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THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

Mr. H. A. Jones, C.M.G., M.C., senior member of the United Kingdom Air Liason Mission in Ottawa, gave an address to The Canadian Club of Montreal on Monday, March 22, 1943. Mr. Jones served with the Wiltshire Regiment in the last war, and with the Royal Flying Corps in Serbia, where he was shot down and severely wounded. He was the official historian of the Royal Air Force.

In referring to the Battle of Britain, Mr. Jones said:

"You hear it said from time to time that when the Luftwaffe left off the Royal Air Force was very near the end of its tether, and that if it had lasted very much longer we could not have held out. Let me nail that lie on the head. When I was in England last autumn, I had some talks with Lord Trenchard, who commanded the Royal Air Force in the last war and long after the war. He has lost none of his form. He thumped the table vigorously, saying: 'They were tired, of course they were tired, who could not be tired when a battle is on? Anyone who is not tired when a battle is on is not doing his job, but to say that they were at the end of their tether, near breaking point, is balderdash!'"

To give emphasis to this verdict of one who had a front seat in the battle, let me quote one fact. The battle began with a raid on the 8th of August, 1940, and was fought in four phases, the final phase finishing on the 31st of October, when according to some critics our magnificent fighter pilots, among them many from Canada, were limp with exhaustion. On the 27th of September, after two months of tension, No. 11 Group, who bore the brunt of the battle, shot down 99 German aircraft with a loss of 15 pilots, so they licked the enemy 6½ to one. Three days later they shot down 32 for the loss of two—that was 16 to 1—while on October 5 they shot down 22 aircraft for the loss of one. Who was it, in the face of these figures, that retired from the battlefield because of exhaustion? Certainly *not* the Royal Air Force.

St. Malo—June 13-17, 1940

Mr. A. E. CARTER

(June 13). Our first thought when we get off the train is a good meal and a good bed. We have spent three days walking roads or sitting on valises in train corridors. We have not had more than two hours' sleep since leaving Paris on the 11th; we have slept in our clothes, and they hang on us like bags; we are three days unwashed and unshaven. The Pole, who was studying at the Ecole de Médecine, has his coat ripped up the back—souvenir of an encounter with spy-hunting civilians who took us for Nazi parachutists in a town south of Paris.

St. Malo is crowded with English soldiers, and there are army trucks on the causeway leading from the new town to the old. Two sharp grey destroyers of the Royal Navy are moored at the quay under the embattled sixteenth century fortifications. The day is fine: sun and light wind. Stuck on its promontory, roofs and steeples rising above the rusty granite walls with their turrets and battlements, the town looks picturesque and unreal—like the décor for a costume play. Troops, trucks, destroyers have the appearance of awkward anachronisms.

We go to the Hôtel de Chateaubriand. It is the best hotel in St. Malo. Chateaubriand was born in the old wing at the end of the eighteenth century, when the place was a town house. There are groups of English and French sitting about in the wicker chairs of the lobby: the English have obviously come from the south of France; the French from Paris. Several heavy women are wearing all their diamonds, and the stones sparkle incongruously against sports suits. There is an uneasy hum of conversation. Both nationalities seem to refrain from speaking to each other—by tacit consent: the famous Entente Cordiale is wearing thin under the pressure of constant bad news. There is a hint of suppressed recriminations in the air.

As we get our room-keys, snatches of conversation reach us: ". . . Just left the house as it was. I don't know what they'll do to it." "On dit qu'ils sont à Reims." "Mais . . . il y a longtemps! Ils étaient à Meaux hier soir."

Always *they*. Every face reveals a naive conviction of the Germans' invincibility. No one would be surprised if General von Brauchitsch and his staff walked into the lobby; it would seem natural.

Our room faces the sea—which we can see, blue with the sun on it, over the stained granite battlements. We take a bath and put on clean shirts from our only suitcase. There is something comforting in this return to normal actions. We are both hungry. Our last meal was bread and jam, eaten in the public garden at Chartres the day before.

The white and gold dining room, the white linen, the

silver, the waiters, the fruit in the baskets, the menu cards and the table lamps seem incredible luxuries. They inspire security—one forgets the haggard procession of refugees, the chaotic panic of Paris, the wrecked stations, the disheartened troops. The human mind is too frivolous to entertain two ideas at once—especially two ideas of a contrary nature. Besides, there is an agreeable sensation of decadence in thus gorging on luxuries in the midst of ruin. There is even a kind of gayety.

We have a long meal: crab, poulet maréchale, a salad, fruit, pastry and a bottle of St. Emillion. The service is perfect.

We take a walk on the battlements before turning in. There is a pale yellow sunset; the evening air is fresh, filled with the smell of the ocean. There are English ships in the harbour. One channel steamer, painted blue, is moored to the dock. Troops are embarking. As we watch, the gang-plank is drawn in and the vessel drops slowly away from the quay, heading for the open sea. The British Army is being evacuated.

We debate in bed what we had better do. But the sea air, the food, the pleasant sense of luxury after the discomforts of our flight from Paris, make decision impossible. We decide to wait and see; and we spend the next day on the beach.

(June 14). The sands are covered with people. There are several chairs with striped canvas awnings. The water is warm and blue, with a gentle ground swell. We hear a woman say: "It's hard to imagine there's a war on!" We swim out to one of the islands in the bay. There are some soldiers from the garrison sunning themselves on the rocks there; but after being taken for spies once we are cautious, and do not strike up a conversation.

We hear the news of the fall of Paris that evening after dinner. We are in a little side parlour where the radio is. It is a typical provincial hotel lounge: white-framed Louis XV chairs with red plush upholstery, a vase of wilting roses, pictures of hunting scenes and historical prints of St. Malo, a plaque on one wall commemorating the birth of Chateaubriand. When we tune in, a station pianist is playing Chopin's Ballade in G-minor. After the confusion of the past week the music seems divinely beautiful. It calls up a hundred memories of other days—pre-war days: lamp-lit evenings with friends, soirées de gala at the Salle Pleyel, with the illustrious silhouette of Horowitz or Cortot seen between two heads. We listen enchanted: it is like the voice of another world speaking to us across an abyss. Suddenly it dims into the background.

When the announcer speaks, his voice is strained and on the verge of cracking. The news-broadcast is like all those we have listened to for a month past: disaster wrapped up in half-statement and bombastic platitude. But one sentence remains like a boulder when a clay bank has been washed out: "Le gouvernement a décidé de déclarer Paris ville ouverte pour éviter la destruction de la capitale."

We look at each other for an instant without saying anything. So it has come at last! An attack on France is always an attack on Paris. Every enemy of France knows that the great city is the nation's heart—knows it as surely as the duellist who aims his rapier against his opponent's breast. The danger to Paris is the unspoken fear that has hung over us since the German advance into the Low Countries on May 10. It is a fear we have not dared to formulate in words through dread of making its fulfillment possible; but it has lain in our minds and increased with every spate of bad news from the north, when the name of every falling town—Sedan, Mézières, Forges-les-Eaux, Gisors, Meaux—sounded like the fateful ticking of a pendulum, and we walked the streets of the capital, seeking amongst the monuments of its past consolation and reassurance for the woes of the present. Now for a moment, when the worst has happened, we cannot think of anything at all. Some isolated trifle comes to mind: the memory of some snapshots forgotten on the bookcase in the hurry of departure, or a butterdish left on the balcony overlooking the Place du Panthéon. I have a sudden vision of German troops goose-stepping down the Champs Elysées. I get up without speaking. I have not yet written home. I sit in the writing-room; I don't seem able to write anything. Finally the Pole comes in. "We'd better think of getting out of here," he says. "Do you know where the British Legation is?"

We go in to ask Madame. She is casting up the day's accounts. "Paris vient de tomber," I say.

"Oui, je sais." She looks quite calm. She has the sallow skin and black-button eyes of the Midi. Apparently the word "Paris" suggests nothing more to her than a source of tourists. We go to bed. We don't talk much. What is there to say?

(June 15). After some searching in the narrow sixteenth century streets, we find the Legation. It is crowded with Belgians and Dutch, and a few English. The Consul is not giving visas to foreigners.

"You can go at once," he says, after looking at my passport. "There are Channel steamers taking out troops. But this Pole—has he applied for permission to enter England?"

We have been waiting two hours in the corridor amongst refugees. One Belgian woman has two dazed children with her: she buried three others, machine-gunned near Mons, by the roadside. So I don't shout with exasperation.

"No. How could he? We left Paris on the 11th."

"Well! The regulations are that I can't give a foreigner a visa without the Foreign Office's say-so. If you come round in a day or two there may be something new."

We go downstairs. The question is, will the Germans be here "in a day or two"?

The first thing to do is find a cheaper hotel. At last we discover an old building with the date 1598 carved over the door. The proprietress can let us have a double room, *pension comprise*, for 30 francs a day each. We move in. There is nothing to do that afternoon but go to the beach again. Paris has fallen. It is only a question of time before France falls. But . . . what of it? We might just as well be at the beach as elsewhere. We find it as crowded as ever. A couple of sailors from a French gunboat at anchor sit laughing on the sand near us. All day long the English ships steam away from the harbour. As the day wears on the horizon turns green, shot through with glittering lines of sunlight into which the vessels fade and disappear. St. Malo looks like a holiday resort during a good season. Nobody seems particularly sad. People laugh and talk as if it were any June afternoon. We swim and sunbathe, swim and sunbathe; we enjoy ourselves. Going back through the public square in front of the cathedral we see yesterday's news dispatches posted up: *Le gouvernement a décidé de déclarer Paris ville ouverte pour éviter la destruction de la capitale*. They are a bit torn, and the yellow newsprint has faded in the sun. Like old posters. People go across the square without looking.

Madame serves us a good soup, roast lamb flavoured with garlic, fried potatoes, fruit, cider and a bottle of Bordeaux. The table is decorated with sprigs of syringa. Afterwards we walk out to the Grand Bé, since the tide is low. We find some English soldiers swimming there, trying to make dates with girls from the town. I offer myself as an interpreter. All the soldiers are convinced that the British Empire will win the war; the fall of Paris is only a minor event. We sit for some time on the Grand Bé—a rocky islet about half a mile from shore—watching the sun set over Chateaubriand's tomb. There is a constant roar from the rising tide pouring over the rocks below. The sky turns from gold to yellow to pale mauve, and the scene brings Chateaubriand and his tumultuous life to mind, and with him all the glorious past of France—the Ancien régime, the Revolution, Napoleon, Louis XVIII, embassies in Rome and London—now disappearing from hour to hour like water escaping from a cracked jar. "France, mère des arts, des armes et des loix . . ." I remember some soldiers from the Flanders contingents we met on the afternoon of the 11th, outside Paris. They were waiting for equipment and officers that never came.

"La France est foutue. Vaut mieux que vous échappiez tout de suite. Nous le ferions nous-mêmes, si c'était possible." And their conviction of French rottenness, French treachery, French incapacity. No planes, no guns, no commanders.

(June 16). We are on the beach again next day. The tide is still low. We walk out to the islands in the bay and look at the sixteenth century fortifications. The stone walls are still standing, but most of the wooden floors have fallen; inside, you see rafters lying amongst heaps of broken plaster.

In the evening, we go to the quay on the harbour side of the town. More and more English troops are embarking. We find them drinking white wine and weak French beer like water. They amuse themselves by smashing the bottles against the side of the ship. The vendeuse is nearly beside herself. She comes whining to me when she hears me speaking French.

"Please explain to them, Monsieur, that I bought these bottles for 25 centimes each, and must refund the money."

"Listen," says one of the soldiers when I translate. "We paid 'er for the bottles when we got the stuff. Never mind. Tell 'er she can 'ave them back."

The good lady wants to make double profit on her bottles. The Pole is disgusted.

"Que veut-elle faire avec son argent? Crever dessus?"

That night there is an air raid. I have been through a dozen in Paris during the winter, but I can never get my clothes on properly in the dark. We don't dare turn on a light, for the window has no curtains. We stumble about in the obscurity, cursing, while the siren shrills on. It lacks the dignity of the Parisian sirens; there is something hysterical about it, like a frightened hen.

We find undisguised panic in the street. People rush about in the dark, moaning. We see a crowd hurrying into a doorway marked "Abri". Suddenly we find ourselves in an old stone cellar, hung with grime. Everyone is talking about the departure of the English. "And they're smashing those beautiful trucks," says an indignant old woman. "Why don't they leave them for us?"

I make an effort to explain. When I mention talking to English troops on the quay, she asks me what they said about the war. I tell her they were convinced we should win.

"Ah, pauvres gars!" she says pityingly. I notice that most of the people in the cellar are looking at me coldly, with a kind of sullen hostility. I shut up.

Back in our room we hear men shouting in the street.

"Les Anglais foutent le camp?"

"Oui! Les sales Anglais nous quittent."

We decide we had better make another effort to *foutre le camp* ourselves.

(June 17). We find the Legation jammed. The tempers of the Dutch and Belgians are wearing thin. Rennes has been bombed. The Germans are moving rapidly towards the coast. The French retreat along the Loire is becoming a rout.

"But they'll soon be stopped," says an Englishman.

"Yes, that's what I've been hearing since May 10!" says a vibrant Dutchwoman of Jewish appearance.

"You've seen them before, Madame?" someone asks her.

"Deux fois, monsieur. Et quand ils arrivent, moi, je m'en vais!"

We find the Consul still obdurate. What is to be done? We go back to the hotel and pack. We talk the situation over. The Pole is calm, but I know he understands what will happen to him in German hands. We decide to make an effort to get on one of the steamers at the quay. We get past the guards without difficulty, thanks to my Canadian passport. But at the gangplank, a French official stops the Pole.

"What's this?" he demands, looking over the Polish passport. "No visa? Get out of here!"

We find ourselves outside the gate again. The Pole tries to persuade me to go alone.

"Mon Dieu! Qu'est-ce que vous pouvez faire ici?"

I know what he means. With his perfect French and his dark hair and skin, he could pass for a Frenchman without difficulty. Besides, he was born in the middle of the war for Polish independence. He is used to catastrophe. My *gueule anglaise*, my clothes, my accent, everything would give me away at once. He would be better off without me. At this moment, a Belgian boy we had seen at the Legation comes up and speaks to me in English. "The Consul is giving visas to everybody. I'm sure your friend won't have any difficulty."

The Legation staircase is now packed solid. A lot of English people have arrived since we were there last. The Consul is scribbling at his desk, writing visas on Legation letterheads and stamping them with the date and the official seal. There are only two steamers left in the harbour and they are to blow up the docks when they leave. Sailors are laying the mines now. There is a feeling of tenseness and rush. The Germans are 9 hours away.

We walk back to the quay with an Englishman who arrived in St. Malo an hour before. It took him six days to come from Paris by bicycle. "I wonder if they'll let me take this bicycle," he says. "It's been a trusty steed. I'd hate to give it up."

We find that he lived in Paris for 20 years, and left a library of 800 volumes behind—most of them on cooking. "I only brought two books with me," he says, producing copies of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam and the Modern

Library translation of "Thus Spake Zarathustra". His wife is an American; he sent her to New York with the baby when war broke out.

The officials let us pass. There is a feeling of exultation in treading the deck of a ship. The decks are crowded with troops. We install ourselves near a companionway with a group of soldiers who were at Dunkirk. This is their second evacuation in a month.

"You'll be all right when you get to Blighty," says one.

They give us cartons of Black Cat cigarettes. I give them a bottle of Grand Marnier in return. They begin showing us photographs of their wives and children, and telling us about the retreat. Their optimism is immense.

The ship lies against the quay for nearly an hour after we get on board. She is a typical Channel steamer, painted blue since the war began; every inch, inside and out, is occupied by soldiers.

At last we start. The docks glide by. A big Frenchman near the entrance gates holds up his thumbs as we pass.

In Memoriam

(With due acknowledgement to Miss J. Milne, without whose suggestion this might not have been written and the world would never have heard the story of one of its greatest martyrs.)

From this day forward, I shall never read a story about a martyr, I shall never read a poem about a martyr, I shall never see the portrait of a martyr, without thinking of her. What a noble thing she had done no one would have ever known, if I had not assumed the responsibility of telling you. For what greater thing can a man do than give up his life for a friend? She had given up her life—not for a man, oh no, not she—but for mankind. She was shown where her duty lay and she performed it. At the climax of her life, at the height of her loveliness, she was willing to die for those whom she had never seen. Did she hesitate? Did she falter? No!

We looked down at her body stretched inertly before us. Her blue eyes, left unclosed by some heartless and unfeeling individual, looked at us. Although glazed with death, they seemed to say, "Do not feel too badly. I am past all pain. Be as courageous as I was." Joanie gripped my hand, and tears came to our eyes. We alone had witnessed this great thing. Although it repelled me, although I felt as though it was a sacrilege, I reached out my hand. What possessed me I do not know. A fascination to touch her sanctified body, to be able to say that I had touched it, urged me on. The contact with her now—cold flesh sent

"Vous reviendrez?" he asks. "Ce n'est pas fini, n'est-ce pas? On les aura quand même!"

The ship emerges into the bay. The town appears in a half-circle behind us, crouching inside its heavy granite battlements, an uneven mass of roofs, with the cathedral spire jutting above the rest. We see the orange canvas awnings of the bath chairs on the beach, and the heads of people swimming. In such a situation, it is impossible not to think of something historic, and I think of Mary Stuart: "Adieu France, adieu! Je ne te verrai plus!"

The rocky islands with their forts stand out in the bay like ships. There is a light purple mist over the June sea; the town sinks down into it and vanishes. The headlands drop away. There is a last glimpse of white coastline, then nothing more. The water swishes steadily against the ship's side, audible above the pulse of the engines. A plane flies over us once, twice, winking signals from its cabin. The English soldiers lean on the rail, smoking their cigarettes.

Miss F. McFADDEN

shivers down my back. I could not repress a scream. I felt as though I had done something which I could never do again. Joan and I looked at one another understandingly. Tears pouring out of our eyes, choking with emotion, we turned away. The whole room seemed filled with a strange aroma, a perfume vaguely familiar to us, a disturbing scent which we knew that we should never forget. But we had to turn back. Those sightless eyes compelled us to. We had our duty to perform, painful as it was. Three times I summoned my courage, three times I turned back, overcome. It had to be done. There was no backing out now. I lifted the scalpel with trembling hands. I took a deep breath, clenched my teeth and made the first incision. There! I had done it. The worst was now over! I had taken the first step. Joan following my example, we continued, cutting, tearing, scraping, feeling each wound as though it had been our own. And through it all, those staring eyes, that indescribable, haunting odour, which seemed to penetrate everything with which it came in contact.

I can conceal her name no longer. It must be noised abroad. It must be shouted from the rooftops, it shall become a household word. Her name, my dear friends, was Sophronia Sadie McFilne. Her genus was *rana catesbeiana*, her calling—a poor, defenceless specimen for dissection in the biology lab.

But these mundane and sordid details will never soil her fame which shall be immortal and everlasting.

The Art of Acting

DICKSON-KENWIN

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women are
Merely players."

One frequently hears of an actor or an actress reaching fame overnight; but one seldom stops to consider the years of bitter disappointments which these artists have experienced, as a necessary part of their training. Grinding and soul-tearing circumstances which they have overcome by sheer tenacity and sincerity.

To make good in the theatrical profession, the player must have undaunted faith, and must possess much of that indomitable quality—Hope.

Success on the stage, before an audience, does not indicate that classroom study has finished. In preliminary work the classroom has much to do, and much to offer, but the finishing work of the stage must be done, in practice, and before the public.

Perfection in acting, if there is such a condition, is only accomplished by hard work. Great stage artists have always been highly intelligent and studious people; with a broad outlook on life and human affairs. They have a special ability to apply their ideas to the work of characterisation. For a stage artist to hold a place of prominence in the public eye, he must maintain the studious attitude to the end.

The amateur player who regards acting as a pleasurable hobby, merely, fails to realize the importance of preparation and study. The consequence is that there is a lowering of histrionic standards, all round, and this tends to destroy the public interest and confidence in the Theatre. Consequently, the public have become too tolerant, and it would almost seem that they like to be defrauded.

The old-age traditions of the flesh-and-blood theatre, should be preserved, and the attitude of the average amateur player, to-day, does not help to keep alive these noble traditions. Little theatre movements are all very well in their proper place. They are very necessary indeed. But what is needed is a big theatre movement, and one which can be of national importance.

All realize that the professional artist has evolved from the non-professional, and it is therefore, up to the amateur artist of the stage to regard the art of the theatre with as much seriousness as he would regard the kindred arts of music, painting, sculpture and dancing.

The theatre-goer who witnesses the actor's art from the other side of the footlights, need not necessarily possess a knowledge of stage technique. As a matter of fact, it is better for the critic to be free from such details, which, after all, concern only backstage affairs. The critic has to

eliminate false notions of what really constitutes the perfect stage artist. He need not be over-concerned with the ways and means of actual performance. There is a great difference in the way of approach to the art of acting, between the member of the audience, and the actor upon the stage.

The intelligent layman is able to give the most legitimate comments on performance. The actor must constantly strive to impress his listeners with the various details of his skill. His first duty is to be able to create a complete mental picture which will do more than anything else to leave his audience spell-bound.

If the elements of performance are unduly separated on the stage, the efforts of the actor and of the actress, will appear too academic, and enchantment will be lost.

The academic actor offers no true entertainment value to the theatre public. The skilled actor never views his art as he expects it to be viewed by his audience; and he should not be disturbed any more than a painter, sculptor or musician should be disturbed, when on duty.

The public are not allowed to interfere with the artists' creations, and the artist should not be expected to mar the public's enjoyment by giving indifferent exhibitions.

Apart from the question of physical training and vocal placement, the actor must consider the questions of deportment, make-up, and costuming. The whole art of the drama should be approached, physiologically, and this calls for an orderly and disciplined system of mental training.

It is always the personality element which is the most puzzling and difficult to understand. It is an understanding of one's self, which builds up the personality. We are reminded of what Polonius said to his son, Laertes: "To thine own self be true, then it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Characterisation and Pantomime

The art of pantomime is the translation of thought into gesture or movement. In pantomime everything is explained in dumb show. Interpretative dancing is the chief educational form of pantomime.

One cannot accomplish much in this branch of histrionic art, from text-book study. Too much knowledge gained from written facts, will lead to mechanical and soulless movement. Features will become rigid, and the movements unnatural.

Pantomime is the language of dumb-show, and is universal in its application. It is an essential quality for all thinking, feeling, and moving beings.

Pantomime includes, attitudes, facial expressions, bodily

gestures, laughter, tears, and spontaneous vocal expressions. There are three groups of pantomimic expression, namely, action, character, and instinctive movement. It is the latter which betrays the emotional and moral attributes.

Two more groups may be added, namely, descriptive pantomime, which aims to express a thought by speaking, or by describing person, object, place or direction. Secondly, there is complimentary pantomime which includes the co-operation of the whole body, and which adds force, and gives more harmony to an idea already specifically expressed by action.

For the stage actor, pantomime consists of giving flexibility and mobility to the body and facial muscles; knowledge of all the movements which can be made; ease and precision in executing these movements, and a perfect understanding and co-ordination of each movement made.

In all pantomimic action and expression, one must be guided by the principle of utility. For instance, if one feels sad, one will experience a desire to weep. If one feels glad, one will have a desire to laugh. Or, a feeling of fatigue will create a desire to be seated. Energy, will impel one to walk or run, and inspiration will bring a desire to write or meditate. In every case, one will discover that if a desire is executed in action, minus the feeling which has created that desire, the pantomime will be stiff and unnatural.

We should always let our actions be controlled by the thoughts which prompt them. However skilfully a marionette may be constructed, and however expert the puppeteer may be in manipulating the strings, a distinctive personality will never be imparted to the puppet.

When expressing admiration or desire, prayer, persuasion, order, bravery, threatening attitudes, etc., one leg should be forward. This carries the weight of the whole body. Or when expressing indecision, timidity, hesitation, doubt, fear, scorn, meditation, dread, etc., the weight of the whole body should be thrown on a backward leg.

Pantomimic expression contributes vitally to the mode of speaking. When expressing strong emotions, facial movements should be used as well as body movements. Eyes, forehead, mouth, and chin, should become animated so that the face may be the index to the thoughts behind it.

Dramatic Portrayal

Dramatic portrayal collectively, comprises the arts of characterisation, pantomime, speech, and technique.

The stage artist's major problem is character creation. To be able to create character it is necessary to be eagerly interested in human life. The actor's aim is to make the audience interested in each individual character of the play. There are two kinds of parts to be distinguished, namely, the straight part and the character part. In the straight

part, the actor remains himself, while adding moods, gestures, and passion, as the dialogue and theme of the play demand. The straight-part actor creates nothing. He merely exhibits and adds to his own personality.

In the character part, the actor goes outside himself, and through his powers of observation, imagination, and sense of human values, he is able to create a new figure, different from himself. The character actor must get to the bottom of the playwright's conception of the character he is portraying.

He must make the character a definite personality, alive and natural, and he will never succeed in doing this if he cannot get very far ahead in the creation of a character, outside himself. Every part is really a character part, but in all cases an actor should create a portrayal outside himself. The "sense" of character must be built up in the mind and imagination.

The character should be as much unlike the actor as possible. If the actor strives to make the character like himself, he will be liable to be classed as a "type" actor. In such a case he will experience difficulty in gaining a wide experience of diversified parts, which is so important in his training. It is much easier to express character with a well-trained body and voice. Also, the sensitive and imaginative person will find the work of character portrayal easier.

Like the actor, the character part has an outer and an inner self. The actor must get to *know* the character he is playing, and in order to do this he must be thoroughly familiar with himself. Above all, he must know how to present the inner and outer self of the character. Herein lies the true art of histrionics.

The job of acting is by no means entirely inspirational. Thought must be given to anything which brings gleams of inspiration, but inspiration will take care of emotional parts and make them sound effective. In addition, it is necessary to give careful thought to the details of presentation and technique.

Studying a Part

When one begins to study a part in a play, one should concentrate on the role and analyse it from every point of view. Understand the character—study the dramatist's remarks concerning the character, and let the imagination expand, and clear the vision, regarding the psychology of the role.

In effective acting, a sense of intimacy is established with the audience. The directness of the voice will help greatly to bring about this desirable condition. Personal bearing should be directed in a definite manner, towards the audience. All effective acting has a quality of directness, but there should be no show of eagerness to come into close

personal touch with the audience, as a whole. Keenly, and continuously, enunciation and pronunciation must be positively marked.

The elements that help to make the successful actor and actress, are life, vivacity, and animation. These three qualities intensify and enlarge, and through them, a large audience can be reached, controlled, and held.

In acting, every feeling expressed, should be as intense as its nature will permit.

But the emotion of pathos is given without intensity. The mastery of pathos is one of the greatest helps in securing the control of breathing; and this means control of the whole vocal mechanism. This is because, in rendering pathos, the lungs must be packed with air, thereby giving adequate support to the voice. The actor should retain in his voice the impulse to sigh and sob. His acting will then become intense.

The strength of the voice in acting depends upon the amount of breath retained in the lungs. The normal voice should be strong and pure. Force need not be used in driving out breath in order to carry words. The retention and reservation of breath, cause sound to travel. This is called *supporting tone*.

If an actor is asked to speak louder, he should take more breath, and thus support his voice. It is the increase in support, and not the degree of loudness, that enables a voice to be heard in all parts of the theatre.

In the art of acting, whether in a non-professional capacity or otherwise, general procedure should be based on

the qualities of courtesy, service, and co-operation. The actor should have complete confidence in his director, and a desire to see his brother players give first class performances. While there should be a keen spirit of competition between the players, there should never be any petty jealousies concerning the achievements of any individual player. Each member of the cast should regard himself as a necessary part of the play, and should cultivate the desire to fit into the theme without belittling the efforts of others.

The imagination should roam untrammelled with ifs and buts, fear of doing the wrong thing, or running counter to accepted practice, or being talked about, or even ridiculed, is very often a serious handicap to progress and accomplishment in art. Fear, in any form, is a vicious and deadly enemy, for it destroys individuality and originality. Development of dramatic sense which coincides with that of personality, will go a long way in eliminating fear.

An idea does not have to be entirely original if it can be given the personal touch. A fundamental knowledge in the art and technique of the theatre, is of real practical value in social, business, and professional life. Such knowledge helps, materially to give the personal touch.

It is far better to give a finished performance to a more or less simple role, than to murder a classic. Parts should not be "just learned", they should be understood.

Sir Charles Wyndham, one of England's greatest actors, once said to a young artist who was displaying exaggerated gestures in his attempt to act a part, "My dear boy, don't act—be natural."

Soft April Rains

Soft April rains
Erase the pains
Of patient winterhood;
Prepare the earth
For yearly birth
Of violets in the wood.

Soft April rains
Wash clean the stains
From Winter's weary face;
Give crying Spring
A song to sing
Of God the Commonplace.

—Leon Adams.

Don't - Quit - - -

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh;
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must—but never quit.
Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tints of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can feel how close you are;
It may be near when it seems afar,
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit!

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Incident of A French Camp

(General plot based on Browning's "Incident of a French Camp.")

R. A. WESTMAN

It was dawn in the camp of the 1st Chevalier Regiment. The will-o-the-wisp-like fog flowed through the scattered evergreens and over the blanketed bodies of the sleeping French cavalymen. In the centre of the camp over two blazing fires several cooks were busy preparing the men's breakfast. Their noiseless movements, punctuated occasionally by the clang of a ladle on a kettle, or the occasional hiss of water on the fire lent an eerie atmosphere to the scene. Peering into the fog, one could dimly discern the ghostly outlines of the sentries as they marched to and fro on the outskirts of the camp, and the steaming bodies of the horses who were tethered near the wooded region of the camp. The sun was now rising over the edge of the horizon outlining Ratisbon—objective of the day. Suddenly from the ranks of the sleeping men rose the bugler. Swiftly he marched to the centre of the camp; he raised the bugle to his lips; and the sharp blast of "reveille" split the morning air. As if by magic the camp came to life. Men staggered drowsily to their feet, rolled their blankets, and performed their morning fatigue, all the while being hurried on by the bellowing of Regimental Sergeant-Major Blanchard who strode up and down the lines like an angry bull.

Young Jacques Leschamps was his usual quiet self. He did his fatigue duty quietly, swiftly and exceedingly well. He knew that his regiment was to go into battle that day—it would be his first. He would fight well for on his and every French soldier's shoulders rested the burden of honour they must uphold. At least so young Jacques thought. He held a love for Napoleon and for the French that few knew of. He was prepared to give his life so France—Napoleon could be victorious.

Soon the horses were saddled, muskets and pistols inspected, everything made ready for the coming battle—the battle for Ratisbon. Regimental Sergeant Blanchard formed the regiment in line pending arrival of Colonel Laval. In number three troop young Jacques Leschamps sat rigidly at attention on his horse. In his mind he thought "France will be proud of me to-day or I shall die in the attempt to make her so." He listened proudly as Colonel Laval told his men that Ratisbon had to be captured—that the Regiment was to avert itself with glory.—Glory for France and for Napoleon. He then outlined the regiment's duty in the attack to his officers. Sergeant Blanchard then cried out a command and the 1st Chevalier Regiment moved toward battle.

It was afternoon on a knoll outside Ratisbon. On that hill stood a dynamic genius—a genius for war—Napoleon Bonaparte. With his legs far apart, arms locked behind, and neck out thrust he presented a picture of aggressive-

ness; a picture of thought. He watched the battle with grim intentness.

"Lannes, don't fail me. I must have Ratisbon before dusk. For God's sake don't waver at that wall," was what Napoleon was thinking as the French stormed the wall.

"Ach, those pig-headed Savanians! Kill them my lads, for you are better than they!" Such were the words of encouragement that Colonel Laval shouted to his men. The 1st Chevalier Regiment was fighting as it had never fought before.

"Brave lads, these," shouted Laval to Blanchard at his side. "They are fighting as they have never fought before."

In number three troop all was not as well. The lieutenant was dead, as was the sergeant; the men wanted to retreat on seeing that their leaders were dead. Jacques Leschamps did not agree though. Waving his sword, and riding to the head of the troop he shouted. "Follow me, those who are not afraid," and spurred his horse toward Ratisbon.

Several minutes later, as Marshal Lannes guard, they rode into the market place of Ratisbon. Jacques Leschamps was terribly proud, but hurt too. He had scarcely noticed his wound in the mad charge into Ratisbon.

"You there," shouted the Marshal to Jacques, "ride to Napoleon and tell him we have won."

Napoleon gazed through the batteries' smoke, but could see nothing. If the Marshal failed his plans were of no use. Then suddenly from the smoke came a rider at the full gallop. It was Jacques. Jacques jumped from the horse and stood at attention before his leader.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace we've got you Ratisbon."

This was all Napoleon heard, though, the youth was still talking. His eyes flashed, his mind kindled new plans. Suddenly his eyes fell on the youth. Jacques breast was half shot away, he was severely wounded.

"You're wounded!"

"Nay, Sir, I'm killed Sir," and on utterance of these words Jacques fell dead before his Emperor's feet. Jacques was a hero, his name would long be remembered by soldiers of France.

Napoleon gazed intently at the body of the youth before him. "A brave lad," he thought, "one France should be proud of!"

Several days later a monument was erected over Jacques Leschamps' grave. It stood majestically all alone on that knoll about a mile from Ratisbon. Jacques Leschamps, Lieutenant, rested in peace.



A Contrast—East and West

J. C. BRODEUR

In contrasting Eastern and Western Canada, I shall refer particularly to Quebec in the east, and Alberta in the west. I wish to compare these provinces because I have actually lived in both of them for a number of years. Strange as it may seem, many controversies arise when an Easterner and a Westerner get together. It is true that they are both Canadians and have no reason to argue, but in spite of this fact their ways of life are somewhat different. Not that their methods of eating and their fashions of dressing are unlike, but simply that their systems of education differ essentially. The poorer people in Alberta have in my opinion a much better chance of making a future for themselves, and this is due directly to education. Other trivial aspects of life in Quebec and Alberta may differ, but I wish to stress the contrast between their systems of education.

Alberta is known to have one of the best systems of education in Canada. The pride of this province is its rural education and its correspondence courses. A rural school district, at the head of which is a chief commissioner or school superintendent, is twenty miles wide and thirty miles long. There are seventy schools in this area. This divisional school district is again divided into five sub-divisions, each headed by a trustee who is responsible for the equipment—books, laboratory supplies, etc.—of the schools under his jurisdiction.

How is a rural school division financed? This may seem to be a difficult task, but actually it is quite simple. Taxes from the land and provincial grants are used for the upkeep of these country schools and for the salaries paid to their teaching staff. Every year in the province of Alberta a great deal of money is spent on education, but the results accomplished exceed by far the investment. Many more children, who would otherwise be deprived of the chance of learning to read and write, are sent to school. Books are supplied free of charge to all pupils, and even part of their transportation is paid for, when conditions make it difficult to travel. Free medical attention is given to all school children, not only in rural schools but in city schools as well. A doctor visits the school once a month, but in the meantime a registered nurse is always present and immediately reports any illness.

Alberta, thanks to its rural education and correspondence courses, has a standard education throughout the province. The same books and the same methods of teaching are used in every school. A pupil may move from one part of the province to another without it interfering with his standing. Compulsory summer school for all the teach-

ers keeps the standard of education very high. If an instructor's qualifications are not satisfactory at the end of his summer training, he is not permitted to teach until he has regained his former competency.

When rural children begin their education, their standing is in conformity with their surroundings. During the first few years this standard is not very high, but when a student has completed his twelfth year he has become quite proficient in domestic science, community economics, field craft, elementary mechanics, and vocational studies. He has also acquired an efficiency in other high school subjects chemistry, physics, mathematics, English, French, Latin, etc. In Alberta it is said that so many rural children are becoming so well educated that they are leaving the farms and taking important positions in the cities. In all rural schools there are clubs and societies where pupils may accustom themselves to public speaking.

Alberta has the largest university extension system in Canada. Students from rural districts may be sent in to the university for short courses for a nominal fee. The University of Alberta has a powerful radio station over which many courses are broadcasted to rural districts in the remote parts of the province. Although Alberta is a very young province, it has done more for rural education than any other province in Canada.

Many Albertans go to school by mail. Over four thousand five hundred children and adults improve their education by correspondence courses. If a child cannot go to school, the school should go to the child; that is the slogan of the correspondence branch of the Alberta Department of Education. This work was begun eighteen years ago when provincial officials realized hundreds of children had no school opportunity. So one teacher was appointed to teach by mail. Now there are over thirty teachers and many clerks. At first the school-by-mail idea was intended for children in unorganized districts and backwoods country of the far north and the foothills. Now the pupils are of all ages and are located in all sorts of places. At first only elementary work was offered, but now one can get everything up to university entrance. Two correspondence pupils became Rhodes scholars for Alberta. Ken Conibar of Fort Smith, N.W.T., who had never seen a teacher until he went to the university, won the prized scholarship in 1931. The Professor of English at the University of New Brunswick, Edward McCourt of Kitsoty, Alberta, was awarded the Rhodes scholarship in 1932. Many other correspondence students have won medals for leading their districts in various examinations.

There are about seven hundred children taking elementary grades and about the same number taking intermediate grades. Over three thousand are taking the high school grades, of whom six hundred are adults. Of the total number of correspondence students, four hundred are teachers who wish to improve their status. About two thousand are high school students, and of this number about seven hundred are taking subjects they cannot get in their local schools. Up to grade eight there is no charge. After that there are nominal charges generally assumed by school authorities. No child goes without education for lack of money. The adults taking this course pay for themselves.

The City of Edmonton, Alberta, has what is known as a travelling library. The purpose of this library is to bring books to school children and adults who live in the remote parts of the city. Many would find it impossible to get to the library; so for the public's convenience the travelling library was introduced into the city in 1941, with no charges to the public. This library is a street car that tours the city and makes definite and regular stops where the people can exchange, return or take out a book. This may be considered another great step forward for Alberta in educating the public.

In the Province of Quebec, signs are not lacking that public opinion is awakening, though very slowly, to the fact that education must have a more secure place in the community. It can be plainly seen that education is a secondary consideration in this province. This was evident as far back as 1841, when Montreal and Quebec schools were deprived of provincial aid. The progressive reductions in grants left the two cities dependent mainly on property taxes to support the school systems, and this was definitely insufficient. The movement of factories to rural districts removed the source of revenue that should have replaced the provincial grants. The province makes little provision for financial aid to high schools. Recognition has been slow, regarding the state's duty in the matter of high school education for children in the Province of Quebec. School ages are from five to sixteen, I believe, but since there is no compulsory education in the province, it is impossible to see to it that children go to school. One result of this is the pathetic story told by statistics as to school attendance. Children go to high school in very small numbers and only a minority of those who start complete the high school course. The fact that high school education isn't looked upon as a state duty is well illustrated by the fact that there are monthly fees in all high schools. There are no fees whatsoever in Alberta schools.

The conflict of religions is a serious drawback as far as

education is concerned in the Province of Quebec. Probably the most difficult problem in establishing compulsory education in Quebec at present, is overcoming the dissension between the Catholics and the Protestants. This is by no means a simple task but is obviously the first obstacle towards an educational reform. An attempt was made apparently about 1926 to consolidate schools, but this was met by a powerful local opposition in the province. In 1937 Mr. Hepburn from Ayrshire, Scotland, recommended that a provincial tax on industries should be used to support education, but the Quebec Legislature failed to act on this report. Mr. Hepburn in his survey of education found that too many books were being used in the schools which proved that even the education within the province wasn't standardized. To place the school at the center of life of the community must be the aim of those who are responsible for the administration of education. The whole Quebec educational system needs revision for the good of the students. There are three million French Canadians against one hundred and seventy-five million English in the British Empire. It is evident therefore that French-Canadian youths must learn English. Premier Godbout himself said that the province's educational system should become more practical.

Insufficient medical care in the schools of Quebec explains the high rate of tuberculosis in the province. A rural educational system should be established immediately for the benefit of rural children who cannot afford a city school education. But before any changes come about, compulsory education must be firmly established in the province as soon as possible.

The faults of the Province of Quebec are the schools. Why isn't something done to improve this pitiful condition? A few have spoken but few have acted. Rene Chaulout, a Liberal member for Lotbinière, pleaded before the Legislature not so long ago for an educational reform. In fact educational conditions were getting so bad that in 1941 Hon. H. Perrier, provincial secretary, said in the Legislature that unless a solution was found very soon it would be necessary to close the schools in Montreal. Apparently some sort of solution was found, but I doubt if it has improved educational conditions. That in this twentieth century we have not yet compulsory education in Quebec is really pathetic. There's no reason that I can see why a suitable educational system couldn't be established in the Province of Quebec, when the Province of Alberta is thriving on such a successful system. In my honest opinion there should be a Canadian Dominion-wide system of education and not so many systems, that one cannot leave his province for fear that one will interrupt one's education.

Twenty Years After

W. W. HEATH

The fact that I have psychic powers is a matter of no personal pride to me. For though, like Hitler, I have such power of intuition, and rarely use them in times like these and have been especially reluctant to tear down the veil which obscures the future from us, but my fatalistic attitude has finally persuaded me that it can do no harm to reveal what destiny has in store for us. Thus I have looked forward, for a space of two decades to see how the men of '43 have fared in the intervening years. My discoveries have in many cases been painful, but it must be realized that I write with malice toward none, merely as the instrument of a cold and unreasoning destiny.

One of the most painful of these surprises occurred in the case of Mac Johnston. Shortly after the war Mac migrated to Hollywood, where he became a great success in that den of iniquity, and was known as Hollywood's greatest lover. Made dizzy by his fame, Malcolm became the leader of a notorious pack of wolves, in which the names of such men as Flynn figured prominently. Charges were brought against Malcolm by nearly every star in Hollywood, with the exception of Hedy Lamarr, whom he eventually married.

Not all our men of '43 came out unscathed from that terrible struggle of 1939-56. John Roberts was one of the earliest victims. Enlisting in the R.C.A.F. in 1949 he was shot down shortly afterwards over Germany. John was executed for terrorism when he attempted to debate obtuse points, in poor German, with every Nazi who came within earshot.

I was proud to learn that Bishop's men were not absent in the roll call of heroes. Hughie Smith caused the destruction of three German and Japanese divisions when he landed as a paratrooper behind their lines. The Germans were convinced that this unusual apparition must be either Thor or Oden. The Japanese were equally convinced that this was the Sun God. A furious altercation arose with both sides finally resorting to arms and annihilating each other. Hugh was appropriately decorated.

Nor was religion neglected by these men of '43. Jack Peake and Ed. Stevens were the co-founders of an entirely new cult. They erected an imposing monastery and its proximity to a large convent was purely accidental. Unfortunately they split over the rather trivial question of the water supply. Ed was determined that they should get their water by digging a tunnel through a hill to the convent, carrying their water in pails from this excellent source. But Jack, more practical and puritanical, insisted that

their great stores of hard cider rendered water unnecessary. They parted.

Few of us would have predicted that Ken Bartlett would have become a great writer of popular songs, yet that is what actually happened. His most famous, "Kiss me Cute, My Cuttie," surpassed in inanity anything that has been written up to the present time.

One of the most painful of all these surprising discoveries was the vision of Merton Tyler, twenty years hence. What his friends had feared had come to pass. Merton was bald as an egg. His tender connections with the Air Force had been severed due to his shining cranium and Merton, a broken man, was peddling peanuts through the main streets of Ayer's Cliff.

Bishop's might well point with pride to Sandy Mills' meteoric rise to fame on the stage. Sandy became the leading actor of his age, appearing with equal success as the passionate hero or the passionate villain, but always passionate. It was a source of never ending regret to the women of '43 that these powerful emotions lay more or less dormant in him throughout his college years.

In Lloyd Patch's career we have added proof of that old adage, "High hopes grow cold on a warm hearth stone." Lloyd was well on the way to becoming a brilliant scientist after having divorced a lovely maiden with whom he was married from July to September of 1943. But in 1946, when Lloyd was doing research work on the island of Tahiti, he became enamored with and married one of the beautiful aborigines, so common to that island. He was so infatuated that he neglected his work, especially a new explosive with which he was experimenting. At the time of the tragedy many thought it was an earthquake.

As I saw one after another of my college friends fall by the wayside in the struggle for success, I turned hopefully to Ronnie Smith. Surely that erratic genius had succeeded. Ronnie had succeeded, but not as I expected. Smitty was an extremely successful gigolo in a popular New York night club and swirled around like an inspired hep-cat to such exotic rhythms as, "Beat Me Daddy Eight to the Bar."

Harold Frizzell succeeded in the military field. At the end of the war Harold was a Colonel, but after demobilization came disaster. Harold's military mind was out of place in a world which turned feverishly to disarmament. Harold became a farmhand. At first Harold was reasonably successful and drew the average pay of \$6 per month with no income tax deductions. But when Harold was caught

twisting a young lamb's tail out of sheer sadism, he was fired by the irate farmer, and ended up working for his board on a chicken farm. Harold was not allowed near the chickens.

Apparently Keith Maclean's languid air hid a fiery nature within. Keith died in a gun battle in Chicago over some blond moll who had fallen desperately in love with him. Those bedroom eyes similar to Charles Boyer's were ever his undoing.

Red Millar became a famous wrestler, but at the time of which I write poor Red was completely washed up. After vanquishing such terrors as Gorilla Gus, Red was finally beaten completely by Mauler Mike, who bit off both Red's ears. He is now a newspaper boy in his home town where he may be seen delivering the Record on the coldest days without a hat on.

Bob Carpenter became a noted brain specialist. He performed numerous delicate operations, not the least of which was the one performed on Bud Torrance, after his accident in the navy. Poor Bud suffered from "haemoglobinosis", the jamming of the right cerebral hemisphere. It was necessary for Bob to extract this part of the brain and in its place the cerebral hemisphere of a carrier-pigeon was inserted. Bud's excellent physique enabled him to make a remarkable recovery but his continual fluttering, and pigeon-like walk are sources of great pain to his friends.

Peter Schoch was another of the few to become famous. Pete became a great biologist, proving among other things that what Dr. Langford had thought to be the frog's liver was really its esophagus, and that the female rabbit which the Professor dissected was actually a tom cat. Mr. Langford has since been pensioned.

Nelson Raycraft died in the war of a wasting illness which completely baffled the leading doctors of the day.

Huge sums have been offered for his body, but Nelson, with true Scotch canniness, is still waiting for a higher offer.

Dickie Tomlinson was one of Bishop's brightest hopes. Those hopes were disappointed. Shortly after leaving Bishop's Dick had an unhappy love affair. In despair Dick turned to drink and found that he liked it. He became a bar tender, every tavern in which he served going bankrupt due to the strange disappearance of great quantities of scotch and other beverages. His demise was due to stomach ulcers.

Ned Goodhue's later career did not conform to his early quiet nature. He became the greatest radical of the day. He migrated to Russia where he was executed because of too rabid communism. He died singing the seventh international.

Jimmy Giroux became a great economist. Today he is the leading advocate of the new "so-called economic system", which should transform, as it were, our whole economic life.

I am reluctant to say what happened in my own case. That I succeeded where so many better men failed will be scoffed at by many. But the truth compels me to record the facts, at the risk of seeming prejudiced in my own favour. After several small enterprises had ended unfortunately I finally went bankrupt to the extent of \$20,000. The government became interested in me immediately and I was given a prominent position in the civil service in 1952. I need hardly add that I have been an eminent success in this field.

It has been suggested that I omit looking into the future of the women of '43. A morbid curiosity impelled me to do so however, and I am unable to write of the terrible scenes which appeared before my horrified yet psychic eyes. Our worst forebodings were more than fulfilled.

Blue Autumn

Do you remember that blue autumn eve
We sat upon the sands and watched the sea
In dream-like silence while the moon came down
On you and me?

Do you remember the new-risen stars,
Those shining rhinestones on the fringe of time,
That prompted you to look and love, and place
Your hand in mine?

Do you recall that sacrament we shared
While soft winds blew white foam upon the shore,
And we in wordless speeches pledged our love
For evermore?

If you have treasured these within your heart,
If still you hear our whispers in the night,
Then why have shapeless clouds obscured the sky's
Moon-mellow light?

—Leon Adams.

The Stevedores

Miss J. LOCKWOOD

"Six fathom, five deep dumb
Ten more kegs of good grade rum.
If I win, then you will lose.
Three for the fingers, seven for the shoes."

"The old girl's in," grinned one stevedore to the other.
"The old girl's in," shouted the captain to the first mate.
"Yep," said the crew in unison.

The captain came ashore, all gold braids and brass buttons.

"Did you see the captain?" one stevedore asked the other.
"Uhm," said the other.

A grey-green smoke sifted over the wharf, and one stevedore rubbed his eye. A sinister character in his black rags, he wagged his filthy whiskers with every word. The white ship through the dirty haze gleamed with a luminous brightness in the black lapping water. Night was falling. The lonesome thud, thud, thud, of a loose log near the wharf, marked the crest of each wave as it slipped by, dark and oily. One stevedore spat in the water. This time it was thud, thud, spat, thud. The wind went down; still the water kept lapping, slipping, sinking, lapping, slipping, sinking, over and over. One stevedore sat down. A match flared, lighting up his hollow face, died and hissed as it struck the water. Puff, thud, puff, thud, perfect timing. A little red glow glimmered, died, glimmered, died as the stevedore puffed, and the log bumped, and the night grew darker.

The crew came ashore all hoots and whistles. Then the wharf grew quiet, except for the puff, thud, puff, thud.

"Did you see the first mate?" said one stevedore to the other.

"Nope," said the other.
"He ain't come off then," said the first.
"Nope," said the other.
"Then we dassant do it tonight."

Wheeah! Wheeah! The wharf patrolman came along, lifted his lantern to the stevedores' faces, then went on. The light, swinging beside him, hid and lit the wharf with every step, like a signal. The clattering of his heavy tread on the boards could be heard long after he turned the corner. The other stevedore got up, stretched, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Never be a better night than this," he said.
"Thar's a storm abrewin'," said the first.
"Mebbe."

The stevedores walked to the edge of the wharf. The ship was scarcely visible, so thick was the haze. The calm was hot and damp.

"Whar'd yer put the boat?" one stevedore asked the other.

"I've got it hid," whispered the other. "Come on."

Silently they slipped over the edge of the wharf. A little splash was all to be heard above the thud, thud, thud of the log. Creak, splash, creak, splash, the rusty oars squeaked as the boat moved off. Fainter and fainter grew the sound. All that was left was thud, thud, thud.

Suddenly the wharf was alive with noise.

"You'll swing for this," the captain's voice roared.

Six drunken sailors hoisted him to their shoulders as they came around the corner.

"Six fathom, five deep dumb

Ten more kegs of good grade rum,"
they sang as they bore him struggling to the edge of the wharf.

"Let go of me you dirty—", said the captain kicking a sailor in the stomach, "blast you, you'll all swing for this."

"Three for the fingers, seven for the shoes," the sailors sang.

"Haw! Haw! Haw! Old Flat Face won't like this," one bellowed.

"If we win, then you will lose," they yelled as they grabbed the captain's feet.

"Swing the cat," one shouted.

"Then let go," another shrieked, "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"You'll swing for—", the rest of the captain's words were lost as he hit the water.

The night was filled with noise. The sailors took up their drunken singing and tramped back to the bar room.

Out on the water the boat creaked and goaned. The captain splashed and swore and the water slipped swiftly by.

"Help! Help!" roared the captain, but the sailors were far away.

"Help! Help!" he shouted, and there was no answer.

The captain floundered in the darkness. His mouth filled with water. His breath was gone. Swish, the water took him. Swish, he went under. A hand stuck out of the water and waved weakly. The thud, thud, thud of the log ended with a dull kerbunk. It was pulled under, then it bobbed to the surface. This time there was a hand on it. The captain crawled out of the water.

The night was dark and sooty, yet the air felt like rain. A musty smell hung over the wharf, dank and fishy. There was no sound except the tread of the patrolman coming around the corner, his light swinging. Tramp, tramp, nearer and nearer he came. The captain sat on the edge of the wharf to catch his breath.

"Ahoy! What the—?" the patrolman muttered, lifting his lantern to the captain's face. "What the devil are you doing here?"

"None of your business," snapped the captain.

"Where's those stevedores?" asked the patrolman.

The captain said nothing. He staggered to his feet, stumbled along the wharf and around the corner. The patrolman went his way, tramp, tramp, tramp. He reached the gravel road, crunch, crunch, crunch, farther and farther away. Then the wharf was silent.

"Six fathom, five deep dumb

Ten more kegs of good grade rum," sang the riotous gang coming around the corner. Torches flickered, shouts rent the air, somebody screamed. The captain's voice rang above the drunken brawlers.

"Six ropes, six dead sailors by morning. Vengeance!" he roared as the noisy group jostled across the wharf.

"Fee, fie, foe, fum,

I smell the blood—," somebody sang.

"Silence," the captain shouted.

"Don't swing us, please," chorused the six sailors, but the mob swept them on.

"Halt!" said the captain, "Hang them on the posts."

Flickering torches rising and falling lit the wharf. A sailor fell into the water with a splash.

"Save us," shrieked one of the six. "Patrolman! Patrolman!" but the patrolman was far away.

"Shut up you swab," shouted the captain. "Pull, one, two, three."

The mob held their torches high and six sailors on six posts dangled limply, their tongues hanging out.

"Well done. Haw! Haw! Haw!" the mob roared.

Out on the water a breeze was rising. Ice cold steely specks of rain snapped in the stevedores' faces. They shivered. Waves began to rock the boat. They looked towards the wharf where the torches were rising and falling. A wave of uneasiness swept over them. The wind blew harder but the rain stopped. A wave caught the side of the boat and drenched the stevedores. They watched the lights ashore which disappeared around the corner one by one.

"Bout time we turned around," said one stevedore to the other.

"Yep," said the other nervously.

"Big storm abrewin'," said the first.

"Guesso," the other replied.

Creak, splash, creak, splash, the ragged stevedore rowed and rowed through the inky darkness. Bump went the boat as it hit the wharf.

"Grab the post," one stevedore told the other.

The other reached out his hand.

"Yeeak!" he screamed.

"Shut up," ordered the first.

The other whispered thickly in a strangled voice, "Thar's a dead man hanging to that post."

"Cripes! Let's get out," hissed the first.

The old oars creaked and splashed louder than ever as the stevedore rowed back out to sea. The water was rough and spray stung their face. On and on they rowed out on the stormy sea.

Crunch, crunch, crunch came the patrolman across the gravel, tramp, tramp, tramp onto the wharf.

"Storm abrewin'," he muttered, his eyes straight before him.

The wind moaned in from the sea, cold and fearsome. It blew at the patrolman's cap and lantern. He shivered from the rawness of the night and hurried along the planks. One, two, three, the bodies on their posts dangled soundlessly, blown back and forth by the wind, but the patrolman glanced neither to the right nor to the left. Louder and louder boomed the waves as they soaked the six dead sailors, yet the patrolman saw nothing. Tramp, tramp, quickly the sound of his feet grew fainter and was lost in the whining of the wind.

Deserted and desolate, the wind and sea took possession of the wharf. Then without warning the storm broke. The miserable wind and the darkness were drowned in a mighty downpour.

The room was flooded with brightness. Both boys were startled.

"Go to sleep now boys," their mother told them. "No more story telling tonight Jimmy."

"Okay mom."

"Night," both boys said in unison as she switched off the light.

Bobby sighed and turned over. "Gosh, that was a good story," he said. "What happened to the stevedores?"

"Dunno," yawned Jimmy drowsily.



Reconstruction After The War

K. BARTLETT

The enormous task of planning for reconstruction after the war is occupying many minds to day. While most people have their own ideas on the subject, everyone is agreed that the new world must be a better place in which to live. To achieve this cherished goal, there must be more unity of thought and a greater willingness for people to co-operate with one another. To date we have heard only from such people as Wendell Willkie and Henry Wallace, who, in their enthusiasm for a better world, have urged changes so tremendous that they can never be carried out. We have not, on the other hand, learned the wishes of the majority of people, who, either because of their disinterestedness, or of their intellectual inability to visualize the future, have not given the world the benefit of their counsel. Even if it were possible to know exactly what the majority of the people wanted, there is no guarantee that their desires would be adequately satisfied. The most that can be done at this time is, first of all to anticipate post-war conditions, and then, according to the lessons of history, devise the best means of meeting those conditions. The main problems to be solved will be in the fields of politics, rehabilitation, immigration, economics, and international co-operation.

The future peace of the world will depend on what transpires at the peace conference. The chief danger lies in the fact that a settlement may be either too reactionary, as was the plan drawn in the Congress of Vienna after the Napoleonic Wars, or too unworkable, as was the treaty signed at Versailles after the last war. But in view of the results of Versailles, we can expect a settlement resembling in some ways the Restoration of 1815. The Vienna settlement, fashioned by that arch-conservative Metternich, which attempted to restore Europe to its pre-war status, was an error almost as unfortunate as the Versailles agreement. If such a mistake is to be avoided, our statesmen must not persist in committing their countries to the restoration of all the old boundaries of Europe; no matter what might have been the military expediency prompting such a policy, this practice must cease if we are to win the peace. The present war governments of the great powers may find it disagreeable to reverse their policy, and for this reason it may be necessary and highly desirable to have new governments, unhampered by commitments, to write the terms of peace. This would not necessarily mean that the allied governments would have to break faith with the governments of the occupied countries. In the first place, the exiled governments, which extracted promises from the allies, cannot speak for their peoples on the continent. In the second place, the exiled governments, even if they should represent

the feelings of their countrymen, may be persuaded to see that new allied proposals are very much in their interest. The most important factor in the reconstructing of Europe is for the architects to have not only a free hand in drawing up plans, but also the right to change their plans if this should become necessary. Only by the slow, but sure process of compromise and readjustment can the difficulties of Europe be resolved in a lasting peace.

While our statesmen are drawing up plans for a new map of the world, our attention will be focused on the pressing problem of demobilizing our Canadian servicemen. The rehabilitation of these men, despite the wisest planning imaginable, will constitute the biggest problem we have ever had in this country. Some of the ways of meeting this problem can be learned from the past, but many of the problem's aspects are without precedent. We did not, for example, face the transformation of so much industry in 1919. It is, therefore, imperative that we neglect none of the lessons that history has to teach us. The folly of placing returned men in positions for which they are unsuited has been proved many times by history. The Romans, as did many races after them, used to try and settle veterans on the land. To their dismay, the authorities learned that soldiers, accustomed to the excitement of war, and accustomed to receiving free board and keep, made exceedingly poor farmers. As an aftermath of war, we have also learned to expect that depressions will follow the signing of a peace treaty. Economic depressions, in this case, are caused by a too rapid conversion from war to peacetime conditions. To offset such a great change it may be wise to refrain from discharging men until occupations are found for them. In this connection we should remember that it has already required nearly four years to become geared to war conditions and, by the same logic, we cannot expect to revert to peacetime conditions overnight. No rehabilitation scheme could be complete without some provision being made for education. Although after the last war, a limited number of veterans were re-educated to new vocations, the idea is comparatively new. It seems only fair that young men, who are uprooted at the beginning, or in the middle of their collegiate courses, should be given every chance of completing their education. Not only would this aid the scholar, but it would also mean one less person to place in business.

In a few years, after conditions have returned to a reasonably normal state, Canadians should consider the question of admitting immigration into the country. No doubt if we are to become a great nation we must have a considerably larger population, and to achieve this end, the admis-

sion of desirable aliens, such as the British peoples and others who think like them, is a most desirable proposition. There may be some reticence about adding to our numbers when we still have many unemployed; yet, this risk must be taken. If too long a period elapses before action is taken, there is every chance that prospective immigrants may settle back in their old ways and, therefore, give up all hope of moving over here. If this happens, Canada will lose an opportunity that may never come again, and that would be a tragedy of major proportions.

The prosperity of Canada and, indeed, of the whole world will rest on the ability of people to co-operate with one another. This fact is especially true of Canada, since, as an export nation, we must have cordial relations with all our customers. Fortunately, after the war, Canada will have a merchant marine, perhaps, only surpassed by those of the United States and Great Britain. Geographically we will be in an even more favored position as far as air transport is concerned. Since experts inform us that in the future most inter-continental air transport will cross over polar regions, we, who control the northern approaches of North America, will have more than a passing interest in post-war aviation. It is true that these factors place great power in our hands, but they also present us with new responsibilities, and we, as an honored nation, cannot afford to shirk our duties.

To many it may seem strange that no mention has been made of any post-war social scheme such as that advocated

in the Beveridge Report. But the fact is that this observer does not put much faith in elaborate blueprints of reconstruction. The wave of enthusiasm caused by the Beveridge Report is but a symptom of the times, and it is, in fact, this war's equivalent to the wild ecstasy that was so prevalent during the French Revolution and in the Napoleonic Wars. The same unbounded hope also was reflected in the last war when people were captivated by such phrases as "The war to end all wars" and "Going to war to make the world safe for democracy." Not only will the state find it difficult to better the position of the common man, but owing to the depleted state of national finances, it will make a greater call from the poor taxpayer. The present British Government is following the best policy when it accepts the Beveridge Report in principle, but proposes to postpone action until a later date. It can do no other.

If the hopes of everyone for a better world are to be realized, an intelligently planned program must be initiated now. A new world will not be achieved by trusting our plans to dreamers, but it can be accomplished if we conceive our future in the light of history. The scope of our program should include the political reconstruction of the whole universe, a scientifically planned rehabilitation scheme, an extensive immigration project, and a sensible foreign and trading policy. We should not, however, think of enacting a too rigid social legislative program until our finances are in better shape. If we, of Canada, plan along these lines, we will have done our share to make the world a place of great happiness and prosperity.

Incident In England

Printed in part below is a letter of Mr. Christopher Lloyd received by Dr. W. O. Raymond. Mr. Lloyd, when at Bishop's some years ago, acted as Dr. Raymond's assistant and was Prof. E. Owen's predecessor. He is now lecturing at Dartmouth Naval College. This should be of interest to all students of the English Course. (The Editor).

* *

November 14, 1942.

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Raymond:

. . . I have also reason to be thankful for a very fortunate escape. About a month ago I wrote you a long letter describing an "incident" hereabouts, but evidently the description was too accurate for the censors who promptly returned me my letter! Well, all I can say is that a farmer telephoned for me to go and help him bring in a field of barley on a certain morning when I should have been working elsewhere, and that when I returned I found that all

my notes and books were destroyed by something which fell out of the clouds—all except my old friend *Century Readings in English Literature* which was blown through a wall, missed a tank of water by inches and fetched up under a heap of rubble. I shall now keep it not merely for memories of Bishop's, but also memories of the war! Brenda and Joey were untouched in spite of the furious machine gun attack which followed.

The result of all this has been a very disturbed term in which my main efforts have been to make myself heard in spite of the hammerings of glaziers and carpenters and to try and get some attention in spite of sirens, accompanied by distant bombs and gunfire. Imagine me, in a "Take Cover", continuing the lesson under a table, clad in academic gown and steel helmet. Such is the schoolmaster of Anno 1942.

Christopher Lloyd.

What's Wrong With The Bishop's Men

With malice towards none and affection for all, we are endeavouring like Mr. Carter and other reformers to gently call the attention of the men of Bish to several minor faults which mar their attainment of perfection.

The freshmen when they arrive are too modest! They have never seen the ale they could not drink, the 'bacca they could not smoke, nor the lass they could not kiss; but, seniors, you'll agree—venerunt, viderunt, sed non vicerunt. They like cigars, call checkers slow, and—but this you need not know.

Second year men should of course think for themselves. Unfortunately to attain this virtue they pass through the phase of themselves, and this is misdirected genius. The calibre of their humor is sly, are they laughing at us or with us? "If faint and forced the laughter, sadness follows after."

Again and again we have loitered at the heels of a couple resplendent males only to hear, when we expected the level voice of culture, the staccato "says I", "says she". However, second year men after a year under the benign influence of 'fessor Call exhibit more smoothness and social graces.

The Divines are too orthodox and too methodical. Were the day of doom to dawn tomorrow you would find them taking measures to allay popular excitement and putting guards upon the graveyards that the dead might come forth in an orderly fashion. We are amused at their hesitancy to

make amorous advances outside the sanctity of the library. The flirtation in their eyes saddens us since experience has taught us that alone is the Alpha and Omega of their power.

But the seniors, they are clever. The professors even say that they can think—certainly they have an appearance of doing so which is delightfully deceptive. We do wish, however, that they would wake up to the fact that our moral sense of right and wrong is quite equal to theirs; and that we are surely capable of looking after ourselves without their matronly supervision at foreign houseparties. They frighten us sometimes although they are darlings and lack several things—conversation for one. Such lines! It would take Jonah's whale to swallow them. If they sometimes give the impression "I am the man that fills the eye and delights the heart of woman," we amiably put it down to a couple of years at some Joe College prep school.

Incidentally, some escorts think that it'd improve the appearance of a formal to squash 12 in a taxi. That is wrong—16 is much more cosy. Let us gently add that the pseudo savoir faire of Bishop's men is annoying—couldn't we have the high school naturalism.

"We have written the wrong of these men
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise, but ye are wise
And ye know what the jest is worth."

What's Wrong With The Bishop's Women

It is not the intention of your roving reporter to insult you girls, or to compliment you unduly, but merely to pass on to you the ideas that he has gleaned from bull-sessions, questioning, and the anonymous comments donated by the male student body. It is our earnest wish that you will take no offense from the opinions expressed here, but will perhaps profit by them.

One of our greatest needs is not only more but better women. Not that Bishop's women could not make something of themselves, they just don't try. They either cannot or will not carry on intelligent conversation. They are either too immature or too sophisticated. Those specimens who try to appear "women of the world" are just as sad as the poor creatures who just don't know what the score is. Of course we have the few women-haters, like the one who, when asked what he thought of Bishop's women just said, "Phooooooey," and the other who answered, "Gaaaaaaaah", as he fell to the floor frothing at the mouth.

So why girls don't you do something about yourselves? It isn't that you are so unattractive. Few of you know the right kind and how much make-up you ought to use. (We suggest Perc Westmore, Hollywood.) You (to quote one of my fellows), "are becoming so primitive with needle-like gaudy red and purple fingernails that we expect you to begin wearing rings in your noses any time." Another says, "I'm confused. I never know whose legs I'm whistling at when I see them disguised in red stockings, green stockings, purple stockings, and polka dot stockings." Then there are those who believe they must wear exactly what everybody else wears, even though they look like hell in it. Don't get me wrong, I love Bishop's women but can't they wear something sensible.

They say that you are prudish with the boys. We don't mean that our intentions aren't honorable, but "couldn't you let your hair down once in a while when on a date and boost our morale?" Why do you seem to be afraid of us,

we aren't all wolves? I asked one of the men for an original comment on the Bishop's co-eds, and after he had gone all through my list he decided that he could not make an original comment on people that had no originality.

Some of the men complain that the co-eds are too expensive to date. You get just as large allowances as we do, but is such a thing as "going dutch" ever happen around here? However, we wouldn't mind that if we could get a

bit of co-operation from you, such as keeping our conversations to yourselves, the day after a date. Some girls don't do this, to our extreme disgust.

You co-eds are the chief topic of our bull-sessions, and although we may make you out to be rather terrible creatures on paper, we are really only doing it to help you and ourselves. No hard feelings I hope!

The Bishop's Man

The Bishop's man is never known
To wear his finger to the bone.
Nor is he ever wide awake
When notes at lectures he must take.

He always cheers at hockey games
But can't remember people's names.
He feels that social intercourse
Is for the most part rather coarse,
Unless the deb has just implored
His presence at the party's board.
And even then he's rather coy
Compared to any average boy.

His week-ends start on Friday noon
And end more often late than soon,
Because he feels inclined to snub
The genial doings at the club.
Unlike the trite collegiate sect
He never uses dialect
Like "Let's go out and tie one on"
Or "Shoot the liquor to me John".
He won't refer to girls as classy
Or call a lass' trunk her chassis.

The standard symbols of the breed
Are two-tone shoes and Harris tweed,
And flannel pants which by degrees
Are getting baggy at the knees.
Thus might you know him if you meet
Our man along Wellington Street.
Reflect and thank your lucky stars
You're not—Good Lord!—perhaps you are
A Bishop's man.

J. C. BRODEUR

Notes and Comments

K. L. FARQUHARSON

Pardon me while I move these stacks of books out of the way. My that "Medieval Civilization of Europe" is heavy. Sometimes I wish the authors name was John or Tom rather than Ross William Collins. There that's better. Now let me see—where did I put that typewriter? Ah, yes. Some paper? O.K. We're off.

The best critics will say that it is not good policy to write an editorial at the close of a season. We, however, since we conform to no standards or regulations feel that this would be an appropriate time to enunciate our policy. This is because (a) there has of late been a great clamour for less of the subtle veiling and more of the crude expose in this column, and (b) because we have managed to exist up to this time without either being thrown out on our necks or murdered silently while we slept. We can dispose of the latter case without much trouble for it is apparent by these agonizing sentences that this department is still in existence, in spite of the many wrathful attempts made on its life by members of both sexes. The first, however, requires more attention. Apparently there has been a little too much covering up. As a result certain parties have been demanding that we come out more openly and state the facts. We might put up a strong defence, but, that the freedom of the press at Bishop's may be a standing tradition, we yield to public opinion. Read on—perhaps your name has graced these lines.

Some of us may remember the visit of the Honorable John Bracken, to this University shortly before Easter. Mr. Bracken, who was on tour of the Province of Quebec, is the newly elected leader of the Progressive Conservative party. He arrived at the college early in the morning, and was greeted by Dr. McGreer and other members of the faculty. Following this he took a short tour around the grounds. In spite of the fact that no formal arrangements had been made that he might say a few words to the students, it was rumoured that he would pay a visit to the library. Accordingly, several members of the student body immediately hastened to the "sanctuary" to await his arrival. When he did come, and had been introduced to Miss Jackson, the librarian, he was shown some of the more valued literary documents. Bob Gale then succeeded in getting a statement from Mr. Bracken which was to appear in this *Mitre*.

Some say that no university is without its little controversies and conflicts. On the other hand it would seem that even in such a small place as Bishop's, that if men can not agree surely there is no hope for any valuable post-war peace. Nevertheless, it seems now that due to circumstances

it will not be possible to have a Skinner debate. It had been planned to hold this debate sometime before Easter but due to unfortunate circumstances that was impossible. To put it briefly, two resolutions were rejected and when a third one was accepted it was too late to make any arrangements for the debate. As the competition now stands the Divinity team, by virtue of the last debate, is eight points ahead of the Arts, and since there will be no third debate, they will be declared the 1943 winners.

The Easter holidays were a surprise to most of us in that it had been announced earlier that due to the harvesting trip out west we could only hope for a few days over Easter. The faculty, however, apparently decided that the overworked students needed a good rest (or vice-versa) and we were granted 10 days leave. There followed a mad rush to obtain (a) any suitable container wherein to pack a few necessary articles, (b) the required \$6.85 with which to secure a passage to Montreal, or more distant localities such as La Tuque and Timeske? . . . Timasque? . . . Temiska? . . . ming something or other. Anyway we finally all made various Friday afternoon trains and buses. (Including Bob Smith and a few others who had earlier announced their intentions of staying for a few days in order to "clear up some work".) What happened in the various localities where Bishop's men penetrated for the few days would take another department to tell. We can only say that the students got back feeling very happy and in need of a good rest.

Not so long ago a notice appeared on the bulletin board concerning a medical examination which certain students of the University were to take at the Sherbrooke training centre. Accordingly, one bright sunshiny afternoon, we lined up in our O.T.C. uniform expectantly awaiting a truck that was to take us to our destination in Sherbrooke. As it had not arrived, after thirty minutes waiting, the hearty Bishop's lads set out to meet it. As we left the college grounds the men were whistling heartily. As we passed through Lennoxville a few of the more sprightly were still whistling. When we came to the big hill outside the town the whistling had stopped entirely. Fortunately the truck picked us up at this point, somebody said the equivalent of "thank goodness" and we were loaded in. From then on the only whistling done was when any potential allies were in sight. Finally our medical examination came. At the eye chart the examiner asked me which line I could read best. There was a big E at the top of the chart so I said so. He gave me 80% or 80-80 or something. The next examiner took one of those wooden sticks to hold my tongue down

so that he could look at my teeth. I didn't want him sticking anything down my throat so I just took out my teeth and handed them to him. I also said I had my tonsils at home. The fellow that tested my heart couldn't tell me anything new? so I went on to the next guy. He took a long time over me but he finally found my chest. Then they looked me over for identification marks—they say I have grey eyes. Anyway they gave us an X-ray, and we went home. The next day I went back for my boots.

In the first issue of the *Mitre* this year we were happy to welcome the new freshmen and freshettes to our university. It is new also their university for now the graduating class of '43 throws to them the torch. It is not without a certain feeling of sadness that we say good-bye to these men and women who have graced our halls for three years. Let's say only au revoir and hope they will come back to visit us, but for new they must make their start in the bigger field of life. To them we say "Good Luck."

The annual major play was held on May 5, 6, and 7. For some weeks before Easter there were fears that due to the fact there had been no minor plays before Christmas, it might be difficult to find adequate talent. Nevertheless, Mr. Dickson-Kenwin was engaged to direct the play and due to a superb job of casting "The Wind and the Rain" was a great success. The story itself concerns a group of medical students, their lives, loves and studies. The scene of the play is set in Mrs. McFie's boarding house. Elizabeth MacDonald handled this character extremely well and her fine, natural acting lent a fine background to the play. Margaret Hamilton, in the character of Anne Hargreaves, proved an excellent heroine in her first appearance upon the Bishop's stage, and we can no doubt look forward to more of her fine performances in the future. Meg Aitken, as Jill Mannering, the high flying English girl also turned in a fine piece of acting and those of us who have seen her previous efforts realize that her fine supporting roles are due mainly to her amazing versatility. Andy Roy turned in a very creditable performance as Charles Tritton. This was probably the most difficult character to portray but Andy, in spite of the fact that he has never before taken part in the college dramatics, nevertheless handled it very capably. Supporting him were "Stocky" Day, as Gilbert Ramond, to whom studies were always of second importance, Les Davis as John Williams, the typical Englishman, and Sil Narizzano, an old standby and one of our best actors, as Paul Duhamel, the typical Frenchman with typical French ideas and customs. Rounding out the cast were Cyril Watson, as Roger Cole, the English playboy who is not at home unless he has a decanter in his hands, and Gill Goddard who stepped in to fill a gap as Morgan, the freshman who enters late in the play and brings the story to a unique ending. Behind

the scene fine work was done by Bob Gale, Ronnie Smith, Doug McCord, who did a fine job with the scenery and many others who lent their talents to making the presentation such a great success.

The other day we went down the hall in search of Ronnie. Unfortunately we were unable to locate him at the time. The mystery of his whereabouts was solved today when we captured him in the common room. In his formal statement he declared that he has reversed his living schedule. He no longer intends to go to bed at four and get up at five. Under his new wartime plan he will go to bed at 1 and arise at 12. We understand it has something to do with daylight saving. Due to the shortness of time there has been a limited number of items upon which we might comment briefly in this issue—as one fellow put it, when approached upon the subject, there were no notes to comment on and, accordingly, no comments to note . . . perhaps if you think that one over . . . Paul tells us that he was forced to become a resident student because his house in Sherbrooke is under repairs . . . we wonder if perhaps he can notice any difference between his college room and the one being rebuilt at home . . . high praise is deserving to Fed. A. who was the first person to conquer one of the Compton crowd in 1943 . . . it was O.K. when he came back early at Easter in order to get in a couple of extra days with E. K. but when he forget that at Rene's you do nothing more than look at a girl—he was treading on dangerous ground . . . Then again Les is getting up at eight in the morning so that he can walk to Lennoxville and back before breakfast . . . more over they tell me F. M. doesn't exactly know what to do when she gets 13 cards of the same suit . . . We have been unable to verify rumours to the effect that S. D. has become the new assistant in the Old Lodge . . . Congratulations Jack on the fine work you did for the *Mitre* . . . this year also it is reported that you are the super advertising salesman for the year book . . . somebody said the other day that naïve is no longer the proper word to use when describing G. H. . . . apparently he's been behind more than 1 pair of bars . . . we notice that the remaining Mackay brother returned from Maritimes with a very fine album full of pictures . . . he claims they're of his sister but knowing him we sometimes wonder . . . Mac also came back from Smith Falls with a self-satisfied look . . . could it be that he'd really one of the old faithful type . . . R. M. is still going strong with E. E., . . . we're certainly glad to see Hank back with us again . . . although he won't be able to play any golf for a while yet he still likes to go out and grunt and groan with the rest of us . . . we haven't yet found out whether he wants to take the weight off or not . . . J. S. our Stanstead refugee has finally burst into the lime-

light and swept one of the senior girls off her feet . . . could it possibly be the portable radio or are there other ideas? . . . to the young lady from Ayer's Cliff we say we don't really think he's a wolf but we like to get him worried . . . According to reliable reports G. G.'s former girlfriend has been seen lately in company with a noted doctor G. G. doesn't seem to mind and from the looks of things he shouldn't . . . to J. M. we say, and this is a crib from a well-known columnist, "faithful girls aren't if they do . . . especially to dances . . . Surprising, things sometimes come out of little towns and one of them is La Tuque . . . apparently Bruce (snowshoes and all) isn't the home-loving soul he used to be . . . at least aeroplanes have been superseded by something else on Saturday nights . . . for those of you who didn't hear, our next year's editor will be Silvio Narizzano . . . he has big things planned already . . . it's only rumour but they say he's heckling for a newspaper to be published every two weeks . . . it's a lot of work but if the college really backed him it could be done . . . at least he would like to hear a few opinions expressed . . . congrats to A. R. on obtaining the lead . . . perhaps you can put last year's theories into practice . . . has anybody noticed that a short, tousled blonde and a tall, slim brunette have made up this year's Pat and Mike team, and that they like cake in spite of the fact that a curt note one day told them that they couldn't have any more . . . Last year a dark haired girl sowed her wild oats . . . this year a blonde got glimpses of life . . . we are wondering what next year's redhead will do . . . rumours have it that Jim is giving up hockey for the navy after college is over . . . good luck on the bounding main and hit 'em hard . . . perhaps it's so and if it is we still say that Bill thinks \$9 isn't much to

spend on that stuff . . . Hurrah for Mac! . . . he finally realized that it was time to turn the light out . . . Keith MacLean did a lot of skiing this year but some of us still feel that he overlooked something that was looking at him . . . J. P. is still having those long telephone conversations in the council office . . . could it still be Terry or is it Isabel? . . . The last we heard of Dick was after Desert Victory—they tell us he's now taken up golf seriously . . . Perhaps science did it? . . . well finally we know how Merton feels towards the Air Force . . . especially when he started missing week-end hockey practices. . . . D. S. has lately told us that the best place to read a Bible is on top of the ladder in the library . . . why we don't know but that's where we found her . . . "Willie" of the divinity faculty has lately denied the fact that the only place he casts amorous glances is in the library . . . When Leon came to his place he took it like storm but ended up writing poetry . . . when Jack came he gave everybody a good handshock and ended up bidding three no trump . . . those of you who think that one of our noted professors has lately been beating his head against the rocks of the wailing wall are sadly mistaken . . . he's only testing an osiliogtaph . . . late one afternoon, however, he did rig up a . . . but that's another story in which the authorities might be too interested.

And so we must now depart. We give our thanks to those who have borne with us throughout these pages and we thank you for the criticisms. We scoff at those who said that we could never last it out. We might never have had there not been a woman involved. But in the summer we will recuperate and next fall may find us back with you. And so until we meet again, good-bye and good luck.



Ladies Innocent and The Spring Knight

Miss F. McFADDEN

And it came to pass that in the city of Villelexonn, in the street of Parkon, in the house of Bittersweet there lived the four daughters of the world, named Jan-lyke-Rie, Katrenys-Nutz, Lidian-sew-Fare, and Yorestruli; of the line of Bacchus. It was rumored widely abroad that these women lived wildly and for pleasure alone and many were witness of this fact. But this was false witness, for it was shewn by their deeds that they did act wisely and well. And I am come as a witness for these facts, and placing them in the written word for the generations to come. Thus shall I relate my story.

It befell that in this land there was a great change in climate, verily cold gave way to warmth, storm yielded before calm. Everywhere there was a playing of marbles, a return of birds, a springing up of nature. Great was the confusion, great was the uproar. Many looked and wondered. Such a happening had not been seen for many months. But in the house of Bittersweet there was no uneasiness, no disturbance. Here there was happiness and great joy. Verily, their souls were filled with gladness and love.

For it must be told that in this house of Bittersweet there was a guardian, a keeper, under whose sinister spell were the four women kept bound and held. This monster, for such was she, did watch their every movement, construing evil out of innocence, and cruelty out of civility. And these liked little the imprisonment by which they were retained, but their pleas were useless. For it had been sworn by their ancestors that thus should they dwell until the end of the yere.

But it happened that one of these women dreamed a dream. In this dream a fair prince appeared to her and said:

"By the will of the gods you are under the curse of Shazam. By this curse it is decreed that you shall live in mental pain and agony until you shall, by your own acts, lift this curse which is upon you."

And the maiden spake and said:

"Oh mighty prince of my dream, what shall we do that we may be forever free?"

And the prince answered and said:

"It is written that not one of you shall be free from the curse of Shazam if you fall not in love before an appointed number of weeks is passed."

So ended the words of the prince of the dream, and the maiden awoke, moved and greatly in agony at the vision. She ran and informed her sisters of this miracle and they did talk far into the night in this subject. They saw that one of their number loved already, so for her part had they nothing to fear except that she was of a capricious and changeable nature. But the other three did in public shake their head wisely, yet in private did they make great moan.

And thus it came to pass than Jan-lyke-Rie, Lidian-sew-fare, and Katren-ys-Nutz did start on their search for suitable lovers. Lidian-sew-fare, being the one of most strength and bravery, did first of all accomplish her aim. She did woo and win him in the den, surrounded by danger an poisoned words. Yet did she subdue and tame him, a man of size and of loud voice. Great was the rejoicing and great was the merriment at the house of Bittersweet for many days and also many nights. It was agreed by all that the Knights of Spring had been of great help to Lidian-sew-fare. Thus did Katren-ys-nutz also purpose to fulfill her part of the claim. But in her cause was there a difficulty, for she did love secretly and passionately one of the tribe of New Arts. But the sisters of the house of Bittersweet did propose to her that this love was in vain, yea verily, of no avail. And so they did convince her to woo another of the tribe of New Arts, thinking of her fondness for this stalwart but backward people. She did allow herself to be prevailed upon, and did find great happiness with this man, who was of the line of Fulz. But they did agree on all subjects and there was no discontent between them.

The fourth maiden of the house of Bittersweet met with no success. For she had waxed old in years and wisdom and men had no appeal for her. Also it was rumored that she scorned men and their deeds, having found them to be untrue and unfaithful. So did she remain aloof, with but few exceptions, which however, were known to all. And it will be seen that by her discrimination was the house of Bittersweet not saved from the curse of Shazam. And the fair maidens within can only be saved by the coming of some brave and handsome man to win the heart of Jan-lyke-Rie. Until this day, not too distant now, we presume, shall these four women suffer the tortures of the female monster.

The Ascot School

Miss A. WALKER

Ascot Consolidated School is situated about a mile and a half from Bishop's on the main highway. To this red brick building go the teachers in training or the "stu-dents" every morning to practise the latest methods on the pupils there.

How many of us will ever forget the first day there 'way back in October when we were stared at, talked about and generally criticised by all the pupils. We were given about a week to get accustomed to the routine before we actually taught. Then one by one we ventured forth. Our knees shook, our hearts beat harder, our voices wavered and in fact we trembled all over, not with fear, but just general nervousness. Of course there was nothing to fear. For the first week disciplinary troubles were nil. Then the fun began. Almost everything a pupil will do was tried. Either it succeeded—followed by a general hubbub—only to be quieted by the appearance of the supervisor in the doorway, with the student teacher feeling like two cents; or else the pupils were outwitted. Rules and regulations never seemed to work in practice but only in theory. As the weeks passed we put them to good use and began to see where we had gone wrong before.

After Christmas we were old hands at the game, but we still couldn't teach. Our experiences this winter were enriched by knowing how it must feel to teach at the North Pole. We specialised in teaching in fur coats and overshoes in a temperature of approximately -55 degrees. We even got accustomed to that and enjoyed (?) playing "Farmer's in the Dell" and "Gathering Nuts in May" with the pupils till the school was warm enough to teach in. There was the day when school was dismissed because of cold weather. There we were, seven lone teachers with no means of transportation—as we were now travelling by taxi—except the school busses. We suddenly realised how the poor pupils felt and sympathised with them wholeheartedly. Once inside the door closed we saw nothing; had no idea where we were or how far we were, but we *did* know there were bumps in the road when our heads hit the ceiling, just the right height for the pupils.

Another day we had a never-to-be-forgotten experience. The road was sheet ice. A car was stuck on the last hill. Then the school bus stuck behind it. The taxi tried to get

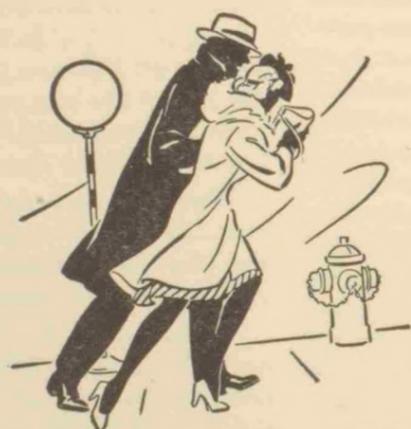
by but alas! there we were. There was nothing for us to do but get out and walk up the hill. We nearly fell on several occasions but managed to arrive safely. School was not called in for some time. We later discovered that the principal had gone back for the supervisor whose car had swerved across the road. We always had lots of fun in the taxi both ways, and who will forget the day when there were nine in the taxi? How we came out alive has since been a mystery.

As the weeks passed we became accustomed to our routine although we always met at recess with remarks as follows. "Did you have anybody in?" "How many numbers did *you* get?" "Did he take the class away?" "Am I ever going to get blown up this afternoon!" "I think I'll resign." "Did you have any trouble with Grade IX today?" Those are just samples of what might become topics of conversation during the recess period.

The first contract in our class presented great excitement. Everybody, of course, wanted to know what they were like. Shortly afterwards, however, we were all getting them, and even the thrill of our first big position wore off.

In teaching one day can be just like the next, but we could never count on what might happen. Some days were perfect heavens, but they could be the direct opposite. Any time after Christmas we could expect the pupils to ask almost anything they could think of—to your latest co-called crush and who was the woman you were with last Saturday evening and why did you go to Sherbrooke Wednesday afternoon. We could be prepared for the worst, but it never happened when we were prepared. Still even at that this year has been fun, and I would not have given up an opportunity like this for anything. To some the course may seem a lot of work with no pleasure—but let me assure you there is work—plenty of it—but you get accustomed to that, and keep looking for pleasure which undoubtedly will be yours, for children can be as unpredictable as the weather.

Last autumn we thought we would never finish, but here we are with three weeks to go. It is the last lap and the beginning of our career. In our estimation we wonder if we'll ever be able to teach. If we can't it will be because we haven't followed the excellent advice which has been given to us all year.



"Let's go back. I'm out of breath."
 "Let's go on. I'm out of Sweet Caps."

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The Bishop Looks Down

Edited by
 Miss G. JACKSON

ESCAPISM—

"Escapism" is the modern term used to describe the desire of people to-day to flee from the muddled world in which they live. As bodily flight from hurry, noise and the present embattled scheme of things is well nigh impossible, the instinctive longing to withdraw the mind and spirit into a private heaven of its own creating becomes increasingly apparent in the modern human being. Literally "the world is too much with us", and individually we seek out paths of retreat which will lead us away from the forest of restlessness to the quiet meadows of serenity and inward pleasure. Our generation is not the first to have felt this need for solitude in which to contemplate life from a detached plane, before descending again to take up the daily business of living with a renewed zest and a refreshed sense of perspective. We are told in an article by Mr. E. M. Forster that Saint-Beuve first used the phrase "The Ivory Tower" in the literary sense in examining the work of his friend and contemporary Alfred de Vigny, the 18th century French writer who displayed this tendency of retreating from his active life into his "tower" to contemplate action from the heights like a god before he created his literary masterpieces. And Sainte-Beuve borrowed the phrase from the Song of Solmon, so we discover that our remote forebears, as convinced as ourselves that they lived in the worst of all possible worlds, also sought for escape into the land of their hearts' desire.

Escapism has come into use lately in a derogatory sense. We question our motives for escape even while we know that as human beings solitude is as requisite to our well-being as gregariousness. We feel that we desire flight because we are afraid; we wish to hide from the bogey of modern politics and the growing horror of all the isms. Mr. Forster condemns this motive as being bad because fear is worse than useless. He says, "If then fear is the motive for our retreat, there's little to be said for the Ivory Tower, and little peace to be found inside it. We shut ourselves up there, trembling, doing nothing, afraid to face danger, and waiting from moment to moment for the blow that'll shatter our fragile fortress. This is escapism in the bad sense and deserves all the hard things that can be said against it. There's no release



through it, and no creation." "But," he goes on to say, "there's another motive for retreat: boredom, disgust, indignation against the herd, the community, and the world, the conviction that sometimes comes to the solitary individual that his solitude will give him something finer and greater than he can get when he merges in the multitude." And this is the kind of escape that the writers of books seek, and that indeed the readers of books should also desire.

The libraries of the world are filled with the literature of escape. Probably most of the books that ever have been written have offered release, consolation, and creative detachment to their authors, though not always to their striving unequal readers. But though the element of escape may be apparent in the works of most authors at times, there are certain forms of literature which obviously lend themselves as the very mold and medium of the escapist's art, and where we meet writers who have used such literary forms both for their own pleasure and that of the reader we have discovered the legitimate and lasting means of personal escape into the Ivory Towers of our delight.

The main styles of literature then, into which the escapist writer pours his creative art are romance, fantasy, adventure and nonsense, all forms of fanciful writing which carry the author and the reader away into the realms of imagination where reality becomes submerged in the charms and pleasures of the Never Land. Books which place themselves in such a category become immortal. Their appeal is perennial to adults and children alike. They are the property of all who sense the wonder, the mystery and magic which lies just behind the deceptive door of outward practical things, and a sorry man indeed is he to whom that door has become a locked barrier.

One of the simplest forms of escapist literature and one which includes the four ingredients, romance, fancy, ad-

venture and humour is the fairy tale. In the early 19th century we discover the Grimm brothers, Jakob Ludwig and Wilhelm Karl, one a German jurist and philologist, the other an eminent linguist, writing and publishing German folklore and fables, which, immensely popular then, have become increasingly so, until to-day they are the traditional classics among all fairy literature. The Grimms obtained most of their tales from the lips of the German people, and their first care was faithfulness to the truth. They kept close to the original, but strove to render the stories in a style and language which beautified and poetized the legends. And as a tribute to the fact that human nature does not change, and that true art in whatever form it clothes itself lasts presumably forever, we witness Walt Disney's tremendous success with his technicolour film version of the Grimm brothers' delightful tale of Snow White, the witch queen and the seven dwarfs. Another famous writer of fairy tales was the Danish Hans Christian Andersen, whose fame is assured as long as children read such stories as *The Tinder Box*, *The Steadfast Tin Soldier* and *The Ugly Duckling*. Andersen's tales are characterized by his own quaint humour, a rich imagination and sometimes by deep pathos. That he chose writing as a means of escape we cannot doubt when we look into the pathetic story of his boyhood spent in poverty with his shoemaker father who died when Hans was only nine years old, and then his bitter struggle to help his mother make ends meet.

A modern writer of two recent fairy tales that have caught the imagination of a wide reading public is T. H. White, who both provoked and delighted the critics of two continents with his almost indescribable book, *The Sword in the Stone*, published in 1938, and is likewise satisfying the shameless escapists of 1939 with his very new continuation entitled *The Witch in the Wood*. Mr. White clearly enjoyed writing these books. He fled from crisis after crisis into the land where fantasy and adventure rule the day, and he tells of his doings there with a wisdom and humour that invites us all to escape with him. *The Sword in the Stone* is a fantasy about medieval England and the education of young King Arthur, nicknamed *The Wart* because wart rhymes with Art. Merlyn, his tutor, instructs the Wart in all branches of medieval art and magic, adding touches of past, present and future to his teaching. Reviewers use superlatives in describing the flavour and charm of the work. *The Saturday Review of Literature* terms it "utterly delightful" and goes on to say that "it would be hard to name a book as funny and as erudite on every page as this one. And still the most important thing about it has not been said, which is simply that you ought to get a copy and keep it; you can read it at any age and find it as old as you are, and you may very likely find that you pos-

sess a classic." Other critics compare it to *Alice in Wonderland*, and its verse scattered through the pages to Lewis Carroll's nonsense poems; and still others liken it to Kenneth Grahame's *Wind in the Willows* with its birds that talk and its fish that feel.

Another escapist author whose dual nature one would never suspect from the serious, shy, fastidious exterior which he showed to his Oxford contemporaries is the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, mathematical lecturer of Christ Church, and the Lewis Carroll of Alice fame. It was over sixty years ago that Dodgson went rowing up the river to Godstow with the Dean's three small daughters, and invented for them the tale of Alice and her adventures underground. Who has not read this gay dream story, the fairy tale which has been translated into many languages and twisted into many forms? The cartoonist knows Alice, and so does the satirist, the dramatist has tried to make *Wonderland* a thing of backdrops and stage settings, and the screen has attempted, a little more successfully, to give the magic of the tale actual form. Alexander Woolcott tells us that "even the symphony orchestras know Alice; for the chatter of the flowers in the looking-glass garden, the thunder of Jabberwocky, the hum of the looking-glass insects and the wistfulness of the White Knight have all been caught up in the lovely music of Deems Taylor." And who has not revelled in the enchanting nonsense of Carroll's *The Hunting of the Snark*, *The Jabberwocky*, *The Walrus and the Carpenter*, verses we learn in the nursery, relish in our youth and cherish as we become Olympians.

It was Kenneth Grahame who, wistfully comparing his boyhood to the unimaginative grown-up state, termed the emancipated adult an Olympian. He is likened variously to Lewis Carroll, Sir James Barrie and Robert Louis Stevenson, and was like these three an out and out escapist. Like Carroll too, he turned to fantasy as a leisure-hour relaxation, his writing all being accomplished evenings, Sundays and on Bank holidays. *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days* are gentle, delicate masterpieces devoted to childlife and reminiscent of the author's own boyhood. They are underlined with Grahame's wistful humour and his perfect understanding of the child mind. We watch the four children and their companions growing up in a Victorian household, having all the adventures, the excitements and tragedies of childhood until finally, Edward, reaching dignified school age departs to take up the new life, and the remaining trio sensing their loss stuff Edward's "rabbits with unwonted forage, bilious and green, and polish up the cage of his mice till the occupants raved and swore like householders in the springtime." "Little did they dream," says Grahame, "that the hero, once back from Troy and all its onsets, would

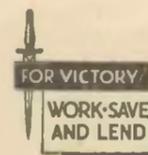
scornfully condemn their clumsy but laborious armoury as rot and humbug and only fit for kids! This, with many another like awakening, was mercifully hidden from them." Grahame regrets the disillusionment that must come so early in life; he doesn't shrink from it, but he deliberately retreats into his private dream world to enjoy the misted memories of the Golden Age.

An escapist of a somewhat different order is Robert Louis Stevenson, whose tales of adventure and romance are the product of an imaginative spirit which refused to be restricted by a frail body. Stevenson's whole life was literally an effort to escape from physical weakness, and when his body refused to respond to the stimulus of warm climates and far places, his mind fired by excitement, mystery and danger, slipped away to its Ivory Tower to create the adventurous tales of *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *The Black Arrow*, and other stories of romance and travel. Stevenson was a lover of all that was masculine and strong in life. He loved the sea better than the land and the mountains better than the plains. And so it was when he came to die that he was buried under the wide and starry skies of Samoa, a far island in the Pacific. Stevenson's *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* may in some ways be compared to *Robinson Crusoe*, the adventurous tale of an escapist of another generation than ours, Daniel Defoe.

One could draw many more comparisons. The similarity between Mark Twain and Stevenson is fairly evident. Both have a broad sense of humour, that "power which comes to kindly people who can grasp the truth about hu-

man nature, yet still retain their love for it." Mark Twain's humour was a more outstanding feature of his writing than was Stevenson's, and he has become famous chiefly for his humorous fiction. There is scarcely need to mention *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, or the amusing foolery of *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. Once more in Mark Twain we have discovered a kindred escapist.

Lin Yutang wrote a book of great popularity, *The Importance of Living*. It is full of quiet, humorous wisdom of interest to all who feel that life after all can be an affair of fun and meaning and beauty to those who wish to make it so. In this book Lin Yutang talks of the art of reading, and of the pleasures to be found in books when we give ourselves the privilege of using them properly. He says, "The man who has not the habit of reading is imprisoned in his immediate world, in respect to time and space. His life falls into a set routine; he is limited to contact and conversation with a few friends and acquaintances, and he sees only what happens in his immediate neighbourhood. From this prison there is no escape. But the moment he takes up a book, he immediately enters a different world, and if it is a good book, he is immediately put in touch with one of the best talkers of the world. This talker leads him on and carries him into a different country or a different age . . . Now to be able to live two hours out of twelve in a different world and take one's thoughts off the claims of the immediate present is, of course, a privilege to be envied by people shut up in their bodily prison." I think we need little further persuasion as to the desirability and value of the Ivory Tower of Escape.



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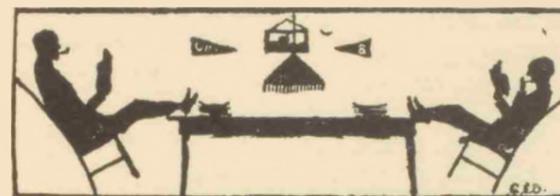
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Exchanges



Having with our golden key (our golden voice, silly, addressed to Mr. Pryde) unlocked our treasure chest of mail and dumped it on the floor of our august chambers, we are now in a position to tell you what's what and what goes on just about everywhere. Though the mail is smaller this term it is more varied than usual. We can now boast exchanges from Australia, England and Barbados. Not bad, considering there's a war on.

War is taking a bigger and bigger share of printers' ink in undergrad publications especially since the term for sports and debates is about over. One prominent subject is "Women and the War". The *Brunswickian* dedicates an issue to two of their co-eds who have joined the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) The *Acadia Athenium* has a column of opinions on girls joining up. The answers to the question, given by the "man in the quad", are generally in favour of the girls waiting to be sure of their usefulness in the services before enlisting. The *McGill Daily* has a comparative study of the Women's Services and seems to encourage enlistment. U. N. B. has now a branch of the Canadian Red Cross Corps in which the co-eds receive training on much the same lines as the men do. For the men Dalhousie and Queen's have added naval training to their C.O.T.C. and U.A.T.C.'s.

We note: that at Dalhousie badminton is a major sport; from the Manitoban that some universities have not done away with formal dress for men at dances and colour nights; the editor of the *Trinity U. Review* is Sonja Morawerz, how about it girls.

Here's an idea for the *Mitre* drawn from the *Codringtonian*, Barbados. There is a biography of Bishop Anesty of Trinidad which started us wondering exactly how much we know about our own leaders. We might start with our professors. At present the only human-interest stories we get on them is at the athletic's banquet or when we hear their funeral eulogies pronounced. Why can't we have some writing on our own great men, written in an informal tone with impressionistic little details scattered through? Most of us don't even know what our lecturers have accom-

plished or what has befallen them since their first arrival at Bish.

Why not have book reviews of new books? Many of our exchanges have them.

From the *Argosy Weekly* we find that Mt. A. students haven't forgotten their disastrous fire by any means and do not mind the occasional disturbance of firedrills and false alarms when they consider what protection these inconveniences symbolize. "Take heed ye little men that know not what fate brings."

The Silhouette, McMaster University's organ, comes out with a plan which is not new but is certainly without precedent at Bishop's. There, there is a legal system called the Students' Code. We could do with one here. Now McMaster has initiated the idea of students' courts to punish infringements of that code. In this way, by their assistance to the faculty they develop that co-operation between students and faculty which is alleged to be lacking at Bishop's. It is inconceivable that students should govern themselves but it is reasonable that they should be represented among the powers that be and at the same time be granted some responsibility.

For those who like light reading we suggest:

"The Best Laid Plans" and "My Pet Peeve," the latter an essay on the cornyness of the word "corny", both in *St. Dunstan's Red and White*.

The Yale Literary Magazine, *The McMaster Muse*, *The*

Trinity University Review and *Bishop's Mitre*.

There is an excellent article on Canadian Universities in the War, by Principal R. C. Wallace in the *Queen's Review*.

We will guarantee that much of the material in these publications is superior to that in the magazines bought for our Common Room.

We wish to make special note of the *Gryphon*, Leeds, England which is carrying on with four pint-sized editions a year. To save paper they have reduced the size of both the type and the pages in comparison with which the old format was king size,

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges:

Acadia Athenium.
Alma Mater, St. Jerome's College.
The Bates Student.
The Brunswickian.
The Argosy Weekly.
Le Carabin.
The Challenger.
Codrington College News, Barbados.
The College Cord.
The Dalhousie Gazette.
The Gryphon, University of Leeds, England.

Jargon, Melbourne Technical Institute.
King's College Record.
The Manitoban.
The McGill Daily.
The McMaster Muse.
Queen's Journal.
Queen's Review.
Red and White, St. Dunstan's.
The Record, I. C. S.
Le Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa.
The Silhouette, McMaster University.
The Trinity University Review.
The Xaverian.

D. MACDONALD

Sports

BASKETBALL

The college basketball team ended the season still in the slump that started after their first game. What looked like a very good team at the beginning of the year turned out to be a quintet that did not have that extra punch when it was needed. The games were very close and interesting, but lost the thrill of victory.

In the return match against the Y.M.C.A. the College was unable to keep up with their 8-7 lead in the first quarter. The Y was ahead at the half-way mark and held their lead through the rest of the game, winning by the score of 32-29. The game was fast but both teams lacked polish in completing their plays. For Bishop's, Ken Jackson and Farquharson were high scorers with ten points each. Scott, MacLean and Stevens got four, three and two points respectively.

The last game of the season was another of those matches where anything might happen with the College losing out to Stanstead on the Y floor. The College started out strong, being ahead at both the quarter and the half, but Stanstead came back strong in the second half and were running the show until the last few minutes of the game when the College, led by Scott, gave hope to the Bishop's squad. The players were in a muddle not knowing the accurate score. When the final whistle blew Stanstead was the victor by one point, the score being 27-26. Farquharson was high scorer with ten points to his credit. The other hoopsters for the College were Jackson with 8 points, Scott with 6, and Carpenter with 2.

SKIING

Dick Tomlinson walked away with top honours on March 21 at Mount Orford. He came first in the two events, the cross-country and the downhill. Mount Giroux, where

the half-mile downhill was run, looked more like a bobsled track than a ski trail. We understand that quite a few of the contestants scratched when they saw the hill. And we can hardly blame them, but we do give credit to those who had the skill to stand up to the sixty-mile-an-hour run. Red Millar and Jack Peake did well in both of these events.

On March 29 the C.O.T.C. sent a ski team, comprising of Dick Tomlinson, Jack Peake, Red Millar and Iain Scott to Mount St. Bruno. Twenty-eight teams from numerous C.O.T.C.'s and Reserve Units formed up at the starting line. Of these only five succeeded in finishing the tricky cross-country may-reading course. The College team was one of these few that finished after skiing frantically back and forth for many hours in search of the little post that wasn't there.

To a few individuals it is apparent that skiing comprises their existence. Over muddy ground and patches of melting snow fast disappearing under the glare of the late April sun we see them hastening off to the mountain top of Orford.

BOWLING

This year bowling answered that pertinent question: What shall we do tonight with hockey, basketball and skiing finished for the season? Several Thursday and Friday evenings were spent at the Y.W.C.A. with great enthusiasm by participants of both sexes.

GOLF

Although there is a shortage of golf balls this season a few people have been seen trying out their form and hunting for golf balls in the middle of the fairway. In a few days if this good weather keeps up we should see quite a few people getting their recreation on the links. Good hunting.

On Leaving Bishop's

G. H. S. MILLS

Much have I travelled in the Realms of Gold. I write this essay for no other reason than to record my thanks for three very happy years spent at Bishop's, and to try to explain just what college life did for me. This essay is in no way meant to be objective, it is subjective, being constructed round the one rather insignificant person who wrote it, and concerned with his reflections, his feelings, his ideas, and his actions. I can imagine now my rather formidable scientific fellow graduates reading this essay of mine, and perhaps figuratively patting themselves on the back by thinking, "Oh yes, that poor devil Mills refusing to be 'practical' and graduating in Arts. What on earth is he going to do after the war? I can see him now, perhaps driving me home in a street car, perhaps delivering my milk, perhaps even cutting my lawn. Just what has he got to show for his college career apart from a piece of parchment?" In this essay I hope to justify myself. I hope to show that never have I spent three more useful or more happy years than those at Bishop's. To begin the tale then.

The most valuable acquisition I acquired at Bishop's was a keen interest in all knowledge and a fervent desire to learn more. You may well say, and quite rightly too, that one's education has been unsatisfactory unless both these things have been acquired. To be explicit, I learnt to strive after a truly liberal education. I learnt about life, and received intense delight in seeking after all its intricacies and speculating on all its mysteries. I learnt about human nature: its weakness and strength. I learnt to detect the good qualities in other people, and to make allowance for their faults. I learnt to appreciate more deeply the pleasures to be derived from the cultural pursuits of life, such as intellectual conversation, music, literature, art. I learnt to realize more fully my own ignorance and my own inadequacy. I learnt

to be more tolerant; to converse more sensibly. I learnt to respect the other person's point of view; to realize that there are usually two sides to every question. I learnt to seek after truth. I learnt to group together facts into a coherent whole.

Have you heard enough? I'm certainly quite a smart fellow, aren't I! Take all this with a whole cellar full of salt, but only believe that, like you, I did improve at Bishop's, and like you received inestimable benefits. It was a life which shaped my future life, a life which gave me ideas and ambitions, confidence in myself and hope for the future.

I want to thank Bishop's for that greatest gift life has to offer—happiness. I want to thank Bishop's for the friends I made, for the ideals I formed. I want to thank her for all those delightful conversations, those youthful frolics, for those rambling walks, those hours of browsing through literature.

When we leave Bishop's we do not leave everything. At least we have our memories. Do you remember all those chapels we had to attend? (All students must attend five chapels per week.) And the periodic pep talks; the bell clapper tied? Do you remember those squabbles and bickerings we sometimes had at the association meetings? And those feeds in our rooms, those bull-sessions lasting far into the night, those practical jokes?

And now I am leaving Bishop's (I wipe away a sentimental tear), leaving this happy life of studious seclusion, and like the other members of my graduating class going off to fight so that other people like ourselves may continue to enjoy the privileges and happiness we have enjoyed. And now Bishop's—hail and farewell!

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Bishop's and The War

W. R. WRIGHT

There seems little to report in this column since the last issue of the *Mitre*. At the time of writing there is still another term ahead of us but it is a short one and we will all be busy getting ready for those . . . you guessed it . . . examinations.

The director of the War Savings Stamp campaign informs us that the drive will probably close at the end of April. The amount collected so far is under half the objective. Perhaps we aimed too high but surely we could have done better. Most of us are still thinking too much of our own pleasures. That isn't good enough in times like these. The stamp salesmen deserve credit for their efforts.

The C.O.T.C. is pretty well finished for the year except for the camp which will probably get under way in the middle of June.

We have in our possession a pamphlet issued by the

Canadian Committee of the International Student Service with the significant title, "Students Must Live." As the name implies the I. S. S. is a worldwide organization. It does relief work among students and professors of countries victimized by war. The need for this work is great, particularly in Europe and China. Here is something worth thinking about. "A 10-cent hamburger has more bread in it than a French student has in a day, more meat than a French student has in a year." We as students in a free country must help the students of other lands who have become the victims of war. It is through doing things like that that we will get that better world we hear so much about. The Canadian Committee is seeking to raise \$8,000. Their headquarters are at Hart House in Toronto.

Today opens the fourth Victory Loan drive. Its to be the biggest yet. With the invasion of Europe close at hand we dare not fail to put it over the top. Carry on Canada—that means Bishop's too.

Alumni Notes

W. R. WRIGHT

Births--

NORCROSS—At the Ottawa Civic Hospital on February 28, 1943, to A. E. Norcross, B.A. '12, and Mrs. Norcross, a daughter.

STEVENS—At Three Rivers, Quebec, on March 23, 1943, a daughter to Lieutenant Trevor C. Stevens, M '40, and Mrs. Stevens. Mrs. Stevens was formerly Miss Agnes Robina McDougall, B.A. '38.

Marriages--

BOOTHROYD-BANFILL—The marriage took place at Christ Church, East Angus, on Tuesday, March 23, 1943, of Miss Doris Elizabeth Banfill, youngest daughter of Dr. S. A. Banfill of East Angus to Lieutenant E. F. H. Boothroyd, B.A. '36, eldest son of Professor and Mrs. E. E. Boothroyd. The best man was Mr. E. R. Boothroyd, B. Sc. '38, brother of the groom, and the bridesmaid was Miss Gladys Banfill, sister of the bride. The ceremony was performed by the Rev'd Wallace Smith, M.A. '20, and Mrs. Barlow played the wedding music. After the reception at the home of the bride, the happy couple left for a short honeymoon in Quebec.

GAGE-BOOMHOUR—The wedding took place at the Third Avenue United Church, Saskatoon, Sask., on April 3,

1943, of Miss Viola Louise Boomhour, B.Sc. '40, only daughter of Mrs. Nellie Boomhour of Stanbridge East, Que., to Tpr. Stanley Gage, also of Stanbridge East.

MEDINE-MACRAE—The marriage took place on March 29, 1943, in England of Lieutenant (N.S.) Janet K. MacRae, R.C.A.M.C., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. MacRae of New Liskeard, Ontario, to Captain Sidney M. Medine, B.A. '35, M.D., R.C.A.M.C., son of the late Samuel Medine and Mrs. Rose Medine of Montreal. The bride is a graduate of the Montreal General Hospital. The bridegroom graduated from McGill Medical School in 1940. Both have been serving overseas for more than a year in the Canadian Army Medical Corps.

ROSS-WALTON—The marriage took place on January 10, 1943, of Miss Jean Walton to Flying Officer Donald Duncan Ross, B.A. '41, the Rev'd Mr. Guilford officiating. Pilot Officer Kenneth Duncan Ross, B.A. '35, brother of the groom, was best man. The marriage took place in England.

Engagements--

MARSTON-JACKSON—Mr. and Mrs. Lynville E. Jackson announce the engagement of their daughter, Grace Irene, B.A. '31, B.L.S., to the Rev'd James Guy Marston, B.A. '41,

son of Mr. Herbert R. Marston and the late Mrs. Marston of Woodbridge, Ontario. The marriage will take place in June.

SCHOCH-AIKEN—Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Noble Aitken of Lockport, New York, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Margaret Mahajala, M '44, to Sub-Lieutenant Peter John Schoch, R.C.N.V.R., B.Sc. '43, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Schoch of Chicoutimi, Quebec.

DAVIDSON-WIGGETT—Mr. and Mrs. Gerald M. Wiggett announce the engagement of their only daughter, Patty Anne Wiggett, B.A. '39, to Flying Officer James Crockett Davidson, B.Sc. '39, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Davidson of Sherbrooke.

CARPENTER-ARMSTRONG—Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Armstrong of Sherbrooke announce the engagement of their daughter Anne Fraser, M '43, to Mr. Robert John Carpenter, Junior, B.A. '43, son of Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Carpenter of North Adams, Massachusetts.

Deaths--

JOHNSTON—On April 29, 1943, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Carl Fraser, in Toronto, Dr. Alfred Johnston, father of Flying Officer E. W. Johnston, B.A. '24, Lieut. Col. T. A. Johnston, B.A. '27, and Major J. W. Johnston, B.A. '29.

ROLLIT—At the Royal Victoria Hospital on February 29, 1943, the Rev'd Albert Ernest Rollit, M.A. '05, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Knowlton, Quebec.

GENERAL

Sub-Lieutenant Douglas ROWE, R.C.N.V.R., B.A. '38, was serving aboard the destroyer Hesperus which shared with the destroyer Vanessa the credit of destroying an en-

emy submarine which was attacking a convoy en route to Britain, early in January. Rowe's account of the action was given in a despatch from London which was published in the Montreal Gazette of February 3. Rowe is a nephew of the late J. P. Wells, a former member of the Corporation and late Chancellor of the Diocese of Quebec.

The following appointments have been made by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa:

The Rev'd John Carles ANDERSON, B.A. '22, has been appointed Rector of St. George's Church, Ottawa. He is at present Rector of Almonte, and Rural Dean of Lanark.

The Rev'd J. S. K. TYRILL, L.S.T. '28, Incumbent of Lanark is to become Rector of the parish of Huntley.

The Rev'd Eric OSBORNE, B.A. , Rector of North Gower, Ontario, has been appointed Assistant-Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Ottawa.

Warrant Officer Mitchel ARMSTRONG, B.Sc. '40, has recently returned from overseas where he has been on Active Service.

Pilot Officer Ross B. INGALLS, M '34, has won the Distinguished Flying Cross, and received the award from His Majesty the King at a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace. His citation read in part "his coolness in the face of the heaviest defences has contributed materially to the successes obtained." Ingalls has been overseas for two years after training at Regina and Mossbank, Saskatchewan, and Rivers, Manitoba.

The Venerable Archdeacon G. F. SCOTT, M.A. 81, D.C.L., recently underwent an operation in a Montreal hospital. His many friends throughout the country will be glad to hear that he is making a very satisfactory recovery.

Captain F. H. BALDWIN, M '33, now overseas with the Sherbrooke Fusiliers, has been promoted to the rank of Major.

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