't quite what he means sir."

## To The Students of the United States and Canada

Athènes, le 6 avril, 1941.

Dear Fellow Students:

Accept our profound gratitude for the material aid which you are giving us and for your genuine sympathy in the cause for which we are fighting. We shall never forget that you have come to our assistance when we needed you most.

Ours is the happy lot to be fighting for the nation where democracy emerged. We are glad for the privilege to make the supreme sacrifice for our Christian faith and national freedom. Our religious and democratic heritage will be defended to the last student. For us, as it was for our ancestors, there is but one choice—*liberty or death*.

We do not know how much more destruction these scientific barbarians will bring on our land and on the rest of Europe before they are whipped but we are certain that their doom is near. After they are defeated, victors and vanquished must work together for lasting peace and world brotherhood.

We wish it were possible to convey in person our deep appreciation for your kindness and be assured that we shall remain indebted to you for ever.

Faithfully yours,

The Students of The University of Athens.

By (For fear of reprisals, The American Hellenic Student Committee deems it wise to omit the names of the signers of this letter.)

## Huletide Greetings

We extend to our Friends the  
Compliments of the Season,  
and in doing so express our  
appreciation of the confidence  
placed in us during the year  
now closing.

Printers of Advertising That Sells

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## The Football Game

J. D. SAVAGE

(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 practices in the rink and in the rain on the football field, culminated by the sweeping attack on the opposing lineman 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, hon. 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 beurrées" 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 stupidly been placed too high above the ground. Somewhere 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 leering sensuously down at the mud on the field, as though wondering whether or not. The decision was apparently not, for shortly after the game had started again, one of THEIR star insides, 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 the convert was even worse this time. At this point the New Arts looked definitely discouraged; no doubtless thinking. In order to cheer them up, one of THEIR supporters undertook to lead the New Arts freshmen in a little cheer. Being innocent freshmen they never suspected the true identity of the helpful senior until at the end of the row it became apparent that they had been

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 more 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. Here the fact that Bishop's possess more Smiths than Bishop's know what to do with began to operate against THEIR team. Certain mathematical laws decree that it will only be a matter of time before one of the Smiths bobs up where THEY don't want him. This time it was Smith (of the Three Rivers Smiths) who reached out his hands and intercepted the pass. O mournful day! Galoo, Galay! Such great consternation struck THEIR ranks that THEY almost forgot to tackle the intruder. When he was finally brought to bay by the Old Lodge hunters, it was found that he had almost reached the forbidden midfield stripe. This will never do. "Team Back!" "Infantry never won a battle in the days of Feudalism," says a voice from the darkness of the outer circle. An incompleting forward pass resulting from this pearl of wisdom, the meeting came to the conclusion that the P. B. I. has to win the battles in the end and so the ball was given to crashing Ed Stevens to carry through for yards. Thus encouraged, THEY put on

a spurt and it was only a matter of minutes before Williamson again staggered over the line for the fourth touchdown (But still no convert).

And so we come to the final chapter of this thrilling story, with the score standing at 20-0. The New Arts were still trying with all of their considerable force to pierce the armor of THEY. Led by Templeton, McKell et al. they crashed again and again against the solid front presented by THEIR line. One crash in particular will live long in the memory of THE spectator, although it was not contributed by—et al. Duval having allowed his shoulder to advance too far in front of the main body, found himself in need of refreshment. Gale and his pale dashed madly out onto the field. Half way across he remembered his military history and decided that he could progress more rapidly on his stomach. He did, and he didn't. After this there was nothing THEY could do but score another touchdown. The quarter, completely stymied by now for something to do, suddenly remembered the amazing feature known as the cut-back. The technical details are a secret, unknown even to THEY, but suffice to say that it worked and Carpenter galloped over the line entirely unmolested. (No prizes will be given to any who guess correctly that the convert failed utterly.)

Thus came to a close the most memorable football game to take place at Bishop's this year. Shortly after, sweet sounds were heard emanating from the Grill Room of the Hotel Gym, and had anyone been curious enough to look they might have seen the rival players fraternizing gaily on the dance floor, all their cares and worries forgotten. Vive le sport (et la femme!)



## Paleolithic Interlude

R. J. CARPENTER, JR.

*HUMOUR.*—"Daisy, will you go skiing with me today?—the snow is fine for it," called Howard to the girl he had been courting for several years.

"Of course, dear, I'd love to—just a minute while I smooth out the wax I put on earlier," replied Daisy, a ravishing specimen of true dinosaur beauty. "Did you have a busy morning at the office?"

"Things were a bit slack—there were only a few orders that came in. I cleaned those up early, and here I am," coyly answered her saurian lover. "I had to fire that young dinosaur that started with us last week—his manners were atrocious, and in his position as office boy, we just can't stand for that. Customers are easily offended, you know dear."

"I'd glad you were able to get away—I was just hoping you'd drop around."

They strapped their skis on the rack on the side of Howard's convertible Buick, and roared off to a popular ski spot on a nearby mountain. There were a large number of other ski enthusiasts on hand, but the hill was not too crowded for good sport. After several runs down the hill, their arms tiring from using the tow so steadily, they retired to the lodge for a couple of hot buttered rums to warm and soothe them. In the restaurant, which was operated by a Greek sabre-tooth tiger, and which was called "The Greasy Spoon," they joined a large group of friends, sitting at a big table drinking and eating. Inside the restaurant their ski boots made a loud noise on the floor, and there were tiny puddles of water under everybody's feet where the snow had melted. Finishing their drinks, Daisy and Howard decided to ski home on the trail through the woods and made arrangements for one of their friends to take the car to Daisy's house.

Starting down the trail, they played a game of stump-the-leader, with Daisy leading the way. She raced in and out among the trees, once grasping a large overhanging branch with her tail to execute a miraculous turn—Howard attempted the same feat and fell flat on his large face. Daisy laughed and helped him to his feet. Running down a straight they noticed a dark form in the trees just off the path. Wondering what it was, they went closer and discovered a hunter. As it was dusky, they could not discern his features very well, and since they did not like his attitude, they threatened him with extinction—or at least serious damage. He pleaded with them feebly to spare him saying, "I'm a dinosaur, too, really I am." They hesitated at this revelation, and upon closer inspection, they saw that

it was the young son of one of Daisy's neighbours.

"Any luck?" inquired the now friendly Howard who was a bit of a hunter himself, having spent several seasons grouse hunting at his lodge in Scotland and a year in Africa hunting mammoths.

"Not very good today, Mr. Arlington. I've been roaming around most of the afternoon, and only saw a couple of birds—I shot at them but did not bring them down," answered Albert—for this was the name of the youthful hunter.

"Too bad," sympathized Daisy, who really was glad he had not killed anything because she was one of the gentlest dinosaurs that ever lived. That was one of the very few objections Howard had to the girl as a matter of fact. She was a most interesting companion in every type of activity, and she was extremely popular in their set. Her looks were one of her best features—brown wavy hair and large brown eyes—the kind that make strong men weak and weak men feel frustrated. The only objection to this match was the fact that Howard always had to soft-pedal talk of his hunting trips and of his business deals in which he had taken advantage of the other party. Daisy could not bear to think of anyone being hurt, no matter how slightly.

The couple were waiting for Howard's business to emerge from a temporary (at least they hoped it was temporary, and even the most reliable oracle in the country—the one at Belthi had said it was only temporary) slump before announcing their engagement and being married. Each month Howard eagerly scanned the figures for an indication of a business increase, but in vain so far—and they were obliged to carry on in this pleasant but sometimes unsatisfactory unmarried state until the dinosaur gods (and there were a lot of them) smiled on them. Howard had cut office expenses to the bare minimum, and had engaged an efficiency expert—a rather likable dinosaur who after graduation from college had specialized at a foreign school in this type of work, and who was readily accepted into the younger set of dinosaurs around the city—to discover any leaks or bottlenecks in the business. When the efficiency expert first came to town—his name was Harold Barlow—he had shown considerable interest in Daisy, but had since been thoroughly discouraged not only by Daisy who had eyes only for Howard, but by the way in which all the people around town automatically linked up Howard and Daisy in their minds every time they thought of the charming young couple. Howard had been not a little worried by the thought of this competition—Harold was no slouch,

he had just about everything that appeals to sensible young girls—but a few months told the story, and of course Howard had emerged unscathed. 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—I must get the invitations out immediately, and then the wedding will be on the 28th, 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!" 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 broad shoulder. She knew this would be her 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 nothings 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 sisterly 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 anticlimatically, 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 as a child that the epoch through which he was to 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 only having twenty. How silly those thoughts during the silence in November 1939 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

Prof. A. V. RICHARDSON

The votaries of one-act plays  
Once more have set the world ablaze.  
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<sup>1</sup> were played at last.  
(See foot notes, if you want the cast.)

\* \* \*

"Good Medicine" set forth the life  
Of struggling Doctor Graves<sup>2</sup> and wife.<sup>3</sup>  
Through lack of patients, food and cash  
Their wedded life's about to crash.  
Things are set right by Mrs. Sage<sup>4</sup>  
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 creditable acting skill,  
But 'twould have been still better, if  
The cast had been a shade less stiff.

\* \*

Complexes and sub-conscious fires  
Were smouldering in "Suppressed Desires,"  
Psychoanalysis its theme  
And hinging on a curious dream  
Which unsophisticated Mabel<sup>5</sup>  
Related at the breakfast table  
To Henrietta,<sup>6</sup> who enjoyed  
The strange ideas of Doctor Freud  
(And much annoyed her husband Steve<sup>7</sup>  
Who shewed a most decided peeve.)  
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,

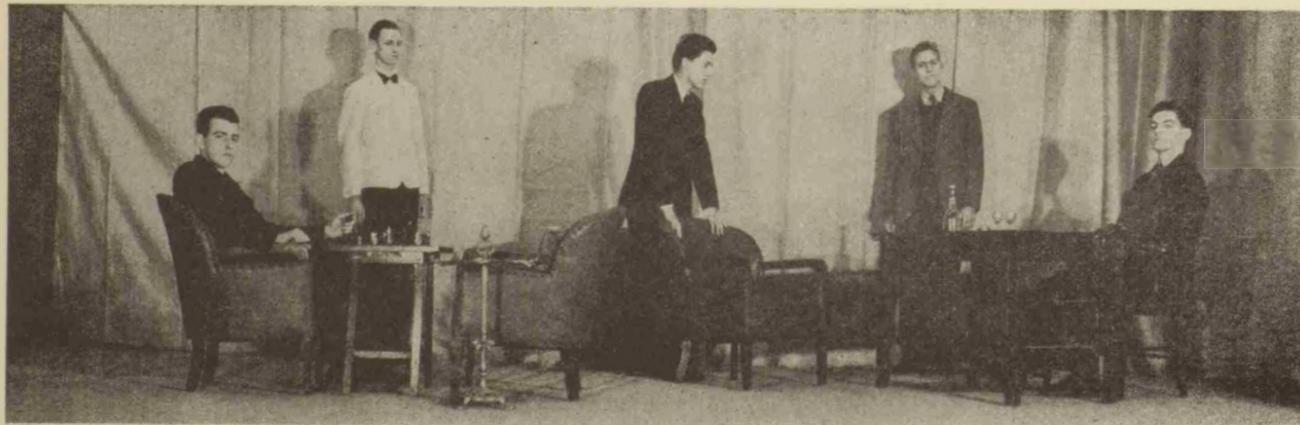
## The Three One-Act Plays



"Good Medicine"



"Suppressed Desires"



"The Game of Chess"

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  
o let us call them X<sup>9</sup> and Y.<sup>9</sup>)

X is busy playing chess with Constantine<sup>10</sup> his friend  
The game is interrupted when the footman<sup>11</sup> 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<sup>12</sup> 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<sup>13</sup>—  
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—Boris Ivanovitch Shamrayeff, Silvio Narizzano.  
10 Peter Kingston, 11 Roy Pierce  
12 Lydia Aboud, Madeleine Dupuis, 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 - - - and OURS

**Y**OUR 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 simply the carrying out of yours.

**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

## Stage Stooges

R. A. LINDSAY

*(With due apologies to all concerned, and a rousing chorus of "For we are jolly good fellows.")*

**SATYRE** - It is near the end of term—the First term. "So what?" you ask. There is a hammering, a pounding, a sawing, a nailing, a swearing. "So what," you ask, "is this?" One fact is noticed: the noise comes from the gym. "So what," you ask, "is this noise?" And here beginneth my tale of woe, of sorrow, of sackcloth and ashes. For in the gym of Little-Oxford-on-the-Massawippi River there began the commotion of the Three One-Act Plays. To the uninitiated this means nothing. It meant nothing to the freshmen who volunteered to act as property boys. It meant nothing to the audiences. But it meant something to the Senior Stage Stooge. And he debated whether to drown or to shoot himself.

The gym of Bish-on-the-Hill rocked on its foundations. A brick or two flew out into the cold night. Here and there a pane of glass shattered quietly to itself. Now and again a floorboard collapsed with a muttered twang. The clock chimed two, but no one noticed. A quick glimpse would reveal a blue-coloured cloud filling the interior of the building. If the glimpser was able to find his way out he would emerge with a haste which if not dignified was at least swift. Some reported the presence of a dragon with horns ten feet long. Others swore that there were mushroom rooms everywhere. Still others reported that they with their own eyes had seen New York. And the scoffers laughed, but did not enter.

But lo, there were in that den of unknown terrors those heroes unsung of the drama, the Stage Stooges. With hammer, saw, and chisel, miracles were wrought. With paint and more paint were they beautified. With tacks, string, and chewing-gum, were they held together. But thus it was that even this den of unknown terrors was to the Stage Stooges were a den of known ones. Day and night were there troubles and sorrowing; no longer were human ideals the strong foundations of life. The thought of rest was to them a far-distant gleam of the promised heaven. A lecture was something one read of in the college calendar. Hammers pounded, saws sawed, men swore, all to the familiar refrain of "For we are jolly good fellows." Here and there came a snatch of the Anvil Chorus. Gramophone records blared jazz tunes. And over all hung the blue-coloured cloud filling the interior of the building.

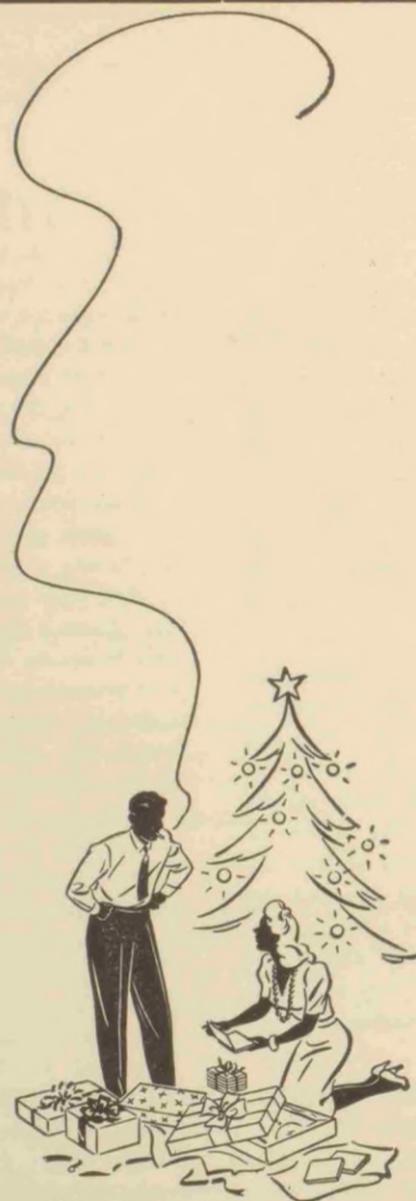
And slowly the cloud dispersed. Ceased was the hammering, gone was the sawing, no longer was to be heard a swear-word. A deathly silence overhung the building—once gym and now theatre. A terrible hush covered the interior, that crept out over the scoffers, laughing shakily. One by one the braver crept in. One by one they crawled through the part-opened door into the fading blue fog. And there the full vision of outstanding wonder was theirs to behold—the stage in all its majesty stood ready and waiting, a piece of work to which Bishopites might point and say, "There is the Drama!"

And so it happened that while Bishopites pointed and said "There is the Drama!" unquote, the four Stage Stooges were becoming frantier and frantier. The three dramas were proceeding; but not so the Stooges. One of them was sitting in a property armchair with a cigarette in his hand, dozing off. Another was stuffing something in his back pocket and looking for a key. Another was sticking feathers in his hair and muttering, "Lovily, what?" The last was sitting under the switchboard with a vacant look on his face.

At last came the long-awaited cry, "The show must go on!" The dozer wakes, the pocket-stuffer finds his key, the lovily one stops muttering, the vacant pan pulls switches. The curtain flies open; and there, on the stage, is The Drama! The show went on.

Of the dramas, little can I say. You have seen them for yourselves. You have judged them in the light of fairness and righteousness. You have applauded the heroine and hissed the villain and cheered the hero. But of the Stage Stooges, what? Had you but known how nearly the step-ladder fell through the locked door as it swung gently in the breeze, how nearly the window frame collapsed, the dramas might have held in store extra thrills. Yet you knew not. What more can I say?

But we must return to our Stage Stooges. In familiar pose they remain living still the last curtain is pulled, till the last record is turned, till the last scene is changed. And when the last person leaves the hall, from out the curtains comes a little troop of Stage Stooges, one behind the other, heading for bed. And as they disappear from sight over the horizon, the wings of the breeze carries back the last words of a muttered chorus—"That everyone will deny—lovily, what?"



"Any loot, darling?"

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

**SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES**

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



## 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 dejectedly 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 expectancy. 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 goodly number of smiling, in fact beaming airmen step down the gang plank.

No sooner does your foot touch the dock than you are whisked into a waiting bus; by the time you have collected your jumbled thoughts you are many miles inland. It is as black as pitch when you climb from your means of transport. You have no flashlight so you can't even guess where it is. In any case you couldn't use a flashlight if there was one. Some NCO's voice breaks through the darkness and stings you to the very soul.

"Fall in there, fall in!" After much treading upon and being treaded on, you are marching in some semblance of marching order—you can't see the fellow next to you but you know some soul is there. From there you go on a three-

mile route march through total blackness. A 100-lb. pack rests upon everybody's back, the air is bitterly cold, the ground wet, and your stomach empty. Someone in the rear wanted to know why in the name of h—n anyone wanted to defend such a country as this; remarks were few but these no self-respecting person would repeat. For two days our nerves were numb—we couldn't find a warm spot any where; on the second day the sun came out for almost ten minutes, and the advantage taken of the comparative warmth was to get under way again.

It was a matter of hours before we arrived at our training depot, and a matter of ten 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 gibbering 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 myriads of slot machines—queer-looking things, 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 rather dishonestly released a half-penny ticket. I gleamed at the narrow strip of paper that the machine had so unwillingly given up, and proceeded to select the wrong passageway down to the trains. Every few minutes a gush 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 with the tube neatly fitted on both ends. There was a sign with "Paddington" written on it, but the place was so full of ads 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

definitely for the candidate Mazatlan and the rest of the country for Camacho. One afternoon, walking down a main street with a friend of mine, I yielded to an irresistible impulse, stopped, and shouted, "Viva Camacho!" It was a reckless thing to do, as I soon noticed from the sinister scowls of many of the men, so we ducked into a small shop, and waited an hour before we dared come out.

The greatest charm of this country is found in the rustic life of the peon, nearly always of pure Indian blood. There are three main types of people in Mexico. There is the Castillian, Spaniard, the real Mexican Indian who has lived there since the Aztecs, and then the man in-between, in whose blood is a mixture of both types, and who manifests the undesirable qualities of both. The way of life of the Mexican Indian has changed little in centuries and they still live in their adobe huts, still keep a small herd of goats grazing on a nearby mountain, and still make and drink their famous tequila and puaque, made from juices extracted from the abundant cactus plants.

Their bill of fare is simple and spicy. Ground corn, mixed with water and toasted into large, round wafers will, according to them, go with anything. One dish that I have always liked is the Mexican rice cooked à la Mexicaine. They spice it thoroughly with chile, and the final product is guaranteed to bring tears to the eyes and make you hang your tongue out for an hour or two to cool it. The Mexican spices all the food that he thinks should be spiced. Their car is the lop-eared, slow burro that does everything from carrying people to grinding corn. One always sees the man of the house riding the burro while the wife trots along beside him, probably carrying a sack of potatoes or the child. Invariably a foreigner asks why the man does not let the wife ride instead. Their simple philosophy is epitomized in the quaint reply of the man on the burro, pointing out the fact, "but you can see, señor, she has no burro."

## Mexico

**TRAVEL** — This is a short article about Mexico, that land of revolutions, bandits, gaiety and romance. At best it is a series of impressions of Mexico, though somewhat blurred by eight years of my school life in Canada.

The general opinion of Mexico is that of a land overrun by bandits with huge sombreros, ruled by a black-haired, bushy-browed president who keeps his position by virtue of a knife or a pistol in his hip pocket; all living in a sun-baked and uncivilized country. Many of Mexico's largest cities are perhaps even more modern than many of our largest cities in both appearance and construction. Mexico City is built on a large, partially dried-up lake, on foundations that go far beneath the earth to rest on hard rock. Nearly all its buildings have a striking beauty in the simple, yet forceful lines of their architecture. The beautiful Bellas Artes—building of fine arts—is so massively built that it settles on its foundations a certain amount every year, but engineers think that in a few more years it will come to rest. There are many long avenidas that run the length of the city. One in particular, which runs from Chapurtepes Park straight down into the business section of the city, was designed by Carlotta, wife of Maximilian, first emperor of Mexico. She also designed the gloriets on it—large, round circles at regular intervals—to be used either for monuments or flower beds. She had the circles, about 50 yards in diameter, built every five blocks apart. This Avenida del Paseo is one of the most beautiful drives in Mexico City.

It is during an election day that Mexico really comes into the news, as people look for the inevitable headlines of the people killed on and after election day. The milling crowds in the streets become frenzied, some person shoots a gun at random and the fun is on. For days afterwards, after the last election, I watched funerals pass our house all day long. I remember one amusing incident that happened about a week before the election. Mexico City was

## 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 day 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 soot (we have not seen any): all the trimmings, in fact.

At the moment as I said, we are 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 shave again. 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 manoeuvre began on last Saturday morning. Reveille was at five, breakfast at 5.20, parade an hour later. We clambered aboard our trucks, stowed our equipment, and lo, 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 turned off before we got to this latter town. Finally before lunch we turned off into a woods where we camped. We were now about eighteen miles from "B".

That night I was on guard—four to six in the afternoon, ten to twelve at night, four to six in the morning. After dark we had to stop all military and civilian trucks, and cars, etc., and ask for their identification cards. Before my ten o'clock shift I found time to go with another lad to the little pub in a quaint old village just up the road, where we had a couple of pints of mild and bitter. It was a very nice little place. All the troops landed unexpectedly in its vicinity that night and cleaned it out of every drop in the place.

All day Sunday we remained in the bush. We had a fair breakfast and lunch on time, which means something during these manoeuvres. The lunch though was rather

skimpy even when supplemented by blackberries that grew in profusion in the woods, and we were feeling the pangs before long. So a few of us walked up to the little pub again and they served us tea, bread and jamcake, and sardines. For these sardines we paid sixpence (12¢). Then we went back to our own dinner (bully beef). Right after that a lady in a nearby farmhouse gave a few of us each a cup of tea, and bread and real country butter—a treat indeed. So that evening I went to bed quite contented. We had a singsong to a mouth organ on the back of one of the trucks first.

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 but the meat and bread and the microscopically thin piece of cake that was our dessert, these I put in my mess tins and saved for the road. I saw a long hungry stretch ahead of me. And I was to be very glad of that foresight, I assure you. The rest of the day we spent on the road—it was after dark before we stopped and had a meal again. But we made frequent stops along the way. 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 chance 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 retraced our steps 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 belated 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, stopping all cars. 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

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 umpires had decreed no food for 24 hours. They were pretty miserable, poor devils, when we saw them. These manoeuvres are no picnic.

Yesterday, Wednesday, we spent on the road. We, the defenders had finally, according to the umpires, gained the upper hand, and were driving back a dangerous thrust, driving them north and east into the sea. Our progress was necessarily slow with many halts, as we were part of a much larger convoy. We had lunch on the fly — and late, a meat sandwich, a jam sandwich and a cup of tea. The cook truck stayed behind till the stuff was ready, and then worked its way up the convoy, feeding us all as it passed. We would have been quite hungry by the time we ate only we stopped in a little village and the people quite overwhelmed us with tea, sandwiches, etc. We bought apples and tomatoes at a little store, and at a bake shop we got some delicious tarts and cakes, fresh out of the oven and still hot.

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 it all. And now here we are in the Midlands, between "K" and "J". And here I sit scribbling this to you.

It is nearly noon. The sun has finally broken through the mist. Today we are reserve brigade; we will probably be here all day. When we get back—whenever that may be—I'll write you the rest of the saga of this scheme, in ink on clean paper. Meanwhile, I hope you can read this. It should be at least an interesting souvenir of Canadians at "war."

Lots of love,

Allen.



## 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 at 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.



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## First Depressions

G. McNEILLIE

**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 sneeringly 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 storeroom. 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 as obliging a 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 my sole acquaintances, and that I know some one who, at least, did not wince 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 tenth week at Bishop's, and believe me, things are looking up. If anyone dared 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 Bish.

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 newly-weds until the clerk at Rosenbloom's suggested genuine Hudson's Bay Blankets.

SANTA'S STORE  
FOR MEN

# Rosenbloom's

## Saint Marks at Eventide

J. S. VISSER

All that goes on within these aged walls  
Smells of the dust, and leads but to the grave.  
But hark! nearby the bell to chapel calls  
And leaveth 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 hear.  
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 theologs 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.  
And dimly through a row of freshmen green  
Who yet have visions of the outside world,  
My eyes behold a most inspiring scene  
Beneath a lion with its wings unfurled.  
Far in the rear, quite in the dark have been  
The thrones on which the Patriarchs rest curled.  
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.  
Think you 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,"  
 Are men from ancient family trees,  
 We know them as the seniors;  
 They're tall and dignified, but dumb,  
 They claim to have the greater might,  
 But when they try to drink hard rum  
 They go out like a light:  
 The freshman is their special prey,  
 On him they wreak their vengeance,  
 They let him know he's in the way,  
 And make him do full penance.  
 The 'phone's loud ringing fills the air,  
 The nearest freshman's booked  
 To run like heck down creaky stair,  
 To find it's now unhooked.  
 And then a senior on top floor,  
 Sweating in his wrath,  
 Calls freshmen from both near and far,  
 To come and draw his bath,  
 They call the freshmen in loud voice,  
 We run to do their bidding,  
 It seems they like to make a noise,

We find they're only kidding.  
 But this not always is the case,  
 Most times there is a duty,  
 They make us run around the place,  
 To find a stolen shoe-tree.  
 They make vile threats we do not hear,  
 That makes them sore at us,  
 They try to drag us o'er the coals,  
 And make an awful fuss:  
 They tell us we should be quite pert,  
 And keep a heedful ear,  
 Instead our battle robes we girt,  
 Our hearts aren't full of fear:  
 But when you come to think of it,  
 Though forced to bow and bend,  
 If we just do our little bit,  
 The Senior is our friend.  
 Again I lay me down to sleep,  
 My eyes are tired and weary,  
 Visions of a card game creep,  
 Into my mind so dreary,  
 I think of all the tricks I took,  
 And count the ones I trumped,  
 Then suddenly I feel a rock,  
 Crash—bang! Alas, I'm dumped.

—K. Farquharson

## 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 Vict'ry 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.

## 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 brass 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 verth  
 That will be not lacking in mirth  
 Mentioning some of the names of these poor souls  
 Whose appellations have not been honored by song-writing  
 ghouls.  
 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 as 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 instid,  
 Matilda. I asked what rhymes with Matilda and thend  
 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.

Now, you see, here I've done it again,  
 I don't have to get a ryhme for that name  
 Because it goes with something in the preceeding line.  
 Now for variety we return to Jacqueline.  
 This one's taken care of, but just to show  
 You it can de done, I'll illustrate how I can go.  
 I'll pick at random the name of Anastasia  
 A girl whose charms will simply amazeya.  
 Now there, I told you I could do it  
 and now you've got to admit that I'm not such a bad poit.  
 To get back to my job of immortalizing names  
 Of people who can't through their own fames  
 get any good poet to touch the work  
 and have to leave it to such a simple jerk.  
 I'll at random pick  
 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 bait, bate, crate, date,  
 Eight, fate, freight, gate, grate, abdicate, hesitate,  
 But I'm a fighter and will take a hard one though it ag-  
 gravate.  
 Bet you can't think up a decent rhyme for Anastasia  
 I can, and that's why I'm in a job that paysya  
 such lousy wages.  
 I could go on wasting pages and pages and pages  
 of this paper by giving clever  
 Rhymes for such as Beulah, Millicent, Abigail and Arther,  
 But I've dont a lot better than those song-writerse  
 Who get only one name in their whole verse  
 And have mentioned at least elevem  
 Although I haven't bothered to countem.

— R. J. Carpenter.

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## Petunia In The Blackout

"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, 'Swoose'—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 eery!"

"Gosh, it's dark with the street lights out—a great night for a murder."

"Stop it, I'm scared! Is that you Kitty?"

"Well, it's not Jehoudi—and if you're interested those are my nails you're chewing!"

"Where's the doorknob? Damn! I can't see a thing. Tiffy, where am I?"

"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 both 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."

"Wonder what they are doing at 'Bish.' Too bad they wouldn't let us volunteer for Red Cross nurses!"

"Who screamed?"

"O-oh, I'm going in and hide under Tiffy's bed!"

"Look, some one is running this way—why it's Tally and Lulu!"

"They're chasing us, they're chasing us! Let us in!"

"What happened? What's up?"

"We went to tell the people next door to put their lights out and some men started to chase us and—"

"And I fell down and lost my shoe! It was awful—they were just behind us!"

"We ran all the way down the street; it was so dark 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!"

"Us! 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 'Swoose'? 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."

EDITORIAL—(Continued from page 6)

*form.* More and more publications throughout the Dominion are making an honest attempt to do this.

The *Mitre* wishes to take this opportunity to state that the article entitled, "Dinner Time," which appeared in the October issue, was purely humorous in intent.

In the October editorial we stated that we had decided to deal only with those things which effect Bishop's directly—a decision which was accepted with mixed feelings, but one which we intend carrying out. In either the February or April number will appear an article on intercollegiate sport. This is one of the most burning controversies in university life at the present time, and one which can not be treated lightly. The enthusiasm with which the inter-building game was received shows how much football is missed, as does the large attendance of college students at B. C. S. games.

We are sure that no teacher or professor was ever missed more keenly than Professor Boothroyd has been these last few months. It was with great pleasure that the students heard that he would be returning to his place after the Christmas holidays. And while we're on the subject—a very merry Christmas and the Best of 1942's to you all.

## Notes and Comments

W. G. PENFIELD, JR.

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, bludgeoned but still smiling, we comply, with secret hopes of our malefactor'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 pedantic, is the thought of examinations. The very word, at this season of the year sends icy flames of morbid anticipation licking about the vitals of every student. Smiles are becoming sickly, confident strides are becoming uneasy shuffels, and robust appetites have dwindled to a realization that the gastronomical is merely a side of existence that cannot be neglected. Nor is the almost smug attitude of some of the professors, not to mention Miss Edgell's semi-annual furious preoccupation, conducive to the scholar's peace of mind. But to get away from this morose diatribe. 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 inter-platoon debate and a mixed debate. The year's debating started off with the usual freshman battle, whose subject this time was that the "Old School Tie is an outworn institution." The affirmative of this resolution was supported by Elwood Patterson, Bob Smith, and Andy Roy, and the negative by Bud Walsh, Bob Gale, and George McNeillie. The argument was stiffly fought, especially on the part of the negative, but ended in a draw. Several of the speakers look from here like good material for future debates, although frequently vitriol took the place of logical argument. This debate marked the introduction of the parliamentary system of debate, in which the distribution of the house—on the side of the negative or on the side of the affirmative—decides the victors.

The next 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 endeavour, but this is the first year that the girls actually got up their courage to pit themselves against their brother students—and a mighty fine job of it they did. It gave us a thrill of pride to see girls whom we hope we can call our friends get up there and say just what they thought in front of that large audience; a thrill, and at the same time an apprehensive feeling akin 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 inaudibility.

Yes, 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 natures)—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 sublime to the already beautiful voice, she intones upon the silence of petrified suspense, "Let's debate!" And by gosh, that did it. Lo and behold, not a fortnight thence, woman made her first step up out of the silence and mystery which has surrounded her existence here since time first flew. Yea verily, where will it all end?

More specific details of the history-making debate are: item; topic—whether or not the shed should be turned into a residence for the women; item; in favour of the change, Jack Apps, Dean Williamson, and Nick Narizzano; item; against it, Gwen Weary, Jean McCallum, and Betty Davidson. The preliminary speeches were well handled on both sides although we did note a certain tendency on the side of the ladies to lean rather heavily on notes and even complete texts. When the debate was thrown open to the house the arguments came more out into the light due to the vehement word-battles which raged all over convocation hall. At this time it became clear that the issue was not clear and despite valiant efforts of soul-saver Apps, glamourette McCallum, enthusiast Loosemore (of course), smiling sergeant Langford, and many other able speakers, neither side felt that the other had scored heavily enough to warrant a change in balance either way. Hence this de-

bate was also declared a draw by a somewhat distraught looking chairman, Reg Turpin.

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 infantry is the arm which in the end wins battles," was supported by No. 3 platoon and attacked by No. 2. Adams, Johnson, and Atto won the debate by a slight margin for No. 3, despite the able efforts of Phil Duval, Hugh Smith and Blackstock of the rival platoon. This is the first of a series of debates to take place between the three platoons.

There was another debate set for the end of this term, a Skinner Trophy debate, but it was felt that the times were inauspicious for such extra-curricular endeavour, 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 divinity course. So, freshmen, see how this place gets you?

Dramatics got off to a fine start this year with the three most successful one-act plays which have ever been produced at the college, if one may judge from financial returns. The talent unearthed bodes well for the productions of the next three years. Seldom has there been so much histrionic 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 for the excellent work he performed in his capacity as stage manager, having to start from scratch building all new mirable sets. Time: four days. Thanks are also due to the artists and critics who gave of their valuable time for the enhancement of the sets, providing vistas for an unusual number of windows.

Following the second evening of production Dr. McGreer's home again rang to the strains of dance music and laughter. The Principal's traditional party was as usual a great success and a fitting climax to all the work and anxiety which went into the production. We believe that all concerned, though they had been looking forward to a time which they could call their own, found the cessation of activities a surprising let-down, and not a few drawn faces were seen about the buildings "after the ball was over". In case anybody was wondering, we have been given to understand that the alterations chez le Principal which commenced a day or so after the dance were not directly brought on by anything which transpired that evening.

Whether it's the feverish concentration on the lighter sight of life, usually accompanying wartime conditions, or just a natural joie-de-vivre suddenly manifesting itself

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-lunged ensemble or to the slightly more melodious strains of Dorsey or Miller (recorded to be sure). The council decided that bi-weekly dances might afford a considerable source of lucre for the coffers of anti-Hitler endeavour. 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 owners for the first time, sat, exclusive and aloof with their partners and the professors, 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, though, no social stigma is ever attached to the relative ranks amongst the students at such occasions and a little brass more or less seemed to make very little difference to anybody's enjoyment. Last year there was only one of these functions but this year it seems likely that there will be two more of them. Good news, we hope, to most of you.

There has been but one tea-dance this fall. This followed the inter-building rugby match which has been superbly covered in another part of this magazine. This was the first of our dances at which the gramophone supplied the inspiration, and was generally voted well worth while, although the attendance was perhaps not as large as it has been at the other dances. Tea dances as a regular feature do not find much support in a year when football is at such a low ebb, so it is probable that we have seen the last of them for this academic year.

In addition to dances on the college premises there have been several shindigs in hSerbrooke at which college attendance was considerable, among these were the two I.O.D.E.

dances, the O'Sullivan's graduation dance, and the Hillcrest ski-club dance—what a party! (we hear.) So it can be seen at a glance that life in and about the University has not been too dull this fall. In times like these when wartime worries abound and hinder the active pursuance of academic duties, it is well to have plenty of diversion.

Many a heart was broken a couple of weeks ago, when Kings Hall was forced to announce the cancellation of its annual dance on account of the thoughtlessness of the B. C. S. boys who had the lack of consideration and ordinary decency to produce several cases of a horrible disease. Oh well, perhaps they will merely postpone it until next term. Our hearts beat in anticipation!

To return to O.T.C. activities, an examination was held recently for the un-qualified trained men who are taking the course leading to the basic training common to all arms paper. This was by way of a test examination for the purposes of weeding out those whose work so far has been insufficient and as a warning to those who thought their work was well in hand. The results were alarming to say the least. The highest mark was scored by Jack Peake, 178 out of a possible 300. Congratulations Jack! 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 unfortunates who scored so low that it has not been deemed advisable to let them try the final test.

On the same afternoon the trained and qualified men were given a practical map-reading scheme. The contestants got 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 genii 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 Officer's Training Corps decided that the last parade of 1941 should be a nine-mile route-march at night. To students, whose favourite relaxation and principle pastime, by and large, is sitting or lying, in various stages of somnolence, this came as a bit of a test, but on the whole the contingent seems to be satisfied with the results. There have been from time to time this fall other route-marches, conditioning us for the climax which came last week. This was our first night march and a very interesting experience to all concerned. Marching at night is a very important part of wartime preparation, since the troops in active service conditions must almost invariably move under cover of darkness.

Notable incidents of the trip are Sergeant Visser's cropper which sent one of the red tail lights flying high in the clear, cold night air; Bartlet's unfortunate fall on his rifle (it is amazing that there were not more casualties, considering the icy condition of the roads); and the magnificent feed waiting for us at the end of the trail, at which the Major consented to make a speech, a good one, and typical of everything else which the Major has done for us while here at the college.

Of special interest to the members of the corps was an illustrated lecture, "Britain on Guard" presented by Major Ney. The Major spoke with authority, having been in the U. K. recently, and the movies especially were of interest to all, touching as they did on conditions and preparation in England and organization in the far east.

*Still govern thou my song,*

*Urania, and fit audience find, though few.* (Milton)

The sylvan strains of harmonious song come intermittently to our ears of late, their source not only masculine but feminine throats as well. Bill Blackstock, the modern incarnation of fair Urania, has done a fine job of "governing" our song this fall and the Glee Club, undertaking new and more difficult numbers, is already shaping into something which should be an eye-opener to the scoffers and mockers who, jealousy their motive, belittle that body's calliopean intentions and prospects. As yet the question of audience has not come up very urgently, since the club is not really ready for topnotch public performance. There must be some extensive paring and pruning, which combined with intense work at the infrequent meetings, is bound to be productive. We remove the cap to Bill in appreciation of his work.

The cap is also off to the young ladies who have started up a glee-club of their own. Mrs. Watson is the directress in this case and Father Scott is supervising the work on the Christmas carols which he hopes to work into a Christmas service with the choir which is shaping up very well.

This year's women's council has carried on in the spirit of the improvements made last year to their common-room, and have purchased a very nice green carpet. The expense of this investment is going to be a considerable cramp to future expenditures but the girls feel that it is worth it.

In the last Notes and Comments mention was made of the standard of this year's freshmen. At the time we felt that the remark was perhaps a little strong, but recent developments are proving that there is much to be desired in the attitude and spirit of this body, and doubtless the point was well taken. This is not only true of the men but of the women of first year too. There seems to be a general lack of respect of authority and college spirit amongst this

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 shilly-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 freshmen 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 assuring him of getting the most enjoyment and benefit out of his three only too short years at Bishop's. And here we have a subversive minority spoiling the majority's natural desire to get on with the existing conditions. You are up against an unusual and doubtless difficult set-up, men, but don't let it be thought that you are not equal to making the best of what you may think is wrong. Any effort you make in the right direction will certainly pay off in dividends of happiness. There is nothing like the pleasure felt by the individual who is co-operating with his fellows. There was a rumour recently of a childish collective anti-oppression demonstration or some such rot. We chuckle. That kind of thing gets an awful squashing around here. Try it and see!

We are probably well out of our department writing about this—well, we are sticking our neck out—so what? Attention should be drawn to it somehow, we feel, and we know that the majority of the senior body is behind us in our belief. As a matter of fact, if the aforementioned element had their wits about them, they would wait until next term—bide their time. For be it known, "oh best beloved," the freshmen acquire the right to vote in the association meeting next term. If they thought about it for a moment, they would wait their chance, remaining full-strength until the end of each meeting on the chance that the senior attendance fall off so that they should have the opportunity of taking matters into their own hands—there are enough of them so that this is by no means beyond the realm of possibility. Once they got the meeting into their hands, they could refuse to adjourn it, and proceed to depose the existing officers, set up officers of their own and have things all their own way for a month. According to the constitution they would have to have another meeting in the following month and at that time things would be righted, but until the readjustment took place, what they could do makes even the hardest senior

pale. We can just see freshmen forcing seniors to shine their boots, paint the St. Francis bridge heliotrope, break every window in the college, wear skirts to lectures, salaam to passing freshmen, answer every professor with double-talk, and countless other diversions. Just let your minds wander! There would be countless possibilities. What a lark, I'm surely!

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.)

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—in 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.

Throughout the strains of all the other activities runs, unforgettable and omnipresent, and thread of eros. Even during the bleak blending of late fall and early winter, man seems drawn to woman with one noticeable undergraduate exception and woman is drawn to man. Interesting highlights that come to the mind: the young athlete (decathlon material) and hunter, whose choice of freshman Diana has met with popular approval. . . . The turbulent and mystifying relationship between two of our youngest, where blissful amity and the coldest of unseeing stares daily change places—incidentally we offer a course, very reasonable too, in disguising the voice over the telephone—it might come in handy in some one of a series of attachments which sometimes take place simultaneously. . . . Some people take the longest time to learn facts which we are led to believe are second nature to the birds and the flowers—(Did you get home all right the other night, "Slugger"?). . . . Then there are those whose frails fly from the deep south for a few fleeting golden hours—ah, surely such passion could not be feigned on the one hand and not on the other. . . . Standbys in this line—we think of a long and a short one whose physical aspects illustrate the old principle that opposites attract (what form will the neutralization take, when and if it comes?)—we think too of the campus favourites, without whom no social gathering

is 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 bards say—we trust that it will not interfere too seriously with his academic standing, which has always been of the highest.

It is rumoured that one day about a month ago, first-lecture coeds were petrified by the appearance of a large overstuffed gentleman who had, disguised in a scarlet robe, involuntarily invaded their sanctum-sanctorum where he was esconced in state but horribly uncomfortable and frustrated. . . . What Professor is not leaving right after Christmas? Ties of the heart are reassuringly strong after all. . . . did you know that in a certain quarter of the college, there are gallons and gallons of it getting better and better while it waits for its owners to consume it? Whee! . . . The undergraduate body was shocked and pained to learn recently that two of our most 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, congratulations, and may you never regret your choice. The O.T.C. will grieve to loose 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 desecrator 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!*

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## Sports

W. T. HOLLINGER

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 Arts. By the end of the first period Bill Van Horn had crossed over for two unconverted touchdowns, and by half time Dean Williamson had made the score 15-0 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 the Old Arts favour. Although the game was one-sided, it was hard fought all the way through, and it indicated what Bishop's could have done if they had been in football this year. Both sides played a good game, and it would be difficult to name any individual stars without mentioning the entire Old Arts team, and the cheering section from the New Arts. Ken Jackson refereed the game. The game is written up in detail elsewhere in this issue. The teams:

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

New Arts—Halves: W. Smith and McCammon; quarter, Worthen; snap, McGilton; insides: Sproul and McKell; middles: McLaughlin and Hollinger; ends: Peake and Templeton; subs, Adams and B. Smith.

### TRACK AND FIELD

The college field day which has been absent for the past few years was revived this year on October eighteenth. The number of entries and their excellent performances made the event a great success, and it is hoped that this activity will continue next year. A strong team can be raised to compete at Stanstead next spring. Bill Van Horn was un-

doubtedly 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 easily 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.

Event	1st	2nd	3rd	Time
100 yd. dash—	Van Horn, W. Smith, Stafford,			10 2/5 sec.
220 yd. dash—	Van Horn, Peake, W. Smith,			23 1/10 sec.
440 yd. dash—	Van Horn, Peake, McDougall,			57 3/10 sec.
1/2 mile—	Templeton, Macdonald, Day,			2.28 1/5 sec.
mile—	Templeton, McDougall, Farquharson,			6.01 2/5 sec.
High jump—	Van Horn, Johnston, E. Duval,			5'2 1/2"
Broad jump—	Peake, E. Duval, Johnston,			18'9 1/2"
Discus—	Day, Carpenter, Gale,			87'
Shot put—	Tanner, Gale, Day,			33'9"

### THE ROAD RACE

The annual relay road race for the Dunn Cup was held on October twenty-first. As was predicted in this column in the last *Mitre* Third year easily won. This team, composed of Peake, Templeton, McDougall, Duval and Van Horn, placed second in its first year, and won the event last year. It now has one second and two firsts to its credit. A large crowd was on hand to see Van Horn, the third year anchor man, cross the line first with the record time of 27 minutes and 25 seconds. The first year team of W. Smith, Patterson, Macdonald, I. Scott, and Farquharson, were left to battle it out for second place with Second year's representatives—Tomlinson, G. Scott, De Lotbiniere, Mills, and Day. Farquharson and Day the two respective anchor men put up a fine race and crossed the line in a dead heat. Unfortunately we couldn't supply a photo of the finish to ascertain who really won the race so the judges called it a tie. Both first and second year have their own opinions on the subject.

The track and field events this year were a remarkable success, and the Athletic Committee has decided to keep a record of the events for future reference.

### MISCELLANEOUS

The hockey practices got away to a good start last Tuesday afternoon when the Bishop's squad under the

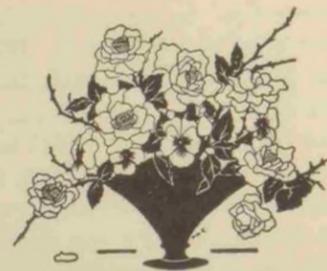
watchful eye of Manager Errol Duval held their first practice of the season in the Sherbrooke arena. About twenty aspirants turned out, among whom were Savage, Van Horn, Tyler, Lindsay, McKell, Templeton, and Atto of last year's team. Manager Duval has not yet secured a coach for the squad, but it is hoped that Russ Blinco, the ex-Maroon star, will do the job. Errol has also informed us that he attended a meeting of the Junior Hockey League in Sherbrooke on November twenty-third and it was decided that a league composed of Richmond, Windsor Mills, Sherbrooke Red Raiders, Sherbrooke St. Pat's, Magog, Bromptonville, and Bishop's would be formed. Each team will play home and home games. We should see a lot of good hockey played at Bishop's this winter.

There is still no news about the basketball situation, but Fred Wolters has assured Dean Williamson that there definitely 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 Dunsmore could solve our coaching problems.

The last issue of the *Mitre* contained a good account of the skiing 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 skiing 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 skiing 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 continue the teas as well as arrange out-of-town games. The ladder tournament has been going well, and many of the better players have sifted to the top. Plans to turn the O.T.C. Armoury 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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## The Bishop Looks Down

Edited By

MISS KATHLEEN HALL



F.B.

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 sheen 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, though, has a particularly charming manner in his materializations and *la Révolte des anges* is one of the most attractive 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 machinations of the most earthly of political parties. Within the angelic ranks the partisans of various philosophic and political schools, notably the scientific idealist Arcade, the pragmatist Zita, the anarchist Prince Istar, and the capitalist Baron Everdingen—of once more noble name—bandy their theories as they prepare to scale the starry heights of the harsh demiurge Ialdabaoth.

Sojourning in human lands the angels mingle with human 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 cosmic 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 stultifying influence of a weak-willed group, directed not by intelligence but by sentiment. 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 Lucifer that given power he would lose sympathy, become fixed and condemn these 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-restless Contradictor, but his Heaven is not a place of ever-rising infinite progress.

Around the angelic chief figures 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 humanism, we have the terrestrial inhabitants—the worldly (Maurice), or on tangible art (Gaëtan), the old fanatic Sariette, the collapse of whose soulless world of figures and books drives him mad, the not very brilliant but physically alluring Mme des Aubels, a fitting mate for Maurice, the astute politically-minded President, and so forth—all fitting into the scene. They cast a continual human comment on an action in which the ideal and the real are already inextricably mingled.

Stylistically, as always, France is as apparently simple as careful study can make him. Not by accident are the rhythmic balance of the sentence and the unflinching choice of the *mot juste* maintained. More erudite in language than in such works as *Thaïs*, *les Dieux ont soif*, *la Rôtisserie 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.

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## Alumni Notes

### Births

BANFILL—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on 9th November, 1941, to Captain S. M. Banfill, B.A. '28, M. O. Royal Rifles of Canada (Overseas), and Mrs. Banfill, 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-COCHAND—The engagement is announced of Flying Officer W. G. M. Hume, M. '41, to Miss Suzanne Cochand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emile Cochand of Ste. Marguerite.

DELANEY-KELLY—The engagement is announced of Kathleen, daughter of the late Hon. John Hall Kelly, formerly High Commissioner from Canada to Eire, and Mrs. John Hall Kelly, to Mr. William Lawrence Delaney, B.A. '38, 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 B. 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. '30, is with one of the Canadian Sig-

nals Corps.

HORTON—Michael Horton, B.A. '33, who has been in the newspaper business in the United States for the past few years, is now Assistant News Editor of the Newport News Times Herald, of Newport News, Virginia.

ROBINSON—The appointment has been announced of Mr. Jonathan Robinson, K.C., M.L.A., B.A. '20, as a director and Secretary-Treasurer of National Builders Supply Limited, a recently formed company.

ARMSTRONG—Sgt. Observer Mitchell Armstrong, B. Sc. '40, is reported to have suffered severe head wounds when the bombing van he was navigating was forced down at sea. We are glad to know that the wounds are not dangerous.

On All Saints' Day, the Right Rev'd LENNOX W. WILLIAMS, M.A., D.C.L., D.D., formerly Bishop of Quebec and Vice-President of the Corporation of Bishop's University, and still a member of the Corporation, was celebrant at the service of Holy Communion in the Chapel. On that day he observed the 55th anniversary of his ordination.

Callers at the University in October were P/O H. T. HOLDEN, B.A. '38, P/O G. L. COOPER, B.Sc. '40, and 2nd Lieut. C. L. TOMLINSON, B.Sc. '41.

Major JOHN WOOD, B.A. '29, G.S.O. 2, Canadian Staff College, returned to Canada on 17th November for special duty.

Capt. D. K. DAWES, M. '39, has returned to Canada for duty with the 4th Canadian Division. He crossed in the ship with Major Wood.

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

Capt. E. E. B. DENISON, B.A. '30.  
Capt. S. M. BANFILL, B.A. '28, M.D.  
Lieut. A. R. S. WOODSIDE, M. '33.  
Lieut. F. J. H. ROYAL, M.A. '34.  
Lieut. W. B. BRADLEY, B.A. '33.  
Lieut. S. J. MCHARG, B.A. '33.  
Lieut. F. N. LYSTER, B.A. '38.

Capt. J. A. STEVENSON, M. '31, is D.A.P.M., 1st Canadian Division.

In last reports Capt. R. H. STEVENSON, B.A. '28, M.D., was with the 9th 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. OTTIWELL, B.A. '34, is a Chap-

lain with the Calgary Highlanders (Overseas).  
 Capt. J. J. DINAN, M. '38, M.D., is on the staff of a Canadian Hospital overseas.  
 Lieut. GRAHAM GEORGE, Mus.D., who was choirmaster in the Chapel for several years, is with a Motorcycle Corps overseas. He has recently composed the music for a marching song, the words of which were written by his father, Mr. Robert George, formerly lecturer in Oral English in this University.  
 Capt. S. M. MEDINE, B.A. '35, M.D., is with the Canadian Army Medical Corps.  
 Major C. H. L. BOWEN, C.G.F.G., M. '27, is on special duty in England.

It is reported that a Chaplain who remained with the section of the B. E. F. in Greece which could not be evacuated after the invasion of that country by the Germans, was a former student of Bishop's University. His identity has not yet been established.

Reports have been received of the successful completion of their courses at the Training Centre in Brockville by the following students: Lt. J. S. AIKINS, B.A. '33, B.A. (Oxon) '36; Lt. P. H. GREENWOOD, B.A. '39; Lt. R. J. EVERETT, M. '42; Lt. W. A. CAMPBELL, B.A. '40; Lt. E. L. G. SMITH, M. '40; Lt. (Capt.) W. L. O. CARTER, B.A. '38.

Recent callers at the University have been Lt. J. S. EWING, B.A. '36; Lt. E. E. CODERE, B.Sc., '39, of the United States Marines; Lt. the Hon. LORD SHAUGHNESSY, B.A. '41; Lt. G. S. STAIRS, B.A. '41; Lt. H. E. MACKENZIE, B.A. '41; Lt. A. R. TULK, B.A. '41; Capt. W. E. TULK, B.A. '40; Lt. J. E. C. BEATTY, B.A. '37; Lt. F. S. MURRAY, B.A., '39; Lt. W. B. LUNDERVERVILLE, B.Sc. '39; Lt. J. M. CARROLL, B.A. '40; W. C. MacVEAN, M. '44, R.C.A.F.; K. J. HARWOOD, M. '43, R.C.A.F.

ALEX. K. AMES, B.A. '34, graduated from Leeds University, England, in 1940, with first-class honours in Chemistry. He arrived in Canada at the beginning of October, having been loaned by the Imperial Chemical Company of Great Britain to Imperial Chemicals of Canada for special duty.

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## Exchanges

Since its last issue the *Mitre* has been fortunate in receiving literary periodicals from many lands; to wit, Great Britain, the United States and Canada, and this column will be the better able to perform its job of keeping you up to date with the literary output of other colleges, or of making a very feeble effort anyway. Up to the deadline of our last issue

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 eides to become an author, and some interest in all the

bohemian sense of the word. His family, of course, is strongly against any such foolish idea, knowing him too intimately, and so he is forced to rely for encouragement and inspiration upon Willie, a girl with whom he imagines himself vaguely in love. She wants him to become the Greenwich Village - Montmartre type of writer, and he, although not fully appreciating or understanding her inclinations for him, acquiesces and puts himself under her tutelage. Naturally he inevitably comes out from under the ether and addives at the conclusion that being a writer, or of becoming one the way Willie wants him to, is not for him, and after the resulting "crise des nerfs" they part ways. He blindly makes his way to the Brooklyn Bridge, and after tossing his little black note-book, with all its observations on human nature, into the swirling river, "he climbed upon the rail and threw himself over, watching fascinated the way the river came up to smack him in the face. After he had done that he turned around and began to retrace his steps across the bridge to the subway. He felt ever so much better."

When we were flicking over the leaves of the lately arrived "Arrows", we came upon an article entitled "Czechoslovakia Fighting for Freedom", by Karel Machacek, Vice-

President of the National Union of Czechoslovak Students. Besides outlining Czechoslovakia's inherent belief in liberty and democracy, from the time of her conception as a sovereign state after the last war, he gives one a very poignant account of the fate of the Czechoslovak universities under Nazi domination. "Czechoslovak students played an important part in anti-Nazi activities, for they had been brought up in an atmosphere where democratic ideas flourished. Already before Munich they had in conjunction with Czechoslovak workers announced their opposition to the Nazis. They planned a spectacular demonstration for October 28, 1939, the day when the anniversary of the foundation of the Republic was celebrated each year. This demonstration was to give the world an indication of the Czechoslovak viewpoint. All students were by a secret proclamation advised to appear in black clothes, a symbol of mourning. On October 28, 1939, the streets of Prague and Brno were filled with students dressed in black garments, and they were joined by workmen and other citizens. These events evoked memories of the freedom which existed under the Republic, soon cries of "Long Live the Republic" and "Down with the Nazis" were heard and Dr. Benes was hailed as the hope of the Czech nation; all this in spite of the efforts of the Nazi police to disperse the crowds. Their first efforts to restore order having failed, the Nazi police were reinforced and they opened fire on the crowds. The crowds were dispersed, and one student was shot in the stomach and died a fortnight later. In spite of Nazi threats and precautions, several thousand students turned up at his funeral. The sight of the funeral procession roused the students and they declared that such injustices would not go unavenged, but the demonstrators were once again fired on by the Nazis. Two days later, in the early morning, the colleges and universities were surrounded by Nazi troops and eight thousand students were carried off to concentration camps. A number were shot as an example to the rest. Among those shot were nine officials of the Czech National Union of Students. The same day all Czech universities were closed." This article should clear up any doubts as to what would be the fate of Canadian universities and institutions under domination by the Nazis.

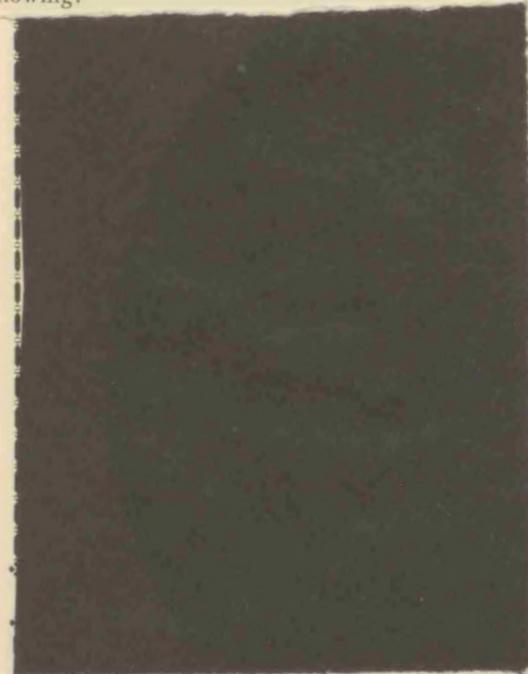
The Trinity University Review contains some good articles and short stories, with quite a fair sprinkling of poetry. Among the stories will be found quite an amusing one on camp life, which we all experienced at Mt. Bruno last summer. Called "Camp Surrealism", it is the confused dream of a tired recruit after a hard day's work for King and country. In his feverished brain, and haven't we all had them, the day's activities have been exaggerated out of all proportion, and such simple duties as lining up kits at

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 under-nourishment, 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 his duckling supposed to be a gosling about to be a goose 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! . . .

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