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THE MITRE

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS—
(Continued from page 31)

at the age of seventy-five, he writes with the zest of a boy. The book should be an inspiration to all teachers. The

The book of teaching is routine, with its attendant danger of routine degenerating into drudgery. Here is a teacher who amid multifarious activities has kept undimmed the fire of youthful enthusiasm and an undiluted love of life. Chang-

ing somewhat the famous lines of Landor to sum up his own experience, he writes:

"I strive with none, I always hated strife.
Nature I loved, and God and Man and Art:
I warmed both hands before the fire of life:
It links, yet I'm not ready to depart."

—W. O. Raymond

DECEMBER, 1940

Lieut. A. R. S. Woodside, m'33
F. M. Bunbury, B.Sc. '39, G. F. Cross, m'39, W. L.

Nelson, B.Sc. '40, and G. F. Scott, B.A. '40, are with

the British Navy.

J. Michals, B.A. '31, is with the British Intelligence

Service.

Major C. L. H. Bowen, m'27, is with the Governor-

General's Foot Guards.

J. C. Briden, B.Sc. '46, is a Lieutenant in the Cameron

Highlanders.

GENERAL

The Rev'd A. T. Love, M.A., L.S.T. '04, has been ap-

pointed acting Rector of St. Matthias' Church, Westminster,
in the absence of Canon Gilbert Oliver who has been ap-
pointed R.C.A.F. chaplain.

Mrs. D. C. Draper of Toronto, formerly Miss Marjorie

G. Hume, B.A. '18, has returned to Sherbrooke her former

home where she will remain during the absence of her hus-
bond, General Draper, who is on active service.

The Rev'd Arthur Oxenwell, B.A. '24, now serving as

Chaplain in the C.A.S.F., is in the Military Hospital, Sea-

Anne de Bellevue, suffering from a fractured foot.

Mr. Gerald Moffatt, B.A. '37, is now taking a Theolo-
gical course at Trinity College, Toronto.

The Rev'd A. R. Perkins, B.A. '37, who was on the

Mulgulan Islands for three years, has now been moved
to Peninsula, Gaspé.

The Rev'd Norman Pitcher, L.S.T. '34, has been ap-
pointed Rector of Maple Grove, Quebec, by the Bishop of

Quebec.

The Rev'd Charles Campbell has been appointed as-

sistant priest at Holy Trinity Cathedral, Quebec City.

Bruce Baker, Kenneth Herling, and Lloyd Thompson,

B.Sc.'s of '40, are taking a science course at McGill Uni-

versity, Montreal.

Marjorie Morrison, B.A. '40, is taking a Library course

at McGill University.

John Carroll, B.A. '40, is now resident at Trinity House

at the University of Toronto while taking a Law course at

Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Recent visitors at the University included Ken Annett,

Peter Edgley, Rod Vance, Bruce Cragg, Jim Flintoff, the


IN THE PARK

Watch where the winds plate petals with zest
And you shall see an autumn drab.
The unremembered dahlias—just
Where the one in rags unwraps a crest.

Sitting on a bench (where the skunks squeal),
At him with the bag of idle crumbs.
The girl who digs in the tin of zeal
Protected by label, hermetic seal.

She knows, the one with the meet-paste tin—
(Where the unremembered dahias break,
A summer's mortal discipline)
She knows how to spread her pleasure thin.

Her simpler eyes, her dreams disdain
The nice advantage of the shuffling one
Who picks the newspaper from the drain,
To see if stocks are up again.

—Ralph Gustafson.
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Mitts - $1.50 to $2.25
Ski Socks - 65c to $1.25
Ski Shirts - $1.15 to $3
Ski Sticks - $4.50 to $7
Sport Jackets - $2.50 to $18.50
Sport Scarves - $1.50 to $3.50
Sweaters - $1.85 to $9.50

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DECEMBER, 1940

EXCHANGES

The October issue of "The Queen's Review," published by the Alumni Association of Queen's, contains two articles of particular interest to students at the present time. The first, entitled "Universities in War-Times," by Dr. W. H. Fyfe, Principal of Alberto University, is an address which was given over the B.B.C. network, and which you may have heard over the C.B.C. early this fall. Dr. Fyfe spent several years in Canada at Principal of Queen's; consequently, when he compares Scottish universities with those of Canada and the United States, his statements are backed up by experience on both sides of the water. The other article, also by an educationalist, is concerned with the ever accelerating change of events in the far East. Dr. Bates, the author of the article, has spent the past three years in Japan, and it is his belief that the role of the West in the East has been broken permanently, and that the destiny of the Asiatic peoples at last lies in their own hands.

The following extracts from a letter written by Sub-Lieutenant Gail, Scott, R.C.N.V.R., and printed in the "Trinity College School Record," will prove of particular interest to those who were at Bishop's last year:

"One day at Horse, eight of our class of twenty-five Canadians were asked to volunteer for a special job involving demolition work in France. It was the part we visited in France. It was an interesting place to be living in for two and a half weeks, because for one thing it is the second largest port in France (paradise for a German). The demolition was great sport and we had the satisfaction of blowing up the Normandie's drydock. But I didn't always appreciate our nightly air-raid... Every night at exactly the same time the German bombers would come over and start dropping things and I must say it wasn't always too pleasant. The main thing that really frightened you was the bombs whistling on its way down. The noise of the A.A. gunfire was deafening at times, and it was an amazing sight to see all the different kinds of tracer bullets shooting up into the sky..."

A team imagination from shattered France to a suffering Dominion, we find college publications on every hand condemning that sectional whim, which, despite roaring protests from the men (at any rate, in the press) has vicarously on the co-edit of Canadian universities. Yes, ladies, we refer to knee-socks. Being reluctant to voice any personal comment on the subject, we are content to quote from the "McGill Daily":

"Girls there are many—with sense but few; Three-quarter length socks are not for you! 90% are not the type;"

It may be collegiate. But flattering?—Tripe!

And so we pass on to the question of intercollegiate sports. As you know, last July a resolution abolishing intercollegiate competition was passed by the National Universities Conference. In the last Mitre we reported that Alberta University had shown definite opposition to this decision, and since then that western university has obtained permission to carry on a complete schedule, and has already played a horse-and-home rugby series with the University of Saskatchewan. Nor are these universities the only ones to object to the ruling. An editorial in "The Silhouette," published by McMaster University, says, "The trend of events suggests that a total cancellation of intercollegiate sports was unsafe. Curtailment, perhaps, but nothing more. We believe that unless some modification is introduced into the no-intercollegiate ruling, to bring some interest in athletics to the student body at large—a dull, unimproved winter will ensue, and a lethargy more noticeable even than the present one will settle down."

Last year the Canadian University Press undertook to provide its members with various weekly columns on news of general interest, and this year several feature columns have been added. "Canadian Campus," "Chuckless," and "Wide Eyed in Gizhach" are among the best. The last, named, by a Canadian taking post-graduate work in New York City, we find particularly entertaining. Its author comments on life in America's largest city, with humor and amazingly accurate election predictions thrown in. These columns appear in nearly all Canadian university newspapers; you would do well to wade into the reading room and hunt one up.

New items... Sofia Hawkins has invaded many campuses in the past few weeks... Elections at Queen's are serious affairs... An election day Arts vs. Science tuition was halted by the Principal, only because buildings and students had stopped eggs and over-ripe tomatoes... University of British Columbia has larger registration in its history... Madeleine Carroll addressed an English class on behalf of the Red Cross during her recent visit to McGill... The English class showed one hundred per cent attendance.

We were pleased to receive and review the following publications:

Trinity University Review, Toronto.
Revue des Universite d'Ottawa, Ottawa.
The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
The Queen's Review, Queen's, Kingston.
The Ashburian, Ashbury College, Ottawa.
Kings College Record, Halifax, N.S.
It was obvious from the start that it was to be a hard fought battle. Jack Spray started the play by a long kick for the Whites that carried deep into Purple territory. However, it was run back well into middle field where the play was kept during the first half by strong, watchful and counter-attack action. In the second half the Whites made a push for the Purple goal line, with Perkins and Hollinger carrying the ball, but it was stopped by brilliant defensive work and timely driven back. Then the Purples took the offensive when Westgate broke away on about the thirty-yard line for a gain of twenty-five yards, but the next plays were unsuccessful and no score was made. In the last quarter Westgate practically duplicated this previous run but again the subsequent plays failed and it resulted in no touchdown. The final score was a tie at two all.

ROAD RACE

The annual relay road race for the Dunn Cup was held on November 1 this year. With the record breaking quartet of Cooper, Tulk, Smith, Schoch, and Walters—who graduated last June—out of the running there was again a question of who would win the event. Third year hopefully entered Tulk, Boyle, Mackie, Lester Tomlinson, and Westgate as a team; Second year ran the favourable combination of Burke, Duval, Templeton, MacDougall, and Van Horn, and the freshman five was Day, Mills, del arteries, K. Tomlinson, and Schoch.

As an official of the race I, in some way, got left in Huntsville, the most remote point on the course, until after the race, so I was unable to see the end of it. However it was not a close finish and Second year was indubitably the winner with First year in next place and Third definitely third.

Lester Tomlinson, Manager of Minor Athletics, has organized a Ping Pong tournament. The competition is being strenuously contested and although it is not yet finished popular opinion points to Hollinger, Richards, or Stevens as the champions—may the best man win!

AIR ATTACK ON BRITAIN—

(Continued from page 8)

them together and breaking down old barriers in a way nothing else could have done. King and contemporaries have undergone a similar experience and discussed their reactions together. The old exclusiveness which kept neighbours apart until they had been formally introduced cannot resist the conclusion of a bomb which demands them to a common shelter. And amid it all the dominant feeling is "What can I do for those who need assistance," how can each individual help to provide housing, clothing, sustenance and comfort for those who require them. The agonising task is bringing out a Christian spirit in defence. If the spirit generated by the attack is to be that in which the country approaches the inevitable post-war reconstruction, a better Britain will arise on those foundations bequeathed from the past and preserved in the present.

But it will not be Britain alone that will need reconstruction after the struggle. In the squadrons that met, the Nazi raiders Czechs, Poles, Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, and Free Frenchmen fly side by side with pilots from Britain and French from the Dominions and the United States who have crossed the oceans to defend Britain all they hold dear in their own lands. It may not be too much in hope that this comradeship in defence of the past may broaden into co-operation in the building of the future. Then the winning of the war will not be followed once again by the losing of the peace, and future historians may date from the air attack on Britain the genesis of a brighter age. This may perhaps, be an unduly optimistic outlook; but pessimism has never been anything but a brake on human progress. Optimism is the only constructive attitude.

THE FICKER-FLEA—

(Continued from page 17)

And so to keep your spirits up
I think that I shall drone:
'Tve a most intelligent pup,'
Upon my telephone.

But as they crossed the flattest peak
Of sombre Snickerdown
Poor Lady Gough ripped out a shriek
No saxophone could drown.

"Sir Chumleigh Gough, Alas! Alack! That this should ever be!
You'll have to turn and go right back,
Nor mind the Ficker-flea!
You'll have to turn at once, so there!
And take the homeward path;
I've left our darling son and heir
A-washing in the bath!"

Alumni Notes

Births

Ford—At the Arvida Hospital on October 21, 1940, to the Rev'd and Mrs. J. F. S. Ford of Kengami, a daughter. John Ford received his B.A. in '33.

Engagements

TAYLOR-CHADDELEY—The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Edna Chaldey, R.N., of Bedford, Que., who was a student in 1933-34, to Mr. Wylie Owen Taylor, B.S.C., of Kentville, Nova Scotia. The wedding will take place on December 21.

GOURLEY-GOURLEY—The engagement is announced by Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Gisbourne of Queen's City of their eldest daughter Jean, to the Rev'd Robert Leslie Gourley, B.A. '39, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Gourley of Monton, N.B. The wedding will take place in January, 1941.

Marriages

EDSON-STEWART—The marriage took place on September 28 at St. Andrew's Church, Westmount, of Miss Gwen Edson of Eastwood, to Mr. Celest Arlington Edson, of Coutoook. Mr. Edson was a member of the University from 1934 to 1937.

ROYAL-KIRKWOOD—The marriage is announced of Ada Eudora, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Kirkwood, of Rawdon, Que., to Lieut. Frederick Henry James Royal, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Royal, of Upper Melbourne, Que. The wedding took place on November 14, at Christ Church, Rawdon. Lieut. Royal received his M.A. from the University in 1935.

Deaths

HIBERN—The death occurred recently in Toronto of Mr. Reginald J. Hibern, B.A. '07, before entering the University, Mr. Hibern was a pupil at Bishop's College School.

TITCOMB—We regret to announce the death of Mr. F. R. Titcomb of Lenniemark, Mr. Titcomb was the father of three of our graduates, Memus, B. V. Titcomb, B.A. '26, G. J. Titcomb, B.A. '32, and Miss E. M. Titcomb, B.A. '17, to whom we extend our sincere sympathy.

PEPPER—Word has been received that Kenneth Pedley Pepper, member of this University in '31, was accidentally killed on active service in England.

Born in Westmount in 1917, Cadet Pepper was educated at Westmount High School and at U. B. C. Both at Westmount and at Bishop's he was active in athletics and was also on the college debating team. As a cadet in the C.O.T.C. he enlisted in a Montreal regiment and left Canada early last December with the rank of platoon sergeant-major. The Mitre extends its sympathy to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Pepper of Westmount.

WILL THE KING'S FORCES

The following men are on active service in the Sherbrooke Fusiliers Regiment:

Lieut. F. H. Baldwin, m.39
Lieut. H. M. Bateman, m.40
Lieut. H. M. Bellon, m.40
Lieut. D. H. Bradly, B.A. 40
Lieut. A. D. Bryee, B.A. 37
Lieut. D. H. Coohee, B.A. 36
Lieut. J. M. Gibson, B.A. 40
Lieut. E. P. Hall, B.A. 29
Lieut. W. D. Humphrey, B.A. 31
Lieut. J. P. Lutnaer, B.Sc. 38
G. E. Mallard, m.39
Major W. L. Tomkins, B.A. 33
S. V. B. Walters, m.40

The following men are on active service in the R.C.A.F.:

G. M. Armstrong, m.40
D. W. Bennett, B.Sc. 39
D. J. Carrich, B.A. 38
M. W. Gall, m.36
G. N. Goff, B.A. 34
G. W. Hume, m.36
E. R. Johnston, m.35
I. M. Maclean, B.A. 39
H. C. Mayrrew, B.A. 22
L. N. McGill, B.A. 31
D. S. Patten, B.A. 39
J. N. Patten, B.A. 39
H. H. Pibaus, B.A. 34
G. H. Temple, B.Sc. 40

The following men are on active service with the Royal Rifles of Canada:

Lieut. W. B. Bradly, B.A. 33
Lieut. E. E. Denison, B.A. 30
Lieut. F. N. Lyster, B.A. 33
Lieut. M. A. Park, m.39
Lieut. F. H. Royal, B.A. 34
Lieut. A. N. Schoch, B.Sc. 40
Lieut. W. E. Tulk, B.A. 40
Lieut. J. N. Wood, B.A. 29

(Concluded on page 39)
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THE MITRE

DECEMBER, 1946

Sports

As I write this the ground is covered with snow. A snowflake, from time to time, hits my window and then falls reluctantly, in a zig-zag line to the ground. The wind tosses up little spirals of white and then suddenly blows them away, and on the river it forms tiny waves that run upstream and make the water look as if it were standing still, shimmering between the white banks. It is the first real appearance of winter and that means snow—

First the football season—with the next few weeks. However, in this column we must deal essentially with sports in the retrospect so although winter landscape rather distorts our sense of perspective let us look back at the rugby season and the annual relay race ride of this fall. It will be worth the trouble.

RUGBY

When we look back on the rugby season we realize instantly that it was a great success. The team worked with a fine spirit and it was enthusiastically supported by the entire college. This spirit and support was definitely illustrated in the first game of the season played in Sherbrooke against the Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A. when victory was made from defeat by quarterback Hay's brilliant eighty-yard run staged within a minute of the final whistle. An account of the game was published in the last Mitre.

Air Force vs. Bishop's

The game that followed this early success was with a squad of picked men from the Air Training School at Windsor Mills. This squad of resilient fliers of the Empire were led against the purple and white team by their O.C. H. L. Funn. It was a strong team with Elwood McFall, who formerly played for the Ottawa Rough Riders, and Jimmy Dierksen, a former member of the Big Four and Summerhill High School, supporting it in the position of full back and middle, respectively. Gleason, another potential flier, did some fine kicking for the air force, and Billey, a graduate of U.B.C., kept the team well organized from the position of quarter back.

The game was held on the 26th of October. The field was wet and showed signs of an early morning snow storm. A cold east wind blew down the field. It was extremely chilly on the side lines and the blue great coats of the air force supporters waved in the wind beside coats of mink—and of whatever else the coal's costs are made—in an im-

potently intimate way. This capricious suggestion of nature seemed to momentarily demoralize our backfield but fortunately it settled down when the game got under way.

It would be pointless to describe the plays of the game as no outstanding runs or passes were made. However, it was a fine fought battle from beginning to end and although the home team was forced to capitulate to the terms of 7 to 0, they fought them with a fine game. Hay and Wallace were especially creditable with unselfconsciously brilliant performances.

Stanstead vs. Bishop's

On the second of November the team splashed up to Stanstead to meet, for the first time in rugby history, the red and white line-up of S.W.G. It was a day well de-

scribed by the phrase, "the sheer oracular" which logically means—so I am told—that there was absolutely no surprise to rain. It poured all day—a cold melancholy rain that ran off my hat and then perversely sloshed down my back, as if I were an unimpressed rain pipe. The players were covered with mud from the start and the ball was wet and hard to hold.

The Stanstead team relied principally on the strategems of end runs throughout the game which kept the play fairly up. However, the Bishop's men brought the two teams into close contact by their offensive backs—no star inten-

tended—and ultimately the form of attack proved more efficacious by two touchdowns to one. The first touchdown of the game came in the first quarter when the Stanstead kicker fumbled a snap and set the stage for Williamson to carry the ball over the line for five points. The next major score went to Stanstead when Waterman dived around our right end. Then in the last quarter, with the score tied, Bishop's started an offensive that carried the complete length of the field and resulted in the winning touchdown when Robinson plunged across the Stanstead goal line within about a minute of the final whistle.

It was a good game played by both sides and we hope the two teams will meet again next year.

THE INTRAMURAL GAME

The buildings were divided among themselves and everyone did extending joyfully when the rugby season culminated in the tremendous struggle between two intramural teams. In hockey and basketball there inter-building athletic feuds have become traditional but never before has rugby included them. However, the game was a great suc-

cess and undoubtedly it will also become an annual event.

It was held on Saturday, November 16, this year. A tea dance had been planned for after the game but our coeds had been previously requisitioned for an I.O.D.E. sale so the dance was cancelled. It was a definite disappoint-

ment but nevertheless the teams turned out with their usual spirit.
THE MIRTE

DECEMBER, 1940

THE LIFE OF IRA REMSEN

FREDERICK H. GETMAN

This is the first biography of Professor Remsen to appear. It is of great interest to chemists and to those interested in the development of chemical education on this continent.

Remsen was born in New York in 1846. On the death of his mother eight years later, he went to live in the home of his great-grandfather, the Rev. James Demarest, a commanding figure in the Dutch Reformed Church. Here he encountered a profoundly religious atmosphere and throughout his life he remained a man of strong though somewhat unorthodox religious views.

At the age of 21, Remsen was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons as a Doctor of Medicine but found himself uninterested in the practice of medicine. He resolved then to study chemistry, and since at that time American colleges had little to offer in the way of advanced course, he decided to go to Germany. He entered the laboratory of the then-professor Liebig and studied also under Wohler and Fitting.

On his return to America in 1872 he found that there was little demand for a highly trained chemist. Eventually he was appointed to teach chemistry and physics at Williams College. On arriving at Williamstown, he found laboratory equipment hopelessly inadequate. Having requested further facilities, the president of the college agreed to say to him, "You will please keep in mind that this is a college and not a technical school. Our object is culture, not practical knowledge." It was not long before Remsen, showing himself to be a most able teacher, had convinced the authorities that laboratory instruction was inconsistent with culture and early in the 1890's three science buildings were erected.

When Johns Hopkins University was established Remsen was elected its first professor of Chemistry. In this he had a free hand, his instructions being: "Do your best work in your own way." It was at Johns Hopkins that his fine reputation as a teacher was made. He wrote many textbooks, wrote many articles, and served on many public bodies.

On the retirement of President Gilman, Remsen was appointed the second president of Johns Hopkins. He showed himself to be a conscientious and able executive but on his retirement after 13 years he returned to his beloved laboratory and resumed some teaching duties. He died in 1927 at the age of 81.

This is the biography of an outstanding American chemist and educator. Moreover, it makes delightful reading since it contains numerous quotations from Remsen's writings are included.

A. L. Kuehner,

hundred students a year. The growth of Phelps' classes was phenomenal. In his senior year he had two characters in his dozen classes, and as a sophomore he was elected by thirty-four students. The next year he lectured on Tennyson and Browning. In 1932-3, this course, which became known to successive generations of Yale undergraduates as T and B, was elected by five hundred fifty students.

Although Professor Phelps has written twenty-five books as well as numerous articles, his reputation as a scholar is not equal to his fame as a teacher. His writings are popular and unpretentious, but they are not the productions of a man whose forte was exact or inclusive scholarship. In this respect he may be contrasted with another outstanding teacher, George Lyman Kittredge, Professor of English Literature at Harvard. In depth of scholarship and scope of knowledge Kittredge far outstrips the Yale contemporary, Kittredge's tradition in combination with an arrested personality left such an impression upon graduate students at Harvard that his influence may almost be said to have diminished the teaching of English at American universities for a generation. Professor Phelps' influence, equally wide, has broadened of a different order. It is the average undergraduate, the rank and file of the student body, that he has inspired with a genuine love of literature.

The personal qualities of a great teacher are always of interest. They are just as vital to the student as part of the faculty, and of itself makes him a memorable figure. For these qualities, perhaps the most notable is his breadth of interest. He has employed in his teaching and in his writings a breadth of interest that is truly amazing. His preeminence as a scholar is one of the many obvious facts of his life. He is a born teacher and his love of literature was combined with a breadth of interest which was a great help in finding the delight he found in it. When he began teaching at Yale a member of the alumni warned him: "The novelty of the thing will appeal to you during the first year, and you will think it fine; then you will fall into a rut, teach in a routine fashion all the rest, and become mechanically." When the Autobiography was completed, the professor said: "I have always been glad that I received that challenge before I began work; for I made up my mind then and there that I would never allow myself to become a routine teacher. I could try to make every recitation an event in the lives of the students, and anyhow, an event in my own life. Despite innumerable errors and shortcomings, I can honestly say that although I have often taught and lectured badly, I have never done it mechanically; and in my last year of teaching, at the age of sixty-eight, I found it as thrilling and delightful as during the earliest days . . . ."

One further extract from the Autobiography may be cited as evidence of the pleasure Professor Phelps derived from his occupations. "It has always been necessary for me to work, if at any time during the last twenty years some eccentric person had left me a million dollars, I should have gone right on working at my chosen profession, teaching, writing, and public speaking. I enjoy all three. I enjoy them so much that I have no hesitation in saying that I enjoy them more than vacation."

Phelps was an unconscious master of the technique of teaching. He was endowed with the gifts of a fine presence and an exceptionally good speaking voice. In days when rhetorical oratory was the vogue, he spoke in a natural, easy, informal, conversational manner. As he tells us: "I began to teach with absolute naturalness; later in my public addresses, in my sermon speeches, in my orations at funerals, I have never changed. Whether I am talking to two persons or to two hundred I say the same. As an expert deal is about the technique of public speaking, I will say that this is all the technique I know. But whenever I address a strange audience, there is always that same opening shock. I can feel it is not unpleasant. I never begin with conventional platitudes and generalities; no matter how large the audience may be, I always feel as if I were talking to each one separately. This only is the witchcraft I have wrought."

It is impossible within the compass of a book review to touch on more than a mere slice of the contents of this voluminous Autobiography of nine hundred and seventy-two pages. It is of growing interest to note that although Yale was two hundred years old in 1892, the courses of Professor Phelps in that year mark the beginning of the teaching of English Literature to freshmen. When he started his university, the English department consisted of five men. In the course of thirty years the number rose to fifty. But William Lyon Phelps was more than a Yale professor, he was a citizen of the world, and his autobiography sweeps out to include varied and fascinating vignettes of the more famous men and women of America and England during his generation. They are a cosmopolitan company. Some of them he drew into his classroom. On one occasion the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia sat in the teacher's desk smoking a cigarette while addressing Phelps' Browning class. Gene Tunney, at the time heavyweight boxing champion of the world, talked Shakespeare for a complete lecture period before an attentive throng of Yale undergraduates.

Although Professor Phelps publishes his Autobiography
This man Stair certainly has his hands full this year. Working under considerable difficulties, he has started up the glee club again, and by the hocks of things he seems to be going to fill Sid Mead's shoes very well. He was constantly troubled with the shortness of man's memory on the subject of practice times—now our post-prandial mince- 
derings are guided, willy-nilly, to the ante-dining room, by 
gaudily urgent reminders on the wall. Not only has Gibby 
undertaken the leadership of this organization, but he has 
as also recently taken the controls of the Dramatic So- 
ciety. By great misfortune, the burden of Russell Rexford's 
work has made it impossible for him to continue in that 
position and we regret his demise as president. However, 
it is expected that Gibby Stair, since he has long had an 
affection for the society, will fill the post admirably.

The freshmen are now officially welcome members of 
our little community. Some time ago the girls were inducted 
into this standing at the Freshmen Tea which they judiciously 
held during an O. T. C. parade. A band played over the 
gathering and we understand that much was on 
besides the mere drinking of tea. There were initiation rites 
and we believe that it was in connection with this that we 
held the strains of the new version of "Drink To Me Only 
With Thine Eyes" which made such a hit at the freshman 
introduction dance when sung by that galaxy of beauties. 

At last we know what the freshmen think of women. It 
all came out in the Freshman debate on the 22nd of Oc- 
tober, in which three of them asserted that "the devil is a 
woman." Actually whether the devil is male or female was 
not conclusively decided, although the decision was given 
to the negative. But we did get a lot of varied opinions of 
the modern woman and a certain amount of lurid history 
which has been recorded about the sex. Although the talk- 
atives on the affirmative side would not go so far as 
"to say that all women are devils, they did state that they 
dress as badly as the devil. We take violent exception to 
that. Why, we say a woman only last year that—but that's 
nothing here but one. One of the supporters of the nega- 
tive, however, restored our faith in our own judgment. 
With tears in his eyes, he rhapsodized on the tender, weak, 
and loving characteristics of the sex. So we suppose that 
men will continue to marry into the opposite sex despite 
 attempts to associate them with denizens of Hades.

Incidentally, now that we are on that subject, two 
members of a certain Sherlockian clan have scored heavily 
on residents of the Old Arts—it really is touching. 
Yes, isn't love a wonderful thing? Evidence of what it is 
doing to a friend of ours was forthcoming at the magazine 
selection a couple of weeks ago. Somehow, however, we 
can't seem to save a trace of that halo about hisrown head. 

The New Arts supply a story about frustrated spino- 
sorial efforts in regard to the recent dance at King's Hall 
—Oh well, these things will happen, with or without shady 
indications... Then there's the guy who can't speak 
without a shivers in front of him—we smell exhibitionism. 

. . . From the Old Arts we hear that a "hust-up" sent 
one of the patient off to the U.S. on quite a week-end with 
his two companions—we shouldn't let it get us down.

Now, in closing we wish everybody the best of good 
fortune in the forthcoming examinations, not forgetting to 
include ourselves, and may we extend to one and all the 
very best of the season's greetings.

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THE NAZARENE

He was a weaver of dreams
Drunk with the beauty of God,
Spilling the wine of his words 
into the dark-throated sea.

His was a strong heart of love
Girdled with sorrow and pain,
Bearing a crown of shame and scorn,
Sign of his sacrifice and pain.

His was a triumph unknown
Pierced by reality's cruel brand,
His was a belligerent throne
Set in the arms of a cross.

Leon Adams

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DECEMBER, 1949

The Bishop Looks Down

MISS C. E. THOMPSON

Many simply and well-written books dealing with various 
phases of our present world crisis and with its possible re- 
results have recently been published.

Perhaps of most universal interest is Winston Church- 
ill's Step by Step, a collection of the author's articles on 
home and foreign affairs which have been printed for- 
tnightly from 1936 to the present. They are at once a run- 
ning commentary upon events as they happened or were 
about to happen, and a narrative of what we have lived 
through. Here Mr. Churchill shows his usual literary skill. 
Even independent of the content, this pungent and lucid 
tyle affords the reader much pleasure. Step by Step sets 
out most tellingly how the British statesman's voice has been 
lke a foghorn in that "moist, misty, fogbound island."

No one interested in politics should fail to read Canada's 
America's Problem, a penetrating and readable book by 
John MacCormac, for many years a New York Times cor-
respondent. This is a survey of Canada's political and eco-
nomic position in the world and in the British Empire re-
garding primarily both in relation to the present war and 
in relation to the United States' attitude towards the war. 
Written in the simple direct style of the experienced 
newspaperman, the book is so up-to-the-day, so crowded with 
facts of history and politics, and so big in its outlook that 
it compels the reader's attention, leaving him profoundly 
impressed with the fact that Canada is indeed America's 
problem.

Another book of the moment particularly attractive to 
Canadians, is Canada, Europe and Hitler, written by Pro-

cessor Watson Kirkconnell. Here the author discusses the 
impact of the war on the Canadian mind, and examines a 
cross-section of European-Canadian sentiments towards the 
issues involved. His survey covers the months immediately 
preceding the outbreak of hostilities and the first months of 
actual warfare. Mr. Kirkconnell is exceptionally well quali-
fied for the analysis he has undertaken. His wide acquaint-
ance with the language and literature of recent immigrant 
peoples, coupled with recent extensive travels in Europe, is 
employed to good account.

A review of contemporary political reading would not 
be complete without mentioning the most recent numbers in 
the series of Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs. 
Trends in Canadian Nationhood is an objective appraisal of 
our political trends during the last quarter of a century 
by Professor Chester Martin, University of Toronto.

In War and Treaties Vice-Chancellor Arnold D. Mc-
Nair of Liverpool University contrasts the weakness of 
international law compared with national system of law in 
its machinery for "peaceful change", and points the way to 
future improvement.

Australia and New Zealand at War, edited by John W. 
Holmes, information secretary, Canadian Institute of Na-
tional Affairs, contains vital statistics on the resources, mili-

tary and economic, of these sister dominions.

Britain's Blockade contains a description by Mr. R. W. 
B. Clarke, author of 'The Economics of War', of the 
objectives and methods of the blockade, that slow but 
deadly weapon which Britain has been perfecting since 
the first day of the war.

In the pamphlet entitled The Geopolitik O. C. Giles, who 
has made a special study of Nazi Germany and in particular 
of Nazi law, attempts an explanation of this institution, 
unique in the history of statesmen.

These books and pamphlets are now available in the 
library. They should prove absorbing and instructive reading.

C. E. Thompson

PHLEPS, WILLIAM LYON—"AUTOBIOGRAPHY"

William Lyon Phelps was a great teacher. For forty-
one years, first as instructor and then as Professor of Eng- 
lish Literature, he lectured at Yale University at New 
Haven, Conn. During that period his classes averaged four
Notes and Comments

Icy winds rattle the panes of the storm windows, whip up a dried feel on the surface of the St. Mary's, and mean through the naked branches of the tree. Football is over and the campus has a singularly unfrivolous look about it. Staidly frowns surround the haggard faces of the students, hair is unkempt and nails bitten. Ghosts in tat ted gowns drift wearily into occasional meals and flout out no whit refreshed to return to the fendish grind in unwrested rooms where the air is filled with asonized ink from flying pens, fragments of curses, surds, and paradigms, and concentrated cigarette smoke. Within the hearts of these student striveties lurks a chill of fear similar to the chill which sweeps the campus. In town, the other day, we saw a wreath suspended in a cheerful window, bespeaking the Christmas cheer to come. At Bishop a spirit of Christmas invades the soul of riling man. Before the eyes of everyone, awake or asleep, hearts, murkyly, the smoldering inscription: Christmas Exams!

Seriously, though, the examinations this year are ensuing ever greater consternation than ever before. One reason is that there is so much more emphasis on the C.O.T.C. activities this year than there has been in the past. Under the able leadership of Major Church the contingent has a very busy and successful fall. Les Tomlinson has given an exhaustive series of lectures on the subject of Majoring. Don Chute and Rod Everett have lectured on various subjects. We are indebted to Professor Preston for his instruction in Military Law. We take our hats off to the Major for his tenacity of purpose on behalf of the contingent. He has accomplished the apparent impossible before which a thousand brave men fall. We do not mention the formidable looking artillery piece which has since so mysteriously disappeared. But in our opinion the best move that he has made all fall is his plan of forming a ski company including practically all of us. This will be a welcome change in the usual winter schedule and we feel that the hearty approval of the whole student body is behind the scheme. A very hearty, if somewhat up roarious, welcome was given Sergeant-Major Bouchard upon his return not long ago. He will very capably take some of the weight from the Major's shoulders. Already he is whipp ing the drill into meticulous smoothness. It is hoped that he will not have to wear those unbecoming cheetahs which he so abruptly affected last year.

Another outing which caused much palpitation of the hearts of many of us celebrants at Bishop's was the annual Compton dance which this year was as great a success as ever. For many at the dance this was an introduction to Canadian stamps judging by the number of fresh British accents and we sincerely hope that they were favorably impressed by us colonists. One sign of the success of the party is that for the week following the dance, there were a number of dreamy looks to be seen on faces that should have been filled with worry about the approaching exams. Sounds of music and laughter poured from the Principal's house on the evening of the twelfth of November. Dr. and Mrs. McGregor very graciously gave a dance for all those connected with the production of the three one-act plays. Those plays, by the way, received universal appro bation, and we congratulate all who helped to make them such a success. From the financial standpoint, the plays seem to have been more than usually successful. We look forward with pleasant anticipation to the major production in the springing.

On the 29th of November was held the first of the Skinner Trophy debates. The resolution was that "It is to Great Britain's greatest advantage that the United States declare war on the Axis powers immediately." Al Craig, Leon Adams, and Bob Mackay valiantly upheld the affirmative for the "shoel", but the judges, Dean Jones, Dr. Raymond, and Mr. Page decided in favor of the negative. Shag Shaughnessy, Ian Hay, and Ralph Hayden upheld the glory of the A.S. Faculty. Their strongest points were that in the event of an immediate declaration of war all of the materials at present going to Britain would be withheld for the building up of the home army, air force, and a two ocean navy which would be absolutely necessary since war with the Axis powers would cause Japan, at present stick ing pretty much her own war in the east. We wish that Ripley could have been there. It seems that there is a plant in Connecticut which is turning out a million planes every month, or twenty three every minute—not bad.

Things seem to be shaping up for a really good season in the Literary and Debating Society. Shag Shaughnessy has been doing his level best to get the Society back to position of importance and interest that it had a number of years back, but it is a tough grind. A political discussion group in its formulative stage and there seems to be a good deal of interest evinced in this and the suggestion that we obtain some unusual guest speakers, who, as an added inducement, might possibly be broadcast over a number of eastern stations. The clubs are taking an active interest in the proceedings this year, and nine of them, apparently cap tained by Ernestine Rey, are planning to do some intensive debating next term, against or with the male element in the society.
When you make that "touch" it is self-evident that you have over stepped your budget. Sit down with yourself and see if you can't work out some plan of finance that will carry you through the term without an S.O.S. to father. He will appreciate it -- and you will be acquiring a habit that will prove valuable when you are eventually on your own.

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The Mitre

December, 1940

In Their Opinion

In this department, the Mitre provides space for those members of the student body, the faculty and the alumni and friends of the University to express their own (briefly) on any subject of general interest. While the only qualification for the letters is that they be brief, the editor reserves the right to select the letters deemed most worthy of publication, and the letters are printed with the understanding that the opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Mitre.

Below the Mitre suggests two topics for discussion and with them extends an invitation to students and faculty alike to bring one or the other. In the next issue of the magazine the Mitre will publish about six or eight of the best contributions. A suggested length for these is two hundred words, although there is no limit and the contributions may be above or below this arbitrary mark.

Contributions should be in the hands of the editor before the middle of January to insure publication in the next issue.

1. Would the formation of a National Government be in the best interests of Canada and further its effectiveness in the war effort?

2. After the end of the present war, will the form of government in the British Empire, the United States and other countries that are now "democracies" be a return to democratic principles — involving the capitalist system and all that the term embraces, or will there be a turn toward socialism?

To the Editor of The Mitre:

Although I'll admit I have an aversion to complaints, there is one that I have been harbouring for some time, keeping it to myself until presented with an opportunity such as this. It is therefore with a measure of relief that I place before you my complaint about the far-famed Trans-Canada Highway with the hope that it may perchance lead to a discussion in future issues. Nowadays to get to Vancouver without taking the long and tedious train journey, one is obliged to travel by the Trans-Canada Highway, as the splendid roads of the United States are barred to us by prohibitive exchange rates.

On the face of it, this highway sounds very grand and impressive; however, let me assure you that this is far from the case. In all, I may truthfully say that only 100 of the 1600-old miles between Montreal and the coast are paved and in good shape. I do not mean to suggest that the Trans-Canada Highway starts from Montreal, for actually it commences at Halifax, roughly 4800 miles from Vancouver.

No criticism should be solely destructive. I have a possible solution to offer. During wartime, now that the unemployed figure has dropped why not press into service the war prisoners now vacationing in internment camps for work paving the highways, in exchange for their rations and board?

If perchance you happen to have had the same experience as I did in crossing Canada on this highway you doubtless have not forgotten the vicissitudes met with en route either.

I refer to the vast quantities of thick, choking dust stirred up by passing cars. This factor alone is enough to spoil the enjoyment of any trip. A wide variety of bumps and holes, which help break the tediousness of the journey as well as the springs of the car, dot the highway. And thirdly the hungry traveller finds an alarming dearth of decent eating establishments.

Now, as I say, the first two factors, which are by far the most unpleasant, could be easily remedied if people like Conanual House and other prisoners of war were put to work paving the Trans-Canada Highway.

In conclusion, may I state that although the cost of paving the highway may seem to be exorbitant, yet when the price of labour is deducted, and when one thinks of the additional attraction for American tourists thus acquired, it really appears to be rather an attractive proposition, and certainly a practical one.

G. H. S. Mills.

Beauty:

God's lamp
for the dark night
of the soul;

God's touch
on a wounded heart;

God's emblem
eternity.

—Leon Adams.
Live Life to the Full

(Reprinted through the courtesy of The Ashburton.)

Our length of days, it is said, is numbered as the very hairs on our head. "Getting and spending we lay waste our life." 

"A dull life this, if full of care

We have not time to stand and stare."

A host of witnesses can be gathered to bear testimony to the futility of a hedonistic philosophy, witnesses who uphold the view that our stay on earth should be characterized by work, work, work; that life is an essentially serious business and permits of little levity. Here is a case in point, a witness.

Once there was a wealthy man. He was not born wealthy, but during his life of hard work and conscientious toil he had amassed great riches. His chief worry, however, was the fear that he might one day be robbed, and his life’s treasure taken from him.

But a man of such acquisitive ability is not easily defeated, and he built enormous strongholds in which to store securely his great hoard. Unfortunately, however, on the night before the treasury cars were due to call and remove his wealth to safekeeping, he died.

Our hero, if such you choose to call him, was a bachelor, so no one benefited immediately from his estate. He had never known a day of ill-health, so he denied himself the sentimental luxury of wasting money on any hospital or other charitable institution. He was a strange mixture of Midas and Scrooge.

But did he enjoy his life? I hear someone ask, why criticize the way in which he chose to indulge his fancies? Let me assure my reader that he did not enjoy himself. Spending money was to him an anathema; pleasure a sin. He always believed in the age old precept, "After Joy, Sorrow." and being faint-hearted he refused to put this adage to the test and prove its falsity. He died as he had lived, immeasurably poor, barren of friends, spiritless and alone.

Death, we are told, is inevitable. Its all too frequent occurrence would lead even the most stupid of us to believe it true. If, then, it is the irrevocable conclusion of our life here, why, in this the best of all possible worlds, should we not taste the pleasures that it affords, now, while our lips still breathe life, before they are stopped up with the dust of centuries? For myself, if on the Great Day I were asked, "What in your life did you do on earth? What of the beauties of My creation have you enjoyed?" and I could only answer "I made a killing in nickel just before the second World War," I should hope to be spared all further interrogation and be despatched immediately to that place of lost souls where beauty no longer raises her head, and Love-liness is but a nostalgic reminder of a past never to be forgotten, a dream of happiness always to be remembered with pain.

—Humphrey M. Powell, M.A.

FROM SWEDEN

This troubled heart be still,
The forest is at rest
And no bird calls.
Far is summer from these snows.
The earth of any need
Is distant now.
Still be thy striving. It is night.
Across the snow a man goes home—
Whose window burns its simple light.

—Ralph Gustafson.
"streamlined" ear. Quite the opposite to sub-type I, it is just a little more than a shade wider than it is long, and the rear portion tapers off into a suggestion of a point. Very rare, this ear is found only once or twice in about 46,000 specimens. Its name is derived from its shape obviously enough. It appears to be straining away from the head in a terrific effort to move forward faster than the owner. This is called by some authorities the "impact or reckless" ear—but whatever its name, one can hardly mistake it.

Type II. "Elfine or perky" most accurately describes this type of ear. It is one whose proportions are more or less normal, but the upper curve of the structure is not smooth or continuous. Instead, it builds up to a point on the uppermost part of the ear, and may be said to denote procociously.

The lengthening shadows of the elm creep across the lawn as the afternoon sun lights up the face of the college with a ruddy glow. The quiet waters of the St. Francis are blue under a clear sky, and nature, after the chaotic days of autumn seems to be basking to the placid days of late September. The trees, long since draped of their leaves, stand motionless in the still, crisp air, and sounds carry far across the peaceful November landscape. A train pushes wearily up the steep gradient across the valley, puffing clouds of white steam and giving vent to an exhausted whistle as it approaches the Moulton Hill Road. It disappears behind a shoulder of the hill, with its motley retinue of mixed freight following unwillingly. In the distance can be heard the persistent and spasmodic explosion of a gasoline engine, punctuated by the whine of the saw as a farmer cuts his winter's wood. As the sun sinks the shadows creep across the river, turning it to a deep walnut hue that contrasts sharply with the dead rank grass along its banks, corn yellow in the pale light. The tamaracks have shed their feathered needles, and stand black and dead, as if life would never return. The Chapel is a blaze of red as the rays of the sun strike through a gap in the trees, and the pines about its buttressed western wall form a rich green background. As the light weakens, the outlines lose their sharpness, and figures upon the roadway mend their pace as they move towards home. A wagon rumbles across the bridge, and a hayrack, drawn by two chestnut perchers, lumber slowly up the road, with the blue-clad farmer holding the reins loosely in his hands, as he stands swaying easily to the movement. An automobile sweeps soundlessly by, and a heavy-duty truck, loaded to the spats with spruce logs, roars its way through the gathering shadows. The whole valley is suddenly cast into gloom as the sun dips behind the lofty shoulder of the western hills, and Moulton Hill is backing in the last faint rosy light. The fields, so dull and yellow before, have taken on a fiery tinge, and the distant farm buildings stand out sharply against the pale blue sky. The woods that cover the crests of the hills take on that misty aspect, with touches of deep shadow. The checkerwork of ploughed and unploughed land, divided by the fence or hedgerow becomes less distinct as the whole countryside sprawling across the hills changes character in the failing light. As the shadows creep up the hillside, the sky pales, and soon the whitewashed wall of a farm building on the skyline reflects the last rays of light. A sombre hush falls upon the scene, and the pulse of life seems to slacken at the approach of night. The skyline darkens—a black silhouette against the opal background. A belated gull wings its way across the sky—westward. Lights twinkle in the gathering gloom, and overhead a star appears in the clear vault of heaven. The curtain has been rung down upon the last vestige of summer—a zone set in the very threshold of winter—and light and warmth, life and activity are bunched in the embrace of night.

Indian Summer

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DECEMBER, 1940

Ears

"The organ of hearing. In man and the other mammals the ear consists of three parts: the external ear, which includes the pinna and external auditory meatus, or opening; the middle ear, drum, or tympanum; and the internal ear, the cochlea. The middle ear is a cavity connected by the flattened tube with the pharynx, separated from the external auditory meatus by the tympanic membrane, and containing a chain of three small bones, named malleus, incus, and stapes, which connect this membrane with the internal ear. 2. The external ear of man and most mammals." Thus Webster's Collegiate Dictionary defines the term "ear"—a thing most we have, or at least are familiar with.

If you have ever taken particular notice of the ears of various human beings you will recall that no two ears are alike, and that they occur in many different and curious shapes and contours. These may be all classified as definite types and the student of ears is able to attach certain characteristics to the owner of the ears in question.

Just to be certain that you clearly understand what we mean by the term "ear" we will give our own definition of the term, being afraid that the definition provided by Mr. Webster may prove a little deep and complex for perfect understanding. An ear is that oval, and sometimes otherwise-shaped, blob of flesh, which is hung as one angle or another on the sides (usually) of the human head. They are not smooth—quite the opposite, their surface is composed of ever-decreasing spiral grooves that work their way toward the center of the head and end in a rather small dark recess, the nature of which is not clearly seen at casual observation. Usually ears are placed midway between the top of the head and the top of the shirt collar (if you wear that kind of shirt) and midway between the upper part of the cheek bone and the back of the head.

Now that we have determined their exact location on the human body we can mention that they vary in size—on average dimension being about two and one-half inches from top to bottom and about one and one-half inches from front to back. They are coloured to match the flesh of the owner, but in cold weather and when the owner has just been kissed by a girl and his parents arrive upon the scene, they are quite apt to be a very brilliant shade of crimson which is a dead give-away sign of guilt.

As has been mentioned before, there are a number of distinctly different types of ears. To enumerate and describe all the various types and sub-types would necessitate an extremely lengthy discourse, so only the most important will be discussed at this writing.

Type 1: sub-type 1. This class of ear is the one that grows very close to the owner’s head, with scarcely any space at all between the rear margin of the ear and the cranium. This sub-type is marked from public view because of ingrained shame. It is naturally bashful and retiring and only on rare occasions can this ear be seen veering more than a half-inch from the head.

Sub-type 2. This type gives the same general impression as first glance to the casual observer, but the expert can readily detect the slight difference from sub-type 1. It also grows close to the head, is normal shape, but it can be seen that it shrinks back for an entirely different reason. Its owner was frightened by a horrible sound, and ever since birth this poor little ear has been shrinking away from the spoken word in fear of hearing something like what completely disrupted his mother’s life.

Type 2. "Following tails" describes this type as well as any phrase we can think of your back. These ears are loosely attached at the front (like most ears) but the rear portion gives away from the head at a sharp angle, making the distance between the head the rear of the ear anything from one inch upwards. The shape of these ears is again nothing out of the ordinary, but rather, is their position and occasional habit of flapping that make them noteworthy. Their position is caused by curiosity and love for gossip. They lean forward in an obvious effort to catch any and every scrap of conversation. Some authorities term this type the "eager or ambitious" type, but our staff has agreed that curiosity is the real reason for their position.

Type 3, sub-type 1. Abandoning position and angle of protrusion momentarily, we now come across a species of ear whose classification is based on shape. This is the "lazy or defeated" ear. Attached in the normal fashion, and not careening off the head in any particularly bizarre angle, this ear is characterized by its very definite droop. It sags and is from two to three and even four times as long as it is wide. No self-respecting ear will allow itself to get into this shape. This type sometimes is a result of type 2—it has been straining itself for some time in an effort to hear all, but as time went on it gave up the fight, and tipped into a sort of coma, with the accompanying droop. It is definitely an ear that has surrendered to the force of gravity and has lost the strength, ambition or self respect or whatever it needs to resume its proper shape.

Type 3, sub-type 2. Again shape-classifies the ear. This type is commonly known as the "going with the wind" or
In The Crypt of St. Paul’s
(A FANTASY by Archibald E. G. Scott of Quebec)

At a meeting of Noble Ghosts held on a recent midnight in the Crypt of St. Paul’s, Lord Nelson presiding, the following resolution was moved by the Duke of Wellington, seconded by Lord Roberts and a numerous company of soldiers, sailors, churchmen and artists whose names stand out conspicuously on the Honor Roll of Britain, and was carried unanimously:

Resolved that the thanks of this great conclave of men who have been found their last resting place be tendered to the Canadian Officer, Lieutenant Davies, and his companions, for their heroic deed in saving from destruction this quiet home of the Silent Dead.

And that it be further resolved:

“THAT this Assembly desires to express to Almighty God its gratitude for His continual care and protection of Britain, and its recognition of the fact that the manifestation of courage and willing self-sacrifice in the cause of freedom, by soldiers, sailors, the new air force and civilians, has never been excelled in the long and glorious course of our history.”

Sir Christopher Wren was among the seconds of the motion.

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CASSOCKS & SURPLICES

The Trail of the Flicker-Flea
(The following poem was printed in the Mitre in 1929. Shortly after its appearance there it was published in "MacLane".)

Sir Chumleigh Gough of Gacher-gee, a churlish of renown,
Was off to hunt the Flicker-flea beyond the Snackerdowd.
He took along a tuning-fork
To strike the note of C.
But discretion failed in the "chork!"
Will fright the Flicker-flea.

He armed himself with Flemish Bills,
An ancient suit of mail;
And very legs of Purple Pills
(For People They Are Pale).
He taught his mulettes how to hum
In perfect harmony,
And arrayed their handkerchiefs with skill
To lure the Flicker-flea.

His boshud he had painted red,
Just like a little prune:
"If I’ve not fetched him there,
He said, “I’ll be a blue baboon!”

Sir Chumleigh rode on Questor Chee,
Of elephants the best,
And forth to find the Flicker-flea
He led his party west.
Their horze in the boshud high,
(For he was all alone)
And so to make the houses fly.
He played his saxophone.
Behind him followed Lady Gough,
Her elephant was Choos;
Quite strong was he, but not enough
To carry Chumleigh toe.

For Lady Gough had seven trunks
And thirteen very swifl.
She’d sneaking tails ("In case of snarls, Essentials, don’t know it?
She’d curing songs, a bucking-glass,
A Java rumdole.
Her Patriah Prudie, Hokar Doss,
At whom her mahout swore.
She’d earring made of hampered lead.
Gummi in a case.
A parcel, a tuck-wood bed.
And felt-de-rolls of lace.

For days they traversed plains of stone
And jungles wilder than
While Chumleigh played his saxophone
To show he wasn’t lazy.
And Lady Gough sat eating sweets.
And reading Ethel Dell.
Until a bug-eyed flicker-flea
Amongst the chocolates fell.
The giddily (now gave a howl)
That quivered through the mumps;
And set the nervous jungle loud
A-dancing madly round.
The magpie they were filled with fear
And Chah squealed loud with pain;
The Moses Dick just gave a sneer
And went to sleep again.

Sir Chumleigh believed, “Lady Gough,
You must not sing like this!
Too sing off C were bad enough.
But god! You’re singing flat!”

Now all the while that they progressed
They’d gone much farther on.
With the sun in the west
Preceded the break of Dawn.
They’d crossed the Plain of Dom Japon;
Where monkeys by the bar
And through the dark and murky gloom
There waddle purple ibis.
At length they reached some fearful halls
Which rose from far below.
They struggled up with many spills
To find a peaked plateau.
It was indeed a peaked plateau.
But very strange what
While its crest was gray with snow,
It had no base at all.
Of base the plateau seemed no trace,
No matter where they’d seek.
But stranger than its lack of base,
It stood upon its peak.
And when they hunted high and low
Gummi in a case.
It was deserted.
That any peaked plateau, you know,
Should be so dazed unequal!”

But since we can’t go over the top
We’ll just go right around.
For Chumleigh-Gough will never stop
Before a delictous sound.
They journeyed on and on until
They reached that dread manner
Which only those of diabolus will
Can ever hope to pass.
So rest in this captivating fox.
That it could well endure
The loneliness of eternal
Nor leave the faintest trace.
For days Sir Chumleigh wondered how
They’d cross the Dom-Dom Bieg.
Until he said: “I see it now.
We’ll set the Bandar Log!”

The Bandar-log they wake and sleep
In Hostly-Chattly Trees.
Across the Bog they lightly leap
While having Flicker-flea.
From limb to bough and bough to branch.
They swung themselves along.
We should all our boomer-kachw
And use the aphid through.
And so they anchored Choo and Chee
With yellow gold-ibis.
And then the party climbed a tree.
Most banana leaves from Choo.
Sir Chumleigh was the first to start
Upon that twisty trip.
Twix to see the pretty Burt
From bough to bough creep.
As Lady Gough swung through the limbs
She said: “This is the limit.
If I were good at hyming hymns
And knew a hymn, I’d hymn it.”
The magpies then swung through the plains
That rose with pungent power.
And thus the party crossed the bog
In one sweet-scented hour.
And when they started on their way,
Said Chumleigh: “We should see
The snow, before another day.
Of Master Flicker-flea.”

(Concluded on page 34)
That Concert Cough

A certain nervousness, particularly at symphony concerts, impels members of the audience to exercise their coughing apparatus at vital points in the music. Just notice the next time the orchestra embarks upon a prolonged "pianissimo." At once there will be an increase of coughs from all over the house. Listeners choose moments such as these to raise sweet, half-whispered notes of melody to the dizzy heights of bewitching elegance.

They never cough—God bless them!—when the brass is blaring out a forte, or that double bass is grinding out loud notes, the violin rampaging like a mad horse, the percussion clanging like a boiler factory. Indeed not! It is only when the solo is down, and the pianissimo arrives like a gentle, white lamb with a ribbon around its neck, that the coughing brigade begins its unmelodious chant.

These lovely, soft-spun phrases in the first violins, which ought to trail off into a long, waving silver E, suddenly surprise us by finishing in a loud, gruff F, and we finally realize with nothing short of intense relief that the nervousness is indeed on fast track of the orchestra, but rather of some fellow music lover who is battling with an acute case of symphonic bronchial difficulty. Before we can again clamber back to the track of that lovely, soft, silver violin there is a cough—what a cough!—which opens his mouth wide to expel a staccato fortissimo in G. He is answered by a shrill explosion in G-sharp and a half from the stout lady in the fourth row, who stubbornly refuses to be left out of the lively repertory. No cough harmonizes with any other cough. All are entirely outside of the soft melody in E which has by this time dropped out of the context.

A large, fat man in the rear in front, wakes up from a comfortable snooze and gives battle. He clears his mighty throat in C major and lets loose a startling bellow in two related keys, A and F sharp minor. Admiring eyes are turned upon him in the dimness of the auditorium, and this new theme is taken up by a bevy of sopranos, who engage in a tripping fusillade of what might be termed "tonal coughs." The baritone, not to be outdone, contributes an ascending passage in the key of B, in a persistent rhythm that recalls woodshelling on a dark day in winter when the children are down with the cough.

This united onslaught has had its effect. One can see that the conductor is still waving his baton, and the violins and cellos are sawing away—which shows that the orchestra is still at work earning its salary though entirely uncouth. The climax is quickly attained by the success of its efforts, now takes up a T.B. streets in solid ensemble, which is tonally of such magnificent power that it draws even out the racket of the programs and the incoming surge of the late-comers at the concert. Certain ill-humoured persons begin to turn about in their seats and glare quizzically at the nearest cougher.

And then, just when the concert-coughers have attained a really astonishing magnitude of volume, the orchestra goes and spoils the whole thing by bursting into a desperate and furious fortissimo. The conductor’s cost-tails are wagging; his baton is waving in circles, parallelograms, and triangles.

"More power with the drums, staring!" he demands. "Those into a section of solemn music! Have you heard the mighty storm wind? Where’s that confounded piccolo? Violas, beat the cellos to it!"

The coughing brigade gives up. It is beaten and it knows it. The only way concert-coughers can really get the best of a full symphony orchestra is to attack when it is off-guard, and modulating to itself "sotto voce."

Some fine day, an entertaining spirit may invent "The Pianissimo Cough-Drop" which will (if the inventor can get Parliament to pass a law) be included with the ticket, and which will be a requirement for each person taking a seat at the concert. Some fine day, it is said, we will reach the zenith of a highly developed civilization!
Christmas Eve

The snowy, windswept thoroughfare with its bustling throng of last-minute shoppers was entirely out of harmony with the inner leisure of Peter Layton. Walking along the snow-packed street, dazed by the brilliance and gaiety about him and his own misery, he collided with several hurrying shoppers whose arms were filled to overflowing with bundles of every size and description. They all babbled a cherubic "pardon me, please," but Peter merely grunted, so deep in thought was he.

Bright lights shone on the multi-colored gifts, painstakingly arranged in the store windows—gifts that were to bring happiness and cheer to children and adults alike in this holiday season. Ruddy-cheeked children clung to their parents' coats and looked longingly at the displays—their cherubic faces aglow with the excitement of Christmas Eve and the snappy cold. A large Christmas tree bedecked with red, green, and yellow lights stood in the usual place in the square in the center of the city's principal stores and every common lamp post had been transformed into a thing of beauty with wrappings of laurel leaves and lights. Large, but feathery, snowflakes drifted peacefully from the heavens, but were sent whirling in whiffling fashion by the gale at street level.

One brightly lighted window drew Peter's attention. Through its clear glass he saw dozens of brilliantly colored toys—red fire trucks, yellow fluffy bunnies, dolls in pink dresses, model houses—white with red roofs, and green sunken gardens. Imprinted their image upon his mind.

The bottom of the store window was covered with artificial snow, glittering as the lights from the miniature Christmas tree, from which were suspendedantasy ornaments, shone across it. A salesgirl opened a small door in the rear of the window, pointed questioningly to an article, and, after receiving a beaming grin of affection from a youngster in the background, removed the toy from the window and closed the door, shutting him out from the scene he could well imagine. He could picture in his mind the happy child jumping up and down in thrilled excitement as the girl smilingly wrapped the toy, and the father, trying to appear nonchalant while reaching for his billfold—knowing he would enjoy the electric train as much as his son. It would be a picture of complete happiness. Peter knew.

Peter also realized, only too well, that he and his family would not be participants in any scene like the one in the store, or like those that would occur in thousands of homes on the morrow. Peter, in his ragged, thin cloth jacket shivering as he stood in front of the window. This brought him back to reality. He had been out of work for months—the last of his savings had disappeared from their modesty some time ago. His two small children, too small to appreciate the full thrills of the season, would not receive pleasure-giving toys, or for that matter, mother would they even receive gifts of warm clothing. Christmas would be drizzly, cold and miserable, just like any other day—there would be little full-heat celebration and no sincere happiness communicable only by way of contrast.

As he thought of their small unlived lives, he realized that he was cold, that his hands were blue and nearly numb. To warm himself he stepped into the doorway of the store, shuttering the徐徐寒风, whose piercing coldness and gusty wind blew through the windows, making one's hands and fingers numb. He retired his hands to his pockets and stood there, contemplating his miserable existence, his children, his wife, and himself. He knew that he could not afford to waste any more money on the unnecessary purchase of a toy. He felt a sense of injustice, of wrongness, of unfairness to himself and his family.

He had been out of work for months, and had no prospect of finding employment. He was content to do the best he could for his family. They had lived on his small savings, and now they had none. He felt a sense of guilt, of failure.

Why should other people's children have toys to play with...
called." He spread the hay in a corner, building the edge with the objectivity of an artist. "A binder it is." But he had his own mists of pride. With private importance he called to his companion. "Jemmer scratched out a nest of wasps last night on over Hercotte Hill."

The other gathered the last wisp at his feet. Then said: "Ah." The sound of propellers drew their eyes to the east, where an aeroplane skirted the clouds. They watched its climb speed.

"There's machines for you," the builder said quietly. "Ever been up in one of them there, sir?"

The stranger heared. Yes, he had flown to Germany—some years ago.

"Wagner's a safe if you've to fall." The builder smiled but his eyes were distant, unison. "How long might it take you now?"

"To Germany? About an hour.

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

John Mackintosh—who writes for sundry magazines under the name of Terry Malone—is a native of Ottawa. He spent four days with me at the University this fall, and while here put his impressions of Bishop's into the following verses:

Hill.

Terry Malone

DECEMBER, 1940

The One-Act Plays

The month of November each year brings evidence of good will among the U.B.C. Little Theatre—the choosing of three suitable one-act plays, the selection, from among the new arrivals of the previous September, of those considered most likely to register well on the stage, weeks of careful rehearsing and headaches for the director, has come to a close. The programme presented on the evenings of November the 11th and 12th was, as customary, made up of three contrasting items. The plays performed were Sudermann's "The Far-away Princess," described as a romantic comedy; "Sham" by E. G. Tompkins, a modern social satire; and "Thread o' Scarlet" by J. B. Bell, which had a distinctly tragic note—thus providing something to suit every taste.

Sudermann's comedy—perhaps it might even be described as a fantasy (there were in it certain points of resemblance to Alfred de Musset's "Fanatique")—was a period-piece, the setting being an Alpine health resort at the close of the 19th century. The cast, very predominantly feminine, filled the eye (thanks to the efforts of Mallahare) with a kaleidoscope of garments and millinery. such as were in "the gay nineties," a period far enough away to be considered quaint, but not yet of an age to have gained the glamour of the antique. "Austre tems, austres habits," but not necessarily "austres maecres." As the hero, Fritz Strible, Edmond de Lartbriere had by far the most to do and gave a convincing performance of the romantic but penniless student, who unknowingly describes his poetic ideal, the "far-away princess," to the actual lady in question, who happens to be a small Innocent hotel. The femi-

notions parts were those of the Princess herself (Ann Armstrong), her dominating lady-in-waiting (Elizabeth Home), the proprietress of the hotel (Gwen Wray), the waif seat (Jean McCallum), and Frau von Halldorf, a lady of tact and culture who, with her two daughers, played by Jean Sutherland, Helen Kelley, and Mary Lynn. With such a predominance of ladies, and a languidous hero, it is hardly to be wondered at that the picturesque lackey (Ray Toki) had merely the role of looking picturesque. The being a pleasant exercise rather than action, Director Penfold had evidently given great attention to detail. Such plays are among the most difficult for young amateurs, and in a production of this type the "action" is almost inevitably bound to drag in places—that such occurrences were not numerous reflects credit on the director and his cast.

"Sham" brings us to the present day. Its theme is unusual and well worked out. A young married couple, on returning from the theatre, find their home (in the best part of town) invaded by a super-bug, a commoner of art as well as of crime, a visit from whom (providing he considers any articles at being worthy of his taking) is almost enough to put his victims on the social register. The director, Ernestine Roy (or should we borrow the terminology of mathematics and call her the director?) had, at very short notice, to take the part of the socially ambitious wife, originally to have been played by Joan Jenkes, and her back-chat scenes with the buglar caused the audience great amusement. Dean Williamson was quite adequate as the rather "dumb" and slightly bewildered husband, while Erol Deval played the role of the visitor visiting the scene of the crime. As the buglar, Grant Day gave an excellent performance—his combination of superiority and bluffed, and his air of shielding innocence at the sight of sham анаморфоз, was really well done, and emphasized the fine points of a clever little bit of satire.

"Thread o' Scarlet," presented by the Divinity students in an all-male cast, was not new to the Dramatic Society, at an earlier crop of Drama. But had given the same play some nine or ten years ago. To one who has seen both performances, that of 1940 in no way fell below the earlier presentation, and the director, Leon Adams, is to be congratulated on his work. The scene is laid in a village inn, where the local worthies are discussing an execution for murder which has taken place that morning—the execution, as it happens, of an innocent man. The unexpected denouncement when the real murderer (who has been a member of the jury) inadvertently reveals his guilt, requires real skill in acting and timing, and the performance leading up to this climax left little to be desired. Percy Clark, as Butter, the murderer, gave a very convincing performance of a man goaded by guilty remorse, and was well supported by two other village characters (William MacVean and William Wright), the landlord of the inn (John Salter), and a passing traveller (William Blackstock), while, at the local noter-do-well, who precipitates the tragedy, Kenneth Harwood looked and acted like a prison to be avoided on a dark night.

Meeting, Craig and McKinnon, with their assistant crew, seemed to have made every curtain smoothly in the scenes. Mr. and Miss Spaul provided their usual invaluable assistance in making up the players, and on both the Monday and Tuesday evenings a "good time was enjoyed by all," executive cast and audience alike.
Surrey Harvest

He could see them from the window of the cottage that looked across the garden to the field—where the land sloped to the trees lining the upper meadows. There were coats dusted under the sun, working against the possibility of rain. For days the roads had been wet, the deserted fields clothed with mown hay.

A large field to harvest; two days of sun would be needed to complete the rick at which they worked. Already the white clouds had thickest near the sky-line to a dark colour, opaque with coming rain. But the progress was good, the builder in the centre of the stack sinking knee-deep, spreading the hay tided to him from the ground.

Through the clear air, the glory of sun and the smell of hay drew him out. A dog rose from the shadow of the rick and growled at his approach.

"He's all right, sir. He don't know you," the man from the centre of the stack assured him. The words came blunted in the throat, their consonants jogged by the lack of teeth.

"Guess you're glad of a few hours' sun?" He had reached the rick and the question was eager for welcome.

The sun had been long since noon, and its gold tangled in the swerve of the hay as it swong on the fork of the men. His eyes dazzled with the broken light, the smell of harvest was rich in his nostrils. Even the malicious flies were a part of the good earth and to be borne.

"We see that, sir."

A heave of breath emphasized the verb as the man received a swath of hay from his companion. The voice was sweet with the health of labour, a willingness to share it in talk. From the distance the brown sound of "Yahay!" was heard, the third man directing his horse into the ribs of mown hay.

The impulse to appropriate an idle fork and join with the men was strong within the newcomer. But the second laboured head of rick framing on his fork at the end of the stack, awaiting the gathered load to be brought from the field, staring distrustfully. The newcomer felt conscious of his cost and tie.

"Don't know a better job than yours... for a day like this," he offered. The shod man directing his horse into the ribs of mown hay.

The builder was spreading salt from a pail in his hand over the new layer of hay on the rick. "Ar. It's right enough, sir—for a day like this," the salt escaped through his fingers in a white curve as of snow.

"That's salt you're spreading? To preserve the hay?"

He drew curiosity, a wish to become indebted to the worker: prompted the question.

"The salt hauler split the flavour, the newcomer faltered.

"That's right, sir—to add to the flavour." The builder put the pail side; then awaited the fresh load of hay from the field. "You like this part of the country?"

"Much as any I've seen. I suppose it's about the loveliest bit of Surrey?"

The man shifted the straw between his gums. "Ar. It might be that," He rummared for a moment. "I'd a seeing."

"In a valley, sir?"

The stranger would have liked to have asked what that meant. The second labourer started at him, mouth shut. Instead he said. "They wouldn't be able to build your rick in Canada. Winter. Everything has to be stored in a loft."

He was afraid of words in the exigencies to use the vocabulary of his listener.

The horse came up drawing the new load of hay on the ground-rake behind. The animal walked a little beyond the rick, placing the rakeful of hay at its foot; then stopped. The green fork dipped to the dusty content. The driver unlatched the two long rope reins connecting with the bridge from the handles of the rake, tipped the runners toward the ground to prevent sliding, then clicked his teeth to the horse. The rake went over with a clatter, rolled on the field, and righted itself empty of hay. The wind became pungent with the dusty smell. The glum one swung a forkful onto the rick.

"You'd need machines, now, for hailying in Canada?"

The newcomer smiled with his fork turned. He answered the sweep of the new comers with a gesture for the forefinger.

"Yes. One needs machinery to farm in Canada. Distances are too much greater."

"The newcomer's mind searched the blueprint and his companion that might with least ignorance. "Except, of course, on farms like this," he added.

The glum one passed for the answer to his companion's question, looking toward the stranger shrewdly; then unswung swinging the hay at his feet onto the rick.

"It's wonderful what they do now," the newcomer went on. "A machine I saw in Alberta—In Canada—cuts the hay as it goes along, places it, ties it with cord, then spits it out (other side)? The stranger's smile broadened as the builder shared his salt.

"Ar. It be wonderful right enough, sir. Binder it's
Editorial

It is with pride and exhilaration that we see the trend of the war is taking these days, and surely none of us can fail to have absolute confidence that our side will eventually gain the upper hand. For a time there can be no doubt that we were fighting with our backs to the wall, but now our spirit, co-operation, and the sincere belief that our cause is right have carried our thrusts and parries further and further from that wall, and we are gaining confidence by leaps and bounds.

But what is our goal? Surely it is something very much like the goal towards which we were aiming during the first World War—to exterminate even the seeds of the new order that Germany was trying to propagate and to Anthony a world in which we considered right and Christian. There is no need to dwell on how miserably this ideal failed and we discourage useless recriminations. At the same time, have we actually learned very much from this failure of twenty years ago? Something, of course, but in our opinion, not enough! Are we again going to concentrate all our efforts on the winning of the war, regardless of the internal difficulties which are bound to present themselves in large numbers at a time like this? It was the internal disorganization of the victorious powers which was responsible for the failure of the great plans for post-war settlement as proposed, for example, by Woodrow Wilson in November eighteen. Unhatted Kaiser was allowed to have far too much influence in the adjustment. The indiscriminate revenge in the hearts of Germans, the culmination of which we have in the present war, was due to unfair treatment they received at the hands of conquerors.

France can be blamed for this as much as anyone, and she has paid bitterly for her vengeful attempt to even the score. As things are going now we see the situation shaping up in such a way it was during the last war. No attempts being made to show people that it is necessary to look beyond the immediate settlement of the problem facing us. Every set of energy is being expended in the effort to defeat Nazism. Even when there are no more Nazis, there will still be a nation of Germans who must of necessity have a place in the world. We must look forward to that.

The air attack on Britain is one of those events which appear to have the property of drawing scattered memories and ideas into focus and bring out their relationship and meaning. The first reaction to this ruthless and apparently indiscriminate assault on the ancient monuments and modern dwellings of British people is, naturally, one of anger, disgust, and profound admiration of the courage, fortitude, and self-forgetfulness of the entire population—an anger, disgust, and admiration kindled fresh every time press or radio brings the information that some other famous building has been damaged, some new row of small houses destroyed. But as the list of buildings and institutions threatened, injured, or demolished lengthens, there comes the realization that these are not merely individual buildings or isolated institutions, but component elements of one great whole, the history of Britain, and indeed of the British Empire. The very name—Buckingham Palace, a southeast of a northwest port, a midland town, a row of dwelling-houses—are, in themselves, an epitome of British history, a skeleton-outline of that age-long development which has made Britain the people and the British Empire which we are today.

Buckingham Palace was a comparatively modern building, but it is the residence of the Sovereign, and the Monarchy is not only the oldest of our institutions, but the foundation of the whole structure of society and government. It is the Sovereign or his deputy who opens and dissolves Parliament; it is by virtue of the King's Commission that military and naval officers command and judge disputes relating to the courts of "His Majesty's Majors," and the official designation of one of the most democratic administrations in the world as "His Majesty's Government." And this, of course, is the natural outcome of past history. The most elementary of text-books record the past played by the English on the whole of the world, and tell of the British, I placing England on "the anvil," in Kipling's phrase, and hammering her into shape; of Henry II giving her institutions of government, provincial judges to mould her law, and the origins of her distinctive jury system; of Edward I taking from the former those who summoned the Model Parliament; of the Tudors founding the Royal Navy, and moulding English life in modern forms. It may not, therefore, be too fanciful to think that the fact that the National Anthem is "God Save the King" is merely due to personal loyalty and devotion to an individual, however deeply those emotions may be felt, but to a recognition of the nature of the Monarchy as the cornerstone of the British edifice.

The Mitre Board takes this opportunity to wish its readers and advertisers a very Merry Christmas and the Happiest of New Years.

DECEMBER, 1940

The Air Attack On Britain

If the bombing of Buckingham Palace reminds us of what the Monarchy means to Britain and the Empire, the names of Westminster Abbey and Westminster Cathedral recall the part played in British history by Christianity and the Church. They sit up memories of the union of Englishmen in a single religious organization when they were still divided in warring parties, of what happened to whose cruel latitudinarianism of which the formative period of English history. They remind us of the debt we owe to individual churchmen, to Stephen Langton who suggested the form of Magna Carta from John, and William of Wykeham who laid the foundations of the Public School system. Above all those names recall the part Christianity has played in shaping the British view of life.

Westminster Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are ancient edifices, this year is the first centenary of the commencement of the construction of the present Houses of Parliament; but the assembly that meets in those Houses is the "Mother of Parliaments," and parliamentary government is a British invention. It is, moreover, something which appears to be peculiarly British. Under and through parliamentary government the greater part of the Empire has been brought together and organized, British freedom secured, and Britain herself guided through the reorganization of society and institutions necessitated by epoch-making changes in industry and commerce without the revolutionary violence characteristic of continental development.

So successful was this form of government in Britain that European states adopted it widely in the great changes of the nineteenth century. But nowhere on the continent has parliamentary government the same success as in Britain, and Italy and Germany have recently attempted to disguise it. Thus the attack on Parliament was an attack on something peculiarly British, on the view of life and the form of government characteristic of British "give and take" and of British love of liberty.

The Montreal Gazette recently published photographs of the Middle Temple before and after the explosion of a Nazi bomb, and reminded its readers that the latter has been due mainly to personal loyalty and devotion to an individual, however deeply these emotions may be felt, but to a recognition of the nature of the Monarchy as the cornerstone of the British edifice.

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