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Dear Mr. Editor:

You asked for a foreword for The Mitre. The request does me honour. But it brings me embarrassment. Such interesting problems clamour for the attention that it is difficult to decide which would be most fitting for your purpose. Nor is there leisure to discuss one problem fully.

Your request brings me embarrassment. I hasten to add that I revel in all its causes including one emanating from the literary merit which your contributors should, and frequently do achieve.

Never was the University confronted with a challenge greater than at this hour. The proud record of our alumni and alumnae during the war; the inadequacy of our establishment for all our needs; the students admitted this session from the larger number qualified and eager to come to us; the zeal of graduates and undergraduates alike to have the alma mater endowed and equipped for greater service; all these have their focus in the challenge confronting the University’s Governors. With pride and gratitude I assure your readers that they accept it with a resolution worthy of its scope and character.

Much has to be done. Much will be done, and done as rapidly as circumstances permit. Help will come from the alma mater’s sons, daughters, and countless friends.

Never was the need so great, the prospect so enticing, nor courage so abounding as now.

Yours sincerely,

A. H. McGreer,
Principal
The Mitre

the proud father, you stand awkwardly before the crowd, blushing, stammering and embarrassed...yet loving it! It is as simple as that. There are no formulas to use, no rigid standards of form or structure. Simply get an idea and put it down on paper as vividly as you know how.

Students, are your lives the barren things that people will believe them to be when they see your lack of productivity in this periodical? Is the world to think that so little creative activity can issue from the minds of the students of this university? Are your minds void of all ideas or subjects? Have you no contemplative powers with which to cloak those ideas in readable form?

If a man writes according to what he is, then the men and women of this university, by mere claim to the title students, should be able to inundate the editor of this magazine, as well as the editor of the university newspaper, with enough copy to produce twenty issues a term.

The world is full of people trying to kill time. Some are killing it deliberately while some are killing it unconsciously every day of their lives, by careless, unproductive living.

Productivity is the only yard-stick of usefulness. It does matter that miners produce less coal, that teachers produce fewer ideas, that great men have fewer followers, that students do not utilize their time to read, write or think. What does matter?

Lord Palmerston, in an idle drawing-room of an earlier century had time to write this little verse in a young ladies' album:

"Cease, mortals, to consume your Prime,
In vain attempts at killing Time,
For Time, alas! what' er you do,
Is sure to end in killing you."

Trite, you say? Perhaps, but true!

Students today pick up a newspaper and open it out at the comic page. They ignore history in the making. They ignore pertinent editorials. Both, they fear, might tempt them to think or remind them of the existence of their God-given brain. Thinking, not being a lecture subject listed on the back of the lecture-admission card given them by the principal, they appear to ignore it. They seem to shudder at the associations conjured up by the word. They think it will interfere with sports, bridge, dramatics, tri-weekly dates, lounge-lizard hours over a glass of beer, idle hours spent nursing cokes while a juke-box blares, week-end dances and parties, sunny hours on the steps gloating over the lecture they have just skipped, forty five minutes of doodling, reading comics and disturbing students intent on lectures. How right, they are! It does matter, for a little thinking would do away with the improper balance and lack of proportion in which some or all of those pastimes are indulged in by students today.

Trite, you say? Perhaps, but true!

It is a pity that so few people care to engage in constructive activities. The world of bright lights, schmaltz and self-interest is too tantalizing. Who would want to read or write (and, in doing either or both, think!) when the bright mirage of the 20th century Pied Piper beckons?

Students want sports and fail to participate in them. They want a track-meet and fail to participate to bring it to a complete success. They want a newspaper, rush to have themselves put on the mast-head and fail to help fill the columns with news. They want debating, and fail to turn up to encourage the art. They want a literary periodical and on publication date rush to read someone else's work, not having the time or the inclination to assist in making the periodical a representative student publication.

Where is Calliope? Where Euterpe? Where, alas! Erato? Have we no Thalia, Polyhymnia or Melpomene? Have the Muses disdained to look down on us from their Parnassian home? Have we no inspiration? Must all our time be spent slobbering around the feet of Bacchus, or dancing with the fair nymphs about Terpsichore?

It is much more important today for us to think of tomorrow. It is more profitable, both from the mental and financial points of view, to kill less time. In the years to come the students who learned how to kill time so well while at college will have so much time on their hands, that they will wish for release from their static state of inertia, poverty and abject mental misery. Stop killing time, men! Utilize your hours and minutes in doing something constructive. Stop being completely absorbed in self and remember that "no man is an island entire of himself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main". As a student you form an integral part of the University, and as such its duties and responsibilities have an equal place with its benefits and privileges. To paraphrase John Donne, if a student is carried away by pleasure and self-interest, the University is the less, as well as if the Old Arts were, as well as if the Chapel were; any students loss diminishes the worth of the whole. Our University suffers now for your neglect and lack of interest. Never, ever, "send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

M. J. Seeley.
In This Issue

The Literary Board of THE MITRE proudly presents this issue, in a new format, to graduate and undergraduate readers. We have spent much time and effort in making the changes, and not wishing to remain static, sincerely hope that your interest in the magazine will take the concrete form of letters (of approval or criticism) to the Editor. Do not hesitate to criticize. It is the life-blood of any creative work. All we ask is that your criticism be constructive.

Readers will note the elimination of several former departments, which belong rightly to other University publications. The new features this year will include a “Canadian Poets of Bishop’s University” section, as well as the inclusion in each issue of articles of national interest by graduates. The professors have also been invited to contribute more and we feel confident that the student body in general and the outside reading public in particular will welcome their additional material.

The Quebec Minister of Mines, the Honorable Jonathan Robinson’s article on Present and Future Mining Developments in Western and Northern Quebec is worthy of wide-spread study, especially among students interested in their Native Province and in Canada’s position as a Nation of the Future. The Hon. Mr. Robinson (Bishop’s ‘20) in this brief summary stresses the need for men of vision who are required to develop the resources of Quebec. His article will appeal particularly to students of economics, history and engineering.

Two other distinguished graduates have also contributed. In the realm of Canadian poets both men are recognized as great. F. R. Scott, Professor of Constitutional Law at McGill University, who is perhaps our best Canadian satirist has given us the honor of publishing, for the first time, The Forerunner (From the French of J. C. Harvey). A. J. M. Smith in his Anthology of Canadian Poetry says that this poet has a “sense of social responsibility in his more recent poems” and lauds him for his directness and intensity. A blind poet brings to mind the great Milton. The blind poet of Bishop’s, Mr. Neil Tracy, lives in Sherbrooke, and he has written gay, light hearted, direct poetry of a high order. The two selections he has sent us for publication in this issue, Ballade of Dead Ladies and a second, a Sonnet, are expressions of a sensitive, vivid nature, and THE MITRE is very happy to present them to Canadian poetry lovers.

Winner of the Michaelmas ten dollar prize for the best timely article, is Conrad Lafontaine, for his frank and delicate handling of French Clergy and Canadian Unity. Mr. Lafontaine, a veteran, is to be congratulated on his mastery of a tongue not his own and for the frank, critical analysis of this topic. The Literary Board gives an Honorable Mention to S. Jervis-Read, for The Zodiac, an informative factual study of a little known topic. THE MITRE is looking forward to more contributions from both these writers.

Though Dean G. Basil Jones says he has “not the missionary fervour which seeks to make converts” to his theory on Shakespeare and Edward de Vere he nevertheless presents a convincing argument in the facts he lays before the reader. The Vice-Principal and Dean of Divinity made a study of this topic last summer and THE MITRE is glad to sow additional germs of controversy in the fertile student earth of Bishop’s, by publishing this work.

Another faculty contribution which should create a good deal of interest and controversy is Professor Elton Scott’s critical survey of the birth-rate problem in Canada. The Decrease in the Birth-Rate — What does it mean for Canada? is full of revealing information and is an excellent study of a problem Canada has to think about and face with the same critical and frank interest shown by Professor Scott.

The Cinderella of the Sciences introduces the subject of Geography to MITRE readers and Professor A. W. Preston has brought to life the much-maligned science in a very vivid way. If English and American military men and politicians had shown half the interest in Geography as did the Nazis, the last Great War might have been averted. As a subject of increasing importance in the present time-and-space reduced world, Geography will have an important place in the curricula of tomorrow’s students. Read this article to find out why.

Wm. C. McVean, no new-comer to these pages, has given us another of his well written articles on history. The Defence of Canada should give the reader many new ideas and stimulate thinking on the subject. We also recommend P. S. Irwin’s Exchanges, Irwin Glisserman’s short story, Stephen G. May’s poem (first published in the Queen’s Journal) and rewritten for THE MITRE, and welcome other old and new friends who have also contributed to this issue.
Present and Future Mining Developments

In Quebec

Jonathan Robinson, K.C.

When a prospector or a miner refers to Western Quebec he has in mind a triangular area bounded on the west by the Quebec-Ontario Provincial boundary between latitudes 47° to 50°, on the north by the fiftieth parallel as far as the Chibougamou-Mistassini lakes district, and from there by a line running south-west to the Ville-Marie Guillet district. This area, which comprises slightly less than one-twentieth of the 594,534 square miles of the Province of Quebec, is characterized by evidence of widespread metallic mineralization. Occurrences of gold, copper and zinc are numbered by the hundreds. Within the past twenty years about forty of these have been developed into producing mines with a total production from 1927 to 1945 of approximately $600,000,000.00. In 1945 alone this production was valued at $45,689,850.00 of which gold production accounted for more than one-half. During that same year, viz: 1945, the mining industry in Western Quebec afforded opportunity to nearly 8,800 wage earners, and the payrolls covering these workers reached approximately $16,000,000.00.

The real prosperity or health of the mining industry cannot be appraised by retrospect to past performance, nor measured by figures of present production. It is impossible to overemphasize that operating mines are based on wasting assets. Unless a ton of new ore is found to replace each ton extracted, the industry is failing through exhaustion, and not only the personnel directly concerned but the tradesmen, the professionals and the manufacturers who are indirectly dependent upon this basic industry will have to seek opportunity in other fields.

It has been said that for every man directly engaged in mining, there are ten men who directly or indirectly benefit by his labour. Anyone connected with mining must be a born optimist and one who is able to work hard and bear keen disappointments. Out of every ten thousand claims staked only one hundred become potential mines, and out of the one hundred so-called potential mines, only one becomes a paying mine. It will be seen that only very few of the thousands engaged in prospecting make a strike. Consequently the rewards offered to those who do should be great. The Department of Mines has a most competent staff of engineers, geologists and other experts who are constantly advising those engaged in mining as well as themselves actually engaging in the search for future bodies of ore. There is a constant need for mining exploration.

In Western Quebec the search for new mines may be compared to the search for the needle in the proverbial haystack with the added difficulty that it may be conducted in the dark — to make it harder. It is imperative therefore to apply the highest possible technical skill to the search for new ore and to the extraction of every possible ton once the deposits have been located. With this in mind then, it may be said that the most promising feature of recent mining activity in Western Quebec is the success attendant upon the unprecedented intensity of effort which has been directed towards mining exploration. During 1946 no less than twenty-nine new shafts were in process of sinking towards ore bodies or possible ore bodies which had been located by exploration from the surface, mainly by diamond drilling. On some of these properties plans for mills have been announced. These new shafts are the critical indicators of the healthy state of the industry, and inspire confidence in the maintenance and in the improvement of its position. The geologists are unanimously of the opinion that there are many many ore bodies yet to be discovered and developed in Western Quebec. We may therefore assume that we have been favoured on a grand scale by the deposits of metals in this part of the Province; the problem of finding them and of working them offers a challenge which is to be accepted gratefully, and which will provide opportunity and profit for a long time to come.

Northern Quebec, or “New Quebec” as it is called, comprises all the area (approximately 313,000 square miles) extending north of the Eastmain River up to its headwaters, and thence north of a line forming the crest of the watershed or height of land of these Rivers which flow northward into Ungava Bay until it reaches Cape Chidley, the extreme northeast point of the Province, on the east by Labrador and on the west by James Bay up to the north parallel of 59°.

It is virtually virgin, but it is known that it is underlain by Precambrian rocks of the Canadian Shield similar to those of other parts of the Shield which has already so bountifully supplied us with gold, copper, zinc, silver, nickel, iron, radium and other metals. No one can foretell the results of exploration of this vast territory. It has been said that it is easy to exaggerate the possibilities of the unknown, but only the most unjustifiable pessimism could inspire the assumption that this area, occupying one third of the Precambrian Shield, will turn out to be barren. As a matter of fact the few geologists and prospectors who have visited this
hinterland have reported evidence of deposits of zinc, lead, gold, copper, nickel, cobalt and iron. Apart from iron, the investigation of these discoveries has not progressed to the point which permits appraisal of their significance. In the region one geological feature at least was sufficiently marked to be recognized and approximately outlined even by the early reconnaissance work. This is known as the "Labrador Trough", and its expression is a belt of late Precambrian slightly metamorphosed sedimentary rocks, extending in a northwest direction for a distance of more than 300 miles from the headwaters of the Hamilton River towards the Koksoak River. The width of the Labrador Trough is about forty miles. Geologically it is comparable to the Lake Superior Trough where "iron ranges" have been exploited on a very large scale, starting about one hundred years ago. The early explorers noted and duly reported the presence of iron deposits in Northern Quebec. Since this part of the Province is practically uninhabited and remote from all sources of supply, many years passed before any sustained effort was made to further investigate these deposits. At the present time intensive exploration and study are being directed towards their development to the production stage.

The pioneering work on this problem done by Hollinger North Shore Exploration Company Limited has been rewarded by results which are decidedly encouraging.

The summer season in the interior of New Quebec begins during the first two weeks of June and is so rapid that it is not uncommon for a person to go to sleep at night in the wintertime and waken next morning in the summertime. Buds and leaves on the trees spring forth as if by magic. During the day in summer season the country can be unbearable hot, and one can picture the hardships and inconvenience which must be experienced by those who will have to live there with few or no trees to serve as shade. Winter descends quickly on the land about the middle of September. In other words, you have at the most three months of summer season and nine months of winter. There are only two months of the year in which some of the rivers and lakes are free from ice. The precipitation of moisture over the interior area is not great. During the winter snowfall varies from three to six feet. The foliage in New Quebec is very sparsely situated and is continuous only over the southern part of the peninsula to between latitudes 52° and 54°. On the summits of the rocky hills there are no trees whatsoever. In the September 1892 issue of The Century Magazine in reporting on a trip an exploration party headed by John

M'Clane, one of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, made in the year 1839 the author refers to the fact that M'Clane was the first white man to head an exploration party in this district. The author in referring to the territory in question describes it as follows:

"The desolation of this upland landscape is indescribable. No living thing is encountered, and the silence of primordial time reigns supreme."

There is no coal in this area; consequently all fuel, as well as timber, for future mining operations, would have to be imported by aeroplane. Food would also have to be imported as there is absolutely no ground suitable for the raising of vegetables.

The population of that part of the Province consists almost entirely of about 1,200 Indians and Esquimos. Apart from information brought back by trappers and missionaries very little was known of this territory until 1877 when Dr. Robert Bell, geologist, reported on his work along the east coast of the Hudson's Bay. However, as long ago as the sixteenth century, Frobisher, the Elizabethan seadog, who was a prospector as well as an explorer, while searching for the Northwest Passage, brought his ship into one of Ungava's inlets and went ashore, where he found a mountain liberally pocketed with iron pyrites, and it is reported that Frobisher actually brought back part of this ore to England. I mention this in order to show that New Quebec has been waiting a long time for someone with enterprise, initiative and money to develop it. Today it is a vast undeveloped and little known land — tomorrow it may be a thriving part of the Province.

At the present time the only access to this country is by aeroplane. When one considers that freight cost 73½ per pound and gasoline $1.10 a gallon, he may more easily appreciate the tremendous cost and difficulties involved in developing a region such as New Quebec. Many thousands of dollars worth of exploration work have already been done in this region. In the spring of 1946 the Government of the Province of Quebec entered into a lease with The Hollinger North Shore Exploration Company whereby the latter will have the exclusive right to explore over an area of 3,900 square miles and carry out experiments for a period of eight years, during which time the Company will be obliged to construct a railway, build a mill, camps, hospitals and all which goes with it and go into production, or lose its lease. It is estimated that the expenditure involved in this huge undertaking may easily amount to $300,000,000,00;
The Mitre

The cost of building a railroad alone will amount to over $70,000,000.00. All supplies and materials for the construction of a plant must be transported by air, as well as all food and other relevant supplies.

In order for the venture to be a successful one, it is stated that at least five hundred million tons of ore must be available for extraction. It is estimated that it will take eighteen trains (twelve cars per train) a day to transport the ore from the mine to the seaboard. Hamilton Falls situated in this area have a drop of over 306 feet and are considered one of the greatest potential power sites in the world, so that if it is decided to utilize power for the running of the railrod, this will be both possible and practical. The cost of this development will be great, but if successful, the reward will be equally great. Should the day arrive when iron smelters may be a practical and economical development on the North Shore, the wealth and population of this Province will be increased to an extent which no person can fully appreciate today.

I have tried to make this article as short as possible, and perhaps have not done justice to the subject. However, while I have given only a birds-eye picture of mining in Western and Northern Quebec, I hope that it may be of some interest and perhaps cause some to give thought and study to the immense natural wealth with which this Province is blessed.

French Clergy and Canadian Unity

Conrad Lafontaine

For the last fifteen years, some prominent French-Canadians have taken up the fight for Canadian Unity, for better cooperation, and better understanding between the French and English populations of Canada. These men were brave, courageous to undertake such a task, for many a man before them had tried it, but they fell, one by one, under the disloyal blows of their adversaries.

I have chosen to write about Canadian Unity, because I am somewhat familiar with that subject, being a French-Canadian and a Roman Catholic. I fully understand that I am about to write on a very delicate and complicated matter, because it involves the French Catholic Clergy, but I am of the firm belief that, once a member of any Clergy steps out of his own domain, he can be attacked and criticized.

Since the conquest of Canada by Wolfe in 1759, the French population submitted and were loyal to the British. This was proved in the American War, the Boer War, the First and Second Great Wars. I have to admit, though that some people tried and did succeed to a certain extent, causing some friction and ill-feelings between the two main nationalities in Canada. These men could be grouped into three categories, the first being a certain number of politicians, who are looking after their own personal interests, their own prestige, before the interests of the whole of Canada and this to the disadvantage of the Canadian Unity. The second is composed of a few fanatics, who believe that justice is not done to them, that they are being oppressed and persecuted. All this they were taught at school and they never had the opportunity to find out the contrary. The third and the most important of the three groups is the French Catholic Clergy. They are the main obstacle to Canadian Unity. I understand very well that this is a very grave and dangerous accusation to make, but the facts are there, and anyone who opens his eyes with the intention of seeing cannot help but realize this.

You probably know that the French people in Quebec are devout Roman Catholics and have faith in their priests. They will believe and do anything the priest says, whether it pertains to religious, political or commercial matters. He is the supreme authority in his village or small town; in an election he will influence the voting; if a business man is not of the same opinion, he will urge the people, by indirect means, not to deal with that particular man; he will discourage the young men from joining the forces; in other words he has complete control over the people. To be able to maintain that control, the people have to be kept as ignorant as possible and the truth has to be hidden from them. Since the education depends upon religious bodies, this control is easily maintained; the minimum is taught, but the teachers will stress anti-British propaganda by falsifying the picture of Canadian history. No stress is laid on the teaching of the English language, so that French youth may not make friends with English companions. Perhaps you will wonder how the truth can be obscured with all the advantages and modern facilities we have today, such as radios, newspapers, magazines and books. The simple word "Ban" looks after that obscurity. Non-Catholic Schools and Universities are strictly out of bounds for Roman Catholics; joining the so-called "Neutral Clubs" such as the Rotary, the Kiwanis, the Free Masons and the Elks is forbidden. Bans are put on newspapers, magazines and books.
which are considered to be immoral. If a Canadian rises to talk about education and its reform, he is treated as though he were a criminal. Many a Canadian besides Senators Bouchard and David, ex-premier Godbout, and Jean-Charles Harvey of "Le Jour" (to name the more important ones), think that a reformation of the French system of education is urgently needed, but rather than expose themselves to excommunication, they prefer to endure their moral sufferings in silence.

This is briefly the situation as it exists in the province of Quebec. A person living outside this province will find it difficult to accept these facts. It would be hard to imagine that in a civilized province such as Quebec, freedom of speech concerning education is practically non-existent. I can see that the day is not far off when the people will awake, but it will be too late to take action. I hate to think what might happen to the members of the Clergy, when I look at France, Spain, Mexico and a few other Catholic countries, where abuses have led to persecutions and even executions.

I will conclude with the hope that soon the Clergy will realize their mistake, and will put aside their chief aim, that is, the idea of the French Free State, called "Laurentia". My further hope is that the Clergy will not interfere any longer with the Canadian Unity Plan as projected by some Quebec leaders, and also that the Clergy will not oppose the reformation plan as conceived by the Quebec Provincial Liberal Party. In other words the Clergy should only deal with religion and the application of its principles, commerce and politics being excluded from their domain.

Action On “The Copper Cliff”
Milton Vipond

Rrr......Rrr..............Rrr......Rrr......Rrr...... raucoused the action buzzer. Jack seized his plate, abandoned it with a “What’s the use?” wondered where his hat was, and bolted for the gang-way.

Scrambling up it, his thoughts flashed as he pictured what he should see now. While going down to the mess-deck a few minutes before, he had noticed a fleet of Free French fishing vessels ahead. They had apparently been covering a submarine, for the alarm had come simultaneously with a muffled “Whoooooooph”, the death note of a torpedo striking home. Even now the ominous sound came again.

Out of the corner of his eye as he dashed to the Radar cabin, Jack saw the death plunge of a tanker. The second explosion had spelled death to a freighter. She was slowly settling now, burning fiercely as she sank. Jack’s ship had altered course, and was closing on the tanker, an alteration in course which saved the “Copper Cliff”. Mullens on the “four-inch”, white as a sheet, and too scared to yell, was gesturing to the bridge, and pointing to the wake of a third torpedo that had been meant for them. A haunted, questioning look appeared on the faces of the hands aboard as they realized their inability to detect subs or torpedoes, after having lost their submarine detector dome, in a gale off Newfoundland, on the way over.

The Radar was not closed up, so Jack was able to stand by and watch the events. A couple of stragglers were madly “revving up” in an effort to rejoin the convoy. Two of the ten escorts, including the “Copper Cliff”, stayed with the convoy, and the rest swung back the way they had come. Soon they had formed up in line abreast, and were churning ahead, making thorough search as they advanced.

The “Copper Cliff”, carried on to look for survivors from the tanker. The rescue-ship of the convoy was picking up survivors from the freighter. It was later learned that they rescued forty two of the crew of fifty-six. The “Copper Cliff” was not so successful, for the tanker had gone down in less than fifteen seconds. Just beyond the edge of the burning oil, where the tanker had been, they saw a sole survivor swimming without a life-jacket. “Big” Brownman, on the quarter-deck, tied a line to himself and went over the side after him. Soon the survivor was sagging on the deck, bedraggled and wet, slimed with oil, and half perished. As Jack listened to his story he mused to himself, “So this is war”. The survivor barely stammered these few words before he collapsed.

“We had sixty hands aboard — I was leaning on the rail when we got “fished” amidships — Jumped and swam as hard as I could — guess I fooled those rats — were there any others?”

The “Copper Cliff” watched the other escorts advancing. The fishing vessels were causing false alarms, but no black pennant proved any other contact. The sub must have stood off and fired, and now she had gotten safely away.

It became apparent that the freighter was sinking too slowly, so one of the escorts fired a shark into her. Soon a great pall of smoke in the sky was all there was to tell that she had ever existed.
Shakespeare and Edward de Vere

G. Basil Jones

The time may steadily be approaching — if it has not already arrived — when the accumulation of evidence of various kinds must lead to a thoroughgoing revision of the generally accepted ideas as to the real authorship of the Shakespearean Plays and Poems. I refer to the mounting claims of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, (1550-1604) to be seriously considered as the real Shakespeare. A few months ago I was in complete ignorance of these claims, and indeed, except in the vaguest fashion, of the existence of the man himself, until the Rev. Dr. W. A. Ferguson, Principal of the Montreal Diocesan College, and an ardent supporter of the hypothesis, told me something of what lies behind it, and lent me some books to study. Although, after so short an acquaintance with a whole range of unfamiliar considerations, I am not yet converted to so revolutionary an upsetting of accepted views, I have read enough to convince me that here is no wild extravagance or crack-brained decoding of supposed cryptograms, of the kind which has hitherto brought all such Shakespearean investigations into well-merited disrepute, but a really sober and respectable literary hypothesis which is being increasingly examined by men of culture and discrimination, and in support of which an extraordinary array of solid literary and historical indications is gradually being brought to light.

I have neither the space nor the competence to review these fully, nor, so far, the missionary fervour which seeks to make converts. It merely occurs to me to pass on to others a glimpse of what may surely be termed at the least an interesting possibility — in the belief that a little open-mindedness and capacity to weigh evidence, supplemented by a little trouble, will probably be enough to lead anyone to acknowledge that there is at least a prima facie case deserving of being examined.

The suggested identification of Shakespeare with Edward de Vere may superficially seem to be just another of the perverted fads with which Shakespearean researches have been plagued and which no one of any sobriety of judgment can seriously entertain. Shakespeare has been identified in turn with almost every prominent Elizabethan of literary interests — with Southampton, Pembroke, Leicester, Sidney, and of course with Bacon. There is no need to dwell on the childish enthusiasm, the baseless speculation, the aura of supposed esoteric knowledge, the manipulation of evidence, the downright silliness which have characterised most of these misdirected efforts; but it is worth while to ask why there should have been such a spate of them during the last seventy or eighty years, why Shakespeare, in common with the Book of Revelation, the Great Pyramid, and the Ten Lost Tribes, should have been an unfailing lure to the weak-minded. The answer undoubtedly is that the circumstances are such as to allow doubt, and therefore speculation, to flourish; that there is such a manifest want of cohesion between what we know independently of William Shakspere of Stratford and what we know, by perception or reasonable inference, of the man who reveals himself in the Works of Shakespeare. This I believe to be a fact. People, even foolish people, do not go on guessing in a matter which is demonstrably proved.

A great amount of material has been brought to light concerning the life of the Stratford citizen, but the great bulk of it is completely non-significant, to say no more, in its bearing on the essential character of the author of the Works. I spent part of the summer going over the various official documents and other data relating to the 'real' Shakespeare, and was impressed anew only by their complete irrelevance, for the most part, to anything that we love and treasure in Shakespeare. What have a birth-certificate, a will, commercial transactions, a somewhat scandalous story of the ousting of Burbage by Shakspere in the favours of a stage-struck woman, got to do with the creator of the masterpieces of English literature? No doubt all this is not without its interest (though of a quite secondary character) on the assumption that the two men are the same; but what is very difficult to believe is that the assumption itself can be reasonably based on the recorded incidents of the life. A good deal of the attempted reconstruction of Shakespeare's personality is based simply on the 'may have been' — on how a sensitive and poetic temperament would react to the sights and sounds of country life or the training provided in the Stratford Grammar School; on what he must have learned in that school of life which was London in the 16th century; on what accrued from his association with the cultured and the great; and then, when the powers of invention have been strained to the limit, we are bidden simply to invoke the miraculous gift of genius, which takes care of all the residue. Surely there is something not quite satisfactory about all this, does it not savour slightly of such stuff as dreams are made on? We are told, for instance, that this wonderful country lad got to know all about animals and turned his knowledge to magnificent account later on.
What we actually find in the plays, however, is not so much a naturalist’s or observer’s knowledge of animals as a sportsman’s. It is terms and metaphors from hunting and hawking that chiefly occur, and the question arises, how came a peasant lad — be his soul however poetic — to pick up such intimate knowledge of the pursuits of the aristocracy? And the same kind of question confronts us in twenty different directions. The man with ‘little Latin and less Greek’ ransacks the resources of Classical Literature for what he wants, and so we are sent a-hunting for the translations he could have used or the cultured friends who could have told him. This man, brought up as a rustic, and, even after his removal to London, a mere hanger-on at stage-doors for a time, treads with a sure foot and absolute savoir-faire among kings and princes, so he must either have been a page at some stage in his career (surely a somewhat Cinderella-like transformation for Will Shakspere or we must stretch his accommodating ‘genius’ a little further.

At any rate, the ascription of Shakespeare’s work to Shakspere of Stratford has for long been felt to raise a real problem, even by those who had no positive answer to suggest, and maintained the traditional authorship for lack of anything better.

But even if, provisionally, we are prepared to accept this negative anti-Stratfordian side of the argument, how are we to hold aloof from all the eccentric company which immediately presses round and threatens to engulf us? What can the Earl of Oxford do for us that his brother earls have so lamentably failed to achieve? This is, of course, the heart of the matter, but for the moment I must content myself with a few brief assertions, until such time as Dr. Ferguson pays us a visit to explain and prove and expand them, and the mere herald can retire. The first presentation of this solution was in a book, “Shakespeare Identified in Edward de Vere the Seventeenth Earl of Oxford”, written by J. T. Looney and published in 1920. In spite of the handicap of such a name, and in spite of the usual naive enthusiasm of a pioneer who sees confirmations of his pet theory in all directions and ‘protests too much’, there was enough in this book that was sound, well-based and well-argued, to set going a movement which has enlisted the support of more scholarly and more literary people (John Galsworthy among them), and has increased in momentum as time has passed. It must be understood that there is no one argument (to my mind at least) which immediately and unquestionably carries conviction; it is the cumulative effect of many considerations derived from various sources that counts. The actual status, upbringing, career, interests, associations, and acknowledged poetry of the known historical Edward de Vere are more or less exactly those which a reasonable reconstruction of the personality of Shakespeare on the basis of his Works would lead us to expect. Whether or not we accept this man as the actual author, it is a fact that no other Elizabethan satisfies so nearly the requisite conditions, or renders so unnecessary the recourse to the ignotum per ignotius argument of Shakespere’s ‘genius’ for the surmounting of difficulties. In a measure the life of the man sheds light on the Works, and the Works certainly illumine the man. The full force of this argument can naturally only be appreciated as the cumulative result of a whole series of separate though interlocked investigations, but it seems to grow on one, and to suggest increasingly that in one way or another the Earl of Oxford must have had some share in the Plays and Poems. The mystery of the Sonnets, for instance, which has hitherto baffled all commentators, is considerably lightened by ascribing their authorship to de Vere, as Gerald H. Rendall has shown in what may well be considered the most satisfactory study of the Sonnets in modern times, the one which makes most sense. De Vere died in 1604, and the publication of Shakespeare Plays ceased — except for a few badly printed and produced works in 1607-1608 — till the appearance of the First Folio in 1623. The so-called Ashbourne portrait of Shakespeare, now housed in the Folger Collection of Shakespeareana in Washington, has been x-rayed, and, so it is declared, de Vere’s name found in it. (See “The Scientific American” for January 1940). There is a tendency in modern scholarship, quite independent of the de Vere theory to throw back the production of true Shakespeare Plays to much earlier dates than those hitherto accepted, making the ascription of them to William Shakspeare difficult to credit. In “The Problem of Hamlet” (Macmillan, 1936), Dr. A. S. Cairncross (no supporter so far as is known of the present theory), as the result of a careful, scholarly analysis of the Quartos, puts “Hamlet” at some date in the 1580,s, when Shakspeare was at most in the early twenties. He thinks that the last play, “The Tempest”, belongs to the year 1603 — which, curiously enough happens to be the year before de Vere died.

There are, of course, many and perhaps great difficulties to be got over. How did the traditional idea get started? How did it come about that for over three hundred years the secret of authorship was so well
kept that in the end a solitary student stumbled across it almost by chance? What are we to make of Ben Jonson’s testimony? Was he, the author’s contemporary, provided, one would imagine, with all the data for judgment, as completely hoodwinked as all posterity? And why should the writer of such masterpieces of the creative imagination be content to have them ascribed to one who ex hypothesi, is revealed to be at best a quite secondary figure? Some of these difficulties are undoubtedly real, but others are not nearly as formidable as they may at first sight appear, when the circumstances of the Elizabethan Drama and the purposes of de Vere himself are taken into account; above all the fact that he wished and designed, apparently, to have no traceable connexion with the Shakespearean Works. On the whole, I think it is true to say that the difficulties are no more formidable than those which confront the Stratfordian hypothesis, and will probably be so regarded by those to whom the latter is not an article of faith, immune from question.

It remains to be acknowledged frankly that the theory has not made much progress in strictly academic circles devoted to the study of English Literature. But this is not necessarily a damning indictment, but rather what one would antecedently expect. As a matter, not of satire, but of actual fact, and making on the whole for good rather than evil, academic circles are the last places in which to look for the origin, or even the welcoming, of revolutionary ideas of whatever kind. These can be left to those who have an audacity which is not balanced by a corresponding responsibility to a tradition they are expected to conserve. A change of the character here indicated would require a considerable re-orientation of programmes and methods of study; it would for a time render obsolete the vast majority of books written on Shakespearean background. There would, in fact, be a mighty weight of inertia to be overcome. So in the 19th century it seemed to good Churchmen that the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution would destroy the whole basis of the Christian Faith, and that the acknowledgment of sources in the Pentateuch or the Synoptic Gospels would wreck the sanctity of the Bible beyond retrieval. It is not in priestly circles that the clarion call of the prophet usually first sounds. So a wholesome reluctance (and even a certain wilful under-valuation of evidence) on the part of professed teachers of any subject is in itself no necessary indication of the invalidity of the new ideas put forward. All that it means is that the matter at issue must be decided, in the progress of time, on its own merits, and that the burden of proof rightly falls on the innovators. But this being granted, it is also certain that magna est veritas et praevalit, and that not even the most conscientious of academics can for ever block its progress — provided always that it really is the truth.

Canadian Poets of Bishop’s University

THF FORERUNNER
F. R. Scott

(From the French of J. C. Harvey)

His arrowed thought cut lanes through custom and cant.
Always he followed the line of his farthest flight.
So they rose in a rage and tied his hands to his side.

His step was daring and sure on the tricky ground,
Marking a path where they said disaster lay.
So they bound his feet lest he show that the road was clear.

With sharper need he spoke to the captive world
And lit with signal words the slope of escape.
So they stopped his mouth lest he waken the multitude.

Then fearful of the living sound of his name
They cried for his blood and washed their hands as he died.
But swift from his grave the heirs of his struggle rose.
A BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES

Neil Tracy

Where are the loves of yesterday?
The crescent lip, the humid eye?
The glance that cancelled nay with yea,
The kiss that sealed eternity?
The wind of autumn bears away
The leaves that laced an April Sky;
The wines of spring that chase and cheer,
Gone with the bloom of yesterday.

Black as swift waters under night,
Blonde as the wind-brushed, sunny corn,
Russet and burnished as the flight
That flies October's hunting-horn:
The hair of beauties lost to sight,
Dream-tissue, magic and forlorn;
Harp-strings to catch an echo's ear,
Lost in the sighs of yesteryear.

The substance and the shape are gone,
The scene is empty as the sky;
The flutes and drums of life play on
A masque of moonlight mockery;
Time put to silence and to stone
The singer's lip, the lover's eye;
Snow rattles on the dried and seer
Dead grass above our yesteryear.

L'envoi.
O Master, rise and blow your horn
Across the fallow fields forlorn
And wake again some waiting ear
Dust in the dust of yesteryear.

SONNET

Neil Tracy

I have not sought, and maybe shall not seek
The sanction of your lips; I am afraid
To loosen words, to snap the chain of speech;
This were to shake perfection newly made.
My love is such a fragile thing, a sphere
That holds all beauty in its azure round
The pulse of speech would tune it like a tear,
And shiver it to nothing at a sound.
And so the minutes pass, the day wears on
Till evening comes, with prayers and candle-light;
Then prayers are said, the lights die one by one,
Then the enchanted slumber, and the night.
The falling leaves have heard; the winds that blow;
The rain and grass; then you and I shall know.
The Cinderella of the Sciences

Anthony W. Preston

Now that Geography is really "news" it is somewhat odd to reflect that until the cessation of hostilities in 1918 it was a veritable Cinderella among the sciences. In the Anglo-Saxon world people were content to leave maps to the experts or to accept Mercator's projection as the be all and end all in map making. The fallacies and distortions of Mercator's map encouraged the American Continent in its isolationist thinking and flattered Great Britain in its pride of possession.

By all but the faithful few Geography was scorned as a serious subject of study. It was dull. The word "geography" conjured up in the minds of those who heard it the most dismal aspects of their early education. They recalled how exasperated school masters had attempted during one hour in the week, to din into the heads of their unresponsive charges "Every creek in Britain and in Spain". The subject seemed to be dead from the start and yet it persistently refused to lie down. Every week it re-appeared in the school curriculum with its dreary cataloguing of rivers and cities, mountain ranges and unimportant divisional points.

No attempt was made to treat the subject historically and few people realized its antiquity. To headmasters anxious to win for their pupils university scholarships and success in professional examinations, it was a waste of time; one of those so-called modern subjects which were a suitable exercise for the duller wits of the stupider boys.

In reality, of course, the truth of the matter was far otherwise. The word geography, invented by Aristotle, had emerged as a study among the Greeks who themselves were no mean experts in the art of cartography. To men like Pausanias and Strabo the study of regions was of inestimable value. Strabo indeed, in many of his statements, anticipates the attitude of the human geographers of the later Nineteenth Century. Like other subjects geography had a chequered career. The Medieval Church did not encourage it because it conflicted with the literal interpretation of the Scriptures and consequently it suffered the same eclipse as Greek and other more reputable subjects during that age of intellectual darkness.

The revival of learning and the great discoveries did for geography what the Fall of Constantinople did for Greek. Upon the continent of Europe there was a renewed interest in maps and globes. Scholarly churchmen who knew that the world was round, no longer felt that their

less unscholarly brethren should be kept ignorant of this fact. In the Sixteenth Century the University of Louvain was a centre of geographical study and it was from here that Dr. John Dee brought his collection of maps and globes to England. Close confidant and wizard-in-chief to Queen Elizabeth, he was able to instill into his scholarly Queen an interest and zest for foreign exploration which bore ample fruit.

During the 17th and 18th centuries while the ships of the nations scoured the seven seas an enormous mass of heterogeneous information was collected about foreign lands. Details were catalogued, charts were drawn, colonies were planted. The introduction of coffee and tea into the British diet caused the names of the places of their origin to be on the lips of all.

With the 19th Century came the Industrial Revolution and the beginnings of the Scientific-Spirit. So far geographical details were many, but the principles deduced from them were few. To the study of geography, scientific method and the evolution of general laws came later than to any other of the recognized branches of learning. Geography remained an empirical study and even when the experts were learning from Germany and France to formulate laws and make generalisations, the more ordinary pundits in the educational world were content that geography should be taught from the text books that suggested the catalogue of a department store and were a good deal less interesting.

The subject was still regarded as unnecessary and unhallowed by the sacred traditions of higher education.

This cursory and contemptuous attitude was possibly due to the general trend of Humanistic Education as the ruling classes of Western Europe had understood it for many centuries. Inevitably perhaps the study of the human mind had left little time for the study of the human environment. Broadly speaking the Upper Classes in all centuries had aimed at the same ideal, the gentleman and the man of the world, and paid scant attention to those differences which terrain and climatic area are calculated to produce in men. A vague knowledge therefore of where the capital cities of the world were would amply suffice for a scholar and a gentleman who, after making the grand tour would be thankful to rest on his paternal acres.

In England and in North America Geography was "kept in its place". In America it was thought, with some justice, that those who had migrated from other lands would be only too glad to forget the scenes of their former miseries whilst wallowing in the delights of the
Promised Land. In England the only aspect of the subject which seemed to find universal acceptance was meteorological: everyone talked about the weather.

Before the outbreak of the First World War those venturesome few who were championing the cause of geography in the older universities of America and Great Britain had a terrible struggle. Elderly professors submerged in the subtleties of Formal Logic and compulsory Greek forgot that it was the Greeks who had invented maps. They forgot also the political implications of geography which had been so clearly illustrated in the story of how Cleomenes of Sparta had refused to help Aristagoras of Miletus when he saw on the bronze map which Aristagoras produced how long and wearisome would be the march on the Persian capital. In any case, even if the works of Herodotus were in the classical curricula, those of Pausanias and Strabo most certainly were not and were suitable only for the querrying of difficult "Unseens".

To make matters worse these champions of the "new subject" were looking to foreigners for their inspiration, to Kjellen in Sweden, to Brunhes in France, to Ratzel in Germany, men who were writing about something called "Geography behind History" and writing about it with emotion! Nothing like this should be permitted to break in upon the academic repose for it was well understood by all that History certainly, and Geography too, if it must be given a place, should be imparted in the most dispassionate manner and in language from which all colour and feeling had been studiously eliminated.

And so it was that the English speaking peoples remained, for all practical purposes, in that state of Geographical ignorance which was commonly accepted as bliss. In a few places, however, unfortunately not in the highest, there were some who were growing disturbed when they perceived how map conscious were the German people and how ardently the German scholars preached their gospel of the living state organisms being subject to biological laws usually associated with the animal or human species. Scholars, like Ellen Church Semple in the United States, a former pupil of Ratzel, like Lyde Herbertson and, above all, MacKinder in England sought to convey to their countrymen something of the importance of these Geographical studies in Europe and something of the dangers inherent in their method of presentation. The German historians and geographers had adopted the language of Darwin and spoke freely of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest in relation to state organisms. By using such emotional language, language which Darwin had used largely in a metaphorical sense alone, these Germans had not merely revolutionised geographical studies but issued an implicit, if not an explicit call to action, expansion and conquest.

The revolution in English geographical thinking had small beginnings. In 1901 was published MacKinder's, Britain and the British Seas, and the work of Herbertson on Climatic Areas. In the United States Miss Semple's brilliant Influence of Geographic Environment gave the readers the key to some of the German geographical concepts. These books however found their way only onto the shelves of the elite and sometimes they merely remained on the shelves. Thus in 1904 on January 25 it was a small and very astonished audience which listened, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, to MacKinder's paper The Geographical Pivot of History. This paper presented a new and remarkable analysis of the close interrelation of Geography and Politics. It showed that Russia was the pivot state and that the United States by moving into the Pacific had become an Eastern Power. In consequence MacKinder said that it was now clear that the real divide between East and West was the Atlantic and not the Pacific. The balance of power had shifted.

Among those who were listening was a youngish writer on naval and military strategy called Spencer Wilkinson later professor of Military History at Oxford. Before the discussion began he deplored the number of empty seats and expressed, with some violence the wishes that members of the Cabinet might have been occupying some of the empty space. It is an unprofitable though an interesting speculation to guess what might have been the issue of subsequent events had the Conservative Cabinet of that day or some members of the liberal opposition, so soon to assume power, been present at that discussion.

In 1919 MacKinder warned those to whom was entrusted the making of the Peace of the political dangers inherent in a Russia dominated by a resurgence of German power. "Some airy cherub", he said, "should whisper to them saying: Who rules East Europe commands the Heartland, who rules the Heartland commands the World Island, who rules the World Island commands the World." Again the warning fell upon deaf ears, people did not read Democratic Ideas of Reality except in the sinister and studious confines of the Geopolitical Institute in Munich where Professor Haushofer laboured unceasingly with his colleagues. Twenty years after when the whole horrible catastrophe was repeated the little book appeared once more to be read with regret and attention by a world that had seen the light too late.
It may be that Atomic Power will modify some of MacKinder's conclusions and utterly revolutionise the logistics of war; many eminent soldiers do not think that is altogether true and among them are the leaders of Russia.

Who dominates Eastern Europe now? Who dominates a large area of conquered Germany? It would be disastrous if the Western World should again ignore the Heartland buttressed and mantled in its cloak of protective deserts.

Some kind of friendly cooperation must be achieved between the North American reservoir of men and material with its advanced base in Great Britain, its bridgehead in France and the teeming millions of the Heartland.

Geography, as has already been said, is now News. Everyone is becoming aware of its importance. Much money and much energy is being spent on its study among the democracies. May that general public upon whom the real decision for peace or war depends be sufficiently alert and interested to understand how peace can be achieved and maintained. Let there be injected into the prevailing atmosphere, be it an atmosphere of Power Politics or unrealistic idealism, some real grasp of realities. Otherwise we may return to that Mediaeval state when Christian European civilisation was encircled in the Cross of Christendom, its arms in Great Britain and Italy, its foot in the Iberian Peninsula and its head in Germany. This time such a cross might not possess even a head.

A Lonely Sybarite

M. J. Seeley

Arthur was a contented man. The men who knew him at his Lodge or at his work liked his retiring manner and his light-hearted, if effeminate, approach to life. When the ladies of Darlington heard of his death, they remembered him as a lonely, disquieting man, for he had neither the lustre of beauty nor the glamour of ugliness.

He was a sales clerk and he loved his work. He knew how to laugh, and how to use a joke with a customer too. He was proud of his modest position in the Jordan Rag Company, because his position was the culmination of some twenty years of rag sorting, picking and baling.

Arthur's slight willowy figure was dominated by a pair of deep-set eyes, set below shaggy, untidy eyebrows which met in the middle of his low forehead. His shoulders were narrow, but always squared firmly, as might be expected of an old Tommy. His pace was quick, but his steps were very short. His large mouth was accentuated and overshadowed by a well trimmed black moustache which drew attention to an ill-fitting set of dentures badly stained by tobacco. His jet-black hair was always brushed back and secured by quantities of scented brilliantine in a pompadour. Men found his eyes shy, but full of laughter and always wide open. His voice, too, was striking, for it was soft and he always lisped slightly when he got excited.

Nobody ever really noticed Arthur's clothes, though it was rumoured that he once paid eight guineas for a suit. He dressed inconspicuously but neatly, his only obvious luxury being his socks. The fishmonger's wife in Upper Millgate often chided her husband for not buying a pair of gay ones, "like that there boarder at the Bleedin' 'Art wears". His suits were always dark, and he wore a well brushed bowler everywhere he went, except on Friday evenings when he went to his Lodge. Arthur's vanity would not allow him, as Past Noble Grand Sire of the Order of Sampson, to cover the well-slicked glory of his hair, even while walking to and from the meeting place above the Ouseland bakery shop.

Arthur was single, having lost his heart to a bar maid after the last war. She had spurned his solemn offer, and being something of a social climber, married a former Lance Corporal who was learning his trade at the Hairdresser's School in Newcastle. Since that time Arthur had lived in lodgings over the Bleeding Hart in Upper Millgate, Darlington. His life there was lonely in many ways, for he had few friends and had to eat in his room. The publican's mother-in-law refused to let him eat in the kitchen with the family — she did not approve of tradesmen because her late husband had once been valet to the Sherriff of Northmoorshire.

Arthur was happy at his work though, for he loved rags, knew the trade standards and liked meeting the flashily-dressed buyers. His special joy was to sell silks and rayons, for then he could fold, crease and rub the soft fabrics as he draped them over his fingers or rubbed them on his cheek or the back of his hands. He loved the feel of silk. When he was a boy he once stole a silk camisole from his mother and kept it under his pillow where he could fondle it at night. He never forgot the thrashing she gave him when she found it. His sybaritic delight in the texture of soft
The Mitre

fabrics had stayed with him all his life and was the reason why he went to Darlington after the war to serve his apprenticeship at the Jordan Rag Company. He was the best silk scrap clerk there, too, though sometimes when he showed a buyer through the dark warehouse to the silk and rayon bins, his purpose often faltered: as soon as he fondled the bright coloured scraps, he found it difficult not to jolly his customer out of buying. Perhaps this was why he sold so successfully. He was often complimented by Mr. J. P. Jordan, Jr. on his discreet reticence and lack of "high pressure methods". But it was Arthur's love of the rags and his regret at seeing a pile of silky ones sold that made him discreet and reticent.

The ladies in Upper Millgate talked for months after Arthur's death. Many a cup of tea went cold and many a jug of ale flat while the publican's mother-in-law told her story: how Arthur died in his sleep one night and how her daughter had found him in the morning, with a smile on his face, dressed in a pink silk night-gown, and clutching a peach-colored silk camisole to his chest.

The Defense of Canada

Wm. C. McVean

Much has been written both in the United States and in Canada about the defences of the North American continent, the defences of Canada, and the need for integrating American and Canadian defences. The immediate territory of this continent has not required defence from foreign foes for nearly a hundred years: it is a subject therefore which calls for much serious consideration. It is obvious that a new situation has arisen, not as a result of new methods of warfare, but as a result of the ramifications of foreign trade, investments, national interests, ideological antagonisms between the American nations and other national entities, and international competition in commerce and "spheres of influence".

Canada's position is not an easy one. As a nation with an enormous territory but small population, she must be concerned not only with preventing the violation of her land by aggressors, but also with protecting herself from peaceful penetration by ostensible "friends" who would control her immense resources for their own benefit. In the matter of military defence, Canada's commitments and responsibilities are affected by three factors, viz: her individuality as a nation, her position as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and as a North American nation. The only satisfactory system of defence for Canada is one which will combine the requirements of all three factors.

As has so often been the case, the condition of Europe provides many causes for dispute between the nations. Europe is enjoying once again that state of political hyper-tension and civil chaos which, for want of adequate description, is called peace. The leaders of the nations are met in Paris, as on many a former occasion, in an endeavour to find a modus operandi which will allow the victors a maximum compensation in territory and money for their war efforts, without rendering the vanquished nations completely incapable of future exploitation. So-called democratic countries are trying to reach decisions at conferences with countries to which the only understandable language is an artillery barrage, a naval salvo or a bombing.

Meanwhile food is short, equipment is lacking, trade has almost disappeared. National entities are divided among occupying armies of nations ostensibly allies, but who spy on each other, and commit reciprocal acts of war which would have brought swift reprisals fifty years ago. In the western nations, greed on the part of both worker and employer runs rampant.

"Higher wages", bellow the workers (or rather the Union Leaders)
"Higher prices", demand the employers.

In Canada, the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, the Banks and the Government, like so many orchestra pieces, chant the never-ending fugue: "Beware inflation!" and our Parliament spends days arguing the world-shaking question of the colour of flag we shall fly, or whether Dominion Day shall remain Dominion Day or be called Canada Day or the National Day of Canada, or be left as people have always called it, July the First.

Those nations which are suffering the after effects of invasion are looking to Canada for supplies of all sorts. Our practical monopolies of nickel, asbestos, uranium, our huge quantities of aluminium, our tremendous resources in other materials, lumber, and food products constitute us a "have" nation. To the small nations we are a supply dump from which they may buy all the materials they want. To the larger nations Canada is a strategic area to be controlled if possible for their profits. There are very few Canadians in possession of this great patrimony, and our comparative weakness increases the envy of our larger neighbours.
It is Canada's duty to make her products available to all who need them or who wish to buy them. That duty imposes obligations of defence on all Canadians, and there is little doubt that all citizens of Canada would gladly defend her territory from attack. It is not from our former enemies that we need to defend ourselves now. They are no longer able actively to threaten us, but we must beware of our friends or allies who have become strong during the past war, and have acquired aims and destinies which they feel called upon to achieve.

A new dogma has appeared in modern diplomacy, which is the greatest threat to any sort of peace or civil order. It is the belief that to desire a thing is to automatically have a right to possess it. The sin of covetousness has acquired a cloak of just human rights. Yugoslavia wants Trieste, Russia wants control of the Dardanelles, Bulgaria desires Macedonia, Russia in 1940 coveted Finland's Karelian Isthmus. These are not sins of covetousness. In this modern age, these are "ancient and historic rights". It would be just as easy to make control of Canada into an ancient and historic right.

Our first duty then as a nation is to maintain our territorial integrity, and this obligation all Canadians share.

For the first hundred years after Canada became a part of the Empire, she was dependant upon Britain for her defence. In time of war, the exertions of her citizens were not inconsiderable, but they would have been entirely inadequate without the men, money and arms of the Mother Country, and even now, the support of Britain is the only aid upon which we could absolutely count in the event of attack.

The benefit of our position as members of the British Empire is readily apparent in matters of defence, but it must also entail some measure of responsibility, not only for our own territory, but for the combined area of the Empire and its sea approaches. Britain can no longer bear the burden alone, and if we intend to remain within the Empire, and to enjoy the privileges of that membership, we must accept our share of the defence load.

Our duty to the Empire and our relations with other nations must always be affected by our relations with the United States. The effect of our proximity to and contiguity with that country can be seen in almost every phase of our daily life. Our clothing, our food, our radio programmes depend on the United States. Our customs are in danger of becoming completely Americanized, but whether we would or not, we have a frontier of about four thousands miles with the United States, and what happens to us greatly affects that country.

Americans have continually harped upon the danger to the United States from our membership in the British Empire. The security of America has never been threatened on that score. If any nation were to declare war on Britain, the attack would not be launched against Canada, but against Britain herself in an endeavour to destroy the centre of the Imperial organization. There could be little use in attacking Canada unless war with the United States were contemplated also.

Of far greater danger to both Canada and the United States is the natural wealth and growing power of the United States. Since the completion of her internal exploitation, America, like all other nations, has concentrated on foreign markets. After the end of the Civil War, the development of American resources was phenomenal, but with it grew the vast commercial imperialism of the dollar. Notwithstanding the righteous protestations of American leaders, American Imperialism was begun before the turn of the twentieth century.

To the Americans, it is almost an international political heresy for a foreigner to accuse America of imperialism, and any criticism, however mild, of American customs, business methods or psychology lacerates the tender consciousness of this otherwise crustacean people. The ability of the American to deceive himself passes belief, and he is deeply pained when other people see through his self-deception. That other people have always seen the self-interest beneath the veneer of American philanthropy has been a cause of the international huffiness leading to isolationism. Few big businessmen are ardent isolationists.

The enormous resources and productive capacity of the United States have made her a decisive factor in two major European wars, and that fact has not been lost on future world conquerors. Americans are beginning to realize that they cannot ignore the rest of the world except for purposes of trade; indeed that in order to maintain the trade already built up, it is necessary to take an active part in the affairs of the international community.

No nation with the power and resources of the United States can avoid making enemies. Intense individuality is the basis of American life, while most other countries have or are attempting to build up a corporate national life. The conflict is basic. Americans struggle to avoid discipline and regulation, while half of Europe fights to increase the directive power of its governments.

In the world market too the systems clash. The American system
of competitive trade or dollar control is to be pitted against the Russian
system of centralized control of a satellite area with a trade monopoly —
a drainage system to the centre.

The United States has however very large claims upon Europe, and
she is making it clear that she has no intention of backing out without
some assurance that her own position and that of her investments is secure.
Now with such an aim we can very well sympathize, for it is closely allied
to our own, but it carries within itself the seeds of trouble for Canada.

When Yugoslav warplanes shot down two American transports, a
challenge was made, and it was not by Yugoslavia. If it were, a few
salvos into the nearest Yugoslav town would have brought that nation to
heel very satisfactorily. The challenge was made with the knowledge that
the satellite could depend upon the planet. Behind Yugoslavia stands
Russia, and the warning to the United States was unmistakable.

There are many who would have us believe that by getting around
a conference table all matters can be amicably settled. The present abortive
efforts at settlement in Paris lead us to doubt whether the conference table
is as effective as we should like to believe, or whether there is not another
language better understood by all nations. Certain it is that the only fact
which has emerged clearly from all discussions is the incompatibility of
Russian policies with those of America and Britain. The difference of
opinion, if sufficiently magnified, might lead to war, a situation fraught
with grave danger to Canada.

In the event of war between Russia and America, an attack on
United States territory direct would be an extremely difficult task, but an
invasion by way of Canada might be comparatively easy. The flat prairie
of the west make that area ideal for mobile warfare. It should be remem­
ered also that the shortest route by air from Russia to the United States
is over the North Pole and across Canda.

By herself, Canada could not hope to repel a Russian attack, but
it would be in the interest of the United States to assist her, and this fact
has been apparent to Americans for a long time. It was no special feeling
for Canada that made Mr. Roosevelt promise that the United States
"would not stand idly by" in the event of an attack on Canada, it was
sheer self defence. Mr. King was quick to reply that Canada realized her
responsibilities in this regard, and would be prepared to defend her own
territory.

There are many Canadians who feel that complete integration of
Canadian and American defences is the answer to Canada's defence
problem. There are certain difficulties in the way, however. Not all types
of American equipment are the best, but the integration would make it
necessary for us to produce the standard types. As a member of the
British team, not much assistance could be given to the other Dominions
or to Britain unless our equipment were the same and our strategy similar.
The resources of the Empire would be of immense value to both America
and Canada in the event of war, and to integrate our defences with those
of the United States to the exclusion of those of the Empire would cut
our available help at least in half.

If Canada were to go to war, we would need immediate help. We
can be certain of this from Britain and our sister Dominions. The experience
of the past would lead us to doubt the celerity of American aid; indeed,
but for the attack on Pearl Harbour, we would probably still be drawing
aircraft across the border with horses to soothe tender American consciences.
One Canadian writer pointed out how difficult it was to integrate
Canadian and American production during the war, because Canada
was producing British types of equipment. Did he forget that both Britain
and Canada were at war for two years before the United States was
pushed into it by Japan, and that naturally Canada was producing what
was required by herself and her allies?

There is no particular reason why Canada should tie herself to the
United States, but there is every reason why the defence systems, not only
of Canada and America, but also of the British Empire and the United
States should be made to correspond as closely as possible to each other.
An attack on Canada is an attack on the British Empire. An attack on
Canada is an attack on the United States. An attack on the United States
should therefore be considered an attack on the British Empire and vice
versa.

Americans might feel that they are being forced to tie themselves
to Britain. That is so, but they should realize that that is not the result
of any Macchiavellian scheme planned by the British, but is the natural
result of the ramifications of American trade and investments. The United
States has recognized this fact by acquiring bases both in the Pacific and
the Atlantic. The fact of the matter is that the circumference of American
defence encircles Great Britain and the majority of her dependencies. The
safety of each is the security of all, and each has a responsibility to the
other according to their several abilities.

Canada will be strong so long as the United States realizes its duty
to itself. The combine strength of the Empire and Commonwealth and the
United States might be a sufficient deterrent to any aggressor. That Britain

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The Mitre would do her part can hardly be doubted at the present time, and it is encouraging to see America shouldering her responsibilities with more decision. The only way to meet an aggressor is to meet him on equal terms, and in order to do so we must have the assistance of the United States. On the other hand, it is necessary to the security of the United States that Canadian resources and territory should remain in Canadian hands. The duty of both countries is therefore clear.

It is possible, of course, that the only invasion we will have to repel will be one by the inhabitants of the Principality of Luxembourg, in which case the combined fleets of Canada, Britain and the United States will probably prove to be equal to the task.

A Century Ago

The zeal which marked the student life in Lennoxville a hundred years ago is eloquently expressed in a recent Church Messenger clipping. The zeal and rapid decline in the birth-rate of many western nations, and particularly in the Anglo-Saxon world, is just beginning to receive the publicity which it deserves. But the consequences of such decline over a considerable period of years have scarcely been envisaged even by those who are well aware of the facts. Sociologists and economists who have made a serious study of the subject make it clear that the continuance of the decline in the birth-rate threatens not only our national life, but also the economic and moral wellbeing of our people. Next to the maintenance of Peace it is probably the most important subject confronting the leaders of both State and Church today. To quote the words of a Royal Commission which studied the facts in Australia, "In whatever way the waning birth-rate in New South Wales is viewed ... it is seen as a grave disorder sapping the vitals of a new people, blighting its prospects, and threatening its existence." Those are strong words for a Royal Commission, and the birth-rate has fallen rapidly since that was written.

THE FACTS

What are the facts which cause such alarm? The figures for a few countries will suffice. Here are some birth-rates, per 1,000 population:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Country</th>
<th>1881-85</th>
<th>1933-36</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>England and Wales</td>
<td>33.5</td>
<td>14.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>France</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>15.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>17.7</td>
<td>13.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweden</td>
<td>13.8</td>
<td>13.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A recent government survey of the rates in the Provinces of Canada is interesting.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Province</th>
<th>Av. 1921-25</th>
<th>Av. 1936-40</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>N.S.</td>
<td>23.4</td>
<td>21.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Que.</td>
<td>?</td>
<td>24.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ont.</td>
<td>23.7</td>
<td>17.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prairie P. B.C.</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B.C.</td>
<td>18.4</td>
<td>15.6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The decrease in population continues to be a serious problem. The rate for Canada as a whole dropped nearly four points in the decade before the war. The increase due to war marriages is of course abnormal.

The important fact is, that when the birth-rate falls below about 17 per 1,000 of population, the actual population of a country will soon begin to decrease, as it has done in France for some years past.
The Mitre

THE CAUSES

The economic factor is of course always operative. People naturally and rightly don't want to have more children than they will be able to support. The depression of the early thirties caused a marked decrease of births. But it is a fact that the families of the more wealthy part of the population are in most places smaller than the families of the poor. Certainly in the cities, where the standard of living is generally higher than that of the country districts, the birth-rate is at its lowest. This is true almost everywhere.

The factor which has without doubt been the greatest cause of the fall in the birth-rate has been the making available to the public of contraceptives, coupled with the teaching that there is no national or social duty to raise children unless one wishes to do so. In many cases people have been taught that it was better from several points of view to have a few children, not more than one or two. The two children family has almost become a model for millions. When it is considered that it takes an average of over three births per family, or a birth-rate of at least 17 per 1,000 of population merely to maintain present numbers, it will be seen that such teaching spells national as well as family suicide.

One reason why many people have not been deeply concerned over the fact that our birth-rate is so low is because there is still an excess of births over deaths in countries like Britain where the rate is so low. But that is only temporary. There is already such a decrease in the number of girls under 20 years of age who are the only child bearers of the next generation, that unless each available mother of the future bears more children than the average mother today, there is bound to be a decrease. History shows the birth-rate never goes up quickly. We have already started a vicious circle; the fewer children now, the fewer mothers in the next 20 years; few mothers then will mean still fewer children in the next generation. It will take nearly two generations before the harm already done can be remedied.

Both England and France are becoming nations of older people. The number who are past the prime of life, and on the retired list continually rises, and is bound to affect the labour and economic situations adversely.

What results are likely to come from a low birth-rate?

The only country where the declining birth-rate has been operative sufficiently long to test its results scientifically from the national, economic and moral points of view is France. Fortunately for investigators, France has kept population and economic statistics for a century. As a result of years of research, Dr. Paul Bureau, a French Sociologist, published a book called, Towards Moral Bankruptcy in 1919.

France was the first country in the world to allow systematic propaganda in favour of "Birth Control". This began about a century ago, and both instructions and equipment were spread throughout the country by a league organised for that purpose. Paul Bureau takes each argument that was used by the league in favour of Birth Control, and shows how it has in fact had results the reverse of what was prophesied. He notes the following results since 1850.

1. In 1850 France was the largest, strongest and richest country in Europe. Today she is fourth in population, possibly third in power, and fourth in wealth.

2. For a number of years there has been a real decline in French population. Of the 87 departments of the French State, less than 20 register more births than deaths. This means that about 67 departments — a huge majority — are on the voluntary road to death!

Arguments used by the promoters of Birth Control.

1. That it would raise the standard of living, because there would be less dividing of the family wealth.

   The standard in France fell behind that of England, Germany and many other countries during this period.

2. That it would raise the per capita wealth.

   There, too, France fell behind several countries with less resources than her own.

3. That it would improve the health of the Nation.

   In fact, France went steadily back. There was a great increase in drink, insanity and nervous disorders, as well as venereal disease. The French army had to lower its standard of admission several times before 1914.

4. That it would improve labour conditions by providing fewer competitors.

   French labour was in a bad condition before 1914, and continued to get worse up till 1939, when production of war essentials was almost at a standstill.

5. That it would prevent divorce by removing the intolerable burden of children.

   Between 1884 and 1914 the number of divorces in France quadrupled.

6. Lastly it was argued that Birth Control would prevent the practice
of abortion.

In this case, even more than in others, the prophecies of the advocates of birth control proved to be entirely wrong. This is very surprising, because the argument seems to be logical. But in spite of the universal knowledge of birth control methods, the annual number of abortions has gone up by leaps and bounds. To quote Dr. Robert Monin, speaking in Paris, “We reckon 100,000 as the annual number of abortions, and we are pretty sure this is below the truth.” At Lyons the number of abortions exceeded the number of births. For the whole of France the number was estimated as probably above 300,000, which is two thirds of the birth-rate. Try to imagine the attitude towards sex and home life which these figures reflect. What kind of morality, what kind of patriotism can you expect of people who will treat life in that way? If the creation of human beings is treated with such contempt, you can hardly expect people to be seriously concerned with the future of their nation. No wonder birth control has been called “Race Suicide”. Just think what France might have done with even one year’s crop!

The total result on France has been disastrous. Germans settled in the half empty north, and Italians in the south. There were not enough men to hold the empire in war; neither were there enough to expand or even hold French business in the world in peace. When the testing time came in 1939 France crumpled up.

The truth of Paul Bureau’s analysis of the French malady is borne out by his prophecy made in 1925. “The first concerns the certain, peremptory indisputable impossibility for France to go on living in the state of moral indiscipline in which military mobilization found her in 1914 . . . . A nation which founds her entire social life upon systematic sterility and conceptual or post-conceptual abortion, is condemned to weakness, to forfeiture, to unutterable suffering, to the road of irremediable disaster . . . . If France does not reform her habits, not only will her glorious victory (of 1918) bring her no benefit, but on the contrary the war will have accelerated yet more the swiftness of her fall, and will bring nearer the hour of her final ruin.”

Most of us were stunned by the sudden collapse of France in June 1940. The moral fibre of the nation which we expected was not there. Paul Bureau’s analysis may explain it.

Let us be realists and face the facts. What happened in France fifty years ago is happening here now. People with several children work hard and build for the future. Those with no children tend to live only for their own generation. The great majority of public politicians of the Third Republic of France had no children at all. Little wonder there were enough of them willing to sell out to Germany to save their own skins. They had few or no offspring to fight for.

Let us look at the Province of Quebec for a moment. In the majority of the country districts the villages are becoming almost entirely French. This is partly due to the fact that our educational system trains people for work only to be found in the cities, and so the young people move there when they leave school. But it is much more due to the fact that we haven’t enough boys to occupy and work the farms. If the family has only one boy — and that is common, he may not like farming, and there is no other boy to work the farm. The French families have a plentiful supply, and buy the land as soon as it is for sale. Those who are willing to raise children will occupy the land. It is only a matter of time, and simple arithmetic.

What is happening here is happening all over Canada. We must either “occupy” the land, or sell out to those who are willing to raise children. We can’t expect the British, or any other nation to raise our children for us. If the French Canadians are willing to pay the price of occupancy (which is raising children) then they are surely entitled to the land. And they are paying the price today. Their birth-rate, which had dropped to 24 in 1937, has climbed back steadily to over 28. The rate among the English speaking people is probably about the same as in Ontario — about 17.

Thousands of Canadian men were willing to give up work and risk their lives in war to preserve our way of life for posterity. It doesn’t make much sense if there is not going to be any posterity. The people who fill our empty places may not care a bit for our way of life.

Who is likely to fill our places? At present the highest rate of increase is among the Russians, and the negros of the U.S.A. The Japanese increase a million a year, and India increases five million a year. The French Canadians are confident they can fill the land with their own sons and daughters, and they are rapidly doing so by definite planting of colonists all across the Dominion. Most of us would probably prefer them to any of the other main sources of supply. Remember that for them the problem of immigration is not how to get more immigrants into Canada, but how to keep out immigrants, until they have time to fill Canada with their own flesh and blood. After all, it is a much more reasonable aim than the aim of many of our people to keep Canada British by importing other people’s sons and daughters because we are unwilling to pay the price of raising children ourselves.
The primary function of any nation is to keep itself alive by producing sufficient numbers of healthy citizens. If a nation fails in this, it is bound to fail in all else as a nation. It will no doubt make its contribution, like the Ancient Greeks, to the treasure house of civilization, but will cease to exist as a free nation. Are we content to die like this, or is the faith and self-sacrificing spirit of our pioneering forefathers going to lead us once more into the conquering stream of life? Be sure of this: either there is a national duty to raise children, or we shall quickly cease to be a free nation. We cannot long exist without performing the primary function of existence.

What is alarming in the present situation is the fact that so many of our young people have failed to see this point. When asked if they thought there was any national or religious duty to raise children, the majority have said, “None at all. It is purely a question of whether I want any or not.” This is the viewpoint that wrecked France, and it is destroying us too.

In this article I have not dealt at all with religious duties in this connection, because there is not space to do so. Nor have I space to deal with any proposed remedies. But remember that all the baby bonuses and economic inducements to have more children offered in France and Germany failed signally to have the desired effect. Without the spiritual drive that comes from having an ideal before us that can call forth our best work, and the greatest self-sacrifice, we are not going to overcome the selfish tendency to avoid the undoubted burden of raising children. Only when raising children is looked upon as a privilege, and an opportunity for fulfilling our national and religious ideals, will the birth-rate go up again. Economics alone can never do this. Only religion and the highest patriotism can do it, and our leaders are for the most part silent. This is the real field in which the French Canadians are winning their battle for Canada.

Exchanges

The Mitre acknowledges with thanks the following exchange publications.

The Gryphon, University of Leeds; The Arrows, University of Sheffield; The Nonsuch, University of Bristol; Codrington College, Barbados; Sphinx, University of Liverpool; The Stylus, Boston College; Revue de l’université d’Ottawa; In Between Times, Upper Canada College; The Ashburnian, Ashbury College; The Record, Trinity College School; Trafalgar Echoes, Montreal; King’s Hall, Compton; The Lyre, Lennoxville High School.

Love Letter

I. Cliserman

Mr. Hollingsworth sat down in the torn red-leather easy chair. A ragged slit in the window blind allowed a thin ray of light to fall across the bridge of his nose. And the rest of his face, clothed in shadows, made him look all the more tired. Pacing up and down the creaking floor of the dingy boarding room had made his feet ache and the muscles in his legs stiffened until they felt like boards underneath his skin. A spare strand of brown hair fell over his brow as he bent over to unlace his shoes and he quickly brushed it back with a gesture that indicated nervous annoyance. And then as he was crouched over, his eyes caught sight of the little piles of dust and tobacco from his cuffs, and the baggy knees of his pant legs. His fingers let the shoelaces slip to the floor, he straightened up a little, and his eyes resumed their journey. A torn watch pocket, suspender straps that were fastened to his pants by only one button on each side, and heavy but new police braces that contrasted strangely against a collarless, faded blue shirt. He slapped his forehead gently, and with a sigh, leaned right back into the chair again.

Passing clouds must have covered the sun because in a few seconds the whole room became dark. Even the sprawled form of Tony Hollingsworth was being slowly blotted out and everything was deathly silent except for the steady ticking of an alarm clock on the top of a decayed fireplace. An ominous peal of thunder resounded outside the window but then everything became quiet again. A minute. Two minutes. Suddenly the little clocked swayed slightly and a bell inside began to jangle merrily. For a moment the man in the chair did not stir but all at once he opened his eyes a little wider and flew out of his seat. In a second he had reached the hearth and grabbing the clock, he hurled it to the opposite end of the room. Mr. Hollingsworth was set to curse heartily but instead only a dry, shaky laugh emitted from his lips and he went and picked the alarm up again. “Three o’clock”, he muttered and then shook his head somewhat sadly.

Thunder was heard again and a wind rattled the outside shutters. Mr. Hollingsworth put down the clock and ambled over to the large window occupying one corner of the room. He lifted the blind above the level of his eyes. Then one hand fumbled around in his pocket for a cigarette but it emerged without anything. “Better not run down now”, he thought and just stood there quietly with his hands behind his back.
to look out into the street. The sun had disappeared and a slight drizzle of rain was beginning to give the sidewalk a shiny surface. He noticed a group of dirt-smeared children picking up their marbles from the street and running towards home to miss the storm while the housewives ran out on to their back porches to gather in the clothes they had hung out to dry. Then all the chattering ceased and the street was left bare with only the tear-shaped droplets of rain bouncing off the cement. Mr. Hollingsworth was about to resume his former seated position when suddenly he straightened up and his hands flew out in front of him.

The reason for his excitement was the sight of the shabby, navy blue uniform of old Mr. Gagner with his huge bag of mail and he knew it must be there! The dull buzz of the bell downstairs struck his ears and he reeled around at the sound. Heavy footsteps going down. That would be Mrs Mulvaney. Short mumbles of conversation and then the slam of the door. The same thudding footsteps coming up. They were coming up, up to his room. Small beads of sweat dotted his forehead, he moved his body forward, and then suddenly stopped as he poised in mid-air. His legs moved again, more quickly this time, almost exhausted by the excitement that set his heart thumping madly, he reached the door of his room. His fingers darted out for the door knob but they recoiled like a spring. "No, no, no," he thought, "hold it. Tony. Wait." The footsteps came closer and then stopped. The latch clicked and suddenly the door swung open. "Well, at last ye got yer letter, ye lazy—". "Shut up", he cried, "Get out!" And he tore the crumbled envelope from her hand. Mrs. Mulvaney's eyes opened wide with surprise but before she could reply the door slammed in her face and then everything was quiet for a moment.

Suddenly the fiery house lady exploded and cursed her tenant with all the Irish vigour she could gather, "Ye'll git thrown out, ye will," she shrieked and then her feet pattered down the long, spiral staircase.

Mr. Hollingsworth stuck out his chin but refrained from answering her and turned away from the door. He wiped the sweat from his face with the palm of his hand and laid the envelope on an old bridge table—unopened. A convulsive shiver shook his bony frame and he slumped down into his chair again. It was comfortable, he thought, mostly because it sagged in the middle. He uttered a long sigh that seemed to deflate his whole body and he placed his hands behind his head. Gradually all the tension left him and relaxed slowly until he almost assumed the shape of the chair.

"This is it, finally," he thought to himself. There was no doubt in his mind that the letter was from her for he had waited a whole, long, dreary, damnable week for it to come. Nobody else but she knew where he was living. He had left everything — his position as a successful lawyer, his money, his friends — everything, to come and live in the broken-down room he was now occupying. He came there to wait, how long he did not know, yet now he did not care. It was all over.

Tony Hollingsworth stared into space. His heart was beating wildly but he was thinking back now, back to three days last month, the three happiest days in his life. He had planned not to remember and he knew his revolver was waiting patiently in the drug cabinet in the washroom, yet he decided to wait a few minutes. "What are a few minutes in a man’s life", he said. A few minutes, a few days, — three days. His mind came back to his subject again.

Tony knew all the details about those three days That was the trouble, of course; for he knew he had to erase all the facts from his mind and he also knew that there was only one way to do that. He shrugged his shoulders and the rain now began to pour down faster on the street. "God, she was beautiful". He thought back to the first night when a friend introduced him. He remembered how she had looked at him at first, her moist, scarlet lips pursed, her glistening, auburn hair falling lazily over her shoulders, and her eyes looking at him with a half-critical stare. "Damn those tempting, devilish eyes", he said. Large, round, and pure brown, they seemed unfathomable, and they drew him right into their dark abyss. They burned into his very soul. "Love at first sight", his friend jokingly told him later. Now Tony Hollingsworth only uttered a wry laugh.

He had worshipped her at once and on that first glorious night together, he wanted to make a good impression. The opera, cabarets, a long drive in the moonlight, and then home. He did not want to let her go, he remembered. At that moment, he wanted to carry her into another world where they could be alone, where he could show her how much he loved her. Yet he did not even dare to kiss her for fear of spoiling the beautiful image and when she replied that she would love to go out for dinner the next day, and her wide, magical eyes twinkled merrily, he left her, with his mind in a mist and love in his heart.

Tony Hollingsworth relaxed again. For a moment his heart had begun to beat a little faster. He cursed to himself. "Why think about it now!" It was an inward cry. Slowly he removed one shaking hand from the back of his head and placed it on his chest. Then his fingers fumbled...
nervously into his shirt pocket and emerged with a torn piece of paper and on it was scrawled in heavy, black script: “Willbank 2434”. In a quick, jerky motion his fingers crumbled the slip of paper into a small, white mass. Then they relaxed letting the ball fall to the floor. His foot slipped over it and ground it into the dust.

“The two other days had been the same”, he thought back again. Parties, lavish and artificial. Gay-coloured streamers, bubbling champagne, red and white poker chips, and her — standing above everything else like an angel. Two nights of merriment and love, love that was wild, passionate, and feverish. The pungent potion of love replaced all the blood in his heart and encompassed his soul. “Oh, God. How I loved her”. He choked off a sob and slumped deeper into his chair.

And on the third night he had asked her. “Marry me, darling”. His very words. Nothing else in the world mattered and he felt she had taken his life in her hands. She looked at him then and her eyes softened so that there was an even deeper abyss which he could not penetrate to its source. “Dearest”, she had answered, “If you get a letter in a week, forget me. If not — ”. He fell on his knees before her but she had made up her mind, and so he had left, giving her the address of an old, boarding house where he wanted to wait.

Mr. Hollingsworth shut his eyes and then opened slowly. But it was still there, lying slightly ruffled on the table. The whole room faded away and all that remained was the white envelope. Even the scent of her perfume, he imagined, drifted from its inside and worked its way into his nostrils. Forget! The word beat into his brain.

He leapt from his chair and hurled himself into the washroom, flung open the cabinet door, and seized the cold steel of the revolver butt. Then he slowly walked back to the living room, stood quietly beside the old bridge table, and placed his forefingers inside the trigger guard. “It should be easy”, he thought, but he took a firmer grip on the gun because the sweat running down his palms made it slip.

He took a glance at the letter again and then raised his gun.

There was no hope. There it was, plainly typed out, ‘To whom it may concern...’ ‘TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!’ Slowly his mouth began to sag. Suddenly he jerked around and grabbed the letter and turned it over. The return address was printed. “What does it say, what does it say”, he gibbered. The print swam before his eyes. He laid down the revolver and quickly ripped open the envelope, almost tearing it in half in his haste, and his fingers emerged with the folded letter.

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Holding it by one corner, he let it fall open and agonizingly turned his eyes to look at the opening words. It began:

“Dear Sir, or Madam, The Acme Paper Company would like to know if you are interested in seeing its new line of letterheads just received:” The letter fluttered to the floor. For a minute nothing seemed to live in the room. Then Tony Hollingsworth, laughing hysterically, crazily, grabbed his coat on the wall, madly threw the door open, and stumbled drunkenly down the steps, past the amazed Mrs. Mulvaney and into the street. His hair was strewed over his reddened face, his shoes were unlaced, yet his heaving chest throbbed with happy sobs. In a few seconds he had reached the drugstore around the corner, and ran into the phone booth. A solitary nickel danced around in his coat pocket.

“Operator, operator, Willbank 2434. And hurry — please!” He almost choked on the words.

“Yes sir” came the steady voice of the operator. And Mr. Tony Hollingsworth slowly rested his elbow on a small shelf in the booth. He was living again.

**The Ability To Learn Again**  
Stephen C. May

Now that the war is over and nearly all the Canadian Troops are back again, rehabilitation is the greatest problem facing the Government today. There are other matters of greater importance farther afield. Peace terms must be arranged between the Allied countries and the Axis powers. Slowly, and time will tell just how surely, some progress is being made in Paris along those lines. Food and clothing problems arose long ago but still require a great deal of effort on the part of those who are to solve these problems. There are many other questions which must be attended to and most of them are outside the Dominion. The greatest problem at home is: What shall we do with the returning Veteran?

Much has already been done; much was done long before the war ever ended. Much still remains to be done. Subdividing the problem of what to do with the veterans, let us consider the question of what to do with the veteran who has chosen to return to the University.

The man, or the woman, who chose the life of learning, rather than farming or a jerry-built house, did so mainly because he, or she, hoped to gain from a university knowledge which might aid in a future occupation. By all the laws of the gods, this theory should hold true but
Unfortunately both educators and seekers after knowledge have overlooked one important factor. That factor is: The ability to learn again.

When the War began in 1939, many a young boy wrote his exams and hurried off to join the Army, the Navy or the Air Force. The ability to learn was still in him and he learned quickly. He learned how to drill, how to march for miles, how to exist on meals that his mother wouldn’t have poisoned her best friend with, and how to make a laxative pill cure all ills from snake bite to fractured bones. As he made progress in this field he was promoted. With dummy guns and hypothetical targets he learned how to fight a hypothetical war. He went overseas, and there he learned more and more. Not only did he learn how to fight imaginary battles, but he learned also how to get along with a new race of people, and how to live upon an earth besieged by an overhead enemy against whom he had no personal defense. Finally he left for the zones of action. There he put into practice all the imaginary things he had been taught. If he had any doubts, or if he discovered that some of the things he learned were not correct, he quickly learned the right way. If he didn’t, he died. On the battlefield he acquired his knowledge the hard way. By experience, by trial and error, and in the process of learning by experience, he forgot how to learn from the textbooks and from the lectures that he got in the school.

When the War was over, he came home and a grateful government gave him the chance to go to a university. He jumped at the chance and enlisted in the army of higher learning, thinking perhaps that here was his chance to continue where he had left off in 1939. He was not long in college before he found out that he just couldn’t take up the pen at the spot where he had laid it down for the sword. It just wouldn’t work, it just couldn’t be done. Over there he had learned at first hand, but over here he had to learn from second hand.

The Veteran is conditioned to war, to the life of the service in which he served. If you like, call it a conditioned reflex. Call it what you will, he’s still part of the war machine. If he fails to grasp what his professors try to teach him, don’t condemn him for it’s not his fault. It will take him sometime to readjust himself to peace, to the ways of the civilian and to the idea that he must accept what he is told as gospel and write it word for word upon his examination paper.

If some fail, don’t blame them or laugh at them, for they wouldn’t laugh at you if you couldn’t learn to fire a rifle. Help them all you can, they need your help.

The Zodiac
Robert S. Jervis-Read

During the closing weeks of each year nearly every home in the country will probably find in its mail box one or more small pulp booklets bearing the name “Almanac” and advertising somebody or other’s kidney or liver pills. A prominent feature of this type of almanac is the Zodiac which is usually found on the reverse side of the front cover. This mysterious looking symbol has excited the interest of many people who wonder whether it is a new thing, or a relic from the past; whether it is a practical use, or only a museum piece; whether it is perhaps a magic means to foretell the future, or merely an invention to promote the sale of kidney pills.

The Zodiac, as popularized by modern astrologers and pulp advertisers generally consists of a circle, the circumference of which is divided into twelve equal parts. Each portion contains the symbol and the name, in Latin and English of one of the twelve “Signs of the Zodiac”, the names being chiefly those of real or imaginary animals. The circle usually encloses a nude figure, either male or female, according to the taste of the publisher. Certain information regarding the movements of the sun, moon and planets is often scattered about the page to give the whole
thing a flavour of authenticity. This use of the Zodiac is an insult to the noble purposes for which it can be, and is used. The Zodiac is perhaps the oldest scientific heirloom which the human race possesses. It is generally thought to have been invented by the ancient Babylonians, but has been known in many countries and by many different names. The Zodiac is actually not a circle on a piece of paper but a zone among the stars, extending eight degrees on either side of the path taken by the Sun in his annual journey through the heavens. The name, “Zodiac”, is derived from the Greek word meaning a “living creature”. Although the Zodiac is now determined by the path of the Sun, it is probable that originally it was determined from the path of the moon which follows that of the Sun very closely and which can be observed at the same time as the stars. The motion of the Moon eastward among the stars is such that it makes a complete circuit in about twenty-eight days. The Moon Zodiac was thus divided into twenty-eight equal parts, in each of which the Moon remained for one day. This type of Zodiac was used in ancient times by the Chinese, Arabs, and several other nations. The Chinese word for a “sign” of the Zodiac is the same as their word for “hotel”, signifying a place wherein a traveller stays for a day only.

As the Earth proceeds around its orbit, the Sun is daily projected into a different part of the sky, making the complete circuit in twelve months. The astrologers of ancient Babylon divided the Zodiac into twelve “signs” in each of which the Sun spends one month. Each sign is thirty degrees long and the first sign, Aries, the Ram, begins with the Vernal Equinox, the date when the Sun crosses the Equator in a northward direction (March 21st according to our calendar). The Sun enters the sign of Aries at the moment of the Vernal Equinox, and passing through that sign, proceeds on through Taurus, the Bull, and Gemini, the Twins and enters Cancer, the Crab at the Summer Solstice; it then passes on through Leo, the Lion, and Virgo, the Virgin entering Libra, the Scales at the Autumnal Equinox. The Sun then traverses the six signs south of the Equator, Scorpio, the Scorpion; Sagittarius, the Archer; Capricornus, the Sea-Goat, which contains the Winter Solstice; Aquarius, the Water Carrier; Pisces, the Fishes, and re-enters Aries at the next Vernal Equinox.

Within the boundaries of the twelve signs are twelve constellations of stars which originally bore the same names as the signs themselves. The ancients probably never dreamed that the constellations would not for ever remain within the signs from which they are named. Due to the fact that the Earth is not a perfect sphere, but a spheroid, slightly bulged at the equator, and due to the gravitational attraction of the Moon on this bulge, the Earth has developed in its rotation a slow “wobble”. This wobble causes the Vernal Equinox gradually to slip westward along the ecliptic at such a rate as to cause a complete circuit of the sky in about 26,000 years. Thus while the constellations of the Zodiac remain stationary the signs, being dependent on the Vernal Equinox, slip westward. This slipping is called the procession of the equinoxes and was discovered by Hipparchus about 125 B.C.

At the present day the sign of Aries, and consequently the Vernal Equinox, is in the constellation of Pisces, each sign having in the last 2,000 years backed into the constellation west of it. The signs and constellations of the Zodiac last coincided about 300 B.C. We know that the Zodiac was in use before this date and so, knowing the rate of procession we can compute that the last previous coincidence was about the year 26,000 B.C. The invention of the Zodiac is therefore to be dated not later than 26,000 B.C. This gives us some idea of how long mankind has been studying the stars.

It is probable that the original use of the Zodiac was a calendar which would help early man to keep track of his religious festivals and seasons. The Zodiac may not have been an invention in the true sense of the word, but rather a development which was added to as occasion arose. The early Babylonians were a pastoral race, used to tending their sheep and cattle. To such a people the Spring season would be an important time, as it meant the regrowth of their pasture lands. How natural that they should begin their calendar with the first day of spring and that the first two signs should be named for their favourite animals, the Ram and the Bull. The third sign, Gemini, is named for the twin gods of the Romans, Castor and Pollux. These gods were the patrons of sailors, their month occurred at a time in early Summer when sailors could be sure of favourable weather. The ancients, watching the Sun day to day, saw it move further and further north in the heavens as Summer advanced. But on a certain day (June 21st in our calendar) the Sun reverses its direction and begins to move south, and so the constellation in which the Sun was found at the time when it reversed its direction was named for a creature which can run both forwards and backwards — Cancer, the Crab. The next sign and constellation, Leo, the Lion, was also named for the Sun symbolising his intense strength in midsummer. Here is an indication that the signs were not all named at one time, since both Cancer...
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and Leo are named for the mid-summer Sun, it is therefore likely that each was named at a time when it contained the Summer Solstice, that is at an interval of about 2,000 years. Virgo was named for the Virgin of the Harvest, the Sun was in olden times in this constellation during the harvest season. The myth of Ceres and Proserpina may have some connection with the naming of this constellation. Libra, the Scales, is the only inanimate object depicted in the Zodiac. It symbolizes the equality of day and night, at the time when it received its name, this constellation contained the Autumnal Equinox. Scorpio, the Scorpion is the only Zodiacal constellation whose actual shape in the sky can be said to resemble the object for which it is named. Scorpio may easily be seen in the southern sky during the Summer months. It contains the giant red star Antares. East of Scorpio is Sagittarius, the Archer, this constellation was named for the hunting season. Capricornus is a mystical animal, half goat, half fish. To the ancients he symbolised the beginning of the rainy season, a time of alternating wet and dry weather. When we reach Aquarius, the Water Carrier, the rainy season is well under way. The last sign of the Zodiac is Pisces, the Fishes, which brings the end of the wet season and the return of Aries and Spring.

Early Chinese and Persian writers speak of four bright stars in the Cardinal points of the sky and corresponding to the Equinoxes and Solstices. We can look in vain for these four stars in such positions today. Are we to infer from this that these early writers were mistaken, or that their stars have since faded? Certainly not. If we turn the Zodiac back from its present day position through sixty degrees, we at once find that the four stars, Aldebaran, Antares, Regulus and Formalhaut occupy these positions. Since the Zodiac precesses sixty degrees in about 5,000 years we can date with some accuracy the time of these early writings.

The Greek writer Hesiod states that the star, Acturus, rises at sunset 19th days after the winter solstice or according to our calendar February 19th. Today this star rises at sunset on March 30th. Knowing the rate of precession of the equinoxes and consequent shift of the Zodiac, we can determine that Hesiod must have lived about 2,800 years ago.

PRIZES OFFERED

The Literary Board of THE MITRE offers a prize of Ten Dollars for the best undergraduate short story submitted for the Lent Issue. Stories must be at least 500 words in length. The deadline will be announced in January.

Mrs. W. O. Raymond has offered Five Dollars for the best poem submitted. This poem must measure up to a high standard of excellence. Any undergraduate may compete for this prize.

THE MITRE would appreciate additional prizes to encourage creative literary effort on the part of students, and commends this idea to the attention of graduates and friends of the university.

The Mitre
extends to all its readers
best wishes for
A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year
In Valhalla 1941
Mary Hall

Broach us a bottle, Lancelot,
And Gawain, trim the light,
Fill up the cups, Sir Bedivere,
We drink with men tonight.

Call us the beautiful women
Of lithe and lissom grace —
Gwen of the golden tresses,
Elaine of the lovely face.

Play us triumphant marches
And lays of dear delight,
And deck the board with bay leaves,
We drink with men tonight.

In the purple of the twilight
They mounted their steeds of steel,
Rode into the skies of evening
On valourous wing and wheel.

From the darkling clouds of heaven
Came down the dastard foe.
And they fought as we fought before them
Twelve hundred years ago.

Into the rolling channel
Their steeds have plunged and are gone.
Now their clay lies with our clay
In the fields of Avalon.

Broach us a bottle, Lancelot,
And Gawain, trim the light,
Fill up the cups, Sir Bedivere,
We drink with men tonight.

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Italy - Through Untinted Glasses
"PSI"

Sicily had been bad — but Italy, the land of eternal sunshine, flowers and romance held out towards us, across the Straits of Messina, the tempting cornucopia of earthly Paradisical blessings which was an oasis to souls and bodies that had long endured the curses of a bedraggled shore. In our mind's eye how brilliantly the picture glowed! No rain, no mud; sunshine and warmth; magnificent scenery, ocean bathing; Latin dances and Latin customs; the Garden of Eden, brought up to date and just made to order for troops who had been long-denied the comforts and entertainments of a civilized people. Pre-war travel posters had made a deep and lasting impression. Travel agents had painted a glorious picture. Geographers had told of just the sort of climate every man, woman and child yearned for as his own.

And they lied! Oh, how they lied!

It was January — New Year's Day to be exact — when we found ourselves moving into a bivouac area on the side of a lovely gentle slope, some thirteen miles inland from Bari. The temperate breezes of which the Geography books had told us, were caressing the slope with fingers of balmy thoughtfulness. It was an idyllic spot. One could almost see Pan scampering across the grass, hot in pursuit of the woodland nymphs. Too warm it was to consider the immediate necessity of pitching tents — and besides, the rations had not arrived. No man wants to work when he hasn't eaten, especially in such heaven-like surroundings. Yet, barely an hour later, still without rations, we scrambled about vainly in a blinding snowstorm, chilled to the very soul, striving to hold down the sides of our little tents in a desperate effort to gain shelter. And there we sat, not just for one brief day, but for two solid weeks, soaking up the beautiful Italian winter weather. And how we soaked it up! From the ground, now frozen solid, we drew a clammy dampness; from the lovely "cold, clear" air, we absorbed every type of snow, rain and sleet that ever formed a part of the heavenly elements — and from the travel folders we drew deceitful consolation. Just wait 'till Spring.

Well, we waited. And the rains all but swept us from the hillsides around Fossacesia, Ortona and Lanciano. The mud threatened to engulf us and swallow us up as we slushed our way along the clearest and most solid of the paths. "Oh the verdant pastures green" sings Mendelssohn. How false that greenery was! Beneath its tempting surface lay feet of
the generally expressed belief that Italy is nothing more than a chain of mountains jutting out into the Mediterranean. It appeared to us to be more in line with the truth to state that Italy was just the muck that piled up after Noah had finished cleaning out his Ark. But, wait, the travel folder said. Wait until Summer. Well, we waited. There was nothing else to do.

And Summer came, in all her glory. It required no imaginative effort to realize the source from which Dante received his inspiration for his "Inferno". He must have been walking up the Liri valley sometime during the months of May and June. In every other country in the world, the sun beams. But not in Italy. There it laughs out loud — long and loud. And those verdant pastures green — what a transformation they underwent! Parched fields of dust, dust that stirred at every breath a man took; dust that infiltrated better than the odour of garlic: dust that laid a gentle mantle inches thick over every living creature, — plant, man and beast alike.

Dirty? Hot? Well, let me relate an instance to illustrate. For two days and nights we travelled in column over the mountains from Spoleto to Iesi, halting in the mid-day heat to rest both man and vehicle. On the occasion of one of these halts, the sight of a mountain stream below us in the valley was too much to resist. With but half an hour remaining before we must be on the road again, we scrambled down the mountain side, shed our clothes and plunged into the deep water by an old, dynamited power plant. Not only did we wash our bodies, but scrubbed our dust-coated clothes. We laid out the latter, creases set in pants, and folds set in shirts, to dry. Within the half hour we were back in our vehicles, and on the road again, our clothes bone-dry and sporting the finest creases they had had since they left the tailor. Within a minute we were as dirty as ever again.

And there is the story of the man who, in a dense cloud of dust, heard a scratching noise near the right ear. Unable to see, (though it was high noon) he reached up and his hand closed upon a small soft object. Flashing his torch he found himself clutching a frightened little mole. Of course that may be pure fantasy — but there is the ring of truth in it. A torch would have been an aid to seeing.

Why wander on about the climate? The Autumn weather amply lived up to all the expectancies prophesied by the other three seasons. In a few short months we had successfully debunked — to our own satisfaction, at any rate — the glorious weather tales the travel folders had told. But having perhaps unfairly, formed this opinion of Italian weather, it would be only just to look at another aspect of the country.

We had come, expecting to see marvelous scenery and in that respect, we were not disappointed. To those of us who could regard the natural beauties of the country with the unjaundiced eye of a true seer, Italy unfolded a panorama of never-tiring contrasts and breathless beauty that artists and poets through all ages the world over have tried to portray — unsuccessfully. The blue of the Italian sky, reflected as it is in the waters of her native seas and inland lakes, is a blue that can never be reproduced from the artist's palette. In the canopy of sky that overhangs that peninsula is the quiet beauty and solitude of ages that is never found in our Northern skies. There is a warmth and friendliness in its colour that strikes a personal note and makes a stranger to its domain an instant and constant friend. And that azure grandeur seems somehow imparted to the land it blesses. The pastel hues of the Italian countryside never jar the senses. The tender, hazy green of the olive groves, the brilliant green of the grass on the plain, the brown-green of the vineyards and the soft scarlet of scattered fields of poppies, all lull the beholder into a state of semi-consciousness, all but taking him body and soul from this earth. There are few views in this world more soul-striking than that of the Bay of Naples from the heights to the east overlooking the city, out over the waters of the Bay to the cone of Vesuvius beyond. On a quiet evening, with the sun almost blood-red sinking into the waters of a tranquil sea; the palms along the water front swaying gently in the evening breezes; the red sails of the small sailing boats in the bay dipping gracefully to the even swell, and the lazy, serpentine like column of vapour spiralling up from the tip of Vesuvius across the way, is a sight that has never failed to quiet a mind in turmoil, or transfuse a tired soul and body with a feeling of comfort and reverent awe.

And the languor and warmth which these scenes inspire flash into vivid relief beside the majesty and grandeur of the mountain ranges. Rough, rocky heights, that rise precipitously from sea-level to chilly upper levels seem still to speak out of a great power that will never fade away. Pine trees clothe the slopes of these silent witnesses to their land's past glory. In Springtime, from a thousand different sources, they send tumultuous streams crashing down their sides, sweeping all before them in what
seems a lusting dash for the sea. There the darker shades of earth stain and, for a space, overcome the salty waters. But with summer, as do the rivers of the plains, these streams dry up and their beds become the paths of the toiling peasant and the grimy charcoal burner. In the Fall, from their precipitous sides myriads of smoke spirals drift up the frosty mountain, silent sentinels, marking the camp of the lonely charcoal burner. The blanket of snow comes early, blocking the few man-made passages there are across those rocky peaks, filling the gorges with howling snow storms, tearing at the cliff sides and bowing defiance at any creature who dares to trespass on their slopes.

But there is yet another aspect of scenery that we must not overlook. From this rocky spine that is, according to cartographers, the backbone of Italy, one can look down to the plains and rolling lands below and see, laid out before him in neat little clusters of gleaming white, the towns and villages of the native folk. Or he can direct his gaze upward and see, on the mountain peaks and the summits of the lower hills, the castle-like structure of other small towns. The sight is indeed one which appears only to dreamers. But oh, the difference between dreams and reality.

By a torturous, almost death-defying trail, which passes muster for a road in rural Italy, we climbed to many of these villages. Though out of sight for much of the upward journey, as we approached, there were unmistakable signs of its imminent presence. Most noticeable was the odour which gently made its way on descending currents of air to our nostrils. An inexplicable odour — and an unmistakable one. Composed, as it was, of every conceivable sort of waste and decaying smells, it holds pre-eminence in the realm of aromas as being the most all-inclusive odour, evincing both human, animal and vegetable habitation dead and alive, known to man. To the newcomer, whose sense of smell had not become neutralized or worn out through overwork, it was possible to distinguish such predominate basic sources as barnyard manure, human excreta, fermenting grapes, mashed olives, chicken houses, sour wine, garlic and musty hay.

Guided by this aroma — certainly the path is poor director — we enter one of these little Italian hilltop villages, Montecilfone. A sharp right turn brings us suddenly abreast of an olive grove, in which a couple of woe-begone cows unenthusiastically search for grass. A pair of bedraggled goats wander forlornly around, looking, it seems, for nothing, and not particularly concerned whether or not they find it. Ahead, flanking the road on either side, are rectangular constructions of mud and rock, coated in spots with a flaky type of whitewash. Each particular building looks exactly like the other, except where flashes of prosperity have left one or two of them with a scant iron balcony jutting out from the side, for all the world like a wart on the side of a crone's face. The road bends sharply left again as the summit is reached, and there ahead of us, attended by three or four poverty stricken women of unpredictable age, stands the precinct's water spout. A perpetual stream of water dribbles down the side of the street, carrying with it, in it muddied flow, all manner of refuse. Along the street on both sides trudge women, balancing upon their heads huge urns, filled with water, and scampering along beside them are small hordes of fat little youngsters, dressed in tattered shirts to their "middles" — and mud and other foreign matter from there down.

Attached to various corner buildings, like long-forgotten hitching posts, are figures which might well be the last remnants of Napoleon's great Army — the Carbonneri. Every hamlet, town and city in Italy is the proud possessor of a small force of these harrassed and dejected looking individuals. They are the Law and Order, and the small carbine slung over their shoulder gives them, in many cases, their only visible means of support — moral and physical. Their companions in their semi-outcast world are the chickens and piglets that scratch and root around in the filth and mud of the streets. The chickens with the small children, make up the larger percentage of the population of any Italian centre of life, be it private home or cosmopolitan city. The chickens, in fact, seem the liveliest members of the Italian community.

Plodding wearily along the street, head down, ears almost brushing the ground, comes a sad looking creature, a mule. His back may be piled with bundles of faggots, or he may carry two barrels, far bigger than himself, strapped to his sides. Poor creature. Enjoying, as he does, the greatest esteem of the family who owns him, he seems still to bemoan his wretched lot. Grey, silent, morose and dejected, he is the walking outcast world are the chickens and piglets that scratch and root around the ground, comes a sad looking creature, a mule. His back may be piled with bundles of faggots, or he may carry two barrels, far bigger than himself, strapped to his sides. Poor creature. Enjoying, as he does, the greatest esteem of the family who owns him, he seems still to bemoan his wretched lot. Grey, silent, morose and dejected, he is the walking delegate who speaks volumes for the people, conditions and spirit amid which he lives. There is an unapproachable majesty about his person, and in his obdurate silence one reads the last records of a struggling will to be great. There is a sadness, deep-rooted in his heart that would tell you of many shattered hopes, many valiant visions, if it had but the strength to exert itself. And there is a humble pride of soul that to the stranger shines out, as the light of ignorant folly — the folly that he had
The Mitre

no control over and never will have — the folly that begat him.

And in the mule, that lowly, plodding grey, Italian mule we found the epitome of the Italian people. It may be a harsh thing to say; but we are certain that the mule will never complain.

This is the first of three articles entitled “Italy — Through Untinted Glasses”

The Spirit or the Body

L. Cassar

The spirit quoth the churchman,
Frees you from sin and strife,
The spirit vowed the churchman,
Gives you eternal life.

The body said the layman,
Gives me my looks and might,
When the question is a woman
No soul I see in sight.

The spirit sang the churchman,
Gives you a comfort true,
The world becomes a haven,
From Satan’s cursed crew.

The body said the layman,
Gives me my weekly due,
Try giving the spirit a shovel
And see what it can do.

The wild crowd grows the wilder,
For them the layman’s taste,
The mild crowd grows the milder,
For them the churchman’s fate.

Confusion great, grows confusion greater,
Draws a child’s disdain,
Why don’t we join the two of them
And let’s have peace again.

A Trek To Freedom

M. J. Seeley

The recent war demonstrated to the world that human ingenuity, bravery and endurance were factors present in almost unlimited quantity in most individuals. The following story, as told to F/L W. Jones, R.C.A.F., of Lennoxville, by Captain R. J. Mahony of the Burma P. & T. Signals Depot, Pioneer Press Building, Allahabad, United Provinces, India, ranks high among those tales of endurance and bravery. That officer, a former civil servant of the Burmese Government, was employed by the Burma Post and Telegraph Company when the war in Burma started, and along with many other whites in the northern outposts helped defend the Burma Road and had to make a forced trek of some 375 miles to escape the Jap invaders. The hardships, privations and dangers of the trek route were too much for most of the group, and many people simply dropped by the wayside in the jungle trails to die slow deaths from vermin, jungle rodents and disease.

It is hard to listen to Captain Mahony tell his story, without strong feelings of pity and even twinges of conscience at our own easy lot. To attempt to relate the incidents in any way but the chronology he used, or to alter too materially the crisp notes taken by Flight Lieutenant Jones by dim, flickering lamp-light in the far-off Indian hills two years ago, would be to detract from the vividness of the trek described by Captain Mahony.

The lean, dark skinned Captain, nervously crossed his legs and lit his pipe. He told his story without hesitation, but his voice betrayed his emotion many times. He spoke quickly, and only paused to puff his pipe. His voice, against the stillness of the Indian night, was tense, as he related these incidents.

“In civilian life I was in the Burma Post and Telegraph, a branch of the Burmese Civil Service. When the war in Burma started, those in Southern Burma were put into uniform at once and made to serve in the Burmese Army Signal Corps. In a short time those of us in the Burma P & T were also put into uniform, for the war did not take long to approach the northern sector of the country. I was put in charge of all the communications on the Burma-China highway, the last means of supply for the hard-pressed troops of Chiang Kai-shek. My headquarters was at Maymo, near Lashio where the Burma Highway actually starts. Lashio was the railhead for supplies; from there, North-Eastwards, a
treacherous, winding road leads into China. Maymo is just 42 miles north of Mandalay, and is a hill-station, where I lived with my wife and family.

I was Commissioned in March of 1942, and spent three months in the Burma forces before the trek to India started. Government evacuation had started early in the month in which I was Commissioned, and my wife and five children were sent out via the Tamu Route that same month. The Tamu Route was well organized, with camps at various points along the trek where food was supplied to all evacuees. All using the route had to walk, though it was not nearly as bad as the later trek.

With the approach of the enemy our small force in the north had to evacuate. My stepping off point into the jungle was Mogoung, 35 miles south of Myitkinia. We had been forced to retreat into Northern Sagaing, and being completely cut off in that jungle area between the Chinese Yun Nan province, and the district of Manipur on the Indian Nega Hills, had to cut our way through the wilderness to reach safety.

I spent over a month on the trek, some 375 miles long, all but the first 82 miles of which were jungle. The survivors of the defense of Myitkinia had to decide to either stay and be taken prisoners or, do as we did, and trek through the jungle paths to India, and safety. Myitkinia fell on the 6th of May, and about 2,000 started to walk out with me, many of whom never reached the Indian border, due to sickness, fatigue, lack of medical aid or the rough nature of the terrain. We picked up as much rice as we could comfortably carry at various rice dumps along the way, and a few food parcels were dropped to us by air at the 152nd and 182nd miles. There was no proper organization or distribution, things were more or less a scramble and only a few benefitted from these stores.

There were a few confinement spots for women along the route. Instructions were given to the husband of one confined woman, by a second man, hiding behind a nearby tree. I doubted very much whether even he knew very much about delivering a child! The tragedy and mass suffering evident all about me was almost unbearable. One policeman's wife and two small children suddenly collapsed on the side of the trail. All three were sick and exhausted. The policeman eventually shot them, and saved his last bullet for himself, when he realized they couldn't go any further. Two other tragic cases, both in my own section, touched me, both at the 182nd milestone. One man died from malaria and the second from exhaustion. We just left them where they collapsed, since there was nothing else we could do for them.

No assistance of any kind could be given those who fell out of the trek through sickness, exhaustion or injury. We had no medicine, no doctors! We just pushed on, leaving the stragglers by the wayside to die. All we could do was wish them "good luck". Cholera and malaria took the greatest toll of the trekkers. In fact I had dysentry most of the way out, and it was only the quick termination of the trip that saved me. We all had leeches to contend with, too, and they played hell with those who were not properly clothed. Despite the difficulties and hardships, many women in the party trekked out "beautifully", although many died on the way. One sad case that I met with still haunts me. I met two ladies, with a small child, sitting on the side of the track in the Haukaung Valley. One of them said,

"We have had all our jewels stolen and our feet have gone septic from leech bites and walking, and we can't go on!"

I gave them a tin of bully beef and pushed on. A little while later I found a Miss Lafleur, a Burmese telephone operator, lying in the mud on the side of the road. A similar fate had befallen her. I left her another precious tin of bully beef, and a little water, and pushed on. There was nothing we could do for those unfortunate people. We were nearly dead ourselves, and was fruitless to try and drag stragglers out.

As we approached the frontier between Burma and Assan, the tea planters provided us with rest camps along the route and gave us food and medical attention. They did all in their power to make the balance of our trek to the border more comfortable.

The whole journey was a nightmare from beginning to end. We had no idea where we were heading and we just sort of played "follow the leader", hoping that the Indian border was not too far off.

One of my NCO's, Sergeant Grimes, was subsequently awarded the George Medal for his action in saving the lives of three or four women and children who, along with forty other people, had been swept away by the swift current of a stream. Sgt. Grimes was the first to notice that a group were being carried down the river by the current, and diving into the swirling stream, succeeded in bringing three or four to safety. Forty at least lost their lives in that river crossing alone.

I reached Calcutta, India, on the 19th of June, 1942, where I reported to my unit HQ and was given a month's leave. The following day I was supposed to report to the Medical Officer, and was in such a terrible state, due to dysentry, that I was afraid I couldn't make it. I did get to see him though, and told him I was just suffering from
exhaustion, for I had visions of spending my leave with my wife and family in the Murree Hills, where they had been assigned a cottage by the army on their arrival from Burma. The doctor recommended that I go into hospital immediately, but I managed to persuade him to let me go to my family. Knowing nothing about my dysentery, he agreed, and I left by rail immediately, for Rawalpindi, in the Punjab.

Rawalpindi is the railhead for Murree, and from that point onwards I had to travel by motor for some miles. After another tiresome trip, this time by pack-horse and mule, I arrived within three quarters of a mile of Murree. Having made no arrangements for horses, etc., I had to walk this last stretch of up-hill, winding road. It nearly killed me. After the trek, the long rail, motor and horse trip, and it required all the exertion I could muster to make it. While passing along the road I passed two children on horse-back coming out of a military canteen. I did not recognize them at first, but after staring a few moments, recognized them as my daughters. I had lost so much weight and looked so haggard that they, too, had difficulty in recognizing me. With a shout I ran to them, and was so pleased to be with them that I forgot about riding to the little bungalow. I staggering along beside them like a drunken man. Within two days I was in the Murree hospital. I spent the next two months there.

The story of my wife's trek was uneventful, though difficult. On her arrival in Calcutta she had reported to my unit Commanding Officer, who had assigned her the bungalow at Murree, and given her a weekly allowance of 40 rupees all the time I was away.

While I was convalescing we often spoke of Burma, for we both loved the country, especially the Shan States on the China border. The Burmese people there are fair, with rosy cheeks, and their dress is very fascinating and simple. They are a clean race, and in our estimation poles apart from their neighbours, the Indians. The average Burman is hospitable, loves gambling and is a hail-fellow-well-met type. We are both looking forward to the day when we can return to Maymo and try to forget the horrors of the trek and the defence of the Burma Road."

Captain Mahony sucked at his pipe which had long since gone out, and pointed out to his Canadian guest the moon coming into view at the end of the verandah, said poignantly, "Some day, that moon will shine on the Mahony family in Burma again. Please God, make it soon!"

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**The Mitre**

**My Future**

Stephen G. May

Can it be that I shall ever
Call myself M.A., D.D.?
Can it be, like Alexander,
I'll receive an LL.D.?

No! 'Tis not for me, poor mortal,
To receive, "Honoris Causa."
Anything which bears the name
Of attainment gained "Cum Laude."

I can only hope to stay here
Locked behind these old red walls
Studying, "Jure Dignitatus."
Through the passing Springs and Falls.

Verily my brother, listen!
Take a heedful word from me,
You must be a public figure
If you wish for a degree.

"You will struggle, will you conquer?"
All my bright professors say.
Like the Englishman, "Oi dought's it".
I shall ne'er be Doctor May.

But I'll try my final papers
Getting "D" with hopes for "A"
And finally, failing supplementals,
Wash my hands of D.V.A.

Sorry, I have erred dear fellows,
D. V. A. will split with me;
I shall get no further bonus,
Nor a university degree.

But, because of observations,
I have made at U. B. C.
I may spend a blissful lifetime,
With a "hotpoint" brewing tea.

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Reminiscence
D. W. Burns

Old Mr. Hart sat down in his easy chair and waited for his grandson to bring his pipe and slippers. Then he leaned back and puffed contentedly. As was the custom of people of his age, his thoughts went back to his youth. The lad by his side watched the changing facial expressions, now a broad grin, now a tenseness peculiar to Mr. Hart. The boy understood and asked for a story.

"Well, son as I sat here listening to the rain beating against the window I thought of a night long ago when our gang was operating. It happened to be Hallowe'en. We were out for a good time and sometimes our fun got beyond control. You see, son, we didn't have meetings every night of the week to keep ourselves out of mischief as you have."

"But, gramp, what happened that night?"

"O, yes, we older men sometimes forget what we are talking about. We met in that building over there which Mr. Williams is now using for a garage. As we stood there with the wind howling outside, our spirits rose. We felt that this was an appropriate setting for our plans.

Well, son, before the evening was over we deposited the milkman's wagon (minus its wheels) on the lawn of the hotel. The wheels were hidden in different places not too difficult to find. Next morning an angry milkman made his deliveries about ten o'clock. Our second prank has made me ashamed of my thoughtlessness. At the time it seemed harmless enough. My task was to climb onto the roof of a house which was easy to reach and to place a pane of glass over the chimney. It was great fun to see the occupants of the house come out coughing. But we had no thought of their bedridden mother whose lungs were affected before the air could be cleared.

About this time we began to feel hungry so we decided to sneak up to Tom McCarney's place and steal a few apples. But we were in for a surprise. Mr. McCarney was waiting for us and his trusty shot-gun swung into action, thus our evening ended in confusion. When we reached our homes we were a pretty scared group of boys."

"Gee, gramp, you must have had fun when you were young. I'd like to be able to play tricks like you used to, gramp."

"Son, my story isn't finished yet. Next morning I was summoned before the Justice of the Peace and was given the most severe lecture of my life. The thought of the foolhardy deed which I had done the night before burned itself into my mind. Since that time it has always been with some feeling of shame that I face the citizens of this town.

Halloween has been changing every year but I believe it is, getting more sensible, especially in the smaller towns. Your boy's clubs and your Cub meetings are designed to keep your spare time occupied so that you won't have time to get into trouble. Yes, I believe you are on the right foot when you dress up in your Cub uniform and do someone a good turn instead of creating a disturbance and damaging property."

"I guess you're right, gramp," said the boy, as he put the cat out and prepared to go to bed.

The Stack Room
Eiuvion Owen

How easy it is to exemplify the melancholy platitude that the light reading of yesterday becomes the heavy reading of today. How impossible it is for us at this date to recapture those delicious, ineffable sensations aroused in the bosoms of our great-grandparents by The Heir of Redclyffe or Lady Audley's Secret. Even King Solomon's Mines is known to schoolboys of today merely as the name of a movie, and college students have the effrontery to expect some tangible recognition when they have ploughed their way through The History of Mr. Polly. Such being the fate that befalls the light reading of the days that are gone — if only just gone — how fatuous, one would suppose, must be the attempt to work up any enthusiasm over books that were intended in the first instance to provide our all too gullible forefathers with instruction and edification rather than with mere entertainment. And yet it must be obvious that this is precisely the kind of material that the serious student of the culture of any particular period must be concerned to investigate. To reconstruct the mentality of bygone ages is not enough — often is it disastrous — to become familiar merely with its literary masterpieces or with its philosophical classics. The educated man of the days of Charles II no doubt found much to ponder over in The Leviathan, but so do we all; he could guffaw over Hudibras, snigger over The Country Wife, be dazzled by the brilliance of MacFlecknoe, and be intoxicated by the honied words of the lord Bishop of Down and Connor. But Wycherley and Butler
and Dryden and Jeremy Taylor had nothing exclusive in their appeal. That they flourished in a certain period is indeed of great significance, but we react to them today in much the same way as their contemporaries did. To learn about the idiosyncrasies of those contemporaries we must turn to the kind of reading that they did because they felt that they had to or because they wanted the latest information on some much-discussed topic or some other reason not necessarily in the least connected with the book's literary character.

But where are we to find these vestiges of dead ideas? Is there in our vicinity any repository of long forgotten literary lumber where we can conveniently study the strange tastes and obsolete fancies of far-off epochs? The answer to such a question is provided by the theme of this article. I doubt whether many of our college politicians have felt much of an urge to throw open the very commonplace looking door directly opposite the entrance of the Students' Council's sanctum. That very ordinary door, you may be surprised to learn, will admit you to the library stack-room, a gloomy chamber where the light never penetrates into the corner you happen to be interested in and where the mousy aroma of disintegrating folios combined with the pulverized vellum in the atmosphere has a peculiar effect upon your respiration and metabolism. But let us boldly advance into this selva oscura and expose ourselves to its strange exhalations.

Among the very first volumes on the shelf next the door we find the Works of Dr. Thomas Sydenham the great court physician of Restoration days, whose writings for many years after his death remained the most authoritative pronouncements on medical science. What a pleasant feeling of superiority it gives us to glance through Dr. Sydenham's prescriptions. And yet surely life has lost something of its poetry now that pearl julep is no longer indicated as a specific. To make pearl julep you took the distilled waters of black cherries and milk, each three ounces; small cinnamon water, an ounce; prepared pearl, a dram and a half; fine sugar, enough to sweeten it; and rose water, half an ounce. Mix it together", Dr. Sydenham continues, "for a julep, of which let the patient take four or five spoonfuls when he is faint. But if faintness in the seventeenth century had its compensations, hysteria was more crudely dealt with by the following procedure: "Take of galbanum (dissolved in tincture of castor and strained off) three drams; tacamahac, two drams; make a plaster thereof, to be spread on leather and applied to the navel". Iron filings taken twice a day also proved helpful for hysterical patients and the various drenches and boluses prescribed for this distemper and for hypochondria contained among other ingredients orange peel, red coral, oil of turpentine, and candied angelica. Venice treacle, of course was good for practically anything.

And here on the next shelf is a tattered and dusty copy of that greatest of all seventeenth century best sellers, Eikon Basilike, the Pourtricture of His Sacred Majesty in His Solitudes and Sufferings. What a strange fascination this singular and tedious document possessed for contemporary readers, who bought up forty-seven editions one after another despite the frowns of those in power and the vehement refutation penned by Milton himself. For here we have what purport to be the ipsissima verba of the royal martyr; and even though Dr. Gauden came later to be regarded as the author, it is here that we can still find one of the best interpretations of Charles I's tragic personality. Who indeed can even now read unmoved that poignant expression (all the more poignant for its awkwardness) of remorse for compliance in Strafford's destruction, "and act of so sinful frailty that that is discovered more a fear of man than of God, whose name and place on earth no man is worthy to bear who will avoid inconveniences of state by acts of so high injustice as no public inconvenience can expiate or compensate."

The genuine piety of King Charles I was nothing extraordinary for that age, nor even in the days of his disillusioned son was there any real falling off in the popular appeal of devout compositions. It is an elementary though common error to divide mid-seventeenth England into two rigidly defined classes — snivelling Roundheads on the one hand, ribald Cavaliers on the other. That some parliamentarians were altogether human becomes evident to all who come to know the shrewd wit of Selden's Table Talk or the broad sympathy of Baxter's Cases of Conscience (both books, needless to say, are in the stack-room, as is also The Saints Everlasting Rest, the favorite reading of the immortal Mrs. Glegg). The average royalist's concern for religion becomes patent at the first cursory glance over the stack-room shelves. Here repose, undisturbed by generations of theological students, tome upon tome of homilies and disquisitions by non-jurors and high flyers and latitudinarians — Andrews and Mede and Stillingfleet and endless lesser luminaries crowded together with the inevitable sets of Tillston and Pearson and Barrow and the perhaps slightly mundane productions of Bishop Gilbert Burnet, the most trusted ghostly adviser of King William of Orange. Here too we find the Discourses of John Smith, who died in 1652 at the age of thirty-
four, a book that surely deserved to become a classic though there are not
many now that have ever heard of it. It is in Smith’s Discourses that we
encounter the admirable definition of superstition as “such an apprehen­sion
of God in the thought of men as rends Him grievous and burdensome
to them, and so destroys all free and cheerful converse with Him; begetting
in the stead thereof a forced and jejune devotion, void of inward life
and love.” And again, it is the Rev. John Smith, and not Plato, who
affirms that “true religion never finds itself out of the infinite sphere of
the Divinity, and wherever it finds beauty, harmony, goodness, love,
ingenuousness, wisdom, holiness, justice, and the like, it is ready to say,
here and there is God; wheresoever any such perfections shine out, a holy
sunbeam climbs up by these sunbeams and raises itself to God.” Such
lofty idealism was far less unusual among seventeenth century divines
than it has often been in more recent theological literature.

And here lying on a heap of rubbish we have the original 1686
edition of Sir John Chardin’s Travels into Persia and the East Indies, a
much bedraggled copy but adorned with fantastic copperplates that are
a joy for ever, depicting among other things an inhabitant of Colchis
wearing snowshoes, and the ancient city of Erivan with Mt. Ararat in
the background and Noah’s ark on top of the mountain. Chardin, a
Huguenot jeweller, sought refuge in England on the revocation of the
Edict of Nantes and proceeded to publish this splendid narrative of his
travels as a dealer in precious stones, which took him across the Euxine
to the land of the Golden Fleece and on to the shores of the Caspian and
the Persian Gulf and even to the valley of the Indus. Chardin’s account
of Persia is more valuable than that of any previous European traveller
and is written in a style that is as restrained as it is vivid. We are told
of the scorpions that infest the region of Cashan, “yet for my part (thanks
be to God) I never saw any in all the time I passed through the country”;
and of the tomb of Fatima in the city of Kom, overlaid with tiles of China
and enclosed with a grate of massy silver crowned at each corner with
large apples of fine gold; and the bazaars at Tauris, the fairest that are
in any place in Asia; and the incomparable royal grapes of Casbin, that
make the strongest and most luscious wine in the world. The volume of
the Travels in the library has the great interest of being an autograph
presentation copy, bearing on its title page in faded ink the inscription.
“For ye Lord High Chancellor of England by H. L. most humble and
most obedient servant, Chardin.” The lord Chancellor in 1686 was
George Jeffreys, whom I understand it is now fashionable to regard as

a mild sort of fellow at bottom. Still Jeffreys must have felt a certain
interest in the attitude of Hali-Kouli-Kn and his chief justice towards the
Armenians. “Was ever such a watchless piece of impudence heard of?”
asked the Chief Justice. “Thou speak’st reason,” replied the prince;
“they deserve my displeasure and to be punished. Send, and let their
guts be ripped up. They are dogs.”

And now there is one more book that I must mention, a book publish­
ed in the last year of the seventeenth century which has remained from
that day to this the greatest tour de force in the whole history of English
classical scholarship. As that is exactly the kind of book that nobody
would now dream of looking at, it has naturally been relegated to the
dimmest and dustiest corner of the stackroom. It is entitled A Dissertation
upon the Epistles of Phalaris with an Answer to the Objections of the
Hon. C. Boyle, and the author was Richard Bentley, D.D., Chaplain
in Ordinary and Library-keeper to His Majesty. Bentley’s masterpiece of
scholarly controversy, which, as Jebb says, marked the beginning of a
new epoch in criticism, means little to the modern student of English
literature except that he may feel obliged to refer to it politely in
connection with Sir William Temple and the Battle of the Books. And
yet even he might find a certain stimulus in an academic dissertation of
whose universal style the following argument is a far specimen: “Mr.
B. adds a passage of Vibius Sequester that Taurominium had its name
from the river Taurominium that runs by it. And he infers that there might
be a people Tauromenites. The gentleman loves to surprise us with a
consequence; a river Taurominium; ergo a people Tauromenites. Now
if the Tauromenites were a sort of fish, this argument drawn from the
river would be of great force But with submission to Mr. B’s better
judgment I humbly conceive the Tauromenites were flesh and blood
like the rest of the Sicilians.”

But alas what do we care for Taurominium or Thericlean cups or
the laws of Charondas? If Macaulay were alive today, he could scarcely
assume that every schoolboy had heard even of Phalaris’ brazen bull.
Our schoolboys, of course, know much that Macaulay knew nothing of;
and on the whole they succeed in equipping themselves rather adequately
for the kind of situations they are likely encounter. Yet the completeness
of our separation from the culture of the past is not without disastrous
consequences, and it is this calamitous divorce that is mournfully symbolized
by the dust-laden air of the stack-room, the mildewed, neglected quartos,
and the metamorphosis of what was once a vital source of enlightenment
into the equivalent of a charnel-house.
Book Reviews

A Lion is in the Streets, by Adria Locke Langley. Whittlesley House, 1945. 482 p.

The transformation of a Southern demagogue into a local dictator is the subject of Mrs. Langley's absorbing novel, *A Lion is in the Streets.*

The story is set in the bayou country of Louisiana and centres around Hank Martin, a noisy but lovable pack-peddlar who rises spectacularly from a sharecropper's cabin to the governor's mansion.

With promises of good roads and free textbooks, and with hints of a more even distribution of wealth, Hank, the 'kindlin' man, builds up a state-wide political organization of poor whites. But once in power, his plans become selfish, and aided by gangsters and professional politicians, he capitalizes to the utmost on mass ignorance and legalized injustice. His assassination marks the climax of a notorious career that is in many respects similar to that of the late Huey P. Long.

The highlights of Hank Martin's rise and fall are revealed, through the flash-back method, by his wife Verity, who shared and stimulated his early enthusiasm for improving the lot of the down-trodden, and whose love still persisted in spite of heartbreak, struggle and disillusionment.

*A Lion is in the Streets* is reminiscent of much of the fiction of the 1930's which sought to expose certain evil conditions, but was without any suggestion of remedy, — written merely in the hope that exposure might lead to remedy.

Even so, Mrs. Langley has revealed herself as a keen student of social history and has evidently done careful research into the lore of the Magnolia state. Her background is authentic, her characters typical and her use of regional dialect effective and colourful. A good imagination, coupled with a lively style and a sense of the dramatic, help to make this one of the best remembered novels of the year.


Mr. Upton Sinclair considers himself an historian, but it is well to keep in mind his own explanation, "When I say historian, I have a meaning of my own. I portray world events in story form because that form is the one I have been trained in. I realize this was the one job for which I had been born: to put the period of world wars and revolutions into a great long novel."

The first instalment of that great long novel made its appearance in 1940 with the publication of *World's End,* and since then Mr. Sinclair has faithfully added a new volume each year; so that now, with *A World to Win,* he has brought his great cyclorama of twentieth-century world history almost abreast with our own times.

Volume seven, which covers the years 1940-1942, runs true to form — with its fabulous hero, Lanny Budd (now a special confidential agent to President Roosevelt) always on the spot just before the unfolding of every important crisis in Europe.

Posing as an art connoisseur, Lanny travels everywhere without suspicion, and being on intimate terms with the mighty and notorious of Europe, he is in a position to report regularly to F. D. R. on the next European move.

Hess discusses with Lanny his proposed flight to England, Hitler confides to him his plans for invading Russia, and Professor Einstein gives him private seminars on the atomic bomb. There are risks involved, of course, and Lanny is captured by French patriots, thrown out of England, involved in a plane crash and is in Hong Kong on the day of Pearl Harbour. But all turns out well and the book ends with Lanny in the Kremlin drinking a toast with Stalin.

A touch of romance is added too, for after due deliberation, Lanny enters upon his third matrimonial adventure. But even the love scenes are unconvincing and fail to relieve the monotony of a story that is both tedious and incredible.

*A World to Win* is neither history nor fiction. The best that can be said of it is that it should prove a gift to Hollywood — for here, in seven convenient parts, is the material for a perfect movie serial, — up-to-date, with thrilling episodes, and a hero who combines the skill of Superman with the wisdom of Charlie Chan and the charms of Clark Gable.


On behalf of fantasy, let us now invoke all beings who inhabit the lower air, the shallow water, and the smaller hills, all Fauns and Dryads, and slips of the memory, all verbal coincidences, Pans and puns, all that is mediaeval this side of the grave."

*Mistress Masham's Repose* is intended for those readers who are willing to meet that very special demand made upon them by presence of the supernatural in a story. If you are still young enough in heart and spirit to enter the realm of fantasy, you will enjoy Mr. White's fascinating tale in which a ten-year old girl invades a world of six-inch adults.
The Mitre

Mistress Masham's Repose is the story of Maria (rather precocious orphan) who lived at Malplaquet (an old rambling castle) with an oppressive governess (subject to headaches) and a kindly cook (who used to ride her bicycle along the corridors when she had to answer the door-bell.)

It was during one of Miss Brown's attacks that Maria, left to her own devices, came upon the plastered temple known as Mistress Masham's Repose, and discovered there a whole colony of Lilliputians in exile.

It appears that Captain Biddle to whom Samuel Gulliver not only gave two small cattle but revealed also the latitude of Lilliput, had straightway returned there and carried off thirteen of the inhabitants whom he later exhibited in shows throughout England. But on one occasion when he had been invited to appear at the Palace of Malplaquet he dined with more than customary indulgence before setting out, with the result that on the way, overcome by drowsiness he was obliged to dismount and rest. The Lilliputians took this opportunity to escape, and using their traveling box as a boat, they managed to reach a small island in the centre of a small lake, where they cleverly concealed themselves and where for more than two hundred years their descendants had lived with remarkable ingenuity.

At first Maria played the role of a benevolent despot, but after a few unfortunate incidents, she learned to treat the Lilliputians as civilized grown-ups. It was as well, for Miss Brown eventually learned Maria's secret and she and the wicked vicar (who was Maria's guardian) locked their charge in the castle dungeon (which was complete with Rack, Axe and Block). But the Lilliputians rallied to the rescue of their Child Mountain, and with the assistance of a kindly professor, the bicycle-riding cook and a fox-hunting Lieutenant, Maria is rescued and the wicked couple punished as they justly deserved.

Mistress Masham's Repose is excellently illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg, whose drawings are both appropriate and amusing and add considerably to the enjoyment of a book which combines wit with whimsy and is written with a charm which is irresistible.

C. Oakley

Days and Nights, by Konstantin Simonov. Hutchinson Int. Authors Ltd. 244 p. ("Dedicated to the Memory of those who Died for Stalingrad").

The USSR places considerable limitations on its artists. Shostakovich was recently pulled up by Mr. Uestiev in Culture and Life, for lack of adherence to Soviet ideology in his Ninth Symphony. If a man's art must conform with an ideology, he has comparatively little scope. Konstantin Simonov, working within these limitations, has managed to make a fairly successful novel of Days and Nights.

Since I began to read the book with considerable prejudice, I was agreeably surprised to find comparatively little crusading. Throughout the first part of the novel I had the impression that the shadow of the Kremlin fell over the writer's shoulder and clouded his vision, but as the novel developed he became more interested in his characters and they came vividly to life. I strongly suspect that he was commissioned to write a moral and inspiring epic about the siege of Stalingrad which would be a shining example of Soviet virtus to the future generations of Russia. If we suppose this was the case, Simonov has succeeded. If we judge Days and Nights as a novel from our western standpoint, it has succeeded also. For Simonov shows, whether by intent or accident the way war brings out the best in men. He shows how, in war, the ordinary, conventional values of everyday life are subordinated and the fundamental, eternal, human values come to the surface. This is equally true of Russians, Canadians and Chinese. Days and Nights has succeeded as a novel because it has made clear one of the eternal verities. When I consider that Author Simonov probably wrote Days and Nights because he was told to do so, I feel that he is to be congratulated on making a novel out of it. Most writers, when called upon to write something for a special occasion, produce mediocre work.

The setting of the story is the siege of Stalingrad. The novel traces the life of one man, Captain Alexei Saburov, throughout the course of the siege. Comrade Alexei Ivanovich is a hero in the old sense of the word. He is all that a fine upstanding citizen of the Soviet Socialist Republic and officer of the Soviet Army should be. If he has any faults, Author Simonov chooses to ignore them. He does brave deeds and he does them in a frame of mind fitting to a good Soviet. He falls in love, also in a manner befitting a man of his station, with an Army nurse who is a paragon Soviet female virtue. There is no sloppy sentimentality about
The Mitre, no lurid sexuality. The first few love-scenes are even a trifle strained and awkward. So far Days and Nights is an epic. There are some vivid, realistic, and highly instructive descriptions of the house-to-house street fighting in Stalingrad. There are some large pills of propaganda, very thickly coated with sugar.

Then, about a quarter of the way through the book, the author warms to his subject. His characters gradually come to life and one sees them as individuals, not as indistinguishable entities of a foreign army. And as their particular characteristics emerge their personalities take on a universal significance. Young Mashennikov, Sakurov’s aide de camp, could be any twenty year old boy thrown too early into a life of war. Sergeant Konyukov could be any veteran soldier of World War I, fighting with a younger generation, the Germans for a second time. Their dialogue ceases to imply Soviet ideology and becomes the colloquial, slangy talk of army men the world over. The soldiers are homesick. They miss their wives and children or their girls. They miss the schi (cabbage soup) that mother used to make, and the good times they had at the Young Communist League get-togethers. Sergeant Konyukov makes a slightly off-colour joke and one feels a sudden sense of kinship. These Russians are human after all. But the epic virtues of the defenders of Stalingrad remain. They are implicit in these simple, homely things, yet they transcend them and leave the reader with a deeper understanding and appreciation of human values.

The character portrayal is good. It shows keen observation and a sympathetic understanding of human nature.

The style of writing is simple and straightforward, reminding one of an old Scand saga. In fact the whole novel is rather like one of those old sagas. It is an epic, it praises the good old virtues of men who are men, who are courageous, kind, loyal, and quick-willed in emergencies. It respects womanhood, while accepting woman as the equal of man.

The style and subject matter of Days and Nights are refreshing after the decadent sensationalism of our own contemporary novels. There is no pre-occupation with sex in Days and Nights. It is taken as an ordinary fact and there is neither sentimental rhapsodizing nor robust crudity in Simonov’s love-scenes. He writes of love with admirable restraint, yet tenderness, an example which might well be followed by some of our own novelists. He doesn’t lapse into stream-of-consciousness writing, realizing that actions speak louder than sub-conscious meanderings. It is a relief to find nobody getting psycho-analysed. He deals very well with action, and creates suspense without deliberately building up a plot. Things happen ordinarily, as they would in life, yet his story does not lose interest thereby. The vivid and accurate descriptions of fighting suggest that Simonov was an eye-witness of the siege.

I think that our contemporary novelists could learn much from Simonov. I think that all readers must necessarily find his novel refreshing after the variations on Freud to which we are perpetually subjected.

In that respect, these Exchange notes are aimed at dealing with those other changes, and I propose to deal with them through the medium of a commentary on those overseas University publications which have reached my desk this term. They have caught and continue to hold onto the right spirit of the Undergraduate publications.

The “Sphinx” (University of Liverpool) in its editorial of June this year puts the whole problem in a nutshell. I quote from that editorial. “The University has lost touch with the concept of a University as a centre of the search for truth, and become a centre for the mass distribution of truths already known”. “The Mitre” during my short association with it, has reflected that statement, and, excepting the Faculty members (and one wonders sometimes if they ought to be) the University members
as a whole have been the living embodiment of that statement. It is quite sometime since any controversial or thought-provoking issues have been submitted for publication for this magazine. Articles have consistently followed in the lighter vein, or been the re-statement of something we have all known and that has become somewhat hackneyed from constant association. This is a University Undergraduate Magazine—your magazine. Pull the lead out of channels of your atrophied brains. Put your controversial beliefs or problems on paper in article form. The literary composition of "The Mitre" needs an "O" group blood transfusion, and all you undergraduates, who have weathered one term's work, can supply it. Donate—or "The Mitre's" circulation will cease from the lack of red corpuscles; and with its cessation, the strong voice of Bishop's will cease to be heard any further than the main road.

I enjoyed the overseas exchanges this term. They were alive. They carried vigour in every line—a punch in every paragraph. They left me thinking, and refreshed when I had finished. Their wit has been keen and subtle—and original. The "Modest Proposal"—a treatise on how to deal with freshmen—from the "Sphinx" still gives me many a chuckle. (And not a few ideas.) Pierre Dubreux's "Our Youth's Hope" in "The Arrows" (University of Sheffield) gives a clear, first-hand account of life, and in particular, Communism as it is (or isn't) in Belgium, which I found the most cheering and enlightening news from Europe since VE Day. The little Codrington College (Barbados) magazine, with its student body of nineteen, in one of a series of articles entitled "Travels in Khaki" presents as pretty a picture of Canada as I have seen in many a day. The "Nonsuch" (University of Bristol) impressed me immensely with its direct approach to controversial issues of the day and its frank utterances of praise or censure of the same; its challenge "Let us be students and not the pawns of emotional propaganda" is one all students everywhere would do well to act upon.

And, finally, I have "lifted" the following parody from the "Nonsuch" and misquote it slightly here. May those who have read this far—be they graduate or undergraduate—read on; and act upon the plea it makes.

"Milton". Thou should'st be living at this hour. "The Mitre" hath need of thee: the student pen
Covers the shameful page yet once again With slight effusion. Thy majestic power
We know not, nor have culled the gent'ler flower Of Poet's dreaming. We are stupid men.
O'. Cleanse this stagnant literary fen
And lead us suppliant to the Muse's bower.

To those who have sent their magazines to us and have not been mentioned in this column, our thanks. We have enjoyed them all and look for your next editions. If anyone has not sent us a copy of his Alma Mater's publication, please do. We are as anxious to see your magazines as you are to boast about them.

Alumni Notes

J. Tiller

The first meeting, since the beginning of the war, of the Alumni Association was held on October 12th. Professor A. G. C. Whalley (B.A. '35, M. A. Oxon.) has been elected president.

During the month of November the Alumni met again. Further news of the Alumni Association will appear in the next issue of "The Mitre".

Born
To the Rev. and Mrs. Hugh Mortimer, a son. Mr. Mortimer (B.A. '40) and his family live at Fort St. John, B.C. He is working for the Fellowship of the West.

Rev. W. Belford, class of '35, has left the Quebec Diocese to take up the position of Chaplain at Ashbury College, Ottawa.

Rev. F. J. Leroy, (L.S.T. '09) of the Rectory, Fairville, N.B., spent the month of August visiting friends in Lennoxville. One day, at the home of the editor of "The Mitre", Mr. Leroy reminisced at length
of the “good old days” at Bishop’s.

John G. Withall, a former teacher at Lachine High School for six years and a graduate of the University of Bishop’s College has been awarded a Research Assistantship in the Department of Education at the University of Chicago.

The following students were among those attending the Summer session of 1946: Audrey Ascah (B.A. ’44); Florence McFadden (B.A. ’45); Francis Ayer Smith (B.A. ’29); Adrienne Kirkland (Education ’46); Fraser Beaton (B.Sc. ’39); Everett Dennison (B.A. ’30); Keith Farquharson (B.A. ’44); Lee Heath (M.A. ’36); Frank Heath (M.A. ’36); Harry Morrison (B.A. ’39); Lloyd Patch (B.Sc. ’43); Fred Royal (M.A. ’35); George Watts (B.A. ’23); Newton James (Education ’40); Bruce Kirwin (B.Sc. ’41); Merton Tyler (B.A. ’43).

W. Laberee (B.A. ’34) stood as Liberal candidate in the Provincial election in Compton County, but failed of election.

Lyman Tomkins (B.A. ’35) is teaching at St. Andrews College, Aurora, Ontario.

Lydia Aboud (B.A. ’44) and Bill Heath (B.A. ’43) are both teaching at Arvida High School, where the Principal is Hi Calder, a Bishop’s Graduate of the B.A. class of ’29.

Bill Chapman (B.A. ’24) was seen at the college during the Summer, pointing out to his son and daughter the rugby field on which he used to star.

John Wood (B.A. ’29) has returned to his position as Principal of Cowansville High School. He is succeeded as Supervisor of Schools, Brome County Central Board, by Ev. (“Big Train”) Dennison (B.A. ’30).

H. Banfill, who graduated last Spring, is taking a post-graduate course in Chemistry at McGill University.

Bud Manning (B.A. ’46), whose marriage to Miss Joyce Johnson has been announced, is studying Law at McGill University.

Rev. Henry Harper (B.A. ’36) has recently returned from service as an Army chaplain. He has a Curacy in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec City, Quebec. Two other chaplains have taken up their peacetime work. The Rev. A. Perkins at Dixville, Quebec, and the Rev. A. Ottiwell at the Mission of Frampton, Quebec.

Fred Delaney, a graduate of ’46, is now studying medicine at Laval, Quebec.
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