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S. Petery, Prop.
Jack Johnston, a.a.'31, has resigned from Argyle School, Westmount, to enter the Royal Army Medical Corps.

The Rev. C. C. Phillips, a.a.'12, L.S.T.'14, who has been rector of North Gower, Ont., for the past six years, has been appointed rector of Pembroke, Ont.

In the Bishop's C.O.T.C. are enrolled Duncan Campbell, a.a.'34, and Henry Holden, a.a.'38.


The appointments to the Senate announced on 9th of February by the Prime Minister of Canada include the name of Mr. Norman M. Paterson of Fort William, Ont., father of Donald and John Paterson, a.a. 1919.

THE N.F.C.U.S. AND THE C.S.A.

(Continued from page 14)

ever their intention in so doing, whether it be to throw hystera into student opinion and thus reclaim a few to their banner or whether it be because such things as questionnaires hold an irresistible fascination for them, the scheme itself is unnecessary under the present circumstances and indeed undesirable under any circumstances. Censorship is not yet an issue, nor is it likely to be for a long time. It is like asking a bald-headed crooner what he is going to do when television comes. The question is premature and merely arouses alarm where no immediate danger exists. At any rate, the N.F.C.U.S. will continue in the line it has already laid down for itself and which it sincerely believes will bring the greatest good to the students it is designed to serve. It is passing through a crucial period and needs all the support it can get. It is not begging this support; it is attempting to earn it. That this will be understood and the desired support given there is no doubt, for the ideas of federation, joint activity, and equality of opportunity are too much a part of Canadian political ideology to be ignored by those who through environment and education are the best able to appreciate them, and the most likely to cherish them—the university students of Canada.

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THE MIRTE

FEBRUARY, 1940

Alumni

The Alumni Association extends a welcome to all male graduates and former students to become members of the Association. Membership fees are $2.00 a year, which sum includes an annual subscription to The Mirte. One of the principle objects of the Alumni Association is to promote the welfare of the University. This object can only be achieved if the organization has a representative membership of graduates and past students of all years. Current graduates and former students are particularly invited to join.

BIRTHS

Dean—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on January 22, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John L. Dean of Waterloo, Que. Mr. Dean received his B. A. in 1929.

Stephens—At Wakefield, Que., on December 16, a son to the Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Stephens of Pembroke, Que. Mr. Stephens graduated in 1934 obtaining Theological Honours with distinction.

Mackenzie—At La Tuque, Que., on January 9, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Matte. Mrs. Matte was formerly Miss Helen Bayne, who graduated from Bishop’s in 1935.

DEATHS

Crutchlow—We regret to record the death of Dr. Charles Francis Crutchlow on December 21. Dr. Crutchlow received his Medical Degree from Bishop’s University in 1904 the year before the Medical Department was amalgamated with that of McGill University.

MARRIAGES AND ENGAGEMENTS

Dinan-MacDonald—The marriage of Maud, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. MacDonald of Cape Breton, N.S., to Dr. John Dinan, who was a member of Bishop’s University in 1928, took place on the 2nd December, in the Church of St. Augustine of Canterbury, Montreal. Dr. and Mrs. Dinan spent their honeymoon in Nassau and will reside in Montreal.

Fyfe-Stuart—Mr. and Mrs. Ross Stuart announce the marriage of their daughter, Margaret McDougall, to Mr. Ronald Martin Fyfe, son of the late Andrew Fyfe and Mrs. Fyfe of Montreal West. Mr. Fyfe was Senior Man in 1938-39, graduating with a B. Sc.

Goff-Newman—On New Year’s Eve was announced the engagement of Miss Hazel Newman of Montreal to Mr. Norman Goff. Mr. Goff received his Teacher’s Diploma in 1939, and is now on the staff of Argyle School, Westmount.

Hogg-Winslow—On the 20th December at the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, was solemnized the wedding of Dr. Frederick John Hogg of Hamilton, Ont., to Miss Margaret Louise Winslow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Winslow of Dunedin, N. Z. Dr. Hogg received his B. A. from Bishop’s in 1934 and is a graduate in Medicine of the class of ’39 at McGill.

Loomis-Bishop—At Sherbrooke in December, Miss Sylvia Loomis to Capt. Ross Bishop, 21-G of the 15th Battalion, C. I. F.


The Rev. Mr. Fyfe was given away by Capt. the Rev. W. T. Jones, of Montreal. Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie of Montreal, was bridesmaid, while Mr. D’Arcy Lynch, of Sherbrooke, was groomsman. Following the wedding there was a reception at the Aldershot Officers’ Club.

The Rev. Albert Baldwin, B.A., 1931, has been appointed assistant priest at St. Matthew’s Church, Hampstead, Montreal, and has entered upon his new duties.

Llewellyn Smith, who was a member of the University from ’37 to ’39, is a lieutenant in the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, C.A.S.F.

McKenzie Humu, who was a member of the University from ’31 to ’33, has entered the R.C.A.F. at Toronto.

Owen Frederick, B.A., ’38, has been elected representative of the faculty of Dentistry to sit on the McGill Students’ Council.

M. Wilson Gaul, B.A., ’36, who is in the R. C. A. F. at Trenton, was appointed Adjutant in December; on the 10th of February he moved to St. Hubert.

Miss Barbara Eardley-Wilmot, B.A., ’35, was a visitor to the College over the week-end of January 3.

George Christian, B.A., ’35, successfully passed his Bar exams in January. We regret that he has been ill since then and express the hope of a speedy recovery.

The Rev. Donald B. MacKay, B.A., ’31, of Howick, has been appointed chaplain of the Black Watch Regiment now in Toronto. He and Mrs. MacKay were guests of Mrs. Malcolm MacKay, of Sherbrooke, before their departure for Toronto.

Capt. W. L. Tomkins, B.A., ’33, has been appointed instructor in the McGill C.O.T.C.

The Rev. A. V. O’Riordan, B.A., 1934, has been appointed rector of St. Stephen’s Church, Coaticook. Previously he was curate at St. Peter’s, Sherbrooke.
Exchanges

During the Christmas vacation, such a large number of student publications was received by the Exchange Department that the poor unfortunate, who, like myself, has to look them all over is positively overwhelmed. However, it is possible to trace one or two interesting movements in university life and influence among their pages.

The events which seem to have taken up the most space and interest in university papers during the last few weeks were the conferences held by the Canadian Students’ Assembly at Macdonald College and by the National Federation of Canadian University Students in Ottawa. Bishop’s, as most of you know, is a member of the N.F.C.U.S. The existence of two similar student organizations in Canada presents a problem analogous to that of the railroad question, for the expense of maintaining them is somewhat of a burden to Canadian universities. Accordingly, the question of what to do about these rival assemblies appears to have become acute. These two bodies have somewhat the same aims—that of bringing about closer relationships between university students of the East and West for example. However, their respective methods of securing these ends differ, and it is over this issue that the dispute arises. Nevertheless, it is thought by members of several colleges that it would be impracticable to amalgamate the two organizations into one student federation. Various plans for doing this have been suggested, and some sort of merger has actually been brought about. Before the conferences took place, the “McGill Daily” took a census of opinion among the members of the Canadian University Press on the advisability of such amalgamation. The result of this inquiry was published in the “Daily” for December 14, which many Bishop’s students must have read, but which it would be well to refer to in order to give these remarks some sort of coherence. It was found that Dalhousie and Mount Allison Universities were in favor of an unconditional merger of the two societies. The “Shef,” coming from the University of Saskatchewan and “The Gateway,” published by the students of the University of Alberta, advocated the incorporation of the C.S.A. into the N.F.C.U.S. as a subsidiary body. “The Varisty” recommended that a new body be formed under a new name, which would take in the ideals of both the existing societies. The editor of “The Ubyssey,” from the University of British Columbia, agreed with all those mentioned above and claimed that the union of the two federations would accomplish nothing.

During the conferences, much of interest to Canadian university students was discussed. Such topics as Canada’s part in world affairs, exchange scholarships between the various colleges in the Dominion, and inter-university activities, including sports, debating and dramatics were brought up and the opinions of representatives from colleges in all sections of the country were heard. Finally, as a result of the two conferences, the N.F.C.U.S. and the C.S.A. were united into one body—a national organization called the Canadian Students’ Federation. It would seem, however, that all did not go so smoothly with respect to the opinions passed at the C.S.A. convention. A motion was passed condemning the possible future institution of conscription in Canada. Because of these and other alleged anti-war and anti-British sentiments of some of the delegates, Mount Allison and the University of Saskatchewan withdrew from the Student Assembly after their representatives had returned home and had given their reports on the proceedings. Subsequently, four other universities did likewise. If, as the representatives of these colleges claim, there is a subversive element in the C.S.A., it would be wise for every Canadian university to withdraw its support of this organization. At a time such as this university men and women of all people, it seems to us, should be behind the national effort. Despite this rather unpleasant aspect of the conference, they did illustrate in a striking manner the liberties which we in this country enjoy, in that several hundred students were able to get together and openly discuss matters of common and public interest.

The “Stonyhurst Magazine” for December, 1939, is of some particular interest, since Stonyhurst College is in England and is, therefore, affected by the blackout rules and other irregularities caused in that country by the war. We wonder what it would be like to come strolling home to dear old Bush, at, let us say, three A.M., and find not a sign of a light in the windows of the Old Arts? The magazine contains an impressive list of ex-students now serving in His Majesty’s forces. The majority of these men have obtained commissions—a fine tribute to Stonyhurst’s well-known O.T.C. One Stonyhurst man, serving in the R.A.F., recently fought a gallant duel with a German airman, while flying a British bomber over Germany. A very dramatic account of this engagement, told by the German pilot and printed in “The Times” is given in the magazine.

Out west, at the University of British Columbia, the old rivalry between Arts and Science goes on much as it does here. An eloquent contribution to the struggle was recently made by an Arts man. It was in the form of a yell which goes like this:

“We are the men of culture,
Of intellect supreme.
From men like us the couch has formed...
In the first game against St. Pats in the college rank, Bishop's suffered a crushing defeat of 17 to 6 and in Scott (eligible for Junior) improved our only scalp. Bradley, Cooper, Scott and Schoeh were on hand for the home game against Lenoisville. This developed into quite a rough and tumble, there being two major squabbles and several exchange fights at the game's finish. The score was about 20 under the collar as were the players, and it was most fortunate that no major accidents occurred. The final score was 7 to 5 in favour of Lenoisville; Scott, Bradley and Cooper getting our goals. The following week the team encountered going along "just for safety's sake." However, on the advice of both coach and manager they stayed at home. The game was uneventful and Lenoisville won 6 to 0. The latest game played in the college rank resulted in a win for Windsor Mills by a score of 6 to 3, our goals being given by the Scotts and Russell. The first encounter with Windsor functionally enough resulted in the same score, the same Scott and Russell scoring our points.

BASKETBALL

Three times has the basketball team plonged into action this year. Once against Lenoisville, once against Stanstead and for the third time against the Spartans. Loomis is again coach and the devotees of this race sport are looking forward to a good contest.

The first game against Lenoisville gave promise of great things. Robertson left his usual position at guard to play on the forward line. The shift was apparently a good one since he proved to be top scorer of the evening. Captain Merritt Phares played the tag game and roving attack of the home team with Robertson led the scoring. All of which made the Bishop's basket-jetters very confident and happy, as they left the floor having triumphed by a score of 35-18.

Slightly less joy was the game against Stanstead played away from home. The ball handlers of that college gave our squad a somewhat elusive time and in the first half succeeded in outmanoeuvring the Bishop's team to the tune of 32-1. The prospects for the second half were not entirely hopeful until someone "rallied the ranks," and our squad exhibited a dash of dash and passing attack of the home team which had showed to such advantage in the first half. Steve Rabashien posed the squad and distinguished himself by his consummate long shot. The uncoolheaded comical of the Bishop's team, on a foreign floor, was both pleasing and creditable, and the score of the second half was a marked contrast to that of the first. Bishop's won this half by 17 points to Stanstead's 8, but it was not sufficient to wipe out the Stanstead majority of the first half, and we were defeated by a score of 40 to 22.

The next contest was against the Spartans. Pharo with the able support of the rest of the team led the scoring. But, except for the game against St. Pats, the Spartans triumphed by a narrow margin. The game was well fought and Joe Public lent a hearty voice to the support of the team. Perhaps the Spartans were spurred on by this show of enthusiasm for they managed to battle their way to a 32 to 29 victory.

The loss of Alex Daye, due to an injured leg, and Meritt Bateman has handicapped the team to some extent, but they are filled with confidence (not, I hope, unfounded), and expect to win the next three games. We all hope their goal will be reached and that the season has a satisfactory culmination.

SKING

The evolution of skiing at this college is something that we may look upon as a great achievement. Several years ago it was regarded in the same class as ping-pong, but it has steadily grown in importance, until this year it assumes a serious and competitive aspect. A large part of the credit for this year's organization of ski races goes to Lester Tomlinson who has worked energetically to interest the student body in the sport, and provide facilities for every ski to show his worth and benefit by practice.

The first event was the meet at North Hatley, and this was followed by a cross-country run in the vicinity of the college. Tomlinson, of course, won the event although he was closely followed by Bruce Kimw, Terry Giles and Gibby Stairs. Another cross-country event was held at Waterloo on February 11 as part of the Eastern Townships Zone meet. Adverse snow conditions were not enough to deter Bishop's and Terry Giles won the event. Jack Peake placed third and Bruce Kirwin fifth giving the college good majority of points over the other clubs of the zones.

On February 3 and 4 an intercollegiate meet was held at St. Sauver in the Laurentian Mountains. The Bishop's team consisted of Tomlinson, Cross, Kirwin and Blatchford. Bruce Kirwin has very kindly written the account of this event.

INTER-SCHOLASTIC SKI MEET

The most important intercollegiate ski meet was held at St. Sauver on the 3rd and 4th of February, under the sponsorship of McGill and University of Montreal Ski Clubs. The purpose of this week-end meet was to promote interest in skiing in the Eastern Canadian universities and to train skiers for subsequent competitions. Extremely favourable weather and careful organization combined to make the meet a complete success.

The jumping event was held on Saturday morning but no spectacular hours were made. As the Bishop's skiers had had no previous practice for this event they did not think it advisable to enter it. However, in the afternoon the competition was between Blatchford and Kirwin —raced in the cross-country. It was a difficult seven-mile course starting at Nymark's Lodge (where the teams are) climbing a devitous route to the top of Hill 69 and ultimately finishing again at Nymark's. Tomlinson placed third in this event, being beaten only by Blatchford and Smart of Varsity. George Cross was seventh and Kirwin was the last to vote for Bishop's.

Sunday was a perfect day for the final events. The downhill race was run in the morning on the Red Bird Trail, the first time it has been run in the presence of a crowd. Unfortunately, the skies were not kind to George and Bruce, who were not able to compete the run. However, the rest of the team got down without any falls but Tomlinson again held third place. Tomlinson's second race was held on Hill 72. The course was run twice and Cross, regardless of his knee, raced it each time; however, he missed a set of flags to be disqualified. Tomlinson held his usual position of third place with Kirwin and Blatchford ranking farther down the list. However, if Tomlinson were to lose one or two competitors —McCull, University of Montreal and Bishop's— the superb performance of Toronto's Bob Smart, who won first place in each event except the cross-country, and the fine work of his teammate, Gale, contributed primarily to their victory. Although Bishop's might not get a large aggregate of points we hope in subsequent years, with the fates more propitious, to also rank well up in the list.

Of course this meet organized by Gordon Khol, ski manager of McGill, and conducted by the admirable committee —McCull, University of Montreal and Bishop's— the superb performance of Toronto's Bob Smart, who won first place in each event except the cross-country, and the fine work of his teammate, Gale, contributed primarily to their victory. Although Bishop's might not get a large aggregate of points we hope in subsequent years, with the fates more propitious, to also rank well up in the list.

BADMINTON

The game of shuttlecock and battledore has not as yet started a serious schedule. A team has not been formed of the club has been levied in order that they might more easily entertain visiting teams after friendly matches. This on the whole will make the Badminton Club more independent and the visiting teams more satisfied with their refreshments. Every Sunday afternoon witnesses a gathering in the gym of all those interested. Tea and sandwiches are served. Actually this is a very enjoyable way of spending Sunday afternoon and anyone able to stir themselves from sleep and the radio on a Sabbath afternoon could do nothing better than to try out for a few games and some refreshments.

The executive expects this year to receive friendly matches with members of the surrounding clubs, and all who wish to try will be cordially invited.

INTER-YEAR HOCKEY

Only one inter-year hockey game has been played to date: a hard fought match between Divinity and Third and Grads. Bob Mackie starred for the gentlemen from the Shed, in fact he was the bogey of the Third Men who were presently having ability. Jim McCready, Terry Giles and John Carroll all played excellently for graduating year. In the closing minutes of the game a 1-all deadlock was broken by William Power when he scored on Ed Barker, bringing a victory of 2 to 1 to Divinity.

The only other scheduled game a Saturday versus Second Year was won by Second Year by default.

INTER-YEAR BASKETBALL

Four games have been played in the inter-year basketball schedule, and the present results find Second and Third years tied for the lead. Third year has beaten both First year and Divinity, while Second year has beaten the same teams and hence has the same number of points. They are looking forward to an extremely exciting match between Third and Second years, and the latter are looking forward to the chance of avenging their defeat in the road race. (See Mitre, October 19th). First year have a lead over Divinity because of a default and are fighting hard.

WOMEN'S SPORTS

We are acting a precedent by commenting on the girls' efforts in the sporting field, but since they have won more games than the boys this year, and in past years have been extremely active, it is high time that they received recognition.

The girls' hockey team have, to date, played two games the first of which they won against Lenoisville by a score of 1 to 0. Joyce Standish scoring Bishop's goal. The next game was against Stanstead which proved to be a faster skating team and defeated us boys by a score of 3 to 1. Jessie MacDouall rapping for the college.

Girls' basketball is, as usual, progressing with great vigour. Four games have been played, two against Lenoisville High School and two against Lenoisville High School Teachers. Bishop's won the first game against the High School by one point and was beaten by one point in the second game, which shows how evenly the teams were matched. Unfortunately in the second game against the High School Ernestine Roy and Bernice Brennan were injured and neither will be able to play for the rest of the season.

The first game against the Teachers was won by Bishop's by five points and the second we lost by six. Jessie MacDouall and Frances Baker have distinguished themselves by sterling play in all four games.
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FEBRUARY, 1940

Sports

High were the expectations of everyone for this season's hockey team. Gerry Wiggett had once again taken up his post as coach and last year's second line—Bradley, Cooper and McGee—were back again on the ice. Nick Schools, the captain, was back on defense together with Jim Flinnot and Dave Savage, while Geoff Scott had moved up to the forward line where he centred a line with Dick Grier at right wing and Hugh Russell on the left. Dan Bennett was back in goal after a year's absence from the game, and Sad Walters, after a little persuasion, also turned out for the goal tending job. True to the old tradition there was a scarcity of practice time, but that was nothing new. Rugs Bilson, a distinguished Alumnus, promised to pay an occasional visit to help iron out odd difficulties, and with this set-up the season began.

LOYOLA AT BISHOPS—

After just about a fortnight's preparation Bishop's was faced with the prospect of encountering her habitual enemy—Loyola.
The game started out well and for the first fifteen minutes Bishop's were pressing the Irishmen to the limit. However, Warren of the Loyola team seized an advantage broke away and scored the first tally for his team. Thus began a hectic five minutes during which Loyola constantly pressed in to pepper shots at Dan Bennett who executed some phenomenal saves. This, however, was not sufficient to turn back the Maroon team, and Allan scored a pass from Vielleux to be followed by another point scored by Cleary, when he took advantage of a rebound.

Bishop's, in the second period, gave the supporters something to cheer for. Four times and again they pushed past the "Irish Pail" and the Loyola goalie was kept busy getting in the way of flying pucks. There were numerous close shaves, but unfortunately no score. In the closing minute of this period Vielleux scored Loyola's fourth tally, assisted by Cleary and Allan.

One of the Shaughnessy clan pleased the Bishop's supporters little when in the first minute of the third period he shook up Loyola's fifth when Eddie Ashton (of rugby fame) fed him a lovely pass. But after this incident Bishop's did a bit of "jacking" and there was little danger of another goal for the Irishmen until Vielleux netted his second tally at about twelve minutes. Warren's outstanding stick handling proved too much for a weary Bishop's team and he scored Loyola's final point a minute later. The game ended with Bishop's on the meagre end of 5-7 to 0 score.

MCGILL AT BISHOPS—

The men from Montreal's great University arrived in these parts on February 3. A few old familiar faces were to be seen among whom were Palmer, Chalmers and Winter, hoping for great things the public filed into the rink for the nominal fee of 35 cents. Their prayers were answered for the first half of the first period Bishop's out played the Redmen, which attack resulted in a goal for Bishop's by Garrie Cooper who took the pass from Doug Bradley. For a few moments the rafters of the aging rink were in grave danger for the defenders did not spare a vocal word in praise of Bishop's. In fact all looked well and the rink lights flickered with glee, but then came the deluge. Spurred into action the McGill team under the leadership of Winser and Hebert launched an onslaught upon the Bishop's goal, the result of which was four McGill goals in four minutes. Hebert scored the first at sixteen minutes, Winser and Read the next two at seventeen and nineteen respectively, and Hebert scored to end the period.

Not the slightest bit deterred the Bishop's team took to the ice in the second period and doggedly fought the confident McGill men. Despite Winter's goal in the opening minutes Garrie Cooper tallied his second for Bishop's with the help of Ken Willis and Doug Bradley. Ken Willis persistently peppered Fyfe with shots, but the immobile Ronnic with the help of Providence managed to keep the inside of the net free from pucks.

The third period saw Bishop's still attacking Fyfe, but unfortunately no score was forthcoming. And the game ended with the count 6 to 2 after Hebert's third goal at three minutes.

The most interesting factor from a non-competitive point of view was the sight of Ronnie Fyfe playing against Bishop's. Sad to say he has not deteriorated at all, and seems to be able to kick out as many shots in a Red sweater as he did when in Purple.

Exhibition games have been played against Lennoxville and St. Pats. The game against St. Pats was 8-3 and against Lennoxville 8-4. Bishop's lost both. By the time the Mitre appears the game against Loyola in Montreal will have been played and won (by us, we hope). The McGill game in Montreal has been postponed to a future date.

JUNIOR HOCKEY

It was doubtful at the beginning of the season whether or not we would have a junior tea this year. However, the number of participants grew steadily until finally a moderate turnout was realized. Walsh and Ray Talk together with Dan MacDougall are the only survivors of last year and among the freshmen talent appear such names as Winmill, Templeton, McKell, Van Horn, MacCallum, MacDougall II, and Lindsay.
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Sherbrooke Trust Company
Sherbrooke, Que.

FEVER, 1940

Notes and Comments

Vaude show and skinny, goodbye lectures. The last term at Bishop's finds all activities at their height. In spite of the regrettable cancelling of the annual formal dance for this term there at least have been other functions which have given an air of gaiety to the term. Among these might be mentioned the Sports Party held by the Divines in aid of the Township of the West. You were given a choice of skiing in the flank, skiing on the gentle slopes of the golf course or playing bridge. Later in the evening there was dancing, in the gymnasium to our popular orchestra from Sherbrooke. The result...everything very gay. Another event which was enjoyed during the term was the annual sleigh-drive of the venerable Parchesi Club from the New Arts. They collected a couple of sleighs and betook themselves to the country roads around Lennoxville. Although it was often difficult to remain in the vehicles owing to the actions of certain members who apparently were anxious to prove that they could still play football, nobody seemed to mind. As a feature of the evening a huge cider barrel was provided which received a good deal of attention during the ride. Frequent stops were made to see that it was still within the party and had not fallen off and lost in a passing snowdrift. After the drive itself, a stop was made at the Girls′ Common Room where the customary Parchesian beverage was served. A few Froebelians managed to work their way into the party at this point, and later reported that hospitality that they had received and the boys had staggered them. The impartial chaperon would, perhaps, confirm this statement.

Among the graduates who motored down to see the McGill game were "Dogger" Mills, former terror of the New Arts. Jack Martin, last year′s "glamour boy," "Fog" Patterson, "Hooker" Starnes, now an officer in the Black Watch, Geoff Murray, and Bruce Cragg. Early in the term the College Debating Society was host to a team of debaters from McGill College. The Redmen were successful in their invasion and carried off the decision when they upheld the negative of the resolution, "Resolved that a Written Constitution is not Necessary to Social Progress." Penfield and Hay argued the subject for Bishop′s and Hutchison and Parker were the McGill men.

On Tuesday, February 13, a team of Loyola debaters visited the college. The debate, which was held before a large and enthusiastic audience of, at the most, a dozen, was on the subject, "Resolved that the St. Lawrence Waterways Project will be beneficial to Canada." The Loyola men were successful in their case to think the canal would be a good thing and the judges agreed with them. The same evening Linc, Major and "Shag" Shaugnessey debated in Ottawa against the University of Ottawa on the same resolution and came away with a well-earned victory. It was too bad that more students did not attend the Loyola debate as it was well worth listening to and the subject was timely.

Now that the formal dance has been postponed until the spring term comes around the dance that it is called, the Co-eds are giving to greet the Leap Year. A few of the so-called college societies have been doing a lot of jittering during the last few weeks. Some of the lads have even been heard to moan, that they hadn′t a "thing to wear." Some will have already suggested that if there is a stag-line that it be called the "doe" line.

The Dramatic Society has chosen the major play which will be given in the Bishop′s Little Theatre on April 15, 16 and 17. It is a play by A. A. Milne entitled "The Perfect Alibi." Mr. Dickson-Kenwin, whom the Dramatic Society was fortunate to be able to secure again for this production, has assembled a capable cast which is now rehearsing. The play is a mystery comedy and should provide an excellent evening′s entertainment.

The epidemic of "Confucius Say" jokes which hit the university and which seem more prevalent since the McGill week-end, are bound to die a natural death. After all there is a limit to the number of poor puns that can be made by attributing them to a Chinese philosopher even though certain of us don′t think so.

Members of the Old Arts are being quieter in their movements these nights. One of the reasons is that an outbreak of "slumping fever" hit the boys in the middle of the night, has silted the lower floor. The New Arts also suffered an invasion one night and feeling between certain members of the top floor was strained.

George Cross′ theme song the night of the E. T. ski meet seems to have been "I Didn′t Know What Time It was." Talking of songs the New Arts is harboring a budding song writer in the person of Ed Mackay. He came back after Christmas with the words and music to a cowboy-ballad entitled "She was only a Horse Doctor′s Daughter," telling the story of a faithful cowpuncher and his trials and tribulations in winning the girl he loved. It should be on the Hit Parade—perhaps the Horse Doctor′s daughter thinks so.... Darby and Joan (this year′s edition) seem to have reached the parting of the ways.... Bradley and Mackenzie seem to have had a very educational week-end... Chute′s theories were shaken during the stay in Montreal... Dickson-Kenwin′s stay in the Old Lodge should be a happy one—he is living next door to the only man in the college who ever played Hamlet. A letter from a recent graduate, now with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces informs us, that after taking a look at the daughters of Englishmen he had come in contact with, that man′s best friend is still the horse...until next issue...
THE MITE

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ENGLAND

"REACHING FOR THE STARS"—Wain, Nora

To every intelligent person who wants to know what the German people are thinking while they are acting according to rule, "Reaching for the Stars" is mandatory reading, for here is a human novel of gripping intensity. In 1914 the author, an American Quaker, went to Germany where her husband was to study music. At first she was apparently in sympathy with the new Germany, but during her stay her faith was badly shaken. From her experiences she "has distilled the essence of four years of observation as a resident in Nazi Germany, and has portrayed the impact of totalitarianism on the German people with

fear sentimentally."

The spin of Miss Wain's experience is wide enough to render what she says representative and deeply interesting. She has read widely and well, perhaps better than she writes, for though it is a revealing work, the book cannot be taken as a model of good writing. And yet the mind of the reader cannot help but be saturated with sympathy with the subtle tragedy, deep understanding, tenderness, and hope which pervade every page of this work. She is convinced that the philosophy of Hitler and the heart of the German people are two distinct things, and thus she expresses the belief and convictions of so many others at this time. One can only hope she is right for the anesthetics with unwavering conviction that the Hitler Government is a force of evil directed against all that is fine in the German tradition, and also that countless Germans stand opposed to it and hold fast to the spirit of Christianity and humanity. Here Miss Wain has brought to life the suffering, struggling human beings who make up contemporary Germany. If you have wondered how the people of this country feel, read this book. It will tell you more than even a prolonged trip. In it you will encounter German men and women of all walks of life in their daily trials and tribulations, for the author has caught the spiritual nature of the struggle as no one before her. The artlessness of the style, the absence of all conscious artifice only enhance the poignancy of the tale, bringing out the essence of the tragedy.

Miss Wain's book is long remembered for certain distinctly personal experiences. "They stand out in one's memory like exquisite signals." There is the Christmas at the French castle when the butcher threatens the host because of a non-Aryan guest; the forestry estate; the great harvest. Those who think that Nazi propaganda has all the youth of Germany engulphed, and in its clutchers will be interested to hear of the cobbler's children who repaired the shoes after their father had vanished; and the remark, solemnly offered by the tiest of the pastor's children: "Christianity is a religion of love—love and sorrow for all whom the Nazis hurt; and love and sorrow for the Nazis too." All of this may be useful to the students of the future, the authors may uphold such convictions in spite of concentration camps and death. Their faith is unquenchable. Hence may well conclude that peace depends mostly upon the strength of the faithful among the Germans: "They need the aid we can give them—our prayers, our friendship, and all the recognition and support that our statements can devise."
The Function of Glasses

DONALD ROSS

The Bishop Looks Down

ERNSTINE ROY

During the past year every sect and kind of book upon international affairs has dropped from the press; but, in the opinion of Mr. Harold Nicolson and Miss Dorothy Thompson, nothing has equalled in importance Dr. Rauschning’s Revolution of Nothing.

To everyone this book is a warning, it was written nearly a year before the outbreak of hostilities and was intended as a danger signal for those who indulged in a facile and dangerous optimism. The author had held an important position in the National Socialist party and had met on equal terms all the prominent figures in the Nazi camarilla. He had left the party of his own free will when he saw to what lengths the leaders were prepared to go. Drawing on his unique opportunities to gain inside information Dr. Rauschning predicted the Russo-German Pact which can only be regarded as the prelude to world revolution. The Nazi philosophy, as he sees it, is purely destructive. It propounds no harness on to Statesman communism, the power of the German efficiency. The world revolution which is to be the child of this unholy alliance will be followed by world domination. Fantastic as this sounds, it would be dangerous in the extreme to dismiss it as the mere figment of the Führer's neurotic dreams. It is a real plan which is the logical outcome of the Nazi creed.

In pursuance of this creed Europe has got to be destroyed and rebuilt as the Nazi superstate with a mass of vast peoples in a feudal relation to Lebensraum Germany. In this state there will be two elements, the Elite and the Masses. The Elite will be carefully trained to be utterly brutal, utterly cynical and utterly destructive. Power is to be their only goal, the power of the few and their leader. The masses will continue to be deceived by that dangerous mystical nonsense, the Leader cult. They will be stimulated, pacified and coerced by any means that seem appropriate at the moment. Every device will be used to propagate ideas of supernaturalism, the cult of the superman, racial superiority, anti-religion, propaganda, theories of blood and soil and anti-Semitism. Propaganda of Jews will be frequent for Jews are the submen who are supposed to be the scarcely human antithesis of the superhuman Aryan. Such propaganda will be designed to stir up the emotions, nervous and a source of loot for the party. Catholics will come next for they have an allegiance which is over and above the party. Such an allegiance cannot be tolerated by a leader who has styled himself head of the German National Church. Even the German National Church will be only a passing phase, giving place in time to the suppression of any religious ideas which are not approved by the Führer. Every aspect of public and private life must come under the party, there must be no other ties.

Dr. Rauschning reveals the interesting fact that Herr Hitler is himself deeply envious of the Roman Catholic Church. He hates and loathes it because he secretly fears and admires it. In the same kind of way he also hates and detests Freemasonry, parliamentary systems and all freedom of assembly. Envy, hatred and malice are the ruling passions of the Nazi oligarchy according to Dr. Rauschning. This oligarchy represents the petite bourgeoisie which seeks to elevate itself on the shoulders of those beneath it at the expense of those above it. It consists of men who under the Weimar republic had led that pathetic wretched kind of life which all revolutionaries lead and which is so well described by Philip Guedalla as “the queer existence of those fish out of water who were convinced that they could teach...
The Recipe Says It's Delicious

MARY HOYE

... The recipe says it's delicious. I don't know what the matter. Maybe I wasn't in harmony with the cosmic urge that day. Or maybe I put in too much flour. Anyway that cake was a flop. I don't know what else you could call it. Of course, I suppose I shouldn't have attempted an angel cake when I never had made any kind of cake in my life. But just as if everything happened that day. I'd no sooner got the bowls out and the flour sifted when the telephone rang. It always rings when there's no one but me around to answer it. And I can't let it ring. Curiosity, I guess. Anyway, it was Flora. And you know what Flora is like when you can't beat her at anything. I told her I had a cake under way and I'd have to call her back later. She was puffed and said if a cake could come between us, our friendship was at an end. I laughed and she hung up the receiver. Expected an apology, I guess. I went back and reinforced the flour and started whipping up the egg whites. A dozen eggs it takes. Real extravagant of me in these times. But I thought what a surprise it would be to the family. And it was. Only not a pleasant one, unfortunately. I was just adding the sugar "which has been filtered several times with cream of tartar and salt," when the grocer's boy came. He'd forgotten the Chispoo and I'd overlooked ordering lemon to flavour the cake. Just as he was going out the door to get them, I remembered the beer bottles. Seems he couldn't find them in the cellar and I had to go down and get them. We spent about fifteen minutes looking, when I recalled Hank putting them in the garage. Those bottles would make a tidy credit on the bill. When I finally got back to the egg

The MITRE

FEBRUARY, 1940

O.T.C.

If you must be an optimist and seek the silver lining of the war cloud which hangs over our heads. I suggest that you will find the proof of the proverb in the U. B. C. C. O. T. C. In former times the unit was on fifty or sixty men and the officers considered themselves fortunate if they could report sixty percent of their men present at the weekly roll call. Under this system it was easy to keep accurate records. Now, the headquarters would assign a series of Permanent Force Instructors, each of whom would try to teach the same material in a different way, with the result that aspiring A certificate candidates acquired a very confused knowledge of certain subjects, and were totally unprepared on others. Presumably the units would make a fairly creditable showing at inspection, the band would render the general salute without discord, and both officers and men were quite pleased with themselves.

Thus came the war, and with it the reminiscences of the O.T.C. Le. Col. the Hon. H. McGrigor, president of the O.T.C., and Col. M. W. McCaully, commanding officer of the unit, made immediate arrangements for a larger, more efficient unit, and soon, inflated with patriotic enthusiasm—and with the prospect of dropping a diversity course—eighteen officers, and immediately set to work learning the new streamlined drill which the British War Office had designed to cope with "Blackleg" warfare. Gone were the instructors of the past, S. M. F. Savard, Cpl. "Smugly" Richards, Lieut. Hodgson and Major Campbell; and in their stead were Lieuts. G. R. Bowers, S. M. F. Savard, and Lieut. A. B. Bowes of the 11th Infantry Regiment, permanently assigned to us as chief instructor, with S. M. F. Bouchard, "a Double "You Have Won" from the R.C.R.'s," as his assistant. Gone too was that peremptory military bands, the band, though one of the biggest retained in action on long-power supplied by Cadet Lindsay.

Ed Parker was promoted to the position of Student Commanding Officer, Bill Campbell, as Adjutant, set to work trying to straighten out the mess that he and Craig had made the year before in the Orderly Room. And with Platoon Sergeant, Hugh MacKenzie, as his right hand, the recipe drill, the artillerymen make a weekly visit to the "Five-four Howis" in the Sherbrooke Arena, and the machine-gunners have at last secured a "Vickers," so that practical work, thought somewhat limited, is progressing favourably.

Looking ahead we foresee more notation to freshen up the course on time; more drilling; more crouching; the inspection; the platoon competition; pay parade (we hope); the examination results; and then, of course, Mr. Savard would have it, "Some day we will be leaders of men."
Socialized Medicine In The United States

The business of medicine is one of the major industries of any country. In the United States alone there are employed over a million people (physicians, dentists, pharmacists, nurses, etc.), and involved in the annual national expenditure of over three and one-half billions of dollars—thirty dollars per person. The medical care of the people, however, varies widely from one economic level of the population to another; a large percentage is not paying enough to secure adequate medical attention, and many are not in the position to furnish money necessary for the average medical care required. Not only are these facts true, but sickness is not evenly proportioned among all classes of people. In general, the lower the individual is in the economic scale, the greater are his chances to be ill. To sum up, a very large section of society is unable to pay the average cost of medical care, and these are the very people who need it most.

The actual care received by the various layers of people in society deserves looking into. Studies show that families with an income of $10,000 receive the medical attention necessary, and that from this economic level down, the amount of care received falls off progressively. The poor, who suffer most from illness, receive the least attention. Here is a problem to tax all man’s ingenuity.

One of the first attempts to meet this problem practically was prior to 1912, in Bayor University Hospital at Dallas. They put into force a plan whereby hospital bills could be covered for certain groups of the population on an annual subscription basis. Again in 1931, two physicians in Little Rock, Arkansas, put their life savings into a model fifty-bed hospital. They offered full medical service at two dollars per person a month, or five dollars per family a month. They now serve 5,000 people. New York City has a “Five Cents a Day Plan” whereby people obtain the requisite medical attention. They have a growing membership of 1,000,000 people. In Los Angeles, the Ross-Loo clinic, operated by a group of sixty physicians, provides all care needed at the cost of $2.50 a month. In 1929, at Elk City, Oklahoma, a group subscribed to build their own hospital and to operate it on an annual payment agreement, to provide them with all medical facilities required. So successful have these experiments been, that the state is beginning to see in this new organization of medicine a solution to accomplish medical efficiency within its borders. State-wide programs have been set up in Boston, Atlanta, New Jersey, and North Carolina. Furthermore, group hospitalization plans are in operation in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, New Orleans, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, New Haven, and Buffalo. The whole United States seems to be taking these ideas to its heart.

The Bureau of Co-operative Medicine in New York furnishes a center for the stimulation of efforts of this kind. It has had a hard struggle to make any headway because, from the very beginning, the American Medical Association was opposed to these radical changes. Doctors who supported it were spectral from membership in the Association. Gradually, as more physicians and leading ones at that, thwarted the A. M. A. and made these new ideas work successfully, the Association began to look into the matter earnestly. Until two years ago the A. M. A. could count on 120,000 physicians to back it up in its attitude, which was one of extreme hostility towards socialized medicine. In 1937, however, they investigated the thought of 2,200 physicians in every walk of their service. They found that very many members were not opposed to changes in the existing condition of medical organization, and were giving serious and constructive thought to the need for such changes. Also they discovered that the problems were so involved that, for the successful outcome of a solution, the whole-hearted co-operation of the entire profession was needed. Such co-operation is under way. Throughout all these changes in the medical care of the people, the American Medical Association has undergone a very gradual transformation in its organization of medicine, and its opposition against the advancement of socialized medicine is slowly vanishing.

What is socialized medicine, and why is it supplanting the present medical organization?

This new trend in medicine is simply buying health on the installment plan. This is achieved by medical co-operatives which fall into three groups: those run by a group of doctors on the monthly payment plan, but for profit; those run by a membership in an institution, with salaries fixed for physicians connected to it; and institutions run under state control, and supported financially by taxes and by individual payments.

Under this new system public health is better—there is an improved relationship between doctor and patient. He comes to his physician as soon as he feels unwell because he is neither in the position to ask charity, or to pay a bill in view of the interview. Also for the same reason the doctor reaches more people, and can use preventive medicine more effectively. Also medicine can do its job more efficiently because the doctors have pooled resources. Each one has at
Thaw

Procrastination fumbles
Every friend
Of forest-snow; across
The frozen pond
The plane of sunlight scrapes
Concealment thin,
On north banks cuts away
Each railfan.
The teeth of April chumbles:
In the mud,
Razing history where
A footstep stood;
The crushed tunnels tag
Beneath the weight
Of sun; the brittle drifts
Dissolve.
Abrupt, the cables
Of the landscape lapsed,
The hidden girders
Of the front collapse
And like a blast of gold,
A claxon,
A thousand startled waters
Take the sun.

Ralph Gustafson.

She Who Runs

I have read in another testament,
And this one, Youth's; you wrote it and I read:
I have received a new sad sacrament;
For which you poured the wine and broke the bread.

Break me your bread, pour me your stinging wine;
Let my lips learn the heresy of yours:
Tomorrow's answer to last night's design
Is a dress echo, and a scent that soars.

Let no crumb fall, let over-spill no drop,
While the flame-feathered heels of Magic pass.
For at the dawn, when flute and fiddle stop,
All will be melted wax and broken glass.

What so empty? Why, a wasted kiss.
Lo, what so vain as love? The want of this:

Neil Tracy.

FEBRUARY, 1940

faces gradually began to turn towards the platform, await-
ing the signal for dead silence. Five minutes before the zero hour the order came. The room was never more silent when undisturbed: A rat scrambled quickly across the flooring under the stage—probably half starved like the rest of us. One of the officers paced down the aisle, periodically glanc-
ing at his watch and following the slightest movement of every limb in the hall, if a pin had dropped all of us would have been deafened for life. Those last five or four minutes of dead silence played on our nerves; all waiting for the dreadful silence to be broken by a thundering voice from the speakers. The first few words from those speakers would tell us either our own fate, or perhaps that of some of our nearby relatives. The seconds ticked by like hours, and the minutes passed like days—then the college bell began to ring again—from the distance it seemed—it warned the officers that there was but a minute to go.

Suddenly everything began to shake and I felt as though I had been brutally tied to some sort of vibrating machine—"Hey you, get up, we close this joint at 2:00 a.m."

WILDER PENFIELD

"Jerry!"—Her voice! He knew it was her voice. Calling him gently, yet seemingly from a great distance. The wind howled through his hair as he looked around in the dark-
ness. Where was she? Why, he had just left her a few minutes ago. She had asked him to go on without her. She must have caught up with him. He felt relieved; yet wor-
ed. Again he turned his face into the dust-laden tornado, as they sped on and on across the plain. He had looked forward to this day for years, but now that it was here he was more than a little nervous. The wind had grown so strong now that he had to bend very low to keep from being blown away. The noise was deafening. There was something rhythmic about it, rather like horses at full gal-
lop. At times the roaring of the wind almost drowned it but he never lost the sensation of a regular pounding beat that seemed at times to be within him—as much a part of him as the throbbing of his own heart. He heard her calling, again in a voice more reproachful than alarmed, but he waved her back. He had to have a little more time to himself.

They had been married that day. It was a beautiful wed-
ing—the fitting culmination of a beautiful courtship.
All Kansas City was talking about it. A perfectly matched couple, fated and photographed, envied and emulated, with all eyes pointing to a happy existence together. Jerry had an excellent position and an admirable record. The future looked bright for the couple, but now in his mind there was this shadow over it all.

Why had Granger brought up the subject of his fath-

er's insanity this afternoon. Jerry's father had spent the last eight years of his life in a sanatorium, but that kind of insanity was not hereditary, was it? Wasn't Granger's mo-
tive for the allusion simply bitter jealousy? The marriage had been a great blow to the other man's pride and aspira-
tions. Surely his vindictive suspicions were just the ma-
tichments of a tortured mind. Still, there was the bare possibility that he might be right.

He wondered if those very same thoughts had not arisen in the minds of her parents. Had they not looked a little
Equipment

Harness and other equipment, flimsily held together with haywire and binder twine, can get you into a deal of trouble. There is a tendency for things to disintegrate when the going is particularly rough.

Good equipment for successful living is the habit of thrift and financial foresight, most easily acquired by putting money in the bank regularly. Moral: Establish a savings account now with a small deposit — and add to it faithfully each month.

The ROYAL BANK of CANADA
STUDENTS' ACCOUNTS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME AT ANY OF OUR BRANCHES

The CHALLENGE of CHALLENGER

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The round model — a stainless steel case, that is waterproof, shockproof, and non-magnetic.

The link bracelet watch has a stainless steel case, protected winder, and durable steel bracelet of smart appearance.

Birks

FEBRUARY, 1940

A New Height In Pessimism

It was a dark wet night: one of those February thaws that always comes when life is at its gloomiest. The weather had been this way ever since the war had ended, helping all the while to more and more deepen the grief of the conquered.

All was quiet except for the constant patter of melted drops of snow striking the eaves of the cloister roof; the buildings creaked and groaned while the atmosphere about the grounds presented a dismal and represing spectacle.

The college bell began clanging out a persuasive summons to the unfortunate and weary inmates, calling them to convocation hall. Silently the students filed through the cloisters and up the stairs leading to the place of meeting—but something was wrong. They seemed to have lost the old spirit which had once existed way back in the days before the war. All the old traditions of the college were lost and gone—possibly for ever; and the students knew it. The war had lasted two and a half years; few of us could remember what it had been like before the war; we couldn’t recollect just how people acted, what they did besides army and airforce work; in fact we had become so used to conditions they seemed to us that we never stopped to think about how pleasant a lasting peace could be. Even now that the war was over peace was not for us; to us it only meant greater misery and greater privations than ever before.

Slowly the students marched into the large hall, hardly a dozen spoke or smiled (or perhaps I should say grins) were the exclusive luxuries of the officers in whose care we were. High above the principal’s chair hung a tremendous banner—square, black and ugly. In its center was the eternal swastika. On either side of the platform stood two military police looking very ignorant but exceedingly important. They reminded me very much of the speedcoops who once kept law and order on our Canadian highways; but the uniforms were of another colour, and the features of our highway police were not nearly so ugly and brutal in appearance.

Day and night we lived in terror wondering what was to become of us. We knew that we probably wouldn’t be allowed to continue our studies much longer; and tonight we had been herded here into the hall to listen to another radio broadcast from Herr Himmler himself. He was to speak from Montreal where he had instituted his temporary headquarters while making his decision as to what was to be done with regard to the future rule and discipline of Canada.

Tonight he would speak on something which would perhaps directly concern us; we never knew, but we were always obliged to listen to him.

William Jones

Roll was called, and since there was yet another half hour or so before the Fuehrer was due to start his speech, we were allowed to converse quietly amongst ourselves. Topics of conversation were, that day, all concentrated on a youth by the name of Dick Gregory; he had come to us last fall and was in the second term of his first year. He had been too young to enter the army, as were the rest of us, and had come to college until such time as he would be permitted to join up with the Canadian forces. He was only sixteen, had a cheerful countenance, a most pleasant personality, and had more than once proved himself a popular leader amongst the fellows.

In truth I cannot tell the whole story in detail for I was not a witness to the brutal atrocity of his end. It seems that poor Dick was in the village yesterday to see the doctor; he had received a special permit to do so earlier in the day from the college gestapo officer. While on his way back from the doctor’s he met one of the street patrols who stopped him and asked him for his permit—he produced it, but something about Dick’s demeanour must have displeased the patrolmen for they instructed him to report back to them at headquarters that evening. As far as the fellows seem to know he left the ground at the appointed time, and nothing more was heard of him till this morning when they found his battered, frozen, body lying in the snow on the campus. But that had not been the first such incident—I can name at least five others who, in the past three weeks, have either suffered similar fates or have disappeared altogether. We are still thankful to be in the college because we are not bothered much by local m.p’s. The police are busy in the town itself, and violent brutal incidents are occurring there daily; incidents provoked by the swastika bearing police themselves.

On all the billboards are posted new regulations as set up by our local gestapo headquarters. The college itself has become nothing much less than a temporary prison to us—but one we are safe in the cage when the lion is outside. All lectures have been halted by orders from local authorities until such time as it will be possible to supply us with new textbooks. We all expect to have to learn our history over again—probably a new history contrived by the unlimited imagination of our dear Führer. Few of us are worrying about it though, because—well we mightn’t even be alive tomorrow.

The moment when Herr Himmler’s voice was to boom forth, from the loudspeakers scattered about the hall, was fast approaching. The low murmur of chattering students was becoming still lower as the time approached. Grim
The little man turned away, crushing the note in one hand and his cap in the other. His shoulders shook and there was no sound. When he had shed nothing and the tears rolled down his cheeks as though an eternity of penitent courage and silence had suddenly ended and he felt cold, hopeless, alone.

Argyll thought the taxi would never reach Putney. In the evening traffic, unlike the ambulances, it was forced to stop frequently and for minutes at a time. What would he say? He looked scurvily at an address written on a crumpled envelope: Mrs. Martin, 69 Paradise St., Putney. He had looked at it dozens of times before, but it gave no answer to his questions.

Argyll left the taxi at the end of Paradise Street—it would seem indecent to enter that street other than walking. When he had found the house he was looking for, there was no answer to his knock, except that a woman's head emerged from a window across the road to remark that "she ain't 'ome yet." So the whole street knew, the empty narrow street, the tall front of identical houses, blind windows: a pathetically disfigured squaller.

When he returned for the seventh time the street was dark except for a single lamp at its far end. His footsteps echoed wildly. The sound of his knock seemed almost sacrilegious. Then there came the sound of someone moving in the dark front room and the door was opened by a small boy. Argyll stepped into the front room which was twilit by the face facing him. The boy had disappeared without a word to the visitor and shut the door in general.

"I want to see Mrs. Martin." The half-light darkened as a man's form filled the doorway, and a gentle voice said: "It's him, Maggy. Come in, mate." Then the man disappeared.

The lighted room was the kitchen, a small low-cellinged room almost filled by a stove and a large round table. On the table were two cups and a pot of tea. Facing each other were the Cockney and a very young woman who had rested her elbows on the table and was blankly observing the points of light on the teapot.

"It's him, Maggy." She raised her eyes and extended a limp hand. Argyll sat down, suddenly realizing what an incongruous contrast his evening clothes made with the woman's.

"She knows, mate. I got 'ome at an hour ago."

"I tried to find your wife but couldn't. Now that she knows, there is nothing more for me to do," and turning to the woman, "I just want to say how sorry I am, how much I feel for you."

She broke, sat, was Maggy. Speak louder.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Martin, that this should have happened." But by raising his voice he seemed to have desired the last drop of sympathy from the words, so that they sounded stereotyped and shallow—almost bitter.

Suddenly theateness and pity of it all engulfed him; the brown teapot, the white scarf still knotted about the Cockney's throat, the blank stupefaction in the woman's eyes, her great bulk shapeliness with the sorrow that transcends tears, the pathetic consoliation to be found in two cups of tea. They only felt the pain dully. It numbed them because they had suffered so much pain before. They no longer tried to find a reason for it or even took the trouble to cry out against the injustice of it.

He stammered: "I must be going—friends waiting for me." He rose, shook hands, stumbled as he crossed the dark front room. He turned when the Cockney said: "Thanks for all you've done," and heard soft weeping.

"It's only young Bert, ain't it did.""

"I didn't mean to stay." And a choked voice. The boy was standing by the door.

"Cheer up, Bert. Alf's all right," and Argyll. He mumbled, "If I can help at all . . ." and the door closed.

A week later Argyll walked up the same street in spring sunlight. He heard a blackbird singing, a rare phenomenon in Putney. He knocked, waited, and received no answer. Knocked again. Suddenly a window crashed up and a strained man's voice shouted:

"What the 'ell do you mean by makin' such a bloody row?" and added with unreasonable petulance. "D'you know I was sleepin'?

He looked up. It was the little Cockney, a collarette stuck down to his neck, hair towelled, face unshaven.

"Oh, it's you, is it? Well, what do you want?"

"I just came to ask whether Alf was all right.""E's all right.""The window crashed down.

"I will walk slowly back along a street that had suddenly become dark and ugly.
Paradise Street

The boat race was over. The hawkers had packed up their wares some time since, but a five-piece brass band was still hard at work, for money-hungry charmers. Outside the Star and Garter a knot of the silent curious had gathered around a man straped to the window who was performing feats of strength. He was a man of immense size, groans musculari, his back humped like a bow that is too tightly strung, his skin a dark colour such as the sun could not have produced at that time of the year. Otherwise the crowds had melted leaving behind only trampled newspapers and rude remarks chalked on the road above the Hard. They were best upon the black pavement and from the various boat-clubs came the confused tumult that goes with beer. Argyll walked slowly along the road above the river trying to overcome a sense of dejection and emptiness. Then he remembered he had no lunch and walked up to Putney High Street.

The little Cockney was standing on the very edge of the pavement across the road. He wore a cloth cap of battered design and a white scarf was knotted at his throat. He was going across the road, with a look of fear and pride. He was too much focused at infinity. It was strange that he should just stand there as though there were no care possible before his eyes, as though there were not a constant stream of people jostling behind him. Strange too that the small boy about whose shoulders he had his arm crooked should be there, rubbing his face and resting his head against the immobile window-pane. He was the ubiquitous cockerel of about twelve years, in shorts and sweater, his socks accroched over the tops of ragged black boots. Argyll crossed the road.

"Yes, but have you called a taxi?"

The Cockney was going to say "I haven't the money," but checked himself, so that he merely said "No, gooner." It was not far to the hospital. The little man said nothing until after the boy had been laid on a table in a dark room. Then he and Argyll walked out into the hall.

"Cigarette?"

"Thanks, mate."

There was silence for a bit. The little Cockney gazed thoughtfully on the concrete pavement from which the sun shimmied. Occasionally he blew the ash off his cigarette without removing it from his lips. Suddenly he seemed to remember something and clutched his cap from his head thus revealing the pate of a man who always wears headgear except when in bed. As he spoke he crunched and twisted the cap in his hands.

"I'd been asleep an' hour," he said, the cigarette in the corner of his mouth jinking up and down spasmodically, "workin' all night on a twelve hour shift, when in ru'n young Bert cryn'. So I cufs 'im for wakin' me. 'Alf's 'urt 'is eye,' says quick-like. 'We was in the yard and my stick broke 'is glass.' So I jumps up from the couch and looks out the window and there's Mr. Green from across the street, and Bert cryn'. So I brings 'im out to the road where you see us. Oh, I don't know what is 'mother will say. 'E's out workin' and I don't know about it till the neighbours tell 'er.' And in an afterthought "Then I'll get what for."

They went back into the darkened room. The doctor had just come in. The boy was sobbing softly, without tears, from fear rather than pain. The doctor examined the eye, and said to the little Cockney.

"I'm afraid we can do nothing for him here. You will have to take him to the London Ophthalmic."

Argyll had often wondered what it would be like to drive through the five o'clock London traffic in broad daylight. But the actual experience left little impression except one of speed, of a clustering bell, and of chiselpoint streets seen through dark purple glass. At the Ophthalmic there was another long wait. Neither of them could understand the excitement of the small boy and of the doctors, thinking how lonely it must be there, returned to the darkened room. The boy tried to sit up, started to cry again and the father comforted him with a fierce gentleness. Then the boy slept.

As through the doctor's came. He removed the bandage, and after a cursory examination, said, without change of facial expression, "The eye is seriously injured. I am not sure whether we can save the sight of it."

The Cockney turned to the boy and said softly, "You're goin' to be all right, Alf," Then: "The wife will be comin' 'one morn and won't know where I am. Then I'll get what fear. You go and tell 'er, mate. I don't mind being alone now. You go and tell 'er. I'll be 'ome when I can."

"They were standing in a corner out of the pool dropped from the shaded light. There was the crackle of a banknote, and "You'll be needing something to get home with."
FEBRUARY, 1940

The N.F.C.U.S. and the C.S.A.

Fifteen years ago the National Federation of Canadian University Students was formed; two years ago the Canadian Student Assembly came into being. Both believed in nationalizing Canadian student activity; each had a different conception of the method to be used, and the two successfully voided one another by duplication of function on the one hand and disagreement concerning organization on the other. Either one must live and the other die, or both be fused into a single body if the movement to establish student activity on a national scale is to come into its own; competition is all right in its place, but its place is not here, for if all students are to work together there can be no great division of aim and interest with one half waging a silent war against the other and one organization claiming to be national when another and hostile body is making the same claim with the same degree of insincerity.

The facts of the case are plain. The N.F.C.U.S. contends that true representation involves responsibility and that only a member of the Students’ Council of a university, elected by the student body and responsible to it, can have the real powers to negotiate and decide on its behalf. Moreover, in a true federation there should be one member with one vote; no university by virtue of its size or relative wealth ought to be more fully represented than any other or have more power in the formation of a policy which is to apply nationally. And also, for the sake of efficiency, a small conference is preferable to a mass assembly where many voices are heard but none remembered and where speech is deemed more important than action. The C.S.A., on the other hand, holds the opposite view in each case, leaning to the Swiss conception of democracy in which the whole people rather than elected representatives take part in national deliberations, and maintaining that a single representative, though he be of the Students’ Council, is not fully qualified to speak for all the interest groups on a campus and that restricting membership to one delegate from each university is narrowing the effective scope of the organization. It also contends apparently, that should one university be unable to send more than one delegate and thus be at a disadvantage in the deliberations of the general assembly, it is no concern of Canadian students as a whole, but rather the misfortune of the university concerned. It seemingly believes also, that it is more important for students from all parts of the Dominion to get together and talk rather than assemble to accomplish something, and that a more assembly is therefore preferable to a small executive meeting.

This, in brief, is the relationship between the N.F.C.U.S. and the C.S.A. The first is an official executive; the last, an unofficial assembly. The first stresses action; the last, discussion. One is a federation; the other, a mixture of the unitary and the federal. And each is designed to nationalize Canadian student life.

At the last biennial meeting of the N.F.C.U.S., held in Montreal from December 27-30, a Co-operation Committee was set up to investigate the grounds upon which an effective scheme for cooperation could be built. The C.S.A. sent delegates with a view to arriving at some mutually acceptable decision; but, as was consistent with their general policy, these delegates had no power to come to any decision at all and the whole joint conference fizzled into a mere bantering of words and high-sounding phrases, which meant nothing, until short fatigue came to the rescue. The N.F.C.U.S. Committee, however, when left to itself, evolved a plan which was as near a perfect compromise as could be found, incorporating into one organization the best features of each and deleting those which were weak or unsound. This plan was submitted to the C.S.A. and an expression of their opinion requested. It was only too obvious that they could no longer hold out on grounds of principle for their whole idea of larger representation had been adopted and improved upon by a recommendation that the various Students’ Councils be enlarged by one member to include a representative of campus interest groups and that this member attend from time to time a special conference of interest group representatives under the aegis of the Federation. Thus they would be able to talk all they liked, as in the Canadian Student Assembly, and yet not interfere with the work of the actual executive which would still remain of the single official representatives from the various councils, as in the N.F.C.U.S. Should the interest groups decide upon a plan of action they could submit it to the executive which would ratify and help implement it. The Federation would be official, responsible, and representative to a higher degree than has yet been attained in either organization, and the only objection the C.S.A. could possibly have to the scheme would be in the matter of control. Who would now be boss? Someone would have to step aside, and loss of power is to some people too great a sacrifice for improvement of the general welfare. Should the C.S.A. object, it is only because their executive does not relish the thought of losing its autonomy and its control. It may harm one or two individuals, but it would be of inestimable value to Canadian students as a whole.
tired the barracks where I met several pipers and under- went a painful auricular experience, witnessing four pipers practicing at top long in a room hardly the size of an ordi- nary living-room. The princesses were in residence at this time and I accompanied the pipers when they played in the main lobby of the castle to the royalty and guests upstairs. I hid behind a statue to avoid incidents. This was followed by a beer-drinking bout with the soldiers, the losing of my way in the dark castle grounds and the passing of the night in a hayloft, situated immediately above a stable. I need not expand on this last complication.

Next day I cycled to Inverness, crossing the highest part of the highlands, in the neighbourhood of Tomintoul. I would walk several miles up and up, and then cycle down at break-neck speed as many miles on the other side. Great care was often hard to keep on the narrow roads roughly paved and uneven.

About this time I had my first flat tire. Though I had passed this test also in scouting, I was unable to try my ability in this field-inasmuch as I had neglected to buy a repair kit. So I walked downhill some five miles until I met a fellow-cyclist who had compassion on my plight and neatly set things to right.

In Inverness I spent the night on a hardwood floor—and no pillow—not so exhilarating. Wair was declared soon after I left Inverness; so I determined to reach London as soon as possible and gather my wits. To increase my progress I hitch-hiked, cycle and all, in the van of a slow, journey Scotch freight train, some 30 miles. Hence to Loch Lomond. Here, tiring of sleeping in burns, I called at the nearest castle and requested to sleep in a rain-proof shed. I was fortunate in being received as a guest of the family and put up ex- cellently. Of such is rugged Scotch hospitality.

On to Linlithgow, where lived the girl I met in St. An- drews, her father owning one of the largest fleets of ferries in Britain. Injecting a little method into my madness I was able to secure a ride the next day to Nottinghamshire—some 140 miles. I spent one night on the truck—trying to reduce the disproportion of my frame to the length of the cab.

Returning leg-witcheting I proceeded to Newark and Der- bshire. In a country mansion in Derby, where I stayed with friends, I was interested in meeting the present Lord Byron; hardly the romantic character of the past, but an amusing gentleman. With no desire to claim any affinity with the poet. He spends his time looking after the little village church at Thrumpton, his present seat. I also met several young people of histori- cal interest, granddaughters of the Duke of Grafton, who is a direct descendant of our amiable Charles II and the Duchi- ess of Cleveland. In this pleasant group of English aristoc- racy at tea-time there was nothing to suggest the grim war which was at hand. And on via Rugby by train to London.

Arrived in the nerve-centre of the Empire, I found that no chances of a passage were likely for a month or more, so I set out again on my wanderings. I visited Banbury, Cross, Stratford-upon-Avon, and Birmingham. In this last named I was taken all over the Cadbury plant at Bourneville and was much impressed by the provision made for the comfort, safety and recreation of the workers, including a music hall. On to Wolverhampton (birthplace of my faith- ful cycle—I treated myself in a glass of beer and the cycle to the local brewery. But often returned to the Pub, the Free Stratford and Manchester. Midway between the two last cities I was cycling along dimly in the rain, with thoughts far removed and giving in to my instinctive tendency to hold to the right of the road when I suddenly heard a clash of steel and the squalling of breaks, and to London. I attempted to observe I had been hit by a car and lay on the pavement. Thanks to the height of myself and bicycle and to the smallness of English cars I had fallen on top of the Austin, rather than underneath (much rather) and then crashed to the ground. I was shaken up considerably (doubtless I needed this) and had gashed open my knee quite painfully. I cycled on however, having thanked the driver of the car, in true English indifferent fashion. Later he drove back and offered to drive me to Manchester. I accepted his offer and promptly strained my arm as I had to hold the cycle on top of the car through the roof.

On to Blackpool, definitely a black-pool now, with its glistening tower and endless dazzle of lights bowing to the blackout. On to Liverpool via Southport, a pleasant seaside resort. Here I cycled through the Mersey tunnel to Birkenhead. There is much to be said for Birkenhead Isles. I might add here a recipe for thirst for the penny- pinched traveller. When troubled in this way I made a point of visiting the nearest brewery, expressing a greater interest in chemistry (of which I know next to nothing) and asking to be shown the works of the brewery. After an hour or so of touring one is invariably invited to partake of the company's best, and there you are.

Having regained some strength which I had no desire to claim any affinity with the poets. He spends his time looking after the little village church at Thrumpton, February, 1940

night ferries are running. On board were the draped caskets of two Belgian victims of the "Courageous." A special per- mit, therefore, to sail Ireland now and we delayed four hours at the pier in Liverpool for customs.

Well, here we are in Ireland. I think I noticed most in Belfast was the almost haunting presence of so many prime girls. I was not impressed, though I have even seen a girl in my eye. A woman is seen through the window of the Phenomenon. The Irish here seem fond of shandy—a mixture of beer and lemon- juice. Um!

On through Donegal—wild and beautiful country. These are the areas most frequented by the Baltimore--the road gone one to B. A. injunctions blazed into the pavement. Such as: "Up, Ireland, England's trouble is our chance," etc. The sign-ports are in both Irish and English. The child at school in Eire must learn all subjects, even foreign languages, through the medium of Irish. List- ening to Irish poetry recited to me by an attractive Irish schoolgirl, I found unsuspected virtues in this Gaelic tongue.

On to Limerick where I visited the closely-guarded Ardsenahurr power-dam on the Shannon river. Through Ardsenahurr came the Killaloe Loughs and lakes and is beyond the power of words to describe. Even when seen on a rainy evening, it is truly breath-taking in its beauty. Between Killaloe and Cork I encountered floods and had to play horse to my cycle and lug it on my shoulder through precarious, flood-threatened places. I often cycled through three feet of water. The virtue of shows becomes evident in predicaments such as these. I called at Blarney Castle and kissed the stone with due propriety. I learned afterwards that I kissed the back-side of the designated spot. What effect this may have on my future character I can not say.

By this time I was seasoned to cycling and could do 100 miles a day without discomfort, save for the odd blister, here and there. Dublin marked the end of my wild Irish adventure. As I might within reason be expected I had be- come very thirsty at this stage, so I made a point of visit- ing two famous Dublin institutions—Guinness brewery (largest in the world) and Power's distillery. I need no more here. I visited many churches in Dublin and the famous Phoenix Park. Among others was St. Patrick's Cathedral which housed Dean Swift. Trinity College is noted for its library in which I saw the famous Bodleian Bells.

On the ferry back to Holyhead in Wales we had to wearibelts. It was a dismal crossing, rough, and with almost everyone seasick. Even smoking was forbidden on deck as a black-out. Shortly...

I stayed in Bangor for a day and saw Snowden and Carnarvon Castle. On through Bettyst-y-Coed to London. As I was looking out, I noticed that the sign-marking of the border consisted in a sign saying: "This is the first chance to get a drink in England." Without question.

I arrived home by train just before the fighting started. I was not able to see the engagement of a man walking beside me. Bumping into a typical public-house. The general feeling to the war is one of calm determination.

On through Shrewsbury, Ludlow, Hereford, Gloucester and Bath. In this part of England military activity is most prominent. In Bath I encountered a large company of soldiers, which was moving north towards Birmingham. I am not aware at all how long the war will go on. However, I am sure it will end sooner or later.

When I reached London this time I was able to book passage on the U. S. liner Washington. I stayed in London a few days waiting to sail. It is a revelation to walk about mighty London in a blackout. I have been starkly able to see the sights of a great land walking beside me. Bumping into telephone booths, leaping out of the way of slinking cars and crashing into luxum Jewels makes blackouts a risky, if possibly amusing recreation. There is much street discus- sions as to the real necessity of the complete blackout. When I left the hospitals were crowded with blackout casualties.

So to Southampton and en route for home. We called at Le Verdon, port of Bordeaux, where it was very warm, being nearly in Spain.

The boc was overcrowded with refugees, German Jews, Poles, French, Spanish, Chinese, etc. After several voyages on a small cargo boat a passage on a liner was not unpleasant, though it lacked the smack of real sea life. We were able to dance every night in the salon which had its points, considering the varied group on board. Arrived in New York to spend a few days and spent a week, rather than a day, as I had planned.

To conclude, I went by bus to Montreal, and there, hav- ing exhausted completely my pecuniary resources, I found it possible to hitch-hike to Bishop's, which I did forthwith.
vision of "Horror, with tresses dipped in gore," and had their sensibility stimulated by the artificial woe of hero and heroine. Times change: the stable society of the eighteenth century is thrown into a state of flux by the industrial revolution and the repeal of the Corn Laws; family fortunes decline, and some member seeks to repair his individual lot by emigration to the New World, taking a few books from the family library as souvenirs. The twentieth century, in its characteristic house-giver way to the apartments, space becomes limited, and the accumulations of the past, those visible links that bind the present generation to its precursors, must be swept away to make room for the necessities of modern life, the radio and the bridge-table, and for the later "Anxiety Adversus," or "Go ahead With the Wind," and so the Rival Rons decline from the pride of the shelf to junk, and is disposed of for a few cents, to find its way to the Montreal bargain-counter and ultimately to my shelf and a new status as a relic of a by-gone age and a defence literary fashion, and as a reminder of the changes in the world and in society since Napoleon was brought to bay at Leipzig and people travelled in chariots and crossed the Atlantic under sail.

These speculations, however, are purely imaginative, and the book has a further challenge to the use of the logical and deductive faculties. Here is a volume which has existed for a hundred and twenty years, and travelled from London to Lennoxville. During that lapse of time and journeying it must surely have accumulated some marks and signs indicative of its individual fortunes, which may be read by a trained eye and intelligent mind. "You know my methods, Watson. Apply them." The book, so the title-page states, was "printed for the author," from which may be deduced the fact that he was of independent means, or at least sufficiently solvent to undertake such a business of expensive work.

There is of course another possibility, that Her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Rutland may have been so flattered at the inscription of this tale of gore (plain "blood") as unthinkably in connection with the poem and horror that the made such a substantial acknowledgment as to provide for publication. It was to be sold by J. J. Stockdale, again on the authority of the title-page. But there are no visible indications that a sale to a private purchaser ever occurred, nothing to show that it was bought by a befebbled gentleman and read by ringleted gentlemen. The volume bears no crest on its leather binding, no book-plate or owner's name on its fly-leaf, there is about it no jot of evidence of private ownership. One fact does keep the eye, the back has faded almost to the natural hue of its leather, while the boards retain the vivid green of their pristine colouring. Even Dr. Watson, or the present writer, can infer that the book has spent more time on the shelf than in actual use. The conviction grows, deepened by a glance at the contents, that it never found a buyer, but remained on Stockdale's shelf until it became a bookseller's remnant, and as such passed from hand to hand until it arrived in St. Catharine's Street, to be picked up for a song. If that were so, at least no poetic feelings have been wounded by this particular volume, no malicious humour tickled by such gems as, "A knight, upon his saddle reared, Delt around his deathless sword; Where'er his prancing charger trod, His was many a valiant deed; His weapon many a hero gored, And victory waited on his nod."

But whatever its fortunes during the past century, one fact is clear—the book has become an antique. And that is why I like to take it from its place, not to re-read (Heaven forbid) but just to handle and let the actual physical contact with its fading back and yellowing pages carry me back in imagination to that epoch-making year when Napoleon stood at bay in Germany and Canadians along the St. Lawrence, when victories and defeat, victories and tragedies, crowned the story.

FEBRUARY, 1940

Incidents On A Recent Jaunt Abroad

"DOC" MEADE

I was fortunate in that only one calf was born during my watch. I demonstrated the vastness of my knowledge of these affairs by being quite unable to know which cow to congratulate.

The boat docked in Glasgow where I loaded the cattle a non-too-tender farewell. Though the captain kicked us all off without ceremony on arrival, I sneaked back and stayed on board several days, using the room of a friend of mine, an engineer who worked at night.

By this time I had bought my bicycle and accessories and, with a light heart, I set out for Edinburgh. I had not cycled for some years and I had considerable luggage, so that halfway there (a mere 21 miles)—my legs locked, leaving me in the uncomfortable position of the centre of the road. After what seemed ages I struggled painfully to the side of the road, fell generically from my machine and relied on the soil. I reached Edinburgh that night mostly because the last 20 miles were predominately down-grade.

From there I entered Fife and that night made use of the knowledge gleaned from many years as a boy scout. I spent the evening in a girl's guide's camp, singing choice songs to them at the campfire and leaving late next morning with an excited idea of the Scotch lassies' conception of 'gleaning.'

I might state that I carried with me a sleeping-bag that enabled me to sleep on the back of the car, thus saving the possibility of existence. I visited historic St. Andrews and attended a town dance. With one exception, the girls considered me an impossibly dancer. However, the exception was sufficient unto the evening and I remember it with much relish.

On north to Aberdeen via Montrose. At the latter place I searched in vain for a castle, which apparently doesn't exist, however, I found a brewery, which has its ramifications. Aberdeen is definitely beautiful, the city of silks and botches. I went swimming in the North Sea with a girl friend. I fairly froze, but she was indifferent to the chill. In Aberdeen one pays a penny and changes clothes on the beach, behind semi-closed stalls.

Heading west I came to Balmain Castle and Craigie Church. I had a chat with the vicar of the latter and admired his many autographed photos of most of the royal family. It is deemed impossible to approach the castle beyond the gate which does not allow one to see; however, I struck up an acquaintance with a washerwoman, who was a piper in the Balmain Guards. Walking along talking to him, I passed the many guards without question. I en-

The Mitre

Rome

Imperial city, slumbering on thy throne.
Of vanished empire, once thy voice and hands
Rocked the wide world; thy fingers waved the lands
Into thy girdle. Thou for crown alone
Dwelt to wear the stars. Yet still in undertone
Mans thy breath, the North-Western dream of Rome,
Roll centuries; thouclasp'st the earth with hands;
Of speech, art, law, and subtle powers unknown.

"Thou wast not meant to die, thy mighty heart
Pulsed with the universe. Thy deeds of old
Fame like the sunset skies through clouds whichthrong;
They blazon on thy throne a name above
In red of mighty victories; in gold
Of all things valourous and great and strong.
Frederick George Scott."
EDITORIAL

A most timely subject for discussion and one which logically develops from our December Editorial, is the question of democratic union (union of all the democracies), or of a World State (federation of nations under one central government) to eventually dissolve all present international difficulties by its very existence. Such proposals have been scoffed at as utopian; yet the tendency towards union, collective security and responsibility, must be recognized; the world, sick of ever recurring wars is awaiting the social upheaval that will definitely establish peace and prosperity on earth on an unshakable foundation. World federation, or some form of union among certain nations would appear to offer a solution for our problems.

The most fanciful of schemes is complete world federation—a "United States of the World"—the universe under one central government. All the new sovereign states would become federated states in the same manner as the coalescence of formerly independent states into the now United States of America. A president with a legislative body made up of representation from every state or nation in the federation would be the governing body having control of all international matters and of certain affairs in each "state," just as our Dominion Government has certain powers over provincial government. So each individual nation would have a state government similar to federal government and would have its own government for control of internal matters, and a foreign office, and a military force, and would have the power to maintain a navy. Under this system there would only be one navy. National armies would be replaced by an international military police force. There would be a universal language, universal criminal and civil laws, uniform currency, uniform weights and measures, and systems of trade. To accomplish this, the exponents rely on a sudden outbreak of international trust and amicability and a unity of purpose which will revitalize our world to eliminate in a peaceful and orderly organization—Federation of States. That such an extraordinary reformation could occur is more dream-like than our credulity can envision. In the distant future, perhaps we shall see established a federation of nations, but its accomplishment cannot be the result of anything but a very great government.

Less visionary and infinitely more practicable for today is democratic union. From it, as an outgrowth or expansion, would perhaps come federation of states. The ten democratic countries and organizations are: the American Union, the British Commonwealth, the French Republic, Belgium, the Netherlands, the Swiss Confederation, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland. These include the peoples most successful in solving our problems—the peaceful establishment of effective interstate democratic world government. None of these democracies has been at war with any of the others since more than 100 years. Each fears war, but not one fears war from the others. Together those ten alone outstrip the earth, rule all its oceans, govern half mankind. They do two thirds of the world's trades, have more than 50 percent control of nearly every essential material, have 60 percent control of most raw essentials. The population of the democracies and dependencies is more than 700,000,000; of Japan, Germany, Italy, and Russia 331,000,000. Their combined territory is again only one half as much as the democracies control. It is in things that are most essential whether to modern civilization or to war that the ten are most powerful and the autocracies weakest; they have less than 15 percent of the world's oil, cotton, nickel, tin, natural phosphates, wool, known gold resources and gold production, copper and iron ore, and motor car production. The democracies control overwhelmingly the earth's most essential raw materials, its manufacturing resources in such things as steel and wood pulp, and such transportation resources as ships and airplanes. The banked wealth of the democracies is a half a dozen times as great as that of the autocracies. In armaments collectively they are overwhelming. The fact is, the ten democracies together practically own this earth, have most of the government, the policy, the commerce, and power, and do not know it. These democracies have no one but themselves to blame for their difficulties and to fear for their freedom, united they would be almighty on this planet. The dictators are right when they blame the democracies habitually for their social, economic and political condition, when they attach the blame to democracy. The chain comes from the lack of rejection by the democracies of enough of their precious national egotism to co-operate in an effective world law and order. If only they would unite, utopia would be at hand.

This conception of democratic union is attracting the attention of prominent men in international affairs the world over. In a recent speech before the Chicago Council of Foreign Relations Lord Lornham said, "... Europe must be equipped to manage its own internal affairs by some form of federation." And again, Premier Daladier speaking in the French Senate made statements to the effect that Britain and France have dismissed national egotism to unite and that the resulting Franco-British union is open to all. "Europe should have a wider organization than that which has arisen," he said, "so we can cooperate, a nucleus, as which we hope will expand to grow into a new world order where we can live peacefully and productively.

FEBRUARY, 1940

A Book

On one of my shelves stands a book which I am often tempted to take from its place and handle, seldom or never tempted to read. "The Rival Roses, or Wars of York and Lancaster." A metrical tale must, in its prime, have been a commonplace addition to any gentleman's private library. Bound in green leather with gold tooling, clearly printed in large and attractive type, "Most respectfully inscribed to Her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Rutland by Her Grace's most obliged, most obedient, and most humble servant, the Author" (whomever he may be, for he remains anonymous, and no critic or student of literature is likely to seek to penetrate his anonymity), the volume has all the ornamental quality and signs of good-breding to qualify it for such a niche. Neither could it be hung on a merely decorative row of books by frequent removal for perusal. "The Rival Rose" might fairly be described as Sir Walter Scott and water, with so little Scott as almost to require chemical analysis for its detection. But if after all the reader gets to bore one into somnolence, if taken seriously as a metrical romance, or raised a malicious chuckle if regarded, as a modern reader may well regret it, as a proddy on the Lay of the Last Minstrel or the Lady of the Lake, there are many interesting features about the actual volume. The date on the title-page, 1813, shows that this book came from the press in one of the most critical and momentous years in European and American history. In Germany, Napoleon was facing the armies of Russia, Prussia, Sweden and Austria in a desperate attempt to protect himself against the Russian disaster. In Spain, the French were driven from the Peninsula by Wellington's march from Portugal and the victory of Victoria. In Canada, English and French Canadians were standing shoulder to shoulder against the American invaders at Chatsworth and Cholsey's Farm, laying the foundations on which Canadian nationality and that mutual respect upon which the friendly relations of Canada and the United States for the next century and a quarter, were to be built. These facts can be learned from any history of the time. What cannot be so acquired, and what "The Rival Roses" will give, is the feeling of the life of those days, of men and women going about their own affairs, interested in their private concerns in those earlier years of crisis and world-shaping, as they are doing in the present. An examination of the volume and a reading of the dedication give the impression that "the Author" got a greater thrill from the news that the Dowager Duchess of Rutland had consented to receive the inscription than from the news of Victoria; that he was more interested in the shape that was to be given to his tale by printer and bookbinder than in the shape that was to be given to Europe and the world by the triumph of the Fourth Coalition.

On the literary side, also, the date is interesting and suggestive. It was at this precise moment that Sir Walter Scott abandoned the metrical romance and turned to the prose novel—Waverley came out in 1814. "The Success of Byron's Child Harold," says one historian of English literature, "led our author into the field in which he was to be without a rival." A reading of "The Rival Roses," however, inevitably leads to the thought that Sir Walter may have come across this, or some kindred outpouring, and have used the little tale as a setting in his larger, more massive age of literature medium by the perusal of such passages as—

"Fierce Discord walked throughout the land.
And tossed aloft her fiery brand.
Horror, with tresses draped in gore,
Bade shocks rushes from to the shore.
And Faction, versed in treacherous guile.
Bede patient blood fair Albion's field defile.

"or,

"The glorious flourished the Rose of snow,
The Triumphs o'er its fiery red.

For its present owner, however, the chief fascination of the volume lies in its challenge to the speculative and deductive faculties. "Printed for the author. Sold by J. J. Stockdale, No. 41 Pall Mall, London, 1813," is the title page. J. J. Stockdale was a London bookseller who picked it up on a bargain-cabinet in Montreal in 1934. Between the two dates is an interval of one hundred and twenty-one years, and one is irresistibly led to speculate on the history of this particular composite of leather, paper, and printer's ink during that interval, and to wonder what travels led it from J. J. Stockdale's counter in Pall Mall to Eaton's or Morgan's in St. Catherine's Street.

Imagination can picture a gentleman of the Regency strolling down Pall Mall, watch-John ajingle, and into No. 41, the bookseller hurries to wait upon a distinguished patron. "Anything new, Stockdale?" "The very latest metrical romance, your honour, by a person of quality, though he doesn't want it bought out that he has turned author." "Very well, I'll take it; my wife and daughters will probably be interested; though for myself I don't much care for this high-falutin' nonsense; give me Tom Jones or Roderick Random—and the book starts on its journey to Berks Square or a manor-house in the country, where ladies of the Jane Austen type may well have shivered at the..."
THE MITRE

Friends Old and New

Friendships are windows — all the day long. They let in the sunlight of laughter and song. They banish the gloom from the house of each heart. And oh, the good cheer that those windows impart.

Friendships are windows — life's joy cannot fade from the house of our hearts 'till we pull down each shade. To all of our friends — the old and the new. So we'll fling them wide open each morning, anew.

—Selected.

FEBRUARY, 1940

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IN MEMORIAM

THE MITRE records with profound regret the death of Lord Tweedsmuir which occurred on Sunday, February 11, in Montreal. His Excellency combined distinction of achievement, intellect, and character with an inborn dignity and friendliness which attracted all men to him. In the memory of Canadians, appreciation of his work as Governor-General will be rivalled only by gratitude for the writings of John Buchan.

On March 3, 1936, His Excellency, accompanied by Her Excellency, the Lady Tweedsmuir, and the Honourable Alastair Buchan, paid an informal visit to the University. At Evensong His Excellency read the lesson. In June, 1938, he attended the annual meeting of Convocation, received the Degree of D.C.L., Honoris Causa, and delivered a memorable address on The Monarchy.
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