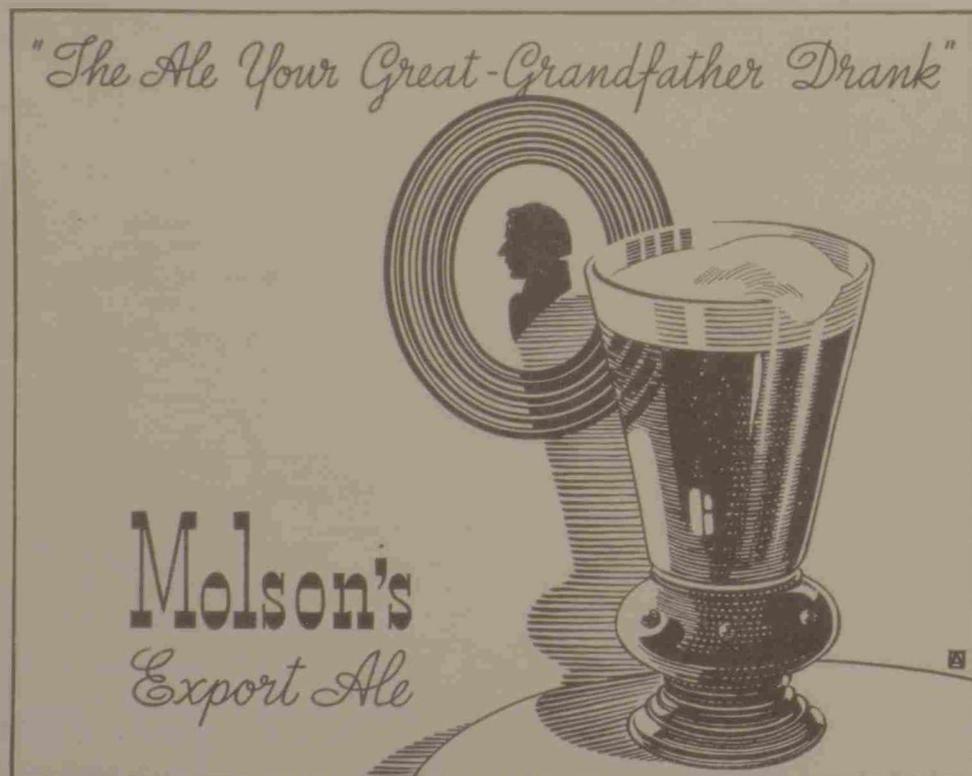


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Jack Johnston, B.A. '31, has resigned from Argyle School, Westmount, to enter the Royal Army Medical Corps.

The Rev. C. C. Phillips, B.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, B.A. '34, and Henry Holden, B.A. '38.

Among Graduates and former students enrolled in the McGill C.O.T.C. are Messrs. E. F. H. Boothroyd, G. S. Murray, W. Lunderville, R. B. Lamb, J. E. Martin, A. V. L. Mills, W. H. Trenholme, A. P. Bissonnet, H. W. Gall; in the R.C.A.F. Squadron of the O.T.C. are: J. E. Bilkey, T. J. Carmichael, G. B. Knox, L. N. McCaig, D. S. Paterson and H. H. Wright.

Among those at Aldershoot, Eng., with the First Division are Lieut. B. W. Stevens, Lieut. D. T. Lynch, Capt. C. J. Aylan-Parker.

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, B.A. 1939.



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## 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 hysteria 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. Conscription 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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To hell with all the Science fools,  
Their record's smeared with sin.  
While they demolish 40 beers,  
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Shall we show 'em, Arts?

The following papers and magazines have been received and read with pleasure:

The Queen's Journal, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.  
The Manitoban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Man.  
The Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.  
The Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B.  
The Silhouette, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.  
The McGill Daily, Montreal, Que.  
The Xaverian Weekly, St. Francois Xavier University, Antigonish, N. S.  
The Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.  
L'Hebdo Laval, Laval University, Quebec, Que.  
The Brunswickan, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B.  
The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.  
The Aquinian, St. Thomas University, Chatham, N. B.  
The College Cord, Waterloo, Ont.  
The Stonyhurst Magazine, Stonyhurst College, England.  
The Alma Mater, St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.

Technique, Les Ecoles d'Arts et Métiers, Montreal, Que.  
The McMaster University Quarterly, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.  
Red and White, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
The B. C. S. Magazine, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.  
Cap and Gown, Wycliffe College, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.  
The Ashburian, Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.  
The Challenger, St. John Vocational School, St. John, N.B. England, The Journal of the Royal Society of St. George, London, Eng.  
Revue de L'Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.  
The Quebec Diocesan Gazette, Quebec, Que.  
The Record, University High School, Parkville, Australia.  
The College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.  
The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.  
The Northerner, King's College, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
The New Northman, Queen's University, Belfast, Ireland.  
The Queen's Review, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.  
Acta Rideiana, Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ont.  
The Campus Chronicle, Magee High School, Vancouver., B.C.  
The Magazine of Codrington College, Barbadoes, B. W. I. Lille University, Lille, France.

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## 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 Mitre*. 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. Recent 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 10, a son to the Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Stephens of Poltimore, Que. Mr. Stephens graduated in 1934 obtaining Theological Honours with distinction.  
Matte—At LaTuque, 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 McDougal, 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

ED. PARKER

wedding of Dr. Frederick John Hogg of Hamilton, Ont., to Miss Margaret Louise Winslow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Winslow of Duenellen, N. J. 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, 2I-C of the 35th Battery, C. A. S. F.

Stevens-Dunlop—Lieut. Basil Stevens of the Royal Montreal Regiment was married February 16 in St. George's garrison church, Aldershot, England, to Miss Joan Dunlop, of Westmount. Rev. G. B. Addie, regimental chaplain, officiating.

The bride was given away by Capt. the Rev. T. W. 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. TH. '39, 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.

MacKenzie Hume, who was a member of the University from '35 to '38, has entered the R.C.A.F. at Toronto.

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

M. Wilson Gall, 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 Christison, 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. '35, 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. '35, has been appointed instructor in the McGill C.O.T.C.

The Rev. A. V. Ottiwell, B.A. TH. '34, has been appointed rector of St. Stephen's Church, Coaticook. Previously he was curate at St. Peter's, Sherbrooke.

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## 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—those 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 not 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 an 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 favour of an unconditional merger of the two societies. "The Sheaf," 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 Varsity" 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 Ubyssy," from the University of British Columbia, disagreed 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 conferences, 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 Bish. 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, as 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 coach has formed



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## 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 Willis—were back again on the ice. Nick Schoch, the captain, was back on defense together with Jim Flintoft and Dave Savage, while Geoff Scott had moved up to the forward line where he centred a line with Dick Grier as right wing and Hugh Russell on the left. Don Bennett was back in goal after a year's absence from the game, and Sid 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. Russ Blinco, 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 BISHOP'S—

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 seeing 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 Don Bennett who executed some phenomenal saves. This, however, was not sufficient to turn back the Maroon team, and Allan scored on 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. Time and again they pushed past the "Irish Pail" and the Loyola goaler was kept busy getting in the way of flying pucks. There were numerous close shaves, but unfortunately no cigar. 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 chalked up Loyola's fifth when Eddie Asslin (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 a 7 to 0 score.

### McGILL AT BISHOP'S—

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 Winsler, hoping for great things the public filed into the rink for the nominal fee of 35 cents. Their prayers were answered for in the first half of the first period Bishop's outplayed the Redmen, which attack resulted in a goal for Bishop's by Gordie Cooper who took the pass from Doug Bradley. For a few moments the rafters of the aging rink were in grave danger for the onlookers did not spare a vocal cord 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 Winsler 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, Winsler 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 Winsler's goal in the opening minutes Gordie 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 inimitable Ronnie 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 team this year. However, the number of participants grew steadily until finally a moderate turnout was realized. Waldo and Ray Tulk together with Dan MacDougal are the only survivors of last year and among the freshmen talent appear such names as Winnill, Templeton, McKell, Van Horn, MacCallum, MacDougal II, and Lindsay.

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## Notes and Comments

BILL POWER

Voilà! snow and skis; goodbye lectures. The Lent 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 Fellowship of the West. You were given a choice of skating in the rink, 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 with 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 Frothblowers managed to work their way into the party at this point, and later reported that the hospitality that they had received 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, Geof. Murray, and Bruce Cragg.

Early in the term the College Debating Society was host to a team of debators 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 debators 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 seemed to think that the seaways would be a good thing and the judges agreed with them. The same evening Linc. Magor and "Shag" Shaughnessy 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 talk centres around the dance that, it is said, the Co-eds are giving to greet the Leap Year. A few of the so-called college Casanova's 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 wit has also 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 has 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 "dumping fever," a malady that lays the boys low in the middle of the night, has afflicted 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 harbouring a budding song writer in the person of Ed Mackay. He came back after Christmas with the words and music to a cowboyallad 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 loves. 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 way. . . . 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. . . . au revoir.

the world how to swim." Mr. Guedalla is thinking here of the Russian revolutionaries in general and Lenin in particular, but Herr Hitler has little in common with Lenin. Lenin at least had a sort of cold blooded regard for all humanity whereas Dr. Rauschning finds that Herr Hitler can be all kinds of things, but none of them include humanity. He is in turn the Islamic fanatic whose sword must ever be drinking the blood of the unbeliever, the neurotic lunatic with a belief in his own false mission and worse still the calculating and cunning maniac who knows how to bide his time. Logic is nothing to him, principles are less than nothing, ethics exist not at all. To be an artist in ruthlessness, to be conscienceless, to be utterly unscrupulous, these are the qualities which this renegade Austrian Messiah requires of his Nazi apostles.

And why not? For the Nazi mind cannot see how anything in the world can stand against such a creed. To be completely unscrupulous is to be completely strong, to do everything that one pleases irrespective of everyone is to be able to do anything. To know that the world sees through you and still to continue your course of action and care for the opinions of none, this is the supreme achievement which nothing can stop except equal force. Such then is the goal of the teachings of Messrs. Hitler and Stalin. Fortunately or unfortunately even dictators are human, and, slow, arduous and successful as may be their upward path, their downward path has a way of being a little less slow, a little more arduous and a little less successful. No dictator yet has fulfilled the dream of Napoleon—that the people should not only obey him but that they should wish to obey him.

In propagating their foreign policy the National Socialist hierarchy has two main principles. First that any lie, if it is big enough, will be believed and secondly that any truth, if it big enough, will be disbelieved. Both these principles have been enunciated by the German leader, who is cunning enough to realize that such candour is the best kind of camouflage. Thus when he has affirmed that he has no further territorial claims in Europe, the lie has been big enough to deceive a foreign statesman. When the German propaganda machine distributes maps which display the Nazi plans for world domination, the truth has been big enough to be dismissed as fantastic by every sane individual.

According to Dr. Rauschning German foreign policy is always prepared to follow two divergent paths. The one which is most practicable at the moment will be the one followed. Thus the original plan looked forward to the conquest of Southeastern Europe and the liquidation of Russia with the help of Italy and Japan and the expected compliance of Britain and France. This was the purpose of the Rome-Berlin axis. But Hitler was shrewd, he realized

that Il Duce might have some difficulty in inducing the Italian people "to live like liars" and that Italy was usually most warlike when other nations were most peaceful and most peaceful when other people were most warlike. In consequence an astute ambassador was kept in Moscow and the autocratic talents of Von Ribbentrop and Von Papen were held in readiness to walk the slackened tight rope between Berlin and Moscow. The world now knows that these ingenious gentlemen's services were called in and the second path was taken. This path has a different course but it ends in the same place—world domination. It involves isolating France, anschluss with the Low Countries, liquidation of Scandinavia, dismemberment of the British Empire, disruption of American politics and ultimate annihilation for Italy and the Balkans. The working out of such schemes and their presentation to the Nazi Elite under some specious guise is left to the capable hands of Professor Haushofer.

This interesting exponent of Nazi ideas has proved conclusively for his own and his leader's satisfaction the superiority of the German racial type, the weariness of the British Empire, the mortifying decay of France and the corruption of American life. Professor Haushofer finds that time is on the side of the Germans because of their increasing birth rate, Teutonic virility encourages him to predict inevitable Teutonic predominance. For him small states have no right to exist in the same world as the German Colossus, their existence is a veritable insult to their great neighbour, an insult which their smallness renders even more intolerable.

It is all a horrible picture of brutality, neurotic hysteria, pseudo philosophy and cold blooded cunning. Yet, horrible as it is, it must not be dismissed as a nightmare but regarded as a dangerous possibility. Dr. Rauschning issues his warning in measured and convincing terms.

*Professor A. W. Preston*

"REACHING FOR THE STARS"—Waln, 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 1934 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

rare sensitiveness."

The span of Miss Waln's experience is wide enough to render what she says representative and deeply interesting. She has read wisely 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 she asserts 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 Waln 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 has. 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 Waln's book will be long remembered for certain strictly personal experiences. "They stand out in one's memory like exquisite vignettes." There is the Christmas at the Rhenish castle when the butler 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 engulfed and in its clutches will be interested to hear of the brave cobbler's children who repaired the shoes after their father had vanished; and the remark solemnly offered by the tiniest 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 these children are ready to starve so that their fathers may uphold such convictions in spite of concentration camps and death. Their faith is unquenchable. Hence she 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 statesmen can devise."

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## The Function of Glasses

When Roger Bacon, back in the thirteenth century, explained how to magnify writing by placing a segment of a sphere of glass on the book, he pointed out the way to a new branch of scientific aid to humanity—the use of eye-glasses. In this twentieth century, the person who has not at some time in his life had experience with glasses is both rare and fortunate; yet how many of us understand the principle by which they aid our vision?

The general belief is that glasses magnify an object, thus making it more easily accepted as an image in the eye. Strictly speaking, this is what happens only in the case of a person with "presbyopia," or old vision. With the approach of age, the power of the eye to focus on close objects gradually diminishes, so that a person who has passed sixty is almost invariably unable to focus on objects as close to him as printed matter; consequently he must have help in reading.

Any eye trouble other than that brought on by age is not weakness of the eye, but malformation. For proper vision the eye must be a perfect sphere except for the cornea, the bulge at the front, which must also be a portion of a perfect sphere, and be regularly formed. Deviations from the spherical are what cause trouble. If the eyeball is too short, parallel rays of light tend to meet behind the retina (the back of the eye), a condition known as hypermetropia. Similarly if the eyeball is too long, parallel rays come to a focus short of the retina causing myopia (short-sightedness). When the cornea is not regular, the fault is called astigmatism.

Unfortunately the troubles are not as easily classified as would appear from the above. As a rule both the eyeball and the cornea are slightly out of shape, causing myopic or hypermetropic astigmatism. And there are other rarer conditions which we have overlooked because of their relative unimportance, but which complicate matters none the less for the optometrist. Another difficulty lies in the fact that we have two eyes, which are never identically alike, but which must be made to work together and produce one image. Thus each eye must be considered in the correction of the other, and neither can be treated individually.

Then generally speaking, we experience difficulty in seeing as a result of poor formation of the eyes. In most cases a person needing glasses sees a clear image without them, but has headaches and other symptoms of eyestrain. The reason is that the natural lens of the eye is able to overcome small malformations, and adapt itself to making the light

DONALD ROSS

rays focus properly. However, when this ability of the lens is exercised for a long period, it becomes tired and causes a headache. The obvious way of overcoming this difficulty is to find some manner of changing the direction of the light rays before they enter the eye, so that when they do enter it they will meet properly at the retina, without causing any strain on the lens of the eye. This is the principle on which eyeglasses are made.

Elementary physics tells us that oblique light rays entering one medium from another (for example, from air into glasses), are bent or refracted. If the sides of the medium are parallel (e.g., a pane of window glass), then the light rays are refracted twice, and continue in the same direction after passing through the medium as they had before entering it. Thus window glass has no effect on vision. If, on the other hand, the sides of the medium are not parallel, then it changes the direction of the light rays, and is known as a lens. The strength of a lens (the extent to which it turns light rays) depends on the type of glass from which it is made, and its shape. As all single lenses used for glasses are made of a certain type of crown glass, the important factor in determining their strength is their shape.

It is rather difficult to picture the different types of lenses without diagrams, but possibly we can get a general idea of them with mere words. The convex or converging lens is thicker in the middle than at the edges. Its inner and outer surfaces would meet if produced. Such a lens refracts the light inward, and hence is used in correcting hypermetropia. A concave or diverging lens is narrowest in the middle, and its surfaces would never meet when produced. This type refracts the light outward, so that the rays have to go further through the eyeball before they meet. This overcomes myopia, which, as you remember, was caused by the eye being too long. Old age vision is corrected with glass of a different type, having more lead in it to give it a higher index of refraction. This kind of glass is put into bifocals, or, as we often call them, glasses with double vision.

We have filled this page with details and explanations of a rather distressing nature, but the essence of what we wanted to say can really be expressed in two brief sentences. If you wear glasses, you wear them not because your eyes are weak, but because they are improperly formed. The function of those glasses is changing the direction of the light rays just before they enter your eye.

## The Bishop Looks Down

ERNESTINE ROY

During the past year every sort 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 Nihilism*.

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 camerilla. 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 proposes to harness on to Stalinist communism the power of 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 Fuehrer'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 vassal peoples in a feudal relation to Leviathan 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, goaded and coerced by any means that seem appropriate at the moment. Every device will be used to propagate ideas of supernationalism, the cult of the superman, racial superiority, anti-religious propaganda, theories of blood and soil and anti-Semitism. Pogroms of Jews will be frequent for Jews are the submen who are supposed to be the scarcely human antithesis of the superhuman Aryan. Such pogroms will also serve the purpose of an outlet for overtautened nerves 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 this 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 Fuehrer. 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 loathes 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 pathetically sordid 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

his disposal more up-to-date and a greater amount of equipment than he could possibly afford to buy alone, and he can command more up-to-date knowledge and technique. So this scheme specializes in co-operation between doctors. Under these conditions advancement can continue most easily. New methods, apparatus, and ideas will have a greater chance to reach more doctors. Physicians will have at their disposal equipment never before accessible. Suffering, loss of life, and operations are lessened. One of the doctor's chief worries is finance. Under this system harrassment of bill collecting is over. His monetary temptations will be greatly done away with. Doctors will serve one and all with the same zeal. The ends they are achieving being more humane, will be reflected in their attitude towards their work. Medi-

## The Recipe Says It's Delicious

"... The recipe says it's delicious. I don't know what was the matter. Maybe I wasn't in harmony with the cosmic urges 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 it just seemed 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. Anyhow, it was Flora. And you know how Flora is. Wanted to tell me all about her new outfit. I told her I had a cake under way and I'd have to call her back later. She was peeved and said if a cake could come between us, our friendship was at an end. I laughed and she banged down the receiver. Expected an apology, I guess. I went back and remeasured 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 sifted several times with cream of tartar and salt," when the grocer's boy came. He'd forgotten the Chipso 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 hunt for 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

cine will be strengthened ethically. These changes are taking place so gradually and quietly that organization of medicine remains unweakened. The American Medical Association, realizing that medicine is taking the inevitable course, is modifying and changing its policies to take care of the new situation. Therefore gradually and eventually socialized medicine will have a new organization without interrupting the smooth running of the present one.

Socialized medicine is science on a practical basis. It is the nearest approach in medicine, to the solution of serving the needs of all classes of society, which is one of the ultimate aims of the profession. Under it, medical progress and thought can flourish freely. Socialized medicine—a step in the right direction.

MARY HOYE

whites they were practically back to their natural liquid state. I was just beating them up again and beginning to "cut and fold in flour, adding a small amount at a time," when Mrs. Jones' little boy came walking into the kitchen looking for the funny papers. We always save them for Sonny. I asked him to sit down. I was busy. Well, he was playing Indian that day and said he'd stalk them himself. But I kept them in my bedroom cupboard and didn't think that was proper. Pretty soon he got restless and I told him to bear a hand with the cake while I got the funnies. Well, you know men. Simply helpless around a kitchen. When I got back there was a pained look on Sonny's face, and most of the cake was on the table. I sent Sonny home, scooped the batter back into the bowl, and added flavouring. I "turned into an angel cake pan and baked." Of course I didn't; I mean the cake. At least I was about to put the cake into the oven when I noticed I hadn't turned the heat on. While I was waiting I thought I'd go listen to Big Sister on the radio. It was awfully exciting. Doctor Wayne is going to be arrested if the man he's just operated on dies. Of course he won't. You know these serials. They just go on and on. Anyway when the advertising was over I went back to the kitchen. I always listen to the advertising. I think you should, because the program's so good. And I put the cake in the oven; left it in sixty minutes just like the book says. When I took it out, it was sort of flat, though, for an angel cake. And awfully heavy, too. I don't know why. My mother is a wonderful cook and she swears by that recipe."

## 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 years the unit signed on fifty or sixty men and the officers considered themselves fortunate if they could report sixty percent of their men present at the weekly two-hour parade. District 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 uninformed on others. Miraculously the unit 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.

Then came the war, and with it the renaissance of the O.T.C. Lt.-Col. the Rev. A. H. McGreer, president of the O.T.C., and Col. M. W. McA'Nulty, commanding officer of the unit, made immediate arrangements for a larger, more efficient unit, and soon, inflamed with patriotic enthusiasm—and with the prospect of dropping a divinity course—eighty students enlisted, and immediately set to work learning the new streamlined drill which the British War Office had designed to cope with "Blitzkrieg" warfare. Gone were the instructors of the past, S. M. I. Savard, Cpl. "Smaughtly" Richards, Lieut. Hodgson and Major Campbell; and in their place we had Major C. L. H. Bowen, Staff Captain of the 10th Infantry Brigade, permanently assigned to us as chief instructor, with S. M. I. Bouchard, a "Double-You Hose Won" from the R.C.R.'s, acting as his assistant. Gone too was that peacetime military vanity, the band, though one of its bugles remained in action on lung-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 Cragg had made the year before in the Orderly Room, and Merritt Pharo, Chas. Millar, and Bill Power were commissioned as the three platoon officers. Jim Bredin, whose duties at B. C. S. prevented him from devoting much time to O. T. C. work, was taken on strength as a supernumerary officer.

Terry Giles, with a brutal-looking cudgel, soon proved himself to be a most efficient C.S.M., while Peter Rabatich, as C.Q.M.S. made a valiant effort at dividing seventy uniforms among eighty men, and though there is a "plain clothes man" here and there among the ranks, Peter claims that he can still outfit any "real man"—size 46—that cares

CHARLES MILLAR

to apply to him. Hugh Mackenzie, as Orderly Room Sergeant was kept busy for the first month or two sending the optimistic Adjutant's indents for uniforms, rifles, books, instructors, drill halls, artillery, etc., to District Headquarters, but these efforts netted only: a) 300 miniature sandbags, without sand; and b) a pad of forms to be filled out when returning equipment to headquarters. Since then Hugh's activities have been a little less extensive, but there is still plenty to do. Finally, of those few who were not completely wiped out in the last question of last year's A certificate examinations, Hector Belton, Ray Tulk, and Don Chute were chosen as platoon sergeants.

Then we went into action. Three three-hour parades a week, including Sunday afternoon! Drill in threes. Power's descriptions of an army backhouse. Millar's nebulous lectures about marching at night with compasses, and "aluminum" sticks, and white coats, and Big Dippers. The tactical scheme in which the gallant third platoon charged into the distance while the others were celebrating their success at having wiped out the Principal, the Colonel, and the senior man in a single encounter. The greatcoats which came and went. The dance with its premature air-raid. The mysterious fourth platoon which turned up occasionally. The lieutenants strutting around in their new uniforms. And finally the little red books, and the exams, which weren't so bad after all.

Now we have a new year, and still more changes. The contingent is now divided into three parts for specialization purposes. Lieut. Pattison, a master at B.C.S. has proved a most popular and efficient instructor for the large artillery wing, while Major Bowen and Mr. Bouchard are looking after the machine gun and infantry wings. Company drill has of necessity been cut out, since the gymnasium is hardly large enough for one platoon to drill in. Mufti parades have been instituted, and since there is so much work to be covered before the examinations in March, the parades have become more academic. However, the infantrymen still practise rifle drill, the artillerymen make a weekly visit to the "Four-five Hows" in the Sherbrooke Arena, and the machinegunners have at last secured a "Vickers," so that practical work, thought somewhat limited, is progressing favourably.

Looking ahead we can foresee more notetaking to finish the course on time; more drilling; more cramming; the inspection; the platoon competition; pay parade (we hope!); the examination results; and then, as Mr. Savard would have put it, "Some day we will be leaders of men."

# Socialized Medicine In The United States

ANON

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 is 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 1932, in Baylor 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, six 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-Loos 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, Sr. 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 forms 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 ejected 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 frond  
 Of forest-snow; across  
 The frozen pond  
 The plane of sunlight scrapes  
 Concealment thin,  
 On north-banks cuts away  
 Each ravelin.

The tooth of April chumbles  
 In the mud,  
 Razing history where  
 A footstep stood;  
 The crusted runnels sag  
 Beneath the weight  
 Of sun; the brittle drifts  
 Disintegrate.

Abrupt, the cables of  
 The landscape lapse,  
 The hidden girders of  
 The frost collapse  
 And like a blast of gold,  
 A clarion,  
 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 drear echo, and a scent that sours.  
 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.*

faces gradually began to turn towards the platform, awaiting the signal for dead silence. Five minutes before the zero hour the order came. The room was never more silent when unoccupied. A rat scampered quickly across the flooring under the stage—probably half starved like the rest of us. One of the officers paced down the aisle, periodically glancing 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 four or five minutes of dead silence played on our nerves; all waiting for the

## Loco

"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 darkness. 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 worried. 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 gallop. 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 wedding—the fitting culmination of a beautiful courtship. All Kansas City was talking about it. A perfectly matched couple, feted and photographed, envied and emulated, with all signs 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 father'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 motive for the allusion simply bitter jealousy? The marriage had been a great blow to the other man's pride and aspirations. Surely his vindictive asperions were just the machinations 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

dread 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*

dubiously at him as the train pulled out of the station earlier that evening? Don't be ridiculous, Jerry! You are letting your imagination run away with you! Get a grip on yourself!

He again tried to pierce the gloom ahead. His eyes burned and watered but he could occasionally make out objects silhouetted against the less dense darkness of the sky. The wind was getting unbearable. He blinked—a tree went past, upright; then what looked like a haystack; then a house with lights in all its windows. Suddenly, straight ahead he saw a pinpoint of very bright light. A star? No. Too bright for that. Besides, it was an overcast night. He watched it closely and noticed that it was coming nearer. The ceaseless roaring in his ears seemed to increase. He stared, fascinated, unable to take his eyes off of this searing light which approached with the sound of an avalanche. He became frightened. He did not understand this at all. Then it began to dawn on him that perhaps—yes, yes it was—it was a train! The single eye, now flooding all about him with light was the headlamp of a locomotive. Frozen with terror he remained motionless. All thought of the girl had vanished in the paralysis of fear that held him prisoner. He thought that he was going to faint, and cursed each conscious second that brought the train nearer. He could not see the track but it must be very close, or perhaps even—too late! It was upon him. The locomotive followed by a string of dimly lighted cars roared by not six inches from his head. In the dazed quiet which followed, he saw a wooded hill, two barns and a bonfire go floating past, but there was something on his shoulder—a black hand—and a deep male voice angrily addressing him from behind. Jerry felt himself being rapidly dragged backwards. He glanced over his shoulder and saw a black haggard face offset by gleaming yellow teeth.

"Is you crazy?" it repeated, "Is you plumb loco? Dat train come mighty close to hittin' you, suh. Yore compartment is all made up an' yore wife ast me to tell you dat she's done gone to bed. No SUH! Leanin' out dem windows sure ain't safe fer a man. 'Sides, its agin Pullman company rules."



## Equipment

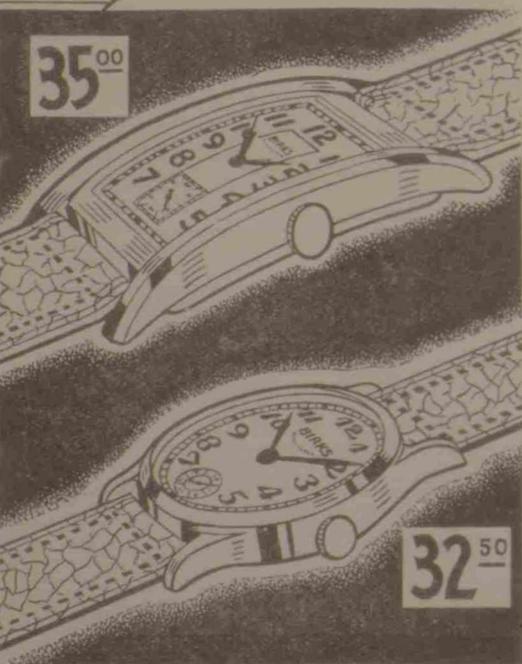
Harness and other equipment, flimsily held together with haywire and binder twine, can get you into a deal of trouble. There is a tendency for things to disintegrate when the going is particularly rough.

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



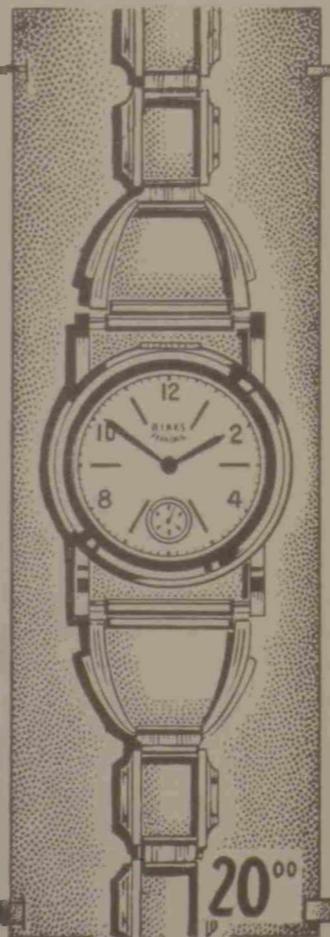
*Always accurate and dependable  
— Always smart in appearance*

The Rectangular model has a 10kt. natural gold-filled case, curved to fit wrist.

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*



20<sup>00</sup>

## A New Height In Pessimism

WILLIAM JONES

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 for almost a month, in fact it 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 pattering of melted drops of snow striking the eaves of the cloister roof; the buildings seemed deserted and the whole atmosphere about the grounds presented a dismal and repressing 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 twelve long and bitter 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 as they were 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 word was spoken. Smiles (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 speedcops 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 decisions 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.

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 Gregor; 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 grounds 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 five other chaps 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 is always safer 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 trumped up by the unlimited imagination of our dear Fuehrer. 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 turned he said nothing and the tears rolled down his cheeks as though an eternity of pent-up 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 ambulance, it was forced to stop frequently and for minutes at a time. What would he say? He looked savagely 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 still 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 street full of identical houses; blind windows; a pathetically disguised squalor.

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 twilight by the door facing him. The boy had disappeared without a word so the visitor said to the house 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 'im, Maggy. Come in, mate." Then the man disappeared.

The lighted room was the kitchen, a small low ceilinged 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 ample woman who had rested her elbows on the table and was blankly observing the points of light on the teapot.

"It's 'im, Maggy."

She raised her eyes and extended a limp hand. Argyll sat down, suddenly realizing what an incongruous contrast his evening clothes made.

"She knows, mate. I got 'ome 'arf 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."

As he spoke the woman watched him with the fixed attention of one who does not hear.

"She's a bit deaf, is Maggy. Speak louder."

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

Suddenly the loneliness 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 shapeless with the sorrow that transcends tears, the pathetic consolation 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, 'im as did it."

"I didn't mean to do it," said a choked voice. The boy was standing by the door.

The door was open.

"Cheer up, Bert. Alf's all right," said 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 could hear a blackbird singing, a rare phenomenon in Putney. He knocked, waited, and receiving no answer, knocked again. Suddenly a window crashed up and a strident man's voice shouted:

"What the 'ell do you mean by makin' such a bloody row?" and added with unreasonable petulance. "Didn't you know I was sleepin'?"

He looked up. It was the little Cockney, a collarless shirt buttoned at his neck, hair towzled, face unshaven.

"Ow, 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.

Argyll walked slowly back along a street that had suddenly become dark and ugly.

## Arise Fellow Sufferers

The human race is becoming more and more brutal and unfeeling towards its fellow members. Wars are becoming more deadly and impersonal, machinery is taking the place of men in industry, and men are becoming more like machines. Sentiment and individual personality are being driven out, and in their place we have practicability and mass sameness. The day of the rugged individualist has given way to the day of mass production. There must be some cause for the brutality, rudeness, coarseness, and for the unfeeling, pitiless cruelty of this twentieth century, and I think that I have found one cause.

A contributing factor without which this evil would probably have never taken a hold on us was the invention of the printing press in 1438. Writing is too personal a medium for this great plague which is beating civilization to its knees; speech is so personal that it could never harbor such depravity. Printing is mechanical, cold, impersonal—the perfect channel for this vicious monster that is swiftly turning us into a race of robots. An earlier invention, the form, is the real root of the evil which is attacking us now. A form is a mold, and today we are all being forced into molds. But this scourge of mankind which is forcing us into these molds is, strangely enough, the thing which we now call a "form." The application form, the registration form, the insurance form, forms, forms, forms in all their myriad guises, these are the things which are driving us into regimentation, these are the things that are depriving us of our privacy and individuality. No more is man a free being when he can be compelled to fill out a cold, staring, printed blank form giving away the information that is secret to himself, and which should rightly be known to himself alone. No, man is now a mere cog in the machinery of a ruined civilization when someone can demand of him the whole of his private life by merely presenting a printed blank to be filled out—or else!

Possibly because of a drop of Irish blood or possibly because I have always thought that this civilization was a rather crazy scheme, I have always been opposed to the filling out of forms. They always start out innocently enough with "name in full?" That doesn't bother me much for like most people I really do not object to having people know who I am. Once in a while, though, I feel like putting down something like "Peleg Minsky Stammerel." Next is "age last birthday?" This is where I get a bit more touchy. Who really cares to know just how old I am? Why can't

WILLIAM MOUNSEY

they ask approximately how old I am? Can't they be satisfied with, say, "20-25"? Here I feel like putting down 103¼. After all, I don't remember when I was born so all I know about it is just hearsay and one can't swear to that. After age, is "address?" which isn't too bad although it might give a good lead for bill collectors and such kindred folk. Then they start to pry in deeper. "Where born?" Now just who cares where I was born? Nobody except possibly the immigration officers, and "Canada" or "U. S." usually satisfies them. "Colour of hair? Colour of eyes?" Well, anybody can see that so I glibly write brown and blue. And "Sex?" doesn't give me much of a start either. It is easy to print an "M" or to boldly write "Male." But then I wager that it would give someone a bad turn if I put down "hair, green"; "eyes, lavender"; "sex, both." Yes, sir, that would really set them back on their heels.

So far, so good, these questions haven't been too bad, but now they pry deeper and deeper into my affairs. I can see them gloating like maniacal griffins over some of these questions. "Occupation?" Occupation! Huh, that's a fine thing. What if I don't have any? Social parasite! That's what I will put down there. "Religion?" Another fine question! Certainly I have a religion, but what if I made it up myself? I'll fix them—Druid, that's what I am. "Married?" Never! "Children?" Ten! "Race?" No! "Education?" Slight! Those are the answers that they deserve. What man would dare to walk up to you and immediately start asking for your life's history and probably that of your wife and parents also? Such a thing is not done, but give a man a typewriter and he feels that he is free to be as inquisitive as he pleases, and furthermore you, the common herd, cannot strike back.

There is only one way to end this deadly, tyrannous epidemic which is now striking the human race. That is to smite this brutal inquisition with all our force and cunning. Arise, fellowmen who have not yet been trampled into the depths of despair. Arise, and meet this grasping monster face to face. Some of us must swear never to fill in a blank form; others of us, those of the ready wit, must pledge to answer these questionnaires the way they deserve to be answered—incorrectly and with malice aforethought. Prove the pen to be mightier than the printing press. Thus, and only thus, may we throw off the chains of an encumbering civilization, and arise once more with our heads held high as only the heads of free men are!

With regard to the work done at the last meeting of the N.F.C.U.S., it will suffice to say that with Canadians becoming every minute more conscious of their national ties, the Federation stepped up its driving power to an unprecedented degree in an effort to make itself useful to the nation as a whole and to give a national rather than a local significance to the work of its member universities. Notably absent was that "vulturism" which had characterized earlier conferences, the tendency of each delegate to regard the whole Federation as existing solely for his own university and to take part in the conference with the one thought of bringing back the bacon to the boys at home. Instead, every delegate, while giving due consideration to the needs of his own university, as it was his duty to do, and presenting an honest picture of the conditions which obtained there, set to work to promote national student activity on a new and more comprehensive scale, giving as much thought to the needs of his fellows as to his own. Committees on debating, press work, dramatics, travel, war work, exchange scholarships, railway rates, insurance, finance and a number of others worked day and night in an effort to justify the Federation's existence in the eyes of its member universities. It would be hard to believe that they were unsuccessful. The reports of the several committees were comprehensive and trenchant; nothing, it seemed, had been overlooked.

And yet the Federation was criticized. The C.S.A., ever on the alert for flaws in its rival's armour, snatched at its attitude regarding the war and played it up for all it was worth. It accused the N.F.C.U.S. of abetting the war and of thereby imperilling the position of every university student in the Dominion. It whipped up its own conference, by way of contrast, into a violent anti-war party caucus in an attempt to undermine the Federation's stand. But the result was far from what it had expected. Five universities withdrew from the C.S.A. because it was anti-war and anti-British, and general disfavour was showered upon it from all directions. An attempt to introduce the measure of the penny-politician into an issue which had no use for them was a disastrous failure. The C.S.A. had adopted an attitude for which it is impossible to find justification or reason. All they needed to do was read the report of the Federation's Committee on War Work to see that its aim was not to lure students into the war but to obtain information concerning the war which would be of value to those students who of their own volition had decided to offer their services. Indeed, it was with an idea of protecting students against making a wrong choice that a permanent body,

called the National Emergency Committee, was set up. This committee has already obtained detailed information concerning two of the three services, and the moment that War Advisory Boards are set up in all the member universities, this will be sent to them for the exclusive use of the students, both graduate and undergraduate. There is no hand-rubbing, cannon-fodder leer in the eyes of the executive as it offers the Federation's assistance to the Canadian government, but merely a desire to help make Canada's effort her best effort by supplying her potential officers with the information necessary for them to choose that service and the particular branch of that service in which they will be of most use. There is no good in making snap judgments when a life or even several lives, are involved. The service which might be nectar to one may be poison to another. Just because an older friend or a relative won distinction as an aeroplane pilot in the last war, there is no reason why John Student 1940, who cannot even hold his balance when walking on the street but who may be able to speak five different languages fluently, should risk his neck in an aeroplane when General Headquarters can find no one to read foreign despatches which have fallen into its hands or to act as an interpreter in the questioning of prisoners. The same holds true for every branch of the Service. Intelligent placement of men is the most vital feature of the complicated warfare of modernity, and it is only from the ranks of the educated that many of the most important, though perhaps less well-known or alluring, positions can be filled. This the N.F.C.U.S. has realized and has consequently set up a permanent committee to investigate the requirements in every arm of the Service so that students, if and when they choose, will choose wisely.

In addition, the permanent committee, by means of a grant made to it by the Federation, will see that student volunteers are supplied with everyday comforts when on service and, by virtue of the Federation's employment bureau, that demobilized students will find part-time employment to enable them to continue their pre-war course.

The interests of the students are the prime consideration of the Federation. They must be, since the Federation exists solely for the students' benefit. It is a private matter whether or not a student decides to go to war; but it is the duty of the Federation to see that, should he do so, he will be able to make the best use of his talents and that he will not be forgotten either during or after his term of service.

It is rumoured that the C.S.A. plans to run a questionnaire on conscription throughout Canadian campuses. What-

(Continued on page) 40

## 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 hath charms. Outside the Star and Garter a knot of the silent curious had gathered around a man stripped to the waist who was performing feats of strength. He was a man of an immense size, grossly muscular, 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. The hot sun beat 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 desertion and emptiness. Then he remembered he had 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 gazing across the road, with a look of fear and pride. His eyes were focussed at infinity. It was strange that he should just stand there as though there were no cars passing 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 alternately rubbing his face and resting his head against the immobile man beside him. A grubby child of some twelve years, in shorts and sweater, his socks accordeoned over the tops of ragged black boots.

Argyll crossed the road.

"'E's 'urt 'is eye."

"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, guv'nor."

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 fixedly out of the window at the concrete pavement from which the sun shimmered. 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 crushed and twisted the cap in his hands.

"I'd not been asleep an hour," he said, the cigarette in the corner of his mouth jerking up and down spasmodically, "workin' all night on a twelve hour shift, when in runs young Bert, cryin' So I cuffs 'im for wakin' me. 'Alf's 'urt 'is eye,' 'e says quick-like. 'We was playin' in the yard and my stick broke 'is glasses.' So I jumps up from the couch and looks out the window and there's Mrs. Green from across the street, and Bert cryin'. So I brings 'im out to the road where you seen us. Oh, I don't know what 'is mother will say. She's out workin' and won't know about it till the neighbours tell 'er." And as 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 an ambulance. But the actual experience left little impression except one of speed, of a clattering bell, and of kaleidoscopic streets seen through dark purple glass.

At the Ophthalmic there was another long wait. Neither of them spoke. Time stood still. And once the two of them, 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.

At length the doctor 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' 'ome now and won't know where I am. Then I'll get what-for. 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 bank-note, and "You'll be needing something to get home with."



"You're the toast of all the regiment."

"That's because I send the boys Sweet Caps."

## SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

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



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

LINCOLN MAGOR

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 inaccuracy.

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 plenary 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 mass 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 co-operation 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 bartering of words and high-sounding phrases, which meant nothing, until sheer 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 consist 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.

tered the barracks where I met several pipers and underwent a painful auricular experience, witnessing four pipers practising at top lung in a room hardly the size of an ordinary 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 sport but often hard to keep on the narrow roads roughly paved and unfenced.

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 set. So I walked downhill! some five miles until I met some fellow-cyclists 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. War 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, jerky Scotch freight train, some 30 miles. Hence to Loch Lomond. Here, tiring of sleeping in barns, I called at the nearest castle and requested to sleep in a rainproof shed. I was fortunate in being received as a guest of the family and put up excellently. Of such is rugged Scotch hospitality.

On to Linlithgow, where lived the girl I met in St. Andrews, her father owning one of the largest fleets of lorries in Britain. Injecting a little method into my madness I was able to secure a ride the next day to Nottinghamshire—some 160 miles. I spent one night on the truck—trying to reduce the disproportion of my frame to the length of the cab.

Resuming leg-whirling I proceeded to Newark and Derbyshire. 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 of some seventy years of age, 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 historical interest, grandchildren of the Duke of Grafton, who is a direct descendant of our amiable Charles II and the Duchess of Cleveland. In this pleasant group of English aristocracy at teatime there was nothing to suggest the grim war which was at hand. And on via Rugby 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 Bournville 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 faithful cycle—I treated myself to a glass of beer and the cycle to a dash of oil appropriate to the occasion)—Stoke, Stafford and Manchester. Midway between the two last cities I was cycling along dismally 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 squealing of breaks, and was interested 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 glimmering tower and endless dazzle of lights bowing to the blackout. On to Liverpool via Southport, a pleasant westside resort. Here I cycled through the Mersey tunnel to Birkenhead. There is much to be said for Birkenhead ales. 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 great 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 determined to visit the Emerald Isle, the Irish in me not being limited to whiskey, I sailed from Liverpool. Because of the submarine menace in the Irish Sea only the

night ferries are running. On board were the draped caskets of two Belfast victims of the "Courageous." A special permit is necessary to enter Ireland now and we were delayed four hours at the pier in Liverpool for customs.

Well, here we are in Ireland. The thing I noticed most in Belfast was the almost haunting presence of so many pretty girls. Even a casual observer would be impressed. In every office, even on the street one meets them. It is much to the point. On to Londonderry, with a motor jaunt to Portrush to see the Giants' Causeway—and the home of Bushmill's whiskey. The first named is undoubtedly the most impressing, though it becomes even more awe-inspiring when seen in the light 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. Through Leitrim, Longford, Roscommon to Galway. All along the road one comes to I. R. A. injunctions blazed into the pavement. Such as "Up, Ireland, England's trouble is our chance," etc. The sign-posts are in both Irish and English. The child at school in Eire must learn all subjects, even foreign languages, through the medium of Irish. Listening 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 Ardnacrushna power-dam on the Shannon river. Through Adare to Killarney. The tropical beauty of Killarney's Isles and lakes is beyond the power of words to describe. Even when seen on a rainy evening, it is truly breath-taking in its beauty. Between Killarney 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 shorts 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 adventures. As might within reason be expected I had become very thirsty at this stage, so I made a point of visiting two famous Dublin institutions—Guinnesses brewery (largest in the world) and Power's distillery. I need say no more on this head. 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 famed Book of Kells.

On the ferry back to Holyhead in Wales we had to wear lifebelts. It was a dismal crossing, rough, and with almost everyone seasick. Even smoking was forbidden on deck as a blackout precaution!

I stayed in Bangor for a day and saw Snowdon and Caernarvon Castle. On through Bettys-y-Coed back to England. As in Scotland, I noticed that the significant marking of the border consisted in a sign saying "This is the first chance to get a drink in England," accompanied by 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 pronounced. There are camps every few miles and planes overhead almost continuously. Salisbury Plain is the centre of this hive of Nazi-stingers. It is an odd experience to have a huge tank rush by on the pavement at 40 m.p.h. It shakes the earth and can be heard for miles around. By way of variety I spent a night in a monastery in these parts.

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 scarcely able to see the figure of a man walking beside me. Bumping into telephone booths, leaping out of the way of slinking cars and crashing into buxom Jewesses make blackouts a risky, if possibly amusing recreation. There is much street discussion 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 boat 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 saloon which had its points, considering the varied group on board. Arrived in New York, without incident and spent a week, rather than a day, as I had planned.

To conclude, I went by bus to Montreal, and there, having exhausted completely my pecuniary energy, I found it provident 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 woes 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 brings new changes; the house gives way to the apartment; space becomes limited, and the accumulations of the past, those visible links that bind the present generation to its predecessors, must be swept away to make room for the necessities of modern life, the radio and the bridge-table, and for the latest "Antony Adverse," or "Gone With the Wind," and so the Rival Roses declines 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 bye-gone age and a defunct 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 chaises 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 the cost of production of an 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" is unthinkable in connection with the poem) and horror that

## Rome

Imperial city, slumbering on thy throne  
Of vanished empire, once thy voice and hands  
Rocked the wide world; thy fingers wove the lands  
Into thy girdle. Thou for crown alone  
Didst wear the stars. Yet still in undertone  
Man hears thy deathless utterance, though Time's sands  
Roll centuries; thou clasp'st the earth with bands  
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  
Flame like the sunset skies through clouds which throng;  
They blazon on thy throne a name apart  
In red of mighty victories, in gold  
Of all things valorous and great and strong.

Frederick George Scott.

she 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 befuddled gentleman and read by ringletted gentlewomen. 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 leap to 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. Catherine's Street, there 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 sable steed,  
Delt around his deathful sword;  
Wh'er'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 curricles and four-in-hands rattled down the Brighton road, "the author" penned his humble petition to Her Grace of Rutland, and J. J. Stockdale kept a bookshop at No. 41 Pall Mall.

## Incidents On A Recent Jaunt Abroad

"DOC" MEADE

Well, for reasons beyond the purport of this literary outlay I set forth last summer on a cattle-boat in the general direction East. We sailed from Montreal at the tender hour of 5 a.m.—briefly at daybreak. As I had had previous marine-bovine experience I was raised to the lonely dignity of night-watchman. My duties began the night before we sailed, as the cattle were already on board. Having stayed up most of the previous evening, for possibly obvious reasons, I was given to being sleepy and consequently neglectful of my duty. Several of my excellent friends had just presented me with an interesting masterpiece of the glass-blowers' art in token of farewell. In this was a liquid as reliable in distributing a warm-feeling as the race which bears the same name. In short, so successful was this gift in overcoming my soporific tendencies that I passed haply into oblivion upon a bale of straw.

I was awakened by a none-too-pleased foreman and a number of stampeding cattle. Fortunately I had sufficient of the panacea left to apply to his temper, which I did with remarkable effect. There followed a hectic night of chasing cattle with pitchforks et vice versa (without pitchforks).

And so out to sea.—My duties consisted in supervising the nocturnal recreations of some 500 head of cattle. I walked amongst them once every hour and then reported to the officer on the bridge. This latter formality was chiefly concerned in persuading the mate that I had not again given myself to being a dutiful subject of the land of nod.

The voyage was comparatively quiet with few incidents of interest. The problems I had to contend with were twofold. First to disentangle the steers who were fond of jostling each other in ungentlemanly fashion, of having tugs-of-war with the unenthused portion of the stable to which they were roped (this pastime often led to a partial choking of the animated contestant) and of staging marathon races down the weaving alley-ways with part of the stable in tow. (This was the most dangerous task with which to contend.)

Second, to keep an intelligent eye at one end of certain romantic individuals of the ladies' department who were subject to undergo a blessed event without notice. In the cramped conditions of the stalls and with a rolling sea, this was not often an easy phenomenon.

So, armed with a flashlight (which worked only on rare occasions) I gave all the cows a reassuring and understanding glance, though Heaven knows! I was the most unfledged of saw-bones and my veterinary knowledge would fill one very large loose-leaf,

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 bade the cattle a none-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 25 miles)—my legs locked, leaving me in the unenviable position of the centre of the road. After what seemed ages I struggled painfully to the side of the road, fell gracefully from my machine and relaxed on the soil. I reached Edinburgh that night mostly because the last 20 miles were predominantly 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-guides' camp, singing choice songs to them at the campfire and leaving late next morning with an exalted idea of the Scotch lassies' conception of guiding.

I might state that I carried with me a sleeping-sack that enabled me to couch myself most anywhere with at least the possibility of existence. I visited historic St. Andrews and attended a town dance. With one exception, the girls considered me an impossible dancer. However, the exception was sufficient unto the evening and I remember it with much pleasure.

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 consolations. Aberdeen is definitely beautiful, the city of silver by the sea. 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 Balmoral Castle and Crathie 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 it; however, I struck up an acquaintance with a war-crazed soldier, who was a piper in the Balmoral Guards. Walking along talking to him, I passed the many guards without question. I en-

## 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 our 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 now 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 that government would be subordinated to a higher authority—the international government. 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 law, banking system and currency, education, labour conditions, and systems of trade. To accomplish this paradise its exponents rely on a sudden outburst of international trust and amicability and a unity of purpose which will revolutionize our world to culminate in a peaceful and orderly organization—Federation of States. That such an extraordinary reformation could occur is more dream-like than our credulity can envisage. 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 gradual growth.

Less visionary and infinitely more practicable for us 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 peace-

ful 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 these ten own almost half the earth, rule all its oceans, govern half mankind. They do two-thirds of the world's trade, have more than 50 percent control of nearly every essential material, have 60 percent control of most war essentials. The population of the democracies and dependencies is more than 900,000,000; of Japan, Germany, Italy, and Russia 435,000,000. 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 aeroplanes. 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 more than enough power to form a nucleus of a world government, 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 for the world's condition, but they are wrong when they attach the blame to democracy. The chaos 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 Lothian 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 existed until now." So we see a nucleus forming, a nucleus which we hope will expand to grow into a new world order where can live peacefully and productively.

## 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 re-read. "The Rival Roses: or Wars of York and Lancaster." A metrical tale must, in its prime, have been a handsome 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" (whoever he may have been; for he remains anonymous, and no critic or student of literature is likely to seek to penetrate his anonymity), the volume has all the outward dignity and signs of good-breeding to qualify it for such a home. Nor is its content likely to cause a gap in a neatly 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 although the poem is apt to bore one into somnolence, if taken seriously as a metrical romance, or raise a malicious chuckle if regarded, as a modern reader may well regard it, as a parody on the Lay of the Last Minstrel or the Lady of the Lake, there are many interesting features about the actual volume. The date upon 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 maintain the ascendancy so rudely shaken by the Russian disaster. In Spain, the French were being driven from the Peninsula by Wellington's march from Portugal and the victory of Vittoria. In Canada, English and French Canadians were standing shoulder to shoulder against the American invaders at Chateauguay and Chrysler'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 times. 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 Vittoria; that he was more

DR. F. E. BOOTHROYD

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 Childe 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 been shocked into a hurried change of literary medium by the perusal of such passages as—

"Fierce Discord stalked throughout the land,  
And tossed aloft her fiery brand;  
Horror, with tresses dipped in gore,  
Bade shrieks resound from shore to shore:  
And Faction, versed in fraudulent guile,  
Bade patriot blood fair Albion's fields defile."

or,

"Then flourished fair the 'Rose of snow,'  
Triumphant o'er its ruddy foe."

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," as the title-page shows, the book was given to me by a relative who picked it up on a bargain-counter 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-fobs ajingle, and into No. 41. The shopkeeper 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 bruited about that he has turned author." "Very well, I'll take it; my wife and daughters will probably be enthralled, 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 Berkley Square or a manor-house in the country, where ladies of the Jane Austen type may well have shivered at the

# 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.



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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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