



Delicious Eating!

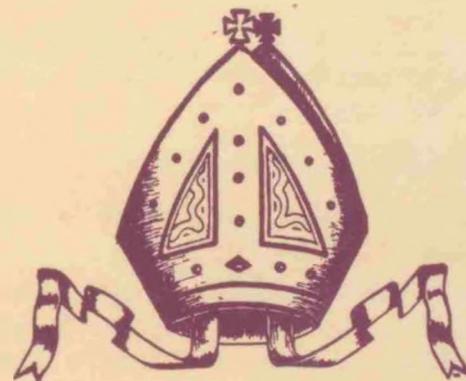
Neilson's

Famous Everywhere!



HS 52

The Mitre



Diamond Jubilee Issue

1893 — 1953

Would You WANT THIS JOB ?

A man was named Executor of a friend's Estate. He already had plenty of problems of his own (as who doesn't have these days!) but now he's had to make room and time for new responsibilities and many unfamiliar duties.

What's more, he has had to assume the moral obligation of guiding a fatherless family in adjusting finances to new conditions.

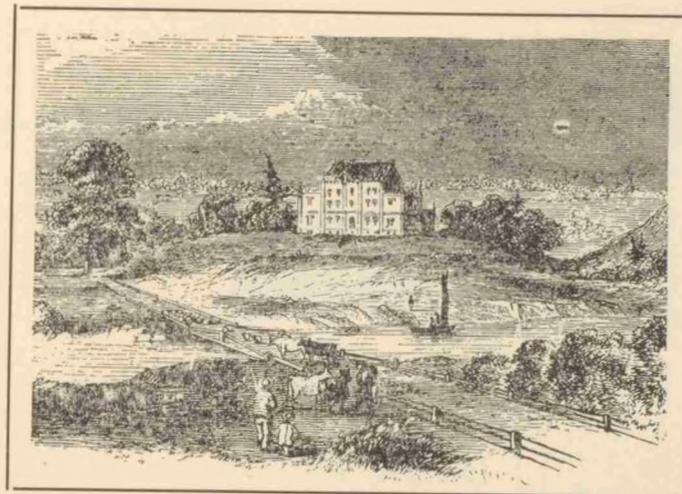
Would YOU want this job?

*Would you want to wish it on a friend
of YOURS?*

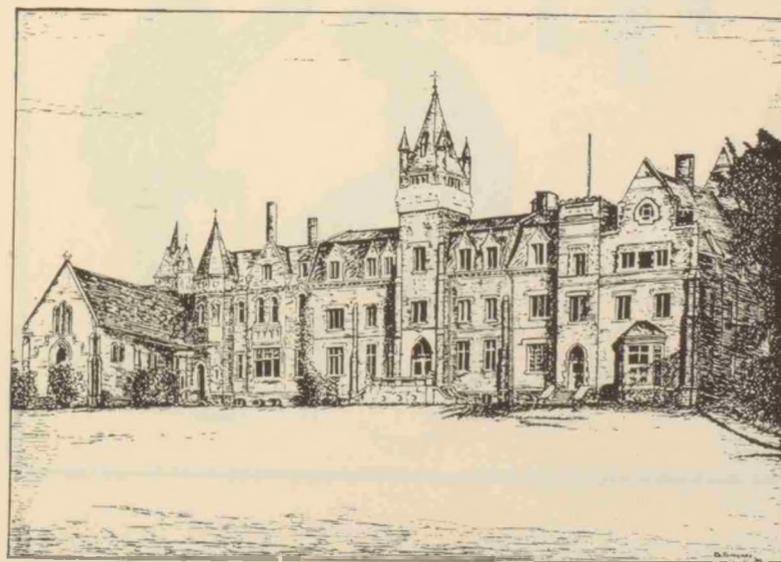
Wouldn't it be more sensible, as well as more considerate, to have your affairs in the hands of an experienced **group** of men who make a **business** of managing estates? Or, at least, to name a Trust Company as co-executor with the individual of your choice?

A consultation will not place you under any obligation.

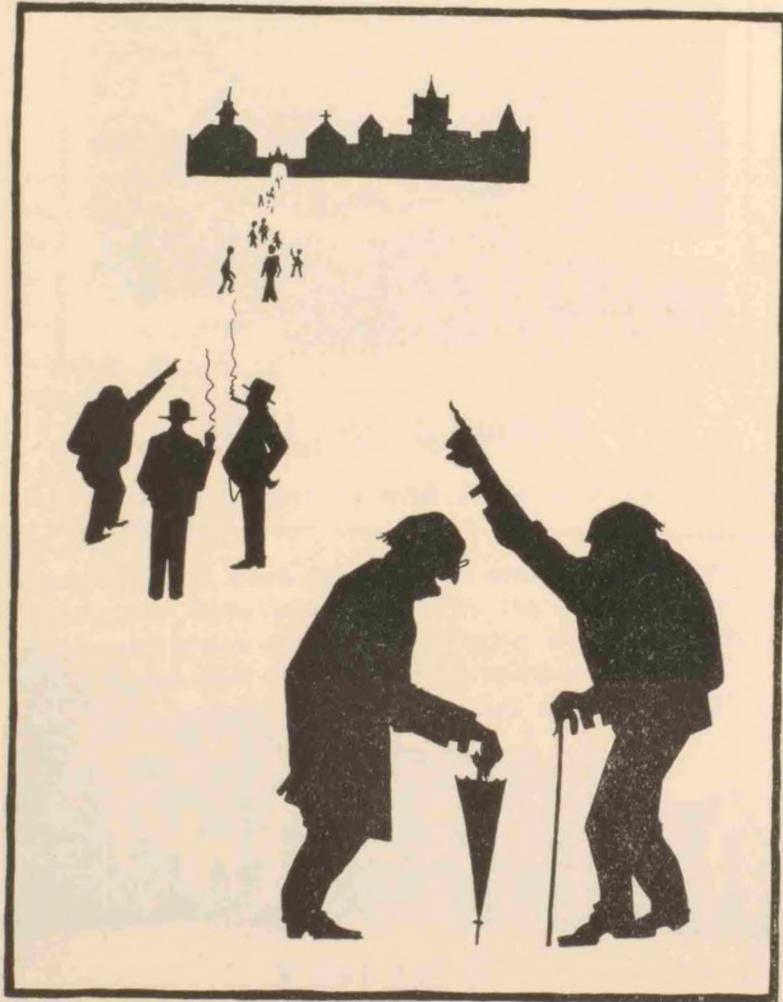
SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY



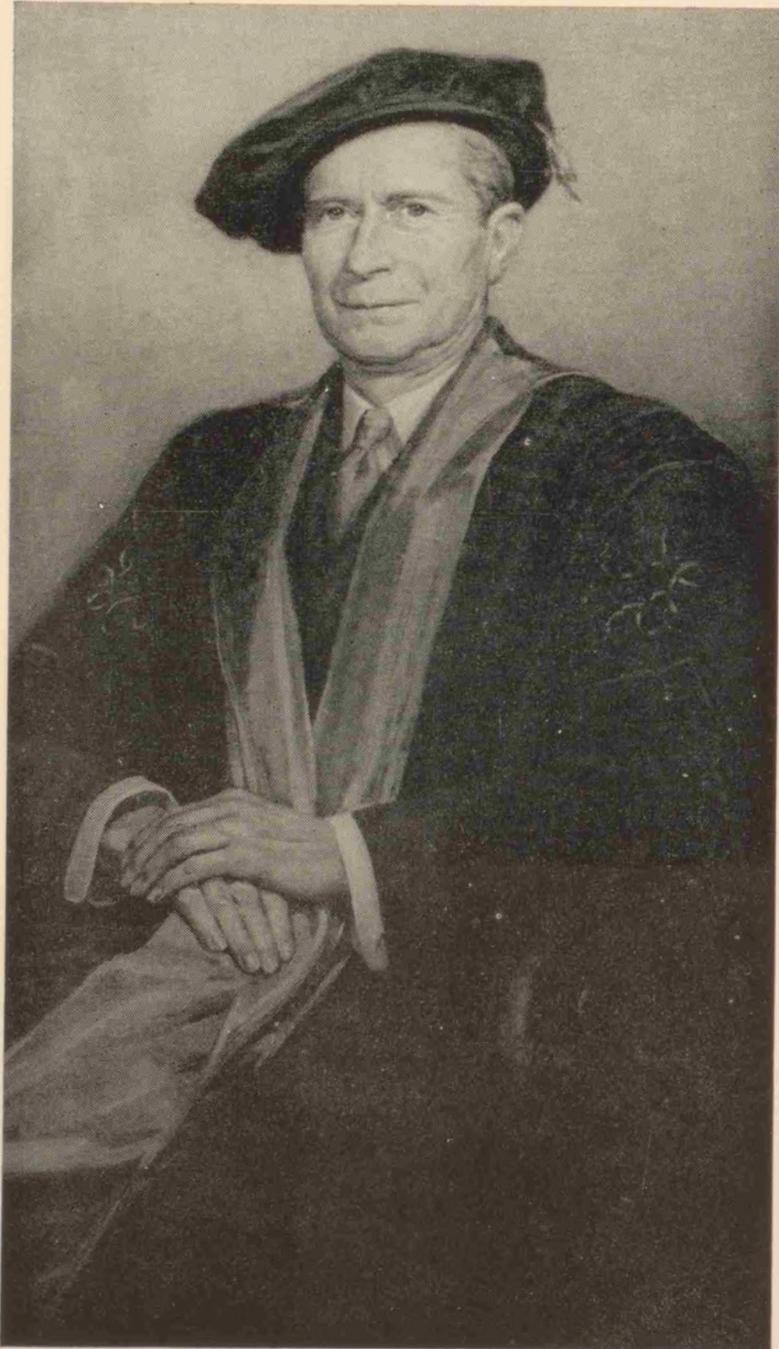
Bishop's — 1846



Bishop's — 1953



To All Alumni
of Bishop's University
this Diamond Jubilee Issue
is
respectfully dedicated.



DIAMOND JUBILEE ISSUE 1953



BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

JOHN BASSETT, D.C.L., LL.D.
Chancellor
Gazette Building, Montreal, P.Q.

It is significant that while this year the Mitre will celebrate its sixtieth anniversary and will produce a special Diamond Jubilee issue, Bishop's University will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of receiving the Royal Charter from Queen Victoria in the year 1953, when Lord Elgin was Governor General of Canada.

In my last message to the Mitre, I said that messages to students generally speak of their future, and then I spoke of the present. My message now observes the past. The present and future spring from it — from those who had the vision and the dreams when the magazine was founded, which is now among the oldest of its kind in Canada.

Its effect upon the intellectual life of the young men and women of Bishop's during the past sixty years can never be gauged. Its survival and its strength today are the measure of its success, and I am convinced it will grow in power and influence in the years to come.

The Mitre has played a distinctive part in the lives of the students of Bishop's through the passing years, and has been an ornament in the cultural and academic activities of the men and women of the University.

As Chancellor, I send to the Mitre my warm good wishes for achievement as rich in the future as in the past.

Foreword

It is with a measure of justifiable pride that the Editors of *The Mitre* announce the publication of this Diamond Jubilee issue.

Sixty years ago, in June 1893, the first number of the magazine was printed. It lists amongst its "Board of Directors," B. Watson, Arts '94. Editor in Chief, and F. G. Vial '95, Associate Editor. It seems fitting that one of the founders of *The Mitre*, Dr. Vial, became in after years its Honorary President, as well as one of the best loved professors of the University.

During the course of its long history, *The Mitre* has passed through many vicissitudes. At times its continuance has seemed doubtful. The trend of recent years has been in favour of the College newspaper and, as a consequence, most of the literary journals of Canadian Universities have become defunct. It is, I feel, a matter of congratulation that this has not been the case at Bishop's. *The Mitre* has now had a continuous existence of sixty years and, despite the struggle and effort involved, has kept its flag flying. As one who has for twenty five years been connected with the magazine, I should like to pay tribute to the loyalty and energy of successive student editors and their fellow workers who have helped to achieve this result.

Valuable as a college paper may be as a vehicle for the recording of student activities and the voicing of opinion, there is surely room for a magazine which has as its distinctive ideal the fostering of literary expression in prose and poetry as an end in itself; an aim in harmony with the humanistic traditions of Bishop's University.

Since the primary objective of *The Mitre* is not utilitarian, it is difficult to assess the value of its contribution. It may, however, be pointed out that in "The Book of Canadian Poetry," the standard anthology edited by A. J. Smith, the graduates of Bishop's amongst the poets represented are only exceeded in number by those of the University of Toronto. Practically all of our Bishop's poets began their career by contributing verse to the columns of *The Mitre*.

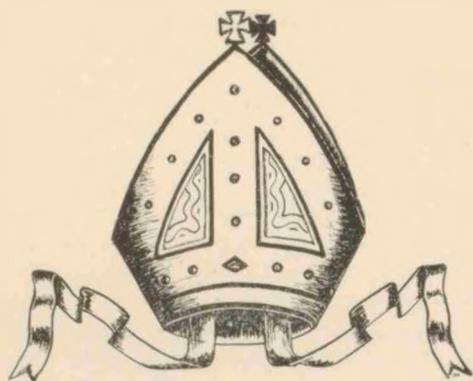
Sixty years is a considerable span! *The Mitre*, though junior to our centenarian University, may be apostrophized, like Nestor, as a "good old chronicle" that "hast so long walked hand in hand with time." Yet since its environment is the home of perennial youth, our pious hope is that it may derive from this source a spirit of progress and vitality which will make its future worthy of sixty years of past tradition.

W. O. Raymond
Honorary President



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1893

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A Student Publication

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DIAMOND JUBILEE ISSUE 1953

Vol. 60 — No. 3

Trinity 1953

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Editorial

AS work on this issue progressed we all became more and more aware, not only of the dimensions of past literary achievement at Bishop's and the potential for the future, but applying this to a wider sphere, also of the literary heritage and potential of Canada as a whole. At the same time, a missive which we received from a former editor went far to convince us that there is definitely a culture in Canada — it remains for this culture to be discovered by her people.

In the past few years we have been hearing much of the need for a Canadian culture. Today, anyone who would be famous need only to have said something momentous about Canadian culture. Magazines and radio broadcasts deplore the lack of this culture, and embark upon intricate analyses of its causes, and suggest elaborate programmes designed to alleviate the situation. And while all this uproar continues across the Dominion, small groups and lone individuals make the attempt to create something that is worthy of the cultural tradition of the world. But these groups and individuals have little connection and continuity, and are smothered beneath the cry for a Canadian culture. And these who cry analyse and await the appearance of a Chaucer or a Milton, while our creative writers struggle unheeded to build that culture.

But these cries for Canadian culture have led many to a vain and frantic attempt to be *really* Canadian by reading and swallowing all that has been written in Canada. Some claim that there is a true and great cultural tradition in this country, and can produce volumes of mediocre poetry by native authors to prove their point. For these the signpost to merit is the "Made in Canada" mark. Unfortunately, because of this much that is good is grouped with the mediocre and the bad. But there is not, and never will be, any reason why literature should be read because it is written in or about Canada. The criterion of literary worth is a universal criterion and every author, no matter where his allegiance lies, must be judged by this universal criterion: What we really need is not a Canadian culture, but a culture in Canada.

But there is another reason why the culture of Canada is ignored or improperly judged. The American and English influence on this country is tremendous. College text-books are written and published in these countries and we receive from them a great deal of inform-

ation and eulogistic remarks about their own writers. It is unfortunate that the works of equally good Canadian writers receive little attention. The Canadian has a habit of repeating, uncriticized and almost verbatim, these ideas from other countries, and incorporating them into his thought. If any part of his mind is turned to things Canadian it is turned there consciously, and this part of his thought is kept in a separate section of the brain, away from the main stream. The Canadian writer is buried under a deluge of information about the writers of other nations and so must be content to write, knowing his work will either go unheeded or be read for the sake of encouraging native culture, and not for the sake of its literary merit.

As we said at the outset there is much that is good in Canadian literature, but it remains to be discovered. The works of native authors can only be fairly criticized in comparison with universal standards. We feel that this issue of *The Mitre* has helped to advance this approach to our own literature. We have found much that is good and much that is not so good. This Diamond Jubilee Issue contains a group of writing that forms a part of the literary heritage of Canada, and, though a small one, an important part. We have found in the literature of sixty years, not a Canadian culture, but some culture in Canada.



In This Issue

This Diamond Jubilee Issue of *The Mitre* contains mainly material of historical interest. On looking over the records the editorial staff discovered that the number of famous Canadian poets who were numbered among the alumni of Bishop's was second only to that of the University of Toronto. Four have sent us poems for inclusion in this issue—F. R. Scott, Neil Tracy, Ralph Gustafson and George Whalley. The poem by F. O. Call, who has been too ill to write this past winter, is from a *Mitre* of 1947 and is, we believe, his latest published work. The poems by Frederick George Scott and William Henry Drummond are from their published works.

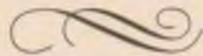
The histories of student activities by Peter Matthews, Ann Dodds and Hugh Doherty required a great deal of time spent in research, and are very commendable. These articles could have been much

longer, but considerations of space required that only the most important facts be recorded. Since the Board of Publications has lost a great number of old cuts, and since an attempt at making photostats from pictures in *The Mitre* and the Year Book was not too successful, the illustrations are smaller in number than was originally hoped. Also, some of the old cuts can in no way be dated and so are printed with no title.

The "Mitre Anthology" contains a selection of literature from old *Mitres*. It is no small task to go through sixty volumes of a literary magazine in an attempt to find a group of representative writings. The compilers feel that they have no definite claim to have chosen the *best* work of the last sixty years; only that they have chosen *good* work representative of *The Mitre*. Some of the articles have a purely historical rather than a literary interest. The short story "The False Alarm" was chosen more for its early date than for its excellence. It will be unnecessary to call attention to the fact that a large number of early poets who are included in the anthology later became important figures in the field of Canadian poetry and, from the quality of the recent work, it is not fanciful to suppose that some of the contributors of poetry during the past few years will continue this tradition. Because of the loss of a large number of volumes of *The Mitre* from the late 1920's and the early 1940's, many selections have undoubtedly been overlooked. While we feel a larger number of selections would have given the reader a better idea of the literary heritage of Bishop's, considerations of space have forced us to cut out a number of selections which were originally marked for this section.

Finally, all who have worked on this issue hope that it will meet the approval of those who read it, and that it is worthy of this celebration of the Sixtieth Anniversary of *The Mitre*.

A. F. B. — W. P.



Acknowledgement

For assistance in making possible the publication of this Jubilee issue of *The Mitre*, the Editors wish to make the following acknowledgements:

To the members of the Faculty of the University and to Alumni who have provided a great deal of information about their days at the Alma Mater.

To the Alumni poets who so kindly submitted works for publication in this issue.

To Dr. Raymond, Professor Gray, David Conliffe, and William Prouty for the long and laborious effort required in the selection of the work included in the anthologies.

To Miss Judy Doak, Donald Sangster, and Russell Hyman for assistance in the writing of the "History of Student Activities."

To the Corporation of the University and the Alumni Association for their co-operation and their invaluable financial assistance without which this issue would not have been possible.

To Chief Justice W. B. Scott for permission to reprint "On the Rue du Bois" by F. G. Scott. To McLelland, Stewart and Company of Toronto for permission to reprint "Little Lac Grenier" by W. H. Drummond.

To the Sherbrooke Daily Record for its co-operation and assistance in all aspects of this publication.

And finally, to all those people who aided the Editorial and the Executive Boards in making possible the publication of this Jubilee Issue.



A History of Publications

by PETER MATTHEWS

THE COLLEGE FRYING PAN.

EPIS. COLL. DE LENNOXVILLE, LENT TERM, 1861.

A DIALOGUE.

The Rev. Principal receiving a few sensible hints concerning the internal Management of Bishop's College, from a Neighbourly Adviser.

Good morning Dr.—I am glad to see you in our parts.

Good morning Mr. B.—how is everything getting on here? Nicely I hope.—How is Mrs. B.—? Quite well, thank you, Sir. Walk in; she will be glad to see you.

When the Doctor had entered and paid his respects to Mrs. B.—, himself and Mr. B.— drew their chairs towards an open fire-place, in which the wood cracked merrily, and continued their conversation.

Mr. B.—Well Dr. how is the College getting on?

Dr.—Indeed Mr. B.— I think we can say that we are improving. Our numbers are more than they used to be.

Mr. B.—And how do the Students get on? You know I take an interest in every thing connected with the institution, since my William has been there.

Dr.—Well! that's the part that I am never at rest on. The Students are continually complaining of the Servants.

Mr. B.—So William was saying when he was there. I should think that trouble easily remedied.

Dr.—Easily remedied Mr. B.—! Why I would travel three months if he would only I could get Servants who would satisfy the students.

Mr. B.—But Dr.— what's the trouble with the Servants?

Dr.—Everything, my dear Sir. The Students complain of the cooking of the way in which they are attended, of the dirt of the College; in fact, Sir, there is nothing they don't complain of!

Mr. B.—But who is master of the College Servants?

Dr.—I am. I'm sorry to say.

Mr. B.—Then why don't you make them give satisfaction?

Dr.—Whenever the Students speak to me about anything I immediately go to the Servants, but it seems to do no good; the same complaint is made the very next day.

Mr. B.—That's strange, but do you think the Servants do what you tell them?

Dr.—I can't say, but I suppose they do.

Mr. B.—But Dr.— if you want to be obeyed you must go and see for yourself whether your orders are obeyed. Be sure that if you keep a close eye on the Servants, and also inspect the condition of the Students' rooms, you must soon make a change; you will render the Students content. And when they learn to be content, they will learn to love their College; they will bring others to study there; and you will soon find the Institution in a prosperous condition.

Dr.—That idea of looking after things myself never struck me before. The Masters of Colleges at Oxford never do it. However I think it would succeed.

Mr. B.—Undoubtedly it would. If one set of Servants won't do, turn them away; it is very easy to get others.

Dr.—I'll try it. I thought I knew every thing that went on in the College.

Mr. B.—Far from it. I'll engage now I can tell you something of which you are not in the least aware. William told me

that neither the Students rooms nor the passages were swept on Sunday; the Servants having told the Students that you would permit no such breach of the Sabbath. So, poor fellows! every Sunday they must either sweep out their rooms themselves, or sit all day in the dirt.

Dr.—I'm sure I never gave such an order; my own house is swept every Sunday.

Mr. B.—That only shows you how necessary it is that you should look more closely into matters.

Dr.—I'm sure I've always had the comfort and welfare of every student at heart even in the matter of giving them suppers, to which I don't think they have any right.

Mr. B.—my dear Dr.—I don't think there is a Student in the college who does not believe that you endeavour to make him comfortable. But you have just now mentioned a serious cause of trouble in the college which, William says, crept in within the last two years. I refer to the suppers.

Dr.—The suppers certainly give me a great deal of trouble.

Mr. B.—I don't doubt it. But suppose you were to make each student who wanted supper to pay 7½ for it, as was formerly the case (you would soon find a change for the better here, also.

Dr.—I will think of all this, and I'm certain the man we now have will cooperate with me.

Mr. B.—Don't flatter yourself. I'm told that man has made several changes, on his own responsibility, merely to save himself trouble.

Dr.—I'll see to all this, Mr. B.—and I must say I'm much obliged to you for the interest you take in us; you see two heads are better than one.

A Freshman's Meditations.

It is late at night at—College. A youth of about 18 is sitting alone in his room; his look is simple & counting; yet thoughtful, and withal something unpleasant seems to occupy his breast. But hush, he speaks. "Is this," he says, "is this the fulfilment of my hopes of what College would be? Is this that beautiful order and system which I was led to expect within walls from which issue forth men who are sent to teach the people? Verily, then, I was mistaken! It is true our intellectual wants are here attended to as well, I suppose, as they are any where else; but how can we be expected to study while our minds are constantly troubled at seeing the state of neglect which is lying around us? Behold, I'll object every day ere any one comes to make up our rooms! Behold here this noble institution has been regularly lighted up! A couple of greasy candles stick up in the passages, which throw an unearthy glare on the surrounding objects. And very often we have not even those miserable substitutes for lights. If our domestics are out of humour they punish us with darkness. It surprises me when I see that the candles once lighted are left to flicker away until they go out of themselves; when I see the ashes left in the stoves until it falls out red hot on the floor, that the managers of this institution are not afraid it will be burnt down. And, gracious! See the servants the college keeps; see day after day good provisions made absolutely unobtainable from the manner in which they are

crooked! They told me when I was coming here that there were rules in the University which every student must keep. But it seems to me that here we have no rules to observe except those we make for ourselves. For example, there is a rule that no student shall remain out after 9:30 at night; that means, I suppose, if he likes, because I find the door in the end of the college stands open day and night,—I suppose to show that we are hospitable here. However, as I have often been obliged to do so at midnight to keep out the frosty breezes which enter there. When will our authorities awake from their dreams? when will they try to increase the number of students? How are they now situated? I when I have heard one of their own students say, when urged to recommend the college, "I never will use any influence for them until they show that they wish to make their students comfortable."

But let my complaints cease. I see plainly that in most cases learned men are fit only to be scholars, and know very little of the practical parts of living men. For my part I shall seek out some other institution in the States, where even though I obtain less Greek and Latin I shall at all events see the institution conducted according to the dictates of common sense, where, although the domestics become *hearses*, yet they never become masters."

"A Sophomore's Meditations"—a Strange Coincidence.

In the very same College, a student of some years, standing was sitting smoking opposite a stove in which for some time he had vainly endeavored to stir up a fire from some wet wood which was now singing away in a most charming manner. His countenance had the appearance of great resignation, and as he watched the smoke arise in many wreaths from his pipe, it was evident some unpleasant thoughts took possession of his breast. Suddenly he breaks forth: "When will this end? One more short year and I shall have my degree; one more short year, and I shall quit the University, within whose walls I have passed so many years. And yet I don't regret leaving; instead of that, I rejoice. This feeling must seem strange to those who praise their Alma Mater so highly, and tell of the happy days thus spent within her walls. To me my Alma Mater has been a Step Mother. Here is an account, the very best I can give, of how my Alma Mater treats me and my fellow Students: We are compelled to reside within the College, but the college authorities will not endeavour to make our residence comfortable. I certainly think that we would be all much better living together in the institution, but why keep us in such a state as wastes away the strongest constitution, makes the most ardent spirits pine, & sours the sweetest tempers? Such is our condition; such a few of the recommendations of our boarding establishment. We hear complaints continually from the Junior students, in many cases well founded, although of this last my own experience shows me that as a general rule the Juniors are an impudent set who require to be continually snubbed in order to keep them in their proper place. However, as there are

Continued on fourth page.

DIAMOND JUBILEE ISSUE 1953

HERE at Bishop's we have many things to be proud of, and not least among them is the name we have made in the field of literary effort. The standard has always been high and has never sunk to the crude level which is often so attractive to the modern mind. It is indeed true that the Publications office has long been the hub for a great wheel of student effort and the fact that this wheel has ever been well oiled needs only the foundation of evidence of the outstanding merit of the work of past years. The wheel really began to roll with the *Lennoxville Magazine* and has gathered force through the generations of students so that now there are three regular publications: *The Mitre*, *The Yearbook*, and *The Campus*. All of these are substantial and good and a credit to those who have, are, and it is hoped will be connected with them. Their history with which we are concerned here, is extremely interesting and has every bit as much drama and intrigue as any other aspect of university life. I shall outline here the highlights of the history of the three mentioned above together with the *Lennoxville Magazine* and *The College Frying Pan* and show how they have developed and changed since their foundation.

The Lennoxville Magazine was not a student publication but was published by the Faculty. However, I shall consider it here because the words of that body, though almost always better expressed, are those of the students. It was published in the year 1866 and fifteen issues were produced in the years that followed. The standard was very high and it was, and is, extremely good reading. I am concerned with it here because it was the first really successful publication to appear during the early life of the University. The tone was rather sedate and almost laud and throughout there is a great deal of veiled humour and satire. It is indeed a firm cornerstone for the publications which we have now.

At the same time, there appeared a college paper I have not mentioned above with the unassuming name of the *Students' Monthly*, but it is reputed to have been so bad that I have chosen not to deal with it in detail. It was described by some contemporary as being "neither fish, nor fowl, nor a good red herring" which is not particularly complimentary. It collapsed in a very short time and little has been heard of it since. No copies exist so it is impossible to judge it by modern standards.

THE MITRE.

VOL. I.

LENNOXVILLE, JUNE, 1893.

No. 1

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The MITRE is published monthly during the College year, by the Students of Bishop's College and the Boys of Bishop's College School.

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BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE, Que.

INTRODUCTORY

IN presenting to you, the many friends and well-wishers of Bishop's College, this the first number of our magazine, we think it will be well for us to give a few words of explanation concerning the causes and the purpose which have led to its production. As many of our graduates will no doubt remember, this, though the first attempt for some years past to carry on a University magazine, is by no means the first in the history of the college. Many years ago in the very infancy of the institution there appeared a paper published by the students, under the very suggestive title of "The Frying Pan." This paper was issued with the avowed purpose of agitating certain reforms in the domestic economy of the college, and having gained this end it was finally discontinued. Our next literary effort was of a very different nature. In the year 1866 there appeared the first number of "The Student's Monthly," a magazine which was in every way a credit to its institutors, containing an excellent stock of original articles on Literary, Educational, Poetical and Classical subjects, as well as a most interesting record of college events. This magazine, owing to scanty support caused by the small number of both students and graduates at that period and probably too by the want of proper financial management, came to an untimely end. From that time to the present Bishop's College has had no public voice. From time to time the want of a college paper has been strongly felt, but until about a year ago, no definite steps were taken in the matter. In the early part of the present session meetings were held, the matter was discussed by the students, and at length the scheme began to assume a material form. Steps were taken to insure the support of the students and professors of the various faculties and overtures were made to the masters and boys of Bishop's College School. From all parts of the institution the

scheme met with hearty approval. The next step was the framing of a constitution, which has been accepted by all the branches of the university and provides for all the needs and requirements likely to arise in the publication of the paper. Officers were then elected by the various departments, and the real work of the undertaking began.

Since then it will be enough to say that we have progressed even more favourably than we had expected, and have received such encouraging responses from all whose assistance we have asked, that we feel ourselves able to issue this copy of THE MITRE as a specimen to be sent to all our graduates and friends. So much for the past; with respect to our plans for the future, we will try briefly to state our intentions in the matter.

While the primary object of this and every college magazine is to promote the interests of our University by creating a spirit of unity and fellow feeling between the various members of our collegiate body, we have other aims in view. We wish to make THE MITRE a link which shall serve to keep ever fresh in the heart of every graduate of Bishop's College, and of every old boy of Bishop's College School, the memories of the days spent within her halls.

The character of our magazine we hope to make acceptable to all who are interested not only in Bishop's College, but in the more extended realm of University life and thought. We shall publish articles on all subjects of literary, classical, poetical, critical and educational interest, and to insure this, we intend to invite contributions from our professors and graduates, as well as the present students. Every interesting item connected with all of the branches of the institution in the way of sports, personal news, or any other topic likely to be acceptable to our readers, will be published.

And now, before closing what we fear has been rather a long preface to the more entertaining part of the magazine, we must render the warmest thanks of both ourselves and the Board of Directors to all who have aided us in getting out this sample copy.

Knowing that the success of the undertaking depends not only on the merits of our magazine but on the kindness and good-will of our readers, we will merely add in concluding what we have deemed it necessary to say, that we the managing committee, are resolved to do our utmost to make THE MITRE worthy of our university and of your support. What the result of our efforts so far has been we must now leave it to you to judge.

DIAMOND JUBILEE ISSUE 1953

The *College Frying Pan* was designed as a satirical work and intended to precipitate some badly needed repairs and reforms in room and board. It is a vastly interesting piece of work because it embodies all the reforms and changes Bishop's students have recommended through the years, not excluding accusing fingers pointed at the kitchen staff. At one point there is a long discussion on the relative merits of being able to obtain bath water through the roof on any rainy night. The attitude of the students has undergone little change since that time. The staff was representative of the college and when the changes they wanted came about, they and their "Frying Pan" sunk into obscurity.

That is the background of the publications we have now. Out of this widely varied foundation grew first *The Mitre* conceived in 1891 and actually printed in 1893. It has continued through the subsequent years as what is considered the official organ of a divinity college, but the aims, content and environment have undeniably changed a good deal. It was designed primarily to "promote the interests of our University by creating a spirit of unity and fellow feeling between the various members of our collegiate body" and though much has changed, this unconscious design is still in the fore.

The idea of *The Mitre* was, as I have said, conceived in 1891 and was brought up in a meeting of the Quintillian Debating Society. There it was deemed unfeasible and rejected by a vote of one. But the idea was still there and in the following year a group led, it is said, by Mr. H. M. Carroll, suggested to a Student meeting that a college publication be started. There was little enthusiasm but no opposition and the eager group went ahead with their plans. By late 1891, a board of Directors had been formed with B. Watson as editor-in-chief and A. H. Moore the Business Manager (Mr. Moore was one of the original proposers of the idea and he later became the President of King's College, Halifax).

The name was suggested by a Mr. Frith and was, it can be imagined, eagerly accepted by the Faculty as a name befitting its standing. The name *Mitre* for a publication was, the Directors found to their consternation, already in use in Australia but nothing was done and the name was not tampered with. Perhaps it may be attributed to the very limited circulation of our *Mitre* in that country. All went well and the first copy came out just before convocation in 1893. Seven hundred copies were printed and distributed.

In the first editorial, Mr. Watson pointed out how *The Mitre* proposed to cover all the activities both in the College and in the School and that some attempt would be made to provide coverage of all

literary, classical, poetical, and educational advancements or "any other topic likely to be acceptable to our readers." The first issue also contained a number of jokes of an amazingly low calibre, news of B.C.S. in conjunction with whom it was being undertaken, and advertisements from six companies in Sherbrooke including the Sherbrooke Steam Laundry which still exists, though under a different name.

The editorial of the second issue of *The Mitre* is of particular interest in the study of the feeling of the directors of the magazine towards the very ambitious project. I shall quote it *in toto* here for that reason, and also because I hope that it will serve in some measure as an inspiration to those who are and will be having to do with publications.

"When, in June last, we presented to our readers the first copy of *The Mitre*, we naturally felt some anxiety as to the reception it would receive at their hands. Undertaken as it was on the very eve of our University examinations, we feel that it was no light responsibility for us to attempt the issue of a specimen copy which should be worthy as a type of its successors. However, we felt the necessity of bringing our venture to the notice of our friends at once, and so trusting in their goodwill, we sent forth the result of our work, hoping, that whatever might be its faults, it would at least convey some pleasure to those who take an interest in the welfare of our College and School. The result has shown already that we were not too sanguine. Already many of our graduates have given us their support and we trust that many more will do so, now that they understand that *The Mitre* is a settled institution and one which, we think we may say, is representative of our Alma Mater.

"This we look upon as the realization of our great and primary object. We may be able to publish articles which will furnish subjects for thought to all our readers—we trust we shall—but the first thing we propose to strive after, nay the very cause of the existence of our paper, is to give a constant reflection of the changes and events which take place within the walls or at least within the shadow of our University. We wish our graduates to be able to live over as it were in our pages the days when they were present with us, and by so doing feel that, however far the branches may be separated from the parent root, they are still a real living part of her existence which cannot be separated from her without grievous injury alike to her and to themselves.

"But to speak a few words to those who are the present members of the institution, we must not forget that it is the root which sends the nourishment through the whole tree and that it will be by our

continued labour and only thus that *The Mitre* can be made a success. Let us not allow ourselves to think that because we have made a beginning we can relax our efforts already. Remember we have only made our bow to the audience. If our entrance on the stage has been favourably received, surely that is all the more reason that we should endeavour to show ourselves worthy of the favour which has greeted our appearance.

"It is the duty of every one of us to do all in his power to aid *The Mitre* in every way possible, and by so doing we shall not only establish a successful college magazine but we shall create an esprit du corps, which will do a grand work towards promoting the welfare of our whole corporate body."

Report has it that *The Mitre* was fairly well received by the public; in fact, a leading newspaper commented on its being "far above average for a University magazine" and a few interested Alumni even took the trouble of sending in subscriptions. However the cry for increased circulation through subscription started in the second issue and has been going on shrilly for the past sixty years with, I might add, little result.

In the first volume, No. 6, there is a note which is of particular interest as far as this is concerned. The little exhortation reads: "Many of our subscribers have signified their intention of remitting their subscription to us as soon as we needed it. Now, gentle reader, if your subscription has not been paid, we beg to say that we are most emphatically in need of it. If there should chance to be an unanswered letter from *The Mitre* floating around your desk, we would be pleased to hear from the wandering child as soon as possible." That is perhaps a worthy reflection of the frustrations of the modern *Mitre* business managers.

The exchanges were added in the third issue and they are still an important feature. The first one noted the publications of McGill, King's College, and the University of Edinburgh; discussions of this sort are always a feature of similar publications but they seldom maintain such a high calibre as they have in *The Mitre*. The second new feature was an Alumni Letter which has since been discarded. The first was written by F. G. Scott who later contributed many articles and poems to *The Mitre*. Those two changes were the last until recent times and the magazine continued with little variation, always featuring pleas for contributions and cries for more subscribers. The *Mitres* during those years make very interesting reading because they provide quite a reliable reflection of our own college days both past and present.

THE CAMPUS

Bishop's University

VOL. I

LENNOXVILLE, QUE., NOVEMBER 10, 1944

No. 1



The Campus

Published fortnightly by the students of Bishop's University, and printed by Beck Press, Reg'd. Lennoxville, Que.

Opinions expressed in *The Campus* are those of the parties concerned, and do not necessarily represent the views of the University, or the Students' Association.

President Prof. J. D. Jefferies, M.A., Ph.D.
 Joint Editors F. J. Beaudry (1796) Kesteven (179)
 Business Manager W. Riese (18)
 Sports Editor P. A. Wood (210)
 Social News Editor Mrs. P. J. Schoch, B.A. (218)
 Assistant Business Manager J. A. Martiel (402W)
 Roving Reporters Miss E. L. Edgar (180) L. Waldman (168W)

Editorial

(Ed. Note—We can do no greater justice to the paper than to publish a letter from our president, Prof. J. D. Jefferies, stating the editorial policy of *The Campus*.)

"The Editorial Board has asked me to write a few lines to guarantee the intense respectability of this periodical. It is the first time that my name has been used for such a purpose. I do not know who is likely to be concerned. But here we come.

Let it be understood from the first that *The Campus* is neither an instrument of revolution nor an organ of reaction. Its purpose is neither to reform nor to perpetuate abuses. It has no axe to grind. In vain will you search these pages for an opinion about the presidential elections or the manpower situation. *The Campus* is not financed by the Kremlin nor subsidized by St. James Street. It will not spread the propaganda of the League of the Militant Godless; it will not broadcast the arguments of the Church of the Latter Day Saints. Its editorials will not attack the Order of Jacques Cartier nor the Independent Order of the Daughters of the Empire. It proposes to revile no one, from Mr. Dewhurst down to the humblest of professors. Controversial topics will be skirted with the careful agility of a freshman on a fire-escape.

This is, in fact, a college paper which you can send home to your grandmother. But please read it yourself first."

G. Basil Jones

Dean Jones, M.A., I.C.L.,
Acting Principal.

F. J. Beaudry

F. J. Beaudry,
Co-Founder and Editor.

Walter Riese

W. Riese,
Business Manager.

Mrs. P. J. Schoch
(Mrs.)

Mrs. P. J. Schoch, B.A.,
Social News Editor.

L. Waldman

L. Waldman,
Roving Reporter.

C. M. McCredie

C. M. McCredie,
Pres. Students Assoc.

J. D. Jefferies

Dr. J. D. Jefferies, M.A.,
President.

F. Kaufman

F. Kaufman,
Co-Founder and Editor.

P. A. Wood

P. A. Wood,
Sports Editor.

Edith Edgar

Miss E. L. Edgar,
Roving Reporter.

J. A. Martiel

J. A. Martiel,
Assistant Business Manager.

M. N. Buchanan

M. N. Buchanan,
Suggested the Name.

DIAMOND JUBILEE ISSUE 1953

In 1905, the number of issues was reduced from one a month to seven each year and B.C.S. dissolved its connection with our magazine and branched out on its own. In 1930, the next change took place with a changing of the format. The size of the pages was increased and the magazine suddenly took on a much more modern appearance. Political essays made their appearance at this time and the breadth and scope of that type of work is amazing. At that same time, the number of issues was reduced to five each year.

In the following years, the standard did not go down but the desires of the editors for better quality went unsatisfied. The climax of this feeling came in 1938 when one editor wrote: "Let us write for *The Mitre* or get rid of it." *The Mitre* weathered the storm, nonetheless.

In 1944, when *The Campus* was founded, the most radical change took place, with *The Mitre* relinquishing its hold on sports and College news and becoming strictly a literary magazine. This, however, was carried to extremes for it was not long before students began getting the idea all that got into *The Mitre* was very learned and consequently, very dull. As a result, students have the impression that anything they could put out is not of a high enough standard and there have been only a handful of light articles since that time.

In 1946, the format was changed to its present appearance and the first two issues that year were better than had been put out for at least a decade. It did then seem that the magazine would regain some of its lost glory but in fact, it has not flourished as much as it could. The interest has lagged but it is almost definite that it will pick up in the coming years. It has flourished for sixty years and I have little doubt that it will do the same for sixty more.

The next on the list of student publications is the *Yearbook*. It first appeared in 1929 and was produced by the graduating class without the aid of advertising. The first president was A. Rosenstein and his committee was composed of 14 men and women. The idea of having a yearbook was not a new one for it is known that for a number of years, plans had been made, and the project dropped; but as soon as there was a class with enough initiative, as this one had, the dreams were realized. The form has remained unchanged though it has become far more streamlined, and in its aim of "offering 'Bishop's' hoping that in years to come, when undergraduate days are dim memories, the volume(s) may serve to bring back recollections of happy days spent at our dear old Alma Mater" it has stood secure.

It has never lost its original form, though, as I have said, it has become more streamlined. The cartoons and sketches have improved

immeasurably in the past years and the whole work is now much better balanced than before. Because it was originally financed by the graduating class alone with only the aid of scattered donations, space was limited, and it was only in 1936 when the committee decided to use advertising that it could expand. Then began a much more extensive coverage of student activities and this helped a great deal in making it the valuable publication it is today. The cover has never changed, except in colour, and the page size has remained the same. The Yearbook is really a timeless work and will be an important feature of Student activity for as long as the University lasts.

The most recently founded of the Bishop's publications is *The Campus*. The idea for this type of work had been in the minds of students for years before the day it was finally published and it was a great step forward when, in 1944, the first issue appeared. The co-founders were Paul Baudry and Fred Kaufman who for the first time in Bishop's history produced a fortnightly newspaper. They gathered together a small staff during the fall of '44 and on the tenth of November, the first number appeared featuring mainly sports headlines and Bishop's social news.

From the beginning it expanded and its circulation increased by leaps and bounds. Through the last nine years, it has maintained a fairly rigid pattern and the greatest attribute is in the improved reporting and consequently, the better, and more extensive material. Public response during the first two years of its life was so good that the Students' Association made it a permanent feature by giving it a charter and a constitution as Article XIX in the Constitution.

Here as in any other newspaper, advertising forms the financial backbone and, due to the tireless efforts of the staffs, there has never been any serious setback. It is the opinion of every student here that *The Campus* has adhered to its aim "to further the understanding amongst the student body and to record all events of general interest."

That is the history, in brief, of Publications here at Bishop's and as such it is quite comprehensible; but the basic trends are a different matter. As there is no record of the *College Monthly*, for example, how can one judge how it fits in with the others? One must often fall back on imagination to provide the many missing links in the chain of student thought. The first of the student publications, *The Frying Pan*, was chiefly a satire designed to bring about certain reforms and in its own way, it did manage to achieve its aims. The standard of English was very high and never really bogged down — it is cumbersome to us but it is nonetheless correct. The predominate mood was

light sarcasm and humour with little of really serious nature. It, like its "descendants", had something to aim at and it found its mark.

The Lennoxville Magazine is not actually part of this scheme of student publications, but as contemporary writing, it provides a marked contrast with the *Frying Pan*. It is composed almost entirely of serious work with only touches of humour and it is far above the standard of ordinary college literature. But the *Students' Monthly*, as far as can be judged, was quite different. In the editorial of the first *Mitre*, it is described as a publication which could have developed, but which collapsed through lack of support. That was often the case in those early times for the initiative of the students was turned in other directions; it is not that they did not appreciate good writing, but they were a trifle awed at the idea of launching themselves on such ambitious schemes. Evidently, the standard of humour and so on was low too.

The Mitre has succeeded where its predecessor failed because the University was ready for some record to be kept of the various activities. There were now more extracurricular activities than ever before, and the faculties of Arts and Medicine had a great deal of news. There was no trouble in getting material once the students had read the first number so the Directors had no need of soliciting articles as is so often the case now. The essays and poetry in all the *Mitres* are of extremely high calibre and where the jokes are quite poor, the composition is very good. *The Mitre*, from the first, was not a 'local' publication entirely but of interest to students past and present as well as to readers who have nothing to do with the university.

The basic trend of *The Mitre* has changed, though not very markedly, from its foundation. The first few publications are notable for the learned articles on such topics as Coleridge, and the classic Latin writers as well as spicy accounts of rugby, debates and so on, all of which are told with a sort of wry humour that is quite entertaining. The students at that time seem to have been able to laugh at themselves much more loudly and more often than those of today and this fact is ever brought to mind when one reads the early *Mitres*. Where *The Mitre* was well balanced and attractive to all, it is now tended towards more heavy work. It is no longer the balanced publication it was but is now one-sided—weighted composition and sometimes very profound humour. There is still a great deal of interest in the various publications, but it is more limited to one group or another than before. It is what the editors must combat and it must be pointed out that in the past couple of years there has been some improvement.

The MITRE

The other two publications have not changed except to become more modern. *The Campus* has not fallen to the 'rapid-fire' style so popular today but has acquired the balance of any small, twentieth century newspaper with few frills. The Yearbook is still its same substantial self and promises to remain so for many years to come. It has improved in itself but has never been altered in shape or form.

Publications at Bishop's have indeed played a major role in our development and in any magazine like this one where a jubilee is celebrated, it cannot be overlooked. In the failures and successes attached to it, there is a lesson which, if there is to be any success, must be attended. And through the years, this lesson has been learned; it is as Dr. McGreer said in his first forward to the Yearbook: "Give the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."



Frying Pan — 1861 — Query: When one goes down to breakfast and finds nothing on the table but sour bread, rancid butter and molasses, what is one to do?



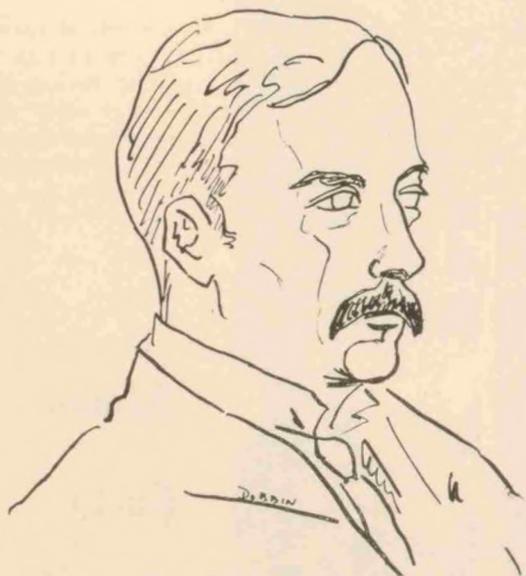
Mitre, April 1893: Alumni letter: Bishop's formality retains her dignity. To keep the new man "in his place" call on him on arrival and leave a card. Know him as an acquaintance till you wish to know him as a friend. Gradually admit him into the inner circle.



Alumni

Poets

William Henry Drummond



WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND was born in Ireland in 1854. At the age of eleven he came to Montreal and shortly afterwards, was forced to go to work because of the death of his father. After spending some time as a telegraph agent he entered McGill and then entered Bishop's Medical College in Montreal, from which he graduated in 1884. He practiced medicine in the Eastern Townships, later following his profession in Montreal where he took the chair of Medical Jurisprudence at his Alma Mater. He has been writing poetry in the habitant *patois* since his days as a telegraph agent, but it was not until the 1890's that his friends persuaded him to publish. His works met with immediate success. However this literary fame was looked upon by him as secondary, his medical vocation remaining his first concern. In 1907 he died of a cerebral haemorrhage brought on by a valiant fight against a smallpox outbreak in the Cobalt area.

LITTLE LAC GRENIER

*Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Right on de mountain top,
But cloud sweepin' by, will fin' tam to stop
No matter how quickly he want to go,
So he'll kiss leetle Grenier down below.*

*Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Up on de mountain high
But she never feel lonesome, 'cos for w'y?
So soon as de winter was gone away
De bird come an' sing to her ev'ry day.*

*Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Back on de mountain dere,
But de pine tree an' spruce stan' ev'rywhere
Along by de shore, an' mak' her warm
For dey kip off de win' an' de winter storm.*

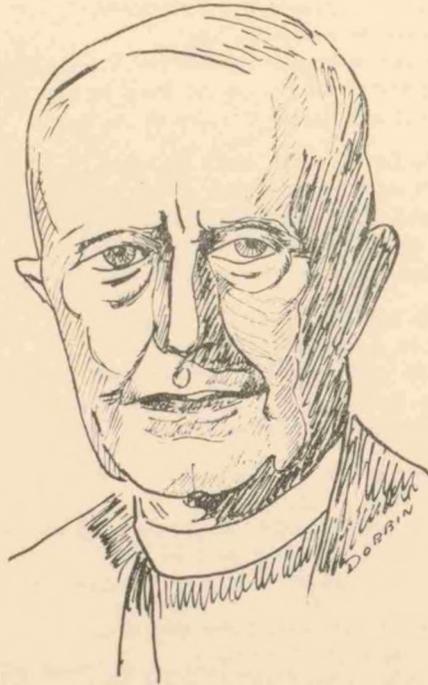
*Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
No broder, no sister near,
But de swallow will fly, an' de beeg moose deer
An' caribou too, will go long way
To drink de sweet water of Lac Grenier.*

*Leetle Lac Grenier, I see you now,
Onder de roof of spring
Ma conoe's afloat, an' de robin sing,
De lily's beginnin' her summer dress,
An' trout's wakin' up from hees long long res'.*

*Leetle Lac Grenier, I'm happy now,
Out on de ole canoe,
For I'm all alone, ma chere, wit' you,
An' if only a nice light rod I had
I'd try dat fish near de lily pad!*

*Leetle Lac Grenier, O! let me go,
Don't spik no more,
For your voice is strong lak de rapid's roar,
An' you know youse'f I'm too far away,
For visit you now — leetle Lac Grenier!*

Frederick George Scott



FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT was born in Montreal in 1861. He came to Bishop's in 1870, graduating in 1881. While here he took a great interest in student activities, and was one of the leading figures of the student body. In 1884 after receiving his M.A. he entered the Church. He was rector of Drummondville and then of St. Matthews, Quebec city, and became a Canon of Holy Trinity Cathedral in that city. During World War I he was senior chaplain of the first Canadian Division. He was greatly loved by the troops, and was awarded the D.S.O. for his work in the front lines. He wrote a great deal of poetry, many of his early poems being published in *The Mitre*. From 1888 to 1916 a number of slim volumes of his poetry were published at intervals, each of which was warmly welcomed by the critics. In 1942 a collection of poems, *Lift Up Your Hearts*, enjoyed the widest Canadian circulation to that date. His passing in 1944 was keenly felt by many thousands across the Dominion.

ON THE RUE DU BOIS

*O pallid Christ within this broken shrine,
Not those torn Hands and not that Heart of Thine
Have given the nations blood to drink like wine.*

*Through weary years and 'neath the changing skies,
Men turned their back on those appealing Eyes
And scorned as vain Thine awful sacrifice.*

*Kings with their armies, children in their play,
Have passed unheeding down this shell-ploughed way;
The great world knew not where its true strength lay.*

*In pomp and luxury, in lust of gold,
In selfish ease, in pleasures manifold,
"Evil is good, good evil," we were told.*

*Yet here, where nightly the great flare-lights gleam,
And murder stalks triumphant in their beam,
The world has wakened from its empty dream.*

*At last, O Christ, in this strange, darkened land,
Where ruined homes lie round on every hand,
Life's deeper truths men come to understand.*

*For lonely graves along the country side,
Where sleep those brave hearts who for others died,
Tell of life's union with the Crucified.*

*And new light kindles in the mourners eyes,
Like day-dawn breaking through the rifted skies,
For life is born of life's self-sacrifice.*

Frank Oliver Call



FRANK OLIVER CALL was born at West Brome in 1878. Coming to Bishop's he took an active part in debating, as well as helping with the business of the hockey team, and contributing periodically to *The Mitre*. He received his B.A. in 1905, and his M.A. three years after. He did post graduate work at McGill, Marburg, and Paris. Following these studies he became Professor of Modern Languages at Bishop's. He is now retired and living near his birth-place. His works include *In a Belgian Garden* (1916), *Acanthus and Wild Grapes* (1920), and *Blue Homespun* (1924).

CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

St. Anne de Beaupre

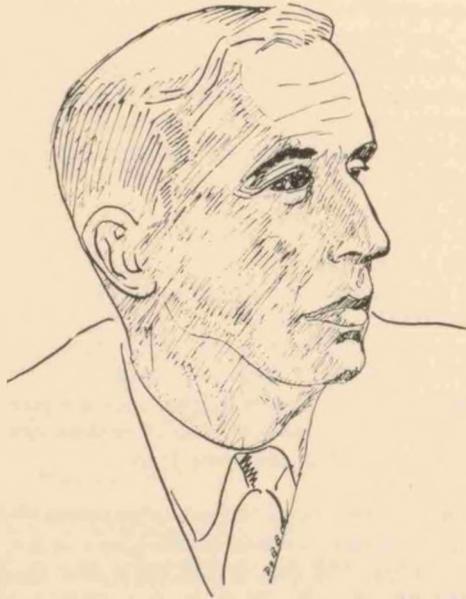
*Along the King's Highway
White with new-fallen snow,
The eager pilgrims go
To seek the shrine of Good Saint Anne.
Where gleaming candles burn within the hush before the
jewelled shrine,
The pilgrims strive to work a miracle divine
By kneeling long before the altar stairs
And murmuring there a thousand oft-repeated prayers.*

*But down beside the ice-rimmed river's edge
Where the fresh-water tide engulfs the frozen sedge,
Within his tiny shop
An old wood carver cuts the crisp white chips away
From shapeless blocks of wood, until the waning sunlight
fades to grey.*

*Not for a moment does he stop
Or raise his eyes to see the pilgrims go
In haste to kneel before the glittering shrine,
But in the afterglow his gleaming chisels shine,
And hour by hour his gnarled old hands move to and fro.
Bent shoulders, flowing beard and shaggy head,
As white as is the host
Before which now
The pilgrims bow,
He seems the ghost
Of some old craftsman many centuries dead.
Ghostly and stark,
The church spires rising pierce the starlit dark,
The Pilgrim's Bell calls to Midnight Mass
Through clanging doors townsmen and pilgrims pass
Within the church where incense rises in a thick blue cloud.
The drone of prayers, now low, now loud,
Floats on the river's fog.
Within the dusk of the wood carver's shop, from fragrant log
Of rough-heun pine another incense rises on the air;
Beneath the windows the tide drones dully like an old time-
hallowed prayer.*

*One slender candle throws across the night
A wavering golden light,
Like to the star that shone above the manger long ago
In Bethlehem. Still to and fro
The old hands ply, the chisel flashes and the chips fall down
like snow.
Mindless of calling bell or chiming clock,
Still at the shaping block
The old wood carver chips and chips,
Until in a niche of darkness, sorrowful and mild
Stands the white Virgin Mother and her child,
A wondering smile upon the baby's lips.
Like a worshipper at Midnight Mass the old wood carver stands,
Awed by the miracle wrought by his own hands.
The stars like candles through the darkened window shine,
And a thousand prayers still drone before the glittering shrine.*

Francis Reginald Scott



FRANCIS REGINALD SCOTT was born in Quebec City in 1899, the son of Frederick George Scott. In 1919 he received his B.A. from Bishop's, taking first class honors in History. While here, besides distinguishing himself academically, he took an active part in debating and literary affairs. Receiving a Rhodes Scholarship he proceeded to Oxford, where he received the B.A. and B.Litt. Degrees. After some years spent in teaching in the secondary schools, he enrolled in the McGill Law Faculty, receiving his B.C.L. in 1927, and becoming a member of the faculty the following year. He is now Professor of Civil Law. Professor Scott has done a great deal of work in the literary field. He has been a leading figure in the publication of many magazines and books. As well as a volume of poems, *Overture*, he has written a number of prose works, his best known being *Canada Today*, which was published in 1938.

THREE POEMS

Memory

*Tight skin called Face is drawn
Over the skull's bone comb
Casing the honey brain*

*And thoughts like bee-line bees
Fly straight from blossom eyes
To store sweet facts in cells*

*While all the branching nerves
Perform their acts of love
And keep our past alive.*

*Within brain's waxy walls
Lifetimes of sights and smells
Lie filmed on ready spools*

*Till some quick trigger-word
Tips off a memory rush
And turns Face bright in a flash.*

Sculptor

*He journeys through a wilderness of stone
Cutting a roadway with a steel point
Till a whole country opens its wide eyes
And a round mound is shaped by a smooth palm.*

Charity

*A Code of Laws
Lies written
On the beggar's hand.*

*My small coin
Lengthens
The harsh sentence.*

Neil Tracy



NEIL TRACY was born in Sherbrooke in 1905. He graduated from Bishop's in 1928, receiving his M.A. a year later. While at Bishop's his motto was recorded as being: "Anything for a quiet life." He contributed occasionally to *The Mitre*. Since 1939 he has been the District Secretary of the Canadian National Institute of the Blind in the Sherbrooke area. He has published one volume of poetry, *The Rain it Raineth*, as well as contributing to several anthologies of Canadian poetry.

AS THE EARTH TURNS

*Scholar, parson or teacher,
Doctor or advocate,
Brothers and friends, I salute you,
Callows of '28;*

*Solemnly scoffing the speeches,
Haughty in hood and gown,
We thought the world was our oyster,
Taking the old boys down.*

*Growing gray in the class-room,
Thinning on top at the Bar,
Staring through office windows,
Tamed by depression and war;*

*Paunchy, dyspeptic, rheumatic,
Wise and world-weary, we,
Coaching the kids through their capers,
Fathers of '53.*

Ralph Gustafson



RALPH GUSTAFSON was born near Sherbrooke in 1907. While at Bishop's, from which he graduated in 1929, he was active in debating and acting. From here he went to Oxford where he obtained a B.A. in 1933. From 1934 to 1937 he taught in London, England. Since that time he has been engaged exclusively in literary work in New York City. His works include a volume of poetry, *The Golden Chalice*, published in 1935, a verse play, *Alfred the Great*, published in England in 1937, an *Epithalamium in Time of War* (1941), and *Lyrics Unromantic* (1942). He has also published a group of poems in the *Sewanee Review*, and has edited an anthology of Canadian poetry.

DIALECTIC TO A THEME OF VILLA-LOBOS

*Reality is the expression of it.
Thought of as an innocence,
A pure pervasion, music is
A truth but only in the hunger
And the hearing real, though ears,
An episode of slapstick,
Are matters for some ridicule.*

*Tonight between the fall of dark
And founding of the stars you play
And all the imperfection made
By double drum and anvil in
My pate, time, the piano's sloven
Mathematics, is a passion.
Unheard music is not sweeter.*

*Reality is imperfection.
Genesis must know temptation
Or He cannot help Himself.
Is it not so? Can He laugh?
Does the whirlwind condescend
To thistle or the worm to love?
This planet postulates its pun:
God's becoming. The moment's made.
The choice within that modulation
Was the music, not the A,
That B— singly, of sublime
Indifference. Without your hands
That move the hour, the hammer's action
On the string, He sits beyond
The pearly gates and twiddles thumbs.*

George Whalley



GEORGE WHALLEY was born in Kingston in 1915. Coming to Bishop's in 1932 he took an extremely active part in the life of the university. He was college organist for three years, sports editor of *The Mitre* for two years, platoon-commander of the C.O.T.C. for two years, president of Dramatics for two years, a member of the intermediate rugby team for two years, and of the hockey team for one year. He graduated in 1935, obtaining a first class B.A. and a Rhodes Scholarship. Graduating from Oxford, he taught for a few years, and then became a Lieutenant Commander of the R.C.N.V.R. during the Second World War. He lectured in English at Bishop's from 1945 to 1948 when he accepted a position at Queen's, where he is now. He has published one volume of poems, *No Man an Island*, and has contributed articles and poems to several periodicals.

NIGHT FLIGHT

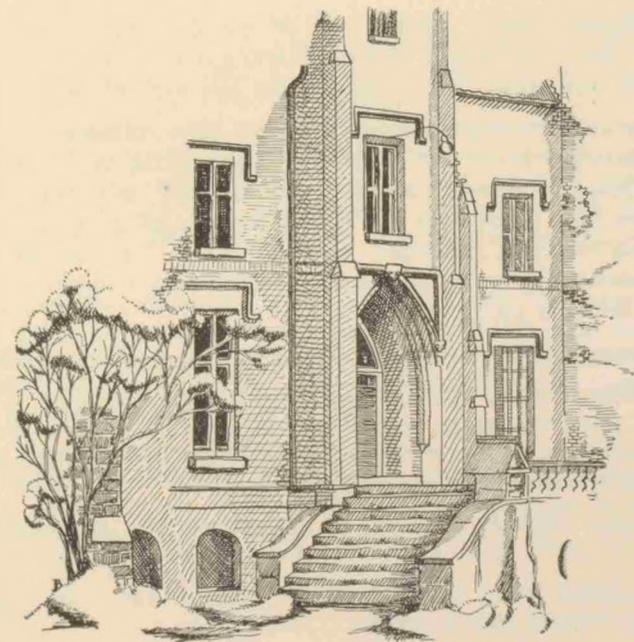
*What hand trimmed these strident feathers for flight
And rigged such flimsy gear — a matter of ear-shot,
A catch of the breath — to freeze the crawling traffic
So that we heard in an instant of threatening rain
A random arrow of geese transfix the night?
What fingers hooked the string and held it humming
Fiddle-taut to the ear while surge of shoulder
Flexed the bow to a thought's prophetic will?
What cosmic archer with crow's-foot eyes disposed
Uncompassed wings to tread the darkness southward?*

*The beaks cry defiance to solitude
And the trackless sky, where no star flashes
'Come'; only the tidal pitiless sun
Impels them, beyond memory, towards
An unforeknowable target of repose.
Across the creaking burden of the chorus
The leader striding the silence invokes their care,
Cries out to this pitiful grace of bones
And ragged feathers linked by hook and barb
To a crazy Icarus-venture. Hooded eyes
Peer unamazed at a highly improbable course
Great-circled in octopus juice on the black air.
For the leader's unworded words strike on their ear-holes
Familiar magic. These Atlas necks
Are long-bows strained to a planet's compulsion:
These birds are archer and arrow, artists
Annihilating will to discover purpose.*

*These wingbones are structured against the gales
Of Tierra del Fuego; these singing feathers
Are tough enough for that sorrowful region where
The Horn fractures his beak in the South Ice.
But they will come to rest short of that passion
For no divined reason, dropping down
Weary some dawn by a lake where wild rice
Whispers to water.*

A History
of Student Activities

by ANN DODDS and HUGH DOHERTY



OUR university is young, and as we peer back over the comparatively brief span of one hundred and eight years, her immaturity becomes more obvious as the close interaction of all her activities comes to view -- faculty changes, new buildings and student societies. Only with the founding of the Students' Association, of which first mention is made in the November 1913 *Mitre* and under which the Dramatic, Debating and Churchwarden clubs were integrated, does the first definite break between work, worry, and play occur. It speaks well of our students to say that until that date they grappled with the struggles incumbent upon the newborn university and managed to transform them into adventurous and even enjoyable activity. The following notes and quotations made of *Mitre* reports of student activities seem insignificant when viewed separately; yet as a body they reflect the tone of Bishop's student life for its first sixty years.

December 1893: "Feeling, not of the doctrinal type, is high between Arts and Divinity faculties." Arts enjoy cribbage after lunch, while Divines prefer whist. There is but one deck of cards.

May 1895: The International Pulp and Paper Company has filled the Massawippi River with a boom of logs, making the channel useless. Since all former protests were ignored, this year prompt measures were taken when Mr. Nicolls and a large group of students rowed up the river and began to cut the boom. Consultations are always sidestepped by the company, and now town authorities are not certain what to do.

November 1895: Arts Notes -- "Rat hunting is now in season!"

December 1895: "Seeing that Divinity students have so much time to spare, we suggest his work be more varied. Let him apply for the honourable position of mail carrier or organ blower. He is already adept at blacking boots and emptying bathtubs."

October 1898: At a meeting of the students they proposed raising money in some way to furnish the Common Room fittingly.

November 1903: A volunteer fire brigade has been organized under a Divinity man as chief.

November 1905: "We need a library with a reading table so we can study for an hour or so."

Thus through the difficult periods of 1846 when professors forewent their salaries, of 1860 when financial burdens were particularly heavy and we had only twenty students, of 1890 when students openly rebelled against administrative conditions, of the 1890's when antipathy between Arts and Divinity faculties ran strongest, and of the first decade of the 1900's when the last major building operations, until the raising of the Women's Residence, were going on -- throughout all this, student activity paralleled the acute difficulties which the faculty was trying to handle. Only during the last thirty-five years have students been able to divorce themselves from the influential threat of having the university either burn down about their ears, or disintegrate through lack of funds. However, if their spirit is to be lauded, higher praise is the just due of our administrators, whose wisdom and determination have made possible the wide range of activities which have become especially diversified since 1920.

Besides the regular Guild of the Venerable Bede, Glee, Debating, Dramatics clubs and C.O.T.C., energy has been found for the creation of a Math and Science Club under Professor Kuehner (1931-38), a Rover Scout Group in 1932, a Humanities and Political Discussion Group, the Economics Club, the History Club under Dr. Masters (1946-53), the Biology Club organized first by students with Dr. Langford as honorary president, a Veterans' Society (1947-49), Photography Club, Chess Club (which has functioned sporadically since 1845), the Canterbury Club, and the Churchwardens who along with the Par Ergons enjoyed an earlier existence as literary promoters from 1908 until 1916.

The Students' Executive Council has become increasingly important as an integrating force for this array of clubs and societies, and has had to subdivide its executive in order to form the Advertising Committee (1940) (which is now defunct), the Dance Committee (1946), and the Board of Publicity (1951).

The famous undocumented inter-residence student raids of the 1940's, held all in good fun, indicate that the twentieth century has given us more hours for pure enjoyment. The lengthy list of student activities indicates that this time has not been wasted.

Literary and Debating

"RESOLVED that short engagements are preferable to long ones."

This was the subject under debate by the Bishop's University Debating Society in November 1906. Women had been admitted to lectures for the first time in the September of three years previous. The debating organizations were always up to date and the topics, such as the one cited above, timely and aimed at solving current problems.

The original ten students who had formed the nucleus of the university in 1845 had by 1893 increased their numbers to only thirty-one. The small staff and student body had passed through crises incumbent upon every university, and had carried added burdens attending the fires of 1874 and '91. Common adversity had drawn the student body closely together, and as a consequence we find that for the first fifty years they entertained a serious frame of mind. Debating, then, fitted in as naturally with university functions as did the chapel services.

By the nineties the course had been extended beyond that of a degree in Licentiate Theology to include that of a B.A. The tenor of the whole institution, however, remained humanitarian, and the voice of each individual was a factor to be dealt with as every student felt himself to be very much a part of the university. In fact, so vital was the "one for all" spirit that debating took on a healthy informal tone and the students found themselves caught up in discussions lasting far into the night hours. Evidently the repercussions felt by every alteration in the administration of Bishop's served to make the students very self-conscious about their growth. But on no account were they to sit by quietly to be dealt with at will by the authorities.

Consequently, we find that topics for debate in many instances run parallel with actual changes in the university curriculum, particularly in the 1890's when innovations were being made concerning every aspect of Bishop's. Similarly, the debated subjects ran concurrently with world affairs in later years, i.e. in the 1900's. when Bishop's had time to catch her breath somewhat and look out objectively upon the rest of the globe.

Bishop's oldest debating club, the Quintilian Society, was inaugurated during the earliest years of the university. Besides serving

the useful function of encouraging the students to speak for their rights in that crucial, formative era, it found especial sanction in the eyes of the corporation for another reason. Theologians were expected to be sober, exemplary members of society. Even their participation in dancing was an activity frowned on by Jasper Nicolls. What better channel for their youthful exuberance than the rostrum which, combined with the cricket field ought to offer adequate and appropriate challenge for their energies?

The Quintilian Society functioned until 1893, when its name was changed to "Bishop's College Debating Society." Formal debates continued to be held as often as twice weekly, and we can only imagine the active under-current of extemporaneous argument which acted as feeder for these frequent discussions.

In the first issue of *The Mitre*, October 1893, we find reference to topics handled by the old Quintilians in the previous year: "The Visible Existence of Ghosts"; "The Use of Tobacco"; "Eliminating Theology from the B.A. Course." The following *Mitre*, in December of the same year, records these varied topics handled by the new society: "That Education of the Masses is Not of Benefit to People"; "That Professors Should Come from Canadian Universities"; "That Franchise Should Go to Spinsters and Orphans". From this year on glimpses of Canadian history and student problems are caught in the debated subjects.

October 1899. "Resolved that intelligence exhibited by the present generation is inferior to that of past ages."

November, 1900. "Resolved that the extension of university education to women has been attended with most happy results."

This was the first of a series of debates dealing with an ever more pressing question of what to do with the twentieth century young woman.

February 1907. "That universities should not grant the degree of B.A. to ladies."

April 1913. "Woman's suffrage."

By the Machaelmas term, 1917, the Ladies of Bishop's had initiated their own debating society with Prof. E. E. Boothroyd as honorary president, and C. S. Brown as president. The topic of their first debate was, as might well be expected, "Resolved that Co-education is Harmful." Miss Hume and Miss Hutton contended against Miss Ashe and Miss Findly. It is obvious that the ladies' sole motive in

debating was love of competition, for the affirmative side won. This club did not continue as a separate one on the campus, but from 1917 women have shown themselves adequately capable of being eligible for membership in the men's club.

In the April issue of *The Mitre*, 1899 appeared the following. "There is no reason other than that of lack of enthusiasm why we should not take part in inter-collegiate debates." The first debate of that kind was held on March 8, 1900, when Montreal Diocesan College debated the negative side of the resolution "That Capital Punishment Should be Abolished" with us, and won. The experiment had evidently been a happy one, for in May of 1902 the wish was strongly expressed to enter an inter-collegiate league with McGill, Queens, and Toronto. In the following November it was reported that with H. F. Hamilton as president and F. W. Carroll, B.A., as vice-president, we had entered the league and that the first topic debated was "The Residential System a Decisive Feature of College Life." No results were recorded.

Inter University Debating League competitions soon became a definite part of our Society's yearly program. In 1929 of our two teams entered, that of J. G. Rennie and A. E. Caulfield won against Ottawa. In 1931 we won a NFCUS sponsored debate against a team from the University of Aberdeen and Bristol. "Resolved that this house would favour a tax on bachelors." In the same year we won an I.U.D.L. debate against Ottawa.

In the succeeding years, before 1934, both I.U.D.L. and NFCUS honours were contended and lost. However, in the 1934 year book we read: "We call this Holy Year or 'Annus Mirabilis.' That piece of Edwardian silverware described awefully as 'the Trophy,' or I.U.D.L. League Trophy is ours." It had been competed since 1904-05. The final debate was against McMaster. Bassett and Stevens upheld the negative side of the resolution that medicine should be socialized.

In 1935 Bishop's had the honour of placing one member on the NFCUS team going to the Maritimes to represent Ontario and Quebec.

In 1937, the Society decided for the first time, to give debating awards.

The Mock Parliament has always held an important position in the debating scheme. Its first formal appearance was made in November of 1897 when it replaced the Debating Society. In its younger stages it wore a sober expression, as indicated by the debate held in March of 1898 when a bill on Naval Works and Prohibition was passed.

It continued to survive after the Debating Society had been revived in 1899.

In December of 1903 *The Mitre* gave the following report of a debate: "Resolved that the pen is mightier than the sword" was most unsatisfactory. The Committee might exert itself to find subjects of more practical interest, especially now when great political questions are discussed." In November of 1904 the editor reported: "Interest in debating is falling off. So few came to the last debate that it was moved to postpone it. However, the motion was defeated." In March of 1905 one short but pointed remark was made under the "Arts Section" of *The Mitre*. "Has anyone seen our Debating Society?" This short eclipse was terminated in 1905 when H. F. Hamilton became President.

But we have little reason to think that Mock Parliaments were similarly over-shadowed, for in October 1908, it was reported that a Mock Trial had been held at which the prisoner had been charged with "setting fire to the college woods in an attempt to smoke a pipe of shag." Evidently from 1903-05 a new medium of debate had been discovered; one which could supply a much lighter vein of argument. From that time onwards trials and Parliaments provided the college humorists with a dignified soap-box, and such topics as this were taken up:

December 1912: "Amphrodite Harmodias, spinster, sues 50,000 damages for trifling with affections."

By the turn of the century college enrollment was large enough to support an organization of literary minded students, and in March 1902 *The Mitre* reports that at a Literary Society meeting a paper was presented: "The Ancient Conception of Nero." This club had a sporadic existence. In October 1912 a new society was formed with the purpose of "raising literary standards by the reading of papers." The Honorary President was Prof. E. E. Boothroyd, and the President C. E. Bown. Since this incipient movement the literary-minded have found expression through the Brotherhood of St. Andrews or a Literary Club affiliated with the Debating Society. Activity has been irregular, depending upon the amount of time available after the debates have been held.

Debating had become increasingly popular in the 1940's in spite of the fact that the war period had interrupted all functions and that our debaters were forced to withdraw completely from I.U.D.L. during that period. In 1943 weekly debates were resumed in order to raise the standard again. In 1944, though, only two debates were held. In 1945 the record was better, fifteen debates with 55 students having

taken part. That year we beat McGill in the I.U.D.L. In 1946 twenty debates were held and we broadcasted for the first time over CHLT. Our standing in 1947 was remarkably good. We defeated McGill and Loyola to become finalists in the eastern section for the Beatty Trophy, and during the year seventy-five students spoke. A series of Exchange Bi-Lingual Debates were held with Laval in 1948, and it has always been hoped that more will follow.

Even though debating has fallen off slightly during the last few years, so that the Year Book was compelled to report apologetically that the "standard is not too high. We have produced only seven top-notch debaters in 1949," we must note the marvelous tenacity with which debating has hung on even under most difficult conditions. One incentive for this has been the Skinner Trophy, offered for inter-faculty debating by Mr. A. C. Skinner of Sherbrooke in 1922. To date, the Arts Faculty has won the gold cup fifteen times and the Divinity Faculty, thirteen times.

Contention for this trophy, along with I.U.D.L. competition, has provided one of the central themes for our debating scheme, and has maintained constant interest in the Debating Club.



Mitre, October 1899; Freshman Rules —

1. No smoking permitted without written permission from home.
2. Must address seniors as "Mr." or "Sir".
3. In some colleges it is customary for freshmen to carry canes, but not here. We remind one of our dear freshmen brothers to leave his at home before we break it over his head.
4. Freshmen may not hold communication with co-eds without the Senior Man's permission.



Mitre, November 1903: Very rarely do students of this university dare to cause a commotion during lectures, unless something unusual happens. But we cannot blame them for cheering the ladies, adorned for the first time in their scholastic vestments as they boldly walked into the lecture room.

Dramatics

IN reference to dramatics in general, the following note appeared in a 1902 *Mitre* issue. It bears special significance to our own activities, for it serves to point out several features of Bishop's dramatics development up to that date.

"The clergy of the Montreal Diocese have been considering the advisability of interesting the church in the Drama. In this way they think that the tone of the modern play might be most readily elevated. The theatre seems to be a modern necessity, and the church does well to recognize this by considering how she may safeguard the best interests of her people."

By 1902 the theatre was indeed a "modern necessity." We may take this article for its face value. We can also take the liberty of investigating its tone of stern, reluctant approval of dramatics. Certainly Bishop's was an accessory to this last fact, for we have every reason to believe that our essentially theological university indulged in some form of acting from its earliest days. Our Dramatic Society dates its first birthday from 1850. Since youth throughout the more settled parts of North America were showing similar interest, it is not surprising that the church, as well as other conservative groups, came to admit most wisely that acting was here to stay and ought to be guided rather than persecuted. It is not too broad an assumption to say that at a time when community life is fresh and new, as it was in Canada's 1880's and '90's, any centralizing feature of social spirit has a most important role to play. Minstrel shows and community concerts at this time were as familiar as the horse and buggy and fulfilled a need equally pressing, if not so obvious, as that of transportation.

No precise information can be obtained concerning Bishop's dramatics activities prior to 1893, but there exists ample information serving to link it firmly with Lennoxville community life. The February 1893 *Mitre* announced that "a committee has been formed to produce Sheridan's 'The Rivals'." A note in the July 1894 *Mitre* editorial stated: "We look forward to a new plan—a more formal Dramatic Club." Although neither of these plans materialized until some time later, they give some indication of the energetic outlook of the 1890's which must have had the strong background of years of dramatics participation and interest in some form.

Obviously Bishop's was prepared for public performances, and, as may be expected, these at first took the form of Annual Entertain-

ments, held in cooperation with the townspeople. One interesting note on these events is that all female roles were enacted by Lennoxville and Sherbrooke residents since the university became co-educational only in 1903. Another feature worthy of mention is that these entertainments did not become "annual" until 1904. They were produced with some timidity. As the 1899 *Mitre* indicates by its report "a few of us went to Sherbrooke 'to study' the drama 'For Her Sake,'" the community as well as Bishop's was in the experimenting stage. It was always with relief that a favourable report could be given of an evening's entertainment, such as the following: —November 1898—"a Dramatics Entertainment was given in the Lennoxville Town Hall and funds will buy common room furniture. Advance ticket sales were wonderful. The curtain was raised with commendable punctuality on two laughable farces, 'My Lord in Livery' and 'Freezing a Mother-in-Law!'"

It is of interest to note two other concerts which typify those given in this period. In May 1901 the following entertainment took place to raise funds for *The Mitre*. Mr. C. Smith played the piano selection, Regandon. Miss N. E. Shurtleff sang Heavenly Song. Mr. J. E. Spencer sang Bedowin Love Song. A piece was rendered by the trio made up of Miss Shurtleff, Messrs. Armitage and Mackie. Mrs. J. P. Whitney sang the Old Cottage Clock. C. D. White sang Valentine Song. The play entitled "Naval Engagements", was staged in St. George's Hall and female roles were taken by town residents. The cast was: Messrs. W. M. Gordon, G. E. Weagant, F. S. Krans, A. T. Speid, Mrs. E. L. Smith, and Mrs. A. F. Foss. In March 1904 the Annual Entertainment consisted of a minstrel show under the direction of the university organist, T. H. Iverson, B.A., and a Toy Symphony under Mr. Collins, including a triangle, quail, drum, two violins, a cuckoo, nightengale and trumpet.

By midsummer 1907 university dramatics has entered a new phase with the initiation of the "Bishop's College Dramatics Club." In previous years all deference had been paid to the conservative attitude which thought modern plays to be considerably off taste, if not vulgar, and until 1909 productions were in well-tried, classical tradition. However, this new dramatic organization proceeded to stage two such successful classical plays that students felt themselves equal to the task of deviating from the old line of action. These two plays should be noted. The first, "She Stoops to Conquer," was produced in Sherbrooke at His Majesty's Theatre, something entirely unprecedented. The cast was as follows: Messrs. Whalley, Joly de Lotbiniere, Love, Speid, Hepburn, Moorehead, Thompson, Robinson, Miss White and Miss Tomlinson. The second play, produced in 1908 on the same stage, was transported to Quebec City for staging there. The cast was made up of Messrs. Lotbiniere, Hepburn, Hooper, Whalley, Speid, Grant, Miss Eggell, Miss



Shreve and Miss Gwyn. A. F. Whalley held society presidentship in that fortunate year and was able to take the bows for this notice which appeared in the June 1903 *Mitre*: "The Bishop's College Dramatic Society has passed the stage of indiscriminate adulation, and has reached the point where it is entitled to be judged somewhat above the ordinary amateur standard."

Although Bishop's participation in the theatre world has always been that of an amateur so that she is disqualified from making any grand claims, she nonetheless can boast of an almost phenomenal steadiness of development of acting and production talents from 1908 onwards. Key dates can be isolated throughout the twentieth century which would be a joy to any historian and an even greater one to our actors, actresses and directors.

The year 1909 marks the first step along the pathway leading progressively across the 1900's. In that year our first so-called modern play was produced—"The Magistrate" by Pinero. Miss Somers and Miss Robins made a debut on behalf of the University ladies on this occasion. In 1910 Mr. A. T. Speid's name appeared on the "Schoolmistress" playbill under the heading of Instructor. Until this play all ideas and talents had been pooled by the players who acted as joint directors, but from now on directorship took on an official capacity. "The Schoolmistress" enjoyed a new type of success. The cast (Miss E. White, Gwyn, McBain, Habe, Robins, Mrs. Frith, Messrs. Andrews, Whalley, Hepburn, A. Durant, F. Sherring, Edge, and Sturdey) were taken to Stanstead for one day and night and to add to the thrill of

being "on the road", a gentleman in the Stanstead audience was quoted as saying, "that's the nicest set of girls I've ever seen in this theatre." (May Bishop's presume to have been one factor in disassociating the chorus girl from the actress?)

World war necessitated the disbanding of the Dramatics Society and we hear no more of it until 1917 when the members produced only one short play in St. Anthony's Church Hall, a play understandably not up to the old polish, for "The Hoodoo" was described in *The Mitre* as "a comedy for amateurs." Later on in the year Mr. Spied, as director and stage manager, was able to band together a sufficiently large group to stage "Professor Pepp." This post-war period offered many problems but Professor R. Rocksborough-Smith, Dean of Divinity, infused our stage with new life, he himself directing and playing comedy while his wife took leading lady roles. Under his direction "Tilly of Bloomsbury" was staged in 1925, "The Bishop's Candlesticks" and "Eliza Comes to Stay" in 1926, "Green Stockings" in 1927 and "The Haunted House" in 1928. All were very well received excepting the last, which was reviewed as being "very funny, but unsuitable for a college."

In 1929 a Dramatics and Reading circle was formed for women, the first of its kind. Under Mrs. Carrington's direction Aubrey Acheson, Geraldine Seale and Eleanor Raymond put on a one-act play "The Followers", which was taken to Sherbrooke and Ottawa. This society has ceased to function independently, but has undoubtedly done much to arouse feminine interest in acting and to dispel superstitions concerning the proper young lady and the theatre.

The Minor plays were introduced in 1931. "The Man in the Bowler Hat", "Karl Ludwig's Window" and "The Bolshevik Express" were the three chosen for production under the directorship of A. C. Church, H. M. Porritt and Dean Carrington respectively. The first two directors were from the student body, and the whole scheme was intended to try out new talent for the Major Play of the year and to increase student participation in all phases of production.

Gerald Cameron and the year 1934 mark a decisive phase. Little Theatre playhouses were ascending in popularity across the country, particularly in the United States. A Bishop's student created one of these on our campus, christened it with the one-act play "Volpone" directed by himself, and thus proved that the Dramatics Society was independent enough to dispense with the necessity of trooping to Lennoxville and Sherbrooke with every production. The first Major play to grace the new gym stage was "Dover Road", directed by Dean Carrington.

Initiated by Mr. Cameron, Bishop's Little Theatre soon became a high-sign for Eastern Townships amateur dramatics. The Highwayman

sign hung beside the gym door during play-week when a narrow, inadequate platform was raised at one end of the building and make-shift curtains were suspended from the ceiling. A week was generally required to prepare for the big night when the cast, having dressed in the lecture rooms, scuttled across the quad, up a plank, through the window and thence onto the stage. An alternative route led right through the audience, and this was often taken in preference to the window, the actors having first disguised themselves in lecture robes. Somehow it is difficult to believe that these proceedings were a common feature of "show business" until only recently when the new gym was built.

From 1934 on Bishop's drew increasing audience support from Sherbrooke and outlying communities. Her plays have become a 'must' in the yearly entertainment program of some one thousand people.

'Laburnum Grove' was staged in 1938 under the professional direction of Mr. Dickson-Kenwin, who continued on with us for the succeeding five Major Plays, that is, until 1945. In 1944 none was produced. In hiring such an instructor we were unique among Canadian universities. Audience appeal was greatly extended.

In 1949 we entered the first I.V.D.L. plays held since the war, competing against Loyola, Macdonald and Carleton. Although our entry, 'The Lampshare', did not win, we brought this play to the Ottawa stage. Participation in the Inter-Varsity Drama League marks the beginning of more serious and repaying work in the Bishop's theatre.

Since 1950 high ticket sales and new stage equipment have interacted to create productions of a far smoother calibre, judging from the purely technical view. As an example of the Society's overnight growth, it may be noted that the outlay for the staging of the Minor Plays in 1953 was approximately ten times that for the Minor Plays of 1949.

Acting itself has continued to improve under the direction of Mr. Motyer — so much so that in 1951, Miss Jane Catterson won the Best Actress' Award, in 1952 Dave Conliffe won the Actor's honors, and in 1953 our cast received three honorable mentions in I.V.D.L. competition.

Work with I.V.D.L. has undoubtedly added a touch of decor to all productions. The president of I.V.D.L. this year, as selected by the league executive, is Alastair Black, our own Dramatics Society president, and from our campus he has chosen the remainder of the 1952-53 executive. Such an appointment as his will give Dramatics an added insight into the realm of the theatre, and promises us enhanced opportunities to elevate our plays to professional standards.

Music

A glance at the historical landmarks which music has left with Bishop's University—the spasmodic dates and discontinuous periods — might indicate that our musically inclined students have lived according to the tradition of the old masters, that their existence has been a struggle, and the struggle a hard one. To a great extent this is true, but to an equally great extent it can be seen that the twentieth century gave every opportunity for musical expression, and that the very sporadic character of that expression is a typical trait of the art.

Certainly though, our musical aspirants, until the year 1902, are rather to be pitied. To all appearances they were caught up in the same vague and vicious 'thwarting movement' which marked the careers of so many of the world's geniuses. However, in their case the heavy hand was not that of financial ruin and a tomato-hurling public, but rather that of the deference due the more 'serious minded'. Although an 1893 *Mitre* issue stated that "men singing together is commendable", we can accurately imagine the ironical smiles of our budding Carusos as they were deftly hushed in bathtub and common room. Not until the autumn of 1894 did the common room acquire a piano, and even then this addition was regarded by extremists as an obnoxious nuisance and useless piece of collateral. For the first fifty years of university life music was confined to the private home lives of our students. In the meantime all musical developments in the town of Lennoxville were enviously followed — every publically rendered note was recorded in *The Mitre* under the title "Musical Items of Interest."

Two occurrences in 1893 relieved the oppression somewhat. The Lyric Club was formed, consisting of two double quartets. This group meant business, and the enjoyment it offered was limited by its formal outlook and the necessity of limiting its membership. At the same time a Literary and Music Club came into existence and for a time provided weekly gatherings of students, faculty and friends for the purpose of "meeting a keenly felt want." Neither organization met that want and as a result the Lyricists suffered a slow death while by 1894 the Music Club had expired completely.

Student attitude to the whole situation can best be summarized by the following wistful little remarks found in the October 1893 *Mitre* and November 1900 *Mitre* respectively. "It is rumoured that Mr. Dorey, our organist, will give a recital. Recitals are like gleams of sunshine to drive away blues which are attendant upon such a lack of

music here." — "There are rumours of a Glee Club. Hurry up!" A new word had been added to our musical vocabulary. The idea of gleeful singing popularized itself, and in 1902 came the happy announcement that "in regards to the Musical Portion of our college life, we have decided to make a change this year and inaugurate a "Glee Club" in the full sense of the word." Of course, all this eagerness for fun and fancy-free song had to subdue itself somewhat in deference to the more sober Divinity viewpoint whose good grace was essential to the club's initiation. One of the most pointed arguments in favour of group singing had been that the training thereby offered to those taking holy orders would be invaluable. So it was that the first officers were solemnly installed: Honorary President R. N. Hudspeth M.A., President F. W. Carroll B.A., Vice-President T. H. Iveson, and Secretary H. A. Collins. On November 9, 1903, after all members had duly paid the stipulated ten cent fee to cover the cost of sheet music, the club soberly prepared to perform "Soldiers of the King", "The Maple Leaf Forever" and "May God Preserve Thee, Canada" in the Lennoxville town hall.

The *Mitres* covering the years 1903 to 1929 contain little musical information, only one reference being made in 1910 to a glee club begun by Professor Gummer. Several *Mitre* issues covering the intervening years are unobtainable, so we must take up the chain of history from 1929 onwards, and assume from the vigorous character of Mrs. Boothroyd's Women's Glee Club of 1929, numbering fifteen, that continual interest in group singing had been found during that twenty-six years lapse.

What may be described as the unsteady existence of the club from 1929 until 1942 must not mislead us into thinking that the art or the artists were letting one another down. It is in the very nature of music that it sometimes keeps secret the time of the appearance or departure of its theme. The fact that music is an art indulged in purely for the pleasure to be obtained from it, and with no set program or object to meet and no campaign to be waged, in the strict sense of the word, not only justifies the continual reformation of its clubs, but necessitates it. Each new group has the happy freedom of expressing individual opinions and ideas in a new type of organization. So we may regard the spasmodic glee clubs of 1929 to '42 as healthy specimens indeed, reflecting active student interest, even though the number of their representatives was sometimes small.

The general character of their work deserves comment. In 1930 twenty-five men made a very formal debut (bow ties and double-breasted suits) under Professor Harvard of Sherbrooke, and in the capacity of a new Men's Glee Club sang four-part harmony. C. Meade

initiated another such group in 1938, made up of twenty members, and this club remained on the campus until the present time. The president that year was W. Robinson and so well did he, Mr. Meade and the men organize their program, G. George and C. Meade, directors in the succeeding year, were able to present a series of 'command performances'—the Alma Mater at Bishop's Sports Dinner, and two broadcasts over CHLT. These services were extended in the following years to include songs at Rugby Dinners and King's Hall. In 1942 B. Blackstock led a small group of twelve while Mary Ward and E. Hume maintained interest in the women's section, but this year both clubs were admittedly so small that everyone knew some change was warranted. In 1943 men and women amalgamated to form one large group of twenty-seven. This move has seen direct results in the immediate extension of 'gleeful' singing and indirect results in the annual spring concerts which have been held for the last three years in Lennoxville and Danville under the inspiring direction of Doctor McCubbin and John Jordan.

The Music Club has provided an additional outlet for those of us gifted with other musical talents. However, until 1950 interest in the club's bi-weekly musical appreciation meetings was difficult to maintain. We have only three official records of club proceedings prior to the 1950's, but these are very enlightening. Year Book, 1947: "In 1946 a small group got together to hold meetings in the girl's common room. Membership has increased to twenty this year and meetings are held at the home of the Harwoods. The program consists of a symphony, concerto and one hour's discussion." Year Book, 1948: Music Club — "Programs lasted one and a half hours. We have only nine members this year. Many felt that the best part of the programs was the refreshments." Year Book, 1949: Music Club — "The demerits are talkativeness during meetings and lack of balance in the musical selections. Many of the faculty have acted as hosts to our ten members."

This club suffered the typical ups and downs which affect all music lovers. In 1950 the unpredictable occurred. The ten members assembled for a business meeting at which it was suggested that for the next year membership be limited to thirty-five. This naturally afforded no small joke, but curiously enough, in 1950 so many applications were received that prospective music enthusiasts had to be turned away and the 'thirty-five member' stipulation incorporated into the constitution.

Since that year the Annual Music Club Concert has afforded the musically inclined an opportunity to display their talents. The club has stimulated enough interest to guarantee its continued existence along beside the choral groups, and today both organizations enjoy equal footing with any on the campus.

Theological Societies



The first reference made to any theological society in this university is found in the June 1893 *Mitre*: "The Brotherhood of Readers — Judging by the demand for their services, they are appreciated. In fact, there is often more work than can be taken by them." *The Mitre* provides the only written source material concerning the Brotherhood and unfortunately makes but few allusions to it during a fifteen year span. This society excites interest not only because of its obscurity, but also because it was probably one of the oldest on the campus, dating back to the 1840's when Divines read by tallow candle-light and listed debating as their favourite hobby. There is no specific mention made of the type of Brotherhood 'services' rendered which were in such great demand and so keenly appreciated. However, four papers are reported to have been given at various meetings, and from them can be judged quite accurately in what sort of activity the members were engaged. *The Mitre*, October 1894: "A talk was given at the Brotherhood of Readers this month entitled 'Work Among Young People'."

The Mitre, 1898: "Divinity Notes — Mr. Burns presented a paper on Symbolism to the Brotherhood this month. The paper was a carefully prepared one and contained a great deal of useful information. Unfortunately though, the hour for adjournment arrived before the reader had finished his subject." *The Mitre*, February 1899: "A paper was given to the Brotherhood on the subject 'Sunday Schools.'" *The Mitre*, November 1899: "Divinity Notes — A paper was presented at this month's meeting entitled 'Promoting Christian Fellowship Among The Laity'."

The Brotherhood was evidently occupied in evangelical work in Lennoxville and the surrounding countryside. Their interest lay also in informal discussions concerning topics such as Symbolism, which fell outside their regular course. *The Mitre*, May 1898: (from an article describing the newly constructed chapel) — "The deeply dejected mein of some of the carved angels does not harmonize with the self-satisfied smirk depicted on the countenances of the others." This excerpt indicates the critical interest with which members followed all developments within their university; and not merely was their interest critical, but constructive. In July 1899, under brotherhood auspices, first year Divinity students instituted a fund for the Richmond Memorial Tablet which today hangs in the chapel.

In October 1909 the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is given first mention. Executive election results are posted, and judging by the single note given in reference to their activities, the object of the Brotherhood was identical with that of the Readers. They were occupied in evangelical work, in furthering improvement schemes about the University, and in maintaining good fellowship amongst the Divines.

The Mitre, October 1911: "Divinity Notes — Hospital visiting will be kept up as usual. Brotherhood members are asked to continue solicitations for donations to the library fund." The last election results were announced in 1919 and no further reference is made to the group.

The Mission Study Class was noted in the November 1898 *Mitre* when all members were reminded that "meetings are on Tuesdays, directly after tea, and limited to one-half hour." In the autumn of 1912 another Study Class was begun by F. Butterfield, with sixteen members. A Theological Society was "revived after two years" in 1917 under Mr. Merrix, with the Reverend F. B. Allnatt chosen as honorary president and the Reverend Professor Vial as president.

These two societies enjoyed only brief existence as compared with that of the Guild of the Venerable Bede. In October 1908 the Reverend H. F. Hamilton proposed this organization as a bond between past and

present Divinity students. The society acquired its name from that of the Oratory, which had been dedicated on May 27th, the feast day of Bede, the monk and scholar. The Reverend Hamilton continued as Warden until 1919 when Professor Vial took over the position and held it until Professor E. Scott came to Bishop's in 1936. One means of maintaining fellowship with Divinity graduates had been to forward to their mission fields a large proportion of the offerings given at the weekly Thursday corporate communion services held in the Oratory. Father Scott, who was one of the initiators of the Fellowship of the West missionary movement, has interested the Guild in lending a large fraction of her financial support to this group.

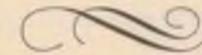
It has been the Guild's practice to remember in corporate communion prayers all former graduates, and six or eight are mentioned at each service. A plan for closer union has recently been adopted whereby the persons for whom the Guild has interceded are contacted by the following card:

"Dear Fellow Bedesman:

At this morning's celebration of the Holy Eucharist, you and your people were remembered before the Throne of the Heavenly Grace."

Approximately three official business meetings are held yearly, and at one such gathering in 1938 a novel financial scheme was begun, one which has had a long-run term of fifteen years. The Bede skating party has made admirable use of the students' natural inclination towards sports, and is favourably anticipated every February not only by the Guild financiers but by the whole student and faculty body.

Of all theological societies the Guild seems to have best satisfied the need for an active fellowship of the University Divinity Faculty, and as a consequence, it has functioned uninterruptedly for forty-three years.



Frying Pan, 1861: \$10.00 Reward — will be given to anyone who shall bring decisive proof that the Rev. Prof. of Divinity came to chapel less than ten minutes late any day during this past term. The same reward shall be given to any person who shall prove that the professor of mathematics any day during the past four years came to nine o'clock lecture before ten a.m.

C.O.T.C.

THE Bishop's University Contingent of the C.O.T.C. is 30 years old this year, although the Contingent was in abeyance for the years 1946-50. The Contingent got underway in November 1922 when the late Principal, Col. the Rev. A. H. McGreer, M.A., O.B.E., M.C., invited General MacBrien to visit the university and explain the nature of COTC work to the students. Approximately 40 men expressed a desire to join and authority was granted in a General Order dated March 15, 1923. Major Eric Almond was commanding officer of the unit in that year.

In 1923-24, the command was taken over by Capt. E. F. L. Thompson. The total strength of the unit then was about fifty. In 1924-25, Capt. D. B. MacDonald was in command. The years 1928-29 saw Capt. J. C. Stewart take command of the contingent. Capt. Stewart was, at that time, Bursar of the university.

From Ottawa in 1927, came these congratulations: "It's gratifying to read of the progress toward efficiency made by the University of Bishop's College Contingent, C.O.T.C., since the previous annual inspection in March 1926. The Honourable Minister and members of the Defence Council desire that you will please convey to Captain J. C. Stewart, the officers and other ranks under his command, their appreciation of the keen and loyal manner in which all ranks have performed the duties required of them during the period under review."

In 1928-29, the Contingent provided a guard of honour for the Governor-General who visited the university.

From 1930-35 Major S. Sanders was commanding officer of the Contingent. Many students now in the university will remember Major Sanders as our lately retired Bursar. In the year 1930-31, there were seventy-two men on strength. Considering the size of the university of that time, it represented a very large percentage of the student body.

In 1935-36 Col. H. W. McNulty took over command of the contingent. He remained in command until 1940. Lieut. W. L. Tompkins was second-in-command in 1935-36. The contingent provided a guard of honour for the Governor-General a second time, when he visited the University again in 1936.

In 1938-39 the contingent helped to line the streets of Sherbrooke when their Majesties King George the sixth and Queen Elizabeth visited on June 12th.

From 1940 Major C. H. M. Church became commanding officer of the contingent. He held this command until 1945 when the contingent went into abeyance.

1945 was the year of peace, and in this year it was felt unnecessary to continue training men for warfare, when the world was again at peace. The contingent was put in abeyance on December 15th 1945 with this order by Major C. H. M. Church:

Strength

University of Bishop's College Contingent C.O.T.C. is reduced to nil strength and dormantized for a period of two years.

On February 1, 1951 the contingent was again reactivated, with Major J. Gray as commanding officer, Capt. J. D. Cade, Resident Staff Officer and 2/Lt. E. B. Pilgrim as officer on staff.

Since the contingent went into abeyance in 1945 many changes have been made in C.O.T.C. training. Since 1951 the rank of Officer Cadet has been recognized and cadets no longer have to do practical training on the campus. Summer camp facilities are provided for good practical training with the best instructors and techniques.

The contingent has made a good name for itself in the past and has produced many fighting officers and men the university can be proud of. The traditional badge of the Bishop's University Contingent will soon be authorized for re-issue by Ottawa, and officer cadets of the present and future can be proud of the tradition men who have worn the badge before have bestowed upon it.

Men's Athletics

It must not be supposed that Athletics are a recent development at Bishop's, nor even that they have just reached a peak in popularity, for by 1893, Bishop's had achieved for itself a name in sports almost equal to its renown in academic fields. From its inception until 1904, the *Mitre* also covered sports events at Bishop's College School, but when the School buildings were taken over by the College such coverage altogether ceased. In the College sphere alone, the history and development of sports can be more or less precisely divided into four main periods since 1893, and this article will trace events in each separate branch of Athletics during the particular periods. Unfortunately, it is almost impossible to procure any detailed information about sports before 1893 as no easily accessible records exist of this earliest stage, but from subsequent records we may assume that cricket, rugby and hockey were played at Bishop's almost since its founding in 1843.

Early Period 1893 - 1914

During the whole of this period and, in fact, right up until about 1926, sports at Bishop's were governed by a body known as the Bishop's University Amateur Athletic Association, presided over by the Principal of the University. Its name was varied several times, but its function remained the same. Within this organization resided the separate clubs representing the various branches of Athletics, each club having its own executive.

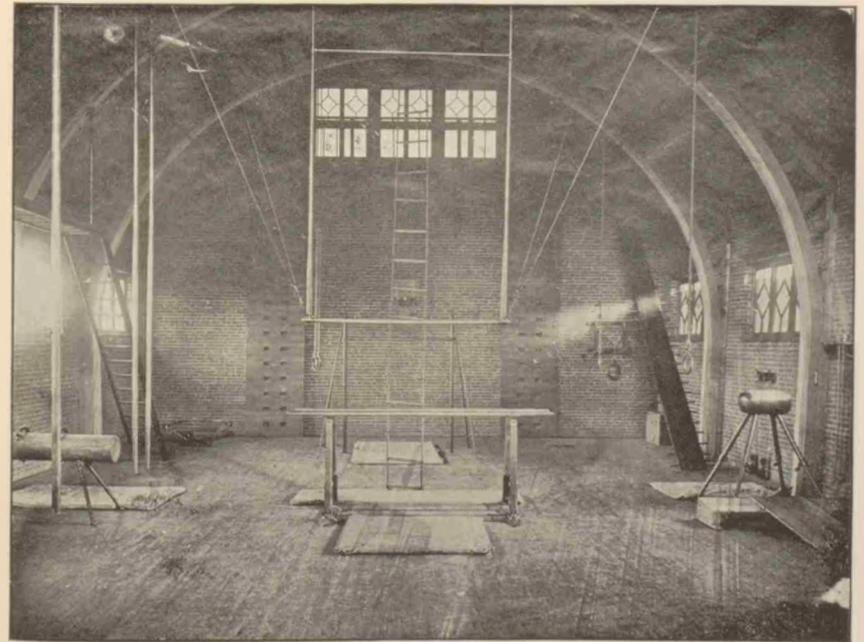
Under the Association, a new gymnasium was built in 1898 and remained in service as such until 1951 when the present Memorial Gym was erected. The old gymnasium was converted into what is now the new Dining Hall. In the same year, the increasing importance of athletics was recognized as an Athletics Editor was added to the regular *Mitre* staff, an office which was essential until 1944 when the inauguration of *The Campus* abolished the need for sports coverage in *The Mitre*. In 1906 the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union was formed and the next year Bishop's was installed as an active member of this most important body. It is also interesting to note that in 1913 the Association donated a trophy to be awarded to the winners of the annual Interscholastic Track Meet in Lennoxville. It was won the first year of its presentation by Montreal High School and the next year by Westmount Academy, and

since then has not been competed for. It languishes now in the Council Office of Bishop's University.

In this early period as now, rugby was the major sport at Bishop's which at this time possessed several teams, varying in number from two to three on different occasions. The major team was entered in the intermediate branch of the Quebec Rugby Union from 1893 to 1901, playing during that stretch such teams as Lennoxville, Quebec, 2nd Brittanias, and 2nd McGill. Exhibition games were also occasionally played with local teams not in the regular league. It is interesting to observe that substitutes were not allowed in rugby and when a man was injured, as was the case in 1897 when Bishop's played McGill, the other team would obligingly drop one of their regulars to even up the teams.

Not distinguishing themselves in the Quebec Rugby league, Bishop's in 1902 withdrew from that league and entered the newly formed Intermediate Intercollegiate League, playing for the most part against McGill.

There was, of course, always the difficulty of getting students of the Medical and Dental faculty of Bishop's to join the Rugby team



The MITRE

as they were located in Montreal. However, in 1903, several members did just that and assisted in a game against McGill. So far as can be discovered, this is the only time that Bishop's ever presented a united front to the opposition before discontinuing its Dental and Medical faculties.

After battling vainly in the Intercollegiate league for ten years, Bishop's again changed circuits and entered a rugby team in the junior section of the Q.R.F.U. in 1912, playing against McGill juniors in the B section. According to league rules, Bishop's were permitted to use as players anyone who lived within a ten mile radius of the University. Though soundly trounced their first year in the new league, Bishop's roared back the next season to subdue McGill in a two game series, and went on to the provincial finals where they were finally crushed by a mighty St. Lambert's crew, 52-6. Though they were never so successful again during their stay in this league, Bishop's rugby team had sounded a note of future greatness and established for themselves a reputation for good sportsmanship that has been upheld time and again since then.

In 1913, Dr. Robertson, a member of the faculty, donated a trophy to be awarded annually to the most useful rugby player. The first year it was won by Rev. C. H. Hobart, and has not been awarded since then so far as any records show.

Next to Rugby, hockey was the most important sport at Bishop's in this early period. Unlike rugby, however, it was never an inter-collegiate sport until 1926, and the hockey team did not always enjoy a league membership up until that time. Again, it must be remembered that the hockey of sixty years ago was not the hockey we play today, though its rules were fundamentally the same. For one thing, games were first played in halves not in three periods. In 1894, the Bishop's College Hockey team lined up as follows: goal, point, defence, centre, forward, right wing, left wing. A few years later, "defence" was changed to "rover", a position which involved exactly what the name implies, and it wasn't until about 1913 that the six-man team of today was introduced.

As in rugby, Bishop's possessed at this time several hockey teams, and usually two of them, a junior and a senior squad were reserved for outside competition. In 1895, when the first Eastern Townships Hockey League was organized and playing for the first time on their own rink in the Quad, Bishop's came through with a brilliant season to win the league championship and bring to the University its first competitive title. Members of that team were:

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C. F. Rother—goal, P. Boyle—defence, W. H. Moor—l.w., T. F. Donnelly—c.p., K. Robertson—r.w., A. H. Wurtell—centre, W. L. Cater—Pt., J. A. Almond—Capt. The mainstay of this team was the goaler Rothera, for in the day of high scores he seemed to be somewhat of a sensation. In a game with Quebec Crescents in 1898 he is reported to have stopped the phenomenal total of 75 shots, and in the same year, with Rothera in the nets, Bishop's played their first inter-collegiate hockey game, defeating Laval University by a close margin in Quebec.

The team as a whole never rose to such heights again, continuing in the same league with fluctuating fortunes until 1902 when lack of interest and material forced Bishop's to withdraw from the league and concentrate hockey interests on local exhibition games and the annual contest with B.C.S.. In 1904, the Inter-City league was formed, consisting of teams from Eastern Townships banks, Sherbrooke High School, rink teams, and the College. Bishop's did not do too well in this league and the next year re-entered the Eastern Townships loop. Two years later they achieved second place in the standings. Then the league collapsed, and until 1922 no official league was ever organized. In 1912 an unofficial loop was formed comprising B.C.S., Stanstead, Sherbrooke High School and the College, and Bishop's won the title, going through the schedule with only one defeat. In the same year a challenge was received from the Boston Amateur Athletic hockey team inviting Bishop's to play a game in Boston Stadium, but pressure of exams would not allow the College to accept the challenge.

However, hockey relations with the United States had already been established for some years. In 1908 the Bishop's College Senior



Hockey team journeyed to Hanover, New Hampshire to play an exhibition game with Dartmouth University and then continued on to Harvard University to play another match. After blanking Dartmouth 3-0 in a most exciting game, they dropped the second tilt to Harvard 4-0. This initial trip not only established friendly relations, but also set the precedent for a series of trips to Hanover in subsequent years. Two years later Dartmouth was again host to Bishop's and this time the home team won, 2-1.

Next to rugby and hockey, cricket was the most popular of sports at Bishop's during these early years. At no time, so far as records show, was there ever an official cricket league in which Bishop's entered a team, though a choice eleven were picked every season to represent the Purple and White prowess on the cricket field. The games that were played were always in the nature of a challenge, or more correctly an invitation. Naturally, a fierce rivalry sprang up between the elevens of Bishop's College School and the College proper, and during its hey-day, from 1893 to about 1910, annual competition was strong between the two rivals. Matches were also played against local teams; Compton, Waterloo, Magog, Sherbrooke and Hatley among others, and the College generally managed to hold their own in what appears to have been fairly good company.

Two outstanding matches were held annually; one pitted Bishop's College School against the Old Boys in the College, while the other and more important of the two was the exciting Grads vs. Undergrads series. This last match was always attended with a great deal of interest, as it usually produced some of the best cricket of the year. In 1913 a milestone was reached in the history of cricket at Bishop's when the College were hosts to the McGill 2nd eleven. The abbreviated match of one innings per side ended in a draw, with Bishop's ahead by a number of runs and needing but one more man out on the McGill side. It was rather a belated attempt at inter-collegiate cricket, for the game had but four years of life left at Bishop's.

About the middle of this period in the winter of 1903-04, Basketball found its way into our sports curriculum. It was in its infancy in Canada then, and its advent at Bishop's was viewed with a great deal of curiosity and amusement at first. Basketball had already been in existence at Bishop's College School for a number of years prior to 1904, and, more for a joke than anything else, some Divinity students decided to challenge the Third Year table to a game.

Divinity Table: Home— Plaskett; def.— Seaman I; centre— Sykes; left— Fletcher; right— Seaman II

Third Year Table Home— Routh; def.— Adams; centre— Hepburn; left— Harding; right— Bonelli.

Out of this monumental contest, the Third Year Table emerged the winners by a 6-4 score. As a result of the interest shown in this encounter, an official "Basket-ball Club" was added to the roster of the Athletic Association the following year. In that same year, 1905, Bishop's entered into earnest competition with B.C.S.. After losing the first two games 4-3 and 6-4, the new team's efforts were at last crowned with success as they fought through to a 7-4 win for the first basketball victory in the annals of sports at Bishop's. Until 1908 the College's only opposition was neighboring B.C.S. as the two teams usually played ten or twelve games a year, each winning and losing an equal number. In that year, the increasing popularity of basketball in the Eastern Townships found expression in the formation of a rather loose league comprising Sherbrooke Y.M. C.A., Stanstead, B.C.S., and Bishop's; and the next year the circuit was officially christened The Eastern Townships League, remaining in operation until 1920.

Minor sports too flourished during the first twenty years. Tennis, baseball, racquets, and boating were as old as the major sports themselves, and later ping-pong, paper chases, curling golf, snow-shoeing, soccer and even skiing swelled the sports curriculum to huge proportions.

Tennis was always a popular pastime at Bishop's, and sixty years ago there were ample facilities provided for indulging in it. Two courts were in existence on what is now the site of the New Residences and there were also two or three alongside the Massawippi River on the lower lawn. The only outside competition in tennis took the form of Challenges sent out to the neighbouring clubs; to Compton, Waterloo and B.C.S. Within the campus sphere, the first college tennis tournament was inaugurated in 1898 and with several interruptions has continued to be held as an annual event right to the present day.

Baseball, strange as it may seem, was another very popular summer sport at Bishop's and was even ranked with cricket as a competitive college sport. Members of the Bishop's baseball team were all garbed in distinctive purple and white uniforms, crowned with white "Chicago style" caps, and received colours at the end of the year just as for the major sports. Like the cricket team too, the baseball teams never entered an organized league, but were content to play exhibition games with surrounding towns. And yet, it must not be supposed that baseball was not taken seriously at Bishop's,

for the calibre of players produced in this era was quite high. In 1897, on their home diamond, the Bishop's nine met and defeated the East Sherbrooke club, semi-pro champions of the Eastern Townships by a score of 7-6. Games were also played against Waterville, Lennoxville and other local teams, and apart from a few lapses in 1901 and a period from 1905-07, the team flourished.

In winter, an exceedingly popular sport was racquets, perhaps more commonly known as squash. Competition in this sport was entirely intramural, if there was any at all, and it more often took the form of pleasant relaxation from the tedium of studies. Until 1896 the game languished somewhat as an indoor court had not yet been erected. However, in that year, such an edifice was built, and in 1905, electric lights were installed to accommodate the increasing number of players who had to play at night. Probably because more competitive sports took its place in the sports curriculum, racquets had to be abandoned in 1913.

Association football was introduced into the College in 1898 and three years later a soccer club was added to the Athletic Association. Strange to say, the sport did not flourish at all after the first spurt of enthusiasm and the club soon died of indifference. In a more refined sphere, it must not be forgotten that the Boating Club was at this time considered to be the most important "athletic" club in the association, for to its ranks belonged members of all major and minor sports. The proximity of the Massawippi River lent a natural impetus to the activities of the club, while the prospect of a quiet evening's row, "on the moonlit waters, under the stars, etc., etc., . . ." added immeasurably to its popularity. Another great boon to the genteel was the formation of a ping-pong club in 1902. Interest in ping-pong reached unprecedented heights, when the next year a challenge tournament was staged between Bishop's and the young ladies from King's Hall, Compton, with Bishop's ungallantly taking the contest 11-5. After that, interest in ping-pong waned and it was never really revived.

Such sports as golf and gymnastics are only briefly mentioned in this early period. A spasmodically operating golf club was formed in 1908, while a gymnastic team was also formed the year previous to that, losing out in a contest with B.C.S. Seven years before that, the college's first and last wrestling tournament had been held, with a husky lad named Denison emerging the winner in an elimination contest over twenty-four other grapplers. The addition of a toboggan club in 1910, a short whirl at curling in 1898 in connection with the Lennoxville Curling Club, and various paper chases,

snowshoeing expeditions and physical culture drills completes a rather full curriculum of sports in the period from 1893 to 1914.

Transition Period 1914 - 1924

Having laid a rather extensive foundation for the sports programme at Bishop's, we may now continue on to the other periods, adding to or subtracting from this basic pattern. The ten year period to be discussed now may be termed a time of transition for at the end of that time, positions on all teams had been set essentially the same as they are now, while the athletic curriculum itself emerged as one similar to our present structure. The old Association still governed sports and in 1917 decided to discontinue both the Cricket and Baseball clubs, as well as the Boating club. In the same year, Women's sports were established with the formation of the first co-ed basketball team and soon grew to such proportions that it is necessary to treat such activities in a separate article. As would be expected the First World War disrupted all major sports during 1914-18, and hockey alone struggled through the entire period without missing a single season.

Although no league was formed for the first three years of this period, hockey enjoyed a prominent position in college sports. In each of these three years, the series with Dartmouth College was resumed. At the same time a good number of games were played with local teams and in 1916, the team travelled to Montreal to play an exhibition series there. Playing intermittently on the Minto rink in Lennoxville and on their own rink when such was built, the Bishop's pucksters entered the Sherbrooke City league in 1918 and four years later switched to a new Eastern Townships League. However, the league collapsed after a year of operation, and until 1925, hockey at Bishop's languished somewhat, with only a few exhibition games being played. During this slump a drawing appeared in *The Mitre* advocating that an indoor rink be built on the College campus.

Rugby suffered not a little from the World War and the subsequent drain on manpower. At the end of the 1914 season, after having won three games, tied one and lost none, practically the whole team enlisted as one unit, the 5th CMR, and for six years there was no rugby played at Bishop's. At the close of the war, in 1919, rugby was once more resumed in an unofficial intercollegiate league which included among other teams Loyola. A very successful season was enjoyed as four games were won and one lost to Loyola. The next year the Canadian Intercollegiate Rugby Football Union was formed, and Bishop's entered a section against Quebec and Loyola.

Basketball too, suffered somewhat from the War, but it was a delayed action effect. The Bishop's Basketball team continued to function in the Eastern Townships league until 1921 and then the sport had to be discontinued for two years. Upon its resumption the old E. T. league was abolished, the Sherbrooke City league came into existence comprising at first Tuxis, Q.C.R., Sherbrooke High School and Bishop's, and continued in operation for about twenty years. In 1924-25 another milestone was reached when the Basketball team played its first intercollegiate games: a two-game home and home series with MacDonald College, and thrilled its loyal supporters by soundly trouncing the Aggies in both contests.

There is not much mention made of minor sports during this period, but towards the end, the beginnings of a great intra-mural, or more correctly inter-year system were organized. Golf came into more prominence, for with the cessation of major sports, students found more time to take advantage of the excellent golf facilities provided so close to the campus. Finally, skiing was briefly noted for the first time as an article in *The Mitre* advocated as the last word on the sport, "don't."

"The Golden Age" 1925 - 1935

And now we pass into a period which marks without a doubt the height of athletic achievement at Bishop's. An era such as this might well be called the "Golden Age" for within its rather short span the astounding total of fifteen major championships were garnered by the Purple and White squads. It seemed as if all the athletic development of the past seventy years had been directed towards the achievement of this fabulous decade, during which Bishop's athletic teams were the toast of the Province.

Unfortunately, there are no accessible records existing which describe the opening three years of this era in exact terms, but from subsequent reports in *The Mitre* we can gather that during this period the old Athletic Association disbanded and a more progressive and all-powerful Students' Association took its place. The exact set-up which this initial union followed is never clearly described, but it was probably roughly similar to the same organization now, though more simplified. An inter-year system of sports within the college was immediately set up, and perhaps this accounts in some measure for the singular excellence of Bishop's teams during this period, for fully eighty-five percent of the student body took part in some form of a major sport. Hockey was raised to new heights by the building of a covered rink on the College grounds and the athletic system as a whole functioned with unprecedented smoothness.

In 1925 the Intermediate Rugby team evidently topped an Eastern Townships league and successfully defended its position for the next two years, thus gaining permanent possession of the championship trophy presented by the Honorary Officers of the Sherbrooke Club. Then the team entered the Intermediate Intercollegiate League and continued in it until interrupted by the Second World War. Until 1938 a Junior team, too, was maintained, playing in their own league with Scarth field as their home ground. The main function of the team was to provide material for the Intermediate squad, though occasionally they won games as well. In fact, in 1932 the Juniors astounded everyone by winning the Junior Intercollegiate Championship of the Province, but apart from this momentary glory, largely occasioned by three games defaulted to them, the Juniors were never noteworthy for their athletic successes.

After a good season in 1929, the Intermediate team hit the rugby jackpot the following year. Coached by E. X. Montague and quarterbacked by little "Joe" Blinco, later to gain greater glory as a hockey player, this great Purple and White machine roared through a home and home schedule with McGill and Loyola without sustaining a defeat, to become the first Bishop's team to capture a provincial crown. During the season, the team, composed of half of the previous season's regulars, scored seventy-one points and had only eleven points scored against them. The regular line-up was as follows: quarter—Joe Blinco; halves—Herb Skelton, Fred Hobbs (kicker); f. wing—Jack Johnston; full—Jack Fuller; snap—John Wood; insides—McArthur, Parkinson; middles—Denison, McMorran; ends—Bill Mitchell, Rupert Buchanan, Jim Crandall. In quest of Eastern Canada honours, Bishop's victory march was finally halted in a home and home series with Royal Military College by the score of 24-13. The Kingston squad then went on to become Dominion champions.

Some estimate of that Bishop's squad may be found in the Loyola College Rugby Annual: "The Bishop's Squad which conquered Loyola was the finest ever to represent that college, possessing speed, weight, courage and what was most outstanding, a true sense of sportsmanship."

The following year, though they didn't repeat their championship feat, Bishop's rugby team had the distinction of taking part in the first intercollegiate rugby game to be played under lights; they defeated McGill 4-2, at Molson Stadium. In 1932 Bishop's entered the Eastern Division of the Q.R.F.U., defeated Quebec Swimmers and Sherbrooke easily to take the league title and followed through with two more consecutive Q.R.F.U. Eastern Division championships. To the final title, they added another Intermediate Intercollegiate

championship, and so ended the Golden Age of rugby in 1934 with a blaze of glory. The Provincial champs of 1934 were the lightest team in the league, but captained by Ogden Glass who also handled the kicking chores, and quarterbacked by Mac Dunsmore, it made up for its lack of weight by performing miracles of teamwork on the field. Once again Bishop's were defeated in their quest for a Dominion title by a strong Toronto Varsity crew.

A rugby review of the whole decade would be thus:-
Played 48; won 30; lost 16; divided 2; points for, 528; against, 281.

If Provincial Intercollegiate titles are to be a criterion of success, then the accolades must go to Bishop's Intermediate Hockey team, who took Provincial honours in three consecutive seasons. In the period 1925-27, the team entered Intercollegiate intermediate competition, and in 1929 entered the Sherbrooke County league as well, functioning in the latter loop until 1933. The next year, coached by E. X. Montague, the erstwhile rugby mentor, what was probably the greatest hockey team ever to don the Purple and White skated through a five-game schedule with only one loss to take the Intercollegiate Intermediate championship of the province, and at the same time captured the Sherbrooke County title with an identical record. Sparked by captain Denny Dennison, Gord Titcombe and the inimitable "Joe" Blinco who was later to gain greater fame as "the Fair-haired Boy" of the Montreal Maroons, the team swept on in search of Dominion honours only to be defeated in the final by Toronto Varsity, 4-1. The complete line-up was:- goalers— Odgen Glass, Gilly Price; defence— Denny Dennison (Capt.), Gordie Titcombe; wings— Jack Johnston, Fred Conn; centre— Joe Blinco; subs—Herb Skelton, Ken Crawford.

In that same year the first Junior hockey team in the history of Bishop's was inaugurated and continued to function and serve as a training ground for the Intermediate team until 1940, playing intermittently in the E.T.J.H.L. and the Sherbrooke City and District league. In the next two seasons Bishop's were again successful in winning Provincial Intermediate honours, and again lost out in the finals; to Queen's Senior "B" squad 4-0, and to Toronto Varsity 10-1. They were never again champions of the Sherbrooke County league, however, and, after 1932, were not very successful in the Intercollegiate league either.

Quite apart from any local competition, Bishop's in 1930 had once again opened up hockey relations with Dartmouth University. Two years later the last game of the series was played when Dartmouth blanked Bishop's 3-0.

A hockey review of the whole decade gives this summary:-
Played 69, won 31; lost 28, divided 10; goals for, 141; against 136.

The basketball team, unlike either rugby or hockey did not enter into regular intercollegiate play during this period, and in fact operated only in the Sherbrooke City and District League until 1944. A gradual build-up from 1926 on was finally rewarded in three years' time by a league championship (a feat made more remarkable by the fact that no official coach was ever assigned to the team until two more years had passed.) "Crafty" McMorran served as coach that year, and, along with Sam Rudner from the Montreal Junior Y.M.H.A., spearheaded the team's drive towards a six-win season out of eight games played and first place in the standings.

The following year, inspired by the same twosome, the Bishop's cagers swept through to another league championship, and also added to that the Provincial Intermediate title. In the semi-finals Bishop's edged the Dominion titleholders, Montreal Beavers, by seven points in a two game total point series, and crushed Quebec C.N.R. 66-44 to take Provincial honours. Unfortunately, lack of funds made it impossible for the team to try for Dominion honors. The squad was as follows:- S. Rudner; "Crafty" McMorran; C. H. McCullough; C. T. Robinson; M. A. Turner; J. P. Fuller; F. W. Hobbs; W. Mitchell; R. M. Wallace; G. H. Findlay; A. C. McKay.

That year all except three of the group graduated, but in 1933, the team had been redeveloped by M. Turner to such an extent that the Purple and White cagers won the City championship for the third and final time. The following year an intercollegiate series was initiated as Bishop's played the University of Montreal to determine the Intermediate Intercollegiate champions, and lost out to the faster Montreal crew. In 1935 this series was played again, and Bishop's once more went down, this time to McGill. During these same two years, Bishop's also possessed a "B" team which played only exhibition games, and like the second rugby and hockey teams, served to train future players for the Intermediate squad.

In all, Bishop's basketball teams played 45 games, lost 19, won 25 and tied 1, during the Golden Age.

Minor sports in this decade did not accomplish much in the way of final successes, inasmuch as it was for them a time of formation rather than results. In this sphere, the most important development was undoubtedly the introduction in 1928 of a badminton club, and its recognition four years later as an official minor sport. At first, only games within the college were played, as Mrs. Charles Meredith donated a cup in 1932 to be presented to the winner of

the Annual Open Tournament, but in 1934 the club played its first outside tournament with the Sherbrooke Regiment. The next year the series was continued, and an additional match with MacDonald College was played and lost.

An attempted cricket revival in 1934 resulted in two matches against Bishop's College School, but apart from a pick-up game against the School last year, it was unsuccessful. Meanwhile, a much more successful revival of soccer was initiated by Dave Godwin as a small team of the faithful entered the local Eastern Townships Soccer Association, and competed in it for six years. In this period too, softball on an inter-building basis was attempted, but the pastime did not survive in this form and has since been confined to impromptu games and a few intra-mural contests. Track received a much needed boost in 1922 when Mrs. McGreer awarded a shield to the winner of an annual cross country race, while the Meredith trophy for golf was inaugurated in 1927. From 1926 to 1930 trophies were provided for an efficient inter-year competition in basketball, rugby and hockey, thus paving the way for our present intra-mural system.

Modern Age 1935 - 1953

If the previous decade was the Golden Age of major sports, then the ensuing years were certainly the boom days of minor sports, for not only did they enjoy many successful seasons, but also the scope and number of such activities were considerably increased. Sports as a whole played an increasingly important part in the College curriculum and it soon became evident that the Students' Association could not hope to handle the new burden of sports organization as well as the regular duties of student administration.

Accordingly, in 1938 the Athletic Committee was set up to deal with all athletic problems. It usually consisted of the managers of the three major sports, the manager of minor athletics, a president and an honorary president from the faculty. The first Committee consisted of: A. Visser; B. Gragg; H. Mortimer; I. McLean; R. L. Gourly; and Prof. A. L. Kuehner, Honorary President. Two years after its inauguration, the Committee had succeeded in making Bishop's a definite power in the C.I.A.U., and intercollegiate basketball was in the offing until the Second World War disrupted all intercollegiate activities in 1941. In that same year the annual Sports Banquet was inaugurated, and a track meet was initiated the following year.

A severe blow was dealt hockey at Bishop's when, in 1944, the indoor rink burned down during the Christmas holidays, and it wasn't until two years had passed that a new outdoor rink was con-

structed. Ping-pong and bowling were spasmodically attempted until 1950, when the appointment of an Athletics Director, Hector Shields, ushered in a new regime in Athletics at Bishop's. Hector formulated the present intra-mural system to replace the old inter-year competition. The completion of the new Memorial Gymnasium a year later greatly aided the whole sports programme.

After 1934, the rugby team failed to recover its previous form. In only two of the eighteen seasons since then did the Purple and White gridders win more games than they lost, and in three seasons they could not win a game, but dropped twenty-two. In 1938 the Junior team was disbanded, and during the war, when there was no intercollegiate rugby, only a few exhibitions were played. Immediately after the War, Bishop's entered an unofficial intercollegiate league, and in 1946 the Intermediate league was resumed for three years. During that span, Bishop's won four games and lost seventeen. The Ottawa-St. Lawrence Conference was formed in 1949 to accommodate the increasing number of colleges that wished to enter intercollegiate competition, and Bishop's competed in it with some success for two years.

Two events of interest occurred in 1949; one when Bishop's defeated Loyola 6-0 for the first time in fifteen years, and the other when Bishop's suffered a disastrous and overwhelming defeat at the hands of Ottawa University. In the years since then, debates have raged furiously over that game, with the score erroneously and variously quoted as 66-0, 76-0 and even 106-0. The correct score was 56-1, with the singleton booted by Don Deverall.

After that year, rugby was discontinued for a time because of lack of material, and in 1952 it took the form of several exhibition games with Sherbrooke and other colleges, none of which Bishop's won.

Hockey fared little better than rugby, though enough material was always on hand to form a Junior team until 1940. For the duration of their stay in the Intermediate league until the War, Bishop's pucksters won five games and lost twenty-five. During the War, hockey was not discontinued, but in 1942 and 1943 only a partially successful Junior team was formed. The destruction of the indoor hockey rink in 1944 brought an abrupt end to hockey for two years as only inter-year and a few exhibitions were played at the School rink. Bishop's entered the Intercollegiate league upon its resumption in 1946, played six games and lost all of them, and then switched to the Massawippi Valley league for two years after discontinuing hockey entirely for one season. With the formation of the Ottawa-St. Lawrence Conference, Bishop's hockey aspirations took a turn for the

better when the team won six games, lost three and tied one during their first season in the Conference, to take third place in the standings. The following year Bishop's ended up in fourth place. This season an old tradition was revived when Bishop's journeyed to Berlin, New Hampshire, and lost a game to the Berlin Maroons, 6-2.

Basketball, alone of the major sports, continued to enjoy at least mild successes after the Golden Age. Until 1944 Bishop's cagers continued to play in the Sherbrooke City and District league. During the War, this was the only major sport at Bishop's and enjoyed unprecedented popularity. After just missing first place in 1942, the team bounced back years later to capture the league title without losing a game. In 1945, the league was changed to the E.T. Amateur Basketball Association and Bishop's continued to do well in it even though they didn't repeat their championship feat.

Finally in 1947 Bishop's entered the long sought intercollegiate competition in the Eastern Intermediate league, and though the team as a whole was rather erratic, individual honours were garnered by Jim Blevins who set a new CIAU scoring record in a game against Dawson, when he stacked up a total of twenty-nine points. The following year teammate John Kuehner broke the record by netting thirty points in a game against the same team. In 1950 the basketball team, like the other major teams, entered the Ottawa-St. Lawrence Conference.

In a three year period starting in 1948, Bishop's also possessed an Intermediate team which played in the local basketball loop. The major team was termed a Senior squad. This second team achieved distinction in the final year of their existence by going through the schedule with only one defeat, to take the league championship. The glory of this accomplishment was dimmed somewhat by the fact that the Intermediate team was considerably strengthened by the addition of Senior players in crucial games.

It must be pointed out, however, that while Bishop's has had few outstanding intercollegiate teams during the past few years, the University has made strides in the direction of a wider and more diversified programme in which a greater part of the student body may take an active part.

The soccer revival begun in 1934 continued to prosper. Playing on Scarth Field as their home grounds, the Purple and White footballers engaged in a large number of games in the local St. Francis District Association for the following six years. Enthusiasm for the sport mounted; the Students' Council undertook to promote the club in 1937, equipping it with new uniforms and other essentials,

until finally in 1938, Bishop's had a full-scale soccer team. The following year soccer at Bishop's reached its pinnacle of fame as the team fought its way through an undefeated season to win the St. Francis District Association Football Cup. The squad won four games, tied one, scored ten goals and had only two goals scored against them. However, the end was near; in fact, the very next year soccer fell into a decline, and only two games were played. Finally, in 1941, outside competition in soccer ceased altogether, being replaced by intra-mural contests.

Badminton, too, developed apace after its first endeavour at intercollegiate competition. Although matches with other universities were not a feature of badminton in subsequent years, many tournaments with local clubs were arranged. In 1938 the Bishop's team entered the Eastern Townships Badminton Tournament, were victorious in three of the five events, and continued their success the next year by taking the men's singles, the men's doubles, and the mixed doubles in the same tournament. In common with other minor sports, badminton flourished during the war because of the curtailment of major sports. The turnout was so large that it was necessary to divide the whole Bishop's squad into an "A" team and a "B" team according to ability. This division is still a feature of badminton at Bishop's.

The only lapse in badminton occurred in 1944, when an acute shortage of "birds" was encountered, but two years later the sport rose to new prominence when the St. Francis Valley Badminton League was formed. The initial league comprised Danville, Sherbrooke, and Bishop's. In that same year, the men's doubles title was added to the list of Bishop's Eastern Townships championships, and in 1948 the Purple and White shuttlers won the St. Francis Valley championship, the highest award for team play in the district. Members of the team were: Charles Worthen, Alex Bayne, Geo. Suart, Geoffrey Watts, Mrs. John Bagnall, Miss Kay Thompson, Miss Audrey Burt, Miss Isabel Hibbard and Jack Bagnall (captain). Although subsequent teams have failed to repeat this championship effort, badminton at Bishop's is undoubtedly one of the most popular of minor sports and commands a wide following.

Of all the minor sports, skiing has enjoyed the widest sphere of activity from its inception right up until the past season. The Ski Club, organized for the first time in 1938, was originally a member of the C.A.S.A., and not only provided the organization for much local skiing, but also took an active part in major meets both in the Eastern Townships and the Laurentians. The year after its organization, members of the Ski Club entered the Eastern Townships Zone

meet, and, led by L. Tomlinson, who took the aggregate prize, the Bishop's skiers dominated the competition to capture the honours. Bishop's won the Eastern Townships Championship for three consecutive years after that to gain permanent possession of the J. S. Mitchell Trophy.

In 1940, the first intercollegiate ski meet was held at St. Sauveur, and the Bishop's team made a most creditable showing there. The following year Bishop's ski team captured the Hillcrest Ski Meet honours and the Codere Trophy, and repeated this feat at Eustace and Victoriaville in 1942. When the Second World War came, skiing was not entirely disrupted, but it was suspended during 1944 through lack of material. Though all Zone meets had to be cancelled, Bishop's continued to be active in local skiing circles. Assuming a new and picturesque name, the Bishop's University "Snowdusters" entered the Orford inter-zone meet in 1945, competing against some of the best skiers in Canada.

Intercollegiate skiing was resumed in 1947; Bishop's sponsored and won a meet the following year; and in 1949, skiing at Bishop's came very much to the fore as the University were hosts to the C.I.A.U. Ski Championships held at Hillcrest. Visiting colleges included McGill, Dawson, University of Montreal, Sir George Williams, Ottawa University, Queen's, Laval and New Brunswick. McGill took the honours on this occasion. In the same year, Bishop's cross-country team captured the Zone cross-country championship; in 1951 Bishop's were again hosts, this time to the Eastern Townships Zone Men's Cross-country Meet; and the following season, the giant Slalom race at Hillcrest was won by Bishop's Jim Quarles. Skiing has continued to fill a place of prominence among winter sports at Bishop's.

Finally, brief mention must be made of the present intra-mural programme which enables everyone in the college to enjoy the physical and moral benefits of competitive sport. With the male population of the college divided into four teams, Red, Green, Yellow and Blue, and the women divided into three, this smoothly functioning system embraces soccer, basketball, floor hockey, ice hockey, and softball. Champions are declared in each section and an Alumni Trophy awarded to the team with the highest aggregate at the end of the year. Mention, too, must be made of the track team which carried the Purple and White colours in the C.I.A.U. Track Meet at McGill in 1949 and 1951. Along with tennis, golf, and an unsuccessful attempt at six-man rugby in 1951, this completes the sports picture, which illustrates the fact that there is at least one healthy form of recreation for the entire male student body at Bishop's.

Women's Athletics

LADIES' athletics, as compared to the men's side as already discussed may be reviewed rather summarily. This is not to say that women's sports have not played an important part in the athletic curriculum at Bishop's, for while the actual sphere of female activity in athletics may be somewhat narrow, the influence of the ladies is widespread in every branch of sport. However, it must be remembered that aside from the fact that competitive physical skill is not one of the attributes of true femininity, the male population of Bishop's is much larger than the female population, as is the case in most colleges. Thus we find that the ladies have traditionally indulged in only two major sports — basketball and hockey, of which the former is by far the most important.

A complete analysis of women's sports may be divided into two periods; — the formative years, comprising the decade after 1915 required to establish co-ed sports on a firm basis, and the twenty-eight years since then during which women's sports have become more organized. The opening of this last period marks the beginning of league competition for the two major teams.

Formative Years

Early co-ed activity in sports at Bishop's begins about 1916, with the initiation of a Co-ed's Corner in the Mitre. Early athletic interests were mainly in the direction of snow-shoe tramps, for the subsequent teas and entertainment seemed to have been the high points of the expeditions, for the ladies at least. Tennis for young ladies was extremely fashionable at this time, too, and enthusiasm for the pastime ran quite high in female quarters. A succinct observation from the Trinity Term *Mitre* of 1916 illustrates quite well the prevailing opinion on women's tennis. "The co-eds are taking quite an interest in tennis this year, and play much between lectures. They usually have plenty of critics and instructors standing on the sidelines." So much for the importance of tennis.

Of the two major sports, hockey is certainly the oldest, preceding basketball by about two years. It is interesting to note that the first team in 1915-16 tried its wings in a game against the Divines which the co-eds won. This historical match was the basis for the annual "Shed vs Co-eds" contest which has taken place each year since 1916. The following year, hockey enlarged its sphere of activity somewhat

by playing the girls of the local Lennoxville Academy, and although lack of "experienced" material subsequently curtailed activity in outside circles, girl's hockey continued to find many ardent followers at Bishop's. Until 1933, however, women's hockey languished somewhat after a final series of games in 1923. According to *The Mitre* of that year, "the Co-eds Hockey team (if indeed one may grace with that dignified appellation the collection of co-eds that assembled in variegated attire at the Minto rink), played two spirited games this year. One with Old Lodge, the second against the Shed."

Basketball, however, unlike hockey has always remained a major women's sport at Bishop's from its inception in 1916-1917. The first coach of the co-eds on record was Miss Parrock who guided the team to a most successful season in 1918. In that year, an annual series with Stanstead was inaugurated and the tradition upheld for a number of years.

For those of us who may think that the present intra-mural program of Red, Green and other coloured teams is an entirely modern innovation, the history of Girl's Basketball holds some surprises. In 1920, because of insufficient material, women's basketball at Bishop's was confined to games between two home teams labelled the Greens and the Reds. In the same season, the growing interest in women's basketball throughout Canada was manifested in the inauguration of intercollegiate competition between the women students of several Canadian colleges. Bishop's, too, looked forward to such a development, but for one reason or another it has never materialized, despite the fact that just two years later plans for an Intercollegiate league in ladies' basketball were formulated.

From 1919 to 1924, the girl's basketball team enjoyed great popularity, playing games with King's Hall, the old Girls, Sherbrooke Y.W., Sherbrooke High School and Quebec, as well as the annual Stanstead match. A feature of the Quebec game played in that city was a sleigh ride to which the girls were treated after the match. In 1923 the importance of women's basketball was realized through the innovation of ladies' basketball awards. This added some distinction to the regular members of the team who earned the right to wear a capital "B", Old English style on their sweaters. In 1925, a strong Bishop's aggregation closed out the period with two tremendous victories — one over an all-star team of Bishop's graduates by a score of 47-17, and the second over Sherbrooke Teachers' Association, 36-16.

Two details must be noted about this first decade of ladies' sports. First, that Ladies' Basketball was generally played according to Men's rules, as ladies' rules were a feature of intercollegiate competition.

The second detail to be noted is the importance of teas to women's athletics in general. The members of the basketball team were always entertained at one annual tea at least, while in 1924, two such teas were tendered by Mrs. Hatcher and Mrs. Boothroyd. In the meantime, full-scale co-ed participation in such minor sports as golf and skiing, and other similar pastimes which had hitherto been restricted to men students developed, and by the end of the decade was regarded as a natural part of the sports programme at Bishop's.

1925 — 1953

Modern days at Bishop's have seen an increasingly large part played in all athletics by women students, as the ladies have entered every branch of sport in which it is possible for them to participate and have supported those sports in which they could not participate, especially rugby and hockey. In all women's sports, the emphasis has been on the playing of the game rather than the winning of it, even more so than in men's sports where intense concentration becomes directed towards winning as well as playing. This attitude is best summed up in the aims of the Women's 1935 Hockey team. "We play for the pure love of the game rather than for any hope of an outstanding victory."

In this spirit, then, we find that women's hockey, after being discontinued for ten years was resumed in 1933, and the following year Bishop's entered an organized women's hockey league for the first time — the Eastern Townships League. Distinctive uniforms were also worn by members of the team for the first time, consisting of striped purple and white stockings, sweaters and tunics, and thus garbed, the hockey team enjoyed several full, if not particularly successful seasons until 1940, when women's hockey was discontinued. During this span, an annual game with McGill was inaugurated, and in spite of a 12-0 loss sustained in 1935, competition between the two teams was fairly close. In 1938, their last year in the E. T. League, Bishop's possessed a very strong hockey team which went through a season marred only by one loss and a tie in regular league play, and no losses in a number of exhibition games with local ladies. Since 1940, however, women's hockey has been confined to the "Annual Comedy" against the Divines, as well as various exhibitions and intra-mural fixtures.

Ladies' basketball continued to develop rapidly following 1925, with the Purple and White squad keeping up a high standard of performance in regular play which had been entered into at the beginning of the period. Except for one lapse in 1929, during which season Canadian Women's Intercollegiate Basketball rules were observed, the

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Purple and White aggregation played as the men did. That the teams of this time were of high calibre was shown in the following year when the Bishop's girls played St. Mary's Grads, a championship team, and lost out in an exciting battle, 31-28.

Finally, in 1932, ladies' basketball at the College came officially of age and entered the Provincial Amateur Basketball Association, playing in the Sherbrooke City League. Coached by Charlie McCullough, the Bishop's quintet fought through to a tie for first place, and took the resulting playoff tilt by a score of 9-5 to capture the first title in the history of women's sports at Bishop's. Continuing their quest for honours, the squad was finally defeated by the La Tuque ladies in a playoff for the Provincial Championship. Two years later, another tie for first place in the standings resulted; a tie which was never resolved, for the team opposing Bishop's refused to play overtime after regular play in the playoff game resulted in a tied score. That title is still unclaimed.

In 1936, a new local league was formed, the Sherbrooke County Girl's Basketball Association, and Bishop's entered it in competition for the Mitchell Trophy. The Purple and White cagers were always strong contenders for top honours in this loop; in fact, in 1937 the Ladies' Basketball squad edged the Men's squad 25-24, and two years later captured their second basketball championship. Sparked by a powerful first line of Patty Wiggett, Bessie McDougall and Patty Watson, the seven-player team swept through the schedule to nine victories and sustained only one defeat. War then forced the league to disband, and only a number of exhibition games were played with Sherbrooke and Lennoxville.

In 1941, Ladies' Basketball was resumed in a new Eastern Townships league, later changed to the Eastern Townships Basketball Association, and the following year Bishop's Women's Basketball squad captured its third and final championship, edging the Sherbrooke Y.W.C.A. in the overtime period of the playoff tilt. In 1944 and 1948 organized ladies' basketball was again postponed for a year; but apart from these minor deferments, Bishop's was always a strong contender for the title, and especially in recent years has just missed capturing the championship by a close margin several times.

It has long been advocated that Bishop's should enter inter-collegiate competition in women's basketball, for it has been shown several times that Bishop's could more than hold their own in such company. In 1952 the Bishop's girls overwhelmed the Sir George Williams "Georgettes" 50-19, indicating that they are capable of inter-

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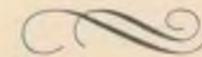
collegiate play, but for financial and other reasons, such a hope has never been realized.

In the realm of minor sports, too, the co-eds have enjoyed full participation. The formation of a Women's Athletic Society during this period led to increased organization of women's athletics, in more recent years especially. One of the most significant steps taken by this society in conjunction with the Women's Association occurred in 1940 when the awarding of major and minor "B's" was inaugurated, thus putting women's sports on an equal level of importance with men's.

When the Badminton Club was formed in 1928, the co-eds waited approximately four years to make sure that the pastime was here to stay, and then entered the ranks of "bird batters." Included in the championship badminton team of 1948 was Miss Kay Thompson, an outstanding college player who has since reigned as the Ladies' Badminton Champion of the Eastern Townships.

In 1941, the realm of skiing, too, was invaded by the ladies, as Les Tomlinson organized a Ladies' Ski Club which participated in a number of meets with great enjoyment though indifferent success. After two years of segregation, the Women's Ski Team merged with the Men's.

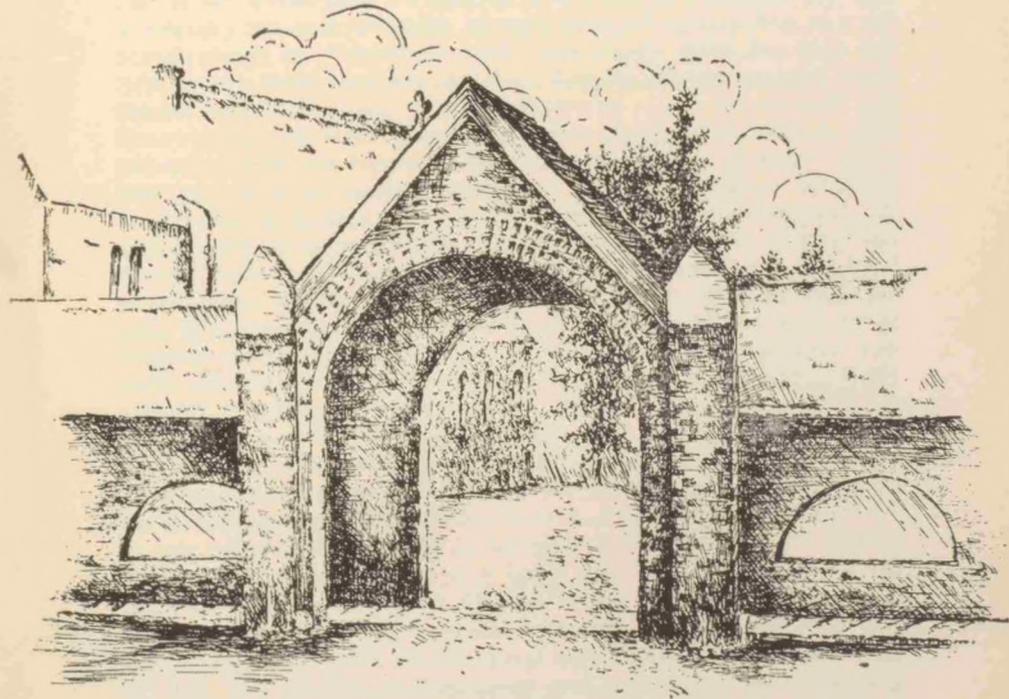
Tennis and golf also increased widely in popularity with the women students, while the intra-mural system formulated in 1950 has ensured that every co-ed in the college may have the opportunity of enjoying the benefits of competitive athletics. They have taken full advantage of the facilities provided and now strive in support of the Red, Blue and Yellow teams.



Mitre, April 1896: Editor—To use an applicable though obnoxious word, the "up-to-date" young woman knows a great deal about maths, geology and bicycling, to say nothing about the ordinary feminine pursuits. It is good to raise woman to an intellectual position equal to man's, but not identical. Science makes her mind severely judicial and accurate — she loses her extreme pureness of spiritual touch, that grace of manner, that indefinable!



A Mitre Anthology



Alumni Letter

Dear Mr. Editor in Chief:-

Have you ever had the pleasure of being introduced to a deaf old lady with an ear trumpet? If you have, you will remember how you felt when the dear old thing having handed you, with an amiable smile, one end of the instrument, held the other to her ear and invited you to begin. Now that all difficulties were surmounted, and means of easy communication between you both was fully established, the question was what to say? The very satisfaction with which she settled down to wait quietly for your remarks added to your embarrassment. Her eyes and smile plainly said, "Now sir there is no reason in the world why you should not make a favourable impression, insert what you have to tell me." As you held the nickle-plated funnel shaped thing in your hand, words and thoughts seemed to fly from you. It would surely be a waste of opportunity to send any trivial remarks about the weather, curling up the serpentine folds of the trumpet into the disappointed drum. A joke, at any rate at the beginning of the conversation, would be irreverent. The very shape of the part in your hand with the wide mouth and the small hole at the back though which all your ideas had to percolate, seemed to suggest that your conversation must not be of the ordinary vapid sort, but strained and clear and terse, and such as provoked no reply in a similar strain, because you had no trumpet through which she could talk back to you. Then the difficulties of the situation were increased by your not knowing where to look. If you kept your eyes upon her face, you forgot to hold the instrument near enough to your lips and from the blank expression of her countenance, you saw that she was losing your remarks. And yet when you turned away from her eyes and gazed into the funnel, your mind lacked the inspiration that comes from the play of the human features, and you found it as hard to keep up a conversation with the funnel as you would with the leg of a chair. And last and not least of your difficulties was the fact that all around the room sat the members of the family, some young and giddy, some precocious and priggish, waiting seriously to hear what you were going to say to "Aunt." Now Mr. Editor, I hope you have been placed in such a position, so that I can be sure of your sympathy from the outset, for it strikes me that in many ways it corresponds with that in which a man finds himself when asked to write an "Alumni Letter."

You have handed me your ear-trumpet, but what shall I say? What can I say that will be worth saying? Then to whom shall I say it? To you, or to the instrument? or to the family grouped around you? Shall it be grave or gay? I could tell many old college stories of by-gone times, but the weighty appearance of your ear-trumpet and its name of "MITRE" seem to quell the rising of levity. What a graphic picture might be drawn of dear old R. who when requested by the principal to turn to the east in the creed systematically for three years turned to the West, and who roused me out of sleep on one occasion to set him right on the subject of predestination, his views having been upset on that evening by poor G. in a theological discussion in the kitchen. And I could tell of the wild things he tamed and the eggs he blew in the room opposite mine, and the little birds he found inside some of the eggs, and what disputes this egg blowing habit led to in the matter of sanitation. I could draw the picture so graphically, that if this met his eyes he would see his face "as in a glass" though not "darkly," and also, what I think is a very sweet part of college life, how through daily contact with others in congenial surroundings, even one's eccentricities make their way into the hearts of friends. And then I could tell of old S. with his jolly round face and his eye glass and his blushes, and the little canary that piped in his window. And I could tell dark and terrible stories of the "Wild Crowd," of dining room windows opened by stealth at midnight, and of hair-breadth escapes in stocking feet from Johnson's revolver. And I could tell of an initiation, (the last I believe that was ever held at Bishop's) and of the waves of intense excitement that broke periodically over the calm of term-time; when the men would sit up discussing the point at issue till midnight and after, and the professors would assemble with blanched faces and nerves unstrung in the principal's room after morning chapel. And I could also tell in a gentler mood of those who once full of strength and hope, laughed with us at college suppers, and sang with us the college songs, and yet now lie sleeping their last sleep, having found sooner than we the solution of the problems we so eagerly discussed in those days, and now

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious Winter's rages."

But these Mr. Editor are not what your ear-trumpet calls for. The funnel has a wide mouth but a small throat. I took up "THE MITRE" this morning for inspiration and I think I found something to help me, it is in the remarks you make editorially, on the formation of a reading club at college in order to promote a taste for good literature among the men. The idea is a good one and to be commended, but I should like, in a very humble way, to suggest that the difficulty

is not to be entirely overcome by such methods. The first step towards true culture is not right reading but right thinking. The chief pleasure we derive from pure literature, as distinct from scientific, lies in the continual discovery of our own thoughts and feelings clothed in the perfection of form and colour. But it may be taken for granted that unless we are sincere in friendship, liberal in sympathy and reverent of soul, no reading club nor any other machinery will be able to make us enjoy the society of the Immortals. The man who does not studiously avoid ostentation and untruth and meanness in his life will never attain to purity of taste or style. And the man who passes by without a thought the voices and silence of nature, and has no heart for her in her changing moods, will never be able to know the exquisite peace which she breaths into the soul that truly loves her, nor the pardonable satisfaction that comes from the consciousness that ones self in one's best moment is,

"Of kindred with the great of old."

So if a young man wishes to enjoy our best writers, he must first learn to love what they loved, and see things as they saw them, and in so far as he succeeds in this, will his culture be real and free from pedantry. And surely no place could be fairer or better adapted for the beginnings of a life-long friendship with man and nature than dear old Lennoxville, where the beauties of river wood and hill, and the intimate companionship of our fellows are harmoniously blended into a unique whole by the mild mediaevalism of the college life and services.

But now, Mr. Editor, your hand grows tired as you hold the trumpet to your ear, and your eyes begin to wonder and the family around you are growing restive. I have so crowded the instrument that there is left in it now only room for the one word Vale!

F. G. Scott.

Drummondville, P. Q., May 1st, 1894

Ixion

*My spirit is not broken, though the wheel
Rend limb, snap sinew, and break bone.
Soul cleaves to body, body tortures soul
In immortality of pain, and night and day
Are not. How many an interchange has been*

*Since the last tendon strained and was renewed?
How many since my teeming brain began
Its last fond scheme of freedom, just foregone?
I know not, neither care I — I still hope.
I hear no more the wailings of the rest,
Though once my quick and unaccustomed ear
Knew where the lover lay, the child-life groaned,
The miser counted still imagined gild,
Or he who slew his brother fell prone down,
Seeing the sin too late — these once, but now
No sound is there, but that calm voice of hers,
Thrilling my agony with vain desire,
Juno's his queen, and mine, in this made one.
For would he then have flashed me into hell,
And left me in the passing of a thought
Bound fast for aeons, if she loved me not?
Her love is both my glory and my shame,
Nor would I change eternity of woe
For loss of one soft look. My body bends,
My spirit stands upright, and fronts the God.
Have I cried out? Sought pardon? 'Twas not I,
'Twas but my frame that yielded to the wheel,
And the entreaty — tension of a limb
I seek no pardon; I confess no wrong.
His vengeance is not the sure Nemesis
That waits on sin, and though his tyrant will
Seem time-subduing, shall its limits come,
When Love, rejecting this poor mortal mould,
Leaps re-embodied up to Heaven's Height.
Deep in my startled soul e'en now I feel
The germs of that new life, which thought of her
Maturing with the ages, nourishes.
That life, grown full, like hers must be divine
And capable to conquer space and form.
But his, that hath no love to feed upon,
Will stagnate into powerlessness and die,
For well I know that arrogant abuse
Of what it has will kill the soul of God.*

—A. A. Brockington
(1895)

A Woodland Fancy

Soft laughter ripples through the vale
 And far away a horn
 In silvery tones rings out "All Hail,"
 To greet the arising morn.
 What need to ask whose tripping feet
 Have pressed upon the grass?
 Like daisies drooping in the heat
 At dawn away they pass.
 Last night was fay's high holiday,
 And now that day has come
 Reluctantly they troop away
 Wishing the night half done.
 Hush, may one see them as they go
 Laden with flowers of May,
 Coming so silently and slow,
 As loth to see the day?
 Is that the sound of fairy bells
 Ringing their step in time,
 Such as one hears in hidden dills
 Swung by the Columbine?
 One cannot see the fairy band
 Under the hidden sheen,
 But far away in fairyland
 Their dainty forms are seen.
 One cannot hear their laughing song
 In this old world of ours;
 But we may dream a legend long,
 Of fayland's mystic towers.
 'Tis but the shepherd's pipe we hear
 And but the wether's bell,
 Not our old friendly fairies dear
 Coming their tales to tell.
 'Tis but the laughter of the brook
 Rippling 'mid leafy fern;
 Not at a fairy may we look
 But at a bittern stern.

—Peter Iqnotus
 (1895)

A False Alarm

H. W. B.

I had just returned from a hard day's work at the office, and had barely seated myself down to enjoy my tea, when the maid entered bearing a telegram, which she handed to me. Tearing open the seal I found it to be from my senior partner, desiring my presence at an important meeting to be held early the next morning in the town of L—, over sixty miles from where I was now sitting.

Glancing at my watch, I saw that I had just time to finish my tea, pack my valise, and walk to the station to catch the last train that night. I found to my disgust on leaving the house that it had commenced to rain, and that together with the heavy wind that had been blowing all day, made the night as dreary and dismal as can well be imagined.

Arriving at the station, I was informed that my train was twenty minutes late. I spent the time between the stuffy little waiting room inside and the drenching night outside.

At length a prolonged shriek warned me that the train was approaching. The next instant the headlight gleamed round the curve, dashed on towards the station, and in a few seconds the great iron monster, puffing and hissing, stood stationary before us. Hearing my name called, I looked up and saw protruding from the window of the cab, the head of my old friend Jack Wilkinson, the engineer. He called out and asked me to ride with him on the engine. This I was nothing loth to do, as it would be an entirely novel experience to me. After checking my valise, I sprang into the cab, and took the seat Jack assigned to me.

Just then the Station Master ran out and calling to Jack, said "Look out for Craig's Crossing as the section men have not been out today, and there may be a wash-out."

"All right," replied Jack, "We'll see to it."

Then receiving the signal, Jack opened the valve, let on the steam, and with a puff, a groaning of the heavy axletrees, a trembling of the engine, we were in motion. In a few minutes the station-house was far behind, and we were well on our journey through the dismal night.

The MITRE

"Shove on the coal," said Jack, turning to the fireman, "and we will show our guest how old 377 can go."

"All right, boss," responded the fireman, and he evidently took the same delight in showing off the speed of his favorite as the engineer, for he kept heaping on the coal, so that the furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red hot, and the engine was quivering and shaking as though it would fall to pieces.

Jack, with his hand on the lever, was leaning far out of the cab so as to get a better view of the road.

"Sixty-two miles an hour," he yelled, shoving his head in and out again. All at once he jumped back into the cab, shut the valve and turned on the brakes, and roared, "My God, the washout."

Instantly the warning of the station master flashed through my brain like an electric shock. Looking out of the window I saw a red light gleaming ahead in the distance.

I frantically grabbed the bell-rope and began to ring. Looking at Jack his appearance calmed me greatly. There he stood, pale as death, in the ghastly light, the veins on his forehead standing out like whipcords, and perspiration steaming from every pore.

"Will she never stop," he cried in agony.

And indeed it seemed as if we never would stop. On we rushed towards the signal of destruction, with hardly abated speed. The cars shoved and pushed against us despite the heavy brakes applied to every wheel; the engine swayed and clanked as though it would tear itself to pieces. At last our speed decreased, the pressure began to tell, and we were motionless not ten yards from the light.

"Thank God we are safe," cried Jack, as he sprang from the cab, closely followed by the fireman and myself. We ran to the light, which turned out to be a lantern covered with a red handkerchief, and held by a ragged looking tramp.

"Where's the washout?" yelled Jack, grabbing him by the shoulder; "speak, man."

"What washout do yer mean?" replied the tramp.

"Why the one you stopped us for," said the exasperated Jack.

"I don't know of no washout," was his answer; "I want a ride."

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Whether he got his ride or not I leave to your imagination, but I think if you look at the bottom of the embankment you will still find him sticking in the mud, where Jack's heavy foot planted him.

"Just my luck," muttered the engineer as we turned back to the cab.

Assuring the passengers who had come forward to ascertain the cause of our stoppage that all was right, we continued our journey. But as everything I could get out of Jack was a grunt, I left the engine at the next station and completed my journey in one of the cars.

(1896)

Literary Leisure

By A. A. Brockington

MANY a man who is spending the best part of every day in a struggle for the necessaries of existence looks with longing towards what Dean Milman calls the "serene voluptuousness of literary leisure." He imagines himself in a snug library — walls piled with books, everything to hand — sitting in a commodious easy chair before a cheerful fire, smoking a meditative pipe and musing over a volume of philosophy. He feels that so situated he would bid good-by to the madding crowd; he would let life surge outside the walls, he would say with the poet;

"Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever reaping
something new,

That which they have done but an earnest of the things
that they shall do."

But he would by no means join the throng. His part would be to emotionalize tranquilly. Men should come to him, and sitting there, listen with admiring attention to the desultory wisdom that should issue from his lips. Like Tenfeldsdrockh he would not seem conscious of his auditory, but the utterances should flow from him as from the sculptured stone head of some public fountain. Kings and ploughmen alike should be by him respected for their intellectuality and power of admiration. He would be a man of books.

One with old Richard of Bury, he would sit down among them, more voluptuously than the delicate physician could do amidst his store of aromatics. If he travelled, they would sweeten "the wormwood of peregrination." At home they would be a perpetual object of love and also an assuagement.

Li, wheeling round his chair, he took up the pen (lying conveniently there), it would be to give expression to those various and profound reflections upon the world as it seems to the Seer. There would be no "sandy" details that fall like grit upon the palate, but tolerant and patronising generalisations. What breadth of outlook! What calm! What self-possession! What amiable omniscience! A mixture of Milton and S. T. Coleridge!

Truly life is made up too much of Profit and Loss, of oatmeal, roast-beef, bread and butter and sleep. If only one had time to smoke and think instead of being forever moving and acting. Here a man crosses me with his peculiarities, there another assumes a government over me, neglects my pretensions, and says roughly "if you don't work harder, you are no good for me." Such a teasing actuality dwells in the man. And yet he can stop my supplies. My aunt dies and leaves her money to another man because she thinks "that he can make more use of it." What use of it? He builds, grinds, digs, uses multiform machinery, becomes head of companies. He is one of the workers. But of a truth he and his works will be forgotten, when the poet who urged him so magnificently is in the mouths of all men. Clive in India flung away the futile pistol, and wins the battle of Plassey. But I like S. T. Coleridge better, who took opium and brooded at Nether Stowey. Why then did my aunt not leave me her money? Because she had no patience with the eternal company of books.

There was old Richard of Bury I spoke of; he collected a library and revelled in it. It is true that he was Lord Chancellor of England under his most puissant Majesty, Edward the Third since the conquest, but who cares about that? Money only flowed in on him and out from him. Put me in the same position, and I would serve the same purpose. There may have been other duties, but who thinks of them? To me, Richard of Bury is a man of books. Why speak to me of Shakespeare's acting at the Globe? I think of him sitting alone, poring over North's Plutarch, and formulating that grand figure of Coriolanus. Many a time I have so meditated and felt a wonderful kinship with him. I believe I could have lain down upon

the grass in a Warwickshire wood, and evolve "As You Like It," from Thomas Lodge's novel. Every time I lie down and think of Jacques philosophising upon the stage, the making of the play seems more easy to me. Walk along the brow of the Quantocks and call upon the Ancient Mariner:

"The ship was cheered
The harbour cleared."

How simple, smooth-flowing and natural it is, when I see the white sail moving down the Channel, I feel that Coleridge was only before me in time.

I know a man, and I love to dwell upon his enticing personality, who goes far to realize my ideal in this matter of literary leisure. Let it be granted that he has been an indefatigable teacher; let it be granted that he is unearthing for men buried treasures, bringing wisdom from the intricacies of great ridge-backed folios, printing in handy form choice morceaux culled from dust-piled confusion of good and bad. Let me grant so much and forget it. I behold him from another standpoint. I see him walk down to breakfast, pass half an hour at the table in the pleasantest fashion, only interrupting his talk for knife and fork play, and then walk into his library for the day's enjoyment. On the previous evening he had left word with his secretary that his requirements would be such and such. There, accordingly lie the books and papers ready to hand, Type machine and obedient Secretary typewriter may be utilized at any moment, but the latter is not needlessly obtrusive. I see him compose his broad, short form into a chair, a smile breaks over his benevolent countenance, he moves the long, thin hair back with his hand, giving it a curious characteristic curve, he clears his throat triumphantly and mounts into the seventh heaven.

His room is a true book-land. From floor to ceiling over every inch of wall it is stacked with shelves and cases crammed with volumes and neatly arranged manuscripts. Revolving shelves there are too, leaving room only for transit and three armchairs. Why speak of the dignified quartos, the workmanlike octavos, the fascinating little duodecimos? Poetry, history, philosophy, romance, and well-chosen divinity smile down upon the broad back of that enthusiast. He is interpenetrated with various knowledge, infiltrated with wisdom. And his happy face has the sweet satisfaction of a pleased child.

A visitor enters (Fortunate visitor!) He wheels round to greet him, passes a cordial "Good-Day" and seats him in one of the two remaining chairs. Then with a preliminary "The-a, the-a" he breaks into a surprising flood of discourse. Bye and bye as he proceeds, the subject takes hold of him and he rises from his chair. He moves behind it, and places his hand upon the back. Then his fingers twine round that wisp of hair, his eyes seek the ceiling, he pictures the golden times of Queen Elizabeth, the men of pith and enterprise, the men of magnificent balance, the makers of history, the makers of letters. No pause, no hesitation, even after that first "The-a, the-a," but a stream as a crystal-clear water pouring from the filter of his intellect. The visitor goes out with the sense of re-awakened life and thanks Providence that there is at least one prophet in Israel.

(1896)

The Blessings of Shaving

Shaving is the most maligned of operations. The man who will cheerfully spend hours in arranging his tie, grudges the few minutes devoted to his razor; and the statistician is convinced that he could have learnt ten foreign languages and written three monumental works in the odd moments that he spends in getting rid of his beard. To all such complaints the answer is obvious: why are the complainers the slaves at all? But by the true philosopher, the razor is regarded as the royal road to knowledge.

For when the operator is skilled, when the razor is sharp, and the hand is steady, shaving becomes almost a mechanical operation. But the small amount of care that the process requires starts the wheel of thought as the shaver meditatively scrapes his chin. Not only is thought engendered, but thought which combines all the virtues of application, broadness of view, and accuracy of detail. Application is absolutely essential to a successful shave; were the operator to allow his fancy to flit too much, dire would be the result. As with a broad sweep, the chin is denuded of its superfluous hairs, life is regarded as a whole and a striking generalization is evolved. But all generalizations are inaccurate, so a salutary check is provided by nature. Care and attention are demanded to preserve the highly prized moustache,

and with them appears accuracy, to fit the lofty conception to the hard facts of life. Then the powder at the end gives the finishing touches, and with it the last inconsistencies are harmoniously reconciled. So that, by the time his toilet is completed, the philosopher has arrived at a conclusion as remarkable for its broadness of view as it is for its exactness of detail.

Men should never be too thankful that shaving prevents gossip. If we think of barbers, we doubt the premises of this dictum; but, if we think of women, we admit its conclusions. Few women ever shave; but any lack of hair on their faces is more than made up by the superfluity on their heads. What shaving is to men, hair-brushing is to women. It gives them the same chance of deep thought, of combining masterly generalizations with truthful detail. But all the soothing effects of the semi-mechanical operation are wasted, for women allow it to stimulate not their minds, but their tongues. Do not the best novels teach us that the scene of all the bitterest quarrels, all the sweetest confidences, all the most trenchant gossip is the young ladies' boudoir, as they are preparing for the night? Therefore, women talk, men think.

Many a historical inaccuracy has been perpetrated through the wilful disregard of the deep influence for good or for evil contained in the hair-brush and razor. There is no time now to re-write all history from the tonsorial standpoint; one instance will suffice. Even Professor Gardiner himself has written as though the different styles of coiffure adopted by the Cavaliers and Roundheads were the effects, and not the causes, of their quarrels. It rests with us to point out the truth. Long before these quarrels had become acute an unfortunate convention grew up that the Cavaliers should wear moustaches, imperials and lovelocks, while the Puritans should affect smooth faces and round heads. To these dictates of fashion can be traced the whole of the woes of the Civil War.

For when the Puritan shaved in the morning, his sweeping condemnation of the vanities of this world received no salutary check from the substantial vanity of a moustache; or, perhaps, if he did not shave himself, the barber unwittingly improved the Puritan's power of nasal intonation by using his nose as a convenient holdfast. The intolerance thus engendered was never soothed by the influence of the brush. His hair never needed one; two strokes of the comb and all was complete.

On the other hand, the cavalier had too many vanities; so much attention did his moustach and imperial demand that he had no time to take a broad view of the realities of life. But if these hirsute

appendages were negative evils, his love-locks were positive ones. Perhaps the Malignant had been up late the night before; he had to dress in a hurry and felt a little off-colour. All would go well with him, till he came to his tiresome head of hair. But then the curling-tongs would get too hot and would burn his hand. Next one curl would enfold another in too loving an embrace; to separate them would mean agony. Finally, when his toilet seemed complete, one side of his face would not match the other. Would it not make a saint swear? But "ill weeks grow apace," and that matutinal oath grew into an hourly one, especially as these love-locks continually got caught in everything their owner passed. It is easy after this to trace the downward course of the once child-like Cavalier.

Were it possible to make experiments in history, it would be interesting to make each of these parties adopt the fashions of the other. What the result would be, no thinking creature can reasonably doubt!

(1897)

Main de Justice

G. E. R.

ON the banks of the Nipigon at the close of a sultry day in August, a woman stood gazing upon the glories of a sunset which sent forth its crimson darts across the sky as if waving a sympathetic adieu to the solitary watcher. Had Naqua been at all familiar with English poetry there might have come to her memory the words, "I see the mystery of our loneliness"; but she was only a poor Indian, and the beautiful ending of the day suggested no familiar lines. Still, who could doubt, as she turned away with bowed head, that the scene had brought to her mind some thoughts which moved her deeply, though in an adaptation of Indian environment. Just two years ago she stood on the same spot, and at her side was a man, not an Indian, but one from Wasvh Nesagewun — "From the far east," — as he had told her. In her reverie, she recalled how eloquently he had pleaded that he loved her. Half mockingly she now repeated to herself his truly commendable efforts of expression in a language in which he was but two years old. Faulty, indeed, was his wording, but then his gestures were decisive, — clearly unmistakable. And yet today, Naqua stood alone. She was not broken-hearted, she mused, possibly she was slightly disconsolate; but then if he was satisfied, why so was she; and she

shrugged her shoulders as if to assure herself of her perfect disinterestedness — a quality which man seems incapable of possessing, but one that is often found in woman. She reflected on his words, "I cannot live without you." "Ah, then," she added, "I saved him, poor fellow!" Fortune had smiled upon him in the fur trade and he would be rich. But he had gone and left her, and her friends said he would not return. And yet she was his wife. Slowly her soul began to burn within her; the indifference she had striven to assume gradually deserted her, she felt herself scorned. "He will regret it," she cried, "I will assuredly be avenged." Savagely she tore the neckerchief from her throat and flaunted it jeeringly in the wind; then, with the passionate fierceness peculiar to her people, she rent it in shreds — his gift. The evening had become quite dark; shuddering in the cold wind, she drew her shawl closely about her, and made her way towards her little home.

Late into the lonely watches of the night she sat carefully stitching together a little birch-bark box. The bottom she strewed with dead leaves and stoically she drew the plain gold ring from her finger and placed it in its little coffin. It would reach him; it must. Silently she gazed into the fire in deep thought, though with the expressionless face peculiar to her people, till slowly her head dropped forward and she fell asleep.

* * *

The icy breath of winter, the soft soothing air of spring, the luxurious "laissez-nous faire" murmurs of summer, and the deep solemn moan of autumn, had followed each other in quick succession. Thus twenty years rolled by, still echoing with the melancholy moan of many, still surging with the glad song of a few — years stained with tears, and garnished with bliss. Things had changed among the Indians of Nipigon Lake. Houses stood where wigwams had been pitched, and here and there was a brave attempt at cultivation. But the whole presented an aspect suggestive of a vain effort to shake off the mantle of character which each succeeding generation bound more closely with the scarf of habit.

In front of his house stood the Makeday wekuneah — "the faithful shepherd," — around him lay the homes of his sheep whom he had guarded for the last twelve years. Time had pressed heavily upon him; wrinkles were conspicuous about the corners of his eyes and mouth, and the black hair had become a steely grey. He was not only a little sunburnt by the glare of life, but weatherbeaten by its storms and hardened by its blasts. Just now this veteran of the woods was gazing anxiously down the foot path for the approach of long expected visitors. The now famous fur trader had grown very rich of late, and, with

his young wife, was for the first time in twenty years, visiting "the old hunting ground" in which he was still interested for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. Hearty was the hand shake, joyous the welcome, given on their arrival, and with becoming pride the old clergyman ushered them into his humble home.

The evening meal was finished and the gentlemen sat smoking their pipes, and chatting about the splendid resources of the western land. The young wife, finding herself somewhat de trop, arose, and excusing herself, passed out into the cool night air. The men continued their conversation. Gradually they drifted back to the days long ago, and the visitor asked: "Did you know a tall, stately woman, Naqua I think they called her?"

"Naqua," replied his host softly. "Naqua with the sad and searching eyes? Yes, I know her; she is buried just outside;" — he turned abruptly and pulled the curtain "you can see the spot from here."

It was late September. Autumn winds rose eager for their work of death, and moaned sorrowfully among the trees. Night had folded her starry curtain above Nipigon Lake, and darkness had settled upon hill and dale. It was a melancholy night, full of dreary phantoms presaging a dismal morrow.

"Yes," continued the clergyman, "Naqua always puzzled me. Quietly she passed away in the faith, in perfect peace." He paused and thoughtfully took his pipe from his mouth — "One circumstance which impressed me much at the time," he continued, "was her selection of a startling passage of scripture which she insisted should be placed on her grave, Romans XII, 19, I think." The listener for the first time lifted his head; he held his breath, and half tremulously his lips parted; his face was drawn and pale. The speaker, too much absorbed with his own thoughts, did not notice him.

Slowly the visitor arose, and walking towards the fire-place leaned his elbow on the mantel. His thoughts went back through many years, and the faint, delicious odor of violets seemed to steal up from the ashes on the hearth, as the face of a queenly woman rose before him. His reverie was broken by the clergyman who had taken out his old bible, and pointing to the verse he had mentioned he read it aloud. With solemn emphasis he repeated the words, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Suddenly the distant rumbling of thunder broke into one tremendous crash; the lightening flashed in at the window, and the celestial brilliancy revealed the deathly pale face of the fur trader, who had

fallen to his knees as the thunder seemed to re-echo the words of the reader, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Above the wind and storm outside arose one heart rending scream, striking terror to the ear of the guest and host alike. Wildly the stricken trader rushed in the direction of the cry; with unfaltering finger the vengeful goddess appeared to point him to the lonely grave.

In vain the clergyman struggled bravely to keep up with his wildly excited "Avant Courier" but when he did arrive at the grave, his eyes fell upon a scene before which time recoiled defeated with its all encircling curtains of passing years. On the lonely grave lay the young bride with her face upturned to the Heavens which had so cruelly scathed her with an electric flash. — One hand lay across her breast and with the other she pointed with majestic silence to the Epitaph. —

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

(1899)

An Evening Song

*Good night, dear love, the day is going,
With crimson clouds the heavens are glowing
Rosy flushes tint the lakes of blue,
With amber and amethyst shining through.*

*A rocky screen the blue hills stand:
Down their steep sides gray shadows glide
Like sceptres grim in the hazy light.
One star appears, good night, good night.*

*The glowing sunlight now has gone
Night's darkened shadows gather around
Changed are the streams of rosy light
To misty veils, good night, good night.*

*From the far off city, the electric stars
Gleam over the restless harbour's bars
Here, is darkness and quiet — there bustle and light,
Will my whisper reach you — good night, good night.*

—A. E. Small
(1900)

Into Obscurity

J. F. C.

SO, you have come back, you have dared to come back. What welcome did you expect after disgracing your family, and ruining your own prospects? Why did you do it? What can have moved you to such criminal folly? Here were you with every prospect of success before you, of wealth, of distinction; you have thrown them all away. For what? Your father was porter at the Great Gate of the Temple; your father's father. They were only waiting to give you the post; you had only to ask for it; it was yours almost by right of birth. And now — why did you carry the Cross? Why should you have befriended this blasphemer, this enemy of our people and our rulers? There are numbers of crucifixions every week, nay every day, why did you not help some other victim that men might have exclaimed at your kindness, and not, as now, have stood aghast that one of your family would sympathize with such a one? Why should this one alone have moved you to pity? Why should you have chosen this victim, this turbulent, seditious and poor Carpenter.

"The man was weary, fainting, in agony. There were lights on the Cross: I could not help it: I could not see him suffer! And the soldiers made me."

The soldiers made you! You know you had but to proclaim our name and family, and not even the proud Romans would have dared risk rousing a disturbance among our people. Were you the only spectator? Among thousands watching that procession, were you alone capable of carrying that Cross? And granted that you did pity him why did you not return at once, after the crucifixion, why did you not tell the rulers and ask them?

"I was ashamed, aye, and I pitied him. I desired naught at the hands of those who cruelly and unjustly haled him to a death of shame and agony."

Pity — Shame you! You who had the chance of a post more sought after than any in this city. You, to whom it was almost given. You would have seen your name blazoned in letters of gold on the walls of the Temple over the gates, on the walls of God's great house, that will stand through all ages, for all men to see: that will endure when Rome has perished, and the chosen people have once more come to their own. Your sons, your sons' sons, all would have known your

honour, your distinction. "See," they might have cried, "behold the name of our father, see our great ancestors, their names stand, writ in gold, for ever, for they were door-keepers at the Great Gate at the House of God. And now for pity of this seditious Carpenter you have thrown it all away, you have borne his Cross, — and that is all. Who now will ever hear your name? Where now will men see written in imperishable letters — "Simon the Cyrenean." Twenty, ten, aye five years after your death who will remember your name. Will men say "Aye, but he bore the Cross of Jesus of Nazareth." Think you that the world will ever hear of that? Pity, aye pity has driven you into obscurity. Where thousands might have seen your name and cried, "He was the porter at the Great Gate of the House of God. The House that will endure for all time." Now go and let me never look upon your face again, you have had your chance, you have thrown it away, and whereas in years to come your father's name will be known to all God's people, who will ever read the name of Simon the Cyrenean?

(1900)

Pierre

A. H. W.

THE February sun shone brightly on the white glistening snow. The air was clear, cold and bracing. The worn runners of the old "carriole" glided easily over the smooth, icy roads.

I tucked the robes closely round me and glanced at my travelling companion, Pierre, who had agreed to drive me to Grosse Isle. He appeared to be a rough ignorant French Canadian "Habitant." A flaring red "tuque" was pulled well down over his ears and forehead. His face seemed almost expressionless. A short stub of a clay pipe, blackened from long usage was held between his teeth. Unpleasant fumes of the strongest Johnny Cannuck's "Tabac" occasionally caused me to glance hurriedly in another direction. Pierre's clothes were evidently not tailor-made. The material was coarse home spun cloth, much the worse for the wear and tear of previous winters. Newer pieces had been sewed in here and there till the whole resembled crazy "patch-work." His moccasins were home-made from seal skins. He drove a miserable looking horse, which might have been fed on an oat a day. Possibly the harness was useful for some such purpose as Mark Twain suggests, as keeping the horse together, — lest it might fall apart.

This beast, Pierre confidentially told me, was the best in the parish "for go" "Fine hors' dat,—She go like half'pas' two" (2.30). Pierre had named his horse "Alex." Alternately he addressed it in fond language "mon beau cheval" and then swore at it in extravagant "patois" terms.

I thought my driver might be interesting, so began to talk to him. "Well Pierre how long before we reach Grosse Isle?" He took his stub pipe from his mouth and stared at me. His breath which smelt of onions, liquor, and tobacco came unpleasantly near my nostrils. He seemed to be deep in thought for a couple of moments,—and then made this characteristic reply, "two, tree, four hour, may be more, may be less, I dun'no, me"—and shrugged his shoulders. Then applying the whip vigorously to his poor old horse, he shouted "Marche donc Alex."

I then began to question him about his life. This is the story he told interrupted frequently by "Marche donc Alex."

"Me!—I was born at Etang du Nord B'fore nobody live dere. Mon fadder, she come dere first. He was de "Jardien de phare" What you call dat en Anglais.—House-light boss—eh? Marche donc Alex. Mon brodder Jean Baptiste she's smart fellow "cap'taine, commandant du vaisseau—La Belle Jose'phine." She's no more I go on him to Halifax. Nice place dat—Plenty eat, an' drink an' smoke—beau coup de fun, and drink plenty good 'whiskey blanc.' I'd like for live dere me. Marche donc Alex."

Pierre's world had been bounded by the horizon round his native Isle,—but this voyage in the little fishing schooner "La Belle Jose'phine," to the "outside world" had opened his eyes. Never before had Pierre seen the wonders of civilization,—the hurry and bustle of a city. He thus described the first railway train he ever saw. "De cook—she's name is Dominique—she's come from the same place wid' me. He say to me 'Pierre I go for show you—a big train on "de road-rail."' I say Correc' Dominique mon ami you have annoder "cou" on me—and I go wid you. We go to what dey call le "de'pot." Plenty girl and boy dere—nothing to do. Bum-by-I hear a chew!—chew!—Pou!—Pou! an' a big steam-boat on wheels, he come bank! into de warf-or-train bosh! I get big scare me, but Dominique she only la'f. De officer cry—'all behin' and Dominique say 'Queek Pierre embark,' Mon Vieux! but we go fas',—fas' I never see before,—more fas' dan Alex.—By Jim Crow!—I so scare me I hold on tight to de seat.—I be some glad me—when we get of dat affair—she go like de wind."

I asked Pierre how many children he had. He replied—"Only t'ree; four twin. My femme she's name is Madame Marie Gouin,— what

you call dat in English—Mrs. Mosquito (maringouin). She's big like a small whale. Curl on de hair,—two black eye nice cheek,—belle girl dat,—I love her much me, on Sunday, Monday "Et tous le temps."

By this time we had reached our destination. Suddenly Pierre startled me by saying "Excuse to me—M'sieu I mus' eat and drink my horse." I was horrified at the idea and said severely "What?—Eat Alex?" "For sure, M'sieu" he replied,— "Alex want sure oat and drink." Reaching under the seat of the "carriole" he pulled out an old bag of oats. I felt relieved when I discovered what he really meant. It was with a feeling of regretfulness— that I bade my interesting friends—"Pierre," and "Alex"— "Adieu."

(1900)

The Lie Circumspect

By A. V. Grant '10

(Being the Prize Story in the Leroy Competition 1910)

"THERE are occasions," said Wallace, "on which the Recording Angel looks the other way."

"Yes?" Being unable to lay claim to any expert opinion on the theological matters I did not feel called upon to commit myself on such a debatable subject. Wallace jerked his chair a little further from the fire and delicately deposited his legs upon the mantle-piece.

"Oh yes, there certainly are occasions" he repeated "What do you think of it?"

"It? Oh this." I had been standing before a large canvas which hung over the fire-place. It represented a crowd of London riff-raff waiting outside a Salvation Army shelter; men and women of all ages and degrees of dilapidation were depicted, but one thing they all had in common—misery and starvation gleamed in each sunken eye. The picture was not a pleasing one and even to my inexperienced eye the handling seemed distinctly crude. "It is a strong subject" I hazarded. Wallace took the pipe out of his mouth. "It's a daub" he replied laconically.

We were in Wallace's studio situated in London. I had only arrived in town the day before and was paying my friend Wallace

Drummond a call, not having seen him for five years. We had been chums at school but leaving the same term we drifted apart; I to the colonies, he to study painting in Paris. Wallace had made good and was now one of the most popular of the younger generation of portrait painters.

It was he who broke the silence. "Do you know," he said, "I told more lies in connection with that picture than the average electioneering agent tells in fourscore years and ten. But it don't trouble me." he added. "For shame," I murmured.

"Shall I tell you the yarn connected with that picture?" he asked.

"I should like nothing better: Fire ahead."

Wallace wriggled a little farther down in his chair, replenished his pipe and having got it well alight, began—

"It was four years ago that I first settled in this studio. The one next to it which is now empty was occupied by a chap named Philip Bruce. He was a quiet chap and of a serious turn of mind. He had only two ambitions in life, but they were not what you would call excessively modest, one was to be the greatest painter the world has yet produced compared with whom Angelo, Reubens, Valasquez, etc., would be mere pavement artists and poor ones at that, the other was to regenerate the world, alleviate every form of human misery and to bring about a sort of ante-millenium. He was a red-hot socialist and when he was not painting he was wandering around the slums getting data for a series of pictures which were to startle the world and unloose the purse-strings of the 'plutocratic despots' as he termed the upper classes.

"You see his plan was very simple, he would paint pictures showing the misery of the submerged tenth in its most glaring colours thus awakening the dormant sympathy which, according to him, lurked in every human breast, and the enormous prices which he confidently believed his pictures would fetch he was going to devote to philanthropic movements.

"Unfortunately Providence decreed otherwise. She neglected to give him more than a very mediocre degree of artistic ability and also had endowed him with a pair of weak lungs which refusing to perform their functions one day, two years ago, precipitated him into the next world. That—indicating the picture referred to—was the first and last jetsam. Poor chap: he and I had become great pals during the two years that we knew each other. Much of his spare time he would spend in here and whilst I worked he would tell me of his magnificent schemes. I fear I wasn't as enthusiastic as I might have been.

'Drummond' he would say, 'you're a cold-blooded selfish bounder. I don't believe you care a brass button for your fellow men.' And then he would seize his hat and rush off to some philanthropic meeting, and work off steam on his great picture. As I said, it took two years to paint and long before it was finished his health gave way, it was only his pig-headed determination that enabled him to fight disease until the finishing touches had been put, then he broke down completely and took to his bed, which he never left alive. It was in the spring and he was desperately anxious to get "Flotsam and Jetsam" hung at the Academy. The picture, as you see, was hopelessly below par and there wasn't the slightest chance of its being accepted, but he fretted so when I tried to put him off that the doctor said his whim had better be indulged in. I could not have done what I did had not the doctor told me that Bruce could not possibly live another ten months. Such being the case however I resolved to give the poor fellow at least 'one crowded hour of glorious life,' and laid my plans accordingly. Ye gods! but I had a time of it, I wouldn't re-live the six weeks that followed for untold wealth. Fibbing systematically was not so easy as I imagined to stand up and glibly tell lie after lie to him while his great eyes smouldering with excitement, were fixed upon me seeming to pierce right into my thoughts. I tell you it was just inferno! And yet I didn't regret it, for he died happy. But I go too fast. As I said, I undertook to send his picture in and the next day hired a man to help me carry it out of the studio, down the stairs—where we left it. The following day I took it up again to my own studio where it has been ever since. Well I sent a little thing of my own in and a week later got a printed notice saying that it was to be hung. I scratched my name out and wrote in it 'Philip Bruce' and entered the little room off his studio where he lay, with a fat smile and simulated excitement. 'A thousand congratulations my dear fellow, it has been accepted!' The look in his face stifled any qualms of conscience I may have had. But that was only the beginning. 'Varnishing day' came round and that evening I spent in giving him a glowing account of how excellently his picture had been hung and what favourable comments it had received. Lord, but how pleased he was, and was all for getting up then and there and driving to Burlington House. Luckily he was too weak to stir. The Academy was opened in due course and then I had the hardest time. It chanced that he had few friends and those who came to see him I put up to the trick and we would spend hours vieing with one another in telling picturesque lies. I invented press notices by the score. I have one here."

He got up and rummaged in a drawer. "Here it is. It's headed 'Remarkable picture by young and unknown artist! It is not often that

the annual exhibition at Burlington House introduces us to a young artist of such striking ability as Mr. Philip Bruce, whose powerful picture "Flotsam and Jetsam" has created such a stir in the world of Art. Mr. Bruce has never before exhibited . . . ' well I won't give you all of it but that is enough to afford you an idea of the sort of stuff we made him swallow. Then came the selling of it. Oh yes, I did the thing in style, would-be purchasers I invented by the score. I was getting a bit nervous by this time for he seemed to be getting worse, his breath came in gasps and he could scarcely speak. 'Drummond,' he whispered as I bent over him, 'it's nearly over, and the world will after all have to rub along without being reformed,' he smiled wanly, after a few seconds he went on — 'Don't sell the picture Drummond, I give it to you as a memento, I put my best into it.' A few minutes later he was dead. Well that is all."

There was silence for some time when Wallace had finished speaking. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and getting up went over to the window where he stood looking out. It was growing dusk and the fire was getting low. The deepening shadows were kind to the picture which hung over the fire-place softening the crude colouring and ill drawn lines. It was the artist's best work and therefore sacred.

At last I broke the silence.

"Yes, there are times," I said.

(1911)

Autumn

Season of barren branches gray,
 Beneath a lowering sky,
 Arching along each forest way
 The sodden leaves that lie
 Changing by slow degrees to mold,
 Beaten by driving rain,
 Bereft of every former gold,
 Or red or saffron stain,

*Your early golden days might seem,
 Respite the year receives,
 To linger long afield and dream
 Among the tinted leaves,
 That now in driven yellow showers,
 With sudden bursts of rain,
 Flutter from summer's ravished bowers
 On dripping sash and pane.*

*Vandal rejoicing so to spoil
 The fast decling year,
 Making the triumph of her toil
 So withered, bare and drear;
 Who grudges you to time's swift flow
 Or would your passing stay,
 Or mourn when winter's kindly snow
 Hides you in your decay.*

—W. H. L.
 (1913)

Blood Guilt — 1914

*The brand of Cain is on your brow,
 Emperor!
 A crown of gold may hide it now,
 Emperor!
 But when the day of reckoning comes,
 When flags are furled and hushed the drums,
 When labour goes with bruised hands
 To plough once more the blood-stained lands,
 And people's wrath will rend the skies
 And topple down your dynasties,
 Emperor!*

*In vain you call upon the Lord,
Emperor!
You boast of honour and the sword,
Emperor!
What God will bless the hideous flood
Which drowns the world in human blood?
The vengeance of a broken trust
Will grind your empire in the dust,
Till Hohenzellern crowns are cast
Upon the refuse of the past,
Emperor!*

*The cries of multitudes unfed,
Emperor!
The curses of the millions dead,
Emperor!
Will these not heap on you the scorn
Of generations yet unborn?
Are there no murmurs in your ear
Of retribution drawing near?
The fingers of a hand that write
Inscribe your doom upon the night,
Emperor!*

—Frederick George Scott
(1914)

Matrimonial Conscription

The Hermit

ALL things seemed at peace on this beautiful autumn evening in the little rural town of Kaskambia on the Bay of Chaleur. The last shafts of the setting sun striking across the rippled waters of the Bay, turned them first into glittering burnished gold, which then faded through every ranging tint of yellow, red and purple, until at last the waters assumed their dull dark flow once more, as the last stray flame

of the departing sun lighted up the glittering cross on the lofty spire of the church perched high on the slope above the Bay. A gentle breeze stirring through the long avenues of Rowan trees sent loads of the bitter berries to the ground, where they were eagerly sought by the myriads of red squirrels which infested the town at this season. Lazily the farmer lads drove in the lowing cows from the neighboring pastures, and the good housewives made haste to prepare the evening meal. All suggested peace and harmony. But within the Town Hall there was no peace.

The mayor and his council were in solemn session. Little did they note the beautiful peace about; they were deeply stirred by some weighty civic problem. In truth, if one had entered at the moment, he might easily have taken them for those famed councillors of Hanover city who of old devised ways and means of ridding their town of rats. The mayor, a short, dark, keen business-like man, sat in the presidential chair in evident dejection.

"It's no use," said he, "she will not listen to it. Why, for three years past we have sent her to the City Home for the poor and decrepit, but every summer has seen her back here. How she gets money to get back I know not. I expect she begs it as she does her patent medicines here about. When she returned this year she said she would never go again, but that she had come to stay."

"Waal," drawled a tall, lanky and bewhiskered councillor from a corner, "she can't stay any longer at my house, for she's too cranky for words, and besides, she's too perticular . . . why, she won't even eat smoked herrun."

"Don't say!" interjected a third city father, as he meditatively chewed his tobacco, "She ever were different from other folk. I just dote on smoked and pickled herrun."

"I can't see how pickled herring is going to get us out of this pickle," said the mayor, as he banged his fist down on the table. "She has no money, no house, no relatives, and a temper and manner such that no one can possibly stand her all winter; we have no poor house, and she refuses to be sent away. What is to be done?"

"Why not marry her off to Simon Kilter? It would make a splendid match . . . would not spoil two homes, so to speak," said a fourth councillor, a short, merry gentleman with a rubicund nose.

"What? Simon Kilter as lives down in that shack in the common and cultiwates a patch of pertaters about twenty feet square?" queried the last man, "Why, he is nearly as poor as she."

The MITRE

"Jumping Jehosophat!" ejaculated the man with the tobacco, arousing himself from the careful contemplation of the toe of his boot propped up on the table edge. "They would make a fine looking couple, for I have never seen two homelier ones in my born days."

"An excellent suggestion," said the mayor. "Old Kilter has enough to run the household for a time. It must be lonely for him living all alone in that shack, and I'll guarantee that Dame Belinda's tongue would not let him get very lonesome if they were but matched. We could provide part of the food and turn his shack into sort of a local poor-house. Then we would have her off our hands."

"Waal," drawled our friend of the whiskers, "I reckon Simon won't want her."

"She'd make him a fine wife, I vow," laughed a little wizened up dyspeptic, who completed the ring of worthy councillors. "But who's going to arrange for the match? Who'll set fire to the fuse that is to rid the town of its last pauper?"

"I'll do my best to bring the match about," said the mayor at length. "I say, Jenkins," said he, turning to the councillor who had suggested the scheme, "you and I will go down and see Simon to-night and try and get him to propose to her."

"Agreed," said Jenkins.

Satisfied with this practical suggestion the city fathers adjourned their meeting.

At eight o'clock that evening the mayor and the imaginative Mr. Jenkins called in a most friendly fashion on Simon Kilter. Now, Simon was somewhat of a mystery to the town, as no one knew anything about his family, his parentage or his former business. He had strolled into town one late afternoon some years before as a tramp. He had erected from some debris cast up by the waves, a small hut by the railway track, and since then he had lived alone, cultivating a small, sandy plot of potatoes, and occasionally working for a neighbouring farmer or fisherman in the busy seasons. By this means he had supported himself. But it was a constant source of worry to the council that in his old age the town would have to look after him. On this evening the mayor and his worthy councillor found Simon peacefully smoking his pipe outside his cottage.

"Good night!" greeted the mayor, as he approached. "How is your potato crop turning out this year, Simon?"

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"Gude nicht, coom and sit down," said Simon, indicating a nearby bench, made from a large bit of ship's wreckage. "It's a grand nicht fur the time o'year. I've just finished gatherin' my pertaters, and a fine crop they be."

"Good," commented Jenkins, "but don't you ever think that you would like a wife to cook them for you?"

"Yes," added the mayor, "it must be hard cooking your own meals. I've often wondered why you did not ask Belinda Jane to be your wife. She'd make you a fine cook."

"Sure she would," continued Jenkins, "she brews splendid tea and as for cooking she's hard to beat; I've tasted it and know whereof I speak."

"Mon," replied Kilter, "I believe ye; I axed her once, but she said, 'Nay, Mr. Kilter, I'd narry think o' marryin' sich a hobo as ye be, indade and she would not.'"

"Ask her again," said the mayor, "a faint heart never won a fair lady, you know. Propose again, maybe she has changed her mind."

"It's na use, sor, it's na use, she'll no do it. I swore I'd never axe her agin."

"Well," said Jenkins, "supposing we ask her for you, would you marry her?"

"Sure," said Simon.

After a little more chaff, and a running comment on the late fishing season, the two civic officials took their departure with the farewell assurance that a wife Simon should have ere the week was out.

"Now, Mr. Mayor," said Jenkins, "'strike while the iron is hot,' that's my motto. We shall go at once and interview Belinda Jane, and see if the match cannot be pulled off in record style." The mayor agreed, and they wended their way at once to the house where their unsuspecting victim was staying.

Having arrived there, they found a most weather beaten, ugly and decrepit old lady huddled up by the stove, with a camphor bottle in her hand, a patent medicine bottle open on a nearby chair, and a gnarled old cane propped at her side.

"Good evening, Belinda Jane," said the mayor, "I hope I find you well."

"Oh, lack-a day, I'm most miserable. My rheumatism is a'botherin me most terrible, and winter is a-comin'. The good-for-naught store-keeper ain't got no Painkiller, and I'm havin' to use Radway's, and it ain't no good. But the Widow Jones sent me some campfire this arter noon, and I have managed to live thro' the day." Then, a suspicious look breaking out over her old face, she burst forth tempestuously, "But I want you to understand, Mr. Mayor, as 'ow I ain't a-goin' to that there poor-house this winter, so there now! I know what ye come for; ye need not mention it."

"You quite mistake our mission," said Jenkins, "We are come on a most happy errand."

"Yes," asserted the mayor, "we have a proposal of marriage for you. You would like a nice husband to protect you in your declining years, I am sure?"

"Ah, none o' your blarney, Mr. Mayor," said the old lady, with a sour smile, "I'm too auld for that now. Tho' I will say as 'ow I deserve a gude man."

"No, I'm not joking," said the mayor. "Simon Kilter is looking for a helpmate, and being too bashful to ask himself, I told him I would ask you for him."

"Me marry that 'omely, ugly, good-for-nauthin', lantern jawed, squint-eyed tramp? No, niver, niver! 'Ow dare you insult a rheumatic and helpless old woman? No, niver will I marry that, that, that thing! . . . and I told him so onct. If I ever marry I want sommut better lookin' than him."

"Oh, Belinda Jane, you are most unfair to Simon," said Jenkins, "he is not handsome for sure, but he has a fine heart and a slow tongue . . . two excellent gifts for a perfect husband, and besides, he has a comfortable shack, well stocked with potatoes."

"Good heart, shack, potatoes. 'Ow dare you talk of sich a thing," shrilled the old lady, rising and upsetting in her excitement the chair and the patent medicine. "I'd as soon think a marryin' the, the . . . I don't know what. The idea, why he's as 'omely as an edge fence. Lack-a-day, that I should ever be so insulted. Stand back, sirs." She was about to hobble disdainfully by the two well meaning city guardians, when the mayor suddenly decided on a course of action.

"Belinda Jane," said he, "you will either marry Simon, or else you will go to the poor-house for the rest of your life. You may choose which you like, but the Council has determined to pay your travelling expenses just once more. Next time you go to stay. If you will marry

Simon we will keep you both here comfortably. He wants a wife, and you need a husband."

"I shan't marry Simon, I won't live in the poor-'ouse," shrilled the thoroughly irritated old lady.

"Well," said the mayor, "you have heard our offer. You can let me know to-morrow whether you will marry Simon, or whether you will go to the city poor-house. Do as you like; the town has done all it can for you."

"Remember," said Jenkins, as he edged towards the door, with his eye on the old lady's ready cane, "Simon is a fine man, . . . has nice, curly hair. He will make a good prop for your declining years."

"Go! And bad luck to the both of yez!" was Belinda's parting shaft, as she hurled her camphor bottle at the mayor's head as he passed through the door.

Thus it came about that next day the village was all excitement over the news that Simon and Belinda were to be married that night at the little church on the hill, and the mayor was to be best man. For, upon mature reflection, Belinda had decided to capitulate, for was not a homely husband even to be preferred to the poor-house? The wedding was a great social triumph, for the town's folk turned out "en masse" for the occasion, and thronged the church to the door. The aged couple arrived and the service proceeded without a hitch, until the clergyman arrived at the words "to love, cherish, and obey," when Belinda took her stand: "To love I'll try, to cherish I'll try, but to obey, I won't." The cleryman pointed out the necessity of the exact words. Belinda was obdurate, till the mayor leaned over and whispered, "Remember the poor-house." "Alright, I'll obey," amended Belinda — the service continued to a peaceful close.

The aged pair were showered with gifts and provisions, for this matrimonial escapade, so late in life, highly delighted everyone. The mayor and his councillors winked at one another and sighed with relief at the success of their plan, and the mayor congratulated himself upon his final success as best man, but wisely kept the fact to himself.

Now, reader if you want to know of the final bliss of this aged couple, you have only to go to Kaskambia, on the Bay, where you will still find them in the little shack on the common, the living argument for matrimonial conscription.

(1917)

Calvary

The women stood and watched while thick black night
 Enclosed the awful tragedy. Afar
 Three crosses stood, against a single bar
 Of crimson-glowing, black-encircled light.
 No hint of Easter dawn. In all the height
 Of that dark heaven, not a single star
 To whisper — Love and life the victors are.
 It seemed to them that wrong had conquered right.

O ye who watch and wait, the night is long,
 A curtain of spun fire and woven gloom
 Across the mighty tragedy is drawn.
 But soon your ears shall hear a triumph song,
 And golden light shall touch each sacred tomb,
 And voices shout at last — The Dawn! The Dawn!

—Frank Oliver Call
 (1916)

A Little Journey To The Guns

The other night I took a little journey to the guns. A rare night it was, with the moon so great and big and full, so bright indeed that one could discern the dull outline of the landscape for miles around. The whole chalk earthwork of the old trenches zig-zagged out across the field, twisted and broken entanglements of barbed wire lay scattered at random, the dim outlines of the old shell holes were visible in the moonlight, while here and there some shattered hulk of a building would stand silhouetted on the sky-line. How silent it all was, so silent that one began to wonder if this great war were only a world hallucination.

Up ahead a streak of light shot up into the sky, brightening as it went, paused, lingered, and slowly, with a dazzling brilliancy, fell back into the darkness. At the same time the hurried putta, putta,

putta, rat-a-tat of a machine gun broke the stillness. A group of huge motor lorries came out of the night, rumbled by, and were swallowed up into the night ahead. Each was groaning with its munitions of war, each went by like a huge black sleuth in the darkness. The shattered outlines of a little village now evolved out of the dusky landscape ahead. It did not show the scars of war — it was one vast scar, a churned and sifted chaos of utter destruction. Nothing was more touching to the heart than to see this little centre of peace and happiness made desolate by man. Each little home was the tomb of some shattered family's happiness.

As one gazed at these silent tokens of war a feeling of uneasiness crept into the heart. What was the meaning of this dread silence? What was the significance of this wide stretch of war-shattered front? What was the great dominating, ominous spirit which seemed to hang so heavily over the country ahead? Suddenly coloured flares shot up into the sky. Then a gun boomed and then the whole front blazed out with a crashing roar. Salvo after salvo seemed to split the sky-line into a thousand fragments, while the horizon was dotted with the satellites of shrapnel bursts. The great dominating spirit had spoken—it was the power of the guns. But the roar soon died, the flashes soon ceased, and the silence which followed was only broken by the occasional cracking spit of an eighteen pounder. The guns had answered the call for the S.O.S.

It is war that knows no laws, that has no mercy; if one wants tragedy, it is here: if one would experience the fearful antithesis of peace, take a little journey to the guns.

(1918)

The Road

It was in the golden glories of a day that had spent herself and was drawing her last quiet breath.

The evening star took his accustomed place and gazed unwinkingly and seemingly unmoved at her transitory loveliness.

Yet he really could not have been indifferent for she was very beautiful and softly appealing.

The MITRE

And the little white road wound its way purposefully through the green folds of the foot-hills to where the hectic, unsleeping city had begun to kindle its tapers.

The woman, tired-eyed, sat back amidst the counterfeit leather cushions, and the man, a little ahead of her, turned and turned again.

It was the two hundred and seventeenth time and he knew what he was doing.

At last spoke the woman, "Shall I give it a little more?"

The man nodded and bent again to his vesper task. No sweet toned angelus chimed out on the quiet air, but the man's lips were seen to move as his hand mechanically jiggled a piece of wire.

The sons of men from divers parts gathered and gazed.

Men from the city at the end of the road, dinner pails a'rattle.. Tiredfooted peasants returning from the market, and the child and her brothers who lived at the back of the white farm on the hillside.

But they spoke no word for the spell of the evening was upon them, and the new-born breeze flowed over the crest of the hill challenging the day's dead heat, so they held their peace.

"Shall I turn it back again?" asked the woman, and the man a little in front of her, said softly, "Please do."

But the evening star triumphed over the day, for she had completed her last quiet breath; and he shone bravely out from a sky which had ceased to be golden.

The Northern Lights shot up slender fingers over the city at the end of the road; their ribbons of pale incandescence wavering, flickering giant tentacles that loved darkness better than light. Higher and higher they reached, seeking to draw the evening star into their embrace, and lashed angrily when they failed.

"King Winter holds high revel to-night," said the child to her brothers, who lived at the back of the white farm on the hillside.

But the man had turned until he could turn no more.

He straightened himself; looked at the woman, and then crumpled up in the midst of the road . . . dead.

The woman wept softly, for she loved the man. And in case this surprised you it must be pointed out that he had been her husband, and she had always taken much pains to fulfil her marriage vows.

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Apart from this she was genuinely sorry that he should have died in the midst of the road, under the Northern Lights, and in a dark suit, too, which showed the dust.

And the sons of men went back to their places in the world talking softly among themselves.

And this is what they said: "We must not allow ourselves to be surprised, it was a Ford."

But one from the city who understood all things, for he himself had suffered—how many things only the gods could tell—went silently up to where the woman wept on the counterfeit cushions and looking for a moment, passed down the road to where the city mumbled to itself beneath the Northern Lights.

And as he went he smiled with the wisdom of the ages.

"He had forgotten the switch key," he softly said.

(1919)

Pitfalls By The Wayside

(With illustrations)

Because the hand that rocks the cradle does rule the world, it becomes almost a fatuous thing to iterate that the female of the human race exercises an influence upon the male members of Bishop's College.

Puppy love grabs so many college freshmen by the seat of the pants before they are intellectually self-supporting that Fraser Weegar and the Security League of Lennoxville ought to investigate at once. Instead of leaving an emotional scar on the frosh's heart it usually inflicts hydrophobia on his ambitions and puts to rout an otherwise even chance to make good as a first-rate parson or even as a well-educated Economics professor. The S.P.C.A. would do well to send out a special ambulance every fortnight to gather in all the victims along the Massawippi or the St. Francis.

I must confess I've had a bit of experience with co-eds. To the adolescent love-stricken youth overcome by the senseless passion to "goo-goo" nightly with some member of the other sex, I offer pen-

The MITRE

pictures of Eskimos I have known. May the innocent and unsophisticated freshie benefit thereby!

THE "FIVE AND TEN JANE."

First and worst is Frances. She has the most kittenish ways and the dearest baby stare. She knows a college man with a moustache who is just the "most darling thing you ever laid eyes on, my dear." Her joy in life is to have dates and dates. She lisps perfectly and giggles incessantly. "Am I oo little baby?" she asks her male escort as she clings frantically to the strength of his right arm and his bankroll. She loves to run her fingers through the fellow's curly hair. She can't possibly talk to him without holding his coat lapels and readjusting his necktie. Kiss her and she'd die of fourteen kinds of shocks.

SECRET SUE

Then comes Lucille. She always gets sleepy during a petting party and yawns most inconsiderately. She might almost be chewing gum or reading a newspaper or even making hair nets in Sanyisi, China, as far as her interests in the surroundings of the necking activities are concerned. Yet she persists in leading one into the dark hallways and she knows all the byways in the parks. During the summer, mysterious boat rides are her specialty. It bores her tremendously to be loved, yet she is always dropping her handkerchief when Don Juan approaches. Her temperature never rises above the proverbial 68. Lucille drove me to re-reading *Sartor Resartus* for the forty-third time.

THE HARELIP JANE

Elsie is the athlete! She handles you like a rag-doll at a puppy convention. Her idea of a love-scene is a replica of a Zbysko-Stecher wrestling match. Her name might as well be Katrinka and folks say she broke a fellow's back giving him a gentle hug. She never kisses—she bites. She is always your pal and insists upon paying her own car fare and explaining the wonderful theory of platonic friendship she has conceived. She plays basketball and is ever going on hikes all dressed up in ill-fitting khaki breeches. You have to keep in perfect condition to be able to love her. You might as well play on the rugby team and get public recognition for your athletic achievements as court athletic Elsie. She ought to go to Germany to engage in the feminine sport of boxing. She simply made me take up the saxophone.

The belief of this writer is that the female influence on the students of the "mother-I-can-take-care-of-myself" age is an injurious

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one. But there is a method for alleviating this evil. Naturally, whenever the students (so-called) are seriously engaged upon scholastic pursuits the thought of women is relegated to some dim background. If this engagement could be extended ad infinitum, there would then be no thought of women at all, and consequently no reason for this article.

But the fact remains that we can't help noticing the sisters of the first Lady of the Land—at least during lectures. I propose we wear smoked glasses.

(1924)

The Governor-General's Speech

In another place an account is given of the visit of the Governor-General of Canada. The text of his speech made in Convocation on that occasion follows:

"You must have some reason for conferring this honour on me. I can only imagine it is because I was the fortunate person who commanded the Canadian Corps during part of the war. I wonder if you ever realize what the Canadian Corps meant to me? Its whole mainspring was its idealism. The World, I think, is now passing through a materialistic phase. People are thinking a little too individually about themselves. It was not so with that corps. Those men asked, 'Is this cause we are fighting for a just one?' and the answer came back, 'Yes.'

"And so it was on the morning of the ninth of April 1917, when the Canadians went over the top they were a line of idealists.

What is idealism? Is not our religion and our faith the greatest piece of idealism that we know? I know it is. And what is this League of Nations? Is not that a great mass, a great lump of idealism? But it may be pulled to pieces so easily, and many people say it is all nonsense. Yet I think we are all heart and soul trying to do our best, first for faith, and secondly to make the League of Nations a going concern. I believe the fighting men were imbued with Canadian idealism. On their lips, when they thought of the time to come after the war, had been always the question 'What is going to happen to this Canada of ours?' The answer lies with you young people. What are you going to make of this land. Are you

going to make its people a hard body of people, each individual striving for more and more money, or will you make it an idealist Dominion? I am idealistic about Canada. I would like to see it grow, and all I ask is that I may have but a small hand in making it grow. I think myself that idealism is worth while." Paying a tribute to the endurance and the dogged courage of the Canadians at Vimy, Lord Byng concluded: "And they stayed there unconquerable and unconquered Canadians. They stuck there with idealism."

(1924)

Christmas

The soft white gleam of countless stars at play,
One star that shines more brightly than the rest,
A sheltered cave, the cattle and the hay,
The Babe on Mary's breast.

The father's watchful glances, tenderly
Follow the Babe and mother all the while.
The Infant's eyes are closed; He rests while she
Guards Him with loving smile.

The shepherds come, urged by a Heavenly sight;
Rough men but true, they worship at His feet.
The Child though human, yet is God; His might
Is over all complete.

The world around, unheeding winds its way,
The little Jesus sleeps in Mary's arms,
The Son of God came down to earth that day;
Men still loved earthly charms.

St. Matthew tells how Eastern sages came
Led by a star, a guide which did not err.
The found the Child; their gifts exalt His Name —
Gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Shall we who still that wondrous day recall,
And name it Christmas, since the Babe was Christ;
Forget the message of the humble stall,
By splendour be enticed?

*The finest joys, the purest thoughts which fill
Our lives, and make them holy, are not born
In themes of splendour; oft instead they will
True lowliness to adorn.*

—W. W. Davis
(1930)

Song From Abroad

Brown October
In Quebec again!
Where beauty turns a vagrant
While mirth and mischief reign;
Where gypsy air is fragrant
With autumn's frosty smells:
Of berries never sober,
Of hemlock rich with rain,
Of smoking stalks and grasses,
Of corn in bins, and masses
Of meaty shells.

Oh there, sun-burnt October
Loads the yellow fields
With pumpkins red with laughter,
With all the wealth, that after
Bustling harvest, summer yields:
Warm stacks of knotted wheat
That scent October days —
A lovely nun, each sheaf,
That through cool evening prays;
Who kneels in golden grief
And lisps wind-rustled prayer,
Who tells the harvest moon
That she, ah grief! so soon
Must lose her lovely waving hair.

Sweet corn now bursts with fatness
Slim husks, whose tassles blow
In winds that lag with lateness,
In lazy winds and slow,

Til kernels lushly mellow,
 With threads of silver spun,
 Appear with sparkling yellow,
 Burnt brown with Indian sun.
 And where the orchards are blushing
 With apples round with health,
 Wet presses the fruit are crushing,
 And barrels bulge with wealth.
 Or while fresh morning whitens
 Lawns with crystal frost,
 In gardens where no perfume heightens
 Flowers beds have lost,
 Where stalks no blossom carry,
 Nor birds of winter sing,
 Old gardeners carefully bury
 Bulbs concealing spring.

Near fields of grass and clover,
 Cut short by harvest scythes,
 Where by the plough and over,
 The long brown sod up-writhes,
 Where meadow-colours change,
 Their yellow upside-down,
 Fresh odours strongly range
 Of new-turned soil and furrow,
 Of meadow-sweet and yarrow,
 And pungent brown.

But autumn-hills are calling,
 Calm hills that hold clear lakes.
 Ah! now thin leaves are falling
 Where strong October makes
 Each maple flame with scarlet,
 Each elm-tree thick with brown,
 And every leaf a varlet,
 And every leaf a clown.
 Oh, do the colours tumble
 With but the touch of rain,
 Do wanton winds still capture,
 And whirl wild leaves again,
 And all their colours jumble
 As though insane?
 Are hills still like mad rainbows,
 That catch the soul with rapture
 And stab with beauty's pain?

How simple to remember
 And never to forget,
 The beauty of September,
 The lingering regret
 That but a day was buried
 Of beauty never known,
 That autumn passed unhurried,
 That one October tarried
 In Quebec, alone.

—Ralph Gustafson
 (1932)

Foc'sle Days

Colin Cuttell

Clean green windy billows notching out the sky
 Grey clouds tattered into rags, sea winds blowing high,
 And the ships of many cargoes beating, thrashing by
 And the mewing of the herring gulls.

BIG black and brown steers from the western plains stumble blindly down the tall runway into the long hold of the "S.S. Manchester Princess." The pointed sticks of cattlemen prod them on, down into the semi-darkness of the lower deck, where the growing clatter of hoofs on iron adds to the general tumult. Some become wedged in the alley-way, until the "herring-pond cowboys," with whip and tongue, unfix them.

Down below decks at Montreal, it would be hard to say which is more fearful of the unknown: the green cowboy or the brown cow; twelve students are finding that Mathematics, Philosophy option and theology are of little practical value when they are faced with the problem of disentangling several hundred pounds of animated prairie beef.

Paddy, foreman cattleman, can be both seen and heard. That fact, and the damp heat, and a million flies, makes me even more apprehensive of the future. I wonder whether the galley-boy on the "Duchess" liner across the dock realizes how lucky he is.

Two fed-up farmers, one a Scot, the other a Tynesider, are teaching the college boys a thing or two about unroped cattle; that neither

coaxing nor hard swearing will put the beasts in their boxes. Paddy, for all his adiposity, hops over a whitewashed "corral" fence, and grabbing the halter of the nearest cow, has him tied up in a jiffy. Colorado Tuck proves that he, too, has handled cows before, by jumping in after Paddy, and with similar agility and a good bit of pure luck, successfully anchors a second. From where I am, down in the belly of the ship, a noise suggestive of the combined trumpeting of all the fiends in hell sets up an unpleasant vibration in the ears, and an ominous sinking feeling around about the region of the belt. The steam siren is announcing that there is already a great gulf fixed between us and the blessed benefits of dry land; yet for us who agonize over a hundred head of cattle yet remaining to be tied up, it has no particular meaning.

As the "Manchester Princess" passes Trois Rivières on the way down to the open sea — and England, the cattle hands emerge all black and sweating from the hold, grateful for air, and secretly glad that they are only amateurs for one voyage.

In the blue gloom of a warm July evening a sooty, rusty cattle boat stood off the dark dock of Quebec with its crest of a thousand points of light. Across the river the clean, shining, swan lines of the "Empress of Britain" told us plainly that we were home-made and smelly and that we'd better keep our distance; but the pilot, fine fellow (who is no respecter of persons) came aboard of us from his cutter with as much ceremony as though we had been at least the Royal Yacht.

At Father Point we dropped him, the last link between us and solid human comforts. At a good fourteen knots the Atlantic tramp rolled through the Straits of Belle Isle, butting green seas like an old-timer. Besides the pilot, we dropped (with scant dignity this time) a cow choked on its halter over night. I felt quite sentimental about the dead cow, as the derrick released its bulk, and it sank astern in: the steamer's eddying white wake as easily as the rest of a ship's rubbish.

The skivvy had arrived at the fo'c's'le head with dinner for twelve in four old battered, blackened tins; two for vegetable matter and salt pork, and two holding a curious rhubarb mixture provided as much for tonic as for dessert.

Fred examined the first course critically: "Eh Skivvy, are these bloody bits of old boots for our dinner or for them old cows?" "Gosh Sakes" murmured Colorado Tuck, plate in hand, digging out the more savoury morsels of meat with a fork, "What 'ave you been saying to

the Cook? He's retaliating about something." Fred sustained a running commentary on the galley staff as he shovelled his ration through the port-hole. The others, wrestling with their portions, watched and grinned. "Bit hard on the fish, woudn't you say," suggested the man from Winnipeg.

Fred paused, scowled, and held back the last chunk, "Hell, you're darned well right; we'll take this souvenir to the old man; it's bloody well more than human nature can stand."

Lanky Albert, a cockney lately from Amanaska, Sask., had been disputing with his special aversion, the Glasgow Scot, over the potato scrapings. Having settled the matter by noisy arbitration, he proceeded to draw unfavourable comparisons between the physical welfare of the cows and our own. "Gawd, I wish I was a blinking cow. You know that big feller that broke loose this morning; why, Lord Luv us, arter all the 'ay 'e's eaten, there aint room for 'im no more wiv them other three."

Jock shut Albert up by telling him that if his (Albert's) face told him (Jock) anything, he (Albert) would get along fine on cattle feed. The occasion was ripe for a quarrel, and but for Wally's timely intervention, these two would have been throwing the chipped enamelware around the cabin. As it was, Wally offered to lead a deputation — not to the Old Man, that was too risky — but to the Steward. And he did. The Steward grudgingly admitted certain deficiencies in the service, for he was a decent fellow, and went along to tell the cooks to "watch their step." That evening the "Second" told the skivvy that he'd poison the whole bloody bunch if they went whining around the pantry again, see if he wouldn't. He also said more, much more.

For the first four nights it had been possible to sleep out, either on the hay over the stern cow-sheds or on the forward hatch; but once out in the open sea the steamer developed a roll that put a few of the boys on their backs, and made an outside berth unsafe. Tommy, an A.B., told the sufferers that "This aint nothing but a slight swell — fact is, I hadn't noticed it. Now, you fellers want to be on this old tub 'round January, when she's hitting the Trades and riding right down on her Plimsoll. Why, I've see the sea smacking over her bridge deck, and hatches an' boats an' all going over the side. We lost an A.B. once. Yer can't speak, yer can't sleep, yer can't do nothin'. I'll tell yer, this 'ere ship does everything but loop the bloody loop around January. This, my lads, is a mill-pond."

The swell lasted for two days, just long enough to give us our sea-legs, and then for three more we inwardly and outwardly rebelled

against the monotony of a seafaring existence. We needed a devastating fire or a paralysing storm to save us from our discontent; and in the small hours of July 21st, some god or other heard us and caught us unawares.

There is no greater cure for 2 a.m. lethargy on the high seas than the nightmare of fire. Even if it was only a day's run into Ireland, nobody wanted to row that far when a little co-operation would put the fire out. So the entire crew, from the skipper in his bright pyjamas down to the apprentice sleeping handily in his dungarees, were falling over lengths of rope and one another in their latent zeal for night work.

Jones, the cattleman's nightwatchman, in a manner peculiar to all nightwatchmen, had gone to sleep on his job. A growing uneasiness among the cattle as a result of the pungent smoke coming off the burning hay woke him up, and I shall always remember with amusement the excitable little Welshman's incoherent attempts to convince the cattlemen that there really was a fire and that it needed putting out. When persuasion failed, he attacked them in their bunks, stinging the less lively into wakefulness with his boots, and with many references to their parentage and antecedents.

There were some dramatic moments in the fight with that fire; but since it was successfully confined to the afterhold, the damage to fabric was so negligible that the Company probably never heard a word about it. The cattlemen, of course, lamented having to work through until dawn, when the last derrick load of burning hay plopped over the side.

On Friday morning, the Old Man's binoculars picked out the peaks of Donegal along the rugged coast of Northern Ireland. At evening we were thrilled at the sight of the little Scots islands of Mull and Islay lit up in a blaze of reflected glory from the setting sun. All that night I was thinking of how much England would mean to me to-morrow. Just the Irish sea with its short, bumpy passage; then the channel of the Mersey, which does not keep the sailor in long suspense for his home port — and then freedom.

On the quayside at Birkenhead, the cows kicked their heels clear of the ship with evident joy; an unrehearsed rodeo, in which one particularly playful bull, separated from its fellows for a while, seemed disposed to toss a bandy-legged, white smocked Lancashire dealer, who climbed a fence to safety. One lame cow was slaughtered and passed over the side dripping red, all ready for the meat market.

At midday, the "S.S. Manchester Princess" was through the Eastham Lock into the Ship Canal. A sister ship churned past on her way to Montreal. A number of ex-cattlemen waved and shouted greetings, stirred, no doubt, by the feeling of comradeship in suffering, seeing us come into the haven where we would be.

All along the murky, muddy forty miles of waterway that conferred upon the capital of Lancashire the status and dignity of a Port, Lancastrians promenade and bathe. The children, hundreds of them, healthy looking boys and girls, run along the bank and draw pennies and dimes from the pockets of contented travellers.

How the boys ripped down that gangway at Salford Docks: away from the high black ship, looking so mysterious, mummified and forlorn now, but only yesterday pulsing with machine life, and our home (as it seemed) for an age. Every part of her had been inseparably bound up with our own lives, and now it was so simple and unsentimental a matter to leave her there in her crypt of warehouse walls, and to go on our ways forgetful of her and of one another.

Six weeks later the same energetic little ship is running at half-steam in a seventy mile gale a few hours off the Labrador.

Three of the old cattle crew are come together again among a dozen others; students going back to their colleges with many a tale to tell of England and the English: of its highways and hedgerows, its castles and cottages; of the romance of Scottish lakes and burns; turning over in their minds the many problems arising from an eager study of Hitlerized Germany and armed, fearful France.

For two days the Atlantic was in grim mood, and during that time the open deck was the last place for audible conversation or safe exercise. The "S.S. Manchester Princess" carried so small a general cargo, that, even with her water tanks full to capacity, she was short of ballast. She sat high on the crest of every salt wave, and nosed down into the trough that followed each green mountain of water. Her propeller raced clear of its proper element until it seemed that each rib and bolt and plate would crack under the strain; for she was, said the Third Engineer for our comfort, a wartime rush job. We were sharing with the Psalmist from first hand experience, the "soul-melting" sensation of being "carried up to the heaven and down again to the deep." Two ex-cattlemen who climbed up onto the Fo'c's'le deck coincided with a wave of such strength that they nearly took leave of the ship. As it was, they escaped with a ducking.

Labrador mists and calm, weed-strewn water brought to us an indescribable peace. We did not see the coast for many hours, but

we were intensely happy to know that it was there. The skipper chanced his arm on the tricky navigation of the narrow straights, and won through at a cautious eight knots to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A "growler" iceberg passed us innocently to starboard and a whale spouted for us on the port bow.

* * *

It is Tuesday afternoon. I am standing on the Plains of Abraham thinking, perhaps, of plucky little Wolfe, of Bishop's College, and of a square meal. A tiny tramp steamer of graceless proportions, her salmon pink smokestacks trailing a pall of black Lancashire smoke against a rare Canadian blue sky, creeps out from the docks far below to the left, on her leisurely way to Montreal. Then another cargo of Empire beef sets out for patriotic English housewives; and another contingent of happily ignorant cattlemen.

Why, did that iron bath with the lid and red knob really bring me all the way home to Canada?

(1933)

Sonnet

A woman, with her Phrygian cap awry,
Went scattering broadcast on the fields of peace
The seeds of war; while, echoing without cease
The famished millions' agonizing cry
Rose up and smote against the pitiless sky.
"The granaries overflow; we have no bread;
The corn stands mouldering on its stalks," they said.
And shall this woman haughtily reply,
As did the frivolous, thoughtless Queen of France,
"Let them eat cake?" If so, then she deserves
A similar fate: then, then will millions dance
A Carmagnole more savage than before;
Again shall heads fall, as Time's sharp blade swerves
Its downward way, to purge the land of sore.

--Arnold Banfill
(1934)

Hymn To The Moon

O Moon, with tinted crown, sailing a sea of immeasurable blue,
Spasmodically obscured by tattered rags of cloud,
That bringest madness to the weak, as sure as death from yew,
Thou Potency mysterious, we hymn Thee with the crowd.

Wail strings, wail,
With quavering note!
Hymn ye the frail
Barque of madness' mote,
Asiling the mackerel sky
With oft occulted eye,
Heaping leaping tides
While God alone abides,
Controller of the surge,
Inevitable Urge!
O Thou alone canst sway
The deep with unseen ray.

Show Thy baleful light
To mad-sane Man.
Stir with gruesome fright,
Ye devotees of Pan,
The steel-cold frosty blue
Of Mystery ever new.
The virgin huntress queen,
With shaft of silver beam,
Sovereign holding sway
O'er realms despised by day . . .
O Queen, O bastard light,
Shine grim, shine stark, shine
bright!

And when with shadow deep
The sun doth cross Thy path,
When Thou dost bitter weep
That Lord of Day be wrath,
This grieves Thee not alone.
Thou also dost make moan
In pangs of virgin birth.
Thy throes are watched on Earth.
Dread seizes Man and tingles.
We beat the brassy cymbals.
We seek to fright the cloud
To blare of trumpet loud
That Sun on Thee doth rain.
O to our bronze refrain
Shine tearless forth again!

Thou glory of all lovers, fair yet corpse-like, pock-marked, cold,
What curse of Gods has marred Thy silver face?
O Virgin, harbinger of madness, Thou, most infinitely old,
With token awful, exquisite, do Thou our worship grace.

—George Whalley
(1935)

Fragment

I walk upon the ocean's floor
 'Mid bones of men picked clean by sharks;
 And I am old and weak and hoar . . .
 The only light is starfish-sparks.

I drink the marvels of the deep.
 I think how Life, like blood, is red;
 How Death is dumb, an empty sleep.
 And I am dead!

—George Whalley
 (1935)

Fall Migration

Swallows, who left this morning after some
 Reluctant indecision did you know
 What weather on the heels of this would come?
 And was that why it seemed so hard to go?
 Did that bright-burning fever for far flight,
 Turning your breasts to tumult, tell you, too,
 That murderous November brings tonight
 Rain, and black wind too wild for flying through?

I shall not know, O small, intrepid bands
 How well you fare, tomorrow or next spring,
 But pray you find sweet water in some land
 Far off, and rest for frayed and weary wing —
 And I forget with what disconsolate cries
 You left my eaves and fled to stormy skies!

—Patty Wiggett
 (1936)

College Types

By Peggy MacRae

The Flirtatious Man

A male flirt may be defined as a man who attempts to engage in dalliance all the girls he meets. He talks to them in honied tones. He looks soulfully into the eyes of each, as if she alone of all the universe is enshrined in his heart. While he speaks to her, he possesses himself of her hand or even the tip of her finger, or if she will not allow that, he quietly and persistently strokes her arm. He describes to his friends, who are privately amused, the furor he creates in feminine breasts. He boasts that none can resist him, and complains that since his childhood he has been forced to flee the cloying attentions of pursuing females. Yet he idles his time in the halls and spends his leisure hours in the library lest he should miss an opportunity to speak to any of his persecutors, and while he works glances about in order to catch the eye of a girl who is near. He frequents afternoon teas, invariably looking most carefully groomed and most peculiarly blank, and hovers about with sugar or a plate of macaroons. As a result of his caressing speech and furtive strokings he spreads a sort of protective aura about any girl he takes out; this is designed to soothe her into a state of acquiescence, though actually few can restrain their exasperation under it, and none their amusement. He accosts others in the halls with meaning glances and an arch whisper, "where were you last night?" feigning interest in their experiences that he may in his turn recount his own. He nudges people on the least provocation. He takes double meanings where none is intended. He is an easy prey of flatterers who need only to insinuate that he is a "man of the world" and something of a rake—to gain his approbation.

The Studious Man

The studious man is serenely conscious of his intellectual superiority. He smiles complacently when he sees people in the library in blank despair over an essay; he hails them cheerfully and even throws out a few straws in the shape of suggestions to them. He always wears a confident smile. Suddenly, two weeks before examinations, his confidence is shattered; he realizes that he is profoundly ignorant; he is terrified of failing. He begins an intensive search for old examination questions; he is frantic because he cannot answer them; he begins to appear haggard. He concentrates madly on his notebooks; he finds chaos. Furniture and floor are covered by the masses of term notes he flings about in his extremity. He lights one cigarette from another, and may have several lit at the same time; he butts them, one-third smoked, indiscriminately on the bureau cover, the carpet or the photos on his desk. In despair with his own notes he dashes wildly about

trying to borrow his friends'. He chews his toothbrush, and having left his cigarettes in his friends' rooms returns to ask politely if he may borrow one. He begins to summarize his textbooks; he works all night and staggers in to breakfast with tousled hair and only a coat over his pyjamas. He walks about the golf links in the early morning reading the summaries at the top of his voice to commit them to memory. During the last few days he comes to no meals, but subsists almost exclusively on cigarettes. When his tottering reason whispers the need for sustenance, he peels an orange, eats the rind and throws the pulp in the general direction of the waste basket. It looks like madness, but he always emerges bland and smiling.

The Loafer

The loafer is one who exists with as little serious effort as possible. He never stands if he can be seated, nor remains seated if he can anywhere recline. Though bored he will not get up to get himself a book. He asks his friend to bring him a cigarette, since he is nearer the box, when he himself is nearer by twenty feet. He finds it troublesome to undress to go to bed, but once there has extreme difficulty in leaving it again. He keeps his alarm clock where he can shut it off without rousing himself and then go to sleep again. He skips lectures because of the labour involved in going from one building to the other. When he does attend, he passes his time by drawing pictures, staring out the window, or sleeping. When it becomes imperative that he should study a little, he goes to one who is considered to take compact and legible notes, and after exerting himself to be gracious makes a tentative request for divinity notes. When he is told regretfully but firmly that they are in use, he says with relief that there can then be no objection to his borrowing the history notes, and makes off with them. But though he never studies, it pleases him to affect the scholar; he never goes out without a book or two under his arm. He never solves any difficulty for himself; he is always besieging one friend to explain this and another to elucidate that. He is almost openly contemptuous of these men as his instruments, except when actually in need of their services, when he bubbles over with good fellowship and camaraderie.

The Athletic Man

The athlete poses as a type of manliness, a hardy descendant of our Norse forbears. He greets everyone with a flashing smile to show his bounding animal spirits; he takes great pains always to appear alert. In games he does not consistently expend his energy, but conserves it until an opportunity of making spectacular plays presents itself. Meanwhile he pants very hard to balance his inactivity. He frequently pretends to be injured, feigning either agony or unconsciousness, particularly if his play is in fault. He very soon recovers, how-

ever, eagerly swallows water or stimulant, and returns to the game with great show of pluck. When he leaves the rugby field he carelessly tosses his helmet to the freshmen, not even observing the direction, so confident is he that the proudest of them feel it an honour to receive and hold his helmet. In hockey he demands a particular sort of stick; he requires that a dozen of these be carried with the equipment so that when he breaks his stick he need not use an ordinary one. He often breaks his own, for when he feels that the others are not making sufficient effort and fail to intercept a pass, or do not give him opportunity to make a brilliant play, he loses his temper and hammers the ice or walls violently. He wears differently coloured shorts that he may be the more easily identified, and though he always looks spruce usually has a handkerchief streaming out of his pocket to affect an air of carelessness. He is indispensable to the team and presumes on that, demanding taxis for his own convenience. Occasionally, to gratify his self-importance, he refuses to play, but allows himself to be persuaded. He patronizes the coach, and is photographed with him, draping a gracious arm about his inferior's shoulders.

(1937)

 Tryst

*A dim, far-reaching path of softest down,
 With fading footprints light-pressed in the snow;
 Beside the road a cedar in her gown
 Of purest white, and in her train a row
 Of withered shrubs; the street-lamp's fog-blurred light
 Strikes with its sifted gleam each tiny flake
 And turns it to a star; the half-dark night
 Has touched the hiss with shade, as if to make
 Its height a vague projection toward a sky
 of ever-deep'ning mist . . .*

*Strange that, though you
 Are gone, and here in solitude am I,
 Your footstep echoes mine — as though you, too,
 Were moving down this path! Strange that I feel
 The touch of your cool hand upon my face
 With each soft flake that falls! And as I kneel
 Beside this little mound — this holy place
 Where your dear body lies beneath the snow —
 My loneliness departs. Although a tear
 Points rainbow colours in the light, I know
 That as this moment passes you are near.*

—Vivian Parr (1937)

Three Poems

WINTER MOON

There's snow
on the hills
tonight,
and the moons like
a tarnished gong
hanging
between two tamaracks
waiting
to be struck
by the hammer
of the
crisp,
cold,
winter wind.

SEPTEMBER MORN

Sheaves of tarnished gold
Lean against the sky;
Blackbirds in their scorn
Shout as they pass by.

Sumacs on the hill
Lift their spears of red;
Golden-rod is thick
By the river-bed.

Summer's on the wing,
Autumn in the breeze;
Angels touch with fire
Oak and maple trees.

BEAUTY

Beauty:
God's lamp
for the dark night
of the soul;
God's touch
on a wounded heart;
God's emblem
of eternity.

—Leon Adams
(1940)

The Fates Laughed

S. C. Narizzano

The gilded oriental tumbler slipped from my bloodless hands, and
shattered on the hard floor into countless millions of fragments.

I am going to die.

You're alarmed? I don't wonder, but please don't be frightened.
I only want to talk. I couldn't bear to sit in my study alone, waiting
for Him whom we must all meet some day. He comes to us all, to
most, unexpectedly. But I am prepared for his visit. I wonder what
He'll look like. It shall not be long before I know, and I have not
much time to tell my story.

To begin with I will introduce myself. My name is Ronald Van
Neer. Perhaps you recognize me as the novelist who gave you the
best seller, "Jeannette, a Mountain Maid." You do not? Well, that is
understandable. I have only lately arrived in the spotlight of the
public eye. But already I have gained considerable success. People
have begun to notice and point me out as Ronald VanNeer, the author.
My mail is full of those absurd letters from admirers that tell a man
he's reaching the top. I have admittance into every fashionable cock-
tail circle in New York. My friends are prominent men, composed of
artists, writers, singers, scientists, explorers, dancers and all those
hundreds of others who whirl to fame in the crass glory of Manhattan.
The critics call me a new discovery, and the small citations I have
received from them have given me the password into this world of
light and sun.

But what these fools who have swept me to acclaim do not know
about me would draw the blood from their pale emaciated faces, and
twist their blank bored miens into contorted awe. But they do not
know, and so they continue to pay me lying compliments and toast my
rising star. That is why I laughed when my agent called tonight.

"Ronny," he said, "I've got you a contract. The Saturday Evening
Form will offer you two thousand dollars for a brief success story of
your life. There is one stipulation however. It has to be written so
that it can make tomorrow's afternoon edition. A messenger will come
around at two o'clock and pick it up."

That's what comes with popularity. Two thousand dollars for four
or five hours work! Yes, I'd give them a story that would have them

shaking their heads and praising me the louder. I think you know the kind of material the public loves to swallow—early struggles and sufferings, the humiliations and rebukes, the hunger and loneliness. It doesn't matter what you say as long as they like it. I'd tell them any damn thing, but they'd never know the truth, they'd never know that Ronald Van Neer was a . . .

But wait. I am getting ahead of my story. I went into my study and switched on my desk lamp that brought out the high tone of the polished mahogany table. The light spilled a hot yellow cone of colour about me. I lit a cigarette and stared at the blank white sheet of paper set in my typewriter. Suddenly I sat up rigid, as I do when an idea hits me. With rapid, steady monotony the machine spilled forth word after word, sentence after sentence, until I became lost in my work.

It is difficult for me to tell you all that happened last night. Perhaps it's because it isn't real, because it was my subconscious that played the trick to bring justice to my sins. I do not know when I first became aware of it, but I suddenly felt as if I had been taken up and set aside from my self. I was no longer the man at the typewriter, but someone else that felt the taste of rust in his throat and the pungent smell of death in his nostrils. I knew as I looked upon that figure at the typewriter that I wanted him to stop, but the keys kept up a steady click-click although the fingers that touched them appeared stiff and cold.

A distant bell penetrated my numbed senses as I pulled myself from a troubled sleep, and I scattered the shadows and fogs that dulled and clouded my brain. I glanced at my wrist watch. It was two o'clock. That would be the messenger, I said to myself. I gathered up my manuscript, and gazed at the unfamiliar sheets. I could not seem to recall what I had written. I only knew that it was complete, and that my story was finished.

I went to the door and admitted the messenger.

"Good evening, Mr. VanNeer. Are you finished?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

I didn't realize then how finished I was. It was not until that afternoon that a copy of the Saturday Evening Form was placed in my hands. What I read there threw me into a sweat, and panic chilled the length of my body. It was all there, details of my life that I had thought I had long forgotten. Now I knew who that man at the typewriter was. It was my subconscious self pouring out the story I did not dare tell. In black and white on the cool crisp paper was my secret,

my sin that I had guarded all these years so well: It told of Judith and my brother, Robert, and how I had found them in each other's arms; it told of my bitter brooding, silent hate and jealousy. It told of the hunting trip in the Catskill Mountains, where Robert met with his unfortunate and tragic death. Here on these pages the truth of his death was revealed. In vivid detail it went on to tell how, as we two stood on the crag top, looking down at the surf-surgings waters on the rocks far below, I had moved treacherously toward him and hurled his writhing, terror racked body over the cliff.

I, in this ununderstandable blunder, had exposed myself to the world. What a monstrous jest on the part of the fates to trap me by my own unwitting folly. I stood with the magazine twisted between my hands as I pictured to myself the newspaper headlines branding me a murderer. I should be set aside from the world of men into a category of wretched beings that are known to have taken a human life. I should be subjected to the eyes of men gazing at me with curiosity and contempt; to the humility of the trial; to the wagging tongues, and the slander and calumny thrown in my face; to the bars of the detention cell, and then, looming big and repelling, the electric chair.

Suddenly I relaxed, and the tenseness left my body. I was surprised at my own calm and unhurried actions. I lit a cigarette, poured myself a scotch and soda, and sat in the great overstuffed couch by the window overlooking the Hudson, partly lost in the twilight gloom. I do not know how long I sat, staring before me. It was sometime there that my mind became clear upon my course of action. I raised myself and walked into the bathroom. I had not much time, for it could only be a matter of minutes before the police arrived, I thought to myself. I was not afraid as I took the sleeping tablets from the cabinet, and filled the little oriental tumbler with water. I do not know how many I swallowed, but they passed down my throat so simply that I could hardly believe that I was bringing myself to death. I returned to the couch still clutching the little gilded oriental tumbler. Upon its surface a fat Japanese in silk kimono mocked me as he prepared his belly for the dagger. This was not suicide; it was hari-kari, the honourable end.

The telephone jangled at my desk. I laughed to think that I could so calmly answer a telephone when I had but an hour or two to live. I walked over to my desk, and put the phone to my ear. It was my agent, speaking with excitement and agitation. His voice hurled itself at me through the earpiece.

"Ronny," he cried, "You've done it. That was a masterpiece, one of the finest pieces of realistic writing that has been produced in years.

I just got a call from Rudolph Goodman; he calls it the most fascinating and psychological portrayal of the human mind that has ever been presented to the public. Ericstein wants to give you the Procter Society Prize for the best short of the year. The critics are giving you rave notices in their columns, and . . ."

I did not hear any more. His voice was only a dull meaningless echo. I dropped the phone into its cradle with icy cold fingers, and staggered to the middle of the room, my mind surging in a desperate turmoil.

They did not believe it. The fools thought it was a story, fiction. They had not even guessed at the truth. No one knew, no one should ever know. It was fantastic, horrible, unbelievable, I was free. I was saved. I had confessed the perfect crime, and no one believed me. The fools! The fools! I laughed hysterically and the room rang with the sickening jabber of a half-crazed mind.

Suddenly I became tense and rigid as a monstrous thought took possession of my whole body. The gilded oriental tumbler slipped from my bloodless hands, and shattered on the hard floor into countless millions of fragments.

Now, I am waiting for Him.

(1943)

Sonnet

*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 this 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.*

Neil Tracy
 (1946)

Mephistopheles And The Last Nazi

(A Dramatic Monologue)

I. Gliserman

The scene takes place somewhere in the heart of a war-ravaged German Empire. The time is sometime after World War II has finished its devastating work.

Two men are walking along a dusty, deserted roadway. One of the men is tall, well groomed and attired in a black evening suit. Strangely enough, the dust does not seem to cling to his clothing. The other figure stumbles along with a weary look on his face. His clothes are in very bad shape and he mumbles to himself frequently. He seems to be oblivious to the presence of his companion.

The well groomed man speaks:

Well, good afternoon, Oscar. Oh, pardon me. Did I disturb you? I'm dreadfully sorry. Really, don't let my appearance distract you. I usually wear black. But what's that you're looking at, my friend? Why don't you wipe the layer of dust off it? There, that passing breeze did it. Oh! It's only an old sign post, Oscar. And a pretty worn out one at that, don't you think? Now let me see. The hand painted letters are cracked and tearing off, but I think I can still distinguish something there. Ah yes. L-Le-Leit-Leitmeritz. Yes, that's it. Leitmeritz — 12 Kilometres.

There, there now, Oscar. Don't look so hopeless. Surely the fact that Leitmeritz is 12 Kilometers away doesn't disturb you, does it? You, a man who has travelled the entire length of Europe! Pshaw. Shame on you, my friend. Oh! Oh, dear. I'm dreadfully sorry old chap. Yes, yes, that's right. It was in a tank that you did your travelling wasn't it? One of those huge khaki machines. They were pretty good, weren't they my friend? Why Dr. Goebbels said they were the best in all of — oh, I'm sorry. Really, don't scream so.

Dear, dear. Now you're sobbing. Get up, Oscar. Stand firmly on your two feet. Remember the time you spoke before that great mass of people in Ausig, Oscar? You looked so strong and capable! Your grey uniform was neatly pressed and your medals shone so that even King Sol smiled with admiration, if I may use the term. I was in that crowd, Oscar, and I felt proud of you. The people cheered you, friend. They cried for you to speak to them. You were their hero! Surely they

haven't left you! But come, come Oscar. You're ruining your clothes, friend. And look. Look at that gaping hole in your right trouser leg. And that cut? Why it's bleeding. It may even become poisoned, Oscar. Hmm, poisoned! Oh, I shouldn't have said that, eh? Pardon, pardon.

Just look at your face. Why surely you must have two weeks' growth there. Don't those grey whiskers irritate you? Oh, you mean you haven't any more feelings? But look how it's affecting your eyes, Oscar. Why, they're all bloodshot and your brow is all dirt streaked. Tut, tut. You should take better care of yourself, friend. Why don't you see the local doct—Oh, I almost forgot. No doctor. But of course. Even I wouldn't live in these ruins. Why you never can tell when the roof will fall in on you. Roof! Hah, hah, hah. I almost forgot again. Most of the houses in this district have no roofs.

(Oscar cries out).

What was that you said, Oscar? Heh? Oh, it's not the roofs. He's dead! You mean, the doctor? Ah well. You shouldn't have done what? Kill? Oh, killed him. Dear, dear!

Why whatever is the matter, friend? Oh, that sound. Don't worry, Oscar, it's only—Oscar, Oscar! (My, look at him stumble. And I was just going to tell him that the rumbling sound was merely a few old bricks dropping down. But, oh well. I have to hurry to reach him again.)

Oops. Now you've done it, Oscar. You've fallen, and—hah, hah—I can't help laughing—hah, hah, hah—into a rubbish heap. Oh, I know I shouldn't laugh, Oscar, but really you look so funny. But here. Let me help you. Oh, you don't want me to touch you. But why? Oh, I see. You're frightened. Poor Oscar!

Now what's that you've got? Ooh! You're shivering. Now, now. It was only a hand and not a very good one at that. Two fingers were missing. Oh, you didn't notice it, did you? Well, look, I'll show—dear, dear! Don't get so excited, friend. I won't touch it if it's against your wishes. After all, I'm here to comfort you. Now, was that grimace necessary? And why in the name of heav—oh, no, no not that place—why are you frightened of an old, withered hand? Don't you remember Anna Koplovitch. She threw that grenade at your company. But you captured her. Oh, yes, remember Oscar? You ran and trapped her in the corner of an old warehouse. And with your shining bayonet, you cut—Oscar, Oscar! Please get up. I realize I said something wrong.

(There, there. Look at him run again). Oscar, look out! That door. OSCAR! Now he's done it. It fell right on top of him. Hmm. One would think that he wasn't wanted in the church. Ah, there.

Good Oscar. You've freed yourself. That's it. Now you're up on your feet again. Good! Oh, but perhaps you don't remember this old church. Oh, I realize it doesn't look the same. But the war you know. Remember the old priest, Oscar, who struggled when your men dragged him from here. Now if my memory serves me right, you shot—no, no, you stabbed him, didn't you friend? Well, after all, he was old, wasn't he—oh, all right, all right, I shan't say anything more about the church. And anyhow, we'll catch our death of cold here. My, the skulls that lie about here! I'm liable to injure my ankle stepping on one of them. Empty, foolish heads, weren't they Oscar? They didn't seem to realize that 'might was right' did they? Well, that's their fault, Oscar, not yours.

(Both men walk slowly away from the ruins of the church. The sun throws its last rays of light on the broken altar and then disappears. Evening approaches. The men have been walking for a long time.)

Now, now, Oscar, you're puffing as if your lungs were ready to burst. And if I'm not mistaken, that's blood on your lip. Aren't you frighten—oh, no! You couldn't be. After all. Those 3,000 Jews in the Pilsen ghetto—why I believe one of your sentries said there was enough blood there to flood—OSCAR! Don't hurry so. You'll tire yourself out. Look out now. Why you nearly fell into that ditch. What? Not a ditch? A grave? Oh, I see!

My we've come a long way. Oh, dear. There you go running again. Oops! You nearly slipped on the water. But it's not raining, Oscar. Oh, I see. It's not water. It's red.

Look, Oscar, look! Those grey houses up ahead. Oh, you see them. Why you're laughing Oscar, you're laughing. Run, friend, run! watch it. Keep going, Oscar. Why I believe you'll make it! Stop swaying, man. Keep going. Like one of your blitzes, Oscar. Run, run, run, Hurry Oscar! There, there, you're nearly—oh, I almost didn't see it Oscar, Wait for me to read it for you, friend. You can read it? Oh! Oscar, Oscar. Your hands are slipping on the pole. You're dropping. What's the matter, friend? The what? The signpost? The letters are hard to read. One minute while I wipe off the dust. There! Now let's—hah, hah, hah, hah—oh dear—hah, hah, hah,—why, would you believe it! (The man can hardly restrain from laughing too much). Why—hah—it says—it says, Leitmeritz—12—oh, hah, hah, hah—12 Kilometres! And you wanted to escape!

Get up Oscar, get up. Oh, pardon me. I see! You can't. But don't worry, friend, I'm here. I'll carry you. Come Oscar. Now let's travel together!

(Suddenly the place becomes utterly deserted. There is no sign of human life. The only thing that remains standing is an old dust covered signpost, with a grey uniform hanging limply over the top of it.)

(1947)

"Nobile Canticum; Dulce Melos Domum"

*Delicate, intricate ties of maternal hands
Are woven to hold me here
In the shadowy mist of the elm-leaves
In the lazy middle year,
In the quiet and calm
Born of sure harvest and sowing
Where life is as graceful and slow
As the south wind blowing.*

*Beyond my window crimson hollyhocks,
In the orchard yellow apples falling,
And peace until I look away and hear
The grey road calling.
Peace, until I look and see the way
The road is leading,
And hear a voice, that comes in the hushed night,
Quiet and pleading.*

—Mary Elizabeth Hall
(1947)

Clair de Lune

*"How now, mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?"*

*Moonlight, midnight, June the twenty-fourth,
prancing, dancing throngs spring forth.
Up from the meadows, down from the glen,
drifting hordes of little men.*

— 148 —

*Low winds shiver through the dewy grass,
wildly swirl the figures in a midnight mass;
soft as velvet, black as coal,
throbs each thirsting, deep-damned soul.
Torn clouds flicker and the wide-eyed moon
sails blue-haloed to a lispng tune —
to the scuff of bodies, to the trampling feet
of the toad-men, woad-men, indiscrete.
Silver flickers on the rippling heath,
on squirming bodies, glistening teeth.
On the blackened tarns and the dark massed leaves
of the stunted oak it softly weaves
faery lace-work while the mistletoe
rattles harshly and its berries glow —
hellish embers, slow, slow, slow.*

*In among the shadows prancing
twirl the faeries, dancing, dancing;
elfin shapes and withered gnomes,
cackling, squealing nasty poems,
frenzied, in satanic mime —
fur on feathers, flesh on slime,
cheek to cheek and jowl to jowl,
aged with youthful, fair with foul,
thrusting, lusting, twitching thighs,
foam-flecked lips and choked-off cries;
rolling, biting in a trance,
in seething furor whirls the dance —
close about the master-dancer,
piper, tragoskelate prancer.*

*The rock on which he perches
resists their fevered lurches:
glinting black, a basalt spur
it waits longingly for her —
lying eastwards in the night
to receive the sun's first light,
which will end their ghastly riot,
bringing quiet, quiet, quiet.*

*Sunrise! see the slaughter
of a virgin, long-limbed daughter
broken bleeding on the rock
as the sunlight's sudden shock*

— 149 —

warms her body rosy-red,
tender flesh, now cool, now dead.
Night is past, the orgy over,
gay lights sparkle in the clover:
gleaming in the new-washed sky
high and wide the swallows fly
and the fields, serene and clear,
have served their purpose for the year.

The monolith, a common stone,
stands cold and glistens, quite alone.

A. W. Robertson
(1949)

Poetess Par Excellence

By S. W. Stevenson

Mother Goose was a genius. It is high time her poetry received some of the recognition it deserves. Its unassuming simplicity has, paradoxically enough, obscured its greatness, and like "Gulliver's Travels" and some of Blake's poetry, it has had to bear the title "Children's literature" until such time as it should come into its own.

Let us consider the gem:

*"Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick.
Jack jump over
The candle stick."*

Note the deceptively simple rhyme scheme (ABCB), and the metre, dextrous as Jack himself, running the gamut from trochaic dimeter in the first line to iambic dimeter in the last. The alliteration of "Jack jump" in the third line serves to prepare us for the actual leap, which seems to transcend time and space. And then, while we are breathlessly soaring through the heavens with Jack in the third line, this master craftswoman brings us safely down to earth again by the sublimely simple introduction of a common candle. Note also the falling dissonance from "nimble" to "candle", the latter seeming like a dying echo of the former. Note too the repeated "ck" sound in "Jack", "quick" and "stick", which are short and staccato, the first two representing the running steps of Jack as he prepares for the leap, and the

last suggesting the shock of his landing.

*"Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
And poor doggie had none."*

This is one of the most bitter diatribes against social injustice which has ever been penned. The superficial meaning is frightening enough—the dog deprived of his bone—but regard for a moment the deeper implications. "The cupboard was bare"—in other words, there wasn't even any food for Old Mother Hubbard! The irony in the last line is almost unbearable in its condemnation of an era which knew of no such things as social insurance or old age pensions. When we read "poor doggie had none", we are tempted to scream "What about Old Mother Hubbard?" Some cynic might suggest that she drew straws with the dog so that at least one of them might dine gloriously but I am sure that such virtual cannibalism was far from the poetess' mind, although admittedly it would add even more pathos to the scene. However, I feel safe in asserting that adherents to this theory of Implied Cannibalism are reading too much into the poem.

The poetess' preoccupation with the theme of social injustice has been further developed in "Tom, Tom the piper's son", and "Little Tommy Tucker". However, only scholars and researchers need refer to these more profound and philosophical works.

Next let us consider:

*"Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a plum
Saying "What a good boy am I."*

Here, Mother Goose has revealed her amazingly modern psychological insight. Let us delve into the problem of "Jack". Firstly, he is not the same Jack who jumped over the candle stick. He is not even the same domesticated Jack Spratt, who could eat no fat. No, this is little Jack Horner, and must be regarded as an individual. We learn right off that he is not big, or medium Jack Horner, but "little" Jack Horner. Then, our pity is aroused by the picture of this introverted infant brooding over his pie in a corner while everyone else is celebrating in more orthodox fashion, ignoring this misplaced misfit. Yes, it is Christmas, but not for little Jack Horner, suffocating his

sorrows in the pie which someone has obviously thrown him in the interests of peace and quiet. But Jack, through his juvenile sensitivity, is aware of the insult, and reacts accordingly. In sticking in his thumb and pulling out a plum he rebels against the lack of understanding displayed by his elders, and exhibits the same noble refusal to be patronized as did the English Mason when treated somewhat cavalierly by a social worker:

*"Then spake up one old Mason"
Who had braved the Khyber Pass
"We don't want your Christmas pudding,
You can (throw it on the grass)."*

Thus Jack senses the slight, and when he says "what a good boy am I," he means "I'd really much rather have rye." (A somewhat juvenile sentiment, but understandable when we analyse Jack's desire to act "grown-up".) I might comment here that I consider the theory that Jack is suffering from an oral fixation unworthy of comment.

And lastly, let us consider Mother Goose's perception of economic and social trends.

*"Little Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuffett
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffett away."*

Symbolically, this is a masterpiece equalled only by "Chinky Chinky Chinaman" in scope. Little Miss Muffett, the tuffett, and the curds and whey all serve to set a scene of agrarian contentment and simplicity. The spider is Industry and Progress, and his renown as a spinner renders him ideal as a symbol of the revolutionary developments which are taking place at the time the poem was written. Thus, just as the factory displaced the farm, so the spider displaced little Miss Muffett. Mother Goose leaves no doubt as to where her sympathies lie in the one-sided struggle. If she had to choose between the spinner and spinstress, she would take Miss Muffett.

If Mother Goose were alive today to view the results of industrialization, she might say something like:

*"As little Miss Muffett
Abandoned her tuffett
As well as her luncheon array,
Of a sudden the spider
Became a confider;
"I'm not crazy for curds, anywhey."*

(1951)

Consistency In Inconsistency

*The Leaf;
One pulsing vein in green
Clinging to a branch.
The Raindrop;
Its rounded, crystalline coolness
Caught only for a moment.
A Snowflake,
With grace, guides her diamond points
To the feathery, bleached sheet below.*

*Carefully, slowly, pondering,
Each falls into place,
No depreciation.
Then,
Hurry, hurry, hurry,
A drunken fury is borne,
The fiery heat destroys.*

*A burnt brown, parched vein
Is torn away into blackness,
The Leaf.
Crashing, slashing torrents, like ropes
Break the transparent solitude
Of the Raindrop.
Searching a way,
Despite the broken, crumbling minute facets in the pattern,
The Snowflake falls.*

—Jane Quintin
(1952)

The Silver Spheres

Man: *Maelstroms of misery, abysses of despond,
Snow-shrouded peaks, and hoary promontories;
Yea, all afflicted elements in tedious travail
Were soon compelled to echo my o'erweening woe.
Then cried I: "Howl, ye demons who inhabit
Wind-tormented treetops, wail!"*

The MITRE

And our commingled groans
Fled thrice around this mundane sphere,
Then hovered pendant here
On palpitating pinions of disembodied pain;
While from the fiend-infested caverns of despair,
Thorough the affrighted air
Arose one muted and miasmal moan.

Flora: Share this grief
Which no being long alone can bear.
Tell your sorrow
And thus borrow
Sweet relief.

Man: It was a sight most beautiful
Her face and form to look upon;
How, then or now, could I express
Her beauty, or my loneliness?
My sorrow, or her loveliness?
Shall it suffice to say that she is gone?

Silenus: Petal-like moments, soft falling,
Soon cover the ashes of memory.
The final breath of Hope has long since flown
To a land of listless shadows,
Where the wailing winds all wander
When at last the storm subsides;
Where faded dreams, meandering
Throughout a boundless wilderness
Of never-ending weariness,
Forever flit in futile search
For soft, eternal slumber.
Joy and despair, loss and gain are illusion,
For who can recapture a moment of pleasure
Or remnant of rapture unmeasured by pain?

Man & Flora: Day and night we have chanted proud anthems of praise
To the wandering winds, and in vain have we sung
To the lyre and the lute, to the timbrel and tabor
Of yesterday's labour, of leisure to be.
*Gone, gone are our gods
And all songs are forgotten,*
Save one unending monotone devoid of melody.

DIAMOND JUBILEE ISSUE 1953

Silenus: Then listen to a story that was old when time was young,
For timeless is this storied allegory:
*Night departing, fear confounding,
Sun upstarting, joy abounding*
Regal condors, high ascending, scour an unfrequented sky.
Worlds rotate, while earthworms wait;
Aged condors, earthward waning, duly deigning, then,
to die;
*While night, negroid, cyclopic,
Senile, sullen, misanthropic,
Stares with one veiled, vacant eye.*

Man: He stares so even now, while I reel amid confusion,
Thoughts, like springboks, each o'erleaping
To an untoward conclusion.

Silenus: Then leave your leaden intellect entombed in a trance.
Come, let us countermand our fate;
We will, for once, manipulate
The previously undirected puppet strings of chance,
To thus induce the marionette
Of circumstance, to pirouette,
And do, as grand finalé, an eudaemonistic dance.

Flora: We'll drink an undiluted draught of sparkling spontaneity,
And there within the room,
On a loom of vagrant air,
We'll weave a wondrous tapestry of texture rich and rare
Wherein we'll see, or, dreaming, seem to see . . .

Silenus: Transported then beyond the zone of thought-enthraling
time,
When suddenly our joys and sorrows all return again,
Like a Bachanalian revel, or a comedie humaine,
To reassert their ancient squatter's rights within the brain,
ToTo reestablish tenantry within a tired brain . . .

Flora & Man: Like nothing more they'll seem
Than faceless, formless fugitives
From someone else's dream.

All: E'er shall the dawn (a demoiselle
With jealousy enticed) infuse the aureate east
That all might see
The ravelled remnants of our revelry,
Let us condescend to rise
Where, eternity expended, breath abandoned, being ended,
These incorporeal essences attenuate the skies.

—S. W. Stevenson
(1952)



Mitre, December 1912: Divinity Notes — We are indeed alarmed, for we fear that some of our Divinity students have been so weak as to be attracted to the co-eds' room. This attractive room is but typical of all that is worldly, every tendency towards which has to be so rigidly guarded against by the earnest Divine if he is to make a success of his life. Therefore we urge that this place be put out of bounds for all those who would preserve their integrity.

* * *

Letter from the Frying Pan, 1861: Should the Rev. Prof. of Divinity chance to meet with the following remarks, I would advise him to put on his spectacles and see if they are not applicable. To some students the almost incorrect manner in which some clergymen read the service in God's House is most offensive and not likely to increase one's devotion. Some of them don't think that because it is the place devoted to the service of God, the prayers should be hurried over at the rate of two-forty on a clear track.

* * *

Mitre, March 1899: Is it necessary to allow stray cats and dogs to perambulate promiscuously in Hall? Is it conducive to good health to have sneezing and germ-carrying quadrupeds lying on the floor when people are taking necessary refreshment? Is it not pertinent to ask that they be tenderly removed to their respective domiciles?

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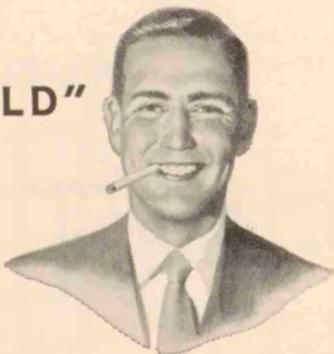
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