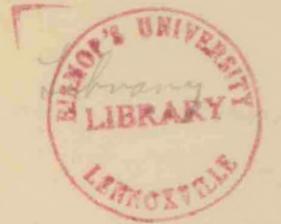


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# The Mitre

VOL. 53 NO. 2

LENTEN ISSUE  
1946

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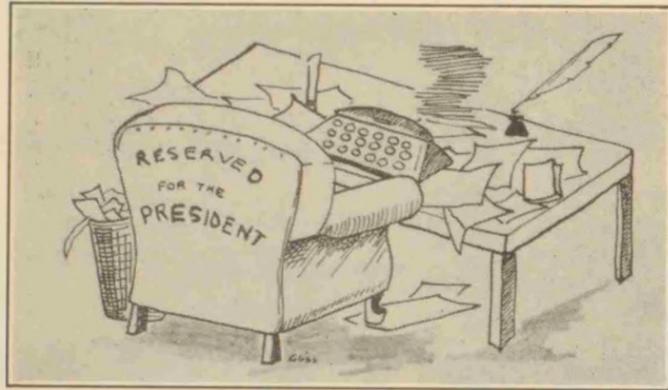
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*THE MITRE declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.*



## EDITORIAL

Much talk has been heard during the past few months regarding Prof. J. B. Brebner's recent publication "Scholarship for Canada", and public opinion seems to be largely in favour of many of the suggestions put forward in this book. There is one major point, however, which we feel should not be accepted without a careful study of the problems involved—the case of the Dominion's small universities and colleges.

In the opinion of Mr. Brebner, a professor at New York's Columbia University, "Canada would benefit greatly either by closing up, perhaps consolidating, such colleges or by putting enough money into them to ameliorate their defects". While we agree that there are many defects, and while we believe that much could be done with more funds, we are definitely opposed to the idea of closing up such institutions, should it prove impossible to consolidate them or to raise large sums of money.

We doubt that Canada would benefit if a majority of these universities or colleges were to be closed. We think that valuable undergraduate work *can* be done at a small seat of learning and we refute Prof. Brebner's claim "that the misfortune of the distinguished student in the very small college, or one with a mediocre student body, is that he is too much alone for his good." How many of us, at Bishop's University, would claim that we feel "alone"? In spite of the fact that our student body numbers only 180 we

find many groups of students on the campus with similar interests. We are on excellent terms with the members of the faculty, and in our opinion the gifted student derives more benefit from these close bonds than he would by a larger staff or student body. Furthermore, those students that show ability will soon be recognized and in most cases they will turn to a greater university for graduate work. This will give them the advantage of having attended at least two universities before completing their studies, thereby broadening their outlook and gaining valuable experience.

The fact that many institutions of the type under discussion enable a large number of their students to live at home, or at least be near their homes, also must not be overlooked. We are quite certain that a great many students who attend such colleges for the above-mentioned reasons, would be denied the privilege of a university education, should the small university be forced to close.

In conclusion, let us point out that Prof. Brebner's book is a remarkable publication and that the majority of his suggestions—such as the establishment of a Canadian National Library, for instance—ought to be supported by every academically-minded citizen. The Canadian Social Research Council is to be congratulated for commissioning this distinguished scholar to report on the Canadian status of scholarship.

## We Are For The Dark

### Fragments Of A Biographical Reverie

Mr. A. G. C. WHALLEY, M.A.

#### II

Senior Officers enter a boat last, but it was quickly drawn to Julian's notice that Senior Officers enter a lift first. The Commander who had just explained this point of etiquette walked through the door marked with the number Penworthy had been told to find. The door slammed. Penworthy was crestfallen. He paused outside to compose his spirits as well as his features.

"It will be a large room. There will be a very long, very highly polished table, probably made out of wood from the Victory. At the end of the table will be seated a Very Senior Officer, perhaps even a Captain. He will have beetling eyebrows and steel-cold eyes and steel-grey hair. The light will be at his back, and when I come in and say "Penworthy reporting for duty, sir," he'll look up and say "Come in, Penworthy, and take a seat. We've been expecting you. Let me explain the U-boat situation." And there will be a deep rug, so that I'll have to step high, not to trip and make a fool of myself. And I'll feel like a worm because I don't know what a junior officer does with his cap when a Very Senior Officer asks him to sit down and hear about the U-boat situation.

He gave the toes of his shoes a guilty polish on the backs of his trouser legs, swallowed twice and knocked timidly on the door. Now he could hear a murmur of voices and a sound of crockery. Again he paused. "Perhaps he's entertaining." He knocked again, more loudly this time but with no less modest persistence. A voice roared "Come in."

He opened the door, tucked his cap under his left arm and stood smartly to attention. His mouth opened but no words came. He shaped the words in his mind; but no words came to his lips. His eyes roamed unhappily about the room. Nobody seemed to urge him to speak, nobody looked at him. He closed the door softly behind him.

Indeed it was a large room; but there was no deep rug, no rug at all. Not one man, but several. The light came behind; but the men sat with their backs to the door. Five men sat at desks, looking out from three windows; and across the end of the room there was another desk with raised pigeonholes. All the desks were heaped with papers and telephones and teacups. On the right of the door stood three telephone booths without doors; one was marked Portsmouth, another Devonport, and the third Out of Order. There was a constant buzz of conversation and a continuous ringing of telephone bells.

#### I

Acting Sub-Lieutenant Julian Penworthy, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, stood on the steps of the National Gallery. He gazed across Trafalgar Square and self-consciously shifted his shoulders so that his single stripe showed to best advantage.

Three buses roared past him. He shied, and blanched a little under his tan; for he had come straight from a destroyer which had been tasting the violence of the enemy. He remembered distinctly the pang of despair and nostalgia that he had felt as the Scapa drifter pulled away from the destroyer's side. He had watched her with delight, noting the lovely clean sheer. It was at that moment that he had said to himself, "It will never be the same again."

Penworthy's face was weatherbeaten; otherwise his whole aspect was faded and salty. His No. 1 uniform had been stolen in Greenock last Christmas; and this uniform, despite the careful scrubbing of Able-Seaman Pingo, showed unmistakable marks of grey paint, salt water and hard wear.

The noise of the buses and the clouds of dust swirling malignantly in the August sunlight were worse than that last medium level bombing attack. He shrank in on himself. Another bus swept past. The oil fumes struck hot in his face. The reverie was broken. He hailed a taxi; for in those days before the American invasion it was still possible to engage a taxi and still within the means of a Sub-Lieutenant to pay for one.

"Admiralty Whitehall." The driver raised his eyebrows very slightly; but who was he to question an Officer of His Majesty? In thirty seconds the taxi had completed the half-circuit of Trafalgar Square, gone 50 yards down Whitehall and turned to the Admiralty entrance. Penworthy stepped out of the taxi and paid the fare. The driver mistook Penworthy's preoccupation for self-possession and felt a secret glow of admiration for him.

While Julian explained his business to a deaf doorman and started to write out an application for permission to request a temporary pass, a plaster replica of Nelson gazed at him dispassionately from its niche facing the entrance.

Determined to cling to the last shred of tradition, determined to hold to the last fragment of his dream, Penworthy cleared his throat. His lips were shaping the words "Penworthy reporting" when the door opened behind him and struck him sharply in the back. An old uniformed messenger passed through the doorway, trod on Penworthy's foot, and without apology glided past him like a sleep-walker. In his arms he held a bundle of papers in the manner of a mother holding a baby.

Limping slightly, Penworthy approached the desk at the end of the room. It looked different from the others. A large officer was speaking into a telephone. There were two other telephones on the desk and both were ringing. The deep voice said "Yes, Bill. Send me a paper on it. I'll get cracking in the meantime." He listened, then laughed loudly. "Silver Cross at six. Right." He put the receiver down, picked up another and laid it on the desk, picked up a third and roared, "Jenks. This is for you." At the other end of the room a mild man in gold-rimmed spectacles picked up a phone on his desk and spoke into it in a tired mild silky voice.

The large officer gathered himself together, removed the third receiver from its cradle and laid it on the desk, turned in his chair and said, "I know. You've come from M.W.T. to say there won't be any shipping space for 13 months. Never mind. I know it's not your fault. Have some tea." He shouted "Marchington. Another cup of tea here."

Penworthy shifted on his feet. "Well, sir. Actually I'm not from M.W.T. I don't know what M.W.T. is, and I don't know the first thing about shipping space. I've come from sea. From a destroyer, actually."

The large officer looked at him as though he expected to find seaweed behind his ears. Penworthy again shaped the formal phrase in his mind. It still seemed pale and inadequate. But it was the tradition.

"Penworthy reporting for duty, sir."

"O yes. I remember now. We sent a panic signal. You were on leave or something. Pity you came down so soon. Your boss is away on a fortnight's leave." A mixture of anger and grief clouded Penworthy's vision for a moment. "But we'll find something for you to do. Ever use a telephone? You'll be responsible for the selection of Leading Ratcatchers. That's your card index over there." He waved his hand towards a table littered with small cards some of which were tied in neat bundles with white tape.

"But I don't know anything about ratcatchers."

"That's all right, old boy. No Naval Officer knows anything about anything. You'll learn."

"But I thought—I was told—I mean, my C. O. said it would be an operational job." The mood of high endeavour had now quite passed.

"I see what you mean. Tea? In a sense it is operational—surgical, rather. Trying to get Leading Ratcatchers out of a bone-dry barrel."

Penworthy felt a little like crying.

"Here. Read this. This is Admiralty Organization. This one tells you how to write letters. Ever seen a docket? Ever heard of a docket? Don't suppose you have, except in a bad joke. Dockets are an art—like judging distances. Can you judge distances?"

"I'll try."

Across the street workmen were converting the foundations of a bombed building into a large static water tank.

"We've worked it out that you could float a Prince of Wales on that amount of water. You're a university man. Just check up and see if we're right."

Penworthy gazed from the window, made his estimate and ended up with a credit balance of 723 tons. Then he read the two typed instructions. The afternoon was drawing on, the evening coming. The telephones rang, the voices were a shifting patchwork of sound.

At four o'clock the large man said, "What are you waiting for, Penworthy? Go away and take some leave. Come back a fortnight from yesterday."

Penworthy walked mournfully to the door. A little notice read "Don't Hurry—It's Going to be a Long War." He went down in the lift, out into the last of the sunlight and walked slowly up Whitehall.

"If only they'd left me on leave. Now I have no money. And I have to get a new uniform."

He turned around suddenly, walked back at a brisk pace, walked up the stairs two at a time, knocked on the door, approached the large man, and said "If you don't mind I'd like to start work tomorrow, sir."

"Very well. We start at 9. Come in at 10."

As Penworthy closed the door behind him he heard the deep voice say "Keen type." Everybody else in the room laughed.

### III

After Sub-Lieutenant Penworthy had untied, sorted, classified, resorted and reclassified all the cards for his index, he tied them all up in neat bundles with white tape. After an intensive search lasting for several days he found a box for the cards, untied the white tapes and arranged the cards in the box according to a system that Einstein would readily have understood. Another week or two was spent in the minute analysis of the contents of the index, as a result of which Penworthy produced a number of elaborate graphs in several colours. These were hung on the wall above his table, a map of Hadrian's Wall having been removed to make space for them. From the graphs

Penworthy could prove almost anything; it is said that even officers from the Naval Intelligence Division came to consult these oracles.

In this way Penworthy had soon exhausted the possibilities of his card index; had exhausted too his own curiosity and the patience of everybody who worked in the office with him. Now that all that was settled he grew restless.

### IV

It is not necessary to explain how Acting Sub-Lieutenant Penworthy came to be confirmed in rank, nor how, by a clerical error, he was shortly afterwards promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. His Confidential Report in October stated that he had "conducted himself very much to his own satisfaction." Their Lordships were apparently no less pleased with his handling of the card index and the telephones; for, as the autumn afternoons shortened into winter evenings, Penworthy found himself appointed to another department.

He is now an experienced not-too-junior officer. He has spoken to a Rear Admiral, lunched with a Captain and sometimes has the courage not to say "Sir" to a Commander. In the new appointment his look of inscrutable detachment has quickly earned him a reputation for omniscience. But his two companions (themselves suffering from the triple solitude of an expensive education, impeccable manners and fair wavy hair), are in no wise able to relieve Penworthy's isolation.

The winter advances, and we find Penworthy alone one day at lunchtime, standing on the verge of the lake in St. James' Park. His mood is only a little less suicidal than it appears to be. Behind him the new Fortress is rising, looking at this stage like a ferro-concrete replica of a 15th century galley. But he has no eyes for the new temporary

### Humility

Ah, Sky! Ah, Clouds! Ah, Stars!

Thine is a Trinity of overpowering wonder, forever changing — like the lives of those of us below, who know nothing of your might and can aspire to nothing more than Faith in what you are, and the Power from which even you have sprung!

Thine is a Power, which is always, at every hour, pulsating through the eyes and senses of man, into hearts of varying worth! A source of comfort to those with only limited minds with which to grasp the breathless beauty of your eternity, feeble man, forever egoist, oft' ignores you, yet cringes on evenings such as these, before the majesty which is You!

building, nor for the dyspeptic officers and prattling typists who pass in an unbroken stream behind him. He is gazing at a cormorant sitting on a small raft moored in the lake.

Penworthy often stops these days to gaze at the cormorant. Nothing else seems able to assuage the sharp nostalgic hunger in his heart. Penworthy is by instinct a symbolist; and the cormorant is a symbol, an ironical symbol. In Penworthy's present mood, the impersonal irony of fate is as honey under his tongue.

Like himself, the cormorant had come in from the sea and found himself inappropriately and without explanation in London. The cormorant was moody and of uncertain temper, refusing to be comforted by swan, dab-chick or pelican; a solitary unhappy figure, shoulders hunched, head poked forward, brooding darkly behind boot-button eyes.

"What brought him here? Why does he stay? Is it some hard penance, self-imposed? Or is he visiting the scene of some dimly remembered ecstasy? He too is a seafaring type. Perhaps he has come here to rest. But he is not happy. His heart is elsewhere. I think he too has been talked into this, has listened to round reason, accepted advice against his better, more instinctive, judgment; and now he finds in his heart bitterness and regret, the remorse that can only spring from a soundly reasoned decision. He will find no peace in his melancholy. He is waiting for a sign, a light, the spring in his marrow-bones. And presently he will go. He will suddenly say 'Hell with this' and he'll go. And one day I shall find that he has gone and that some comfort has gone with him. That will be a sign."

Penworthy, sunk in moody thought, shoulders hunched, head poked forward, the teeth of sound reason and of frustration gnawing at his resolution, moved off towards his place of duty. On his way he failed to originate or return any salutes. By that time it was raining again and nobody seemed to notice.

M. J. SEELEY



"How can you tell the difference between them?"

"You can't and they both smoke Sweet Caps."

**SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES**

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



## The Science of Statistics - - - or How To Become Insane In Three Easy Lessons

FRED KAUFMAN

Do you wish to be Prime Minister of Canada? You do? Well, let me suggest you turn to page 51 of the recently published 1945 edition of the Canada Year Book and find out what your chances are. You will find on that page a list of Canada's eleven Premiers since Confederation and you will soon discover that three had John as their given name (Sir John A. MacDonald, Sir John J. C. Abbott, Sir John S. D. Thompson) and from this we are forced to infer that should your name happen to be John, your chances to satisfy your desire are 3.77 times as good as those of your neighbour. (This should be good news for the Progressive-Conservatives.)

But, on the other hand, if you have aspirations to become Commissioner of Yukon Territory, your chances are practically negligible unless your first name is George. Perhaps, in the early days when Yukon was rather neglected, it was hard to find suitable commissioners and the government must have taken the attitude of "let George do it". This may account for the fact that no less than four of the last five commissioners proudly bore the name George. Your friend George's chances to get the job are therefore eight times as great as yours.

Perhaps you have by now decided that politics isn't the right field for you. Why not try magic? You'll find the key to this fascinating occupation—yes, you guessed it—in the Canada Year Book. Turn to page 1090 and look at the municipal police reports. You will soon discover that in 1943, 5,904 policemen in 188 Canadian cities and towns recovered 8,818 automobiles, but we learn from the same source that only 8,762 cars were stolen in that year. In other words a net gain of 56 vehicles—not bad.

Of course the sceptic is going to reply that figures don't prove anything and that it is a fairly simple mathematical problem to prove that five equals six or practically anything else one pleases. But don't let that disturb you. Let me assure you that the figures are perfectly correct and a simple explanation to the seemingly baffling phenomenon of the surplus cars can be found—since we must bear in mind that some of the cars recovered in 1943 may have been stolen the year before. Too bad, magic doesn't seem to work either!

While on the subject of policemen—there is one for every 870 citizens—let us consider which province offers the longest life expectancy for professional sleuths. It seems that Manitoba and Saskatchewan are tied for the honour, where each cop only averages fourteen arrests per year, while New Brunswick seems to be a rather unhealthy spot

for policemen, since they are forced to arrest an average of forty-three persons annually.

But enough of policemen, cars, Prime Ministers and commissioners. Let us turn the pages of this exciting best-seller until we come to the section on Public Finance. The title alone is misleading enough. I once asked a friend of mine what he understood by the term and the laconic answer was: "Brother, the thing that's wrong with finance is that it isn't public, just like common sense isn't common." But let us not hurl destructive criticism at the Dominion statisticians who labour all year to be able to tell us that the mines and geological survey is the cheapest government branch from the point of view of expenditure and that it cost every man, woman and child in Canada nine cents in 1944 to pay and equip the men who work for that department. From the same table we learn that all of us pay fourteen cents per year to keep the fish in our lakes and rivers (and, undoubtedly, the Minister of Fisheries) happy, which, when you come to consider it is by no means wasted money, for who would think of eating a discontented fish?

If you have a lot of spare time and you have grown sick and tired of crossword puzzles, let me suggest a new game to you. Needless to say, by now, I got the idea while reading the famous piece of writing under discussion—which, by the way, is another good way to kill time. The game is mathematically known as "Combinations and Permutations" and it is the type of thing of finding in how many different ways three letters can be mailed in ten different boxes. Only that we have graduated from the age when mail was the main means of communications. We'll use radio stations instead. Here is the problem: Using the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, what is the maximum number of radio transmitters Canada can have, provided we don't change the custom of starting the call sign with a "C"? After you have unsuccessfully worked your way through your son's algebra book in an effort to find a formula to solve the problem, let me reveal to you that the theoretical limit is 18,232, since the name of a station may consist of either three or four letters. The snag is, that the practical limit is set by the CBC and not by some mad mathematician.

Turning from waves to votes, in the appendix of this remarkable 2,000-page publication we find a list which gives us some interesting and enlightening figures about the 1945 federal elections. According to this particular account, 54,626 voters are registered on the Prince Edward Island

lists, but the number of votes polled on June 11, exceeded 63,000. Cause for a judicial inquiry or a Royal Commission? No, not since there is a small footnote on the same page telling the baffled reader that each voter in the two-member constituency of Queens County is allowed two votes. While on the subject, of the 245 members of the House of Commons, fourteen give Montreal as their P. O. address, twelve Toronto, and six want their mail delivered in Ottawa.

Should you be interested in the functioning of the press in Canada, you will find the answers to all your questions on page 744. In 1941 there were 103 daily papers in the Dominion, ten of them in the French language. The circulation was 2,378,657 per day. If we take the population of Canada as approximately eleven and a half million, we discover that every 4.8th person gets a paper six times a week. Just how much of this paper he reads, the Dominion statistician does not reveal, but from the point of view of wastepaper the amount is terrific. If we accept ten pages as the average volume of a Canadian daily, every person receives roughly two pages per day, seven days a week. This amounts to 730 pages a year a person. There are usually eight columns with approximately 1,000 words each on every page. Of this, about forty per cent is advertising.

If, therefore, we read all the news conscientiously, at the end of the year we have read 3,504,000 words—the equivalent of seven long novels. But who reads all the news?

But what is probably the most amazing disclosure of the year is found on page 148 in the section dealing with marriages and divorces. A table is found there with the impressive title: "Percentage distribution of Grooms and Brides, by Nativity and Provinces". It is there that we find the rather startling disclosure that in 1943 the number of grooms exceeded the number of brides in the Province of Quebec by .1 per cent. In other words, every thousand brides were married to 1001 grooms, which seems to point to the fact that polygamy still exists and, apparently, with the sanction of the department of statistics.

But this is not all, the same table tells us that in the whole of the Dominion in 1943 of every thousand grooms 754 were born in the province of their residence, 129 in other provinces and 116 first saw the light of the world outside Canada. These figures are interesting in themselves, but when we come to add them up we discover that they only account for 999 men and we are therefore forced to conclude that one groom in every thousand drops from heaven.



## Wow!

Nothing is impossible  
In these advancing days:  
Just look at female fashions  
And their ever changing ways.

Last year the sandy beaches  
Sported big half-acre hats.  
This year all that you can see  
Are "split bandana" caps.

Our mothers wore a bathing suit  
Of elephantine scraps;  
But sister wears a bathing suit  
Of nothing—held by straps.

To hide behind a woman's skirts  
Was once a cowardly act:

But nowadays t'would really be  
A good magician's act.

Now, beside the bouncing bustle  
And the costly satin drapes,  
The revival of the corset'll  
Put this country back in shape.

The latest evening dresses  
Are a startling revelation:  
Now I know why women are—  
The backbone of the nation.

The old time dresses dragged the ground  
And picked up all diseases;  
But now they reach above the knees  
And "pick up" . . . Well . . . !

P. S. IRWIN

## Massawippi-Lake Of Legends

CATHY DAINTRY

Many kinds of stories have come down to the present generation about this lake—known to the white man since 1793 — and the surrounding district. There are some of historical origin, such as the story of Roger's Rangers; many of recent vintage, and a number of legends which date back to Indian times. Many of the tales have sprung from the fact recorded by its Indian name, Massawippi, which means "deep waters", for there is one point where the bottom has never been reached. And naturally there are the usual number of "fish stories".

From the wide choice allowed me, I have chosen a legend of Indian origin with the hope that some may be sufficiently interested to look further into the tales of "beautiful Lake Massawippi". For it is one of many, the "Legend of Rock Donda"—a jagged rock jutting out from the eastern shore of the lake, near the village of Massawippi. Possibly if you visit Lake Massawippi some day you may see it—a silent witness to this legend.

Picture the rippling, blue waters of this long, narrow lake, cradled between hills that are thickly covered with forest. It was to this peaceful situation that a tribe of Abinquis descended and there erected their tepees near Rock Donda.

The Chief of this tribe had a beautiful daughter, Leeliwa. Donda, a brave warrior and famed hunter of the tribe, loved Leeliwa and the Chief decided that she should become his bride. Leeliwa, however, was in love with one, O-ne-ka, a great athlete and swimmer.

Leeliwa often would cross the lake with O-ne-ka while the hunters were away, and they would spend many happy evenings together. Donda became very jealous of his rival and would, unknown to the lovers, watch them from the top of a cliff at the water's edge.

One evening while O-ne-ka and Leeliwa were on the lake and Donda crouched in hiding, a gust of wind caught

and overturned the canoe. Leeliwa clung to O-ne-wa trusting in his brave swimming to bring them to safety. But fate seemed to be against O-ne-ka and his strength was not sufficient to bring them to shore.

Donda watched O-ne-ka's struggle against the waves from his place of hiding on the cliff but he did not stir. Although he wished to rush in to save Leeliwa, his heart was hardened toward these lovers. O-ne-ka could not reach the shore and, after briefly looking into one another's eyes, they sank into the deep. Donda, unable to constrain himself longer, sprang into the water but it was too late; they were beyond help. He again gained the shore and despondently threw himself out there.

Then, as if an inspiration had come to him, he jumped to his feet and scanned the waters for their reappearance. But he only saw on them a silver path leading to the opposite shore. A canoe seemed to glide along this path. As it neared the far shore, he saw Leeliwa spring from it and run up the beach. He knew that she had gone to seek O-ne-ka in the Happy Land of Rest. His one intent was to follow her and he threw himself into the waters which slowly engulfed his body.

The Medicine Man of the tribe, by his supernatural powers, learned of the tragedy which had resulted from this "triangle" and informed the Chief. He, in turn, had the head of Donda carved on the rock of his vigils, with the snake of jealousy wrapped about his neck.

Thus Donda waited through the years for the return of Leeliwa. Gradually the face was worn away by weathering, but on summer evenings the silver path may still be seen stretching from shore to shore.

(I wish to acknowledge a debt to Bertha Weston Price's book, "Legends of the Lakes", from which I obtained part of the material for this article.)

Z. H. POSMAN

## The Blue Chip

He lay on the bed perfectly still. His hands rested on the back of his neck and his blue eyes had taken on the vacant look that one gets from staring at an object for a long time. His heavily-lined face bore signs of worry and his blond hair was mussed. On the little table beside his bed lay a pack of cigarettes. He reached out with his right hand and took one in his long tapering fingers. He may have been a pianist, an artist, or perhaps a gambler. On his third finger there were still marks that might have been made by a heavy ring. The click of his lighter and the sudden flame from it brought him out of his trance. He inhaled deeply and gazed around the room.

The room was the type that one would usually find in a third-rate boarding house. The floors were bare of rugs or coverings of any kind. From the ceiling hung an unshaded light bulb which cast a yellowish light over the room. Against one wall stood an old-fashioned dresser and directly opposite was the door of the clothes closet. Littered around the floor were newspapers and cigarette ashes; the single ash-tray which stood on the table overflowed with butts. His thoughts centred about himself. He could remember the time when he had had money. People flocked around him in droves, happy to be his friends because he was a sport. Clothes, money and cars were no object, he had all

he wanted. Then he remembered the roulette tables and dice games. It hadn't taken him long to go through the money that his father had left him. Now he was down and out. He was too proud to approach his so-called friends for help; and even if he had, they probably wouldn't have cared to have anything to do with him. People he had known before now snubbed him on the street. He was alone. Luckily he had gotten away without getting into debt but he was definitely down to his last penny.

Slowly he got out of bed. He reached for another cigarette and lit it with the butt of the first. Out on the street he heard sounds of passing traffic. These drew him towards the window. He looked out and saw below him the lights of the city. The gay lights and people hurrying by filled him with a feeling of loneliness. He hunched his shoulders closer together and turned from the window. For several seconds he stood there and gazed at the door of the clothes-closet. Slowly he went towards it, grasped the door-nob and pulled the door open.

There was really very little inside. A suit that looked as though it could use a pressing, a sport coat and a suit of dress clothes. For some intangible reason, he hadn't sold his evening suit with the rest of his possessions. Perhaps they were symbolical of the gay life which he had led. Suddenly he had an insane urge to try them on. Once more he wanted to see himself "dressed up". He moved quickly to the washbasin that stood in one corner of the room and started to clean up. He washed, shaved and combed his hair. Determined, he reached for his suit and began getting dressed. With these clothes on he looked different—young and handsome. He moved towards the mirror and the reflection made him smile. The smile wasn't pleasant, it was grim and pathetic. His hand fell and almost savagely he drove it into his trouser pocket. Suddenly, his whole expression changed. His hand had encountered something. The object was round and about the size of a half dollar. He drew it out quickly and in his palm lay a blue roulette chip. He held a thousand dollars in the palm of his hand. Should he cash it in and live on the money for a while or should he attempt one more desperate gamble? Maybe luck would be with him and he would make good at the gaming tables. Suddenly he made up his mind; he had everything to gain and nothing to lose because the chip itself had

been luck.

In the street, he hailed a taxicab and gave the address of an exclusive night club. He lit a cigarette and leaned back, ideas racing through his head in wild turmoil. In practically no time at all, the cab pulled up in front of the club. To the doorman who greeted him in the usual way and held the door open for him, he slipped a note to pay for the cab. He entered and was hardly noticed by the people there. He had no desire to speak to anyone. All he wanted to do was try his luck. He went directly towards the roulette table and merged in with the crowd standing around it. He watched the wheel spin dizzily before him and clutched the chip in his hand. The wheel stopped and the bidding was beginning. He looked at the chip and just at that moment a voice beside him said, "36-black". For some inexplicable reason, he followed the lead and placed the chip on that number. The wheel began to spin around again. It slowed down gradually and came to a stop. The little ball fell into the 36-black groove. He had won. Again the voice beside him spoke. "This time 29-red." He places all the chips on that number and again he won. Again and again the voice called the numbers and again and again he won until finally he broke the table. The game had to stop. Hurriedly he cashed in his chips. All at once he thought of the voice which had called the numbers and looked around to find the source. In his excitement, he hadn't taken the time to find out who had brought him all the luck. He saw a woman leave the table and walk slowly across the floor towards the door. From where he stood she looked lovely. Dark hair fell in a loose cascade around her shoulders. A low-cut gown accentuated the loveliness of her body. Her walk was sure and graceful. He knew that he must talk to her and thank her. Quickly he walked up behind her and reached out to take her arm and then — he woke up.

He still lay on his bed in the same dirty room. He couldn't believe that it was only a dream, it was too real. He got out of bed and walked over to the clothes-closet. He opened the door and inside hung his evening clothes. Removing these from the closet he reached into his trouser pocket. His hand encountered something. He withdrew it and in his palm lay a blue roulette chip worth one thousand dollars.

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## Compulsory Sports

D. H. MILLS

What benefits would be derived from a system of compulsory sport? This is naturally a controversial subject. In the first case, consider health. There would be a definite benefit to a few individual students, particularly women students. Yet on the whole there would be no spectacular benefits to the student body. Most institutions require a medical examination followed by a report of good health before admitting a student. By this system, we do not find any students slowly dying of consumption or a bad heart. Another factor may be considered pertaining to health in general. The great majority of students who attend universities and colleges take exercise of some sort, even if it only consists of a brisk daily walk. These students are usually found at the head of class lists and are awarded high academic honours. A brisk half-hour walk in the open air is just as beneficial as two hours of basketball played in a badly-ventilated gymnasium. Thus it may be said generally that no great improvement in the health of students would be apparent from such a system of compulsory sports.

Spirit is found in every college where sports of any type are played. There is a sense of comradeship which is fully developed when a well-organized team hits the playing field. This spirit is only developed by free association among the members of the team, and not by forcing together a group of students. A very poor spirit indeed is evident when such a policy of compulsion is practised. After all, a university or college, no matter of what size, is a place to explore the truth. You certainly don't explore much truth by being forced unto the playing field and told to play. The best team is developed by a group of players who have tried out for the team voluntarily, not by a bunch of men rounded up by a sort of S. S. governed by the Athletic Committee. Are there any further benefits? I think not.

Let us now consider the disadvantages connected with such an undemocratic system. Firstly, there is the mighty problem of organization. Most athletic committees are limited by a shortage of funds, and they are to be congratulated on providing the sporting facilities they have. It is a sad, yet true, fact that most universities are lacking in athletic facilities, particularly outdoor ones. There are sufficient funds available in the form of fees, grants and the like, to support all athletics desired by the students themselves. I now ask the reader a question: What percentage of the student body, both male and female, participate in athletics? The answer I desire is the percentage of students in general who attend colleges and universities and who participate in athletics. Suppose the percentage turned out to be 50. Review also the finances and activities of the

college. Even to have these 50% enjoying sporting facilities takes all the funds which the Athletic Committee can muster. That is only for one-half of the students. Where would the facilities and funds come from to finance a vast sports program for 100% of the students? It would be economically impossible to finance any such scheme. We therefore come to the conclusion that any compulsory sporting program involving 100% of the students would be economically impossible.

A second point to be discussed is the sore-point: Exactly who would be included under such a compulsory sports program? Men and women students alike in their freshman year have insufficient time, particularly during their first three months at university, to complete their academic studies satisfactorily and to partake in many "extra-curricular" activities. A psychological factor enters in, the difficulty of getting adjusted, so to speak, to the new routine of university life for the freshmen students. There would be undoubtedly a few physically-unfit students, who would be exempt from any scheme of sports. How would the system work for those students who edit and publish college papers and magazines? It would be obviously impossible for them to continue their duties if not exempted from compulsory sport.

What would be the reaction of faculty members to such a scheme of compulsory sports? By the look of schedules of lectures, lab periods, and academic work in general, particularly in First Year, there would be little time left for everyone to excel in the glories of compulsory sports as they now believe that the student has only time enough now for academic work and any sports he may participate in without forcing him to spend another three or four hours per week away from his academic work.

This issue of compulsory athletics would soon become entangled in the intricacies of compulsory military training, another hotly debated subject today. It would be obviously impossible to have compulsory military training for men and women students for six hours a week, and then expect them to excel at compulsory athletics for a further six hours.

Sports were thought up with the intention of giving people the opportunity of having exercise of their own choice, on their own time. In other words, play sports for the fun you derive from them. Any such scheme to force everyone into athletics would defeat its own purpose. The college student comes to college primarily to explore the truth, not to be forced into a badly-ventilated gymnasium clad in a pair shorts with a bayonet in his back and told to participate in athletics.



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## Gowns

THELMA PARKER

"Fine feathers make fine birds," they say, but is a man judged by the academic gown he wears? If so, think how hopelessly some of us will be cast aside. The gown is the black shroud some of us wear to some of the lectures. Please notice that I said *some* of us. The rest just do not possess them, or if they do, cannot be bothered resurrecting them from the salvage, and lack inspiration, time and thread to tack together the tattered rags of what was once an impressive academic gown.

The study of gowns is a most intriguing pastime. You find that truly enough, "there is no accounting for tastes." And you must prepare yourself for the most amazing shocks. You see a long, black gown trailing across the quad, and think "without doubt a most unworldly and serious person". Chances are that some bright young co-ed just has not had the time to raise the hem. Too much studying to do, you know. The next minute you may be confronted by a most learned looking individual in three tatters and a tail, or a waist length mourning cape. Then if you should see someone approaching with an apologetic, self-conscious look, you can be sure he is wearing a gown perfectly whole and correct—and new.

You could use the college gown to illustrate the various degrees in decomposition. You would not lack intermediate stages, certainly. You will find also an amazing array of colour, ranging from genuine black to olive green. A green gown marks you either as a scholar, a sentimentalist, or one who has not paid much for his gown. Mixed

motives lead to the purchase of a definite gown.

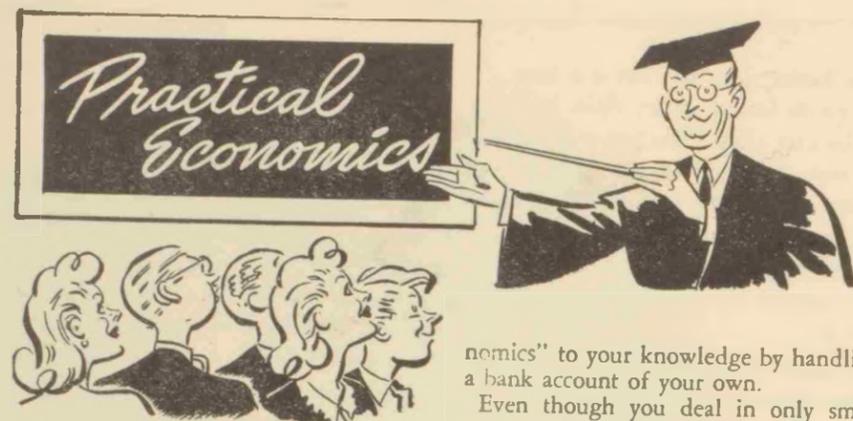
If you are inclined to wonder how a venerable college gown reaches the state of disrepair in which you find it, study the gowns at work, that is to say, being worn. A nice, new black gown is a temptation to those with juvenile tendencies, and the threads in the tucks are easily cut. This results in the case of the drooping shoulders. Someone may decide on a tour of the chem lab and obligingly dust off a bottle of HCl with his sleeve. This is an excellent idea if you like short sleeves, or a lacy effect in long sleeves. Gowns are very useful as a cushion on the front steps or for a friendly tug-of-war. Or if you see your partner disappearing around the corner you can always pull him back by a gentle tug on one sleeve. Some people love to rush through the hall when a lecturer or one of the lectures is waiting, and disregard such things as door-knobs, until they discover some feet later that a section of their gown has lovingly wrapped itself around a knob. A few experiences of this type give your gown a lovely shredded effect.

You see that the hazards are great, and the chances of a gown's retaining its shape, colour and respectability are very small. But who, after all, asks this much? Have you ever seen anyone really ashamed of a gown that had survived the ordeal of college wear? As long as two armholes remain you have a gown. And if people object to the narrow black columns trailing behind you they can always pick them up and carry them as a train. Then what matters the gown? You can be a queen if you have a page.

## Erin

P. S. IRWIN

Once a province,  
 Now a nation,  
 Fairest land  
 In all creation:  
 Emerald hillsides,  
 Sparkling water;  
 Honest faces,  
 Ringing laughter;  
 Peaceful boroughs,  
 Vine-clad churches,  
 Welcoming hostels,  
 Legend'd perches;  
 Elfin homeland,  
 Fairy prescence,  
 Moonlight spirits,  
 "Wee folk" reverence;  
 Stirring history,  
 Storied hillocks,  
 Patrick's memory,  
 Glistening shamrocks;  
 —Ireland.



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## Eighty-Eight Days Behind Bars

L. J. BAIRD

Yes, I was behind bars for eighty-eight days but not as a convict! The only charge against me was that of being a little nose. You see, I was of the opinion that hospital work would be of value to me before graduation. It was in such frame of mind that I applied to the Council for Clinical Training in New York. I was accepted, and on June 12 I began my summer vacation in the Rochester State hospital.

I had the opportunity of taking a course in a general hospital, a reform school, or a mental institution. I chose the latter in order to receive training with both the physically and mentally ill. The course consisted, in part, of four hours of ward work a day during which time we were to help the attendants and get to know and understand the patients. The first month was spent on Ward Sixty where the patients were in very good condition and had ground parole. My duties were to allow the proper patients outside, and talk to those unfortunate men who had not recovered sufficiently to receive ground parole. Once a week these patients went for a shave and it was my duty to see that they reached their destination. Every time the barber suggested that I assist him. One morning I did! I was given a straight razor and after receiving some instruction I went to work. Believe it or not some patients were willing to let me shave them and they received such a shave as never before.

When the second month came around I was moved to Ward Fifty-six where all were bed patients. At seven o'clock every morning for the next month I fed breakfast to a certain man who, being more or less paralysed, thought that eating was quite unnecessary. We became quite friendly and, by using my own methods, I was able to give him food when others could not. During this month I had to do everything from making beds to bathing patients. On one occasion I was told to take a man in a wheelchair to the O.R. for vaccination. When I arrived at the O.R. I found he was to be given a "spinal". It was my opinion that if he was sent for vaccination he should not receive a spinal but a tall and determined looking nurse changed my mind for me!

The last month was spent on the reception ward where new patients were kept for observation. For the first week I had to supervise the administration of food at breakfast, the washing of dishes, the waxing of floors and the making of beds. The patients did the work but I was to see that they did it properly. Two weeks were spent working with bed patients and preparing trays for tube feedings. This ward work took but four hours a day but was essential in building up proper relationship with the patients.

Twice a week at eleven a.m. we attended staff conferences when new patients were interviewed by members of

the medical staff. This was done before nurses, social service workers, and divinity students. At these conferences the doctors had to give, with reasons, a diagnosis. In the afternoons we had seminars conducted by our theological supervisor who discussed with us case histories which we had studied the night before. During my stay in Rochester forty such cases were studied, from which a great deal was to be learned. Once a week we received lectures from a member of the medical staff who gave us a basis for our practical work.

In our spare time we were allowed to do as we pleased. I was particularly interested in shock treatment, the operating room and the morgue. On various occasions I observed the administration of shock treatment and then visited the patients afterwards. I can say that, in many cases, this treatment is very satisfactory. One afternoon I saw two surgeons pin a broken hip. This operation was quite successful. With regard to my experiences in the morgue I would rather say nothing!

The main part of our work consisted of intensive interviewing. Each of us was to pick five patients and work with them. I had one woman and four men to interview one hour each a day. Such a system was impossible as long as we only had twenty-four hours in a day, but I did my best. Each interview had to be written up as nearly verbatim as possible and handed into the theological supervisor once a week.

You will perhaps wonder how we picked our patients. We had access to the case histories and to any ward in the hospital. I should, however, like to tell you how one patient let me know he wanted to speak to me. It was at dinner one day that I was told of a certain patient who wanted to punch me on the nose. You can imagine how thrilled I was to hear this. Should I go to see him? Should I tell the supervisor before I go? These and other things ran through my mind as I left the dining hall that evening. It so happened that I passed this patient's ward on the way to my room. He called to me and I very bravely went over, as this time he was locked up—and I was outside. He immediately said, "When are you coming in to talk to me?" I said, "I don't really know. When would you like to see me?" He answered, "Any time." I decided to go that very night. I knew that if I received a black eye it would be back to normal before I would return home. Without telling the attendants on duty I went in and, to my surprise, a clever looking young man was waiting for me, and in a very friendly mood. I was unnecessarily suspicious because he really had no hostility for me at all. He was angry with me because I had not called to see him before.

(Continued on page 34)

## Victory Music

In eleven million homes radios blared, pouring out the song of a million million thankful hearts. From the broadcasting rooms in the cities the orchestras sent their music over the ether, across the gray waters of the Atlantic, over the Maritime villages and Laurentian valley farms, over the rolling golden prairies, far to the mountains and the sea. Five continents re-echoed the hymns of peace.

The music pulsed proudly and deliberately, welling up from the depths in a crescendo of sound and feeling, and falling again in a gradually dying cadence. It was solemnity and triumph, it was pomp and circumstance with undertones of sorrow—the tears of women and the ache of empty hearts translated into sound.

It was vivid with colour and evocative imagery: the crescendo was blackness, streaked with a thin blood-red; the postlude was royal purple and gold brocade—fat foreign kings riding grey elephants through old cities of marble mosques and palm trees. There were tender strains that were the essence of deep blue; there were quiet passages that whispered of golden wheatfields under a bright sky; of high hills and feathery elms, of white frame-houses—homes.

Music flowed out over the land and held it under a spell. It was the roaring of mighty propellers, the echo of silenced guns, the steady pound, pound of machines. In it the folk-songs and war-songs of the nations were blended into one great hymn of triumph. The groans of dying men and the whispers of lovers were woven together in harmony. It was proud and sorrowful; it recalled Bingham's words:

"Solemn the drums thrill, Death, august and royal,  
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,  
There is music in the midst of desolation,  
And a glory that shines upon our tears."

Sound rolled forth in the might of strings and the tenderness of wood-winds; it spoke with the voices of many men, the young men who died—their songs and their laughter floated back across the gulf of years; one recalled for a moment the shine of mirth in closed eyes, the gleam

## Lost Genius

The night Marie Koplenska died, I learned the dreadful secret that she had kept hidden in her soul for three, long, torturous years. And even as I left her room that fateful evening, ridding myself of the stench of death that surrounded me, I silently prayed to God to carry her soul to greener pastures where it could enjoy eternal rest, for I knew that was what she wished for. But now I am getting ahead of myself and so I shall start at the very beginning, and give you the real story of the Marie Koplenska that the

of laughter on now silent lips. They had gone over the hill, now they shouted to their comrades from the other side. They said something like "Good show!" and their smiles lived again, briefly.

And the men of the past: if you listened closely you might hear Drake's drum beating fiercely; or the voice of Lincoln speaking in the cause of freedom at Gettysburg. And Walt Whitman heard America sing again and sang with her. The voices of the people's champions rang over the wastes of time, and their message was alive with fresh hope and new meaning.

And women: Rachel wailing again for her children; the Celtic women, raising out of the desolate heart the wild keen over their dead; mother, widow and lovers—their song was one great shuddering sob. It came like a crackling wave breaking in splendid self-destruction on a barren cliff, and like it the sound flowed softly away and died in the distance.

There was laughter, too, and the tremulous joy of the girl who would soon clasp her mate again. Her voice was light as spring breezes in the eaves, her laughter was so many small shimmering bubbles of sound.

Somehow, woven into it all, lisped the voices of children. Their songs were innocent and pure, fashioned out of tender, childish things. But they were more than children, they were the ones we hoped would meet the challenge of the future. This glorified them in men's eyes till they were greater than their elders, and their chanting voices dominated the whole theme.

Hope mounted on the rising octaves; then the music ceased abruptly in a great, crashing chord. It left much to be desired; it reminded us that the achievement of a strong peace was still a distant goal, and that there might be interludes of gaiety, but there would also be toil, tears and blood before the last sweeping finale could be played.

In eleven million homes the radio dial was twirled; the orchestras were silenced, and across a continent the trembling air became still.

MARY HALL

I. GLISERMAN

world knew so little about.

It all began in March, 1940, when I was a reporter on the Daily Telegram, sweating six days a week to turn out material for a miserable little column on page 4 which was labeled "Pearson's Newsreel". Sure, it was a small column, but what did I care as long as it supported the wife and kid and anyhow, people read the stuff I wrote just to get away from the war news and learn what society was up to in those days.

Anyhow, one day the boss called me up to his office and got right to the point. "Sam," he said, "take the nearest cab and beat it out to the docks. Marie Koplenska, the famous pianist, is leaving for Europe today and I want the whys and wherefores before noon. Now don't bother me with your damn questions and get busy." Now I was hungry and just getting ready to drop into Joe's for a quick bite, but when the boss talks like that, something is up and in five minutes flat I was standing at the docks, chewing the fat with the rival newshounds.

The one and only hadn't arrived yet so I flipped out a squashed Camel from an old pack, lit it, and wandered over to the spacious lobby to think awhile. What I knew about Marie Koplenska wouldn't fill half a page in the Reader's Digest so I looked up Paul Chenard, a little Frenchman who ran the cafeteria in the station. If there was any information you wanted on an important person, Paul was the man to get it from, yet when I asked him for the low-down on Marie, he hesitated and said in an apologetic tone: "Sam, what I can tell you about thees woman is not much. She came to America from Poland in 1901, married in thees country, and established herself as a world-famous pianist. Maintenant, she is going back to her home in Poland if she will be able, and help her friends there. Mais, that is all I know."

He paused for a moment and continued:

"Her playing is the work of a genius, yet she is a woman that is very mysterieux. I am sorry but that is all I am able to tell you Sam."

I thanked Paul and edged my way through the seething crowds to the edge of the dock. Frankly, I was discouraged. The scant information that I had gotten from Paul, combined with the cold, damp breeze that was increasing in intensity, put me in a bad mood and I was ready to drop the whole issue when I saw the great Koplenska herself.

Never have I seen a more beautiful woman! When she brushed by me on her way to boarding the huge vessel, it was like an angel going through. She had deep, brown locks of hair in contrast to her creamy complexion and her mouth and eyes were soft and full. Her smart clothes gracefully accentuated her trim figure and she walked with the air of a model displaying the new fashions before a prospective client. Yes, without a doubt she was very beautiful and when I watched her wave to the shivering crowd on the dock with her wonderfully-formed hands, I knew I would never understand why she was leaving prosperity to venture into a country, razed to the ground by its oppressors and inhabited by a people whose only knowledge was one of fear.

During the next four years there was only one opportunity I had of learning anything more about Marie. By this time I had managed to gain the position of senior reporter on the staff and while I was checking the work of

some of our aspiring young newsmen, I stumbled on an article neatly titled "Musicians and the War", and which contained a few words concerning Marie Koplenska. To quote from the author of the article himself:

"This amazing woman pianist has made one of the most outstanding sacrifices in the present struggle, for she has unhesitatingly donated her services to the aid of her suffering countrymen, going at an extremely dangerous time, back to her homeland, Poland.

"Being director of one of the largest underground movements in Poland, she has been successful in smuggling thousands of Polish refugees to England and safety. Although it has not been fully confirmed, it is reported that she is now a prisoner of the Germans and being kept in a concentration camp."

On February 12, 1945, four years after she had left, Marie Koplenska arrived on the Gripsholm at New York harbour. Assigned to cover the story of the Gripsholm's arrival, I began to interview some of the men and women slowly making their way down the gangplank. Noticing one of the women sitting down on one of the rough wooden benches by the taxi-stand and looking particularly lost, I flipped my cigarette into the water, edged over to her and asked her what her name was and where she intended going. "My name," she said in a tired voice, "is Marie Koplenska. I am going home to my family like all these other poor souls. Please ask me no more questions for my mind is confused and I would like only to rest awhile."

If a little gust of wind had come around the corner at that moment, it would have blown me over. The woman sitting before me had thin, grey hair and a face that sorrow and fear had lined with countless wrinkles. Her eyes, deprived of any twinkle, had a glassy look and when I remembered the former pianist whose loveliness had taken my breath away, I could swear that my heart skipped a beat.

"But this is no time to be dumbfounded, Sam Pearson," I said to myself, "this is the biggest scoop of the year!" I took Marie's hand and gently but firmly guided her to a waiting cab. From there I got her home and when the sun brought its bright, red head over the horizon the next morning, people started to look twice at the Daily Telegram when they saw the headlines: "The Great Koplenska Returns," and under the large, black type was my name. Yeah, I had scooped them all and that day cost me three boxes of Punch Lilies and those things aren't flowers mister.

For the next month, Marie was the talk of the town. She spoke at rallies, she was guest of honour at the largest shindigs in town, and in fact the whole city of New York was laid at her feet. I worked my fool head off for that woman and you can bet she got her name in every hot column in town. Yes, I showed her that the people had not forgotten Marie Koplenska, and she was great once more.

But sure enough there was a fly in the big pudding.



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Enveloped in success and prosperity, Marie did not go near a piano, and instead of working her nimble fingers over the ivory keyboard, she concealed them with gloves. Sure, no one noticed this at first but the public isn't dumb. "Where are the Koplenska recordings?" they asked. "Let us hear the wonderful music that flowed from her fingertips."

I pleaded with her, I begged her, I asked her and I argued with her, but to no avail. She refused to play. And what was the reason behind it all? Had those four years in war-torn Europe destroyed her musical genius beyond repair? It couldn't be, and believe me I prayed it wouldn't be. Finally I went to see her and during our conversation, I began to get mad, fighting mad. "Look here, Marie", I tried to explain, "I took you when you were at the very bottom of the ladder. Now you're sitting on the top rung. Winchell writes about you, Fadiman talks about you, and the people want you. When will you play?" She shrugged her tiny shoulders, "I'm sorry, Sam—" "Sorry, my foot," I cried, "Why don't you take those pretty white hands and play a couple of tunes instead of hiding them behind those damn gloves. Yeah, and . . ." I stopped then and knew I had just made a mistake. She was sobbing, pitiful sobs that drenched the little kerchief she held in her hand. I mumbled an apology and she told me to get out. She told me never to see her again and when I walked out of that house, I knew what a worm feels like, and I had to be content to forget all about the pianist who gave me my greatest story.

But my little tale does not end here for I was asked to call at the Koplenska home once more. I didn't want to go.

She had caused me a lot of sleepless nights and by this time I had managed to forget my disappointment and anger. But I was curious and I figured that if she wanted to apologize, I wouldn't be the one to stop her.

I finally arrived at the house and was greeted by a solemn looking individual who ushered me into the pleasant living room. There I met Dr. Whitaker, the family physician still carrying the large bags under his eyes in an over-stuffed face. "Sam," he said to me, "Marie is dying in the next room. My face must have shown the incredulity I felt for he quickly went on to explain. "She contracted pneumonia and this, combined with her weak health, is causing her death. She wants to see you now Sam, but please be as quiet as possible."

I wasted no words. I couldn't have talked if I wanted to. Silently I stepped into the room and looked about me. Marie, looking once more like an angel, rested on a soft, billowy bed, surrounded by her white, lace curtains. Slowly, ever so slowly, I stepped to the bedside and saw that poor Marie was only a skeleton of the former person. I thought she was gone but she stirred and motioned me to take her hand in mine. And as I caressed those beautiful fingers, I knew at last, the secret of her lost genius. When she saw my face, she gave me a smile I will never forget for it was a smile of happiness and thankfulness. Then she shut her eyes and with my throat all choked up, I left the room, and bowed my head in silent prayer.

You see, Marie Koplenska had a swastika burned into the palms of both hands.

## Another Story

P. J. BEAUDRY

The phone kept ringing incessantly, shattering the silence in my apartment. I slowly picked up the receiver and said:

"Yes?"

"Oh, is that you Steven?"

"Yes. What can I do for you this morning Bob?"

"Nothing this morning. It's tonight. I want you to cover that social evening after the concert tonight."

"Look Bob, you know how I feel about those social affairs. I thought that it was understood that I was not to cover any more of those things."

"I know Steve, but I haven't any other than you to send. I promise you this will be the last one."

"Okay Bob, I'll do it for you but let it be the last time or else I quit. What's the address?"

"Two-twenty Robertson avenue and it's at eleven o'clock. Put your copy on my desk tomorrow morning."

"Okay. Good-bye."

I cradled the receiver, got up and walked over to the

bathroom to take my shower. While taking a shower I thought over the past events. For eight years now I had been in the newspaper business and had practically covered the whole world. Malaria had returned me to America from the Continent where I had gone after my work in the Pacific had been concluded. Now I was a sort of a freelancer, I had a sort of bi-weekly column and covered the odd interesting events, that is the ones which I thought might prove to be such in my estimation. The social stuff was certainly not what I considered as interesting; as a matter of fact I hated the very thought of covering this assignment tonight. My father had died a few years after I was born and my mother had passed away when I was but beginning my college career. I had to quit, seeing I couldn't afford it, so I left before even finishing my first year. But I had not left before acquiring an insatiable thirst for reading. Since then I had read everything that I had been able to lay my hands on and now after eight years I possessed what I considered to be quite a perfect little library. All in

all I was pretty independent and could live the life I so chose.

I did not attend the concert that night but took in a movie which was a revival, and which I thought "stank", seeing that it had no plot, no characterization, in fact no nothing. After that I dropped into "Jake's" to have a bourbon and then took a cab up to Robertson avenue. On the way up I remembered that I had forgotten to ask Bob the names of both the guy (or was it a woman) giving the concert and those that were receiving for him at the house after.

Two-twenty Robertson avenue turned out to be just as I had expected: a great big mansion of the colonial style, surrounded by immense gardens. All of which brazenly screamed "wealth". There were quite a number of expensive looking limousines parked in the driveway which meant that quite a number of the so-called "400" would be here in all their regalia, strutting about like over-stuffed peacocks under the false pretention of knowing everything. I went up to the door and rang. The old butler, who answered, quizzically looked at me for I was not wearing a dress-suit. I had my dark blue one on. When I told him I had been sent by the "Chronicle" he ushered me in and led me to the room where the reception was being held. The room was over-crowded with people. Here and there the black and white colors of the men's dress clothes were shattered by the glittering, shimmering jewels of the women reflecting the multi-varied colors of the evening dresses and the surroundings. In front of the gigantic fire-place, a man, whose appearance was foreign, was surrounded by about twenty people who seemed to all be talking at the same time. I summarized that he alone could be the chap who had given the concert and on the way over my thoughts were broken by the following bits of conversation:

"My what a divine dress that is. Did you get it here? I simply must . . ."

"I told him that the project would net him a profit if he bought all he could right away and then he . . ."

"Of course you must come over to tea . . ."

"I never thought the damn concert would end. I wouldn't have gone only my wife insisted."

"Boy. Get me another drink will you."

"Did you read Ogden Nash's latest bits. I think he's a scream . . ."

"My dear I met the most divine man last night. It was at a most divine party and we had the most divine music. I tell you I've never had such a most divine time. Not only that but I . . ."

When I finally got near the guest every one was talking and so I was unable to understand anything. I edged myself in next to him and found out that his name was Valdimir something or other (I could check the name at the office) and that he was a pianist. Then I decided to find

out in whose house I was. I asked the first person I could find that wasn't talking and found out that the house belonged to the Coningsbey who also had a summer house in Cape Cod and a villa in Europe although they had been unable to go over seeing that there was a war on and wasn't that just too awful having a war which stopped people from travelling and all that. Well after that stupid remark what I needed was a good stiff drink, so I went in search of one. This had practically ended my covering as I had picked up the list of invited guests, who would insist that their name be in the paper tomorrow, from the butler at the door. After following people around for a few minutes I found the bar and ordered a double Scotch straight. As soon as I got it, I gulped it down and ordered another. While waiting for the second I lit a cigarette and leaned on the bar.

"My, aren't we thirsty tonight!" a voice purred at my side.

I turned to see who the speaker was and could only see a pair of eyes. They were deep blue just like a perfect summer sky devoid of clouds, and sparkling with merriment. They were just like a magnet, my whole attention was drawn to them. I must have had quite a stupid expression on my face because she said: "Is that all you can do—stare—can't you speak?"

"What? . . . eh . . . yes. What is a girl like you doing here?"

"Not that I'm insulted or anything like that. But what do you mean by 'a girl like me'?"

"Well, you're so different from all the other old ha—I mean house marms. You seem to be too young to be mixed up with a crowd like this."

"What kind of a crowd is a 'crowd like this'?"

"Well it's like this . . . There's too many people here. If I knew where there was a small empty room so that we could be alone I could tell you more explicitly what I mean."

"I think I remember seeing a small library when I went to the powder room a few minutes ago. Shall we go there?"

"Lead on."

The small library turned out to be a life-sized Grand Central Station.

"Well, isn't this just too cosy. Why don't we have Grant's tomb brought in here. I thought you said this was a small library."

"I'm sorry. I thought you'd like it."

"Sure I like it. But what is it? The national library?"

"Never mind that. What did you mean by 'a crowd like this'?"

"Well a bunch of pedantic, over-stuffed, over-dressed, over-nourished, snooty, egotistical people living in the past, and whose sole object in life is seeing that they have every comfort possible, so that they may continue to do all the

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loose tongue-wagging they want about everything they know nothing what-so-ever about. Does that answer your question?"

"You certainly have an extremely low opinion of us haven't you?"

"You? I didn't say you. I meant them."

"Well, I'm one of them."

"I said before that you didn't seem like one. Maybe I was mistaken."

"Do you know who I am?"

"I'll bite. Who are you?"

"Dee Coningsbey." She said this with a funny look on her face which reminded me that I might as well have kept my big mouth shut.

To break the monotony of silence which followed her statement, I looked at my watch and remarked that maybe I'd better get some material for my story.

"Oh, are you a writer?"

"No. I'm a newspaper-man."

"You must meet my mother. I'm sure she would be very thrilled at being interviewed."

When I met the mother, I saw where Dee got her beauty. She resembled her mother so much that at a distance they might have passed for twins. Both were blonde (the mother was beginning to gray at the temples); both were of medium height; the figures of both were perfect. After we had been introduced Mrs. Coningsbey said: "I'm sorry but I didn't catch your name Mr. . . er." "I didn't throw it", I muttered under my breath.

"Steven Craig from the Chronicle."

"Oh, a newspaperman. How thrilling it must be to know all the news before any one else." Before she could question me any further on the newspaper business I asked what she had thought of the concert.

"Simply divine."

(Ouch, are we going to start "divining" all over again.)

"May I quote you?" I must have put just a bit too much sarcasm in the question because Dee noticed it, took me by the arm and dragged me back to the "small" library once more. But not before I'd reinforced myself with a couple of drinks.

"Look, why do you hate us so much?" Geez, she was beautiful when she got mad.

I saw that it was no use trying to fool her, so I told her then the story of my life. The constant struggle for money. How I got to hate it so much that for some time I would have wished that all the rich people on earth would die and leave only us poor here, but that wouldn't have solved anything because then there would have been some wise ones who would have become rich and there we would have been—just where we started from. We talked like that for a couple of hours. Around one-thirty a.m. I left, after having made love to her and promising to call her up the next day and take her out for supper and dancing.

Leaving the Coningsbey mansion I took a cab down to "Jake's" where, after having a few drinks, I telephoned Mabel and made a date for the next night. Dee was rich and probably wouldn't remember me. Anyway Mabel understood me which is more than a lot of people do.

## Notes and Comments

I. GLISERMAN

Saludos Amigos! Once again a popular column in the *Mitre* is in print and no doubt your tongues have been hanging out for the past few months waiting to get the "outside dope on the inside doings". But friends, you have to wait no longer for here to amuse you is your snoopy scoop himself!

Does this column smell (?) different lately? Hm-m-m. If it does, it is due most probably to the change in management. Your former ed, "vicepresidelaney", was stricken with the chronic student's disease, "studyitis", complications set in which paralyzed his writin' arm, and you may now see him wandering dizzily around the Chem lab in a state of nervous ecstasy.

Well, now that the favourite comeback of past times, "C'est la guerre", is extinct, the college is packed with presumable scholars, the council has some money (McVean has broken down), and Zeke with his crew of "graduates" from the Charles Atlas academy have really been getting to work. Sports has easily pushed itself into the college spotlight again. The students are really "pitchin' in" to make it boom. As a matter of fact, in the first term, you had to tell some of these guys that it just wasn't constitutional to wear your rugby helmet in the lecture rooms. The only trouble is convincing a guy like big Tony. He's really a nice, quiet fellow at heart. He never gets mad but only pats you gently on the back and you stay in bed for the rest of the week. Reminds me of someone in dramatics. Now with all these brutes like Manning, Abercrombie, Seeley, Robinson, etc. hanging around, we were a cinch to put out a "ruff an' tuff 'football'" squad. And so, with the trumpets sounding, the cheer leaders whooping it up in deep, bass voices, and Zeke yelling, "Sutherland kicks. Oops. No. He fakes a pass. He runs? Will Sanders catch the ball? Will he score? Listen next week when . . .", the local yokels, in their blazing purple and white drapes, trampled over the Sherbrooke "Scruff" and the Macdonald "Maulers" to gain two smashing, devastating, glorious victories. (Any other so-called scheduled games were merely practices—and I got this straight from the coach.) Comments from opposing teams: "We very much disliked the two little characters on the field, one running between our legs and the other rolling along the ground like a bowling ball." (Chas. and Flannagan please note.)

Out of four games, our basketball team has emerged with four victories at this writing (or writhing). "Yes! Ladeez and gentlemen," the "swami, balmy, bulgy" line of ours is proving to be more "confoosin'" than amooosin' to the basketball circuit. The success recipe was simple and I might add that's it's patented. Dr. Hammond

was quickly called down. He injected a quick shot of "Thetford Adrenalin", added some "Richmond Plasma", and after a wee touch of "Sherbrooke Sulfa", the patient emerged like the "champeen" he is.

Hockey started off with a bang this year and is slowly ending up with blood, sweat, and tears (from Gerry Wiggett). Rumour has it that Staples brought a gremlin with him but no one really knew Anderson at first sight. But with a crunching of collarbones, and a battered leg here and there (from the after-effects of a quick jaunt to Montreal where disaster awaited), the team is still in there punching and some are still strong enough, not to fall flat on their masculine countenances as they glide swiftly onto the ice. "We're losing, but we love the game! It's fun!"

Probably the most amazing thing in inter-year hockey is the way that third year alternates their defencemen for the forward line, but they "shore do" manage to get results, although you can't see them until the dust(?) is cleared. For more references, please apply to the other years who are probably still nursing their battered bodies. And now since we are still on the subject may I mention the enterprising young man who staggered dazedly along to his room after the ride in the "gruesome Greyhound" and after a quick glance at his St. John Ambulance First Aid manual, with a series of swift motions, cut off the legs of his "longies" to expose the festering laceration (.5-inch bruise) beneath.

But now after having done most of the work for Z.H., let us oil the old joints and wander down the alley to the juke-box jamborees in the "Bish Palladium". All you need to do is walk up to the creaking door and meet Hutch in the two-by-four lobby, where he will promptly dust off your jacket, wipe the late dew from your shoes, sell you ten dollars worth of advertising, and take the first dance with your best girl. But let's toss the joke-pot aside for a moment and give a hearty applause to the Dance Committee—or the men who run out of money but never ideas. Originality plus has been the main theme of the "Capering Committee" and they've always put on a good show.

The Introduction Dance was a happy success and everybody was pretty happy just about "midnite". "The frosh" must have realized that this was their big jamboree 'cause with an eloquent verbal barrage, they besieged the freshettes for weeks on end. "Aw, gawsh, will ya?" A small, meek "yes" and the successful seeker would tear up the lower halls with his wild whoops of joy. And as McGoan would say: "There's a happy man in Hollywood tonight."

But weeks rambled on, the birds were shining, the sun was singing, and the leaves fluttered daintily to the ground

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— "Keraaash". And from under a maze of streamers, broken paint bottles, and half-chewed pencils, crawled a tired, worn-out Frizzel who glared at the beaming character beside him and slowly uttered these famous words: "A farmer's formal!" Frederick (the great) beamed again and replied: "Voila. C'est magnifique." Of course that wasn't exactly the way the "Hay-house Hullabaloo" was born but I can imagine, can't I?

And so, ducking underneath the red and pink bloomers fluttering in the breeze and weaving through the long legs of the non-shrinkable "8's", we turned our blurred corneas to the inside corner of the ballroom only, to see the chicken-wired "coop" wherein rested our amazed faculty, Prof. Kuehner gently muttering to himself the strains of the popular ballad, "Don't fence me in." The "loud" shirts staggering about cut out most of the racket emitted from "ye olde musik box", but what really dimmed the antics of the "Hayseed hepcats" were those "wonderfull" moonlight dances", all held in one corner of the gym. No one uttered a word of disapproval when it was decided to cut down on electric bills, and in fact, a smirk or two was plainly visible on the homespun faces of the beaming Bishops. The usual cokes, sandwiches, and "ersatz" coffee were dished out to the "hongry" applicants.

Now we fiendishly rip the pages from the Varga calendar to end the waltzing up to the Lent term with the year-by-year masquerade and Valentine dances. (If you feel a twang in the dorsal region, it's Cupid out shootin' agin.) New talent was finally discovered at the Valentine festival when our "dripolating" songstress, Margie Ann managed to put down half a pitcher of H-2O and still chant "Mairzy Doates" with the ease of Dinah Shore who uses champagne. And fun was had by all.

When there was a "hackin" and a "sawin" over at the gym in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning, that meant only one thing. "Big-boy" Burton and his company of "Shakespearean Soliloquizers" were about to present, under the sponsorship of Bishop's Little Theatre, the three one-act plays. And so on November 19, the first light dimmed, the stage crew huffed and puffed and pulled back the curtains, and the actors stepped into their rôles. Good casting, a swell stage, and "four star" performances by Gina, Margie Ann, and Brig (the poor Boor) Day meant success. "Congrats". The only pest in the "playceedings" was the excited individual in the New Arts (of Mice and Men) who went from actor to actor demanding back his grey hat. (P.S.—He never got it.)

But now let's shake off the dust of these annual doin's and delve into the potpourri of college capers. Call it the inter-inter-curricular activities if you like, but it's amazing what you can dig up, after you've chased the bats out of the belfry, and opened up the overflowing trunk of student "anticivities". . . . Chem room item: Proving an over-

whelming source of organic confusion to "Boots" is the little "general" himself, who after a rapid series of whats and whys, managed to draw out from the exasperated prof the following ejaculation—"Oh, how I love that man!"

. . . One-act play at the frosh (where there's hope, there must be steak) dinner-table:

. . . An amusing note was added to the New Arts Bldg. recently when Komery (the same) produced his now-patented biology passing technique by chewing vigorously on seaweed before writing afore-mentioned exam—ah, what a man(?) . . . Shed Shocktivity: the two "old maids" (?) scaring h . . eck out of the night watchman. . . . Colour dept.: Ken's ties. 'nuff said . . . Embarrassing Escapades: the eager beaver in the Chem lab who was caught literally and positively with his pants down (or "The Case of The Antagonistic Acid"). At last we can say that Snafu was snafued! . . . and the colour in Ardelle's cheeks on the night of "Cupid's delight" wasn't because her "iron constitution" was rusting, eh what?

Talent dept.: three hearty guffaws for the song publishing duo of Messrs. MacNaughton and Gurr. "Verry Naice". But the rest of the verses to "A year ago" S.V.P.? A touch of the sentimental from the sensitive songsters of swoon . . . competition comes from none other than the Education Dept. or the one man who could find a word to rhyme with Gooch, excluding hooch which I'm told is strictly forbidden . . . speaking of the amateur hour, you can still tell when Aboud is coming into the building . . . Platter Patter: the two boon companions, Dave Mackay and Spike Jones . . . and on the subject of the cultured classics, the students have sure been getting their money's worth in this respect. Convocation Hall hasn't seen so many artists since those portraits were painted. Criticism: Excellent . . . Did'ya hear about the new "record" set for cleanliness around the campus? Hutch has taken more baths than anyone has, with a slight inclination to the refreshing cold type.

Quip o' the lip:

Who can tell me the name of Coleridge's last poem?  
Kubla Khan.

Well, where can I find him?

. . . (That was a joke, young man.) . . . At the Macdonald-Bish game: "Don't hurt his arm. He might need it for ploughing." . . . The "old faithfuls" are still being pulled: "Water, sir? Water? What water?" and "Joslin sir. Yes sir. He always speaks like that sir." . . . and the new one which has great promise: "Tell me, are you very busy right now?"

We come to the "shed a tear" dept.: First on the lan-

(Continued on page 29)

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(Continued from page 26)

guid list—Case of Budning, the typewriter typhoon vs. the English dept. . . . evidence: Quote: Out of a clear blue "ski", this idea came. Unquote. Evidence sufficient. Guilty without a doubt. . . . Reports: Tragedy hit George (the laugh) Hurley this week. The crash was heard. "Suicide, aaah", cried Owen. "Three dollars gone to . . ." screeched Martial. But after the cook had debated as to whether he was obliged to supply the milk to be used as the counter-actent, the supplies were quickly rushed up half an hour later and the "suiciduation" was taken well in hand. But of course, it was later found that the "supposed" victim hadn't used iodine at all, and had only sipped a little cyanide. "Don't care if I do die, do die, do die." Only comment is that a Parchesi man should have had a better taste in beverage.

Snow scenes: or "Is it colder in winter than it is in Lennoxville" Dept.: . . . "En garde" cried the New Arts-Shed battalion as they stormed the citadel of the ancient order of the Arts and Lodge Co. with snowballs. Even choir practice was interrupted much to the chagrin of the "Melodeers": "Aaaa—swish—men." . . . Co-ed hockey should prove interesting if I have my figures right! . . . Everybody thought there'd be somethin' missing in the Bedesmen's Ballyhoo this year, except Zeke who says: "Ah, that fresh air—it kills me" . . . Dept. of Daring Deeds: "Daddy" Raymond taking his daily jaunt in sub-zero weather—"There's a bit of a nip in the air today" . . . A warm note: the Counciler's Campaign has been issuing "enuff" steam lately to "heat" up a whole building . . . Spectatorial view: Don't you think some of it ought to be "canned"?

Still on the subject of warmth, may I be permitted, kind reader to gently touch upon the secret passions of the

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spring-fevered students and enter into the "what's doin' in the woin'" Dept.? H-mm-m-m? Ah, sly little me. Little did you know, that I know, that this is the portion of the "commentcolumn" you've been wagging your tongues about in a fever of anticipation. But unfortunately, as is the cryptic case with all delicate subjects, a cloak of secrecy must darken the atmosphere. Ah, but pull back your drooping visages for a moment for a couple of inside peeps: the annual couple clique now includes such promising personages as "leetle Jack" and Jeanie, the "Padre" and Gene A., Fred and "Sunshine", the "B.B.C. man" and "Sunset" Judy, "arry" and Carol, "Scotty" and Ardelle (exclusive members of the coo-coo club), Bill (another one o' them "Doakes" men) and Peg, Zeke (I love huuuur) P. and Miss B. F., Hutch and Opal and Miss X and the deb, etc. etc. And natch, there's good old Jim (of dining hall fame) and his ever-faithful, but always mysterious "girlie".

But now this rollicking repartee of woesome wit must come to an end. And as one "kin plainly see" from the nose news of the column, college capers are still on par. The "fire-entrances" are getting rusty lately, but the residents still insist on a weekly cleansing of the floors with H<sup>2</sup>O; Mr. Bones came out of retirement one night, footprints (size undetermined) were found on a prof's desk, local wits are still demonstrating their literary lore on "B. B." notices, "Lightning" still hasn't found the right way to set her hair, and the "Caustic Complaint Committee on Food" (the term usually used) hasn't ceased firing yet at the Bursar's door. And so I will leave you battling in the midst of these scholastic sessions, wipe off my fevered brow, hitch up my purple and white suspenders, and dash downtown for a "bromo". Reminds me of the famous quip: "I don't drink anything more than pop lately, but Pop still drinks as usual." Adios Amigos.

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## Exchanges

The exchanges to be reviewed in this issue of the *Mitre* will of necessity be short—I have very few exchanges. The late autumn and early winter are slack times in the production of various magazines and literary enterprises, and since the *Mitre* is now mainly a magazine of a literary nature I feel that trying to review dailies and newspapers is out of my field.

One thing that I have been glad to see is the reappearance of several magazines from some English universities. I don't know if they were being published during the war and we didn't get copies, or if they are revivals made possible by a lessening of the paper shortage. My general impression is that they are an odd mixture of news, reports on campus activities, and the odd example of undergraduate literary work. The periodicals I have seen are "The Arrows" and "The Gryphon."

The literary parts of the journals are of a good standard, and of a more mature style than many fruits of literary genius published in the *Mitre*. Perhaps my inexperience with the subtleties of British humour leaves me incapable of appreciating an opus called "Valentines" in the "Gryphon", but it seems to be a rather infantile method of supposingly giving anonymity to people about whom one applies quotations, either good or bad (e.g., R-y O-tw-n. "You are too Hot."—*Romeo and Juliet*.) In case the long words (probably mis-spelt) fooled you I think the whole thing is in antiquated style and rather poor humour. Damn it! call a spade a spade, not a sp-d-. But then I don't know if such things are considered very funny in England or not, all I realize is that the editor would kill me if I put anything like that in the *Mitre*.

To get down to perhaps more serious things—a review of the college newspapers as such. The editorial in the last issue of the *Mitre* (plug for you Fred) dealt with the increasing trend towards bringing politics into students' life on an unsound and definitely bad basis. At McGill it seems that political party-affiliate pressure groups have been rais-

ing a rumpus on the campus, trying "railroading" jobs and filthy politics generally (read Wasserman's editorials in the *McGill Daily*). Out at University of British Columbia all political parties have been banned from the campus as a result of the dirty work they have been trying to do. This is encouraging. I wonder if McGill will do the same?

I haven't noticed much about it in other college newspapers, though I know things have been happening. I had the good fortune to be at the N.F.C.U.S. conference at Christmas as one of our two delegates and I got quite an earfull. Take heed gentlemen! I for one do not want to take a course based on "Make this your Canada," or "Pas Kapital," nor do I want to see college papers printed in red with a little hammer and sickle in one corner. It may not be a hammer and sickle but rather a combination of the letters L.P.P., or something similar. Any appeal to university students, or people of any kind, by political groups should be made on a reasonable basis, not through mass hysteria, prejudice or immature idealism. Underhand tactics will only result in all political groups being banned from campus. A university campus should produce logical thought, not passionate adherence to an unsound party line.

Having spent the last three hundred words on remarks about a subject totally out of my field—I am supposed to be writing about college magazines not dirty party politics—I shall get back to my proper pasture. I want to make mention of two publications in particular—the *McMaster University "Muse"* and the "Stylus" from Boston College, Boston, Mass. I thought the prose and poetry in the "Muse" were of a good undergrad standard, articles are varied, and the poetry is of good calibre. The "Stylus", I have not seen before. It is probably the first edition we have received. The article on various early presidents of the college is certainly a good idea. Too few people know the history of their own colleges, let alone of others.

I am still on the lookout for new publications so send them along—thanks for the ones I already have.

H. M. BANFILL

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**Alumni Notes**

GEORGE SAVAGE, B.A. '22, M.A. '25, is with the occupation forces in Germany serving as an Educational Officer.

K. H. ANNETT, B.A. '37, who has received his discharge from the R.C.A.F. is teaching at St. Francis College High School, Richmond, where his principal is Lloyd F. SOMERVILLE, B.A. '28, M.A. Toronto.

STAN REED, lecturer in English and French (1926-28) has accepted a position at the University of British Columbia, lecturing to the special veterans' courses. ROY CARSON, B.A. '27, M.A. '28, is doing the same thing at Sir George Williams College, Montreal.

LYMAN TOMKINS, B.A. '35, is principal of the Mitchell School in Sherbrooke.

MISCELLANEOUS

Lieut. A. J. H. RICHARDSON, R.C.N.V.R., B.A. '35, is still at the Headquarters of the Canadian Naval Mission in London but expects to return to Canada during March. He has recently seen T. LeM. CARTER, B.A. '34, who has been in London as secretary to the Canadian Delegation to the United Nations Organization's Preparatory Commission.

Among the recent visitors to the University were Lieut. Col. S. V. R. WALTERS, B.Sc. '40, Major MERRITT BATEMAN, M.A. '41, both of whom distinguished themselves as Second-in-Command and a Company Commander respectively of the famed Sherbrooke Fusiliers Tank Regiment, and F. O. PETER B. KINGSTON of Quebec City who earned his Navigator's Wing with the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Three graduates of this University have recently taken

C. C. WATSON

their discharges from the Chaplaincy Service of the Canadian Army Overseas. They are Major the Rev'd ARTHUR V. OTTAWELL, Capt. the Rev'd LESLIE GOURLEY and Capt. the Rev'd HENRY S. B. HARPER. Father Harper is already back at work as a travelling missionary in the Gaspé Deanery. The others are spending well-earned leaves at their homes in Montreal and Quebec respectively.

A social gathering of interest to graduates of U. B. C. took place on February 16 when Lieut. Col. E. E. MASSEY, B.A. '28, and Mrs. MASSEY (JESSIE KNOWLES, B.A. '30), entertained at their home on Arlington Ave., Westmount.

The guests included Mr. and Mrs. LESLIE COPLAND (DOROTHY DEAN, B.A. '28), Major MARTIN BANFILL, B.A. '28, Mr. and Mrs. CECIL CHAMPION (HARRIET WRIGHT, B.A. '30), Miss PAT STRONG, B.A. '31, Mr. and DOUGLAS CAMPBELL (JEAN COLQUHON, B.A. '29), Dr. R. E. L. WATSON, B.A. '28, and Mrs. WATSON, Major E. E. DENNISON, B.A. '30, and Mrs. DENNISON, Dr. GRACE DONNELLY and S/L CENUS MASSEY, D.F.C., and Mrs. MASSEY. Dr. GRACE DONNELLY's father, Dr. T. F. DONNELLY is also an alumnus.

Ed. Note.—We would like to be able to pass on more news to our readers, of the experiences, achievements, and recognition accorded to Bishop's graduates in all walks of life. May we again appeal to you—our readers—for your assistance in this respect. We will be ever appreciative of the same, as we are even of the unfortunately limited material for this issue. (Address: Alumni Editor, % Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.)

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(Continued from page 17)

## SPORTS

As it is not yet possible to give our readers a complete report on all the winter sporting activities including the play-offs and championship results, this column has been held over until the TRINITY ISSUE when the Sports Editor, Z. H. POSMAN, will be able to give a full review of the season's outstanding events.—Editor.

You will perhaps want to know why I took such a course? In the first place I wanted a reason for the behaviour of certain people, secondly I wanted the opportunity of working with those who were ill not only physically but mentally. I received what I went after and more. I feel that a clergyman has a chance to do great work in administering to the sick and I want to take advantage of all opportunities, and I know my course will be of great value. I understand people better and shall be able to do more than wring my hands in a sick room.

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